



# 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. MMX, No. 5

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

May 2010

## ROSES—HOW WE LOVE THEM!

“Something there is that...” loves roses. Set a vase of long-stemmed blooms anywhere and watch people stop to admire and sniff. Almost all of us respond to roses with interest and pleasure.

According to longtime volunteer **Sally Rohrdanz**, the climbing Rhondas along Weaver Dairy Road often evoke compliments from passersby, including requests for “just one of those lovely blooms.” These bushes have been in place for many years and, thanks to the work of volunteer caregivers, have become a community landmark.

The hybrid tea rose garden is in its fourth year. Located outside the Main Dining Room walkway to Building 5 near the croquet court, these blossoms, too, seem to have been there “forever.” When **Nancy Sitterson** began the process of moving from the Lower Loop to Building 3, she asked Director of Landscaping and Grounds, Tony Bayless, if he wanted her rose bushes. Tony replied that he’d always wished for a rose garden here and would be delighted. So Nancy’s roses, which also incorporated some from **Shirley Fisher’s** garden, became the nucleus of what we enjoy today. Others were purchased from bequest funds and gifts. Through the generosity of **Bill Bayliss**, now there are 64 bushes with easy-to-read identification labels.

Any true aficionado knows that roses take WORK. Although professionals do the heavy labor including routine spraying, resident volunteers handle the daily deadheading, leaf and petal pickup, and cutting. Under the direction of **Gay Brashear** and **Amie Modigh**, more than twenty volunteers work throughout the blooming season. During late June and July, Japanese beetles arrive and volunteers manage their disposal. Every day finds at least two residents checking each bush for its needs, sometimes by 6:00 a.m. before the sun is too hot. When blooms are plentiful, residents of Buildings 4 - 7 are fortunate beneficiaries. However, from its beginning, the main purpose of the garden has been “to provide a handsome show, a joy to behold for residents and staff.”

That it does, and what a legacy of beauty and enjoyment for us all!

*Louise Baker*



*Lew Slack tends the fence roses.*

## RAINBOWS

Did I dream it? No, it really happened. It was as if two powers of nature joined just for me.

A few months ago, after a rainy morning, I noticed a tidy rainbow in the northwestern sky but was not prepared for what I saw as I headed down the roofed walkway from our health facilities to the main dining room. Ahead of me and to the right, a set of colored shapes curved slightly from the roof to the ground—a beautiful half arc of rainbow, but why was it fuzzy? I moved along slowly, my mouth no doubt open, and a curve in the walkway took me beyond this vision, but then immediately its counterpart appeared on my left as if it were arcing over the roof.

Later I concluded the bow was fuzzy because it was formed of mist and I was seeing it up close. If Dorothy had had her wish and had flown over the rainbow, she would have had the same surprise I did.

Understanding the phenomenon had nothing to do with how it affected me though. I was alone in that moment with a special gift of beauty that warmed me and gave me happiness for days afterwards. I feel a certain kinship with Noah.

*Margaret Heyboer*

## AN ARMY NURSE IN WORLD WAR II

When I was a senior nursing student, I met medical resident Donald McIntyre and it was love at first sight. Don urged me to join the Army and see the world. He already knew he would have to enlist because the Army had paid for his last semester of medical school. Because I had been a student nurse when Pearl Harbor was attacked, I was unable to enlist immediately. I joined the Army Nurse Corps on August 15, 1943, and six months later, on March 4, 1944, Don and I were married.

I was posted to the hospital at Ft. Dix, NJ, where in orthopedics I quickly learned that bones shattered by bullets, grenades and shrapnel require a long recovery. Some patients became lifelong friends.



In October 1944 I was assigned to the 131<sup>st</sup> Evacuation Hospital in Fort Jackson, SC, where 40 other nurses and I were to receive Basic Training before deployment overseas. We promptly bonded as we learned to march, dig foxholes, use gas masks and abandon ship. Climbing down the equivalent of a three story building on a rope ladder was a challenge, especially since the ladder was swinging from side to side due to the weight of the nurse climbing below you and the one climbing above you. Two nurses froze part way down, so professional climbers had to get them down.

