

Which Dwarf Now Lives in Eureka? Page 3



On the Job — Our Working Life

Musical Bellhop

By Seabury Gould

The first job I ever had with an actual paycheck was working as a bellhop at a resort hotel in the Poconos in Pennsylvania in the summer of 1971. I was 17.

The owners of the hotel were German. They made a point of having an international staff from various European countries and Japan. I enjoyed very much getting to know people from Finland, France, Ireland, etc.

Most of the guests that came to the hotel were from New York City. As a bellhop, I was one of the first people that newly arriving guests met. I carried suitcases (this was before they had wheels) and took people to their rooms.

The part of my job I disliked the most was how the brochure for Echo Lake Hotel contained falsehoods and inaccuracies. There were no tennis courts, although the brochure spoke of them. It was suggested that we tell the guests that the tennis courts had burned down (!).

Photos of the rooms apparently were taken with a wide-angle lens, as they looked bigger in the brochure than they actually were. I hated being in the position of taking folks to their summer vacation hotel room, which looked too small.

Guests were also sometimes disappointed to realize the hotel was not right on the lake.

Continued on Page 9



Cooking for the Community

There's always something cooking in the Humboldt Senior Resource Center (HSRC) kitchen.

Since the pandemic began, assistant cook Karen Johnston and the rest of the kitchen staff have been whipping up take-home and Home Delivered Meals, currently 1,900 meals for about 380 program participants each week.

"Meals are a daily care package," said Johnston, herself a senior who has worked 14 years at HSRC, "a way of telling them we miss them."

During this National Senior Center month, HSRC's dining centers remain closed during the pandemic, but pick-up meal service continues in Arcata, Eureka and Fortuna. See page 13 for details. René Arché photo.

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HSRC

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About Hope Page 5 Board President
Page II

Grandma, Labor & More Pages 21-22



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TEDtalks: Jacques Cousteau

In 1974, author Studs Terkel, that genial Lecture champion of the common man and woman, wrote "Working," a tribute to how most Americans spend most of their lives.

The book — like working itself — was a search "for daily meaning as well as daily bread, for recognition as well as cash, for astonishment rather than torpor; in short, for a sort of life, rather than a Monday through Friday sort of dying," he wrote.

If work is like dying, it's a slow death people who work 40 hours a week will have spent some 90,000 hours on the job by the time they retire, fully one-third of their lives.

In this month's Senior News, our contributors step up with fascinating stories of their own working past — from working the Kansas alfalfa fields 12 hot and tedious hours a day (page 3) to selling underwear in the men's department (page 9) to teaching high school on the Truk Atoll (now Chuuk Lagoon) in the middle of the Pacific (page 17). And then there's Patty Holbrook's short stint as one of Disneyland's Seven Dwarfs (page 3).

It all makes my job history downright boring.

The first real money I ever made — aside from collecting pennies for those green Coke bottles for refunds, and shoveling snow was as a Boston Globe newspaper boy in the late 1960s. Now, 60 years later, here I am doing pretty much the same thing.

It wasn't for lack of ambition — I wanted to be Jacques Cousteau when I grew up (not Lloyd Bridges). Somehow, I never got there, to my lasting regret.

Still, it is very hard to find anything wrong with a newspaper career (aside from the fact that newspapers are dinosaurs now. Although, so am I . . .). As I always told my journalism students, a press pass is license to exercise your curiosity (or nosiness) and ask nice people things that are none of your damn business.

In the meantime, you meet the most interesting people. On my first day as a cub reporter for the Gloucester Daily Times on the North Shore of Massachusetts, I had four stories in the paper, including one (on page 1, with my own photo) about a replica of Christopher Columbus's Santa Maria visiting Gloucester Harbor. I was hooked.

Locals called the newspaper the GD Times, and it wasn't a compliment, if you get my meaning. Gloucester taught me that a community believes that it owns the local newspaper, and folk aren't shy about telling you when they think you've screwed something up. Stopping in at the neighborhood grocery would always get me an earful.

That's the kind of connection that makes editing this little newspaper such a joy. Senior News readers and contributors see this as their newspaper, and I work for them.

I wouldn't have it any other way. Although I still want to be Jacques Cousteau when I grow up.

> **Ted Pease** is proud to be editor of your Senior News. Give him a piece of your mind: tpease@humsenior.org or 707-443-9747, x1226.

IN THIS ISSUE

OUR WORKING LIFE



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Crossword......22

Susie's Not Your Friend. 23

COMING NEXT MONTH

Fear

My Brief but Glamorous Time as a Famous Disney Dwarf

By Patty Holbrook

It was my lucky day when I landed a job at the Walt Disney Co. in Burbank, California in the late '70s.

I would work in different divisions of the company during my 17-year career there, but my first job was as a secretary for a bunch of writers working on the development of EPCOT at Walt Disney World in Orlando. Every scene or ride at a Disney theme park begins with a script and I typed up a lot of them.

Management wanted all new employees to enjoy "The Disney Experience." I was in a group of secretaries sent to Disneyland for a behind-the-scenes tour before they opened for the

day. After seeing the underground kitchens, the horse stables and Walt Disney's personal apartment over the firehouse, we talked to the maintenance crew that repainted surfaces every night and the technical guys who monitored the audio-animatronics figures and animals.

We ended up in Wardrobe, where we were to be



WHAT'S UP, DOC? Patty Holbrook was Doc (front, third from right) when she and her coworkers got to play the Seven Dwarfs at Disneyland in the 1970s. Submitted photo.

walk-around characters in the park, namely the Seven Dwarfs. I got to be Doc. Wardrobe ladies helped us into padded coats and trousers and big clowntype shoes, a foot longer than mine.

I held a metal bar frame in each hand to support Doc's long arms and padded gloves, which extended about a foot beyond my hands. The huge head was unwieldy and threw me off balance while wearing the big, floppy shoes. This was no walk in the park (pun intended).

After a few practice laps around the room, our escorts led us onto the park grounds. Through the thick rubbery head, I could hear the muffled squeals of excited children as our group emerged from a hidden gate made to look like a tree.

Using the metal rods to hold up my extended arms, and unable to see beneath Doc's nose, I blindly fanned the air, hoping I was patting the head of the little tykes, not hitting them. I could feel small bodies snuggling against my padded trousers beneath my line of vision. Through a tiny hidden mesh screen I could see the mothers whipping

out cameras to snap pictures of their kids with Doc.

Automatically, I smiled for the camera. We want to look good when we're having our picture taken, don't we?

Patty Holbrook, musician, writer, artist and former Disney icon, lives in Eureka.

Working the Alfalfa Fields, the Clothespin Solution

By Roy Grieshaber

Growing up on a small family farm in Kansas, I was not a stranger to work and responsibility. After my sophomore year in college, it seemed logical I should get my first summer job away from the farm and earn some money.

My father helped me land a job at an alfalfa dehydrating plant in a nearby town, a facility that dehydrated chopped alfalfa and produced pellets for animal feed. The job was to drive a 5-ton truck to a field, hook it to a tractor and chopper, fill the truck with chopped alfalfa, return to the plant, dump it, and repeat.

I worked 12-hour night shifts, 6 p.m. until 6 a.m.,

seven days a week. We would get the night off when it rained and the fields were wet.

Staying awake was often hardest the hour before dawn. My solution was a wooden clothespin carried in my pocket that I would clamp on my earlobe when I got sleepy. The pain would keep me awake. When my ear got numb, I moved the clothespin to my nose.

There were three other drivers on my shift who welcomed me and helped me along. Hanging around these older men before and after shifts was an education in obscenities and profanities, although I chose not to incorporate them into my vocabulary.

One woman worked in the office. She was a Rosie the Riveter and had been a welder. She could outdo the men when it came to filthy language and was #@\$%&! proud of it.

I worked this job for two summers and always had summer jobs thereafter. While these jobs were important steps toward my independence, they were also the start of a pattern of prioritizing work and career over pleasure that followed me much of my life.

Roy Grieshaber, 78, of Eureka, is a marketing professional and former small business owner who now enjoys not working.

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Sharing People's Lives — My Best Job Ever

By Malcolm Campbell

"Best job I ever had!" That's a recurring line spoken by Brad Pitt's character and his tank crew in the 2014 World War II movie, "Fury."

Thankfully, I've never had the "best job" of being inside an Army tank during combat, but I have had two other "best jobs" — is that even possible?

I began my best *paying* job in 1977 when I was hired as a UPS driver here in Eureka. That career lasted 30+ years, and although it was a lot of hard work (think Christmas), it was also fulfilling.

A UPS driver on any given day can fill any number of roles, including healthcare provider, Santa elf, a first responder, or the last link in a chain conveying a precious family heirloom.

