

# Elysian Fields



August 2016

The Official Paradise Valley Estates Residents' Newspaper

Volume XIX, Issue 8

## Happy Birthday America!

On July 4, 2016, the PVE Patriotic Committee hosted a birthday party in Rawlinson Hall to a standing room only crowd of residents. Bill Green, Chairman of the Patriotic



Committee, acted as ringmaster once again, announcing one inspiring event after another. The Cultural Chorale was featured, on stage this year, with several performances, including prelude music, the National Anthem, heart-lifting music, a sing-along with the audience, and a recessional. Residents joined in with the Chorale during the National Anthem and the recessional, and they stood and sang the traditional songs of their service to music and words on screen by Jack Albrecht. Lew Martin presented a long list of little known facts about the American Revolution, the PVE Chime Players performed under the direction of Phyllis Mosher, Barbara Scanlin read an inspiring piece, first penned in 1955 by Otto Whittaker, titled "I am the Nation", and of course, Jack Albrecht presented another of his patented Patriotic Videos. A new feature this year was Cynthia Chancellor playing her flute in accompaniment to many of the Chorale's performances.



As always, the Life Enrichment staff was wonderful. They printed programs, coordinated activities, prepared Rawlinson Hall and managed the audio, video and lights flawlessly. Kirstin Flores and Dave Nadeau led the team so professionally that their work was invisible to the audience, but we know that without their support, we could not have presented this program, and we are grateful.

—Your Patriotic Committee

## “A Regular American Life”

When David and Barbara Allard were approached about being featured in the Biography page of *Elysian Fields*, their response was: “We appreciate the honor, but really, we’ve just had a regular American life with all its blessings.” In the course of an interview, though, a great deal of *kismet* and fate determined both of their lives.

A boyhood in Wausau, Wisconsin was an idyllic way of life. Dave has written often about Christmas holidays, pick-up baseball games and a warm loving family eating, growing and praying together. Barb’s recollection of her stately red-brick, multi-level home is of “a palace or castle at the end of a long, curving driveway.” She lived there in St. Cloud, Minnesota, the oldest of four girls and a boy in a home that teemed with activities devised by her athletic father, an avid golfer who taught his daughters the game and inspired them with confidence.

An unlikely meeting involving Christmas leave from the Naval Academy for Dave and an invitation to spend Christmas with a college friend for Barb occurred on a train between New Lisbon and Wausau, Wisconsin. Dave describes himself as “a mess”—needing a shave, in a uniform ruffled from many hours of travel—and Barb says he was a “smooth talker” who managed to suggest and actually confirm a first date before the train reached its destination.

They spent their vacation enjoying each other’s company, and the immediate attraction led to many letters between Annapolis and the College of St. Catherine in St. Paul, Minnesota. There were summers with Dave driving his aged Chevy BelAir car back and forth to Barb’s Minnesota home that culminated in a decision to get married as soon as Barb graduated. The wedding took place on July 4, a three-day weekend, with Dave arriving from Pensacola where he was stationed to claim his princess bride.



The newlywed couple left immediately after the nuptials to establish their home, a tiny second-story apartment in steamy Pensacola. Theirs was a typical (for the time) Navy life with frequent moves, deployments for Dave, and three children, all born in Balboa Hospital in San Diego. Of those times, Dave and Barb agreed that despite separations and a tight budget they “never had so much fun as they had during their Navy years.”

Dave decided to return to civilian life after five years, and Barb looked forward to being closer to her family. “I never really had a passionate desire to pursue a specialized career,” Dave says. He had been a helicopter pilot in the Navy so it seemed logical to interview at companies with an engineering slant. He was offered a position as

a “recruiter” of engineers by General Motors. After two and a half years of persuading young engineers to come to GM, Dave was promoted to the headquarters in Detroit, Michigan, and became a “trainer” for executives from the many divisions owned by GM.

Fate stepped in again, and Dave decided to become a business owner. The family

moved to Carmel Valley, California, bought a house, raised their five children in the country and lived a pleasant suburban-like life. Dave became a certified financial planner and Barb volunteered her time generously at the local hospital.

Asked what made the Allard family life “regular,” Dave and Barb agreed that taking risks, seizing opportunities and their faith were guideposts. “Take life as it comes and don’t try to guide it.”

Now in retirement at PVE, they find that being parents to five successful adults and grandparents to eleven wonderful grandchildren is a pleasant way to age. But they say firmly, “Stay active, don’t shut down, read, write, play poker, and take classes.” After the strict discipline of professional life, it’s a treat to be able to craft a life in which you get to decide every day, they both admit.

—Liz Wildberger

## Evolving with *Elysian Fields*

One of the “youthful” qualities of residents of PVE is the uncanny ability to adapt to new methods while fashioning existing programs and activities to “trend” into today’s scope of valuable things to engage our time.

As part of the transition process, the staff of *Elysian Fields* has decided to omit the page dedicated to resident biographies. It has been noted that the page in *Elysian Fields* currently devoted to resident biographies has succeeded in its mission: to showcase residents chronologically. The staff of *Elysian Fields* is grateful to the original staff members who knew how important it was initially to “get to know one another.” Thanks to these earlier efforts, we are a strong and vigorous retirement community. Realistically, though, this goal cannot be met because our resident population has grown so large. *The Valiant*, however, is able to take on that mission statement and proves to be an attractive option.

