

ROXBURY REVIEWS

NEWS IN AND AROUND BEVERLY HILLS

Published by Beverly Hills Community Services Department.

The content is primarily submitted by the members of Thursday's Creative Writing Class and also includes information from City staff.

Summer 2019



Join the City of Beverly Hills at the Farmer's Market on Sunday, August 4th 2019, from 9 a.m. - 1 p.m., as we celebrate the market's 25th anniversary and the 7th annual PickleFest.

Pickle fanatics and pickling amateurs alike will chow down as they compete at the annual Beverly Hills Farmers' Market

PickleFest. Sponsored by legendary Beverly Hills delicatessen Nate'n Al, PickleFest features family-friendly fun, entertainment and a sour-puckering contest for the "Best Dill Pickle" in Beverly Hills. There's also a category called "I Can Pickle That!" where entrants can compete with any pickled fruit or vegetable grown in California.

If you are interested in submitting your pickled delight, visit our website at beverlyhills.org/picklefest for application and details.

Beverly Hills Farmers' Market is open Sundays from 9:00am to 1:00pm rain or shine. 9300 block of Civic Center Drive between Third Street and Santa Monica Boulevard.

Two hours free parking in the Civic Center Parking Structure at 450 Rexford Drive.

For general information, please call 310.285.6830.

In Loving Memory of Dallas Rose Gaultois

by Barbara Collins

I met Dallas about five years ago at a Beverly Hills Active Adult Club function in the Roxbury Community Center. At that time she was the oldest member of the Screen Actors Guild.

Dallas had quite a passion for writing. She started working with Clint Eastwood in the 50's on the show Rawhide episode one.

When the Marx Brothers were looking for something special, their manager stopped by Dallas's office. After giving it some thought, she wrote "When the Clock Strikes."

Lux Playhouse, Four Fast Guns, and Man with a Camera came next for Dallas.

Her office at the studio was next to Alfred Hitchcock's.

A young southern gentleman came by every morning to say hello. Often Dallas was working on a project. She didn't pay much attention. The young man was Elvis Presley.

I will always remember Dallas as a cross between Betty Boop and a leopard.

Rest in peace my friend. You had a beautiful life. It was my pleasure to know you.

Dallas Rose Gaultois was born on October 30, 1923 and passed away on June 6, 2019. She had been a BHAAC member for the past five years.

At This Age of 78

by Gary Youngman

I am finally just beginning to get a grip on the partial knowledge of why we travel the dating path when we are young, to get to the point of finding a life partner. I had not a clue of what the future was to hold after dating, then getting married, bringing new children into the world, watching them mature, and finding life-mates of their own. My daughter Lauren recently married, and I sometimes still look at her as my wife's and my small innocent baby. Our 35-year-old son James is still in the dating scene.

The first time I got married, my reason to take the plunge, was a belief that if you had intimate relations with your girlfriend, it was proper to wed. My first girlfriend and wife was Molly Molloy, a famous dancer. Because of work-related opportunities and financial difficulties, we ended the marriage after a year and parted ways. Molly went off to England to be a choreographer, I broke into film editing in the Manhattan commercial film business.

I went on to make two feature films "RUSH IT" and "DOORMAN" that I co-wrote with my second wife, Barbara. Now after 41 years together with Barbara, I have been thinking about the experience of raising our son and daughter and wondering what the future holds for them. The overall picture of these life experiences and the paths we take still mystifies me. I find during the different stages of life, the perspective changes. Mine sure have.



The Tree People

The healing umbrella of the tree people
Clears heads and eases burdens.
Nightly their leaves draw energy from the stars
That they transmit freely to us.
By embracing them and moving among them
Their energy activates our own inner stars.
And our balance is restored.
No wonder we love parks and tree-lined streets
For the tree people are nature's oldest therapists.

— Icilda Orr

Emancipation

A streamer of rainbow sky
Floating in and out of clouds
Wafting billowing
Like a spinnaker
Enabling one to sail
Free wind to the heavens
As soaring birds
Rejoicing with the drafts
Teasing the earth
Swooping down
Breathing upward
A dance
From Isadora Duncan's repertoire
The first taste
Of liberated movement
An impressionistic mirage of colors
Kaleidoscope against the turquoise

— Judi Donin



The Dad I Hardly Knew

by Tak Nakae

While one of my classmates was reading her paper about the happy relationship she had with her father, I felt a tinge of jealousy because I never had those kinds of happy times with my dad. Although he was part of my life for almost ten years, my personal knowledge of him is limited. What I do remember is mostly secondhand from various sources.

