



Heritage Happenings

September 2024

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

The **India green** and **saffron** colors honor the flag of India as part of our series of "Around the World" events. The masthead cameo mascot is Ganesha, one of the most-worshipped deities in the Hindu pantheon.

New Heritage Happenings Publishing Format

This September issue kicks off new methods for informing you about our events and for sharing our entirely resident-generated content. Read all about it on the front page of the *Heritage Happenings* Calendar.

Events in the Neighborhood

Fort Mason Center for Arts & Culture celebrates the Fall 2024 art season with an evening Art Walk, Friday, September 6, 2024, 5 to 8 pm.

Noel Coward Soirée Nienke Hoffman, recent dinner guest here, has organized a marvelous party celebrating 125 years of Noel Coward September 11, 5 to 8 pm at the Italian Athletic Club. nienke@gmail.com

Update from Hector Arrazola, Director of Maintenance

An upcoming project is renovating the Morgan Building loading dock area:

- Loading dock concrete wall resurfacing
- Loading dock stairs railing
- Resurfacing the area to get rid of trip hazards
- Replacing of trash barricade wood wall
- Loading dock front walls painting
- New light pole to light up dark area in the corner of the building

These improvements will make the area look better and be safer to cross.

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General Disclaimer

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**Protect Yourself from Scams**

My friend Midge recently dropped off a copy of an article in the New York Times describing many of the online scams that people should be worried about. The article is long, highly detailed and very technical. Many of these scams could dupe a techie such as myself. Midge was hoping that I could help residents avoid being caught by these bad people.

Guess what? Yes, I can help you avoid being ripped off. But you will not like the answer.

The answer is: Don't trust yourself.

If there is anything that involves passwords, sending money, phoning numbers you don't know and anything like that, please ask a friend for their opinion.

Guess what #2? I practice what I preach. I cannot withdraw even a dime from my primary money account. I must ask my financial managers to conduct all transactions. If there is any large amount of money involved, my money manager is instructed to consult my daughters.

Of course, not everyone has money managers and wonderful daughters, so what then?

Guess what #3? You are not alone! Residents of Heritage on the Marina are part of an organization that has decades of experience in looking after the affairs of people that have cognitive issues and no outside family members. First and foremost, contact Tess, our excellent tech support volunteer.

If you have money management issues, need help, and don't know what to do, contact Martha Nkhoma or Vada Watson. Our nursing staff is an excellent starting point for setting yourself up to be protected from scams.

Theo Armour

Message from Patrick Alexander, Residents Council President

The San Francisco Planning Board has released a draft Environmental Impact Report (EIR). A public review of the EIR is to be held in City Hall on September 26. I will be discussing with our Board of Directors how we residents can and should participate in the review and I will report back any updates to the residents after the board meeting.

As many of you know 2025 will be the centenary of the opening of the Julia Morgan building. A centenary committee met for the first time last week. They anticipate that there will be a gala celebration event on March 25, 2025. More details and how you can participate will be shared.

Randy Gridley, Chairperson of the Board, will host another lunch with residents at noon in the Dining Room. This is an opportunity for one-on-one dialog with the Chairperson to express our thoughts and ideas. Date to be confirmed.

Mary Liz Harris, Food Committee Chair, Report

Our next Food Committee meeting is September 10 in McGinley Room. All residents and team members are welcome.

The superfood being featured in September is ***nuts***!

On Wednesday, September 11, Dining Services will prepare a special treat: Grassfed beef sliders with the beef supplied by Joe Morris of the Morris Grassfed Beef Ranch. See the article on page 21 of this issue.

The country of the month is India and there will be an India-themed dinner on Thursday, September 20.

Til Mossi: Heritage Shipyard Report



Primary model yacht builder Til Mossi reports that the difficulties of holding down the curved roof over the main cabin have been solved. Coming up next: adding the splashguard and bowsprit.

Pam and Bob Bledsoe

By Martha Nell Beatty



Pam, from the small California town of McCloud and Bob from El Paso, Texas, met in Reno.

At nine, Pam wanted to grow up to be a telephone operator. Then at 18, lo and behold, through friends she was offered a job at Nevada Bell in Reno as a telephone operator. The friends also had a place for Pam to live.

Bob's path to Reno wasn't quite as direct. One summer during college vacation from New Mexico State University, he and a friend were told that an about-to-open Del Webb Resort and Casino at South Lake Tahoe was hiring. When they arrived at Tahoe, they found the hotel was not going to open after all. Instead, Bob got a job at the Star Dust Lodge in the area. The real plus was free room and board.



A few years later Bob moved to Reno where he transferred to the University of Nevada Reno. He also applied for a job at the El Rancho, a family-owned hotel, which had just opened. Bob got the job because he knew how to work a switchboard. The family ended up owning several Reno hotels. Ultimately, Bob became head of sales and marketing for the family's largest hotel/casino.

