



# Pine Brook Press

A Newsletter for, about and written by  
Pine Brook Hills Residents

SUMMER 2001



## COMMUNITY ICE-CREAM SOCIAL - SATURDAY, AUG. 11! 2-4 p.m. at the Community Center/Firehouse

The Pine Brook Hills Home Owners Association is sponsoring a combined ice-cream social and fire information program that should be both fun and informative. In addition to the treats, fire engine rides and games, former PBH Fire Chief Greg Anderson will tell us how we can better protect our homes from fire and how to respond in the event of fire. For example, a recent fire in Boulder Heights resulted in the complete loss of the home. Different responses from the residents **might** have made it possible to save the structure.

The event will include a brief Home Owners Association meeting at which we will elect officers for the next year. After a vigorous campaign (on the part of the Election Committee in persuading nominees to run)

the following slate of officers is proposed: President, Jim Eyster; Vice President, Jo Noble; Secretary, Debbie Springer; Treasurer, Al Whitfield; Member at Large, Al Gerrish. The extended Board of Directors includes Karen Peperzak, Social Chair; Sally Powell-Ashby and Shoni Kahn, Newcomers Welcome; John Landwehr, Road Safety; Ken Larkin, Architectural Review Committee Chair; and Suzanne Adams, editor of the Pine Brook Press. Other nominations may be made from the floor.

This party-plus-meeting offers a special opportunity for PineBrookers, including children and babysitters, to get together. Don't miss this great chance to meet friends and neighbors and hear what's new in the community!

### WILDFIRE MITIGATION BEGINS IN PINE BROOK



MITIGATION CREW INSPECTS TREE



FOX INSPECTS SLASH

**"During my tenure as Chief, I expect to see a major fire within or threatening our district."**  
Don Whittemore, Fire Chief, Boulder Mountain Fire Authority

WILDFIRE MITIGATION

The greatest danger we face in Pine Brook Hills is from wildfire. But we don't have to just quiver in our burrows waiting for disaster. **The increased fire department mill levy, funds from our HOA dues, plus grant money from the county, state and feds, give us the opportunity to begin a significant campaign to decrease the fire danger in our community. Pine Brookers are urgently encouraged to take part in the programs available this year:**

1. The BMFA is offering a program to help create defensible space around homes. A 3 person crew working from June to October will cut trees, stack and chip the slash (see picture, p. 1, of the activity on Balsam and Pine Tree Lane). If you choose to participate, the cost will be only half of the usual charge, as 50% of the expense will be covered by the mill levy and grant money.

You can reduce the cost further by doing some of the work yourself. Call Chief Don Whittemore at 440-0235 for information.

2. The PBH HOA will once again sponsor a Free Chipping Project in the fall. With this program you sign up with the HOA, cut the slash and drag it to the street. The HOA hires a chipper to dispose of it. Over 100 Pine Brook households have taken part in each of our past two projects. You will be receiving further information as to dates, etc., but count on it happening in early September.

**All residents are strongly urged to join in mitigation work this year, when we have the funds to initiate serious fire hazard reduction. Fire mitigation can be costly – but not compared to the alternative.**

DineAround Update

By Karen Peperzak

The first three DineArounds were sold out and a lot of fun! There are seats

available at three of the six remaining DineArounds:

- PanAsian
- Fusion (catered Dim Sum dinner) – July 14
- Pranzo Travolata (catered Italian Dinner) – July 28

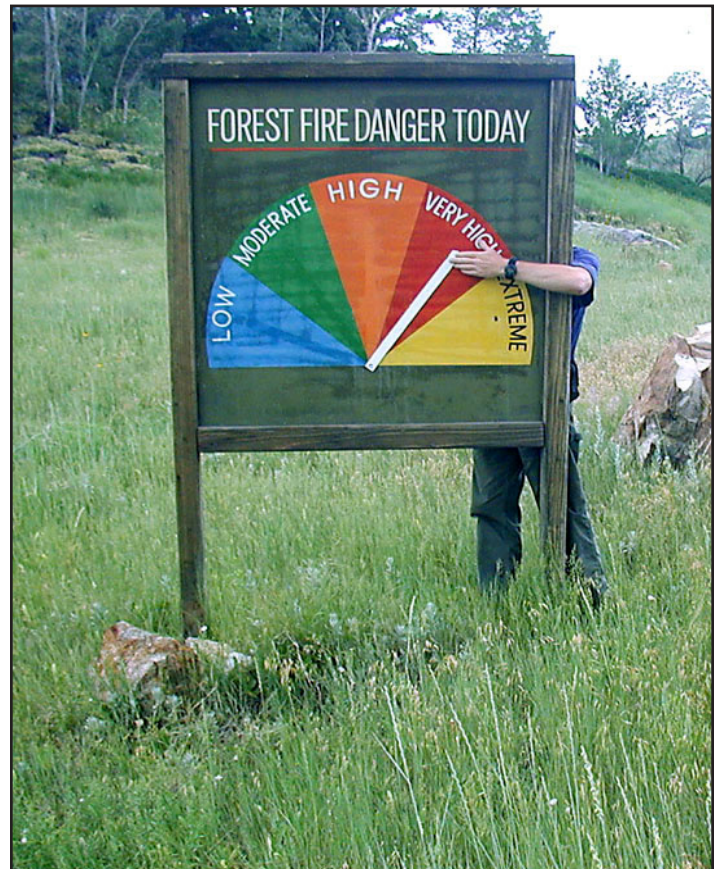
A Black and White Night (changed to a catered dinner for 12) – August 18

Please call me @ (303) 440-0691 for your reservation. Thanks.



