



Steve Casey

Editor

"The same old tingle that I feel inside And then that elevator starts its ride. . ."

Did Johnny Mercer write about Mirabella's lifts?
For a year, complaints about the tower elevators have been a staple of Buildings & Grounds meetings as, one after another, problems met with a litany of excuses.

Only when Elevator #4 started sounding like a busy day at a body and fender shop and residents were in open revolt did things happen, as new assistant exec director Sharon McCartney jumped in to get us back on track.

A big part of the problem, we now learn, stemmed from "a personnel issue" at the Otis firm, which tends our lifts. Facilities director John Hart had struggled to get the company's attention, to no avail.

As Sharon told 3550, "Otis has been with us for four years, done well by us for three years, and had a glitch. They made mistakes. Mirabella's not perfect, we have made mistakes. So we are working with them to get it fixed." There is no safety issue with the elevators, she said.

State inspection reports would seem – the important word here is "seem" – to contradict that. In May of this year, for the very first time, inspectors noted the elevators had hoist ropes "under allowable size." Sounds scary.

"Under allowable size" does not mean "incapable of hoisting the elevator," Sharon explained. It means "incapable of lasting as long as a bigger rope" and thus needing to be replaced more often.

All is not yet fixed. While all this was going on, I was in Elevator #1 when it dropped what seemed like a foot or two and kept its door shut. I rode Elevator #2 when halfway up it shuddered to a stop and stayed shut.

Facilities management was all over those problems like a cheap suit, and at press time the lifts seem fine.

Sharon expects all elevators to be completely repaired by the end of September. "There is light at the end of the tunnel," she said.

Let's hope that light isn't a train. ⊗



Peter FennerPresident

This is my last column as your president, and as I reflect on a year of challenges successfully met, I thank some of the folks responsible for those successes.

If I named each person worthy of recognition, this column would take several pages of the magazine. I know you don't want that.

Some thanks are inescapable: to your hard-working resident council and officers; to Mirabella executives and staff who worked with us; to a responsive Mirabella board of directors; to chairs and members of our vital committees and, most of all, to every resident for your support, ideas and encouragement.

We began the year with several key committees — building and grounds, transportation, dining, programs — without leaders. In a can-do spirit, terrific residents stepped up to chair those committees, and we owe them. Thanks, also, to executive director Anthony Sabatini for hiring Rick Thompson. Rick's experience and skills have done wonders.

Claire Weber was entitled to a little down time after her service as president, but she agreed to take on the demanding job of leading buildings and grounds. That's a sacrifice that is much appreciated. Antoinette Hatfield brought energy, insights and charm to the dining committee and our already splendid dining operation is the better for it. Norm Bengel and our go-to resident services director Megan Huston helped an active programs committee offer a robust series of programs for us all to enjoy.

The capper of that enterprise might be both Walter Greizerstein's development of the "Third Tuesday" concert series and its partnership with Portland State's music department, and the delightful surprise concert by Thomas "Pink Martini" Lauderdale and Hunter Noack.

Some busy people — Claire Weber, Rolf Glerum, Fred Morris, Stan Tidman, Linda Wood, Barbara Gaines, Mary Gray — served on the *ad hoc* governance committee and made lasting contributions.

A special thanks to Claire, my mentor, who helped me find my way through the year and to Fred whose work more than qualifies him to take on the presidency.



ON THE COVER: "Color of Content," oil on canvas by Arletha M. Ryan. Photo of painting restored from slide by Robert French. BACK COVER: Sailboat at anchor by Chatterbox Falls, at Princess Louisa Inlet. Photo by Steve Casey.

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The Race for the White House 2016

by Ron Weber

oes the 2016 presidential election seem like it has gone on forever?

As a lifelong student of electoral politics, I have some suggestions about how to survive the next 69 days and even enjoy at least some facets of the rest of the campaign.

First, I suggest that as of the September 1 publication date of this 3550 issue, the party is pretty much over.

Really? Even before we have seen the debates and the zillions of campaign commercials? Yes, and here's why. The experience of political scientists in putting relevant data into computer models allows us to predict, accurately, what states give their electoral votes to which candidates.

Based on current conditions, I'm betting I know the winner, and the number of electoral votes that candidate

is going to get. More on that later.

But please don't start a two-month nap, because I can predict with 100 percent accuracy there will be some fireworks between now and election day.

Ground Rules

So what are some simple ground rules to use in the following the campaigns?

First, do not fixate on random daily events like Twitter tweets or slight changes in national polls.

Second, if you follow the polls as I do, look to see how detailed the organization is in telling you how they conducted the poll. Compare current polling results to previous polls by the same company.

Third, follow the money. See how much money the campaigns report raised and check out what the super-PACs are doing.

Fourth, learn as much as you can about each campaign's ground game. The ground game focuses on identifying voters and turning them out as early or absentee voters and on election day. Elections are usually won or lost based on the best ground game and not the

media game.

Fifth, if you don't live in a swing state (we don't), understand you'll be watching the action from afar.

Polling Websites What websites

offer the best campaign information?

My personal favorite is called 538 and is run by Nate Silver, who made his reputation predicting sporting event outcomes. Nate and his staff have the most complete collection of state polling information and rely on two types of models to predict state and national outcomes.

Canada's Electoral-College Problem Republican Democratic Moving to Canada WARP

Check his site out at http://fivethirtyeight.com.

Another good site providing an excellent compilation of state and national polling information is Politico. Found at http://www.politico.com, this site is regarded as non-biased, providing excellent reporting from all campaigns.

Finally, there is Real Clear Politics. At http://www. realclearpolitics.com, this site offers information not only about the campaigns for the presidency but also extensive coverage of campaigns for the U.S. Senate and governorships up for election this year. The site also weeds out the worst polls.

How to Assess Polls

So what is the key to assessing national and state polls? The key issues are:

First, who is polled – all registered voters or only likely voters? Reputable polls invest a tremendous amount of resources creating models of people who actually vote. The best organization bar none over all the years for an excellent likely voter model is the Gallup Poll

Second, how well does the poll do in projecting the likely demographic makeup of the electorate? Lots of research has gone into this, because it is very important in making accurate predictions. For example, slight errors in over-representing white working class voters might yield an erroneous result. Projecting the gender makeup of the voters is important, too. Look at the demographics of the poll and compare to the current demographic makeup of the adult non-incarcerated citizen population.

Third, how is the poll conducted? Once upon a time, all polling was done door to door. Today, polls are largely conducted by telephone. Yet there are large numbers of unlisted numbers and some persons no longer use landlines. Until recently, cell phone numbers were not available for random-digit dialing, which is a popular polling technique. So look at your poll to see exactly how it handles the landline vs. cell phone issue.

A few organizations now rely primarily on online polling. How random would such a poll of Mirabella residents be? Not random at all.

Fourth, check out the question wording. Each national poll should ask a question such as: If the election were held today, for whom would you vote? The order of the candidates listed in the survey should be randomly rotated for each respondent. And the undecided need to be probed to determine their leanings to get down to the few truly undecided. Well-trained pollsters need to be asking the questions.

Fifth, look at the trends over time for each polling organization. Each poll is just a snapshot in time and one can get a better reading on public opinion by looking at the trends rather than just by focusing on one poll.

The three websites noted above all follow these rules in selecting polls to publish on their sites.

Swing States

A swing state is just a state where the outcome is usually close (such as Ohio) or where neither of the two parties has carried that state in all of the last six elections.

Is Oregon a swing state? No. For all six elections, beginning in 1992, Democrats won Oregon. Do the same exercise for each state and you will have the answer to the swing state question.



"Your approach is perfect for the primaries, but it could be problematic in the general."

As of this writing, the number of projected swing states varies from as few as four to about 10 or 11. How many swing states there are depends on whom you ask.

For example, Donald Trump is acting like Pennsylvania is a swing state, although the Dems have carried it in the last six elections. No credible consultant thinks he has a prayer there. On the other hand, some say Arizona and Georgia are swing states, based on an unappealing Trump candidacy, and I expect Hillary Clinton to treat them as such.

Those states will get the lion's share of campaign visits by the candidates and will be bombarded by the greatest amount of paid media advertising.

Do Voters Change Their Minds?

Scholars of presidential elections tell us there is little change after the conventions are over. First, partisans of each party are pretty reliable usually giving 80 to 90 percent to the party's candidate. And most persons called independents actually favor one party or the other. So in the end the candidate running behind by Labor Day usually loses the election. And that is true even in the current era in which our presidential elections have been quite competitive.

Every reputable survey from the contemporary period shows the Democratic party holding an advantage in party identification. On the other hand, the leaning independents tend to show a slight Republican party preference. So there is a slight ebb and flow in party preferences adding up to a generally competitive environment nationwide.

(see Election p. 6)

Third Parties

Some recent presidential elections have seen significant third party candidates when the voters are dissatisfied with the options offered by the two major parties. In 1968, George Wallace of Alabama actually won some electoral votes and in 1992, Ross Perot of Texas took almost 20 percent of the popular vote and was on the debate stage with George H.W. Bush and Bill Clinton. In 2000, Green Party candidate Ralph Nader took enough votes in Florida to cost Al Gore the election.

Libertarian Party candidate Gary Johnson now is polling less than 10 percent nationally and the Green Party's Jill Stein is running fourth. Unknown now is whether the Libertarian or Green party will qualify its candidate for the ballot in all 50 states. Hence, predicting whether either Johnson or Stein will be a factor is undeterminable.

How Many Electoral Votes for the Winner?

To win, a candidate needs to earn at least 270 Electoral College votes. So how many can we expect the winner to get? Here we look at least two factors.

First, I chart the recent electoral vote history (1992-



"He says he wants America to be great again. She says she wants America to be whole again. What I want is for America to be not insane again."

2012) of each state. Historically, states tend to fall into three groups: those carried by the Democrats in all six elections; those carried by the Republicans in all six; those states where the results have been mixed.

Democrats carried 19 states with 242 electoral votes and Republicans carried 13 states with 102 electoral votes in all six recent elections. That's a start.

Then if you allocate the 12 states with 107 electoral votes carried by Republicans in four or five of the past six elections, the projected Republican total comes to 209. All the Democratic candidate needs to win the election is 28 electoral votes out of the 77 not yet allocated to get to the 270 needed to win. And the Democratic candidate won 39 electoral votes in four of the past elections from those states. So 281 electoral votes is probably the floor for the Democratic candidate, giving the party 11 more electoral votes than needed. Winner: Clinton.

