



**Supplemental Material
Received at the Meetings of
City Council
Redevelopment Agency
Housing Authority
Financing Authority**

For

May 6, 2008

Item #: Special Presentation – Older American’s Month

- a. “Memories: Life History Writing Class Winter 2005” booklet submitted to the City Council from presentation recipient.

Item #17: Access to Clean Syringes

- a. “Get Out the Facts: Clean Needles Saves Lives” brochure submitted to the City Council from Dr. Glenna Trochett County health official

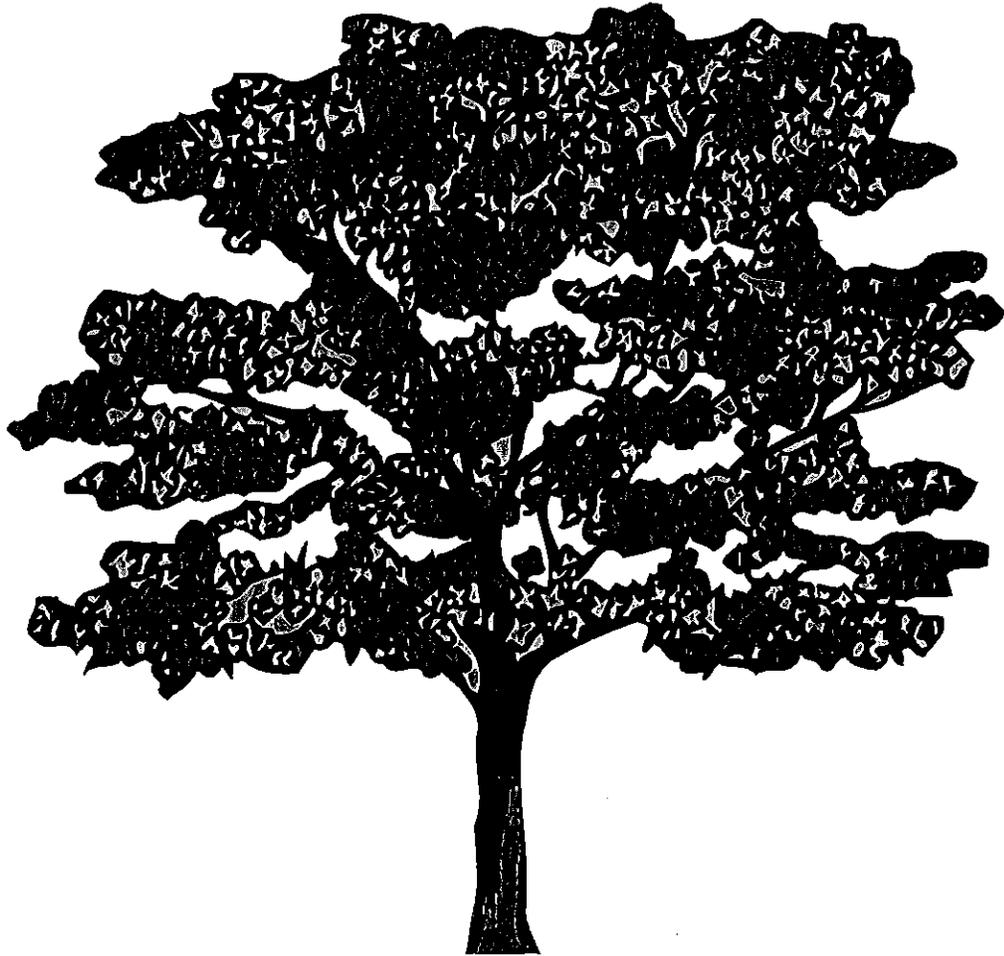
Item #16: Fiscal Year 2008/09 Proposed Operating Budget Overview

- a. PowerPoint presentation entitled “City of Sacramento FY2008/09 Budget Hearings Overview” shown to the City Council by Budget staff.
- b. Handout entitled “Proposed FY2008/09 Budget – City Council Hearing Schedule (revised as of May 6, 2008) given to the City Council by Budget staff.

Item #: Public Comments-Matters Not on Agenda

- a. Excerpt from Orangevale community group news letter submitted to the City council from Bill Grant.

Memories



Life History Writing Class

Winter 2005

Hart Multipurpose Senior Center
915 27th Street
Sacramento, CA 95816

LIFE HISTORY WRITING CLASS
September to December 2005

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The Strength of Daddy

By Diana Salgado Zuniga

The earliest that I can remember I always have felt totally safe when I was with my Daddy. His formative years were quite hard. He lived in the poorer neighborhoods in the oldest part of the downtown part of Old Sacramento. His father Pete Salgado was a gold miner who named my daddy Abraham after the great Mr. Lincoln.

My paternal grandmother Mary Jane Aradoze told me a number of times that she was pregnant with my daddy when the earthquake hit San Francisco in 1906. At the time she was living in a ground level apartment in an old Victorian house. She said it felt as if a rolling pin came right under the house and under her feet. That's always helped me to remember the year my daddy was born.

My grandmother (we called her Big Nana) told me that my daddy was much smaller than the boys his age. Looking back I remember my dad's hand and feet were always smaller than other men, but this never deterred him of the physical strength he had, even in his late 50's when he died in an auto accident. He was a foreman for State Highway Dept. and was captain and player of a championship soccer team. He also was an active Sergeant in the National Guard when he died.

I was told his father died when he was a young boy. I never asked too many questions about his father.

My daddy "Abe" told me he always carried his shoe shine box everywhere he went so he could always be ready to pick up a little bit of change to help out his mother. Every little bit helped he would say. As he got older he started to sell newspapers downtown on K Street. At a young age he learned to box to protect himself from some of the older boys.

In having to do this he learned how to take care of himself and also protect his family. He would have to fight to protect and keep his choice corner on K Street. He also kept that shoeshine box handy in case a businessman needed a quick shine.

Abe told me that when he was pretty young he was able to acquire a wooden bike. David and I thought he was teasing us about this wooden bike thing but when he told us the story it sounded pretty real to us, and he said he wasn't kidding around. Well as the story goes he would ride the bike down by the river and cover it up and hide it with brush so no one would find it. After a long day of selling papers in the rain he went to retrieve his bike and the river had gone up and part of the bike was under water, the bike was ruined. He said that he was so upset, but also remembers that the old bike was a hard bike to ride and it had big old rubber tires. The walk home that night it seemed really long because he was so tired and sad.

You can imagine that my daddy's life as a child was tough, he became one of the tough kids of the street to survive. He made sure that all of his money went to his mama, my Big Nana Mary Jane.

When David and I were real small I can still remember going down to Front Street where my Big Nana's favorite Chinese restaurants where she always got the same meal time after time, Veal Cutlet dinner. There was a real steak and yummy mashed potatoes and gravy, and a side of vegetables and a roll. All for 75 cents. I believe this must have been in the early 1950's.

Our daddy would always walk in front of the three of us, David and I and my Big Nana. Boy, oh boy if anyone even talked to us our daddy would yell at them and they always backed off, nobody wanted to mess with daddy. As I said earlier this was down on Front

Street which now is the popular Old Town area of Sacramento. The streets at that time were lined with old men who just stood around. Once in our conversations David and I were talking to each other and saying how dirty they were and they all looked so scary to us. We even called them "old bums". I can still remember my daddy telling us that a lot of those old guys probably had fallen under hard times, and they could have been broken down after they came back from World War II. They may have seen and lived through stuff that no man should have to see. Once David and I counted three men on flat pallets with wheels underneath. Their hands were covered with rags and wrapped around carved wooden oval things with a hole cutout so they could scoot themselves around. They had to do this all day because they had no legs and they just sat on those pallets. I wasn't afraid of those old guys, in fact I remember I would say a prayer for them and ask God to take special care of those broken down old guys.

Because of our daddy's hard life and his wisdom he received growing up during those hard and tough times, David and I both learned not to be intimidated and it helped us as we were growing up, we too were street smart and able to watch out for ourselves. When I was small daddy made me feel safe and little did I know at that time that he helped us to grow up to be strong adults.

Welcoming the Sheltering Night

Carol Elaine Williams

When October approaches and the end of daylight savings time is near, I am prepared for good old-fashioned snuggling in. Growing up in Pennsylvania and New Jersey where darkness would fall early even before the change in time, I would welcome the return to standard time. The early darkness period is my favorite time of year and continues to be so. I eagerly anticipated returning to a cozy, warm home after school. I loved the beauty of the changing colors of the leaves and treading through them up as I walked. Most of all I felt warmed by seeing the lights in the windows of the homes as I passed them. I imagined families preparing for a delicious dinner meal and perhaps big bowls of buttered popcorn for later. I looked forward to the holidays which included both my mother's November birthday and my December birthday. I could see my mother and me doing arts and crafts projects in preparation for Halloween, Thanksgiving and Christmas. She would teach me to knit and crochet. My mother filled the house with delicious smelling aromas of baking in preparation for each of the holidays. Instead of dreading the rainy and snowy days, I reveled in being in our house where I could read and do needlework to my hearts content.

Because of these childhood memories, I feel a sense of renewal when it comes time to setting the clock back. While I do take pleasure in the California sunshine, I miss the Northeast's Fall and Winter seasons. I spend more hours working in my garden during the Spring and Summer and few hours with my other interests of writing, pottery, and needlework because those beautiful Sacramento summer days do beckon me to the outdoors leaving some of my indoor activities undone.

As October and the change in time approach, I am more than ready to spend more time indoors. I anticipate entering into the cozy, serene, comforts of my home. I change slipcovers, replace the white candles to fall colors of gold and rust and change from ice to hot tea. I bring out my knitting and crocheting projects, and yes, I even like walking in the rain. Raking the leaves takes me back to memories of living back in the Northeast.

When it is time to set the clock back, I am ready to settle in and enjoy the long evenings watching my favorite tv programs or reading, and munching on popcorn.

My daughter Aimee who is here to be with me while I recuperate from surgery made my heart sing when she said after dinner one evening, "I'm glad it is raining and dark, now we can get cozy. Would you like some popcorn?"

10/04

A DISABLING & HUMBLING EXPERIENCE IN 2004

"Snap, crackle and pop" were the sounds and feelings I had as I walked across the lawn of the cemetery to approach the widow, Marie, at the funeral of her husband, Elbert, in Jan. 2004. I felt sharp pain in the arch of my right foot and nearly fell, but was able to say the few words of comfort to her as I intended, but I couldn't walk to our car and husband, John, had to bring it around from the parking lot to where I was standing.

The next week I was back at the Kaiser Clinic seeking medical attention for an ankle injury now worse than the pulled tendon I'd suffered the previous Fall of 2003 from driving 4-5 hours with an overextended foot. At that time we were returning from a long trip to Des Moines, Iowa; Kansas City; Memphis and Mississippi. Covering over 5,000 miles, John, who likes to drive, had been behind the wheel of his new Infinity for most of these miles and I, finally, offered to drive. However, I didn't pull the seat up far enough for my much shorter frame and thus initially sustained the foot injury for which I received medical treatment in late 2003.

But with the more serious injury in Jan. 2004, as determined finally by an MRI, a young orthopedic surgeon, Dr. Carter, felt I needed surgery with projected recovery of 4-6 months! I was shocked by this time frame for I told her I had a 50th wedding anniversary to plan for and celebrate in June, a family reunion in Orlando, Florida in late July and John's World Softball Tournament to attend in Las Vegas in October! She smiled and suggested that maybe surgery should be scheduled later in the year, but I said "No!, with my pain, let's get it over with ASAP". So it was set for May 14 - a week before a big Healthy Aging Summit in whose planning I had been heavily involved, but obviously didn't attend.

