

Dawn walker stresses safety

By J.J. McCORMACK
Daily News-Sun staff

In a sport with no hard and fast rules, 93-year-old Greta Foerster stands as a beacon of personal safety.

Foerster is an avid walker who rises at 4 five mornings a week for a ritual trek around the the Plaza del Rio medical and residential retirement complex in Peoria.

When she walks out of her apartment door at 5, it's pitch black. The moon is waning, the stars are still bright in the sky and the din of birds and traffic has not yet broken the peace and quiet.

For Foerster, walking before daybreak is pure joy.

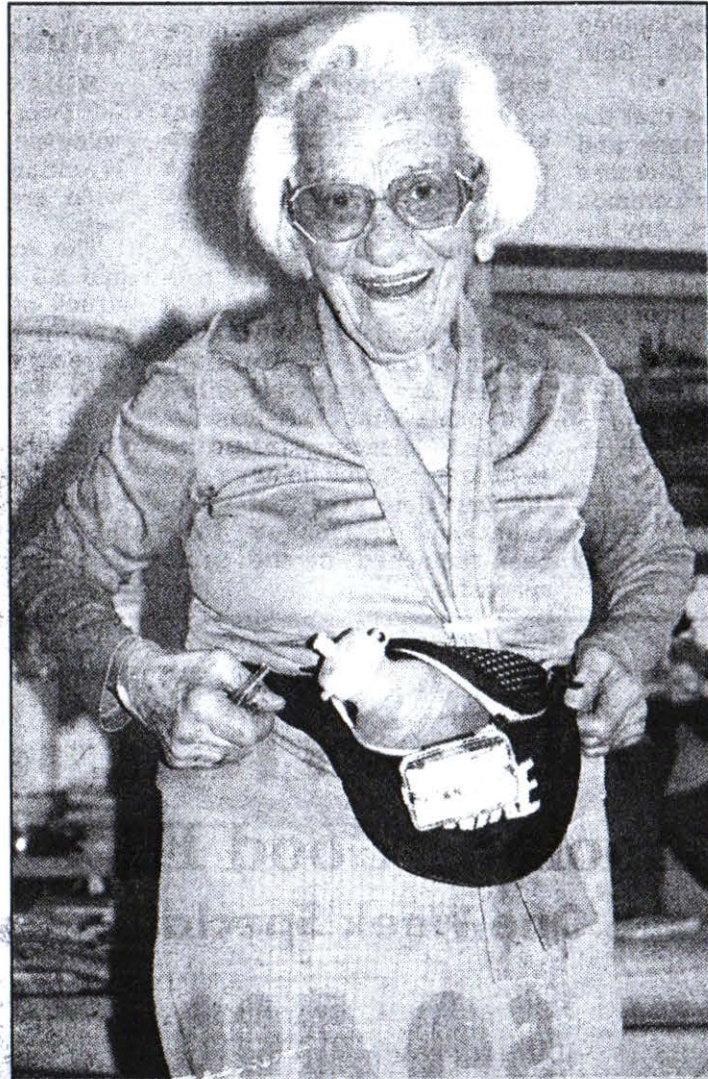
"There is no other way for me," she said, adding that she gets high on fresh air.

"Breathing in fresh air gets rid of the old dirty air in your body," she said. "Walking up and down the hall (as some of her neighbors do) is absolutely not the same."

Walking before daybreak can also be dangerous. Motorists and bicyclists often don't see pedestrians crossing a street or driveway until headlights flash in the whites of their eyes.

That is not the case with Foerster. Thanks to a pair of strobe lights strapped to the front and back of a waist purse, she is visible well before a headlight shines in

See Son gives, A5



J.J. McCormack/Daily News-Sun

Greta Foerster wears a waist purse with a pair of strobe lights strapped to the front and back to make herself visible while walking before the sun rises.

Son gives gift of light to keep tabs on mom

—From A1
her direction.

"Lights are the most important thing," Foerster said.

The strobe lights were a gift from Foerster's son, Dr. Thomas Foerster, chief of internal medicine at Walter O. Boswell Memorial Hospital.

An avid bicyclist who often cruises the streets before dawn, the younger Foerster said he decided the strobes were in order when he had trouble finding his mom as she walked and he rode in the mornings.

"I couldn't find her, so I was a little concerned that no one could see her."

In addition to the strobe lights, Mrs. Foerster carries a flashlight in one hand and her keys clenched tight in the other. She considers her keys a weapon, just in case something bad befalls her.

Although some people prefer walking on grass or pavement, Foerster prefers the sidewalk for safety reasons. "I wouldn't walk on the street," she said.

Thomas Foerster also recommends walkers use sidewalks. Those who es-

chew the concrete for pavement should try more shock-absorbing shoes, he said.

Greta Foerster buys inexpensive tennis shoes but uses cushioned insoles for improved comfort on the hard sidewalks.

It was Thomas Foerster who got his mom hooked on walking when she moved to Sun City from Chicago 14 years ago.

Greta Foerster credits her footwork and twice-weekly exercise class for her stamina and longevity.

She spends 4½ hours every weekday helping out the staff in the business office at Boswell.

"Walking and exercise has kept me able to do and be what I am now," she said. "I'm still able to do a job like an employee. Where would a 93-year-old woman get a job like that?" she asked.

Foerster espouses the feel-good benefits of walking for all ages.

"It's always the feeling good that you have to have in your life," she said.

FOERSTER, GRETA

Ken Fold

Ken Fold met his wife Billie Jean on a blind date in 1948. They both were attending San Diego State University at the time. Today, three children, six grandchildren and three great-grandchildren later, the couple is living happily ever after in Sun City.

The native Californians moved to Sun City in 1988.

Ken graduated from San Diego State with a bachelor of science degree in business and economics. He went on to work with several southern California defense contractors witnessing missile launches from naval war ships, attending anti-submarine war schools and huddling with Marines in fox holes to test the shoulder launch missiles he helped to create.

In 1966, he joined IBM and moved to Huntsville,

Alabama where he worked on the Saturn/Apollo Moon Project. A decade later, he was transferred to upstate New York with IBM. He retired in 1988.

A second generation Sun Citian, Ken has served as president of the B-4-9 Lyons Club, the Sun City Hiking Club and the Sun City Square Dance Club. He also held various other officer positions in those clubs and has been a member of many other Sun City clubs, including woodworking and silvercraft. He served four years on the volunteer committee of the annual Apple Dumping Festival.

Ken also serves with the Sun City PRIDES. He currently has two areas of responsibility — the cleanup from Thunderbird Boulevard to Topaz Drive and is in charge of watering the medians from 99th to 103rd Avenues.

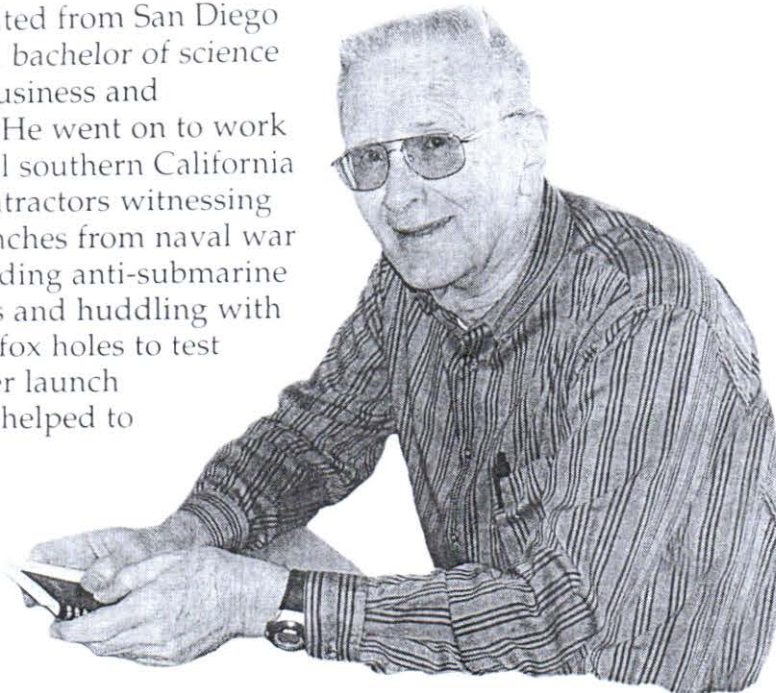
The Folds were both active members of the Sun City 40th Anniversary Committee and Ken has spent the last five years with the Sun City Sheriff's Posse. He retired on April 1, however, due to time constraints with serving on the RCSC Board of Directors.

The 75-year-old was elected last December to serve a three-year term on the RCSC Board. Ken said he ran for the Board because he wanted to give residents a fair shake at voting. "I just wanted to make sure there were a number of candidates running. It allows for a choice so people would have an opportunity to vote."

He is an advocate of improving the facilities too. "Not only for encouraging new people to come to Sun City," he said, "but it is important also for the people who are already here."

Serving on the Board has given Fold an insight of things he had no idea had to be done, he said. "I had a desire to have a say in the direction of Sun City. I want to do the best I can to preserve Sun City and contribute as best I can to the operation of RCSC.

"I love it here, it's a great place to be!"



FOLD, KEN

Shining through

Sun City woman finds light of faith still burning in Europe

By Betty Latty
Special to Community

"What we found was, that, after all the 40 years of communism, whether Catholic, Czech Brethren, or Hungarian Reformed, and with lots of problems having their people persecuted, subtly or overtly, the church was still there."

SUN CITY — Betty Forsberg returned from a tour this summer of Eastern European countries with that impression and many others.

One of 30 Presbyterian women from throughout the country, Forsberg enjoyed access to people and places beyond the traditional confinements of tour groups.

Her job now is to interpret what she saw.

Forsberg, a member of Faith Presbyterian Church, is readying a series of talks about her three-week participation in Global Exchange/Journey of Hope, sponsored every three years by Presbyterian women to help bring together women throughout the world.

Forsberg represented women of the Presbyterian Synod of the Southwest, which includes Arizona and New Mexico.

After preparing for almost a year for the early summer trip, the Sun Citian went to the Czech Republic, Romania and Hungary after first flying to Geneva, where the travelers divided into two groups.

They later met in Budapest, Hungary, and joined a debriefing in Vienna, Austria.

As for the languages, interpreters always were available. One female minister in Romania spoke English — "but it didn't really matter, (the people's) love showed through," Forsberg said.

Among her observations were medical facilities — or the lack of them.

"Some clinics seemed out of the 19th century, with very primitive equipment," Forsberg said.

In the Czech Republic, doctors were not well paid, and most were women.

Mentally handicapped children and adults, under communism, seemed to be institutionalized —

"call it warehoused," said Forsberg.

"Families were made to feel ashamed to have such a relative."

Recent news reports of abandoned patients bear out what she saw. But Forsberg said the churches seem to be stepping in to help.

There were highlights to Fors-

berg's trip. One was an emotional visit to a small Romanian village where 250 townspeople waited for more than two hours to give a tearful welcome.

"When I asked why this reaction, the villagers explained through their pastor that they had felt so abandoned, and were so thrilled that anyone would come all the way from the United States to see them.

"We were invited into their homes, ate fancy breads. I heard some places saved up sugar coupons. But it was the only reference to rationing that I encountered.

"And there was wonderful music from a choir that could have been professional, but there they were shepherders, and women in babushkas.

"When we left, we took their hands, which were so hard and calloused because young people had gone and only villagers were left for field work. The women hugged us and kissed both cheeks, and the men, in very old world,

gallant fashion, kissed our hands."

The Presbyterian women also were invited to Tirgu Mures, or Romania, to attend as observers an ecumenical forum which brought together women of Catholic, Orthodox and Hungarian Reformed faiths, which Forsberg described as an almost impossible feat.

"There has been a lot of tension between them, because, you see, the church has played a very different role in each of those countries, and there is stress as they decide on many issues, such as dealing with collaborators, and forgiveness," she explained.

Forsberg's first talk is set for 11 a.m. Saturday, at Christ Presbyterian Church, 6440 W. Indian School Road., Phoenix.

That will be followed Sept. 22 at Valley Presbyterian Church, 6947 E. McDonald Drive, Paradise Valley.

