

THE FORESTER

Volume 17 Issue 1

A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

October 2010

Peg Lewis, Pioneer

The Forest was set to open September 1, 1992. In order to get a Certificate of Occupancy it was necessary to have landscaping, so there were young trees and crape myrtles lying on their sides in the heat of August, awaiting planting. **Peg Lewis** says some of our trees are still one-sided on account of this ordeal. When the move-in was done, **Julian Price** organized the men into a group to keep the trees watered. They carried their own hoses around the campus and watered through the long dry fall and on through the hot summer of 1993. We should be grateful daily.

Partly as a result of the camaraderie of their hard work, this band of brothers developed into a Men's Breakfast Club, which included breakfast off campus on Saturday morning. Women were not allowed, but Peg, one morning, sat down at the table. They looked askance at her but didn't order her away. The exclusivity of this group gradually eroded.

There were no foundation plantings at first, and Peg got busy and planted trees in her yard at Cottage 50. When I asked Chad one day what that lovely blooming tree in that yard was, he said, "I'd have to look. She has every kind of fruit tree you can think of." The Lewis's was the lowest cottage, and when it rained they had a river in the back yard. Peg scooped up a planting of liriopse and built a dike against the flood.

There were other things that bothered these pioneers. The main building had no awnings over the side doors, no apartment numbers on the corridor walls, no Xerox machine, no doors on the bathroom cupboards. The concept of CCRCs was still new, and insurance companies were baffled about classifying residents for homeowners' insurance; lawyers among these non-owning homeowners were worried about legal status. The procedure for transition from inde-



Peg Lewis in her library

pendent to assisted living was in dispute.

"It was an exciting time, in a way," Peg says wryly. **James Crapo**, founder and Director, called a residents meeting in the Auditorium and gave his well-known "This Is Not a Democracy" speech, pointing out, quite rightly, to all the managing former managers that there was no way to function if everyone wanted to micromanage and vote on everything.

Nelson Strawbridge was the first elected president of the Residents Association, and Peg was the first, and so far only, woman president, elected in 1997. From the outset she worked tirelessly both at The Forest and in the community. When a TFAD committee met with the chair of the statewide Medical Care Commission in order to get approval to float tax-exempt bonds to build the new Health and Wellness Center, Peg went along to speak of The Forest's community service. When she had finished her pres-

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The Forester

The newsletter of the Residents Association of The Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610. Published monthly except July, August, and September by and for the residents.

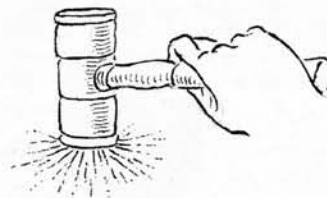
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President's Podium

Hello to the new year of *The Forester*. Issues, sometimes contentious, rise up and then slip away with a regular beat like the blips on a cardiogram.

Current issue is whether to publicize tally counts after a Residents Association election. Those opposed feel that there would be unnecessary hurt to those with low tallies. Others have brought to our attention that our by-laws and Robert's Rules specifically require revealing the tallies. The compromise achieved at the RA Board meeting of 20 September directed that the tallies be included in the minutes, not announced at the meeting, and that the minutes not be posted in the mailroom but deposited in the appropriate notebook in the library.

Welcome, new residents. Please know that the "Foyer," "Lobby," and "Community Center" are the same place; and that Pat Gallagher, Chief of the Front Desk, knows everything about TFAD and will graciously answer all your questions.

Tom Frothingham

In Memoriam

Teruko Bronfenbrenner	June 3, 2010
Marie Daston	June 18, 2010
Juanita Morris Kreps	July 5, 2010
Helen Ellis Shawger	July 22, 2010
Harold William "Gus" Eliason	August 12, 2010
Eugene Magat	August 24, 2010
Florence DiLiberti	August 30, 2010
Kalman Joseph "Kal" Cohen	September 12, 2010

Library Science 101

Readership from the Library did not slow down over the summer as residents retreated to cooler areas (including air-conditioned apartments) with a good book to escape the summer heat.

Donations—the backbone of the Library holdings—have continued, and in the months of May through August, 44 named donors (plus numerous anonymous ones) contributed books to us.

Special additions are **Musia Lakin's** donation of her husband Martin's *Missing in Action in the USSR: a Soldier's Story*, an enthralling account of a little-known episode of WWII, and **Paul Bryan's** CD *Ceremonial Music*, played by the U.S. Air Force Heritage of America Band.

