



Heritage Happenings

April 2024

*The monthly newsletter published by residents of
Heritage on the Marina*

Special Events

Highlights of events, speakers, and performers for April.

Blue colors honor the "Around the World" celebration of Greece



David Salimonas: Piano Concert

Monday, 1 April at 3:00 in Morgan Parlor

David Saliamonas is an American pianist living in Paris. Born in Glen Ellyn, Ill, David Saliamonas taught himself to play by ear and improvise at age five. Eventually, he earned a scholarship at the Manhattan School of Music, where he received both his bachelor's and master's degrees. David has been hailed as one of his generation's most expressive and individual pianists, and critics have described him as a "tremendous talent who plays with great intensity and feeling." He will play probably for sure some Ravel, Liszt, and Chopin. ;-)



Simon Melov: Exercise: Longevity Magic Bullet

Wednesday, 3 April at 11:00 in Friendship Hall

First episode of a new Zoom series from The Buck Institute.

If exercise were a pill, it would be the biggest blockbuster drug of all time! Regular physical activity is the best thing you can do for your health and longevity. What's the optimal amount, and do we really need to do those 10,000 steps a day? Dr Melov will talk about the best ways to get moving. And just wait until you hear about his exercise regimen!



Allen Ysidro: Line Dancing with a Greek Influence
Thursday, 4 April at 10:30 in Friendship Hall

Welcome to our world of American Line Dancing, where you will see and hear the fun line dance, including Greek variations, we perform in our classes and special events.



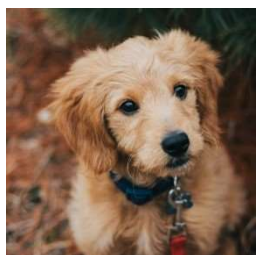
Tarkan Guidur: SF Recology Overview
Wednesday, 3 April at 2:00 in Friendship Hall

Tarkan Guidur, Recycling Program Specialist, talks about Recology a waste management company headquartered in San Francisco. The company collects and processes municipal solid waste, reclaiming reusable materials. Recology is the largest organics compost facility operator by volume in the United States. Recology promotes recycling, composting, and other waste-reduction programs to minimize the amount of material sent to landfills.



Mary Mead: Asian Art Museum Masterpieces
Monday, 8 April at 3:00 in Friendship Hall

What constitutes a "masterpiece?" Why are some objects considered masterworks while others are relegated to lesser positions? Explore some answers illustrated by a few of the best treasures of the Asian Art Museum. These are masterworks from the vast and varied regions we collectively call Asia, which stretches from the Mediterranean to the Pacific. Fabulous statues, ancient bronzes, mystic jade, delicate ceramics, and evocative paintings—let them engulf you in their unique beauty and workmanship.



Teddy the Goldendoodle & David: SPCA Visit
Thursday, April 11 at 1:30 in Friendship Hall

Teddy the Goldendoodle and his friend David are back from vacation and returning to Heritage on the Marina for the purpose of hugging and cuddling. Goldendoodles often demonstrate Golden Retrievers' intuitive and human-oriented nature in addition to the intelligent personality and "allergy-friendly" coat of a Poodle.

**George Mylordos: Greek Trivia & Happy Hour****Wednesday, 17 April at 3:00 in Friendship Hall**

Originally from the island of Cyprus, George Mylordos learned to play the bouzouki (a guitar-like instrument like the lute originating in Asia Minor or modern-day Turkey). Mylordos came to America in 1982. He has played professionally in bands and as a backup musician. Today, George Mylordos is one of the world's most accomplished bouzouki players. Happy Hour Ouzo will be served!

**Brenda Schuman: Sonic Forest Productions****Thursday, 18 April at 3:00 in Friendship Hall**

In the celebration of Earth Day, Brenda will show and exhibit her experiences in East Africa. You will learn about the threatened tree from which woodwind musical instruments are made and the people in whose forests it grows. She is also a musician and will play her oboe.

**Heritage on the Marina Board of Directors:
Happy Hour & Annual Dinner****Thursday, 18 April, starting at 4:30 in Morgan Parlor
with dinner at 5:30 in the Dining Room**

Please make your reservations using the form available from the Front office—maximum of five residents per table.

