

ELUSIAN FIELDS

July 2005

The Official Paradise Valley Estates Residents' Newspaper

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Lobster Pot

In 1988, my husband and I were invited to spend a week sailing in New England on my brother's 30-foot Sabre sloop. We had glorious weather and explored Martha's Vineyard, Newport, and Narragansett Bay.

One evening we tied up in a slip at the Wickford Cove Marina. Gordon had been told of a seafood market up Narragansett Bay where we could get a pot of seafood that included lobsters. We would have to let the market know in the morning so we could pick up our "lobster pot" before dinner.

The next morning, Gordon and I set out in the dinghy and motored north up the bay. The market was a large building on a pier, with docks alongside for fishing boats. We tied up at one of the docks and climbed a ramp up to the market. It had a large sign: The Wickford Seafood Connection. Inside, there was every kind of fresh seafood that New England offers. We went to a counter in back and ordered our lobster pot – which, at that point, I learned, was not a lobster pot, but rather, a clambake. We told them there would be four of us eating it.

Later that afternoon, we returned to pick it up. It came in a tall kettle with instructions. We were to add two cups of water – avoiding getting grabbed by the four lobsters that were on top of the other goodies in the kettle. Then we were to let it simmer for

about 30-40 minutes.

When we were ready to eat, we took the lid off the kettle, and the cabin was filled with the fragrance! We each got a small lobster. Under the

lobsters were layers – on the very bottom were onions, then potatoes, then carrots, then celery, then corn. In a large cheesecloth bag were mussels, and on top of them was another large bag with clams.

It was a dinner made in heaven! After dinner, Gordon and I took the shells and the pot up to the dumpster

in the marina parking lot. I tossed in the paper sack with the shells, and Gordon was about to toss in the pot. (We had been told at the fish market that the pot was disposable.)

Then, he realized that the broth at the bottom was probably the best part of the meal. He held the pot up, drank some, and swore it was the best soup he had ever had! I, of course, had to try it, too. He was right! It was terrific. We passed the pot back and forth, drinking the broth.

At that point, a car slowly went by behind us. I turned to look and saw a family staring in horror at two people standing by the dumpster drinking out of some big can they obviously had salvaged.

—by Marjory Parker



Meet the Dows

When Marybeth Dow was a little girl, she and her best friend liked playing “bride.” Their veils were old lace curtains donated by their mothers. She became a real bride when she and Glenn married in 1945.

Marybeth grew up in Hanford, CA, an ideal small town full of good, decent people. Children cooled off in the hot Central Valley summers running through sprinklers or utilizing irrigation ditches. Church activities were central. After high school, Marybeth entered nurses’ training in San Francisco.

Glenn and his twin brother were born on the west Texas ranch house built by their grandfather in 1876. The family moved to

Ft. Worth when the twins were two. They had first cousins who were also twins about the same age still living on the ranch, and that was a favorite destination. Glenn was a junior at the University of Texas when he was called into the service and became a cadet at LeMoore Air Force Base, close to Hanford.

An outing was arranged for them attend a dance in Hanford. There was Marybeth among all the pretty high school girls. There also were the parents of all the girls who wouldn’t be allowed to go to this party if there weren’t chaperones. He managed to dance with Marybeth and get her telephone number. Marybeth claims she wasn’t the least bit interested. Later, when Glenn was stationed in Nevada, he managed to visit her during her nurses’ training in San Francisco. At the end of WW II, Glenn was separated from the Air Force, and the two were married.

Glenn resumed his education under the G. I. Bill at U.T. in Austin and graduated with a degree in business administration and economics. He worked

in the oil and gas industry, and the Dows lived in Texas, Oklahoma, and New York. When he was in the service, he had been stationed in Colorado and vowed to live there some day. He started his own business in order to do so. Denver was a favorite home site for 32 years.



Before their two boys and two girls were born, they bought a two-seater airplane, which they flew all over the country. After the children came, they did lots of camping in the Colorado Rockies, where they also skied in the winters. Wanting to learn more of her family history, Marybeth got a trailer and drove to many locations in the East, tracing ancestors and meeting relatives. The four

children were with her, none old enough to help with the driving. After retirement from the oil industry, the Dows owned a ranch in Sonoma County, where they grew wine grapes.

They researched several retirement communities before deciding on PVE and moving here in 1999. Marybeth was instrumental in starting the Laurel Creek Angels, and Glenn served a term as chairman of the Termites. He has recently documented his eligibility for the Sons of the American Revolution and will be inducted soon along with sons and grandsons. He is an avid golfer. Both Marybeth and Glenn attend tennis matches when their twin grandsons are playing and winning a good share of the games. All the family members enjoy visiting PVE.

—by Joan Teague

Alone at Last

It was the spring of 1934. My brother Ed and my sister Ruth both attended Jamaica High School on Long Island, NY, while I was an eighth grader in public school. Ed was asked by his English teacher if he would like to earn money when the school year ended. Jerry Canton wanted to have his small boat “ferried” from his dock in the town of Merrick on the south shore of Long Island to New Haven, Connecticut, which would involve going around the eastern tip of the island and then crossing Long Island Sound to arrive at New Haven, a distance of over 140 miles.

