

SPECTRUM MMXII

BY THE WRITERS OF
CARLSBAD BY THE SEA
AUGUST 4, 2012



TABLE OF CONTENTS

TITLE	AUTHOR	PG
Energy And Smiles	Don Harvey	4
The Big Race: Hitch Hiking Vs Hopping Freights	Al Christman	5-9
Winter, Bearsden, Scotland - Dark And Dense Fog	Muriel Randolph	10
The Paquime Ruins – Chihuahua, Mexico	Don Harvey	11-12
Lost Child, Yokohama Japan Sagiyama Ridge	Muriel Randolph	13
An Adventure – Intl. Orthopedic Convention	Jane H. Walker	14-15
A Christmas Story	Pete Peterson	16-17
Mount Assiniboine –Matterhorn Without People	Don Harvey	18-20
The Berlin Airlift	Jean Wollam	21-22
The Hot Country	Jean Wollam	23-24
Unlocking The Manchester To Glasgow Train	Muriel Randolph	25
Hope For Tomorrow	Genie Jacobs	26
Digging Into The Past	Ella Reed Rogers	27-29
A Timely Tsunami Story	Dottie Cohen	30-31
Murphy's Law Is Alive And Well	Ray Jones	32-33
Blind Date On A Starry Night	Claudia Brown	34-35
Open Cockpit On A Dark Prairie Night	Al Christman	36-38
A Letter To My Friend Mac - Thanksgiving, 2009	Ella Reed Rogers	39-40
Mountain Biking In Orange County, CA	Don Harvey	41-42
What Do I Do Now?	Don Harvey	43-44
A Room With A View	Ray Jones	45-48
Serving In The Coast Guard During World War II	Walt Peale	49-50
Asparagus – November 8, 1990	Sarah Slocum	51
Dinner At Our Detroit Home 1939	Sarah Slocum	52
My Grandmother	Martha Marsh Foster	53
Memories Of Paris	Jackie Allen	54-55
The Tarahumara Indians Of Mexico	Don Harvey	56-58
Mangia! Mangia!	Jean Wollam	59
Secrets Of Hana, Maui	Don Harvey	60-61
October Hiking In The Sierras Near Donner Summit	Don Harvey	62-64
Friendly Tibet	Don Harvey	65-69
Mountain Biking At Calavera Nature Preserve	Don Harvey	70-71
The Anatomy Of A Surgery	Douglas H. Richie	72-75
Blues For Lost Words	Sarah Slocum	76

A Quaker Wedding	Douglas H. Richie	77-79
The Cherries Jubilee Story	Douglas H. Richie	80-82
A Miraculous Birth	Douglas H. Richie	83-86
An Inspiring Volunteer	Douglas H. Richie	87
How I Met My Husband	Annie Richie	88-89
Screw The Golden Years	Genie Jacobs	90
I Was Loved	Joyce A Harvey	91
Joy In My Life	Joyce A Harvey	92
Johnny Pass	Genie Jacobs	93-94
A Town Called Brewster	Douglas H. Richie	95-96
Memories of a Stove	Odvar Holm	97-98
Happy New Year	Genie Jacobs	99-100
My Sister Helen	Genie Jacobs	101-103
Destiny	Ray Jones	104-109
My Grandma Narrative	Ella Reed Rogers	110
Playful Is Good	Genie Jacobs	111-112
Mission To Kenya	Don Harvey	113-127
History Is Made	Genie Jacobs	128-129
The Holy Terror	Ella Reed Rogers	130-131
Our Adventures With Randy	Ella Reed Rogers	132-133
Playing or Bullying	Ella Reed Rogers	134
My Most Memorable Thanksgiving	Ella Reed Rogers	135-137
The Fake Gucci Watch	Don Harvey	138
A Father To Be Remembered	Genie Jacobs	139-140
Moonlight Madness	Genie Jacobs	141
Car Jacked	Muriel Randolph	142
Rescue At Sea	Jack Cumming, et.al.	143-149
My Life Story	Jerry Dinardo	150-153
How Many Pills?	Ella Reed Rogers	154-155
Joy!-Joy!-Joy!-Joy!	Jane Hird	156-158
Bicycling Through the California Wine Country	Don Harvey	159-164
September 11 th , 2001	Don Harvey	165-167
Snow Bound	Don Harvey	168-172
The Tornado	Ella Reed Rogers	173-174
The Secret City	Ella Reed Rogers	175-176

ENERGY AND SMILES By Don Harvey

In May 2008 I had the opportunity to join with a group from my Church (San Dieguito United Methodist) and travel to the Gulf of Mexico to help rebuild homes in the city of Waveland, Mississippi. Waveland was devastated by the winds and surges caused by Hurricane Katrina. My team of four was assigned to finish installing plumbing, electrical and air conditioning equipment to a new home. This house was located about six miles from the gulf and was built on eleven foot stilts. Our daily routine was gathering up the tools and supplies we needed and head for the work site

On one occasion we shopped at a building supply store to buy supplies needed for the day. As we stood in line at the cashier's station a lady came up to us and said, "I want to talk to you men". She recognized the green shirts that we were wearing that had printed on the back:

MISSISSIPPI CONFERENCE
UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
DISASTER RESPONSE

She then said, "I lost my home to the Katrina Hurricane and I am now rebuilding. Parts of my house were found in a nearby tree."

We were all attentive waiting for what she was going to say next, because she was very serious.

Then she went on to say, "When you (and those who preceded us) came to Mississippi with all of your energy and smiles, it put smiles on our faces for the first time".

The four of us were speechless and on the brink of tears. How could anyone express themselves as well as she did?

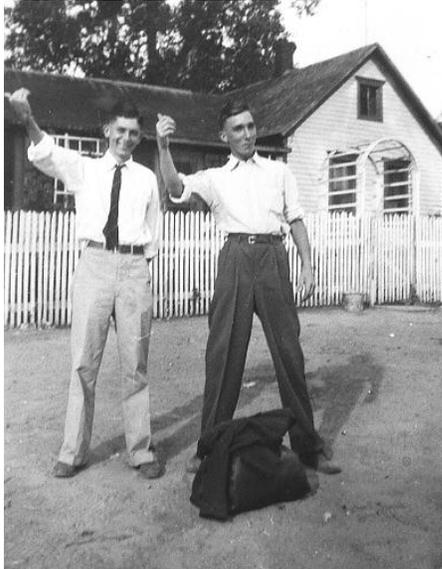
THE BIG RACE: HITCH HIKING VS HOPPING FREIGHTS

By Al Christman

Seventy years have passed since I hopped a freight train. During that time I have proved the maxim: A man can talk for years about one summer as a hobo. In early summer 1939, Silas MacBee and I, both sixteen, raised our thumbs along the highway leading out of Greenville, South Carolina on a 4,000 mile trip to New Mexico and back by way of Nebraska. We planned it as hitch hiking trip--no freight train hopping for us. I was dead set on that!

My Dad had died two years earlier, but I remembered his warning, "If I ever catch you riding freight, there'll be Hell to pay." This was no ordinary father saying this. He had ridden the rods in his youth and later was a daredevil stunt flyer: He understood risks.

The resolve to stick to hitchhiking came to test in Texas. A drunk convinced us to switch from our planned route by appealing to our appetite for adventure and food. There would be a big rodeo and free barbecue waiting for us in Sonora. What he really wanted was to continue drinking while we drove him home along with the three mattresses he had draped over the back of his small coupe.



It was a great ride through utter desolation; neither another car nor human being was seen along this rut road connecting the highways. As Silas drove, the drunk gurgled happiness from his bottle. I soaked in the sunshine of a beautiful morning as I sprawled out atop the mattresses.

The town of Sonora fed us and all comers a tasty barbecue as part of its rodeo celebration. We hopped the fence and enjoyed the rodeo before hiking to the highway to resume the hitchhiking. We hoped for a long ride before night fall. The

sun was setting and we had no ride. We spent a miserable night on the ground behind two large billboards.

A would-be Good Samaritan gave us a ride in the morning, but turned off onto a rut road in the middle of nowhere. Miles of walking were followed by a hot ride on the back of a Mack truck with a half load of oil well casing. We arrived at Fort Stockton fully demoralized. We sat by the side of the road for the rest of the day, no ride and indeed no traffic. We were trapped. Never again would we trust a drunk. The sun was again coming down and we did not want to spend another night on the ground. All the while we stared at a small railroad yard filled with slatted cattle cars. No one had to tell us they offered better sleeping than the ground. The cow dung was dry and flaky so we had no problem scraping out enough space to sleep. But before dozing off, we were joined by an old bum slightly tipsy on hair tonic.

We met many hoboes later when we hopped freights from Denver to Grand Island, Nebraska, but none so dirty in skin, clothes, and profanity. Having forgotten the bum's name, I'll call him "Bumpy," an allusion to his pock marked face and equally rough way of life. He was quick to tell us how he had ridden freights from one end of the country to the other. "But, now," he said, "I'm retired. Don't have to haul my ass all over the fuckin' country. Texas is big enough for me. Just go back and forth in Texas, plenty big enough for me. Here I knows all the (rail) lines and the places for easy grub and pussy."

While we didn't believe Bumpy's sexual exploits, we did listen to his travel advice. He said we'd rot before we caught a ride hitchhiking out of Fort Stockton. Whereas, the freight train leaving in the morning could deliver us to Alpine on the main highway in a couple hours. His advice, "kick out the cow pies and relax."

In the morning, our dirty, but genial, host told us to relax while he bummed us some breakfast. In less than an hour he came back with day old buns that we choked down with water from a spigot. The openness with which Bumpy and several other hobos walked around the small railroad yard surprised us and convinced me this would be an easy way to get to Alpine. If there was a law against hopping trains no one was enforcing it. I wondered, had my Dad exaggerated the dangers of freights.

We had about an hour until the expected departure time. Bumpy filled it with more chatter, mainly about women and what boys should know about them. Standing in the dung splotted cattle car like an orator on stage, he admonished, "Never use no rubber. That's washing your feet with your socks on." His diatribes were not limited to sex. He covered the world. "The Kikes own the banks. The Catholics think they run the universe The Commies are taking over the world." There's no mention of Hitler then preparing to gobble up Europe.

Right at the expected hour, we heard voices of railroad workers and felt the jolting of the cars as they made up the train with pre-selected mix of freight and cattle cars, including our own. As we were being rolled back and forth in the yard, a lanky middle-aged Texan with a cowboy hat jumped in with us. We were now a party of four, but not entirely congenial as the well-dressed Texan stayed pretty much to himself, perhaps thinking himself more commuter than hobo.

The railroad worker we took to be the brakeman passed our cattle car several times and seemed not to see us although looking directly our way. Then the whistle, the blowing of steam, some strong jolts and we were on our way. The excitement in Silas's eyes told me he thought this was really the way to travel.

As the train picked up speed it created a blend of melodic sounds--iron wheels rotating on iron tracks, freight cars lurching and creaking, repetitive clicks of passing rail joints, chugging engine, occasional bursts of steam. It was a song of movement, progress, change, adventure. It was a siren song that lured hoboes back to the freights, addicted them to roaming, and provided euphoria through the illusion of progress.

It affected me differently. I fell asleep. I woke up as the train pulled into a watering station halfway between Fort Stockton and Alpine. This had to be the most remote, flattest, most barren spot in Texas. Beyond prairie there was nothing but a large water tank with giant spout, windmill, and a Station house for the caretaker. Bored with the delay at the water tank, Silas began crawling around on the outside slats of our cattle car. That was a mistake!

Until then the brakeman had ignored us. Now he burst out in rage, "Get back in that damn car and keep your butts out of sight, or I'll kick all your asses off!"

We got the point! Silas took one look at the desolation surrounding us and sheepishly retreated to the far corner of our cattle car. Other than the brakeman's fury at halfway point, the 100-mile trip to Alpine had been pleasant and in a quiet way exciting. And no doubt about it, it was easier than hitchhiking. The Texan broke his silence and asked the old bum if we should drop off the train when it slowed down coming into the Alpine yard.

"No need," Bumpy answered, "These small-town peckerwoods don't give a shit about us." So we waited until the train came to a full stop, leisurely dropped to the ground in broad daylight, and calmly walked away with as much dignity as a paying passenger. The Texan went his own way while Silas and I huddled behind an old building with Bumpy. I fully expected Silas and I would hike off in search of the main highway to El Paso and leave our grizzly benefactor behind. But Silas was now enamored with the railroading.

There was probably more to it than that, like a lot of the little irritations that come up between two people constantly together. We had left Greenville two

weeks before and faced another two months together on the road. Silas was determined to go on to El Paso by freight and I was equally determined to hitchhike. We finally decided that he could go his way and I would follow my Dad's warning and go my way. We would race - freights versus thumbs.

I gave Silas directions to the family friend we were to visit on the outskirts of El Paso and smugly told him that by the time he arrived I would be there waiting. I set off down the road with our one small bag we shared. Silas left with Bumpy. When I reached the highway, I raised my thumb with renewed exuberance. How great it was to be back in business. Within minutes a car screeched to a halt and picked me up. Alas, he went only forty miles to Marfa. It was now late afternoon. I hadn't eaten. I was anxious to be on the move. I had a race to win, but the cars whizzed past. As the sun began to fall, I watched a succession of freight trains slow down before passing through the Marfa. If Silas was on one of those trains, I had to do something, and the only something to be seen was a freight train. The Fort Stockton experience had given me no knowledge of how to catch a train on the move, much less how to catch one carrying a bag. Yet, if I waited any longer it would be dark.

I hid where I had observed the trains slowing down. When I saw the next one coming, I crouched like a jungle beast ready to spring. As the train bore down on me, the thunderous roar of its giant engine blasted mind and emotions. I jumped from my hiding spot and ran for an open box car. But this train was going too fast for a scared novice to catch. Frustrated and hungry, I hiked to the train station hoping to find something to eat. Darkness fell upon me and I felt very much alone.

As I approached the station, a familiar voice surprised me. Bumpy hailing me. He had jumped off the train I had tried to catch. Before leaving Alpine with Silas, Bumpy's bumming skills had paid off. After feeding Silas and himself, he still had a sack of food. I ate like a ravished coyote at a garbage dump. Bumpy, now sober, directed me to an old loading platform where I waited while he found out when the next freight would come through. He learned this would be about 3 A.M. Lying on the platform, I stared up at the brilliant display of stars above. The snoring of the old man gave comfort in knowing I was no longer alone.

About 11:00 P.M. I was awakened by the arrival of a passenger train at the Station. Without waking my companion, I grabbed the bag and sped into the cluster of people gathered on the platform. I yelled at a conductor, "How much is a ticket to El Paso?" "Eleven fifty," he replied, "But you'll have to hurry."

I did not hesitate. I would still have a dollar left over to pay for my trolley fare from the El Paso station. Best of all, Silas didn't know how much money I had left. I could make up a story about some driver who had picked me up. And by then I was anxious to be back with my buddy, all past irritations being forgotten.

The train pulled into El Paso in the morning, and I was rested and happy. The city bus I took went by Fort Bliss and was filled with soldiers. A few miles beyond the Army Base, the driver let me out at an intersection from which I was to walk to the house of the family friend. It would be a three mile walk through a sparsely settled housing development where the front yards of scattered houses were more sand than grass. With my thumb cocked, I looked down the street hoping some car would be heading my way. But there were none, only a kid half my size on a bicycle.

The kid stopped without any wave from me. He asked “Want a ride?”

How could I refuse? I sat side saddle on the cross bar holding the bag over the handle bars. Once I saw this was actually going to work, I started to give the kid directions.

He responded, “I know. I took your buddy there a half hour ago.”

WINTER, BEARSDEN, SCOTLAND
DARK AND DENSE FOG 3:00 PM
By Muriel Randolph

At 1 PM the week day afternoon was clear and cool. The girls were in school and I had driven several blocks down the street to the Church recreation room for a game of badminton.

I had been invited to play with three new friends. One was an American neighbor who had lived in Bearsden for eleven years. We were having a good time until our "tea break". It was Nancy's turn to do the "Tea" and I went along to help. With our reminiscing she forgot to warm the tea pot before brewing the tea. I had no idea this was such a faux pas, but she was greatly upset and said we had to do it all over again. Also we had forgotten to remove the biscuits from the tin to a plate. All of this took extra time

The room we were in had no windows and we were unaware of the weather change until we exited the building. At 3 PM it was inky black with dense fog swirling about. The other driver said she could not possibly see to drive home. Her car, of course was a right hand drive, but mine was my white VW bug with the left hand drive and with the window down I could see the white curbing. The three ladies rode with me and I inched along Drymen Road onto Roman road to Gartconnel Road, all of us watching out for children walking. Finally we reached my house. They then walked home.

THE PAQUIME RUINS – CHIHUAHUA, MEXICO

By Don Harvey

Mexico is full of surprises. In February 2004 my wife and I took a Grand Circle Tour that featured the Copper Canyon in Mexico. The tour originated in Tucson, AZ, and by bus circled through three states in Mexico and ended at El Paso, TX. Cities visited along the way included San Carlos, El Fuerte, Diversidero, Chihuahua and Casas Grande. Some of the highlights of the trip were visiting the Tahumaru Indians at Diversidero in the State of Sonora, the Copper Canyon and the Paquime Ruins. By far the site that impressed me most was the Paquime Ruins near Casas Grande in the State of Chihuahua. UNESCO declared this archeological site a Human Heritage Site. This designation was well deserved.

The weather was cool and sunny the morning we visited the Paquime Ruins. The countryside was barren, which at the time was not very appealing. However, when the ruins came into view I knew I was in for an experience that I would not forget. I have always been interested in how people lived and survived in desert like environments. According to the records, the Paquime culture existed from the years 700 to 1340 at which time it disappeared. Apparently Paquime was a fully developed city with intelligent residents that planned and built it. Surviving in the Chihuahuan Desert for over seven centuries was quite an accomplishment.

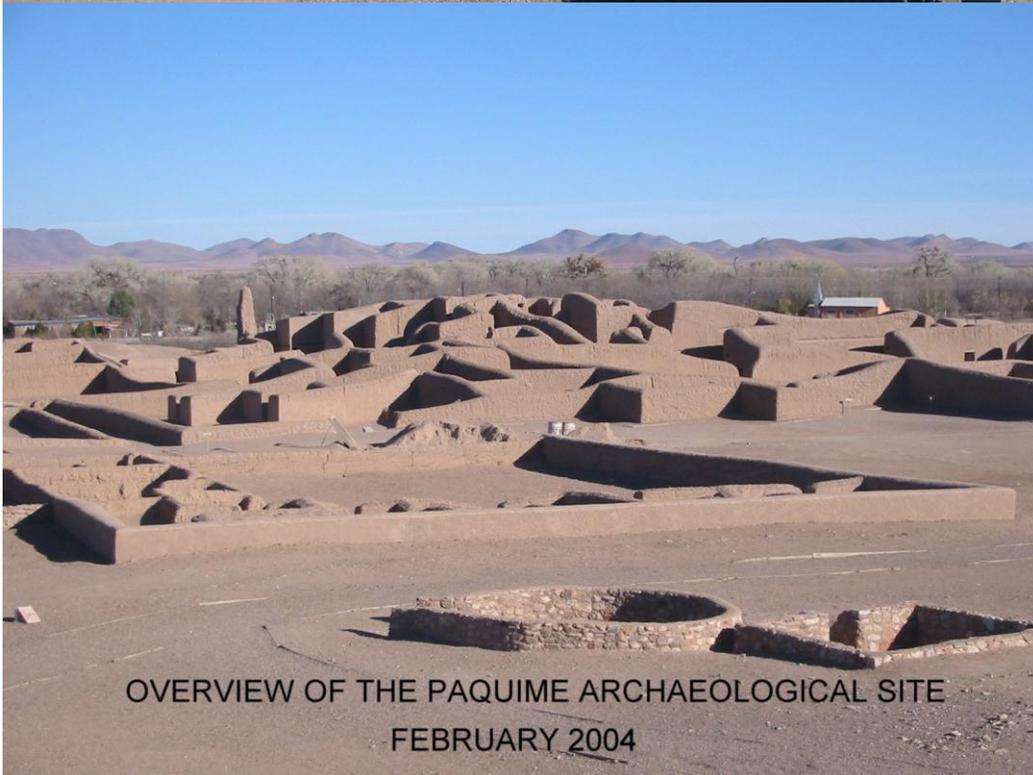
The restoration of the site involved repairing the clay walls and floors and restoring the clever hydraulic system that provided water throughout the community. Artifacts found include fiber and cotton cloth, clay pots, shells, turquoise beads, quartz chards, pipes and ornaments. Human remains with artifacts were found buried in some rooms. Walls in the kitchens had cylindrical holes about eighteen inches in diameter and eighteen inches deep about three feet from the floor that were used as chicken cages. Sticks were probably used to form a lattice to contain the fowl.

Most of the archeological work has been performed in the last fifty years. The site has not been completely explored, so there is much work remaining. Nearby the Northern Cultures Museum was built that contains displays relating to the lives of the inhabitants of Paquime. Exploring the site and visiting the museum is a worthwhile experience for anyone traveling in the State of Chihuahua. I'm sure you will agree that Mexico is full of surprises!

More information on this archaeological site is available on the web. Just type "Paquime" in the subject line of your favorite search engine.



TYPICAL ROOM WITH DOORWAY
FEBRUARY 2004



OVERVIEW OF THE PAQUIME ARCHAEOLOGICAL SITE
FEBRUARY 2004

LOST CHILD, YOKOHAMA JAPAN SAGIYAMA RIDGE
By Muriel Randolph

A small girl with blond curly hair was seen walking alone along a busy Yokohama street very much out of place with other children in the vicinity. This child, my child who was last known to be playing with other American children including her sister was missing. Valerie was three years old and apparently became bored and decided to look for me. I was last seen headed through a Japanese village adjacent to our Quarters and a short cut to Motomachi Street.

It was late morning when I arrived home from shopping and everyone was very upset because they couldn't find Valerie. I was very frightened, as we lived between the Japanese village and the foreign settlement of many nationalities. Our house was high on a hill overlooking Tokyo Bay. There were caves carved into these hills which intrigued the children who were constantly warned to never go near them.

I conducted a search to the nearby Quarters, looked down over the caves, called out and asked many questions before calling the Military Police. As soon as I said my little girl was missing I was asked her age and if she had blond curly hair. They said she was with the Japanese Police and they would ask them to bring her home. Valerie had first been picked up by the mother of the French Ambassador who was being driven along Motomachi Street and knew this child shouldn't be by herself. She stopped and took her to her residence and called the police. She didn't speak any English but Valerie could converse with the maid.

Valerie arrived home sitting on the lap of a Japanese Policeman in the back seat of a Japanese Police car. She was the envy of all the neighborhood children. The next day we walked up the street to the French Ambassador's home to thank Madam and retrieve Valerie's kerchief which she always carried and had forgotten.

AN ADVENTURE AT AN INTERNATIONAL ORTHOPEDIC CONVENTION By Jane H Walker

"A day in the jungle instead of going to the beach with the others attending the convention?" asked Manuel Gakneras, who was with the firm representing our products in Venezuela. It was the year 1975 and we were at the Hotel Tamanaco in Caracas. He went on to say, "I can promise an adventure you will never forget". My husband and I liked to do the unusual and were eager for new adventures. Without hesitation and without further details, we said "Yes".

Early the next morning, he arrived at our hotel with his Indian maid, Leonel Zamora, who we learned had a brother, a revolutionist and was wanted "Dead or Alive" as he had murdered someone of importance.

En route, we learned that Manuel had been born in Jamaica but left there with his mother to find a new life in Israel. There, he had to serve a two-year stint in the Army, but after serving a short time he decided this was not the life for him. He could be allowed to leave the country if he worked in the mines for which he would be paid. This he did until he made enough money to buy passage for his mother and him to Venezuela. Being a very personable young man, he obtained a job with a surgical supply company. The daughter of the president and he fell in love and were married. Soon he was promoted to vice president.

We drove in an open Land Rover with roll bars but no overhead protection from snakes which lurked on the branches of trees under which we passed. After driving through a dense forest, we went up a steep incline arriving at a tumble down shack. There we left the car and hiked on a narrow trail bordered by trees, vines and knee-high growth. It was so silent that we were very alert as to where we placed each foot while looking around for any sign of movement in the underbrush. Manny warned us that if we lost our footing to fall on the high side as snakes preferred the low side where he said there was a stream.

Finally, we arrived at a large opening and a wider part of the stream. Prior to leaving Caracas, Manuel had told us to bring bathing suits; and if I was game, I would find the water perfect for shampooing my hair. I had to try it out so with a bar of soap I worked up a good lather and did what my Mother used to do. I entertained them by working my hair into a tall cupid's peak. The pool of water was so refreshing that I lay back against the bank but jumped out very quickly when Manny said that there were piranhas in the spot where I was relaxing. Luckily, I had already rinsed my hair.

While I was bathing in the clear, cool water, a rather deformed man came out of the jungle. He was very short in stature and had large feet with toes that were joined together. He gathered wood and built a fire on which he later prepared a

meal. He then went back into the jungle returning with bamboo which he cut into sections, creating mugs from which to drink and a vase which he presented to me filled with orchids and other flowers he had gathered. From gourds he cut bowls for our food. So many years have passed that unfortunately I cannot remember what we ate, but I'm sure it all tasted good as by then we had built up an appetite.

We hiked back out before darkness fell and returned to Caracas in the Land Rover. Manuel had lived up to his promise. It was a memorable day.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

By Pete Peterson

Do you remember how exciting the first Christmas and Hanukkah seasons were after World War II ended? Most of us in uniform dreamed of being home for those holidays. And do you believe in destiny? Joyce does.

Because of that Christmas, Christmas has always been extra, extra special for Joyce and me. As some of you know, sixty years ago at about 6:15 p.m. Christmas Day 1945, Joyce, a seventeen and a half year old high school senior, walked into my life. From Minnesota, she was visiting her uncle, aunt and cousin, living one half a block from my Chicago home. The Wilens were close family friends. Joyce's visit had been delayed a year because of her appendectomy in 1944.

When the war ended, I had 53 points for rotation. Our photo unit moved to Japan, where two weeks later I turned twenty one. Men with over 55 points remained in Okinawa. Because of a ship shortage there, many didn't return home until after January. On 3 December, I left Japan on the U.S.S. Lexington, a massive aircraft carrier. Its aircraft were moved to the flight deck and over 3,000 canvas cots were spread over the hanger deck. Surviving a treacherous typhoon, we arrived under the "Golden Gate" on 15 December at the 7 a.m. factory whistles were blowing. Camp Stoneman, Pittsburg, California was so crowded only two of that day's 11 arriving ships carrying troops could be unloaded. The "Lex" had priority. It had to sail on to San Diego so most of its crew could be home for Christmas or Hanukkah.

About 10:15 p.m. 24 December, a last group two hundred GI's were discharged at Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois. In a wind driven, blinding sleet storm, we were marched to our waiting special train taking us the 90 miles to Chicago. Cold and wet, we boarded the warm train. No matter how much sand the engineer blew on the icy rails, the engine could not gain traction. To lighten the load, we 200 men got off the train and back into the room. Someone yelled, "Let's push the train." Although cold and even wetter, we pushed and pushed. Suddenly the train began moving, laughing and cheering and without losing a man, we scrambled aboard the slowly moving train. We were alive, we were going home, and it was Christmas Eve.

I planned hiring a taxi for the final 20 miles, but no taxis or buses were operating. The same storm was covering Chicago with ice. I slung my heavy duffel bag over my shoulder and slid and slipped over a mile to the No. 5 streetcar terminus. Because of the paucity of streetcars at wee hours, especially on holidays, I expected I'd have to wait cold and wet, huddled in a store entrance way.

However, when I turned my last corner, I received one of my greatest Christmas presents ever. There stood a brightly lit, warm No. 5 streetcar waiting for me. My eyes filled with tears. I had survived the war, I was going home, and it was Christmas Day.

At 5:10 a.m. I arrived home. What joy!!! I had returned with a sound mind and body and was again safely with my mom, dad, and Sister Kaye (Sharp). Near 6:00 p.m., my dad and I walked down to the Wilens. I had no idea Joyce existed. When she walked into the living room, I forgot about my dream of being a Life magazine photographer. I've always claimed she caught me in a weakened condition, for I hadn't kissed a girl in over two years. In the few days before Joyce had to return to Two Harbors, we managed to squeeze in two dates.

EPILOGUE: Joyce and I had two more dates in early January when I briefly visited my Two Harbors' relatives. We then corresponded until she moved to Chicago in November 1946. I returned to college that September under the GI. Bill. We married on 31 January 1948. Kiddingly I tell people, "I married Joyce for her money!" When we married, we had income from a rare part-time job I could find plus my \$75 per month from Uncle Sam. Joyce's full time job paid her \$50 per week.

Had Joyce made her trip in Christmas 1944, and had I not had 53 points and returned on the Lexington, there would not be a Lynn, Sarah, Jeff, or son-in-law Dan. Lucky? We are blessed!

MOUNT ASSINIBOINE – THE MATERHORN WITHOUT THE PEOPLE BRITISH COLUMBIA, CANADA

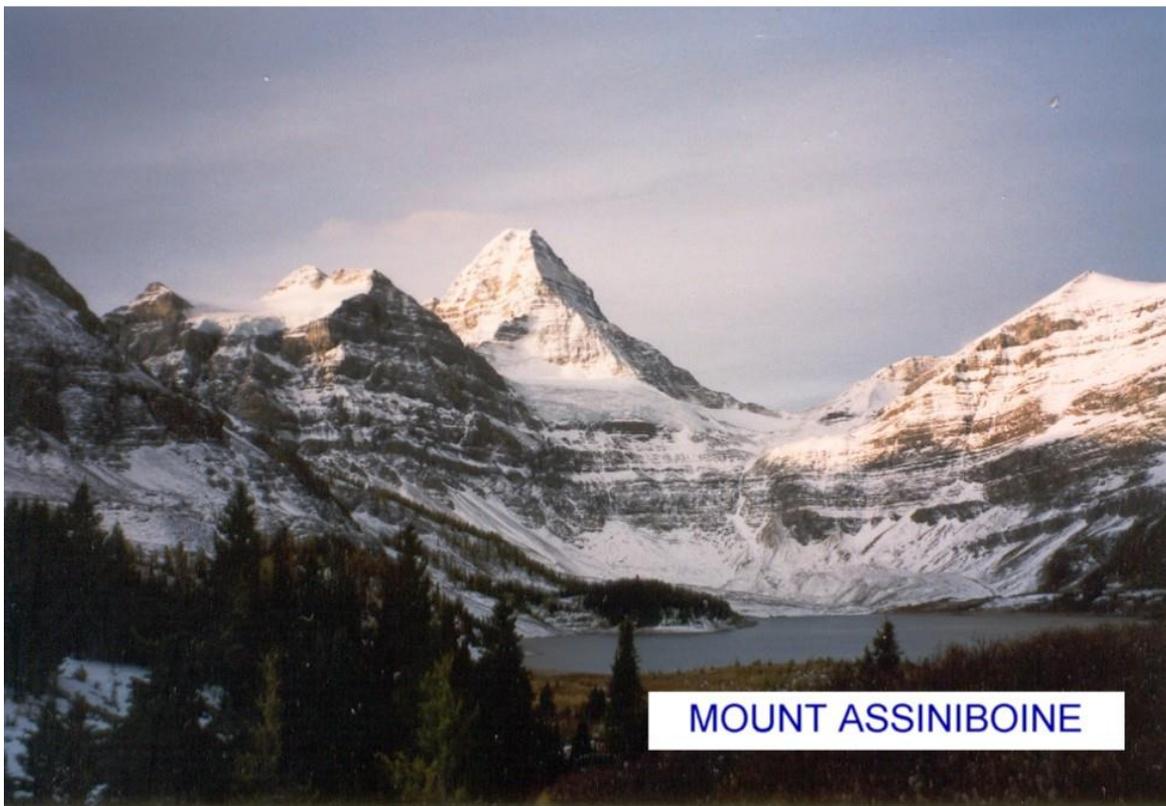
BY Don Harvey

A few years ago my wife Joyce and I flew to Calgary, Alberta and joined with my brother Dave and his wife Donnie. Our destination was the Mount Assiniboine Lodge high in the Canadian Rockies in Mount Assiniboine Provincial Park, a UNESCO World Heritage Site. The lodge was built many years ago to provide a remote destination for travelers that stayed at the plush hotel at Lake Louise in Alberta. Many other lodges were built in the Rockies at the same time for the same purpose. To provide an extreme experience, Swiss guides were hired to manage the lodges and lead trail hiking for the guests.

Our route to get there was a drive from Calgary, Alberta to Canmore and then continue westward on a dirt road about fifty miles to a helipad at Mount Shark. A helicopter from Canmore was scheduled to meet us there and fly us to the lodge. The helipad is located in a small graded area featuring a streamer for indicating wind direction and a fifty-gallon drum of fuel for refueling the helicopter. Apparently that was all that they needed. It was simple but adequate. When we arrived it was windy and rain was threatening – not ideal conditions for flying through the pass. I was beginning to think that I should have made out a next of kin letter. Eventually the helicopter with its noisy propeller blades arrived, blowing debris in all directions. As the pilot loaded our luggage, the four of us boarded the helicopter. Slowly we lifted off the ground and headed for the Mount Assiniboine Pass. The ground beneath us was green with a small stream flowing from the direction of the pass to a point behind us. As we approached the pass, it began to snow - not so much as to hinder the pilot, but enough to remind us that we are in the Canadian Rockies and weather can change at any time. We proceeded through the pass and landed safely at the lodge helipad. It was a harrowing but exciting experience. The altitude at the lodge is 7,200 feet, and we felt it.

The lodge accepts two-dozen guests, which is the most the resort can accommodate. The conveniences of city living are absent, however, the resort manager has figured out ways to provide the basic services. Heating and lighting facilities are supplied by propane gas brought in by helicopter. Also, two pigs were brought in at the beginning of the season to dispose of garbage. They were the garbage disposal with a very important assignment. The pigs were protected from grizzly bears by an electrified fence powered by a portable electrical system. It works well because they have never lost a pig to the bears. By the end of the season the pigs have been well fed and are ready for the staff barbecue. Everything brought in gets disposed of in an environmentally caring manner, although I doubt that the pigs would agree.

Sepp, the Swiss guide, and his wife, Barb, have managed the lodge for many years and have developed a reputation envied by many lodge managers. Every morning Sepp brought hot water and hot tea to each cabin to wake us up and get us started for the day. Barb got up earlier to start breakfast for the guests. Everything is rather chummy. The dining room is basically an array of picnic tables where we all ate together family style and got a chance to know each other. Four activities dominated our time: eating, hiking, fishing and sleeping. My favorite pastime was hiking with Sepp and others in the Canadian Rockies. Now, the grizzly bears roam much of the space in the Mount Assiniboine Provincial Park, so Sepp carried a pepper spray can to ward off an attacking grizzly. The rangers instructed him as to how to use the pepper spray if confronted by a grizzly, and that was to wait until the bear was about ten feet away before spraying. I always stayed close to Sepp. I'd like to think I was backing him up. Later I discussed with him as to what he would do if the grizzly came at him at thirty miles an hour. He laughed and said with his Swiss accent, "I would step out of the way". I had several hikes with Sepp, but the one I was most impressed with was the one where we hiked to a ridge that was snow capped. I walked to the edge to see the scenery when Sepp called out to me that I was standing on an ice overhang that could give away any moment. The drop would have been over one thousand feet into the Province of Alberta. The altitude where I stood was about eleven thousand feet.



The Mount Assiniboine Provincial Park is well maintained, and great care is taken to keep the park in its natural state. While we were there park officials had closed the park to horseback riding and mountain biking because the trails had rutted to the point that erosion from rainfall became serious. Park protection policies like this were successful in keeping the area from being overstressed.

