

Granny Sez

You know what? Something interesting happened to me last week. Every four or five years our church puts out a new directory with photos. I've been doing this for so many years in every church I joined; but this time was different.

I arrived for my appointment and was posed in every position: left, right, front, sidewise, smiling, serious and pensive. Next, I viewed the results with the accompanying sales person. I was promised one 8x10 for free and a lovely assortment of other sizes, etc. He then looked me in the face and said, "We can do touch-ups and remove that crease between your eyes and this wrinkle here and that spot there at no extra charge."

My first thought was, "Listen here you whippersnapper...it took me over 80 years to acquire those wrinkles, creases and

character spots and this might be my obituary picture. You remove those and nobody would recognize me... my grandkids would wonder who the heck it was." Instead, I politely said, "Thank you anyway; but if you fixed up my face, it wouldn't coordinate with my body...the whole package is pushing toward 90 and I don't want to interrupt God's handiwork at this time."

The poor guy lost a sale. If only he knew how many of our family budgets were ruined over the years by having professional photos taken of and for our kids...right? I sort of enjoyed the whole experience. You ought to try it. It may be one of the last vestiges of power we super-seniors have.

Happy Mother's Day to all you moms and grannies.

Love, Gran



LAWYERS
(TONGUE IN CHEEK)
CONTRIBUTED BY ART PRINE
(LAWYER)

Scientific Labs, the nation's largest scientific research laboratory, today announced that henceforth all of its research activities will be conducted with lawyers rather than rats. In making the announcement, Scientific Labs said there were two reasons for preferring lawyers: first, there are more of them, and second, the laboratory technicians do not become as nearly attached to the lawyers.



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May, 2011

A Tribute to All Mothers

By Marian Goe

Recently, I felt a strong urge to do some spring cleaning and decided to start with my antique chest of drawers that holds many memories of years past. As I sorted through old menus, wedding clippings, obituaries and the like, my hand touched a colorful crayoned drawing by one of my children, emblazoned with the letters "Mother's Day" in between red hearts that encircled stick figures of our family. I sat there remembering the love that poured into each and every Mother's Day card and one particular Mother's Day when I was served breakfast in bed on a tray that held a slice of burnt toast, an undercooked egg and, above all, two Indian-head pennies from my child's treasured collection. It truly was a gift of love that came from the heart.

Mothers contain a bundle of emotions that defy all reason: mothers who run carpools and make cookies and sew Halloween costumes; mothers who have tears running down their cheeks when they hold their babies for the first time; and mothers who have heartaches as they watch their son or daughter disappear down the street, walking to school for the first time. Not to mention there are those mothers who keep awake all night with sick toddlers in their arms, constantly uttering those compassionate words, "It's OK honey, Mommy's here." My congratulations go out to all LCG resident mothers as we wish you a very happy Mother's Day from our entire Glen Tidings Staff.



Welcome New Residents

- William & Lynn Allen 7810 Rush Rose C207
- Margaret Brennan M302
- Jack & Valarie Forman H108
- Jeanne Fowler M101
- Tony & Rosemary Goskowicz P110
- Gretchen Howell C114
- Sol & Phyllis Jacobson C238
- Dorothy Knerr G102
- Robert O'Brien C112
- Eliane Pepper H103
- John & Betty Sample M224
- John & Patricia Wolf

Editorial Comments

In this issue you will note, with our gratitude, that we have several new contributors. We welcome these contributions and are particularly interested in receiving articles on your experiences associated with Father's Day or Fathers. Less than 300 words please and you can send them to me or give them to any of our reporters. Thank you.
Jim

Remembering

Contributed by Les and Betty Tenney

MEMORIAL DAY PROGRAM MONDAY, MAY 30TH
CATALINA HALL 11:00AM AND 1:30PM



Members of the La Costa Glen Readers Theater will be hosting this year's Memorial Day program. We will be reminded of the heroic action of members of our military who, while serving in Iraq and Afghanistan, have been awarded the Medal of Honor by our grateful Nation. In addition, you will hear the touching story of the Medal of Honor finally being awarded to a deserving hero 60 years after the heroic event during WWII.