It was easy to find excitement out on the road each day. I once came upon a motorcycle accident and (much to my boss's dismay) transported the very bloody rider a mile to his friend's house where he could get help and medical attention.

I witnessed a woman being assaulted and pushed from her abuser's pickup truck before he sped away, leaving her slumped in tears. Despite being previously admonished to not transport anyone, I scooped her up and delivered her minutes later to the Fortuna Police Department, where she could receive the help she needed.

I've been met at the front door by a handgun-wielding woman, saying: "I don't answer the door after dark without THIS." Another knock was answered with the door flung wide open by a very naked man, who exclaimed: "OH! I was expecting my brother!" Now figure that out! UPS drivers have



OLD FRIENDS — Hospice volunteer Malcolm Campbell sits and shares talk, laughs — and pie — with one of his patients, Rosebel Lueras, who was also one of his friends. Photo by Sabrina DeLashmutt, courtesy of Hospice of Humboldt.

no shortage of funny, outrageous, heart-warming or heroic stories.

My other "best job" is the one I currently hold as a volunteer with Hospice of Humboldt for the past 13 years. I called my UPS career my actual *paying* job, but this volunteer role is no less rewarding.

As a patient care volunteer, I get the opportunity and the honor of being a companion to a patient near the end of life, and often not so near the end. I've been matched with three different patients who lived 1.5, 2, and 2.5 years on Hospice service.

Hospice is much more about living than it is about dying, and as a patient care volunteer, I get to be present and learn about a precious life of some wonderful people. I've been able to sit with one patient for a few hours on her 107th birthday, enjoyed coffee and pie and vintage TV Westerns with

another, recorded wonderful audio stories told by a delightful patient/ storyteller, and photographed patients surrounded by family members so the family could have a lasting visual record of their loved one.

On four or five occasions, I've had the rare privilege of holding a patient's hand as they took their final breath and left this Earth.

This Hospice of Humboldt volunteer work has brought me experiences, challenges and rewards that I simply could not have found anywhere else. Best job I ever had? Yup, you bet it is.

Malcolm Campbell, 70, of Eureka has been a Hospice of Humboldt volunteer since 2008. For information, call 707-445-8443.



ASK THE DOCTOR

BY JENNIFER HEIDMANN, M.D.

About Hope

"Hope is not a plan." - Atul Gawande, M.D.

Thave been pondering hope recently.

There are so many aspects of life where hope comes into play. Most notably in the past 18 months, the hope has been that the pandemic will wind down. I was so hopeful when vaccines became widely available for COVID-19, but we find that hope fading as cases surge, related to not enough people getting the vaccine (either by choice or in some nations, lack of availability). At the time I am writing this, we have more COVID cases and hospitalizations than any other time in the pandemic.

Hope comes into play when I watch my neighbors battle wildfires and see the eerie smoky sunsets — hope that we still have time to slow the warming of our world and reduce the chance of even worse fires and weather events in the future. This week, a U.N. agency reported that we have limited time to make the changes necessary to save many parts of our planet from becoming uninhabitable to some living creatures, including us. In fact, it is already too late to reverse some of the damage.

In my work, I often have to share difficult news with people about their health. Sometimes it's devastating news. Hope is always in the room with us, and can sometimes be part of what helps people heal or cope with their situation. Hope allows us to work together to get through difficult treatments, and to sharpen our focus on what and who

is important in that person's life as they live with health problems.

Hope is essential. But hope is not enough. Hope gives us a mindset to be engaged with problem-solving and living our lives fully. With that mindset, we need to take the next steps, and insofar as possible have a plan.

For COVID-19, the plan is clear—there are absolutely no politics or opinions involved in it. The plan is to get vaccinated and to mask and distance ourselves from others until enough people get the vaccine. Why? So we don't get the virus or give it to others, and so we do not overwhelm the hospital systems. Some think COVID is no big deal, and hopefully, if you get it, it's not. But many people get very sick, and some people (including children) have long-term problems, and many people have died.

When I drive to work, I think about the environment. We are so dependent on our cars, and certainly going between house calls and clinic and the hospital and other places I see patients, driving is a necessity. But what if we arranged our cities differently? Our days differently? What if we had more accessible and efficient public transportation, and safer bike paths?

Ultimately, every little decision each one of us makes has an impact on the environment. Of course, we hope that things won't get worse, but things will only get better if

Continued on Page 19

111 Docs: 'Get Vaccinated'

Some 111 physicians from across the North Coast are appealing to their patients to stop putting off getting their COVID-19 vaccinations.

"Like you, we dream of a safe, COVID-free future," the doctors write in a letter circulated by the Humboldt-Del Norte County Medical Society. "Please get vaccinated."

"You've trusted us with every other aspect of your health. Please trust us with this. We are not asking you to do anything that we have not already done. Please, for the sake of our community — the young, the old and all the in-betweens — get vaccinated."

The unusual public appeal is aimed at increasing vaccination levels as infections, hospitalizations and deaths from the highly contagious Delta variant of the COVID-19 virus have surged on the North Coast, as throughout the nation.

The latest surge has been called a "pandemic of the unvaccinated," because 99% of new infections, hospitalizations and deaths have been among people who have not gotten their shot.

Only 58% of Humboldt County residents have been vaccinated, according to public health data, and about 41% of Del Norte County residents.

"Nothing is as important as being vaccinated," the doctors write. "We are tired of the suffering, pain and death that can be avoided by getting vaccinated."

To read the full text, including the list of 111 doctors who signed it — from general practitioners to specialists and public health physicians — visit the medical society's website at hdncms.org.

-Ted Pease

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HOMEGROWN BY JULIE FULKERSON

On the Job

'I make up what

I don't know.'

Over the years, my jobs have informed me about honesty, morality, religion, politics, diplomacy, mediation, respect, teamwork, washing my hands and much more.

When people still came to their front doors, I sold cards and seed packets to earn points for a bow and arrow. Egads, what was I thinking? My aunt had one and shot a deer. The bow and arrow fell from my list of desires immediately.

As a babysitter, I loved the responsibility, and learned about negotiating with people smaller and younger, but

very clever. I took care of one clan of five and was never paid by the father, a "reputable" CPA in town. I learned about fair pay for work and value of unions.

At Falor's Drugstore, I practiced counting change in my head, and learned that "bootie" was a euphemism for condom. Don Kolshinski, my co-worker and more recently, the Merry-Go-Round operator, got a kick out of sending men to me for this request. Lots of lessons here and for the rest of my life.

Working under the Trinidad Dock was my favorite teenage experience. I pumped gas, learned to tie salmon hooks with plastic line and hosed fish guts out of rowboats. I learned that work can be dirty and sometimes you must remove your clothes before entering your family home.

When I worked at Seascape, I put up with a fishing captain who ordered his 5 a.m. breakfast saying, "I'd like lamb; a little piece of

ewe." I didn't even get the joke.

I also learned diplomacy. Anna Sparks was a cook. There were customers. I was caught between backroom reality and customer service. Decades later, Anna and I served on the Board of Supervisors, often at opposite ends of the political spectrum.

As a student, I shelved books at the library. This job never ends. Readers take books off shelves,

> scatter them or put them back in the wrong places.
> Fortunately, at a
> very young age I had made up my

own Dewey Decimal System and had labeled all of my own books. I learned I am not a detail person and I make up what I don't know.

One summer, I waited tables at the Colonial Inn, which at the time was owned by Seventh Day Adventists. No alcohol and no meat on the menu, resulting in pitiful tips. I had to share my meager tips with the owners and The Lord.

In graduate school, I returned to the Colonial Inn and made more money than I have since. The owners had a full bar, lobster and steak on the menu. I shared my generous tips with our serving team and ate a free dinner. My co-workers taught me how to find the best part of the lobster that customers left behind.

Julie Fulkerson has worked as employee, employer, consultant and volunteer for over seven decades. Contact: juliefulkerson@mac.com.

Canoes & a Fork in the Road

By Mary Ann Madej

Claudia and Julie giggled as the mud squished between their toes. They squirmed their way into the canoe, which wobbled precariously as they scooted their butts across the hot metal seats.

We all giggled again as I showed them how to heft the smooth ash

paddles. Who would paddle on which side? At first, they haplessly circled in the shallows while I, using just a few straight strokes in my canoe, was already many yards away. I reversed course to give them some hints.



KEEP PADDLING — Mary Ann Madej, in green kayak on the Little River at Moonstone Beach, is still paddling all these years after being a summer camp canoe counselor. Angeline Holtski photo.

