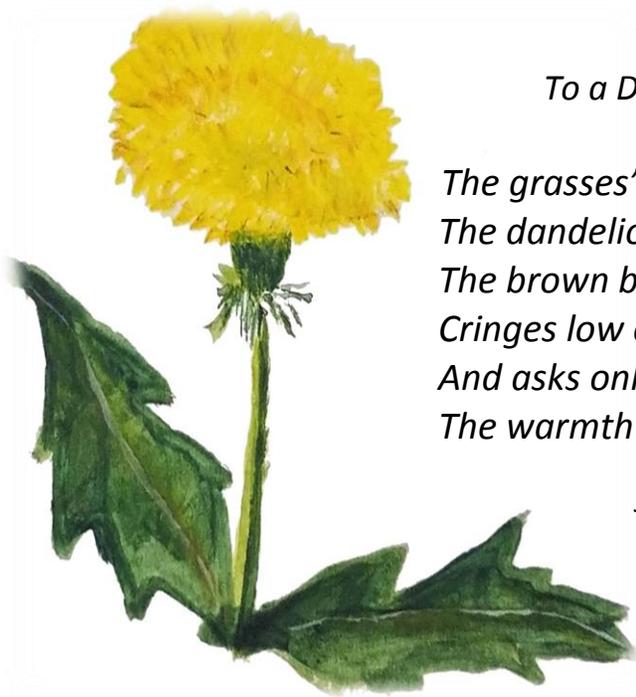


Now & Then



To a Dandelion

*The grasses' humble bloom,
The dandelion, scorned by all but
The brown bee
Cringes low on earth's bosom
And asks only to reflect heavenward
The warmth of the April sun.*

Jane Waters Nielsen

Magazine

August – September 2017

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NEW RESIDENTS

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Daniel Healy	June 29, 2017
Richard "Dick" Woodcock	June 30, 2017

PLAY TIME

By Jean Martin

When publicity about the breakup of Barbie and Ken surfaced recently, I thought back to how different the toys and games were that I had played with as a child. There were no synthetic fibers used for toys in the thirties, and toys were usually stuffed with straw, sawdust, or cotton batting and were not washable. My earliest toy was a brown bear named Henry. He had a chronic case of sawdust ooze, and spent most of his days with his chin on his chest – not much of a companion for a 4 year old girl. My first doll, Mary, was my favorite, a life sized baby doll. She had composition arms, legs and head, and a cloth stuffed body. Her hair was painted on, and she had glass eyes that closed, but not always at the same time. She was soft and cuddly, and could be propped up in a variety of poses. Like most dolls of the kind, she came with a complete baby doll wardrobe and bed.

Most afternoons I would dress her up, place her in her carriage, and off we would go, down the front steps and onto the sidewalk. I had to stay on my side of the street, but there usually were several of my friends also out walking, and we little mothers would stand and talk. “How are you today? Your baby is growing up fast! Has she cut her tooth yet?” We would walk to the end of the street and return, placing the carriages in a sheltered spot, so our babies could sleep. We were too young for marbles and jump rope, but usually would play hop scotch and tag until suppertime.

On rainy days we visited each other, and played house. Dressed in our mothers’ shoes and jewelry, we served make-believe tea, and played with our dolls.

Raggedy Ann & Andy were stuffed cloth dolls with orange yarn hair,

and painted hearts on their bodies. They had become popular because of Johnny Gruella's books about their adventures. We all had these dolls, although we didn't play with them very much. I think, now looking back, it was because we had already had their experiences read to us, and they seemed too worldly for our simple doll families.

Shirley Temple dolls, on the other hand, were wonderful additions because we all wanted to be just like her. I loved playing with mine. She was a composition doll, but jointed enough to sit and turn her head. Some Shirley Temple dolls came with painted hair, but mine had a wig with the highly prized 52 curls. Unfortunately after a few comb-outs I had reduced the curls to a wild frizzy. However, I adored her and kept her for many years.

Paper dolls were also a great favorite of mine. I had shoe boxes full of wonderful paper cutouts of little girls and famous people, complete with their outfits for every occasion. Princess Elizabeth was my favorite, and she came with a crown as I remember. Each doll had to be cut out of lightweight cardboard, and the clothes, cut from paper, were attached with tabs that bent over the figure. Of course, every doll was suitably clothed in undergarments.