One day the four of us fished Lake Magog at the foot of Mount Assiniboine. We were the only ones at the lake and had this wonderful fishing paradise to ourselves. Slowly we worked our way around the lake, casting lures from the shoreline. Several cutthroat trout were attracted to our lures and put up a fight much greater than their size deserved. Dave cleaned the fish and the chef grilled them the next day for the guests. Dave is quite skillful with a knife after practicing orthopedic surgery for decades. While cleaning the fish Dave examined the contents of the stomachs of the trout. They contained wads of small gnats; some of the wads larger than golf balls. The trout proved their value in reducing the gnat population in a very efficient manner.

Mount Assiniboine Lodge, its managers and the Mount Assiniboine Provincial Park are treasures to be appreciated. Anyone interested in knowing more about the lodge can find information at the following website: www.canadianrockies.net/assiniboine/lodge. If you feel adventuresome and want an unusual experience, I recommend visiting the Mount Assiniboine Lodge.

THE BERLIN AIRLIFT

By Jean Wollam

My parents didn't think post-war Berlin was a very safe place to be, but for me it was an exciting city at a most unusual time in history.

I arrived in Berlin in 1946 when the American Consulate was being staffed, mainly with visa clerks to issue the many visas needed for German travel to the US. My duties were to issue passports, principally to the GIs who had gone to Europe to fight, not to travel as tourists. It was while I was serving in Berlin that the Russians took it into their heads to blockade the city in an attempt to force the Germans into starvation and to gain a political advantage, believing that the combined efforts of the Americans and British could not possibly provide them with food and fuel. They were wrong. The blockade began on June 14, 1948. The Allied airlift began on June 26.

Germany after the war was divided into four zones-American, British, French and Russian. Berlin, located in the Russian zone, was also divided into four sectors occupied by the same allied powers. We Americans could travel freely in the three western zones and sectors, but were discouraged from going into the Russian areas. (We did work out a way of seeing the opera in the Russian sector by parking our car in the British sector and walking in to the opera house, but since it was a no-no we kept quiet about it.) Travel out of any of the four sectors meant going into the Russian zone, so Berlin was pretty much an island, even before the blockade. By car one first had to have papers approved by the American authorities but these were not valid until the Russians had also given their approval. Once you had these in hand, as well as your passport you drove to the exit from Berlin into the Russian zone, stopped first by the American guards, then the Russians, and you were on your way through the zone to Helmsted at the other end in the British zone. There was one straight road that led there, and you were not allowed to deviate from it. You simply ignored the roads leading out of it and drove single mindedly toward Helmsted. You, of course, took along food as you could make no stops. The guard station at the other end of the road was informed when you left and approximately when you should arrive. If you did not make your deadline, someone was sent to look for you. Once you were breathing the free air of the British zone, you could relax until the return trip again put you on your mettle. All of this came to a screeching halt when the blockade began.

The American authorities had feared that the Russians might try something like a blockade, so, when it happened, they had on hand a supply of food, coal and other stores of vital importance, enough to supply Berlin's needs for about 30 days. In order not to run out of vital supplies after that date, however, they had to

organize a massive airlift to bring in necessities for over 900,000 German families. The Americans and the British called in flyers from their bases around the world. From everywhere they came from all branches of the service, from far-flung points of the world. Additional runways were hurriedly built in the French sector, bringing to three the needed airfields: Tempelhof in the American sector, Gatow in the British and Tegel in the French. Twenty thousand Germans worked leveling hills and excavating sand to put the runways in working order. In record time they were ready. Once Operation Vittles was up and running, planes landed at Tempelhof and the other airports every 63 seconds. They delivered eight to ten thousand tons of supplies a day, first flour and eventually potatoes, coal, and other vital needs. Seventy allied airmen perished during the operation. On April 9, 1949 the one millionth ton of supplies was delivered. The airlift was a phenomenal success. On May 12, 1949 the Russians called off the blockade.

The fact that it was finally over was brought home to me in Frankfurt, where I had been transferred in 1948. My maid Jim, who had also been moved to the Frankfurt Consulate, had to leave his new Buick behind in Berlin. When the airlift ended and commerce returned to normal, one of those giant planes arrived in Frankfurt bringing the private cars of the unfortunate Americans who had had to leave them in Berlin. It was a happy day. A big cheer went up from those of us waiting at the airport to see the cars come off the planes. For us, the blockade was now over as well.

THE HOT COUNTRY

By Jean Wollam

The painting was in the window of an art shop. I passed it every day on the way to work in the Embassy. Bogota was cold (average temperature 56F), gloomy, usually rainy. There was a saying that if you could see Monserrate (the mountain looming over the city), it was going to rain, and if you couldn't see it, it was already raining. By contrast, the picture was of the hot country. That was a part of the country of Colombia where the weather was warm, the sun was usually shining, and one felt at peace with the world. If you left Bogota and took the train down from the altitude, 8600 feet, in less than one hour you were in this lovely welcoming place.

I coveted that picture. It lifted my spirits each time I saw it. It was a simple scene. Two tiny thatched-roof white-washed huts were in the foreground. In back of one rose a towering palm tree. Bougainvillea spread its crimson flowers over the side of one house, and in front of the other a Poinciana tree outlined its orange flowers against the brilliant blue sky.

I was convinced I could not afford to buy the picture, so I never walked inside the shop and inquired about the price. I merely loved it from afar and never mentioned it to anyone.

Gomez Capusano was a then struggling native painter. He generally painted landscapes of high-altitude gloom, brooding mountains with black clouds spreading across the sky, a row of tall slim trees bending in the wind. This hot country picture was a departure from his usual works.

Time passed, I continued to look for the painting each day on my walk down the hill. Then one day it was gone. I was devastated. Who had had the nerve to buy my precious work of art? The question was soon answered. When I arrived home from work, my roommate's eyes were shining.

"Look what I bought today!" she shouted. "I've been admiring it for months and finally had the courage to get it."

It was, of course, MY painting. "Alice", I said, "That is my picture! How could you possibly deprive me of it!" Of course, she had no idea that it was so important to me. "I will leave it to you in my will," she joked. Alice was transferred soon thereafter and when she went to Sao Paulo, Brazil, a part of my heart went with her.

Years passed. She retired to Florida, I to California and we met from time to time over the years. On my first visit to Sarasota to see her, I found my picture prominently displayed in her home, along with other more dismal works by the same artist.

"Alice" I said. "There is MY picture." We had both forgotten in the intervening years.

A few years later I was married to Park and we settled in Rancho Bernardo. Park's apartment was in Naples, Florida, and we went there on our honeymoon. The day after we arrived, the doorman stopped us as we entered the lobby.

"Someone left this package for you" he said. Yes, you are right-it was my hot country picture which I had so admired thirty years before. Alice had driven down from Sarasota, dropped off the painting at the reception desk and returned home. After all those years we had finally been united.

As a little side note: I recently wrote the Pan American museum in Washington, D.C. and told them I planned to make a gift to them of this painting in my will. They responded that they would be delighted to have any work by Gomez Capusano, and added that it is now worth over \$10,000. My ex-roommate had presented me with a stupendous gift.

UNLOCKING THE MANCHESTER TO GLASGOW TRAIN

By Muriel Randolph

The weekend visit in Wales for the three of us to see Randy was over and he drove our daughter Bobbie to the train station in Cardiff to get the train for England and boarding school. Then he took daughter Valerie and me to Birmingham, England for the train to Glasgow, Scotland. It was late in the evening when we arrived at the station and were informed the train was in repair but we would be driven to Manchester to get the train from there. Along with a few other people, we climbed high into the bed of a lorry and sat on our luggage for what was a very long and cold ride.

Upon our arrival we discovered this train was about to leave and in our hurry a woman in front of us fell. I stopped to help her and we just made it to the last car as the train was pulling out. I expected to walk through the cars to our sleeping car for which we had first class tickets. What a surprise to find the door to the next car was locked. The conductor ordered us to sit down in what was a third class car with triple wide seats and none were empty.

I tried to explain our situation but the man wouldn't listen until I produced our first class tickets. Such a change in his demeanor! "Oh Madam," he said. "I'm so sorry," and immediately took from his pocket a large ring of keys. We walked following him through car after car, unlocking each one, baggage cars, mail cars, second class cars to finally the sleeping compartments. It was well after midnight.

Early next morning we were awakened with tea and biscuits before pulling in to the Glasgow station where our car was parked along side of the tracks. We then drove home, enroute leaving Valerie off at school.

HOPE FOR TOMORROW

Genie Jacobs

The little boy stood quietly in front of the old chest of drawers. Slowly he pulled out the top drawer. Tears were running down his face as he looked at the meager assortment of t-shirts, underwear, jeans and socks. He heaved a sigh as he opened the large plastic grocery bag which hung from his hand. A sob could be heard as he reached for a t-shirt and then inserted it into his bag. Slowly he continued to pick out the best that was his.

"Issac! Why are you crying and what are you doing?" asked his mother as she looked at her six year old son with tears flowing down his unhappy face.

"Oh, Mommy, I just watched TV and saw all the poor children. An earthquake broke all their houses and killed their mommies and daddies. The poor children do not have any clothes or toys. I have to help them. I'm packing my clothes and toys and shoes to send them to Haiti. Those poor children, I feel so sad for them."

Mommy put her arms around him and kissed his tears. "That's a wonderful idea you have, Issac. How are you going to get them to Haiti? It's so far away."

"Can you take me to the fire station? I know the fireman always knows how to help. I just know he will help me."

Issac then finished packing three plastic bags with toys, books and snacks. He even decided to share his favorite blankie. "Hurry, Mommy. The children are crying and waiting all alone."

With Issac and his three younger brothers safely seated in the car, Mommy drove directly to the neighborhood firehouse. The car was full of happy and excited little boys and the three plastic bags Issac had so lovingly packed.

Issac was the first one out of the car at the fire station. Clutching all three bags he ran up to the big fireman. "Can you help me get these clothes and toys to the poor children in Haiti?"

"I sure can!" said the fireman with a big smile on his face.

Issac then poured out his story of seeing the poor children in Haiti after the earthquake and how he knew he wanted to help them. He told about the special things he had packed in the bags. The fireman now had tears in his eyes that were soon rolling down his face. He picked up Issac and gave him a big hug.

With children like Issac, there is hope in the world for a better tomorrow!

A true story related to me by Joanna Vega, mother of Isaac.

DIGGING INTO THE PAST

By Ella Reed

The first time I remember wondering who I was and where I came from, was when I was a girl growing up in a home which consisted of my Mother, Father, three siblings and also my Grandmother and Great Aunt. We hardly ever spoke about my Great Aunt's sad life. She had married a German, with the name of "Fauth", who had committed suicide not long after they were married. I thought it sounded exciting to have a relative from another nation. But my aunt seemed to be bitter about her lot in life; since she always had to depend on Grandmother to take care of her after her husband's death.

Aunt Jessie was quite antagonistic toward me. Mother explained that she had always been jealous of all the females in our home, and her favorites were my brothers. Mother also believed that Aunt Jessie was responsible for her husband's death. Because of this, I had no special affection for Aunt Jessie, but I did admire a beautiful German stein of hers, and thought it was exciting to have a relative from another country. I asked her if I could have it, which pleased her, and she agreed.

This only caused problems. After I left home and forgot about the stein, I was present at a reception at my sister-in-law's house, when I glanced at a wall shelf and spied my treasured stein and blurted out, "Oh, there's my stein!" That caused an awkward situation. It was an embarrassing moment for my Mother, who was present. My sister-in-law probably thought I was accusing her of stealing it.

Mother apologized to me later, saying she had forgotten that I had wanted it, and promised me she would get it back. It took some time to recover good relationship with my sister-in-law, but I didn't regret the fact that I did get my stein back, because this particular sister-in-law had been getting antiques from other members of our family. When they all realized what she had been doing, they dropped her from their list of favorite in-laws.

My Mother, on the other hand, was unusually attached to her adopted mother since her real Mother had died in childbirth. Her adopted parents were a couple who were childless and lived in the same town. They had heard of a father being left with six children, without his wife. He was having a hard time making a living for his children. They visited the father and asked if they could take the baby and raise her since they could afford to give her a better home and an education. Her father gave her up reluctantly, knowing that she would have more of an opportunity for a better future. The couple and the baby moved to Oklahoma where they were able to give her a good education and a career in music, in which she excelled. She later became a music teacher and author of two music textbooks that were used in several states.

She idolized her adopted mother and never wanted to find out about her biological family, because her father had given her away to strangers. Instead, my Mother gave all of her attention to my father's Indian background. She found much information about her husband's uncle, Peter Pitchlynn, an important advocate for the Indians in their struggle with the government in their removal from their native lands to Oklahoma. They became known as the five, civilized tribes: Choctaw, Chickasaw, Cherokee, Seminole and Creek. Pitchlynn was the grandson of a British trader, John Pitchlynn, who had settled in Choctaw territory in Mississippi and married into the tribe. He was fluent in both English and Choctaw and was appointed by the President of the United States to be interpreter and translator to negotiate between the government and the Indians during their removal to new lands in Oklahoma. He became Chief of the Choctaw Nation during the Civil War.

My husband's family also had an interesting background. His grandfather's name was Birdsell, which had been changed from Birdsall when he arrived in America. He made the Cherokee Strip Land run from Kansas to Oklahoma in a covered wagon in 1893. He was able to get an allotment of land where he and his wife built a sod house. Later they had a nice home in Tonkawa, Indian Territory, which became Oklahoma in 1907.

My husband's other grandfather made the run, but wasn't able to get an allotment. He was an orphan, his parents having died when he was quite young. He went on to become a well-to-do farmer and oil man, and others said about him, "He was truly a self-made man."

After our youngest daughter married her husband, Allen Coleman, he became involved in tracing the family tree of both of their families for the benefit of their children. He found out that his grandfather had come to this country from Germany, where his name was spelled "Kohlmann", and when they arrived here, the name was changed to "Coleman". My son-in-law has a letter written by his great, great, great grandfather to his family describing the Civil War, in which he fought.

We are all very proud of our "Family Tree", since it is so complete and took a lot of computer work and traveling to different parts of the country to corroborate much of the information. It even included the names and dates of my Mother's unknown family, after her death.

Last year I found out something further about our background when my niece in Holland got some forms from her son in Boston, to check on our very earliest forefathers through our DNA. I sent in my DNA and found out that I had originally come from Africa, which wasn't a surprise, since it is common knowledge that all people originated there. But she told me that my part of the family had left Africa earlier than hers, and if I could get a DNA test from a male

on my side of the family, I would have a truer picture. So far I haven't heard of anybody agreeing to be tested!

As for now, I've elected not to pursue my roots any further, for I don't think it will increase my satisfaction with my life any more than when I first started, but it has been fun while it lasted!

A TIMELY TSUNAMI STORY

By Dottie Cohen

My husband Wally and I were vacationing in Maui, Hawaii, I would guess in the mid-80's. We were staying in a beach-front 2nd floor Condo. We spent a lot of time in the ocean snorkeling. I remember following Wally's swim fins as he led the way through the reef that separated us from the deep water. Once out over the reef, we experienced wonderful underwater sights, fish of all sizes and colors, turtles, and scary looking eels peering out of their holes in the rocks.

One afternoon, we decided to go to Lahaina to do some shopping. We separated, with me going to the grocery store and Wally getting gas for the car. While in the grocery store, I saw the clerks standing around a tall man who was talking on the phone. I heard one of the clerks ask, "When can we go home?" All the clerks looked quite anxious and I asked what the trouble was. A youthful clerk looked at me with wide brown eyes and said, "There's a Tsunami wave supposed to come at 3:30!"

Looking at my watch, I said, "That's in two hours!" The young clerk turned away from me to hear more of what the store manager was saying. I was already out of the store looking up the street for Wally. Running toward him, I said, "We've got to hurry, Honey. A tidal wave is due in two hours!"

"Calm down, Dottie. Who told you that? Someone kidding you"

"No, Wally. I think it's true. The store clerks are all worried and want the manager to let them go home. Wally took my arm and we walked toward the rental car, now filled with gas.

Once in the car, Wally turned on the radio and every station was announcing "TSUNAMI WARNING! ALL TOURISTS MUST FOLLOW TSUNAMI WARNING EVACUATION AS GIVEN IN YOUR HOTEL AND MOTELS! Wally looked at me, and I said, "Told you so!"

Wally was driving safely but speedily toward the Hali Kai condo where we were staying. The parking lot was empty. The pool furniture had all been put up on the upper floors and we found ourselves alone. Posted on the door to our apartment was a sign that said. "Tsunami Warning Evacuation: Take the Pineapple Road (the main road to Lahaina) and go Right. Follow directions to the local high school gymnasium in Lahaina and remain at the school until the All Clear is sounded"

I wouldn't say I was panicked, but Wally said later, "I had never seen you move so fast." I had the suit cases open on the bed and threw all our belongings inside, snapped the suitcases closed, and said, "Let's go. But wait, Let me take some ice cubes in case of an accident." I ran to the refrigerator and put ice cubes in

a plastic bag. Wally said, "If you're taking ice cubes, I might as well take this." as he grabbed some drinks.

The road into Lahaina was packed, bumper to bumper with cars following directions. Wally, however, had no intention of going to a crowded high school gym! The traffic was pretty much stopped in front of our condo so he signaled for a left turn, and Wally headed for the new airport development up the hill. The road was wide open and we soon arrived at the new road to the development. When we got to the top of the hill we found carloads of Hawaiians who thought that this was the best place to be and they were right.

My smart husband had made the right decision. The Hawaiians were ready for a good time! They had food and drinks, and smoke from cigarettes of an uncertain origin rose in the air. All the car radios were tuned to a popular music station and there was a lot of singing and dancing going on. We were high enough on the hill that we could see the ocean where yachts and sail boats were making out to sea from Lahaina harbor to protect them from being wrecked on the shore by high water.

We asked one of the Happy Hawaiians what to look for as far as where the Tsunami would be coming from. He said, "See that big rock out in the water. When that rock disappears, we will know the Tsunami is here." I climbed up on the hood of the car and kept my eye on the big rock. Wally turned our car radio on to the right music station and poured us a drink to keep pace with everyone else. For the next three hours we all kept a watchful eye on the big rock. Finally about 8:30 pm the "All Clear" sounded and the cars full of Happy Hawaiians started down the hill.

"No Tsunami tonight!" they said, and with the traditional Hawaiian wave and a big smile, they all headed for home, with us following behind. The headlines in the morning paper announced the good news and showed pictures of locals already selling T-shirts saying, "We survived the Tsunami!"

MURPHY'S LAW IS ALIVE AND WELL IN AND ABOUT SOUTH

By Ray Jones

The brochure describing the 26 October to 12 November 1990 air-sea trip from Argentina to Barbados was too enticing to resist. The trip across the North American Continent and thence down to near the bottom of the world was a bit daunting, however. Because of Bobbie's degenerative joint disease and my broken hip and back, we decided to opt for Business Class air fare for the lengthy trip.

Alas, when we checked in at the Los, Angeles International Airport, we were informed that because of one 'reason or another, Pan Am had substituted an all coach aircraft and we would not have Business Class passage across the United States. Oh, my. At least we could look forward to comfortable accommodations for the longer leg of the trip. We thought.

In Miami, clutching our cherished Business Class' boarding passes, we were informed by the stewardess (I believe they are Cabin Attendants these days) that there were no such seat numbers on that aircraft. Oh, my! Back-to the ticket counter, to obtain new boarding passes, this time in Coach. At least, we were still able to sit together.

After over some thirty hours of traveling we disembarked, tired and stiff, in Buenos Aires. Pushing my wife's wheel chair to the baggage carousel we waited and waited for our baggage to appear. It didn't. It soon became apparent that nobody was picking up their luggage. In the final reckoning, it turned out that the entire Buenos Aires luggage had been sent to Rio de Janeiro and the entire Rio de Janeiro luggage had been sent to Buenos Aires

By the time we arrived at the Baggage Claim desk, they had run out of claim forms, and we had to wait until a new batch was printed. When the load of baggage was strewn out in front of the hotel the next morning after the Rio de Janeiro plane arrived, most of the relieved passengers picked up their bags and retired to their respective hotel rooms to change into fresher clothes. Not us. Apparently our baggage, traveling Business Class for a change, was so happy in the air that it didn't want to leave its heady life. Where it went we'll never know.

Fortunately, we always carried a change of underclothes in our carry-on bags and were able to trade off underclothes. We did get tired of wearing the same outer garments to breakfast, shore excursions, the theater, and so forth. Late in the evening before we were scheduled to board the ship for Barbados, our luggage magically appeared in our hotel room. What a relief.

Shore excursions, such as the boat ride through the delta near the mouth of the Rio de la Plata (140 miles wide at its mouth) were unforgettable. We were treated to an unusual water community we had never seen before. The famous

Cemetery was a city in itself. Unfortunately, I had performed an unforgivable tourist sin and, trying to lessen my load in handling my wife's wheel chair, luggage and all. I had packed my camera in my suitcase, no to be recovered until bedtime the evening before we boarded ship and I have no pictorial record of Buenos Aires.

The stop at Montevideo was interesting but not exemplary. It was on the next leg of the trip that the ship burned out the main turbocharger shaft bearing. In order to compensate for the slow ensuing speed, we skipped our scheduled stop at Santos, Sao Paulo. The ship cabled ahead to Switzerland to have a replacement bearing flown in to Rio de Janeiro for repairs to be made at sea during the next leg.

Limping into Rio, that stop left something to be desired. When we reached the top of Sugar Loaf our heads were in the clouds and we couldn't see the beach, Guanabara Bay, the Statue of Christ the Redeemer on Corcovado or anything else. We did get to stop at Salvador (Bahia) on the way North and get a good look at the real Brazil. We next skipped our scheduled stop at Belem in order to make up for lost time and reach our scheduled flight out of Barbados on time.

It was ironic that passengers who had opted for a round-trip from Barbados had stopped at Belem and griped about the heat; humidity, insects, dust, etc. and the passengers on the northbound leg griped about not stopping there. The southbound passengers had been so long in waiting for our arrival in Barbados to board the ship we were vacating that most of the buffet food for both lots of passengers was eaten up. There was little time to eat, in any regard, before we boarded our return flight to the United States.

The usual two or three ugly American tourists roamed the decks to get a petition signed demanding compensation for the horrible way in which we had been treated. As a matter of course, in order to compensate for the lack of stops and any inconvenience we had experienced, the dependable Royal Cruise Line without prompting granted us a \$400 credit on each of our accounts and a \$400 per passenger credit toward our next Royal Cruise Line trip (which we utilized).

Pan Am without question granted us a refund of our total Business Class air fare for services not provided and \$700 apiece toward our next trip aboard their airline for our inconvenience. You guessed it. Pan Am went broke and out of business before we could take our next trip!

BLIND DATE ON A STARRY NIGHT

By Claudia Brown

During WW2, the US government confiscated many of the vacation homes owned by citizens if they were needed to house family members of the military & they were within certain bounds of military camps.

Our beach house came within the need because it was only a short distance from Eglin Air Force Base in Ft. Walton Beach, Florida. This meant that our family was paid a monthly rent for our house, but, we were not allowed to use it ourselves for the war years.

Since I was 12 years old at the start of the war, it meant that our vacations were few and far between during my early teens. This is a story from the time after the war when we were able to again spend time at our house on the Florida Bayou. I, of course, felt I had been denied too much by losing the delightful vacations that my sister had enjoyed during her early teens but we were all excited to be able to enjoy the pleasures of our beach "cottage" once again.

The family was spending the week at our beach house in Florida. The neighbors in the next door house were old friends so it seemed natural that their son invited me (then a junior hi teenager) to join him and his guests for an evening at the beach (the Gulf of Mexico). I readily accepted. After introductions, I understood that my date would be James, the freckled face boy with the dancing green eyes and cheerful smile. James was nice looking, though not considered handsome. It was his pleasant greeting that put me at ease. I felt content that the evening would be delightful.

Of course, I had no idea what the evening had in store. We started the evening at the local hamburger joint. We then headed for the beach. The beach was almost deserted, so we picked a spot to place our beach towels halfway down to the water line. The night was perfect. The sky was dark, no moon, but filled with stars. We settled down to simply chat getting to know one another. Not knowing one another left tremendous openings for conversation and we were eager to enjoy each other's company. That August night had a surprise in store for us!

"Was that a falling star?"

We both looked up to notice the flash as the star disappeared in the night. Another one! And look! Another! We excitedly said as the starry night began to be a moving picture of delight!" Never before had either of us seen such a spectacle. The meteor shower was really an unexpected excitement. No one had told us about it, so the total surprise left us both in awe!

As we sat there stunned, the stars continued to fall and blast across the heavens! The other couple was sitting some distance away. They finally came over

and joined us to watch the sky falling! After a while, laughing and trying to count the falling stars, we remembered the song "Stars Fell on Alabama", but none of us really knew the words. Well, this is Florida, anyway, not Alabama, we laughed. The other couple were cold and started back to the car. We remained a few more minutes, then started back too.

Oops, I stepped on something! I had removed my shoes before we started out on the sandy beach, and in my bare feet I had stepped on a broken bottle. James held my hand as he removed a rather large piece of glass from my foot. Of course, my foot was bleeding profusely as James shook the sand from my beach towel so I could wrap it around my foot and ankle. We started to hobble back up to the car.

The trip back up to where the car was parked was next to impossible! I was able to hop along but James was trying to steady me and help to keep my hurt foot out of the sand. James finally lifted me and carried me the last few feet to the car! Good nights were quick and quiet that evening.

The following morning I hurried out with my bandaged foot to see if James managed ok. Actually, I was concerned that he might have hurt his back carrying me! James assured me that he was fine except for his bloody new shirt!

"I'll never live that one down", he laughed!

Well, I never saw James again as he lived miles away in another state. But I will never forget the blind date on that starry night in Florida.

OPEN COCKPIT ON A DARK PAIRIE NIGHT

By Al Christman

The kerosene generator whirred at top speed to keep the two light bulbs in our shanty glowing. The single light bulb in each room dangled from wires coming out of the center of the ceiling. These two bulbs provided wondrous illumination inside for a family that had previously depended on candles and kerosene lamps. However, the light making its way through the narrow windows would be precious little for Jim--our Dad--out there flying through the intense blackness of that dark autumn night in his open-cockpit World War I army surplus bi plane. Speeding along at the then impressive speed of eighty miles per hour he would have to pick out those little spots of window light in the vastness of the prairie that surrounded our home at the Navajo wildcat oil well near Vaughn, New Mexico.

It was 1927 and Jim had no barometric altimeter to tell him how high he was. Using scant visual clues he had to keep the lumbering biplane, which he affectionately called Gray Bird, high enough to avoid the eighty-foot tall oil-well derrick that jutted up from the broad barren prairie. But he also had to fly low enough to locate through the darkness the landing strip hewn out of the brush alongside our shanty and the oil well.

Inside the shanty, my nine-year-old sister Norma and eight-year-old brother Lloyd squabbled over whose turn it was to wash, and whose to dry, the dishes. Our cousin Ray, fourteen years old, fanned the flames of the disagreement by urging one side and then the other to take a stand. All turned silent at the sound of Gray Bird passing overhead.

Norma later recalled, "At first, I was glad to hear the plane. It was what we always listened for. I was happy to hear it. But then I saw Mom's face after she looked out the door into pitch blackness. When she turned back to us she was ashen white. Suddenly, I understood. Dad was up there, barely able to see the ground."

Jim had violated his own rules against flying at night in that vast area where there were no beacons nor lighted landing strips--and years before planes had landing lights, much less flares to drop. And he had ignored his oft-repeated message to his one flying student: "When the sun goes down, you go down! There are no sky hooks on which to hang waiting for the light dawn."

He would add, "If you get caught in the sky on a pitch black night you won't know if you are fifty or five feet above the ground. You won't know if ground means boulder, crater, tractor, barn, or your own house full of kids. You won't know 'til you touch down or smack down. Then you may never know."

A few hours earlier on that dark night on the prairie, Jim had taken off from Artesia, New Mexico on what would normally be an hour and half flight home. He had a roll of money in his pocket from a brisli weekend of hopping passengers. But severe winds outside Roswell tossed Gray Bird about and put Jim off course. By the time he was able to resume his way by compass, darkness enveloped him. He had missed his chance to land! There were, of course, no sky hooks. He had to go on. If it meant a crash landing, the closer to Vaughn and human help, the better.

He headed north over the barren prairie until his flight path crossed the barely distinguishable railroad line going into Vaughn. The hundred or so houses of this railroad town of 600 people gave out only a weak sprinkle of light, but that from the Harvey House and the Eliot garage told Jim all he needed to know. From there he was able to make out the railroad track leading to the section house two miles from our oil rig. Heading south from the section house, he began the search for the lights of our shack and the bunk house. By the time he spotted these, time was running out. He did not have to see the gas gauge to know the hundred horses of his Curtis OXX6 inline engine could quit at any moment.

Down below, Gray Bird's growl sent Barret and several other well drillers scurrying from the bunkhouse. These were men conditioned to meet emergencies, but usually under Jim's direction as Chief Driller. Barret dropped his usual unassuming role as Jim's shadow and took charge. Cousin Ray joined the drillers. He remembered that night all his life, "With Barret barkin' orders, we started one hell of a fire by pouring gas over the scrap lumber pile back of the derrick."

Barret was confident that Jim knew the location of the wood pile in relation to the derrick and the landing strip. He counted on the flames reflecting light off the towering derrick--the big danger to a low-flying airplane. I stood with my mother and sister outside the shanty watching the silhouetted men toss more old lumber and tumbleweeds upon the fire. Somewhere among them, my brother Lloyd scurried about dragging in loose boards. We could hear Jim circling above and caught several glimpses of Gray Bird as she shot past the bonfire, flitting in and out of sight as a ghost ship, more phantom than real. Ray ran past us on his way to get the Model T Ford. In his words:

Barret's yellin' at me. "Get the Lizzie! Get the Lizzie!" He hollered to park it at the far end of the landing strip. All at once he sounds like Uncle Jim, tough voiced, "Keep that damn motor running and the lights on!" The idea was, if Jim headed straight for me he'd be over the landing strip. Boy, I'll tell you I didn't like that idea! As I hear Uncle Jim swooping over me I'm thinking less and less of it. And you gotta know I didn't have a hell of a lot of love for your old man. He'd walloped my tail but plenty; so I'm thinking, why am I sittin' here at the bull's eye of this shooting gallery'?

While Ray positioned the Model T's headlights as an aiming point for. Jim, Barret raced the company truck with its lights on, going up one side and down the other of the landing strip, bouncing and spinning over ruts and weed clumps. He brought the truck to an abrupt stop at the opposite end of the strip from Ray and turned to point the lights in that direction, thus marking both ends of the landing strip. During all of this Jim made simulated landings, coming in lower each time. Ray sensed when Jim was about to commit.

I hear him cut back the throttle as he's comin' right in at me. I figure he's makin' his try. But then he guns it, and I feel the whoosh of this ghost ship sweeping by over my head. One more time around and again he cuts his motor. Now I'm really thinkin' I ought to get the hell out of here. "Holy cow," I'm yellin at the sound of what was probably the tail skid diggin' into the prairie and then the landing gear crushin' down. I yank down on the gas handle of old Lizzie and head for the churnin' and crunchin'. Again, I yell, "Holy cow," as the car lights pick up the plane standing on its nose.

By the time Ray arrived, Jim was out of the plane feeling the broken end of the propeller. The right landing gear was also smashed. As Ray jumped from the Model T, Jim yelled, "You bozos! Why the hell didn't you climb the derrick with a lantern?" Dad was home!

Quotes are from author's 1968 interviews with his sister Norma Christman Jones and his cousin Raymond Christman, as well as the author's boyhood recollections of Jim Christman's hangar talk in the 1930s about his early flying adventures.

A LETTER TO MY FRIEND, MAC
THANKSGIVING, 2009
By Ella Reed Rogers

Dear Mac,

Happy Thanksgiving 2009! I couldn't resist sending you this cute "kitten" card, because it looks like the kind of cat that all of my family members treasure. Laura, you remember, has a replica of the cat in the picture, except he has gotten older and huge in size. Laura's son Braden has one just like it and her daughter Whitney has two cats, one of which is black and white. When I visit Laura there is always one or two cats present and you get the feeling they are the focus of attention! I will be joining Laura and family for Thanksgiving, which is always enjoyable, for she decorates for all occasions.

When I had my 90th birthday celebration she invited all our family, which consisted of fifteen people, including four great grandsons ranging in age from three to eight years. Since it was close to Halloween, Laura and Allen went all out on scary decorations. They had a spooky bat on the front gate, a talking ghost and a mechanized black cat that was a terror just inside the door, and an adult size skeleton sitting on a chair in the hallway. It was a scary place! We also had a piñata, which the four little boys had a great time smashing and eating all the goodies that poured out!

While we were visiting, Laura and Allen's son Braden told us he had played a trick on his cat "Fonzie", who is a replica of Laura's cat, except he is even fluffier. He had taken him to the groomer's and had him trimmed to look like a lion. Of course the children wanted to see him. Braden told them Fonzie was self-conscious with his 'lion cut' and may not show himself. Later, after much coaxing, he came part-way down the stairs and we all got to see him. I can imagine it being embarrassing to his dignity!

All of these cat-lovers give their pets such unusual names. Laura and Allen's cat is named "Lucifer", Braden calls his cat "Fonzie", and his sister Whitney named her cats "Boo Radley" and "Chester". Even my Mother, who started our family's "cat mania", named her favorite cat "Prettiest One", Whitney's cats Boo Radley & Chester. I don't think I ever told you about my cat that I had when the children were small. We had this mongrel cat, nothing much to look at, but the children had fun with it, and named him "Beadie Boy". It was run over by our next door neighbor and the children took it hard. When the dog catcher came to pick it up, he saw another cat I had – a beautiful Siamese cat which I had named "Ming" because that sounded very "Siamese". He had already ruined all my curtains and at Christmas he knocked over the tree with all the ornaments.

But the dog catcher liked him and I was plenty ready to get rid of his crying. He was so spoiled - he wanted raw beef heart and liver and cried and growled like a wild animal when he didn't get that to eat. So I was more than pleased to give him away so easily and even told the dog catcher about his eating problems. He laughed and said he would fix that - Ming would go hungry until he ate anything he could get. Whew! What a relief!

Hope you have a wonderful Thanksgiving with your family and no cats to cause you trouble!

Ella Reed

MOUNTAIN BIKING IN ORANGE COUNTY, CA

By Don Harvey

The trail system in Orange County is quite extensive ranging from marked lanes on busy highways to packed dirt or muddy trails on ridges and canyons. The men of the Holy Rollers that I ride with tend to stay clear of autos, and prefer the off road trails where the scenery is pleasing and noise and auto exhaust are non-existent. One firm requirement is we must have a gourmet coffee shop enroute where we can exaggerate our past exploits, swap lies and tell jokes.

In mid March 2007 we planned a trail ride that connected three trails that we had ridden separately in the past. We parked our cars near the Ortega Highway and Interstate 5 and rode our bikes north along the bike trail adjacent to Rancho Viejo Road to the Arroyo Trabuco Bike Trail and then turned northeast up the trail. Our final destination was a Starbucks in Ladera Ranch where we planned a butt stop and coffee in that order of importance. A large trail system exists within the Ladera Ranch development that is mostly off road and packed dirt.

The Trabuco Trail is the most interesting of the three trails because the trail conditions vary from wide packed dirt to narrow, rocky, muddy and steep. There is something for everybody. Weather conditions the day we rode were ideal. A gentle breeze wafted up the arroyo that was welcomed on the return trip. A few low-lying wild flowers were beginning to show telling us that spring is on the horizon. The only creatures we saw were rabbits, squirrels and lizards. There were signs of coyote droppings but that elusive animal was not to be seen.

As we rode up the arroyo, Saddleback Mountain came into view. Saddleback Mountain is a prominent monument for residents and travelers in Orange County because it can be seen for tens of miles. In some places the trail was too narrow, rocky and steep that to be safe we walked our bikes. Although it appears we were a little chicken; it's cool not to be stupid. Soon we approached the Crown Valley Parkway Bridge over the Arroyo Trabuco Creek. What is neat about this is that driving over the bridge is so familiar, but seeing it from a different perspective (the creek bed) is rather exciting. And that is true with most of our rides. We ride through areas that we are familiar with, but only from the highway or populated areas. Exploring the streams and canyons hidden within these areas is what makes mountain biking so awesome.