For information on upcoming lectures, telephone 974-8666.



Betty Forsberg is proud of the souvenir she received from Romanian Christian women on her trip to eastern Europe.

Tom Tingle / Staff photographer

"When we left, we took their hands, which were so hard and calloused because young people had gone and only villagers were left for field work. The women hugged us and kissed both cheeks, and the men, in very old world, gallant fashion, kissed our hands."

Betty Forsberg

Journey of hope

Sun City woman participating in Presbyterian goodwill project

By KIMBERLY HICKS
Daily News-Sun staff

This time next week, Betty Forsberg will be headed for Eastern Europe on a journey of hope.

The Sun Citian is one of 32 women from across the country selected by the national organization of Presbyterian Women for the 1993 Global Exchange Journey.

The Global Exchange, a program sponsored by the national Presbyterian Women, takes place every three years. Participants meet with citizens of other countries in a variety of settings to exchange ideas, explore ethnic and cultural similarities and differences, and to share the Scriptures.

Forsberg is representing the Presbyterian synod of the Southwest, which includes Arizona and New Mexico, on a journey to the Czech Federal Republic and Romania.

She leaves Wednesday and will return May 10.

"This isn't going to be a tourist trip at all," she said. "It is to find out how these people live, what their problems are and how the cope. ... We'll be talking about the concerns they have. I hope to develop an understanding of what they're going through."

On her journey, Forsberg will visit a women's prison in Prague, an orphanage in Romania, a home for handicapped children in Hungary and hospitals, schools and historical sites throughout the Czech Federal Republic, Romania and Hungary.

With the help of a European interpreter, she will also experience daily life in the region. Her itinerary includes traveling by bus and train, attending church services, shopping at the Romanian markets and spending at least one night with a Romanian family.

'We'll be talking about the concerns they have. I hope to develop an understanding of what they're going through.'

Betty Forsberg

Bible studies are an integral part of the trip. Participants will share six themes with the Europeans they meet: Hope, accompanied by passages from the book of Isaiah; Awareness/Sensitivity; Presence of God, in which they will ponder God's presence in the midst of what they see and hear; Commonality/Similarities; Mutual Ministry/Empowerment; and Change/Growth.

Forsberg said she is excited, but not afraid despite recent political unrest in the region.

"I think I will just be cautious. If they say not to do something, I won't be foolish," she said. "I'll take precautions, but you cannot live in fear."

Forsberg, who attends Faith Presbyterian Church in Sun City, was chosen after completing a series of interviews with the national Presbyterian church-wide coordinating team. She learned she had been selected for the goodwill mission on her birthday last June 15, and immediately began preparing.

"I've had to do a tremendous amount of reading and research," she said.

She's also collected more than 75 small gifts to take, including pencils, gum, flower seeds and knitted baby booties.

The trip begins in Stony Point, N.Y., where the 32 women will gather for orientation.

From New York they will travel to Geneva and split into two groups. Half

FORSBERG, BETTY

OVER



Stephen Cherek/Daily News-Sun

Betty Forsberg of Sun City sorts through the small gifts she will take on her journey to Eastern Europe. Forsberg is one of 32 Presbyterian women from around the country chosen for a goodwill mission to the Czech Federal Republic and Romania.

will visit the Czech Federal Republic and Romania. The others will travel to Poland and Germany. The two groups will meet again in Budapest, Hungary for debriefing before returning to the United States.

When she returns, Forsberg must commit to two years of public speaking

engagements in Arizona and New Mexico. Already, she said, eight Valley organizations have asked her to speak at their functions when she returns.

In 1994, women from the central and eastern regions of Europe, selected by their churches, will travel to the United States on a similar mission.

DOERS PROFILE

**Ann
Foster**

- Hometown:** Aledo, Ill.
- Family:** Three children, 12 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren
- Inspiration:** "I just like to do things. I do like to help people and I do like to meet new friends."
- Greatest feat:** Marring the wonderful man that I was married to for so many years and raising a wonderful family.

Volunteer fosters love for Sun City

By TINA SCHADE
Staff writer

No more debris in Gay Paree. That was the goal when representatives from France visited Sun City several years ago. They were seeking the answer to what keeps the City of Volunteers brighter than the City of Lights.

What they found were the Sun City PRIDES, an organization that prides itself on keeping the community beautiful.

They also found Ann Foster of Sun City, a self-described volunteer-aholic, who has been a member of the club since its inception in 1980. When Foster joined the PRIDES, she was one of five people and the only woman who answered an ad for volunteers hearty enough to knock down the hip-high median weeds to a more tolerable and aesthetically pleasing height.

"We have a community that needs volunteers. We have a wonderful place to live. I love it here," she said.

After 18 years with the PRIDES, Foster still wakes up between 5 and 6:30 a.m. every Saturday to remove unsightly litter from medians and along Grand Avenue.

For her dedication, Foster has received national recognition. In 1985, she was one of two PRIDES invited to have lunch with President Ronald Reagan in the state dining room.

The 84-year-old used the same determined approach in goading a few kisses from the president as she does in keeping the streets spick-and-span.

"I said I brought you a couple of kisses from Sun City. But I'll have to throw them to you because you're so far away," she said.

Upon hearing that, Reagan walked over and leaned in close enough for Foster to deliver the Sun City kisses, Foster said.

"President Reagan was like President Kennedy. He was great on voluntarism," she said.

When she's not picking up oranges or maintaining the water systems with the PRIDES in Sun City, she also helps deliver food for the Meals on Wheels program.

She has been serving as a substitute with the organization for the last seven years.

Foster also taps into her boundless energy to deliver magazines once a month for the Bell Lioness Club, of which she has been a member for the last 12 years. She has held several offices with the club.

The Illinois native likes to have fun, too. She calls bingo every Monday night at Wooddale Village and plays every Thursday at the Elks Club.

But even in her free time, Foster is thinking of others. She enjoys baking apple, cherry and pecan pies and hands them out to friends.

"I just like to do things. I like to help people and make new friends," she said.

To nominate a Doer, call Tina Schade at the Daily News-Sun, 876-2514.

Foster, Ann

Friday, May 14, 1999 • The Arizona Republic

Doris C. Foster, Sun City activist

By Lisa Wilson
The Arizona Republic

Doris C. Foster, a well-known civic activist in Sun City, died Tuesday. She was 82.

Mrs. Foster was born in Richland, Ore., in 1916. She was exposed to civic work early in life: her father served as postmaster and justice of the peace.



Doris C.
Foster

The seventh of eight children, Mrs. Foster lived in both Oregon and California and worked as a welder in California during World War II. She settled in Washington and worked as a railway clerk for Burlington Northern Railway for more than 30 years.

Her work with Citizens for Self-Government began shortly after moving to Sun City in 1984. Her daughter, Stephanie Kurzina, said it was a natural progression.

"She managed to be active all throughout her life," she said. "It was in her nature to get involved in things she believed in."

In 1992, Mrs. Foster led a petition drive to include a vote for the incorporation of Sun City in the

November election. Steven Kozica, the organization's current secretary, worked with Mrs. Foster for 12 years.

"She was a tremendous person," Kozica said. "She was practically the heart of the organization and was always a prime mover."

Mrs. Foster continued to support the incorporation of Sun City through her work with the organization.

"She was impassioned with the cause," Kurzina said. "She believed that people have the power to make their own decisions because she did it for herself."

Mrs. Foster also volunteered as a hostess for the Sun Cities Area Historical Society.

She enjoyed square dancing and "never missed a Saturday night dance," Kurzina said. She also served as secretary-treasurer in the Unitarian Universalist Church of the Sun Cities.

Survivors include her husband, Albert; daughter, Stephanie Kurzina; sons, Craig, Mark and Larry; and six grandchildren.

Services will be at 2 p.m. Saturday at Best Funeral Home, 9380 W. Peoria Ave., Peoria.

The family suggests contributions be made in lieu of flowers to Unitarian Universalist Church of the Sun Cities, P.O. Box 1771, Sun City, AZ 85372.

Doris C. Foster

Doris C. Foster 82 of Sun City, died after a brief illness Tuesday, May 11, 1999 at the Sun Health Hospice Residence in Peoria.

Mrs. Foster had an active administrative career having worked for more than 30 years for the Burlington Northern Railway in Washington state. After retiring and moving to Sun City she became active in public affairs here; she served as President of Citizens for Self Government, and as both Secretary and Treasurer of the Unitarian Universalist Church of the Sun Cities. She also served as Secretary of the Volunteers Auxiliary of the Good Shepherd Care Center in Peoria and as hostess for the Sun Cities Area Historical Society.

She was a past member of the Mountain View Roller Skating Club. She was active in square dancing and was a member of the Saturday Night Sundial Ballroom Dance Club.

Mrs. Foster is survived by her husband, Albert of Sun City, a daughter, Stephanie Kurzina of Boston, Massachusetts, sons Craig Oney, Mark Oney, and Larry Oney, all of the Seattle area and six grandchildren.

A memorial service was held on Saturday, May 15, 1999, 2:00pm at Best Funeral Home, 9380 W. Peoria Ave., Peoria, AZ 85345.

Gifts in lieu of flowers may be sent to the Unitarian Universalist Church of the Sun Cities Building Fund.



Community involvement suits her

Woman heads crusade to incorporate Sun City

By Lori Baker
Staff writer

SUN CITY — When Doris Foster moved to Sun City in 1984, she didn't pay much attention to the talk about incorporating the retirement community.

Doris and her husband, Hal Dawson, who was dying from cancer, moved in with her sister and brother-in-law because they, too, needed her to care for them.

"My sister had cancer and my brother-in-law had Alzheimer's disease. My husband was sick then, too, so I decided to move to my sister's home in Sun City so I could take care of all three," Doris said.

She had recently retired from a 27-year career as a clerk for Burlington-Northern Railroad in Seattle, Wash., where she raised her four children.

After her loved ones died within 1½ years of each other, Foster inherited the Sun City condominium and sold her Seattle home.

It was not until 1986, when she considered marrying Sun City resident Albert Foster, that Doris — who today is president of Citizens for Self-Government — became interested in incorporation.

"Albert wanted me to read a lot of literature he had about how our transportation and many other things could be better funded if Sun City was incorporated," Doris said.

See FOSTER, Page 4

FOSTER

From Page 1

She said she resisted reading anything about incorporation. In 1985 when a citizens group tried unsuccessfully to get signatures to force an election, she was not eligible to vote because she was a Washington resident, but she helped her brother-in-law show he was against it.

One night when she was unable to sleep, Doris decided to read the incorporation pamphlets that Albert had given her.

"I thought reading it would make me fall asleep. To my surprise, I became very interested and highly incensed when I read how a noisy group had been able to break up a homeowners (association) meeting where board members had studied the issue for a year and wanted to recommend incorporation," Doris said.

Doris, who has been a secretary for her church and various groups for several years, said she never intended to be anything but a "helpful backup" for Citizens for Self-Government.

But in November, Les Merydith talked her into taking over his job as president, because at 88 years old, he was experiencing hearing problems.

"I had never been in politics before except for my involvement in the railroad union, but the public-service example had some

roots in my family," Doris said. "My grandfather was a town marshal and my father was a justice of the peace."

Once she was at the helm of CSG, the 76-year-old grandmother of four made incorporation a full-time job.

She manned the campaign headquarters phone, researched what might be the benefits of incorporation, compiled brochures and newsletters, and encouraged people to write letters to the editor. She also oversaw the petition drive that came 120 signatures short of meeting the 3,242-signature requirement.

"It was difficult to collect signatures because many people were afraid to trust us. They thought we were crooked," Doris said.

She said the campaign headquarters is likely to close, but she is not quitting her battle. She hopes a new petition drive would start next year and the 1,500 CSG members would work from their homes.

"Because our busiest circulator had not re-registered to vote at his new address, the 150 signatures he gathered were thrown out," Doris said. "We really had enough signatures. All we have to do is go back to those same people and get their signatures again."

FOSTER, DORIS

Winter visitor merits award

to receive Order of Canada

CONNIE STEELE

Daily News-Sun staff

SUN CITY — A Sun City winter visitor will step into Canada's most elite circle in April.

