

3550



Danielle Hole



NANCY MOSS
Co-Editor



REESE BERMAN
President

Last spring, Pacific Retirement Services (PRS) shifted the business position at Mirabella from manager to coordinator, moving the handling of Medicare and insurance issues, a specialty of our previous business manager, to its Medford office.

In July, residents with automatic deductions found that their June monthly fee, generally payable on the 15th or 16th of the month, had been withdrawn five days earlier, on the 10th. One resident wrote that early deduction "can have serious consequences for residents' banking and financial relationships."

Executive Director Sharon McCartney took responsibility for the error.

In August, because a PRS employee had not recorded the previous month's payment, 20 Mirabella residents received bills for two months. When I went down to question a \$14,000.00 charge on our bill, Executive Assistant Christina Dye already had printed corrections for erroneous bills; she quickly found ours. The PRS employee who had made the error, Christina explained, was handling statements from five different institutions, some of them with different filing dates.

PRS never sent out an apology or explanation for its billing error.

We've probably all had the experience of hearing a recorded voice telling us, "Your wait time will be 30 minutes," and then sitting back and listening to space music or snippets of the day's news as we wait for an answer to our question.

But these entities (in my case, the U.S. Treasury Department and Charles Schwab) dwarf PRS, whose CEO Eric Sholty has said that he wants to "grow PRS because larger organizations are particularly well-positioned" to deal with the challenges occasioned by Covid. Gaining an economy of scale — saving money through size — may have been the motive behind PRS's shift in Mirabella's business position.

We lose something, though, when an error comes from a distant, faceless entity, when there is not a known individual to confront, listen to and thus learn what happened. Perhaps PRS's model should be the extended family which, while far-flung, takes responsibility for explaining to its members any difficulties that occur. ●

Though the weather outside can be frightful, Covid's heavy cloud is lifting, allowing us the opportunity for the first time in more than two years to gather and have some fun. The festive Fall Fete, where 90 residents dressed up and enjoyed drinks, hors d'oeuvres, games and a silent auction, was a great beginning. The event raised \$23,383.01 for the Foundation's various funds. The travel group organized a bus trip to Mount St. Helens followed by lunch; 30 residents spent a lovely day together.

Mikki Lipsey, chair of the programs committee, is planning many live events and hopes to schedule a monthly party. The programs committee has begun an authors series starting with our Mirabella authors and will then branch out to include talks from other local authors. Walter Greizerstein, head of the cultural enrichment fund, has scheduled many live musical events in Willamette Hall. Co-chairs of the welcoming committee, Terri Hopkins and Polly McGraw, introduced chat groups for new residents in the Sky View room. The two community tables in Aria make it easier for residents to get to know one another.

An upcoming get-together resembling the Eat, Meet and Greet event will feature the various interest groups to show the many ways residents can have fun together. There are two new ways — bocce and pickleball, both recently organized by Jim Fitzsimmons.

Reestablishing our pre-Covid sense of community and involving the more than 60 residents who moved into our community during Covid are two of my major goals for this year. The RAMP committees, sub-committees and interest groups are the heart of our community. To raise awareness of how our committees improve and invigorate our lives at Mirabella, I will be highlighting them in this column and at future RAMP Council meetings. Please consider joining one or more; help make Mirabella a place where you want to spend the rest of your life. ●



Front Cover

Dan Hole’s painting “All Out” combines the realism of horse and rider with a looser and more abstract background.



Back Cover

Photo by Bert Van Gorder: October sunrise, taken from the 25th floor terrace.

~ The Inside Scoop ~

4 In the News

Foundation; Allied Arts; Mirabella at ASU; Pickleball; Moss Play; Fire Safety; Lilia Restaurant; Neighborhood Construction

8 Medicare Cuts Threaten Health Floor

Nancy Moss

10 Resident Profile: Bob & Terri Hopkins

Pamela Lindholm-Levy

14 Staff Profile: Robert Shumate

Priscilla Cowell

16 Photo Essay: Animals in Their Habitat

Lester Reed

22 Trial: A Life on the Line

John Foreman

25 Mil Walker: Life Extraordinaire

Nancy Moss

26 To Sleep — Perchance to Dream

Rita Brickman Effros

29 On the Right Track: Oregon Rail Heritage Center

Pamela Lindholm-Levy

31 Our Fighting Cowboys: PT 658

Pete Swan

33 Portland Diary

Nancy Moss

34 Prose Poems

Terri Hopkins

35 Now We Are Eighty

Rosemary Hole

3550 STAFF

Editors **NANCY MOSS
ED PARKER**

Founding Editor **STEVE CASEY**

Associate Editor **PAMELA LINDHOLM-LEVY**

Design Editor **BERT VAN GORDER
JOHN BRANCHFLOWER**

Copy Editor **JUDY McDERMOTT**

Photographers **STANLEY BERMAN
ROBERT FRENCH
JOHANNA KING
RON MENDONCA
ART MOSS
RICHARD MOUNTS**

Illustrators **HEBE GREIZERSTEIN
FRANK PARKER
ARLETHA RYAN**

Writers **PRISCILLA COWELL
RITA BRICKMAN EFFROS
MARY FINNERAN
JOHN FOREMAN
PETE SWAN**

Advertising Manager **SANDY FOREMAN**

Business Manager **MARILYN DODGE**

3550 Magazine
© 2022
Residents’ Association
of
Mirabella Portland
3550 S Bond Ave. Unit 2108
Portland, OR 97239-4729

www.3550magazine.org
info@3550magazine.org

3550 Magazine is printed on recycled paper.

Change Comes to Mirabella Portland Foundation

Mirabella Portland residents voted overwhelmingly to replace the Mirabella Portland Foundation board with a resident committee of the Mirabella Portland board of directors. Only five residents voted no out of 181 ballots submitted in the secret ballot vote.

The late September resident vote was followed quickly by unanimous approval on Oct. 11 by both the Mirabella Portland and the Mirabella Portland Foundation boards of directors. Mirabella's parent company, Pacific Retirement Services (PRS), gave its approval shortly thereafter.

Management and protection of Foundation funds will continue unchanged, with accounting and financial information reporting services provided by PRS, as they did prior to the merger of the two Mirabella corporations.

Foundation oversight will now be the responsibility of a new Resident Foundation Committee of the Mirabella Portland board of directors. The three resident directors of the Mirabella Portland Foundation, Stan Berman, Larry Levy and Lynne DeVries, will complete their Foundation board terms as members of the new committee. The Resident Association of Mirabella Portland (RAMP) president and vice president will serve as voting members of the committee along with one member, yet to be designated, from the Mirabella Portland board. Mirabella Executive Director Sharon McCartney will serve as a non-voting member.

The RAMP ad hoc bylaws committee has drafted a proposed revision of the RAMP bylaws to accommodate the foundation changes. Mirabella residents will vote on the bylaw changes at the March semi-annual meeting. The revision calls for the election each year of one new Resident Foundation Committee member to a three-year term.

— Ed Parker

Mirabella at ASU Sues Nearby Bar

The Daily Mail reports that residents of Mirabella at Arizona State University have sued the Shady Park bar, across the street from Mirabella, for excessive late-night noise.

After a judge ordered the bar to limit volume last spring, Shady Park appealed the injunction, saying it would put them out of business.

The city of Tempe has supported the bar, saying it contributes to the growth of a "vibrant neighborhood."

Residents may remember a past struggle with proposed Live Nation concerts at Zidell — and 3550 editor Steve Casey's spirited opposition to them.

— Nancy Moss

Allied Arts Makes Music Again

Allied Arts, shut down by the pandemic, has resumed its monthly sessions at Mirabella. Started as a music club, Allied Arts has become a welcoming venue for Mirabellans and visitors to enjoy music and performing arts as amateurs.

On the second Friday of each month, performers and arts lovers meet in Willamette Hall from 10 a.m. to noon and informally share their interests. Participation is not limited to Mirabella residents; guests are welcome.

For members who wish to perform, Mirabella resident Judy Seubert schedules the program to allow for a variety of presentations. A typical meeting might start with a piano piece, followed by poetry, then a violin recital. A painting, discussed by the artist, may be shown before a short trio concert. A folk song and a reading could end the meeting. Presentations may have an educational component.

Research shows that listening to music reduces anxiety, blood pressure and pain while possibly improving sleep, mood, mental alertness and memory. Any questions about how to participate can be directed to Judy Seubert at 6681.

— Dorothy Dworkin



Two handmade birdhouses were part of the silent auction in the foundation's Fall Fete.

Photo: Stanley Berman

Pickleball Enthusiasts Take the Court

Wednesday mornings at 9 a.m. a group of Mirabella residents leaves for Sellwood Park, where they play spirited games of pickleball, basically mixed doubles but with people switching in and out, depending on the number of players on that morning. They bring their net with them.

"We're a unique demographic," says Jim Fitzsimmons, who initiated the events. "We make up our own rules on the spot," he added, explaining that their rules are designed to make the game safer for Mirabella's demographic. A chief rule is "Don't move backward."

Competition, as the photographs on this page suggest, is intense. Rumor has it that one resident took pickleball lessons before showing up to play. As one player said of another, "He is very competitive."

From its beginnings in the 1960s, pickleball has grown to become the fastest-growing sport in the U.S. Nearly 8,500 locations dot the U.S.A. Pickleball's Places2Play map, linked here: places2play.org/map. ●

At left: Terri Hopkins demonstrates the determination that helps win in pickleball. Note the snazzy paddle.

