



Happy 76th Birthday!

Radder, Shirley
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Tree at Council & York



The "PIP"



Parque Independent Press

January 2011

I'm so pumped! Why?

Myron and I were out on a walk admiring the fall foliage, spiders building a web, picked up our mail and saw signs of activity at the Social Hall. We thought it was probably the group getting ready for the holiday party. Wrong. It was "strange man with cousins" (who, by the way, introduced himself as Steve Brown) and his dad, Harold, installing a state-of-the-art communication system.

An overhead projector, four independent wireless microphones and a lockable stereo cupboard. Now we will be able to do presentations on the large screen....as well as videos at retirement functions and anniversaries. .



Steve on ladder & Harold by screen

This PIP does not have the narrative Board minutes in it as I wanted to get it published this week. If I have enough information for another newsletter, I'll put out a January #2 issue!

In the meantime, the Staff of the PIP wishes you all have a Happy Holiday Season and a Great New Year.



Harold & Steve Brown

The equipment has been provided/paid for by the Recreation Committee but all of the work is being done by Sterling Communications (Harold Brown). Wow! I'm so excited!

When you see either Harold or Steve, be sure and thank them.

The PIP is an independent monthly publication. Articles for inclusion should be submitted by 5 p.m. of the Monday following the Board Meeting. Subscription rate is \$12.00/year or \$20.00/year mailed. Editor: Shirley Radder (radder@lemoorenet.com) Circulation Editor: Florence Gustafson.

Masonic Family Information



Youth Groups

DeMolay – Jan 13 & 27 at 7:00 p.m.

Job's Daughters – Jan 8 & 26 at 7:00 p.m.

Rainbow for Girls – Jan 6 & 20 at 7:00 p.m.

Masonic Lodges

Confidence Jan 3 7:30

Paideia Jan 3 & 17 – 6 pm.

SCSLV Jan 4 dinner - 6:30 p.m.
Jan 18 – lodge activity

Eastern Star:

Jan 9 – 1 p.m. WGM/WGP OV Salinas MC

SC Redwoods 7:30 meetings

Jan 10 – Obligation

Jan 24 – 6:30 dinner Honor 25/50 yr. members

Wild Lily 7:30 meetings

Jan 19 - Obligation

Electa Circle Holiday Party

An Old Fashioned Holiday was the theme for the annual Electa Circle Holiday dinner held on Sunday, December 5 at the Masonic Temple in Santa Cruz. President Virginia Williams chaired the entire event with Howard & Patsy Benfield in charge of the decorations and room set up. Tables were decorated with poinsettias surrounded by popcorn and cranberries. Individual teeny edible Christmas trees were at

each place setting (even though the forks and spoons were originally switched!).

Our chief cook, Sondra Ziegler, didn't let us down as she dished up turkey, mashed potatoes, yams, ham, dressing, peas and cranberry salad. Charlotte Hoffman ensured there were a variety of desserts (cakes, cookies, pies) donated by members.

There was a huge display of bazaar items for extremely reasonable prices and about 30 attendees won door prizes. Nearly 70 meals were served and if you wanted away hungry, it was your own fault.

Fractured Carols

Listen very closely when kids sing Christmas carols,
This is what you just might hear!

Deck the Halls with Buddy Holly

We three kings of porridge and tar
On the 1st day of Christmas my tulip gave to me
Later on we'll perspire, as we dream by the fire.

He's makin' a list, chicken and rice.

Noel. Noel, Barney's the king of Israel.

With the jelly toast proclaim

Olive, the other reindeer.

Frosty the Snowman is a ferret elf, I say

Sleep in heavenly peas

In the meadow we can build a snowman,

Then pretend that he is sparse and brown

You'll go down in Listerine

Oh, what fun it is to ride with one horse, soap
and hay

O come, froggy faithful

You'll tell Carol, "Be a skunk, I require"

Good tidings we bring to you and your kid

Annual Lighting of the Bridge

More than 25 people, ranging from toddlers to seasoned adults, (and some 4-legged friends) gathered at the covered bridge on Sunday, November 28 at 1 p.m. to help string 7 rolls of 200 lights on the inside of the bridge. This event was organized by Sue Lovelace and "sponsored" so to speak, by the Recreation Committee. Shirley Moore provided (with recreation monies) Costco Christmas cookies (5 varieties....I tried 3 and they were delish!), 5 different flavors of tea and hot cocoa with marshmallows for topping. Some of those participating included families: Stumpf, Moore, Hoffman, Lovelace, Swanson, Millers as well as Bob Morgan and Dan McDonald. Several "supervisors" stood around and directed the workers. Isn't that always the way?