GORDON C, DON, GORDON Z, JIM, MIKE, KEITH AND PRESCOTT



THE ARROYO TRABUCO TRAIL

WHAT DO I DO NOW?

By Don Harvey

On April first 2007, I spent the early morning hours watching the first two Carlsbad 5K races. It was a pleasant morning and I enjoyed viewing the healthy athletes fly by Carlsbad-By-The-Sea Retirement Community where I live. Some runners were tossing their sweatshirts as they warmed up and others were chugging down water to replace the liquids lost. I have run in this race for several years leading up to this day, but I had knee surgery two days before and thus opted out. I had a great viewing spot to watch the runners and an unlimited supply of coffee. Later that coffee supply would be the bane of my existence.

I decided to return to my apartment and have breakfast between the races, so at 8:30 AM I entered elevator #5 and punched the 4P button to get to my floor. I tend to take elevators for granted and felt confident that I could get to my destination, eat and return to the races and not miss very much.

Somewhere between floors 2 and 3 the elevator had a spasm and lurched up and settled down ever so awkwardly. Then there was silence. I was all alone, trapped in a 35 square foot enclosure with only overhead lights and a telephone. Now what do I do? I picked up the phone which automatically rang the receptionist. He followed the protocol and the rescue procedure was set in motion. The Fire Department and the elevator maintenance contractor were summoned. I was in good hands.

I then phoned my apartment so that I could tell Joyce where I was. I didn't want her to worry. After telling her of my entrapment she asked, "What will you do if you need to go to the restroom?" Good question!

I replied, "I have a ziplock bag in my pocket". I could only imagine what she was picturing in her mind.

Joyce suggested I sit down which was exactly what I was doing. I took off my sweatshirt and balled it up for a pillow and leaned against the wall in the corner opposite from the door. I studied the floor pattern of tiles. There is a 3 by 5 pattern of one square foot rusty colored tiles surrounded by a 6 inch band of beige tiles surrounded by a 6 inch band of rusty tiles. So I had a living space of 35 square feet to occupy for an indefinite time.

The CBTS nurse called and asked if I wanted oxygen available when I was freed from the elevator.

"I'm fine and I'll pass on the oxygen."

I was prepared mentally to be trapped for over an hour, so I began to think what I could do during the idle time I was given. I remembered that I had to do 100 leg lifts as part of my rehabilitation from the knee surgery. That's 100 leg lifts for

each leg. In between leg lifts the CBTS maintenance man was checking various parts of the elevator equipment and at the same time was keeping me informed of such things as the Fire Department was on their way. Now that's a comforting thought. Soon the firemen arrived with all the horns and sirens. They were delayed by the race and had to be rerouted. I suppose if there was a dire emergency they would have plowed through. They slowly lowered me to the garage level where I noticed the air was a little cooler.

"What's your comfort level." I heard from the door. It was one of the firemen assessing my condition.

I replied, "I'm fine", and continued with the leg lifts.

"I can cut a hole in the door if you need to get out".

"No, don't do that. I'm OK."

Soon I completed the 100 leg lifts on each leg and began to think what was next. I emptied my pockets and found a newspaper article, so I read three times until I had it memorized. Then I picked up my wallet and decided to do an inventory of its contents. There's just so much you can do in reorganizing a mess, but it kept me occupied for several minutes. I put all the bills in order of value making sure that they all were face up. I kept looking at my watch as if that would help me get out sooner. I wondered if I didn't have a watch would I have any concept of time. I pondered that for a few milliseconds and resolved that it didn't matter.

All while I was doing this I could hear banging and scraping noises outside. Finally I asked, "What are you doing?"

"Fiddling around." That's exactly what they were doing. They were using some kind of tool to get the door open.

There was a sigh of relief when the elevator tech arrived. He too was delayed and rerouted by the race. In a matter of a few minutes the door began to open. The first face I saw was a fireman who was stepping into the elevator. The elevator floor was 6 inches below the garage floor and the fireman was not aware of that so he fell into the elevator. He caught himself in time so that he did not hurt himself or me. I walked out one hour and thirty-five minutes after I entered the elevator.

The lessons learned are simple - never get into an elevator with a full bladder and always carry an emergency ziplock.

A ROOM WITH A VIEW

By Ray Jones

I am among the most fortunate of people. When I settle down in my recliner and glance out the Living Room window in Carlsbad By The Sea, looking toward the Northwest, I never see the same scene twice. My perpetually changing kaleidoscope of views will not end until I am no longer able to look out the window.

I look out the window and see palm fronds hanging limp at the shore, framed against a smooth, silver-gray sea. At the horizon is a gray marine layer, topped in a pale pink. The lower sky, spotted with occasional pinkish thin, wispy stratus clouds, is a yellowish, greenish, bluish hue. Above is an overcast sky, the lower portion of clouds a rosy red which gradually turn to a port wine red. Then, as a finale, all reds evolve into a light orange just before darkness descends. Would that I was a painter to capture the scenes.

I look out the window and I see one of the Navy's hospital ships anchored about a mile or so off the Camp Del Mar Amphibious Training section of Camp Pendleton. It would appear that a humanitarian rescue exercise is underway. This is the same hospital ship that assisted in the rescue efforts following the devastating earthquake and ensuing tsunami which occurred in Southeast Asia not long ago. For two days and two nights, lighters and helicopters approach and leave, carrying out their training duties. Private craft, power boats and sail boats gather in the area to get a closer look at the most interesting activity.

I look out the window and I see an angry sky. During one of Carlsbad's rare stormy days, the sea is churning with white caps and the waves are breaking farther from the shore-line. The palm fronds are dancing merrily in about a sixteen mph wind accompanied by a driving rain. The birds appear to have been grounded. Every bit of sky and sea is the same color - a most uninteresting light battleship gray.

I look out the window and I see a flock of pelicans, formed in a rather sloppy "V", riding the thermals from the Northwest to the Southeast along the shoreline. In the entire width of my double living room windows, there isn't a flap of their wings. My, how this relaxed flight compares with the purposeful way in which the Canada Geese travel in a precise "V" in their travels down the Mississippi Valley flyway during their migration to warmer clime in the late Fall! On occasion the Pelicans will travel in huge flocks of dozens of birds in a completely disorganized group, or even singly or in pairs. I often wonder what happens once they reach their destination, for I seldom see them return by the same route-and then in

relatively small numbers. Traveling north they almost invariably are flapping their wings, rather than riding the thermals.

I look out the window and I see a large military helicopter headed in a Northerly direction about three miles offshore. It is far enough away that the noise of its engine does not penetrate the double-paned windows of my apartment. Sometimes a single helicopter is accompanied by one or, rarely, two others, flying in formation. The origin of the flight is most probably the Miramar Marine Air Station and the destination the Camp Pendleton Marine Air Station.

I look out the window and I see the palm fronds hanging listlessly, framed against a smooth silver sea with just a hint of greenish color. Beyond the sharp horizon is the marine layer in a pastel pink, blending seamlessly into a robin's-egg blue beneath the endless baby-blue sky. A few wispy clouds interrupt the blue expanse. Two birds, their day's food requirements apparently satisfied, have been perched on the power line following the coastline, oblivious to the changing colors behind them.

I look out the window and I see three Navy vessels anchored offshore from Camp Del Mar, Camp Pendleton's amphibious training base; conducting landing exercises. I cannot make out the details of their maneuvers, but can visualize them from past experience. While recent deployments have not required an assault landing, many recent deployment landings have not had the benefit of dock-side facilities.

I look out the window and I see a half a dozen private sailboats leaning away from the wind, seemingly, aimlessly wandering around a mile or two or three offshore. They never seem to be going from Point A to Point B. Three or four powerboats, on the other hand, seem to be going someplace. One appears to be anchored over a kelp bed or a shelf on the sea floor for the purpose of fishing. Others leave a short or long wake, depending upon their speed and possible destination.

I look out the window and I see a frenzy of seagulls seeking food distributed by a little old lady on Garfield Ave., between Christiansen and Beech Streets, a block off the ocean; at least I used to. I haven't seen her for several months. I hope she hasn't aged beyond the ability to feed the birds. They so looked forward to her daily feeding that they would anxiously hover overhead just before 4:00 in the afternoon in anticipation of her largess.

I look out the window and I see the arrow-straight contrail of a jet so high in the air that the plane itself is not visible to the naked eye. It must be at least seven miles high. It is too high to have taken off from any United States airport to the South. It most certainly must be one of the SAC (Strategic Air Command) planes

aloft twenty-four hours a day over the perimeter of the Continental U.S. to intercept any airborne incursion of our borders.

I look out the window and I see nothing; that is, nothing beyond a block. The fog has rolled in. I see nothing beyond the street light just across the street, at the corner of Christiansen and Garfield. If I exert the effort to rise from the comfort of my recliner I can see no farther than the far side of Carlsbad Boulevard to the East and a hazy Beach Terrace Inn on Ocean Street to the West. I can well imagine that Lindbergh Field in San Diego is not functioning normally, and appreciate remaining in the comfort of my apartment.

I look out the window and I see a small polliwog-shaped helicopter sometimes headed Northerly, sometimes Southerly. These are private pieces of equipment such as those operated by news media. They emit less noise than the larger, military units, and follow the shoreline a block West of here. They zip by so fast I am unable to identify them, since they do not have distinctive markings; at least not large enough to read.

I look out the window and I see a dull olive-greenish haze on the Northerly horizon, signifying a drifting Southward of the Los Angeles Basin smog. When the haze on the horizon is a pale pinkish, grayish color, one can surmise with accuracy that a grass fire is raging somewhere in San Diego, Orange, or Riverside Counties. In that event, at sunset we get a most spectacular Ruby-Red sky.

I look out the window and I see a Coast Guard helicopter. I can usually determine, from the unique sound of its engine, that a large, orange and light gray rescue helicopter will soon come into view. The Coast Guard almost invariably follows the shore-line; possibly using the mission at hand as an opportunity to scan the shoreline for anything unusual they may incidentally run across.

I look out the window and I see a flock of a dozen or so large birds which seem to be playing a game. Just over the sand at the beach some of them flap their wings furiously to rise vertically like a helicopter, to a height of about a hundred feet, then fix their wings and swoop toward the ground only to rise again 'til they stall, causing them to flap their wings furiously to regain diving height once again. Others seem to be mimicking a dog-fight, darting with great speed and skill chasing one another around a tight area of the lower sky.

I look out the window and I see an Ultra-light plane following the shoreline toward the North. I have only seen one in the inland valleys before. Naturally I wonder what it is doing in our area. I also cannot help but wonder if the pilot chooses to fly over the beach instead of some other route so that he has a ready-made emergency landing site if ever it may be needed.

I look out the window and I see darkening of the various shades of gray in the sky, clouds and sea after the sun has slipped below the horizon. There are still a

few birds; some purposefully moving to the South and some aimlessly flitting about the sky about one hundred feet above the shore. A small, single engine, high wing plane approaches from the sea and crosses the shoreline in the direction of the Palomar Airport, presumably to make a safe landing before dark. A helicopter, about half the height between the plane and shore travels to the North. Since the helicopter is not military equipment, I would not hazard a guess as to its destination. By this time I see no more birds; they apparently having completed their daily chores and gone to roost for the night.

I look out the window and I see one of the half-day fishing boats from Helgren's landing at the Oceanside Harbor. The two normally used by Helgren's are easy to identify because of their size and silhouette. I have availed myself of their service several times over the past few years and am acquainted with their routine. In the early months of the year Helgren's substitutes Whale Watching trips on some days of the week when the whales travel close to shore from the gulf of Alaska to the Bay of Cortez. I have had the privilege of seeing whales close in to shore off the Oceanside Harbor.

I look out the window and I see huge kites flown off the beach just below the Beach Terrace Inn and homes lining Ocean Street to the West. While I have never gone to investigate, I presume they are part of the recreation program of the students of the Army and Navy Academy, two blocks to the North.

I look out the window and I see a cleansed sky. The overnight storm has passed, the streets have dried and a fifteen mph wind remains. The sky has cleared to a faint slate-blue, with a few scattered fleecy-white clouds low in the sky. The sea has turned to a dark gray with whitecaps. A half-dozen seagulls hover over the breakers, exerting only enough energy to keep their wings extended; their soaring buoyed by the stiff breeze. The horizon is sharp, without the marine layer blocking it from view. It would appear that winter is not far from making its relatively gentle appearance in Carlsbad.

SERVING IN THE COAST GUARD DURING WORLD WAR II

By Walt Peale

In April of 1945, I enlisted in the Coast Guard Reserve and was sent to Government Island for training. I had taken my saxophone with me. When I got off the train, I was recruited into the boot band at Alameda, California. We were part of the last four companies to train as reserves. The band had 65 members and marched along with the base regular band weekly as part of our training. The boot band marched with two companies every week through the city of Oakland. The band split off from the two companies when we reached the hills. The companies with battle packs went into the woods for jungle training. Our band members went by trucks to a Boy Scout camp, where we left our horns. We then went back into the woods and set up booby traps and ambushed the troops when they were reaching the camp. After a short break, we all marched back to the base.

After VJ Day, the Base's Assistant Commander decided he wanted to command a ship. He had never been to sea. On his ship, he wanted to have a band for his three month cruise. So I and ten members of the boot band were randomly picked for this three month cruise. Most musicians were guitar players so we were not much of a band, but we did our best.

Our ship, the AK-90 USS Albiero, had been used as a cargo and troop ship from 1943 till 1946. It served the South Pacific as a Navy ship , but was managed by mostly Coast Guard Personnel. Our "three month" cruise started in September 1945. It was to go from San Francisco to San Pedro to Manila. While we were in Manila, the Navy started sending ships and personnel with the most hours served back to the states. Our ship had to take on more cargo from several of these ships. The ship's "Jack of the Dust" who took care of supplying the galley needs was one of those sent back to the states. I was recruited for the job because I was the only one aboard with any grocery experience. It was great for me.

We were in Manila for two months with temperatures well over 100 degrees. Then our ship was sent to Yokosuka, Japan. While in the Philippines and Japan, I saw firsthand the full devastation of what the war had been like at Corregidor, Tokyo, Nagasaki, and Yokohama. The only buildings left standing were department stores and shrines. After over five months in Japan, our ship started our return trip to the states. We towed a floating hotel from Yokiska to Anaweta. In Anaweta, they hooked the ship up with a floating dry dock. At a speed of four knots, it took 60 days to reach the Panama Canal. Then another 14 days to reach Norfolk, Virginia where I was discharged. I was a chubby 18 year old, 5 foot 9 1/2 inches and 160 pounds, when I went in to service. Twenty months later I was 6 feet and weighed 190 pounds.

A note about our return to the states. It was a good thing we were a food cargo ship. About 40 days out all fresh supplies were gone. I had to break out canned goods from the hold of our ship. One thing that kept the crew happy was the ice cream (foster freeze style) that I kept making, adding whatever I could find to make it different. Our cooks made lots of baked goods. When we reached the Panama Canal, I was able to go ashore and get fresh supplies of fruits and vegetables. Boy, was the crew happy.

ASPARAGUS – NOVEMBER 8, 1990
By Sarah Slocum

I looked at the beautiful asparagus at the A-1 Italian grocery store and thought of my mother. I had taken her to this small local market on her last trip to California. "They travel to the downtown produce market themselves," I told her. "Many of their customers came from Italy and they demand good produce."

I remember the look of pleasure on her face when she lifted up the tightly bound bunch of young green asparagus spears. Her once strong hand trembled, but her face was suffused with interest and pleasure. "This is the most beautiful asparagus I have ever seen," she said, "and a very good price." She enjoyed many small pleasures such as beautiful asparagus, and she loved a prudent purchase. I had bought the asparagus for my mother's supper then as I did today for my grandson's supper. I had stopped at the market on my way home from work to purchase their excellent lasagna when I admired the asparagus.

My mother prepared the asparagus for our supper that evening. "Look" she said after she had carefully washed the spears in a bowl of cold water and was snapping off the small length of the stem end that was too tough to eat. "There is almost no waste, it is so tender." She held up a piece of stem less than an inch long and was satisfied. As usual she was intent on doing a job well.

"I don't like asparagus," my nine year old grandson, Nathaniel, responded to my question. "Well, that's all right, a lot of children don't like it, but I'll show you how to snap asparagus and that's a good thing to know. Have you ever snapped asparagus?" "No", he replied, "but I know how to do it because I've watched my mother".

"Well, let me show you," I said. "I know because my mother taught me when I was a little girl. Once, I must have taught your mother and now I'll teach you."

I showed him how to place the fingers of both of his hands on the stem end of the spear and bend it until a piece snapped off. He practiced feeling with his fingers for the exact place where the spear was stiff enough and then hearing the satisfying noise of the snap. While I watched him practice this skill, I thought of my mother and of how she had been interested in so many things. I felt how strange it was that now I was in the oldest generation in my family. I remembered her washing the asparagus and snapping the spears and cautioning me to snap off as small a piece as possible so there would be little waste, and I missed her.

DINNER AT OUR DETROIT HOME 1939
By Sarah Slocum

My mother put baby Helen's highchair next to her own place at the foot of our dining room table. Helen was old enough now to eat the same food that we had for dinner. She used the Georg Jensen silver baby spoon which had been given to me by Helen Knapp, mother's best friend. The spoon had a large flat bowl. Helen ate from our Uncle Wiggly plate, a china plate divided into three sections and decorated with transfer prints of Uncle Wiggly, a rabbit with long ears. Uncle Wiggly wore a suit jacket and knickers. My mother helped and encouraged Helen.

My mother or Virginia, the maid, put the platter and serving bowls in front of my father. It was one of his pleasures to serve dinner to his family. "Is the potato about the right size?" he asked. He would say, "I'm cutting the piece of meat so you get some of the most tender part," or "look at this mess of greens mama has prepared, they look very good.

He would listen if we responded "not many beans tonight, Papa," but not if we said, "No beans tonight."

I don't remember that any of us said, "No, I won't eat that." We knew we were to use polite behavior at the dinner table.

My father continued with these one liners, perhaps to the exclusion of other conversation. My mother was busy with Helen. Freddy was trying his best to eat with appropriate manners.

My mother would ask, "are you ready for tea, Vernon?"

"Ah, tea," Papa said with a pleased tone although he and my mother drank tea with every dinner. She would pour a cup of tea for him, and we passed up the tea

"Please pass the gravy," I asked. "Mother, Freddy didn't pass me the gravy. He is keeping it, and I asked for it politely."

"Oh, let him get the gravy he needs," said my older sister Gracie.

"I wasn't keeping it," Freddie defended himself. "I just needed to put some on my potato."

"Freddy, pass the gravy," mother said.

"Mama," Papa said, "How about a little more tea?" He pronounced it tay. It was one of predictable jokes.

So we would pass his cup to mother who sat by the tea pot.

"Another potato, Gracie?" he asked. "There is this little one which would be just right for you? Sally, another potato?" he continued.

MY GRANDMOTHER
By Martha Marsh Foster

Now that I am on the far side of eighty, I accept the fact that I truly believe in some things that cannot be seen, touched or explained.

More and more I remember my grandmother and the things she told me—things she “saw”, things she “heard” and things she “believed.”

The world, as I now believe it to be, certainly exists on more than one plane and I am more open to “signs” and “warnings” that I now believe have always been there.

My grandmother always told me that everyone has a guardian angel who is always near and who will protect you. But you have to do one thing and that is to listen—learn to listen to your guardian angel.

After all these years, I can truly say—“Grandma, I’m listening.”

MEMORIES OF PARIS

By Jackie Allen

Paris, city of lovers where beautiful women in long gauzy gowns dance at balls with officers in tight-fitting white trousers and gold trimmed jackets.

Paris, city of broad boulevards where taxis toot and Madeline sails her boat on the round pond in the park.

Paris, city of artists where Mimi sings an aria as she dies in a garret.

That was the romantic Paris I longed to see. My real life visit with a husband and three pre-teens turned out a bit less glamorous.

Our family of five ducked out of the fierce wind onto the hydrofoil to cross the Channel. The boat started smoothly, rose onto its stilts, glided up the first wave and fell with a stomach-roiling thud worthy of an E-ticket ride at Disneyland. And that was only the first wave. The man next to me had fortified himself with a bottle of something alcoholic. Feeling no pain he weaved with the channel waves and I weaved with the waves coming off him. On my other side, my older son held the barf bag under his face. Thirty long, bouncy minutes later, we landed on French soil with our breakfast unbelievably still in our stomachs, but no one was interested in the lunch I'd carefully packed in London.

I stepped off the boat train in the city of light on a gray, misty day, wearing a formless blue raincoat, my hair mashed to my head after sleeping through the French countryside. Inside the booking office I waited in line while three women in smart suits and beautifully coifed hair spoke fast French into phones and with the customers. I rehearsed my college French. "*Une hotel pour cinque persons, s'il vous plais.*"

When my turn came, the clerk took one look at me and said, "Cheap hotel?"

I gave up on French, nodded and said, "Near the metro." I smiled when I heard her say, "*deux chambres.*" Maybe there would be some romance in Paris after all with my three kids in one room while my husband and I shared a room.

We came up out of the metro on the *Ile de la Cite* to the smell of wet pavement. The sky had cleared and the July sun sparkled off the recently cleaned white buildings of Paris. At our hotel a gracefully curved flight of stairs led up to the first floor lobby. We struggled up them with the suitcase I'd thought perfect for the trip. One bag that would hold clothes for the whole family. One bag that weighed a ton. One bag with wheels that was useless on the stairs.

I gave our name to the women at the desk. She nodded, said, "*Deux chambres,*" and led the way up another flight of stairs. She opened the door to a room with pink walls, a white double bed and a single cot. She gestured at my

husband, daughter and me. So much for romance. Our two boys had a tiny room up another flight of stairs.

So we had a place to stay, now it was time to eat. Everyone's appetite had returned and we were eager for the renowned cuisine of Paris. We were in for another learning experience. The sausages and *pomme frites* at the corner bistro were expensive and greasy. The pastries on the other corner were Algerian, overly sweet. Finally we found an Italian restaurant with pizza and ice cream, a memory my kids still hold dear.

Three days of sight-seeing awaited us. The sound and light show I'd read about for years left my kids bored, but the sculpted Bible stories in Saint Chapel intrigued them. The Louvre was okay, but the escalator at the Pompidou was cool. We marched down the Champs Elysee, climbed the Eiffel Tower, and ate crepes with cinnamon sugar as we walked along the Seine.

We saved Notre Dame for the last morning. "Another church?" my younger son whined. "But it has a great view of Paris," I answered. We climbed to the parapet and gazed out over the romantic city.

"Hey, mom," came voices from above me.

I looked up to see my two sons sliding down the roof of the great cathedral. We were asked to leave Notre Dame.

THE TARAHUMARA INDIANS OF MEXICO

By Don Harvey

During a recent tour through Northern Mexico I had a chance to visit a Tarahumara Indian Village. I was so fascinated with the inhabitants of the Indian Village that I felt that it was a story worth telling. The village is located at about 8,000 feet elevation near the town of Divisadero in the Mexican State of Chihuahua. The Tarahumaras' have an interesting history in that they existed in the region for over 10,000 years, and some still live in conditions that one would expect to see millenniums ago. If I had not seen this village I would not have believed that it existed.

One afternoon the Tarahumara Governor led a hike from the hotel at Divisadero to the Indian Village Boarding School. I was privileged to be included in that hike that was rugged and steep, but with spectacular views. The Governor told how members of his tribe live in the cliffs along the trail. He pointed out a goat "cage" in the cliffs that was constructed to protect the herd from predators. The photo shows the crude structure made of local cuttings. It is primitive but it works.

As we crossed over the top of the mountain the boarding school came into view. The students were expecting us and lined up and performed a dance. I was impressed how neat and colorful they were. After the dance we were led into a class room where we met the lady principal who spoke to us. The Governor was present also and was pleased when we asked him if he would give us an imprint of his seal with his signature. He gladly did this for all who asked, and he seemed very proud of his position.

Following the classroom discussion, the Governor led us to an area where the children played games for us. The games involved running on a packed dirt trail that happens to be at an altitude of about 8,000 feet. That did not seem to hinder the children at all. The girls played the first game that looked quite difficult, at least for me. Two teams played, with two girls on each side. The four girls each had a stick, and each team had a different colored ring. The game is called rarajipari. One team wore green headbands and the other blue. On go, a girl on each team pitched the ring forward with a stick, alternating with each other, competing with the other team. They ran to a marker about 100 yards away and then returned to the finish line, all the time pitching the ring forward as far and as straight as possible. The race was close the entire distance. It was a pleasure to watch their graceful movements as they moved forward. They reminded me of deer scurrying through a meadow.

The boy's kick-ball game called rohuena immediately followed the girl's game. They were serious and competitive. The youngest boy was the son of the Governor. He raced barefoot on the cold, hard-packed dirt. Their game followed the same rules as the girl's game except they kicked a round oak ball. It reminded me of the days when I was their age and we made the equipment we needed to play stickball. Both of the Tarahumara games were played silently – no yelling or talking. It was a pleasant experience to see both teams and their friends have so much fun. The Tarahumaras' have a long-standing reputation of being excellent foot runners.

The Tarahumaras' live under the most primitive conditions, most often without indoor plumbing. The Boarding School Buildings were an anomaly. During the warm summers they live in the high altitudes and in the winter they move to the lower altitudes in the canyon floors. Still, while we were there in February, some were living at the high altitudes. They grow much of their food for their consumption and weave baskets for sale to provide their income for necessities. Most of the Tarahumaras' we met were well clothed in colorful attire characteristic of their culture.

Anyone who visits the Copper Canyon should take the time to spend a day meeting the Tarahumaras' and learning their culture. They are a friendly people who are proud of their heritage. Further information can be found on the web by typing Tarahumara in your favorite search engine.



GOAT PEN



TARAHUMARA SCHOOL



TARAHUMARA DANCERS



TARAHUMARA GOVERNOR



GIRL'S RING GAME



BOY'S KICK BALL GAME

MANGIA! MANGIA!

By Jean Wollam

Mario's beauty shop in Rome was right next door to the little Italian restaurant where Mario, the head waiter, served me lunch. It was my habit to have my hair done at Mario's every Thursday in my lunch hour; then I would eat lunch, where the other Mario would treat me like visiting royalty. Both the shop and the trattoria were a short walk from the Embassy so I had plenty of time for both.

My self-esteem was always high when I left the beauty shop, as Mario would do my hair, check the finished product in the mirror, whisper "Bella, bella", then kiss me on both cheeks and bid me "Ciao". He was a charming person who especially liked to look at himself in the mirror while I was sitting under the dryer, smiling at himself and smoothing out his eyebrows with one finger. He did not speak one word of English.

The other Mario was well along in years, walked with a decided limp, and did not speak English, either. I got along beautifully with both.

How much I ate for lunch would depend on whether or not I planned to go out for dinner. If so, I ate lightly. If not, I would have a rather large dish of pasta. This schedule worked splendidly for me, but Mario was not aware of this plan and always tried to ply me with more food "Mangia, mangia, signorina!" he would say, hinting that I would die of starvation if I persisted in this way of eating. Occasionally he would talk me into having a mixed gelato or a macedonia (mixed fruit) but that was about it.

One day he tried another tactic. I had ordered cannelloni (about the smallest serving of pasta you can get) and was eating it quite contentedly at my small table by the window when a large group of about ten Romans arrived and seated themselves at a large table in the center of the restaurant. Soon their table top was covered with salads, pastas, veal, etc., and many bottles of wine. I continued eating my small portion, while they noisily and happily started their meal.

Soon Mario appeared at my table. "Signorina" he hissed under his breath. "Take this" he said in Italian, "they have so much they'll never miss it", and set in front of me a plate of veal and vegetables and a glass of wine from the large table. Well, what would you do? I ate it.

When I was about to leave Rome, I had a final lunch with Mario. When I told him I was being transferred, he looked stricken, went into the kitchen and came out with the cook, a huge lady with a wide smile. Both gave me abbraccios (hugs), begged me to return one day and wished me Godspeed. Thanks to Mario's "mangia, mangia" I have never since gotten my waistline back into line, but it was all well worth it.

SECRETS OF HANA, MAUI By Don Harvey

When I mention Hana Maui to friends the first comment I hear is the terrible drive down the twisting, narrow road that takes forever. I think of the drive as a slow journey through the most beautiful part of Maui, perhaps all of Hawaii. Depending upon the time of year the streams and falls could be flowing full or just be a barely perceptible trickle. In any case there are always flowering plants and trees that greet you if you take the time to enjoy them. There are many turnouts that provide access to pools for wading, swimming or photographing.

My favorite spot near Hana is a secret swimming hole called “Venus Pool”. This pool is located a few miles south of Hamoa Beach. It is accessible through a hole in the fence and a path that leads to an old “Portuguese Oven”. A narrow path leads downhill from there to a series of jumping ledges over the pool.



JOYCE AND DON HARVEY AT OVEN

The pool water is a mixture of fresh water from a stream that spills over a waterfall and splashes into the pool and ocean water that rushes in with every wave. In the photo below Toby, my grandson, has started a flip off a ledge about

ten feet from the Venus Pool is a Toby or any young seeking adventure ledge I jumped six feet from the thrill for Gramps. of the pool are with drops as great Some of the local were making large that height. I think attracted to Venus reminded me of the holes I visited as a except I jumped a willow tree that stream.



water surface. paradise for boy or girl or a thrill. The from was only water, enough On the other side several ledges as fifty feet. Hawaiian boys splashes from the reason I was Pool was it old swimming young boy from the limbs of overhung a

Hana is a great place for the young and old. I usually stay at the Hana Maui Hotel for five or more days to enjoy the best of Hana and its surroundings. It is very easy to be spoiled there, and for the adventuresome, there are more secret spots to enjoy.

OCTOBER HIKING IN THE SIERRAS NEAR DONNER SUMMIT By Don Harvey

In October 2005 my son Jon and I drove to his cabin at Serene Lakes near Soda Springs CA to spend some time hiking in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Usually we go to the cabin in the winter to ski because of its close proximity to Sugar Bowl, Squaw Valley, Alpine and Northstar ski areas. Serene Lakes, also known as Ice Lakes, is a pair of lakes situated at 7,000 feet elevation that are joined by a narrow channel. The lakes are shallow, providing a safe swimming and sailing venue. In winter, when the lakes freeze over, they provide a large and beautiful area to cross country ski. It is an ideal base for hiking or skiing.

We chose the month of October to hike because the weather is usually pleasant, however, Mother Nature can deliver just about any scenario from heavy snowfall to clear, sunny days in the Sierra Nevadas. We were lucky to receive the latter. On the first day we hiked southward and upward from the cabin to Point Mariah overlooking The Royal Gorge. This is an enormous gorge with a depth of over 4,400 feet. It is far enough from the beaten path that few people get to see it. The trail leading up to Mariah Point was in fair condition with only a few places where getting a foothold was difficult. Devils Peak, an excellent benchmark, appeared numerous times in the West as we proceeded along the trail. The beauty of the surrounding peaks, the colorful aspens and the deep green pines added to the pleasure of the hike. Along the trail we saw wildflowers and birds. I had my eyes on the ground observing the yellow, blue and red wildflowers while Jon was peering through his binoculars at the birds hovering above or perched in the trees.



ROYAL GORGE VIEWED FROM POINT MARIAH – OCTOBER 11, 2005

The next day's hike to the High Loch Leven Lake in the Tahoe National Forest was of moderate difficulty. The sign at the trailhead read "Lake Leven Trail". We started out at the Ranger Station near Interstate 80 a little west of Kingvale. The trail was quite rugged at the start and difficult to follow because it led through tilted, bare granite faces. Once past the exposed granite, the trail was well marked and easy to follow. Like the day before, birds and wildflowers were spotted along the way. After about a mile or so we came upon the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks that paralleled Interstate 80. After a long train passed by we crossed the train tracks and headed for the Low Loch Leven Lake. When we arrived we spotted two campers near the lake basking in the sun. I was impressed by the clarity of the water and the overall pristine appearance of the lake and its surroundings. I spent a few minutes there taking photos and enjoying the scenery. I then noticed that Jon was not around so I headed up the trail and caught up to him while he was bird watching near Middle Loch Leven Lake.

Middle Loch Leven Lake is about a quarter mile further up the trail. The higher I climbed, the more barren the appearance of the landscape. The curious shapes of the windblown trees caught my attention. The leaves, bark and most limbs of some trees on the ridges were stripped by the storms and strong winds forming ghost like shapes. When we arrived at the lake, I noticed a change in the tree growth because the lake was sheltered from the wind a bit. There were more green trees and colorful groundcover. This lake is long and narrow about 100 feet wide and 1,000 feet long with tall pines and granite faces at the lake's edge.

We then moved on to High Loch Leven Lake where we parked ourselves on a granite boulder and ate lunch. The photo below was taken from where I was sitting and having lunch. There was ample color around the lake with blue skies, colorful ground cover and deep green pines. After a good rest we headed back to the trailhead where we parked our car. The round trip was about ten miles and the altitude change was over 1,000 feet. It is comforting to know that these pristine beauty spots still exist in California.



HIGH LOCH LEVEN LAKE – OCTOBER 12, 2005

FRIENDLY TIBET

By Don Harvey

“What do you think about the Dalai Lama?” What a surprising question asked of me as I sat in the Chengdu Shuanglui International Airport awaiting my flight to Lhasa, Tibet. I hadn’t noticed that a gathering of students moved close to our group of travelers. I thought for a bit before answering.

“I believe in religious freedom and support the Dalai Lama and his followers,” I replied.

They seemed pleased with my reply.

“We were listening to your voices to determine if you are Americans.” They said. Then they explained they were Tibetan students returning to Lhasa from their school in Beijing. I was impressed with their use of the English language, and it was clear to me that they wanted to practice the English language. The students were interested in my family and poured over the family photos I had with me. I began to get a comfortable feeling about Tibet.

“Do you have a photo of the Dalai Lama?” one asked.

“I’m sorry but I don’t”, I replied, wondering why I hadn’t researched this trip to Tibet and learned more about the Tibetans. I was told later that if we had brought photos of the Dalai Lama and passed them out to the Tibetans, the Chinese officials would have been upset and could have made it difficult for our tour guide when she applied for future trips. I had to keep in mind that the Chinese Communists ruled this wonderful land.

I wished that we could have talked longer, but we heard the announcement that our flight was ready for boarding. Our group boarded the Boeing 707 airliner along with the students and soon lifted off the runway, destination - Lhasa, Tibet. As I looked about the plane I noticed many things needing repair such as the overhead compartment doors that hung open because the latches were broken. My seat would not stay in the upright position. The crew didn’t care about any of these issues. I think this airliner was Serial Number One of the 707 series.

After landing at the Lhasa Gonggar airport, we taxied to a remote area and stopped. Chinese soldiers disembarked and boarded a bus to take them to the terminal. The remaining passengers got off the plane and wondered, “What’s next”. A Chinese soldier with an AK47 waved at us with his weapon, sort of motioning us to start walking toward the terminal. It was about a quarter mile across rough terrain and gullies to the terminal. Not much thought was given to the elderly who had to cross this terrain while enduring thin air at an altitude of nearly thirteen thousand feet.

I was traveling with a group of twelve nurses led by the head of nursing at a local college in Orange County, CA. My brother, an orthopedic surgeon, also accompanied the group. I was the only non-medical traveler.

A bus delivered us to the Lhasa Holiday Inn where we stayed five nights. The hotel, which was operated by a group of ex-patriots mostly from Europe, was a pleasant place to stay. It was there where I had my first and last yak burger. It looked and tasted like a hockey puck.

The Tibetans we met were very friendly, especially the street vendors. They seemed to know where our bus was headed every day because they would meet us there. They had everything to sell from Buddha replicas to prayer wheels. We managed to evade them most of the time, but eventually we gave in and bought a prayer wheel.