Following surgery, with John, daughters, Janis and Anita, and pastor, Rev Gloria White, waiting nearby, I spent several hours in Recovery. I think the hospital staff had initially thought it would be outpatient surgery, but it was then evening and the doctor had left the hospital after telling my family about the operation. But I felt I should be told before I went home since I was the patient. Hospital staff was able to contact her where I learned by telephone of the pin still in my heel and tendon taken from the right side of the ankle to repair the inside arch. Reflecting on this expectation of the patient being informed, and having more recent experiences with others who've had surgery, I understand now that surgeons leave while patients are in recovery, with family members confirming a pre-arranged a post-op appointment. Duh!

However I spent the night in the hospital with John and Janis picking me up the next day with my pain pills, crutches, and wearing the first of 3 casts from my toes to my knee. Neighbors, Dan & Edie, had opened our garage door when the wheel chair arrived in which I was pushed through the garage and patio, and up a plywood ramp (never again used), prepared by John and son-in-law, Calvin. Then into the house and guest bedroom where I'd be staying. I call this my *comfort room* for it is a place to get away, read, relax, nap, etc., but nearly 15 years earlier, my sister, Zel, a cancer patient,

had died in comfort in this room. She'd had a hospital bed; but now I was in my parents' big 4-poster bed with a Niagara mattress that vibrates and raises the top or bottom. It is part of an old bedroom set I'd long admired and am glad to have.

Despite my physical discomfort from pain, difficulty in moving with a cast and trying to get used to an array of medical equipment, I was blessed to have family and friends to help. John had special challenges, especially the first few weeks or so, from cooking and cleaning, to helping me shower without getting the casts wet. I think there were three different ones I had. Our daughters gave me "healing" audio tapes and books to help my mind-set. Anita's co-worker, Rene, prepared a meal and brought it by. Neighbor Edie, a retired nurse, showed me how to more easily sponge bath in a plastic pan. Friend, Doristine, a licensed beautician, came by and did my hair. Others visited, offered prayers, and sent get well cards. Fellow Sacramento County Adult & Aging Commissioners, Jewel and Helen, picked me up for meetings while I could not drive, but felt able to attend.

In a wheel chair I attended the beautiful wedding of a former student, Nicole, and as a proud "Grandma", the 8th Grade graduation of our youngest grandson, John. Later, wearing my academic stole and gown, I also presented a Life Achievement Award to 102 year old Betty Dunlap at a Centenarian Recognition Fundraising Dinner. (She cried then, and I cried upon receiving a thank you note she wrote to "Dr" Wade, in her own handwriting!) A brochure from the Commission showed this presentation.

Planning continued on celebrating our Golden Wedding Anniversary to be held 6 weeks after surgery. Before surgery I'd had invitations and mailing labels made, secured the hall and disc jockey, and contacted the caterer and cake baker. A dear friend, Marcia, a great organizer, agreed to coordinate the event and helped decorate. She was a God-send to our very busy daughters, Janis & Anita, who were co-Mistresses of Ceremonies. Knowing I'd still be wearing a cast, or that removable "boot", both of which snag and ruin fabric, I had to change plans of what to wear, that I'd been thinking about for almost a year. Another friend, Linda, took me shopping for a pretty, but relatively inexpensive dress, and I was able to wear a mid-sized heel on my good, left foot. On June 27, 2004, fifty years after our wedding, the anniversary celebration with family and friends exceeded our hopes and dreams! Even though I had to use one crutch, I could hop around, greet guests and also dance, slowly, to the great music!

In part, I've entitled this segment of life history, A Humbling Experience, and it was. For more than 30 years I have taught about, or been involved in helping others, including family and friends, deal with various aspects of the aging process. Part of this process, of course, relates to being or becoming disabled and unable to perform one's ADLs (Activities of Daily Living) of bathing, dressing, preparing one's own food, toileting, etc. Although a very active person, I now had to look closely at my own aging process, at least temporarily. For the first time, I requested and received a temporary disabled license tag for my car, which I used to attend meetings, church, etc. before and after surgery. One day when John took me to the nearby Bel Air supermarket, wearing a cast, I awkwardly negotiated the aisles in a mobile cart the store had recently provided their "handicapped" customers. But I found most grocery items out of reach unless I

stood up, and then there were some I still couldn't reach. Usually I see people I know while at this market. In fact one friend called shopping at this Bel Air Market similar to greeting people at a "Happy Hour," and that's true for me, too. (How's this for a line: You know you're old when Happy Hour means greeting old friends at the local supermarket or medical clinic!) Anyway, the day I used the mobile cart I ran into Marie, wife of a high school classmate, who attends the same senior exercise class I've enjoyed for years. I was not embarrassed, but was she ever surprised to see me in that cart! Thankfully, I've returned to the class.

This temporary disability certainly made me think about the loss of independence when a person can no longer drive, I've been on committee/commissions where we've discussed with Dept. of Motor Vehicles and public transportation representatives the ways to inform seniors or the disabled about alternatives to driving their own cars. Though vitally needed, these alternatives are generally less pleasant. But for a time that's where I was - unable to drive, though, thankfully, others provided me transportation. As I said - this was a humbling experience, and as I age I will give more thought to, and not just have an academic or committee discussion about aging issues.

During my disability, I was extremely grateful for everyone's help, including the skillful surgeon and other medical staff. But a special tribute to dear John. With nearly 5 years difference in our ages I had thought I would become the caregiver first, not the reverse. Using the vernacular he greatly understands, as an "old ball player," he really stepped up to the plate, and I love him even more for it!

Post Script: Thanks to all who helped me and the blessings of God, I've made an almost complete recovery. In fact in May 2005, a year later, I earned a Gold Medal for 70 year olds in badminton - a sport I'd just resumed a couple of months earlier - in the City's Senior Games!

Cordia Wade

MY MANY ACTIVITIES WITH THE OSS

By Ken Skooberg

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I was drafted in the Army in February 1943 and I reported to the Presidio of Monterey and I thought that I was being fitted with a uniform and given all the essentials of a soldier but after going through all the lines I received orders in a few days to report to the FBI Training Center in New Jersey. What are they doing to me no one has offered to explain what they were doing to me and where am I going to land.

An Army officer called me into an office here at the FBI Center and ask me if I would like to work in intelligence. Just as if you had the opportunity. I said that I would have to think that over for a few days but he said that I only had a few hours to think about it. He said you know that there is a war going on and that decisions had to be made on the spot so I guess I volunteered to be a member of the OSS.

During its three year existence the OSS underwent several reorganizations, but the main body of the agency always consisted of two directorates; Operations and Intelligence . The former was responsible for all the subversive warfare functions while the latter encompassed the Research and Analysis Branch, along with secret intelligence, counterintelligence and other cloak and dagger intelligence collection activities.

Pleased that Donovan's organization was finally emphasizing covert operations as he urged from the start, William Stephenson put British resources at the American's disposal. The principal British subversive warfare agency the Special Operations Executive, had been spun off from the Secret Intelligence in 1940 put under the Minister of Economic Warfare, and given Churchill's personal mandate to set Europe a blaze. The SOE had a psychological warfare unit but the agency central mission was to

support sabotage and guerrilla operations by the anti axis underground in Europe. SOE specialists irregular warfare trained OSS recruits at Camp X and later at OSS training sites in the Maryland and Virginia countryside.

Dirty fighting, the sine qua non of special operations, conflicted with the national self image cherished by many Americans and adopted with the reluctance by some of the OSS trainees who had been raised to believe that only a coward or a sneak fights with his feet or hits below the belt. One OSS veteran recalled, many years later, that the training in hand-to-hand combat helped him and other recruits received at Camp X in Canada from Major William Fairbairn, former assistant commissioner of the Shanghai police and SOE 's leading expert on silent killing. Fairbairn taught the OSS recruits there are no rules in staying alive. He taught them to enter a fight with one idea; to kill an opponent quickly and efficiently.

Even in the gentler subversive art of psychological warfare, some OSS novices were shocked by the British methods. Edmund Taylor, an American Journalist recruited by Donovan during the COI period, was sent to England to study the methods of the Political Warfare Executive, the principal British black propaganda agency. at the PWE's country headquarters in Woburn Abbey in Bedfordshire, Taylor was introduced to sibs (supposedly from the Latin word for whisper), rumors dreamed up by the planners at the Abbey and intended for the unattributable launching by black radio, by secret agents or by the resistance networks in occupied countries , and other ways.

Sibs, Taylor learned, what had to be devised with the utmost caution; to launch for example, that Hitler and Mussolini were united by bonds of homosexual lust might merely serve to enhance the prestige or glamour of the two enemy dictators in certain parts

of the world,

To prevent such blunders, the PWE had established the sib committee, a rather high level interministerial and interservice committee that met every fortnight to winnow the latest crop of sibs grown in the closets of Woburn Abbey. Taylor was impressed to watch “the eminent, and eminently respectable, bowler or brass hatted servants of His Majesty gather to rehearse calumnies that were often “more ruthless than any Nazi psychological warfare I studied

From what secret peacetime drawers, Taylor wondered, “had the British taken all of these recipes for exploiting human weakness all these mental philters , all these scoundrel skills accumulated through centuries of power struggle in every quarter of the globe which they were so generously making available to an upstart ally and potential successor?. The answer was obvious Britian had long-ago recognized the difference between war(or, for that matter, peace) and cricket.

Taylor returned to the United States a confirmed believer in the British-style well poisoning, but he found many of his COI colleagues horrified by the bag of dirty tricks he had brought back with him. Most of those who took this view departed with the COI’s white propaganda staff and became the Office of War Information in June 1942. Taylor and other advocates of no-holds-barred psychological warfare stayed with the OSS Operations Directorate.

OSS black propaganda was the province of operation Directorate’s Morale Operations Branch. The MO Branch proved fully as skillful as it’s PWE mentors in creating and disseminating sibs. One rumor sent forth in 1943 and aimed at splitting Italy from the Axis alliance, had Mussolini

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applying to the SWISS for asylum in case of an Allied invasion of Italy. This story proved so persuasive that it was reported to the State Department as fact by the United States minister in Bern, who requested that "the information be given careful protection."

Physical sabotage and guerrilla warfare came under the directorate's Special Operations Branch. The SO Branch's first venture in the field began in mid 1942, when twenty five British-trained operatives were dropped into the Burmese jungles to organize and lead the Kachin, mountain people of northern Burma against the Japanese occupation forces, Detachment 101, as the force was known, was one of the OSS's more notable successes.

The OSS men and their Kachin allies cut railroad lines, blew up bridges, and carried out hit-and-run raids and ambushes against the enemy.

The SO Branch's Maritime Unit had four functions; infiltration of agents into enemy territory by sea, supply of resistance groups and agents by sea, maritime sabotage, and the development of special equipment to be used in the other three functions. The movie actor Sterling Hayden commanded an MU fleet of fourteen schooners that ran arms and supplies through a German blockade to Yugoslav partisans. The unit was also effective in infiltrating agents into Italy, France, Greece, and Albania. In June 1943 it was spun off as a separate branch.

SO Branch agents operated under cover in enemy territory and usually in teams of no more than half dozen. The operations Directorate also fielded larger units, however the Operational Groups ---- platoons of thirty to forty highly

trained foreign-language -speaking troops who fought in uniform behind enemy lines. The OGS which were approximately the American counterpart of the British commandos and the prototype of the United States Special Forces (Green Berets), were especially useful disrupting enemy transport and logistics in Italy and France during the last year of the war.

Secret intelligence ---- the other part of covert operations-- -----was also put on a more professional footing after the Arcadia Conference. Prior to that meeting Donovan 's sole venture into the realm of espionage consisted of a curious secret service run by Wallace Banta Phillips, an American industrialist who served in General Nolan's G-2 in the First World War had since lived in England, where he ran a petrochemical and rubber firm. Apparently as a sideline, the Sorbonne-educated Phillips who had extensive personal and business ties to Sir William Wiseman, had established and run a private industrial-intelligence service, which, he claimed, "had on his payroll no less than seven ex-Prime Ministers.

