

CALRA FREE PRESS

Cadbury at Lewes Residents' Association

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President's Message - - *The Man Who Planted Trees*

The other day I came across a short story written by Jean Giono that I first read some twenty years ago. Even today, as well as I was then, I am just struck about the characterization of the central character in this story. Elzéard Bouffier was a shepherd living frugally at the foothills of the French Alps at the onset of the twentieth century. All around Bouffier was barren rock twisted land for as far as he could see. The area was void of growing things - of trees, flowers and grass. The few small villages in the distance had long been deserted. Yet Bouffier in this solitude had the ability to see possibilities of beauty and tranquility extending far beyond the existing desolate landscape of the place. He quietly and doggedly persevered, changing his surroundings little by little. He found a cool pure spring and built a well for his flock of sheep and lambs, constructed a substantial and comfortable stone cottage which he carefully tended. He wore his simple clothing clean and neat. He mended whatever that was his to do: a button to a shirt; a roof tile blown loose from the roof now secure. Travelers to the spot found in Bouffier a quiet and humble but welcoming host. Bouffier extended the same hospitality to all, and he held the opinion that the land was dying for want of trees. He collected hundreds of acorns and seeds, sorted out the best and chose a few to plant in many strategic places revealing to later generations great oak forests as well as beeches and birches from the beechnuts and seed he had gathered. In his last years he changed jobs, keeping only four sheep - then he built and maintained one hundred beehives - out of concern that the sheep may be harmful to the new trees.

As I re-read this treasure a second and third time, I found elements in the story that transfer to our contemporary life at Cadbury. Service to others beyond that which was asked or expected with no regard for personal gain or reward was a Bouffier gift. And many of the advantages we enjoy are the product of someone's altruistic service here at home - at Cadbury. Consider the volunteers who keep the account books, chair committees and the members who serve them; the workers in the gift shop, those who see that we have enjoyable and instructive programs and activities; the gifted printers, artists, woodworkers, poster makers and computer gurus who with artistic giftedness get the idea out; the greeters at the AL desk being the friendly face of Cadbury - helpful to resident and visitor; the volunteers who visit AL with such cheer and faithfulness; those who water and tend the plants; writers who supply articles for print; leaders within the faith based communities; friends who tend the needs of friends; neighbors who support their neighbor, walk their dog, bring the paper, deliver a special treat

and greet one another with a kind word. I believe this is the Bouffier-like richness that you bring to Cadbury at Lewes. Thank you all.

Adele Hudson Trout
President, CALRA



Jane Forgie, Apt. 231
Holly Fritts, Apt. 113
Fred & Donna Pfarrer, Apt. 129
Andrew & Beverly Serrell, Apt. 115



LIBRARY LINES

The Bee-Boy's Song

by Rudyard Kipling

Bees! Bees! Hark to your bees!
"Hide from your neighbors as much as you please,
But all that has happened, to us you must tell,
Or else we will give you no honey to sell."

A maiden in her glory,
Upon her wedding-day,
Must tell her Bees the story,
Or else they'll fly away.

Fly away--die away--
Dwindle down and leave you!
But if you don't deceive your Bees
Your Bees will not deceive you.
Marriage, birth or buryin',

News across the seas,
All you're sad or merry in,
You must tell the Bees.
Tell 'em coming in and out,
Where the Fanners fan,
'Cause the Bees are just about
As curious as a man!

This is the folklore that John Greenleaf Whittier refers to when he wrote "Telling the Bees". In that poem he follows the need to keep his friend's bees informed as he recalls their owner's life and mourns her death. Norman Rowland Gale wrote a poem called simply, "Bees" which includes the wonderful description: "...voluble, velvety, vehement fellows that play on your flying and musical cellos...." Emily Dickinson writes: "His labor is a chant, His idleness a tune; Oh, for a bee's experience Of clovers and of noon!" Kahlil Gibran wrote of Bees in "The Prophet". William Butler Yeats, in "The Lake Isle of Innisfree", longs to go there to live alone "in the beeloud glade".

Finally, it's hard to resist Isaac Watts' "How doth the little busy Bee Improve each shining Hour, And gather Honey all the Day From every opening Flower!" Lewis Carroll could not resist the rhyming and wrote: "How doth the little crocodile improve his shining tail, And pour the waters of the Nile On every golden scale." Such disrespect is rare among bee lovers. And those of us who have fallen under the spell of the hive will find a treasure of books in the library about these new residents. There are novels which include bee lore, and non-fiction books about the life and care of bees. You'll find though, that it's hard to read near the hive.... the bees are mesmerizing. So borrow some of the wonderful books about them!

