



Now and Then

Magazine

November – December 2016

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NEW RESIDENTS
2016

August

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A THANKSGIVING PARODY

John Shinas

While motoring through the Adirondacks in upstate New York, I turned off the New York Thruway and took a road leading to Saranac Lake. Along the way, I noticed a sign, "American Indian History Museum." Being curious, I stopped in front of an apparently hand-crafted wooden structure, as an elderly American Seneca Indian sat by the entrance. Upon inquiry, he told me that this was a private museum, with an entrance fee. Upon payment, he offered to guide me through the museum's exhibits. It was a fascinating collection of American Indian History from Columbus to the Little Big Horn, encompassing numerous original artifacts which he had accumulated over the years. When I remarked that the day being Columbus Day, I was indeed fortunate to find the museum open and not closed. "Closed!" "Absolutely not," said the elderly Indian. "The day that Columbus set foot in the western hemisphere was the darkest day in our history because it signified the beginning of the genocide of the American Indians." He added further that this is not taught in our American schools. Taken aback, I replied that although this is generally correct, there are some history texts and books which describe the genocide of the American Indian. "Name one," he replied. I answered there is the text written by Howard Zinn, "A People's History of the United States," and the then recent publication of the book, "Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee." "That's a surprise," he replied, and thanked me for the information.

Later, after returning to New Jersey and to the high school where I was then teaching, I was mulling over what I had seen and heard at the Indian Museum. The Principal approached me and said, "You and your friend Tony (an English teacher) took delight in criticizing last year's Thanksgiving Assembly Program. Your quips and wise cracks were quick

and numerous. Well, this year, you and your friend will put on the Assembly Program." After recovering from this directive, I thought that this is my opportunity to repay and honor the elderly Indian, while somewhat soothing my own conscience. Together, Tony and I agreed to present a program which would result in our never being directed to do so again.

I did some historical research, including Governor Bradford's, "Of Plimouth Plantations," and asked Tony to write a script for the presentation. The result, on stage, was a cardboard façade of a wooden stockade. In front of the stockade, lying or sitting, were the thinnest black students we could muster dressed as Indians. Then, behind the stockade, we stationed the most obese white students we could find, dressed as pilgrims, the one with the greatest girth dressed as Myles Standish. The hungry Indians were pleading for food, reminding the Pilgrims that they had confiscated the "corn hills" which the Indians had reserved for the winter. The performance proceeded, with the Pilgrims tossing them the bones from their Thanksgiving Feast.

The audience erupted in curses and/or applause. The principal, fuming mad, barked out, "You S.O.B's will get me fired yet."

As a result, we were never asked to prepare another assembly program. But, what was more satisfying to me personally was the warm feeling that I had, in some minute way, honored the endeavors of that elderly Seneca Indian for his lifelong and dedicated effort in support of the cause of the American Indian.

2ND LETTER TO DAD: COS COB YEARS

(To Don Whitney from his son Richard)

We moved to Cos Cob, a part of Greenwich, Connecticut in the summer of 1963, which means that I was eight years old at the time.

Of all the houses that we lived in, Cos Cob was my favorite, although the one in Randolph was a close second. The Cos Cob house was spacious and had a wonderful large covered front deck. I don't think the cellar was quite as spooky and fun as the one in Bridgeport, but it was a nice place to hang out on a hot summer afternoon and watch a movie or a ball game. I thought it was a lot of fun that all four boys shared the attic, with our own bathroom, and I could put up whatever pictures I liked on the sloping ceiling.

