



The hotline

Spring Is Here—Regions' Meetings Set for April

ALL THREE REGIONS of the Continuing Care Community Residents of North Carolina (CCCR of NC) will hold their annual meetings in April this year, the Western Region on April 10, the Eastern Region on April 18, and the Central Region on April 26.

Western Region

THE WESTERN REGION will meet at Tryon Estates, in Columbus, on Tuesday, April 10. Registration begins at 9:15 A.M. and the meeting begins at 10:00.

We will have a presentation by Josiah Bova, Field Operations Manager and Western Regional Manager, Seniors' Health Insurance Information Program (SHIIP), and NCSMP Project Director, on the topic of changes in health insurance and services provided by SHIIP. Hal Hart, a resident of Lanier Village Estates in South Carolina, will then talk about writing memoirs.

The Fountains entertainment group of employees from Tryon Estates will present a special skit for our entertainment. The business meeting will follow lunch. Tours of Tryon Estates will be available before and after the meeting.

Plan to attend! You will join friends and make new friends, as well as being present for interesting information and enjoyable entertainment. Complete the registration form on page 3 of this issue and return it by March 30.

Directions to Tryon Estates: From Asheville: Take I-26 East to Exit 67. Go around first traf-

fic circle and half way around the second. Take Highway 108 (Mills Street) to the first traffic light. Turn right onto Walker Street and go to the four-way stop. **From the east:** Take I-85 South to I-26 West. Exit at #67. Turn right at the stop sign on to Highway 108 (Mills Street). Go to first traffic light and turn right onto Walker Street. Go to the four-way stop. **From either direction,** now turn right onto Peniel Road. Go .8 of a mile to Tryon Estates on the right. Go through the guard house and follow the road to the Central Facility. Traffic control will be available from there to parking.

Marie Pearce

Vice President, Western Region

Eastern Region

THE EASTERN REGION'S MEETING will be Wednesday, April 18, at Scotia Village in Laurinburg. Registration begins at 9:15 A.M. with coffee, tea, juice and Danish, during which we will be serenaded by the St. Andrews Pipers. Wear your kilts or tartan; we'll be in Scots country! The program begins at 10:00.

Two presentations focusing on subjects close to our hearts will challenge and entertain attendees. William (B. J.) Lawson, MD, will discuss "Food, Folks, and Funds: How Our Economic and Agricultural Policies are Feeding America's Health Care Crisis." Dr. Lawson is passionate about reforming our healthcare, agricultural and economic systems to reward health, wellness, and reversing chronic disease instead of simply medicating symptoms. He is the founder of Physician Care Direct.

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<CCCRofNC.org>

The CCCR of NC HomePage is your source for information—check it out!

Membership Application

One-year membership is \$7 for an individual, \$14 for a couple. Life membership is \$50 for an individual, \$100 for a couple. **Checks should be made payable to CCCR of NC and given to your community's CCCR of NC representative**, so he or she can keep an accurate tally of members. Please indicate whether you are a renewing or new member. If you are not sure who your community's CCCR of NC representative is, you may find out by contacting CCCR of NC President Clinton V. Willis, Jr., 3 Kintyer Court, 2200 Elm Ave., Laurinburg, NC 28352; (910) 276-2739; genclint@bellsouth.net. If your community does not have a representative, mail checks to: CCCR of NC, c/o Susan Rhyne, 3913 Muhlenberg Court, Burlington, NC 27215. The form below is provided for your convenience.

APPLICATION FORM (please print or type) For membership year 2012

(Your name) (Spouse's name, if applicable)

Community _____

Address _____

Status (please check one): Renewal New member

Enclosed is payment for (please check one):

One year: \$7 single \$14 couple Life: \$50 single \$100 couple

Roy Carroll, PhD, President of the Residents Association at Carolina Meadows and retired Vice President for Academic Affairs at UNC-CH, will invite us to consider humorously a serious topic with his presentation, "Death Is No Laughing Matter, Or Is It?"

