



Heritage Happenings

March 2024

The monthly newsletter published by residents of Heritage on the Marina

Special Events

Highlights of events, speakers, and performers for March

Items in green are part of the Around the World: *Irish celebration*



David Peritz: 21st Century Economic Trends

Monday, 4 March at 3:00 in Friendship Hall

Professor Peritz will cover current economic trends and their political implications: inequality and 'The Curse of Wealth' Peritz has an uncanny ability to highlight and summarize complex current issues with unsurpassed depth and clarity.



Allen Ysidro: Line Dancing

Thursday, 7 March at 10:30 in Friendship Hall

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



Asian Art Museum: Goddess: Images of Power

Monday, 11 March at 3:00 in Friendship Hall

Meet the wrathful avengers, phenomenal *dakinis*, and benevolent *bodhisattvas* who grace the collections of the Asian Art Museum.



Lenny, French Bulldog: SPCA Visit

Wednesday, 13 March at 1:30 in Friendship Hall

The French Bulldog is a small to medium-sized dog breed that originated in France in the late 1800s. French Bulldogs are typically playful, easygoing, and bright.

**Jackie Flynn's Irish Dancers: St Patrick's Party****Thursday, 14 March at 3:00 in Friendship Hall**

"We encourage our dancers to continue learning and improving as dancers and humans."

Irish coffee, beverages and refreshments will be served.

**Ben Barnes: St Patrick's Day Irish Music****Sunday, 17 March at 12:00 in the Dining Room**

Barnes will showcase his talents as a bluegrass and Irish fiddler, bringing joy and celebration to St Patrick's Day. His performance not only entertains but also serves as a testament to the resilience of the human spirit.

Lunch will include tasty Irish dishes.

**De Young Museum: Fashioning San Francisco****Monday, 18 March at 3:00 in Friendship Hall**

Explore the history of San Francisco through an iconic collection of women's clothing - including 100 collection highlights, loans of high fashion and haute couture.

**John Cornejo, UCSF: Epigenetics, Aging & You****Thursday, 21 March at 3:00 Friendship Hall**

John Cornejo, a clinical nurse with UCSF and a recent winner of a Daisy Award (commonly given to doctors), will discuss the processes of cells controlling gene activity and how these affect aging.

**Kayla Vaglio: Teaching Kitchen + Lunch & Learn****Saturday, 23 March at 11:30 in the Dining Room**

Kayla Vaglio, Registered Dietician with Morrison Living, demonstrates preparing dishes we can make ourselves.

**Sister Kyoto: Healing Harp & Easter Happy Hour****Thursday, 28 March at 3:00 in Friendship Hall**

Following her passion for bringing healing and meditation to more people, Kyoko embarks on a new career as a healing harpist, creating her path to bring more light and joy.

Beverages and refreshments will be served.

Message from the President of the Residents Council

Dear Residents

Kindly note the following updates:

Birthday Table Guest Invitations

Residents celebrating their birthday month may invite guests to join them at the monthly birthday table.

Dining Services has agreed that, beginning with the May birthday dinner, guests will be accommodated subject to the following:

- One guest per resident may be invited.
- Dining Services must be informed of guest invitations at least a week before the birthday dinner.
- The birthday table accommodates a maximum of 12 people.
- The order of precedence is Resident, Spouse of Resident, and Guest.
- Guests will be accommodated on a first-come, first-served basis.

March Madness Basketball Fundraiser

- The fundraiser is set to start on March 1st, 2024.
- No basketball or team knowledge is necessary to participate.
- Each square in the fundraiser is priced at \$5, offering a chance to win \$300 if all squares are sold.
- The fundraiser is open to friends and family.
- Residents may not put a team member's name in any square.
- If all squares are sold, \$200 will be contributed to the Employee Appreciation Fund.

Regards,

Patrick Alexander
President, Residents Council

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The monthly publication published by residents of [Heritage on the Marina](#).

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**Aging in Place: Welcome Help with Grace**

Many of us pride ourselves on our generosity and being mindful of the needs of others. But as we age, we are faced with the question: Will we maintain this activity level indefinitely? Will the capabilities we took for granted last year be accessible next year? With caution, diligence, and a bit of fortune, perhaps. Yet, for many, the natural aging process will impact our abilities.