Fifteen years later Pam was offered a promotion to AT&T in San Francisco. During her years with the company, she would write training manuals, present stand-up instruction, and travel the state training employees.

When the Bledsoes left Reno, Bob thought he would take three months off but instead he had a five-year sabbatical. One activity that engaged him was taking cooking lessons at Judith Ets-Hoken Cooking School in the city. Bob and Pam also spent a year in Kona, Hawaii.

When they returned, Bob was offered a position at the Holiday Inn in South

San Francisco near the airport. The hotel was part of a large organization that had several hotels in the same area, including Ramada Inn and Executive Inn. Ultimately, Bob was managing director, responsible for over 550 airport hotel rooms.

Pam and Bob decided to move to Sonoma, with Pam commuting to work in the city. Bob found a job at Sonoma's Buena Vista Winery, California's oldest premium winery. During the five years he was at the winery, the company suffered financial challenges and went through five ownership changes. With the last sale Bob was able to make a smooth transition to working at Jacuzzi Family Vineyards in Sonoma County. Twelve years later, Covid arrived and the tasting room where Bob worked had to be closed.

For some of the years they were in Sonoma, Pam and Bob lived in a senior mobile home park. They were there in 2017, when the Tubbs Wildfire caused great destruction very close to them. Their community had volunteer fire watchers around the clock, while Sonoma County had buses outside the premises to evacuate those without cars. The Bledsoes' two cars were loaded with their possessions ready to go. It was a terrifying time, and they felt they wanted to get away from an area with the potential for wildfires.

Two years ago, Pam and Bob decided it was time to move to an assisted living community to make life easier. After visiting several facilities, they chose Heritage on the Marina, which is an area in which they had previously lived. It's their 18th move in 50 years. They became Heritage residents in March.

As Pam says, "We are very well taken care of here."



Pam and Bob may be found in 303 Perry.

Phone: 415-374-7241

Pamelabledsoe077@gmail.com

My Love Affair with Computers

By Margaret Jacobs

My love affair with computers began in 1989. My first day in a new job, I entered my office and found an ancient Apple 2E on my desk, with floppy discs. It wasn't on the Internet, but it could score the nonverbal tests I administered to Russian immigrants pinpointing their vocational interests.

Now a new chapter in this affair has started. I am setting up a relationship with AI, artificial intelligence. Every day or so I will raise a topic or ask a question that has caught my attention. Theo gave me a list of AI sources, and I chose one, *Perplexity*, for this new venture.

Everyday life has the delightful habit of bringing one of these topics to the fore. I subscribe to a website called *The Marginalian* which brings a wealth of references to thinkers, poets, and others who engage with life's challenges. Serendipity occurred the week I joined Claudia's meditation group which centers on practicing the focus on self in the present. *The Marginalian* topic was loving the self and included the poem by Derek Walcott titled "Love after Love".

I started by asking about how the major religions taught about love for oneself. *Perplexity* supplied a highly detailed and organized description, differentiating between the Judeo-Christian Love your neighbor as you love yourself and the Buddhist denial of the individual self.

I answered that the injunctions from both move very quickly to compassion for others—love yourself "but". The "but" seems to come from fear of a pure self-love in and of itself, not just because it "should be balanced" by care for others. Below is the (edited) answer from *Perplexity*:

You've made an astute observation. (that massaged my ego!) You're right that the "but" often stems from a deeper, more fundamental fear of pure self-love rather than just a concern for balance. Let's explore this further:

The resistance to unconditional self-love often comes from several deep-seated fears and societal conditioning:

- 1. Fear of Selfishness*
- 2. Cultural and Religious Conditioning*

3. *Fear of Vulnerability*
4. *Internalized Unworthiness*
5. *Fear of Change*
6. *Societal Pressure*

The Truth About Self-Love...In reality, genuine self-love doesn't need to be "balanced" by care for others because...loving yourself fully doesn't diminish your capacity to care for others – it enhances it.

Here is the poem that started it all.

Love After Love

by Derek Walcott

The time will come
when, with elation,
you will greet yourself arriving
at your own door, in your own mirror,
and each will smile at the other's welcome,
and say, sit here. Eat.
You will love again the stranger who was your self.
Give wine. Give bread. Give back your heart
to itself, to the stranger who has loved you
all your life, whom you ignored
for another, who knows you by heart.
Take down the love letters from the bookshelf,
the photographs, the desperate notes,
peel your own image from the mirror.
Sit. Feast on your life.



Duck Season Journal: Chapter 2

by Bob Granucci

Plenty of Nothing



I asked Harlan whether there were any ducks on the property. "Bob, you don't want to know." Siena and I took a short walk, saw no ducks, then joined others in the club room to watch the sixth game of the World Series. The Giants lost.

At least Jim had brought mallards, from his hunt in Canada

which Frank barbecued and Abe served with wild rice and orange sauce.

