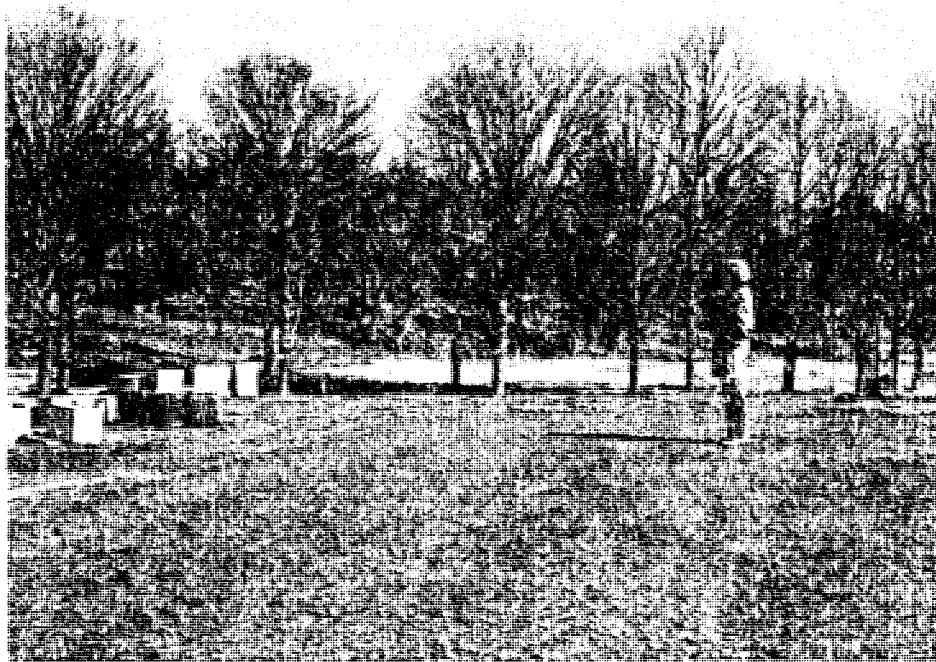


THE BECOMING OF CARTMEL



The First Decade
1988 - 1998

Table of Contents

Chapter 1: The Beginning	1
Chapter 2: Early Settlers	8
Chapter 3: Life at Cartmel	17
Chapter 4: The Cartmel Community	47
Chapter 5: A Potpourri of After Words.....	50

[The black-and-white photographs on the cover and preceding Chapter 1 show Cartmel in the process of physical construction. The photographs in color which succeed Chapter 5 show some of the residents at a July 4 gathering in 1993. Together they constitute a mute statement that Cartmel has evolved amicably from the physical to the social.]

A Prefatory Note

This document is not to be taken as a history. The traditional historical narrative is briefly covered in Chapter 1. In Chapter 2 the voices of the residents (in written form) begin to delineate the portrait of a growing community. Chapter 3 is almost entirely an anthology of selections from the community news journal; Chapter 4 something of a census; and the final Chapter 5 a collection of creative pieces by residents.

Thus the reader may learn something of the chronology of the founding and shaping of Cartmel but may also acquire a sense of what it was like to live in this community during its early years.

WSS
1998

Acknowledgments

The first residents started coming to Carmel during the summer of 1988. Within a short time these early arrivals started organizing and creating the culture, the traditions and the environment that exist today as the Carmel Community. My aim here is to show how it all started, and to give a glimpse, in their own words as much as possible, of what the earlier residents did to begin the process that continues to create what Sonia Ralston calls a true "Community of Neighbors".

Putting this all together has been a community effort, but certain residents deserve special acknowledgement:

Madeline Manzone first proposed the project, and in fact gathered much of the material that is assembled here. During the formation of this history she made excellent suggestions, contributed many of the news items that are anthologized in Chapter 3, and was always generously available for help when questions arose.

Proofreading is usually considered a thankless task, but no writer can do without the help of those who will carefully read a manuscript and note the inevitable typos made in haste, or the errors committed in ignorance. My proofreaders have been Connie Fleming, Gloria Gamble, and Ann Scott. My appreciation for their help is considerable.

Jane Spivey went through many Carmel Couriers and selected items she and I thought to be interesting per se or relevant to this history. Bert Spivey transcribed into his computer the manuscript pages as I handed them over to him. In addition to this tedious and mechanical job, Bert read the copy critically and thoughtfully suggested revisions which, incorporated herein, have given some of his own coloring to the work.

Very special thanks are due to Pete Heinz, who did not live to see the finished history. Many residents contributed photographs they had taken of Carmel as construction workers began to transform the farm fields into roads, and as builders produced residences. Pete selected from these snap shots those we felt most appropriate.

Ralph Hamilton kindly gave the manuscript a final reading.

Hoping I have not overlooked anyone, I want to say here and now how grateful I am for the invaluable help I have received.

Wil Scott
Kendal at Longwood
1998

Chapter 1

The Beginning

A history of Cartmel might well begin with a committee on aging, a committee of the Friends Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Two of its members were Sally and Dick Worth, now residents of Cartmel. The committee's goal was to find places of continual care for elderly people. One of the consequences of its thinking and activity was the creation of Kendal at Longwood.

The success of Kendal begat Crosslands, its twin, and then something different -- Coniston. Coniston's appeal was to those older people, singles or couples, who were not immediately concerned with continual care. It was for those who were not ready to settle into the apartment style of living that characterized Kendal and Crosslands, but who did look forward to release from the chores of house and property maintenance. The success of Coniston encouraged the Kendal Corporation Board to seek nearby property where a larger Coniston could be developed.

Just across the road -- Street Road or Route #926 -- from Crosslands lay an attractive piece of land owned by David and Mary Torrants. They had bought a house called "Old Stone" and forty acres in nineteen fifty-nine; and then in nineteen sixty-six had added another twenty acres. The Old Stone property was greatly attractive to the Kendal Board, while the idea that their beloved property would be put to desirable and attractive use was equally appealing to the Torrants.

Arrangements were worked out to mutual advantage: the Torrants assigned an affordable price and were in turn granted lifetime dwelling rights, property maintenance, and admission into Kendal or Crosslands.

But before going on, something more about Old Stone. It was here before Cartmel, before Coniston, before Crosslands, and long before Kendal. For the October 4, 1991 issue of The Cartmel Courier, Mary Torrants submitted this account of Old Stone:

OLD STONE

The original tract of land was extensive and included portions in Pennsbury and Pocopson Township. The Penn land grant papers reside with the house two houses west of Old Stone. The maps of 1800 show the owner as Stephen Webb. This land included an area along routes #926 and #52 to the east boundary of what is now Cartmel. Divisions have occurred since then. We knew the owners of Penngate (the original Penn grant house). Russel and Katherine Applegate purchased, in 1938, their home and land, including the Cartmel property and also the Scott property which in 1800 was owned by William Webb. The land east of Cartmel to Parkersville Rd. was owned by Isaac Webb.

About 1940 the Applegates sold 40 acres and the farm house to Catherine and Philip Brown. We purchased this in 1959, then added 20 acres in 1966. The house and land between us and the Clements (Penngate) was owned by Russel Applegate Jr. from his mother and father. In 1970 he sold to Lewis Ledyard Jr. who still lives there. The Scott property was purchased from the Laytons, two year owners, who had acquired it from the Applegates Old Stone was named by the Browns; we like the name. The old house was remodeled and rebuilt in 1940-41. A chimney piece gives the date 1941 on the front of the living room chimney.

The main house belonging to the Clements was restored and remodeled by the Applegates. The work was done by builder Paul Hannum from Kennett Square. Old Stone was a small farmhouse of stone. The present living room was two rooms with the front door located where the side door to the terrace is presently. We presume the old kitchen was located where our present dining room is. The kitchen wing, den, and porch were added in 1940-41. Then in 1980 we added a room to the rear of the kitchen which now serves as chief living area. The cellar shows the original foundation which makes the new addition easy to determine. The old walls are about eighteen inches thick. There is a safe in the cellar. The vault door came from the old Kennett bank and was installed by the Browns. It has served us well.

The old lane came from the top of the hill (Ingleton Circle) and wound down to the west side of the house. We found an old barn foundation about where the Worth/Hoffman residences are.

The deer have always loved to come down the hill from there. You can see the matted down area where they collect. In walking you may find an old water hole from springs in the area. The Applegates filled their pool from it. There are also horse trails cut through by our daughter's pony club.

The contours have been changed somewhat. We farmed the front field and the two behind Old Stone. Good top soil there if it had only been saved by the construction crew.

The woods were filled with dogwoods in the Lonsdale area and up the hill, now the Ulverston Circle. The lower part was kept mowed. General landscaping and the trees were planted about 1941. The chief problems were containing the trees and shrubs. We removed several trees, pruned a lot, and planted some of our own favorites.

Gardening was one of David's interests. In 1990 a copper beech tree was planted at the site of his garden in his memory.

A special effort was made in gardening and landscaping the property in 1963 for Chester County Day. Fifteen hundred people came to enjoy the house and grounds. For that day a friend and I made thirty three flower arrangements. It was an enjoyable experience; and the visitors were appreciative and interested.

Another large effort was put forth in 1970 for our daughters' double wedding. The reception for four hundred people was held in the yard north and east of the house. It was a memorable and lovely occasion.

The house and property have been a joyous experience for us; we have known many happy hours there. With its sale in 1996 and the advent of fine new neighbors, the pleasure continues.

And so a plan was drawn up for twenty eight duplex buildings (fifty six residences) to be built in four separate clusters. One afternoon Sally Worth and Eleanor Stabler Clarke sat down over a map of England and studied place names from the region associated with George Fox, founder of the Society of Friends. From the many they chose five that seemed most euphonious -- Cartmel for the community, and Ingleton Circle, Lonsdale Lane, Windermere Way, and Ulverston Drive for the four roads. Had there been more than four

roads they would have had to seek still other euphonious synonyms for "avenue". Later, Mrs. Clark moved to Kendal where she died, but Sally and Dick Worth continue to live on Windermere Way

On April 27, 1987 the Board of Supervisors of Pennsbury Township granted initial approval for the building of Cartmel. C. Raymond Davis, who had constructed the central buildings for the communities at Kendal, Crosslands, and Coniston, was named to serve as builder for Cartmel, and ground was broken ceremoniously on December 17, 1987.

A brochure was issued listing the design features, sketches of three different floor plans, optional features (enlargement of a bedroom, a cellar if ground permitted, dividing walls, etc.), and the items residents would be expected to provide -- all creating some desirable differences between dwellings. In addition it identified occupancy rights and prices, and presented a list of the various services to be provided for the monthly fee including an on-site health program.

Inevitably some of these early proposals had to be changed. To the great disappointment of some early buyers, the dates of occupancy had to be postponed because of struggles with the Pennsylvania Department of Environmental Resources about the adequacy of the sewage system, and with the Pennsylvania Department of Transportation about the design of the entrance in relation to traffic patterns. One disappointment was the elimination of promised medical service. An early brochure devotes a page to the planned Health Care program: "... a full-time Registered Nurse who will provide the following services: routine visits including house calls, referral to the Kendal--Crosslands staff doctors, arranging any needed hospital stays", and several other activities. But such a health program was never in fact fully implemented. A registered nurse was installed at Unit #6 to serve at specified times but her service was dropped after several months because there was too little usage to justify the expense. Today Cartmel residences are entitled to use some health services at Crossland and Kendal and may be admitted to the Health Care facilities at per diem rates.

David and Mary continued to live in Old Stone; and when David died in August of 1990, Mary chose to stay at Old Stone where she continues to live in easy sight of the good use to which their property was put. It may be that Old Stone will some day become a sort of Ellerslie, the farm house at Crosslands that serves as a center for social events and as lodging for guests.

In the January 1989 issue of TOPICS, the Kendal-Crosslands newsletter, Janet McNemar, then administrator of Cartmel, wrote this front page article:

CARTMEL OPENS

On November 1, 1988 approximately sixty current and future Cartmel residents gathered to celebrate the community's official opening. All welcomed the opportunity to meet their neighbors, and a great deal of enthusiastic "community spirit" was generated. At the time of the Open House, residents occupied four of the twenty-six units in the first cluster and move-ins will continue throughout the spring. The four families were Nancy Edgar in #5, Millard and Gloria Gamble in #26, Polly and Bubby Bliss in #25, and Felix and Muriel Feraru in #4. The second cluster has been started with construction on the remaining two to begin next year. In the four clusters all but one of the homes has been reserved.

