

MGA Summer Member-Member was hot one



Jon May, left, Edd McClain are winners of the '21 Summer Member-Member.



The top five teams are, from left, Ken Kidd, Ron Jensen, Doug Ballenger, Jim Rice, Jon May, Edd McClain, Jim Hansen, John Hansen, Jeff Turner and Scott Abner. PHOTOS COURTESY OF BCMGA

Men's Golf Association
KENNETH KIDD, MGA PRESIDENT

Temperatures soared to the mid-90s for the MGA Summer Member-Member, July 30 and 31. The weather certainly didn't stop 92 golfers from competing. We thank the pro shop staff for providing coolers of ice water and cold towels on the golf course during the tournament. This helped keep everyone hydrated and somewhat cool. The

tournament contained five flights of players and at the end of play on Saturday the top team in each flight went to the playoff for the championship. Three teams were eliminated on the first playoff hole. The teams of May/McClain and Kidd/Jensen went to the final playoff hole. In the end, May/McClain were victorious. Here is how the top five teams finished.

1st place: May/McClain; 2nd place: Kidd/Jensen; 3rd place: Turner/Abner; 4th place: Hansen/Hansen; 5th place: Rice/Ballenger
 It was another great tournament and the next event is the NFL Tournament, Aug. 20-21. There are currently 96 members signed up.

Sports & Outdoors

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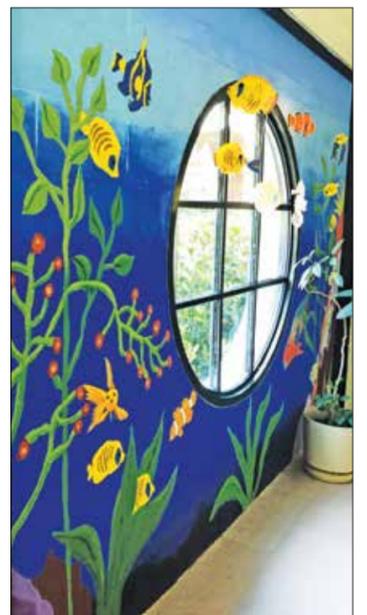
Swim with the fish at Wellness Center pool



The BC Touch-up Gang: John Feight, left, Ellen Finley, Hugh Westberry, Sue Hammill, Beth Westberry and Mimi Zentgraf. PHOTOS COURTESY OF JOHN FEIGHT



Sue Hammill hangs a colorful "nemo" clownfish.



The circular window at the natatorium in full color.

BY MARGO VALLONE

In 2019, artist John Feight, founder of the Foundation for Hospital Art, and his "BC Touch-Up Gang" initiated an art project at the Wellness Center natatorium. I called the beautiful series of undersea life murals that now embellish the back wall of the indoor pool the "Aquarama" in a September 2019 *Smoke Signals* article. That remarkable display didn't totally satisfy John's creative need to cover blank walls. Soon the paintings surrounding the

circular window in the natatorium followed, this time with the addition of a few fish suspended loosely on fish line from a ledge above the windows, creating the illusion of swimming fish. But wait, artist John mused. Don't fish usually swim in schools, and shouldn't the mural on the back wall connect more realistically with the circular window wall at the front of the pool? Of course it should! And, so, phase three of this work-in-progress added 83 more swimming fish along the windowed wall.

As John's eyes wandered around the room, he thought, "How about the hot tub on the opposite wall? We definitely need fish on all sides of the room to create the sensation the viewer is submerged in a small ocean." Now, water aerobics class participants and swimmers are surrounded on three sides by undulating colorful tropical sea life. This series of sea creatures was fashioned by a number of the BC Touch-Up Gang members, including John Feight, Ellen Finley, Hugh Westberry, Beth Westberry,