But were it simply a matter of history, we could cancel all future elections. Times, issues and voter sentiment all change, so we need to look at what's happening now.

The second approach ignores recent election history and studies the states likely to be carried by either party's candidate, based upon the best information available at the time.

That requires looking at the models being displayed at the 538 or Real Clear Politics websites as they allocate the state electoral votes.

Of course, we must update this information as the election campaign proceeds in September, October and into early November.

Looking at this information on deadline day — August 1 — and using this method, my projection is that Clinton wins about 335 electoral votes. But having been so bold as to venture out a number, I think it best to put a margin of error around the prediction. If you assume that a couple more states in play might go Democratic you get 362 electoral votes. Or if you assume I have too generously allocated states to the Democrats and reallocate some to Republicans, you get 314 electoral votes.

No matter how one allocates electoral votes based on the best information available, it will be a steep climb to get the Republican candidate over the 269 threshold to 270.

Keep in mind I have been predicting presidential elections for decades and experience is working in my favor. As you read this article, also please realize that my projection is the best I can do as of deadline day. My projections in 2008 and 2012 were almost dead-on, but they were made much closer to election day when I had more up-to-date information in hand. Hopefully, you will forget my projection sometime between now and election day so as not to embarrass me.

In the meantime, I hope everyone living at the Mirabella will vote when ballots are received in late October. Even if you are unhappy with the choices in the presidential election, there are elections for U.S. Senate and Congress, and an array of state and local offices and measures.

Mirabella Politicians Reflect on Past Elections

by Rolf Glerum

Unless you have been lucky enough to sleep through the last several months, you have probably noticed there's an election going on.

A number of Mirabella residents have been involved in Oregon politics at local, state and national levels, and 3550 asked four of them to name an incident they will always remember.

Antoinette Hatfield, widow of U.S.
Senator Mark Hatfield, remembers a Jan. 20, 1981, luncheon in Statuary Hall of the U.S. Capitol.

The luncheon immediately followed the inauguration of President Ronald Reagan, and Sen. Hatfield was both ranking member of the Senate rules committee and chairman of the inauguration committee.

That inauguration day was also the 444th day of captivity for 52 American hostages held prisoner in the overtaken U.S. Embassy in Tehran.

The entire world was anticipating their release, but no one really knew when, or if, it would happen.

Antoinette was seated next to the president when chief of staff Mike Deaver appeared between them and said, almost in a whisper, "Mr. President, the hostages were released about a half-hour ago."

Reagan immediately stood up and announced the electrifying news:

"With thanks to Almighty God, I have been given a tag line, the get-off

line that everyone wants for the end of a toast or a speech. Some 30 minutes ago, the planes bearing our prisoners left Iranian air space, and they're now free of Iran."

Antoinette will never forget



President Reagan being sworn in by Chief Justice Warren Burger on Jan. 20, 1981. With him on dais is First Lady Nancy Reagan and U.S. Senator Mark Hatfield, chair of the Senate inauguration committee. Vice President George H. W. Bush looks on. Antoinette Hatfield, in red coat, stands next to Barbara Bush. Photo courtesy Ronald Reagan Library.

hearing this breathtaking news at the same moment as the president of the United States.



The next two residents point to a distinguished Oregon legislator, Jason Boe, as a principal character in their respective stories, one as a husband, the other as a colleague.

State Senator Boe and his wife, Kathy, were unexpectedly invited by President Jimmy Carter to join him and Rosalynn for lunch in the White House. The President had a few years earlier appointed Jason to a federal commission, and that was the presumed connection prompting the invitation.

Kathy offers another reason. "The president was running behind in the

polls and his opponent, Ronald Reagan, was rapidly growing in popularity. Carter was hopeful that Jason would be a strong advocate for him during his many contacts with legislators from Oregon and the other states."

At lunch in the residence, "It was a small group, only six people," Kathy recalls, "around the fine old table in the beautifully appointed family dining room. The atmosphere was warm and welcoming, but it was obvious that the president was worn out and fatigued. The broad smile that helped make him a winner was gone."

On the flight back to Portland, the Boes reminisced about campaign fatigue and the apprehension, self-doubt, sleepless nights and loneliness for the family that plagues candidates, even the president of the United States.



Maribel Cadmus credits Jason Boe with, among other things, her appointment as secretary of the Oregon Senate, a position elected

(see Reflect p. 8)

(from Reflect p. 8)

by the senators. She held the office with distinction from 1977 to 1989.

Maribel touts Sen. Boe as being one of the most influential legislators in Oregon history: president of the Senate for four sessions; a leading advocate for Oregon's famous Beach Bill, Bottle Bill and land use legislation; construction of the two wings of the Capitol in Salem, the Senate side of which was named The Jason Boe Wing; and president of the National Conference of State Legislators.

"I have often thought that Jason did not receive proper credit for all he did for Oregon," Maribel suggests. "He loved the legislature and everything connected with state government. He represented Oregon nationally at so many legislative conferences and was a credit to this state."

Maribel continues, "You are all familiar with the Boe name. Kathy Boe Duncan is his widow and was always at his side. Now you know where my friendship with Kathy began."



Norma Paulus made her indelible mark on Oregon politics as a representative in the Legislature, Secretary of State, Superintendent of Public Instruction and gubernatorial candidate. Clearly, her stories abound. And one stands out for its brilliant solution to a unique problem.

In the early 1980s, Secretary of State Paulus faced off against an Indian cult leader called Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, who was trying to create a haven for his followers on a 64,000-acre ranch in central Oregon by capturing and renaming the town of Antelope.

Importing busloads of homeless people and signing them onto the voter rolls, the cult got Norma's attention. While state and federal justice officials went after cult leaders for alleged attempted murders, poisonings and arson, Norma needed to put a stop to a political abduction of a rural community.

Her secret weapon was a provision in state law she had reluctantly accepted while a state representative.

"A legislator from Astoria said he would support my bill only if we included a provision that said a county election officer could deny any registration if he or she suspected it was fraudulent, provided the person trying to register was given a hearing within 48 hours," she explained.

So the suspect voters could be denied, but then needed almost instant hearings. In a rural county. With virtually no staff.

Calling on friends in the bar, who were equally



Newly inaugurated President Reagan announces the release of U.S. hostages in Iran during the Congressional Luncheon at the United States Capitol. Attending the luncheon and sitting next to the president, Antoinette Hatfield heard the news first. Photo courtesy Ronald Reagan Library.

appalled at the takeover attempt, Norma was able to round up 300 attorneys who were put on buses, held hearings, and beat back an attempted political hijacking by a so-called spiritual leader.

That timely and creative political maneuver saved the small (and grateful) town of Antelope . . . thanks to Norma Paulus.

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Rough Duty Along Canada's West Coast

by Steve Casey

There was no whining on the yacht.

For seven days this Spring, the Safari Quest was as close to having our own yacht as we're likely to get.

The sleek, 120-foot, 24-year-old, steel-hulled, twindiesel craft took Adrienne and me, fellow Mirabella folks Ron and Claire Weber and Art and Nancy Moss, together with our 13 new-best-friends and a singular crew of 11 through perhaps the most awesome country in the Pacific Northwest.

Mist-laced mountains on the West Coast of Canada studded the Salish Sea and the Strait of Georgia, dozens of waterfalls veiled the sheer cliffs of Jervis and Princess Louisa inlets, fast-moving tides through the Malibu rapids tested seamanship, fresh breezes whisked eagles aloft.

Captain Denée Blanchard would drop anchor and off we could go aboard high-powered Zodiacs onto the deep blue water and into the bracing air as we looked – in vain, sadly – for whales, but spotted a rich assortment of airborne and marine life.

On board or on excursion, expedition leader Pam Navis kept us busy, informed and entertained.

All that's enough to work up a powerful hunger and thirst.

So after an hour or so of cocktails, we would repair to the dining room for the wonders prepared by chef Kerri Eckels and pastry chef (Yes! A pastry chef!) Kate Fujimoto in the tidy galley.

And then drinks after. Tough, this sea duty. On our Seattle-to-

Seattle voyage, half the days we didn't see port.

We would anchor in sites of dazzling beauty where some rode the Zodiacs. Others hiked the nearby forest. Others headed out in kayaks or stood hesitantly on paddle boards. Others soaked in the beauty from the deck of the ship, beverage in hand. Some did it all.

The first afternoon, we cast off in time for a sunset cocktail hour and dinner before dropping anchor for the

Previous page: Art Moss records wife, Nancy, using her head to study starfish while on expedition. Photo by Steve Casey night in a pristine spot.

We entered Canada at Victoria, B.C., and re-entered the U.S. at Friday Harbor on San Juan Island in Washington.

Along the way, we explored the Gulf islands and Harmony Islands along British Columbia's sunshine coast, and one breathtaking spot which is arguably the most beautiful place this side of New Zealand's Milford Sound.

That jewel in the crown of this voyage is Princess Louisa Inlet, which we entered through treacherous Malibu Rapids onto calm waters of the inlet, a half-mile wide and walled in by 5,000-foot near-vertical mountains.

At its end is the breathtaking Chatterbox Falls. There, we found a simple dock. A gentle path winds into the forest. There are no provisions, no facilities, no restaurant, hotel or road. It is a place only for self-contained yachts and it swarms with yachties each season.

Bill and Cornie Stevens have cruised near Princess Louisa on their boat, Nimbus.

"We've been by there on our way further north and it's a grand fjord-like place," Cornie reports. "Great steep, rocky slopes rising up to the sky. A hermit-type lived

on its shore years ago, with an orchard and veggie garden."

"I do know that boats entering or leaving the inlet need to be very careful transiting the entrance, Malibu Rapids, due to the current, which can rise to about 9 knots during tidal changes," Bill adds.

"We had good friends who anchored below Chatterbox Falls for the night. When they woke the next morning, they found their anchor lodged well above

them on a sand or gravel bar ... due to the large fall of the tide. In order to retrieve it they had to climb up the bar before they could leave."

A fellow called James F. "Mac" MacDonald purchased most of the property at the inlet and become its unofficial guardian. In 1953, he gave the property to a B.C. charity to hold as a trust for the boating public.

