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Folklore Tales
of
Pennswood Village -
the Early Years

as remembered by

Edgar Stromberg

a resident since January 1984

March 2005

Proof-reading and editing
done here + there. (The job
could take forever!)
12/1/16

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and paging

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3XK/05

NOTE: My printer is so sick of seeing these pages, it refuses to run them one more time; so any undiscovered remaining typos are there to stay - for free .

[COPY]

ENDPIECE

for the Pennswood Folklore Tales

There may be many more tales to be told ...
but even the *Arabian Nights*' "Thousand-
and-One Tales" came to an end.

So I have spun my web, for awhile, and
go off to R & R (Riot & Rebellion) - there
must be something else to complain about?
(Only kidding, dear Staff friends!)

Edgar Stromberg
3XK/05



PENNSWOD'S SEMI-PIONEERS

A Pennswood Folklore Tale

On its birthdays, Pennswood remembers with gratitude the 300 Pioneers who came here from all over the county, quickly made friendships, and formed a Residents Association. Soon committees emerged, with ideas for activities on paths to culture, education, and entertainment. They launched a self-sustained community that we know today - and all that in six months or so. And now, 25 years later, we honor the ten Pioneers who still live amongst us.

But many of the early dreams had not come to full reality, and known gaps were yet to be filled. Newcomers arrived and, in our first lustrum, 1981-85, became our "Semi-Pioneers." They were relatively few; the pioneers seemed a hardy group. The newcomers quickly became "family," and were strong influences in the refinement and broadened scope of committees and their activities. Just 13 of the semi-pioneers remain among us.

We remember, too, that the Staff were equally important in Pennswood's early development. Still with us are eight pioneers, and a good many semi-pioneers, too.

Let us join in honoring the pioneers and semi-pioneers, residents and staff alike, with our appreciation and gratitude for work well done.



Edgar Stromberg 3XK/05

Notes:

> The "lustrum" seems a naturally defined period; from our initial full occupancy to our first big celebration - our Fifth Anniversary.

> And I? In residence seniority, I'm third behind the pioneers. And surprisingly, I'm older than half of them.

> Numbers herein are current at the time of writing.

Folklore Tales of Pennswood Village - the Early Years

Introduction: Thinking of the coming celebration of Pennswood's 25th Anniversary, my mind turned back to the early years, and the happenings then - and I began to write about them. The sources are mixed:

Hearsay: Mildred, my dear, departed wife, and I came to Pennswood on January 5, 1984. We were soon part of the "family." We met those who preceded us, socialized and worked with them, and from them learned what had, in 1980-83, made this place grow into a flourishing community.

Remembrance: For more than 15 years we both were engaged busily in affairs of the Administration and the Residents Association - the daily routines, the crises, the jubinations ...

But as one ages, memory begins to falter; there are gaps and lapses. And I have aged - now I'm 95 and two-thirds. (Up to a point we hide our age, and then we begin to brag)

Research: Very little: With my poor vision, extensive search and reading is beyond my capability. Too, little of the ephemeral or seemingly important get into records and archives. I did talk with a few people whose memory (I hoped) would support mine.

Imagination: The obvious resort to lack of firm information was guesswork and "literary license" (imagination).

So that's why I call these tales "Folklore" - they may not be factually precise, but they tell something of the life and affairs of Pennswood in the early years, and the spirit that pervaded it - and still does.

Pennswood staff and residents have had no input, nor responsibility, for what I have written here. It has given me pleasure in the writing, and I hope will afford the same to possible readers.



Edgar Stromberg 3XK/05

The cost of this publication was paid by the author.

DEDICATION

This work is dedicated to Mildred, my wife, who shared some of these incidents, and through her interest and effort made many important contributions to the community; and for 65 years she shared my life - indeed, made it;

and

to the Pennswood Staff, who have always served us well; who, through the four long years of Mildred's illness, gave her "tender loving care" from the heart; and who, now that I live in Barclay's "assisted living," give me all the attention I need, and much more - they keep me happy.

and

to the first Board of Directors, who worked diligently and with foresight in developing the basic concepts for Pennswood and for its basic plans of organization and operation; who worked attentively with the architects and contractors in the building; selecting the staff principals; and working with the staff in the turbulent time of achieving readiness and receiving the first tide of newcomers - and to all the Board members who succeeded them, with equal attention to current concerns and anticipation of future needs.