Another rather startling addition to my doll family was the arrival of the Dionne quintuplets. They came in a large box made to look like a bassinet. Each doll wore a dress and white booties, and had a bib with her name on it – Annette, Emilie, Yvonne, Cecile and Marie. They were jointed composition dolls, with painted hair and faces. They were great fun to play with, but added to my mothering chores considerably.

They, along with Shirley and the Raggedys, were the only dolls which came with names. I named my own babies as they arrived and they were all individuals to me. My friends and I may have had the same doll

but each was created by our own imagination to be separate and distinct. Our dolls did not talk except for a strange mewling sound supposed to be “mama” and produced by bending the doll. They did not drink, wet, walk or have figures or boyfriends. They were babies or little girls, and we were the little mother generation.

As we grew older, boys were included in our playing-house games. There was a large field in back of the houses on my side of the street and there we set up housekeeping on most Saturdays, weather permitting. The boys were usually some of the girls’ brothers and their friends; their average age was about 5. The boys first job was to flatten down the grass into a series of squares. Then we paired off, usually two boys and two girls to a square.

We would set up our dolls and tea sets and play would commence. Always, the girls were in charge. “Hurry up dear or you’ll be late for work,” we would tell the boys, and we would hand them their briefcase (my contribution was my mother’s old green pocketbook), make believe kiss their cheek, and send them off to work. The boy husbands would tell us, “I’ll be home on time dear,” air-kiss us, and troop off to the far end of the field. Sometimes they never came back, but we found if we bribed them with cookies, they would return.

The little mothers made make-believe beds, washed invisible windows, and prepared their husbands’ suppers. At our signal our husbands returned from a hard day’s work playing ball at the end of the field. We greeted them with the evening paper (sometimes real) and told them, “Supper will be ready in a few minutes, dear.” Usually we had to give them another cookie at this point. The boys stayed for a while, and then we all eventually left.

The biggest part of my play was role playing to be a good mother and wife. All the children I knew had a mother and father, and no mother worked outside the home. As little children, our main goals were to be like our same sex parent. I was vaguely aware of people like Amelia Earhart and Eleanor Roosevelt, but they seemed alien and strange to my little cocooned life.



Jean with her dolls

OOPS!

We were heading home from Las Vegas with our son driving my wife's car, and me sitting in the front passenger seat. He had somewhat of a heavy foot and was a little over the speed limit. Unbeknownst to us, overhead was a state police airplane checking for speeders. A trooper suddenly appeared and motioned for us to pull over. The trooper asked for our son's license and registration and noticed that he's not the owner of the car. Our son then pointed to the back and said, "Mom's in the back seat." The trooper asked why "Mom" isn't wearing a seat belt. He answered, "Would you tell your mom what to do?" The trooper nodded his head knowingly. The net result was – son got a warning, I'm okay, and Mom got a ticket for \$75.

Anonymous

My three year old grandson came into the kitchen from the living room with a couple of coasters in his hand. "What are these Nana?" he asked." "Oh", I said, "they are coasters that people put their glasses on." So the next time I was in the living room, I found eyeglasses sitting on any coasters that were on the tables.

Elaine Martin

Last August when our 10 year old twin grandchildren were visiting, I gave each of them a copy of the latest issue of the Now and Then Magazine to read. They immediately read it from cover to cover with great interest. I was so pleased by this that I told them their interest gave me great joy, and was the best gift I'd ever received. At that, our grandson innocently replied, "Oh Grammy, I read everything."

Pat Loan

OOPS!

We were visiting our young family who consisted of our daughter, her husband and their two little people: Caroline, almost three, the chatterbox in the family and her much younger brother, Nicholas, whose language skills consisted of one word... "balls," his one and only interest in the whole wide world. Caroline had climbed into her grandfather's lap for hugs and a one-on-one conversation. This was overheard:

"So, Caroline, how do you like sharing your room with your little brother?" "It's okay."

"You must have lots of time to talk about important things." "Ya."

"Do you talk about baseball?" "No."

