

# ELUSIAN FIELDS

November 2005

The Official Paradise Valley Estates Residents' Newspaper

Volume VIII, Issue 11

## Veterans Day Observance

At the eleventh hour of the eleventh month, November 11, 2005, a solemn commemoration of all those who served proudly and honorably in the Korean conflict will open the Veterans' Day observance at Paradise Valley Estates.

The theme for the day is "Remembering and Honoring Korean Conflict Veterans" and represents the third in a series of Veterans' Day observances highlighting the three wars in which PVE residents have participated. Earlier, both World War II and the Vietnam War were selected for special remembrance. This year's ceremonies will provide the third jewel in a triple crown of veterans' military heroism.

Weather and construction permitting, the day will begin with a traditional moment of remembrance at the flagpole, where the Fairfield High School Band will play and the Junior ROTC will form an honor guard. The march to the Community Center will be led by honored residents who are recipients of the purple heart and those who were Prisoners of War or members of the Pearl Harbor survivor group.

The program in the Multi-Purpose room features resident speakers representing all areas of military service who were on active duty during the Korean conflict. Col. Bill Coghill is the keynote speaker and represents the US Army. He will speak about his role in the Korean conflict. Lt-Col. Bill Johnson will speak for the Air Force and its involvement in the Korean struggle. Col. Ted Demosthenes will comment on the role US Marines

played during the Korean encounters, and Capt.

Dan Child will conclude with remarks about the US Navy's role. Jan Holderness will describe her life as a military wife in Korea, where she accompanied her late husband, Brig. Gen. Bud Holderness. The program will conclude with a prayer offered by Betty St. George.

Executive Director Ron Ridley will introduce the main speaker, Bill Coghill. Music for the program is under the direction of Carol Block, who will

lead the PVE Chorus in a medley of songs from the '50s. The firing of the ceremonial cannon will see Ted Demosthenes replacing Bob Steinkraus in this solemn moment of remembrance.

In order to properly acknowledge the achievements of our former prisoners of war, Purple Heart holders, and Pearl Harbor survivors, residents who have these distinctions are asked to call Jack Sorrelle at 429-3513, so that they may be included in the program.

This will be the last time that PVE's Veterans' Day observance will highlight specific military conflicts in which our residents participated. Capt. Dan Child, USN (Ret) is the chair of the Patriotic Committee, charged with planning programs that commemorate patriotic holidays, and he will be Master of Ceremonies for this year's observance. It is hoped that all residents who are able to attend the program will do so and share in the pride that all at PVE feel for our resident heroes.

—By Liz Wildberger



# From an Island Paradise to Paradise Valley Estates

HM (Helen Marie) Kocher was born in Hawaii on the island of Oahu but grew up on Kauai. Al Kocher was born in Montana but grew up in Tacoma, Washington. Together, they lived for thirty-seven years with their four children on Kauai.

HM remembers happy hours at the beach as a child. With her brother and parents, she spent all holidays on Oahu with her grandparents and other relatives. Since there was no air transportation in those days, this entailed an overnight boat trip.

They took the whole household along, including pets. One time their dog had nine puppies in Honolulu, which had to be transported back to Kauai.

Al's childhood memories also center on water. He had a best friend living close by, and the two families spent happy days boating on Puget Sound. A

favorite activity was digging for clams. Al went to high school in Tacoma and then went on to the University of Washington, where he had one semester before being drafted into the Army.

Most children of the Americans were sent to boarding school. HM's grandparents had moved there over seventy years ago and gone into business on Oahu. Her father had established a General Motors franchise on Kauai. When HM reached high school age, she was sent to boarding school in California. At the time of Pearl Harbor, it was difficult to get back to Hawaii, so she stayed on the mainland.

When Al finished his military service in 1946, he returned to the U of W, and it was there that he and HM, a fellow student majoring in literature, met at

her sorority house. They dated on and off, became engaged in 1948, and married in 1949 on Kauai. They returned to Washington so Al could finish his degree in business administration in 1950 and then went back to Kauai, where Al worked for the car dealership. They lived there for the next thirty-seven years.

They have four children, two boys and two girls, who grew up in an idyllic setting. First, they lived close to the ocean and then bought acreage up in the hills so the children

could have horses. They have a cabin near Waiamea Canyon that has been in the family for seventy-eight years, so well-built that it has weathered several hurricanes.

Eventually, they also had a place in San Francisco and another in Sonoma and went back and forth. The two sons both have remained on Kauai, but

the daughters are in Florida and California. HM and Al moved to PVE at the turn of the century. Al enjoys bridge and tennis and works in his garden. He is also an active angel at Laurel Creek. HM serves on the Dining Services Committee and the Gala Committee.

HM's mother was still in Honolulu until fairly recently, when she moved to Laurel Creek. Having her close by makes it easier for her daughter and son-in-law to visit her. She celebrated her 100<sup>th</sup> birthday this year with a large number of her descendants in attendance. They had a joyous parade complete with balloons and singing around the PVE campus.

