

# Elysian Fields

September 2008

The Official Paradise Valley Estates Residents' Newspaper

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## Peg's Secret Garden

On a warm summer afternoon in early August, resident Peg Cutshall's garden at her home on Military Court is a delightful haven. A berm to the right of the driveway is covered with purple and white lantana, verbena, miniature roses, lavender, and a fragrant gardenia bush. Rising from the center is a purple potato vine tree flanked by butterfly bushes, which not only give privacy, but also present a floral façade.

Peg frequently invites visitors to go into her secret garden to sit and talk. An area roughly 10 X 25 feet, with the garage as the east wall, is just large enough to provide a safe retreat from errant golf balls that come uncomfortably close to the rear patio of the manor house and is this garden's reason for being.

In the garden, there are benches on both sides of a six foot wide metal arch exactly the size of the kitchen windows. Peg describes the installation as a "Tuesday Morning" end-of-summer bargain—one which she continues to enjoy on warm days for al fresco meals. Indoor meals give her a view of the length of the garden, where the ivy covered fountain, flanked by two stone planters, is the focal point. The flowing water is very soothing.

Cushioned arbor seats face a pebbled glass tabletop. Shade is provided by a once vertical podocarpus plant which has been literally pressed into service to provide shade, being tied firmly to the arched arbor. Wind chimes add calming chords.

This fairyland garden is filled with various kinds of plants and shrubs. Eight tall potted roses in varying colors line the east wall, while six more are opposite stretching along the porch, some tall enough to reach the roofline. Between the latter blooms are three hanging baskets of succulents. The flagstone path, nestled in gorgeous baby tears, begins at the far end, curving its way through iris and agapanthus, white impatiens, geraniums, azaleas, and primroses, while seven randomly placed solar lights on either side offer sparkling highlights after sunset.

Behind the roses on the garden wall hang three faux verdigris Gothic windows, the largest in the center, smaller ones on either side. To these, Peg has added window boxes with trailing rosemary. All are backed with mirrors and have decorative metal designs, a combination that seems to fascinate resident finches which perch on the scrollwork to peck at their twins in the glass. When the porch is lighted, these three mirrors reflect that light, creating the illusion that the windows are lighted from inside the garage.

It is a retreat, a refuge, a lovely garden to enjoy, for as Shakespeare wrote, "Summer's lease hath all too short a date."

—by Isabella Lively



# To and Fro

Phyllis Miller was born in Iowa, moved to California before the age of three, returned to Iowa at age eleven, and finally settled in California. She doesn't remember her early time in Iowa; childhood memories begin soon after the family moved to California. Phyllis remembers receiving roller skates for Christmas when she was five. Her father was helping her balance on her new skates when she looked up and said, "The sun always shines on Sundays." One of her favorite games was jacks. She remembers having a streak of independence when she refused to wear knee socks no matter what the temperature was.

The move back to Iowa came when Phyllis was in the sixth grade, prompted by illness of her maternal grandfather. This time they stayed until she had finished high school and Drake University. She went on to

teach until she decided to join the Navy. She felt the motivation of patriotism, wanting to do something for the country. With the rank of Ensign, she became a communications officer stationed in San Diego.

The boss decided that his WAVES should have the experience of modified sea duty and arranged for them to have a one day trip out to an island on an old destroyer. Phyllis was deathly seasick, way more than her WAVE friends. She still remembers watching the porthole fill with water and the next moment nothing but sky. All she wanted to do was lie down. The crew served lunch. The thought of food was repugnant. An officer on the destroyer noticed Phyllis's distress and invited her to go up to the open air, which was a smart move, and she began to feel

a little better. They spent the return trip getting to know each other and by the time they reached San Diego, Charlie had invited Phyllis to go to dinner and then see a play. She remembers every detail of

the evening, from the meal, at which she ate very little, to the play, *Blythe Spirit*, they saw.

They spent a good deal of time together until Charlie was sent to the east coast for further training, while Phyllis stayed on the west coast. They managed a few visits with each other until Charlie had orders to Okinawa. Before he left, he gave Phyllis an engagement ring. He stayed in the South Pacific until the end of WW II. Three weeks after his return, they were married when both were on terminal leave.

They settled in the Los Angeles area, where Charlie eventually became a stockbroker, and Phyllis returned to teaching. Her career

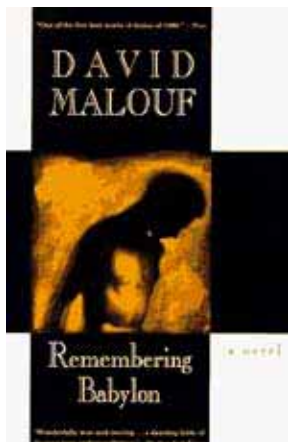
was interrupted by the arrival of their two children, a boy and a girl, but she returned to her profession when the children were both in school. They spent vacations exploring the southwest and became rock hounds. They lived in the San Fernando Valley and were close to the epicenter of the Northridge earthquake.

