

# News and Views *Avila*

*A publication of the Resident Council at Avila Retirement Community*

*Albany, NY*

*July 2018*

## IN DEDICATION TO LORE SCURRAH

## BELOVED EDITOR OF NEWS AND VIEWS



Photograph by Karl Gohlke

On May 23, 2018, our beloved editor and friend died at home here in Avila. Her obituary in the Albany Times-Union opened by referring to her as "Immigrant, proud American citizen, librarian, tennis player and humanist..." She was all that and much more to her many friends, and especially to those of us who have had the honor and pleasure of serving with her on *News and Views*. The members of the Editorial Board of our publication wish to dedicate this July 2018 issue to her memory. In doing so, members of the Board were asked to submit brief memories or comments about Lore for this Dedication. Much was written about her warmth and competence as the Editor of *News and Views* these past six years. Only a

few are here presented.

"Lore brought her knowledge, diligence and interpersonal skills to all the activities she engaged in at Avila, and to the quality of life in the Avila community."---Karl Gohlke

"Lore was the friend who was always a good listener, whether the problem was big or small. Lore was a treasure of a friend. She was always available. She will remain in my thoughts and will be truly missed by me and all of her many friends."---Maxine Koblenz

"I am very grateful to Lore Scurrah for the opportunities and challenges she offered me over the last few years." "She asked that I write articles for a Technical Corner in *News and Views*. I accepted with alacrity and am truly grateful to Lore for the opportunity to write about the science and technology that I love."---John Wagner

Joyce Gibbs remembers that Lore sought Joyce and her husband out soon after they had moved in. When Joyce said she would like to help on *News and Views*, Lore gave her a big hug and said: "I will surely keep you busy." "The next thing I knew, I was on the editorial board and sent out to do interviews of new residents. She became my Mentor and my Friend. Last year she encouraged me to run for President of the Resident Council and she would help me in any way she could. That was Lore, always helping someone out. She gave so much of herself to our Avila community."---Joyce Gibbs

"I had the utmost respect for Lore Scurrah, not only for her leadership of *News and Views*, but also for her caregiver activities. Despite her own health problems, she was always there to help others. She was easy to work with, provided excellent leadership and will be sorely missed."---Wilbur Shapiro

Lynn Altonin was Lore's Layout Editor for the six years that Lore served as Editor. Together, they brought a professional, but friendly, look to *News and Views*. Lynn remembers that, in the early days of their working together on the publication, she learned of Lore's wisdom in including the variety of articles in each edition. It was important to have a diverse selection, so everyone could find something of interest.

"Lore would send the articles to me by email and I would enter them. When everything was entered, she would come to my apartment and we would go over what we had. Sometimes she would look at a page I had produced, and say: "This needs something more, it is too plain." We would go on a search for photos or clip art to enhance the edition. At the end of our first session, Lore looked at me and said: "Can I give you a hug?" That hug became a ritual at the conclusion of each issue. I will miss it terribly.

"At one of our last visits, Lore said: 'After six years, we had a good run.' We certainly did!"---Lynn Altonin

Over a year ago, Lore invited me to have dinner with her to discuss *News and Views*. She said her eyesight had become even more restricted than before, and editing copy was extremely difficult. Would I take over as Editor? I said there was no need for this. She was doing a superb job and *News and Views*, under her leadership, was a delightful publication we all enjoyed. I would not be the Editor, but would be glad to work with her and do whatever editing and reading of copy was necessary. Lore designated me as her Co-Editor. I jokingly said that, with her failing eyesight and my impaired hearing, we make an excellent team. It was a delight and honor for me to work with this wonderful person. ---Murray Block

And so it is with sadness and much love and respect that the members of the Editorial Board of *News and Views* dedicate this issue to our late, wonderful colleague and leader—

### **LORE SCURRAH**

Lore would be delighted to know that Lynn Altonin will be taking over as Editor of News and Views beginning with the next issue. Erin Teichman will be Co-Editor.