When you drive through, notice how Sue was able to figure out, within inches, where the end of those 1400 lights would be. It's almost a perfect match.

Dick and Sue loaned their balloon blowup snow scene which added character to the event and lights were hung to holiday music playing in the background.

Thank you Recreation Committee and especially Sue Lovelace for running this affair.



Shirley Moore & Debbie Miller



Dick & Sue Lovelace



Finished Product....Merry Christmas!

Visit with Juana – (wife of Eduardo)

By Eddi Brown

I received a letter from Juana on Friday, the day after Thanksgiving. She was happy to let me know that my security clearance was complete and I could come to visit her.

She is at the Eloy Immigration Detention Center in Arizona, which is about 1 hour from our house. I headed down to see her on Sunday morning. I had no idea what to expect – would Juana even remember who I was? What would we talk about?

I had called the center before driving down and knew that I would need 2 forms of ID and could not bring anything inside with me. I arrived at the center and filled out the necessary paperwork. I was given a visitor number the officer filed my ID and keys at the front desk. I went through the security checkpoint similar to an airport screening. My underwire bra set off the metal detector and I had to wait for a female officer to confirm it was just my bra. While I was waiting I noticed another visitor inserting money into a “money card” machine. I asked her what it was for and she said they have vending machines in the visiting area that don’t accept cash and you need a card to purchase snacks. She explained that you can buy soda, ice cream or candy for the detainees – she explained that it’s a treat for them as they don’t get those items. I asked the officer if I could return to my car for some cash for the card – of course I had to go through the security clearance all over again..... But what kind of visitor would I be if I couldn’t buy Juana an ice cream?



I later found out that the visiting room only holds a limited amount of people and they

have to wait until some leave before they can let more enter. I found out from Juana that she was in a similar waiting room on the other side. After about one hour Juana’s name was called and I was allowed in.

I wasn’t sure what to expect in the visitor area. I was pleasantly surprised when I got inside. The room was about ½ the size of our social hall. Juana was already seated at a table waiting for me. When she saw me enter she waved me over – we hugged and she was a little teary eyed. She said I was her 1st visitor at Eloy and she was very excited to see a familiar face from Paradise Park! We shared a table with another detainee that was waiting for her guest to come through. In all there were probably about 50-60 people in the room (lots of them children) and there was one officer sitting in the front near the vending machines. We were able to have a nice private conversation. I asked if she felt safe in the facility and she does. She said she just minds her own business and doesn’t get involved with the gossip. I asked about her daily activities. She said she works there 5 days a week and often volunteers for weekend work as well. She said a lot of the detainees just sit in their rooms all day but she likes to stay busy as it makes the day go faster. I asked if there was compensation for her work and she said they pay her \$1 per day and it goes into an account that she can spend at the commissary. I asked what kind of things she could buy and she explained that they sell stamps, phone cards, clothing items and food (things like soda, candy & ice cream) She told me the long johns that she was wearing under her uniform were from the commissary. The uniforms resemble medical scrubs and the long johns add extra warmth. I asked if we can send her anything such as books, magazines or stamps. She said no – envelopes are opened and all they get are the card or letter – anything else is removed. She said one of her friends had purchased a radio at the commissary and gave it to Juana when she left. She really appreciated that.

I asked about her accommodations. She said each building houses 50 people. There is a main area in the center and then 25 rooms around the perimeter of the building – each room houses 2 detainees. Everyone at the center is there on immigration issues. She told me that she decorated the wall next to her bed

with the photos and cards that she receives. She said that Florence sends her cute cards with puppies on the front. She tapes them all on her wall. She said everyone thinks she has the nicest walls!