The business meeting will include approval of last year's minutes, the Treasurer's report, and election of officers for the 2012-2013 year. A delightful lunch will follow. The day will conclude with an optional tour of the beautiful Scotia Village campus with both Rose and Frog Gardens as well as some of the major renovations just completed to the main campus buildings.

Plan to attend our meeting! The registration form appears on page 4 of this issue. The registration deadline is April 13.

Nape Baker
Carol Woods

Central Region

GREETINGS from the Central Region. Plans are moving along for our meeting, to be held at Well Spring on Thursday, April 26. Well Spring is located in Greensboro, at 4100 Well Spring Drive. We are planning a full program beginning 10:00 A.M. Our principal speaker



Kim Berry

will be Kim Dawkins Berry. She is the Director of the Area Agency on Aging for the Piedmont Triad Regional Council. She is a member of the North Carolina Institute of Medicine, has served three terms on the Legislative Study Commission on Aging, and staffs the Governor's Advisory Committee on Aging. Kim is a systems direct planner who works to engage all traditional and non-traditional resources and providers in a strategy which allows seniors and disabled adults to access needed services. Kim received her master's degree in political science from Appalachian State University. She will bring us up to date on the functions of the Agency in the twelve counties that it serves. She will also discuss with us what we, as individuals, can do to help ourselves as we age. In addition, we will have our annual business meeting and election of officers for the coming year.

Please mark you calendar for April 26 and join us. Registration forms will be e-mailed later to all communities of the Central Region.

Voices from the Past—

The wise man puts all his eggs in one basket and watches the basket—*Andrew Carnegie*

I am a firm believer in the people. If given the truth, they can be depended upon to meet any national crisis. The great point is to bring them the real facts.—*Abraham Lincoln*

The happy people are those who are producing something.—*William Ralph Inge*

I like pigs. Dogs look up to us, cats look down on us, pigs treat us as equals.—*Winston Churchill*

My doctor recently told me that jogging could add years to my life. I think he was right. I feel ten years older already.—*Milton Berle*

Carol Woods. Some Native Americans regard albinos as sacred, thinking of them as symbols of peace and purity. There is something numinous about these animals whose guests we are—a feeling that if we stop and appreciate, they will bring to us a spirit of joy.

A deer family lived with us at Carol Woods for a few recent months—a doe with her two spotted fawns, and an ever-protective buck. I saw them often on my daily walk and experienced the watchfulness and courage of the buck who stood his ground at appropriate times.

One sunny afternoon my small granddaughters and their mother came for a visit. My living area has glass doors; the girls soon noticed two fawns asleep on the lawn. We were pleased by their nearness and, looking closely, we soon saw at the edge of the yard the buck lying in the shade resting, yet with his head up, alert, and the doe lying a short distance away.

My attention had wandered when presently the girls called us to look again. The doe mother had come to the fawns and they were standing side by side nursing, their white tails flying as we had so often seen calves' tails do.

It pleases me that Carol Woods continues to live its

name in many ways. Some of our finest successes may have come from what we did not do. We are not a formal

park or garden—we are Carol Woods.

Kay Cameron
Carol Woods

Window on the World

The other kids talked a lot about last night's Fred Allen show, Jack Benny, Major Bowes, Amos and Andy. Alas, we didn't have a radio. I was out of it!

Eleven years old and out of it, how humiliating! Somehow I scraped together ten bucks and the Window on the World was opened with my little ten-dollar Emerson radio.

Suddenly I could talk about Fred Allen and I began to know, for better and worse, about adults who talked and behaved a lot differently than the ones I lived with.

Here was my passport to the kid's world of vicarious violence each night at five with superheroes like Jack Armstrong, Tom Mix, Orphan Annie, The Lone Ranger.

In an instant my magic carpet flew me from peaceable, middle-class Philly to the wild west beyond the Pecos where "your best friend is your bronco and your gun."

