

Somewhere back in the Stone Age, primitive man discovered that he didn't have to burn down his house to roast a pig. Up until 25-years ago, however, determining the accurate cost of electric, gas and water usage was still primitive for those who occupied multi-family dwellings such as mobile homes, apartments and condominiums. See Page 2

Sub Metering

THE SUMMIT UTILITY PROGRAM, A MODEL FOR OTHERS

The Summit was among the first mobile home communities in Southern California to equip each of its units with sub metering so residents could accurately determine both electric and water usage.

Prior to sub metering, multi-family dwellings worked off of one master meter, making the residents of mobile homes, condos and apartments responsible for all utility services including gas, electricity, water and sewer. Those expenses were basically divided evenly by the number of units within the development and passed on by management as rent, association dues or other forms of payment. As a result of this inequity, residents who used less gas, electricity and water often paid as much per month as those who used a lot more.

The need for equitable energy management has grown exponentially as the availability of natural resources continues downward, impacted by growing populations. Executive Order 13514, signed in 2009 by President Obama, expanded the nation's previous energy and water goals to include more comprehensive sustainability goals for the Federal government, such as reductions in greenhouse gas emissions and in water consumption. Advanced metering (including sub metering systems) has become a critical catalyst for compliance with these requirements because it enables identification of life cycle cost-effective measures, provides benchmark data, and supports monitoring and verification of energy performance.

Not all properties are being sub metered today and not all properties are able to be sub metered. But between 90% and 95% of all new construction of apartment communities are being sub metered and over the next few years, the majority of apartment communities that can be sub metered will be installing a system. In the future many states will start requiring multi-family communities to sub meter or possibly offer incentive programs to do so.

The Summit absorbs all operating costs associated with its sub metering program including meter reading and utility billing through a third party billing company. Park meters are read monthly. The readings are passed on to the park and then to the billing company. Since there are 203 homes in the park and two meters to each home, a total of 406 readings are processed monthly. The readings are subtracted from Southern California Edison's master meter reading with the difference in usage being paid by the park as operating cost. Please help our meter readers do their job by providing unobstructed access to your electric and water meters.

HOW TO READ YOUR ELECTRIC METER

The basic unit of measure of electric power is the watt. One thousand watts are called a kilowatt. If you use one thousand watts of power in one hour, you have used one kilowatt-hour (kWh). Your electric utility bills you by the kWh.

The standard electric meter is a clock-like device that records the amount of electricity you use. As your home draws electricity from the power lines, a set of small gears inside the meter move. The number of revolutions are recorded by the dials that you see when you look at

your meter. The speed of the revolutions is determined by the amount of power that is consumed.

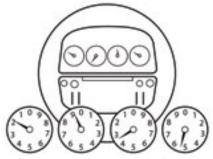
Although many think that meter reading is complicated, it is actually easy.

There are two types of meters: digital and dial. To read a digital meter, simply read the meter like you would a digital clock. Below is an example of a digital meter.



The above reading would be 8304.

Reading your dial meter is much like reading an analog clock: you look to where the hand is pointing on the dial. When reading your dial meter, stand directly in front of the meter to record the numbers. When the hand is directly on the number, look at the dial to the right. If the hand on the dial to the right has passed zero, write down the number the hand is on for the dial in question. If the hand has not passed zero, use the lower number. If the needle falls between two numbers, use the smaller of the two. Below is an example of a dial meter.



The above reading would be 9079.

Here is another example:



The above reading would be 1935.

You will notice that some of the dials move clockwise while other dials move counter clockwise. The first dial moves one way, and the next dial moves the opposite way.

Meters are not reset each month. The readings increase from month to month. The difference between one month's reading and the next is the amount of energy units or CCFs that have been used for that billing period. For example: Electric Meter

Current Reading 9653; Previous Reading 963023 kWh used.

If you decide to track your daily usage, be sure to check your meter at the same time each day. Daily tracking can help you to understand

your usage patterns better.

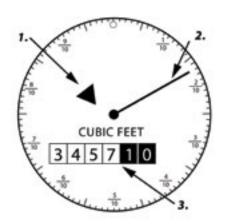
A courtesy of: The Kentucky Public Service Commission

HOW TO READ YOUR WATER METER.

The meter dial pictured at right is typical of most residential meters. The dial on the meter serving your home may look somewhat different, but they all work on the same principles. This flow indicator triangle (1.) rotates whenever water flows through the meter. If the triangle turns when all the water is off on your property, you may have a leak, which should be investigated.

Each full revolution of the register sweep hand (2.) indicates that one cubic foot of water (about 7-½ gallons) has passed through the meter. The markings at the outer edge of the dial indicate tenths and hundredths of one cubic foot.