Late in 1939 Phillips offered his services to the Office of Naval Intelligence, which accepted them. Known as the K Organization, Phillip's secret service was a motley collection of foreign agents and Americans living abroad in the Baltic republics of the USSR, France, the Balkans , North Africa the Middle East, and Mexico. Just what it had accomplished for the ONI by August 1941 remains obscure, but at that time Phillips offered the entire organization, as a package to Donovan with the blessings of Captain Alan G. Kirk, the director of Naval Intelligence. Like ,the Army the Navy was eager to divest itself of covert operations,and the newly established COI was a ,convient place to dump them.

Another Paris Peace Conference Veteran., Wall Street lawyer Allen W Dulles. When he joined the COI early in 1942, Dulles a former foreign -service officer and, since 1933 secretary of the Council on Foreign Relations, had just returned from Bolivia, where he had successfully denazified the National Airline in a State Department covert operation +modeled on the one executed by Spruille Braden in Colombia two years earlier. Dulles established the SI Branch office in Rockefeller Center on the floor above Stephenson's BSC headquarters. In November Dulles left the New York post to establish the OSS SI Branch station in Bern Switzerland

There were several more branches but I never had any connections with them and you can see that I was acquainted with more then a novice could handle. My plate was full. .

HALLOWEEN

by Patricia Mc Evily

Today, October 31, 1979, being Halloween at school in my Kindergarten Class, I prepared a Large Orange Pumpkin of Orange Construction Paper with Large Circular eyes, a Medium Triangular Nose and a Half-Moon Mouth. All put there with a Large Black Crayola. In the Half Moon Mouth I put two Large Triangular Teeth in the front and smaller ones on each side of the Mouth- the Mouth was prepared to look like a Wide Smile! I then was given a small pair of scissors (like every other child) to cut my Pumpkin out to look more circular! Boy What Fun! At the end of the morning; I took my pumpkin home to Mama, she truly enjoyed it. We had lunch together, cleaned up after lunch and lay down for our naps. It was 5:00 o'clock when we awoke for dinner, prepared and ate it. We cleaned up and dressed in our costumes for going Trick or Treating-I was Cinderella and Bobby was a Fireman with his small Red Wagon and his new Red Fire Hat. Boy! What a young Fireman he was! He made the Siren Sound of his Fire-Truck as he went Trick or Treating from house to house! What a sound of a Fire Truck he made! As we went Trick or Treating with the Ouyes- to the houses with only the lights on -which were only the ones on this side of the street where we lived-we received candy, baked brownies from two people who had no children and in our apartment building we received Home Made Cookies and Home Made Fudge.

Mr. Ouye, who lived next door- offered to take us across the street to Trick or Treat the three houses with their lights on-we accepted-after coming home from going with Mr. Ouye, Bobby and I got ready for bed. Mom read to Bobby first that night-I was asleep when she came to read to me.

MOSELLE

by Jill Mac Donald

Moselle and I knew each other from when I was a baby and she was a toddler in 1937. I think I saw a photo of her looking in at me in my carriage and she may have it in her album. Her mom, Dorothea named for her mother's half sister in England, went to Tilton School with my father, but my impression was that there was no love lost between them. I always wondered how she got named Dorothea, rather than Dorothy. Moselle told me yesterday, as we reminisced on the phone, that Dorothea was named after her mother's half sister in England, who died as a teenager. Dorothea didn't like her name, so changed it to Gretchen when she married Russell Tobey, the senator's son, when she was 42. She moved to Concord, N.H. to start a new life with Russell and his son, Stephen 10 and Moselle who was 11. Maybe more on that later.

Dorothea left Tilton, N.H. and married a Navy Officer, who died, then remarried another one and had Moselle, then she divorced him. I sort of wondered how she got from the small town to the big city. Moselle and her mom lived with Meewot, as Moselle called her grandma and with her grandpa, Jim. Dorothea lived in Concord during the week working as a librarian. She came back to Tilton, sometimes. Meewot's real name was Clara and she grew up in England. She was a tall lady with an hourglass figure with her hair piled high on her head and she wore little glasses. My own big house was cluttered and dusty, so it was a real treat just to be in their sparkly clean and highly waxed small house. Meewot shoveled coal in the basement furnace to heat the whole house. I loved to go to Moselle's house after school, when Meewot served us iced root beer and gingersnap cookies on the verandah in the swing. I remember a big bush with a clump of flowers that looked like giant snowballs. Meewot was one of my special people in Tilton who was fond of

me, along with Mr. Whitcher, the barber and Oakes Lawrence, the hardware store owner.

Moselle's Victrola was on the window bench in the dining room and we listened to records. I wasn't allowed to work the Victrola. I remember the leather couch in the living room, where we looked for change, so we could go to the store and buy candy. I loved Moselle's photo, as a curly-headed two year old, which was on the mantle. I remember the big oil paintings of her ancestors from England, circa mid 1850's.

Moselle and I sang in the church choir and giggled all the time. Our choir directors, Mr. Jim Virgin and his daughter, Jennie, were angels to put up with us. We also liked to spy on the boys from Tilton School for Boys, who sat in the back of the church. We wore our best clothes, including hats and gloves each Sunday. Some of my favorite times were going to the Christmas parties in the basement of the church where Mrs. Rummy made caramelize popcorn balls, and around Halloween Mrs. Fellows made red flannel hash for the church supper. Lots of people there, including Alberta Rogers, a teenager, who wore one of those low-cut peasant blouses, that was quite the hit with the boys, as I remember. We ran and raced at high speed throughout. Moselle had a thin-tired bike, during the WW11 and she let me learn how to ride on it even though her Mom told her not to let anyone else ride it, i.e. me, Jill, but she did, as I didn't have a bicycle til later on. We wore jeans and plaid button shirts and thought we looked right in style as sixth graders.

Jim had a room on the third floor, and as Moselle and I talked on the phone, yesterday, we were pondering why. We spoke like we were still children, still wondering why he lived up there and had we gotten into our adult minds, probably would have come up with some pretty good reasons. It was fun getting into the mind-set of ten year olds.

Jim was stone deaf. As is Moselle; however she has two hearing aids and does just fine on the

phone and in her daily life. She is a nurse, in which she takes great pride. My impression was that her mom didn't give her much credit for having a good mind. She became an R.N., taking care of that issue. Moselle lost her beloved John two years ago, the father of twins, John and Tobey, 40 years old, and she has been in terrible grief, as my impression was that they had a lot of laughter and fun together. John's mom now lives with her. We don't talk finances, but think he maxed out the equity on their house, which she either didn't know about or didn't understand, leaving her with a big debt and no insurance. She never mentions her finances, although says she's O.K. I think she'll be working out of need, well into her old age. This again reminded me of all the women I've seen who have been screwed, by not learning about finances before their men die or otherwise leave.

As I write this I find that I want to write for me to feel catharsed and complete and yet want to send a copy to Moselle, and don't want to offend her with the talk about her mom or her finances. If I write a book of my memories, this might be touchy---Oh, well, more will be revealed. I'll edit what I send to her.

I'm leaning quite a few things in this class, including: As I write and compare memories with my childhood friends, our takes are generally the same, but one may vary on how she remembers the details. I go along with the other, if she mentions it first, so as not to interrupt her train of thought. This writing is fulfilling. I can be funny. I'm learning about myself as I write.

MELANOMA HISTORY

by Dorothy Malcolm

My mother was diagnosed with malignant melanoma in May, 1956, already in the late stages. She was given six months to live, but she lived for a full year. The summer of 1956 my parents were able to make the trip from Indiana to New Mexico to visit us, and she did pretty well. It was her last trip. Cancer of any kind was still very hush-hush-almost as if there was something improper about it. There was no chemotherapy or radiation as it is today-at that time there was only cobalt, which was probably not appropriate, and certainly not effective. Finally, just days before my birthday in May we received the call that if we were to see her alive we must come. We arrived on Wednesday afternoon, and after seeing her for a short time, my husband took our three young children and continued on to Cincinnati to his parents. My father and I took turns staying up with my mother that night, and she died about five a.m. with both of us there.

In the next 20 years we became very well acquainted with melanoma. My brother had three different malignancies removed, and healed after each. And during that time, his wife's father died of a malignant melanoma, and she had a large one removed from her leg. Their two young sons each had a malignancy removed. But the worst was their daughter. Kathy, in college at the time, is a beautiful, fair skinned red head. During those years she had about five malignancies removed. Up until the last ten years, she continued to have them, and for a while held the record for the most malignancies removed from one person still living-she and her doctor became experts at recognizing them early and knowing what to do about them.

Then my husband died in August of 1979, not from cancer. In October of that year, I had a call from Kathy. The National Institutes for Health in Bethesda, Maryland was doing a study on a possible familial strain of melanoma. Since Paul's family had it on both sides, we were all

invited to be a part of the study. Of course we all agreed. Very soon after that, my two sons and I left from three different California airports and arrived at Dulles Airport within 30 minutes of each other. We were met by representatives of NIH and taken to Bethesda, and my father, sister, her husband and daughter met us there. (My two daughters were both pregnant, so they and their families made the trip after their babies were born.. Paul and his family and Phyllis's family went about two weeks after we did.

For two days, we were put through a series of tests, specimens were taken from our skin and pictures were taken of our entire bodies. After two days of tests, we were returned to the airport, and this time my two sons and I left within a half hour of each other for our respective airports on the west coast.

Actually, it was a fascinating experience for all of us. As a result of the study, we learned that there is a genetic factor that is passed directly from one generation to another, but doesn't skip a generation. Three of Paul's four children have the factor, but I don't know of any grandchildren having it. Two of mine have it, but we've not had malignancies. I'm not sure about Phyllis's side of the family.

Since that time, my sons have both had moles removed and sent back to NIH. And at one point when I was working at Mercy Hospital, I had a call asking for more blood. NIH called the hospital and asked them to draw the specimens, told them exactly what they wanted and how it should be sent. It turned out to be an interesting experience for the lab and for me.

As a result of the study, I was advised to have my skin examined regularly, which I did for years, and finally I was told that unless I became aware of something out of the ordinary I did not need to be concerned. But finally I did find a spot on my back that seemed to be growing. It didn't really fit the parameters of melanoma, but with the family history, it bothered me. Knowing that,

my doctor agreed that we should take it off, which we did. But after removing it, the surgeon showed me that it was simply a yellow ball of fat that looked like chicken fat, about an inch in diameter. He said it wasn't even necessary to send it to the lab, and he asked me what I wanted done with it-I could have it or he would throw it away. I said I'd take it home.

There was a reason for my asking to keep it. I had just recently applied for long term care insurance, and I knew that my medical records would be examined. And sure enough, that's exactly what happened. One day I had a call from the insurance company wanting to know more about "the surgery" that I had had recently. I explained to them the whole story, including what the surgeon had said. But the caller was not satisfied. Finally, I told her that I had brought home the fat ball that was preserved in formaldehyde, and that I would be glad to send it to her if she wanted so that she could be sure it was what we said it was. She very quickly assured me that that would not be necessary, and that was the last I heard about that. And I got the insurance!

A Klemens Family Christmas

Vicki Lydecker

The very first Christmas I remember, was one in which I had no idea about the procuring of a tree or any other preparations for the day. Instead, I remember waking up Christmas morning to a fully decorated, presents underneath, tree, and delicious smells from the kitchen. A Norman Rockwell kind of scene. I don't remember a single present I got, but I do remember the wonderment of it all.