—by Joan Teague



# First Race

After I graduated from the University of Washington and moved to San Francisco with a couple of my sorority sisters, I was given two clubhouse passes to a race at Golden Gate Fields. I had no idea what a clubhouse pass was but thought it was worth trying.

I invited one of my Washington friends to join me, and we took a bus from San Francisco to the racetrack in Oakland - actually, several busses. The clubhouse was rather nice. We had a great view, comfortable seats, and we didn't have far to go to bet.

Betting, however, was another matter. Neither



of us knew quite what to do. We discussed our plan, to the amusement of the two serious racetrack betters behind us. We would each put in a dollar and buy a \$2 ticket on a horse. But, which one? We had programs which listed the names of the horses, the owners, the jockeys, and the colors they wore, and a lot of other things, which made no sense to us. We finally decided that we would put our \$2 on a horse from Spokane — in honor of our recent graduation from UW. The wisecracks from the two gentlemen behind us didn't deter us; we went to the window with our \$2.

The race was fun! Our horse stayed near the front of the pack and in the last half mile jumped out ahead and won the race. We went to the window and collected our winnings.

Now it was time to figure out how to bet on the next race. There were no horses from Washington State, but one of the jockeys was wearing a purple and gold shirt. Since purple and gold were the UW colors, we decided to bet on him. By this time, the two betters behind us were laughing out loud. But,

our horse came in first!

There were six more races. We bet based on the name of the horse, the jockey's hometown, and in one case, the shirt with brightest colors that we knew we could see on the far side of the track. Each horse we bet on came in first! After the first three races, the two experienced betters behind us were leaning over our shoulders to see which horse we picked so they could pick the same one.

We left the races that afternoon with fistfuls of money! Instead of riding buses home to San Francisco, we took a taxi! And, I have never bet on a horse race again. After all, I can say that I have never bet on a horse that didn't come in first.

—by Marj Parker

## You are invited—GALA 2005

Circle the date on your calendar! Mark it in red! Pull out your party clothes! It's all going to happen between 5:00 and 8:30 p.m. on Thursday, December 8, 2005, at PVE Community Center.

Fellow residents, Premier Club Members, and Board of Directors, all are invited once again to celebrate the festive season by sharing a spectacular evening of "*HOLIDAYS IN NEW YORK.*" Does that title elicit a flood of memories?

For weeks, resident committees and staff have been bustling about behind closed doors conjuring up unique decorations, dining delights, music, and entertainment. For now, just mark your calendars and wait for further details in your December issue of *Elysian Fields*.



# Djim: Part II

## One Big Happy Family

It was the following Sunday when the houseboy, Kotong, somewhat agitated, came into the veranda where I was having breakfast and said that a “tuan besar” (an important person) wished to see me on the front porch. It was the zoo curator, and in his arms was a ball of red hair (Djimmi!). I immediately realized what was going on and that I was to be investigated, just as one would be investigated when adopting a human baby.

The curator pronounced the cage adequate and the gibbon no problem since she was so agile and unthreatening, while Djim was slow and awkward and somewhat shy. They would live together easily in the large cage almost as if unaware



of each other. With that, and agreeing that Djim would be returned to the zoo when I ended my tour in Indonesia, the curator left, and there I was holding the hand of a young orang as we walked slowly over to the cage, and Djim inspected his new quarters. He seemed quite content with them. Djim had come to live at our house. We were immediately awestruck that we were going to be able to watch, study, and enjoy man’s closest evolutionary relative.

“Watching” was not acceptable to Djim. He was very playful and insisted on involvement and interaction, so we learned that we had not only one of the higher apes living with us, we quickly also learned that he had an intelligence of about a three-year-old human. We had wash-up play day, when he climbed into a galvanized tub of water and got a head and shoulders shampoo, at the end of which he loved to turn the tub upside down over his head and drench himself and anyone nearby. Belum toler-

ated his presence in her domain but kept herself at a discreet distance higher up in the cage or swinging on the squeaky central chain. The latter was a source of especial annoyance to Djim, who liked to build a nest of leafy branches in the loft and take an afternoon nap. It almost seemed like Belum enjoyed annoying him at those times by swinging even more aggressively and creating a prolonged squeaking that interrupted Djim’s napping attempts. One day I went by the cage at nap time and could not believe what I was seeing. Indeed, I called Elaine out to see whether something quite astonishing was actually occurring. There was Djim sprawled out in his leafy bed, fast asleep with his arm outstretched, holding onto the chain so that Belum could manage little more than short swinging movements at the bottom of the chain, canceling out any possibility of even a modest squeak.

He grew fond of me and was somewhat possessive. He knew when my car came into the drive after work, and if I didn’t go out immediately and see him, he would have a tantrum and violently shake the sides of the cage. Belum would become upset and she would start screaming, which would then be taken up by Mahal, the cockatoo, from the back veranda. Always a happy homecoming! - to be continued.

