The Signs of Home

Photos by
Alice Rhodes
Jefferson’s Ferry Tales
A publication for, by and about residents of
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By BOB SPANN

Have you ever wondered where the names of some of the Jefferson’s Ferry locations came from? What’s the reason it’s called Melo Pond? Is Wisdom Way named for someone? Why were this pond and that street given these names?

Obviously, the street names “Mather Drive” and “St. Charles Place” are taken from the two hospitals that originally sponsored our community. “Jefferson’s Ferry” refers, of course, the ferry between Port Jefferson and Bridgeport.

Many of our landmarks have taken the names of the members of our first Board of Directors who were selected by the two founding hospitals. Our Community Center is named for George F. Rice, our present and initial Chair of the Board, who was a founding father of Jefferson’s Ferry. After a conference some 14 years ago on Retirement Communities, he thought such a community would be a wonderful idea for our area and spear-headed the effort to make it happen. He worked with New York State on all of the legal work and financing. He was largely responsible for organizing the first JF board which then proceeded to hire New Life, a company skilled in starting retirement communities. It was New Life that brought in Karen Brannen to supervise the implementation of the plans and oversee the construction.

Our Enriched Housing and Skilled Nursing facilities are named for Vincent Bove. Vincent Bove was an outstanding resident of Suffolk County who was instrumental in the creation of Jefferson’s Ferry. Marty Petersen tells his story on page 5.

One might think Wisdom Way was named to attract residents who demonstrate great wisdom. Not so. That name’s origin begins on February 27, 1907, when 27 homeless children with disabilities boarded a train in Brooklyn, NY, for Port Jefferson where they were lovingly accepted into the care of four French Sisters representing the Order of the Daughters of Wisdom. The Daughters of Wisdom expanded the number of children they accepted into their care. By 1910, a three-story structure designed to accommodate 250 children was built on Fairview Hill and dedicated as St. Charles Hospital. Over the years, the hospital’s reputation for outstanding care continues. Thus, Wisdom Way was named for the Daughters of Wisdom who established St. Charles hospital.

There are many other features around Jefferson’s Ferry that carry the names of residents who contributed to the Foundation. There are still naming opportunities in Jefferson’s Ferry and the Successful Aging Project. Parts of the facility could be named for persons making significant contributions. Several rooms in the new building could carry your name for only $20,000. The new building itself could bear your name for a donation of $2,000,000. This is an opportunity for your name to become a permanent tribute to Jefferson’s Ferry. A member of the Jefferson’s Ferry Foundation Board would be happy to talk to you about this.
**WHO IN THE WORLD WAS MYRTLE de YOUNG?**
And why did they name a street after her?

By HANK RYON

My first teaching assignment after college was at Port Jefferson High School. In addition to my classroom duties, I was chosen to lead the school’s Red Cross drive for that year (1954.) I handed out prepared literature, created a poster, and had my picture taken with a nurse from Mather Hospital. I was told that the nurse in the picture was Myrtle deYoung.

Fifty eight years later, my wife Theora and I arrived at Jefferson’s Ferry. Driving to our assigned parking lot I looked at the street sign.

**MYRTLE deYOUNG LANE!**

I did a double take. Obviously the nurse in that photo from long ago was somebody special. With help from several sources, I was able to put together the following:

Myrtle deYoung was born in Baltimore, Maryland, on October 12, 1887. Later the family moved to Brooklyn where Ms. deYoung attended and graduated from the nursing program at Kings County Hospital. She soon showed her leadership qualities and by the early 1920’s served as the superintendent of the Medford Sanatorium here on Long Island.

An article in the Port Jefferson Echo dated May 5, 1927 announced her purchase of a small “Cottage Hospital” on Liberty Avenue in Port Jefferson. At this time it was the only general medical facility in the area.

The house, originally built by my wife’s maternal grandfather, had a floor-plan suited for the conversion. A Mrs. Elizabeth Griswold had started the hospital a few years before.

At the same time that Ms. deYoung was running the Cottage Hospital, John T. Mather, a highly successful ship builder in Port Jefferson, was considering a full-scale general hospital for the area. In his will he designated the money to build it.

The cornerstone for the John T. Mather Memorial Hospital was laid May 4, 1929. Among the officers listed in the program was “Myrtle deYoung, RN, Superintendent.” Miss deYoung’s work at the Cottage Hospital had earned her the position.

The hospital opened on December 31, 1929. It was the first community general hospital in Brookhaven Township. (At that time, St. Charles hospital served only children with special needs.) Miss deYoung’s “innate leadership qualities” enabled her to take charge immediately. Myrtle was a “hands on” leader. She personally “made the rounds” every day, checking on staff and patients. Her strong presence was felt by every member of her staff. During this time, DeeDee Rulon, who presently lives at Jefferson’s Ferry, was a secretary in that office for about a year. Myrtle was a highly capable director, and the Board of Directors supported her.