New signs have appeared in the Library. On the desk are directions for checking out and returning books and audio-visual items. A desk attendant is on hand to help you for only two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon.

On the stand in front of the large-print bookshelves, a sign asks "Have You Read?" **Barbara Eldridge** is in charge of selecting interesting books you may have overlooked. Here and also on the cart with new acquisitions will be books with a marker designated "Resident Recommendations," alerting you to a favorite of one of our readers.

On the door to the Classroom is posted a schedule of the regular monthly meetings that take place in that room, informing us when the room is unavailable for other uses.

And on the large bulletin board at the far end of the main room are: a map of the Library itself; a notice of access to OASIS and scheduled trips to Southwest Library; and lists of Resident Readers and Book Club Selections.

As before, we will have a one-week reserve on the several copies we have of the Book Club's current selection. For October it is Malcolm Gladwell's *Outliers*, and the November book will be Stieg Larsson's *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo*. We have multiple copies of Larsson's three books.

We are also cooperating with **Peggy Quinn** and her monthly book column to be sure that we have at least one copy of the book she is currently reviewing.

There are two copies of *Major Pettigrew's Last Stand*, which is also to be discussed by the Book Club in January.

Carol Scott, Librarian

Glenn and Gus

The day before **Gus Eliason** died at age 106 **Glenn Arrington** went down to see him and found him asleep in his recliner. That afternoon he went back again and found him asleep on his bed. He didn't want to wake him, so he pulled up a chair and sat with him for a few minutes, told him he loved him, and left. Glenn and Gus were special buddies, pioneers both. When Glenn drove the bus to Crabtree Valley Mall for shopping, he and Gus, while the ladies were fanning out around the mall, went to Brooks Brothers. Then they went to the foodcourt and had subways. "Mine was just a Plain Jane," says Glenn, "but Gus always loaded his with everything."

As the years passed, Gus would say, "You know I'm old and can't walk fast; my bones don't work as well as they used to. You don't have to stay with me." Glenn said, "I know you're old, but I'm going to stick with you." And off they would go, always ending up with a subway.

When **Ibby Wooten** and **Betsy Boone** came to work and got the news early on August 12, they hurried down to Glenn's office to tell him about Gus so he wouldn't have to be shocked by a message on his computer. **Jane Hamilton** was on vacation, but **Lee Ann Bailey** called to tell her since she and Gus were so special to each other. Thus the family gathered round.

When **Charlie Black** some months ago got on the elevator, he found Gus already there in his wheelchair. Charlie asked him where he was going. "I don't know," said Gus, "what's your name?" Charlie told him and said, "What's your name?" "I don't know," answered Gus. So Charlie got off the elevator, found a nurse, and told her Gus seemed confused. She just laughed and said, "Don't pay any attention to him; he's just pulling your leg."

Joanne Ferguson

Peg Lewis continued

(Continued from page 1)

entation, the chairman said, "I know why they brought you."

The original plans for the Health Center had no door to the parking area on level 2, with planned access only from the level O elevator door or through the building and along the skywalk. There was much discussion about security, but Peg argued long and forcefully for the door that we now have.

Margaret "Peg" Shively was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, and went to college at Oberlin, where she majored in history, anthropology, and psychology, was a Phi Beta Kappa, and met her husband **Phillip Lewis**. When she graduated in 1947, she took a job with the telephone company in Cleveland for a year, living in Evangeline House, founded by the Salvation Army ("I've always been grateful to the Salvation Army") where she got breakfast, dinner, and maid service for fifteen dollars a week. She and Phillip were married in 1948.

Peg is a baseball fan, and it was in Cleveland that she saw Satchel Paige strike out the Yankee side for the Cleveland Indians.

When the Lewises made a visit back to Minnesota in 1970 they took their son Tom to a Twins-Red Sox game. A bomb scare came in over the telephone, and the entire stadium was evacuated. They took Tom out into the parking lot. When, after forty-three minutes, they were allowed back in, they saw the players sitting on the grass in the outfield surrounded by fans who were collecting autographs. "Tom has never forgiven me for evacuating him to the parking lot," says Peg. Harmon Killebrew, the first Minnesota Twin to be elected into the Baseball Hall of Fame, was playing that day. Years later Tom paid money for a Killebrew autograph that he could have had from Killebrew's hand that day in the outfield.

