

Westminster Canterbury-Lynchburg

THE RECORDER



EDITORIAL BOARD

Betty Lewis | Nancy Young | Bill Young

Assistant – Mary Hoban

The Recorder is a quarterly publication containing submissions reflecting the lives and thoughts of residents of Westminster Canterbury Lynchburg, Virginia.

Thank you, contributors

Prose

Mary Morris Booth

Greg Haugan

Thérèse (Sam) Namenek

John Pelissier

Poetry

Carol Hankins

Vic Millner

Book Reviews

Bob Kaiser

Connie Sowa

Strickler Library Notes

Sue Bass

Elizabeth Lipscomb

Photography

Carol Hammer

The deadline for the February 2019 issue is January 11, 2019.

Message From Your Editors

Welcome to the Fall issue of *The Recorder!* We hope you will find it to be interesting and informative. We offer kudos to Carol Hammer for two photographs. Because of Carol's quick eye, we have Carolyn Sparks' dog on the front cover. Like Skipper, we invite you to read! The back cover features the aquarium on the fifth floor of the Drinkard Building.

We thank Sean for his meaningful message and, as always, are grateful to Sue Bass and Elizabeth Lipscomb for information on the newest volumes occupying shelves in the Strickler Library. Bob Kaiser has thoughtfully submitted a review of *The Other Woman* that promises to hold readers' attention. A special treat is a book recommendation from Connie Sowa. We are very grateful to our Development Office; Debbie Callahan facilitates each issue reaching our readers.

Several returning authors appear in this issue. Two poems, one by Vic Millner, and the other by Carol Hankins, will enhance your reading pleasure. In addition, John Pelissier shares with us two unforgettable experiences. We are fortunate for Sam Namenek's vivid memory of a childhood event, as well as Greg Haugan's story about his family roots.

Mary Morris Booth's report on VES's "Bishop's Bash" calls our attention to our neighbors. Present at the occasion, Mary Morris served on the VES Board of Trustees for 12 years and holds the honor of being the first woman in that position. During her tenure, VES sold some of its land to Westminster Canterbury, enabling it to build our current campus.

We wish you a happy Thanksgiving and look forward to receiving submissions from many of you for our February 2019 issue.





From The Desk Of The CEO Of Westminster Canterbury-Lynchburg

Sean Huyett

*A*s we approach Thanksgiving, I am thankful for the residents, families and staff members of Westminster Canterbury. This has been a busy year with extreme changes that have tested the patience of many across all areas of campus. As the healthcare building takes shape, I feel as if we have turned the corner and know the end is in sight. You'll see two aerial photos of the construction site on the inside back cover.

Although many of us struggle with change, I

have been energized by many of you who offer words of encouragement and excitement for the organization's future. We know the end goal is a better Westminster Canterbury.

I am excited for us and happy as we enter my favorite time of the year. It is a time to reflect and be thankful for so many things. With cooler weather, a beautiful Virginia fall season and the holidays coming soon, I wish you health and happiness over the coming months.



A LifeCare Retirement Community
501 V.E.S. Road, Lynchburg, VA 24503
(434) 386-3500 (800) 962-3520

www.wclynchburg.org

A Convincing No

by John Pelissier

After a day of intensive work as members of a World Bank Supervision Mission on North Haiti, my colleague Jacques and I had enjoyed a rum punch and French-style dinner at the hotel before going out for a refreshing walk in the pleasant surroundings.

We were soon accosted by three local young ladies – nothing surprising. Whether on business or as tourists, visitors from the first world going out in the street in a developing country will be immediately assaulted as holders of the magic dollar. The supplicants will beg, volunteer as guides, peddle local artifacts. They just don't give up. We of the rich world would do the same if we were in their shoes (if they have shoes).

How would these girls try to extract a buck or two from us? We tried to ignore them and their greetings. They kept following us. We

started walking faster. They kept up the pace, and we soon found out their approach to securing some funds.