And the music! Decades before "diversity," I could hear The Irish Hour, The Yiddish Hour, and folk music which came from real folks before it was owned by Nashville and musicologists.

Forget the miserable homework assignments: long division, parsing sentences, history, Blah! A whole new world of education was waiting to welcome me into mainstream America.

Ned Arnett
The Forest at Duke

Another civilian career move took them to Richmond, VA. Sandy joined the faculty at Virginia Commonwealth University's School of Nursing after she completed courses for a PhD program. Amie was Associate Chief of Geriatrics at the Hunter Holmes McGuire Virginia Medical Center, and Chief Nurse of the 2290th USAR Hospital in Rockville, MD, and later at Headquarters at Fort Meade. The mission of the 2290th was to support Walter Reed Army Medical Center in Washington, DC. It was also the command unit for 16 subordinate medical units in Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. Together, Amie and Sandy spent many weekends on the road to inspect the units for mobilization readiness.

The call indeed came for several units and the 2290th was called up in January 1991, when Kuwait was invaded. Most of Walter Reed's doctors and nurses were mobilized overseas. The 2290th took over WRAMC along with 2500 Reservists from the east coast (both Guard and Reserves). Amie shared the Active Duty Chief Nurse's office and responsibilities. Sandy was assigned to the Chief of Nursing Education office where a 16-hour day training program was conducted. Many of the

members went overseas and all returned safely. Sandy stayed on active duty for eight months, during which she returned to Richmond, in Army uniform, to defend her doctoral dissertation. Amie was the last reservist to leave Walter Reed in August 1991.

Both retired in 1995 after 29 (Amie) and 23 (Sandy) very successful and satisfying years. Their active years gave them wonderful, lasting friendships, unforgettable memories, and great benefits—all the while remembering, "When we were needed, we were there."

Sandy Venegoni
Carol Woods

What We Did Not Do

A MAJOR ENTICEMENT that brought me to Carol Woods five years ago was the natural beauty that surrounded me when I visited. Often I reflect on our name, Carol Woods. It seems to carry promise of a setting still untamed.

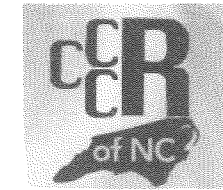
I accept that there are residents both new and old who long for, and no doubt work toward, a setting suited to a name such as Carol Gardens or Carol Park. I see this distinction as a serious one, as do so many of my friends here: I deal daily with events that challenge my mental, physical, and emotional resources.

For me the awesomeness of a wilder setting is a source of healing and strength that I call on every day and that I feel I could not, in good health and happiness, live without.

The magnificent variety, age and abundance of trees brought their message home to me the day I set foot on this campus: ancient oaks, soaring pines, sweet gum—as did the profusion of bushes and flowers. At the end of my walkway there is a bed of wildflowers hardly bigger than two outspread hands. It is rare pipsissewa that blooms briefly in shy beauty under the protection of the dogwood trees.

We may think of squirrels and rabbits, even birds, as a usual sight, always the same, even boring. Take time and you'll see wild activities prompted solely by the animals' needs and desires. Once I watched a squirrel and rabbit chasing each other, apparently in play. Finally the rabbit chased the squirrel up a large oak tree. Nothing "rote" or scheduled about squirrel play or rabbit games!

One morning I happened upon several deer foraging on bushes in my front yard. I stopped and spoke to them—and they, in their quiet way, spoke to me. Not long ago we had a white deer and then a white rabbit with us here at



WESTERN REGION

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WESTERN REGION

Tryon Estates Retirement Community

April 10, 2012

Registration: 9:15–9:55 a.m.

Meeting begins: 10 a.m.

