A Valentine Sketch

My Valentine's a person rare
Who means the world to me
The wondrous things I love
Within my heart I see.
I see the caring for me
Without all doubt and fear.
A caring that makes all as though
Utopia is near.
I visualize understanding
So warm and tender kind
Always ready to give me
A blessed peace of mind.
And I envision honesty
Unmoved by changing ways
My Valentine's dependable
No matter passing days.
My Valentine, I cherish you
My Sweetheart and my friend
Possessor of Eternity
I'll love you to the end.

Betty Crilley
From The...

Editor's Notebook

You can't pass someone you are trying to get even with.

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Ladies golf has been accepted as a new activity for the Program Activity Group at Hawthorne. The girls play at the Rolling Hills Country Club in Leesburg on Friday mornings and Lola Bartley is chairman of this new group.

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Edward and Darlene Leaverton Highstreet celebrated a most unusual reunion on Jan. 16th, with a sit-down banquet in the hospital dining room at Brooksville, Florida. The Highstreets are from Algonac, Michigan, a town of some 3000 population - and one high school.

This party in Florida was for everyone who graduated from Algonac High School and the response was overwhelming. Their theme “Algonac Will Shine Tonight” was highlighted by entertainer Larry Schram and his mother-of-pearl banjo. Larry is a local Algonac boy who made good. It was an exciting get together.

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To Be Is To Do - Socrates
To Do Is To Be - Plato
DoBeDoBeDo - Sinatra

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Another Hawthorne Village couple has attained the status of a 60th anniversary! Mac and Ruth McDowell -who attended kindergarten together in Hammond, Indiana - celebrated their December 15, 1987 milepost at their Silver Lake Country Club, and then left for Atlanta, Georgia to celebrate with their family during the Christmas holidays.

On Christmas Day, their son, an Ophthalmic Surgeon, gave the Toast for the 22 family members present for the festive dinner: Mac and Ruth's two children and spouses, eight grandchildren and four spouses and several great-grandchildren. When her son asked Ruth what was the best time in her life, she responded, “Now”.

Their children are joining them for a special treat in January. They have arranged for a weekend at the former Carnegie Plantation on Cumberland Island, off the coast of Georgia. This Island can only be reached by boat and has seventeen miles of beaches, complete with wild horses and NO automobiles.

Few reach a 60th anniversary and even fewer are able to celebrate with such energetic fanfare. Sincerest congratulations.

Submitted by Rosalind Sykes

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The front page art was done by Lorraine Thomas.
NEW YEAR’S RESOLUTIONS ? ? ?

Fifty years of making and trying to keep well-intentioned New Year’s resolutions have convinced me that I should stop trying to kid myself. Besides, the calendar is an arbitrary thing with no real value to one with no more payroll deductions. I like the present, which is the only tense that really exists. The past is just a memory of a present gone and tomorrow is a present on the way. I’m content to wait till it gets here. I have made one last resolution though, that is to accept myself for what I am and quit worrying about it.

I don’t intend to start jogging. While I was growing up, you only ran away from something or to something good. I don’t intend to go on an exercise program. There is good evidence of more people dying of heart attacks while jogging or in health spas than while sitting at the typewriter.

I do not make predictions either. It’s a good way to be embarrassed. I think things will be pretty much the same as they have been for thousands of years.

I don’t pay any attention to Big Brother’s warnings about foods that cause cancer in rats. If it looks good, tastes good, I’ll eat it. All those preservatives used in today’s food to prolong the life of the product is confusing, but it allows me to keep leftovers in the refrigerator a few more days before I have to eat them.

In my youth, I would have liked to be a fireman, racecar driver, airplane pilot or a hobo living off the fat of the land. Instead, I became an avid reader of books, an amateur writer and earned my living in sales. I've retained two of those ambitions. Reading is still a great pleasure and if you have read this far, you might ask why I don’t give up writing.

I am not an old fuddy duddy set in my ways that I can’t accept change.

There are some things that I will not accept, hard rock (so-called music), electrified amplifiers, permissiveness and pornography to mention a few.

I will not accept the new gun laws in spite of the argument the N.R.A. uses. The rising crime rate speaks for itself. I have never held a gun in my hand. It’s depressing to read that the hottest selling Christmas presents are guns.

In 1988, I’m going for the gusto and the brass ring. I want it all on this first go around.

Today we hung a new calendar with twelve fresh pages. I will live each day all day long. Every morning that I awake, I'll know that it is going to be a great day. I’m going to reach for the moon but I won’t be too disappointed if I don’t quite make it.

I have just read all of the above; I guess we never stop making resolutions.

Dick Parks

Travelogue

Seafood-Lovers Arise!