At present, we have many means for communicating. *Elysian Fields*, our news magazine; *The Write Place*, our bi-annual literary magazine; *The Valiant*, a yearbook-type publication including photographs and biographies of residents; computer applications like Instagram, e-mail, and other social media; and Management level products like the *Friday Flash*, PVE website, blog, and detailed monthly calendars from Wellness and Life Enrichment

With the volunteer leadership of editorial staff, *Elysian Fields* has evolved from the initial issue to the present opportunity to receive it in color via Internet or in black-and-white print format. With exciting changes going on in our retirement community, the need to publish articles relating to the construction of our new buildings, activities and events that are both fun and informative is a priority and the presence of two volunteer resident photographers makes for a lively, attractive publication – a sort of *People Magazine* for the retired.

We hope that you will agree that *Elysian Field’s* “new look” does just that.

## PVE’s Wall of Remembrance

*Editor’s Note: This article was originally written by Miz Lively and has been updated by Bob Isherwood.*

Retired Navy Cdr. Ray Tylutki came up with the original concept for the Wall of Remembrance. In 1998, he wrote a letter to Resident Council President Otto Vasak, suggesting some type of permanent remembrance be established for PVE veterans. The letter read in part, “We are approaching the end of time. It’s nice to be surrounded by some of the action we have experienced in wartime. We are veterans at home now.” Ray Stewart was appointed Resident Council liaison charged with forming a committee that would implement the idea. The Club became the locale, and PVE installed the necessary lighting.

Retired officers were selected to serve on the committee from each branch of service: Bud Holderness, Air Force, chair; Bud DeLong, Navy; Russ Bowen, Marines; Jim Wirrick, Army, and Hilda Helmer; Coast Guard.

A large Hammond Classic Map of the World, donated by Bud DeLong, was hung on the rear wall. Residents provide lists of locations where they have served. The committee periodically upgrades the map. Residents have donated or loaned photos, plaques, weapons, flags and other objects for posting on club walls. The committee is sometimes not able to accept items because they cannot be properly mounted.

There are many residents, both old and new, who have never taken the opportunity to view this wonderful and unique wall. Do not be bashful; come and see it for yourself. Amanda, our club manager, makes delicious free Virgin Marys and serves free soft drinks and juices as well as reasonably priced cocktails, wine and beer.

—Isabella Lively

# Golf News

The Fire Cracker Special tournament got off with a big bang, no fizzles and no sizzles from the heat. Our number of healthy players seems to decrease each month, but we welcomed a couple of wounded back into the fold when Warren MacQuarrie and Bill Cockroft teed up. Marketing needs to find some new golfers before the rest of us grow too old. Based on those who played, the current cut off age is around 95–96.

As usual, the Moaners and Groaners hit the line early, kept the bar busy and told BIG stories about today's game before Walt could find a working mic. First comments were about the Fourth of July celebration and the patriotic dress items around the room. Feeling that our PVE golfers needed to add more flash next year, several ladies received fancy red, white and blue rings to highlight their appearance. It was also noted that some were in uniform, very impressive until Bill Cockroft (in his Navy whites) asked Walt if he could still get into his uniform. Evidently, the pants had shrunk in recent years. Ann Chong was selected to receive a beautiful pair of red, white and blue sunglasses so all PVE residents need to look out next year for the best-dressed celebrants at the Independence Day celebration.

The question was raised on what to do with old, used golf balls. John Gearhart and a few others have baskets full of used balls sitting in their garages. They can't give them away as they are worthless. Word of mouth indicated we had an old pro interested in recycling everything he could find. Diane Heberling confirmed that Herb's mind centered on saving items until he could find a way to recycle, which was seldom. To encourage the golf ball issue, Herb received a sleeve of balls that can actually be recycled, unless he hits them in the water. They don't float. They just make bubbles on the way to golf ball heaven. Speaking of age, Walt asked who had been stressed from driving, pitching and putting during play. Bruce quickly raised his hand as guilty, not knowing what to expect. The solution was a box of bubble bath powder guaranteed to provide quick relief.

We need to put windmills or ponds on the greens as the low putts appear to be too easy. With 20 putts, the team of Jim Lunn, Doug

Ochandarena, and Dick Shelley earned the right to fish for the magic ball. Each drew blanks, so until next month the mystery prize stays hidden.

- **1st Place winners:** (71) Jim Lunn, Doug Ochandarena, and Dick Shelley
- **2nd/3rd Place winners:** (Tie 75) Bob Case, Jack Godsey and Bill McNamara; and Nancy Bartels, Vern Chong, Frank Connolly, Bill Cockroft and Warren MacQuarrie
- **4th Place winners:** (Tie 77) Don Haas, Jim Graham and John Gearhart; and Alex Kosmin, Bob McCoy, Jan Hewitt and Don Herrington

—Walt McDaniel

## *Travels with Epicurus*

Back in the 1960s, when young people were learning to “turn on, tune in, drop out,” a beginning Harvard philosophy major did just that. Daniel Klein, carrying hardly more than a toothbrush, went to a small island in Greece and spent a year to learn the meaning of life.

When he returned more than a half century later, he was greatly changed but the island remained unchanged. For example, anyone wanting to move around on the island still either did it with his own two feet or rented the four feet of a donkey. This time, he had a suitcase full of books and notes from his college teaching career. The book that emerged, his latest, *Travels with Epicurus*, is 164 pages of delightful reading as he applies it to the proper way to live the last few decades of one's life.

Ann Farber Drake will be the tour guide of the expedition to find the jewels that come with old age. The PVE Book Discussion Group meets on Thursday, August 18, at 7 p.m. in the Ron Ridley Room of the Community Center. Everyone is invited on this excursion.