Below: Jim Fitzsimmons prepares to hit the ball while Bettianne Goetz looks on in concern.

Photos: Robert French





Elena Hollenbeak will play Sonya in The Actors Group production of "Painting TJ."

Moss Play Produced in Honolulu

The Actors Group in Honolulu is producing Nancy Moss's play "Painting TJ" from Nov. 25 to Dec. 18 in the Brad Powell Theatre. Nancy's play, which was a finalist in Portland

Civic Theatre Group's 2021 playwriting contest, concerns a high school student's defacing a statue of Thomas Jefferson, at the school her mother runs. ●

Alarm Improved

After years of effort, Mirabella has a new emergency message, replacing one that told residents to evacuate the building.

Mirabella emergency preparedness subcommittee chair, Paul Knoll, describes it as "not ideal, but a long step forward."

The message, to be broadcast in residents' apartments and hallways, asks people to go to the nearest stairwell and then go down to their "designated area."

That means, Paul explains, a level where the alarm is not sounding, probably three floors down. The alarm will sound on the floor where the incident occurs and the floors immediately above and below.

For technical and legal reasons, the phrase "shelter in place," appropriate for people using walkers or with mobility issues, cannot be used.

Unless an earthquake is involved, firefighters will arrive at Mirabella 10 minutes after the alarm sounds. Maintenance manager Richard Gomez says doors in the building are "rated for 90 minutes." Sheltering in place, not mentioned in the message, can be a safe option for many residents.

Paul will meet with Executive Director Sharon McCartney to discuss planning for future fire drills. ●

Lilia Restaurant Opening — When?

The paper window coverings are off, and the application for a liquor license is posted. Must be on its way!

If you've been to Republica restaurant on Northwest Ninth Avenue or La Fondita on Northwest Eighth Avenue, you can look forward to the newest addition to this restaurant group, located at 3159 South Moody Avenue.

According to Angel Medina, one of the proprietors, the menu and grand opening date will be a surprise.

Watch for further details as they become available. ●



CartoonStock.com



Photo: Stanley Berman

The lower floors, their windows in and framed, look elegant. Above them, unfinished floors gape empty.

Alamo Manhattan Construction Update

As of this writing, the tower in Alamo’s Block 41, the one closest to the river, is at 12 stories, almost half of its eventual height. The tower has no steel beams or girders. Advances in engineering/construction techniques make costly steel no longer necessary for strength or structural integrity.

Post-tensioning cables, those bright red, five-eighths-inch in diameter strands, stretch across the floors sandwiched between concrete pours and greatly add to the strength of the slabs. These cables can also bend to vertical, and many dive

down through the column itself. After tensioning, they add great strength in lieu of a steel beam.

The steel rebar emerging from the columns — itself married by metal clasps and heavy wire to rebar lower down — is bent at the floor level so as to be embedded horizontally into the floor slab, thus allowing the efficient transfer of loads.

Alamo Manhattan’s project can educate viewers in modern construction techniques.

— Pete Swan



Photo: Stanley Berman

Construction sites fascinate people. They stop and watch, then continue on their way.



Photo: Stanley Berman

Cities have slit canyons, too — sheer vertical drops to a narrow base below, anyone standing there dwarfed by the terrain.

Medicare Cuts Threaten Health Floor

By NANCY MOSS



Photo: Robert French

Elaine of Eldergrow presents a program of nighttime animal sounds to second-floor patients.

Mirabella's healthcare floor is a promise that residents make, to their families and themselves, that they will not be a burden should they become frail and/or confused. The second floor provides peace of mind.

Future changes in Medicare may affect second-floor care, according to Sharon McCartney, Mirabella's executive director. One proposal, "not definitive," according to Sharon, would lower the support Medicare provides by 18%. Confronted by this prospect of change, more than 200 skilled-nursing facilities closed their doors between January and May of 2022. "Nursing homes took a big hit," Sharon says.

The proposed change grew out of studies Medicare made of patients who left the hospital and went home after knee or hip surgery. These studies found that those patients, supported by home health aides and therapists, did well. The spate of bad publicity following Covid, of fatalities in nursing homes, encouraged Medicare to expand that pattern of care and limit skilled nursing.

In addition to proposed changes in Medicare's coverage, there is the reality that the health care floor has been losing money since the onset of Covid. Staffing shortfalls have meant no outside patients, a source of profit in the past. On

the day of my visit, Health Services Director Stephanie Cook said that all the patients on her floor were from Mirabella. Along with decreased income, Covid has added costs for protective gear and procedures.

Sharon distinguishes between skilled nursing, when a patient comes for a limited time after surgery or a medical event, and long-term care, which lasts for the patient's lifetime. "If skilled nursing went away," Sharon said, "we would still have long-term and memory care." Medicare cuts would have no effect on the two-week respite stay residents now receive.

Sharon is on the board of Leading Age Oregon, part of a national group opposing the proposed change to Medicare; she has served on its legislative committee for years. She singled out Oregon Sen. Ron Wyden as being "about seniors" and supporting the bills that Leading Age has backed. She has also contacted Oregon Reps. Earl Blumenauer and Suzanne Bonamici, whose website says, "Economic challenges are not an excuse to weaken" Medicare.

A change to skilled nursing could mean a decline in patients' care. Walk the halls of the second floor and you find quiet, CNAs and aides going about their business, perhaps one of them helping a patient walk to her room. Jane Wachsler says of her stay on Mirabella's second floor, "They

are a bunch of very kind people," adding that "As head of the food committee, I had no complaint." Seeing Mirabella's Nancy Van when she left the hospital was "like being home," Jane adds.

Mary Gray, who spent eight days on the second floor, also noted staff kindness, adding that people covered for each other: "The head nurse brought me towels. They're doing their darndest," she concludes.

Medicare's projected change will replace skilled nurses with less-skilled aides.

A resident who visits his wife regularly says, "I can visit at will, any time I want." He brings her to musical events, noting, "The brain reacts differently to music." "Lots of CNAs," Don Jortner, on the second floor visiting his wife, Cynthia, observed.

In other words, we have a successful area under strong financial and government pressure.

Residents have criticized the health-care floor at times. "Who's responsible on weekends?" one resident asks. Another, uncertain about the second floor's "chain of command," adds, "Weekends are particularly perilous." Stephanie Cook says that an admissions line is managed 24/7; the number is 503-621-8452. A callback should come within the hour.

Another resident's question was, "What are the requirements for the two-week respite stay?" Stephanie says that the respite stay requires a doctor's note and "full physician orders."

In answer to a resident's question about a waiting line for memory care, Stephanie says that area has room for more patients.

Stephanie says that OHSU's geriatrician, Dr. Emily Morgan, will care for second-floor patients if they choose her rather than their own doctor.

If Mirabella moves to rely more on aides, either home care aides who give support and companionship or home health aides, who can also care for wounds and give baths, it will have to reevaluate its standards. In-home care comes through Mirabella, while Home Health, which is resident-initiated, is contracted out to agencies regulated at the state level.

Stephanie said that she does not evaluate the aides that work with patients. Stephanie's power point presentation,

available under RAMP/health care, says that In-home care is evaluated by a quarterly visit from the person responsible for In-home care, now Tia Threlfall.

One Mirabella resident who relied on home health aides said that some were helpful and others ineffective. Back when Aria was open for dining every night, residents could see a young aide looking down at her phone, ignoring the resident across the table from her. On the other hand, Charlie Hickman, Mirabella resident and a doctor, says that his In-home care aides were "capable and caring. I can't say enough positive things."

Some aides have not mastered Mirabella's recycling rules and have dumped greasy fast-food bags in the bin. "What's the use of us having rules if the aides don't follow them?" one resident asks. An aide who does not follow the printed instructions on a recycling bin may not be a meticulous caregiver.

Sharon says that if the projected changes to Medicare support for skilled nursing go into effect, "We would have to pivot." Patients would come into the second-floor health center but use aides instead of trained nurses. These aides now hired by residents would come under a "contracted partnership," and would be under contract to Mirabella. Contracting out, however, should not mean Mirabella's abdicating responsibility for these health aides.

Sharon likens this process to the recent change in memory-care licensing, where she estimates the switch to a residential-care license will save Mirabella half a million dollars in expenses, or \$1,500 per patient, and cut down on nurses' paperwork so they can focus on patient care.

This model suggests a positive outcome. Medicare's projected change, however, will replace skilled nurses with less-skilled aides.

Most of us have seen the need for skilled nursing during our lifetimes. The 13 years my mother spent in care homes, the last of them as a complete invalid, left me with a powerful sense of the need for compassionate, skillful care. For anyone who has strong views on this subject, I list the email addresses of our representatives below.

Remember, this projected change in Medicare coverage is possible, not definite. ●

Email Senator Ron Wyden:
wyden.senate.gov/contact/email-ron

Email Congressman Earl Blumenauer:
blumenauerforms.house.gov/forms/writeyourrep/

Email Congresswoman Suzanne Bonamici:
bonamici.house.gov/contact/email?zip5=97123&zip4=&time=16654153381428770065



Photo: Robert French

Bob & Terri Hopkins

Terri Hopkins' mother warned her before she enrolled in Oberlin College that she would "probably meet and marry a Midwest farm boy." That's exactly what the then-Seattle resident did.

Bob Hopkins grew up on a farm in Illinois that had been in his family since the early 1800s. One of 37 in his high school class, Bob always played sports. As captain of his high school basketball team he was named most valuable player, "But shortest," he says. After graduating from high school, going to Oberlin College was a natural. His father and two brothers had gone there.

