

ELUSIAN FIELDS

June 2005

The Official Paradise Valley Estates Residents' Newspaper

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Punting through Parson's Pleasure

The river Cherwell is a tributary of the Isis – the name given to the Thames as it flows through Oxford. The shallow water makes the Cherwell suitable for punting, a popular way for young men to entertain their girlfriends on a summer's afternoon – or evening. A punt is a flat-bottomed, wooden boat 20 feet long and 3 feet wide. In its midsection there is ample room for two to sit or recline side by side in cushioned comfort in the better-appointed boats. At each extremity there is a long flat deck where the punter stands and propels the boat by pushing one end of a 16-foot pole against the river bed while walking backwards towards (but not over) the back of the boat.

It sounds easy, but some bad things can happen. For example, an inexperienced punter can wander into deep water where he suddenly finds he can't touch bottom. His girlfriend looks on disparagingly while he flails about trying to use his pole as a paddle. The worst thing that can happen is when the punter gets his pole stuck in deep mud and hangs on to it while the punt, with girlfriend aboard, glides on without him. He either falls in the water directly or, if the pole is well stuck, his immersion may take an embarrassingly long time. Many romances have come to a sticky end in this way.

When punting towards a certain stretch of the river running through the University Parks, female

passengers should be asked to alight and walk around the area while their escorts maneuver their punts through heavy, hinged wooden barriers carrying dire warning signs. Barriers protect an area known as Parson's Pleasure which, since the mid-nineteenth century, has been reserved for nude

bathing by male academics. On the couple of occasions I went there as a guest, the bathers were mostly middle-aged dons with suntanned bald heads, ample stomachs and wrinkly legs. There is a much-told story of a group of dons being startled by a boat loaded with ladies, which had been carried through the barriers by floodwater. The men all hastened to cover the less acceptable parts of their anatomy with towels or their hands – except one, who covered his face instead. In reply to the remonstrations of the others, he said, "I cannot answer for the rest of you, but

I felt it important to cover that part of me by which I am most easily recognized."

I am ashamed to say that I took a female friend through once, but only because she had stubbornly requested that I do so.

There was reported to be a comparable nude bathing place for female dons called Jezebel's Joy. I made no effort to find it on the grounds that, if the patrons were the female counterparts of the male patrons of Parson's Pleasure, I wanted to have nothing to do with it. Anyway, I had it on good authority that the barriers to Jezebel's Joy were impregnable to anything short of an icebreaker.

—by Eric Daniel



Kitchen Table?

Ted Swenson was born on the kitchen table of the family farmhouse in Kansas. He was the youngest of three brothers. His mother and father were both deaf-mutes, which hadn't held them back in their successful lives. Ted learned sign language along with English. The boys actually walked the proverbial mile through deep snow to get to their elementary school. Ted hated school until the third grade, when he had a wonderful, caring teacher, who held him on her lap when the big bullies were teasing him. Ted's mother died when he was in the eighth grade, and his father did the cooking along with all the farm chores.



Ted milked cows and learned how to drive the John Deere tractor. After high school, he was hired by another farmer. When he was moving into the new location, he was met at the door by the young woman who was to become his wife several years later. She was a teacher who was boarding at the same farmhouse. After several months, Ted decided that milking cows in sub-zero weather was not the way he wanted to spend his life, and he and a friend went to California, where an uncle lived. It was 1938. The uncle advised him to join the Navy, which he had to get back to Kansas, via Seattle, to do.

The Navy sent him to machinist mate school in Norfolk, VA, after which he was assigned to the Salt Lake City, a heavy cruiser. He served on the same ship for most of the time in the next six years, taking time out to earn a commission. The ship had

some harrowing engagements during World War II, especially in Guadalcanal. They went to Hawaii for repairs, and while there, he bought an engagement ring for the school teacher he had met so long ago and mailed it to her. He didn't anticipate that half the crew would get a thirteen-day leave. He arrived in Kansas just a day after the ring did. He and Louise were married the next day, and they had an idyllic honeymoon for the few short days before he had to return to sea and she returned to teaching.

He was transferred to the amphibious fleet and was aboard a landing craft supply ship in the Pacific when the war ended. He was separated from the Navy, but after a short time, he realized that he didn't feel comfort-

able as a civilian and re-enlisted in the Navy. He and Louise had their first of two baby boys in Norfolk. He later served in the Mediterranean and England. Louise had received advanced degrees during this time and was a professor at Iowa State in Ames. While there, Ted got his degree in education from Iowa State and was recruited to teach in Southern California. They ended up in Simi Valley in 1966, and Ted stayed there until moving to PVE in 2003.

Louise died in 2001. Ted established the Louise Swenson scholarship fund in Simi Valley in her honor. She had wanted to help the almost-top young people, who deserved scholarships as much as the valedictorians, who usually got priority. He established a similar scholarship fund in Louise's name in their Kansas community.

—by Joan Teague

Rumor, Rumor, Who's Got the Rumor?

(Overheard at The Club): “Here’s your carry-out, Mrs. Redd. Having dinner at home?”

“Yes, Johnny. It’s baseball season, and Brad says he plans to be with the Angels tonight.”

