The Martins Are Coming

The purple martins, that is. They're due to fly into Hawthorne now — the first week of February.

All winter the martins live in the rain forests of the Amazon Valley. In advance of their mass migration to North America, they send out scouts. It is thought they investigate available food and housing conditions and return to bring other members of the flock when conditions are right — about two weeks later. They do not nest immediately. They wait until as late as June and stay until about the first of November.

The purple martins are not purple, but a shiny blue black. The males are about eight inches long and weigh about four ounces. Being the largest of the swallow family, they, too, have a forked (swallow) tail. They dart and swoop rather than fly in a straight line, and they are enormous fun to watch.

The purple martin has such a high metabolic rate that he must consume his weight in insects each day in order to survive. That would take four ounces of insects or approximately 14,000 mosquitoes. A sticky substance from which their victims cannot escape coats the inside lining of their mouths and their triangular beak opens into a deep, wide shovel. As they dart through the air they scoop up the insects.

Radar speed tests gauged martin speeds on windless days as 41 m.p.h. Aided by warm southern air currents, flight speeds across the Caribbean are up to 60 m.p.h.

The American Indians were the first to learn about purple martin insect control and the settlers were happy to imitate them. They were very popular birds until the age of insecticides. Now, however, in this age of ecology, insecticides are being restricted; and the farmers are once again building martin houses.

—Gladys Manolaros
Dr. K's Korner

Ruminations of a convalescent:

In my professorial days I taught that leisure was time free from external obligations. I must confess, however, that this was largely an academic assumption untested by personal experience. Now, however, I have hard evidence which proves the validity of my statement: my time is free from clutters of "have to" things to do...

So what does one do when he is master of his own time? Here is a fairly accurate resume of the activities of a person who is protected from outside obligations by his wife, his partners in programming, and his own desire to hurry the healing process.

The day begins with the television show, Over Easy. This is a serial moderated by Hugh Downs. It is focused on people like us who live at Hawthorne ... America's older persons. It is a fast moving program somewhat like our own Hawthorne Today.

My friend, Sarah B. Holmes, emeritus Dean of Women at the University of Kentucky, always says that the best part of retirement is the freedom to read the Louisville Courier-Journal all at one sitting. This goes for convalescent time except I substitute the Orlando Sentinel-Star and the Leesburg Commercial.

For years on end I have been clipping articles from newspapers and all other printed sources except books. Unlike many professors I left my files behind when retirement day came. But recently ... as a convalescent activity ... I have gone back to the scissors and papers again. My files are growing and sometime I will draw upon them for Dr. K's Korner and Channel 4 programs. If conversation is a lost art, as many people say it is, I am in the process of re-discovering it again. Mary and I have always talked to each other a lot, but now we are doing more of it ... and I think we are doing it better than before. For myself I am becoming a better listener than I have ever been. I now hear all of what she is saying where before her words were intermingled with my conversations with myself about programs to work on, problems to be solved, or recollections of what went on in the office or at meetings during the day.

Like so many people whose days become overcrowded there is always a struggle to find time to read for the sheer joy of reading. How delightful it is to open a book and follow the story all of the way to completion in a day or two!

Alas, however, when the joy of self direction prevails unchecked there are penalties that are assessed. My pre-disposition to procrastinate has almost overwhelmed me. Leisure is really wonderful, even if it is medically induced and only of temporary duration. I hope that my stint of it will be a prelude to more effective service to Hawthorne residents when the time comes to return to work.

Program Coordinator for Hawthorne's Talking Book program is Nelda Lamore.

A Gift to the Community

Because you were a member of the local chapter of AARP/NRTA you have contributed a most unusual gift to the Hawthorne community. A Talking Book Record player and a Talking Book Cassette Tape player are now available on a permanent basis. These are for the use of the visually handicapped or those who, because of other physical difficulties, cannot read normal print. we purchased the record player.

The tape recorder is on permanent loan to us from the Florida Regional Library of the Library of Congress. These special types of machines can play the Talking Book records or the cassette tapes at a much slower speed than the standard machines. More than 25 different magazines are now recorded on discs at the slower speed, while thousands of books play at the faster speed. Cassette tape books are nearly all recorded now at half the regular speed of the standard machine. Thus, many thousands of books and articles are prepared for free use to participants in the Talking Book Program.