Resident Profile:

Bob & Terri Hopkins Versatile Dynamos

By PAMELA LINDHOLM-LEVY

Terri chose faraway Oberlin because its course offerings, listed in her public library's Handbook of American Colleges, sounded interesting.

Bob and Terri met at an event at German House, where Terri lived at Oberlin. Her proficiency in the language began when she was 13 and her engineer father took the family to Stuttgart so he could study with an expert in his field of engineering. Terri and her brother were immersed right away in classes taught in German. For her, English class functioned as a German class. GSL if you will. As a high school junior back in the U.S., she returned to Germany as an exchange student and attended the same school in Stuttgart. She even learned French while speaking German.

Bob, an economics major, played on the Oberlin varsity baseball team until he decided he'd rather spend his spring breaks with Terri.

Among those interesting course offerings at Oberlin, Terri migrated to art history, focusing on early German expressionism. While that was her specialty, she was expected to know all western art. At the University of Chicago, she followed up with a masters in art history and began a Ph.D. while Bob attended law school at the same university. Bob had chosen that school because it was close to his father. Bob's mother died when he was born. Eight years later his father was made a quadriplegic in a farming accident. The family home was

always filled with relatives, nurses and housekeepers. Still, Bob wanted to be able to visit his father as often as possible.

When a law firm in Portland offered Bob a job, he accepted. His father had passed away a year earlier. He and Terri say they "loved Oregon's natural beauty and its progressive politics." The rest of Bob's career was with that firm.

As a litigator Bob handled an antitrust case that required him to be in Barrow, Alaska, in the dead of winter. At 300 miles north of the Arctic Circle there was less than an hour of daylight, and the temperature could fall to 60 degrees below zero. In another case he represented all the Alaska fish canneries against the American Can Company in a dispute that shut down all canneries' work for months because someone in Denmark had contracted botulism from canned Alaskan salmon. He successfully appealed to the Oregon Supreme Court to combat legal "briefs" that reached thousands of pages. The Court ruled that briefs be brief, no more than 50 pages.

Bob headed his firm's litigation department for many years. He spent the last third of his career on airplane crash cases in many states and countries. He argued for victims, among them a firefighting crew, the president of the Alaska Reindeer Association, an engineer in Chile and those lost in a crash near the Portland airport.

You can take the farm kid off the farm but you can't take the love of the land out of the kid. Terri and Bob lived on two acres off Skyline Boulevard. It was still within the boundaries of Portland, but the children, Adam, Samuel and Sarah, attended a country school until they enrolled in Lincoln High School. It took Bob an hour and a half to mow the grassy part of the property. The rest was trees. With annual elk migration coming across their land every fall, a garden was not an option. Even if the family had had Norwegian elkhounds instead of their beloved Samoyeds, the elk would not have been deterred.

Terri tried to find her niche in the art scene in Portland. In the 2013 quarterly magazine Marylhurst Unlimited, Terri recalled that "As an outsider you could become involved in anything. It was an open society, different from the Midwest and East. Young people could do things, start things."

When Terri heard that her hometown of Seattle had a new ordinance that 1 percent of the cost of new buildings must be set aside for art, she educated herself about the percent-for-art idea and went to a meeting about it at the Portland Art Museum. She volunteered to be on a committee with some notable people, Arlene Schnitzer and John Gray for two, tasked with promoting the idea at the legislature. They were successful. "I saw how the legislature works," Terri said in the article cited above.

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from previous page)

After one quarter teaching art history at a community college, Terri realized she didn't like teaching. She didn't enjoy working in a commercial gallery. Albany, Oregon, Creative Arts Guild hired her part-time as executive director. Her spring arts festival included the Albany world champion belly dancing competition. Really though, she wanted to work in an academic setting in a small institution.

At Mirabella, they plunged right into activities: fitness committee, book group, heading the mobile emergency team, Fall Fete.

She had met the chair of Marylhurst University's art department during her lobbying work. In 1987 the chair hired Terri as an assistant. Long a women's college south of Lake

Oswego, Marylhurst, now closed, began admitting men shortly before Terri was hired. It had a large space being used for storage: the gym. Its windows were hardly gymlike, with arched frames repeating the shape on the top panes. In 1980 the school administration said yes to making that space the Art Gym, and Terri was made its first director, a post she held for 33 years.

At first she had to talk artists into exhibiting at the Art Gym. She focused on Pacific Northwest artists, who came to appreciate the new venue and the regional emphasis. Thinking of the viewer as well, Terri wanted to increase public understanding of the contemporary art of this region. When mounting an exhibit, she held talks with the artists about their work. She produced not only a brochure for visitors but hard-cover books as well. "Look, read, discuss," Terri says in the Marylhurst magazine.

Terri became a student of Northwest artists and wrote evocatively about them and their subjects. Consequently, artists were eager to exhibit at the Art Gym, knowing their work would be shown to its best advantage.

Terri has been a member and chair of the Regional Arts and Culture Council, which manages public arts programs including promoting arts education in the schools. A sister city in China planned a gift and Portland requested an elephant sculpture. How big did the city want it? Life-size,

OHSU SoundSource Hearing Center

Conveniently located, we provide comprehensive hearing health care options

- Hearing Evaluations
- Hearing Aid Programming
- Hearing Aid Cleaning & Repairs



by appointment only
503-418-2555

3550 S Bond Ave, Suite 173, Portland OR 97239



the council said — just as it stands today in the North Park Blocks. Guadalajara, Mexico, another sister city, gave the giant chair in the lobby of the Antoinette Hatfield Hall theater complex.

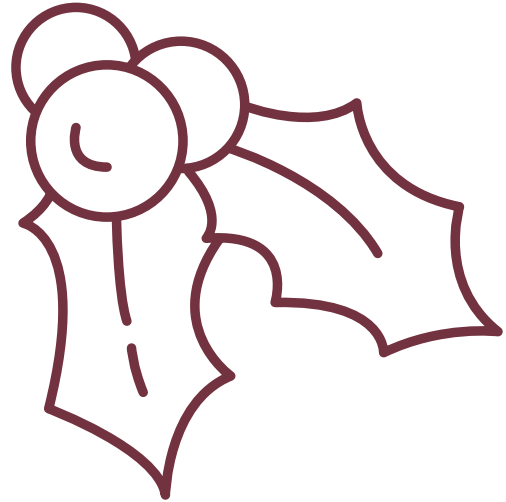
Terri writes poetry. Bob rides his bike and plays golf, bocce and pickleball. He has played sports all his life and “enjoys all sports with a ball,” he says. He coached his kids’ grade school sports teams as well as heading the Lincoln High School sports boosters club.

After the children left home, Terri and Bob moved to a house with a view on Southwest Corbett Avenue. They watched the seasonal changes in the river and knew they wanted a river view at a retirement community. They found that at Mirabella, where they plunged right into activities: fitness committee, a book group, heading the mobile emergency team, Fall Fete. Terri shares her poetry on Instagram and with the Mirabella memoir group.

The Hopkinses have traveled extensively and like to combine learning about the country they’re visiting as well as exploring its contemporary art scene. Right here in the U.S., one of their favorite adventures was a two-week dory boat trip through the Grand Canyon.

Terri and Bob have blended their active selves into the life and social opportunities at Mirabella Portland. ●

Happy Holidays from the 3550 staff!



Dr. Mila Ioussifova is a residency-trained optometrist with a diverse background and widespread training in comprehensive eye care. A graduate with honors from New England College of Optometry, Dr. Mila maintains and practices the highest standards in optometric practice. Her approach to patient care is systemic with an emphasis on ocular nutrition and disease prevention. She is passionate about eye care and health, and she takes the time to educate her patients on how to maintain healthy eyes.

Dr. Mila and her team at South Waterfront Eye Care take pride in providing outstanding services, focusing on individualized attention and offering the highest quality of products in eye care.

- Comprehensive Eye Exams
- Contact Lens Fitting and Evaluation
- Rigid Gas Permeable, Specialty and Custom Contact Lenses
- Ocular Disease Diagnosis and Management
- LASIK co-management
- Top Quality Eyewear, Digital Lens Technology and Custom Fitting
- Dry Eye Specialist

10% Discount for Mirabella Residents



3615 SW River Pkwy | Portland, OR
971-229-0820
www.SouthWaterfrontEyeCare.com



Photo: Ron Mendonca

Robert Shumate

You might say that what brought Robert Shumate to Mirabella was the shooting up of his bar in Chicago. Read on.

A man of many interests and talents, Rob has a resume that includes the following: "professional actor for seven years and bartender for 26 years; reads sci-fi fantasy and comics; loves country music; rappels; likes to hike or white water raft with his girlfriend on Fridays and has a karaoke night with three other Mirabella staffers once a month." Also, he loves cats, but is allergic to them.

Staff Profile:

Robert Shumate

Aria Assistant Manager, Natural Host

By **PRISCILLA COWELL**

Rob was raised on a "tiny farm" in Nashville and attended college in Tennessee, majoring in English, psychology, and theater. Theater grabbed him.

"After college I decided to continue with acting and backstage work," he remembers. His first role was in "The Boys Next Door," a two-act play about teenage boys who leave home after high school graduation and embark on a murder spree.

Acting ran in Rob's family. "My little brother was in Los Angeles as a writer, director and motion capture actor," providing real human motion for animated film characters.

