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NOVEMBER, 2015

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Elections



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BEAT

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Why Do We Wear Poppies To Honor Our Veterans?

Will you be wearing a poppy on Veterans Day, November 11th? Poppies have been associated with Veterans Day since its first observance, as Armistice Day, in 1919. While often seen in the U.S. around Veterans Day, red poppies have become a prominent part of what's become known as Remembrance Day in Canada, England, Australia and many of the Commonwealth nations around the world.

The poppy's significance to today's observance is a result of Canadian military physician John McCrae's poem *In Flanders Fields*. The poppy emblem was chosen because of the poppies that bloomed across some of the worst battlefields of Flanders in World War I. And their red color seemed an appropriate symbol for the bloodshed of trench warfare.

Two days before the Armistice was declared at 11am on November 11th, 1918, an American woman named Moina Michael was working in the YMCA Overseas War Secretaries' headquarters during its annual conference in New York City. Inspired by McCrae's poem, Michael purchased 25 silk poppies that she distributed to attendees of the Conference. The poppies were well received at the meeting, which prompted her to begin an effort to have the poppy adopted as a national symbol of remembrance. She

succeeded in having the National American Legion Conference adopt it two years later. The custom quickly spread to Europe and was especially embraced by the British Royal Legion and veterans groups throughout the British Commonwealth.

A small number of people choose to wear white poppies to indicate a preference to look forward to peace rather than backward at the sacrifice. Those who wear the white poppy have, since their introduction in the 1920's expressed their desire for peaceful alternatives to military action.

So wear a poppy, real or artificial, in red, white or whatever color you choose today as part of your observance of Veterans Day. You'll be honoring a long tradition observed throughout the world.





NOVEMBER HAPPY DAYS 2015



Anniversaries

11/1/03 – 11/1/15 – Happy Birthday to UP BEAT

- 01 Bernie Zook
- 03 Mary Pantea
- 03 Gordon Kingma (AL)
- 08 Linda Firestone
- 12 Adele Colella
- 12 Jim Kremer
- 14 Nancy Cartwright
- 16 Robert Zink
- 18 Janice Rice
- 21 Wayne Firestone
- 25 Cliff Swensen
- 25 Charles (Chuck) Boonstra
- 25 Bob Stroud
- 28 Betty Kremer
- 30 Evelyn "Evie" Olsen

10 Barbara & Marty Becker



Consider making a donation
to the UPR Foundation for
your friends' or loved ones'
special day.



Happy Birthday to all AL and HC residents who have birthdays in November!



**“It is foolish and wrong to mourn the men who died.
Rather we should thank God that such men lived.”**



General George S. Patton Jr. (1885-1945)

Because the University Place population changes almost daily, if we did not include your happy date, we are sorry and would like to be notified of the omission. Regarding IL & GH call Beth Brumit, 463-0203; for AL & HC call Concierge, 464-5600.

FIRST FLOOR NEWS

The first few days of October were an exciting time for Grant Reiff, the grandson of OPAL REIFF. One of the seed dealers in Grant's territory of southern Michigan, had a rare discovery on his farm. While digging to put in a pumping station for a drainage system, (not for a gas line as some national news reported) woolly mammoth bones were uncovered. When the farmer, Jim Bristle, first came upon the bones, he thought they had hit an old fence post. Upon further examination, he soon realized that he had found some bones from a prehistoric animal. The researchers from University of Michigan identified the bones as part of a woolly mammoth which lived 10,000 to 15,000 years ago. A pelvis, skull, tusks, ribs, vertebrae, jaw and shoulder blades were uncovered. Bristle will donate the bones to the University of Michigan. It is interesting that parts of Grant's original video were aired by most of the national TV reports. Pictured are Grant Reiff, his wife Lisa and son Garrison with the bones in the background.



One Day in Washington, DC

At 7:45 a.m. a jet took off from Purdue Airport on October 19, 2015, for the Capital. 84 Veterans from WWII, Korea, and Vietnam Wars were aboard. GENE SODERBERG enjoyed seeing the national monuments and the changing-of-the-guard ceremony at Arlington National Cemetery. It

was a bit overwhelming to be greeted at Reagan Airport by a crowd of cheering people. They arrived back to Purdue Airport by 8:45 p.m. In 2016, three Honor Flights are scheduled. Veterans, sign up!!

SECOND FLOOR NEWS



Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, I (SAM POSTLEWAIT) visited the area in the photo. The photo is of the location in West Virginia where I spent most of my life until I was 16 years old. The house was on the immediate left and the barn with associated buildings just to the left of the electric pole (electric added after I left). There were very few trees in the area, which is wooded now. The top level of the house and barn was equal with the road level. The visit was wonderful!! My brother, sister and spouses along with my two sons plus some grand children, great grandchildren, cousins, nieces and nephews had dinner together Friday night and we visited the home place Saturday morning. There is also a cemetery where my grandfather is buried is on the farm and we visited many other locations where various events occurred years ago. Special for me was the knob (highest point around) where I used to mow grass with a team of horses pulling a mowing machine or, depending on the year, cradling wheat or oats. This visit was a GREAT EXPERIENCE FOR ME.

SECOND FLOOR NEWS (cont'd)

JAN COOKE left her second floor chambers for a pleasant drive with her West Lafayette son and daughter-in-law to visit one of her daughters living in the Birmingham, Alabama, area. While she was gone one of the care-giving agencies provided three hours of attention to Bruce each morning. The Comfort Keepers' assistance was most satisfactory, and what would you think of the likelihood that the gal on the first day came from Bruce's home town, Flint, Michigan. Now, that's service.