Program Coordinator for Hawthorne is Mrs. Nelda Lamore, 105 Bougainvillea Drive, phone 787-0430. She has been qualified and certified for this service by the Florida Regional Library, Bureau of Blind Services. She can accept applications and qualify handicapped persons for the use of the machine and resources, discs, tapes, large print books and magazines and any other materials available. She also has sample discs, tapes and catalogues and is ready to visit any person to demonstrate their use whenever desired.

If you would like to join the program it may be possible for her to get you a free cassette recorder for your exclusive use. The record machines are presently unavailable on loan, so you can use the Hawthorne machine.

This volunteer service and the materials are free to all Hawthorne residents who have need of this kind of assistance.

If you are visually handicapped, why not let Nelda help you broaden your horizons with these free resources? Just ask some of the folks at Hawthorne who are already using Talking Books ... it's a great program.

—Roland (Pop) Mernitz
Of Axes and Bullet Holes

George Washington, had bullet holes in his coat, so sayeth the record books. The dangers to which Washington was exposed early in his life gave him the resourcefulness which he needed as the father of our country.

When George was only 16, he went with George Fairfax on a surveying trip into the vast wilderness beyond the Blue Ridge Mountains. In a letter written by a friend to Lord Fairfax, Washington was described as six feet three inches tall, big boned, with gray-blue eyes and brown hair. "In conversation he looks you full in the face. His manner is deferential and engaging."

The two youths fought off wild animals and endured many hardships in the wilds. George wrote about his lodgings.

"I stripped myself and went into bed as they called it when to my surprise I found it to be nothing but one thread bear blanket with double its weight of vermin such as lice, fleas, etc. and a little straw matted together. I put my clothes back on and lay down again."

When George was 19, he went with his brother Lawrence to the Barbados. Here George got smallpox but recovered.

Two years later Governor Dinwildee, assigned him to carry a message to the French who were at Fort Le Boeuf on the Ohio River. He sent an ultimatum from the King to cease all settlements. The French scorned Washington. George, and Chris Gist, a scout and guide who was expert in dealing with the Indians, started back on the homeward trek, but they were lucky to get back alive.

They headed out on foot through the Indian-infested forests unable to travel by horseback because of deep snows. An Indian fired at George point blank but missed. They were five-hundred miles from their destination which was Williamsburg.

Gist thought the Allegheny would be frozen solid so they could walk across it. When he and George reached it there were huge chunks of ice swirling around. They had one little ax with which they built a raft and launched into the icy cascades. They struggled desperately to pole their way through the masses of ice but as George said:

"Before we were halfway over our raft jammed in the ice and we expected every minute to sink and perish."

They couldn't slow the raft down in the rapid stream and George was thrown suddenly into the waters. He was saved by grabbing hold of the raft logs. By the time they reached shore, George was drenched to the bone and shivering mightily.

The next year Washington was appointed aide to General Braddock in a 1300 man expedition in the territory near the Ohio claimed by the British.

When they reached the Monongahela and Allegheny they were attacked by the French and Indians who fought frontier style. Braddock's men lined up in battle formation in rows, and were easy targets for the wily Indians who mowed down 63 officers.

Washington had two horses shot from under him, and he escaped miraculously even though four bullets pierced his coat.

—Elnora Bolan

First Mates Now On Board

The First Mates of the Hawthorne Boat Club are an active women's group within the club. Seventeen women already have passed the necessary examinations and are entitled to wear the insignia of First Mate.

The training course, which covers all phases of boat handling, requires skills which are acquired only by diligent study and long practice. Compass navigation, boat handling, rules of the road, docking and undocking, and marlin spike seamanship make up the training program. To receive her commission as First Mate, each woman must prove her proficiency in each boating skill by passing a series of practical tests administered by her sister sailors.

Women who wear the coveted ship's wheel and four stars rival their husbands in boating skills. On many occasions these women perform the duties of ship's captain, and leave such distaff duties as passing sandwiches and pouring coffee to their better halves. The Hawthorne Boat Club is justly proud of these gals who have earned their commissions as First Mate.

First Mates In the Hawthorne Boat Club are:

Martha Curtis, Alice Hadik, Gladys Keehn, Glenna Thomas, Edna Tyler, Gen Sills, Millie Shoup, Vivian Schaal and Carol Nelson.

Also Ann Livingston, Helen Schlauder, Peg Noll, Gwen Black, Millie Thorne, Virginia Cometta, Mary Kay Lehman and Morene Carr.
Valentine’s Day

We celebrate February 14, as Valentine’s Day. It started with a saint named Valentine who liked to paint pretty pictures of hearts, flowers and birds which he would leave at the homes of his friends.