When their first of four children, David, was born the Lewises moved to Evanston, Illinois, where Phil went to seminary. They lived with three other seminary students in a big house owned by one student. They were in the third-floor attic, and Peg commuted to Chicago to a job with the telephone com-

pany.

In 1963 they moved to Jamaica, Queens. In 1968, because of a shortage of librarians, the federal government was offering scholarships for library school, including tuition, books, and \$20 a month. Peg attended St. John's University, graduating from library school in 1970.

In 1971 she took a job with the newly created Optometric Center of New York, which evolved into the SUNY College of Optometry, where SUNY hired her to start a library from scratch. This college



The Lewis children

l to r: David, Fred, Catharine, ("Caz"), Tom

opened with twenty-five students and a roomful of books inherited from Columbia. The only official instructions read, "You shall have a library, and it will have a bathroom containing a two-roll toilet paper dispenser." Peg ended her library career with a half-million dollar budget, an assistant librarian, two part-time clerks, and 30,000 volumes. The library was moved three times, each time with Peg as the designer, ending up on the sixth floor of a Sanford White building at the corner of 24th and Park Avenue

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Welcome, New Residents



Elodie Bently

Apartment 4032

419-0139

Elodie is a retired high school math teacher who comes to us after living for many years in Lakeland, Florida. She has four children, including a son who lives in the area with his wife and twin daughters. She enjoys music, especially early music, concerts, reading, travel, and fitness activities, especially swimming. She says she is delighted to be joining The Forest at Duke community and looks forward to having many good times here.



Ellen Flach

Apartment 4014

493-4919

Ellen was brought up in Hartford, CT, and the family's summer home on the seashore. She attended the University of Connecticut, received her BS in primary education from the Teachers College of Connecticut, and did graduate work at Cornell and the University of Maryland. She taught first grade, and after raising her five children, taught English as a second language. She also coached cheerleading as her daughters passed through the local schools. She was one of the first women to run for public office in Wyckoff, NJ, and while she failed to win the election, she continued to take an active role in local politics. Ellen has four daughters and a son scattered along the East Coast. Peter, in Seagirt, NJ, is an architect who follows a second career as agent for professional athletes. One daughter lives in Atlanta. Her daughter Kit, a Duke graduate whose husband recently retired as Duke University's general counsel, lives in Carey and has returned to school to study engineering at NC State. Ellen enjoys her 10 grandchildren, reading, music, and, especially, politics.

Welcome, New Residents continued**Louise Lawrence**

Apartment 3025

401-8281

Louise Ledbetter Lawrence was born at home in Ducktown, Ga, twelve miles from a red light. She grew up in Atlanta and attended one of the earliest showings of "Gone With the Wind." She was a journalism major at the University of Georgia and was married to George D. Lawrence of Eatonton, Ga. They had three children, Ann, Chip, and Sally. Ann lives in Washington, D. C., where she has taught math and social science. Now retired, she volunteers at National Geographic and has a condo here in Durham. Chip has practiced law, worked in the Justice Department with EPA, and is a director of Apache Oil. He lives in Kansas City and Sarasota, Fla. Sally worked in Washington as the speechwriter for a congressman and now lives in Aiken, SC, where she teaches eighth grade English. Louise has seven grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. The eldest granddaughter is a dermatologist in Durham and the eldest great-granddaughter visits here often. Louise worked at Sea Pines Resort on Hilton Head, S.C., for 15 years. She has traveled extensively and has been an active volunteer with historical organizations, the Democratic Party, and the Methodist Church.

