

Traditionally Yours

November 2025
35th Edition

Your Community Newsletter

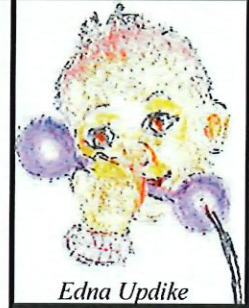
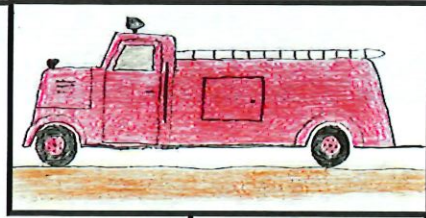


Telephone Service

By Dean Updike

When I was three years old, I could pick up the telephone and hear the words "number please." I would say "3R." Then I would hear a bell ring and my grandmother would answer. I then could say to my grandmother the important things that I needed to tell her. Can a modern telephone company make it that easy for a three-year-old to call his grandmother? Some historical facts: The words "number please" were uttered by the local telephone switchboard operators. They were not recordings.

In the 1930's and 1940's, the switchboard operator in a small town was the center of communication for the town. Since all emergencies were report to her, she was, in effect, the 911 of the time. If the emergency was a fire she would operate the siren that summoned the volunteer firemen to their firehouse. In other emergencies, she would notify the police or medics as the case required. In a small town, the telephone switchboard operator was certainly a hero.



Edna Updike

The Loveable Dog our Neighbor Gave Us

by Edna Updike

When I went to the hospital to have our baby, my mom was coming to care for my two children. I told her my neighbor gave us something that would help her. What he gave us was a dog named Brownie. Brownie was the most helpful dog I ever saw. His whole life revolved around "what can I do for you today?" My mom was terrified of dogs, but when you are going into labor, you don't have time to explain household alterations. As mom was hugging the kids she almost fainted when a grinning dog appeared. The kids explained "he's our other babysitter." Brownie watched the kids while mom cooked meals and did the laundry. I was surprised when my mom offered to stay for two more weeks when I came home with the new baby. The biggest surprise was when she invited us to her house and said "bring Brownie". When we arrived, she took Brownie in her arms and hugged him. I never thought I would live to see that!!



It's good to see you!

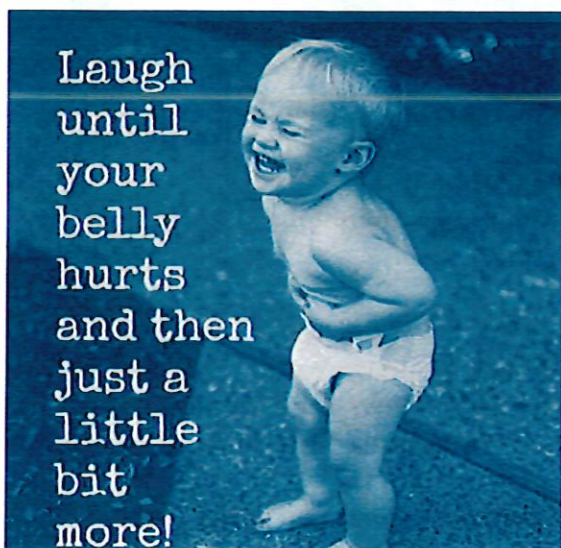
By Carol Paden

A homeless man at a soup kitchen was asked, "How are you doing?" He replied "How do you think I am? I'm homeless. It's better to say "It's good to see you." Last summer I was visiting my friend who was in hospice care. I cringed when hearing visitors ask her, "How are you?" She was dying. It is way better to say, "I am so glad to see you!"



Hanover Humor by Al

The following laughs are brought to you by Al Schadle



A man walking along the beach found a bottle floating in the water. He retrieved the bottle and removed the cork. Immediately a Genie popped out and thanked him for releasing him from his prison and for doing so he would grant the man a wish of anything he wanted. The man thought for a while and finally said, "I really don't need anything, I have a loving wife, a nice family, a good job and enough money all I really want to be is happy. Poof! Just like that the man found himself living in a cottage with 7 dwarfs and working in a mine.

Do you know how to tell the gender of a carpenter ant? You get a glass of white wine and drop the ant into the wine, if it sinks to the bottom it is a girl ant and if it floats on the top it is buoyant.