Close to 50% of the people coming to Cartmel have their current residence in Pennsylvania with the second largest percentage (15%) currently living in Delaware. Others are from as far north as Vermont and New Hampshire, as far south as the Virgin Islands, and as far west as California. Like the residents of our other communities, those coming to Cartmel will be bringing a wide variety of life experiences which will serve to enhance the attractiveness of living in the community and becoming a part of Kendal-Crosslands.

Offering another alternative to retirement living, Cartmel is designed to relieve residents of the burden of home maintenance. This community offers independent living with access to the Kendal-Crosslands health care system on a fee-for-service basis. Residents of Cartmel purchase a contract for occupancy rights, affording them the opportunity to resell their units at an appreciated value. Located across from Crosslands, Cartmel will consist of fifty-six homes plus an existing farm house, uniquely arranged on sixty acres. The site offers beautiful vistas and areas of open space for all to enjoy. Construction is expected to continue through 1989.

In 1988 Cartmel was a wasteland of mud and construction debris. It could hardly have been its physical appearance that motivated Nancy Edgar to become the first resident. But a year later the mud was gone and the last cluster of homes was completed on Lonsdale Lane which had been planned as a quiet cul-de-sac. However, the adjacent Urben house on Street Road came on the market and the Kendal Corporation purchased the property as a base for Cartmel Housekeeping and Maintenance Departments. Lonsdale Lane was extended to provide access to the Urben house which was renamed Kent House and which also serves as a temporary center for intramural mail. A shed was used as a pick up center for recycling newspapers, glass, and aluminum cans but these are now collected at curbside along with garbage by an outside agency. The acquisition and assigned use of Kent House has made for a felicitous "constitutional"; frequently one sees residents keeping trim and healthy by a neighbor-greeting walk down to Kent House to collect notices of community events.

Shepherding the community through its difficult formative years was the young administrator Janet McNemar. Pleasant and attractive as she was, her customarily negative responses to requests from residents were often surprising. In light revenge they dubbed her "Madame No", but she took this teasing in good humor. She continually tried to fill the needs and wishes of everyone, and was always compassionate and helpful in time of need.

The original landscaping program was somewhat of a disaster. Elaborate blue prints had been displayed at early meetings of the Resident's Association showing proposed plantings complete with Latin names. But the first landscape contractor brought half-dead trees from South Carolina; and although he was eventually fired, it was a shaky start for plantings. Eventually better contractors were found, and under the guidance of the Landscape Committee the residents themselves have contributed greatly to the present attractive appearance of the community.

By early spring there were enough residents to form the Resident's Association on March 30, 1989 to discuss the various problems endemic to a new

community. Janet McNemar appointed Ed Pfeifer to be the first President. Since then the Association has been an active force for community care, and the president has been elected by its members. It is headed by an Executive Committee that consists of the President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Member-at-large. There are five standing committees: Caring, Landscape, Meadow and Woods, Property, and Social. The Presidents and their years of service are:

Edmund Pfeifer (1989-1990), A. Judson Wells (1990-1991), John Wood (1991-1992), Robert F. Goddu (1992-1993), John Sweeney (1993-1994), Millard Gamble (1994 -1995), Wilson White (1995-1996), John Gebhard (1996 - 1997), Ken Wilson (1997-1998), and currently Gail Hamilton (1998--).

Chapter 2

Early Settlers

Shaping A New Community

The rough pioneering days of Cartmel fall between August 1988 and mid-1989. In the order of their moving-in dates, here is a list of those rugged pioneers:

In 1988: Nancy Edgar August 16
Gloria and Millard GambleSeptember 24
Felix and Muriel FeraruOctober 3
Bubby and Polly BlissOctober 7
Robert and Suzanne MillarNovember 4
Ed and Kay PfeiferNovember 11
Pat and Sonia RalstonNovember 28
Ralph and Ruth SwopeDecember 2

In 1989: Jim and Sallie IsherwoodJanuary 16
George Martin and John SweeneyJanuary 16
Carl and Ginny BurnsFebruary 3
Ruth and Walt HuffmanFebruary 3
Althea and Gene NidaFebruary 20
Joanna and Ted SaveryFebruary 20
Kay and Ron DavisFebruary 27
Madeline and Mario ManzoneMarch 3
Don and Jackie WinslowApril 13
Eleanor and Felix ShayApril 15
Hedwig Vaughan-HenryApril 15
Louise and Woody EwellMay 5
Denise and John WoodMay 5
Mary WalkerMay 15

Since that time changes have occurred. Nancy Edgar has become Mrs. Jud Wells. Mario Manzone passed away in 1990, and his widow, Madeline, remained figuratively as well as literally at No. 1 Ingleton Circle until December 1997 when she moved to Kendal. Ed and Katherine Pfeiffer stayed at Cartmel but died in 1991 and 1992 respectively. Bubba and Polly Bliss moved to Kendal at the end of 1992, and passed on not long after. In 1993 Felix and Muriel Feraru moved to Kendal, as did Robert and Suzanne Millar. Felix died in August 1997.

So it is this early group of pioneers to whom we owe so much for their organizing activities and their endurance of hardships which few of us later arrivals have experienced.

This little chapter consists of a few recollections of that early time by Nancy Wells, Gloria Gamble, Sonia Ralston, Ron and Kay Davis, Madeline Manzone, and Helen Hoffman. Some of these items appeared in issues of The Cartmel Courier; others were written in response to the editor's request for recollections of the early days.

Everyone now living in Cartmel is familiar with the pangs of moving. I have moved many times over the years, but never as traumatically as I did in August of 1988 when I *became* the first resident of Cartmel. My husband, Coleman Edgar, and I had signed the Cartmel Contract, sold the old house and were halfway packed up for the move when Coleman died suddenly and unexpectedly. With the help of my children I kept to the schedule and moved one hot, hot day. Late that afternoon Janet McNemar, at that time the Cartmel "supervisor", arrived and announced that I could not sleep in the house because they had not yet received an occupancy permit for 5 Ingleton Circle! What to do? My children went back to New York, and I spent a miserable night alone in Ellerslie. Not the best of beginnings.

A few days later, I was putting things away in the kitchen when I noticed that a portable outhouse had been placed just outside my kitchen window. Cartmel at that time was a sea of mud with bulldozers and other large pieces of machinery parked all over the place. A steady stream of workmen began to file in and out of "my" outhouse. This continued for some time until several months later when supervisor Janet was informed of my predicament. She had the portable toilet moved up to the circle, but the men were so used

to coming to Number 5 that they just continued to file in and out of the backyard tree line instead of visiting the circle.

I put up a birdhouse that September and was very encouraged to have a bluebird family all the next summer. From then on life in Cartmel has been most pleasant and satisfying.

Nancy (Edgar) Wells

Millard and I moved to Cartmel on October 1st, 1988. It was an exciting move -- only one other finished house on Ingleton Circle, bare country all around us, and one lone neighbor down the street, Nancy Edgar (Wells). In about six weeks the adjoining side of our twin was occupied by Polly and Bubby Bliss and to our great relief no terrible noise reverberated through the common wall. That had been a great fear for us, but happily we still had our privacy.

Winter moved in, the trees were bare of leaves, we could see handsome "Old Stone" for the first time from our back windows and, across the meadow, the lights of Coniston. Spring and rain came and what is now Lonsdale Lane was a path of mud and small rivers. Uninhabitable, we thought! Then summer was upon us and dust and noise and furious activity were a continual routine as the bulldozers tamed the landscape and the builders worked their magic. We were pioneers in a burgeoning settlement and watched with interest and awe as Cartmel actually materialized.

There was no sign on Route 926 indicating where Cartmel might possibly be and when the visitor or tradesman finally, after great difficulty, made the correct turn-in, there were no street signs to direct him any further. Ambulances and fire-engines could never find us.

However -- just look at us now!

Gloria Gamble

Our house, Fifteen Ingleton Circle, was built out of sequence, shortly after the first three units at the foot of the hill were completed. Thus we were among the first half-dozen residents, and for a few months found ourselves alone at the far end of the Circle, marooned in a sea of mud and feeling very much like trail-blazing pioneers! When at last the bulldozers, tractors, front-end loaders, Porta-Toilets and workmen left to move on to the next housing cluster, it seemed a time for genuine community celebration!

I shall always be glad we were among those early Cartmel settlers and thus experienced the heady sense of excitement and responsibility we all felt. Together we were creating something new. The community decisions we made then might, we knew, affect the character of the Cartmel that was to be. Our efforts seemed worthwhile and important, and it was out of this that such later activities as the welcoming letter, the information sheet, the Caring Committee... Cartmel drivers, etc. gradually evolved. We hoped to be a community of "neighbors", not simply "residents".

I don't think any of us will forget the mud of that first winter! Nor the wonderful Christmas party given by Mary and David Torrains for all of us at Old Stone. How good it felt to be temporarily lifted out of the turmoil of packing cases and mud, and set down, just for an hour or so amid the normalcy and joy of the Season in that lovely old house. It gave us all hope that one day -- ONE DAY -- our new homes would look just as civilized and orderly as Mary's!

To the Ralstons everything at Number Fifteen at first seemed stultifyingly clean and frighteningly new -- after thirty-one years in our old stone farmhouse on the Brandywine. But at Christmas the whole family came. Santa Claus christened the pristine new carpet in the living room with his traditional ashy footprints, and fingerprints appeared on the new white walls. For the first time the house smelled of turkey and wood smoke. And with the sounds of grandchildren playing in the bathtub the house began to feel like a home at last.

In those early days Number Six Ingleton -- dubbed "The Model House" -- served as an occasional office for both Administrator Janet McNemar and the Crosslands nurse who came at regular intervals. In the early spring of 1989 a group of us -- perhaps 8 or 10 -- held our very first community meeting there. We called ourselves "The Cartmel Neighbors", and took our fledgling duties very seriously. As I have said, there was a pleasant sense of creativity and adventure about the whole thing.

I have tried to recall some of the matters we discussed:

- (a) Mail boxes. At first there were no individual mailboxes, simply community banks of boxes supplied by the Post Office at intervals along the road. In-house mail was distributed at Number Six (as it is now at Kent house). And so there was discussion about the color, appearance and placement of our permanent boxes.
- (b) The possible addition of screen and storm doors ... a need for conformity in this.
- (c) Awnings ... Enclosed porches ... again the need for some conformity.
- (d) Was it necessary to have the lights at the end of each drive operating all night?
- (e) Should an area be set aside in the meadow for Cartmel garden plots similar to the

Community Gardens at Crosslands?

(f) How to beautify the entrance to Cartmel.

(g) During that first dry summer an "adopt-a-tree" plan was suggested to water our newly planted trees.

(h) How to camouflage the now-visible concrete 100 year drainage system in the meadow.

I particularly remember discussion of ways to establish a bond with fellow residents at Crosslands, allaying possible fears that our sudden influx might overwhelm their facilities and activities ... pool, library, dining-room etc. One of the things we hoped to accomplish was a continuation of the existing Crosslands Perimeter Walk, picking up across the entrance on 926, passing between Nos. 10 and 11, continuing through the circle, between 18 and 19 and down into the meadow. Considerable work was done on this -- and the clearing of vines from trees in general -- by such early residents as Madeline Manzone, Felix Shay, Ted Savery, and Ed Pfeifer.

Gradually, as the months went by, that sea of mud turned to green as the first tentative shoots of grass began to appear. But I remember the very first sign of botanical life at Number Fifteen -- a single plant of wild mustard on the front lawn which I triumphantly carried into the house and put in a vase. Could spring -- and the end of MUD -- be far behind?

Gradually too, as our numbers increased, the informality of those early community meetings necessarily gave way to greater structure, and our gardens lost their initial tentative look of conformity, slowly reflecting the individuality of each occupying family. By our first anniversary in August, 1989 forty-five people gathered for a party at Number Six ... and the following Christmas we held our first, very informal, carol-sing, walking from door to door.