An adventure that I thought was a little dicey was floating in a yak boat on the Kyi Chu River in Lhasa. As I boarded the boat, I was cautioned by the guide not to step on the yak hide. It was the only material keeping us from sinking. So I stepped on the internal frame consisting of irregular sticks that support the hide. We didn't get any safety instructions like "In the unlikely event we should get wet, etc., etc". There were no life preservers, next of kin papers to sign or survival instructions. I didn't like the prospects of swimming in frigid waters at 13,000 feet altitude in a crowded yak boat. How could I pass up this opportunity? About ten boarded the floating coffin and the guides pushed off before anyone changed their minds. We floated around for an hour and returned to the starting point. Not a soul was lost!

Although the Chinese Communist Government had destroyed many of the monasteries in Tibet, the few that remained were worth visiting. The major problem was ascending the hundreds of steps at high altitudes to view the Buddha images. I witnessed a young mother carrying her infant to the horse head Buddha that was located within the stomach of a huge Buddha. She leaned over and reached out waist high in front of the Buddha. With care and reverence she extended her arms through the narrow aperture to have her infant blessed by the horse head Buddha. It was probably an all day effort for her.

Numerous monks roamed the halls and rooms of the Potola Palace in Lhasa. The monks were eager to meet with us and through our guide and interpreter I arranged to get a photograph with one of the elder monks. The monks seemed more interested in posing with us for photographs than talking with us. Traveling with us was the blonde daughter of the leader of our group. The monks zeroed in on her and were anxious to have their photographs taken beside her. She was a "person of interest".

No matter where I went I came across prayer flags – a most colorful sight. Generally they were placed at entrances of monasteries, at homes and along well-traveled highways and paths. The Buddhists believed that the prayer flags brought happiness and prosperity as well as longevity to the persons who placed the flags where they lived or worked. This also applied to anyone in the vicinity of the flags. I concluded that with all the flags I saw, there must be millions of believers.

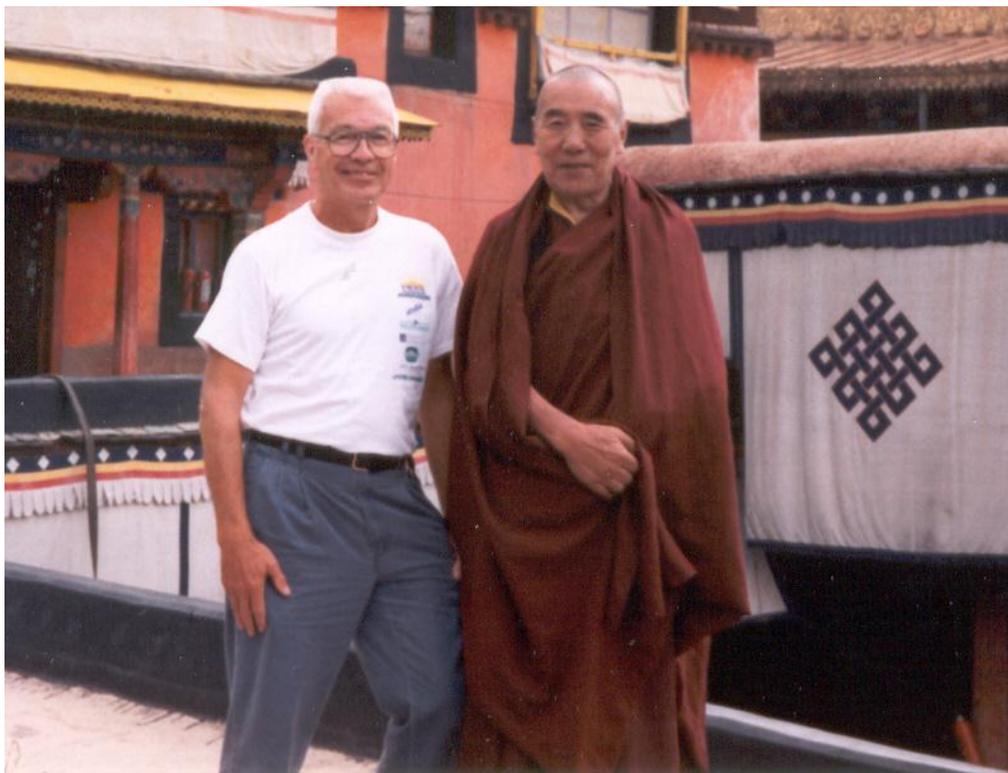
Roaming the streets were many monks as well as young Chinese military personnel. The soldiers were dressed in baggy uniforms and looked out of place. They were not armed, which was probably a good thing, because they looked like inexperienced children. The only people I saw working were the women peddlers in the streets.

Our leader arranged a tour through a medical clinic where a doctor sat with us and discussed the place of herbal medicine in treating patients with all sorts of maladies. He spoke English well enough that we could understand most of what he said. What surprised me the most was the staff allowed animals to walk freely in the clinic. Their religious beliefs allowed this. I met a dog on the second floor sniffing his way down the hall. That was OK.

I enjoyed learning about the Tibetan culture even though the Chinese Government was and is trying to make it go away. My hopes are that fifty years from now prayer flags will still be flying freely and the monasteries remain undisturbed. The Tibetans are a peaceful, friendly people that should be able to continue to embrace the Dalai Lama free from any Chinese Government interference.



YAK BOAT ON THE KYI CHU RIVER; AUTHOR IN REAR OF BOAT



THE AUTHOR AND THE MONK AT POTOLA PALACE



PRAYER FLAGS ON FOOT BRIDGE OVER THE KYI CHU RIVER
LHASA, TIBET

MOUNTAIN BIKING AT CALAVERA NATURE PRESERVE

By Don Harvey

The County of San Diego has numerous mountain bike paths for those daring enough to explore them. Recently six riders of the Holy Roller Bicycle Gang decided to ride the trails in the Calavera Nature Preserve. The preserve is located near the east end of Tamarack Avenue in Carlsbad, California. The preserve features vast areas of habitat for birds, animals and reptiles, as well as the prominent landmarks of Lake Calavera and Mount Calavera. Mt. Calavera looms over the preserve and is the first feature noticed at the borders of the preserve. The mountain is a colossal challenge for bicyclists. Only those with a few missing spokes attempt to ride it. I have hiked it numerous times and have been rewarded with a 360 degree view at the top, but riding a bike to that peak is not for me.

Descriptive information about the Calavera Nature Preserve is available on line at <http://preservecalavera.org>. According to the information posted on this website, “calavera means skull, which probably comes from the unusual shape of the area’s centerpiece. The 513-ft. Mount Calavera is not really a mountain at all but rather a 22 million-year-old volcanic plug”. So for those curious hikers or bikers there is plenty of flora, fauna and geologic specimens to investigate while enjoying the scenery and exercise.

The trail we took started at the top of the dam and followed along the base of the north side of Mt. Calavera, branching out in many directions. One branch leads to the top of Mount Calavera, but we avoided it. It is confusing for first time visitors because the shrubs and trees hide the trail system to the point that trial and error kicks in. Several times we branched off to the north only to be dead ended by the streambed. At one point along the narrow trail I stopped to let the group catch up. As I stood silently I heard a loud buzzing about 6 feet off the trail. Sure enough there was a rattlesnake curled up rattling its tail. I looked more carefully and then spotted a second rattler coiled up with the first one. Without disturbing the snakes, I pulled my camera from the bike bag and snapped a telescopic picture of the pair. I then left them to do whatever they were doing.

As we started south and began climbing, the trail system to the east came into view. At times the trails narrowed to a single bike path with brush or steep embankments on one or more sides. My bike has a mega drive that permits climbing steep hills with little effort but fast pedaling. However, the hill I attempted to climb was too steep and my front wheel came off the ground. I fell over backwards and skinned the shin on my right leg. Two others crashed on this ride at different locations. This was not a good record.



THE ANATOMY OF A SURGERY

Douglas H. Richie

A routine echocardiogram in January of 2007 revealed that the time had come for me to consider having open-heart surgery to correct my leaking mitral valve. This condition had been diagnosed over fifteen years ago and had been continuously monitored in the interim. My cardiologist, Dr. R. is chief of cardiology at Scripps Green Hospital. He explained what would be involved with the surgery and discussed the pros and cons with us fully. My wife is also being treated by Dr. R. and we share appointments. He arranged for an appointment with Dr. T., the division head of cardiothoracic surgery.

Anne and I discussed at great length the question of whether to go ahead with the surgery. Although we had been aware of the possibility of my need for the surgery it had become a back burner issue. We had been told fifteen years ago that continued deterioration in my heart condition could result in the need for the surgery. We agreed that the time had come and to put it off could result in a reduction in the quality of my life. I had been experiencing a drop off of energy level and the need to take longer and more frequent naps.

Our appointment with Dr. T. was very encouraging. It always helps when you like your doctor and we each liked Dr. T. One of the advantages of being a patient at Scripps is the availability of your complete medical record to each physician who sees you. Dr. T. had reviewed my entire record before he saw me.

After he examined me, he explained how the surgery would proceed, recovery in the ICU and additional time spent on the cardiac ward. I would spend up to a week in the hospital. I would take four to six weeks to recover from the surgery. He said I was an excellent candidate for the surgery because I did not have diabetes and was not overweight. He explained that the success rate for this surgery was over 97%. There appeared to be no need to schedule the surgery immediately. We had planned a cruise in April and asked his advice as to whether we should cancel the cruise. Dr. T. felt this would be good for our morale and encouraged us to proceed with our plans. We were ready to make our decision to go ahead with the surgery. It was scheduled for May 30th.

Dr. T. ordered two more test to be completed before surgery; an angiogram and a trans-esophageal echocardiogram. He recommended that I have two pints of my own blood banked to be available during the surgery. The week before surgery additional tests were performed. Blood tests, chest ex-ray, EKG, and a sophisticated use of nuclear medicine to get an additional picture of my heart. This completed the information Dr. T. needed before he undertook the surgery. I felt that just about everything that could possibly be learned about my body was now

in Dr. T's hands. This was very reassuring. He had a final interview with us the week before the surgery in which he reviewed the post-operative schedule. He assured us that I would be kept as pain free as possible. I was encouraged to use pain medications that would be on demand. It was their goal to keep me comfortable.

Our four children were being kept informed about what was going to happen to their father. Our older son, a podiatrist, made a special request that we try to schedule the surgery before the time when he had a pre-planned celebration of his thirtieth wedding anniversary out of the country. He wanted to be in on the action. Our two daughters were mindful of how stressful this event would be for their mother. They insisted on being with us the night before surgery, and would take us to the hospital and stay with their mother for a day or two. One of them is a nurse and the other a mental health agency administrator.

We live in a continuous care retirement community. The girls were invited to join our group of eight who eat together each Tuesday night in our community dining room. We all received a strong message of love and support that night. This expression of support from the residents of our community continued throughout my recovery.

We were due at the hospital at 5:00 AM the morning of the surgery. The girls planned to take their mother out to breakfast after I was admitted. We arrived early. Nobody slept much that night. As we waited in the lobby for someone to take us down to surgery we could see the hospital coming to life. A delivery of donuts arrived. The aroma was tantalizing for me as I had nothing to eat or drink after midnight.

The admissions nurse got right down to business. First came the inevitable forms to sign. Then off with the clothes and into the comfy hospital gown. One of Anne's concerns was that they would shave my beard. She frequently said that my beard was my best asset. The beard was saved but the rest of my body hair was shaved. At this point my family was allowed to join me. Next on the program was a visit from the anesthesiologist who turned out to be a cheerful fellow. He had a full report of my history with anesthesia and I found that to be comforting. Then we were left alone and waited for me to be taken in the OR. That awkward period with each of us putting up a good front seemed endless.

My moment of truth arrived. No turning back now. I was loaded onto a gurney and wheeled into the operating room. Wow! I have been in many ORs but have never seen one like this. There were instruments and what looked like space age equipment everywhere. The ceiling was filled with sophisticated lights and what appeared to be x-ray equipment. Half a dozen masked and gowned men and

women were busily engaged in assembling the huge array of instruments that would be involved in the procedure.

I marvel at the myriad of thoughts that flooded my mind as I waited those few minutes before I lost consciousness. I had been reassured by Dr T's 97% success rate, but I admit the 3% did bother me. What would happen to my wife if I did not survive the surgery? I had not shared my apprehensions with Anne as I didn't want to add to her fears. I wasn't afraid of dying, but I wasn't ready to stop living. I had had a wonderful life and was grateful for the more than fifty eight years that Anne and I had been together. Just in case, I wrote her a letter that I put under her pillow the morning of the surgery in which I tried to tell her how much she meant to me.

Then I began to think about the thousands of people who have labored to make this life prolonging opportunity available to me. The surgical pioneers who had the courage to undertake the first open-heart surgery. The engineers and inventors who developed the equipment and instruments that made it possible. The surgeons who dedicated more than thirty years of their lives to gaining the knowledge and acquiring the experience that would enable them to perform the surgery. The hospital administrators who created the organization that could pull all of these resources together. I felt humbled.

My memories of waking from anesthesia are very fuzzy. I know that part of the process is to administer drugs that will prevent you from remembering. My first thought was "I am still alive!"

I gradually became aware that there were two people hovering over me constantly taking vital signs and checking a variety of instruments. I was never alone. One at a time, my family was allowed to visit briefly. They have each reported to me that the care I received could not have been improved. I can remember being frequently asked if I was in pain and if I wanted medication.

The first day after surgery I was gotten out of bed and assisted in walking. This procedure was followed every day in the hospital and I was encouraged to increase the distance as well as the frequency of walking. I was determined to participate in this activity as I knew that no one could do the therapy for me. One other activity that was pretty much up to me was the use of a plastic breathing device that helped to keep your lungs clear. This helped to prevent the onset of pneumonia.

When Dr. T. visited me in the ICU I made a feeble attempt to express my appreciation to him. His response, "Thank you for giving me the opportunity to perform the surgery."

A motivational CD developed for cardiac surgery recover along with a portable CD player was delivered to me while I was in the ICU. On the third day I

decided to listen to the CD and I am most grateful that I did. It contained a narrative provided by a woman's voice that was soothing, restorative and inspirational. Original background music consisted of carefully selected instrumentation, muted brass and a few woodwinds. I listened to the CD several times and each time it affected me profoundly. I became aware that I owed a tremendous debt of gratitude to all the people who had contributed to the success of my surgery. The exquisite skill of Dr. T and his outstanding surgical team. The wonderfully dedicated and highly trained ICU staff. The equally caring staff on the cardiac ward where I spent my last two days in the hospital.

I have come to the realization that perhaps I am alive for a reason. I have been given a wondrous gift, the gift of many more years of what can be a happy and productive life. It is a gift that needs to be humbly cherished, acknowledged and appreciated.

BLUES FOR LOST WORDS
By Sarah Slocum

Shuck the corn, my mother said. We'll have it for dinner tonight.
Shuck the corn, my mother said. We'll have it for dinner tonight.
Those words are lost, no one uses them anymore.

Shell the peas, my mother said. We'll have them for dinner tonight.
Shell the peas, my mother said. We'll have them for dinner tonight.
Those words are lost, no one uses them anymore.

Snap the beans, my mother said. We'll have them for dinner tonight.
Snap the beans, my mother said. We'll have them for dinner tonight.
Those words are lost, no one uses them anymore.

Thank you mama, this mess of greens is very good, my father said.
Thank you mama, this mess of greens is very good, my father said.
Those words are lost, no one uses them anymore.

Thank you mama, this johnny cake is very good, my father said.
Thank you mama, this johnny cake is very good, my father said.
Those words are lost, no one uses them anymore.

Thank you mama, this fried mush is very good, my father said.
Thank you mama, this fried mush is very good, my father said.
Those words are lost, no one uses them anymore.

A QUAKER WEDDING

By Doug Richie

A Quaker wedding is like no other. A meeting house is different from most churches or synagogues. There is no altar, no choir loft, no organ, crucifix or menorah. A removable partition in the center divides the large single room. This separated the men from the women, a carry/over from earlier days of the segregated business meetings. Happily, the Quakers abandoned this practice many years ago. Rows of padded wooden benches fill the room. Along the front wall, three or four rows of benches are placed on an ascending platform, facing out toward the body of the room and designated "facing benches." Elders, also known as "weighty Friends" occupy these benches. Members of the committee appointed to oversee the wedding occupy these benches during the service. After the guests have all been seated and settled down, the bridal party enters. The bride and groom usually come in together. In the traditional Quaker wedding there is no music. It is a solemn affair.

As Anne's family is not Quaker, the committee agreed to some deviations from Quaker tradition. As arranged, a harp provided the processional music. Anne walked down the aisle on her father's arm, preceded by her three attendants. She wore a very simple floor length dress of white eyelet with a short veil. Her attendants wore a similar dress, but without the veil. They each carried bouquets of red geraniums. Anne's bouquet was white gardenias. I stood at the front along with my best man and three ushers. Consistent with Quaker simplicity, we each wore white suits.

This radiantly beautiful person walking smilingly toward was about to become my wife. I could hardly believe my good fortune. Our four years of waiting were over.

As I shifted my eyes to look briefly at Anne's father, I could see that he too was smiling. I flashed back to the night just twelve months ago when he gave me such a hard time as I asked for his approval to marry his daughter. I was sure I saw him wink as he handed Anne to me in the front of the meeting house. The bridal party sat on the first row of facing benches. Along with the nearly three hundred wedding guests we settled down into silent worship. My heart was pounding. Would I forget my lines? Would I even be able to speak? I was sure that my sweat soaked shirt was showing through my jacket. Swallowing hard and taking a deep breath, I summoned up the courage to turn to Anne, and holding her arm, we stood together. Facing each other, I held her hand and repeated these vows.

"In the presence of God, and before these our friends, I take thee, Elizabeth Anne Whitaker to be my wife, promising with divine assistance to be unto thee a loving and faithful husband, so long as we both shall live."

Anne then repeated the same vows, inserting her name and promising to be a loving and devoted wife. We exchanged rings. Anne had made mine as a project for one of her elective classes. Anne's ring has the words from our favorite song by Jerome Kern engraved upon it.

After a chaste kiss we sat down. The solemnity of this place prevented a more enthusiastic expression of our feelings. The best man moved a card table containing the wedding certificate in front of us. We each signed the certificate, Anne with her new name. The certificate then passed to my Uncle Dave, seated behind us. He stood and read aloud the certificate. The selection of the person to perform this ritual is one of the important pre-arrangements to the wedding. It is a high honor. This certificate is one of our prized possessions and hangs in our home today.

A brief period of silence followed. My father was the first to stand and give a message, as we call the words spoken aloud in a Quaker meeting for worship. I anticipated this as he frequently spoke at meetings. He did not disappoint me. His words included some humorous references to our courtship, which were enjoyed by everyone. As he sat down, a flood of memories surged through my mind. I flashed back to our poignant conversation earlier that day when he counseled me about my duties as a husband on my wedding night. A model of decorum, a font of wisdom, and this man was everything a son could ask from a father. How I loved him, and continue to revere his memory.

Several other guests followed with their own messages, all remarking on the sanctity of the institution of marriage, the beauty of love and the joy that all were experiencing. Had it not been such a hot day I suspect there might have been more messages. At last, Hollingsworth Wood, the Clerk of our own Croton Valley Meeting in Mt. Kisco shook hands with his wife seated next to him. This was the signal that the wedding ceremony was over. Quakers call this "breaking meeting." In true Quaker tradition everyone present then shook hands with those seated next to them. I recall the strange feeling as I shook hands with my new bride, and yet it was quite the proper thing to do. Everyone was then asked to sign the wedding certificate.

A traditional receiving line under those magnificent trees gave us the opportunity to enjoy the congratulations of our guests. My cup overflowed throughout the rest of the afternoon. My jaws ached from the ear to ear grin I wore. My dream of making the most wonderful girl in the world my wife was now a

reality. Anne Whitaker was now Mrs. Douglas H. Richie. "All the Things You Are, Are Mine!"

It has been observed that perhaps the reason there are so few divorces among Quakers is the fact that anyone who is brave enough to go through one of those ceremonies, without the help of any minister or public official to speak the vows for them, must really want to get married. I can surely attest to that. The fact that I can still recite the vows from memory after all these years is additional testimony to the permanence of a Quaker wedding ceremony.

THE CHERRIES JUBILEE STORY

By Doug Richie

One of the additional duties of a college food service director is the handling of catering events. My first opportunity to demonstrate my catering skills came 2 months into my new assignment at Long Beach State College. The ringing of my phone greeted me as I returned to my office from lunch. "Hello, Doug Richie speaking. How may I help you?"

"Mr. Richie, this is Mary Carol Macintosh. I wonder if I might stop by your office later today. I want to discuss some party arrangements with you."

There was no hesitation in my response. This was the college president's wife and she could have anything she wanted. Mrs. Macintosh turned out to be a charming friendly person and much to my surprise, not at all demanding. She seemed completely delighted with the plans we made together to host a group of the college administrators and several important members of the community. My predecessor had lacked the skills to cater fine meals and this had frustrated the president's wife. She felt a responsibility to do official entertaining.

This was my first opportunity to demonstrate what I knew about fine dining service and I was most eager to do well. The menu I proposed was as follows:

Jumbo Shrimp Cocktail
Caesar Salad (prepared at tableside)
Roast Prime Rib of Beef au jus
with creamed horseradish
Twice Baked Potatoes Asparagus Hollandaise
Croissant Rolls w/Sweet butter and Strawberry preserves
Cherries Jubilee
(the piece de resistance!)

The chef and I spent many hours going over the preparations. This was an opportunity for each of us to make our mark. I carefully placed the food orders with our purveyors. The shrimp were IQF (individually quick-frozen), ten and under (ten to the pound). I ordered fresh horseradish root that we would grate for the cocktail sauce as well as the sauce for the beef. The prime rib had to be number 108 from the Meat Buyer's Guide. I insisted that they be hung in the supplier's refrigerator for at least two weeks. This aging would produce the tenderness I wanted. I reviewed with the chef his procedure for roasting the ribs. I insisted that they be taken out of the oven when the internal temperature reached one hundred twenty five degrees. This ensured that the beef would be medium rare when carved. My final act was to purchase a bottle of Myers one hundred fifty proof rum for the cherries.

The day before the party we had a dress rehearsal. The two student waiters, who would assemble the salads at tableside, were totally unfamiliar with Caesar's ground pepper, Parmesan cheese and finally the anchovies. We then thoroughly whisked the whole business to complete the dressing. I showed them how to trim the romaine lettuce leaves to remove the bitter stems. I wanted the leaves broken, not chopped. The final touch was the rye croutons, baked that afternoon. This whole procedure fascinated the students who worked the party. They were just as excited about the big event as their boss.

Our dining room that evening was a sight to behold. Red linen tablecloths and napkins set the tone for something special. I made sure the place settings would be correct by setting a sample table myself. We unpacked new silverware and goblets to make sure these important items would be sparkling. I taught them how to fanfold the napkins. Fresh flower arrangements graced each table and candles completed the picture. When all was ready we lit the candles, and turned down the lights. The effect was wonderful. My food service staff came into the dining room to view the results of our efforts. There had been nothing like this done in the past and I could tell they were impressed. Perhaps their new boss really did know something about this business.

The president and his wife were first to arrive. Mrs. Macintosh was delighted with our efforts.

"Oh, Mr. Richie! This is just wonderful. I have never seen this room look like this."

"I hope you're going to turn those lights on. I can't see to eat my dinner in the dark," was Dr. Macintosh's wry comment.

"I'll make a deal with you Dr. Macintosh." I said. "I'll leave the lights on for dinner, but I want to turn them out just before we serve dessert."

The guests arrived as our student waiters rolled out the two serving carts, draped with tablecloths. They carefully, although nervously, assembled the Caesar salads. I stood in the back of the room trying to look confident, but I felt more nervous than my employees did. As I watched our guests, it was apparent that they were amused and yet surprised to see how well our student employees were conducting themselves.

The meal proceeded according to plan. There were Ooh's and Ahh's when the shrimp cocktail was presented. The plates were beautifully arranged, the beef roasted to perfection. Its succulent pink color contrasted with the golden Hollandaise sauce on the bright green asparagus spears. The twice baked potato, its fluffy white contents erupting from the rich brown jacket, was nestled alongside a garnish of pickled crab apple snuggled into a bed of endive. As the students cleared

the tables in preparation for serving the dessert, I finished readying the carts with the jubilee sauce and ice cream.

Lacking chafing dishes, we elected to use large plastic salad serving bowls to contain the cherries jubilee sauce. It came hot from the kitchen. I divided the bottle of rum between the two large bowls. In my exuberance, I used the whole bottle. Stemmed sherbet glasses surrounded the bowls, each filled with premium vanilla ice cream. I instructed one of the waiters to turn off the dining room lights. Holding a lighted match over the jubilee sauce, I jumped back as the flames rose up nearly two feet. Wow! What had I done? There was no stopping now. The other waiter and I each wheeled one of the carts with the dessert out into the dining room. It was spectacular. The guests applauded. I was proud. We were a success.

I began to ladle the jubilee sauce onto the ice cream. The flames continue to burn. When the heck were they going to stop? I noticed that the edges of the plastic bowl were starting to wrinkle. Then to my horror I could see that the bowl itself had started to burn. Using my thumbs I put out the tiny flames. Looking across the room I could see that the waiter was having the same problem. Oh my Gosh! Suppose the bowl collapsed. We would have Mt. Vesuvius right here. Furiously I stirred the sauce trying to extinguish the flames. I was beside myself. Would my moment of triumph turn into a disaster?

At last the flames expired. I dished up the rest of the dessert. Fortunately none of the guests seemed to notice our predicament.

After the meal was over, Dr. and Mrs. Macintosh came out to the kitchen to thank and congratulate us. I showed them the plastic bowls that were now curled and wrinkled out of shape. They laughed and again congratulated me, this time for my skill as a fireman!

Whenever cherries jubilee are served, the memories of that night and my near disaster come flooding back to me. The first thing I did the day after the party was to order two chafing dishes.

A MIRACULOUS BIRTH

By Doug Richie

As the summer of 1956 ended, Anne began her fourth pregnancy. The first three had been relatively uneventful. This one, however, was in trouble almost from the start. One Saturday evening, while I was out in Minnesota on assignment, Anne got a baby sitter and accompanied two of our neighbors to the Music Circus in Lambertville, New Jersey. Midway through the program she realized she was in trouble as she developed symptoms of a miscarriage. Why do these things always seem to happen when the husband is away? Dr. Wenhold advised that with a more reduced activity schedule she would be able to carry to full term. During the next several weeks she continued to experience problems and finally Dr. Wenhold took her into the hospital with the intent of performing a D and C. These are the initials for a procedure known as dilatation and curettage. This procedure terminates an early pregnancy. At that point in the pregnancy, Dr. Wenhold explained, there was no way to save the child. Before he began the procedure he decided to listen one last time for a fetal heartbeat, and this time he heard one.

When he announced the results to Anne, her immediate response was, "Get me off this table. I am not going to lose this baby!"

Dr. Wenhold explained that if she chose to continue with the pregnancy she would have to go to bed for the remainder of her term, some six months. By going to bed he meant total bed rest, with the head at the same level as the shoulders. There could be no getting out of bed. He did not want to utilize any medication as he felt it was an abnormal pregnancy and he wanted to let nature take its course. Anne did not hesitate. She intended to have the baby.

The next months were among the most difficult of our lives. Five-year old Wendy was in kindergarten, but three-year-old Robin and one-year-old Teddy were home all day. I was working at the corporate office in South Philadelphia and had to leave the house at seven every morning, not getting home until after six in the evening. We went through a succession of baby sitters, who had to be at the house for the eleven hours each day that I was away. None of these women were able to take the physical strain of this job for more than a few weeks. The marvelous English baby nurse who helped Anne with each of her previous newborns was on another case and would not be available until January.

Even with the complete bed rest, Anne's condition worsened and finally about the first of December, Dr. Wenhold admitted her to Abington Hospital. There she spent the next four weeks and we ran out of people to care for the children. That was the saddest Christmas of our lives. Anne was in the hospital where special arrangements were made for me to bring the kids into a room on the

floor where she was assigned. In those days, children under the age of fourteen were specifically denied visitor privileges in a hospital. Anne arranged to have some of the children's gifts brought to the hospital so that she could see their reaction to them. It was very difficult to explain to Wendy and Robin why their mommy was unable to be with them to share Santa Claus.

On New Year's Day, 1957, Dr. Wenhold discharged Anne in hopes that she would now be able to carry through to term. He recognized what a hardship it was on everyone to keep her in the hospital so long, and he was willing to take a chance that her condition had improved sufficiently to have her at home for the balance of her pregnancy. I went off to work on the morning of January 2^d with high spirits. Our English baby nurse, Bobby Williamson, arrived and Mother was able to return to California. Dr. Wenhold briefed us thoroughly about Anne's condition, warning us that if she should go into labor, it was literally a matter of life or death that she be taken to the hospital immediately. She was diagnosed as having a placenta previa, which meant that the placenta, or afterbirth, had grown over the birth canal. This would prevent the baby from being born in the normal fashion, and a Cesarean would be required.

Hatboro is located about eight miles from the Abington hospital. A grade crossing of the Reading Railroad intersected the highway to the hospital. There were no paramedics or 911 services in those days. We had a volunteer fire department that operated the ambulance service. My first duty even before Anne was delivered home in an ambulance was to acquaint the firemen of the seriousness of Anne's case and the fact that her life hung in the balance if they should get a call from us. They acknowledged the importance of our situation and I was relieved.

I was seated at my desk in the home office at eleven thirty AM when I received a phone from our English baby nurse. "Anne hemorrhaged this morning and is on the way to the hospital. This is not a false alarm. You'd better get there fast."

She called the police to make sure the railroad crossing would be open for the ambulance to get through to the hospital. From this point on, my memory is blank. I must have been in shock. I loved her so desperately, and could not begin to imagine what my life would be without her. I knew full well that the seriousness of her condition included the possibility that she might not survive the pregnancy. My thought processes up until then had excluded the possibility that she would not survive. We had experienced so much joy in our lives ever since we first met in 1945. There was just no way that this girl could be taken away from me.

Somehow I arrived safely at the hospital and rushed into the area where I hoped to get a report about my wife. As I approached the elevator and was about to

press the button, the doors opened and Dr. Robert Shelly in a hospital gown came out pushing a device known as an Isolette. He recognized me, as he was the first pediatrician who cared for Wendy and Robin. He was now chief of pediatrics at the hospital and was called in for our unusual case.

"You can be thankful you had Roy Wenhold as your doctor." he said to me. "He went in like a butcher, but he saved your wife's life. We'll do everything we can to save your daughter, but it doesn't look good." And off he went to the nursery for premature babies.

I realized then that my newborn daughter was in this Isolette, and that it was too late to ask to see her. My only thought at that point was to get up to the floor where Anne was and find out about her condition.

Anne had been through an unbelievable ordeal. She went into hard labor at home about 10:30 AM and started hemorrhaging severely. Her sister Joan had just arrived for a visit and herself was six months pregnant with her second child. The ambulance came very quickly, but Anne still had lost a great deal of blood. Neither Joan nor the nurse could get it stopped. The ambulance men tried by keeping Anne's legs straight up in the air during the siren-screaming ride to the hospital. Joan rode along to try to comfort her sister. The call to the police was essential, as there was indeed a train on the tracks that could have caused a delay sufficient to have prevented Anne's survival. Dr. Wenhold was waiting when they arrived. The attendants tried to get Joan on the gurney as they thought she was the patient. When Anne was wheeled into the delivery room the first thing she saw was a mortuary pack which she recognized from her nurse's training as what is used when a dead fetus is delivered. She screamed to the people in the room to give her a scalpel so she could get the baby out of her belly. They clamped the anesthesia mask over her mouth and nose and began the Cesarean immediately. Anne felt the incision before the anesthesia took effect. The baby weighed four pounds twelve ounces at birth just seven months into the pregnancy. The baby's lungs were filled with fluid, a condition known as Hyler membrane disease. This was the cause of the first Kennedy baby's death.

Anne came out of the anesthesia and saw me by her bed with tears streaming down my face Her description of her feelings have added profound significance to the miracle. Her first thoughts were for her baby. "Where is my baby?" was her plaintive cry for the next 48 hours. She was convinced that, in her words, "There was no baby". When she awoke each morning she dreaded the approach of the first nurse as she was convinced they were going to tell her that her baby had died. After all she had been through to try to bring the child into the world, she could not face the possibility that she had lost her baby. When the hospital finally agreed, on the third day, to bring our daughter to Anne, she could not be convinced that this

was in fact her child. She was so traumatized by recent events that she actually believed they had brought her another child just to ease her fears.

The first 48 hours of our daughter's life were the real medical miracle. Dr. Shelly stayed with her throughout that period, introducing saline solution through the umbilical cord to get her kidneys to function. Without his devoted attention she would not have survived. When it was determined that she was going to make it, Dr. Shelly made a visit to Anne's room. He asked her what we were going to name this miracle baby. When Anne told him that we planned to call her Heather Jane he was horrified.

"You have got to give this very special child a more meaningful name than that", he exclaimed. "I am not a religious man, but this was truly a miracle".

Anne shared this conversation with me when I visited that evening. We spent the next hour reacting to Dr. Shelly's concern, and readily agreed that a more appropriate name was required. The name we selected resulted from that evening's emotionally charged conversation.

It was Bobby Williamson who suggested the use of a traditional English phrase as well as a verse from James M. Barrie which she thought would be appropriate for our birth announcement. It read:

*Thanking God for the safe arrival of
Faith Elizabeth Richie
"The reason birds can fly, and we cannot
is that birds have faith.
And to have perfect faith is to have wings:"*

AN INSPIRING VOLUNTEER

By Doug Richie

At the age of seventy-two he retired from having practiced medicine for forty seven years. He completed medical school in 1902 and was truly a horse and buggy doctor. He practiced in a rural community in lower New York State. A saddle horse, buggy and sleigh were to be found in his stable. The majority of his patients were seen in their homes. At the age of sixty seven he responded to a call from one of his patients, who was in labor, by walking over a mile through a blizzard. He delivered twins. And as an aside, he never collected his modest fee. This was typical of his dedication to his profession. One of his patients told me that whenever this man walked into a sick room, the patient immediately felt better. They could feel the love that was generated.

His years of retirement were spent productively. Not content to spend his life enjoying his weekly golf game, he chose to become involved in volunteer activity. As a lifelong member of the Society of Friends (Quakers) he elected to participate in the activities of the American Friends Service Committee, the social action arm of the Quakers. Now living in the Los Angeles area he recognized an opportunity to contribute to what was known as the Material Aids Committee. The efforts of this committee were dedicated to providing assistance to poverty stricken families that for reasons beyond their control were unable to provide for themselves. The good doctor decided that soliciting hotels for their cast off linens, blankets and bellhop uniforms would make items available to needy families that could help to improve the quality of their lives. He added to his list the bar of soap that remains in the bath room after the guest has checked out.

He made contact with a number of managers of the larger hotels in Los Angeles and was able to convince them to make these items available. His wife was drafted to drive him around to make his collections. She was nineteen years younger and still a very competent driver. He became a favorite of the hotel personnel assigned to collect the items. They referred to him as “the soap man”.

The good doctor continued this routine on a weekly basis until the day that he died in January of 1956. Countless families benefitted from his efforts. He was my father. His life made me aware that service to others, especially on a volunteer basis, can be the most rewarding activity that anyone can engage in.

HOW I MET MY HUSBAND

By Anne Whitaker Richie

The summer of 1945 I had gotten a job as a counselor in a summer camp for girls from low income families in Northern New Jersey. It was called Camp Christmas Seal and was for girls with health problems. I was on my way to Skidmore College in the fall where I would begin my nurse's training. This was kind of a warm up for that program. I loved the job and was proud to receive the award as being the most popular counselor. Unfortunately a polio epidemic in that area forced the camp to close early.

I arrived home on a Wednesday in late August. My sister Joan had stayed home to practice the piano as she was going to Holyoke College and would be majoring in music. Joan was all excited about going to a dance at Haverford College that Friday night. Her boyfriend from high school was a freshman at Haverford and had asked her to get a bunch of our high school classmates lined up for blind dates at the dance. Haverford was a men's school so they had to import women for their dances.

"Oh Joan," I said, "you have got to get me date".

