The Back Page

Granny Says

Gramps' only wish for the 4th of July was a box of red, white and blue frosted donuts. He says that you can't buy happiness but you can buy donuts and that's kind of the same thing. He carried the box of donuts out the bakery door smiling like a lottery winner.

I tell him that donuts are an excuse to eat cake for breakfast but he's not buying it. His response - "Life is grand with a donut in hand."

I usually allow myself only one or two donuts a year. This morning I had 423 B.C., 1493 and 1951.

I try explaining to Gramps that donuts aren't healthy foods and contain no food value whatsoever.

Gramps retorts, "There're healthier than crystal meth!"

When opening the box of donuts at home, Gramps said, "Hey, I think these donuts are getting smaller. They are smaller than the last box we got. I think other packages are shrinking too. The other day I saw individually packaged cashews. When we shopped for toilet tissue, the rolls seemed smaller too. Do they think we're trying to quit?"

Welcome New Residents

Rick & Merceda Adam	**G122**
Terry & Fran Buchanan	**O117**
Charlie & Carol Krepp	**M211**
Richard & Marcia Rosenberg	**P314**
Jim & Bonnie Wallman	**O111**

(You will see photos of many of our new residents who have moved in during the past couple of months on page 3)

Complaint Department

By JoAnn Mullen

Omega was driving at LCG's posted speed of 10 mph when she spotted a sign on the back panel of a white van that read, "CAUTION - This Van is Being Driven by a Blind Man."

Omega pulled over and grabbed her cell phone and dialed the front desk, "Susan, there's a blind man driving around LCG by the Rose Garden!"

"Calm down, dear," Susan said, "he's installing Venetian blinds at Hillside."

La Costa Glen
Glen Tidings Committee:

Editor:
Carole Eibelheuser

Assistant Editor:
JoAnn Mullen

Writers:
Les Besser
Dave Dana
Robin Friedheim
Pat Grant
Richard Vandervoort
Evelyn Weidner
Sharon Wood

Photographers:
Les Besser & Bixby Smith

Layout and Design:
Michele Chaffee, Activities Director

Copyright 2020

Residents may submit articles for consideration of no more than 300 words. See the portal for guidelines and procedure.

State of California License #374600637
Certificate of Authority #201

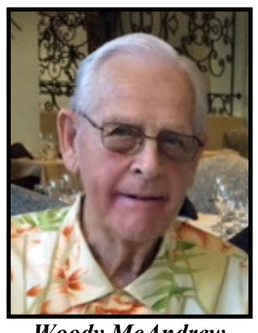
THE GLEN TIDINGS

July 2020

"Woody" McAndrew

By Dave Dana

On July 2, **Woody McAndrew** will be 100 years old. A small-town veteran, Woody spent his working life in Ypsilanti, Michigan, outside Ann Arbor—named in honor of Demetrios Ypsilantis, hero of Greek independence. No doubt a typical small-town child with two sisters, Woody graduated from the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor.



Woody McAndrew, centurion and long-time member of the Glenaires choir.

However, while a senior at Michigan, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Not wanting to be randomly drafted, Woody right away enlisted in the Navy. The Navy let him finish college, and he graduated in 1942. He served four years as first lieutenant aboard several destroyer escorts, doing service for supply convoys duty in the Atlantic and Mediterranean. Shipboard duties included becoming sonar officer searching for submarines alert for attacks. As gunnery officer, he coordinated gunnery for any air battles and downed one German plane.

When the war ended, Woody returned home to Ypsilanti. Woody married Marilynn, daughter of Preston Tucker, the builder of the Tucker automobile—the ill-treated car of which few were built. In 45 years of marriage they had two boys and a girl. Now there are five grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

After the war Woody's father soon retired and Woody took over the family furniture business in Ypsilanti. The company sold mostly what he described as "medium priced" living, bed, and dining room furniture, and also floor coverings like carpeting and linoleum.

Later during his working years, he bought a small Savings and Loan, and successfully grew it with four branches, until another bank bought them, It eventually became part of Bank of America. When he is asked what he did, Woody says, "I was a banker."

Caroline Chamales (left) and Beth Watt try out our new pickle ball lobster serving machine. Much like our tennis lobster, it will serve balls to player(s) from the opposite side of the court, allowing for terrific practice. Both courts are now open for singles and doubles games.

