



# Ridge Record

Volume 15 Number 1—January 2017— No. 163

## NEW MEMBERS ELECTED TO RESIDENTS' BOARD

BY JANE NEIGHBORS

Four new members were elected to the Residents' Board of Directors on December 15. Serving a three-year term from January 2017 through 2019 will be Beverly Peterman, Ann Raymond, Webb Williams, and Betty Woodman. 178 residents voted.

Other board members and their terms are as follows.

Serving from 2015–2017 are Dee Edgar, Bob Saunders, Tony Wiggins, and Edythe Woodruff. Saunders is also serving a two-year term as president of the Board, replacing a resident who left Meadow

Ridge. He will continue in that capacity through 2017.

Denis Duggan is a Board member for 2016–2017. He was appointed to replace a resident who died before completing her term.

Serving from 2016–2018 are Bill McKenney, Betty Lee Kent, Jane Neighbors, and Celie Rosenau.

Leaving the Board in January 2017 after serving their three-year terms are Joan Beutler, Anne Jacques, and Joyce Weiser.

### DON'T FORGET TO ENTER THE VALENTINE CONTEST

The *Ridge Record* Valentine contest was described in the last issue. Submissions must be received by February 7. They can be sweet or cynical or nasty—anything you think would make a clever message inside a Valentine card. Send to [byvble@gmail.com](mailto:byvble@gmail.com) or put in Jane Neighbors' cubby #2215. Any questions? Call Jane at 203 544-1248.



Beverly Peterman



Ann Raymond



Betty Woodman



Webb Williams

**FROM MICHELLE R. BETTIGOLE  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR**



As 2016 draws to an end, I would like to thank all the residents and staff, who made the year so very exceptional. I take great pleasure in reflecting on those special friendships, moments, and experiences that I have enjoyed as the Executive Director at Meadow Ridge. I count my blessings every day for having the opportunity to work with all of you. Whatever the challenge, our community has risen to it. And we continue to be inspired by the words, deeds, and friendships of those around us.

Looking ahead to 2017, I am excited to see what the future will bring to our lovely campus. We have added new members to our leadership team while bidding fond farewell to others; so, change is certainly inevitable but also an exciting prospect. I remain hopeful that in 2017 we will be able to bring our dream of a new dining venue to fruition and continue the process of updating décor around the first floor of the Atrium. And of course, we will continue to renovate apartments to welcome new residents to our community and "our family."

May every day of your New Year overflow with health and happiness for you, your families, friends, and our staff. Wishing you all the best for a very happy New Year 2017 from the entire Meadow Ridge family!

**NEW SNOW BUFFET SCHEDULE**

Chef Brian Limitone has announced new plans for how snow buffets will be handled. If there is a serious snowstorm or the likelihood of one, residents will be alerted via the Meadow Ridge One Call system, Channel 3, and the Odyssey website. Snow buffets are used to maintain sufficient Food and Beverage staffing during adverse conditions.

When a snow buffet is in effect: The **main dining room** will not serve either lunch or dinner. The **Atrium Bistro** will not serve dinner. However, the **Pub Deli** will be open for normal operation from noon to 1:30 p.m.

- **Go to the main dining room between noon and 2:00 p.m.** to select and pick up your regular daily meal, which will be packaged for you in "to-go" containers.
- **In-home dining** will be offered at lunchtime only. If you wish to use this service, you must call extension 446 by 10:30 a.m. Delivery will be at noon at the first floor elevator in your building.

**Note:** We may be lucky enough to escape snowstorms in early January, but there will probably be a snow buffet on



**Thursday, Jan. 12.** On that day, Meadow Ridge employees will have their annual party in the auditorium in the evening. So snow buffet rules, as above, will free up the employees to celebrate.

**LET IT SNOW**  
BY BOB COMSTOCK

How does Meadow Ridge deal with the inevitable and often unpredictable snows of the New England winter? We have turned the task over to a capable ally, Eastern Land Management (ELM). This firm's small army of workers, impressive in their bright yellow jackets, takes care of Meadow Ridge grounds. And snow removal is a vital part of the task.

Plant Operation Director Sal Gaetano says hiring ELM is more cost efficient than tackling the snow with part-time shovelers, as we used to do. And ELM has its own meteorologist to provide detailed forecasts of the severity and timing of approaching storms.

Asked how severe a winter the meteorologist was expecting, Sal said he wouldn't make long-range forecasts, which is probably a good reason to take him seriously.

