



March 2008

The Official Paradise Valley Estates Residents' Newspaper

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The Rented Dog

One of the greatest blessings in life, I have decided, is the rented dog. Volunteering as a pet-sitter for a limited time has many advantages. One of these benefits is a pleasant sense of well-being, as our rented dog is acquainted with most of the residents in our community and is a catalyst for social engagement during many walks about the campus. The rented dog is also a lovely addition to family evenings. There is no more comfortable feeling than reading before the fire while classical music plays softly in the background and the rented dog sprawls happily on the carpet, snoring gently.

Our rented dog never has an accident in the house and always sleeps in his own bed at night.

These are two extremely important behaviors, for which he is praised extravagantly.

There is a third blessing to having a rented pet, one sadly that is no longer required in our senior status. That is the ability to attract cute chicks. On the island of Maui in Hawaii live two very large canines: a rottweiler named Titus, nicknamed "Tidy-Bowl" because of his fastidious personal hygiene habits, and an aging black lab named Chaney – with an "a" not an "e". These two gentle giants have a perfectly comfortable home near the beach, a dog park just outside their back gate, and two people who love them dearly. Yet, on the infrequent occasions when the people have to leave their island paradise to attend to business or family needs on the mainland, there is a veritable bidding war for the

opportunity to rent the dogs. One suspects that the altruism and devotion displayed by these prospective dog tenders is eclipsed by the delightful prospect of attracting the attention of bikini-clad, buffed young ladies as they pass each other on a beach

walk. For just as a rented dog is one of life's blessings, so is a beautiful, rented tourist an attractive possibility.

In Huntington Beach, CA, lives a blind, aging golden retriever with a very cosmopolitan history: acquired in Vancouver, Canada, as a puppy, raised in southern California, and now in doggie hospice as a rented dog while his people are in Europe. Rusty has a reputation for stealing food from

the table and for eating treated redwood patio planks as a snack, but he is now sharing a home with a neurotic but lovable mutt named Tyson, who has a fear of wooden surfaces. Consequently, Rusty now plants himself firmly on the carpet next to Tyson and has become the epitome of a perfect houseguest, rented dog.

There are many stories of rented dogs here in our community. Illness, travel, and other vicissitudes of life often cause owners to seek rented dog status for their pets. Most of these arrangements are happy opportunities to enjoy a temporary ownership. But like grandchildren, it is always a nice moment when they are returned to their true owners.

—by Liz Wildberger



Sailing the Waterways

Virginia Stockel has sailed on many waterways in her lifetime. She was born and reared in Annapolis, Maryland, which, of course, is surrounded by water. She and her family lived close to a river and Chesapeake Bay. The children played in and about the water more than any other activity. Virginia was the eldest of three girls. There were also many play-mates her own age. She didn't want kid sisters tagging along all the time. They did a lot of fishing and crabbing and had a small rowboat to go out on.

She attended public schools in Annapolis and went to work right after graduation from high school. She did office work for various businesses, including bookkeeping. She was busy doing the books for The Store before and after tell-

ing her life story. Her deceased husband, Ivar, was a native of Minnesota but arrived in Annapolis as an adult. Virginia met him on a blind date arranged by her friends. They married in 1951. Next, Ivar was an assistant professor at the post-graduate school in Monterey. They moved to Carmel in 1952.

Virginia was looking forward to seeing more of the country when where should Ivar's next assignment be but Annapolis, where he was instructing midshipmen at the Naval Academy. It was during this time that they learned to sail. Ivar returned to civilian life but stayed in the Naval Reserve and retired as a Lt. Commander. He had graduated in mechanical engineering from M.I.T., and they returned to Massachusetts. They kept on sailing, renting boats wherever they were.