A guy was out drinking with his buddies when he decided to check his phone. Glancing at the phone he noticed that there were 18 messages from his wife. "Wow", he exclaimed, "18 messages, she must really be insecure that's an average of 3 a day".

After we retired, my wife and I went out to eat more and more. One day, on our anniversary, I asked her where she would like to go eat for dinner. She said, "I don't care take me someplace that I haven't been in a while". So I took her out to the kitchen.

Didja ever wonder why...

- * Does slow down and slow up mean the same thing?
- * Does slim chance and fat chance mean the same thing?
- * Does wise guy and wise man mean different things?
- * Do tug boats push the barges?
- * Do we say after dark when dark really comes after light?
- * Do we drive on a parkway and park on a driveway?
- * Is material that is unloaded from a ship at a dock called cargo but the same material when placed on truck for movement is called a shipment?
- * Do oversee and overlook mean different things?
- * Is bra singular but panties are plural?
- * Do you put suits in a garment bag but put garments in a suitcase?
- * Do they call it a TV set when you only have one?

When you are at the ballgame why do you sit on the stands?

If you are cross-eyed and have dyslexia can you read alright?

Is it good if a vacuum cleaner really sucks?

If love is blind, why is lingerie so popular?

Just askin'

Keeping a Family Tradition Alive

by Michele Morrow

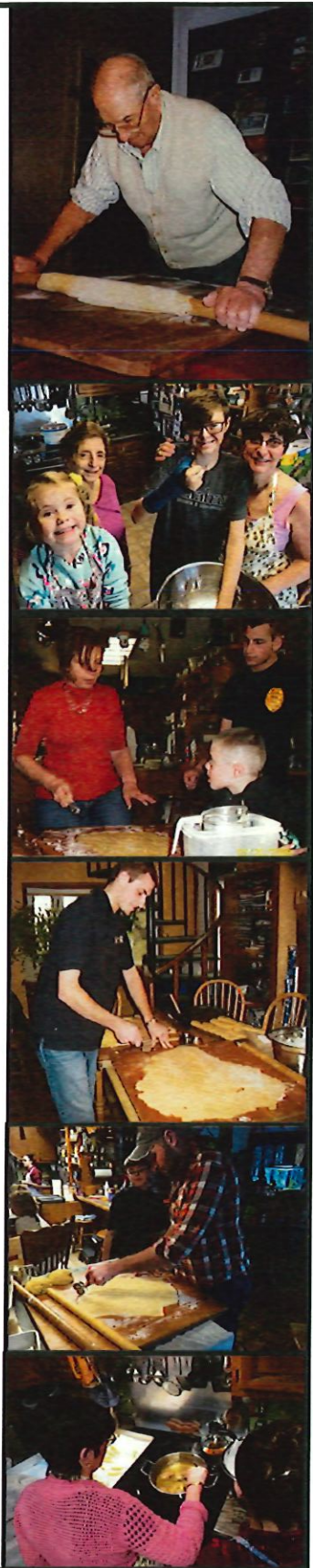
When I was growing up, my grandparents, both from Italy, brought us all together at their house to make the most amazing deep-fried cookies every year. It was quite the production... Grandma mixed the biscotti-based dough while Grandpa was in charge of the rolling. He'd use his rolling pin (a 4' long x 1.5" dowel rod) and the cutting board he made. He'd roll the dough out to just the right thickness before cutting it into strips. When he was done, the rest of us would pinch and form them into pinwheels or bowties, or roll them out like a snake and cut them into tiny pieces. Aunt Jo had the most important job... the deep-frying.

Once the cookies were done frying, they'd sit in a strainer full of paper towels to let the oil drip off and to cool. Then Grandma would put them on one of her nice plates and drizzle them with honey and chopped walnuts. Getting together was nice, but as a child, eating them of course, was my favorite part of the day!

This tradition has carried on throughout my life, but as the years passed, and loved ones lost, Cookie Day's location and duties shifted. Grandpa, who lived into his late 80s, rolled for as long as his body would allow. After his passing, my house became production-central. Teresa (my mom's youngest sister) became in charge of mixing, and the honor of the frying was bestowed upon me. Eventually my children were old enough that they became the "mixers" and "rollers", and I recently taught my granddaughter how to fry.

