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The Official Paradise Valley Estates Residents' Newspaper

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## What Do *You* Treasure?

The terrible flooding in the United States in the past couple of years has opened our eyes to the consequences of regional disaster. Many of us have asked ourselves how we might have acted under similar circumstances.

Here is the challenge I submitted to several PVE residents on behalf of *Elysian Fields*: "Your home is flooded. You have already rescued all your people, pets, photographs, and personal papers. You have just enough time to retrieve one more object from your threatened home. What would that object be?"

Before you read further, search your own heart and conclude what you need or cherish or just want to keep. Then read what others have said.

The first response came almost immediately from Dick and Joan Lucas. Dick would have dashed back for an old book, "One Thousand Years of Hubbard History." Dick added, "I'm descended from the Hubbards!"

Joan would retrieve her very special antique Mah Jongg set. Then, bending the rules just a bit, she felt it would be quite legitimate to grab a large bottle of wine on her way out. Great presence of mind, Joan!

The only residents who would have done what all of us have been cautioned to do were Fred-a and George Keever. Fred-a wrote: "The Great Orange Bucket sitting in the closet near the front door. Thanks to our PVE Safety Committee, it contains meds, energy bars, water, hand powered radio, flashlights, light bars, cat food, silver tarp, etc, etc.."

Why didn't we all think of that?

Betty Schaefer said her husband and his mother had been painters. She would undoubtedly have retrieved their art.

Warren McAllister claims he would certainly haul his safe to safety. "No problem carrying it," he says. "It only weighs 25 pounds."

Joan Kelley's response was unique and practical. She would rescue her address book with all the important phone numbers! Do you realize how hard that would be to replicate and how important it would be in rebuilding your life?

Harlan Suits took an entirely different tack. Rather than anticipate trouble, Harlan declared he doesn't worry about such things until he has to.

Dorothy Hart's outlook is both realistic and sentimental.

She says that, as long as every other practical thing has been rescued, she would go back for her personal valuables such as jewelry. They have practical value, and, more importantly, they elicit precious memories.

As for myself, I would grab a painting done on canvas by my daughter Jane. Every member of my family is represented, all of us depicted as penguins, each of us posed or clothed in a way that characterizes us. There are the preschoolers, an artist, the drummer, the cheerleader, the chef, and one with swollen tummy bearing my latest great-grandchild.

So what would you save?

—by Linda Faraday



# A Dedicated Sportsman

Earl Graham excelled in football, basketball, and baseball, with football being the favorite. He has the scars to prove it. His skill won him a scholarship to Louisiana State University, which he attended from 1932-36.

Earl was born in Detroit, Michigan, where his father worked in the auto industry. His mother needed a different climate, so the family moved to New Mexico when Earl was only a toddler. After about three more years, the family, including one brother, again relocated, this time to Evansville, Indiana, where they stayed for the rest of Earl's pre-college years.

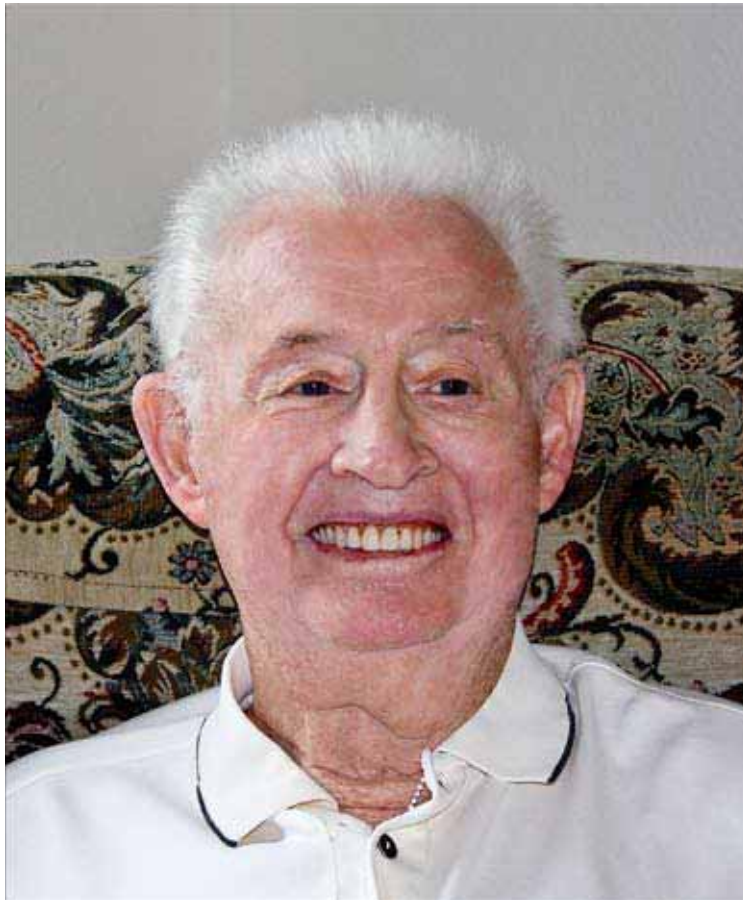
Earl insists that his whole life centered around sports from the moment he was first able to hold a ball in his hands. He admits that he did go fishing with his father on the Wabash River in Illinois but indicates that it was only because he had no alternative. It was a form of fishing where they placed several hooks and bait on one line. He would rather have stayed at home with some sort of ball game.

Following graduation from LSU, where he majored in business and accounting, he joined the Navy. He stayed there for 37 years, retiring as a captain. During his career, he was the skipper of an amphibious landing craft in the South Pacific. He hit the beach with the first American troops returning to Bataan and Corregidor.