The couple, who had three daughters by this time, spent years in New York State on the west side

of the Hudson River. Next, Ivar did a stint as chairman of the chemistry department at the University of Maine at Orono. It was there that they purchased their own sailboat, which is still in the family with their daughter in Walnut Creek. A challenging trip was moving the boat from Maine to Florida, where

they lived during retirement. In their boat, on which they could sleep and cook after a fashion, they joined other sailors on planned trips. They did racing and cruising and have award winning trophies

During the years of moving from location to location, Virginia always did volunteer work, like leading Girl Scout troops. That set the pattern to volunteer to help out in The Store. She is now the top gun, and the profits have contrib-

uted much appreciated funds to the Resident Council. She stresses that she couldn't do it without all the willing help from the staff of volunteers.

Health concerns led the Stockels to realize that it was time to think about moving to a retirement community. They had made a deposit with the Haskell facility in Florida when the two California daughters suggested it would be much better if they decided on California instead. The daughter in Walnut Creek went about researching all available possibilities in Northern California and decided on PVE as the most desirable. She chose the unit her parents moved into sight unseen. Virginia was able to take care of her husband at home until his death and then sought out the volunteer work that has been meaningful to her and certainly to all the rest of us.

—by Joan Teague



Tracks in the Snow

The only sound was the gurgling creek winding its way from Mt. Spokane down through the little valley. As Norman and Jeanie awakened, they saw a new snow covering everything in sight and wanted to show it to their one-year-old son, Albin.

Norman went out to do the morning chores, while Jeanie prepared breakfast and dressed the little boy in a new blue jumpsuit that covered him from head to toe.

She soon missed little Albin, calling out to see if he was with his father. Realizing he was missing, their alarm quickly took hold.

Norman searched the feed yards and pigpens, while Jeanie looked in the chicken house, cellar and outhouse. She soon noticed kitten tracks with Albin's little footprints firmly on top heading for that creek 200 yards away. Jeannie screamed at Norman; they both took off running, dreading the worst.

Just the previous day, they had walked together down the same road to collect their mail, noticing a spring crocus peeping through, plus the rising creek.

When Jeanie arrived, at first she saw the kitten, next spotted Albin up to his neck in the stream holding on to a bush with all his might. Sliding down the steep bank headfirst, she latched onto his jumpsuit saying, "If he drowns, I do too".

As Norman arrived and sized up the situation, he lay face down and slid to where he could grab Jeanie's foot and slowly pulled them both to safety.

Crying and laughing, they took turns carrying and kissing little Albin, all the while thanking God for the way it turned out. They put him in a tub of warm water, slowly raising the temperature as his body was very cold, and he came out of it with no ill effects.

In looking back on that morning, they estimated his time in that 40-degree water to be from five to ten minutes at the most. How he was able to hang onto that small bush with his little hands is a mystery.



—by Norman Bills

Clerisy

"Merry" is the word that will best describe the book discussion Thursday, March 20, when Eric Daniel conducts readers through *The Life and Times of the Thunderbolt Kid*, a rollicking and nostalgic memoir by Bill Bryson.

Young Billy grew up smack in the middle of America (Des Moines, Iowa) in those uncomplicated and optimistic years following World War II, with the kind of parents you will remember with a smile for a long time. One day, while rummaging in the recesses of his basement, he found a too-large old teeshirt emblazoned with a thunderbolt. It defined his personality and set him on a course of "rolling-on-the-floor-laughing" adventures that leave the reader limp. This memoir ends just after Bill miraculously graduated from high school but before his brain's frontal lobes had developed and good judgment had finally arrived.

This book is a delight to read and one which you would do well to keep a copy of within easy reach for those times when you need a good laugh. However, if you haven't yet read it but need some laughs on the third Thursday of this month, come over to the Round Room at 7:30 p.m. and join the merry group who will be saying, "And how about when he." Everyone is always invited to Clerisy discussions.