We have experienced such kindness at Cartmel ... from that moment only a few days after we moved in when Joanna Savery knocked on our door with the community's traditional gift of flowers. It has been kindness not only from our neighbors, but also from the wonderfully caring staff who have made our lives here so pleasant.

When we first moved here I thought I'd never experience that comforting sense of "coming home" as we pulled into our drive at Number Fifteen that we used to feel at the old house. I was fearful that the grand children would never feel equally at ease here. But I was wrong. Upon occasion we have slept as many as nine here at a time, once housed a pet rabbit in the bathtub overnight, and our spacious basement has heard the sound of electric trains, ping pong games, roller blades, skate boards, bedtime stories and boom boxes. It is

indeed home.

We are both grateful that circumstances brought us here, and that we have been blessed by new friendships at this far end of our lives. We did not name our new house AMEN COTTAGE for nothing. Amen ... so be it!

Sonia Ralston

"Possession Day" at last! We bolted from a three-month rented condo stay (caused by construction delays) to the ceremony of "receiving the keys" from the legendary Cartmel manager of those days, Janet McNemar....only the keys would not open the door. A prolonged search -- the right keys -- then the snow-delayed moving van labored slowly up a graveled Ingleton Circle to discharge a vast melange of furniture and unrecognizable sealed cartons. The "WHERE'SISSGO" question was answered endlessly and even with occasional accuracy -- we were in! But why was the lovely new home so COLD? After a first frigid night among the cartons we learned that our heat pump controls had been carefully installed to turn on the air conditioner when set at the HEAT position. The pleasures of Cartmel living, the outright convenience of the locale, the ideal floor plan for our needs, and fine, new friends have since more than made up for the first moving-day distractions.

Kay and Ron Davis

Friday, March 3, 1989, the day of our move to Cartmel, now feels like a lifetime away (although at the time it seemed like a lifetime arriving since we had been promised an October move-in date). My husband, who died a year later, was already failing in health when we moved to Cartmel and became temporarily disoriented by the stress of the move. I was comforted to think of the "on-site medical clinic" we had been promised, only to find that "it proved not to be possible" to provide. These disappointments proved to be a familiar theme.

We were exhausted, discouraged, and worried. It was very cold. Our furnace would operate only on the "blue light", We were subsequently told by the Trane engineer (called in by Maintenance because they had no idea what the problem was) that it had been incorrectly wired and was trying to heat and air-condition simultaneously. I suggested sending the bill (\$217.32) to the Kendal Corporation, but my husband -- ever the peace-maker -- insisted that we just pay and forget. We paid. I did not forget!

Our move was largely "do it yourself". We were helped by our older son Timothy and his wife Holly and our nephew Shawn and his wife Jennifer. On the afternoon of our arrival we were invited by our next-door neighbors, Ron and Kay Davis, to "come over for drinks". I explained that we could not accept because there were six of us, that we were too tired and grungy to go anywhere and requested a rain date. Kay and Ron (who had moved in two days earlier) insisted that all six of us come "as is". We didn't need much persuasion and all trooped over there at 5:00 PM. We were flabbergasted! Their whole house was fully organized: drapes at the window, furniture in place, pictures hung, not a carton in sight, and a crackling fire in the fireplace. It looked as if they had lived there forever! Holly and Jennifer quickly curled up on the floor in front of the fire and we were served lavish drinks and wonderful snacks. I do not recall any more welcome hospitality. We began to think our move to Cartmel had not been as stupid as we had begun to think. We never looked back from that day. The warmth of our neighbors (which continues to this day) was a precursor of a wonderful relationship with the entire Cartmel community which we have cherished ever since.

Madeline Manzone

I moved to Cartmel August 16 1989. My unit was pronounced ready on June 26th so I thought I had plenty of time -- does anyone ever, when it comes to moving? I called the trash company for a dumpster and the Resettlers for help. I had great fun giving away things I hoped never to need again such as a generator, a rototiller, lawn mowers and a 1960 four-wheel scout truck, all to such nice young men who had been very helpful on the farm for the two years I had lived there alone.

The Resettlers had been packing for days, and the dumpster filled and removed so all seemed ready for that long awaited day. I needed a big van because this was three moves in one -- things for storage, things for my daughter in Bryn Mawr, and the rest for Cartmel. All was going well until I gave the van driver directions to my new abode -- he said he couldn't cross the bridge at Lenape so I suggested Birmingham Road to 926, and he shook his head over the winding, narrow road from 842 to 52 -- I never had dreamed that Chester County back roads that I so loved, would prove to be such a dilemma. Fortunately my two nearest neighbors, #42 and #33 Windermere Way, had not moved in, so the van after a circuitous route, didn't interfere with them. Late on the night of the 16th I felt settled enough to go to bed thinking I'd tend to the basement the next day. To this day those boxes are not unpacked, and I really don't know that I care. All of which proves to me that I am happily at home on Windermere Way.

Helen Hoffman

(Once the basic problems were discovered, faced, and in many instances solved, Sonia Ralston wrote the following welcoming letter for the benefit of newcomers, with details that delineate a still richer portrait of the incipient community.)

Dear friends: We, your neighbors at Cartmel, welcome you.

Just now you are probably emerging, as we all did, from the difficult experience of moving ... of saying good bye to beloved homes, friends, gardens ... and are wondering what lies ahead. In the hope that we, who have been here a little longer, might ease this transition, we have compiled a list of names and addresses, and general information which we have used and found helpful. Together with the extensive Cartmel Resident's Manual we hope it will answer many of your questions.

In the meantime, take heart! The boxes do eventually vanish from every room, and a day comes when, as you turn into your new driveway, it really does feel like home!

Cartmel is located in Pennsbury Township, Chester County. Centered within its sixty acres is Old Stone, the home of David and Mary Torrns, upon whose farmland our community of 56 cluster-zoned homes have been constructed. The exact age of the house is unknown, but it appears on maps of 1800 as standing on what was originally William Penn grant land. Restored in 1941, Old Stone was purchased by the Torrns family in 1959, and since then they have made substantial additions and lovingly created a garden about this typical Chester County house. It will continue to be their home until they are ready to move to Crosslands. When they do go it will be our loss, for they did much to make us feel welcome during those first bleak winter months as construction continued madly about us.

Our Cartmel Resident's Association, with its working committees, is described in the Manual. Although Kendal/Crosslands Management provides the framework upon which we have built this organization, its structure and direction are entirely in our hands. We invite you to join us and add your talents and interests to ours as we help to create the sort of community in which we want to live.

The Cartmel Assistant Administrator may be contacted whenever problems or questions arise. It is always best to follow up in writing any work requests you may have.

If gardening is among your interests you will be glad to hear that additional plots for vegetables/flowers are available to us at Crosslands, thanks to the generosity of the gardeners there. For information contact Don McFarland at 388-7991. In planning landscaping around your house, remember that any planting beyond four feet from the foundations must be reviewed by the President of the Resident's Association, and that we must take care to avoid underground utility lines and not to impede lawn maintenance.

Once you have settled in you may want to participate in some of the many Crosslands activities which are open to us on a space-available basis. Details of these will be found posted on the bulletin board at the Crosslands center, to the left as you go toward the dining room.

If you enjoy walking, an excellent trail exists around the perimeter of Crosslands, one entrance to which is located on the opposite side of Rt. 926 as you exit Cartmel.

Many opportunities for volunteer work exist here, both within the Kendal/Crosslands communities and without. Local hospitals, museums, historical societies, etc. have all provided residents with rewarding outlets for this sort of activity.

Cartmel's own resident newspaper, THE COURIER, will reach you via your inter-community mailbox at Number Six, Ingleton Circle. It is wise to check this box regularly.

Trash is picked up, rain or shine, early on Tuesday and Friday mornings.. We are asked to use sealed plastic bags for this.

Mail is delivered/picked up at your mailbox Monday through Saturday between 10:30 and noon on weekdays and early afternoons on Saturdays.

And so, again, welcome to Cartmel from those of us who arrived here a little earlier than you. Already there is an exciting air of individuality about our community. We have found ourselves to be a group with widely varied backgrounds and interests. Gardens are taking shape, trees gaining strength, friendships forming. The privacy we all cherish has been retained. Those of us who faced community living with some apprehensions have found our fears to be unfounded. And these houses, which all looked so much alike upon completion, each now reflects the special imprint of their occupant.

We feel, in short, fortunate to be here. And we are glad that you now join us!

Your Cartmel neighbors.

Chapter 3

Life at Cartmel

From THE CARTMEL COURIER: An anthology

An historical narrative is much less revealing of the experience of living in our community than excerpts from our newsletter now called The Cartmel Courier. The Cartmel Courier is a happy melange of information, humorous snippets, appeals, bits of advice, reminders, and short prose and verse pieces expressing personal experiences; in short, the written and visible form of our voices. These items have been extracted largely by Jane Spivey. This anthology makes no claim to thoroughness: items were chosen because they were thought to be of interest to readers of this history, and because they offer a good idea, even to strangers, of what it means to reside in this community.

Ascribed authorship of items in The Cartmel Courier has been irregular. Some items are anonymous, recognizable by the context, or the personal style of the writer; others are identified by initials only, or by full name. Caught on the horns of this dilemma, in reprinting them I have decided to make all contributions anonymous except poems, hoping that the authorship of many items will indeed be recognized, and that no writer will feel aggrieved to discover he or she is anonymous.

It was first called the CARTMEL NEWS and edited by Janet McNemar. Later, as a result of a vote on several options, it was changed to The Courier, and a half dozen issues still later its present name was adopted when Muriel Feraru became co-editor with Janet. As you can see, early concerns were with settling in, sharing medical and safety advice, landscaping the grounds, and welcoming newcomers.

(FROM THE CARTMEL NEWS)

DECEMBER 1988: Volume 1, Number 1

The Cartmel population continues to grow with Nancy Edgar in Unit 5, Millard and Gloria Gamble in Unit 26, their neighbors, Cornelius and Mary Bliss in Unit 25, Felix and Muriel Feraru in Unit 4, and David and Mary Torrans in the farm house. Elizabeth Hansen will be the occupant of Unit 3. Although she has chosen to spend this winter in Florida we hope to see her in the spring. Robert and Suzanne Millar will be coming soon to Unit 23, as will Edmund and Katherine Pfeifer in Unit 24. Other arrivals before the end of the year will be Edward and Sonia Ralston, in Unit 15 and Ralph and Ruth Swope, Unit 16.

You have all been remarkably patient as the construction crew continues to work and there is still a long way to go before the Cartmel community is entirely finished. We are trying very hard to keep the workers sensitive to the fact that this is not just a construction site but "home" to the residents. Our General Contractor is aware of our expectation that the site be kept free of trash and other debris and periodic trips are made to the dump to free Cartmel of some of the accumulated mess! We will make every effort to see that this continues.

Speed limit signs have been ordered and will be installed as soon as they arrive. Like our other communities, the limit will be 20 MPH. The workmen have been told to respect this limit regardless of whether the signs have been posted and we will continue to monitor this for everyone's safety.

Doris and Lisa from the Housekeeping Department have enjoyed meeting and working with you as have the members of our Maintenance Department who have responded to your calls. Maintenance has requested that trash be bagged in plastic trashcan liners even if you are using trashcans. Their vehicle is not equipped to carry loose trash. Grab bars for the tubs have been ordered and Maintenance will be installing them in your units as soon as they arrive.

The Cartmel Open House held on November 1st proved to be a big success despite the rainy weather. Approximately 60 people attended this event where present and future Cartmel residents were given the chance to meet and get acquainted. Everyone seemed to

agree that more should be planned for the future.

Because of the increasing resident population it is important for all of us to begin thinking about the development of a Residents' Association. The goal of every residents' association is to set the tone of the community. Traditionally, these organizations have served to develop committees that furnish social, educational and cultural programs to enrich the lives of the residents. With our other communities, it has worked well for the first president to be appointed by the Kendal-Crosslands Administration and we plan to do the same at Cartmel. Once this person has been appointed, policies and procedures will be developed for the future.

