

3550



June 2015

a publication by and for the residents of Mirabella Portland



Nancy Moss
Deputy Editor

Can an area of tall buildings with blank-faced windows, awash with the roar of speeding cars, truly be a neighborhood?

Our South Waterfront, built around the medical behemoth OHSU, is a particular sort of neighborhood if it is one at all. It houses seniors, at Mirabella and the riverfront condos, who wait for their streetcar or walk carefully, a few of them using canes, along the pedestrian walkways, keeping a cautious eye out for bicyclists who cruise with abandon along the ‘Pedestrian Only’ areas and pick up speed in their lanes, marked in green.

It boasts joggers, men in loose shirts and spandex shorts with tightly-defined calves, women moving along at chatting speed. Students briefly appear, knotted at the streetcar stop SW Moody and Meade, lugging backpacks, sometimes carrying their Starbucks cups.

It has a hangout. Lovejoy Bakers contains people working at their laptop, deep in concentration, and in good weather, folks gathered in small groups out on the patio, eating or drinking at a leisurely rate. You get the slow, easy sense of people enjoying themselves, happy to be where they are.

The community garden with its neat raised beds contains kale, beets, parsley and springtime daffodils. But don’t expect scents of lilac or roses, or bumblebees buzzing their way from plant to plant. The air carries a faint whiff of auto exhaust, and the whoosh of cars passing by could send an insect tumbling.

In the spring and summer months, Elizabeth Caruthers Park provides an oasis: kids play in the fountain, people walk dogs, chat next to their babies’ strollers or lounge about on the grass. The green hillside invites young people to run down it. Next to the river, the greenway, much of it a paved way, has created more open space. In the dog park, pets bound joyfully after gummy tennis balls or sticks thrown by their owners.

Built on industrial land some of which was so poisoned by World War II shipbuilding that it had to be covered up or trucked away, given shape by OHSU, ringed with freeways that provide constant noise and with land earmarked by OHSU and Zidell for future development, the South Waterfront is an unusual neighborhood. Yet here and there tender green shoots poke through: loitering, companionship, even beauty. In this issue of 3550, Bob French’s photos explore the place that may be – or become – a neighborhood. ❀



Claire Weber
President

Mirabella Portland is now almost five years old, so it is good to reflect on what – or who – makes this place unique. We are fortunate to benefit from the ground-breaking work and talents of a few pioneers. I want to thank five residents who have set the standard for years to come.

Linda McCammon created our matchless library. She set up a routine that continually refreshes the collection of over 6500 books. The library also includes over 500 specialty items like DVDs, CDs, kids’ books and art books as well as “satellite” libraries on the second and third floor. Our library will always benefit from the high standards she set at the beginning.

Barry Shapiro spearheads our volunteers on the second floor and focuses on providing appropriate services for each resident; which include conversation, reading to patients and Saturday doggie visits. He makes sure that individual needs are met. Barry’s focus on warm and appropriate volunteer interaction has set the standard for second floor volunteers.

Maggi Travis was in at the creation of our version of the Pacific Retirement Systems (PRS) intranet – Miranet. Her tenacity prevented a cookie-cutter PRS intranet here. Miranet’s distinctive features include lists of 3550 advertisers and donors of RAMP door prizes plus – my favorite – the “very local” weather section that reports the temperature and wind speed on top of the John Ross building. Our in-house tech guru personalized our one-of-a-kind Miranet.

Muriel Mendonca, first chair of RAMP Programs Committee, established a high standard for our programs. Her dedication and attention to detail gave us a variety of entertaining and informative events. Future program organizers will benefit from her standard for exceptional Mirabella programming.

And I must mention the best publication in any retirement community. Anywhere. Others have a “Resident Newsletter,” but only we have 3550 – a genuine magazine that includes news, controversy, regular features, New Yorker cartoons, biographical stories and an annual April Fool spoof. Only because of creator and editor Steve Casey.

I may have overlooked other ground-breakers who have made a difference here and I apologize. I am grateful each day for the work of these five neighbors.

Thank you. ❀

In Memory of Nancy

Glerum Family Donates Special-Use NancyVan

The Glerum family has donated to the Mirabella a new, fully equipped Ford wheelchair van to be known as the NancyVan.

After being confined to a wheelchair, Nancy – along with her husband Rolf – became a reluctant expert in transportation obstacles for wheelchair users. Nancy could not take the family car, Mirabella’s town car or the streetcar to her daily appointments at OHSU on the hill.



The only Mirabella vehicle that could accommodate her, the twelve-passenger bus with a hydraulic lift, was often in use for group outings. Accessible private taxis proved erratic and

unreliable; hiring a commercial van was expensive.

Rolf and Nancy both knew there had to be a better way.

Nancy and Rolf’s close family includes Eric and Alison, Kirk and Melissa and five grandchildren. After Nancy’s death in January, Eric and Kirk and their families agreed with Rolf that Nancy’s life should be memorialized in a meaningful way. They wanted the memorial to reflect Nancy as she was and to keep her memory alive for her friends at Mirabella and in the greater community.

But they also wanted the memorial to provide practical value to Mirabella residents. Rolf knew that about two dozen Mirabella residents use wheelchairs, some permanently and a few on a temporary basis. So this special family came up with the “better way” that Rolf and Nancy wanted: the NancyVan.

The new, fully equipped Ford wheelchair van, to be known as the NancyVan, will exclusively transport Mirabella residents in wheelchairs, with medical appointments taking precedence. Logistics are still being worked out, but residents in wheelchairs will reserve the NancyVan the same way they would reserve a bus or town car.

Mirabella residents call this a great idea. Pete Fenner told Rolf that this is “a wonderful way to keep Nancy’s memory fresh in our minds, very generous and thoughtful.” Barbara Gaines pointed out that “Nancy would like it because it would be so useful to others.”



Photo by Curtis Guthrie

The RAMP Foundation Committee has enthusiastically approved the NancyVan, and the Foundation board has accepted the donation. Mirabella Executive Director Anthony Sabatini promises to “make it work to honor Nancy’s memory” and will work through the complex policy issues involved.

Will the town car’s first-come-first-served policy be maintained? Will adding another vehicle affect the availability of rides for Mirabella’s residents? Anthony will be weighing different groups’ interests.

Rolf sums up this special addition to Mirabella: “The NancyVan is literally a moving tribute to this extraordinary wife, mother and grandmother. It continues Nancy’s legacy as one of helping others to live a better life. She would have loved that.”

So keep an eye out for the blue NancyVan with the license plate NANCVN. ☘

Mirabella Payments to PRS: What Do They Buy Us?

by Ed Parker

Mirabella Portland pays more than 5% of its revenues to Pacific Retirement Services for management services. Those services cost almost \$1.5 million in the most recent fiscal year, according to audited financial statements.

Mirabella residents have asked, "What do we get in exchange for those payments?"

The short answer is: a lot.

Before giving the long answer it helps to understand the legal relationship between PRS and Mirabella and to compare Mirabella payments with what multi-site

retirement communities not affiliated with PRS pay.

Payments from Mirabella to PRS are governed by an "Affiliate Man-

agement and Support Services Agreement". In that agreement, the Mirabella board of directors appoints PRS to oversee and manage its operations. Our executive director, Anthony Sabatini, and health services administrator, Sharon McCartney, are employees of PRS whose salaries are paid by Mirabella.

The agreement obligates Mirabella to pay PRS 5% of revenues plus additional fees for accounting and information technology services. Recent monthly fees were about \$101,000 for management, about \$14,000 for accounting services and about \$11,000 for information technology services.

PRS is the legal corporate parent of Mirabella, which makes Mirabella a subsidiary non-profit "child". PRS made the original investments

needed to create Mirabella and arranged the financing needed for construction and early operations until Mirabella became financially self-supporting. At the market prices originally proposed for Mirabella units, resident entry fees would have been sufficient to avoid major financial risk.

However, before Mirabella was ready for occupancy in late summer of 2010, the housing market had crashed. Many prospective residents were unable to sell their homes at prices that permitted them

Mirabella is fortunate that it is owned by a non-profit corporation that does not need to extract profit from its subsidiary companies.

to pay Mirabella's entry fees. Similar problems faced the owners of nearby South Waterfront condos. Some developers had to accept steep losses on their investments or give up ownership of the properties to their lenders when they were unable to make their payments.

Thanks to the financial support of PRS, Mirabella weathered that financial storm by temporarily lowering entry prices to a level that permitted Mirabella to achieve full occupancy. (Prices have since gone back up to or beyond the original prices.)