—by Gaylon Caldwell

Spring Sonnet

The first and hardiest robin rides the air
Across a field yet lightly sown with snow
That fills the seams between each plough-raised
row
And asks what strange new crop the land will bear,
What new spring dress the little world will wear,
And will those scattered yellow dots that grow
Amid the thin new grass become a bow
To bind in summer's way her harvest hair?
So you, my love, are looking out to try
New fashions, too, in keeping with the time.
I wonder will I then, outmoded, lie
Left over from the older, wintry clime?
For while all things are seeking something new,
I sing the same old theme of loving you.

—by Marty Wildberger

...And All That Jazz!

The Mardi Gras celebration at Laurel Creek may have been a bit unconventional, like starting at 10:30 a.m. and ending at 11:30 a.m., but the spirit was there along with hors d'oeuvres and apple cider that looked like champagne. The decor was tres N'Orleans, with shiny twirly thingies floating from the ceiling, purple plastic posies on the tables, and colorful beads enhancing every bosom and chest. Residents Marylou and Don Wheat were escorted to the party by Biba and Pugsli, a pair of Jack Russell terriers decked out in fuzzy pink collars.

Featured entertainers for the program were pianist Max Perkoff and vocalist Wanda Stafford, both of whom have enjoyed long professional musical careers. Max, who is also a talented trombonist, has played at Lincoln Center in New York, at jazz clubs, and in concert halls. He has recorded with his dad, Si, who also plays the piano and who entertained here last year. Max now lives in Mill Valley.

Wanda's voice has been described as having a "haunting quality...puts plenty of heart into her interpretations of lyrics." She has especially enjoyed being part of the North Beach jazz scene.

Wanda lives in San Anselmo. She and Max have been working together for the past ten years, mostly in Bay Area cities. They had designed their program for Laurel Creek to accommodate our special audience, while celebrating the festival of Mardi Gras. They would be playing to a full house.

Opening the program with a warm smile, Max said, "Happy Fat Monday," then proceeded to warm up the piano and the audience with, "Do You Know What It Means to Hit New Orleans?" His

style was pure jazz for his introduction to the program, but he later used restraint as accompanist.

Wanda, in a flamboyant, festive jacket, then joined Max. With mike in hand, she became both announcer and songstress, leading off with "Honey-suckle Rose," followed by a Sinatra favorite, "Nice and Easy Does It Every Time."



It was at that point that I was beginning to indulge in my own sentimental journey and wondering about the reaction of the rest of the audience. I looked around but couldn't read the faces. I could only speculate that memories of the war years and the years that followed were being revived by those

very popular old melodies and sentimental lyrics.

The lyrics of "Waiting for the Train to Come In" weren't familiar to me, but Wanda's voice made them come alive. She followed that with "It Had to Be You," and I saw stirrings in the audience. When she introduced "Summertime" from "Porgy and Bess," and followed that with "Blue Skies," she declared those to be wishful thinking in view of our currently cold, wet weather.

The last number, "I've Got the World on a String," was an upbeat finale to a delightful hour of a fine jazz touch at the piano and a rich, lyrical presentation at the mike.

Hope y'all had a great Mardi Gras, too!

—by Linda Faraday

A Program That Works

Whether you are 9 or 90, there is much evidence to show that exercise can enhance your health and well-being. The data confirm that exercise improves health and can extend your life. Adding as little as a half hour of moderately intense activity to your day can avoid a host of serious ailments including heart disease, diabetes, depression, and many types of cancer.

Regular exercise can also help you sleep better, reduce stress, control your weight, brighten your mood, sharpen your mental functioning, and improve your sex life.

Just what is a well-rounded exercise program? According to the Harvard Health Newsletter, a well-rounded exercise program has four components:

- aerobic activity
- strength training
- flexibility
- balance exercises

Nearly all the research regarding the disease fighting benefits of exercise revolves around cardiovascular activity, which includes walking, jogging, swimming, and cycling. Experts recommend working out at a moderate intensity when you perform aerobic exercise. This level is safe for almost everyone and provides the desired health benefits.

