



Have you seen this sneaky rabbit? **Dottie Jirgal** was caught red-handed by Photographer **Jay Eibelheuser** after a confused **Scott Norris** noticed that the rabbit she had on display near her door kept changing poses. Dottie was the culprit. She couldn't resist giving the rabbit an attitude adjustment each time she passed by her neighbor's door!



CALL FOR ARTICLES

Where were you on the first lunar landing?

The first manned lunar landing, on July 20, 1969, was a true milestone in the history of civilization. Where you when it happened? What were your impressions (in about 250 words)? Submit to me, please. Thank you. —Jim Raymond S130

Granny Sez

It seems like when your short term memory gets worse; your long term memory gets better. Have you noticed? I got to thinking of all the men in my past... no, not the guys who took me out on dates, the really important men in my youth! At six, it was the iceman. Yep, I remember the days before that first Kelvinator. Oh, how the kids loved to stand around on a summer day and grab the chips that fell off those big 50 lb. ice chunks before the iceman clipped on the big tongs and carried them into our houses.

Another man I knew was the Fuller Brush man who came every six months so mother could order her mops, brooms and brushes. Of course all households had their milkman. He was essential and so was the Helms Bread man (Helms Bakery in L.A. had trucks throughout the city delivering the baked goodies of the 30s and 40s). Grocery stores as we know them now were non-existent. Twice daily, the mailman came to our door. Those guys must have walked a billion miles.

But most important of all was the Good Humor man. Oh, how I

loved the sound of his truck-music wafting through the neighborhood. Factory-made ice cream was a special treat. Do your grandkids know that ice cream couldn't be kept in early refrigerators? It was sold only in special stores or from your Good Humor man. What exquisite pleasure an ice cream bar could bring—for five cents! Years later I saw my old Good Humor man in a restaurant and actually took my husband and children over to meet him as if he were a long lost relative. Heck, important men are few and far between.

Pray for less gloom this June. Love, Granny



June, 2011

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The Flags of La Costa Glen

By Jim Raymond



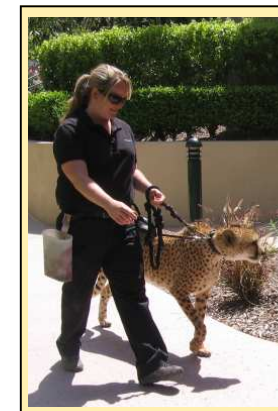
June is the special month to honor our national, state, and local flags. We are privileged to have these flags displayed prominently in front of our Lakeside Clubhouse.

The U.S. flag is the design from 1959, when Alaska and Hawaii were admitted to the Union. As a side note, at that same time, the geographic center of the lower 48 states shifted from Lebanon, Kansas, about 445 miles northwest to Castle Rock, South Dakota.

The first U.S. flag flown over the Lakeside Clubhouse was donated by **Arnie Zweig** who received it from his Congressional Representative in honor of Arnie's citizenship. It had been flown over the U.S. Capitol.

The California flag design is from the admission of our state to the Union. The red star in the upper left hand corner is from the 1836 California Lone Star Flag. The grizzly bear on the flag was modeled on the last wild California grizzly bear in captivity. "Monarch" is currently preserved at the Academy of Sciences at Golden Gate Park.

Finally, the current La Costa Glen flag was designed by **Michael O'Connor**. The logo represents a stylized top of a palm tree. The palms reminded him of the view at the approach to the main entrance of La Costa Glen. Michael chose the colors for esthetics but they also represent of colors of La Costa Canyon High School— which is one of the sources of the dining room staff that serves us so well.



That's not something you see every day! The San Diego Zoo paid a recent visit to LCG and brought along many wonderful animals, including Kubali the Cheetah, shown here with her trainer walking into Catalina Hall!

◆ **MY FATHER**
BY RUTH VAN WYCK

Different fathers go to work wearing different clothes. Some fathers wear a suit and tie, some wear a uniform and some wear sweat suits.

My daddy did not wear any of these. He wore what he called his "work clothes." These consisted of khakis, blue work shirt and sturdy boots.