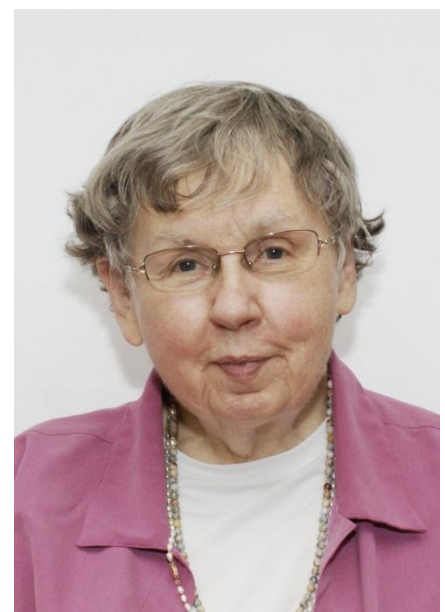
## LOIS WILSON

### An Autobiographical Sketch

Except for professional meetings and personal travel, Lois Wilson has lived in upstate New York her entire life. She was born in Batavia, New York, graduated from Ithaca High School, and has degrees from both Elmira College and Cornell University. Before she moved to Avila on May 16, this year, she owned a town house in Chadwick Square (Glenmont, NY)

Lois is the oldest of three siblings and is enjoying entertaining family members at Avila. Her sister and brother-in-law, Beth and Richard, have stayed overnight. Her brother Ed, who lives in St. Louis, has also visited. Recently, her niece and family, including seven year-old twins, thoroughly enjoyed a picnic on the Avila patio.

In 1960 Lois came to Albany for a one-year internship and never left. From 1960 through the end of 1997 she worked for the NYS Assembly, NYS United Teachers, Governor's office, NYS Budget Division, NYS Education Department, and NYS Senate. Her last paid position was as the Staff Director for the Senate Education Committee.



Photograph by Max Tiller

Since she retired, she has connected with several current Avila residents in a variety of Albany County activities. She is still an active participant in the Capital District Senior Issues Forum (which she and Pat Binzer helped to found in 1998) and at Westminster Presbyterian Church (where she has been the co-chair of the African Mission Committee since 2001). One of her current priorities: tell her friends in Albany what a wonderful place Avila is.

## SUMMER MEMORIES

Jean Mann



At this time of year, I often think of summers past, mostly those of my childhood. And some of my best memories are the three summers I went to camp up in the hills of Northern Vermont. It was called Camp Wapanacki and was run by the New York Institute for the Blind which is in the Bronx. Many of the campers were from the New York City area, but others of us came from all over the country and Canada. There were two four-week sessions, one for the boys in July and one for the girls in August.

I went to the New York State School for the Blind in Batavia, New York for my four years of high school, and one of our bus drivers and his wife drove us up to camp and back each summer. We would leave from the school

early in the morning, pick up a few other girls at stops along the Thruway, and eventually take a route, which took us to Tupper Lake, where we spent the night.

The next morning we continued on, taking the ferry from Plattsburgh to Burlington, Vermont, and continuing on until we got to camp, which was outside of Hardwick, Vermont. We always stopped for lunch at an A&W just outside of camp. A&W was known for their root beer, but **I** remember the cheeseburgers and ice cream!

Since August was girls' month, there were mostly female counselors, usually two for every cabin, but there were a few males around, and one was assigned to each cabin to go on overnights and take part in other cabin activities. Most of them were in college and not too much older than we were. There were probably ten girls who had a crush on each one.

We did all the usual things at camp--swam in the lake, went out in the rowboats, paddleboats, and canoes, if you were a good enough swimmer (I wasn't). We cooked over an open fire, learned to tie knots and put up tents, and did other camp craft projects, which I no longer remember. We sang after every meal, at campfires, and every chance we got. Sometimes we took overnight trips, or slept outside our cabin under the stars, just for the fun of it.

Every Tuesday afternoon we hiked six miles into Hardwick to buy junk, so there were parties in every cabin after Taps on those nights! And we stopped at that famous A&W for ice cream on the way in to town. There were hot dogs and beans set up in the rec hall when we got back, and the rest of the evening was supposed to be set aside to write letters home, but that didn't usually happen!