PRS helped Mirabella by negotiating financial arrangements with lenders that permitted Mirabella to avoid bankruptcy. As part of those arrangements, PRS gave Mirabella an interest-free loan of \$7.7 million. That was in addition to the original

PRS development costs of \$2.3 million which Mirabella still owes to the parent corporation.

PRS further agreed to permit Mirabella to postpone payment of 30 percent of PRS service fees without interest until Mirabella's finances could permit repayment.

At September 30, 2014, Mirabella owed PRS \$11.2 million. PRS is not charging Mirabella interest on that debt. No payments need to be made if repayments would result in Mirabella having less cash on hand than is needed for 365 days of operations.

How do the PRS fees compare to fees paid by other continuing care retirement communities (CCRCs) under common management? When

compared to five other multi-site communities, PRS charges its affiliates less than the average of the other five, which charge fees ranging from 4% to 8.5%, according to a 2014 presentation by PRS management. Retirement systems charging lower rates appear to offer fewer centralized services.

According to a Gartner study of mid-size businesses in 2014, commercial organizations spend about 3.7 per cent of their revenues on information technology services. Mirabella gets its information technology services from PRS for much less than 1 per cent of revenues. Being part of a larger non-profit organization has its advantages when compared to commercial operations.

In May of 2014 the Residents' Association of Mirabella Portland

(RAMP) presented a report prepared by Linda Wood, Mirabella resident and finance committee member, summarizing what PRS gives Mirabella. Here are the highlights of that report:

Project planning and investment that made Mirabella possible

Financial and negotiating expertise that obtained the necessary construction funds, satisfied lenders when the housing market was in recession and refinanced on better terms when the market improved

Legal services

Accounting and billing support services, including billing Medicare and other medical insurance providers for health care services provided by Mirabella health care services including

- Nursing best practices and standards of care
- Training and operational support for nursing staff
- Adherence to laws and regulations governing health care
- Assistance with licensing and certification processes, including conducting mock surveys to prepare for state reviews
- Development of electronic medical records and other innovations
- Medicare management
- Quality improvement management

Cost savings through:

- Group purchasing power for supplies and equipment
- Reduced premiums for liability and workers' compensation insurance

Human resources:

- Support for recruiting, hiring and termination processes
- Payroll
- Compliance with labor laws
- Professional development for managers
- Assistance with staff training and employee satisfaction surveys
- Risk management related to workers' compensation

Mirabella, youngest child of our PRS corporate parent, is well-supported.

Information technology services:

- Information technology analysis; guidance for purchasing decisions
- Computer software services and support

Mirabella is fortunate to be owned by a non-profit corporation that does not need to extract profits from its subsidiary companies.

Without the original PRS project planning and investment, Mirabella would not exist. Without the additional interest-free loans and effective PRS financial management, Mirabella most likely would have gone bankrupt.

Like a solicitous parent, PRS prices operational services significantly below what a for-profit corporate parent would require. Prices are comparable to other retirement community organizations. Mirabella benefits from the lower costs that result from being part of a larger organization.

Perhaps Mirabella will be able to pay off its interest-free loans someday, so PRS can at least break even on its Mirabella Portland project.

Mirabella, the youngest 'child' of our PRS corporate parent, is well supported. The PRS initial investment, loans and continuing management services make it possible for us to live in a beautiful facility with a rich array of amenities and services.

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Deavon Snoke

Photo by Bob French

by Steve Casey

On her own since she was 15, homeless as she lost a struggle to finish high school, watching her life cascade into a dark place, Deavon Snoke silently told herself “Stop!”

She now has completed school and is a Mirabella food server with hopes to follow the lead of an inspirational mentor, teaching creative writing to kids who are as troubled as she was.

Years of work lie ahead, but no one who knows how far she’s come would bet against her.

For one thing, she’s scary smart, lightning quick, ridiculously funny. For another, she has a passion to do something special for those having a rough go.

Staff Profile: Deavon Snoke Grit, Guts, and Gusto

Portland native Deavon was raised by a single mom, with two brothers, two sisters “and a mess of step-siblings.” She started David Douglas High School.

“I left my mom’s house at 15 and haven’t lived with her since,” she told 3550, “and I was homeless for awhile. I’d go to parties where I knew there was a couch I could crash on.”

“I tried all four years,” she said, “but I was having a real hard time with school. I had my strong points – writing and theater – but some of the classes were really hard for me.”

And her pals didn’t help.

“I ran with the wrong crowd because it was easier,” she said. She quit high school and was out for a year, partying, drifting. Then she saw the deep hole coming up fast and slammed on the brakes, cleaning up her life and looking for a

future.

“I had to find out what the meaning of life was,” she said. “I know it sounds silly, but I had to find out what I was capable of. I definitely had to get rid of quite a few friends, but came to realize they weren’t really friends, anyway, and I wasn’t out that much.”

Deavon signed on with Portland Youth Builders, which she says is “the alternative school you go to when there are no alternative schools left. I was really able to shine there. I had a great writing teacher and he’s the one who got me interested in doing what I want to do.”

She took classes that taught her about the world outside Portland, about social justice and grass roots leadership. And writing, from teacher Tom McKenna.

“Writing was always something I knew I was good at, but it was never something I wanted to share with anyone,” she said. “I was a pretty shy, introverted person – if you can believe that.”

With the party life in her rear-view, Deavon turned to other activities.

“I attempted being a bassist in a punk band for awhile,” she said. “I also did roller derby for four years.”

Roller derby? Did she get hurt?

“Oh, yeah!”

There’s a line in “Roller Derby Queen,” a Jim Croce song from the 1970s – “She knew how to knuckle and she knew how to scuffle and fight.” Deavon learned how in her first real contest.

“I was fresh meat,” she said in a recent note, “and had only scrimmaged with my own team, and sat on the bench. Even though I was

a really strong skater, I had a hard time being aggressive in practice.

“Turns out, that was only toward my own girls.

“Once I was out there, if I wasn’t willing to push and shove I was going to get knocked down. So I found my courage and my first defensive move was a hip check against the girl next to me.

“She went down and took her own teammate with her, and my team was able to score three points right off the bat. It was such a rush and everyone was so relieved I could play defense in a game where there is no offense.

“I got knocked down a lot that night and went home with some bruised ribs and a serious case of rink rash from hitting and sliding across the hardwood on bare skin. After that night, I never had a problem being aggressive while playing.”

For “CrocoDeavon,” her derby name, “being part of a team helped me, and it definitely helped me in my work life, too.”

Deavon earned her GED with honors in 2010.

“I was valedictorian of my class; I got to give a speech and walk with a cap and gown like everyone else.”

Unlike everyone else, Deavon found a pot of gold at the end of her educational rainbow; the international youth-run Pangaea Project awarded her a \$5,000 scholarship to work and study in Ecuador for 40 days.

“I learned about mining, and the destruction it left behind. I lived with a host family. I saw a lot of beauty there, but my trip really had a mission to it, to see another point of view.”

Deavon ultimately found her way to Mirabella in January, and the transition was a challenge.

“Of all the food service I’ve done, and all the kitchen work, this was the hardest for me to get used to.

(see *DEAVON*, p. 8)

(DEAVON from, p. 7)

Maybe it was because so many of us came in new at the same time, and others had been here a long time. I was really nervous.”

Until resident association president Claire Weber helped put it in perspective at a new-employee orientation. “Mrs. Weber completely changed how I looked at the job,” Deavon said. “She told us about how for some people, this is the fanciest place they have ever lived, and for others it is the least fancy.”

“I try to tell the employees a bit about us residents because we grew up differently and have had different life experiences than they have had so far,” Claire told 3550.

She also told them, “There are people here who are very sick and people here who are in pain every day, and you probably won’t know who they are because they have a smile on their face.”

Deavon took that to heart.

If a resident snaps at her, “sometimes it’s just because they are having a bad day, and I try to make it better. If you’re in pain all day, let’s at least make sure your lunch is good.”

Being a Mirabella server suits her at this point in life. For her, it’s security.

“And the best part of food service for me was always seeing the regulars. I get regulars every day. You’re all regulars.” ☼

Flowers in Her Hair

--Deavon Snoke

Loving you was like stepping off a curb and almost getting hit by a bus. You made me forget to breathe, and then you were gone.

You were an exhaust-filled gust of wind and city dirt that ruffled my hair, filled my lungs and caused my entire life to flash before my eyes.

Those few seconds of near death stretched out for an entire summer and even though I loved the rush, I look both ways now.