Sam Postlethwait Honored



SAM POSTLETHWAIT was honored recently in receiving the highest award given by Kiwanis, the Kiwanis Centennial Award.

He was given the award because he was described as the personification of the objectives of Kiwanis: "To give primacy to human and spiritual rather than to the material values of life. To encourage the daily living of the Golden Rule in all human relationships. To provide enduring friendships. To render altruistic service and to build better communities."

Sam was given the award for many achievements during the past 40 years. In 1961 he developed the Audio-tutorial method of teaching. He was the principle founder of the International Society for Teaching and Learning, and in 2010 was given the Founders Award "for his vision, innovation and leadership in the Scholarship of Teaching and Learning." He was one of the first Purdue faculty members to be

honored in Purdue's Book of Great Teachers. He has been called the Grandfather of Technological Instruction.

For almost 30 years Sam chaired the Kiwanis Club's Youth Services Committee and led that Committee to change the lives of many children in the community in a positive direction.

We are proud and honored to have Sam as a member of our community.

-- Cliff Swensen

John Lindenlaub also submitted an article about Sam Postlethwait being honored on October 16, 2015. The following are excerpts from the actual speech given at the presentation of Sam's Kiwanis Centennial Award.

Sam grew up in Alister Ridge, West Virginia, where he was born on April 16, 1918. His education in a one room school. At that time completing the eighth grade was the highest educational achievement of the majority of all young people in the United States. But Sam did not stop there. He began contributing to the development of young people when he was a very young person himself. When he was 12 years old he started high school. For four years he picked up and transported other early teenagers to school in the back of his family's pickup. Many children in West Virginia who would otherwise have been denied the benefit of a high school education received one because Sam was there for them. Sam started college when was 16 year old. After receiving his college degree he then taught in a country school. With the outbreak of World War II he served our country as a Naval Communications Officer working on submarines. After the war he completed his higher education and came to Purdue in 1949 where he spent 35 years before retiring in 1984.

THIRD FLOOR NEWS

In early September, TOM KELLY flew down to Coppell, Texas, a suburb of Dallas, to attend Grandparents Day at Mockingbird School with his grandson Zachary. This was the fifth year in a row that Tom took part in the annual event. But this year was a bit different, because in 2016 Zachary will enter Middle School, where they do not have grandparents days. Upon return to UP Tom solved the problem by looking into moving to Texas. He flew back to Dallas on Oct 22 and visited a CCRC community, on the same model as University Place. It's within walking distance to his daughter's house - and across the street from a Kroger's supermarket and a CVS pharmacy. Tom took a tour on a Friday afternoon, then enjoyed a lively Happy Hour with residents. Those he met were predominantly from the Mid West: Ft Wayne, Terre Haute, Bloomington, Indiana, and Chicago, IL. Some too came from Minnesota, New York and Arizona. He met only one native Texan. Then he had dinner and spent the night in a guest apartment. Two highlights of the tour were: a swimming pool which has Water Aerobics exercises 3 times a week, and mass in the Chapel that had beautiful stained glass windows. There are 4 retired priests who reside at CHRISTUS, Saint Joseph Village. One is from China and another from Ireland. So, before returning to UP on Tuesday October 27 Tom will have signed an application for a 1 Bedroom apt (plus Den) on the first floor of the residence. It is around the corner from the swimming pool and next to the Dining Room. His tentative departure date from University Place is early December. Tom hopes to spend his 83rd birthday (Dec 19) and Christmas, 2015 in Texas. This was not an easy decision for

Tom and he will sorely miss all his friends, both old and new from the 12 years spent at UP. But he trusts they will appreciate the reason behind this big move. Quite simply, he misses his daughters and grandkids. Maybe we can have a party in the Great Room before the departure. Tom offers to play his harmonica and lead a few rousing hymns from the University Place blue book.

On October 3rd JOHN and DEB LINDENLAUB spent the night in Indianapolis, prior to an 8 AM Sunday flight to Phoenix, Arizona. Thus began their Purdue Alumni Association 6-day trip to the Grand Canyon. Several in the group of about 40 had trouble walking, so this essentially trolly, bus, and train trip was ideal. The numerous smaller canyons along the way were awesome, all the more enjoyable since Mother Nature chose to fog in the Grand Canyon on our planned Canyon day. The sun did prevail enough in the afternoon, however, to highlight some of the Canyon's exquisite beauty. There wasn't much fauna in evidence, but the flora was very different and most interesting. From 5th grade geography the terms 'old, worn-down' and 'young rugged' mountains came to life as the bus traveled from Phoenix to Scottsdale and to Sedona, also to Jerome, Cottonwood, and Flagstaff where there were ample opportunities for interesting shopping and sight-seeing, as well as frequent places to sit and rest. Nothing being planned for Thursday, the 8th, our son came up from Goodyear, AZ, for a special visit. That night was the Farewell Dinner, a Hoe Down "at the Blazin' M Ranch where everyone enjoyed a hearty chuck wagon Supper and Western Stage Show", which indeed everyone certainly did. On Friday the 9th, the bus returned us to Phoenix for flights home. Our excellent tour guide and bus

THIRD FLOOR NEWS (cont'd)

driver, always conscientious and most helpful, and a wonderful group of traveling companions made this a most memorable experience.