Eddie told his teacher that he wasn’t interested, but he had a younger brother who probably would like to earn the money. He introduced me to Mr. Canton, and we drove out to see the boat. This converted lifeboat was about 16 feet long and equipped with a small four cylinder automobile engine. Handling this boat alone would be a real challenge for me, having never been in a boat of any kind in my life except a ferryboat. I knew I could do it, so that fact was not discussed. The plan was for me to leave as soon as the school year was over. I already had a great job working before school from four to seven a.m. each day as a helper on a home delivery milk route. My boss at Renkin Dairy was very understanding and gave me the time off. I would miss our horse, who knew the milk delivery route.

The arrangements made with Jerry Canton were that he would pay all expenses for gas, food, and supplies, and pay me \$4 a day. He also supplied all necessary charts and a hand compass. The first day departure was at 8:30 a.m. and terminated at 2 p.m. when my fuel supply was running low. Docking at

Sayville Harbor, I filled the tank and purchased two five-gallon gas cans and a small hand pump. Purchases also included ice, lots of milk, cookies, and junk food.

Depending on the currents, the boat cruised between four and six miles per hour. With the extra fuel I was able to go about 40 miles per day. I had



to spend one whole day in port because of the heavy fog. It was quite an experience cruising all day long with no one to talk to and then pulling into sheltered harbors to spend the nights. Being young, I should be forgiven for forgetting some important things like bathing. Having never learned to swim, I always

wore the life jacket while on the boat, and with the sun and June heat, sweating was inevitable. When Jerry, the boat owner, met me in New Haven, the first thing he said was, “You smell terrible.” To me the smell was the sweet smell of money. I was being paid \$20.

—by Dick Betchley

The Swallow A Limerick:

We now have a bird called the swallow,
that lives near the creek in the hollow;
His beakful of mud
He drops with a thud,
And his path is quite easy to follow.

—by Ginny McGuire

Dining At PVE

There were fewer comment cards this past month, 84 to be exact, of which only 17 were negative, four relating to service and 13 to food. Most were signed and dated, for which David Kalbaugh and Pat Carroll thank you.



What wonderful, special meals we have been enjoying lately, with sumptuous, beautifully presented al fresco and wine dinners, thanks to David, Chef Dwayne Scott, and the great kitchen staff! Aren't we lucky?

David once again is interviewing applicants for bartender in the Club, this time requiring licensing and at least five years of experience among their credentials.

The new table tops have arrived for the 500 section, so seating should be much more comfortable. You may notice that work has begun on enclosing the open area between the casual dining area and the kitchen hall to furnish more storage. However, installation of the new computer system in the dining room has been delayed.

Please note that there is no reserved seating at any time in the Cafe. It always is "first come, first served."

If you order dinner meals to be delivered to your home, please be there to receive them. Otherwise, make arrangements to pick them up.

Once again, it is time to ask any and all of you interested in devoting your time to serving a three-year term on the Dining Services Committee to submit letters stating your interest and qualifications to Otto Vasak (#4013) before July 31, the closing date for applications.

The incentive award winners last month were server Daniel and busser Isaias.

—by Madelynne Wolfe
Dining Services Committee Chair

News from your Library

In the history section of the PVE library is an entire shelf of *Time Life* 8 x 10 books on World War II. They are quite complete and full of black and white pictures. There must be 25 of them. However, nobody looks at them. They are taking up space and not doing anybody any good. Unless we have objections, we plan to remove those and perhaps donate them to Mitchell Memorial Library on Travis Air Force Base. Please let me know if you want them to remain in our library.

The librarians have been clearing various other sections of the library of unused books. We searched all over for *The Prophet* recently and found it had been placed in the philosophy section. A patron had wanted to read it, and we were glad we finally found it for her.

There are art books of all kinds in the left cabinet as you enter. We try not to duplicate, so we don't use everything that comes in on art. We have books on artists, galleries, Frank Lloyd Wright, and general art books. Should you want anything on art, I believe we would have it.

Poetry is another story. We discovered a book on how to write poetry and passed it on to Ellie Vasak, who plans to give a class on poetry-writing. Who else would read it? But speaking of poetry, an old-but-good book came in last week – Ogden Nash's poems. Great stuff! It will give you a laugh.

Other books to give you a laugh are Ellie Wilder's books – *Older but Wilder*, *Out to Pasture*, *Over What Hill?* If you haven't looked into those little beauties, please do. They are hilarious and all about elderly community life. We can relate to that.