My Country

It isn't easy to make a country,
to start from scratch
with a new idea,

that maybe, just maybe
there could be a country
where we told ourselves
what to do and how to do it.

It was a crazy idea. Scary.
No one had ever done it before.
What if we got it wrong?
What if we didn't agree?

It was supposed to be a secret.
Some talked about it quietly.
Some wrote about it, not so quietly,
Patrick was one, and John and Tom.

But then it was too big to be a secret
and we called it liberty,
Even ordinary people could say
How things should go.

We wrote a plan.
We fought a war
We wouldn't give up.
We kept our country.

It was so simple, that idea.
But it changed everything
It changed the world.

—Pat Grant

Different Political Systems

By Les Besser

Shortly after arriving to Canada as a Hungarian refugee in 1956, I found work at Vancouver Island. A week later, a Hungarian-Canadian volunteer offered to show me around Vancouver, and I eagerly accepted the opportunity.

Strolling through downtown, I noticed a small crowd listening to a man standing on a box giving a speech. Some of the listeners cheered loudly. I became curious.

Not speaking English, I asked my friend, "What is he talking about?"

"He is denouncing the government, saying that the Prime Minister is a senile imbecile who is unfit to govern."

I looked around in panic. "Let's hurry back to your car."

"What's the rush?"

"When the police arrest them, they'll pick us up too."

"Why would the police care?"

"That man is insulting the Prime Minister, and the people are agreeing with him."

My friend laughed. "You lived under Communism too long! In this country you're allowed to express your opposition freely."

He sounded convincing, but I was still nervous. Only after we reached his car and drove some distance could I relax. I had trouble believing that people could openly speak out against the government.

That evening I wrote a long letter to my mother who still lived in Budapest, letting her know that I had already found a job. I also wanted to tell her about the man speaking so freely in the park but after some thought decided not to include it. If my letter were censored, reading about my praise of the West could lead to serious trouble for her.

Now, over six decades later, not a day passes that I don't marvel at the transformation of my life. I am fortunate to live in North America where people can freely express their opinions—whether the government agrees or not.

Hospitality

By Sharon Wood

Olympia, Washington, was only 15 miles from Fort Lewis, the second largest Army Base on the West Coast. During WWII our USO became a popular visitation for those on leave. My mother often followed the "rules" that we could invite soldiers home for Sunday dinner, to be picked up in our car when they needed a ride.

These pleasant dinners meant a great deal to some of these soldiers. Many years later my family was surprised to receive a wedding invitation from one of these young soldiers whom Mom had brought home. The ceremony took place in Brooklyn, N.Y. We were not able to attend but each of us sent a hand written note of congratulations and delight! Imagine!

Pickle

By Dave Dana

Another new guest arrived for dinner, a rugged face, grey hair, an expression of one who'd endured hardships. "My name's Fibber," the newcomer said, then with the meal's preliminaries out of the way, Fibber talked of his "life in the real world," as many residents called their careers.

"As a young man I lived on the wilderness near the canyon lands, near Indian country, often watching each other go about daily work and play. In time, I taught them words, like *house*, while they used the word *tontoka*, apparently meaning the mechanical horseless carriages they rode. They called themselves *Anasazi*, meaning the people called Anasazi. They called me *sinchacalli*, which meant he who should bathe more regularly."

At this point Henry looked at Daisy. *Is this guy for real?*

"This tribe I had come to know lived atop a large mesa." Fibber went on. The mesa suffered a harsh drought that summer. I had them dig a ditch from the nearby mountain to the mesa, up the side to the top. I had a large crop of cucumbers, pickling for days in the sun. So, with the puzzled tribe looking on skeptically, I lined the ditch with pickles all the way to the mesa top.

Henry thought, *not for real—actually nuts*.

"Wait til the morning," I told the tribesmen. In the night, I diverted the stream, and it soon flowed up the mesa to the village. The Indians were amazed.

"I am amazed, too," said Henry.

Daisy said, "Only magic could make a stream flow uphill."

"Not magic," Fibber grinned. "Everybody knows that dill waters run steep."

We told our kids that we never wanted to live in a vegetative state, dependent on machines and fluids to keep us alive. So, they unplugged our computers and threw out all our wine.

We Love a Parade

By JoAnn Mullen

Excitement, color, lively music, the sounds of the big band drums and the audacious balloons beckon us to watch a parade. Who doesn't like a parade?

