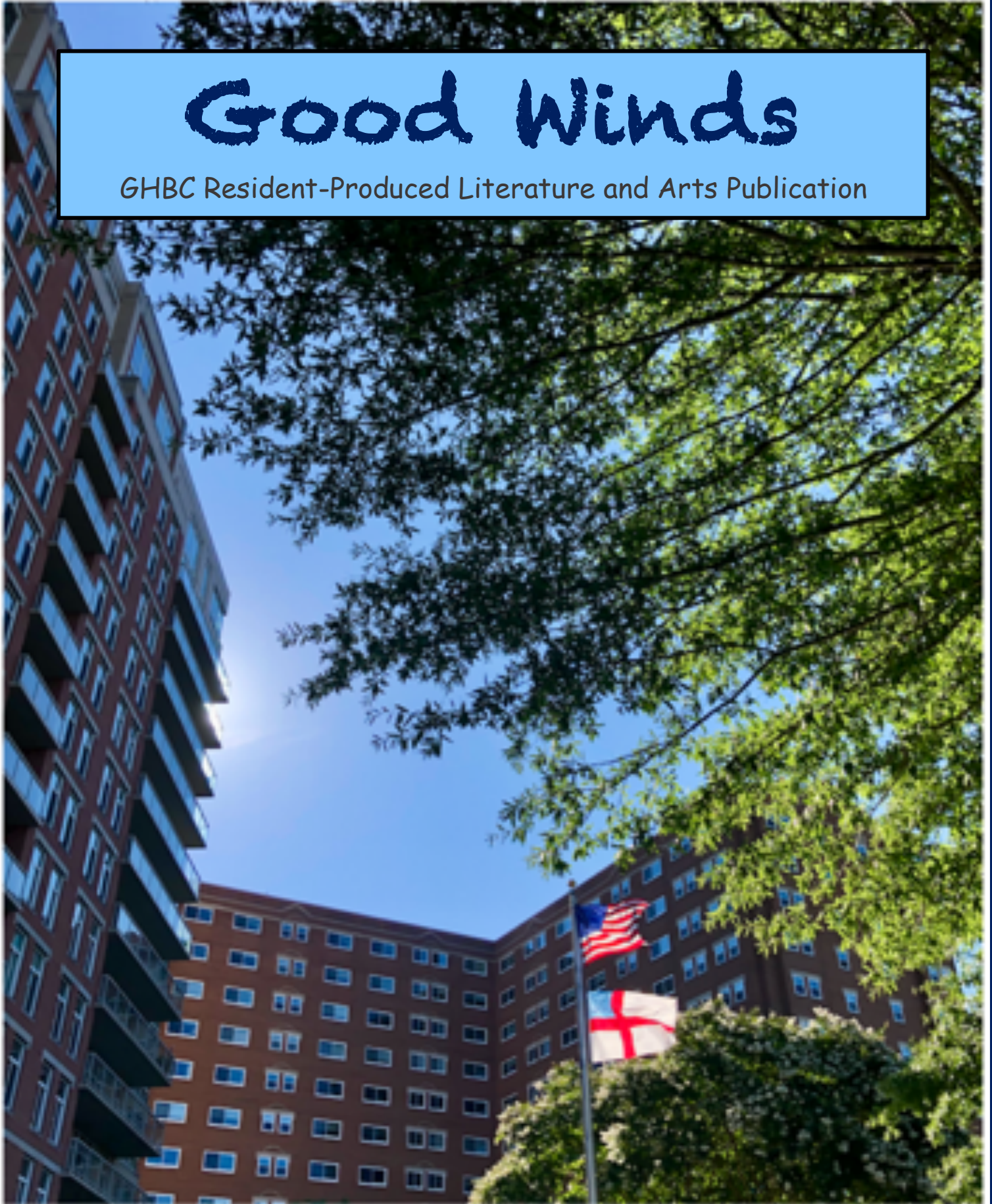


Good Winds

GHBC Resident-Produced Literature and Arts Publication



Good Winds

GHBC Resident Literature and Arts 2023

This is a publication by residents of Goodwin House, Bailey's Crossroads.

It is not an official publication of Goodwin Living ©.

Writings

Barbara Morris. *Adventure in a French Toilet*

Marietta Tanner. *Chino*

John Ewing. *Hitchhiking*

Catherine Irwin. *1968, Poor People's Campaign*

Jane McKeel. *Machu Picchu, 1970*

Lorelei Brush. *Entering the Age of Wisdom*

Claudia Blake. *A Paris Rain*

Joanne Bowers. *Ya Just Gotta Believe*

Kay Miller. *Pulling Out All the Stops*

Shirley Lytle. *Cinderella's Shoe*

Mark P. Friedlander. *Protozoa*

Arts Contributors (Photography, Graphic Arts, Sculpture, Ceramics)

Absara Rogosch

Alan Rubin

Alex Malakhoff

Angela Tompkins

Ann Fels

Anne Corson

Barbara Morris

Ben Wilmot

Betty Lou White

Bob Lassiter

Candace Stiklorious

Carol Lewis

Catherine Irwin

Chris White

Claudia Blake

Frank Spink

Fred Hufford

(for Catherine Hufford)

Fred Mohart

(for Flower Arrangers)

Georgia Fuller

Gloria Rothman

Jane McKeel

Jennie Boyd

Jim Dullea

Joanne Bowers

John Ewing

Kay Miller

Larry Welch

Lorelei Brush

Lyle Priddy

Margaret Kelley

Margaret Sullivan

Marietta Tanner

Mark P. Friedlander

Martha Trunk

Mike Connors

Ron Karpick

Shirley Lytle

Stella Repper

Veronica Priddy

Covers by Ric Blacksten

“Good Winds” Genesis and Future

After moving to Goodwin House Bailey’s Crossroads (GHBC), Ric Blacksten formed the half-baked idea that the many and marvelous talents of fellow residents deserved a magazine to share with one another, family, and friends. To avoid the hassle and expense of professional printing, he proposed an online magazine. Fellow residents applauded the idea, typically saying, “That’s a great idea, Ric. I hope you get others to help you, but I’m afraid I’m already too busy with other things.” But then Ric’s friend, Ann Kurzius, retired professional editor, then soon to move into GHBC, emailed, “Count me in!” And then Marcia Reecer, another retired professional editor, joined in to help design the overall look and feel of the magazine.

Encouraged, Ric began soliciting magazine contributions from fellow residents. He was thrilled when Barbara Morris offered him her wonderful vignette, “Adventure in a French Toilet,” that she had been reluctant to submit for her church publication. And then Marietta Tanner offered up her poignant sketch of “Chino.” With the fine writing of these two published authors priming the pump, Ric was able to solicit contributions from other resident writers, artists, and crafts persons.

And so here we are with the first issue. Ric had envisioned this as an occasional publication, coming out every few months. But the creation of this magazine has proved so arduous, as a primarily one-person effort, that an annual publication seems more appropriate. Hopefully, a larger editor team can be formed to undertake and produce a 2024 “Good Winds.”

Good Winds

A magazine of arts and writing by and for the residents of Goodwin House, Bailey’s Crossroads, Virginia

2023 Edition

Published online by Ric Blacksten
3440 S. Jefferson St., Apt. 1272
Falls Church, VA 22041

2023 Editor: Ric Blacksten

Editor Advisors: Ann Kurzius, Marcia Reecer,
Margaret Sullivan.

Each article copyrighted by its author, 2023

Adventure in a French Toilet (Memoir)

My husband, Ward, and I had just completed the circular walk atop the massive stone fortification walls that enclosed the historic section of St. Malo, France. Now we needed a restroom.

Close to the bottom of the worn stone staircase, we spotted an ungainly hand-lettered sign, W.C. (water closet). Beneath it was a rude, rickety-looking door of weathered wood. Could this be the toilet? It appeared to be although, strangely, it seemed to have been cut right into the walls' stone foundation. We pushed and pulled on the door. It didn't budge. Then, next to it, we noticed a rusting metal box with a coin slot and another crude sign indicating that we had to put 30 centimes into the slot.

We fished in our pockets. Thirty centimes. That was *exactly* how much change we had! We looked at each other, guiltily acknowledging that we'd have to cheat and go in together. We clunked the coins into the slot, then heard a

raspy creaking as we slowly pushed the heavy, balky door inward. As my eyes adjusted to the dim interior, I realized that the toilet space *had* been dug out of the rock! Basically, it was a rock cave with two things in it—a lidless toilet in the middle of the cramped space and a 15-watt light bulb. I gasped at the sight—and then gasped again when I realized that the door was also being pushed open by the large, work-worn hand of a Frenchman who was elbowing his way into the toilet with us!