—Gaylon Caldwell

# PVE Fathers Remember

Several PVE fathers submitted their Most Memorable Moments of Fatherhood. It is an impressive and heartfelt show of love and respect for the role of a father and pride in their offspring. Elysian Fields presented a few of them in the July issue and offer a few more in the August issue for all our readers to enjoy. The staff thanks them for their written efforts!

## A Lesson for Dad

One Christmas when our son was quite young, we gave him a construction set like an erector set or tinker toys. On Christmas Eve, after opening gifts, Scott and I sat on the living room floor to build an elevator with the new set. Soon, it was finished—an impressive structure about two feet high, eight inches square, its shaft containing a paper cup attached to a string that wound around a crank that raised and lowered the cup.

For over an hour, we had fun running the elevator—raising and lowering, loading and unloading the cup containing toy soldiers, farm animals, checkers, marbles and assorted freight. After he was in bed, I had a great idea. I'll extend the elevator and make it a couple of feet higher. He'll really be excited when he sees it tomorrow!

Scott popped up just after the sun popped up on Christmas morning. He tore into the living room to play with his elevator but his elevator wasn't there. Instead, there was an elevator he had never seen, never played with, never built. It wasn't his elevator and he was crestfallen.

Scott never touched the structure I'd meddled with ... a good lesson for a young dad.

—Ted Terrill

## No Joy in Mudville

There is no joy in Mudville for men who are not fathers. On the flip side of the coin, those of us who are fathers have experienced many memorable moments. Most were pleasant but a few were painful and sometimes embarrassing.

I will never forget when my wife told me that I was going to be a daddy. My initial concern was fear, as I was completing my education and we

were not so well off financially. This fear was immediately followed by concern and happiness. As it turned out, she gave me a beautiful girl, who has surpassed all goals I envisioned for her.

Our second assignment was in Alaska, and our daughter placed her tongue on an outside rail.

Since the temperature of the rail was much colder than her tongue, she was stuck to it. I received a frantic call from my wife and I wasn't sure how to get her tongue off the rail. Enter neighbor to the rescue. Our neighbor had a similar experience and

after we warmed up the rail with hot water, she was able to release her tongue with little damage.

While in Alaska, I tried to teach our kids to fish. It was my job to untangle the lines, keep bait on their hooks and remove the fish after they were caught. Fortunately, the kids didn't get bored since they seemed to hook up every time they placed their lines in the water. I didn't get to do much fishing, but just seeing their surprise and a smile on their faces was enough for me.

Prior to our daughter's wedding, she stayed overnight with her bridesmaids. I made arrangements to have them picked up in the AM by a limo. The limo driver could not make the pick-up and made arrangements with another company. They did not relate this info to me and the other company could not find us. After waiting one hour past the pick-up time, we crowded into a small VW and drove to the church. We arrived somewhat wrinkled and sweaty approximately 30 minutes late. The wedding went as planned and my daughter surprised me by saying "I love you dad." I expected to hear something else since I had not "gotten her to the church on time!"

—Russ Jones



# PVE Fathers Remember

## Back-to-Back Adoption Flights

We received a call from Christy, birthmother of our first baby, at 11 p.m. to say her water had broken and the baby was coming. Scrambling for airline reservations to Philadelphia, I jammed legal papers and pertinent phone numbers into my briefcase. Leaving Oakland the next morning, we stopped in Pittsburg where I grabbed the briefcase to find a pay phone and call in our arrival time. Running back to the plane, Judy asked, "Where's your briefcase?" On the floor by the pay phone of course. Rushing to get it, I ran back to the plane, its engines already running. Judy had begged them to hold the door for me and I jumped in.

Our daughter Kristen arrived at University of Pennsylvania Hospital that morning, and we got there in the afternoon. There were hugs all around—Christy, baby Kristen, her birth father, maternal grandmother, and our lawyer. It was a joyful time. On the flight home, a stewardess saw Kristen. When she heard our story, she moved us to first class and served champagne to everyone on the plane and a bottle for us to take home.

Less than two months later, our second daughter Katie arrived in Boulder, Colorado. When we got the call from her birth mom Beth, there was only one seat available from Oakland to Denver because of a strike. Judy had to fly alone and baby Kristen and I followed the next day. During the flight, I learned to change diapers on the drop-down tray. I had packed most of her formula in a checked bag and was completely out by the time we arrived. Of course, our checked bag flew elsewhere. I frantically called Judy over the screams of a hungry baby and pleaded, "Buy more Enfamil formula!"

When we finally connected with Katie at the hospital in Boulder, all was well except she had to stay overnight under blue light for a bit of jaundice. We spent that afternoon with her maternal grandmother and birth mom's brother who showed us some beautiful Rocky Mountain scenery. Next morning, with hugs and promises to stay connected, our family of four boarded a flight to Oakland—the beginning of a journey with our two amazing babies, nearly twins in time, which would change our lives forever.

—Jerry Mulenburg

## Easy to Remember

It happened July 3, 1983, at Laguna Seca Raceway in Monterey. Son Adam, 19, won third place in the International Kart Federation's Road Race Grand Nationals. Third might not seem like a big deal, but it was his first year in "enduro" racing and he finished a car length behind the winners, who were national champions and at least ten years older. It was his first Grand Nationals in a road-racing kart he won in a raffle at the 1982 Nationals.