My dad was a rarity among those from Japan who immigrated to America in the early 1900s. He must have graduated from a technical school before coming here; I remember an old photo of him and fellow students dressed in white lab coats standing behind some kind of machinery. He was said to be very proficient in English and soon became a communicator between the local Japanese community and the general public. He also served as a translator and interpreter for the local court. His fluency in English allowed him to become friendly with many leaders of the public community.

His goal for immigrating here was to buy some raw land, convert it into a fruit orchard, and start a farm business. During his youth in Japan, he was known to be a very successful gardener. He planned to save enough money to return to Japan, meet and marry his picture bride (selected by his older brother), and return to America with her to start their family. By 1912, he had saved enough money either to make that planned trip to Japan or to make a down payment on 20 acres of raw but ideal land for his orchard. Now he faced a dilemma. California was on the verge of passing a law which would prohibit aliens like him, those ineligible for citizenship, from owning land.

He made the hard decision to arrange to buy those 20 acres in the Sierra foothills. He regretfully asked his bride-to-be, our mom, to wait until he could save enough money to send for her. She had to wait four more years before she finally came to America. A schoolteacher, she was disappointed by the primitiveness of her new home in the still rural America compared to the rapidly modernizing Japan she had just left. Her new home was a small rustic cabin without electricity or running water. She quickly adjusted and helped Dad complete their orchard. The nation's economy at that time was good for their budding orchard business. They built a bigger and more modern house to raise our family, consisting of my older brother, a younger brother and two younger sisters.

Dad seemed to be involved in many organizations, and on most evenings he would leave after supper to attend their meetings. He was always willing to lend his leadership and influence to improve the welfare of the local Japanese community, who were mostly tenant farmers. I recall seeing many trophies and plaques thanking him for his leadership displayed on his desk, attesting to his participation in those numerous organizations.

The last thing he organized was mutual burial insurance. It was the beginning of the Great Depression; many Japanese family did not have the money to take care of funerals. Each member family would contribute a small amount of money to help the affected family financially. Ironically, we were the first family to benefit from his last effort. Thus, he had limited time to spend with my siblings and me in family gatherings.

There are a few thing about him that I can recall. One rainy day, he came to our school in his car to take us home. I still remember how grateful I was to avoid getting wet. He suffered from rheumatism. He soaked in many hot springs, hoping to find his Fountain of Youth, but never did.

Once he brought home a bunch of smelly roots which he pounded to squeeze its juice to make a hot bath to soak in. It must not have relieved his pain, for the balance of those roots was soon discarded. After injuring one of his fingers, he was sitting at the table reading the newspaper. Periodically, he would dip his injured finger into a cup of antiseptic. He also had a cup of tea, which he would sip. Once, he mistakenly picked up the cup of antiseptic, instead of tea, to sip. I thought he was going to die, but he survived, to my great relief. *continued on page 4*

The Dad I Hardly Knew

by Tak Nakae

continued from page 3

He must have been a Ford auto fan. We had a Model TT, a Model AA truck and several Ford cars. The local Ford dealer, who was one of his friends, later related Dad's interest in the soon-to-be introduced entirely new 1932 Model B with a V8 engine. Tragically, the prospect outlived him.

My last image of him was when I was awakened in the middle of a March 1932 night to see him laid on the sofa. He had been killed by a point-blank shot in the back of his head. The suspected professional assassin was never identified. Why he was killed remains a mystery now as then. Perhaps, he was a victim of the old phrase, "Leadership creates enemies."

These events may appear insignificant to most, but they are my only memories of the dad I hardly knew.