After WWII, he became a Naval Supply Corps officer in Southern California. There he met his future wife, who was a student at Hollywood High.

She later worked in the movie industry. He and Agnes were married for 43 years, until she died of cancer. They were living in central Oregon most of the time following Earl's retirement from the Navy.

Earl was still totally interested in sports and had a passion for golf. He played basketball into his seventies. Playing in a golf tournament in Arizona, he met fellow PVE resident, Pat Maguire, who was



also an enthusiast of the game. She was living in Menlo Park at the time. They became good friends and golf companions and traveled a great deal with golf being an important part of the destination. In time, they decided that they were about ready for a retirement community and traveled extensively looking for the ideal one. They had pretty much decided that they wanted to be in Southern California, where they had spent time in the San Diego area around Coronado and Rancho Bernardo. By chance, a friend of a friend knew about

Paradise Valley Estates and spoke highly of it, so they decided to visit. They were convinced that it suited both of their needs admirably and made the decision to come here.

Up until Earl moved to Laurel Creek, they continued to take long auto trips, one of the last being a drive all the way across the country to visit Pat's brother and family in Pennsylvania. Golfing at the Greenbriar in West Virginia was one of the highlights. They both have enjoyed living at PVE, both for the sports offered and the interesting residents.

—by Joan Teague

# Enchanted Garden Room

As I enter the indoor/outdoor patio of the Montanyes' duplex two, I gasp a bit, pull off my sunglasses, but still can hardly believe my eyes! Not just a patio, this space has been transformed into a totally furnished room, combining the "ell" of the house walls with a landscaped embrace of the openings. It all began with the fencing of a 4' x 6' verge of grass on the east and south. The magic came when the green strip was enclosed with black wrought iron fence posts and palings, perfect foils for 18 large terra-cotta pots filled with masses of geraniums from white to pink, rose to cerise. Hung by huge black rings, they provide a spectacular wall of color and privacy on both exposures.

On the south's steeper slope, the fence rises to eight feet, where there are more vines thick with flowers, leaves, and tendrils—a living lacy curtain.

A splendid sago palm holds center stage. Inside, two exterior windows are treated as interior ones featuring perky blue and white striped valences. In front of one is an antique French baker's rack, loaded with succulents.

To the left is Fred's clever shelving arrangement; the thickness of the 12" shelf was enough for him to install four foot antique shutter hinges on the edge of it, leaving enough space for other treasures to be hung there: a beaded pull chain for summoning servants, three little market baskets, plus exciting mementos from world travels. Stunning stoneware plates from Mendocino potters adorn the wall; a tall rubber tree fills the corner.

The beautifully crafted wrought aluminum table and chairs in the rose and lyre motif are centered on a seven foot round rug in neutral tones. Joan and Fred transformed the concrete floor to faux flagstone; the ceiling light with fan blades suggests the tropics.



High-backed wicker chairs traveled from the watery bogs of the Loire River Valley to add a special charm. Joan's handworked pillows, including some precious Hmong embroidery, provide comfy seating; exotic Chinese blue and white ceramic garden seats are handy for drinks or books. On the verge behind them, a colorful stained glass hummingbird feeder and a handsome oriental stone lantern enhance the setting of lush flowering plants.

Three decorative layers are visible on each of the two open "walls"; the one outside consists of four trellises, one at each corner, with vines at the rooftop. The second is inside the beam: two see-through, roll down slatted shades, one on each exposure, dropped to valence level.

The third inside layer adds the warmth of four canvas drapery panels, tastefully hung on brass rods above each corner, enriched by wide, cotton sateen borders and tiebacks, adding a subtle contrast—a designer touch by Joan, the fabricator.

In parting, I decide I'd like to linger and be like Ferdinand the Bull of the children's classic, who just sat quietly and smelled the flowers.

—by Peg Cutshall

# The Best Laid Plans

My company, the NCR Corporation, had been doing business in Russia for many years, but it was slow moving as a result of the war destruction. It required people who were dedicated to gaining a foothold for the future.



When Russia was awarded the 1980 Olympics, they suddenly realized how far behind they were in doing business in the retail and hospitality world, and this became a concern. It then became a top priority. They did not want their image tarnished by outdated systems.

What followed was a frantic effort by all equipment companies to take advantage of this rare opportunity. Their plans were to put computers in all hotels and terminals in all bars, restaurants, and related businesses.

We worked for a year in negotiations, and finally, one day we received a letter notifying us that NCR had been selected to furnish this equipment, they decide to buy. There's always an "if"; in typical Russian fashion, they wanted a formal signing ceremony. So I accompanied my team, and we met in a hotel in Moscow. Here, the Asst. Secy. of State did the formalities.

After the ceremony, they said they would take us to lunch at the tallest restaurant in the world. They always believe they are the best and the tallest. Their limousines took us to the restaurant, which was an exact replica of the Needle Restaurant in Seattle. They claimed their restaurant was 500 ft. tall and the one in Seattle only in the 400s.

I had heard of the "red carpet" treatment, but I had never seen it. At the restaurant, they truly rolled out a red carpet to the limousine, and we were escorted in. They had taken over the top floor of the restaurant, as they wanted to show us the beautiful view of Moscow.

There were five of us and eight of them. As we found our places at the table and sat down, there was a waiter behind each chair and a bottle of Vodka in an ice bucket beside each chair. Then, the toasting began. Just as fast as you drained your glass, the

waiter immediately refilled it. It began with congratulatory toasts and continued on. But the weather was not cooperating, as the restaurant was completely fogged in. This was unfortunate as it increased the pace of toasting to the point of being ridiculous. Fortunately, there were large plates of meat, cheese, fish etc, and you ate as much as you could to stay sober. Sometime around 3:30p.m., they decided the fog was not going to lift, and the orgy ended.