✓ Edgar Stromberg 3XK/05

"SLIDE SHOW TONIGHT!" [COPY]

a Pennswood Folklore Tale

"In glorious color," the *Bulletin* notice always said. There were enough residents who had traveled widely, 35-millimeter camera glued to one eye, to provide up to a half-dozen "shows" in a season's in-house entertainment. They covered trips in the United States, Europe, Africa, and places inbetween.

Some were "adequate," some were excellent. There were oddities: Depicting an African safari, every time an animal showed on the screen the narrator called to his wife (in the audience) "What beast was that?" Few ever heard the answers. In one show, a British tour, clock towers and steeplechases frequently appeared, and the narrator, as a gag, would note the time. Soon, when a clock face appeared, the audience loudly chanted the hour. One regular "producer" followed his trip narration with "The News from Newtown." It had nothing to do with the town; it was a take-off on the old movie cartoons. A herd of peccaries would appear on the screen, with the note: "There'll be roast pork loin for Sunday dinner, if we can catch them." Or, the image of a sleeping lion, with the request: "Will the owner stop overfeeding this cat?" (I know: "You had to be there.")

Eventually we "producers" had run through all our slides, and newcomers were using movie cameras; and TV seemed engulfed (then) in professional travel and nature films. So we folded our screens "and silently stole away" (as they used to end adventure novels).

- Edgar Stromberg 3XK/05

✓

THE RAIN BUCKET BRIGADE

a Pennswood Folklore Tale

Nowadays a rainstorm may bring a few ceiling leaks, and buckets emerge to catch the drips. But in the beginning years, it seemed as though even a dark cloud provoked a multitude of leaks, especially in the second floor hallways - promoting a whole brigade of buckets. Residents got to think of buckets near their doors as their own, to monitor for location and to empty when full.

One evening a resident on the second floor of K got "comfortable" for the evening, opened the window a crack though it was raining, and before settling down at the TV she went out to check on "her" buckets - and a breeze from the window slammed her door shut and it self-locked. (They did that in those days.) She was in a nightie, and barefoot - and too embarrassed to rouse up a neighbor. So she padded down to the reception desk and asked for help. The security guard, pretending not to notice anything unusual, let her into her apartment. He probably did notice that her face was the same color as her pink nightgown. (Pennswood sued the roofing contractor, who put matters to right - well, almost. And sometime later, the locks were changed.)

Edgar Stromberg 3XK/05



OPENING DAY AT WOOLMAN [COPY]

(Pennswood's full nursing care unit)

a Pennswood Folklore Tale

The day Pennswood opened in 1980, Woolman House stood ready. Rooms were furnished, equipment and supplies were on hand, and the staff stood at their posts - but there were no patients. So they practiced on themselves, taking each other's blood pressure, pulse, and temperature (both ways ?)

And then came a phone call: it was Lettie Carson, calling from her home in Millerton, New York. She and her husband Gerald were due to come live in Pennswood, and their belongings were being loaded into a moving van; and they stood on the porch, saying farewell to the doorway that had welcomed them and their friends for many years; and Gerry stepped back for a wider view - and fell off the porch and broke his ankle ... and what should they do? There was a pause at the other end, and then Pennswood replied: "If you can get Gerry here, he's very welcome - and so are you!"

So Gerry in an ambulance and Lettie driving their car, they traveled to Pennswood. They were welcomed, and Lettie was escorted to Holme to direct the movers in placing their furniture, and Gerry was rolled off to Woolman. For a few days he was the one-and-only patient, with concentrated attention - it may have been the birth of Pennswood's "tender loving care." Gerry was a scholar and writer - and a delightful humorist and story-teller. So in return for the TLC, he entertained the troops. There are still a few staff in Health Services now, who tended Gerry so long ago; but if you mention his name, they light up with a smile.



Edgar Stromberg - 3XK/05

THE SHAPE OF PENNSWOOD, in the Early Years
- a Pennswood Folklore Tale

Most of us who live or work in Pennswood endured the construction that brought us Passmore and Mott & Newman - or were waiting to move in. But there are few residents and staff among us who lived through the upheaval of 1986-87, when the front of the main building was moved outward some forty feet. To visualize it, draw a line across from Willieu, the parakeet, to the grandfather clock at the corner of the Coffee Shop: that's where the original front wall stood.

Why the expansion? Our staff was fast growing in number, as needs of operations and amenities became evident, not conceived of in the beginning. The Food and Health Services were hard pressed for space, and for accessibility. Too, government agencies, from Federal to Township, frequently issued new regulations governing our processes of operation, record keeping and reporting, and safety practices. (They still do.) Computers and E-mail added facility - and work load, and provided mountains of data to be analyzed. (One might guess that many of the transmittals were "Do this, now." or "Don't do that again!")