The practice of sending valentines has continued through the years. Valentine’s Day offers an opportunity for swains of all ages to present their loved ones with cards decorated with doves and garlands, heart shaped boxes of candy, or flowers, especially red roses for love.

On this day, shy little girls and boys drop their inhibitions and boldly give the object of their admiration a valentine which says “Be Mine” or “To My Love.”

One type of valentine is the comic version. Many of these are funny, some are caustic and cruel. For instance there is one titled: “The Snob” which says “You are nothing but a snob with your nose in the air.If it rains you will drown, so beware.”

Another comic verse is “The Loud Mouth,” “Every time you open your mouth a gust of wind comes out like the roar of the ocean. Your mouth is a good example of perpetual motion.”

At any rate, don’t forget to remember your sweetheart or friend on Valentine’s Day with a heart, a flower or some expression of sentiment, but please no comic valentines!

—Elnora Bolan

February Presidents & Presidential Hopefuls

Lincoln freed the slaves, Washington chopped down a cherry tree, it is said, and both of these presidents were born in February, as was William Henry Harrison. But, did you know that three of the strongest contenders for the 1980 presidential race were born in February too? They are Edward Kennedy (2/22/32); John Connally (2/28/17); and Ronald Reagan (2/6/11).

Would Reagan at 69 be too old? Maybe not. At his inauguration, William Harrison was 68, and six other presidents have been 60 or over. Besides, these days people live longer than ever, and a 69-year-old can be actually much “younger” than William Harrison, who was born in 1773.

—Gladys Manolaros

One Dozen Ways to Avoid a Decision

1. We tried that before.
2. We’ve never done it before.
3. We don’t have the time.
4. We don’t have the money.
5. Our church is different.
6. We’re doing all right without it.

Ash Wednesday

February is our shortest month, and includes many birthdays of famous people as well as the traditional lovers’ day, St. Valentine’s Day. There is, however, another day which falls on February 8th this year, which will be observed by millions of Christians throughout the world; the beginning of Lent, or Ash Wednesday.

The word “Lent” comes to us through the Anglo-Saxons, and means “spring,” and though its origins can be traced back to the second century, a Penitential season of six weeks became established in the Roman Church late in the fourth century. Lent culminates in the day of rejoicing in the Resurrection of Jesus Christ on Easter Day.

During the sixth century in Rome, four days were added to this penitential season to expand the time frame to 40 days. (Sundays are “little Easters” and, therefore, excluded because they are “feast days.”) The forty days of Lent was never uniformly established throughout the whole Church … according to The Oxford American Prayer Book Commentary by Shepherd, and some branches of the church still observe Lent for a somewhat longer or shorter period than 40 days.

In medieval times, ashes, made from the burning of palm branches from the previous Palm Sunday, were blessed and distributed, and it gradually became the custom to mark the foreheads of the faithful with these ashes, signifying man’s mortality.

Most Catholic churches continue to observe this custom, and use the Lenten period not only for penitence, abstinence, and fasting, but for added religious observances. This usually means extra participation in Bible studies, attendance at additional Eucharists, and a striving for a deeper insight into the mystery of faith and a closer relationship with God and with Jesus Christ.

—Helen M. Gardner

Penn Notes Staff

Editor ..................... Helen M. Gardner
Associate Editor ........ Dr. Earl Kauffman
Photographers ... Paul Dillon, John Tienken
Staff: ... Elnora Bolan, Joseph Feol, Clifford Hollister, Gladys Manolaros, Chester Wood, George McDermid and Nick Nickerson.
Would you like to be a giant? Your answer should be "yes," at least for a little while.

The thriving world of miniatures will give you the feeling of peeping into Swift’s Lilliput, inhabited by tiny people, living in tiny houses, filled with tiny furnishings. If this sounds confusing, it is meant to arouse interest in the fastest growing hobby of the 1970’s.

The miniature enthusiast becomes involved for many reasons. The love of little things leads to creating tiny rooms in which one can bring back the past, the good old yesteryears. In furnishing a doll-house, as with a full-scale house, the project is never finished. One can always look ahead to a new piece of furniture, a clock, or a picture to hang on the wall. Looking back, looking forward, — that’s the lure that binds us to the world of miniatures.