Pam Creswell descends by firepole into DineAround at the Volcano House, June 8.

PINEBROOK WHO DUNNIT?



We all see the fire danger sign on the left as we drive up Linden into Pine Brook Hills. But who changes the indicator??? (Answer on page 15).

**PINE BROOK HILLS  
HOMEOWNERS ASSOCIATION  
BOARDS AND COMMITTEES**

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**WATER DISTRICT**  
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**COMMUNITY CALENDAR**

*Meetings are at the Community Center/Firehouse unless otherwise noted.*

**PBH HOMEOWNERS ASSOCIATION – SUMMER MEETING ON SAT., AUG. 11, 2-4 p.m. Ice Cream Social, games for kiddies, important fire information for all. Please come!**

**ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW COMMITTEE – Meets 2<sup>nd</sup> Tuesday, every month, 7 p.m.**

**AUXILIARY FIRE AND MEDICAL – Next meeting September 16 at 7 p.m. For further information call Nancy Tamura at 448-0225.**

**BIBLE STUDY – Meets weekly. For info, call Greg or Donna Johnson at 449-1692.**

**FIRE BOARD – Meets 2<sup>nd</sup> Monday, every other month, 7 p.m. at either the Pine Brook or Boulder Heights Firehouse. See marquee on Linden for dates and places.**

**FITBALL – Meets Friday mornings, 8:30-9:30 a.m. Free and fun. 449-0997.**

**PBH WOMEN'S BOOK CLUB – meets Tues., July 24, at 7 p.m. to discuss "The Red Tent." Please call Eileen McKenna (415-1111) for further information.**

**WATER BOARD – Meets 1<sup>st</sup> or 2<sup>nd</sup> Thursday of every month at 7 p.m. See marquee on Linden for dates.**

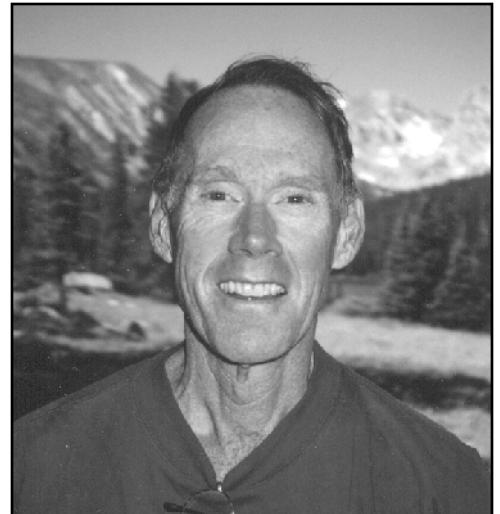
**ALLuminations**

By Al Gerrish, HOA President

The next meeting for the Pine Brook Homeowners is Saturday, August 11. We are planning an Ice Cream Social with games and fire engine rides for the children, elections and important fire information for the rest of us. It will be a good time to meet your neighbors, have fun and learn something worthwhile about our community and its firefighters.

The Homeowners Board wants to make this meeting easy and fun for you, homeowners, residents and families, to come and relax and enjoy. See you at the Firehouse about 2:00 p.m.

This marks my last ALLuminations article since according to our by-laws the President serves no longer than two consecutive one-year terms and my second term finishes with the August meeting. I have enjoyed working with Pinebrook volunteers, meeting new homeowners, presiding at the homeowner meetings, and helping to resolve



the very few problems that are an inevitable part of community life.

Looking forward, we will have a proposed new slate of officers for the homeowners board for you to approve at the August meeting. Please give the new Board of Directors your support. We are all better off because of the good work done by the volunteers who do their best to make Pine Brook a better place for us to live and enjoy.

*The Pine Brook Press wishes to express gratitude to the retiring HOA Board members for their years of service to the Community. To President Al Gerrish, Vice President Larry Tamura, and Member at Large and former Treasurer Jack Walker, "We can no other answer make but thanks, and thanks, and ever thanks." (Shakespeare and the PBP).*

## The Treasurer's Report

By Al Whitfield

The HOA's financial status continues sound. We were able to support the partial paving of the Community Center/Firehouse driveway and apron by contributing \$3,500, about 25% of the cost. Looking ahead, we have budgeted \$8,000 for our annual fire mitigation chipping project scheduled for the Fall.

The support of all who have paid their annual dues is greatly appreciated. For those who have yet to contribute, it's not too late! Please send your \$50 (or more) to AL Whitfield, Treasurer, 137 Alpine Way, Boulder, CO. 80304.

## On the Water Front

with Bob de Haas

I hate to sound like an old drum, but I know that everyone wants to know whether this will be a drought year again. It's still too early to know. The summer has started off well. While we have had some hot weather in June, it hasn't been consistently hot and we have even received some rain. If the rest of the summer follows suit there shouldn't be a problem.

As we enter July we will be watching the stream flows carefully because that is our best indicator. If the stream flows drop off early then there is a good chance of a drought and the accompanying

restrictions. If the stream flows follow their more typical pattern there probably will not be any problems. We of course also watch the weather during this period.

With all of the improvements that have been made over the last ten years we can continue to provide the water that everyone wants, without restrictions, so long as it does not appear that the stream will be dry for more than a few days (even up to a week). If it appears that the stream will be dry for more than a week we have to take action to reduce consumption so that normal usage (mostly in house) is still available.

That is the trick, knowing (and sometimes having to guess) how long the stream will be dry. We do our best accessing any and all information that we can. If it appears that there will be a problem we will send out special notices and try to give everyone as much advance notice as possible.

Our hope is that we can all enjoy a nice pleasant summer. Here's hoping you don't hear from us!