She asked about people from Paradise Park and I filled her in where I could. I think she knows more people in the park than I do! She wanted to know the “news” in the park. I told her about Ted Keller and his broken leg. I mentioned that Alcinda was attending Beauty School. We talked about the flooding in the park last winter. She reminisced about the baby shower that was thrown for her when she was pregnant with Edgar. She asked me to tell everyone that she said hello. She misses her “Angels” in the park. I told her I would not be back to California until sometime in January – but I told her I would send a message. With that she asked if Myron still tells the news on his website – she remembered when Eduardo was in the hospital Myron posted a picture of him and let everyone know how he was doing. She thought that was very nice. I told her I was sure we could get the word out that she misses everyone! I told her we would plan the biggest party in PPMC history when she returns! It was very refreshing to hear someone talk about Paradise Park the way she did – it reminded me of how lucky we are to live there!

Two hours had passed (and I was worried we wouldn’t have enough to talk about!) She gave me a hug goodbye and then gave me 3 more to give to Eduardo, America and Edgar when I return to the park.

I told her I would be back in 2 weeks for another visit. From what I understand her case is in “Appeal” limbo. If anyone would like to send her a card the address is:

Juana Negrete Ramirez
 A# 79-355-559 D403
 Eloy Detention Center
 1705 E. Hanna Road
 Eloy, AZ 85131



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Recently, Dan MacDonald's furnace was not working correctly so he asked our resident furnace man, Linden Swanson, if he could determine what the problem was. Upon checking the thermostat, Linden found it was bad and replaced it.

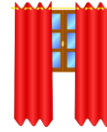
Linden then noticed the flame on the burner was very weak and asked if there were other gas appliances whose flames were not responding the way they should. Sure enough, the flame on the stove was also low. Linden realized that there was also a problem in the regulator on the propane tank and advised the MacDonald's to contact their propane company.

Since the following day was Thanksgiving and some of the coldest days of the year, the MacDonald's continued to run their heater. On Friday, the MacDonald's woke to a very smoky house. They were advised to turn the heater off and wait until the propane regulator could be replaced. Late in the afternoon, the propane company service people replaced the faulty regulator and proceeded with their safety check of the gas appliances.



On checking the wall heater, the technician observed a flame shooting sideways from the furnace towards the wall. Linden removed the burner and found it plugged with soot. This was caused by the improper gas pressure created the faulty propane tank regulator. The burner was cleaned, reinstalled, and checked. The "smokey house" was caused by the burner flame scorching the wall to which the furnace is mounted. What could have been a real tragedy was averted due to the faulty thermostat. Bottom line, if something doesn't look right regarding your gas stove or furnace, have it immediately checked by your gas company

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The following was contributed by my friend, Betty, a kindergarten teacher, on a report of a holiday party she attended:

"We played one game – 'Guess the Christmas Song' by the first letter of each word in the title. 'JB' would be Jingle Bells, 'SN' would be Silent Night and so on. Well - one of the songs on the list had the initials WCIS. (What Child Is This?) One teacher said, 'Oh, I know what this one is. It's WHOSE Child Is This.' She was absolutely serious. We all were all laughing - saying things like 'oh, that's the Jerry Springer version!'"

Notes from the Men's Club

The latest meeting of the PPMC Men's Club found us enjoying the food, knowledge and wit of Brother Paul Dangreau. Paul and his wife Cheryl prepared a delicious meal consisting of green salad, meatball hoagies, creampuffs for dessert, and of course snacks and beverages of all sorts. And, as if that wasn't enough for them to provide, Paul was our featured speaker and put on a very insightful lecture recounting the history of Monterey and its famous harbor.

As for matters of ongoing business, President George Turegano led the discussion regarding our next Valentine's Dinner for the ladies in the Park, and our sponsorship of the visit of the Grand Master to the Park this summer. The club is also developing a plan which will hopefully increase attendance at our monthly gatherings, including the creation of a database that has our members' phone numbers for the use of our calling volunteers, addresses so we can send out flyers each month, and email addresses so we can make last minute announcements.

To those Brothers who are usually in the Park at noon on the first Wednesday of each month, we cordially invite you to join us for Good Food, Good Fun, and Good Fellowship. Hope to see you there next month.



Recently Dorothy Jelsick fell and I was unable to help set her right. Our neighbors, Jim and Peggy Langford, came right over, helped me with Dorothy, carried in my groceries and even put them away. I wanted to let them know how much I appreciate their help and wanted to publicly thank them.

Stretch Lentfer

Wow! Big Excitement on The Royal Arch (north end)!