“Non, non, Monsieur!” I cried in my rusty high school French, while my fluttering hands tried to shoo him out. Ward also tried politely, but firmly, to evict him. But the man, smiling and half

Drawing by Ben Wilmot



bowing, shoved his way in and closed the door. For an instant the three of us stood there, dark, stark still figures in the dim light. Then the Frenchman, still smiling, turned to face the wall away from the toilet. He gestured that he would remain that way to give us privacy. Obviously, we had no choice.

I used the facility first while Ward stood, hands on hips to create a larger profile, in the three-foot space between me and the man. I did the same for him, though it was entirely unnecessary, for the Frenchman, true to his word, stood rigid and at attention, facing the wall about three inches from his nose. Considering the circumstance, his stillness and formal posture seemed out-of-place and, yet, at the same time, it seemed appropriate and almost Victorian.

When we were finished, Ward groped for the door handle while I tapped the man gently on the shoulder. “Ok,” I mumbled. He turned, still smiling and raised his hand to offer me something. I caught my breath. It was a ten-

centime coin. He was offering to pay his third of the entrance fee!

Non, non!” Monsieur,” I exclaimed, making negative gestures with my hands. Ward, too, was waving his hands and repeating No, thank you.” The man insisted. I said the first thing that came to my mind. “It’s a gift...a present.” Despite the embarrassing confusion of the moment, the ridiculousness of my comment struck me—the gift of a free pee! I stifled a giggle. Meanwhile, in that cramped dim space, all three of us were instinctively bowing and bobbing to one another.

Finally the Frenchman tucked his coin in his pocket and stood aside with a gracious gesture as if we were leaving a garden party in his home. It called for a formal response. “Au revoir,” I purred, rolling my “r’s” dramatically, deep in my throat. At that moment Ward opened the door—and we were swept aside by two more Frenchmen who barged in—Bon jour! Bon jour! To enjoy a free pee on *our* 30 centimes!

Barbara Morris

Chino
(Memoir)

It is uncanny how kids name their friends and enemies. They read the character of a person and give him a most apropos imprimatur which sticks. So it was with Chino. On the days when he came to school, a cadre of admirers would proceed him, announcing to me, “Miss Tanner, Chino’s here.” “Oh really, send him in,” I’d say casually.

I was now an assistant principal, but I had known this boy for two years. He really had a photographic memory. He rarely came to school more than three days a week, even from the 6th grade. I had seen both his mother and father. His father was Black and his mother Korean. She spoke very poor English, and always tried to act like she didn’t know what I meant when I’d ask if she was aware of what her son was doing. She did not believe in working outside the home, her job was to provide good meals, clean clothes and comfortable surroundings for her husband and children. She had expensive tastes. She wore good woolen suits, tailored to fit her rather squat frame; her hair was long but

always tastefully coiled in a shiny bun atop her head. The father was a musician who hung with the cool cats and was rather dapper. I gathered that he wasn’t at home too much, and seemed like a playboy, leaving the rearing of the children to the mother. They had been married since the Korean War but didn’t seem to know each other. When I asked him if he was aware of what his son did after school, he pleaded ignorance too. “He’s very ambitious, he’s always been the kind of kid who wanted to make a dollar, and that’s good, that’s good. I’m not gonna interfere in that. He does his schoolwork don’t he?”

I had to admit that it was not the grades for which I summoned him. One of the things I had asked my teachers to do was to see to it that each kid had a buddy who would give



him the homework assignments if he was absent. Where possible, kids had books to keep at home to which they could refer. By Halloween they each had to have a library card, a notebook, and all of the accoutrements necessary for their schoolwork. It was “trick or treat.” If you were certified by your teachers that you were prepared, you got the treat. If not, the trick was that you stayed at school while the rest of the 8th grade went to the Halloween Skate.

Chino got the assignments each day. He would interrogate his classmates about what went on, he would read ahead in the textbook, he would appear at school and be the most attentive of students, often asking to clarify something in the lesson. While everyone else was pondering a paragraph, Chino could scan a page and be certain of its content.

I asked the parents to help their good student be a great one, but Chino’s parents seemed quite content to maintain things just as they were. I learned from their neighbors that they lived off the money Chino made; he hustled on the streets both night and day; he was a mule and had been one since he was nine years old. He never

had to write anything down, so no incriminating evidence was ever found on him. Even if a nickel bag was found somewhere in his clothing, he wouldn’t go to jail because he was a minor. The police knew him, they knew what he was doing, but they feigned innocence, which was easy because the kid was so small and young. In a show of force, they would sometimes chase him for being out too late, but never take him in—he was too valuable to the whole scheme of things around Southern Boulevard where he usually worked.

I walked outside my office and stood in the corridor as the students trooped pass. There was Chino, dressed in Gucci from head to toe. I called him over. He smiled, and said, “I’m here, Miss Tanner, and I have all of my equipment. Miss Martin will certify me.”

“I know, you have bought your Scholastic magazine and copies for other students too; you have a genuine leather-bound notebook, fully prepared with separators, and all your textbooks are covered. Yet, you are not ready.”

“What? I followed all the rules. You can’t keep me from the Skate.”
“But you’ve been absent too much,

and those sick excuses just don't fool me; you haven't got asthma and I've seen you on the street at five o'clock when you were supposed to be sick that day."

He blew his breath from puffed cheeks, as if to say, "You got me."

I told him to come into my office where I stripped the heavy gold chain

from his neck, took the gold three finger and diamond studded pinky rings from his fingers and put them in my safe. I

had him remove the leather Gucci coat, but he was still dapper with the signature pants and pointed shoes. He seemed so relieved to be free of those accoutrements; he was a child again, begging to go out to play; he would prove to me that he would do everything the teachers asked. At lunchtime he crossed the street with an entourage to go to the store. He would buy sodas, and heroes, and chips for all his buddies, and they would sit by the river and eat and laugh and punch each other, running about in friendly horseplay.

The Skate was at a rink a short bus ride away on White Plains Road. For

the kids, it was worth all the study and preparation just to get there and roll around the floor on plastic wheels, showing off your glides, putting your arms around the prettiest girls, eating franks until you would fairly burst.

Divine Maestro Dee was the deejay.

He was the coolest; he would rub the records, making the screeches and

blending sounds.

And he would rap—that new sound, a fast staccato torrent of words would come pouring out. It

I asked him, "What do you want to be in five years?"

He smiled and with trembling voice he said, "Alive."

seemed they all knew what he was talking about. Sometimes they would chime in, shouting out the phrases as they did their cross steps, and smoothly glided up to choose another partner, or just soloed making a statement about their prowess.

Chino was in heaven. He had paid for skates for several of his friends, but never let it touch him, no one was indebted to him. He just wanted everyone to have as much fun as he was having. He came over to the side to ask me why I wasn't skating. I told him that I did not like these new skates. I used to skate on a steel floor, with metal wheels on the skates, and I

was pretty good, though it was very noisy. He said it would be easy to show me how to skate on this floor then, but I laughed and said I was too busy chaperoning.

He was so gallant; I wished his parents could have seen him without the burdens of his life of crime. I asked him why he endangered himself hiding in the shadows with cocaine and crack and heaps of cash stuffed in the secret pockets that lined that Gucci coat. Didn't he realize that he had special gifts; that he could be anything he wanted to be? "Why, in five years, you could be in college, on his way to becoming...." He raised his hand as if to shut out my voice, and said, "Oh Miss Tanner." He didn't want to hear that kind of talk.

Then I asked him, "What do you want to be in five years?"

He smiled and with trembling voice he said, "Alive."

That was a prophetic statement. Three years after I retired, I went back to the neighborhood, visiting the projects where some of my students had lived. I stopped in the grocery store where I gave some cash to buy the food that one of my former students had wanted to purchase. She was weeping. She was a day early; the

food stamps weren't cashable until the next day. Lurking just beyond the checkout line was a shady looking guy who was furious because she couldn't get the food; he ran up to gather the bags once I paid the bill. The former teacher's aide I had come to visit must have gotten the word out that I was in the neighborhood. When I stepped outside the store, several of my former students had gathered. I asked them about their classmates. Some were unemployed, two had jobs at the Hunts Point market. They mentioned one or two who had done well and were in college. One girl had children already in day care. She took me to the corner of Tremont Avenue and West Farms Road.

"Right here, right here," she said, "is where Chino was gunned down. For a long time the blood stain was on the pavement. It's gone now, but we still remember him."

And so do I.