The boys had set out earlier to try out their newfound fishing skills, and had long since disappeared into the next cove over, hidden by a wall of pines (probably stripping off their lifejackets as soon as they were out of view).

Claudia yelled at Julie to steer straight. "Remember the J-stroke!" With each stroke, cool water would drip from the paddles onto our arms. Stroke, drip, stroke, drip... we splashed our way into the middle of the lake.

There, I dipped my metal camping cup directly into the lake water for a drink. I offered the girls a sip. What?! Drink unpurified water — was I crazy? Ah, but somehow they were emerging from their shells and took a tentative taste. Cool and silky, without a hint of harsh chlorine. We all eagerly gulped more of this spruce-needle

iced tea.

Paddling back to camp later, we found the muck between our toes was dried and cracked and our T-shirts were sweaty. The boys had beaten us back to shore and the piney smoke alerted us that they had started the campfire. We knew butter-crisped lake

trout would soon entice us (but hopefully not the bears).

And I knew that later, the clear, dark skies would reveal the Milky Way to this group of high school kids from the south side of Chicago. Here in the Boundary Waters of

Minnesota, for two weeks, we would explore what was to them a foreign land of trees, lakes, bugs and croaking frogs.

Little did I know that my 1971 summer job of canoe guiding would lead me (then a French major in college) to a lifelong career in science. I realized that hours in a stuffy language lab perfecting my accent could not compete with the joy of working outdoors (despite sore muscles, sunburn and mosquitoes). I switched my major to geology and built a career as a fluvial geomorphologist, paddling canoes and exploring freshwater ecosystems for decades.

Mary Ann Madej of Arcata still enjoys paddling around local waters and talking "rivers" with anyone who will listen.

What Old Cameras Saw

By Donna Bacon Ulrich

Don't ever tell someone you collect something unless you are prepared to receive one of those (owl, frog, Disney . . .) for every birthday, Christmas and Mother's Day.

We made that mistake once, when,

after receiving an 8x10 view camera that came from my great-uncle's portrait studio in San Jose, we mentioned to a few friends we were collecting old cameras. At first they trickled in, but when folks saw that we were displaying them prominently on a shelf in our dining area, they rolled in.

Agfa, Brownie, Polaroid, Bencini Acromatico and

Koilos became our curses for being photographers with extra space on our shelves. I even have my first camera, a Kodak Instamatic, up there with my name adhered to it with a Dymo Label-Maker sticker so I could tell mine from my twin sister's.

It is fun to look at the worn leather straps and bellows, the incredible variety of lenses through which people once saw and recorded their world and lives. Where have those cameras been? What did they see? Did they survive a soldier's duty in WWII? Or record San Jose residents posing to have their portraits taken by my great-uncle?

Our once-a-year job of dusting those items is a chore we now (grudgingly) accept.

Someday, someone will have to deal with all these cameras. Each time someone asks if we have researched



SMILE FOR THE CAMERA — Donna Ulrich zooms in with a vintage Ansco Sur Shot from the collection of old cameras that line the top of the cabinets in the Ulrichs' kitchen. Ted Pease photo.

the value of the collection, we shrug and ask, "Do you want them?" So far, no takers.

We have no children to pass them on to. Perhaps my niece in Tucson will enjoy them? (Not!) No college tuition will be paid with the cash value of these antiques. But antiques they are. As long as they sit on the shelf in our dining room, we will absorb their collective images they have seen, and we will take them down once a year to dust off those memories.

Donna Bacon Ulrich dusts herself regularly in Trinidad.

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PAINTING THE OCEAN

By Margaret Kellermann

There's Still Life

When French Post-Impressionist artist Paul Cezanne was quite old, he kept painting the same objects in his still-life studies: a few pieces of fruit, a pitcher, a cloth on a rough table.

Down alleyways, boys liked to throw stones and catcall Cezanne on his way to his studio. Reportedly, the older citizens in the South of France where he had retired were just as cruel, but with words, not stones. They told him to leave. It didn't matter. He kept working.

A few things stand out from the true story above:

- 1. No matter that Cezanne kept his color palette and still-life subject matter small. Year after year, he made conscious decisions to buy art supplies and keep a studio. Making art was essential for his life.
- 2. Cezanne made each common object holy with thickly applied layers, the use of light, and striking colors. One reappearing color is "blue, blue, blue" as described by German poet and critic Rainer Maria Rilke. On seeing Cezanne's work for the first time at a Paris exhibit, he wrote over and over about that blue.

During the fall of 1907, Rilke returned almost every day to the exhibit of Cezanne's work, trying to quantify the strange pull it had on him. "For a long time nothing," Rilke wrote his wife in a series of letters about the paintings, "and then suddenly one has the right eyes." These letters, growing more and more ecstatic, were later compiled in a book, "Letters on Cezanne."

3. Haters will hate even beautiful art, though it makes no sense. But I like to think that the boys who had cast stones at the old guy ventured into a Cezanne exhibit, once they had grown up, and realized their great error.

Work is hard, even artwork. There's either not enough work or too much. There's the pressure of figuring out what the world wants to celebrate you for, versus what would make you truly content.

These nagging things try to drag you away from making your real artwork, whose name you know, even if you say you don't. You might run from it, as far as the east from the west. But your true calling waits on the porch swing until you decide to stop flailing around and just come home to it.

There's still life. There are pearlescent moments for an artmaker, as I'm sure Cezanne would tell you, when an afternoon glides by while you're at work on the art you were created to do, and lemons on the table smell sweeter by their slow baking in the sun. On a day like this, the childish have learned to stop hating artists for their differentness. And according to Russian writer Mikhail Bulgakov, "All will be as it should; that is how the world is made."

Margaret Kellermann teaches art through Ferndale Music Company. Find out more at ferndalemusiccompany.com/ lessons.





Tighty Whities — Sears, 1960

By Patti Stammer

"You're a cute little thing," he said, holding up a package of men's briefs.

"Thank you," mumbled my 16-year-old self to my first customer.

I watched his eyes focus on my nametag: "My name is Patti. How may I serve you?" I didn't know what a sleezy leer was at the beginning of my first summer job in 1960, but by the end of August, I had it down.

It never occurred to me to question why Sears would put a young girl in the Men's Department selling underwear. That it was a purposeful decision never entered my mind — even

once — until the last day of work for the summer hires.

"Our department had the top summer sales," spewed our slimy manager.

"A good figure and big blue eyes get a lot of the credit," he said, looking right at me. Then he tried to pat me on the ass.

I was dumb, but I was quick.

Patti Stammer thinks back on life lessons from her home in McKinleyville.

MUSICAL BELLHOP... From Page 1

One had to walk (or drive) about a half-mile to get to the lake.

Fortunately, there was a piano in the lobby. Weekdays were often slow, and I enjoyed playing piano to pass the time.

The greatest joy and pleasure that summer was in the Department of "Expect the Unexpected" when a traveling puppet theatre (three women and one little girl) came to the hotel looking for a gig.

They did a number of enchanting performances, and I fell head over heels in love with one of them. She was beautiful, inspiring, from Albuquerque, and part of Dragons Are Too Seldom Puppet Theatre. I even got along well with her 7-year-old daughter.

She was 25, to my 17. It felt astonishing to be with an "older woman!" We enjoyed magical nights by the lake. I played guitar and sang for her

songs such as "In My Life." She complimented and encouraged me about my music like no one else had up to that point. After our summer romance, she sent me poetry and song lyrics that I set to music, starting a creative process that became part of my life's work.

The hotel also had a weekly talent show in which I performed solo or with Nils from Finland. One of the numbers we performed was "The Weight" by the Band. It was amusing to hear "Take a load off Fanny" with a Finnish accent.

My first job had its share of pros and cons, and it was part of a summer that was musical, magical and inspiring.

Seabury Gould, 67, of Arcata continues to make magic with his music and storytelling.

"Whatever you are, be a good one."

-Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865).



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December 3 & 4, 2021
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Sponsored by Redwood Legacy Team at Morgan Stanley
Bloch's "Concerto Grosso #2"
Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" and Bach's "Double
Concerto" featuring Carson McHaney, Violin



March 4 & 5, 2022
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Sponsored by Coldwell Banker Sellers Realty
La Conga del Fuego Nuevo" by Mexican composer Arturo Márquez
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Dvorak's "D Minor "Symphony #7"



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AGING IS AN ART — BY JOHN HECKEL

Waiting for the Flow

s Humboldt COVID-19 num-Abers reach new heights, we have all once again had to cancel and reschedule events. Family gatherings at favorite local restaurants, shared car trips with friends to the Avenue of the Giants or Moonstone Beach and, of course, local theatre productions have all had to be cancelled or postponed.