My daddy was a farmer. He farmed 50 acres of orange trees. Occasionally I was allowed to ride the tractor with him or follow him around during irrigation time so I could squish my toes in the mud. Things don't get much better than that for a little farm girl.

I am glad my daddy did not wear a coat and tie to work, we wouldn't have had nearly so much fun.

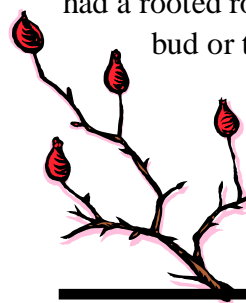
◆ **LOOK FOR TRIBUTES TO DADS THROUGHOUT THIS ISSUE.**

◆ **GUS THE ROSE MAN**
BY CAROLE EIBELHEUSER

Jay's Dad, Gus, was rose lover and a sneaky man. He always carried a small pair of scissors in his watch pocket when viewing roses anywhere. He also carried a handkerchief in which he would wrap the roses he purloined from local areas. After arriving home with his booty, he would apply his magic potion to the cut end of the rose.

His friend at the local pharmacy saved big gallon amber tinted jugs for him. He would take them home where he had a method of removing the bottom of the jug by making a wick of a cotton string and placing it in melted wax. Then he wrapped it around the jug bottom about a half inch above the thick glass, tying a tight knot leaving about a half inch of string as a wick. He lit the string and allowed it to burn around the bottom of the jug. Then when the glass was hot, he tapped the area with a small hammer releasing the bottom. Voila!! He had created his own hothouse in which to propagate his rose cuttings. The screw top of the jug allowed him to water and fertilize, even through the wintertime. By the spring he had a rooted rose plant with a bud or two.

His passion didn't cost him a cent!
Clever man!



Did You Know All This About June?

By Ruth Van Wyck



If you were a writer for the *Glen Tidings*, you would be racking your brain to find a good article for the June edition. Grads, brides, gloomy weather have all been done. So, with hope in the writer's heart, we pushed ourselves to Google June. And here we found a treasure chest of ideas. Just be glad we did not write about all of them. Did you know...

- Spring ends and summer begins around June 20, 21, or 22 in the Northern Hemisphere. Obviously, it is hard to nail Spring down.
- Flag Day is June 14th. Of course, we all knew that.
- Then there is the June Bug. Ick! Let's not talk about that.
- June gems are the pearl and the moonstone.
- June's flower is the Rose.
- De Soto claimed Florida for Spain in June 1539.
- Robert F. Kennedy was assassinated June 4, 1968.
- Cole Porter was born June 9, 1893.
- Ford Motor Co. was founded June 16, 1903.
- The Watergate scandal touched off June 17, 1972.

As you can see, June has been a busy month. And, aren't you glad we Googled? One more note to help you celebrate this lovely June day...

“Then let us, one and all, be contented with our lot;
The June is here this morning, and the sun is shining hot;
Oh! Let us fill our hearts up with the glory of the day,
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow far away.”

—James Whitcomb Riley



◆ **THOUGHTS OF MY FATHER**
BY JIM RAYMOND

Of the bits of wisdom my father shared with me,
the two I remember most vividly are:

Behold Gillette - they give away their razors
and get you by the blades.

If (and I hope not) you ever get in a fight,
put everything you have into the first punch -
if he gets up, get out of there.

Library News

Contributed By Dottie Jirgal

If you are a history buff, are undaunted about tackling a book with almost a thousand pages, and liked Ken Follett's *The Pillars of the Earth*, then I have the book for you! His new trilogy, *Fall of Giants*, starts with events surrounding the First World War—what triggered various nations to sign on and what it was actually like to be in the midst of that horrendous conflict. All of this is woven neatly around the lives of three or four families from Wales, Russia, and Germany. Most of the residents who read this book found it hard to put down. My guess is that Mr. Follett's next book will be about events leading up to and surrounding the Second World War.

New books in the Lakeside Library include *Unbroken* by Laura Hillenbrand, the author of *Seabiscuit*. There are both large print and regular print copies. *Cleopatra: A Life* by Stacy Schiff is also new in the library.