For some reason, when we moved to Cos Cob, I no longer went to Catholic school and went to the public school instead. I pretty much enjoyed school though we had some no-nonsense teachers. In the winter of my first year there, I got in trouble because I participated in something called a "Brownie Tap." This was something organized by classmate Dennis Delapitro, who was probably the toughest kid in the third grade. The idea was to hide out in the schoolyard behind a snow fort until the Brownies (youngest level Girls Scouts) left the school after their meeting there. Then we were to surprise them and throw snowballs at them. I wasn't really that keen on the idea, but as the new kid, this was a chance to get in good with Dennis, so I reluctantly participated. Fortunately, my aim was lousy and I wasn't really trying to do more than put on a good show. Nonetheless, I was among several kids who were called into the principal's office the next day, and thus ended my brief career as a hoodlum.

Although I was no longer in Catholic school, I did have catechism classes every Friday after school. All us Catholic kids marched across the bridge that crossed the Mianus River over to the classrooms near the church. I remember that because everyone in my generation remembers the day that President Kennedy got shot. We got there and the nuns were all crying as they told us what had happened, and then sent us home early.

A few months later, in February 1964, the Beatles took the country by storm, as they appeared on the Ed Sullivan Show, and Beatlemania soon ensued. You and Mom were not very approving of this at first, as I remember David having a Beatles album hidden in a drawer and us listening to it when it was safe. Similarly, the big rumor flying around my classmates was that Mrs. Miller, the music teacher, really hated the Beatles, and if anyone said that they liked the Beatles, they would get an F in her class. This story was later disproved as, a few months later, she used the Beatles as a positive example in trying to teach us something about rhythm.

Sometime during this period we began spending two weeks each summer at the cottage on Cape Cod. During these vacations, we traveled with Mom and then you would join us for part of the vacation once you got off work. From a kid's perspective, the trip from Cos Cob to the Cape was a long one, so Mom indulged me by buying me a couple of travel games, a puzzle book and three or four comic books. This began my long-term interest in comics.

We also continued going to ball games, usually three or four Mets games in the summer and a Jets game or two during the fall. Less frequent were basketball and hockey games but you did take me to Madison Square Garden for one or two of each. I was a big Braves fan as Mom got me on that because she used to root for the Braves when they were in Boston. You usually managed to get me to at least one game in which the Mets played the Braves and I bravely wore my Braves baseball cap. Those were always great, exciting times, and I can still almost taste the ballpark franks! You always got a scorecard and filled it out during the game. I'm wondering if you have saved them somewhere.

So that's pretty much the highlights of the Cos Cob years as I recall them.

(Note: The 1st Letter to Dad can be found in the May/June 2016 issue.)

REMEMBERING CRISTMAS 1961

Sue Day

Don and I had recently seen a production of "Amahl and the Night Visitors," presented by the Cape Cod Opera Company. Witnessing the music and the story reminded me of the first time I had heard it which was just before Christmas 1961 at the home of Joe and Jean Post on Long Island.

At that time we were living on Wild Rose Avenue in Worcester in a "too small" house for the six of us. We had just bought 112 Richards Avenue in Paxton which was in the long process of being extensively renovated. Joe and Jean had invited us to spend Christmas with them and their two daughters, Picket and Gretchen.

The usual pre-Christmas shopping had been completed, and other than packing the car the only thing left to do was to ask our friend and neighbor, Dave, to put the gifts from Santa, (hidden in the attic) under the tree in the living room so we could find them when we returned. The children were concerned that Santa wouldn't find any of us on Long Island.

We packed the car, an old Chevrolet station wagon which had previously belonged to my sister-in-law, Sally. Our four children quickly piled in with Jennifer climbing into the way-back by choice and Melissa, Geoffrey and Peter in the middle seat. Weather conditions were a bit questionable but we figured we'd get to Long Island before the snow began so off we went. We had just gotten off the Mass Turnpike when the car began to make strange noises. Don was familiar with the area and knew there was a gas station/repair shop nearby. The snow was just beginning. We found Goodall's garage and also found out that the car could go no further. We were all huddled in the gas station except Jenn, who was sound asleep in the back of the car. Rather than startling