—by Leslie Armen

*This is the second installment of Les Armen’s tale about Djim, his pet orangutan. The concluding installment will cover Djim’s transfer to a state-side zoo and his emerging artistic talents.-Ed.*

## Move-in Since the Last Issue

Woodward, Dr. Douglas  
2210 Estates Drive  
Shingle Springs, CA

# 2nd USAF Dining-Out Gala

On Sunday, September 25, one hundred and twenty-seven Air Force residents and guests attended the second PVE Air Force Dining-Out here.

“Dining-In” and “Dining-Out” are two varieties of formal military dining affairs. Dining-In is rooted in history to the Roman legions, Viking warlords, King Arthur’s knights, and George Washington’s Continental army, where warriors feasted together to honor victories and individual achievements. Dining-Out is a newer custom that includes spouses and guests.



The formal leader of Sunday’s Dining-Out was M/Gen. Thomas Aldrich, USAF(Ret.), Vice-Chairman of our NCROC Board. He was assisted by Lt-Col. John Gearhart, USAF(Ret.), who did a great job pinch-hitting for LtCol. Cletus Nelson, USAF (Ret.), who had suffered a serious fall in Montana and is still there recovering.

The program began with traditional opening ceremonies, followed by the moving “Sword” ceremony and the solemn “Missing Man Table” ceremony. In the “Sword” ceremony, a sword was passed from the oldest member present, PVE’s Colonel Ancil Baker USAF (Ret.), to the youngest member, Major Cheri-anne Connelley USAF(Res), John Gearhart’s niece, who flies Travis AFB aircraft and is a Southwest Airlines pilot. The “Missing Man Table” ceremony was emceed by LtCol. Bill Johnson USAF (Ret.) to honor dead and missing Air Force personnel.

During the enjoyment of an outstanding dinner, many members rose to offer a wide variety of toasts, including one to Cletus Nelson. M/Gen. Aldrich commended the organizers of the Dining-Out and hoped that the tradition would be continued at PVE. Colonel Paul Bergerot USAF(Ret.), chairman of the

NCROC Board, applauded the show of allegiance to USAF tradition and stressed how important events like Dining-Out are to the vitality of the Air Force family. Seven other current and previous NCROC Board members in attendance were also honored. The guest speaker was B/Gen. Brooks Bash, USAF, Commander of the 15th Expeditionary Mobility Task Force at Travis AFB. He explained that his command is manned, trained, and equipped to create air base operations around the world in support of military or humanitarian operations, such as Afghanistan, Iraq, and the recent devastating tsunami in Southeast Asia. He is particularly proud of the performance of the younger generation of Air Force personnel. He stated that 50 percent of today’s Air Force were not on active duty when 9/11 occurred. An amazing statistic!

The evening’s wonderful music was provided by the “The Fairfield High Brass Ensemble.” A special highlight was the rendition of “Amazing Grace” by the Scarlet Brigade Bag Piper Band while parading through the main dining room. A real treat !

The members of the Air Force Dining-Out Committee, under the capable leadership of Pete Palmos, were Jack Albrecht, Wayne Bogard, “Larry” Butera, John Gearhart, Jan Holderness, Bill Johnson, Ed Millson, Cletus Nelson, and Jean Petersen.

—by Ed Millson



# Election '05 or How WE do it!

At 6:00 a.m. on Tuesday, November 8, 2005, PVE resident E.H. Wolff's official title will become Inspector, County Registrar of Voters. He will retain that title until 9:30 or 10 p.m. that night, at which time he and one assistant will return the paperwork and voting results to the Solano County office. At that point he will have fulfilled his commitment to Solano County and the State of California for this election.

Sounds impressive? Well, in fact, E.H. will have worked hard for his title, as will his three official full-time assistants, clerks Pat Hale, Moray Black, and Laurel Love, all of whom have served in this capacity before. Again, they will have had advance instruction and will receive stipends commensurate with their assigned duties.

A drayage company engaged by Solano County will deliver all the voting and record keeping paraphernalia at least one day prior to the election. The doors to the Multi-Purpose Room will be ready and open for business at 7 a.m. on election day.

A team of resident volunteers will be available to pinch-hit in an emergency, run minor errands as needed, and keep the traffic flowing. They will also be invited to share in the morning donuts and other repasts provided by PVE in the course of the day. Included in that group are Ceil Bellinger, member of Elysian Fields staff, Marie Klaver, who has been delivering in-house mail at the health center for four years, and Billie Harrison, who delivered Meals on Wheels in Vacaville for 20 years before moving to PVE. Sarita Smedberg, happily recovering from successful knee surgery, will be on hand, as well as



Kathie Nye, who volunteered for twenty years at polls in Mississippi, and Betty Rodden, PVE store manager for two years. Other helpers are Eleanor Ford, Diane Snow, and perennial volunteer Lucille Thyrring.

Procedures for voting will be standard. Voters must show some valid identification, after which the voter list is scanned to determine that the voter is registered. Next is presentation of the ballot, and directions to an available booth. Absentee ballots may also be turned in at this time.