Later, in the dining room: Did you hear about poor Brad Redd? He’s at death’s door, we heard.”

“I thought his golf game was a little off.”

And so it goes. Our selective hearing filters out grim reminders of our own mortality or other calamities and edits the overheard dialogue significantly. An old vaudeville joke currently making the rounds bears this out:

Manny: *(outside the Dining Room):*

“Anybody know what the dinner special is on Thursday?”

Moe: “I’m thirsty, too. Let’s go into the Club and have a drink.”

Spend some time in that Temple of Titillating Topics, the PVE Beauty Salon, and one can pick up some fairly startling information.

“I just knew Tad had dropped a Lenox out-of-STOCK cup when I heard the CRASH. He never drops a mug.”

“Desdemona, quick! Get me out from under the hair dryer. I have to dash home and call my broker to check our portfolio. There must be a stock market disaster.”

The Card Room on the second floor of the Community Center is a virtual Castle of Catastrophic Conjecture. Listen to the whispered conversation at Table 2:

“Our granddaughter loves to ride the dinner bus because Robert lets her sing, “The Wheels on the Bus Go Round and Round,” and everyone joins in.” At Table 3, this little story is recounted in horrified

shocked tones: “Did you hear that! Eloise’s granddaughter fell under the wheels of the bus!” “Good heavens, it’s a good thing Robert is such a careful driver.”

The Pavilion on Friday morning during the continental breakfast is a virtual Sanctuary of Speculation. Distracted by bird song, tai chi temple bells, and bocce ball enthusiasts, scone-scarfers can certainly be excused if overheard data becomes somewhat garbled.

Here’s a cacophonous sampling:

“Did Imogene say that Security hauled away Mr. Farrell’s garbage?”

“No, I think Security found him lying between the hallway and the garage”

“Doesn’t surprise me. I told him not to have that slippery tile installed, but he never listens.”



Despite our best investigative digging, the origin of the story about an eight-year-old boy who was denied entry to the dining room because he wasn’t wearing a jacket remains a nebulous campus legend. The current report is that the guest refused service was actually a 50-year-old munchkin actor who formerly appeared in a TV sitcom playing a ten-year-old child and now does commercials for quick loans.

Animated, on-going conversations based on happenings in our small town community of PVE add glamour and excitement to our lives and provide an edginess that rivals any “reality” television show. Think about it: where else could we retire for the night, secure in the knowledge that it wasn’t us who allegedly tumbled down the elevator shaft, got a hand caught in the mailbox, had a swimsuit disintegrate during water aerobics, or got a scarf tangled in the NuStep? Chat on!

—by Liz Wildberger

Golfers Dodge Raindrops – Again!

Whoever heard of rain in Northern California in May? The golfers this month were greeted on their Wednesday tournament day with expectations for one-half inch of rain over the next 48 hours. It didn't happen! I even bought a \$26 umbrella in the pro shop in anticipation. After the round, I asked if they'd take it back because it didn't rain. I was told, "All sales are final!" That's just as it is in our little store.

We had winners! In a "Card Off," the Wayne Elwood, Earl Graham, Pat Maguire, Phil Knebel foursome lost, and third place went to Dom Battistella, Ed Millson, Betty Tylutki, and Don Sanders. Second place went to Glen Grewe, Glen Dow, Dinny Fisher, and Bill Armentrout. The above three foursomes shared an identical best-ball score of 77.

The winning team, with a score of one over par 73, shared the big bucks three ways: Pete Palmos, Len Fletcher, and Bill Stoneberg. They sank a bunch of putts!

The format called for four "first putts" from each player. Thoroughly explained by Captain Kroyer, it was probably played three or four different ways and likely had little to do with the scoring outcome. Who wants to go back to regular "four?"

Drive scramble? Who among you wants to go back to the dreaded "orange ball?" (No one, I'm sure). Happy Golfing till next time.

—by Bill Stoneberg, subbing for John Gearhart



Tick-Tack-Toe Winners!

The competition was so keen for this contest that we decided to declare two winners. Both will receive lifetime subscriptions to *Elysian Fields*. Following are their submissions:

When the dining room was being planned, it was determined that X number of chairs would be required. Then, it was decided to identify the number to be put in each room by using an X for the formal side, an O for the informal side, and a grid for the 500 section. SIMPLE!!

—submitted by Phil Knebel

The answer to the question you posed in the April Elysian Fields concerning the geometrical markings on the backs of our dining room chairs is really quite straightforward. They represent a version of an old "Army Field Code," which was used at least from the Civil War through World War I to encode brief messages to be carried by courier between battlefield units. This family of codes substituted simple geometric shapes for letters of the alphabet. This system had the advantage that it required no code books that could be mislaid or fall into enemy hands. The codes could be reconstructed rapidly using a pencil and paper or even by scratching in the dirt with a stick. The basic geometric structures were systematic and easily remembered, and different codes could be produced just by starting the alphabet at different locations in the pattern and changing that place daily or even more often. These codes were relatively easy to break, but in those days before computers, it took quite a bit of trial and error – not often available under battlefield conditions. It was usually far too late by the time the code was broken. The patterns on the three chairs pictured probably represent the letters: "PVE," though not necessarily in the order you have arranged them

—submitted by Marty Wildberger

Thanks everyone for your participation.

