



Heritage *Happenings*

February 2024

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

Special Events

Highlights of February's events, speakers, and performers



Jenni Swerdlow: Drumming for Wellness

Thursday, 1 February at 2:00 in Friendship Hall

We welcome back Jeni Swerdlow for another rhythmic session of music & unity. A registered art therapist, she will invite us to experience the power of being together in rhythmic drumming.



Grant Avenue Follies: Nightclub Cabaret

Thursday, 8 February at 3:00 in Friendship Hall

Grant Avenue Follies brings to life the legacy of San Francisco Chinatown's golden nightclub era. Originally comprised of four dancers from Chinatown's nightclub culture of the fifties and sixties, they followed doctor's orders to exercise for improved health. The Follies rediscovered the sheer joy and freedom of dance!



Asian Art Museum: Lunar New Year ~ Year of the Dragon

Monday, 12 February at 3:00 in Friendship Hall

Lanterns and couplets. Dragons and oranges. Red envelopes and housecleaning. Learn about the fascinating traditions and symbolic foods that enrich the celebration of the Lunar New Year throughout various Asian cultures.



Frank Cefalu: Valentine's Day Happy Hour

Tuesday, 13 February at 3:00 in Morgan Parlor

Musician and performer Frank Cefalu performs beloved songs from *The Great American Songbook*. His unique and sentimental singing style is made possible by the creative use of his microphone and his calming guitar playing.



San Francisco Jing Mo: New Year Lion Dance

Friday, 16 February at 5:30 in the Dining Room

Jing Mo started in Shanghai, China in 1910. Brought to Chinatown in the early sixties, San Francisco Jing Mo is a non-profit organization led by *Sifu* Rick L "Bucky" Wing, a disciple of legendary Grandmaster Wong Jack Man.



Catherine Cormier:

San Francisco Public Library Services Overview

Monday, 26 February at 3:00 in Friendship Hall

Catherine, the branch manager, will discuss how the library supports the senior community with programs ranging from book clubs to helping seniors get hard-to-find materials.



Bacio the Labradoodle: SPCA Visit

Thursday, 29 February at 1:30 in Friendship Hall

The "Labradoodle" is a crossbreed dog created by crossing a Labrador retriever and a standard or miniature poodle. Labradoodles are generally friendly and energetic.



Jason Myers: Sing-along

Thursday, 29 February at 3:00 in Friendship Hall

We welcome Jason back for another gathering of festive tunes! Drawing primarily from a vast repertoire of standards from the 1930s and 1940s, he captures the spirit of the era while simultaneously adding his distinctive voice.

Heritage Happenings

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

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**Aging in Place ~ "Levels of Service"**

Residents often encounter the term "levels of service," particularly in the context of additional fees that may be incurred beyond the standard monthly rent.

If you have a Type A Life Care Contract, not to worry! This term does not apply to you.

For those with a Type C Continuing Care Contract, understanding "levels of services" is beneficial. As aging progresses, various daily activities like laundry, medication management, or showering might require assistance. A Certified Nursing Assistant (CNA) typically provides this support, with Heritage determining charges based on the time and resources utilized.

Service charges are structured in two ways: For sporadic assistance needs, services are billed individually. However, if you find yourself requiring regular support for multiple activities, this is where the concept of levels of service becomes relevant. Think of it as a "frequent flier" discount: the more assistance you need, the more likely you are to need a full level of care, which is more inclusive and generally less expensive. The service levels are categorized into five tiers, ranging from minimal assistance to comprehensive custodial care and support. Billing is calculated to ensure cost-effectiveness, comparing individual service charges versus a bundled rate under a level of service agreement.

It's crucial to recognize that levels of service are tailored; your needs are unique. You, your primary caregivers, and team members determine these service levels collaboratively. We will delve deeper into the nuances of levels of service in future editions.

Theo Armour, Editor

Wellness Nurse ~ Lucy Ascalon

By Martha Nell Beatty



We see her name, Lucy Ascalon, on the door near the first-floor Perry elevator. It says she is the Wellness Nurse and is available on Sundays. But most of us don't even know what a wellness nurse does.