When Charlie developed Alzheimer's Disease, they moved to San Mateo to be close to their daughter, who gave emotional support. After Charlie's death, Phyllis realized she was too dependent on Pam and moved to PVE, where she pursues her hobby of genealogy, attends fitness classes, the memoir writing group, and works in the store

—by Joan Teague



## Clerisy Preview



The setting is the north of Australia during colonial times. A few tiny, hardscrabble hamlets are scattered across an immense, thoroughly inhospitable, empty landscape entirely different from England. These enclaves are home to settlers who, overwhelmed by a feeling of isolation, are fearful of everyone and everything. Occasional glimpses of

the shy aborigines who silently appear and disappear like phantoms invoke more terror than curiosity. This is the world depicted in *Remembering Babylon*, the powerful and yet tranquil masterpiece of the prize-winning author David Malouf.

Into a village where this potentially volatile mix of fear, isolation, and suspicion is ready to explode, the author introduces a streetwise English cabin boy who had been abandoned by a passing ship 13 years earlier and adopted by a tribe of aborigines. “Gemmy,” vaguely uneasy about his life with the natives and piqued by curiosity, discloses himself one day to children playing at the village outskirts.

In splendid writing and with deft description, the author delves deeply into the innermost human feelings. The villagers must decide if the young man with a different language and culture is one of their own to be embraced, or a “white aborigine” to be feared. Gemmy, who doesn’t really belong anywhere, must adapt to circumstances, intuiting what is necessary for survival. In thoughtful and beautiful language, author Malouf probes the psyche of vulnerable human beings faced with something they don’t understand. The process obliges the reader to look inward.

Mary Lou Wheat will lead the discussion, which will take place September 18, the third Thursday, at 7:30 p.m., in the Round Room. As always, everyone is welcome to join the discussion or merely listen. This compelling novel is a brief 200 pages that will generously repay reading beforehand.

—by Gaylon Caldwell

## Library

I had been wondering if our annex, the Reading Room, is being used much. I go by there from time to time but never see anyone. It is the quietest room in the building. It is a nice place to take a nap, only the chairs aren’t that comfortable. But my contact with others assures me that the room is used, and most people are grateful to have those nice large print books. In fact, I find the Reader’s Digests are nearly all taken out. I hope people are reading them and returning them.

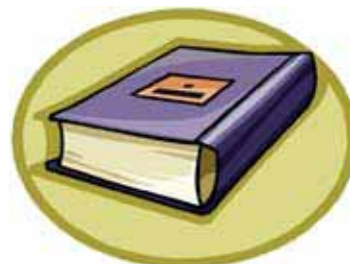
There is a reading machine in the room, and it is easy to use. You just turn it on and place your book down on the surface and then move the focus around to where you want it. It must be a boon to people who can’t read regular print. That is what it is for, after all. Talking books are also available on the shelf for your use.

We keep adding books to the room. I think one lady, whose name is Rodney, is buying books and contributing them. For that, we thank you, Rodney. Others may buy them, too. I have no idea.

We have DVD’s in there also for use on your machine. If you need the use of a DVD machine, you may check one out with any of the library people. The good news is that one special DVD will be added soon — “Curse You, Jack Dalton.” Yes, that classic that appeared on our stage not long ago and was enjoyed by so many soon will be available. I have it on special advice that this will happen soon. Please, if you want to see it, check it out in the library on the check-out list.

Let me know, if you use the Reading Room. We are proud of our little annex. Not many small private libraries have them.

—by Bev Clemson



## Golf Fun

After a round of musical chairs, due to vacations and health problems, the PVE Golf Club enjoyed another John Kroyer Invitational. 18 golfers answered the bell to compete and show the world they are always ready for the big time. New resident, Bill Cockroft, was greeted and granted full membership in the club.



The Groaners' and Moaners' meeting provided new awards, news, and a couple of stories. The biggest applause came when Walt announced that play next month would be from the senior or gold tees. This was a result of running out of crying towels from members that can't see very far, which makes the pin look closer. The history of the John Kroyer tournament was reviewed, as this was the third one in two years. The first one in July '07 was one hot day, and many players dropped out before passing out. The next month, August '07, the Second Annual Kroyer made it all the way. I didn't have nerve to call this one Third Annual Kroyer.

Awards were made for no reason except a little fun. Marj Harlan was selected to receive the Neato award for being the best dressed golfer. She was awarded a small bag caddy to keep balls and tees handy. Walt asked for those who felt they really had a good short game and to be honest. With a big smile, Bob McCoy held up his hand. He was awarded a pair of men's shorts decorated with prints of golf balls. Size was not revealed. John Kroyer practices a lot, and it was felt that after one more lesson, he could turn pro. He received a book written about 1890 by an unknown author. Because of a certain phrase often heard on the course, a new award was established called "Lack of Proficiency, or Hit the Ball, Stupid." The first winner was Warren MacQuarrie.

Winners were:

3rd place: (80) John Gearhart-Warren MacQuarrie- Bettyann Fritz- Anita Parker

2nd place: (79) Walt McDaniel-Bill Cockroft-Dinny Fisher

1st place: (77) John Kroyer-Jack Biederman-Winky Werrick-Glenn Dow

—by Walt McDaniel

## The Toss

Remember that our tennis pro, Mike, told us when we toss the ball up for a serve, to toss from our fingers? It is true! If your service toss is out of control, it may be because you hold the ball in your palm instead of your fingers.

Remember when we used to serve, we would always hold two balls in our tossing hand? Try it in practice; it will no doubt force you to hold the ball you want to put into play with your fingers and the other ball in your palm.

If you happen to do this during a game, do not throw the second ball onto the back court. Put it in your pocket, as your opponents can call a fault because of the distraction.

