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A Motor Scooter As a Gas Saver?

One day early last May, I tried to think of a partial solution to the high cost of gas. My car was on "empty," and the bill was \$80. If there was just a cheap way to get around town for shopping and other errands, I would be delighted.

Out of the blue, the idea of a motor scooter popped into my mind.

The issues I encountered while researching motor scooters are the following:

Make/model:
I went to a cycle shop soon after the idea of a motor scooter hit me. A young salesman came up and offered help. I said, "Please tell me whether I am just a crazy old lady or whether I have a good idea." Not too surprisingly, he applauded my idea. We discussed scooters at length. The next Saturday I went to the same shop to look around some more. There were lots of people there (all male). It was like a club meeting; everybody was talking with everybody else, including me. Was my age and sex why they asked if I was considering a scooter? They cheered me on and assured me that learning to ride would be easy. I wrote a check for a down payment and left!

Safety course: To become licensed, new riders take the basic motorcycle safety course. I registered for it in August. Passing means no driving test is

required by DMV, just a knowledge test.

Safety gear (an essential while riding): The cost and array of safety gear was shocking, but I bought a good helmet, gloves, and jacket.



Private lesson:
Clearly, I need private lessons. On my next visit to the dealership, one of the senior salesmen offered to give me a lesson. He came to PVE the morning of July 4th and taught me how to use the throttle and the brake, how to inch forward, and how to balance my scooter with both feet on the ground. What seemed like

seconds later, the scooter started toppling to the left, so I bailed out. Auggie tried to hold it up, but it weighed too much (400+ lbs.). It fell over and I landed on the asphalt to the left of the scooter—neither a scratch nor bruise. How I now love my safety gear! Auggie pulled a ligament in his leg and could hardly walk. He left shortly thereafter and has been off work two weeks!

Pass fail: The next step is the driving course. I am apprehensive. If I pass, you'll know because I will circle the campus, wave to you, and honk the horn as I pass by. If I fail (The guys at the dealership bet I'll pass.), the subject will be closed until I tell you otherwise.

—by Jackie Peterson

A Couple of Down Easterners

Clara and Warren MacQuarrie are both from New England. Clara was born at home in Southport, Maine, an island close to Boothbay Harbor. She loved visiting her grandparents every summer at the lighthouse where her grandfather was the lighthouse keeper. When a fierce Atlantic storm was raging, he had to ring a bell to warn ships away from the invisible coast line. Clara attended a 42 student one-room school, having the same teacher for eight years. She had a large family, and there were always brothers and sisters in the room. The children loved ice-skating on the frozen ponds and took undue risks by walking across frozen rivers to the next island.

Warren was born at home in Milton, Massachusetts, south of Boston. He had older siblings. He remembers walking to grade school with a gang of friends who would stop on the way to shoot aggies, trying to collect the most. A next-door neighbor gave him piano lessons, but he was so bored that he quit after a year, a decision he now regrets. He liked watching airliners flying over his house, and he knew he wanted to be a pilot someday. His family had a house in Maine, not far from Southport, where they spent summers. There were sailing expeditions on the Atlantic, followed by a lobster dinner, every summer.

Clara and Warren did not meet in Maine but rather in his hometown of Milton. Because Clara had a ruptured appendix and a long period of recuperation during high school, she knew she would lose a grade. Friends offered to take her into their home in Milton in exchange for baby-sitting and helping around the house. During their junior year,

Warren sat right behind Clara, and the friendship blossomed. After graduation in 1941, Clara went to a junior college, and Warren went to work for the Ford Motor Co.

Warren began his military career in 1942, and

the couple married in September of that year. Clara was going back to college, and Warren was learning to fly. When they discovered that she was pregnant, she went back home to Southport, where the same doctor who had delivered her, delivered her first two children. Because it was war-time, she had only short visits with



Warren. She lived with his mother in Milton, taking care of babies and the house while her mother-in-law went to work to help the war effort. In the 1950s, Warren was able to get a degree at Maryland and immediately after that a master's degree at Stanford.

They had adventures crossing mountains while hauling a trailer with four children and a large dog. People were always kind to them and eager to help when they saw Warren in his Marine uniform. They were stationed at many different bases, one of the most memorable being in Panama. That was where Clara got involved with volunteering for charity work to give her life meaning. This continued during civilian life, as well.

They signed up for PVE early on, decided they weren't ready and waited until they were. They have both found meaningful activities here, Clara with her fitness classes and needlepoint and Warren with golf, travel, and hand-whittled canes, of which he has a large collection.

—by Joan Teague

Going Green at PVE

Going green has an entirely different meaning now compared to my recollections as a child. “He’s looking a little green around the gills” was a signal to clear the way to the nearest bathroom. Now, “going green” is a “holier than thou” mindset encompassing recycling, reusing, and reducing pollution and use of nonrenewable resources. The ultimate goal is to save the planet for future generations.

How can we contribute to this lofty goal at PVE? Can we let our imagination take flight?

Consider campus transportation: Our buses are gas guzzlers. Convert them to burn vegetable oil, where we have a ready source from the PVE kitchen. One downside may be the smell of French fries and other food permeating the air. Of course, this could offset the smell of smoke from forest fires. Driving cars on campus could be banned. Only electric golf carts, scooters, segways, bicycles, and shank’s mare would be allowed for campus transportation. This simple change would reduce pollution, save gas, and alleviate the parking problem. For those opting to walk or cycle, improved physical fitness would be an added bonus.