FEBRUARY, 1989

January brought George Martin and John Sweeney to unit 21 arriving from New York City, and Jim and Sally Isherwood to Unit 22 arriving from the Virgin Islands. This month we welcome Carl and Ginny Burns in Unit 18 who for over a year have been traveling around the United States with their final destination Cartmel. Towards the end of the month Ted and Joanna Savery will be making a short move from West Chester, Pennsylvania to Unit 20. The last days of February Ron and Katherine Davis will be coming to Cartmel Unit 3 from Hockessin, Delaware.

APRIL, 1989

NEW FACES:

The homes on Ingleton Circle are rapidly filling. Since the February news letter Mario and Madeline Manzone took occupancy of Unit #1, arriving from New Jersey; Robert and Suzanne Millar came to Unit #23 from Penn Valley, Pennsylvania; and Ed and Kay Pfeifer moved into Unit #24 from Kennett Square.

OUTDOOR IMPROVEMENTS

The first resident meeting was well attended and much enthusiasm was generated for the development of the "Outdoor Improvement Committee". Ed Pfeifer accepted chairmanship of the committee with Muriel Feraru volunteering to co-chair and Sonia Ralston volunteering to be the typist. The committee will review the residents' landscaping plans for the common areas and other outdoor improvements such as patio awnings and screen doors. Once the committee has accepted an idea, Ed will bring it to Administration for review.

(Five years later, in the April 1994 issue of The Cartmel Courier, Charlie Riley contributed this reminiscence of those early residential meetings.)

In part the minutes of the CARTMEL NEIGHBORS (the predecessor to the Cartmel Residents' Association) stated that:

The second meeting took place on April 12, 1989. Ten residents and Janet McNemar attended. Three landscaping layouts were reviewed:

The Common Grounds: Although not final it gave a good idea of the major plantings and indicated those to get done in the first phase.

The Circle: This is complete. The consultant is recommending Honey Locusts in the center, at the walkway, and also deciduous trees on top of the berm. At this time \$2,000 is in the budget for this work.

THE CARTMEL ENTRANCE: Most interest centered on the type of trees, traffic visibility, and the lighting. There was considerable discussion regarding the flood control spillway tower at the dam. It is unsightly and its function was questioned. Millard Gamble will investigate this and report at the next meeting. He says he will have it removed, reduced in size, or declared a sculpture.

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY:

Attached is a sticker to be placed on or near your phone listing the local numbers for fire, ambulance, and rescue. If you have a medical emergency, the quickest action you can take is to call an ambulance at 436-4700. The nurses on duty at Crosslands, including those in Resident Care, are not able to make house calls to Cartmel.

In case of a maintenance emergency such as a problem with plumbing or heating, the number to call after 4:30 PM or on weekdays or holidays is 388-1440. This number is for the Crosslands nurses station where a maintenance person can be contacted for help.

MAIL

Individual mailboxes are scheduled to be installed in the near future. Standard sized boxes will be placed two to a post for each building. Inter-community mail will continue to be placed inside the model home.

JUNE, 1989

Personal note from Muriel Feraru

The time is fast approaching for Cartmel to acknowledge its one year anniversary. The first resident, Nancy Edgar in Unit #5 moved to Cartmel in August, 1988. Since then there have been remarkable changes and growth in the community to the point where it now seems appropriate for the residents to assume responsibility for this means of communication (i.e. the Cartmel News). Your input is needed and will be welcomed.

I have joined Janet McNemar to form a two person staff. Together we have selected the following as possible titles for this newsletter:

1. Cartmel Times
2. Cartmel Curier(sic)
3. Cartmel Candle

Please help us by returning the enclosed ballot form to Muriel Feraru, 4 Ingleton Circle, Kennett Square, Pa 19348 after voting for your favorite.

The bi-monthly letter will include information from administration, local events and entertainment, new faces and articles of interest that current and prospective residents wish to share. Suggested topics are travel news, personal notes, helpful household and gardening hints, unlimited.

We are planning to publish the issues on the 20th of every other month. Please submit the material you wish to include to Janet McNemar at the Cartmel Office by the first of the publication month. The next deadline is August 1, 1989.

NEW FACES

During the month of May, Woody and Louise Ewell joined us in Unit #7 coming from

New Haven, Connecticut. In Unit 12 Felix and Eleanor Shay arrived from Malvern, Pennsylvania and Unit #8 is now occupied by Richard and Elsie Wood from East Hampton, New York. The month of June brought Don and Jackie Winslow from Kennett Square, Pennsylvania. The number of homes occupied on Ingleton Circle is now 20 out of 26 with a total resident population of 39. Construction has been completed on the homes in this first cluster. This summer the homes in the B cluster on Windermere Way will become available with more new neighbors arriving.

(The August 1989 issue is entitled The Courier, and in the October issue it became The Cartmel Courier.)

(FROM THE COURIER)

AUGUST, 1989

NEW TITLE

Sincere thanks to the present and future Cartmel residents who forwarded their choice of name for this news letter. The final count was: Cartmel Candle 5, Cartmel Times 10, Cartmel Courier 19 with several interesting comments. In particular the misspelled "Currier" was corrected and a few asked that the name remain simple. Keeping all comments in mind and considering the tally, this publication is now titled "THE COURIER".

NEW FACES

During the month of July Mary Walker moved into Unit 10 from Wellesley, Massachusetts. This month Judson and Mary Wells moved into Unit 41 coming from Wilmington, Delaware and Jim and Mary Carpenter to Unit 35 also from Wilmington. Helen Hoffman moved into unit 43 from her residence in West Chester.

FROM THE CARTMEL COURIER

OCTOBER, 1989

NEW FACES

At the time of publication 28 homes are now occupied by 50 residents. We also have 8 feline and 3 canine residents -- all well behaved and welcomed. All the remaining homes have been selected and a waiting list for Cartmel is being maintained.

We welcome James and Elizabeth Patchell to Unit 46 from Woodstown, New Jersey and their neighbor in Unit 45, Marianne Wolf from Concordville, Pennsylvania. Also Regina Vincent has joined us in Unit 37 coming from Wilmington, Delaware along with Antoinette (Toni) Kusch in Unit 38 from Flintridge, California. Just this week Edward and Jean Perkins moved into Unit 50 from Chapel Hill, North Carolina. Welcome all!

RESIDENTS ASSOCIATION

A fifth member was recently appointed to the Cartmel Executive Committee. A. Judson Wells who resides at Unit 41 will serve as member at large. The executive committee now has its full complement of officers.

February 11 1991

Intersection of 926 and 52: Bob Goddu reports Landhope's attempt at blackmail has failed. They have, however, agreed to provide PENNDOT an easement permitting the installation of traffic lights -- hopefully in place by March.

Intersection of 926 and 202: PENNDOT has advised the editor "left turn lanes will be provided -- this spring when widening can be done -- request has been submitted for Federal funding to upgrade the traffic signals" HURRAH, both ends of Cartmel's 926 will be safer!

(Five years later this reminiscence by Charlie Riley appeared in the February 1996 issue of The Cartmel Courier)

At the February 12, 1991 meeting of the Cartmel's Residents Association John Huber was introduced as the new administrator of Cartmel and Crosslands, to

succeed Paul Lewis. He spoke to the group indicating that he has "been busy learning our history, meeting with the residents on a one-to-one basis and generally getting to feel at home here".

Sherry Outten continued to be our Cartmel contact, as assistant administrator until May, 1992, when John took over direct contact with us.

(Ed Perkins of Ulverston Drive now took over THE CARTMEL COURIER and edited and distributed it until 1997 when John Gebhard took over.)

March 8 1991

THE KINDNESS OF CARTMEL
(or a sampling of the kind of people we are)

1 Organist	4 Authors
2 Motorcyclists	2 Embroiderers' Guild members
4 Physicians	3 Lawyers
2 Radio hams	1 Widower
11 Households with dogs	5 Harvard graduates
1 Stockbroker	2 Bankers
14 Widows	2 Pilots
1 Vintner	2 Nurses
2 Horse breeders	12 Quakers
3 British-born	1 Person without finger prints
1 Colonial Dame	1 Librarian

May 9 1991

Good progress continues on refining the walking trail in the wooded area below the meadow. Entrances are marked with pink ribbons along the lower meadow path and at the

north end of the dam. Walking shoes are a must -- take along a buddy the first time around. There are several exits the last of which will discharge off at the west end of the meadow. It is your Editor's understanding that Ted Savery was the prime mover in laying out this trail with the help of its indigenous residents (deer). Significant assistance was provided by Cartmelians such as Carl Burns, Walt Huffman, Ed Pfeifer, Charles Robinson, and Felix Shay; EXPLORE -- ENJOY, I did and do.

The NEW YORK TIMES (international) of March 31 published an article "a corner of Mexico Takes Roots Far Away" -- all about our Mexican community in Kennett Square. (I received copies from friends in Florida, North Carolina and Washington D.C.). Randy Miller notes we Cartmelians aren't the only migrants to the Kennett Square area.

June 6, 1991

Strawberry time is here!

-- a little early this year due to the "warm" weather. Rich Reynolds alerted me that it was self-picking time at Northbrook Orchards (793-1210). From Cartmel go west out #926 to "Y" at Longwood maintenance area, bear right on Doe Run Road -- second right on Northbrook Road to #842, turn left and there it is. Try it -- there's great satisfaction in picking your own -- sampling as you pick your way up the row. It is possible to pick 12-15 pounds in twenty minutes or so. At one and a half pounds per quart this equals 8-10 quarts -- not bad when you consider the savings and more importantly you get to choose the berries. If you prefer you can also buy a box of berries. (senior citizen's discount days, Monday and Tuesday).

The Executive Committee has sanctioned a contest for the best landscaped circle by residents. Sherry Spinosi-Outten will be the sole judge and award the winning circle residents a free subscription to the Crosslands Chronicle and an annual pass to the library!

July 17, 1991

Mystery Solved?

There hangs in the Brandywine River Museum a picture of the Kent house by Jamie Wyeth. It doesn't look at all like the Kent house at the end of the Lonsdale Lane extension in Cartmel that is used by the housekeeping and maintenance departments.

The reason is that the Kent house in Cartmel was originally known as the Urben House (named for its former occupants). Lloyd Lewis, in keeping with the Quaker practice of naming places in Cartmel after places significant to Quakers, suggested that the name be changed to Kentmere House (after Kentmere in the English Lake District). The board of directors shortened this to Kent house.

When asked about this Lloyd Lewis said that if we didn't like the name Kent we could pick another name from a list of early Quaker country names that had been compiled by Henry Cadbury. After studying the list, which included Brigflatts, Flookburgh, Milnthorpe, and Oxenholme we concluded that we're used to Kent House and ought to stick to it.

Groceries Delivered to You in Cartmel: \$5.00 Tel 429-1300

Giunta's Thriftway market in West Chester has long delivered groceries to residents at Kendal and Crosslands, and will deliver to Cartmel for the senior citizens rate of \$5.00 (Usual rate \$10.00). It is a beautiful, huge supermarket in Bradford Plaza on route 322 just west of its intersection with 163 and its prices are competitive with other super-markets.

Deliveries are made Mondays and Thursdays after 4 p.m. Orders to be called in between 9.00 a.m. and 2.00 p.m. The delicatessen department specializes in home-made meat balls and other delicacies.

December 6, 1991

It's a good time to sort through your stuff

While you're going through your wardrobe and getting out your winter woolies, don't forget that the American Friends Service Committee would love to have anything you don't want any longer -- and it is so easy! All you have to do is to call Marianne Wolf at 388-2202 who will store it in her garage until it is collected by the AFSC. It doesn't have to be just clothing but anything you don't want -- lamps, kitchen utensils, books, knick knacks, linens.

January 10, 1992

Excitement!

It was almost too much for the aged hearts of Cartmel residents when a balloon landed in the meadow between the Gambles and the Old Stone on the afternoon of Saturday, December the 28th, Four people were in the basket: John Fawthorp the balloonist, and three passengers. Following by car were three other enthusiasts who tracked the balloon visually and by radio. The balloon is named "licorice Allsorts" which explains the pattern of jumbled squares of black, purple, green, yellow and white of the nylon fabric. The basket -- which looked as if it were made of stoutly woven willow twigs -- was made in South Africa where John first fell in love with the sport. In that country the baskets are made by the blind.