If you like good seafood, you’ll find an abundance of it at Cedar Key, Florida, a West Coast fishing village which is about a two-hour drive from Hawthorne.

For the second year, Evelyn Mare (Hawthorne Travel Club) accompanied a busload from here to Cedar Key’s Eighteenth Seafood Festival sponsored by the Cedar Key Lion’s Club.

The Celebration included lively marching bands parading, community floats, beauty queens, the Civil Air Patrol, and color guards. Up and down the streets, arts and crafts fashioned by local people were for sale.

After the parade it was time to find a place to eat which was easy. The hard part was deciding which inn to choose as there were many along the waterfront. Among them: Cedar Inn, The Island Hotel, The Heron, Frog’s Landing, Sea Breeze on the Dock, The Half Shell and others. Several of us chose The Captain's Table which advertises, “the finest seafood on the Gulf,” and we agreed. Our party ordered the captain’s platter which had items usually found on a seafood platter such as stuffed crab, shrimp, oysters, fish, etc. But these were so fresh they were literally “out of this world.” The Island is especially noted for its smoked mullet which is delicious.

Other specialties of Cedar Key are clam stuffed mushrooms, crab meat salads, blue clams, chowders, seafood eggrolls, “blue crab Susie”, and “Impossible Seafood Pie.”

It was a warm October day so many people were able to eat picnic style at the Seafood Galley, and other stands along the Dock.

Cedar Key has a Museum, old Pencil Mills, Indian artifacts 3000 years old, many exhibits and a bird sanctuary. There are motels and shops. The lasting appeal is the atmosphere of a fishing village, freshness and no pollution.

Here is a recipe to whet your appetite: “Susie’s Fast Fritters.” Use 3 or 4 cleaned, drained clams with one chopped onion and 1 tsp. Italian season powder. Blend; pour into bowl with 1 egg. Mix in 2 or 3 spoons flour and ½ tsp. baking powder. Cook on griddle as you would pancakes. Yummy!

I can’t wait until the next seafood festival. Can you?

Elnora Bolan

Happiness

Oftimes we search for happiness,
Forgetting that we ought to bless
The things we have right close at hand.
Failing fully to understand,
We humans often lose our way
Along the paths of everyday.
For happiness, three things succeed
In filling man's innate deep need:
Someone to love, something to do,
Something to hope for each day through.
Contentment and tranquility
We'll always find with just these three
As soon as we can realize
Miracles come in simple guise.

Betty Crilley

WHAT IS ART?

"What is art?" you asked.
"Is it more than meets the eye?
Why is this sculpture beautiful to you,
But grotesque and meaningless to me?"

The dictionary defines art
As ability of humans to make or do
Things displaying form, beauty, unusual perception,
As distinguished from the world of nature.

I do not agree with this...
Is not the world of nature
The original and basic source
Of all of man's accomplishments in art?

Does not nature offer man
The God-given source for all his artistic talents?
The form? The beauty? The unusual perception?
The inexhaustible inspiration for his creativity?

Ruth J. Campbell

Dear New Single,

You've heard about the Singles Club?
I'll bet you think it's fine,
But don't forget your name tag
Or you'll have to pay a dime

If you're the shy retiring type
There's just nowhere to hide,
They'll track you down and welcome you
With smiles six inches wide

And though the food looks very good
I don't think you should try it,
Before the meal's half over
You'd forget about your diet

Don't say I didn't warn you
And I hope that you'll remember
Those Singles will do anything
To get you for a member

Ethel McQuillian

The Poet's World...

Leap Year 1988

We mind our P's and Q's
As proper ladies and gents do.
But now we cast aside this gait
For this is Nineteen Eighty Eight.

The year of the glorious extra day
When the Gregorian calendar says - "Yea"
To romance, love or teasing hearts -
Keep Cupid tossing his famous darts.

For three years and fifty-nine days
We plod along our various ways.
Then magic February twenty-nine
Sows ideas and plans - divine.

Off we go sky high in dreams
Led on by tantalizing schemes.
Join the fun - be my guest
Fulfill Leap Year's bright bequest.

Anna K. Merlino

SPRING

Her tempestuous howl dried the earth
And March was gone! Then April's birth
Brought forth it's tears in burdened gloom
To wet the soil for Maytime's bloom.

Minnie W. Goodman

A Widow's Dilemma

We widows, now, I clearly see
Are limited to female company
If we accept a male escort
Gossipers whisper a false report.
It's a couples' world that so dictates
Our social lives without our mates.
It all started with Noah, years ago,
T'was only pairs who stole the show.
Two by two, animals entered the ark
Only singles were left in the dark.