—by Joe Sanner

My Father, My Hero

It is not at all unusual for daughters to be very close to their dads or for fathers to have a great affinity toward their little girls. I really and truly believe my dad was a very special person. He was the only child of my New England grandparents, born in 1894 in a small Vermont village. From the age of six, I am told, he wanted to become a medical doctor, and it was the old family friend and country doctor who motivated him by telling stories and allowing him to ride along as he traveled in horse and buggy, making house calls to the surrounding farms.

My grandparents instilled not only moral standards but a passionate dedication to his country and pride in his Welsh-English heritage. There seemed to be no question that he would further his education. With the financial help of an uncle, he entered Dartmouth College and later also graduated from medical school at the University of Vermont. He served in hospitals in New York, Washington, DC, and Paris, France. In World War I, he was with the Marines as a Captain in the Medical Corps. He also served under General Pershing in Mexico, as a Sergeant of the 13th Regiment Infantry. After World War I, a friend and colleague encouraged him to travel to his home in St. Louis. It was there that he met a young student nurse, my mother, and there he remained, practicing his profession for 24 years. Although I recall a desire for a son, there were four daughters, of which I was the eldest. We were a wonderful family, enjoying swimming, picnics, and Sunday automobile rides to the country.

My dad loved to write poetry and recite Rudyard Kipling prose to me. He had an unbelievable amount of drive and energy. In addition to having two professional offices and being on the staff of leading St. Louis hospitals, he was physician for the Missouri Athletic Commission. This exposed my

sister Noel and me to smelly ringside seats at the Golden Gloves Boxing Matches, attendance at the professional Gunners football games, and box seats at the Cardinal baseball games, that we once shared with the famous pitcher “Dizzy” Dean—all “boy things” with our dad because he didn’t have a son.

With World War II on the horizon, my father returned to military service. In World War II, he was chief urologist at the 55th General Hospital. He headed reconditioning and rehabilitation in England, where he lived near “Big Ben” and endured the buzz bombs of the era. He wrote for many medical journals in the U.S. and England.

Death came early (55) to my father, who had lived a very full life and loved our country. I prize the Purple

Heart, now in my possession, earned at the landing of St. Lô while he served with “Old Blood and Guts,” General Patton.

He was always a leader and an extremely gifted man.

—by Jackie Roemer



Community Garden

Sign up in the Green Book for the bus trip to Sonoma on Thursday, June 9.

We will visit the new Sloat Garden Center, adjoining shops, and Viansa Winery for a glorious view of the valley as we sip wine and nibble cheese.

Thanks to George Yeoman and the Termites for refinishing our garden benches and for providing wooden stakes for tomato plants.

—by Jan Holderness

Letter to the Editor

Dear Hal,



My self-assigned task for May *Elysian Fields* was to report on the quarterly bash in Building 1000, and I blew it! Here's what happened – or rather what didn't happen.

I had overheard some of the residents of Building 1000 talking about a forthcoming get-together for all residents in

their building. Using my status as a journalist, I hinted that I'd like to witness the affair. The committee in charge subsequently approved an invitation.

With notebook in hand, I arrived early at the residence of Laurette Springer, who had generously opened her beautiful apartment for the gathering. Laurette took time from her last minute preparations to point out her spectacular view of oak tree tops gently responding to the spring breeze. I was enchanted.

Guests began to arrive bearing a variety of edible and potable party fare. The dining table was soon laden with finger foods ranging from a huge bowl of popcorn to dainty plates of dipping edibles and hot hors d'oeuvres. The ice tub and the beverage table sparkled with promise of a festive afternoon.

I explained my mission to new arrivals, and none objected to my asking them questions or jotting down their names. All were forthcoming with information about their lives at PVE, their hobbies and their families. Then, someone handed me a cup of wine! It wasn't until I got home that I realized I had acquired a list of at least thirty attendees' names and at least that many quotes, but I had no idea which quotes went with which guests!

I do remember talking at length with one robust-looking gentleman who told me he was in recovery from multiple heart surgeries. I think he was the one with the daughter who owns a horse ranch in Texas.

I overheard a conversation about the average age of PVE residents. One gentleman claimed that the average varies monthly but that it is currently eighty-four-and-a-half. WWI Baby Boomers?

When asked how she usually spends her Sunday

afternoons, one particularly well-groomed lady said she saves Sundays for her hair and correspondence. Another told me she and her good friend go to breakfast every Sunday evening. (Did I get that right?)

The husband of the lady who had her arm in a cast introduced me to visiting daughter and handsome grandson. Another young guest (from Philadelphia?) and his sister (from Kansas City?) had been visiting their mother in the health center. The young man asked me when the dancing would start.

I chatted briefly with a computer expert, also with a female member of the Resident Council. I recognized a lady who walks her dog several times a day. A mother and daughter seemed to be preoccupied with the challenge of salvaging an old encyclopedia. There was, of course, lots of discussion about the return of the turkeys.