That being documented, our usual Christmas routine was as follows. About a week before Christmas our family would go and get our fresh fir tree. I always remember it being a family outing including all four of us, Mom, Dad, brother Gene and myself. We would trapse thru the snow (because in the 1950's it seemed there was always snow in NYC in December) up the block to Queens Blvd. Carefully we would cross the 8 lane boulevard (with the light - because as tempting as it was to jaywalk, one could never tell from where a car may appear) to get to an ESSO gas station on the other side. A portion of the property was roped off with strings of bright white lights and held a forest of cut fir trees. The early years that I remember, we always got a large (floor to ceiling) tree, but in later years, I recall looking for short table top appropriate trees (more like bushes, than trees). There was no haggling the price. My Dad paid whatever was written on the small white tag that hung from one of the upper branches. The salesperson would tie the branches up with cord/string/thisle (?) and we would alternately carry or drag it home.

Before we had left for getting the tree, Mom or Dad had set out a plastic tarp on a portion of the brown living room carpet. On top of that was placed the tree stand with all screws open as far as possible. If the tree were going to be placed near the tall bookcase, my Dad would have already wrapped said bookcase with corrugated paper decorated to resemble a chimney with a large Santa face on top. Once back in the apartment, my dad with the help of mom (for leverage) placed the tree in the tree stand and as one parent held the tree (or as we got older one of us children) the other parent would first get down on their hands and knees and then completely lie down on the floor and tighten the tree bolts into the bark of the tree. It was then the rope came off the tree and branches were fluffed. I never remember the tree being taller than the ceiling, although if it had, the top probably would have been snipped off as we always had a star for the

very tip of the tree. And we didn't have a saw to saw off the bottom trunk.

Strings of large multi-colored light bulbs were first tested and then draped around the tree and fastened with faith, into the branches of the tree. The topmost light was always white so when inserted into the cardboard star it would shine the brightest. A quick flip of the electric switch would ensure that all lights were still working. Next, came the glass ornaments. There were the usual balls of different colors, as well as variations of balls with concave designs and long slender tubes meant to be icicles. There were little metal birds with horsehair tails that clipped onto the branches, as well as little elves made out of pine cones that sat precariously on branches. Any ornament we may have made at school was also placed on the tree (unless it was made with the express purpose to have served as a gift for Mom or Dad, in which case, it was wrapped in colored paper at school). The final decoration were the strands of silver tinsel that one deftly removed one by one from a box purchased earlier in the week. I don't recall a big production of putting the star on top and then lighting the tree as many of the holiday programs suggest. Somehow the star was put on, somehow the tinsel "thrown" (this is an expression, the tinsel was not actually thrown but carefully placed on the tree) and finally the lights on the tree were turned on with the rest of the apartment living room and foyer lights turned off.

In the early years no presents appeared under the tree until Christmas morning. In later years, throughout the week, presents would start appearing underneath the tree.

Christmas Eve my mother would have each of us children hang a knee high woolen sock (one that I had probably worn the week before when going to school), off the top of the dresser that was in the livingroom. We never left cookies or milk out for Santa but we were assured he would visit our apartment.

Gene and I would go to bed in the bedroom with the door closed and I am sure mom and dad frantically wrapped gifts or assembled bikes or wagons all night long.

Christmas morning I woke up to find a chair by my bedside with my stocking, filled to the brim

with sweets. In the toe was always an orange. There were several types of nuts (brazil, almonds, walnuts and filberts) and a wrapped piece of marzipan in the shape of a vegetable or fruit. If there was a toy in the stocking, it was of no consequence by today's standards. It usually was some sort of puzzle. Either a small container with a scene and three or four metal balls meant to be rolled into parts of the picture, or a metal puzzle of two parts that needed to be separated. Something to keep us occupied in the bedroom.

Before going to bed we had been instructed to stay in the bedroom Christmas morning until Mom or Dad came to get us. We knew Mom was up by the sizzling sounds and delicious aroma of sauteing onions wafting from the kitchen. The ingredients of bread stuffing for the turkey. Mom always hosted the Christmas dinner (either for a portion of her family, the Holms, or Grandmother and Grandfather Klemens who would drive in from Hempstead, LI). Dinner was always mid afternoon (I recall 2 pm) so in order for the 18-22 lb bird to be cooked, it had to go into the oven very early in the morning.) Once Mom had finished assembling the stuffing, stuffed and trussed the bird, and put it into the oven, we were allowed to come out of the bedroom and admire the tree with all its gifts underneath.

Presents were opened one by one, alternately as we all sat around the tree drinking orange juice and eating toast and turkey livers with bacon. Dad always got to eat the heart.

I remember lots of clothes as presents. I did get a walking doll one year but after I opened it and set it aside I remember Mom saying to Dad, "I was right! She *was* too old for it!" I don't remember how old I was or what happened to the doll. I don't remember playing with it.

After opening the presents, Gene and I would go to church while Mom and Dad stayed home and I guess readied the apartment for our guests. They inserted the leaves in the dining room table (in the foyer) and put the white table cloth on. Depending on how many were invited for dinner, there was also a small card table set up towards the back of the foyer toward the bedroom and bathroom, for the children. When I came home from church, my job was to set the table(s) with the Greek Key design good china and my mother's silver with the *K* initial. The children's table

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had regular plates and everyday flatware.

Around 12:30 or 1 pm, the relatives would begin arriving. A few would carry gifts explaining to Gene and myself, that Santa had left this at their house for us. I don't remember what those gifts ever were, except once I remember getting doll clothes for a doll I never received. I'm sure there must have been some animated conversation between the adults over that, but I was never privy to it. The men would retire to the living room and drink whiskey and water from wide mouthed glasses and the women would gather in the kitchen to help Mom or just basically look busy. Gene and I would either be in the bedroom playing with our new toys or folding and refolding our new clothes ("Keep them out so Grandmother can see what you got") We were usually the only children unless Aunt Gert, Uncle Jess and cousins Susan and Diane came from across the street from their apartment. Once I remember a co-worker of Dad's coming with his family with three children.

In order to get from the living room to the bedroom or bathroom everyone had to get up from their chairs and disperse. The foyer was so narrow that everyone's chairs were against the foyer's walls. The adults would linger over coffee and dessert and so Gene and I would have to crawl under the table, thru a forest of legs, to get to the opposite part of the apartment.

Dinner consisted of several courses. The first course was always canned fruit cocktail. After the fruit cups were removed, the main course was served. Roast turkey, sage and celery stuffing, mashed potatoes, gravy, green beans (not the casserole, just canned or frozen green string beans,) canned yams. Brown and serve rolls. Sometimes instead of fruit cocktail we had grapefruit sections on a bed of lettuce leaf. Water or milk to drink for us children and perhaps a bottle of wine for the adults but I can't be sure. Dessert was pumpkin pie with whipped cream (made by mixing heavy cream and sugar with the rotary egg beater. Took a while but was worth it.) Mincemeat pie and coffee for the adults.

After dinner there was conversations going on all over the apartment. The men would watch the

black and white TV (perhaps a sport game), the women would wash and dry the dishes and Mom would count the silver as she put it back in the silver chest.

The children would be flitting from group to group, or if there was a crowd of kids, playing quietly with our new things. If it were just Gene and me, I would go into the bedroom and listen to the radio while laying on my bed.

After a few hours of conversation it was time for our guests to leave. As coats and boots were put on, voices confirming future plans for seeing the speaker's tree during the next week or a trip out to Hempstead the following weekend could be heard. We would watch our guests and wait with them in the hall for the elevator to come up to the fourth floor. A blown kiss goodbye as the elevator door closed. Then the elevator rattling down its shaft to the ground floor.

The very last tradition was to run to the front window of the apartment where we could look out thru the fire escape grates and see our visitors walking towards the street in the courtyard of the apartment.

They would turn midpoint in the courtyard and look up at our window and us. One last wave before they disappeared round the corner to either the subway, their cars, or own apartment house.

Christmas Day had come to a close for another year.

THANKSGIVING
BY
Wesley L. Jones

Sound waves invade my mind. They come quietly and softly as if they are fresh snowflakes taking their place to nourish my mind with memories past. Repetitive they are and I'm swept away to the beginning of Thanksgivings I've witnessed. Turning quickly, slowly, they lead me back to each Thanksgiving past, making notes of legends and traditions as they developed, grew, matured and changed.

The memory journey arrived at its destination in the here-and-now on November 20, 2004, five days before the United States celebrates Thanksgiving. The sounds echo around my space telling me that in five days, I will witness my 73rd Thanksgiving.

My Thanksgiving memories are a clear account of all those Thanksgivings I have lived through. The first twenty-one years I hold dear in my heart as the best of times. Those Thanksgivings were steeped in time honored traditions and practices.

In those early days, most, if not all, of the food on the Thanksgiving Day table was home grown and chosen as the best, from the turkey to the candied yams to the sweet potato pie. The peas were canned earlier in the year, and the cornmeal was ground from the corn raised on the land. I witnessed the head of the turkey being chopped off, the plucking of its feathers and its roasting in a wood stove oven. The preparation for Thanksgiving dinner was work intensive for three days. Every member of the family had a role whether it was washing the dishes or shining the silverware. Dinner was always served in the dining room in the house I was born in. This room was situated between the living room and the kitchen and could be entered via double French doors, a regular door from the hallway or a swinging door from the kitchen.

The table was period furniture – mahogany – that could be expanded. When expanded, twelve people could sit comfortably. The table was covered with a white lace tablecloth

made by Momma and set with fine china dishes, including cups and saucers. The flatware was sterling silver.

When the clock chimed three in the afternoon, we all gathered in the dining room for the ritual of joyful dining. Everybody was dressed in their best, even better than for church on Sunday morning.

The centerpiece of the table was the stuffed turkey and its trimmings. Poppa and Momma sat at opposite ends of the table; Poppa near the double windows and Momma near the kitchen door. The adult guests filled the sides. Children had their own table in the corner of the dining room. This worked well. Children understood they were "to be seen, not heard" and "to speak only when spoken to". They dressed and behaved the way they were taught.

When all were seated, Poppa gave the Thanksgiving prayer and blessed the food. Each person responded individually, saying either "Amen" or a Bible verse. Afterwards, Poppa carved the turkey. The highlight of the day, dinner, was underway.

The adults talked at the big table and the children talked at the children's table. After dinner, the adults moved back into the living room and sat near the warm, glowing fireplace. The young adults and teens cleared the table and washed the dishes. When they were finished, and if it was still light, they played outside until their parents called them to leave.

My twenty-second Thanksgiving was like no other. The year was 1953, and Eisenhower had been sworn in as President. He had campaigned on "winning the war" and "bringing the boys home before Christmas". This was the first election I was able to vote, and I voted for Adlai Stevenson. The armed forces were in the process of integration. My first-born arrived the night I was sworn in to the Army.

It was a whirlwind of events. Basic training at Fort Ord, Monterey, California; port of debarkation, Camp Stoneman, Pittsburgh, California. Maybe it wasn't a whirlwind, but a hurricane that swept me up, after four months in the military, and deposited me in South Korea. Within six weeks after my arrival in Korea, the truce was signed. Thousands of lives had been lost, and people were still being killed. Yes, hell yes! There was a truce. We were now involved in gorilla warfare. It's the same as "insurgents" today.

South Korea is a peninsula, bordering the Sea of Japan and the Yellow Sea. It is a country, a tiny bit larger than the state of Indiana. I spent my tour of duty in Kunsan, attached to the United States Air Force. Kunsan is on the southern tip of Korea, touching the Yellow Sea.

Thanksgiving Day of 1953 was my first ever without family. I imagined what it was like back home in San Diego, where all my family was with Momma and Poppa. I was lonely. It was the loneliest day of my life, yet I was thankful. I was thankful for the truce. I was not thankful for our loss of lives. I was thankful for my son. I was not thankful for not being with him. I was thankful the armed services were being integrated. I was not thankful that I was the only person of color in my battalion.