My children and grandkids are all grown now. And me, at 65, eating them is no longer my favorite part of the day, it's being with all of them and cherishing the fact that THEY want to keep Cookie Day alive. This year we plan on getting together right after Christmas, but it will be quite somber though because both my mom and Teresa recently died. They all will always be with us in spirit.

Special note... The cutting board and rolling pin Grandpa made are in my kitchen and are still used for our annual Cookie Day! And I can still hear my grandparents referring to those cookies with their heavy accents. The pinwheels were Scatula, the little balls were Strufeli, and the bowties were simply bowties.



Home Sweet Home

By Christine Kearns

Behold a lofty dwelling
With amenities galore
Service with a smile
And there's so much more

A taste of warmth and
kindness
From the people that we meet
Those who make us feel at home
With gestures oh so sweet

No matter where we roam
Traditions of Hanover
Shall echo 'Home Sweet Home'



Brown Ledge Camp (The Bugler)

By Christine Kearns

Behold the rising sun
Tis time for reveille
Wake up call at Brown Ledge Camp
A long lost memory

I was once the bugler
When I was but a teen
At a lakeside camp for girls
Beneath the Mountains Green

Swimming, sailing, tennis
Horseback riding too
Archery and hiking
There was so much to do

I remember Mr. Brown
Bringing us the news
World War II was near and end
Freedom could not lose



And then at last – sweet victory
Triumphant news would break
The war was won – in rapturous joy
We jumped into the lake

Memories of long ago
Shall not slip away
Taps shall echo far and wide
At the close of day

Gossip is like a nasty virus – If you learn to cover your mouth, you won't spread the germs. *Submitted by Jean Fahringer*

What is not alive and can rock & roll??

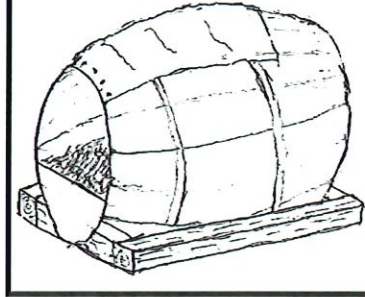
Answer: A wooden barrel resting on its side.

By Dean Updike

Whatever Happened to Rex

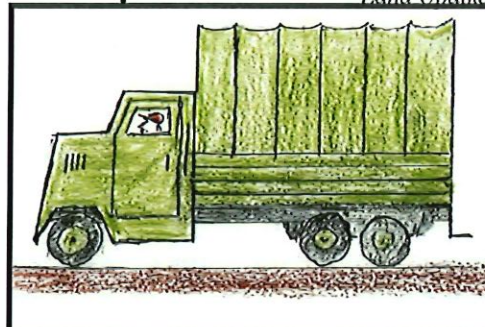
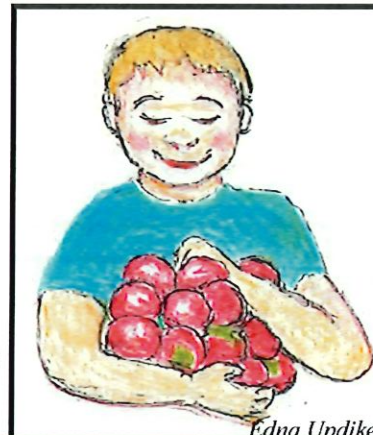
By Dean Updike

When I was about seven years old, my father brought home a dog of mixed hunting breeds. His name was Rex, which means King. My father believed that a dog belonged outside and that his house should be a barrel, which is air-tight. So Rex's barrel was behind the garage, which blocked the north wind. His barrel had its opening facing south. One piece of the barrel top was left at the bottom of the doorway so that the straw bedding would not spill out. A burlap bag was tacked above the doorway. It would either hang over the opening or be pulled over the top of the barrel. Two 3-foot 4"x4" timbers were used to keep the barrel from rolling side to side. Two short 4"x4s were used to keep the barrel from rocking.



My father put a collar on Rex, connected a chain to it, and anchored the chain to the garage. Rex squeezed his head out of the collar and was free to patrol his territory. After all, he was King. Next, my father put a harness on Rex and connect the chain to it. Rex distorted his body enough to remove himself from the harness. My father gave up. Rex was free to roam the neighborhood and play with the kids on the block. Rex was the smartest dog that ever lived. At that time there were no leash laws for dogs.