The entrance to the inlet is marked by the Malibu Club, built in the 1930s as a lodge and yacht chartering service for the la-de-dah set.

Its business interrupted by WWII, it stood empty several years and was purchased in 1953 by Young Life,





Photos these pages, clockwise from above: Safari Quest seen from Malibu Club, photo by Pam Navis, Un-Cruise; pastry chef Kate Fujimoto in galley, Steve Casey photo; Capt. Denée Blanchard at helm, Pam Navis photo; Safari Quest at anchor, Steve Casey photo.





a non-denominational Christian organization for high schoolers, which runs a series of one-week camps all summer.

Our trip on the smaller Safari Quest had a crew of 11, eight of them women.

Our captain was a young woman about as big as a minute, with truly impressive nautical skills. Denée Blanchard has been messing about with boats since she was but a wee lass and she now runs a happy and competent crew.

Safari Quest is the smallest vessel in a fleet run by an outfit with the unlikely name of Un-Cruise. Mil Walker and Irene Tinker were Mirabella's Un-Cruise pioneers, boarding its 88-passenger m/v Legacy a few seasons back for a historical trip along the Willamette, Columbia and Snake rivers, round trip from Tom McCall Waterfront Park. Several residents have followed in their wake.

Getting to the Safari Quest isn't as convenient as the quarter-mile to the Legacy, but a relaxing train ride or Bolt bus reaches Seattle's downtown, and a short cab ride gets you to the departure venue.

Passengers seemed to range in age from late 40s through mid 70s.



Paddling About With the Seals

By Nancy Moss

First, we gear up: rain pants, floppy hat, waterproof shoes, red life vest. I lower myself into our craft, a two-person, 18-foot long kayak, and Art and I are off, traversing a channel in British Columbia's Harmony Islands.

The water, clear enough to glimpse purple and red moon-stars, a/k/a starfish, in its depths, is a deep green, colored by the pines that come down to the high tide mark. Widely spaced out around us are

four orange kayaks, launched from our mother ship, the Safari Quest, all of us looking for wildlife as the water glitters and laps against the inlet's banks.

The head of a harbor seal breaks the surface then ducks right down again. Shy little critters, they don't let us come closer than 30 feet or so, no matter how quiet we are.

A spot of white on the shore, high

in a tree. A bald eagle soars across the water, landing near the top of another pine tree.



Nancy, the Happy Kayaker

Oyster and mussel shells litter the rocks alongside the water, remnants of meals for seals or gulls, which circle above. Our expedition leader, Pam, tells us a brown bear was sighted along the shore; bears probably like oysters, too.

Art points out what looks like a brown, water-slick rock in the water to our left. It submerges and then a bewhiskered face peeks out: a sea lion. Not at all shy like the harbor seals, he continues to feed, occasionally slapping his tail and giving what

sounds like a contented snort each time he surfaces. Good eats here, evidently.

Finally, we head back to the Safari Quest. After two hours of paddling, my shoulder and arm muscles are starting to protest. Like Lewis and Clark and Sacagawea, I think, but then reflect no, mine is just the twinge of unusual exercise; theirs must have been the deep ache of testing their bodies' limits, day after day.

We near the Safari Quest. All the other kayaks are lined up along its stern; we are the last ones in. Feeling a little burst of pride, we dig deep and paddle up to the boat with renewed vigor, like runners crossing a finish line.

As we climb up to the aft deck, a crew member is pouring hot toddies for us. "Something strong?" she asks, indicating a nearby bottle.

I nod. We have earned it. ₩



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Paul E. Johnson

by Nancy Moss

Paul Johnson knew from the age of five he wanted to be a doctor. He had watched his father, a country doctor practicing in smalltown Lutcher, Louisiana, 50 miles north of New Orleans, a lumber mill town with no hospital. He had seen his dad work by lamplight, using a mirror to increase the light.

"He was the smartest and most conscientious doctor I've ever known," Paul says. Townspeople called Paul "Little Doc" as he surgery. Another doctor suggested he go to medical school. In 1953 Paul was accepted into the third class at UCLA medical school.

He found he especially liked working with children: "I loved the fact that they got sick real fast and then well fast."

After three years of residency in pediatrics, Paul was accepted as a fellow in pediatric cardiology where he did research at UCLA and at Johns Hopkins.

"A great opportunity," Paul says.

The year 1953 saw the first use of the heart-lung machine, which led to the development of open-heart surgery. Babies born with holes in their hearts, who had once died, would now live.

Resident Profile: Paul E. Johnson, MD Pediatric Cardiology Pioneer

followed his dad around.

Paul volunteered for the Army Air Corps in 1943. After service, he moved from Louisiana to California, enrolled at UCLA and received a BS in 1948.

With a wife and child to support, Paul needed a job. On a bulletin board near UCLA he saw an ad for a research associate with the UCLA School of Medicine, one of three medical schools then in California. He applied for the tech job. "The best thing I'd ever done," Paul says now.

There, Paul met his mentor, Dr. Frank Damann, a pediatric cardiologist.

World War II had stopped advances in cardiovascular medicine; now the field was ready for rapid expansion. "I was raring to go," Paul says.

With an old World War II barracks as their lab, Paul worked as a technician and grew interested in Tiring of academic medicine, which involved travel, pediatric cancers and "more metabolic diseases than sore throats," Paul joined a medical group in Pasadena that specialized in pediatrics and cardiology.

In three years, the practice grew so much that Paul could devote himself to pediatric cardiology, medical care that often involved heart catheterization – a diagnostic technique in which a catheter is run from a vein into the heart and dye injected that would show up on a film.

"A wonderful period of growth," Paul exclaims. He saw boys he treated go on in sports after having their initial heart problem fixed; one became an All-American basketball player at Stanford.

He remembers two little girls who both had life-saving surgery at nearly the same time. One went on to become a schoolteacher and the other a pediatric nurse.

He brightens as he describes the joy of seeing a blue baby turn pink.

But not all stories ended happily.

"Sometimes you know this child isn't going to make it," Paul says, noting that you have to accept death if you've done everything you can.

After deciding not to follow his mentor, Dr. Damann, to Virginia, Paul moved to Huntington Hospital in Pasadena where he worked at the Huntington Institute of Medical Research. His professional life consisted of research, practice and teaching, and Paul became interested in "tiny patients with heart disease" in the growing field of neonatalogy.

Huntington Hospital supplied neonatal care to the 1.3 million people in California's San Gabriel Valley. "There were a lot of sick babies," Paul says, or as a nurse expressed it, "Every one of them is trying to die."

His first wife having died of cancer, Paul met and married Helen, a clinical social worker and Columbia grad who worked with families of critically ill children. For recreation, they went out on his boat, a 35-foot sports fisher. He and Helen would drive to the ocean, where they could relax. He fished up and down the coast, from Long Beach to San Diego.

After years of work, Paul decided to retire and go into farming. He and Helen bought a home and planted 300 pear trees in the Santa Inez Valley.

But a resident that Paul had trained wanted him to come see some children with heart murmurs.

Faced with the choice of staying with his farm or moving to Santa Barbara, Paul decided he was "tired of being a farmer", and Helen was tired of being a country girl.

(see Johnson p. 16)

(from Johnson p. 15)

Thus began Paul's second practice, as director of pediatric services at a Santa Barbara hospital. For five years he was a full-time administrator, until his mentor Frank Damann again invited him to Charlottesville, Virginia, to work with him on a grant from the National Institutes of Health.

When that expired, he moved to a gated community in Arizona, where he and Helen stayed for seven years.



Paul and Helen Johnson, on a cruise some 20 years ago.

Having acquired a degree in early childhood education after leaving California, Helen worked in preschools in Virginia and Arizona.

Escaping Arizona's heat one summer, they visited Portland and enjoyed the city. A second summer they stayed longer; during their third summer they discovered Mirabella, where they have lived now for four years. Paul has two children: a daughter in Hawaii and a son who lives in Medford.

"There are now few lesions in pediatric cardiology that don't lend themselves to surgical correction," Paul says, meaning lives saved, parents blessed.

Paul excelled during an explosion of medical discovery and advance.

His dad would surely be proud of "Little Doc." ⊗



ABMW mechanic was removing a cylinder head from the motor of an older X5 when he spotted



a well-known cardiologist in his shop.

The cardiologist was there waiting for the service manager to come over to his car when the mechanic shouted across the garage, "Hey, Doc, want to take

a look at this?"

The cardiologist, a bit surprised, walked over to where the mechanic was working.

The mechanic straightened up, wiped his hands on a rag and asked, "So, Doc, look at this engine.....I opened its heart, took the valves out, repaired or replaced anything damaged, and then put everything back in, and when I finished, it worked just like new... So how is it that I make \$48,000 a year and you must

make at least \$1-million, when you and I are doing basically the same work?"

The cardiologist paused, leaned over and whispered to the mechanic, "Try doing it with the engine running."



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by Claire Weber

As Jenna McGrath was growing up, her mother worked at a nursing home where Jenna went after school because, as she recalls, it was "way more fun" than going home.

She sang with residents, read mail to a blind woman, played games and visited. But it was her later experience as a recreation therapy student and personal caregiver that inspired her "love for this field of caring for older adults," she says.

Now, years later, Jenna Fleck is poised to become Mirabella's health services manager, promoted from director of nursing and replacing Sharon McCartney, named Mirabella's assistant executive director.

Jenna grew up in Michigan City, Indiana, with her parents and two younger brothers. Jenna was graduated from Indiana University in Bloomington with a Bachelor of Science degree, this one in therapeutic recreation and a minor in psychology. Her first work after college was conducting psychological testing of nursing home patients, primarily those with developmental disabilities.

Jenna is adventurous, so in 2008, she and boyfriend Dan Fleck decided to follow their best friends who had moved to Oregon. After an intensive one-year program at Oregon Health & Science University (OHSU), she earned a Bachelor of Science degree in nursing.

Jenna says she "always wanted to work with geriatric patients" and by 2010, working at OHSU on the hill, she was in the market for a job to match that interest. One day she looked down towards the river and asked "what is that construction down there?" It was the emerging Mirabella, and Jenna was hired even

before the place was built.