Strength or resistance training such as elastic band workouts and the use of weights, such as our Keiser strength training equipment, are important for building muscle and protecting bone. Bones lose calcium and weaken with age, but strength training can help slow the process. Stronger muscles also mean better mobility and balance and thus a lower risk of falling and injuring yourself. In addition, more lean body mass aids in weight control because each pound of muscle burns more calories than its equivalent in fat.

Stretching or flexibility training is the third prong of a balanced exercise program. Muscles tend to shorten and weaken with age. Shorter, stiffer muscle fibers make you vulnerable to injuries, back pain and stress. Regular exercises that isolate and stretch the elastic fibers surrounding your muscles and tendons can counteract this process. Stretching also improves your posture and balance.



Balance tends to erode over time. Regularly performing balance exercises is one of the best ways to protect against falls that lead to temporary or permanent disability. Balance exercises take only a few minutes and often fit easily into the warm-up portion of your workout. Balance enhancing movements may be woven into other forms of exercise such as tai chi, yoga and chi gong.

If you need advice or have questions regarding your personalized exercise program, please contact me.

—by Jan Olson, Your Fitness Manager

Lost and Found

“Lois,” I said to my prayer partner, “I’ve lost my checkbook. There are all these women’s organizations that I need to send dues to this time of year, and I like to use my own money. But I’ve lost my checkbook, as I said, and I’ve had to ask Otto to send checks for me.”

“Pray to St. Jude,” she said. “He’s the saint of lost causes and other things.”

“I’ll do that. Thanks. I’ll talk to you soon.”

I had just come home from the grocery store when I called Lois, after being frantic for several days about that checkbook. I said a quick prayer to St. Jude and was putting the groceries away when the phone rang.

“Is this Eleanor Vasak?” a woman’s voice asked.

When I said, “Yes,” she said, “This is Raley’s. Did you know that you left your purse here at the store?”

“Oh, no,” I exclaimed. “I just got home and didn’t realize that. I’ll be right there.”

“It will be in the safe,” she said.

The rain that had been threatening had begun in earnest, and I grabbed the raincoat that I had put aside to take to the cleaners. As I put it on, it felt stiffer than usual. What was this in the pocket? My checkbook!

“Thank you, St. Jude,” I said. “You really must have been listening.”

—by Elly Vasak

Landscape Scene

This is the third article reporting on the work of the Landscape Committee and its contributions to maintaining a healthy and attractive landscape.

Pictures were taken of the badly deteriorating condition of the wood fence on the north-east perimeter of the campus. These were examined by the committee, and repair was recommended. This was done, and the work has been completed.

A report was made on appropriate plants to be considered for screening the new parking area between the carpools of the 1000 and 2000 buildings and the parking area adjacent to the new entrance to the wellness center. Phontina has now been planted between the carpools and on the embankment area across from the new wellness center entrance. Studies, including pictures of local plantings of phontina fraseri, indicate that it is a densely foliated plant of moderate to fast growth, which can easily form an attractive informal hedge that blooms in the spring.

An arborist was hired to consult on the condition of our trees. He walked the entire campus for several days inspecting all of the trees under our control. The committee has a report which indicates conditions that need attention, with specific prioritized recommendations. Appropriate action is planned to be taken over a period of time.

The committee requested and has had several meetings with Craig Hinkle, Director of Operations of our gardening service. The meetings were quite productive. We have received from him a daily landscape maintenance schedule with specific tasks indicated, month by month. We also have a map designating specific work areas for each day of the week. If you don't see the gardeners in your area for several days, it means they are working in other locations on the campus. Pruning was discussed at great length. Residents have decidedly differing ideas about what constitutes an attractive, healthy, well maintained look. If you have individual concerns, please communicate these directly to the committee rather than the gardeners who have sometimes been



confused by requests that differ from their training or instructions.