Changes in campus landscape offer creative ways for “going green.” Drought resistant plantings and redwood chips could replace much of the lawn area. Water, fertilizer, pesticide and landscape maintenance requirements would plummet. Back yards and open spaces of independent living units could be plowed up and converted into vegetable gardens. Each unit could be assigned a garden plot for producing much of their fresh vegetable needs. Surplus vegetables could be given to dining services for daily usage.

Saving energy in living units offers a plethora of possibilities. Solar panels could be installed on all individual living units and apartments. Modernized farm windmills could be lo-

cated in strategic campus areas to produce energy and pump water for resident use. The energy generated could be used for heating, cooling, and lighting. Any surplus wattage could be sold back to PGE. Clotheslines strung between living units, in garages, and on apartment balconies could reduce electric dryer use. Low energy light bulbs could be made mandatory. Thermostats could be preprogrammed and locked to save energy for heating and cooling. Com-modes could be retrofitted to save water by having two flush buttons, a number one and a number two.

Dining services could make the one-half portion standard, calling it “lean” and label the full portion “jumbo.” This would reduce food waste and

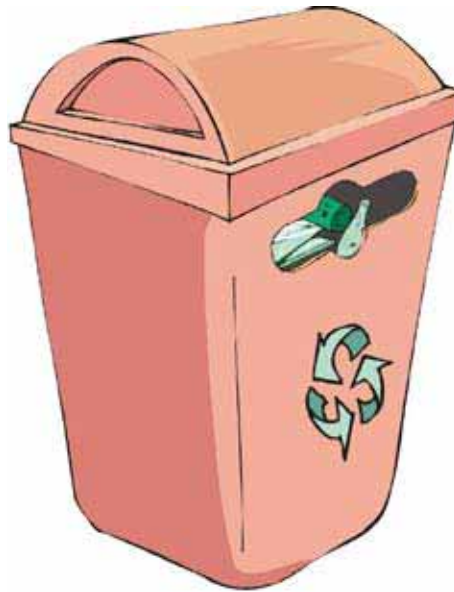
have a positive health effect.

The Rec Center could save energy by not heating the pool and spa. Wet suits could be issued to all swimmers not wanting to join the Polar Bear Club. Exercise machines could be redesigned to produce energy for campus use as residents work out.

The automatic doors in several campus buildings are big energy users, not only to operate the doors but from the loss (or gain) in room temperature caused from their use. Special pendants could be issued only to residents with physical needs that would electronically open the doors. All others would open doors manually.

This is only a partial list of changes at PVE to go green. The more draconian of these suggestions might be termed “going lean, mean, and green.”

—by Hal Carter



Two SOBs and a Lady

They are recent move-ins at PVE. You will meet them frequently as you walk around our campus. They will be accompanied by longtime residents. I would like to introduce Baron, Bobbybeagle, and



Dileas, pronounced “Jil-e-us.” They are all of the canine persuasion. I will let their adoptive housemates speak for them.

Betty Mengotto writes, “My newly acquired dog is a nine-month-old male chihuahua/dachshund mix. The breeder was a thirteen-year-old girl who bred and raised the puppies as a science project. The girl’s family owned the female and male chihuahuas; a neighbor supplied the dachshund. Four of the litter of six puppies were small chihuahuas and two were dachshund mix. The poor mother chihuahua had a caesarean birth because one of the larger puppies, the one that became mine, was stuck in the birth canal.”

“My puppy, whom I have named Baron, is now nine-months-old, walks on a leash, is playful, affectionate, and friendly to strangers. We walk outdoors about five times a day.”



Phyllis Schmal adopted her new friend on June 18, after rejecting four other beagle candidates.

“I first met him at his Beagle rescue home in Fremont. He had already been given necessary shots, been neutered, and had an identifying tattoo inside his ear flap. His “mom” held him up to her shoulder at my eye level, and as his beautiful brown eyes met mine, it was love at first sight. I changed his name from the original James to Bobbybeagle, and he an-

swers to that now. He is very timid and shy of unfamiliar noises, becomes skittish at the sound of doors closing or lawn mowing. He takes to the ladies but is shy of men. He is a serious couch potato, ignores his big expensive kennel, preferring the down chaise lounge for sleeping through the night. Though he acts frightened of numerous household items, I am sure that with patience, kindness, affection, and non-threatening gestures, we will share many years of fun, companionship, and love.”

Freddi Miller, now revelling in the recent acquisition of her *tenth* scottie, insisted that I meet Dileas, Jilly for short. Freddi learned about Jilly last August but could not claim her until November in freezing weather in Calgary, Canada.



“The only way to get her to California” says Freddi, “was to fly up and bring her back, thoroughly bundled, in the cabin of the plane. I flew up on December 11 and home with her the next day.”

Among her many accomplishments, Jilly has passed the Paws for Healing dog test that qualifies her to visit nursing homes and hospitals. She and Freddi have also participated in an eight-hour mentoring program that has resulted in their volunteering in a children’s reading program in the Vacaville library, where kiddies, one at a time on a regular schedule, read to Jilly.

I can testify to Jilly’s sociability. She ignored the rule about staying off furniture, cuddled next to me on the sofa until, that is, she moved on to a club chair for a nap.