—by Bev Clemson, Head Bookie



What's Coming Up

- *Fourth of July Fireworks* at the Suisun Marina
- *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 Farmer's Market*
- *Rohnert Park Kitchen Kut-Ups 33rd Annual "Razzle Dazzle Review"*, Spreckles Performing Arts Center, Rohnert Park
- *"West Side Story"* and *"Crazy For You"* at Music Circus, Sacramento
- *Summer Musical Tea*
- *"The Magic Flute"* at Napa Valley Opera House
- *San Francisco Conservatory of Flowers*
- *Hawaiian Luau and Dance*

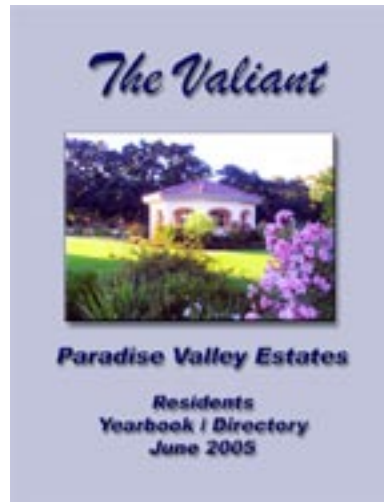
What We're Working On

- *"Cabaret"* and *"The King and I"* at Music Circus, Sacramento
- *Koret Fashion Show and Shopping* at Vacaville Premium Outlet Stores
- *Jeremy Weinglass Lucille Thyrring's grandson* 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
- *San Francisco Clay & Glass Festival*
- *Albuquerque Hot Air Balloon Festival*
- *Branson, Missouri*

—by Lise Hansen



The Valiant Makes its Debut



The Valiant, PVE's yearbook/directory, was distributed to residents in a flourish of publicity, hype, and color. The staff of specialists, Dick Betchley, photographer, Jackie Peterson, InDesign computer layout genius, Joan Teague, eagle-eyed proof reader, and Liz Wildberger, generic

“editor,” spent many hours of volunteer time in the preparation of a new edition of *The Valiant*. Working with the yearbook staff, the Residents' Council supported the effort both financially and with confidence in the community's use of a photograph and profile reference tool. New, larger photos, somewhat enhanced with “electronic botox” effects, and a slick, modern text presentation makes *The Valiant* an attractive, as well as useful, book. Dick Betchley took pictures of 432 residents, both in independent living units and at Laurel Creek; Jackie Peterson arranged over 500 pictures-with-texts on 237 pages; and proof readers Joan Teague, Marjorie and Dick Betchley, and Marty Wildberger scanned text to achieve a practically perfect product.

Each household will receive a complimentary copy of *The Valiant*. The title page is in color and depicts the DeLong Pavilion, our “gazebo,” as an icon for the peace and harmony that exists throughout the community at Paradise Valley Estates.

The Residents' Council members have been unanimous in their recognition of the need for, and support for, this valuable reference book. The editorial staff is looking forward to some quality time away from the computer keyboard and screen. It is hoped that all residents will enjoy browsing through *The Valiant*, discovering interesting factoids about neighbors and new friends.

—by Liz Wildberger

From Socksie to Leonberger: a Shaggy Dog Story



It all began more than 90 years ago, when my great aunt had a regal collie named Bell. A beautiful tri-color of tawny, white, and mahogany, we never did know if that was Bell or Belle, and Bell wasn't saying. One

day when I was about three, I amused myself by stepping on her toes until she yelped. Immediately, she gave me a quick doggy kiss, and I said, "She forgave me!"

From that day on, I have always loved dogs, but I didn't get a dog of my own until I was about nine. I used to sit at the piano practicing and crying because I wanted a dog. Eventually, my parents relented, and one happy day my father brought a tiny puppy home in his pocket! We named her Socksie, because she was a brown almost-bulldog, with oversized ears and four white feet. I dressed her up in doll clothes and a blonde wig. She looked fetching! When my father built me a yellow and black checked car with foot-propelled power, Socksie rode under the hood. For years, Socksie was in every picture taken.

I grew up reading Albert Peyson Terhune books: *The Coming of Lad*; *Buff, a Collie*, and all the beloved others. In the movies, there were Strongheart, Rin Tin Tin, and Lassie, and later on, all her descendants trained by Rudd Weatherwax, and the lugubrious Thurber dogs. After Socksie, at our house there were Muchacho and Chili, who were border collies, and Katcha, the black German shepherd.

As an adult, I spent every Thursday morning, rain or shine, for 15 rewarding years, at the Guide Dogs for the Blind facility in San Rafael. The puppy testers taught the pups to walk on leash and to go up and down steps. We also taught them to respond to various external stimuli, such as on-coming pedestrians, moving vehicles, and even gunshots. We mea-

sured their weekly growth and improved reactions to chasing a ball, sitting, and staying. After being raised by 4-H students and trained by state-licensed men and women, the dogs are graduated and presented to their new blind owners. It is a very emotional ceremony and an unforgettable one.

Do you wonder if we have a dog now? Our next dog will be a Leonberger, developed in Germany from the Newfoundland, Mastiff, Great Pyrenees and Saint Bernard. A gentle dog, weighing 174 pounds, with long hair, a dark head, it looks like a lion, hence the name. Of course, we'll need to get a new apartment, a new car, and probably a kibble factory.