Now, Hal, you can fire me for my dereliction, but I'd like to suggest an alternative. How about assigning me to all PVE parties for the next year, and maybe, just maybe, I'll start to get it right!

Sincerely, Linda Faraday

Clerisy

Clerisy is moving back to fiction for its June 16th selection. *Herzog* is one of the towering novels by the late much-honored writer Saul Bellow (National Book Awards, Pulitzer Prizes, 1974 Nobel Prize for Literature).

Moses E. Herzog is aware that he is going insane, but it doesn't much bother him. His focus, instead, is to discover the truth about his failures as an academic philosopher, author, lover, husband, and father and, well, Mensch. His approach is through letters to people dead and alive, to God, and to himself, letters which he will never mail.

This is not an easy read. Nevertheless, when you finish the last page, you'll be grateful that you made the effort.

—by Gaylon Caldwell
June 2005 Elysian Fields

My Favorite Pet, Prince



It was a great day when Dad and I went to the puppy farm to pick out my dog. It had to be a short haired dog and not too large. Prince was perfect. He was an English fox terrier, full of life and the old Nick. As he grew older, Prince feared neither man nor

tiger. This caused some problems from time to time and finally his downfall.

Each summer the family would move to our cabin in Vivian Park on the south fork of the Provo River. Dad would come up on weekends.

Prince loved it there. He could live out his greatest passion, which was chasing cats. If no cats were available, he'd settle for a chipmunk or a squirrel. Finally, there were birds. Terriers were tigers in mini-bodies.

Prince didn't know about skunks. The crawl space under the cabin had several openings. A mother skunk decided that it would be a most suitable spot to have a batch of little skunks. This was not to be if Prince had anything to say about it. Under the cabin he went, and momma skunk did her thing in Prince's face. Prince was my dog so it was my problem. I managed to get close enough to Prince to get hold of his four- inch- long tail and pull him out.

Holding Prince by the tail, I carried him to the creek and dropped him in. Mom came out with a bar of laundry soap and a large towel. After multiple soapings and rinsings, he was almost bearable to be around. Mother's eau de-cologne also helped. The odor under the cabin at the site of the fateful meeting took several weeks to dissipate.

Prince was not about to change his attitude. His next encounter was even more painful than a face full of skunk defense. He chased a porcupine under the cabin. Again, I had to go under the cabin to get him out. With a face full of porky quills, he still wasn't about to give up the battle. Again, I pulled him out by his tail, and with Mom holding him, I pulled out the quills with a pair of pliers. Poor Prince always had to learn the hard way.

His belligerence was finally his downfall. I

came home from school one day, and there was no Prince to greet me. Dad told me that Prince had bitten the mailman for the third time, and the mailman had threatened to stop delivering mail if we didn't get rid of Prince. Dad had taken him to the vet and had him put down. I was really heartbroken. Prince was a wonderful pet for a young teenager. His great heart and pluck are still fresh in my memory. Prince deserved a better end.

—by Dick Clawson

Dining at PVE

Last month elicited 121 comment cards of which 33 were negative, 16 relating to dissatisfaction with the service and 17 with the food. The disastrous flounder dinner was mentioned by many. When writing your comments, please remember to include your name and the date of the meal on the card.

Finally, there is consensus on the "jeans" situation. The Residents' Council, the senior dining staff, and the dining committee agree unanimously that blue jeans never are acceptable on anyone, resident or guest, at any time in the formal dining room. The Café is the logical alternative for anyone so casually dressed.

New tables have been ordered for the 500 section of the formal dining room so, hopefully, bruised knees will be a thing of the past.

Alfresco dining will start June 3. If you accept the invitation to join the group on a given Friday evening, please be there. If you subsequently find you are unable to attend, please let the dining room know so a substitute can be contacted to fill your place.

David Kalbaugh has scheduled another special wine dinner for all of us on Thursday, June 9.

Special accolades are due Valerie Carlson for all of the "beyond the call of duty" responsibilities she assumed so capably while illness precluded Pat Carroll's being here. Her efforts are greatly appreciated..

Server Jason and busser Cassandra once again were incentive award winners.

—by Madelynne Wolfe,
Dining Services Committee Chair

Travis Air Museum

In preparation for an article on the Jimmy Doolittle Air & Space Museum at Travis Air Force Base, we would like to hear from all residents who have flown or have interesting connections with the aircraft and other aviation artifacts exhibited at the Museum.

Please call Marty Wildberger at 426-0465 or e-mail him at marty@pvbb.net

In case you haven't visited the Museum recently, the following aircraft are on display outside the building: A-26K, B-29, B-52, C-45, C-56, C-118, C-119, C-124, C-130, C-140, F-4C, F-84F, F-86 L, F-101B, F-102A, F-104A, F-105D, O-2A, U-3Am, LC-126, AT-11, T-39A, H-21B, and H-34. Inside are the BT-13, Piper L-4, and Stinson L-5 as well as many aircraft engines and other interesting displays

For more information see: <http://www.jimmy-doolittlemuseumpromotions.com/> on the internet or, better yet, go there.

