

# ROXBURY REVIEWS

NEWS IN AND AROUND BEVERLY HILLS

Sponsored by Beverly Hills Community Services Department  
Steve Zoet, Director of Community Services

SUMMER 2015

## ROXBURY PARK COMMUNITY CENTER CELEBRATES ALL AGES!

### Spring, 2015 was a Season of Happy Celebrations

*By Jane Winston Doman*

So many wonderful occasions occurred during April and May for our Community (as seen below) ranging from Older Americans, Dedicated Volunteers to Teens and Preschoolers.

Resident Gloria Gordon was recently honored as the City of Beverly Hills "Older American of the Year" by the Los Angeles County Commission for Older Adults. The May 21st event was held at the Dorothy Chandler Pavillion Music Center celebrating Older Americans Recognition Day.



L to R: Aida Villalobos, President L.A. Commission for Older Adults; Cynthia Banks, Director L.A. County Community & Senior Services; Gloria Gordon; Genetha Hudley-Hayes, Board Deputy, Honoree 3rd District.



Betty Globe and friends celebrate Betty's 100th Birthday at Roxbury Park.



Beverly Hills Active Adult Club (BHAAC) President Les Bronte awarded scholarships to two deserving Beverly Hills High School students at a recent general meeting at Roxbury Park Community Center. The Bill Berg Memorial Award was presented to Mazal Sarafian and the Dr. Reuben Cordova Memorial Award was presented to Karen Shilyan.



L to R: Hannah Zylberberg, Counselor, awardee Mazal Sarafian, Les Bronte, Beverly Hills Active Adult Club President, Karen Shilyan, awardee, Kristi Branini, Counselor.

In Celebration of April as National Volunteer Month the City of Beverly Hills recognized volunteers contributing over 40 hours to City programs.



The City of Beverly Hills Preschool Program at Roxbury Park celebrate graduation and end of the school year party.

## Supplements: In Your 70s and Beyond

by Wini Hervey

Give your immune system a boost by taking a few vital supplements. Dietary requirements change as you age, and while experts recommend getting most of your nutrients from food, sometimes that is not possible. Our guts become less efficient as we age, particularly when we reach our 60s and 70s and that limits our ability to get sufficient nutrients from food. Following are recommended supplement suggestions:

- **Vitamin B12** - even a mild vitamin 12 deficiency may put older adults at risk for dementia according to a study in the journal of the American Geriatrics Society. But stomach acid, which is required for the body to absorb vitamin B12 from food, declines with age. Since vitamin B12 is essential for optimal brain function, the institution of medicine advises adults over 50 to get most of their B12 from supplements. Recommended dose: 2.4 micrograms daily. Seek advice and testing from your doctor. Food sources are clams, beef liver, trout, cheeseburger, and sirloin.
- **Vitamin D** - Vitamin D is essential during your 70s and beyond to protect against illness and infection. The ideal source of this nutrient is sunlight; unfortunately the ability of the body to synthesize vitamin D from sunlight decreases with age. The recommended dose is 80 international units daily. Look for D3. Seek advice from your doctor for dosage and testing. Food sources are tuna, mackerel, beef liver, cheese, and egg yolks.
- **Protein** - when you hit your 70s, your ability to build muscle mass deteriorates. Plus your protein needs grow even as your intake and appetite may wane. Once you lose more than 10% of muscle mass, your immune system does not function properly. The good news: supplementing with protein powders or pills can increase lean body mass and muscle. Recommended dose: 20 to 30 grams of whey powder mixed into a daily shake. Food sources are beef, chicken, beans and almonds. Exercising is another way to increase muscle mass. Again, consult your doctor.

Try these three supplements to increase your well-being. Have a healthy and joyous summer.

Source: "Healthy You" publication

Department of Internal Medicine, University of Texas

Diane McKay, Nutrition Research Scientist

## Reboot Your Metabolism: Burn Baby Burn

By Cynthia Harper



Science tells us that as we age our rate of metabolism decreases and we lose muscle and gain fat - but I suspect that most of us already knew that and have experienced it too! Another gift of aging - slower

metabolism! But there are ways to rev it up again and make your body a fat burning machine.