The following morning — borrowing from Raymond Chandler — stillness covered the marsh like a sheet in the morgue. Marc and I slept in, ate breakfast, then took Siena to the division line gate where she ran freely, jumping in and out of the river, enjoying her time far more than keeping still in a blind.

Richard bagged a spoonie, the least desirable duck, and that was it. A song ran through my mind, George Gershwin's "I've Got Plenty of Nothing," from Porgy and Bess. The Club's new theme song?

Wonders Never Cease

Marc and I weren't expecting much from our 2pm crossing. The afternoon was clear with a light haze and soft wind from the west. At the harbor we met the usual suspects: Mike, Frank, Jim, Richard, and Harlan, who'd changed his tune from before: There were a few ducks on the property. I spotted a dozen or so around the resting ponds, near blind #1.

At 4am, walking out to give Siena her wake-up cookie, the full moon was setting in the west with a breath of wind from the east. Hardly promising conditions.

I had first pick and invited Mike to join me at blind #12. My motor was still with the mechanic, so we went out in his boat. I took the inner island and

Siena immediately settled when I spread my flotation coat next to the barrel.

Shortly after dawn, a spoonie passed within range. I fired a shot and missed but was not displeased. Half an hour later, a pair of gadwalls passed overhead at 25 yards. I focused on the first one, pressed the trigger, and was delighted to see it tumble into the pond about 15 yards away.

Siena hesitated but after repeated coaxing, she took a few steps into the water and enthusiastically went out, picking up the bird, bringing it to hand.

This was my first duck in over two years, and I couldn't have been more pleased.



Julia Morgan Building: capital of a column

Rooms: Chapter 11 ~

Away from the Coasts ~ On to the Heartland

By Margaret Johnson assisted by son Tom

You may remember from the last installment that my family and I spent most of the 60s in New York City, mostly on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. But in 1970, Duncan, to make us financially secure later in life, took a high-paying position as a consulting pathologist in southeastern Iowa. A former colleague of Duncan's from San Francisco had established a profitable business servicing small hospitals in Iowa and Illinois. Within a few years he needed help and invited Duncan into the business.

Off to The Midwest

We went out in the bitterly cold January of 1970 to check out the situation. It was so cold in Chicago that the hotel had to evacuate one entire side that they were unable to keep warm, and our flight was delayed for some time because of pipes freezing up. Nevertheless, we decided to give it a try.

The position was based in Fort Madison, on the Mississippi River (the townsfolk were sure that it was the model for River City in the musical "The Music Man"). We lived there for almost six years, first in two rentals then in the house we had built for us.

We found it almost impossible to rent anything suitable in Fort Madison: our choices seemed to be tract houses at the edge of town where every picture window looked across the street into the neighbor's picture window, or apartments smelling of cold bacon fat.

Life In Small Town Iowa

We were very unsure of what we would find in Iowa—we even arranged for mail-order limes for our Sunday daiquiris, assuming such an exotic fruit would be unavailable (as it happened, the local Hispanic population of farm workers ensured that limes were not a problem). There were some culture shocks, though—the frozen vegetable case at the supermarket consisted pretty much of ten feet of various frozen potatoes and a few bags of frozen peas at the end. The speed limit on the town's main street was 15 mph (although few people drove THAT fast). But the meat—lamb and pork especially—was amazingly good. Chicago was reasonably convenient by

train or small airplane, and we went there several times a year.

But the climate! In winter, nothing between us and the North Pole but some barbed wire fences—I actually got knocked down by the wind in Chicago one winter! And in summer, stifling heat and humidity and the most insects I had seen since New Orleans.

Fort Madison was interesting. The river is a mile wide at that point – an impressive presence. Right across the river is Nauvoo, Illinois, the center of the Mormon religion in the early 1800s and the starting point of the great trek to Utah. Hannibal, Missouri, of Tom Sawyer/Huck Finn fame, is about two hours down river. Geode State Park and Old Threshers' Museum (steam-powered agricultural equipment, really fascinating) are nearby. The Schaefer Pen company was founded and headquartered in Fort Madison, so there were many corporate executives living near us.

The town had a lot of history, having been settled even before President Jefferson sent an expedition through the area to explore the country's new western holdings. The early settlers had built one- or two-room houses to give quick shelter from the fierce weather, and many of them were still there in 1970, some joined together, some extended. They were followed by larger houses as the years passed. I found the progression fascinating and made a study of them that I showed to the women's group I had joined. They loved the photos, but the library turned my offered study down. The 19th Century structures included a wild gothic fantasy of a library with a history reminiscent of "The Music Man" ("He left River City the library building but he left all the books to HER!").

Our House



It was soon clear we would have to build a house if we were to live comfortably, so we bought about eight acres on Blackhawk Heights above the Mississippi River—mostly ravine and woods but including about three acres on gently sloping ground—and found an ambitious young builder who



made blueprints of the plans I drew up, and off we went!

