

# ELUSIAN FIELDS

June, 2007

The Official Paradise Valley Estates Residents' Newspaper

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## In Rehab

Celebrities, politicians, and actors have discovered a legal way to avoid uncomfortable issues like drug addiction or adultery. Their agents announce that the poor unfortunate is "going into rehab." Translated, this means that the person in question is off to the Caribbean, or some southern California spa where, in the course of thirty days, he or she will be restored to solid citizen status and cured of any nasty habits that might damage their celebrity, political life, or film availability.

PVE, always on the cutting edge of cultural and social history, also has devised a way to fix shabby or worn elements in our community. The main dining room is "going into rehab" and will emerge at the end of July totally renewed. This is a *good* thing. The original carpet has almost reached the condition an earlier director had described: "We selected a carpet pattern that is so busy that there could be a dead cow on the floor and it wouldn't be noticed."

Our bodies have been conforming to the sagging chair seats for some time, and we have been dressing to match the colorful stains on the upholstery.

All this will change when the dining room goes into rehab. New carpet, reupholstered chairs, an effort to redirect the heating and air-conditioning vents, all will be part of the holistic effort to bring new energy and attractive style to our familiar dining venue. The view will not change; there will still be ancient oaks, grassy lawns, the bocce ball court, the pavilion, flowers and shrubs to delight us.

Some of us are annoyed at the "inconvenience" of a rehab situation. We object to having a buffet lunch in the Multi-Purpose Room; we cringe at the idea of a gracious evening dinner party taking place in a meeting room. The walk from The Club to the end of the hall is too far, though the opportunity to have meals delivered to one's home free of charge certainly has merit, we note.

This attitude is lacking in imagination. When a celebrity goes into rehab, fans whisper in sympathy, "Thank heavens Muffy is taking responsibility at last." A politician receives similar reviews; "When Senator Claghorn gets his alcoholism under control, he'll be able to legislate a perfect exit policy," we say.

Why not carry this social conscience into our community life? "When the new window treatments are ready, they'll be a perfect frame for our trees and lawn," is a positive point of view.

Renovations take time, but the results are certainly worth the wait. In August, as we luxuriate in perfectly balanced cool air, seated on comfortable chairs, our feet sinking into attractive new carpet, dining on escargot and filet mignon, we will be able to sigh with enjoyment and say, "Oh, yes, rehab certainly did wonders."

-by Liz Wildberger



# From Italy to America

Mirella Hendren was born and reared in Florence, Italy. She was the youngest of three children, having an older brother and sister and loving parents. They lived close to the center of town, so she could take advantage of all the art treasures and the stunning cathedral. They had treasures in the home, too. She remembers happy outings on Sundays when the whole family would go to an outdoor café to enjoy ice cream and music, which seemed to be everywhere. With friends in the neighborhood she played the Italian version of hide-and-seek and other games familiar to children in the U.S. at that time. Girls did not engage in sports except for ladylike tennis and horseback riding.

It was the era when Mussolini was coming to power, but it didn't affect Mirella's family to a great extent. News was heavily censored, so most of what they heard was about all the good Il Duce was accomplishing. The poverty-stricken Italians were his eager followers because he was improving their lives, until his lust for power overcame everything else.

With war obviously coming, the family thought it prudent to get their treasures to a safer place. A friend of Mirella's father offered them storage outside of town. After victory in Europe following World War II, they decided to retrieve their possessions. It was a long walk through mine fields, but they survived the hazards. The Americans had taken over the building where their things were stored, but they couldn't make the attendant understand what they wanted. Mirella's mother demanded that they talk to the officer in charge. Instead of the top man, they got a lowly lieutenant, who helped them a great deal. He gave them a ride home in a Jeep and kept coming back to visit. This was Mirella's husband of



fifty years, Syd.

One evening at a dance, Syd proposed. Mirella was in no hurry to get married and thought he was probably kidding. He was serious, however, and they were married in Florence in July, 1945. They flew to La Guardia Field in New York, where they

were met by two of Syd's brothers and their wives. The women were fashionably dressed and made Mirella feel the contrast with her wartime attire. Then, the couple went on to Missouri, where the rest of Syd's family lived. His mother wasn't sure about her son's choice of an Italian war bride, but they came to be good friends. Mirella worked hours preparing good Italian food, only to find her husband preferred meat and potatoes. She fed him hot dogs for

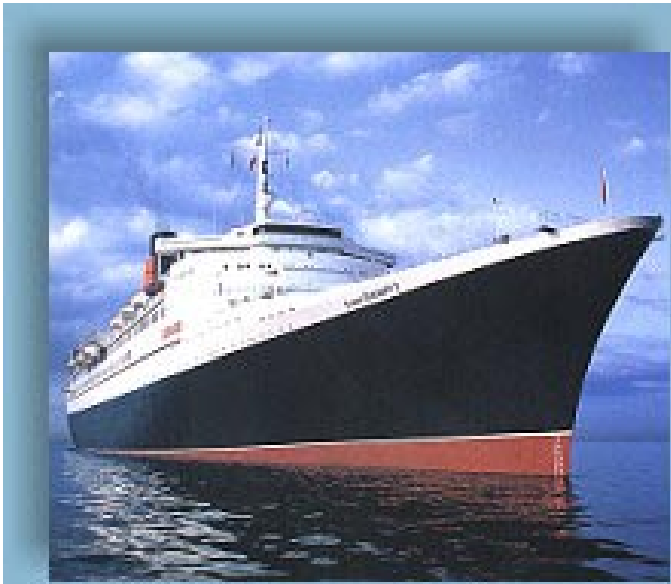
a solid week, after which he pled for variety.