Ruth Sammer, of 189 Hibiscus, is the owner of a doll house which she enjoys sharing with her friends at Hawthorne. She first became interested in miniatures a number of years ago when her sister brought her a pot belly stove and tiny Boston rocker from Massachusetts. As her collection grew, her interest extended to include a doll house in which to put her treasures. She was very fortunate to have a family member with the necessary skills and patience to design and execute her ideas. William Burger, a cousin, then recently retired, became the enthusiastic builder.

Built on the scale of an inch to a foot, the house represents a home of the Civil War period. Hence, it has no central heating, electricity, bathrooms or telephone. Of special note is the fine detail of the two fireplaces, the staircase, and the wainscoting in the dining room. On the outside, one’s attention is drawn to the roof with its hand-carved shingles, the chimney, and the “6-over-6” glass window panes, authentic to the period.

With the exterior completed, next came the interior decorating which was done by Ruth. The search to find wall coverings in scale, and compatible to the era was a long one. There are now shops that carry wall paper and wood turnings for “little houses,” but a few years ago these were not available. In most of the rooms the wallpaper is actually a small print fabric.

Next came the fun of furnishing the rooms. Although some of the pieces were made by Ruth, most were made by professional craftsmen, of which there are an increasing number across the country. The miniature home includes several furniture periods. Colonial pieces are used in the kitchen, the bedrooms and the children’s playroom. Duncan Phyfe is used in the dining room, and there are some exquisite Queen Anne pieces in the living room.

Do you want to be a giant? You can take a peek into a Lilliputian world on Friday, March 3rd, when this doll house and miniatures will be on display as part of the "Collector’s Show."

—Ruth Sammer

Ice Fishing and Fishing Ice

Maybe Chet Wood taught us something about bear hunting in the north country. Did you ever cut, chop, drill or otherwise create a hole in the ice of some northern lake or stream, and drop a baited hook and line into the cold water below? What, oh, what, is tastier than pike, trout or other white fish, fresh from that cold, cold water? In recent years, of course, the “art” has become quite sophisticated, so now we have “shacks” or even heated fish houses in lieu of the ramshackle canvas or blanket windbreaker of old!

Here in Florida, ice fishing is unknown, but fishing ice seems quite popular. Be it for iced tea or any other beverage of the cold variety, one must first “fish for ice.” Here at Hawthorne, it appears to be quite a popular sport (an indoor-type sport, we might add.) Ultimate popularity is probably reached in the Great Hall at the “Great Doings” such as the New Year’s Eve Ball, the Halloween Shindig, Saturday Night Dances, and the Lake Cancer Ball. Yes, Hawthorne has ice; not for “fishing through” but for “fishing for.”

Let’s keep the record straight, though. Our famous Hawthorne Community Breakfasts never include “fishing ice” unless it be for that one lovely resident who insists her coffee be “iced.” So it’s hard to think of what would be tastier on this 75°F Florida January day — a freshly caught Lake Superior white fish or a Lake Michigan or Huron salmon! Maybe a Florida oyster, lobster or even a Lake Harris bass? Take your choice; a wind-chill factor of -22° or a partly cloudy 75°.

—George McDermid
Recollections of a Bear Encounter

"Moween, the bear, is a peaceful fellow," I read as a youth in *Wild Animals I Have Known*, by the great naturalist Earnest Thompson Steton. At about the same time in school, I became acquainted with the word *homo sapiens* which was understood to mean a peaceful animal called man. No doubt these reassuring generalities about two-footed and four-footed mammals were essentially true, but as Archie Clark, my venerable civics teacher used to say: "It's the exceptions that prove the rule." Of these (exceptions) there are many. Human society (outside of Hawthorne) is not so peaceful.

Bears are not common in Florida, but my own experiences and other verified incidents in Northern Minnesota and Alaska indicate there are also deviant characters in the predominantly peaceful bruin population that threatens the co-existence of this species on the same continent with the reportedly more civilized homo sapiens.

Several decades ago, when our outpost deer hunting camp building northwest of Duluth, Minnesota, was constructed of native lumber and tarpaper, a two-and-one-half foot square opening was left between two of the uprights in the kitchen area. A heavy wooden box was nailed into this opening, extending outside the house for perishable food. An inside door made access easy for the breakfast chef.