- “We can give you a good time,” they proposed.
- “We are not interested,” we replied.
- “But it would be lots of fun.”
- “But we are tired. We had a long day.”
- “But you are strong and young looking.”

They just wouldn't give up, and we were afraid we would have to cut short what would have been a pleasant walk. All of a sudden the inspiration came to me. I put my arm around Jacques's shoulder and told the girls, “He is the one I love.” The girls left in disgust.

We resumed our walk in freedom and then returned to the hotel and our separate rooms. My lie had done the trick.

A Norwegian Emigrant Story

Introduced and submitted by Greg Haugan

Claus Hanson Sether was a close neighbor of my family and my cousin, Joar Olav Nessemo, in Verdal, Norway, about 20 miles north of Trondheim. They emigrated to Red Wing, a small town in Minnesota on the Mississippi River. The story below is derived from a *History of Claus Hanson Sether's Family as told to Joar Olav Nessemo in 1928* as part of a series in a monthly Norwegian magazine that was published in the 1940s. Joar lived in Verdal and was a first cousin of my uncle, Sydney Haugan. Some 26

years later, in 1895, my grandparents made the same trip to America and for the same reasons – to escape serf-like living and to own their own land. Their steamship trip was much easier, as was their trip to Mohall, North Dakota, where they founded the town. My uncle sent the article to me with a note from my grandfather saying he wanted me to understand the types of difficulties he and his friends and neighbors from Norway went through to come to America. This is written from the point of view of one of the Sether daughters.

The Johan

by Hannah Sether

It was April 15, 1868, that we left our home in Norway for America. My father, Claus Sether, had made the decision a year earlier that we should leave. We had received an encouraging letter from my sister Martha's husband in Red Wing, Minnesota, promising the availability of work and the opportunity to get our own land. They had been in America for a year and were very happy. At present, we, like many others in the Verdal area, were renting our farm from the Nicolai Jensen Company. Mr. Jensen was hinting he might not renew our lease. My father had refused to tell a lie in a court case involving

Mr. Jensen, who was found guilty of stealing lumber from an adjoining farm. My father also was concerned about being able to support his large family in Norway living as a tenant-farmer.

Once my father announced his decision, others became interested in joining us. Our party eventually consisted of my parents, my brother Hans, and my two other unmarried sisters, plus three young men from neighboring farms. "Young" in Norway means between 25 and 30 years old. They were Ole and Johannes Holman and Petter Moen. So we totaled nine persons.

We used the winter after the decision to

prepare for the journey, concentrating on having proper clothing and enough food. All pitched in and did extra work to finance the journey and to be able to prepare the necessary supplies and clothing.

We packed about 50 kilograms of herring, a supply of boiled milk, dried meat, potatoes, rye flour, a large box of flat bread and containers for water. This was in addition to our individual personal items, dishes and the utensils my mother needed for cooking. There were no limits on the amount of baggage each person could bring along, so we had six trunks plus several duffel bags. It was fortunate we had the three strong young men along to help.

From Verdal we went by horse-drawn carriages south to Trondheim. Here we spent two days waiting for a ship and buying more supplies. Along with several other groups, we finally left on a small boat for the two-day journey to Namsos on the west coast of Norway.

When we reached Namsos and disembarked in the harbor, we got our first look at the *Johan*, a two-masted schooner. It was to be our home on the trip to Quebec in America. My father had purchased tickets that would take us all the way to Red Wing in Minnesota, so after disembarking in Quebec we would travel up the St. Lawrence River to Lake Ontario and cross Minnesota to Red Wing. But for now I am only describing our

difficult ocean crossing.

On our ocean journey, the *Johan* carried 365 passengers plus crew. We were much surprised at the number of passengers since the ship did not look that large. There were neither life preservers nor any life boats and it carried provisions only for the crew. It was stated in the travel contract that passengers were expected to bring along their own food and water—everything they needed for the month-long journey. We had planned accordingly and fortunately had the experiences of my older sister to help us with our planning. Captain Hansen only provided the transportation.

After departure, there was little contact with the crew. We were like blocks of clay to them, or noisy cattle that they tolerated during the voyage.