Marietta Tanner

Hitchhiking

(Memoir)

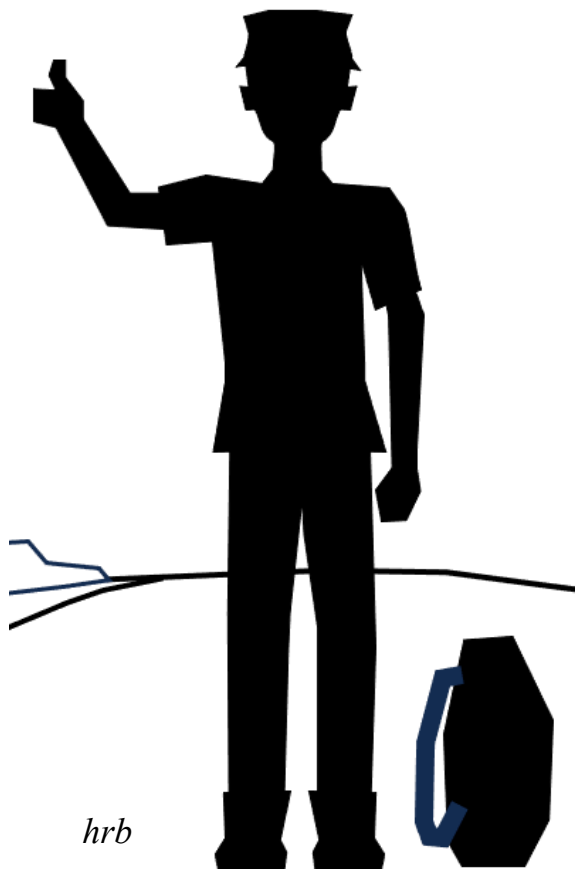
I hadn't yet discovered the seeds of this sort of venture. Perhaps it was experiencing the Hobo parades in my hometown of Brookings, SD. I was aware that my mother hosted train riders and others to a meal in return for doing yard work. I'm now sure my father had something to do with this, since I found out that in the past, he had ridden in the caboose on a train load of cattle to Chicago when he went to school.

I do remember that at the end of my junior year in high school my brother and I hitch hiked from Norman, Oklahoma to Custer, SD to work on cabin construction. I'm not sure what my mother thought of this adventure. I do

know that my father some fourteen years later, convinced the federal government that I was employable even though I had failed to list a police record from an overnight stay as a "sleeper" in the Sioux Falls jail. I remember certain tricks of the trade, such as where to stand to get a ride, and how you should be dressed. Obviously, leaning about city ordinances such as which cities had no hitch hiking in city limits laws was not one of

them. I did learn what it meant to be on your own.

The other experiences were catching a ride home from school from the list at the student union. From that event I learned that you could drive all



day and all night—1500 miles—by oneself if you drank enough coffee at the service stations. Also, if you were in uniform you could go to an air base and see if a plane was going your way. I donned my NROTC uniform and reported to Tinker AFB in Oklahoma City. The chaplain took me to the operations center and I flew to Wright Patterson field in Ohio, catching a plane to Bolling AFB in DC. Only later did I discover that you not only should be in uniform, but that you had to have orders. Later, I did use the Air Force to provide transportation when I was being relocated.

At the end of my service time, I had saved \$400, which I took to Detroit and bought a Nash sedan with folding beds. I was going to campaign for Wayne Morse in Oregon. That escapade ended with another jail visit by my brother in West Virginia when the Nash broke down and the police stopped me for not having a

driving license. This time Joe Ewing was sent by Joseph Ewing to drive me home. Joe retained the Nash for the rest of its life.

I did take up the hitchhiking when I decided to catch a ride to Oklahoma City for a clerical job when I was deciding what to do with my degree. I was picked up this time by the rector of the Episcopal Church who wanted to know why I was hitchhiking. This clergy person disapproved of hitchhikers and so advised me.

My time hoboing and experiencing jails only ended when I was married. Sharon had an operating car and a camera.

John Ewing

1968, Poor People's Campaign (Memoir)

There was high-pitched screaming on the line when I answered the phone. "Don't go outside of your house! Don't go out! Stay inside!"

It was LaShanda, the 13-year-old girl I had been tutoring through an NAACP program. We had been meeting every Tuesday evening at a High School in SE Washington. I lived in Prince George's County, right over the DC border from where she lived in Anacostia.

A few days earlier Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. had been shot and killed. Cities across the country were on fire, with people taking to the streets, enraged, hurting, and needing to vent their frustration at something or someone. LaShanda feared that I might get

hurt in the riots that she was experiencing firsthand. I stayed home.

Days after the riots began, we were still watching in horror as armed military guards in full gear, with guns ready, stood on the roof tops of buildings up and down the city, including 14th Street, the Capitol, and the White House. It was a call of awaking!



Soon after the riots, Ralph Abernathy, the new leader of the Southern Christian Leadership Council, carried out the Poor People's March on Washington, a campaign that MLK had planned. Thousands of people, African Americans, Hispanics, and other people of color, along with poor white families, traveled to Washington to demonstrate and lobby for better economic, social, and educational conditions.

I heard that a church in DC was hosting the marchers. I joined them as a volunteer, helping to feed the families. Within a few weeks the SCLC set up tents between the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument, building an area for the families to live, calling it Resurrection City. My volunteer efforts led me there.

In addition to tents for sleeping, people had built a place to distribute food, set up a shower system, and put out porta-potties. They also built a

one room wooden day care facility, the Coretta Scott King Day Care Center.

I became a childcare worker there who, along with other volunteers, took care of the children, from infants to 10-year-olds, while their parents demonstrated and lobbied on Capitol Hill.

While Resurrection City began operating with hundreds of families, it also began to rain, day after day, all day, all week. Wooden planks were put down as pathways from tent to tent. Pretty soon Resurrection City turned into mud. Walking the planks took balance, care and often guts!

Here I was, a 23-year-old young white woman stepping into a new world. Each morning I dressed in jeans, a t-shirt, and high heavy boots. It took two buses and a nine-block walk to arrive at the Lincoln Memorial at the security entrance of Resurrection City and to make my way along the planks to the

Day Care Center.

We took the children on trips most days to specially set up educational programs and activities. We also just read and played games with them on the little porch of the Center. The hardest job was standing in the porta-potty lines with a child who needed to use the bathroom. We saved that task for new volunteers.

During the day, I got dirty, very dirty, wet, and tired. At the same time, I became more energized, knowing that my work was making a difference. I volunteered every day from May 12 to June 24. In the end, a rally was held at the Washington Monument. I realized then that Resurrection City had set the stage for future social justice movements in the United States.

After the Poor People's Campaign closed, I settled back into my tutoring with LaShanda. One afternoon my phone rang. Again, I could hear LaShanda

screaming, but this time it was a happy shout, "Your picture is in Jet Magazine!" she cried. And so, it was. There I was sitting with two little girls at the front of the Coretta Scott King Day Care Center! I must admit that was a thrill for me!

Few people have an opportunity to be part of a history-making, game changing event. This one certainly changed my life as it enabled me to speak out and to be active in seeking equality in our country. I learned that my engagement in social justice work could play a small role in bringing about a fairer world. I walked into Resurrection City a volunteer and walked out a fighter for equal rights.

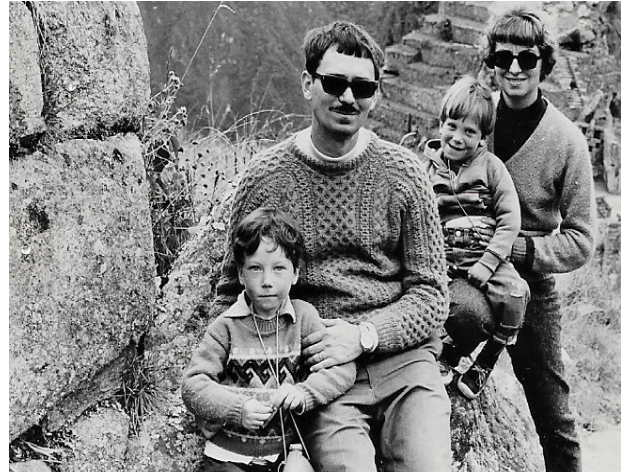
Catherine Irwin

Machu Picchu, 1970 (Memoir)

While stationed in Bolivia, my husband, Wayne, our two young boys, Mark and Kevin, my sister, Sally, and I set out to visit the ancient and awesome Incan citadel, Machu Picchu. The Inca Empire was the largest civilization in pre-Columbian America and flourished in the Andes Mountains from approximately 1200 to 1533 C.E. Never discovered by the Spanish conquistadors, these amazing hidden ruins were rediscovered in 1911 by American explorer and academic Hiram Bingham. Machu Picchu was designated a UNESCO World Heritage Site in 1983 and was named one of the New Seven Wonders of the World in 2007.