It was unusually cold in the kitchen area one morning when the cook stumbled in, and he noticed a gaping hole in the wall where the storage box had been located. Tracks outside indicated that a large bear had knocked the contraption to the ground with one powerful blow and devoured the contents. The box was immediately replaced and refilled, only to have the destruction repeated two nights later. Tracks indicated the destructive animal had a deformed front paw (apparently from being caught in a trap at some time), so the name of "Old Club Foot" was bestowed on the critter.

The hole in the kitchen wall was boarded up and an old ice box was placed near the back door. This worked well for about three days. Then one morning, the ice box was flat on the snow, with deep scratches on one side where Club Foot had landed a heavy swat which grounded the refrigerator, causing the door to fly open and the contents to spill out for convenient consumption by the big bruin.

By this time, the hunting crew was thoroughly disgusted, but the battered refrigerator was restored to an upright position, restocked, and the damaged door repaired. A few days later, the bear repeated his previous assault.

The tempers of the cook and the entire crew were worn thin by these repeated assaults on their larder, and after the fourth raid it was reluctantly decided that the persistent marauder would have to be destroyed. This responsibility was assigned to Chet, his son Robert, and their mutual friend Bob Hughes.

The twenty years of tramping the area woodlands, none of the hunters in the group had ever seen a bear, but the bruin with hungry vandalistic tendencies seemed to be hanging around near the camp, so it was decided to bait the animal. Consequently, meat scraps were collected and deposited in a small open space in the woods south of the camp building. Various carnivores took advantage of this "free lunch," and each week when the supply was replenished the previously deposited meat scraps disappeared.

During different visits to the shack, eight different bears were sighted, but there was no sign of the big club-footed culprit until a clear Friday evening in late June when the three men came out and took up positions on the bunkhouse roof where they were sheltered from sight. As Chet, who was taking the first watch, peered into the declining light, a huge black creature of massive proportions shambled in from the west and upturned the last box of meat scraps. He roused the two reclining men, and at the count of three, three high-powered rifles roared. The big bruin collapsed with a mouthful of pork scraps. Approaching the doomed animal with caution they found old Club Foot dead and subsequently dragged him out in the camp yard. He weighed 364-pounds. Sadly enough, a deviant and destructive woods animal had been "executed," but the hunting camp foodstuffs were safe from future raids.

— By Chet Wood

Methuselah: "I wouldn't have taken that job if I knew I'd be forced to quit at age 565!"

from: *Facts & Myths About Aging*
The National Council on the Aging, Inc.
For Greater Benefits

More than 1800 people have left the mainstream of American business and public life to reside in Hawthorne; to enjoy the Hawthorne way of life. Some came because they liked the surroundings; some came through mutual friends; still others came to regenerate their lives in an area of professional skills in art, music, and crafts. Many came for the sheer fun of living in a culture where there is no generation gap, where common past experience can be shared with understanding. Undoubtedly most came as a result of AARP/NRTA sponsorship of the Hawthorne community.

On the national scene the combined AARP/NRTA associations have gained many benefits for their members through state legislation and representation in the halls of Congress. On the local level, an active and dedicated AARP/NRTA chapter has achieved many benefits for residents here of a direct and positive nature.

While the chapter is barely four years old, the officers and directors have addressed themselves to programs and services to improve the quality of life here; to aid the handicapped; to ease the plight of "shut-ins;" and to establish services promoting the health and well-being of those to whom Hawthorne is home.

In these fruitful years, the local AARP/NRTA chapter has established a blood bank from which 163 pints of blood have been supplied residents without cost, effecting an over all saving of $4,075. Over 1500 "Meals-on-Wheels" have been delivered. The chapter here obtained a voting precinct for Hawthorne, made available to residents a Home Nursing course; a Defensive Driver course, which effects savings on auto insurance; staffs the library at the clubhouse and helps to provide "talking books" and other aids to the visually handicapped.

These, and many other program successes, often originated with residents. The officers and directors provided the "know-how" and the organizational effort to bring these services into being.

The programs will be broadened and extended, perhaps new ones instituted, as Hawthornites join AARP/NRTA in its efforts to add something positive to the quality of life here. There is hardly a person living here who is not touched in some way by what has been accomplished by AARP/NRTA. So why not join and have greater benefits than you're enjoying now?

—Joe Feol

Organ Club Organizing

Due to many requests by Hawthorne residents to organize its own Organ Club, Gwen Black took the responsibility of "getting the show on the road" and her efforts have met with enthusiasm.

