

ELUSIAN FIELDS

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Airfields and Coconut Stumps

During World War II, Navy Seabees and other military engineers were faced with the problem of building airfields in a hurry. For some fields in remote areas of the South Pacific, island vegetation was removed, and the remaining coral was leveled, compacted, and watered with sea water. This process formed natural cement and provided an adequate pavement for light traffic.

Coconut tree stumps posed a significant problem, however. Left to rot, the stump would eventually deteriorate and cause the pavement to collapse, leaving a three or four foot hole several feet deep.

When the war ended, these makeshift airfields were effectively abandoned and forgotten, until a small detachment of Seabees was assigned the task of visiting a number of the islands where temporary airfields had been built. Their mission was to locate the sunken stumps, remove them, and replace the surface.

A friend and colleague in the Navy's Civil Engineer Corps was Sid Winn. In the late 1950's, Sid was in Southeast Asia on an inspection visit for CinC Pac, the headquarters of the Pacific Command in Hawaii. By happy circumstance, I was asked to escort him to Laos to a number of sites, including the capital, Vientiane, the royal capital, Luang Prabang, and the hilltop site called the Plan de Jars, where World War II temporary airfields had been constructed.

As Sid and I made our way from place to place, Sid regaled me with his airfield pavement experience excavating rotted coconut stumps on remote islands in the Pacific. He told of one particularly isolated island with little or nothing to do in the way of entertainment and diversion. The Seabee crew was anxious to complete the stump removal project as

quickly as possible and to move on to a better location. When the project was nearing completion, a commander representative was sent from headquarters to inspect the work. He arrived in an R4-D (the Navy's version of the DC-3), walked the runway, and after asking, "Are you sure you got them all?", he was assured that all rotten coconut stumps had been located, removed, and the runway reconstructed.

Satisfied with the Seabee report, the representative boarded his R4-D for the return trip. With brakes locked on the right wheel, the port engine was accelerated to high speed. The combination of locking the wheel on one side and applying forward motion on the other turned the aircraft in place but also served to grind the wheel into the pavement. A loud thump followed, and the wheel dropped into a two or three foot, rotten, coconut stump hole. The command representative emerged from the lurching plane with a scowl on his face. With both his hands near his shoulders, palms facing up, head cocked, and with a sheepish grin, Sid gave the inspector the "Seabee Salute."

"Guess we missed a few," was Sid's rueful response.

—by Mike Michael



Happy in Retirement

Fred Anderson is pleased that he made the decision to move here to PVE. He was born in Oakland and has good memories of his youth. Every summer his father, mother, older sister, and he would camp at Yosemite. He remembers watching the fire falls from Glacier Point. His father had to go back to work for the railroad after two weeks, but the rest of the family would stay in the campground for an entire month. As a result of his father's job with the railroad, they all had rail passes and could travel across the country, as well as into San Francisco with all its attractions. He is still enthusiastic about train travel.

Following high school, Fred enrolled at Cal. Berkeley but stayed only a few months before being called into the infantry. After basic training, he was sent to NYU for further education. D-Day ended that, and he found himself in Normandy ninety days after the landing. He spent time in an army hospital in England and was back in the U.S. training for the invasion of Japan when the atomic bomb ended the war. He returned to Cal, where he received his degree in Business Administration in 1948. He went to work in the purchasing department at Standard Oil, which later became Chevron. He stayed with that job for thirty-five years.

Fred, a widower, has three daughters and one son. With his own family, instead of going to Yosemite each summer, they went to Capitola. His adult children still like to go there and find familiar landmarks from their youth, just as Fred returns to Yosemite almost every year.

They lived in Lafayette, Danville, Sonoma, Whittier, and in Saudi Arabia, from where he retired

in 1983. He and his second wife spent a leisurely two months getting home, touring all over Europe in a rented car. Travel became an important part of their lives together, visiting offspring in Chicago and Denver, thankful for the daughters who still live in California.



They made several trips that included Switzerland, the birthplace of Fred's mother. He found relatives of hers who had remained in their native country and stayed with them as a base from which to explore that beautiful country.

After the death of his second wife, Fred took a freighter trip that lasted 88 days and stopped at many ports in Asia and Europe. In distance, it equaled the

circumference of the world, but he didn't cross the Atlantic in returning. He might have thought it was time to settle down when he moved here, but he still travels when he can to visit his family and return to favorite spots like Yosemite.

—by Joan Teague



A Rush Dynasty

The elder Benjamin Rush signed our Declaration of Independence, and the San Francisco Bay coast guard cutter “RUSH” was named for him.

One of his descendants, a younger Benjamin, became a neighbor in San Rafael. For 32 years there was seldom a day when Ben didn't



stop by for a chat while walking with one of his dog companions and a fresh cigar. Ben was diabetic and lost a leg in about 1995. For a while, this curtailed his daily walks, so I reciprocated by visiting him in his home.

