



Traditionally Yours

23rd Edition

A newsletter written by the residents, for the residents.

March 2021

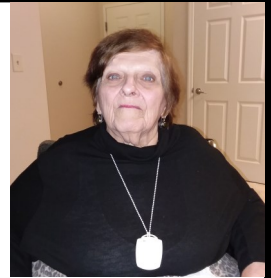




Welcome to the Neighborhood

By Joanne Weiner & Connie Huber

Treva Shenk moved here from Newport, PA which is 28 miles from Harrisburg. She has a son living in Bethlehem who told her about Traditions. Treva also has a son working in South Korea. He liked it so much he decided to live there permanently. Treva also had a son who died at the age of 59. Interesting to note, Treva got married when she was 15.



Treva drove a taxicab for 35 years. She stated that one night coming home from a call the passenger did a choke hold on her demanding money. She threw the money out the window and he ran after it. She immediately drove away and called the dispatch center stating that she was robbed and called the police.

After that, there were no more night calls when she was alone. She was accompanied by a male employee. Good job Treva.

Sheena Trevino was born and raised in New Castle and remained there until she was 18. She went to college in Ohio for Theater and Speech although her mother wanted her to become a teacher. She lived in Florida for a while to be with her mother, but she has a home in South Carolina. She never had children but likes animals. She has two dogs; one is a Terrier and the other a Pug. While in South Carolina she worked for the government as an IRS agent. She moved to Texas and worked as a tax collector.



Sheena loves to cook and has hosted many dinner parties, large and small. While she was working, she passed out and was taken to the hospital with a challenging medical situation. She hopes that her condition improves so that she can return to South Carolina.

Nathan and Sarah Thomas spent 16 years in Tobyhanna prior to moving to Traditions. He became interested in Traditions mainly due the availability of Consider it Done, which he knew would work well with his wife. Sarah, who is 84, suffers from Dementia/ Alzheimer's since 2014. Since moving here, she is more independent and is now able to feed herself.



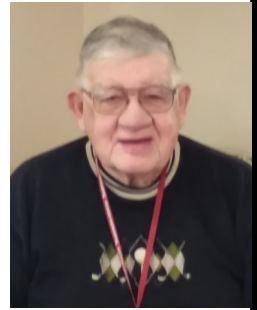
Nathan was a licensed Private Investigator, now retired. Since his retirement, he was elected constable for a six-year term and is now retired again. They have three sons and 10 grandchildren. One son is a director of a residential rehab facility, one an RN in Bartonsville, and the other a director of a bank.

Nathan is pleased with Sarah's improvement and hopes this will continue.

Annetta Walsh came to Traditions from Tamaqua, where she had lived her entire life. She said her life was “very plain and simple.” During the early years with her husband, she worked for a loan company. She said she is very nervous and it worsened after the death of her husband. Her daughter Michele has two sons, Kyle and Tyler. Both are grown and out of the house. She has a close relationship with her daughter and her two grandsons. Annetta enjoys playing Bingo and is looking for a brighter future while hoping to get to know more residents.



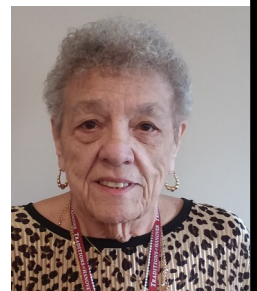
Frank Henderson was born and raised in Princess Anne, Maryland. His mother was born on Smith Island, which is famous for their Seven Layer Cakes. His father had a car dealership and a gas station. Many of his relatives worked in the Seafood industry on the Chesapeake Bay. At one time Crisfield, Maryland was the Seafood Capital of the World.



After high school, Frank went to Drexel University in Philadelphia. He was in a co-op program where he went to school for six months and worked for six months. He worked on the B&O Railroad in Cincinnati. That's where he met his wife Eleanor. They went back to Philadelphia and had their first child, Kathy. He graduated with a degree in Civil Engineering. He and his young family moved to Planes, NJ when he got a job with Public Service Gas and Electric. They had two more children, sons, Bob and Gary. He has 5 grandchildren and a great-grandson. His eyes lit up when he talked about the baby just turning a year old.

When his wife got sick, Frank was her caregiver. Frank's mother came to live with them and he became caregiver to both. After Eleanor died, Frank could no longer take care of his mother, now 103, so she is in a nursing home. When Frank decided to down-size, his son went on the internet to find a good place for him to call home. They came to Traditions first, then went to several other places. He felt that Traditions would be the best place for him. He is very happy to be here.