After calling her boyfriend, Virge, she reported that he would do what he could but all of the guys he knew had already been taken. He called back on Thursday to say he had finally dug up one guy. He was reluctant to accept the date because Virge told him that I was nineteen. This guy had just turned seventeen. I figured beggars can't be choosers, but I wasn't expecting too much.

The date turned out to be about what I expected. He was awfully shy, couldn't dance very well, but after I got him alone he could really talk. I couldn't shut him up. My father had always told me the way to get a boy to like you is to get him to talk about himself.

After the dance there were enough cars to take all the other couples back to the northern suburb of Philadelphia where we all lived. Doug, my date, wanted to keep talking to me so I agreed to ride back to Wyncote with him on the train. He was going to spend the night with one of the guys who lived in Wyncote. On the train ride I heard his life's story. It was a short walk from the train station to

our house and it went through a park. I wondered if he would try to kiss me but he didn't even hold my hand. I figured I would never see him again.

The next morning Joan got a phone call from Virge. He told her that Doug had been ranting and raving at the house where they were staying telling everyone that he had met the woman he was going to marry. "Sister, what did you do to this guy?"

"Get serious Joan, he never even held my hand. He was sweet but awfully young. All he said when he said good night was that maybe he would see me again sometime".

In spite of this inauspicious beginning we had two more dates before I left for college. I realized that something might come from this after all. He asked me if he could write to me and I quickly agreed. I didn't want to be the only girl in my class without a beau. Well, write he did, nearly every day. It was his letters that made me begin to take a real interest in this guy. We had a story book courtship for the next four years that included formal dance weekends with the long dresses, tuxedos, corsages and big bands.

He must have improved a lot from that first date because one week after I graduated from college we were married. And here I am sixty two years later writing about the love of my life.

SCREW THE GOLDEN YEARS
By Genie Jacobs

Screw the Golden Years! My friend Michael is 70! He is
Celebrating his birthday; enjoying a life that is great....But
Retirement for him will be the perfect time to start
Ending all schedules, deadlines,
Work and relationships with people

That he had to be nice too!
Hey, he can unplug the alarm clock,
Enjoy reading the paper and staying in bed,

Going all day without getting dressed,
Or go out walking.
Lucky he, to forever be, a senior citizen with
Discounts at the movies, the markets and even the vets.
Everyday can be all his to act and do as he pleases.
Nothing will be too good or too much for Mike!

"Yes, I will continue to do as I damn well please,
Even in spite of the stiffness and pain, as
Aging settles in my back and knees.
Remarkable, adventurous, outrageous and sexy I'll be.
So, "Screw the Golden Years. I'm goin' to enjoy being ME!"

I WAS LOVED

By Joyce A Harvey

My parents had certain goals for my brother and me, but, we also felt encouraged to air our own opinions of what we wanted to do with our lives. My dad was an “old-fashioned man” and didn’t agree with my statement about making nursing my life’s work and not knowing if I would ever get married or not!

So we had many conversations that none of us were very pleased about.

Somehow, I determined that when I finished high school in 1950, I would then enter a three year hospital program that would result in my being eligible to take the California State Board of Nursing exam and become a registered nurse when I was 21 years old. I really can’t remember how I chose Methodist Hospital School of Nursing in Los Angeles, (28th and Hope). I think it had some connection to my membership in the Methodist Church in Montebello. A friend of mine from high school and I made application to enter and our first meeting was with the head nurse of the nursing school. She was “old”, large, grim and she scared us to death. She seemed determined to prove to us that we were unworthy of such a school assignment. A couple of months later we were called by the “new” Director of the Nursing School and went in for our second interview. I thought I had died and gone to heaven!!! She was in her 40’s, attractive, well dressed (in uniform), kind and asked us a lot of questions and generally engaged us in conversation. I was delighted and my friend (Nancy Tucker) and I were both accepted into the nursing school on August 20, 1950, my 18th birthday. We were a class of 30 to 40 girls, 18 to 25 years old, single and willing to live in a nurse’s dormitory for 3 years with 2 weeks vacation each year. The first six months was our probationary period and about 23 of us received our caps and 19 of us graduated two and one-half years later. We really worked and studied hard and except for those 2 weeks each year we had about 1 day off a week. We were either in class or working in the hospital and assigned to the kinds of cases we needed and supervised from near and far. The new Director of the School of Nursing for Methodist Hospital was named Lela Belden and she was my role model from that time on. She was always kind to us and discreet. If someone did something that made it impossible for them to continue in nursing, it was handled very discreetly. She employed an outstanding staff of teachers to guide us and they were registered nurses also.

JOY IN MY LIFE

By Joyce A Harvey

My joys are many. First, that I am still married to the same man that I married on January 29, 1955. Most of the time I am very happy with this marriage. We have four healthy children and they each have a wife or husband and two children each, a girl (oldest) and a boy (youngest). They all live in California. We have many friends and are as socially as busy as we want to be. My community service activity has been reduced in the last 6 years since my heart attack and stroke but I am still involved with others that I can help.

Our “new church” in Encinitas offers us the chance to know and learn from many. My husband keeps me more involved than I would be on my own in recreation and sports. I realize how important this is to my physical and mental health.

Income producing work has never been a strong point for me because I never felt I had to work. I have sometimes worked for money after my children were grown but most of the time I did volunteer work.

My favorite hobbies were mostly making collections of different things such as stuffed bears, beer mugs from all over the world, a collection of Annalee dolls, glass pitchers, bird pictures and birds, etc.

I started volunteering for the American Red Cross in 1974 in Los Angeles. When we moved south to San Clemente I joined the Chapter in Orange County and was very active in many areas for about 20 years. As our kids grew up and away from home I started making myself available as a Red Cross Disaster Nurse all over the United States. I served during disasters for three weeks at a time and usually chose to work no more than three times a year. Don was not too excited about my being away for so long but he was cooperative and bore up quite well during these experiences. I could write a book about each disaster I worked on and all the places I served. I was also on many committees and served for about three to four years on a National Nursing Committee that met in Washington, D.C. two to three times a year and at the National Convention where ever it might occur that year. Traveling to various chapters to teach certain classes was also something that I made myself available for. All this activity was very interesting and fulfilling and I learned a lot about different parts of the country and the people that lived and worked there.

Other areas where I volunteered: Family Service of Orange County, Coffee Garden, many United Methodist Church activities, and American Field Service.

JOHNNY PASS

By Genie Jacobs

It was a small newspaper item with a dark headline that caught my eye: **NINE YEAR OLD BOY DROWNS**. I continued to read "John Pass, age 9, was found dead by his 12 year old brother" and two friends who were swimming yesterday in Parker Creek in Hamilton Township."

My stomach knotted. I could not believe what I had just read. Johnny was one of my favorite children I had just finished teaching a month ago. He was in the third grade class at Farmingdale Elementary School in Hamilton Township, New Jersey. It was my first teaching job after I graduated from Trenton State Teachers College in January 1948. My salary was only \$35.00 per week. I lived at home and took the bus to work. It was worth it as I loved the children and I was determined to help each child to become and live up to his best. On the last day of school the class cried as they had to go on to another school. But now Johnny was dead! If I had known that he would die so young, I would have been a closer friend.

Johnny came from a very poor family. I remember him sitting quietly in the fourth seat in the second row usually with his hands folded on his desk. He wore a hand-me-down brown plaid flannel shirt buttoned up to his neck. The shirt was ragged but very clean. Johnny's round face looked it had been scrubbed with a bar of the old brown scrubbing soap. His hair was always combed and held in place with a generous portion of Vaseline. When he smiled, his eyes tilted downwards. Johnny was shy and was without friends. He was not a bright student and learning was difficult for him. Perhaps there was no one at home who could help him. His mother and father never came to Parents Night. Ashamedly I must admit I had never made a call to his home.

Things began to change for Johnny and I do believe he was happy about that. I had decided to reward each child, who got a perfect spelling test, with a chocolate Tootsie Roll lollypop. Of course the children loved it and they really studied hard to win a lollypop. Then I upped the prize to a cup of ice cream if everyone got a perfect paper.

Our spelling books listed twenty words for each week. Spelling was taught right after Lunch. On Mondays we read the words and used them in sentences. On Tuesdays we spelled them aloud. On Wednesdays we took a practice test . Those papers were marked by exchanging papers with classmates sitting next to each other. This gave each child a chance to see what words they needed to study harder. On Fridays came the **BIG TEST!** - the real spelling test. Would they get ice cream or lollypops? There was complete silence and all hands on each desk had

every finger crossed. They waited and watched as I corrected each long slip of paper. A Loud groan was emitted whenever I made a red check mark on someone's paper. Johnny, as hard as he tried, just could not get a perfect paper. I watched him as he laboriously pushed his pencil, hard on his paper. I handed out a lollypop to each child with a perfect paper. Poor Johnny! He looked so sad for keeping everyone from getting the ice cream.

One Thursday I was outside with the class for recess. I saw four of the kids standing under the tree with Johnny. As I approached I observed that Johnny was being coached in spelling by his classmates. It was their idea to help him. They were laughing and cheering whenever Johnny got the word right. They encouraged him when he missed and had him spell the word again until he got it right. During lunch, rather than playing games, classmates were helping Johnny. I was thrilled to discover how much joy they found in helping others - even though they would get a desirable prize of ice cream.

The next day, right after lunch, the class settled down for the big spelling test. Desks were cleared I had their attention. I began the test giving them the word, using it in a sentence and then once again repeating the word slowly and distinctly. Pencils began moving and all heads were bent down over the word. I finished with word 20 and as soon heads went up and pencils put down, I gave the order to pass the spelling papers forward. In the silence of the classroom I gathered the papers and sat down to correct and grade each test.

“Do Johnny first!”

“Pease mark Johnny’s paper first! Please!”

“I pulled out Johnny’s test paper and put it in front of me with my red marking pen in hand. The class watched and waited in suspense, wishing and praying for Johnny. My pen moved from the bottom of the page to the top where next to his name I wrote 100. The class cheered and ran over to Johnny to hug and pat him on his back. Johnny did not say a word. He did not have to. That big shy smile on his face said it all. I was so proud of Johnny and all his classmates that had helped him. I asked Johnny to tack his test on the board so everyone could see how well he had done.

This scene continued to the close of the school year. Johnny Pass, the shy kid, had brought the class together. He had real friends. He smiled more often. It is no wonder that the class cried on the last day of school.

They discovered the joy found in friends and helping others!

A TOWN CALLED BREWSTER

By Douglas H Richie

Located just 52 miles north of New York City this little rural village is known as “The Hub of the Harlem Valley.” A number of reservoirs that provide the water supply for New York City surround the village. Midway between the Connecticut line and the Hudson River Brewster is the head water of the Harlem Division of the New York Central Railroad. Frequent commuter service enables residents from the surrounding area to make the daily trek into the city. A roundhouse just outside town services the steam engines and running stock for the railroad and provides the principal source of employment. The train station is the focal point for activity. A taxi stand keeps busy conveying passengers who live on the outskirts of town. There are many fine estates whose residents provide a contrast to the twenty three hundred simple working folk who live in the village. Swedes and Italians make up much of this second and third generation of Americans. With the exception of the one Chinese family that ran the laundry, there were no people of color living in Brewster at the time this story was told.

All of the businesses are located on the one commercial street, fittingly called Main Street. At its northern end there are two car dealerships, a coal and feed store that serves as a supplier for the several farms outside town and a fuel oil delivery company. There was just one traffic light in the town and it was not located on Main Street. There are three grocery stores; an A & P, a First National and a Grand Union. One national bank and a savings bank provide the financial services. Two newspaper stores that sell confectionaries and trinkets, a butcher shop, shoemaker, general clothing store called The New York Store, a five and ten, one movie theater, a furniture store and a bowling alley round out the occupants of the business district. The eastern end of Main Street stands the remains of what had been the Borden’s Milk Factory where evaporated and condensed milk were processed. Many of the dairy famers in the area depended upon this factory to purchase the milk they produced. The factory burned in a spectacular fire that was beyond the capability of the volunteer fire department. The Borden Company elected to not rebuild the factory thus depriving the community of what had been its largest employer.

The community’s only school, Brewster High School had 600 students, K through 12. It provided the only auditorium of any size in the town and was used for all manner of civic events. It also served as the gymnasium for the school and retained a distinctive odor that reminded dance participants of its other uses. The weekly assemblies of the student body were characterized by a reading of ten

verses from the Bible by the school principal and the recitation of the pledge allegiance. A significant event in its history occurred in 1936 when a new addition was opened that for the first time allowed classes in home economics and shop to be offered. The entire student body was assembled and a time capsule with everyone's name was sealed in the foundation. One music teacher taught classes for all elementary grades, conducted the mixed chorus, the orchestra and the mighty marching band of 36 pieces. The physical education teacher was also the coach for all sports, both boys and girls. Graduating classes were never exceeded 40 in size. It was rare for more than five of those members to go on to college.

Five churches competed for the souls of Brewster's residents; Catholic, Methodist, Baptist Presbyterian and Episcopal. During the years that the author was a resident there was an undercurrent of prejudice on the part of the Protestants, who were in the majority, directed toward the Catholics. Attendance at catechism classes, eating of fish on Fridays and crossing oneself created a sense of being different in the eyes of the Protestants. Each student's affiliation was identified when on Friday afternoons classes were released early to permit all the Protestant students to attend religious education classes at the church of their choice. All the Catholic kids went home.

A number of social organizations flourished. Included were a Masonic Lodge, a Lions Club, American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Knights of Columbus, Elks, a chapter of the Red Cross and a Garden Club and WCTU for the ladies.

Three doctors provided the medical service not only for Brewster but for its surrounding area as well. The nearest hospital was twelve miles distant. There was no ambulance service. The fire department was served by volunteers. When an ambulance was needed the local undertaker provided his hearse.

Growing up in a town like Brewster with its small town values and aspirations gave one an understanding of what has made this country what it is. An appreciation for the simple things in life resulted from having lived there.

One might say that life in Brewster was a slice of Americana.

This is the author's view of his home town as it existed in the nineteen thirties.

MEMORIES OF A STOVE

By Odvar Holm

As I was turning on a burner on our stove to boil something the other day, I got to thinking on how things have progressed in the last 75 years of my life that I have experienced with a stove.

One time living on an island in the North Sea off the coast of Norway about 78 years ago, we used peat for fuel. Coal was available, but it was too expensive to use. We went out in some bog and dug up peat, cut it into rectangles, about 4 inches thick, 6 inches wide and 12 inches long. We would then stack the peat in a circular fashion, shaped pretty much like a cone that was about 12 feet diameter on the bottom and about ten to 12 feet high and the top would be a small diameter. This was on the windy side of the island and the constant wind would then dry out the peat. This was our main source of fuel. We did have kerosene for our lamps but not for the stove. This was the only heat we had which was used to heat up the whole house. This house was small, maybe about 25 feet wide and about 50 to 60 feet long and there was a small attic. There was a stove in the sitting room but that was only used for company. I remember some of the foods that were made on this stove, boiled "Red Fish" fish heads, we would suck the fat out from just back of the head that we ate with boiled potatoes, there was the pot full of wild bird eggs that we had gathered on the small islands around the area and of course coffee, I didn't drink coffee yet.

Our next home had a regular wood stove and this was also used to heat the whole house. I don't know how my mother managed to cook all of those meals, cookies, cakes and also canned fruits, jams and vegetables. This meant that we had to buy wood from some neighbor. There was a water tank to heat water which was used for washing dishes or whatever. On one corner of the stove there was always an empty coffee can that was used for bacon or pork drippings. On the bottom of the coffee can, the pork drippings were salty and had a dark brown color that we used for a spread on homemade bread. Sometimes at the end of the day after dinner, we would put a couple of salted herring on the red hot coals for a couple of minutes, turn the herring over for a few more minutes and take them out. We would remove the skin, put a piece of herring on a piece of buttered flat bread and add a slice of warm boiled potato and another piece of buttered flat bread. It was delicious with a glass of cool, not cold milk. We didn't have refrigeration, just an ice box.

The next stove we had was when we came to Duluth, Minnesota and we had a gas stove. You had to light the burner with a match and the oven was tricky to light with a match because once in a while we had a small explosion. Remember

the wooden match boxes we had beside the stove? In fact that was the last stove we had that didn't require a match.

The next stove had pilot light which worked fairly good until when the pilot light went out and you had to relight it, which was often. To relight you had to hold a button until the pilot light lit. We still had that match box along side of the stove.

I never had one of these modern gadgets on the gas stove with the new peizo-electric spark lighter, which made a spark that ignited the gas burner, I only saw them. I still liked the gas burners because you can change the temperature fast.

The year 1979 was the end of the gas stove for me; from now on it was electric.

Some folks in addition to the wood stoves also had a kerosene stove. I have no idea how that worked, but Zeta's old home in Wisconsin had it, but she can't recall how it worked.

HAPPY NEW YEAR
By Genie Jacobs

To my dear friends

Ding! Dong! Another year to celebrate! So you didn't get a Christmas card from me. Bet you thought I was dead. But here I am, 80 years old and still as young and beautiful as I was in O6! You didn't get a card cuz I waited to see if you would send me one. Then I could get your address off the envelope. That would be easier and save me 39 cents for every card that might be returned.

I am sending out this Happy New Year letter to share the glory of the Christmas in 2006 in the exciting company of 200 other old folks. Well, to tell you the truth, I can't think of a darn thing. On the other hand we did sing Christmas carols by candlelight. Nobody caught on fire so that was nice. On Christmas Day I turned on the lights on my primitive little tree and opened all my presents- That made me feel a bit misty. **I'll tell you all I got so you can compare it with your loot.**

Do you remember my old friend Elliott? He knows the way to an old lady's heart. He sent me a box of his special oatmeal mix with trail mix and chocolate chips. It turns a funny color when you add the boiling water but it does taste kind of good. He recommended it for constipation.

I got a tube of Preparation H from Emily. She said she uses it on the bags under her eyes and I should try it. If the stuff dries up hemorrhoids it should dry up the bags on my face. I am going to try it. Maybe if I tried rubbing it all over my face it would shrink up all the wrinkles.

I just loved the big jar of extra crunchy peanut butter that Victoria sent me. I opened it up right then and there. I stuck my finger in that goopy stuff and pulled up a gob of peanut butter that landed right in my mouth. That was like lunch in heaven. I went to bed with a bowl of chocolate ice cream covered with extra crunchy peanut butter! A night to remember!

I got a big box from Cleo. It was stuffed with a whole bunch of tissue paper. Saw fragile on the box so I carefully pulled out the paper as I searched for whatever treasure was in there. I finally found a 3 inch ceramic or porcelain black squirrel. Must be more so I searched frantically. Suddenly my hand touched it. It was an identical white squirrel with little holes in its head right between its pointed little ears. As I put it on the table, I saw they were hugging squirrels with holes in their heads. Not only that, they were salt and pepper shakers. Wow! Clever Cleo, a liberal Democrat and activist, had sent me a message. As I looked at my black and white hugging salt and pepper shakers, I saw the happy years ahead with blacks and whites embracing each other in a world of peace and brothers all. I could not

tell the sex of the squirrels, but it made no difference. The gift of love was for all People. What a great Christmas gift!

There were a few more gifts that old ladies usually get for Christmas like bed socks, fancy bottles of hand lotion, a box of soft centered chocolates, a cup for soaking false teeth, green tea bags, etc.

About 7 o'clock there was a knock on my door. In came Jeff and his two little girls with gift wrapped bottles. They made sure that my Christmas would be merry and bright right into the New Year with my favorite Manechevitz Wines. It was a perfect Christmas Day!

Mr. Manechevitz and I spent a heavenly New Years Eve watching all the parties on TV. It was just how I liked it. I hope your holidays were as great as or even better than mine. May each day in this New Year be filled for you with warm sunshine, wild friends, loads of love, expensive gifts, perfect health, and good wine. I'll drink to that!

Happy, happy New Year!

Genie

MY SISTER HELEN

By Genie Jacobs

I think I found my sister! I wasn't looking for her. And even today I am not sure that Helen is my sister. I feel that we found that we had a special relationship that was much too short.

It was sometime in the middle 70's that I first met Helen. She was a tall, regal looking with a dark wrinkled face framed by long black hair pulled back and knotted. Her dark eyes met mine and she loosely shook my hand.

"Yatahay" she said in a soft low voice.

I dumbly replied, "Hi! So happy to meet you."

This was my first day on the Navajo Indian Reservation in Arizona. I had volunteered to set up and direct vacation Bible schools at Dennehotso, Arizona and Oljato, Utah with the help of my husband and 13 year old step-daughter, Kelley. We were staying in a small trailer on the grounds of the Kayenta Presbyterian Church. Little did I know how much I would have to change to live in the culture of the Navajos. Pastor Ernest Messer and his wife, Elaine had lots to teach us.

There in Oljato I saw, the small church, the Sunday school room, kitchen and single bathroom where for a whole week over fifty children, parents and grandparents would be coming for Bible School. Across the red sand stood the small parsonage where Helen lived with Cecil Todocheenie, the Navajo preacher. Thank God that they spoke English. Many of the elders only spoke Navajo. The children spoke both. Helen had most of her children living at home. There was Howard, Sarah, Keith, Mary Lou, Peggy and Arthur. Alta was married and lived in the next small unit.

Helen was by my side to help me in her quiet and unassuming way. She prepared the food for lunches for 40 to 50. In the small kitchen she prepared mutton stew and fry bread in a huge kettle. She had butchered a sheep and cut up the pieces for the stew. While the big pot boiled in the hot room, Helen showed me how to mix the flour, baking powder and salt for the fry bread. She added a box of powdered milk and water. She gave me a big bowl of the mixture and told me to mix it until it was just right. What a job that was. I put in both hands and began to knead the sticky dough adding additional flour. Helen watched quietly as I worked hard at my task. Several of the children who had come into the kitchen giggled as they watched me. Finally I asked, "What's so funny?"

The little girls looked at each other breaking out in laughter and one brave child said, "You are supposed to use one hand."

Helen's eyes sparkled but she never smiled or said a word. Navajo women are not talkers. Elaine later told me that often a Navajo woman would stop by the

parsonage for a cup of tea. She would sit quietly and when she finished her tea and cookies, she rose up and nodded her head and left.

The week after Bible School, Cecil invited us to come to their summer home up in Narrow Canyon. We followed Cecil and Helen in their pick-up truck loaded with kids, goats, dogs and supplies. Jake drove our VW van slowly and carefully on the dirt and rocky one lane road for 12 miles. With one rest stop we arrived three hours later to the most beautiful spot in the canyon. There were green trees all along the tall rock walls where the Annasazi Indians had caves where they once lived before they disappeared.

Not far from where we parked was a small pond formed by water coming out of the rock. It was a symbol of life. We then walked a short distance where I saw a huge cave. In it was a table, a couple of old wood chairs, an old kitchen pantry cabinet, pots and pans hanging on the wall of the cave. Next to the cave was a small room that had been set up for us. I saw an old metal double bed. The roof was lightly covered with tree branches and huge dried leaves. There was nothing on the walls as there were no walls. I loved it!

It was in that cave that Helen and I spent real time with each other. She showed me how to card and spin the sheep's wool. She gave me a spindle that had been hers. She sat on the ground just outside her kitchen and with the twigs she had gathered she made me a small loom and showed me how to weave with the wool I had spun. What a loving, caring soul! It was in the cave she shared with me the sad story of how one night as she was bathing her first-born baby, the lantern was tipped over spilling the dangerous fuel which exploded and set fire to the table and towels and the baby. Cecil rushed in and through the flames reached in and picked up the badly burned baby. They wrapped the baby and Helen held him on her lap as Cecil drove 100 miles on a bumpy dirt road to the hospital. Sadly Helen told me that the baby was burned so badly, he died before they got to the hospital. I reached out and touched her to let her know my sorrow. Later Helen told me that Cecil had big scars all over his arms after his burns healed. Even though Cecil was a Christian preacher, he saw the Medicine Man who was able to make his scars disappear. I told her that I believed that God worked through many people to perform his miracles.

The last time I saw Helen was several years later in Kayenta. I had invited the Toodochenie family to come for dinner that Jake and I cooked at the church, it was a fun time as usual. When it was time to say "good-bye", Helen quietly put her arms around me. I was startled as Navajos do not show any signs of affection. I put my arms around her and we hugged softly for several minutes. She never said a word. It was such a moving and spiritual experience for me, that I had tears in my eyes. We drew apart; Helen looked at me and nodded. "I love you", I whispered.

I never saw Helen again. She died of cancer. She was one of the many Indians hired by our government to clean up around the uranium mine on the reservation.

This was Helen's goodbye to me until we meet again in heaven. That parting has remained with me over the past 30 years.

DESTINY

By Ray Jones

In a speech in 1899, William Jennings Bryan said: “Destiny is not a matter of chance; it is a matter of choice. It is not something to be waited for; it's something to be achieved.” I believe it!

On the 6th day of May 2002, aboard the Regal Princess en route from Bangkok to San Francisco, I arrived at Saipan; the main island of the Commonwealth of the Northern Mariana Islands. It suddenly struck me that some 58 years previous Operation Forager, the U.S. assault landings on Saipan, Tinian and Guam beginning 15 June 1944, played a significant role in defining the course of the rest of my life.

While my autobiography depicts the chronological events of that and subsequent periods, the significance of those events didn't occur to me until I stood on the deck of the ship looking out over the invitingly verdant, now-tranquil, island that more recent day. The flashback was like watching an old movie of a different person caught up in a different world in a different age.

I was a staff sergeant on the Fleet Marine Force Pacific headquarters staff which scheduled the V Amphibious Corps to make the assault landings; first on Saipan, then Tinian. I was assigned to the Top Secret section preparing the Operation Orders. Scant weeks before the scheduled departure date we were notified that the reduced number of freighters now available to us was a grossly inadequate amount of tonnage.

Working around the clock, amidst much grumbling about the shortsightedness and inefficiency of the high-up Navy planners, we reconfigured the loading diagrams and manifests to fit the particular ships now available. We had no way of knowing, of course, that “D-day” at Normandy in Europe was set for 6 June 1944; 9 days ahead of the Saipan invasion, which siphoned off all available ships.

To complicate matters, a terrible accident occurred at Pearl Harbor: *The Other Tragedy At Pearl Harbor*.

West Loch, one of the three large arms of Pearl Harbor, contained the main ammunition depot for the Pacific Fleet—a giant powder keg. One of the errors committed by the Japanese on “The Date That Will Live In Infamy,” 7 December 1941, was not destroying that site during their otherwise devastating attack on shipping and other military installations that fateful day.

Even before the horrible accident the Japanese, with their extensive intelligence sources on Oahu, knew something was afoot; but not specifically what. Tokyo Rose, in needling U.S. forces, proclaimed that “The Second Marine

Division will receive many casualties before it ever reaches its destination.” (The 2nd Marine Division, together with the 4th Marine Division, the 27th Army Division, and supporting elements, made up the V Amphibious Corps).

On a quiet Sunday, 21 May 1944, I was at work in Fleet Marine Force Pacific Headquarters located near Pearl Harbor in Camp Catlin, helping to revise and finalize segments of the operation orders for Operation Forager. Suddenly, at 1508 (i.e. 3:08 PM), a horrendous explosion nearly blew me off my chair.

Over two dozen LSTs (Landing Ship Tanks) were being loaded with ammunition and gasoline for easy off-loading on the assault beaches; sacrificing safety in the process. Since the combat-loading of ammunition and gasoline for early wave assault troops was not in accordance with safety regulations, USCG captain Robert Leery of LST 69 had gone ashore to complain to the harbor command about the unsafe conditions. Ships were tied beam to beam during the loading process; among those nearby were LSTs numbered 353 and 179. Also nearby were Coast Guard sailors aboard LST 23, grumbling about having to stand routine watch that balmy afternoon instead of having shore leave. LST 353 about 40 yards away from LST 23 was the first to explode. LST 69, together with LST 23, escaped the initial blasts and ensuing fire; the ships and their personnel remaining able to participate in the forthcoming assault landing.

Three minutes after the initial explosion, LST 179 blew up from artillery ammunition. Other explosions occurred until twelve minutes after the first explosion when the largest explosion occurred; sending smoke and debris about 1,200 feet into the air.

Countless men were blown, or jumped, from their ships into the water. So many men tried to climb aboard a Higgins boat that the boat turned over on top of them, trapping them underneath. Shrapnel rained all around those who did make it to shore, causing more casualties. Many men tried to swim into open water to avoid being burned to death. So-far-unaffected LSTs were cut loose and scrambled. PT boats were dispatched with orders to torpedo those which had been cast adrift. Fortunately a Fireboat arrived at 1640 and the PT boats were called off; but not before another LST exploded and sank.

Spilled gasoline from ruptured drums and ships' fuel oil burned on the surface of the water, consuming body parts and floundering sailors and Marines. A sailor named Alex Bernal, who had been ferrying officers ashore before the first blast, received a Navy Commendation for his heroism in saving 10 lives plucking them out of the path of the inferno.

Across Pearl Harbor Harold Weinberger, a former Hollywood cinematographer and then Marine Combat Photographer, with natural knee-jerk instinct, began photographing the unfolding drama with a 16 mm camera until his

supply of film was exhausted. It was this footage that was a prime source of information, sketchy as it was, that the Court of Inquiry relied upon for determination of cause and responsibility. It was a miracle that his footage exists, because a Navy patrol had tried in vain to turn him back from the scene.

The fireworks lasted into the night and essentially ended with the final explosion nine hours after the first.

The net cost was 163 dead (raised to 164 when a diver was lost saving two others while later inspecting the sunken hulls seeking answers), 396 wounded, 6 LSTs sunk, 3 LSTs badly damaged; with 20 LSTs heroically saved.

A gag order was issued to all military personnel, though the cover-up was very difficult. The authorities obviously didn't want the Japanese to learn the magnitude of the disaster and fortunately they did not. A Marine I had known at Camp Elliott came to me the next morning seeking replacement of his clothing and gear, all of which had been lost in the disaster. I didn't learn from him, even if he knew, the extent of loss.

Sabotage, immediately considered, was ruled out and the next day the Navy began a campaign of misinformation. Next of kin were sent evasive and puzzling telegrams that announced that a loved one was missing; without even stating whether it was combat related or unauthorized absence. Two days after the event Admiral Nimitz issued an innocuous press release to the effect that there had been a small explosion at Pearl Harbor, with some casualties. Even *Coral and Brass*, the 1948-published memoirs of the V Amphibious Corps commander, Lt. Gen. Holland M. (Howlin' Mad) Smith, contained only minimal reference to the disaster.

During the course of the Court of Inquiry, various potential causes were explored: earlier welding on LST 358, careless smoking (smoking in the vicinity being against regulations entirely), and careless handling of ammunition being loaded. It was finally surmised that a dropped mortar shell was the probable proximate cause of the disaster. No one will ever know for sure, since all key witnesses were lost in the initial blast or ensuing fire.

Details of the event were kept in sealed secret documents, even from those of us working on the operation, to prevent knowledge reaching the Japanese of the pending operation and extent of damage to men and materiel. These files were quietly declassified in 1960, still escaping public notice, and weren't uncovered until 1987 by a historian by the name of Howard Shuman. As a Naval Officer many years before, Shuman had been curious about sunken hulks in West Loch, prompting him to search archives in an attempt to uncover these details from the Court of Inquiry. His curiosity became a quest.

The accident seriously jeopardized proceeding with Operation Forager (the taking of Saipan, Tinian and Guam). The operation was five months in the planning, involved a total of 250,000 men and 535 ships of all types. Operation Forager against Japanese forces in the Marianas involved as much amphibious lift as Operation Overlord, the Normandy “D-day” invasion occurring 9 days before, which garnered more public awareness. Taking its place in the Pacific War scheme of things, this operation was, indeed, the Pacific version of Europe's Operation Overlord at Normandy. Forager, as in the case of the better-known operation in the European Theater, signaled the turning point in the Pacific War.

It was quite literally a logistics miracle. Over one-half of the operation's combat vessels were loaded at West Loch where the terrible accident occurred. The invasion plan itself was threatened. In spite of these severe difficulties the operation's departure was delayed only one day; which time was made up en route and the Saipan landing was made on schedule, 15 June 1944. It became “The Greatest Disaster You Never Heard Of.”

Graves of 7 December 1941 and 21 May 1944 victims lie side-by-side at the Pearl Harbor Memorial Cemetery-one a hallowed event and the other barely known. Still, in perspective, this latter event was but a small obstacle in pursuit of the larger goal-the taking of Japan.

The disaster took personnel, equipment and supplies destined for the assault landing out of service. Casualties were heavy in the initial assault. Marine units held in reserve, not ordinarily committed this early, were put ashore on D-day. The Army units held in floating reserve were put ashore the following day. Casualties the first twenty-four hours were 2,500; the first week, 6,000. The assault on Guam, originally scheduled for 18 June, was postponed indefinitely; eventually to be rescheduled for 21 July.

As the beachhead was being expanded, U.S. submarines sighted a large Japanese fleet (Japan's First Mobile Fleet-supporting six carriers) heading for Saipan to reinforce their beleaguered defenses-a daunting 29,662 troops. Admiral Spruance, correctly assessing the problem, knew that the Japanese could not afford to lose the Marianas, the Japanese Homeland main outer line of defense, and that this would be one of the more crucial battles of the entire war. Leaving behind adequate support for the assault troops, he dispatched the huge Task Force 58 to meet the oncoming enemy.

The interception and subsequent Naval action became officially known as The Battle of the Philippine Sea; unofficially known as “The Great Marianas Turkey Shoot.” Against U.S. losses of 76 crewmen and 130 planes, Japanese sustained losses of 476 planes, 3 carriers sunk, and 3 carriers badly damaged. After

having decimated the Japanese Navy, Spruance returned with Task Force 58 on 21 June to continue support of the U.S. forces ashore at Saipan

During the super-sized melee the call came back to fly out all available corporals and below to fill the holes in the ranks. As a staff sergeant in so-called essential work, I stood by while my friends were being shot up. Due to the nature of my work I knew that the III Amphibious Corps was scheduled to land on Guam 21 July 1944. Being young and foolish in those days I asked their personnel officer, with whom I had become acquainted in my work, to have me transferred to his outfit so I could at least participate in the Guam part of the operation. There were other plans of interest to me for the long range utilization of Guam in our relentless push toward the main islands of Japan and I wanted to be a part of that piece of the plan.

When the personnel officer and I approached my colonel for my transfer we received a flat: “No; he's indispensable.”

That made me mad. “I'll show the colonel who's indispensable,” I thought. I quickly gathered together personal data and on 23 June 1944 submitted, through official channels, my application for Officer Candidates' School.

The colonel could determine my future while in the Fleet Marine Force Pacific, but he could not stop my letter to the Commandant of the Marine Corps. It was obligatory for him to forward it: “recommending approval,” “recommending disapproval,” or “without recommendation.” I do not have access to his forwarding remarks.

The question is moot, however, because eight weeks later, about noon on 18 August 1944 (never did get lunch that day), the First Sergeant came charging into my tent. He informed me that I had one hour to pack and be picked up to catch the first available transportation back to the United States, to report by 31 August 1944 for pre-OCS screening at Camp Le Jeune, North Carolina. My life had heretofore been a reaction to circumstances as they arose. Now, aboard the Union Oil Company Tanker SS Albert J. Berres, the first available transportation en route back to the United States, I began a new life. My letter of 23 June 1944 had set me on course to my destiny.

Bibliography:

1. *Coral and Brass*; Lt. Gen. Holland M. (Howlin' Mad) Smith; Bantam Books.
2. *History of the US Marines*; Jack Murphy; World Publications Group, Inc.
3. *The Battle History of the U.S. Marines*; Col. Joseph H. Alexander, USMC (Ret.), with Don Horan and Norman C. Stahl; Harper Perennial, a division of Harper Collins Publishers.

4, *The Other Tragedy At Pearl Harbor*: The History Channel in their documentary series History Undercover.

5. *United States Overseas Basing: An Anatomy of the Dilemma*; James R. Blaker; Praeger Publishers.