Lucy says the Wellness Nurse is primarily concerned with keeping the residents well—foreseeing and assessing their needs as they develop. The goal is to maintain residents' independence so they stay in their apartments, perhaps with the addition of services from the staff—so they can Age in Place. If a resident needs help with daily activities, such as medication management, she will discuss it with their doctor. She also might suggest to the resident that they need to see a specialist, perhaps an eye doctor, a dentist, a podiatrist, or an ENT doctor. Last year, Lucy arranged for an ENT specialist to come to Heritage on the Marina to assess the residents' hearing.

She also watches over the forms required by the Department of Social Services in each resident's file. If something is amiss or not up-to-date, Lucy communicates with the resident's primary-care doctor to correct deficiencies. Another responsibility is staff education. On Sundays at 6:00 am, she meets with the night and incoming day shifts. She collaborates with the staff on such issues as infection control.

A native of the Philippines, Lucy is the youngest of ten children. The oldest six are pastors in the Baptist Church, followed by two engineers and a teacher. Lucy is the only one in the healthcare field living in the States. Of her twenty-two nieces and nephews, five are pastors, and only one has moved to the States—to Texas. Lucy got her nursing degree and her master's in the Philippines. Lucy's husband emigrated to the States, and after six years and attaining citizenship, he could petition for her to follow. Once Lucy arrived, she needed to qualify as a nurse by taking the State Board. She is a busy, competent RN.

Sylvie Holdman ~ Executive Chef ~ An Update

By Martha Nell Beatty



At the beginning of 2024, Sylvie stepped into the role of executive chef after serving as sous-chef under Kevin for three years. She is starting with a complete team in the kitchen with two new hires as cooks.

Each year, two sets of menus repeat every four weeks. They originate from Morrison, but individual chefs create their own menus with recipes from a massive Morrison database. Sylvie is currently working with the fall/winter menus that Kevin set up, but soon she will be planning the spring/summer set.

Sylvie has fewer concerns about following the strict guidelines the kitchen had to follow when the Health Center was open. Previously, the dietitian was required to approve every menu adhering to stringent standards. Of course, there are still guidelines to follow. There is always consideration for such things as sodium levels and fat content.

Sylvie is excited about the Around the World menus she will create this year. On the third Friday of every month, there will be a focus on a specific country with entertainment typical of that country. We've already had an Italian night. As always, there will be a Chinese New Year dinner in February, and Katie Loo, as usual, will bring *dim sum* and desserts. February will also see another Morrison special evening with *Mardi Gras*.

We have had some of the twelve cuisines over the years, but never every month. In 2024, new countries to be featured include India, Thailand, and El Salvador. What will be missing this year is Japan.

We are pleased that Sylvie was promoted to executive chef and know we have many good meals ahead of us.

After the War: from Parachutes to Petticoats

By Jane Standing

After the Second World War ended in August 1945, three things happened to change my life. I graduated from high school, we moved back to the London area, and I started work.

I graduated from Luton High School for Girls. No big ceremonies as happens today—just a visit to the principal's office. After a hug from her capacious arms and well wishes, I was handed my School Leaving Certificate, and with the paper in my hand, I was out the door. That was it.

My parents and I had spent most of the war in Dunstable. Dunstable was a relatively quiet old market town about thirty-five miles northwest of London. Despite wartime rationing, restrictions, and frustrations, we had a relatively happy time there. In 1945, my parents and I moved back to Old Bexley in Kent, a small commuter town about twelve miles from the center of London.



61 Threadneedle Street

I began working in the bookkeeping department of an insurance company at 61 Threadneedle Street, next door to The Bank of England and close to the London Stock Exchange. The work was all done by hand with just an adding machine, where you put in the numbers and pulled the handle—no computers to help like today. Being young, the older girls took me under their wing, and after a hot lunch provided by the company, we would scurry out to the shops.

