



THE CAROL WOODS NEWS

is published each month except July and August.

It is distributed to residents, members of the Priority List, and other interested persons.

Vol. MMXI, No. 1

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

January 2011

THE PLYWOOD ARTIST IN OUR MIDST

Just as Gulliver awoke to discover tiny Lilliputians surrounding him, I am sitting on the couch in my living room, surrounded by a collection of miniature plywood toys. They are arranged on two square glass tables, with coins nearby for comparison. To the left is an ensemble of bedroom toys: twin beds, complete with pillows, pillow cases, mattresses, and embroidered coverlets; and a diminutive chest



with drawers that open and close, with a mirror on top. To complete this minuscule

room, there are a lamp, a night table, and an upholstered chair. This is a perfectly cozy place for two butterflies to spend the night, should they manage to sleep in a recumbent position, with folded wings. Otherwise the beds would be too small even for them.

On the second glass table is more furniture for other rooms: a television with plug-in cord, a round table, and chairs for a four-guest dinner. There is also a mailbox, a blue bench and more. Somewhat larger is a car that runs on a smooth surface, with just a little push, the artist's own invention. Included is a spare rubber tire in the trunk.

This furniture is entirely hand-made by

Cristoph Schweitzer, who has been making miniature toys, with almost surgical precision, since he was a young man growing up in Germany.

Cristoph has never studied design or toy-



making, and therefore is a self-made artist. One thinks of Grandma Moses, creating primitive art

in her seventies, with no training of any kind. Instead of paints and canvas, this form of art uses plywood and cloth.

In real life, Cristoph received a PhD in the German language and became professor and later chairman of the German department at UNC for 23 years.



Cristoph Schweitzer

Cristoph Schweitzer is a good example of the many talented residents at Carol Woods with exceptional skills and achievements.

Lucy F. Pap

Cristoph Schweitzer's toys are on display on the second floor of Building 4 through February 1.

PRETZELS

Dining Services served soft pretzels as a bonus surprise at lunch the other day. I smiled, took one, and looked around for the mustard, because in Philadelphia where I spent the first twenty years of my life, there had to be mustard!

After each grinding day of high school, just beyond the school grounds, there was always the Pretzel Man. He was short and round, tattered and greasy. He operated an entirely-open little wagon with rows and rows of Philadelphia's famous Soft Pretzels—totally uncovered oblongs crusted with lots of salt. One pretzel, together with peppery yellow mustard that was spit out through a dirty, clogged nozzle, cost one penny. It was superb. It substituted for lunch, if you had saved your money for, say, a marvelous new hit record, or another shade of Helena Rubenstein lipstick. We didn't need a crackdown from the Board of Health: we had built an immunity to whatever lurked in the air.

Now happily I seized a Carol Woods soft pretzel, modernized with a glaze, and somewhat rounder. And I snared Services Coordinator Cecilia Bynum who, after listening to my pretzel reminiscence, handed me a bottle of nicely-yellow mustard.

I'm saving my treasure for tonight's 10 o'clock hungries.

Jane Berryman



BRIDGE AT CAROL WOODS

We're talking about the game of bridge here. It's played morning, afternoon and evening in every form, from duplicate in various guises to "did I deal this mess?" If you can't find what you want, you can make up your own game and do your own recruiting.

It's a good idea to admit your addiction when someone, such as your mentor, asks you about the activities you'd most like to continue in your "retirement." That way you'll probably be discovered sooner. Every day we have scores of single-table games being played, tucked away in who-knows-which apartments. They may be regularly scheduled or spur-of-the-moment. If there are two or more tables, they are probably regular and they will doubtless show up in public areas, such as the lounges on each floor, or even the Community Room every other Saturday night.

As to our proficiency, well, it takes all levels to make a village—and a village we are. We certainly do not go around counting our Master Points. I've never even seen a Master Point and I've been playing bridge since I was 16 years old.

So do we play bridge at Carol Woods? It's your deal.

Ginger Davis

OUR LIBRARY BECKONS

Come settle into one of the easy chairs in the cozy nook by the bay window. All kinds of books and periodicals for recreational reading are available, plus much very useful information. You say you didn't quite catch the name of the new resident you talked to yesterday, but you want to follow up? Look through the two big reference notebooks containing all residents' photos and an alphabetical listing by first names. And while you are here, check out a novel, a mystery, or one of the new DVD audio books or movies to take home.