That's when John Fox receives the Order of Canada, that nation's highest civilian award. The medal recognizes Fox for leading the Canadian-Pacific Railway's largest construction project since the railway was built.

Order of Canada recipients are chosen for outstanding achievement, their service to Canada or their service to their fellow citizens or to humanity at large, Fox said Wednesday in a telephone interview.

The award of merit was established in 1967 when Great Britain recognized Canada as a sovereign and independent member of the British Commonwealth. Until then, outstanding Canadians received the Order of the British Empire bestowed by Queen Elizabeth II.

Fox will be recognized April 17 for his "environmentally sensitive work" on the last project he managed as vice president of engineering with the Canadian-Pacific Railway.

The job cost \$425 million in U.S. dollars and took 4½ years to complete. The railway cut through the Selkirk Mountains, part of the Rocky Mountain Range, to construct 21 miles of rail line, 10 miles of which were in two tunnels and more than a mile of bridges, Fox said.

As chief engineer, Fox coordinated the job including the logistics of feeding and housing

more than 1,100 construction workers. To complete the job through Glacier National Park, Fox "introduced innovative and environmentally sensitive engineering techniques."

To anchor one of the bridges, "we had to go through roughly 300 feet of silty soil with a high water and boulder content," he said. "After 150 feet of straight excavation, we eventually had to drill a vertical shaft" to make it through. Then, "we had to drill a whole series of holes around the perimeter of the shaft and insert freezing pipes to freeze the whole thing solid, just like in a skating rink, only we did it in a big circle."

Fox said the technique had been used in potash mines, but "to the best of my knowledge it was the first time they'd used this in Canada in this setting."

He faced environmental problems working in a national park. "We had to be careful about the flora and fauna and everything else that goes along with it."

"When we were planting shrubs and trees, we had to be careful about the species we planted so they wouldn't attract animals" who would eat the shrubbery.

"How we handled the earth moving and the way we disposed of the rock" was his chief concern in cutting a 9-mile tunnel and installing bridges.

"The worst thing would be making ugly scars on the sides of the mountains that would be visible to all the park visitors," he said.

When the project ended in



Daily News-Sun photo by Connie Steele

DISTINGUISHED HONOR — John Fox reads a brochure that details the background of the Order of Canada medal he will receive April 17 in Ottawa, Canada. Becoming a CM, member of the Order of Canada, is the highest civilian honor a Canadian can receive.

1989, Fox retired from the railway, ending his 40-year career.

Fox's wife, Janet, said Thursday that she was very proud of her husband.

"Not many engineers receive the award or wind up their career this way."

When he is invested into the Order of Canada, Fox will be linked to other outstanding Canadians, including public figures like past governor generals, Olympic skater Brian Orser and hockey player Wayne Gretzky.

The ceremony will take place in Canada's capital, Ottawa, Ontario.

"I've been told to wear black

tie and tails and all my war medals," said Fox, who was a Royal Canadian Air Force pilot in World War II.

On Tuesday, John and Janet Fox will return to Calgary, Alberta, after wintering here.

The Foxes have four sons, John of Crystal Lake, Ill.; Douglas and Timothy in the Montreal area; and Jeffrey of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The Foxes are members of the Sun City Country Club and live in a leased home in Phase One of Sun City.

"This is our second year in Sun City," he said. "We used to go to the Palm Springs area and came over here to visit some friends and decided we liked it."

FOX, John

Senior tutor

Helper honored for 14 years of schooling

By Dan Shearer
Staff writer

GLENDALE — Bill Frame never lets his mind wander too far from the task at hand.

The 78-year-old Sun City resident has volunteered as a tutor at Luke Elementary School for 14 years, and says the current group of children keeps him too busy to reminisce about those he's helped over the years.

"There were some standouts," he says. "They had the ability to catch on to what's going on and to see the big picture."

The second-graders Frame helped when he first volunteered are halfway through college now. And Frame has moved up, too: He's now a helper in Sharon Eshelman's fourth-grade class.

"He's like a grandfather figure in the room, a facilitator of learning," Eshelman says.

Eshelman has taught at Luke two years and welcomed Frame into her class after he approached her before the school year two years ago.

"He just walked in the room during teacher prep week and said, 'I'd just love to help you and the children. Can you use me?'"

You bet they can.

Frame tutors children one-on-one in a range of subjects on Mondays and half-days on Tuesdays.

To history lessons he brings life experiences about poverty, war and the military. He sparks discussion and curiosity with news



Peter Schwepker / Staff photographer
Volunteer Bill Frame chats with pupil Shennel Archer, 10, at Luke Elementary School.

clippings.

But his greatest gift is the relationships he develops with children, Eshelman says.

"He is a listener," she says. "And he is so professional."

"Those kids need a lot of one-on-one attention because the classes are so big," Frame says. "But give them a little one-on-one, and by golly, they'll blossom."

On March 29, the day after his 78th birthday, it was Frame's turn to listen again as the fourth-graders presented him with a plaque

for 14 years of service, a surprise birthday cake and a mountain of praise.

Frame isn't sure how much longer he'll volunteer, "maybe a year or two more. It depends on my health."

But the nagging problems aren't enough to keep him from the children, he says.

"I tell you, they're great. These kids, in the 14 years I've been there I've met nothing but great kids."



By LYNN PYNE
Staff Writer

Visitors to Daniel Franco's doorstep are greeted by a colorful ceramic tile near the doorbell that reads, "Pasando el umbral, es tu casa."

Loosely translated from the Spanish, this means, "When you cross this threshold, this is your home."

The green, blue, gold, and red-colored tile is one of hundreds of similarly-decorated tiles turned out by Franco in his patio workshop.

Proverbs on the ceramic squares are written in about 20 languages—Spanish, Portuguese, Romanian, Arabic, Gaelic, Italian, French, Czechoslovakian, Slavonian, Finnish, Swedish, Dutch, German, Hebrew.

FRANCO CRAFTS tiles to convey everything from a "Merry Christmas" message to an Irish flowery message, "Cushla machree mavourneen," meaning "Pulse of my heart, my darling."

Since he is fluent only in English, Spanish, and Portuguese, Franco must be painstakingly careful not to get confused as he letters such sayings as, "Dumnezeu sa te binecuvinteze," Romanian for "God Bless You."

The international flavor of his hobby suits Franco, who spent most of his career overseas. He did accounting and auditing for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, working many years in French Morocco.

In the mid-'50s he became chief cost accountant and auditor for an architectural engineering firm that built the U.S. bases in Spain.

FROM 1957-1960, Franco was chief accountant in charge of commissary operations for a construction firm in Vietnam. The firm built the bridge over the Saigon River, Highway 1 up the coast, and other projects.

Finally joining the U.S. State Department Foreign Service, Franco became budget and fiscal officer for the Agency for Interna-

tional Development in Brazil in 1961.

He accepted a Foreign Service post in Bolivia in 1966, but less than a year later was severely injured in an accident.

"I went down a mountain in a runaway vehicle that had lost its brakes," he said. "I was very crippled up when I came out here. I couldn't stay in the Foreign Service."

FRANCO STILL walks with a limp, but his injured arm, which was nearly useless at one point, is back to normal. As an outpatient at Bethesda Hospital, Md., he swam all day every day as therapy for his arm.

As the muscles and bone became stronger, he exercised by lifting half-gallon wine bottles on a broomstick.

He worked, still with a lot of pain, in Washington D.C. for two years as a systems accountant, but found, "After working overseas so long, working in the United States is kind of dull."

So in 1970, Franco and

his wife, whom he met in Morocco and married in Tangiers, moved to Sun City.

HE BECAME interested in crafting the proverb tiles, which he'd seen years ago in small old restaurants in Seville and Madrid, Spain. The proverb tiles were interspersed with others on the restaurant walls.

The old Spanish tiles were plain white with blue letters, but Franco's are brightly-colored. In developing his technique, which he's not anxious to reveal, he first hand-painted the lettering. It took about four hours per tile.

Now, using his personally-designed glaze decals, it takes from 20 minutes to two hours, depending on the number of letters and lines. Then they must be dried and fired to permanency.

He has collected about 500 different proverbs in about 20 languages and each is carefully recorded in a thick notebook.

FRANCO researched the public library, talked to consulate officials, contacted the heads of nationality clubs such as the Polaski Club in Phoenix, contacted foreign students at the American Graduate School of International Management Interfest, and even interviewed members of the Netherlands softball team when they visited here.

Still, he yearns for more sayings and particularly would like to expand his "depth" in the Finnish, Yugoslav, Hungarian, and Slavonian languages. He wants even more variety.

His selection already includes such sayings as: "Solen skinner for alle" (The sun shines for everybody, Danish and Norwegian), "God zegene u" (God Bless You, Dutch), "Mir s vami" (Peace be with you, Czechoslovakian), and "Velkommen Venner" (Welcome friends, Danish and Norwegian).

Franco's immediate goal is to craft 600 of the proverb tiles and 400 pic-

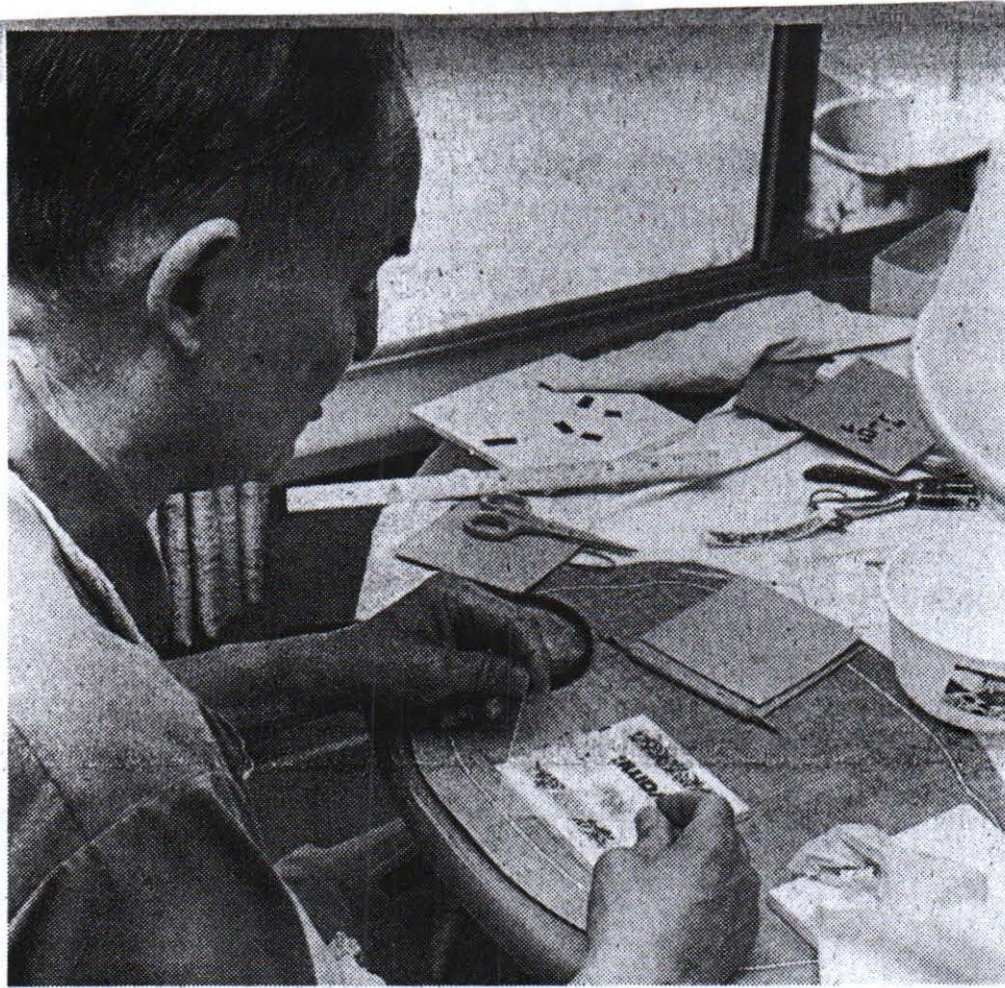
ture tiles, showing pictorial scenes.