Oh, well, I can dream, can't I?

—by Althea Lubersky



Bingo is Alive and Well.

A warm welcome to three new bingo players: Margaret and George Gray and Wanda Godsey.

Let all know the age-old phenomenon of "beginner's luck" is alive and well in the Arts & Crafts room of a Tuesday evening. At the May 24th session, George walked away with the jackpot—his first session with us. The following week, June 7th, it was Wanda's turn to be the big winner. On June 14th, however, the status quo returned when long-time player Mary Chavis (of five-around-the-corner-fame) was our winner.

—by Ceil Bellinger

Tarzan Comes to the Panama Canal

After reading an appeal by the Panama Canal Museum in Florida for items to be used in a special exhibit of molas, those unique creations of the Kuna Indians of Panama, in May 2005, I e-mailed the chairman that I would send something from my private collection. But what? The Museum wanted molas that spoke to American subjects.

I decided on a colorful pillow cover depicting a Kuna's interpretation of "Tarzan" riding on an elephant surrounded by such other wonderful creatures as birds, a monkey, and a tiger. It had been skillfully crafted into a pillow by a friend, Louise Young, a fiber artist, and sent to me as a gift after a trip she took to the San Blas Islands in 1997.

Why Tarzan? Because to me as a young girl of seven, "Tarzan" was Johnny Weissmuller, a champion swimmer, the holder of five Olympic gold medals. He came to the Zone, according to my older brother Bill (all of nine), in 1932 to promote his Tarzan movies and as a representative of Jantzen and BVD swimsuits. By then, Johnny had turned pro.

We were members of Coach Henry Grieser's Red, White, and Blue Swim Troop and excited about the opportunity of seeing Weissmuller in person at the Balboa Pool; I, mainly because he was a movie star, which was far more fascinating to me than his swimming ability.

What appealed to the male members was to be able to swim fast enough to break one of Weissmuller's records. He could swim the 100-yard freestyle in 51 seconds. He held this record for 16

years. In 1943, a member of our swim group, Alan Ford, a high school classmate of Bill's, broke this

record by swimming the 100 yards in 50.6 seconds on Yale University's team. Ford went on to become the first person in the world to swim 100 yards in less than 50 seconds. He was "clocked" at Yale on March 18, 1944, at 49.7 seconds, a monumental moment in sports, the swimming equivalent of Roger Bannister breaking the four-minute mile barrier in track. Alan also won a silver medal in the 100-meter freestyle in the 1948 Olympic Games.

After reminiscing recently with my brother about these wonderful experiences, I know now where he

acquired his skill at being able to squirt water between his hands and never miss hitting me. "Tarzan" had taught Bill how to do it, "way back when" in 1932 at the Balboa Pool in Panama. Another special skill that "Tarzan" unwittingly left behind was the ability to swing from tree to tree, which we kids practiced diligently in the trees around our houses, until one of us fell and broke an arm. That ended our would-be movie careers.

—by Isabella Lively



How Many Fish?

Growing up a Southern California girl, I lived for the summers at Catalina Island. My father's large family, in flight from Wisconsin's severe weather, arrived in Pasadena, one by one, traveled to Catalina Island, and rented houses close together. I was an only child, but I was close to two girl cousins. My aunt, their grandmother, owned one of the summer cottages and enjoyed having her granddaughters visit. To my delight, I was often invited to join them. The time I remember best was when I was ten years old, my cousin Pat was eight, and Jan, seven.

Every day we swam and played around the float until our fingernails turned blue. From the float we practiced diving and tried to dive down to the bottom, bringing up a handful of sand to prove we got all the way down.

One day we decided to go fishing. On the pier there were some rowboats available, 50 cents for half a day, and a bait shop. Uncle Walter provided us with makeshift poles with tiny hooks. The next morning, I woke my cousins at dawn. Pat was ready for the adventure, but Jan, seven years old, wasn't so sure. She was kind of whiny, we thought, but she finally got dressed like us in shorts over a bathing suit, and off we went, carrying a bucket for all the fish we planned to catch.

As the eldest, I took charge. I rented the rowboat and took the oars. We had neither life preservers nor sunscreen. I rowed and rowed, past one tip of the bay where the casino was, until we reached a spot about a half-mile off the shore, opposite the elegant St. Catherine Hotel. There we cut up the flying fish, which separated into perfect blobs of flesh that we stuck onto the little hooks, and lowered our lines into the water. To our surprise, we immediately caught fish, baby mackerel, about six to seven inches long. Every time we lowered our line, another fish! We caught 72 fish.

We filled the bucket and decided to go home. The water was choppy, and it seemed Jan might get seasick, but I rowed and rowed until we reached the pier at last. Arguing about who would carry the heavy bucket, we arrived at our house, shifting the bucket back and forth among us. Aunt Lim, Uncle Walter, and Auntie Beth exclaimed about our big catch and decided to have fried fish for breakfast.