At 8 p.m., when the polls close, the official team will count used and unused ballots as well as absentee ballots, and will deliver results to the registrar's office in Fairfield. It will have been a long day.

It is hoped that the forthcoming election will be as successful as past years, when around 90 percent of registered voters cast their ballots.

—by Linda Faraday

## Thank You from Cletus

To my Dear PVEers,

This note is my way of expressing my thanks and appreciation for the cards, pictures, letters, and phone calls (over 120) from PVEers during my current "rehab" following my "2005 Montana adventure." Your thoughts and prayers of concern and love have me very moved. With good care by medics, therapists, health care, and friends, I am healing, although I have a way to go before transferring to Laurel Creek Health Center.

My sincere thanks to all.

—Cletus Nelson

# A Young Short Trumpet Player

The Livonia Central High School Band always marched in community events in my upper New York State hometown. I played trumpet. I was a girl, very small for my age, and even though I was getting ready to enter eighth grade, I still took a lot of teasing from the boys in the band. I knew that I could play as well as some of the older boys and was determined to show them.

Our band traveled to many towns in western New York State, and all members were expected to participate. Unless one had an excuse from parents, which was highly unlikely, the only approved absence was for dire illness.

Our uniforms were orange and blue, and the cap came down over my eyes. The cape that looked so dashing on taller band members, hung below my knees. Girls wore a white blouse, white skirt, and white socks. Boys wore white shirts and white pants beneath their capes.

Mostly, we played marches. Trumpet players used a lyre to hold their music. I would march along, trying to read the music while my lip bounced up and down. After the first mile, my lip was sore, but Mr. Gott, our band director, told me that he did not intend for the beginners to play every note. "Hold your horn up in position, rest your lip, and then continue to play," he advised. "No one knows the difference."

When our unit reached the end of the parade route, we treated ourselves to large, pink cones of cotton candy. Although I usually begged to hang around with my school friends, my dad would tell Mr. Gott we were going home. As we returned to the car, my band cape seemed to hang a little longer each time I took a step. My mother was firm about my removing the cape, because if it dragged in the dust, it meant a trip to the cleaners. I was a forlorn-looking girl, with long cape and a hat too large for my head, and cheeks pink from cotton candy.

In the following high school years, I grew into my orange and blue cap, my cape no longer

drooped, and I had learned to hold my trumpet and really march along with the rest of the band. Holding my head up, watching the music, and also watching the street, still challenged me.



Eventually, the bands were allowed to march at the head of the parade, followed by fire trucks and fire equipment, horses, and other animals. I could have told them how to organize the parade route when I first started, but nobody asked me.

When I see pictures of local high school bands performing in tournaments, marching in parades, or participating in half-time activities during a football game, it is a nostalgic reminder of those high school days in New York, when I was the shortest trumpet player in the line.

—by Carol Block

## Bocce Ball

The fall season started off with all the teams ready and eager to go. Due to illness or vacations, there have been a few personnel changes. It is always nice to have new faces on the court.

Three teams are tied for first with five wins at this writing. Hal Carter's team #8 and Al Kocher's team #13 have come from behind to catch team #9 led by Virginia Stockel, but things could change very quickly. Six teams have four wins, making it a very close race. If the rains hold off, we have four more weeks of play. Come on over and watch the fun and excitement. Everyone loves a cheering section. There is a game in progress nearly every morning. You just may get "hooked," too!

—by Andy McLanahan

# Health and Fitness

Give thanks!

The season of Thanksgiving will soon be upon us here at Paradise Valley Estates. We are so fortunate to be here in this beautiful setting with all the facilities and people that make this a special place. Take a moment to thank a friend or neighbor for all we do for each other, and give thanks for all the blessings we have.

In observance of the Thanksgiving holiday, there will be no fitness classes on Thursday, November 24, Thanksgiving Day, Friday, November 25, or Saturday, November 26.

Thank you in advance for your cooperation in this schedule change. This allows the fitness staff to spend time with family and friends for the holiday.

The pool and fitness center will be open as usual, so plan on coming out and getting in a workout. Don't let the holidays sabotage your eating habits. Eat well and enjoy, without the dreaded holiday weight gain.

1. Don't skip meals.
2. Avoid hidden fats and calories.
3. Don't go to the party hungry.
4. Make a plan. Before holiday events make a plan you can commit to, such as having one serving of dessert or limiting alcohol to one or two drinks.

According to the National Institutes of Health, holiday bingeing accounts for one to two pounds of weight gain per person per year. A daily walk can also keep away unwanted weight gain.

A special thank you to everyone who made our annual Health Faire a success.

If you have suggestions or comments on the Health Faire, please contact me.

Happy Thanksgiving!

—by Jan Olson



# Back to School

Take two active PVE nonagenarians, put them into a still elegant 1985 black BMW, and send them off to their 70th class reunion at Stanford University! George Wyman and Bud Griffin are doing just that this month. They graduated in 1935 in the midst of America's devastating depression years. While at Stanford, they chose to enroll in the ROTC and found time to join fraternities. To help with finances, each became house manager for his respective fraternity, which meant that their room and board expenses were completely covered. This showed early entrepreneurial and leadership skills.