Loving dogs as much many of our PVE residents do, they might agree with Will Rogers, who said, “If there are no dogs in heaven, then when I die, I want to go where they went.”

—by Linda Faraday

An Extraordinary Experience

In June of 1984, a friend called and asked if I would like to come down to Los Angeles for the opening ceremony of the Olympics in August. I had just had hand surgery and would still be in a cast at that time, but said, “Are you serious? Of course, I’ll be there!” The color, excitement, and pageantry were unforgettable, so many thousands of happy people together in one place at one time. We each were given a seat cushion and on cue held them up to form the flags of the 140 nations participating. Beautiful! We were part of the blue and white flag of Finland.

Before the athletes marched in, the music and entertainment were wonderful. Eighty grand pianos on different levels of the Coliseum played George Gershwin’s “Rhapsody in Blue.” President Ronald Reagan opened the games of the XXIII Olympiad, the first time a president had done this for the games held in the United States. Rafer Johnson, winner of the Decathlon in 1960, was the final runner and lit not only the cauldron but also the flame that circled the five enormous Olympic rings.

There were 6,829 athletes from 140 nations, even with the Soviet Union’s boycott. The United States earned 174 medals, 83 of them gold. Little Lou Retton was the first gymnast not from Eastern Europe to win the gymnastics all-around competition. Carl Lewis entered four different venues in track and field and equaled Jesse Owens’ record of winning four gold medals in one year. Carl went on to win a total of nine medals, the last at age 39, in Atlanta in 1992.

Organizer Peter Uberroth produced a profit of over 200 million dollars. This was only the second time the games had ever made a profit, the other also in Los Angeles in 1932. Despite the boycott, good feelings prevailed to such an extent at



the opening ceremony that the athletes broke ranks to join in spontaneous dancing, usually reserved for only the closing ceremony.

I felt I was part of “living” history, a truly once-in-a-lifetime experience that I was very, very lucky to witness and experience.

—by Eleanor Ford

The 1952 Olympics

Why not? They were having the West Coast Finn Class sailing trials practically in my backyard, and it wouldn’t cost me a nickel to sign up – so I did. There were not any Finn Class boats in the Bay Area, so they borrowed the International 14 Class dinghies from the University of California sailing team. We sailed them without jib sails.

I raced against sailors coming from San Diego to Seattle – some really hot competitions. We rotated from boat to boat, and I got lucky in the third race and drew the fastest boat in the fleet.

I was leading on the first leg to windward and reached the point where I wanted to tack (come about.) Without a jib sail, this was very difficult. I tried repeatedly but was not successful. I eventually ran aground at Brooks Island, just north of Berkeley, and had to drop out of the race.

So much for my try for the Olympics! But it was fun.

—by Len Bedinger



Olympic Memories

Soon athletes from all over the world will gather in Beijing for the XXIX Olympiad. The date (08-08-08) was chosen by China because it was considered lucky! The US Olympics Committee reports that the Chinese have made a massive investment in their facilities, infrastructure, and their Olympic team. Each venue is unique; for example, the track in the main stadium the locals call the “Bird’s Nest.” The National Aquatics Center is a beautifully designed building,

also known as the “Water Cube.” The foam structure of the “cube” allows sunlight to penetrate, trapping solar energy to heat

the pools. Katie Hoff, member of the swimming team, went to China early this summer as part of the Friendship Lanes Tour. They held clinics and toured Beijing. She says, “The Water Cube looks like a giant bubble, and seeing it gave me a huge adrenaline rush.”

In my talking with fellow residents, Mary K Smith reports that her daughter just recently returned from Beijing and that the Chinese are working feverishly to get the construction completed on time. Polluted air quality will be felt by both the athletes and spectators. Also, the “sailors” will be competing 341 miles south in the Qingdao International Marina but will have to contend with clumps of algae in the lake.

Grace Okazaki’s interest in team synchronized swimming began in 1992 with the games in Atlanta, the first year the Olympiad had this event. Her daughter asked Grace to join her as an active volunteer with the Santa Clara Swim Club. They designed and made the outfits Team USA wore that year. Grace, her daughter, and the other volunteers were there to witness the team achieving their goal of winning the Gold.

In 2000, the summer Olympics moved to Sydney. Grace’s granddaughter was a member of this team, which was comprised of nine girls, plus one alternate. The volunteers again created the stunning

suits, which were trimmed with Swarovski crystals. Sadly, through one error, Team USA never medaled. However, Grace really enjoyed Sydney’s gracious hospitality.

Grace’s last participation was in 2004 when the games were held in Athens, Greece. By this time, her granddaughter had turned professional and was ineligible to compete. However, Grace and her daughter volunteered again to help make the outfits for the team and were there when the USA won the Bronze.

At age seven in 1932, I met my first Olympian, Johnny Weissmuller, who was the owner of five gold medals. He swam the 100 meter freestyle in 51 seconds, a record he held for 16 years.

The Speedo XZR swimsuit is “the” suit in ‘08. A writer described the swimmers wearing it in the trials as looking like “mutant turtles.” It retails for about \$500 and is quite a challenge to put on.

Be sure to turn on your TVs to catch the opening ceremony and Team USA on August 8 at exactly eight minutes past 8 p.m. Beijing time.”

LET THE GAMES BEGIN!