Luncheon and Registration cost

\$12.00 total luncheon and registration fee if received by March 30
\$14.00 total luncheon and registration fee if received after March 30

Registration Fee without luncheon

\$2.00 if received by March 30
\$4.00 if received after March 30

Registration Form—You must use this form to register—Please Print

Name _____ Community _____

Address _____

Telephone _____ E-mail _____

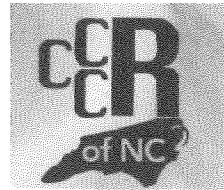
Please make check out to "Western Region CCCR of NC"

Return the Registration Form with your check to:

Roberta Hall, Treasurer
500 Lenior Road, Apt. 511
Morganton, NC 28655-2669

Please indicate your interest in a tour of Tryon Estates:
(Yes) Between 9 a.m. and 10 a.m. _____ After business meeting _____

The Western Region will pay for lunch for your community's bus driver.



EASTERN REGION

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE EASTERN REGION

Scotia Village

April 18, 2012

Registration and morning snack 9:15 A.M.

Meeting at 10 A.M.

Registration Form—You must use this form to register—Please Print

NAME/NAMES _____

COMMUNITY _____

ADDRESS _____

PHONE _____ E-MAIL _____

I would like to tour Scotia Village. Yes No

I (we) have the following dietary restrictions: _____

COST: \$10.00 EACH

Reservations must be received no later than April 13, 2012

CHECK ATTACHED @ \$10:00 PER ATTENDEE

Please make check out to: "CCCR of NC—Eastern Region"
MAIL TO:

**John Clinton, Treasurer, Scotia Village Residents Association,
2200 Elon Avenue, Laurinburg, NC 28352**

The original farm is said to have once been part of a much larger property that extended toward Strowd's Hill in town, nearly to Franklin Street. Doc Weaver had a farm sufficient to provide for his 100 cows, but lost it in 1923. He was able to buy back part of it, and retained that part until he sold it to Mitchell Newton and his father in 1943. Mitchell kept horses stabled in the barn, some his own and some owned by friends. He gradually sold off land, but kept enough pasture for the horses.

Mitchell tore down half the barn next to the silo to make room for a house. He noticed that two bricks were missing from the silo so he located a craftsman who was able to make replacements that had the same glazed curved contour. Five years ago, his wife Evelyn moved into the home. She recognizes that the silo and barn are landmarks that are dear to the hearts of townspeople. She, her daughter and grandchildren are intent on keeping them an integral part of the property.

Janet E. Campbell
Carol Woods

Two Women Colonels in Our Midst

"When we were needed, we were there" is the motto of the US Army Reserves. Carol

Woods residents Colonel Amie Modigh and Colonel Sandy Venegoni knew it well. While it is unusual to have not just one, but two colonels in the same household, they have become accustomed to people's comments over the years. "What? Two Colonels? Two female colonels?" This is their story.

Amie grew up in a military family and was always interested in the military. Her father was in the Swedish Army Cavalry and was Chief of the Regiment. After moving to the United States to attend college, she became a faculty member at the UNC School of Nursing. One of her students, just back from Vietnam, asked if she could have ten minutes to talk about the Army Reserves Nurse Corps. Amie became interested, talked with her retired general neighbor, interviewed at the headquarters in Durham, and in 1967 signed up with the 3274th US Army Hospital. The unit had doctors and nurses from both Duke and UNC, and Amie quickly recruited several faculty members and UNC hospital nurses. The Dean of Nursing actually asked Amie to slow down on recruiting faculty, in case the unit was ever "called up." In 1969, Amie became the Chief Nurse of the unit.

Sandy, a native of St. Louis, joined the UNC Nursing fac-

ulty in 1972. She found most of her faculty friends went away one weekend a month. Why? They were all in the same Reserve unit, so she visited and was very impressed with the expertise the Reservists brought to Womack Army Hospital at Fort Bragg. Sandy signed up in the US Army Reserves.