Building went on during the winter of 1970-1971. At one point a pile of lumber destined for the living room ceiling was walked on by visitors or workers—imagine our dismay to see footprints on

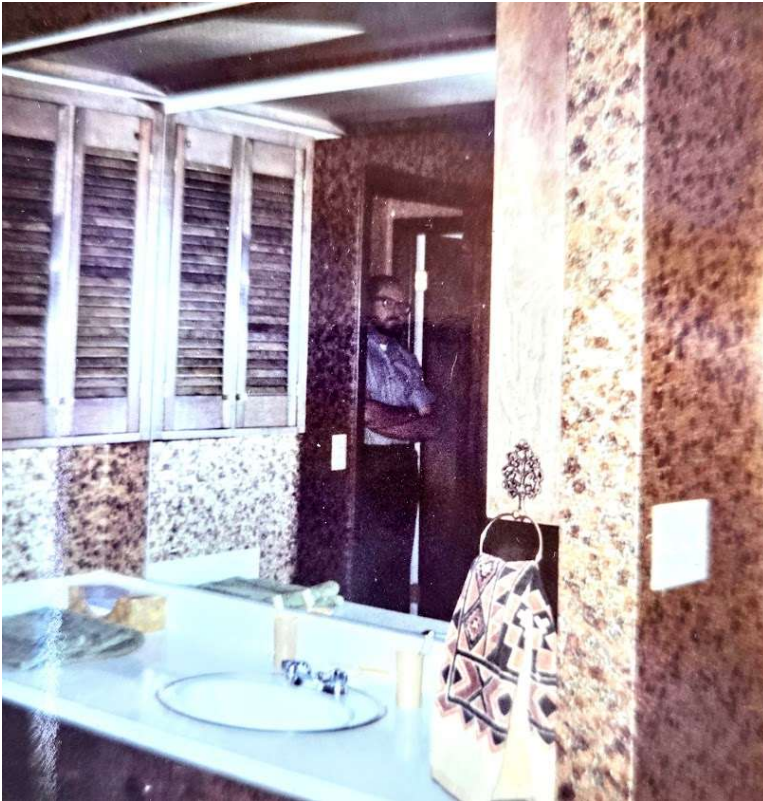
our ceiling! But the contractor got up there and fixed it. The day of the housewarming the frozen driveway thawed, leaving gravelly mud that I worried cars would get stuck in. But Midwest weather is unpredictable: a nor'wester swept in, re-freezing the ground, and no one had to be pulled out of mud.



The house was the highlight of our Midwest life. The living room had a 15-foot-high cathedral ceiling and clerestory windows and was dominated by a massive fireplace/chimney of white Georgia marble. It was a wonderful space—I always felt very peaceful in that room. Floor-to-ceiling windows on two sides of the dining area looked out over our property and a wrap-around balcony. The kitchen was designed to my specifications and was a pleasure to cook in. The lower level, giving out onto the

back yard, had a sauna and a large workroom that I used for sewing and my fabric sales business. The bidet in our bathroom was a seven-day wonder in small-town Iowa—our builder invited contractors from all over the area in to see it during construction!

We were very happy with that house, Duncan was happy making good money, and I was happy with the activities I got involved in. I played tennis



with Father Smith, who lived in the Catholic hospital, taken care of by the German sisters nursing staff. He had an apartment and a motorboat. He loved coming to our house for dinner with martinis and he showed Duncan and me how to water ski. He did his work well, but finally applied to the bishop to release him from the clergy.



Moving On Again

Eventually, the consulting arrangement fell apart, and in 1975 Duncan found a position with the Medical College of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, and we went back to where I started in 1942!

India and the Willing Suspension of Disbelief

By Tucker Ingham

Suspension of Disbelief

As Samuel Taylor Coleridge said, a truly good piece of artistry allows its author some leeway with truth, as "In Xanadu did Kublai Khan a stately pleasure dome decree..." And we as audience, regularly indulge in that pleasure: Art for art's sake. We allow fantasy in popular films, especially, and really miss its absence if somehow removed from the original version.

In George Lucas' story about teen hot-rodders (*American Graffiti*, 1974) at a Mel's Drive-in, for example, the most hilariously unlikely teenage prank against vindictive cops is completely cut in its TV version. A kid hooks a cable to the squad car's rear axle, the other end is tied around a small fire hydrant to the rear. When a couple of noisy hotrods go speeding by, the cops take the bait. The rear axle detaches, the fire hydrant erupts in a geyser. The audiences in theaters all across the country were in stitches.

Similarly, in a popular male vs female film, Jack Nicholson is the epitome of a failed middle-aged "Mr Cool". He finally succeeds in taking Shirley MacLaine out to lunch, picking her up, in his testosterone-macho way, in a brand-new Stingray with a sliding glass roof hatch and as they speed off down the road, Nicholson smartly opens the hatch above. In the original version, Shirley's massively coiffed hairdo then seems to explode skyward. Audience roars. The TV version omits this punch line, inexplicably, a bungled, willing suspension opportunity.