her, we let her sleep while we tried to decide what to do and when to do it. Don called his brother Warren with our troubling news and within minutes it was decided that our nephew, Steve, would bring us Sally's new station wagon. The snow was coming down a little harder and Jenn was still asleep in the back of the disabled car. We took turns watching for her head to appear above the car window from the window in the gas station. Eventually she woke up and wasn't the least concerned that she was all alone in the car. She joined us and the very kind gas station attendant and the snow continued falling. People of all sizes were beginning to get hungry, so the gas station man took us to a Howard Johnson's across the street for some supper. Steve and his friend, Kuppy (who was driving the car that would take them both back to Worcester) arrived, bless their hearts. Luggage, Christmas packages and children were transferred to the new wagon. Many thanks were issued all around as were wishes for a safe trip in all directions: us to Long Island and Steve and Kuppy back to Worcester. It was now at least four hours since we had originally set out on our Christmas trip, and we hadn't even left Massachusetts.

We continued on our journey and the snow continued to come down stronger. When we transferred the contents of the old car, some of the Christmas packages were redistributed, and one in particular ended under my feet. It was the singing teddy bear for Peter, and every now and then it began to sing. I don't remember what the tune was, all I remember was that I had to sing very loudly every now and then (particularly when I moved my feet and disturbed the little package) to cover the little teddy bear's tune. The snow was beginning to be dangerous as we slowly traveled through Connecticut. We saw a few accidents. Cars and trucks had skidded off the highway but we kept going. As we crept across the Bronx Whitestone Bridge I remember seeing a snow plow pushing a disabled vehicle and pulling another. Cars were all which way everywhere, but we kept on going.

Finally, signs for Locust Valley were seen, although they were barely visible through the snow. We had no map to show us how to get to the Post's house. We couldn't have read the snow covered street signs even if we had had directions, but we found a police station where we got directions and had the opportunity to make a phone call to tell them where we were. Of course we woke up the whole family, theirs as well as ours, and we arrived just ten hours from the time we had left Worcester, and the snow had stopped.

The next day was December 24. I remember eating cold artichokes, and listening to "Amahl and the Night Visitors" which I believe was the first time it was presented on television. Uncle Joe read "The Night Before Christmas" to all six children. Peter listened from his snuggle spot inside a big copper bucket next to the fireplace. The next morning he had a temperature of 105. Somehow we had presents and all the excitement that goes with Christmas. A local doctor advised us to put Peter into a tub of cold water to get the fever under control. So little two year old Peter took a cold bath for the first time in his life, and he didn't like it one bit, but it did bring down his fever. The bath, a few presents (he loved the singing teddy bear) and lots of hugs and kisses, and he was just fine. The next day we drove Sally's white Chevrolet station wagon back to Wild Rose Avenue to find, surprise-surprise, Santa hadn't forgotten us after all. Presents galore were waiting for us under our tree plus an old toy typewriter which "Santa" had delivered by mistake.

We bought the white wagon from Sally, and a few years later had it painted gray with a red stripe. We moved to Paxton in March.

A THIRWOOD SONG

Barbara Anthony

In 2004, Emily, my Seattle daughter decided that we needed a new family tradition for Christmas Eve. Furthermore she wanted it to be one that did not require either money or food. What she came up with was that we would sing our own words to Christmas tunes. Last year she decided it was time for a Thirwood song. The following lyrics should be sung to the tune of "Silver Bells."

Endless hallways, festive hallways
Painted aqua and pink,
Decorations beside many doorways.
Categories, Aquarobics,
(Elaine sees you don't sink)
And your friends are around you each day.

Chorus: Thirwood Place, Thirwood Place,
Living it up in South Yarmouth!
Games to play, good food each day.
It's been Mom's home for five years.

Join the Book Group, watch a movie,
Check our chic retired style,
As we dress in our finest for dinner.
First the fruit cup, then the soup's up.
Yes, it all takes a while,
But where else would we all rather be?