**Ian Scarfe: "Travels with Chopin" Piano Concert****Thursday, 22 April at 3:00 in Morgan Parlor**

Pianist Ian Scarfe returns with a program that takes the audience on a journey of great masterpieces of Romantic music. The concert highlights great works by Frederic Chopin, such as his lyrical and intimate Preludes and Nocturnes, or the stormy and virtuoso Ballades and operatic and impressionist Barcarolle. Each work is paired with a companion piece by a classical or romantic composer, offering a chance to compare and contrast the styles of these great artists. Other works include selections by J S Bach, Edvard Grieg, Clara Schumann, and Johannes Brahms.



Angela Lee: Cello Concert

Thursday, 25 April at 3:00 in Friendship Hall

Ms Lee is dedicated to working with and performing the music of leading composers, including Lukas Foss, Aaron Jay Kernis, Philip Lasser, Tania León, Jane Cornish, and Yehudi Wyner. As an opera, theater and ballet enthusiast, Angela Lee was the solo cellist in Harris Yulin's production of *Don Juan in Hell* starring Ed Asner, Cherry Jones and René Auberjonois. She has worked as 2nd Solo Cellist with Det Kongelige Kapel in Denmark, as Principal Cellist with Opera North Leeds in England, and with Eliot Feld at Ballet Tech, premiering Feld's *The Last Sonata*, set to Claude Debussy's *Cello Sonata*.

The concert will also include a "Spring is in the Air" Happy Hour with drinks and *hors d'oeuvres* served.



Alfred Escoffier: Irving Penn at the de Young

Monday, 29 April at 3:00 in Friendship Hall

Alfred Escoffier, a de Young docent since 2011, will discuss Irving Penn, widely recognized as one of the 20th century's most outstanding photographers. *Vogue's* longest-standing contributor, Penn revolutionized fashion photography in the postwar era.

Using neutral backgrounds, Penn emphasized the models' personalities through their gestures and expressions. The exhibition includes approximately 175 photographs, spanning every period of Penn's nearly 70-year career. The works range from early documentary scenes, celebrity portraits, and workers with the tools of their trades, to abstract nudes and fashion studies. A special section of images from San Francisco's "Summer of Love" features hippies, Hells Angels Motorcycle Club members, and local rock bands the Grateful Dead and Big Brother and the Holding Company.

Message from the President of the Residents Council

Dear Residents

Kindly make note of the following updates.

March Madness Fundraiser

The March Madness fundraiser is off to a good start, and there are still squares available to buy. Each square is priced at \$5. If all squares are sold, the winner will receive \$300.

The winner of the pool will depend on the result of the final game and its scores. The final will be played sometime in early April, and we will be able to declare a winner.

You do not just have to buy squares for yourself. You can buy squares for friends and relatives. However, you may not purchase squares for team members. If all squares are sold, \$200 will be contributed to the Employee Appreciation Fund.

Tea Party in May

We are also planning to hold tea party in the Morgan Parlor. This will be an elegant affair, with champagne served. The tea will be held on the afternoon of May 23, and tickets will go on sale in mid-April. Owing to space limitations, only forty places will be available. Reserve your seat soon!

Board of Directors Dinner

The annual Board of Directors Appreciation dinner will be on Thursday, April 18. Happy hour in Morgan Parlor will be held from 4:30 to 5:15, with dinner service beginning promptly at 5:30. Please fill out the form available from the front office to make a reservation for a table of up to five people.

New Information Technology Support

In addition to the excellent Tess Goldman, Heritage on the Marina is now offering Information Technology (IT) support from team members. Look for the sign-up sheet on the table in the Dining Room corridor.

Sincerely

Patrick Alexander, President Residents Council

Heritage Happenings

The monthly publication published by residents of [Heritage on the Marina](https://heritage-happenings.github.io).

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**Aging in Place ~ Levels of Care**

As we have discussed in previous newsletters, residents will be able to receive "Aging in Place" services in their apartments. For Type A Life Care contract residents, any fees are included in the monthly rent. For Type C Continuing Care contract residents these fees are based on *à la carte* services or "Level of Care" additional charges.