A civilian career took Amie and Sandy to St. Louis University School of Medicine and Nursing. The NC Commander recommended them to the 21st General Hospital in St. Louis, where Amie became Chief Nurse and Sandy the Assistant Chief Nurse for Education. A funny situation occurred when this unit went to Fitzsimmons in Colorado. The Colonels, who were to meet the area general the next day, overslept and dressed quickly in their BDUs (Battle Dress Uniforms), accidentally grabbing each other's jacket. The general took Amie aside quietly and asked why she was introduced as Colonel Modigh when her jacket read Colonel Venegoni! She looked at Sandy and wanted to crawl into a hole. After a quick trip to the ladies' room, the problem was solved. There were many funny, interesting, rewarding and even some scary times during their careers.

with shining green plants, and somehow peanuts had become a topic for discussion in the dining room. "Where and how do they grow?"

It amused me when someone said, "They are nuts. I suppose they grow on trees."

Well, no. In the ground.

But the joke was on me. I had lived for several years in North Carolina's peanut-growing country and had watched the harvesting process. I had seen Angus hang his garden crop of peanut vines on a drying rack in our yard. Still I thought peanuts grew on the roots of each plant.

Enlightenment came via our seven-year-old granddaughter, Maggie. She was pleased when she saw the peanut bed and began asking questions about her grandfather AMac's project. She checked the encyclopedia with her mother's help and discovered an amazing natural process. Peanut plants bear many very small golden flower buds, which are usually obscured by the plant's thick foliage. These open at sunrise, then wither about noon and fall to the ground. The base of each fertilized flower forms a peg—a stalk-like stem that pushes down into the soil. The tip swells into a peanut pod.

People who know probably won't go around sharing

this incredible secret. But being witnesses to it gave impetus to our work and inspired new appreciation, even awe, for the "simple" peanut.

When Father's Day came, Maggie drew a picture showing Angus wearing his customary baseball cap, standing beside an authentic-looking raised bed. At the top she printed: "HAPPY FATHER'S DAY, AMAC—MAGGIE." This was shared with our helper, Robin, who hung it in the groundskeeper's office. A copy still hangs in my kitchen.

The summer months were hot and often dry. Angus and I watered the bed generously and pulled the few weeds that emerged. Peanuts require a long growing period and it was late September when ours were ready to be harvested.

Once again it was helpful to work from the waist-high bed. We pulled the plants with full pods attached, shook loose soil back into the bed, and spread them out to dry in the gazebo nearby.

After they had dried for several days, we picked the pods from the stems into a basket and shook them clean. We had about a half-bushel, enough to share with Robin, other helpers and a few interested friends and relatives. Our peanut "field" had been

comparatively minuscule, but we felt it had produced a generous quality crop.

That night when I took a pot of boiled peanuts off the stove, Angus looked at me with a twinkle in his eyes and said, "Don't eat too many now, Kay. Remember, these are "just peanuts'."

Kay Cameron
Carol Woods

The Silo

THE SILO AND BARN across the street from the Carol Woods entrance stand out clearly now that many scrub trees have been cut down. Clinton Harris "Doc" Weaver had them built on his dairy farm in 1923. Both are unusual—the silo was built of curved glazed bricks from Germany, and the barn has a brick first level with vertical wooden boards above.