June Barndt was born in Norfolk, Va. When she was a child they moved to Pottstown, PA. When she was 16 years old, she went to Woolworth's and bought yarn and several books on knitting and crocheting. She taught herself to do both and says that they are her passion. She has made blankets, dolls, and even washcloths. After she married, she moved to Sunrise Lane, a small community between Pottstown and Reading.



June has five children, four sons and a daughter. She has 12 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren. She worked as a waitress and then got a job as a Tele-Control operator at Dolar-Jarvis where she worked for 30 years. When her mother got sick, June moved in with her and her stepfather. After her mother died, June stayed with her stepfather and took care of him until he died. After a few years of living alone, she decided to move. She moved to Traditions because her dear friends Jackie and Pete Stahl told her how happy they are here.

Welcome to the Neighborhood continued...

Jill Weissman moved in to Traditions in February. She and her sister Jan were adopted as babies. They grew up in West Orange, NJ. She went to a boarding school in Stockbridge, MA and then to a Junior College in Boston where she took Liberal Arts courses. Jill really liked living in Boston and enjoyed walks along the river. She loves it here at Traditions. Jill also enjoys music, especially the Beatles, and Mandala coloring books.



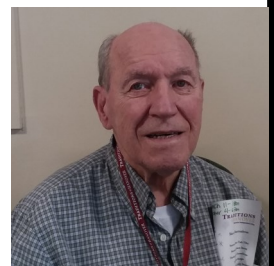
Al and Betty Fantozzi moved to Traditions because their good friends Franklin and Edna Graver told them how happy they were here.

Al was born in Italy and came to the United States when he was 17 years old. He lived in Bethlehem. Betty was born and raised in the Bethlehem area. They were married in 1957, and in 1958 they moved to Lehigh Township and here they raised their son and daughter. Both of their children are married, and their son has a lovely wife and two beautiful children, a boy and a girl. In 1952, Al opened Mary Fashion garment Company with his parents in Bath. Betty owned and operated Mary Fashion Travel Agency, also in Bath. Betty is also an artist and volunteered with the Allentown museum where she helped with the art shows.

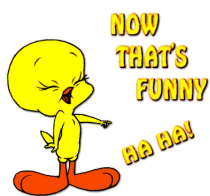


They are happy to be here and have met a few people and hope to meet many more.

Frank Micek is from Allentown. He lived there with his wife of 60 years until she died last December. Together they raised eight children (seven girls and a boy.) Most of his children still live in the Allentown area. He graduated from Muhlenberg College. Frank served in the Marine Corps as a Military Police Officer. He worked as a salesman at Sears for 26 years.



Frank recently joined the Traditions Writing Group.



I read the other day that our waistline measurements should not be greater than half of our heights. All along I've been thinking that my problem was that my waist was too big. Now I know that isn't the problem at all. The problem is my height. I'm just too short!

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We're not aging... we're ripening to perfection!

Ancestors

by Amelia Reyes

I always listen to the stories my relatives talk about how our family came to Puerto Rico. They brought their costumes and traditions from their native country, which we still have them.

I was curious about my ancestors, where they came from, so I sent for a kit to have my DNA tested. I was surprised to find out that 60% of me come from Europe. My DNA shows that I am Spanish, Italian, and Greek. I also have Native American DNA. I hope that DNA is from the natives of Puerto Rico. It is good to know that the Tainos are alive in us.

After I had my DNA tested, I began receiving emails telling me that they found somebody who is related to me, a cousin. Recently I received an email from a person who is supposed to be my first cousin. This person writes that her father's name was Antonio Reyes and his mother's name was Amelia Reyes. She also mentioned that an older sister (who has died) told her that my grandmother was Spanish Jewish. No one in my family had mentioned that to me. She wants to prove that she is partly Puertorican so that she could apply for dual citizenship. That's when I began to question her motives. I will not answer her email. The information she gave me can be found on line.



Rita's Corner

By Rita Litvin



There's Only One of You

Whenever you're feeling sad or blue
you must keep this in mind
There is no other like yourself
There's only one of you

You can wish for life to change
and there's always a chance it will
But keep remembering all your life
there'll always be some hill

Be as happy as you can be
Think of all the good you do
that makes your life unique
Then follow, follow don't turn back
There's really more to seek

Looking backward to a troubled past
can only cloud your head
and leave no room for future hope
with thoughts of good instead

Try to make the life you have today
as upbeat as you can do
because remember in this huge world
there's only one of you



Telling a Joke

No matter how old the jokes
and no matter how old the folks,
funny never gets old.

We can sit and can listen
to a really ancient tale,
and still can laugh,
and still enjoy and often really wail.

