



# *Heritage* **Happenings**

**May 2024**

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

## **Special Events**

*Highlights of events, speakers, and performers for April.*

**Red & green colors** honor "Around the World" **Mexican** events.



### **David Furman: What Outer Space Can Teach Us About Aging**

**Wednesday, 1 May at 11:00 in Friendship Hall**

Buck Institute Seminar #2: Zero gravity is not an anti-aging intervention. What we learn from astronauts who've done long-term space travel can teach us much about how we age here on Earth. And better yet, efforts to protect the health of space travelers will likely have payoffs here at home. Dr Furman's insights really are out of this world!



### **Mariachi San Francisco: Cinco De Mayo Fiesta along with Trivia & Prizes**

**Thursday, 2 May at 2:00 to 3:30 in Friendship Hall**

Our 9-piece Mariachi band is composed of men **and** women as well as a harpist (which makes us very unique)! Our repertoire includes Rancheras, Danzónes, Polkas, Huapangos, Sones, Romantic, Cumbias, Waltz, English songs, and classical songs. We are a professional group serving the Bay Area for over twenty years.



## The Songbirds: Spring Concert

**Monday, 6 May at 3:00 in Morgan Parlor**

The Songbirds was formed to inform our community about what the Children's Theater Association does each year for more than 5,000 school children who otherwise would not have an opportunity to see live theater.



## Allen Ysidro: Dance and Balance

**Thursday, 9 May at 10:30 in Friendship Hall**

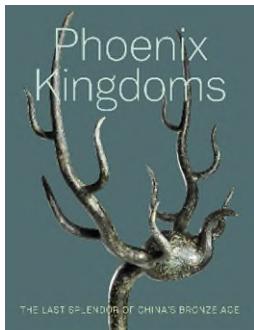
Welcome to our world of American Line Dancing, where you will see and hear the fun line dance, including Greek variations, we perform in our classes and special events.



## Frank Cefalu: Mother's Day Sparkly Wine Happy Hour with Music

**Thursday, 9 May at 3:00 in Morgan Parlor**

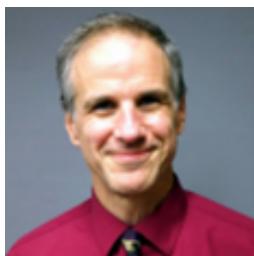
Musician and performer Frank Cefalu performs beloved songs from the *Great American Songbook*. His unique and sentimental singing style is made possible by the creative use of his microphone and his calming guitar playing.



## Asian Art Talk: Phoenix Kingdom: The Last Splendor of China's Bronze Age

**Monday, 13 May at 3:00 in Friendship Hall**

This stunning exhibition unveils the remarkable art and historical legacy of two mysterious kingdoms of ancient China. Phoenix Kingdoms brings to life the distinctive Bronze Age cultures that flourished along the middle course of the Yangzi River in South Central China about 2,500 years ago.



## Jason Myers Sing-along

**Thursday, 16 May 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.



## **Ray Poydessus: Disaster Preparedness**

**Monday, 20 May at 2:00 in Friendship Hall**

Ray started his adult life as an aircraft mechanic, then transitioned into his firefighting career. He joined the San Francisco Fire Department in 1993. During his seven years as an active-duty firefighter, Ray retained his Firefighter 1 and II certifications and EMT certificate, and he is also heavy rescue certified. Ray retired from the Fire Department after 17 years of service. Now, he enjoys playing golf.



## **Evangelina Portillo: Artists Showcase**

**Wednesday, 22 May at 3:00 in Friendship Hall**

My art tends to focus on Mexican culture and its history and traditions, mostly utilizing very festive colors. I find myself drawn to the Day of the Dead and its beautiful multitude of celebratory styles.



## **Tea Party: Fund the Employee Appreciation Fund**

**Thursday, 23 May at 3:00 in Morgan Parlor**

Heritage on the Marina sponsored tea party fundraiser to benefit the Employee Appreciation fund. Guests may be invited. Sparkling wine and all the traditional tea party goodies will be served.