The hospital was her life. She had her own private apartment in the building. In addition to her regular duties, she represented the hospital at local, state and national conventions, allowing her to keep up with changes in the area of hospital administration. During World War II when there was a shortage of nurses, Ms. deYoung supervised a group of local women to be Nurse’s Aides for the hospital. She served as director of Mather Hospital from its beginning in 1929 until 1955. She continued to live in Port Jefferson after retirement until her death in January, 1962.

Every time we turn right at the circle onto Myrtle deYoung Lane, we’ll think about Myrtle and be grateful that Jefferson’s Ferry named a street in her honor.
In the 1970’s Vincent Bove became involved in health care. He worked with the NY State Department of Health and in 1975 he became the Chairman of the Board of John T. Mather Hospital where he visited every day. His personality and generosity attracted many others to assist him in his efforts in expanding the hospital. In 1973 and again in 1983 a new Emergency Room and the Ambulatory and Inpatient Surgical Pavilion were added to the hospital. For his achievements in 1998 he received the first Mather Special Recognition Award. That same year the Honorable Michael Forbes, NY State Representative in the Congress, presented his name before the legislators and entered it in the Congressional Record in recognition of his public service.

Vincent had great people skills and never used his position to influence others. He was compassionate in all his relationships and wrote individual “thank you letters” to volunteers, many of whom framed the letters as cherished keepsakes. He treated all - doctors, staff and volunteers, with the same dignity and respect that made each one feel special.

Vincent Bove was largely responsible for the planning and development of Jefferson’s Ferry. He worked tirelessly with the Mather and St. Charles Hospital Boards to see it completed in 2001 as the first CCRC on Long Island. He served as Vice Chairman of the Board from its inception until his death. He was extremely generous, giving a great deal to Jefferson’s Ferry prior to the formation of the Foundation Board on which he served as a trustee. Both his father-in-law and his brother John became residents here.

Karen Brannen fondly remembers his warmth and his commitment to the development of Jefferson’s Ferry. She recalls him being on the committee that interviewed and initially selected her as Director in 2000. She recounted the first big bear hug that he gave her and his remark, “We hug around here - get used to it.”

We are proud to have had his efforts in completing this development that we now call home. We are pleased that his name will live on with the naming of the Vincent Bove Health Center.

By MARTY PETERSEN

The Vincent Bove Health Center – where many of our residents now live, where many others have been cared for, is for many of us just a building with an unusual name. Just what do you know about its namesake? I must first acknowledge and thank Karen Brannen our CEO who supplied the facts to make this article possible.

Vincent Bove’s picture hangs at the entrance of the Bove building and another appears with his brothers on the wall adjacent to the mail boxes. He was extremely well-liked for his giving lifestyle. He was born on September 4, 1929 and lived for 77 years, dying of cancer on his birthday in 2006. He lived for 35 years in Belle Terre village where he served as mayor for 25 years. He was the owner of Laurel Hill Nurseries. Apparently he had the means and the time to commit his life to public service.

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Murphy Putting Green named for an early member of JF Board
One of the many “named” places in Jefferson’s Ferry is Mary’s Garden, which was named after one of our first residents. Ed and Mary Ufier were two of the really early residents who lived in a cottage. Mary was an avid gardener, and her cottage was always teeming with flowers. After some years when Ed and Mary became unable to handle living in a cottage, they moved to building 2, where they had their patio glassed-in so Mary could continue her gardening, albeit on a very limited basis. Ed, who was an extremely generous sponsor of Jefferson’s Ferry, wanted to create a space where Mary would always be able to see a garden. With the help of the Jefferson’s Ferry Foundation, and with money donated by Ed, the patio outside the dining room was created. Doors opened into the dining room, pavers were installed and plantings were put in.

Although Ed and Mary have both passed on, we are the very lucky recipients who can enjoy the results of their generosity when we sit on the patio, meeting friends at happy hour, eating lunch or dinner or just enjoying the scenic surroundings.

The Air and Space industry is integrally linked to Long Island in so many ways, and we know there are many residents here whose lives revolved around aspects of that industry. We would even go so far as to boast that some of our residents made significant contributions to our Nation’s prominence in those fields of endeavor.

Do you have a story that fits that category? We’re interested in your own experiences—personal and professional—but don’t make them too technical! We know there are some of you out there who designed spacecraft, lunar modules, helicopters and airplanes. There are pilots—military and civilian, “stewardesses” and mechanics who have tales to tell. Some may have moved to Long Island—or away from it—because of their jobs.

