



FORTNIGHTLY PUBLICATION - APRIL 2 - 15, 2021

Selma Petker's recent piece in Accents reminds me of my own shows produced at the Manor. It all started with "Once Upon a Time," a spoof on Grimm's Fairytales.

Writing the show was fun; I've been in theatre all my life one way or another, including years of acting at Hillbarn Theatre, San Mateo. What I didn't count on was the abysmal CVM stage - really just a raised platform with curtains that are opened & closed manually with no actual back stage. My crew consisted of Jack & Kay Enbom, who created & struck every scene. Steve Brooks managed the lights.

Harry Hanson, playing a grumpy professor of fairytales, introduced the story which starred Betty Hughs as Red Ridinghood. Betty made her entrance waving a red cape, incensed she had to wear this "stupid old thing." I cast Noël Aniceto as Jack of Beanstalk fame. Noël was popular for his running gag - A diner would ask for something, he'd answer, "I'll be back in 20 minutes." When it came time for him to climb the

beanstalk, his mother, Peggy Smith, told him to be careful. Jack responded as he climbed a tall ladder into the grid, "Don't worry, I'll be back in 20 minutes." This



Noel Aniceto

line, as I warned him, brought down the house. The Smiths' lovely labradoodle, Lola, played the cow sold for the beans. (You can buy cow costumes for dogs from Amazon!)

One night Rob Cooper's Duncan escaped & did laps through reception to the end of the building & back. What a showdog! He had to be in the play, too. Ramona Smith played Red R's grandma who'd made the cape for her. "Dick Wheat & Pat Hughes played Hansel and Gretel."

I couldn't hack that stage again, so my next show was completely different.

Terry Hanson

ST PADDY'S DAY PARTY





NEXT COUNCIL MEETING
TUESDAY APRIL 13, 2021
 at 9:30 am
 in the Meeting House

Wine & Gourmet Pizza Tasting **Carmel Valley Village**

Friday, April 16, 2021

**Carmel Valley Manor afternoon at the Boekenooogen
 and Albatross Ridge Wineries**
 brought to you by Day Trippers

Manor Bus Departs From Front Circle
 Promptly at 10:30 am (Rain or Shine)

Bus Returns: about 2:00pm

See Details on Bulletin Board

Questions: Tom Neel ex. 4513



EVENTS

THU APR 8 NICE WALK 9:00 AM (AT CHAPEL)

Walkers will depart for **PACIFIC GROVE LOVERS POINT SOUTH**. Marty Wiskoff will lead. See Details and sign up on Bulletin Board.

THU APR 15 GRAND WALK 9:00 AM (AT CHAPEL)

Walkers will depart for **POINT LOBOS STATE PARK**. Ken Johnson will lead. See Details and sign up on Bulletin Board.

LIBRARY NOTES

BOOKS SELECTED FOR APRIL 2021

Fiction

PERESTROIKA IN PARIS

Jane Smiley

MONOGAMY

Sue Miller

THE HOUSE ON VESPER SANDS*

Paraic O'Donnell

Mystery

SERPENTINE

Jonathan Kellerman

EXIT

Belinda Bauer

KING AND MAXWELL

David Baldacci

Biography

LET ME TELL YOU WHAT I MEAN Joan Didion

Health

KEEP SHARP

Sanjay Gupta, MD

Marine Life

SPYING ON WHALES

Nick Pyenson

*Donation

**MacCullough

***Wagner Fund

INFORMATION: The Library Committee has decided to offer books being culled to Manor Residents. A table will be marked where free materials are located.

NEW/SOON-TO-BE RESIDENTS

Victor & Marilyn Wykoff
 Beverly Hamilton

James & Betty Kasson
 Roberta Bialek-Elliott

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

4/3

Carmen N.

4/11

Mel B.

4/3

Lois P.

4/12

Sue F.

4/4

Clare R.

4/13

Deanna W.

4/7

Jack F.

4/13

Roger N.

4/7

Ken R.

IN MEMORIAM

3/25 Beverly Cleary

1964 GOOD FRIDAY ANCHORAGE EARTHQUAKE

Snow was falling, and it was very cold in Anchorage that late afternoon on Good Friday in 1964. Most of the inhabitants who lived there and were intent on being part of building a new territory and state city were home looking forward to the Easter holiday week-end. But, unfortunately, at 5:36 PM the earth moved in a grinding and savage way. Cars on the road started bucking and being tossed about. Then the shaking began as a startling jolt heaved the earth up and down. Buildings collapsed and fell on cars, two with a person in them. A suburb, where the "high end" houses stood, tumbled 100 feet down onto the tidelands. Two little boys were swallowed up in the dirt and debris, lost forever. Roads cracked open and left wide crevices. The shaking and rolling were relentless, and it went on and on and on.