Parades, also called march pasts, are processions of people accompanied by marching bands and often oversized balloons and floats held for a celebratory occasion.

The longest parade in the world is the Hanover, Germany, *Schutzenfest*, a 7.5 mile-long parade with over 12,000 participants from all over the world. A *schutzenfest* is a festival featuring a target-shooting competition which is the culture of both Germany and Switzerland. Contestants shoot at a wooden representation of an eagle. The winner holds the title of *Schutzenkonig* (King of Marksmen) until the next competition.

In the US, parades are customarily celebrated for the 4th of July, V-E Day, Memorial Day and Armistice Day among other important celebrations. On Mother's Day LCG held its own parade, complete with fire engine and decorated vehicles circling our campus.

Hobby—Model Ships

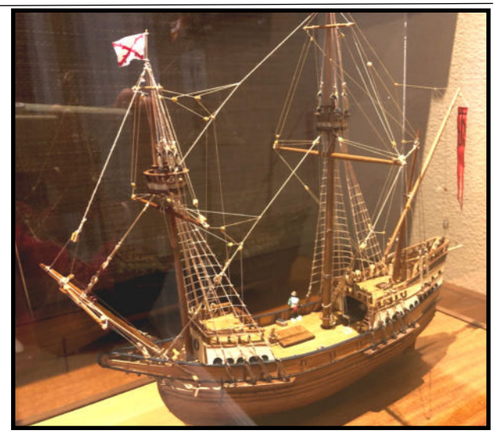
By Dave Dana

Building model ships has been a lifetime hobby that began in a small garage workshop and turned into participation in a monthly guild of highly skilled modelers at the San Diego Maritime Museum. That first model was a kit. A kit is basically a box of sticks, with a few cast pieces, like anchors, and some string. A finished kit becomes a two-masted squared-rigged 18th Century cargo ship, or any one of hundreds of historical waterborne vessels.

Over the course of a lifetime hobby, tools accumulate. If something is needed, buy it—fine saws, hot curling irons, drills, files, lathes, Dremel hand drills and sanders, clamps of all sizes and lots of sandpaper for smooth planked hulls.

The Maritime Museum hosts a monthly meeting of the Model Shipbuilders Guild, a group of 15 to 20 expert and wanna-be modelers. They show off their models in various stages of completion, and help each other in how to do some aspect of construction. The models may be historic, WWII warships, sleek yachts. Some are built in very tiny scale—a square-rigged hull less than six inches long, for example—with unbelievable detail. There is an expert builder in Maine that models on order for clients with gold fixtures, fiberglass hulls, and working turnbuckles.

When the Maritime Museum built a replica *San Salvador*, the ship that discovered San Diego Bay, guild members built from scratch (no kit) several model *San Salvador*s. Guild members-built a small ping-pong table size display of the entire famous naval battle of Trafalgar between Admiral Nelson's British fleet and the Spanish Armada, that became a permanent Museum exhibit. Model Ships—a hobby with endless challenge, history, interest and fun.



***Dave Dana's** replica of the San Salvador.*

Do You Know?

By Dave Dana

Do you know the Lone Ranger was real?

"With his faithful Indian companion, the daring and resourceful masked rider of the plains led the fight for law and order in the early West. Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear! From out of the past come the thundering hoof-beats . . . !"

This real US Marshal worked in Texas and Oklahoma for 33 years. He rode with a Native American companion from the tribal police. He always tried to "bring 'em back alive" and played fair, if sometimes deceptive. This perfect shot carried two revolvers and a Winchester rifle. He gave silver dollars to people who helped him.

He was Bass Reeves, a black man born a slave. He lived in the dangerous, lawless Oklahoma territory among Natives, escaped criminals, and squatters. There he learned languages of seven tribes, became an expert marksman, and developed tracking skills. Little or no law enforcement came there until "Hanging Judge" Parker appointed Reeves and others Deputy US Marshals, with authority to arrest anyone. When a Marshal went on a mission, he rode with a wagon to hold prisoners, a cook, and a "posse man." Reeves' posse man was often a favorite Native from tribal police.