At a meeting in January some 85 residents discussed the pros and cons of an Organ Club and decided that all residents of the community would be invited to join the group whether they own an instrument or not.

The purpose of the club will be to encourage present organ owners to get more information by hiring teachers for private lessons or to meet in clinical groups. Once a month there will be a presentation of outstanding organist concerts with the artists providing their own instrument.

The first concert will be held Friday, February 10, in the Great Hall with internationally known performer David Ashby presenting a variety of numbers including show tunes, jazz, and southern music as well as the old familiar standard tunes.

The first concert promises to be an entertaining evening for everyone and there will be no charge for the introductory presentation by the Organ Club.

—Reba Heintzelman

A Near Disaster

A warm, brown, lovable bear called Teddy, had come to belong to a four-year-old, blond, blue-eyed little girl on Christmas, 1977. With her, he had traveled from Geneseo, New York, by car to visit her grandmother in Ohio, to spend Christmas. Later, he flew with Kate to visit Kate's other grandparents at Hawthorne. He was very important to Kate, and she went nowhere without him.

On January 5th, the family drove to Tampa to fly back to Ohio, when suddenly, Teddy was missing! This was discovered just before boarding the plane! Much scurrying around by all ensued, but there was an announcement in the Delta area of Gate 37: "There has been found a small brown bear in the baggage area for Delta. Some small girl or boy will be very unhappy if the bear is not returned. Please apply to the Gate Keeper." Kate's mother did so, and was told Teddy would be delivered to Gate 37. Grandma remembered that Kate had put Teddy in her sister's car seat which was being checked through, and there he had stayed! Thanks to the courtesy and kindness of the Delta baggage people, a near disaster was averted! Teddy was reunited with Kate for the trip home. A happy little girl, and grateful grandparents!

—Kate's Grandmother, Peg Ferrall

AARP officers at Hawthorne for the coming year include (front, left to right) Lee Thomas, treasurer; Virginia Cometta, corresponding secretary; and Ellen Fritts, recording secretary; and (back, left to right) Bill Britton, assistant secretary; Earl Hadden, president; and Joe Feol, first vice president. Not pictured were Madelyn Horstman, second vice president; and Vivian Schaal, immediate past president.
Don’t Forget This Affair

Mark your calendar for the “hootenanny,” a country-western show for sweethearts and friends night, Tuesday, February 14th, sponsored by the Hospitality Group, with Nona McKinney as chairperson.

Entertainment by:
- The Florida Country Music Foundation — Mama Jo Hunt (Talent Coordinator)
- Country Music Show — Glenn & Friends. Laurie Hunt (Recording Artist)
- Johnny Walker (13-year-old guitar picker & singer)
- The Singing Representatives (Gospel)
- Hawthorne Swingers (Square Dance Group) featuring Elsie & Emil Hartzler, Charles & Lois Buhs, Marion & Art Piehl, and Jenny & Milt Miltonberger
- Hawthorne Fiddlers Duo (Joe Feol & Phil Brooks)
- Hawthorne Fun With Music Group

Menu
- Beef or Pork Barbecue on Bun
- Mild Barbecue Sauce
- Baked Beans
- Cole Slaw - Pickles
- Coffee - Tea
- Lemon Pie - Coconut Cream Pie

Just the Facts, Man

Tramp freighters are the vagabonds of the oceans, wandering from port to port on no fixed schedule, picking up and unloading non-descript cargoes largely on a happenstance basis. Officers and crews of such ships are a mixed bag in character. The captain of one such freighter was a frustrated old man, who never realized that his meticulous attention to trivial detail could not compensate for his lack of judgment. A strict teetotaler as well, he was much disliked by the other officers and crew who took a much more easy-going approach of life and enjoyed their whiskey.

Shortly after leaving port, where the ship had been tied up for several days awaiting a cargo, the first mate discovered the following entry, in the captain's handwriting, in the ship's log: "First Mate came aboard drunk last night." The mate was naturally upset at this black mark on his record and protested to the captain, pointing out that the ship was tied up to the dock, he, the mate, was off duty and therefore his drunkenness, freely admitted, did not imperil the ship. The captain was adamant, however, and refused to delete the entry. As the captain put it: "The log is the recording of all facts concerning the operation of the ship. It is a fact that you came aboard drunk, and that fact must be recorded."

A few days later the captain discovered the following entry in the ship's log written in the first mate's hand. "Captain came on deck sober this morning."

by —Nick Nickerson