

March 2019

# THE VICTORIAN

389 Orleans Rd., North Chatham, MA 02650 Tel- 508 945 1211 CarolynWass@broadreachhealth.org



## Daily Schedule

**7:00-9:00- Breakfast**

**9:30-Catholic Communion  
(Thurs)**

**11:00- Communion  
Service  
(First Wednesday)**

**11:00- Word Game**

**11:00- Exercise Group  
(Mon, Tues, Thurs, Fri)**

**12:00-1:00- Lunch**

**1:30- See Calendar**

**4:00- Sing Along  
(Monday)**

**4:00- Word Challenge**

**5:00-6:00 – Supper**

## Top O' The Morning!

*March brings breezes loud and shrill,  
Stirs the dancing daffodil.*

*~Sara Coleridge (1802-1852)*

This is it! The last weeks of Winter. I am hoping we do not get a repeat of last year with our worst weather in March. The first crocuses and daffodils are poking their heads above ground. I expect they will soon be in bloom.

I apologize in advance for the Irish jokes in this newsletter- I have a great fondness for the Irish sense of humor. St. Patrick's Day will be celebrated with a traditional lunch on Sunday 17<sup>th</sup>. I encourage you to wear green.

Entertainers this month include Kalifornia Karl- 6<sup>th</sup>, Ethan Stone-20<sup>th</sup>, Victrola Society- 22<sup>nd</sup>, Paul Ashley- 27<sup>th</sup>.

For the first time, we are celebrating Mardi Gras (admittedly 3 weeks late) with a Masquerade Party on March 29<sup>th</sup>. Liz Saunders is here to entertain and our chefs are creating a delicious New Orleans menu. Invitations will be going out to families. All are welcome to join in the fun.

*An Irish lass, a customer: 'Could I be trying on that dress in the window?' Shopkeeper: 'I'd prefer that you use the dressing room.'*

May the wind be always at your back,

*Carolyn*

## **Have you ever had a small pet? A goldfish, hamster or a bird?**

We had two guinea pigs that used to get lost under the furniture, but otherwise were fine. When they cut the lawn in front of the building where I worked, I'd collect the grass clippings for them- *Joan*

After my young children loved having goldfish, birds, kittens, cats and dogs it was determined my youngest was allergic to long-haired pets- so no more cats or dogs- Gerbils were recommended as they did not affect allergies. So we began to raise them in our empty fish tank. We discovered they loved to chew toilet paper tubes as well as paper towel ones and they ran through them- until one could not get through and out of the tubing. Mom had to take scissors and safely free it- they also seemed to reproduce babies frequently and we ran out of space. Luckily our babies became a very popular pet for all our friends. As our children aged we learned the allergic one could tolerate short-haired dogs and they could have a pet dog at last. We also had a rabbit but she lived in a hutch outside- Mom became the caregiver when the girls went to college, and when they went out of the country with their jobs-a new owner was found. All the pets were a joy and added to the adventure of pet raising. Lots of good lessons to be learned for us all- *Pem (and Sarah, Fran, Lucy and Andrew)*

We had rabbits in a cage raised up off the ground- *Fran*

It was one of those March days when the sun shines hot and the wind blows cold: when it is summer in the light, and winter in the shade. ~Charles Dickens (1812-1870), *Great Expectations*

When I was young, we had a beautiful yellow canary named Bing (Crosby). He was a singer and actor. My Mom loved him. A happy canary, he chirped day and night. We put a cover over his cage at night so that he would go to sleep. My parents worked so we could not have a dog. This little bird chirped when we came home from school and work. It was great for us. A little bird with so much love. -*Bev*

## **Do you remember your phone number from childhood? Where was your phone?**

Yes, it was 2126R, the R stood for party line- which turned out to be the three middle-aged sisters next door. Don't know if they listened, we never did- *Joan*

Our telephone, the upright type, was on a table in the hall. The number was 292 and I spoke to the operator giving her the number I wanted. One time I picked up the phone to make a call- I was told there was an incoming call for my father. -*Corinne* [Ours was a private line-as a state policeman, my father didn't want a party line]