As the body ages there is a conspiracy that sends us on a roller coaster of hormone ups and downs. This combined with muscle loss, being less active and stress puts us in the metabolism slow lane.

Time to take charge and do what we can to overcome this metabolic deceleration to ensure we have energy and vitality in all stages of our life. It is important to feel strong, lean, and capable of doing what we want. By boosting our metabolism and shedding just a few pounds, we will feel a big difference no matter what our age. I read a statistic that we can gain 1.5 pounds per year during our adult life so that by age 50 we could pack on 40 pounds. Wow, now that's scary. All that extra weight adds stress to our joints, contributes to diseases including diabetes and heart disease, just to name a few.

To get that robust metabolism reboot, we are going to concentrate on building firm, lean muscle tissue. At rest, muscles burn up to seven times more calories than fat does. The more muscle mass you have the more calories you burn. But that's just the beginning. What we get is a leaner, energized, firmer body.

Strength training builds calorie-blasting muscle, which keeps the resting metabolism revved. The calories we need for everyday functioning change as we age. Just lifting weights twice a week can reverse age related decline in the function of the mitochondria, the powerhouse of the cell. At the cellular level the mitochondria will use more oxygen and zap more calories as we build muscle.

Try some of these muscle exercises to keep your body burning and your energy high and you'll not only feel firmer and have more energy but you'll sleep better, have fewer aches and pains, and your clothes will fit better too! Don't forget to eat your veggies too!

Continued on page 4

Try these exercises with no more than 2-5lb. hand weights!

**Pendulum Kicks**

(Target zone: thighs, butt and triceps)

1. Stand erect holding light weights in each hand and kick one leg forward and pull arms up and squeeze, then kick leg back slowly and squeeze as the arms come down and back. Soften knees and pull in abs. Switch leg and repeat.

Try to do 8-10 reps.



**Squat Curl Figure Four**

(Target zone: biceps, thighs and butt)

1. Holding a light weight in one hand stand next to a chair, hold if necessary, and cross ankle over thigh to a sitting position while keeping knee behind toes. Pull weight to shoulder and return to start position.

Repeat 8-10 reps and switch sides.



**Seated Back Fly**

(Target zone: shoulders, upper back)

1. Holding dumbbells in each hand sit in a chair with feet flat on the floor and wide apart. Look down and lean. Keep back flat and raise arms evenly out to the side and squeeze shoulder blades until parallel to the floor. Don't lock elbows.

Lower and repeat 8-10 reps.



**Hand Bag Curls**

(Target zone: shoulders and abs)

1. Stand with feet wide apart, light weights in each hand, palms facing inward, knees slightly bent and raise weight to shoulder and slowly lower alternating arms.

Repeat 8-10 times on each side.



Summer

Summer is coming, I can feel it.  
 Home, a plane ride away.  
 Thoughts, memories, tumble forth like blooms in a basket,  
 unique in size shape and scent,  
 beckoning, whispering, come.  
 A treasure of beauty, the potential of joy  
 waiting to unfold, for those who seek and see...  
 Freshly mowed green grass.  
 The smell of the ocean, the roar of its surf.  
 Summer peaches, Bing cherries, sliced cold watermelon.  
 Sailboats bobbing upon a sea of diamonds,  
 kissed by the sun.  
 Little girls in pinafores, and sun bonnets.  
 Little boys in striped tee shirts, catching fireflies.  
 Shoes without socks, sunscreen, soft breezes.  
 Sand beneath your feet.  
 A small child bending forward to nuzzle her first scent  
 of a luscious rose.  
 Quiet summer nights spent on porches.  
 Homemade lemonade.  
 Strolling the boardwalk. Ices, taffy, and cotton candy.  
 Family, friends, community.  
 Wait for me, I'm coming...  
 G-d Willing, I'm coming home.