Now, as Paul Harvey would say, "This is the rest of the story." If you recall, President Carter cancelled the 1980 Olympics because of a Russian incident and refused to let the American teams compete. You can guess what happened. Russia cancelled the contract with NCR, and all of our work for the past eighteen months was in vain. Only time heals those wounds.

So, as the saying goes, The best laid plans of mice and .....

—by Clarke Reynolds



## Appreciation Fund

Contributing to our Employee Appreciation Fund is underway. Locked boxes in the Community Center, Quail Creek, and Laurel Creek lobbies are available for your contribution. Make your checks out to RCOF and mark them for the Employee Appreciation Fund.

Only employees below the middle management receive this benefit. Remember, these are anonymous gifts as to the amount and identity of the giver. Only the Council Treasurer processes and deposits the checks.

When writing your check, keep in mind the excellent service we receive from all the employees.

— by Dinny Fisher, Council Treasurer

# Memories

In the 1930's, my life was ahead of me. It was a tough year for my family, being faced with the aftermath of the depression. I remember Dad had his life savings invested in "Farm and Home" stock, which failed and became totally worthless. I don't know if he had a nervous breakdown, but he and mother sent me to Vermont for the winter to be with my paternal grandparents. They were retired and had moved to the small village of Glover from the capital city of Montpelier, where Granddad once worked in the State House.

Winters were bitter cold, and it was not unusual to look at the back porch thermometer which read 30 degrees below zero. Laundry was washed in the old Maytag washing machine, and I helped put the clothes through the wringer before they were hung outside on a pulley type clothesline. It wasn't long before underwear took on stiff grotesque shapes. Shirts looked like stiff gingerbread men, and hats took on comical shapes. Later on, the sun would appear and turn everything normal.

The air was clear and dry and could play tricks, causing chilblains in our feet even though we dressed in lisle stockings with supporters, warm sweaters, and jackets. Sledding down hills, throwing snowballs, and building snowmen were our idea of fun with the neighbors. I didn't realize how cold it really was until I returned to the house with a cherry red face and frozen thighs where the snow had packed under my stockings. We sat by the warm stove with hot chocolate cupped in our hands to thaw our bodies.

The house was in the heart of town on Main St., a short distance from the general store with post office, where much of the activity took place. The community church was very close to our house, and all social events took place in the church basement: chicken pie suppers, bake sales, and strawberry shortcake gatherings in the summer.

"Sugaring Off" parties were my favorite. Vermont was and still is known for its maple syrup, which to this day is shipped to all corners of the USA. A New England maple tree is one of nature's grandest gifts. There is no location which provides more bold, vivid colors.

One lasting memory of that year when the city

girl spent several months in the country, made a final impression. It was a particularly cold day, and there was a heavy snowstorm. My grandparents were close friends of Dr. Percy Buck and his wife, Grace. He was a plump, jolly man who traveled to the back road farm houses to deliver a child or attend an ill patient. We were carefully tucked in when I heard a sleigh bell. I looked out the window to find Dr. Percy coming to check my grandmother's health. He wore a raccoon coat and hat and had a horse-drawn sled. I couldn't believe my eyes, but it was true!!

—by Jackie Roemer



## The Gift

There must have been a little bird,  
Or really big! Who knows?  
Who zeroed in  
On someone's patch  
Of great big red tomatoes!

Then away he flew,  
And did poo-poo  
At 5-7-zero-7,  
And now I have a great big plant  
Reaching up to heaven!

First I counted up to eight,  
And each day there were more!  
And yesterday when I got through,  
There were forty- four!

Small to big,  
Green to red,  
Drive on by  
My garden bed!

—by Audi Dallmann

# Bobbing for Apples (or Cash)



Would you believe that Halloween is now the second biggest holiday in America, ringing up more than five billion in expenditures? How can this be? My recollections

of Halloween as a child centered around dressing up as a hobo or ghost, depending on what my mother could find, and then extorting candy from the neighbors with the standard “trick or treat” threat. I don’t think the neighbors were intimidated, as they seemed happy to see me and guess at my true identity. Homemade fudge, apples, and popcorn balls were pressed into my sticky fingers, but I preferred the store-bought Baby Ruth and Hershey chocolate bars. Our children did pretty much the same with more store-bought costumes.

A few years ago, adults decided Halloween was too much fun to leave only to the kids. Main street stores concurred and expanded an October 31 evening into a season. Halloween decoration purchases are now second only to Christmas. Costumes run the full gamut from scary, grotesque, political, and humorous to sexy. Reports are that adult pirate outfits run several hundred dollars. I read that a very realistic Captain Hook outfit can run up to \$1,000. A Batman costume with latex crafted muscles goes for \$1500 in New York City. Pet Halloween costumes are the newest rage. Dog and cat costumes can be found in stores along side the other Halloween paraphernalia. The commercial card industry is getting in on the celebration as well. Novel Halloween drinks are served in bars, with names like Witches Brew and Devil’s Kiss. Of course, we’ve had Bloody Marys for years, but that has a different origin.