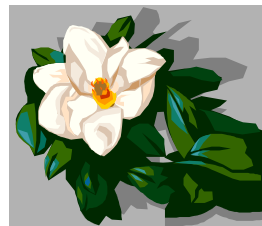
On another subject, the *Care Packages from Home* organization wants to thank our LCG friends and residents for their generous financial support during our last fundraising event. Because of your generosity we are once again sending 50 care packages every week to our military men and women who are giving their all for our freedom today.

Lessons in
Gracious Living
By Ruth Van Wyck

She grew up in Kentucky and apparently “once a Southern belle, always a Southern belle.” Although she was moved to the West, she never gave up her Southern mannerisms or the creature comforts due her.

Her name was Kathleen and when asked, she would tell us her address as being “fo-foty-fo” Cypress Ave. This charming lady was my mother-in-law and she taught me many things. She once said, “No matter how po’ you think you are, you can always afford he’p.” And she always did. She also told me that she remembered a time in the South when

“People were too po’ to paint and too proud to white-wash.” Pride being the important issue for true South-



erners.

I was most chagrined one day when she asked me what I was doing and when I replied that I was ironing she countered with this advice, “My dear, we do not iron, we press.”

And so I learned about being a lady from my dear Southern mother-in-law.

Dignity
Contributed Bill Zuspan

One hot, August Ohio day on our farm during the Great Depression, I heard Mom talking with someone. A strange voice. A gruff voice.

“Billy,” my mom called.

I ran out the backdoor to the summer kitchen where Mom was canning the first fruits of the garden to give to the poor people in town. I slid to a stop as a tall, slender, broad-shouldered man stood leaning against the door, towering over me. His face was dark and covered with an unkempt beard. An old straw, weather-beaten hat shaded most of his face. His voice sounded like thunder to my little ears. My feet wanted to run to the house for security.

“Billy, take Mr. Hanson out to the woodpile. He is going to chop some wood for us.”

I was so scared. He looked like Goliath, and I was no David. When we got to the woodpile I pointed to the axe, turned, and

sped back to Mom. She knew I was frightened and reached out her arms. Her hug calmed my racing heart and I could breathe again. She smelled of pickles. It was a good smell.

“Don’t be scared Billy, Mr. Hanson lost his job in Columbus and is working his way West where maybe he can find work. He is a lawyer. He was hungry and wanted a meal.”

“But why is he chopping wood? That’s Dad’s job.”

“Working for his meal makes him feel like he can still make it on his own. It gives him dignity.”

I didn’t know what dignity was, but Mom made it sound like it was something good. I was so glad that Dad had a job and dignity.

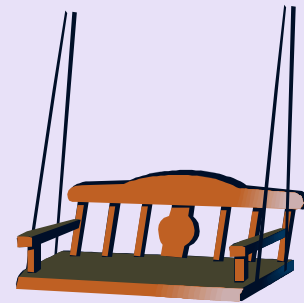
I wondered if someone would give us a meal if we were hungry. I hoped so.



Bill Zuspan

Grandma’s Porch Swing
By Bill Zuspan

It’s not much
Just a memory
A porch
A swing
And Grandma
Grey painted floor
Cracked and peeling with age
Creating strange shapes
That live in a little boy’s mind
Giving birth to dreams and visions
Unencumbered by the present
And free from the past
As the sun lowers casting giant shadows
My head leans against the shoulder
Warm and strong
Of my grandma
And all is right and good.



Thoughts of a Server
at LCG

Contributed by Gina Vaynshtyn

In high school I had all sorts of odd jobs. Finally, the summer before leaving Carlsbad for college, I found La Costa Glen. To this day, I refuse to leave.



I’ve been here for almost three years now. Some nights are rough. Some nights I’m really not in the mood to polish three racks of wine glasses or make a custom salad that contains the entirety of our produce walk-in. Sometimes, when residents have their grandchildren for lunch, I want to pay them money or candy so they won’t order three milkshakes in a row.

But, I’ve gotten to know almost every single resident who stops by the Monterey for lunch or dinner (whether they know me in exchange.) Mr. Smith almost always orders three slices of tomato with his entrée. Mrs. Miller almost never orders dessert but Mr. Miller almost always orders a spumoni and cookie (oatmeal, preferably). It’s not just my job to serve, it’s my job to truly cater to the residents’ needs and make sure all is well at the table.