Sunday nights were our Council Fire nights. At the beginning of the session, the cabins were divided into two tribes, the Algonquin and the Iroquois. Each tribe was led by its "princess" into the council fire ring. I got to be the princess of the Iroquois tribe my last summer there. Accomplishments for the previous week were recognized at these meetings, and badges were handed out.

During the four weeks there were competitions between the two tribes and the individual cabins. We had skit nights, talent shows, games, and athletic competitions. At the end of the summer, there were boating and swimming competitions. My tribe won the year I was the princess, so I received a trophy at the final banquet, which I returned before I left the next day, so it could be used again the following year. My cabin got "best all-around cabin" two of the three years I was there.

Campers were sometimes selected for special trips. I was chosen to climb Mount Mansfield, the highest mountain in Vermont, two years in a row. After the first trip I said I'd never do it again, but couldn't resist the challenge of climbing it again when I was picked the next year. We camped out in a lean-to at the base of the mountain. The steak we cooked over the fire those nights was the best I ever ate. One of our counselors brought his guitar so we sat by the fire and ate S'mores, sang folk songs, and told ghost stories.



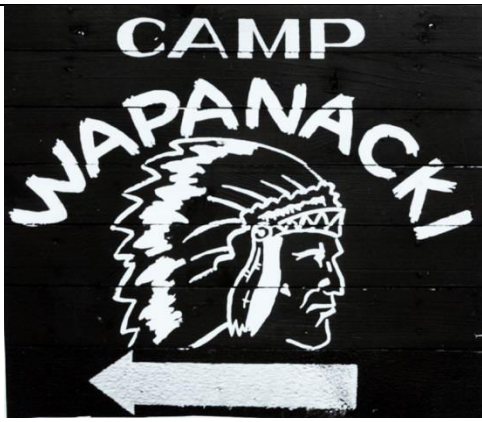
Another time I took what was called the "Canadian Hike", a 50-mile trek from camp to the Canadian border. It took us two and a half days. We carried our packs on our backs. One night we slept in a stadium and the next night in an old barn on the property of somebody known to the camp. No steak on that trip. The counselors bought food on the way, and we ate sandwiches and drank water. Lots of water. It was hot! One of my fellow hikers and I actually ran the last quarter mile or so. I wish I had some of that energy now! We all went to the camp infirmary when we got back to have our blisters attended to.

Unfortunately all good things come to an end, and before we knew it, the month was over and it was time to return to the real world. Our bus driver and his wife came to get us. There were usually many tears shed as we drove away from camp. But we always stopped crying in time to ask them if we could hit that A&W for lunch for one last burger and ice cream cone. We arrived home late the next afternoon, just in time to head back to school.

Years later, probably because colleges were starting earlier and counselors couldn't stay as late in August as they used to, Camp Wapanacki shortened its sessions and changed them to younger kids and older ones instead of boys and girls. They started holding a week-long session for adults after the kids went home. We couldn't wait to go back.

We did many of the same things we'd done years before. We hiked into town. Somehow the hills were a bit steeper than they had been, and the A&W was gone. We camped out, but the ground was a little harder than we remembered. We took trips into Stowe, bought souvenirs, and visited the Ben and Jerry's plant. We went back to Mount Mansfield, but this time rode the chair lift up the mountain.

At night we sang, just like before, but we were in what was called the counselors' cabin, and the songs we sang and the jokes we told were not all appropriate for young ears to hear. The beverages we drank would not have been served to us in our younger days either.



The last time I went to Camp Wapanacki was in August of 1990. It was becoming more and more expensive to run, and it was not accessible to children who had other disabilities, along with their blindness. So it was closed and eventually sold to the Girl Scouts. It's still standing, but is in disrepair. I don't know who currently owns the property or what will happen to it.