One of our excursions was to Petticoat Lane, a notorious market where you could get almost anything. The saying was that they would steal your watch at one end and try to sell it back to

you at the other! Clothing was still rationed, so we bought many items on the black market there without having to use our precious clothing coupons. The girls bought me my first pair of nylon stockings. (Did they fall off the boat from America?) One day, we found someone selling parachutes. Were they new or used? They were new. So, after a quick conference, we decided to buy half of one. When we got it back to the office, we found that half of a parachute was HUGE! We divided it up. It was enough for us all to make underwear, blouses etc. We were so pleased with our purchase! We made our garments, and then we found out the problem. Being very tightly woven nylon, they did not breathe! We did not care. We wore them proudly, even if they were a bit hot. We wore them for quite a few years, delighted to have something pretty to wear after the drabness of the war.



Petticoat Lane, 1947

Rooms Chapter 6 – My First Time In San Francisco

By Margaret Johnson, assisted by her son Tom

You may remember that the last installment of this memoir left off with our son Tom, baby daughter Elizabeth, and I arriving at Oakland airport after a horrible airplane flight from Brooklyn, New York.

The Mission Street Rooms

Duncan had found an apartment at 5245 Mission Street, about as far away from downtown San Francisco as you can be and still be in the city – not too far from the Cow Palace. The apartment was much bigger than the one in Brooklyn. It was above a laundromat, with a backyard that we shared with the apartments next door above the adjacent Spudnuts shop (Spudnuts makes donuts out of potato flour and is still in business, although not at the Mission Street site). We had a lot of space to fill and not enough furniture to fill it, but, fortunately, the movers had left some packing cases—flimsy tea crates and cardboard barrels—which made tables for us.

The families next door had children to play with ours and a neighbor to take care of my children when I took a part-time job in a department store before Christmas. The backyard was a great resource—a safe play area for the children and a place to hang laundry. Our third child, Anne, was born the first year we lived on Mission Street.

From mid-1949 to early 1952, Duncan interned at San Francisco County Hospital and did some of his work at the historic old Laguna Honda Hospital.

Life In San Francisco In 1950

In San Francisco, I had my first opportunity to earn a little money for myself since getting married. The owner of the Spudnut shop made a deal with me to make pies for him—for his personal pleasure, not to sell, although I think he did sell some of them. He was particularly fond of banana cream pies and lemon meringue. This is not a way to make money—really, really labor-intensive!

In those days, San Francisco was a fascinating place. It was very different from back East, and, of course, the Beatnik movement was in full swing.

Despite still having very little money, we were able to do a little exploring and eating out in this beautiful city.

On to Fort Hood in Texas!

In 1952, Duncan was called back into the military for service during the Korean War and stationed at Fort Hood, Texas, then the well-known home to the Army's tank corps. He was now a First Lieutenant in the Medical Service. As always, he went ahead, and the children and I followed later to Killeen, the base's local town. I drove the three children to Killeen, leaving a trail of wet bathmats that two-year-old Anne pulled into all the motel tubs along the way.