In an attempt to prevent pruning of plants which are in bud or full bloom, specific plants are listed under the month in which they should be pruned. Some of our shrubbery and hedges were originally planted too close to sidewalks and buildings. This necessitates their being pruned throughout the year to prevent sprawling growth being hazardous both to pedestrians and residents on scooters. This does not always produce the most beautiful look, but our safety is paramount.

Green tarpaulin covers have been installed to cover the many necessary aboveground plumbing structures which sprouted over our landscape during the recent construction period. These covers greatly improved the appearance of our grounds and will prevent freezing of the plumbing fixtures.

—by Joan Montanye

Bocce Ball Shade!

It took a couple of years, quite a few dollars, thanks to The Store, estate sales, hard work, and a mild threat of legal action to a local supplier and his contractor, to get it done. But, done it is!

Now, all you bocce players—over 100 strong—will be a little more comfortable this summer, *if you can find the shade!* In the early and late parts of the day, said shade misses the mark, but, when you—all are bocce balling, the shade will be in the right place - we hope! We asked USA Shade (contractor) about that, and the boss just shrugged and said, "It'll work!"

PVE is planning on bringing in some dirt and walk-on gravel to level the ground and groom the slope for drainage to the creek.

These two structures are guaranteed for seven years and will not blow down even in Fairfield's windy conditions. Each post is buried in three feet of cement, including a rebar jacket surrounding each post within the cement. The fabric is a special nylon mesh that will not crack, fade, etc. etc., *guaranteed!*

Let the games begin!

—by Bill Stoneberg, Resident Council

Seeing The Enemy Eye to Eye

Never again will there be an air armada as large as the Eighth Air Force was in Europe during World War II. Never again will the horrendous sound created by the throbbing thunder of large numbers of four engine bombers, like the B-17 and the B-24, be heard. This noise was further magnified by hundreds of bombers circling and forming into flights, squadrons and groups, then heading off in a long bomber stream to targets in mainland Europe.

One such mission took place on June 21, 1944 with about 2000 bombers for an attack on Berlin. However, before reaching Berlin, the 45th and the 13th B Combat Wings of the 3rd Division, made up of 75 B-17 aircraft, diverted south and hit a synthetic oil refinery at Ruhland, 50 miles south of Berlin. After attacking that target, the Wings continued east across Germany and Poland, and all aircraft landed safely at Poltava, Russia. Flack encountered was ineffective, and enemy aircraft were practically nonexistent, due to P-51 Mustangs that escorted us from England to Russia. There was one exception. After we left the target, the formation loosened up because it was a long mission, and one only needed a tight formation during the bomb run or if there was danger of an enemy air attack. If you had a tight formation, the enemy was less likely to attack.

It was a nice, sunny, clear day, when all of a sudden our escorts above us dove down toward something in front of us. A few seconds later the bombardier said, "It looks like one of the P-51s is climbing back towards us." The next thing I knew I was looking at a German pilot in an ME-109 passing between our aircraft and the lead aircraft, and he was looking at me with wide-eyed fright. Even though it was a fleeting second, I could make out freckles on his face. That was the only time I ever looked the enemy in the eye.

—by Cal Samson



Leap Year

In November, there was Veterans Day and Thanksgiving Day. In December there was Christmas, then the New Year. In February, Puxatawney Pete saw his shadow on Groundhog Day and, lo, a day was added to the end of February to make a leap year.



So, what is a leap year? It's a year when a day is added to our calendar to keep it working properly, meaning there are 366 days instead of the usual 365.

Julius Caesar was behind the origin of the leap year in 45 BC. The early Romans had a 355-day calendar, and to keep festivals occurring around the same time each year, a 22 or 23-day month was created every second year. Julius decided to simplify things and added days to different months of the year to create the 365-day calendar.