Bunny Guerrin

A Home for the King of Butterflies

What in the world do residents at Cadbury at Lewes and monarch butterflies have in common? The answer is simple: Both need a home and caring attention. Fortunately for the monarchs, Cadbury's

residents realize their need and have created an official monarch waystation by establishing a certified garden site within the community.

It is a glowing tribute to the “King” of all butterflies and most timely since there has been a significant decline in their numbers over the last twenty years with a precipitous drop most recently. There are reports that 2012 saw a low of 60 million and that count in 2013 may have dropped to about half of that. The count is not yet clear.

Monarch butterflies are vital to the pollination of many plants and flowers so their plight is of real concern. Sadly, their dwindling numbers are due, among other things, to environmental hazards including pesticides and loss of habitat. For example, development of housing, factories and shopping centers in the U.S. consumes habitat for monarch and other wildlife at a rate of 2.2 million acres a year. That’s the loss of a habitat area the size of the state of Illinois every sixteen years. Clearly, they need help. Cadbury’s waystation and garden is an important effort in doing so. It is hoped that Cadbury’s example could lead to the creation of numerous monarch oriented gardens throughout the state of Delaware.

They follow two migration routes. There is one route west of the Rocky Mountains where they hibernate in warm regions of California. It is, however, the eastern migration route of these majestic insects both north and south which passes directly over the Lewes/Cape May axis. They are the only insect to migrate some 2,500 to 3,000 miles to get out of the cold weather in eastern North America to hibernate in Mexico. However, it is only the fourth generation of monarchs that migrate each year.

The first three generations each year hatch from their cocoon state. The first of these come to life in February and March, followed by a second generation in May and June and a third in July and August. In each case these butterflies die within two to six weeks. It is the fourth generation, born in September and October, that goes through the exact same process as the first three except it does not die in the short period of time as the other three. The last generation, as mentioned, migrates to Mexico and will live for six to eight months until it is time to return north and begin the whole process over again.

As the butterflies go through four generational stages they also have a four-stage life cycle. They start out as an egg – the females lay several hundred eggs during their short life – then hatch into a caterpillar then wrap up in a cocoon where they transform into a butterfly. Once so developed, they can eat nectar from any flower and do so in abundance each day.

Monarch butterflies, in addition to their interesting life styles, have a unique characteristic. They are poisonous to protect them from predators such as birds, lizards and mice. In some way the milkweed they eat when in the larvae stage builds into a poison that deters these potential enemies. The poison has no effect on humans.

As noted, these insects can lay hundreds of eggs so their reproductive capacity is quite extraordinary. Thus, like cockroaches, they have managed to survive cons through what nature has thrown at them on planet earth. But the damage in recent times could, unfortunately, finally do them in. Not only is there the loss of habitat in the U.S. but when they migrate to Mexico they collect in a 30 by 60 square mile area in a special type of tree. These are currently being logged. If that limited habitat is lost it alone could bring their migration to a halt putting an end to the monarch.

Lincoln Brower, a professor of biology at Sweet Briar College who is well acquainted with the monarchs, has said: “I think the monarch is the canary in the coal mine telling us that things are beginning to go really wrong when you take a widespread migration of this sort and completely dismantle it as a result of human activity.”

In opposition to this trend, Cadbury, by giving them a home and care, is seeking to bring them back to their creative lifestyle. As professionals who are monitoring these creatures well-being report: No effort is too small to have a positive impact.

Cadbury’s approach will help ensure the preservation of the species and the spectacular monarch migration phenomenon which each spring around Lewes and Cape Henlopen is seen as an “orange ribbon” as they mill about the area by the million

Bill Gebron

Sources: The Year the Monarch Didn't Appear – New York Times; <http://www.Monarch-Butterfly>

Cadbury's "Buy The Sea" Gift Shop

Have you noticed? The Buy-The-Sea Gift Shop is now open Saturdays from 11:00 AM to 1:00 PM in addition to Tuesday through Friday from 11:00 AM to 3:00 PM. The Shop is staffed on Saturday by Binky Tompkins, who suggested this change and volunteered to be in there for us. Thanks Binky!