Heritage on the Marina stands out as a resource in navigating this phase of life with grace and wisdom. A lesson in this journey is learning to embrace the kindness and assistance others offer. When warnings are given, learn to listen. When help is extended, learn to welcome it.

Examples: While I can still manage my laundry, it demands more time. But by allowing Heritage to take on this task, I free up time to enjoy strolls outside. Assistance in the shower initially seems uncomfortable, but having someone with sharp vision to spot potential health concerns is invaluable. While I like to believe I manage medications flawlessly, the reality is that this task becomes more challenging over time.

Heritage offers a team of skilled caregivers who are familiar, readily available and also more affordable than comparable services for those living independently. To age with success, I realize that the goal is not a stubborn insistence: "No, I can manage on my own." Instead, it should be a welcoming "Yes, I appreciate your help! Let me show you how." The shift in perspective is not just about accepting help; it's about embracing it with dignity and grace, ensuring a richer, more supportive aging experience.

Theo Armour, Editor

Musings of a Closet Conservative

By Tucker Ingham

What's really comfortable about life here at the Julia Morgan sanctuary is the equanimity of the place. We, all of us, have done well enough to enjoy the pleasure of each other's company, in no small way a financial achievement resulting from diligence and moderation—no arguing at the table, no gossipy rumors, no rancor.

How's this possible? In our city, so bristling with problems?

Maybe the answer is connected to our collective philosophical wisdom, otherwise labeled: religious foundation.

The famed Sermon on the Mount has a somewhat puzzling beatitude that catches one's attention, "Blessed are they who thirst for the righteousness, for they shall be satisfied". The efforts of the San Francisco Supervisors, as feeble in results as always, attempt righteousness. And we here at the Morgan home appreciate their efforts as being sincere, knowing full well that there's absolutely no reason to argue about it.

Homelessness? Poverty? Crime? Drugs? *C'est la vie, c'est la guerre, plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose, n'est-ce pas?*

So, we keep calm and carry on.



Irish Wisdom

Yvonne says: "I have more, but you asked for just a few, so I am sharing these. There is no author for any of these, just sayings we Irish use":

- An Irishman is never drunk as long as he can hold on to one blade of grass and not fall off the face of the Earth.
- A trout in the pot is better than a salmon in the sea.
- If you lie down with dogs, you'll rise with fleas.
- Life's journey is not to arrive safely at the grave in a well-preserved body, but rather to skid in sideways, totally worn out, shouting, "HOLY COW, WHAT A RIDE!"

My travels around Ireland in June 2008

By Sheila Moore

In 2008, I took a trip to Ireland. The following images and text are excerpts from my travel journal.



This is the red-brick Queen's University. We were told that the civil war or "troubles" were over. We saw the leftover fence in the Falls Hill road section separating militant Catholics and Protestants.



We drove southerly and crossed the river Shannon by ferry—lovely pastoral green scenery looking out to Tralee and the Atlantic Ocean. There are flocks of sheep everywhere in Ireland, so it's green, as it rains a lot.



Giant's Causeway was formed by a volcanic eruption eons ago, which cooled very slowly and formed these pilings of stones. I was thrilled to see it, as seen in many magazine photographs.



Giant's Causeway is along the northern Antrim coast. Scotland is only 37 miles distant.

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Approaching Blarney Castle. It is basically a ruin, kept alive by the ritual of kissing the Blarney Stone, which is supposed to bestow "the gift of gab".



KISSING THE BLARNEY STONE

You lie on your back, the men support you, and you kiss the Blarney Stone upside down. When it came to my turn, I could see the ground way down below and chickened out. However, I kissed the Blarney stone 40 years ago on my first visit to Ireland. To reach this elevated spot, I had to climb on all fours up a narrow spiral staircase. It was very difficult for me at 72 years old!

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We set off to tour the ring of Kerry. I'm in a shop holding a complementary Irish coffee at 9:00 am! Lovely woolens and cashmere in all the shops..



We had a pub evening at this cozy thatch structure that is a true pub near Tramore. The pub had a burning fireplace and an adjoining bedroom where wakes were held—basically a drinking party with speeches and eulogies honoring the dead person lying on the bed.