The services range from assessment to extra housekeeping to meals in apartments and to certain activities of daily living. Once a resident moves beyond needing some more simple assistance, they may switch to a Level of Care service. The Level of Care is determined through a point process and what the resident can and cannot do on their own as well as some other factors. Once a Level of Care is determined, an appropriate care plan is worked out with the resident, and family members if needed, to support the resident with those needs.

The fee for the Levels of Care for independent living residents depends on the contract. For Type A contracts, all levels are included in the rent. For Type C contracts there are extra fees added to the rent.

The Heritage on the Marina "2022-23 Pricing Sheet-Continuing Care-Assisted Living" schedule clearly states the costs of Levels of Care for Assisted-Living residents as well as the fees for individual services for Independent Living residents, but the fees for the different Levels of Care for Independent Living residents are not defined.

In future issues of this newsletter, we will explore and report on these fees to help Type C residents with long-term budgets.

Theo Armour, Editor

Virginia Woolf Fools the British Navy

By Tucker Ingham

By 1910, the British, French, and Germans had invested in gigantic battleships, or so-called "Dreadnoughts," as Europe inched closer to a World War. With the enormous guns and the powerful new steam engines, the latest technologies were closely guarded and strictly secured.

In the upper-class London Bloomsbury district, there arose a privileged and sheltered group of intellectual authors, gathered around Virginia Stephen Wolfe who ran an elite publishing company for the likes of TS Eliot and James Joyce.

Virginia's cousin was the British naval admiral, giving her, presumably, some access to clerical operations. The Admiralty had received a telegram that announced the arrival of an official Abyssinian delegation to view the Navy's preparedness in these perilous times.



The delegation of half a dozen Abyssinians in full dress was met with protocols of ceremony, most formally. The head pasha was the bearded and mustachioed Virginia herself in blackface, speaking in Swahili but really speaking pig-Latin and random phrases from Virgil. A full steam launch tour

of the fleet at anchor was given without embarrassment or discovery.

The Times reported the truth. Parliament called an inquiry. The Bloomsbury cabal was reprimanded publicly and warned not to do it again, except perhaps on April 1st.

A 20th Century Woman's Working Life

By Margaret Johnson



At age 100, I have seen and experienced how things have changed for women in the workplace. Now, a woman can expect to have a career and generally be treated, if not equally, at least not dramatically worse, than a man in the same job, and has some protections against workplace harassment. I have lived most of my life in times when a woman was expected to marry and be a stay-at-home mother and wife, often could not be financially independent and could generally expect only low-level, subservient, poorly paid jobs. My experience reflects that—an underpaid working girl during World War II, then a wife and mother picking up odd jobs, and only in middle age having a career. I thought it might be interesting for the Heritage community to see a typical experience of 20th-century women in one woman's life.

I was born in 1924 in a small town in southern New Jersey. I had a happy enough childhood, but my mother died of cancer when I was fifteen, and my father was quickly snapped up and dominated by a predatory woman

with whom I could not get along—an evil stepmother, if you will. So in 1942, at the age of eighteen, I left home to work as a full-time telephone operator in a nearby town.

Telephone operators were almost all single young women because we could be paid poorly and expected to work odd, inconvenient hours (we had a weird day of “split tricks”—on for four hours, off for two hours, on again for four hours). The work was mildly interesting at first, but I soon realized that I might be tied down for “the duration,” as it was likely to be deemed “essential to the war effort.”

Therefore, early in 1943, I left the telephone company and, at the age of nineteen, went to Philadelphia to work in a bank (my banker father helped me get the job, actually). For the next year, I shared a succession of cramped, sometimes squalid rooms—I had three addresses that year—with a succession of other single young working women. The bank job was deeply tedious—at first just filing checks all day, later in the slightly more interesting trust department—and life in Philadelphia, with its blue laws and scarcity of young men, was dull for the pretty, vivacious young woman I was. The job paid poorly—\$75 per week—but it did include a free lunch that constituted a lot of my nutrition.

In mid-1944, I left the bank and Philadelphia for a job with TWA in New York City. I first worked at the check-in desk at the 42nd Street Airlines Terminal across from Grand Central Terminal, making \$125 per month (and no free lunch). The work was hectic because travel arrangements during the war were so volatile. Then, I was moved upstairs to deal with passenger and baggage manifests. The salary was not nearly enough for independent living in New York, so I continued to share rooms with other young women in similar circumstances, in a catch-as-catch-can, nomadic existence – there, too, I had three addresses in one year.