—by Marty Wildberger



Precipitation

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

	FOR THE MONTH	CUMULATIVE
February	5.52 inches	24.70 inches
March	5.20 inches	29.90 inches
April	1.52 inches	31.42 Inches
Through May 15	1.51 inches	32.93 Inches



The average rainfall recorded at PVE for the past seven years through May 15, 2005 is 28.16 inches.

Most rainfall through May 15 was 32.94 inches in 2003.

Least Rainfall through May 15th was 20.18 inches in 2001.

This year's rainfall in May of 1.51 inches is the most rainfall received in the month of May since 1998. We still have 15 days left in the month.

WATER STORAGE

Shasta Dam — 97% of Capacity

Oroville Dam — 85% of Capacity

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

The snowpack for the Northern Sierra's is 158% of normal and 182% of normal for the Central Sierras.

Plans have been made to release water from specific reservoirs to accommodate the expected snow melt.

—by Peter Palmos

What's Coming Up

- *"The Lion King" - Best of Broadway Series*, Sacramento Community Center Theater
- *A Day of Wine and Roses*, Sonoma
- *"Othello", California Shakespeare Festival*, Orinda
- *West Valley Chorale Barbershoppers* at PVE
- *Giftmart/Jewelrystore* in San Francisco
- *Vacaville Farmers' Market*
- *North Bay Theater Chorus Ensemble* at PVE
- *Robert Cameron's Aerial Photography* at the Presidio
- *"Zarzuela" – Jarvis Conservatory*, Napa
- *Hillary Struthers, pianist* at PVE
- *Napa Valley Symphony "Wine Country Pops"* at the Mondavi Winery, Napa
- *Thunder Valley Casino*

What We're Working

On

- *Fourth of July Fireworks* at the Suisun Marina
- *Saturday Opera Night at the Jarvis Conservatory*, Napa
- *Fourth 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 Farmers' Market*
- *Rohnert Park Kitchen Kut-Ups 33rd Annual "Razzle Dazzle Review"*, Spreckles Performing Arts Center, Rohnert Park
- *"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*
- *Hawaiian Luau and Dance*
- *KORET Fashion Show and Shopping at Vacaville Premium Outlet Stores*
- *Jeremy Weinglass* at PVE

- *Bonfante Gardens*, Gilroy
- *Sport Fishin' with Capt. Nimmo*, San Pablo Harbor
- *Chuchchansi Casino Resort and Yosemite National Park Tour*
- *Dixon Scottish Games*
- *Golden State Accordion Club Band* at PVE
- *Albuquerque Hot Air Balloon Festival*
- *Branson, Missouri*

—by Lise Hansen



Stars of the Heart

Remember the boy who lived across the street?
He smiled and said "Hi" every time we'd meet.
In high school he was a baseball star,
But he gave it up and went to war.
He heard the bugler call his name,
And he learned to fight in a new kind of game.

Remember the boy who lived down the block?
His folks had a farm where they raised livestock.
He had a way with every animal he met.
He hoped to go to college and become a vet,
But our country was attacked one Sunday morn
And off he went, though his mother's heart was torn.

The windows of folks who had someone in the war
Began to be decorated with a blue star.
It meant that a father, brother, husband, or son
Was fighting for his country till the war was won,
But as battles were waged by those brave and bold,
Many blue stars were replaced by gold.

We saw a gold star across the street.
Our neighbor was brave each time we'd meet.
Through her tears, she said her boy had given his life
So that the world could be freed from strife,
But it breaks our hearts that the price to pay
Is the loss of those men war has taken away.

—by Elly Vasak

New at PVE



Multipurpose Activities Room



Putting Practice Green

Health and Fitness

June is Men's Health and Fitness Month. Our annual Men's Health and Fitness Day will be held right here at PVE on Wednesday, June 15, from 9:00 a.m. to 3:30 p.m. The day features a variety of fitness events and classes, as well as our men's lunch. Our keynote speaker, Dr. Catherine Amacher, will address issues in men's health and aging. You need to sign up for the men's lunch in the Green Book. The other events/classes do not require sign-ups. The day will also offer a guided meditation session and men's foot massages. Plan to attend this special day just for the men of PVE.

Our final Aerobics of the Mind, June 7, at 2:30 p.m. in the LMPR. If you have not yet attended this fun creative brain busting class, plan to join us!

Our wellness seminar for June will discuss the important topic of advance directives. This seminar will be held on Tuesday, June 14, from 1:30 p.m. to 2:30 p.m. in the LMPR. Plan to attend this informative seminar.

In other news—

June brings us the longest day of the year. With this warm sunshine comes the increased risk of sun exposure and skin cancer. When it comes to early detection of skin cancer, knowing what to look for is essential. The American Cancer Society suggests the ABCD system to assess any change in a colored skin spot or mole:

A is for asymmetry. One half doesn't match the other.

B is for border irregularity: The edges are ragged, notched or blurred.

C is for color: The pigmentation is not uniform.

D is for diameter: The size is greater than 6mm.

Experts recommend a self-exam once a month. Any new growth or change should be checked by your doctor promptly.

If you have questions or comments please contact me.