Stories of Reeves' exploits abound. He rescued a man from a lynch mob. He could talk down armed men. He arrested his own son, and later his preacher. He once brought back 16 desperados chained behind his wagon—over 3,000 arrests over 33 years. He used disguises, trick ricochet shots, and other pretenses. Judge Parker once tried him for murder, but false evidence freed him.

Then, in 1907, state "Jim Crow" laws made it impossible for a black man to enforce law against whites. So he became known forever thereafter as the masked Lone Ranger, with Tonto and Silver.

Stars of the month...

Bob Elkin

Christa Haines

Brigitte & Klaus Kirchhoff

Dee Parks

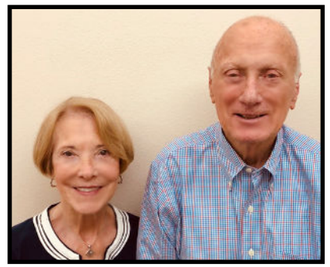
Shirley Baker

James Cregg

Dianne Deitch

Dianne Sullivan

Alex & Nancy Friehauf (and Kona)



Patricia and John Roberts

Jeannine Drake

Sue Geriak

Merceda & Rick Adam

Patricia Hawkins

Welcome New Residents

Paula Vail

Jordan & Mary Ann Viculin

Charlie & Carol Krepp

Jim & Bonnie Wallman

Encounter at Vons

By Robin Friedheim

I moved from Los Angeles to Carlsbad about the same time a big construction project was underway three miles to the south. With my new neighbors, I watched buildings appear, and soon—*voila*!—there was La Costa Glen.

Before long, people I knew began moving in, including some neighbors. I visited, enjoyed some outstanding dinners and a couple of meetings, admired the beautiful gardens.

One day in October 2018, I was particularly stressed. My water heater was leaking, I was trying to organize a theater party for my grandson's birthday, and I was hosting dinner for six that very evening.

Headed to Vons to shop for dinner. My cart bumped into **Valerie Rosenbaum**, my erstwhile neighbor and book-club buddy, who, with husband **Mike**, had moved to LCG just two months before. Hugs (allowed back then).

"Robin," she said. "I need to talk to you." She maneuvered our carts into a corner, and we proceeded to talk for fully 20 minutes. She told me how much she loved LCG, her spectacular view of gardens and waterfall.

I told her how frazzled I was and why.

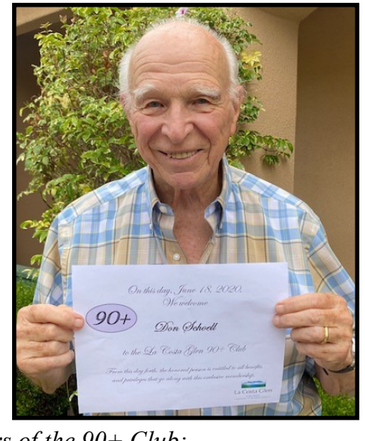
"You need to move there," she said. "Now. Why wait? You can enjoy all the amenities. You could have a dinner party every night—no cooking involved! House repairs? Forget it. Yesterday I needed a lightbulb; it was brought to my door in 20 minutes. Theater party? Go on an LCG excursion; they'll buy tickets and drive you!"

Hmm, I thought. Life without leaks.

"Go home and make the call," she said.

I did.

Things happened fast. Fast forward to February 1, 2019. I moved into Gardenview, with, yes, garden view. Valerie and Mike? Just steps (and stairs) away.



More new members of the 90+ Club:
Chuck Gunn** (left) and **Don Schoell

Shaggy Dog

By Pat Grant

My friends were discussing all the shots we are still taking—at our age. We remembered the d-p-t shots our babies got and what the letters stood for (with difficulty). Diphtheria and pertussis (whooping cough) came easily but we had some trouble with tetanus.

Then **Helen Harter** told us what happened to her some years ago while biking on Redondo Beach. She was the fourth in a procession behind her husband, George, and two friends when they passed a huge shaggy dog with hair in his eyes sitting beside the path. Helen kept her eye on the dog as each bike in front of her passed the dog and he didn't move—until it was her turn. The boy with the dog was half asleep and the dog leaped on Helen and bit her in the seat of her shorts.

"He bit me," she screamed and fell off her bike. George heard her scream and jumped off his bike. He ran back to help her. The boy said he was just walking the dog for his older brother who was in the movie business and so was the dog. "He's a Bouvier des Flandres," the boy announced, "and he's a big star. He's in a movie now."