In 1945, I got engaged and married, and that was it for unpaid work for the next twelve years while we moved around the country every two years for Duncan’s medical career. My only income was a few dollars selling homemade pies to our downstairs neighbor early on in our marriage. In 1958, when we lived on 78th Street in New York, Duncan went out to California to look for work and a place for us to live, leaving me and our three children behind in New York. The money he sent back was not quite enough, and I was worried about the future, so I got a part-time job in a gift/card shop in the Columbus Circle subway station complex. Again, poorly paid, boring work, but it helped keep the household going and provided a distraction for me.

Duncan had gotten a job as the pathologist for the Palo Alto Medical Clinic, which, at the time, consisted of ninety doctors who, with their wives, formed a sort of clique-like environment. I soon realized that a life of luncheons by the pool and afternoon bridge was not for me. I asked Duncan to find me work in the pathology laboratory so I could have an excuse to refuse invitations. He asked Ethel Sumner, the histologic technician at the old VA Hospital in Menlo Park if she would be willing to teach me the skill. "She makes the most beautiful slides I have ever seen," he said. She was willing and started me out learning the technique as it had been done before machines entered the field. It was a part-time job—I still had the kids to raise—and not very well paid, but it was interesting, almost like a craft, using one's hands to do fine, careful work.

When they built the new Palo Alto Veterans Hospital, Ethel and I set about learning how to use the latest equipment. Instead of moving the tissue given to us by the surgeon from one fixation dish to another by hand every few hours, we had an Autotechnicon, which did it automatically (and overnight, which was convenient). The "fixed" tissue was embedded in paraffin and sliced, using the microtome (a super-sharp blade) to cut it into a very, very thin ribbon, one or two cells thick, which was then placed on a glass slide, dried, and stained so that the pathologist could examine it under the microscope. I really enjoyed the work and look back on my laboratory days fondly.

But, of course, we moved—back to New York in 1962. Since I wanted to keep working, I got a job at Memorial-Sloan Kettering Cancer Institute, setting up and operating a darkroom for processing and printing the photomicrographs of tissue slides taken by the researchers. This, too, was interesting and stimulating work—fine, precise, and creative. I enjoyed experimenting with the development processes to produce different photographic effects and improve my technique. As in Palo Alto, the demands of child-rearing and housekeeping restricted me to part-time, underpaid work, but my involvement in and enjoyment of the work made it worthwhile.

After several years, the job ended, and in 1970, Duncan took a consulting pathologist job in Iowa. We bought some land, and with local builders I set about designing and managing the building of our house. That and actually dealing with five acres of land—putting in gardens, warding off deer and rabbits, etc—kept me busy and engaged for those years. I tried a few odd things for revenue—selling fabrics and patterns out of my home, for example—but those were minor activities during our five years there. One interesting event was listening to the whole Watergate affair on the radio

during the day and relating the events to Duncan in the evening— what a time that was!

We finally moved back east to Philadelphia. I volunteered at the historical library of the Pennsylvania Hospital (founded by Benjamin Franklin), which had a collection of old medical texts. Those old books, many in very poor condition, got me interested in the craft of bookbinding and book conservation. So finally, in my middle age, I started my real career: book conservation. I commuted every week to New York to study under a well-known binder. Like the laboratory work I had enjoyed so much, this was exacting, precise, and creative handwork. It also used beautiful materials – marbled papers, leather, gold leaf, calligraphy, and antique tools—that made it visually stimulating and aesthetically pleasing.

After my apprenticeship, the hospital library offered me a paid position restoring their books, and that's what I did from about 1980 to 1990. While working in the library, I went to workshops and classes around the country and worldwide to improve my skills. I joined the Guild of Book Workers and took over the editorship of its newsletter. The editing started with cut-and-pasting copy produced on an IBM Selectric typewriter, but soon, I moved into the electronic world. I was the first one in our family (including our three working professional children) to have a home computer, which I used to produce the newsletter (anyone remember the Wordperfect program?).