George majored in political science (and a few girls) and then spent four-and-a-half years in the Army horse-drawn field artillery. He was working on a special mission with Japanese Americans in preparation for the invasion of Japan when WWII abruptly ended with "The Bomb." His civilian career was in social services: county welfare and Social Security administration.

Bud Griffin majored in engineering at Stanford and spent his lifetime in petroleum engineering, primarily in the Rocky Mountain region until his wife, Mary, persuaded him to return to California, where they enjoyed the good life in St. Helena before coming to PVE.

Our congratulations go to these two gentlemen-scholars (formerly BMOC) who add such a sparkle to our lives here, and we wish them both a joyous reunion back "on the farm."

—by Jan Holderness

# Another Perfect Day for Golf!

Twenty-two PVE golfers played our local Paradise Valley course on Wednesday, October 5, in bright sunshine and mild temperatures. At \$6.00 each for the prize awards, that's a tidy \$132 bucks to the winners.

Not a "Scramble" this time, each player played his own ball tee-to-green or until two over par on that hole, at which point he/she had finished the hole and took a seat in the cart. Two over is a double bogie in golf terms. A double bogie was the highest score possible on a hole, so there were many players who sat out the later stages of a hole. In some cases the 108 total score (72 for par, plus 36 in over par strokes equals 108) *was the best game of the year!*

The best golfers led the winning teams (as in Casablanca, "*Round up the usual suspects!*"). That said, the usual suspects were the winners: #3, the team of Jack Biederman, Dinny Fisher, Nick Nickel and Ted Lindley. The #2 team of Duncan Kelly, (Where have we heard that name before?), including charming Betty Tylutki, Leonard "Fletch" Fletcher, and Bill Ekern. The winners, frequent names to the golf contest, were Domenic Battistella and his team that included the effervescent Winkie Wirrick and nice-guy Peter Palmos. An unnamed name-out-of-a-hat was the fourth player in the #1 foursome.

Thus, another golf season ends for pro, coach, athletic director, tournament chairman Dr. John M. Kroyer's golfers. Although the events will continue, attendance will likely drop off for the next couple of colder months. I'm reminded of Clint Eastwood's comment about the pros that don't come to Pebble Beach in January: He called them "Candy Aces!" (Well, not quite "Aces," but close.)

Overall, there were eleven winners and eleven who did not share in the loot. If you want to win, ask John to put you with Domenic, Duncan, or Jack. And better luck next time!

—by Bill Stoneberg

# Clerisy

How about a journey back to fourteenth century England? Well, Peter Ackroyd's *Chaucer*, which Clerisy will discuss on November 17, will take you there.

This, emphatically, is not the same treatment of the man who wrote those immortal words you muttered in Middle English as you walked down high school hallways: "When April with its gentle showers..." This Geoffrey Chaucer is considered primarily as a courtier of King Richard II, serving as a diplomat and customs officer while writing the epic *The Canterbury Tales*. Ackroyd, an esteemed historian/novelist, has written a lively study of one of the two most influential poets in the English language, and the setting is the royal court of medieval London.

The discussion will be in the Round Room on Thursday, November 17, at 7:30 p.m. If you are interested in this different Chaucer, whether or not you have read the book, you are cordially invited.

—Gaylon Caldwell

# What's Coming Up

- *San Francisco Giftmart/Jewelrymart*
- *Holiday Shopping at Arden Fair Mall, Folsom Premium Outlets, Union Square in San Francisco and Walnut Creek*
- *Branson, Missouri*
- *Napa Valley Symphony with pianist Ruth Laredo*
- *"Mama Mia" – Best of Broadway Series, Sacramento Community Center Theater*
- *North Bay Theater Ensemble Chorus at PVE*
- *Valley Brass Quintet at PVE*
- *"Wait Until Dark", Solano College Theater at Suisun Harbor Theater*
- *Vicki Lawrence and "Mama", Reno*
- *Smuin Christmas Ballet at Dean Leshner Center, Walnut Creek*

—by Lisa Hansen

# News from Your Library

Among treasures of recently donated books, we found some homemade tapes of the programs of Karl Haas. We don't usually keep home generated tapes, but these are exceptional. Karl Haas had a radio program out of Cleveland called "Adventures in Good



Music." He played classical music, seemed to know everything about everyone, and had a great sense of humor. He just died at

age 91 in February of this year.

Take a few of these tapes home and play them on your tape recorder. They are music to read by, music to iron by, just plain lovely music to listen to. Bernie Murray and I have taken several home and tried to find a way to identify each one, but we have left them as is. They should not be played for any particular artist or composer; they are just great classical pieces with auditory by Karl Haas.

Now, on a lighter side, where did our cowboys go? Louis L'Amour paperbacks are becoming fewer and fewer in our library. They are so enjoyed that we felt maybe a great many people had taken them out, but it seems they haven't come back. We'd like to round up those "dogies" and bring 'em home to the PVE corral. Please check your bookcase.