## **Memorial Day: BBQ Lunch**

**Monday, 27 May starting at 11:30 in the Dining Room**

## **Screening of *Apollo 13* with root beer floats**

**Monday, 27 May at 2:00 in Friendship Hall**

*Apollo 13* is a 1995 American docudrama film directed by Ron Howard, starring Tom Hanks, Kevin Bacon, Bill Paxton, Ed Harris, and Gary Sinise. It is considered to be among the best films of all time.



## **Stephen Camarota: May Flowers**

**Thursday, 30 May at 3:00 in Friendship Hall**

How do flowers affect your mood? Let us tour the colors and scents of spring with a look at the flowers of May: Peonies, magnolias, lilacs, lilies of the valley, and others.

**Heritage Happenings**

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

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**And Then There Was One**

*By Martha Nell Beatty*

The “What to Look for in the Gardens in May” article on page six mentions Rose Fox Noll and the Board of Directors. Here is some background on the boards of Heritage on the Marina.

For many years, Heritage on the Marina had two boards: The Board of Trustees and the Board of Managers. The Board of Trustees was composed of men. The Board of Managers was composed of women. The Trustees handled financial matters and made the financial decisions. The Managers were involved in matters like the garden, skilled nursing, admissions, and food. On February 15, 2000, the two boards merged.

I served on the Board of Managers and also on The Board of Directors. When I was a manager, I served on the food committee, where we met with residents, on the admissions committee, where we actually interviewed prospective residents, and on the Skilled Nursing Committee, where we discussed the status of patients with the director.

Now, men and women together discuss all matters and make all decisions. A major decision was selling the Van Ness property, which Heritage on the Marina had owned for many years, to CPMC for their new hospital.

*The **Aging in Place** editorial series will continue in future issues.*

## **Message from the President of the Residents Council**

Dear Residents, please note the following:

### **(Fun)draising Tea Party**

We will be holding a formal tea party for the benefit of the Employee Appreciation fund to be held on May 23 in the Morgan Parlor. Residents are encouraged to dress up for this.

Ties and jackets for men and formal attire for the ladies with possibly hats and gloves if they still have them. The event last year was a great success and much enjoyed by all who attended. It will be the same again this year.

### **Art Committee Members**

Help Wanted! The Art Committee has shrunk. We have one person left—one curator—Doris Howard—who needs help. The exhibit in the Tony Lawrence Gallery has been due to come down for a long time. Volunteers are needed to take down one exhibit and put up another. Doris can plan it but needs volunteers to pull out push pins and then push them back in for a new show. Please help. Small demand on your time and no experience needed. See Doris.

### **Margaret's "Saturday Shorts"**

What you've been missing! What do you know about The Republic of Vermont? Clara Bow? The origin of the word dunce? Every Saturday at 3:00 pm, "Saturday Shorts" in the McGinley Room. Be smart! Be there!

### **Library Corner**

Martha Nell reports the following new addition to the Stucky Library: *Lessons* by Ian McEwan (2022): "We follow the male character from World War II to Covid as he is seduced as a teenager by his piano, abandoned by his wife, leaving him with a child and finding love later in life." Also, the fifteen Sue Grafton A to almost Z mysteries are now officially in the Stucky Library. Sue Grafton died before finishing the Z book.

And don't forget to gather your roses while ye May!

Regards,

Patrick Alexander  
President of the Residents' Council.

## What to Look for in the Gardens in May

By Margaret Missiaen

The garden at the corner of Laguna and Francisco streets is named for Rose Fox Noll (1934-2011). Rose was on the Board of Directors and a supporter

of Heritage on the Marina. A variety of plants flower during the spring and summer. The saucer magnolia was covered with pink flowers in March, the Spanish bluebells showed up in April, and the four Double Delight roses will flower all summer.