Quip: My feet are not getting the message from my brain to move!

— by Millie Healy



## Move-ins Since the Last Issue

Lt. Col.. Albert "Al" Hewitt, USAF  
(Ret) and Jan  
Moved into 5712 Estates Drive  
From Fairfield, CA

## Bee & Garden News



Roses in the resident garden are taking a well-deserved rest in this warm weather, but the veggies are bursting out all over. The tiny plants set out months ago are now sprawling giants. The variety of veggies seems to be limited only by the imagination of the gardeners, with cucumbers, watermelons, egg-

plant, cantaloupe, green peppers, okra, and herbs like basil.

All this vegetable abundance is largely the result of pollination, especially by honey bees. However, there seem to be fewer bees in the garden than last year, even though a lot of bees do live here. PVE provides an ideal bee site with large mature trees with some dead limbs which are places for wild bee hives, a water source, and flowering plants. How many honey bees call PVE home was recently brought to Chuck Kumler's attention. He got an early morning call because a resident found everything in his bathroom covered with "oil." After looking at it, Chuck decided it wasn't oil, so he tasted it. Honey! Hours later he and his crew tracked it down to an enormous hive in the attic space of the building. Bees had entered through a tiny space in the roof and built a huge home. The bees could not have predicted that the intense heat from hot weather would melt the waxen combs. The hive broke loose from the ceiling, smashing the combs and releasing honey which ran all over until it found a little crack over the resident's bathroom. The local bee-keeper who was called said it was the biggest hive she'd ever seen. She rescued as many bees as she could, and Chuck's crew was faced with a massive cleanup and repair.

All the gardeners welcome your visit to the garden in late summer to see our veggie variety and the still lovely roses.

—by Anne Funkhouser

## Relay for Life

The American Cancer Society's Relay for Life, which was held July 19 and 20, was a huge success! A nice group of PVE residents joined "Relay to Paradise," the employee team, for the opening ceremonies and the survivor lap. Everyone had a great time and received survivor t-shirts and other goodies to mark the occasion.

All of the employees would like to extend a very big thank you to all of the residents who supported this event through the car wash fund raiser and donations. We all had a wonderful time and especially enjoyed having the residents join us in supporting this great cause.

—by Patti Luccioni



## Travel Anyone?

My traveling days are over.  
I cannot get about.  
My lower limbs will not obey.  
They seem to be worn out.

It was great to visit castles.  
Now we only suffer hassles,  
Being searched from head to toe  
If, indeed, we want to go.

It was really quite a dash  
To sit with comfort in first class,  
But, sad to say, the time has come  
For this ole' gal to stay at home.

—by Elly Vasak

# Dining Services

“Fun Day” really proved to be the Super Bowl of PVE activities for this year. Obviously, the most popular event was dunking some of our favorite administrators. It also showed how



good and bad our pitching skills are. The little ones really were successful at throwing the darts at the balloons, as there were certainly a lot of stuffed toy snakes hanging around necks. The ‘50s music also brought back memories of some earlier years, and for others, memories of their children doing the twist at a sock hop. The Pavilion was perfect for it. The lines for the food also proved successful as we consumed 600 hamburgers, 200 hot dogs, and 120 pounds of BBQ chicken. The salad and fresh fruit gave a good balance to our dining. One’s appetite could build up waiting in the long line for the root beer floats, ice cream bars, and fruit cobbler with ice cream. We consumed 24 gallons of ice cream so, all in all, it had to be the picnic/party of the year. Even the ‘50s cars put on a glistening display.

We thank the seven residents who applied for membership on the Dining Committee. We will have a difficult time selecting the new people coming on the committee, as all have interesting backgrounds. The new members will be introduced in next month’s article.

There were 217 signed comment cards for the month with an 89.9% happy with the food and an 88.9% pleased with the service. Our award servers for the month are Feuy Saeturn and Jackie Haupt. Please congratulate them on their fine job.

I’m sure we are one of the few retirement communities to have had a singing waiter. But, sadly for us, our excellent award-winning singing wait person, Gabe Grewell, has gone on to his new career in show biz. We wish him much success in his new life. However, he did promise to come back and visit us when he is in the area. We may even get him to sing a song or two.

We wish to remind residents that guests and family members are to meet the minimum dress stan-

dards for eating in our various dining areas. Blue jeans are not permitted, even for young children. Sport coats with the PVE logo are available in the service corridor. Diners also need to pay attention to the behavior of young children to insure they are polite and courteous guests.

That’s it for this time. Don’t forget to sign your comment cards, so they can be counted. Bon Appetit!

—by Fred Montanye  
Chairman, Dining Services

## Changing Weather

Spring turns into summer  
And leaves us richer still.  
If ever one should doubt it,  
Just look at yonder hill.  
The change from spring to summer  
Should offer no alarm,  
Your eye will catch it’s beauty,  
Your senses feel it’s charm.  
Oh yes, we have four seasons,  
The next to come is fall,  
When leaves come down so softly,  
A blanket over all.  
This season passes quickly,  
As if you didn’t know,  
Then next old winter has it’s turn,  
With winds and sometimes snow.

This culminates God’s perfect plan,  
Designed for you and me.  
Enjoy each season as it comes,  
From sea to shining sea.