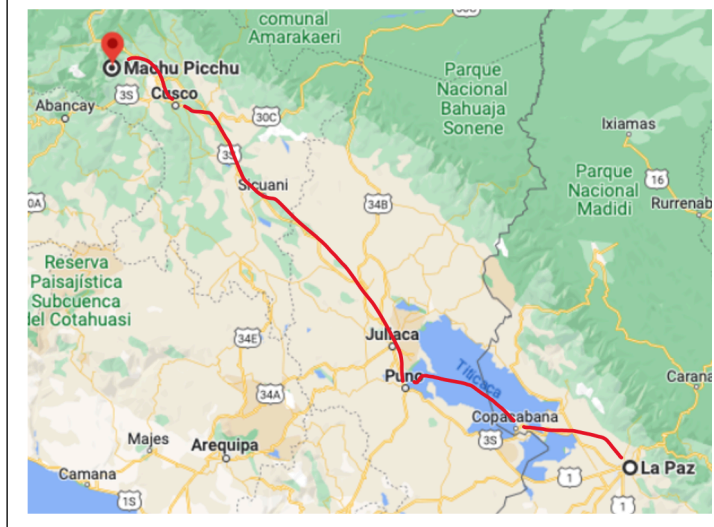
Visiting Machu Picchu from La Paz, Bolivia these days is apparently relatively easy. Fly in to Cuzco, drink coca tea to fight altitude sickness, take a train next day to Aguas Calientes, a town at the base of Machu Picchu, and the next day ride a bus to Machu Picchu. But for us in 1970, the trip was more dramatic. And challenging.

The McKeels at Machu Picchu, 1970



Machu Picchu is in Peru, and to reach the Peruvian border from La Paz, Bolivia required crossing the Altiplano, a high, dry plateau, to the world's highest navigable lake, Lake Titicaca, on the border between these two

La Paz, Bolivia to Machu Picchu, Peru.



countries. There we encountered the toughest test of the entire adventure. In those days the only vessel available for ferrying passengers from Bolivia to the Peruvian port of Puno was a very

old, rather worn-looking Scottish steamboat, which made the trip by night. It wasn't possible to reserve a stateroom when we had secured tickets for passage on the ship, and because there were very few rooms, we

understood that the vast majority of passengers would be sleeping on the deck. But Wayne wasted no time getting the attention of an agent at the entrance gate and convincing him to assign the five of us a room. We felt like celebrating when we set foot into our stark but private room and knew that we would be able to spend the night lying down in relative comfort! When Mark and Kevin fell asleep, we moved them to one bunk together where they fit comfortably, one at each end; and we three adults each took another bunk.

The arrival at Puno the next morning presented more challenges. The border crossing was mobbed with travelers, and the officials were not in a good mood. They insisted that both children be brought to them through the very tight crowd, so there was lots of

standing shoulder-to-shoulder with other adults in very close quarters while holding Kevin and keeping Mark safely with us. Then we boarded a train that would take all day to reach Cuzco, the former capital of the Inca Empire, and the major gateway to Machu Picchu. Cuzco is very interesting in itself, especially archeologically; we had time

Machu Picchu, 1970. (Photo by Wayne McKeel)



only for a quick visit to an evening outside market before crashing in our hotel room. The next morning began with the penultimate stage of our three-day journey: a bus ride from Cuzco to the village closest to the famous stone ruins. From there we boarded a cogwheel train for the fairly short, very steep, final ascent.

Luckily, we had been able to make reservations at the only hotel actually at Machu Picchu! That gave us several hours on two different days to explore this most unusual, fascinating place. It seems generally agreed by historians that Machu Picchu was established by one of the Inca Emperors as a royal retreat. It occupies a long, narrow saddle, about 1.5 miles long, between two very steep mountain peaks. In the past this was the site of baths and houses, temples, and sanctuaries, with the major structures built in stone. The Incas were capable of a type of exquisite stonework whereby huge stones were cut so carefully that they fit together perfectly without mortar. Besides superior architectural engineering, the Incas who created Machu Picchu also engineered a network of hundreds of terraces on the slopes below for growing crops.

Incan stonework. (Photo by Wayne McKeel)



Although reconstruction on some of the buildings had begun, most of the stonework which we saw was original. One memorable example was a set of stairs cut into one huge stone. The Incas were among the world's most gifted masons, and some of their best-preserved stonework is found in this once hidden citadel.

As the sun rose higher, the cool mountain air heated up fast, and sweaters were quickly removed. Mark and Kevin's small water bottles were barely large enough to keep them hydrated, but they scampered about among the stone ruins quite happily after the three travel days.

For all of us, what a magical adventure it was.

Jane McKeel

Entering the Age of Wisdom (Memoir)

When I was turning fifty, a friend talked to me at length about my entering the “age of wisdom,” saying that I should celebrate this rite of passage in some big way. I thought about a party, a trip, a retreat, and searched a bunch of get-away options. I eventually identified a 3-week trek in Nepal called “Mountains and Monasteries.” The brochure was filled with happy hikers chatting with monks, having glorious dinners under the stars, and discussing how meaningful the adventure had been. I signed up. I’d done a lot of hiking, even venturing out on several hiking holidays in Switzerland that had been magnificent. And I knew I’d better train for it. So, for weeks I ran two-three miles a day and five or so on weekends.

On Friday, two days before my departure, I got a call from the head of the travel agency. He was sorry to report that no one else had signed up for this holiday. He assured me he was willing to send me off with the requisite number of sherpas but wanted to check that a solo journey was okay with me. I wasn’t fond of the idea. I’d dreamed of a group experience on a “moderately difficult” hike, sort of like the best kind of summer camp.

“Well,” he said, “I have another option for you, another



trek starting the same day in a more remote part of the Himalayan range.” It was graded as “strenuous,” but he was sure I could do it. I was hesitant. I hadn’t trained for that, but I said okay. We would be following the remote Singla Route used by peddlers and their donkeys to take their wares to market, crossing a pass of over 13,000 feet.

On the first day of my experience, we hiked downhill for eight hours. By dinner my legs were screaming. I soaked them in a freezing mountain stream, wondering if I was out of my mind to keep going. I had to decide that night, as soon we’d be so remote, it would take two days for a sherpa to get to a phone and find a helicopter to get me out. I stayed. And it was painful. I tore both ACLs in the course of those weeks.

So, what did I learn from this trek? As you’ve no doubt figured out, I needed to stop dreaming I

was still 25 or even 35. But there were good things as well. Our group of four Americans (plus about 10 sherpas) soon broke into two parts: the mountain goats (three people), and me. The good news was that the head sherpa, Tshering Tendi, the only one with any English, had to be last in line in case anything bad happened, and he loved to practice his English. About the fourth day, he asked if I liked orchids. I said I did. He then led me to a ravine filled as far as I could see with white flowers. Absolutely mind-boggling. At our lunch stop—which the mountain goats had reached a half-hour earlier—I asked if they’d seen the orchids. “What orchids?” they asked.

A couple of days later, Tshering asked if I knew what a cacophony of barking was about. I had no idea but was intrigued, so we went off course through the woods to discover a troop of about fifty monkeys chasing each

other up and down a steep slope in great glee. We sat and watched, pointing out adolescent show-offs and babies held tight at their mother's tummies. Grand entertainment. At the next rest stop, I asked if the other hikers had seen the monkeys. No one had.

In our third week on the trail, Tshering and I were stopped in a village by a woman who had cut two of her fingers very badly. The local women knew the chief sherpa always carried a large first-aid kit, and they stopped us for help. He did some temporary bandaging and told her to go to a doctor. In this process, I got in on the chatter of the women, which Tshering translated, and to see a home. A toddler, perhaps a year and a half old, was walking on the beams of the open ceiling. At my request, Tshering asked the women if that was safe, might he not fall? The child's mother said, "Why would he fall?" He was, in fact, sure-footed.

By the end of the trip, I was well aware of passing from middle age to, shall we say, upper middle age. But the bigger awareness, the answer to "And what did you learn from that experience?" is that those who are of "advanced" age should embrace moving more slowly, even if that means being at the tail-end of the line. It brings unexpected rewards, ones that others miss in their hurry to get to a destination. I have never since chosen a "strenuous" hike. However, I have often stopped to smell the flowers, searched the causes of strange sounds, and had the privilege of entering into different cultures. I'm loving this age of wisdom.

Lorelei Brush

A Paris Rain (Memoir)

“Excuse me. Is it possible to turn off the water in your bathroom? It is raining in my bathroom, under yours.” That’s how I met Chantal, the woman who lived below me in a Paris apartment building.

“No one is using water chez Blake,” I replied. “Still,” Chantal said reasonably, “there is a leak. You must call your plumber.”

“I don’t have a plumber,” I said as I wondered if this was someone, like a corporate lawyer, you put on retainer when living in Paris.

“Then we will call the plumber of your landlady.”

I did, in fact, have the telephone number of a plumber, left me by the landlady. As it turned out, he had moved to the suburbs and no longer worked in the city. A second plumber said he would come, but he didn’t work on Sundays. He would be available in two weeks, on a Thursday.

Chantal led me downstairs to her apartment. Water was dripping gently but steadily from her ceiling. The rain had even shorted out her bathroom light fixture. Clearly, we were not going to wait two weeks for the second plumber.