Our Not So Excellent Vacation

The WEINHARDT'S 'Great Train Escape' Imperial tour started on the morning of Friday, August 28 with a bus trip from Lafayette to Union Station in Chicago where we boarded the Southwest Chief that afternoon enroute to Flagstaff, AZ. Based on conversations we have had with others, we booked a roomette for the trip thus we would have beds for the overnight on the train. We had not realized that the price of the roomette included meals and therefore we each had four meals during the course of the journey. Sleeping in a roomette is only a bit better than upright in a coach car. Roomettes have little room, so little in fact that once the beds are made up there is no place to stand unless one opens the door to the compartment. We arrived in Flagstaff, AZ about 9:00PM Saturday evening and our tour bus met us there and delivered us to our motel. Sunday morning August 30, we boarded our bus which took us to downtown Flagstaff where we could shop and have lunch. Early in the afternoon we boarded the bus for a whirlwind tour of Sedona where we spent an hour or so and then on to Williams, AZ to the Grand Canyon Railway Hotel where we had dinner and spent the night. Early in the morning of Monday, August 31 things started to go wrong for me. I had some swelling and pain on the left side of my face. I thought I had a tooth infection or abscess so called my dentist back in Lafayette and he phoned a prescription for some antibiotics to the clinic at Grand Canyon Village, AZ, our next stop. We saw a re-enactment of a western street shoot-out

before boarding the Grand Canyon Railway train bound for the Grand Canyon. During the day my facial swelling and pain slowly increased. Arriving at the Grand Canyon we immediately obtained a ride to the clinic to get my prescription. While there I did briefly see a physician but there was not much he could do with the limitations of equipment and staff. When we told him that the next day the tour was headed for Page, AZ and Glen Canyon and from there the Bryce and Zion National Parks before winding up in Las Vegas, he was not very encouraging. He said once we got into the Bryce and Zion areas anything but very basic medical assistance was nearly non-existent. We agreed that when we got to Page, if my situation had not improved or worsened, we would leave the tour and seek medical care. No matter, with a great amount of pain and increased swelling, still at Grand Canyon Village, I woke up about 3AM Tuesday, Sept 1. The antibiotics had not helped. After a while I got Sandra up and told her I thought we should leave the tour before it headed for Page, AZ. She agreed that my swelling was much worse. Meanwhile I was able to find that there was a Medical Center in Flagstaff and decided that was where we should go though it was about 90 miles away. About 6:30 I met up with the Imperial Tour Director in the lobby of the Maswik lodge and told him that we had to leave the tour to seek medical attention. Both the Tour Director and desk staff at the Maswik Lodge assisted me in arranging transportation on the 10AM Arizona Shuttle to Flagstaff. We sadly waved farewell to our tour group as they left Maswik Lodge and Grand Canyon Village for the rest of the tour. The Arizona Shuttle driver could see I was in quite a lot of discomfort so he took us directly to the

THIRD FLOOR NEWS (cont'd)

ER entrance of Flagstaff Medical Center before he took the other passengers to the normal stops in Flagstaff. The ER was not terribly busy at the time so there was not too much delay after taking care of the usual paperwork before I was taken to an ER exam room where I was to spend the next six hours or so. While there they of course drew blood for labs and I had a CT scan of left side of my face. When taken to CT I noticed I was in exam room #4 and I saw numbers up to #45. This is a big medical center for a city with a population about the same as Lafayette. Later I was told that particularly to the north and east, of Flagstaff there is not much in the way of medical care available so Flagstaff serves people who live hundreds of miles away. As evening approached we began to be concerned as to where Sandra could stay. Here we were in a place we did not know, where we didn't know anyone, and no car. One of the nurses really helped us out by telling us that the Medical Center had a guest house called 'Taylor House' for just these kinds of situations. We quickly called them and Sandra was able to stay there for the three nights I was hospitalized. Hospital security even took her there and brought her back to the hospital in the mornings. Sandra has nothing but kudos for Taylor House, the Taylor House staff, and hospital security. By the time I was taken to my hospital room I had been told that I had been diagnosed with cellulitis of the left side of my face, that there was no tooth abscess, and I had been put on IV antibiotics. Also I noted that the ER had become exceedingly busy with a constant stream of patients coming in on gurneys pushed by EMT's, others coming in with relatives, etc. This is a very busy place. For the next three days my room was on the

3rd Floor of the West Campus. I was the only patient in the room and I had a large window facing north with a stunning view of the San Francisco mountains. I have to say if a person gets sick while traveling, try to be sick in Flagstaff. All the staff were great. I have nothing but the best to say about the doctors, nurses, and all the rest who cared for me, brought the meals, cleaned the rooms, etc. In addition, the meals were nearly on a par with meals here at University Place. One of the meals was salmon done almost in the fine UP way. Sandra visited the hospital gift shop on several occasions and says that it is excellent and perhaps the best hospital gift shop she has ever seen or been in. She also said that the staff was quite knowledgeable and very helpful. While a patient, I was continually on IV antibiotics. By Wednesday evening Sept. 2, my swelling and pain was noticeably reducing and by Thursday afternoon nearly gone. On Thursday it was looking as if there was a good chance I would be released on Friday Sept. 4. If that could happen, we could then meet up with the tour group in Las Vegas and fly back to O'Hare as originally scheduled early on Saturday, Sept 5. Working by phone with Imperial Travel found that we could hire a car and driver to take us the 250 miles or so from Flagstaff to the hotel in Las Vegas to rejoin our group. On Friday morning Sept. 4, my face almost looked normal and the pain was completely gone. When examined by the Doctor I was told I would be released. Later the IV's were unhooked, I was given my discharge instructions, some prescriptions, and had my final lunch at Flagstaff Medical Center. Meanwhile we had contacted Flagstaff Shuttle and Charter and told the driver where to meet us. After bidding a fond farewell to the staff and being taken to

