EDITORIAL

It’s summertime and the living is easy. We step out the door in shirt-sleeves and sandals. Gone is the routine of struggling with long underwear, sweaters, coats, scarves, hats, mittens and big heavy boots. We are fortunate to live in a region with four distinct and dramatic seasons. Only a month ago, someone sitting in the living room watched fat snowflakes drifting down lazily outside the window and said “Aren’t they lovely!” It seems a miracle that our little world here can be transformed so completely with each passing season. (Even “mud season” inspires the recitation of old-time Vermont jokes.) We take pleasure in sighting the “firsts” in each season, starting with the first robin in spring. We leave the dinner tables to watch through the window as the deer emerge from the woods or the little fox kits are at play. We plan our walks to coincide with the arrival of the afternoon school bus. We watch for the children with Holly, the olden-golden lab–––her tail wagging, offering a big fat stick held in her smiling mouth. The children are busy these days, working on their summer “hideout” up on a hill behind a big rock. They have built a little bridge across the gully, strung ropes across trees to form walls and are busy sweeping the leaves away and making “furniture.” Once the forest is in full leaf, they will be invisible. We celebrate the summer with them. In this issue, we offer your pictures and stories about “critters,” both wild and domestic. Enjoy.

Ann Dwyer

Our quotations in this issue are paraprosdokian, a figure of speech in which the latter part of a sentence or phrase is surprising or unexpected in a way that causes the reader or listener to reframe or reinterpret the first part. It tends to end in an anticlimax or negative vein, but it’s all in good fun.

“Why does someone believe you when you say there are four billion stars, but checks when you say the paint is wet?”
CRITTERS

AN UNUSUAL HOUSEHOLD

We had several animals in our household when I was a child. My sister had a large horse named Tucker. I once took him into the dining room to see how he would look. Mother was so intrigued that she took him into the library and living room. We also had a goat that would come into the house every day. He would go upstairs, get under the bed and scratch his back on the bedsprings. Then he would leave. We had two collies. There were porcupines that were eating our porch. My father kept an iron pipe under his bed. He would hit them on the head, then it was my job in the morning to tie a rope around their feet, then drag them into the woods. One night I woke to find a porcupine in my bedroom. I called to my sister, “Come help me—there is an animal in my room!” She took a long time. When I asked what took so long, she said, “I thought you said there is a man in my room, and I didn’t have any clothes on.”

Prue Webb

THE DEER AND THE DAISIES

We let the lawn at the back and sides of our house go to meadow, and were rewarded with wildflowers and wildlife. One spring, I noticed a doe at the edge of the woods with a small fawn. After studying the yard, she led her baby to a place under our bedroom window where there was a large clump of daisies. She nudged it until it curled up in the flowers, its spots forming perfect camouflage. She was gone for almost an hour, then returned to collect her small charge, which was just as she had left it.

Ann Dwyer

BARNEY

Barney came to live with us in 1971. He was a long-haired, tri-colored Dachshund, and he was our friend for 12 years. When someone was in the kitchen where the dog treats were in a cookie jar, if Barney thought he deserved a treat, he would stick his long nose into the kitchen and say, “Ruff!” If that did not produce a treat because we were busy, he would next say, “Roof!” If I had a visitor in the kitchen with me when Barney stuck his nose in, I’d say, “This dog is an economic forecaster—just listen.” “Barney, what kind of economic times lie ahead?” Barney would reply, “Ruff,” and I’d say “Yes, indeed. Rough economic times. And what would we be lucky to have over our heads?” Barney would reply, “Roof,” and I’d nod agreement and hand him a dog biscuit.

Tom McKenna

SAM’S “SENIOR MOMENT”

One day not long before he left us, Sam, our Harrier hound, was relieving himself when he casually elevated his left forefoot instead of the usual hind foot! It occurred to us then that dogs can have “Senior Moments,” too!