CAME TO AMERICA
TO BECOME A FRUIT FARMER
HE WAS MY FATHER



Another Summer Day in June

When summer takes center stage
sun rays blaze the beach
at the peak of June
as dull grey skies drift away
highlighting hues of blue

Sunlight shimmers atop of radiant crystal sand,
and white sea foam cascades upon the beach shores,
as a passersby's curious face unfolds
emotions of pride and joy

Wandering feet deeply sink
into salt-water sand,
an exposed peek-a-boo hair
sun-kissed streaks glisten,
while sunbathing for a perfect tan

For those in favor of summer's
sunny, bright, hot weather -
let's celebrate fun together
and explore more summer rituals
surrounding huge bonfires
where the beach night party glows

As the summer heat breaks,
let's await the happiness of
another June summer day

— Tildrell Jones



The Dog in the Sky - A Serious Tale

by Ilse Nusbaum

What could be more appealing than a national holiday to honor your dog? Celebrated annually on August 26, National Dog Day is one of four pet-centered holidays introduced by Colleen Paige. She wasn't the first to link canines to hot weather, but unlike National Dog Day, the dog days of summer have nothing to do with canine affection.

In ancient times, the dog days were associated with Sirius, a brilliant star in the constellation Canis Major, which is Latin for the major canine – the greater dog. According to Greek and Roman mythology, Sirius was the dog of the hunter Orion. The brightest star in our night sky, Sirius was visible during the daytime in the years before pollution shrouded Earth's atmosphere.

From about July 24 to around August 24, the Dog Star appears in the east before sunrise and sets in the west along with the sun. Until the invention of the telescope, the vast distances between celestial objects weren't calculated or even envisioned. Therefore, the star's apparent proximity to the sun led ancient Greeks and Romans to believe that the heat from the Dog Star, when added to solar heat, caused summer's hot, sultry weather. The Romans called them "dies caniculares" or "days of the dog star."

The dog days weren't universally loved in ancient times. Homer wrote: "... like the star that comes to us in autumn, outshining all its fellows in the evening sky – they call it Orion's dog, and though it is the brightest of all stars it bodes no good, bringing much fever, as it does, to us poor mortals." (*Odyssey*, translated by S.H. Butcher & Andrew Lang, 1924: Ch. 22, v 25-31ff).

The Romans also thought the star radiated extra heat when it rose and set with the sun. Virgil wrote: "Just as when comets glow, blood-red and ominous in the clear night, or when fiery Sirius, bringer of drought and plague to frail mortals, rises and saddens the sky with sinister light." (*Aeneid*, translated by A.S. Kline, 2002: Book X: v 271-273).

By the 1500s, the English, too, were attributing sultry days to the heat of the star, and the theory persisted. The *Old Farmer's Almanac* of 1817 exhorted: "Dog Days are approaching; you must, therefore, make both hay and haste while the Sun shines, for when old Sirius takes command of the weather, he is such an unsteady, crazy dog, there is no dependence upon him."

Does it seem odd to you that a newly fashioned holiday to honor dogs coincides with the end of the dog days of summer? On second thought, it may not be a coincidence. Maybe the founder was purposely replacing the sinister reputation of the Dog Star with sunny images of our pooches at play.

This has been a long, dreary winter and cool, rainy spring, so here's my suggestion: When Sirius finally brings us some heat, take your canine companion for a romp at the beach. Stay until the Dog Star sets with the sun and enjoy summer's kind breezes.



LACMA

Is it a pancake or a coffee table?
Is it a motel or an airport terminal?
No, it's the architect's design for a new
LA County Museum of Art.

Tear down the old and build it anew.
Project 50,000 more square feet
to accommodate the art holdings.

Wait. It looks like 10,000 fewer square feet.
What happened?

The architect decided to provide a single floor
crossing Wilshire Blvd. Isn't it great?

No. It is inadequate.
The collection needs to remain together.

Don't worry, we will house as much as possible.
The rest of the art can be placed in
future satellite locations all over the city.
It will be closer to the public.
Really? Transporting parts of the collection to
different venues is a good plan?

If the desire is to make art more readily available
to the public, why not lower the admission fees?
What about space for such items as
administration, curator offices,
a library, art storage, classes?
There is none. It is said that rental of space in
buildings nearby will be arranged.

LACMA will be re-built this one time.
It needs to be seen as one of the country's
greatest art museums.
Despite the \$36 million spent for this design
it needs to be re-conceived and made great.
It must be rejected for the inadequate design that it is.
It must include space for the entire art collection.
It must be made accessible to everyone.

Think, County deciders of the future!
Give the people in Los Angeles County
the museum that they deserve.