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We drove to Glendalough with its ruins of a center of Irish antiquity Christianity founded by St Kevin



The tall round tower was used as a defensive hiding place by the monks and is beautifully preserved. I climbed it and walked around the

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gravestones. The monks were ravaged by marauding Vikings.



We stopped at Dingle, a small town, for lunch. Main Street of Dingle with Murphy's Pub. Typical Irish pub you see all across Ireland. In June, it is warm and sunny, and patrons sit outside.



We spent the afternoon driving the 32-mile Slea Head Drive around the Dingle peninsula. We passed many of these beehive dwellings built of native stones many centuries ago, used by pilgrims for meditation.

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Cliffs of Moher, Co. Clare, Ireland

We drove in a drizzle to see the cliffs of Mohar, county Clare. I walked to the cliff edge in the rain, but it was so fogged in that I could not distinguish the cliffs at all, so I bought this postcard to see what they looked like. The cliffs rise more than 702 ft above the Atlantic. As soon as we left, the visibility cleared.



I found an area in the center of Dublin that had many Irish music bars. Dublin is attractive with all the flower bowls. The Temple Bar was featured in an article on the pubs of Dublin in our Sunday Chronicle recently. I went inside

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the Temple Bar pub, and it was busy even at noon. I had a half pint of beer for 3.60 Euros (\$5.50). Dublin is full of pubs.



The statue of Mollie Malone. She is featured in the Irish ballad of that name.



We spent an evening at the Guinness storehouse, which is a giant brewery right in the center of Dublin. We were shown the giant vats and the processes. Then, on the rooftop of Guinness Brewery, we were treated to complimentary pints. This is John Hood, our team director.

Rooms #7 – We Nearly Lose Anne & Back to New York

By Margaret Johnson, assisted by her son Tom

You may remember that at the end of the last installment, my family was living in Killeen, Texas because Duncan had been called back into the Army for the Korean War.

Family Traumas

All three of our children have had traumatic crises that I remember vividly, the first being in Killeen. I'll digress here to recount them.

Near the end of our time in Killeen, when she was four, Anne very nearly died from a ruptured appendix. That was a tense time, with Anne in the Army base hospital and Tom (8 years old) and Elizabeth (6) being taken care of by Lenny and Susan, our neighbors up the block. The poor little thing was in the hospital for many weeks, not eating and getting weaker and thinner as she fought the infection. Duncan stayed with Anne at the hospital most nights, and I took the day, but if he had night duty, I would stay with her.

Finally, I had to send Tom and Elizabeth to their grandmother in Atlanta so we could concentrate on caring for Anne. They flew by themselves, and it was only thanks to some alert passengers that they actually got off in Atlanta, as the flight attendants had totally forgotten about them.

Eventually, the doctors decided they had to open Anne up again to get out the remnant infection. Two days later, she woke up, saw the little girl who was her roommate having breakfast, and asked, "May I have some bacon, Mother?" To this day, after 70 years, remembering that frail little voice finally asking for food brings me to tears—it was such a close call! We took her home shortly after that, and for weeks, she ate nothing but meat and eggs—6 at a sitting! —and, oddly, cauliflower. I can't imagine what is in cauliflower that her body needed, but I guess there was something.

Eventually, she recovered sufficiently for us to drive to Atlanta to get Tom and Elizabeth.

The next scary thing happened to our eldest, Tom. In the late 1960s, while we were living on the Lower East Side of New York City, Tom was in the Navy as a hospital corpsman—a medic—and had been posted to Vietnam.

There, he ended up with a Marine infantry company—as you can imagine, we were terribly worried.

One morning in 1969, I came down to the apartment building's mailboxes to find a letter with a military postmark, not in Tom's handwriting. I was terrified and almost overwhelmed, but it turned out to have been written by a corpsman on a hospital ship, where Tom had ended up after being wounded when his unit got overrun in a night battle in the DMZ. He couldn't write himself because one of the injuries left his right hand bandaged up.

After Tom arrived Stateside, the Navy decided to send him back to active duty, which could have meant going back to Vietnam. Duncan had none of that: Tom had done his duty and needed to get out. Duncan immediately hired the best law firm in New York to take on the military and, at great expense, got the Navy to release Tom on a medical retirement.