Syd's job in the Air Force was to open and close bases, so they were constantly on the move, living for short periods near bases all across the country. Syd retired from the military after 20 years of service. They settled in San Carlos and traveled extensively. They collected art and sculpture, which are beautifully displayed in Mirella's apartment. She was a widow for fifteen years before deciding it was time to move. The first time she saw PVE, with few buildings, she thought it was a desert. The next time she saw it, she was amazed at the change and knew the timing was right to move in.

-by Joan Teague

# Queen Elizabeth II Silver Jubilee World Cruise

For my fourth cruise aboard Cunard Line's Queen Elizabeth II, I invited a niece, Patricia Rotonde, to be my guest. We boarded the ship at Pier 35 in San Francisco on January 24, 2007. The cruise had originated in New York City and had already traveled through the Panama Canal. Our stateroom was on Deck 1, and it was very spa-



cious with a large picture window and an anteroom. There were many young people on board as well as many older passengers, especially widows.

Our itinerary included Honolulu, Hawaii and Lahaina, Maui. These ports of call would be followed by Papeete and Moorea in French Polynesia, Tonga, and Suva, Fiji. A great many activities and tours were offered and each indicated the degree of walking that a tour would entail. Whether or not the ship was able to dock or have passengers go ashore by tenders depended on the port facilities or sea conditions. The usual time frame was arrival around 7 a.m. and departure ten hours later.

From the South Seas, the Queen Elizabeth II headed "down under," New Zealand, with stops at Auckland, Wellington and Christchurch, where passengers crossed the International Date Line and participated in a "pollywog" ritual if it were their first time to cross the date line. Final destination

for the cruise was Australia, stopping first at Hobart, then Melbourne and, finally Sydney. This is where Patricia and I disembarked. The ship was then going to proceed to its final port of Southampton, England, where it would dock on April 21<sup>st</sup>.

This elegant silver jubilee cruise carried almost 1500 passengers. The majority were from the United States, then England, and then from many other countries. We attended ten formal dinners. Our assigned dining room was the Princess Grill, which was one deck below the Queen's Grill, the deck on which suites were located. Although the meals aboard the QEII were quite good, I felt that the meals served at PVE were equally delicious and sometimes even better. There were four at our table, and one special evening we had the chef prepare a roast goose, which we enjoyed immensely.

All types of dance classes were offered: line, samba, waltz, tap, and my niece Patricia taught a class in belly dancing, at which she is a professional instructor. This class was particularly well-received. Entertainment included a spa, casino, beauty salon, films, bingo, bridge, and live entertainment in the evenings. The ship has a well-equipped and staffed medical center, and I was able to have my medication (coumadin) checked regularly as directed by my private physician.

Fireworks greeted our arrival in Sydney, and the QEII docked near the QMII with a huge welcoming contingent from the citizens, who had gathered to cheer our arrival. This was a "first-ever" welcoming experience for me, and it was thrilling.

After a nonstop, business class flight from Sydney to San Francisco, we were home, with glorious memories of the Silver Jubilee World Cruise of the Queen Elizabeth II.

-by Theresa Markovich



# D-Day Revisited

Before turning to PVE residents for D-Day memories, I did the obvious, which was to recap details via the Internet.

“On June 5, 1944,” I read, “after postponing the allied invasion of northwestern Europe for 24 hours on account of bad weather, Supreme Allied Commander Dwight David Eisenhower ordered the massive invasion of the AEF into action.”



In an historic address to the troops, Eisenhower proclaimed, “Soldiers, sailors, and airmen of the Allied Expeditionary Forces! You are about to embark upon the great crusade toward which we have striven these many months. The eyes of the world are upon you.”

Now, 63 years later, we still find the statistics mind boggling: three million men, 13,000 aircraft, 1,200 warships, 2700 merchant ships, 2500 landing craft. As impressive as those statistics are, however, the recounting of stored memories of our own PVE neighbors creates reality better than any Internet data.

Steve Meyers shares his experience with us. “I was on the beach in Normandy about noon of June 6, 1944. As she has for much of my life, Lady Luck was riding on my shoulder. I was on Utah Beach, not Omaha. While I was attached to the Eighth Infantry, the assault regiment of the Fourth Infantry Division, the actual beach assault had been made hours before, and my men and I had an uneventful landing.

While we were part of the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne Division, we were anti-aircraft gunners, and someone, certainly not I, made the decision that we were more useful on the beach to protect against strafing airplanes. Thanks to the Army Air Corps and the British bombers, the Luftwaffe was badly enough cut up so that we never saw them!”

Phil Knebel reminisces, “I was assigned to an

LST as landing craft officer, and we got word that we were going to land at Omaha Beach at D- plus six hours. We set sail in the middle of the night, crossing the English Channel. When we arrived off the beachhead, we were ordered to stand off a couple hundred yards, as things were not going well with previous landings. Late that evening a couple of German planes flew over, dropping mines in the waters off the beachhead. We managed to bring them down, earning a unit citation. We could see the devastation that had taken place earlier on D-Day, as bodies were strewn all over the beach and, at this time, nothing was being done to gather them up for burial...”