Now, shut your eyes and come along on a visit to Pennswood as it was about 20 years ago.

We enter the front door, and there was the receptionist - then, either Flo Shapcott or Linda Squires. Beyond their desk was the mail room, and that's all. (The Bank came later.) Across the small lobby was the Admissions office, just big enough for a desk and a couple of chairs. Following that were the Gift Shop and the Coffee Shop, both much smaller than now, and without windows.

Behind them was the kitchen - built for airline-type service: mostly the food was ready to heat and serve. But the staff did put a sprig of parsley on the plates.

Those were meat and potato and apple-pie days; the residents would have summarily rejected chili, curry, pesto, or tofu. Many ladies wore long dresses to dinner on Saturday nights, and the men wore their Sunday suits. My wife was firmly advised that ladies did not wear pants on Saturday evening (they didn't mean come pantless, of course; they meant wear a "dressy" dress). (more)

[COPY]

THE PENNSWOOD FASHION SHOW, 1990

a Pennswood Folklore Tale

Part of the "vaudeville night" in Pennswood's 10th anniversary celebration was an "Old-Fashioned Fashion Show." The ladies searched the back of their closets for the "cocktail" and ball gowns they wore in their more youthful days - or nights. Out they came, some with hats, gloves, and shoes to match.

Some of the "girls" had slipped into their garments - with some tugging; others surrendered the attitude to others with more sylph-like figures. And on show night, they glided across the stage, accompanied by appropriate music, with all the panache of Paris salon models. Each "model," and her costume, gained loud applause.

The grand finale was *quel surprise* - a couple romped on stage, holding hands, and wearing bathing attire from the "gay" 1890s - the man in a wool suit with sleeves to the elbow and legs to the knee. (It reminded me of the BVD underwear I wore in my early youth.) The lady was immersed in a flowing gown, the skirt almost reaching the floor, full-length sleeves, embroidered collar and cuffs. (That's why mothers used to sing "Don't go in the water, my darling daughter" - if that suit gets wet, you'll drown.) They scampered gaily across the stage and back, and exited with resounding cheers.

Edgar Stromberg 3XK/05



THE PENNSWOOD BALLET, 1990

a Pennswood Folklore Tale

Part of Pennswood's 10th anniversary celebration was a "vaudeville night." Some resident oldsters, mostly from Barclay and Woolman, were eager to participate; and a resident, knowledgeable in dance, choreographed and drilled them in a "Cane Dance" performance. They marched on stage to slow but spritely music, and strutted around in circles and lines, stomping their canes in synchrony and on cue waving them aloft. In their finale, they lined up across the stage, canes triumphantly over their heads. They were greeted with thunderous applause, and their beaming faces showed they enjoyed the show as much as the audience.

In another, quite different "mystery dance," a resident - generally known as a rather serious, sober lady - sauntered on-stage to the accompaniment of a melody that seemed familiar to at least some of the men - it was the classic tune for striptease acts. The lady was elegantly costumed, and as she strolled back and forth across the stage she slowly peeled off one garment after another - the lacy hat, the feather boa, the elbow-length white kid gloves ... and finally, as the last garment slowly slithered seductively down, she was revealed, in statuesque pose, in the nude -- well, actually, in full-length white silk ski underwear. Never before or since has Pennswood applause been overwhelmed by wolf-whistles!

Edgar Stromberg 3X K/05



[COPY]

Shape of Pennswood, cont'd.

Then we hired a restaurant manager, and began our own menu planning, foodstuff procurement, and all the cooking - in that original small kitchen. It was so crowded that the vegetable cook had to step aside when the baker wanted to open the oven. (It's bigger now, but still looks crowded.)

Returning to the reception desk, to the left was the Administration office, just big enough for the Director and a few staff. That was the end of the building. Accounts occupied a few rooms at the back end of Woolman (hard to find and just as well; a lot of "errors" were in the plaintiff's arithmetic).

The Personnel Officer was lodged in Barclay. It's now the Department of Human Resources (which puzzled some of us - "resources" meant saving forests and spotted owls, but what were we saving humans from? - we learned).