Janet F. Campbell

WELCOME NEW RESIDENTS



**Andrew
Dobelstein and
Carol Candler**
(Apt. T-104)

For 37 years Andy was a professor in the School of Social Work at UNC-Chapel Hill, working in the area of social welfare policy and poverty. He retired in 2006. One of his long-time interests is the counties of western NC, where he helped impoverished residents. Many Carol Woods residents may have met Andy through his leadership of the Retired Faculty Association of UNC. Andy has a son and a daughter living in the Triangle area.

Carol lived in Chicago for many years, working in Development at Northwestern University. She moved to Seattle and later, in 2003, to Chapel Hill. Carol has three children and six grandchildren spread across the country from Seattle to Chicago to Boston. An avid gardener, she is past president of the Chapel Hill Garden Club. She also enjoys art and quilting.

Andy and Carol have known one another since second grade. They were married in 2006 and lived in Chapel Hill prior to moving to Carol Woods.

Mimi and Jon Haebig, mentors

KUDOS FOR PTs

Those of us who've spent much time with physical therapists here enjoy jokes at their expense. My favorite is: "Do you know the difference between a physical therapist and a terrorist? No? Well, you can negotiate with a terrorist!"

All kidding aside, though, we are so very grateful to these workers of magic where our

recent surgeries, arthritic joints, trauma-subjected bodies and all kinds of other maladies are concerned. Not only are these practitioners sympathetic and understanding, they also know exactly what to do to help us heal. Their work isn't just a job; it's evident they really care. So—a million thanks to all of you, despite our jokes!

Louise Baker

HOW MUCH WOOD WOULD...

Well, I don't know how much wood a woodchuck would chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood. But I do know that a woodchuck can eat a whole passel of vegetables.

For several weeks we farmers experienced the loss of many leaves and buds from a big, marauding woodchuck (or groundhog), who was living under the garden shed. I first saw him (her?) several weeks ago sitting on the fence under one of the large fig trees. The gates and fence were no barriers for this large, tree-climbing member of the rodent order. So it was easily able to reach our vegetables.



We decided that the only way to get rid of this varmint was by trap and removal far away from Carol Woods. The Grounds Department provided a large wire trap, baited first with okra leaves and then with cat food. We waited. It took four nights before the trap sprang and we had our

woodchuck. He was transferred out of the vicinity.

Although we're glad to see the brigand gone, it's a little sad. The animal had a nice home under the shed and a steady food supply. Who knows how it is surviving now?

Phil Leinbach

COMING EVENTS

Concerts – Wednesday Evenings – 7:30 p.m.

Jan. 12 – Jonathan Bagg, viola
 Jan. 19 – Ellye Walsh, flute
 Jan. 26 – Jonathan Kramer, cello; John Ruggiero, piano
 Feb. 2 – Richard Luby, violin
 Feb. 9 – Hsiao Mei Ku, violin; Leonard Zilper, cello

Lectures – Thursday Evenings – 7:30 p.m.

Jan. 20 – David Warren & Reg Hildebrand, North Carolina Freedom Monument
 Jan. 27 – No program (NC Symphony in Chapel Hill)
 Feb. 3 – Anne Joyner and Allan Parnell, Cedar Grove Institute for Sustainable Communities.
 Feb. 10 – Daphne Athas, Chapel Hill in Plain Sight
 Feb. 17 – Joseph DiSimone, UNC/NCSU
 Feb. 24 – Stella Suberman, author of *The Jew Store*
 Mar. 3 – Ed Davis, How Long Will We Live? Life Expectancy at Carol Woods

Special Programs – The Assembly Hall

Tues. Jan. 4, 7 p.m. – Act One Act Now student drama group
 Sun. Feb. 13, 1 p.m. – Piano students of Tanya Smirnov

Mission Statement for *The Carol Woods News*

- To share the Carol Woods story with present and future residents.
- To broadcast the warmth and kindness of one to another living here.
- To celebrate the vitality of days in this pleasant community, as well as our continuing involvement with the larger community beyond our campus.

This is our mission and we pursue it with *The Carol Woods News*.

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