



# THE CAROL WOODS NEWS

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Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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## THE SILO

The silo and barn, across the street from the Carol Woods entrance, stand out clearly now that many scrub trees have been cut down. Clinton Harris “Doc” Weaver had them built on his dairy farm in 1923. Both are unusual—the silo was built of curved glazed bricks from Germany, and the barn has a brick first level with vertical wooden boards above.

Carol Woods is built on 106 acres of the old Weaver farm, and signs of that farm can be seen around campus, from the huge oaks out front to hints of contoured farming on some hillsides and stones in the woods in patterns suggesting building foundations. The founding fathers of Carol Woods took an option on the land in 1972, even before an architect was hired or financing was in place to create their dream.



The original farm is said to have once been part of a much larger property that extended toward Strowd’s Hill in town, nearly to Franklin Street. Doc Weaver had a farm sufficient to provide for his 100 cows, but lost it in 1923. He was able to buy back part of it, and retained that part until he sold it to Mitchell Newton and his father in 1943. Mitchell kept horses stabled in the barn, some his own and some owned by friends. He gradually sold off land, but kept enough pasture for the horses.

Five years ago, Evelyn (Mrs. Mitchell) Newton moved into a home that Mitchell built adjacent to the silo and barn. Half of the barn was torn down to make room for the house. Mitchell noticed that two bricks were missing from the silo; he located a craftsman who was able to make replacements that had the same glazed curved contour. Evelyn Newton recognizes that the silo and barn

are landmarks that are dear to the hearts of townspeople. She, her daughter and grandchildren are intent on keeping them an integral part of the property.

*Janet E. Campbell*

*Stay tuned for more about this iconic structure...*

## COMING TOGETHER—FITNESS & LIBRARY

With the Campus Enhancement Campaign underway, we are excited to share with you some additional details about two of the five enhancement components:

A new state-of-the-art Fitness Center will be furnished with aging-friendly fitness equipment that will provide opportunities for residents to engage in resistance, cardiovascular, balance and coordination training. Two new exercise rooms will provide expanded spaces for yoga, aerobics, tai chi, health education classes and many other programs. An enlarged shower and locker area will provide improved accommodations for the popular Aquatic Center. In addition, the new Fitness Center will be staffed by a full-time professional.



*Charles Weiss*



*Margaret Gulley*

A 937-square-foot expansion to our beautiful McClamroch Library will add new reading areas with natural light and much-needed additional shelving for books and multi-media. The installation of new technology will usher us into the cyber age.

Each component of the Campus Enhancement Project reflects feedback from both current and future residents and will increase opportunities for well-being through conventional as well as creative approaches. Every gift received will help in our ongoing mission to improve quality of life, while remaining affordable to as many people as possible.

*Dottie Heninger*

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Responsible, loving, caring, intelligent people have been plagued, ever since the world began, by the problem of *naming*. For instance, you and your beloved are about to produce a baby. Possibly even more important than the sex of the darling looms the challenge of *naming*. First, there's the future of the child itself. Will the name be so hard to pronounce that teachers and petty bureaucrats stumble every time they have to say it? Is it a name to elicit a life-threatening nickname? (We've all heard some terrible ones.) Children have been scarred for life by the name they didn't ask to be saddled with.

Then, of course, there are four grandparents who'd like to be immortalized (in today's complex marriage structure, there could be as many as eight!). And then there's the potential for friction between the two of *you* with all your individual diverse associations—heroines and heroes you fell in love with when you were thirteen, big current events like the union of Kate and the Prince, movie stars... it's a wonder the dear little baby ever gets a name at all.

In the big commercial world out there, the naming problem arrives whenever a brand new, marvelous-but-as-yet-unnamed widget bursts upon the world. Properly named, it will forever change the life of millions. The Corporation calls a board meeting to explore exhilarating monickers. The ad agency is called in. The ad agency summons specialists who are paid enormous sums to conduct a survey evaluating the hang-ups, delights, and negative associations of potential customers of every race, color and creed. Even so, mistakes have been made. The Ford Motor Company launched the Ford *Caliente* under the impression that *caliente* meant "hot," only to discover that in many countries *caliente* means "streetwalker."

Now pity the meal-planners of our own Carol Woods Retirement Community. Take a look at the weekly menu in the *Friday Memo*. Before you is spread a marvelous array of entrees, soups, salads, desserts—plenty of choices. Residents revel in the conscientiously healthful selections. Noticeably, *chicken* is presented in many different forms. You may think that's too often. But here are the facts from the US Department of Agriculture: chicken is the most affordable, most easily digested, best source of protein in the food market today. It's good for us. But it presents a problem for the Food Services Staff. They must create many different, appealing dishes with the same basic ingredient,



and with that new item comes the challenge of producing a new name. Not an easy assignment. They don't want to *fowl* it up!

As we sit down each day to enjoy plentiful viands and the fun of interchanging ideas with our charming young servers, we might well take a moment to be grateful for menus we don't have to plan and shop for and cook; pots and pans and dishes we don't have to scrub and put away. And even if it's chicken *again*, made into a recipe we've never seen or heard of, with a puzzling name, it tastes good and it's good for our arteries.

We must pay tribute to our staff for their continuing creativity with the Ten Thousand Names for Chicken. Long may they wing it!

*Jane Berryman*

## ARTS & CRAFTS SALE AND SILENT AUCTION

In support of the Campus Enhancement Campaign, an Arts & Crafts Sale and a Silent Auction will be held Tuesday, November 1, 10 a.m. – 2 p.m., in the Social Lounge. Residents are invited to consider donations. Some ideas for the Silent Auction: vacation home week/weekend, athletic tickets, theater tickets, a service such as computer lessons or a day of sailing. Artisans are invited to offer distinctive pieces for purchase. Items offered in both the auction and sale will help make the future happen for Carol Woods!