The snowstorm priority list adopted by Sal and ELM in coordination with Security and other departments gives first priority to providing access for ambulances, fire, and other emergency vehicles. Second priority goes to staff

parking lots, with plowing timed with shift changes to provide safe access to and from the job.

Sal said he planned to distribute the priority list to all interested residents. If you did not get one, call 203 544-7733 ext. 545.

There's always a chance of losing electricity during a major storm. The three independent living buildings, Laurel, Spruce, and Maple, each have generators to provide limited lighting in the corridors, operation of A (but not B) elevators, and lifesaving equipment during a power outage. Other generators should provide full power to the Health Center, assisted living apartments, and the main dining room.

State law requires Sal to interrupt our power for a 6-second delay once a year. "I don't like it because there's always a chance that it won't come back up," he says. "But I do it with my watch in my hand."

And so far, so good.



## LIBRARY LINES

BY ANNE JACQUES

A popular activity at Meadow Ridge is the Book Group. Joan Kahn, chair, reported that several new residents attended the open meeting in December and contributed suggestions for future meetings.

The group meets the first Friday of the month at 2:30 in the Gilbert Room. A member of the group will lead the discussion. On January 6, Beverly Peterman will report on *A Gesture Life*, by Chang-Rae Lee. Copies of the book, provided by the Mark Twain Library, will be available in our library from time to time. The Mark Twain librarian tries to borrow as many as possible from area libraries.

Looking forward, Joan Beutler has chosen an old classic to review in February. It is *Mrs. Dalloway*, by Virginia Wolff.

We have authors in our community. One of them, Richard Monkman, has just published a new book, *Trinity Lake*. He presented our library with two copies, one in paperback and one in hard cover. The copy that was put out on the Maple corridor shelf disappeared immediately. Richard also has written an autobiography, *Just Before Dark*, which many residents have already read.

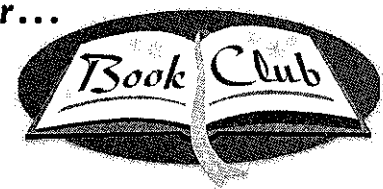
What is a more successful gift during the holiday season than a good book? I found myself at a local area bookstore

recently with a list of six books that will go to my families. I presented my list to one of the sales persons, who looked up a title on the computer to see where it was located in the store, and then she trotted off to find it. It took a bit of time, and while I waited, several people came up to me. "Are you being helped?" "Can I help you?" "Is someone assisting you?" Eventually I had five books in hand and another on order. It was a pleasant and satisfactory experience.

By contrast, previously I had tried to order a book for my Kindle from Amazon. Don't tell me how easy it is. After a frustrating hour, I had two books downloaded on my Kindle. One I wanted. One I had already read, and in no way could I figure out how to say "ordered in error." There was no telephone number to use, and their "help" system gave me no help at all. I will choose a proper book anytime. Only the impending airline trip to California for the holidays caused me to try for an online book.

I hope everyone received wonderful books for the holidays.

Book Club is  
for...



...you!

*From the Writers' Workshop: MY FIRST BIG JOB*  
BY NANCY FRIED

Babysitting was my first paying job. All one summer I helped take care of six-year-old twins. And when two Fresh-air Fund boys arrived to spend a month in the country, I helped take care of them too, along with the twins. But that job was cushy compared with my job the following summer.

In the spring preceding this non-cushy job, a Red Cross worker came to my school to recruit young women for the Women's Land Army. I took no interest in it, but a best friend of mine thought this was a fabulous idea and dragged me along with her.

We ended up picking string beans in Litchfield, Connecticut. (The farm hands were in the service.) I didn't realize it then, but I had joined a large movement (one of many) to be a part of WW II on the domestic front.



In Litchfield, we girls (about 20, mostly from Smith College) slept on cots that were

arrayed along a long and beautiful screened-in porch in a luxurious home—this, and breakfast too, at the largesse of its wealthy owners.

A pick-up truck called for us at 7 a.m., and we drove out to the bean field. Box lunches arrived at the field, and we ate them under some trees nearby. Those lunches were provided, patriotically if you will, by various restaurants in town.

The work was exact. On the first day, the field boss drove his strong arm into my bean basket, stirred the beans around and around, thus leaving a space in the middle. Then he told me to pack the basket tight,

On Sundays, we went to an inn in Torrington and had blueberry pie a la mode. Who would have thought that this could be the highlight of a week?