The 365 days of the annual calendar year are meant to match up with the solar year, a solar year being the time it takes the earth to complete its orbit around the sun – almost one calendar year. But, the actual time it takes the earth to complete its orbit around the sun is in fact a little longer than that, namely 365-1/4 days (365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 46 seconds, to be precise), so the calendar year is a touch shorter than the solar year. Thus, every fourth year, following the 28th day of February, one day was added, making every fourth year a leap year.

It may not seem like much of a difference, but after a few years, those extra quarter days in the solar year begin to add up. After four years, for example, the four extra quarter days would make the calendar fall behind the solar year by about a day! Over the course of a century, the difference between the solar year and the calendar year would become 25 days. That is why a leap year is necessary every four years to keep the solar year and the calendar year aligned

—by Ancil Baker

Unsung Heroes of Activities at PVE

Did you know that we have seventeen members of the Activities Committee at PVE ? They're the ones that screen and pick and choose the calendar of activities for you!

Did you know that last year, 2007, 185 events were screened, picked, planned, and actually happened?

Believe it or not, the bus or busses were washed, tires were checked, gas was pumped, and more than once every other day were dispatched on a PVE mission of need or pleasure.

Did you think that PVE makes money on every trip, thanks to the participants?

Wrong! The busses and drivers and Lise, the scheduler and coordinator, are not – I repeat, are not – a PVE profit center. When Lise plans an event, she takes into account the event's cost, plus the driver (\$20/half-hour), plus gas, oil, maintenance, and depreciation on the vehicle (\$0.52/mile) to arrive at the price per participant. Profit factor: zero, nada, zip!

Did you know that participation in all of these well-planned events is down?

Sadly, participation is down, and that's under-

standable as we get older and less willing and able to go, go go! We would like you, however, to try a trip or two in the future. The Activities Committee, Lisa, Robert, Ralph, and Jennifer (Activities Assistant), will do everything possible to make your trip interesting and fun!

Did you know that 23 of you were on the snow train trip to Reno? And, 16 first nighters will hit the Big Apple for five days in April? Bon Voyage!

If there's a particular trip you'd like to have scheduled or rescheduled, the following committee members would be glad to hear from you:

Corinne Ekern (Chair), Inez Brock, Peg Cutshall, Jane Cypra, Charlotte Gearhart, Pat Glover, Colleen Jones, Phoebe & Bob Locke, Betty McMurry, Barbara Petersen, Isabel Redfield, Marian Rust, Lee Schaffer, Bea Sullivan, Betty Tylutki, Mary Lou Wheat, and Lise Hansen or Jennifer Conley (Community Service Manager and Assistant).

All together now: HIP, HIP, HURRAY FOR THE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE!!

—by Bill Stoneberg, Liaison, Resident Counsel

Precipitation

Following is the rainfall recorded (in inches) at PVE for the season beginning July 1, 2007:

Through November	3.58
December	5.62
January (through Jan 15)	<u>12.69</u>
Total	21.89

For the past ten years, an average of 20.07 inches per year of rain was recorded at PVE through February 15.

Water storage at our reservoirs is as follows:

- Lake Berryessa—86%, increased by 7% over last month
- Shasta—51%, increased by 7% over last month
- Oroville—38%, increased by 1% over last month

—by Peter Palmos



Dining Services

I'm sure that everyone now knows that Chester is not going to leave us for the Rocky Mountains and has been promoted to Floor Manager/Host, so if you have any problems in the dining room, and he is available, he can more than handle the situation to get your dining experience back on track.

I also hope everyone has enjoyed the special meal celebrations that David and Dwayne have brought us this past month. The lobster (500+ tails) and champagne have to be a treat in only the best facilities. The fun of Mardi Gras and St. Patrick's Day are always great, and the Easter celebration rivals any in the country. .