At the conclusion of his very dramatic memoir, Phil reflects on a happier scene on June 4, 1994. “We were living in San Diego. It came to my attention that a celebration of the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of D-Day was being celebrated at the Navy pier, so we went there to observe. The mayor of the small town near Omaha Beach was present to commemorate the occasion. When asked who had been present at the beach on D-Day, five of us came forward, and he presented us each with a medal especially designed for the occasion, accompanied by the usual kiss on the cheek. It brought back many memories.”

*Elysian Fields* thanks both of you, Steve and Phil, for your willingness to recall your very personal and painful memories.

-by Linda Faraday

## Thank You

The Redfield family wants to thank all the wonderful people of Paradise Valley Estates for their beautiful cards and expressions of sympathy. They helped so much at this sad time.

Isabel Redfield

# Jean's Surprise

Jean Myer's artistry has been praised, not only by locals, but also by experts who named her one of the "Forty Best Stained Glass Artists in the World." A trip to the Cherokee Memorial Park in Lodi reiterated this.

Arriving at the first of four sites, the "old chapel", Jean was given a warm welcome by Marc Gabrys, VP, who supervises the repository of Jean's largest body of work. His attitude could be likened to affection for a dear sister, as he announced proudly that she would have a surprise today.

Water and nature are thematic in these lovely earth tone windows; no single religion or sect is emphasized, but many are recognized with sym-

bols of their faith. Nearby is a passageway which contains Jean's intricate mosaic panel of marble wisteria vines, harboring random bits of real gold under glass, suggesting honey bees.

Next was Jean's first commission, an enormous panel of Lodi's tokay grapes, sparkling in luscious hues of reds, blues and purples, a handsome panel between the reception area and the back office.

The mausoleum is the scintillating star in a constellation of Jean's work. Imagine the thrill of seeing brilliant sunshine stream through all four sides of stained glass window walls.

We were surrounded by bowers of flowers with curving stems, vines reaching gracefully from floor to ceiling, oversize blossoms growing from the lower level to the upper in a continuous design which stretched across the confines of the window frames as though conspiring to erase any structural interference.

Jean used monochromatic color schemes throughout. Peering east, we saw golden daffodils

beside creamy jonquils and orange day lilies, all in abstract form, but accurately executed, even to the number of stamens in each center. Southern windows exhibited gorgeous water lilies in brilliant pinks (of glass made from gold), with swirls from the base of the design leading the eye to the upper

limit of their space, Jean's interpretation of the path from death to resurrection. This motif is repeated on all four sides.

Northern lights featured a clematis vine of penetrating blue, offering such hauntingly lovely shades of cyans and purples that made us wonder how dyes could have been concocted to serve the glazier so effectively.

Magnificent roses in vibrant reds, corals

and shell pinks were featured in the west, where the king of flowers ruled. Some of us climbed the stairs to marvel at the balcony view of the luminous glass lighting the hospitality table below.

Finally, it was surprise time. Jewelry? Flowers? No, the surprise was an eloquent verbal bouquet to Jean, a present to be carried in her heart, one that would not tarnish or be lost. Marc told of myriad factors in the decision to install a landmark piece of original artwork on a prominent wall. The idea was a stunning creation of leaves and flowers stripped from exotic woods, painstakingly inlaid into position. The key was the mandate to follow the style of Jean Myers; the surprise came when she realized that the decision itself was indeed the highest possible tribute to her twenty-five years of design work, creations which have added untold beauty, solace, and peace to those who grieved.

Congratulations, Jean!

-by Peg Cutshall



## Engineer for a Day

The snow has melted in the passes, and its time to plan for an overnight adventure in the cooler mountains. Portola, California, was a major division point on the Western Pacific Railroad throughout the steam era. With the advent of diesels and the



purchase by Union Pacific, it waned in activity. As a result, the Feather River Railroad Museum acquired half the yard, the shops, and the balloon turning

track for helper engines and snowplows.

Last September John Clemson, my son Jim, and I set out for Portola. We allowed a whole day for the drive up state highways 99 and 70 so we could stop to enjoy and photograph the grandeur of the Feather River Canyon. Arriving at Portola, we secured our motel rooms at the Sleepy Pines and found only two restaurants in town. We selected the pizzeria and then took a side trip to Lake Davis, the site of the ongoing war on the Northern Pike. The lake was beautiful and peaceful and happily had not been poisoned yet that fall, as we had to drink its water.

The next morning there was only one restaurant, so we had breakfast at the Subway. We were camped on the museum doorstep when it opened. I selected a General Motors GP-30 diesel locomotive to rent for the morning. We climbed aboard, and it started readily, but it took three mechanics one-half hour to get it to generate electricity. After a short instruction on how the controls worked and the plan of the trip, I got to make the first five round trips around the balloon track. By the second trip, I had the operations down and was ecstatic by blowing the horn at every opportunity. Jim and John then got their turns, and the whole adventure was over by noon. We made a much faster return home via I-80.