Sometime after Duncan died, the library job ended. Paid positions in bookbinding have never been plentiful, so to stay in the field, I set myself up as a professional book conservator. The business was rarely profitable (I have always had a hard time charging enough to cover my costs), but I got many interesting commissions and continued to enjoy working with the lovely materials and wonderful people that characterize the field. I have restored and repaired old family bibles, first editions of classic fiction, antique atlases, historic travel journals, family memorabilia, and many other old, valuable works on paper.

When I moved to San Francisco in 1993 I continued the work, setting up studios in my homes on Cabrillo Street, Pine Street, and Battery Street. Eventually, arthritis and the other problems of old age forced me to shut down my studio and my business, and it has been several years since I have done any physical conservation work. But I treasure the years of interesting work, comradeship, travel, and community that was my career in bookbinding.

A Story in Two Voices

By Eleanor Bissell and Barb Anderson

Conversation in which Barb and Eleanor discover their similar childhoods



Barb with her goats

Barb: "I didn't know you grew up on a farm, too!"

Eleanor: "It was a subsistence farm*. We had a cow for milk and raised a calf for beef. Every spring, we replenished our poultry stock with 100 adorable baby chicks. Twelve would become 'setting hens' for our daily egg supply. The rest ended up in the freezer for roast chicken dinners. The two baby pigs grew up to be hogs, supplying us with the best roast pork, pork chops, and sausage (yum!). The goats kept vegetation mowed to the ground. On what do goats graze? Anything that grows!"

Barb: "We had a small backyard farm. We also raised a milk cow and a baby calf to

become meat for the family. My mother took care of gathering eggs from the laying hens and preparing the young poulets for the freezer.

My responsibility was taking care of the goats. We had 6-8 at a time, raised as another source of meat. Goats are wonderful creatures. They are calm with a playful, mischievous streak. They nuzzle you for attention. They might shove their heads under your hands to make sure they get petted. The small baby goats, especially the male species, might be found getting ready to butt you in the behind. All it took was a glare and a wave of your hand to dissuade the offender. My job was to take the goats out to pasture before I left for school in the morning and bring them home again after school. I was known as the 'goat girl' in the neighborhood."

Eleanor: "To keep our family fed, Dad planted huge vegetable gardens, a potato field, strawberries, and raspberries. I think rhubarb grew on its own.

In our small rural town, we knew the best places to pick blueberries and blackberries. Mom and my older sisters would can and freeze enough vegetables and fruit to last until the next harvest. It is labor intensive but yields delicious results. Barbara, I can picture you and your siblings pitching in—shelling peas, snapping beans, shucking corn, yes?"

Barb: "Yes. Farm work is never done. There is always something that needs to be done, whether it is caring for the animals or picking the crops when ripened. We had two peach trees and a plum tree. My mother would freeze the fruit."

Eleanor: "You and I were fortunate that our fathers, carpenters, kept our families fed during the Depression when jobs were scarce. We quickly learned the value of working together, and to this day, we are able to appreciate our farm-to-table existence!"

* Subsistence farming is a form of farming in which nearly all of the crops or livestock raised are used to sustain the farmer and the farmer's family, leaving little, if any, surplus for sale or trade. Preindustrial agricultural peoples throughout the world have traditionally practiced subsistence farming.

Overheard in the Dining Room

During a recent lunch, when they served chocolate-coated ice cream bars, there was a question that these chocolate-coated ice cream bars might be bad for your health.

Midge Mansouri was halfway through a chocolate bar. She exclaimed:- "I don't give a damn, I love chocolate bars, and if I go tomorrow at least I will go satisfied!"

Way to go, Midge!

Patrick

Farming Family Fotos

By Eleanor Bissell



Brother Chip became the chicken tender when he was eight. He took his job seriously. I was impressed.



Toddler Clyde Bissell was no stranger to farm animals.



