



Heritage Happenings

November 2024

*The monthly newsletter published by residents of
Heritage on the Marina, San Francisco CA, USA*

Newsletter Format Updates

By Theo Armour

Country of the Month

 The **blue**, **red** and white colors featured in this issue honor the flag of Thailand, country of the month in our “Around the World” program. The masthead cameo is of a Long Neck Karen or Padaung woman playing the *plaw* or *ta nay*, traditional wind instruments commonly used among the Karen people. Using artificial intelligence, I asked for a Thai dressed traditionally. I expected a Thai dancer you might see as a tourist in Bangkok. I was delighted when the program created an image of a Karen woman from a hill tribe near Chiang Mai way up by the border with Myanmar and Cambodia.

More Colorful Text

We are also playing with the section headings. The text is two-tone, based on the country of the month flag. The masthead “Heritage Happenings” was tricky to create. It’s a curious mix of western and Thai alphabets.

Two Column Layout

The big graphic design change this month is the move to a two-column layout—just like you see in most newspapers and magazines. Narrow columns make for better readability and enhanced comprehension. Fingers crossed: Two columns work for you readers who need the help of a magnifying glass. If two columns are a problem, talk to us!

Shorter or Sweeter

Editorial standards are updated: Articles are one page or less. Two-page spreads are acceptable if they have lots of photos. Writers older than 99 have free reign.

Why the Changes?

The editorial on page five provides the backstory for the cause of the changes. The vision is unchanged: Deliver content and news to residents, family and friends that’s:

- Fresh and engaging
- Crafted by residents and staff
- Accessible to all abilities

Health Services

Good Bone & Joint Health

Summary of Brittany's seminar presented to residents in October:

Did you know?

- Over half of Americans over 18 suffer from musculoskeletal conditions.
- One in three seniors requires medical care each year for bone or joint issues.
- Weak bones and joints are the leading causes of pain and disability worldwide.

As we age, our bones become more brittle, and joints may stiffen or ache due to arthritis, osteoporosis, or general wear and tear.



The good news? Here are steps to keep bones and joints strong. Here are three things to help you stay active and pain-free:

- **Eat Well:** Fruits, vegetables, and fats (collagen is important for joint health and pineapple has bromelain which reduces pain and swelling.)
- **Stay Active:** Regular, gentle exercise keeps joints flexible and muscles strong, helping you maintain a healthy weight.
- **Sleep and Rest:** Quality sleep helps your body repair inflamed joints and muscles, reducing pain and stiffness.

With a few healthy habits, you can keep moving with confidence and stay independent for years to come!

Pharmacy Deliveries

Director of Nursing Martha Nkhoma wants you to know that she is delighted when you can walk to Safeway or Walgreens. There may be times, however, when you are not feeling so well, and it would be a welcome relief to have your medications delivered to Henderson Clinic.

The Clinic has started a new policy operated by Pharmerica enabling Independent Living residents to use the same long-term care pharmacy that delivers medications to Assisted Living residents at no extra charge.

If you are interested in adding this service as an always-available alternative provider, please have a chat with Martha or Vada Watson.

Dental Hygiene Clinic

Dental hygienist Lauren Chin, who gave us a seminar in September, will return in December for an in-house dental hygiene clinic. Residents who participate will receive a checkup at no charge. Charges will be made if a cleanup or other work is required. If she comes upon a significant issue, Lauren will refer you to a dentist. Details are still being worked out.

Dining Services

New Kiosk for Comments

In the corridor by the Captain's Station, at the entrance to the dining room there is a new kiosk that allows diners to enter a rating for the meal as well as to type in comments. The date and time of when you enter a comment is recorded. This helps staff know who was on duty when the comment was entered. In this way, **praise** (or blame) can be addressed to the right people.

New Winter Menu

The new winter menu is now in place, four weeks of menus that will recycle for the next six months. New dishes include baked apple with walnuts dessert, cauliflower turmeric garlic soup, and many more.