- Rita Mizrahi Shamie

Urban Hunting

Armed with nets of socks on sticks,  
 The victor is the one who slips  
 Most captives into a bright bazaar  
 of twinkling lights, a covered jar.  
 Fireflies lit up the night.  
 Have lightning bugs abandoned us?  
 Are they gone or are they just  
 Invisible on urban streets  
 Where carefree kids no longer meet  
 Out of parents' watchful sight?  
 I wonder where those summers went,  
 When lightning insects sometimes spent  
 Moments giving fleeting pleasures  
 To kids who thought of them as treasures  
 Until, released, resumed their flight?

-Ilse Nusbaum



## Something Cool

By Marsha Miller

For this nine-year old pigtailed girl, spending the summer of 1945 at her grandma's home in Venice, California provided the best time ever.

Every afternoon at exactly at three o'clock, my grandma would give me a nickel for a single-scooped ice cream cone at Doc's drugstore just across the street. Summer, of course, is when shoe-d toes wiggle free. So, barefoot, I was able to thrill at the smooth marble floors of this neighborhood hangout.

My daily mission took me no deeper into the drugstore than to the tan and brown cool marble soda fountain counter off to the right, behind which, when he was not dispensing medicine, stood Doc himself.

I would climb onto one of his swivel bar stools and lean across the counter so that my entire flat upper body, with arms spread out, to take full advantage of the coolness.

Doc was a man from the Midwest, early forties, tall, lean. His shirts were starched, his smile welcoming. In retrospect, I would have to say that his most salient quality was his patience for a little girl to whom decisions did not come easily, for whom habit dictated. Especially when it came to choices of ice cream flavors. Now, remember, we're not talking Baskin-Robbins here. We're not even talking Rite-Aid. This was, after all, the mid-1940s. We're talking chocolate, vanilla, strawberry.

The scene: 3:05 p.m. every day. Rubbing the nickel between finger and thumb, I'd bounce into Doc's. The exchange of smiles. And then:

Doc (leaning over the counter): "Well, what'll it be today, Little Miss? Chocolate, vanilla, or strawberry?"

Me: (squirming in my chair): "Hmmm ... I don't know. I should try something different. Pink is my very favorite color, so maybe the strawberry? Or ... I really love the smell of vanilla when my grandma bakes, so .... No, I guess I'll have the chocolate. (adding) Maybe I'll try something else tomorrow."

With only some small modification, this scene repeated itself all summer long as the "something else tomorrow" never came.

Until one September day -- my birthday -- when my grandma gave me -- not the usual nickel. No. For this occasion, with some ceremony, she gave me a dime. One shiny dime. On that afternoon, I had the buying power for not one, but for two scoops of ice cream. In any combination I chose.

That afternoon, Doc, keenly aware of my internal struggle, offered this sage advice -- advice I've gleefully passed along to my own children and grandchildren: "It's your birthday," he said, "so you should have exactly what you want."

Doc," I said emphatically, "Please make my double scoop like this: I want one scoop of chocolate. And ... {a beat, then...} and one other scoop of chocolate."

"Perfect," he smiled. "You catch on fast."

There's something about -- on a hot summer day -- the anticipation of that afternoon delight. And it never disappointed, for a girl can always count on chocolate. Especially when it comes in the form of an ice cream scoop set atop an old-fashioned dark waffled cone from Doc himself.

## America's Birthday

The flags are proudly flying in the breeze,  
There is patriotic bunting covering the balconies,  
The Marine Band marches proudly down the parade route,  
It's America's Birthday, it's the Fourth of July.

Veterans stand at attention, with their hands on their hearts,  
Proudly watching the military parade,  
Hearts full of pride, having served their country in  
their youth,  
It's America's Birthday, it's the Fourth of July.

The Grand Marshall rides by sitting atop an ancient  
fire engine

Children wave small flags and scream with delight  
School bands march along, baton twirlers dancing,  
It's America's Birthday, it's the Fourth of July.

Then there are picnics and barbecues, games galore,  
And as dusk falls there is a collective gasp.  
There are so many fireworks lighting up the sky,  
it's daylight again,  
It's America's Birthday, it's the Fourth of July.