The final crisis was Elizabeth's, a couple of years later when we lived in Iowa. At 2 am, the phone rang; Duncan answered it. The first thing he said was, "What do you need?" Again, springing into action without hesitation when our children needed help. I listened in on the other phone and found out that our daughter had been arrested and thrown in jail by Seattle police during a peaceful protest of the trial of the Seattle Seven. She was the girlfriend of one of the Seven, and apparently, that was all the police needed. Lacking real grounds, they charged her with assaulting an officer, although her arm was in a sling from having been broken in a car accident.

Duncan promptly arranged bail and legal representation. The judge threw out the charges, and she came back to Iowa to recuperate. Painfully thin from malnutrition on the hippie brown rice diet popular at the time with the "flower children," she mended slowly, but eventually, we got her back to health.

Back to New York, Again

In 1954, shortly after Anne's crisis, Duncan's Army stint ended, and he got a job at Memorial Sloan Kettering Hospital in New York City. We couldn't wait to escape from Killeen! As usual, Duncan went ahead and found us a spacious apartment in Mount Vernon, a suburb of New York.

The apartment was the upstairs of a duplex at 341 Packman Avenue; our

landlady lived on the ground floor with her two grown daughters, the first television my children had ever seen, and an accordion. Duncan could walk three blocks to the commuter train station—in those days, the New York Central’s Hudson line, now Metro North—and the kids could walk four blocks to Pennington Elementary School, so it was a very typical American 1950s suburban life.

The apartment was not particularly memorable, but I do remember two amusing incidents. One was finding Anne at the foot of the stairs, bag packed, ready to run away from home—she was 5 or 6 at the time—but stymied by not knowing where to go. The other was sending the kids off to school right after an ice storm covered everything, including the sidewalks. They slipped and slid to school and were promptly sent home, but meanwhile, I got a couple of hours of peace and quiet to myself – always welcome with three active kids!



341 Packman Avenue, Mount Vernon, NY, almost unchanged in 70 years

The Other Julia

By Martha Nell Beatty



We all know and revere Julia Morgan, the architect of our Morgan building. But there is another Julia. She was Julia Gorman Porter, for whom the library in the Perry building and the gorgeous garden beyond are named.

Her connection to Heritage on the Marina stems from her presidency of the Board of the Lady Managers of the Crocker Old People's Home when it merged with Heritage in 1957. The residents from the Crocker Home were moved to Laguna Street. This influx of new residents consequently resulted in the addition of the Perry Building.

In 1986, Julia spearheaded a significant upgrade to the back garden. Before and after photos of the north side of the garden show an unattractive, one-story building replaced by a fence. There was a grand celebration at the completion of the new garden in April 1986.

Julia Porter became interested in community and political activities after she joined the League of Women Voters in the 1930s. Locally, she served on the Planning Commission from 1943 to 1978 and served as Chairman for some of those years. She was a founding member of the San Francisco Housing and Planning Association. Further afield, Julia was a member of the Democratic State Central Committee from 1941 to 1960. Her involvement in organizations expanded to include the United Negro College Fund and the San Francisco Muscular Dystrophy Association.

Her brother-in-law Bruce Porter was a prominent San Francisco artist whose talents covered many fields. He designed the gardens at Filoli, sculpted the Robert Louis Stevenson statue in Portsmouth Square and painted the murals in the Pacific Union Club. Perhaps he offered Julia some ideas about our garden.

Like Julia Morgan, Julia Porter was a dynamo, a strong personality with whom to be reckoned.

An Amazing Birthday Trip to Japan

By Trish Otstott, *Heritage Happenings Roving Reporter*

My husband, Dick, and I were thrilled to take our trip to Japan finally. Initially scheduled for April 2020, we decided to move the trip to January 2024 to celebrate Dick's 80th birthday. We were in Japan for 14 full-on touring days! Tokyo: 5 days. Kanazawa: 1 day. Takayama: 1 day. Kyoto: 4 days. Hiroshima: 3 days.

My first impression was that Tokyo was somewhat like New York's Manhattan, except not one person jaywalked; there was absolutely no litter, and cars did not honk their horns. The architecture was surprisingly glum, as I was somehow expecting exceptional designs with trendy and modern elements. The Japanese people were both polite and helpful. The hotel staff bowed when we entered/left the building, the restaurant staff bowed when we entered/left the restaurant, and anyone we spoke with bowed to us. Did someone say "clean"? Oh my, exceptionally clean. Even the bus driver wore white gloves. I know you have heard about their Toto toilets, so I will not share any details regarding those. The Japanese tend to wear all black in the winter, which was interesting as I wore my red wool coat! The residents of Tokyo, by the way, are very chic.