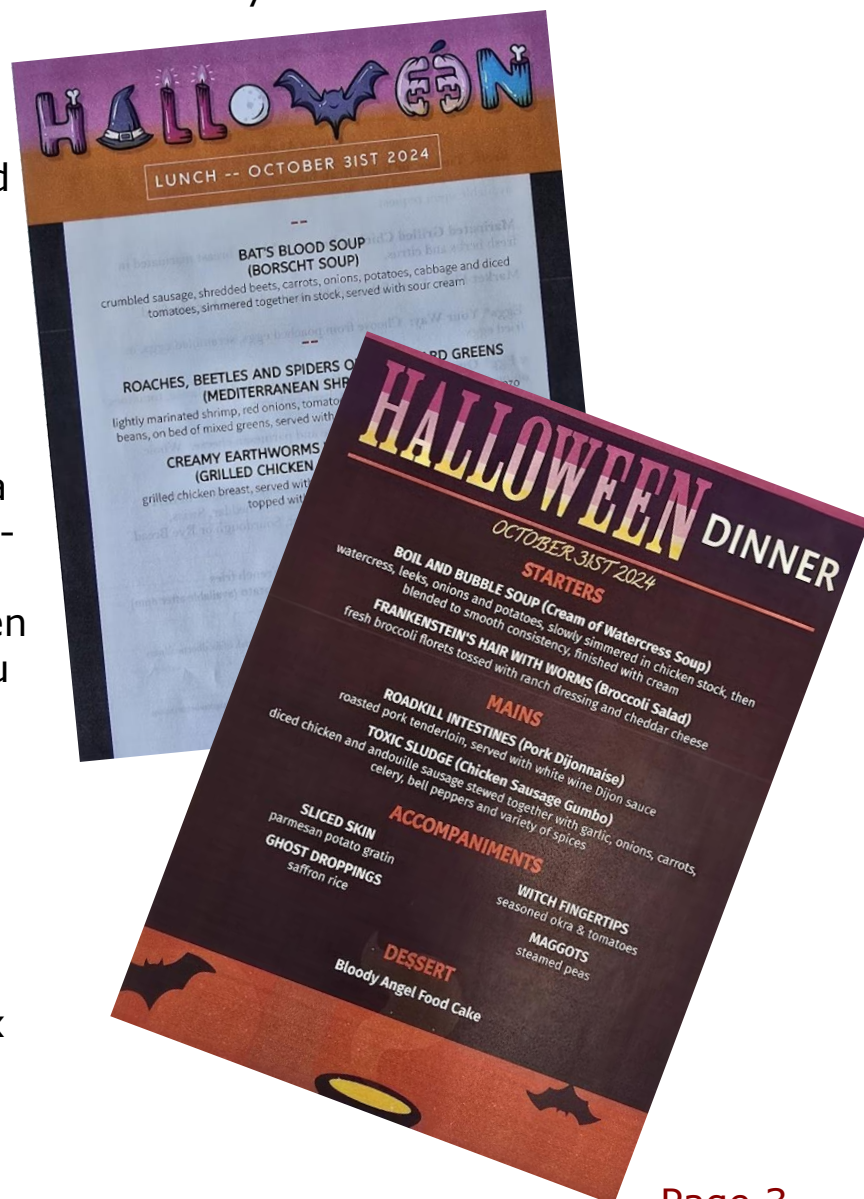
Not everybody will be pleased for sure, but here is something worth considering: these days the media is shouting "Keep away from ultra-processed foods!" When you look at the menu, and even better when you see what is on your plate, you will see fresh food, freshly made just the way you asked. Seventy-five individual menu orders for seventy-five residents. A healthy meal to each, just for the asking.

And yet somehow, from time to time, who knows how, a large box of **doughnuts** appears. ;-)

A Blurb on Broccoli

By Doris Howard, PhD

Research has shown that broccoli has an amazing array of benefits. That distinct smell? That is **sulforaphane**, a cancer-fighting nutrient. It produces an enzyme that eliminates pollutants from your body, including cigarette smoke. Broccoli also has high levels of vitamin K which improves your blood circulation and keeps your bones healthy. Make sure you eat broccoli once a week to stay healthy!



Hector's Maintenance Update

Completed Projects

- Loading dock safety repairs
- Loading dock area new safety light fixture
- Apartment 1530 #3: Pre-move
- Kitchen, building safety, entrance sliding door

Projects working on during the month of November:

- Adding annunciator speakers & amplifier
- Perry & Morgan Stairs: chair lifts
- Morgan Building Elevator: preparation for remodeling
- Apartment Remodels: #423, Laundry room conversion, #213 & #327
- Cottage building: new landscaping
- Perry & Morgan buildings: stairways wall repairs, patching and painting
- New nursing call system, main computer & others
- Generator Diesel Tank repair
- Loading dock area new safety light fixture



Bob Connolly: Marketing Update

- New resident move in: Cooby Greenway in 1530 Francisco #3, November 6!
- Received contract for 1530 Francisco #2, anticipated move in Dec/Jan based on sale of present home
- New articles in SF Chronicle, Examiner, and Marina Times
- Preparing for the upcoming Julia Morgan Building 100th Anniversary in March 2025
- Christmas Celebration: Invitations have been sent on Nov 1 for the annual Christmas party. Residents may invite two guests.