Grand Opening Celebration for the Greenway Saturday, June 27



South Waterfront Farmer's Market Opens for Summer on June 4

by *Beverley Healy*

Starting June 4, South Waterfront will again host a Farmers Market every Thursday afternoon. We look forward to pizza, gelato and crepes providing instant gratification before we consider fresh fruit, flowers, fruit, vegetables, honey, wine, cheeses and salmon from the Columbia River.

Ten new vendors will bring the total to 40, causing some overflow around corners and up the middle of Caruthers Park, whose wide Bond Avenue sidewalk was created to accommodate the market. Pete Collins, South Waterfront Community Relations executive director, oversees the operation.

A larger and more elaborate farmers market operates every Saturday year-round on the South Park blocks of Portland State University's main campus. A speedy trolley ride transports us from Mirabella to a world of food and flowers, music and laughter as children gaze out in wonder from astride a dad's shoulders. Vendors cook breakfast options from hand

pies to heaping plates of eggs and tortillas. Coffee carts serve steam-



Photo by Ron Mendonca

ing mugs to warm customers' hands and spirits on a cold morning. Rows of small potted plant starts will take root in garden plots and flower pots.

All this represents a tremendous amount of work by the vendors, who must get all of this packed up, transported and set up for customers to enjoy. Prices compare to products readily available at Whole

Foods or New Seasons.

Today's farmers markets take us back to days when, with refrigerated trucks and jet planes still in the future, our families thrived on

whatever grew within 100 miles of home. In rural Maine, spring brought fiddlehead ferns and strawberries, followed by asparagus, lettuces and raspberries, spinach, and then summer's full bounty. Hardy produce of fall, mostly root vegetables, we stored in cool dark cellars for winter table fare. Most families across the country kept a backyard garden while we Main-

ers enjoyed lobsters as regular fare.

Successful farmers markets have forced Safeway and Fred Meyer to expand their organic offerings to compete – but nothing can compare to the look and taste of a farm-fresh egg, sizzling in the frying pan as the slice of freshly baked bread pops up in the toaster to be topped with honey from a hive just miles away from your kitchen.

Bon appetit! ☘

Neighborhood Diary

Overheard on a Streetcar

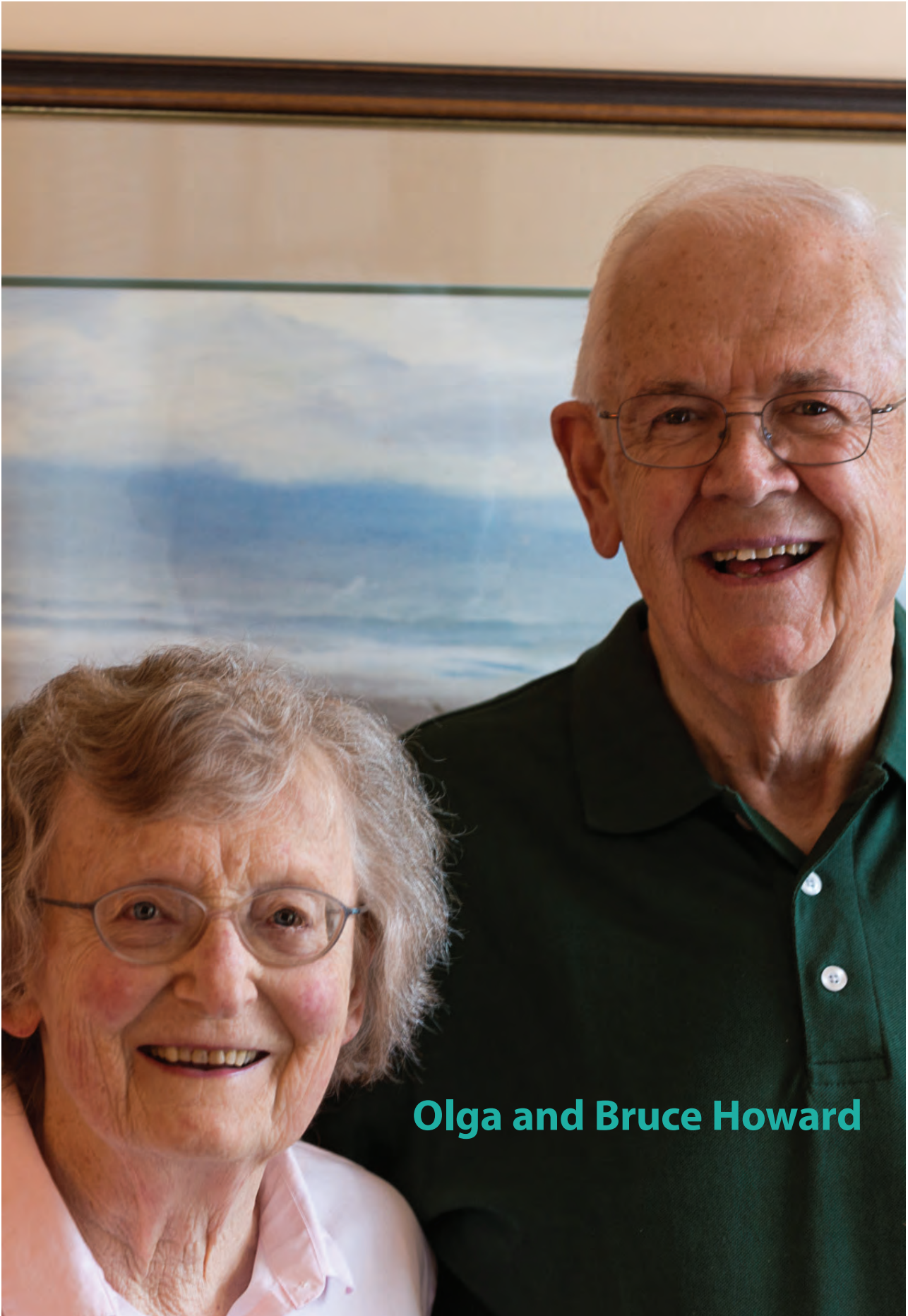
"I go there once a week. He doesn't like it if I go every day. I line up all my cans and bottles, bottles on one side, cans on the other. Two big piles, nice and neat. But I only go there once a week. Not every day, no sir. He wouldn't like that."

Seen on a Streetcar

A mother, grandmother and baby, about a year-and-a-half old, board the streetcar. The grandmother is holding the baby. At the next stop, a woman gets on and sits right behind them. She admires the baby, a little too loudly, and plays peek-a-boo with him, over and over. The baby smiles. The grandmother's arms tighten around the little boy.

Seen on a Streetcar

A young man boards the streetcar at the OHSU stop, takes a single seat and puts his backpack on the seat facing him; no one else can sit there. At the next stop, Moody and Meade, a group of students board. The young man quickly takes his backpack off the seat and puts it on his lap. A young woman sits on the now-empty seat facing him but, engrossed in her device and listening to something on her earbuds, ignores the young man. ☘



Olga and Bruce Howard

Photo by Ron Mendonca

by Nancy Moss

After an idyllic childhood in Estonia, with ice-skating in the winter and berry picking in the summer, Olga Daiber experienced Communism firsthand.

Independent when Olga was born, Estonia became a Soviet Republic in 1940. Olga's father, of German extraction but born in Russia, had fought for the White Russians against the Bolsheviks and for Estonian independence in 1919; he feared for his future under Soviet rule.

When Germany and Russia briefly became allies, the Daiber family took advantage of an opportunity for people of German descent to leave Estonia and moved in 1941 to Wurttemberg, in southwest Ger-

many. "We were lucky," Olga says. Although there was food rationing, their small town escaped bombing.

Admitted as a junior to the University of California Medical School, which gave preference to DP's, Olga says that she and Bruce Howard, another student there, "knew of each other, but we weren't an item."

Bruce, on the other hand, recalls that he first saw Olga as a can-can dancer, practicing for a medical student show. She could do the Cos-sack dance, he says.

Bruce, who grew up in the small agricultural town of Hemet, Calif., remembers working on ranches picking apricots. "I had my social security card when I was 12," he recalls. He drove a tractor and, when he got thirsty, would throw a watermelon on the ground and then pick out its core.

As an agricultural worker, Bruce says he saw "people in their 30's who looked too old to be doing physical

work." Like Olga, he decided at the age of 14 that he wanted to become a doctor.

"That's where Bruce and I hooked up," Olga says.

Bruce, who was an intern at the time, points out that as resident, Olga could have been his boss – but wasn't. Things might have been different if she had been, he adds with a twinkle.