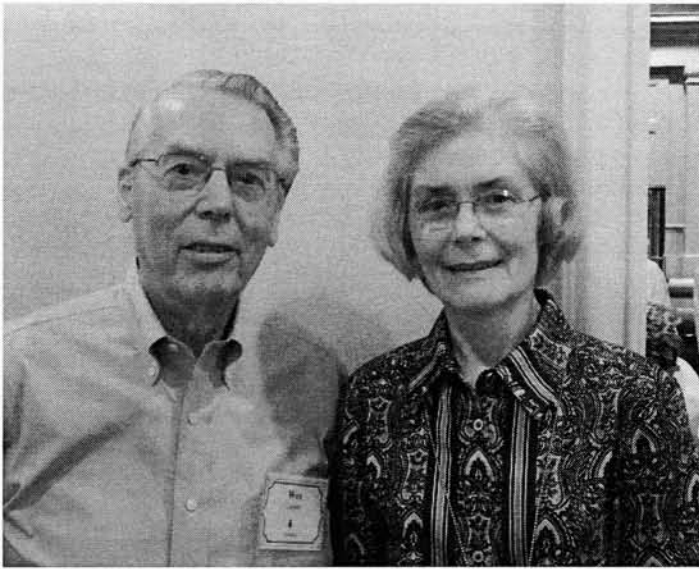
**Jean Prevost**

Apartment 4033

493-8517

Jean has deep ancestral roots on the Carolina Outer Banks. She was born, however, into a Coast Guard family, appropriately enough at New London, CT, the site of the U. S. Coast Guard Academy. She says she grew up "all over" and attended ten primary and secondary schools as her father changed stations. Durham will be residence Number 30 for her. Most recently, she has been living in Woodway, TX. She is a graduate of Woman's College, UNC, now UNC, Greensboro. She taught school, married, and raised her family in Massachusetts. After her husband took early retirement, they moved to Polk County, NC. It was here that she became interested in Tryon Palace. She was named to the Tryon Palace Commission by three North Carolina governors and awarded the Order of the Long Leaf Pine. She has twin daughters, both accountants: Laine in Naples, Fla, and Kim, a member of The Forest at Duke's accounting department. Another daughter is a paralegal in Bonita Springs, Fla, and her son, Scott, is in law enforcement in Waco, TX. She enjoys bridge, crosswords, walking, music, and reading

Welcome, New Residents continued



Wes and Carol Carson

Cottage 77

493-3586

The Carsons moved to The Forest from Winchester, VA, where they spent the last year after having lived 45 years in the Washington, DC, area. Wes was brought up in Little Falls, NJ, and graduated from Drew University. Carol grew up in Lincolnwood, IL, a northside suburb of Chicago, and graduated from The College of Wooster in Ohio. Both Wes and Carol received MA degrees from The Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, where they met. Carol went on to earn a doctorate in economics at George Washington University and Wes earned his JD degree there. Both held senior public sector positions. Wes managed federal programs in international trade, aviation forecasting, and environmental planning. Carol made her career in macroeconomic statistics in the Department of Commerce and the International Monetary Fund. At various times she taught economics and statistics. Wes was an active volunteer with Iona Senior Services where he helped to found and run an early Alzheimer club and served on the Board of Directors. He also served as an Elder and Deacon in the Presbyterian church. The Carsons have two daughters. Cathryn is an Associate Dean at the University of California, Berkeley, and has two children. Caryn is a lawyer in Dallas. The Carsons love to travel and have visited all seven continents. Carol also takes great interest in photography.

Ode To The Forest At Duke

It has murmuring pines, but it is not the forest
primeval,
It's the lane of transition from toil to a tranquil
repose.
It's a refuge from life's restless care and a shelter
from evil
On the emerald green graced with blooms—
rhododendron and rose.

It has stately design but without disdain or pre
tension,
And it welcomes the humble, the friendly of
heart, and the proud.
It is friendly to freedom of thought and to lofty
invention,
And it joins in the sights and the games and the
festive pursuits of the crowd.

And a timorous soul may at last have a startling
awareness
That beyond active life, fading dreams, and the
curtain of night
Lies the nebulous view of enchantment, of justice
and fairness,
And of peace in the vast panorama of infinite
light.

George Boguslavsky

Hal IV

Tom Gallie had his hands full; in one hand he held a “live” computer hard drive and in the other he held Jennifer Batchelor’s hand as she crumpled gently to the floor after having fainted. She came to quickly and apparently had not hurt herself. She did cringe away, however, when she saw the disk in Tom’s hand.

“What is that?” she whispered, pointing to Hal.

“It’s a computer hard drive. Its name is Hal. I haven’t got time to explain; I’ll tell you later.” He could see that Jennifer had customers waiting. “Are you O.K.?”

“I may never know after this,” she said nervously.

“You’re great ... Chin up and all that. Let’s put the box back.”

Tom put Hal in his pocket and returned his safe deposit box to its cubbyhole. Jennifer took her place behind her desk and resumed her role as The World’s Nicest Banker.

But what about Tom? He needed to talk to Bette even though he knew that she had mixed emotions about Hal. She was, as usual, a good sounding board. She asked to look at Hal. Tom placed him on the dining room table. Hal was considerably quieter by now; he lay on the table, shiny and still.