"Do you talk about politics?" "No."

A long pause as grandfather puts on his thinking cap.

"Do you talk about your college education?" "Well, no."

"Well then, what do you talk about?" "Just balls."

Sue Day

There are coincidences, and then there are coincidences! Elvis Presley (he of the swiveling hips) was born on January 8. I too was born on January 8, though many years earlier. But that's not all; Elvis was one of a set of twins in his mother's womb. The family had named both children while they were still in the womb. Elvis's twin was stillborn, but bore the name "Garon." My name is Garon. Coincidence doubled. It was coincidence tripled when my wife stumbled across Garon's tombstone at Graceland several years ago.

Joe Garon

Note: Residents are invited to submit their humorous short stories for the OOPS! page to Pat Loan at # 429

THE CREW AND THE BOAT

By Frank Hynes

On the evening of February 17, 1952, the tanker S.S. Pendleton, carrying 122,000 barrels of kerosene and heating oil arrived off the port of Boston. The weather at that time was deteriorating rapidly with the seas building and visibility extremely limited. The Captain opted to stand off and head his vessel east-northeast into the prevailing sea conditions. The wind and sea conditions worsened during the night, developing into a full-scale 'Nor'easter' with snow and high seas.

By Friday, February 18, the Pendleton began taking water over the stern, had drifted around the tip of Cape Cod off Provincetown and headed on a more southerly course into the open Atlantic ocean. At approximately 5am, after a series of cracking noises, the Pendleton broke in two. The bow with the Captain and seven crewmen drifted away and disappeared, never to be found. The stern with thirty-three of the remaining crew maintained power and lights in the storm tossed ocean. The Chief Engineer, Raymond Sybert, took charge of the stern, and assigned duties to the remaining crew members, as it continued to drift south in the mountainous seas. It was now approximately six miles off Cape Cod.

At 3pm, a blip was picked up on the radar at Chatham Lifeboat Station. A message was relayed to Boston Coast Guard Headquarters and a plane was dispatched to the area. By 4pm, a visual sighting confirmed that a tanker had indeed split in two and was foundering off the Cape Cod coast. At that point, BM1 Bernie Webber was ordered to pick a crew and take the CG36500 lifeboat moored at the fish pier in Chatham and proceed out to sea in an effort to rescue the remaining crew aboard the doomed tanker Pendleton. Webber picked three volunteers from the remaining personnel at Station Chatham,

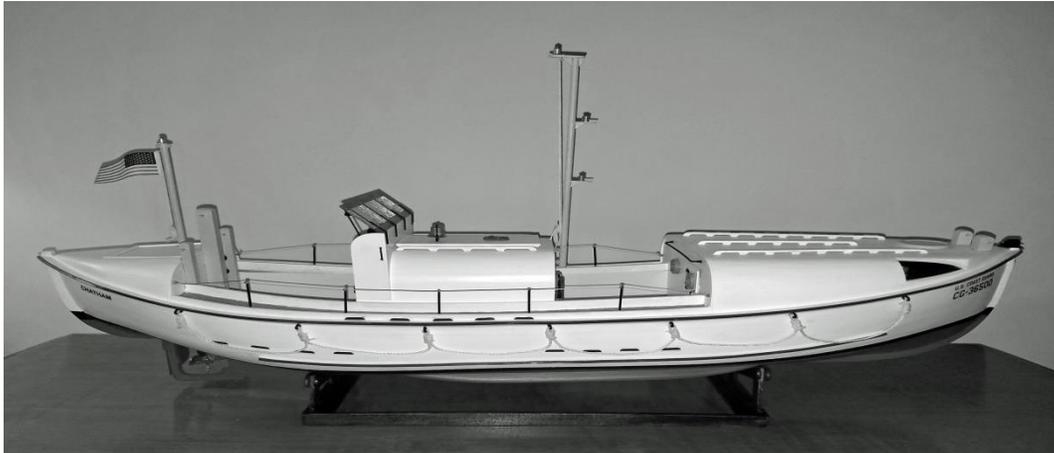
Engineman Third Class Andrew Fitzgerald, Seaman Irvin Maske and Seamen Richard Livesey. This mission was considered a “no return” rescue attempt, an unwritten motto of the Coast Guard – you have to go out, but you don’t have to return. And so began the most daring peacetime rescue ever recorded in Coast Guard history. Coxswain 1C Bernie Webber and his three man crew crossed the bars off the coast of Chatham, in one of the worst winter Nor ’Easters in recent memory, to rescue the surviving 33 members of the sinking stern of the Pendleton.