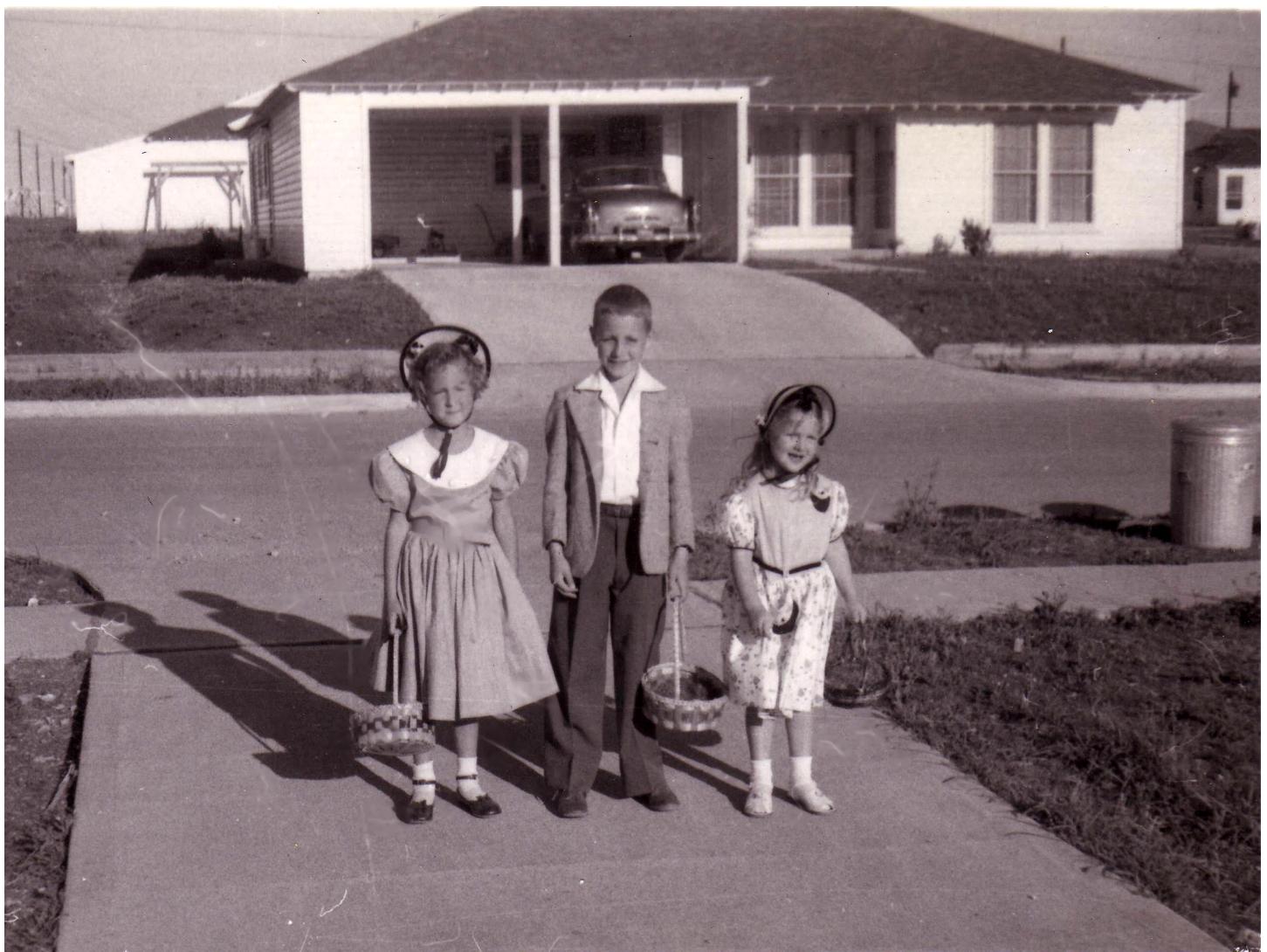
We can forget the rooms in the house in Killeen. The house itself, at 1705 Cole Street in a bleak housing development, was totally forgettable. It was in the middle of a sunflower patch, with dark tile flooring that hid the scorpions that came out at night—every sort of venomous wildlife lived with us. It was blazing hot in the summer (the local market, the Mini-Max, was so air-conditioned that walking in and out of it was a physical shock), and there were no trees anywhere near the house. We lived there – an ordeal -- for the two years of Duncan's military hitch. A recent Google search shows the house now with trees and a carport.

Tom attended the nearby school in Killeen, but Libby's birthday came in October, too late for the schools in Killeen, so she and Anne went to a daycare center on the base.

The day a tornado (they called them "twisters") threatened the base, they called frantically for me to come get the kids, but Duncan had the car out at the far end of the base. He was able to bring them home, and the storm veered off, missing Fort Hood but almost destroying Waco.