It was an adventure I would commend to any of you. One woman I lunched with here at PVE had also taken the challenge. (Tel: 530-832-4131 for reservations)

-by Doug Woodward

## Return to the United States

It was May 1946, nearly a year since the costly war in the Pacific was over. Serving as commander of the Marine detachment on Marcus Island, I received orders to proceed back to the States. I was expecting a long boat ride back across the Pacific when, much to my surprise, a Navy PBY amphibian came in, headed for Pearl Harbor via Wake and Midway islands. Piloted by a Navy lieutenant and his crew, there were two other passengers also on their way home.

All went well until we arrived at Wake and prepared to land on the short 3200 foot runway. When we dropped the landing gear, only one wheel came down, and we were faced with the inability to touch down safely either on land or at sea.

In order to possibly lower the faulty gear, we were told by a Navy chief on Wake that we should cut the hydraulic lines and use short, hard pull-ups to jerk it out of the wheel well. It worked! The only problem now was that we couldn't tell if it was down and locked or would collapse upon touchdown.

Remaining airborne to burn extra fuel and reduce the possibility of fire after a crash landing, I rigged up a drag parachute to shorten our landing roll and prevent our running into the rock breakwater constructed at the end of the runway to prevent the crashing waves from eroding the landing strip.

Our first landing attempt was too short, and we had to go around. The second was too long, and we went around again. With fuel now dangerously low, the pilot finally executed a perfect approach and touchdown. Leaning hard on the brakes, he stopped the PBY just a few feet short of the sea wall. The drag chute wasn't needed.

The next legs to Midway and on to Ford Island were uneventful. The final trip back home via the Military Air Transport Service was much more enjoyable. I was privileged to sit next to Joe Rosenthal, the renowned photographer of "Raising the Flag at Iwo Jima."

-by Ted Demosthenes

# Horseracing, Panama Style

As long as I can remember, horseracing was a big part of my father's life. Until I was a teenager, we went to my grandparents' home for Sunday dinner following church. Then my father would go to the "Hipodromo Juan Franco" for the afternoon to place his bets. He became a member of the Jockey Club and was at the track the Sunday afternoon the then president, "Chi Chi" Remon, was assassinated. Shortly after this sad event, the track was renamed Hipodromo Presidente Remon.

In 1974, when my husband and I went to Panama to attend my 30<sup>th</sup> high school reunion, the husband of one of my classmates asked me if my father could get him a pass into the Jockey Club, as he was writing a book on racetracks around the world. My parents then extended an invitation to my husband and me and my fellow classmates, the Lebows and Hoyts, for an afternoon at the track. A special table had been reserved for us, complete with a bottle of Black Label Scotch. "Senoritas" were there who could speak English and interpret the Panamanian betting system and even place our wagers if we wished. We did have a wonderful time that afternoon, and my classmates still talk about it.

After my father's retirement in 1957 from the Panama Canal government, my parents resided in the Republic of Panama. The Panamanians honored this American "El Senor Papa Zemer" with a special day and race at their track. My mother was there with him in the winner's circle and assisted in the presentation of the trophy.

My parents moved to Santa Clara, CA, in the fall of 1988. My father went to Bay Meadows Race Track whenever my sister or brother had time

to take him. He especially loved Kentucky Derby Day. By this time, he was 93-years-old and losing his eyesight, but they read the racing sheet to him and placed his bets.

Ever since his death in 1995, my two sisters and I make our bets with each other via e-mail as to who will win the Kentucky Derby. I think I won last year.

At the family gathering following my father's funeral, my mother enlightened us with a story none of us had ever heard before. "It was on a Sunday afternoon in May, 1923, and we

had an invitation from friends to drive us to the track since we did not own a car. I was very pregnant with Bill. As I sat in the stands with your father cheering his favorites on, I could picture the headlines in the Pan-American Newspaper saying, "Mary Zemer gives birth to her firstborn son at Juan Franco Race-track." Thankfully, Bill waited until June 7.

However," like father, like son". My brother followed in my dad's footsteps. Presently, Bill is figuring who will win the Belmont Stakes.

-by Isabella Lively

## PVE Putting Contest

Congratulations to the winners of the PVE spring putting tournament. Peter Palmos and Glenn Dow were first. Runners up were Pat Glover and Bill Stoneberg. Sharing third from a field of 31 teams were: Jim Graham/Barbara Williams and Don Sanders/Fran Britt.

-by "Fletch" Fletcher



# Reading the News

Monday to Friday throughout my preschool years in Baltimore during the early 1930's, I was pretty much in the care of my maternal great-grandmother, Mary Lang (née Bauer). The other members of our household, my father, mother, and maternal grandmother, were all working, at least part-time, so Nana, as we all called her, was my daytime caregiver during the work week. By that time in her life, Nana was a traditionally built woman with a very comfortable lap for a little boy to sit on while she told me stories that I assumed were all true. Some were couched as family history or legend. Most of the others, as I later discovered, were variations on the folktales collected by the brothers Grimm.