Watching the balloon being deflated and packed into a large canvas bag was totally fascinating to many Cartmel residents. The whole apparatus -- balloon, basket, propane canisters (2) -- was all expertly stowed in a custom-made trailer about 5' x 7' and hauled away. John does not belong to a club, but just works alone with his crew. All the passengers need is a stout pair of rough leather gloves for pulling on ropes and carrying the equipment.

Although one of the passengers claims that she's afraid of heights she said she had no fear in the balloon, and that the peace and quietness of the trip is just wonderful. The flames of the propane burner looked so threatening that your reporter asked why the nylon didn't catch on fire. Answer: "Because that's against the rules!"

March 6, 1992

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

The Valentine season was over, but fortunately February fifteenth added excitement -- the burning of the empty house on Crosslands property, across 926 from Kent House. The fire was staged as a training exercise for new firemen.

Not many Cartmel residents turned out for the event, but it proved to be a sizzler in every respect. Three fire trucks and a tanker were parked in our entrance and down by Kent House. About forty firemen, out of a total sixty that make up the all-volunteer force of the Longwood Fire Company, were on hand. Their outfits were stunning: heavy beige jackets with bold stenciling of their unit, large protective hats that had great dash.

At eight A. M. the empty house was doused with inflammable liquid and set on fire.

Within forty five minutes the whole structure collapsed while the attending firemen hosed down endangered trees and were alert to keep the fire from spreading.

April 10, 1992

TICK ALERT

According to the INQUIRER, researchers at St Louis University have found the bacteria that causes LYME disease in two more species of ticks. RESPECT ALL TICKS.

SMOKE ALARMS

There should be a battery-powered smoke alarm in the hall outside the den or bedroom door in addition to the non battery powered one at its present location. The cost of a battery powered smoke alarm is about \$8.00 and it is easily installed. The property committee suggests the installation of an additional battery powered smoke alarm for your protection and peace of mind.

Tool shed cleared

On May 19th Property Committee members Rich Reynolds, Toni Kusch, Madeline Manzone, and Robert Millar were joined by Ron Davis, Ed Perkins, and Wally Taylor in a work detail to clear the contents of the Old Stone tool-shed under the guidance of Mary Torrans. Nancy Edgar came to be sure there was no damage to the landscaping. Joe Gudonis was on hand and instrumental in removing unwanted and broken items.

The tool-shed will be moved to Crosslands where it will be used by the Horticulture Committee (Paul Wick, chairman) to store all the equipment used by the large crew of volunteer gardeners who work on the Crosslands grounds.

The move went smoothly and took just one hour. The problem was the temporary disappearance of two broken pieces of the old farm bell clapper. Fortunately Mary found the pieces the same evening in a bucket where some one had carefully put them to prevent their being mislaid!

Many thanks to all those who helped in this effort.

July 10, 1992

Roses For Cartmel

Hundreds of roses from Gene Nida's famous rose garden at Crosslands are distributed to the residents there, and the roses placed outside the Crosslands Center at about 9 a. m. daily disappear literally within minutes.

As Cartmel residents, Gene and Althea Nida would love to see their Cartmel neighbors get a better share of their roses, but, lacking a distribution point, they have to rely on you to make your wants known. Please let them know if you're having a celebration, or special company, or know of a neighbor who needs cheering up, or if you just yearn for that wonderful rose fragrance.

The person to call is Ann Davis (388-6632) from 7 to 10 a. m. any day. She'll take requests for just cut flowers or for an arrangement -- and hers are wonderful to behold.

* Eight hundred roses were picked on June 30th alone!!

Noticed Anything New at Kent House?

Next time you wade through the laundry baskets to empty your pigeon-hole at Kent House, don't fail to pay your respects to the three past presidents of the Cartmel Residents' Association whose portraits now adorn the east wall there.

It was Althea Nida's idea that these men be thus honored. She was instrumental in obtaining and framing the portraits and placing them, temporarily, in the Kent House. Madeline provided support and encouragement.

Any other ideas for stuff we should be gathering for eventual display in our Community Center? Will anyone volunteer to be curator of photos of the construction of Cartmel before they all get thrown out? Don't all speak at once!

October 9, 1992

CAN YOU TOP THIS?

Ralph and Ruth Swope acquired three great-grandchildren in one weekend! Their

granddaughter Laura Groo of Churton MD gave birth to twins, William and Emma, on September 27th. On September 25th the wife of their grandson Brian P. Kennedy Jr. gave birth to daughter Shannon in Foster City, California

November 6, 1992

DID YOU KNOW YOU CAN GET TO WILMINGTON STATION BY BUS? FOR FREE!

Cartmel residents are welcome to take advantage of regularly scheduled bus trips out of Crosslands. One destination is Wilmington Station.

Every Thursday the bus leaves Crosslands at 9:20 a.m. and arrives at Wilmington Station by 11:00 a. m. Every Tuesday the bus leaves Crosslands at 1:30 p. m. and arrives at Wilmington Station by 3:00 p. m. All you have to do is to tell the Crosslands receptionist before 3:30 p. m. of the day preceding the trip. She enters the information in a loose-leaf notebook. If you are going to be picked up at the station you tell her the time of arrival and the departure point of the train you are taking.

The Crosslands bus driver is George Harkins, a former, and still honorary, captain of the Kennett Fire Department. He acts as a volunteer ambulance driver for the Fire Department on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday nights.

Buses from Crosslands go to lots of other destinations. Stop at the Crosslands reception desk for a schedule.

December 4, 1992

PENNSBURY TOWNSHIP TOWNWATCH

As Cartmel residents we are fortunate to live in Pennsbury Township which has the only

townwatch within the Avondale Police Barrack's jurisdiction. This volunteer organization has been active for the past eleven years. Patrols drive their own cars and are supplied with a detachable Townwatch logo. Two persons travel together, one as driver and one as observer. The car is in radio contact with a third individual stationed at the township office. Any suspicious behavior or activity is reported to the office for transfer to the police. Patrols are instructed neither to stop nor to talk to anyone, just to observe and report. A patrol takes about three to three and a half hours and covers sixty miles within the township. Tours of duty can be either day or night with frequency at volunteer's request. Additional volunteers are needed, and anyone interested in this public service should call Townwatch at 388-0785.

March 5, 1993

INTRUDER IN MARY TORRANS' BEDROOM

All of us feel a smugness and safeness here in Cartmel, but some events of a late January night make us take stock.

Mary Torrains was wakened about midnight by a noise like a vase falling followed by an eerie inhuman sound ----"oooh". Of course she was alert in a flash! She phoned Ruth Axon whose lights were ablaze to see if she spied anything unusual outside. (Is Ruth just a night owl or was she watching the Australian tennis open on TV?) In any event, Ruth saw nothing amiss. Security was summoned and arrived promptly. A thorough search of the whole house uncovered nothing, Security, however, did report that it found each of "Old Stone's" rooms increasingly attractive as the search continued.

So brave Mary went to bed.

Sunday morning, happily, illuminated the culprit. A squirrel was chewing on the bedroom window sill -- desperate to escape. This time security could not answer the new SOS immediately. Knowing that evicting the intruder was at least a two "person" undertaking, Mary phoned our peerless leader, Bob Goddu, who responded with alacrity. Using brooms the pair finally chased the alarmist out an open window.

The moral of this small adventure is: keep a broom near the bedroom, and memorize Bob's telephone number.

April 9, 1993

MAGAZINES AT KENT HOUSE

It was Felix Shay who first had the idea of making hand-me-down magazines available for residents at #6. Since then they've been moved to the Kent House and many people avail themselves of these. Ron Davis has assumed responsibility for keeping an eye on this operation. If you want your magazine back, please mark it clearly: RETURN TO _____ otherwise it will be discarded after a couple of months. Paperback books did not seem to move very well, but if you would like to leave them there, Ron is prepared to fix up a shelf to keep them tidy.

May 7, 1993

FROM THE ADMINISTRATOR

The Cartmel Long Range Planning Group has been formed and has scheduled its first meeting for Wednesday, May 12th.

We shall be cooperating in a unique way as Board, Staff, and residents to address key issues that need to be considered and planned for by Cartmel in the next three to five years. This is a large challenge as well as an exciting opportunity.

The planning process will obtain input from various constituencies regarding issues and concerns, their perceptions of strengths and weaknesses of our community, as well as suggestions for improving the operations and culture of our community.

The Long Range Planning Group has the following members:

BOARD

Joanna Savery
Patricia Spock
Sally Worth

RESIDENTS

Ruth Axon
Gabe Cortes
Connie Fleming
Madeline Manzone

STAFF

Peg Cook
Linda Flewelling
John Huber
Karen Roark

Charles Riley

Betty Zeller

Our goal is to accomplish our task between May and November, 1993
John G. Huber, Jr.

GROUND HOG NIGHT

Just after dinner last Wednesday evening (April 28) Ann Davis called us to go see a strange sight. There on her lawn was a young ground hog going round and round in tight circles. We decided that it was rabid, and that we should "call maintenance".

Ann's kitchen quickly became a command center. The Crosslands night watchman and the State Police had no solution. "Wild Animal Control" ----no answer. Now Amy and Ann decided to call a friendly veterinarian who suggested the S.P.C.A. Here they suggested the Penn State Game Warden (1 800 228 0791) who said that if no one were bitten to bury the critter.

Meanwhile the animal had circled his way up to the entrance drive, and Ann thought someone might run over it. I accomplished this quickly and had him boxed and labeled!

Next morning a call to Jim Teal brought Hector in a pickup, but alas, someone had already picked him up. Peace reigns at Lonsdale.

MAGAZINES -- ANYONE

Our housekeeping staff members who have their headquarters in the Kent House have been carefully keeping our "magazine exchange" table neat. The report, however, is that the variety and quantity of magazines contributed by residents have both declined. Popular and unusual monthly publications that do arrive at the Kent House seem to vanish from the table promptly, never, alas, to be seen again. Our once-thriving and informative "exchange" practice has slowed to a trickle. We're missing a delightful opportunity to broaden our reading pleasure.

Dear reader, please do what you can to channel your used magazines (and paper back books) to Kent House for wider use -- and return your borrowings promptly for others to enjoy.

July 20, 1993

Experience with me the Cartmel/Coniston Lawn Party on that hot and sunny June 18. Pretend you are a reluctant guest brought by a more interested spouse "just to look at a retirement community". You arrive at the entrance and follow the signs to a field where a woman with a hat as large as her smile is directing you in a most friendly but firm manner to an empty space. You find to your surprise that she is a resident of Cartmel and she wishes you a most happy afternoon. She directs you to a bus which takes you and others to a lovely old stone house. A tent awaits and people are gathered, chatting and pinning on name tags. They appear to know each other. Aah -- residents are here as well!

They are greeting newcomers -- nametags tell you which is which. Your spouse is chatting with someone you do not know and you begin to feel "out of it" when a man introduces himself and tells you he is the editor of the newspaper at Cartmel. A woman approaches, announces she lives at Coniston, and asks which community you are interested in. You are saved from having to answer, "neither one, really" by the starting of the program. You are surprised that the first two speakers, John and Joe, are pretty funny, actually, and you begin to relax. Then the director speaks more seriously about The Kendal Corporation's goals for the care and well being of residents and the future possible changes in health care. You find yourself impressed by the connectedness you feel with this man.

Words you associate with "retirement community" come to you -- a large, cold, impersonal institution; the residents, infirm, inactive. Not any of these words apply to the scene under this tent. The words that do apply are vitality and warmth.

At the back of the tent there is a refreshment table wondrous in its sudden appearance. There are large trays of fresh fruit, cookies, punch and iced tea. After cooling off, and more conversation (don't these people ever stop talking?) you and your spouse climb aboard the shuttle to Coniston where you visit two attractive homes and lovely gardens. You like the smallness and privacy of the community. Returning to Cartmel, you visit houses with three different floor plans. Much of what you see is surprising. Every resident you talk to is a "happy camper." Back to the tent for another cool drink and a short chat with Peg Cook. Then on to the parking meadow where Madeline is sitting in the shade on a camp chair fanning herself. But the smile is as bright as before. You say "Good-bye" and have to admit to a "jolly good" afternoon.