Charlotte Hoffman (#345) heard some commotion outside and called to Ray who observed an erratic driver driving into a tree...yes, you read correctly,...into a camellia tree at the Ziegenfuss (#340)/Williams allotment (#346). The young man was stuck, tried to get his car out of the mud and asked Ray (who had gone out to investigate), to help him. When Ray asked him who he was and whether or not he lived in the Park, the young man replied that he was a friend of Zack Jacobsen's (#321).

Ray asked the driver to unlock the passenger door and when he did, Ray reached in and grabbed his car keys. In the meantime, Dan Hanson (#338) was out walking his dog, observed the driver's behavior, and called the police.

When Don and I (#343) finally realized what was going on, the police had arrived and had the young man in the back of the police car. The tow truck arrived, drove the car up onto the back of the truck and drove off into the night. Needless to say, it appeared the young man had a few too many....please note the bottle of booze on the top of his car....



Car on way to impound lot.



THE SIGHTS, SOUNDS, AND SMELLS OF CHRISTMAS by JR Bishop

The older I get, the more I realize that Christmas is for kids, the presents and anticipation that is. When we are older, we realize we don't need much new stuff, and if we really did, we would go out and buy it, if we were able..

As a kid, Christmas to me meant presents, no school, and much time outside with friends. Presents were school shoes, a new warm jacket, not a hand me down and usually a game or toy.

Us four brothers shared a Lionel train yearly, under the direction of the oldest brother. Today's kids receive some electrical gadget, a cell phone, iPod or some object which is state of the art. Everybody enjoys a gift card or real cash, and either one, or both, guarantees that you're a good Santa.

I remember the first winter snows back in Chicago, when everything was covered with a glistening white blanket. We went outside to find that snowballs were at their best and we looked forward to sliding or ice skating. It didn't take long for the sand, salt and ashes, which were put on the street, so traffic could flow, to turn the bright white covering to dirty and gritty.

Our Christmas was the anticipation of the greatest food bar known to man. My mother was probably one of the greatest cooks in the world., Usually Christmas dinner was being prepared a week after Thanksgiving. My mom started on Baklava, the crown jewel of Christmas.

In the old days, there was no frozen Philo dough in the grocer's refrigerator or freezer. Everything was made from scratch. The Philo dough was an old recipe handed down for generations and required tender loving care. The ingredients were lovingly put together and the dough was rolled out paper thin on our kitchen table.

My mom bought walnuts in the shell and cracked them all, ground them to an exact size, and as the layer of Philo were layered, upon them was added Greek honey, sugar, nuts, cinnamon, and some special ingredients added only by true Greeks.

I remember counting the layers and I believe about twenty-four layers were required. Then into the oven it went, and then to a cool porch where they could age. Cooking and baking were an art and my mother was a true artist. Food preparation continued with the making of cookies, some made with cinnamon, some with anise, nuts, powdered sugar and home-made fig jam.

A favorite of ours was monti, handmade ravioli with exotic stuffing covered in tomato sauce or a garlic yogurt covering. All kinds of veggie dishes, green beans and tomatoes, sweet potatoes, mashed potatoes, pilaf rice, bashiah, a great meat onion dish covered with a dough and the list goes on and on. A ham or lamb was the meat of choice. Mom made enough food to last a week and the relatives who came always went home with a care package. Baklava and coffee topped off this eating frenzy.

As my mom baked and prepared the Christmas dinner, our apartment was full of the smells of Christmas. We lived on the fourth floor of a tenement building which housed hundreds of new citizens and it seem every apartment had their own smell during Christmas.

The building didn't have elevators, so a walk up four flights was a delight of various smells. My mom's food got your attention immediately, and it's one I'll never forget.

Today, our family gathers to enjoy Christmas. Our daughters are into making Baklava, and they do a great job. Our kids Enjoy wine and they sit around and catch up on events that happened during the year.

The family shares in the food preparation and we enjoy each other's gourmet cooking. No occasion starts without ham dip, as it's a tradition in our family. We share presents, and rather than big stuff, t-shirts, gift cards, gook, or gadgets, are given....just being together is the greatest gift of all.

The Christmas season is a time when it seems people are nicer to each other.

The season has a reason...the birth of Christ, and just maybe the sights, sounds and smells of Christmas are part of God's plan.

December is upon us, and progress continues on the garage.