That also gives us an opening to thank our other hard working sales staff too. Regular contributors of their time and effort to the Gift Shop in addition to Binky and Ruth include the following:

Flaine Connell Becky Goldstein
Ellane Hein Maurine Hale Doris Shirk
Llywella Stuchlik Ruth Thigpen

We have some very helpful regular substitutes as well, including Barbara Carl, Ruth Barnett, Ann Erdman, Grace Rork, and Signa Souder, whose efforts we also appreciate. Thank you!

Sales at the Buy the Sea Gift Shop have continued strong, a good share of it benefiting from your generous donations. So please continue to keep the Gift Shop in mind as you scale down from your previous residences or change around your apartment or cottage surroundings. Funds raised by selling your donations in the Gift Shop go to support the activities arranged for residents by your CALRA Board and its Activities and Program Committees.

And please come into the Shop and look around for your favorite candy, ice cream, and/or cold drinks, always popular in this mid-summer heat. Continue to keep an eye out for additions to our new jewelry collections; whether you are looking for a gift or something for yourself, you'll find that new items are introduced regularly.

You may not have noticed but the Gift Shop also carries a modest line of office supplies. They are easy to miss as they are in the white cabinet back in the far corner; if the doors to the cabinet are closed, feel free to open them and look inside for your needed pens, pencils, paper clips, scotch tape, and envelopes.

And if you have not been into the shop lately, please stop in and look at our rather new "Buy The Sea" motif; it is a model of one of the last of the

three-masted British clipper ships, the Cutty Sark, built in 1869 to supply the tea trade. Donated by Bill Gehron and given repairs to the extensive rigging by model ship-builder Woody Seamone, it reinforces our Buy-The-Sea name for the Shop.

And above all, if you are looking for something that we are not presently carrying but would like us to supply, do not hesitate to let us know.

We hope to see you in the Buy-The-Sea Gift Shop one of these days.

Ruth & Gil Kaufman



Ed Carter was visited by his son, grandson, and great-grandson this past Fathers' Day. He was also fortunate enough to have Woody Seamone take this picture of the four generations.

Ed Sr. has been a resident of Cadbury for six years and is retired from the insurance business. His son, Ed Jr. is an attorney and lives in North Wilmington. Bryant, Ed's grandson lives in Philadelphia with young Hudson. Hudson is so big for his age that the family predicts he'll either be a center for the '76ers basketball team or a tight end for the Eagles' football team.!

Ed Carter

COLLECTORS

I am a collector, or more appropriately perhaps, an accumulator. Some people are hoarders but they never admit it so they are hard to detect. Really knowledgeable people in fields qualify as philatelists (stamps), numismatists (coins) and deltiologists (postcards). I am none of these.

Why do people collect things? As a collector, I have thought about this puzzling query. Could it be an ego trip of sorts? Maybe. Perhaps it is some inane strange mental quirk. A genetic disorder? Could be. It certainly can illicit remarks from non-collectors such as "why", "you're kidding", "so", "are you nuts", etc. We await, always, for the comments like "nice", "wow", "where did you get so many", and "it must be valuable".

My collections, read that accumulations, range from the sublime to the ridiculous. On the normal side I have stamps, coins, postcards and silver spoons. Heading on the odd side I have belt buckles, insulators and cribbage boards. And now to get down to the "whatever possessed you?" stuff. I have bookmarks, keys, and key chains. As a child I collected paper wrapped lumps of sugar. Most of you will remember those. Cigar bands- that's weird and matchbooks (sans matches). I have given up on these last three and these items are all gone.

One other group of collectors worth mentioning is the sentimental saver. Probably all of us fall into this group-- at least I hope so. My silver spoons, religious books, and my Mother's dolls fit this category. I believe what gets some collectors started is the ease of it. I originally started my coin collection when my parents gave me my two Grandfathers' coin collections. My stamp collection started when a milk company offered stamps as a premium in exchange for saving so many chocolate milk caps. My postcards came from my Mother and my Aunt.

Some people's collections appear to them to be quite valuable. Insurance of collections is often listed as a rider on home insurance policies. A problem often arises if a collector decides to sell part or all of his collection. There usually exists a gulf between listed values and the buyer's idea of its worth.

Are you a collector? Would you like to share your collection with the residents of Cadbury? We can display collections as an exhibit in the main building lobby display case. Call me or put a note in box C27 cubby if you think you might have something you would like to show. I like to have a backlog of items to be displayed and I will ascertain if your collection might be of interest.

Thanks .