Again, we find our worlds made smaller.

Our ongoing relationships with the ever-changing

COVID guidelines teach us that as much as we might prepare for tomorrow's

'The present moment is the total absence all you will ever have.'

events, they can all change with the reading of the morning newspaper. COVID has taught us how to plan for a future, and still be open to the unpredictability of that future.

Again, I find myself waiting.

We assume that waiting is a passive, slightly irritating necessity of life; irritating, yes; passive, no. How often do we hear someone cry out, "I am so tired of waiting!" The exhaustion we feel waiting is an emotional marker, letting us know we are not being passive. Waiting consumes and can often drain our energy.

A good definition of waiting is "the action of staying where one is or delaying action until a particular time or until something else happens." That "action of staying where one is" suggests that waiting is not passive. It is an action, an action that takes and consumes energy. Waiting

is an action that expends energy in order to keep us where we are until a particular time, or until something else happens.

The strange, Beckett-like humor of my having to reschedule and postpone a production of "Waiting for Godot" is not lost on me. Rehearsals spent with others working on "Godot" have been special times devoid of waiting. There is no waiting when in a studio, creating and collaborating with others; there is only the present moment.

> I suggest that of waiting is "flow." Flow is psychologist

Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi's term for "the mental state in which a person performing some activity is fully immersed in a feeling of energized focus, full involvement, and enjoyment in the process of the activity. In essence, flow is characterized by the complete absorption in what one does."

Flow happens when Eckhart Tolle suggests we "realize deeply that the present moment is all you will ever have."

Flow creates energy; waiting drains energy.

Spending more time in flow might just give us the energy we need to wait for tomorrow morning's COVID headlines.

John Heckel, Ph.D., of Eureka is a retired HSU theater and film professor with a doctorate in psychology.

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HSRC News

New HSRC Board President Looks Ahead

By Ted Pease

As Susan Hansen looks ahead to the future needs and challenges for Humboldt County seniors, the new president of the Humboldt Senior Resource Center (HSRC) Board of Directors sees opportunities, and a good reason for optimism even in these trying times.

Her reason for that outlook, she says, is HSRC's dedicated and caring staff. Not only does the staff have a proven track record of rising to challenges in tough times, but they make a real difference in people's lives, Hansen says.

"The staff are the ones who give the HSRC the excellent reputation it enjoys," she said.

Hansen praised the leadership of CEO Melissa Hooven — who joined HSRC "in difficult times," just as the pandemic shutdown was beginning in 2020 — and the rest of the staff who have continued to deliver needed services to seniors during "a pandemic that has been particularly devastating to the very population we serve."

The retired 38-year Humboldt State student services administrator

became HSRC Board president in July. Now in her sixth year on the Board, Hansen will help lead the

agency into its next round of strategic planning for HS-RC's future directions and goal-setting.

"We haven't done a needs assessment for six years, and it's clearly time we do that again," she said. "We need to plan for a future beyond COVID."

The Board plans a retreat this fall to start a "visioning" process to set organizational goals and priorities. "There are two parts to the process — the vision, and then working with Melissa as she and her staff develop a plan of action to address those goals over the next three to five years."

HSRC is also undertaking a survey of Humboldt seniors on their needs and priorities to assist the Board in its planning. See "We Want to Know," page 12. A copy of the survey is inserted in this issue of Senior News.

Other issues on Hansen's radar include the planned growth of Redwood Coast PACE (Program of All-inclusive Care for the Elderly). Last year's opening of new Adult Day Health and Redwood Coast PACE Center in Fortuna means that HSRC can serve more seniors in the Eel River Valley,



Susan Hansen

she noted.

In addition, she said, "Social isolation has only been exacerbated during COVID." However, the past 18 months may also have suggested a remedy, she said. "Perhaps how we deliver services will change — for example, the more extensive use of technology."

HSRC programs are designed

to help seniors remain living independently in their homes and improve their quality of life.

HSRC is also launching a new Behavioral Health program later this year to support the mental health needs of Humboldt County's older adults.

Other issues that the Board may address include affordable housing, transportation for homebound seniors, expanding HSRC services north and south from Eureka, support for caregivers, and other topics that will arise in upcoming discussions.

"HSRC will be important in our community for quite some time," Hansen said. "The demographic statistics about the anticipated numbers of seniors are well known." Hansen says HSRC's job is to communicate with Humboldt's senior population and be responsive to their needs.

Ted Pease is editor of Senior News. To contact HSRC's Board of Directors, email adm@humsenior.org.

Registration Open for 2021 Dementia Care Conference

The Humboldt Senior Resource Center (HSRC) will host a virtual 2021 Dementia Care Conference on Oct. 20 and 21. This community and educational event is open to professionals, caregivers, and anyone interested in learning about dementia.

The theme, "Renewing Care & Connections," acknowledges the unique challenge many caregivers face while caring for someone with a dementia-related condition during the

COVID-19 pandemic. Participants will also have the opportunity to network with other community individuals and organizations that serve the needs of older adults.

The course format will include six sessions presented by local professionals over two half-days. Topics will focus on the pathophysiology behind cognitive decline, and provide information that can be applied to caring for individuals with dementia

both in the home and in professional settings.

A panel-style networking hour is also scheduled. Panelists will discuss where services stand today, programming updates and their perspectives on the future of dementia care in our community.

The full course schedule and registration information can be found at humboldtdcc.org. The Alzheimer's Association is providing continuing

education credit for licensed professionals who participate. Registration is \$45.

If you are caring for an individual with dementia in your home, or if you have been diagnosed or may have dementia, you may qualify for a scholarship. Call 707-443-9747, x3203 for more information.

-Andrea Bruhnke, director of Adult Day Health & Alzheimer's Services, HSRC

Celebrating Senior Centers

By René Arché

September is National Senior Center Month. These past 18 pandemic months have emphasized not only the important role that senior centers play in the lives of older adults, but also how resilient many of these organizations are.

Many senior centers had to shut their doors in March 2020 when the COVID pandemic began, but closing didn't mean that the need for services declined. Seniors became more isolated, unable to benefit from the social, recreational and nutritional benefits of on-site senior center programs.

Many senior centers nationwide adapted to the pandemic by modifying services, providing more home-based programming, and using technology. Seniors were able to pick up weekly meal packages instead of eating in senior dining centers, learned how to socialize via Zoom, and welcomed caregivers into their homes.

It took a pandemic to show how vital senior centers are to the health and well-being of a community. Besides Humboldt Senior Resource Center, several senior centers serve the North Coast, including Del Norte Senior Center in Crescent City, Ferndale Senior Resource Agency, Fortuna Senior Center, Karuk Senior Center in Orleans, Klamath Senior Center, McKinleyville Senior Center and Healy Senior Center in Redway. Each offers unique services and programs.

Don't hesitate to reach out to your local center to see what they offer to help improve your quality of life as you age — you will be glad you did.

René Arché is HSRC's director of Communications & Marketing.





Humboldt Senior Resource Center (HSRC) is planning for the future of older adults in Humboldt County and surrounding areas. We invite you to help us determine what the greatest needs will be in the coming years for seniors in our community.

Please take a few moments to complete the survey found in this issue. When done, please refold where indicated, tape edge where shown and mail to HSRC. Postage is prepaid.

If you prefer to participate in this survey online, please go to **www.humsenior.org** and click on the survey link. You can also complete this survey via phone with an HSRC staff member by calling **707-443-9747 ext. 1267**. If desired, additional comments and input can be emailed to **adm@humsenior.org**.

We thank you in advance for your assistance in shaping the future for older adults in our community.

Eureka 1910 California Street

Are

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September Zoom Activities

Find the description for each Zoom class and a list of supplies that will be used in each class on the Activities Calendar at www.humsenior.org.

For more information contact Tasha Romo, director of Nutrition & Activities at 707-443-9747 x1228 or email tromo@humsenior.org.



MONDAYS: HSRC will be closed Monday, Sept. 6 for Labor Day Holiday

Every	10-11 a.m.	Bingocize ® (pre-registration required)
Every	12:30-1:30 p.m.	Senior Social Hour
Sept. 20	2-3 p.m.	DIY Arts and Crafts with Vanessa
		(1st and 3rd Mondays)
Sept. 13 & 27	2-3 p.m.	Armchair Travel
		(2nd and 4th Mondays)

TUESDAYS

Every Every Every	12:30-1:30 p.m. 3:30-4 p.m. 4-4:30 p.m.	Senior Social Hour Poetry Reading easy listening Open Mic

WEDNESDAYS

Every	12:30-1:30 p.m.	Senior Social Hour
Sept. 1	10-11 a.m.	Bingocize® (pre-registration required
Sept. 1	2-3 p.m.	CalFresh with Lena
Sept. 8	2-3 p.m.	Ask the Expert
Sept. 15	2-3 p.m.	Simple Cooking
Sept. 22	2-3 p.m.	Mixology
	_	

THURSDAYS

Every	12:30-1:30 p.m.	Senior Social Hour
Every	2-3 p.m.	Thursday Trivia

COMMODITIES DISTRIBUTION

Arcata

Eureka

Thursday, Sept. 16, 10:30-11 a.m. Arcata Community Center 321 Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Pkwy. Wednesday, Sept. 15, 10-11:30 a.m. Humboldt Senior Resource Center 1910 California St.