Ben was a coast guard commander. Most of his adult life was spent as a merchant marine captain or first mate.

Ben's great-grandfather, Hiram, homesteaded the cattle ranch atop Twin Sisters, which can be seen straight ahead as you cross the railroad on your way west from Travis. Another of his ranches is on Grizzly Island Road, south of Suisun City. Yearly, cattle were herded back and forth between The Sisters and the Suisun ranches, and when reaching old Highway 40 at Cordelia Junction, it was grandson Ben's job to stop traffic while the herd was driven across.

Ben's grandfather, Benjamin, was offered Cement Hill and the land now called Travis AFB. He said, “What would I do with more land?” Recently a local liquor store owner bought the top of one of the Twin Sisters peaks and removed 25 feet to provide a flat pad for his 30,000 square foot private residence

The Grizzly Island Road ranch is now part of twenty thousand acres belonging to the Solano County Land Trust and open to the public. The barn, windmill, blacksmith shop, corrals, a few pieces of machinery, and the Sears Roebuck prefabricated house remain. I see homes in Fairfield that

look like they came from the same place.

The blacksmith shop is manned the third Sunday of each month by docents, one of whom recognized me as the commander of an air base where we were once stationed together. Other docents conduct tours for individuals and adult and children's groups. The land itself is leased for grazing, the income barely sufficient to pay imposed taxes.

In Fairfield, grandfather Benjamin created the “*The Republican*,” now known as, “*The Daily Republic*.”

In 2001, my friend Ben died and is buried beside his grandfather in the Masonic area family plot of the Suisun-Fairfield cemetery on Union Street. The cemetery is owned by the Odd Fellows and Masonic lodges, Bryan-Braker Funeral Home, and the Methodist and Catholic churches, all of which profit from selling gravesites and digging and closing graves. They disagree over who is responsible for maintaining the property. The Fairfield-Suisun Cemetery District has used taxpayer money to maintain the property since it was formed in 1924. The arrangement existed in peace until 1999, when district officials decided it wasn't right to use public money for private use. Recently the Catholic Church seceded from the cemetery district. This decision left them with no water to irrigate lawns and gardens in their section of the cemetery.

—by Ancil Baker



Who Controls the Thermostat?

At a recent friendly discussion over lunch in the PVE dining room, the conversation returned again to the subject of our various personal thermostats, the dining room thermostat, and our household thermostats. The consensus was reached again that for each of us there is an ideal temperature and a method for controlling it. There is the group who is always warm, and often too warm, and very often too warm at dinner, when a coat is required. There are those who come to lunch in a turtleneck sweater no matter what the season, and there are those who bring a sweater, or forget to bring a sweater and are uncomfortable when seated in what they swear is the coldest location in the dining room. In the dining room we each make our individual accommodations to conditions we know we cannot change; yet we retain our privilege to complain and discuss.



Now, when it comes to the home, there is a different scenario. Discounting the rare couple that agrees on the preferred temperature, there are innumerable other couples who maintain a continuing battle over the thermostat. In our dining room discussions, this is clearly known to be a fact, and one can almost see the teams forming and the amazed looks as one person says exactly what another was about to say.

On a very warm night in July, as we were preparing for bed, I suggested in a half-defiant, half-pouting manner that there was not much sense in having all the windows closed and the air conditioner “roaring.” Why shouldn’t we open the windows and turn on the quiet overhead fans and let the soon-to-be-cool breezes flow through the house?

My husband Lyle has been indulging me for 60 years, so he went around and opened several windows, turned on the overhead fans, and turned the thermostat to the OFF position. Soon it was very pleasant, although I noticed that my darling had thrown off all the covers. We were promptly asleep. At about three a.m., I awoke, and in the dim light saw Lyle sitting on the edge of the bed, peering out into the

moonlight. “What’s the matter? Are you all right?” I asked. “Shhh! No, I’m not all right! There’s a skunk walking across the patio.”

My patient husband waited for the skunk to wander away in the moonlight, then very quietly closed all the windows and turned down the thermostat to suit himself. I turned on my half of the electric blanket and snuggled down for a sweet sleep. So, who really controls the thermostat? Why, the skunk, of course!

—by Pat Miller

Employee Appreciation Fund

The Resident Council requests your participation in this year’s Appreciation Fund drive. The drive ends on December 1. Make checks payable to the RCOF Appreciation Fund and drop them in the box located at the Community Center front desk. Suggestions as to how much to give were included in the September 1 letter to all residents.

We have had a good initial response to the 2005 drive. Ten percent of the independent living units have contributed in the first 15 days of our fund drive. For further information, contact Peter Palmos at 429-5002.

—by Peter Palmos



The Tale of Viola and Vernon Vole

Viola Vole lived in a hole on a hill where lots of other vole families lived. A boy vole, Vernon, lived down the hill. He and Viola played together sometimes, and he was very nice to her, holding the stiff grass aside so she could get through it and bringing her little grass seeds for snacks.