Marge Sands and Chet Cuyle

“Light travels faster than sound. This is why some people appear bright until you hear them speak.”
RUFUS-HUNTLEY PARIS

When our English bulldog, Rufus-Huntley, came to live with us, he was six months old. He had such an overbite, he couldn’t lap up liquids or eat food unless it was in big chunks. Because of this, if he wanted a drink of water, he would hop in the bathtub and turn on the water just a little with his mouth, then put his head underneath the faucet. The drawback was he did not turn it off and he left his bulldog slobber everywhere.

Eleanor and Nick Paris

“Going to church doesn’t make you a Christian any more than standing in a garage makes you a car.”
THE THREE FOXES by A.A. Milne

Once upon a time there were three little foxes
Who didn’t wear stockings, and they didn’t wear sockses,
But they all had handkerchiefs to blow their noses,
And they kept their handkerchiefs in cardboard boxes.

They lived in the forest in three little houses,
And they didn’t wear coats, and they didn’t wear trousies.
They ran through the woods on their little bare tootsies,
And they played “Touch Last” with a family of mouses.

They didn’t go shopping in the High Street shopses,
But caught what they wanted in the woods and copses.
They all went fishing, and they caught three wormses,
They went out hunting, and they caught three wopses.

That’s all I know of the three little foxes
Who kept their handkerchiefs in three little boxes.

They lived in the forest in three little houses,
But they didn’t wear coats and they didn’t wear trousies,
And they didn’t wear stockings and they didn’t wear sockses.

FUN WITH FOXES

This page and poem are devoted to the fox family that set up housekeeping adjacent to our courtyard. They have provided days and hours of entertainment. A big thank-you to photographer/caregiver, Tabita Mohn, who took such delightful photographs of their antics. Enjoy.

Ann

“Knowledge is knowing a tomato is a fruit; wisdom is not baking it in a pie.”
OSHER provided us with many informative and entertaining programs this year. One of our favorites was the return of UVM Professor Wolfgang Mieder who teaches German and Folklore and has been Chairman of the Departments of German and Russian for 31 years. As the pundit of proverbs, he charms us with his wonderful accent, humor and entertaining delivery. His theme this year: Let Us Have Faith That Right Makes Might, is a study in the effective use of proverbs in the political fray over the last three centuries. The proverbial utterances included those of John Adams, Abraham Lincoln, Theodore and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, JFK, Martin Luther King, Ronald Reagan, George W. Bush and Barack Obama. Here are some familiar ones: Out of sight, out of mind. Strike while the iron is hot. Don’t swap horses in midstream. You can fool some of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time. A house divided against itself cannot stand. No glove, no love, a modern proverb on a condom machine! And, The only thing we have to fear is fear itself. Proverbs used by President Obama include No lie can live forever and No Man is an Island. On the surface, proverbs seem simplistic, but they contain a great deal of wisdom. Many can be found in Bartlett’s book of quotations—an entertaining way to spend a slow afternoon. Better yet, check out Professor Mieder’s books on his website. His latest volume is Making a Way Out of No Way, the sermonic, proverbial rhetoric of Martin Luther King. And another: Yes We Can, Barack Obama’s Proverbial Rhetoric.

Ann Dwyer

THE GAME OF TRIVIAL PURSUIT can be played by two or more individuals, or by teams of two or more. It is truly a test of your general knowledge about sports, entertainment, history, geography, art and literature, science and nature.

The object of the game is to get enough correct answers to the various questions in all of the categories to earn pie-shaped pieces, which are color coded for each subject. When you have earned six pieces, one of each color, you must then get to the center of the game board by rolling the dice and hope that you come up with the correct amount needed. The final question for you, at that point, is decided by your opponents. You win the game if your answer is correct.

It is all in good fun and there is much laughter during the play. It frequently seems that you know the answer to your opponents’ questions but not your own. There are many groans at how easy their questions are and how difficult yours are.

Come and join us for an enjoyable, sometimes frustrating, game.