the entrance in a wheel chair, we met up with our driver and were soon on our way to Las Vegas. Arriving in Las Vegas about 5:30 PM we checked into our room at the Excalibur, grabbed a quick dinner, met with Imperial Tour Director about details for leaving for the airport the next morning, took showers, and went to bed. We were tired from not having much sleep while in the hospital. At about 8AM Saturday, Sept 5 we were on our way to the airport to check in for our flight back to the mid-west. An Imperial bus met us at O'Hare and we arrived back in Lafayette about 9PM. Thus ended our almost vacation.

GARDEN HOME NEWS

MARILYN LAHR shared this message from DICK's second cousin in Roseburg, OR, after the tragic shootings there: "The sun was shining, and Betty and I had just finished playing some good pickleball before we went shopping. Radio off, we didn't know there was anything going on in Roseburg except sunshine and another beautiful day, until we walked in the door at home, and Debbie called and told us that something was happening in Roseburg. Wow! Who has ever heard of Roseburg, Oregon??? Well, tonight, that's different. We are a small community and this happening really hurts. It's too close to home, too close to the decision to raise our family in Roseburg because it was so much safer and better place than Southern California. That is true, and remains true. A beautiful place with wonderful, gentle people! One person can't change that, and Roseburg will remain as it was, but with a scar, which we feel tonight. This does affect us and give us trepidations about what lies ahead for our family and our whole country. But, the sun will shine on Roseburg tomorrow as it did today, and all of us will

go on trying to be the best people we can be, and in the end, sanity and doing the right thing will prevail."

--Stanley B. Young, M.D.

FRED FREDERICKS flew to Minneapolis to visit daughter Susan and her husband Mike Keefe the end of September. Fred was able to get a "Space Available" flight on a KC 135 refueling tanker from Grissom Air Reserve Base near Peru. The air crew was on a mission to Minneapolis then on to San Diego, CA. After a pleasant weekend he returned to the Minneapolis airport Monday morning to meet the flight crew. As they prepared to taxi for take-off the pilots discovered a warning light that caused them to shut down and troubleshoot the problem. Turned out to be a fuse malfunction. Where do you find a fuse for a 53 year old airplane? Back at Grissom ARB. So, Fred's trip was extended a day while another KC 135 tanker from Grissom delivered the necessary part on Tuesday morning. The return to Indiana was uneventful and now with a little experience and a lot of accumulated patience Fred is ready to try another "Space A" flight sometime in the future.



PURDUE'S INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE PROGRAM

David Ayers, Assoc. Dean, School of Engineering, spoke to about thirty interested UP residents on October 13, 2015, about the International Exchange program, students coming from other countries to study at Purdue and Purdue students who have gone aboard, especially to China. He said that currently there are about 9,000 international students on campus, 5,000 undergraduate and 4,000 graduate students. Purdue attracts many international students because of its high ranking. It is tied for 9th place with Cornell, in the U S NEWS AND WORLD REPORTS annual review of engineering schools. Of the total Purdue student population about one quarter are international students, one quarter are from out of state, and half are from Indiana. We have students from one-hundred and twenty-five different countries, some countries represented by only one student. Of the international students, about 90% are Chinese. Most come for the STEM program: Science Technology Engineering and Math.

Aside from international students, international faculty and staff also choose Purdue. They may come for a short stay, for a semester, or for a year. He sees the need to make the campus more welcoming and seeks to develop programs to engender beneficial interaction. For students, the emphasis is on keeping pace for their graduation. American students who go on the exchange program attempt to learn a second language in six weeks, not easy, with a language like Chinese.

He said that it is difficult to have the students interact with American students that with their cell phones and ipods, virtual friends are more important than the person sitting across from them in the cafeteria. He also said It is easier for visiting faculty to connect than for eighteen year olds because they are older and more mature; and also because they have a professional base from which to start.

International students pay out-of-state fees which are three times more than residents pay, plus an additional \$2,000. They have a lot at stake, so you can understand their diligence here.

Ayers showed a photo of a group of international students and pointed out one who had an entrepreneurial spirit and returned to his home country to open a karaoke bar.

Soon to be implemented is a plan for eight international students to meet with UP residents for conversation once or twice a month. Nancy Eberhard will organize the program.

-- Audrey Roberts

The frost is on the pumpkin,
The corn is in the barn;
I ought to make some pumpkin pies
But I don't give a darn.
I ought to stuff a turkey,
I ought to roast and freeze;
I ought to plan and cook and serve.
I'd rather look at leaves.
I'd rather hike the hillside,
I'd rather spy on deer;
I'm not stuck here in the kitchen,
Thanks to Mel, Chef Joseph,
Whitney and all who serve and
clear!!

COLUMBIAN PARK ZOO

On October 20, 2015, Mackenzie made a return visit to U.P. with animals from the zoo. She was much happier with the number of residents in attendance compared to the very small group there last month when she made her very first visit to U.P. This month she brought several very unusual animals.