Bruce and Olga were married in Las Vegas in 1958, "just the two of us," they agree. Money from Olga's father, which could have paid for a lavish wedding, went for three months of travel.

With the cold war in progress, Bruce joined the U. S. Air Force as a pediatrician and captain, and the family headed for Pepperell Air Force Base in St. John's, Newfoundland. There, Olga volunteered and helped out at a local hospital and their first son, who lives in Lake Oswego, was born.

St. John's, Olga says, had a busy fishing harbor. Russian fishing trawlers prowled offshore, spying. One day, some seamen brought a woman ashore who had appendicitis. With her came a letter, written in Russian by the ship's doctor. Olga, who spoke Estonian, German, and English but had learned Russian from her mother, was able to read the letter, talk to the woman and see that she received proper care. "She was so happy to speak to me," Olga said – but after that first day, the Russian vice consul refused to let Olga see the woman again, a small casualty of the cold war.

After their stint in Newfoundland, the family moved to Long Beach, Calif., where Bruce served a dermatology residency at the Long Beach Veterans Administration Hospital. Both their second son, who lives in Belgium, and their daughter were born in Long Beach. Olga worked half-time in a geriatric hospital. "My time off was Saturdays, when I would go to the laundromat to wash diapers," Olga says.

(see *Howard*, p. 12)

Resident Profiles: Bruce and Olga Howard Quiet Dynamios

After the war, the United Nations resettlement program offered Displaced Persons (DP's) the chance to apply to different countries. The Daiber family, who had had friends in Monterey, found a sponsor in San Francisco.

In America, the family had to scramble. Her father, a doctor in Germany, worked as an orderly; Olga's sister, five years younger than she, as a nurse. Having studied medicine in Germany, Olga worked for three years at Cutter Laboratories. Olga's mother, who had a master's degree in Slavic languages, taught Russian and was the family's main support. "We really worked as a team," Olga says.

With a friend she drove across the country, marveling at its size but finding "the same chain stores" everywhere.

After Brooklyn, she chose internal medicine as her specialty, and had a three year residency in California, one year at a private hospital in Santa Barbara and then at Harbor General Hospital in Torrance.

(Howard from, p. 11)

After working in pediatrics, where he found himself on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week, Bruce was happy with dermatology, which he calls a “narrow specialty, one where I could become proficient because it was narrow.” Bruce first opened a solo practice in Santa Maria, Calif., and then



joined the Central Coast Dermatology group there.

Olga worked half time as an Internist at Santa Maria County Hospital and spent the rest of her free time in community activism, involved in county land use planning. She retired at age 70.

Before fully retiring at 73, Bruce combined his medical specialty with his love of travel and went for a month to Belize in 1970, to St. Lucia in '74, Tonga in '80, India in '82 and Taiwan in '85. He also consulted at Lompoc prison in California.

In retirement, the Howards moved to Durango, Colo., to be near their daughter Linda, who was a large-animal veterinarian. After their daughter died of lymphoma in 2006, they stayed for a while to help with her two daughters, age six and nine.

Three years ago, they moved from

Colorado to Mirabella.

“There is less snow here,” says Olga, shaking her head, “but also less sunshine.” Bruce comments on the “wide variety of talented people” here and calls himself “a little fish in a big pond”.

Asked what drove him to work so hard, to do so much for so long, Bruce mentions a “desire to repay,” “to do my duty” in a “useful profession.” A multi-lingual, multi-tasking woman, a doctor at a time when so few women were, Olga’s modesty masks her dedication and drive. Theirs is a story of remarkable talents wedded to the willingness to work long and hard, leaving their communities better places. ❀

Sound System Challenges

Now that Ron Mendonca, local expert on Mirabella’s sound system, has retired, other residents have to step up and learn what Ron tells us is an easy system. “Mirabella’s programs will continue to thrive only if we get active volunteers,” says Kim Batcheller, program committee chair.

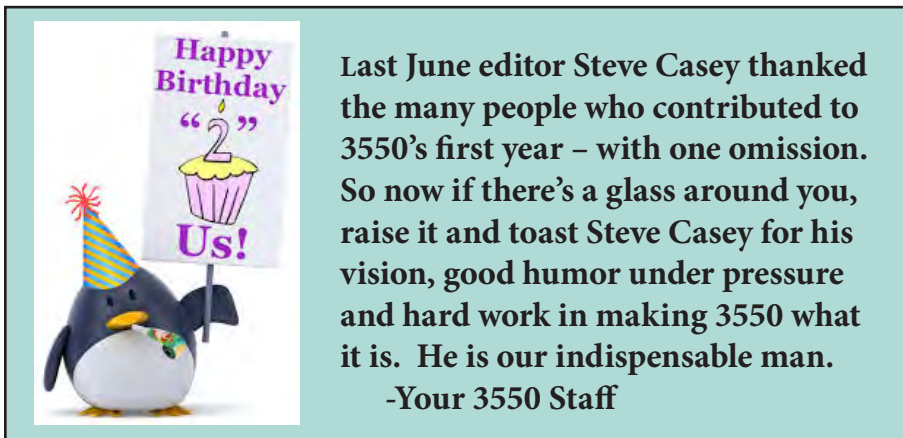
Megan Huston, director of resident services, has put together written directions on how to work the new sound system, including a diagram of the control panel. “The solution is within the community,” she says, agreeing with Kim. “People have to think, ‘If I want a program, I’ll participate.’”

One potential problem is that although maintenance workers will help the program’s host set up, they will not be there once the program starts. In an ideal world maintenance workers would be there to help, but they may have other work assigned. Residents must therefore learn to lower lights to darken the room for a slide program, or to push the right button on the control panel to adjust a microphone’s sound.

Kim and Megan agree that having a speaker bring his or her thumb drive rather than a computer can alleviate hook-up problems that can result when a speaker’s computer does not work with Mirabella’s equipment. A flash drive can eliminate the need for adaptors.

Kim said that the program committee plans to have a host for each event who will go early to verify the set-up and meet and greet the presenter.

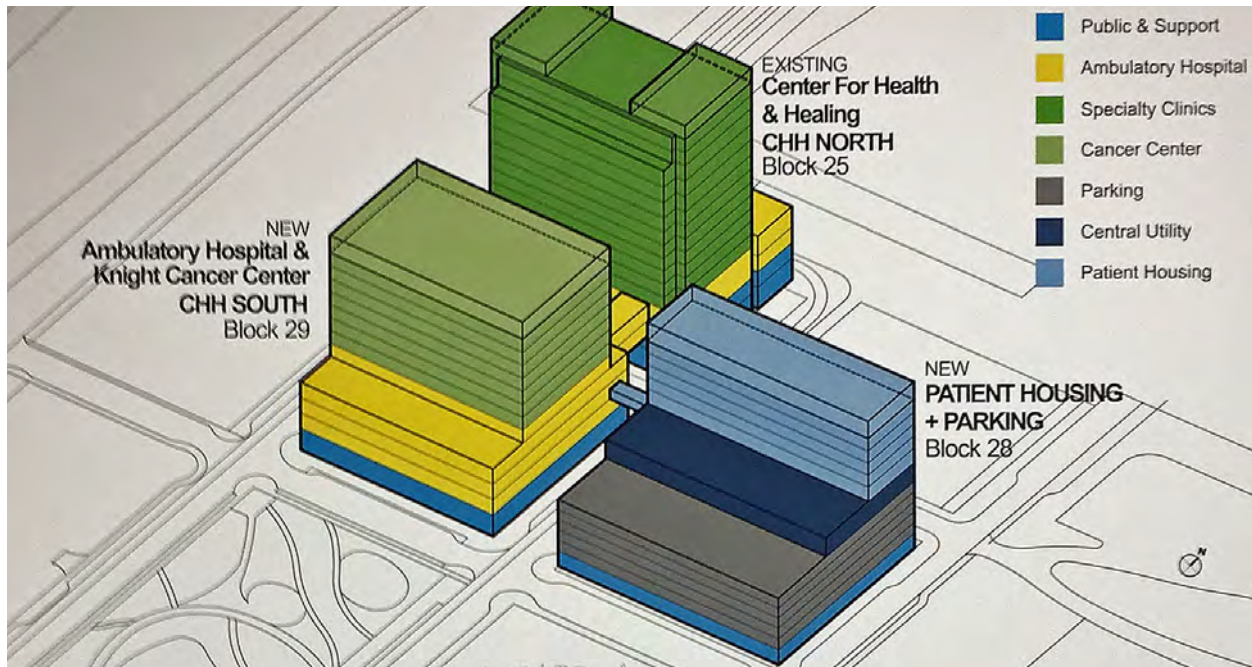
Research shows that learning new things, more than familiar activities like bridge or crossword puzzles, is especially good for old people. Mastering Mirabella’s new audiovisual equipment may be one more way to stay young. ❀



Last June editor Steve Casey thanked the many people who contributed to 3550’s first year – with one omission. So now if there’s a glass around you, raise it and toast Steve Casey for his vision, good humor under pressure and hard work in making 3550 what it is. He is our indispensable man.