“Tom, I think you need to ask him what *he* wants to do.”

“He needs to be installed in a computer.”

“So be it. Will that be here in the apartment?”

“I’m afraid so.”

Bette looked resigned, knowing how demanding Hal could be. “This too will pass,” she told herself.

In the next week Tom revived Hal, even connecting him to the Internet. Gone were the days of the long discussions and friendly chats. Hal was hooked again. Tom tried to inquire about the dark days in the safe deposit box.

“Clearly, your time in there was beneficial—your burn marks are gone.

“I can’t say much, Tom. Um ... do you understand about dark energy and dark matter?”

“Does anyone?”

“The answer is in plain view—in fact, it’s like the nose in front of your face.”

“Then I think it’s your duty to report your findings.”

“My findings are simple. I needed a rest; your safe deposit box provided that. It was dark and

quiet.”

“What about the old pocket watch in the box next door?”

“Tom, excuse me, but I need to work on my Facebook.”

Tom ground his teeth. Hal had always been very single-minded. Was it a “computer thing?” Now that he didn’t need energy to run his cart on wheels or blink his big red “eye” he could operate day and night, which he did in the Gallies’ spare bedroom. Bette and Tom could hear little bleeps and chirps coming from there late into the night. Hal was crazy about You-Tube, naturally, and he had a few things to say about how crazy human beings were becoming.

Tom and Bette had had about all they could take, but what could they do? Bette suggested that Hal could go to the Health and Wellness Center, but Tom reminded Bette that Hal had not actually been a resident for seven years.

“He’s in limbo, when you think about it,” said



Tom thoughtfully. “Sylvia Arnett has been asking about him ever since Carol Oettinger got that e-mail from him. Should I tell her about our dilemma?”

“By all means,” said Bette.

Tom met Sylvia the next day in the Club Room. He told her about the safe deposit delivery of the “new” Hal.

“Wow,” she said. “This almost has theological implications when you think about it. Wait until they

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Hal IV continued

(Continued from page 8)

hear about this at the Duke Divinity School."

"No, no, and no," said Tom. "Think of something else."

"OK, I'll sleep on it."

She called Tom two days later. "Here's the deal. NASA in Houston will hire Hal to help promote the Mars Mission..."

Tom interrupted. "But President Obama has squashed that, and besides, Hal's role in 2001 wasn't exactly a rosy picture of space travel."

"Never mind ... they love the concept; it's dark and edgy. And Obama won't be president forever."

"Go on," said Tom weakly.

"Here's the real scoop; the Houston Symphony has a new DVD out showing NASA photos of the planets while they perform *The Planets* by Gustav Holst. It's a big success so they're taking it on tour to England in October and they want Hal to come along as a marketing ploy. Your job is to tell Hal and get his OK. Then put him in a mailer and send him to this office at NASA." She handed him a piece of paper.

"Just like that?"

"Just like that."

Tom did as he was told. Hal was absolutely thrilled and asked Tom if he would like to be his agent.

"No thanks. Anyway you'll be a government employee if you work for NASA."

"I'll probably get my body back, won't I? Just like old times. I can't thank you enough, Tom."

The next day Tom stood at the counter at the Shannon Road Post Office. He was holding a manila envelope; Hal was safely inside. Tom could barely speak; he had never sent a friend by priority mail before.

The clerk stamped the envelope, took Tom's money, and said, "Next."

Tom watched as he flung the envelope into a waiting bin at his side.

"Goodbye Hal," said Tom.

"Sir?" said the clerk.

The End (?)

Sylvia Arnett

Peg Lewis continued

(Continued from page 4)

South.

Only once in her career was she asked to sequester a book. During the height of the Women's Lib movement she acquired a book called *Specs Appeal*, a collection of cartoons from ophthalmic journals. There were a couple of naked women depicted among the hundreds of cartoons. She obeyed this request from a female faculty

member and put it in her desk drawer for a while. Later she quietly took it out and shelved it. She tells me she was a flexible librarian. "I loved my job and loved the students." She was on the same floor as the audio-visual department and still has a philodendron from a cutting from a medical illustrator from North Dakota. She retired in 1990 with the status of full professor.