—by Jan Olson, Fitness Manager

Alter Egos

We have all heard of, seen on TV and in the movies, people who have split personalities and about some who can even switch personalities at will. There are some of us who suffer with the multiple personality syndrome and never know from one day to the next whom we are going to wake up as. However, it isn't really all that bad if, through aging and experience, we can learn how to transform at will to whoever we want to be. For example, I can revert to some very illustrious personalities, such as Albert Einstein, Napoleon Bonaparte, Michel Nostradamus, Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, and Egyptian Pharaoh Akhenaton.

You would think that with all those prestigious personalities, I should be able to solve most any kind of problem. However, when I revert to Albert, I can come up with some theories, but they are never relative. As Napoleon, I find that I'm still trying to find out what went wrong at Moscow and Waterloo. As Michel, I can come up with predictions, but they are always a few hundred years down the road. I find that as Julius, I'm still nursing stab wounds and becoming concerned about which painkiller has the fewest side effects.

I feel that there is a conflict of interest, being an experienced world conqueror like Alexander, when I have an inclination to use my power to introduce same sex marriage, which I'm normally against. Then there is the Pharaoh. I never seem to be able to beam him up so that I can revert to him. Instead, I become Queen Nefertiti, and then I have a problem trying to assume a female persona and not question my own gender. It would seem that the pharaoh is busy trying to find out what happened to all the gold and artifacts that were ripped off from the tombs in The Valley of the Kings, especially since that is what he wanted to do, so he has his wife, the queen, answer his e-mail.

There you have it; life with several egos can be frustrating at times but never dull and never lonely.

—by Cal Samson



Cure for Itches

After about two weeks without my changing my "long johns," the itching was becoming unbearable. I could almost feel the "crawlies" in all the tight places. My only chance for a shower and a change of clothes would be to take the pack mule down the steep mountainside to the base camp, but then that would be questionable.



About 25 of us are guarding a wide area on the reverse slope of the very steep and high Southern Maritime Alps separating France from Italy. As far as the hostilities are concerned, both sides are in the winter mode, solidly entrenched for the winter. We are located on the south side looking down at the French Riviera with the enemy on the north side. Just to keep both sides honest, an infrequent round or two of artillery shellings are exchanged.

I finally decided to take care of the "itch" situation. The January afternoon turned out unusually warm, and the melting snow around the fire caused a little bit of a problem. However, I was determined. After heating some water in a five-gallon can, I tossed in a generous portion of "GI" soap. Then, I flattened a couple of C-Ration container boxes over the mud as a bath mat. I removed every stitch of clothing I had on and tossed my "long johns" into the soapy water.

The enemy had me spotted, I swear. As if on cue, as I stood naked as the day I was born, the enemy decided to fire their obligatory round or two of artillery. There was smoke, fire, and loud explosions. I could hear my buddies yelling, "Hit the dirt!" "Hit the dirt!" Warnings weren't necessary. I was already wallowing in the mud. My advice: A good mud bath does wonders for itches.

—by Ted Miyagishima

Editor's Note: Wayne Bogard gives us another glimpse of life behind the German lines in World War II. We published "Don't Mess With This Texan" and "The Cold Dip" in the January and March EF, respectively.

Bathtub Blues

Continuing my attempt to escape, I was moved from a safe-house on the Rennes Canal to a room over the "Rex" bar in the center of Rennes, just off the main square. The main square was filled with German 88mm anti-aircraft guns, which were fired most nights when the British aircraft flew over



Safehouse in Brittany near Rennes

and during the day when the Americans flew over on their way to Germany. The bar was always loaded with German soldiers. The owner and bartender, Madame Mendage, was a most gracious and patriotic French lady, who kept me supplied with cakes and cookies from the bakery next door to the bar. After about two weeks above the bar, I was moved to the large chateau pictured here. There I was united with two other escapees. Here our helper would take us for walks in the forest, where we picked mushrooms. I was moved again in December 1943 to Paris and lodged with several helpers for short periods. Finally, I was placed with the Moet family, the parents of a 17-year-old girl who had been my escort on several occasions. One I remember very well was an eight-hour train trip in a compartment with four German officers.

I spent December, including Christmas, with the Moet family. I still had the scabies that I had contracted on the farm. The daughter, Michele, took me to a public bath house daily for about ten days. She also took me to a doctor who gave me medicine to apply after the baths. The reason for using the public baths was that there was no hot water in the Moet home, due

to rationing.

My first trip to the bath house caused some panic, as it felt so good I started singing, in English, of course. The door burst open and the owner and my escort rushed in shouting at me, lying stark naked in the tub, to shut up. I learned that most of the patrons were German soldiers.

More later, before my luck runs out.

—by Wayne Bogard

PVE's New Voting Inspector

The Residents' Council recently voted to endorse E.H. Wolff as the inspector for PVE's precinct #1837 and as our representative to the Solano County Registrar of Voters. He succeeds Betty St George (recently resigned) who, with dedication and efficiency, filled both assignments since the precinct was made operative by the county in mid-1998. The precinct was brought to PVE largely through the efforts of Helen Alexander and John Clemson. Prior to that, residents had to make inconvenient drives to a local church some four miles away. That inconvenience has now been replaced by a short, easy walk.