I am amazed at how many people I've run into during my travels over the years who attended Camp Wapanacki, and how much of an impact it had on all our lives. It was one of those places you either loved or hated, and most of us loved it. My parents sent me to camp every summer from the time I

was nine thru sixteen. Wapanacki was my favorite place!

## ARE THERE ANGELS ON EARTH?

Dolly Shamlian

Many years ago while I was employed at the Education Department, I was given a promotion. I was to start a few days before Thanksgiving. My son, David, was home from college. He asked if he could use my car. Of course I said yes. "Just drive me to work in the morning and pick me up around seven o'clock to take me home." I was planning to organize my new office, so I knew I would be working late. Unfortunately, I neglected to tell him my office was now a different one.

Well, as the day progressed I completely forgot to call him about picking me up at a different location. Just a little after seven I went out. Oh dear, I said to myself, now what shall I do. The weather had changed! It was cold, windy, rainy, and snowy. Of course I was not dressed for this winter day. No boots! No gloves! No hat! High heels! I could not get back into the building to call for help. Well, I'll walk to the Albany Public Library. Perhaps David will just look for me. I went in. I realized that I had no money – just three quarters. Oh dear, my husband will be furious with me. He always would say: "Check, do I have money?" Of course my wallet was empty. I used one quarter to call home. No answer. Well, I decided that I would walk toward Colonie Center. Long walk. Perhaps my other son will be at Quick Lube. I walked along. Unfortunately, although I had two quarters left, it was not enough to take the bus to Colonie Center.

Suddenly, as I was walking, two men came walking toward me. Two men—one white, one black. I began to pray, "Dear God, don't let them ask me for money. They won't believe that I don't have any."

Sure enough, they said, "Please, Miss, could you spare some money for us. It's cold and we sure could use some hot coffee."

I held out my hand with the two quarters and said, "This is all I have – two quarters. Not enough to take the bus." They looked at each other and said – "Good luck, Miss." Then I thought: "Thank you, God." I walked on.

Suddenly, I heard something behind me. Oh, oh, I thought, they have changed their minds. Well, they came up to me. Each gave me a quarter and said, "Take the bus, Miss. You can take the bus and good luck to you."

I thanked them over and over. Angels? I believe so! I thanked God over and over.

Harry and I drove around looking for these two men. We never did find them.

Are there angels on earth? Yes!





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**NEW BUCKET LIST - CHAPTER 2 - ANDREW JOHNSON****Erin Teichman**

*Note: In the February 2018 issue of News and Views, Erin had written that she and husband, Ray, have made a new "bucket list" to include visits to as many as possible of the homes, birthplaces, final resting places of the Presidents of the USA. This is their second report on the progress of their "bucket list". More will follow in future issues of News and Views.*

On the way home from a visit with family living in Florida, Ray and I exited I-75 for the hills and curves of the Smoky Mountain byway toward Greenville, TN, the home of President Andrew Johnson. Our stop at his home was well worth it. As the president who succeeded Lincoln and attempted to carry out Lincoln's plan for Reconstruction following the Civil War, Johnson lived and worked in Greenville prior to, and after his term in office. We also stopped at his gravesite in the Andrew Johnson National Cemetery, and saw two of his homes.

Johnson was a tailor by profession and the Visitor Center was built around the actual tailor shop in which he had worked. A cabin across the street is a reconstruction of his birthplace in Raleigh, NC. Two blocks from the Visitor Center is the Homestead, a brick Greek Revival two-story home, which is maintained to look like it did when the Johnsons lived there from 1869 to 1875. Its nine rooms include many original furnishings.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt dedicated this area as the Johnson National Monument on April 27, 1942.