Night has fallen, the festivities are over,  
People go home and reflect  
How lucky they are to live where freedom is all  
around them

And they can celebrate America's Birthday on the  
Fourth of July.

- Betty Berger

## Summer of Agony

By Tak Nakae

As I was completing my first year at the University of Nebraska in the spring of 1943, I had to earn money during the summer to continue my education. Having arrived from the Tule Lake Internment Center the previous fall, I did not know where to look locally for employment. I knew my older brother, Howard, had been released from Tule Lake to go to work as a farm laborer in Idaho. I wrote to him, asking about the employment opportunities there. He wrote back saying that he had formed a farm labor crew in the Caldwell area. He invited me to join his crew and live with him and his wife in their two-bedroom apartment, an enticing offer I could not refuse. I only had to find a way to get there.

I discussed this situation with my roommate George, a fellow ex internee, completing his graduate degree in Business. Because George wasn't getting job offers from his interviews, he also decided to look for farm work in Idaho. George bought an old used car, which we drove with trepidation to Idaho in a three-day trip. Having worked in our family's orchard, I thought I would be ready for any farm work. I was mistaken. Orchard activities, such as pruning tree branches, thinning and picking the fruit were accomplished standing while reaching our arms and hands forward or upward. Most activities in truck farming (raising vegetables) required bending while using short handled tools and picking the produce. Laboring all day in this stooped position while moving sideways along the planted rows was a back breaker.

By the end of the day, I found it almost impossible to straighten my painful back. After a hot shower, the pain would subside enough to allow me to sleep.

The next morning, the residual pain was still there, but it was time to start another day. When I complained, other crewmembers assured me that by the time I left for school, I would have adjusted to the pain.

There was another job, which was almost as uncomfortable. We would go a sweet-pea field while still dark to be assigned a number and given a large basket type hamper. As soon it became light, we went into the pea field to pick the ripe peas, requiring me only to lean over, not bend down. When the hamper was filled, we would carry it to the truck and dump the peas into the bins, shouting out our given number to get credit for each basket. The uncomfortable part was that the dew on the vines would soon soak our clothes up to above our waist.

By late morning, the person in charge would shout, "Time to stop picking, bring your hampers in and dump them, and get your total for the pay." Despite the discomfort of our soaked clothing, it was a short respite from the usual backbreaking jobs, to which we usually returned to finish the day.

I was happy and grateful when it came time for me to return to school. I had earned enough money for another school year and my days of stoop labor were over. I also learned to appreciate the harsh work environment others had to endure. It helped my resolve to complete my engineering education, so I would never again face the agony of that past summer.

SUMMER'S AGONY  
STOOP LABOR IN IDAHO FARMS  
HOPE NEVER TO REPEAT

## Wishes

I wish I had spent  
More of my misspent  
Youth when I was fit  
Instead of saving it  
For my Bucket List



I traveled far and wide  
The answers of life to find

I never saw the Leaning Tower of Pisa  
Though I gazed in awe at the Pyramids at Giza  
I did not climb to the top of Machu Pichu  
But dallied in delight at the gardens at Kew

I sailed down the Nile in a barge  
But failed to see the world at large  
The Taj Mahal was an otherworldly sight  
Where I returned morning, noon and night

I questioned the meaning of life of the Oracle of Delphi  
But she never acknowledged nor answered me  
But I heard a voice inside my head  
In a Cockney accent it said  
Go ahead "LUV"  
Just enjoy each day instead

- Corinne Chakarian

## Under the Bed

**THE ROLL OF THE DRUMS****THE DRUMS OF VENGEANCE ROLL**

as you are taken from me  
sent to foreign lands  
to conquer and seek justice for others  
too young to drink  
old enough to die

**THE DRUMS OF SORROW ROLL**

as I view the crumpled sheets of letters  
erstwhile signs of your being alive  
lie on the mantle  
next to your picture yellowing with age  
bearing the stains of my tears