The first animal she showed was an AFRICAN GIANT MILLIPEDE. This species is the worlds largest millipede. It has an outer, hard exoskeleton rather than bony skeleton. Inside its exoskeleton is a very acidic liquid interior that protects it from predators who will only attempt to eat one once. Certain monkeys however will lick a millipede until all the liquid fluid is gone and then happily eat the millipede. Mackenzie did not think the monkeys ingest the liquid. Millipedes' multiple legs are set at an angle to assist them in walking. Another defense they have against predators is to curl up into a tight spiral. They are primarily nocturnal, live in hardwood forests, and are decomposers.

The second animal shown was Shiloh, a RED FOOTED TORTOISE. They are natives of South America where they live in the rain forest. They have an unusual hourglass shaped shell which helps them manage to maneuver between trees. They flash the red colors on their legs to warn potential predators that they are not good to eat. Another unusual feature is that they shed sweet scented tears that attract butterflies. The tortoise will try to grab and eat those butterflies that are attracted to its tears. This species of tortoise can live to be 70-80 years old.

The third animal was the most "ordinary" brought on this visit. It was a RAT named Cheddar. Mackenzie indicated that despite their bad reputations rats are intelligent, very social animals. They are omnivores that eat almost everything. They are the only mammal, other than humans, that are found on all seven continents. They have spatial awareness that helps them navigate their surroundings. Their furless tail helps them balance. They can be trained to do anything a dog can be trained to do. They exhibit empathy toward other animals. They typically only live to be 2.5 to 3 years old. Recent studies have shown that they were not the cause of the Bubonic Plague that occurred in Europe during the Middle Ages.

The final animal shown was Oz, a WOMA PYTHON. They live in the grasslands of Australia. They are well camouflaged with a yellow head that is a warning to predators. Unlike most non-venomous snakes this unique python is not the traditional constrictor but instead goes into animal burrows where they press the prey animal against the walls to suffocate them.

Resident were allowed to touch every animal except the millipede. We look forward to future visits from the Columbian Park Zoo.

--Karl Zollner



THE UNIVERSITY PLACE ZOO

After all of the visits from the Colombia Park Zoo we were curious about how many zoo animals resided at University Place. The display case has been overwhelmed by the number and variety of animals that showed up. Animals from all of the continents appeared. One that puzzled us was Purdue Pete, but we finally decided he qualified as a “party animal.” We thank everyone who let their animals out for all of us to see even though we could not pet them.

--Barbara Hansen



UPR FOUNDATION THANK YOU RECEPTION

Tuesday, Oct. 13th at 3:00 pm. 66 residents met in the Great Room at University Place to say thank you to donors to the Foundation, and would-be donors to the Foundation. Joseph provided an outstanding plate of food for everyone. Mel and his staff did their usual magic. He included Marge Mannering in his staff- she provided the center pieces and helped with the place settings. We said an informal and sad goodbye to Dave Henke and a brief but heartfelt hello to Kelli Duhalme, our new interim executive director.

UPR Foundation was represented by its Board of Directors. President of the Board, Rick Spykman, said a few words about the Foundation. He then passed the microphone to Bill Weinhardt who told us of the various projects accomplished by the Foundation: nine scholarships given to UP associates, trees, doubling the size of the therapy room, the enabling garden and the bus shelter.

The large, expensive projects were possible due to large donations on the part of some residents. John Lindenlaub spoke on the subject of donating to the Foundation. We do hope residents who have not become members will do so. The cost for that is \$100.00. Russ Hart spoke eloquently of benefits of living at UP and also of the impact the Foundation has and will have on all who live here.

We hope all who attended the reception left with a better knowledge of our UPR Foundation.
--Doris Swensen



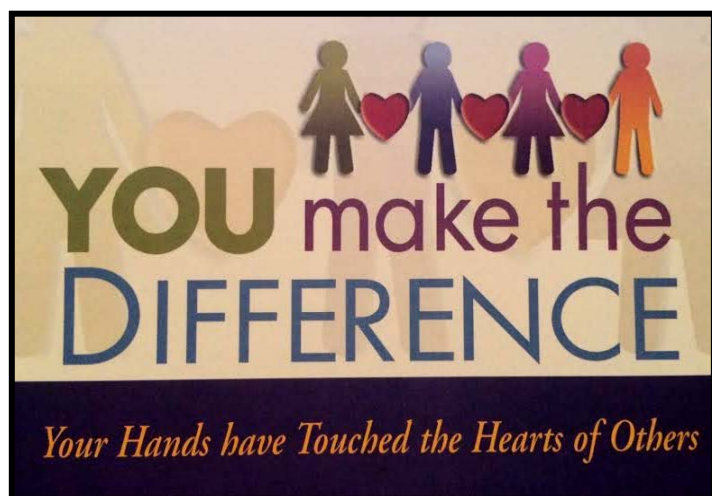
THE BULLETIN BOARD

Tippecanoe Taizé

The next Tippecanoe Taizé will be at 7 p.m., November 3, 2015, St. Ann's Church & Shrine, 612 Wabash Avenue, Lafayette, IN. Sign up for transportation at the Concierge Desk for this inspirational, ecumenical worship service of Scripture, song and silence with an All-Souls' theme.



ATTENTION UP RESIDENTS



The picture to the left is a "YOU MAKE A DIFFERENCE" card that can be filled out by a resident to acknowledge an associate who makes a difference in your day or life.