Photo by Ray Teichman

**SOME YOGI BERRA QUOTES (FROM LORE'S FILES)**

**IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU ARE GOING, YOU MIGHT WIND UP SOMEPLACE ELSE**

**BASEBALL IS 90 PERCENT MENTAL. THE OTHER HALF IS PHYSICAL**

**HE HITS FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE PLATE. HE'S AMPHIBIOUS.**

**IF THE PEOPLE DON'T WANT TO COME OUT TO THE BALLPARK, NOBODY'S GOING TO STOP THEM.**

**I NEVER SAID MOST OF THE THINGS I SAID.**

## BITCOINS AND BLOCKCHAINS

John Wagner



Bitcoin was the first of several crypto-currencies, also called digital currencies. It is a peer-to-peer payment system that is independent of any financial institution or government. It aroused great interest when it was introduced in 2009, but in recent years, that interest has shifted from Bitcoin to its innovative technology: Blockchain. This is a software structure for large data bases that appears to have wide application. Pilot studies are being conducted by many firms, from Walmart to Airbus.

Bitcoin was developed in response to the recession of 2008, ascribing it to the inequities and corruption of the current financial system.

The vision was to create a parallel system without the middlemen, the bankers and trusted third parties who skimmed off profits and complicated transactions. A key element was the use of blockchains. This was an innovative technology created to store the history of each Bitcoin token.

Another element was the "distributed ledger." Banks have used ledgers for many decades to record the debits and credits for individual accounts. While a bank may have many branches, a bank has only one central ledger, kept at the bank's headquarters. Your monthly statement is a record of the last month's activities. A distributed ledger is a database where the data in the ledger is stored on many network computers and managed by many participants. It could be termed a communal digital bookkeeping system.

Access to the Bitcoin system is available globally: all that is required is a computer and access to the Internet. To pay for a purchase with Bitcoins, a buyer would employ a cryptographic key to initiate a transaction and would specify the individual Bitcoin tokens to be used to pay the seller. The computer network would verify ownership of these tokens by identifying the earlier transactions that transferred them to the buyer and verify that the buyer had not already used them. (Locating these earlier transactions is called "mining" and the people who do it are called "miners.") After these tokens are transferred to the seller's account, all the data associated with this transaction would be stored in the next block to be added to the chain. In addition, a "hash" number would be added to this transaction file to facilitate its future retrieval.

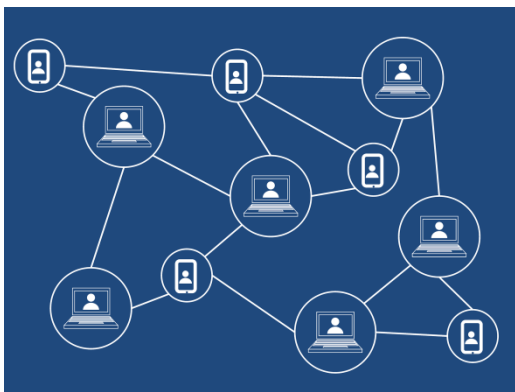
This retrieval strategy was invented in the 1950s, when large data files began to appear. The strategy was patterned after culinary hash. To make corned beef hash, the meat is cut into small pieces and then mixed with potatoes. A computer hash is made by breaking a data file into small segments, mixing them up, and then performing some mathematical operations. The result is a number of fixed length. To see how this might shorten a search, consider this example. A community makes a list of property owners and the address of their property. To find out who owns a given property, the computer could successively check each address to see if it was the desired number. This might involve almost all 100,000 listings. But suppose the listings were "hashed" with a four-digit number. Then the computer could determine the hash number for the desired listing, and then search through only those listings with that same hash number. There would probably be only 100 such listings to examine, a significant reduction. Hashing algorithms are still used today; every time you enter a credit card number over the Internet, a hash function is at work.

To add this block to the chain of blocks, a validation procedure must be completed. A hash number is determined for the entire block. This, together with the hash number of the preceding block in the chain and a random number, is fed into a very complex algorithm that converts them into "metahash," an alphanumeric string of digits. The chaining algorithm will add this block to the chain only if the resulting string of number begins with, say, four zeros. Because of the complexity of these hash based algorithms, the outcome cannot be predicted. So when the string of numbers is unacceptable, the miner must add a different random number and rerun the algorithm again and again, until the string of numbers is acceptable. (Miners compete to add a block to the chain and the winner is paid in Bitcoins.) The Bitcoin system uses this technique to assure that the transactions cannot be reversed or altered. It also makes the blockchain secure: Bitcoin has never been "hacked." Implementing this feature, however, requires enormous computing power.