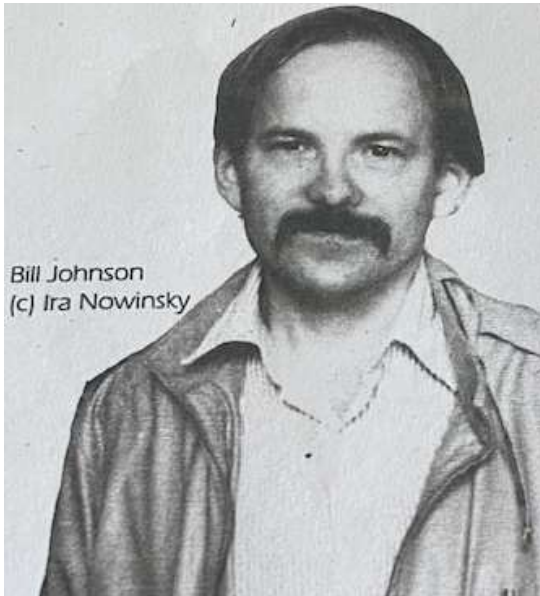
My first four siblings lived in the house where our paternal grandpa raised chickens, and my mother and her siblings grew up without indoor plumbing, running water, or electricity. My parents survived the Depression; the kids had each other, and they remember the good times.



Dad grew up on a dairy farm, and Mom on a chicken farm. They are showing their 28th grandson the corn we will eat from our subsistence farm.

Billie's Story

By Martha Nell Beatty



"If you were walking through downtown San Francisco one afternoon, you might see Bill Johnson hurrying down the busy sidewalk with 16 to 30 airline tickets from Unravel Travel in his hand. His destination? The high-rise offices located in our financial and retail centers. His mission? To deliver the tickets in a timely, friendly manner to the company's growing number of customers. During his eight years of employment with the travel agency, he has received many compliments from Unravel's clientele. He is proud that he has never lost a ticket and can make his deliveries in record speed."

The above appeared in *Outfront*, the newsletter of ARC (Aid to Retarded Citizens) San Francisco in 1992.

Unravel Travel was my company, and Bill (or Billie as we called him) was a star member of the staff. He seemed to bring out the best in our other employees, and our clients all embraced and appreciated him. He was always on time, dependable and agreeable. The only time he missed a day was when he was scraped by a car on his way to catch a bus home.

We did not think anything of having him walk around the Financial District with thousands of dollars of paper tickets in hand. We never considered the possibility of him losing them or having them stolen.

In 1993, I sold my company to a large Southern California travel agency. To my relief, they stayed in the same building and kept Billie. However, the advent of e-tickets finally made Billie's job redundant. The last time I saw him was 1996—until five years ago. My daughter Alana and I were shopping at Trader Joe's on Bay Street. Alana said of an employee stocking the shelves, "I think that's Billie." She approached him and asked him if he was Billie from Unravel Travel. Indeed, it was. He was delighted to see us and started asking me about other employees.

After that, I would see Billie when I went to Trader Joe's, and we would always have a nice chat. Two months ago, Billie, in his late sixties, retired and shortly after, so did I.

Golden Gate National Recreation Area

By Trish Otstott, *Heritage Happenings* Roving Reporter



1972—October 27—
President Nixon signed “An Act to Establish the Golden Gate National Recreation Area” (Public Law 92-589 introduced by Rep Phillip Burton), establishing the GGNRA. The bill allocated \$61,610,000 for land acquisition and \$58,000,000 for development.

The Golden Gate National Recreation Area, the nation's largest national park in an urban area, encompasses nearly 81,000 acres. Spanning Marin, San Francisco, and San Mateo Counties, it also includes areas such as Alcatraz Island, Muir Woods National Monument, Fort Point National Historic Site, Presidio of San Francisco, and the Marin Headlands.

Fort Mason, once a historic army post at the edge of San Francisco Bay, is now the headquarters for both the Golden Gate National Recreation Area and the Golden Gate National Parks Conservancy.

Paved, accessible trails connect Fort Mason's upper and lower units. In between, the Great Meadow slopes down from upper Fort Mason to the Marina. These grassy hilltops and hollows are great for picnicking, sunbathing, walking, or sports activities. The meadow also offers beautiful views of San Francisco's hilly skyline and the Golden Gate Bridge.

There are many beaches to enjoy and explore in Golden Gate, including Stinson Beach, Muir Beach, Tennessee Valley Beach, Rodeo Beach, Baker Beach and Ocean Beach.

CGNRA Phone: 415-561-4700

United States Park Police Non-Emergency: 415-561-5505

Next issue: The History of Fort Mason

What to Look for in the Gardens in April

By Margaret Missiaen



This month, I will focus on the new plants installed under the pine trees at the corner of Bay and Laguna Streets. The Gardeners' Guild, the company that does the weekly garden work at Heritage on the Marina, designed and planted the plants.