Early on, when there were not many patients, she worked all shifts so she experienced all stages of the Health Center, a/k/a the second floor. A second floor pioneer, she was also deep in organizing the place. When she describes launching the new Mirabella, she says "we got to set up this place on ideals and then carry them forward."

Jenna had done consulting work,

Mirabella experience establishing procedures, and hands-on management where she had to "think about the business aspect," as she puts it, has proven just the right background for her new job.

She is also very pleased with Mirabella as an employer.

"I am really excited for my new position because I always love to be ready for the next bar and Mirabella lets me do that," Jenna says. "I

Staff Profile: Jenna Fleck, RN New Health Services Boss

evaluating nursing home patients in about 50 facilities, and saw again and again practices she felt were simply wrong.

Sometimes she would see patients lined up in wheelchairs along the wall, watching television. Or patients stared at the door "like they were waiting for someone to save them," she said, and she resolved to avoid that atmosphere wherever she worked.

As Jenna moved ahead in her chosen career, her private life also progressed. She married Dan in 2012 and they now have two active young sons — James is almost three and Milo will soon be one.

After serving as resident care manager for almost three years, Jenna considered applying for the staff development director position, but decided to wait until the director of nursing spot opened up.

When she told Sharon, her boss, that she was holding out for nursing director, the then-nursing director was also in Sharon's office – and announced she was putting in her notice. Talk about good timing.

Her nursing experience, early

don't know if other places let you experience what I can here." She appreciates that Mirabella is "always ready for the next thing."

Mirabella administrators are enthusiastic about Jenna's promotion. Executive Director Anthony Sabatini points out that "not all nurses are cut out to be administrative staff. She combines nursing and administrative ability which makes it a perfect fit."

"Jenna has been here from the beginning," Sharon notes, and that's an asset as the unit grows.

"Skilled nursing is transition from post-acute care," she says. "Patients are now coming to us 'quicker and sicker'; Jenna has an operational mindset – the best of both worlds."

Jenna Fleck looks forward to her new job, which she can formally assume in November after she is licensed as a nursing home administrator. She says she is "getting my tool kit to make a difference in long term care. We work hard here, but it's a nice place to be.



Photo by Ron Mendonca

Jenna Fleck

Golden Dragons Take Bronze in Italy

by Ed Parker

In Mirabella's first international sports competition, two residents helped bring home a bronze medal,

racing a dragon boat in May at the third annual Venice Canoe and Dragon Boat Festival.

That's Venice, Italy. Not Venice, California.

The dragon boat team was from the Portland Golden Dragons, a club of paddlers aged 50 and older, racing against comparative youngsters on teams from half a dozen countries. Anne Clark and I were the Mirabella contributions to the Golden Dragons crew. The average age of the Portland team competing in Venice was 75. The youngest paddler was 66 and the oldest paddler was 86.

The racing festival preceded the 42nd annual Vogalonga. Our local team also came home with a participation medal for that 22-mile paddle and came to appreciate why

"Vogalonga" in Italian means "long row."

Portland Golden Dragons members paddle on the Willamette River starting at the RiverPlace Marina on Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings year round.

A dragon boat team includes 20 paddlers, a "caller" who provides instructions, and a "tiller" who steers the boat. In Venice, the team rented an Italian boat similar to the

ones used in Portland and hired a Venetian tiller who knew the local waters. Most team members took their own paddles and the rest borrowed paddles in Venice.



Golden Dragons enter Venice's Grand Canal during May race. Photo by Roberto Olivotto

The team arrived in Venice three days before the festival and spent those rainy days exploring the city. The weather forecasts for the weekend paddling events were uniformly bad, including rain, thunderstorms and high winds. Several Italian teams pulled out of the event and there was concern the festival might be canceled.

Happily, it wasn't.
Opening ceremonies were Friday,

late afternoon. After a mostly rainy day, nine of the competing dragon boat teams paraded in cloudy but dry weather from the marina near the Venice train station into the

Grand Canal and continued up to St. Mark's Square at the other end of the canal.

The group included teams from Australia, Canada, Dubai, France, Ireland and Italy. Some countries had multiple teams. The Portland Golden Dragons team was the sole U.S. entrant.

The dragon boats shared the canal with water buses (called vaporettos), water taxis and gondolas. Paddlers enjoyed the scenes of Venice bridges, churches, palaces and other buildings from a perspective not available to tourists on the streets and bridges.

The Portland boat flew a U.S. flag and received cheers from tourists (presumably American) watching from the bridges over the canal. As we paddled back down the Grand Canal to the marina, many of us felt the emotional thrill of the unique experience and decided that even if the rest of the festival was canceled, it was still worth the trip.

On Saturday it rained morning and evening, but was dry for the daytime races.

The Golden Dragons were the only "senior" team in the event. We competed against younger teams in three races, winning a bronze medal in one of them. (Now, dear reader, please don't tell anyone there were only three boats in that race. Still, the Golden Dragons were respectable competitors in all the races and just narrowly lost out on a silver

medal.)

Sunday was the day of the 42nd annual Vogalonga, a parade of every imaginable variety of human powered vessel. The event started in the mid-1970s as a protest against all the motorized vessels making waves in the canals.

The Golden Dragons' boat was one of more than 2,000 participating craft. About 1,800 were officially registered but, like the Portland bicycle bridge pedals, a large



Anne Clark and Ed Parker competed in Venice 2016 Dragon Boat races.

number of others just joined in to be part of the fun.

The Grand Canal was closed to all motorized vessels for the event, inconveniencing both residents and tourists, since water buses and water taxis are the primary way to get around Venice other than walking. All of the bridges and plazas along the way were crowded with spectators. Contrary to dire predictions, we had sunny and mild weather with little wind.

The official starting point for the event was St. Mark's square.

The route took us across the Venice lagoon, around Burano Island (famous for its colored buildings, leaning bell tower and lace-making establishments), through the Grand Canal of Murano (home of Venice's famous glass-blowing factories) and back to the central city of Venice for a final parade through the Grand Canal to the finish line at St. Mark's square.

We made a couple of rest stops along the way. At about the half way point we passed a spot where volunteers threw bananas and bottles of water to people in the boats.

It took about six hours to complete the 22-mile course. In parts of the course we had to go single file under bridges or through narrow canals. The congestion at the final turn into the bottom of the Grand Canal to get to the finish line added almost half an hour.

Traffic was worse than Portland at rush hour.

We estimated there were close to 100 dragon boats in the event. Gondolas were a common sight, including large antique gondolas with several gondoliers in each, keeping their balance as they swung their long paddles from a traditional standing position.

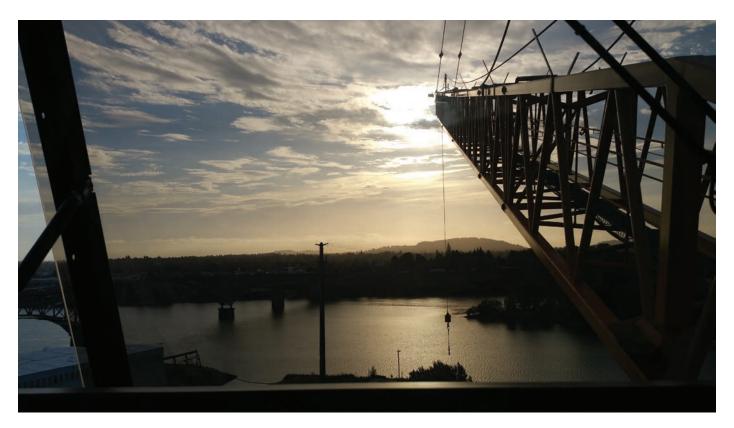
There were hundreds of kayaks and canoes. There were rowboats and rowing sculls of all sizes. There was a large antique oar-powered fishing boat.

One intrepid participant made the trip on a paddle board. Another had a small pontoon on each foot and proceeded through the route with a cross-country skiing motion while standing upright using a single very long paddle that he swung from side to side like a two-sided kayak paddle. Many people were in costume. Flags from many different countries were proudly displayed.

Seeing Venice from the water in a dragon boat and participating in the colorful Vogalonga was a travel adventure that few people have on their bucket lists.



Dr. Frank Parker, a Mirabella water volleyball stalwart, gives assistant executive director Sharon McCartney a team T-shirt as players look on. Logo designed by Frank's son and daughter-in-law, Garth and Andrea Parker, both professional artists. Design includes team motto "our balls float," translated to Latin as "morbi globos nostra." Photo by Curtis Guthrie.



View from Spike Schmit's cab as he starts each workday. Photo by Spike Schmit.

Crane Operators Ride High Over OHSU Construction Site

by Steve Casey

Spike Schmit and Anson Barrow have exhilarating commutes to

Each workday morning, the two tower crane operators on the OHSU/Hoffman Construction two-block building project across from Mirabella look forward to another great day at the office, with 360-degree views of Portland.

"I've had some pretty good offices," says Anson, a veteran of 15 years in the cab of a tower crane.

"I just love my job," says Spike, "I'm like a crane geek."

He is also a photographer who shares his office view with 3550 readers in this issue.

The men start work each day by climbing the long ladders to the

cabs where they have been known to spend as many as 12 or 14 hours without coming down.

Which leads to a couple of obvious questions we may as well answer now:

Yes, they take food and beverages up with them.

And, no, they don't have a toilet.

"I have a Gatorade jug," reports Spike. "You learn to eat right," he says, just as he's showing a selfie he took in the cab while holding a big slice of pizza.

The straight-up commute looks intimidating, but "this is the shortest climb I've had in years," said Anson. "This is a piece of cake."

Climbing up into the cab on Block 29 takes him about 15

minutes. Taller cranes have taken 30 to 45.

Spike uses his 12- to 15-minute hike up the 172 rungs of his ladder to check welds and bolts on his crane on Block 28.

From their perches, do operators see into offices or homes close by? Anson: "Bad idea. I keep my focus on the job. There are some things you just can't un-see."

Once up in the cab, the workday can be by turns hectic or boring.

"Sometimes it's very demanding," Anson says, "mentally exhausting. You have three different radios in the cab and you often listen to all three at once, at the same time you're operating the crane."

The operators have partners on the ground, guys who they say "drive

the crane with the radio." These are their riggers, known as "bellmen."

"They are kind of like puppet masters," observes Anson.