I'm thankful for my friends, indeed,
Who effortly try to answer my need
They are very thoughtful, loving and caring
Sincerely concerned how well I'm faring.
Neighbor card games are not as before
There's one less person we have to score.
Though they invite me, myself alone
I feel like an unanswered telephone.
No comments are made, but it's still there
That invisible empty chair!

Mary Rodgers
**AT HOME IN OUR TRAILER**

Highways were our halls of home
"Cause family and friends roamed
South, Northwest, and North to East.
New homebuilding hadn’t ceased.

Same smiling faces
At new places!

Some have stayed and added rooms;
Some love to groom garden blooms.

Our travelling feet
Loved ones did meet.

So we motored far and wide
Across the wide countryside;
To enclose in our heart’s home
Most all loved ones we have known.

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**Rosalind MacRae Sykes**

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**Springtime**

The morning mist will slowly rise,
And in the blue of the sky vaporize.
At the break of dawn the birds all sing.
That it is the beginning of spring.

The fairy vapors dance on wispy toes,
And surrounds all that eagerly grows.
Soon many wonders can easily be found
Popping little heads from the ground.

As the bees swarm from their busy hive.
Many creatures on the scene will arrive.
It is true they can no longer wait.
They must obey that instinct to mate.

On the small brook the sun does gleam.
Adding sparkle to the bubbling stream.
The whole world is filled with mirth.
For springtime is heaven on earth.

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**Howard Murray**

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**How He Did It**

Methuselah ate what he found on his plate
And never as people do now
Did he note the amount of calorie count
He ate it because it was chow.
He never concerned while at table he sat
Devouring a roast or a pie
As to whether it held the glandular fat,
Or was one or two vitamins shy.
He cheerfully chewed every species of food
Unworried by troubles or fears
Lest his stomach be hurt by some fancy dessert
And He lived for nine hundred years.

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**Web Stull**

(From “Ventures in Verse”)

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**Bermuda**

We went to see Bermuda fair.
Pure adventure! Flight by air!
At first we saw the sea so blue
And then the islands came in view,
Lucky we to have front suite,
Room view laid harbor at our feet.
First day we did enjoy the boat.
What fun to view and be afloat!
Museums, Maritime and Art
Were goals that day to warm our heart.
The next we cruised quite far indeed
To reach Fort George, a place to heed.
We wished we had more time to spend
Its lore to truly comprehend.
We had an island barbeque -
An outdoor day we’s never rue.
Front Street in Hamilton was nice -
In fact, a shopper’s paradise.
Bermudiana, Hotel Supreme
Had food unparalled, the cream!
Fashion Show was evening fun.
By day we relished pool and sun.
Now - Bermuda trip to cherish!

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**Vivian Bowerman**
Hawthorne Neighbors

A Career in National Cemeteries


He started at the Long Island National Cemetery for a brief period, then was assigned to the Jefferson Barracks in St. Louis on a bluff overlooking the Mississippi River. Here he conducted a group service for 35 people, notified next of kin and planned memorial worship according to their wishes. His work was to lead him to many unusual areas dealing with a wide variety of people.

His next location involved building a new cemetery in Sturgis, South Dakota. Ernest and Cecelia spent 14 years here, living in very simple accommodations while developing and beautifying the grounds. The long severe winters made the use of hospital tents necessary to work there.

During a stay at Fort Meade Army Base, which is in Sturgis, Ernest presided over the services for Charles Windolph, 99 year old survivor of Custer's last battle. This brave soldier had received the Congressional Medal of Honor. His wife lies beside him. His grave is prominently displayed and all the protocol befitting his title was observed.

In 1923, Congress created the American Battle Monuments Commission to build memorial monuments honoring the men and women fallen in battle. The best known in the United States is the Arlington National Cemetery in Washington, D.C. Seven thousand burials take place there every year with all the details meticulously observed - the caisson, band, flag, honor guards and religious personnel. Ernest and Cecelia spent seven years there, where he was assistant Director. They lived in a beautiful home near the Custer-Lee mansion where they enjoyed a magnificent panorama of the Capitol and the Potomac river.

Cecelia has experienced a variety of housekeeping adjustments. She even had to drive their son to school every day since there were no other children living up there.

From the east coast, they were assigned to the San Francisco National Cemetery in California. First in the Presidio, then on to the Golden Gate National Cemetery which is the second busiest military operation with 8000 burials a year. "Slim" did such a fine job improving the grounds here that the cemetery received an outstanding award.

Later on, he became Director of the Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery which is in San Diego, overlooking the Pacific.