Mary Liz

Food Committee

October was the month to celebrate Germany through a German dinner some of which had spaetzle, potato pancakes and especially delicious Bratwurst and sauerkraut. Trick or treaters enjoyed Halloween candy October 30th.

November 16, our nutritionist Kayla will be here at 11:30 for a special food demo and we have a lunch at noon with her. She passes out information for us to learn of certain foods. Thailand will be a presentation of food from that country, party and documentaries. We are always appreciative of our delicious meals.

The next Food Committee meeting will be November 12 at 10:30 in the McGinley room.

Heritage Happenings

The monthly publication
published by residents of
Heritage on the Marina.

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Wanted:

Short, Interesting & Lively News

At the November editorial meeting, we were discussing recent issues. The consensus around the table was that the newsletter is **too long, not interesting and boring**. I pushed back but the gripes were reiterated several times.

As Editor of the newsletter, I was disheartened. Yes, I understand that the gripes tended to focus on particular types of stories and styles of writing. I understood that the reflections were not addressed to me in any way. We are all good friends after all. Nonetheless I left the meeting personally devastated. Where there is smoke there is fire. As I am the primary instigator of content and style for the newsletter, their gripes were a reflection on my efforts. It hurt. Ouch.

A bit later I happened to come across this Stephen Covey quote:

It's true that becoming an empathic listener takes time, but it doesn't take any-where near as much time as it takes to back up and correct misunderstandings when you're already miles down the road, to redo, and to live with unexpressed and unsolved problems.

The quote is not totally relevant, but it triggered my thinking: This has nothing to do with my pride. This has nothing to do with the stories we have been writing. This has everything to do with what our residents might actually want to read.

So, what do our readers want to read? Who knows? But if they don't like "too long, not interesting and boring", we might start with "**short, interesting & lively**". So, let's go!

Theo Armour

Meet New Resident: Nancy Trogman

By Martha Nell Beatty



Raised in Chicago, Nancy left the area to attend Bradley University in Peoria, Illinois. Then for three years, she worked for Green Giant in Minneapolis. In the early 1970s, she

moved to San Francisco. Once here, she got a job in Safeway's corporate real estate division. The staff's job was to recommend purchasing a site, remodeling a store, or closing a store. After analyzing the submittal, she would present it to the real estate committee.

After 23 years, Nancy retired and was especially glad not to be making the long commute to Pleasanton, where Safeway was headquartered. Since retiring, Nancy's passion has been traveling. She has particularly enjoyed Morocco, Vietnam, and Cambodia. Before moving here in July, Nancy took a trip to Japan, where she was especially in awe of its cleanliness.

Nancy is a sports lover, especially baseball. She went to grade school a block from Wrigley Field in Chicago and was early-on a fan of the Chicago Cubs. Now her allegiance is with the Giants and the Niners.

Like Nancy O, she is also an animal person. Her last dog was a miniature poodle which she adopted from the SPCA right after the dog had her leg amputated.



Nancy now gets her "dog fix" by volunteering for Muttville, a senior dog rescue organization that was the first in the nation to be cage-free. These dogs are seven and older, and about 80% have been picked up as strays. The majority come from the Central Valley. Nancy volunteers every Monday. She walks them, she cuddles them, she does their laundry. Nancy has fostered fourteen dogs from a few days to six weeks.

Nancy has been involved in her community over the years. In the early 90s, she served as the President of the Russian Hill Neighbors Association, a position that Bernie Burke also held. Today, she volunteers with Next Village. Nancy also takes advantage of the proximity of Aquatic Park and attends classes at the Senior Center.

Nancy's apartment is 311 Perry.

O Election Day! Callooh! Callay!

By Tucker Ingham



Artificial intelligence image inspired the entire text of Jabberwocky

"But," said Alice, "I can't believe things that aren't true."

"Of course you can." said the Queen, "You just need more practice. When I was **your** age, I could believe **six** things that weren't true **before breakfast**."