The largest rose has a memorial plaque that reads, "In loving memory of Nanawin Currie, our double delight 30 Mar 1909 – 14 Oct 2004. Love from your grandchildren and great-grandchildren." Three more

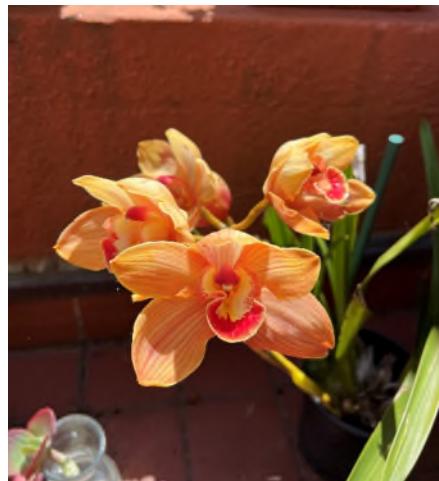
Double Delights were planted recently.



A passion vine is thriving on the fence on the north side of the garden. The herbaceous vine climbs with tendrils or sprawls along the ground, damaging adjacent plants if not pruned. The intricate white flowers will bloom all summer. This plant was named Passionflower or Passion Vine because the floral parts were said to represent aspects of the Christian crucifixion story.

## Blooming on the McGinley Room Terrace

By Jane Standing



## Saturday, November 22, 2014: Wet, Skunked and Happy

By Bob Granucci

Recalling a weekend at my Saint Germain duck hunting club in Sui Sun Bay.

On Friday, we crossed the river at 4:00, the usual time. An overcast of mid-level clouds and southwest wind lent credence to the forecast of rain that night and Saturday morning. We had almost a full house, not because of the hunting but the Marsh Party hosted by the Wheeler Island Club. Harlan transported us in our club's barely running 1987 Dodge pickup.

There were 50-60 guests. Wheeler's hospitality was up to their usual high standards, starting with *hors devourers <sic>*, including fresh shrimp, a selection of Italian cold meats and cheeses, quiche, and egg rolls. Dinner consisted of barbequed tri-tip, pork and chicken with Caesar salad, mashed potatoes, and creamed spinach, concluding with a variety of cakes and pies. The wine, a 2011 Louis Martini Sonoma Cabernet, was admirable.



Saturday morning was something of an afterthought. A light rain had fallen during the night, and at 4:45, when I went out to give Sienna her good morning biscuit, the temperature was mild, with an overcast of rain clouds at 2,000 or so feet and a moderate wind from the east.

After 6:00, as Marc and I set out for blind #10, a light rain began to fall. Visibility remained good. We saw a number of ducks at a distance, but shooting opportunities were minimal. A flock of teal blindsided us and sped away. Around 8:30, a mallard came by at 35 yards, but Marc's three shots failed to connect. With her training collar, Sienna was fussy. She refused to settle on the flotation coat, probably because it was wet from the rain.

We packed up around 9:30 and went in. As I was carrying my gun and kit back to the house, I felt I had actually enjoyed all the morning's experience, even including my wet eyeglasses. Then I recalled the words of Blair Hoffman, a colleague in the Attorney General's Office, "Duck hunters aren't really happy unless they're miserable."

Later in the morning, the front passed, leaving a wake of a brilliant blue sky decorated with cumulus clouds. Spaghetti with meat sauce for lunch.

## Rooms ~ Chapter 8 ~ Still On The Move!

By Margaret Johnson, assisted by her son Tom

You may remember that the last installment talked about our three children's crises. At the end of that installment, we were out of the Army and had moved to Mt Vernon, New York. Now, on with our migrations!

### And On To San Francisco (Again!)



*24 Irving Street, San Francisco, as it looked in 1956. It's very similar now, but with street trees in front.*

Nothing lasts forever – soon enough, we were on the move, again from New York to San Francisco. Duncan took a position as a resident at Stanford University's San Francisco hospital. He found a lovely house for us at 24 Irving Street, in the inner Sunset, that turned out to be one of our favorites – he was great at finding suitable housing. The house still looks much as it did then, although what was a vacant, very steep hillside right across Irving and along Arguello Street is now a vast parking garage for the UCSF medical complex that overshadows the house.