All these white men and boys were activated "reservists" from the southern states – Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana to name a few. Their behavior was strange to me; they talked with a heavy drawl and moved slowly. Their ideas about having fun was coming up behind a person and "goosing" them and laughing like hell when they did it. To them I did not exist. For once, I was glad that I was invisible in this sea of white faces. I didn't bother to go to the mess hall, for I knew this Thanksgiving ceremony and dinner, to me, were a joke.

That night I was on guard duty at an outpost. I walked my post in the military manner as I had been taught. It was a quiet night – no intruders. I talked to and walked with my God for six hours. I felt safe, secure and hopeful. I said thanks to God.

I returned to the world from Korea in July of 1954 and served my last five months at Camp Irvin, Death Valley, California, in the heart of the Mojave Desert (from the frozen chosen to the oven of Hell). Because of my rank, sergeant, and less than a month away from discharge, there was no problem in getting a leave for Thanksgiving.

The Thanksgiving ritual was the same as before – the menu, the people, the table setting and the seating. Everyone was overtly happy that I - their son, husband, brother, nephew and cousin was home from the war. My name was included in the Thanksgiving prayer. Every year, Thomas and Emma Jones' family has repeated the described previous Thanksgiving. Except for a few notable exceptions, I have been present at the Thanksgiving dinner.

Thanksgiving Day 1978 was one of those exceptions. Delores, my first wife, and I celebrated Thanksgiving with our son, Elias and his wife, Katherine, in Lausanne, Switzerland. They had lived in Switzerland for a year and a half, one year in Geneva where he was a counselor with the World Council of Churches and six months in Lausanne at the University of Lausanne's Biblical Institute as Assistant Director of Biblical Research. Because there is no separation of church and state in Switzerland, he was one of the few, if not the only, non-citizen on the Swiss payroll.

We arrived in Lausanne on November 17, 1978. Delores had been planning Thanksgiving dinner for two months. She planned to cook a traditional dinner with turkey and all the trimmings and sweet potato pie. This was going to be a carbon copy of past Thanksgiving rituals. On the 20th, three days after our arrival, and three days before Thanksgiving, Delores and I took off on our own to gather the items and ingredients necessary for the Thanksgiving dinner. What we thought would be a casual two hour shopping spree at a supermarket became a three day adventure. Somehow we ignored the fact that Thanksgiving is an American holiday and is not celebrated in Switzerland. At the end of the second day of this adventure, I was sure there was not a turkey to be found in all of Switzerland. We did find sweet potatoes, but they were like nothing we were accustomed to. They were imports from Africa. They were not like yams or sweet

potatoes; they were yellow and looked like dried up squash. The inside was dry and stringy. So much for the sweet potato pie. We did find a chicken to roast.

On Thursday, November 23rd at 4:30 p.m., Elias, Katherine, Delores, and I sat at a table in the kitchen. The centerpiece of the table was the stuffed chicken and its trimmings. Elias and I sat at opposite ends of the table. Elias gave the Thanksgiving prayer and blessed the food. We ate a great dinner. This was the first and only time I spent Thanksgiving with my son, his wife and his mother in a foreign country. The fellowship was wonderful and this Thanksgiving will always stand out in my mind.

A major change took place in 1980. Poppa was not at the table; he was ill and died on December 11, 1980. His last time at the head of the table was 1979. The head of the table has not been the same since. On August 9, 1986, Momma died. Her presence at the other end of the table was no longer. The day of Momma's burial, my sister Edith started planning for Thanksgiving. It was to be a coming together of our family. Ruth, Lena, Edith and I pledged to be present, and we were.

John A. and Margaret were ill and couldn't attend.

Thomas Jr. was not there deceased

Emerson was not there deceased

D'orsey was not there deceased

Travis was not there deceased

Poppa was not there deceased

Momma was not there deceased

At the dinner table, Ruth's husband, Ernest sat at the head of the table. Ruth sat at the other end. I don't think Lena, Ruth, Edith or I ate our dinner. The picture I have etched in my mind shows the four of us seated with our mouths full of stuffing from the turkey, jaws appearing to be swollen, eyes puffy and tears flowing warmly down our faces. A sad sight! A sad sight indeed!

In September 1987, my sister Edith called. She was planning Thanksgiving dinner. I told her I would not be present.

“Why?” she asked.

“Well, last Thanksgiving...” I began.

Edith interrupted and said, “Last Thanksgiving was horrible”.

Since Momma’s death, Thanksgiving has not been the same for me. My attendance since has been sporadic. I attended our 2004 Family Thanksgiving. It was a return to the tradition I’ve known – the table, the menu, even the second table for children, everyone on their best behavior and dressed appropriately. Elias’ delivery of the Thanksgiving message was great.

On the drive home, as we were approaching Fairfield, I said to Martha, my wife, “I’m glad we went”. And she responded, “So am I”, and added, “It was like the Thanksgiving you described when you were young, including the table set up.

The next morning, I got a call from Edith telling me how happy she was that Martha and I came to dinner. She also told me that her sons returned after we left and sat around talking which led to everyone individually stating what they were thankful for. This was the first time the boys told their stepfather they were thankful that he married their mother and for the support that he had given her and them. She said she was happy and that this was her best Thanksgiving.

Sounds crept back into my mind. Calmly and smoothly came lights of many colors - bright colors, dark colors, faded colors moving with grace, dancing on clouds and rainbows and just as calmly the colors began to form. It was as if a blindfold was removed from my eyes and replaced with a kaleidoscope. Peeking into the kaleidoscope, I saw objects rotating in beautiful form, producing successive symmetrical designs

reflecting continuous changing patterns and each pattern portraying family, relationships and faith. Suddenly, the colors are gone. I hear a quiet, low, soft voice whisper to the wind – “Thanksgiving steepened in time honored tradition and practice is immune to criticism and attack”. Thanksgiving lives on through eternity and beyond. Thanks, Thanks, and Thanks!

-The End -

PENNY

San Francisco has a very large and interesting zoo. There are many animals and birds that you would expect to see and many strange ones from far off places that you would not expect to see. In the forties, however, there was a notable void. There were no elephants. For some reason, probably the war, the city had no money to buy one. The children, therefore, organized a drive, saving their pennies when finally they had enough to buy one. She was called, of course, Penny.

Penny thrived and was a very popular attraction, but she was no doubt lonely. Finances must have improved because later a baby elephant arrived who was named Tinkerbell. Penny took to her immediately. She would hold her protective trunk around the little one. For many years they remained a popular attraction fascinating children and adults alike. For me, my children and grandchildren, they were the number two attraction next to, of course, the double decker Merry-Go-Round.

A few years ago, I read in the paper that old Penny had died. My friends and I went to the zoo to see how Tinkerbell was doing. She was clearly in mourning. She kept her head to the wall and swayed from side to side. A new little elephant had been brought in, but Tinkerbell paid no attention to her. The new little elephant appeared frustrated as she playfully tossed old tires in the air.

There is a plaque mounted at the elephant area that gives a very brief outline of the story of Penny. You don't get the true picture of freckle faced youngsters carrying cans and jars filled with real pennies to realize their dream. The pennies meant something and accomplished a lot.

I have read that elephants mourn in much the same way that humans do. In this instance that seems to be so. As humans, we learn to deal with our loss. I wonder do elephants do the same? We have funerals so family and friends can say a final goodbye. One day on television, I saw a group of elephants in the wild sifting through the bones of one of their own. The narrator said that this was necessary for them so they could deal with their loss. I guess I can understand that.

Molly Eichler, 1999

Tori's Tear Duct's

January 23, 2006

By Margaret Coldwell

My granddaughter Victoria Isabella Peyronel (Tori) aged two years and 2 months had to go to UC Davis yesterday to have her fourth surgery on her eyes to try and open her clogged tear ducts. Her ducts have been closed since birth and they have tried three times before to correct the problem.

In the past they have done two procedures where they probed the tear ducts to see if they remained open. However, after both surgeries the tear ducts remained closed. Those procedures took place December 12, 2004 and June 14, 2005. Last October 5th, 2005 they performed the third surgery, which was to do a lather cath - similar to an angioplastic where they put a tube through the obstructed tear ducts then blew up a balloon to force the membranes wider and hopefully cause the ducts to remain open. Again this was unsuccessful. So this time on January 23, 2006 they are actually going in to place tubes through the tear ducts down into the nose. The procedure is to thread a silicone tube through the top tear duct hole and then the other end of the tube through the bottom tear duct hole and then thread these tubes into a bolster in the nose. This is suppose to train the tear ducts to drain down into the nose.

My daughter picked me up at 5:45 AM and we went to the surgery center at UC Davis for an appointment at 6:00 AM. At about 6:40 AM, the recovery nurse came and transported Tori to the recovery room. They changed her pajamas that had pigs, whales and dinosaurs on them. Tori was checking out the whole process. As the nurse checked her heart and lungs, she let Tori listen to her heart beat. They put a monitor on her toe, which beat with a red glow through her sock.

The anesthesiologist came in to give instructions to my daughter. He was very personable and showed my daughter pictures to say he would take care of Tori as if she were his own child. They let Tori choose a stuffed animal from a bag of animals, Tori chose a pig. The pig's name was Knuckles and had a blue ribbon around his neck. They gave Tori some happy juice to drink and when it came time for them to take Tori back for surgery the anesthesiologist picked Tori up and carried her off to the operating room, while they pushed her little bed. They use a breathing mask with gas to actually put Tori out during the operation.

After about an hour and a half the doctors came out and said that they had a very difficult time. They were unable to put the tubes in the tear ducts because the membrane going into the nose canal was too narrow. So they used various sizes of probes to try and widen the tube. They will have to see what happens and its probable in six months to go in and put the tubes in. The doctor said that some times it might open up following this aggressive probing. We will have to see how it goes and make that determination at a later point.

Tori was very upset. She does not like the IV in her hand. She was screaming and scratching at the bandage that covered the IV. It was very sad to see her so upset. She wanted water very badly. Whenever she receives water it reacts with the anesthetic and makes her vomit. My daughter tried to keep the ice chips and water to a minimum. It didn't matter as we got in the car and started driving Tori couldn't hold it any longer and threw-up everything that she had drank. She was sleeping when my daughter dropped me off at home. Hopefully when she wakes up she will feel a little better. These procedures sure are hard on everybody. Tori does feel better the next day.

October 10, 2000

Looking Back Through the Window of Time

By Jim Coldwell

Looking back through the window of time I remember all the beautiful days that I woke up to, even when it was dark, gloomy and rainy or snowing. We should never judge a day by the weather. Seems like we still go on as we had before getting ready for the next season. Even after all these years I can still see myself doing the things I did years ago. When I was young boy we had our chores to do just like we do today living in northern California at McCloud we generally had about half a year to ready ourselves for the winter when we were snowed in for five or six months. This was the time when the winter wood was brought in. We canned the vegetables from the garden and the fruit from the trees. We raised corn and then we would shuck it and take it to the grist mill and have it ground into corn meal. We usually ended up with five to six hundred pounds. The fellow that owned the grist mill would take one sack for every five he ground and this way he made his money so he could take care of his family. My grandfather had a root cellar where everything that was not canned was stored for winter. Meat was stored in the ground in old flour sacks and some was smoked. We were well off compared to some people who had a lot less than we did.

Living in a company owned town had its advantages as we had a big two story house that my parents rented for the exorbitant price of \$6.00 a month. We pay just a little more today than we did then. Now we pay taxes, garbage, street clean-up and a few other charges they come up with when they run low on money, because Proposition 13 froze taxes if you lived in your house in 1983. This was good for some of us. Today we still do things as we did back in the 1930's, like canning tomatoes, fruit and getting ready for winter, cutting our firewood. I still live a lot like we did then, people still trim trees and put the branches out on the street. We still go out on the street and pick up the wood and cut it up for winter, which I'm doing now. We have two self-contained stoves in the house and one in the apartment out back. I do not use the central heating for heat and it saves quite a bit in expenses just like when I was growing up. To share an example, my heating bill is zero dollars and my gas bill averages under \$10.00 a month for the gas stove and gas waterheater. The kids call us cheap, so what. I think they are just jealous. It reminds me of the ant and grasshopper, we are the ants and they are the grasshoppers. The only difference is that my body is aching more each year.