Continuing our trip, we enter the corridor leading to Health Services. There was no waiting room; chairs on each side of the hall seated residents waiting for treatment. (You threaded the gauntlet, with a choice of stepping on somebody's feet or tripping over them.) At the end of the hall in a tiny cubicle was Florence dos Santos, then and still the Secretary. Pat Smih, the Director, had a room at the end of Woolman. There were only a few examining rooms and the doctors' offices were quite small. Still, the doctoring and nursing were fine. We didn't have the multitude of miracle pills we have now (like Vioxx and Viagra) but we survived.

And that's the end of our trip. Pennswood, like the Phoenix, rose, renewed and improved - and we keep doing it. Meanwhile, we're replacing all those things worn out after 25 years of hard service. And just think: in another 25 years we'll be replacing what we're replacing now. I won't be around by then, but I'll be watching - I just don't know whether I'll be looking down - or up.

- Edgar Stromberg 3XK/05



PENNSWOOD'S NEWS STAND

a Pennswood Folklore Tale

From almost the beginning, Pennswood had its own Newspaper Stand. At first it was "self-service" - the newspapers and cash box were placed on the reception desk. The receptionist - along with answering the phone, taking care of people who came by with problems, and doing some typing - was supposed to keep an eye on the newspaper sales. Once she saw a resident take a paper, put a quarter in the cash box, and take out a dime. She said to the customer, "That's a 20¢ paper". The resident, confident in her logic, replied, "There weren't any nickels in the box." Sometimes balancing the books took a little fudging.

After awhile a "real" Newspaper Stand was set up - a table and two chairs in the front hall. It was staffed in rotation by resident volunteers: daily at 8 a.m. two of them appeared, hauled in the bundles of newspapers left in the vestibule by area dealers - papers from New York, Philadelphia, and local - marked names on copies for "regulars", got the cash box out, and were ready for business. And at closing, they put the left-over papers out for the dealers, and turned in the day's cash proceeds. There were a lot of volunteer newsboys/girls; many worked one day a week.

There were supervisors, serving (mostly) one week a month. They recorded the daily number of papers received, sold, and returned, and the amount of cash turned in to the Accounts office, who paid the dealers' bills. They also called in substitutes when needed - from a list kept current by a recruiter. Over all was the chairperson, keeping records - and an eye on the pulse of operations (*how'd they do that?*)

As time passed, more and more residents wanted home delivery, and the dealers were pleased to oblige. (Those were *retail* sales.) They found our sales were no longer profitable to them. And so, in 1987, the Newspaper Stand closed forever - and with it a focal point of hallway chatter (a.k.a. gossip).

W - Edgar Stromberg 3X/K05

Pennswood View, conf'd [COPY]

< *Places*: Doylestown and the Mercer Museums; New Hope, for shopping and food and fun (and a lot of other places).

< *"Series"* - The commuter train, Newtown to Philadelphia - riders were residents to-be. Residents' ancestors, who made history or collided with it. Remembrances of unusual incidents in residents' lives.

< *Fiction*: Very little, and somehow related to Pennswood.

< *Poetry*: Anything that had style and was "poetic" - from a few couplets to full-page narratives in free verse.

Every issue was a mix of information and entertainment.

Within a couple of years the first editors withdrew, and in 1983 Helen Whitlaw took over "to save it": she had writing experience but not much in publishing, and the printer was a big help. Then in 1984 I came to Pennswood, with a background of everything that led up to the printing, so I became Associate Editor, with the heavy blunt pencil; to me the editor's responsibility is to the readers: that they should readily understand what the writer had in mind. Helen edited, too; and she was good at thinking of subjects, recruiting writers - and smoothing feathers I had ruffled.

In time, concerned with cost, we dropped to two issues a year.

But eventually, some of our "regular" writers were no longer available; and new, willing writers were few (and some declined to submit to editing). Helen and I felt that ten years was enough; and we both were beginning to have vision problems.

And so, we retired, and the Spring 1993 issue was the end of the *View* - no one was willing to take on the responsibility - and hard work - of editorship. We were saddened by the *View's* demise, but proud of our decade of accomplishments - we had followed the founders' path, providing our readers with information and entertainment.