These cards are available on the Bistro railing and/or in the hallway by the Human Resources office towards the Health Care wing. Associates do make a difference in your life, let's make a difference in theirs by acknowledging them.



PURDUE GEESE SHY OF BIG WORDS.

In last month's UP BEAT a very insightful article pointed out that the Purdue Geese, the ones that haunt the Celery Bog, the Wabash, and other waters around Purdue, are torn between wanting to fly south before winter, or on the other hand continue to nest where they were born. They tended to be ambivalent. Well, that did it! The Purdue geese are gone. No big words for them. From here on out if you wanna see the honkers eating our grass again, use one or two syllable words.- small, little, torn, mixed-up, warped, twisted, beady, simple, clean - or dirty, if you prefer - but not by golly sophisticated high fallutin, exalted, let alone ambivalent.. Apparently the Purdue geese are simple souls.

--BRUCE COOPER



THE HISTORY OF VETERANS' DAY



November 11, or what has come to be known as Veterans Day, was originally set as a U.S. legal holiday to honor Armistice Day - the end of World War I, which officially took place on November 11, 1918. President Woodrow Wilson honored the first commemoration of Armistice Day with the following words: "To us in America, the reflections of Armistice Day will be filled with solemn pride in the heroism of those who died in our country's service and with gratitude for the victory, both because of the thing from which it has freed us and because of the opportunity it has given America to show her sympathy with peace and justice in the councils of the nations."

In 1954, Congress, at the urging of the veterans service organizations, struck out the word "Armistice" and inserted the word "Veterans." With the approval of this legislation on June 1, 1954, November 11, became a day to honor American veterans of all wars.

Between 1968 and 1975, Veterans Day was moved around on the calendar, sometimes even appearing on the last Monday of October. Finally on September 20, 1975, President Gerald R. Ford signed a law which returned the annual observance of Veterans Day to its original date of November 11. Beginning in 1978 Veterans Day continues to be observed on November

11, regardless of what day of the week on which it falls. The restoration of the observance of Veterans Day to November 11 not only preserves the historical significance of the date, but helps focus attention on the important purpose of Veterans Day: A celebration to honor America's veterans for their patriotism, love of country, and willingness to serve and sacrifice for the common good.

Hall Art Exchanged

On Wednesday, October 15, the posters borrowed from Purdue's Visual Art Collection were re-circulated to allow residents to see other parts of the collection. Included are many well-known artists, both classic and modern, including Vermeer, Seurat, Miro, and Magritte. A page from the Book of Kells, and a page from the Lindisfarne Gospels make for beautiful wall art. "The Nutcracker" by Maurice Sendak is a delightful reminder of childhood pleasures.

The collection at present consists of 87 pieces, or over 20 for each IL floor and AL. All were moved in one day by an enthusiastic but hard working team consisting of Maralee Baumgardner, Barbara Hansen, and Barbara Becker. They were cheered on by residents who noticed and approved of the changes in their hallways. --Barbara Becker



Radio controlled Planes at UP

It was a dark and stormy night. Keith Hiser, his wife and his daughter Carla brought a huge display of radio-controlled small planes to share with us at UP. (He promises to come again in fair weather.)

The jolly, upbeat and excited crowd of over 30 residents benefited from the display tables loaded with planes up to three feet long down to a drone only 12 inches. The drone can take four hours of video in one flight. We could see the insides of most of the planes, and we practiced recalling the vocabulary of air flight. Any question Mr. Hiser asked was met with at least one correct answer.

Carla teaches school in Lafayette, and hadn't a chance of not learning about this hobby, for she was taken in their RV to 8 huge gatherings in Oshkosh almost from her birth. Every weekend they were at some gathering of flight builders. She has her own Radio Controlled airplanes and showed them off to us. She explained all about those radios that control the mechanisms in the planes.

Keith at one time farmed the very acreage our building occupies. He recalled one very dry year in which he even plowed up the Celery Bog and farmed it too.

As a child, Keith played on the meadow that became Market Square Shopping Center. Nearby was the factory that built the Norden Bombsights. In his youth, all the kids played together after school and all weekend. They made gliders to fly out on that ground, learning physics and weather instinctively. Even now, there is an active RC club with two private fields here be Lafayette. Keith brought some kits and described how to make an RC plane. It is so labor intensive that the price of one already built is worth it. Putting on the

plastic skin is devilishly difficult. It takes heat to seal it on, and usually it wrinkles in the process. One plane he was working on took over three dozen tries. Keith has been building a Wright Flyer plane. He has over 200 hours on it and has only one piece right. It's surely not easy. A current plane can fly for 7 hours on one battery, or fly to 1000 feet high seven times on one battery. Over 1000 feet you can't see your plane any longer, so you should kiss a high flyer goodbye before you launch it.

In 1937, RC planes had 7 different levers (?) (servos?) in them. Each one needed a separate battery. Owners rented trailers to haul great big generators around to the fields. The radio controls control those levers, which then move wing flaps, move the steering, raise and lower the plane and manage take offs and landings. In those early days, they had chase cars to recover the planes wherever they landed. Today's batteries are real progress. You can bring the plane back to you!

Those old radio boxes could fly seven planes at one time but there was much interference from other radios. Now they have constantly changing frequencies at 120 times per second, so you could fly 200 planes at one time. The battles in contests are awesome!