Christmas and Easter had biblical antecedents before being highjacked by Santa Claus and the Easter bunny. The origin of Halloween has both secular and Christian roots. The ancient Celtic festival of Samhain (pronounced sow-in) dates back over 2000 years in Ireland, where they celebrated the New Year

on November 1. The Druid priests preached that on the night of October 31, the ghosts of the dead returned to earth. The Celts wore animal heads and skins and gathered around huge bonfires. The Romans came later and merged their fall holidays with Samhain. One was to honor Pomona, goddess of fruit and trees, which was symbolized by the apple. Some claim that this was the origin of the traditional Halloween bobbing for apples. Still later, the Pope tried to downplay the pagan elements and designated November 1 as All Saints Day, also called All-Hallowmas. The night before was called All-Hallows Eve and eventually was shortened to Halloween.

During the late 19<sup>th</sup> century, America was flooded with immigrants from Europe. Each group brought a version of the Halloween celebration: costumes, trick or treating, ghost stories, parties, games and parades. Their descendants took the next step and made Halloween a full-blown commercial phenomenon.

—by Hal Carter

## Move-ins During October

Maj. Paul Nelson, USAF (Ret) and Corinne  
to 2106 Estates Drive  
from Magalia, CA

Lt Col. John Klefstad, USAF (Ret) and Jane  
to 3203 Estates Drive  
from Fairfield, CA

# The Woods behind Our House

The woods directly behind my childhood home were a place to go to play with friends. They were also a place to go when I wanted to be by myself to enjoy nature and the mystery of it.

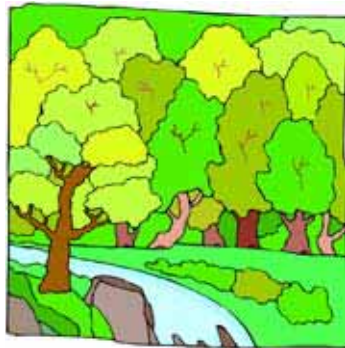
One memory that still is strong is the visual one of walking in the woods, slowly at first, to find the first pink lady's slipper of the early spring. Then, as if I were in a contest

to see how many I could find, I would almost run to see the next and the next, counting as I went. The bright pink lady's slippers stood out in the grey woods, where the trees and the brush were still sleeping in their

winter's rest. It was a feeling of magic that these beautiful lady's slippers could appear every year in early spring to bring joy to a nature-loving child.

When I was in the company of friends, our games and adventures were varied. Some of them involved the boys in our neighborhood. When I was quite young, "Cowboys and Indians" was an appropriate game because there were lots of good hiding places behind the trees. Other times when just the girls were playing, we would build a camp made out of old branches and twigs. It was sort of a secret clubhouse. I also remember gathering the old discarded Christmas trees to build another house. We were really creative and imaginative in those days before all the manufactured toys came into being. I remember finding an old piece of glass that looked something like a telephone. We used that in our Christmas tree house to make pretend calls.

In the winter, a steep toboggan run was made by the older boys. This, too, was in the woods. It was quite scary to go down the shoot or run because it was kept icy by the boys pouring water on it each night before leaving. I believe that we went down it on sleds as well as on the toboggan. One time, a boy, about a year older than I, had an accident at the end of the run. He got a deep gouge in his



shin. I tried to be the nurse and come to his aid and bring comfort, but Hughie would have none of it and "toughed it out."

I have other woods to talk about in another story. They were farther away and across some main roads; they had larger trees and were a different place altogether. This story of the woods behind our house was in my earlier childhood days.

—by Constance Gum

## “Hand Salute!” .....

### “Two”

Since retirement, I have missed the hand salute as the colors pass by. But President Bush rectified this when he signed on January 28 this year a new law amending the federal code to allow a veteran to salute the U.S. flag while not in uniform in certain, but not all, situations.

The amended federal code addresses actions for a viewer of the U.S. flag during its hoisting, lowering or passing. In these cases, a veteran in civilian attire may salute the flag. All other persons present should face the flag and, if applicable, remove their headdress with their right hand and hold it at the left shoulder, the hand being over the heart. Citizens of other countries should stand at attention. All such conduct toward the flag in a moving column should be rendered at the moment the flag passes.

Note: Hand salute in civilian attire is not authorized for the Pledge of Allegiance; veterans in civilian attire will continue to place their hand over their heart, as has been the tradition.

—by Bill Cockcroft



# Click of the Shutter

It was summer in Chanute, Kansas; I was an eighth- grade student, and Mr. Greig, principal of Royster Junior High, spent part of his own vacation time to teach me and some other kids the basics of photography.

He explained how an image passes through the camera lens onto sensitive negative film and how that negative image is exposed onto sensitive paper to produce a finished black and white picture. Theory explained, we went into the real stuff. Money was scarce, so we learned how to build our own equipment. First was a device for making black and white prints. It consisted of a wooden box containing a white light bulb on a switch and a red light bulb covered with two sheets of glass—one clear, one frosted. We learned to put the negative and sensitive paper on the glass, flip on the light, count (we had no watches), turn off the light, and the paper was exposed. Then we put the paper into trays of chemicals to develop and fix the image, and voila—we had a picture!

But more exciting was constructing an enlarger. It consisted of a bellows Kodak with the back open with a negative placed in the opening. A light bulb behind the Kodak passed light through the negative and the Kodak lens, projecting an enlarged image onto sensitive white paper.

My friend, Kenneth Olsen, and I were intensely inspired. We'd worked and bought new Kodaks, and we tramped all around Chanute aiming and clicking shutters at assorted animate and inanimate objects (most of which turned out to have about as much photographic interest as a dehydrated sweet potato.) Then, we had the negatives processed and took them to my basement, where we had made a darkroom.

When creating an enlargement, we first experimented with cut swatches of various paper types and tried different exposure times to select the best combinations. Then, we exposed the full sheet. Working rapidly during the exposure, we jiggled cardboard in front of parts of the picture to modify contrasts in the finished enlargement. Finally, we took it through the developing process, waiting anxiously while our finished product slowly emerged in the developer. Usually, the results were not what we had visualized, but occasionally, we turned out a winner, and we were



elated. Either way, it was always engrossing and fun.