Then, they told us that it was always the fisher-

man's job to clean the fish. The three of us were established out in the alley behind the house with knives for the job. We cut off the heads and tails, cut the fish down the middle, and threw away the insides. 72 fish later, we took the remains into the kitchen, where someone fried them, and apparently the fish were eaten with pleasure. We walked through the kitchen and on to the shower. None of the three of us wanted even a taste.

—by Sarita Smedberg



Aerobics of the Mind

The mental aerobics class was an outstanding success with over 100 residents attending the first session and a consistent 80 each week thereafter. This fitness class provided us with another way to have fun and simultaneously raise our mental consciousness.

The instructor, Ramona Young-Grindle, is a licensed hypnotherapist practicing in Fairfield, but she did not have to rely on that skill to captivate the class. She is a great teacher, who gets ideas across with her charm, personality, puzzles, and quick wit.

One of the first things discussed and demonstrated was how the brain is like a muscle and that your mental ability increases if you exercise it and keep it nimble. There were six sessions in the first series of classes. Then, a six week rest was declared, during which she continued to taunt us with a mind-challenging treasure hunt.

This class is open to all. You will not be at a disadvantage if you missed any classes. Try it; you'll like it.

—by Jack Biederman

Health and Fitness

As we age, having a surgical procedure becomes an event for which many of us should prepare. Studies show that a little mental preparation can go a long way toward reducing post-operative pain and speeding recovery. Here is a presurgical plan:



1. Get the facts. Make sure your health care team provides you with all the necessary information up front: what the surgery involves, what you should do or not do beforehand, your hospital stay if any, postoperative recovery and rehabilitation. Be sure to ask what to expect in terms of pain and how it will be managed.

2. Learn to relax. Relaxation techniques are known to help improve surgical outcomes. Examples are: relaxed breathing, imagery, visualization, hypnosis, music and cue-controlled relaxation. Ask your health care provider about the availability of relaxation methods.

3. Practice coping skills. Look carefully at how you respond to stressful events and develop positive statements to silence any negative self-defeating talk.

4. Be optimistic. Scientific evidence suggests that looking on the bright side helps to bolster the immune system and stress-coping skills. Not a born optimist? Smile anyway. Studies show that even faking it can spark positive feelings.

5. Prime your network. Let family and friends know what to expect in the way of changes following your surgery. The more you anticipate and plan, the easier it will be for everyone and the smoother the recovery will be for you.

We are fortunate here at PVE to be able to offer a weekly class in guided meditation and relaxation techniques. Beginning in July, our class will meet each Thursday at 2:00 p.m. in the Multi-Purpose Room addition. If you have not yet tried one of our classes, mark your calendar and plan to attend. You will be glad you did.

In other news...

Our Grand Slam tennis clinic will be held on Monday, July 25th, at 9:00 a.m., and our ABC

Aquatic Body Conditioning class will be on Saturday, July 9th.

If you have questions, comments or suggestions, please don't hesitate to contact me.

—by Jan Olson, Fitness Manager

Paintings in the Sky

Libraries and the Internet are so accessible to us today that we can search and learn about natural phenomena such as eclipses and predicted comets flashing across the night sky. How many of us have visited observatories for arranged sightings of these events? My innate curiosity about such things was heightened when I was exposed decades ago to the wonders of the aurora borealis.

During World War Two, my husband and I were living in quarters at Elmendorf Field, Alaska. One afternoon in late spring, I was in my car headed back to the base, returning from my duty as a Red Cross volunteer in Anchorage. The sky was dark, even at that time of day, because daylight hours were limited. The roads were slushy from the spring melting, but I had become accustomed to staying in the wheel tracks that were already made by the traffic ahead of me.

As I was driving, I became aware of a sudden rush of swirling colors coming down out of the sky in electrifying reds, greens, and yellows. It was an amazing sight, and the awe of the situation seemed to have the same effect on all my fellow drivers. Traffic came to a halt, and people were getting out of their cars, standing transfixed by what they saw. The swirls were actually touching the ground all around us, and the feel of the magnetic force was palpable. It was such an ethereal sensation that I stood with arms raised toward the heavens and exclaimed, "Here I am, Lord. Take me if it's my time!" It was just one more of many thrilling events that I experienced in my one year in Alaska.

—by Marj Hyslop

New! Miss Liberty Barbie

Toy catalogs constantly announce the addition of a “new” Barbie. There is “Camp Counselor Barbie” and “Brain Surgeon Barbie” and other career opportunities for the sophisticated plastic girl with incredible anatomy.

Recently, an opportunity presented itself for our family to design and produce yet another Barbie. Let’s call this one “Miss Liberty Barbie”.

Matthew, our grandson, had invited us to come to Colleyville, Texas, for the annual Chelsea Park Fourth of July parade. We arrived on the “red-eye” at 5:30 a.m. the day before our nation’s birthday.