Karting Grand Nationals are held annually at racetracks around the country, like Sears Point at Sonoma and Watkins Glen in New York. On these tracks, a kart like Adam's 180-pound, 100cc single-engine machine can reach speeds of more than 100 miles per hour! If you're wondering, Adam's racing career ended after his 1987 Cal Poly graduation. But his involvement in motor sports continues: He's now an engineer on the Andretti Indy Car team.

—Wolf Schaechter

## Harold and "Rocky"

Harold moved to Quincy, Illinois, from Detroit in seventh grade. Quincy was a farming community of about 1,200 and the big city and big city kids made us nervous. Harold bragged about being a boxer and street fighter and we were scared of him. He had been in town about two months when he said to me "Harry, let's have a fight." I declined but he persisted, and word of the challenge spread throughout the school. I was trapped. I told Harold, "I will wrestle you one time." Harold agreed and the event was scheduled for after school.

Most of my friends came to watch me get beaten up. I offered Harold one last chance to let me out of the event but Harold advised me "Don't worry, I'm not going to hurt you." The match commenced and somehow (I'll never know how) I got a hold on him and he could not get free. Harold said "I give" and the small town boy's reputation as a savvy wrestler was made.

—Floyd (Harry) Gripman

## Piddle Paddle Pedal

Two years ago, when PVE invited members of the cycling club at Sun City Roseville for a visit, we named the event Pedaling in Paradise. So recently, when we organized a cycling club here at PVE, trying to be consistent, we called ourselves the Paradise Pedalers.

Well, it seems the word *pedalers* is more than PVE can handle. The first time an article about the new club appeared in the *Friday Flash*, Pedalers had been changed to Paddlers! Of course, *paddlers* is a perfectly good word but it has nothing to do with cycling unless you ride your bike into a very deep lake. When I pointed out the mistake, I learned that it was the *Friday Flash* machine that had changed pedalers to paddlers!

I am pleased to report the *Friday Flash* machine is now programmed to accept the word *pedalers*, but it's the *Elysian Fields* machine that is currently out of whack. A fun article in the July issue described the first ride of the PVE Peddlars? Peddlars? That's a word? At best, it would seem to be a variation of *peddlers*—like, maybe, PVE cyclists riding about Fairfield neighborhoods selling merchandise door to door.

Is there a solution to this semantic confusion? Next time there's a quorum at a meeting of the Paradise Pedalers, we might, say, vote on changing the name to Paradise Piddle Paddle Pedallers. Has a nice ring to it and sounds more inclusive. But, please note: To set us apart from your average run-of-the-mill bike club, the word *Pedallers* here is spelled with two Ls, which the *American Heritage Dictionary* says is okay. Do you think PVE could live with a club named Paradise Piddle Paddle Pedallers? To simplify things, you could just call us the "Four Ps in a PVE Pod" except that would make it six Ps, which is probably more Ps than any PVE machine can handle. In fact, the machine probably can't handle this paragraph! Looks like we're back to Paradise Pedalers. Or should it be Paradise Pedallers with two Ls?

—Dan Dougherty

## Pedallers on the Move

On Friday, July 8, the PVE Pedallers enjoyed their second bike outing of the year with a ride of seven and a half miles in the Paradise Valley and Laurel Creek areas of Fairfield. Seven hardy riders participated in the pleasant and gratifying bicycle outing. Jan Olson was one of the distinguished riders while Kim Marshall led the group and Dick Youngflesh was the sweeper. Dan Dougherty drove the SAG wagon! Other PVE Pedallers included Kay Youngflesh, Gretchen Dakin, Floyd Gripman, and Jack Spencer.

The Pedallers stopped at the lovely lake in Paradise Cove for a brief rest. PVE residents Ralph and Daisy Young have grandchildren who live in Paradise Cove and the children urged the riders "to bring bread to feed the ducks and geese!" The geese looked at the Pedallers but became disgruntled because the Pedallers chose not to feed the geese!

The PVE Pedallers next jaunt will be a round trip ride to Vacaville with the destination being the Pure Grain Café/Bakery in downtown Vacaville. Watch for the announcement in a future *Friday Flash*. Please contact Dan Dougherty if you are interested in becoming a PVE Pedaller and joining the Pedallers on their next daytrip. The picture shown is what we hope the PVE Pedallers will look like next year at this time.

—Kim Marshall



# Bocce from the Cheap Seats

Everyone knows (or should know) that bocce is very popular at PVE. Almost any weekday morning, one can see residents coming and going and sitting in the bocce area watching two teams competing on the court. There are frequent cheers, and often groans, when a player makes a particularly good roll, either coming close to the palino or knocking the other teams' ball away. Between cheers and groans there is commentary on virtually every roll. And throughout, there is lots of good natured ribbing and verbal encouragement from the "peanut gallery" at center court.

Every bocce team encounters every other bocce team during the season, so many players have a vested interest in how other teams are doing, especially those teams they have yet to meet.

Each team uses only four players in a given game, but all teams have at least seven or more players on the team. Many teammates not playing on a given day sit or stand on the sidelines cheering for the team members playing. Some of these have elaborate cheering techniques that include pom-poms, whistles, drums, clackers and unique chants to encourage their players on (and, frankly, just having fun). Many cheerleaders wear team uniforms (usually shirts printed with team names or logos). A few even bring identifying signs and one team brings plastic flamingos they stick in the ground at the perimeter of the

court. Yes, cheerleading is an important factor that keeps enthusiasm high on the bocce court at Paradise Valley Estates.