**Bob ("Old Drum") de Haas is Manager of the PBH Water District and can be contacted at the Water District Office in the Community Center.**

## WHO'S WHO AND WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

### Pine Brook Scat, or, The Straight Poop (OOPS!) Scoop

By Anne Singh

Long-time residents and community leaders Sandy Land and Jim Hembd are moving soon to Broomfield, where they are building a new home. Sandy was the founder and first editor of The Pine Brook Press and "anchored" the video "Remembrance of Pine Brook Past," while Jim served on the PBH Fire Protection District Board of Directors. "I think we will miss PBH a great deal. It's the kind of people who live up here – the interesting people we know. But we're not that far away so we expect people to come to visit," said Sandy. Motivation for the move is the increased potential for independence for sons Mark and Mike. Mike's job at Hunter-Douglas in Broomfield is another inducement – no more need to get up at 5 a.m. for work! The family will be missed by their friends and neighbors in PBH.

Jo Noble recently returned from her first trip to The Republic of Malawi, in Africa, where she served as

ambassador for FINCA (Foundation for International Community Assistance). On the trip Jo met a woman who had been living in a shack with five children and sold second hand clothing on the street. A \$140 loan from FINCA two years ago allowed her to buy some chickens. Now she has 7,000 chickens, employs 17 families, and is sending her eldest son to hotel management school in England. Back in PBH, Jo is looking forward to a visit from daughter Kara, son-in-law Sean and grandchildren Alec (11 months.), and Andrew (5 years). In addition to enjoying being together they plan to bike, play T-bal and go to a Rockies game.

Artist Donna Johnson was recently invited to show her paintings in a one person exhibit at the A. R. Mitchell Museum, 150 E. Main Street, in Trinidad, CO. It was sponsored by the Trinidad Arts Council and is Donna's first museum show.

Beth McKnight, director of Greenwood Wildlife Rehabilitation Sanctuary in Boulder, is looking for volunteers interested in both home care for small mammals such as raccoons, beavers, squirrels and foxes and also in working shifts at the Sanctuary itself, helping with the feeding and care of birds and mammals. If you are interested, call Beth at 303-823-8455.

Param and Anne Singh had a handsome black bear visit them recently one morning on their deck and patio. He (?) appeared to be looking for something to eat, but, being disappointed in that endeavor, took off up the mountain posthaste, but not before we succeeded in taking several photographs.

At Eleanor Patten's Mexican Fiesta "DineAround" when the guests were feeling quite mellow, John Ashby told us about his encounter with three bears in the middle of the night. At about 2 a.m. he was awakened by a racket downstairs. Thinking that it must be raccoons investigating his trash cans, he immediately jumped up and ran downstairs just as he was - that is, in his boxer shorts, period. He ran into the carport only to come face to face with a big black mama bear and her two hungry cubs. John said it was hard to tell who was more surprised. But fortunately, after staring each other in the eye for a bit, The Three Bears and John took off in opposite directions, never to see each other again.

Susan and Tom Washing and five year old daughter Taylor have recently returned from six weeks in Italy. On the trip Tom celebrated his 60<sup>th</sup> birthday, joined by Tom's sister, his older son Witt and younger son Jason, who celebrated his 30<sup>th</sup> birthday at the same time.

Shanly Weber, a Chi Kung Healing Touch Practitioner and mother of Chloe, now five, is interested in get-togethers for mothers with babies and young children and babysitters at the PBH Community Center. She would like those interested to contact her at 303-938-1763.

Jill and John Turner were married this past fall, first in October in a private ceremony with their combined children, Stuart, Celia, Michael and Julia, and then in November in a public wedding. John is a business manager while Jill is a child and adolescent psychiatrist. We wish all of them a very happy life together.

**If you have news items for the next edition of the Pine Brook Press, please send them to [annelsingh@aol.com](mailto:annelsingh@aol.com), or call me at 303-417-0373, or deliver it in person to 63 Alpine Way.**

## OOPS

In the last PBP we invited you to call Patrica Belanger in regard to her new video company "Celebration of Life" -- and then omitted the phone number. It is (303) 786-8569.

## CLUBHOUSE

It is interesting to note that some realtors are listing a Clubhouse as one of the amenities of life in Pine Brook Hills. That would be our Community Center/ Firehouse, whose improved meeting room was paid for by popular subscription from the community. It is indeed a nice Clubhouse! Come to the Summer Ice Cream Social and enjoy it yourself.

### **BABYSITTER NEEDED OCCASIONALLY**

For delightful, playful 5 year old girl. Call Shanly at (303) 938-1763.

## R. MARSHALL COON: PATRIARCH OF THESE HILLS

By Param Singh

In 1961, Marshall and Edith Coon drove along the pine scented dirt roads of embryonic Pine Brook Hills, fell in love with its vistas and undulating terrain and bought three lots. Two years later, they and their two young daughters moved into the red brick ranch overlooking Two Mile Creek and the Boulder Valley, that Marshall, with the help of a friend, built on one of the lots. He never left and thirty eight years later Marshall still lives in the same house, the fifth house built in Pine Brook.

A yellowing Boulder Daily Camera from January 1964 has a picture of the house. It was the largest house built in Boulder County in 1963. The photo also shows the hills behind the house covered with a sparse sprinkling of Ponderosa Pines. It is striking to compare with the current heavy forest cover after four decades of fire suppression.