Soon Vernon asked Viola to marry him, and she said “Yes.” They had a little ceremony under a dome of oleander branches, and lots of vole families, friends, and neighbors attended. A dance and chase followed, all over the hillside. When the party ended, the newlyweds spent their wedding night in a small hole that Vernon hastily dug out under an apple tree. Waking up hungry, Vernon showed Viola how to climb the tree, and they nibbled on an apple. It tasted wonderful. Returning to their hole, they found that it had filled with water from the underground watering system. What to do?

They ran up and down on bricks that led to a door near the apple tree. Suddenly, Viola stopped. “Look, Vernon dear,” she exclaimed, “There’s a sign on the door. It says “Mr. & Mrs. V.” They have the same initial we do. Maybe they’d let us use a little corner of their porch to live in, and it wouldn’t get wet like our hole did.”

Just then, Vernon spied a little crack in the styrofoam base of the porch. “I’m good at gnawing, Viola,” he said. “I’ll see if I can make that crack a little bigger so that we can get in.” He gnawed and gnawed, and soon they found themselves in a lovely screened porch with indoor-outdoor carpeting. Viola said to Vernon, “I see a little stool over there. Wouldn’t it be nice to make a nest under it for our family? Then, we’d have a roof over our heads, almost like the humans.”

“Great idea, Vivi”, said Vernon, and for several days they worked bringing in bits of dried grass and weeds and making a cozy nest.

Before long, six baby voles were born to Viola and Vernon. There were five girls and one boy: Valerie, Velma, Vivien, Veronica, Verna, and Victor.

The next day, while Viola and Vernon were out looking for something to eat, Mr. and Mrs. V. were on the porch. Mrs. V. said, “What is that dry grass doing under that little stool?” She lifted it, and there, cuddled all together fast asleep were six baby voles. “Oh, aren’t they cute?” said Mrs. V. to Mr. V. They were such nice humans, they let them live there until they grew up, which didn’t take very long. One day Vernon and Viola led their little family out of the hole in the porch to seek their fortunes.

Then, Mr. V. put steel wool in the hole to close it up because, as he said, “One vole family is enough!”

—By Elly Vasak

Do You Play a Musical Instrument?

We have heard that there are some closet musicians out there. Elysian Fields would like to know if you or someone you know here at PVE plays a musical instrument simply for his or her own pleasure. Our purpose is not to start a new band but just to write a little article as a human interest story about the many different types of instruments that we have here.



Please call us at 434-8164, or drop a note in box #2206.

—by Bill and Constance Gum

Rare Wine and Joan's White Pants

We were in New Orleans in the summer of 1976 at the Heublein Rare Wine Auction when Joan had her “fifteen minutes of fame.” The affair was very well organized in that wine tasters had to queue and pass behind the typical maroon velvet rope. This allowed everyone an equal chance of tasting, instead of the few that often crowd around the tasting area to the exclusion of the rest.

The auctioneer was Michael Broadbent, the wine expert from Christy's Auction House in London. He was very formally dressed in morning coat. Many of the wines were very old, and there might only be two or three bottles in the lot. Quite often, one bottle in the lot was opened for tasting

Joan was at the head of the queue for the tasting of an 1837 red wine, of which there were two in the lot. Michael could take fifteen to twenty minutes to open a rare wine, first indicating where the wine had been found, describing the bottle shape, color, and condition. Next came the label, the capsule, and finally the condition of the cork. He then described the condition of the cork while it was being pulled and how it smelled.

Next, came the decanting of the wine into a heavy glass, teardrop-shaped decanter provided by the hotel. Finally, the color of the wine was discussed, and we were ready for our taste. With that, Joan held out her glass and, as Michael was about to pour, he dropped the decanter. It hit the carpet on the platform, spun around, sloshing Joan's white pants with a grand splash. He immediately picked up the decanter, saving about two thirds of the wine. However, he was stark white, horror in his eyes, and totally speechless. At that point, people on the other side of the velvet rope were scooping spilled wine out of the carpet for a taste ... Rather gross...

The tenseness of the drama was finally broken (after about five seconds) by someone in the audience yelling, “I'll give \$300 for the pants!” With that, Michael recovered and went on with the pouring.

As we were staying at a hotel some distance away, Joan chose to continue wearing the wine-soaked pants. We had lunch at Felix Oyster Bar later, and a number of people came and said, “You're the person he spilled wine on. We hope you're going to

frame the pants, since they have such an old wine on them.” We never did.

A postscript to this story is several years later we were having dinner with some British friends in France and were telling the story. One guest said, “I know Michael, and the next time I see him, I am going to ask if he remembers the incident.” We said, “Please don't.” We're sure the man suffered enough during the rest of the auction.

—by Fred Montanye



Lady in Waiting

I will be at home all day.
Maintenance is coming,
So here I will stay.
Oh, I know they can come if I go out,
But my need is urgent,
And I have learned to doubt.
The sink is full of water
That won't go down.
This alone is making me frown,
And the light over the range has also quit,
And the glass on the microwave floor
Has cracked and split.
What may happen next I truly fear.
Should I call again? Please hurry here!