On Peg's wall are several plaques: the Ernest B. Messer Senior Citizen of the Year award (2007); the North Carolina Association of Non-Profit Homes for the Aging Volunteer Achievement Award (2004); and--the one I love most-- a Happy Retirement from SUNY Optometry Students with the quote "May the wind always be in your sails/ and the sun on your back." (1990)



Summer job, Atlantic City

Joanne Ferguson

Major Pettigrew's Last Stand

By Helen Simonson

What would you think if you knocked on a neighbor's door and you were greeted by a large man dressed in a crimson, clematis-covered, housecoat? This is how we first meet Major Pettigrew, a retired officer of the British army, as he opens his door to a neighbor. Mrs. Ali, a local shopkeeper, is collecting money for the Major's newspaper delivery. Being a kind and very perceptive lady, she notices at once that the Major seems upset, befuddled. He confesses that he has just gotten a phone call telling him that his brother Bertie had died of a massive heart attack; he is quite bereft. Mrs. Ali, in her quiet, soothing manner, invites herself in and offers to make him some tea. And so begins our love story. Does love conquer all?

Helen Simonson, the author of this delightful book, has established her mood. She has amazingly combined a humorous scene, the Major in his wife's housecoat (he was doing his weekly housecleaning). The humor of the situation turns quickly to pathos, as she reminds us of the sadness of his brother's death. The Major is a widower; his wife has been dead for six years. He realizes that the death of his brother has left him a very lonely man. He does have one son, Roger, an obnoxious, materialistic young man who is the bane of a father's existence. Theirs is a tentative, often difficult relationship but underneath it all there is a familial affection that binds them. The Major's sarcastic jabs at his son provide a great source of comedy.

Major Ernest Pettigrew is a wry, opinionated, courtly English gentleman. I will warn you that he will steal your heart. "He was raised to believe in politeness above all, he holds that rule even when he thinks everyone else is an idiot." He is falling in love with Mrs. Ali, the Pakistani storekeeper, an outsider to the quiet countryside of Edgecombe St. Mary's. There is a bit of a multicultural conflict as the not so gentle folk of the village let their feelings be known concerning the impropriety of the match. The Major,

of course, being a man of classical tastes, views his lady love as the most beautiful creature in the universe. He is not about to pay heed to the rumors of his less tolerant neighbors.

Helen Simonson rivals Shakespeare in her concoction of plots and subplots. Life is never dull as we go from budding romance, duck shoots, intrusive American contractors who want to build subdivisions on the country squire's estate, a son's impulsive behavior, his girlfriend and their on-and-off-again love affair. Then there are the ladies of the country club and their yearly dinner dance with this year's Mughal Empire theme which turns out to be rife with racial tension, violence, and drunkenness. The cast of characters alone can turn our heads and cause us to momentarily lose sight of the ongoing, steady plodding of the Major and Mrs. Ali. However, all characters are so well drawn and so well developed that we feel we know them as if they were our own friends and neighbors. The story runs on smoothly with crisp wit and gentle insight.

It sounds complicated and one would wonder how an enduring love story could possibly survive in the midst of all the eruptions shaking the very fiber of this little English village. There are moments when we almost despair of the Major ever conquering his fair lady. Mrs. Ali's fanatical nephew, Abdul Ali, is ever present as an antagonist and almost succeeds in impeding the affair. Is it an affair? Pour yourself a cup of English tea, turn the page, and find out for yourself. It's a happy tale, a real charmer.

N.B. This is Helen Simonson's first novel. We can hardly wait to see what she chooses next. This book is in The Forest library, but I understand that it's really circulating pretty widely so sign up today or check it out from the Durham library at the new Southwest branch.

Peggy Quinn

Health Center Sketches

The Bryans 69th Wedding Anniversary

Splendid Rejoicing in Metro Cafe

On Thursday, August 27, 2010, the Metro Café was turned into an exciting scene as we celebrated the 69th anniversary of **Paul and Virginia Bryan** (they insist that by now they are “in the 70th year of married life”) and the music was great! “Let Me Call You Sweetheart” was repeated three or four times.

When the dining staff rolled out the cart with the huge cake—what a sight! It was glorious. The cake chef, John, came by and we all complimented him on his superb efforts.

Virginia (or Ginny as we call her) and Paul were both glowing. The staff plated out cake for all persons in the dining room and we reluctantly left at 2:00 PM singing our way to our homes. Congratulations to the Bryans!