Grandpa

By Bill Zuspan

There are many words
One hears in life
Some are nice
And some aren't
But the word I like
To hear the most
Is Grandpa

◆ **MY COWBOY DAD**
BY BETTY CORTUS



At 15 years of age my father, who had broken his share of horses while growing up in the Australian bush, ran away from home with a traveling rodeo show. The troop followed the country fairs from town to town where, in the big tent on Sideshow Alley, the cowboys would ride their quota of bucking broncos for a few shillings a day plus their keep. Between shows came the arduous and unpaid part of the adventure—setting up, dismantling, and loading the equipment onto mule carts for the trek to the next town over the rough dirt roads of the Great Dividing Range.

On one particularly terrifying occasion, Dad's mule team spooked on a perilous descent, hurtling with their load toward

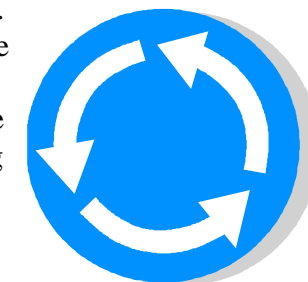
the lip of a cliff that dropped 1,000 giddy feet to the valley below. When jamming his foot on the brake with all the strength he could muster failed to hold them, he swung over the side of the cart trying desperately to halt the beasts by hanging with all his weight from the brake lever. But he tumbled to the road and his ankle was crushed beneath a wheel from the cart just as the perverse animals came to a halt of their own accord! This boy from the bush, where people were used to doing their own doctoring, set, splinted, and bound his own broken limb, and rode his full complement of broncos that same night. He had to ride if he wanted to be paid! And, after all -- the show must go on!

Traffic Circles

By Eleanor Seidenglanz

I was not aware that traffic circles were a major part of the highways in New Jersey until I became a resident. Having lived in Philadelphia all of my life until I married, I was not familiar with this traffic hazard.

People have their methods of approaching a circle. Timid people approach a circle with caution. Brave people plow right in. All hope to eventually exit to the correct road. Get in the wrong lane and one must go around the circle several times before being able to exit. If an impatient driver tries to change lanes, he can cause a real traffic jam.



Some “brainy” person felt that circles on highways would make it easier to access a road off the main highway. It was not taken into account that not all people are willing to allow other drivers into their lane. Traffic circles are wonderful when traffic is light (when they're not needed) and quite an experience when traffic is heavy (and relief is needed). Good luck and drive carefully.

A Life Changing Graduation

By Ruth Van Wyck

The world as we knew it in 1941 was never the same after Dec. 7th of that year. Those of us on college campuses became acutely aware of world changes. The carefree lives we had been living soon became lives of greater purpose and service to our country. College men became service men. Many college women opted for "hurry-up" marriages before their men were shipped out.

By June of 1942 there were fewer men to attend graduation ceremonies; they had already left to enlist in the armed forces. The college opted to leave all chairs vacant that would be occupied by an absent male student. As a graduate, I found myself with two empty chairs on one side and three on the other...a very sobering sight. Each man's name was called as the ceremony continued and there were not many dry eyes among graduates or the proud audience.

Being a college graduate in 1942 was not quite as rewarding as I had hoped. As I solemnly removed my cap and gown, it became very clear that my life, too, would be changing.

It must be said, however, that those in that graduating class became members of the celebrated "Greatest Generation." It was a proud moment after all.



John Willett

By Eleanor Seidenglanz

John has been as resident of Canyonview for six years. He spent his youth in the Chicago area. He joined the Marine Corps Reserves when he was a senior in high school. When he went on to college, he applied for a commission. He was commissioned in July of 1942 and was sent to New Zealand, Guadalcanal, Bougainville and Guam. He stayed in the Marines until he retired as a Major. He married Maryruth Marks in 1940. They are the parents of four girls and a boy.

He was employed by the Esso Corp. for many years and traveled all over the world. During his employment, two large oil field discoveries were made: the Brent Structure in the North Sea and the Bass Straits in Australia.

When he moved here, he took up the hobby of growing Fuchsias, a house and garden plant of the primrose family. Its varieties also include the honeysuckle. He has been able to successfully grow these plants because his balcony gets the proper sunlight for the plants.