There are times when
telling a funny story
can make such a difference in feeling.
It often gives an outlook
that contributes to mental healing.

So even though you're not
too adept at telling humorous jokes,
just do your best.
You never know
how it really might help folks.



Wish I Had Thought of These Before COVID-19!!!

The dumbest thing I ever bought was a 2020 planner.

I was so bored I called Jake from State Farm just to talk to someone. He asked me what I was wearing.

The world has turned upside down. Old folks are sneaking out of the house & their kids are yelling at them to stay indoors!

This morning I saw a neighbor talking to her dog. It was obvious she thought her dog understood her. I came into my house & told my cat. We laughed a lot.

Does anyone know if we can take showers yet or should we just keep washing our hands?

This virus has done what no woman has been able to do:
Cancel sports, shut down all bars, and keep men at home!

I need to practice social distancing from the refrigerator.

Never in a million years could I have imagined I would go up to a bank teller wearing a mask and asking for money.

The spread of COVID-19 is based on 2 things:

1. How dense the population is
2. How dense the population is

I stayed up late this New Year's Eve. Not to see 2021 come in, but to be sure 2020 left!



*Halloween
in
Florida*

The Brennan Nativity Collection

by Ray Brennan

According to our modern expert, the Grinch, “Christmas doesn’t come from a store.” How right he is! Christmas celebrates the birth of the Christ child worldwide!



In the Bible, Luke 2, Verses 4 to 7 stated that Joseph went up to Bethlehem in Judea to register for the Roman census because his ancestral home was there. His wife, Mary, was expecting a child. While there, the time came for the baby to be born, and she gave birth to a son, Jesus. They wrapped him in various clothes and placed Him in a manger to keep warm because there was no room for them at an inn. Shepherds attending flocks of animals in this remote area were told by Angels of this event. They came and visited the child in the manger. That’s it! Luke gave a very simple story and explained no more.

Many legends and traditions have arisen from this story—and that’s exactly what they are—legends no basis in reality.

Please consider, garlands, holly, bells, mistletoe, wreaths, gingerbread, nutcrackers, chestnuts, sleighbells, greeting cards, Yule logs, eggnog, snowmen, reindeer, stockings, strings of lights, elves, Santa Claus, St. Nick, Christmas trees, and wrapped presents are all connected to Christmas. Would it be a Holiday Season without them? Think about that; we’ve been indoctrinated, haven’t we? But, to me and many others, Nativity sets are a vital part of this Holy Holiday. They are the center of it.

St. Francis of Assisi is usually credited with the first Nativity set. However, what he actually did was stage a live Medieval religious drama during a Christmas mass. Historians have traced the first Nativity set to a sculptor named Arnulfo di Cambio who created the figures for a church in Rome in the 13th Century!

My wife, Regina and I collected Nativity sets for over 50 years. We had over 100 individual Nativities at one time which were displayed in our living room in our house in New Jersey. When I sold our home, I gave over 80 of them to an Episcopal Church so they can display them each year.

I brought 20 of them with me to Traditions. I traveled all over the world to collect them. Each is made of different colors and shapes to portray the birth scene!

In the Bible, Matthew 2, Verses 1 to 12 picks up the story from Luke. A huge and bright star appeared over Bethlehem in the night sky over the manger. Magi from the East saw it and followed the star. Realize, it must have taken some time to walk on foot and ride camels 100 or more miles. It certainly could not have been a few days after the birth of Jesus.

Despite popular belief these Wise Men could not have been Kings! No country would have three kings. They were undoubtedly Astrologers who came from Persia because that country was East of Palestine and since they were Astrologers, they had an interest in following a bright star that appeared in the sky. They arrived, brought gifts deemed valuable at that time - gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and they honored the babe lying in the manger as being special and probably a King.

All Nativity sets contain a universal symbol and all celebrate the same theme—the birth of the Christ Light into the world; the same Jesus that didn't want to be a human king, or have political power! Yet realize He is the focal point of history. It is either B.C. (Before Christ) or A.D. (Anno Domino, after our Lord) and that has been since two thousand and twenty years ago!

The Nativities in my collection include:

Puerto Rico

- A rare 2-sided Nativity

- A ceramic Nativity containing figures with the Puerto Rican flag on them from Old San Juan Cathedral on Calle Cristo.

- A paper Mache version of the 3 Kings by Pedro Rivera. Please note: In Puerto Rico, they celebrate 3 Kings Day, January 6th, more than Christmas.

- Replicas of gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Pennsylvania

- An Amish corn husk Nativity from Lancaster

- A Black Resin Nativity from Bird-In-Hand in Amish country. (Made from corn, bread, and a ring).