The water meter register (3.) is a lot like the mileage odometer on your car. The numbers keep a running total of all the water that has passed through the meter. The register shown here indicates that 345,710 cubic feet of water has passed through this meter. ❖



Disappearing Pond



SAVE THE ECOLOGY POND: For the first time in almost a century, the ecology pond/reservoir at Chatsworth Lake Manor is drying up, threatening migratory birds, fish and displaced animals including coyotes, deer, and bobcats. The Chatsworth Lake Citizen's Committee is asking L.A. Mayor Eric Garcetti to intercede with the DWP to fix the problem.

An Occasional Column

MY LIFE IN WHEEL TIME

By Garry Wormser

ve always been fascinated by automobiles. Maybe that's because I grew up at a time when there were no new American cars. Their manufactures were all engaged in winning World War II. Finally, around 1946, new cars started to appear on the scene again and a kind of weird after market quickly formed around them. In my high school, one of the coolest things you could do is give your steady girlfriend a chrome bracelet made from a Buick hood ornament. There were all kinds of commercial things too, ranging from fender skirts, to steering wheel knobs to fake leopard skin steering wheel covers.

After all these years, I still get excited when I see expensive vehicles parked in the vendor and pool parking area adjacent to the Summit clubhouse. Aside from the fact that many of the cars aren't supposed to be there, I know that each one has a story to tell, of apprehension over owning it to the sheer joy of driving it. I call these stories life measured in wheel time.

The summer I graduated high school, I abandoned my Schwinn Continental bicycle and naively purchased the car of my dreams. It was a 1940 Chevrolet convertible that cost \$450 and was eleven years old, having survived both the war and gas rationing. It took me four years to save up for it by delivering mail over the Christmas holidays. The rear end had been lowered which made the hood point up in the air like a jet fighter. The hood ornament had been removed and the mounting holes leaded-in, giving the front of the car a bull nose effect. I drove it

from the used car lot straight up the California Street hill to pickup my Mom and Aunt at the Mark Hopkins Hotel where they had been attending a neighbor's engagement shower.

The uniformed doorman approached cautiously, unsure about the integrity of the door that he was about to open. But my Mom and Aunt loved it. "Isn't it beautiful, Jean," my Mom asked her sister? With my Mom, everything we owned was beautiful. "Oh yes, it's gorgeous, Sally." answered my aunt Nan, ignoring the



car's green paintbrush finish. I called her Nan or Nanny ever since I could remember. She drove for the American Red Cross during the war and was an authority on cars.

The two women got into the car like it was a royal carriage; their black dresses tucked demurely over their knees, their many bracelets jangling. I realized as we headed for home down yet another San Francisco hill that the Chevy had a mechanical flaw. The brakes didn't work. "Aren't we going a little fast, dear," asked Nanny who was riding shotgun in the front seat. My Mom was in the back, admiring

herself in her makeup mirror.

"I think the brakes have failed," I told Nanny. "Pump em," she instructed. I pumped, but nothing happened. In fact, the car was picking up speed as we approached a cross street. "Double-clutch into first and put on the hand brake," Nanny said coolly. I didn't know how to double-clutch. So I pulled on the hand brake and single clutched while trying to move the column-mounted gearshift lever into first. The vacuum operated shifter protested loudly and wouldn't go in.

"What do I do now?" I pleaded as we whizzed through the intersection.

"Oh my," said Nanny, mildly concerned. "You only have one option left, dear, and I'm afraid it's going to damage your new car. Go up onto the sidewalk and sideswipe the buildings until we stop."

I jumped the curb. My mom's makeup mirror went flying and Nanny leaned into me, bracing herself. The Chevy slowly, noisily ground to a halt against the fronts of the near identical residential flats that lined the empty sidewalk. It was a mess; gouged

stucco, uprooted bushes and the right side of my car flattened.

I sat behind the wheel in shock. Then my mother spoke from her prone position in the back seat.

"You're father took out an insurance binder out on you this morning," she explained as she hunted for her mirror. "He said he didn't want his damn fool kid to get in over his head."

Then Nanny waved a hundred dollar bill under my nose like smelling salts. "Dear, this is for the deductible," she said. ❖

Summit Life enters third year of publication

CO-PUBLISHERS LOU AND PHILIP MILLER KEEP THEIR VOW, EDITORIAL INDEPENDENCE

ou could say that Summit Life was a newsletter that was bound to happen. In June of 2013, Summit co-publishers Lou and Philip Miller jumped in with both feet, eyes wide open. "The Summit is a city and a city deserves a newspaper," they said. And after two full years of publication, they are still adamant about Summit Life's autonomy, rarely editing and rarely complaining. As a result, the original four-page newsletter has bloomed into a highly professional, full-color, eightpage magazine. The three person staff has worked smoothly as a team from the get-go and it's time for them to stand up and

take a bow.