—by Wanda Godsey

Suddenly Quiet in the Cockpit

In August 1950, I was stationed at Shepard Air Force Base, Texas. The Civil Air Patrol called a simulated search and rescue exercise, with Carswell Air Force Base designated as the exercise headquarters. I was the liaison officer with the local chapter of the CAP.

I decided to take the CAP UC-78 and four CAP cadets in the plane with me. I told them that they would all get a chance to fly. En route time was short so they would switch every 20 minutes.

We had problems with readings from the fuel gauges. To determine what the fuel



flow was in each position, I had to switch from tank to tank at timed intervals. At take-off, I had the fuel switch in the “both” position. After ten minutes, I checked the readings and then turned the fuel switch to the “left” position. After another ten minutes, I took a reading and put the fuel switch in the “right” position. After another ten minutes, I took a final reading and switched to “both.” While this was going on, I also had the cadets switching seats. At the time, I did not think about the fact that turning the fuel switch occurred coincidentally with the seat changes.

It was a beautiful morning, and I was totally relaxed and enjoying the scenery. One of the cadets was doing the flying. Suddenly, the left engine spluttered and died. The plane made the usual “engine-out” yaw to the left. I said (yelled?), “I got it.” and started the “engine-out” procedure. Before I could get control of the plane, the right engine quit! My immediate thought was “fuel”. Still trying to stabilize the plane, I glanced at the fuel switch. Sure enough, it was in the “off” position! I turned it to “both” and, after getting the plane back to level flight, began the re-start procedure, at the same time

looking for a place to set it down. As anyone who has ever flown over that part of Texas knows, the whole area is an emergency landing strip. Your problems are power lines, fences, and trees. Fortunately, my left engine caught immediately, and I put on enough power to hold altitude and then began to restart the right engine. It also caught at the first try. I climbed back to altitude, wiped the sweat off my brow, and turned to the back seat. “All right, who messed with the fuel switch?”

It was deathly quiet for about two minutes. Finally, the kid in the middle seat said, “I did it.” I asked why. He replied that he had seen me turn the switch every time a cadet changed seats. He noticed this had not happened the last time a seat change was made and decided he would do it for me! I have always maintained those fans on the wings acted as airconditioners. I don’t sweat nearly as much when they are all turning!

—by Ray Heimbuch

Katrina Relief Fund

The residents and employees at Paradise Valley Estates have contributed \$7,012 to the Katrina Relief Fund at the Travis Credit Union. One-hundred percent of these funds go to the Red Cross. As of Friday, September 15, Travis Credit Union has collected over \$12,000 from donations at all the branches. Travis Credit Union plans to donate another \$5,000 each to the Red Cross and the CUNA Katrina relief funds. Travis Credit Union will continue collecting public donations until September 30 at all of its locations.

—by Diana Farrington and Carol Dalton



Editor's Note: The article about Djimmi, by Les Armen, is the first of three installments. Les will share with us a fascinating tale of adopting a three-year-old orangutan in Indonesia, having Djim as a member of the Armen household, and finally giving him up to a zoo back in the states, where Djim achieves unexpected notoriety.

Djimmi

His name was Djimmi, spelled in the old Indonesian style with a “d” always preceding a “j”, but we knew him as Djim. He had a handsome head of red hair, arms a bit long for his somewhat awkward legs. He was often too innovative. Djim was a three-year-old orangutan (“Man of the Woods”), and he lived at our house. The “house” we were assigned (51 Aditiawarman) was an enormous Dutch colonial mansion owned by the embassy. It came with eight servants and two guards, and our job was to entertain often and lavishly for from three to 300 at luncheons, dinners, buffets, heavy cocktails, and dances.

The rear garden was very deep; at the far end was a large cage, which was home to a black, female gibbon, called Belum (“Not Yet”). A large section of the garden had been cemented to make a dance floor, and dance bands were housed in an elaborate Indonesian gazebo. Adjacent to the garden was a vast back veranda, which was lorded over by a large, orange-crested cockatoo named Mahal (“Expensive”), who invariably became nervous at cocktail party talk and would begin to mimic in a mumble which, would then get louder and louder, inviting her cage cover to silence her. There were two dogs, several cats, and a myna bird (“TB”), who had developed a rasping cough because her previous owner was reported to have been tubercular. The cough would tend to alarm visitors.

This story springs from the fact that in the mid-sixties I had been assigned as US Air Attaché to Indonesia. At that time, Indonesia was just emerging from a period of turmoil occasioned by President Sukarno's flirtation with the Soviets, their near takeover of the country, and the Indonesian military coup which saw the ouster of Sukarno and the Suharto takeover. The new government took various steps to demonstrate to the public that Indonesia was an important player in international politics.

