



While We're Waiting

A Dunwoody Village publication by residents, for residents.

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FAREWELL, WWW

Arline Lieberman

This is the last issue of *While We're Waiting*. Unfortunately, we will be waiting a far longer time than we had hoped. On the brighter side, *Inside Dunwoody* resumes in September in a somewhat abbreviated format. I can't wait.

It has been a great deal of fun for me along with my committee, Connie Carino, Diane VanderVeer and the indomitable Monica Knauss, to produce our little newsletter. We want to thank all the resident contributors and encourage all writers in the closet to submit your writing to *Inside Dunwoody*. We would love to hear from you on topics relevant to you personally, to our community and to the health and well being of our world.

Examples of topics you might consider are, Competition vs Cooperation, Cleaning up the Environment, Precious Memories, Finding Humor in the Day to Day. Take a chance and share your thoughts. Call me for a list of other topics that might prod a cogent thought into a brief essay or anecdote.



MEMORIES OF A CHILDHOOD IN THE TROPICS

Betty Uhlman

I've always thought my parents were hard wired to be expats. My father left St. Louis, Missouri, just out of high school but already proficient in Spanish, for a fledgling job with Standard Oil in Colombia. My mother, a newly minted R.N., left her home town near Toronto, Canada to heed Standard Oil's call for nurses in Colombia. And there they met. It was the 1920s.

They married in Panamá and settled down in the company town of El Centro, located about 10 miles from the Magdalena River, which courses west of the Andes in the north central part of the country. The population of this town consisted of about 100 families, all employees of Standard Oil, mainly Brits, Canadians and Americans, with one brave Colombian family. Their function was the administration of the very large drilling operation located close by.

There was a two-room schoolhouse, run by the company, in the person of Mrs. LaCour, a dragon of a woman who induced untold anxieties in the service of learning. She taught all grades from 1 to 8, after which most of us were sent stateside to continue our educations.

Our housing was company-issue with, of course, no air-conditioning and it was HOT! Because of the heat the workday started at 7:00 AM, broke at 11:00 AM, resumed at 3:00 PM and ended at 7:00 PM. The ladies

of the camp, including my mother, frequently convened for tea at alternating houses. This entailed donning fancy frocks and, as I learned much later, it was not tea they sipped. This was a difficult life for adults but adventure for kids.

The town was surrounded by jungle ("la selva" in Spanish), which required constant pushing back. And it was the source of the natural beauty that graced my brother's and my childhoods.

I remember guava and papaya trees in our yard, gardenia bushes all along the width of our property, iridescent butterflies the size of saucers, iguanas skittering around the lawn, and tiny tree frogs clinging to our veranda screen. I remember a visiting sloth that hung out (literally) in our guava tree for a couple of days, smiling benignly before wandering off. Not all creatures were as benign. I remember sitting in a tree and spotting a division of red army ants advancing, I left the scene rapidly. I remember the deafening sound of the seasonal torrential rains on our roof and the almost equally deafening nighttime chorus from the inhabitants of la selva.

These are some of my memories, not fact-checked, but recalled through the fog of seventy-plus years and treasured.

GOING IT ALONE: THE ROBOT AND I

Susan Bell

This pandemic has turned my social life upside down... for entertainment during the last four months I have found myself spending hours a week playing bridge with a robot! No engaging repartee, no exchange of game strategy after the hand is dealt, just a deafening silence while the robot spars with me on the computer. As my friend JB, the bridge expert opines, "The robot always wins."

Did you ever read that best seller from 2000, *Bowling Alone*? It describes contemporary Americans as becoming socially disconnected from their fellow men by the alienating culture of "going it alone." For me, a confirmed "hugger" and social being, I was skeptical of the book's thesis until I found myself in the very same socially isolated setting, not by choice but by circumstance...and playing bridge alone.

Yet things are looking up. I discovered a bridge foursome that plays on the computer together, each of us watching our computer screen at home as the robot deals us a hand, and then as we play we use a telephone conference call to connect verbally. So much better! We may not see one another, but the human connection is there.

Have you ever tried to hug a computer?