I wrote the following one morning, with **Jabberwocky** verses echoing for some reason, most likely political:

We may thank Anglican clergy members for some of the most memorably vague political satire on record. The Reverend Dodson, AKA Lewis Carroll, and the notorious Jonathan Swift with their *Alice in Wonderland*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and *A Modest Proposal*, still holding their

places in literature anthologies inflicted upon students.

With many leadership positions now being sought frantically, we can be warned of the fearsome Jabberwocky and the frumious Bandersnatch as they come burbling through the tulgey wood. Who's to save us from the flame and jaws that bite? Who's to go through and through with a vorpel blade and with its head, to leave it dead and then go glimpsing back?

Or shall we simply put aside all our worries and go on, merrily, merrily down the stream, for life is but a dream?

How the Vice President Lost a Voter for Good

By Tom King



Nixon's car attacked in Caracas, 1958

In February 1955, Vice President Richard Nixon and his wife, Pat, toured some Latin American countries, including Venezuela and Costa Rica. In Venezuela, crowds threw tomatoes at their motorcade.

He then decamped to Costa Rica, a somewhat friendlier place, he hoped.

As a lad of 10, I was standing in the reception line at the Bi-National Center in San José, a reception organized by my dad in honor of the Nixons. Dick and Pat shook hands with my dad, my mom, and then totally ignored my outstretched hand and continued down the line toward adults of voting age.

Now, I'm not one to hold a grudge—at least not for longer than a few decades or so—but I

never voted for Richard Nixon in my entire life after that.

Theo wanted to know if Nixon shook my 12-year-old sister's hand. My recollection is that he did not, but I sent her an email to see if she had any memory of this. Leave it to Theo to ask good questions... My sister responded that she remembered Nixon's visit well but didn't recall whether Nixon had shaken her hand. However, she did send me our mom's diary entries of the occasion:

Monday, February 21, 1955 *Mr Nixon arrived with bands & flags. Had my hair done, ugh. Substituted in kids' class at 10. Spent afternoon with Jane & Marge decorating Centro. Kids pasted flags on string for Centro. Embassy reception.*

Tuesday, February 22, 1955 *Rushed around shopping all am. Arranged flowers, fixed food. Back at 3:30. People began to come before 5. Nixon an hour late. Mrs Nixon & Mrs Holland came early so we waited in library with them for men. Sirens & up rushed all the big shots including Don Pepe Figueres. Everyone presented. He made a nice speech about Centro. A little Tico sneaked in & presented watches from his jewelry store. Home at 9.*

From Quebec to Toronto in 1957

By Jane Standing

Last month, I left you at the dock in Quebec, having gone through customs and immigration and preparing to board the waiting overnight train for Toronto. I had quite a shock as we boarded: no cozy compartments as you see in the movies, just a long carriage with two rows of canvas curtains, an upper and a lower behind which were the berths where we would spend the night. Very basic. Were there windows? I cannot remember. It was soon time for us to go to dinner in the dining car. All I remember about the meal was that they served cooked red beets. In England, beetroot was always part of a salad served in vinegar. I loathed it. Cooked warm did not change my mind.



Then, back to our berths to sleep. After loosening everything that could be loosened, I thought I would never sleep, but the motion of

the train quickly took care of that. The next thing I knew was the attendant knocking on each curtain, shouting, "Toronto, 30 minutes". Time to rouse, tighten everything you had loosened and get out to face the day.

Joyce, the daughter of one of my mother's friends living in Toronto, had offered to put us up for a few days until we found our feet. Her husband Chris came to meet us. How would we know him? This was 1957, and there were no smartphones or anything like that. He had agreed to wear a red rose in his hat. It was July 1st, Canada Day, and a holiday, so the station was not too busy. We soon connected, to his relief, as he felt stupid with the rose in his hat. So, we went to his home to meet his wife Joyce and two children, a boy and a girl, about six and eight.

Since it was a holiday, they were off to the beach, taking us with them. We had to pull out beach clothes hastily, and we were off. I don't remember much, but I do remember a cantaloupe, warmed by the sun, which was absolutely delicious.

We soon found an apartment and jobs, and our five tea chests caught up with us, but we were always grateful for those first few days when we were let gently into Canadian society. Joyce and Chris became lifelong friends, spending Christmas and Thanksgiving with us. Joyce was a wonderful letter writer. Clive and Sue, from the ship, stayed in touch for a while, but they moved on, maybe to Vancouver where he was doing research.

