
Susman Unleashed by Steve Susman

Surveyors place stakes in the ground. Your doing so could cost you \$500. Our Rules are clear: You cannot place **anything** in our common areas – chairs; plaster castings of pets; water fountains; bird-feeders; giant Sequoia trees; or a fracking tower. This restriction is to enable us to maintain some architectural uniformity, and to avoid interfering with our mowers and trimmers. Some residents in Pelican Pointe place stakes or short poles in the lawn in front of their townhome – maybe to host a flag, or, more likely, to tether a dog’s leash. Unfortunately, these stakes or poles can become hidden by the growth of nearby landscaping. The result is frequently a broken mower mechanism or industrial trimmer. The latter cost about \$500 to replace. That will be the fine imposed upon you if your stake or other common-area infringement is the cause of such damage.

To paraphrase part of our Rule on tethering pets: Pets cannot be tethered to any part of the common areas. A pet may be tethered on a resident’s patio, provided that the maximum length of the tether restricts the pet to only that patio. Pit bull or chihuahua – it makes no difference.

In “The Wizard of Oz,” there’s a “yellow brick road.” Anyway, our brick pavers at our main entrance are red. They are actually half-bricks, providing an attractive complement to the concrete drain-pan in front of that area and adjacent to the street. Over time, several of our pavers have deteriorated – from weather and from the abuse of so many vehicles treading over them. In addition, that concrete drain-pan has deteriorated, and looks like some of the homes in Gaza. Your management company and Board are currently entertaining proposals (bids) for the replacement of the broken pavers and the severely-damaged portions of the drain-pan. *The road to Hell is paved with good intentions* [an aphorism of unknown provenance].

Are you too-often searching the inner-sanctums of your refrigerator, reaching tentatively for left-overs for lunch? If so, liberate yourself from your wilted salad; toss it, and wash your Rubbermaid food storage container. Peanut butter and crackers again? Didn’t you get enough of that in your school lunch boxes? A better alternative is to attend our Lunch Bunch luncheons. As you know, this very-informal group – men, women, others -- meets monthly at a different local restaurant, for variety. We stay on the east side of town; we select restaurants that (a) are reasonably priced; (b) have sit-down service; and (c) have adequate parking on site. You’re automatically a “member” of this group by your residency or ownership here. There are no commitments; no membership fees; no demerits for poor attendance. We meet at 11:30, usually on a mid-week day, and adjourn about 1:00. Each attendee orders his own lunch. “Separate checks, please” [testing the waitperson’s college-honed skills at juggling the gravy-stained bills, credit cards, cash, and change for the cash]. Topics of conversation (several occurring simultaneously) include Pelican Pointe goings-on; international crises; good movies; other restaurant recommendations; the Kardashians; Paris Hilton’s latest boyfriend. We shy away from political rants, and don’t even approach topics such as the conditions of the Ughurs near the Chinese-Tibet border. See the front page of this newsletter for details.

Put it on your calendar; in the interstices of your smartphone; in your Day-Timer; and consider tattooing it on your forearm. Our Annual Homeowners Meeting will take place on Thursday evening, November 20, 2014. Unlike many other HOA’s, we always attract a

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sizeable turnout. Our Social Committee is presently evaluating a couple of venues for this anticipated event. You'll continue to receive notices as the date approaches. Those who have attended in previous years uniformly praise the event – good food (paid for by your Association); interesting program; very short speeches; and a good opportunity to meet more of your neighbors, and to share opinions and comments about our Association and life in Pelican Pointe. Board vacancies are filled by your votes. The next year's budget is presented. Cruising on the Caribbean is sensible in November, but it's more expensive than attending our Annual Meeting. You can still visit your tanning salon, and pretend that you cruised.

At least "Old Faithful" in Yellowstone erupts in the same location. In Pelican Pointe, we can't foretell when or where our complex subterranean irrigation system will "spring a leak." Sometimes, a geyser will appear at the site of the breach. Other times, Sonny must be alert to new puddles or surface rivulets. In any case, repairing the leak involves digging, to find and repair or replace the broken joint or section. Substantial portions of this system are several feet deep; this work is not a lot of fun. Within the last few months, breaches have occurred in the main sections of each of our two incoming municipal water-taps. Each is about 3"-4" in diameter. They appeared at the junction-points with the pipes of lesser diameter. These breaks might be caused by ever-shifting, expansive soils.

Weird:

- How is it that we put a man on the moon before we figured out it would be a good idea to put wheels on luggage?
- Why do toasters have a setting that burns the toast to a horrible crisp?
- Why do we press harder on a remote control when we know the batteries are getting dead?
- Is there ever a day that mattresses are not on sale?
- I'm supposed to respect my elders, but it's getting harder and harder for me to find one now.

LOST and FOUND:

Lanyard with three keys.

Contact Steve at (303) 394-0942 if they are yours.

AUGUST BOOK CLUB

Because of summer travel, the Pelican Pointe Book Club has decided to cancel our August meeting and will resume with our meeting on September 9. Joyce Berman in Unit MM105 will host the meeting and Marcia Helfant will lead the discussion.

The book for September is "The Boys in the Boat", by Daniel James Brown. It is the touching and thrilling true story of the 1936 University of Washington crew team, which went from backwater obscurity to a gold medal at the 1936 Berlin Olympics, at which Adolph Hitler was hoping to prove Aryan superiority. Rowing had been a rather aristocratic sport, with long established teams from Oxford, Cambridge, Yale, Harvard and Princeton being leading contenders. The team from the University of Washington was made up of young men raised on farms and logging towns, many of whom depended on summer and part time work to pay their tuition. The author draws on interviews with the surviving members of the team and their coaches to provide an emotional first person perspective of UW's 1936 varsity crew and its rise from obscurity. You don't have to be interested in rowing to find the stories of these young men and the development of the team a compelling read.

TRASH PICK UP DAYS:

AUGUST 6, 13, 20, & 27

RECYCLE DAYS:

AUGUST 13 & 27

SAVE THE DATE!!!

**FALL BAR B QUE SOCIAL
SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 2014
5:00—7:00 P.M.**