The entire sheer wall was installed by Greg Laskey and I, what a great difference that made, 1/2" is code and we installed 5/8" CDX for extra support. We took a little more time and framed in for 3 skylights that Eduardo brought over, they will be installed when we re-roof next year...

As the sheer wall was being finished, I put in R19 insulation in the ceiling that will ensure the garage will stay cozy during the winter time. For ventilation, 2 12" vents were installed at the ridge end to enable fresh air in during the summer with the garage door closed, these vents have doors on them to adjust as needed. We are about ready to sheet rock the ceiling and walls with 5/8" gypsum board, I was hoping to have the garage door on by the end of the year but seems like the end of January is more likely.

from Beau's Chateau,
Martin B Miller

XEROX and our Military

Go to , www.LetsSayThanks.com and you can pick out a thank you card and Xerox will print it and send it to a soldier overseas. How AMAZING it would be if we could get everyone we know to send one!!! It is FREE and it only takes a second.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if the soldiers received a bunch of these? Whether you are for or against the war, our soldiers over there need to know we are behind them.

This takes just 10 seconds and it's a wonderful way to say thank you. Please take the time to pass it on for others to do.

Thanks for supporting our military!



Where do you park a new Toyota 3/4 ton Tundra truck, measuring 20.8 feet long, in Paradise Park? If you're Paul and Cheryl Dangreau, you pour a driveway. However, Paul says even with the new driveway, he will have to park the truck at an angle. That baby is HUGE! It even has a back door for Lucy.

The driveway has been poured and later this afternoon, Dan Sanders Concrete will do the texturing. The Dangreaus wanted the cement to match their rock wall so the concrete is tinted with brown and gray and a design will be added to look like rock. A final touch will be the placing of Carmel Lodge's 75th anniversary commemorative coins in the base.



Paul Dangreau and Tundra

Lost-wax Process for Bronze Casting by Tripura Anand

Santa Cruz has hosted three bronze casting foundries simultaneously ~ one at UCSC, one at Cabrillo College, and the Bronzeworks owned and operated by Sean Monohan. I started mold-making and casting through classes at Cabrillo with the incomparable Holt Murray. Continuing on in my education I studied foundry at UCSC under Doyle Forman. For graduate school I chose SJSU because it also sported a foundry.



This picture is from the SJSU foundry, I am on the far left.

Here we casted in bronze, aluminum, and iron using what is called the lost wax process. Lost-wax refers to the labor intensive process of:

1) create a sculpture in wax (this can be done directly in wax, or indirectly by making a mold and then re-creating an original sculpture made from another medium in wax)

2) then wax "gates" are added to give the wax and air a way out and bronze a way in

3) investing means surrounding the gated wax in a heat resistant material (shell or plaster/cement)

4) burning-out the wax so that a void is created in the exact shape of the desired form

5) casting then takes place when molten metal is poured into the investment

6) rough finishing begins with the labor of removing gates and any residual flashing (imperfections) from the casting process

7) final finishing may involve grinding, filing, chasing, polishing and patination (addition of colored surface treatments and waxing)

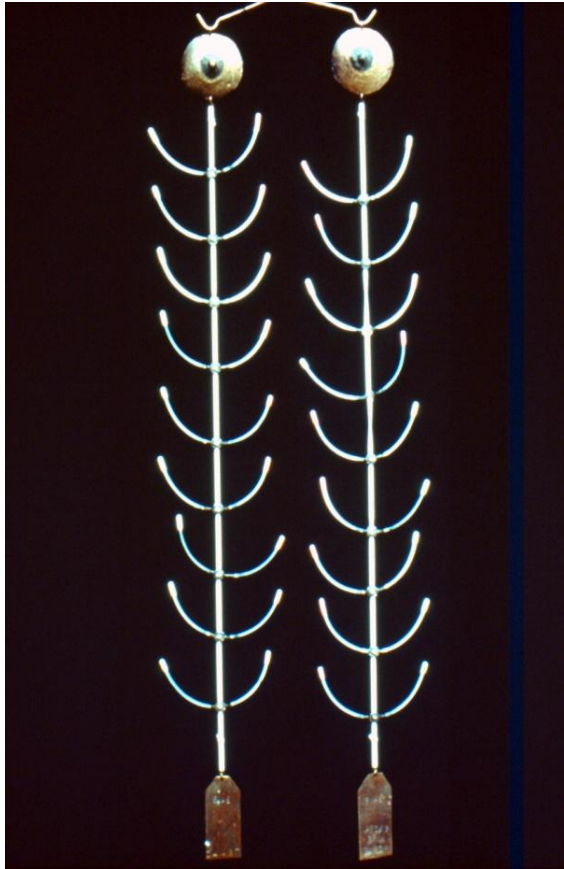
8) finally installation may include building and adhering sculpture to stands and/or hanging hardware.