*Don Wiedmann,
Display cabinet coordinator
Phone 644-1507*

Hot Air Ballooning - Let's Take a Ride

Perhaps you've watched a colorful hot air balloon drift overhead, and wondered how it would be to be up there in the passenger basket...what views you might have. Or you might even have seen the take-off of a hot air balloon race, with lots of colorful balloons all together, as in the annual Albuquerque event. Some of those are usually "theme" balloons that are shaped like products like Coca Cola or like animals or cartoon characters.

It is indeed a wonderful experience to take a ride up there, as I can attest from my years of riding along with a neighbor near our Pittsburgh-area home who had his own balloon. During those years he said I was his most frequent passenger.



Preparing to go aloft in a hot air balloon

My first ride in a hot air balloon was a surprise, planned by Ruth for my 40th birthday. I allowed myself to be whisked off for some unknown event; we wound up in a nearby park where a colorful balloon was being prepared for takeoff. Part of the excitement of that first ride was helping get the balloon ready for the flight. After the nylon shell of the balloon is lined up straight across the field, the propane gas burner that provides the hot air is turned on and pointed into the open end of the nylon shell, which then begins the slow process of taking shape. As the balloon approaches full capacity of hot air, it gradually builds up lift capacity, pulling toward the sky, and the job of those on the ground at this point is to hold it down temporarily, preventing it from taking off before the passengers can climb aboard. Then it is time for pilot and passenger(s) to climb into the basket, trickier than it might seem while the balloon is chafing to pull upward.



We're away! The first quick rise.

Then we're off! And that quickly becomes one of the most exciting parts...the rapid rise almost straight up from the ground. If you have any sensitivity to heights, that is when it might grab you, but very quickly you reach an altitude where the perception of height fades away and your focus is on an amazing view of the surrounding countryside.

Even though you know the territory well, such a different perspective provides a whole new experience. Sailing over the countryside you see towns and rivers and farms familiar to you but in an entirely new way. You drift along slowly with lots of time to look around, and in almost total silence except when the burners are turned on to keep the

air inside the balloon appreciably warmer than the ambient air outside.



Soaring to new heights



New Kensington, PA & the Allegheny River from a hot air balloon

Hot air balloons are not like powered aircraft; you cannot control the flight path. The balloon goes wherever the breezes blow it and at the speed of the wind. So careful planning weather-wise is also required. It is unwise to go up when winds exceed 10 mph. For this reason, a popular flying time is sun up or just before sun down, when wind typically are lowest. But some wind is preferred; otherwise the balloon will not travel at all.

An interesting aspect to the flight is the ability to clearly hear voices from the ground so readily, and call back down to those on the ground, even though you are hundreds of feet in the air. It is not unusual to see dogs or horses scamper around as the unfamiliar sight of the balloon passes overhead.

Another bit of extra excitement comes when it is time to land. Not every place will do; you do not want to come down in trees, on houses, or in bodies of water. Open fields are preferred but they are not

always readily available so judgments are made well in advance of likely possibilities. As noted earlier hot air balloons go where the breezes blow them, and you may not know far in advance what kind of terrain will be available for a landing. But some opportunity eventually develops and gas is allowed to escape from a trap at the top of the balloon to pace its landing into the desired space. A big bump and sometimes several bounces occur upon hitting the ground so pilot and passenger are braced for the impact. And finally, you have to hope the chase car caught up to you....the way home!

It is tradition to have a bottle of champagne along to crack open upon safe landing. My choice was crème soda for the same purpose!

I highly recommend a hot air balloon ride for an exciting birthday celebration!

Gil Kaufman

The Needlework Club

What happens at the Needlework Club? Members get together at the Craft Room on the second floor, west wing, at 10:00 on Friday mornings and do a variety of things. Some of us are knitters and make children's hats and sweaters and prayer shawls for charity, or else a private project. Some of us make quilts, or craft projects, with lots of help and instructions where needed. There are three Singer sewing machines and lots of donated materials and other supplies stored in the cupboards. One long range project is to make "bed runner" quilts to donate to the Wellness Center for the patients in Skilled Nursing. So far five quilts have been completed – all with scrap materials from our stash of donations. We anticipate making items for the fall arts and crafts show sponsored by the Office of Philanthropy & Operational Advancement (formerly the Foundation).

There is always some chatter and laughter going on, so it is a nice social occasion. If you want to learn something, show us something you have created, or just want to sit and chat a while, you are very welcome to join the club.