Pat Watson

SALLY NELSON’S ART EXHIBIT has graced our exhibit hall for several weeks. Sally grew up in Delaware and Pennsylvania and studied art at Bennington College in Vermont, and the Maryland Institute of Fine Art in Baltimore where she received a BFA degree. Horses, foxhunting and painting were her passions. She moved to Vermont in 1985, leaving ponies and horses behind, but not her art. Her paintings are a treat for every eye — whimsical and delightful. Sally Nelson’s paintings have stolen our hearts.

Ann Williams

“Evening news is where they begin with ‘Good Evening,’ and then proceed to tell you why it isn’t.”
POETRY HOUR takes place every Sunday evening when poetry enthusiasts gather in front of the fireplace in the living room to read and hear poetry. Some of us bring poems we have liked for years, some bring poems they recently discovered, and some bring poems they wrote themselves—those are some of the best! Other people come just to listen, and they are always welcome.

We hear poems of every sort from a wide variety of poets including Robert Frost, Rudyard Kipling, E.E. Cummings, and Shel Silverstein. Looking through one of your own poetry books can be a rewarding experience and you may want to share it with others at Poetry Hour. Please try it. Note: as long summer evenings beckon us outdoors, we will take a break from Poetry Hour and resume meeting around the fireplace in the fall.

Tom McKenna

ART CLASS

Lauren Stagnitti was our art instructor this winter. She is an artist and photographer who encouraged us all to work on drawing and watercolor. We had five students, two of whom did the drawing and three who painted. It was a dedicated class consisting of two students of Lauren’s and three of us from Copley Woodlands: Isabel Martin, Ted Kole and Ann Williams. We are looking forward to her return in the fall.

Ann Williams

WEST BRANCH GALLERY

On April 8th Pat Moore, Arlene Olesen, Ann Williams and Cathy Wright had a lovely lunch on a sunny day at The Shed. Afterwards we visited the West Branch Gallery and sculpture park. The gallery is an indoor/outdoor venue representing the region’s finest contemporary artists. The thoughtful selection and exhibition of art, and respect for artists and collectors are the gallery hallmarks. The gallery provides an inviting space for visitors to experience paintings and sculpture in their own way.

Arlene Olesen

LIBRARY NEWS

Any of you who have used the library recently have probably wondered at the mess. The librarian has been going through spring-cleaning that is complete except for non-fiction. Hopefully all will be back to order soon. All Art Books are now on the shelf in the TV room.

Pat Moore

"The early bird might get the worm, but the early worm gets eaten."
OPERA NEWS

We began the year by viewing *The Three Tenor’s Christmas Concert*, filmed in Vienna with the Vienna Symphony and accompanied by a children’s chorus. It was magnificent. This was followed by Strauss’ *Arabella*, Gounod’s *Romeo et Juliette* which was filmed in a European castle, *Don Carlos* and *Otello* by Verdi, The *Barbiere di Saviglia* by Rossini, *The Marriage of Figaro* by Mozart and Bizet’s *Carmen*.

Delving into the lives of the composers, we learned some interesting facts. The barber of Seville was Figaro yet the sequel, concerning the marriage of Figaro, did not come out until thirty years later. Both composers, Rossini and Mozart, were impressed with the story by playwright Beaumarchais and used the same characters.

The first performance of Bizet’s *Carmen* was a dismal failure. The French were shocked by both the bohemian character of Carmen and that the opera did not have a happy ending. Bizet died of a broken heart three months after the opening, thinking he was a failure. Yet his opera went on to win the favor of Paris and the entire operatic world.

*Florence Taylor*

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

The Gilbert and Sullivan series continued on a monthly basis with *Ruddigore*, *Patience the Milkmaid*, *Iolanthe*, *Yoemen of the Guard*, and concluded in early May with *The Mikado*. These were all recorded in England with English casts in English settings, including the Tower of London for *Yoemen of the Guard*. The London Symphony Orchestra played and the Ambrosian Opera Chorus sang. Each opera was introduced by a dapper Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

*Tom McKenna*

ALTERNATIVE FILMS

We still enjoy our traditional Saturday movies with popcorn. We are also starting to offer alternative films where our schedule permits. Some of these have included a four-part *Tour of the British Isles: England, Wales, Ireland and Scotland*. We expect to see more documentaries, and we are open to suggestions.