## BREAKFAST TIME

It's almost dawn and the early morning walkers making the rounds of Harkness Circle have worked up an appetite. A tantalizing reward awaits them as they pass the main building and stride down the hill towards Building 1. The kitchen staff is already on duty and a wonderful aroma fills the air—it's bacon cooking!



*Janet F. Campbell*

## JUST PEANUTS

My husband Angus was a master gardener, but the time came when he could no longer bend to plant seeds or pull weeds. Carol Woods groundskeeper, **Robin Holmes**, offered him use of a large waist-high raised bed located in the garden area behind Buildings 6 and 7. Angus hesitated only briefly before saying “yes.”

“What are you going to plant?” I asked. “Peanuts,” he said.

“Just peanuts?”

Of course! He had grown them in his garden many times, in order to have them boiled—the good southern way. Only freshly dug peanuts boil successfully.

Robin filled the raised bed with good soil, and our friend Sue e-mailed her farmer-brother and soon brought Angus a large package of treated seed peanuts—enough for a whole field it seemed.

Angus and I planted four rows of peanuts, leaning over the sides of the high bed, plunging a finger into the soil and dropping a single peanut into each hole. By the first of June, the bed was nicely filled with shining green plants, and somehow peanuts had become a topic for discussion in the dining room. “Where and how do they grow?”

It amused me when someone said, “They are nuts. I suppose they grow on trees.”

Well, no. In the ground.

But the joke was on me. I had lived for several years in North Carolina’s peanut-growing country and had watched the harvesting process. I had seen Angus hang his garden crop of peanut vines on a drying rack in our yard. Still I thought peanuts grew on the roots of each plant.

Enlightenment came via our seven-year-old granddaughter, Maggie. She was pleased when she saw the

peanut bed and began asking questions about her grandfather AMac’s project.

She checked the encyclopedia with her mother’s help and discovered an amazing natural process. Peanut plants bear many very small golden flower buds, which are usually obscured by the plant’s thick foliage. These open at sunrise, then wither about noon and fall to the ground. The base of each fertilized flower forms a peg—a stalk-like stem that pushes down into the soil. The tip swells into a peanut pod.

People who know probably won’t go around sharing this incredible secret. But being witnesses to it gave impetus to our work and inspired new appreciation, even awe, for the “simple” peanut.



*Kay and Angus Cameron working their peanut crop in 2009*

When Father’s Day came, Maggie drew a picture showing Angus wearing his customary baseball cap, standing beside an authentic-looking raised bed. At the top she printed: “HAPPY FATHER’S DAY, AMAC—MAGGIE.” This was shared with our helper, Robin, who hung it in the groundskeeper’s office. A copy still hangs in my kitchen.

The summer months were hot and often dry. Angus and I watered the bed generously and pulled the few weeds that emerged. Peanuts require a long growing period and it was late September when ours were ready to be harvested.

Once again it was helpful to work from the waist-high bed. We pulled the plants with full pods attached, shook loose soil back into the bed, and spread them out to dry in the gazebo nearby.

After they had dried for several days, we picked the pods from the stems into a basket and shook them clean. We had about a half-bushel, enough to share with Robin, other helpers, and a few interested friends and relatives. Our peanut “field” had been comparatively minuscule, but we felt it had produced a generous quality crop.

That night when I took a pot of boiled peanuts off the stove, Angus looked at me with a twinkle in his eyes and said, “Don’t eat too many now, Kay. Remember, these are ‘just peanuts.’”

*Kay Cameron*

## COMING EVENTS

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

- Oct. 19 – Jonathan Kramer, cello
- Oct. 26 – Hsaio Mei Ku, violin; Phil Amalong, piano
- Nov. 2 – Helen Wolfson, hammered dulcimer;  
Eric Thomas, guitar
- Nov. 9 – Greg McCallum, piano
- Nov. 16 – Carol Chung, violin; Tyler Wottrich, piano

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

- Oct. 13 – William Friday, former President of UNC,  
“College Athletics”
- Oct. 20 – Daphne Athas, novelist, “Chapel Hill in  
Plain Sight”
- Oct. 27 – No program (NC Symphony)
- Nov. 3 – Bob Phillips and Jane Pinsky, “Redistricting  
in North Carolina”
- Nov. 10 – No program (NC Symphony)
- Nov. 17 – Andrew Dobelstein, UNC professor of social  
work, “Social Security”

### Special Programs – Assembly Hall

- Fri. Oct. 14, 7:30 p.m., piano students of Yin Li
- Sun. Oct. 23, 1:30 p.m., piano students of Derison Duarte

- Sat. Nov. 5, 1:30 p.m., piano students of the Chapel Hill  
Music Teachers Association
- Sun. Nov. 6, 1:30 p.m., piano students of Misako Toda
- Sat. Nov. 19, 3:00 p.m., piano students of Rachel Narula



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### Carol Woods News: Anne Wright, Chair

*Editors/Writers:* Louise Baker, Jane Berryman, Janet F. Campbell, Ginger Davis, Betty Hughes, Ann Mack, Nancy Martin, Lucia Pap, Sally Slack  
*Proofreaders:* Janet E. Campbell, Gail McKinnis  
*Layout:* Betty Hughes  
*Circulation:* Sherri Davis, Janet E. Campbell, Vanna Conday, Betsy Hewitt, Stella Lyons, Ann Mack, Jan Paddock, Jack Reed, Hattie Warner  
*Photography:* Don Campbell, David Hughes  
*Liaison to CW Residents Council:* Lottie Applewhite

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