Matthew and Emily told us that this year’s theme was the Statue of Liberty. Did we have any ideas for a “float?” Sleep-deprived and jet-lagged, we couldn’t seem to summon the concept required. Finally, Emily and her mother recalled that in the attic, there was a doll called “Just Like Me Barbie.” The two of them braved the 100-degree temperature in the attic and finally emerged from the crawl space with a bulky trash bag containing the four-foot-tall, nude doll. The design team decided that we would need “bronzy” green fabric to drape her figure authentically. Kate found an olive green pillowcase in the linen closet. Emily cut a space for Barbie’s head and arms and draped the pillowcase over the doll’s nude body. Not bad!

“But how is she going to hold her arm up,” asked Matthew. “The Statue of Liberty’s supposed to have a big torch that she’s holding over her head,” he said. Granddad suggested that a piece of cardboard could be inserted to make her arm stand straight up. He took a small square of cardboard and crammed it into her shoulder joint. Barbie’s arm shot up like



a “power-to-the-people” poster girl. “Great, Granddad,” Matthew conceded. Now let’s make the torch.” Emily found a purse-sized flashlight that was compatible with Barbie’s delicate fingers and hands. Soon, with some accessorizing, Just Like Me Barbie began to shape up and take on the regal bearing of a national symbol. Emily placed the “torch” in Miss Liberty’s upraised hand and duct-taped it securely. Barbie looked like she had recently undergone carpal tunnel surgery, but the effect was definitely right.

Solemnly, Matthew wheeled his LL Bean slat-sided wagon into the foyer. Emily positioned the Statue of Liberty, a.k.a. Just Like Me Barbie, with her flat feet firmly planted in the center of the wagon. Granddad picked up his tools and a roll of wire and began the job of making sure that this patriotic float centerpiece was securely attached. The workers surveyed the product. “It looks great,” Matthew decided, and the rest of the crew nodded in agreement.

Thursday morning, July fourth, dawned sultry, muggy, and already a warm 80 degrees when the “float” was pulled out into Coventry Place. The Statue of Liberty stood proudly in the wagon, her arm shot up in a gesture of pride. Her olive-green toga slipped seductively from her shoulder. Barbie was a fusion of a 36DD fashion model with the symbol of our American freedom. It had been a team effort and a Grand Prize winner.

—by Liz Wildberger

We Did *Not* Eat Flamingos



The only flamingos at the annual Pink Flamingo Day celebration were the adorable plastic birds of various sizes and shapes that started their trek across our lawns a week before the festivities. The birds first appeared at the entrance gate, progressed a little

each day, and arrived in front of our dining wing just in time to witness PVE staff and residents in heated athletic and word game rivalry.

The real hero of this year's celebration was the weatherman. A week of chill winds and rain had proceeded the designated day, but the sun shown brightly on PVE's very special annual May event. Residents and staff had apparently rifled through closets and trunks and had retrieved summer attire, notably anything pink.

By the 11 a.m. starting time, the air was redolent of chicken and ribs sizzling on the barbecue. There were pot luck contributions of both hot and cold casseroles, sweet and tart salads, chips and dips, and seasoned breads. The dessert table sagged under a load of cookies, whipped-cream-filled decorated cakes, pies, fruit cobblers, and scoopable ice cream. Plastic pools filled with ice featured a variety of soft drinks. The air was alive with music and good spirit.

While some attendees sat at shady tables laughing at their aptitudes (and ineptitudes) at brain games, the more athletic (or adventurous) were competing at one or more of the physically competitive events.

Shortly after 2 p.m., recorder Lise Hansen reported the following scores and declared the PVE staff the overall winners:

Tennis	Residents: 21 games to 9
Pool	Residents: 42 to 29
Putting	Residents
Bocce Ball	Employees: 26-15
Horseshoes	Employees: 10 games to 4 with 1 tie
Ping-Pong	Employees: 9 games to 4
Basketball Free Throw	Employees: 79-42
Bean Bag Toss	Employees
Word Games	Tied – Resident Ginny Weber won the individual quiz.
	Dempsey's staff team won the team puzzle competition.

It must be noted that this year's staff triumph is only the second time the staff has been victorious over the residents in the past six years of competition. It would appear the residents have work to do if they are to retrieve their status as champions in future Flamingo Day competitions. They have until next May to hone their skills!

—by Linda Faraday

Move-ins Since the Last Issue

Fei, Robert "Bob" and Barbara
5112 Independence Drive
San Diego, CA
Referred by Cole Sellers

McCoy, Robert "Bob", Maj., USAF (Ret)
and Laura
5504 Uniform Court
Deer Park, CA



Ya Never Know

After living here in PVE for six weeks, we were lonesome for our old neighbors, so back we drove to Roseville. Soon after arriving, our four closest neighbors had us in the center of a tight circle, asking questions.

“What’s that place like?”

(Wonderful).

“How’s the food?”

(Yummy)

“What are retired officers like to be around?”

(Interesting and delightful.)

“How many generals and colonels?”

(I have no idea, only know their first names.)

“How did you make the move into a smaller home?”

(Easy for me; for Jeanie, much heartbreak having to give away so many treasures.)

“Tell us whatever you wish about the place and the people.”