A tour of duty brought the Schanzes to Honolulu in Hawaii. The cemetery there is on the site of an extinct volcano crater. Ernest supervised the erection of a memorial depicting Colombia as the grieving mother. Prominent architects, sculptors and builders were all involved in this accomplishment.

His was a career of unusual events and "red carpet" protocol along with the dignity of last rites to honor those who gave their lives for freedom and love of country.

Ernest's last assignment before retirement was back to the Long Island National Cemetery as director of the largest Military Cemetery in the United States. Needless to say, a long procession of dignitaries and foreign visitors, including the King of Spain were assisted by Ernest in placing wreaths at various memorials.

The world recognizes and honors the supreme sacrifice of our brave soldiers, and Slim and Cecelia Schanze have played an interesting part in this.

Anna K. Merlino

Ernest "Slim" and Cecelia Schanze in their Hawthorne Blvd. home. They met and were married in New York on June 21, 1947. They have one adopted son who lives in Honolulu. When the Schanzes retired, they came to Kissimmee, Florida and were there for 2½ years before they found Hawthorne in December of 1986. They both like to bowl and still go back to Kissimmee once a week to bowl with friends. They both help with Meals on Wheels here and play cards with friends. (Nat Bodinger photo)

Cicero pointed out that young people hope for a rich, full life and said, "what youth merely hopes for, the older person has triumphantly attained." That being the case, we should help the aged person view his world as from the top of a mountain he has just climbed, basking in the joy of having scaled his own private mountain and earned the privilege of looking out over the scenery below.

Submitted by Mary Hubbard

The Beautiful Golden Age
February is distinguished from the other months of the year by several characteristics: it is the shortest one; in bygone days it was in the center of calendar reforms; it now adds a day to itself every four years, with a few exceptions. Poetically it is the “precursor of spring,” it is the birth month of four United States presidents and a raft of other prominent persons, and its name is the most often misspelled.

It is understandable that the number of February’s days is the most familiar of its traits. As children we memorize a verse that teaches the number of days in each month, those with 30 or 31 days, little old February with 28, “And Leap Year coming once in four, February then has one day more.” Later our study of history and astronomy informs us about the solar and calendar years, how they differed and how made compatible by the calendar reforms of Julius Caesar in 46 B.C. and Pope Gregory XIII in 1582.

It was Julius Caesar who gave us a year of 12 months instead of 10, beginning in January rather than March, as formerly. Eleven months had 30 or 31 days and the nonconformist February had 29. Not too many years later, Emperor Augustus Caesar snatched a day from February to give it to August (then renamed for himself) so that his month would contain just as many days as July, which belonged to Julius, thus leaving February as we know it today, with 28 days.

The Julian calendar of 46 B.C. was widely used for more than 1500 years, but the year measurement it calculated was 11 minutes, 14 seconds longer than the solar year. This led to gradual change of dates on years later, Emperor Augustus Caesar snatched a day from the month of October, the day of October 5, 1582, which seasons began, so that by 1580 the vernal equinox fell on March 11, or 10 days earlier than it should have. In 1582 Pope Gregory XIII, on advice from astronomers, corrected this difference between solar and calendar time by ordering 10 days dropped from the month of October, the day of October 5, 1582 becoming October 15.

To assure that the calendar would remain correct in the future, the Pope decreed that a day would be added to February in every year whose number is exactly divisible by 4, except centenary years not divisible by 400, such as 1800, 1900. The extra day was February 29 and the years it occurred were called leap years. These measurements are so accurate that there is only a 0.26 of a second between calendar and solar years. It is estimated that 100,000 Americans and 300,000,000 people in the world have birthdays on February 29. We know of at least two Hawthorne residents - Viola Fields and Reka Moore - with a Leap Year birthday. Is there anyone else?

The United States presidents whose birthday anniversaries occur in February are George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, William Henry Harrison, and Ronald Reagan. February also claims novelists Charles Dickens, and Victor Hugo, journalist Horace Greeley, and poets Edna St. Vincent Millay, Amy Lowell, and Henry W. Longfellow. Charles Lindbergh, Charles Darwin, and Babe Ruth were born in the year’s second month, as were Thomas Edison, John Barrymore, and Susan B. Anthony. February-born composers include Frederic Chopin, Victor Herbert, Felix Mendelssohn, and G.F. Handel.

Some interesting events have occurred in February, of which the following are a few. The United States Supreme Court first met in that month in 1790. In 1848, by the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, Mexico ceded New Mexico and California to the U.S. The first passenger train to run from Chicago to Council Bluffs, Iowa, did so in 1867, and three years later the United States Weather Bureau was established. Edison patented his phonograph in 1878, and the organization PTA was founded in 1897. In the twentieth century February saw the ratification of the 16th Amendment to the Constitution, setting up the Federal Income Tax. More recently, Elizabeth II became Queen of Great Britain in 1952, and on February 20, 1982, astronaut John H. Glenn, Jr. orbited the earth three times. Finally, just this past week a momentous event occurred on our home ground - the magnificent production of Hawthorne’s Variety Show.