In early January, workers removed the tired old plants, cultivated the soil and installed inground irrigation. Existing surface roots were left to hold the soil in place. Workers installed more than 150 plants. Most new plants are a type of ground cover called vinca or periwinkle. These plants have settled in quickly and are already producing tiny blue flowers that sparkle in the afternoon sun. The tall, variegated plants along the interior sidewalk are *Pittosporum*, commonly called *Kohuhu* or cheesewood. The tiny purple blossoms that appear in early summer are very fragrant.



Formosa azaleas fill the middle space and are covered with buds that have just begun to open. Over the next few weeks, watch for the lavender-pink flowers to put on a show.

Gardening Workshop

The seed planting workshop took place in Friendship Hall on March 20. Jeanne supplied the planting kits, Kay Narron supplied the soil, and Margaret Missiaen supplied the seeds. Nancy Ozsogomonyan and Kay Tim helped with the planting. Fifteen pots of seeds, including nasturtium, morning glory, pot marigold and cosmos, were placed on the window to germinate. A week later some of the seeds had germinated. The next seed planting will take place on April 11.

Library Corner

By Martha Nell Beatty

We were pleased to receive many of Sue Grafton's mysteries from Pam and Bob Bledsoe. Grafton's mysteries were called the alphabet series, with the first being *A for Alibi*. She died before finishing the Z book. We have designated two separate shelves in the Stucky Library for them.

Thank you, Pam and Bob

New Acquisitions: March 2024

1984 ~ 1948 ~ F

George Orwell

A classic dystopian book that has regained attention and importance in recent years. It now has the distinction of being the most banned book in the US.

The Rainman's Third Cure. An Irregular Education ~ 2015 ~ NF

Peter Coyote

Through Zen, Coyote discovers a third way that offers an alternative to the worlds of love and power.

Battlegrounds: The Fight to Defend the Free World ~ 2020 ~ NF

H R McMaster

The former National Security Advisor writes from experience about geopolitics in the Middle East.

Destiny of the Republic ~ 2011 ~ NF

Candice Millard

See Trish Otstott's review of the book in this issue

The Cat Who Said Cheese ~ 1997 ~ M

The Cat Who Saw Stars ~ 1999 ~ M

The Cat Who Robbed a Bank ~ 2001 ~ M

Lilian Jackson Braun

Three of twenty-nine mysteries

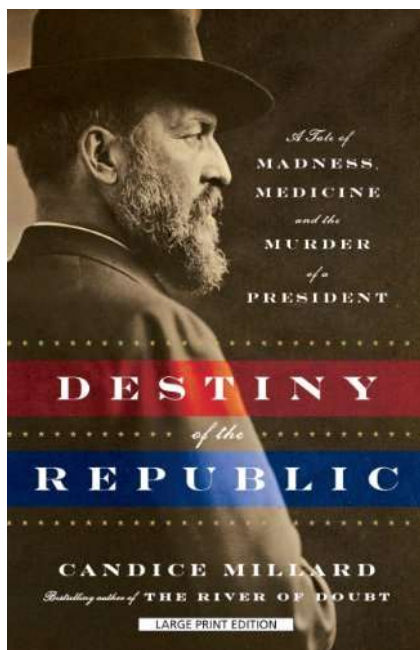
But is it Classic?

Tony Hanley: "I've never been to Greece, but I did see *Grease!*"

April 2024

***Destiny of the Republic* by Candice Millard**

Book review by Trish Otstott



This book reads like a cliffhanger murder mystery, even though we already know US President James Garfield was assassinated.

James Abram Garfield, was born on November 19, 1831, was sworn in as the 20th President of the United States on March 4, 1881, and died on September 19, 1881.

From Garfield's struggles as a poor child to his commitment to education, to his election to public office, to his accidental nomination as a Presidential candidate, to his Vice President, to Alexander Graham Bell, to Dr Joseph Lister and his germs, to "Ignorance is Bliss," this book is full of historical references you may know...or not.

Do yourself a real favor and give this book a read.

Destiny of the Republic is currently in the Stucky Library.