Of course, these days I drop my roll of film off at Long's, it's processed into a CD, which I insert into my computer, then select various icons to modify things like hue, brightness, and contrast. It's a wonderful and enjoyable process, but somehow it doesn't give the satisfaction I had working in the darkroom under a red light to jockey around and get the enlargement I was looking for. And I'll bet the great photographer, Ansel Adams, were he still with us, would feel the same way.

—by Ted Terrill

## Persimmons

In San Jose, California, my parents had a large persimmon tree in their backyard. It was the "Fuyu" variety, the one flattened like a tomato. You peeled the skin and ate it when it was firm, crisp, and sweet like an apple. We all looked forward to getting some each autumn. My mother saw to it that each family member got his fair share. Of course, all her neighbors and friends got their share, too.

One day, when she heard the garbage truck, she grabbed the freshly picked fruit in a bag and ran out the front door. Naturally, the garbage man thought it was to be thrown out. Just as he was about to heave it into the truck, my mother yelled, "No no – for you!" Somehow, she thought the whole world loved her precious "Kaki" (persimmon in Japanese.) I think it must have brought back wonderful memories of her childhood in Japan so many, many years ago.

—by Grace Miyagishima



# An Atlantic Crossing

In September, 1944, my ship, the light cruiser Philadelphia, sailed from southern France back to Philadelphia for a long overdue overhaul. We crossed the Atlantic in just a few days and arrived at the entrance to Delaware Bay early one foggy morning. When the navigator, Jack Newman, saw the buoy marking the beginning of the channel, he made a hard turn to the right. The Philadelphia was quite top-heavy, and there were big swells in the sea. Halfway around the turn, the combination caused the ship suddenly to list about 40 degrees. Below decks in the wardroom, most of the officers were eating breakfast, which that morning included hot cakes with pitchers of syrup. As the ship listed and chairs started to slide away from the mess tables, I rode my chair till it banged into the outboard bulkhead. Some officers held onto the mess tables and were rewarded with their laps full of syrup and milk from overturning pitchers. From the galley, there came a deafening crash as all the dishes that had already been collected (and stacked) fell onto the steel deck. The navigator just laughed when he heard all the complaints.

—by Bill Gum



# An Unlikely Story

It started with a pain in my hip and back.

It ended with a black eye.

As my friend, Ted Demosthenes, said, “That’s the worst excuse for a black eye I’ve ever heard.” But it was true! Here are the facts and only the facts.

The doctor gave me hydrocodone, Soma, and physical therapy. So far, so good. Then the plot thickens. A physical therapist recommended rocker bottom shoes. Look out! These shoes are not for the timid. They are higher at the toes and heels than in the middle. Tip a little too far forward and you are on your face. Tip a little too far back and vice-versa, so they take getting used to. Well, I was doing pretty well with them, had walked all the way back from physical therapy to Building 1000 in them. Hurrah.

However, it had been tiring, so I sat down to rest a bit, and the two medications took over. I fell sound asleep.

The doorbell rang. I leaped up, forgetting the crazy shoes, did a couple of pirouettes and BASH! I hit bottom, rocked back, hit the corner of the wall with the back of my head, denting it — the wall that is, and sat there marveling that I had survived, or at least seemed to have. I noticed that my glasses had been jarred off my nose. I got them straightened up, managed to get to my feet, staggered around, answered the doorbell, and suddenly realized that my back and hip pain was gone! The fall had fixed my back. Hallelujah!

Then, I looked in a mirror. What a shiner! Evidently my glasses did it when I hit my head. As I mentioned, I had actually dented the wall.

So that’s the story, the plain, unvarnished truth.

—by Phyllis Miller



# Rattlesnake in Paradise

A rattlesnake has entered Paradise. The news brought to mind snake incidents experienced when living in the semi-desert region that is San Diego.

Nearby Black Mountain offered a 360-degree view from the top, and we often spent a Sunday afternoon climbing it. We had enjoyed the view and were descending when John commanded us to stop. Coiled on the path right in front of him was a big rattler. He grabbed rocks and quickly dispatched the danger. When we got home, teenager Jimmy from across the street heard of our adventure and begged John to go with him the next Sunday, so he could get a rattlesnake for a science project. John told him to step cautiously and watch the path, but, like many teens, he was cocky and self-assured. Suddenly, John yelled, "Freeze." All the bravado escaped in an instant, and Jimmy stood immobile while John killed the snake. Jimmy took it to school, dissected it, and mounted the skin and the rattles. He only got a C for their joint effort. John thought they deserved more than that.

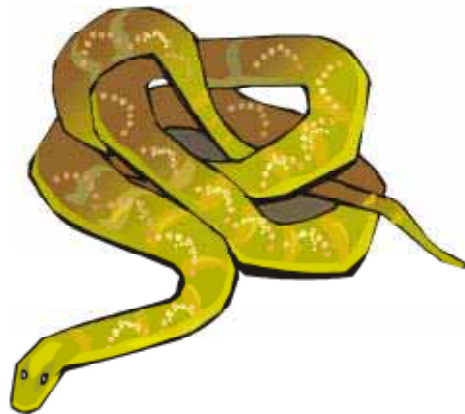
A harmless snake was climbing a trellis on our patio. John called to one of the boys to get him a stick. Instead, he was handed a toy rifle over which he draped the snake. I took a picture of my fearless snake hunter.