“You wind, if winter comes can spring be far behind?” asks poet Percy B. Shelley. Toward the end of February we start to feel around us the first stirrings of spring, then less than a month away from its beginning. With leap year’s appearance this year the calendar will take a day more than the three previous years to reach the vernal equinox. However, a February 29 gives us a whole extra day in the year’s total, so let us leap for joy at the bonus. It’s almost as pleasurable as that other love-ly February contribution, St. Valentine’s Day.

Marie L. Richardson

Lyn Perta, Sid Krasner & Jim Walton model the new Brown Bag Server aprons they received at the Nov. 6th Brown Bag meeting. All of the servers were given these brown aprons with the Hawthorne logo atop the gold Brown Bag Server letters. Brown Bag is one of the more popular events at Hawthorne. They meet the first Friday of each month to enjoy a brown bag lunch with coffee and tea served. Then an interesting program is always provided. Jack Van Vliet is chairman of Brown Bag this year and it was his idea and follow through that got the aprons which everyone seems to enjoy.

(photo by Jack Van Vliet)
LISTEN! Hear the rooster crowing? I'd just stepped out into my screened porch in the early dawn's hush as the rooster's crow pierced the early morning air. A slight whiff of orange blossoms drifted in. And I was transported back to the wonder of our first years here, when Hawthorne Village was bordered with glorious, golden orange groves and the vibrant life of farm stock and wild creatures. Did you, too, glimpse the flaming tail of the red fox that raced along our fence? Ruth Sammer counted dozens of soft little bunnies on one night's walk with her grandchildren! Many a night, Bill Paquette watched a huge hoot owl perched in an enormous oak tree in the orange grove back of Clint and Iola Bartley's house. The heady scent of orange blossoms permeated senses.

Remember when there were orange trees on many of Hawthorne's vacant lots? Early residents were free to pick as many as they wanted. And, if you wanted super citrus, you drove across Hwy. 27 to Drigger's warehouse. There, you could sample every size and shape and stagger home with bags of citrus for less than a dollar. Pickers and truckers were so casual at picking time, that oranges tumbled out of trucks. I remember meeting Gloria Tonkel returning home from the service area, with two large grocery bags of oranges. She said they had fallen off a truck on Hollendel Road and she was told to help herself! Our own "Dooryard" trees supplied many Hawthornites with oranges, grapefruit and lemons. Ah, yes, Paradise Unlimited!

Bob Morris, our Leesburg born and bred Sentinel columnist, described that Christmas morning four years ago: "The Killer Freeze of 1983. Central Florida said goodbye to a big chunk of its heritage on that bitterly cold day."

However, last year's warm temperatures were just what the doctor ordered: have you noticed our glories returning? Our own "dooryard" K-Early tangelo tree has blessed us with over a dozen golden beauties. George and Flo Strohsahl have a lemon tree heavy with fruit, as well as a grapefruit tree, ditto, ...as well as a peach tree with pink blossoms on it.

We walked back on Hollendel Road to chat with Don and Della Roberts, who own the productive orange grove there. (By the way, before he master-minded this orange and cattle complex, he was the pilot of one of the three airplanes that serviced President Franklin Roosevelt and President Harry Truman. Roberts said he flew one of the two planes that accompanied the President's plane and carried the FBI men and some of the news people.) He has already had the pickers in and shipped his oranges to the juicers.

Bill Jones picks an orange from his front yard tree. He has one of the few citrus trees in Hawthorne that lived through the 1983 deep freeze. The blossoms are so fragrant they are enjoyed as much as the fruit.

The orange grove at the end of Hollendel has been redesigned into a promising area for several large homes on the shore of Lake Harris called Banana Point, surrounded with the still existing citrus trees. The rest of the area is fenced awaiting the decision of the new owners. Rumors are flying as they contemplate pasturing horses... or replanting with orange trees... or?

There are still some orange trees in Hawthorne, too. Did you know that Bill(B.J. THE CLOWN) Jones goes out in front of his porch every morning to pick an orange from his tree and squeeze it for fresh, fresh orange juice?

Pink and white hibicus is blooming, shades of pink and red camellias are thriving, flame vines are flaming, and there were partridges in our trees at Christmas. HAPPY NEW YEAR, PARADISE IS REVISITED!

Rosalind MacRae Sykes