They will secure the loads on the ground before lift-off, and guide them in gently at their destination. Glare or obstructions can block the operator's view. Tasks become more difficult as the building rises and more of the job is done in the blind.

"The bellmen are your eyes and you have to trust them," Anson says. "If you can't trust them, you have to either slow down or stop. The guy on the ground has to be as expert as the operator."

Running the crane itself, Spike says, is part computer, part experience, part instinct.

"The best way to explain it is it's like a video game. Also, I used to play pool when I was a kid and I see angles and such."

As the boom from Spike's crane arcs toward Curry Street, one question occurs to residents on the north side of Mirabella: "What's to stop that thing from taking out my living room?"

Answer: Software.

The crane is programmed to shut down if the boom enters prohibited airspace – like over Curry Street – where it could bash us.



Crane operators Anson Barrow, left, and Spike Schmit pose on Mirabella roof. Photo by Todd Albert.

There is an art to what these guys do, and both say it's not hard to tell

in the first few months if a novice crane operator has the talent for it.

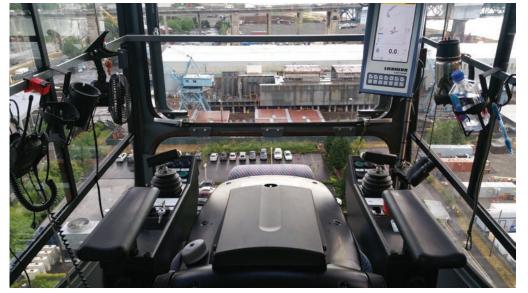
When they swing a boom, the load dangling below will keep moving after the boom stops. The operator gives a gentle counterswing to slow the load and guide it down to a safe landing.

The computers in the cab are a big help, but a lot seems to turn on a native feel for the job that can't be taught.

Anson, the more seasoned operator of the two, praises Spike's abilities in the cab, saying "he learns real fast, has a good touch and does a fine job."

Their enemies, high above the ground, are wind and cold.

(see Ride High p. 24)



At the office — command center of crane at Hoffman Construction site. Photo by Spike Schmit.

Amaze Your Friends, Win Bar Bets

The higher up you go, the stronger the wind. By law, says Spike, the crane has to shut down if the sustained wind is 30 mph or greater.

"Wind is unpredictable," says Anson. "You have to have a contingency plan. Wall panels are among the worst (loads) because of the big surface area. I've had to ditch them into the ground to keep them from spinning in the wind."

Steel gets brittle in the cold, notes Anson. He's had cranes ice up and had to shut down because falling icicles are deadly.

While they view their jobs as pretty safe, construction sites are filled with danger.

"I saw a guy die under the cranes," said Anson.

It was a foreman on the ground talking on his cell phone, oblivious to a drill rig moving into the gap he was trying to walk through. From his perch, Anson could only watch, helpless, as the man was crushed.

Anson, 52, has helped build a lot of the South Waterfront – the John Ross and the Mirabella, and now the OHSU complex.

Both men are Portland raised and both have families here. Both worked in other construction trades before becoming crane operators.

"I was one of those punk rock kids everyone hates downtown," says Spike, who at 43 bears the tattoos and piercings of his youth. "I saw all these construction guys, and none of them would talk to me, but I thought 'that looks like fun."

It still is, for both of them. Anson says the admiration he and Spike are paid is undeserved.

"We get the attention because the cranes are so big," he says, "but there are all the superintendents, the architects, the engineers, the subcontractors, all the guys on the ground and they are the ones getting this done."

Facts To Keep You Crane-ing Your Neck

Both cranes on Hoffman Construction site:

Owned by Morrow Equipment, leased to Hoffman Erected by Northwest Tower Crane Services of Des Moines, Washington

Block 29 Crane

Initial height, boom extended upward: 420.5 ft.

Initial height, after "jumping up" during construction: 495.58 ft

Maximum hoist capacity: 70,550 lbs.

Operator: Anson Barrow

Block 28 Crane

Initial height, boom extended upward: 375 ft. Already at maximum height – no "jump up" Maximum hoist capacity: 39,680 lbs.

Operator: Spike Schmit

Mirabella

Building height: 325 ft.

Mr. Otis Regrets

A Paean, Perhaps, to Mirabella's Lifts

by Roy Abrahamson

Sung to the tune of "Miss Otis Regrets" by Cole Porter

Mr. Otis regrets the elevators won't run today, Madam

Mr. Otis regrets the elevators won't run today He's sorry for the delays

And suggests that you try the stairways, Madam

Mr. Otis regrets the elevators won't run today

When you push the button and wait Nothing happens and you're gonna be late, Madam

The problem is in the program we're told And our computer expert, twelve years old Can't get here until after school at three, But she'll make everything alright in a jiffy, Madam

Mr. Otis regrets the elevators won't run today

OHSU Work Both Seen and Heard

by Jim Luke

Remember back when the jack-hammer seemed loud?

The sound of the equipment driving the tunnel sections under Bond Avenue made the jackhammer seem positively tranquil.

My wife and 4-year-old granddaughter were out walking and went to investigate the noise. One of the construc-

tion workers explained what was going on, then asked Anya if she wanted to hear the crane operator honk the horn.

Ah, she's 4: of course she said yes. The construction worker said Anya had to ask the crane operator to honk the horn. She spoke right into his radio and was answered with a couple of short toots! Thank you, Hoffman, for

taking the time to be considerate of those not even connected with construction. You made a little girl's day.

During the tunnel construction, workers daily checked for vibration and settlement. One of the vibration monitors is right in the Mirabella. Every day, a survey crew took elevations on the street car tracks, poles controlling the overhead cable

system and on the sidewalks. The same points were measured each time and the results placed in a spreadsheet to show any variance.

On block 28 Hoffman also has been pouring some of the sheer walls which are located on top of the piles they set earlier. They have continued with the remainder of the basement walls and then the pouring of the first floor (Level 1). We will next see the garage ramps

#325"

#300 R

#300 30

#30 28

#32 28

#32 22

#32 22

#33 33 34

#33 4130'-4" R

#130'-4" R

#130'-4

OHSU parking structure rises to Mirabella seventh floor. Higher, residents look down on park-like roof. New structure tops at Mirabella 14th floor. Illustration courtesy of ZGF Architects.

start to form up. Levels 2 thru 6 will be parking.

Nothing much has been done on top of the parking garage on lot 29 since our last issue because of a delay in getting permits. The parking garage ramp canopy demo and the process of exposing the rebar at the top of the columns is now completed. Additional rebar has been epoxied into the columns as

they are extended up to grade with concrete walls between them to get up to first floor grade elevation.

The addition to our neighborhood on block 37 is now named Osprey Apartments. Located at Gaines and River Parkway, the six-story, 270-apartment building has been under construction since January 2015. Completion date is this October.

One item which had to be

was the reconstruction of the cul-de-sac at the end of Gaines Street. The cracks in the concrete and pavement were still visible where a portion of the street has settled and moved toward the construction site to the south. This was caused by vibrations generated as they installed the stone columns for the foundation of the building. The stone columns

completed

support the building during an earthquake by controlling soil lique-faction. Since there was no retaining wall next to the cul-de-sac, there was actually some soil liquefaction under the street causing the settlement and movement.

(see Luke p. 26)



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YES PROJECT'S 2016/17 \$7,000 IN SCHOLARSHIPS AWARDED TO:

Breanna Collins — CNA Linfield School of Nursing

Ashley Gary — **CNA**Portland Community College

Jennifer O'Brien — Assistant Pastry Chef, Portland State University (3rd Award)

Rosalia Juarez — Aria Food ServerNational College of Naturopathic Medicine

Jacinta Wright — LPN
Portland Community College

The YES Project is an endowed employee scholarship, funded by Mirabella residents and administered by the Oregon Community Foundation. Since 2014 the YES Project has awarded Mirabella employees \$17,600. For more information contact Dave McCammon at 6724 or box 607.

(from Luke p. 25)

Immediately south of the above-mentioned block 37 is block 41, which has been designed as another six-story apartment building containing 200 apartments and 187 parking spaces. The construction on this site should cause Portland Parks & Recreation to connect the Greenway trail south to the Spaghetti Factory.

The Portland Business Journal reports that a San Francisco Bay Area real estate company and Portland's GBD Architects plan a 4-building development along the Willamette to SW Bond Ave., bordered by SW Lowell and SW Lane streets. It could create 1,200 apartments and as many as 1,000 parking spaces, plus retail.

Tesla is designing a service center on the old Benz Springs site at 4330 SW Macadam. To cheers in the South Waterfront, Tesla committed to build a trail linking up that portion of the Greenway trail across its property. The Greenway trail along the river could then be taken south, all the way to Willamette Park and beyond, to the Sellwood Bridge.

Further south in John's Landing, a 7-story building called Oxbow 49 opened in April with 166 apartments and 144 parking spaces.

Five Win YES Project Awards

Mirabella assistant pastry chef Jen O'Brien won her third YES Project scholarship in July, receiving \$1,000 to further her accounting studies at Portland State University.

A five-year Mirabella employee, Jen is studying to become a CPA.

Two other employees also received scholarships at the annual awards ceremony.

Jacinta Wright is working toward a bachelor's degree in nursing. A licensed practical nurse in the Health Center, she aims eventually to open a community health center in her native Kenya. She received a \$2,000 scholarship.

Rosalia Juarez is a first-year student at the National College of Naturopathic Medicine, expecting to graduate in 2020. She hopes to earn a master's degree from Portland State and ultimately a Ph.D., then work in under-served communities. A native of Mexico, Rosalia came to the U.S. in 1995 and works as a food server in Aria. She was also awarded \$2,000.

Ashley Gary and Breanna Collins, both certified nursing assistants, could not attend the event but each

was awarded a \$1,000 scholarship for the coming year.

This year the five YES scholarships totaled \$7,000. The program since its inception has given \$17,600 in scholarships to Mirabella employees. ⊗



YES Project 2016 scholarship recipients (L-R): Jacinta Wright, Rosalia Juarez, Jennifer O'Brien. Not pictured: Ashley Gary, Brenna Collins. Photo by Dave McCammon.