How to Access Drug Treatment in Sacramento County

There are over thirty alcohol and other drug treatment programs in Sacramento County. If you use drugs or alcohol and would like to get treatment there are several options for you:

- Call the **County Alcohol and Drug Services System of Care** office at (916) 874-9754 or go to their offices located at 4875 Broadway, for an assessment and treatment authorization. You can be seen on a drop-in basis between the hours of 8:00 a.m. to 11:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m. to 4:00 p.m. County staff will help determine your treatment needs and match you with outpatient counseling, residential treatment or detoxification services.

- If you are a heroin user, you may consider methadone or other narcotic replacement therapy. Call (916) 874-9754 for methadone clinic locations.



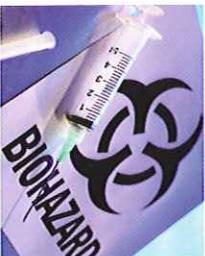
- Or, if you have medical insurance, consult your doctor or health care provider about what drug treatment benefits are available to you.



How to Safely Dispose of Sharps

Used hypodermic needles and syringes can transmit deadly diseases to others!!

To safely dispose of your used needles, put them in a hard plastic puncture-resistant container, such as a sharps container, and bring them to a local disposal site.



Disposal Sites:

North Area Transfer Station Household Hazardous Waste Facility
4450 Roseville Road, Sacramento, CA
Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
8:30 a.m. – 4:00 p.m.

Sacramento Recycling and Transfer Station
Household Hazardous Waste Facility
8491 Fruitridge Road, Sacramento, CA
Friday and Saturday – 8:00 a.m. – 5:00 p.m.

* Disposal of sharps at this location is free of charge

"It is unlawful to discard or dispose of a hypodermic needle or syringe upon the grounds of a playground, beach, park, or any public or private elementary, vocational, junior high, or high school. A person who knowingly violates [this] is guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be punished by a fine of not less than two hundred dollars (\$200) and not more than two thousand dollars (\$2000), or by imprisonment in a county jail for up to six months, or by both that fine and imprisonment."

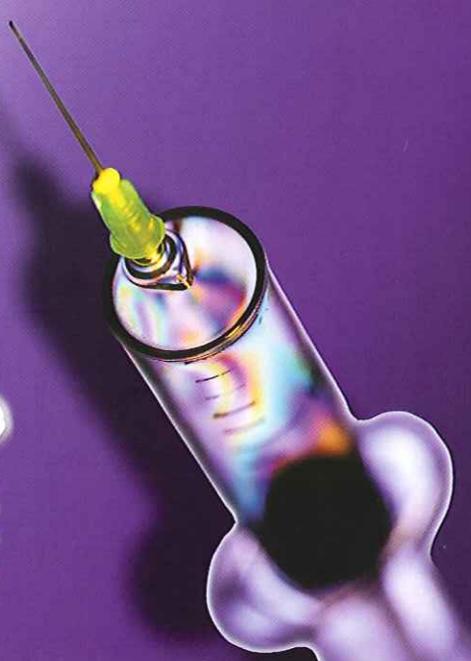


Mayor: Heather Fargo

Sacramento City Council

District 1-Raymond L. Treheway III	District 2-Sandy Sheedy
District 3-Steve Cohn	District 4-Robert King Fong
District 5-Lauren Hammond	District 5-Kevin McCarty
District 7-Robbie Waters	District 8-Bonnie Pannell

GET THE FACTS: Clean Needles



Save Lives.

Sponsored by the City of Sacramento

What You Should Know About HIV/AIDS

Fast Facts about HIV and AIDS:

- HIV is the virus that weakens your immune system and causes AIDS.
- Injection drug use accounts for more than 1 in 3 cases of AIDS in the US.

What puts you at risk for HIV/AIDS:

- You can get HIV through unprotected sexual contact (either anal, vaginal, or oral), by sharing injection drug equipment, or through contact with infected blood or its components. Babies can get it from an infected mother through pregnancy, at delivery, or through breast-feeding.

To prevent the spread of HIV/AIDS:

- Abstain from sex and sharing injection drug needles and equipment. This is the only way to be 100% sure you won't get HIV.
- Use a latex condom for vaginal or anal sex.
- Do not share needles. It doesn't matter if you are using the needles to shoot drugs, for tattooing or body piercing, for insulin, vitamins or steroids – **DON'T SHARE NEEDLES WITH ANYONE**. Also, avoid unprotected sex with people who may share needles.
- Clean injection equipment with bleach and water.
- Avoid having sex under the influence of alcohol or other drugs because they can alter your ability to make safer sexual decisions.

HIV/AIDS Local Testing Sites:

To get tested for HIV call your health provider (i.e. Kaiser, Sutter, etc.) or:

For Anonymous Testing:

Alternative Testing Site (ATS)
1500 C Street, Sacramento, CA 95814
(916) 874-7720

For Confidential Testing:

Call the HIV Info Line at 1-888-259-4HIV for locations near you.

HIV/AIDS Treatment Sites:

For HIV/AIDS treatment call your health care provider or if you are uninsured call:

Center for AIDS Research, Education & Services (CARES)
1500 21st Street, Sacramento, CA 95814
(916) 443-3299

**One Number...
All The Answers** **HIV INFO LINE**
1.888.259.4HIV

What You Should Know About the Hepatitis C Virus (HCV)

Fast Facts about Hepatitis C:

- Hepatitis C (HCV) is a disease that damages your liver.
- It is estimated that 3 out of 4 injection drug users in Sacramento County are infected with HCV.

What puts you at risk for HCV:

- You can only get HCV if you come in contact with someone's infected blood

- You can get HCV by sharing drug equipment (needles, cookers, cotton, water, anything used for fixing), getting tattoos or body piercings with infected needles or ink, contact with infected blood while serving in the military, **or if you received a blood transfusion before 1992.**

You can prevent the spread of HCV by:

- Not sharing ANY drug stuff with ANYONE.
- Not sharing razors, toothbrushes, nail files, or anything that could have your blood on it.
- Always using a condom while having sex.
- Not letting others inject you when shooting.
- Using a clean surface when shooting.

HCV can live in dry blood up to 4 days!

Local HCV Testing Sites:

To get tested for HCV call your health care provider or:

Harm Reduction Services
3647 40th Street, Sacramento, CA 95817
(916) 456-4849

Local Treatment Sites:

For treatment of HCV call your health care provider or:

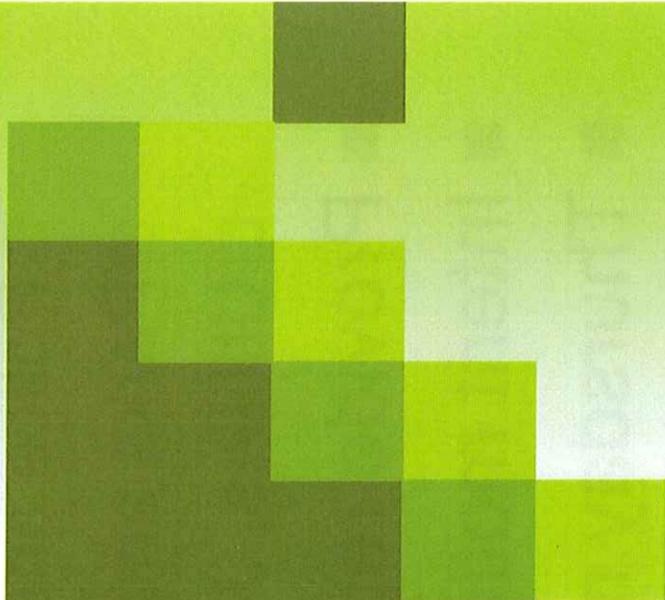
If you don't have insurance:

Primary Health Care Center
4600 Stockton Blvd., Sacramento County 95817
(916) 874-9670

If you are a Veteran:

Veterans Administration Hospital, Mather AFB
10535 Hospital Way, Sacramento, CA 95827
(916) 366-5366

Have more questions?
Contact Sacramento County's HIV/Communicable Disease Prevention Program at (916) 875-6022



City of Sacramento FY2008/09 Budget Hearings

Overview



Hearing Process

- Return to individual department hearings
 - Police and Fire, June 5th (evening)
 - Parks and Recreation, June 10th (afternoon)
 - Utilities, June 10th (evening)
- Provide reports back as requested
- Intent motions following each hearing
- Thursday meetings as necessary
- Budget adoption, June 17th (evening)

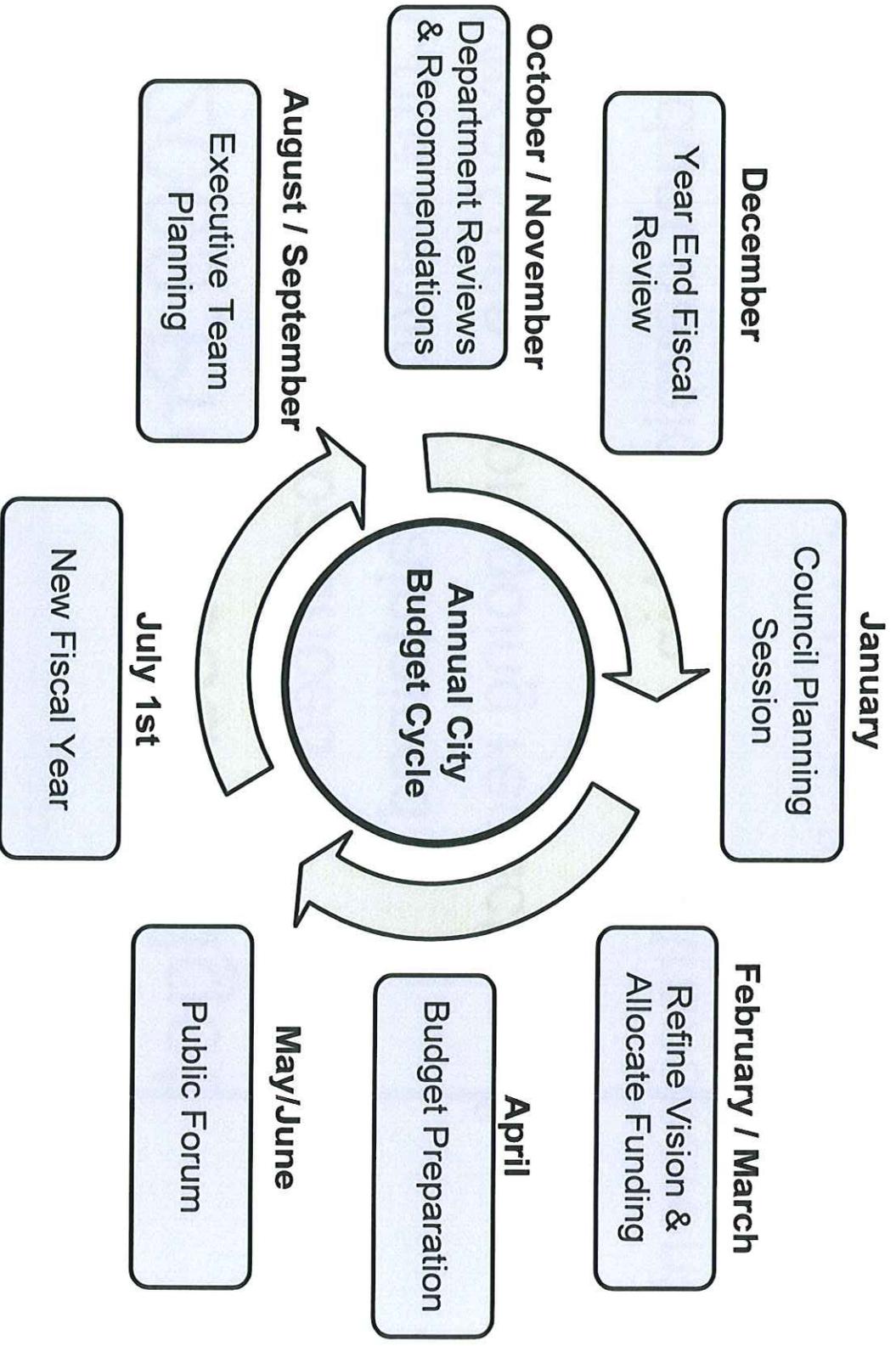


FY2009 Proposed Budget

- The budget is balanced
- Core services maintained
- Mixed use of on-going reductions & one-time resources
- Budget developed in open & transparent process
- End current year with positive fund balance
- Impacts of potential state budget actions not included