Shortly, Marshall will be traveling to Anthony, Kansas for his 70<sup>th</sup> high school reunion, the only one from his graduating class. His parents had a farm there and grew watermelons. As he still does, he clearly had empathy as a young child. He remembers a hen jumping into his lap and promptly laying an egg. The feel of that warm, fresh egg is still with him. Marshall also showed an engineering bent early, building beds for barn mice at the age of three. However, some of his teachers were not impressed: his second grade teacher thought he was retarded and declared that he would not get very far in life. Years later he became the first in his family to go to college, and after getting a degree in Electrical Engineering from Kansas State, visited the same teacher. Showing his diploma, he declared that he was not retarded.

During the war, Marshall worked at Los Alamos and met J. Robert Oppenheimer. On July 16, 1945 he was a witness to the dawn of the nuclear age at

Trinity site near Alamogordo, New Mexico.

In 1951 Marshall and Edith moved to Boulder. He worked for the National Bureau of Standards and they lived a few blocks away. His work focused on lightning research. That work took him to the ends of the earth; from the two poles to so many countries that he can't count them anymore. But one country he does remember. In Costa Rica they found

and adopted their two daughters, Jan and Lorajean. The family was now complete.



Twelve years after moving to Boulder his love of the mountains brought them to the red brick house in PBH. In those days, with few residents, everyone was part of the fire department. Marshall and John Seward were

leaders in building the first fire house. He served as President of the fire department and Fire Chief from time to time.

There were more fires then but they were much better behaved than they are today. Marshall and others observed a pattern with these fires; they usually occurred between 4 and 7 p.m. on Sunday afternoons two or three times a month. They were considerate, igniting in places that were accessible and where they could be contained. They were benign, avoiding structures and sticking to grassy areas. So frequently on Sunday afternoons Marshall would crank up his CJ5 jeep and go off to fight the fire of the week with several other men. It was a little scary but needless to say, he became a fine fireman. Ah! The good old days!

In spite of all the wildlife tripping over itself these days, Marshall and his family in all their years here have seen only one bear and one mountain lion. The bear was a cub that the family dog treed in the front yard. The girls were out there enjoying the event until Edith reminded them that if Baby Bear was in

the tree, then someone else was probably close by. That brought them into the house quickly, but they never did see Mama. While driving down on Linden just past the firehouse, a deer bounded across the road, followed by a mountain lion. It was their only sighting, but his daughter, Jan, swears that it was the biggest, baddest mountain lion ever. And in the car's headlights, its large piercing eyes glowed green.

The abundant tree cover today owes a lot to Marshall. In the 70s, Pine Bark Beetles were devastating large tracts along the Front Range. Marshall received informal training from the Forest Service, and led a volunteer army against these invaders. He learned how to spot an infested tree from afar, where to cut looking for the beetles, how to treat with Lindane and cover the logs with a tarp. For a period of three to four years, he spent his weekends all over PBH, fighting these invaders.

In 1976 he retired, but was far from done. He taught calculus at CU-Denver and computer classes at a vocational school in Boulder.

Edith died of cancer in 1978. After 35 years of marriage, it was a devastating loss to Marshall. But he bounced back. He took up gliding for two years, flying out of Boulder airport and catching the thermals above these hills. At age 75 he took up scuba diving. He got so enraptured by the wonders under the waters that he once forgot about checking his oxygen. He ran out and his instructor had to share his oxygen all the way to the top.

He kept his mind busy. In the 80s he went to Kenya for three months and did all the electrical work for a hospital, including hydro-electric power generation. About the same time, he invented and developed the controls for a machine to clean and polish bowling lanes. The original prototype sits in the dining room, neat stacks of electronic chips fitted into a meticulously carved wooden box, the work done in the basement workshop. (At the Bureau of Standards, he had been one of the stars of the bowling league, winning the championship four times).

In leaving I ask Marshall about his feelings for Pine Brook Hills today. His eyes light up and a broad smile creases his face. "I love it," he says, "I will never move from here."

June 29<sup>th</sup> will be Marshall's 89<sup>th</sup> birthday. He is our oldest resident. Happy birthday, Marshall!

## The Black Burglar

By Steve Mestdagh

I woke up at 2:30 a.m. wondering what woke me. I soon found out. I heard a thump, thump, thump, like footsteps. Our cat, Bam-Bam, is loud but not that loud. The thumps worried me because it sounded like someone was in the house. Seconds later I realized the thumps were outside. I looked out the sliding glass door, which was wide open since it was warm outside. I saw a large black object walk under me. It was an arm's length away and I knew what it was! I elbowed my wife, Margit. I scared her because she yelled at me. The sound scared the bear which jerked and ambled out of view. We thought the bear episode was over...

Next morning Margit was up before me. She gave a concerned call from the garage area. A garage side window was broken out and the window frame was trashed with claw marks. Besides the window and a clawed bag of potting soil, there was no other damage. Luckily the garbage was picked up the day before. There was absolutely no food in the garage, so I guess the bear must have smelled old scent.

Later Margit saw that her car's interior rear view mirror was askew. She got out of the car, which was in the garage, and saw dirt on the seat. She looked at the outside of the car and saw bear-sized paw prints on the car door. The bear had climbed into the car through the open window!

What is scary is that the bottom of the side garage window is 4 ½ feet off the ground. There are many house windows easier to break into and with a more lucrative reward – food! The Division of Wildlife said that the bear could break into the house next time so we should be careful.

What are we doing now? I'll wait until the bears aren't so hungry before replacing the window. I don't want to do it twice. We are trying to train our cat to wake us up before the bear breaks in. Wish us luck on that one! I picked up a 5 pack of 00 buckshot for the 12 gauge. I hope I'll never have to use it but if the bear is in the bedroom end of the house and a yell doesn't scare it out of the house...