Rob moved to Chicago to acquire an agent and become a professional actor. At one point he signed on with Crystal Cruise Line as a cast member of an acting group and toured Canada, South America and the Mediterranean. They rotated a repertoire of eight plays, mostly comedies, by playwrights like Neil Simon and Christopher Durang.

When he ended his career in acting, a friend suggested to Rob that he would be good at restaurant service. He liked the role of server but soon returned to bartending, which he liked even more. "I found that the service industry suited me well because I enjoyed making people happy."

He often went out to sing karaoke with his friends. "I met my girlfriend Michelle in Chicago while singing karaoke," Rob reveals with a smile.

"I found that the service industry suited me well because I enjoyed making people happy."

When the restaurant where he bartended for 11 years became so severely understaffed during the pandemic that he had to work 60-hour weeks, Bob considered moving on. When the bar was shot up in the aftermath of street demonstrations, he and Michelle did a deep search for the best city in which to live.

They chose Portland. "I visited a job recruiting site, saw an opening at Mirabella, was hired and headed west."

Rob and Michelle took their time moving from Chicago to Portland. They spent a month hiking and rappelling in Craters of the Moon in Idaho, Flaming Gorge in Utah and other national monuments and recreational areas.

Arriving at Mirabella as lead server in Aria, Rob was soon promoted to assistant dining room manager under dining room manager Brad La Fleche. He quickly caught on to scheduling and helping train new servers and overseeing table service and the bagging of dinners.

"But we're still working on getting to-go orders written down correctly and everything placed in the correct bags," he confesses.

"When Aria reopened for plated dinner service, we treated it like a new restaurant," Rob says. "We did a lot of training of servers in wine and food offerings so they could be more helpful to diners in making their dinner choices. We also worked on speeding up service so that diners could be in and out in an hour or less."

During the week-long closing of Aria for server training, servers had to role-play Mirabella resident diners. Sadly, the training was not videotaped for the residents' amusement.

Asked how Mirabella residents can help make Aria dining go more smoothly, Rob suggests, "Patience is needed and appreciated until the dining room is fully staffed and the servers fully trained."

Especially knowledgeable about Italian wines, Rob helps Brad make up the wine list. In the near future he expects to offer diners a variety of wine bottles to have at their table and for special occasions. He welcomes questions about wines.

Rob hopes that when fully staffed the Lounge will be open for pre- and post-dinner drinks every night. He occasionally pinch-hits as bartender and would enjoy sharing the Lounge's expanded hours with residents. You won't see him bartending at Thursday happy hour, though: that's his day off and he might be hiking or rafting. ●

Photo Essay: Animals in Their Habitat

By LESTER REED

A multitude of diverse creatures inhabit our natural world. Over the years I have enjoyed observing and photographing some of them in their natural habitat, ranging from Antarctica, home for millions of penguins, to the Arctic home of polar bears, our most endangered large predator. A quest to observe many of the world's big cats has taken me to India, Brazil and Africa. Each of my photo trips informed me about the habitat and wildlife of the location and gave me a greater insight into the issues confronting our natural environment. Severe habitat loss, poaching, human encroachment and, most of all, climate change endanger the future of wildlife.

I have selected the photos below to share some of the beauty of our natural world and the wild animals who reside in it. Although each photo represents only a fraction of a second in the life of the animal, it is my link to understanding their rightful place in our world.



Lester Reed
2008

We disturbed this leopard, out on a nighttime hunt. Okavango Delta, Botswana



Sunrise in Namib, the world's oldest desert.



This coastal brown bear, about 20 feet from us, was eating sedge because the salmon weren't running. Katmai National Park & Reserve, Alaska



This penguin is headed for the water and some dinner. Antarctica



This female lion is calling out to others in her pride. Kruger National Park, South Africa



A jaguar at rest, photographed from a boat. Pantanal, Brazil



Sunset over the Zambezi River in Zambia, Africa.



A zebra, photographed in Botswana.



This bear is prowling Hudson Bay, waiting for ice to form to hunt seals.



This male lion had 14 females and cubs in his pride. Botswana, Africa



This caiman opens his mouth for the sun's dental cleaning. Pantanal, Brazil

Trial: A Life on the Line

By JOHN FOREMAN



“No,” Larry Turoff told me.

Head of the major felony bureau of the Maricopa County Attorney’s office in the greater Phoenix area, Larry refused my request at our first meeting to take the death penalty off the table. My client, Phillip Jewell, was an 18-year-old with no prior criminal record who had not killed anyone.

Larry had not only approved the request of the police to charge Phillip with first-degree murder and robbery but would try the case himself. He had never lost a first-degree murder trial.

No defense attorney who took difficult cases had a perfect record. On the other hand, no client I represented at trial had received the death penalty.

So when the Maricopa County public defender’s office was assigned to represent Phillip and the charging document alleged the possibility of the death penalty, the file found its way to my desk.

Phillip Jewel was 18 years old and living with his mother and three older sisters. Their mother, Betty Jewell, had not caught many breaks in her life. She worked odd jobs, consumed an endless number of cigarettes and worried about her children. All four women considered Phillip the baby of

the family.

The facts of the case were deceptively simple. Phillip was asked by Ricky Jimenez, the father of his oldest sister’s child, and a friend, Johnny Vallejos, one evening to drive them to a local gas station. Ricky and Johnny left Phillip in the car. They soon returned with a small bag and drove off. A few blocks later a police car began following them.

Phillip was Black, and Ricky and Johnny were Hispanic. Three young minority men driving through a residential area of south Phoenix at night sometimes invited the curiosity of the Phoenix police.

The two cars drove briefly through the residential streets. The police turned on their overhead lights. At some point Phillip learned that the bag contained cash and that both Ricky and Johnny were armed with handguns. After stopping at a stop sign at Baseline Road, a major road through residential South Phoenix, Phillip accelerated his car across the road and attempted to outrun the police. Ricky and Johnny pulled out their guns and started firing at the police car. Phillip soon skidded through a corner and hit a tree.

In the police car were two sergeants in the Phoenix Police Department, both armed. When the chase ended, Ricky jumped out of the passenger’s-side door. Sgt. Wood jumped

out of the passenger's side of the police car and fired a full load of double-aught buckshot from his shotgun. He hit Ricky in the chest. Ricky lived, but he was in the hospital for months with massive damage to his chest and internal organs.

Johnny ran from the rear side door. Wood turned and put another load of buckshot into his back. Johnny stumbled into the side yard where he died.

Phillip somehow managed to avoid getting hit and ran into the backyard. He was found quaking under a bush. After Phillip was cuffed, he was grabbed by the scruff of the neck, dragged over to Johnny's corpse, and his face was shoved

Sgt. Wood told him, "I just killed your buddy, and now I am going to charge you with the murder."

toward the corpse. Wood told him, "I just killed your buddy and now I am going to charge you with his murder."

In Arizona the felony murder rule makes the killing of a person that occurs "in the course of, or in the immediate flight from" the commission of a list of crimes that included robbery and murder in the first degree. Anyone found guilty of the underlying felony may by application of the law also be found guilty of the murder. That is why Wood was going to ask that Phillip be charged with first-degree murder for killing someone Wood shot in the back.

The most important part of factual preparation for trial was the interview of the two police sergeants. Arizona law allowed me to interview both with the prosecuting attorney present using audiotape so I could preserve their answers to my questions. I would use their police reports (DR) as a departure point. I interviewed Wood first. He had joined the police department after returning from Vietnam; this was not the first time he had shot and killed someone. He came across as cold and detached. His description of what occurred and his comment to Phillip about killing his friend and charging him with the murder was unapologetic. He had cold gray eyes and a penetrating stare.

The second officer was Sgt. Eldon Richardson. We had a history. When he first entered the interview room, he told me he remembered what I did to him in the Milenko trial, and he was never going to allow me to do that to him again. I had achieved a "not guilty" in a previous trial using Richardson's testimony which carefully followed his detailed DR to

impeach the testimony of the prosecution's most important witness.

And I was planning on doing it to him again.

We went to trial quickly. I did not want a delay because Ricky had finally begun to recover from his wounds and would be fit enough for trial soon. I did not want his case to be tried with Phillip's because Ricky shot at the police and committed the robbery. Phillip never had a gun and only acted as accomplice to the robbery.

This trial began with jury selection. My goal was to find as many older women as I could that might empathize with Betty Jewel and look at Phillip as a wayward son. Betty would not testify, but she would be present in the courtroom.

Most jury panels had an over-representation of older white people from the parts of Maricopa County that contained retirement communities. Phillip would not be judged by a jury of his peers — young minorities who lived in South Phoenix. We ended up with an older all-white jury with a retired businessman from Sun City as the foreman. Looking at them, I thought we had a chance.

The prosecution called the woman who was robbed at the gas station. She testified about the robbery. She saw Ricky and his gun. She saw Johnny outside the window on lookout. On cross-examination she admitted she never saw Phillip.

Next, Larry called Wood, who described following the car Phillip was driving, the shots from the car, the crash and his shooting of Ricky and Johnny. He looked and acted at trial just as he did during his interview. On cross examination he admitted his exchange with Phillip about charging him with murder.

Finally, Larry called Richardson. Since he was driving and because he wrote the most detailed DR, he testified about where the chase started and ended.

I had a street map of the area around the intersection of Baseline Road and Central Avenue where the robbery occurred printed upon a 3-by-4-foot piece of white cardboard. When it came my turn to cross-examine Richardson, I had the map marked as an exhibit. I asked Richardson to step down from the witness stand and go to the easel where the map was located.