Burgundy Hotel Barge Trip

By Margaret Johnson



Palinurus (now named Luciole) tied up along a canal in France. Note the deck chairs and bicycles.

In early 1970 I read an article in the New York Times by a well-known writer about the week she had spent on a hotel barge traveling on a French canal. It sounded great to me, and I signed on. Not so much to my husband: he said he'd meet me in Paris on May Day, when my weeklong trip would end.

A bit of background: my barge, *Palinurus*, was the first of the hotel barges to ply the French canal network, initially in the heart of French cuisine, Burgundy.

Palinurus started life in 1926 as a coal-hauling barge pulled by mules. Retired from service in the 1960s, it was purchased by a visionary Brit who, from his love of the narrow English canal barges, thought that France, with its wider canals and varied geography, would be the logical next step. With the aid of a *clochard* who had

some ideas as to how to do it, he converted the barge into a floating hotel capable of carrying 22 passengers in reasonable comfort (only two bathrooms!) and started to look for passengers. Fortunately, a travel writer named Emily Kimbrough took one of the first trips and wrote a book *Floating Island* that set off a wave of publicity, including the New York Times article that sparked my interest. The idea seemed to work, and after a couple of seasons, the Brit's family began to think it might be a good investment. Several of his family members were passengers on my trip to find out how it was going, and fifty-some years later the company is still in business.

I flew over from New York and spent a night in Paris before taking a train to Montbard in Burgundy, where I boarded. My small cabin was, fortunately, on the starboard side, away from the engine fumes that drifted down the port side. The staterooms were on the lower level, down a steep flight of stairs. One of the passengers, a tall, absentminded writer of children's books, invariably bumped his head coming down, exclaiming with rude words. When I visited him and his wife years later in France, their lintels were padded.

The barge went only a few miles each day, motoring along at little

Heritage on the Marina

more than a walking pace, and tied up at a lock every night. The chef rode one of the bicycles into the nearest town each morning to get fresh baguettes for breakfast. After breakfast, we could ride the barge's bicycles to visit a chateau or one of the other attractions in the area or walk or jog along the towpath and into the next town. Or we could simply sit on deck and watch the beautiful scenery slowly glide by: cool, green alleys of trees, picturesque stone towns, locks with their lockkeeper's cottages (with the chance to help operate the locks), cattle-filled meadows, and the occasional short tunnel. Other days we visited some of the many wineries with their tasting rooms (riding back to the barge after such an outing could be a challenge!) Some evenings were spent playing games, but, because the British love gambling, one night we watched races among snails collected during the day (we ate the snails for that night's dinner). The food was great – local provisions competently cooked and accompanied by local wines, which, it being Burgundy, were excellent.

At the end of the trip, bubbling with enthusiasm for my experience, I joined my husband in Paris. His regret at not being on that trip prompted him to join, several years later, a barge trip with our son and his wife on the Canal du Midi in southern France. That trip was with the same

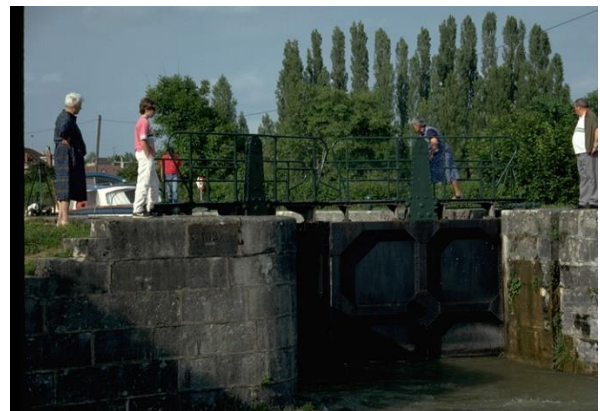
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company on another of their barges, *Water Wanderer*. Its crew were amazed to hear I had been on *Palinurus*, which by that time was legendary for its pioneering role in what had become a thriving industry.

I was happy to learn recently that *Palinurus* is still in service today on the French canals. So, it is nearly as old as I am, although, unlike me, it has been remodeled (to accommodate fewer guests in substantially greater comfort) and renamed (as *Luciole*).



A canal in Burgundy in 1991. This is the scenery *Palinurus* traversed on my trip.



A Lock on a Burgundy canal being operated in 1991, exactly like the locks the *Palinurus* negotiated. That's my grandson and I watching the lockkeeper.