**THE DRUMS OF VICTORY ROLL**

as drowning out the cries of those  
mourning their loved ones  
ignoring the torn limbs  
and decaying bodies  
piled high on foreign soil

**THE DRUMS ROLL SOFTLY**

my swelling body  
carrying our unborn child  
echoes my prayers  
that failed to protect you  
from the cold fingers of death

**THE DRUMS ROLL PROUDLY**

when a folded flag  
is put into my hands  
honoring the unborn child's father  
he would never know  
my tears spilling rivulets of utter despair  
upon the hallowed cloth

**THE DRUMS ROLL IN ANGER**

as cold medals  
lie lifeless on the pillow  
of our lonely bed  
that should have comforted your head  
reminder of what should have been  
bearing witness to the everlasting folly of mankind

-John H. Adler



Can you remember  
the first thing  
that scared the blank  
out of you?  
...I can't.

How about the first food  
you tasted, squished up your face  
and pugnaciously spat it all out?  
...I can't.

Have you ever wondered  
who told the first little tyke  
About a monster under the bed?  
...I do.

Who would do such a thing to one so young?  
An ill-conceived nerd of a parent  
must have told the tot.  
...That's what I think.

I bet penguins, bears, cats and dogs  
would never try to scare their young ones  
but shelter, protect, and nourish them  
until it's time to send them packing.

It's the opinion of one...me,  
that a kid screwed-up by parents  
is one who knows monsters are under the bed.

Take it from me...

THERE ARE NO MONSTERS UNDER THE BED!

-Catherine M. Cummings

## IT'S SOOOOUP!!!

By Ruth Clark

Early in my marriage I sought to surprise my husband when he came home from work by exhibiting my cooking skills. I would make one of his favorites: Vegetable Soup ... "just like Mama makes!"

I phoned my mother-in-law to get her "recipe."

"What recipe?" she answered, and because nothing was written down, from memory she told me to put the meat and soup bone in my largest pot and pour water over them almost to the top of the container. Then, when it comes to a boil, you 'shum'\* the soup."

"What is 'shum'?" I asked.

"Shum is when you skim off the fat before you add the vegetables and barley."

"And," I questioned further, "how much barley do I add?"

"Oh, you know.... just a handful or so...."

"A cup or maybe a cup and a half?" I asked.

"Yeah, I suppose," she said, "and then throw in the vegetables and let it simmer all day. It's easy."

I thanked her and hung up. In the kitchen, I assembled my ingredients, put the big pot on the stove, mastered the 'shumming' process and added the barley. The water boiled. It didn't look like there was enough barley; I added another half-cup; then I added a little more.

As I began to cut the vegetables, I noticed the water boiling furiously in the big pot, splashing over the rim and sizzling as it hit the hot stove. At the same time, I was amazed to see how much the barley had expanded, filling the pot, and then some! Frantic, I rushed to fetch another pot and transferred some of my soup into it; the barley continued to expand; I needed another pot, and soon another!



I cut extra vegetables for the four large pots of "barley soup" that now occupied all the burners on the stove. When my husband arrived, all four pots were happily bubbling, steaming up the tiny kitchen. Yes, he WAS surprised! (Needless to say, barley soup was on our menu for the next week....or maybe month!)

I have since perfected my vegetable soup and learned to deal gently with barley.

Shum....I looked up 'shum,' 'schum,' 'shaum,' etc., in a Yiddish dictionary but found no such word. It was probably made up by my mother-in-law as she did with many words.



### Beverly Hills Active Adult Club Club Member Shirt Sales

**\$10 for Members • \$12 for Non-Members**

*Club Shirts are sold at the  
Roxbury Park Community Center, 471 S. Roxbury Dr.*

*Proceeds support on-going Club activities and special events.*

*For further information, call 310.285.6843.*



## Technology

by Sylvia Fogelman

When I think about my childhood, I think about the simplicity of it. We walked to the neighborhood school, went home for lunch and returned for afternoon classes. My mother was home to give us lunch and see us on our way back. Each year, we had a different teacher who taught us all of the subjects. We remained in the same school through eighth grade graduation.