HE SHOWS and sells his work at arts and crafts shows and shopping center displays.

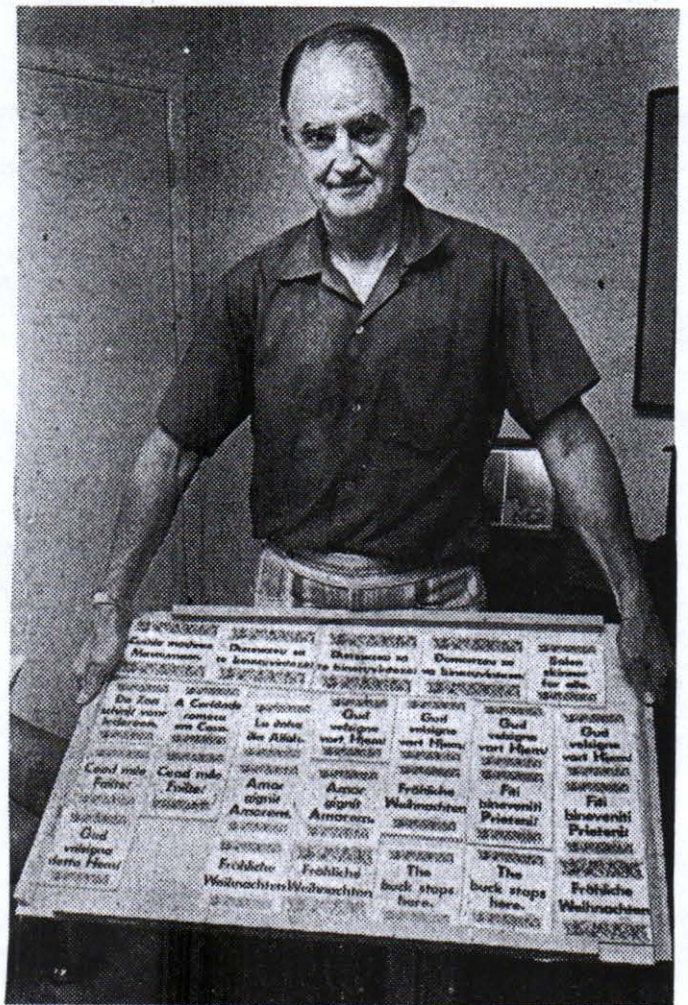
When Franco adds up his dollars and cents and time, he figures he's paid about \$1 per hour for his craft. "If this wasn't a hobby with me, it just wouldn't pay," he said.

Franco figures he must be the only tile craftsman in the U.S. using his process, which he is trying to copyright.

FRANCO, DANIEL



Using rule as guide to get letters straight, Franco places glaze decals on tile. He must "work clean" because any speck of dirt under letters would keep that spot from adhering to tile during firing.



Daniel Franco displays tiles which he has prepared for firing. When fired, some of coloring around flowers will burn off, leaving only glazed flower design adhered to tile. (News-Sun Photos)

Resident volunteers time to make Christmas brighter for others

By ANNE RYMAN
Sun Cities Independent

He doesn't live at the North Pole, wear a red suit or own reindeer.

But for Navajo children in northern Arizona, Sun City resident Ben Franklin might as well be the real Santa Claus.

Last week marked the third year he journeyed north with a truck and van packed with toys and clothes for Navajo children and their parents.

His destination was the Church of the Good Shepherd, an Episcopal church at Fort Defiance, five miles from Window Rock along the Arizona/New Mexico border. From there, the goods were distributed to a half-dozen churches throughout the reservation.

"The mission up there has an outreach program to clothe babies born of destitute families. Some are dirt poor and hardly have the money to buy warm clothes to take the babies home from the hospital," Mr. Franklin says.

The Episcopal Church of the Advent in Sun City West began collecting toys, clothes and afghans for the Navajos three years ago after women in the congregation heard a priest from Fort Defiance talk about the children's plight. They had no problem gathering donations, but the task of delivering the goods remained.

Enter Mr. Franklin.

"I jumped at the chance," says Mr. Franklin, who is a real estate agent for Ken Meade Realty and serves as the church's junior warden, responsible for building and grounds.

He has a special appreciation for the Navajo people and their culture. Growing up on a dude ranch in southwestern Colorado,

his family hired Navajo workers to help operate the ranch.

"I learned to have a high regard for Navajos. They're very independent, industrious, they love their land and that's where they want to be."

The project allows Mr. Franklin to spend the Christmas season helping others.

"All my life, I've spent Christmases somewhere other than in the conventional way," he says.

His unconventional Christmases include visits to Catholic missions in Colorado and Missouri as well as his most recent trips to Fort Defiance. He has found this last

venture particularly fulfilling.

"It's a very moving and inspiring experience.

"I'm impressed by people having such a strong faith. I think that's why I do this. It sure beats sitting around a tree. In those communities, you could forgive them for having little faith and hope because so many are poor and disadvantaged."

One experience, in particular, had a profound impact on him. Last year as he was headed north with a carload of unwrapped toys, he had visions of a riot breaking out once the children saw his load. He left the distribution to the minister.

"She looked at one of the boys and nodded and he went forward and got his present and he had a big grin on his face. Then the other children went forward and got their presents.

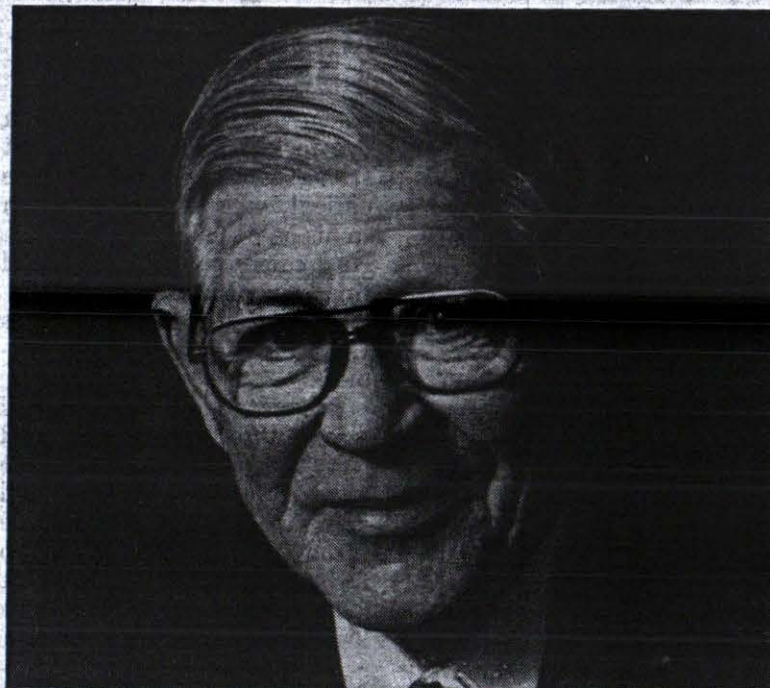
"There wasn't one complaint, not one word. That's the way they are. They don't really dwell on their shortcomings and misfortunes. They were brought up to be tolerant and accept what comes along."

He plans to return to the reservation for Christmas, which he describes as pretty conventional. Many decorate their homes, and even their hogans, with Christmas lights in celebration of the season.



Photo by ANNE RYMAN/Sun Cities Independent

Ben Franklin of Sun City doesn't look like Santa Claus, but to many residents of the Navajo nation he may be the best thing. For the past three years he has been collecting toys and delivering them to children on the northern



DR. OSCAR FRISKE

From babies to geriatrics

By P. ATWOOD WILLIAMS
Staff Writer

Anyone who has ridden in a sleigh through three-wire-high snowdrifts to deliver a baby can appreciate the blessings of Arizona's winters.

Such a man is Sun City's

third doctor, Oscar Friske, who hung out his shingle in Youngtown in 1962, because Del Webb's organization wouldn't build him an office or rent him space.

Friske was born in Sparta,

* Dr. Friske, B34

* Dr. Friske

—From B33

Wis., in 1903 and was graduated from high school there in 1922. He attended the University of Wisconsin at Madison from 1923-1930 and was graduated in the fifth class from the university's four-year medical school.

HE THEN took an exchange internship in surgery at the University of Indiana in Indianapolis for the next three years, finishing in Wauseon, Ohio.

He married and bought a medical practice in Beloit, Wis., in 1934. The Friskes raised four daughters.

"In those days we did everything ... obstetrics, surgery ... and had patients of all ages," he said in an interview in the office of his home on Sun City Boulevard.

SURROUNDED by his framed diplomas and admittedly outdated medical books, Dr. Friske might have been waiting for another patient. He keeps his medical certification valid for volunteer work.

"We were fortunate in those days to work with older doctors to gain more knowledge in surgery doing appendectomies, gall bladders, hysterectomies, caesarians, tonsil and adenoid removals," he recalls.

He remembers one patient to

whom he gave Congo Red, a dye to kill infections, but not strong enough to prevent the patient, who had an infection in his heart valves, from dying. Next came the sulfa drugs and finally, penicillin.

DURING THESE 15 years Dr. Friske delivered 467 babies.

Fees for delivering babies during the Depression ranged from the two cords of wood he received for the baby delivered after that hectic sleigh ride through the snow with two farmers to deliver a baby at Clinton, Wis., to \$125 for a "well-heeled" family.

For babies of people on welfare, he was paid \$17.50 by the county. \$35 was an average fee, and it included circumcision and pre- and post-natal care.

"WE TIPPED over once during that sleigh ride and had to dig my bag out of the snow before we could go on," he said. "The mother used a coffee cup with ether on cotton as a pain-killer. I had carried the ether in my coat pocket on that sleigh ride," he added.

Dr. Friske used the wood to fuel his coal furnace in his home on Grand Avenue in Beloit. At other times he accepted sides of beef, groceries or scrip

* Dr. Friske, B36

* Dr. Friske

—From B34

issued by the Chamber of Commerce in payment for services.

He remembers the carnival and circus workers who frequently feigned serious illnesses to be given the one legally permissible shot of drugs.

LATER HIS office was at 902 Fourth Street, and he recalls the Rock River flooding almost up to his office.

During those years, Dr. Friske occasionally assisted the Fairbanks-Morse Co. physician, Dr. Ray Baldwin, in surgery. He also worked on a fee-for-service basis for The Freeman Shoe Corp., Beloit Iron Works, Yates-American Co. and the paper company across from the dam.

During World War II, he was considered essential to the community where engines for subs and landing craft were being made and more than 1,000 Navy personnel were stationed.

HE RECALLS the many hernia operations which were never paid for by workers who finally had the time to have them, but never got the money together after a 6-8 month-long strike.

"Before I left Beloit to move to the Southwest for my first wife's health, I had a Santa Claus-Merry Christmas stamp

made and sent bills for \$70,000 worth of services stamped "paid" to my indigent patients," he said.

When he arrived in Phoenix, he worked at Good Samaritan hospital for 1½ years before he could be licensed by the state. Then he worked a year at the Butler Clinic in Safford.

HIS BACKGROUND in industrial medicine qualified him for a post at the Phelps-Dodge clinic in Douglas, where a smelter was in operation, and then he worked for the new Cornelia Division of Phelps-Dodge at Ajo. He was chief surgeon with three other doctors who operated a 30-bed hospital for 2,500 employees.

"Many of our patients suffered trauma due to major accidents with electric shovels loading railroad cars," he reports.

He then got certified in geriatric medicine and demonstrated his knowledge of aging, heart disease, hypertension and chronic debilitating diseases to pass his examination.

DR. FRISKE'S first office here was in the Youngtown Professional Building across from the Town Hall. He and the first Sun City doctors took their patients to Northwest Hospital at Glendale.

* Dr. Friske, B38

SUN —From B36

* Dr. Friske

He treated a lot of fractured hips in that office for five years before he moved to 103rd and Coggins for seven years, spending his last six years in an office at Arrowhead Center, for a total of 18 years of active practice here.

Dr. Friske is one of the founders of Boswell Memorial Hospital and furnished the first office used by the administrator. He served as head of the Department of General Practice for six years and is on the board of the library to which he gave his medical books.