Arizona - A Native American Nativity made of clay. (It is a dwelling not a stable.)

New Jersey - A Nativity inside a Mute Swan Egg by Joan Sweeney.

New York - A plastic Nativity from Woolworth's 5 and 10 cent store.

Poland - A church made of tin foil with a Nativity scene inside.

Austria - An organic Budhauht Pod with a natural Nativity inside.

Italy - A miniature Terra Cotta Nativity in a church from Assisi.

Ireland - A rock Nativity.

Spain - A glossy ceramic Nativity from Alicante with an angel.

South Africa - A cloth covered wire Nativity.

Uganda - A banana-leaf fiber Nativity with stable.

Mexico - A miniature Nativity in red clay. (Made with halos over Mary, Joseph, and the Angel.)

Canada - A carved red cedar wood Nativity from Victoria, British Columbia in the west.

Russia

- A stacking or nesting Father Christmas from the Soviet Union.

- A stacking or nesting Nativity made of wood as depicted by Richard Ferraro.

Peru

- A ceramic Egg Nativity which is very colorful.

- A tiny box Nativity made of wood that fits in a pocket and can be carried into the fields.

Caught in the Woods...

By Connie Huber

Tom and I belonged to an Archery Club. We shot from different positions at targets with pictures of animals simulating a hunting outing. Tom was very good and I was pretty good too. We loved being together sharing a common interest, archery.

It was September, and archery season for hunting. As always, Tom got his license. I decided that this year I was going hunting also. I was good enough with the bow to know I could hit what I aimed at.

We set out one afternoon with our quiver of hunting arrows and our bows. As we were walking through the woods, there was a slight movement in the grass ahead. A beautiful doe jumped up and took off. The grace, speed, and beauty of this animal were amazing. But I don't know who was more startled, the doe or me. I looked at Tom and the hunting arrows in our hands. "What am I doing?" I said to him. "This is not like the targets at the club."

It was still a beautiful day and we were still walking in the woods. Now we were walking hand in hand, then he kissed me. It was still a beautiful day, I was with my handsome husband, and he kissed me again, and again... then things progressed slowly. I told him it was time to go home before they progressed too far. He agreed.

The next day he was at work. One of his co-workers laughed and asked him, "Who was that 'broad' in the woods with you yesterday?" The co-worker had been in a tree stand with a bird's eye view of the entire episode.



Preparing for Easter

by Joanne Weiner

Many years ago, when I was a young mother of two little girls, we went to church to prepare ourselves for Easter Sunday. I told my youngest daughter Gail to stay where she was while Elaine and I went to confession. Since Elaine had received her First Holy Communion, this was good practice for her. We left the pew for the confessional box and not too long afterward, we returned to the pew. It was time to go, so I told my youngest that we were leaving. She looked up in a defiant manner and said, "But Mommy, I have to make pee-pee too!"



Life of An Ex-Pat in Saudi Arabia

by Nancy Sutton

Part 1... Getting There, Settling In

If someone had told me in the 1950's that I would meet and marry a man who had been born and had grown up in the Middle East (Palestine) I would have remarked 'Are you crazy?' Indeed, it happened!

When I was spending the summer in Chautauqua, New York in 1953, I met David Sutton, a Princeton student, who was working as the janitor at the Chautauqua Opera House. One of the operas performed that summer was "Aida". I was studying dance and was to perform in that opera. "Aida" requires many extras. The young college men, David among them, were recruited to be sword bearers.

We were married three years later at Chautauqua. David took a job with ARAMCO (Arabian American Oil Company) in Dhahran Saudi Arabia and we moved to the desert. The fact that he could understand Arabic, as well as speak it fairly well, helped him land a job in the Government Relations at ARAMCO.

In those days, a new employee had to wait a year before taking a spouse to such a foreign country; however, since David grew up there, I only had to wait six months before I could go. The fact that David had a degree in Near East studies and had lived in that part of the world, was a help.

For me, the flight to Dhahran was quite an experience. In 1960 there were not yet any jets traveling around the world, however, ARAMCO had its own propeller planes which we named "Camel Airlines." Even though the trip was a long one, it was first class all the way. The planes had been refurbished, with bunks for sleeping and



very spacious seating. At the end of January 1960, I left what was then Idlewild Airport (JFK) at 6 pm. After a lovely dinner I went to bed in the bunk behind privacy curtains.

After a thirteen-hour flight, we landed in Amsterdam to spend the day and night. Early the next morning we flew to Rome, then to Beirut, Lebanon where my in-laws met us for coffee. My father-in-law taught Physics at Beirut College for Women and my mother-in law taught English at the American University of Beirut. They were living in that beautiful city at the time. (appropriately named the Paris of the Middle East).