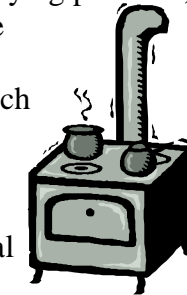
And, trust me, perks exist quite nicely here. I get to sample all of the desserts at the end of the night, not to mention have some late-night dinners after my shift. My personal favorite foods here are the fish (arriving freshly every day) and the chicken and biscuit entrée! Absolutely divine.

Editor’s note: Gina is a Creative Writing major at Chapman College. I requested this article from her to give us her perspective.

My Mom and My Mom’s Mom

By Carole Eibelheuser

My Mom was a coal miner’s daughter who grew up in a Pennsylvania-Dutch community in Pennsylvania. She never shared much of anything about her early life with me. I do know that, during the Great Depression, she went to Lebanon Valley College where she met my father. She was always close with her sister and her mother “Ma”. Our family would go to visit them once a year during the summer. Ma lived in a long, narrow, two story row house in Lebanon, PA. She was an imposing stern-faced woman who enjoyed going to hockey games, playing pinochle, and cooking those unforgettable Pennsylvania-Dutch dishes I came to savor. Our visit was not complete without her special



home-baked Shoo-fly pie. I have tried many Shoo-fly pie recipes, but none measured up to Ma’s. My own mother never even tried to bake one. I often went into Ma’s tiny kitchen to watch her assemble her pie...she was a “dump cook”...a little of this, a handful of that, and a pinch of something else.

The funniest thing I remember about my grandmother was that she cussed in Pennsylvania-Dutch. She would say something like, “Harriamma nachamal” when she was angry. The nicest thing I remember is her wedding gift to me, a Betty Crocker Cookbook.

My Mom was a great cook but I never learned a thing from her about cooking. I still have some of her hand-written recipe cards that I will cherish forever.

A Home Without a Cat is Just a House

Contributed By Alma Lathem



Alma Lathem

Through all my years, I have always had a cat, sometimes two at a time. These ranged from strays I picked up, ones from shelters, a gift of a pure-bred Siamese, and many that have come to me one way or another. What a joy they have been! From my first cat, Inky, to my last, Marbellie, who went to cat heaven last October, I have been blessed.

My apartment is really lacking a certain something without Marbellie. Should I get another? I think not at this

time in my life because I could never get another cat with her wonderful disposition.

Right now, I content myself sweet-talking a small black cat that must be a stray. What a sweetheart! Though a feral, she/he has managed to survive two years living in our bushes through fair and foul weather. This little darling will always come when I call, but never gets close enough for a scratch or two. There’s always hope.



Surprise, Surprise

Contributed by Barbara Bettin

Lagrange, Illinois, December 15, 1953 - just before midnight my labor pains started. Alone and frightened, I called my doctor who advised me to wait until morning to go to the hospital as this was my first pregnancy and the baby was due in February.

Because Ernie was working on an audit in Madison, Wisconsin, my mother took me to the hospital. After a day with more pains but no baby, the doctor suggested that I contact Ernie so he could be there when I did deliver. We called him and he arrived late that night. Still no baby, so he went home. Early the next day, labor pains came hard and fast. I called Ernie and he arrived before they wheeled me away.

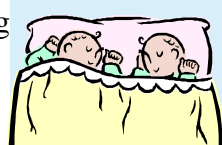
Back in the ward I realized that I had a baby ID bracelet on each wrist: Bettin baby girl #1 (3 lbs, 8 oz. 8:17am) and Bettin baby girl #2 (2 lbs, 15 oz, 8:22am).

Surprise, surprise! Ernie's first reaction was "Two tax exemptions!"

It was hard leaving our girls in the hospital for almost a month until they reached five pounds, but we did need to accumulate more of everything before they came home. Having twins and a third daughter is very meaningful to us.



Barbara Bettin



Christine Gillis—Our Famous Stockbroker

By Jim Raymond

Recently Christine Gillis has been honored in the Cal Business magazine in an article by Sandra Millers Younger. She was noted for her groundbreaking leadership as a Wall Street broker and, particularly recognized here, as a "pioneer" in bringing change as a woman attacking Wall Street's old-boy barricades by becoming a registered representative of the New York Stock Exchange.