—by John Clemson

Luxury Living in the US Army, 1943

Walter, my field artillery ROTC buddy, had been pestering the Ft. Knox billeting office for us to get into the base's regular army bachelor officers' quarters (BOQ) for so long that I had abandoned all hope, when a formidable document arrived one day late in 1943 authorizing our occupancy of apartment four on the red brick BOQ's ground floor with two separate bedrooms and our very own bathroom, along with a cool screened porch. We knew we were lucky, and so we moved swiftly and were unpacked and installed within the hour.

The BOQ had a lighted tennis court by its front entrance, its own 20-man mess staffed by Italian POWs, the main Ft. Knox PX and coffee shop within 50 yards, and was largely occupied by armored force missions to the US, including British and fellow allied instructors in tank gunnery.

The POWs had picked up a fair knowledge of American army living habits during their months of residence in the USA, and around 5:30 p.m. on our return from the firing ranges, each apartment was served with ice and the "fixin's." Since several members of the BOQ were local Louisville boys, we usually seemed to have some sour mash Kentucky bourbon on hand despite the whiskey's wartime scarcity.

When dinner was called at 6:30 p.m., we sat down to good food and interesting, if military, conversation, usually led by Major Jacob Shapiro of Brockton, MA. "Shapiro the Hero," as he was widely known in the Armored Force for his exploits with II Corps during the original landings in North Africa. He had recently added to his repute in North Africa by leading his light tank company over the tails of five parked Messerschmitts, thus making himself an "ace" and obtaining an air medal for five verified kills, though certainly in unorthodox fashion.

Jake, an instructor at the Armored Force School in 1943, occupied himself these days, at least in the mess, by needling the Britons and their famed Field Marshal Montgomery for failing to advance out of Caen, France, while the US leader, George Patton, had broken out in Normandy in a big way.

Since we were newcomers in the BOQ and

its mess, Walter and I were quiet when the debate started dispassionately. Shapiro didn't let it stay that way, however, especially after he virtually accused the British of military incompetence in their operation around Caen in France.

The argument became quite shrill after an English colonel reminded the mess that wire reports that very day had Patton's advance slowing. The reason he suggested: the Coca-Cola pipeline to the Yanks must have been cut. Whether he meant this as a humorous observation or not, we may never know, but Jack Shapiro had no doubt as he expressed himself loudly in his Brockton, MA accent. This Coca-Cola ruckus in the BOQ didn't die down for weeks.

—by Dobby Kilduff

PVE Computer User Groups

The Macintosh Group meets at 7:30 p.m. on the third Tuesday of each month. The topics vary but are aimed at all levels of interest and expertise.

Last month we talked at some length on the various methods and programs used to access the Web-dial-up, Cable hook-up, Wireless, and DSL. The advantages, disadvantages, and costs of each were discussed. In addition, various member problems were discussed. Some interesting web sites were introduced, and interesting comments ensued.

The PC Basic Group meets at 1:30 p.m. and the PC Internet Group at 3:00 p.m., both on the first Friday of each month.

All residents are invited and encouraged to come to our meetings.

—by Jack Biederman



Honk If You're Helpless



It was a dark and stormy night. Construction of the annex of the Community Center building had temporarily required turning off the lights in the parking lot,

and with a steady rain falling, it was especially dark. In my apartment just above the parking lot, my daughter Tricia, her two-year-old son Jack, and I had just sat down for dinner. Suddenly, someone began blowing a car horn long and loud, just beneath our balcony. Tricia jumped up, exclaiming, "I'm going to tell them to knock it off!" She dashed out to the balcony and then dashed back inside as quickly as she had gone out. Grabbing her raincoat, she yelled, "Take care of the baby; someone is in trouble down there!" And she left.

First, I called Security, telling them only that there was a problem in the parking lot. Then, I picked up my grandson and went out on the balcony. All I could see below was Tricia opening a car door and bending over. The Security car drove by, but like me, he couldn't see what was going on. I yelled, but he couldn't hear me. Finally, two people emerged from the car, cloaked in coats, darkness, and umbrella, and headed for the dining room. I went back inside to wait.

At last Tricia came back and told me what had happened. A resident had exited her car and then tried to get an umbrella from the back seat. She had to go all the way in to get it, and the car door closed behind her, and automatically locked! She was trapped. Knowing that it could be hours before anyone found her, she reached for the horn. In her desperation, she leaned too far and fell onto the floor of the car. She knew she could not get up, wedged in as she was, and that is when she began yelling "Help" and, thankfully, Tricia heard her.

I asked Tricia who it was, and she replied, "I don't know, but she asked me who I was, and she said she knew you." Laughing, I said, "I will hear

about it tomorrow!" Sure enough, the next day was the Founder's Day celebration, and, as soon as I arrived, Rodney Jueneman approached me, exclaiming, "Wanda, your daughter is an angel, a saint, and last night she had on her halo and her wings and saved my life." Yes, the resident in trouble was our dear Rodney, and I am so glad we were here to help.

The moral of this story is that if you have trouble in the parking lot, just look up, honk, or holler, and I will be there ASAP.