HE HAS NEVER had his medical bag stolen nor had a malpractice suit and admits he has seen many changes in the practice of medicine.

"A midwestern real American boy just about doesn't have a chance with all the specialists," he said jokingly, adding that patients don't have to go out of town to get the medical help they need these days.

In active retirement with Judy, his wife of 21 years, he enjoys his leisure home at Pinewood and fishing as a hobby.

DR. FRISKE figures he has added between 2-300 pints of blood yearly to local blood banks by volunteering to certify senior citizens who are capa-

ble of making blood donations.

He is one of 240 members in the Sun Cities Retired Physicians Club and attends Shepherd of the Desert Lutheran Church.

He admits he never really got used to the high mortality rate among geriatric patients all these years, and that he got the most satisfaction in his career delivering babies and

doing surgeries back in Wisconsin.

"But I don't like the weather back there," he said recalling the tumble from the sleigh during his race with the stork.

Jan. 31 will find 82-year-old Dr. Friske on the job as physician of the day in the medical office at the state Capitol, the one day a year he annually performs this service.

NEWS-SUN Tuesday, January 29, 1963 25th Anniversary

25th Anniversary Tuesday, January 29, 1963 DAILY NEWS



DR. OSCAR FRISKE

From babies to geriatrics

By P. ATWOOD WILLIAMS
Staff Writer

Anyone who has ridden in a sleigh through three-wire-high snowdrifts to deliver a baby can appreciate the blessings of Arizona's winters.

Such a man is Sun City's

third doctor, Oscar Friske, who hung out his shingle in Youngtown in 1962, because Del Webb's organization wouldn't build him an office or rent him space.

Friske was born in Sparta,

• Dr. Friske, B34

* Dr. Friske

—From B33

Wis., in 1903 and was graduated from high school there in 1922. He attended the University of Wisconsin at Madison from 1923-1930 and was graduated in the fifth class from the university's four-year medical school.

HE THEN took an exchange internship in surgery at the University of Indiana in Indianapolis for the next three years, finishing in Wauseon, Ohio.

He married and bought a medical practice in Beloit, Wis., in 1934. The Friskes raised four daughters.

"In those days we did everything ... obstetrics, surgery ... and had patients of all ages," he said in an interview in the office of his home on Sun City Boulevard.

SURROUNDED by his framed diplomas and admittedly outdated medical books, Dr. Friske might have been waiting for another patient. He keeps his medical certification valid for volunteer work.

"We were fortunate in those days to work with older doctors to gain more knowledge in surgery doing appendectomies, gall bladders, hysterectomies, caesarians, tonsil and adenoid removals," he recalls.

He remembers one patient to

SUN —From B36

whom he gave Congo Red, a dye to kill infections, but not strong enough to prevent the patient, who had an infection in his heart valves, from dying. Next came the sulfa drugs and finally, penicillin.

DURING THESE 15 years Dr. Friske delivered 467 babies.

Fees for delivering babies during the Depression ranged from the two cords of wood he received for the baby delivered after that hectic sleigh ride through the snow with two farmers to deliver a baby at Clinton, Wis., to \$125 for a "well-heeled" family.

For babies of people on welfare, he was paid \$17.50 by the county. \$35 was an average fee, and it included circumcision and pre- and post-natal care.

"WE TIPPED over once during that sleigh ride and had to dig my bag out of the snow before we could go on," he said. "The mother used a coffee cup with ether on cotton as a pain-killer. I had carried the ether in my coat pocket on that sleigh ride," he added.

Dr. Friske used the wood to fuel his coal furnace in his home on Grand Avenue in Beloit. At other times he accepted sides of beef, groceries or scrip

• Dr. Friske, B36

* Dr. Friske

—From B34

issued by the Chamber of Commerce in payment for services.

He remembers the carnival and circus workers who frequently feigned serious illnesses to be given the one legally permissible shot of drugs.

LATER HIS office was at 902 Fourth Street, and he recalls the Rock River flooding almost up to his office.

During those years, Dr. Friske occasionally assisted the Fairbanks-Morse Co. physician, Dr. Ray Baldwin, in surgery. He also worked on a fee-for-service basis for The Freeman Shoe Corp., Beloit Iron Works, Yates-American Co. and the paper company across from the dam.

During World War II, he was considered essential to the community where engines for subs and landing craft were being made and more than 1,000 Navy personnel were stationed.

HE RECALLS the many hernia operations which were never paid for by workers who finally had the time to have them, but never got the money together after a 6-8 month-long strike.

"Before I left Beloit to move to the Southwest for my first wife's health, I had a Santa Claus-Merry Christmas stamp

made and sent bills for \$70,000 worth of services stamped "paid" to my indigent patients," he said.

When he arrived in Phoenix, he worked at Good Samaritan hospital for 1½ years before he could be licensed by the state. Then he worked a year at the Butler Clinic in Safford.

HIS BACKGROUND in industrial medicine qualified him for a post at the Phelps-Dodge clinic in Douglas, where a smelter was in operation, and then he worked for the new Cornelia Division of Phelps-Dodge at Ajo. He was chief surgeon with three other doctors who operated a 30-bed hospital for 2,500 employees.

"Many of our patients suffered trauma due to major accidents with electric shovels loading railroad cars," he reports.

He then got certified in geriatric medicine and demonstrated his knowledge of aging, heart disease, hypertension and chronic debilitating diseases to pass his examination.

DR. FRISKE'S first office here was in the Youngtown Professional Building across from the Town Hall. He and the first Sun City doctors took their patients to Northwest Hospital at Glendale.

• Dr. Friske, B38

* Dr. Friske

—From B36

He treated a lot of fractured hips in that office for five years before he moved to 103rd and Coggins for seven years, spending his last six years in an office at Arrowhead Center, for a total of 18 years of active practice here.

Dr. Friske is one of the founders of Boswell Memorial Hospital and furnished the first office used by the administrator. He served as head of the Department of General Practice for six years and is on the board of the library to which he gave his medical books.

HE HAS NEVER had his medical bag stolen nor had a malpractice suit and admits he has seen many changes in the practice of medicine.

"A midwestern real American boy just about doesn't have a chance with all the specialists," he said jokingly, adding that patients don't have to go out of town to get the medical help they need these days.

In active retirement with Judy, his wife of 21 years, he enjoys his leisure home at Pinewood and fishing as a hobby.

DR. FRISKE figures he has added between 2-300 pints of blood yearly to local blood banks by volunteering to certify senior citizens who are capa-

ble of making blood donations.

He is one of 240 members in the Sun Cities Retired Physicians Club and attends Shepherd of the Desert Lutheran Church.

He admits he never really got used to the high mortality rate among geriatric patients all these years, and that he got the most satisfaction in his career delivering babies and

doing surgeries back in Wisconsin.

"But I don't like the weather back there," he said recalling the tumble from the sleigh during his race with the stork.

Jan. 31 will find 82-year-old Dr. Friske on the job as physician of the day in the medical office at the state Capitol, the one day a year he annually performs this service.

FRISKE, OSCAR

'Devoted' doctor remembered

Serving patients was top concern

By Betty Latty
Special to Community

SUN CITY — Dr. Oscar Friske, who practiced medicine in the greater Sun Cities area from 1963 until he retired in 1975, died Sept. 28 at age 90.

The passing of Friske at his Sun City home further diminishes the old-fashioned breed of doctors whose patients always came first, say friends and associates.

"He was my doctor. He always had time for you — and he asked questions that I could understand and answer. A wonderful man," Maudie May Askew said.

Like Friske, Askew was also a pioneer in the northwest Valley's retirement communities. She was one of the pioneer residents of Youngtown.

Friske, a no-nonsense kind of person, opened his office in the



■ FRISKE

Youngtown Professional Building. He had moved to Sun City from Ajo, where he served as chief surgeon and director for a 30-bed hospital maintained by Phelps Dodge Corp. for its 2,000 employees.

"He was a straight talker and would tell you how he felt," said state Sen. W. Austin Turner, R-Sun City. Turner was the first administrator of Walter O. Boswell Memorial Hospital in Sun City.

"I had a great deal of admiration and respect for him. I think he really liked being a doctor."

His patients came first, according to Pat Whitehead, Friske's stepdaughter. "He devoted his life to his patients."

Friske was one of the early advocates of a hospital in Sun City and joined those who went door-to-door soliciting support and funds for the facility.

When it finally was built, Friske underwrote the furnishings for Turner's offices, Turner recalled.

The Rev. Harold Peterson, pastor of Shepherd of the Desert Lutheran Church in Sun City, where Friske was a member, recalled that in 1988 the physician was one of the first of the congregation to write him a letter

of welcome.

"Both of us had been born in Sparta, Wisconsin — he in 1903, and I in 1930."

At a memorial service Saturday, Peterson described Friske as a decisive person, brisk in manner.

There was no pretense about her stepfather, Whitehead said. He "had a good sense of humor. He had grown up on a farm, loved animals, and was a very down-to-earth person."

Those who knew Friske well say it was typical of the man that he wrote off some \$70,000 owed him by patients when he left practice in Beloit, Wis., to move to Arizona. "He had a little rubber stamp made with a Santa Claus figure," Whitehead recalled. "He sent every one of those patients a stamped bill marked 'paid in full.'"

Friske also leaves a daughter, Sylvia Jean May of Rockford, Ill.; another stepdaughter, Marjorie Alseth of Honolulu, and four grandchildren.

Memorials may be sent to the church at 11025 N. 111th Ave., Sun City 85351, or Sunshine Service, 9980 W. Santa Fe Drive, Sun City 85351-3197.

FRISKE, OSCAR

Making a name for himself

Sun Citian donates handiwork

JEFF OWENS
DAILY NEWS-SUN

Roby Fretwell certainly has made a name for himself.

In fact, the feisty 86-year-old Sun Citian with no right hip has made names for, by his own estimate, about 8,000 people over the last six years.

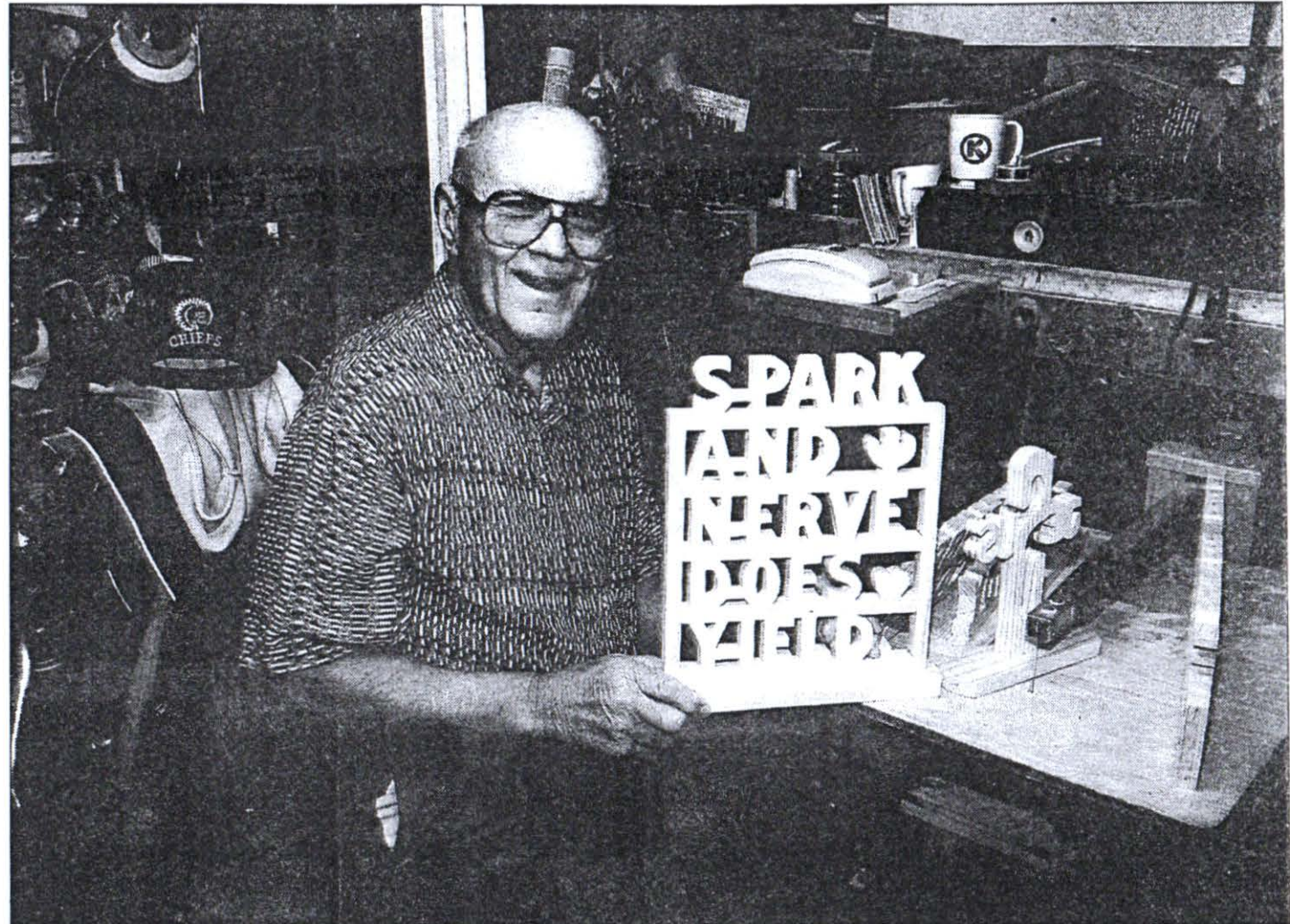
Fretwell literally makes names — carves them out of wood. He starts with a plain old piece of fragrant white pine, and finishes with a finely crafted piece of handiwork.