I'm sure you will be interested in the remarks overheard by or communicated to our host families. They tell us a lot about people's reaction to our communities.

1. The floor plans are well done. Construction is good.
2. I like the big garage and basement (from a man).
3. I liked the screen porch and big windows (from a woman).
4. Every house is so different, and so much space for books.
5. This house is so big and looks small from outside. It's not cramped at all.
6. The house is spacious -- so open and bright. I like looking outside.
7. It's so cool in here and your air conditioner wasn't on?
8. I like the pantry. The bay window in the kitchen is nice, and you can see the sunsets.
9. This house is beautiful. I love the garden.
10. My piano can fit.
11. I like the setting. It is remote, away from traffic, serene, and peaceful.
12. I'm impressed with the privacy. You don't see the neighbors nor hear any noise from next door.
13. It's nice you can make changes.
14. I liked meeting the residents. They are so friendly.
15. I haven't met any one who isn't happy.
16. This tour has helped me to consolidate my thoughts.
17. I can't wait to come. Our problem is selling our house.
18. What you get here is a bargain compared to other communities.
19. My mother was at Kendal and I know the facility and services are good.

Special thanks to John who cruised Cartmel in his van, transporting wayfarers from one cluster to another. Peg and Coreen thank the entire community for their whole-hearted support. The warm welcome, more than anything else, made the afternoon a great success.

Brandywine Battlefield (again)

In the February issue of the "Courier" I described the Brandywine Battlefield tours to be given this spring. A number of readers were interested in the tours but waited to buy tickets and then were disappointed as the tours were sold out. We now have tours scheduled for the fall, so I hope our friends who are interested can plan and purchase ahead of time. The tours are from 10:00 AM to 12:30 PM on the following Saturdays:

September 25, October 5, 23, and 30 and November 13. The cost is \$12.00 per person except Battlefield Associate Members are \$6.00. For tickets or information call 459-3342.

Incidentally, those who are interested in watching a recreation of the battle, inspecting continentals, British and Hessian troops, seeing Washington's and Lafayette's headquarters and visiting with craftsmen and settlers should plan to go to "Revolutionary Times" on Sunday September 19 from 10 to 4:30. It's a great show for grandchildren and elderly buffs. Cost is \$5.00 for adults and \$2.00 for children. Refreshments are available or bring your own. Location is at the Brandywine Battlefield Park about one mile east of Chadds Ford on Route 1. Free parking and bus service are available.

July 4 Picnic

Deja vu! It seemed like an old fashioned Independence Day celebration. Surely the weather had the scorching hot feel of many remembered Fourth's of July; decidedly everyone pitched in to help and amazingly we seemed like old friends. If names didn't trip off the tongue instantly -- well, we all have excuses for that -- and happily the faces were familiar.

Ruth Axon and Mary Torrans spearheaded the intricate planning. Thank heavens for Bob Goddu's truck -- and his and Wilson White's and John Clark's brawn. We might never have had those sturdy Crossland's tables otherwise! Of course we would have expected Gene Nida's roses, and further adding to the decor were the flower arranging talents of Mollie Dixon and Skip Taylor. Mary's yard looked quite elegant -- clipped and pruned and ready to be dressed up.

The stirring band music that greeted us set the patriotic mood. Then later -- almost unnoticed -- it shifted to some nostalgic golden oldies. The tapes were courtesy of Bob Goddu. Is there anything that man doesn't have?

Deja vu again, with the mountains of awfully good food. Anne White, like a catering chief, insisted on nothing but the best rolls and the highest grade of meat. Master chefs Ted Savery and John Sweeney led the grilling brigade, and the many unsung cooks produced all sorts of masterpieces.

Several romping grandchildren added spice to the afternoon, though spice was hardly needed. It was evident that everyone was having a very good time. There was lots of

comfortable conversation and spontaneous mingling.

One family was so carried away by the occasion that they left two red folding chairs behind. You just know that they must have had fun!

November 12, 1993

Purchase of the Scott Property

The Kendal Corporation purchased the Scott property adjacent to the western border of Crosslands and the northern border of Kendal at Longwood. The purchase was made both to protect the communities and to benefit the communities by providing for possible future needs. The site includes 80 acres and a home.

The decision to purchase was made following consultation with the Kendal-Crosslands Community Board, the administrative staff, and the Kendal at Longwood and the Crosslands Resident Association Boards. Long range planning goals were taken into consideration, as were various aspects of cost and development.

As planning for the ultimate use of the property proceeds administrators will keep residents and staff informed and will invite reactions to specific ideas. For the time being, the property will be rented and used in its current manner.

December 17, 1993

FOURTH ANNUAL CARTMEL CAROL SING

Thursday, December 23 at 5:00 p. m.

Assemble at Wilmots, 36 Windermere Way, to collect carol books and practice a bit. Dress warmly. Bring flashlights.

After singing in various Cartmel locations the carol-singers will all go to 1 Ingleton Circle for refreshments.

If you haven't the inclination or stamina for walking around and singing, come for

refreshments anyhow. ALL ARE WELCOME.

THANK YOU, HOUSEKEEPERS!

Ada and Effie, Carol and Ginger, Doris and Dale, Jewel and Pat; by parking your cars way over to the left of the Recycling Shed you have made access to Kent House much easier -- and safer -- for us residents. Thank you for that and for your care of us all year long.

Merry Christmas!

(The winter of '93-'94 was an extraordinarily difficult one: snow, ice, long-lasting low temperatures, slush, with consequent problems: getting our cars out of the garages, stepping out to pick up the morning paper without falling, walking gingerly and dangerously to our mail boxes, etc. And on one occasion, we lost electricity -- which meant the means of lighting and heating our houses, and of cooking.)

In the issue of February 18, 1994, Gloria Gamble expressed her observations as follows:

WINTER OF '93 - '94

The Ice storm of ninety-four proved what we've always felt -- that we at Cartmel are a pretty hardy and ingenious lot. No wailing or moaning and phoning children and grandchildren about the tough and frigid situation we are in. No indeed! Just alternative action to take care of ourselves.

Many felt that the loss of electricity and ensuing numbing cold would last just a few hours. Friends offered warm homes and food, but were politely turned down. That was in the morning! By afternoon these same friends were phoned back and told that perhaps their invitations would be accepted after all. We understand that rather festive house party situations arose in some cases. One couple even found friends in Allentown, undoubtedly setting a record for the most distant rescue destination.

Then there were the intuitive ones who knew in their bones that the situation would be prolonged. They fled to motels or even to the almost decadent luxury of Wilmington's Hotel du Pont. Reports are that they hated to return, even after electricity was restored.

The strong country bred were better off than most. Naturally they had laid in an enormous stockpile of wood, so maintaining a continuous fire was no problem at all. Some heated bricks in that ever burning fireplace. Placed in the beds they made toasty sleeping.

Propane heaters were miraculously produced by the prudent -- for cooking and heating. Sterno was used in our very own stoves -- in some esoteric fashion -- so that food preparation was quite simple. Electric shaving was managed by defecting to Kendal's facilities.

Cuddling, if possible, was highly recommended. Even those who had chosen separate bedrooms eschewed the practice for one night. Evidently snoring is not a problem at very low temperatures.

There is an ongoing debate about whether the blizzard of ninety-three was worse than the ice storm of ninety-four. Whatever the consensus -- we know that we will be prepared for anything that hits us in ninety-five -- or even two thousand.

April 15, 1994

THE PEOPLE SPEAK

On Friday afternoon, April 8, about 200 residents came together at the request of Senator Bell and Representative Pitts in order to discuss the problems of the traffic patterns which trucks are establishing on Routes 926 and 52. Douglas May had also been invited to represent PennDOT and was accompanied by two colleagues. The room was so full of interested people that some had to sit behind the panel of speakers. We recognize the consideration shown by Messrs. Bell and Pitts to be the result of the many letters written to them from our community. When the program was opened to questions and comments from the floor these were spirited and deeply felt.

Mr. May, District Traffic Engineer for PennDOT, explained that he is involved with studying traffic patterns, accident patterns, and traffic controls. He feels it is important that roads become more congestion free. He commented that there has been a high

incidence of traffic accidents on 926 between Routes 52 and 100, and added that the two bridges in that span need replacement.

Senator Bell pointed out that retirees settled on 926 because it is a "safe place to live". He further expressed sympathy with the anxieties expositied in the mail he had received.

Questions and comments from the floor followed the remarks of the officials. Not infrequently the remarks of a member of the audience was greeted with applause as they seemed to crystallize the irritation, frustrations and sometimes the feeling of hopelessness characterizing the mood of the group. At one point Dave Wittman, our audio maven, said there were so many hands going up he was afraid of being accused of ignoring someone. He was quite right; almost everyone had something to add or some remedy to suggest. Among them were: lower the total speed limit; don't improve the bridges -- prohibit trucks from using them, in any event place the signs indicating the total maximum weight capacity where it can be seen by on-coming vehicles; do not improve 926 -- it is fine for local traffic, just inappropriate for large trucks; lower and control the speed limit on 926; one resident, quoting a gas-station attendant, said she had been told "there are trucks on 926 because there are no cops on 926"; speed enforcement would deter trucks. Many more opinions and concerns were expressed, sometimes with humor, sometimes with anger, always with seriousness.

Responses to the comments and questions ranged from "there are insufficient pull-offs on 926 for police to stop speeding trucks", "the county is full of beautiful country roads. If we prohibit truck traffic on one we'll have to do so for all". "The trucking industry is important to our economy, their interests have to be considered". Senator Bell and Representative Pitts expressed real concern and will continue to seek solutions to the problem.

A critical aspect of the issue concerns intersections at 926 and 52 as well as a section on 926 between 100 and 52. A 35 mile speed limit seems mandatory and effective if enforced. We appreciate our legislative representative's support in achieving our objective of reducing or eliminating truck traffic on these rural routes, especially 926.

May 13, 1994

CARTMEL'S UNDERGROUND

When all of us moved into Cartmel it was roughly a roulette situation as to whether a basement would be available or not. The slope of the site, the whim of the builder, the

request of the buyer were all factored in. With any luck, those who opted for by no means economic extra, were rewarded.

Of course there were those disciplined souls who wanted to pare down their worldly goods -- the minimalists - and who wanted nothing more than the basics. No basements for them! Perhaps they were the wise ones.

Hopes ran high for the basement owners. Their plans for the underground dream rooms were often grandiose: a sunken bedroom for visiting firemen or grandchildren, a world class shop for the advanced handy person, a hideaway study for the academic, a glorified game room and exercise center for the athletic. There was no end to this added living space.

It should be added that basement availability is almost a must for the widowed deciding to double up in their living arrangements after happy late life nuptials. A storage area is essential to initial marital harmony while deciding were to put whose "what nots".

As a matter of fact storage seems to be a primary use for all that empty cellar space. Several families have basements filled with friends', neighbor's, and relative's overflow -- and very little of their own -- a sort of communal catch-all!

Unfortunately reality intruded rather quickly -- as it so often does. There just hadn't been adequate drainage from the beginning and damp basements were the unhappy result. Stop-gap measures were put into operation at once. Humidifiers were installed, holes were made for drainage, walls and flooring were built and heaters and fans added to the electrical paraphernalia.

The drainage holes were an unexpected boon to some, as it turned out. Families of mice found that they could gain easy access -- particularly welcome in cold and inclement weather -- to a climate more acceptable to their lifestyle. Ingenious as most Cartmelites are, mousetraps were set with some degree of success. But other less lucky owners, where multiplying mice were firmly entrenched, had to call on professional exterminators.

Management has promised -- we trust before we age too much more -- to waterproof basement walls and re-grade outside areas. We trust that a rosy and drier future is in store for all of Cartmel -- even its subterranean places.

Silence is Golden
but

The squeaky wheel gets the grease!