Bitcoin has had a slow start. Despite the glowing claims of its proponents, Bitcoin today has less than 375,000 users worldwide on a given day. The capacity of the Bitcoin system is also limited. Currently, it can process about seven transactions per second. By comparison, Visa typically handles 2000 transactions per second. Another factor is that a Bitcoin token has no intrinsic value and so the price is unstable as it is subject to speculation. The price, (initially several dollars) later soared to more than \$18,000 US and then dropped to about \$4000. Because of this concern, many investment brokers advise against the purchase of Bitcoins.

But the more important limitation is the energy needed to operate a node in the network. The computers and the servers there may require as much as 10 megawatts of electrical power. (This energy could power the whole village of Altamont.) It has been estimated that Bitcoin uses more electricity than Google, eBay, and Facebook combined. The search for low cost electricity led Bitcoin to build a node in a desert in Mongolia. A Schenectady start-up has proposed building a node by a river north of Quebec where the output of a dam there could be dedicated to the node.

Development of crypto-currencies continues as researchers address the current limitations. For example, workers at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology are developing "Tradecoin," a crypto-currency backed by real world assets such as energy or commodities. The future may see several crypto-currencies, but the major contribution of Bitcoin developers is more likely to be the blockchain, a software structure for databases.



The creators of Bitcoin devised a novel structure for its database. The last thousand transactions are grouped together as a "block," and then this block is "chained" to the preceding block of transactions. Organizing the data in this chronological fashion facilitates the search for earlier transactions involving a specific Bitcoin token.

But in 2013, the Bitcoin system was modified. The software for recording a transaction had been designed to handle only financial data. A researcher in Toronto altered that software so it could treat more generalized data and represent real world objects. This new system, called "Ethereum," was also a crypto- currency but has broader

applications. It holds promise for "product traceability." Airbus, the European jet plane manufacturer, is considering use of a blockchain to record the fabrication history of sub-assemblies used in the aircraft, Such a record would be very useful in case of an accident. A blockchain was developed for the diamond industry to record a stone's origin and properties for authentication purposes.



A food retailer is also exploring such blockchains to assist in responding to the detection of a food related illness. Walmart used a test case involving "tainted" mangos. A team was asked to trace a package from a retail outlet, back through the distributor, the packager, the processor to the farm of origin. It took 5 1/2 days to compile all the data. A test blockchain record recovered the data in two minutes.

Such quick response is important to Walmart, because it reduces the risk exposure of the company. The Danish shipping company, Maersk, plans to use a blockchain to keep track of its cargo containers. The company can schedule the arrival of the containers, notify the port authorities, and pay the import duties.

The transaction software was later expanded to include a separate software program. Such programs can provide interactions like those found in social media. Such software could permit interaction, like chat rooms so that participants could arrive at the terms of the contract that underlies the transaction. These software modifications have been called "smart contracts." Smart contracts may allow application not possible now. Blockchains have limited storage and could not stream videos as does Netflix. But a smart contract could access a Web site that can provide the video to be streamed. That smart contract could record also rental fees and royalty payments due.

Also, blockchains have no contact with real time data. Again, a smart contract could draw on the services of another Web site which could access and process real time data. This would make possible an insurance business that would pay the passenger if his flight arrived late.

At this point, there are also many pilot projects exploring the utility of blockchains in finance and government. There are three consortiums of major financial institutions striving to understand how different blockchains might help their businesses. Most of these projects involve "permissioned" blockchains, where only certain individuals are permitted to access the data. Although governments are usually reluctant to adopt new technologies, several governmental agencies are also exploring possible uses of blockchains.

Double entry bookkeeping revolutionized the financial industry a few centuries ago. I wonder if blockchains will have a comparable impact on today's world of commerce.