Otherwise, all is well. So many books, so little time!

—Bev Clemson

# Community Garden

Senior gardening and tips on bulb planting will be the subjects of our meeting on Wednesday, November 2, at 1:00 p.m. Bulbs are perfect for layering in a container. Come and see!

P. S. Personalized bricks are wonderful Christmas gifts. Order now for the holidays.

—by Jan Holderness

# Legislative Update

Governor Schwarzenegger recently signed SB 244. The bill added the following to the law:

- Prospective residents shall have the right to visit each of the different care levels and to inspect assisted living and skilled nursing home licensing reports.
- Residents shall have the right to manage their financial affairs.
- Donations, contributions, and gifts to the provider shall be voluntary. Purchases of provider-sponsored financial products shall be voluntary.
- Residents may organize and participate freely in the operation of "independent resident organizations" and associations.
- Providers shall "encourage" the formation of a resident association.

The additional benefits which SB 244 provides to CCRC residents, PVE already provides to us in our contracts.

The California Association of Homes and Services for the Aging (CAHSA) initially opposed SB 244 because it included additional reporting requirements which would have necessitated additional staff and monthly resident fees. Many residents and the Resident Legislative Committee contacted Senator Romero's office to protest the bill.

Anne Burns Johnson, Ron Ridley, Yvonne Wood, and I met with Senator Romero's Chief of Staff (who had drafted the bill) and his assistant. We showed them the detrimental effect the bill would have on a resident's finances, and (with CAHSA's help) they rewrote it. CAHSA then withdrew its opposition.

—by Marjory Parker, Chair, Legislative Affairs



# “Me Mom”

When I was a kid growing up in Omaha, Nebraska, my mother, called “Me Mom”, would tell me endless stories of her young life in Ardee, Ireland. I was always convinced that if I ever went to Ireland, I would be able to find her house, which she so vividly described. It was on the river Ardee, with a water wheel for grinding the grain for their bakery.



In 1903, her widowed mother took her eight children to New York City to live with her oldest son. On the ship going over, she met a Jesuit priest who asked her where she was taking all of these children. She said that she was going to live with her son in New York City. He said, “Do not take them there, as New York is ‘sin city’. You should take them to Omaha, Nebraska.”

On their arrival in New York, she met her son and said, “Take me to the train station, as we are not staying in ‘sin city’. We are going on to Omaha, Nebraska.”

Arriving in Omaha, she went to the parish house and requested their assistance in locating a house. The women of the parish found a house, and my grandmother and mother lived there the rest of their lives.

“Me Mom” met my dad on the “Trollie” and was married in 1914. He died in 1968, and my mother came to live with us in California. It was her first trip out of Omaha. My mother continued to tell her Irish stories to our children, who enjoyed them as much as I did.

In 1975, my husband was transferred to London, but my mother was too frail to move with us. She went back to Omaha to live with one of my sisters. She died there in 1982, never having gone back to Ireland.

We were now determined to find her old house

in Ireland and made a trip to Ardee the next year. Through her vivid descriptions, we were able to locate her house without too much trouble. It was as she described it, located on the Ardee River, water-wheel and all. As we were taking pictures, a little old man approached us and asked what we were doing. We explained that we thought this was the house my grandmother had lived in. Then he said, “I moved into this house when your grandmother left in 1903 and still live with my granddaughter here.” He invited us in, and we had tea with the family and enjoyed more stories of life in this old village. What a wonderful experience!

—by Pat Reynolds

## Appreciation Fund Drive

There are only 30 days left for submitting contributions to the Employee Appreciation Fund. We have received \$42,429.12 (34 percent of the units) through October 21, 2005. Our goal this year is to equal or surpass the \$120,000 that was distributed to the employees last year.

The fund drive will end on December 1, 2005. Funds collected will be distributed by the middle of December, in time for the holiday season. Suggestions as to how much to contribute were distributed to all residents in early September, but what you contribute is entirely up to you. The collection box is at the reception desk in the lobby. Make checks payable to RCOF and mark them for the appreciation fund. Our employees will be most appreciative.

Call Peter Palmos 429-5002 for further guidance or information.



# Dining At PVE

The Oktoberfest was a great success with the vast majority of the 277 residents served that night. The *Windmer Hefeweizen* German-style beer also appeared to be a big success, as there was not much left at the end of the night. There were also excited comments about the pickled herring.

Updating the dining service by eliminating “bussers” and having the waiters serve water, bread, and bus their



own tables seems to be working well. However, a continuing problem is the shortage of enough waitpersons to allow the staff

to serve a fewer number of guests so that service could be even better. When there is a full complement, each server will have one less table to take care of so everyone should be happier. If for some reason there is a service problem, immediately bring it to the attention of one of the floor supervisors: Pat, Valerie, Erin, or Scott. They should be able to readily solve most any problem. With 280 - 300 residents being served on a busy night, as is usually the case on Saturday, service can be slower, and if one or more servers call in sick, each working server has that many more people to take care of.