The City's Budget Cycle





Continuing Cost Saving Measures

- Continue downsizing workforce
- Hiring controls stay in effects
- Reductions in other discretionary expenditures
- Continue looking at revenue options
- Consider departmental reorganizations, fundamental look at organization
- Maintain Budget Advisory Committee



Context - Budgetary Challenges

- Economic Conditions Beyond the City's Control:
 - Real estate market
 - Declining taxable sales
 - Rising unemployment
- Rising cost of doing business
- Lack of revenue growth resulting in growing funding gap



Facts and Figures

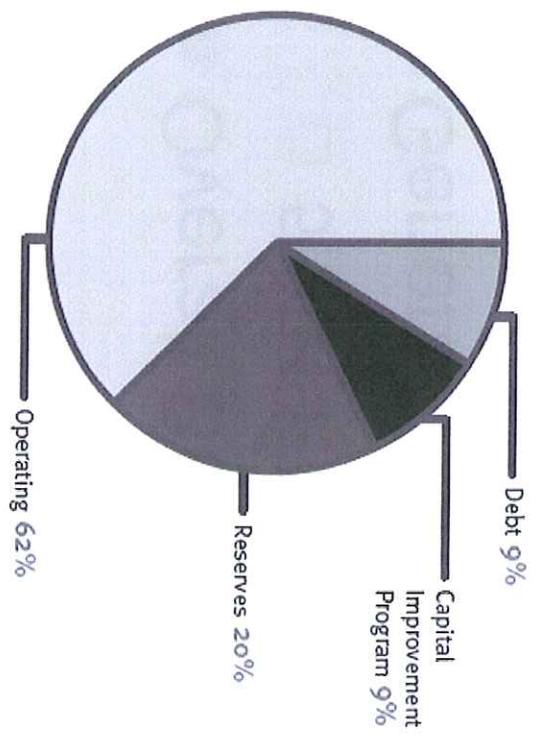
- Overall Budget \$964.3 million
 - 5,294 FTE
- General Fund \$420.3 million
 - 3,943 FTE
 - 3,605 funded FTE
 - 338 unfunded FTE



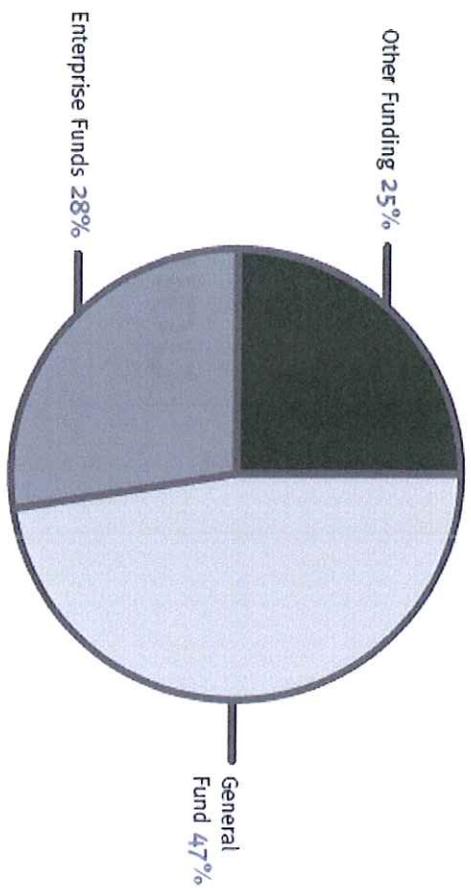
Citywide Budget

\$964.3 Million

EXPENDITURES



FUNDING SOURCES





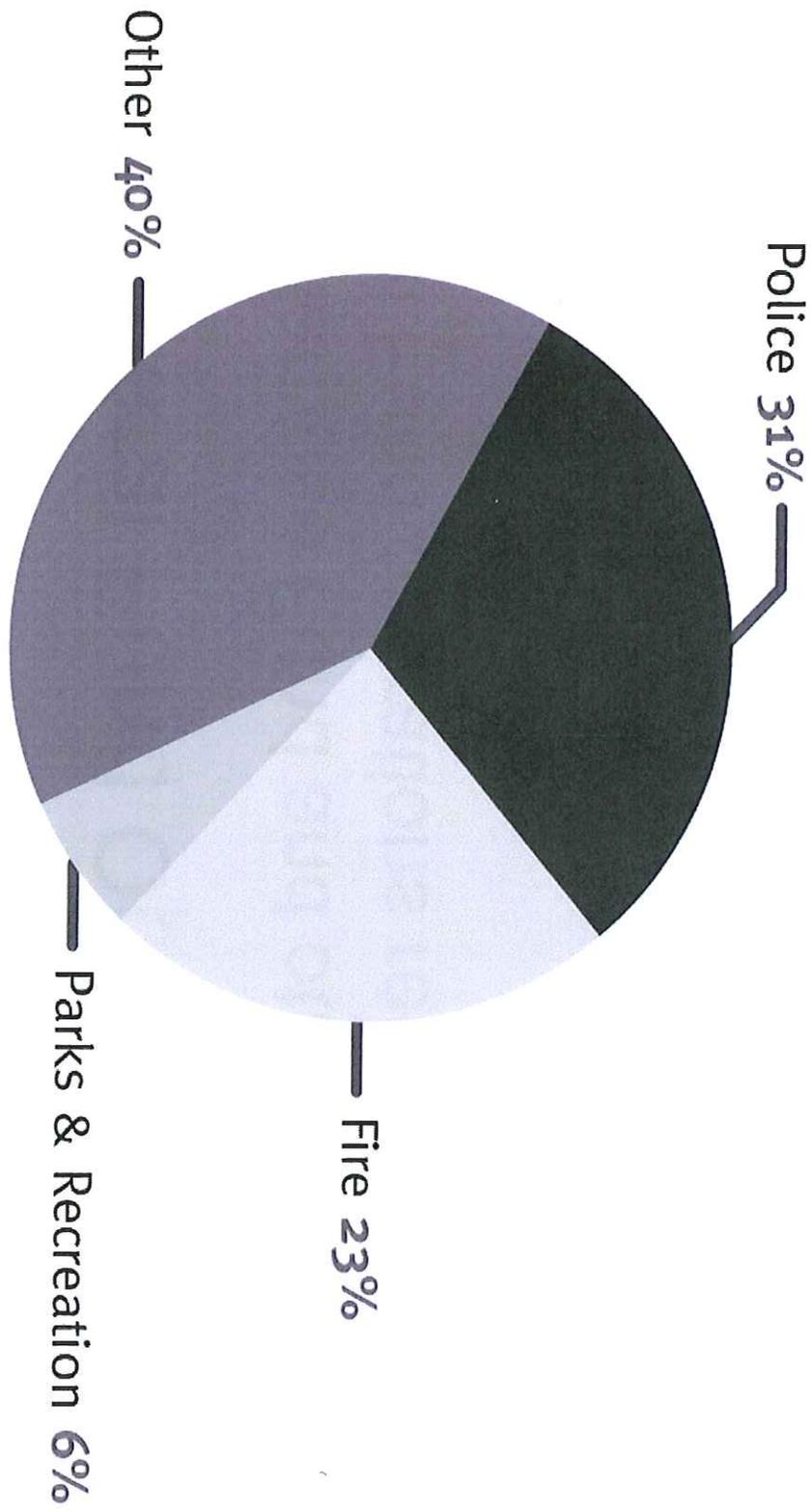
Non-General Fund Operations

- City Enterprise Fund and other Non-General Fund operations remain relatively healthy
- Exception of the Solid Waste Fund
 - Operating cost increases continue to outpace revenue growth
- Utilities Department budget and rate hearing scheduled for June 10th



General Fund Expenditures

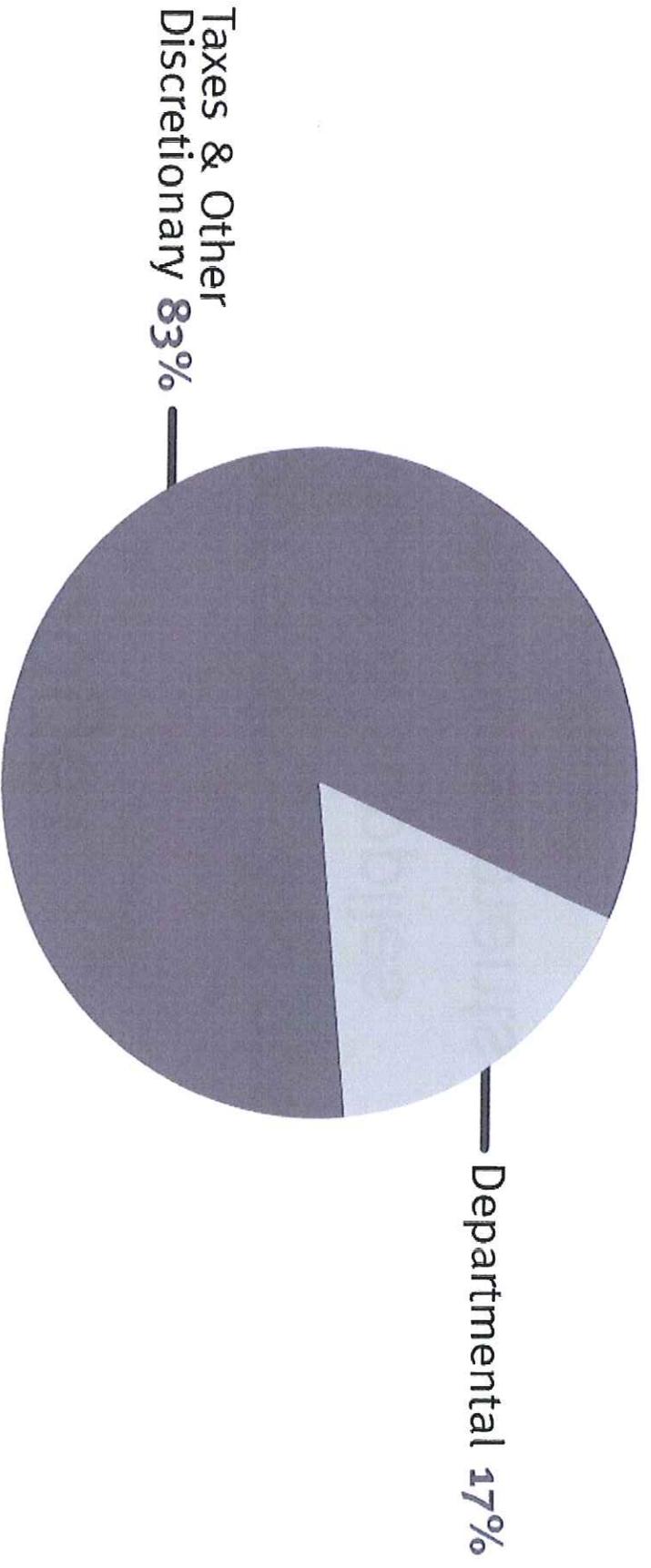
\$420.3 Million





General Fund Revenues

\$420.3 Million





Balanced Budget

- \$26.6 m labor costs – 338 positions
- \$5.9 m services & supplies
- \$2.6 m new reimbursements
- \$3.7 m new revenues
- \$20 m reserve use