She started her business career with a B.S. in Business Administration at UC Berkeley and an MS in Education at USC. She quickly moved on to successfully study for the NYSE and National Association of Securities Dealers test. As a registered representative, she landed a \$6 million account and doors flew open. It was 1963.

The first five years of her career were on Wall Street in New York where she founded the Women Stockbrokers' Association, the industry's first and only

professional organization for women. She continued her career with a move to Los Angeles, working first with Shearson Hammill, then moving to the position of Vice-President of E.F. Hutton and then Vice-President of Dean Whitter. In addition to



these duties, in 1975, she led members of the Women Stockbrokers on a tour of Europe's major stock exchanges and later met with First Lady Betty Ford. Her career has included numerous awards, lectures, as well as contributions to civic and government groups. In October, 2005, she was entered into the New York Stock Exchange archives as part of the history of women in Wall Street.

Christine retired from this amazing career in March, 2008, with her move to La Costa Glen. In terms of family she has two daughters (identical twins) and four grandchildren. It is our pleasure to have such a distinguished resident in our midst.



Hundreds of residents enjoyed the food samples at the recent Food Show, put on by our Food and Beverage Committee. The show hosted over a dozen of our food vendors—from nuts to soup!

May Day Trips 2011

**Thursday, May 5
Valley View Casino
Skipper Trip***
10:00am—4:00pm

A day of gaming. Lunch on your own.

**Wednesday, May 4
"Shen Yun" at California
Center for the Arts
12:45pm—5:15pm**

Breathtaking Chinese dance and music inspired by the myths and legends from 5000 years of culture.

**Thursday, May 12
Helen Woodward Animal
Shelter Tour Skipper Trip***
10:00am—12:00pm

Enjoy a behind-the-scenes look at this amazing animal care facility

**Friday, May 6
Keys Green Lavendar Farm
Tour with lunch**
9:15am—1:30pm

Visit San Diego's only organic lavender farm and learn how the oils are distilled. Lunch will be provided.

**Thursday, May 19
Balboa Park/Fashion Valley
Skipper Trip***
10:00am—4:00pm

A day of shopping or museums.

**Friday, May 20
"Vicki Lawrence and Mama"
At Welk theatre with lunch**
10:30am—4:00pm

From the Carol Burnett Show to six seasons of her own sitcom, Vicki (and Mama) will delight!

**Thursday, May 26
San Elijo Lagoon tour and
walk Skipper Trip***
10:00am—12:00pm

Join us for a docent-led tour and fitness walk

**Thursday, May 26
The Fifth of Beethoven, A
Symphony Exposed Concert
At Copley Symphony Hall**
6:30pm-10:00pm

Nuvi Mehta explains the subtleties, lyricism, structure and more of the famous Beethoven piece, concluding with the symphony performing it

*Skipper trips can take up to 42 passengers.

A San Diego Zoo Excursion

Contributed by Jean Leavitt



When San Diego is mentioned in conversation with people in and out of California, the first few words that come to one's mind are, "The San Diego Zoo." It has long enjoyed a good reputation as one

of the best in the world. LCG visitors attested to this after the scheduled trip on March 16th.

We enjoyed a bus tour and were then ushered to a reserved dining room where we enjoyed a generous and delightful but somewhat time-consuming lunch. After lunch we embarked on our own "safari" to explore the grounds and exhibits at our leisure.

One cannot help appreciate the layout of the zoo, each habi-



Jean Leavitt

tat unique to the breed of the animal or bird. Signs tell, briefly, its habitat and whether the breed is

diminishing in number in the world.

The walking paths are scenic, manageable, well maintained and beautiful. They wind among the exhibits. This makes it easy to stop and read about the animal, to learn of its origin, eating and living habits and to generally appreciate the species. How refreshing, also, to see families together enjoying the weather, the beauty and joy of the day.

No book or film can explain to a child or an adult the actuality of a giraffe, gibbon, camel or owl as well as the visual experience. It is fortunate that we are reaping the benefits of having the LCG staff do all the preparation for our excursions. They're ours to enjoy!