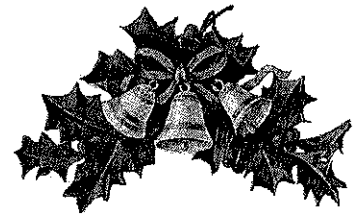
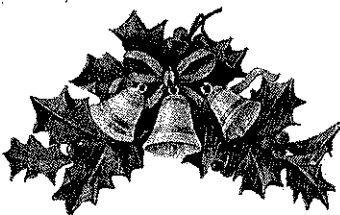
In retrospect, I am happy I was able to do something for my country in a justifiable cause—and eat blueberry pie.

**THE RIDGE RECORD**

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***WE EXTEND TO YOU BEST WISHES FOR A  
NEW YEAR OF HEALTH AND CONTENTMENT***



From the Archives

From time to time, Grady Jensen, *Ridge Record* historian and former publisher, will submit articles from past issues that he considers worth reprinting. The following appeared in the November 2005 issue. It was written by Dick Uhl, former editor of the *Ridge Record*.

**DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE**

It was early summer of 1942, and our country was just beginning to get into high gear for the war effort—thousands of new draftees in basic training, and factories everywhere starting the build-up that would produce the greatest military machine the world had ever seen. Having been drafted in March 1941, I was watching all this with impatient relief at my station with the 80th Infantry Division, training at Camp Forrest TN.

In Washington one day, President Roosevelt, in a conversation with Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau, mentioned that he believed it was time to ask the soldiers of today's war to write songs of today's war. Morgenthau was just then organizing support for the second war-loan drive. He turned for help to the head of the music department at Princeton University, Professor Welch, where his son, Henry III, had recently graduated. Professor Welch gave him my name. As a classmate and a friend of Henry's, I had met his family on one or two occasions.

And that's how it came about that down in Tennessee I suddenly received orders putting me back on detached service. I was told to report at once to Room 118½ at

the Treasury Building in Washington, with no clue as to why I was going, who had sent for me, and for what purpose. Upon arrival, I stood before the door, preparing to go in and salute and report for duty. But instead of finding an army officer at the desk, I found Professor Welch, under whom I had majored in music at Princeton.

Finally, I got the word on what I was supposed to do—write the campaign song for the second war-loan drive. I immediately replied that I couldn't do it without help from my friend and collaborator, Corporal Tom Adair, then stationed in Fort Jackson SC. Before he was drafted, Tom had already begun his long career as a very successful lyricist with his first big hits, "Everything Happens to Me" and "Let's Get Away From it All." The very next day, he handed me a lyric entitled "Everybody Every Pay-day." I set it to music; we played it for various Treasury officials. It was approved and went off to be published and recorded by various singers and big bands.

There was a small projection room at the Treasury where Morgenthau often

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invited guests to watch a movie after dinner. The room held a small spinet piano. Before we knew it, Tom and I became the live entertainers preceding the films. We sang songs we had written in our basic training days—songs that were keyed to the views of us draftees who came in in the months before Pearl Harbor and were itching to get out. That was not to be. We had to come to grips with the fact that if you had a gripe, there was no one to gripe to. You had to go through the chain of command. Tom had captured this tedious process in a lyric called "Through Channels." The song took the private from his corporal to his captain to his colonel to a general and advising:

*Just call the President.*

*He'll call Eleanor.*

*She'll call the whole thing off.*

One summer weekend, Mrs. Morgenthau invited me to be a guest at their farm in Dutchess County NY. On Sunday evening, as we gathered for dinner, I found that Mrs. Roosevelt, their friend and neighbor, was also a guest. The Secretary and Mrs. Morgenthau had often heard "Through Channels," and over coffee, they suggested that I step to the nearby piano and sing that song. As I walked to the piano, I thought, with

some trepidation, "I hope she's got a sense of humor." As I sat down on the bench, Mrs. Roosevelt asked if she might sit beside me so as to hear a little better. So I launched into the song and lustily built up to the payoff lines "Just call the President. He'll call Eleanor. She'll call the whole thing off." Of course, she loved it, laughed heartily, and had me play it again. And, later that week, she invited me to the White House for dinner with some of her best friends. (The President was away on a trip across country.)

After dinner, the first Lady invited us all upstairs so I could perform the song for the other guests. We were led to the Monroe Room, a kind of ballroom where there was a more-than-grand grand piano, gilded to match the gilded chairs that lined the walls.

And that was my brush with history. If it weren't for "Through Channels" and the friendly enthusiasm of Eleanor Roosevelt, I never in my life would have made it to the White House and the Monroe Room. My friend Tom Adair said only, "I hope you didn't trip over the Doctrine on the way in."



THE FESTIVE SPIRIT AT MEADOW RIDGE