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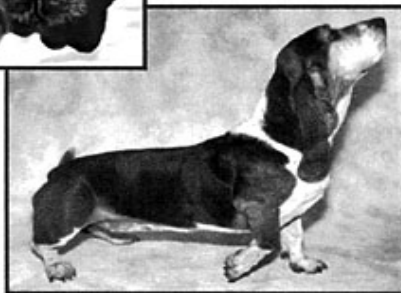
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**BABYSITTER WITH WHEELS**

Alex Caukin, age 16, is American Red Cross certified and will have his own transportation in August. (303) 447-9420.

**RED CROSS CERTIFIED BABYSITTER**

Please call Max Caukin, age 13, at (303) 447-9420.

**RESPONSIBLE AND MATURE**

Cedric Foster, 15, would like child care and animal care jobs. Lots of experience with plants and gardens, too. Please call (303) 444-9893

**EXTREME ANIMAL LOVER**

Kelly Foster, age 12, wants jobs caring for children, plants and pets. Please call her at (303) 444-9893.

**CHOCKECHERRY SAGA**

By Jo Noble

Treasures. My mother called them treasures. And very early on a hot late-August morning, she would awaken my sisters and me and get us ready for our yearly ritual. We would travel to the special places mom knew to pick chokecherries. Timing was everything. The berries had to be black, plump, and ready to burst. We also had to get there before they were picked by other berry hunters. And off we little kids would go with a three gallon coffee can, string attached, around our necks.

I grew up with the puckery-sweet taste in my mouth. And in the winter months we would eat the jelly and syrup and remember our red fingers as we stripped the berries off the branches with more than a few finding their way to our mouths instead of the can. Imagine my surprise when I saw the many chokecherry bushes up here in Pine Brook Hills filled with the black fruit and no one picking them! I was even more astounded when a neighbor asked what they were and was glad the birds liked them.

Chokecherry juice has ancient roots. The Lakota Native Americans have used and still use the juice in rituals. They also used the fruit in the making of pemmican, which was a dried meat/fruit combination they used during the winter.

I have a bush in my yard, but it's old and produces very little fruit. There are many more up here in Pine Brook. Today, as I was walking the Mesa Trail I also noticed the bushes that lined the trail and are now sporting hard, green fruit.

I don't guess many people make jelly anymore. I've been to garage sales where canning supplies were available for cheap and find no one wanted them. Our diets have changed and our time seems to be evaporating. But just for old times sake, I'll include a recipe for chokecherry jelly, and maybe, just maybe, someone will try it.

**Chokecherry Jelly**

8 to 9 pounds chokecherries  
water just barely to cover  
Wash fruit and remove stems. Just cover with water and simmer for 15 minutes. Strain juice.

3 cups chokecherry juice  
 6 1/2 cups sugar  
 2 foil pouches liquid fruit pectin (Certo or Ball brand), 6oz total.  
 1/4 tsp. almond extract (optional)

Pour juice into large kettle. Add sugar and stir to mix. Place over high heat and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Stir in pectin, bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and stir and skim for 5 minutes. Add extract. Seal in hot jars.  
 Makes about 9 half pints. Note: Almond extract gives a stronger cherry taste.



## CHECK THIS OUT

Pat Palmer called to say that she had received an unpleasant shock upon examining her monthly bank statement - she had discovered a cancelled check for \$2000 written to a person she didn't know, for "home decorating," which she had not done. Upsetting!

Husband Pete suggested that she call Customer Service at the Bank of Boulder. But it was 10 p.m. Surely no one would be there. Obliging but skeptically, Pat called anyway - and, amazingly, a human answered! The bank representative assured Pat that if she had not written the check the funds would be replaced in her account and advised calling the sheriff. All right, for what it's worth, thought Pat, I'll call the sheriff's department, although it's late. Second surprise: a sheriff's deputy who had been patrolling in PBH arrived at the door within five minutes. The deputy took the report but said that the investigation would probably be done by the Boulder police, as it was a "city" crime. Pat reported the incident to the Boulder Police the next morning. And, third and final wonder, within two days the police had made an arrest and received a confession!

What probably happened was the following: because she was leaving on a trip the next morning, Pat paid some bills and put them in the mailbox the night before, raising the red flag to alert the postman the next day. A team of two mailbox thieves cruised the neighborhood at night, looking for mail to steal. When they found a check they used a special liquid that erased the name of the payee and the amount and substituted one of their own names and the desired payment.

After this experience Pat wanted everyone to

know that it is not a good idea to put out mail at night, particularly with the mail flag up. Wait until morning. Congratulations to The Bank of Boulder, the Boulder County Sheriff's Department, the Boulder Police, and the Palmers on the happy outcome!



## PBH WOMEN'S BOOK CLUB

By Eileen McKenna

The Pine Brook Hills Women's Book Club will hold its next meeting on Tuesday, July 24 at 7 p.m. at the Community Center, to talk about **The Red Tent**. This novel was written by Anita Diamant, award-winning journalist and author of five books about contemporary Jewish life. An excerpt from a review by The Christian Science Monitor reads, "Diamant vividly conjures up the ancient world of caravans, shepherds, farmers, midwives, slaves and artisans.... Diamant's Dinah is a compelling narrator of a tale that has timeless resonance."

Next, scheduled for September 25, is the international bestseller, **The Power of One**, by South African born Bryce Courtenay. According to The Washington Post Book World, "Bryce Courtenay transports us to the South Africa of the late 1930's.... It is the people of the sun-baked plains of Africa who tug at the heart strings in this book.... Courtenay draws them all with a fierce and violent love."