1 of 1 cast bronze

One of the attractions of working with metal is it's ability to easily support weight using relatively thin members that materials like clay and glass may not. This piece has a repetitive figurative rhythm created by the use of mold-making as well as the ability to support one of those figures in mid air. This piece will be on display at the Davenport Gallery.

If you have ever wondered why bronze sculpture is so expensive, it is precisely because the process, besides being miraculous and specialized, is extremely labor intensive. I have been removed from the world of bronze casting for over a decade but some of my pieces from that period are being exhibited at the Davenport Gallery this month. The show includes work from a few of my mentors, and many of my metal casting contemporaries. The gallery is operated by Roger Knaff whom I met in my very first mold-making class in the late 80's.



1 of 1 cast bronze, bra underwires, elastic, copper

Some of my themes are stimulated by literary works. At that time I was reading many volumes on the harmful effects of radiation emitted from VDT's (cathode-ray style visual display monitors). A book called "Dressed to Kill" discussed the research on the significant increases of breast cancer in women who worked at VDT's in the telephone, publishing and banking industries ~ the first widespread businesses to computerize. It concluded that bra underwires conducted harmful EMR (electromagnetic radiation) and it was the admonishment of the authors that women refrain from wearing underwire brassieres. That prompted me to remove my underwires and finding them visually intriguing inspired this hanging sculpture. It too will be on display.

If you are available, please stop by the gallery and I hope that learning a little more about the process will enable for a deeper appreciation of the medium of bronze and the process of lost-wax casting.



"Offering between Nature & Technology"
1/1 cast bronze, bark, copper

Davenport Gallery
Wednesday-Sunday
11-5pm
450 Highway 1,
Davenport, CA 95017



Our little kitty, Flo, on a visit to Paradise Park.

The Day Japan Bombed Oregon

By: Norm Goyer

September 9, 1942, the I-25 class Japanese submarine was cruising in an easterly direction raising its periscope as it neared the United States Coastline. Japan had attacked Pearl Harbor less than a year ago and the Captain of the attack submarine knew that Americans were watching their coastline for ships and aircraft that might attack. Dawn was approaching; the first rays of the sun were flickering off the periscopes lens. Their mission; attack the west coast with incendiary bombs in hopes of starting a devastating forest fire. If this test run were successful, Japan had hopes of using their huge submarine fleet to attack the eastern end of the Panama Canal to slow down shipping from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Pilot Chief Warrant Officer Nobuo Fujita and his crewman Petty Officer Shoji Okuda were making last minute checks of their charts making sure they matched those of the submarine's navigator.

September 9, 1942: Nebraska forestry student Keith V. Johnson was on duty atop a forest fire lookout tower between Gold's Beach and Brookings Oregon. Keith had memorized the silhouettes of Japanese long distance bombers and those of our own aircraft. He felt confident that he could spot and identify, friend or foe, almost immediately. It was cold on the coast this September morning, and quiet. The residents of the area were still in bed or preparing to head for work.

Aboard the submarine, the Captain's voice boomed over the PA system, "Prepare to surface, aircrew report to your stations, wait for the open hatch signal" During training runs several subs were lost when hangar doors were opened too soon and sea water rushed into the hangars and sank the boat with all hands lost. You could hear the change of sound as the bow of the I-25 broke from the depths, nosed over for its run on the surface. A loud bell signaled the "All Clear." The crews assigned to the single engine Yokosuki E14Ys float equipped observation and light attack aircraft sprang into action. They rolled the plane out its

hangar built next to the conning tower. The wings and tail were unfolded, and several 176 pound incendiary bombs were attached to the hard points under the wings. This was a small two passenger float plane with a nine cylinder 340 hp radial engine. It was full daylight when the Captain ordered the aircraft to be placed on the catapult. Warrant Officer Fujita started the engine, let it warm up, checked the magnetos and oil pressure. There was a slight breeze blowing and the seas were calm. A perfect day to attack the United States of America. When the gauges were in the green the pilot signaled and the catapult launched the aircraft. After a short climb to altitude, the pilot turned on a heading for the Oregon coast.