Ruth Barnett, member

Who's Who at Cadbury



Our new resident member of the Cadbury at Lewes Board of Directors is William J. (Bill) Gehron, shown here with his wife Pat. They have followed an amazing path on the way to Cadbury.

Bill was born in 1924 and raised in the town of Pelham, north of New York City. He graduated from preparatory school in 1943 and was promptly drafted when he received word from Uncle Sam that his help was needed to get rid of our Axis foes. Bill did eventually join General Patton's Third Army in Europe as an Armored Infantry Officer. He saw serious action in Germany and was part of Patton's group that went farthest east into Czechoslovakia before the Russians, who he met up with, took over that country. Bill can describe the experience of riding atop a Sherman tank as it steams into enemy territory. His unit also liberated one of the German "death camps" and witnessed the seemingly endless line of corpses.

Returning to the States, he attended Williams College in Williamstown, MA, getting a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1950. Immediately thereafter, he was recalled to serve in the tank corps during the Korean War. It was at this time that Bill convinced Pat to marry him. She was attending Marymount College in Terrytown, N.Y which she left in her senior year to wed and join Bill at Fort Hood, Texas, one of a number of their state-side postings together. Pat, some years later, gained her Bachelor of Arts degree from American University in Washington, D.C. while they were living in Alexandria, VA.

With his service completed in 1952 Bill began his civilian career with the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in New York City. It was there that his promotion of a White

House exhibition on President Eisenhower's "Open Skies" proposal led to an invitation to join the White House Disarmament Staff which was then under the direction of Harold Stassen. So, Pat and Bill moved to Washington D.C. taking up residence in Alexandria, VA. He describes that job as a heady Washington experience given the clout of just serving in the President's house.

At the conclusion of the Eisenhower Presidency, Bill was asked to join in John F. Kennedy's newly created Arms Control and Disarmament Agency (ACDA) under the guidance of John J. McCloy, the President's disarmament advisor. In that role, he returned to New York as a member of the U.S. Delegation to the United Nations serving as the residence disarmament advisor to the delegation. He also spent much time in Geneva, Switzerland, again as a member of the U.S. Delegation at the Ten Nation Disarmament Conference. During those years he was joined there by Pat and their family. It was during this time that Bill's picture landed on the front page of the New York Times. Eventually, the conference was able to come up with an agreed Partial Test Ban Treaty which President Kennedy called the single most important achievement of his administration.



DEAN AND GEHRON AT THE SIGNING OF THE PARTIAL TEST BAN TREATY. DEAN IS SEATED ON THE LEFT, GEHRON ON THE RIGHT. THE PHOTO WAS TAKEN BY THE NEW YORK TIMES. PHOTOGRAPH BY THE NEW YORK TIMES. PHOTOGRAPH BY THE NEW YORK TIMES.

Bill Gehron on the right, with Arthur Dean on the front page of the New York Times, August 29, 1962, when the US presented its proposed limited test ban

After leaving ACDA, he joined the Department of State as a Foreign Service Officer in the Bureau of European Affairs where he served until 1985. Among other interesting foreign policy developments, he was part of the U.S. team that concluded the Treaty for European Security and Cooperation after months of negotiations in

Helsinki, Finland. He has vivid memories of the pact being signed in Helsinki with President Gerald Ford and Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev both in attendance. He retired only to be rehired by the State department to serve as a Senior Reviewer in its Freedom of Information Program until 2007 – the year both Pat and Bill moved to Cadbury.

Pat calls Larchmont, N.Y. her hometown. When she married Bill she spent her free time as a very active volunteer in various capacities, most prominently, promoting English language proficiency among new-comers to the U.S. It was a one on one effort with the majority of her students coming from Asian countries. Needless to say, there was no loss of students as the Washington area was a beacon to such immigrants. As an English Major, she continued her work here in Lewes where she taught individual elementary school students for several years. Pat was and remains an avid reader currently delving into old books she wishes to read again in their now limited library. Along the way, Bill & Pat raised three children and now have four grandchildren.

It was in 2007 when Bill & Pat decided to move to Cadbury, becoming two of our Charter Residents. Bill has been an active contributor from the beginning, being an early VP of the CALRA and among the leaders of the Cadbury Recyclers. Bill's major contributions include sparking the idea for a beehive here at Cadbury and, with Fran Baker, bringing the concept of a butterfly garden to Cadbury. Bill has also written historical notes about the Lewes area.

It is a pleasure to have Bill & Pat among our residents.