No regular meal times were observed nor was there any opportunity to purchase more food except from other passengers. There were several stoves on board, and we had to use them in turns. There also was a kitchen up on deck where pots, pans and dishes could be washed using sea water. Rain water also could be collected if needed for drinking; this became a necessity half way through the voyage.

The ship interior was one large dark room with rows of shelves serving as beds along the sides and one row down the center. The “beds”

continued on page 8

The *Johan*

continued from page 7

were nailed-together rough lumber and ran from one end of the *Johan* to the other. Because of the curvature and the structural ribs, you could not see from one end to the other. Light was provided by oil lamps hanging from the ceiling, and there were several port holes whose covers could be opened when fair weather existed. There were three sets of steps up to the deck separated by the masts.

Of course, we had to provide our own bed clothing, and we had brought the skin-hides from our beds in Verdal and had cleaned them of lice before departing.

The shelves were fairly deep, being designed for four or five persons to sleep. My father and the three young men slept on the bottom shelf, and my mother, plus Hans, myself and my two sisters had the upper shelf. It was snug at night and we took turns sleeping in the different locations on the shelf-bed. The supports for the upper shelves separated the groups of passengers sharing the bottom shelves. Our personal belongings were stowed either at our heads or feet or on the floor depending on the individual's preference and the size of the bag. On the upper shelf, we chose to store most of our items at our heads to separate us from adjacent neighbors forward of us.

No lockers or storage areas were available, of course, so our six chests with supplies and other belongings were on the deck beside our shelf-beds. For most of the passengers, their travel chests

served as tables to eat at meal times. There were no chairs, nor room for chairs, so we had to sit on the beds and take turns eating. All nine could not fit at the same time on our approximate two-meter shelves.

The trip from Namsos to Quebec town took nine weeks and three days. High winds, two unusually fierce storms and other bad weather added approximately five weeks to the journey that was planned to take one month. Because the trip took much longer than planned, many people ran out of food. My father sold some food to starving travel mates because we had plenty. Unfortunately, the difficult circumstances of the journey resulted in twelve deaths. On the other hand, there were five births that occurred during the voyage.

It was not always so bleak. We had some good times up on deck when the weather was agreeable. I have to confess, I was very fortunate on the trip. I met a young man, Lars Sogge, with whom I spent a lot of time. He was originally planning on going to Iowa, but we ended up engaged before we reached Red Wing, and we eventually settled there.

When the ship arrived in Quebec on June 22, 1868, and the passengers disembarked, the crew dismantled the bed-shelves so that animals could be transported on the return journey to Namsos.

I suspect the *Johan* crew treated the animals better than they treated us.

BRAVA! BRAVA!

by Mary Morris Booth

What a delight to have The Virginian Hotel restored and once again the venue for grand occasions in Lynchburg! On Saturday evening, September 29, 2018, The Virginian Hotel was the scene for celebration with the Virginia Episcopal School's signature event, "The Bishop's Bash." This stellar occasion marked three decades of co-education since the school opened its doors to women in 1986. The current student body numbers 260 students (plus a waiting list) and comprises 46 percent women and 54 percent men.

Charley Zimmer, headmaster at that time, and his wife, Gail, attended, coming from their home in Michigan. Honoring the occasion were Michael Alford, a class of 1982 graduate and present Chairman of the Board, with his wife, Alicia, and Headmaster Tommy Battle, a 1983 graduate, and his wife, Mary Stuart. Among the throng of more than 250 in attendance were alumni and alumnae, friends, parents, administrators, faculty and current members of the Board. (Many present were children or grandchildren of Westminster Canterbury residents.)

Smokie Watts—who graduated in the VES class of 1953 and was a member of the board when the school adopted co-education—and his wife Nollner, attended. A gifted watercolor artist,



VES alumnae present at the "Bishop's Bash" gather on the grand staircase at The Virginian Hotel.

Smokie has given generously of his time and talent over the years to Westminster Canterbury residents as an art instructor.