We’d welcome all kinds of stories—stories about car-pools and company picnics and other fond memories. Please let us know if you are working on something by September 15. The deadline for all stories is October 1.
Some Responses to January Stories

From Cecile Sparhuber:

“I was interested in the article on the Blumes. Enclosed is a little ditty (limerick) I composed during one sleepless night:

Here’s to Sheila, our Knightly lady
Come lately to Jefferson’s Ferry!

We’ve happy hour and bingo
but she may not go
For I hear she eschews
All gambling and booze!

Betty Bangert’s New Year’s Resolutions.

I made a few resolutions, promises to myself
To do the things I didn’t do last year—sort of put them on the shelf.

Then came the habits: of course I’m always late.
Now that I’m retired, why be on time for a date?
I toss my shoes on the floor, throw my clothes on a chair,
Why should I attempt to be neat, they’re always waiting there?

I tend to procrastinate put off things I should do,
But somehow they get on the list of “In a Day or Two.”
So I’ll make my resolutions, and hope I can keep a few,
But I’ll rename the list to “‘Things I’ll Try To Do.”

Was Your New Year’s Resolution To Get More Exercise?

Try this exercise for people over 70—Submitted by Bob Heins

Begin by standing on a comfortable surface where you have plenty of room at each side.
With a 5 lb. potato sack in each hand, extend your arms straight out from your sides and hold them there as long as you can. Try to reach a full minute. Then relax.

After a couple of weeks move up to 10 lb. potato sacks.
Then try 50 lb. potato sacks, and then eventually try to get to where you can lift a 100 lb. potato sack in each hand and hold your arms straight for more than a full minute (I am at this level).

After you feel confident at that level, put a potato in each sack.

Burma Shave Rides Again!

Finishing the Unfinished
(From Ken Poli)
Is that a camera I see
Sitting atop that pole?
If so you better pack up
That bunch of stuff you just stole.

It's the "One for the road,"
Your buddy said.
"Or would you rather
Die in bed?"

(From Sheila Blume)
Is that a camera I see
Sitting atop that pole?
Better smile and say "cheese!"
It’s the photo patrol.

It's the "One for the road,"
Your buddy said.
He downed a pint.
And now he's dead.

A Few from Sheila Blume for the current generation.

Convince your wife
If she goes on speeding
Her afterlife
She'll soon be leading.

Put on lipstick while driving?
What's sweeter,
If you want to look good
For Saint Peter?
By CHUCK DARLING

So many residents of JF have written about their childhood experiences growing up in some part of New York City. I thoroughly enjoy reading these reminiscences of someone being a kid in Coney Island or the Bronx, but as a “farm boy” from Illinois, these experiences are entirely foreign to me. To balance the memory books, let me tell you a few snippets from my early life in rural Illinois.

On January 6, 1931, Myrtle Darling, in the front bedroom of a five room house in Bartlett, Illinois, gave birth to the fourth of her four boys – Charles Arthur Darling. Assisting in this birth was our next door neighbor, Evelyn “Effie” Weiher who was not a trained midwife, but a very loyal friend. Bartlett, Illinois was an incorporated village of 400 residents in Cook County 30 miles west of Chicago in the midst of dairy farms. The town did have one doctor, but in our poverty stricken family, the presence of a doctor at my birth was out of the question. Consequently, my birth was not entered into any official records in the town, county, or state. This lack of registered identity would come back to haunt me in later years when I applied for a Social Security card.

A few more words about Bartlett, Illinois. The village was roughly bisected by the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific railroad tracks. The “downtown” district straddled the tracks. North of the tracks were a Phillips 66 gas station; a convenience/candy/newspaper/drug store, a post office, a farm equipment store, a grocery store, a barber shop; a hardware store, a lumber yard, the Bartlett State bank, and a garage for the volunteer fire company. On the south side of the tracks were the RR station; a dry-goods store, the “Eck” tavern, another barber shop and the “Bartlett” tavern. You may rightly ask, “Why 2 taverns and 2 barbershops in a town of 400 people?” Well, we were in the middle of farm country, and the farmers didn’t buy much candy or groceries, but they sure did drink a lot and then fall into the barber’s chair to get their hair cut!

The ethnic makeup of the town was 90% German (mostly immigrants) with a few Irish and Polish thrown in. Very little religious or ethnic diversity, certainly no racial diversity. Incidentally, the only church in town was not a comforting religious experience at that time. The Pastor preached fire and brimstone, and no matter how much you repented your sins, you were destined to spend Eternity in the consuming flames of Hell. There was no joy anywhere; I hated that Church!