Seventy-four miles from the epic center, Anchorage was experiencing the worst earthquake in America, 9.6 on the Richter Scale, and the second worst earthquake in the world. This devastating quake lasted four and a half minutes, which to the dazed and shocked people of Anchorage was a lifetime. In three minutes the tsunamis the quake created wiped out several villages and caused damage all the way to Oregon, California and Hawaii. Bodies were swept out to sea. More people were killed by the tsunamis than the earthquake itself. Unbelievably there were only 115 deaths in the whole state of Alaska and only 9

of those were in Anchorage. In the meantime the people of Anchorage had to face the devastating facts that their city was without power, water, heat, communication to others around their state and to the outside world. The control tower at the International Airport fell six feet, and the tarmac split open. The J. C. Penny building collapsed on those within. The community rallied together and organized a rescue operation to find those trapped in smashed cars, those who were shopping in the J. C. Penny building and figure out how to traverse the broken road system to get where they wanted to go. The people who lived here lived in a town that was building itself to be a city of the last frontier. Most of its inhabitants came from the south 48 states; people looking for adventure, people shedding their lives and circumstances in the states. It was a conglomerate of blue collar, white collar, all walks of life, learning to survive and grow together. And they did just that facing this terrible catastrophe. The town did not have Search and

Rescue plans or city planning for disasters. The people gathered together and created a fantastic working force. There were men who formed a group to rappel down the 100 feet to search among the shambles of the homes from the bluff above, for bodies and to save what they could. It was very cold and dark that night when they started organizing as best they could to help others and to shelter those who lost their homes. The camaraderie was amazing; all of this amidst many aftershocks, the biggest exactly a week later at 6.7. Nerves were frayed and brittle but these stalwarts kept rebuilding their town; their frontier spirit and self reliance came to the fore. Two radio stations were trying to get word out to the world about their plight and to let families know who was safe. The star of this communication, besides the ham radios, was a young mother named Genie Chance. Genie was a reporter for one of the radio stations and was down town with her son when the shaking and

rolling began. She also saw the J.C. Penny building collapse, and she knew she would be needed at her radio station. She took her son home around torn up streets and debris everywhere and returned to the focal point of news in the still standing Public Safety Building. Somehow the men there got the radio on the air, and it was

Genie who fed the world the news of the quake, step by step. "This is Chance!" a

book by Jon Mooallem, which has just been published, tells her story and that of many of those involved in the change of a community that suffered so much. In his book he rolls Genie out of history for she was the voice of Alaska that went out to and over the world.

This Sunday it will be Easter, and for those who lived through that infamous experience they will certainly go through the memories of it again. Family friends of ours, with an oil company, had just been moved to Anchorage earlier in that year, and they will NEVER forget the horror. Do you remember where you were on that Good Friday, 57 years ago? We lived near, what was then, the top of Country Club Drive in Carmel Valley looking forward to the Easter Egg Hunt, chocolate marshmallows, and the pageantry of Easter. I am sure that those living in Alaska at that time were also anticipating a fun holiday. It was not to be.

Jane Upp



Staff Spot - A brief profile of our staff



Edgar Samson, Dining Room Staff for over six years

A community is a group of people who come together to support each other. We started this column to get to know the staff here at the Manor who have been so helpful to us during this year of the Covid. Each person in these profiles has had a special role. Edgar has a special role both in the small “barrio”, the place in the Philippines his family is from as well as in our CV Manor dining staff. His mother, age 73, is still there, and they speak via video phone calls. She has told him people have not been accepting of the vaccine donated by the Chinese government—they will wait for the US vaccine. He tells her the recommendations of the scientific community worldwide, that we have come to know via the

CDC—masking etc. “to make themselves safe”. She will convey this to the community who know Edgar well. He is proud of his place in the community. Here among the dining and kitchen staff, you will hear the language of the Philippines. You will not hear the sharing of problems, however, there is sharing. Edgar gives his “opinions”,

which “they can take or not”. (And he hasn’t even gone to school for counseling.) Edgar once went to school to study Architecture. He could not complete his studies although he learned from his father

that studying can “change the face of life”, as supporting his education was limited by the lack of jobs in the Philippines. This began when the US closed Army bases, and thousands of jobs disappeared. There has been an effect of the US/China competition for influence in this south Asian area which is ongoing. He left in 1993. Here in the US, three of Edgar’s children are in the Armed Services, two sons and one daughter who is in the Air Force. Edgar waited for 23 years before his petition to emigrate to the US was accepted. When he applied to become a US citizen and the process was dragging, he enlisted the help of our own Marty Rosen and in 2020 Edgar became a US citizen.

A piece of history from Edgar’s family: on his maternal side, his great-great grandmother lived to be 120 years old. The entire family lived together when Edgar was about seven years old, so he knew this great-great grandmother well. When asked how Edgar thinks she lived so long, he thought and said, “she ate a non-chemical diet—fruits, vegetables, fish, rice from their own paddy, no meat except on special occasions.” It would seem that Edgar’s kindness and helpfulness in the dining room had its beginnings way back, seeing his great-great grandmother doing well, being cared for by multi-generations of family members. He is still very close with his mother and grandmother, speaks with them and sees them, virtually, often.

Selma Petker

Book Reviews from current newspapers in the Manor Library are found in the new boxes on the Reference Shelf.

PUBLICATION STAFF

ACCENTS is published by and for the residents of Carmel Valley Manor, a Life-Care Community at 8545 Carmel Valley Road, Carmel, CA 93923.

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