-Your 3550 Staff

Urgent Care Coming to South Waterfront



OHSU Graphic/Curtis Guthrie Photo

by Nancy Moss

Mirabella will get its neighborhood urgent care center – in 2018. OHSU Associate Vice President Brian Newman said that CHH South, to be completed over the present parking garage in the summer of 2018, will have 2000 square feet devoted to urgent care, a size “typical of an urban urgent care center.”

OHSU has not yet determined whether it will run the center itself or have a partner run it.

CHH South, which will be 12 stories high, will also house a retail pharmacy with expanded services, for both prescription and over-the-counter medication.

OHSU will break ground about a year from now, in April of 2016. The hospital leadership, initially opposed to sponsoring urgent care, changed its mind, according to Newman.

Mirabella residents who wrote letters or made phone calls in support of neighborhood urgent care can feel a quiet satisfaction.

OHSU will also build a 10-story center for parking and patient housing on Curry, across from

Mirabella. OHSU plans an 80 bed unit for patient housing, for people either preparing for or recovering from outpatient surgery, and their families. Five floors of parking will be under those rooms, with entrances offset from Mirabella’s, for what OHSU hopes will be minimal congestion. The loading dock for this building will be on Whittaker, again to reduce conflict with Mirabella drivers.

Both buildings will have green roofs, and there will be a small playground for children. The parking/patient housing structure will be stair-stepped, as the diagram accompanying this article shows, giving some Mirabella residents a view of the playground and green roofs rather than a wall of windows.

A third building in OHSU’s plans, the Knight Cancer Center, will be on Moody, just north of Skourtes Tower.

OHSU’s plans are only part of those designated for the South Waterfront (SWF). Because the 209 units of affordable housing actually built are fewer than originally planned, “local housing officials

have hatched a plan to open 500 units in the South Waterfront,” according to a recent Oregonian article. The site, rumored by hopeful SWF residents to be destined for a supermarket, is on River Place, across from the new Hyatt Hotel now under construction.

In addition, Zidell is now looking for a grocery store for the ground floor of its planned building, which will create 30,000 square feet of office space, according to Lisa Abuaf, project coordinator for the Portland Development Commission. Zidell will receive \$27.3 million from the PDC for its construction projects, which will start at the north end of its property. Zidell also plans another apartment building next to the Emery. The barge-building site will be the last one developed.

South Waterfront, a neighborhood in transition since its designation as an urban renewal site in 1999, will continue to change. Mirabella residents, who no doubt will face dust and noise during construction, should benefit in the long run.



Telemedicine Up and Running at Mirabella

by Nancy Moss

You awake to sharper than usual back pain. You don't want to spend hours at the emergency room, and your pain makes you want to stay in the building. Telemedicine may be your answer.

"Try it; see if it meets your needs," says Dr. Mark Lovgren, OHSU director of Telehealth Services. OHSU promises that you will see a board-certified emergency room physician within an hour of your telephone call.

According to the OHSU presentation here on April 23, telemedicine can help with common rashes, skin infections, joint issues and pain, urinary tract infections and sinusitis. People should go to an emergency room with chest pain, abdominal pain, a rash with fever, major medical wounds or trauma. Telemedicine does not treat chronic conditions like diabetes, hypertension or depression.

A doctor seeing a telemedicine patient can issue non-narcotic prescriptions. Prescriptions ordered through telemedicine can be delivered.

Justin Zarb, Assisted Living and In Home Care manager, and Chris Kourlass, the nurse who oversees home care, explained how residents can participate in telemedicine. First, they must enroll in Mirabella's Home Care Services in order to access the system. Once they have done that, they can have telemedicine from Monday through Friday from 8 am to 6 pm, hours the program's OHSU administrators hope to increase.

The patient will see a doctor within one hour, on a secure two-way video. Shelby Parkinson, a

Mirabella certified nurse's assistant, will be by the patient's side in Mirabella's private clinic room. Shelby will be the "physician's eyes and ears," according to Chris. Either



Justin or Chris will follow up. Mirabella hopes to expand the system to treat patients in their apartments.

After the visit, the doctor will

send information about the visit to the patient's primary care doctor.

Costs for telemedicine are two-fold. The Mirabella fee is \$19.50 for the caregiver and \$20.00 for the service. The OHSU fee is \$87-149 for the initial fee, according to the length of time spent with the patient and \$39-87 for an established-patient visit. OHSU will bill patients through Mirabella, using a code for services delivered. Patients can then contact their insurance company, giving them the code for their particular treatment. America's largest insurer, United Health Care, recently said that it would cover video-based visits.

At the present time Medicare does not cover telemedicine, although Lovgren points out that there is "movement toward it." Telemedicine patients will have to follow up with their own medical insurance company.

Residents already in Home Care who want to sign up for the telemedicine program should see Justin Zarb to fill out OHSU forms. Residents not in the Home Care system will have to fill out Home Care as well as OHSU forms. Justin points out, "Enrollment is free; there are no upkeep costs." Residents can sign up for telemedicine and never use it.

Judging by the questions asked, interest was high during the April presentation; after the meeting Justin and Chris handed out 48 application packets.

Executive Director Anthony Sabatini hopes that Mirabella residents will support telemedicine and speculates that phase three of the program may be "bringing the service to the client's apartment." ❀



South Waterfront Life: bicyclist and streetcar top photo. Zidell Crane reflected in Center for Health and Healing windows. Photos by Bob French



The crane on the left and the low white construction shed on the right show the South Waterfront a



...s a neighborhood in transition, changing from one day to the next. Photo by Bob French



A woman relaxes with her dog. Children play in Caruthers Park. Photos by Bob French

Shop at AmazonSmile; Grow our Foundation

by Claire Weber

Most of us shop online at Amazon.com. Some of us, frequent spenders, are members of Amazon Prime. Others just pick up a couple of things every once in a while.

Regardless of how often we shop at Amazon, the AmazonSmile program allows us to donate to the Mirabella Portland Foundation at absolutely no cost.

AmazonSmile is similar to customer loyalty programs at local grocery stores like Safeway and Fred Meyer. Whenever you shop, Amazon will donate to the Foundation 0.5% of the purchase price

from your eligible purchases. The program does not apply to shipping, handling, gift wrap or service charges, but most Amazon purchases



es will be eligible.

It is easy to set up your computer for shopping on AmazonSmile. Click on the AmazonSmile logo on the Miranet home page, and the screen will ask you to select a charity. Then type in 'Mirabella Portland Foundation' and shop as usual. If you don't use the Miranet, you can

use your browser to get to 'smile.amazon.com' and type in 'Mirabella Portland Foundation.' You can even add a bookmark to make the AmazonSmile program automatic whenever you shop.

So before you take your next shopping trip to Amazon.com, please click on the AmazonSmile logo on the Miranet home page

to join the AmazonSmile program. The Foundation will benefit from your shopping, and it won't cost you a penny.

If you want personal assistance to get into AmazonSmile, contact RAMP Foundation Committee co-chair Ron Weber for help to set up AmazonSmile on your computer.

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PSU to Honor Jeannine Cowles



Photo by Ron Mendonca

I love to help singers if I can,” says Jeannine Cowles, who will receive an honorary degree, a Ph. D. of Humane Letters, *Honoris Causa*, from Portland State University on June 14.

Jeannine’s philanthropy passes forward the help she herself received. A high school graduate at 15 and soloist for her Episcopal church in Virginia, Jeannine won a scholarship from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. While there, she lived with her music teacher and his wife and sang roles such as Hansel in Humperdinck’s opera *Hansel and Gretel*.

After leaving Cincinnati, Jeannine attended, once again on scholarship, the Academy of Vocal Arts in Philadelphia. There, she played roles such as one of the nuns in “The Sound of Music,” starring Shirley Jones. “Singing was my vocation,” says Jeannine.

In Portland, Jeannine’s first job was a paid soloist for Trinity Episcopal Church, singing Verdi’s *Requiem*. Repeating the generosity of others to her, Jeannine has supported singers at Portland State, with scholarships to PSU’s College of the Arts. ❀

Mirabella Players: A Short Walk on the Spicy Side

It’s not for the easily offended.