Movie star or not, George wanted to know about the dog's shots. The boy called his brother and they ended up at the veterinarian's office. George waited while Helen went in with the boy and the dog. Finally, Helen came out.

"What took you so long?" George wanted to know. "Didn't he have his shots?"

"Oh yes," said Helen, "He had all his shots. But they wanted to know if I had mine."

Traveling During Covid-19

By JoAnn Mullen

Traveling the world of botanical gardens and art galleries has been pure joy the last few months of the Covid-19 lockdown. By clicking on to the links Michele has provided in the Activities Daily email and following the websites from the Union Tribune I had been able to view the spring blossoms at NYBG and gardens throughout the country and the world just in time to view 2020's spring bounty.

Connecting to ljathenaeum.org/permanent collection, one can refine one's art appreciation skills through viewing art in San Diego and throughout the U.S. With just a click of the mouse we can scan what piques our interest and immerse ourselves in the joy of detailed and careful analysis. One can solicit an enormous amount of information in short time as to the subtleties in a piece of art's line and form and color.

There are endless website prompts for you to follow that are limited only to your imagination and the time you have to spend. Try it. How could you not like it? What do you have to lose?

Escape

By Carole Eibelheuser

How do I escape the sameness of every day while in stay-at-home mode? My favorite escape is one I had as a child—movies. As I was growing up, our home was within walking distance to the local movie theater. Saturdays and sometimes Sundays I would take in a newsreel, cartoon, and a double feature and, of course, previews of coming attractions. Movies changed on the weekend to a different double feature. Just think, four movies a weekend.

It was the time of movie magazines and TV was in its infancy for home entertainment. The other benefit was air conditioning not to mention the popcorn and candy. Going with a bunch of friends was great fun.

TCM has become my favorite movie channel. I often get lost in the movies of the 30s and 40s. I rediscovered Fred and Ginger, Judy and Mickey, Gene, Frank, Humphrey, Katherine, and too many more to mention. The stories—mysteries, suspense, crime, adventure, and those adapted from books and plays—are a real smorgasbord from which to choose. The period stories filmed in black and white with sets and costumes are an art form for the viewer. How movies have changed!

There are still some excellent movies out there when you can find them on TV. I just sit in my recliner with something to drink and perhaps a snack and go back in time to the good old days of the local movie theater, picking my favorite seat and checking for chewing gum plastered to the underside of it. Ah, memories and an escape from reality are right there.

The HP Way

By Les Besser

On July 1st, 1966, after graduating from the University of Colorado, I joined the Microwave Division of Hewlett Packard at Palo Alto. My first engineering assignment was to develop a "broadband low-noise impedance -converter." The project would enable microwave professionals to probe the performance of communication systems without interfering with their operation.

Some of the reading material I found covered the principles of low-noise design, but I still did not know where to begin. My colleagues told me that an expert on that subject worked in our Solid-State Division. "He is Dutch and a very friendly person," one of the engineers told me. "Go and ask him for advice."

HP had open labs instead of private offices. I easily found the cubicle of the Dutchman. His desk was covered with books and papers, and his workbench was a mess. The man was in the middle of calculations using a slide rule. Not wanting to disrupt his work, I turned around to walk away, but he had already noticed my presence.

"May I help you?" he asked. He spoke with an interesting accent.

"I heard that you're a world expert on low-noise design. I am new and don't know how to start my project."

"Well, pull up a chair and let's talk about it." He shoved the books aside to make space on his desk. "Tell me what you know."

He listened patiently and then began to tutor me. We met every morning for the next several days until he felt that I was ready to start working on my project. I appreciated his unselfish assistance and promised myself to help others when I became more experienced.

Later I learned that such camaraderie was one of the many keys to HP's phenomenal success.

Home Alone

By Les Besser

After WWII ended in Europe in May 1945, Hungary's new government introduced food-rationing coupons to Budapest residents. My entrepreneurial single-mother, laden with clothing and household items to barter for food with the farmers, hopped a freight train for the day trip. Enjoying the lack of supervision, my eight-year-old reaction was to invite friends for a rumble in our apartment.

After the kids left, I tidied up and looked for our coupons so I could stand in line for our daily four ounces of bread. My mother kept the coupons on the kitchen table in a small crystal bowl, our single treasure. To my horror, the bowl stood empty. A month of coupons was in there when Mother left—she made a point of telling me to guard them carefully. I had to find them.