Among his favorites are "Voodoo," "Ann's Delight" and "Fluffy Ruffle." The many colors include white with pink centers, purple with red, white with red and others.

One of his other satisfactions is being able to feed the birds. Because he lives on the first floor, people passing by can enjoy the plants as well. Thank you, John.



John Willett

Senior Olympics Comes to La Costa Glen

Last month we were honored to host a trio of games with the North County Senior Games of the Senior Olympics: Putting, Bocce and Shuffleboard. There were over 50 competitors in various age groups, with a mix of our resident and outside guests. There are too many winners to list, but congratulations to everyone who took home a medal.

Below (clockwise from upper left): 1) Marilyn Throckmorton (putting), Elaine Gutzman, Patti Ross and Winnie Firth; 2) Tony Baggio, Willem Fleurbaaij, Les Loveday (throwing Bocce) and Alison Browne; 3) Jerry Gutzman and Irv Rabin; 4) Bocce spectators; 5) Jean Sharp and Elaine Gutzman; and 6) Kori McBride, Bob Murrill (throwing Bocce) and Tony Hamma.

Father's Day

By Marian Goe

We all have a father, but how many of us think of him as a male parent? He is one who nurtures and raises a child, but isn't it more than that? He is a source of strength for the entire family. We think of him as the source who reigns with an iron hand while the mother is the soft one. However, down deep inside, the father is as loving as the mother; he just shows it in a different way.

I have often wondered why we show such a distinct difference in celebrating each of our parents. Why not just make it a Parent Day? That would be more consistent with a policy of minimizing traditional sex-based differences in parental roles, as many of our parents assume both roles today.

I can imagine the retailers would be the biggest objectors as Father's Day is accompanied by a smaller total number of phone calls, greeting cards and gifts than Mother's Day.

Replacing Mother's Days and Father's Day with a Parents' Day should be considered. Actually, in 1994 Bill Clinton signed a petition for "recognizing, uplifting and supporting the role of parents in the rearing of children" by suggesting a Parent Day. The bill was supported by the Unification Church which to this day celebrates a holiday called Parent Day. Until that day, if it ever comes to be, we wish each and every one of our LCG fathers a very Happy Father's Day.



Realization of Friendship

By George L. England Sr.

One of the first articles I wrote for the *Glen Tidings* was "Friendship at the Glen" that described the camaraderie that is ever present. I stated, "All of the selfness that dampens us humans is like the storms and winds from the northwest that seem to bathe us with a sense of love and tranquility." This was exemplified by the number of people who indicated they were saying prayers for the success of my operation, no matter what spiritual affiliation they were.

The support and comfort

shown to my wife during my illness was received with thankful appreciation. After a lengthy stay in the hospital, I was aided in my recovery by the congeniality and support given by many residents at various dinners and breakfasts and occasional visit to the "round table." I especially want to thank the Helping Hands group for its contributions.

I wake every morning thankful for the gifts bestowed upon me, for having old friends and new ones here at the Glen. May we all be blessed.



Andrea Martinez

By Marian Goe

Recently it was my pleasure to meet with a most charming lady, **Andrea Martinez**, who is the talented chef responsible not only for our delicious breakfast croissants, but for each and every dessert we enjoy at lunch and dinner.

She is a native of Switzerland who is a graduate of the Culinary Arts Institute there. She has always loved traveling, so she decided to apply for a position that was advertised through *Rolling Pin Magazine*. She was hired as a traditional chef at the Swiss Stubli, in Beaver, Colorado. The owners were also Swiss. It was there that she met her future husband, Greg, a native Californian. She, Greg and their son Jayden moved to Carlsbad, where Andrea was employed by Vigilucis for a year as chef. She later worked here at LCG as well as at Cal-A-Vie in Vista. Chef Steven Wright, coaxed her to return to LCG to head the pastry team. The four-person pastry team is responsible for Monterey, Avalon and Health Center cuisine.

Andrea and Greg in recent years have added a daughter, Kaya, who is now four years old. She is a very busy person as she starts her day here at 4 a.m. to prepare our delicacies. She aims to please us, and please us, she does.