—by Norman Bills



# More Fun Than Dunkin' Donuts

In deference to a special car fixer-upper friend who couldn't attend PVE's "50's Car Show, etc.," my first stop that hot Friday afternoon was at the display of grown men's toys, namely their precious restored autos. I admired a shiny '56 Porsche, a Chevy Belaire, a '33 Ford roadster, but it was the roped off '65 Chevy Impala convertible that really grabbed my attention.

Harold James, proud owner of the stunning 1963 show car, was happy to fill me in on details. I mean, you had to see this to believe it, all 19 feet of detailed red paint, sparkling chrome, hydraulic pumps for leveling on rough roads, and a good luck tiki head on the *underside* of the hood.

"Do you ever drive it?" I asked.

"I take it around the block occasionally," he answered.

Next, I headed for where the action was, and there was lots of action. There were kids all over the place, more than I've seen ever before at PVE at one time. Dress was appropriately casual. The food line was long, so I put off eating and headed for the gazebo, where Ron Ridley, microphone in hand, was barely audible over the din as he awarded five and ten year certificates to deserving employees.

Folks were throwing darts at balloons and tossing coins into cups. Streams of visitors were queuing up at the dessert counter, claiming root beer floats and cups of ice cream embedded in gooey baked apple stuff.

Armed with the dunk tank schedule, I then took up residence at a nearby table and waited for the action to start. I watched David Kalbaugh go

under with a smile. Dwayne Scott took his dumping graciously, as the crowd yelled for more. The line of ball tossers never diminished. Then, it was Ron Ridley's turn. The crowd grew larger, the line a little longer. Ron hit the water with barely time to catch his breath between tosses. His good natured protests

were loud, encouraging the crowd to cheer and the tossers to repeat their turns in line. Mrs. Ridley took a turn and missed, perhaps just as well.

Mermaids Kris Mack and Cindy Van Wart must have been glad it was a warm day, as they hit the water often. By the time Sharon Dominik, perfectly tanned from her recent vacation, took

her turn, the ball throwers had gotten the knack of the thing, and Sharon barely had time to catch her breath between dunkings. Her smile never wavered.

The scheduled dunkees had finished, but the dunkers continued to hang around when a boy climbed onto the "hot seat" and, without a word, allowed himself to be dumped over and over and over. We learned later that he is Becky and Frank Thomas's grandson, Sam Brewer.

I finally got around to my hamburger and a little crowd watching. I must commend the employees who were on duty putting out every effort to make the day a joyous one. The Elvis voice and the live band added to the party ambience. If the purveyors ran out of hot dogs, if there wasn't enough shade, well, those shortcomings are easily rectified in the future. I just hope PVE will provide another occasion like this one with fun and food and frolic for staff and residents to enjoy together!

—by Linda Faraday



# The Lavalier

In 1918, as World War One was coming to a close, my father, Earl Layton, was preparing to return to the United States from France. He needed only one final memento, a pearl necklace for his bride-to-be. All through the long, lonely time he had been in Europe, he had courted her by mail.



When they were children, he was a playmate of her brother but had never known her, except from afar. In later years, he had asked her brother for permission to write to her. He had enhanced his tender love notes from France by sending within, beautiful silken hankies.

My mother, Winnifred, had graduated from a Catholic normal school in Seattle and was teaching at a small country school in Waldport, Oregon. Her father was very strict and forbade her to attend the dances at the nearby army camp. But her mother was compliant and helped her out the back door when a nice soldier would come for her. Winnifred had been diagnosed with “consumption,” which was an early name for tuberculosis. Consequently, she had an idea that she had not long to live, so she allowed herself to be won by Earl’s letters and accepted his proposal by mail.

She prepared her wedding dress and took the very long train trip from Portland, Oregon, all the way to Philadelphia, PA, where Earl’s ship would dock. During this train trip, she met a very charming young gentleman. He tried most earnestly to charm her into debarking the train with him in Chicago and marrying him. He must have been extremely persuasive, because Mother told me many years later that she was very nearly convinced.

Winnifred arrived in Philadelphia and with the reluctant aide of her boardinghouse lady, who had hoped Earl would return and marry her own daughter, found a minister and awaited Earl’s arrival. They were married, and Earl presented Winnifred with the exquisite lavalier of tiny pearls, gold filigree, and topaz.

Winnifred and Earl became the loving parents of two girls and a boy. Both of the girls wore the pearl lavalier at their weddings. One of the daughters had three daughters of her own, and each of them wore the lavalier at her wedding. Now, the granddaughters are wearing the delicate little pearl lavalier at their weddings, and we know the little pearl lavalier will have a history beyond our memories.

—by Pat Miller



## Yosemite National Park

### Horse Tail Falls

#### Sonnet 2

Across the meadow lopes a dappled horse,  
His tail, a streaming plume of brown and cream.  
He does not stop to graze in grass or gorse,  
But finds his pleasure by a quiet stream.

Across the cliff, through granite-guarded walls  
A snow melt torrent floods the valley floor,  
While wisps of spume escape the waterfalls  
And cascade downward to the pebbled shore.

Across the ages, storytellers brag  
Of horses that had freely roamed the trail  
And seeking water, hurled themselves from crags,  
Impaling hoof and flowing, equine tail

Now images in waterfalls are found,  
And Horse Tail Falls is part of hallowed ground.