Duck Tales: Spring and Summer 2009

By Bob Granucci

"It was the best of times; it was the worst of times."

— Charles Dickens

My off-season ranks among the best of times as I spent much of it abroad. Mid-to-late summer saw me hunting woodpigeon in Herefordshire and fishing British Columbia for salmon and halibut. By summer's end, I'd accumulated a treasure trove of memories and a freezer full of fish.

Meanwhile, construction was underway on St Germain's new club room and to everyone's delight, it was finished in time for duck season. With panoramic views, three video screens, and a bar, of course—surely to be the envy of neighboring duck clubs.

Jim G was busy with fieldwork, overseeing measures to improve water flow, and installing new blinds in the marsh. Members voted to close the "Big Pond" so ducks could have a resting area.

Saturday, October 24

Opening Day

The day was warm and clear, with a few scattered cirrus clouds and a light west wind. I spent the morning preparing my boat and equipment, then my dog Ivy and I took a walk. We didn't last long because of the heat and mosquitoes. Around 6 pm, I joined the group for cocktails, toasting

the occasion and exchanging wishes for good fortune, blissfully unaware I was about to embark on my worst duck season ever.

Saturday, October 25th

The morning dawned clear and mild. I drew sixth and went to #16 pond. The heavy cover that had obstructed visibility from the barrel last season was gone. A few minutes after starting time, I was ready to shoot but was blindsided by mallards, missing a crossing shot at a teal.

At 7:30 am, I fired two rounds at a pair of mallards from 45 yards, hitting the follower. It came down at the pond's north edge, disappearing into the tules. I sent Ivy, who started coursing around and disappearing into the heavy cover. Thinking she'd missed the mark; I waded over to where the duck had gone. After losing sight of her for several minutes, I saw Ivy reappear 80 yards to my right, carrying a large and still-lively mallard. I called her, but she swam back to the island while I sloughed across the muddy pond.

She held her prize duck for a few moments, then let it go, and it escaped. Ivy had made one of her best-ever finds, but she had failed to complete the retrieval. Not exactly the best of times (except for the duck ;-).

A Visit to Bangkok

By Doris Howard

It was blisteringly hot in Bangkok in August 1988. I was on a four-stop circuit of meetings organized by The International Council of



Psychologists. Bangkok was our first stop. The professional meetings did not take up all our time, of course. In 1988, Bangkok appeared to be an ancient place struggling to catch up with the

20th century. Beautiful old structures hugged the ground amid a new generation of 15-story hotels and buildings. I have a few favorite memories. One is the Chao Phraya River, which flows through the city. Yellow churning water with a steady stream of foliage: branches, greenery, and an occasional entire tree. It had no bridges but did have water taxis. Some were little one- or two-passenger motorboats. Some were little ferries. The floor level was a little higher than the water level. They had two rows of old-fashioned dining room chairs facing each other. The chairs did not match—just handed-down relics.

A main attraction was the 7-acre garden at The Grand Palace. Small buildings, all Asian architecture, small temples, statues of the Buddha and small gardens, all crowded together. There were Buddhas and temples everywhere. Elephants, monkeys, palaces, temples, and a priest blessed me.



Another memory is of the Floating Market. This took place in a few locations along the narrow canals. It only happened on Saturdays. Farmers brought produce to sell from their little one-seater boats. Some brought other products, as well. There were even people who brought food, cooked right in the boats, to sell to the others.

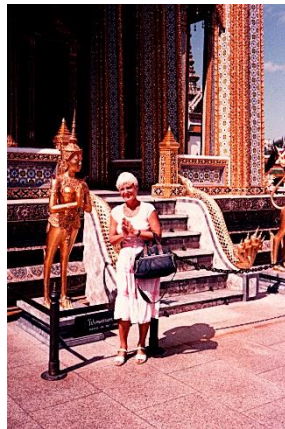
There was the Mandarin Oriental Hotel, built one hundred years previously, which had an Authors' Lounge where we had afternoon tea. This was where Somerset Maugham, Noel Coward and Joseph Conrad had stayed in earlier years. I had a wonderful time and then went on to Singapore, Jakarta and Sidney, Australia.