MY GRANDMA NARRATIVE

By MacKenzie Meeter
(Ella Reed's grandson)

My 90 year old great grandmother is Ella Reed Rogers. She lives in Carlsbad, California. My family and I visit her a lot. I like to visit Ella Reed, especially because Legoland is in Carlsbad. I also like to visit because she is really nice. Ella Reed always has a nice smile on her face. She loves to laugh and tell stories.

The reason I chose to write about my great grandma Ella Reed is because she is always so kind to me and my family. The last time we visited her was for her 90th birthday. My family stayed at a hotel near her. Luckily, for me, the hotel was connected to Legoland. When we drove to her birthday party, my dad had to stop to buy flowers because the ones we had bought were wilting. I knew Grandma Ella Reed would not have cared. That's what I like about her most. She doesn't let the small stuff bother her.

For her birthday dinner we ate at the retirement home where Ella Reed lives. The food tasted really good and was placed on a fancy white table. My Nana, Aunt Kim, Aunt Laura, cousins and my family all chipped in to buy Ella Reed a new wedding ring. Nana told us before we arrived in Carlsbad that Ella Reed's ring may have been stolen a while ago. We thought she might like to have a new one - especially since her husband (my great grandpa) passed away a few years ago. When we gave Ella Reed the present, she was very excited and hugged us all. I think the ring was a big hit. Ella Reed loved having all of her relatives with her at the same time to enjoy her special day.

I hope I grow up to be like Ella Reed someday. She is always positive, encouraging, kind and interested in what I'm doing. She also really loves the artwork I make for her. Ella Reed tells me that if I keep working hard at my art, someday I may become a famous artist. I hope she's right. I love my great grandma, Ella Reed.

PLAYFUL IS GOOD

By Genie Jacobs

"Calyn. I'm so glad to see you. You get prettier every day," I said as I led her to the small chair on my front porch. Calyn was my four year old next door neighbor and my daily visitor. We often sat on my front porch and talked for hours about life, friends and the neighbors.

"Hi Genie," said almost four, Presley, as she carefully made her way up the ramp in her mother's high heeled shoes and blue satin dress.

"What a beautiful gown," I gushed. You look lovely, my dear."

"Happy Birthday," said Michelle, who was wearing one of her mother's dresses and her own well worn tennis shoes. "Mary and Annie are coming. Oh, here they come."

Michelle was nine and she was going to help me serve the refreshments.

It was my seventy first birthday and I had invited five little girls to my birthday tea party. Invitations were sent informing them to come all dressed up in fancy clothes. They were to pretend to be lovely ladies. Inasmuch as none of their mothers wore hats, we quickly made gorgeous bonnets out of paper plates decorated with colorful ribbons and exotic flowers. We exchanged gossip and talked about the problems of being a mother. We wrote a cookbook with recipes of our favorite foods. Each girl drew a picture of her favorite dish and then dictated the step by step instructions to me. I later duplicated the pages and gave copies of the LADIES OF WALNUT PLACE COOKBOOK to their mothers. They enjoyed reading just how easy it was to prepare their favorite dishes even though some were baked for eight hours at temperatures of 700 degrees. That 71st birthday party was one of my "finest" celebrations ever!

It is always fun to play at pretending to be someone else. Recently our writers Class at CBTS went to lunch wearing red hats and purple tops pretending to be giggly, fun loving old women who had nothing better to do. Our laughter made other residents in the dining room laugh with us.

Sometimes I find it difficult to play and join in the fun planned activities here at Carlsbad by The Sea. I find myself once again standing outside of the circle looking in.

The bridge players seem to enjoy playing for hours. It seems like a fun thing to do. I thought about learning to play but I am afraid that I would make too many mistakes. Then I would make my partners angry. I don't like being a loser. It's no fun.

I do play solitaire on my computer. My record for games won is only 4%. However I blame the computer for giving me the wrong cards. In my madness in

the early hours of the morning I find myself playing one game after another hoping to score a win.

Several years ago I did enter our Senior Olympics. I entered the paper airplanes flying contest. That was fun learning how to cut and fold paper airplanes. I even got several of the resident engineers to make me a sample plane. The day of the event I had a sore shoulder and asked Jim, our Dining Room Manager to substitute for me. He threw the plane I had constructed and it turned and flew right back into his hand,. We all had a good laugh.

"We don't stop playing because we grow old; we grow old because we stop playing," said George Bernard Shaw.

Yes, I need to stop playing the TV and start playing with people.

MISSION TO KENYA

By Don Harvey

Imagine my surprise when the minister of my church asked me to join a Kenya Mission Work Team. Without thinking of what I was committing to, I said, "Count me in". The time frame was October 1999. I was to travel with two other engineers as "Volunteers In Mission" for the United Methodist Church. Our primary destinations were the Kenya Methodist University (KEMU) and the Maua Methodist Hospital (MMH). These facilities are located approximately 150 and 200 miles, respectively, north of Nairobi at altitudes above 5,000 feet. We were notified in advance that on most days each facility depleted its water supply by noon. Our primary task was to inspect the respective water supply systems, analyze the problems and fix them.

Preparing for the trip turned out to be quite an ordeal. After consulting my doctor, the Orange County Health Department and the Center for Disease Control, I decided what immunizations I would need to take. In addition to shots I already had such as typhoid, diphtheria, Hepatitis A and tetanus, I was required to have a cholera shot and swallow Larium for malaria prevention. Luckily these immunizations did not have any adverse effects on me. Deciding what clothes and what first aid items to pack added to the task of preparation. I knew that there would not be any Walmarts or SavOns nearby. I packed a good supply of water purification pills and snacks to have on hand in the unlikely event that I got stranded in a Godforsaken place. After I finished packing I felt that I had everything I needed, well almost. The question was: Would I catch some terrible disease or get a bad infection?

Travel to and from the university at Meru, Kenya where we stayed took nearly two days each way, leaving six days on site to work the water supply issues. In addition we were also asked to meet with various bishops and administrators to address their problems and offer solutions. The two other engineers who traveled with me were Greg and Luis (not their real names). Both Greg and Luis had been to these facilities before, and were acquainted with them and the people. I tagged along to assist them, and at the same time look for a project that my church could take on. At that time I was a member of St. Andrew's United Methodist Church in San Clemente, CA. Each of us had to contribute \$3,000 in advance to the Kenya Methodist University Development Agency (KEMUDA) to cover our expenses. KEMUDA in turn arranged our travel itinerary and paid our bills with these funds.

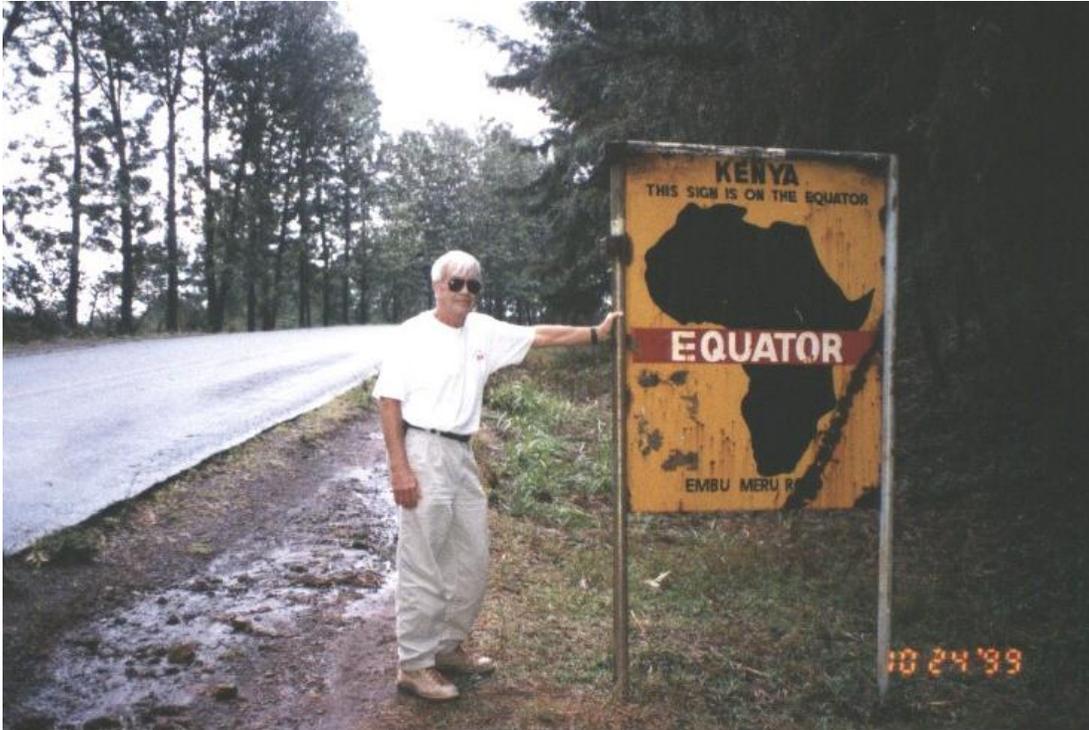
We flew from Los Angeles to Milan, Italy, stayed overnight in Milan and then flew on to Nairobi, Kenya the next morning. In Milan we had an interesting trip from the airport to the hotel. It was about six pm when we left the airport and

headed for the train station nearby. After talking to a few travelers, we bought our train tickets, boarded a train and headed for our hotel near the Central Depot. After transferring to the wrong train and recovering from that mistake we finally arrived at the Central Depot. I had a crude map of the area showing where our hotel was located, however, we couldn't orient ourselves because the street signs were confusing. So at a major intersection I laid my compass on the sidewalk, oriented my map on it and determined the direction we should walk. The people who crowded around us looked puzzled and then amused. I said to Greg and Luis, "We should go this way", pointing in a direction southeasterly from the train station. Luis replied, "It looks good to me" - and it was. After a ten minute walk we found our hotel and checked in. We hadn't eaten for several hours so we walked to an Italian restaurant nearby. It was dark and rainy, but it felt good to walk freely without our suitcases. The food and Italian beer were very tasty. That was our last opportunity for beer for over a week.

The next morning we were up early and took a cab to the airport, not to take any chances with the railroad. We were gratified that the cabby could speak English and understand that we had a plane to catch. We cleared the airport in record time and boarded the airplane on schedule. The trip from Milan to Nairobi was an eight hour daylight flight. The view at 35,000 feet over the vast Sahara Desert was awesome. It was like passing over an ocean of sand, never to see a break in the landscape. I hoped to spot a camel, an oasis or some other desert object, but all I saw was sand dunes.

After crossing the equator, we landed uneventfully at the Nairobi Kenyatta Airport. We were met by the general manager of the Methodist Guest House and the Vice Chancellor of KEMU. They took us to the Methodist Guest House for an overnight stay. The Methodist Guest House is located in a part of Nairobi where peripheral fencing and guards are necessary. The guest house is a valuable asset to the church because it provides a safe, economic and convenient place for bishops, missionaries and other travelers to meet or have an overnight stay. The staff treated us like we were the Savior himself. I was overwhelmed by the friendliness and sincerity of the people I met.

The next morning we had breakfast at the guest house and were driven to KEMU located in the town of Meru just north of the equator.



AT THE EQUATOR LOOKING SOUTH

Roads to and from the university are in very poor condition with many potholes and speed bumps. Our driver knew the exact number of speed bumps, which he counted, as if he had to account for each one. The total number was over eighty. Occasionally we approached a roadblock manned by a guard who was checking passengers and drivers. The guards did not look official, however, most treated us with respect. Other drivers were hassled. It was clear that we were getting special treatment, probably because other volunteers who preceded us were effective in helping the people of Kenya.

The blockades were very crude but effective. Most consisted of a board with a nail strip placed across the road near the entrance of the villages. Beggars sometimes concentrated at these places to hassle the drivers for money. We passed through several villages that all seemed to have the same appearance of congestion. Large groups of people were seen milling around at the major intersections. It was clear that unemployment and hunger were prevalent in all villages we passed through. After about five hours we arrived at the university.

An interesting fact I learned about Kenya during the drive was there can be only one President in Kenya and at that time it was President Daniel Moi. There can be no other presidents of anything. No university presidents, no company presidents, nor presidents of any club or organization. So that is why there is no KEMU president. President Moi also controlled the telephone system, which was very undependable. The use of communication devices such as walkie-talkies was

prohibited by President Moi.

Transportation was provided by the Methodist Church one way or the other. We traveled in either Mable's (not her real name) car, the university's pickup truck or one of the bishop's cars. We also did a lot of walking within the university grounds. Gasoline costs were about three times costs in the USA. We had to be mindful of that. Because of the lack of funds, the autos and trucks were not too well maintained.

After arriving at the university and getting settled in our dorm rooms, we visited with Mable, Associate Director of Development at KEMU. She had invited the Nkubu Synod Bishop and his wife to discuss possible projects at his Synod. The Bishop had numerous needs, however the dominant needs were a reliable water supply and completion of his three story Synod building. After the Bishop left, the three of us joined Mable in a walk around the campus where she pointed out various water problems as well as some of the expansion plans for KEMU. We then returned to Mable's home for dinner and to get acquainted. Mable is a white woman in her forties from the state of Washington. She was enamored with Kenya and decided to stay long term at the university. Later the KEMU Bishop stopped by to welcome us and discuss our plans for the rest of the week. After dinner Mable took us to the home of the local Missionary and his wife. We borrowed his surveyor's transit, level, chain and tripod for use later in the week. By this time the three of us were very tired and jet lag had caught up with us, so we went back to the dorm and turned in around 9 pm.

The dorm rooms were very Spartan and not very clean. There was a bed and a small rickety table and chair. Located above the wall closet was a huge spider - much fatter than a tarantula. I sprayed it with insect repellent and hoped I disabled or killed it. The linens appeared clean and the bed was adequate. Once in bed, I fell asleep immediately. The next morning I climbed on the chair and looked above the closet. The spider was gone. Where did it go? Was it planning to return and pay me back?



DORM ROOM AT KEMU

The bathroom was a step backwards. It was not very clean and the water pressure was nil. There was no hot water and the cold water dribbled out of the faucet. The toilet was badly soiled and hadn't been cleaned in quite a while. Still it was adequate for the short period I was there. Luis and Greg had a room across the hall with better water pressure, so I showered in their room. Remembering that the water was untreated and polluted by elephants that roamed the area, I was careful not to wash my face, eyes and ears with the shower water. After showering I used boiled water to finish the job. Bottled water was used for brushing my teeth. I always had to be very mindful of where the water originated before I drank or washed.

The next morning we were up at 6:30 am, had breakfast and went to the 8 am chapel service as requested by Mable. During the service the three of us were introduced to the congregation consisting mostly of the students and faculty. We sang familiar hymns and listened to the sermon. Mable wanted the students to know who we were and why we were there. When she announced that we were here to fix their water problems there was a brief pause and then a loud applause. It surprised us quite a bit.

I think the students were also impressed because we were living under the same conditions that they were. Except for dinner we ate in the mess hall with the students and ate what they ate, which I began to like. Occasionally we bought delicious bananas and mangos at a market in Meru. I lost a few pounds in Kenya, but that was OK.

The students attending the university were black except for one white American from the State of Washington. We often crossed paths with the students because we were staying in the same dorms as they were and ate most meals with them. It was difficult trying to develop a conversation with the students. They were very polite, but seemed uncomfortable talking to us. Separate from the students was a special group of young women who were being educated to improve their standing. Mable set up this program and it seemed to flourish.

After the chapel service we met with the Bishop and walked the grounds noting all the domestic and waste water problems that need to be dealt with. The quantity and the quality of the domestic water and the treatment of sewage are major problems at the campus. These issues will be further exacerbated when the campus is expanded. Their plan is to grow to 2,000 students. The enrollment at the time of our visit was 150 students.

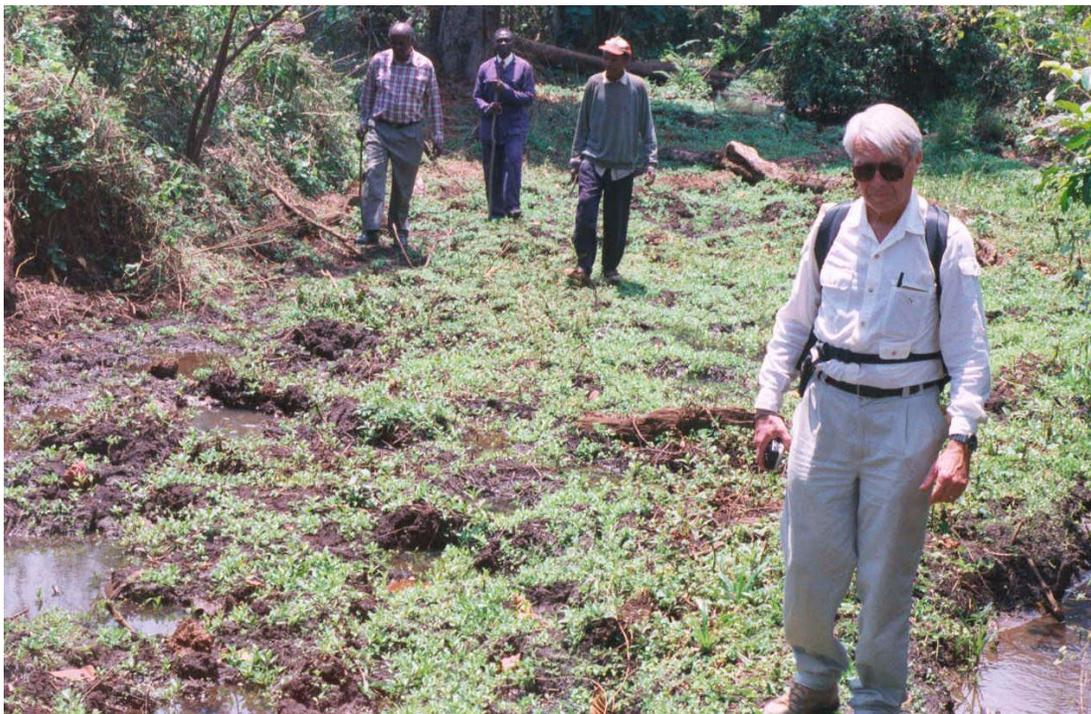
The Bishop arranged to have us transported to the water source to inspect the intake. The university occupies 152 acres and is shaped like a boomerang. A large forest occupies more than half of this area at the higher elevations. Since wild elephants have been roaming this area we were required to take two armed guards and two forest rangers along with the rest of the crew. The guards were there to protect us from the elephants. The rangers were there to protect the elephants from the guards.

Twelve of us piled into a compact pickup truck and away we went. After reaching the farthest point that we could drive to, we bushwhacked through the brush and trees down to the streambed. Below is a photo of the group with the pickup truck. The armed guards are in Khaki and the forest rangers in blue.



LOADING UP

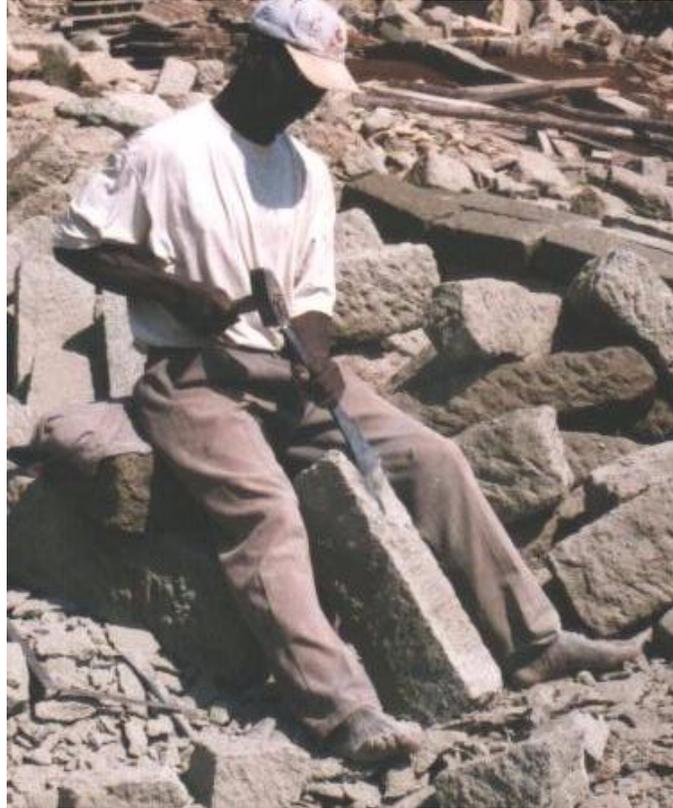
We then proceeded downstream about a half mile to the intake box. There were many breaks and cracks in the water line and the concrete intake box was damaged and not effectively feeding water into the pipeline. The damage was probably caused by the roaming elephants. It was clear that the intake box could not be fixed, and that another means of collecting and controlling the water was needed. Walking upstream about 500 feet revealed a narrow flow area with bedrock on both sides and below the streambed - a good location for a dam. The photo below was taken upstream of the location of where the new dam would be located. It was expected that part of the streambed in this view would be underwater when the dam filled.



THE BISHOP, RANGER, WORKER AND DON

A plan was worked out at the site for constructing a dam that was more or less elephant proof. That evening a drawing was made showing how to prepare the site and construct the dam using stone block, a readily available material. The dam dimensions were approximately thirty feet long by five feet high. It was designed with an arch across its length pointing upstream to take advantage of water pressure compressing the blocks and locking them in place. The plan also called for replacing the damaged piping downstream of the intake box and abandoning the intake box. By the time we left on Friday the key of the dam had been prepared and one course of block laid over half the streambed. All this work was accomplished without any design reviews or building permits. The university had a

huge supply of stone block and mortar, and labor was readily available. We bought the materials and paid for the hired labor with funds we brought. The local laborers were very hard workers and had stone work skills that surprised us. Doing business that way, we helped them with the water supply problem and at the same time pumped money into their economy. It seemed very little to us but it was a very significant to the workers.



KEMU WORKER SHAPING STONE BLOCK

I enjoyed walking the streambed with the Bishop. I was wearing clothes carefully selected to protect me - I wore long pants, a shirt with long sleeves and hiking boots. The Bishop wore what he always wore to his office - pressed slacks, a neat shirt and wing tipped shoes. As we progressed down the streambed we had to step on rocks, logs and occasionally in soft mud. My shoes and pants were muddy, however the Bishop's shoes and slacks were spotless. I commented to him on that fact and all he could do was laugh. We then talked a bit about shortages, hunger and poverty in Kenya, and what we could do to help. He said to me in a very sincere tone, "Don, we don't have very much, but we make the most of what we have, and we appreciate what you are doing". I knew what he meant.

After leaving the dam site, we returned to the campus and were fed a late lunch in the dining hall. Then the three of us met with Mable. She drove us to her new home under construction near the campus. Her home as well as the Bishop's

home nearby had a water supply problem, which we later worked out for them. On return we showered and decided to eat in our rooms from the stash that we brought with us, e.g., turkey jerky, nuts, fruit, etc. Jet lag was still with us so we turned in at 7:30 pm.

When I undressed to shower I noticed that I had punctured my right leg in two places above my knee. I was very concerned about an infection so I cleaned the wounds with alcohol wipes and applied Triple Antibiotic Ointment liberally over the wounds. I placed Band-Aids over each wound and each morning I changed the Band-Aids after applying more ointment. The wounds healed very nicely in a few days. A little TLC goes a long way.

The morning of Day Five we were up at 6:30 am and ate breakfast at the dining hall. I was beginning to enjoy the purple colored porridge that was set out every morning. It had a pleasant taste but texture difficult to describe. I poured milk over it and added brown sugar. I figured I was taking a chance on the milk but Mable said it was safe. Toast and jam were also provided as well as boiled eggs and sausage. I usually had hot chocolate or hot tea to drink. Whatever I drank, I made sure that it had been boiled.



BREAKFAST SELECTIONS

Following breakfast I spent an hour or so shooting pictures of the various parts of the campus for later reference. We then met with Mable and discussed long range planning and future growth costs. The drawing for the dam was passed

on to the KEMU facility workers who later reported the good news that the bedrock at the dam site was less than one foot below the streambed.

At 1 pm Mable and Bishop took us to lunch at the County Hotel in Meru. The hotel looked better than our accommodations and the choice of food was much better. However, I doubt that the hotel would earn one star with the Auto Club or any other rating service. The service was very good and the food and drinks tasty. I could tell that the Bishop had visited this place many times in the past and was given special treatment.

On return to the campus, the Bishop from the Nkubu Synod and his wife picked us up and drove us to a dam site on the Mariara River. This source supplies water to approximately 400 people, four primary schools and a factory. The major problem is that the supply is insufficient for the community. Apparently there was enough flow in the stream, but not enough was captured by the dam. It was raining lightly, but this did not interfere with our inspection. We recommended raising the dam level one foot to increase the head and the storage capacity. We didn't have any contour maps to determine the effect of raising the water level one foot. We "eye balled" what area we felt would be flooded and concluded that no one's property would be adversely affected. Getting permission to accomplish this in the US would take years. The Kenyans did not have the "luxury" of Environmental Impact Studies and Fish and Game permits. Thousands of Kenyans were dying each day from lack of food and water. The water was severely needed for agriculture as well as for drinking. Following this the Bishop and his wife invited us to dinner at their home near the KEMU Campus.

Their home was located in a remote area a few miles from the university. After arriving, we chatted with the Bishop for an hour while the Bishop's wife prepared a huge dinner. Prior to dinner she brought each of us a basin of warm water to wash our hands. I knew this was a big deal for them. The water they had was brought in by car. The Bishop's had no reliable water supply. I was constantly reminded of the preciousness of water in their region. She served roast chicken and small pieces of roast beef along with various fresh vegetables. She had laid out more food than we could eat for a week. Knowing of the shortages of food, it was clear to me that they were giving us special treatment. I felt very welcome in their home.

When the evening was over their son and another young man who worked for them drove us back to the university. The reason for the two of them taking us was that they did not want their son to return alone. It was not safe to travel alone at night. The Bishop and his wife were very gracious people and I felt quite fortunate to have met them. I only wish I could have done more for them.



BISHOP AND HIS WIFE AT NKUBU SYNOD

On Day Six we were up at 6 am, showered, shaved and ate breakfast at the dining hall. After breakfast, the three of us met with Mable to discuss the day's activities. Mable is very effective in her job and strove to get the most from us including managing our time. Visiting the Maua Methodist Hospital (MMH) was not on her list. Even so, she did loan us her Honda for the day so that we could drive to the hospital.

Up to now, we were driven around. This was our first trip on our own. Luis drove and Greg and I assisted in navigating. Kenyans drive on the left side of the road - a product of the British. Both Greg and Luis had been to the hospital before, so we were confident we would not get lost. The Bishop said if we were not back by four pm, he and others would come after us. They were very concerned about our safety. Driving at night or being stranded in that part of Kenya was very risky. There had been many cases of highwaymen robbing people who were traveling after dark.

About one-half hour from the hospital the car overheated at 5,700 feet elevation. While letting the car cool down, some pre-teen children popped up out of the brush. What a pleasant surprise. They were wearing shorts and no tops or shoes, not looking any different from children in the rural parts of the USA. I was glad I had brought several ball point pens to pass out to any children we met. I gave each of the three kids a pen. Within a few minutes several more cute children emerged with their hands out. The children amused us with their chattering with

each other in their native language. That was our entertainment while we let the car cool down.

On arrival at the village of Maua we met with Nyembene Synod Bishop. The Nyembene Synod Office is adjacent to the hospital. Water shortage and quality problems as well as an overloaded sewage system were very serious concerns at the Synod and the hospital. Years after the water supply and sewage systems were constructed, the hospital was enlarged, disrupting the leach fields and overloading the system. This was not surprising to us. We learned that because funds were short in Kenya, it was customary to design and build one step at a time. In the US if we built a water supply system we would also build the distribution and disposal systems to form a complete system.

Following our discussions with the Bishop, he took us to the MMH Administrator, who conducted a tour of the entire hospital complex and the grounds including the water and sewage systems. We gave him the same advice as we did the Bishop regarding the water and sewage systems. We then got in a compact four wheel drive vehicle and drove to the trail leading to the MMH water intake. The intake box, which was abandoned by the community in favor of a better source upstream, was granted to the hospital. But recently the community source yield failed and the community unilaterally tapped into the MMH source in two places, at a tee and at the separator chamber. Both of these taps are bad news for the hospital. There was no engineering solution to this water shortage problem. The solution fell into the political arena, which was out of our realm. On leaving the hospital we met with the Hospital Director, a physician, and apprised him of our findings.

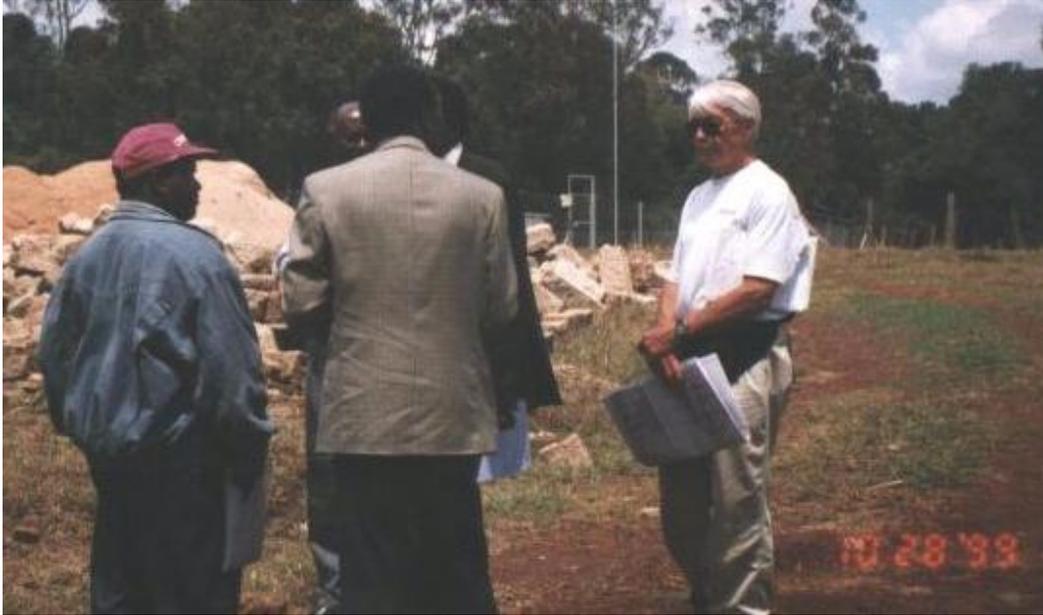
We recommended to the Director that they separate the chlorinated water from the rest of the water and pipe the chlorinated water to drinking and cooking water taps only. In the present configuration water is chlorinated in the storage tank which delivers water to all locations including showers, rest rooms, landscaping, kitchen, etc. Water usage rate is so great that the chlorine does not have sufficient residence time in the storage tank to adequately kill the bacteria. Recent expansion has overloaded the sewage system, and overbuilding has damaged a leach field. New fields must be constructed and protected as well as protecting the existing field.

Water from the MMH inlet box, located about one mile away and 100 feet above grade level at the MMH, has been diverted by the community and possibly other agencies. The MMH permit allotment is 100,000 gallons per day. It was recommended that MMH officials and the Bishop meet with the District Water Commissioner and stress the need and the importance for the MMH to receive its allotment, and get the Commissioner to agree to cut back the diverted sources so

that the permitted allotment can be maintained. We left the hospital in mid afternoon and headed to KEMU. The car overheated twice, resulting in us having to use our precious drinking water to make the last few miles. Shortly after arriving at KEMU we had a very heavy downpour and lost electrical power at KEMU four times during the evening.

At 7 pm Mable picked up the three of us and took us to the local Bishop's home for dinner. We met his wife and neighbors there and had a very enjoyable dinner and chat. The Bishop's wife and helpers prepared a very large feast comparable to a Thanksgiving dinner. The entree was roast chicken and beef. The beef served in Kenya is on the chewy side and to compensate for that it is cut in very small pieces. We discussed our day at the MMH and the likelihood of finding a water source at KEMU to supply water to the Bishop's home and nearby neighbors. There was a good possibility we could help them out. The Bishop's family and neighbors were very gracious and interested in our work. It seemed a shame that we had to leave in a few days to get back to our families and daily lives. There was so much we could do to help. Later that evening we were driven back to the university by the Bishop's son and his friend.

On Day Seven we arose at 6:30 am with the same routine as previous days. While Luis and Greg worked a field survey in the morning, I concentrated on the Bishop's concerns with three design and construction projects: the new chapel, administration building and dormitory. I met with the contractor building the chapel and the architect hired by the university to design the two buildings. Following the architects review, the bishop invited the heads of all the departments to attend a briefing on the above subjects by the architect and himself. The Bishop requested that I meet with chapel Engineer of record and assist him in reaching a solution regarding the roof structure design. I pointed out the complexity of supporting the octagonal roof structure with a seventy-five foot span on the eight existing columns. He insisted on doing the calculations by hand where I insisted he analyze the problem with a certified finite analysis program. We stalemated on that issue. Months later I learned that he changed his mind.



CHAPEL DISCUSSION WITH CONTRACTOR AND ARCHITECTS

Up at 6:20 am and the same routine for breakfast on Day Seven. From 8 am to 10 am I took more photos of the campus and met with the chapel contractor to discuss problems with the concrete construction. I then went with the Bishop in his car to join Luis and Greg in the survey they were running from a campus stream near our dorm to the residential area where the Bishop and Mable live. I took an altimeter reading there and then later at the source, indicating approximately a 200 foot head. After returning to KEMU Greg and I walked down to the campus stream source and estimated a flow of approximately fifty gallons per minute based on the speed of a floating leaf and the dimensions of the flow cross-section.

I then returned to my room, showered, took my third malaria pill and packed. After lunch we piled into Bishop's Renault sedan and headed for the guest house in Nairobi. I sat in the back seat with Luis as Greg and the Bishop rode in front. This was a very hairy ride. I closed my eyes several times. The Bishop dodged numerous potholes at high speed as did other drivers coming toward us. We arrived shortly before dark and cleaned up for dinner. Every Bishop in Kenya was there for a meeting. We were introduced to each and every one of them. We met some really fine people.

On Day Eight we were up at 6:15 am and ate breakfast at the Methodist Guest House. Lots of good food and hot tea. Since our plane was not scheduled to leave till just after midnight we bummed a ride into the city, shopped and had lunch. On return to the Methodist Guest House we rested, had dinner and then were taken to the airport. We had picked up two large boxes of carvings (giraffes,

tigers, elephants, etc.) for the African Ministries for sale as a fund raiser. Because they were sealed and we couldn't be positive what was in them, we cut them open and verified the contents for ourselves. We had no reason to suspect that the contents were not proper, but we did not want to take a chance.

Day Nine was two days long. We expected problems in checking in at the airport with the heavy load of carvings, but the personnel at Alitalia Airlines were kind to us. There were no extra charges. Our plane took off at one am for an eight hour flight to Milan. After a four hour layover in Milan we flew thirteen hours to Los Angeles Airport. The view was clear all the way from Greenland, across Canada, North Dakota to Los Angeles Airport. We encountered no problems in entering customs in the USA either.

The experiences I had in Kenya were very rewarding to me because it revealed to me that with a few days work and limited funds, much could be accomplished. It became very apparent that even though the current government seemed corrupt, the churches were making good headway in improving the lives the Kenyans. Other churches were helping KEMU and the MMH as well as other institutions.

I applied to return in the summer of 2000 with two others to continue improvements of the water supply system. The day of departure I became very ill and postponed my departure three days only to have a recurrence of the illness. I suspected the illness may have been caused by the numerous immunizations I had prior to departure. In addition to the usual routine, I had Cholera, Typhoid, HEP B#1, Yellow Fever and Meningococcal shots. I think that did me in. The team went without me and completed the objective of building a large concrete tank to hold water and the chlorinator and filtration units. They reported back that the dam had been damaged by a fallen tree but was repaired. Water behind the dam was at the full mark.

In the summer of 2001, the team returned and installed the chlorinator and filtration units. Also piping of potable water to the dorms and the kitchen was accomplished. Untreated water was diverted to the agricultural areas to support the Botanical Department and landscaping. The ambitious objective of providing an adequate supply of water for landscaping plus potable water to restricted areas was accomplished.