I do not recall ever seeing her read a book, not even a prayer book, but Nana really enjoyed reading



the daily newspapers. That led to her attempting to teach me to read. In those days, the standard journalistic practice was to start each newspaper column with a headline and two or three sub-heads, each in a slightly smaller type size. Then the first paragraph of the story would appear in relatively large print. This paragraph was supposed to summarize the whole news article. If the item was complicated or important enough, another one or two paragraphs would follow in type that was smaller but still larger than the standard, very small size used for all the subsequent paragraphs that elaborated the story in

detail. The teaching procedure that Nana used was to read each column aloud to me as far as her eyesight would allow, usually down to the point where the standard size type started. She would point to each word as she read it so that I could recognize it when I saw it again. Then she would ask me to read the rest of the column.

I had little trouble recognizing the words that had just been pointed out to me, and I could usually recall ones from other columns and other days' papers. I soon learned all the connectives and the most common verbs and pronouns. Since I wanted very much to please her, I would try to find words and phrases that I knew and then imagine the rest based on other news articles and the stories she told me. Sometimes she would suggest a different interpretation, but often she would let me go on to the end, spinning a yarn that was based on the summary she had read to me but that probably had very little to do with the details in the column I was "reading."

Many years later, I had occasion to tell my father how Nana had taught me to read the newspapers to her. My father burst out laughing; "I told your mother and grandmother that I thought Nana's mind was beginning to go because of all the strange things she said she had read in the papers!"

-by Marty Wildberger

## Move-ins

Sandrock, Hans "Sandy", Col. USAF (Ret) and Eleanor  
5115 Independence Drive  
From Encinitas, CA

Mathias, Boyd and Anne Funkhouser  
5904 Victory Court  
From Willits, CA

# Devonshire Farm

Starting in 1941, the headmaster of my school arranged for one or two senior boys to spend a few weeks of the summer vacation working on a Devonshire farm belonging to Rudolf Messel, a wealthy friend of his. The farm got some much-needed labor and gave the boys a respite from London bombing. I was one of the first boys to go.

The farm, Fairhaven, was on the edge of Dartmoor, a mile from a tiny village with the delightful name of Whiddon Down. Messel lived in a



stately home some miles away, but the living quarters at the farm were luxuriously appointed for his occasional use. Edith, the cook, provided splendid meals unavailable in rationed London.

My activities varied. I dug ditches, trimmed hedges, stacked sheaves of wheat, built haystacks, threshed beans wearing a fencing mask, and backed a tractor-trailer into a barn after a struggle witnessed by an audience of amused farmhands.

The work I enjoyed most was tending to the various animals. Here, my initial assignment was to feed a litter of some ten pigs, each a two-foot-long muscular eating machine. At first, the little beasts would assault me as I entered their pen and tried to pour buckets of slop into their trough. Tired of having my ankles chewed, I developed the following technique: I would stand outside the pen rattling the pails until the squeals built up to a frenzy; then, I would open the door. The pigs would burst out and be propelled some distance before they could reverse. I had ample time to empty my pails and escape before they hurtled back in.

Next came a happily brief encounter with sheep.

The flocks were expertly rounded up and penned by our sheep dog. Then, working in pairs, we would clean each sheep's maggoty behind. One of us, preferably me, would reach under a sheep from one side, catch hold the opposite legs and pull, turning the poor thing on its back, with a bang and a "baa." The partner would then clean and disinfect the sheep's posterior.

My experiences with cattle were better. They began with my taking pitchforks of feed to a herd of young bulls, which made me nervous at first. They would gather round me in a closed circle and seemed loathe to let me out, but a few shouts and some fisticuffs served to get me through. Inevitably, I got the job of cleaning the cowshed. I failed miserably in my attempts at milking. The first time, the cow looked round at me with scorn as I produced a trickle, while my laughing instructress squirted me with milk from her cow three yards away.

-by Eric Daniel



Did you ever wonder who is really supervising this project?

# A Missed Graduation

Due to an education glitch somewhere along the way, the hours and credits necessary for me to graduate from college happened to occur at mid-term, in January. I was scheduled to receive my diploma in June, as was the custom. I had fulfilled my promise to Dad and Mother by earning a college degree before getting married. I wore a yellow and white gold engagement ring on my finger, given to me by a handsome Navy man. In those days, the Navy disallowed marriage until after my fiancé had graduated from the



A.T. Schyler, New York, in

the V-12 program and had become a regular career officer. Our plan was to get married on the same day as his graduation, following the very impressive commencement ceremony at St. John the Divine Cathedral in Manhattan, New York, on March 6, 1945. We were married by a Navy chaplain. After toasts at the Commodore Hotel, New York, near Grand Central Station, my new Ensign husband had immediate orders for Great Lakes Naval Station. Our honeymoon was spent on the train headed for Chicago, Illinois.

I soon learned that we would live from payday to payday without a savings account. Two can't live cheaper than one, but young love makes anything possible.

We found a room on Oak Street in Evanston, Ill., in a fine old home converted to "Rooms for Rent." The kitchen was closet size, our refrigerator was the windowsill, and the bathroom was down the hall.

Following six weeks of training at fire fighting school, my husband's orders took us to Miami Beach, FL. The Navy had occupied the hotel where *Moon Over Miami* had been filmed, and this became the wartime home of Navy families.

Everyone was fervently patriotic and passionate. My father had returned to military service and was presently serving with General Patton at the landing of St. Lo in France. My mother had returned to her career as a registered nurse in St. Louis. I was too proud to ask for money from relatives to provide transportation for a trip to Columbia, Missouri, for my own graduation ceremony on June 15<sup>th</sup>.