Since we could not yet live in the compound in the community of Dhahran, we rented a small apartment in the neighboring village of Al Khobar, which now in 2020 is a flourishing small city on the Persian Gulf. I was definitely the only American at that time, as well as the only non-Arabic speaking resident. There were a few Consulate couples, but they spoke some Arabic.

I was very fortunate to have a friend from Bucknell who was a senior when I was a freshman at the college. Her father worked for ARAMCO; she had grown up there and married a fellow ARAMCO "brat" as they were so kindly referred to. She was a tremendous help to me, introducing me to her friends and family.

Stay tuned for Part 2... Kids, Schools, House-Boys

Big He-Man Dog

by Michele Morrow, Editor

Every morning, no matter the weather, I take Billy, my rescue pooch, for a two-mile walk on our local trail. Billy is a four-year-old Lab-Boxer mix (but I always tell people he's a "Tri-Mix" ... as in part Lab, part Boxer, and mostly Butthead).

He used to bark at pretty much everything... like the air... but especially at squirrels, rabbits, chipmunks, and such. He truly believes he's a big-bad he-man dog, but in reality he's a total momma's boy!

One morning while on the trail, a large doe was standing about 20 yards in front of us. Billy was so scared, he hid behind me. But as we approached, the doe ran off into the woods along side the trail. Once she ran away, Billy came out from behind me and started barking like he was saying... *"That's right, I'm here and I scared you away.... Now run run little dear."*

Yep, my dog's a big baddy, for sure!



*Contentment begins, not in having one more thing,
but in being deeply grateful for the things that are already within our grasp.*

Traditions Writing Group... Join Us!

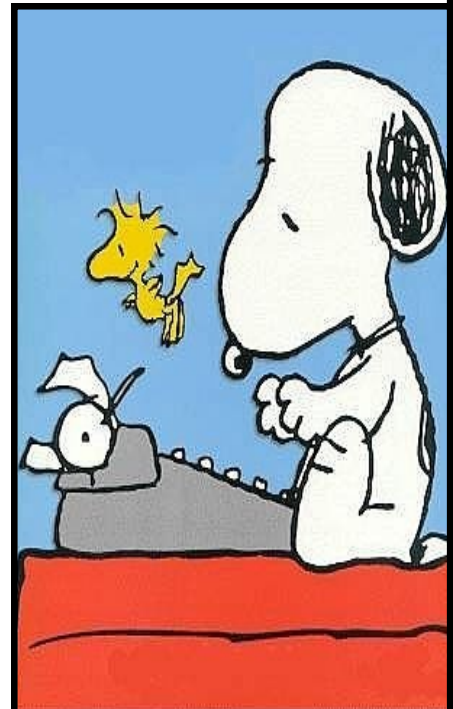
The Writing Group is always looking for members to contribute to the newsletter. If you would like to share a story, submit an article or share a picture or two please let us know. Refer to the Traditions calendar for meeting dates and times. We'd love to have you join us!!

Let's keep the stories coming... and let the good times roll!

Current Writing Group Members

Connie Huber, Amelia Reyes, Marge Kovacs, Rita Litvin, Arlene Bartolomei, Jean Riegel, Betty Weikel, Ray Brennan, Nancy Sutton, and Frank Micek.

Barbara Colacurcio was a member of the Writing Group since its beginning and contributed a great deal to this newsletter. We're going to miss her dearly!



Hanover Humor by Al

The following laughs are brought to you by Al Schadle



My wife was being admitted to the hospital for a routine procedure. The admitting nurse said to her "give me your wrist I am going to give you a bracelet". Jokingly, my wife said, "does it have rubies and pearls"? "No" answered the nurse, "but it will cost just as much."

A good friend of mine told his girlfriend that he wanted to make her the happiest woman in the world. She replied. "I'll miss you."

Why don't polar bears wear socks.
Because if they did they wouldn't have bear feet.

A man showed another man a picture of his wife and said "isn't she gorgeous". The man replied, "if you think she is gorgeous, you should see my wife – she is an Optician."

If you learn from your mistakes, I should soon be a genius.

I went to the eye doctor yesterday and guess who I bumped into? Everyone.

A man called 911 to report that his bag was stolen. A police officer arrived in a few minutes and found the bag at the bottom of the stairs. It was a brief case.

~

Since I am right 95% of the time, I don't care about the other 2%.

~

It doesn't matter whether you win or lose, until you lose.

~

You know you are having a bad day when your identical twin calls you ugly.