Gil Kaufman

ARTIFACTS FROM ANTIQUITY—1930-40 NEW YORK CITY

We often remember objects unique to certain periods in our lives. The New York of the 1930s-40s had many interesting artifacts unique to that period. Following are thoughts about a few of them, extinct, but not forgotten.

School Door Knobs—New York City was known for its excellent public school system braced by discipline and high scholastic standards. Artistic classroom and exit door knobs also were of a high standard. The brass doorknobs were egg shaped and were engraved in brass filigree. One could imagine them made of gold. The school number (PS 67 for example) was engraved in the knob center with the New York City board of education logo circling the number. Quite an iconic image for a grade school building. Where are they now?

Subway Route Signs-- "New York, New York it's a wonderful town—The Bronx is up and the Battery's down"...so went the famous song of the times. The subway systems tried to capture that thought in the subway route signs to help travelers get the right train to work or play. Subway cars of the period had metal boxes about two feet long and eight inches wide attached to a window near its top. The structure looked like a metal planter but contained index tabbed thin metal strips that fit into the box. Each strip described the start and end of a particular route. The thing was a metal rolodex file with tabs coded to identify the different routes for that subway train.

Each train conductor (one to a train) was responsible for changing signs near the start and end points of that route. He wore thick work gloves to do that and walked quickly from one car to the next to get the job done. The appropriate metal strip was fitted into a bracket visible to riders and to those waiting on stations who could identify their required train. All worked well most of the time. There were complaints from confused tourists. Digital direction viewers and colored route maps were a long way off.

The Little Gods of Traffic—New York's Fifth Avenue was 1930s elegance from 110th Street in the North to Washington Square in the South. One could see the lions guarding the Greek temple facade to the Public Library at 42nd street, and up-scale shops along the way. There was the Empire State building at 34th Street and Fifth Avenue, then and now an architectural masterpiece. From the upper deck of the yellow and green double decker buses, one could see traffic signals towers smartly designed on each street corner with their red and green lights managing traffic. A closer look at the top of each tower would reveal a miniature statue of the Greek

god of flight and speed...Mercury. The statue was an exact copy of the Greek original. The god was draped modestly with a robe baring one shoulder and covering his lower body. He wore a helmet like head covering and feathered wings projected from the rear of his feet. How could traffic not flow smoothly with such a guardian? This system was replaced in the 60s with overhead synchronized traffic signals. Fifth Avenue was converted into a one-way street as were the other North-South Manhattan avenues. Mercury, where are you today?

Stanley Goldstein, New Yorker

THE NOBEL PRIZE TRIP

(The following is an extract from the diary of the trip. Those wishing to view the entire document are invited to visit <http://rgcic.com/nobel.pdf>)

In October 1987 it was announced that my wife's stepfather, Charles J. Pedersen (I'll call him "Charlie" from now on) had been awarded a share of the 1987 Nobel prize in Chemistry. The award was for a discovery he had made some twenty years earlier while working as a research chemist at the du Pont laboratories. This was naturally a thrill for all of us in the family and resulted in a considerable change of pace for him, since he was fully retired and 83 years old at the time of the announcement. He also was suffering from myeloma, a type of cancer, and exhibited the symptoms of Parkinson's disease, which made it a little hard for him to get around. His sudden fame brought him many requests for interviews, considerable correspondence, and many invitations to social gatherings.

Since Charlie was the very first du Pont employee to be awarded a Nobel prize, the company was naturally enthralled, and - even though he had been retired for many years - they came to his support by immediately providing a public relations man to him full time and a secretary part time. Then, when it became clear that there was a good possibility that his health would accommodate the acceptance trip to Stockholm, they even arranged to fly him and selected guests of his choice on one of their corporate aircraft.

Besides Charlie, there were two others who shared the Chemistry prize, Professors Cram

(UCLA) and Lehn (College de France, Paris). These two had built upon Charlie's discovery and work.



Press conference at Salem County Courthouse, October 14, 1987. Seated are Charles Pedersen and Dupont Chairman Richard Heckert. There also were two Physics laureates, Messrs. Bednorz and Moller, the winner in Medicine Dr. Tonegawa, the Literature award winner Russian exile Joseph Brodsky and the winner of the Bank of Sweden prize in economics, Dr. Solow of MIT. This latter prize is not, per se, one of the prizes established by Nobel in his will, it was endowed by the Bank of Sweden in Nobel's memory several years after Nobel's death. Dr. Tonegawa probably had the largest guest group, about eighteen including his new baby and his "proudest father in the world."