## WHAT ARE YOU READING?

Compiled by Deborah Springer

**PRODIGAL SUMMER**, by Barbara Kingsolver  
 Reviewed by Penny Triggs

If you loved **Animal Dreams** and later were deeply impressed by **The Poisonwood Bible**, Kingsolver's most recent book may well leave you feeling a little disappointed. Don't get me wrong. **Prodigal Summer**

is a sweet summer read, gentle in nature and predictable in outcome. It lacks the profound insights and wisdom found in **The Poisonwood Bible**, yet carries its own worth, specifically in regard to nature. Kingsolver weaves themes of love, relationship and endurance through her story set in the mountains and farmlands of Appalachia. It is her background as a biologist that renders this book worth the read, particularly for Pine Brookers. Kingsolver is an informed advocate of coyotes and their complex traits. She persuasively heightened my own respect for the coyotes that howl and sing across our valleys...those pesky creatures that make life for our household cats a daily risk at best.

In addition, **Prodigal Summer** is laden with information about flora and fauna, always offered in an interesting and compelling style. I derived my "girlie love story fix" from this read and simultaneously gained insights and appreciation for those other creatures with whom we share our habitat.

*Penny's respect for coyotes is generous, as she had the terrible experience of seeing one of her cats carried off by a coyote.*



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### ARROWS

About two years ago David and I found an aluminum hunting arrow with camouflage markings and a steel tip stuck in our yard. The angle of the arrow made it look as if it had been shot from a bow up on the hill behind us. We chalked it up to a freak accident.

Yesterday, while weed whacking, Ilene and Marty Lasher found a similar arrow in their yard. They feel certain that the arrow arrived within the last year or they would have found it during last year's weed whacking. As you can imagine, we are greatly concerned about these arrows. Not only are they a threat to the beautiful wildlife who share this mountain with us, but also to ourselves and our children. Our daughter Ayla spends quite a bit of time playing out back on the hill.

Could you remind people that using bow and arrows in this wonderful community is not okay? Thanks.

Kathryn Bessemer

### GARAGE SALE SUCCESS

As you may have heard, the spring garage sale put on by the Pine Brook Fire Auxiliary in support of our fire department was a huge success this year. And we want to thank everyone for their participation – donating, working at the sale, and shopping.

Although our success is dependent on a great deal of community support, there are two people who especially deserve our heartfelt gratitude. Art and Babette Markey put their lives on hold for a few weeks each year to plan, organize and recruit (donations and people) for this event. It is a tremendously time-intensive and energy-sapping endeavor, and they do it each year, eagerly and willingly, with an eye to making the sale bigger and better than the year before.

Please take a minute to thank them when you see them. We need and treasure volunteers like Art and Babette.

Nancy Tamura, President, PBH Auxiliary

*The editor loves to get letters. Please send them to Pine Brook Press, 25 Alpine Way, Boulder, CO 80304, or e-mail [pinebrookpress@aol.com](mailto:pinebrookpress@aol.com).*



### WELCOME TO NEWCOMERS!

Sally Ashby and Shoni Kahn  
Co- Chairs, Newcomer Welcome

Amy and Paul Munding and sons Joshua (5) and Nicholas (3) come to PBH from Australia, having also lived in Germany and Singapore. You can find them at 335 Pine Tree Lane, where they intend to STAY. Good!

Christina Weber and Jay Burgess live at 997 N. Cedar Brook Road with their 2 year old daughter and two big dogs. They moved here from South Boulder, having discovered PBH when Christina's sister moved here in January.

Yvonne Weber, 1354 Linden Drive, is Christina's sister. Yvonne and Jason Riley will be celebrating their marriage at the end of July. Welcome, all!

## ARTIFICIAL HEART: *Those were the days...*

By Param Singh

Recently the world's first totally implanted artificial heart was placed in a very sick patient in Louisville, Kentucky. I was a cofounder, in the early eighties, of the company that developed this device and I worked on its early development. By the time this is in print, more will be known about the pioneering patient and his condition; hopefully he will have the best possible outcome.

This milestone implant was a distant dream when our company was born. Hearing about it started a train of thought about the early days....

Much of the early development was funded by the National Institute of Health (NIH). To win one of the grants, we had to show in a "table top" demonstration that our prototype would meet certain pumping requirements. In lieu of blood, we decided to use a mixture of glycerol and water with the same viscosity as blood. The deadline for submission was fast approaching. Late one night my partner and I were in the laboratory ready to make the crucial measurements. We had planned carefully, but forgot one fact: a glycerol/water mix is one of the slipperiest substances around. Some of it had leaked on to the floor, and as we started our measurements we found ourselves slipping and sliding around the room in one of the hardest and most painful laboratory experiments I have ever done.. Our device met NIH criteria, but those guys in Washington never knew how we swooped and slid around the laboratory bench, risking life and limb for science.

From the beginning, we felt that it was vital that engineers and clinicians work together. These groups occupy different universes and speak different languages. Our company maintained complete surgical facilities, capable of open heart surgery. On animal experiments surgeons and engineers would work together to appreciate the other's viewpoint and concerns. George (names have been altered to protect the guilty) was an electronics engineer who was one of our earliest hires. We noticed that he was never around when an experiment was being performed. I tried to persuade him that it was important that he see how his black boxes performed in vivo. He maintained that as an engineer he just needed someone else to define what was needed and he would develop it. In the end he agreed to observe how his gadgets performed. He stood at the end of the operating table, a little pale but resolute. The surgeon made the first incision. George's body went rigid as a board and in slow motion he toppled over backward. Luckily, someone was behind him and lowered him gently

to the floor. That was the first and last operation George ever (almost) witnessed.