We walked through the historic shopping district in every town and village we visited. These walkabouts gave us a taste of what Japanese daily life was like over the centuries. Since they were built with wood, most of the original buildings have burned. However, many have been rebuilt in the same style. Indoor cooking fires, heating fires, and lightning caused most of the damage. We did tour two homes which were original. They were exactly what you think of when you imagine a Japanese house. They had paper sliding doors, were built around a courtyard with a serene garden and had floor coverings of woven mats. Taking off our shoes became an ordinary occurrence. Japanese minimalist style was evident, so now, I really need to clean out closets!

Unfortunately, Mount Fuji was surrounded by clouds the day we were driven to that area; however, Fuji was sparkling and beautiful from our airplane windows on our flight from Hiroshima back to Tokyo.

Of course, spotting a real Geisha was an extraordinary treat! She was a Geisha in training and was walking through one of the historic districts to her job for the evening. In her elegant and gorgeous silk kimono and taking tiny steps on her wooden sandals, she was quite a vision. Before we left San Francisco, I had read books and watched YouTube videos on all Japanese topics, including Geisha. The Geisha makeup application process alone is fascinating.

We took ferry boat rides, visited temples and shrines, donned beautiful kimonos, walked through the bamboo forest, visited the Tokyo Museum, endured the fish market, saw hot springs and on and on. The tour was very comprehensive! Of course, we were anxious to visit Hiroshima, which was the last city on our tour. We stood at the spot where the Atomic Bomb landed on August 6, 1945, rang the Peace Bell, and toured the Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum. The museum chronicled the history of Hiroshima before and after the bombing.

My favorite thing: I thought the ancient castles were breathtaking. They looked like stacked pagodas, and some were over six stories tall. Usually built on hilltops, they were spectacular to spot, as many had highlights of gold leaf on the rooftops and entrance gates. Due to being constructed of wood and the frequency of fires, there are only a very few left standing. As these castles were designed by stacking stories, an alarm system was needed near the entrance to warn the occupants of any threat. The architects installed Nightingale Floors on the first level to alert residents. The Nightingale Floor has a second lower layer of overlapped metal that sounds precisely like chirping birdies when you step on it—loved that!

Interesting facts about Japan

- One in ten Japanese are over the age of 80.
- Tokyo's population is over 37 million. It is the largest city in the world.
- Japan is formed from 17,250 islands.
- Japan has the world's third-largest economy.
- Japan is the country most affected by natural disasters, mainly due to its location in the Ring of Fire, with over 110 active volcanoes.

Library Corner ~ New Acquisitions ~ March 2023

Compiled by Martha Nell Beatty

The Heaven and Earth Grocery Store: A Novel ~ 2023 ~ F

James McBride

A best seller for many months, the book follows the fortunes of Jewish immigrants and African Americans who live together in Pottstown, Pennsylvania.

A Murder is Announced: A Miss Marple Mystery (Miss Marple Mysteries) ~ 2011 ~ M

Agatha Christie

Pelosi ~ 2021 ~ NF

Molly Ball

Molly Ball is the senior political correspondent of the Wall Street Journal.

Outlive The Science and the Art of Longevity ~ 2023 ~ NF

Peter Attia MD

Daughter of the Dragon: Anna May Wong's Rendezvous with American History ~ 2023 ~ NF

A deep look at the first famed Chinese American movie star

How to Know a Person: The Art of Seeing Others Deeply and Being Deeply Seen ~ 2023 ~ NF

David Brooks

The Mystery Guest: A Maid Novel (Molly the Maid Book 2) ~ 2023 ~ M

Nita Prose

A world-renowned mystery author drops dead in a hotel tearoom. Was it murder?