—by Wanda Godsey

Remember June 14 is Flag Day

Flag Day was first celebrated in 1877, 100 years after the U.S Continental Congress adopted the stars and stripes pattern for our national flag. President Harry Truman signed legislation proclaiming Flag Day, a day of national observance in 1949. Honor our country, its citizens, veterans and members of our armed forces by proudly flying our flag on any day or everyday.

—by E.H. Wolff

Move-ins Since the Last Issue

Wolfe, Richard "Dick", Dr., and Ruth
5812 Constitution Avenue
San Rafael, CA

Murdock, Robert "Bob", Lt Col., USAF (Ret)
and Esther
1111 Estates Drive
Woodland, CA

Hanley, John, Col. USAF (Ret) and Loretta
1112 Estates Drive
Santa Maria, CA

A Coast to Coast Story

When, in 1957, the first Secretary of Defense (Forrestal) jumped to his death from the fifth floor of the Naval Hospital in Bethesda, MD, I was a Major in the Army Adjutant General's department in the Pentagon. In those days the U.S. Army was responsible for handling funeral arrangements for government dignitaries. I was detailed to escort the Vice Chief of Naval Operations (Vice Admiral Ira Hobbs) to the funeral. When I contacted his office to make arrangements, I learned he was going to be on vacation, so I escorted his top assistant.

Some years later, while I was Adjutant General of Fort Ord, CA, I was on leave and went for a game at the Ford Ord golf course. The proshop said they would put me in with a Mr. Hobbs. I introduced myself to Mr. Hobbs, who then said his first name was Ira. He was astonished when I said, "I'm so happy to meet you, Admiral Hobbs," and he responded, "How did you know I was an admiral?" Then, I told him about how I was to have been his escort officer to Forrestal's funeral, and he responded that he remembered being on vacation at the time. We had great conversation during the game, and I was very impressed with his views on policy and management at the highest levels of national defense.

The proshop had put us with a retired former commanding general of Fort Ord (a Major General McClure) and his wife. I assumed that star and flag officers, who both lived in Pebble Beach, probably knew each other. After the game and Admiral Hobbs had departed, I mentioned to General McClure what a nice person I thought the admiral was. McClure was taken aback and said to his wife, "Did you hear what Robinson said?" He said that Hobbs was a Vice Admiral, I thought he was a Master Sergeant!"

Incidentally, I never heard General McClure refer to any officer junior to himself by anything but his last name. How haughty he was.

—by Joseph W. Robinson

REMEMBERING . . .

Mrs. Harriet "Bee" Gordon
Loving Wife & Mother
Arrived: August 30, 2001
Departed: May 5, 2005



Elysian Fields Staff Changes

Bill and Constance Gum are joining the editorial staff to cover Organized Activities and Events at PVE. Ceil Bellingier will assist in the transition and then restrict her activity to being the copy editor who gives the eagle-eyed look before we go to press. Bev Clemson will continue to contribute her library news column. Marty Wildberger will continue to be our valuable utility staffer filling in wherever help is needed.

—Editor

Finance Committee Vacancy

The residents' Finance Committee has a vacancy. If you are interested, please leave your name and description of relevant experience in Jackie Peterson's in-house mailbox # 4027.

A Star-Spangled Fourth of July

Reflecting on ways one has spent the Glorious Fourth in earlier years produces a kaleidoscope of colorful memories. Picnics, band concerts, parades, boat races, swim meets, and fireworks are warm reminders of how one joyously celebrates the birthday of our country.

This year, the Patriotic Committee asks that residents revisit that wonderful summer holiday and participate in a lively celebration here at PVE. The centerpiece of our 2005 celebration will be a parade. Each court, each neighborhood on both sides of Constitution Avenue, the apartment buildings, and Laurel Creek Health Center are invited and encouraged to plan and enter a parade float that best expresses their neighborhood personality and spirit.

“Think outside the box!” we are urged in the Aerobics of the Mind class. Look around the garage, the garden, and the storage areas and find the materials needed to create a Fourth of July “float” or marching unit. Perhaps a resident’s golf cart could be decorated in patriotic colors of red, white, and blue, with a banner or sign being carried by neighbors. Bicycles make ideal bases for bright ribbon trimming and small flags.. Garden carts, wheelbarrows, and even recycle barrels can be dressed up in Fourth of July trimmings and be guided along the parade route. If your neighborhood isn’t “into floats,” a marching unit can be assembled with a perky pompom-waving leader setting the pace. All of us have rolling suitcases that could be decorated in a patriotic motif and trundled along the parade route. Perhaps our Dixieland Band could lead the parade with selections of patriotic music.

The parade route will extend from the flagpoles at the entrance to the Community Center. Judges will be stationed at a “reviewing stand” along the route, and prizes will be awarded.

Let’s make this year’s celebration of Fourth of July meaningful in an old-fashioned way, coming together as a community to share our pride of country and an imaginative way of expressing our patriotism.

—by Liz Wildberger

ELYSIAN FIELDS STAFF ORGANIZATION

Editor	Hal Carter
Associate Editor	Liz Wildberger
Copy Editor(s)	Madelynn Wolfe and Ceil Bellinger
Make-up, Layout, Publishing	Marj Parker and Joe & Angie Sanner
Photography	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**
Ceil Bellinger, Bill and Constance Gum
- (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.