Friday is a special day for bocce. Fans come for the Continental Breakfast and stay for bocce entertainment. Teams who play on Friday get lots of attention. Dogs and people are everywhere. Conversations abound, some having to do with the game in progress, but many having nothing to do with bocce. Fridays are truly a quality "mixer" event.

—Bill Green



## Construction Update

Work continues on the parking structure across the street from the Community Center. The picture shows the pouring of the top deck of the garage on July 14. The walls around the top level are being put in place. The electrical work is ongoing and the entry drives to the upper and lower levels will soon be completed. Utility work in Estates Drive continues with the road being closed during working hours. Most of us are now familiar with the detour routes to get where we want to go. Work is beginning in the parking lot of Quail Creek where the "pad" for the new Memory Care addition will be taking shape. I think the SUNDT crews and management should be congratulated on how they are working with the least disruptions to our daily lives. Remember, safety first when you are around the work sites.

—Bruce Bartels

## Did You Know?

Many residents receive *Elysian Fields* in color each month without searching the PVE website. To be included in this group and receive *Elysian Fields* in color delivered to your email in-box:

- Send an email request to [brucebartels@comcast.net](mailto:brucebartels@comcast.net).
- Indicate whether you still want to receive the printed black and white copy in your in-house mailbox.

You will be added to the list and receive your first color copy by email next month.

## A Real Job

In retrospect, it was a little Harry Potter-ish. Like swimming in a swirling vortex of water, coursing through a funnel and emptying into a graduation ceremony at the University of Wisconsin, Madison. The UW Graduate Division was awarding masters and doctoral degrees. After four years of chemistry education at Iowa State College (1954–1958); three years at UW learning advanced chemistry and biochemistry (1958–1961); marriage to Karel in 1957 and children in 1960 and 1961; passing two foreign language exams (I knew some German having had two years at Iowa State and memorized enough French in six weeks to pass the translation exam, 90% of which was forgotten six weeks later); a comprehensive qualifying examination in biochemistry covering all the chemistry/biochemistry I had learned in the past six years; and, of course, three years of research to make an original discovery of something no one else had published; write (and type with three carbon copies) a dissertation on my original research discoveries and orally defend the dissertation to three UW faculty members for their signature approval as to the originality and quality of the research, I was through the funnel. (Whew . . . take a deep breath, relax—you're not going to drown!).

It was a beautiful sunny day in Madison on that special graduation day in June 1961. The stark, snowy, crystalline cold winter in Madison was replaced by deep green leaves, warm sunshine and sweet smelling flowers. My parents, Havard and Dorothy, had driven more than 300 miles to Madison to witness the ceremony—a long trip in 1961. My young kids, Mike and Kerry, and totally supporting wife, Karel, were all in attendance to behold the pomp and circumstance in a Medieval ceremony adapted from European universities of “hooding” me with a blue velvet hood symbolizing Doctor of Philosophy overlaying the three-chevron, long sleeved, striped doctoral robe.

After the ancient ceremony, we returned to our small house at 832 Hughes Place for a celebratory lunch. It was an early morning ceremony, about 9 a.m., so the sun at lunch time was almost directly overhead, casting shadows directly down to the grass on which we stood. After the photos were taken, I noticed the mailman was making his

## Remembering...

### **Stephen “Steve” Myers, Major, USAR (Ret)**

Loving husband and father  
Arrived September 2000  
Departed June 26, 2016

### **Dr. Richard “Dick” Lucas, Colonel, USAF (Ret)**

Loving husband and father  
Arrived November 2007  
Departed July 8, 2016

### **Elaine Schmidt**

Loving wife and mother  
Arrived February 2004  
Departed July 18, 2016



normal Saturday morning delivery to our mailbox in front of the house. I ambled over to the mailbox where he handed me the mail and said “*You must be celebratin’ something.*” “Yes,” I responded with gusto, “*just got my PhD.*” “Good,” says he. “*Congratulations. Now you can get a real job!*”

—Jerry Hedrick

## The Write Place

September marks the bi-annual publication of the PVE literary magazine, *The Write Place*. This publication emphasizes longer stories, poems and essays contributed by residents whose work exceeds the 500-word limit that *Elysian Fields* has set for inclusion in the monthly news magazine.

Resident writers are encouraged to send contributions for consideration and publication in *The Write Place* to its co-editors, Marty and Liz Wildberger at Box 5406 or (preferably) electronically to [wildberger.marty@gmail.com](mailto:wildberger.marty@gmail.com). Deadline for receiving manuscripts for the September issue is August 10.

# The Resident Council Bereavement Committee

*Editor's Note: Last month we started a series of articles about the Resident Council and its various committees by describing how the Resident Council works. For the next several issues, the Elysian Fields will provide an opportunity for its readers to learn about each of the committees, by featuring one committee at a time. This is the first article.*

The Bereavement Committee represents the residents of PVE by offering condolences, comfort and support to bereaved residents and/or families. It works in conjunction with the management staff to achieve this. Here is how it functions:

When a resident passes, the PVE staff notifies one of the committee co-chairs, currently Mary Ann McKinney and Marie Smith. She, in turn, assigns the case, in rotation, to a member of the committee. That person picks up a Notice of Death form from a Laurel Creek receptionist. This form names the next of kin and lists that person's contact information. The committee member then contacts the family as soon as possible.

When contact is made, the committee member offers condolences on behalf of all the residents, delivers a sympathy card and an information sheet that will help survivors deal with the tasks they face after the loss of a family member. A card listing the name and contact information for the PVE Chaplain, Perry Polk, is also delivered.