The parents of the VES coeds present spoke highly and happily of their daughters' successes and of their appreciation for the school. It was a grand and memorable "Bishop's Bash."

Crashing on the Mauna Kea

by John Pelissier

Volcanoes fascinate us frail humans. In my travels I have been able to contemplate those impressive, capricious, fire-disgorging cones in Italy, Congo, Kenya, Columbia, Costa Rica and the western United States.

I also had an opportunity to enrich my inventory by including Hawaii and joining a tour group with my wife, Emma. In Oahu, I walked into the remains of Diamond Head by Waikiki beach. In Maui, we viewed the quiet, giant crater of Haleakala, which could swallow a good chunk of Manhattan. Then we flew to the Big Island and stayed in Kona on the west coast.

A helicopter service was advertising a flight over Kilauea. I signed up along with members of the tour group—Bertha, Robert and Jack, our tour director. Bertha had never flown in a helicopter and was hesitant. I reassured her that it was safe.

We took off and flew east over the valley between the two massive volcanoes—the retired Mauna Kea and the active Mauna Loa, with its top crater emitting inoffensive fumes—and over the Kilauea disgorging fluid lava. Thick clouds soon forced us to turn around. The pilot announced that we would fly over the scenic coast, starting over the slopes of Mauna Kea. We had a fantastic view of lava waves frozen in time.

All of a sudden the pilot said, “I am losing power.” In the next second there was a bang and the helicopter overturned. “Oh, no” I reacted, and a second later, “Let me get out of here before the copter blows up.” I grabbed my camera and somehow got out. The others followed except for Robert who was pinned down. The pilot announced, “I have no radio. I am going to hike up to the observatory to get help. Meanwhile you can walk down to the saddle [valley] and get to the road there.”

With me were Bertha, Jack and a German tourist with his 10- to 12-year-old son. We were starting on gently sloping land, a very rough terrain of porous lava rocks. Up on top, a mile or so away, lay the Mauna Kea observatory. Way down below, several miles away, we could see the narrow valley and then the lower slope of the Mauna Loa on the other side. We started walking down, but before walking too far I took a photo of the helicopter with its belly up. We struggled over rough stones and around uninviting rocks. Bertha was too absorbed with the unfriendly slope to remind me of my reassurance about the safety of helicopter rides.

At some point Jack suggested that we turn right and walk around the mountain. I countered that we should not do so, and we kept trudging down. So much for the credibility of our tour guide! Later on Jack lost his cool

and lamented that we would not make it. My concern was about Emma, who at that very moment might be mourning me.

A helicopter started hovering over the area, obviously looking for us. We gesticulated and hollered but to no avail. Another helicopter or the same as before came and went in spite of our signals, and soon we started feeling the cold in our tropical shorts because of the elevation. It seemed we kept going for hours. Eventually, further down the slope we came across a barbed wire fence, the fence of a cattle ranch, for some grass was growing and there was a scattering of cow dung. "Thank God, cow shit!" Jack exclaimed. We were getting closer to "civilization." Then it turned dark, but helicopters kept looking for us. It got even colder.

Then we saw a light moving by the saddle--a vehicle on the road to Hilo. As we got closer to the bottom, we agreed that we would stop any vehicle moving in either direction, and we toyed with the idea of hijacking. As we got closer to the bottom, we saw another light coming toward us. We ran on the flat, grassy ground to stop the vehicle. It was an ambulance. Medics told us they were looking for us. They took us to the Hilo hospital, as they thought the young boy might need attention. They gave us blankets

to help us warm up. Eventually, we got back to the hotel in the middle of the night. It was an emotional reunion.

While we were fighting our way down the Mauna Kea, our tour guide had been holding the going-away dinner for our group. It had been a subdued affair. A resourceful member of the group had taken over as a volunteer tour guide. In the morning Emma and I took a long walk about the scenic grounds of the Kona gardens in a quiet mood, sharing a tearful moment. It still took time to feel warm.