—by Liz Wildberger

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# Rota

When Ann and I joined forces, we moved to the ranch with plans of extended trips and exotic vacations, but those plans were changed to planting more vineyards, expanding the winery operations, and opening a tasting room

All of this changed early one morning when out of the garage walked a starving, dirty, smelly, scroungy, young dog. What do you do? Well, for the first thing, you feed the dog, but we didn't have any dog type food. I finally poured some milk in a pan, and the dog drank it so fast that it made her sick. (That was the last time I ever saw the dog eat anything fast.)

We decided that we should take the dog to the local veterinarian. On the way, we both had decided without saying so that we now had a dog. The vet and I differed on the age of the animal; I said with those long legs and big feet that it was just a pup. Well, I was right; the dog weighed 130 pounds when she finally stopped growing.

A name was needed. With those big feet and long legs, she dug up everything: vegetables, flowers, and newly planted vines. In addition, she ate everything: green squash, melons, green apples, green grapes. Nothing bothered her except moist dog food, which she would not touch. We finally compared her to a rotary tiller, and we settled on "Rota."

I can't relate the hundreds of adventures we had with Rota, but a few need to be told. As the official tasting room dog, she would greet the visitors and follow them to the picnic tables and sit down at the end of the table. She was big enough so that she looked directly at the top of the table and, with this sorrowful look, seems to say, "I'm so hungry." Most people couldn't resist and would give her a snack, but if they started to put things back in the basket, she would leave, as that table was no longer a possibility of a handout.

Rota loved the grandchildren, but when she wagged her tail, she could flatten them, and when she came up to them and gave them a lick across the face, she would knock them down. That didn't make any difference to either Rota or the kids.

Another time when two cousins, who were about five and seven were visiting and I had just fed Rota her favorite food, dry dog food, I turned around

and Rota was lying down with one foot on each side of the dish, and the boys were sitting in front of her, first with Rota having a piece of dog food, then the boys helping themselves. I mentioned to their mother that they were eating dog food and her answer was, "Will Rota mind?"

To this day, we don't know what happened to Rota. One morning she was gone, and for several weeks we looked everywhere but never found any trace of our Rota. She was a great companion, and we still miss seeing this big, rowdy dog that was a friend to everyone.

—by John Ousley



## Solano Winds

The Solano Winds, Fairfield's Community Concert Band, and PVE's partner in musical entertainment, will bring an exciting variety of world-class selections to our multi-purpose room on Tuesday, October 21. Mr. Robert Briggs, director of Solano Wind promises a season of international show-stoppers. Did you know that Sousa wrote a Wedding March? Come hear this American band idol's response to the wedding music of Wagner and Mendelssohn, and enjoy a concert of exceptional band music performed by Solano Winds.

# Vanilla

“Ummmm, what a delightful smell!” Perhaps I feel that way because 75 or 80 years ago that was the smell of drugstores. In that day and age, the drugstore always had a soda fountain and usually some tiny marble topped tables and lightweight, curvy, little wrought iron chairs, all of which made it look very fancy and like a party.

It was very hard to go by a drugstore and not want some ice cream. An ice cream cone cost five cents, but that doesn't mean that I got lots of them. A cone was a luxury and not something we had often. It was special.

One of the earliest snapshots my folks took was one of me begging my mother for an ice cream cone. It was taken on a camping trip to Lake Arrowhead. I am wearing a cotton dress with a white pinafore, great for camping? I remember that I was never supposed to get dirty.

Another ice cream cone memory occurred during the Great Depression. At our lowest point in about 1931, we were down to our last nickel and didn't know where the next one was coming from. We were always pretty upbeat about life, so my stepfather bought me an ice cream cone with that last nickel. Some way or another we got by that low point and survived.

When I was six-years-old and visited Iowa, I tasted homemade ice cream for the first time and was sure I had gone to heaven. Being a city kid, I was fascinated by the whole process and just could not understand the use of salt in making sweet ice cream. I remember that it took forever to be done and that it was hard work – for the men.

Ice cream memories are not all pleasant. One I don't cherish is the bite of ice cream when I had a new gold tooth filling. Ouch! It felt like the top of my head was coming off.

Both of my children had the same reaction to ice cream, and we really had a good laugh about it. When each tasted it for the first time, they drew back and started to cry, but then they stopped, seemed to think about it, and then quickly stuck their tongues out for more. We hadn't betrayed them after all. It was good, and it smelled good too – that lovely smell of vanilla.

—by Phyllis Miller

# Fine Dining in Saudi Arabia

In 1985, my husband Larry had the opportunity to work in Saudi Arabia for a year or two. We discussed it at length, thought it would be interesting, and since I had always had an interest in the Mid-East, decided he would accept the job. He took a sabbatical from his position at Sacramento State, and I quit my job. Larry left in July, and I followed in November. We knew the Islamic culture would be quite different from ours and felt that we could adapt easily, plus I knew those thirty years as an Air Force wife had prepared me for anything. We had been assigned a house in a compound outside of Riyadh, and we ate most of our meals in the dining room. It was more like a cafeteria, but the food was adequate. We had discovered a very nice Chinese restaurant and with friends ate there at least three times a month. Most of the better restaurants in Riyadh had family dining rooms. These were rooms that were set aside for families with the single men eating in a room set aside for them.