At that time or at a follow up, the member inquires about a Memorial Service and offers contact information if one is to be held at PVE.

Another responsibility of the committee is to oversee the Memorial Table at the Community Center. When a resident passes, a notice is immediately placed on the table by the front desk staff. The member checks to insure that all the information is accurate as well as up to date and that a fresh red rose has been placed next to the announcement. A picture is added if approved by the family. All information remains on the table for one week. When a Memorial Service will be held at a later date, a new notice is placed one week before the event.

Committee members strictly adhere to a well-defined protocol. In addition, they are not allowed to give professional advice. Instead, spouses and family members are referred to PVE staff including Chaplain Polk who is qualified to

offer individual or group grief counseling and Robin Murray, social worker.

The Bereavement Committee welcomes new members. If interested, please contact Mary Ann McKinney or Marie Smith.

—Marie Smith



## Termite Talk

Pussy Cat door stops are individually crafted, hand painted original creations of the Paradise Valley Estates Woodworkers Association (Termites). Examples shown were crafted in the Termite woodshop by Ed Bradley. The faces were delightfully created by artists Marianne Smith (the yellow one) and Charlotte Gearhart (the black one). Pussy Cat door stops are available for sale in the PVE Store. They make wonderful gifts for birthdays, or just to say "I love you" to a relative or a friend. Pussy Cat door stops are especially popular at Christmas time, but this kind of craftsmanship takes time, so place your order early.

## Like the Wind

It was perfect when on a sunny summer day, at age eight, I could roller skate up and down driveways, sidewalks and even into the forbidden street. Remember metal skates? You slid your shoes onto them, held by metal clamps. Then you used your metal skate key to tighten those clamps onto your shoes.

I loved those skates! Mostly I never had been allowed to do anything so potentially dangerous to my right leg and knee. But I begged and begged until my over-protective parents finally gave in on the condition that I promised I would be careful. “Okay,” I said earnestly. Was I? Did I? *Never!* I skated like the wind with the overwhelming feeling of freedom rushing through my body. I took enormous pride in being the fastest kid in the neighborhood and I was absolutely fearless.

I certainly had my share of falls and scrapes. Never let the parents see! I ended up skating with band-aids in the pocket of my long pants (that’s another story—how I got my mother to let me wear long pants instead of dresses). It is surprising that I never injured my right knee (the ongoing problem). Unconsciously, I have protected it from all harm.

### Move-Ins since the Last Issue

**McDaniel, Lonna**

2205 Estates Drive  
From Stockton, California  
Referred by Walt McDaniel

**Johnston, Richard, “Dick” and Allison**

5404 Victory Court  
Paradise Valley, Arizona  
Referred by the Spies

**Wolford, Mary Beth**

1302 Estates Drive  
From Fairfield, California

**Salera, Mary Jo**

3106 Estates Drive  
From Glendale, California

A beautiful sunny summer day, a pair of roller skates, and the all-important skate key—that was heaven on earth to my eight-year-old self.  
—Carole Morgan

## A Close Call

My family drove an old-fashioned Model T Ford in Ames, Iowa, while they were still farming ten miles northeast of Ames. One day my mom needed to do some errands but she had to take six of us kids with her leaving my two oldest brothers at home to help my dad with farming chores. It was a warm sunny day and the trip offered relief from staying home during farm work.

I was just a baby and of course, there weren’t any car seats back then. I was held in the arms of my siblings and passed around among them for relief or pleasure. As we approached the town’s main railroad crossing on Kellogg Street, the car suddenly gave a gasp or two, lurched onto the train tracks and died straddling the rails. That was scary enough, but as luck would have it, a train was barreling down the tracks at a distance. My mom tried to start the engine but to no avail. At that point, she just ordered everyone out of the car. The problem was, both rear doors would not open. The train was blowing its whistle, while coming closer and closer as it slammed on its squealing brakes.

Everyone scrambled into the front seat and out to safety except my oldest sister, Dotty. She was holding me, the baby, in her arms in the back seat. Somehow, she managed to roll down the rear window and scramble out with me, the baby, in her arms. The family troops pushed and shoved amidst groans and grunting and finally moved the car off the tracks. All were safe as the train lumbered by. Whew! A close call for sure.

This story has been shared repeatedly by my siblings. Naturally, I was too young to remember the event but it is an exciting family tale. I am glad to be telling it now!

—Karel Hedrick

# PGA HOPE— A Partnership

Members of the PVE-Fisher House Golf Committee delivered a \$2,500 check to PGA HOPE at their Vacaville headquarters. The tournament committee partnered with PGA HOPE for our tournament in June. PGA HOPE (Helping Our Patriots Everywhere) is a program that the PGA supports which pairs PGA golf professionals with military veterans, many who are disabled. Locally, the program is run at the Travis AFB golf course, Cypress Lakes. They provided three professionals at our tournament to help players during their warm up on the driving range and four PGA HOPE veterans to play in our tournament. After this year's success, we plan to continue our partnership with PGA HOPE.



Shown at the check presentation are from left to right are Chris Thomas, NorCal PGA Executive Director, Alex Kosmin, Bob Epperly, PGA HOPE Lead Instructor, Bruce Bartels, Susy Schneider, NorCal PGA Programs Coordinator, Nancy Maul, NorCal PGA Foundation Managing Director, and Vern Chong.