We flew back home. For compensation the helicopter company reimbursed the two of us for the whole Hawaiian tour. I never saw the photo of the helicopter lying with its belly up on the slope of the Mauna Kea: During transit at the Los Angeles airport someone took the camera out of my suitcase.

As I stated at the outset, volcanoes fascinate us humans. In Hawaii this attraction was satisfied by a closer than expected encounter with the quiescent Mauna Kea volcano. Is it a pure coincidence that the clouds over part of the Big Island kept our helicopter from the possibility of diving into the hot lava of Kilauea instead of hitting Mauna Kea, thus offering the opportunity of a most intimate, unwelcome contact with the world of volcanoes?

I Still Remember

by Thérèse (Sam) Namenek

Seventy-four years ago, my parents and I, their only child, lived in Chalons-sur-Saone, France. War time.

I remember the house surrounded by a wrought iron fence. We lived on the top floor with neither running water nor toilet. Below us was Pèpèche, the landlady, and her war-widowed daughter, Janine. In the back lived Monsieur Alexandre, a World War One veteran walking on crutches, with his wife and teenage son.

I was about three years old and this was my world, the only world I knew: war; the rhythmic sound of German galoches on the pavement; learning to sit on the bench—like a big girl—without falling into the hole of the latrine; helping Pèpèche dig vegetables out of the garden or helping her carry (!) water from the well; playing in the yard with my jump rope and being cuddled and protected by all the adults around. I was very much loved.

Because of its location at the intersection of North/South and East/West routes, the train

station was frequently bombed. So we would hear the dreaded sound of an alert and run to the shelter underneath the house, a very dark and scary place, dimly lit by candles and an oil lamp. We would stay there, the adults listening to the crystal radio trying to catch the latest news. And waiting for the sound of the safe alert. . . . I was very bored!

August 9, 1944, another alert. So we followed the familiar routine. Mother was moaning in pain when we reached the shelter. I do not recall father being there.

Pèpèche, aware of what was going on, had brought a few white sheets she spread over the dirt floor for mother to lie on. I remember the screams, I remember blood on the sheets, and I remember Janine shaking a bloody bundle, a little baby boy. I had witnessed my first delivery. Pèpèche went to the well to fetch a bucket of water.

Christian was dipped in the cold water and had his first baptism!

The Ugly Vase

by Carol Hankins

For Christmas my mother-in-law gave a hideous vase to me.
She was so proud (she'd made it herself), but it was SO UGLY!
She put it on my mantelpiece and there it was to stay.
It didn't matter I hated it; I really had no say.

My four-year-old son felt sorry for it, poor old ugly vase.
Mother-in-law visited often to make sure it was in place.
Then we bought a larger house and I set forth a plan.
If it worked successfully I'd not see that vase again.

As I pack my priceless decanter (with glasses beautifully matched),
I give a box to my four-year-old (to continue the plot I'd hatched).
Son, put the ugly vase in here. Don't worry about packing paper.
One thing that ugly vase didn't need was to be made safer.

The movers arrive and I crawl into the back of that big, old van.
Can I hit the box of the ugly vase with my foot? Yes, I think I can!
At the door my mother-in-law hears the crash as the box hits.
But what breaks is my decanter and the glasses that go with it.

My four-year-old thought the poor ugly vase would like a prettier box.
While I ran all over the place; the vase and decanter were swapped.
Our new home is light and airy with a wonderful amount of space.
Nevertheless I'm still stuck with looking at that damned ugly vase.

Cozy Up With A Lively British Whodunit

A Book Review

Magpie Murders

Anthony Horowitz

by Connie Sowa

There's something about fall with its cool weather and winding-down of summer activities that makes spending evenings with a good book feel just right. Especially when that book is a compelling and puzzling read. Anthony Horowitz's *Magpie Murders* delivers with great panache. A lifelong fan of Agatha Christie, Horowitz has crafted a lovely homage to the whodunit genre of Dame Christie and her ilk (Dorothy Sayers is another author that comes to mind).