W

Edgar Stromberg 3XK/05

a Pennswood Folklore Tale

Soon after Pennswood opened in 1980, and the Residents Association was formed, groups of residents started to propose committees for activities of wide scope and interest. One group included residents who had careers in writing, editing, and publishing. They proposed a periodical literary magazine, of quality in appearance and content, written and published by the residents. The Board saw it as a subtle advertisement of the quality of the community and its residents, to people seeking a "good" retirement home. So the Board agreed to finance the publication. The committee consulted an established printing firm and others, and so a format was designed - pleasing and legible type fonts; an attractive masthead; calendarized ("slick") paper, for clear reproduction of photos and art work; and a three-column page, allowing flexibility in text layout and varying size of pictures. (They were good choices, never changed.) The initial editorial, inviting contributions, suggested a very wide spectrum of subject matter; but this was soon modified to material somehow related to Pennswood. The first issue appeared in Spring 1981, and was well received. The magazine was billed as a quarterly, but there were never more than three issues in a year. (It was enough, for the editors!)

Through the years, subjects were generally of these types:
< *Pennswood Operations*: the functions of the staff departments, both "inside" views and as experienced by the residents.

< *In-house Events* of the out-of-ordinary and of broad interest.

< *History*: the founding of Newtown, Pennswood, George and Newtown Friends Schools; the Revolution battles of Trenton and Princeton, and Washington's Crossing of the Delaware; biographies of Quakers William Penn and Edward Hicks.

(more)

[COPY]

a Pennswood Folklore Tale

The Pennswood Residents Association used to have a separate Audit Committee, and I served on it once. My assignments included the Newspaper Committee. The chairperson gave me an oral summary, and a stack of weekly reports. So I went through them, and here and there a week was missing; or the numbers - of papers sold vs. money turned in - didn't always add up exactly.

What to do? No way would I embarrass those volunteers for a few petty mistakes. I hadn't taken any Hypocritical Oath (or whatever). So for missing reports, I took the averages of the others, and applied them to the missing weeks. I could understand small errors in numbers: You're interrupted while counting the papers, and resume a couple of digits off. As to the money: You and the buyer are busy chatting, and give change for a dollar and are a dime off. Or the buyer says "I left my change on the bureau; I'll drop by later with the quarter I owe" - and forgets. So a little fudging is in order here and there. After all, my audit report is of the year's totals, and the net profit to PVRA.

And the last step is to tear up and discard the weekly reports. (We didn't have shredders, then). I can tell this story now, because I haven't mentioned the year nor any names - and it was long ago.

There is no Audit Committee now: after PVRA incorporated, our annual audits have been performed by accredited professional accountants.

- Edgar Stromberg 3xk/05



THE BIRTH OF PENNSWOOD'S LIBRARY

a Pennswood Folklore Tale

The birth of the Pennswood Library had one thing in common with that of humans: it involved hard labor.

In the beginning, the Library was a large room with a few tables and chairs and a set of bookshelf stacks (less than a fourth of our shelving now). But *no* books.

A notice to expected newcomers invited them to bring along all their books, and what wouldn't fit in their apartments, they could deposit in the Library. *Imagine*: soon, randomly placed books were on the shelves and in neat stacks and teetering piles on the floor - maybe a couple of thousand in all. A committee of resident volunteers, including some professional librarians, met to discuss plans: we'd use the Dewey decimal classification system; only books of general interest and useful reference would be kept; and no classics - "everybody has read them." (Later that changed; if you want Shakespeare, Trollope, et al, we have them.)

Now we can guess at the sequence of work: the group, on hands and knees or toting back-breaking loads of books, going through the piles, book by book, sorting into "keep" or "discard" or "second opinion." Out went the classics; novels once popular; selected works of now-forgotten authors; a collection on archaeology; and somebody's high-school textbooks.

The discards later went to a Book Sale - 25¢ a book. (Some donors looked on, quite distraught.)

The next step would be dividing the books into the major Dewey classes, so back on the floor - tossing them into piles: fiction here, history there, poetry beyond, etc. By then placement could be figured out and books went up on shelves. Now the professionals could go through, coding each book down into the decimals.

(more)

ME & the PVRA BYLAWS [COPY]

a Pennswood Folklore Tale

Not long after I came to Pennswood in 1984, an ad hoc PVRA committee distributed, for comment, a proposed revision of the Residents Association Bylaws, written (in innocence) in 1980. Well, I thought: that's my meat! I had been an editor; and I wrote the bylaws for a newly-formed condominium where I then lived.

So I studied the four-page proposal, and wrote a six-page commentary on it. I suppose it surprised the committee, coming from an upstart newcomer. The two men (chickens!) on the committee appointed the lone woman to come talk to me. We had an amiable meeting; they didn't want to mess with "petty" (editorial) stuff - it would distract from the main issues. I didn't argue that (and I got them in eventually). They accepted my substantive proposals, but I would have to present them myself, at the public meeting on the subject.