My Brief Revisit to Thailand in 1985

By Sheila Moore



Earlier in my youthful traveling days, I had explored Thailand in depth, but in 1985, it was just a brief stopover on my way home from an African camping trip. As is my usual travel lifestyle, I took a room in the **crummiest run-down rooming house** that I saw and immediately set out to see Bangkok's most outstanding temple, the **Wat Phra Keo** (Temple of the Emerald Buddha), in the Royal Palace compound.



The temples had been refurbished with new gold leaf paint, and the complex was outstanding. All the Temples have beautiful mosaic work. In the main temple is the Emerald Buddha (no photos

allowed), which is 60 meters high and made of jasper. It sits high on an altar and is covered by a jeweled cloak, which the King changes four times a year.



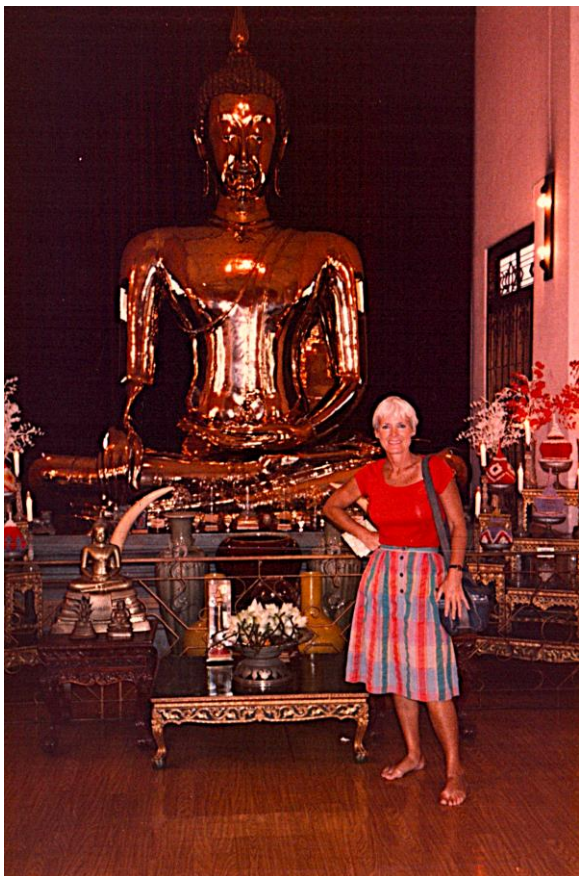
Larger-than-life sized **Naga** statues guard the entrance door to the temple compound. Two Buddhist monks are in the foreground. Most Thai men spend two years of their youth as priests.



A passageway in the Temple of the Reclining Buddha contains hundreds of seated Buddha statues. There are thousands of temples in Bangkok. Wonderful!



Decorated entrance to the Temple of the Emerald Buddha. The closed doors are richly carved. No photos are allowed inside. We had to take off our shoes to enter and sit on the floor. It is forbidden to point your feet in the Buddha's direction.



Wat Traimit Buddha. The whole statue is made of **real gold** and weighs 5 1/2 tons! Until 32 years ago (in 1985), this Buddha was covered in plaster when it fell from a crane and the plaster cracked off, and the gold was discovered. It dates from the 13th century.



Me, with a live snake around my neck, at the tourist Snake Farm. I hated to feel the snake as I held it because I could **feel its sinews**, like cords, underneath its skin.

Library Corner ~ October 2024

By Martha Nell Beatty

Books By or About Residents

Death Ray

(Death series) ~ F ~ 2021

Tom King

The first of three in the Death series, this is a fast-paced techno-thriller set in Silicon Valley, a place Tom knows well.

Conversations with Martin F Nolan: Boston Globe Reporter, Washington Bureau Chief, Editorial Page Editor, 1961 to 2001

L ~ 2024

Lisa Rubens interviewed Marty Nolan about his life, including his years as a distinguished journalist at Boston Globe from 1961 to 2001. Marty interviewed all the Presidents from Truman to Bush, Prime ministers and presidents from around the world and all manner of scallywags as well.

Marty Nolan was honored with a reception on Wednesday, October 23 in Morgan Parlor. The Sacramento Seminar Club presented Marty with a copy of the book of the interviews by University of California Berkeley Bancroft Library. See also page 20.

The copy should not be taken from the Stucky Library but enjoyed there.

Who Killed Roger Ackroyd?

F ~ 1937

Agatha Christie

As many of you know, The Murder of Roger Ackroyd is one of Agatha Christie's most famous mystery stories. It is solved, of course, by Hercule Poirot, her fictional Belgian detective. It is a typical Christie story. It takes place in a rural English mansion with a cast of about ten characters: the aging retired army officer, the lovely young woman, the on-again, off-again love affair, and the classical English butler (always a suspect).