*The Activities Committee*

ARTISTS’ BOOKS

One Friday in April, four of our residents went to the Bailey Howe Library at UVM where we were shown a number of books from their Rare Book Collections. The books we saw were artists’ books. They came in all sizes, shapes and styles. These are books, made by artists, that go beyond the text. They might take the form of scrolls or be sculptural in style. The originality, imagination and creativity were fantastic, and we were all very impressed. The person in charge of the collections is Ingrid Bower. She may be reached at 802-656-8288 if you are interested in visiting sometime.

*Jane Lowe*

“If I agreed with you we would both be wrong.”
A SPECIAL PARTY was given to honor Jane McClaskey on her 90th birthday. Her children surprised us all with delightful decorations and festive food. The celebration included a “this is your life” slide show. It was a wonderful occasion and Jane, the Birthday Girl, was radiant.

Ann Dwyer

Scattergories

Recently introduced, the game of "Scattergories" is catching on with residents who enjoy thinking quickly and creatively and enjoy the written word. There is a three minute time period in which you must think of twelve answers to the list of questions, all starting with the same letter but with answers no one else uses too. If your category is "color", and the letter is "P", you should try a color other than pink. Try taking a chance on polar bear white or pale red – but only if you don’t think of peach, pigment, purple or puce.

Cathy Wright

COMMITEE REPORT

At the Annual Meeting of the Copley Woodlands Homeowner’s Association on May 3, Pat Watson announced that her term as director was completed, and she asked for a replacement. Jane Lowe was nominated and unanimously elected to serve the coming term of three years.

Pat Moore, Vice President

“To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism. To steal from many is research.”
POETRY CORNER

This very clever “Animal Rime,” the author who is unknown, is said to have been composed in 1883 and to have appeared in the Cincinnati Gazette at that time. The author wrote that he put it together to please his two sons, ages 4 and 6 years old. Note that the first letters in each line are in alphabetical order.

Alligator, beetle, porcupine, whale,
Bobolink, panther, dragonfly, snail,
Crocodile, monkey, buffalo, hare,
Dromedary, leopard, mud turtle, bear,
Elephant, badger, pelican, ox,
Flying fish, reindeer, anaconda, fox,
Guinea pig, dolphin, antelope, goose,
Hummingbird, weasel, pickerel, moose,
Ibex, rhinoceros, owl, kangaroo,
Jackal, opossum, toad, cockatoo,
Kingfisher, peacock, anteater, bat,
Lizard, ichneumon, honeybee, rat,
Mockingbird, camel, basilisk, mouse,
Nightingale, spider, cuttlefish, grouse,
Ocelot, pheasant, wolverine, auk,
Periwinkle, ermine, katydid, hawk,
Quail, hippopotamus, armadillo, moth,
Rattlesnake, lion, woodpecker, sloth,
Salamander, goldfish, angleworm, dog,
Tiger, flamingo, scorpion, frog,
Unicorn, ostrich, nautilus, mole,
Viper, gorilla, grasshopper, sole,
Whipporwill, beaver, centipede, fawn,
Xantho, canary, polliwog, swan,
Yellowhammer, eagle, hyena, lark,
Zebra, chameleon, butterfly, shark.

“How is it that one careless match can start a forest fire, but it takes a whole box to start a campfire?”
POETRY CORNER

THE WALRUS’ SONG

“The time has come,” the Walrus said,
“To talk of many things;
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax
Of cabbages and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot
And whether pigs have wings.”

Lewis Carroll

STAFF NEWS

WINNERS!

A small group from the Woodlands attended a drama festival at Peoples Academy. Two members of our staff, Konnor Newton and Casey Kennedy participated in their production of Scapin, a revival of Molier’s 16th century play. Scapin is a zany character whose name means escape. He flees from one activity, love interest or thought to another. His main concerns are self-preservation and self-interest. He tricks the fathers of two lovers into giving him money, then manages to connive them into feeling sorry for him. He switches places with one of the masked characters in the front row of the audience. And so the confusion and fun continue. The March production won first place in the Regional Drama Festival. In April, Scapin was performed in competition with eleven other schools at the Vermont State Drama Festival, and won first place. It was again produced at the New England Drama Festival in Andover, Massachusetts. Congratulations to our talented young people!