Chorus: Thirwood Place, Thirwood Place,
Living it up in South Yarmouth!
Country Store, great staff galore.
It's been Mom's home for five years.

One night in the week before Christmas Emily will be playing the piano for a Thirwood Christmas Sing-a-long, as she has the past two years. Bring your magazine along and join in.

GREAT ISLAND, WELLFLEET

Jane Waters Nielsen

Past Indian grave that only now we pause to honor
Along white sand, alone, but for the everwashing sea,
We walk.

Stopping, bending, searching the gulls' trash and empty mussel shells.
Not our treasure.

Onto the rise of sandy hill, blanketed with sweet pine straw and glossed
With creeper in the noonday sun
We climb.

Chickadee chatter and our own breath we hear, pausing after ascent,
Away, the harbor's spread out scene.

Climbing winding sandy path through twisted pine forest shading
groundling Treasures.

Pipsissewa's syrupy scent blesses the breeze.

The tavern where bawdy laughter once rang, where ale tankards
clinked

And rum spilled on oaken boards,
Ahead, in the clearing, in Memory's seeking eye.

Over all, the sky is real and blue, the strand below still pulsing soft
swells

As ever it has.

This haunted grove where whispers linger drops over the cliff
We stand in awe and count the fishing boats
Circling below.

Footnote:

Written originally some forty years ago after a hike with my father, who was visiting from North Carolina, and an Eastham friend; inspired by local lore of an old tavern site on the low hill, known as Great Island, overlooking Wellfleet Harbor.

JWN

MY **MILITARY** CAREERS (PART ONE)

Jeff Davis

I recently realized that I have a total of 63 years in the “military” service. No, I didn’t retire as a general or admiral from one of the armed services. Actually, I’ve had three military associations – two years with the US Army Corps of Engineers, forty years with the Acton (MA) Minutemen and 21 years as a volunteer with the US Coast Guard Auxiliary.

(This is the first in a series of three parts. Parts two and three will appear in subsequent issues.)

US ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS 1953 to 1955

I was commissioned as a Lieutenant in June 1953, concurrent with graduating from college. Officially, I am a veteran of the Korean conflict. However, if I ever ran for an elected office, my opponent would have a field day with that designation. Although I was commissioned in June 1953, I didn’t go on active duty until September. Meanwhile, the Korean armistice was signed in July 1953; therefore I was not on active duty at any time during the conflict.

Some WWII veterans may find my active duty assignments interesting, but some organizations didn’t exist until after 1945. At Fort Riley, Kansas, my unit was a camouflage battalion. We really didn’t have much use for “fake” artillery or tanks, so our major assignment was to act as aggressor forces during “war games.” I spent an interesting winter in the mountains of Colorado at 10,000 feet. I was camped next to another “relic” of earlier wars – the last pack artillery unit left in the army. No need for mules in the 1950’s.

The army made sure that I would be well trained for all weather conditions by sending me to the tropics to another unusual organization on Guam. This unit was an engineer battalion serving with the air force. These units were called SCARWAF-Special Category Army with Air Force, or as we called it Special Category Army Without a

Future. We were extending a runway for the use of B47 and B52 strategic bombers. With time on Guam growing short, I received information on my departure and arrival date in San Francisco. I made reservations for a hotel, then a train to Grand Canyon, a hotel there, then trains to New York to be mustered out. Suddenly my time was extended for a special project. When the project was completed, my roommate, the Base Transportation Officer, was able to upgrade my priority to an immediate departure by air. I arrived in San Francisco six hours after "my" ship, so all my reservations were honored. In spite of these unusual assignments the two years were interesting and maturing for me. My eight year reserve commission was completed in 1961.



COLORADO MOUNTAINS



SCARWAF

"DOC"

Jim Loan

Pat and I had our first house built in New Ipswich, New Hampshire. During the construction period, we were befriended by the telephone operator, Gladys, and her Police Chief husband, Nelson, so we got to know quite a few of the townsfolk and vice versa.