— Sylvia Fogelman



Say YES to the Adventure Workout

by Cynthia Harper



It's travel time! Summer is a wonderful time to hit the road for a travel adventure. Your trip will be more enjoyable if your body is ready, too. Whether you are going to visit family, see the sites across the country or take a trip around the world, you should tune up your body before you go so you can enjoy what's ahead. If you have an idea of what type of trip you will be on, you can match your plans to your exercise routine.

If your vacation will include walking for long periods, standing and keeping up with a group, you will need to increase your stamina. You will also want to consider the terrain you will be walking - museums, cobblestones, trails, stairs - as you begin a travel workout. If you are going to have to wear a backpack or lug around a heavy suitcase, you'll need strength to handle your luggage. If your travel includes unusual modes of transport like boats, trains, jeeps, you will need flexibility. A pre-trip fitness workout routine will go a long way in preparing you for this adventure.

Finally, don't neglect your feet - wear your new shoes before you go so your feet will be happy! Try these

exercises to increase stamina, strength, and flexibility. Do each exercise 8-10 repetitions, 3 times, and do them at least 5 times a week. If lots of walking is required, then gradually walk longer and longer periods of time to build up stamina, and keep up your stretching routine to maintain flexibility. You should start 6 weeks before your trip so that you will gain that extra confidence for smooth sailing and happy trails.

Suitcase Press and Squat: to build strength and power and get that suitcase in the overhead bin.

Stand with your feet hip-width apart, stick hips back and squat down to reach an object (try a ball or empty suitcase to start) and bring it up and overhead as your legs straighten; slowly lower to a squat position, repeat.

Hover Craft: to build strength in your legs; this may come in handy if you find yourself in the situation where you need to hover!

Stand with your feet hip-width apart, lower your backside as if you were going to sit in a chair and hover for 10 to 15 seconds; then stand up, repeat. It is a good idea to have a chair under you in case you need to sit down.

Airport Quick Step: to develop bursts of quick, confident speed when you need to rush in an airport or catch up with the tour

Walk for 5 minutes to warm up, then add bursts of speed walking for 15-30 seconds, rest for 1 minute and repeat. Do this 5 -10 times. You can bring along your suitcase for an extra challenge!

Bon Voyage!

A Summer's Day in Greystone Park

Nestled in a fashionable area
of Beverly Hills
is one of my favorite parks
a secluded, gentle place,
except for the raucous birds.

I love to sit in the shade
and listen to the melodic symphonies of nature,
the trees and their gentle whispering,
glimpsing an occasional deer, squirrel, badger,
as one zips across my path.

One day, as I sauntered by the fish pond,
a peculiar sight stopped me in my track.
A turtle on a trek up a slippery rock.

It struggled step by step,
to its destination but slid several times
back into the water.

The last time it looked up sadly.
I turned to leave,
thinking it had given up,
but it started climbing again.

Fascinated, I stayed, and must have dozed off.
When I opened my eyes, thirty five minutes later
the turtle was basking in the sunlight atop the rock.

— Catherine Cummings



Peacock

A large and heavy
flying bird,
beautiful plumage,
blue and green,
tail feathers,
long, longer than
the whole body,
fold then unfold,
spectacular fan
to impress peahen,
not always successful,
mostly ignored,
upset, irritated,
and frustrated
by the coquette partner,
frustration incompatible
with his extreme pride...

Royal allure,
beautiful colors,
brilliant gold tail
iridescent,
attractive,
impressive,
decorative,
ornamental,
printed design,
inspires
artistic painters
to create majestic artwork,
masterpieces,
appreciated by high society.

Such a beautiful creature
is indicative of
the handiwork of God.



— Sara Levian

Reminiscences of a Summer in 1967

by Madeleine Isenberg

My husband Jerry and I had been living in Haifa, Israel since 1965, and our first child was born that year. He was named for my father, Henri, and Chaim, in Hebrew. While living in Israel, we just called him Chaim. Two years later, Israel was engaged in the Six-Day War that came as a shock to us Americans living there. I wondered if every generation had to live or die during a war. My mother was born during World War I; I was born during World War II; and now, likewise, I had a child who was too little to understand what war was.

My mother had an older brother, my Uncle Louis in London, England, where I was born. I am grateful to him for financing my visit from Israel to London just a couple of months later so that I with Chaim could meet up with my mother, who was also scheduled to fly there from Los Angeles. We would be staying with my widowed grandmother, Annie Sacks, in the same house where I had lived in my infancy.