One of the stranger moves involved parading its corps of foreign military attaches in their distinctive



uniforms to public gatherings or local monuments. Oddly enough, one day they provided a tour of their very large zoo and in particular its ape house, containing one of the world's largest collection of orangutans, a protected species. Most of the apes were young orphans brought in from their native Borneo, where poachers had killed the adults. There were far too many in the enclosure, and one of them came up to the fence and fixed me with his large, brown, pleading eyes.

I was smitten. I suggested to the curator who accompanied us that I would enjoy making a home for that particular youngster while I served my tour of duty in Indonesia. I explained that the huge cage in my backyard had all the necessary accoutrements (loft, swing, concrete flooring — the whole surrounded by a gutter leading to a septic tank, all designed to keep everything very clean and sanitary). The cage at the moment only housing a lonely, screaming gibbon. The curator was somewhat unresponsive, and I quickly put the idea on the back burner. I had much to learn about Indonesian controlled-reaction.

To be continued....

—by Leslie H. Armen

A Fruitful Shopping Tour

Have you tasted a luscious vine-ripened tomato recently like those you remember from childhood? Have you ventured out on the back roads of Fairfield, out through the vineyards, the orchards, and the open fields ready for planting? With a few hours to spare you can do both.

For a short trip, start on Waterman (extension of Air Base Parkway over #80), continue to Mankas Corner, turn right and continue to Ledgewood, passing vineyards and orchards on the way. “Larry’s” will be at the junction of Ledgewood and Suisun Valley Road. When you see at least 30 cars (more on weekends) parked around a big open shed, you are there. Larry’s produce comes from its own and other fields, featuring single varieties of fruits and vegetables. Many customers check out with a wagon load of produce.

Now go back to Mankas Corner and continue straight ahead on Abernathy. You will pass some wineries, but save those for another day. “The Peach Farm” is the next stop – a smaller stand, but worth a stop for peaches and vegetables in season and several tomato varieties.

If strawberries are in season, turn right when you get to Rockville Road to “Sacchao Family Farm.” You may find blackberries, too. A little farther down Rockville and early in the year you can pick your own cherries at “99 Cherry Orchards U-Pick.”

Go back on Rockville past Abernathy to reach “The Vegetable Patch” – open year round. This stand is like a small grocery store with a good assortment of local produce.

You might save a couple of my favorites for another time. “Parker Farms” is at the end of

Rockville Rd. (If this is your first stop, take #80 and turn on Rockville.) A white shed at the end of a dirt road with glittery streamers flying has some wonderful surprises – more varieties of heirloom tomatoes than most people know exist. Choose from Zebra, Brandywine, red and yellow cherry tomatoes,

green grape tomatoes, and many more, all kinds of peppers and chilies, shiny eggplants, corn fresh from Dixon, zucchini, and other squash.

On my last trip to Parker Farms, I was looking for an Italian black plum. Suzy – you’ll know her when you see her – didn’t have any, but she suggested

another stand, which I tried, to no avail. Back to Suzy, “Where else can I try,” I begged. Suzy phoned another grower, who responded, “We will be picking some tomorrow.”

That is how I found “Erickson Ranch,” surrounded by orchard and flower gardens, near Anheuser-Busch Brewery. My plums were being picked as I arrived, so I had time to browse, do some tasting, and marvel at the variety of fruits and vegetables. Their brochure shows 19 peach varieties from late June to October, apricots, pears, tomatoes, watermelons and pumpkins, plus canned jams and peaches.

The foregoing produce stands are open daily -- some year round and some June to November -- which makes them better than a farmer’s market. Hurry, tomato season ends shortly after pumpkin time, and winter tomatoes from other parts of the world will be tasteless by comparison!

—by Freddi Miller



Coins, Compasses, & a Cup O' Coffee

Back in December, '97, inveterate Termite, George Yeoman, dreamed of offering PVE residents a picnic table and benches that would be conducive to gathering for sharing ideas, local and national news, maybe bragging a little about military exploits or world travels. Toward that end, George appealed to his nephew, who was running a sawmill as a hobby at Lake Tahoe, to provide five pieces of Ponderosa pine forty-one inches wide and ten feet long, enough for one table and two benches. In '98, George and Airo Gonnella fabricated the table and benches that subsequently required six men to lift. It has been refinished four times.

Though the table has served over the years without distinction at its location in front of the recreation building, George decided a few weeks ago that making it more attractive might increase its service and value to residents. After mulling over his options, he decided to give it universal appeal by using money as a theme. "Everyone cares about money," he says, and, beyond his wildest hopes, more than 20 residents have contributed.