We knew the difference between the harmless, rodent-eating snakes and the poisonous rattlers, but some people were spooked by any kind. A frantic man banged on our door shouting, "Snake, snake! Get me a broom!" The urgency in his voice made me obey. Then, with horror, I watched while he beat on a harmless king snake. Satisfied that he had saved the neighborhood, he handed me the broom and went on his way. The snake had a gaping hole in its neck but navigated into the shrubbery. It seemed to realize that it had found a safe haven, and it stayed there for months. I felt like apologizing to it every time I saw it.

We were going off to Arizona on an insurance convention. It would be one of the first times we had left the children with a sitter. Friends from Long Beach came by our house to spend the night; we were going to proceed to the resort together. They noticed a baby rattlesnake on the road in front of our house. We looked all around for others and found none. The young one disappeared. As we made

our way across California and into Arizona, Andy would intermittently say, "I can't help but wonder about that snake. If there was a baby, there had to be a mother close by." Any reaction from me goaded him into more rattlesnake musings. This went on for the five days of the convention. As we returned and pulled up close to our house, Andy felt obliged to ask, "Do you think we'll find any victims among the children?"

—by Joan Teague



## November

The leaves left  
On the pear tree  
Can be counted  
Now,

Whereas  
Six weeks ago  
Even the pears  
That hung there  
Were numberless.

The blue jay  
Stands out brightly  
Among its bare branches  
Against the gravelly sky.

—by Marty Wildberger

# Dining Services

Can you believe it? Here we are getting into the holiday season again.

We had Halloween in October and now we're into the month of November with Thanksgiving soon followed by our Christmas parties. This brings up a most important subject. It's that time to show our thanks to the dining room and kitchen staff with our annual Christmas gifts for all of the wonderful service we get everyday in the dining room. It might be interesting to review exactly what they do throughout the year. Our kitchen prepares and serves about 620 meals per day in the dining room, Café, Laurel Creek, and Quail Creek. You add that up for the year and it comes to a little over a quarter of a million meals served. Wow! If that's not impressive, what is! So friends, let's show our appreciation by putting our thanks into the Christmas gift box at the reception desk in the Community Center.

Last month, we got out our spooky costumes, false faces, or just a funny hat for the great time we had at our Halloween party. It was a buffet that night, so it was interesting to watch some residents trying to eat a gooey dessert through a mask. Anyway, all who have been to them in the past know what fun they are. And our new residents got a great initiation to a party that they haven't experienced since they were kids.

There is something that I don't think I have discussed in the past. Many of you are not aware of an additional service we have in our Café. That is the availability of some basic food items that you can pick up and not have to take the time to drive to Raley's, or elsewhere. On the list are regular and lactaid milk or half and half, six or 12 eggs, muffins or a loaf of bread, orange juice or a pitcher of iced tea, cottage cheese, an on-account breakfast or frozen entree, and the ever popular "scumdictious" soft cookies that are served in the lobby at Quail Creek. These can all be picked up at the Café, with



the cost being most reasonable, and payment going onto your monthly bill.

We had 201 signed comment cards for the month with a 94.8% satisfied with the food and 97.8% pleased with the service. The award servers are Jake Irwin and Roberto Recella. Be sure to thank them for the great job they're doing, and remember to reward all the servers and kitchen staff with your check. They mean a great deal to these young people. Many have told me in the past how much it means to them, particularly when they see the size of the individual checks they receive.

That's it again for this month. And don't forget next month we are into a full holiday season of parties and other festivities. P.S. Don't forget to sign your comment cards! Bon Appetit!

—by Fred Montanye,  
Chair, Dining Services Committee

## Love Story?

You've all heard the stories, true or not, that widows line up with casseroles whenever a man they know has lost his wife.

Our friend, Jackie, has a different version of those tales. She called yesterday from Madison, Wisconsin, where she lives alone in a retirement community much like ours. Her husband, Hugh, had had a kidney transplant about fifteen years ago, then went on dialysis about five years ago. He finally lost his hard-fought battle just a little over a year ago.

What Jackie called about yesterday was to tell us that she was "seeing" a very nice man. Pressed for details, she revealed that she had first met him in a bereavement meeting, for he lives there too and had lost his wife a while ago.

There were only the occasional "hellos" in the hallway, Jackie said, until one day when she found in her in-house mailbox a bag of homemade cookies from this gentleman, along with a note asking her for a coffee date.

Now, how could she resist. These things can indeed work both ways!

—by Nancy Stoneberg

# Living Longer in Good Health to the End



The fastest growing segment of the population consists of people over age 85. By 2050, some 800,000 Americans will have celebrated their 100th birthday. Long-term studies have shown that how people live accounts for more than half the difference in how hearty they will remain until very

near the end. Many seniors have demonstrated a concept proposed by Dr. James F. Fries of Stanford University that adult vigor can be extended well into the ninth decade of life, with illness and disability compressed into a period that shortly precedes death.

It is never too late to adopt habits that predict a healthy old age. While measures started early in life are most likely to have the greatest health benefit, older people should never feel that turning over a new leaf at their age is anything but effective. According to Dr. Richard S. Revlon, an internist, there is clear evidence that measures taken in one's 70's could help prevent several important categories of disease, such as hypertension, heart disease, osteoporosis, and even cancer.

The primary modifiable predictors of longevity are preventing diabetes and high blood pressure, not smoking, and exercise. In long-term studies, exercise is pinpointed as the single most potent predictor of a healthy longevity in women as well as men. A critical measure for the *young-elderly*, as Dr. Revlin calls 70-year-olds, is to make regular exercise part of a daily lifestyle, including aerobic activities that raise the heart rate, weight bearing activities that strengthen muscles and bones, and stretching exercises that reduce stiffness and improve flexibility and balance. It is not that very old people can exercise because they are healthy; rather, it is that they achieve a healthy old age because they exercise.