Use of One-Time Resources

- \$20 million of overall \$58 million funding gap closed with the use of reserves
- Use of reserves defers but does not eliminate the need for further reductions
- Significant reductions necessary in FY2009/10
 - Given prolonged economic downturn and known expenditure increases, funding gap will continue to grow



Short-term Uncertainty

- Utility Users Tax
- State budget action
 - State is likely to adopt budget long after City budget adoption
 - Legislative Analyst's Proposal – approximately \$8 million
 - Proposition 1A - approximately \$10 million
- County budget action
 - Impacts on City residents & operations



Multiyear Plan

- The City **MUST** align ongoing revenues and expenditures
 - Funding ongoing programs with one-time resources is not sustainable
 - Reserve levels dropping
- \$38 million of funding gap closed in FY2008/09
- \$20 million deferred to FY2009/10
 - Gap will grow to \$30 million to \$40 million as expenses increase in FY2009/10
 - Will require significant staffing & service level reductions



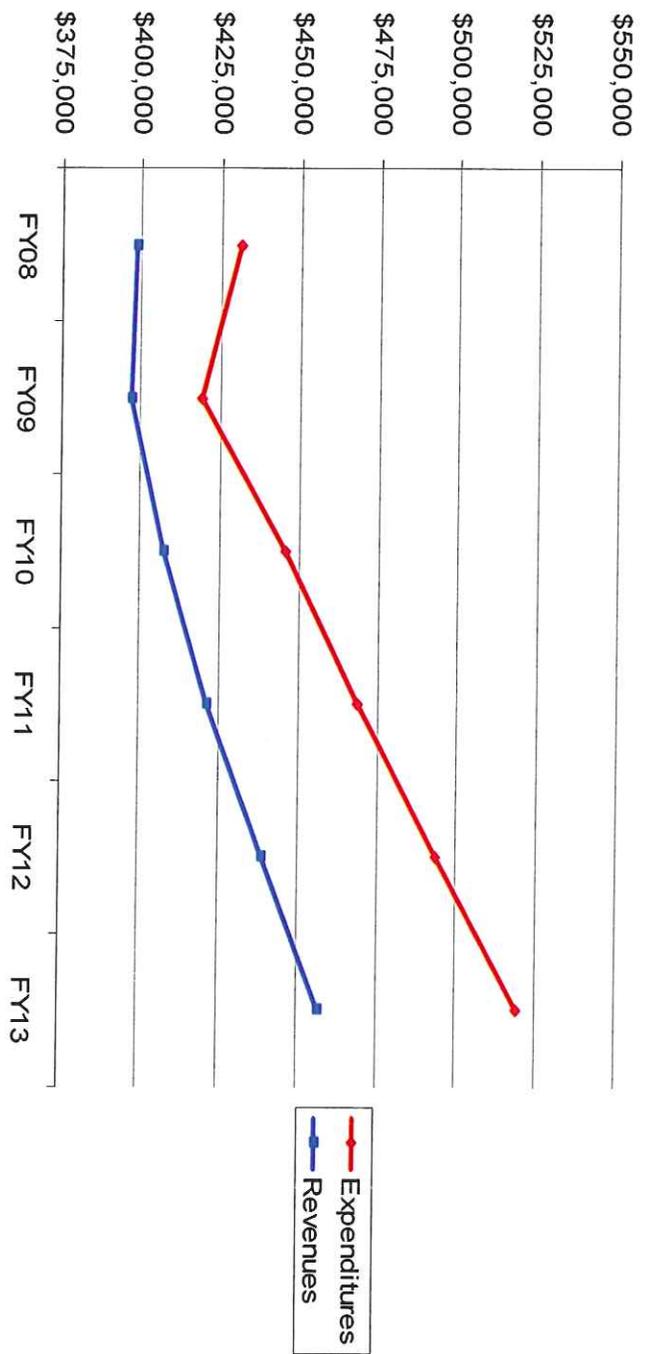
Five Year Forecast

- Impact of economic conditions on the City's revenue
 - Property tax
 - Virtually no growth for several years
 - Sales tax
 - Consumer confidence and unemployment



Five Year Forecast (cont.)

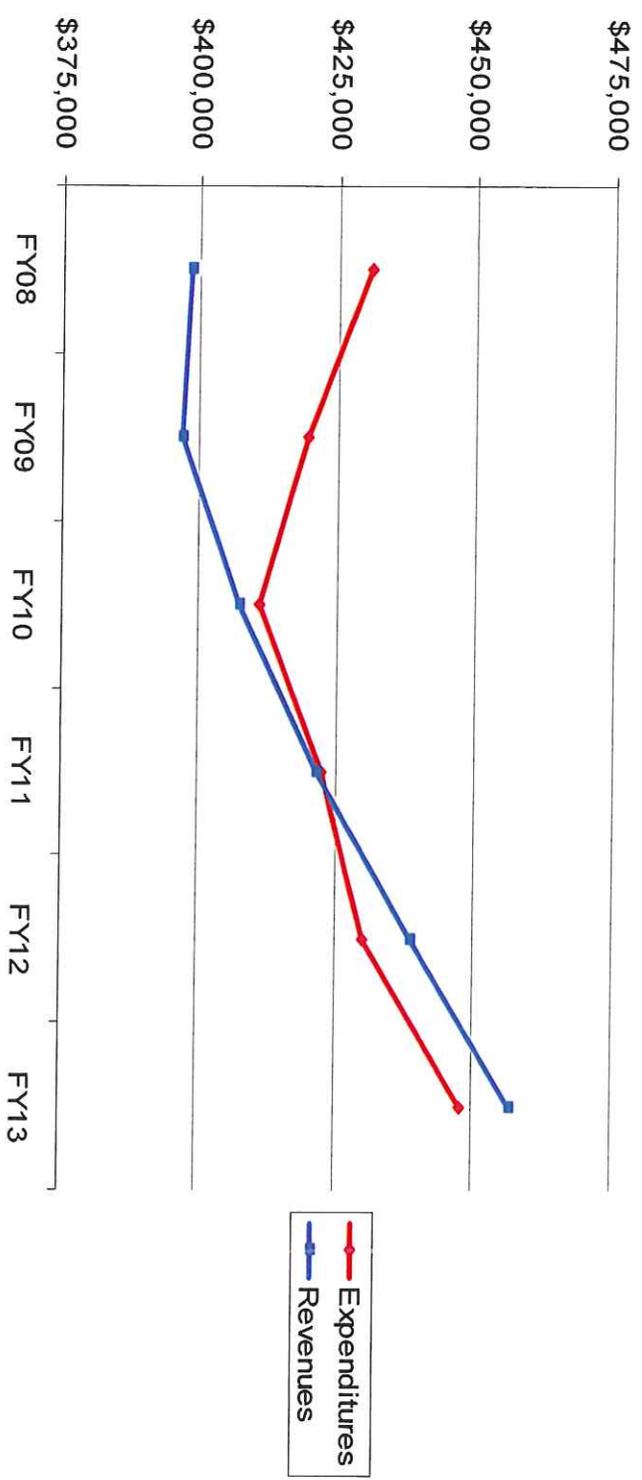
General Fund 5 Year Forecast Base
(in 000s)





Five Year Forecast (cont.)

General Fund 5 Year Forecast Adjusted
(in 000s)





Long-term Fiscal Needs

Beginning in FY2010/11, must hold base operating cost growth to less than revenue growth in order to:

- Restore staffing levels
- Replenish reserves
- Provide for the maintenance of aging and deteriorating facilities
- Fully fund the retiree medical benefit

**PROPOSED FY2008/09 BUDGET - CITY COUNCIL HEARING SCHEDULE
(REVISED AS OF MAY 6, 2008)**

Date	Afternoon Meeting	Evening Meeting
Tuesday, May 6	FY2008/09 Budget Kickoff Proposed Budget Overview	
Tuesday, May 13	Budget Hearing Support Departments (HR, LR, Finance, IT) Transportation	Budget Hearing Development Services Economic Development
Tuesday, May 20	Budget Hearing Code Enforcement General Services Reports Back if Necessary	Budget Hearing Planning Reports Back if Necessary
Tuesday, May 27	Budget Hearing Neighborhood Services Non-Department (JPAs) CIP Overview Reports Back if Necessary	Budget Hearing Convention, Culture and Leisure Library Reports Back if Necessary
Thursday, May 29		Budget Hearing Hold for Hearing if Necessary
Tuesday, June 3	Election Day No Hearing	Election Day No Hearing
Thursday, June 5		Budget Hearing Fire Department Police Department Reports Back if Necessary
Tuesday, June 10	Budget Hearing Parks and Recreation Reports Back if Necessary	Budget Hearing Utilities – Operating Budget, CIP and Rate Hearing Reports Back if Necessary
Thursday, June 12		Budget Hearing Hold for Hearing if Necessary
Tuesday, June 17	Budget Hearing Reports Back if Necessary	Budget Hearing Reports Back if Necessary Budget Adoption
Thursday, June 19		Hold for Budget Adoption if Necessary
Tuesday, June 24	Hold for Budget Adoption if Necessary	

OOPS!

Everybody makes mistakes. But when WE make a mistake everybody knows about it.

On front page of April 18th edition. In the story about the opening of the County Services Center, we somehow managed to identify the Raley's Center as the Ralph's Center. I won't even try to figure out how that happened. The cross streets, however, were correct.

The excellent article on Orangevale Family Medical Clinic (on Page 16) was read by four different people before it was set for print, but one

important error still snuck through. We forgot to tell you where they were located and how to contact them--so here is that information: OFMC is located at 8864 Greenback Lane, Suite B, here in Orangevale, and can be reached at (916) 988-2900. Also Christine has been practicing for 20 years, not 40.

The FFA story about Sarah Morton and Fluffy (on Page 17) suddenly appeared to be greatly shortened. A very well-written summary of FFA history which Sarah prepared for us disappeared. Trust me when I say it will reappear in a reprint of the article in the next edition.

This half of paper from:

Orange Vale's Country Journal, Inc.
8920-B Greenback Lane
Orangevale, Ca. 95662
916-990-9988 5-2-08

(These people can give us all lessons on how to make corrections of OUR mistakes.)

The Good Legislator's Guide

- The best government is one that is open, transparent, and accountable. The best mechanism for protecting the public is to subject the decisions, processes, and procedures of government to the widest possible scrutiny by the people.
- Governments that act in a way deserving of the public trust will keep that trust. All activities of government must be justified, and reviewed on a regular basis to ensure that they are achieving their intended purpose.
- Shortsighted policies today mortgage future generations. Every decision government makes that could greatly impact our children and grandchildren must be carefully considered before their future is damaged beyond redemption.
- Liberties are not easily restored once they are taken away. The greatest care must be taken in creating new laws and regulations.
- The highest ethical standards are expected and non-negotiable. All of us are raised to know right from wrong, and we must not forget these values once we're elected to office. If an action has to be taken or a decision made in secret, it is probably wrong.
- It is not the government's money – it's the people's money. Responsible governments, just like responsible citizens, spend sensibly. Tax dollars should only be spent when the full costs and full benefits to the public are clearly known.

From the Desk of the Honorable Maurice McTigue, Q.S.O.

Vice President

Mercatus Center at George Mason University
3301 North Fairfax Drive, Arlington, VA 22201