Our next stop was Fort Kilmer, NJ, where we had two days to pack and prepare for an unknown overseas assignment. We packed our footlockers but still had too many items to carry in our backpacks. This meant wearing several layers of clothing plus attaching our canteens and mess kits to our webbed belts. We were also wearing steel helmets and combat boots. Aside from our G.I.-issued shoulder purses, we resembled any other soldier—just better padded. We were not "pin up" girls!

On December 15 we were put on a train to Jersey City, NJ, where a huge steamer ship was docked. We realized it was the *Queen Elizabeth I*, which had been converted to a troop ship with 3-tiered bunks filling each room. Each bunk was supplied with a small ditty bag from the Red Cross containing small, useful items. There was also a pamphlet titled "How To Act In England." Finally we knew our destination!

While in England, I was assigned to a hospital in Wales where I saw my first open-heart surgery. On March 19 we boarded a ship to Le Havre, France. The town was a mass of ruins and debris. We drove through Luxembourg, Belgium and into Germany, to the town of Becherbach. Our hospital was completely mobile and our terrific corpsmen learned to set up our hospital tents in record time. We were kept busy as many wounded were brought to us from field hospitals at the front. On May 5 we moved across the Rhine into Frankfurt.

On May 7 we learned that the European war was over! The

next day we received orders to travel into Austria, but only our male personnel were sent ahead—to the Gusen and Mauthausen concentration camps. After a week, orders came for us to join the men there. We quickly learned that reports about concentration camps were not exaggerated. Many dead lay unburied and the internees were starving. Every conceivable type of disease existed in the camps. Our corpsmen and officers were true heroes as they did some of the hardest, dirtiest work before our arrival. Together with German POWs, we all did our best.

When the 131<sup>st</sup> was ordered to return to the U.S. for deployment to the Pacific, I requested to remain in the European Theater of Operations (ETO) since my husband Don was stationed with the Army of Occupation. I was reassigned to Camp Mauthausen with the 59<sup>th</sup> Field Hospital. Most of the internees had left the camp when the Russians took it over in August 1945, the month I returned to the U.S. and was discharged from the Army.

*Jessie McIntyre*

### THE WORLD WAR II FORUM AT CAROL WOODS

Though it may be hard to believe, even for some of "The Greatest Generation," World War II (1939-1945) began more than 70 years ago. Recognizing that those most affected by its impact on their lives will likely find fewer and fewer future opportunities to share their experiences, a World War II Forum was begun last year at Carol Woods. Sessions have featured a variety of compelling stories and experiences: a combat marine in the Pacific islands, an office worker in wartime Washington, a military physician, a Navy pilot in the Pacific, a Danish teenager living through the Nazi occupation, a survivor of Auschwitz, a Red Cross nurse in France and another in Germany at the Mauthausen concentration camp, a mine-sweeping naval officer, a soldier wounded in combat in Germany, and others.

The sessions are being taped (though some unfortunately did not record well). The tapes, along with the speakers' written texts, are in the Carol Woods library for perusal by those interested now and in the future.

The Forum meets on the third Thursday in the Community Room. Each meeting lasts approximately an hour and allows for two speakers. All residents are welcome, whether or not they wish to make a presentation.

*Allan M. Parrent, Chair  
Ivor Collins  
Byron Parry*

## FIRE DEPARTMENT “RESCUES” CW GRANDPARENTS

The Wyoming grandchildren were coming for their first visit to Carol Woods. It was to be a long day’s flight and checked baggage was costly. We had promised Clara, 4½ years, and Lucia, 1½ years, that borrowed car safety seats would await at RDU.

First stop was Grandma’s Toy Closet downstairs at Carol Woods with its amazing assortment of toys, books and games. We checked out a portable crib, a potty chair and a well-worn safety seat. Many queries finally produced a loaned booster seat.

On the day of arrival we struggled to strap the seats in place. Unsure of our effort and having heard that the Chapel Hill Fire Department would check for safe installation, we drove to the nearest station at 6 p.m. on a Saturday evening. We were greeted by Assistant Fire Marshall Mary Blevins. “Sure, we check and install safety seats, but,” she reported after inspection, “these are too old and unsafe.” Panic! Blevins then related that the Fire Department had car seats to offer for such emergencies. A phone call located seats at a nearby station and before long she and another fireman had produced two BRAND NEW seats and installed them! We gladly paid the at-cost price of the car seats and were off to the airport.

Now that the grandchildren have returned home, the two seats, in warranty until 2018, reside in Grandma’s Toy Closet awaiting other young visitors.