As December 1st neared, the deer hunters knew I was also a hunter and invited me to join them in the big hunt the first day of the season. When we assembled that first day, we numbered nine townsfolk and one guy called "Doc" who had been coming up from Massachusetts for some years. Over time I got to know every one of them pretty well.

Later, when Pat found out we were expecting our first child she wanted to go to the obstetrician who delivered her because she knew and trusted him. When we entered his office in Worcester, Ma. he said hello to her and was startled to see me. We looked at each other and broke into smiles. Pat wondered why. He was the "Doc" from the hunting group!

When the time came close to her estimated delivery date the "Doc" scheduled an appointment for the last week in November. After examining her he determined she would deliver our first child on December 1st. The doctor told her to come in on November 30th for a final check. Since she was ready, he induced her and our first son was born on November 30th.

"Doc" and I went deer hunting the following day and went to visit Pat and baby in the hospital that evening. After that, the doctor took me on as a patient. I was the only one of my male friends or relatives who had an obstetrician as a primary care physician.

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF RADIO

John Shinas

I still have fond memories of growing up during the age of radio and listening to radio broadcasts. We had a large Philco radio which was situated in the parlor. On special occasions the parlor would be opened, but most often we entered to listen to the daily evening programs. We would sit on the rug cross legged and listen intently.

An expansive choice of programs was available! First there were the Mysteries. One of the most popular was "The Shadow," which always started with the words, "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The shadow knows, Ha-Ha-Ha." Then we were informed that the Shadow was in reality, Lamont Cranston, a "Wealthy Man About Town" and the only other person who knew his real identity was "The Beautiful and Charming" Margo Lane. Another favorite radio mystery was the "Green Hornet" which started with the music of Rimsky-Korsakov's "Flight of the Bumble Bee." There then followed a man's voice with an Irish accent, saying, "Glory Casey, it's the Green Hornet." One mystery program would start with the sound of a fog horn, followed by the sound of footsteps, which we were informed were those of "Bulldog Drummond." The "Inner Sanctum" always began with the sound of a creaking door opening.

Then there were the Westerns. The one most listened to was "The Lone Ranger," which started with the strains of Rossini's "William Tell Overture." Then we heard the voice of the Lone Ranger shouting, "Hi-Yo Silver, away. Tonto's waiting on the trail ahead." Occasionally we would hear Tonto saying "get-em up, Scout" which was the name of his horse.

Then came the Comedies. Who could ever forget the "Jack Benny Program," with his entourage of Mary Livingston, Rochester and the

Irish tenor, Dennis Day. The sponsor would sing, “J- E -L -L -O.” Then there was the “Fred Allen Program,” with all of the denizens of Allen’s Alley who would entertain us with their quick wit and humor. “The Eddie Cantor Show,” with Eddie always singing “Ida, Sweet as Apple Cider.” Another family favorite was the “Fibber McGee and Molly” program whereupon every week they would manage to open the door to the family closet, which was followed by the crashing sound of household goods falling out of the closet. Another favorite program was “Duffy’s Tavern.” Starting with a voice saying, “Duffy’s Tavern where the elite meet to eat,” and Archie the manager speaking, “Duffy ain’t here.” Programming also included tales of Adventure. We had the “All-American Boy,” sponsored by Wheaties, “The Breakfast of Champions.” We were then informed that by sending in two box tops from Wheaties cereal we would receive an official badge signifying our membership in the “Jack Armstrong Club.”

There were also the unforgettable Musicals. The “Saturday Night Hit Parade,” the ten top songs of the week were played in ascending order with the biggest hit of the week played last. Every New Year’s Eve there was Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. And, who can forget “Spike Jones and his City Slickers.” They would create a cacophony of sounds by utilizing washboards, sirens, tooting horns, and breaking glass accompanied by different instruments. Their biggest hit was “In the Furher’s Face” with lyrics such as “Is this Nazi land so good, would you leave it if you could: Yah, this Nazi land is good, we would leave it if we could.” Singing commercials were also the vogue, such as, “Ticonderoga pencils have woven their way to fame, a fine American pencil, with a fine American name.” And who can ever forget the “Saturday Metropolitan Opera on the Air.”