Unbelievable India

India was a place 60 years ago where one was not required to willingly suspend one's disbeliefs. It had only recently cut itself loose from colonialism and foreign occupation. As Britain pulled out, much of Kipling's world remained, and it remained as unbelievable, and suspended before one's eyes. Large and elegant white Brahma bulls roamed the squalid marketplaces as their holy status allowed. When they copiously relieved themselves of warm and steamy bulk, almost instantly a sarong-clad woman would gather her prize to plop it on her head gracefully (to use as fire fuel or wall patch.)

Overpopulation was everywhere very noticeable, with street beggars

ubiquitous throughout public properties. At Benares, where the dead were cremated on wooden pyres, ashes were cast into the rolling Ganges on their way to reincarnation or perhaps Nirvana if one had respected one's Dharma enough. To assist one searching for perfection, magic charms were sold by fervent apostles of mystery, none of whom appeared to be well-fed, but maybe chronically next to emaciation. The hooded cobra is an evil and ominous presence on the pavement swaying menacingly to the faint melody played on a pipe. Children sit beside infants, sit beside begging adults like ransoms, crying for mercy, some obviously infirm. Some adults suffer from leprosy, missing toes and fingers, the disease that deadens nerves, allowing wounds to fester.

To flee such prevalent miseries, the British had built homes in the Himalayan foothills reachable by coal-fired steam engine on narrow-gauge track. These were especially appreciated during the hot season, with large hotels available to the fortunate. Rhododendron forests spotted the rails. An unexpected perk was the presence in these villages of swarms of monkeys which would rudely climb the hotel walls and enter any open window available, stealing anything that glittered, or not. They appeared to be quite territorial and could glare and bare their teeth if bothered. It is unlikely the Brits could shoot the intruders since the monkeys enjoyed holy status as evidenced by the many shrines up town. Shrines offer hope.

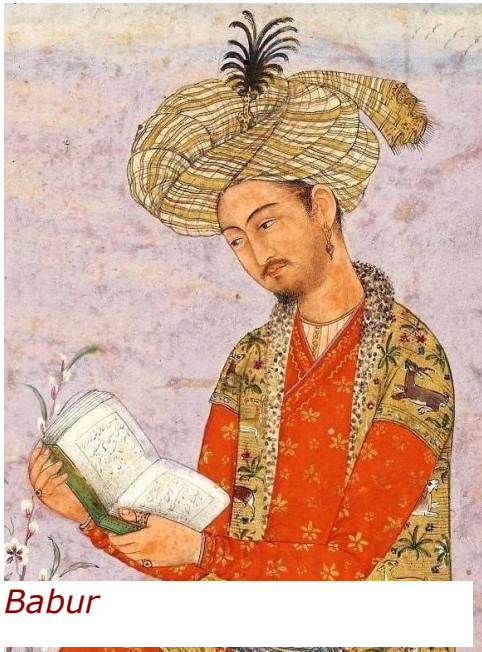
There is an island in the bay of Mumbai (Bombay) named "Elephanta", containing no elephants and surrounded with waters home to flying fish. Beneath the ground in the caves of Elephanta lie ancient deities, of all genders, carved in stone impressively large and explicit.

Starkly present: overwhelming poverty, disparities in wealth, homelessness, and misery in a land beyond its capacities—due to overpopulation and its rulers—past and present—willingness to accept what others would choose to disbelieve. Reality is all there, starkly present.

India: The Mughal Empire

By Dr Doris Howard

The Mughal empire began in 1526 when a descendant of Genghis Khan,



Babur

Babur, was invited by Indian princes to Delhi to advise the princes about their local dissidents. He advised the princes by running them out and establishing his own empire of Turkish and Persian people. The Mughals gradually assumed control over the Indian subcontinent. Mughal is the Persian word for Mongol. (Interesting linguistic extrapolations occur when people move around the world.) The Mughals' power expanded and peaked about 1600. The Mughals were Muslim. However, they ruled equitably, permitting no conflict between Muslims and Hindus. They were known for their art,

competent governing and architecture, including the Taj Mahal and great palaces in Delhi, Agra, and Lahore. They became very wealthy, economically, and culturally.

At its height, the Mughals controlled India from the Indus River Basin in the East to present-day Afghanistan in the North and Kashmir in the West. They ruled from about 1500 to 1800 when other Indian dynasties challenged the Mughals. The Mughals were then reduced in size and strength. After 1800, they lived in and around Delhi until 1857 when the English deposed the last Mughal emperor after the Indian Rebellion.