Johnson was sweeping the horizon but could see nothing; he went back to his duties as a forestry agent which was searching for any signs of a forest fire. The morning moved on. Every few minutes he would scan low, medium and high but nothing caught his eye.

The small Japanese float plane had climbed to several thousand feet of altitude for better visibility and to get above the coastal fog. The pilot had calculated land fall in a few minutes and right on schedule he could see the breakers flashing white as they hit the Oregon shores.

Johnson was about to put his binoculars down when something flashed in the sun just above the fog bank. It was unusual because in the past all air traffic had been flying up and down the coast, not aiming into the coast.

The pilot of the aircraft checked his course and alerted his observer to be on the lookout for a fire tower which was on the edge of the wooded area where they were supposed to drop their bombs. These airplanes carried very little fuel and all flights were in and out without any loitering. The plane reached the shore line and the pilot made a course correction 20 degrees to the north. The huge trees were easy to spot and certainly easy to hit with the bombs. The fog was very wispy by this time.

Johnson watched in awe as the small floatplane with a red meat ball on the wings flew overhead, the plane was not a bomber

and there was no way that it could have flown across the Pacific, Johnson could not understand what was happening. He locked onto the plane and followed it as it headed inland.

The pilot activated the release locks so that when he could pickled the bombs they would release. His instructions were simple, fly at 500 feet, drop the bombs into the trees and circle once to see if they had started any fires and then head back to the submarine.

Johnson could see the two bombs under the wing of the plane and knew that they would be dropped. He grabbed his communications radio and called the Forest Fire Headquarters informing them of what he was watching unfold.

The bombs tumbled from the small seaplane and impacted the forests; the pilot circled once and spotted fire around the impact point. He executed an 180 degree turn and headed back to the submarine. There was no air activity, the skies were clear. The small float plane lined up with the surfaced submarine and landed gently on the ocean, then taxied to the sub. A long boom swung out from the stern. His crewman caught the cable and hooked it into the pickup attached to the roll over cage between the cockpits. The plane was swung onto the deck, The plane's crew folded the wings and tail, pushed it into its hangar and secured the water tight doors. The I-25 submerged and headed back to Japan.



This event, which caused no damage, marked the only time during World War II that an enemy plane had dropped bombs on the U.S. mainland. What the Japanese didn't count on was that coastal fog, mist and heavy doses of rain made the forests so wet they simply would not catch fire.

Fifty years later the Japanese pilot, who survived the war, would return to Oregon to help dedicate a historical plaque at the exact spot where his two bombs had impacted. The elderly pilot then donated his ceremonial sword as a gesture of peace and closure of the bombing of Oregon in 1942

FLORIDA COURT SETS ATHEIST HOLY DAY

In Florida, an atheist created a case against Easter and Passover Holy days. He hired an attorney to bring a discrimination case against Christians and Jews and observances of their holy days. The argument was that it was unfair that atheists had no such recognized days.

The case was brought before a judge. After listening to the passionate presentation by the lawyer, the judge banged his gavel declaring, "Case dismissed!"

The lawyer immediately stood objecting to the ruling saying, "Your honor, How can you possibly dismiss this case? The Christians have Christmas, Easter and others. The Jews have Passover, Yom Kippur and Hanukkah, yet my client and all other atheists have no such holidays..."

The judge leaned forward in his chair saying, "But you do. Your client, counsel, is woefully ignorant."

The lawyer said, "Your Honor, we are unaware of any special observance or holiday for atheists."

The judge said, "The calendar says April 1st is April Fools Day. Psalm 14:1 states, 'The fool says in his heart, there is no God.' Thus, it is the opinion of this court, that, if your client says there is no God, then he is a fool. Therefore, April 1st is his day. Court is adjourned..."