Then I asked him to mark on the map where the robbery took place, where he and Wood started following Phillip's car, where they engaged their lights and siren, where the chase began and where the chase ended. I asked him to sign his name and date the exhibit. The bigger map made the distance between the location of the robbery and the place where the chase began look farther apart.

I then began a carefully worded series of questions. I asked him to agree that the robbery occurred over "here," pointing to his marking on the map of the gas station, and the

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from previous page)

chase began over "there," pointing to the different place he marked on the map. I asked him to agree that there was a gap between where the robbery took place and where Phillip and the others in the car started to flee. Uncomfortable, Richardson looked at Larry for help. Larry had seen where I was going a couple of questions earlier and began objecting. The judge had overruled the earlier objections and he did again. After a long pause Richardson admitted there was a gap and marked it on the map.

At that point I asked that the map be admitted into evidence. Larry's objections were overruled, and the map was admitted. Because it was in evidence, the jury would be able to take the exhibit into the jury room with them and to look at it while they were deliberating.

After the prosecution rested, the defense rested without presenting any testimony. The decision about whether to have the defendant testify is usually a difficult tactical decision. In this case it was relatively easy. Our defense theory did not depend upon Phillip contesting the facts. It relied upon me convincing the jury to strictly apply the instructions given by the judge.

Phillip looked like what he was, a scared kid, sitting at counsel table with his mother and sisters behind him. He would not have done as well answering difficult questions. If he testified, Larry would make sure he looked less sympathetic.

The prosecutor gets the first and last argument. Larry was very effective. With his barrel chest, booming voice and penetrating eyes, he projected strength. He looked directly at each juror and made it sound like the stability of the community depended upon their finding the defendant guilty.

When it was my turn, I put three easels in front of the jury. In the center was the map that Richardson had reluctantly signed. On one side I placed a poster board with an excerpt of the instructions that the court would give. On the other side was a poster board with an excerpt of the testimony of Richardson.

I stood in front of the three posters and hammered on the line in the instructions that said that the killing must have occurred, "in the course of, or in the immediate flight from" the robbery. I underlined "immediate." I pointed to Richardson's signed map showing a gap between the robbery and the flight. I pointed to the transcript where he admitted there was a gap. I underlined "gap."

In the end I pointed at my client and said the law and the evidence did not allow them to find my client guilty of killing someone killed by that man, and I pointed at Wood. I could see the jury was looking at Wood as I sat down. I left the three posters where they were in front of the jury.

Larry immediately had the posters taken down. Then he

hammered on me, the crime, the chase, the gunfire from the car at the police.

The judge read the instructions to the jury, and they were sworn and escorted from the courtroom to the jury room to begin deliberations. Nothing more could be done. We all had to wait while 12 strangers decided whether the state had proved its case and could move Phillip another step closer to the gas chamber.

Deliberations continued the rest of the afternoon. The jury was taken to dinner and then came back to discuss some more.

Waiting for a verdict from a jury makes a trial lawyer feel helpless. You can do nothing more. You find yourself going back over the trial and trying to decide whether you made a mistake here or there, whether what you did made any difference, and why you did not go to dental school or learn to write wills.

Then the phone rang. The judge's chambers called. The jury had reached a verdict.

Phillip was brought back from his holding cell. The jury was brought in and seated. After the judge entered, he asked the jury if they had reached a verdict. The retired businessman from Sun City said they had. He handed the verdict forms to the bailiff who took them to the judge who checked them. The verdicts were then passed to the clerk whose job it was to read the verdicts. The defendant was instructed to rise. I always stood with my clients.

The first verdict form was for the robbery. We had not contested that Phillip was guilty. He "aided and abetted" Ricky and Johnny who committed the robbery by driving the getaway car.

Then the clerk started the important language of the verdict form for murder in the first degree and said, "We the jury duly impaneled upon our oaths do find the defendant ...

Behind us Betty whimpered. I looked at Phillip and he appeared to be crying.

"Not Guilty"

You could hear gasps from the court staff and Betty, her daughters and Phillip. Then Phillip, Betty and his sisters all started crying, a different kind of tears.

After the jury had been excused and court adjourned, Larry walked over and shook my hand. He congratulated me and then walked out.

He would try Ricky's case in a few months against another attorney. Larry would get a guilty verdict and Ricky would receive a sentence of life without possibility of parole for 25 years.

As I drove home along familiar streets, I stopped at a light and thought about what had occurred. The red seemed blurred like a modern version of Vincent van Gogh's "Starry Night." That is when I realized I was crying, too. ●

Mil Walker: Life Extraordinaire

By NANCY MOSS

Mil Walker grew up in Shanghai speaking “street Chinese.” In World War II the U.S. Army, learning that he spoke Chinese, sent him to learn Japanese. “Spoken Chinese and Japanese have little in common,” Mil notes in his memoir “Asian Encounters.”

Out of college Mil joined the newly-created CIA, which he calls “crude and not very effective” at that time. The CIA sent him to India, which needed a Chinese-language officer.

In Delhi, he met Irene Tinker, a graduate student from the London School of Economics. After their marriage, they planned to return to England so Irene could complete her doctoral program.

They decided to accomplish this by traveling through Africa, first taking a ship from Bombay to Kenya and then driving down the Nile to the Mediterranean across north Africa and across the Straits of Gibraltar to Spain.

They had six months in which to do this. Maps that they looked at labeled the country “uninhabited bush” or, in one case, left the upper right-hand corner of Africa “entirely blank.”

Undeterred, they loaded their 1953 Austin A-40, which they named “Bublee,” (Indian for favorite child), with canned food and water.

From Kenya, where they listened to tales of roving Mau Mau tribes and, in Mil’s case, spent a day hunting crocodiles, they headed east in Bublee.

They spent the next few months alternating between camping rough and staying at modest hotels. On their arrival in London, Mil notes that “the mileage gauge on Bublee’s dashboard said 12,918 miles from Mombasa, Kenya.”

After he acquired a master’s degree in London and a doctorate at Berkeley, Mil’s career toggled back and forth



Mil crossing the Indian Ocean on the S.S. Karanja, one of many voyages he took.

between government work and academia, specializing in setting up programs in Indonesia and, later, interpreting Asia for American students.

Along the way Mil learned Indonesian, which he calls a “very easy language.”

Equipped with academic degrees and an expertise on Asia unusual in a country that tends to look inward, Mil and Irene raised three children and ended up in Portland, where having a “neighbor from Hell” motivated them to apply to Mirabella.

At 100, Mil calls his memoir a “work in progress.” ●



Photo: Art Moss

“Pet Rock Garden” on Gaines

A September “E-Current” announced that Portland Parks and Recreation, along with local volunteers, will sponsor a pet rock garden at the east end of Gaines in the turnaround area underneath the Greenway sign.

Residents can pick up a rock, decorate it with acrylic paint and then return it, brightening up the area.

Our daughter Karen decorates rocks like the one pictured here and distributes them in places where passers-by are likely to find them. Her hope is that they will pass her rocks on.

A few weeks ago I put one of her rocks, decorated with tiny flowers, in the rocks leading up to Mirabella’s entrance. The next week it was gone. I smiled. ●

— Nancy Moss

To Sleep — Perchance to Dream*

By RITA BRICKMAN EFFROS

Sleep as a dreamy escape for both body and soul is far from the reality most of us experience. Modern societies increasingly trend toward reduced sleep duration and increased reports of insomnia.

The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) has declared insufficient sleep a “public health problem,” with more than one-third of American adults not getting enough sleep on a regular basis. Drowsy driving alone results in 6,000 deaths each year.

Sleep deprivation also has significant economic cost. At the national level, up to 3 percent of gross domestic product is lost due to lack of sleep. It has been estimated that an increase in sleep could add billions of dollars to a country’s economy.

Enforced insomnia was used as a means of punishment or torture over many centuries. In 1894, a Russian scientist forced puppies to stay awake through constant stimulation; they died within five days. The author of that paper, Maria Manasseina, found that the brain was the site of most damage. She concluded that the total absence of sleep is more fatal to animals than the total absence of food.

Sleep is an active physiological process that should ideally occupy one-third of our lives, since it plays a fundamental role in our physical, emotional and mental health. The patterns of sleep are influenced by complex interactions involving chronological age, genetic, social and environmental factors.

Until recently, despite many theories on the physiological process of sleep, there was no real data. The study of sleep is now an active area of research, with sleep clinics established at numerous medical centers throughout the world.

Interestingly, the name for science of sleep — Somnology — has a somewhat dark connection. The word derives from



Somnus, the Roman god of sleep, the twin brother of the god of death. Their parents were Nyx, the goddess of night, and Erebus, god of darkness.

Neurologist W. Chris Winter has been studying sleep patterns at his sleep clinic in Charlottesville, Virginia. His interest in sleep was motivated in part by the statistics of increased medical errors in hospitals by sleep-deprived medical staff.

Studies on numerous research subjects have shown that sleep is divided into three stages. Light sleep occupies about half the night, and is the portal through which we move through the other two stages of sleep.

Some people who have trouble with sleeping may misperceive this type of

sleep as insomnia. However, brain-wave studies have shown that this so-called paradoxical insomnia — often caused by anxiety — is actually light sleep.

The second stage, known as deep sleep, is when the body repairs itself. Deep sleep occurs more at the beginning of the night, mainly during the first three hours. The more of this type of sleep we get, the more alert and rested and the less groggy we feel the next day. Release of healing chemicals, such as growth hormone, occurs during deep sleep.