Everyone should be well into the new menu, and I'm sure we each have our favorites. I certainly do. Here are a few background comments on some of the selections. The linguini is whole grain to provide a healthy treat. The crab cakes and the antipasto are made in house, with the pot stickers supplied pre-formed. The lamb still comes from Colorado, and the Atlantic salmon is farm raised in British Columbia. There have been many positive comments about the sesame chicken salad and the eggplant parmesan, both made in house, and the liver and onions has always been popular with a number of residents

In July 2007, the California Retail Food Code (Cal Code), to which PVE is subject, replaced the previous law. The new law is modeled after the federal food code and reflects the most current science available for preventing foodborne illness. With this in mind, here are a few highlights that may affect food service and definitely contribute to food safety here at PVE. A food employee with a communicable disease may not work with food preparation. Food facilities must notify diners, at the time of ordering, if the food may contain raw or less than thoroughly cooked ingredients (i.e. eggs, meat, poultry, and fish). Pasteurized eggs are required when using raw eggs to make foods that are not adequately heated, such as sauces and dressings. And finally, our kitchen only buys food from approved sources.

David says that everything at Quail Creek has

settled in and is functioning as planned. And we have heard some very positive comments on all aspects of the dining room. Hoorah for PVE again!

There were 177 signed comment cards regarding food for last month, with a 91.5% approval rating, and 195 signed cards for service with a 94.9% approval rating. The servers for the month were Conlan Shione and Kara La Rocco. Be sure to thank them for their excellent work and congratulate them for their job well done.

That's it again for this month. Congestion and service at the podium seem to be working well now. Let's keep up the good work and continue to make the dining experience here at PVE as outstanding as it has been. Lastly, don't forget to sign your comment cards so they get counted. *Bon Appétit!*

—by Fred Montanye,



What Happened?

I stepped off into space.
I don't know why.
I thought the step was there,
But in this case,
It was space –
Just space.

I felt my face,
My nose, my brow,
Go POW!
And there was blood and pain.
Poor Brain!

I heard the siren.
People came to help.
Thank God
For the rescue squad.

—by Elly Vasak

Favorite Playmate

As an only child growing up on a farm in central Indiana, my nearest neighbors, who had three boys, lived about a mile away. They were older and had to work in the fields, so I had to find things to do by myself. I can vaguely remember when I first met Tom; we became friends for many years. He was always ready to fool around and do things I wanted. He never protested my wishes nor ever said much. You see, Tom was just an old plow horse.



When I wanted to ride, it was easy. Just untie his halter, climb up on the stanchion so I could get on his back, and away we went to the pasture. Tom had to be really smart, since I had no reins to guide; he seemed to know where to go. That was before we both learned the horse language. He would lope around the field, stop by the creek for a drink, and go back to the barn when he was ready. This routine went on for a few years. When I started to school, Tom spent more time pulling a plow.

As we both grew older, Tom became smarter and wiser. One of my early morning chores was to bring the cows and horses in from the pasture. Cows seemed to understand why I was calling them and would head for the gate; horses had different ideas. Since Tom was much older than the other horses, he became their leader in many ways. On several mornings, Tom would decide he did not want to leave the field, and about the time we reached the gate, he would break and run to the far end. Naturally, the others followed. One morning I took my shotgun loaded with bird shot along. As we approached the gate, I saw Tom glance to see if he had room to break. That was when I blasted him in the rear end. After that, I just carried a stick with me and pointed at Tom when near the gate. He learned fast.

When I was old enough for field work, I realized how much I depended on Tom. On a three horse team, he was in the middle. By then we both knew a little horse language, such as giddy up, whoa, gee and haw. I never had to use those commands much, as Tom always knew the right move to make. I seldom held the reins because he was in charge of the other two horses that just let him lead. I also noticed that his traces

were always slack. He was smart enough to let the other horses carry the load.

I believe Tom was close to 18-years-old when he died and was called “Old Tom” by then. Somewhere in a photo album is a picture of Old Tom, but I don’t need a photo because I still have a vivid memory of my favorite playmate.