News broadcasting had its birth in radio, with Edward R. Morrow Broadcasting direct from London during the London Blitz.

Finally there were the ethnic radio broadcasts. One could by the turn of a dial, hear programs in Italian, German, Yiddish, Greek etc.

In addition, if you desired more precise information, every large radio also had Short Wave bands. With the turn of a dial you could hear direct broadcasts from London, Paris, Berlin, Rome, Zurich, Moscow and Tokyo. With such an array of entertainment and information we didn't need television or the internet.



LOVE IS THE SWEETEST THING

IT'S ONLY A PAPER MOON

SHUFFLE OFF TO BUFFALO

NIGHT AND DAY

STORMY WEATHER

SOPHISTICATED LADY

TEA FOR TWO

STARDUST

APRIL IN PARIS

SHADOW WALTZ

NAME DROPPING: MARILYN MONROE

Joe Garon

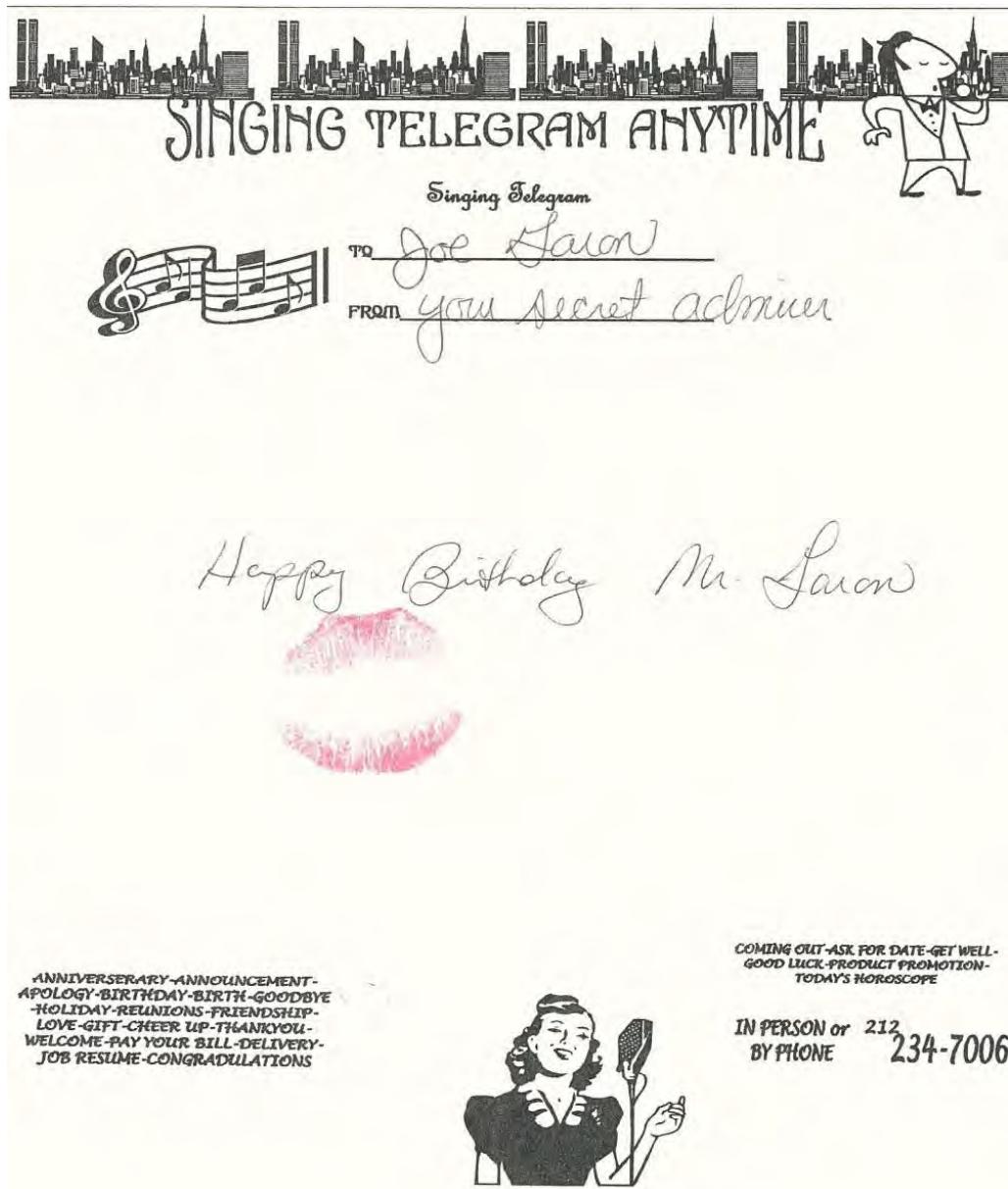
Marilyn Monroe was a glamorous, fuzzy minded Hollywood star of the 50's and 60's who met an untimely and mysterious death in 1962. She left behind thousands of fans, grieving husbands (Miller and DiMaggio) and relieved lovers. She also left behind a will disposing of her assets which covered the usual assets of a well-paid actor. The greatest asset was her persona, which like Elvis, was worth millions. Even today her image appears in TV commercials like the recent Snickers commercial which uses her famous skirt blowing by wind gusts scene.