An exhaustive search of the apartment did not uncover the coupons; questioning the friends I'd played with that day also proved fruitless. The coupons were gone, and I dreaded my mother's reaction upon her return. Desperate, I prayed to St. Anthony, remembering that he helped children. After my prayers, the next thing was to find something to eat.

I knocked on a neighbor's door and explained my quandary; they kindly shared their meal with me. Heading home, I fearfully imagined my mom's return. Unlocking the front door, I snapped on the light bulb that hung over our table, and—the crystal bowl was no longer empty! Rushing to the table, I seized its contents—the lost coupons! Overwhelming joy coursed through my veins as I offered a litany of relieved thanks to merciful St. Anthony.

I still have no explanation of how those coupons found their way back into that bowl. Although I'm not a deeply religious person, I am convinced that a miracle took place that day.

Getting money is not all a man's business: to cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life.

—**Samuel Johnson**

Fledgling

Contributed by Janet Podell

In 1948 my father earned his private pilot's license. One day that summer, he drove into the driveway towing what looked like a large model airplane fuselage. He pulled it into the backyard and called to me. "Sis (I don't know why he called me Sis), I need you to help put this fabric over the skeleton of this fuselage." So, I held the fabric in place as he secured it to the thin strips of wood. When it was completed, he towed it back to the airfield.

Sometime later, my father asked me, "Sis, the plane is finished. Do you want to go up with me and try it out?" Of course I agreed.

I was very excited and a little apprehensive because I remembered the thin material we had used to cover the fuselage and also the wings. I was in awe as we flew over the everglades, the ocean and our house.

Then my father said, "Sis, it's your turn to fly the plane." After a few instructions, I took the joy stick and pushed it forward. We went into a dive. I was scared and I pulled it towards me and the plane climbed. We were all over the place, my father laughing all the time. Finally, he took over the controls and landed us softly and safely.

My first airplane ride was a blast. I flew the plane and helped (a little) to build it. I was 13 years-old.

I Flew a 747

Contributed By Jay Landis

Early in the 1970s I worked for Minelting, a German gold mining company with headquarters in Zurich, Switzerland. Based north of Congress, AZ, I had made many first-class trips over the Atlantic.

During one of these trips on a Lufthansa 747, I happened to pull the curtains aside and there sat three handsome blond fellows reading magazines.

"It must be difficult to fly one of these planes," I said to them.

"Not at all. Sit down," they said as the captain got up and motioned to me to sit in his seat.

I turned the wheel and instantly the plane banked. I thought it was going to roll over. My stomach certainly did.

There was a picture of a plane mounted on the 747's console. The captain pointed to it and said, "Line up the wings like this one," and I did but I had lost all my nerve.

As I walked shakily back to my seat, I spied backgammon pieces, cups, and ashtrays strewn all over the plane's lounge. I sank into my seat, buckled myself in and never moved the rest of the flight.

My teenage son thought it was awesome that his mother had flown a 747!

Food for Thought

By JoAnn Mullen

A Hindu priest, a Muslim imam and the Dalai Lama went up to the mountaintop to meditate. They spent more time than they anticipated conversing, praying and meditating but taking little time to eat.

On the way back down the mountain the Hindu mentioned to the Muslim how hungry he was. The Muslim agreed that he was famished as well. The Muslim turned to the Dalai Lama and asked if he, too, was hungry. The guru shrugged his shoulders and said, "No."

Later when they all arrived at the bottom of the mountain, they found a place that served food and began to order huge meals. The Dalai Lama began to eat with great gusto. The Muslim reminded the guru that less than an hour ago he had said that he was not hungry.

The Dalai Lama replied with gravity, "It is not wise to be hungry when there is no food."

Jean Preish

Nancy Scott

Dee Johnston

Sydelle Apfel

Happy Birthday to new members of the 90+ Club (at left).