The house I do remember with pleasure from that time was actually in the nearby town of Temple. The sergeant living next door to us in Killeen was

able to rent it for his family. He, his Mexican wife, and their numerous children were crammed into a low-ceilinged white box just like our house. I can't remember how I got involved with their move, but I do remember loading the wife and what seemed like hordes of small, quiet, well-behaved children into my car and driving them over to the new home. It was a clean, though unpainted, clapboard house built up on blocks—no cellar—with many rooms for everyone, high ceilings, breezes, and trees. It had a yard to play in—no grass, only packed earth, but they thought it excellent. Such joy for them all! It looked to me, at the time, like a sharecropper's shanty, but I could see how much better it was for them than the mingy little place in Killeen, and I was glad for them.



*Elizabeth, Tom and Anne Johnson, 1705 Cole Street, Fort Hood, Texas,
1953*

What to look for in the Porter Garden in February

By Margaret Missiaen

The Porter Garden behind the Perry Building was named for Julia Gorman Porter in the 1980s. Porter was President of the Board of Lady Managers of the Crocker Old Peoples' Home when it merged with Heritage on the Marina in the 1950s.



Flowering now are Cymbidium orchids—brought by Lloyd and Marion Wake when they moved to the cottage at the Heritage in 1993. Lloyd divided and repotted the orchids many times before he died in 2017. The orchids were moved to Porter Garden.

The camellias are also in full flower. There are different varieties of this shrub in the garden. Recent additions are pink-flowering camellias planted in memory of Eleanor Burke and Dominique Gasper. To view these flowers, take the steps toward the grassy center of the garden. On your right, you will see the small tree identified with a plaque.

At the top of the steps, continue to the right to find the orchids. Walking toward Francisco Street, turn right again to see the cat statue and camellias given in memory of Dominique Gasper.



Sheila in China

The **Around the World** adventure is celebrating China this month. We asked Sheil to share thoughts about her visit to Taipei in 1966. Here are some of her observations and sketches.

Well, here I am in the Republic of China! How exciting that sounds. I'm sitting here in a very nice lakeside hotel looking at a gorgeous view, miles from anywhere - but it's raining very hard, and the mist is creeping over the mountains, and it's very lovely. This island is absolutely beautiful!!! It reminds me of Robinson Crusoe Land. It's covered with green mountains, banana plantations, and rice fields. And here, the farmers do wear the conical shaped straw hats like this:

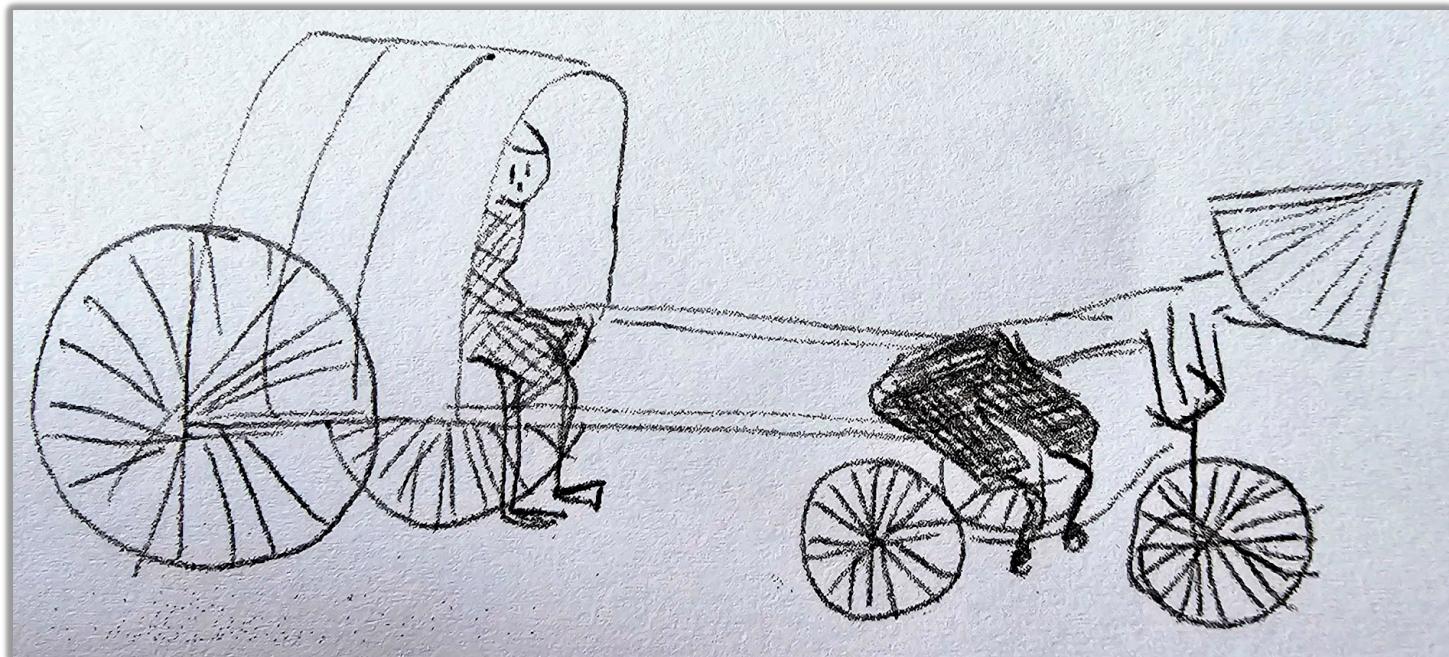
and use water buffalo to pull their plows in the rice fields.