My eldest brother was 9 years older than me, followed by the second one 8 years older, then the hellion of the family 3 years older, and then me. Like most of the men in Bartlett, my father was a switchman working in the Milwaukee Railroad freight yards in Bensenville, about 10 miles east of Bartlett. He made 50 cents an hour no matter how many hours he worked; no time-and-a-half for overtime. We never had enough money to pay the bills, and the grocery store was always hounding my sainted mother to pay her outstanding balance.

As I became more aware of my life around me, I noticed that my mom had a continuous cough. At a monthly free health clinic, the roving Cook County nurse diagnosed my mother with tuberculosis. Immediately, in May of 1935, my mom was taken from our house and put into the county TB sanitarium on the south side of Chicago. I was 4 years old.

School had just ended for the year when my mom was taken away, so my older brothers were in charge of me during the day. I learned to dress myself very quickly! When the “Old Man” (never “Dad” - just the “Old Man”) came home from work, he would open up cans of Campbell’s tomato soup or Chef Boyardee’s spaghetti for our supper along with raw, unpasteurized milk that we picked up in a metal container from the farm down the street. To this day, I hate tomato
MY YEAR IN THE ORPHANAGE

soup and Chef Boyardee spaghetti!

Days and nights were great that summer – no supervision! Days were filled playing softball, homemade kite flying, hiking in the woods, and making forts out of orange crates that were pilfered from behind Bull’s Meat Market and Grocery Store. At night, we would grab a couple of old blankets and sleep out under the stars. Oh the stars! Since there were no city lights, the Milky Way stretched all the way across the sky with its thick band of white, twinkling stars! And the Northern Lights! Flashes of purple, yellow, and red lit up the skies. We always thought that these lights came from the arctic summer sun glinting off the ice bergs. We always started a bonfire wherever we slept – no restrictions on us. In bad weather (and we had bad weather) we would head for the storm cellar in our back yard. (Everyone had a storm cellar then. Whatever happened to them these days?) We had a half acre garden next to our house, where all the vegetables that we ate came from. Our major source of food other than Campbell’s tomato soup! We had a one row Concord grape arbor whose fruit was used mainly by the Old Man for making port wine. He and Effie Weihers’s husband, Ed, also made home-brewed beer, which after fermenting, would periodically explode in the basement racks.

September came, and the Bartlett Elementary School (Grades 1 through 8 in three rooms) opened for business. Incidentally, the only 5 women in Bartlett who worked outside the home were the 3 school teachers, Emily O’Brien who ran the dry-goods store, and the once-monthly visiting nurse. All the other women were stay-at-homes. As I was only 4, school was not for me, so I spent the day with Effie Weihers until my brothers got out of school. They made their own lunches – peanut butter on Silercup bread and an apple from the tree in our back yard. About once a month on Sunday, the Old Man would load the 4 boys into his 1930 Model A Ford and drive us to the TB sanatorium. We would stand in the grass below Mom’s second story room and she would wave to us and blow us kisses from afar. I did not know that the vast majority of TB patients died in the sanatorium since the care consisted of only rest and sunshine – no drugs!!

This was our routine through the Fall until the snow fell; and did the snow fall! The winds would whip across the prairies and dump tons of snow everywhere. We loved it! Snow forts; snowball fights, and since the roads were never plowed, the Old Man would get the high-wheeled Model A, attach a rope on the rear bumper and pull a line of kids on 10 to 15 sleds behind the car around the town. This ended when one of the kids fell off his sled and almost got “brained” on a Stop sign pole! About a mile west of town was Bartlett Lake which always froze, so we would hike to it in our knickers and knee-high stockings and play hockey with curved branches and an old baseball.

Christmas in Bartlett consisted of a Nativity play in the church, after which we would each receive a brown paper bag containing an apple, an orange, ten pieces of hard candy, and one chocolate Santa! We always cut a wild pine tree in the woods and decorated it with one string of lights, a few fragile ornaments and boxes of lead icicles which were put on strand by strand!

In May of 1936 in defiance of all odds, my mother’s TB had cleared up in the sanitorium!! Miracle of Miracles!! She was coming home!! Hallelujah!! However, the Cook County Health Department would not allow a recovered TB patient to be domiciled with under-age children for one year! I didn’t know any of this, but I knew my mom was coming home! What to do with four boys between the ages of 5 and 14 for a year? The only solution was to put us into a Lutheran-run orphanage in Bensenville, so our clothes were packed up and we were driven to what was to be our new home. I had no idea what was happening; my mom was home, but the 4 of us could not be with her!! What was that all about?