Library Committee ~ Gentle Reminders

- Please sign out any books you want to borrow
- Please sign in any books you return
- Please put returned books in the designated box
- Please do not reshelve books
- Please put donated books in the designated box

Favorite Greek Goddess

Doris Howard says, "Athena Pallas was the Goddess of Peace, War, Strategy, and Handcrafts, among many other powers. Daughter of Zeus and twin of Hercules, she is one of the greatest of the gods."

An Adored Greek Name

Margaret Jacobs adores the name of her step-grandfather: Christakos Sotiri Alvanos.

San Francisco Libraries: an Incredible Resource

By Martha Nell Beatty

As a young girl in Sacramento, I loved bicycling to the library to pick up some eagerly awaited books. Hardbacks were pretty much what libraries had to offer back then. Then came audiobooks, and eventually, e-books and large-print books. Now, there is an explosion of what one can get at or through the library. All you need is a library card and, in most instances, a computer, tablet, or smartphone.

Ebooks: Available through the app Libby

Newspapers: Many are available. I read the Chronicle page by page. You can find every paper since 1865.

Magazines: A huge number are accessible from National Geographic to the New Yorker.

Movies: It started with DVDs in the library, but now two services allow you to access movies. Kanopy focuses on foreign and older films. Hoopla offers some very current movies. You can still pick up movies on DVDs and Blu-Ray discs in the library.

Museum passes Called Discover and Go.

Learning a new language. There is access to Rosetta Stone

There is even a library by mail for those with short-term and permanent disabilities. The librarian from the Marina branch spoke to us several weeks ago and is available to help us personally. Her name is Catherine Cormier, and she may be contacted at 415-355-2823 or Catherine.Cormier@sfpl.org.

It seems to me that the San Francisco Library might just be the best city department.

We're Not in Greece Any More

Flora Zagorites was married to Jerry—a man raised in a traditional Greek family. After shopping one day, Flora returned home and heard Jerry's Uncle Leo exclaim. "Jerry, you let a woman have the money?" Jerry replied, "Uncle Leo, she's a better shopper than I am."

Sheila Goes to Greece and the Islands in May 1998

Sheila Moore documented her Grecian adventures in the magnificent work displayed below. When we asked her about it, Sheila responded as follows:



Ha ha, yes, I felt overwhelmed when I found that file, too. But I am sorry. That was so long ago, and as an 88-year-old senior, I have lost specific memories of those islands. I do remember going from Israel to one of the islands. It was a two-night trip, and to save money, I went "deck class"—I slept on the hard wooden deck with no blankets!



I traveled the world on \$5-\$6 a day for two years at a time! I remember Greece being full of ancient Roman ruins (genuine ones). They have Roman ruins, too, all along the northern coast of Africa!!

I do not think anyone here at Heritage has seen Greece as I did. Going around the islands was absolutely fun, as tourists and local people congregate at 5 o'clock every night at the coastline, where there are clusters of bars and restaurants. They take a table and stay there all evening, until 10 or 11pm, mostly drinking ouzo.

I got addicted to ouzo. I had to have it every day, starting at 5pm! I still tell everyone that to have a really good time, travel to the Greek Islands!



Windmills of Mykonos

My favorite islands were (if I remember correctly) Santorini and Mykonos. They have large daily ferries that travel between the islands, and when you get off at the island of your choice, all the housekeepers with rooms to rent congregate on the pier and hold up photos of the rooms they have to rent, sometimes including breakfast, if I recall. So, you barter with them. They were cheap too—in those days, probably \$5 a day.

Miscellany



Christina's daughter, Wilhelmina

Ode to a Grecian Quote

Bob Granucci: *speûde bradéōs* (σπεῦδε βραδέως) translates to the Latin phrase *festina lente*, which means "make haste slowly".

Erudite **Marty Nolan:** recalls a quote from *The Rock*:

Sean Connery, Alcatraz prisoner: "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*"

Nicholas Cage, FBI agent: "I fear the Greeks even when they bring gifts."

Sean Connery: "Ah, an educated man."

Theo Armour: "Beware the geeks bearing gifts."

Margaret Jacobs: "Οι πολλές γνώμες βουλιάζουν το καράβι" which means "Too many opinions sink the boat!"

Atilio Mossi: "Είναι κινέζικα για μένα" which means "It's all Greek to me!"