"I've worn out about three scroll saws now," Fretwell said. In his garage/workshop, he uses two scroll saws, a drill press and a variety of smaller tools to work his magic. Indeed, it's hard to believe Fretwell never worked with wood until recuperating from triple bypass surgery six years ago.

It's also hard to believe Fretwell is so prolific — a Good Samaritan with a saw, he manages the time for his craft even though he's a Lion and Shriner who's driven a Red Cross bus for the last 19 years and spent countless hours delivering meals and ferrying people to doctor's appointments.

The former Iowa high school principal and community college director accepts no fees for his work, only donations which he gives to the Lions-owned Camp Tatiye near Show Low, an 80-acre retreat for kids. His Lions group also sponsors Cholla Elementary School in Phoenix, which also keeps him busy.

"I suppose I've made a couple hundred names for this school," Fretwell said.



E.B. MCGOVERN/DAILY NEWS-SUN

Roby Fretwell makes hand-carved, wooden signs to help raise money for charity. He said staying busy keeps him alive.

Fretwell has received an international award from the Lion's Club for his work with kids. And his work has reached a truly international clientele — Roby Fretwell wooden names can be found in Malaysia, Chile, England, Australia and

New Zealand.

"Too many countries to count," he said.

He's even fashioned wooden renditions of the 23rd Psalm and the Lord's Prayer.

"I do this on my own every day," Fretwell said. "I do it because I want to stay alive; stay busy. If I didn't do this, I'd waste away. I really feel this way strongly — givers are winners. That's right."

Tenacity helps refugee triumph over life's odds

By Glenn B. Sanberg
Special for The Republic

SUN CITY — It was billed as a birthday party.

About 80 guests showed up Dec. 30, including some in wheelchairs — an easy roll down the corridors of Camelot Manor.

There were other friends, too, a huge birthday cake, and lots of hugging and kissing, with the girls outnumbering the boys by more than 5 to 1.

This was no ordinary bash, although technically, the celebration was two days early. It was a celebration for Max Freggar, a 102-year-old immigrant who insisted on being the chairman of the planning committee and calling for entertainment, refreshments and his pedal-pusher friends.

Retired in style

Freggar has been an innovator all his life, and he saw no reason to change at this stage of the game.

Freggar has been somewhat of a cause celebre ever since he pedaled his bike 900 miles in 90 days at the age of 95 — a feat that brought public acclaim and caught the attention of former President Ford. Even before that, Freggar had demonstrated an uncanny ability to achieve the unusual against abnormal odds.

Born in Malin, a small village near Kiev, Russia, Freggar and his brother, Jake, lost their mother while they were barely old enough to attend school. Their father soon remarried, making it necessary to send the boys to live with their grandparents.

"They (the grandparents) didn't have enough for themselves," Freggar said, "so they didn't have much to give."

Both boys were enrolled in a Jewish school to prepare them for the traditional bar mitzvah. In a Russian language class, there wasn't room for both boys, so Freggar hid in a closet where he could listen.

"I was able to learn for nothing that way," he said.

Surmounting difficulties not only accounts for his success in business but has a direct bearing on his ability to confound the actuaries.

Taking the Russian examination for a pharmacy license five times before passing was one clue. Being one of only 5 percent of licensed pharmacists who were Jewish was another.

Refusing to submit to regimentation after being inducted into the Russian army by going absent without leave forced Freggar, with his brother, to attempt a dangerous escape into Poland. That set the stage for another test of Freggar.

Emerging from the woods near a farmhouse in the early morning, he ran into a sentry making the rounds at the border. Freggar said he decided to try a bluff and kept on walking. He greeted the sentry with a "good morning," strode to the farmhouse and walked in. Fortunately, the farmer was friendly and hid him until he could cross the border.

Using their last funds to book passage to the United States, the boys landed at Ellis Island, where their clothes were burned as a precautionary health measure. They arrived in Omaha, Neb., where their uncle lived, in 1909, with \$4 in their pockets.

Freggar worked his way through Creighton University, obtained a pharmacy license and with his brother and the help of their uncle opened a drugstore. With only \$600 capital, the boys had to line shelves with dummy cartons, replenishing products as they were sold.



Roy Cosway/Republic

Russia-native Max Freggar still pedals fitness at 102. He had a great time at the celebration.

Failure was a part of the survival discipline. Two of their stores failed, and each time, Freggar went on to find another road in his quest of the American dream.

Things took a definite turn for the better when he married an American girl from Council Bluff, Iowa. Her father, a prominent businessman, set Freggar up as manager of a clothing store in Fort Dodge, Iowa.

From that point, success was all down hill. In rapid succession, he began assembling drugstores in Omaha, Billings, Mont., and Denver. Along the way, there were theaters on Freggar's list as well as the famous F&F Cough Drops that he and his brother developed from experiments with eucalyptus.

When he reached the age of 80, Freggar said, he decided to slack off a bit. But he still maintained drugstores in Reno and Virginia City, Nev., just to keep active.

Wilfrid Bonvoloir, his friend for many years here, said Freggar has never quit learning new things since he moved to Sun City in 1965.

He said, "Max has always been an inspiration to us all" while learning to dance at age 90, pedal-pushing and the craft of rug-hooking.

While never bragging about not smoking, drinking or chasing women, Freggar never has lost the human touch.

When it was suggested that the Camelot women line up for a birthday kiss at the cake-cutting ceremony, there was a slight hesitation at first to come up and claim the prize.

But with a twinkle in his eye, Freggar asked, "Do I have to deliver them, too?"

With that kind of attitude, you've got to believe that he'll keep on living and beating the statistics.

Growth awed former owner

By DAVID MILLER
Staff writer

Burt Freireich, former owner of the Daily News-Sun, said he imagined Sun City would be a strong pull to the nation's retirees.

But he never foresaw the kind of growth that eventually would turn the burg into a world-famous retirement mecca.

"It was miraculous," said Freireich, now retired in Litchfield Park. And he should know, since as a newspaperman and former owner of the Daily News-Sun, he began covering Sun City when it held a booming population of 300. And he watched it grow by the tens of thousands.

"We were predicting growth. But not the kind of growth we had," Freireich said.

Freireich, a graduate of the University of Illinois, had been a writer for the Springfield, Ill., State Journal-Register and the Phoenix Gazette before he and his wife, Ursula, bought what was then called the Youngtown News. The News was one of several small papers covering the Northwest Valley when the firm that was then known as the Del E. Webb Development Co. started carting in retirees for a look around Sun City.

Alongside Sun City grew the Freireichs' paper, renamed the News-Sun and published out of their home. The first issue debuted July 1960.

But while wild growth characterized the area, it wasn't a foregone conclusion that the paper would be a success, he said. Several papers competed for coverage, and expansions required infusions of cash that weren't always readily available.

Freireich recalls a banker telling him to invest in a survey, to see if the locals would support a daily newspaper.

The publisher/editor rejected the plan. "I figured that if we invested in the survey, we wouldn't have the money to go daily."

The Freireichs also ran into problems far beyond their

control. The weather, for instance, made a fierce appearance for their 1977 daily debut.

"The first week we converted to a daily, it must've rained three times," Freireich said.

"(Nasty weather) was something that never occurred to me," he said.

The Freireichs also did many things right, including deciding to run later stock exchange results than the larger, competing Phoenix Gazette.

"It was something that was very important to people in Sun City," he said.

More than two decades of running the paper, however, eventually took its toll on the couple, with Freireich increasingly finding himself in the guise of business director rather than newsman.

"I just disliked my role at the time," he said.

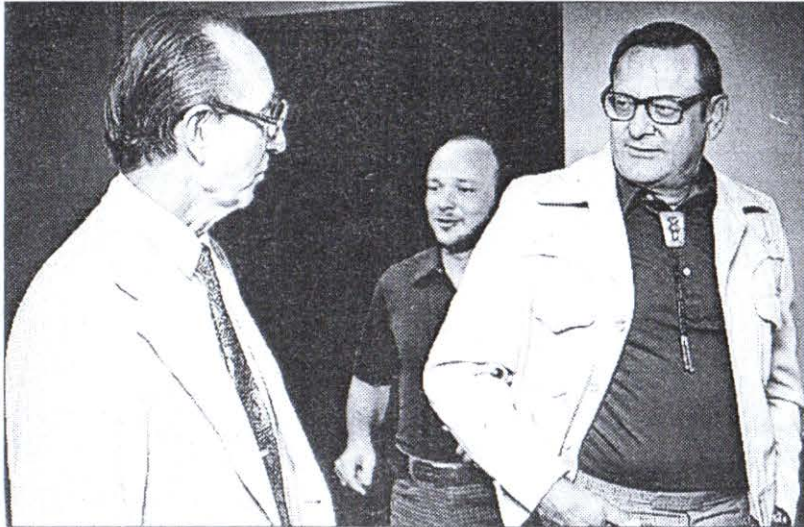
Now he enjoys his retirement, and says he's happy that the paper continues to expand with the surrounding area.

OVER

FREIREICH, BURT

Out of the past

Burt Freireich, who launched the News-Sun as a daily, is shown at right in the photo below with Robert Ode, one of the 52 Iranian hostages released Jan. 20, 1981. Mr. Ode was from Sun City West. Other photos show the News-Sun headquarters on two sites on Santa Fe Drive.



Retiree gives time to pupils

In the Sun Cities, he's Roy Fritz, the retired epidemiologist.

But to El Mirage Elementary School pupils, he's "Grampa Tiger," decked out in a cap dotted with a 4-H pin and a computer "bug."

Fritz, who's been putting his life experience to work in the Dysart Unified School District for the past 19 years, seems to have found the perfect way to express his love for children, education and the insect world.

After earning an undergraduate degree in scientific journalism in 1933 and a master's degree in entomology in 1937, Fritz began a distinguished career with the U.S. Public Health Service in 1942.

In 1947, he earned a master's degree in public health.

During his 29-year career, Fritz attained the rank of Scientist Director (the equivalent to a Navy captain). He retired to Sun City in 1972, after eight years as the deputy chief of the World Health Organization's worldwide Malaria Eradication Operations.

Not enough action?

Not for Fritz, who headed to the Dysart Unified School District less than two years after he retired.

"I felt I had to continue to be active, both mentally and physically," he said. "I have two ruptured discs in my back, and if I wasn't doing anything, I'd be lying in bed. When I'm working with the children, though, I forget about pain and my age."

From 1974 to '89, Fritz worked as a project leader for area 4-H entomology clubs, teaching the children about the wonderful world of insects and the part "creepy crawlies" play in the grand scheme of things.