“What about your plumber?” I asked.

“Your landlady does not like my plumber. We will have to find someone else.”

I looked up numbers in the phonebook (it was 1981) and Chantal made the calls. I looked, unsuccessfully, for the water valve, and, in between, I finished baking the brownies I had started before Chantal’s arrival at my door.

“*Qu’est-ce qui scent bon?*” What smells so good? Chantal asked several times.

“Brownies.”



She thought a while. “Little fairy people?”

“No, something called a bar cookie. I’ll show you when they’re done.”

During the hour that it took to locate a plumber who would be willing to come on an emergency call, Chantal’s husband Philippe and their daughter came looking for her. I offered coffee and juice. Philippe looked at his watch, said it was nearly time for *le cocktail*, and left.

Fifteen minutes later, he was back with a tray of *apertifs*, cheese, and crackers. By the time the plumber arrived, we had begun what would be a wonderful friendship.

“Why have you not shut off the water?” inquired the plumber.

I explained that, though I had searched over the several hours it took to locate him, I had been unable to locate any turn-off valve. With a look that was clear in any language, the plumber signaled that one could expect little more from a woman in these situations. He motioned me to the bathroom and opened the closet in which the water meter and pipes were located.

“*Et voila, Madame!*”

“I looked in here, but I could not find a valve. Perhaps I do not know what a French water valve looks like.”

He hesitated, “*Mais non, Madame, elle n’est pas ici.*” No, it is not here! He was incredulous.

“I’m sure you can find it,” I said, “You are a French plumber, and this is a French apartment. *Allez-y*. Go to it.” I rejoined the now quite raucous party in the living room.

An hour and a half later, we had moved on to brownies and coffee when the plumber came back to the living room. He had found the water valve, behind a small door in the wall which had been wallpapered over. In another half hour, he had found and repaired the leak.

“What must you think of French workmen?” he moaned. “*C’est terrible!*”

“*Soyez calm, Monsieur.* You have done good work. Now you must sit down and have some coffee and brownies,” I said.

Sinking back into the chair with a sigh, he said, “It must be wonderful to be a plumber in America.”

I put him on retainer.

Claudia Blake

Ya Just Gotta Believe!

(A Phillies fan has reason to cheer)
(Memoir)

What a fun ride!

Major League Baseball analysts predicted that the 2022 Phillies didn't have a chance at postseason play. They said the Phillies would be lucky to finish in third place. They said the National League Championship would go to either the New York Mets or the Atlanta Braves. They said the Los Angeles Dodgers and the Houston Astros would play in the World Series.

Ha! So much for the chattering "experts" who made those predictions before the season even began.

April began with a lot of promise. The Phillies were winning games. It was exciting but it didn't last long. By the end of May, the Phillies fell to eight games under .500 and twelve and a half games out of first place, behind the Mets and the Braves. Season over. Or so everyone thought, including me. I'll admit it. But sometimes ya just gotta believe.

Then, the baseball gods smiled down on the Phillies. Their manager, Joe Girardi, was fired in early June. Bench Coach Rob Thompson took the reins. Boom! What followed was the most magical run in over a decade.

It wasn't a smooth ride, though. There were amazing win streaks for sure. There were heartbreaking losses as well. Cringe worthy defensive plays. At times, no offense to speak of. And all those injuries. Jean Segura was hit by a pitch that broke a finger. Bryce Harper's chronic elbow pain landed him in the designated hitter position, then an inside pitch broke his thumb. Zack Eflin had knee pain. Zack Wheeler had forearm tendonitis. Not to fear, though.



The Phillies Daycare (the name given to the young players) stepped up to the plate, literally and figuratively. They kept the team in the Wild Card hunt. Whatever it takes, right?



In early October, the Phillies won the third Wild Card. We're going to the postseason for the first time since 2010! Can the Phillies go all the way? Again, the "experts" said no. The Phillies might beat the Cardinals, but surely not the Braves. The Padres? Too good a team. Could we really do it? Ya just gotta believe!

When you're hot, you're hot... In postseason play, the Phillies beat the Cardinals in two games. They beat the Braves in four games. They beat the Padres in four games – and the Phillies were the 2022 National League Champions. Bedlam at the Bank©! We're going to the World Series for the first time since 2009! I cried.

When you're not, you're not... The Astros were too good a team. The Phillies won two games of the World Series, then ran out of gas. The ride was over. But oh, it was so much fun.

Yogi Berra famously said, "Wait 'til next year." Go Phillies 2023! Ya just gotta believe!

Joanne Bowers

Pulling Out The Stops*
(Reflection)

I start thinking about Spring Cleaning every June. I look carefully around across the board. I spy a pair of sneakers that have seen better days, and decide to toss the socks as well. Then, seizing the moment, I am drawn to the closet bulging with garden trowels and watering cans.

Half an hour later, I'm in the kitchen where I pull out all the stops: expired cake mix, empty salt shakers, clumped paper and leftovers for compost.

By the time I get to the living room, I am all systems go. So, I clean off the coffee table, rearrange the bookshelves, vacuum the sofa cushions ... I am rolling!

Suddenly I think I might stop for a little break when the telephone rings. An hour later I finally hang up.

Apologetically, I say to myself that Rome wasn't built in a day.

Kay Miller

*In response to Creative Writing Group challenge to include "Rome wasn't built in a day," in a story.



Cinderella's Shoe

(Story)

Eight-year-old Sophie and her mother were returning to their apartment in New York City after a morning of shopping. They were just outside their building when something came sailing through the air and landed “Kerplop!” right in front of Sophie. It was a shoe. Sophie picked it up. It was a beautiful silver shoe with rhinestones in a pattern on the toe and around the heel.

“Look Mother!” Sophie exclaimed. “It’s Cinderella’s shoe. Do you think Cinderella lives in our building?” “I don’t think so,” said her mother.

Sophie was excited about the shoe and begged her mother to let her go on a search for Cinderella. Her mother was reluctant to let her go but their building was only a modest five story building and she had at least a nodding acquaintance with most of the people who lived there so after much cajoling she agreed to let Sophie go. She could go look for Cinderella only if she promised that under no circumstances would she enter anyone’s apartment. She could only ask at the door.



Now Sophie was a smart little girl so she thought about how she should make a search. The shoe had come sailing through the air from high above. She lived on the second floor and she knew Cinderella didn’t live there. It had fallen in the front of the building so it must have come from an apartment on that side. Sophie decided to start on the third floor. No one was home at the first apartment. A man answered the door of the second one. “Does Cinderella live here?” Sophie asked politely. The man

laughed, “Sorry, kid,” he said. “No one named Cinderella lives here.” “Thank you,” Sophie said.

She continued on down the hall. There was no-one at home at the next three apartments. At the fourth one a little white-haired lady answered the door. She looked more like the fairy Godmother but even so Sophie asked, “A-are you Cinderella?”

“No honey.”

“Does Cinderella live here?”

“Well aren’t you sweet. Cinderella doesn’t live here but would you like to come in and have a cookie?”

Sophie started to say she promised her mother not to enter anyone’s apartment but instead she said, “No thanks, Ma’am.

I have to find Cinderella and give her her shoe.”

“Well, I hope you find her,” said the nice lady.

Sophie didn’t find her on the fourth floor or on the third. Either no one was home or she didn’t live in any of the other apartments. Just as she got off the elevator on the fifth floor, she was met by a yellow tabby cat. “Hello kitty,” she said as she bent down to pat the cat on the head. The cat was very friendly and appeared to be happy for Sophie’s company.

Further down the hall a brown skinned woman came out of her apartment. She was wearing jeans and a sweatshirt and her hair looked like she had just gotten out of bed. She was calling, “Mitzi!”

She spied Sophie and the cat. “Oh, a there you are. You naughty kitty. She’s always trying to slip out of the apartment. Thank you for not letting her get on the elevator.”

At that point, she noticed what Sophie was holding. “That looks like my shoe. What are you doing with my shoe?”

Sophie backed a step away holding the shoe protectively as she eyed the woman suspiciously. “This is Cinderella’s shoe,” she said. “Are you Cinderella?”

“No,” said the woman. She looked at Sophie, who was examining her closely.

“Well,” she said, “maybe I am. Where did you get that shoe?”

“It fell out of the sky right in front of me.” Sophie said.

“Ah! I was trying on my shoes this morning and I had my balcony doors open. Mitzi ran out onto the balcony. With my shoe in my hand I ran to catch her before she jumped into the tree in front of our building and I accidentally flipped my shoe over the edge of the balcony. When I went down to look for it, it was gone. The last time Mitzi ran out onto the balcony she jumped into that tree and I had to call the fire department to come get her down.”

“Maybe I could try the shoe on—just to see if it fits. Didn’t Cinderella do that?”