A Place to Find Your Own Happiness

Editor's Note: Ruth G. Matarazzo and her husband, Joe, both with long and distinguished careers in psychology, are new residents of Mirabella. A medical psychologist, Ruth is professor emerita of Oregon Health & Science University's department of behavioral neuroscience and department of psychiatry. She earned her Ph.D. at Washington University in St. Louis and was a research fellow at Harvard Medical School and a psychologist at Massachusetts General Hospital prior to joining OHSU. She has looked at Mirabella and determined it is extremely healthy.

by Ruth G. Matarazzo

Is Mirabella your happy place?
Most people believe one's level of happiness is determined by fate and circumstance. However, while sometimes it's hard to convince ourselves, happiness is largely under our own control.

Just look at the folks suffering setbacks, or dealt a bum hand in life, who persevere, looking at the good all around them. They are positive thinkers – and studies show people who are upbeat are not only friendship magnets, but also get payoffs in physical and mental health.

Remember the old story about optimists and pessimists? An optimist sees half a glass of water and thinks it's half full. A pessimist thinks it's half empty. (An engineer thinks the glass is twice as big as it needs to be, but that's another story.)

My husband, Joe, and I are both psychologists and pay attention to the way people relate. One of the draws of Mirabella for us was that the residents, from those bravely facing physical or financial challenges to those sitting on top of the world, are so outgoing and positive and actively work at making new friends.

Clinicians are sometimes asked how one can develop that positive outlook.

Their psychologists will offer suggestions – review specific things you are grateful for and write down one of them each day – and work with them on some other techniques of leading a full and happy life.

There are some specific ingredients of happiness.

Love and friendship are the shelter and oxygen of being happy.

We all need to feel loved and valued for who we are and what we contribute to others' lives. Consider first the happiness associated with family and close friends, with the mutual support and caring that is

friendly and helping another provides pleasure to yourself as well as to the other person.

And there is no reason to be shy about being helpful to someone else because you don't know the right words. It's become something of a cliché, but it's true: People won't remember what you *said*, but they'll remember how you made them *feel*.

Feeling valued for any contributions you make to a group activity or goal increases your happiness and self-esteem. All friendly social relationships, big or small, are a strong contributor to happiness. A sense of isolation leads to depression and is poorly tolerated by humans as well as creatures throughout the animal kingdom.

Love, friendship, helping others, feeling valued – all involve working



shown. Then think of a wider circle, with again the feeling of mutual caring and support. We see this all around us at the Mirabella.

The act of helping others provides us with pleasure and satisfaction. Even with strangers, just being

to build good relationships, and Mirabella offers manifold opportunities to do just that.

It's important. A 75-year Harvard study of adult development shows clearly that irrespective of finances and occupation, people who keep

making friends and work at building friendships get big payoffs in health and happiness.

That's particularly important for people of our demographic, who have retired and possibly moved to a new city and need healthy social involvement to remain happy and productive.

Purpose and goal-setting give meaning to life; even a very small goal such as regularly telephoning a loved one or friend, or simply reading a book a month.

After retirement, many also continue to work part-time or as a substitute. This avoids a sharp step-down from having daily purposes while one was working. Other newly formed goals need to emerge, such as joining a resident's committee, baby sitting grand-children, serving on a community board, caring for a sick friend or family member. It is very important to realize that each day needs a purpose.

Retirement shouldn't eradicate goal-setting; it should encourage it.

Let us not forget health and exercise.

Good health is certainly important to happiness, and exercise has been shown to be an important factor in promoting both health and



happiness. Volumes of research have shown that exercise helps in both decreasing depression and slowing mental deterioration.

Aerobic exercise, particularly, boosts brain-friendly neurotransmitters. Exercise also provides a break from chores and can be experienced alone or as an opportunity to socialize.

And we all need mental stimulation. It's essential to happiness. The varied, talented, socially-oriented, often humorous residents of Mirabella certainly include mental

stimulation in their daily friendly interactions.

Book groups, bridge, mah jongg, evening programs, bus trips and other groups also provide this opportunity.

Add in a beautiful sun-filled building with awe-inspiring, naturally gorgeous surroundings and you have a laboratory for discovering the happiness within you.

For *you* are your happy place. ⊗



"It's a full-bodied wine with hints of acrimony, partisanship, and moral outrage."

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It's Always Holiday Season Around the World

by Nick Cowell

In America there are holidays all year long, but now we're entering a time when they seem to come thick and fast: Halloween, Thanksgiving, Chanukah, Christmas, New Years and on to Valentines Day.

Festivals and holidays occur not only all the time but also in all places and in all ways.

Here are some of the more unusual holiday and festival celebrations throughout the year I have seen during work and travel abroad.



The Fourth of July is indeed celebrated by the American community in Liberia – fireworks, big picnic, fun and games, and astounding amounts of beer.

But why celebrate it on July 4? It's likely to be raining then.

All the Americans turn out at the designated field each October 15 when it is usually sunny but not too hot for all the traditions of this holiday.



Holidays are tricky – sometimes they move around. The Philippines used to celebrate its independence on July 4, as that was the day it peacefully gained independence with the signing of the Treaty of Manila in 1946. July 4 now, however, is Philippine Republic Day, also known as Filipino-American Friendship Day, and its independence day has been moved to June 12, the date in 1898 it shed Spanish rule.



Many countries celebrate gaining their independence; American Samoa celebrates losing it. Their major holiday is Flag Day, celebrating losing their independence and giving their five islands to America. And why does America want these islands? It's difficult to say. They might be useful if we want to attack Australia or New Zealand.

How to celebrate this interesting history?

Have an extra huge feast. (*All* Samoan feasts are huge and include "ainga baskets" full of food for each family to take home.)

They stage outrigger canoe races, greased pig chasing, long boat races, cricket matches – unusual because, dissatisfied with low scoring, instead of one batsman running between the wickets they use seven.

Scores are indeed large, and, in past times, the losing team members were required repeatedly to throw a rockfish into the air and catch it.

Rockfish have poison spines, and the pain can be enormous and occasionally fatal. Fortunately, this practice has died out.



After a very tiring day in northern India and a very late bed hour I got on a bus and despite the bumpy roads I quickly fell asleep and when I woke up in the morning and, after yawning and stretching, I looked out the window. To my total amazement I saw cattle, donkeys, a few horses and goats painted with stripes, dots and designs of all colors shapes and sizes and with colored ribbons hung around their necks. I literally thought that I had lost my mind. Blinking and head scratching did not make these apparitions go away, and finally I asked the man next to me what on earth had happened. "We make these animals work very hard every day of the year but today is their holiday,

we decorate them and we worship them" was his reply.



In Chile, a mostly Roman Catholic country, birthdays are not celebrated and sometimes almost ignored. The celebration comes on one's Saints Day. That day is filled with gifts, hugs, handshakes, congratulations, songs and fancy meals.



On Bali, an Indonesian island, the people observe "Sepi," the day of silence. This means everyone should not say a word in public and stay inside his or her house all day long.

As a foreigner I was exempt, and I was in a car driven by a Balinese who used as his excuse being with a foreigner showing him around and thus fulfilling the obligation of hospitality. I saw a man sitting on his porch absolutely silent and motionless. My driver was incensed claiming that he was desecrating the holiday with such outrageous behavior.



In Nepal there was a holiday whose name I have forgotten. Goats and sheep were brought to a temple and killed to be part of a great feast and to be distributed among the poorer villagers. Balinese Hinduism forbade their killing unless they agreed. How does a goat indicate its willingness? Simple in Nepal – you take a small glass of water and pour it on the animal's nose and he will shake his head up and down. You see, he agrees.

The closest thing in Nepal to the American Halloween is the Hindu festival of Holi, called the festival of colors and of sharing love.



Pha That Luang, religious monument in Laos, is site each November of Bun That Luang, Vientiane's biggest Theravada Buddhist festival. Photo by Robert French.

How do you share love? Easy. You throw colored powder over anyone who is within your range. We knew it was Holi when our cook came in one morning with a huge grin on his face and looking like he had taken a bath in a rainbow.

9

England doubles down each December, celebrating Christmas on the 25th and then Boxing Day on the 26th.

Boxing Day was a day when servants were given gifts and excused from all duties so that they could go home and celebrate the holiday with their families. The days of servants are now mostly gone and now people observe Boxing Day by providing small gifts and food to the less fortunate.



Closer to home in much of the American south, African Americans celebrate 'Juneteenth' with parties, good meals, games and sometime presents.

Juneteenth is June 19, the day that slaves were emancipated in Texas, the first state to get the news of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

Your Triumphant Holiday Stories Sought

We live pretty comfortably now but may have experienced years when the budget was tight, the pile of packages under the tree small.

During Art's sabbatical in Wales, for example, we were on three quarters pay, living in an unheated house.

Art learned to manage coal fires, and we balanced our restrained holiday spending with new experiences: horseback riders assembling in their pinks, which are really red, on Boxing Day, and cream teas with scones, berry jam and clotted cream.

If you have a holiday memory like this when you met a restricted budget with ingenuity or aplomb – please send me your tale by October 15, either at hawaiimoss@msn.com or in-house mail slot 2102.

Not a writer? Not a problem. All submissions subject to gentle editing. Stories are to run in the December 3550.

-Nancy Moss



"Please, Jeff. No one shows his abs after Labor Day."

Ienjoy reporting on all your activities each issue, and I'm going to lead off this column with a report on **me**: My 75th high school reunion is being held in Longview, Wash., this month. Am I going? Yup – for sure.

Our artists have been busy.
Art classes included two sessions of Kumihimo weaving taught by
Ron Mendonca and a year-long oil painting class for all levels of skill



taught by Yvonne Branchflower.

Two field trips to Bullseye Glass for a session of decorative plate-making and a day at the Lake Oswego Arts Festival rounded out the productive year. The baker's dozen of lovely decorative pillows displayed in the lobby in July were gifts made by Muriel Mendonca and Mary Zehrung as auction items for the Mirabella Foundation, with proceeds going to the Resident Assistance Fund.

Still on the art beat: Mary Zehrung reports that "Quilts for Kids has made and given 140 quilts to the CARES program at Emanuel Randall's' Children's Hospital. "

"These children are so in need of treatment and a safe place to live that the quilts give them comfort," Mary says. Right on, ladies!