—by Isabella Lively



Angie Sanner

Elysian Fields former staff member, Angie Sanner, died on Sunday, July 6. Angie and her husband Joe worked as a computer-savvy team, formatting the many articles and stories submitted to the PVE newspaper for publication. Angie will be remembered for her ready smile, her devotion to the Tuesday bingo games, and her extensive collection of Santa Claus figurines, which filled the Sanner home at holiday time. Sympathy is extended to Joe Sanner and his family.

—EF Staff

Skate Coasters

When I was about eight or nine years old, the favorite occupation for kids in the neighborhood was building skate coasters. This required a wooden box, a 2 x 4 plank about three feet long, and one skate taken apart and ruined forever as a skate.

I had a pair of skates and skated as well as most city kids at that time. I knew better than to just wreck a pair of skates which my parents had paid for with hard-earned depression money without their permission. When I asked, the answer was a firm “NO!” (My father was an ex-1st Sergeant in the U.S. Marines.) I was very disappointed not to be able to join my friends with their skate coasters. However, I did survive this initial disappointment and lived to experience many more during my life.

A week or ten days after my father had dashed my hopes for constructing a skate coaster, he came home from work with a single skate in his hand. I joined my friends, built my skate coaster, and lived happily (more or less) ever after.

—by Stephen Myers

Seven Sisters

My mother was one of seven Gibson sisters. Every year, there was a family reunion at the beautiful dairy farm of one of my aunts in Michigan.

Always, I admired the strength of character each aunt demonstrated. All were adored by their mates and obeyed by their offspring. My mother was third youngest and, with little effort, kept me in line and out of trouble. She seemed to know every thought I ever had. There was nothing she could not do.

Before her marriage, she was a supervisor for the Detroit Telephone Company, and in 1933 she had her own car and drove from Kansas City to Detroit regularly to visit her family.

These seven sisters never needed a women’s lib movement to find themselves. They knew where and who they were.

I hope I am somewhat the same.

—by Audi Dallmann

An Amazing Acrobat

One evening while Bill and I were enjoying the view from our dining room table by the window, we watched the antics of an amazing acrobat. At first, he was just sitting at the entry to the gazebo, looking our way.

Bill called my attention to him because we like cats and had never seen one outdoors on this campus. We kept an eye on him. After a while, he stood up on the low ledge that goes around the outside of the gazebo. We saw that he was all black on his back, although from the front he was white with a bit of orange.



He stretched himself up on his hind legs as if he were scaling the wall. The next thing we knew he was lifting his back right leg up,

trying to climb to the top of the 30 inch tall waste basket. This was no easy feat, as the basket was taller than he was long. After he stretched himself to the top, he very carefully walked the narrow rim of the basket and peered down into it.

It became apparent that he saw or smelled something inside that he wanted. At first, he reached in with one of his front paws, but his leg wasn’t long enough, so he jumped inside and found the leftover food and leaped up to the rim, jumped down to the ground, and ate his findings.

He did this at least four times, and each time we were amazed at his agility and his inventiveness. The last scene was of our amazing acrobat sitting in the entryway, washing his face. It made for good entertainment as we enjoyed our meal.

—by Constance Gum

Riding the Red Car

The station where you caught the Red Car was down on the waterfront. The Red Car was also known as the Pacific Electric or PE. The year I was in the tenth grade, it became my mode of transportation to school in Long Beach. It was a 40-minute ride from San Pedro. The route was hardly scenic as it rolled along the tracks through Wilmington to my destination.

The waterfront was not a good part of town. I was told not to talk to anyone in the station, especially the sailors. Nice girls didn't talk to sailors before WWII. The fact that I was only fourteen probably had something to do with that admonishment.

My sister and I became regular riders mornings and late afternoons. The tracks weren't smooth enough to do written homework, but we did lots of reading and memorizing. Attending St. Anthony's High School was an extension of our going to Mary, Star of the Sea.

The Red Car only went as far as Ocean Avenue, and we had a ten-block walk to school. Depending on our moods, we sat together or separately. Some days we walked different routes to school. We were given money for bus fare, but we found walking enriched our allowance cache.

This only lasted one semester for me because of St. Anthony's decision to place the boys and girls in separate classrooms. Apparently, this pleased many parents. Next, they excluded all non-Catholics to make room for their increased enrollment. That put an end to riding the Red Car until I went to college.

With the advent of gas rationing, four gallons a week with an "A" book, it was back to the Red Car from San Pedro to Los Angeles. From the Main Street stop in Los Angeles, I walked one block on Skid Row to the #7 Red Car, which went to the University of Southern California campus. It wasn't until the advent of gas rationing that we truly appreciated the Red Car.

—by Betty St George



Texas Wine World

Shortly after I arrived here in "Paradise," someone asked what I liked most about this wine heaven. It took me a few minutes to think of an answer. I come from a very civilized state, and that state is Texas. With only five Texans or so living here, I expect to be on a very lonely defensive about my comment on civility.

I will not try to defend either Texas culture or its civility. I do miss seeing pick-up trucks with a rifle in its holder across the rear window, but I will adjust. We Texans have some fine vineyards that produce quite tasty wines. We don't export much of it because we don't want to embarrass other vineyards by comparing our vintages to theirs.

To familiarize myself with California lifestyle, I have become a fan of two television programs in re-runs: *Gun Smoke* and *Ponderosa*. On Monday afternoons, I find myself weighing whether to catch the bus to the base or to stay and watch these two programs. I should probably be embarrassed to admit that what I like about being here at Paradise Valley Estates is having to make the decision whether to watch or shop.

