

JUST COPING ALONG

A Letter from Ed Bartlett

Editor: Ed and I joined the venerable and distinguished organization known as the U. S. Seniors Golf Association the same year—1977, and have enjoyed many rounds together. At 86 he can still shoot his age, and, as you will read below, still gets on the tennis court. Old golfers never die, they just keep on swinging. I asked him to send me his random thoughts, and this produced the following:

Hello Bob:

The last time I tried to use a typewriter was roughly sixty years ago, and I think it must have been on this same ancient typewriter now before me. So, here goes...

I spent most of my business life in and around Wall Street, a good part with the New York end of Schrodgers, the British merchant banking firm.

Along the way I was president of two investment companies, and, after I retired, chairman of Schroder's American fund, "The Cheapside Dollar Fund" (a name that may sound a bit odd to some one here but that went down very well in London, Schroder's headquarters being at 120 Cheapside, the main thoroughfare down to the bank of England).

Curiously, there is still not enough time. After I have put drops in my eyes, done my exercises, fed the birds, tried to decipher the latest pronouncement from Chairman Greenspan and taken a walk down to the end of our lane and back (with a stop for a chat with "Pumpkin", a handsome Golden Retriever who lives at the half way mark), it always seems time for luncheon.

As a wise man once said, at this age the telephone poles go by like a picket fence.

I used to find highly entertaining the tales of old geezers who could not remember anything—like the chap who could not find his glasses. Thinking that he must have left them upstairs in his bedroom, he went

up to have a look. Once there, he had no idea what he had come for. Thereupon he sat down on the landing, hoping that the light might dawn. Pretty soon he could not remember whether he was going up or down.

I used to think that was hilarious—but now I find myself in the same boat all too often.

On a more up-beat note, I am now back on the golf course and the tennis court after a prolonged layoff due to a torn cartilage in my knee. I claim that I fell down the Post Office steps after mailing my income tax return—but more likely the cause was a bum golf swing. After the usual MRI, etc., I was told that an operation was indicated. I then went, with the concurrence of my surgeon, to a

friend who has the most extraordinary record as a physical therapist. She heads up a physical therapy organization of 1500 people, travels constantly, lectures in Singapore, Thailand, Taiwan, etc., and claims that she needs only five hours sleep.

In her spare time she looks after a few private patients and friends, including Madame Chiang Kai-shek and lesser folk like me. When we go out to a large dinner party at least half of the old folks present are there courtesy of her ministrations. For several months she has had me doing forty minutes of exercises a day. *Mirabile dictu*, it seems to have worked.

I have been playing tennis all winter, indifferently to be sure, with some other old goats, all several years younger than yours truly—my contemporaries being no longer with us or off to retirement communities.

Of more interest to me is that I played some golf when we were in Charleston a few weeks ago, and I have just been out digging in the garden.

The exercise routine, needless to say is something less than fascinating. Midge has been in the hospital



Ed and Midge in their Long Island garden

with a broken hip, on top of Parkinsons, so the phone has been ringing off the hook with eighteen grandchildren calling day and night to get the latest word. It never fails—the calls seem to come mostly when I am stretched out on the floor with a ten pound weight strapped to my leg dutifully counting “a thousand thirteen, a thousand fourteen...”.

And soon to the practice tee. I think that I can still shoot my age—provided of course that I can manage to go the distance. No matter the score though. The sky is blue, the grass is green and I am thankful to be out there walking around. It sure beats a lot of things that I have “enjoyed”—like cruising with the fleet off Okinawa in the China Sea aboard an ammunition ship appropriately named the “USS Vesuvius”.

ON REMEMBERING “BED AND BREAKFAST” DAYS

Nancy Carter

Editor: When I called Nancy this winter to ask if she would write something about the “Carters’ Bed and Breakfast” in Princeton, she agreed immediately. Herewith a wonderful piece of nostalgia for us all.

Many dear friends when arriving in Princeton would head for the Carters—whether on Prospect Street or Constitution Hill—where they would find their host clad in his orange and black striped jacket reaching out to greet them. Some of the guests would arrive on foot towing their suitcases behind them happily calling out to Carter to help them. Others would arrive with their sweet southern wives bringing presents and loving hugs. Also dear were the bewildered small grandchildren while sitting on Grandpa’s knee, when the future Princetonian would be introduced and admired.

Of course there were times when the electricity failed. The breakfast was cold and there was no hot water. The happy guests remained undaunted. At reunions some guests arrived “three sheets to the wind” and collapsed on the floor of the guest room and never got up until morning. Some guests brought dogs who were always well-behaved and managed to get on with the black Lab of the house. Parking of the many cars was tight but all were adept at moving and jostling everyone else’s car.

Perhaps the highlight of those golden times was the 60th Reunion dinner at Constitution Hill. Start to finish, it was fun. Thank heaven for the lovely evening predicted by Ludlum. The Reunion Committee assured the caterer that only 50 would attend. Imagine the surprise when 120 accepted! Oh so crowded! The cocktail party in the pool house was only marred by the fall of one of the large guests. Luckily he was unhurt. The dining room was so full that six friends had to be served on the front steps. When one of the leading classmates waved his arms to start your favorite song the wall sconces came crashing down. The finale was most hilarious. Carter invited one and all to come back to the apartment. So many came that breathing became a problem, but we never ran out of liquor!

Those were the days, dear friends, and for me seventeen years as a happy camper trailing to football games, basketball games and all sorts of reunions in many wonderful places—a never-to-be-forgotten time. We were sad to leave, but we left at the peak. I know he’s up there toasting you all with Bill, Charlie, Chip and lots of other good buddies. We had a wonderful time running the Bed and Breakfast for the Class of ‘33. Lots of love and laughs with a group who made a difference.

A waiter to a lady in a restaurant, “Pardon me, Madam, but your husband has just slipped under the table”. “Oh, no”, she said, “My husband has just walked in the door”.