In Haifa, my husband was a struggling PhD student, and we lived on his nominal teaching assistant's salary. Our one luxury was a super-eight movie camera. The camera arrived just as Chaim was taking his first steps and Jerry, as a long-time camera buff, did most of the filming. For this pending trip, Jerry insisted I take the camera with me, although I wasn't very confident in my filming capability. But I did my best to capture tidbits of that August I spent in London.

With all the changes in media technology in the past fifty-plus years, we managed to convert some of these old soundless movies into formats that could even be played on a hand-held device. But today (23 May 2019), I came across it again on my desk-top computer. It's blurry and just barely over two minutes in duration. Fortunately the weather was summer-warm for outdoor photography. First to appear is my beloved grandmother, my Bubba, playing with Chaim in her back garden. She loved to tend to that garden and was very proud of it: the berries that clung to the wooden fence, the flowers, and the tree. Huge hydrangea bushes dominate a frame and she brings Chaim over to them to give them a sniff. And he runs over to try sniffing another hydrangea cluster. Bubba, smiles shyly and waves to me, unsure of how to respond to being filmed.

To get a good vantage point for more filming, I went to my upstairs bedroom, and leaned out the window. Here is another scene where my mother is in the same garden. Two of her cousins, Rosie and Netta, have come to visit and see little Chaim. They never had children of their own and they are trying to play with him on the grass. My mother, dressed in summery pink, stands next to the pear tree that was planted in the middle of the garden at the same time when I was born, by another uncle who died too young. The pear tree is as old as I am. It is lush and green although I cannot tell if any pears are growing. Too bad the film is not that sharp; maybe due my lack of experience.

The film has a few more people in other locations and I think it was Uncle Louis, also a better videographer, who has even captured me in one scene. Bubba died about seven months later having just learned that I was expecting a second child. Aside from my son, the rest of the women in the garden have also departed this world. The less-than-focused film casts surreal imagery but I'm glad I have it as poor as it is, to remember those loved ones and the summer of 1967. As fuzzy as they are, these few seconds I captured, bring a smile to my lips and a wistful tear to my eye.

A warm British summer.
Even poor films
Remind us of what once was.

A Summer Sonnet

Spring comes to ones who seek its deathless dream
The sum of parts that only summer knows
Ancient cloud harps bleach golden sunbeams

The bird must follow until it reaches home
Hearts bear love's pain and therein lies the truth
A child's prayer can never be undone

The sea without a sky, a blackened hue
Blood red autumn wind burns leafy spires
Winter spawns the seeds of summer's dew

That bursts from brooks and slings the rainbows higher
Sunlit stars loom on cloudless rails
That only eagles willingly aspire

Seek deeper forest beyond the lover's grail
Lights of Spring begin sweet Summer's tale.

— Gene Czap



On the Swing

Higher higher
So much fun
On the swing
Being pushed all the way
Up
In the air
Was a big victory
The higher we would go
The thrill
The excitement
Playfulness
Of
Far-gone childhood
This is way back
In the park
We called it
The jungle
A lot of rustic nature
Endless trees
Water fountain
Little pool
Ice cream
Barbequed corn
Parents
Watching us
Siblings wild
Time to go home
Before dark
Captured memory
Of this park
Up in the air
On the swing
Happy memories
Easy playful days
Carefree
Easy to please
Corn
Ice cream
Up in the air
On the swing
Meant the world to us
The days of innocence



— Elizabeth Bolour

Hola, Cambio

by Marsha Miller

Never have I been a big fan of change. Oh, sure ... I don't mind changing a diaper, changing the linens, or changing the toner on a fax machine. But that's about my limit. Why then, in 1965, was I the one to suggest to my husband that we pack up our three children (ages, 3, 6, and 9) and move to Mexico? Because I was stupid, that's why.

I must have heard or read somewhere that it's a wife's duty to make her husband happy. I'd like to get my hands on whoever said that. At the time, my husband had just been awarded his Bachelor of Arts degree in anthropology, the first in either his family or mine to earn a college degree.

One evening we were talking about his further pursuing his studies, obtaining a Master's Degree, specializing in Mesoamerica. Well, one thing led to another; I could sense his longing and, at the same time, realizing his being grounded in the role of family man and all that that entails. Perhaps it was that hangdog look on his otherwise manly face that prompted me to blurt out, "I've got an idea. Why don't we move to Mexico!"