The house had a back garden with a tree we thought was a "monkey puzzle tree" but was actually a Norfolk Island pine (closely related, in fact, both genus Araucaria). The dining room fireplace was made of clinker brick – they looked glassy and melted, and I fancied they had been salvaged from the 1906 earthquake fires, however unlikely that was. The living room also had a fireplace that we used a lot. I ordered coal because there was a coal bin in the garage, and we had good, hot fires to stave off the wind and the fog of the Sunset. Once, we hired an English nursing student to babysit the kids, and she taught them how to put newspapers on the fire screen to make the fire draw better.

There was a cut-glass-paneled door between the living room and dining

room, and the sun coming through it would make rainbow spots that would move slowly across the living room floor. The upstairs landing was huge, and the kids used it as a playroom. Only the kitchen was disappointing – very inconvenient and old-fashioned.

Life at that point was good. We didn't have much money, but enough to get by. The kids walked five blocks to school at Laguna Honda Elementary on 6th Avenue (now Independence High School), and Tom walked across Golden Gate Park to take horseback riding lessons. On game days, the kids made money letting fans at nearby Kezar Stadium park in our driveway. We were living in one of San Francisco's most interesting times, a sort of golden age with the Beat Generation and all that. Herb Caen documented it very well.

## **Manhattan, New York**

And then, after two years, we moved again! The move from San Francisco back to New York in 1957 showed up one of the problems with moving children so often.



Duncan got a job at Memorial Sloan Kettering in Manhattan and found us a magnificent, pre-war apartment at 229 West 78th Street, on the corner of Broadway. It was on the 7th floor and had three bedrooms, a maid's room, a service entry off the kitchen, and a door attendant. A milkman delivered milk to the service door. The doors between the living room and dining room were cut glass. Our packing-crate furniture looked sad in such an elegant setting! The large kitchen was old-fashioned and inconvenient. The bathrooms had those little white hexagonal tiles outlined in decades of incinerator soot. After a few months, when it was clear the girls could no longer share a bedroom, Tom agreed to move into the maid's room (pretty much a large closet off the kitchen, but away from the rest of the family, which he enjoyed), and the girls each had her room, to our great relief.

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*Anne on Broadway in school uniform, 1957.*



*Tom on Broadway in school uniform, 1957.*

We enrolled the kids in nearby private schools – Tom at Trinity on 91st Street, the girls at St Hilda's and St Hugh's on 114th Street, and that's when they learned about public transportation. It was a stressful time. Coming into private New York schools from public California schools, the kids were desperately behind. Tom didn't know fractions at all when his 6th-grade classmates could multiply and divide compound fractions. Anne, in second grade, didn't know how to read. So, our first few months were spent lining up tutors and crash-coursing the kids to catch up. At the same time, they had to deal with severe culture shock – they had never had school uniforms, and the expected behaviors and all the rest on the upper West Side of Manhattan were very foreign.

At the same time, it was New York City! I enjoyed that apartment and that time in New York for a while. But soon enough, Duncan decided it was time to move on and to make a good living for his family, New York being a severe financial strain. He went to California again – this time to Palo Alto – and took a job at the Palo Alto Clinic. For some time, it wasn't clear what would happen to us, and to help deal with the uncertainty, I took a part-time job in a greeting card shop in the vast subway station complex on 50th Street. Boring, but a help with finances.

Eventually, however, Duncan sent for us, and in the summer of 1959, the three kids and I set out across the country in a 1957 VW convertible to the next set of rooms, one of the most remarkable homes I have lived in. The trip and our next home next time!

## The History of Fort Mason

By Trish Otstott ~ H Roving Reporter



Defending the Bay, Fort Mason, located on a hilltop promontory, was an excellent location for harbor defenses because the promontory commanded the cove and the passage between the mainland and Alcatraz. Over the past 200 years, it was fortified by the Spanish, the Mexicans, and the United States. Fort Mason was initially named the "Post at Point San Jose." Following the Civil War, the post was the headquarters for the US Army on the West Coast. In 1882, the defenses were named after Richard Barnes Mason, a military governor.

After the 1906 earthquake, it served as a refugee camp for earthquake and fire victims. In 1912, three piers and several warehouses were built along the water to warehouse army supplies and provide docking space for army transport ships. By 1915, a railroad tunnel had been built to connect with the railroad network and the Port of San Francisco. During World War II, Fort Mason was the principal port for the Pacific campaign. It moved 23 million tons of cargo and deployed a million troops. Its piers continued to be busy throughout the Korean War.