The first evening - after most of the day was devoted to our initial attempts to cope with the six hour change of time we acquired during the eight hour flight - there was a reception in the hotel for the Nobel laureates and their guests. This was our first opportunity to get acquainted with those with whom we would share most of the week's activities.

The presentation was magnificent. Our group was seated in the front row of the audience along with several others including a portion of the royal family. The King, Queen, King's uncle and aunt were seated on stage right, while the laureates entered stage center and seated to the left. Except Charlie. They decided that, given his difficulty in walking at a reasonable pace, he should enter stage left and go directly to his chair. We understand that DuPont people back in the States were watching the ceremony on TV and nearly had heart attacks when they didn't see him in the entering group. There were several speeches by officials, just about all in Swedish, and various selections from the orchestra.



Nobel presentation stage. The royal family sits in the chairs on the right of the picture. Laureates enter from the rear center and sit to the left of the stage.

We were provided a little booklet upon entering with the English translations of the speeches. The crowning moment for each laureate was when he and the king approached center stage and the king presented him with the gold medal and diploma. Immediately there was a fanfare, and the laureate bowed to the king, the audience and, sometimes, to the several officials seated behind the royal family and laureates on the stage, returning then to his seat.

It was during this event when again things went differently for our personal laureate. In recognition of Charlie's walking difficulties, the king proceeded way across the stage to where Charlie had just risen to present him the award. Much was made of this break with tradition, both locally and in international press releases. To me it just seemed like the decent thing to do.

I can't say enough about the kindness DuPont showed us by providing the private air transport. I suspect that it would have been a very heavy burden on Charlie to try to make the trip by commercial air, and indeed he may have elected not to go if it were not for that.

December 23, 1987

Dick Cleaveland

Home-Making Life-Making in New Delhi *A Journal, by Carolyn R. Christensen* October 7, 1993

Continued -

Monday, October 18, 1993.

I'm learning that having made a home in Indonesia is no help in making a home in India. My

experience in Indonesia counts for little or nothing in India. Everything and I mean everything is new—food, money, climate, shopping styles, housing, culture, textiles, health concerns, transportation, language. Everything.

Before I was even out of bed this morning the sweeper and a prospective gardener were at the gate, ringing the bell. In making the passage to Delhi home-maker, I should be grateful there are people to sweep and garden. However, my Jakarta experience where I needed neither of the two and my State-side experience where I did everything myself intrude on my goodwill.

Before I can solve my lack of language problem and learn costs, I have to stop running to the gate. And to do that I must find a gatekeeper. I spent the morning at the American Women's Association (AWA) Servant Registry looking for a gatekeeper, cum cook cum housekeeper cum staff supervisor.

Another newcomer at the Registry was sighing that she "wasn't used to dealing with such a cast of thousands when it came to household help."

So why don't I stay home and cook and clean and garden? I am an American housewife used to doing my own work. The best reason is because I don't know how to shop for food or household needs, where to shop or what to pay or how to bargain in a language I have not yet studied. There are however other because—

Because I'm not accustomed to dealing with the prevalence and amount of dirt and dust here. Air conditioner filters, exhaust fan blades and coverings, and ceiling fan blades (one or two fans to a room) all must be cleaned and washed each week to prevent the motors from clogging and burning out from accumulated soot, dust, dirt, and bugs and to stop chunks of dirt from falling off the fans and decorating the guests and furniture below.

Because I am a once-a-week house cleaner, enough for me but not nearly enough for here. Sand, grit, dust, and bug life sift through door cracks, walls and window casings covering desks, sinks, tables, chairs in less than a day. The dust is so thick that even a once-a-weeker gets bothered.

Because the fruits and vegetables need to be scrubbed with soap and water, rinsed, soaked for twenty minutes in a Clorox or other "medicine"

concoction, then rinsed again before peeling, cooking and using.

And because that water for washing, soaking and rinsing must be purified by first boiling it for twenty minutes and then filtering it.

And because that water comes from a well that may have run dry, requiring a call to the Embassy for a water refill with a telephone that does not always work.

Because I need time to go to class and to study the language. Because I want time to get in to the culture, visiting craftsmen, museums, galleries. Because I need time to meet people and develop a social life. (cont. next newsletter)

Cadbury at Lewes is for the Birds

We closed our May report with a pair of blue birds checking out our birdhouses with hopes that they will settle here. They did just that and started building a nest. Two days later, from the kitchen window, we noticed a house sparrow in the birdhouse and dashed to find out what happened. The male bluebird was dead by the sparrow pecking its' skull apart. Then the sparrow will build its' nest over the bluebirds' corpse. That will not happen now since we sealed off the nesting box.