This, of course, meant leaving behind family, friends, and other things familiar. Which most certainly included *la lengua iglesia*. This caused us no end of problems.

Shopping, which would otherwise have been a mundane task here at home, turned into a daily challenge in *ciudad de mexico*. I mean we're not talking super *mercado* where items with recognizable labels are all clearly displayed for easy viewing. We're talking small neighborhood *mercado* where we needed to ask for an item and, if luck were on our side, the grocer would fetch it for us.

One day in particular, I remember. I needed raisins. *Problema*: I didn't know how to say raisins in *español*. Ah ... but I did know the word for grapes (*uvas*), and I did know the word for sun (*sol*), so I managed to scrunch up my face and say, "*Yo quiero uvas con mucho sol*," And *voilà*... raisins!

I figured that, if I could communicate by a combination of broken Spanish and exquisite animation, this *gringa* could get by for the year with no *problema*— at least as far as speaking was concerned.

But then came that fateful day when I was forced to reckon with the difference that just one letter could make — the difference between *pagar* (to pay) and *pegar* (to hit). I am still not clear on the particulars. All I know is that I meant to tell Antonio, our teenage neighbor, "If you will wash my car, I will be happy to pay you." Despite innocence and good intention on my part, I somehow said in Spanish something like: "If you get water on my car, I will hit you."

I would like to say that, in the year spent in Mexico, language was our biggest hurdle. But it was not. I would also like to report that the year of living in another country was a truly marvelous experience for my family and me. But it was not. I would like to tell you that returning to the good old U.S. of A. was the return of comfort and joy that this spoiled *norte Americana* had previously taken for granted. And it was.

Yes, we left our home in 1965 during the Watts Riots. We returned in 1966, just in time for "the summer of love," when we changed out of our *sombreros* and into our love beads.

And we bid *adios* to Mexico and *fiestas in parque de Chapultepec* and hello again to the City of Angels and love-ins at *parque de griffith*. And that's one change I heartily welcomed.

Peace!

Comings & Goings

Upcoming events:

- **BINGO**

Come join the fun every second and fourth Friday of the month from 1:00pm – 2:30pm at the Roxbury Park Community Center. Cost is 25 cents per card.

- **SUMMER CONCERTS AT BEVERLY CAÑON GARDENS**

Concerts on Cañon: 6pm & 7:15pm every Thursday evening now through August 31, 2019.

Beverly Hills Proms: 6pm & 7:15pm Every Saturday evening now through August 31, 2019. Bring the whole family. Concerts are free.

- **SHAKESPEARE IN THE PARK**

Wednesday, July 24 at 7:00pm

Roxbury Park

Event is FREE.

For more information, call 310-217-7596.

- **14th ANNUAL SENIOR HEALTH FAIR**

Monday, September 23 | 10:00am - 1:00pm

Roxbury Park Community Center

The City of Beverly Hills, in cooperation with Cedars-Sinai Medical Center, is pleased to offer the 14th Annual Senior Health Fair. The Health Fair is a wonderful opportunity for seniors to receive free medical screenings as well as gather vital information. Those caring or responsible for aging adults will also find the Health Fair helpful. A boxed lunch, compliments of Cedars-Sinai Medical Center, is provided to all seniors in attendance.

- **THE GOLDEN AGE OF PASADENA**

Wednesday, October 2nd, Time TBD

\$32 (BHAAC Members) / \$57 (non-members)

Tickets are limited. Call 310-285-6840 for availability. Cost includes transportation, guided tour of the Fenyes Mansion, a royal afternoon tea at the Four Seasons tea room, and trip chaperone. Register at Roxbury Community Center.

ROXBURY VIEWS

If you would like to have something considered for inclusion, send it to: Jennifer Lev at jlev@beverlyhills.org or call 310.285.6841.

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Beverly Hills Active Adult Club Membership

Membership is open to anyone 55 years or older. Your card is valid July 1, 2019 - June 30, 2020. Benefits include FREE or discounted admission on ALL activities and excursions.

The Annual Membership cost is:

Beverly Hills Resident: \$5.00

Non-Resident: \$7.00

\$2.50 additional with caregiver. Limit 2 caregivers per membership.

Fees will not be prorated.