Then, in 1990, he became part of the GLAD (gifted student) program at El Mirage Elementary School. As an assistant to the GLAD teacher, Fritz helps teach math, literature and more to third-through-sixth graders.

A grandfather and the father of two daughters, Fritz remembers special moments from classes throughout the years.

Roy Fritz

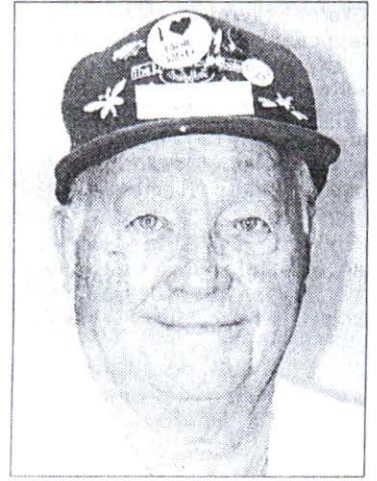
Vita Bachelor of science

degree in scientific journalism; master's degrees in entomology and public health, epidemiology and administration.

Hometown Berkeley, Calif.

Valley home Sun City, 20 years.

Marital status Married to Eleanor, 54 years.



Self-portrait A positive thinker with a sense of humor.

Motto Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.

Greatest feat Assisting in the eradication of endemic malaria from the United States.

Walter Mitty fantasy To dance like Fred Astaire or be a stand-up comedian.

Inspiration My parents and my mother-in-law, who we called Amazing Grace.

Good/bad habits I'm a non-smoker and a pack rat.

Favorite food/drink My wife's cooking and water.

TV programs "Hour of Power," "Wheel of Fortune" and "Perry Mason."

Books at bedside Scientific publications.

Vacation spot/luxury: Logan, Utah, and ocean cruises.

Key to longevity Upon retirement, keep very active both mentally and physically.

Last words I pray for the opportunity and ability to help others.

"We went on a field trip, and one little girl came up to me, put her hand in mine, and said, 'Will you be my Grampa?' " he said. "Now I'm Grampa Tiger, named after the school mascot."

Grampa Tiger can be spotted in his car each fall, collecting recyclable items for teachers at El Mirage and Surprise elementary schools.

With the help of friends at Lakeview United Methodist Church and around the Sun Cities, he delivers anything and everything: from rickrack to Q-Tips, from clean old socks to wallpaper sample books.

He also continues to offer free presentations about insects for any school, civic or service group in the Valley that wants to learn more on the subject.

Fritz keeps busy, for sure, but he's modest about his accomplishments.

He said he also hopes that more Sun Citians will volunteer their services to area schools.

"The children are so much fun, and they're so cute," he said. "I wish more people knew how much of a joy it is to help them."

FRITZ, ROY

JAN. 16-22, 2002

Name to Know

Larry Froehlich is the type of person who makes an ideal Santa Claus.

With a jovial laugh and good temperament, it would seem natural for the Sun City resident to don



the outfit of St. Nick and bring holiday good cheer to the young and young at heart. This past Christmas, however, was his first as Santa.

A volunteer for the Dysart High School Child Development Center since August 2001, Mr. Froehlich played Santa Claus for the children he typically cares for every Tuesday.

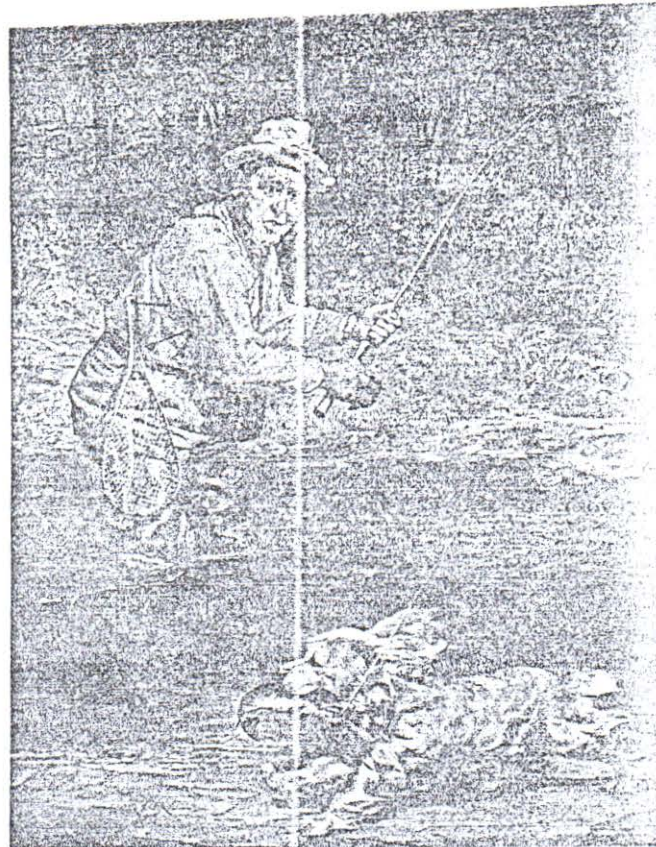
For many years, Mr. Froehlich wanted a chance to play with and look after young children, partly because this was not a role men took when he was younger.

Finding out about the Child Development Center, which cares for high school students' children at Dysart, Mr. Froehlich convinced his wife, Louise, to volunteer with him.

A former advertising artist, Mr. Froehlich owned an advertising business for more than 30 years in Brooklyn, N.Y.



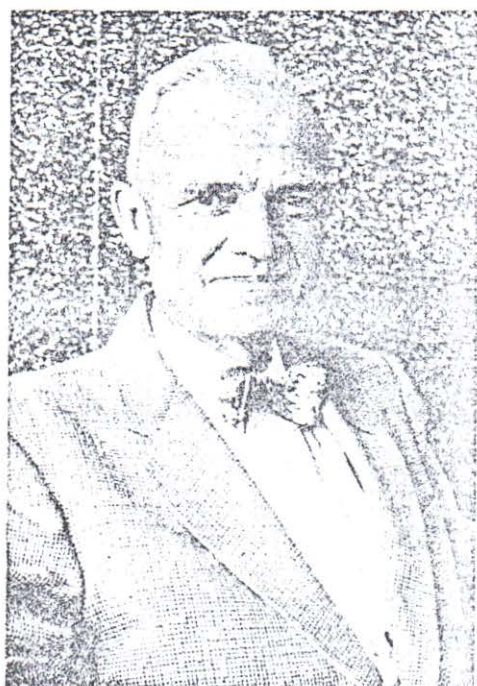
Entitled "Dare Me?"—this Gay Philosopher calendar painting is cleverly composed. Note his hands.



Clair's "Old Timer" paintings have long been favorites for Brown & Bigelow calendars.

CLAIR FRY—ART DIRECTOR BROWN and BIGELOW

(ARTIST WHO PAINTED PORTRAIT HANGING IN FRONT LOBBY OF WALTER O. BOSWELL)



EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION: Art Instruction Schools' graduate Clair Fry, a casual, modest, delightful gentleman, is one of the most talented and versatile artists I know. He's a happy man; one who's wrapped up in his work and has been during all of the thirty years he's served as Art Director for famous Brown and Bigelow. Clair is constantly surrounded by inspiring art work created by men whose names are legend in the art world; painters and illustrators who admire his artistic talents as he does theirs, thereby creating bonds of fellowship and friendship which he takes great pride in—but still finds difficult to believe.

The Fry home and studios are located on a picturesque, 12-acre wooded estate on the banks of the St. Croix River in Hudson, Wisconsin. Within commuting distance of his St. Paul office, it is a tranquil setting where Clair and his charming artist-wife Maudi can paint without interruption. Their popular paintings, when not on public exhibit, are displayed on wood panelled walls in large, airy rooms with beamed ceilings.

Clair's love of art and a compulsion to share his enthusiasm for the profession dictates that he frequently take time from his demanding schedule to present illustrated lectures and view the portfolios of aspiring artists. He conducts classes in commercial art and portrait painting at the St. Paul Art Center and also teaches and demonstrates drawing and painting for the inmates of Stillwater State Prison.

The information Clair imparts inspires beginning artists to work for the highest possible degree of proficiency. It is a goal which may ultimately enable them to more nearly emulate this man who personifies the concept of success in art so many of us aspire to.

Fry, Clair

You can probably imagine my parents' dismay when I dropped my college studies in my fourth year of electrical engineering in order to accept an art scholarship. I was already studying with Art Instruction Schools at the time, and was so intrigued with the course that it started me thinking seriously about a career in art. A.I.S. opened the door to an exciting new world, provided me with the basics and taught me the essentials of preparing art for reproduction. I also learned there is no such thing as getting a diploma in art and sitting back with folded hands waiting for the world to beat a path to your door. That is a fallacy that must be exploded. Art is a lifetime study, an exciting journey every step of the way. As witness, here I am at retirement age plus, and getting more of a thrill out of the whole process than ever before.

Another plus in this wonderful profession is that each day brings new problems. There is no such thing as reducing art to a comfortable formula. The minute that happens, it's no longer a profession but simply a craft. That attitude will inevitably be reflected in the compensation. But how fortunate anyone is, to be able to earn their living doing something they would more than likely do even if they weren't getting paid for it. I

suspect that is one of the reasons artists as a group do not reach quite the return for the ability and preparation that goes into their education, as do some other professions. There are compensating factors, however, that I'm sure no artist would trade.

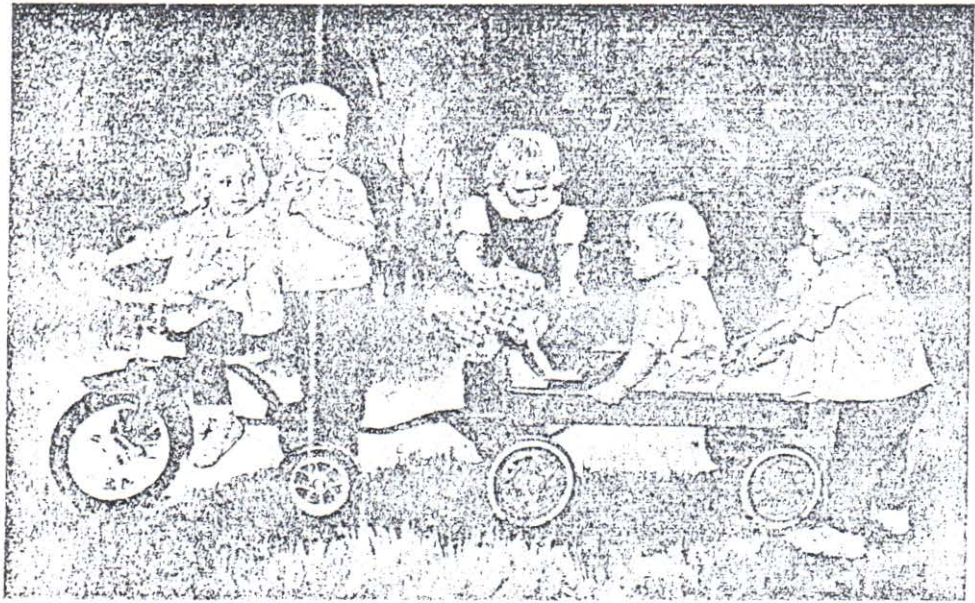
It would be well at this point to clear up one thing. I have been in this profession too long now to consider myself an authority on anything. My only excuse for writing this article is to pass on some of the thoughts and ideas presented to me over the years through my contacts with some of the greats in this profession. I refer to men such as N. C. Wyeth, Maxfield Parrish, Andrew Loomis, Norman Rockwell, Dick Bishop, Douglas Crockwell, Gil Elvgren, Fred Sweney, Bill Griffith, George Prout, Dick Bryers, Fritz Willis, Zoe Mozert, Paul Webb, Tom Ryan, Donald Teague, Bill Medcalf, John Clymer, and Arnold Friberg. The latter four artists, of course, are alumni of Art Instruction Schools. Also, my association with near greats who are nearing their place in the sun, among whom are A. I. graduates Jerry Hjelm and John Berkey. These, and many others, have contributed their part to whatever knowledge and ability I have accumulated.