A BIG HAPPY 101 to ***Nancy Stratford*** *(at right) who turned 101 on June 12. Her neighbors and friends surprised her with a hallway parade, where they carried signs and wished her a happy birthday and dropped off cards. Shown above are Nancy (seated) and* ***Sharon Bodon*** *from Fitness,* ***Louise*** *and* ***Harv Kauffman*** *and* ***Gloria McCaffrey.***

"I'm Number 1" (101, that is), says Nancy. (below)

The first tennis doubles game played since mid-March: ***John Marshall*** *and* ***Les Besser*** *taking on* ***Jim Bronson*** *and* ***John Rawls.***

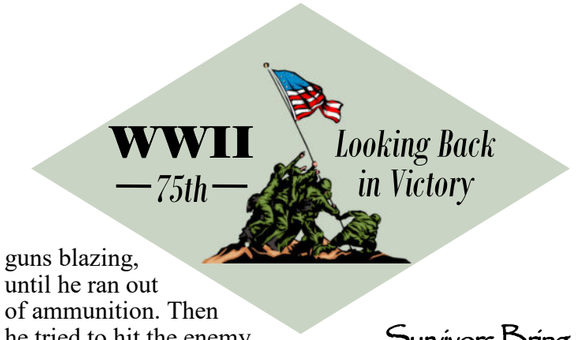
The Story of O'Hare

By Dave Dana and David Davis

A squadron of attack planes left the carrier Lexington high over the Pacific in 1942 to attack the Japanese fleet. A 28-year-old Lieutenant Commander, Butch O'Hare, son of the notorious lawyer for Al Capone, flew one of these American planes. O'Hare happened to notice that his fuel was too low to allow him to finish his mission and return. His flight leader told him to return to the Lexington. Reluctantly, O'Hare dropped out of formation to return. Soon he saw a chilling sight—a squadron of Japanese fighters heading toward the American fleet, now defenseless because its planes had left. He had no way to warn his fleet. What to do?

O'Hare charged the formation himself. He wove in and out of the Japanese planes, disabling one at a time, 50 caliber machine guns blazing, until he ran out of ammunition. Then he tried to hit the enemy wing tips with his tail and rudder flaps to destroy their controls as much as possible. The Japanese attack squad actually veered off in another direction. In time, O'Hare and his tattered plane managed to wobble back to the Lexington.

O'Hare reported the events, and the camera in his plane told the story. He had destroyed five enemy aircraft. O'Hare became the Navy's first Ace of World War II and the first Naval Aviator awarded the Medal of Honor. He was killed in aerial combat a year later. Chicago's O'Hare Airport is named after him.



July Display Cases

By Michele Chaffee

This month we have put together a collection of resident WWII memorabilia and photos of our WWII veterans in both clubhouses. Among the displays:

- Peter DeGirolamo is contributing Seabees items from his own experiences during the war.
- Ginni Davis is sharing items collected by her father during his service in the war, including a fist sized piece of shrapnel from a German air bombing that landed near his tent. She also has a stuffed rabbit made from remnants of material from British uniforms that he sent to her.
-Lori Rapoport has a genuine ration book.
-Dorothy Mark has a book of miniature war posters.
-Mike and Manya Wallenfels are sharing an actual yellow star that Manya was forced to wear as a young girl in Poland, marking her as Jewish. Mike has a mailed postcard sent by his father while he was imprisoned at a Nazi concentration camp.
-Marian Aylmer is sharing a replica of the famous US Marine Corps War Memorial depicting the raising of the flag at the Battle of Iwo Jima.
-Paul Davis, an avid collector or WWII items, has books, medals, uniform pieces, first aid kits, GI food tins, Army tools, a toy gun from his own childhood and much more.

Survivors Bring Hope

Contributed By Hal Forney

Early in my orthopedic practice, a patient came into my office. In the conversation she mentioned her husband, who had divorced her and returned to his native Poland where he had some family members and could live more easily on his Social Security. I asked her why she didn't go with him. She said, "For me, Poland is a graveyard." Her entire family had been wiped out during the war. Then I noticed the tattoo on her forearm.

This is her story: "I am Jewish, my husband is Christian. When the war broke out, he was able to escape to Britain where I believe he fought with the free Polish units. I, however, spent the remainder of the war in various concentration camps, the final one being one of the death camps where the Nazis were exterminating Jews at an increasing rate. I remember that in the last few weeks of the war I was taken several times with others to the shower room to be put to death with poison gas. The guards opened the valves, but they had run out of gas. Then I was liberated by allied troops and eventually made it to San Diego where I had a satisfying and productive life.

Needless to say, I still have nightmares about my experience. Let's all say "NEVER AGAIN."