When first read, the conclusion is stunning. It is genuinely interesting when one finds that the murderer is not who you thought it was. However, on a second reading, it is even more beguiling when you know who the murderer is, and you perceive the small clues conceived by Ms Christie.

This was an enormously enjoyable read. Agatha Christie was a prolific writer of mysteries and other stories and commentaries. Her books have sold over 2 billion copies, surpassed only by the Bible and the works of William Shakespeare. Look for this book and other Christie mysteries at the library or on your iPad.

Review by Doris Howard

Love in Every Stitch: Knitting & Head Start

By Stela Voyles

As a girl in Guatemala, I attended a Catholic school where Sister Mary taught me to knit, needlepoint, and embroider. I never imagined these skills would be useful, but I've done all of them — and taught others — for most of my life. I learned without using patterns, but most knitters use them in America and Europe.

My Grandmother was an avid knitter, mostly out of necessity, as she lived in the mountains of Guatemala, where it gets very cold. Knit scarves, mittens, hats, and blankets helped ward off the chill.

When I moved into Heritage on the Marina in 2009, I joined the knitting group, and Lorraine asked me to take over. I told her, "As long as God gives me strength in my hands, eyes, and mind, I'm happy to run the group."



I specialize in knits for babies and seniors, so creating for the Head Start Toddlers Christmas Program has been wonderful. If you're not familiar with Head Start, they're a school in Bay View Hunter's Point, mostly with kids from low-income families. Every year, the Heritage on the Marina knitters create hats for children 3 to 5. It's such a beautiful thing. We not only gift them handmade knits, but Heritage residents also

donate money for toddler stockings filled with goodies like cookies, toys, and books.

Here are some hot tips from Stela:

- You'd be amazed at what you can create with just three simple stitches: Purl stitch "P", Knit stitch "K", and Garter stitch "G".
- Often, the library has knitting books you can purchase for a dollar or two. The retail cost of these books can be \$40 or \$50, a huge savings.
- If you find a pattern in a library book not for sale, copy it on their copy machine.
- Joann Fabrics and Michaels Arts & Craft Store are beautiful places to buy yarn and knitting needles. Their employees are usually deeply knowledgeable and helpful.
- If you have cable TV, channels 17 and 201 have programs for beginner, intermediate and advanced knitters.

Want to learn knitting from the one-and-only Stela? Please stop by her room and set up a time for a tutorial. Before you know it, Stela will have you in stitches. ;-)

Til Mossi:

Model of a Lake Sightseeing Boat Under Construction



Til's Hands on Deck: The Origins of a Model Boat Builder

by Til Mossi



My grandfather owned a fish company with branches up and down California. The haul was mostly bottom feeders: sole, cod and crab. I'd oversee repairs on trawlers ranging between 65 and 90 feet. In college, I cared for a friend's powerboat in the SF harbor, keeping it clean and varnishing it. I never worked as a fisherman, but I was in the business for 20 years until I moved into maritime management. As a Port Captain, I oversaw shipments on boats that were 600 feet.

I started modeling when I was about 40. Clearly, I love boats—my life has been full of them—but I also like how model-building keeps your mind engaged. You're working with plans, measuring, using math, and all the rest of it. It's time-consuming but also pleasurable and relaxing. My eyesight isn't

excellent, but with modeling, you measure, and you believe in the marks.

You may not realize it, but model boats handle just like actual boats, so there's satisfaction in that.

My first model was a 24" Shelley Foss Tugboat—they're mostly found up near Seattle. My 2nd boat was the same model but 36" long. Each of my daughters has one of these boats. Speaking of my daughters, I have them to thank for getting me back into modeling at Heritage on the Marina. They moved the partially-made boat (I'd planned to throw out) into my closet, along with the plans, and I've been working on it ever since.

Some of you might be familiar with it from the September *Happenings* issue. I call it either a lake or river sightseeing boat. It has no windows except the windshield, so it's not for the ocean or rough weather, or you'd be taking a bath.

I wonder what the original looks like. I have the plans, of course, but I also like to improvise.



Marty Nolan



Photo courtesy of Marty's biography:

https://digitalassets.lib.berkeley.edu/roho/ucb/text/nolan_martin_2024.pdf