*Roz and Zell McGee*

## AM I A SOUTHERNER?

**Rebecca Warren**’s story of her birth and work in Alaska prompted me to write of living in the opposite end of the Americas.

I was born and raised in Buenos Aires, Argentina, except for the first four years of my life spent in Alta Patagonia, on the island of Choele Choel in the middle of the Rio Negro (Black River). Choele Choel is a Patagones Indian name which, I’m sure, means something of substance, but at age four I didn’t try to find out.

My father, a hydraulic engineer and a graduate of Vienna University, had gone to Patagonia one year ahead of us, after signing a five-year contract with the government to canalize the river and irrigate the valley of the Rio Negro. The soil was fertile; all it needed was more water. In addition to my father, there were two

other hydraulic engineers, one British and one, I think, Irish.

Because I was still very small, my mother, my sister and I stayed at my grandmother’s house in Buenos Aires until I was 18 or 20 months old. Then we traveled by train and barge to Choele Choel, where we would live until the project was completed and when I would be almost five years old.

What I remember most clearly (despite the fact that little memory is retained of events before the age of five) was that I fell madly in love, at age 4, with Edwin, the 13-year-old son of the British family. I looked at him with total devotion. But I doubt that he noticed this passionate, yet bashful little shrimp of a girl, staring at him from the distant ground below. (He was tall, blond, blue-eyed, and my idol.)

I kept thinking about Edwin after our return to our extended family in Buenos Aires. But eventually his image faded, I lost my childish infatuation and became a serious five-year-old.

Today, after more than half a century in the States, when people talk about the South, I chuckle and think, “You don’t know that I am the most Southern person in the room.”

*Lucy F. Pap*

## LOCAVORES TAKE NOTE

You probably know about the Carrboro Farmers’ Market on Saturday morning (and another in the parking lot near A Southern Season), but are you aware of an even more local market, one right here on campus?

Those in the know will be watching for a basket to materialize on the counter across from the library containing perhaps bags of fresh herbs, lettuce and/or sugar snap peas. As the season progresses there will be tomatoes, squash, peppers, cucumbers (lots of cucumbers!), and whatever goodies are in abundance at the time. Stop and pick some up to take home and enjoy. There are no price tags. You’re not even obliged to pay, but those working the herb garden and the farmers’ gardens would greatly appreciate donations in the boxes provided. Such donations help defray some of the costs of maintaining their plots.

Happy munching!

*Nancy Martin*

Bios of new residents will appear in the June issue.

## COMING EVENTS

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

- May 20 – Nortin Hadler, MD – Life, Liberty & the Pursuit of Happiness are Covariates
- May 27 – Chris James (VP of Cree) – LEDs and Energy Conservation

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

- May 19 – Len Gettes quartet
- May 26 – Jeanne Fischer, soprano; Merida Negrete, clarinet; Thomas Otten, piano

### Art Show

- April 30-May 28 – Kate Ladd, mixed media paintings, and Becky Filene Broun, intricate handmade boxes and books

### Special Programs – Recitals in Assembly Hall

- May 18, Tuesday, 6:30 p.m. – Cello students of Leslie Alperin, a “farewell” for Leslie
- May 22, Saturday, 1:00 p.m. – Cello students of Jane Salemson
- May 29, Saturday, 3:30 p.m. – Piano students of Connie Yee
- June 5, Saturday, 3:30 p.m. – Piano students of Connie Yee, 2<sup>nd</sup> recital

### Summer Festival 2010 – Every Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 7:30 p.m., Assembly Hall

- June 2 – The Village Band, reminiscent of band concerts in the park
- June 3 – A Carol Woods Sing-a-long led by Glenn Mehrbach
- June 4 – Bouncing Bulldogs, award-winning jump rope team
- June 9 – Triangle Jazz Orchestra, music in the big band tradition
- June 10 – Marilyn Wienand, harpist, classical, Celtic and pop music
- June 11 – Carol Woods Jazz Combo playing jazz and blues standards
- June 16 – Jonathan Kramer, cello; Jeremy Thompson, piano
- June 17 – Sue Klausmeyer conducts the Carolina International Choral & String Ensemble
- June 18 – A Medley of Gilbert & Sullivan Songs presented by the Durham Savoyards

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