It was during the rescue effort that Webber and his crew mates agreed that they would rescue all the stranded crewmen, and they would all return or none of them would. The lifeboat was pounded by waves going over the sandbar out of the harbor which caused damage to the boat and left it without a compass. After locating the Pendleton, Webber carefully jockeyed the CG36500 underneath the ship’s listing hull and motored the lifeboat back and forth in the waves as the Pendleton’s crew climbed down the side with a Jacobs Ladder. As each man descended, they timed their descent against the rise and fall of the 40-60 foot seas, 70-knot wind and heavy snow. In the end the rescuers had crammed 32 survivors (one ship member had slipped and had gone under during the rescue) into a boat designed to hold 12 people, and made it safely back to port with 36 on board.

The lifeboat used in the rescue of the Pendleton crew was the standard Motor Lifeboat used by the United States Coast Guard at that time (1952). The boat is 36 feet in length, with an 8ft. beam, weighing approximately 20,000 lbs. It had been built in 1946 at the Coast Guard Yard in Chesapeake Bay, Maryland; with a heavy keel built mainly of white oak, a 90 horsepower gasoline motor and three watertight compartments. It was designed to remain operational under the most severe conditions. This boat more than met the requirements of the

design specifications. This rescue mission remains to this day the most daring and successful rescue in the annals of the U. S. Coast Guard. For their extreme and heroic action in saving the Pendleton crew, Bernie Webber and the three crew members were awarded the Treasury Department's highest award, the coveted Gold Lifesaving Medal.

1



The CG36500

2



B. Webber

A. Fitzgerald

I. Maske

R. Livesey

Sources:

¹ Model built by Frank Hynes. Plans by Dumas Products, Inc.

² Photos sourced from www.historyvshollywood.com/reelfaces/finest-hours

Some information sourced from "The Pendleton Rescue: Capt. W. Russell Webster, USCG" and the Orleans Historical Society.

Footnote:

The complete story has been told in a book by Casey Sherman called "The Finest Hours" later made into a motion picture of the same name.

ARTISTS IN THE SCENE: JANE NIELSEN

Interview by Pat Loan

Jane Nielsen is a woman of multiple talents. The two mentioned here are poetry and visual arts.

Out of the depths of her reaction to a specific life experience, Jane is able to succinctly express her inner emotions in poetic verse. One example is found on page 14 in the poem *Conflict*. Here she juxtaposes her son's youth against her husband's advancing years. She pleads for her son to temper his "whetted blade of youth carefully" in the presence of his dad, as his dad tries gracefully to battle old age. The poem not only reflects the conflict between father and son, but also reflects her conflict with the deep love she has for both of them.

When Jane was a student at the College of William and Mary in Virginia, she was influenced by her studies of Chaucer and Shakespeare, as well as by the beautiful surroundings found in the gardens of Williamsburg. This is evident in her poem *First Feeling Spring* on page 15. Here she expresses a "longing to be possessed," "by Nature's spirit." The imagery in this poem is quite sensual in the same way as are the writings of the two authors she was studying at the time. They too used sensuality and emotion as effectively as Jane does in her poetry.

Jane's background in art consists of one class at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City, and later a course in Theorem Painting. But other than those two courses, she doesn't have any formal training as an artist. It is her love of beauty that propels her to experiment with various visual art forms. Most of her paintings are either oil or acrylic on canvas.

Most recently she has completed one of an ¹ “Egret in the Marsh” (on the back cover) whose image is reflected in the water. In addition, on view in the Activity Room, are three paintings: a street scene in the walled city of Óbidos in Portugal, the ruins of the Cottle Church on the island of Nevis and a desert landscape near the Santa Catalina Mountain outside Tucson, Arizona. Perspective, shading and texture are nicely done in the case of each. Two more complicated pieces Jane has done (shown on the back cover) are a ²Theorem painting of a bowl of fruit and a crewel bell pull, which took her many months to complete because of the intricate detail this art form requires.