Fuel, you ask? In the '30s, planes used diesel fuel. You could get 16 minutes of flight with seven gallons of fuel. Later they tried dragster fuel, which has three times the juice of regular gas. It put out too much carbon and made dust get in the plane, so they quit using that. As for now, sorry, I don't remember. Mr. Hiser's favorite is a 1930 Beaver, a model still used for "float" planes. You can buy it with tires instead, if you want. He flies in the real

Radio controlled Planes at UP (cont'd)

ones as often as possible. They can land on ice or water. Phyllis McKee asked which planes were in which war. Her husband had been a pilot early in WW II. Mr. Hiser showed us which ones went with which war. We were brushing up on historical details all the while absorbing this new-to-us hobby.

Be sure to come when the Hisers return to UP, or get on our bus if it takes us to the local field where these planes "fly wild and free." There are 104 local members; someone is almost always out there flying. The club will put on a show for us! See you there!

--Sandra Weinhardt

IT'S WHAT YOU SCATTER

I was at the corner grocery store buying some early potatoes; I noticed a small boy, delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily appraising a basket of freshly picked green peas. I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas. I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes. Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Mr. Miller (the store owner) and the ragged boy next to me.

"Hello Barry, how are you today?"

"Hello, Mr. Miller. Fine, thank ya. Just admiring them peas. They sure look good"

"They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?"

"Gittin" stronger a little at a " time."

"Good. Anything I can help you with?"

"No, Sir. Just admiring them peas."

"Would you like to take some home?" asked Mr. Miller.

"No, Sir, Got nuthin' to pay for 'em with."

"Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?"

"All I got's my prize marble here."

"Is that right? Let me see it", said Miller.

"Here 'tis. She's a dandy."

"I can see that, hmm, only thing is this one is blue and I sort of go for red. Do you have a red one like this at home?", the store owner asked.

"Not zackley but almost."

"Tell you what, Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip this way let me look at that red marble". Mr. Miller told the boy.

"Sure will, thanks Mr. Miller."

Mrs. Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me. With a smile she said,

"There are two other boys like him in our community, all three are in very poor circumstances. Jim just loves to bargain with them for peas, apples, tomatoes, or whatever. When they come back with their red marbles, and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all and he sends them home with a bag of produce for a green marble or an orange one, when they come on their next trip to the store." I left the store smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later I moved to Colorado, but I never forgot the story of this man,

IT'S WHAT YOU SCATTER (cont'd)

the boys, and their bartering for marbles. Several years went by, each more rapid than the previous one. Just recently I had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community and while I was there learned that Mr. Miller had died. They were having his visitation that evening and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them. Upon arrival at the mortuary we fell into line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer what ever words of comfort we could. Ahead of us in line were three young men. One was in an army uniform and the other two wore nice haircuts, dark suits and white shirt, all very professional looking. They approached Mrs. Miller, standing composed and smiling by her husband's casket. Each of the young men hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her and moved on to the casket. Her misty light blue eyes followed them as, one by one; each young man stopped briefly and placed his own warm hand over the cold pale hand in the casket. Each left the mortuary awkwardly, wiping his eyes. Our turn came to meet Mrs. Miller. I told her who I was and reminded her of the story from those many years ago and what she had told me about her husband's bartering for marbles. With her eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket.

"Those three young men who just left were the boys I told you about. They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim "traded" them. Now, at last, when Jim could not change his mind about color or size; they came to pay their debt." "We've never had a great deal of the wealth of this world," she confided, "but right now, Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho"

With loving gentleness she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband. Resting underneath were three exquisitely shined red marbles.

The Moral: We will not be remembered by our words, but by our kind deeds. Life is not measured by the breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath. Today I wish you a day of ordinary miracles ~ A fresh pot of coffee you didn't make yourself... An unexpected phone call from an old friend.... Green stoplights on your way to work.... The fastest line at the grocery store.... A good sing-along song on the radio. Your keys found right where you left them. "IT'S NOT WHAT YOU GATHER, BUT WHAT YOU SCATTER THAT TELLS WHAT KIND OF LIFE YOU HAVE LIVED! --Karen Byrd

SONGS MY MOTHER TAUGHT ME

BY: GLORY GEIFF

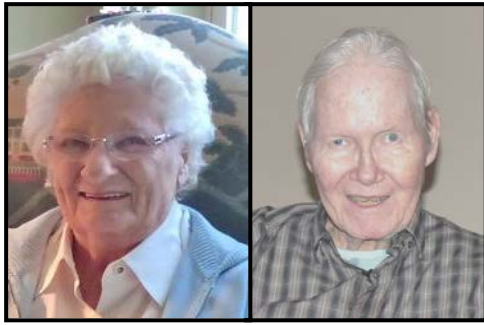
On October 6, 2015, at 4pm, we were entertained for over an hour with the most enjoyable and historical program.

Glory Geiff was dressed as a Wave in the uniform that her mother wore when she herself was in the service of our country and sang with the Studebaker Choir. She and her mother would sing a lot together.

Some of the songs Glory sang to us were from the WWII era that all of us were familiar with, songs such as "Going to Take a Sentimental Journey", "Anchors Away My Boys", "Over Hill Over Dale, The Caissons go Rolling Along", "Off We Go into the Wild Blue Yonder", "The Navy Waves", "Story of Jinny the Ninny", "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree", "As Time Goes By", "Moonlight Serenade", "My Sweet Embraceable You", "I'll Be Seeing You in all of the Familiar Places", and other songs. This was a very entertaining program.