Mirabella Players offers a series of short comic pieces, each of them written by a local author and most replete with mild sexual humor.

“Slightly Blue: PG-13” comes to Willamette Hall on June 16. “If anyone objects to a little raciness,” said Mi-



Photo by Curtis Guthrie

rabella Players leader Nancy Moss, “this would be a good show to miss. Otherwise, we hope everyone will come and have a great time.”

The pieces include three by Nancy: “Horseshoes,” “Doobies” (about Mirabella types trying out newly-legal marijuana) and “Aphrodite” (a bent look at the Greek goddess of love and beauty).

Larry Braverman contributes a monologue, “Stepping Up,” and Portland playwright Rich Rubin offers “How Nice of You.”

Both Nancy and Rich had readings of their works at the recent Fertile Ground festival of plays.

Members of Mirabella Players involved in the June production include Norman Bengel, Carrell Bradley, Rolf Glerum, Dot Lukins, Don Marshall, Joan McCoy, Nancy Moss, Toni Tidman, Marleen Tulas and Elaine Yudkin.

Toni, who made the pair of kites for the Players’ Christmas show, will work her magic on props. ❀

This issue is brought to you under the care and supervision of Nancy Moss, deputy editor and acting boss.

Lovejoy Offers Prepared Dinners

by Anne Clark

Sometimes it revives the soul to step out of our environment and try something new. Lovejoy, our neighborhood bakery and café, offers us this opportunity with prepared dinners to go. Currently there are 4 meals available which rotate every 5 to 6 days.

All of the meals cost \$18.00, serve three to four, and come with a loaf of bread. Each meal has a one-quart container of a hearty stew-like soup. In addition, there is a container of some starch to accompany the soup, along with small containers of condiments to add to each bowl.

We found all the meals to be delicious and very easy to assemble – and at \$4.50 a serving they are a good value.

The choices are:

Hungarian Goulash/Spaetzle, Sour Cream and Parsley Sprigs

Black Bean and Lamb Soup/Saffron Rice, Lime Sour Cream and Cilantro

Chicken Soup/Pasta, Crisp Celery and Parsley Lemon Pesto

Sausage Chicken and Okra Gumbo/Rice, Diced Tomatoes and Sliced Scallions. (Note: this dish is quite spicy and salty.) ❀



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Winning WW II on the Homefront

by Sybilla Avery Cook

Editor's Note: Seventy-four years ago the United States was on the brink of war, Europe already in deadly convulsion. President Roosevelt, in his July 4, 1941 radio broadcast, warned his isolationist countrymen, "We know that we cannot save freedom in our own midst, in our own land, if all around us our neighbor nations have lost their freedom." With the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor five months and three days later, the country officially entered the war, both in the Pacific and in Europe. Mirabella resident Billy Cook recounts how ordinary Americans on the home front helped win the war and change the course of history.

Most of us at Mirabella born after 1924, were too young to go off to fight World War II. But many remember helping with the war effort, and recently shared with me their memories of the home front.

The war disrupted and changed everything.

Some men joined the armed services early and others went to Canada to enlist, but all others who were born before 1923 or 1924 became subject to the draft. Those who went off to become soldiers were usually sent away for training in camps, or "cantonments," set up wherever the Army decided they were needed.

Camp Adair was created on farmland in the area west of Salem, near Monmouth and Dallas. Displaced farmers had three months to leave their homes and take all their possessions — livestock, tools, beds — somewhere else. Children changed schools and friends. One child went to a one-room school separated from Camp Adair by a wire fence, and remembers that many of the soldiers would come over to the schoolyard to play baseball with them.

Older children, born between 1924 and 1928, filled many jobs vacated by the men, working before and after school in stores, restaurants and farms. Older men and



women took the men's important jobs in almost every field.

Besides being riveters, building planes and ships, they were computer coders, railroad engineers, mechanics, drivers and every other civilian job. Nurses joined the military. Women were never drafted, but soon knew the country needed every man to fight, so the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps (WAAC) was formed, with women taking non-combat Army jobs. The other armed services followed.

As women joined the military, youngsters helped at home. Boy and Girl Scouts did odd jobs, like government mailings, for local agencies.

Business leaders volunteered to work for the government as "dollar a year men."

A War Production Board allocated all resources where they were

needed. Businesses were told what to produce. A factory that made girdles, for example, might be told to make parachutes and pup tents. If 10 companies made thermostats, only one would get supplies; the others were assigned to produce something else.

Imported items immediately disappeared.

Volunteer ration boards were set up in every town. Rubber tires and gasoline were rationed, and those who drove got stickers

for their car, showing how much gasoline they could buy in a given month.

My grandmother put her own car up on blocks and walked to town every day to do her shopping. The houses she passed had flags in the window with a blue star for each son in service. If the blue star was replaced by gold, it meant the soldier had died — a daily reminder of the many serving overseas.

Coffee and sugar disappeared.

Women learned to bake with honey.

Butter disappeared too, replaced with oleomargarine. White, like lard, it looked unpalatable. It came in a plastic bag with a little capsule of coloring. Squeezing the bag until the capsule popped, and kneading it until the yellow dye spread evenly

through the package, became a job for the youngest kids.

Most food was rationed. Each person in a family got a ration book, with stamps inside that would allow them to buy needed food. The stamps were different colors: green and blue and red. The fewest stamps were the red ones for meat, but you could get more red stamps at the meat market if you turned in leftover fat. Most families kept a can near the sink to collect and strain whatever fat drained from meat.

We'd always rolled string into balls for later use. Now we saved tin-foil, collected from gum wrappers and cigarette packages, the same way. We peeled it off the wrapper and rolled it into balls. One resident said she was told the foil balls were dropped from airplanes to confuse enemy radar.

We flattened all tin cans for the many scrap metal drives that took place.

Everyone saved paper.

In my school we folded notebook paper in half, rather than using a full sheet for test answers. V-mail — a flimsy paper that could be folded over and mailed without an envelope — was used for all overseas correspondence. We flattened package wrappings and extra cardboard neatly, and bundled them with magazines and newspapers for the countless paper drives.

Not everyone had a radio. Those who did listened every night.

Most newspapers had their own war correspondents on the various fronts, and Life magazine sent top photographers overseas. Their graphic photos sometimes gave readers nightmares, but the reports and pictures made us feel close to the war.

Even youngsters felt the "luxury tax" imposed on unnecessary purchases, because movie tickets were considered a luxury, and a child's ticket now cost 12 cents instead of a

dime.

Inside, we saw newsreels from the front lines and clips of glamorous film stars dancing with servicemen and/or selling war bonds.

These were issued by the government to pay for the war and encourage patriotism and savings. The \$25.00 bonds cost \$18.75 each—an easy example of how interest could mount up. Those who couldn't scrape up the \$18.75 to purchase a bond could buy war stamps for as little as 10 cents, each to be pasted into a stamp book. When the books showed enough to buy a war bond, it was turned in for the bond itself. Schoolchildren bought their



stamps in school, where large posters showed how many bonds were needed to provide money for a jeep or a tank.

One group of Sea Scouts had been saving money for their very own sailboat, but used the money for a War Bond instead. As an energy saving measure, the country went on War Time — daylight sav-

ing time lasted all year. Supposedly we would use less energy at home in the evenings, but it meant walking to school or work in the dark on winter mornings.

There were frequent air raid warnings. A huge siren announced a possible air raid, and people would gather in designated "safe" areas. Families could gather in rooms with blackout shades.

Volunteer air raid wardens learned to identify airplanes by their shape, as did many children. Wardens patrolled the streets during a possible air raid, looking for enemy planes in the sky and making sure no light could be seen anywhere.

One resident remembered her job as a child was to paint light bulbs: the sides that would face outside were painted black. The idea was that the enemy couldn't see the land if it was dark—and on the coasts light might show up our own ships as silhouettes against a light background. Zeppelins patrolled the north Oregon coast.

We were constantly reminded that "Loose Lips Sink Ships," but rumors abounded.

Compared with the privations of people overseas suffering from war raging in their front yards, our small sacrifices seem petty. We didn't know how lucky we were.

However, we did our best to "make the world safe for democracy." If our generation learned anything from our experiences, it was that everyone had to work together for the good of all.

That helped win the war. ☘

Illustrations by
Hebe Greizerstein

Foundation Back Alley Sale Looking for Bargains

Now that the weather is nice, many of us are freshening up our wardrobes with new spring and summer wear. Others may be replacing furniture, electronics and other household articles with items that better fit into our Mirabella apartments.