All of our clothes were combined with the clothes of all the other orphans, so we had nothing other than what we were wearing. All the boys slept together in a large open dormitory on the second floor in a sea of assigned cots. On one wall was a nest of assigned cubby-holes (shades of JF) where our outer
The clothes were put while we slept in our underwear. I guess the girls had the same arrangement in another dormitory. Once a week on Saturday, baths were taken and a clean set of clothes was issued at the clothing room – you never knew what you were going to get.

The staff and the orphans all ate together in a large mess hall on picnic-bench style tables, and the food was Spartan at best, but much better than tomato soup!! However, there was never any, "May I have more, Sir?" The only desserts I remember were bread pudding and rice pudding. I still refuse to eat those two dishes!

This being the beginning of summer, everyone spent all day together which wasn’t bad. I was the youngest boy in the orphanage, so I got to hang out with the older guys. My second oldest brother, Bill, was my protector, defender and friend. I loved him!! He took me everywhere. It actually was not bad; we had a new gang of kids to run with. Softball games, marbles, making kites, hiking, board games, but no bonfires or sleeping out. There were rules that had to be followed and strict discipline by the staff, but no physical abuse. But there was no expression of love, either.

However, there were bad times, too. I remember a sister and brother. A couple came in and adopted the girl, but not the boy. He spent his entire days and nights crying for his sister. The staff must have alerted the adopting couple about this, for the next week they came back and adopted him. I wonder what their lives turned out to be?

And then, my mother broke the rules and had my Old Man bring her for a visit one Sunday. We were ecstatic!! We could hug her and kiss her!! She was right there!! I thought that I would never see her again, and there she was!! We were together again!! Little did I know that they would leave us in this place. When it came time for them to leave, I couldn’t believe it! I hung onto the rear bumper of the Model A to try to stop them from going.

As September approached, all the guys geared up to start classes in the Bensenville Public schools where the orphans shared the same rooms as the "townies," I was now 5, but Bensenville did not have kindergarten, so I was the only boy left back in the institution. I hung out with the woman who ran the clothes room.

There were quite a few girls under school age and they played with handmade dolls and dress-up while I spent my time looking at books and playing cards. One day, the girls convinced their matron that I should be invited to play with them, but that I was required to wear a dress. So, with me kicking and screaming, she put me in the required dress. I was devastated! When my brothers came home from school, they found me hiding in a closet. My brother Bill was livid! He literally tore the dress off of me and, in a major break of rules, broke into the clothes room and dressed me in the best boys’ clothes that he could find. God bless him!! He was never disciplined for this defiant act.

In May of 1937 my mom and the Old Man came back and reclaimed their four boys, and back to Bartlett we went.

Through the years I have reflected upon this time in my life and have come to the conclusion that orphanages are better for kids than foster homes because of the openness of orphanages. But, in any case, children are better off with their moms.

Well, there you have it. Why do we look back to our youth? Probably because we now understand how those early years, wherever they were spent, shaped us and helped us to cope with what life presented us later.

But remember—We’re not done yet!
By DOM COMMISSO

In the 1940's, when you reached the age of twelve you could get working papers after taking a physical exam so you could work part time after school. No sooner had I reached that age, my mother gently pushed me out the door and said “get a job!”

Most boys started out then as newspaper delivery boys, so that's exactly what I did, for the Brooklyn Eagle. Since I did not have a bicycle, I was given a shoulder bag so that I could carry 30 to 40 rolled up full sized newspapers several blocks on a given route. Sunday papers were really heavy for a skinny 12 year old kid. The job wasn't bad except for two things: trying to collect payments and the requirement to canvas for new customers each week. To canvas I had to go and knock on all the doors on my route of the non-customers and try to convince them to buy the paper. Trouble was, I am not a good salesman.

But the worst part of that was the loud barking dogs behind the door in the six floor apartment buildings. As soon as I heard them after knocking on the door I flew down the flight of stairs, two or three steps at a time, to the next floor before the lady had even opened the door! So, why was I afraid of dogs? I guess it started when I was about six years old. There was a old reclusive lady around the corner on my block who had some kind of a sewing store and she had a vicious dog that would get loose sometimes. That dog decided he would like to have a piece of me, why, I don't know. As soon as he spotted me, he would head straight for me at top speed, barking and yelping. I decided that I was not going to oblige him, so it was “feet's, do your thing!” At a speed that would make Superman envious, I always managed to outrun that dog. Aside from that, I just don't like being jumped on by a dog I don't know.