We are fortunate, indeed, to have among us a fellow resident and friend whose skill at writing poetry includes the ability to describe an event or incident with such explicit imagery and feeling that she creates for the reader a new way to experience these everyday situations. In the world of visual arts, in her search for beauty, she satisfies her creative energy by experimenting with many art forms.

¹ The idea for this painting is taken from a photo by Stephanie Foster in the Cape Cod Times.

² 19th century stylized painting on velvet.

CONFLICT

*Regard, my son
Your youth
You're coming up a
Tremulous sunrise
Your father faces sunset
Do I favor you
When I must convince him
There's warmth enough for all our needs?
It's not easy to grow old . . .
Wield your whetted blade of youth carefully
In his presence
It's hard to let go gracefully
In the face of so much youth.*

Jane Waters Nielsen

FIRST FEELING SPRING

*What is this earth
Which jealously cradles her flowery delicacies
Offering them only
When Zephyr coaxes with gentle caress?
What is this warmth which arises from the lovemaking of earth and sky
And fills me with longing to be possessed
Not by mortal, but Nature's spirit?
What is this power
That fills me as full of feelings
As the pregnant robin,
and leaves me as empty of words
As the broken blue shell?*

Jane Waters Nielsen

NEW YORK ADVENTURES

By Jean Martin

In 1952, I accepted a position as the chief of a new occupational therapy clinic in the United States Public Health Service Hospital on Staten Island, New York. The USPHS was new to me, but by reading the available information provided, I learned the majority of the patients earned their living on or by the sea. This included the Coast Guard, Merchant Marines, fishing boat crews, longshoremen and foreign seamen. The Navy had its own hospital system, so they were excluded. Patients were also accepted from embassies, foreign or domestic, native Indian Tribes and federal prisoners. Their dependents (except for the prisoners) were also eligible for care.

I found it an exciting place to work. In just the first six months, I treated a young despondent German prisoner who insisted he was Kaiser Wilhelm's grandson, and an Arab Sheik who was always accompanied by three of his wives, but not always the same three. Nothing boring here, for sure.

A new staff therapist was added to the department and we became friends. Jean was from Wellesley, Massachusetts, and a new graduate. We both decided that the nursing home we were living in was not for us. So we found an apartment in South Ferry, which is at the tip of Staten Island where the ferries dock, hence the name. The apartment cost \$69 a month, and was an unfurnished fifth floor walk-up, but it seemed ideal to us. I had suspicions that Jean's family was wealthy, and this was confirmed when her mother offered furniture from the attic of their home in Wellesley and their Chatham summer estate.

So, there we were, Jean I and Jean II happily living in our walk-up apartment amid priceless antiques, Spode china and wicker chairs, with

the whole of New York literally stretched out before us.

One flight up took us to a flat, tar-topped roof of the building with the entire New York Harbor in view. It was always busy with cruise ships, fireboats, ferries, naval craft and private small boats. We could sometimes see the towers of New York City in the distance, and a side view of the Lady with the torch, as she stood in welcome on her island.

The apartment was not air conditioned, so we often slept on the roof, with many of the other tenants doing the same. We were the highest building in the area, so we caught any breeze that stirred. The other resort to escape the heat was to ride the ferry back and forth from Staten Island to New York. For the sum of 5¢, we could spend the evening, with our thermos and fruit, moving only to the bow going out, and the stern returning, as boats had a pilot house at each end and the breeze was strongest at the bow.

Although Jean I was engaged to a pre-med student, it didn't seem to affect her dating other people, as we were both young, and full of the joy of life. We often double dated. It was such fun to take the ferry to Manhattan, and then the subway to Germantown, or Little Italy, or the bohemian Washington Square. There was always something to see, or to be part of. Drugs were not such a problem then and streets were usually safe enough to stroll along, without danger.