(No surprises about the place. Clean, nice, orderly, perfect care, perfect caring from the staff. The people are extremely interesting; having had such a big part in WWII, they have many, many stories to tell us, especially war stories.)

After about thirty minutes, the group was breaking up when our good friend Al Knight, a retired Chief Master Sergeant, spoke for the first time.

“Norman,” he said, “you know all those stories those officers are telling you? Well, you’d better listen closely, because some of them might even be true.”

—by Norman Bills

PVE’s Glorious Fourth

Organizing a patriotic birthday bash for our country’s 229th is a challenging enterprise. PVE’s holiday events committee members have planned a program that includes a parade, a picnic, and some “virtual” fireworks.

The first annual PVE Fourth of July parade is scheduled to start at approximately 10:45 a.m. on Monday, July fourth. Parade units will form on the west side of Constitution Avenue between Victory Court and Estates Drive. The parade will proceed around the flagpole circle and north to the Community Center. A judge’s stand will be located on the lawn in front of building 2000. At the end of the parade route, at the DeLong Pavilion (gazebo), parade participants will be able to store their vehicles, floats, or other parade paraphernalia safely while the rest of the program unfolds.

Following the parade, residents are invited to the Multi-Purpose Room at the Community Center for the second part of the celebration. Executive Director, Ron Ridley, will deliver a patriotic message, and the parade judges will announce their decisions and award three prizes to lucky parade units. A short program, including the traditional July fourth commemoration, will conclude the second part of the gala celebration. An indoor/outdoor picnic is planned. Residents who are ambulatory are requested to wait until Laurel Creek residents are escorted from the Multi-Purpose Room before proceeding to the dining room. The Patriotic Holiday Committee has been working closely with the dining services staff to assure that the wait in the buffet line is minimal. Presently, two buffet lines are anticipated, and residents are asked to follow the directions given by the dining staff.

This three-part celebration of the Fourth of July is an ambitious and exciting addition to PVE’s continuing observance of patriotic holidays. Chairman Dan Child and his committee and sub-committee members expect that our community will find the planned innovations a special way to enjoy the “Glorious Fourth.”



Family Reunions

My favorite kind of reunion is the family reunion. The Ekern family reunion started when two cousins realized they didn't know each other. In 1979 the University of Missouri invited the 1941 and 1942 Big Six football championship teams to Columbia to support the induction of a teammate into the Missouri Sports Hall of Fame. My brother came from Texas with his daughter, and I came from California with my daughter. The two cousins concluded something was wrong since they were first cousins but didn't know each other. A family reunion seemed to be the answer to this problem. My youngest brother had set up his medical practice in our hometown of Mexico, MO. He lived on a ranch just outside the city limits and offered the use of his ranch as a gathering spot. A decision was made to have the first Ekern family reunion in Mexico on the first weekend in July 1980.

Family came from across the USA by air, car, trailer, and RV. The oldest was my brother from Hawaii; the youngest was our two-week-old granddaughter from California. We gathered on Friday and Saturday morning for memories, stories, and introductions. Meals were catered; golf, tennis, jogging, swimming, and basketball were available and used by the more active attendees. Pictures were taken on Saturday afternoon, and town people were invited to share memories. On Sunday we filled several rows of pews at church. Perhaps the best result from our first reunion was that cousins now knew one another as individuals and not merely as a picture and a name on a genealogy chart. It was decided to repeat the reunion ten years later on the first weekend in July 1990.

For 1990, we were all requested to focus on memories of my dad. He was born in North Dakota and spoke Norwegian before he spoke English. All of our memories were put into a notebook and shared at the reunion. Comments determined that ten years was too great a gap for the generations below the original eight, so we decided to meet again in five years. In 1995, we concentrated on memories of my mother. She was born in Oklahoma Indian territory and had the better-known ancestors through the DAR and the DAC. Again, we each got a copy of the collected memories, including several of the poems she had composed for special events.

In 2000, we added fishing to our reunion activities for the children, since my nephew had a farm with a pond stocked with fish. My task was to bait hooks with fishing worms.

The first weekend in July this summer will find us again in Missouri. We are expecting about 100 of the Ekern family to be there. We moved to Mexico, MO, in 1927, and someone from our family has been there ever since. To say we have left our mark on the community would not be stretching the truth.

—by Bill Ekern



The Fourth

Think of Paul, the midnight rider,
Plus the daring Minutemen.
Revolutionaries, Tories,
There were many of both then.

Think of Washington and Adams,
Pseudo-Indians dumping tea.
Think of the Star-Spangled Banner
O'er the warship, waving free.

Plus the sparklers, Roman candles,
Rockets dazzling the night sky.
Picnics, family reunions
Add up to Fourth of July.

—by Elly Vasak

The Bear at Lake Van Norden

One of our last trips to Lake Van Norden was with Valerie, leaving John at school in San Luis Obispo. She had begged to come along, and we said we were going to sleep in the truck, having sold the tent trailer. No matter, she would sleep on the ground in her sleeping bag, and this is what she did – for a while.