My mom was great at finding jobs for me and my brothers. The following year she secured a job for me at a toy and baby carriage store run by a widow. Now, this was a job I really liked! My main task was to assemble bicycles, carriages, strollers, tricycles, wagons, etc. She gave me a room in an upstairs apartment to work in and allowed me to work at my own speed. This is where I learned to read assembly instructions and work from assembly drawings. I also learned about hardware such as bushings, lock washers, cotter pins and various types of fasteners. However, as time went on, she demanded that I put in extra hours at no additional pay. This did not play well with my mother and she insisted that I should ask for overtime pay, which I did. Her response was that I was fired! My reply was “No, I quit!”

Meanwhile my younger brother was working at a Syrian grocery store operated solely by the proprietor, and he wanted to quit, so I decided to take over the job. This was a totally different environment for me. I knew nothing about Syrians or Syrian food. The store also sold meat, primarily lamb. There

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**Signs of the Times ..... Or Not!**

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<th>In an Office Lunchroom</th>
<th>Health Food Shop</th>
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<td>Please remove all your clothes when the light goes out.</td>
<td>Staff should empty the teapot and stand upside down on the draining board.</td>
<td>Closed due to Illness</td>
<td>Toilet out of order. Use floor below.</td>
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was a walk-in “icebox” for storage which may have been one or two degrees cooler than the store. Since lamb is one of the most odorous of meats and it was warm enough for flies to be quite comfortable in there, you can imagine what it might have smelled like. Most of the orders came in by phone and my job was to deliver them, but also to write out the bill. Since a lot of the items were identified by their Syrian names, I didn't know how to spell them. So, I would ask the owner, but he didn't know either and he told me to sound them out. Okay, so I came up with mishwee, mafrume, kidbee, kashewan and maybe some others. I didn't know what they were and I always wondered if the customers had any idea what they were being charged for.

The store provided the delivery bicycle, which was great except for the fact that it had a flaw. Every so often the gearing on the bike would start to slip leaving level ground where you had some momentum, but it seemed to happen most often while you were going on an up-hill street. Since you had little momentum, if any, on a bicycle with a smaller front wheel (to accommodate the large basket) and a heavy load in the basket, stability was a big problem. Somehow, I always managed to keep it from toppling over and spilling the groceries onto the street to become mashed potatoes by the traffic.

After a year or so my mom came up with another job. This one was as a butcher boy at the shop where she bought meat. I loved the job. The boss was a really nice guy and he treated me well. My main task, again, was to deliver orders, but I also got a chance to cut some meat on my own butcher block occasionally.

One delivery that I will never forget was to a funeral parlor. I rang the bell, figuring that the lady would open the door and take the package, but instead she opened the window on the second floor and told me to go downstairs to the basement and find the stairs to go upstairs. Well, when I opened the basement door I saw that the basement was completely dark and the stairs going up were across on the other side. When I entered I was surrounded by caskets all over the place, some with sheets on them. I had to make my way through them and I didn't know if they had bodies in them so it scared the heck out of me! I was still a kid then and I had seen lots of movies of Frankenstein, Dracula, and zombies, so I half expected to see one of the casket lids open up and a rising body saying “Welcome! I am... Dracula!”. Fortunately, that was the only time I had to deliver there.

The shop had a rotisserie by the front window, and on Saturdays I had to prepare four or five small chickens by basting them with paprika and roasting them. The aroma in the store of golden brown roasting chickens was fantastic and once in a while I got to take a left over chicken home. But as with most jobs I had, there was a downside. Chickens and turkeys (I hated Thanksgiving time) came into the store whole with only the head removed. For orders that had to be delivered, it was my job to gut and clean them (with bare hands, no latex gloves) and separate the heart, liver, gizzard and sometimes the feet. People ate them in those days (my mother made great chicken soup with them). That was bad enough, but the worst part came at the end of the day.

For the chickens bought in the store, the butcher usually gutted them, and along with all the trimming he did with the other meats, he would dump them into a can below the butcher block. Soap manufacturing companies would stop by the store to buy the fat (used to make soap), but they did not want the chicken entrails. That's where I came in. After the store closed, I had to separate the entrails and bone fragments from the fat. Since the can had been in the warm store environment all day long, to say that this was unpleasant would be an understatement!

Even though the jobs were not always pleasant, they were an important part of my growing up. It is unfortunate that today's school children do not have the same opportunities as I had to find work, especially in suburban areas like Long Island. Those jobs had taught me how to deal with money, bosses, customers and responsibility and so prepared me for work in the real world.
I have five brothers. I was the only daughter (that is, until years later, after I was married and had two children, a sister named Grace appeared in our lives. Grace became a prize-winning writer. A copy of her book, “Graciela: No One’s Child” by Grace Banta is in our library.)