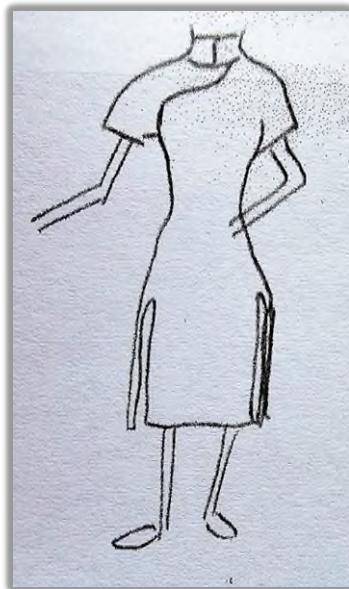
I landed in Taipei, the capital, on Saturday and, brother, what a lousy town! I think I have been so spoiled by Japan that I was disappointed. For one thing, it's so hot and humid that the people all wear poor-looking clothes. Taipei didn't show me a thing; in fact, I disliked it so much that I made a plane reservation to leave on Monday, but that was before I left the capital. Since then, I have been very happy. The scenery is superb. First of all, I caught an express train right down the western side of the island to Kaohsiung, which is the largest industrial city and a big Chinese naval base. Fortunately, I didn't see the industrial part. I stayed in the suburbs and went by local buses to two beautiful lakes with colorful pagodas, towers and temples scattered about. A Chinese navy officer took me under his wing and showed me the second lake. It's surprising how many people speak a little English. Next, I caught a train to Tainan, which is the oldest city in Taiwan, and saw the remains of the Dutch rule there. They were driven out in 1661 by Koxinga, the national hero, and I visited a shrine in his honor.

The streets everywhere here are so crowded, and there are food stalls everywhere, taking up most of the roadway, and with them and the crowds, a car can only get through very slowly, honking his horn all the time. Most of the populace seems to eat at these food stalls. The food to me looks ugly

and fly-bitten, not at all like the stalls in Japan. The pedicabs here are very colorful. Dad, you probably saw them in Egypt too:



The drivers usually are naked except for shorts and hats. I always ask, "How much?" and they say, "TW \$10", and then I offer "TW \$5", etc etc. I'm sure I pay more than I should, but I don't mind; TW \$5 is only \$0.12, and they work hard. This morning, I was rushing to catch a train, and I promised double if he sped. Poor man, every time he slackened, I would prod him in the back and wave my TW \$10 bill, but I caught the train.



The beds are Western style, and so are the toilets in China. Also, strangely enough, they wear the same wedding dresses we do here. They have very nice figures and wear Chinese-style dresses. The girls are very attractive.