In that vein, a small group of residents is knitting warm scarves to be given to homeless seniors through the Northwest Pilot Program in November, thanks to **Gwen Luhta's** creative idea of meeting to knit while watching Charlie Rose's afternoon program on TV.

Like opera? Many of our residents do and enjoy going by Mirabella bus to the Lloyd Center on Saturday mornings during opera season to hear live simulcasts *Live in HD* via satellite from the Metropolitan Opera in New York City.

If you are new to opera, I'll bet some of our regular attendees, such as **Linda Wood** and Gwen Luhta, would be happy to suggest what you might enjoy.

Foreign language operas have English subtitles, and a favorite feature is going backstage at the Met during intermission without leaving your comfy Lloyd Center seat. Linda has arranged the bus for this year—and tickets may be purchased on-line or at the door.

Carolyn Harbison says the Travel Club is considering Sunday night suppers at South Park, Le Chon, Nines, PF Chang, Laurelhurst Market and Bombay Cricket Club. The bus limit is 12. Day trips being considered are a luncheon cruise aboard the Portland Spirit, the zoo, Pendleton Woolen Mill and Japanese Garden. Trip full? Add your name to the waiting list in the event book, as they frequently have cancellations.

Joan McCoy, chair of the Library Committee, says that we now have five new reading lamps in the library for people to enjoy. "They are good looking —all alike— so we have no more confusion about where the on/ off switch is. Residents like them very much."

Antoinette Hatfield is pleased with her Dining Committee over its progress the past year. She hailed Chef Todd for his creativity and being amenable to the committee members' suggestions. Concern with sugar, salt, fat, calorie and carbohydrate count, not salting chips, use of Equal all were addressed and resulted in change. Table sizes and placements, as well. Another welcome change was the Bistro staying open Sundays until 7:30 p.m. Oh, another plus: Antoinette says there are more kudos than complaints. 🕸



Resident Dogs Enjoy 'Yappy Hour'

Many of Mirabella's dogs have regular outings to the South Waterfront Dog Park at the foot of Curry Street, built by Hoffman Construction on OHSU property.

Rolf Glerum, a dog park board member, says the park is a fine goodwill gift of Hoffman and OHSU and is enjoyed by some 89 members from throughout the neighborhood.

It has an area for small dogs and a big dog area which is open to all breeds.

Dog park leaders started a summer series of "Yappy Hours" each Friday from 4 to 6 p.m. That series should end sometime in September, depending on the weather.

The dog park is led by Mary Rousseau, a retired judge who lives in the neighborhood and is the daughter of Mirabella resident Doug Gordenier. Membership costs \$60 a year.

And perhaps for the first time, cats outnumber dogs at Mirabella.

"Perhaps", because it's tougher to get information on cats, who are more private creatures and generally stay home.







by Nick Jones
Dámaso Rodriguez

Swinging between reality and fantasy, TREVOR takes aim at the nature of humanity and the lies we tell ourselves.

STARTS SEP 6
Take the Mirabella bus to the matinee on Sep 25

USE CODE "3550" FOR \$35.50 TICKETS

AMERICAN ALLERO

by Bess Wohl
directed
by Shawn Lee

This post-recession, comedic commentary embraces the humor in misery, the creativity in despair and the ingenuity of the human spirit.

STARTS OCT 4
Take the Mirabella bus to the matinee on Oct 30

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3550 Arts & Entertainment

If It's Tuesday, It Must Be Turandot



Oslo Opera House

by Rolf Glerum

In late May, I took an extraordinary opera tour of the four Scandinavian countries. Our small group of eight opera-lovers enjoyed a performance in each of the four capital cities:

Copenhagen – Salome (Strauss) Oslo – Turandot (Puccini) Helsinki – Tristan and Isolde (Wagner)

Stockholm – Cosi fan tutte (Mozart)

Since my return, many residents have asked me to compare opera houses and audiences in Europe with those in the U.S. I don't mean to review the excellent performances themselves, but rather offer some

observations on the differences among the venues.

The Houses

Three of the four theaters were built in the last decade, and exhibit the best of modern architecture, with soaring lines, clean spaces and wide, easy stairways and halls.

The Royal Swedish Opera, although considerably older, boasts the traditional red and gold velvet trappings in its elegant interior and still presents a classic theatrical experience.

All four houses contain three or four tiers on three sides of the hall; average seating capacity is approximately 1,500.

Our group attended two matinées (2 p.m.) and two evening performances (8 p.m.). No matter how

long the opera (T&I lasted 4 ½ hours), there is only one half-hour intermission.

The Audiences

People in Europe usually dress up to attend the opera, especially the evening performances. Matinées are a bit less formal, but there are many more coats and ties than we see at home.

When intermission comes, literally everyone leaves the hall. The break is at least 30 minutes long, leaving plenty of time for a drink and a snack. Tables and chairs are readily available throughout the lobby.

Most opera performances in Scandinavia are sell-outs, as were

(see Tuesday p. 36)

(from Tuesday p. 35)

the four we attended. Ticket prices are very reasonable, certainly much less than the average in the U.S. We were told that many European opera companies are subsidized by local taxes.

We noted a curious trait in the operas we saw.

It's tradition in the U.S. (and perhaps elsewhere) to applaud after a major aria or particularly dramatic scene, sometimes with a Bravo! or Huzzah! For some reason, this simply isn't done in Scandinavia; all applause is held until the end of the act, no matter how great the singing is.

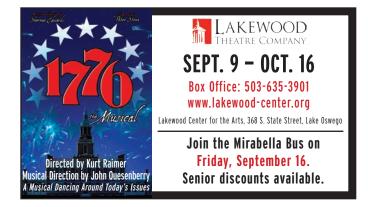
And finally, a word about supertitles, sometimes referred to as surtitles.

This helpful invention was first introduced in Canadian and American opera houses in 1983, and has since spread throughout the operatic world. In the U.S., supertitles are always in English, even when the respective opera is sung in English. In Scandinavia, however, where many are bilingual, such is not the case.

The Oslo Opera House, for example, features surtitles projected on a small screen on the back of the seat in front of you. One can choose the text in Norwegian or English. The Finnish National Opera projects supertitles above the stage in three languages – Finnish, Swedish (which many Finns speak) or English.

Unfortunately for us Englishonly speakers, the supertitles in Copenhagen and Stockholm are only in Danish and Swedish, respectively.

But we still understand the music.





Your Guide to Arts Around Town

The Lion King

Broadway in Portland Keller Auditorium Through Sept. 4

The Gun Show

CoHo Productions 2257 NW Raleigh St. Through Oct. 2

Art & Theater Openings

September 6 – Trevor (NW Premiere)

Artist Repertory Theatre 1515 SW Morrison Mirabella Bus Sept. 25, 1:00 p.m. 503-241-1278 Through Oct. 12

September 8 – Steel Magnolias

Clackamas Repertory Theatre The Niemeyer Center Clackamas Community College Through Oct. 2

September 8 – The Graduate (Oregon Premiere)

Bag & Baggage Productions
The Venetian
253 E. Main St., Hillsboro
Mirabella Bus Sept. 11, 12:30 p.m.,
\$5.00
503-345-9590
Through Oct. 2

September 9 – 1776

Lakewood Theatre Company
Mirabella Bus Sept. 16, 6:30 p.m.,
\$5.00
503-635-3901

Through Oct. 16

September 10 - Renee Fleming

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.

September 10 – Little Shop of Horrors

Portland Center Stage **Mirabella Bus Sept. 18, 1:00 p.m.** 503-445-3700 Through Oct. 16

September 13 – Boyz II Men

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.

September 15- Full Gallop

Triangle Productions
1785 NE Sandy
Mirabella Bus Sept. 25, 1:00 p.m.,
\$5.00
Through Oct. 8

September 17 - The Legend of Zelda

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.

September 21 – August Wilson's How I Learned What I Learned

Portland Playhouse 602 NE Prescott Through Oct. 23

September 22 – Fly by Night

Broadway Rose 12850 SW Grant Ave., Tigard Mirabella Bus Sept. 23, 6:30 p.m., \$5.00 Through Oct. 23

September 24 – Orthodox Music: Ancient & Modern

Cappella Romana Trinity Episcopal Cathedral NW 19th & Everett **Mirabella Bus 3:15 p.m.** 503-236-8202

September 24 - Bluebeard's Castle

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall Through Sept. 26, 7:30 p.m.

September 29 – The Music of David Bowie

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.

September 29 – Jekyll & Hyde — The Musical

Stumptown Stages Antoinette Hatfield Hall Through Oct. 16

September 30 - The Nether

Third Rail Theatre 17 SE 8th Ave. Mirabella Bus Oct. 6, 6:45 p.m. Through Oct. 22

October 1 - Hold These Truths

Portland Center Stage **Mirabella Bus Oct. 9, 1:00 p.m.** 503-445-3700 Through Nov. 13

October 4 – American Hero (NW Premiere)

Artists Repertory Theatre 1515 SW Morrison Mirabella Bus Oct. 30, 1:15 p.m. 503-241-1278 Through Oct. 30

October 6 – Diavolo – Architecture in Motions

White Bird Dance Antoinette Hatfield Hall Through Oct. 8, 7:30 p.m.

October 8 - Giants

Oregon Ballet Theatre Keller Auditorium **Mirabella Bus Oct. 13, 6:45 p.m.** 503-222-5538 Through Oct. 15

(see Arts p. 38)

Playwright Nancy's Pick:

Portland Playhouse offers August Wilson's "How I Learned What I Learned", Sept. 21 through Oct. 23.

Written and first performed by Wilson himself in Seattle, the play is an autobiography telling how, accused of plagiarism, Wilson quit high school and began educating himself every day in a nearby library.

Wilson's 10 plays, each illuminating a different decade in 20th century America, explore – with poetic language like a mighty pipe organ – the African American experience in America.

Portland Playhouse's artistic director Brian Weaver points out, however, that Wilson "doesn't just write about black experience but about the American experience." His plays use humor and romance to overcome anger.

Asked what makes Portland Playhouse distinctive, Weaver says, "We illuminate the intensity of human emotions and the experience of being alive, intense moments like coming home from a war, a car crash, the birth of a grand-child. Those moments are our life."

Tickets and information are available online at portlandplayhouse.com or by phone at (503) 488-5022. Portland Playhouse is at 602 NE Prescott St.