ODE TO COVID-19

Francie Hubbard

Looked in the mirror and had a fright
Saw an image, an awful sight
Into the shower to wash my hair
Gel and curlers will help the scare
Am having a race to see who wins
Dog's hair or mine, I think we're twins
Locked in both day and night
Knock on the door is it dinner delight?
Could it be someone wanting to schmooze?
Must be time for a glass full of booze
TV programs fill the eve
Another day gone, can you believe?
And so my friends I bid good night
Another day, is the end in sight?

A MOMENT IN TIME

Chris Beck

Does an unexpected memory ever jump out at you? A moment in time that feels real today even though it happened 10, 50 or 80 years ago? Do you remember the emotions that moment sparked?

Here's a moment in my mind's eye. 70 years ago our family was in Telluride, Colorado, and we rented an open-air jeep to drive on a rugged, rocky road over a pass to hike. We safely reached the trailhead and took off on a strenuous hike. When we got back to the Jeep, rain began. The drive back was on a paved but narrow two-lane road with a sharp drop to a creek below, and I was the designated driver. I will never forget the joy I felt driving back to Telluride in the driving rain. The Jeep had no top. Until my hair got too wet, it was blowing in the wind. The rain kept bouncing off the front window, hitting my face and all of us. I don't remember any family member complaining or shouting, "This is awful!" Maybe they did, but I was in a world of my own.

What did I feel in that moment that's stayed in my memory for 70 years? Wet and cold? Yes. Joy? Yes. Gratitude? Yes. But most of all, total freedom!



MUSIC MAKES IT BETTER

Warren Lieberman

Some folks have asked about the musical background in my vacation slide shows. I took many pictures in countries around the world to which Arline and I traveled. Upon returning home, we prepared a DVD with these pictures to show to our family and friends. At each site, we tried, and usually succeeded, in getting local music to use to enhance the presentation and provide authenticity.

We are currently working on a presentation of our trip to Ecuador and the Galapagos Islands that we hope to be showing on Channel 1970 in the near future. The background music you will hear is from a local Ecuadorian quintet composed of three string players, a drummer, and a pan flute player. All of the music they are playing is traditional to the area. This is our way of saluting the countries that welcomed us.



Photo: Warren Lieberman

BABY ON BOARD

Joe VanderVeer

In 1966, just after a rotating internship, I volunteered to work for the U.S. Public Health Service in lieu of going to Vietnam. I enjoyed working with the Indians of the Yakima Nation so much that I almost stayed in the Service. But during those two years I decided I wanted to be a surgeon, so I went back to Portland for residency training.

When it came time to leave at the end of our service, the tribe threw us a farewell party and gave us each a gift. Mine was a lovely beaded belt and my wife's was



a baby board, also called a papoose board, in which the Indian mothers swaddled their babies. Indian mothers sometimes brought their infants to the Health Center in their baby boards.

Our gift baby board had blue corduroy sides that laced up around the baby and a matching blue-beaded hoop extending over the baby's head. At naptime, a mother would lay a blanket over the papoose board, giving a quiet, dark place for the infant.

When the chief gave these gifts to us on behalf of the tribe, he told a story that his parents told him about his own baby board. When he was born, his family lived in White Swan, a small encampment 20 miles from the town of Toppenish, Washington, where our health center was located. His folks came into town to shop

every week or so, and on this particular day they drove in on a buckboard. His father and mother were on the front board seat, while he, in his baby board, lay in the back of the wagon.

Late in the afternoon the sun was setting as his folks started for home. As it got darker, his father noticed thunderheads arising off in the distance, and saw lightening flash.

They began to be pelted by drops of rain and more lightening flashed and thunder grew nearer. He whipped the horse into a gallop to reach



White Swan as fast as they could, the wagon jostling and jerking as the wheels went in and out of ruts in the road. They reached the town and their teepee just as the full storm broke. He unhitched the horse as his wife went to get the baby board out of the back. But it was gone! Somewhere on the hectic dash back, it had bounced off the bucking wagon. By now it was dark and raining hard. The storm passed through in less than an hour, but it was pitch dark and they had no good light. So they waited until morning to search for the infant.

Retracing their route in the morning, they came upon the baby board in the middle of the road, upside down, kept off the mud by the hoop. Their son, the future chief, lay quietly asleep.

MY IMPRESSION OF ART

Geoff "Monet" Mynott

Little did I know what I was getting into when I signed up, in January, 2018, for an art class at Dunwoody. I had never attempted watercolor painting, or any other type of painting. The class has been a pleasant and rewarding experience for me.