~

The doctor said to the new patient "give me your name and date of birth." To which the patient replied, "why, aren't you happy with yours?"

~

A doctor said to his patient "can you take a deep breath for me". The patient replied, "If you are having trouble breathing, you should try oxygen."

~

Two men were discussing what they would do if they found out that they only had 30 days to live. One man said that he'd go to Africa and spend his last days volunteering in a hospital. The second man said he'd try to delay the end as long as he could so he'd go and live with his ex-wife. Thirty days with her would seem like forever.

~

After treating her hair with olive oil, a woman asked her husband if she smelled like olive oil. No, replied her husband, do I smell like Popeye?

Hooch... Booze... Bathtub Gin

by Nancy Sutton

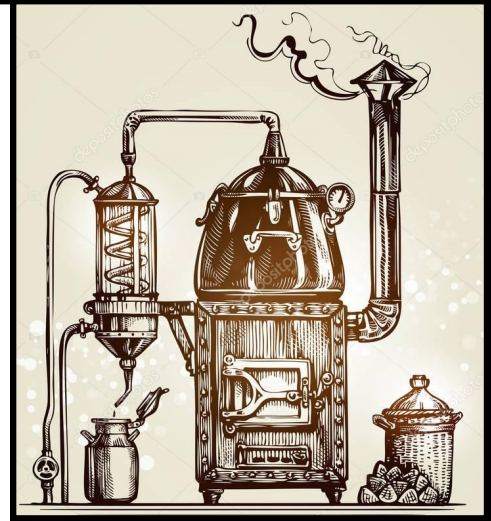
Saudi Arabia is a dry country! One cannot buy any alcohol – that does not mean it is not there, however; the members of the royal family can get it whenever they want it. In fact several in the family are or were alcoholics. King Saud who was alive while I was there died from alcoholism, as well as his brother, Faisal, who followed him to the throne.

While living there, my husband was in Government Relations and had to deal with American employees if they were caught coming into the country with alcohol or leaving the compound after having been drinking. That meant immediate deportation from the country and loss of the job. The hypocrisy was blatant. Looking the other way seemed to be the unspoken theme of the day. The government knew the Americans were making it; as long as it stayed in the compound, they looked the other way.

Unending attempts to make beer and wine led to all sorts of interesting concoctions and very few successes.

Making booze was quite a process. First thing that needed to be done was to set the Mash. In enormous bottles they combined water, yeast, sugar, and something else I can't recall. It sat for weeks to ferment. Most people shared a still with another family. A weekend was chosen and the still was set up. It took two full days to make the "hooch", the bathtub gin (distill it.) It was a dangerous process since the still was on a gas stove. As you can imagine the hooch was extremely flammable. They all claimed it was a safe process if one followed the rules. Generally, everyone did. The "hooch" was very powerful. Most people used it as one would use gin or vodka, mixing it with Schweppes, with lemon or lime and ice. People also made their own beer and wine. I never tried them but heard they were not very good. Among a community of ex-pats it is not unusual to have alcoholics. I was aware of few, but in general, an employee could not perform his or her job if that was the case.

I would love to know if they're still making the Hooch... Booze... Bathtub Gin.



*I think my dog follows me to the bathroom
because I always follow him outside...
Guess he thinks that's the way it works!*



Traveling Back in Time...

Who was Arabella Griffith Barlow

by *Arlene Bartolomei*

My article began on a Saturday morning when my husband John and I, who are ardent history buffs, began reading books about the Civil War. We discovered that a New Jersey woman, Arabella Griffith Barlow, who was married to a Union General, Francis Barlow, was working as an army nurse.

During her service, she contracted Typhus fever. After several weeks of illness, she died on July 27, 1864 at the age of 40. Her body was brought back to Somerville, New Jersey to be buried. In conversation with a friend of ours, who was a local newspaper columnist, we learned that as she was doing research for another project, she came across an article in the New York Times dated December 6, 1914. The article stated a building was being erected to honor the memory of the nurses who served during the Civil War. Before his death General Barlow told his friend Mr. Scrymser, the time should come for the country to honor the memory of the women and not forget the ones who gave their lives. Scrymser made and kept a promise he made to Barlow that he would make his wish a reality.

On February 3, 1917, with the influence of Presidents Taft and Wilson, the Red Cross moved into its beautiful new home, a building dedicated to the women of the North and South for their devotion and self-sacrifice. We contacted the Red Cross to find out more information about Arabella and where she was buried. They said they had no photos and only knew she was buried in Somerville, NJ, but did not know the location. We decided finding her grave would make a great project. It was difficult to find the grave because unknown to us women at that time were buried according to their maiden name. We discovered her resting place and discovered she was buried without much

ceremony and her grave had a tombstone which was provided by the United States government. We felt she deserved more recognition for her valiant service. As events proceeded, we were

contacted by several Civil War reenactor units. My husband and I decided with their help, we would organize a proper military ceremony for Arabella.