One night our friends asked if we had ever eaten shwarmas, and we said, “No, but we would be interested.” A shwarma is a delicious sandwich made with beef, chicken, or lamb that has been roasted on a vertical spit, thinly sliced and put in a warm pita. The chef also put cucumbers, tomatoes, and onions mixed in a tasty yogurt sauce on the sandwich. At the restaurant that was no bigger than a large closet, there was no family dining room, so my friend Mimi and I waited outside while Larry and Bill went inside to get the food.

When they returned, we stood on the corner and ate our dinner. We dubbed those fun evenings “Howard Johnson's on the Curb.” Needless to say, we always attracted a crowd – of stray cats that is. For some reason, there are many, many stray cats in Riyadh. I only saw one dog the entire time I was there. The inconvenience of standing on the corner eating our dinner never stopped us from returning time after time and enjoying those delicious sandwiches.

—by Wilma Butera

## Translator

We were stationed in Tokyo, Japan, during the Occupation. In early 1953, I was admitted to the Tokyo Army Hospital. Due to complications, I had to stay in the hospital for several weeks while awaiting the birth of our son.



Instead of admitting me to a single or double room like the other patients, I was put in a ward with a group of Japanese national war brides. Because I am a Japanese-American and a native English speaker, the doctor and nurses asked if I could interpret for them. They wanted me to ask a Japanese war bride if she was able to “pass water.”

I had no idea what the term “urinate” was in Japanese, let alone the medical terminology. I did remember when we were children growing up in California, my mother would ask us if we had to go “shi shi” before leaving on a short trip. That was baby talk for going to the bathroom, so that is what I asked the Japanese patient. Basically, I had asked a grown Japanese woman if she was able to go “wee wee” in baby talk.

I guess I never was cut out to be an interpreter!

—by Grace Miyagishima

## Art Show Features Resident Artists

The art scene flourishes at PVE, and many residents will showcase their creativity during an Arts and Crafts Show, to be held September 12 in the Community Center Multi-Purpose Room. Watercolors, acrylics, and oils are the chosen media, and some of the art work will be available for sale during the show.

In addition to studio art, the show will feature crafts and collections that residents have enjoyed, both as pastime and professional occupation.

Guests are invited to attend this display of talent from 11 to 2 p.m. Artists and collectors will be on hand to answer questions, explain their techniques, and share their love of art with fellow residents and guests.

The Art Committee, guided by Lisa Coe, Environmental Services Director, sponsors this event.

## Are You a Duplicate?

While ordering an item from a catalog recently, I was asked for my credit card number, sixteen digits I’ve never committed to memory. I couldn’t help yearning for the days when we had a simpler life. We had a birth date, age, address and a telephone number.

In 1932, we gradually acquired a Social Security Card containing nine digits. When we started to drive, we had a driver’s license and a plate number on our car. Some service people in the Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard, or the Air Force had a “dog tag” and, in most cases, an APO box number. Those of us who were employed had a mailbox, desk phone, and a business address. Even the slot for parking our car had a number. We all remembered sizes for shoes, clothes, hats and gloves.

Today we have an address, mailbox number, zip code, telephone and cell phone numbers, a driver’s license, plates on our car, bank accounts (both checking and savings), a safe deposit box and now a pin number. Each of our credit cards bears its own number as does our Social Security Card, computer E-mail address and our fax number. We use a number for our basic health insurance accounts, our supplementary insurance, Medic Alert, and all our other types of insurance.

Our passport carries an identifying number. If one owns a boat, airplane or recreational vehicle, there are licenses and registration numbers. If you go to court, to jail, or to the hospital, expect the identifying numbers to increase. If you must be the “memory” for a spouse or partner, these numbers will be doubled.

When I became responsible for my own family management, it wasn’t the amount of numbers that were most troublesome. My fear was not remembering where I had stored all of these numbers for safekeeping.

Recently, I found a redeeming factor in this numbers game. I have been asked to provide my date of birth whenever I visit my doctor’s office, the dentist, pharmacist, or ophthalmologist because there is another Margaret Gruber residing in Fairfield. By supplying yet another number, my doppelganger and I are able to prevent confusion through duplication of billing for services provided.

—by Margaret Gruber

# Grandmother of the Bride



According to those who supposedly keep track of these things, September is the “new June” and is now the most popular wedding month. In the East, the foliage is brilliant; in the West, the sunset over the ocean breathtaking. Brides seeking a fairy-tale setting for the special day favor those

accessible in September. Weddings have become a growth industry.

By actual count, there are twelve magazines dedicated to things bridal in the periodical rack at Raley’s. Every aspect of nuptial planning is available for scrutiny; advice on how to handle everything from the engagement announcement to slicing the wedding cake is freely given by experts in the field. The terms “event planner,” “destination weddings,” “calligraphers,” and other specialized topics abound. But there is not a single article devoted to the etiquette, outfitting, or responsibility of those two older family members, the grandparents of the bride or groom.

I see this as a niche that needs to be addressed in these compendiums of tulle-and-timing bridal magazines. If I were writing an article on the subject, I would definitely include some of the following observations and concerns:

- Grandmothers should maintain a very low profile and a very high balance in the checkbook.
- Grandmothers should quietly assess the “color palate” the bride has chosen and then shop only at Talbott’s, Nordstrom’s, or Draper and Damon’s to be sure they have appropriate wedding garments. These include outfits for the rehearsal dinner, any shower or brunch given in the bride’s honor and, most importantly, the event itself, the wedding.
- Grandmothers should never remind the bride about the earlier disasters attending her parents’ marriage. Under no circumstances should grandmothers say, “I remember how the florist got the brides-

maids’ bouquets mixed up with the table centerpieces at your mother’s wedding. But I’m SURE that would never happen at yours.”