McKinleyville

Thursday, Sept. 16, from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. McKinleyville Family Resource Center, 1944 Central Avenue



Fortuna 3000 Newburg Road

HSRC Programs Are Enrolling

All HSRC programs are open and operating as follows:

Administrative Services: Open as usual, but please call 707-443-9747 before coming to our Eureka campus or Fortuna Center and we will assist you remotely if possible. Our doors are locked, but staff are available for on-site assistance.

Activities Program: Zoom Activities are here! See the calendar at left or at www.humsenior.org. Senior Home Repair is open for Eureka residents. Call the Senior Services Office at 707-443-9747, x1240, for information about Dial-a-Ride tickets. The firewood program has been discontinued. All other activities are suspended.

Adult Day Health & Alzheimer's Services: Staff available by phone. New referrals are being accepted.

MSSP (Multipurpose Senior Services Program): Services continue, but contact with clients is primarily via phone. Staff are available by phone. New referrals welcome.

Redwood Coast PACE: Open in Eureka and Fortuna. New referrals are being accepted.

Senior News: Open as usual. Free copies available at area groceries and businesses. Available online at humsenior.org. Subscriptions, \$25/year. Call 707-443-9747 with credit card info, or mail a check to 1910 California St., Eureka CA 95501.

Nutrition Program: Status of HSRC Nutrition services:

Home Delivered Meals service

continues.

Senior Dining Centers continue to provide take-out meals via weekly drive-by pickup only. Meals are available by **reservation only** for those 60 and older and their spouse. Reservations must be made no later than seven days prior to pick-up day. Call the Senior Dining Center of your choice below for reservations or for questions about menus.

Each package includes a variety of five meals. Pick-up schedules:

Arcata: Arcata Community Center, 321 Martin Luther King Parkway, Wednesdays 11:30 a.m. to 12:15 p.m. Drive to the main entrance on the north side of the building; an Arcata city staff person will direct traffic, and provide directions for those on foot. Reservations: 707-825-2027.

Eureka: 1910 California St., Tuesdays 11:30 a.m. to 12:15 p.m. Enter the parking lot from California Street and staff will direct you. **Reservations:** 707-442-1181.

Fortuna: Gene Lucas Community Center, 3000 Newburg Road, Thursdays from 12-12:30 p.m. in front of the Fortuna Senior Center wing; staff will bring the meals to you. **Reservations:** 707-725-6245.

Information may change without notice. For questions regarding any HSRC program, call **707-443-9747.**

We thank community members for their flexibility during this time as we continue to offer modified services.



Broadway Medical would like to thank the senior centers of Humboldt & Del Norte Counties for continued efforts to keep elders safe & healthy in trying times.

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Lifelong Learning Throughout a Checkered Career

By Terry Uyeki

I was asked several years ago to talk to high school students about program evaluation, which happened to be what I did for a living.

Wanting to introduce myself in a novel way, I presented four descriptions of jobs I had before I was 21. In actuality, these were "three truths and a lie," and I asked them to figure out which was the lie. Can you guess?

- A. Worked on an assembly line in a Folgers coffee plant
 - B. Waitressed in a Japanese restaurant
 - C. Sold jewelry at Sea World of Ohio
 - D. Movie theater concessions

If you guessed B, you were correct (though I have waitressed in a Chinese restaurant). How did I start there and end up as a program evaluator and meeting designer and facilitator? (And what does that even mean?)

On the surface, my employment record looked like a very checkered past. Yet I've always had a skillset that enabled me to land the next job — but not because I had actual experience doing that same job before.

I was a career "Jill of all trades," taking on jobs I had never done before with employers willing to take a leap of faith with me. I rarely had the "content knowledge" required by the new job, but I had skills and experience I could apply, and the chutzpah to jump in and learn new content and jargon.

What did that look like, and what were the skills I carried over from job to job?

As a research assistant for my father, I became a



A SUMMER JOB IN 1971 selling jewelry in the Japanese Village at Sea World of Ohio was just one of the experiences that has enriched Terry Uyeki's (front right) world view. Submitted photo.

technical writer, conducting literature reviews, and writing research papers and grant proposals. I am forever grateful to Dad, whose research focused on toxicity of anti-cancer drugs and insecticides to stem cells. He was a patient teacher and ignited my love for research.

From there, I was hired to write policy white papers and training grants in mental health disciplines for nurses of color. A whole new content area, but I relied on my technical writing skills and the mechanics of proposal writing.

After moving to Colorado, I wrote grant proposals to support programming for at-risk youth — again, a new content area. The mechanics of grant writing were familiar, and I picked up new skillsets — meeting facilitation, and designing and delivering trainings on cultural diversity, and strengthening resilience in youth and families.

After getting a graduate degree in educational psychology, my next three jobs pulled from my expanded skillset: qualitative research, grant writing and fundraising to provide academic support for students of color in STEM majors. I ended up working for a CDC research center on reducing obesity and diabetes through healthy eating and physical activity.

Little did I know that all this would prepare me for the last 10 years of my career. As a program evaluator and group facilitator for the California Center for Rural Policy at Humboldt State, I worked in areas ranging from building broadband infrastructure, water quality in the Klamath Basin, and suicide prevention in tribal communities.

I've been blessed to be supported as a lifelong learner in my checkered career, for no single college degree could have covered all those bases.

Terry Uyeki of McKinleyville is always learning new things.

Why Working Can Be Funny. Sort of.

My first job was in an orange juice factory, but I got canned. Couldn't concentrate.

Then I worked in the woods as a lumberjack, but just couldn't hack it, so they gave me the axe.

Then I became a chef — figured it would add a little spice to my life, but just didn't have the thyme.

I worked in a deli, but any way I sliced it, I

couldn't cut the mustard.

I loved being a musician, but they said I wasn't noteworthy.

As a professional fisherman, I couldn't live on my net income.

So then I got hired at a gym, but they said I wasn't fit for the job.

Managed to land a good job at a pool mainte-

nance outfit, but the work was just too draining.

After many years of trying to find steady work, I finally got a job as a historian, but there was no future in it.

My last job was working at Starbucks, but had to quit — always the same old grind.

So now I'm retired, and I'm perfect for the job.

-The Gadfly

Briefs ...

Choir Needs New Voices

The McKinleyville Community Choir is seeking new voices for our Fall/Holiday season. All voices are welcome (sopranos and basses especially needed). You need not reside in McKinleyville. Carpools are available. Three performances are planned in December. Contact Clare Greene at 831-419-3247 or ccgreene46@gmail.com for details.

Virtual History Tour

Historian Jerry Rohde will guide a virtual tour through the Clarke Museum's 14-foot-tall topographic wall map of Humboldt County, designed by surveyor Jesse Lentell for the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition. Rohde will trace early transportation routes, and revisit the massive 1861 flood on the Klamath. Saturday, Sept. 11, 1 p.m., online only. Visit clarkemuseum.org under "Events" for tickets, \$10-\$20.

Navigating McKinleyville

Humboldt County is looking for community involvement in discussions about how to improve walking and bicycling connections between the center of McKinleyville and destinations to the south. Currently, pedestrians and cyclists must navigate Highway 101 or travel 2.5 miles in the wrong direction to access the Hammond Trail Bridge over the Mad River. For info, email weiss@nrsrcaa.org or visit bit.ly/mckmultimodalproj.

Ivy Pull Volunteers

The North Coast Redwoods District of the California State Parks invites volunteers to join in habitat restoration at Trinidad State Beach on Saturday, Sept. 11, 9 a.m.-noon. Meet at the corner of Stagecoach Road and Anderson Lane in Trinidad. Participants receive one free day pass to Patrick's Point State Park. All ages welcome. Call 707-677-3109 or email katrina.henderson@parks.ca.gov.

Get Connected with an iPad

The Area 1 Agency on Aging (A1AA) has iPads with data plans to loan to qualifying older adults 60 or older, who live alone and have wifi or live within AT&T's service area. Participants must participate in a pre/post survey, show proof of two COVID-19 vaccinations, and attend free iPad Basic Training classes. Call Robert if interested at 707-442-3763, x220.