HISTORY IS MADE

By Genie Jacobs

I often wonder "What would I be like now if I had been an only child? What kind of a life would I have had if I didn't have to compete with a brother?"

My birth was spectacular! I weighed in at 16 pounds! Of course, it was a special delivery case as I arrived via Caesarian Section at Saint Francis Hospital in Trenton, New Jersey on the 16th of August in 1926. My parents, Fidor and Fiodora Kozinski were peasant immigrants from Russia. My mother had just arrived in the United States a year before. She had waited for 13 years for her husband to send for her. How delighted she must have been to have a big fat healthy baby! In the old country, mothers were judged by the rolls of fat on their children. Of course as a good mother, she would have to keep me fat.

Mom wanted to name me Jean "OH NO" said the nurses and nuns at the hospital. "Jean is such a common name for this very special baby. We want you to name her GENEVIEVE for Saint Genevieve!"

It wasn't until I was a teenager that I found out that Saint Genevieve was the patron saint of OLD MAIDS!

My parents who only spoke Russian, called me Yevgenia or Zenya. On my birth certificate I was legally recorded as Genevieve Kozinski.

In 1926 there was no TV. Pop had no reason to subscribe to the local newspaper. Therefore I do not know if a proper announcement was ever made to the world of my colossal birth.

The discovery that there is no record of my birth weight at Saint Francis Hospital came as a great shock. The official birth certificate does not record my weight or size. But legend has it that I was the biggest baby born at Saint Francis Hospital.

It is an indisputable fact that I was the darling of the neighborhood. The young girls on Taylor Street fought for their turn to wheel me up and down the street in my brown wicker baby carriage. I enjoyed the adoration that was mine because I was ME!

My father on the other hand, stoically accepted me as just another commonplace female. His first words when I was presented to him were, "Well, the next one will be a boy!"

Everyone thought that was an awesome statement. His words were repeated so many times over the years. Family friends believed it to be both honest and humorous. But the words hurt me more than sticks and stones. I felt unwanted. I

felt Pop did not want me in the family circle. I remember peeking from the hallway feeling very much alone as I watched Pop and his buddies drinking and laughing.

Well, the next one was a boy! A SON! He weighed only 14 pounds. He was born one day after my second birthday. Victor certainly was not what I wanted for a birthday present. But they would not send him back. I was stuck with him. For that point on, my life changed. I knew I had to outperform Victor. I just had to be better than he could ever be. This was the beginning of a lifetime of competition and jealousy. I would be living a life that would please my parents. I would win the approval of the whole wide world!

THE HOLY TERROR

By Ella Reed Rogers

My family has always been cat lovers, and as far back as I can remember, they always had cats as pets. However, my folks lived in the country and their excuse for having so many cats was because they were beneficial to catch the mice in the barn and out-house.

I really didn't have much to do with them because they were outdoor cats and I didn't have to take care of them. Mother would throw out the scraps from the table for them to eat and also pour out the left-over milk from our cows. One day, however, I was alone at the house and something happened to the small kittens. They were meowing and acting like they were drunk, staggering and falling over, and I didn't know what to do. I called my Mother, since she was teaching music in town and told her what was happening. She really didn't know what was going on with them, but she thought she had heard that if they were sick you should give them milk to settle their stomachs. I followed her advice and started trying to give them milk in saucers and had to hold each one so they would drink. Gradually they seemed to get better and by the time my parents got home, they had recuperated.



MOTHER, LAURA, STEVEN & "PRETTIEST ONE" STEVEN AND LAURA WITH "MING"

Mother was so fond of cats that she had a special name for most of them. I especially remember one name, which was "Prettiest One," and there were others with similar endearing names.

Even after I had married and moved away from home, she brought me one of her prize cats. It was a Siamese kitten which was a beautiful creamy color with dark markings around the eyes and extremities and eyes which were oriental-looking and bright blue. We named him “Ming”. I thought I was very fortunate to have such a beautiful cat, especially as it grew to be an adult, because he was sleek of body and graceful as he pranced around the house. But he turned out to be a horror! His cry was loud and he sounded like a wild tiger or lion.

We as a family grew to dread his presence since he cried most of the time and we were puzzled about what was the reason for his wailing. We tried different kinds of food and finally found that he liked raw liver or heart from the meat market – which was quite hard to keep on hand.

He also had a habit of jumping on the furniture and clawing the walls and curtains. The topper was when he jumped on our Christmas tree, knocking it down, breaking some of the ornaments and putting a damper on our Christmas spirit. He also scratched one of our daughter’s face, leaving a scar, of which she still bears a faint trace.



Our next-door neighbor also owned a cat, a normal white cat of no particular breed, which was outside in the driveway when the owner’s car backed out, running over their cat. When the animal shelter came to pick up the cat, the man saw our Siamese cat Ming in our yard and asked who he belonged to, and also remarked about how beautiful he was and if I ever wanted to part with him, he would certainly like to take him.

I was thrilled to hear his words and told him that I certainly would part with him, but I would have to explain that he had bad eating habits, only eating raw liver and heart. He told me not to worry - he would starve him until he would soon be eating what the rest of his animals ate.

I gladly gave him to the animal shelter and told the children I would take them to visit whenever they wanted. That way it was easy, for after they visited a couple of times, they tended to forget they ever were owners of a cat named “Ming.”

OUR ADVENTURES WITH RANDY

By Ella Reed Rogers

Randy was my husband's stock broker which maybe came natural for him to try to make money for his clients, but it seemed he managed to save his money at your expense! I was used to hearing Max talk over the phone with his stock broker, whose name was Randy, but they were always having such a good time, or maybe it was just Max that was enjoying ribbing him about whatever they were discussing. Then after he hung up Max would enjoy telling me about the peculiar sense of values that Randy had for a stock broker.

The main thing that Randy always emphasized was saving his money – no matter what he did. He always found the cheapest way he could get the most out of life in any activity. Randy and his wife Marge lived about half-way between our home and my folks place, in the state of Oklahoma. When we would go down to visit my folks who lived in Davis, Oklahoma, we would stop off in Norman to visit Randy on the way down to my folks.

Randy would enjoy introducing all the other office staff to his friends from Blackwell. Of course he thought Max was a great spender by the way he bragged to everyone about his winnings. Max did decide to carry out this success story by inviting Randy and his wife to go to Las Vegas with us for a weekend. This was pure enjoyment and excitement to Randy. He was sure Max was the most excellent spender of money and he thoroughly enjoyed being on the receiving side.

Then when he wanted to reciprocate, it was suggested by my husband that we would love to visit them at their cabin at Lake Murray, not far from my folks place. They agreed, and we expected a similar experience as Las Vegas. We also brought along our children, ages 6 and 8 and we all enjoyed riding in his boat and visiting the club house. Later on we went back to his cabin. Before we went out to eat that evening, Randy asked what we would like to drink and then proceeded to bring out a few small bottles he had saved from their plane trips. There is nothing wrong with that, but it was so opposite of what he would brag about his grand lifestyle.

Since we always went to the University of Oklahoma football games and Randy did also, we asked them if they would like to go with us on the bus, which they did. The Texas State Fair was always a big attraction before the Oklahoma-Texas game, and we had a good time thinking and talking about Randy's "tight" spending habits when we remembered that he walked back from our place of interest almost one-half mile in 90 degree heat to buy a sun visor just to save a dollar on the price. Our friend Randy loved to live the good life on the other person's money, but he was very tight in spending his own money.

Randy's wife was very nice and friendly, but I overheard her asking why he was so "hyper" around Max and she was definitely not pleased. Several years later we found out that she had died suddenly. She was a nurse and was unfortunate to have a stroke which was fatal. We found out she had become a pilot and had insisted that he also take lessons, which he did so they both became pilots. One day he called us and told us he would fly up to our airport and have lunch with us, which we agreed to and had lunch with him. We still hear from Randy at Christmas, when he sends us a card of him laughing and playing with his dogs.

PLAYING OR BULLYING?

By Ella Reed Rogers

When my family lived in the country in Oklahoma, Mother took us to school in town, which was about five and a half miles on a dirt road. It was not a bad drive in nice weather, but after a rain she sometimes had trouble navigating on the muddy road. I remember times when we had to get out of the car and help push it until Mother could get out of the rut in the mud.

We decided one summer at the end of the third grade that I might like to try walking to the one-room country school, which was about two and a half miles from our house. This was quite a different experience for me – to be a student with all the grades included through sixth grade in one big room. I don't know that I learned much, except to get acquainted with some kids that I wouldn't have known otherwise.

Most of the girls were quiet like me, but the boys were usually rough in their idea of recreation. The teacher wasn't very strict, and couldn't seem to command much respect or control. Looking back, I can't remember anything of importance that I gained in education during this period of my life, but I did learn a few things about the social interaction of the two sexes.

There had been a lot of kidding back and forth with the boys against the girls and “showing-off” from the boys, boasting about which one was the strongest and biggest. As we were approaching a culvert, one of the big boys gave me a shove in front of the other boys, and I stumbled and fell down the culvert. I fell on my tin lunch pail, hitting my eyebrow with the rim. This cut the skin and I began to bleed. I looked pretty bad when I got home and Mother wanted to know what had happened. All I could tell her was that “this ‘big bad boy’ shoved me in front of the other guys and I fell down. I hate boys who play so mean!”

Maybe that is what they now call “bullying”, as the modern interpretation of “playing mean”. I kept that scar in my eyebrow for many years to testify to my experience of “big bad boys’ playing”, or the newer description of “bullying” boys.



Bicycling with my brothers

MY MOST MEMORABLE THANKSGIVING

By Ella Reed Rogers

My most memorable and probably my most miserable Thanksgiving was spent in Dallas, Texas. Our daughter, Carolyn, was living there at the time and had invited all of her family to her place to celebrate the holiday in her new apartment.



Max keeps close to the fireplace

My husband and I had driven down from Oklahoma the day before Thanksgiving, which was fortunate, because an ice storm hit Dallas with a vengeance and unless you were prepared for some slippery roads, you should not have gotten out on that day. That was exactly what happened to my younger daughter and family, who had prepared to drive over from Fort Worth the morning of the holiday. Sadly, they never arrived, since the weather prohibited them from getting there. They called later and told us the highway was a solid sheet of ice, cars

were slipping off into a ditch and accidents were everywhere. They

decided to just stop at a drive-in to get fast food on their way home. Since we had driven down the day before we encountered some rain, which wasn't a problem, but this moisture had frozen overnight, as the temperature had dropped to freezing, a rarity in Dallas.

Carolyn had invited her daughter Kim from Denver and also her boyfriend Dave, who just happened to be visiting in Dallas. He was a college football player who was trapped in Dallas when he had planned to get back to Denver for the big holiday game.

My daughter and granddaughter had both worked hard on making delicious hors d'oeuvres and fancy deserts, but had decided to order the main meal from an eating place there in Dallas, which called that morning and informed them that the "inclement" weather had made it impossible to deliver their order, and would they accept it later? Everyone was in a bad mood because of the inconvenience. On the television some weathermen were expounding about the unusual ice storm in Dallas that had really left a lot of people missing their traditional holiday fare.

Just as everyone was talking about this freak of nature upsetting everyone's plans for the anticipated tradition, two workmen appeared at the door to work on the chandelier over the dining table. My daughter had called them to come by sometime earlier, not planning on having them doing it on this day. Since they were just a few doors away they decided this was something they could do since they could manage to get there.



Carolyn, Kelly & the last-minute chandelier

I was nonplussed to know what I could do to help the situation, and my husband was upset with our daughter for everything that was wrong. Suddenly the boyfriend who was wanting to get back to Denver for the game started calling different important people, he said, who needed to know about his situation. As an aside, one of the guests told us he really wasn't that good an athlete or important to the team, but was pretending to be a great football player.



Kim and her boyfriend Dave

I can't very well remember about the rest of the day, except I think we all ended up eating hors d'oeuvres and fancy deserts and having drinks until we could forget our plight and our disappointment with the weather, which had ruined our holiday!

THE FAKE GUCCI WATCH

By: Don Harvey

One of the many attractions of Bangkok, Thailand is dealing with a street vendor. My sister-in-law Donnie and brother Dave were traveling with my wife Joyce and me in Asia and capped the trip by staying three nights at the “Royal Orchid Hotel” in Bangkok. Donnie wanted to buy a “fake Gucci” watch so we strolled down the avenue until we found a vendor displaying fake name-brand watches. Donnie found the fake Gucci watch that she wanted and bought it. As an afterthought she asked, “How long is the watch guaranteed?”

The vendor replied, “I’m here till four PM”!

A FATHER TO BE REMEMBERED

By Genie Jacobs

It was August 16, 1976, my 50th birthday. I stood silently by the sterile hospital bed, watching the 81 year old man, frail and thin, struggling to take one more breath. His eyes were closed His calloused and veined hands lay limply by his side. Several strands of white hair layover the wrinkles of his forehead. This old man was my father, dying from cancer.

I wanted to say, "I love you." But these words were never heard in my parent's home. Fidor Kozinski had always been a quiet man who kept his feelings locked within except when he lost his temper. The rage that exploded frightened us and made us keep our distance from him.

Pop courageously in 1912, at the age of 17, left his new bride behind in Russia and headed for America. The son of poor peasant farmers, with only a third grade education and not knowing a word of English, he tenaciously sought a better life. Finally in Trenton, New Jersey. Men from the "old country" helped him get a job as an unskilled factory laborer at minimum pay. It took him 13 years to save enough money to bring his now 30 year old bride to America.

I remember my father as a handsome man with grey-green eyes, not very tall but standing straight with his head up high. He was strong. He had developed large muscles in his arms and shoulders as he lifted and pulled the heavy steel steam presses that formed hard rubber battery cases. He had worked at Joe Stokes Rubber Factory at the same job for over 40 years, never missing a day.

I wiped his face gently and wet his parched lips with the cool washcloth. He took another short breath. I thought of the times years ago in New Jersey when the temperature climbed over 100 and the humidity was overwhelming. Mom would give me a quart milk bottle of ice cold water to take to my father at work. The factory was just down the street. As I looked through the wire screen open window, I could see my Pop, his denim work shirt wet with sweat from the hot steam of the presses coupled with the intense heat of the day. His face was streaked with the black grime of the rubber and the sweat that ran down as rivulets from under the wet soiled handkerchief tied around his brow. I called, he waved and a few minutes later met me at the fence by the factory entrance. He gratefully gulped down the water. He smiled as he returned the empty bottle and hurried back to his job.

On those rare occasions when Pop would talk to my brother and me he would say:

"Always be honest so people will trust you."

"You must always do more than is expected of you."

"Always do your best and be proud of your work."

This is how he said, "I love *you*."

The room suddenly is silent. My father is dead, my father is gone. Thank you Pop. Thank you for giving me a life of meaning and purpose and a heart of wisdom.

MOONLIGHT MADNESS

By Genie Jacobs

We had selected a camp in an inviting spot near the top of a mountain in Kauai. A beautiful meadow spread before us. Tiny flowers dotted the short grassy green carpet. The air was so delicious, warm and clear. It was indeed a part of Hawaiian Paradise. Tiny flowers dotted the short grassy green and we set our table and chairs for the dinner we had purchased in the last town. Tiny flowers dotted short grassy green. Ah what a feast. Jake broke open a bottle of wine and poured me a paper cup full. Kelly turned on her radio and found us a romantic music. She stayed busy writing in her school journal and drawing pictures.

Jake and I relaxed and talked about our camping trip in Hawaii . We were so happy to be here. We loved the camping on all the islands of Hawaii as we met so many friendly Hawaiians who came to their beaches and mountains. We did not miss staying in any of the big hotels. Campgrounds had showers and bathrooms that were clean and available to campers and hikers. What else could we need?

Kelly had gone to bed and we were still feeling very mellow in the moonlight.

“Let’s dance in the moonlight,” said Jake as he slowly rose from his chair and turned to pull me up on to my bare feet. The music was romantic and bewitching. I felt as light as a feather as we twirled and skipped in the cool soft grass in the moonlight.

Let’s take off our clothes. I feel like dancing in the nude,” said Jake.

“Wonderful.”

We then continued to prance and dance in the magic of the moonlight on cool soft grass.

The next morning we awoke and talked about the fun. We had picked the perfect spot to camp as we were the only car or camper.

Look,” I cried out. “Look at all the hikers coming down the hill!”

We stayed hidden in our camper until they had passed by. I wondered what they saw and what they said.

CAR JACKED

By Muriel Randolph

Driving down a narrow street in my leased Hilman I was fleeing for my life with two passengers who had forced their way into the car with me.

It all happened so very fast. On this particular day I was preparing to leave for the United States after living in Chester, England. My husband was a management consultant working at "Octel" near Birkenhead and Liverpool. It was his last day and I was to pick him up at the plant about five o'clock and return our leased car.

That morning I washed all the sheets and towels that belonged to the landlord, but had to go to a nearby launderette to dry them as it was starting to snow, unusual for April. The dryers were both broken making me wait on queue with others. Time was becoming short. Most of our luggage had been put in the car the night before.

Finally all was set to go and I made a fast drive to the Grosvenor Hotel where I checked into for the night. I wanted to leave our luggage as we would no longer have a rental car. The concierge took our belongings from the passenger side and in my haste I neglected to lock that door. I made a fast get away to the Salvation Army store to give away clothing we didn't need, as new things had taken their place.

I parked the car on a slight grade uphill, put the gear in first, left the emergency brake disengaged, ran across the street, left the bag of clothing, back to the car keys in hand, opened the door, a man tried to get in with me. I pushed him out, he ran to the other door where a woman had sidled in and sat on the brake, closed the unlocked door and ordered me to drive. I was so angry that this was happening I jammed the key into the ignition, slammed the accelerator to the floor, drove madly down the street to the petrol station and ordered them out of the car, they got out and ran.

This was not the end of the day. I was too upset to relax so I drove on to pick-up Randy so we could return the car before the place closed at 5:00 P.M. From there we hired a taxi, one of those big black ones with a woman driver. Enroute to Chester we witnessed a "hit and run accident" and our driver decided to chase the offending vehicle which finally stopped with a steaming motor. She copied the license plate number and we went on to the hotel and reported to the police who for some reason didn't seem to care. It was then dinner time for us but we needed to calm down. So, we went into the bar and had a good American martini.

RESCUE AT SEA: ADVENTURE OF CELEBRITY CENTURY CRUISE OCTOBER 2011

By Jack Cumming and Others

This is a story that began with an announcement and we'd like you to experience it as we did. The point of the story isn't its content, as interesting as that may be. The point of the story is the fallacy of human observation. This is a critical understanding for our time in which judicial proceedings tend to turn on the testimony of witnesses even as the science is telling us that witness accounts are notoriously unreliable. The tale of our participation in a rescue at sea will make this clear for all.

Our tale begins uneventfully with a cruise. A cadre of Carlsbad by the Sea (CBTS) residents set out together to cruise to Hawaii and back. It was to be a time of relaxation, a time of camaraderie. And it was all that and more. We were four days at sea, and it was noontime when the Greek-accented voice of the Captain came over the address system. This was not unusual in itself. It is the Captain's custom to give a noon report detailing where the ship is, how much water is under the keel, what the weather is like, and routine details like that. But this announcement was anything but routine. The Captain announced that our ship had been contacted by the U. S. Coast Guard at Honolulu, Oahu, Hawaii, and assigned to speed to the rescue of sailors in distress. Our Captain told us that the captain of the stricken vessel had received life-threatening injuries.

We learned that the rescue effort would require 24 hours or more and that we would miss a stop at one of our destination ports, Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii, as a result. Rumors soon swirled all over the ship and we listened to all of them. After all, we were at sea with little better to do than to participate in the intense speculation about the events that had changed our course, causing our ship to assume a new vector at an angle from the original line of the cruise. We were to steam 12 hours to the north and east (our journey had been steadily south and west), to rendezvous with the stricken vessel, and to bring those in danger safely aboard our ship from where we would transport them to our destination port of Hilo, Hawaii, Hawaii.

As word of what was happening at sea spread to those still on shore at CBTS they wanted to know all the details as we were experiencing them on the ship. The following exchanges resulted. This will allow you to experience the event chronologically just as we experienced them.

Here's the tale as best I can piece it together. It took us 12 hours each way at full steam to the rescue point and to return to our track. Thus the operation took 24 hours out of the cruise and involved an extra 500 miles of journey. Some reports

have it that there was a captain on board the distressed sailing ship plus three others. Another report has three people altogether.

Some reports describe the sailing ship as a wonderful machine worth more than \$100,000. Others describe it as an ancient wreck that shouldn't have been out on the seas. One report is that the "captain" was elderly and already ailing when they set out but that he had this "on his bucket list" to accomplish before he dies. Other reports just call him "Captain". I asked the Staff Captain on board our ship if the "Captain" of the sailing vessel was licensed and he said "yes" though I'm not sure that the Staff Captain's English was up to the question.

The name of the sailing ship was "Quantum Leap," which my wife, Valerie, interprets as meaning that it was a step up from what the owner had sailed in before; but it made me imagine that the owner may have hit it rich and used his newfound wealth to acquire the ship. Speculation is rampant in these parts.

Valerie and I slept through most of the actual pickup. Our cabin was at the stern, right over the stern thrusters, and on the top deck, which causes whiplash intensification of the vibrations, so there was a whole lotta shakin' goin' on. According to the eye witnesses, the seas were very high in the rescue zone. The crew told us that there was concern that the rescuers, too, might be in danger.

By all reports our cruise ship situated itself so that the distressed sailing ship was in the lee of the larger ship. The crew members were lowered into a tender and approached the distressed ship carefully to guard against the possibility that the smaller ship might have had pirates or other armed marauders. That caution proved unwarranted, and all turned out to be as it was represented to be.

There was no evidence of U.S. Coast Guard or Navy vessels or aircraft in the area so it's likely that the U.S. authorities didn't think that there was a threat, or potential threat, to the cruise ship and its full complement of Americans. Perhaps the authorities would have been more careful if we had been cruising in the Mediterranean or in other waters thought to be potentially hostile. In any event I found it interesting that the Greek Captain of our cruise ship, at least, took precautions to protect his ship and his crew.

The tender from the cruise ship circled the stricken ship several times and then moved in alongside it. The injured yacht captain was taken off on a backboard and transferred to the tender, or so the eye witnesses tell the tale. The other two (or three) people then came onto the tender. With that then the tender came up on the larger ship from behind and the two vessels coordinated their speed to be equal. The tender was brought gently up against the platform that had been lowered from the side of the cruise ship and was tied to the parent vessel. The injured man was then brought aboard, presumably to the sick bay and what medical attention was available for him on board.

There was then some more maneuvering involving the various side thrusters; the tender was raised again on its hoist into its traveling position; and finally the cruise ship resumed course toward its destination. At that point, which was a bit after one in the morning, the cruise director came on the full ship speaker system, including the direct feed into the cabins, to announce that the rescue had been successfully accomplished and that we were now setting sail for Hilo once more.

The sailing ship itself, the Quantum Leap, was abandoned to the waves and people saw it drifting off into the darkness like a ghost ship as we turned and resumed our travels. Because the cruise ship had to go considerably to the north and back east in the direction from which we had come, we were then in the storm track from Hawaii toward the Pacific Northwest, so the rest of the journey was wet and a bit bumpy.

We've now arrived in Hilo. An ambulance came to meet the ship. The party of two or three, including the man on a stretcher, were then taken off in the ambulance. Since there is no hospital of note on the Big Island, it's likely that the injured, sick man, or sick and injured man has now been transported to Honolulu, where we will be spending tomorrow. I speak of the unfortunate in this way because the rumors are that he was already old and sick with liver and kidney disease but that he set out on the voyage from San Diego to Hawaii by sailing ship because that was on his bucket list to accomplish before he died.

Rumors abound. Some report that he was sick and just got sicker. Some report that he was sick and got injured, with damage to his liver and kidney. Some report that he was healthy and got injured when the mast fell. Some say that he was sick but needed help after the power on the sailing ship gave out and could no longer support his medical equipment needs. One report is that they ran out of fuel. They are said to have been about halfway to their destination when fate took its turn. No one seems to know the details for sure. The Staff Captain of our ship, the Celebrity Century, only told us that the smaller ship had lost power and needed rescue.

As an after note, there are several people on board who are intrigued by the possibility of finding the drifting ship and claiming it under Admiralty Law. I don't know how that works. I hope that they're in better health and better prepared than our unfortunate protagonist if they attempt anything as foolhardy as that.

Following are three accounts reported by the Cruise Captain and a reporter:

From: The Captain, Kostas Patsoulas; Letter to all guests. October 6, 2011

Dear Celebrity Century Guest,

I am writing to provide you with important information regarding modifications to our scheduled itinerary.

As I mentioned in my earlier announcement, today we were contacted by the

U. S. Coast Guard, who requested our assistance in aiding another ship with a medical emergency. The Captain of that vessel had sustained life-threatening injuries and needed immediate medical attention. At the time we received the call from the Coast Guard, the ship was located approximately 220 nautical miles from us.

Because of the time spent traveling to the other vessel, and the time and speed needed, it will be necessary to make some modifications to our scheduled itinerary. We will spend tomorrow at sea and call to Hilo, Hawaii, on Saturday October 8 from 12 Noon to 7:00pm. Regrettably, we will not be able to call on Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii, during our sailing. However, we will be extending our time in Honolulu, Oahu, Hawaii, on Sunday, October 9, and will now depart at midnight instead of our originally scheduled time of 11:00pm, so that you may enjoy additional time on the island. The rest of our itinerary will remain unchanged.

Guests who booked shore excursions in Lahaina, Maui, through Celebrity Cruises, will have those funds refunded to them in the form of a credit to their onboard account.

I sincerely regret the impact this unexpected incident has had on our itinerary, and I thank you for your understanding and cooperation. We will do everything we can to make the remainder of your sailing as pleasurable as possible.

Sincerely,

(Illegible but interesting signature scrawl)

Master Celebrity Century

From: The Captain, Kostas Patsoulas; Letter to all guests. October 9, 2011

Dear Celebrity Century Guest:

As many of you witnessed, we assisted a vessel in distress whose skipper had sustained life threatening injuries and needed immediate medical attention. When the Coast Guard contacted us, we were the closest ship to the other sailing vessel, and according to maritime law, all ships are required to assist a vessel in distress. Due to our crew's courage and professionalism, we were able to safely transfer the three crew members from the Quantum Leap onto Celebrity Century at night, and in challenging eight foot seas. If you would like see footage taken during the rescue, it will be played on television channel 15 and before tonight's shows in the Celebrity Theater.

Regrettably, because of the time spent traveling to the other vessel, and the time and speed needed, it was necessary to make some modifications to our scheduled itinerary, and we were not able to call on Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii, during our sailing. Like you, we were very disappointed that we were unable to call on

Lahaina, Maui. But we are delighted that we were able to assist the skipper of the other vessel, and provide him with life-saving medical assistance. Thankfully, he is doing well and I know you will join me in keeping him in our thoughts and prayers.

As a gesture of goodwill, and to thank you for your understanding of this unexpected, but necessary rescue, Celebrity Cruises will provide your stateroom with a \$100 onboard credit. This credit will be applied directly to your onboard account and may be used for an onboard purchase or service.

Again, I sincerely regret the impact this unexpected incident has had on our itinerary, and I thank you for your understanding and cooperation. We will do everything we can to make the remainder of your sailing as pleasurable as possible.

Sincerely,

(Illegible but interesting signature scrawl)

Master Celebrity Century

Newspaper Report "Captain's Nightmare at Sea" By Jason Armstrong

Sunday, October 9 1:09 am

Tribune-Herald staff writer

Enduring airport security, confining seats and a long flight across the Pacific Ocean are appealing to Washington resident Phillip Johnson, whose arrival in Hilo required a Quantum Leap in transportation modes.

"I was under a tremendous amount of stress," Johnson, 62, said of his recent journey.

He arrived around noon Saturday and immediately went to Hilo Medical Center to be treated for five broken vertebrae and a cracked rib suffered on his trip from California.

Johnson is not complaining, however, because the outcome could have been much graver.

He, a nephew and another man were rescued at sea Thursday night after the 48-foot yacht Quantum Leap they were transporting to Hilo from San Diego, Calif., lost power about 700 nautical miles northeast of Hilo.

"We were experiencing some heavy weather problems," said the retired U.S. Navy airman with 40 years' sailing experience who was serving as captain of the Quantum Leap.

"We were hit from the side by a wave," Johnson recalled Saturday from the hospital's emergency room. "I was thrown across the cabin in the galley area rather severely."

The two crewmen were uninjured, but the vessel was badly damaged and left without power, he said.

A satellite phone was used to alert the U.S. Coast Guard's Honolulu office, and Johnson was put in contact with a flight surgeon who suggested he needed medical attention as soon as possible.

But the Quantum Leap was too far away for an air rescue, so the Coast Guard put out a call to all mariners. The Celebrity Century cruise ship answered that call.

"We were very appreciative of that," Johnson said, noting he was aware the cruise ship, which was carrying 1,814 passengers and 800 crew, had to divert from its normal sea lane to rendezvous with the Quantum Leap and make a nighttime rescue on the open ocean.

"That lifeboat crew, I've never seen anyone as adept at boat-handling," Johnson said, adding his rescuers were "superb mariners."

He was treated by the ship's doctor and was allowed to stay in a stateroom.

"They were just incredibly competent," Johnson said.

Still, the experience was not without drama.

"There was some excitement, but it was incredibly efficiently carried out," he said, still suffering from a stress-caused rash on his left shoulder and neck area.

Johnson had to notify the boat's owner, providing the coordinates where the vessel was abandoned since the other crew members were unable to take over as captain.

The Quantum Leap, which Johnson described as a "very high quality," all-aluminum vessel, is now adrift on the world's largest ocean.

As for himself, Johnson said he plans to spend a few days recovering in Hilo after being treated and released from the hospital Saturday evening.

"I'm in pain still and stressed out, but I'm going to be OK," he said.

So will he again try to sail from the West Coast to Hawaii?

"Probably," Johnson said. "I would have to wait awhile before I attempt it again. For a while, I'll have to confine my sailing to coastal California."

END OF NEWSPAPER REPORT

This is a story of compassion and heroism and human responsiveness. It is a tale of mankind's capacity to reach out to the remotest parts of our globe to help those who need our help.

It is a tale of our capabilities as humans. But it is also a tale of our limitations as observers and as arbiters of events that touch us. It is extraordinary how many unfounded rumors, and opinions, and judgments were made. Some judged that those in distress had themselves to blame and should be left to their own devices. Others judged that we all overreach in our quest to excel and that the

aspirations of the human spirit toward that which is difficult to achieve is part of human greatness.

It's clear that the reliability of witnesses should always be approached with skepticism. It suggests that proceedings based solely on countervailing opinions with witnesses divided into adversarial categories as is done daily in our courts should be reconsidered to see if we can't develop a better system of inquiry, perhaps along the lines of the strictly scientific investigations for which the National Transportation Safety Board has been known.

MY LIFE HISTORY

By Jerry Dinardo

In the fall of 1938, I was living in my hometown of Beverly, Massachusetts, where my family had moved to from my birthplace in Milford, Massachusetts, a town now on circumferential Highway 495. Beverly was founded in the year 1635, a few years after the town of Salem; the site of early witch trials. I was four years old when I moved from Milford. Miss Stites was my teacher in the first and third grades. She was a graduate of a teacher's college in New Hampshire. For the seventh and eighth grades, I attended Briscoe School. At Briscoe, I was able to play basketball in the gym. The roof of the gym was supported by two large diameter columns that interfered somewhat with play, but we managed.

From Briscoe, I moved on to Beverly High School located on Sohier Road. I was in a class of 350 students. My courses included Algebra, Geometry, Latin, French, and History. My Latin teacher was Miss Elenora Sears, a very attractive gal and a graduate of Wellesley College (an all-girls school in the Boston area). One of the incidents that I recall about Miss Sears is the time she drove four of us students; myself, another male and two girls to Cranes Beach in nearby Hamilton. Miss Sears drove a red Studebaker convertible with a rumble seat at the rear, and she supplied us with a nice picnic lunch.

One of the incidents that Miss Sears was involved in was a car accident that occurred while she was driving with a male senior student. It caused a little stir for awhile, but was quickly forgotten.

I was elected president of the 1938 class of 350 students. I also played on the basketball team as a guard, a position that did not require as much scoring as the two forwards and a tall center. The center on our team was about six feet five inches tall, a relatively short height compared to today's athletes. Our scoring numbers were about average.

The period when I attended high school between 1935 and 1938 was the big band era. It was the time when four of us, two guys and two girls went to see and hear such bands as Artie Shaw, Ray Noble, Chic Webb with Ella Fitzgerald, Lawrence Welk, Duke Ellington, Charlie Barnet, and Les Brown. In my senior year, my date's father, who was a police lieutenant, gave us two tickets to go see Glenn Miller and his band. Glenn Miller later was lost in the big war. We saw the big bands at Kimball's Starlight Ballroom in Lynfield, the North Shore Ballroom in Salem, and the ballroom floating on the Charles River in Boston.

I graduated from high school in June of 1938. In September I attended Saint John's Academy in Danvers, close to my home, and commuted by automobile with

two other students. Saint John's had some pretty good athletes and competed very well against other private school teams.

At Saint John's I studied courses that I would be examined on when I planned to apply for a Congressional appointment to West Point or Annapolis Academies. I took the exam in early 1939 and I scored well enough to earn an appointment to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

The next step was to take the physical exam at Annapolis in June of 1939. I arrived at Annapolis with the expectation that I would easily pass the physical. The reason why I had such confidence was that I had previously gone to the Army base in Boston for a physical exam required to enter West Point, and I passed their physical exam. This physical required a measurement of at least 18/20 in both eyes.

Before I began my physical, I met two other candidates in the hotel. One was from New Jersey and the other one from Hawaii. I don't recall their names, but I'll refer to the one from New Jersey as Norman and the one from Hawaii as Harry. Norman and Harry both passed the physical and were admitted to the Academy. I passed the first part of the physical before I came to the eye exam. When I came to the eye exam, my readings were 18/20 in one eye and 19/20 in the other eye. I was examined several times and could not do any better. I did not pass the physical exam. Dejected, I said goodbye to both Norman and Harry and returned home to Beverly.

I remained dejected until one night in June when I went to a band concert next to the Dane Street Beach with Tom Bresnahan. At the concert we met a lady friend of Tom's named Joan Cooper, who was attending the concert with her mother. I knew Joan's brother Allen, because I played baseball with him at Lynch Park.

Soon after meeting Joan, we began dating. In September of 1939 I entered Tufts College as an Electrical Engineer. Joan and I dated during my entire four years at Tufts. Upon graduation I got a job at Sylvania Corporation as a radio tube test engineer.

In June of 1943, Joan and I married. We were married for 65 years until Joan passed away on January 23 of 2008. Joan never experienced child-bearing.

During the war I served as an Electronic Technician's Mate second class from June 28, 1944, until March 24, 1946. I served on the U.S. Cebu repair ship after the termination of the war. We docked in Okinawa and Japan for a short time until I was discharged in 1946.

I can still remember the fine beach in Okinawa. Our ship was anchored only a short distance from the beach, which was devoid of native people. Prior to this

time and after leaving Annapolis, I kept in touch with Midshipman Norman from New Jersey. We exchanged letters a number of times.

During the fall of 1939, I was informed by Norman that he and Harry would be traveling to Cambridge in September with the corps of cadets to attend a football game between Navy and Harvard.

When they arrived at my home they were treated to a delicious five course Italian dinner, complete with my father's home Zinfandel wine. My two friends were very appreciative.

In the next fall of 1940, Navy played Harvard again. This time only Norman showed up. I arranged for him to have a date with Phyllis Gardner, a classmate of mine. Of course I invited Joan to join us.

We went to have fun at the Revere Amusement Park, complete with dodgems and sky trains. It was a new experience for all of us and we had a great time.