“Okay,” Sophie said and she handed the shoe to the woman.

The woman tried on the shoe and it fit her perfectly.

“I guess you must be Cinderella,” said Sophie.

“Thank you for returning it. My name is Elaine.”

“I’m Sophie. I live on the second floor. I guess I better go now. Bye, Elaine.”

Shirley Lytle

Protozoa *

The protozoic creatures that
crawl upon the earth
Cycle quite precisely in their
ecologic birth.

These protoplasmic unicells
do not seem to mind
The unromantic process for
Reproduction of their kind;

But their multiplying systems with a
propagating shove
Miss the joy and pleasure of a
Moonlit night of love.

Mark P. Friedlander

* From *Of Love & Laughter*, with permission.

Photography

Featured Photographer Jim Dullea

I bought my first camera (a Rolacord) in 1955 when I was 22-year-old GI in Ulm Germany. I had no talent for drawing or painting but as an often-bored undergraduate, I developed an instinct for composition by looking at hundreds of pictures in art books and visiting the Met and Museum of Modern Art in New York.

There was a little used Army photo lab in Ulm with a highly qualified and helpful German technician. I quickly became competent in developing and printing photos.

Boys with Lunches. In March 1955, I had a 14-day pass and decided to travel to Venice, Florence, Rome, and Athens. Privates didn't make a lot of money, but dollars went a long way in Europe at that time. Trains cost very little but getting from Rome to Athens and back depended on luck-finding a vacant seat on a military plane.

The two boys with their lunches were on their way to school in Athens when they stopped to look at this strange foreigner with a camera. I quickly took the photo.

GI with kids. In the Summer of 1955, we spent a week sleeping in tents close to the East German border. Our

function was simply to be there. Sergeant Star, an African American GI, had a German girlfriend and spoke enough German to attract a crew of young friends.

Women talking.

In 1956, I often spent Saturday mornings walking about Ulm looking for something of interest. I knew that my best photos were always of people. I found these two women in animated

conversation. I was quite close, but I don't think they noticed as I took this picture.

Window in Volendam, Netherlands.

I had three-day pass to visit Amsterdam during the tulip season. After viewing the tulips, I walked to an area called



Volendam. The two girls, the torn curtain and the rope framing it all made a perfect picture.

Street Scene, Iran. Beginning in the Summer of 1969, I spent three and a half years on loan from my GS-15 Federal job to Ford Foundation's administrative reform project in Saudi Arabia. I traveled extensively in the Kingdom and visited Egypt, Jordan, Lebanon, Ethiopia, Iran and Western Europe.

Schoolboys, Saudi Arabia. We spent a week in Iran in 1972. It was before the revolution and Americans were treated as welcome friends. This photo was taken in the Shiraz souk. All I had

to do was wait until the donkey cart reached the right spot.

Boys and girls attended separate schools in Saudi Arabia. The expensive leather book bags suggests that the boys in the front rows were from wealthy families.

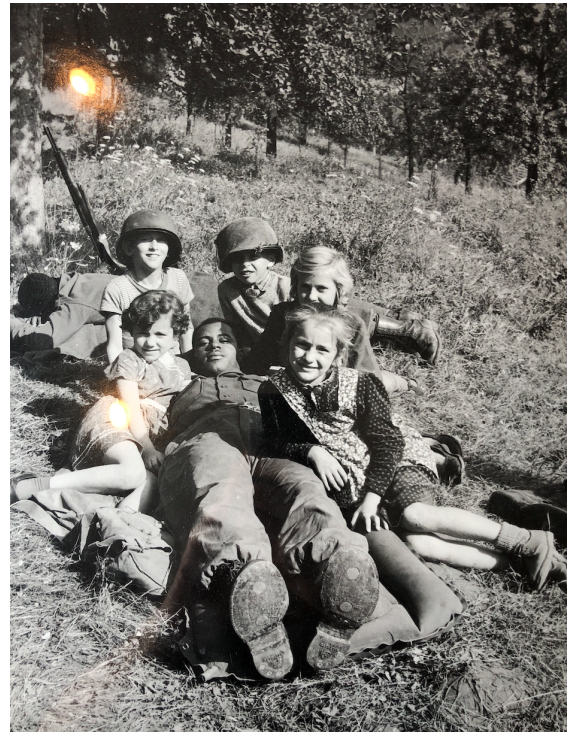
Street Scene, Egypt. I was walking on a backstreet in Luxor, Egypt when I came upon this perfectly composed group. The one person who was working seemed amused to see me taking the photo.

Jim Dullea

Boys with lunches on way to school in Athens, March 1955.



Germany, near East German border, Summer 1955.



Saturday morning Ulm, Germany.



Tulip season in Vollandam,



Shiraz Souk, Iran, 1972.



Schoolboys in Saudi Arabia, 1972.



Street scene, Luxor, Egypt, 1971.



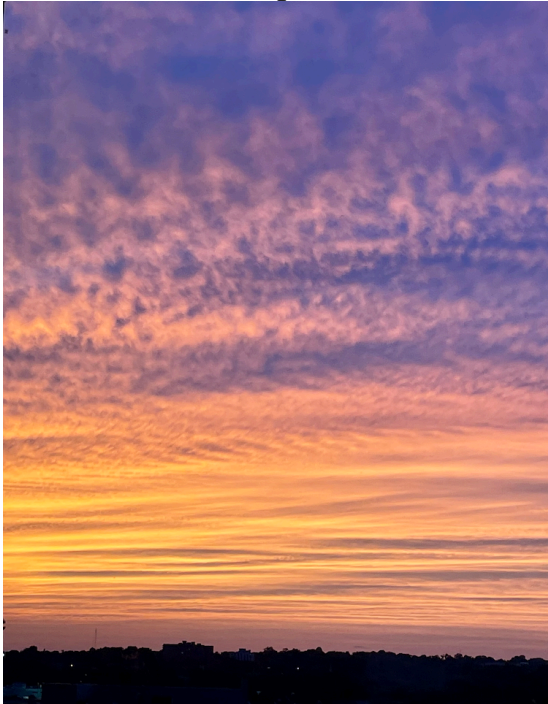
Other Photographs

Margaret Kelley. *La Maison Bleue*.