Beware EBT Scams

The Humboldt County Department of Health and Human Services (DHHS) warns consumers and CalFresh participants to "be very wary of sharing EBT or P-EBT information with anyone." Real government agencies will never request full debit card numbers and PIN information, payment information, or try to sell anything. The only help line to call for CalFresh info is 877-847-3663.







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My Racetrack 'Career'

By Joanne Fornes

What to do when you're 29 and stressed out from an administrative job for Fresno County? You meet a friend for lunch who works for a horse trainer at the Fresno Fairgrounds and seems unbelievably relaxed.

Page 16

Easy. You give up the professional job that so pleased your parents, and sign up for two weeks at the Fresno Fair working as a hot walker, cooling off horses after workouts or races.

Two weeks stretched into 12 years, and I moved to Los Angeles, the apex of West Coast thoroughbred racing in the 1970s and '80s — Hollywood Park, Santa Anita, Del Mar.

My racing "career" evolved from hot walker to groom until I eventually reached the press box at Hollywood Park, a woman thrilled to be around horses, amid men who loved gambling.

L.A. in the '70s was a hotbed of New Age thinking. When information from "the cosmos" told me (a non-gambler) to bet \$5 on a 9-to-4 exacta with two long shots, I did it . . . and won \$1,500! The same press box denizens who were always looking for inside info, to whom I was invisible, suddenly started talking to me for the first time.

At the end of the day, I would take off my shoes, put on running clothes and run barefoot around the grass track. A friend constantly asked about the condition of the track. Anything for an edge.

I enjoyed taking people on tours of the backstretch, sharing where the horses lived, how they trained, including the swimming pool where sore-legged horses could maintain their fitness.

I loved the racetrack for its vitality and compassion — no homelessness here: there was always a tack room or night watchman's job available. People cared for their horses, sometimes more than themselves.

I chronicled some of these stories. One of my favorites was an 84-year-old "pony boy" who stabled two "ponies" (horses that accompany the racers to the gate); trainers supported him by giving him a horse or two.

I met the people no one knew, as well as the famous, from Jack Klugman and Walter Matthau (two regular guys on the backstretch) to Cary Grant — who gave a most uncharacteristic performance by yelling at me (another story, another time).

My final job as a racetracker was as a Girl Friday for an English horse trainer. I'd be at the barn at 8 (grooms, hot walkers, jockeys, exercise riders, trainers, etc., would start at 4 or 5 a.m.). In the afternoon, if our horses raced and I wasn't needed in the office, I'd dress up, sit in the owner's box and watch them race. I had a barn of racehorses and it cost me nothing!

They paid me enough to share a home in L.A. — the most enjoyable "career" I've ever had.

Joanne Fornes, 77, of McKinleyville teaches Pilates for OLLI and (since COVID) via Zoom.

"You have to be odd to be number one."

-Dr. Seuss (1904-1991).

That First-Ever Telegram That Changed My Life

By Bob Fornes

Living in Hawaii in a shared house near a beautiful uncrowded beach in June of 1971, having recently completed my teaching credential, I was planning on substitute teaching until a full-time position would become available. Twenty-seven years old with two years in the Peace Corps in Kenya, this pale white guy was going to work on getting a tan that summer.

Answering a knock on the door, I was handed a telegram. For me! The first and only telegram of my life.

"You have been selected to teach high school on Satawan in the Truk District of Micronesia." Some months earlier, I had written about the requirements, but had been told I needed two years of classroom teaching before qualifying. It seems new federal funding had created an immediate need, and my letter was on file.

Finding Truk and Satawan on the globe was not an easy task. Just a bit north of the equator and a

couple thousand miles west of Hawaii, Satawan was an atoll about a mile-and-a-half long and very thin, with a maximum elevation of about 20 feet at high tide.

Living conditions would be without electricity or running water, in a small, corrugated metal-roofed house. The two-year contract provided round-trip transportation and free rent. This sounded perfect.

The plane had to buzz the runway in Truk to scare off the pigs. From there, a one-day boat ride brought me to my atoll. Bright sky, blue waters, coconut and breadfruit trees shading the land, it was a tropical paradise.

For my first teaching job ever, there was essentially no curriculum; I was to make it up as I went along. The students (about 160) were in dorms and had been selected from neighboring atolls to be honored with attending the regional high school.

Fortunately, the kids were really nice and respected "elders," including me. The only time

reasonable order fell apart was when a heavy rain squall pounded the metal roof, making even shouts inaudible. That was a cue for the kids to begin singing at the top of their lungs. Within a few minutes, the rain would pass.

Island life showed what a small (about 600 residents) group of cooperating people can do in making a cheerful and functioning community. Shared food, group singing, childcare and smiles were the order of the day.

I'm so glad that telegram arrived and I was able to experience such a life.

Now, after many hundreds of years of the good life in the beautiful Pacific, the island might have another 10 or 20 years left of providing a home for homo sapiens. Our climate chaos has no sense of justice for the innocent.

Bob Fornes, 77, a retired chiropractor and OLLI bridge instructor, awaits his next life-changing telegram in McKinleyville.



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Mobile: 707-230-4046 Email: exm@redwoodcrc.org



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What Do I Want to Be?

By John Meyers

I grew up on a ranch in the middle of a forest. Lifelong vocational goals were not a hot topic of discussion in our home.

It was pretty common knowledge that you would do whatever kind of work your dad did, whether that was in the woods, in a lumber mill or for the county road department.

But I believe that careful consideration of options and making informed decisions can make your life a lot easier. Take my own employment history as an example:

Right out of high school, I made a desperate last-minute decision to apply to the Forest Service, and was hired to work on a fire crew. I didn't know anything about being a firefighter and had never considered the possibility before, but what the heck?

So there... my career choice was all made and I stuck with it for 12 years.

Okay, maybe that wasn't the best example of making an informed career decision.

Next, my wife, Sheryl, and I decided to travel for a year or two. We were on the road for a couple of weeks when it dawned on me that this was going to require money. Based on several years of community theater experience, I quickly wrote a two-person melodrama for us to perform to make a few bucks. Voila! a new

career was born. We spent the next six years touring our shows on a feast or famine program.

Maybe that isn't the best example either.

Following that, while I recovered from some heart trouble, I started volunteering at a local agency that supported adults with developmental disabilities. I had no experience in this field and wasn't even aware that it could be a career option, but I needed something to do. That led to a full-time paid position and I spent the next 18 years doing that work.

On reflection, I can now see that this also isn't a good example of planning ahead

Once I retired from that work, I thought it might be fun to write a book. Sheryl and I now have over 20 fiction and nonfiction books that we sell though our own website, and it's obvious that I will never be able to retire fully.

Clearly, I have no idea what I want to be when I grow up. Fortunately, that worked for me, and I've had a really interesting life. My new strategy is, do whatever works.

John Meyers, 72, runs a book business (mosscanyon.com) and looks for new things to do from his home in Trinidad.

"I like work: it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours."

—Jerome Jerome (1859-1927), British writer.

ASK THE DOCTOR ... From Page 5

we plan as a community, a nation, a globe. While not using plastic straws or avoiding unnecessary travel, we should also be voting for people who believe in the threat of global warming, and who want to legislate changes that might allow our grandchildren to have an inhabitable Earth. No matter what side of the political aisle you vote on, the facts are grim, and they are facts. I do hope people will take to heart the gift of information that climate scientists offer. They have given us a trail of good crumbs to follow that will lead us away from heat, fires, extreme weather and our cities being under water.

As for our individual health, and the fact that every human must get sick and die, how can we remain hopeful? As much as our modern healthcare system is broken, it is pretty fantastic what we can offer — lifesaving antibiotics, surgeries, cancer therapies, biologic treatments for autoimmune disease, replacement hips and knees, organ transplants.

What I would encourage as a physician and as a fellow human is that we also take time to plan for our inevitable path of aging (if we are so fortunate). Everyone 18 years and older should prepare advance care directives, naming who should speak for them if they cannot speak for themselves about healthcare decisions. And they should tell their loved ones what their goals are, what makes life worth living for

them, and what they need in way of support in case something happens.

Part of planning is acknowledging that things might happen that we prefer not to think about (illness, death, accidents). Even just starting the conversation and writing down some things that you find important is a start.

I recommend reading "Being Mortal" by Atul Gawande, M.D. It is a lovely book that explores aging and illness, and how to prepare, just in case. To do advance care directives, you can Google that phrase and find lots of online resources, or you can talk to your physician, NP or PA. The Coalition for Compassionate Care of California (coalitionccc.org) is an excellent resource for advance care planning and all sorts of topics related to care throughout the spectrum of life and end of life.