In deference to California, I admit that it does have some quite passable wines. Texas expatriates, please don't think of that statement as a betrayal of the Texas wine industry. *Salud!*

—by Betty Forsman



Painting the Nude

In 1982, I stopped working full time, and began painting regularly for the first time in my life. I joined a group that met twice a week to paint from life. We shared the cost of the model. There was no instructor, but several members of the group were professional artists, and I learned a lot by working alongside them.

The models were of all kinds but predominately young females with pretty faces and nice figures, easy to look at, but sometimes rather boring to paint. As Fred, one of my professional friends put it, "The same bunch of equipment displayed in the traditional set of poses." Fred had taught life drawing and painting for more than 40 years and had published books and videos on the subject.

One day, a very young model brought her dog into the studio with her. He was an ancient black poodle with a very grey beard. During one of the girl's breaks, she came over to look at my canvas, and I asked her, "How old is your dog?"

"He's thirteen, almost as old as me," she replied.

"In people years your dog is seven times that, or 91." Then jokingly, I added, "That's almost as old as I am!"

Unsmiling, she examined me carefully and then proclaimed, "You look pretty good for your age!"

I was then barely sixty! I thought, "Oh, for a model with some maturity and more between her ears. Never mind the wrinkles; they give a dull face character. Never mind the warping of flesh caused by the earth's gravitational field; they form intriguing contours to capture in paint. A few warts would be a bonus."

Then, I headed to the bathroom to inspect my receding hairline, wrinkles, and sagging chin.

—by Eric Daniel



The Grandfather Clock

When I was a child, our home boasted a grandfather clock located on the landing of a winding staircase. It was a weekly ritual to observe Dad as he wound this special timepiece. At an appointed moment after he came home from his office, four little girls (my sisters and I) would gather in a semi-circle on the landing. First, our father would take a large hollow-stemmed key, which fit perfectly into notches on the face of the clock, and turn the key to the right. He wore a suit with a vest as was the custom in those days. Next, he removed a pocket watch from the left vest pocket, then a fob from the right vest pocket, and manually moved the clock hands to the correct time.

Westminster chimes struck on the quarter hour with a deep resonant sound floating down the stairway into the dining room, library, music and living rooms. The methodical ticktock guided and disciplined our lives.

Time equates to the mystery of life. As long as the universe had a beginning, we would suppose that it had a creator, and it would be the responsible creator who started the clockwork and chose how to start it. I recall reading a book written by a prominent physicist, Stephen Hawking, titled *A Brief History of Time*. He wrote some thought provoking theories. Was there a beginning of time? Will there be an end? Is the universe infinite, or does it have boundaries?

Time has enormous control of our lives. We are indeed dedicated slaves to our timepieces. Consider a typical day: Health Services Committee at 10 a.m., garbage out by 8 a.m., bocce ball game at 9 a.m., dress for dinner at 5 p.m., attend Writers' Workshop at 3 p.m.

Today, I own a far less elegant grandfather clock from the one we had during my childhood. Three chains lift the weights to the top to keep correct time. Not long ago, I invited a few friends for libations before dinner. Following a cocktail, someone exclaimed, "I hear bells." I responded with "It's the Westminster chimes from my grandfather clock."

Tempus fugit.

—by Jackie Roemer

Unexpected and Unintended

An ear-splitting roar and a fiery ball of flaming debris scattered over the area that was our maintenance station in China. One of our planes had crashed, striking a small group of Chinese huts occupied by native workers. Fed by fuel from full tanks and a large supply of film for the surveillance cameras, the huts burned swiftly and completely.

When we on the ground realized the intensity of the crash, our thoughts went immediately to the crew of the plane, and also to the Chinese workers asleep in the huts. As the flames diminished, Col. Seeley, our commander, and two other officers tried to approach the wreckage and see if any rescue was possible. We heard shouts from the scene of the crash and cries of “maleguy” (Americans) and “geesader” (mister) in a dialect of desperation.

Protecting our faces with jackets or hats, we ran as close as we could, looking everywhere for survivors. We found two bodies with their clothes almost burned away; those two and one Chinese worker behind the tail of the plane seemed to be breathing. We managed to carry the scorched and blackened bodies away from the crash scene, but they did not survive. As we gently lowered their bodies to the ground, our hands were coated with pieces of human tissue and flesh.

It took many days of hard scrubbing with soap and brushes to get rid of the smell and residue from that terrible rescue attempt, but the memory of those voices remains in my mind to this day.

—by Cletus Nelson

Move-ins Since the Last Issue

Irving Cockroft, Captain, USN(Ret)
and Margaret “Peg”
5839 Constitution Avenue
from San Mateo, CA

Exercises for Getting Stronger

According to the American Institute for Cancer Research, your quality of life can improve greatly when you do a few easy strengthening exercises each day.



Physical activity is essential to lowering cancer risk, and starting with small steps can lead to getting 30 minutes of daily activity.

Often after a surgery or illness, the idea of doing physical activity can pose a quandary. Where should I begin? Here are some examples of seated exercises that could be helpful. Always check with your physician before beginning any exercise program or routine.

Chair stands: This is an exercise we routinely do in many fitness classes, as it benefits and builds lower body strength as well as hip and core strength. This exercise makes it easier to get in and out of cars and out of chairs, an activity we perform many times each day.