—by Walt McDaniel

Move-ins Since the Last Issue

LtCol. Alfred “Al” Rinaldo,
USAF(Ret)
3108 Estates Drive
From Woodland, CA
Referred by Cletus Nelson

Mrs. Jennifer Tegel
5802 Constitution Avenue
From Vallejo, CA

LtCol. Henry “Hank” Hough, USA
(Ret)
1101 Estates Drive
From Fair Oaks, CA

I Love a Mystery – 1960s Style



I was attending a formal reception to honor my husband as the newly arrived division commander at Fairchild Air Force Base, Spokane, WA. As a military wife, I enjoyed all these parties and especially being able to meet the local civilians. Every move brought new beginnings and new friendships I valued. And, I must confess, I loved parties and

the chance to dress up. I still do!

At this event, the officers were in their usual mess dress, but one man caught my eye, as he was wearing a uniform reminiscent of the Revolutionary War period. He asked me to dance and obviously was trying to impress. I immediately thought this man is full of braggadocio. When he told me he had two Medals of Honor, and his uniform was a special design, that caught my imagination for sure. The mystery continued.

The next day I asked my husband to inquire about him. The base commander said he was a great guy who had been coming to the Officers' Club for years. In fact, he said they were good friends. But that didn't satisfy me. After all, this was a SAC base, and the cold war was at its height. My husband told me just to calm down but then promised he'd put out a further inquiry.

Would you believe this led to an investigation which revealed he was impersonating an officer and was an out-of-work house painter?

Welcome to Spokane! But check that guy in the funny uniform, please.

—by Jan Holderness

REMEMBERING . . .

Capt. George Brandt, USN (Ret)
Loving Husband & Father
Arrived: December 1, 2001
Departed: January 30, 2008

Patricia "Pat" Reynolds
Loving Wife and Mother
Arrived: March 25, 2002
Departed: January 29, 2008

Maj. Arthur "Bal" Balensiefer
Loving Husband & Father
Arrived: December 3, 2001
Departed: February 16, 2008



Thanks

Thanks never seems enough for all the help and prayers from our many friends here in Paradise Valley Estates. They have been a great comfort and satisfaction for me and my family following the loss of my wife Pat. I am deeply grateful.

—Clarke Reynolds

Golf Classic

The PVE Golf Club finally found a day without rain, the first since November. 17. Residents suffering from “cabin fever” arrived at the first tee with visions of plenty of sunshine and low scores for The President Classic. Old George had invited all Valley Forge veterans to play, and Abe promised to fire a musket to start the game. We did have veterans who stood by for the gun salute and pictures. Some thought Abe looked a little like Ted Demosthenes dressed as a Marine and firing a cannon.

The club voted to name a player of the month based upon the recommendation of team captains to Walt, who will then place the names on a board and throw a dart to decide the winner. Any outstanding performance such as birdies, barkies, skips across the water, chippies, or other unheard of plays were suggested for nomination. Winner will be awarded a suitable certificate.

After looking at the score cards, it was evident that sun blindness was a major factor in high scores. It was noted that the Tail End Charlie score was unmentionable. A Christmas stocking filled with candy (4 pieces) left over from a rainout in December was awarded to the team of Duncan Kelly, Bob McCoy, and Anita Parker.

3rd place with a score of 81 went to: Dom Battistella, Jim Graham, Betty Tylutki.

2nd place with a score of 80 went to: Jack Biederman, Warren MacQuarrie, Larry Clayton, and Harry Parker.

1st place with a score of 77 went to: Walt McDaniel, Winky Wirrick, John Gearhart.

The March tournament, named “Swing Time,” will be held on March 5, 2008.

—by Walt McDaniel

Instructions for Submitting Articles to *Elysian Fields*

The *Elysian Fields* staff invites contributions from all PVE residents. Articles of varying length between 150-500 words should be legible, typed if possible, original and signed. Submissions by e-mail or CD are welcome but not required. Direct submissions to one of the subject matter editors or the editor no later than the 12th of the month prior to the issue.

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- (6) Poems
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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.”