KENT HOUSE BLUES

The discomfort and inconvenience of Kent House as a place to pick up messages is incontrovertible. Wading in through laundry baskets and vacuum sweepers is hardly inviting. Interrupting the housekeepers on their lunch break makes us feel like intruders. The inability to gain access after 4:00 p.m. or on weekends is a pain in the neck. But it's what we've got for the moment.

Trying to make us feel more welcome, Housekeeping Manager Doris Rivera, aided by Housekeepers Carol Walker and Ginger Moore, have placed a table and two chairs there, with a sign welcoming residents. They also rearranged things to free up a bookcase for a few books. Thank you Doris, Carol, and Ginger for your TLC not only in our homes, but for putting up with us in the one place to which you can retreat for a few minutes' break from your hard work for all of us.

JULY 15, 1994

JAIL-HOUSE VOLUNTEERS WANTED

The Prisoners-Visiting team who go to the County Prison every Wednesday afternoon for a few hours is badly in need of another member or two. At present the team is composed of an octogenarian in failing health and a teacher at Lincoln. If anyone is interested but hesitant, Wil Scott (388-8567) would be happy to accompany him or her for a simple visit with absolutely no further obligation.

SEPTEMBER, 1994

CHANGES IN HOUSEKEEPING STAFF

The correct title is Utility Aide/Housekeeper, but to keep it simple, let's just say

Housekeeper. After many years of employment with Kendal Corporation **Ada Osborne** has retired and moved to Tennessee where she and her husband -- who originally came from there -- have a home. We wish Ada all the best in her well-earned retirement.

Ada's place on the team with **Effie Ruth** has been taken by **Pam Rodriguez** who formerly worked as a housekeeper here before becoming a painter and then housekeeper at Kendal. Welcome back, Pam!

Ginger Moore, most recent partner of **Carol Walker**, has transferred to Crosslands for training as a nurse's aide. Versatility is Ginger's forte as she has in the past been a model for petite clothing, a "cooling-down" walker of race horses, a casino employee and a dental assistant. Good luck in this new venture Ginger!

Ginger's place on the team with Carol (don't desert us Carol) has been taken by **Betty Frabutt** (pronounced "Fraybut"). Betty has previously worked as a Kendal Housekeeper on weekends, and worked for two years in Day Care. Welcome aboard, Betty!

Our other housekeepers are old friends: **Jewel Lemons**, **Pat Wiley**, and **Dale Huggins** (winner of the Crosslands-Kendal foot race). Housekeeping manager **Doris Rivera** keeps everything running smoothly and pinch-hits whenever and wherever needed.

MEDICAL EQUIPMENT AVAILABLE AT KENT HOUSE -- FREE

Should you, or perhaps a visiting relative, have need of a walker, quadricane, commode, crutches, bedpan, icebag, toilet seat booster, walking stick, heating pad, donut cushion, etc. check at the Kent House (upstairs -- across the hall from Doris Rivera's office) to see if what you need is there, before you run out to buy or rent these items.

They have been contributed for the use of Cartmel residents by Violet Stern, executrix (and cousin) of the late **Hedwig (Hedel) Vaughan-Henry** and by **Marianne Wolf**, who will be moving to Kendal in January 1995. Additional items have been promised by another resident. The collection of these items is a service provided by the **Cartmel Caring Committee**.

NOVEMBER 1994

CONGRATULATIONS, KENDAL

Make way for **Suzanne and Robert Millar**. With their arrival at Kendal in November, these two people bring their talents and skills to their new home (#21), talents and skills which will surely blossom there.

For the five years the Millars were a part of Cartmel, at 23 Ingleston Circle, their good will and good works were of great benefit to the community. During her years as secretary, as vice chairman, and then chairperson of the Cartmel Finance Committee, Suzanne spent untold hours working on behalf of the residents of Cartmel and of the Kendal/Crosslands staff and administration.. Her comprehensive file contained minutes of every meeting, questionnaires and reports of same, and correspondence to numerous individuals, agencies, companies, organizations dealing in the development of health care coverage, long term nursing home care instants, and better contracts.

HORSESHOE "PITS" ON GO

Our Cartmel Horseshoe "Pits" on Ingleton Circle are now open for play.

Two stakes are in place in the bowl formed by the far berm. They are thirty-six feet apart. Players may of course throw longer or shorter distances as they please.

The horseshoes are stored on a post by the electric transformer which is tucked behind the forsythia bushes on the roadside of the berm.

The stakes are set in buried pipes so they may easily be removed for mowing. When there is need to remove them they should be replaced with wooden pegs to keep dirt from filling the pipes. The pegs are also stored on the post by the transformer.

Cartmelians are all invited to try for a ringer.

FREE ORANGE JUICE

Be at Kendal between 10.00 AM and 3:00 PM Thursday, December 1 and contribute to the

most important liquid available -- blood. It saves lives and the Red Cross is the most important repository of this life-giving commodity. When donating blood you are first interviewed by a nurse to make certain you are an appropriate donor -- age is no longer a basis for disqualification. For additional information call Joan Elvin 347-1240.

Please join Wally Taylor and other Cartmelians for Orange juice.

January 20, 1995

When it comes to caring, I doubt there can be a more loving community than Cartmel. My totally unexpected precipitation into the hospital in early November, accompanied by a rather iffy prognostication as regards my health, caused me to designate one friend and fellow resident, **Marianne Wolf**, as the person with whom I would stay in touch and I asked her to act as my Cartmel communicator and tell inquirers that I wanted no phone calls, no cards, no flowers, no nothing! She kept the faith and I was left mercifully undisturbed, but I was totally overwhelmed and deeply touched by one enormous greeting card I received on my return home. **Ann Scott** had planned this for my homecoming and wrote "It's not really a card" on it. Surrounding a lovely Raoul Dufy print of anemones in a vase, was a wide border signed by every Cartmel resident who was here at the time. Each of the signers had made a trip to **Ann** and **Wil's** house to sign the card. The first arrivals came at about 8:00 AM when Ann and Wil were still in their night attire and robes. The stream of visitors was constant until noon when they finally had a chance to get dressed! The beautiful card is now framed and hangs in my living room,

After my return home I was the guest of honor at a surprise Welcome Home party given by **Jean** and **Ed Perkins**. I was the grateful recipient of so many gifts of homemade soup, cookies, etc. and many offers of transportation if needed. I have already availed myself of one of these offers and shall not hesitate to ask for more help if I need it.

Cartmelians, Cartmelites, or whatever you call yourself, you are so loving and I thank you all for your care, concern, prayers, and "holding in the light".

May 12, 1995

CARTMEL REJOICES

All those who knew of his disappearance grieved with **Ann Davis** when her magnificent marmalade cat "Goldie" vanished on Wednesday, April 19th. He was last seen catting

Ann's footsteps as she walked up the hill to the Gamble's house for a meeting that day. During the meeting noises at the door led us to think that "Goldie" was trying to come in, but it was nothing but the rattling of a welcome sign on the door.

Since then "Goldie" was missing. Many of Cartmel's walkers kept a look out for him but to no avail. Speculation ran high that he had been the victim of foxes -- and roadsides were checked. Casualties there were high but none had orange fur....

The Scotts had been away for the weekend. On their return on Tuesday April 25th they heard crying from the crawl space under their house, and there was "Goldie" who had been shut under there for almost a week. This mighty hunter was a little thinner, more subdued, but OK. He was reunited with Ann that evening and we all rejoiced.

DO YOU REMEMBER

1. Who started the first Courier with a member of the staff?
2. Who painted the fireplugs in Cartmel?
3. Who held a cocktail party for each circle as they moved in?
4. Who made the tag board we use at our monthly meetings?
5. Who donated the nametags?
6. Who spent hours making a perimeter trail for Cartmel?
7. Who contributed many hours and many roses to the K-C Community?
8. Who tried to save the trees in the woods from vines consuming them?
9. Whom do we thank for our recycling center?
10. Who worked for years to get us a traffic light at 926/52?
11. Who keeps us informed about the many birds in Cartmel?
12. Who has the tall flagpole and flies the flag of nations to greet our many visitors?
13. Who donated the bench for Ingleton circle?

*1. Muriel Feraru and Janet McNemar 2. Bob Goddu 3. Mary Torrans
4. Mario Manzone 5. Jo Hadlock 6. Carl Burns and Ted Savery 7. Gene and Althea Nida
8. Walter Huffman and Carl Burns 9. Wally Taylor 10. Bob Goddu 11. Charles and Helene Riley
12. George Martin and John Sweeney 13. Ted and Joanna Savery*

Chapter 4

The Cartmel Community

The community is capable of housing 112 people, and the actual number at any one time is very close to that. Deaths, and moves to Kendal, Crosslands, or elsewhere cause the numbers to fluctuate of course; but new residents continue to take the place of those who leave.

A recent shift in the social structure occurred when two residents, Jud Wells and Nancy Edgar, married in January, 1994. Happily, they chose to stay at Cartmel.

Since Cartmel was not intended as a haven for youth, some residents have died in the course of our ten-year history. These neighbors are, in order of their dates of decease: [I have bracketed names of former residents who died not at Cartmel, but elsewhere.]

Richard Wood	Nov. 23, 1989
J. Thomas Axon	Dec. 18, 1989
Mario Manzone	Apr. 16, 1990
David Torrans	Aug. 13, 1990
Katherine Pfeifer	Mar. 18, 1991
[Edmund Pfeifer]	Feb. 29, 1992
Dean Stanley	May 2, 1992
Helen Clark	Sep. 5, 1992
Lucy McIlvaine	Nov. 18, 1992
Canfield Hadlock	Feb. 11, 1993
Mary Wells	Feb. 23, 1993
Althea Nida	May 1, 1993
Dwight Hollingsworth	Oct. 31, 1993
Hedwig Vaughan-Henry	Jul. 29, 1994
Molly Dixon	Apr. 16, 1995
[Polly Bliss]	Dec. 15, 1995
Ruth Axon	Jun. 23, 1995

[Felix Shay]	Jul. 25, 1995
[Alma Reynolds]	Mar. 19, 1996
[Bubby Bliss]	May 8, 1996
David Hopkins	Jun. 5, 1996
[Ed Cronin]	Aug. 2, 1996
[Felix Feraru]	Aug. 25, 1997
Pete Heintz	Sep. 9, 1997
Maxine Masten	Aug. 18, 1998
[Ralph Swope]	Oct. 24, 1998
[Marianne Wolf]	Nov. 25, 1998
[Eleanor Shay]	Dec. 24, 1998
[Elizabeth Cronin]	Jan. 1, 1999
George Turner	Mar. 7, 1999

Many residents have come to Cartmel with the thought of eventually moving to Crosslands or Kendal with their provision for continual care. As of this writing Cartmel Alumnae/i at Kendal are:

- #40 Muriel Feraru
- #60 Madeline Manzone
- #21 Robert and Suzanne Millar
- #58 Ann and Wil Scott
- #91 Jane and Bert Spivey
- #62 Denise and John Wood
- #400 Dick and Sally Worth

Those at Crosslands are:

- #216 Anne and John Bidwell
- #158 Anna Davis (Now Mrs. George Steele)
- #43 Helen Hollingsworth
- #154 Ruth and Walt Huffman
- #53 George Martin
- #76 Richard Reynolds
- #172 Joanna and Ted Savery

#52 John Sweeney
#142 Ruth Swope
#199 Mary Walker
#39 Anne and Wilson White
#198 Jeanne Wild
#112 Armin and Evelyn Wilson
#280 Elsie Wood
#18 Eileen Zeller

Still others have moved from Cartmel to homes elsewhere:

Agnes Booher	Roger and Isabelle Hollingsworth
Jeanne and Robert Browning	Durando and June Miller
James and Mary Carpenter	Gene Nida
John and Joan Clark	Jean Vincent
Albert and Marion Hansen	Don and Jackie Winslow

In conclusion, Ron Davis provided an affectionate retrospective view of those early years at Cartmel:

Recalling the formative years of Cartmel one realizes that the participation in the start-up of a new community was an unusual experience.