Andrea Martinez

New Option for Bus Brigade

By Betty Cortus

In response to requests from residents who ride LCG's bus to the grocery store, the Transportation Department has recently added Albertsons Supermarket and Savon Pharmacy at El Camino Real and La Costa Avenue to its list of trips to local shopping venues. Currently operating on a trial basis, this new service could become a permanent fixture if a sufficient number of residents finds it a useful alternative location to do their marketing.



A moveable feast was enjoyed by residents (seated L-R): **Ed Barbera, Betty Cortus, Bill Ramstad** and (standing L-R) **Elaine Roll** and two Albertsons managers.

On the first few of these trips to Albertsons, staff members have surprised our residents with the warmth of their welcome. Manager Dave greets passengers as the LCG bus pulls in, and courteous employees go out of their way during the entire visit by helping to locate store items, and generally ensuring that the entire shopping experience is enjoyable and trouble-free.

While awaiting the return of the bus after purchases have been made, not only is comfortable seating made available, but a table of delicious refreshments, soft drinks, and reading matter are generously provided for LCG shoppers' comfort and convenience. With our continued patronage this new weekly port of call could become just one more valued resource for our appreciative bus-shopping brigade.

◆ MY GRANDFATHER'S WISDOM

CONTRIBUTED BY MICHELE CHAFFEE

My grandfather loved to tell the story of walking downtown one time with the richest man in town. The rich man stopped and bent over to pick up a penny he had spotted on the ground which others had ignored. Holding it proudly, he declared: "Clear Profit!"



Vic and Skippy Freudenberger



Jean Petrus, Grace Omens and Cynthia Seeberg



Avalon Dining



Bill Bomont and Billie June Williams



Los Salazar



Judy and Sherwood Roth



Joan Scales, Alice Boyer and B.J. Schnelker



Orpha Cade and Winnie Firth



Vahoc and Eunice Mardirosian, Lanny and Arnie Zweig



Jack Wilson and John Gilchrist



Donna Beck and Nancy Ludwig



Esther Menaker



Jen, Kori, Michele and Sandie



Debbie and Leo Geier, Elaine and Jerry Gutzman and Frances and Willem Fleurbaaij



May and Hal Riger



Christina and Lauren



Ralph Overfield, Les Loveday, Jane Brown and Elizabeth Overfield



Frank and Marlyn Higgins

CINCO DE MAYO FIESTA!

The Torrey Connection

Contributed By Ray Holt



Ray Holt

Having been a neighbor for only a short time at Glen Brook, I should have been forewarned. It wasn't until I read his obitu-

ary that I made the connection. Peter Torrey was an LGG resident and his obituary explained one of his ancestors was Dr. John Torrey (1796 - 1873) America's most renowned botanist of the 19th century. Among his friends was Dr. Charles C. Perry who, in 1850 came to Southern California and was so taken with the pines lining the cliffs of what is now Del Mar and subsequently Torrey Pines State Park.

He named these trees Pinus torreyana (Torrey Pine), formerly known as Soladad Pine by the Spaniards who valued them for more than a century as landmarks. They were bushy, gnarled irregular shaped trees and the nuts were an excellent food source.

They are held to be the rarest pines in the United States and a true relic of the last ice age. Once they forested the California shoreline along the Pacific Ocean before the sea separated the Channel Islands from the mainland. Today, remnants of that forest still stand on Santa Rosa Island, 175 miles west of Santa Barbara as well as the shores of Del Mar and La Jolla.



Among the other peculiarities they have a symbiotic relationship with the scrub jay. The bright blue coastal bird feasts on the seeds that fall from the cones of the Torrey Pine. The bird droppings provide the perfect fertile environment to germinate new trees along the otherwise sparsely vegetated crevices in the shoreline cliffs.

The Torrey Pine was critical to the survival of the Kumayaay Native American who populated this region. Its pine nut was a staple in their diet. The long, 8-12 inch pine needles were excellent for baskets and other weavings. Tool making and construction of seaworthy canoes was successful by using the tree's sap as a sealant or glue.