**I'M NOT GOING TO BUY MY KIDS AN ENCYCLOPEDIA. LET THEM WALK TO SCHOOL LIKE I DID.**

**WHY BUY GOOD LUGGAGE, YOU ONLY USE IT WHEN YOU TRAVEL.**

**(ON THE 1973 METS) WE WERE OVERWHELMING UNDERDOGS.**

**I DON'T KNOW (IF THEY WERE MEN OR WOMEN FANS RUNNING NAKED ACROSS THE FIELD). THEY HAD BAGS OVER THEIR HEADS.**

**IT AIN'T THE HEAT, IT'S THE HUMILITY.**

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**NEW BUCKET LIST - CHAPTER 3 - EISENHOWER FARM**

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**Erin Teichman**

The second presidential site visit on our May road trip was President Dwight D. Eisenhower's farm and home. After turning off I-81 onto PA 30 toward Gettysburg, we needed to stop at the Gettysburg Battlefield visitors' center to park and board a shuttle bus to the farm.

Eisenhower's decision to purchase the farm was motivated in part by his interest in raising Black Angus cattle. He and wife, Mamie Dowd Eisenhower, purchased the farm and home in 1948 and used it before, during and after his presidency. We were impressed by the fact that the house played such an important role during his presidency. (The farm was only 30 minutes by helicopter from the White House). He visited the farm over 300 times while president, staying there for several weeks as he recuperated from his heart attack in 1956.

President Eisenhower held talks with important foreign visitors there, including Winston Churchill, Charles de Gaulle and Nikita Khrushchev. He signed some 300 bills in his study on a desk made from wood removed from the White House during the renovations made by President Truman. We think the centerpiece of the home is a fireplace in the living room used in the White House during the presidency of Abraham Lincoln. It was a gift from Eisenhower's friends who knew of his great admiration for Lincoln.

In 1967, the Eisenhowers gifted the farm to the federal government with the understanding that they would be able to live there for life. Following a lifetime of travels for their country, Mrs. Eisenhower could truly say ..."We had only one home - our farm."

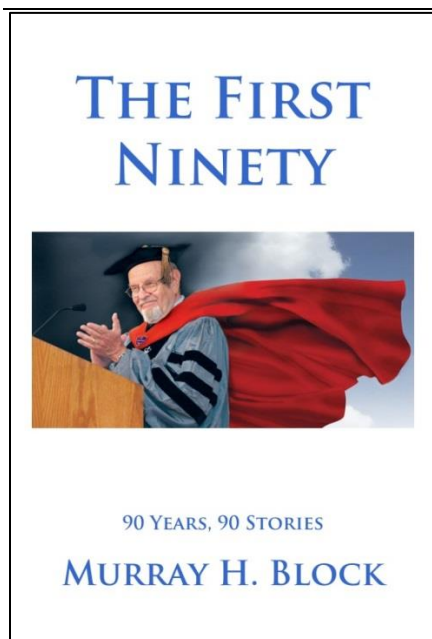


Photo by Ray Teichman

**LEAVING YOUR LEGACY****Murray Block**

We have all spent many years accumulating "things". Some of these "things" are easy to identify, such as bank accounts, stocks, bonds, and so forth. These are usually accounted for in a legal will drawn by an attorney. However, many of us have a host of other "things" we have accumulated that can be of interest and value to family and friends. The most important things we have are our memories. Leaving those for our loved ones is possibly the most important legacy we have.

I started writing memoir stories to share with my family members in 1994. I had just returned from a trip to Lithuania, from where my father emigrated when he was sixteen in 1906. The rest of his family remained in the old country, where they lived quite comfortably until the Nazis invaded. My grandfather, uncles, aunts and cousins all perished during the Holocaust, except for one cousin who was still alive when Auschwitz was liberated. Years later, I visited her in Israel. She told me of the round-up of the family on July 4, 1941. My grandfather and uncles were shot, almost immediately, the women and children were dragged off to various concentration camps. On my trip to Kaunas, Lithuania, I found my grandfather's house, and the place where he and my uncles were shot and buried in a mass grave.