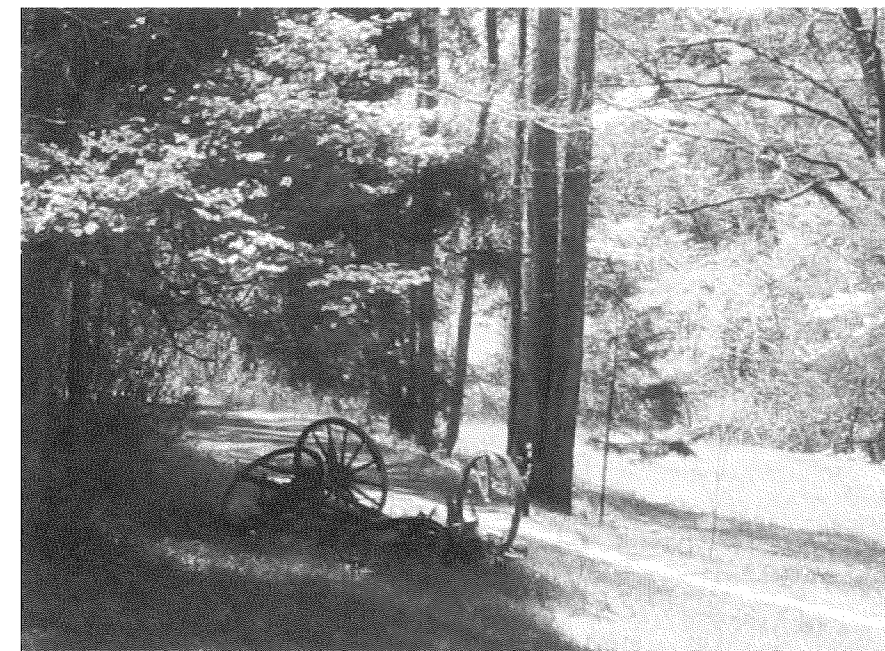
Carol Woods is built on 106 acres of the old Weaver farm, and signs of that farm can be seen around campus, from the huge oaks out front to hints of contoured farming on some hillsides and stones in the woods in patterns suggesting building foundations. The founding fathers of Carol Woods took an option on the land in 1972, even before an architect was hired or financing was in place to create their dream.

Greetings from Your Executive Committee

FROM THE OUTSET, it looks like 2012 will be a great year in the life of your association. We have been working on our future plans for improvement, which include establishing an e-mail list service that will give us the capability initially to be in constant contact with all CCRC officers and community representatives and resident association presidents. It is to be established in conjunction with Leading Age of North Carolina. This will give us the capability of keeping our members informed of critical legislative matters, but also enable us to share other kinds of information of interest with our members.

We are making plans for an outstanding Annual Meeting on October 30 at Christ United Methodist Church in Greensboro. The theme for this meeting is centered on the question "What Does the Future Hold for Us." With guidance from our speaker and dialogue with our membership, we will begin to answer that question. Make your plans early and we will have more information later.

"Around the water cooler" the most talked-about subject



Dogwoods in bloom herald spring. The dogwood is our state tree.

has been our name, Continuing Care Community Residents of North Carolina and the subsequent abbreviation, CCCR of NC. Many find the letters confusing with where we live and the name cumbersome. There have been several suggestions that we consider a more descriptive and less tongue-twisting name. To that end, we are soliciting your suggestions for a new name for our association. The name should clearly define who we are and what we are about.

Please submit your suggestions by May 10 so our next Board of Directors meeting on May 22 can make recommendations at the Annual Meeting. Should a new name be selected, the person making the approved suggestion will receive a free life membership and /or refund if already a life member. Please send your suggestions c/o Clint Willis at: <gen-clint@bellsouth.net>.

Clint Willis
President, CCCR of NC

Eastern Region Presidents' Lunch

SIX EASTERN REGION PRESIDENTS of CCRC residents' associations attended the Presidents' Lunch at Glenaire on November 2. The gathering was sponsored by the Executive Committee of the Eastern Region and hosted by Chester Black, CCCR of NC representative at Glenaire. Marcus Key, former chair of the Western Region, originated the idea of a Presidents' Lunch.

Presidents attending were: Roy Carroll, Carolina Meadows; Mac Doubles, Scotia Village; David Kinney, Belle Meade; David Sices, Carol Woods; Martin Spritzer, Gallop Ridge; and Judy Thomas, Glenaire. Clint Willis, President of CCCR of NC, listened to the conversation; and spoke briefly about the goals and directions of CCCR of NC.