Pat Moore

MARTIN (pronounced Marteen) BUSTAMANTE has joined our dining room staff. He and his mother moved here from Ecuador. He attends Stowe High School and is in the 11th grade. He especially enjoys graphic design, playing soccer and the guitar. In the future he may pursue careers in music and design.

Ann Dwyer

“A bank is a place that will lend you money if you can prove that you don’t need it.”
CAREGIVER NEWS

CARMEN CAMPBELL has been recognized as the Vermont Caregiver of the Year by Home Instead Senior Care. Carmen has provided more than 6,500 hours of care to her clients in the four years she has devoted to this job. She has a terrific work ethic and is incredibly dependable. She very rarely cancels a shift and often signs up to assist clients on holidays. She consistently provides wonderful, personalized care. Her upbeat attitude, sense of humor, and the personal touches she brings to the care of her clients, make a difference in their lives each day. Congratulations, Carmen. It is a joy to have you at Copley Woodlands.

Pat Moore

IN MEMORIAM

What we once enjoyed and loved deeply we can never lose – for all that we love deeply becomes a part of us. Helen Keller

ELIZABETH FOX wasn’t just a friend—she was a one-woman search and rescue squad. I have known her since she first moved to Vermont. We were active in the same church and in the hundred-plus-year-old Women’s Alliance. I had a great deal of responsibility in several activities, and sometimes despaired when things weren’t going well. Elizabeth would give me a yes-we-can talk, then roll up her sleeves and pitch in. I am forever grateful for and in awe of her energy, optimism, intelligence, and generosity. She introduced us to Copley Woodlands and gave us a weekly peptalk when we had difficulty selling our house. Towards the end of her life, when she became ill, she wrote three brief articles for me to use as I see fit. I include one very appropriate one here, and the others will appear in future newsletters.

Ann Dwyer

FROM ELIZABETH TO YOU: As little girls, through spring and summer, autumn and winter, there was always something to occupy my sister and me. Perhaps because my birthday is in May, spring was ever my favorite season, and still is. There were purple violets to be gathered in the meadow adjoining our house, and if one found a white one it was considered a treasure. There were also tiny white flowers called Quaker ladies, which grew in abundance, but in our grubby little hands none of them lasted long, even though our mother put them in water when we presented them to her.

We all miss Elizabeth. She was such a vital person and had a lot of knowledge to impart. Nick called her “The sage of Copley Woodlands.”

Eleanor and Nick Paris

“A bouquet of tulips from Carmen’s garden brighten our lobby. Photo by Gale Martin

“Whenever I fill out an application, in the part that says, ‘If an emergency, notify,’ I write ‘DOCTOR.’”
**IN MEMORIAM**

SID ROGERS  I miss Sid so much. He was my neighbor across the courtyard. Now there are no lights over there at night. He was such a dear man with an infectious grin.

Eleanor Paris

In January, Sid wrote this tribute to Mick Heller. These kind words are so true of both men, I now offer them again—this time to their author. Sid was a gentleman of the old order. He was gracious, generous, modest, and had a subtle on-target sense of humor. He was beloved by all at Copley Woodlands. He is and shall be sorely missed.

Ann Dwyer

The 4th floor on the north side seems so lonely now. BECKY MCNEIL and RUTH DREISSIGACKER were my neighbors. Becky, busy tending her plants in our hallway, Ruth emerging from her doorway promptly at 5:45, propelling her wheelchair gracefully with her legs, were part of my day. I counted on it more than I realized because now it’s gone and I am sad.