Fortunately, local public agencies and private individuals over the last century have protected these highly valued trees by creating the Torrey Pines Reserve. For this we owe a debt of gratitude to individuals like Peter Torrey, who was a docent for the Torrey Pines Docent Society, for dedicating their time and energy to the welfare of the Pinus torreyana. Through these efforts, the once dwindling forest continues to flourish and multiply.

(Editor's Note: After some delay we welcome another article by Ray. His contributions have been missed.)

June Display Cases

Contributed By Jen Krail

The Lakeside Clubhouse display cases will feature photos taken by Seabreeze resident, Jack Iskin. This display represents his joy of photography over the last 20 years in medias encompassing film, Polaroid manipulation and digital. Any residents interested in purchasing one of his photos may do so by calling him at 6507. All proceeds will benefit the Navy-Marine Corps Relief Society.

For the month of June, members of La Costa Glen's Photography Club will display their favorite photographs in the Fairway display cases. Come and check out their recent artistic endeavors.

The club meets once a month on the second Monday at 2:00pm in the Fairway Clubhouse to discuss their latest photos, learn more about their cameras and get answers to any current picture problems. Recently, they've had guest speaker Mike McMahon. They welcome all new members—beginning and advanced!



Recognize this? It's an old Kodak Brownie camera. Do you still have one?

June Day Trips 2011

Thursday, June 2
Pala Casino
Skipper Trip*

10:00am—4:00pm

A day of gaming. Lunch on your own.

Thursday, June 2
"Mamma Mia"
at Civic Theatre
6:15pm—11:15pm

Enjoy this wonderful musical, based on the movie of the same name.

Thursday, June 16
Birch Aquarium Skipper Trip*
10:00am—2:00pm

A special hands-on program.

Saturday, June 18
"La Jolla Festival of the Arts"
9:00am—1:00pm

The 25th Anniversary festival promises outstanding work of nearly 200 fine artists, plus music and great food.

Saturday, June 18
"Forever Plaid" at Moonlight
Amphitheatre
7:15pm-11:15pm

A rollicking musical revue from beyond the grave.

Thursday, June 23
Local Sights Tour of Encinitas
Skipper Trip*

10:00am—12:00pm OR
1:00pm—3:00pm

A fun bus tour of Encinitas

Wednesday, June 29
San Diego Padres vs.
Kansas City Royals
11:00am-5:00pm

An exciting Padres game at Petco Park downtown.

Thursday, June 30
San Diego Fair Skipper Trip*
10:45am-3:00pm

Enjoy a day at the Fair in Del Mar.

*Skipper trips can take up to 42 passengers.

◆ SUNDAYS WITH CHARLIE

BY CAROLE EIBELHEUSER

On Father's Day, memories of my Dad Charlie come flooding back. He owned and operated a grocery store/meat market and closed on Sunday. This was the special "family day." He would often take us on a family drive. Today with gas prices as they are, it would be a rare treat to just drive and see the sights.

Sometimes we would go to an amusement park, a zoo, New York City, or enjoy looking at the Hudson River from the Palisade Cliffs. At least once a month, we would hop in the car to visit his parents or get together with his three brothers and their families who lived nearby. I basically grew up with my grandparents, aunts, uncles and



especially my cousins who were close in age to my brother, sister, and me.

Today families are spread out across the country and travel can be difficult for some of us. Graduations, birthdays, holidays, anniversaries, weddings and funerals are days to get together as family. A short drive doesn't do it as it did back in the day

when families stayed close to home to raise their own families. Facebook, Skype and the telephone help us to keep connected no matter where everyone is.

On Father's Day we remember the special days we had growing up...fun times and not so fun times. Charlie was a gift in my life who shared his wisdom and love that I carry to this day.

◆ A GOOD FATHER

CONTRIBUTED BY VI STRAW

A little girl with a good father grows up thinking her dad can do everything. Mine really could!

He owned a furniture store. However, long before these items were on the market, he rigged up an electric ice cream maker, an automatic garage door opener and a retractable motor home step!

When I was born, my parents and eight siblings lived in a two bedroom home. So Dad and

my grandfather built on a bedroom for me and did all the work themselves. He also made me doll furniture and put a swing in the backyard.

However, the priceless gift he gave me was not being disappointed that I was his second daughter and not a son.



Vi Straw