Find a straight back chair. Sit down in the chair, lowering yourself with control. Stand back up immediately. Try not to use your arms to help yourself get out of the chair. If you need to rest, take a few seconds but then repeat the motion. Aim for ten repetitions; then increase to 20 or 30. It's okay to feel fatigue, but if you feel dizzy or queasy, stop.

Seated arm curls: Hang your arms straight at your sides holding light weights (about 1-2 lbs.) Keep your upper arms vertical and at your sides. Bend up your forearms as far towards your upper arms as possible, keeping your upper arms vertical. Slowly lower the weights, then repeat this for up to 20 repetitions.

Staying active and strong is often linked to remaining independent, so why not start today? If you have questions regarding your program, please contact me.

—by Jan Olson, Your Fitness Manager

Clerisy



The majestic epic of King Arthur began unfolding last month when Eric Daniel led the discussion of the first two (of four) novellas which make up T. H. White's beloved novel of the Arthurian legend, *The Once and Future King*. In it, the boy learns from his mentor, Merlin, that

a true leader dedicates himself to use right rather than might in the pursuit of goals. Unfortunately, the magician disappears before young Arthur establishes his claim to the crown by withdrawing the sword, Excalibur, from a stone.

The second novella introduces a somber note as the boy-king is seduced by an enchantress, Morgause. Even worse, the beautiful witch is his half-sister and knows all about black magic. Mordred, the result of this forbidden union, grows up to become his father's implacable enemy.

It is not too late to visit Camelot with Clerisy this summer, since the second half of this glorious myth will be the topic of the August 21st discussion. Read the final two novellas, *The Ill-Made Knight* and *A Candle in the Wind* and watch breathlessly as the plot steadily darkens in spite of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table dedicating themselves to the search for the Holy Grail.

Despite the requirement of noble ideals and pure hearts in all who join this quest, the power of the "dark side" relentlessly triumphs over good deeds. *The Ill-Made Knight* chronicles the famous love affair of Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere, although with surprising embellishments. For example, did you know that "the World's Best Knight" was also the victim of a seduction? Sir Galahad, who had the strength of ten because his heart was pure, was Sir Lancelot's illegitimate son. *A Candle in the Wind* tells of the decline and eventual fall of The Round Table and with it the collapse of King Arthur's hope for a world firmly established upon the principles of chivalry.

The discussion will be on the third Thursday in the Round Room at 7:30. All are invited. The leader will be announced.

—by Gaylon Caldwell

Firecracker Open

The PVE Golf Club attracted 18 players for the July 2nd Firecracker Open. This was a low count as several members were on vacation.

Evidently, most of the players were dazzled by all the fireworks, according to the scores. Another reason noted was that most forgot to dress in the traditional 4th of July colors. Further confusion was created by someone in the pro shop who announced that we should play from the senior gold tees in order to speed up play. This request was ignored, as no one would admit to being a senior. At the groaner and moaner meeting, this issue was discussed, and maybe in the future, we will play the gold tees to further confuse the players.

John Gearhart had been missing from the last few cocktail hour meetings but again enlightened the group with another fantastic joke that no one remembered.

It was close, but one team qualified as Tail End Charlie. They started out with a lot of fire but fizzled out when the fuse got wet. The team of Kroyer- Wirrick- Tylutki- Dow was awarded a cherry bomb with a limp wet fuse.

With five teams competing, a total of three strokes difference was noted. Tie breaker scores determined the places, with some disagreement from the losers.

3rd place (81): Gearhart- Herington- Fisher-McCoy

2nd place (79): McDaniel- Miller- Reynolds

1st place (79): Kelly- Anita Parker- Jim Graham

The date for the next tournament will be August 6.

—by Walt McDaniel



Conservation Thoughts

How can we conserve energy? I can't remember the last time I used a gallon of gas. All the time I use the transportation furnished us by PVE and so do many others. The service takes us to the door at our destination and picks us up there. I know that we pay just as much for gas to run our busses, but if each bus carries ten passengers, the \$4 to \$5 per gallon cost is reduced to about \$0.50.

About once a month, I drive our car just to keep the battery charged.

Around the apartment, I turn off unused lights. This isn't much, but if 500 of us do it, the energy saved is measurable.

We are not big eaters, so we habitually order half portions in our dining room; hopefully, less ends up in the garbage bin.

—by Ancil Baker

Fly Me to the Moon

It is minutes before 11:00 a.m. on a Wednesday. Men and women in their dancing shoes enter the Activities Room. They are prepared to exercise the mind as well as the body under the direction of line dance instructor Marianne Walleen. Marianne never stops emphasizing the benefits of dancing. She puts the music on and calls out, "Ready for action?" Dancers form lines across the room, and she takes her place up front, announcing the first dance selection, "Alley Cat." Then music begins for the second number, "Taxi Driver," and lyrics sing "Once more around the block." Then comes a lively rendition of a tango, and on to the "Danenbaum Stomp."

During a fifteen minute break, some refresh themselves with water or a cookie and quick cup of coffee. Oh yes—and a quick stop in the Store. Marianne is occupied with selecting the sequence for the next half hour. First will be "Fly Me to the Moon," which is still in the practice stage. Oh my! One must remember which way to turn after the weave! Next will be "Oops, I Slipped and Fell in Love," which is brief and lively. For "Puttin' on The Ritz" everyone is given a hat to add more excitement to the dance movements. We end the hour with a waltz—some-



times to "Let There Be Peace on Earth," which is quite somber though meaningful and which uses the same dance pattern as "Rock and Roll Waltz."