—Nancy Moss

(from Arts p. 37)

October 8 – Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall Through Oct. 10

October 12 – Jazz at Lincoln Center Orchestra

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.

October 13 – El Muerto Vagabundo (World Premiere)

Milagro Theatre (Bilingual) 525 SW Stark **Mirabella Bus Oct. 20, 6:15 p.m.** Through Nov. 6

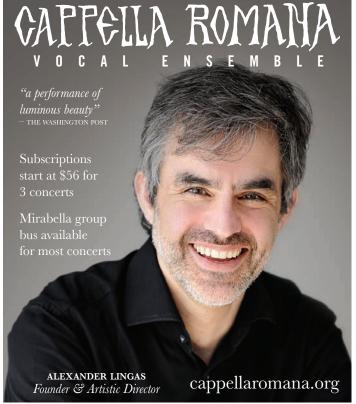
October 13 – Camille A. Brown & Dancers

White Bird Dance Antoinette Hatfield Hall Through Oct. 15, 7:30 p.m.

October 13 – The Drowning Girls (NW Premiere)

Bag & Baggage Productions
The Venetian
253 E. Main St., Hillsboro
Mirabella Bus Oct. 14,
5:30 p.m., \$5.00
503-345-9590
Through Oct. 31





October 14 - Mozart ಈ Mendelssohn

Portland Baroque Orchestra 10/14 & 10/15 First Baptist Church 7:30 p.m.

10/16 Kaul Auditorium Reed College 3:00 p.m.

Mirabella Bus Oct. 15, 7:00 p.m. 503-222-6000

October 15 – Jason Alexander Sings **Broadway**

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall Through Oct. 16

October 18 - Itzhak Perlman Recital

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.

October 20 - Louise Erdrich

Portland Arts & Lectures Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.

October 20 - Inbal Pinto ಈ Avshalom Pollak - Wallflower

White Bird Dance Lincoln Hall – PSU Through Oct. 22, 8:00 p.m.

October 22 - Colin Currie

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall Through Oct. 24

October 28 – The How and the Why

CoHo Productions 2257 NW Raleigh St. Through Nov. 19

October 28 – Breathtaking — A Voice and Cornetto Entwined

Portland Baroque Orchestra First Baptist Church Mirabella Bus Oct. 28, 7:00 p.m. 503-222-6000 Through Oct. 29, 7:30 p.m.

October 29 - Icons of Sound: Byzantine Chant from Hagia Sophia

Cappella Romana

Oct. 29 - St. Mary's Cathedral NW 18th & Couch, 8:00 p.m.

Oct. 30 – St. Stephen's Catholic Church SE 41st & Taylor, 3:00

Mirabella Bus Oct. 29, 7:00 p.m. 503-236-8202

October 29 - The Oregon Trail Portland Center Stage 503-445-3700 Through Nov. 20

October 29 - Barber's Violin Concerto

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall Through Oct. 31, 7:30 p.m.

November 1 - Beautiful The Carole King Musical

Keller Auditorium Through Nov. 6

November 4 - One Man, Two Guvnors

Lakewood Theatre 503-635-3901 Through Dec. 11

November 5 - Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall Through Nov. 7

November 10 - Raiders of the Lost Ark

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.

Kids Concert

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall 2:00 p.m.



November 13 - Tchaikovsky's Symphony #5 Metropolitan Youth Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall Mirabella Bus 6:45 p.m. 800-273-1530

November 13 - Frozen Fairy Tales November 17 - Don DeLillo in conversation with Noah Hawley

Portland Arts & Lectures Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall 7:30 p.m.

(see Arts p. 40)

(from Arts p. 39)

November 17 – Reggie Wilson/ Moses(es)

White Bird Dance Lincoln Hall – PSU Through Nov. 19, 8:00 p.m.

Handel Organ Concertos

Portland Baroque Orchestra First Baptist Church Nov. 18 & 19 Kaul Auditorium at Reed College Nov. 20

Mirabella Bus Nov. 20, 2:15 p.m., \$5.00

503-222-6000

November 19 – Stephen Hough Plays Saint-Saens

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall Through Nov. 21, 7:30 p.m.

November 22 – A Civil War Christmas

Artists Repertory Theatre 1515 SW Morrison Mirabella Bus Dec. 11, 1:15 p.m. 503-241-1278 Through Dec. 23

November 23 - PDX MAS

Broadway Rose 12850 SW Grant Ave., Tigard Mirabella Bus Dec. 14, 6:30 p.m., \$5.00

Through Dec. 22

November 25 – Parfumerie

Bag & Baggage Productions
The Venetian
253 E. Main St., Hillsboro
Mirabella Bus Dec. 8, 5:30 p.m.,
\$5.00

503-345-9590 Through Dec. 23

November 25 - Buyer & Cellar Triangle Productions 1785 NE Sandy Mirabella Bus Dec. 4, 1:15 p.m., \$5.00

November 26 – The Santaland Diaries

Through Dec. 17

Portland Center Stage Mirabella Bus Dec. 17, 1:00 p.m. 503-445-3700 Through Dec. 24

November 26 - Holiday Pops

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall Through Nov. 27

November 30 - A Christmas Carol

Portland Playhouse 802 NE Prescott Through Dec. 30

November 30 – Hershey Felder as Irving Berlin

Portland Center Stage

Mirabella Bus Dec. 10, 1:00 p.m.
503-445-3700

Through Dec. 30

Early December

December 1 - Plaid Tidings

Stumptown Stages Antoinette Hatfield Hall Through Dec. 24

December 3 - Turangalila

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall Through Dec. 5

December 9 – Handel's Messiah (Complete, 3 hours)

Portland Baroque Orchestra First Baptist Church 503-222-6000 Through Dec. 11

December 9 - Gospel Christmas

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall Through Dec. 11



December 10 - The Nutcracker

Oregon Ballet Theatre Keller Auditorium Mirabella Bus Dec. 21, 1:15 p.m. 503-222-5538 Through Dec. 26

December 11 - ZOOZOO

Imago Theatre 17 SE 8th Ave. Through Jan. 3

December 12 - Handel's Messiah Highlights

Portland Baroque Orchestra First Baptist Church Mirabella Bus 7:00 p.m. 503-222-6000

December 15 - Bach Magnificat & **Festive Cantatas**

Portland Baroque Orchestra Trinity Episcopal Cathedral Mirabella Bus 6:45 p.m. 503-222-6000

December 17 - A Byzantine Christmas

Cappella Romana Holy Trinity Greek Orthodox Cathedral 3131 NE Glisan St. Mirabella Bus 7:15 p.m., \$5.00 503-236-8202

December 17 - It's a Wonderful Life

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall 7:30 p.m

December 18 - Comfort and Joy: A Classical Christmas

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall 3:00 p.m. & 7:00 p.m.

December 22 - Cirque Dreams Holidaze

Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall Through Dec. 24





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December 30 - Ode to Joy: New Year's Celebration

Oregon Symphony Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall Through Dec. 31, 7:30 p.m. ⊗

Date Night?

Try a concert or a play.

Plenty to choose from here.

Larry Tees Off On Teeing Up

Some things go really well together: coffee and cream, tea and lemon, beer and nuts, love and marriage. And some just don't: fire and ice, oil and water, angels and demons, Hillary and the Donald.

Tennis and golf clearly fit into the



latter category. They obviously don't mesh. The fact is that many people can play either championship tennis or scratch golf, but nobody (I know) can do

both.

One might assume the reason is that no person has enough free time to master the two sports. That assumption seems to make

Larry Braverman

sense, but it would be wrong. I am the perfect example. While I am a superb tennis player (in my own mind), everybody knows, including me, that my golf game stinks. And believe me, I have nothing but free time.

My lovely wife, Adrienne, to the contrary, plays wonderful golf, but her tennis...well, just let me say that she should stick to golf.

The problem is that each sport demands a completely different set of skills. As I continuously remind my spouse, to be a top tennis player, like me, you need to be quick, flexible and strong. You must be able to hit a fast-moving ball on the run,

from both sides of your body. You must be able to serve, hit overheads, drop shots and lobs. You must be quick as a bunny and cunning as a fox. In other words, you must be a superb human specimen.

In contrast, golf is one-dimensional, an obvious fact, which I pointed out to Adrienne, who was not exactly thrilled about it. "All you have to do is merely stand in one spot and hit a stationary ball at a fixed target. Sure it takes a little rhythm, timing, hand-eye coordination, and concentration. Big deal. Of course, it also helps, by the way, that, in your case, you personally have an extremely low center of gravity, and can't hit the ball very far, so you stay out of trouble."

"The truth is," I prattled, ignoring her furrowed brow and steely expression, "great tennis players are magnificent athletes; great golfers are...well, it's hard to say exactly what great golfers are."

"Excuse me!" retorted Adrienne sarcastically. "Let me tell you what great golfers are: they are phenomenal, that's what! They must have enough confidence and skill to hit near perfect shots virtually every time under pressure." "You do have a small point," I admitted grudgingly.

"And, of course," she continued,
"it takes amazing talent to hit a hard
little ball over all kinds of hazards
into a distant tiny hole, which is
sometimes even sitting on the side of
a turtle-back shaped green, in par or
better."

"Well, okay," I mumbled.

"And you have to admit that the penalty for error in golf is a lot worse than for tennis," she added.

"What do you mean?" was my stupid response.

"It's obvious to anyone who plays both sports, except apparently you," she said. "When you hit a bad golf shot, it's in the water, in the sand, in the woods, or out of bounds, and probably out of the money. When tennis players make a mistake, it's merely love-fifteen."

"I guess I can't argue with that," I replied. "But let's face it. You love golf because it's classy. Your posh private golf course is pristine, the views are priceless, and your golf outfits are stylish. After your round, you and your friends have a long expensive lunch, including martinis. And let's not forget the generous tips for the young men who clean your clubs and help with the golf bags. Tennis, on the other hand, is grubby clothes; hard, dirty courts; bottled water; a single simple racquet; and lots of sweat."

Adrienne did not miss a beat with her instant reply.

"Now I finally know the real reason you prefer tennis to golf," she fired back. "And it has nothing to do with your self-imagined physical prowess."

"And what would that be?" was my lob return.

Before I could regain my balance, she slammed the winning shot squarely at my rapidly shrinking ego.

"You're a cheapskate!" \&







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