CINCO DE MAYO HAPPY HOUR FIESTA

Thursday, May 5

**Avalon Dining and patio (Opens at 3:00pm)
Music by Mariachi Los Gavilancillos from 3:30—5:00**



**Monterey Dining and patio (Opens at 4:30pm)
Music by Los Salazar from 5:00—6:30**

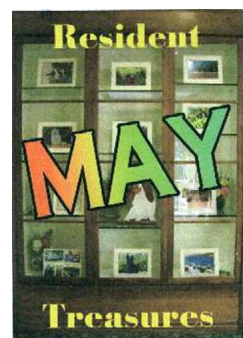


May Display Cases

Contributed By Jen Krail

Fairway Clubhouse will have photos taken by Seabreeze resident, **Jack Iskin**, on display. 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.

Resident **Bunny Anderson** of Brookside has some of her fabulous collection of bunnies at the Lakeside Clubhouse display cases. She is showing some of her favorites from a bigger collection of bunnies she brought to La Costa Glen. Her first bunny was given to her 56 years ago by a neighbor. It is a handmade bunny pin-cushion saying, "Sumbunny loves you." That started her world-wide collecting. These include a large bunny carved from lapis, a gold and diamond compact, a 60th anniversary solid gold pin, brass, porcelain, crystal ones and a four foot lettuce garden bunny. She has trays, plant holders, money bank, copies of museum pieces and her favorite: Jimmy, a large stuffed bunny that sits on her bedroom chair.



A Neonatal Mission

By Marian Goe

Our Glen Tidings staff is well aware that we have some interesting residents living among us with unique pasts. This is someone who came our way whom we found special.

Jeannette Moore, better known to us as **Jeanette Bowers**, graduated from St. Francis Xavier Nursing School in Charleston, S.C., in 1947. She was the neonatal supervisor on duty when an urgent call came from a doctor requesting her to heat an incubator and ready it for an infant he was bringing in. This baby was born to a mother who was visiting from out of the city. Jeannette took one glance at the two pound child and recognized instantly the grave danger he was in, so she stayed on many hours past her normal working time. There was an instant attraction to him as the days progressed. There



Jeanette Bowers

were crucial days ahead and it reached a "touch and go" status as he became anemic after four weeks. She donated her own blood and later Jeannette's brother donated his blood as well. After two months he was removed from the incubator and placed on oxygen in a warming unit allowing only his head to be exposed. Finally at five pounds (and three and a half months) his mother came to pick him up. Jeannette will never forget that traumatic moment. She felt she was losing her own child.

She continued to correspond with him through the years and was still in communication through photos he sent her. Now she has pictures and memories to keep him alive with her as she remembers the little one who stole her heart so long ago.



YEAR OF THE RABBIT

By Carole Eibelheuser



Recently, **Norma Maltz** asked me if I knew anything about the Chinese Year of the Rabbit. To satisfy our curiosity I learned that according to the Chinese Zodiac, the Year of the Golden Rabbit began on February 3rd of this year and ends on January 22, 2012. (1927, 1939, 1951, 1963, 1975, 1987, & 1999 were also Rabbit years.)

"People born in the Year of the Rabbit are articulate, talented, and ambitious. They are virtuous, reserved, and have excellent taste. Rabbit people are admired, trusted, and are often financially lucky. They are fond of gossip but are tactful and generally kind. Rabbit people seldom lose their temper. They are clever at business, and being conscientious, never back out of a contract. They are most compatible with those born in the years of the Sheep, Boar, and Dog."

I'm not one of them, are you? If you want to see more rabbits you might want to view **Bunny Anderson's** collection in the Lakeside Clubhouse.



Reflections on My Career at LCG

Contributed by Diana Blanc

(Editors Note: Diana worked as Assistant to Darolyn for over five years and she recently retired. We asked her for her reflections.)

The first reflection I have is the customer service that is reflected by staff members. Over the years, this grew into a sincere compassion for our residents to the point that residents became personal friends.

The second reflection is management—meaning Darolyn. Time and time again I have been aware of suggestions from residents who wished to enhance the lifestyle at LCG. These suggestions were always analyzed and implemented if feasible. You should know that your voice is heard!

The third reflection is the overall lifestyle our residents experience at LCG. Where else can you get the caliber of computer courses, fitness, speakers, musicians, movies, resident entertainment, fine dining and peace of mind? Residents enjoy a quality of life which provides dignity, care, and compassion.