Feel free to contact me with questions or concerns regarding your fitness program here at PVE.

—by Jan Olson, Fitness Director

# Golf

The October 1 *Spooks Open* attracted 21 PVE golfers who made it to the first tee. That number varied right up to the last minute because of some players who forgot to sign up and some who were hurting. Walt tries to anticipate those situations each month; trying to guess who makes the job exciting.

At the Moaners and Groaners meeting in the Club, Kermit Anderson was introduced and welcomed as a new resident and player. Anita Parker, our own celebrity, was introduced as partner of the championship putting contest team held on September 30.

The education process continued as all were asked if they read the small print on the monthly flyer labeled N L T and understood what it meant. We will see next month if the class was successful. Walt then read another one of those dumb golf stories, followed by a stirring rendition by Dinny Fisher on how golf and sex are alike.

Walt asked who besides himself had lost a ball in the lake. Several hands went up, and it was determined that Jim Graham was the first. He was rewarded with an apple so he could toss it in the lake and bob while looking for his ball.

Our local storyteller, John Gearhart, gave another reading from his sorry collection of jokes, but you can't stop someone so famous as John. A new award was then introduced, which will probably be the last time. Most golfers who have played with Gearhart have often heard his classic remark—Mumble Mumble—after hitting a bad shot. No one really wants to know what those words really mean, but he did receive a beautiful certificate citing the Mumble Mumble award.

3rd place winners: Harry Parker-Don Herington- Marge Harlan

2nd place winners: Dunc Kelly-Jim Graham-Larry Clayton-Winky Werrick

1st place winners: Kay Reh-Glen Dow-Warren MacQuarrie-Walt McDaniel

—by Walt McDaniel



# Clerisy

Our November selection begins with an exhausted, defeated woman bringing her two grimy and hungry children to Munich to place in a foster home. This portrayal is as accurate a picture of Nazi Germany during the 1930s as the newsreels of well-scrubbed children marching in straight lines. And not all of the adults were *heiling* Hitler, either. There was a good deal of rebellion, both juvenile and adult, at least in the stark world of Liesel Meminger. This nine-year old was placed in the dreary row house of a humble older couple who lived on the incongruously named *Himmelstrasse* [Heaven Street] in a rough and tough working-class village near enough to Munich to pick up stray bombs but far enough away to miss the mirth of Bavaria's "Laughing City."

Death, the wry, sardonic, yet compassionate character who narrates this imaginative novel, had come to put the soul of Liesel's little brother "on the conveyor belt to eternity." He unwillingly breaks his self-imposed rule of never getting involved with live human beings after he becomes fascinated by the skinny little girl who stealthily picks up something inadvertently dropped at the grave site and slips it under her ragged coat. He observes her from a safe distance for the rest of her life.

What she didn't return was a book, even though she was illiterate. *The Gravedigger's Handbook* was only the first book she was to steal, and thus she became protagonist of *The Book Thief*, Markus Zusak's prize-winning novel. The young author had won national prizes for each of his four books for young people in his native Australia; *The Book Thief* elevated him to an international literary sensation. His writing has been described as "absorbing, searing, and mesmerizing." His touch is deft and lyrical, while his indelible characterizations are superbly drawn.

In a recent interview, the author, son of an Australian father and a German mother, told how he treasured the stories his mother told of growing up in a small Bavarian village in Hitler's Germany. He likely learned of things like the food and fuel shortages, and of Jews being paraded down the streets, which lend authenticity to the stirring story he tells.

Everyone is invited to Clerisy discussions, either

as participants or auditors. The group meets every third Thursday at 7:30 in the Round Room. This month, the meeting is on November 20.

—by Gaylon Caldwell

## End of the Season

The end of the veggie garden season sneaks up on us. All of a sudden, the days get so much shorter. One day we drop by the garden and there is nothing to



pick. Sure, there are loads of green tomatoes, but the lovely green globes are no longer there. Even the overabundant zucchini have only small fruit. The plants that produced so well seem to be getting tired. Leaves are turning brown, and zillions of aphids cover the leaves. Does hosing the aphids just drive them to our neighbors' plants?

One dramatic change is the sudden appearance of huge tomato hornworms that seem to appear out of nowhere. What is the best way to deal with these unpleasant garden visitors? Spraying is overkill. Why spray when they only appear on a few plants? Some folks favor the "Gotcha" approach: Cut 'em in half with your pruners. The "Yuck" method shakes 'em to the ground so you can squish 'em with your shoe. Messy, but satisfying. I prefer the "transfer of nutrients" approach. Cut off the leaf the worm is on and, when leaving the garden, carry it out and deposit it on the road. If a crow doesn't get it, a car will. If a car comes first, a crow will clean up the debris. Neat, biologically sound.

The roses are the real glory of the garden, and this cooler weather has brought out a burst of color. The gardeners urge you to take advantage of this weather and take a stroll through the garden. Your senses will be delighted with the perfumes and colors. We hope to see you there.

—by Anne Funkhouser

# Wall of Remembrance

The Wall of Remembrance in the PVE bar/lounge represents all branches of the service, and many interesting pictures depict various activities. The wall is maintained by a committee of residents composed of a member from each branch of the service. Of the original committee who developed and constructed the Wall of Remembrance, there are only two remaining, the committee chairman Russ Bowen and Bud DeLong. Russ Bowen represents the Marine Corps, Bud DeLong the Navy, Bill Johnson the Air Force; the Army slot has been vacant for some time.