Appropriate holes have been drilled on the surface to accommodate various size coins, including every quarter so far issued by the U.S. Government. All quarters so far issued by the states have been included, and the balance will be installed as they are released. Bob and Laura McCoy offered coins from Canada and Mexico, and Bob helped with the finishing. Other coin contributors were George Simpson, Betty Mengotto, 25-cent pieces; Bea and Bob Sullivan, miscellaneous; Jim Bartley, quarters; Vickie Caldwell, silver dollar from a brooch; Gay and Russ Bowen, pair of Indian-head pennies, 1905, 1907, valued at \$30 each; Wanda and John Godsey, multiple foreign and domestic; Frank Maples, coins. Scanning by Ann and Carl Johnson includes dates the states joined the union. Ted Lindley parted with an 1890 \$1.00 bill, now valued at \$1,000.

George's labors were lightened by Chuck Spike of the maintenance department, who provided the polishing machine for all the coins. Jack Biederman donated cleaning material. Allan Downey provided

the compasses, using his computer, then the color machine at the UPS store. The intent was to place a compass in the center of the table, with Canada to the north and Mexico to the south. Corresponding national flags have been imbedded in the seats. Carl Johnson coped with a knot in the wood, using dental equipment for drilling. To seal the foregoing treasures, George used a pour-on high gloss finish.

Because the forthcoming construction of the assisted living building will impinge on the patio area where the table is currently placed, it will have to find a new home. Wherever it ultimately is located, it will be a delightful setting for endless conversation, conjecture, and coffee, just as its designer and contributors have been anticipating. It's a treasure.

—by Linda Faraday



Bingo!

Catching up — Jackpot Winners over the summer included:

May 24	George Gray
June 7	Wanda Godsey
June 14	Mary Chavis
July 26	Cecelia Munro
August 2	Jeanne Reavis
August 9	Jeanne Reavis
August 23	Margaret Gray
August 30	Ceil Bellinger
September 6	Elly Vasak
September 13	Cecelia Munro
	—Ceil Bellinger

Laurel Creek County Fair



Vicki Caldwell's intriguing photo collages and sculptures caught the eye. A sweet baby floated on a lily pad. She had used two old,

empty drawers to contain sculptures fashioned from wooden utensils. She wore a lace skirt made from material that had had a previous existence. Around her neck hung a necklace with a weather-bleached jawbone of some animal that she had found on a Mendocino beach.

Sharon Johnson, from the activities staff, displayed her doll collection containing a crawling baby, among many others. Another baby doll had been put into service to model a tiny cap, one of many which Betty Schaefer had knitted for premature infants in area hospitals. She had used yarn donated to the PVE arts and crafts room.

Dorothy Johnson proudly exhibited books on extensive fishing information, written by her husband and son, both named Victor. Elly Vasak had a display of antique cooking utensils she had gathered while living in Iowa. She showed the basket woven by Louise Boland, along with Elly's book of poems opened to the page of the poem she had written about Louise's basket.

Laurel Love was explaining how her spinning wheel worked to Fred Norman, who seemed more interested in the mechanics than in the yarn that was emerging. She showed a sweater she had knitted for Gene from wool she had spun from a newly sheared sheep.

What would a county fair be without a livestock display? In the barnyard, there were huge balloons, shaped into a cow, two pink pigs, and a chicken. Three staff members competed in a pie-eating contest, wisely concentrating on speed of consuming one piece of pie rather than quantity. In the afternoon, Laurel Creek residents played carnival games and ate mini corn dogs. The county fair was a rousing success.

—Joan Teague

Health and Fitness

The fall season is upon us at PVE, and with fall comes our annual PVE Health Faire. This year's event will be held in the MPR on Wednesday, October 26, from 9:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Mark your calendars because you won't want to miss this once a year wellness event. Many vendors will be participating, offering a variety of health screening services and health and wellness information. We look forward to seeing everyone at the PVE Health Faire.

In other news —About 18 of our PVE Parkinson's support group members traveled to Sacramento recently to attend the Parkinson's Institute mini-symposium. The event was held at the Scottish Rite Center in Sacramento. We traveled in car pool fashion and ate our boxed lunches at the center. A special thanks to PVE's dining services for the great lunches, which were enjoyed by all. We heard a welcoming address from Maxine Krugman, president of the Parkinson's Association. The keynote speakers included Jim Edlund, a Parkinson's Institute board member, and J. William Langston, CEO and Chief Scientific Officer of the institute. We learned what the latest research is in terms of cause, treatment, and cure for Parkinson's, and the latest on "Stop PD." We also heard Amy Manning Bog, who gave us an update on the environmental issues and the basics relevant to research and Parkinson's.

A special thanks to Helen Wiley for her assistance in the planning and organization of this event and to those residents who drove to Sacramento including Allan Downey, Jeanne Reavis, Steve Myers, Joe Sanner, and Helen Wiley. The symposium gave us all "Help for Today and Hope for Tomorrow." Thanks to all who participated in this important event!

I recently attended the Age Dynamics Wellness Symposium and learned a great deal about the latest research in wellness and fall prevention. Our goal is to provide a fresh current program for you, our residents. Watch for some exciting changes to our class offerings in the new year.