One day, as Rex and I were roaming the neighborhood, we came across a group of soldiers resting under shade trees at the front of two houses. The soldiers were on a 20-mile hike to help get them physically fit for World War II in Europe. I went into the orchard across the road to pick up ground apples for the soldiers while Rex made friends with them. I then went home for dinner assuming that Rex was still in the neighborhood. It was later reported that Rex was seen following the soldiers out of town. I assumed that the soldiers would be picked up by army trucks before dusk. When the soldiers were picked up, did Rex get into the truck, or was he left in a new area to find a new family? If he got into that truck, what did the army do with him? Did he go overseas and fight in World War II? If you can answer any of these questions, please inform me.



My First Trip to Italy

By Rosalie Marcozzi

I will always remember my first trip to Italy.

On our wedding day in 1962, my husband Mario, promised me that in a couple of years he would take me to Italy to meet his family and travel to Rome, Venice, and Florence. I didn't believe him, because I had never been anywhere, but my most passionate wish was to travel the world. This was too good to be true! However, in 1964, Mario made my dream come true and we traveled to Italy.

Our first stop, of course, was Teramo, his home town which is located in Abruzzo, a beautiful region by the Adriatic Sea and the Apennine Mountains. The Gran Sasso in the province of Teramo is the highest peak of the Apennines. I was awed by the natural beauty all around me. We traveled Abruzzo during the day and visited friends and relatives at night.

The beaches were amazing. It was beach after beach all along the Adriatic Coast, so beautiful with its white sands and cafes and restaurants. I especially loved the national parks. After a week, we left Abruzzo and traveled to Rome, Venice, and Florence. Then we went to Naples. We got on a ship there and traveled to Sicily, the place where I was born. I met my grandfather, aunts, and uncles for the first time. What a joyful day it was for all of us! No one knew we were coming, so it was a surprise for all of them.

This was my first trip anywhere, but not my last. Through the years, I'm happy to say that Mario and I did a lot of traveling. I'm so grateful for all the wonderful memories.



Alligator Stew

By Al Schadle

I went to the Prime Restaurant the other day for lunch. The chef special that day was alligator stew. Since I had never eaten alligator, I decided to try it and it was really delicious. After the meal I asked the waitress if I could get the recipe. She said that wouldn't be a problem and went off to get me a copy. I thanked her and came back to Traditions where I gave the recipe to Scott, our chef, and told him how good it was and asked if he could make the alligator stew someday. Scott took one look at the recipe and said there was no way he could make alligator stew. "Why not", I asked. He answered "because all I have is a crock pot".



Thank God for Artists

By Beverly Weikel

One night I was watching the Kennedy Center Awards. Olivia, an actress, was present an award to Meryl Streep. I quote her here because I know there are a number of artists at Traditions. "If you ask an artist why they came into this world, they would say *To live out loud.*" If you think about it, this statement is so true!

Artists bring beauty to our world. They think outside the box and see things others take for granted. They appreciate the moments of nature, the sunrise, the sunset, lightening as it lights up the sky, and the uniqueness of each being. Their paintings and sketches evoke feelings and stir us to take time to look closer. Artists make us feel our creativity to make making real change. Artists are God's special gift to us all. They should be appreciated by many for that alone. If you know an artist, you are a lucky person, you have the pulse of life.

Many schools have taken art from their curriculum. This is a huge mistake because art is as important to us as breathing. It keeps us all in touch with our five senses. It encourages a view through a third eye.

Without art, our world would be black and white, not technicolor. It is only fitting we celebrate the artists, not just their works. Salvador Dali, Leonardo da Vinci, Norman Rockwell, etc. The next time you raise your glass to cheer, cheer to the artists in the world ages 2 to 102. Because without them, the world would be a dull place indeed. Like Kincade's paintings, they shed a little light and brightness in our lives. Their cartoons make us laugh, their stary, stary night makes us look in the heavens, and their pictures of every day life make us remember our childhood and smile.

Thank God for artists of all kinds... Artists in the kitchen, in the garden, in the studio, behind the camera, and making movies. Thank God for them all!!