After the presidents introduced themselves and briefly

described their communities, they were invited to talk about hopes and challenges in their communities. The discussion was free-wheeling and covered a variety of concerns. Several communities are undergoing major renovations and/or construction, which will mean expansion, upheaval, and new residents. Differences in management structures were evident, with some communities being part of a larger organization, others being wholly independent, some contracting with management companies for all or partial services. Financial concerns emerged and focused on the percentage of increase for monthly services fees (2.5—4% for those present), the cost of amortizing debt, billing procedures and late fees, as well as access to relevant financial information about the community. Virtually all communities

have some kind of "employee appreciation fund" to recognize the contributions of employees throughout the year. Some communities have dress codes related to the dining room, but there was wide variation in expectations and "enforcement." Communication within the community was a topic of interest, with various means used by the different communities, some via printed material and others electronically.

Presidents were reminded of the North Carolina Statute (Chapter 58, Article 64) governing the operation of CCRCs in North Carolina. CCCR of NC grew up around the development and passage of this law and the need to educate community residents about its protections. The article can be accessed on the web: <NC Statute 58, 64.gov> and paging through the index.

Nape Baker

Chair, Eastern Region
CCCR of NC

Abernethy Laurels Resident Cited for "Zest for Life"

ABERNETHY LAURELS RESIDENT Carl Zwingli was one of 50 seniors recognized for "expanding the world of possibilities for older adults" at the annual meeting of Leading Age, on the occasion of the organization's 50th anniversary.

Carl is enthusiastic about staying active both physically and mentally. He exercises regularly and takes long hikes, as well as maintaining a vegetable garden at Abernethy Laurels. He stays abreast of current affairs and also enjoys photography, as well as being a talented artist.

From Our Communities—Carol Woods

This issue's Communities section focuses on Carol Woods, where interesting people are doing interesting things—

Charlie and the Craft Shop

WHEN CHARLIE and Anne Heuer moved to Carol Woods in 2002 from Glencoe, Illinois, on Chicago's North Shore, he brought with him his heavy, handmade workbench. He had been assured that it would fit into the new crafts building then under construction. It did, and since then has been used for many repair jobs for our community—chairs for the dining room, chests, tables, and the occasional birdhouse.

The day I visited the shop, two handsome Hitchcock chests, given to Carol Woods by a resident, were being refinished. The decorating committee will decide where they can best be displayed and used. Charlie showed me a picture of steel brackets constructed to connect broken legs to an ornamental cabinet. "You would never know unless you crawled underneath."

Craft shop volunteers do repairs of all sorts for residents without charge, but may suggest a donation to

the Carol Woods Charitable Fund. Residents can come to the shop and use the tools provided to build shelves, repair damaged furniture—whatever they can safely do for themselves. Users of the crafts building look forward to a planned expansion, which will afford more room for pottery and jewelry making and provide more flexible space for woodwork.

Charlie says he came by his interest in woodworking and crafts out of necessity. Anne claims that with three sons in the house, things were often getting damaged, so she told the boys, "Put it downstairs in Dad's workshop and it will be fixed by tomorrow."

Charlie wants it to be clear that he is just one of several volunteers who do the work so valuable to Carol Woods and its residents. However, he has repaired over 100 dining room chairs himself. When asked what he enjoys most about the work, he replies with a grin, "Lots of satisfied customers!"

Ann Mack
Carol Woods

Just Peanuts

MY HUSBAND ANGUS was a master gardener, but the time came when he could no longer bend to plant seeds or pull weeds. When Carol Woods groundskeeper Robin Holmes offered him use of a large waist-high raised bed, Angus hesitated only briefly before saying "yes."

"What are you going to plant?" I asked. "Peanuts," he said.

"Just peanuts?"

Of course! He had grown them in his garden many times, in order to have them boiled—the good southern way. Only freshly dug peanuts boil successfully.

Robin filled the raised bed with good soil, and our friend Sue e-mailed her farmer-brother and soon brought Angus a large package of treated seed peanuts—enough for a whole field it seemed.

Angus and I planted four rows of peanuts, leaning over the sides of the high bed, plunging a finger into the soil and dropping a single peanut into each hole. By the first of June, the bed was nicely filled