—by Jan Olson



The Caregiver

Here at Paradise Valley Estates we have the benefit of health care available at Laurel Creek Health Center. However, some of our residents prefer to take on the health care of a spouse as their responsibility, becoming a caregiver and avoiding separation as long as possible.

We see these caregivers pushing a wheelchair, helping with a walker, or assisting a spouse with a seat at meetings or at lunch or dinner. Some caregivers help a spouse eat and generally become a nurse for him or her.

Of course, we only see the caregiver in public. We don't see the private side of the caregiver's life. Providing medications and administering them at the proper time and dosage, driving to doctors' appointments, doing the shopping for the couple, are all part of the necessary responsibilities of the caregiver.

If the caregiver does not drive, the task becomes much more complicated. Transportation and trips to the doctor's office must be scheduled to conform to the community bus schedule. The caregiver must arrange transportation to meals and meetings to see that the spouse gets there on time.

The caregiver has to assume all financial responsibilities. He or she must see that all bills are paid, income taxes are filed on time, and handle other financial matters that the spouse may have handled previously. Likewise, the caregiver must assume all the duties that the spouse provided before becoming disabled.

There are many other chores, but the caregiver always seems able to do whatever is needed, so when we see a resident taking care of a spouse, we should pay a compliment to the caregiver, who may be struggling to make it through the day.

—By Tom Winburn



Dining at PVE

The comment cards keep coming, most with names, residence numbers, and dates. This last month there were 190 submitted, of which 174 were favorable and a mere 16 unfavorable. Of the unfavorable ones, 12 related to food (mostly tough pork and roast beef) and four to service.

There has been an ongoing program to train and upgrade bussers to become servers, meaning that your server will be responsible for all services at your table — water, bread, coffee, and plate removal — in addition to his or her normal duties, while having the responsibility for fewer tables. Eventually, bussers will be eliminated completely. Service should continue to become more efficient under this new program.

David Kalbaugh told the committee about his visit to Air Force Village West in Riverside, where all meals are contracted to a concessionaire and are served buffet style. Dinners offer two choices of entree, and the same menu is recycled every five

weeks. Such information should make us doubly appreciative of our cruise-like offerings here. Do note that another special evening is planned for Friday, October 7, this one celebrating Oktoberfest.

The Dining Services Committee will have Fred Montanye taking office as the new chairman this month. Jan Holderness, Doneyn Johnson, and Marianne Walleen are incoming committee members.

Daniel and Davey were award winning servers this past month.

—by Madelynne Wolfe, Dining Services
Committee Chair



On the Links with PVE Golf Club

Well, the last days of summer have come and gone. Many of us who make the monthly golfing tournament are glad to see it go, as most of us are not hot weather types. We look forward to the cooler days of fall. Now is the best time of the year for us older folks to get out and trip the light golf sticks.

We need some new faces in the winner's circle, so I expect to see all you loafers out on the course come October 5. I hope you're listening Pat Glover, Russ Bowen, Dewey Garwood, and the rest of you. We will expect to see you guys out there on October 5. We welcome newcomers as well!

It is my understanding that I screwed up the winners last month. I am sorry! However, maybe everyone will pay more attention from now on, just to see if I mess up a second time.

Please forgive my not confirming the winning results. I understand that there was a tie for second place that was settled by the winners of the toughest hole. The winners for the September tournament were:

First Place: Duncan Kelly, Winky Werrick, Earl Graham and Harry Verbeek

Second Place: John Kroyer, Ed Millson, Glenn Dow and Bettyann Fritz

Third Place: Bill Stoneberg, Dinny Fisher, Ted Lindley and Peter Palmos

There was no Intrepid Golfer award for this month.

One of my friends sent me "2004 Golf Rule Changes for Seniors." I thought I would pass a few of them on, especially the ones I like, just to see how frustrated Dr. Kroyer might get.

#2: A ball hitting a tree shall be deemed not to have hit the tree. This is simply bad luck and luck has no place in a scientific game. The player must estimate the distance the ball would have traveled had it not hit the tree and can play the ball from there.

#4: A putt passes over a hole without dropping in. "It is deemed to have dropped". The law of gravity supersedes

the law of golf.

#7: There is no penalty for balls in a water hazard, as golf balls should float. That they do not is a technical problem that manufacturers have yet to overcome. The golfer should not be punished for the manufacturer's shortcomings.

I'll be thinking of you all while basking in the tropical breezes of Maui and playing the course at the Pukalani Country Club. I just hope I can get someone to write this golf article next month. Until then, keep your golf clubs tuned up, and eat lots of greens.

—by John Gearhart



Move-ins During the Month of September

Sardone, Joseph "Joe", LtCdr., USN(Ret) & Beverly
5824 Constitution Avenue
San Clemente, CA

Miller, Phyllis
1108 Estates Drive
San Mateo, CA
Referred by the Harlans

Hofmann, Mirian
1308 Estates Drive
San Diego, CA

News from your Library



Guess what? We have a whole new collection of books from a lady who liked music, art, philosophy, religion, and good reading. Wow! What an opportunity for great additions to our library! However, we already have many of these books, so our policy is to send the best of our rejected books to Mitchell

Memorial Library at Travis Air Force Base and the rest to Fairfield Friends of the Library.