-- Betty Wade

GETTING TO KNOW YOUR NEW NEIGHBORS



Judge David J. Crouse and Jean moved to University Place in shifts: he on July 9th to Assisted Living and Jean on August 23rd to IL 108. Both are temporarily in Healthcare. They came to UP from a small home at 340 Rosebank in West Lafayette's Westport after twenty five years in their large Cottonwood Circle home in Lafayette's Jesco Hills. David was born in Lafayette and grew up with one sister in the three-generation Crouse homestead in Dayton, IN. His great-grandfather came from Germany in the 1830s when the family name was spelled Kraus. After graduation from Dayton High School where he played basketball and in the band, David went to Indiana University – Bloomington for six years to earn a B.S. in General Business and a Law degree. After graduation he was drafted into the Army and served in New Jersey with the Military Police. In 1955 he and the late George Hanna formed a law partnership in Lafayette for ten years. Then Hanna became the Tippecanoe County prosecutor with David a Deputy Prosecutor. In 1974 David became a Tippecanoe County Judge until retirement in 1996 but continued serving as needed as a Senior Judge for several more years.

Meanwhile, Jean was born in Wabash, Indiana, where she and her

brother grew up. She was active in Girl Scouts. After graduation from Wabash High School, she attended Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri, for two years and then two years at Indiana University. During that time she met law student David Crouse at an exchange dinner. From IU Jean worked in wardrobe planning at L.S. Ayres in Indianapolis and then went to New York City for a year at Tobe-Coburn to study fashion and merchandising. David often visited Jean in New York; she very much enjoyed living there, working at AMC and then Gimbels, going to fashion shows, walking down Fifth Avenue, and a memorable New Year's Eve in Times Square with David as the ball was coming down at midnight. Later she worked at R.H. Donnelly in Chicago and then Carson Pirie Scott, and David came for visits. In all, it was about eight years from their first meeting until their marriage.

The Crouses have two daughters, both Purdue graduates. Sue is with IBM and her husband, whom Jean calls the high tech developer of the chip in your cell phone, live in Austin, TX, and are parents of two boys and two girls. Marilyn, a tax accountant, and her husband, an industrial engineer, live in Warsaw, IN, and have a boy and a girl. The Crouses love travel and have had many wonderful trips: Bali, an Indonesian cruise, train travel through Malaysia and to Bangkok; a visit to Antarctica, several times to England and Ireland, and to many of the countries of Europe and Scandinavia and a cruise to Tahiti. David and Jean, your new neighbors wish you a speedy return to your new homes. They are happy that you are here and heartily say, "Welcome"!



WE WISH TO EXTEND
OUR SINCERE SYMPATHY TO
THE FAMILY AND FRIENDS OF

MARGARET L. GUSTAFSON

Margaret L. Gustafson, a University Place resident, was born June 28, 1922, in Tippecanoe County and died October 3, 2015 at University Place. She graduated from Lafayette Jefferson High School and worked for one year as a clerk stenographer in the Purdue University Home Economics Extension Department. Margaret married Kenneth E. Gustafson on July 10, 1941. They moved to a farm in 1948 where Margaret lived until her move to University Place in 2009. She is survived by daughter Jan, a grand daughter, two great-grandchildren, sister Emma Frey of University Place, and two more sisters. Margaret was preceded in death by her husband in 1987, by her parents, two sisters and two brothers.



AVIS EILEEN ANDERSON

Avis Eileen Anderson, a University Place resident, was born April 4 1923, at Laketon (Wabash County), IN, and died October 10, 2015, at her University Place Garden Home. She attended North Liberty High School where she met Virgil Anderson. She and Virgil were married December 4, 1943. They moved to West Lafayette in 1951 where she acted as financial advisor for their consulting business, typed and edited his PhD thesis and manuscript of his book. In 1987 they moved to Sun City Texas, near Austin and then in 2004 to University Place. Virgil died March 12 2012. Avis is survived by daughters Cheryl and Denise, son Michael, six granddaughters, three great grandchildren and two great great grandchildren.

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Betty Wade (Editor), Marilyn Lahr, Deb Lindenlaub. Photos: Sam Postlethwait.



PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING



by Max Coots

Let us give thanks: For generous friends with hearts as big as hubbards and smiles as bright as their blossoms; For feisty friends as tart as apples; For continuous friends, who, like scallions and cucumbers, keep reminding us that we've had them; For crotchety friends, as sour as rhubarb and as indestructible; For handsome friends, who are as gorgeous as eggplants and as elegant as a row of corn, and the others, as plain as potatoes and so good for you; For funny friends, who are as silly as Brussel sprouts and as amusing as Jerusalem artichokes, and serious friends, as complex as cauliflowers and as intricate as onions; For friends as unpretentious as cabbages, as subtle as summer squash, as persistent as parsley, as delightful as dill, as endless as zucchini, and who, like parsnips, can be counted on to see you through the winter; For old friends nodding like sunflowers in the evening-time and young friends coming on as fast as radishes; For loving friends, who wind around us like tendrils and hold us, despite our blights, wilts and witherings; And, finally, for those friends now gone, who like gardens past that have been harvested, but who fed us in their times that we might have life thereafter; For all these we give thanks.

**UNIVERSITY PLACE
1700 LINDBERG ROAD
WEST LAFAYETTE, IN 47906**