

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”.

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## 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.

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*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”.*