David indicated that some of the heaters under the service trays at the Sunday brunch have been running out of fuel, allowing the hot water to cool, and thus the food as well. He has brought this to the attention of the floor supervisors to watch for burners going out so that they may be replaced as quickly as possible in order to keep food hot.

There were 150 comment cards last month, 17 unsigned. Please remember to sign your card so it will be counted in the overall evaluation of the dining experience by the residents. The overall satisfaction of the residents was 79 percent, with 17 negatives for food and 12 for service.

As we get into the holiday season, we will have more buffet dinners. Halloween will be a buffet, as

will Thanksgiving. Sign-up for Thanksgiving starts November 1. Veterans Day, November 11, will also be a buffet. Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve both fall on Saturday night, so there will be a buffet on each Saturday night as well as on each Sunday.

The awarded servers for this month are Michael Snow and Tina Buttari. Congratulations!

The new menu will debut on Saturday, November 12.

—by Fred Montanye, Dining Services  
Committee Chair

## Ya Never Know

Mary saw a lion one day; 'twas near the noon time hour.

She saw it walking down below, among the weeds and flowers.

He looked to be near five feet long, somewhere 'round two feet tall.

His tail was dragging near the ground, not curled up like a ball.

A coat of brown was his to wear; it blended with the weeds;

So very thin and hungry, he must fulfill his needs.



A bird or turkey was his quest; he looked both far and near, Of course, his favorite dinner was a two-pronged female deer.

Yes, Mary saw this hungry cat; she watched him as he tried

To find just anything at all to fill his shrinking hide. He disappeared behind a tree; she looked for him in vain,

Nor has she seen him since that time, in sunshine or in rain.

Now, some may doubt her story, may say it isn't true.

I warn you doubters, look behind; he may be chasing you.

—by Norman Bills

# A Bit of PVE Poll History

Only once in PVE's history did our residents have to go elsewhere to cast their votes. In 1998, by virtue of having registered 250 voters, we were entitled to have our own precinct. Helen Alexander and John Clemson were responsible for initiating that change. To comply with the law, PVE then needed an inspector and three clerks. I volunteered for the inspector's position. Jack Albrecht, Lyelle Waples, and John Clemson were appointed clerks.

Our first polling place was in the manor house that is now the residence of Millie Diamondstone. It was there that one of our residents had a heart attack after she had voted.

Lacking a phone, Jack Albrecht ran to the health center to summon aid. The polling place was soon crowded with voters, the fire department emergency crew, and ambulance personnel, but voting proceeded uninterrupted, to the credit of nurse Lyelle Waples, who administered first aid and maintained complete order.

For the next election we moved to the small Multi-Purpose Room. There were a few murmurs when we learned that "The Club" had to be closed on election day.

Ed Millson appeared like clockwork at 7:00 a.m. to have the distinction of being the first voter at each of those early elections. To our surprise, Independence Court was removed from our precinct. Proving that it was within PVE's gated community turned out to be a challenging task, but in the end Independence Court was returned to us. In addition, our precinct number was changed from #1834 to #1837.

Though I am relinquishing my post as inspector, after serving for seven years, I have considered it a

privilege and a pleasure to have held that position. My thanks to all who served on the election boards. Also, I am very proud of the voting record of PVE residents. Though we never made my goal of getting 100% of the voters out, our percentage of votes cast in polling place #1837 is tops in Solano County.

Let's keep up the good work!

—by Betty St George



## Great Decisions Group

Our Great Decisions discussion group will resume meetings shortly after the first of the year. Those interested are requested to sign the Green Book at the main desk.

Topics this year will be UN Reform, Iran, Energy, Human Rights in the Age of Terrorism, China and India, Turkey, and Pandemics and National Security. Individual study books, to be read and kept by participants, will cost \$15 each.

Following a planning meeting later this year, discussion groups will meet twice a month, time and place to be announced later.

—by Carla Sorrelle

## On a Landmark Birthday

I understand what mirrors are—  
The image there is me—  
But looking out from here within,  
I still am twenty-three!

—by Althea Lubersky

# Isn't This a Great Country?



In mid-August I visited my son at Fort Carson, Colorado. While there, I accompanied him to Cripple Creek, where he represented his command at the Cripple Creek weekend “Salute to American Veterans Rally.”

The city of Cripple Creek was called the world’s greatest gold camp during the 1890s. Before the area’s gold rush was over, more than eighteen-million-dollars in gold had been mined in the district. At today’s prices, that would be equal to about ten-trillion- dollars. I was told that low-grade ore had been used to pave streets in the area.

For some years the city of Cripple Creek has sponsored a “Salute to American Veterans Rally.” Fort Carson, the Air Force Academy, and Peterson Field are in the area. Veterans from Korea, Vietnam, Desert Storm, active duty military, and at least one WWII veteran, were guests at an appreciation dinner Friday evening and for the ceremony and parade Saturday forenoon.