My brother Frank was my favorite. We were very close in age and we were inseparable. Frank, all through the years, was not only my brother but also my friend, my prince and my saint. He was compassionate, kind, loving and very funny. When he entered the work force he was always held in high esteem for his incredible work ethic and discipline. He received many letters of commendation from his superiors. Our favorite thing was to make each other laugh.

There was a time in our relationship when we shared a deep interest in poetry. For my nineteenth birthday Frank presented me with a little blue cloth-covered book. The title, “A Treasury of Immortal Poems,” was printed on the cover, in gold old-English lettering.

Published in 1969, the face page reads, “These I Have Loved – selected by Gilbert Hay.” (Gilbert Hay was a professor of poetry and literature for forty years. His bio appears in the registry of The University of St. Andrews, Scotland.)

His/My “little blue book” contains 157 poems. Besides the poems is the preface of the book to which I return again and again:

“What is a poem for? To give us words for the music in ourselves. To give us words to live by; great swinging words for our dreams to march to. As it takes a child to remind us of the pleasures of simple things, so it takes a poet to show us the wonders that are before our eye.”

There is Power in poetry - power to help us through difficult days - power to relieve tension and calm the mind. There is Joy in poetry – joy that lifts the heart and makes the spirit soar. In these days of stress and tension, rush and worry and ever greater speed, we need poetry to remind us that there is more to life than speed and striving, and there is beauty in the world. One way to experience beauty is to take time to dwell in poetry.

“These I Have Loved” was compiled from the poetry-reading of a lifetime. I hope these selections will bring you the great joy they have given me and those I have taught. Here are just two of them.

**Invictus**

by William Ernest Henley

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate
How charged with punishments the scroll
I am the master of my fate
I am the captain of my soul.

My blue cloth-covered book shows signs of great wear. It is always within reach on my night table next to my bed. The pages are yellowed with the passing of time. But its contents remain ever so dear to me.

**On His Eighty Fifth Birthday**

by William Savage Landor

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife
Nature I loved and next to nature, art,
I warmed my hands before the fire of life
In contentment, I am ready to depart.

**Answers to “Do You Know where They Are?”**

Dog walk __4
Meditation Room __3
Bocci, Horseshoes __6
Pool Table __2
Car Wash __1
Copier ___8
Putting Green ___7
Community Gardens ____5
By Alice Rhodes

It’s Friday afternoon. People are gathered around the fireplace, or singing while Jim plays the piano. And at the well-stocked bar, servers are pouring Chardonnay, Merlot, Pinot Grigio and Zinfandel. It’s one of our favorite times at Jefferson’s Ferry.

I had the pleasure of talking to Chris Adamo, Vice President of Culinary Operations about this wonderful Jefferson’s Ferry tradition, including how the wines were chosen.

Did you know that before 2007 there was no specific “wine list?” at Jefferson’s Ferry? In order to remedy this “depressing situation,” Chris, along with Karen Brannen and about a dozen residents formed a wine-tasting committee with the intention of picking a Long Island vineyard to be the principal supplier of wines for Jefferson’s Ferry. Every Thursday for six weeks, this long-suffering and over-worked committee met with representatives of vineyards on Long Island to taste their wines. Representatives from Peconic Wineries presented their best products – Merlot, Chardonnay, Cabernet, Reisling and White Zinfandel. The committee’s goal was to rate each wine and choose the best of those submitted.

The Committee particularly enjoyed the Chardonnay and Merlot produced by the Peconic Vineyards, located in Cutchogue. They presented a Chardonnay which is fermented in a steel drum with a touch of Riesling added, and a Merlot that is fermented in an oak barrel. The committee unanimously agreed that Peconic should supply Jefferson’s Ferry with these two wines.

To formally affirm this decision, a distinctive label was needed. Peconic presented the committee with a design featuring the JF Seagull on a dark blue background. The Committee was delighted, and this became and still is the “private label” for Jefferson’s Ferry wines today.

For the White Zinfandel and Cabernet, the Beringer Winery, located in Napa, California, was chosen as the supplier. Because Pinot Grigio is not produced on Long Island, this wine is imported from Italy where it is produced by Gabiano Vineyards. Today, Gabiano is our sole supplier of Pinot Grigio.

Two years ago, Peconic Vineyards was put up for sale, but because no buyers came forward, they closed their doors in 2013. Their sales representative moved from Peconic to Lenz Vineyards and started his own distribution. As a result, Lenz Vineyards now fills our orders, supplying our private label Merlot and Chardonnay.