Horowitz is a very busy writer, I discovered. He happens to be the creator of my favorite British cozy mystery series, *Midsomer Murders*, which he has adapted from the stories of Carolyn Graham, turning them into lucrative British programming that has continued for nearly 20 seasons (I still watch them on Netflix and Acorn TV!). He also adapted *Foyle's War* for the BBC, which has aired for several seasons here in the US on local PBS stations. So it stands to reason that I, a lifelong reader of mysteries since my days with Nancy Drew, would investigate this author's body of work.



Magpie is actually a story within a story. We have a famous crime writer, Alan Conway, who has just finished his latest novel about detective Atticus Pünd and left it for his editor, Susan Ryeland, to read and edit. But Ryeland discovers that the last few chapters are missing, and when she attempts to contact Conway, she discovers he is missing. What happened to the missing chapters; what is the end of Pünd's case; and where is Conway? Ryeland soon learns that the answer to all her questions lies within the latest novel by Conway.

Chapter one starts off in London: "A bottle of wine. A family-sized packet of Nacho Cheese Flavoured Tortilla Chips and a jar of hot salsa dip." Our protagonist sets the stage nicely (substitute your own ritual for diving into a great read!), and soon you find you're actually

reading the manuscript pages that our protagonist and book editor, Susan Ryeland, is reading, getting caught up in the latest Detective Pünd story.

Horowitz's narratives are fluid and engaging. You can't help but immerse yourself in the story and keep turning the pages long into the night. Then, the twist comes when both the reader and Ryeland start wondering about the missing manuscript pages and the missing author. The chapters get shorter, the pace moves faster, and you might find yourself flipping back to previous sections, looking for the clues and red herrings so classic in the crime novel. The attention to detail is precise, including the page numbers--notice how they change between the first-person narrative (Susan Ryeland) and the manuscript itself. To quote Horowitz, "I like puzzles that are set in plain sight. The kind of puzzles you and I can solve. What's in a name--that makes me smile. You don't need a police procedural to do a mystery."

At nearly 450 pages, this is a substantial read and great choice for a long plane or train ride. Check out *Magpie Murders* from the Strickler Library today. And if you enjoy that one, be on the lookout for his latest Christie-like novel, *The Word is Murder*.

September

by *Vic Millner*

It is today that we remember
 It is once again September
 And the leaves begin to turn,
 And fireplaces soon will burn.
 We turn our thoughts to late November
 Then passing soon into December.

Those lovely months with holidays,
 Also rain, sleet and snowy days,
 The year will soon be winding down
 With fun and joy all over town.

The months will soon be down to three
 And the last will see a Christmas tree.
 Then New Year's Eve will be right here
 And we'll give a start to a brand new year.

A Book Review
The Other Woman

(A novel, 467 pages)

Dan Silva

by Bob Kaiser

Dan Silva, the highly regarded author of 20 spy novels, features Gabriel Allon, a much sought after art restorer, as his principal character. Frequently employed by famous art galleries, museums, and the Vatican, and entrusted with their most valuable works, Allon is also an assassin for Mossad, the Israeli Intelligence Service. In an earlier Silva book, for example, Allon led the team that hunted down and killed the murderers of the Israeli athletes participating in the 1954 Munich Olympics.

Over the years, Allon has risen through the ranks of Mossad to the point where in *The Other Woman* he has become the newly appointed Chief of the Israeli Intelligence Service. Silva has cleverly seen to it that Allon has retained his predecessor as deputy so that in *The Other Woman* he may undertake one more field engagement.

The Other Woman begins with the story of a Russian SVR (the new designation of the better known, but no less nasty, former KGB) operative, who makes it known to a Mossad agent that he wishes to defect to the West. He claims to possess a piece of intelligence that will be of extreme interest to Western Intelligence Services, i.e., the CIA, MI-6 (the British equivalent of the CIA) and, of course, Mossad. The Israeli operative reports

this to his superiors in Tel Aviv who, in turn, share it with their Western allies.