No sooner had we settled down to sleep than we heard a shriek. Valerie came up to the truck, banging on the window. “A bear, a bear!” she said. We could see no bear, but she had never lied, so we hoisted her in, and we slept in a very crowded way. Luckily, that mountain air and our vigorous walk had made us ready for sleep, and we managed.

The next day we made the rounds of the neighboring campers and asked if they had seen a bear. No, no one had, but we were told, “The folks over there have a St. Bernard, very tame. He was out last night for a while.”

Well, that was Valerie’s bear, but it sure had us fooled.

—by Bev Clemson



Clerisy

For Clerisy’s July 21st selection, we chose Shirley Hazzard’s compelling new novel, *The Great Fire*.

This hypnotic story of love and separation, of delusion and recovered humanity, unfolds like a dream. In the Far East of 1947, an English soldier, caught in the destructive conflagration of war, struggles to retrieve his private humanity. The *Wall Street Journal* described *The Great Fire* as “the last masterpiece of a vanished age of civility.” A paperback edition is available.

—by Gaylon Caldwell



One of our PVE foxes. There are five — a pair and three kits. Jackie Peterson took this picture from the back of her house. She tried, unsuccessfully, to get a photo of the three kits romping in the sunshine. The neighbors hope they don’t get scared off!

On The Links with PVE

First of all, I would like to express my appreciation to Bill Stoneberg for writing the last couple of golf articles for me. I think he did a great job. Thank you, Sir!



Since I did not attend the last golf tournament, I am going to rely upon copious notes given to me over the phone by Bill Stoneberg. However, I must confess that I am going to pull a Linda Faraday here, because we can't recall who said what!

On the first tee, one of the better golfers was heard to say, "Never try to keep more than 300 separate thoughts in your mind during your swing." I have a hard time keeping one thought on my mind.

On the second tee, someone from Wayne Elwood's group made the comment, "You can hit a two acre fairway 10% of the time and a two inch branch 90 % of the time." I hear Wayne found that two inch branch. One of the golfers on Duncan Kelly's team made the observation on the third tee that when your shot has to carry over a hazard, you can either hit one more club up or two more balls. Who hit the two balls, Duncan? I think we have some very good golf pointers here, don't you? Someone from John Kroyer's team was overheard to say on the ninth tee that every time he makes a birdie, he must subsequently make two triple bogeys to restore the fundamental equilibrium of the universe. These are some very serious thoughts indeed, and I for one will keep them in mind when playing golf next time.

A final observation... it has been mentioned that some of the players are showing up for the tournament late or not at all. I think we should try harder to make our tee times and show up so that Dr. Kroyer can count on us. I realize there are times when this is not possible, but it appears it's getting out of hand. So please, if you sign up, do your best to make it happen.

First place winners were:

John Kroyer, Phil Knebel, Glen Grewe, Jim Graham.

Second place winners were:

Wayne Elwood, Glenn Dow, Clark Reynolds.

REMEMBERING . . .

Lt.Cdr. Ivar Stockel, USNR (Ret)
Loving Husband & Father
Arrived: July 7, 2004
Departed: June 5, 2005

Mrs. Mary "Mibby" Taylor
Loving Wife & Mother
Arrived: January 12, 1998
Departed: June 5, 2005



Third place winners were:

Duncan Kelly, Don Sander, Pete Palmos.

Did you know that the maximum number of clubs you can carry in your bag during a USGA tournament is 14? However, you can share clubs with your partner, provided each player does not exceed 14 clubs, so count your clubs and clean them up for the next PVE tournament on Wednesday, July 6. Save some energy for the 19th hole party and be sure to bring a good joke. Until then, stay out of trouble and eat lots of greens!

—by John Gearhart

Computer Groups

Our PC beginners' lessons lately have concentrated on Word and its uses. Though more is available on this subject, we can also explore other areas of computer usage. Please let us know what is of interest to you so that we can research it and present it at future meetings.

We recently purchased seven hardback copies of *Easy Computing for Seniors*, which we consider very helpful. We are loaning these to our members to review and determine if they want to buy a copy. We also ordered several less expensive paperback copies, which will be here soon. The books will be available to anyone who wishes to own one. Please contact Sarita Smedberg or Larry Butera for more information.

—by Jack Biederman

Garden News

The July 6th meeting at 1:00 p.m. will be very special, as we will meet at the Vasak home at 4013 Constitution. Otto will display his new back garden and patio and also his successful grafting techniques. Ellie will quote from *Fritillaria*, her poetry book. Refreshments will be served.

Summer Tips:

Does your entry say a simple "Welcome?"

Is the overall effect one of harmony between nature and the gardener's hand?

Is there an overall design for the blooms, containers, or perhaps a bench?

Is it so crowded that it reminds you of the old ad, "I've fallen and I can't get up!"?

The last word is from Coco Chanel:

"Always remove, never add."

—by Jan Holderness



ELYSIAN FIELDS STAFF ORGANIZATION

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- (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 and 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.