At Jefferson’s Ferry, two white wines are served for every red. About 15 bottles of wine are sold at Jefferson’s Ferry each day. Chris buys fifteen to twenty cases of house wine each month, easily amounting to 240 bottles. Another 15 cases of Pinot Grigio are ordered from Gabiano, as well as stock from Berringer. And for special celebrations we order at least two cases of California Champagne.

Residents are not the only ones who enjoy the selections on our wine list. Chris explained that often at marketing events, prospective residents are presented with a gift of a private-label bottle of wine. Obviously, this creates a lot of good will, and may indicate that we at Jefferson’s Ferry know the pleasure of a nice glass of wine.

On the label on every bottle of Pinot Grigio, there appears a note that is worth thinking about.
DO YOU KNOW WHERE THEY ARE?

Right here on our campus we have some features that you may not know about. On the map below, they are indicated by numbers 1 to 8. Can you identify which feature is at which location? Answers on page 13.

Dog walk  _____  Meditation Room  _____  Bocci, Horsehoes  _____  Pool Table  ______
Copier  _______  Putting Green  _____  Car Wash  ____  Community Gardens  _______

A LOAF OF BREAD, A JUG OF WINE AND THOU

“In 1124 Castello de Gabiano was established in the heart of the renown Chianti Classico region.

During the Middle Ages, a courageous Italian Knight, Il Carvallieri, dedicated himself to protecting our castle and vineyards.

“His code of honor came to embody our philosophy that the finest things in life deserve our fiercest commitment:

Estate vineyard, old world traditions and the enjoyment of robust wine.”

So, next Friday at Happy Hour, or while you are enjoying a glass of wine at dinner, let’s remember all the care and thought that was involved in creating the really fine Jefferson’s Ferry wine list that we all enjoy. Indeed as Gabiano vineyards attest, “The enjoyment of wine is among life’s finest things.”

A Toast to Chris Adamo!
Solomon had three hundred wives and seven hundred porcupines. He was an actual hysteric figure as well as being in the bible. It sounds like he was sort of busy too.

The Greeks were a highly sculptured people, and without them we wouldn’t have history. The Greeks also had myths. A myth is a young female moth.

Socrates was a famous old Greek teacher who went around giving people advice. They killed him. He later died from an overdose of wedlock which is apparently poisionous. After his death, his career suffered a dramatic decline.

Julius Caesar extinguished himself on the battlefields of Gaul. The Ides of March murdered him because they thought he was going to be made king. Dying, he gasped out “Same to you, Brutus.”

Joan of Arc was burnt to a steak and was canonized by Bernard Shaw for reasons I don’t really understand. The English and French still have problems.

Queen Elizabeth was the “Virgin Queen.” As a queen she was a success. When she exposed herself before her troops they all shouted “hurrah!” and that was the end of the fighting for a long while.

Sir Walter Raleigh is a historical figure because he invented cigarettes and started smoking.

Sir Francis Drake circumcised the world with a 100 foot clipper which was very dangerous to all his men.

The greatest writer of the Renaissance was William Shakespeare. He was born in the year 1564, supposedly on his birthday. He never made much money and is famous only because of his plays. He wrote tragedies, comedies, and hysterectomies, all in Islamic pentameter.

Writing at the same time as Shakespeare was Miguel Cervantes. He wrote Donkey Hote. The next great author was John Milton. Milton wrote Paradise Lost. Since then no one ever found it.

Delegates from the original 13 states formed the Contented Congress. Thomas Jefferson, a Virgin, and Benjamin Franklin were two singers of the Declaration of Independence. Franklin discovered electricity by rubbing two cats backward and also declared, “A horse divided against itself cannot stand.” He was a naturalist for sure. Franklin died in 1790 and is still dead.

Abraham Lincoln became America’s greatest Precedent. Lincoln’s Mother died in infancy, and he was born in a log cabin which he built with his own hands. Abraham Lincoln freed the slaves by signing the Emasculation Proclamation.

On the night of April 14, 1865, Lincoln went to the theater and got shot in his seat by one of the actors in a moving picture show. They believe the assassin was John Wilkes Booth, a supposedly insane actor. This ruined Booth’s career.

Johann Bach wrote a great many musical compositions and had a large number of children. In between he practiced on an old spinster which he kept up in his attic. Bach died from 1750 to the present.

Beethoven wrote music even though he was deaf. He was so deaf that he wrote loud music and became the father of rock and roll. He took long walks in the forest even when everyone was calling for him. Beethoven expired in 1827 and later died for this.

Louis Pasteur discovered a cure for rabbits but I don’t know why.

Karl Marx was one of the Marx Brothers. The other three were in the movies. Karl made speeches and started revolutions. Someone in the family had to have a job, I guess.