When I returned home, I felt I had to share my experience with my brothers, children, and grandchildren. And that is how my first memoir story got written. My second story was written the next year after a trip to Auschwitz. I recorded my feelings after seeing this place of horror that decimated my father's family. Then I stopped to reflect on what memoirs I was leaving for my children and their kids. Life was not all tragic and horrible, full of death and destruction. The third story I wrote was about my first days in school. At the age of five and a half, my Mom enrolled me in first grade, because kindergarten was already filled. She said my birth certificate was "lost in the flood". They put me down as being six and entered me in first grade, three weeks after school had already started. Mom warned me not to tell anyone when my birthday was. I was so nervous that first week, I messed my pants twice. I read this story to my then five-year old grandson, whose reaction was: "Shame on you, Grandpa!"

I've written two hundred or more memoirs of my childhood, my Army Air Corps experiences, my work years, travels, and stories of life with my funny and wonderful wife. For my 90<sup>th</sup> birthday, as a surprise, my son, Paul, self-published a book: "The First Ninety---90 Years, 90 Stories". On the flyleaf he wrote that only some of my stories are in the book -"The rest must wait for the next ninety."

*I plan to include more "Leaving Your Legacy" ideas in future issues of News and Views. If you have your own ideas on the subject, do contact me by phone at 554, or email at [blockfolks@gmail.com](mailto:blockfolks@gmail.com)*

## FENIMORE ART MUSEUM TRIP

Murray Block



On Friday, September 7, Avila will be taking a busload of its residents on a daylong trip to the Fenimore Art Museum in Cooperstown, New York.



The Museum is located on the west side of Otsego Lake, not far from the Farmer's Museum, the Otesaga Hotel, and the village of Cooperstown. Its collections include the Eugene and Clare Thaw Collection of American Indian Art, American Fine and Folk Art, 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> century photography, as well as rare books and manuscripts. The Museum's mission is to connect its audience to American and New York State heritage by organizing exhibits and programs that are most

informative. The special exhibit at the Museum, at the time of our visit, will be "Thomas Cole and the Garden of Eden".

Thomas Cole was an English-born American painter known for his magnificent history and landscape paintings. One of the major 19<sup>th</sup> century painters, he is regarded as the founder of the Hudson River School, the American art movement that flourished in the mid-19<sup>th</sup> century. Cole's creations are known for their romantic portrayal of the American wilderness. He died in Catskill, in 1848, at the age of 47.

This special exhibition centers on Cole's masterpiece, *Expulsion from the Garden of Eden*, lent by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. This grand work explores Cole's aspirations for landscape painting at the beginning of his career. Sixteen original works, including some from the Fenimore's collection and loans from other sources, survey the theme of the Garden of Eden. The exhibit also includes works of others who influenced Cole early in his career

The bus will depart in the morning in time to take the group to lunch near the Museum. The exact time of departure and the name of the restaurant where we will have lunch will be given when Telisa posts the September schedule in the trip books in the Mail Room.

## *THE GROWN-UP SUIT*

*Wilbur Shapiro*

*The family men awaited downstairs  
All dressed in suits for a relative's affair  
Mother and Myron were upstairs dressing  
The men watched TV, the news they were digesting*

*Myron was a tot of age about five  
He was lots of fun, on life he did thrive  
The men were surprised when Myron arrived  
He was dressed in new clothes, beautifully contrived*

*He wore a tweed sport jacket, color light blue  
His pants were dark blue to provide a contrasting hue  
A button down white shirt showed through his sport coat  
And a polka dot bow tie covered his throat*

*Argyle socks and new brown shoes completed the attire  
Myron felt ecstatic, his brain was on fire  
He felt he had been released from the baby cult  
He now was a fully fledged adult*

*Myron's appearance made the spectators glad  
As he strutted, he uttered "How ya doin' Dad?"  
This little spectacle of innocent consequence  
Was remembered for a long time and still has resonance*

*Young Myron was a source of infinite pleasure  
Since birth he became the family treasure  
It is very enjoyable to witness a sibling emerge from a pup  
It is just too bad we all grow up*