Our class consisted of eight Dunwoodians with all levels of talent. I was on the bottom level! The class opened a whole new world for me, one that I had previously wanted to explore, but never had time to do so. As class progressed, we displayed our work for a "critique period." Yours truly went through public humiliation!

As time passed, we made new friends, we encouraged each other, and we relied on each other for criticism. During the present pandemic, this new experience has been a great escape. Many of the long days of isolation have been made bearable through painting, regardless of quality. As the quarantine continues, I will have this diversion, imagining myself as "Monet."

Although our present class had only two sessions, we have a wonderful teacher in waiting to help us complete our lessons, once we are free! Come join us and have fun!



Photo: Bobbie Mynott

LABOR OF LOVE

Jerry Kinkead

East Country House atriums, elevated with decades of mulch, are being re-landscaped to avoid flooding. Bill Hohlfeld, our groundskeeper extraordinaire, and his crew first removed all the vegetation, and then a large backhoe was lowered by crane into the hallway atriums to dig out the accumulated mulch to a depth of about 1½ feet. Heavy tarps full of dirt were lifted via crane over the hallway rooftops and into a hauling truck. One machine driver and two shovelers accomplished the work skillfully and in very little time. It was fascinating to watch.

In the atrium between 105 and 106 is an elegant Obelisk Beech tree that was planted years ago by Bill Hohlfeld, which he decided was worth saving. It stands 30'-40' high with deep burgundy/bronze leaves, and grows in a cylindrical shape with branches reaching toward the sky. I agree – well worth saving.



As new bushes are to be planted at a lower level, the base of the beech tree will be a foot or so higher than the new landscaping. To create an aesthetic transition

between the higher and lower levels, Bill and his son, Mike, have been building a wonderful stone wall.

They dug a trench around the specimen tree to make a stable footing for the wall. The trench had to be dug by hand, banging a crowbar into that rock-hard subsoil day after day after day. Gravel and sand were put in and tamped. A length of twine marked the distance from tree to wall, assuring a precise circle.



In searing July heat, this surely has been a "labor of love," a phrase defined as "work done for the sake of one's own enjoyment or for the benefit of others." Saving the Obelisk Beech has been incredibly laborious and, clearly, there is immeasurable benefit to the ECH hallways, so that feels like love to me.



Photos Jerry Kinkead

BAT BUSTERS TO THE RESCUE

Dee Owen

As I was sitting quietly in my apartment, watching Hamilton on TV, a bat came to visit. He was large, with the wing span of a crow, doubtless the B52 of the Dunwoody bat population. I crept into a corner and called Security. My cat, Sadie, tried to catch it, but at age 15, she couldn't keep up as it swooped from living room to bedroom and back. Finally we isolated it in the bedroom and shut the door.

Lenny from Security arrived shortly thereafter. Standard procedure is to call Animal Control, but the chances of reaching them at 8:30 on a Thursday night were not good. As we discussed what to do next, the bat slithered between the bottom of the bedroom door and the floor and proceeded to menace us again. Lenny radioed for backup and tried to knock the invader unconscious with my broom. No such luck. But he did scare the bat enough that it took refuge in the living room closet.

Nick from Security arrived fully armed with a broom and what looked like a four-foot pair of tweezers, suitable for industrial use. He bravely searched the

shelving in my closet, where fortunately there are no clothes hanging. Lenny stayed on full alert, broom in hand. Bats are wily creatures. Despite a thorough search, we couldn't locate the critter.

I panicked. No way could I stay in my apartment with a bat on the loose. Nor could I knock on my neighbor's door and ask if Sadie and I might sleep over. We'd all end up in quarantine.

Miraculously Lenny spotted the bat, wedged between a pink box and the side of the bookcase. With the delicate precision of a surgeon, Nick captured the bat with the tweezers and let it loose from the balcony.

Please don't get me wrong. I like bats. They eat all kinds of nasty insects. Up close and personal is altogether something else. From now on I'll be sure the balcony door is fully closed.

Later as I lay in bed, I wondered what Hamilton would have done. Of course! He would have called on Dunwoody's very capable Bat Busters.

Thanks, guys.