—Bruce Bartels

## The Longest Day

This year, once again, more than 100 residents and Fitness staff members gathered early on June 20 to celebrate the annual fund raiser for Alzheimer's disease. The idea was that they would climb aboard the NuStep machines and start pedaling. Funds were raised by residents supporting the "NuSteppers" to keep going all day long. This year, Paradise Valley Estates raised \$9,990 to help fight Alzheimer's disease. We were third in the entire country among more than 1000 teams. The picture shows the gang of NuSteppers in the Power House on the Longest Day. Congratulations to them and thank you to those who contributed to this worthy cause.



# Dining Services

Thanks Termites! It was a lovely party and we enjoyed the display of your “wares” The set dinner was delicious and, at least for our table, we loved the music. To date us, that means we knew all the words! The dining room was full and everyone seemed to have a wonderful time.



Fred and Edith Barthmus



Termites Party: Ray Arnold charms the crowd

Starting in January 2017, we singles will have the option of 30, 20 or 25 meals. I, for one, am delighted since 30 is too many and 20 gets complicated because in 31-day months you have to drop 11 days. But 25 will work out beautifully since eliminating 5 or 6 days is so doable.

We say goodbye as Kay Reh leaves us to take on family issues. We appreciate all her contributions while she was on the committee and will be holding good thoughts for her. We are delighted to welcome Jan Holderness, who will complete Kay’s term. Jan has always added so much for all of us here through her “Not Quite Ready Players” and many other things. Now we get her many talents for Dining Services.

And on behalf of the committee, we want to tell the Dining staff what a magnificent job they did during the “Gas Out” problem. So many things in the kitchen depend on electricity, and with no advance warning, David Kalbaugh produced a delicious cold supper of salads, cold cuts and desserts served on paper plates since there was no hot water or dishwashers. Thanks, Dining Services staff. You made our dinner very tasty and lots of fun.

Total comment cards on foods were 116 with 3 not signed and 12 not satisfied for 89% satisfied. Total cards on service were 115 with 96% satisfied. Please remember that David cannot respond to cards that are not signed. Servers of the month are Andrew Cruz and Layton Davis. Our congratulations to both. Until next month, *Bon appetit*.

—Jeanne Michael

## Horse Story

We were early for an appointment  
So decided to take a drive  
Into the bucolic countryside.  
After a few miles of bumpy road,  
We came to an alfalfa field recently mowed.  
Across from the field was a big red barn  
With nothing around it, but a look of forlorn;  
And then I saw them, sturdy and still, watching us.  
“Park close to the gate,” I told my son.  
“See if they come over to us.”  
They did—on the run!  
We parked as close as we could get.  
Hail fellows well met.  
They stretched their necks and snorted softly.  
Expecting food, they lifted their heads loftily.  
Eye contact was made!  
I could hardly wait for our next encounter.  
Carrots were purchased, several days past.  
Impatience possessed me, time didn’t go fast.  
I had to see those horses, the die was cast.  
My son, Clay, was pestered.  
My patience festered.  
I set a date, I couldn’t wait.  
As we reached the area, I was near hysteria.  
As if waiting for us, they ran  
Right up to the fence raising dust.  
They ate all the carrots.  
The small feisty one chewed on my hair.  
It got wet and slimy, but I didn’t care.  
We made fast friends with a colt and a mare.

—Betty Weeks

## “Escort” Convoy

The U.S. Naval Academy maintained a good-sized fleet of dinghies for intramural and varsity sailing competition, knockabouts for recreational sailing on the Severn River (a great way to entertain a date with one or two buddies on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon), and large yawls for well-checked-out middies for overnights, ocean sailing competitions and the like. In spite of the fact that the Naval Academy trained midshipmen in sailing ships for its first 60 years or so, and continued to introduce the art of the sail thereafter, the sailing programs definitely did not “take” in this writer’s case.

I did “crew” for a classmate and good friend on his two-person dinghy during on intramural sailing season. My primary function was to provide the necessary variable weight and leverage as my friend, the “skipper,” steered and tacked in mysterious ways to out-think and out-sail the competition around the buoys marking the course. He did this with the tiller, main sail sheet and a smoldering rope end. I was on my own in avoiding the frequent swings of the boom. I had fun but it was not sailing in the traditional sense of the word, and we had our share of dunkings. It’s not easy to right even a dinghy when it’s at full sail in a stiff breeze.

I also participated in an overnight sail aboard a yawl during my second class year. I’ll never forget it. In early spring, a ladies’ organization in the Chincoteague, Virginia area arranged a Saturday evening Cotillion, which was to be attended by formally attired young ladies from an extended geographical area. The academy was asked to provide a number of midshipmen to serve as the young ladies’ escorts for the evening. Arrangements were made to send 75 of us aboard six or seven yawls. Each boat carried a yawl-qualified commissioned officer and a few similarly qualified middies, with the remainder being amateurs like me. I recall it was a trip of some distance; we might have departed after classes on Friday. On Saturday, about two hours short of our destination, we ran into a serious squall. All of the boats had difficulty navigating



to the assigned piers. In fact, two of the boats never made it; they became grounded on a newly formed sand bar about 200 yards from the pier. My boat was one of these. We were confined to our boat for the duration. That was just as well, since our dress uniforms had been soaked by the excess water our boat took on. Some of the guys had gotten sick in the quarters below. Adding to that stink was the distinctive aroma of wet canvas and bedding. We spent a lot of time bailing water overboard and building up an appetite for the few waterlogged sandwiches that were left. That evening all the midds who had made it to the dance walked over to the pier, hand in hand with their dates and their beers, and rubbed it in with never-ending jeers.