I saw an old lady this morning in Tainan who had had her feet bound when she was a baby. She was hobbling along. She was relatively tall, but her feet were the size of a child's. Poor lady. That was a cruel thing in those days because today, she can hardly walk.

Library Corner ~ New Acquisitions ~ February 2023

Compiled by Martha Nell Beatty

The System: Who Rigged it, How We Fix It ~ 2021 ~ NF

Robert B Reich

Reich has held many jobs in the government, including Secretary of Labor under President Bill Clinton. Locally, he's been a professor of Public Policy at UC Berkeley

The Night Country ~ 1997 ~ NF

Loren Eiseley

Reflections on "the mystery of life" from a famed anthropologist.

The Christmas Guest: A Novella ~ 2023 ~ M

Peter Swanson

An American art student in London visits a classmate's country home over the holidays and finds an unsolved murder hanging over the family.

Daughter of Fortune: A Novel ~ 2020 F

Isabel Allende

The tale of a young Chilean woman's search for love, not wealth, during California's Gold Rush days.

The American Experiment: Dialogues of a Dream ~ 2021 ~ NF

David M Rubenstein

A collection of interviews with some of America's greatest minds.

High Stakes: ~ A Novel ~ 2022 ~ F

Danielle Steel

Set around a New York talent agency, a group of women discover the high cost of success.

Facing East: Ancient Health and Beauty Secrets for the Modern Age

~ 2016 ~ NF

Jingduan Yang

The Second Stranger: A Novel ~ 2023 ~ M

Martin Griffin

A thriller set in the remote Scottish Highlands

Use the Power You Have: A Brown Woman's Guide to Politics and Political Change ~ 2020 ~ NF

Pramila Jayapal

Born in India, Jayapal, a Democrat, currently represents the 7th congressional district in Washington in Congress

The Answer is...Reflections on My Life ~ i2020 ~ NF

Alex Trebek

No One You Know: A Novel ~2008 ~ M

Michelle Richmond

A mystery thriller about a Stanford student who was murdered in a crime that was never solved.

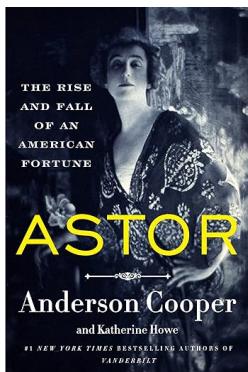
House of Thieves: A Novel ~ 2015 ~ F

Charles Belfoure

It is a story about an architect in Gilded Age New York who is forced to work for a criminal ring

Astor: The Rise and Fall of an American Fortune ~ Anderson Cooper ~ 2023 ~ NF

Review by Trish Otstott



This is the incredible story of a family that squandered an enormous private fortune. Cooper wrote this book as a follow-up to *Vanderbilt*, his book about his family and its lost fortune. *Astor* begins with the end, as Brooke Astor and Gloria Vanderbilt, each seated at her own number one table at Mortimer's in New York City, reign as the last queens of the tail end of the Golden Age.

John Jacob Astor established the Astor fortune by slaughtering thousands of beavers for their precious pelts. The fortune evaporated because of an excess of everything. Over the generations, various Astors built huge five- and six-story mansions, owned several lavish yachts, and spent vast sums of money while traveling the globe for pleasure, and acquiring rare antiques along the way. The last little bits of the Astor fortune were then fought over by Brooke Astor and her son, who was not even an Astor.

I thought this book was interesting, and I particularly enjoyed understanding how this famous family and its famous fortune fit into our country's history. From the Waldorf Astoria in New York City to the sinking of the Titanic, this family left its mark in so many ways.

I delivered this book to HotM last week. I hope you enjoy it.

Photo Gallery



Roxana taking a break with friends in El Salvador



Patrick and Sheila dancing



Lillemor with Head Start bonnets



Songbirds caroling



Happy-Happy New Year's Eve Party

Photographs by Sarah Standing



Thank You, Jeff

For your many talents and deep dedication



Warmest regards from all your friends at
Heritage on the Marina