Why is it called “Salute to American Veterans Rally?” Some years ago, motorcyclists (not Hells’ Angels) from surrounding areas decided to travel to Cripple Creek to support the city’s American Veterans Festival, and so the rally was born.

During Friday evening and throughout the night, the “Hogs,” mostly Harley Davidsons, began arriving. Their arrival continued all morning, and by the time the parade started, much leather was in evidence, and US flags, veterans’ organization banners and black POW/MIA flags were seen on many bikes. I will not attempt to estimate the number of bikes

present or the number taking part in the 45-minute thundering process that was part of the Saturday parade. Area newspapers estimated 5,000. All told, it was a “bunch.”

In the past, I’ve read about Cripple Creek and the festival, but the rally was an unbelievable sight. To see this massive support for veterans and the military was an impressive experience.

—by E.H. Wolfe

## Tally Ho

Benjamin Franklin wanted the turkey  
To be named our national bird.  
If wise Ben were residing at PVE,  
He’d be eating those unsage words.

He said they were the smartest  
Of all our nation’s fowl;  
Would that we could wish them away,  
For other venues to be foul.

They won’t let us hunt or trap them,  
But now we’re joined by a foxy quintet;  
May Reynaud, his spouse, and their three canny kits  
Help get rid of our unwanted “pets.”

But Thanksgiving’s on its way,  
And let us all remember  
That the best reason for turkeys  
Is to supply us with turkey dinner.

—by Jack Sorrelle



# Old Orchards

Old orchards patterned on the hillsides, remnants of a family's supply of apples, apricots, or almonds, planted so carefully and hopefully two or three generations ago, why do they speak to me? Why do they awaken some long-buried sense deep inside me when I see them? What is this warm feeling of contentment?

One old orchard is on the hillside just above my home; others I see from the car as I drive along the



freeway or through the country roads. In the spring, some have blossoms and shiny green leaves, some are just partly living, some have only scraggly trunks and branches, black and lifeless, but

still standing. Is it because I'm a survivor, while some of those close to me are only half living, and some have gone, leaving behind them only shells in the form of marble monuments as reminders of their once vibrant and fertile lives? I ponder.

Then, as a survivor, a long-term memory comes creeping its way through the morass of memories my consciousness has collected and intertwined. It is a memory of being in my crib, still a toddler, with my patchwork comforter. I would be holding it close to me, burying my face in it, playing with the little knots of yarn that held it together, the ties that were spaced at the points where four patches came together. Some knots were stringy and worn by my twisting; some seemed strong. The knots made a pattern like the carefully spaced trees in old orchards.

Someone who loved me made it, taking a needle threaded with yarn, pushing it through each spot where four patches met. Then she would be drawing it up again in almost the same spot, tying it in a knot and cutting it, leaving the knot of yarn a couple of inches long, just for the baby, just for me.

No wonder I get those warm, contented feelings when I see the pattern of the knotted ties of my old comforter, transposed upon the patterns of the trees in those old orchards on the hillsides.

—by Elly Vasak

## REMEMBERING . . .

Boyd Mahan

Loving Husband and Father

**Arrived:** February 25, 1999

**Departed:** September 28, 2005

Rosanne Walkey

Loving Mother

**Arrived:** June 1, 1999

**Departed:** October 2, 2005

Col. Robert Steinkraus, USMC (Ret)

Loving Husband and Father

**Arrived:** November 15, 1997

**Departed:** October 5, 2005



## Steiny

The staff of the *Elysian Fields* remembers Robert Steinkraus (Steiny to most of us) as one of the original group who started our monthly paper. The first issue was August 1999. We are grateful to Steiny and others who worked so hard to make the *Elysian Fields* an important part of our community. We all will miss him.

—Ed.



# Name the New Bus

We have received 124 suggested names for our new bus. Thanks to all of you who participated by submitting a name. Our ad hoc committee has narrowed the list to five names. Now it is your turn to vote your choice.

All residents are encouraged to vote for one of the following five names. Write your choice along with your name and unit number and turn it in to the reception desk no later than November 15 to be counted.

1. *The Elder Ferry*
2. *The Bizzy Bus*
3. *The PVE Cruiser*
4. *The Jolly Trolley*
5. *The Happy Traveler*

The winner(s) will be honored with a certificate of appreciation at a special ceremony to name and dedicate the new bus when it arrives. The runner-up name will be saved to name the second new bus when it arrives sometime in the future. The winners will be announced in the December issue of the *Elysian Fields*.

—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.”

## *ELYSIAN FIELDS* STAFF ORGANIZATION

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

### Editorial Assistants/Writers

- (1) **Biographies of PVE residents**  
Joan Teague
- (2) **Life at PVE (human interest stories, organized activities and campus events)**  
Bill and Constance Gum
- (3) **Memories (of past events and significant happenings)**  
Liz Wildberger and Miz Lively
- (4) **Feature Writer**  
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 no later than the 15th of the month prior to the issue.