The third type of sleep is called dream sleep, also known as Rapid Eye Movement (REM) sleep, since this movement under the closed eyelids can actually be seen by an observer. During REM sleep, the brain is more active and engaged with more blood than even during waking hours.

As the night goes on, there are progressively longer cycles of dream sleep and shorter cycles of deep sleep. Dream sleep is correlated with increased levels of concentration and focus, as well as with pain perception.

The most unusual aspect of dream sleep is that all our voluntary muscles are paralyzed during this period. The only

muscles that still function are those in the sphincter, diaphragm, ear and voicebox. The latter two organs are clearly important in situations of danger, which may explain the evolutionary advantage of not paralyzing these particular muscles during sleep.

Occasionally, a person can wake up slightly before the end of sleep paralysis. This apparent overlap of the sleep and wake switches can obviously be quite upsetting. Ancient myths/superstitions abound regarding this short extended paralytic state, relating it to witches and demons.

Sleep deprivation is associated with a state of chronic inflammation. Short bursts of inflammation are part of our immune system's normal response to disease and injury. This temporary inflammation is part of our body's defense mechanism. But long-term sustained inflammation is associated with a variety of diseases, such as cancer, diabetes, stroke, heart disease and dementia.

Studies show that improving sleep quality leads to enhancements in a variety of activities. Reading cues and emotions of others is correlated with improved sleep. And increased speed and accuracy in swimmers occurs when sleep is improved.

One theory about the beneficial effects of sleep is that it's the ultimate brainwasher. Studies, thus far done only in mice, show that a network of microscopic fluid-filled channels clears toxins in the brain. This system is like the lymphatic system that clears out waste products from the body.

Circadian rhythm, the biological clocks within our bodies that complete one cycle every 24 hours, is regulated by a particular brain region and is associated with release of cortisol and other hormones in the morning that restore our alertness and increase our blood pressure.

It turns out that 50 percent of our genes are controlled by the circadian clock, which regulates activities in every cell in our body. For example, immune cells have been shown to circulate in the bloodstream during the night to collect information on possible threats encountered during the day. And flu vaccines are more effective in stimulating antibody production if given in the morning.

Dr. Aziz Sancar received the 2015 Nobel Prize in Medicine for his discovery that a particular function within skin cells is governed by the circadian cycle. His research showed that a specific protein, which repairs damage due to ultraviolet light exposure, is controlled by one of the clock genes. For example, rodents exposed to UV light at 4 a.m. are five times more likely to develop skin cancer than those exposed at 4 p.m.

Age affects the strength of our circadian rhythms, with clear alterations between our active and resting phases. Kids can run around all day and sleep like a log at night, whereas older persons may wake many times during the night and nap frequently during the day. Although we can't change the

effect of age, neurologists recommend that older persons get as much sunlight and keep moving during the day and avoid light at night.

The symptoms of jet lag, such as insomnia, exhaustion, stomach problems, sluggishness and overall malaise are all caused by circadian confusion. Charles Czeisler, a sleep consultant for professional sports teams, advises east coast teams traveling to the west coast to shift their schedules by three hours to keep their bodies on east coast time. Indeed, published analysis of 20 years of Major League Baseball statistics showed that a dip in teams' winning percentages was associated with jet lag due to circadian disruptions.

Sleep plays a fundamental role in our physical, emotional and mental health.

Duration and quality of sleep require the maintenance of healthy circadian rhythms in the brain. Better sleep correlates with better neural function and reduced risk of Alzheimer's disease. Several studies have shown that even during sleep, exposure to dim light, which can penetrate closed eyelids, can confuse the clock.

The diverse effects of light exposure during sleeping hours have been studied by neurologist Phyllis Zee at Northwestern University. Just one night of moderate light exposure during sleep, e.g., by leaving the bedroom shades open to street lights, caused impaired glucose and cardiovascular regulation in otherwise healthy subjects.

These findings have led to new facets of healthcare—sometimes referred to as circadian medicine. A dramatic example of this relates to neonatal intensive care nurseries.

Based on the theory that the womb is dark, it was standard practice to put darkening covers over the newborn isolettes. But new research has shown that premature infants who receive 12 hours each of light and darkness are discharged from the hospital on average two weeks earlier than those who received either just light or just darkness.

Preliminary studies on cancer patients also reinforce the impact of circadian clocks on health outcomes. For example, patients with metastatic melanoma who received at least 20% of their immunotherapy drugs after 4:30 p.m. did not live as long as those who received them earlier in the day.

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from previous page)

The field of circadian medicine is still in its infancy, but experts propose that taking advantage of our biological clocks might improve efficacy and reduce side effects of drugs. Even before the cellular clock mechanisms were understood, a French medical oncologist found that the specific infusion schedules of certain cancer drugs affected overall survival of colorectal cancer patients.

Our immune systems oscillate in a 24-hour cycle. Thus, it is not surprising that sleep deprivation is associated with a state of chronic inflammation. This in turn results in increased risk for infection, as well as for cardiovascular, autoimmune, neurodegenerative pathologies and cancer.

Adequate sleep is so central to our health that the World Health Organization has classified shift work as a carcinogen.

If sleep is so important for a multitude of body and brain functions, why did it become so dysregulated? Clearly, our 24-hour culture and various technological devices play a huge role in our sleep deprivation.

The negative effect of technology is highlighted by observational studies of current hunter-gatherer populations. Their average sleep time is only 6.4 hours/night. They go to sleep at three hours post-sunset and arise before dawn and are all in good health. Amazingly, they don't even have a word for insomnia.

The CDC offers a bit of advice for achieving optimal sleep quality and duration. Be consistent in bedtime and wake-up times. A quiet dark room and cool temperature are important. Avoid large meals and alcohol before bedtime.

An additional aspect of optimizing sleep quality involves treatment for sleep apnea, a potentially serious disorder in which breathing stops and starts. Loud snoring and feeling tired after a full night's sleep are possible signs of sleep

apnea, which is usually treatable with lifestyle changes such as weight loss and breathing assistance devices.

Some couples find that sleep quality is improved by sleeping apart. In fact, 14% of couples who live together choose this option, mostly due to a snoring partner. Napping during the day is helpful if the nap is short and done early in the day. It is usually detrimental if you've had a bad sleep night.

One of the components of marijuana, cannabidiol (CBD) is used by some folks as an aid to better sleep. CBD does not contain the psychoactive ingredient of marijuana, but has not been adequately studied in terms of sleep enhancement. It may work by reducing anxiety, but its potential interaction with other medications and possible side effects require guidance by a physician.

There is no magic number of ideal sleep duration. Dr. Lester Breslow, former dean of the UCLA School of Public Health, was one of the pioneers of research into health promotion and disease prevention. His large population study showed that simple health practices, which included adequate sleep (averaging 7 hours/night) add both years and quality of life.

Both the duration and quality of sleep can have huge effects on our health. Disruptions and odd sleeping habits are associated with poor brain health. A recent study comparing two groups of persons age 60–74 showed that those who went to bed before 9 p.m. and slept more than eight hours had an increased risk of developing dementia. Poor sleep habits are also associated with development of frailty in older adults.

If we could pay for something that guaranteed good sleep hygiene, we'd probably all be ordering it from Amazon. Yet, it's actually free! Indeed, for many of us, simple changes in behavior and lifestyle could help solve our sleep problems. ●

*"Hamlet"



WONDERFUL
JEWELRY & GIFTS
ONE BLOCK SOUTH OF MIRABELLA ON RIVER PKWY

3660 S RIVER PKWY, PORTLAND OR 97239
503-477-6209 / WONDERFULPDX.COM

On the Right Track: Oregon Rail Heritage Center

By PAMELA LINDHOLM-LEVY

Is Superman really more powerful than a locomotive? His legendary strength seems to pale when a visitor stands next to the 80-inch-high driver wheel of one of these magnificent machines at the Oregon Rail Heritage Center (ORHC). Four wheels to a side add up to eight giant wheels. Now that's powerful.

The center is Mirabella Portland's neighbor at the east end of the Tilikum Crossing.

Walking to the center from Mirabella is a hearty option, but the B line streetcar and the orange line Max light rail both stop a short walk away. Parking is directly across from the center on Southeast Water Street, as well as under the viaduct below Southeast MLK Boulevard.

The ORHC just celebrated 10 years of housing and showing off its collection of steam locomotives: the sleek, colorful and historic 4449; the big black 700 and 197. Passenger cars and cabooses sit outdoors awaiting use on special trains. The ORHC also owns a diesel switch engine.

ORHC owes its existence to local rail enthusiasts working with the city, the Union Pacific, TriMet and myriad donors.

In 1958 the city of Portland housed the engines at an outdoor transportation museum at Oaks Amusement Park on the east side of the Willamette River just north of the Sellwood Bridge. Volunteers did their best to keep these historic monsters looking good and staying fit, but the weather was not their friend. In 1996 a place was found for them in the roundhouse at the Brooklyn Yard, safer for them but out of the public view.

Also in 1996 the Union Pacific absorbed the Southern Pacific and gained control of the yard. By the early 2000s the Union Pacific planned to make it an intermodal facility, reducing the number of tracks coming in and out and needing to repurpose the space the roundhouse took up (See Peter Swan's article about the yard in the December 2021 3550 Magazine.). The historic engines had to be moved again, to a place they could be enjoyed by the people who owned them: the citizens of Portland.