Our telephone was in the coat closet and it made calls very private. The old-fashioned two-part black phone with separate ear piece. It was fun when you got a call and the conversation was so private. – *Maryanne*

Our telephone # was Longwood 1045 which we had from the late 1930's to the 1980's. It was in our home in Mission Hill, Roxbury.- *Rita and Nikki*

The phone was on the wall going from the dining room in our small five-room bungalow. We had a three party line with central- *Tom*

Our phone was on the wall in the kitchen. I remember lying on the floor talking with friends until mom said, "Time for bed, Bev."-*Bev*

In the cellar-*Edie*

May the Irish hills carress you.  
May her lakes and rivers bless you.  
May the luck of the Irish enfold you.  
May the blessings of Saint Patrick behold you.

~Irish Blessing

**March 17<sup>th</sup> 1941 is the day the National Gallery of Art opened in Washington. Do you have a favorite museum and a favorite artist?**

Museum- Louvre, Paris. Artist-Chardin- *Oliver*

Boston Museum of Modern Art-artist Wayne Morrell from Rockport, MA- *Betty*

*I first met O'Reilly when I was in St Peter's Hospital, Chertsey, England. He was in the same ward as me and was lying, quite still, in the bed next to me when I awoke early on that Friday morning. I was taken aback because he was swathed in bandages from head to toe, with just two little slits for his eyes and this made it difficult to engage him in conversation. However, later that same day, his best friend, Dermot Callaghan, came in to visit O'Reilly and I listened in to their conversation which went as follows: 'What happened to you?' asked Callaghan. 'I staggered out of The Invincible pub, in Shepperton Road, and a lorry hit me a glancing blow and knocked me through the Co-op's plate glass window,' mumbled O'Reilly. 'Begorrah,' exclaimed Callaghan in his broad Munster accent, 'It's a good job you were wearing all those bandages or you'd have been cut to ribbons!'*

In Springfield, MA there was a quadrangle of museums my family visited. All kinds of exhibits for free-wonderful!-*Gene*

I've been to the Isabella Gardner Museum in Boston. My favorite artist is not well known at all. My grandson, when he was young, painted beautiful pictures. I have two of his early attempts fastened to the kitchen doors at my house in West Dennis- *Corinne*

My favorite would be the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, mostly because of it being nearby. I do also like the Clark, in Western Mass. and the National Gallery. No one favorite artist, except my daughter- *Joan*

The Philadelphia Museum of Art is my favorite. An uncle took me there when I was about ten or twelve years old. I still remember the awesome Impressionists exhibit- *Maryanne*

***March 3<sup>rd</sup> is Middle Name Pride day. What is your middle name and do you like it?***

My middle name is Walter. My grandfather was George Herbert, my father was George Walter and he was always called Walter. I am George Walter Junior. I was always called George.

As a child, I adored my father and wanted to be like him. I loved my middle name- *George*

My middle name is Lois. I like it very much. It was my mother's younger sister's name- *Corinne*

My middle name is Mary- now I use my birthname-Thomson- as my middle name- *Joan*

When I was born (83 years ago) my parents, Laurence and Ruth Wormwood named me Beverly Wormwood. No middle name. Why? I have never known. So my life was such an embarrassment; can you imagine what I went through being Beverly Wormwood? I know wormwood is a British name for an herb. My brother Donald Laurence Wormwood liked his name. He thought it was very unique. So when I married Ronald William McVickar and changed my last name to McVickar, I was thrilled. That was nearly 70 years ago so I guess it has stuck!- *Bev*

## Winners of our February Presidents Picture Quiz

**George  
Maryanne  
Helen  
Pem  
Jean  
Joan  
Gene  
Corinne  
Beverly  
Margaret  
Charley and Amy**



*'What's wrong with Murphy?' asked Father O'Malley. 'I don't know, Father. Yesterday he swallowed a spoon and he hasn't stirred since,' said Mrs Murphy.*