Not too long after, the allies agree to extract the SVR agent and transport him to safety, but he is murdered in Vienna. The circumstances of his death have all the classic characteristics of a Russian “hit.”

This immediately raises the question, how did the Russians know of this upcoming defection? Is there a “Russian mole” in the American, British or Mossad organizations that learned of and reported this to his/her Moscow masters?

I will tell you no more of the unfolding tale, other than to say this is just the opening of this intriguing book, and yes, there is “The Other Woman” and her long held secret is definitely worth killing for. If you like international espionage and counterintelligence stories, this, and the other Silva books featuring Gabriel Allon, are for you!

Silva’s books are rather complex multi-stories, so that the books are not linear, but contain two or three events that may, or may not be related to each other. The effect is to engage and retain your interest. If you like to read two or more books simultaneously, I would recommend you put that habit aside when you read a Dan Silva book. He requires your full attention.



Strickler Library Notes

New Donations – Fall 2018

Compiled by Sue Bass and Elizabeth Lipscomb

(In No Particular Order)

FICTION

Robicheaux. James Lee Burke. (F My B959)
The investigation of a murder in rural Louisiana, featuring Burke's series detective, Dave Robicheaux.

Beloved Poison: A Novel. E.S. Thomson
(F My T482)
The discovery of tiny coffins in a Victorian London infirmary by apothecary Jem Flockhart.

The Care and Management of Lies: A Novel of the Great War. Jacqueline Winspear.
(F My W782)
The depiction of the costs of war on those at home and on the front, a departure from the author's popular Maisie Dobbs series.

A Little Life. Hanya Yanagihara. (F Y21)
Winner and nominee for prominent book awards, the account of the experiences of four college classmates over a period of years.

Murder on the Hoop: A Mystery. Kathryn O'Sullivan. (F My O85)
Crime in a theatre company on the Outer Banks of North Carolina.

The English Spy. Daniel Silva. (F My B586)
Volume 15 in a long-running mystery series, featuring the search for the murder of an English princess, divorced from her husband and disliked by her former mother-in-law, the Queen.

NON-FICTION

Art Beyond Isms: Masterworks from El Greco to Picasso in the Phillips Collection. Eliza E. Rathbone with Johanna Holford-MacLeod.
(A Pa R234)
A beautifully illustrated volume with commentary on the creators of the collection.

Leap of Faith: Memoirs of an Unexpected Life. Queen Noor. (B N818)
The reflections of an American woman who became the wife of King Hussein of Jordan and a partner in his efforts to promote peace.

My War. Andy Rooney. (L Me R777)
The well-known **60 Minutes** commentator's reflections on his experiences as a soldier in World War II.

continued on page 18

Strickler Library Notes

continued from page 17

Under the Blue Ledge: Nelson County, Virginia.
Oliver A. Pollard, Jr. (V Ly F792)

A brief history of our neighboring county from the Paleo-Indians to the present, including more than 80 photographs.

The Candy Bombers: The Untold Story of the Berlin Airlift and America's Finest Hour.
Andrei Cherny. (G Eu C521)

An extensively researched account of the remarkable efforts of the Western Allies to drop supplies into Soviet-blockaded Berlin between June 1948 and September 1949.

Elizabeth the Queen: The Life of a Modern Monarch. Sally Bedell Smith. (B E43)

A readable, comprehensive exploration of the public and private life of Britain's longest-reigning monarch.

The Streets of Lynchburg: Bicentennial Edition.
Martha Helen Cleveland Craddock. (V Ly C885)

A survey of the origins of the names of streets throughout the city incorporating many anecdotes and bits of family history.

The Great Naturalists. Robert Huxley, Ed.
(N H986)

An anthology of the writings of naturalists from Aristotle to the scientists of the late nineteenth century, extensively illustrated.

Cyberspies: The Secret History of Surveillance, Hacking, and Digital Espionage.
Gordon Corera. (T OF C797)

A dramatic narrative of the changes in espionage strategies in the years since World War II.

84-Bed Healthcare Center Under Construction

Bringing Person Directed Living To Westminster Canterbury