For years each locomotive had her own interest group that cared for her. These groups plus the local National Railway Historical Society (NRHS) and the Pacific Railroad Preservation Association (PRPA) began to lobby and negotiate with the city for a permanent, safe and accessible home for the engines. The city wanted to talk to just one group, and so the Oregon Rail Heritage Foundation (ORHF) was born. It raised money to buy property and construct the center.



The 4449 pulls the Holiday Express.

One rail enthusiast who had a special bond with the 4449 donated a million dollars. Grants, foundations, and loans (\$5 million from the city, since discharged) provided the rest. Thus, the locomotives have had a permanent home since September 2012, and visitors of all ages come to marvel at the giants.

Soon to be on display is a logging railroad train engine, the Mount Emily Shay #1. She is 99 years old. She is the most photographed locomotive in the country (discounting Thomas the Tank Engine), and when you see her in her red and orange glory, you will understand why. Plus, she has a great story.

In 1958 the city of Portland asked the Southern Pacific Railroad, at the time the dominant line in the area, if it would donate a steam locomotive to the Oaks Park collection.

The 4449 was the best the SP had to offer. She had had several lives with the SP, including pulling the Coast Starlight between LA and San Francisco and the Shasta Daylight overnight passenger train between Portland and cities in California. Her fires were extinguished in June of 1956, and she had been sitting idle as a spare, never used, and awaiting scrap. She was repainted and sent to Oaks Park, where members of the Northwest chapter of the NRHS promised general upkeep.

Because the 4449 had been kept in relatively good condition and was conveniently in the west, she was chosen to pull the Freedom Train to take the American story and documents across the county to celebrate the Bicentennial in 1975–76. With only 90 days lead time to ensure 4449's reliability and safety for such a long haul, hundreds of rail

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from previous page)

fans rallied to the cause. They worked 18 hours a day, seven days a week.

A potentially catastrophic discovery, a crack in the front flue sheet (look it up) might have derailed the whole effort. The fix required an expert welder. That expert was found in Otter Rock, Oregon, and he made the repair in time. The 4449, painted with wide red, white, and blue bands, left Portland in June, 1975. In the east she was too large to go into some of the tunnels, and two other engines spelled her until it was time to head back west.

Today at the ORHC four people work regularly to keep her fit on the inside and a knockout on the outside. Eight or nine volunteers work as well. She ran the Holiday Express between Oaks Park and the center for a number of years. She is huge and heavy and getting to be too much for the track, which belongs to the Oregon Pacific Railroad. Its orange diesel runs an excursion from the center to Oaks Park in the summer.

The 2022 Holiday Express steam engine will be a Polson 2, on loan from the Albany and Eastern railway. She was built in 1912 and has a huge cattle guard or cow catcher. She is lighter but mighty enough to pull the vintage passenger cars used by the Express. Her plume of steam will be visible before the Express can be seen across the river.

Locomotive 700, built in 1938, saw service on the Spokane, Portland and Seattle Railway exclusively in the Pacific Northwest. She is the third largest active steam locomotive in North America. Early in her career she pulled SP&S passenger trains between the Spokane and Portland sections of the Empire Builder and the North Coast Limited before moving to freight service until her retirement in 1956. She was donated to the city of Portland in 1958.

As she sat out unsheltered at the Oaks Park display, a kid began climbing the fence and doing basic maintenance. The PRPA has spent thousands of hours on the 700 to restore her to working condition.

She has been a Holiday Express locomotive and has starred in other railroad festivities including a Portland-Billings round trip. Her dedicated volunteers keep her ready for such events. Unlike the 4449's more sleek exterior, the exterior complexity of the 700's steam boiler — hoses, connections, plates, welds, nuts and bolts — looks like a giant puzzle to all but her caretakers.

The oldest engine in the collection, the 197, arrived in Portland as the 1905 Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition opened. For 45 years she worked Oregon Railway and Navigation's rails along the Columbia River to Astoria and back to Portland, plus connecting branches along the coast. Some of that track has eroded but some survives farther south as the Oregon Coast Scenic Railroad excursion from

Garibaldi to Rockaway Beach. The navigation component exists as a historic tugboat moored along Tom McCall Waterfront Park.

The steamers share the Center with the 190, a diesel locomotive that ran on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe (remember the song?) railroad in the late 1940s. She was called a Warbonnet because her paint design followed the theme of the passenger lines, El-Capitan and the Super Chief. Warbonnets are iconic among rail enthusiasts. The 190 had another life on the Delaware and Hudson pulling the Laurentian passenger train. She worked on the Nickel Plate Road before ending up deteriorating in western Mexico. She is the project of her private owner who brought her back to life and painted her blue and white.

A Mount. Emily (a West Virginia logging company) Shay locomotive will be on permanent display at ORHC soon. She also worked in central Oregon. She is 99 years old and looks nothing like the on-the-road engines whose space she'll be sharing.

Currently the ORHF is raising funds to finish installing the turntable that was in the Brooklyn Yard roundhouse. Its job there was to change or completely reverse the direction of locomotives. It will provide the same work at ORHC, right in front of the museum. The word turntable sounds like a giant, round disc with track. But no, the turntable is a ground level bridge a locomotive is driven onto. A pivot point sits under the center of the bridge and turns the engine to the appropriate track, all of which radiate from the turntable-like spokes, to send the locomotive onto its correct new direction.

Because a locomotive cannot be put on a hoist like an auto, maintenance and repair up underneath her are carried out by machinists and other specialists who stand in a pit that has been dug in the center of a track indoors.

ORHC has its own parts department because spare parts for the historic engines do not exist. Of necessity, new parts are made on-site by expert volunteer machinists. Their precision fabrication equipment sits in view on the west wall of the center.

The center is open Thursday through Sunday. Admission is free but a donation is key to the center's mission. Work on the turntable installation goes on in the center's front yard. Brochures about all things railroad sit here and there inside the spacious building. A large exhibit tells the story of the Freedom Train. Yes, there is a gift shop.

This year the Holiday Express will start at the center instead of Oaks Park. The 45-minute round-trip with Santa on board runs Friday through Sunday for four weekends Nov. 25–Dec. 18.

Our neighbor, the ORHC, has behemoths more powerful than Superman. Visit and see if you don't agree.

Thanks go to Renee Devereux, executive director of the center, and to the docents there. ●

Our Fighting Cowboys: PT 658

By PETE SWAN



Photo: Stanley Berman

PT 658 sailing on the Willamette River.

Portland is home port to a former naval vessel, PT 658, that has been restored and refitted to as-commissioned condition. The PT stands for “patrol torpedo.” All PTs were built by Higgins Industries of New Orleans, with 658 one of the last four Higgins built.

The original PT boats were mostly deployed to the South Pacific in World War II, but the war ended before these four boats were shipped.

After the war, the boat was home-ported in Port Hueneme in California where it supported operations at the ballistic missile test range and carried supplies to a U.S. Air Force radar station on Santa Rosa Island until 1958.

When the Navy declared the boat surplus, a private purchaser converted it to a pleasure craft with a more conventional engine. The purchaser’s family donated it — half submerged at the time — in 1994 to a group of PT-boat veterans in the Portland area.

These vets had a dream of restoring and re-outfitting the

boat to its original condition. After 13 years of meticulous and complex work by the now gray-haired volunteers, the fully restored boat had a successful maiden voyage on the Willamette.

The boat is owned by a non-profit 501 c(3) entity called Save the PT Boat, Inc. (SPTBI).

Financial support has come from the U.S. Navy and Marine Corps, the Oregon and Washington National Guard and the U.S. Army Engineers, the Kinsman Foundation and individual donors.

The original men involved in the project are now older or deceased, but their energies and interests continue in a group of men who delight in military history and are very handy with marine equipment and woodworking. These folks, too young to have actually served on PTs, have taken up the maintenance/curation/fund-raising roles and have their own

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from previous page)

passion for PT 658, which is berthed at Pier 307 at the Vigor Industrial shipyard on Swan Island.

Supported by \$150,000 of donations and \$200,000 of donated materials, the group had Steelhead Construction construct a 100-foot-long boathouse in 2008. Much of the design of the boat house was the work of long-time SPTBI member Bob Alton. An informative education & heritage center is at the top of the gangway to the boat.

Rides are rare, subject to minimum numbers and to the boat's operational availability. As a group, riders are usually expected to pick up the cost of the fuel consumed on the trip.

In many years, the boat has gone out to meet and salute incoming naval vessels arriving for the Rose Festival (your reporter and his wife have been aboard for that).

Some PT boats were involved in the battle of Guadalcanal where, before the American marines invaded, many Japanese cargo ships came to resupply the occupying Japanese army.

The boats also saw action around New Guinea and in the Mediterranean. Eighty percent of the boats were deployed in the South Pacific, the remainder in the Mediterranean and off western Great Britain.

There was no at-sea refueling for these small boats, but they were provisioned for seven days away from base and could hide out in tiny island coves when they were not on patrol, rescuing downed airmen or on a sortie.

The boats were especially vulnerable to defensive fire since they were made entirely of wood. Moreover, to launch torpedoes, the boats had to attack at right angles to the target's keel and hold course until their "fish" were launched. That exposed them to concentrated fire as they attacked.

During World War II 68 PT boats were badly damaged or sunk.

Squadron commanders preferred nighttime sorties to better protect the PTs, but this came at the cost of torpedo-launch accuracy.

The lieutenants who captained PT boats were often thought of as "cowboys": brave and daring men who loved speed and were always hopeful of sinking a major enemy ship.

Young Jack Kennedy's feat of leading his crew to safety by swimming from island to island after his PT boat had been sliced in half when rammed by a Japanese destroyer arguably fits the cowboy characterization.