The most vivid reflection from the last five years of employment at LCG is vivid enjoyment.

Thank you residents and staff for being a part of the most meaningful time of my life!



Diana Blanc

Carless in Carlsbad Continued

By Betty Cortus

After I wrote in March about my decision to give up driving for good, I was faced, not without some trepidation, with the task of selling my car. Luckily for me I chose to take advantage of LCG's Safety Department Program which will take over the responsibility for selling cars residents no longer need. This turned out to be a wise decision on my part. Officer Tina Timonian who supervised the sale of my car made my whole experience smooth and completely hassle-free. Tina took all the worrying aspects of the sale out of my hands: helping me set a fair price for the vehicle, advertising its availability, bringing prospective buyers and taking them on test drives.



Safety Officer
Tina Timonian

She then not only negotiated the sale itself, but also handled all of the

final paperwork.

Safety manager Glenn Thomas, who initiated this program, describes how it originally stemmed from a bright idea proposed by an ad hoc committee of residents--Bixby Smith, Sharon Wood, Don Johnston, and Jim Crosby -- who met with him some time ago to discuss the problem of the limited availability of parking spaces for the increasing number of cars on campus. Glenn agreed to implement this plan and organized sales until it was taken over recently by Tina. In total thirteen cars have been sold to date, ranging across a wide range of variables including price, age, make, and the condition of vehicles. The majority of buyers have been our own staff members.

This is just one more of those numerous thoughtful and helpful services LCG offers its residents. After my own very positive experience, I feel I can confidently recommend it to those seeking a trouble-free way to dispose of vehicles they no longer need.

Experience is a wonderful thing. It enables you to recognize a mistake when you make it again.



Iwo Jima

Contributed by Robert M. Culp



Robert Culp

Iwo Jima, a small, insignificant island in the South Pacific, was one of the stepping stones necessary for the United States to capture in their resolve to free the South Pacific from the scourge of war during WWII.

The U.S. Marines captured the island in one of the most bitterly fought battles of the war. Of the tens of thousands of young Marines who died

there, one of them was the husband of my oldest sister.

After Jay joined the Marines, my sister came back home to live seeking the security and support in her long, fruitless wait for Jay's return. Neither she nor my mother could bring themselves to go to the mailbox to retrieve the daily mail for fear of what they might find: one of those fateful letters from the government notifying the family of the loss of a loved one. The younger children were assigned that task and on the blackest day of our lives, my younger sister brought that letter into the house. I shall never forget as my older sister read the letter aloud and collapsed on the floor. "We regret to inform you that your husband, Jay Donahue---etc., etc."

The war had come to our doorstep, invaded our home and wounded the hearts of the entire family. A few weeks later, I wrote this verse in tribute to Jay:

*The bloody sands of Iwo Jima are cold tonight
The hard rock hills stand mute in reverence
Blow winds softly over the silent graves
And kiss the tomb stones tenderly.*



Tomb of the Unknowns in Arlington National Cemetery is a monument dedicated to American service members who have died without their remains being identified.



My Memorial Day

Contributed By Jack Iskin

My memorial day lasts for the entire year. I memorialize because I have so many shipmates and buddies to remember. I do not believe in stone markers or bronze plaques to recall an event or individual etched in my life. Time has done this for me.

I enlisted in the Navy about one year before Pearl Harbor—just about on my 17th birthday. I was assigned to the brand new super battleship U.S.S. South Dakota. After a "shake-down" cruise I was assigned to my battle station about 100 feet above the main deck as the operator of the ship's radio-direction finder.

After Pearl Harbor was attacked, we sailed to the South Pacific looking for the enemy. We found the Japanese enemy in October 1942 near Guadalcanal.

Dozens of my friends and shipmates died in front of my eyes and I, in spite of my wounds, was one of the lucky few who survived. I am entitled to remember and memorialize.

In the almost 60 years that have passed, I have yet to find a day that I do not have a memorial moment.

From our position of safety and comfort we can pay tribute to our service members by giving our time and support. We can help them and their families, who often face hardship and uncertainty. Navy-Marine Corps Relief Society, Wounded Warriors, YMCA, and Rotary Club of Camp Pendleton among others are all worthy, legitimate organizations. This is the best memorial for now!



Jack Iskin