After writing to the college registrar, I was given permission to receive my diploma by mail and was excused from the ceremony. This was granted because our country was at war. On June 15, I was daydreaming, and a tear rolled down my cheek. Thoughts of my classmates donning caps and gowns to march in the procession for a hard-earned diploma filled my mind.

-by Jackie Roemer

## How To Lose a Point!!

The rules for losing a point other than the regular way.

1. If you catch a ball before it bounces, you lose the point no matter where you are standing, on or off the court.
2. If a ball touches you or your clothing, no matter where you are standing.
3. If you touch the net during play with your racket or clothing.
4. If you touch the ball before it crosses the net.
5. If you have a double hit.
6. If the ball bounces twice in your court and you play it. Hey, here perhaps we should have two bounces for seniors.

Point of tennis etiquette: Do not return a serve that's out. Keep the ball on your side of the court.

Court quip: "This morning I am playing like the old man that I am."

-by Millie Healy

## News from Your Library

In the newly built bookcase in the library computer room is the classics collection, filling the whole bookcase. We had that department before, but now it's enlarged, thanks to Rodney Jueneman.

She has given us more books, 17 of which are beautifully bound classics. I have started reading some of these books and find them delightful. I have just finished *Baron Munchausen's Adventures*, written in 1781. What a crazy guy he was – flying around in the air, digging the Suez Canal and the Panama canal, talking to the President of the United States, and many things unheard of in 1781. Raspe, who wrote these tales, had a vivid imagination and a far-reaching mind. I also read *Tales from Hawaii* by Mark Twain, always a winner to read with his timeless humor.



The travel section is being moved to the side of the main table where mysteries are now. You will soon find mysteries next to biographies on the left side wall. This all takes time, however, because we do have to put away books that are taken out each week and straighten up shelves in our weekly work. This is a major renovation and much needed. In the future, we will be working on other sections too, of course.

As always, we are saving books for Quail Creek. They will have small bookcases in each living room. We also send some of our duplicates and discarded books to Mitchell Library on Travis Air Force Base. Each week Ken Jones takes castoff magazines and some paperbacks to David Grant Hospital, a noble service for which we thank him very much. George Yeoman has been taking some books to Walnut Creek to a used book dealer there, for which we are being paid. Thank you, George.

So it is books, books, books. Our motto is "So many books, so little time." Hope to see you in the library.

-by Bev Clemson

## Ten Tips on Becoming More Active

Well, it's midway through 2007, and its time to evaluate your fitness goals for the year.

Here are some tips on how you can become more active:

1. Get a checkup.

Meet with your health care provider to see whether you need any modifications before starting a program.

2. Know your options. Some individuals like to go to the Activity Room and do a structured workout by participating in a group exercise class. Others prefer to exercise solo. Either option will help improve your fitness if you do it regularly. Start slowly. Listen to your body.

3. Make a date. Find a friend to encourage you or meet you in class or in the fitness center.

4. Set specific short and long term goals. For example, Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays I will attend the aerobics classes. Saturdays Chi Gong class. In six months begin Taekwondo classes or start bocce ball. In two years achieve black belt in Taekwondo.

5. Make choices. To move forward we need to leave some things behind. Bad habits, nonproductive activities, nonbeneficial use of time, leave those behind.

6. Every step counts! Walk to dinner now that the weather is warmer and the days long.

7. Wear the right shoes. Wear comfortable shoes that fit well.

8. Participate in events. Set a long term goal to participate in a charity event or an event to raise money for a cause close to your heart, such as the Memory Walk for Alzheimer's disease research or The Relay for Life for the American Cancer Society.

9. Do balance as well as strength exercises. Try the weekly balance and bands class held on Wednesdays at 9:00 a.m. in the game room.

10. Reward yourself!

Once you've reached your goal/goals, treat yourself to something that reminds you of your accomplishment and encourages you to continue.

-by Jan Olson, Your Fitness Manager

# An Unusual Pet

My sister Nancy and I were walking home from the grocery store where we had been sent to pick up some items Mother needed for supper. We were jarred by the sound of brakes screeching. The driver had tried to miss the squirrel which had darted into the path of the car, but had failed. The squirrel was dead. Then we spied a tiny baby squirrel which fit into the palm of a small hand. It was an orphan, so we carried it gently home along with the groceries.

“Can we keep it? We’ll take care of it, really we will” we shouted as we displayed our treasure. Mother said we would have to wait for Dad to get home from work to make a decision. Our kindhearted father thought it might work if we were certain we could keep our promise to take care of it.

We got an empty shoe box and lined it with rags. A small eye dropper was found and sterilized. We



warmed some milk and fed our little orphan drop by drop. Miraculously, he survived. While we were nursing him, Dad went out to buy some chicken wire and 2x4s. He built a frame against the detached garage wall and covered the remaining three sides and top with the chicken wire. One door was placed on the

south side for human entrance. The crowning glory was an old circular radio antenna which Dad mounted on an axle so our pet could exercise when he was big enough to live in his new home. The governor of the state of Indiana at that time was Paul McNutt, so Dad suggested that Governor McNutt would be an appropriate name for our nut eating squirrel.