Motivated by common goals for our individual retirement plans we, strangers to each other, arrived at a Cartmel of unfinished houses. Community "identity" did not yet exist. Respect for each other's previous life styles, careers, and accomplishments did not exist. Mores to serve our common needs arose as a natural process of society.

The flavor if you will of Cartmel life... the security and the respect for privacy, a moderate social life... all became evident. Newcomers were eagerly awaited, bringing more depth of experience. A pleasant, viable community was born where none had been before.

What has been the reward for pioneering? Perhaps most deeply satisfying is to know that new, prospective residents look us over... like all they see... and opt to live their precious retirement years with the Cartmel Community.

Chapter 5

A Potpourri of After Words

Some of our community have been moved to express their Cartmel experience in verse form. Poems have appeared at appropriate times in The Cartmel Courier, others have been contributed to the literary supplement of Crosslands called Intermittent, and one was published by The Kennett Paper. The occasion for this first piece was the astonishing -- and never explained -- appearance of some peacocks. Maxine Masten expressed her ambivalent feelings thusly:

I WAS APPALLED AFTER THE PEACOCKS CALLED (on Windermere Way)

They tapped at my glass door,
 politely,
I have to admit it.
It appeared unseemly so I asked them,
 politely,
To quit it!
They left in a busy trot,
Trailing blue color and
Bobbing top knot!
 Socially correct,
They strutted to the front door
From the back lot,
Left their calling card
Without bothering to knock...

I have ceased my poetic waxing
Or pastoral tommyrot
In exchange for a scrub brush,
And unkind mutterings
About those Peacocks!

Maxine Masten

* * * * *

Frequent visitors to our community are the deer. We take two views: negative, because they devour our bushes and flowers, and because they bear deer ticks; but positive because -- well, Sonia Ralston says it in a poem from The Cartmel Courier.

WINTER VISITOR

Timidly,
Torn between fear and need,
The doe comes to our window.

Great eyed and motionless as stone
 she stands,
Then furtively nibbles
The one unprotected tip
 of snow free yew.

Somewhere a distant dog barks.
Abruptly her head jerks upward,
 eyes fearful, tail flailing.
A small cloven hoof stamps out
The ancient warning to her comrades
 as she turns to flee.

Gentle creature -
 wild and beautiful -
I grieve your man-made suburban dilemma.

Sonia Ralston

* * * * *

IN THE QUIET OF A SUMMER'S MORN

When all is still
Sound
Any sound
From near or far
is blasphemous
a curse on all

When all is still
In this very stillness
Epiphanies dance
Like fireflies
Just before Dawn

When all is still
The world is open and pure
Nascent
Hoping
Willing
For the pregnancy
Of Creativity

When all is still
Poets appear
And leave their messages
That make life bearable
Giving us
The meaning of Being

Armin Wilson

* * * * *

From The Cartmel Courier, this paean in limerick stanzas by Gloria Gamble

A strong, modest fellow named Ted
Is always a few steps ahead --
If Cartmel is needing
Some cleanup or weeding
He'll just put those chores straight to bed.

He's shoveled and swept near Street Road
Carrying gravel away by the load,
With trucks whizzing by,
Never batting an eye,
He was steady -- and smiling! -- and bold.

The path to our Kent House was bare,
Just not much of anything there.
Then Ted put in plants,
And how they enhance!
Salute to a gentleman rare!

Gloria Gamble

From The Cartmel Courier

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Snow is falling on the hushed garden...
Sitting here at my kitchen table
I enumerate accumulated riches
Counting my friends,
Their faces suddenly bright,
Their kindness remembered,
Their dearness cherished.

Sitting here, pen in hand,
I am warmed by a hundred tenuous threads
Of remembered love.
Across seas and mountains
I take them to my heart again.
Recalling shared dreams, shared pain,
And together we embrace.

Sitting at my kitchen table
(Address book, envelopes, tattered listings)
I sense once again the Manger
And, in spite of the season's multiple distractions,
Am reassured
This is the true meaning!

Sonia Ralston

* * * * *

From Intermittent

THE POWER OF MUSIC

Music can lull a baby to sleep
or trigger a memory buried deep,
Will inspire a soldier
to fight for a cause--
make an audience stomp and clap and applaud.
The bride must have music
as she walks down the aisle.
The church provides music
as we walk the last mile.
What would a carnival be like without sound--
the barkers, the clowns, and the merry-go-round?
A song to praise God,
soothe an unhappy soul,
music to help the bereaved to feel whole.
The sound of a band
on the 4th of July;
Solemn taps that are played
to say our goodbye.
Music for tapping and waltzing and clogging,
Music for running when we are out jogging,
Music surrounds us in every way
for it is the sunshine that brightens our day.

Ginny Burns

* * * * *

OLD AGE

Weary the day
Welcome the night
Wearing the black mantle
Ache of the back
Spreading from the four corners
Toward the center
And back again
Head, arms, legs, feet, hands, neck
Rushing to the rescue
Themselves shipwrecked
Then
The meal
Reason to live, life itself
Sips of coffee
Lacking its stimulant
Slides along the tongue
Stops
For savoring the flavor no matter how weak
Then
Cascades along the undulating tube
Always forward
And down
Grape fruit segment
Torn into bits by the ravenous animals
Of the teeth
Joining the coffee
Presently
With a sensed "thud"

Musing
As the reel of life
Rolls backward
Revealing friends
Disappearing into themselves
Joining the mother at the womb point

Nature
Smiles briefly
Amused at her upstarts
Who hoped for much
Did so little

Yet
Arms upraised
We salute the passing parade
Sic transit gloria mundi!!

Armin Wilson

* * * * *

THANK YOU, CROSSLANDS!

by a Community Gardener, Sonia Ralston

I am so grateful for this small patch of shared earth
Loaned to me at the far end

Of my worldly story.

Sitting here in my newly-created kingdom,
Quietly withdrawn upon a soft summer evening,
Book in hand and fragranced by young roses,

I give thanks.

Temporary custodian only, I will nevertheless

Nurture it ... cosset and care for it...

Planting as though the tomorrows

Will never end!

Other gardens crowd my thoughts -

The willing, carefree assemblages of childhood England

Sweet William ... Lavender... London Pride...

And oh! those endless roses!

Then marriage half a world away, and the barren sod

Of many rented homes, no sooner planted than vacated...

Leaving others to marvel at my sudden daffodils!

Finally, at last, the rich blessing of a Chester County
farmhouse...

Ah! What a comeliness of canvas awaited us there -
Always responsive to my vernal dreaming,
Always forgiving my inept administration!
Nor can I forget the trees I've planted over the years

(Minor bit-player only in their magnificent drama).

Those sweet, now towering giants,
Emerged from acorn, chestnut, or winged maple...
Each affirming there is a God!

Yes, I am grateful for the gardens I've been granted
This last no less than all the others.
Now I remain hopeful Saint Pete will allow me
One last rose bush!
(He wouldn't object to a Peace Rose
just inside these Celestial Gates,
Would he?)

Sonia Ralston

One of Cartmel's beauties is the meadow extending north from the homes all along one side of Ingleton Circle. It is, of course, the habitat of various attractive and unattractive non-human creatures -- mice, voles, moles, insects, red-wing blackbirds, swooping tree swallows, meadow larks. The favorite Cartmel bird, the blue bird, depends for its sustenance on the insects nourished in the meadow. But recently the presence of deer ticks (responsible for Lyme disease) which are carried by some of these creatures divided the community: should the meadow in the interest of safety be mowed? If so, how often? The following piece by Gloria Gamble from The Cartmel Courier relates to that issue:

Ode to a Pennsylvania Meadow

Meadow, Meadow - fair and changing
Oh the trouble you have wrought!
Perhaps the very best solution
Is that you be sold -- then bought!
Paved all over, Modernized
With mini-mall and parking lot.
That would bring us all together;
Yes we love you mowed or not!

Gloria Gamble

* * * * *

From The Cartmel Courier this poem in Clement Clarke Moore's own meter.

'TIS A TRUE HOLIDAY STORY

'Twas four days after Christmas,
Cartmel was serene,
When sirens and clanging
Disrupted the scene.

We were aghast
At what we next saw,
Three speeding red engines
Filled watchers with awe.

They barreled down Ingleton
Turned into house eight --
Firefighters a-rushing
They just couldn't wait.

An admirable neighbor
Was hard on their track,
But an adamant fire chief
Just shoved him right back.

A window was broken
And smoke poured right out.
"No one in the house!"
Assured a loud shout.

The fireplace had harbored
One small living ember,
Fresh logs and closed damper
Caused the smoke that December.

Daily news had sent out
A part of its crew
Complete with photographer,
Beard and ponytail too.

Meanwhile, missing owners
Headed home in dismay,
With auxilliary vehicles
Blocking their way.

To break down the door
Seemed their big aim in life,
Though a key did appear,
Saving that bit of strife.

A signal had gone
To the firehouse, they say,
From a smoke alarm system
That sure saved the day.

"Whose house is in danger?"
They naively asked.
"We believe it is yours",
Came the answer quite fast.

Though small damage was done
The moral is clear –
Check your fireplace with care
And a Happy New Year!

Gloria Gamble

* * * * *

From Intermittent,

ON MOVING TO CROSSLANDS

A move into Crosslands
is never a joke,
Although sometimes we laugh
lest our tempers go broke!
There is sorting and packing
Until near THE DAY,
In goes all that is left
While we hope and we pray.

We did start quite early,
Some items uncovered
We'd lost since our last move
and never discovered!
The movers came early
My, but they work fast.
We couldn't believe it
When just at the last,

But now that we've been here
for nearly three years,
That move so traumatic
and also our fears
(And in one night of sleeplessness,
not a few tears)
Have steadily faded.
We scarcely remember
Those feelings of chaos,
a far distant ember.

We've found here at Crosslands
a life that's fulfilling,
With plenty to do,
Just whatever we're willing.
Those strangers, the residents,
Now are our friends,

Lo, there was a closet
still full to the brim!
More boxes. Lord -- Help!
This last effort seemed grim.

But then, on to Crosslands.
We'd carefully measured
And planned where we'd put
All those items we'd treasured.
Empty, it seemed that
There'd be room for all,
But as furniture came in
It lined every wall.
What we'd once thought was spacious
Was suddenly small!

And such interesting people,
A full life portends
To be ours for the choosing
However it ends.
There is help when we need it,
and staff are so kind
We're so glad that we made it,
That move far behind.

Joanna Savery

* * * * *

From The Kennett Paper February 5, 1998

MEMO FOR A BLEAK MORNING

Francis Bacon(1561-1626): *"The joys of parents are secret, and so are their
griefs and fears..."*

Have faith in small trees;
Those tender shoots will press to meet the summer sun,
Burgeoning under your loving care,
Lavishly crowding the doubting space you set aside for them.
Birds will seek them out for shelter,
And in your old age you will wonder at their towering grace.

Have faith in young hearts;
They will grow to surmount all obstacles,
Nourished to autonomy in a world of their own making,
Turning their hands to a thousand unexpected challenges,
Others will seek them out for comfort,
And in your waning years you will cherish their wisdom.

Sonia Ralston

Although prose, this final piece, which appeared in Intermittent, effectively captures the mingling tenses in which we who have retired stand. We remember the adventures of the past; we live the experiences of the present as articulated in our anthology from The Cartmel Courier; and for the most part we ambivalently anticipate the future.

REFLECTIONS

I remember as a young woman putting my daughter in a stroller and taking her for a walk. When the day was warm and balmy I might sit for a while in the town square, where, if particularly lucky, a woman friend would come along pushing her young daughter, also in a stroller. We would visit for a while and our children would fall asleep.

Now, nearly forty years later I am again pushing a sort of stroller, a wheel chair. In the chair is my 101-year-old father and we are taking a walk in the gardens of the nursing home where he now lives. Again, I meet a friend, a different friend this time. We find a bench next to the pond and sit and talk, sharing our worries and concerns about the oldsters in our care. As we sit and talk, her mother, and my father, fall fast asleep in the warm sunlight.

Ginny Burns



1988 – Ready to begin construction. “Old Stone” visible in background.



1988 – Two Cartmel units under construction (view from front)



1988 – Under construction (rear view)



1988 – Finished at last (rear view)