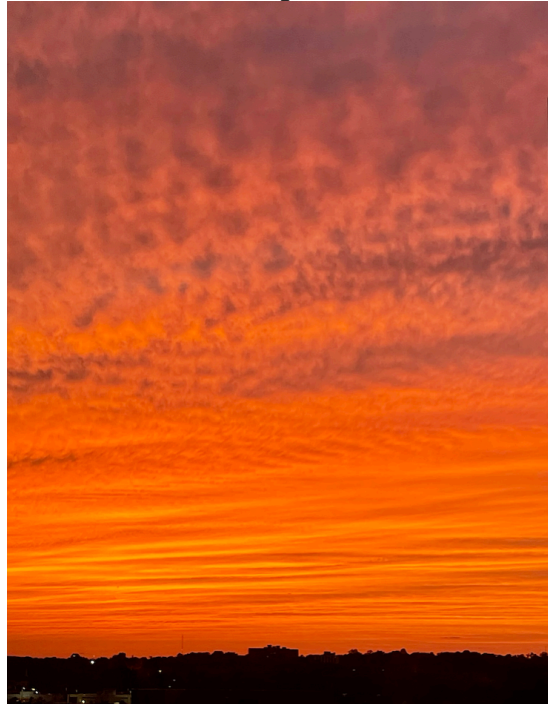


Margaret Sullivan. *Twelve Minute Cloud Sequence.*

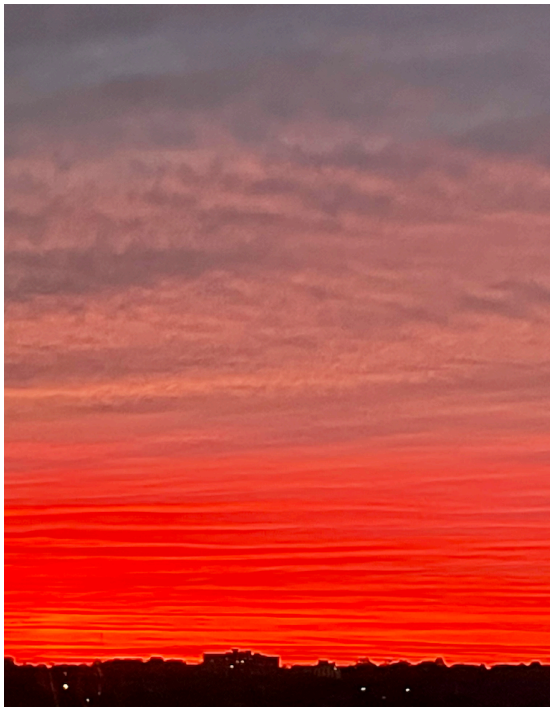
8/28/2023 7:52:18 pm



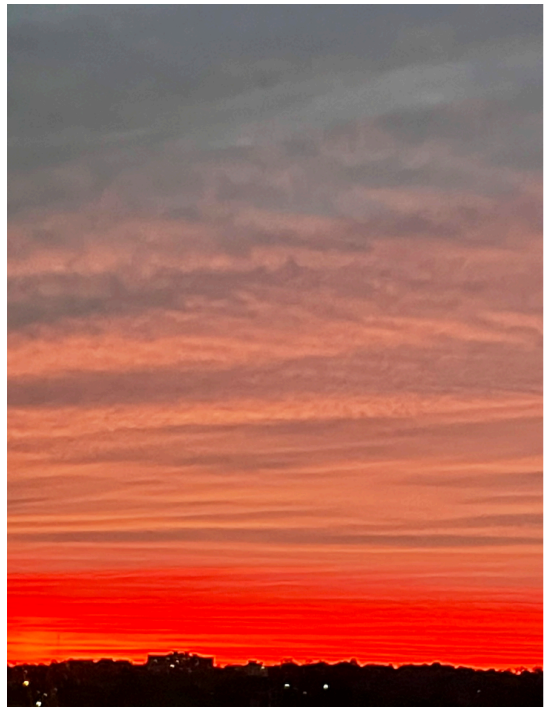
8/28/2023 7:53:06 pm



8/28/2023 8:01:05 PM



8/28/2023 8:04:12 PM



Candace Stiklorious. *Door Knocker, San Miguel.*



Chris White. *Channeling Stella's Brooklyn Bridge.*



Chris White. *Where is This?*



Graphic Arts

Angela Tompkins. *Happy Cans*. Watercolor.



Ben Wilmot. *LL Bean Village*. Collage



Concetta Scott. *Remembering Taos.*



Jennie Boyd. *Dawn*. Watercolor



Ann Fels. *Street on Hvar*.



Ann Fels. *Trees on Hvar*



Frank Spink. *Rocky Mountain Moonrise.*



Frank Spink. *Geo Landscape.*



Absara Rogosch. *Apsara, Celestial Dancer, Angkor Wat, Cambodia*. Drawing



Anne Corson. *The White City*.



Anne Corson. *Sunken Pirate Ship.*



Lyle Priddy. *French Landscape*.



Gloria Rothman. *Tasty and Nutritious*. Watercolor



Veronica Priddy. *Window in Tuscany.*



Martha Trunk. *Playing with Color*. Acrylic Sponge.

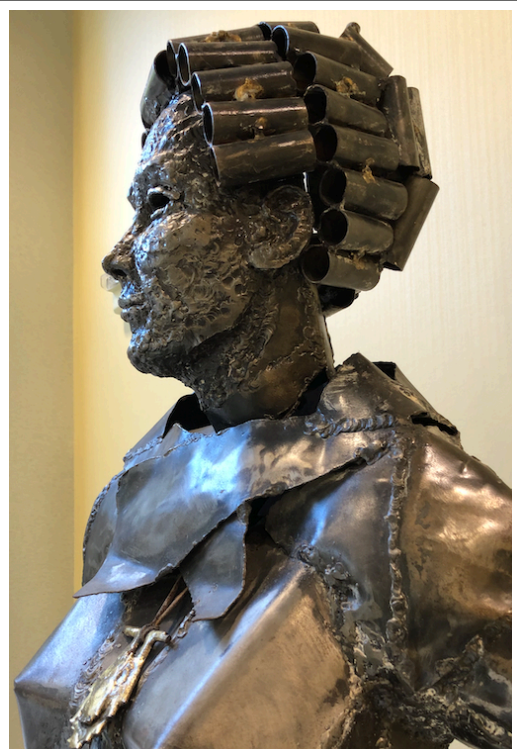


Sculpture

Catherine Hufford-Anderson (Deceased). *"For we shall speak ... "*



Caroline Hufford-Anderson (Deceased). *Woman Power*. Metal.



Former resident Caroline Hufford-Anderson's (deceased) amazing metal sculpture, *Woman Power*, came to Goodwin House, after her death, thanks to the generosity of her family.

On *Woman Power*, Caroline wrote, "At the time, I created *Woman Power*, I was working at a commercial welding shop in Virginia. I wanted to make something really big. Since I was surrounded by male welders, I felt inspired to sculpt a figure that would convey a sense of female strength. The figure of a tall, strong woman emerged.

Stella Repper. *Bull*. Papier Mache.



Wood Crafts

Georgia Fuller. *Birds*



Mike Connors. *Wood Duck.*



Betty Lou White. *Fine Wood Boxes.*
(With gratitude to wonderful Wood Shop Volunteer, Myra Haley)



Lyle Priddy. *Purpose-Built Cabinets.*



Alan Rubin. *Home Furnishings.*



Larry Welch. *Coffee Table.*



Bob Lassiter and Ron Karpick. *Little Free Library*.



Bob Lassiter and Ron Karpick. *Bird Houses (4)*.



Bob Lassiter. *Bat Houses (4)*.



Carol Lewis. *Mouse House*.



Carol Lewis. *Bird Nest*.



Jean Adams (Deceased). *Bowl*.



Carol Lewis. *Corgi*.

Flower Arrangers.



Flower Arrangers.



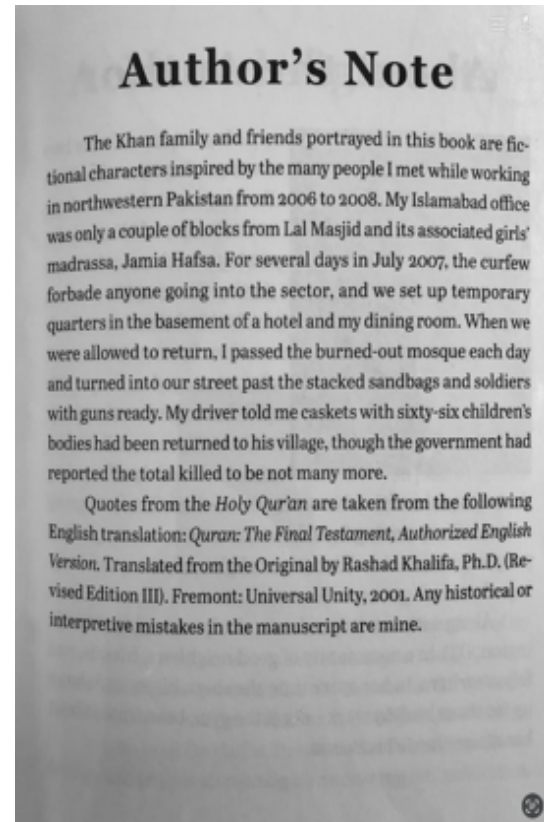
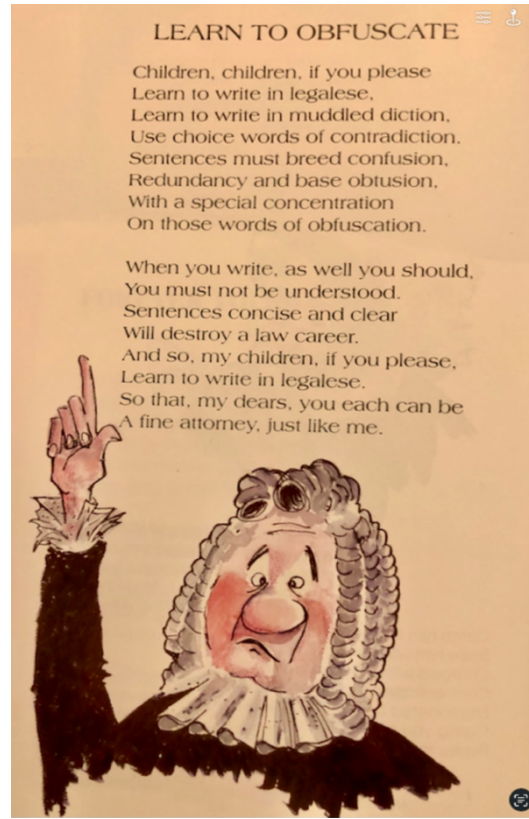
Flower Arrangers.