Susan Leinen, Graphic **Designer:** My interest in art started at a young age as I filled up sketchbook after sketchbook with drawings, ideas and observations about life. On any given day, I like nothing better than to drop everything and head outside with my sketchbook and pens. Susan Leinen Design started in 2008 with some web and print design projects for my church and friends. My background in art education and technology gave me the skill set necessary to work effectively with non-profits and small business owners as their go-to assistant for marketing their businesses both on-line and in print. Within a year, my design business had grown to full-time work and now involves two part-time assistants. Graphic design, website development and brand marketing is both challenging and enjoyable for me; the best part is creating something that helps my clients succeed in their businesses.

Newspaper graphic design is new for me and has opened up a host of new challenges. See more about my work at www.susanleinen.com.

Larry LaCom, Photographer: I grew up in Southern California with parents who were both fine artists. They were painters, and used to take



STAFF PHOTO: Summit graphic designer Susan Leinen (seated) is flanked by Garry Wormser (left), editor, and Larry LaCom, photographer. The editorial trio has seen Summit Life through two rewarding years of consecutive monthly publication. *Larry LaCom/Summit Life Photo*.

me to galleries, museums, and the homes of other artists, exposing me to varied artistic mediums and styles. Instilled with these beginnings of an artistic vision in my life, I became interested in photography while in high school, fascinated by the camera's ability to capture and preserve a moment in time. I began to study photography in earnest after moving to Portland, Oregon, and attending Portland State University. Since then,

I've studied and practiced, first with film, then with digital cameras when they became a viable medium. I used to spend endless hours in the darkroom making prints. Now, I love how I can accomplish so much more in such a short time, with better results. As a staff photographer and graphic

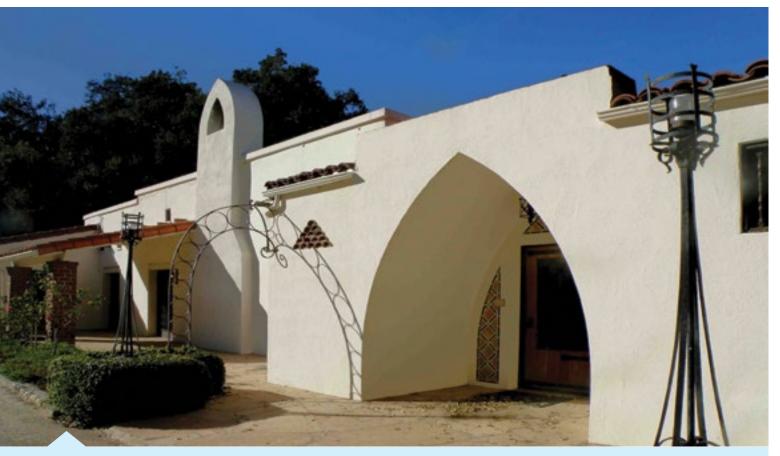
designer for a large public utility company in downtown Los Angeles. My job affords me opportunities to shoot a wide variety of subjects, from studio headshots to the inside workings of water treatment facilities that most people never see. You can view samples of my work at www.lacomstudio.com.

Garry Wormser, Editor: I didn't know it at the time, but I began my journalism and public relations career by writing business letters for my father, a traveling salesman. His thoughts were all over the place and he couldn't condense. That's really the secret to all business and newspaper writing. Condense and condense some more until you've written everything on the head of a pin. I'm reminded of a famous telegram between Cary Grant's agent and a reporter. "How Old Cary Grant." The reporter asked. "Old Cary Grant Fine. How you," came the terse reply. In my 50 years as a wordsmith, I tend to

agree with that agent. Newspapers take themselves too seriously. They're really not so much the guardians of truth and justice, as they'd have you believe. Until the news media realizes that they've always been just another form of entertainment, their impact will continue to be lessened by social media and the web. Readers of Summit Life can contact me at garrywormser@gmail.com. �

Rancho Sombra del Roble

FOR A WEDDING OR SPECIAL EVENT, YOU



Orcutt Ranch House

Photo by Laurie Avocado CC www.flickr.com/photos/auntylaurie

iving at the Summit gives you bragging rights. You can tell your friends that you spent the day AT THE RANCH. Or even better, you could say that you were married AT THE RANCH. We're talking about Orcutt Ranch or, if you want to be romantic about it, Rancho Sombra del Roble (the ranch of the shaded Oak).