In spite of our sincere promises, Mother seemed to become the number one caretaker of Governor McNutt, feeding him every day. He learned on his own to go round and round in his wheel. When colder weather arrived, Mother would put on her winter coat with the chinchilla collar and hide the plentiful acorns of the neighborhood deep in the fur. Governor McNutt learned to trust Mother to the extent that

he would jump onto her shoulder and burrow for the nuts in her collar. Nancy and I suspected she was as fond of the pet as we were.

When spring came, Dad insisted that we leave the door of the cage open so Governor McNutt could leave if he wanted to. He ignored it for a day or two and then ventured out. Mother grieved. She had learned to make a clicking sound in her throat imitating his pattern, so she called him and he came back. Eventually, the call of the wild was greater than the comfortable, easy existence he had had, and he stayed away for longer periods. Mother always claimed she could tell him from all the other squirrels in the neighborhood and, who knows, maybe she could.

-by Joan Teague

## Clerisy

Clerisy’s choice for discussion on Thursday, June 21, is Greg Mortenson’s and David Oliver Relin’s *Three Cups of Tea with a sub-title that tells it all: One Man’s Mission to Promote Peace, Fight Terrorism, and Build Nations One School At a Time*. This is a very readable action/adventure story, which also just happens to be true and uplifting.

The lead author, Mortenson, who failed to reach the summit of K-2 (second only to Everest) was lost and near death when he stumbled into a Pakistani village whose residents saved his life. Watching children scratch their lessons in the dirt with a stick inspired him to repay his benefactors by building a school. Not everybody liked the idea—mullahs, enraged because he intended to educate girls, issued *fatwas* against him, and death threats poured in. Nevertheless, 53 new schools are now operating in Taliban country thanks to one man who proved once again that a single person can make a real difference in the world.

Everyone is invited to attend this discussion that Mary Lou Wheat will lead at 7:30 in the Round Room.

-by Gaylon Caldwell

# Golf News

What a ball our resident golf players had for the PVE “May Pole” golf classic. When I got up at 7:30 a.m., it was raining hard. Water was pouring out of the downspouts, and it looked bleak for our golf tournament. Then the telephone began to ring, some saying, “I’m not playing in this rain.” I checked the TV weather station and was informed that the rain would soon pass by Fairfield. Then Walt McDaniel called to say he had not cancelled the golf game, and we should plan to arrive on time at the golf course, survey the conditions and then decide. Out of the 18 who signed up to play, 13 brave souls actually turned up. Walt arranged the group into three threesomes and one foursome. The first group teed-off as scheduled at 9:04 a.m. in bright sunshine with no wind or rain.

We had to keep the golf carts on the cart path, walk out to hit our ball, walk back to the cart, and continue. But with no wind or rain and a beautiful blue sky with bright sunlight, it turned out to be a fine day for our golf scramble.

The hardy golfers met at The Club before dinner for refreshments, jokes and tournament awards.

The cash awards went to the following:

First place with 72 score: McDaniel, Bartley, MacQuarrie, and Graham

Second place with 74 score: Gearhart, Battistella, and Dow

Third place with 78 score: Kelly, Fletcher, and Wirrick

TEC(Tail End Charlie) with 79: Grewe, Herington, and Fisher

Next scramble: PVE Masters Invitational on June 6, 2007

-by Glenn Dow



# Dining Services

May was a special events studded month in the main dining room. Cinco de Mayo coincided with prom night, and residents waved wait staff party-goers off to the ball with a buffet blessing. Mother’s Day was celebrated with elegance, with a Waterford quality ice-carved vase filled with roses and a delicate ice swan nestling in creative culinary offerings. Dining Services Director David Kalbaugh and Chef de Cuisine Dwayne Scott again honored PVE moms with a beautifully designed buffet.

Closing the month, a traditional patriotic holiday picnic buffet was offered following a solemn and inspiring program on the green in memory of residents who are no longer with us but whom we remember in our hearts.

A total of 205 comment cards were received. Servers received 187 positive comments, and 163 positive comments about food were acknowledged.

The efforts of the flower ladies continue to be praised by diners, and Wednesday mornings on the patio often resemble flower mart activities as volunteers prepare 69 vases of colorful blooms.

Dress code in the main dining room is an ongoing issue. Residents are again reminded that PVE hosts are responsible for the appropriate dress conformity of their guests.

David Kalbaugh announced that he plans to have the kitchen at Quail Creek Assisted Living Building up and running by June 25<sup>th</sup>, the move-in date.

Congratulations to servers Elizabeth Mathis and Viki Crabtree, selected as servers of the month.

-by Liz Wildberger

(from notes by Otto Vasak, Dining Committee Secretary)



# A Trip with My Grandfather

I overheard a heated conversation between my 75-year-old grandparents. It went something like this: “Alice, get your things packed. I want to leave next week.”

“Well, Douglas, you can go up to Canada if you like, but I’m not going. I’m tired of those pit toilets, cold houses with dust everywhere, wood stoves, linoleum, no rugs! I tell you, I didn’t move



to California for that. I like it warm and clean, where I can grow my roses and enjoy my pretty yard. If you’ve got to go, take 11-year-old Norman. He will help keep you awake on those gravel roads, and besides, the farm life will do him good. You might even get him that old pony we left up there.”