The special ceremony took place with Civil War reenactors from regiments from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York. A dozen women and I were dressed in 19th Century wardrobe. We all participated in a military burial service of the Civil War times. It was truly an unforgettable and unbelievable experience. For three hours I had traveled back in time, something I will never forget. Refreshments of the time were served after the ceremony; mince pie, plum pudding, corn bread, lemonade, apple cider, sugar cookies, and gingerbread. A memorial plaque donated by a local monument company was inscribed with the dates and places where Arabella had served during the war. The event was covered by local TV and newspapers. We were assured by the local historical society that Arabella would receive a flag on her grave on Veteran's Day and Memorial Day along with others who gave their service and some their lives for their country.

One can only hope the people who serve in the medical profession during this pandemic will receive the recognition they justly deserve for their sacrificing service during the war against this virus.



The Stalker

by Jean Riegel

One weekend when I was young and single, I took my mother and our neighbor, Frieda, to Atlantic City.

We stayed at a motel looking out at the ocean. The next morning after breakfast, we went to the beach before it got too crowded or hot. My mother and Frieda liked to sit on the blanket in the sun, but I just liked to walk up and down the beach in the ankle-deep water. At one point, I felt like a man was following me, so I kept walking. Thinking a lot of people like to walk the same way, I just wanted to make sure I wasn't actually being followed, so I turned around and started back. Sure enough, he turned and followed me! He started to walk faster and getting closer to me. I stopped to look out at the ocean and waves coming in, then he got too close for comfort. When I looked at him, he exposed himself! He was not paying attention to where he was walking, so I just kept going deeper into the water. As he followed, along came a big wave and knocked him down, then another one followed and he couldn't get up. I looked at him and said "It serves you right!"

I went back to my mother and Frieda but never told them what happened. The guy actually had the guts to walk passed the three of us and stop to get his last look.

I could never understand why he chose ME to follow when the beach was full of girls in bikinis! Then, several months ago, I found this picture of me. I was 26 years old at the time... now I know he was stalking me... I wasn't too bad looking back then!



Well, that backfired....

A woman, cranky because her husband was late coming home again, decided to leave a note, saying, "I've had enough and have left you...don't bother coming after me." Then she hid under the bed to see his reaction. After a short while, the husband comes home and she could hear him in the kitchen before he comes into the bedroom. She could see him walk towards the dresser and pick up the note.

After a few minutes, he wrote something on it before picking up the phone and calling someone. "She's finally gone...yeah I know, it is about time, I'm coming to see you, put on that sexy French nightie. I love you...can't wait to see you. We'll do all the naughty things you like." He hung up, grabbed his keys, and left.

She heard the car drive off as she came out from under the bed, seething with rage and with tears in her eyes. She grabbed the note to see what he wrote. "I can see your feet. We're outta bread; be back in few minutes."

Breakfast with the Dodgers

by Connie Huber

It was the summer of 1965. My husband's cousin, Don "Ducky" LeJohn, had just been sent up from a Farm Team to the LA Dodgers. The Dodgers were playing at Connie Mack Stadium in Philadelphia. Ducky and his wife Irene wanted to visit with us. They invited us to meet them at the hotel and have breakfast and then see the game.

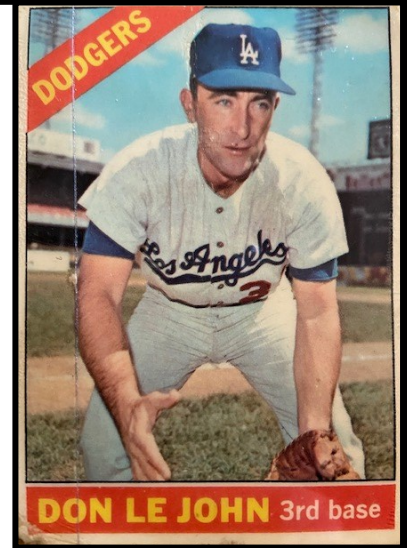
My husband Tom, his mother, my 12-year-old cousin Michael, and I expected to meet them and that it would be just us for breakfast. When we got to the hotel, we found ourselves in the restaurant with the entire Dodger baseball team. Ducky introduced us to everyone. I got to shake hand with Morey Wills, Sandy Kofax, Walter Austin and so many others. He gave Michael and me each a signed baseball.