One of the challenges was to develop a compact drive system to power the heart. Development usually proceeds from concept to proof of concept and then through several iterations to the final configuration. On our first proof of concept prototype we did not worry about size. It was huge. An elephant would have had difficulty accommodating it. Too, it worked only if tilted at a forty degree angle. Otherwise the mechanism would bind. At this time we had a visit from a senior NIH official. A "show and tell" is de rigeur for such visits. With much trepidation, we showed our drive system, carefully keeping it at the correct angle for operation and supplementing with slides and diagrams. The official sat quietly through this demonstration. At its conclusion, he had only one comment: "Do you think you could make it a little smaller?"

In 1989 NIH, without notice, decided to cancel all four existing artificial heart contracts, of which we were one. This was due to their (mistaken) belief that there had been a major breakthrough with a particular partial heart device. This decision had powerful support in some quarters. The New York Times wrote a lead editorial calling the artificial heart the 'Dracula of medicine' and it was time a stake was driven through it. We resolved to fight this decision. I spent a month on Capitol Hill lobbying for the restoration of these projects. We eventually got 18 senators (Democrats and Republicans) to co-sign a letter to NIH urging that the projects be restored. Though I did not think so at the time, that month on the hill was a wonderful education. Our supporters fell into two groups. All the first group had to hear was that this involved reversing an executive branch decision and they were all for it: "Let's go git some gumint beerocrats!" The second group had doctors on their staffs and wanted full blown arguments, with citations of the relevant literature, before they would commit to helping us. Both groups were needed to reverse the decision. The first group applied the pressure and the second group supplied the arguments to buttress our position. It was nice recently to see another lead editorial in the New York Times, this time acclaiming the artificial heart beating in Kentucky.

Regardless of the opinions pro and con this project, or the ultimate viability of the artificial heart, its development was an interesting way to spend some of my productive years.

## A SHORT QUIZ ON THE GARAGE SALE

By Art and Babette Markey

Q: Was the 2001 Fire Department Auxiliary Garage Sale a fabulous success?

A: Choose the best answer:

- a) Yes, indeed
- b) You betcha
- c) Sure enuf was
- d) All of the above

This was indeed an absolutely fabulously successful garage sale. A lot goes into having a great fundraiser like the garage sale. And this year it all came together splendidly. We received terrific donations from both Pine Brook Hills and Boulder Heights residents. It's great to see the participation across all of the Boulder Mountain Fire Authority since the Auxiliary supports all of BMFA. We had a great turnout in shoppers (and not many who were just lookers). And, as always, we had an outstanding volunteer crew. The "close down and clean up" crew on Sunday did a great job in spite of the snow falling on them.

The regular sale brought in a total of \$6,126. As you may recall, we had set a challenge goal of \$4,500. We had blown right past that figure by about mid-day on Saturday! And then, with special thanks to Jo Wiedemann, we also had a car donated to the sale. We sold that by silent auction. It brought in another \$1,750 for (Drum Roll, please)...A GRAND TOTAL OF \$7,876. With expenses of about \$125, we should net about \$7,750 for the Auxiliary's support of the fire fighters of BMFA. Results like this make all the work worthwhile. We want to express our thanks once more to everyone who contributed to this great event. Let us leave you with another question: can we top this result in 2002?



## AFTERNOON OF A FAWN

By Eric Erickson

My wife, Toni, and I frequently dream of a faraway "wilderness" experience where technology is swept aside and opportunities abound to become co-communicants with nature and its wild ones. Two weeks ago we learned that (sans technology's absence) a "wilderness" experience can sometimes occur right here in our own Pine Brook back yard.

On coming home one late afternoon in June, my

footsteps on the front porch sent a beautiful doe bounding from her resting place underneath our deck. Giving it little regard since most Pine Brook decks serve as mid-day deer havens from the heat I entered the house to pick up a ringing phone. Midway through my wireless conversation I wandered over to a window where I could see underneath our deck. Much to my great surprise I discovered two new baby deer still resting in the fluid puddles from their mother's womb and presumably feeling somewhat abandoned by a mother I had just spooked. Quickly ending my conversation I watched quietly as one new baby, the larger, struggled up onto all fours and wobble-legged its way to its mother who had just returned, still, ugh, chewing on the placenta. The two of them left the smaller baby behind apparently preferring to complete their first bonding in a more palatial setting higher up the hill. The smaller baby, now apparently feeling altogether abandoned and not yet having moved any of its four legs, remained in its flaccid, dead-like position. The obvious questions arose. "Did mother abandon the "runt of the litter," sensing that this one was too small to survive? Or was she going to return after sating "Bambi the Bigger's" newborn hunger? Was "Bambi the Smaller" simply feigning death to protect itself from possible predators like the Big Footed One who had spooked its mother? Or was it about to fall prey to the sometimes cruel nature of Nature itself without the benefit of life-saving technology? Oh, what to do?

Not wanting to intrude on Mother Nature, but knowing this could be a once-in-a-lifetime experience, I quickly called our next door neighbor, Patrica Belanger, and asked her to tiptoe over to our deck with her video camera before mother returned, or worse yet, father buck with a big pair of antlers. My call, completed next to an open window within earshot of Bambi the Smaller (BtS), then led to a surprising and delightful consequence. BtS suddenly lifted its little head and straightened its front legs attempting to stand up for the very first time. Unable to contain myself I exclaimed, "Bambi, you can do it! Get those hind legs in motion!" And it (he? she?) did just that. Now, emboldened by this positive response to my voice, I slowly walked outside to within a few feet of BtS, taking still pictures as I moved. With Bambi the Smaller still up on all fours and now beginning to look me right in the eye, I wondered what to do next.