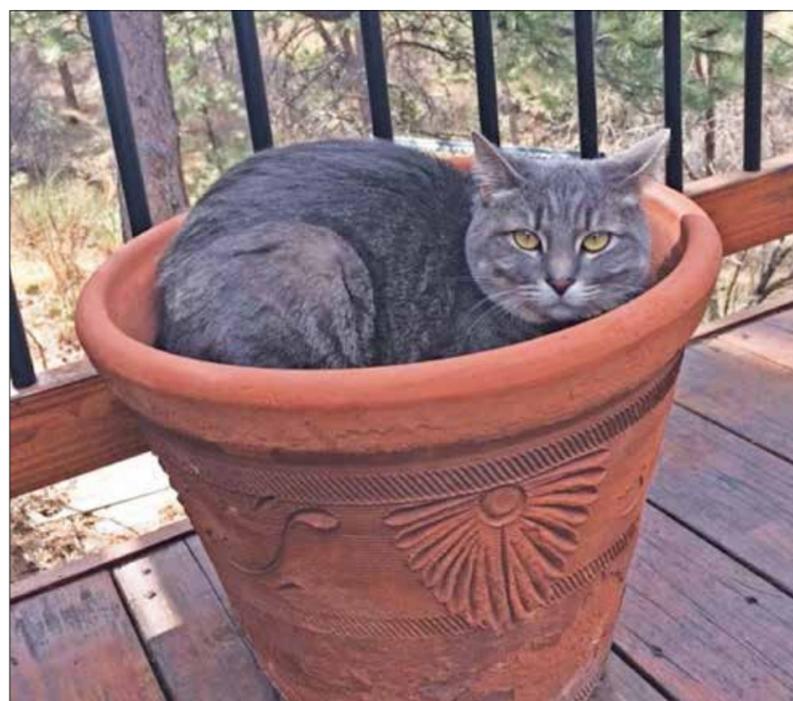
Sue Hammill and Mimi Zentgraf, who used cardboard templates to cut out fish shapes. Feight explained after some trial-and-error, the group determined that large, clear plastic containers from Costco were the ideal material for the hanging sea life. This material is lightweight and allows sunlight to glimmer through the colors of the fish as they move. The artists used Wikipedia photos and samples that John and others painted, blending the colors and designs on both sides of their creations. Their only instructions were to ■ **SWIM** | Page 2

"Had David's impertinence consigned us to the 'not serious' category, unsuitable as pet owners and unworthy of consideration as adopters?"

First Darling: Eleanor Parke Custis Cat, aka 'The Best One'

Maggie's House
JEANNE T. HEIDLER

For some reason we still can't understand, the little gray tabby didn't just catch my attention, she arrested it. There was no earthly reason for this. She looked like every other gray tabby in the world. She was bashful to the point of withdrawal. She glanced up from her kennel, but quickly ducked her head down. "A cat can look at a king," she seemed to be saying, but thinking better of it, she looked away, as if apologizing. My brief glimpse of those eyes, though, stopped me in my tracks. The Oxford English Dictionary could depict those eyes beside the entry for "kind" with cross-references to "benevolent" and "warm." I asked if I could hold her. The teenaged volunteer opened the cage, placed the little tabby on a table and told me a bit about her. She was 9 months old and thus past the "cute kitten" stage that would have set her apart from the million others like her. Nobody had seemed to notice her, let alone want her. The cat began



Potted Nelly. PHOTO BY JEANNE T. HEIDLER

to purr, and it was then that the teenager leaned closed to my ear and whispered something.

I called David. "Listen," I said as the purr became a rumble, "I've never heard—I mean, just look, I don't think" Words

failed me, but I didn't need them. I knew. We both did. It happened eight years ago this autumn. Our Cyren had been only 10, but her cancer was remorseless and rapid, and Maggie's loneliness over suddenly being an only cat matched our grief over the loss of her friend and our companion. In December, we stopped by an open house for rescued cats at PetSmart, just to have a look. The lady in charge was British and pleasant in a Judy Dench sort of way. She was also somewhat officious (in a Judy Dench sort of way) as she explained their organization could not afford a facility and had to rely on foster homes. The result was cats and kittens bouncing from place to place where no one ever mistreated them, but they never belonged to anyone either. The house and people could change week-to-week. The only certain routine was on Saturday when they were loaded into carriers and brought to a pet store. Adoptions happened for some; the rest went back to people who fed them in places where they didn't belong. It was no wonder they all seemed a bit frightened and were understandably timid as people stared into their cages. We were among those people, until those eyes stopped me cold. Then the purr melted my—well, you know the rest. ■ **NELLY** | Page 9