While it used to be most of Canoga Park, all 24-acres of what's left of the Ranch is right down the street. Just turn right on Valley Circle Boulevard at the bottom of the hill and left on Roscoe Boulevard. Drive a hair past the mini-mall on your left and you'll find the ranch entrance on your right at 23600 Roscoe Boulevard.

Rancho Sombra del Roble was

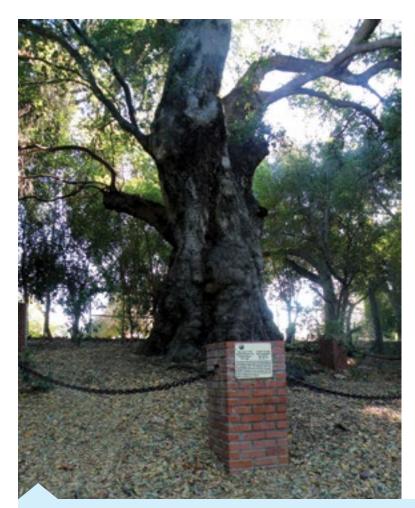
the vacation and retirement estate of William Warren Orcutt, an early pioneer of California oil production with the Union Oil Company and the discoverer of prehistoric fossils at the La Brea Tar Pits. In commemoration of Orcutt's initial discovery, paleontologists named the La Brea Coyote in W.W. Orcutt's honor, Canis Orcutti.

To be fair about it, the late W.W. Orcutt deserved more recognition than just being named for an extinct coyote. In the early years of the petroleum industry in California, geology was little utilized even by the larger oil companies. It was the work of Orcutt in applying scientific, geologic, and engineering principles to solving the problems of oil development that made Geology a necessity for oil

companies in the West, and inspired the Union Oil Company of California to be the first in the State to organize a Geological Department. In appreciation of his service to the petroleum industry, the town of Orcutt in Santa Barbara County was named in his honor. The town of Orcutt, Colorado, also honors the man and his life's work in the oil industry.

But let's get back to the Ranch. It was originally a cattle and citrus ranch at the foothills of the Santa Susana Mountains when Orcutt first purchased the property in 1917. He hired architect L.G. Knipe, the designer of some of the original structures at Arizona State University, to build a 3,060 home on the property. Completed in 1926,

CAN RENT A RANCH RIGHT DOWN THE ROAD







Left: Ancient Oak on Orcutt Ranch. **Right, Top:** Dayton Creek, now dry, ran through Orcutt Ranch. **Bottom, Right:** Pruning over 500 roses at the park. *Photos by Laurie Avocado CC www.flickr.com/photos/auntylaurie*

the home features glazed tiles from Mexico and carved mahogany and walnut from the Philippines. Visitors are surprised to find that the design of the home prominently incorporates base-relief Swastika architectural decoration. Mary Orcutt, William's wife, chose the symbol due to its connection with Native American traditions, and did so before the Nazi turned it into a symbol of anti-Semitism and genocide.

The estates original residence, gardens, oaks and citrus orchard was designated a Historic-cultural Monument in January 1965 and subsequently purchased by the City of Los Angeles in 1966. It's open for tours between 9 a.m. and 2:30 p.m. on Tuesdays through Fridays and can be booked year around for special private events. The lush manicured gardens and towering oaks of the Ranch make the historical monument a perfect setting for a garden wedding. The patio areas provide picturesque backdrops and dappled shade for a reception or a party. A guest house, which has two separate dressing rooms, is also available to the bridal party before the ceremony.

The Ranch opens its orchards to the public one weekend a year in July. Ripe Valencia Oranges and White Grapefruit can be picked by hand. Bring you own grocery bags and boxes. The fee for a filled grocery bag is \$3.00; for a medium sized box, the fee is \$6.00. You can rent a long-handled fruit picker for \$1.00. For further information, please call the Ranch at (818) 346-7449. ❖

For years now, Orcutt Ranch Horticulture Center has opened its orange and grapefruit orchards to the public, for do-it-yourself fruit picking. This summer's picking season will take place after the 4th of July at 23600 Roscoe Blvd., West Hills, CA. The hours are from 7:00 am until 1:00 pm. Call for exact dates. The public is welcome.

POET'S CORNER

FOG

The fog comes on little cat feet.

It sits looking over harbor and city on silent haunches and then moves on.

-Carl Sandburg





SUMMIT LIFE

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Real estate at the Summit is subject to the Federal Fair Housing Act of 1968 and its amendments.

Please visit us at

www.summitmobilecommunity.com.