Ann Williams

**OUR PROFILES**

We hope to print profiles of our residents in future newsletters. Some of you have expressed the wish that you could learn more about your neighbors. We are all “living history,” yet no two are alike, and the times in which we have lived will never be repeated. We ask you to think back on events and memories that you could share with us. We can help you write what you have to say. This can be done in several ways. We offer here two very different profiles. One is an interesting study in how the events in a lifetime inform who we are. The other is a time-line, an account of historical events in the life of one person.

ADDIE MAHONEY (Editor’s note: Addie has asked herself some interesting questions, then given her response.)

Where did you grow up? What was life like in your home town? Born in NJ but father transferred to Montreal when I was 6. Have dual citizenship, and we lived in a residential area close to downtown, could take streetcar and bus almost anywhere. At that time you had to be sixteen to go to the movies, there were no drive in movie theaters, so until we could drive at age 18, we went to each other's homes providing the parents were home.

Where did you go to school? What was school like for you? As I look back, I now understand culture shock. The Quebec school system consisted of English, French, Catholic, and Protestant. Which was confusing to my parents who finally sent me to an English private school (very British), which had no religious affiliation. I learned that I was not the same as everybody else, however. My accent was different, I pronounced and spelled many words differently, and my table manners were criticized. I learned to assimilate and just be one of the crowd. When I returned to NJ for my last 3 years of High School, I thought I had become Canadianized, proceeded to assimilate back into American. Strangely, my husband’s job took us back to Montreal after the war, and I think that even today I’m a sort of a mongrel.

What is the biggest change in society since you were a school-age child? Women have achieved equality; class distinctions have faded and become blurred. Most families have two working parents, which has forced a change in the way children are brought up and cared for. Job transfers can become a problem unless both parents agree on priorities. Civil Rights have become a major player in our society, and even in our homes. I find that politeness is not as prevalent as it used to be.

What was the biggest concern/issue for people when you were growing up? Early on it was the effect of the Great Depression, which was a disaster for most working people, and job security became a

“Behind every successful man is his woman. Behind the fall of a successful man is usually another woman.”
major issue. Then came World War 2 and I entered the Canadian Air Force.

What world event has had the biggest impact on you personally? I think the space program, the landings on the Moon, because it made me aware of my own insignificance in the greater scheme of things. And it gave me an appreciation of the power of the human mind when put to constructive effort.

Who would you consider the biggest hero in your life? There are too many to count! They are the ones who have tolerated my mistakes, forgiven my oversights, and given me a second chance. I am forever grateful to the English staff in High School who taught us how to edit and set up the school newspaper, write for the Year Book, and taught us creativity.

What have you been most proud of or consider your greatest accomplishment? That I was part of an English speaking association, which worked with a French speaking Association to establish a ladies' curling association across Canada. Each had their provincial championships in Quebec and we had to work out a compromise so that one team would represent the Province at the national level.

What has been the greatest enjoyment in your life? Participating in team sports. Field hockey and basketball during my school years, and curling when I returned to Montreal as an adult and became involved with the development of the Canadian Ladies Curling Association in Canada.

What is one thing you wish you could do over again? Revisit my teen years. And not be in such a hurry!

What advice do you have for young people today? Live today so that tomorrow you can say, "What a wonderful yesterday!" Use your head, but let your heart show you the proper path. Get involved. Be totally honest, both with yourself and others and you will earn the trust and respect of your peers. There will always be greater or lesser persons than you, so try to be the best of whatever you are. Remember it is you, alone, who must take responsibility for your actions.

What is your greatest hope for the world? That renewable energy will take the pressure off oil rich countries and we will all win a little bit. We must not be held hostage if we have alternative sources even if we have to change our way of doing things. Then, hopefully we will begin to trust each other and work for the good of the planet.

ANN DWYER I was born December 22, 1936 in Changchow, Kiangsu province, China to parents George and Eliza Harris Workman, where they were serving as Methodist missionaries. My only sibling, Sarah (Sallie) was three years older than I. Daddy was chaplain at a hospital and taught at a boy’s school. Mother taught piano.

In the summer of 1937, Changchow was threatened by the Japanese invasion and Daddy took us to Mokanshan Mountain, a hill station. Soon after, the State Department ordered our evacuation and we boarded the American destroyer, USS Steward, during an air raid. We sailed, without lights, for Shanghai. There we lived in the Shanghai American School and my father helped in relief work with the 700,000 refugees.