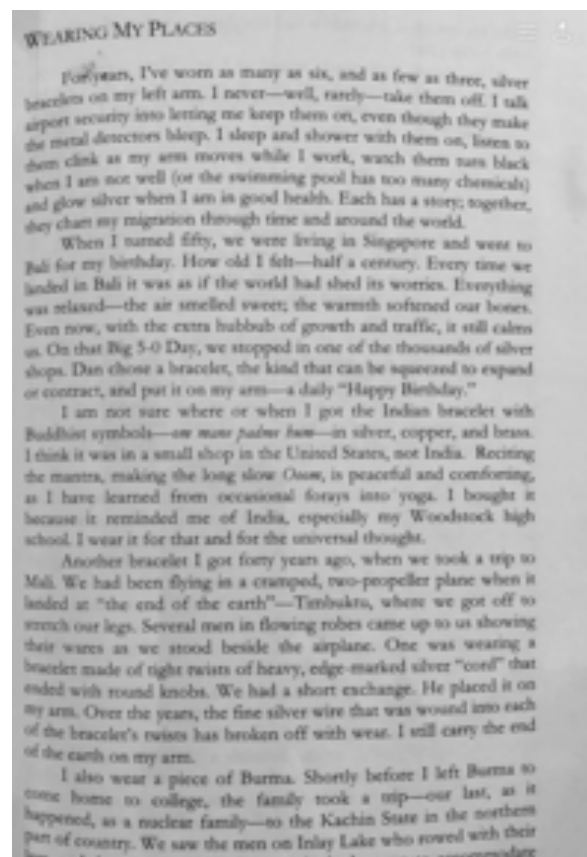
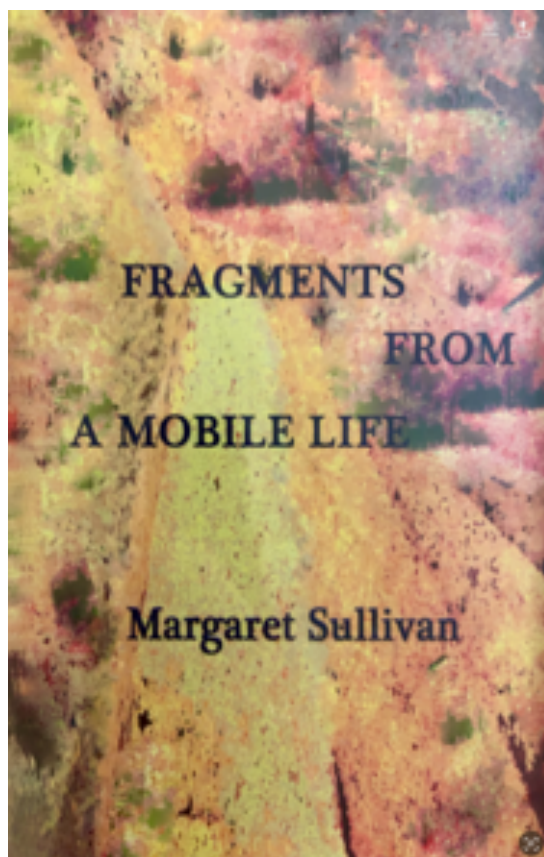
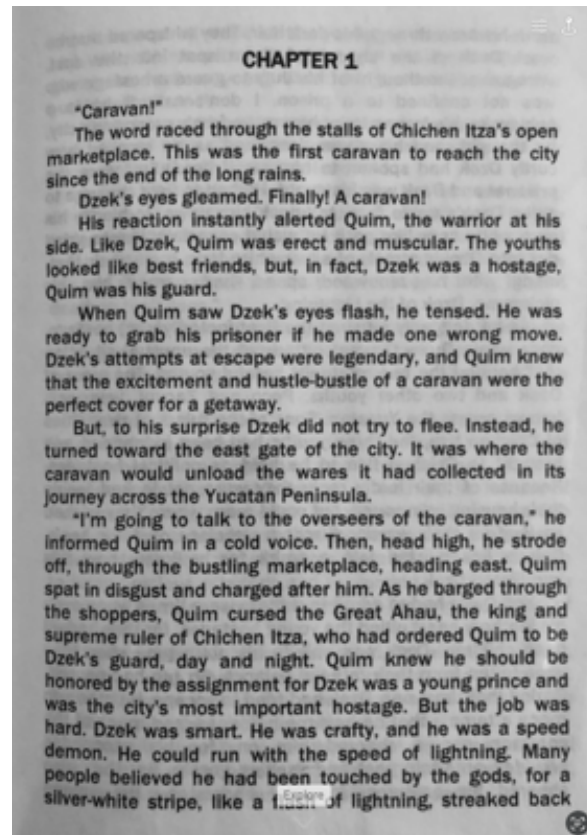
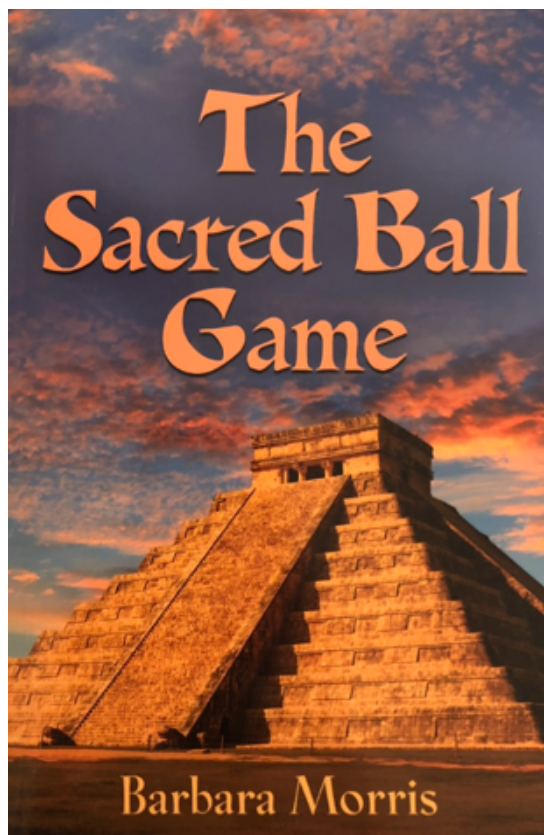


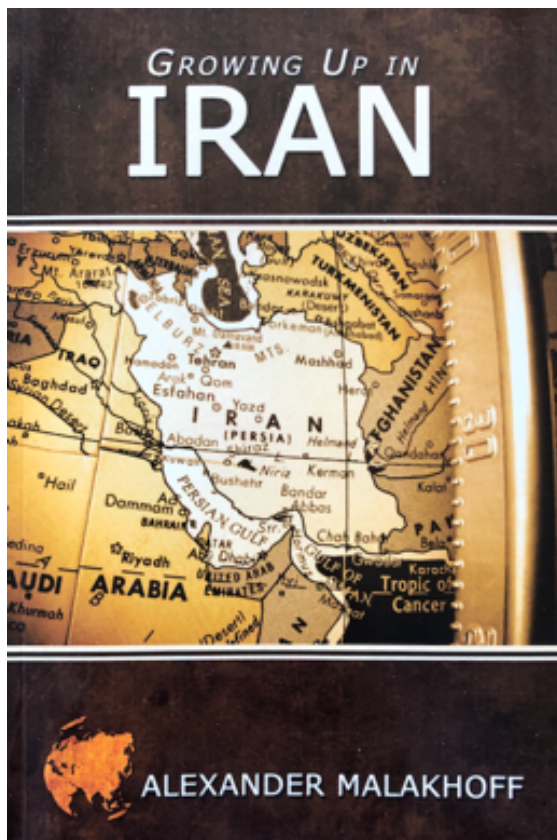
Flower Arrangers.



Resident Author Bookshelf







I was attending a physics lecture in the Tehran Technical School auditorium, when the door burst open and sergeant entered accompanied by several soldiers. Such an intrusion was unlawful since the law had forbidden the police or military entering university grounds without explicit permission from the Shah himself. When our professor start protesting and tried to bar the soldiers, the sergeant disdainfully pushed him aside. Feeling helpless the professor quickly left the auditorium not wishing to get involved in whatever going to happen.

"Where is he?" the sergeant bellowed. "Where is the S.O.B. that shot the Shah this morning? I know he is here! Show me where is hiding!"

The soldiers spread throughout the auditorium. After some perfunctory search they grabbed a student who was sitting behind me and dragged him to the front of the auditorium while he was shouting: "I am innocent! I didn't do anything! Please let me go." One of the soldiers hit him in the mouth with a butt of his gun knocking off several of the student's teeth and making blood gush out of his mouth. When he fell down, the soldiers continued kicking him until his body went limp and he was silenced. The dragged his body outside throwing it in the back of their truck.

The remaining soldiers continued searching. Suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder. My heart skipped a beat. Was I going to be next?



“Good Winds” Future

Will “Good Winds 2023” become a one-off “Spruce Goose,” or will it continue into future issues? Hopefully the latter. This publication is only a sample of what is available now, and residents continue to create masterful writing, art, and crafts. A yearly sampling is deserved.

Ric Blacksten, 2023 Editor

Good Winds Goodbye

from Goodwin House,
Bailey's Crossroads Resident
Writers, Artists and
Craftsfolk
3440 S. Jefferson St.
Falls Church, VA 22041