The will named two beneficiaries, her long time drama coach, Lee Strassberg, and his wife and a London hospital which specialized in youthful mental problems which had helped Marilyn during her youth. The Strassberg's were to receive two thirds of the estate and the hospital, one third. A well-known lawyer to the stars had been named executor of the estate.

After several years, this executor became afflicted with a disease which prevented him from most activities, including speech. This raised the issue of the need for a replacement executor. Replacement became a problem as the Strassberg heir (now Strassberg's second wife and widow, who Marilyn never even knew) and the Hospital differed as to the choice of executor. Mrs. Strassberg chose a lawyer and the Hospital choose me because of my expertise in Intellectual Property Law.

The issue was brought before the Surrogate Court of New York County. The Surrogate held that the heir with the most to lose or win was Mrs. Strassberg because she held two thirds of the estate while the Hospital held only one third. Therefore, to my disappointment, the other lawyer was chosen. I never knew how well he did but later I did see a line of lingerie and a line of wines appear under her name.

Needless to say, all my associates had been well aware of the potential for publicity and interest in our law firm had I been chosen as the replacement executor to handle Miss Monroe's estate. So as a small consolation to both them and me, on my 50th birthday they hired a Marilyn Monroe lookalike – white dress, blonde hair and all – to invade my office, to sit on my lap and ruffle my hair while they all snapped photos for my wife, Claudia.



2016
MEMORIAM

Louise Cirrone	January 20, 2016
Genevieve Cormier	March 2, 2016
Terry English	March 22, 2016
Lawrence J. Oberg	March 29, 2016
Grace Dunkley	April 3, 2016
Jane Handrahan	April 17, 2016
Mary McEnroe	May 3, 2016
Virginia Ostberg	July 18, 2016
Eleanor MacLean	August 12, 2016
Dorothy L. Bruun	August 14, 2016
Edward J McEnroe	September 5, 2016
John McNeill	October 3, 2016
Leo Fitzpatrick	October 4, 2016
Ida Orenstein	October 9, 2016
Mary Hanley	October 10, 2016
Phyllis Burlingame	October 11, 2016
Priscilla Walton	October 12, 2016
Andrea LaCava	October 13, 2016

Happy



Thanksgiving