Take your broken heart and turn it into art.



Whose Job Is It

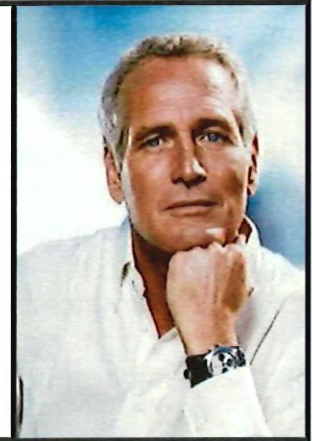
By Ann Landers – Submitted by Jean Fahringer

This is a story about 4 people. They were named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody, and Nobody. There was an important job to be done, and Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it. Somebody got angry about that because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought Anybody could do it, but Nobody realized that Everybody wouldn't do it. It ended up that Everybody blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have done.

Who was that who hit me in the head??

By Edith Andresko

Back in the mid-1980s, Howards Restaurant once stood at the corner of Routes 191 & 248 in Nazareth. One day, I was there eating lunch with my friends Pat and Mary. While I was enjoying my soup, something hit the back of my head, hard! I turned around to see who did it to me, and found myself looking into the bluest eyes I'd ever seen... Paul Newman. He's the one who hit me in back of my head! He was there having lunch with Mario Andretti. True story!!



Poem from My Mother

By Jean Fahringer

My mother wrote this poem for me over 90 years ago:

*To my little girl so true
With blonde hair and eyes of blue
But I'm wrong because they're brown
Oh, so big and round*



How to Make a Peanut Butter & Tomato Sandwich

Submitted by Dean Updike

1. Spread peanut butter on two slices of bread.
2. Place one slice, peanut butter side up, on the serving plate.
3. Place tomato slice on top.
4. Place the second slice of bread on top with peanut butter against the tomato (this prevents the wetness of the tomato from penetrating the bread making it soggy)
5. Cut in half and serve.



This is a nutritious sandwich. It is also delicious.

Note: This sandwich can be ordered from the kitchen at Traditions.

Success

Submitted by Jean Fahringer

Success can be defined in 3 words: "And then some."

The top people did what was expected of them, and then some. They were considerate and kind, and then some. They were good friends and helpful neighbors, and then some.

An Awkward Moment for a Teenager

By Bob Anselmo (noted by the arrow)

Elsewhere in this edition is a story about the time when all telephone calls were connected through a central operator. It reminded me of a minor embarrassment that I experienced as a teenager in a demonstration of new telephone technology. Of course, when you are a self-conscious teen, no embarrassment is minor.

As telephone technology was developed and service expanded, using the telephone went through several changes, which I'm sure many of us experienced. Rotary phones enabled local calls to be dialed directly, but long-distance calls still went through an operator. Area codes started in the 1940s to be used by the operators for faster routing. By the mid-fifties, the whole country was mapped into area codes, and direct distance dialing by consumers was introduced.

In 1956, in my junior year of high school, I was in the Jr. Exchange Club which held biweekly breakfast meetings. At a meeting it was announced that representatives from Southern Bell Telephone would come to our next meeting to demonstrate direct distance dialing, and they wanted a volunteer with a friend or family member in a distant metropolitan area who would be the recipient of a call. I thought my Aunt Ruth, who lived in a northern suburb of Chicago, would be interesting to call, so I raised my hand. Ruth was my mother's younger sister, married to a very successful business executive. She was fun to be with, very outspoken, a bit flamboyant, sometimes almost Auntie Mame-like.

At our next breakfast meeting, two phone company representatives showed up with their equipment. I had gotten Aunt Ruth's permission to call and provided her number to the phone technicians. They dialed the 10 digits, and we could hear everything over speakers. Ruth answered, we greeted one another and made a little small talk. Then I suddenly realized that I had neglected to tell her that about 20 high school boys and four or five men would be listening to the call. There was an ensuing silence as I struggled think of a benign topic. At that point Aunt Ruth in typical fashion blurted out, "So Bob, how's your love life?" The silence continued as I struggled for an answer, when she followed up in consoling tones, "Still nothin', huh?"

The laughter was robust and spontaneous, and the joke continued for a few weeks as I heard passing comments in the hallways, "Hey Bob, still nothin', huh?"