But then we have to decide what to do with that clothing and furniture. The Mirabella Portland Foundation has the solution: donate your good-quality, no-longer-needed items to the Back Alley Sale, the annual “garage sale” for clothing, jewelry, art, furniture, electronics and sundry treasures. It is easy to donate to the sale. You can bring clothing and smaller items to the administration offices. Furniture and other bulky or heavy items will be picked up by maintenance; just call Megan Huston to schedule a pick up. The Foundation will accept a single item or an entire household — all donations are welcome. Feel free to attach a note to provide information about the background of the donated item, such as the age of a piece of furniture or the materials in a piece of jewelry. This helps volunteers appropriately price the item.

The Foundation collects items for the Back Alley Sale throughout the year and stores them until the sale. All proceeds go to the Employee Scholarship Fund to assist employees who are taking classes or pursuing professional accreditation. This year, the Back Alley Sale will be held from Sept. 10 to Sept. 13.

So before you toss it out or take it to Goodwill, please consider donating to the Back Alley Sale. Call Megan at 6504 with any questions or to schedule a pick-up. ☘



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Mirabella Balconies Bloom

by Yvonne Branchflower

Contact with nature nourishes the soul. Every Mirabella balcony has the potential for the beauty and color of flowers and shrubs and the delightful antics of hummingbirds and sparrows.

All this for much less gardening than most of us used to do. There is no better time than now to create or expand your own little outdoor haven.



Spring brings out glory on Paul and Sue Knoll's balcony.

When Sue and Paul Knoll returned from vacation last February, they expected to see their potted plants in disarray. What they found astonished them: daffodils and narcissus nodding their white and gold heads, and 'harmony' iris just opening. It made their homecoming that much more delightful.

The Knolls' east-facing balcony garden is simple, consisting of a plant stand that holds several five-to-eight inch pots. It is all very neat and accessible. As the season progresses, they will set aside the pots with spent bulbs, replacing them with potted herbs for use in summer cuisine.



Photos by John Branchflower

Bev Healy shows how to place beauty even in a small place.

Bev Healy has a different approach. Her west-facing balcony features three formal dark gray troughs that match the exterior walls. The 34x11x11-inch troughs contain a permanent collection of sweet box shrubs that live up to their name and replace her freeway view with a green wall.

Between the troughs are matching round pots containing 'Lawson' cypress which add a nice vertical accent to the group. Tulips, daffodils and crocus add early spring color. As they fade, annuals such as cheery marigolds bloom. Bev tweaked the formality of this arrangement with a whimsical little ceramic planter. Notice too that she braids the daffodil leaves to keep them contained during their drying stage.

When working on your balcony, keep your stuff corralled. People below you do not appreciate drifting planter mix, dripping water, shedding leaves or falling tools.

Small pots like the Knolls' must be watered almost daily in summer. Bev's larger troughs do well on weekly watering except during the hottest summer days when they flourish watered twice weekly. Bev selected plants that are tolerant of exposure to wind, part-sun or shade.

Neither of these balcony gardens is high-maintenance.

If you doubt your gardening abilities, start with one big pot of geraniums. Generous bloomers, these resilient plants will boost your confidence and add vibrant color to your life. ☘



Lair Hill Charms Visitors

by Nick Cowell

Do you like foreign travel but tire of too-small seats, sky high prices, incompetent guides and weird food that is supposed to be delicious but tastes like someone in the kitchen made a very bad mistake? If so, there's a foreign country just 14 minutes away from Mirabella.

Walk to where the tram takes off, head across the street, take the elevator up to the bridge, stroll across it, and you'll be in a foreign land indeed.

Those who feel a need for a little extra exercise can save time by skipping the elevator and using the 132 steps instead.

You can read about this area, Corbett/Lair Hill, in Billy Cook's excellent guidebook. The area is as old as South Waterfront is new. In the South Waterfront, with only a few exceptions, we live among bright shiny new things and a landscape that seems to change if we fail to look out of the window for a day or two.

Corbett/Lair Hill, in contrast, was an established part of our city when there was nothing much in our own area except Zidell, Schnitzer, the Old Spaghetti Factory and a lot of polluted earth. At this time Corbett/Lair Hill was already a well-established, somewhat eccentric, rather quirky and vibrant neighborhood with a large percentage of Jewish and Italian residents.

The streets we know here – Gibbs, Whitaker, Pennoyer, Gaines, Lane and others – then stretched westward across what is now a labyrinth of broad roads and busy freeways, a maze that chopped Corbett/Lair Hill into small pieces and made getting into and out of it difficult.

But the neighborhood is still there and is an unusual and intriguing mixture of big trees, squirrels and but-

terflies, uneven sidewalks, old houses, new houses, small businesses, backyard gardens and a few buildings that defy description.

To a large extent the quirky nature and mild counterculture vibe of the area still exists. It has a settled, laid-back, restful, lived-in feeling about it that forms an immediate and gratifying contrast to our modern, active, shiny, busy and ever-changing South Waterfront.

In addition to calm, pleasant, narrow streets, Corbett/Lair Hill has two friendly neighborhood cafes: Lair Hill Bistro and the Ross Island Gallery and Café. Both feature a variety of soups, salads, sandwiches, beer and wine. Both have a small number of grocery items, outdoor seating areas for good weather, and both do takeout. The first even has a full bar and live music every Thursday and Friday at 6:00 pm. Locals hang out there, but they welcome South Waterfront visitors.

For more upscale dining, try Caro Amico, an Italian restaurant offering a large array of traditional dishes and also a full bar and happy hour.

The area contains a small park good for picnics and with an adjacent tennis court, as well as Cedarwood Waldorf School with grades pre-kindergarten through eighth, a barbershop, a 7-Eleven open 365 days a year and what must be one of the world's largest greeting card stores, which is also an art gallery. This store has music, wine and cheese at the opening of each monthly exhibit.

To top it all, there is a short tunnel that features ever-changing high class graffiti.

If a 'foreign' country with quiet tree-lined streets appeals to you, remember, one is only 14 minutes away. ☘

The Old Spaghetti Factory: Hugely Popular Kid Magnet

by Priscilla Cowell



and kids' menus include a complete dinner: green salad, applesauce, or minestrone; inexhaustible warm sour-dough bread and whipped butter; and spumoni, vanilla ice cream, or juice bar. The spaghetti, whole grain, regular, or gluten free, comes topped with a variety of tasty sauces: marinara, clam, meat, mushroom, Alfredo, or the most popular, browned butter with mizithra cheese. There are other popular entrees as well, such as chicken marsala, garlic shrimp fettuccini and baked lasagna, but here spaghetti reigns supreme.

A conservatory room has lovely Willamette views and up a grand staircase at the entrance are tables overlooking the river and an attractive bar where you can also dine. The atmosphere upstairs is more amenable to quiet relaxation. Happy Hour in the bar is M-F from 4:30 to 6:30.

Located at the corner of SW Bancroft and SW Bond avenues. Open every day 11:30 am to 9:30 pm, Fri. and Sat until 10:30 pm. Apt to be crowded at dinnertime, so best to reserve a table two hours ahead at 503 222-5375 or arrive for dinner before 5 pm or after 7 pm. ☼

Three generations of kids can't be wrong about spaghetti. What is possibly the second oldest business in the South Waterfront after Zidell's? The Old Spaghetti Factory.

Now a national chain, the very first Spaghetti Factory opened in Portland's Old Town in 1969. An immediate success, with its warren of small rooms furnished in stained glass and funky Victorian furniture and mismatched antique chandeliers, and popular Italian food, it soon moved the whole concept to its grand new building along the riverside in remote South Waterfront.

At first just finding it was part of the adventure. Now it's a five-block stroll from Mirabella.

While the Old Spaghetti Factory's cuisine may not inspire you to host a gourmet gathering there, it is the perfect place for kids and families to celebrate birthdays or end of school year or just about any occasion. Our sons loved it so much that their offspring now choose to hold their birthday parties there. If you book ahead you may be able to seat a whole crowd of kids in the old Portland trolley car and have the balloon man make any fanciful animal the kids can dream up for just tips. Kids are presented with activity pages and crayons, but service is usually rapid.

Very reasonably priced entrees on both the regular

Staying Young

"Feeling younger may mean living longer."
Harvard Women's Health Watch

Today I felt so full of joy
I took out some old finger paints
And daubed and smeared and rubbed and swirled –
I'll live 'till I am ninety-eight!