I did, with fear and trembling - almost the entire audience were strangers to me. (Nowadays, I rise at our meetings and speak at the microphone as though it's the back fence and I'm chatting with my neighbors.) The proposals were adopted, to my gratification.

From that first time on, I participated in almost every revision of the Bylaws; sometimes winning a point, sometimes not. I don't keep score, but I think I've been batting better than 500. I'm semi-retired from the playing field now, but I keep an eye on what's being pitched - and I don't hesitate to step in as a pinch-hitter. It's a great league to play in.

Who said *play*? It's *work*! Everyone who's gotten involved in Pennswood affairs knows that - and they do it for love of the place and its people, residents and staff alike. "It's a nice place to visit, and we *do* like to live here!"

W

Edgar Stromberg 3XK/05

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER

a Pennswood Folklore Tale

Once, a couple moved to Pennswood from the West ; they had lived in many places because of his work, and they found Pennswood just the retirement home they sought. They got acquainted readily; she was an outgoing woman, though her husband was a quiet, almost shy man.

Then one day they came to Roz Hernandez, then Admissions Director (and "Mother Superior" to many of the residents when they had problems): They had received an anonymous letter, saying, in effect, "If you don't know how to dress for dinner, go back to where you came from." It seems that the night before, he had worn a turtleneck sweater and a sports jacket - the kind with leather at the elbows. Roz told them not to worry, it was from some crank, and she would take care of it.

After they left, Roz called three of us "old-time" men (separately) and told us the story, and hinted at what we could do. With one mind, next evening we appeared at dinner dressed "casual" - no tie, maybe a bolo; a sweater or golf jacket (but otherwise, we wanted to look "respectable"). Other men noticed and followed suit. It wasn't that decent decorum disappeared, but men and women began to dress "comfortably" if they felt like it. Still, then and now, most are dressed as they would if they were going to friends for dinner.

Inevitably, some asked whether the informality wasn't a violation of the Pennswood dress code. As it turned out, there wasn't any such. And there still isn't; the *Residents Guidebook* says (ch. 5, ¶5-1) "There is no dress code for the dining room, or anywhere else ...".

Edgar Stromberg 3XK/05



[COPY]

Birth of PV Librray, cont'd.

Then every book had to have a spine label, a book card typed with the book's identity, and a pasted-in "pocket." If the book had a good paper jacket, it was wrapped in a clear plastic book cover. (Remember doing that with brown paper in elementary school?) And for each book, two index cards were typed, for "Author" and "Title," for the card catalogue files, and all these arranged alphabetically. (The "Subject" file came later,) A check-out system was set up.

And so the Library was opened, with maybe a thousand books ready for borrowing or browsing on site. And the volunteer committee could now rest their weary muscles and aching bones. Cheers to them; the Library has greatly expanded in size and scope, but the framework they built still works well.

- Edgar Stromberg 3XK/05



"TRANSPORTS OF DELIGHT"

a Pennswood Folklore Tale

We oldsters brag that Pennswood never needed a paid "social director" - and then we might remember Keen James. He was our first Director of Transportation, but he did a lot more than arrange for transport of patients to medical appointments. He was a Princeton graduate, a pleasant conversationalist, and he seemed to know every theater, museum, art gallery - and restaurant - from Philadelphia to Doylestown and New Hope and even New York City. He planned frequent trips for culture, enlightenment, and entertainment - and monthly "surprise" luncheons; we didn't know where we were going, but we were sure the food would be good, the restaurant interesting, and the journey scenic. Soon, residents who knew the area and its resources were offering suggestions, and by 1987 there was a PVRA committee with the enticing name of "Transports of Delight" - a phrase coined by Keen James. Keen left us in 1988 for other pursuits, but the committee has carried on, full steam, but now named simply "Trips." Yet somehow we regret the passing of the spiccy zest of "Transports of Delight" - though it never meant trips for ... *that*.

Edgar Stromberg 3XK/05



TRANSPORTATION ESCORTS [COPY]

a Pennswood Folklore Tale

For some years, early on, there was a PVRA "Transportation Committee" whose members served as escorts to residents who might need help in going to and from a medical appointment. But in time our staff drivers acquired the knowledge and skills to cope with ordinary circumstances; and for more "risky" cases the Health Services decided it was a responsibility more properly taken by staff members. So that committee, having served well, is long gone.

Edgar Stromberg 3XK/05