- Grandmothers should smile benignly at the lewd toasts offered by the groom’s college fraternity friends. She should always wear an expression of bemused confusion, pretending she has no idea what these gentlemen are alluding to.

- Grandmothers may shed a delicate tear into a lacy handkerchief during the ceremony. Kleenex are not an acceptable substitute.

- Grandmothers should never criticize the wedding venue. Beaches, mountains, lakeside retreats, vineyards or orchards are the prerogative of the wedding couple. It is considered very poor taste to mention your allergies or aversion to heights.

- Grandmothers should dance with their grandsons, their sons, and their husband, if any are present and still standing when the dancing commences.

- Grandmothers should give warm and encouraging hugs to the bride and the mother of the bride. After all, these two wedding stars have done the planning and execution, right? Well, maybe grandmothers should hug the wedding events planner, the caterer, and the travel agent.

—by Liz Wildberger

## Navy’s Birthday Gala

Residents with an a connection to the U.S. Navy are anticipating a gala evening on Sunday October 26, when a Dining Out dinner party will commemorate the birthday of the American Navy.

Invitations will be issued on September 8 to those residents who have indicated an interest in attending the party. There will be an opportunity to confirm reservations by signing up at the Reception Desk from September 8 through September 30.

If guests wish to arrange a table for six, they may indicate this to the Seating Arrangements committee, who will accept requests on October 8,9, and 10th. Committee members will be seated outside the Main Dining Room on these dates to receive requests.

# The Garbage Girl



What would YOU do if your husband was suddenly assigned to Korea for two years and you were allowed to accompany him, knowing you would be the only authorized wife? I chose to go and took my three

teenage daughters also, not yet knowing what the future held, but feeling God always had a purpose in my life. We arrived on July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1968, and yes, there were firecrackers going off on the runway. Nine thousand airmen were there to greet us, just a little bit interested in the boss' three daughters, perhaps? The Air Force commanders before us had chosen for their wives to live in Japan, only to visit occasionally. It could be a lonely existence, as the men worked six days a week, and there was little to entertain them with the city of Seoul many miles away.

That first summer my girls took jobs on base, helping out the recreation department and in the small base exchange. Then they went off to college in Japan.

I saw that there were orphanages surrounding our base, still in existence 15 years after the Korean War. As far as I could see, none of them were Amer-Asian, but children were still well taken care of by our servicemen, and the local government kept up this charade. I chose to spend my time and energy with one particular orphanage of 92 children. My goal was to provide them skills to suit their farming lifestyle and make them productive. I raised money by contacting wives' clubs I knew and my former Girl Scout troops. I was able to bring aboard chickens and pigs and eventually build a Korean style kitchen. How was I to maintain this "farm" I had created? Well, I had some of the barracks save their garbage for me, which I picked up every few days with the help of the Air Force security squadron. I covered all the garbage with a tarp, and out I'd go in the truck on the local road to the orphanage. One day, as we were making a left turn off the road, a big Korean bus passed us and my truck. The driver and I landed upside down, covered by garbage. My security driver rescued me

and insisted I go to the orphanage, and he would take over the problem.

Of course, my husband heard about my latest caper, and was not pleased. It seems that the Air Force had a contract with a Korean business to collect all the garbage from the base for *their* use. This was only one of my many adventures which he learned to take in stride. When he found out that the United Nations commander in Seoul was very pleased to hear about my "community relations," he had that familiar twinkle in his eyes for me.

—by Jan Holderness



## The Last Scone of Summer

The bocce ball court is groomed but dusty. Competition is heated, with teams contending for the PVE championship. The Tai Chi exercise group casts longer shadows on the terrace outside the Main Dining Room. The DeLong Pavilion is a Friday morning mecca, a gathering place for residents coming together to enjoy a scone, a Danish, some always-in-season strawberries. The landscape is changing, though. The lavender and oleander of July and August, with their beautiful pastel blooms, give way to the deep russet shades of the flame bush and autumn chrysanthemums.

Summer is winding down at Paradise Valley Estates. What has become a beloved tradition – the continental breakfast with friends and neighbors in the gazebo- will be missed. The fall and winter months call us indoors for fitness classes and for mealtimes. But as we nibble a final blueberry scone, or sip our coffee and orange juice, we reflect on the hospitable days of summer that bring us together as a community, and look forward to the opening continental breakfast next June. Bon appétit! Bon chance!

# Lumberjacks

Before the invention of the chain saw, the life of an Idaho lumberjack was a fascinating one. He dressed in pants shortened enough that caulked boots wouldn't get caught in them. Pants were always held up with suspenders. The lumberjack's narrow-brimmed hat was turned up both fore and aft and had no creases in the crown.



Trees were felled by two men pulling a six-foot cross-cut saw and then bucked into 18-foot lengths, which were towed by a single horse down to a river or to the head of a chute or flume.

Chutes were made on the site by splitting logs and then putting them together to form a "V". Chute grease was smeared on, and by the time logs reached the river, the chute was really smoking.

Flumes were also v-shaped and about four feet deep. Logs would be gathered in a pond at the head of the flume and as soon as the pond filled, the flume gate would be opened and the logs flushed down the flume to the river. River rats in boats followed the logs down river and dislodged any of them that were hung up along the shore.