At that moment my wireless phone rang with Patrica on the other end. She was coming over but had first called a county expert on deer who told her that baby deer are born without a scent (no pun intended) to avoid attracting bad guys for the first three months and that, indeed, they instinctively feign death when in the presence of a possible predator. Furthermore, baby deer are not to be touched by Big Footed Ones in order to preserve their odorless skin.

What a fortuitous call! What a delightful, knowledge-acquiring next-door neighbor! Just then I looked down and, oh-my-gosh, Bambi was within a few inches of my foot. It (oh, let's call it She) was whining aloud, looking me in the eye, heading for my right leg. She was hungry. And she thought I was her mother! But my leg had no nipples. And, what's more, I couldn't touch her! I jumped back almost losing my footing. And, while I couldn't be sure, I think she laughed at me.



### ARE YOU MY MOMMY?

Just then Patrica arrived with her videocam and shortly, thereafter, my wife, Toni. BtS, who'd become frustrated with my elusive right leg, suddenly got fickle. She turned first to Toni and then Patrica and then back to me, whining all the time, "Why won't one of you feed me?" We spent the next five minutes taking pictures of Bambi the Smaller, wobbling from one person to another, each of us wanting to touch her yet knowing we couldn't, wanting to feed her but

knowing we daren't. And then saying, finally, "Bambi, we luv ya' but until we leave, mother won't come back." So we reluctantly backed away leaving Bambi to fend for herself hoping that mother and Bambi the Bigger hadn't already booked passage on a Caribbean cruise. Sure enough, within the next few minutes, mother finally reappeared, nudging Bambi the Smaller up the hill to join her big brother or sister and finally feast on that hind nipple BtS had earlier so dearly craved.

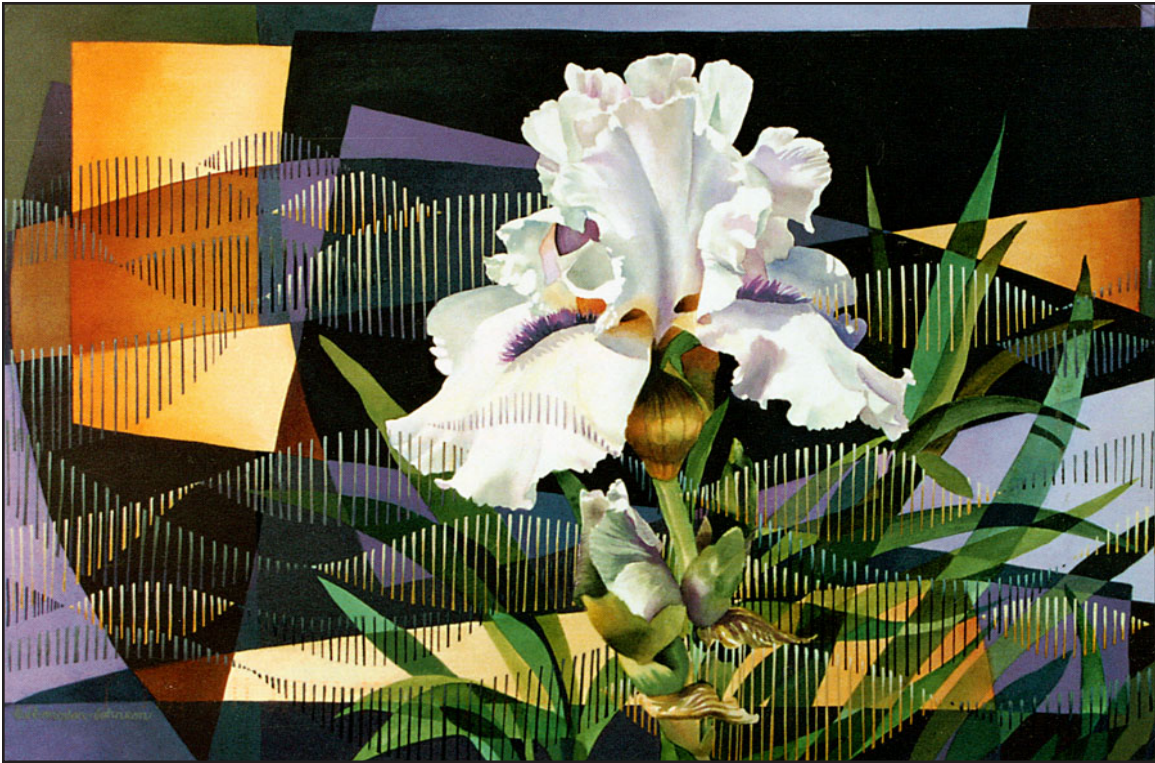
Just another day in Pine Brook Hills. What a great privilege to live here. And, oh, by the way, given the role that a wireless phone and a videocam played throughout this experience, maybe technology in the wild ain't so bad after all.



### ANSWER TO PBH WHO DUNNIT



The Man Behind the Sign on p.2 is PBH's Bruce Hertelendy, Disaster Preparedness Officer for the Boulder Mountain Fire Authority. Bruce sets the fire danger indicator based first on input from the Chief and information from the Fort Collins Interagency Dispatch Center. That Center measures moisture levels for fuels (trees and grasses) similar to ours. Next, he checks the internet for the NOAA Fire Weather Forecast. Finally, there's the Reality Check; Bruce will place the fire danger higher or lower than predicted according to the actual conditions in PBH.



*"Iris Interlude VIII" by DJ Donovan-Johnson*

*Although a late spring frost killed the iris blossoms this year, they bloom forever in Donna Johnson's paintings.*

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