On the brighter side, Ron Trupp was thrilled to see a Bald Eagle high in the sky while working out in our gym. This is a rare occasion since it is only the second time a Bald Eagle has been reported over Cadbury in our eight years. There is a growing number of Bald Eagles in Sussex County. Most of them can be seen at Prime Hook Wild life Refuge and in the back bays and their estuaries. Ed Carter reported seeing the green heron in the west pond. And Elaine Connell reported watching a green heron at the east end of the west pond when a large turtle surfaced in front of the green heron. The two stared at each other until the turtle decided to depart and disappeared under the water. The heavy brush and small trees at waters' edge of the west pond is an ideal environment for the red wing blackbird to nest. The adult male is all black except for red and yellow

epaulets on the wing shoulder. These wing colors are used in courting and defense. You can check this out by walking down to the waters' edge during nesting season and soon a wild screaming red wing will be flying over your head and diving at your head. If you do not believe us, just ask Nancy Krail.

This summer the west pond was different. Missing were up to 55 Mallard ducks that had called the pond home because they were fed by Cadbury at the rear entrances to the west wing. Cadbury volunteer, Karen Consolini had the job of arranging for the food and daily feeding the ducks at the rear entrances facing the pond where a bird feeder was maintained. The ducks were ground fed and then walked back to the pond. As time moved on, the duck population increased, and the walking ducks wore a path that was killing the lawn the grass. To save the grass Chuck put a stop to feeding the ducks. Perhaps a system could be developed to feed the ducks without damaging the lawn. In our last newsletter we noted that a pair of mallards looked like they were ready to have a family. When the female starts her nest the male has done his part and leaves. The Skilled Care staff discovered mother mallard building a nest on the roof garden off the dining room. This was the third year that a mallard nested in this spot, and might be the same mother of the past years. When the ducklings were ready to leave the nest, the staff carried them to the ground in a box and set them free. They left following their mother and have not been since. We also heard from Carl Jeffers who relaxes on his porch that faces the east pond. He sees tadpoles jumping in the water and enjoys the songs of the frogs and other amphibians.

There are other critters around in addition to birds. Becky and Stan Goldstein were enjoying their sunroom facing Cadbury Circle East when they saw a large turtle crossing the street. Stan went outside to stop cars so the turtle could safely cross the road. The mailman came along and had an empty box and carried it to safer ground. About this time Bill Gchron spotted six brants in a field. They should have been far north by now. Perhaps they have become domesticated.

Dean Hoover called to say they had seen a hummingbird. They then hung their feeder and no hummingbirds came. Lois Nickerson and Jan

Bendrick had the same experience. On Mothers' Day, (May 11th), a male Ruby-throated hummingbird collecting nectar from our weigela bush. We have not seen the male again. At 6 AM in early July we raised the bedroom blind and there was a female hummingbird collecting nectar from our monarda (bee-balm), a bright red perennial. She arrives daily. Ed Carter, Lois and Jan, Jim Sylvanus, Ruth and Ted Barnet reported seeing hummingbirds.

Birds and Blooms recently ran a story on the female ruby-throated hummingbirds' amazing travels in her role to propagate the species. The Ruby-throated hummingbird spends its' winter in Costa Rica. In January her female instincts tell her its' time to fatten up for her trip to Delaware. She leaves Costa Rica in February flying over Nicaragua, Honduras, and Guatemala, to southeast Mexico. Here, she fattens up again for the six hundred mile, eighteen hour crossing of the Gulf of Mexico. In the U.S. she fattens again before heading north reaching Sussex County in May. Here she will search for a place to raise her young. This will be in a tree, 5 to 20 feet above ground and further out on a branch. She establishes her own little home range and mates with one of the nearby males. After mating the male has nothing more to do with her and looks for another female. Mother now builds a nest, incubates one or two eggs, feeds the young, teaches them to fly and forage for food. When the young leave, she builds another nest and raises two more young. By mid September she is off to Costa Rica and a rest until January. It is mind boggling that this one-ounce bird can accomplish such a feat.

Jim and Frances Bazzoli

IN MEMORIAM

Joan Barret

Sydney Caslake

Elaine Collison

Sarah Marsh

Helen Murphy

Mary Rust