It's time to depart for lunch. The dancers disperse, and Marianne gathers up her equipment, graciously accepting departing kudos, which she of course deserves.

PVE line dancers have had the pleasure of taking bus trips to Santa Cruz to dance with line dancers at their senior center. Another memorable trip arranged by Marianne was to Paradise, California. The trip was made by bus. When we arrived, we were welcomed by none other than the vivacious Scooter Lee, professional line dancer, and the 200 or more dancers from neighboring towns already on the dance floor. The event was declared a health event, and even the snacks and drinks were supplied by Subway at Scooter's direction.

This heartfelt reminiscing expresses my admiration and affection for Marianne Walleen, whose invitation is "Come join line dancing; it is not only healthy, but FUN!"

—by Marj Hyslop

Greening our Gasoline

There are several ways we can all add to the saving of our air and pocketbooks at the same time:

1. Drive fewer miles. To drive fewer miles, we only need to use alternate transportation such as the PVE bus or bicycles or golf carts.
2. Consider walking more.
3. Inflate our tires to maximum recommended pressure.
4. Drive within legal speed limits. Don't accelerate away from stop signs or lights.
5. Make sure our engines are operating properly.
6. Cut down on the purchasing of nonessentials.
7. Consider buying a crossover or a hybrid for your next car.

—by Dick Clawson

Library News

It is now the time to give some thanks to all the people who work for the good of the library. I have people tell me all the time what a great library we have at PVE. I don't know if the other library workers hear those remarks, but I want you to know that Barbara Williams, Irene Kumnick, Virginia Kirkwood, Joan Teague, Sarita Smedberg, and Hal Carter all work very hard to keep your library current and neat. Thanks to you all.



Since February, Marianne Walleen has mailed seven boxes of paperbacks to our troops in Qatar, who are on R and R from Iraq and Afghanistan. She gathers up books that we discard from the library for one reason or another and mails them off. We reimburse her for her postage but that doesn't include her time and effort. Thanks, Marianne.

Thank you Doris Armentrout for picking up the eye glasses contributed for the Lions pickup. That box gets full fast.

Thank you George Yeoman for taking our discarded books to the book dealer. Without you, we would be neck deep in old books. And it is helpful to have a little money for this and that.

Thank all of you residents for leaving your rubber bands to be given to *Daily Republic*, our local newspaper, for reusing. They really appreciate this little gift.

We don't subscribe to any magazines. We get them from you kind folks who donate your issues. We always have a well-stocked magazine rack, and that's the reason. Thank you.

Recently, we have been getting DVD's and CD's, and they are greatly appreciated. Thank you.

But most of all, all these 6000 or so books have been donated by PVE residents. That is outstanding to note. Our library has grown from a couple of shelves of *National Geographics* from Ancil Baker to these many books of all descriptions. I hope you nose around and discover just what we have, because it is a very comprehensive grouping of books. Thank you for your donations. Keep them coming.

—by Bev Clemson

Life in the Garden

After admiring the blooming roses and robust vegetable plants, the first thing a garden visitor notices at this time of year is the abundant bird life. The house finches that nested in the wisteria vine have long since fledged their young. Now the whole family is feasting on weed seeds and bugs. Although the young are fledged, the mockingbirds in the cork oak still loudly proclaim that they are "in charge". The baby quail are too young to fly but will soon come over the wall in search of seeds and bugs and to take dust baths in dry spots. Goldfinches are charming little things that do much good, but why do they strip pieces from sunflower leaves? It is an amusing sight to see these tiny birds struggling to pull off strands of sunflower leaves. So far, turkeys have not yet found the garden. We hope they never do. Can you imagine the havoc from a turkey taking a dust bath in a plot of tender vegetables?

Blue-bellied lizards are another group of garden helpers. When they get warmed up (no problem these days!), they are fast enough to catch flies and other fast moving garden pests. The lizard eggs are hatching now, and tiny babies can be seen scoting up the wall to get at little insects hiding in the wall overhang.

Some wasps are not welcome, like the mud-dauber and paper wasps making nests under the top rail of the fence. Welcome wasps are the large, colorful ones digging holes in sandy areas of the paths. These females, iridescent blue splashed with orange, will find a juicy grub in the garden, paralyze it, carry it to the hole, stuff it in, and lay an egg on it. The grub will then provide food for the growing wasp, which will emerge and repeat the cycle. These are truly beneficial insects.

The gardeners encourage all of you to visit this special place at PVE.

—by Anne Funkhouser



Dining Services



Those who experienced the dining room “picnic” on June 20, when there was a power failure, could see how well the kitchen staff handled the situation with

picnic plates, plastic utensils, and foam cups. It all made sense, and it was great to see how their “disaster plan” worked so smoothly. Everyone seemed to speak in hushed tones until the power came on again, when a cheer went up, and the noise level markedly increased. The wait staff can be congratulated for handling everything so well.

The “Menu on the Move” has been going on for about a month now. Chef Dwayne has stated that he would like to hear our comments and suggestions to make the plan work smoothly and add a unique twist to our already excellent food experience here at PVE.