Going back, my first jobs were in Des Moines, Iowa, with the Register

and Tribune, and the Farrell Advertising Agency. At that time I was the complete all-around artist — lettering, layout, finished illustrations, you name it. In spite of myself, I sometimes run across reproductions of some of my output at that time, and... well, I often wonder how come I'm still in the profession. But, praise heaven, things are that way.

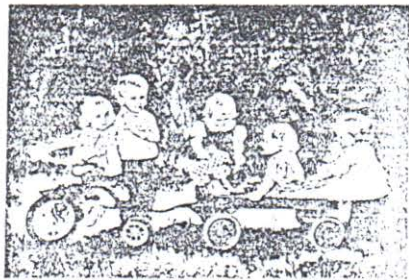
Believe it or not, I then felt I had outgrown Des Moines, and decided to storm the citadel of Chicago. It took some doing, but I finally landed with a wonderful organization, the Rubovitz Printing Company. From there I went to the Niagara Lithographing Company — until the big depression hit us squarely between the eyes. From 1929 to 1933, I was resigned out of more jobs than the average man has held in his lifetime. I wound up as Art Director of the Swan Studios in 1933. Then, in 1936, I landed at Brown & Bigelow in St. Paul.

Although my work was — and is — essentially administrative, the desire to become an artist is some sort of bug that bites, and once bitten, the resulting malady is difficult, if not impossible to control. So the weekends were spent in my studio, which along with a bit of arm twisting, finally resulted in a subject or two for the Brown & Bigelow calendar



To Clair Fry the Fischer Quints are very special! Not only does he find great enjoyment and a real sense of satisfaction in recording in oils the five most famous children in

the world today... He has an opportunity to watch their year-by-year growth from little look-alike fledglings to little people with individual likes and dislikes.



BROWN & BIGELOW

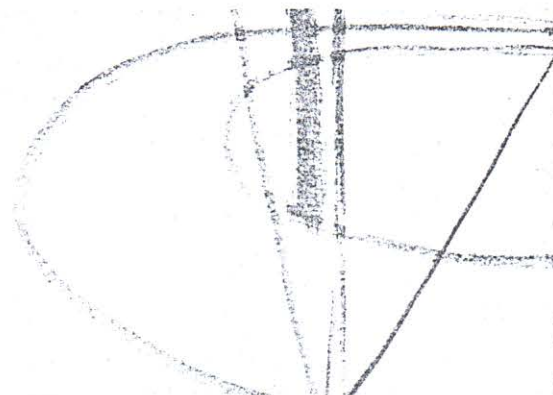
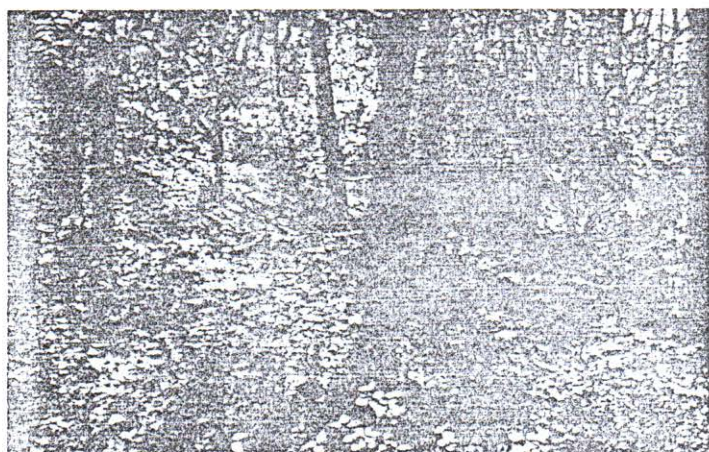
A DIVISION OF STANBORD PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.
Rememberance Advertising
 PRINTING, LITHOGRAPHING, AND MORE
 CALIFORNIA, ILLINOIS, INDIANA, IOWA, KANSAS, MINNESOTA, MISSOURI, NEBRASKA, NEVADA, NEW YORK, OHIO, PENNSYLVANIA, TEXAS, VIRGINIA, WISCONSIN, WYOMING

JAN 1967													
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31											

result is a completely non-objective thing, or whether it goes to the other extreme, such as the work of Andrew Wyeth. When they are super-imposed on a structure of good basic design, over which is super-imposed the integrity of a personal statement—you then have what is, in one man's opinion, a work of art. I could get into a whale of an argument with this statement, but I feel that whether the result is a piece of furniture, a building, a poster or mural, or anything else you could name, it is still true. It has been great fun to explore

many areas of art which I have recently had more time to do. The relationships between a good literal painting and an abstraction have become more apparent as this exploration has progressed. Both types of painting are based on exactly the same principles, if they are any good. This is a difficult thing for the average person to accept because we have been conditioned to expect a story when we see a picture. The thing that is so interesting, is that unless that story is based on the same principles of a good abstraction, it falls flat.

What does this all mean to you? Whether you are a student or a professional artist; whether you let the result carry you or you have a preconceived idea of what it must be, it's a good deal like building a house. The 2X4's have to go up before the windows and doors go in. Curiously enough, John Doe, the much-maligned individual who is just average, senses integrity and ability. It is, therefore, a pretty good idea to be sure that you are presenting him with something that fits, and is in the right proportions.



Clair Fry chose a very ordinary scene (color photo above) to demonstrate how he designs a painting. The three black and white reproductions show different stages in the development of this scene in tempera.

Fry, Clair

Marvels at scenery

Valley conquest: calendar artist

By THELMA HEATWOLE

SUN CITY — Clair Fry, originator of the Old Timer and Officer Kelly story-telling calendar series for Brown & Bigelow, has exchanged his St. Paul, Minn., offices for the leisure pace of a home studio here.

Fry was art director for Brown & Bigelow, the world's largest calendar publishing firm, more than 30 years.

Arizona's famed scenery was a drawing card for Fry and his wife, Maudie, also an artist, who moved here five weeks ago. They live at 10229 106th Ave. North.

"ONE CAN travel 200 miles in Arizona and get an extraordinary variety of landscapes," Fry said.

He believes in sketching and painting when the inspiration is "white hot" and to paint at a "particular spot at a particular moment to capture the scene with freshness, vitality and sparkle."

Mrs. Fry is an impressionist painter and favors landscapes. Fry said portraits are his first love. He brought many orders for portraits with him to paint once he settles down to work in earnest again.

At Brown & Bigelow, Fry was constantly surrounded by inspiring art work created by such men as Norman Rockwell, Andrew Loomis, Richard Bishop, Maxfield Parrish and others whose names are legend in the art world. His own studio was on the banks of the St. Croix River in nearby Hudson, Wis., and he also taught at the St. Paul Art Center and the Stillwater State Prison.

FRY SAID his father-in-law, Frank Long, a 6 foot 1, 230-pounder, was the model for the fisherman, the central figure in the Old-Timer series.

After the death of Henry Major, originator of "The Gay Philosopher," Fry continued the series.

"I knew what Major was putting into the pictures that so attracted the public. But,"

Fry said, "I always felt that Henry was sitting on my shoulder when I painted them."

Mrs. Fry, who met her husband at a school of art in Des Moines, said that when two artists marry it's like a doctor marrying a nurse.

"You understand the problems of the career," she said. "I understand the hours he spends in his studio and I can go there and paint too when I want to see him. We can also criticize each other's work."

SINCE SEPT. 15, 1963, when the famed Fischer quintuplets were born in Aberdeen, S.D., Fry was the official delineator of the Brown & Bigelow quint series. His last painting of the Fischer quint will appear on a 1969 calendar.

Fry said he found enjoyment in recording in oils the five children and appreciated, too, the opportunity to watch their year by year growth from "little look alike fledglings to little people with individual likes and dislikes."

As for glamor girl calen-

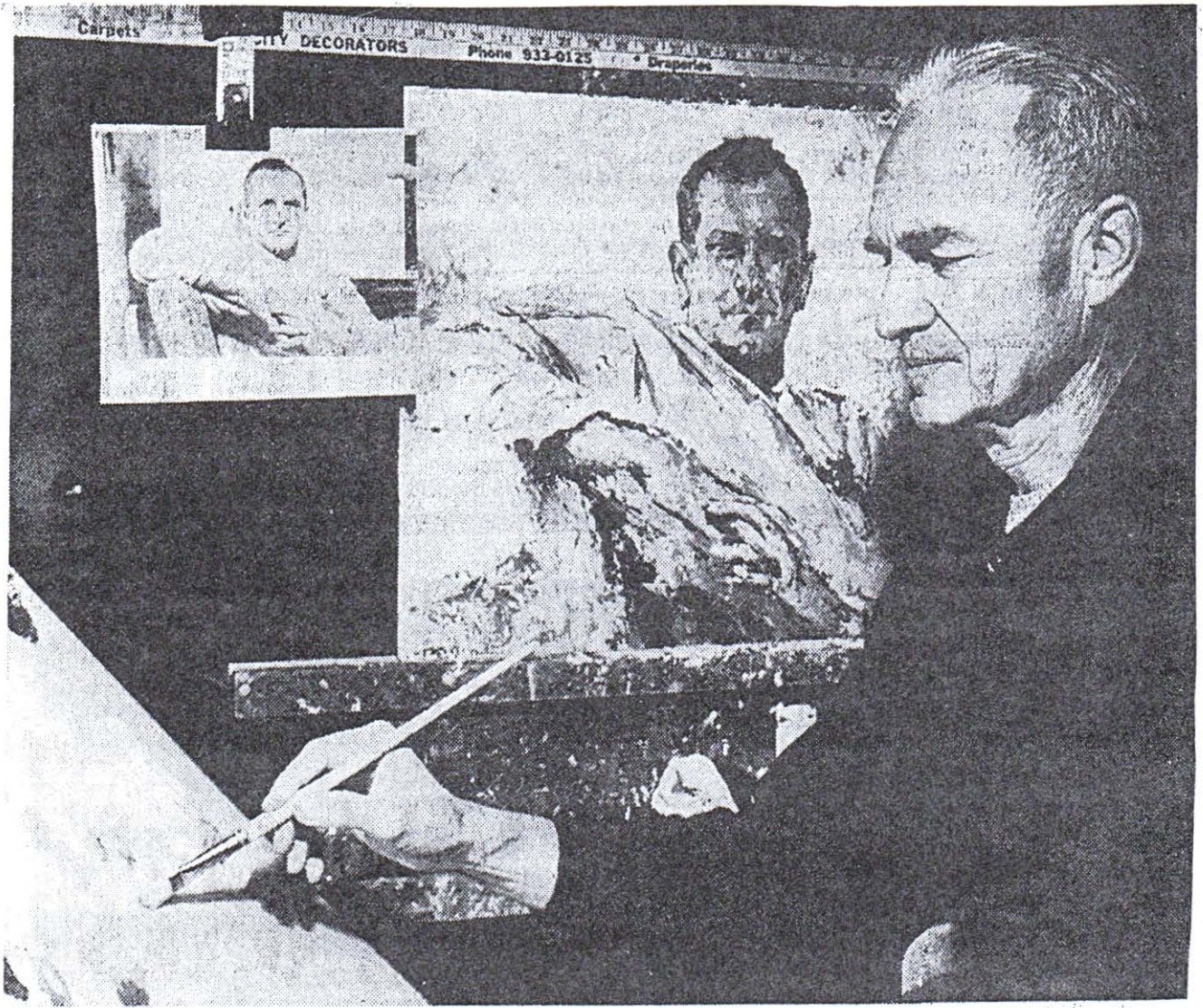
dars, Fry believes they may be on the wane.

"My hunch is," he said, "that miniskirted girls that may be seen on any street corner now take care of that sort of interest."

"Art is a lifetime study, an exciting journey every step of the way. As witness, here I am at retirement age plus and getting more of a thrill out of the whole process than ever before.

"How fortunate anyone is," he continued, "to be able to earn his living doing something he would more than likely do even if not paid for it."

FRY, CLAIR



Republic Photo by Thelma Heatwole

Artist Clair Fry, Former Art Director At Brown & Bigelow, Now Lives In Sun City