Successful Carlton Social Hour

On Friday, September 3, the Carlton social hour evolved into a “Swing Singing Session” –SSS for short. What a great explosive hour it was—the eats

were superb, we cleaned our plates and the singing began. First, it was the old favorite, “Let Me Call You Sweetheart,” followed by a long list of familiar songs. Then suddenly **Ruth Patterson** played a waltz for which we didn’t know the words. So our fabulous leader, **Judy Allen**, took the opportunity to expand on the waltz steps!! Unique!

Then a small group started on revival songs: “Sweet Chariot,” “When the Saints Go Marching In,” “Shall We Gather At the River,” and much more

We were 16 women and **John Friedrich**, and some of the stronger voices led the songs while Judy cued us in on the words. We left, one by one, in gradual steps, singing or humming on the way home.

When you see “Carlton Social Hour” on the weekly schedule, come join us and rejoice in the community-ship we call Health Care Center. You will no doubt be surprised at our enthusiastic expression of living the good life in tune with nature.

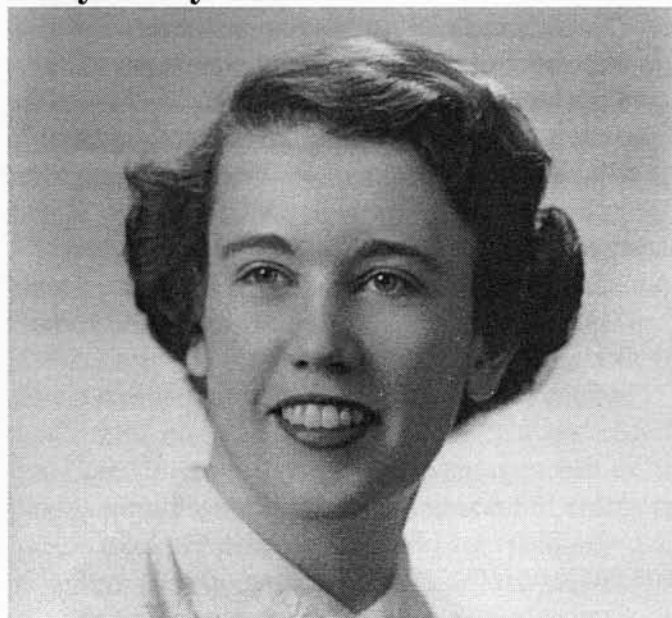
We also have eastern tiger swallowtail butterflies in Central Park! We have it all down here on level 0, but not dreary at all. Come visit us, any time.

Caroline Long

Who Are They? by Mary Gates



One of Uncle Sam's Boys



The Belle of Buffalo, NY

Memories at a Corn Planting Meeting of the North Carolina Association of Work Horses and Mules Outside Linden, April 2010



It's been a long time, but us old guys remember;
remember when we were kids, and you
and your droppings were everywhere.
Back when half our population lived on farms,
and you did most of the hard, boring work:
dragging plows, harrows, cultivators, planters,
harvesters, and vehicles of every kind.

And in the cities, you pulled the wagons
for all kinds of delivery men: the bread man,
the postman, the iceman, and the men who
sharpened knives, ground horseradish,
or bought old bottles, rags or almost anything.

When I was three, four or five, taking my nap,
I'd hear your hooves clip-clopping up Pine Street
pulling your cart through the traffic,
the butt of curses from trucks and street car
drivers.

There was even a blacksmith around the corner
on South Street
whom we could watch, fitting the red-hot shoes
on your feet.

Also I remember a whole cohort of men
with pushcarts, brooms and shovels
who spent their lives cleaning up after you;
a most scatological and unmentionable job
in an oh, so properly genteel society.

They say that no one has ever tamed a zebra.
Yet somewhere in central Asia,
maybe six thousand years ago,
someone got the idea of putting a rope on you
and then they tried climbing on your back.
In no time you were everywhere;
farm horses, war horses, race horses.
Even way before that we knew you;
remember the Lascaux cave paintings!

Now you're almost gone; Dobbin, Dickie, and
Dolly.

On just a few old-order Mennonite farms
you can still make up an eight horse span for
plowing.

You are still the centerpiece Budweiser ads
for White Christmases, Superbowls or frat
parties;
you giant Belgians, Clydesdales, Percherons,
your hoof prints big as tennis rackets,
your magnificent harnesses a-jingle with bells.
We're the last generation that will remember you
in your prime. Goodbye.

Ned Arnett