Can’t you just imagine my ears perking up at all this? A big, ten-day, 1850 mile trip in that new Studebaker, and a *pony*. What wonderful thoughts!

We pulled out July 11, 1931, at 6 a.m. with Grandma’s last words: “Now, Norman, you just sing ‘She’ll Be Coming ‘Round the Mountain’ whenever Grandpa gets sleepy, and by the grace of God, you might make it to that blasted farm of his.”

Day one took us ninety miles over the Grapevine to an outside “Okie Camp” in Bakersfield, where there were hundreds of “Okies” seeking their fortunes in the San Joaquin Valley. With

the ground for a bed, and sheets and canvas hung between trees for rooms, pit toilets and a pump for water, it was quite an interesting start to our journey.

With overnight stops at various cousins’ homes along the way, I had many nice experiences. Most nights we slept alongside the road on a canvas, two nights in the luxury of a barn full of new mown hay, but never in a bed. I soon found I had to sing that “Mountain” song most all day, for our days were 14 to 16 hours long in order to make 200 miles daily.

Yes, we made it safely, arrived at the farm on the tenth day around 11 p.m. with the sun just setting and the dogs really barking at that yellow Studebaker. I got my pony, met many new cousins, spent all three months of summer in a dream world away from LA with its poverty, lack of food and, it seemed to me, a lot of unhappy people.

What a joy it was for me to just sit down in the gardens, pick and eat fresh peas and beans, as much as I wanted. I had a full belly all summer. October found the harvest mostly finished, snow threatening, and it was time to head back to California and more conversations between my grandparents.

-by Norman Bills

## Yankee Doodle Time

This is an early notice for everyone at Paradise Valley Estates. Be prepared to be part of the annual PVE Independence Day celebration for 2007 by joining your neighbors in designing an appropriate marching unit for your neighborhood.

Lew Martin, chairman, and the Patriotic Holiday Committee are planning a rousing activity for that fourth of July event with a parade up Constitution and Estates Drive to the Community Center Multi-Purpose Room, where a program is planned emphasizing the importance of our nation’s birthday.

Uniforms of the military services and patriotic costumes are encouraged. Come and enjoy the day.

-by Cletus Nelson

# Bedbugs and Spiders

“Daddy, tell us a story.” Those were often heard words when my brother, sister, and I were little kids. Daddy would tell us how his family - father, mother, one sister, and three brothers came to this country from London, England, in 1870, when he was ten years old.

They boarded the good ship “Tweed” in Liverpool, England, spent “twenty days on the water and ten days on the land,” landing at Montreal and going by train to Wheaton, IL, where Grandpa



Grove’s brother had a farm. The brother, Daddy’s Uncle Reuben, had met the train for a week (no cell phones then), but their train arrived in the evening, and he had gone home for the night.

There was a hotel across the street from the station, and they went there to find rooms and beds, but when Grandma Grove turned down the beds to inspect them, she found BEDBUGS, and declared they could not sleep THERE, so they had to spend the night sleeping on the station platform. That was the big climax of the story, and we kids felt so sorry for our daddy and his family and hated BEDBUGS, which were otherwise unknown to us.

Not until I went away to college did I hear about them again. I went home one weekend, and the morning after I got back to school, my mother called me with shocking news. After I left, while she was changing my bed, she found a BEDBUG under the pillow. How it got there was a mystery to me, but she was horrified and told me I must strip my bedding and inspect it, and especially the mattress. I did all that but never found a thing and

## REMEMBERING . . .

### Remembering...

Margaret “Marge” Barber  
Loving Wife and Mother  
Arrived: May 18, 1999  
Departed: April 22, 2007

Col. Tyler Redfield, USAF (Ret)  
Loving Husband and Father  
Arrived: November 15, 1997  
Departed: April 30, 2007



never heard of a bedbug again.

Recently, in the local paper, there was an article with large headlines reporting outbreaks of bedbug infestations in the San Francisco Bay Area, as well as all over the nation. I had several little itchy bites on my arm. Could we have fallen victim to BEDBUGS? My adrenaline rose! Off came the sheets and the mattress pad. The mattress was turned (not an easy job) and inspected carefully. No bedbugs, described as “rust colored wingless crawlers about the size of a lentil.” Whew! What a relief!

Just as I had finished remaking the bed and was smoothing the bedspread, down from the ceiling fan came a great big spider. Oh, dear! Could that be the culprit? After I had crushed and flushed, I sat down on my tuffet with a sigh of relief. Just call me Little Miss Muffet.

-by Elly Vasak

# Let's Pray

Today, as all my thoughts I weigh,  
I deeply breathe and humbly pray.  
I say, "Dear Lord, please care for all  
The ones we love today".

You know that we would like to stay  
The way that we were yesterday,  
When all of us were young and gay.  
We worked hard, but we loved to play.

If there's some sunshine, send a ray,  
And keep the darkest clouds away.  
And oh, Dear Lord, again we say,  
"Take care of all of us today."  
-by Elly Vasak



## ELYSIAN FIELDS STAFF ORGANIZATION

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

### 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, Miz  
Lively, and Freddi  
Miller
- (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, floppy disks, or CDs are preferred, 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.

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!'."