Calendar of Events

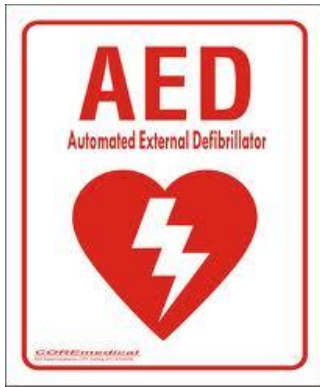
DECEMBER

Dec 18 - Board Meeting	9:30	Small Social Hall
Dec 19 – Caroling	6:00	Swanson Home
Dec 21 – Tuesday Coffee	9 - 11	Small Social Hall
Dec 21 - #38 Dark		
Dec 22 – PPMC Golf Cart Carolers	5:30	Small Social Hall
Dec 22 – Job’s Daughters	7 p.m.	SC Masonic Temple
Dec 25 – MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!		
Dec 26 – Happy Birthday Shirley Radder!		
Dec 27 – OES #278 Dark		
Dec 28 – Tuesday Coffee	9 – 11	Small Social Hall
Dec 28 - #38 Dark		
Dec 29 – Budget Committee	8 a.m.	Conference Room

JANUARY

Jan 1 – HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Jan 3 – Knittin’ Kittens	11:30 – 4	Small Social Hall
Jan 3 -#110 Dinner & Meeting	6:30	Soquel Temple
Jan 4 – Tuesday Coffee	9 – 11	Small Social Hall
Jan 4 --#38 Dinner & Meeting	6:30	SC Masonic Temple
Jan 4 – Mediation Committee	7 p.m.	Upstairs Apartment
Jan 5 – Men’s Club	11:30	Small Social Hall
Jan 7 – Quilts of Valor	10:30	Sue Lovelace, 501 Amaranth
Jan 8 – Fire Brigade Training	10 a.m.	Fire House
Jan 8 – Job’s Daughters	7 p.m.	SC Masonic Temple
Jan 9 – WGM/WGP OV	1 p.m.	Salinas Temple
Jan 10 -#278 OES Obligation	7:30	SC Masonic Temple
Jan 11 – Tuesday Coffee	9 – 11	Small Social Hall
Jan 12 – #852 Meeting	7:00 p.m.	SC Masonic Temple
Jan 13 - Tree Committee	7 p.m.	Small Social Hall
Jan 13 – Demolay	7 p.m.	SC Masonic Temple
Jan 14 – Quilts of Valor	10:30	Sue Lovelace, 501 Amaranth
Jan 15 – SC Scottish Rite	9:00 a.m.	Soquel Temple
Jan 15 – Board Meeting	9:30	Small Social Hall
Jan 15 – CERT Medical Training	tba	Small Social Hall
Jan 15 – CERT Medical Training	tba	Small Social Hall
Jan 17 - #852 Meeting	7:00 pm.	SC Masonic Temple
Jan 18 – Tuesday Coffee	9 – 11	Small Social Hall
Jan 19 – Bingo	6:30 – 8	Social Hall
Jan 19 – Wild Lily OES	7:30 p.m.	Soquel Temple
Jan 20 – Rainbow Girls	7:00 p.m.	SC Masonic Temple
Jan 21 – Quilts of Valor	10:30	Sue Lovelace, 501 Amaranth
Jan 22 – Hiram Lodge	8:00 a.m.	SC Masonic Temple
Jan 22 – Shrine Crab Feed	1:30 p.m.	Soquel Temple
Jan 24 - #278 Honor 25/50 yrs	7:30 p.m.	SC Masonic Temple
Jan 25 – Tuesday Coffee	9 – 11	Small Social Hall
Jan 26 – Job’s Daughter’s	7 p.m.	SC Masonic Temple
Jan 27 – DeMolay	7 p.m.	SC Masonic Temple
Jan 28 - Electa Circle (soup)	11 a.m.	SC Masonic Temple
Jan 28 - Rainbow Installation	3 p.m.	SC Masonic Temple



OXYGEN

TRAINING

A TRAINING in AED/FIRST AID/OXYGEN
is scheduled for Saturday/Sunday, Jan. 15/16, 2011
at the PPMC Social Hall.

Classes will run from 9-5 on Saturday with a lunch break and 11-3 on
Sunday.

Any PPMC person is eligible.

Space is limited and priority will be given to those willing to serve on the
911 Medical Responder Team.

Cost is \$35/single and \$55/couple (with shared book)
The Park will pay up to \$300 to subsidize part of the costs. Depending on
the number participating, your cost will be reduced by \$10-\$15.

To reserve a spot or for more information,
Call Fred Dunn-Ruiz at 831/426-6472