I turned a cartwheel on the lawn
And sang, "The Farmer in the Dell."
The neighbors may have stopped and stared.
I don't care: I'm young! I'm well."

About to tackle Dr. Seuss
I stopped to steal a cherry tart
It's fun to seek longevity
By staying young in acts and heart.

by Nancy Moss

Sivia Kaye's Memoir-Writing Course, where folks "excavate their past experiences and jot down remembrances of early romances, jobs, friends and assorted mile-stones in their lives," has met with such success that she is offering another session. **Sivia** says the class size is limited so that all participants may have a chance to read their work.

Sivia says of Personal Prism, usually the third or fourth Monday of each month, "Short of walking on the moon, our residents seem to have been involved in almost every aspect of 20th century life. We've had those who worked on space missions, were involved with the development of the Internet, labored in telecom industries, starred in political roles, managed investments for government employees or won beauty contests. It is obvious we will not run out of guests for this program."

Sivia does a super job of "unravelling the complex skeins of their lives."

Three Mirabella duplicate bridge players, **Ed Parker**, **Judi Goldsmith** and **Laurie Harden**, were among the top dozen American Contract Bridge League master point winners at the South Waterfront Bridge Club during the January to March 2015 quarter. The game is open to bridge players of all ages, with a total of 155 players winning points at the club during the quarter.

Carole York and **Fred Morris**, Dining Committee co-chairs, mentioned a "rare welcome occurrence;" all 20 recent comment cards were positive. Two identical "criticisms" or our pastry chef were, "She is too good!"

Comments about food do not always cause change, **Fred** adds. "We have to go with the majority when a comment concerns individ-

ual taste. With operations-related comments there may be previous experience, budgetary problems or PRS guidelines that would not support a change. These questions and answers often end up in the Frequently Asked Questions (FAQ) section of the Groups/Dining site on the MiraNet. But I can't think of a time when all dining comments have not been addressed promptly and reasonably. And why not," he adds. "Having satisfied residents is in the best interests of Mirabella administration and PRS as well." PS: Remember to check out "What's new" on Chef Todd's Dining tab on Miranet.

Our library has arranged for Multnomah Library Outreach



Services

with Marge Carothers

(LOS) to come on June 18 with carts of books, CDs, DVDs, talking books and large print books. If LOS doesn't have an item you wish, they may be able to get it from another source. LOS also can help people with electronic readers. The Library Committee suggests, "Let's take advantage of this great boon." Thanks to chair **Jo Dwyer** for setting this up.

Cozy as we feel in Mirabella, we've been made aware of other interesting goings on, thanks to **Irene Tinker** and others on her Southwest Waterfront Neighborhood Committee. On June 15, **Elaine Yudkin** has arranged for **Scott Manzano** of the Oregon Department of Environmental Quality in charge of the NW Willamette River area to review

efforts to clean up the section from Mirabella to the Ross Island Bridge and talk about plans for further work. Look for it in Willamette Hall.

Sybilla Cook has contacted "bridge lady," **Sharon Workman**, to tell us about her new book on Portland bridges, including Tillicum Crossing, on September 21.

The SWF Art Exhibition will be August 9-22 in the Atwater, corner of SW River Parkway and Gaines.

Then of course you'll want to stroll up Gaines to view the Community Garden, in which a lot of Mirabella gardeners are having fun playing in the dirt.

Like to know how **Curtis Guthrie's** Movie Interest Group decides on which movies to show on Thursday nights and Sunday afternoons? Committee members preview and discuss all movies. At each group meeting "all members may suggest as many as five movies they have seen for discussion by the group. If a majority of members present vote to show the movie, it will be placed in the queue. We try to plan at least two months in advance," says Curtis.

The group lists movies in different time periods: from 1900 to 1969, 1970 to 1989 and 1990 to the present, with foreign movies a separate category. The group shows various genres that it hopes will interest a large number of residents.

Our Mah Jongg players have ordered their new 2015 playing cards as a group instead of individually to ensure that they qualify for the National Mah Jongg League's contribution to "our favorite charity, as they did last year." The recipient again? Mirabella Portland Foundation Inc., earmarked for the Residents' Assistance Program. Nice work, folks.

And what a ballooning organiza-

tion. From three to about 33 active players, with others hoping to play at a later date. The popular group plays three times a week – Mondays at 10 a. m. in Park View, Wednesdays at 12:30 p. m. in Willamette Hall and Saturdays at 3:30 p. m. in Park View. Chair **Susan Berg** has consistently invited residents to come observe and see if they would like her help to hone skills. She'll do it individually or in small groups. Pretty good offer, that. Most players say the game is fun, but the camaraderie is said to be the best part of the game. ☼



"Not much—just flushing out my arteries."

Back Cover:

Bicycles outside
Elephant's Deli

Photo by Bob French



Photo by John Branchflower

A gathering of Mirabella's April First invaders.

Cruisin' and Losin'



My lovely wife, Adrienne, and I agree on just about everything. However, there is one sharp bone of contention between us: she likes to fly; I like to drive.

Unlike me, she doesn't mind waiting in ticket lines, boarding lines, baggage claim lines, cab lines, or even security-check lines. In fact, she enjoys the pat-down – provided

Larry Braverman

that the patter is young, handsome and male. Being packed in a flying can or sitting for hours in an airport doesn't faze her either. She likes to remind me that, despite occasional delays, we invariably get wherever we are going faster by plane. She also points out that flying is usually cheaper than driving – not to mention at least a thousand times safer – maybe millions, in her opinion, with me behind the wheel.

My preference for driving is straightforward: I am a control freak. Frankly, I trust me more than some hotshot flyboy. Likewise, I know for sure there are no terrorists aboard our car without even having to pat down Adrienne – though, don't get me wrong – I wouldn't mind doing it.

More to the point, I love cruise control. I apply it constantly – even when I am driving down the ramp in the Mirabella garage. That way I can relax my foot and save on gas.

In my opinion, cruise control is the greatest invention since the wheel.

On our recent road trip down I-5 to Sacramento, for example, I quickly found the perfect truck to follow. I carefully inserted our car a safe distance behind it, and employed my magical cruise control, going exactly 60 miles per hour, the same speed as the truck. It was wonderfully relaxing. I took my foot off the gas pedal, slipped off my loafers, put on some soft classical music and was actually able to take occasional glances at the gorgeous mountain ranges passing by. Believe me, it was a lot better than being jammed in the seat of a plane. Even Adrienne seemed to be enjoying the trip, completely engrossed in a crossword puzzle.

Unfortunately, our joyful interlude didn't last long. Some idiot in a fancy black BMW pulled up so close behind us that I couldn't even see his front bumper. So I did the only logical thing: I disengaged cruise control, zoomed away, going at least seventy-five miles per hour, and kept driving until I could find another suitable truck to follow...which I did about ten miles down the road.

Things went smoothly until we had driven well past Eugene where we started to encounter winding mountainous roads. Now the truck I was following had trouble maintaining speed on the steep hills and started to slow to a crawl. So, like before, I disengaged cruise control and got ready to zoom ahead again.

To my surprise, that fancy black BMW had suddenly pulled up right next to us. Meanwhile, a second enormous truck had squeezed in close behind our car so that the two trucks, the fancy black BMW and yours truly were waltzing together through a narrow mountain pass.

I stared at the fancy black BMW wondering why it was not moving ahead. Suddenly I got the picture. The driver was grinning from ear to ear and presenting me with a distinctly non-military middle finger salute.

"What are you doing?" Adrienne asked, looking up from her crossword puzzle. "We are barely moving."

"We're sandwiched between two trucks. And that moron beside us has no intention of passing. We're trapped."

"I guess you'll have to live with it," she said, returning to her crossword puzzle. She mumbled something about how she can't believe I got us into this mess.

This dance went on for miles before I finally cracked.

"What are we going to do?" I pleaded with Adrienne, who was still working on the crossword puzzle. "I can't get out of this fix."

"It's simple," she said, without looking up. "Just quickly pull off at the rest stop about a mile down the road. The BMW can't possibly follow." She shook her head in disgust.

I followed her instructions, wondering why I didn't think of that.

My last glimpse of the BMW, as we veered off into the rest stop, was that of the driver flipping me a distinctly non-feathered bird. He was still grinning.

"I think you had better forget about cruise control," said Adrienne, not looking up from the puzzle. "Thank goodness we're almost to Sacramento."

Next year, by the way, we are going cross country to visit some friends in Washington, D.C. I will be picking Adrienne up at the Dulles Airport. ❀



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