At home, we finished our homework and listened to the afternoon radio programs – Tom Mix, Superman, The Lone Ranger. We had a radio in the kitchen so that my mother could listen to the news and music, and one in the bedroom for my brother and I to listen to serials. In the living room, we had a Stromberg-Carlson, both a radio and a phonograph. On many nights, we would sit near this prized possession and listen to radio shows such as The Shadow, Our Miss Brooks, Perry Mason. It was exciting. We also had a record collection and would stack records on the changer so that we could hear more than one at a time.

We played board games, cards, and socialized with friends and family. We played ball and roller skated in the street. There was one telephone in our house, installed in the kitchen. There was talk about one day being able to see the person you were talking to and we laughed about how funny that would be, possibly seeing someone coming out of the shower. Once you left the house, the only means of communication was the

public telephone booth.

Television was the first technological advance that we became aware of and we did not recognize it as the beginning of a new media world. My family bought a television set and we watched shows like Studio One, The Ed Sullivan Show, 77 Sunset Strip, The Untouchables, and of course, wrestling because it was inexpensive and easy for the networks to produce. By midnight, all of the channels signed off.

Life is so different today. We have far too many choices for everything. Media has removed, or at best altered, a lot of the socialization that we were accustomed to. Starting with the computer and games and more recently, with the arrival of the internet, the iPhone and the many types of social media, I feel that we have lost some of our basic social skills and interactions. Maybe, it is merely different. However, I think that we have lost something with the changes that have occurred. When I see people sitting in a restaurant looking at their telephones instead of talking to each other, I feel sad. I feel that slowing life down a little has the benefit of really taking things in rather than just nodding okay and moving on quickly. I resist losing the humanness of relationships. Despite all that I learn about new technology, I think I will always feel that I have been left behind.



## Sweet Dreams

I dream of a world where man exists that no other person will scorn.  
Where abundant love will bless the earth, and peace its path adorn.  
I have visionary thoughts of all the land taking part in freedom's way -  
Where greed no longer saps the soul, or passion for riches  
consumes the day  
A world I dream where black or white, whatever race you may be,  
will share the beauty of the earth, and every man is free.  
Where the despicable will hang its head ..  
And the joyful, like a precious pearl, attend the needs of all the world ...  
Allowing us to dwell together in tranquil now and forever.

-Nina Jewel Bass



*A Little Stone*

*Walking 'round the Palace of Versailles  
I came upon a little stone  
Among so many, hundreds, thousands  
I made this one my very own*

*Napoleon may have liked it too  
As he stepped on it with his shoe  
Maybe he tossed it up in the air  
In a decision of what to do*

*A souvenir from a royal garden  
Marbelized and unique  
Even a little stone  
Can me magnifique*

*A sumptuous palace  
Mirrored walls, a throne  
A part of history, an empire  
Inside a little stone*

By Molly Bien

## THE BEVERLY HILLS ACTIVE ADULT CLUB

Invites you to a

# Senior Summer Party & Dance

**SUNDAY, JULY 26, 2015 • 1:00pm – 3:00pm**

**BHAAC - Members - Free\***

**RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP, THE DANCE WILL BE FREE!**

Non-Members \$5.00 Admission and Entry

Roxbury Park Community Center

471 S. Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills, CA 90212

\*Those with new memberships effective July 1, 2015

For more information call Roxbury Park Community Center 310.285.6840



## Please Save the Date

**SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 2015 • 1:00pm – 4:00pm**

### THE BEVERLY HILLS ACTIVE ADULT CLUB

in collaboration with The City of Beverly Hills Community Services Department

invites you to a

# CASINO PARTY

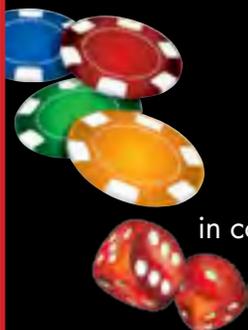
**CRAPS, ROULETTE, POKER, BLACKJACK & BINGO**

Cost: Beverly Hills Active Adult Club Member \$10 • General Admission \$20  
Includes admission, \$20 in chips, refreshments and opportunity to win prizes.