The British (and the rest of Europe) had long known of the various spices grown in the warmer climate of the East. Always the entrepreneurs, the English formed the British East India Company in 1757 to import spices from the East. The company co-existed with the Mughal princes. Together they controlled the spice trade and the weaker peoples of India. This led to great riches for the Mughals and to the development of the greater British Empire upon which the sun never sets.

As the East India Company developed, the English settled in large numbers, both to run the various businesses and to keep the English Army supplied.

Increasing numbers of English people absorbed increasing numbers of land grants from the Mughals. Britain ruled the Indian subcontinent, buying the complicity of the Mughals by supporting the Mughals' exploitation of others, making Britain and the Mughals rich and the rest of India poor.

The Indian Mutiny or Rebellion occurred in 1857-58, when impoverished Indians and Indian soldiers in the English army rebelled. Both groups suffered from racial bias, economic deprivation, and reduced living conditions for the Indian soldiers. By the time the English put down the mutiny, they had acquired domination of the Mughals and all of India. The English government took over the East India Company which had become corrupt in their business by now. The governing of India was now in the hands of Parliament in London. This was called the Crown or Direct Rule. The period of the British Raj followed.

The term referred to the almost total control by the English. However, the collaboration between the Mughals and English remained. With less need to govern, the Mughal families devoted themselves to lives of luxury. A few years ago, there was an exhibit of Mughal riches at the Legion of Honor Museum. In the period between 1858 and 1940, the Mughals apparently devoted themselves to clothing and jewelry. The exhibit showed photographs of splendidly dressed beautiful men and women in sweeping garments. The jewels on display were swords, rings, bracelets, and necklaces made of an excess of exquisite gems.



Taj Mahal in 1870

Despite their riches, the Mughals and most of the Indian people were not happy with the British Raj. Mughals lived comfortably but had no say in government. English people lived comfortably under British rule, filling numerous jobs. Other Indians lived less comfortably. They all lived through WWII but, soon after, India was split up into smaller countries. The Hindus run India now and the great Mughals are history.

India in 2011

By Sheila Moore

I have travelled around India three times. In the 1960's it was dirt poor. They had fought to slough off British occupation, and finally achieved independence about 1947, and split into India and Pakistan. There is still a caste system in India unfortunately.

On my first visit in the 1960's India was very poor and underdeveloped—they had no underground water or sanitation systems, so there were no toilets, and everyone did their excretions by the side of the dirt tracks that served as streets. They had no plates, so a big spoonful of stew or food was placed onto a big tree leaf. I remember I paid 25 cents a night for a bunk bed on a railway platform. But when I returned this last time in 2011 the economy was doing well, India is now one of the major economies in Asia!

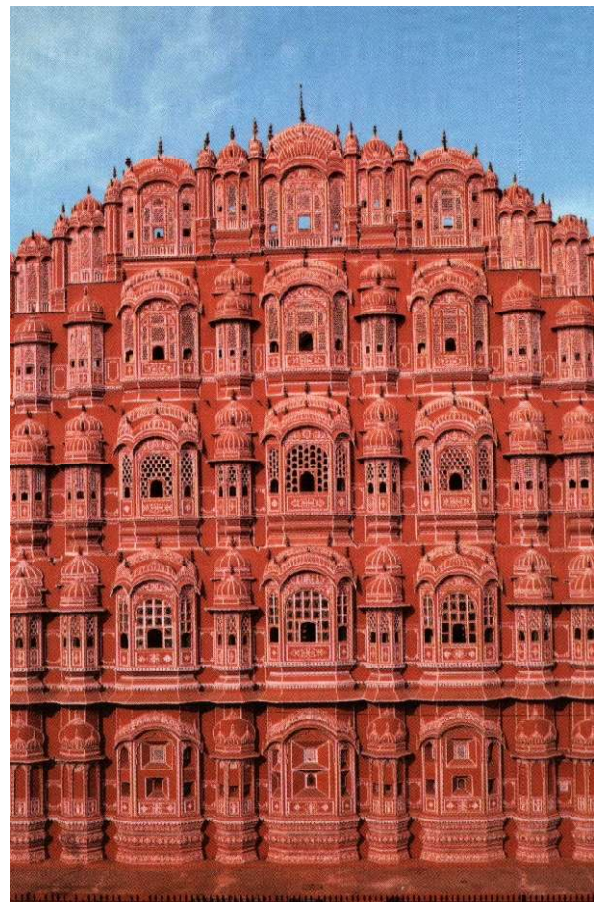
Here are some photos from my last visit in 2011



Camels share highway to Jaipur.