During the night, the temperature plummeted. We had no dry clothes or other cover. Early the next morning our two grounded vessels were freed by the tide. All boats came together as we departed. Because of the unexpected severity of the weather pattern, we found ourselves facing a headwind all the way back to Annapolis, which delayed our arrival until well after classes had commenced on Monday. Many of us had frostbite in our hands and toes, forcing an unwanted trip to sick bay. Only because the Academy had arranged the trip in the first place did we escape serious disciplinary measures. No one showed us any sympathy either. I haven’t been aboard a real sailboat since, and I am very happy about that.

—Dave Allard

## The Relentless Beck and Call of Uncle Sam

In the early 1950s, like many college students, I enrolled in the Army ROTC. As I was beginning my sophomore year, my sister called from home and said that I had received a telegram informing me to report in four days for pre-induction into the Army.

What a surprise! Not being sure of what had happened I found that the university had forgotten to send in my draft deferment papers. Fortunately, this oversight was corrected and resolved the issue.

In my junior year, I started the advanced ROTC program when I found out that Stanford University School of Medicine as a pilot program was accepting students during their senior year in college and not requiring a bachelor's degree for admission. Knowing this, I immediately applied for admission and fortunately was accepted for medical school. Since I would not be completing the program, I dropped out of ROTC. Because of that, I was again beckoned for pre-induction into the Army because my draft classification was changed from 1-D to 1-A.

However, since I was accepted to medical school, I was reclassified to 2-S (a student deferment.) It seemed like I was dodging bullets to keep from being drafted!

However, in spite of the fact that I might be considered as a draft dodger, I felt very fortunate! (It should be noted that this was all occurring during the war in Korea!)

As one might expect, Uncle Sam had not forgotten me! While in medical school, I was called up a third time for the draft despite my 2-S classification. By a stroke of bad luck or in some regards good luck, I tore a cartilage in my left knee while playing intramural football and was awaiting surgery. This time my pre-induction physical resulted in a classification of 4-F. Subsequently, however, I had successful knee surgery and was again classified as 2-S.

With that succession of circumstances as background, luck and good fortune allowed me to complete medical school, internship and a

residency in General Surgery. However, since the draft was still ongoing, especially for physicians, I "volunteered" for the Army to serve a two-year draft obligation on my terms.

I completed all of the requisite paper work but, as the saying goes, "the best laid plans of mice and men." Unfortunately, the Army proposed assignments on four separate occasions, all of which I turned down because none of the proposed postings had a hospital with a surgical service that would allow me to practice my specialty as a surgeon. Therefore, I returned the unsigned documents for commissioning. I needed to perform surgery to qualify for the American Board of Surgery and would not serve as a general practitioner.

Because I had turned down the commission, a colonel from the Office of the Army Surgeon General called. He stated that the Army did not need surgeons and if commissioned I would have to be a general medical officer and only take sick call. However, he then offered me an assignment as a general duty physician in Korea and after a year I would be reassigned to Fort Ord, California where I could perform surgery. He said that he could not understand why I had turned down so many

possible assignments. He also noted that serving overseas would be very helpful for my Army career.

I responded that I was not planning to have a career in the Army. Then, like a broken record, I told him that I needed to perform surgery to qualify for my certification in the specialty of general surgery. With that, he finally said that the Army had no need for additional general surgeons at that time but that the Air Force needed surgeons. He then told me he would refer me to an officer in the Air Force Surgeon General's office to discuss commissioning in the Air Force.

And "the rest is history." Two years became 31 years of a rewarding career in the Air Force.

—Vern Chong



# Exaggerators of Summer

My favorite part of summer were the long hot days in Baltimore, a city with oppressive summer heat and humidity. Several of my friends and I would congregate under a large pine tree near the local shopping center. Pooling our meager financial resources, we would send one or two of our number, depending on the amount we had collected, into the market to get cold watermelon.

Lying in the shade of that tree, we could savor the cool melon while we told exaggerated tales about the girls of our acquaintance, all the while seeing who could spit a watermelon seed the farthest distance. It was our only respite from the heat before air-conditioning. The stories we told were fantasies, exaggerations, and sometimes, outright lies. The challenges were numerous, resulting in moments of arguments and explanations to justify our tales.

But the time spent under the pine tree, spinning improbable yarns and eating cold

## Just Think

She knew she'd never do anything wrong  
If she had a chance to think about it first.  
But might she never get anything done  
If she did have time to deliberate first?

If judgment day is every day  
And every action must be studied,  
Would nothing in nature ever get done  
If all nature waited for time to think?

—Janet Whitehead

watermelon was certainly better than delivering newspapers, collecting material to support the war effort and certainly better than school in the hot weather.

—Frank Connolly

## Elysian Fields Staff

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## Time to Say Goodbye!

Sometimes, words come easily and we use them to glide through changes in our lives. Other times, the words hide and must be pried out carefully with a very sharp scalpel, so as not to obfuscate their intentions. This is such a time for Dave and me. PVE has been a safe haven for us for almost three years. I was given the opportunity to shepherd the Elysian Fields and do hope that I was a good shepherd. Every time the Elysian Fields put a smile on someone's face, I knew I was part of a very special happening in lots of lives. Our staff reflects the high caliber of our neighbors and their support as we move on to another chapter has been incredible.

As we age, crafting a good ending to our lives is a constant challenge. Being a civilian for most of my life, my time here has been an unearned privilege for me. Our friends here are priceless as friends in all phases of my life have been. But, now I have a unique experience to add: "I have lived next door to heroes!"

—Sheila Askey