Location: Roxbury Park Community Center 471 South Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills

Call **310.285.6840** for more information.

Sponsorship opportunities available. Call **310.285.6843**.



# Comings & Goings

Upcoming events:

- **BHAAC Senior Summer Party & Dance**  
Sunday, July 26, 2015 from 1:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.  
BHAAC Members Free/Non-Members \$5 Admission  
Roxbury Park Community Center  
471 S. Roxbury Drive

**Concerts on Cañon - Free Summer Concerts**  
Thursdays, August 6, 13, 20 & 27  
6:00 p.m. & 7:15 p.m. at Beverly Cañon Gardens

**SAVE THE DATE:**

- **Senior Health Fair**  
Monday, September 21, 2015 from 10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.  
Free Event • Roxbury Park Community Center  
471 S. Roxbury Drive • Complimentary Lunch
- **BHAAC Casino Party**  
Sunday, September 27, 2015 from 1:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.  
BHAAC Members \$10/General Admission \$20  
Roxbury Park Community Center  
471 S. Roxbury Drive
- **Senior Halloween Dance**  
Sunday, October 25, 2015 from 1:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.  
BHAAC Members Free/Non-Members \$4 Admission  
Roxbury Park Community Center  
471 S. Roxbury Drive

**INTRODUCING:**

- **Brain Fitness Fun!**  
Thursdays, from 10:00 a.m. - 11:00 a.m.  
\$1 for BH Residents/ \$2 for Non-Residents  
Instructor: Cynthia Harper  
Roxbury Park Community Center • 471 S. Roxbury Drive
- **Table Tennis (Open Play)**  
Wednesdays, from 1:00 p.m. - 3:00 p.m.  
Free • Roxbury Community Center, Elm Room  
471 S. Roxbury Drive



**Interested in increasing your monthly income?  
Do you have an extra room in your home?**

Affordable Living for the Aging (ALA) is a new community partner in the City of Beverly Hills. With ALA's roommate matching service, you can rely on their staff to pair you with a great roommate. ALA conducts background screening on all participants and assists with establishing a written agreement to define your roommate relationship.

Call Miriam: 213.261.3862 or visit [alasseniorliving.org](http://alasseniorliving.org) if you would like help finding a reliable roommate.

# ROXBURY VIEWS

The Roxbury Views is published by the Beverly Hills Community Services Department. The content is primarily submissions by the members of the Creative Writing class that meets on Thursday, plus other information by City staff. If you would like to have something considered for submission, send it to: Jane Winston Doman at [jdoman@beverlyhills.org](mailto:jdoman@beverlyhills.org) or call 310.285.6843.

471 South Roxbury Drive  
Beverly Hills, CA 90212  
310.285.6840

Ilse Nusbaum, *Editor*

**EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:**

John H. Adler  
Teri Angel, *Recreation Services Manager*  
Corinne Chakarian  
Ruth Clark  
Jane Winston Doman, *Sr. Recreation Supervisor*  
Cynthia Harper  
Winifred Hervey  
Tak Nakae

**DESKTOP PUBLISHING**

Michelle Werwega

## Human Services is here to help

For assistance problem solving and finding answers to your questions call 310.285.1006 or email [humanservices@beverlyhills.org](mailto:humanservices@beverlyhills.org). We're invested in your well-being!

**The Embrace Civility Awards are back!** Do you know someone who is a role model, does the right thing or promotes community in Beverly Hills? The Human Relations Commission invites you to nominate this person or group for the annual Embrace Civility Award to showcase people making a positive impact on our City.

Nominations are available at City Hall Suite 200 - Community Services Department, the Library, Roxbury Park and La Cienega Park, or call 310-285-1006 to request a form by mail.

**August 3rd is the nomination deadline**, but don't delay – take five minutes and nominate someone today!