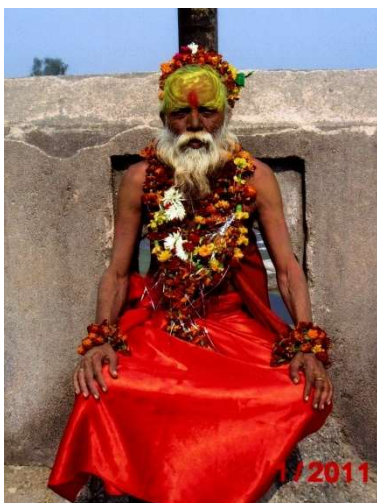
Elephant ride in Jaipur



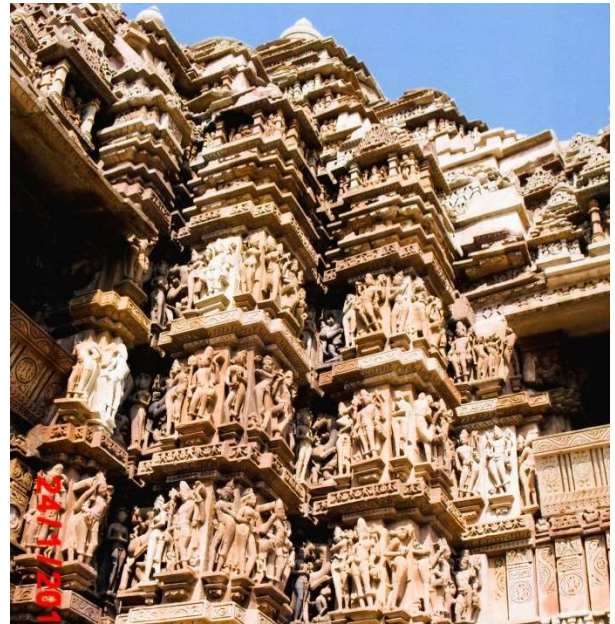
Palace of the Winds Jaipur



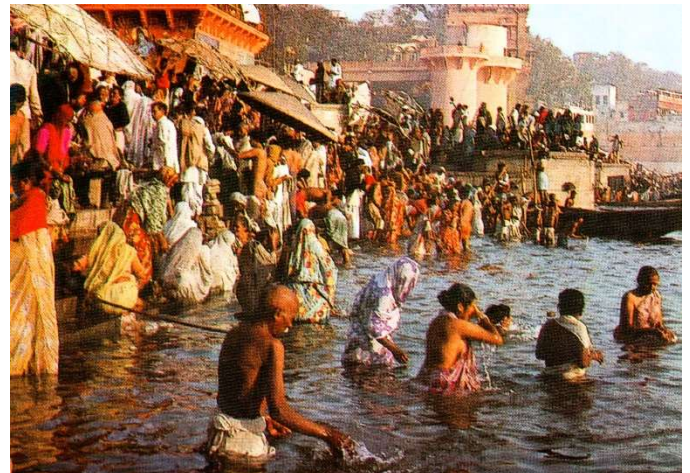
The Taj Mahal is behind me



Holy man in Orcha. I had to pay to take his photo



Some of the carvings depict sexual positions but not as many as I remember



People come from all over India to bathe in the river Ganges



Snake charmers

Taj Lake Palace Hotel Udaipur, India

By Martha Nell Beatty



Imagine a gorgeous white marble palace. Then place that palace in the middle of a lake. That palace is now a hotel--the Taj Lake Palace in Udaipur. I had a sense of adventure as I boarded the boat and a sense of awe as we slowly approached the palace. During my stay I kept feeling that I was in a very special place

As a travel consultant, I had clients traveling to India the following year. With great enthusiasm, I told them of my experience staying in the enchanting hotel and said that really, they needed to add it to their itinerary. They agreed. Their report: because of a drought, the lake had dried up and they had to be driven on a dry lakebed to the hotel. Being good travelers, they didn't complain.

Morris Grassfed Beef: An Enduring Holistic Legacy

Adapted by Mia Cotton Harlock from www.morrisgrassfed.com



Joe Morris, rancher

In anticipation of our September 15 Dining Services special lunch menu selection of beef sliders from Morris Grassfed cattle ranch, it seems fitting to share the history and holistic program of Morris Grassfed, as well as the rich California tradition of caring for our land and animals.

Overlooking the Pacific Ocean, Morris cattle drink clean water and eat lush grass. This not only makes for happy cattle, but it also helps convert sunlight and rain into deep-rooted plants, storing carbon and water in the soil.

When you purchase and eat locally raised grass-fed beef, you're doing more than nourishing your body and the land. Thriving family farms and ranches are the backbone of many rural communities, providing open space, wildlife habitat, jobs, and business opportunities for the community. Morris manages the land to benefit the whole ecosystem: air, water, birds, soil, livestock, and people.

The roots of the California meat trade (as we know it) date back to San Francisco in the 1850s. Richard O'Neill—proprietor of a San Francisco butcher shop during the Gold Rush—formed a partnership with James Flood to buy Rancho Santa Margarita and the TO Cattle Company was formed. Realizing the strategic location and value of Santa Margarita, the Marines took over the ranch, now known as Camp Pendleton, under eminent domain in 1942.