During the war, Phyllis Gardner's brother, William, was killed in the war. He was a Major in the Army and a graduate of West Point. I remember him coming to visit me one time when he learned I had received an appointment to Annapolis. He came with an album of photographs that he had taken showing life at West Point. I must have imagined that his sister, Phyllis, was brokenhearted over his death.

My wife, Joan Cooper, was born in England and came to the United States when she was four years old. She had four older brothers; Alan, Bill, Sidney, and George. Her mother was called Annie and her father was Daniel. Joan's father was a professional photographer. He worked for the United Shoe Machinery Corporation at the time, the largest manufacturer of shoe machinery in the United States and maybe in the world.

While the Cooper family was first living in the town of Dedham, their neighbors were the Irish family named Drinan, and one of the young boys was named Robert or Bobby. After a short while in Dedham, Joan's family moved to the town of Beverly, on the north shore. The family adjoining the Cooper apartment was named Stott and their daughter, Barbara, was a classmate of mine. Barbara later married the son of a Danish family who owned an export business.

After the war was over, I decided to go to Boston College Law School. Fortunately, Joan and I moved into a small apartment adjoining the Hale House, a house dating back to the year 1636 and owned by the Reverend John Hale. Joan was able to manage the book shop that was located on the ground floor of the apartment.

The Hale family was noted for the fact that Mrs. Hale was accused of being a witch. At one of his sermons, the Reverend John Hale defended his wife by

stating that she could not be a witch that was married to a preacher. That cleared Mrs. Hale.

After graduating from Law School in 1952, I was employed in the Patent Department of RCA in Princeton, New Jersey. There were twenty of us in the Patent Department, including fifteen in Princeton and five in Camden.

In 1957, one of my friends in Princeton, Al Rosen, left RCA and was employed in the newly formed Patent Department of Ramo-Wooldridge. Sy Ramo and Dean Wooldridge were scientists who left Hughes Aircraft Company to form a small research and development company in Redondo Beach, California, commonly known as Silicon Valley.

Al Rosen said they were hiring patent specialists at Ramo-Wooldridge and wondered if I would be interested. I said "of course". I was interviewed by the patent manager of RW in Princeton and was offered a job, which I accepted.

The parent company of Ramo-Wooldridge was Thompson Products of Cleveland, Ohio, a manufacturer of automotive products.

In the summer of 1957, Joan and I and Lucky, our six-year old miniature shepherd dog, left Princeton and arrived in Southern California after a week of driving. Poor Lucky shook during the entire trip, despite our stopping several times for soothing pills at veterinarian offices.

On one occasion after moving to California, the Los Angeles Patent Society featured a talk by a Jesuit priest named Robert Drinan. Lo and behold, it was the same Bobby Drinan that my wife knew as a child. We attended the talk by Father Drinan and Joan had a nice, friendly reunion with Bobby.

HOW MANY PILLS? By Ella Reed Rogers

At noon in Assisted Living, four of us women sit at my table. That's what I call it, but as far as I know, there isn't a name or number for it. However, it is a foursome table, and I inherited my place about five years ago when Irvin and Selma Singer sat here and invited me and Jeni Wong to join them, since they were seated there when they moved over here from the South building.



Jeni always ate here for breakfast and I was glad, because she was my next-door-neighbor and the first person I met here. She ate most of her other meals downstairs except on certain special occasions

when we had birthday celebrations or ate out at favorite restaurants.

She also ate most of her other meals downstairs in the larger dining room. Since she had been part owner of their family restaurant in Los Angeles, the "General Lee," she was more at home in larger restaurants and enjoyed every facet of the business. She reveled in dressing up for the occasion and wanted me to join her as often as I desired.

The foursome at our table has changed a lot over the years but the main topic of discussion seems to center on the menus, which we need to order ahead of time so that we can get it in time for our meals. We have a separate menu for breakfast the next morning if we want something special.

The next most popular subject at our table is the amount of pills each one receives. Since our dining room is next door to the nurse's station, we receive our pills at the table before or while we are eating. Thus, everyone at the table sees what pills the others get. The person who makes the most fuss about them is our sometimes noon addition to our table. If she happens to be one certain "young



lady”, which Peter calls every one of the fair sex, that sings or hums most of the time she’s present, and then receives her large amount of pills, then makes quite an outcry over the injustice of the large amount of pills handed to her by the nurse.



Then she moans, “Why do I get all these pills? No one else gets this many! I wonder what they are for. I just wonder what would happen if I didn’t take them? Would I die? I don’t think I’ll take them! Do you think that would kill me? Just look, I’ll count them, and I’ll bet if one was missing they would never know it! Why are they doing this to me?” Of course she takes them all, and we just laugh at her out-spokenness, for we each know that we have the same feelings when we take all our pills also!

Such is life in Assisted Living, but it gives us something to discuss that keeps us from dwelling on the more frightening worries and prospect of facing the real fears of end-of-life problems.



JOY! JOY! JOY! JOY!

By Jane Hird

A smile spread over the old beautiful face of the 92 ½ -year lady as she sat quietly in her wheelchair. “Yes! I am enjoying my life. I continually thank God for the gifts of joy that He has given me through the years.”

Meet Jane Hird, who has been at the Care Center at CBTS now for almost three years. She loves to reminisce about the simple things in her life and the wonderful gifts from God, all of which have filled her years with love and joy.

Jane loves to talk about her school and college years way back in the 30’s and 40’s when God provided her with the skills she needed to play golf, basketball, field hockey, baseball and swimming. She was loved by all her teammates as they all played hard to win numerous trophies. Sometimes it was due to Jane’s talents that brought honors to her team.

“God blessed me richly when He gave me the faithful heart to reach out in friendship, love and caring for all people.”

Tears filled her eyes as she continued to smile. “Keppy was my very best girlfriend...from childhood until she left to go to God. Every day with Keppy was fun and full of joy as we played many of the sports just for the fun of it. Growing up together, we shared our deepest dreams and thoughts and love.”

Jane put her hand over her heart and continued, “My heart still skips a beat when I think of Tim Hird, a handsome and fun-loving student at the University of Michigan where I was a happy student. I was able to win over Tim’s heart and we were married in 1941.”

She giggled and told me the story of how they met. Surely it was planned by God. Jane was on phone duty at the Kappa Alpha Theta Sorority House when she took Tim’s call to get a date for a hayride that afternoon. Coyly Jane asked him if he knew her brother at his fraternity. Tim lied and said yes. Jane agreed to go on the date with him. A sorority sister told Jane that Tim would be okay to go out with for one date. Well, Jane will tell you how much fun they had and so she went out on many other dates with him. Wow! It was only a matter of weeks when he proposed and Jane had a diamond on her finger!

Tim invited her to his home in Lakewood, Ohio, to meet his parents and especially his grandmother. The wise old grandmother knew Jane was “the one” for Tim and gave her a beautiful diamond lavalier, a family heirloom. Tim’s parents were overjoyed at his lovely girl, her kind

disposition and fun-loving ways. Mama Hird contributed to the joy of the event by playing the piano and leading everyone in songs.

It was only a year after Jane and Tim married that their first son was born. He was named David for the wise and faithful man in the Scriptures. David grew up loving his parents, school, and all animals. He had 48 hamsters in 48 cages under the basement steps which led to his room where he kept his very own possum in his dresser drawer. Poor Jane never knew in which drawer she would find the possum. One day the Rev. Tourigny came to visit David in his room and saw the stacks of hamster cages. Curious, he put his finger in a cage and quickly withdrew it nursing a big bite. Another time when Jane's friends were playing bridge, what should suddenly appear? It was the big old possum that had escaped from David's room.

On a vacation from school, David brought home a six-foot king snake. One day the snake disappeared from David's bathtub and was nowhere to be found. Of course, the neighbors heard about this monster snake and were afraid to go outside. The snake was never found! Of course, all these things were a part of God's plan to get David into Stanford and then to Davis Veterinary School where David became a distinguished professor of veterinary medicine.

Next son was Tom. Tom is a natural-born carpenter – he has loved everything about wood since early childhood. In Palos Verdes, he built tree houses in the eucalyptus trees around the house. He had a keen eye for finding good building material. Unfortunately it was sometimes in the stacks of lumber meant for new houses going up around the neighborhood. So the police would inquire occasionally if Tom had been “shopping” recently. But no one ever got arrested, and Tom was reminded from time to time that he was welcome to the scrap lumber at the building sites, not the new lumber! Later, in Coronado, he enjoyed building beautiful furniture out of the driftwood he would bring home from the beach. When he was drafted into the Army, he was sent to Vietnam. There, the captain found out he could build almost anything out of wood, so that was his assignment for the duration of his stay – he was the camp carpenter/builder. No combat duty for Tom – he was too valuable around the base! Now he lives in New Orleans, hires himself out as an all-around carpenter, and has participated in Homes for Humanity from time to time. His letters to me sometimes include a sketch of a particular old style wood home he had seen recently. But his favorite things to draw are the old wood-covered bridges scattered throughout the Midwest and the South.

Joy continued to fill Jane and Tim's life with the birth of yet another son – Jamie. Probably from closely watching his two older brothers, Jamie was quickly known in his neighborhood. Jamie had an eight-year-old girlfriend who followed his outstanding plans. One day they went all around their neighborhood with Jane's red wagon and carefully selected the most beautiful plant from each yard so they could plant their own garden. It was going to be fantastic! But mother Jane was horrified and made Jamie and his friend take each stolen plant back to the original owner. This proved to be a tremendous job to identify each stolen plant with one of the many neighbors. The neighbors were not too happy but they soon got over it as it was done in innocence.

Jamie was never mean. He was a most likable child. He loved to surf so he opened the family garage to all his friends. There they repaired their surfboards. When Jamie was supervising the repair of 15 surfboards, his mother made a rule that the garage door had to come down. This closed Jamie's surfboard repair business.

Even though John, the Hirds' fourth son, was born as a bipolar baby, he brought joy to the family. John had an extraordinary artistic ability to create signs with very special messages. When the family home was put up for sale, John made a large sign which he displayed in the front picture window. The beautifully printed words said, "Love the Lord thy God with all your mind, heart and thy soul."

A couple driving by saw the sign and stopped. They were so moved by the sign that they said, "This Christian home is for us!" They bought the house! This happy couple is still living in this home after 15 years! Yes, it was John's special gift that brought such joy to this Christian couple, as well as the Hird family.

Having four sons filled the lives of Tim and Jane Hird with daily doses of Joy! Joy! Joy!

BICYCLING THROUGH THE CALIFORNIA WINE COUNTRY

By Don Harvey

Bicycling through the wine country with full camp gear was one of the most exhilarating experiences I have ever had. The freedom to decide where to camp, which vineyards to visit and what wines to taste added to the enjoyment. Accompanying me were my daughter Anne, her husband Bill and Bill's friend Trevor. The four of us carried everything we needed. We were entirely self sufficient. It was a wondrous feeling. It was the summer of 1987.

Planning and preparing for the trip was as much fun as the trip itself. The route that we followed each day was planned by Trevor, who used a commercial wine country bike trip plan as a guide. We planned to average forty miles each day throughout the circular route and still have time to visit the wineries. We did not want to retrace our steps. Every foot of the way was to be a new experience. I do not plan to describe each day's activities, just a typical day and some of the highlights.

Our trip was physically very ambitious, and it was imperative that we ate nutritious foods and drank plenty of water. That meant our bikes had to carry food, water, stoves, fuel, pots, pans and utensils as well as the rest of our clothing and supplies. For sleeping we packed our sleeping bags, thermo-rest pads and tube tents. Along with our personal clothing and gear, bike repair tools and parts and a hatchet, our bikes were loaded for bear. Extra spokes were stored in the seat post tube. We carried everything we needed.

The first day was an all day drive from San Clemente, CA to Cloverdale, CA. We nearly ran out of gas driving north on Interstate 5 through the San Joaquin Valley. My Chevy station wagon, which usually delivered high gas mileage, didn't perform as expected. Service stations were scarce and sometimes as much as thirty-five miles apart. We all started to worry. If we ran out of gas, who would be the volunteer to ride their bike to the next service station? That was the question in my mind. Since it was my car, it most likely would be me. Fortunately we made it safely to the next service station. As I pumped gasoline, I studied the four bikes mounted on the roof. It dawned on me that the added wind resistance of the bikes was the cause of our poor gas mileage. I made a mental note that my next bike rack will be rear mounted with a low wind profile.

On the approach to the Cloverdale KOA (Kampground of America) site we noticed thick berry bushes on the side of the road. They were loaded with ripe blackberries. We just couldn't pass them up, so I pulled onto the shoulder of the roadway to get out and taste them. It was late July and they were at their peak ripeness. After driving in the hot, dry climate, nothing could taste better to me than

sweet juicy berries. It was difficult to leave this “Garden of Eden”, but it was getting late and we had much to do. We moved on and arrived at the KOA a few minutes later and checked in. After establishing our campsite, we drove to Cloverdale for groceries for the evening meal. On the way we stopped at Paulson’s Winery (Pat Paulson for President) and tasted a fine Chardonnay wine. I swished the wine in my mouth to gather the full flavor. The wine was cool and buttery and had an elegant aftertaste. I gave the wine gold stars. Because of the lateness, we decided not to buy wine. We had the rest of the week for that.



PICKING BLACKBERRIES

Anne and Trevor fixed dinner late that afternoon using the food bought at the market in Cloverdale. It was a simple but tasty dinner of milk, green salad and fresh fruit. Bill and I did the cleanup just before the sunset. It was a long day, so we unfolded our ground cloths and sleeping bags, climbed in and closed our eyes. We didn’t have area lighting, so there was nothing else to do. The four of us laid there side by side enjoying the pleasant feeling sleeping under the stars on a clear July evening. The moon and stars shone brightly overhead. This was the beginning of a good night’s sleep, I thought.

In the middle of the night I heard scratching, and when I looked up I saw a skunk a few feet away. The odor was unmistakable. I didn’t dare startle it or turn on my flashlight. As my eyes adjusted to the darkness I saw tens of skunks grazing in the immediate area. There was nothing I could do, so I closed my eyes and went back to sleep. I didn’t see another skunk the rest of the trip.

The sun shining through the trees woke me up the next morning. The thin Thermo-rest pad between my sleeping bag and the hard earth did not match my bed at home, but it did cushion my tired bones. Except for the brief skunk visit, I slept well. It had been many decades since I slept under the stars.

Anne and Trevor cooked pancakes for breakfast. Each pancake was tossed in the air, and flipped forming a parabolic arc back to the frying pan. Occasionally one would miss, but it was all very entertaining. As days passed, we were rather skillful at flipping pancakes. This was our first cooked meal using our stoves and utensils and all worked out well. We were ready to move on.



ANNE FLIPPING PANCAKES

We were anxious to roll, so we quickly packed our supplies and equipment on our bikes and moved the car to the storage area. It remained there for one week. The route we planned was 230 miles long passing through Geyserville, St. Helena, Calistoga, Santa Rosa, Petaluma, Bodega Bay, Healdsburg and back to the starting point of Cloverdale. The first stop was Geyserville where we posed with our loaded bikes. I noticed that Trevor was carrying more load than the rest of us, so at this stop we redistributed some of the load on the other three bikes. It was a challenge to see how much could be safely loaded on my bike. My sleeping bag and thermo-rest pad are visible on top of the rear rack. The panniers hung from my rear rack were like suitcases, where I stored my clothing, stove, fuel, eating utensils and other personal gear. Water was carried in a plastic bottle clamped to the bike frame. The front basket carried food, maps and personal items.



DON, TREVOR AND BILL IN GEYSERVILLE

During this first day is when I really felt the need for some serious padding on my bicycle seat. Over the years there have been many improvements in bicycles; however, nothing has been done to improve the seat. After riding a few days, either my bottom got accustomed to the seat or it became numb, because it wasn't sore anymore.

The scenery on our way to the Alexander Valley Vineyards was magnificent. We passed several Victorian style homes decorated with flowers of many colors. The homes were interspersed between vast fields of grape vines full of fruit. Alongside the roadway were large berry bushes loaded with blackberries, some ripe and others still red. We couldn't resist sampling them so we dismounted our bikes and picked a few handfuls. They were sweet and juicy.

Anne called ahead and arranged for a tour at the Alexander Valley Vineyards. When we arrived at the vineyard, we were met by Hank, the owner's son, who gave us a private tour. Hank graduated three years earlier with a degree In Winery at the University of California at Davis. Also, that was the year that the winery was built, a nice father - son gift. Hank was eager to share with us his knowledge of the history of the winery as well as the process of making fine wines. It was refreshing to have a young man, who was also the General Manger and Partner of the Winery, give us a tour. We learned that their winery had a grape yield of four tons per acre which resolved to six hundred gallons per acre. Since we were the only visitors that morning, we were given much more attention than we

expected. The members of the staff were very friendly and interested in our bicycle journey. The lady serving the wine asked, "Are two of you related?" Of course, she had noted the resemblance in Anne and me. We tasted their fine Chardonnay wine, a pleasant way to start our wine tasting bicycle tour.

We then headed for the Chateau Montelena Winery planning to pick up lunch on the way. Along the highway I picked up a thorn in my front tire, which immediately flattened. This was a terrible way to start out the first day. I quickly repaired the tire and caught up with the other three. We pedaled on until we found a market with a delicatessen. It was a rustic building with wooden porch rails and flooring. We bought sandwiches and fruit and sat on a wall in front of the market where we ate our lunches. It had been several hours since breakfast, so any food in any location was welcome.

The Chateau Montelena Winery was just a few minutes away. The building resembled a castle built of stone block with a large arched passageway. The grounds featured a neatly manicured Japanese garden. After tasting a few wines we walked through the garden and strolled around the edge of a five acre pond. Swans gracefully floated along the pond's edge, ignoring us as we walked by. Numerous flowers of various colors decorated the gardens. Also, we observed a small herb garden probably a prized possession of the owner's chef. It was a very pleasant respite from riding on the highway.

Our next stop was the Calistoga Market to buy our provisions for dinner and the next morning's breakfast. It was quite a sight to see us exit the market with large bags of groceries. My first thought was, "Where will we put all of the groceries?" Somehow we managed to stow a six-pack of beer, two quarts of milk and the groceries into our panniers and on our racks and ride on to Bothe-Napa State Park. Anne and Bill held back as Trevor and I rode away. Their purpose was to buy some special pastries for Trevor. It was his birthday and we wanted to surprise him. The first night's entree was chicken fajitas cooked on our portable stoves. The aroma from the cook stove spread over our campsite and to the adjoining ones. Our neighbors to the left of us in an RV were eating hot dogs and hamburgers while we were enjoying a fine Mexican dinner. It seemed strange to me, but I doubt they knew we existed. All our meals throughout the trip were tasty and nutritious. We ate very well. We continued the rest of the tour in much the same manner - riding, wine tasting, eating and sleeping under the stars.

Bicycling from Bothe-Napa State Park to Bodega Dunes State Park on the California Coast by way of Santa Rosa and Petaluma was most challenging. It took two days for this journey of 88 miles, requiring crossing three ridges and numerous ravines. It was during the ride from Petaluma to the coast that I experienced a spectacular view. As we crossed the last ridge I looked down and to the southwest

and saw Tamales Bay. It was a beautiful sight, probably the most spectacular view of this journey. We had been riding through hot, dry areas where much of the grass and shrubbery had turned brown. The blue of the bay and the Pacific Ocean were welcomed sights.



DON HEADING TOWARD TAMALES BAY

The highlight of the trip was bicycling up the Russian River, and visiting the Davis Bynum, Korbelt and Hop Kiln wineries. I tasted some of the best wines at these wineries. Also, the scenery was never ending. Tall trees lined the highway shading us as we rode alongside the Russian River on our way to our final destination of Cloverdale. We camped there overnight and drove back to San Clemente the next day. It was a most enjoyable trip.

SEPTEMBER 11TH, 2001

By Don Harvey

After a good night's sleep, I woke up a little after seven AM on September 11th, 2001. I got out of bed and turned on the television to observe the latest news. I was shocked to see the news report. Each of the International Trade Center Twin Towers in New York City had been hit by a commercial airliner and another airliner had crashed into the Pentagon in Washington, DC. I immediately woke up Joyce. As we watched further developments, it was reported that another airliner was off course and suspected to be under the control of terrorists. What a way to start a morning! It reminded me of the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. What more was to follow?

We were glued to the TV set watching the emergency services respond as the citizens scattered. Then one by one the Twin Towers tall structures collapsed, causing an enormous dust cloud that enveloped everyone in its path. We were horrified. More horrifying was video reports from Arab nations showing the citizens cheering in the streets at the destruction caused by the terrorists. It was clear to me that I had no real understanding of the Arab world. How anyone could be elated by such destruction of human life!

As time passed, it was clear that the fourth plane commandeered by terrorists was heading for another strategic target, probably the White House. Supersonic warplanes had been dispatched to bring down the plane if it was threatening a critical target. Anxiously I waited to hear further news. Finally it was announced that passengers aboard the plane had overcome the terrorists and forced the plane down in an unpopulated area. A huge crater was formed at the impact point and all on board were killed instantly. I marveled at the courage of the passengers who stood up to be counted. I will never forget the many heroes who responded on that day, nor the nineteen cowards who commandeered the four aircraft. The events of the day took on the identification 9/11.

I did not know any of the victims or survivors of these terrorist acts of 9/11, nor did I have any close friends or relatives who knew any of those affected. Had those attacks occurred on the west coast, I may have known someone involved.

All day the TV networks showed over and over again the scenes of the falling towers, enormous clouds, fleeing citizens and heroic firemen and policemen in action. Also, the damage to the Pentagon by the third airliner and the huge crater caused by the crash of the fourth airliner were repeatedly shown. The vast devastation was burned in my memory. It will always be remembered. Especially the image of UAL airliner flight #175 colliding with the south tower at an estimated velocity of 600 mph. Below is a photo showing where the aircraft entered the tower on the right and the conflagration developing within the tower and flames and debris exiting on the left.

The effects of these events on the families directly involved and the businesses destroyed are difficult to contemplate. I worried how these families and



the City of New York would recover. The same concern was felt for the armed forces and civilian personnel killed or injured in the Pentagon disaster as well as the passengers aboard the plane that was purposely crashed in Pennsylvania to avoid another major disaster. It was apparent that the acts of these terrorists would have a profound effect on the lives of all Americans and citizens of the world.

ON September 13th, 2001 I received an email from a family we met on a trip in November 2000. It read as follows: "Hello friends. We have been glued to our TV sets yesterday and today watching this terrible tragedy that is unfolding in the US. Our thoughts and prayers are with you all at this horrific time, especially those

who live in the New York and Washington DC areas. We trust you and your families are safe”. Regards, Eric & Samantha Corner; Queenstown, NZ. This message gave me a lot of comfort.

When visiting Ottawa, Ontario, Canada one month after the terrorist attack, we circled around the US embassy. A Canadian friend who was guiding us showed us a photo of the embassy he had taken a day after the terrorist attack. The chain link fence surrounding the grounds was covered with American Flags and flowers. While touring the Capitol City of Ottawa, American Flags were abundantly displayed everywhere we went. It was a wonderful feeling knowing that our friends to the north were expressing their concern for us Americans.

One year later I attended a service at Carlsbad By The Sea dedicated to the memory of all those affected by the acts of the terrorists of 9/11. The Reverend John Uhlig led the service. The room was crammed full as he delivered his memorial speech. At the conclusion the residents at sang “God Bless America”. We all then filed out to the front lawn and stood silently as the American Flag was raised from half to full staff. That evening I wrote this story.

SNOW BOUND

By Don Harvey

March 1995 seemed like any other spring month. It was sunny and warm in Southern California. It seemed like a perfect time to go skiing in the Sierras. My brother Dave and his wife Donnie had planned to join Joyce and me and ski at Sugar Bowl in the Sierras near Donner Summit. We had been doing this year after year and looked forward to another skiing vacation. We had no idea what we would be facing in the days to come.

Dave and Donnie flew from Chicago to San Jose with their skis. We met them at the San Jose Airport on Friday, March 17th and loaded their baggage and skis in and on the car. From there we made the three and a half hour drive to the cabin. The roads were clear all the way to the cabin. When we arrived we noted that there was about twelve feet of snow on the ground. The altitude of the cabin owned by our son Jon and his family is 7,000 feet. Since our car was equipped with all wheel drive we were confident we could drive to and from the ski areas. We skied on Saturday, Sunday and Monday at Sugar Bowl. It was the first opportunity for us to ski that season, but we skied too long each day and overdid it a little. So we decided to take it easy Tuesday and drive to Truckee for shopping and lunch. Around two o'clock it began snowing and as time passed the storm became more intense. I convinced Dave, Donnie and Joyce to pile in the car and head for the cabin on the other side of Donner Pass. On the western outskirts of Truckee I was stopped by the California Highway Patrol to inspect my car. Since I had all wheel drive they let me proceed. We didn't realize it but we were taking a huge risk. As we approached Donner Summit the snowfall was so intense that the wipers could not clear the windshield. The few cars we saw were off the road and out of service. We felt all alone out there.

Dave and I rolled down the side windows and stuck our heads out to see where we were going. The road had been plowed earlier, but now there was fresh snow about a foot deep to drive through. By this time I was driving less than ten miles per hour on a highway that normally handles traffic over seventy miles per hour. Soon Dave shouted, "Turn off here". He saw the Soda Springs turnoff to the cabin so I turned the car into a foot and a half of unplowed snow. The off ramp was short and led to the plowed Soda Springs Road. Driving to the cabin from there was uneventful because the roads had been freshly plowed. This was the start of an enormous storm that lasted three days. Since there was already twelve feet of snow on the ground before this storm, it was clear that the private, state and county plows would be overtaxed.



BEGINNING OF STORM - TUESDAY

I was concerned about the snow load on the cabin before the storm and wondered just how much extra weight the structure could take. Up to this point the snow load had distorted the cabin in such a way that it was difficult to open the front door to the outside. The rear door was completely blocked by the snow that had fallen from the roof. By Wednesday morning three feet of new snow had fallen making access to the highways impossible. During the night while I was in bed, the cabin began to creak. As new snow was added to the compacted snow on the roof, I was concerned about a possible collapse. The more it snowed, the more the mysterious creaking.

The next morning I cleared the snow off the car roof hoping it would stop snowing. However, as the snowfall continued, all available snowplows were directed to plow Interstate 80, the major highway from central California to the eastern states. The local roads could not be plowed. We were snowed in! There was no place to go. Snowfall continued throughout Wednesday and Thursday adding a total of eight feet of new snow on top of the twelve feet existing when we

arrived. The wires to the cabin were below the snow level. I had never seen anything like it.



THURSDAY - WHERE IS THE CAR?

Throughout the storm we had water, power and heat. The phones also worked. We were worried about running out of propane for the furnace, so we burned logs in the Franklin stove. To gather the logs I had to drop through a trap door in the second story porch. Under the porch there was a small space not filled in with snow where I could reach the logs. I fed them up through the trap door to Dave who carried them to the stove.

For entertainment we read, played hearts or watched TV. By watching TV I mean we watched our grandchildren's tapes. There was no TV feed to the cabin. After watching "Fox and Hounds", "Cinderella" and others more than once we began to get cabin fever. Fortunately we had a case of wine and lots of food. As long as the power stayed on and the cabin did not collapse, we were comfortable.

Jon and Kitty called us regularly to see how we were doing and to give us the latest weather report. Each morning we expected the storm to be over, only to learn that another storm was on the way. It was nearly impossible to leave the cabin and if we did we needed to be aware of the possibility of sinking through the snow and disappearing.

Hour by hour large snowflakes floated across and down past the large front windows. Occasionally the snowfall would let up only to be followed by strong winds and more snow. Depending upon the time of day the temperature varied from zero to twenty degrees Fahrenheit. Although we were reasonably comfortable and had plenty of food, we began to realize how the Donner Party must have felt with their endless snowfall. Curiously enough, we were located at about the same altitude as the Donner Party and just ten miles east. They also had a snowfall around twenty feet!

On Friday morning the snowfall ceased and the sun came out. It was time to dig out the car. Donnie and I put on snow shoes and worked our way to the car. The plan was to clear the snow away from the driver's side, across the back and up the passenger side. That's what Donnie and I did. The biggest problem we had was where to find space to throw the snow.

I conned a snowplow driver into plowing the driveway up to a few feet from my car. After clearing the remaining snow by hand, the car was driven out to the road where I cleared the snow from the hood and roof. Because of the large quantity of snow to be removed, I drove to the end of the road where there was a cul-de-sac and distributed the snow over the entire area.

FRIDAY MORNING



During the dig out, I shot pictures from the cabin window (left) looking at the road and from the road looking at the cabin. Before the next storm hit we quickly packed the car, secured the cabin and headed west toward Sacramento. The roads were plowed and with all four wheels gripping the snow, we escaped. The California Highway Patrol controlled the downhill speed as we progressed westward on Interstate 80. Soon we left the high snow banks and began to observe the welcomed green grass of the lower altitudes.

THE TORNADO

By Ella Reed Rogers

In May 1955 on May 25, a terrible tornado hit Blackwell, Oklahoma. It was evening and our family was gathered in the living room with the TV playing a board game that our oldest daughter had received for her 10th birthday. We were making so much noise that we didn't hear the news about the weather, but we did hear some large hail hit the roof. One of the children ran out and brought in some hail stones. They were huge and very ragged so we put them in the freezer and went back to our Monopoly game.

About that time my mother-in-law phoned to tell us that the sky looked bad. It was green and she was sure a bad storm was coming and we should go to the basement immediately. We trooped down the steps to the basement, which had high windows on the west side. We heard the storm roar through the east side of town. Then we heard the sirens wail taking the injured to the hospital which was only a few blocks from our house.

We then heard about the tornado hitting the east side of town and later found out about our friends who lived in that part of town. Many had been killed, a total of 21, and many more were injured and hospitalized. A glass plant in that area of town was set on fire and burned to the ground. Many people were trapped in their homes and others were blown far away from their houses and many other unbelievable things happened as a result of the storm. The twister made a path into Kansas to the small town of Udall (over the line from Blackwell) – it was virtually wiped off the map – not a house left untouched.

Jim, our bus driver here at Carlsbad By the Sea, verified this story, for he was in the Air Force in Enid, Oklahoma, just a few miles from Blackwell. He and his Air Force buddies flew over Blackwell and followed the path through Kansas. They were horrified at the path of desolation – about two miles of complete destruction. Our family later built a house on one of the lots cleared by the tornado and lived there for the next 50 years.

Life magazine later ran an article on the tornado and described the one that hit Blackwell as being three separate twisters that converged just south of Blackwell that caused the tremendous power of the wind. We believe that was one of the storms which helped label that area as “Tornado Alley”. The movie “Twister” was filmed in our area and another into Kansas in 1995.

I have personally seen many more tornadoes in my life in Oklahoma, and around Texas and Kansas. I certainly would not have followed a twister as they did in the movie, but instead would have gone the opposite direction. I have decided

that I much prefer California weather and the earthquake fears, since I've never experienced any such trouble here and hopefully never will.

THE SECRET CITY

By Ella Reed Rogers

After my husband finished his basic training at Ft, Sill, Oklahoma he was given orders to report for duty at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. We didn't know where this was and didn't understand what his place had to do with World War II. That was in July, 1942. First he tried to call Oak Ridge, but it wasn't listed. We had looked on the map of Tennessee, but couldn't find it, so my husband called Colonel Parsons of the Manhattan Engineering District, to whom he was to report. It was explained that Oak Ridge was close to Knoxville in the eastern part of the state and he was given directions from there. A few miles before we reached our destination we had to drive over a new stretch of highway which ended up at a gate surrounded by a large fence, enclosing a building – the entrance to Oak Ridge. By this time we were becoming puzzled and suspicious of such a place so secretive and hard to find. We entered the building where my husband, Max, had to join a line to receive instructions. I sat down on a bench where others were waiting and asked a woman next to me what this place was, and what was going on here, She shushed me with her finger, pointed to a big sign on the wall, “Secretive! What you hear and see here, keep here!” Then I really was mystified,

After Max's papers were inspected and he received his new orders, a guard in uniform was assigned to take us to our new house. As we drove through the city, we could tell it was new, but quite large, with stores, a city center, and roads that radiated up the hills where the residents lived. It was obvious to us that it had been hastily constructed with prefabricated houses quickly put together in the midst of tall pine trees on the hilly terrain. Our house was flat-topped trailer-style home constructed of wood with a good sized living area with a kitchen at one end and a large pot-bellied coal stove in the middle, a small bedroom with high narrow windows, and a small bathroom. This is where we lived for 1 ½ years before we were able to move into a more permanent type house with two bedrooms and a garage!

Max went to work every day and never told me what was taking place there, for he was sworn to secrecy. He was placed in the Personnel Division of the Intelligence section of the Manhattan Project. At one point he made a trip to Los Alamos, New Mexico to deliver Uranium 235 in a lead suitcase. Because of the danger of radiation, he never volunteered for that detail again,

The day the Japanese surrendered he told me what they were making there at the Manhattan Project and the secret was then known to the world about the part Oak Ridge played in the successful end of the war.

Our first child, Carolyn, was born in Oak Ridge in 1945. We left Tennessee in July, 1946 so that Max could return to his business in Oklahoma, where we lived for the next sixty years.

AUTHORS

ALLEN, JACKIE	
Memories of Paris	54
BROWN, CLAUDIA	
Blind Date on a Starry Night	34
CHRISTMAN, AL	
The Big Race:Hitch Hiking Vs Hopping Freights	5
Open Cockpit on a Dark Prairie Night	36
COHEN, DOTTIE	
A Timely Tsunami Story	30
CUMMING, JACK	
Rescue at Sea	143
DENARDO, JERRY	
My Life Story	150
FOSTER,MARTHA	
My Grandmother	53
HARVEY, DON	
Energy And Smiles	1
The Paquime Ruins - Chihuahua, Mexico	11
Mount Assiniboine - Matterhorn Without People	18
Mountain Biking in Orange County, CA	41
What Do I Do Now?	43
The Tarahumara Indians of Mexico	56
Secrets of Hana, Maui	60
October Hiking in the Sierras Near Donner Summit	62
Friendly Tibet	65
Mountain Biking at Calavera Nature Preserve	70
Mission to Kenya	113
The Fake Gucci Watch	138
Bicycling Through the California Wine Country	159
September 11th, 2001	165
Snow Bound	168

HARVEY, JOYCE	
I Was Loved	91
Joy In My Life	92
HIRD, JANE	
Joy, Joy, Joy, Joy	156
HOLM, ODVAR	
Memories of a Stove	97
JACOBS, GENIE	
Screw the Golden Years	90
Johnny Pass	93
Happy New Year	99
My Sister Helen	101
Playful Is Good	111
History Is Made	128
A Father To Be Remembered	139
Moonlight Madness	141
JONES, RAY	
Murphy's Law Is Alive And Well	32
A Room With A View	45
Destiny	104
PEALE, WALT	
Serving In The Coast Guard During World War II	49
PETERSON, PETE	
A Christmas Story	16
RANDOLPH, MURIEL	
Winter, Beardsden, Scotland - Dark & Dense Fog	10
Lost Child, Yokohama, Japan, Sagiyama Ridge	13
Unlocking The Manchester to Glasgow Train	25
Car Jacked	142
RICHIE, ANNIE	
How I Met My Husband	88

RICHIE, DOUG

The Anatomy Of A Surgery	72
A Quaker Wedding	77
The Cherries Jubilee Story	80
A Miraculous Birth	83
An Inspiring Volunteer	87
A Town Called Brewster	95

ROGERS, ELLA REED

Digging Into The Past	27
A Letter To My Friend Mac - Thanksgiving 2009	39
My Grandma Narrative	110
The Holy Terror	130
Our Adventures With Randy	132
Playing Or Bullying	134
My Most Memorable Thanksgiving	135
How Many Pills?	154
The Tornado	173
The Secret City	175

SLOCUM, SARAH

Asparagus - November 8, 1990	51
Dinner At Our Detroit Home 1939	52
Blues For Lost Words	76

WALKER, JANE H

An Adventure At An International Orthopedic Convention	14
--	----

WOLLAM, JEAN

The Berlin Airlift	21
The Hot Country	23
Mangia! Mangia!	59