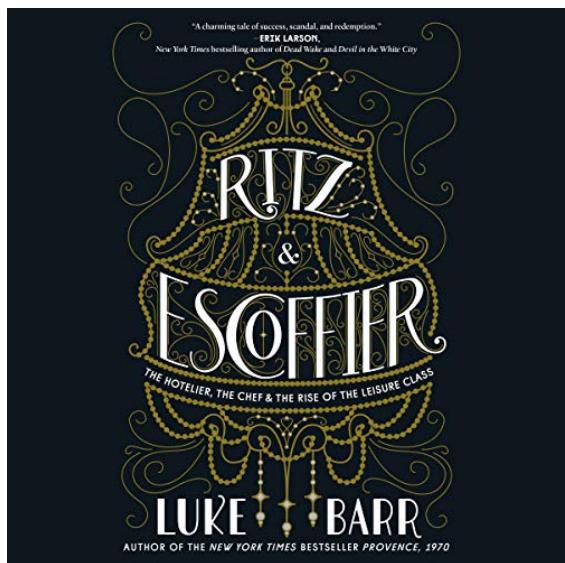
Ritz & Escoffier: The Hotelier, the Chef & the Rise of the Leisure Class ~ 2018 ~ NF

Luke Barr

See Trish's review on the next page.

Ritz and Escoffier: The Hotelier, The Chef, and the Rise of the Leisure Class ~ Luke Barr ~ 2018 ~ NF

Reviewed by Trish Otstott



If you enjoy reading books about Paris, London, haute cuisine, opulence and scandal, then you must read this book!

César Ritz and his Master Chef partner, Auguste Escoffier, were lured from Baden-Baden to London in 1899. Their mission was to turn the Savoy Hotel into the finest hotel in the world, and they did it. This book includes stories of managing all aspects of a luxury hotel, handling important or Royal guests, creating and serving fine cuisine and

then skimming off the top; *what?*

Ritz and Escoffier retreated to Paris, where Ritz was finally able to establish his own hotel under his own name at 15 Place Vendôme.

I appreciated learning about Ritz and his exhaustive efforts to create perfection in the hotel itself and his working alongside Escoffier, who created sensational perfection in the elevated original dishes he prepared. One of Escoffier's most famous new dishes was Peach Melba, which was created and named in honor of the Australian opera singer Nellie Melba.



The Ritz, circa 1898

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A Coronation Story

By Jane Standing

I was working at 61 Threadneedle Street on February 6, 1952, when someone came in and said the King had died. We did not quite believe it. But we soon found out that it was true and that he had been much sicker than the public knew. My boyfriend, Barry, and I were going to the theater that night because it was my birthday, but all the theaters were closed. We could have gone out to dinner but did not feel like it and returned to our respective homes instead.

Elizabeth was in Kenya. She left England a Princess and came back a Queen. As she returned to London and came down the steps of the plane in deepest mourning, perfectly composed, she was greeted by Prime Minister Winston Churchill—visibly emotional—and members of the Cabinet.

After the solemnity of the King's funeral, it was time to plan Queen Elizabeth's coronation, which was to take place on June 2, 1953. All London was *en fête*. In the city, there were window boxes with flowers in almost every building, including the one where I worked. There were banners and signs everywhere, and The Mall had a spectacular overhead display.

The mother of my boyfriend (now my fiancé) was a Londoner and a staunch royalist. She insisted that we go up to see the Coronation. We took the last tube train up from Uxbridge at, I believe, one thirty in the morning and stood in Hyde Park opposite the Dorchester Hotel—a very nice location. We were so early that we had a front-row view. Did we sit on the curb? I cannot remember. We had flasks of tea and sandwiches to sustain us. The service was broadcast on loudspeakers so we could hear what was going on. And then came the parade. I will never forget the gold coach coming by with the Queen in her coronation robes and the crown on her head. She was so young and beautiful—only in her twenties—a sight burned in my brain. I don't believe it was raining then, but soon, the heavens opened, and the parade got soaked. It was so sad to see the soldiers in their red jackets and bearskin hats and all the other participants, including the Commonwealth contingents, getting wet. I remember especially the Gurkhas from India and the Queen of Tonga in an open landau, refusing an umbrella and smiling broadly. She wanted to see and be seen.

After it was all over, my fiancé's father said, "Come with me." We were as soaked as everyone else. He led us under the trees and produced a very welcome flask of brandy. We all took a hearty swig, took the train home, dried off and went to bed exhausted but happy that we had been there.