In reality, the PTs appear to have sunk just one Japanese warship, a submarine (one that had surfaced near the beach in an attempt to resupply troops ashore), although they could claim many cargo barges. One cruiser was seriously damaged by PT attacks and had to be towed away for repairs. Two PT boats also damaged an enemy destroyer, which was

scuttled the following day.

What exactly were these PTs, also sometimes called mosquito boats?

PT 658 is 78 feet, 6 inches long with a 20-foot beam. Fully outfitted and crewed, it had a draft of 5 feet, 3 inches.

658's displacement was 48 tons, considerably lighter than a steel gunboat.

The boats carried a crew of two officers and 14 enlisted men.

They had a maximum speed of better than 42 knots (48 mph) and a cruising (at 35 knots) range of 520 miles. Their four fuel tanks had a total capacity of 3,000 gallons.

All PTs were powered by three 12-cylinder, 1,850-horsepower, V-block Packard engines that burned 100-octane aviation fuel. Each engine drove one of the three propellers.

PT658's engines had originally been installed on PT659. Before they were fitted to 658, they were overhauled by enthusiasts from the Marine Corps motor pool at a local Naval Reserve base as well as the early SPTBI vets.

At speed, the boats had a turning radius of 336 feet to port and 274 feet to starboard, the clockwise rotation of the three propellers likely assisting in the tighter turn. The tighter that radius, the more maneuverable the boat was, with better odds of escaping once torpedoes were away.

A PT boat carried four aircraft-type torpedoes; they were the same smaller size as those carried by our torpedo planes. Each fish had a 466-pound warhead.

Launching was accomplished simply by releasing clamps and pulling a lever to roll the fish off the deck. Compressed air drove the torpedo's counter-rotating propellers. The torpedoes had a speed of 33 knots and a range of 6,300 yards.

PTs carried more armament than any other World War II naval vessel of comparable length or displacement. Their arsenal consisted of a 40mm stern-mounted cannon, a 37mm machine cannon with a range of 8,875 yards, two 20mm M4 cannons, two 50-caliber machine guns, two 30-caliber machine guns, two Mk VI depth charges, two Mk50 rocket launchers and a smoke ejector. PT658 is actually a little over-armed as the SPTBI group has installed every type of weapon that was ever on a PT boat.

Tennessee has a national organization for those involved with or fascinated by PT boats: PT Boats, Inc. Restoration projects have been underway in Fall River, Massachusetts, and Fredricksburg, Texas, and there is one involving PT657 in San Diego.

Your reporter talked with three current SPTBI men: Bob Day, Wally Berger and Tom Cates. Their favorite memories about the project were telling tall stories at lunch break and the moments when a fussy engine or a cranky propeller shaft finally tested out fit for service.

Their saddest memory was of the evening they discovered

an electrical fire on board 658. Before the fire was extinguished, it did \$100,000 of damage.

When I asked if 658 had been visited by veterans who had served on other PTs, they said that was not uncommon. They particularly remembered a 100-year-old vet who was given a ride and took a turn at the helm. Often the visitors were descendants of World War II PT vets; these persons they called "splinters."

Just across the Willamette, we have an authentically restored World War II-era naval vessel.

You may want to admire the end product of many hundreds of hours of volunteer restorative work by dedicated veterans. Or you may simply want to tour through this classic navy vessel. Whatever your motive, it will be a fascinating experience. ●

VISITING PT 658 —

Where: Pier 307, Vigor Industrial shipyard on Swan Island

Telephone: (360) 910-2490 for detailed directions. Exact route is not intuitive.

Two-hour tours: to 3 p.m. Mondays and Thursdays

Donations: Optional but the lifeblood of the project.

Support our advertisers
this holiday season
and throughout the
new year.



Portland Diary

By NANCY MOSS

Ahead of me on the Greenway is a woman with a handsome Akita on a leash. She leads the dog onto the grass where it promptly squats. When the dog finishes its business, the woman resumes their walk.

"AHM!" I say loudly, making a point.

The woman walks over to a pole I had not noticed, extracts a small plastic bag from a box at the top of the pole and walks back to where the dog was squatting.

Head down, I walk away quickly.

II

Passing pedestrians headed in the opposite direction, I sometimes pick up fragments of ongoing conversation. A few overheard remarks follow.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I don't know why — I'm sorry."

"John was set to give me some folding money, which I still haven't seen."

"I showed up to work today with a bug on my face; I need a new helmet."

I almost want to turn around and follow them, to hear what comes next.

Tilikum Crossing Report

Only a few weeds are green on the Moody Avenue approach to Tilikum Bridge; the rest is bleached dry. Leaves on the trees bordering the pedestrian walkway are yellow and curled at the edges; the hedges beneath them, bleached in places, are covered with fallen leaves.

On the other hand, cyclists and pedestrians walk along briskly, and the river underneath the bridge glitters.

A Bad Visit

After tripping over a scooter and gashing my forehead, I took a Lyft with Art to Kaiser Interstate urgent care to get stitches. We paid our \$25 at the registration desk.

"We're sorry," the woman there told us. "We cannot care for you."

"What the bleep!"

She explained that they had no provider on the premises and therefore could not see me.

I argued, strenuously: we were Kaiser members, urgent care was open; they should see us. She said we could go to Vancouver or Sunnyside Kaiser; they might have room for us. I continued to argue.

Out the corner of my eye. I saw a man in a white coat striding confidently down the hall. A doctor, I thought.

"We can see you," the woman said.

Sometimes it pays to be difficult. ●

Prose Poems

By **TERRI HOPKINS**

She was browsing the little library's travel section. She found a random selection of donated books from travelers who preceded her, including a Lonely Planet guide to Scotland, and Fodor's decade old tips for Panama. Higher up, the librarian had taken the liberty of placing the Iliad, the Odyssey, and Gulliver's Travels at eye level.

If the sun was shining, they walked on the sidewalk, now and then venturing a little ways up and back down someone's driveway. They found places, on a step or in the grass to sit and wait. For cars, or trucks. To appear and disappear. If it was raining, she opened the garage door and they sat just inside. Sometimes it was a long time between one car and the next, but he was two and that didn't matter to him, and so it didn't matter to her.

25% OFF
any seat
with code
MIRABELLA

Join other residents for the 2:00 PM performance on December 11. Transportation provided by the Mirabella.



OREGON **BALLET** THEATRE

George Balanchine's **THE NUTCRACKER**[®]

Dec. 10 – 24, 2022 | Keller Auditorium

A treasured holiday tradition continues as the Land of Sweets comes alive with Tchaikovsky's unforgettable score!

FEATURING 12 PERFORMANCES
WITH THE **OBT ORCHESTRA**

tickets start at
\$24



obt.org/nutcracker

Now We Are Eighty*

By ROSEMARY HOLE

A few months after my 18th birthday, my eldest brother, Robert, celebrated turning 20. I thought he was ancient and couldn't imagine being that old. But on my own 30th birthday, I was furious and indignant that, after standing in the snow and cold, I was the only one in our party who was denied entrance into a popular Stowe, Vermont, nightclub called the Black Gull. Why? Because I had forgotten my driver's license and the bouncer didn't believe that I was even 21, let alone 30.

That's how things go with birthdays: Some are approached with great anticipation, some are happier than others, others dreaded. However, in looking back I have come to realize that those annual benchmarks became bookmarks in my life story, each birthday having a "before I turned ..." and an "after I turned"

No matter my age, I've always looked forward to the future, as in becoming a teenager, turning 16 and learning how to drive, and turning 21. When I would say something like, "I can't wait for Friday night!", My mother would often reply, "Rosemary, stop wishing your life away."

As I moved from one milestone to the next, there was always something new waiting. For example, I've never gotten over the happiness of turning 67 and retiring. I loved my career and thrived on work, but suddenly another world opened and with it, the freedom to pick and choose how I wanted to spend my time. Absolutely glorious!

And, when Dan and I made the decision to sell our home of 32 years and leave La Jolla, California, a spot which can only be described as heaven on earth, I was more than ready for a new adventure and joked that moving to Mirabella Portland would most likely be the last stop.



However, during the months approaching my 80th birthday, I experienced some trepidation and a bit of melancholy as, for the first time, I saw a foreshortened future. My perspective shifted from eagerly looking forward to the bittersweet habit of thinking about the past. I'm thankful for making it this far, when so many of those I love did not, and I continue to enjoy and treasure each day's adventures, no matter how small and insignificant, as well as friends both long-term and new. I'm grateful, too, that even though this little wagon is rusty and the wheels a bit wobbly, they haven't fallen off yet. Road wear, yes, but not quite ready for the junkyard.

Still, I am 80 and no longer under the wide umbrella we call middle age. I really am finally old, and for the first time the river of life no longer flows toward an unknown future but has shrunk,

and in doing so ensures some forgone certainties.

This last birthday has made me realize that I will never get to all the books I want to read, nor will I totally master the ukulele or guitar. Even if I live to be 100 years old, there simply isn't enough time or guaranteed good health left to accomplish the goals I continue to chase.

As my friend, Tom Adkins, likes to say, "We are in the fourth quarter." No matter, as I will continue to read and practice, to express gratitude and thanksgiving, to laugh, to love my family and friends and to deal with the rust and wobbly wheels as best I can. ●

*A tribute to A.A. Milne and his book, "And Now We Are Six." Milne died at age 74 on January 31, 1956, one day after my 14th birthday.