While we were talking to the players, Michael noticed Jim Bunning of the Phillies waiting for the elevator. Michael was such a huge Phillies fan and because Jim Bunning had pitched a perfect game the year before, Michael was in awe. He asked me if he could go over to him to ask for an autograph and since no one else was around, I said of course. Michael politely asked him for his autograph, to which Jim Bunning rudely replied, "Some other time kid!" What a jerk Bunning was! This was many years before players were selling autographs so that was quite a disappointment.

We all enjoyed the game. Even though I am a Yankee fan, I was glad the Dodgers won that day.

Ducky played for the LA Dodgers for many years, and later became manager for the Farm Club, then was eventually a scout. During his entire career with the Dodgers, he earned five World Series rings.

The picture above is his baseball card I've had from when he first joined the Dodgers. I had several cards from now-famous players over the years... I wished I knew then not to fold the cards or clothespin them to my bicycle spokes!



We all know mirrors don't lie...

*I'm just grateful they
don't laugh!*



My Time as a Sailor

by *Peter Duborg*

I finished high school at the end of May 1967 in the city of Hamburg in Northern Germany. Since I did not know what trade I should enter I consulted with a professional advisor. After some soul searching, I signed on with the cargo ship *Christa* as a junior grade sailor. My duties were to serve the seven-man deck crew their meals from the galley and help with work on deck of the ship, like painting.

The ship had a displacement of 3500 metric tons and was constructed to fit in the Welland Canal towards Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. The bridge and crew housing were at the back of the ship. I roomed with two other mates on the starboard side. Two large hatches were in front of the bridge. After the ship was loaded with cargo, the Nautical Pilot came on board, and the *Christa* sailed down the Elbe River towards the North Sea. We stopped at Amsterdam, Holland, and Antwerp, Belgium to take on more cargo. The *Christa* progressed through the channel between England and France until we passed Landsend, the most eastern part of Cornwall, England. We could see its lighthouse!

We turned west and did not see land for 11 days. The Atlantic Ocean was relatively quiet during our voyage towards San Juan, the Capital of Puerto Rico.

After unloading our cargo, we took sail for Port au Prince, Haiti. From there we proceeded to Mobile, Alabama, for our first US harbor. New Orleans, Louisiana was next. From there we sailed to Brownsville, Texas on the Rio Grande. A bridge over the Rio Grande connected Brownsville with Matamoros on the Mexican side. Our next port was Maracaibo, Venezuela. We sailed through the Gulf of Maracaibo past many derricks pumping oil. From there we sailed to the Panama Canal. The Canal was built to cut across the Isthmus of Panama to shorten the distance between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The Canal opened on August 15, 1914 and made it possible to avoid sailing through the Drake Passage around Cape Horn, Chile, saving many days in the process.

On the Atlantic side, near the city of Colon, we entered the Gatun Locks. Two Electric Mules, one on each side, guided the *Christa* into the Lock. The intrushing water lifted the ship up to 26m (85 ft.) to the level of the artificially created Gatun Lake. The lake was created to reduce the amount of excavation required to build the Canal. On the Pacific side, near Panama City, the Miraflores Lock brought our ship down to the Pacific Ocean level.

From the Panama Canal we traveled around the western part of Ecuador to Caliou, the harbor of Lima, the capital of Peru.



Running Water

by Jean Riegel

One Friday morning, my husband Walt said we are going up to the cabin in Peeks Pound. It was my first time to go to Pop's hunting cabin.

We packed the ice chest with food and took all we needed for a long weekend. The cabin's kitchen was right inside the front door with a large table, small kitchen with a sink, and a refrigerator. There was a large wood stove for heat and cooking, but no electricity, just candles or a lamp for light. There were several beds in the back room.

When we got there, I went to the sink for water to make coffee and nothing happened.

I told Walt and he said he would get me running water. When he came back, I looked in the large yellow pan and saw some little black specks floating around. I asked, "Walt, where did you get the water?" He said, "I got it in the creek!" So I said, "You said you'd get me running water..." His response was... "I did. I ran down to the creek and ran back up with it."

So that was my "running" water. The next time we went to the cabin, I made sure I took water from home. We had a great weekend and a lot of laughing.

P.S. I almost forgot the important part of the hunting cabin... The outhouse!

It was close to the road, so you better have had a flashlight with you because every time a car drove by you had to close the door! Not to mention the little mouse that made the corner of the outhouse his home. He ran back and forth over your boots squeaking until you left.



So happy to see this white stuff GONE... and so very ready for SPRING!