In 1938 we returned on furlough to New York City where we lived on Riverside Drive. Daddy studied under Reinhold Niebuhr at Union Theological Seminary, Sallie and I attended nursery school at Riverside Church, and mother took care of us all.

In 1939 we returned to China on the SS President Pierce. On the day of our arrival in Shanghai, Sallie became very ill. She was rushed to Country Hospital, diagnosed with paralytic polio and placed in quarantine. As soon as she was able to travel on a stretcher, we returned to the United States and she was admitted to the Polio Foundation in Warm Springs, Georgia. After a year of therapy and rehabilitation for
Sallie, we moved from warm Springs to St. Petersburg, Florida where Daddy was a regional YMCA director, then to Beaufort, South Carolina where he opened a USO for Paris Island Marine Base. We were there during the bombing of Pearl Harbor, then moved to Ozark, Alabama where he opened a USO at Camp Rucker. It was in Ozark that I began my schooling, attending first and second grades. We then spent a year in St. Louis where Daddy worked with veterans returning and entering colleges and universities.

We returned to Shanghai in December 1946 on the army transport ship, the USS Marine Lynx. We were among the first missionaries, Foreign Service and business people to do so, many being reunited with family members and friends who had been interned by the Japanese. We remained in Shanghai where Daddy taught at St. John’s University and worked with refugees. Sallie and I attended Shanghai American School. Mother taught piano. During our three years there, we were evacuated briefly to Manila, Philippines because of the threat of Communist invasion. Then in 1949, all the women and children were advised to leave permanently on the last two ships that came into the Shanghai harbor. Mother, Sallie and I sailed to San Francisco on the President Cleveland, sleeping on the deck of the ship, then took the train to Arkansas to stay with relatives until Daddy could leave China a year later. By then, I had completed my schooling through the 8th grade and Sallie had enrolled in college.

In 1951 my parents and I left for India. Daddy became interim principal of a British school in Darjeeling. After attending that school for a year, I went to boarding school at Woodstock School in the Garwahl Mountains. Upon my graduation, I returned to the United States and my parents remained in India another 13 years, working in various capacities.

In 1959 I graduated from Albion College in Albion, Michigan and married Rodney Dwyer. I taught second grade in Milford, Michigan and then Midland, Michigan while he completed four years of medical school and one year of internship. We moved to Detroit where he began a residency in surgery and I had my first child, Erik. Rod was drafted into the army and we were stationed at Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama. After a year there, he was sent to Vietnam to join the 18th Surgical Hospital. When he returned, we again moved to Detroit where he finished his residency and our second son, Colin, was born. Rod and eight other physicians then started a multi-specialty clinic in Pueblo, Colorado.

In 1982, we were divorced, Erik left for college and Colin moved with his father to Pensacola, Florida where Rod headed the surgical department at the naval hospital. I moved to Ft. Collins, Colorado, renewed my teaching credentials, had several dead-end jobs, and made many new friends including Tom McKenna. In 1987 Tom and I promised to love each other to death. He had retired from the military and had a small business that allowed us to spend the next ten years visiting many interesting parts of the world, filling two passports and extensions each. In 1995, we moved to Montpelier, Vermont and to Stowe in 2009.

Colin now lives in Tallahassee where he works for Florida State University. Erik lives in Seattle, building planes for Boeing. He is married to Sachiyo Hashigami and together they have given me a granddaughter, Narumi Grace, who is 16 years old.

THANK YOU to the many people who have made this newsletter possible. Our contributors were Florence Taylor, Pat Watson, Arlene Olesen, Tom McKenna, Ann Williams, Pat Moore, Nick and Eleanor Paris, Ann Bittermann, Addie Mahoney, Marge Sands and Chet Cuyle and Prue Webb. Tom McKenna was proofreader. And Gale Martin, our publishing specialist, who managed to put this all together with her usual calm and expertise.