I try to meet each day with hope, even with the staggering data about the challenges we face. Hope works best when paired with common sense. I was raised in the Midwest after all!

Dr. Jennifer Heidmann is medical director and primary care provider at Redwood Coast PACE (707-443-9747). She grew up in Michigan and Wisconsin. This column is opinion and should not be taken as medical advice. Ask your medical provider if you have health questions. Send comments to seniornewseditor@humsenior.

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"I've heard that hard work never killed anyone, but I say why take the chance."

-Ronald Reagan (1911-2004).



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See the new Village video at... https://rcvillage.clubexpress.com/whatisavillage

Self-Employment is Best

By Louise Bacon-Ogden

I was never a "career" person, but I was into jobs! I worked in a dress shop, a mall toy store, waitressed (UGH!), was a telephone operator and a "Polaroid" girl (taking photos to entice sales), sold carpeting, did in-store food demos, worked in a paper mill (and was a "scab" during a strike), and had numerous paper routes. I often did multiple jobs at once. Oh, and I was a single mom.

The best jobs were of my own creation.

At 12, a friend and I made and sold holiday ornaments. It was 50-50 all the way. We each put in some money, bought supplies, made the products and sold them door-to-door. We recorded every transaction and saved to buy more supplies.

By Christmas, we counted all proceeds and split them down the middle. We were both able to buy gifts for our families.

I also made a bit of cash babysitting and shoveling snow. Neither was a favorite, but I liked the cash for pre-teen makeup or treats.

Over the years, I sold Avon (semi

self-employment) and was a top seller.

From home, I did freelance writing, owned a dating service, did commissioned calligraphy and published a newsletter.

In 1990, I moved to Eureka to open Strictly for the Birds, a real live walk-in retail store in Old Town. This was my very best job. I did everything from emptying wastebaskets to ordering and stocking shelves.

As a kid, I loved birds, but only men (or a "crazy" woman like Jane Goodall) would be encouraged to be naturalists or biologists. Birdwatching was nothing but a hobby. I made it a business... a good business!

I regret retiring early but still keep my fingers in the pot. Most recently, I have turned my creativity to paper. I do art and have shown my work in galleries and businesses in the area. And I have taught classes on birds and art via Zoom. I give walks, talks and lectures on wild birds. Sometimes, I even get paid.

Louise Bacon-Ogden stays busy at home in Eureka.

Book to Benefit Animal Shelters

Trinidad author Glory Ralston and her sister, illustrator Reta Austin of Reno, have combined to create "Hope and Joy: A Dog's Story and Coloring Book" to benefit animal shelters in the areas where they live.

"It's the story of a dog living in the animal shelter who wants, more than anything else, to find a person of his own, someone who will take him home with them, someone he can love and play with and protect," the authors said.

Ralston said she was inspired to create the story after hearing the

plight of abandoned dogs during the pandemic, and once restrictions started to ease.

Proceeds will support animal shelters in Humboldt and Washoe County, Nevada.

"I don't think there is a specific age group for this book," Ralston said. "Maybe somewhere between 3 years old and 100. Most everyone likes a dog story."

"Hope and Joy" is available at Murphy's in Trinidad, Blake's Books in McKinleyville and on Amazon.

Letters to the Editor

Guilty Conscience?

To the Editor:

What does John Heckel know about the Life Care Humboldt retirement home project that would trigger his guilty conscience for supporting it? ["Guilty Privilege," August Senior News, page 10] Revealing a source of guilt is always uncomfortable, but it's the first step in edging toward contrition.

One must assume that Mr. Heckel's guilt stems from the millions of dollars in public funding, infrastructure subsidies and public ancillary services required to build and operate an exclusive retirement "resort" while 80% of Humboldt County's nursing home residents are being "Schlomoed" in notoriously underfunded and understaffed Brius facilities. Clearly, every potential public dollar is desperately needed to provide adequate in-home care services, where Humboldt County's elderly retirees can live longer, happier lives, and to fund public nursing homes that provide proper care for everyone.

Maybe Humboldt County's current generation of public servants, administrators, directors and managers will honor their constitutional oaths to "promote the General Welfare" — where our past bureaucrats have so completely failed — by vociferously advocating for safe, fully funded public facilities (which they, too, will soon require).

Transferring public wealth to serve the sensibilities of a few wealthy retirees and elite pensionaries is an ancient process that was taking place long before the Vikings demanded "tribute" from quiescent Slovenians — forever gifting future civilizations with the term "slave." As George Orwell wryly observed, "... one thing which enlightened people (the 'official class') seldom or never possess ... is a sense of responsibility ... our standard of living, and hence our 'enlightenment' demands that the robbery shall continue."

George Clark, Eureka

When I'm a Grandma

To the Editor:

I just had to write to say how much I LOVED Patti Stammer's story about her perfect day at the fair with her granddaughter ["Grandma's Perfect Day," August Senior News, page 1].

I was that girl when my grandmother would take me to the Minnesota State Fair back in the late 1980s. Poor Nana. I know it was hard for her, but I was 6 and it was a cotton candy dream for me. When I am a grandmother, I hope I will put up with the noise and the heat, too, and remember what a perfect day with Grandma means to a little girl.

PS: I'm just 40, but happened to pick up a copy of Senior News at the Co-op. What a wonderful little newspaper! Thank you.

Jasmine Fallon, Arcata

My Changing Diet

To the Editor:

Re. Dr. Jennifer Heidmann's column on healthy eating ["What's on My Plate?" August Senior News, page 5].

One of the great challenges I have come up to is getting enough food to keep this body going. When I retired in 2006, I weighed 170 pounds. Now I weigh about 118. Yes, I was overweight, but now at 78 I am downright skinny.

I have been a lacto ovo vegetarian since 1976 when I was in grad school. In 2007, I was diagnosed with Lyme disease. Then I became gluten intolerant, so my diet suddenly became very limited.

In 2012, I developed a heart infection and ended up with a leaky heart valve. That limited the amount of energy I have for cooking. The days of making bean soups with lots of veggies are over — I cannot stand on my feet for that long.

So my husband and I are limited to mostly take-out from North Coast Co-op. When you talk about cheap junk food, that is not happening, but even organic take-out from the Co-op does not meet the standards I had when I cooked everything from scratch with subtle flavors.

Today, I will probably eat fresh mozzarella and fruit and Icelandic yoghurt for breakfast along with medicinal herbal green tea. I leave some brie out on the counter to grab if I get hungry. For dinner, I will either have a salad with tofu, cheese and beans in it, or veggies, tofu and beans with basmati rice from the Co-op Hot Bar, along with medicinal tea and a glass of milk with some chocolate for dessert.

Now I eat because I have to take an enormous number of pills daily. I have a feeling that this happens to many seniors. I contacted the senior lunch program, but they apparently do not deal with special diets.

Being a vegetarian is easy compared to dealing with a gluten-free diet. Not sure what will happen when I can no longer drive and/or live independently. Thanks for listening.

Kathleen Pelley, Eureka

Remember to Vote!

To the Editor:

The committee that organized a celebration of the 101st anniversary of passage of the 19th Amendment (Nancy Kay, Judith Stoffer and Kay Escarda) was so sad to have to cancel the Celebrate the Vote event at the Gazebo on Aug. 14 because of the COVID-19 Delta spike in Humboldt County. [See "The Women's Vote at

101," August Senior News, page 6.]

So many people worked long and hard to prepare for the day, and we wish to thank them for their efforts.

Voting is the bedrock of a democracy. These are perilous times. Don't take it for granted. So VOTE, each and every time!

Kay Escarda, Eureka

Letters to the Editor Policy: Senior News welcomes letters to the editor. To be considered for publication, letters should be received by the 12th of the month, must not exceed 300 words, and may be edited for space. Submissions must include the writer's full name, mailing address, phone number and e-mail address. Senior News reserves the right to reject any letter. The same requirements apply to those interested in submitting longer commentary columns (up to 400 words). Mail to Senior News, 1910 California Street, Eureka, CA 95501 or E-mail tpease@humsenior.org.

Another Letter to the Editor

This Year, a 'Labor' of Love

To the Editor:

This year's celebration of Labor Day marks the 127th anniversary since Congress declared it a national holiday in 1894. Labor Day celebrates our American labor force and is dedicated to the economic and social prosperity of our workers.

A quick look at the word "labor" finds it to be both noun and verb. As a noun, it means "a toil resulting in weariness; a laborious toil." As a verb, it speaks of "growing weary from toiling; also to contend with a person."