At a recent meeting of the committee, Russ submitted his retirement. He was replaced by Ted Demosthenes for the Marine Corps. Charlie Gilbert was elected to the committee as the representative for the Army, Bud DeLong was elected as Chairman, and Bill Johnson was elected as the Operations Officer.

Newer residents to PVE may not know that they can submit to the committee pictures that they may feel should be displayed on the wall. The committee is anxious to see such pictures and would review their suitability for addition to the wall. (Pictures of individuals are not used.) If someone has pictures to be considered, they should contact one of the members of the committee.

Also, on the back wall of the club is a world map upon which we have placed pins of locations (overseas) at which residents served while on active duty. If a resident feels that his/her location is not represented, please contact Bill Johnson and a pin will be added to the map in the location requested.

—by Bill Johnson



# Solano Winds Concert Honors Bob Briggs

On October 21, the Solano Winds performed their inaugural concert of the 2008-2009 season in memory of Robert O. Briggs, who died in September. Mr. Briggs had been the conductor and musical director of the band since its inception and was responsible, along with PVE



residents Otto Vasak and Bill Preston, for bringing the band to PVE to perform five concerts each year.

Mr. William Doherty, cofounder of Solano Winds, who has accepted the position of Musical Director, conducted the inaugural concert. The program included some of Mr. Briggs' favorite selections and featured music by Sousa, Tchaikovsky, and an arrangement called "Star Trek Through the Years," as well as a tribute to Louis Armstrong. The concert closed with the march, "Lights Out," the signature music for the UC Berkeley marching band, which Mr. Briggs conducted for more than 28 years.

A festival celebrating the life of Robert O. Briggs is planned for February, 2009, at the Fairfield Center for Creative Arts.

—by Liz Wildberger

# Holiday Gala, 2008

Plans for the annual PVE Holiday Gala are rapidly taking form. Residents are invited to circle the date, Thursday, December 11, on their calendars and plan to attend the festive function that heralds the beginning of the holiday season.

Invitations to all residents will be issued soon by the Staff Holiday Party Planning Committee. Each year there is a unique and distinctive theme to the holiday party, and 2008 promises to continue that tradition. Happy Holidays!

# Sports Wrap-up

The final game of the bocce ball season was held on September 26. The top four teams, based on their number of wins, were:

First place : Team 2 A. Kocher, I. Redfield, W. MacQuarrie, Clara MacQuarrie, 19 wins.

Second place: Team 1 M. Ablan, V, Stockel, P. Miller, C. Gilbert, 18 wins

Third place: Team 12 G. Heuer, E. Heuer, J. Martin, L. Bedinger, 17 wins

Fourth place: Team 5 H. Carter, B. DeLong, A. Gonnella, J. Lindeman, L. Hillier, 16 wins.

Winners of the annual PVE putting contest held on September 30 were:

First place: Anita Parker and Betty Peterson

Runner-up: Jack Biederman and Jim Graham

Over 50 residents participated in this year's event. Organizers included Glenn Grewe, Duncan Kelley and Norm Bills.



# Resident Council Election

President Ray Heimbuch introduced three newly elected members of the Resident Council Wednesday October 15. They are Spike Flertzheim, Helen Marie Kocher, and Clarke Reynolds. Ray then introduced the new officers who had been elected by the Council members: President: Betty St George, Vice President: Dan Child, Secretary: Ralph Young, and Treasurer: Dinny Fisher.

Wanda Godsey received a Certificate of Appreciation for her role as the Recording Secretary.

# REMEMBERING . . .

Althea Lubersky  
Loving Wife and Devoted Friend  
Arrived: May 27, 1999  
Departed: September 27, 2008

Lt.Col. Robert Dean, USAF (Ret)  
Loving Son and Devoted Friend  
Arrived: December 2, 1998  
Departed: October 2, 2008



# “America – So Many Heroes”

Veterans' Day will be commemorated at PVE on November 11, at eleven a.m. A flag-lowering ceremony will be conducted at the main gate with the Junior ROTC Color Guard from Fairfield High School participating. Following a short parade to the Community Center, a program features the PVE Chorus, a video presentation prepared by Jack Albrecht, and brief readings by members of the Patriotic Committee. The theme, “America – So Many Heroes” has been announced by Patriotic Committee chair, Lew Martin.



# In My Dreams

The nicest things can happen in my dreams.  
Everything's much better than it seems.  
Then I wake up with a start,  
And I know we've grown apart,  
And the daytime isn't worth a hill of beans  
The strangest things still happen in the night,  
Things that couldn't happen when it's light.  
There are shadows on the wall, scary noises  
in the hall, but I really like what happens in my  
dreams.

—by Elly Vasak

# The Great Debate

Is it in or out? This question comes up almost every game. The code says “A ball 99% out is still 100% good. If there is only a piece of ball fuzz on the line, the ball is good.”

Often an out ball is played, which keeps the ball in play and the game goes on. If a receiver of the serve returns an out ball and does not call it immediately, it is in play. The opponents should not stop playing because they thought the ball was out. Opponents can not call the lines on your side of the court unless asked to do so.

Racket up! Be ready at all times.

Court quip: “Come on! You have had more of those shots than the law allows.”

—by Millie Healy

# 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

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- (1) Biographies of PVE residents  
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- (2) Life at PVE (human interest stories,  
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Bill and Constance  
Gum
- (3) Memories (of past events and significant  
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Liz Wildberger,  
Miz Lively and  
Freddi Miller
- (4) Feature Writer  
Linda Faraday
- (5) Fitness feature writer  
Jan Olson
- (6) Poems  
Marty Wildberger

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.”