Housekeeping was a portable affair. Big log rafts held kitchens and bunkhouses and followed the log drive to its terminus.

The Clearwater Timber Company sawmill at Lewiston, Idaho, got logs that had been floated down the Clearwater River. The Ohio Match Company received its logs by standard gauge rail from the Little North Fork of the Coeur d'Alene River and the Potlatch Sawmill by rail from nearby Potlatch.

On the lake were still a number of steam-powered tugboats of varying sizes, all used to encircle about a hundred yards of logs with a boom of logs. The tugboats would tow the logs up the lake to sawmills at Coeur d'Alene using big ocean-going hawsers, which were about two inches in diameter. I have watched river rats do a tightrope act on these tow ropes using their pike pole for balance between tugboat and log boom.

A Mr. Laughlin owned several of the tugboats, one of which was named "Pine Cat." Occasionally, Mac would go on a bender, find his way down to "Pine Cat," and with what steam was left, start blowing its whistle. Nobody got mad; rather, it was considered a big joke.

Lumberjacks who worked on the lake and on the holding ponds at the sawmills were "pond rats," and their main tool was the pike pole, which was about 12 or 15 feet long and had both a steel point and a hook on its end. Frenchie, a pond rat for the Winton Lumber Company Sawmill, was a champion log burler, and he practiced on a ball about three feet in diameter that he had carved himself from a big, red cedar log. How he ever stayed on top of that thing, I will never know.

—by Ancil Baker

## Branson to Broadway



Mark your calendars for Friday, September 5, when Suzanne and Paul bring their musical review, "Branson to Broadway" to PVE for an evening of sparkling entertainment. They will appear in the Multi-purpose Room of the Community Center at 7:30 p.m.

Music will include selections from Country Music favorites to Broadway show tunes. Whatever one's taste in tunes, there should be a selection of offerings in different musical genres.

This program should be a lively reminder that a trip to Branson, Missouri is planned for residents and friends. Lisa Hansen, Community Services Manager asks that residents planning to take the tour to Branson for a holiday gala note that September 19 is the final day for payment for this trip.

# What's My Line...and Esther

Esther was a lifelong friend of my mother's, and when my mother and I moved to California in the early 1950s, we lived in Mill Valley with Esther and Margaret, both of whom were Greyhound Bus drivers.

Before World War II, all the Greyhound Bus drivers were men, but then 95% of the men went off to war and so Greyhound hired women drivers. You should have seen those women wield those huge buses from Mill Valley over the Golden Gate Bridge to San Francisco and back several times a day.

Margaret was tall, slender and dark-haired. Esther, on the other hand, was a petite 4'11" blonde with the most wonderful infectious laugh in the world. I was always in awe when I commuted to work in San Francisco on her bus and watched her drive, especially since at that time I didn't even drive a car.

Esther got accepted as a contestant on the popular "What's My Line?" TV show, and she stumped the panel, who never imagined that this little lady drove a huge Greyhound Bus for a living. The next person on the show immediately following Esther was the celebrity guest, Jackie Gleason, who at the time played Ralph Kramden, a bus driver on the show "The Honeymooners." When Arlene Francis, one of the panel members who were now blindfolded, jokingly said, "You aren't a bus driver, are you?" the audience roared. The panel did eventually guess the identity of their celebrity guest, perhaps prompted in part by the audience's roar of laughter, but our friend, Esther, had certainly stumped them.

—by Pat Brausch



## REMEMBERING . . .

Virginia Graves  
Loving wife and mother  
Arrived: November 20, 1997  
Departed: August 5, 2008

Lt. Col. Frederic "Fred" Kelley,  
USAF (ret)  
Loving husband and father  
Arrived: April 9, 1998  
Departed: August 4, 2008

Cecilia Munro  
Loving wife and mother  
Arrived: March 23, 2003  
Departed: August 13, 2008

Gloria Heuer  
Loving wife and mother  
Arrived: September 26, 1999  
Departed: August 16, 2008



# Your Best Bet: Exercise

“If there was one single thing you could do to dramatically improve your health, there is no doubt that it would be exercise,” says Robert Sallis, MD, president of the American College of Sports Medicine. “Regular physical activity at the correct intensity is so powerful in maintaining and improving health that it should be prescribed just as a medicine or drug would be.”

Exercise is vital to your health. After age 25 we lose a quarter to a half a pound of muscle mass every year. This loss of muscle decreases our metabolism, the rate at which we burn calories, which means that we can’t eat as much as we used to without gaining weight.

But exercise is about more than just weight control. Studies show that regular physical activity, even just brisk walking for 30 minutes a day, can:

- Reduce your risk of developing Alzheimer’s Disease by one third.
- Reduce mortality and the risk of recurrent breast cancer by almost 50%.
  - Lower your risk of colon cancer by over 60%.
  - Decrease depression as effectively as Prozac or behavioral therapy.
  - Reduce your risk of heart disease by 40%.
  - Reduce your incidence of diabetes and high blood pressure by almost 50%.

Here at Paradise Valley Estates we offer a full calendar of fitness and wellness classes to nurture the body, mind, and spirit.

If you need guidance in class selection or need a fitness assessment, please contact me.

—by Jan Olson, Your Fitness Manager

## 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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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.”