It was a different era, with no cell phones, iPads, or computers. We had to go to the cinema to see the actual coronation, and my vision of all the nobles in their red velvet robes and ermine was magnificent. (The smell of mothballs must have overcome the scent of the incense). Apparently, the number of black blobs on your ermine and silver balls on your coronet denote your rank. It was rumored that because the service was so long, some coronets contained packets of sandwiches. At the actual crowning, they cried, "God save the Queen," and put on their coronets, hopefully *sans* sandwiches. The service was televised, but not many people had televisions. They would have been small and black-and-white anyway.

King Charles had a much simpler coronation. I doubt we will ever again see such a splendid spectacle as I had the pleasure to witness on June 2, 1953.



What to Look for in the Gardens in March

By Margaret Missiaen

The first daffodils in the raised beds next to the cottage started to flower in mid-February. I planted 100 mixed bulbs in early December and hope to see more flowers in the weeks ahead. Stop and enjoy the blooms on your way to the Cottage or Bay Street.



My goal is to keep these beds green year-round. I'm thinking about seeding drought-tolerant plants for the summer. One idea is to try a mixture of morning glories and nasturtiums or herbs like chives and thyme. Some of these plants are invasive in most gardens but are easy to control in raised beds.



Another showy spot in the garden is at the corner of Laguna and Francisco, where the saucer magnolia tree is in full bloom. Hopefully, the buds will continue to open into early March. You only need to stroll down the hall to the Cedar Room to observe this tree. A walk through the central courtyard to the Rose Fox Noll garden is worthwhile to see the roses and azaleas during the summer.

Residents Potpourri of Irish Tidbits

Patrick

Douglas Corrigan was an Irish American with the nickname "Wrong Way Corrigan". In 1938, he flew from Floyd Bennet Field in Brooklyn, New York, to Baldonnel Aerodrome in County Dublin, Ireland, in a rickety plane he bought for \$330. He was supposed to fly back to California, where he lived, but he claimed going the wrong way was not his fault as the light in his cockpit was dim, and he followed the wrong end of his compass needle.

On his return to the USA, the authorities suspended his pilot's license for 14 days as a punishment. Nevertheless, he was given a ticker tape parade in New York and Chicago. He died in California in 1995.

Katherine C

I toured Ireland in the 70s. We took a tour of the Ring of Kerry—looking at the coastline. It was supposed to be quite spectacular, but I was somewhat disappointed. Our California coastline is just as beautiful!

Bob

My wife Muriel was Irish. Her parents were staunch Irish Catholics. Nonetheless, they still admired Great Britain and listened to the Queen's Speech every year. They were happy that Ireland was independent but would have preferred to be members of the British Commonwealth.

Doris

When I was in elementary school, I did an Irish jig in the school play. I can still do it and know the tune, but I can't hop and move my legs fast enough. I visited Ireland in 1987. I went to Blarney. I was amazed to see a line of people waiting to kiss the Stone—in the same spot as hundreds of other mouths before! Eww! But I did find Waterford Glass at a good discount. ;-)

Theo

Back in 1973, a friend and I followed a route almost identical to the one Sheila describes in her article about her 2008 trip. The differences: We never got to Giant's Causeway but had a great view of the Cliffs of Mohar.

Tony & Linda

Never been. ;-(

Nancy Drew and The Ladies Protection & Relief Society

By Martha Nell Beatty

Recently, I looked up the Ladies Protection and Relief Society online, and here is what I found:

"The Ladies Protection & Relief Society was an organization designed to provide a home for struggling widows and orphans in the late 19th and early 20th centuries near San Francisco, California. Despite controversy, the women eventually decided to raise money for the Society by performing plays, which may have been why Lizzie Applegate, being a playwright herself, loved so much and arranged in her will for the money that would buy her liquidated estate to go towards it."

This is from "Message in a Haunted Mansion," part of a Nancy Drew series of adventure video games. In it, Lizzie Applegate appears as a ghost. She was a real singer and playwright in 19th-century San Francisco.

Of course, our official name is San Francisco Ladies Protection and Relief Society, and we were founded in 1853 in the heart of San Francisco. Perhaps Lizzie did have something to do with our organization.

I can't believe that Nancy Drew, a heroine of my youth, has emerged in a different form.