Here is the rub: The daughter of this lady suggested we look into Juvenile Hall to donate these books. I finally did reach someone, and we will be selecting some of our books to go there. It's fun to be Santa Claus like this.

Otherwise, the library ladies and gents are thinning out some of our old books, especially the fine print issues, the books that never got read and probably never will get read, and the torn and yellowed books of ancient age. We have to make room for the newcomers. We do have some new-old comers such as Thomas Mann's *Magic Mountain*. It's an old book, but, they say, worth reading. Look in the basket for other recommended books.

Please be reminded that we have a CD portable player now that can be borrowed, and we even have a few CDs. We will be getting more, I am sure. Enjoy.

—by Bev Clemson



Come Follow the Band

Solano Winds, Fairfield's community concert band, has announced the 2005-2006 season concert dates. The theme for the year, "Come Follow the Band," was taken from one of the stirring melodies in the musical, *Barnum*.

Music lovers are invited to attend four concerts to be held at Paradise Valley Estates. The opening concert will be presented on Tuesday, October 25, at 7:30 p.m. in the Multi-Purpose room at PVE.



The program features selections honoring the state of California, whose 155th birthday has been celebrated this year, and also the music of Latin America, whose neighborly spirit infuses our state's music and lifestyle.

Subsequent programs will feature music of the movies, music with an emphasis on the music of England, and familiar American music for band.

Solano Winds and its director, Mr. Robert Briggs, have been part of the PVE cultural scene for seven years. Residents Otto Vasak and Bill Preston are members of the band, and Liz Wildberger is the announcer.

—by Liz Wildberger



Computer User Groups

Our next PC Internet Group meeting will be on Friday, October 7, at 2:30 p.m. We will focus on eBay, how it works, and how you can use it. We also have two presenters with interesting experiences to share; one is our own Dick Betchley and the other is KC Alves, a resident of Fairfield. We will have our usual question and answer period. All residents are invited to attend.

The PC Basic Group meets the first Friday of each month at 1:30 p.m. The PC Internet Group meets the first Friday of each month at 2:30 p.m. The Macintosh Users Group meets the third Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p.m. All three groups meet in the Multi-Purpose Room. We discuss everyone's problems, and hopefully some who attend will have solved the same problems earlier. Again, all residents are invited to attend.

—by Jack Biederman



Hours that are Ours

In the fall you gain one; in the spring you lose.
I'm not talking of pounds or blues;
I'm talking of an hour, sixty minutes of time.
It's completely ours, both yours and mine,
A treasure we have that we can't regain
Until it's fall. Here it comes again,
The time when we have to change our clocks,
(A great deal easier than changing locks).
October thirtieth is the date.
Write it down, or you may be late
For church attendance or brunch with friends.
That's when daylight savings ends!

—by Elly Vasak

REMEMBERING . . .

Col. James Wiss, USAF (Ret)
Loving Husband and Father
Arrived: August 31, 2001
Departed: September 4, 2005

Col. John Godsey, USAF (Ret)
Loving Husband and Father
Arrived: February 28, 2001
Departed: September 15, 2005



Clerisy

For October, we are reading a novel that is brief and hilarious. Graham Greene confessed that *Travels with My Aunt* is the only book he ever wrote "just for fun." With Eric Daniel as discussion leader, we are bound to enjoy this sophisticated romp.

The plot concerns an eccentric free-spirit who takes her repressed, 40-year-old banker nephew on a tour of Europe and brings home a virile and vibrant man-about-town.

Everyone is cordially invited to the monthly sessions of PVE's book discussion group, whether or not they have read the book to be discussed. We meet each third Thursday at 7:30 p.m. in the Round Room.

—by Gaylon Caldwell

Name the New Bus

We expect our new bus to arrive in November.



We think that it would be fun to give it a name and would like to have your help in finding a suitable one. Give it some thought, and then write

one or more name

suggestions along with your name and unit number. Give it to Brook or Charlene at the reception desk by October 20. I will ask some “volunteers” to act as an ad hoc committee to select five of the most appropriate names, which we will publish in the November issue of *Elysian Fields* with instructions on voting for your choice.

When the new bus is delivered and we have a winning name, the bus will be christened by Ron Ridley, the president of the Residents’ Council, or some other appropriate person.

Don’t forget to give your written suggestions along with your name and unit number to a receptionist no later than October 20.

—by Fred Montanye



To get the *Elysian Fields* in color on the internet, go to the PVE Website: <http://www.pvestates.com> Select “Lifestyles” from the options at the top.

Go to the bottom of the page and click. If you want to see back issues, click on “Archives.”

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Linda Faraday
- (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.