As a nation, we just celebrated the 245th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, establishing us as a Republic OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE. At that time, in 1776, all along the East Coast, men and women were engaged in "labor," toiling physically, mentally, emotionally and, perhaps, spiritually, to unite the 13 loose-knit colonies into a new form of government never experienced theretofore.

These were not perfect individuals. Some were Christian, some atheists, agnostics, deists, slaveholders. Nevertheless, as they "labored," personal convictions, thoughts, agendas were subjected to accomplishing "the greater good."

Fast-forward to 2021. Once again we have men and women "laboring" — toiling, exerting energy in government. In this "laboring," we find

individuals "doing that which is right in their own eyes." This activity began with a few small steps in the early 1960s that have taken our nation far afield from what the Founding Fathers designed.

This "laboring" is JACK HAM-MERING to pieces the very foundation America is built upon. If you have not seen this happening, either you just arrived on the planet, or you're an ostrich. In November 2022, we have an opportunity to begin unplugging the jackhammers. Our vote can do this! It is your responsibility. Make your vote a "Labor of Love" for your country.

William Shreeve, Eureka

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Crossword Puzzle Puns of the Year by Gary Larson Edited by David Steinberg 15 ACROSS 53 One of 12, in recovery 16 Beds before cribs? Mark from a wound Job for a body shop "Friends" friend ... or supreme Transmission concern Failed firework 10 Donkey Football Hall-of-Famer Dawson 21 13 Mythology and such Luxury hotel chain, and a hint to 23 "So glad the week is almost done!" 14 Come about the phonetic "changes" in the Cause for concern 22 26 15 Man in "The Matrix" starred clues' answers "Wasn't me," quaintly *Seasoning for the Christmas turkey? 62 28 Most frequent letters in "lolli 27 Like expressionless eyes 18 Thieves' place 29 Give the power to Word after "black" or "photo" 19 Ready to film, say 32 Like someone who may read braille 31 32 33 20 ___ gras Widespread 33 Fluffy boot brand 21 White rice's lack 36 Stain, as cloth King whose youngest daughter 22 Pointless to discuss Rush hour sounds was Cordelia *Part in a play put on at the end of 39 40 44 45 67 Some signable files Listening devices? the school year? **DOWN** Bothered Leave surreptitiously 28 Protrudes 39 With intensity 30 Lead singer, often Gaming device 40 Huge Forger's domain 31 Oktoberfest souvenir Finally left alone 32 Rap's ___ Rhymes Coral ridge Makes harmonious 34 Two, in Toledo Disgruntled diner's decision 53 45 Exploits Yellowish shade 35 *Halloween costume, e.g.? Little troublemaker Yes, in Yokohama Cold and slick 59 Chromosome component "Bland" color Total Commercial salesperson 62 63 Before, poetically 64 42 Kind of fork Scrapes the peel of Italian football club in a fashion hub 10 Mobile operating system with a 55 Diamond cover 65 66 67 Go in circles, literally robot logo 58 Watch chain *Condition after hours of lolling in 11 "For more information," in a 59 -trick pony the sun? dictionary 60 Exploit Crossword answers are on page 23 Web location 12 Fourteen-line poems Nickname within "president"

Susie Is Not Your Friend

By Ted Pease

I got another friendly call from Susie this morning. Sometimes it's my good buddy Jack.

They call once every 10 days or so and leave messages on my voicemail. They're worried that my vehicle warranty is about to expire.

Today, calling from Tremaine, Tennessee, Susie was all chatty. She said it's the perfect time to renew my warranty and pick up a nice discount. "Just push 5." The last time she called, though, from Petaluma, she said terrible things could happen if I didn't push 9 right away.

Susie and Jack are scammers. I don't have a vehicle warranty. If I did push 5 or 9 or whatever, they'd know they had a live mark, and pretty soon actual humans would the pressure to send money would escalate.

Thousands and thousands and thousands of us fall for these scams every year. Sometimes we just answer the phone when it rings without thinking, "Hey, I don't know anybody from Bakersfield." The next thing you know, you're sending cash to bail out a nephew you don't have, or to keep your nonexistent vehicle warranty from expiring.

It happens every day. Just a couple of weeks ago, a woman from Arcata posted this on Nextdoor.com: "Hi. I just got a phone call from a woman in someplace it was very busy around her and she said she was calling from Medicare."

The caller wanted to "confirm" her mailing address, medical conditions and other info. When the Arcata woman refused, the caller hung up, which "made me suspect hanky panky."

Smart lady. This obviously happens to a lot of us. Within 24 hours, she had 39 comments on Nextdoor from others with similar experiences.

Anyone is fair game to scammers, of course, but seniors are their No. 1 target, the FBI says. "Seniors are often targeted because they tend to be trusting and polite," the FBI's website

Many of these crimes are unreported, but the FBI puts the number at "millions of elderly Americans." Nationwide, the costs may exceed \$3 billion/year.

Here in Humboldt County, Adult Protective Services investigated 111 reported cases of alleged financial exploitation against seniors last year. Scams include prepaid debit and gift cards [see Pat Bitton, "Ho Ho Ho! 'Tis the Season for Scammers," Senior News, December 2020, page 20], phone and email solicitations and other approaches that lull the trusting and unwary to open their bankbooks.

Social Security, Medicare and other official agencies do their business by mail. If you want to follow up, call the official agency phone number.

So if you get a call from Susie or Jack, don't pick up. Or do as the Arcata woman did — just hang up.

Search for "scams" at these sites to learn how to deter crooks and con-

- National Council on Aging: ncoa.org.
 - FBI: fbi.gov.
- California Attorney General: oag.ca.gov.
- California Department of Aging: aging.ca.gov.
- Association of Certified Fraud Examiners: acfe.com.

Ted Pease is editor of Senior News.

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Play the **Crossword Puzzle**

on page 22

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You Can Be in Senior News

- OCTOBER Oct. 14 is National Face Your Fears Day, and Senior News will face its own fear of empty pages and no readers by inviting you to share what scares you, now or as a child. Spiders? Climate change? Let's face 'em and erase 'em.
- **NOVEMBER** Calling all bibliophiles! Readers, writers, publishers, librarians and booksellers. This month, let's wallow in our love of books and the written word. What makes you writers write and you readers read? What's that magic scent in the stacks of libraries and bookstores? Contact SN editor Ted Pease: tpease@humsenior.org, or call 707-443-9747, x1226.

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- We will have both cottages and apartments
- If someone needs additional assistance or memory support there would be additional costs.
- We want LCH to reflect our Humboldt values of self-reliance, independence, and community.

How Do Life Plan Fees Work?

Life Care Humboldt (LCH) is now moving into the BUILDING stage, an exciting moment in our development. This is where we will raise money to buy the land, design the facility, and set up construction loans.

Without knowing the exact cost of the land and buildings we can't provide hard numbers yet. But we can share realistic information about our goals and the way Life Plan fees work.

Most non-profit Life Plan communities are based on the idea that you join with an entry fee of several hundred thousand dollars: this cost is usually covered by the proceeds of the sale of your existing home. Life Plan homes usually offer a range of price points to join. With a larger buy-in, you can get a percentage of the entry fee back, no matter how you leave the community. The next person that follows you replaces that operating capital and those entry fees continue to support the facility and improvements over time.

Our research shows that 75% of Humboldt seniors own their own homes. Life Care Humboldt is planning to align our entry fees with the average resale value of local homes. The amount you pay for your fees is based on the square footage of the home you choose.

LCH is working with our architects to offer a range of home sizes. We want both smaller more affordable homes as well as larger places. All would be customizable if the resident wants particular features. Phase One of construction will start with 80 living spaces (a 60/40 ratio of cottages to apartments) and 24 memory care spaces.

Residents also pay a monthly fee for meals and other things like maintenance, housekeeping, activities, fitness facilities and classes, utilities, staff, and transportation. We plan on including a medical care support element, which will help people negotiate the increasingly complex world of health care.

LCH will help with obtaining any needed in-home care, lessening the stress of arranging for help on your own. Having a central location like LCH makes it possible to have easier access to in-home care services. Residents can stay close to an ailing partner, with experienced support, and still be part of the active LCH community. Also LCH residents who move from independent living to assisted or memory care will see a cost of care at 25% less then market rate outside of LCH. Once you join our Life Plan community, you will not be turned out if your financial support gives out.

Life Care Humboldt is not a project funded by a large corporation; this is a local nonprofit, locally funded. Our volunteers and board members are people you know who have been part of this community for many years. LCH will reflect Humboldt Country with all our quirkiness, creativity, and love of this beautiful place. JOIN US!

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