Those interested in applying for membership on the Dining Committee need to submit their letter stating what they feel are their personal qualifications and their reasons for wanting to join the committee. Applicants are asked to become familiar with the procedures governing the committee. Copies of these procedures are available on the comment card tables. Submit your request for membership to the committee secretary, Otto Vasak, Box 4013, no later than August 8.

The PVE Summer Fun Day will take us back to the quieter days of yesteryear when life was simpler and carnivals were fun. Ours promises to be fun for all! It will be catered by Chef to Go Catering, providing a carnival menu of hamburgers, hot dogs, salads, root beer floats, desserts, fruit, and other delights. If you don’t remember cars with fins, fancy paint jobs, and lots of chrome, bring your camera so you can record them for posterity. Elvis has also promised to appear (or at least an impersonator.) There will also be a live band – not a boom box – for dancing and, of course, a dime toss for glass and chinaware, throwing darts at balloons, and what may be the most popular booth, the dunk

tank.

There were 192 signed comment cards for the month with 97.4% positive comments for the food and 95.3% happy with the service. Our servers for the month are Anthony Stralla and Cedric Boggs. Be sure to compliment them and all the members of the wait staff on the excellent job they are doing.

Remember to sign your comment cards. Bon appetit!

—by Fred Montanye,
Chair, Dining Services Committee

The Undertow

One of the highlights of my summers as a child was a trip across Lake Michigan on a lake steamboat. It was something so different from our everyday lives. Our three boy cousins were several years older than we were, but we all had fun together on the beach. We made sand castles, buried each other in the sand, played ball, and ran in and out of the water. I could only dog paddle, so I didn’t go too far into the lake. The year I was eight, there was a strong undertow in the lake. We were warned about it often. I really didn’t know what an undertow was. The water looked the same as it did every year. But one day I found out.

I was standing waist deep in the water, looking back at the beach. All of a sudden, a huge wave rolled in and knocked me down. I tried to get up, but I couldn’t. I could feel myself being dragged deeper into the lake. The sandy, pebbly bottom was scratching my entire body. I could feel the suction almost pulling off my suit. I remember feeling panicky and scared and powerless. Then, two strong hands grabbed me and pulled me, sputtering, out of the water. Uncle Jim had seen me go under and knew about the undertow. He had saved me! He was my hero. I still, so many years later, have a very warm spot for him in my heart.

—by Elly Vasak



Are You Being Served?

We so often hear the phrase, “Oh, I wasn’t ready!” If you are not ready, as in hat, nose or shoe-lace problems, simply turn your back to the server or opponents. If you are not ready, do not make an effort to return a serve, even if it’s a quick serve, as then you and your partner are presumed to be ready.

Of course, it is very nice if the server, suspecting you may not be ready, holds the ball up for you and waits to see and acknowledge whether you are ready or not. Better yet, the server should call out “service,” thus giving you notice and time to get ready.

Hint: In playing doubles, you should play as a team and move together, side to side, up and back. Imagine that you are tied to your partner with a piece of rope, so if your partner moves in one direction, he’ll have to pull you along with him or her. It’s surprising how well this works, as you will find yourself in the right place at the right time.

Have fun, but don’t step on the rope!

—by Millie Healy

REMEMBERING . . .

Angelina “Angie” Sanner

Loving Wife and Mother

Arrived: January 31, 2001

Departed: July 6, 2008

Lt.Col. Albert “Al” Lubersky, USA (Ret)

Loving Husband and Brother

Arrived: May 27, 1999

Departed: July 8, 2008

Lt.Col. Reed Surber, USAF (Ret)

Loving Husband and Father

Arrived: March 27, 1998

Departed: July 18, 2008



The Octogenarian and His Beagle

The old boy is Bob, the beagle, Charlie.

You’ll see them on a stroll

at least twice a day,

Bob in his Irish-made tweed hat,

Charlie on a six-foot blue lead.

They vary the route,

giving Charlie opportunities

to validate scents

in his canine memory bank,

or add to them.

When time is up,

Bob says “Let’s go home, Charlie,”

who usually, with reluctance, concurs,

And they return home,

feeling quite set up by the outing.

—by Robert F.Hemphill, Sr.

Family Fun Day

What’s red, white and blue and circle-shaped? Whatever it is, it’s on the parking lot behind the Recreation Center. And it’s part of the game plan for the Family Fun Day to be held on Friday, August 1 from 3:30-7 pm. A ‘50s theme, with games of skill and chance, carnival atmosphere, and fabulous “midway” food offerings, promises an event that brings staff and residents together for friendly competition. It’s the PVE version of “State Fair,” and a happy summertime diversion.

Childhood Memories (Street Lights)

On these warm summer evenings,
I hear, like an old refrain,
“Come home when the street lights come on.”

We could play out in the alley
Or on the vacant lot,
But we went home when the street lights turned on.

Piggy-move-up in the vacant lot,
Run-sheep-run and kick-the-can
Were all games of choice,
And we played hide-and-seek
All over the neighborhood.

But we remembered parents’ words
As it started to turn dark,
And “went home when the street lights came on.”
—by Elly Vasak

Thank You, Thank You!

On behalf of my family and myself, I want to thank all of you for the wonderful, caring, and loving cards and flowers you sent for Angie. I know she sends you her thanks too and is probably a little embarrassed (in a good way) by all the wonderful things you said about her.

Joe Sanner

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.

ELYSIAN FIELDS STAFF ORGANIZATION

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

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- (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

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.”