The family moved to San Juan Bautista where they continued the family's holistic ranching traditions. In 1991, Julie and Joe Morris took over management of the ranch, working to produce relaxed, well-fed cattle and a biologically rich, beautiful landscape on the rangelands they call home.

Porter Garden: What's Blossoming

Photos by Margaret Missiaen

People are blossoming in Porter Garden!!!



Comic Relief from Covid Confinement

By Patrick Alexander

While I was confined to my apartment after testing positive for the virus some friends passed on some philosophical comments, I found amusing.

~ **Jean Kerr**

The only reason they say 'Women and children first' is to test the strength of the lifeboats.

~ **Prince Philip**

When a man opens a car door for his wife, it's either a new car or a new wife.

~ **Jean Rostand.**

Kill one man and you're a murderer, kill a million and you're a conqueror.

~ **Arnold Schwarzenegger**

Having more money doesn't make you happier. I have 50 million dollars but I'm just as happy as when I had 48 million.

~ **WH Auden**

We are here on earth to do good unto others. What the others are here for, I have no idea.

~ **Old Italian proverb**

After the game, the King and the pawn go into the same box.

~ **Anonymous**

There are only 3 things certain in life:

- Death
- Taxes
- Mattresses are always on sale.



Library Corner ~ New Acquisitions August 2024

By Martha Nell Beatty

The Lion Women of Tehran ~ F ~ 2024

Maran Kamila

Two young girls become friends in 1950s Tehran. They drift apart but years later during a time of political turmoil they meet again. A betrayal has profound consequences.

The Art Thief: A True Story of Love, Crime, and a Dangerous Obsession ~ NF ~ 2024

Michael Finkel

The French art thief, who might have been the most prolific ever, didn't steal for money. Rather he kept all his treasures in a secret room in his home where he could admire them. He developed a very sophisticated way of circumventing security systems.

Rules of Civility ~ F ~ 2012

Amor Towles

Towles evokes striving in 1930s New York. A Wall Street secretary finds herself involved with the upper echelons of New York society.

The Bonesetter's Daughter ~ F ~ 2001 H

Amy Tam

The book takes us from pre-revolutionary China to contemporary San Francisco. The theme revolves around a mother-daughter relationship, something Tam likes to explore.

The Coldest Case: A Bruno, Chief of Police novel ~ F ~ 2022

Martin Walker

The Ghosts of Honolulu: A Japanese Spy, American Spy Hunter; and the Untold Story of Pearl Harbor ~ NF ~ 2023

Mark Harmon

This a fascinating tale of American and Japanese spies before, during and after Pearl Harbor. (It is of particular interest to me since my Father-in-Law was aide to Secretary of Navy Knox at the time of Pearl Harbor. After the attack, he accompanied Knox to Honolulu to appraise the situation. My father-in-law then authored a report about their initial findings.)

Updates from the Library Committee:

- **Looking for a specific book:** The binder on the table is up to date. You can easily search for any book in the library by title or author. The library also has a computer, which is a bit slow, with the information. The computer is not for personal use.
- **Returning a book:** Please do not put it back on a shelf but rather in the return books box. It is up to committee members to return a book to its proper place.
- **Donating a book:** Again, there is a box for donating books. As we have limited space on our shelves, please don't donate paperbacks.
- **Other donations:** Do you want to get rid of a catalogue or magazine: Please don't put it on our table. Take it and put it in the Recycle Bin. We try not to have clutter!

Library Committee

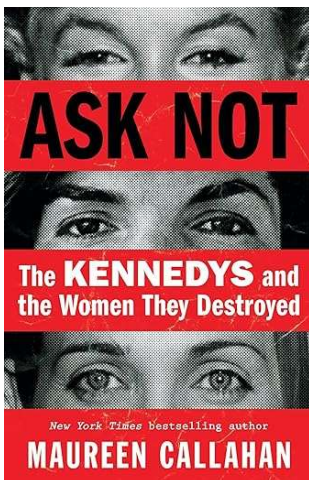
Are you looking for an enjoyable book? Martha Nell Beatty, Yvonne Benedict, Pam Fischer, Gene Graham, or Kay Narron can help you.



Ask Not: The Kennedys and the Women They Destroyed

By Maureen Callahan ~ Non-Fiction ~ Biography ~ 2024

Review by Trish Otstott



This book reveals the terrible and sometimes deadly treatment of women who dare to connect with some Kennedy men. Do all Kennedy men have high regard for the women in their lives? This book says "no" they do not. Several of the stories in *Ask Not* are difficult to read and are difficult to realize they actually happened to wives, mistresses, babysitters, secretaries and more.

I think the chapter that had the most impact on me was the one in which the author described Ted Kennedy's car accident on Chappaquiddick in 1969. Did you know Mary Jo Kopechne (28) lived for nearly one hour in the car as it sat upside-down in the pond?

To say this book is a compelling read is a huge understatement!

Sabine