In the 1960s, the US Army closed Fort Mason as an active military base and, in 1972, transferred ownership of the site to the National Park Service (NPS). The Fort Mason Center, a nonprofit organization, was established in 1977 to oversee the adaptation of the fort's historic buildings as an arts center. Today, it is part of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area and is the site of several cultural facilities. The entire fort is listed as a historic district on the National Register of Historic Places, with 49 buildings of historic significance spread over 1,200 acres.

## Cancun, Mexico ~ May 29 – June 6, 1994

By Sheila Anne Moore

The following are selected excerpts from my travel diary albums.



It started to pour with rain, and I walked through the small town seeking shelter. I saw a very inviting bar called "Guillermos," which had an open veranda to the street, and a man was playing a guitar. So, I sat on the veranda, ordered a margarita, and waited for the rain to stop. After the rain eased off, I explored the little village on this isle of Isla de Mujeres and was startled to discover a fancy Van Cleef & Arpels jewelry store!! What a difference in Isla de Mujeres from my first visit *circa* 1979 when there were only a few narrow lanes and two restaurants with dirt floors! I find Mexico is much more prosperous than it used to be—no more beggars, and everything is nicer. I would not have recognized Isla from my previous visit.

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I find that I'm covered in nasty mosquito bites - the kind that form big blisters and then turn into blood-filled purple blotches. I cannot remember any mosquitoes. In fact, if I had not slept twice already in my bed without being bitten, I would worry that there were bed bugs, but I think they must be mosquito bites.





I returned to Cancun, showered, changed, and set out for the evening. That night, I wore my new outfit of a turquoise skirt and shirt and returned to the Hyatt Caribe for happy hour from 6:00 to 7:00—double margaritas for \$4 because they have a live band and a good singer. Then I had dinner again at Mr Pappa's and ordered my favorite meal: two baked potatoes with lots of toppings for \$7. Then I continued on to a disco. I cannot remember the name of it, but it is a very large establishment taking up its own building, with a billboard easily visible from the bus window advertising that between 10 and 11:00 pm, there was no cover charge, so I went in. The disco proper had not yet got into full swing, but the back bar was open and full of people. American girls flocked to Cancun in groups of four or five and have a really good time as the Mexican men make such a fuss of them. Mexican still flirt with me, at 58. Ah, what members are my fun and sexy youth! Sigh. Those were my golden days of my golden youth! One of my nights, I had some beers at the Hard Rock Cafe, which is fun here as they have a live band, and I danced. Two nights I spent at Senior Frogs because they have live entertainment and it's a raucous young college crowd but fun. I have not gotten into many conversations as almost everyone is with their own partner, anyway I have enjoyed myself immensely.

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There was a \$5.33 entrance fee to enter the Mayan ruins of Tulum compound, but the archaeological site was extensive. Some feminine workmen (or scholars) were restoring or preserving some of the ancient carvings by applying a coating of some kind via paintbrush. As you can see, the ruins are set right on the edge of the ocean and afford a dramatic site. It was very lovely here with the cliffs and turquoise ocean below. I left and came back for another stroll in the afternoon and most of the crowds of bus tour people had left at that time.

## **Martha Nell's Images of Mexico**



Palmilla Hotel



Diego & Frida



Mexico in America

## **Mothers**



Margaret Jacobs' mother



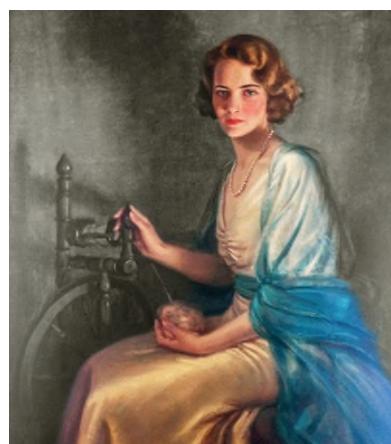
Theo's grandmother



Doris's grandmother



Til's mother



Patrick's mother



Shirley E's mother