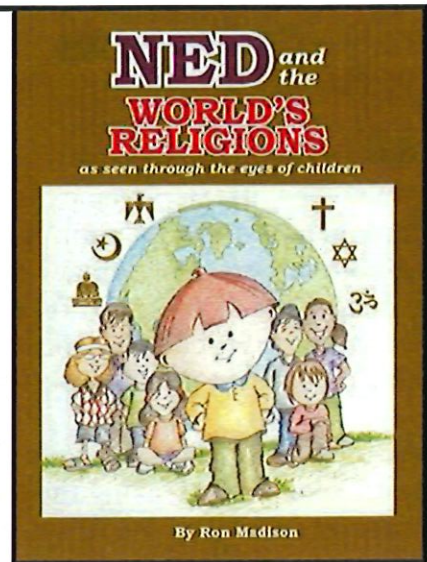
What do you call a potato with glasses? A "spec-tator"

My Adopted Career

By Ron Madison

I'm sure many of you asked yourself the same question I did when I was faced with retirement from the business world: "What do I do now?"

The answer came when my five-year-old granddaughter visited us. She asked me to tell her a bedtime story, and I told her a story her father and his siblings helped me create many years ago. I was trying to get them to go to bed, and they didn't want to, so I admonished them with a remark paraphrased from one I often heard from my mom: "Think of all those poor children in the world who can't go to bed at night."



My comment elicited a lengthy discussion of who that might be. My second son, the wise comic of the four said: "Maybe it's a boy whose head is too big to fit in bed." Over the next several weeks we developed the story and called it "Ned's Head."

My granddaughter loved the story. When I had finished telling it, she simply said: "Tell me again, grandpa!" From then on she insisted on hearing the story every night.

After she left, I decided I would have the story illustrated and printed so she could enjoy it all the more.

Thus began a new career for me: writing children's books. The endeavor was successful beyond my wildest dreams: The places I travelled, the people I met, the adventures I had. We sold over 161,000 books. The highlight occurred while I was in Melbourne, Australia promoting my book "Ned and the World's Religions". About a year earlier, I had met a group of Buddhist children at a monastery near Woodstock, New York while I was writing the book. I included in the book a story that these children heard from the Dalai Lama while he visited the monastery. While in Australia, I was at The Parliament of the World's Religions conference. The Dalai Lama was the keynote speaker. I was able to join him at a small breakfast meeting the next morning which resulted in his signing my book.

My new career brought me great pleasure, but it was not successful enough to keep Ned alive after I was no longer able to travel. When I first began the project, I wrote a poem that was to be my inspiration: Lord, help me to know the talent you've given me, So I can make it grow, to share with those I see; So I can make it grow, the better steward be; So I can make it grow, and have You proud of me.

Editor's note: Ron, a very active member of the Newsletter group, submitted this article prior to his recent passing. We wanted to honor his memory by keeping in. Ron, we will miss you!

Stories Wanted for Traditionally Yours Newsletter

Have you enjoyed reading recent issues of *Traditionally Yours*?

The Newsletter Group enjoys putting it together for you and is always looking for stories to include. If you're new to the community, check out the binder that's on the table in the Library. It has a copy of every issue published! And if you'd like to join the Newsletter Group, that would be amazing!!

We'll be working on the winter issue shortly and would love to include something from you!

Not sure what you'd share? How about:

- * A poem or story you previously wrote
- * Your favorite childhood places
- * The best/worst place you ever lived
- * The most perfect/worst time in your life
- * Your favorite season or family tradition
- * Something totally embarrassing you did
- * A wish that came true
- * Your fondest memory of your mother, father, grandparent.
- * Your first date
- * Your family pets
- * Your best friend growing up
- * Memories of your children that still make you laugh/smile
- * Anything else that comes to mind that you'd like to share

Stories need not be long. A few sentences, a few paragraphs, whatever works for you! And don't worry about punctuation or spelling - we'll edit it for you.

Traditionally Yours is published quarterly - so if you can't get something in time for the winter issue, we'll include it in the next one.

How can you send your story in?

- * Email directly to me if you're able (see below).
- * Give it to Mary Jo or someone at the front desk and they'll ensure I receive it.

Can't wait to hear from you!

Michele

Michele Morrow
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