Broadway, during the early fifties, was bursting at the seams, with wonderful plays and amazing actors. Jean and I saw Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza in *South Pacific* twice, and loved its vitality and humor. *Kismet* with Patricia Morrison and Alfred Drake was also wonderful, and the singing was breathtaking. However, *The King and I*, with Yule Brenner and Gertrude Lawrence, was our favorite, and we saw it several times. Off Broadway was also a busy place, and Jean's uncle

took us to see *The Music Man* there.

That particular afternoon is worthy of mention. I had rarely discussed with Jean, events in my own background, because I felt inferior that we came from such different stations in life. My widowed mother was raising two girls on her own, and we lived in a triple decker in Dorchester, so she could afford to send my sister to college. Luckily, my father had left money for my tuitions before he died. Conversely, Jean's father was managing editor of Time-Life Magazine and her mother a society hostess. So, foolishly, I felt inadequate and insecure, and had to be persuaded to accept her uncle's invitation to lunch and a play. What a tragedy it would have been had I missed that opportunity. We both wore our best twin sweater sets and pearls (mine were not real, of course) and we rode the ferry into Manhattan. We were met by a handsome uniformed young man, who escorted us to a huge, black limousine with official flags flying from the front bumper. When I asked "What's going on?" Jean grinned and said, "You'll see!" We were driven to the Russian Tea Room, where a private room was waiting for us. Much to my consternation, I found Jean's uncle to be Air Force General Hoyt Vandenberg in full military regalia! He was handsome and charming, and we had a marvelous afternoon. Because he was so kind to me, when he asked me about my background, I found myself talking about my mother, and living in Dorchester, and having to scrimp and save in order to have an education. The General, when I had finished, declared his niece to indeed be fortunate to have such a remarkable roommate, and complimented my mother on her strength and courage. This talk affected me strongly, and from that day on, my feelings of inferiority diminished, and I was able to brag proudly of my mother's accomplishments.

Another notable event happened during July 1952, when the new American Superliner, the S.S. United States, began her maiden voyage.

The U.S. Lines had another superliner, the S.S. America, in service already. We were accustomed to seeing her two striped funnels standing proudly over her beautiful white decks. But the S.S. United States was bigger and more spectacular.

Her maiden voyage was July 3, 1952, when she left New York with 2000 passengers on board. It was on this trip that she proved herself to be the fastest ship in the world by reaching England in 3 days, 10 hours and 2 minutes! News of this achievement was in all the papers, and we anxiously awaited her return home. We were at our vantage point on the roof early, along with our lawn chairs, binoculars, thermos bottles and glasses. She was to arrive through New York Harbor and we wanted to see it all.

The harbor was mobbed with boats of every kind, all seemingly headed in different directions. Then, there she was, at the mouth of the harbor, a huge glistening black ship, with white decks. The typical U.S. Lines, red and black funnels, were very prominent, and brightly colored pennants were flying from bow to stern. She was accompanied by dozens of tugboats, nudging this majesty of the sea forward. At her appearance, every whistle and horn sounded, or so it seemed, because the noise even five stories up was very loud.

And then, the United States responded to her welcome by producing the deepest, loudest, biggest sound imaginable, drowning out all others. It was ear splitting, and awe inspiring, as it vibrated through the air. She glided with majestic beauty to the middle of the harbor, right under our observation post, while the fire boats shot huge plumes of red, white and blue water into the air. Everyone on shore was yelling and waving flags as she passed, and so, she spoke again. My thermos flew off the roof parapet, and our juice glasses shook until most of their

contents were gone. We were struck dumb, unable to move, completely overcome by what we were seeing and hearing. She sounded once more, a basso hoo-hoo, as she proudly moved to her mooring in Manhattan.

Later, on her departure, she did not sound as she left the harbor until she reached open sea, so the blast was diminished; but it was familiar to us now, and we smiled in delight when we heard it.

By 1954 our sojourn on Staten Island was over. Jean I married her pre-med fiancé, and I was a bridesmaid. I now felt comfortable with her family, and even danced with Uncle Hoyt. Jean moved to Boston, and I stayed alone in our apartment for a few months, as her mother allowed me to keep the furniture as long as I wished. A good position opened up in the USPHS hospital in Baltimore, and so I returned to Maryland.



S.S. United States

Photo sourced from: <http://nationalinterest.org/feature/bringing-the-mighty-ss-united-states-back-life-15180>

