

The Northcrest

VOLUME XXXV, ISSUE 5, SEPT-OCT 2019

Linda's Lines

by Linda Doyle, CEO/Administrator

2019

Last month I shared the good news about Northcrest being certified as a **Great Place to Work** and now I have even more exciting news. Great Place to Work and FORTUNE have honored Northcrest Community as one of the 2019 Best



Workplaces for Aging Services. The ranking considered feedback representing 223,183 employees working for Great place to Work-Certified organizations in Senior Housing & Care and At-Home Care in the Aging Services industry. Great Place to Work, a global people analytics and consulting firm, evaluated more than 60 elements of team members' experience on the job. These included the extent to which employees trust leaders, the respect with which people are treated, the fairness of workplace decisions and how much camaraderie there is among the team. Rankings are based on employees' feedback and reward companies who best include all employees, no matter who they are or what they do for the organization. **Northcrest ranked #2 nationally on the list.**

"The value of creating great workplaces for all is a clear competitive edge in the Aging Services sector," said Michael Bush, CEO of Great Place to Work. When organizations like Northcrest treat their own people with care and respect, you can expect their staff to treat your loved ones with that same care."

The Northcrest Foundation recently awarded scholarships from the Fox Family Scholarship Fund to two deserving Northcrest staff members to assist them in achieving their educational goals. Madison Eischied and Eddy Perez, both CNA's, will also be recognized at the annual Horizon Club event in November. This scholarship opportunity is made possible because of the generosity of Karen & Karl Fox, children of Sylvia and Karl Fox, who wanted to recognize the excellent care provided in our Health Center. Their generosity has inspired additional gifts to this fund from Northcrest residents who also value the benefits of higher education.



There's a nip in the evening air that could signal an early fall which suits me just fine as long as it lasts and lasts and lasts...is Christmas Eve too much to ask? This truly is my favorite time of year when I can open the windows and let the cool air permeate the house that has been closed up much too long with air conditioning. I'm ready for sweater weather, ready to hear the Ames High marching band practicing and ready to feel and hear the leaves crunching underfoot on my way to and from work, a much shorter trip since we moved to Northcrest.

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The Old Post Office

by Phyllis Harris

The calendar Farwell Brown printed as a Christmas gift for friends for 1990 boasts 8 1/2 x 11 inch bleeding edge enlargements of once important Ames landmarks. The new looking old United States Post Office on the southwest corner of Kellogg and Fifth built in 1912 caught my eye for 'September'. What a beautiful building for young Ames.

My childhood recollection was hazy at best. The new post office, covering half of the block to the north had already been built while the old sat dispossessed. I read under the picture there had been no room for expansion in back of the old.

The old Post Office boasted four thick pillars next to three separate flights of stairs under a swanky tiled mansard roof. It looked important enough to be in cities much larger than Ames. I hadn't fully appreciated its finer points in my youth.

But I did recall a Sunday afternoon in the late 1930s or early 1940s when that Post Office awaited the wrecking ball. My friend, Barbara, and I chanced by the deserted downtown location and quickly reverted to twin Nancy Drews, ready to investigate this brooding, doomed architectural presence. Barbara and I furtively turned up the steps, around the pillars, and tried the door. It opened! The spooky interior repelled, but still, we persisted. Filth everywhere, mute testimony to its disuse, contrasted with its handsome exterior. Two scattered lengths of rope on the floor suggested *-foul play?*

Barbara, was the youngest in her family of a widowed mother, and three older handsome(!) brothers gifted in science and math. Before moving to Ames, her father had been shot and killed by a disgruntled employee, even back then. There was no Social Security in place for a widow with children. The Depression was in full swing.

We had emerged from pre-teen Sunday afternoons with "Tillie the Toiler" paper dolls in the Sunday Funnies. Barbara, so pretty all the boys in our class were in love with her, had advanced to drawing profiles of glamour girls.

I excelled in over imagining while learning to copy Barbara's glam profiles. No doubt I led her on, craving a mystery in the abandoned Post Office. Knowing our parents would not have approved our entering a deserted building added zest to the quest in our blossom-

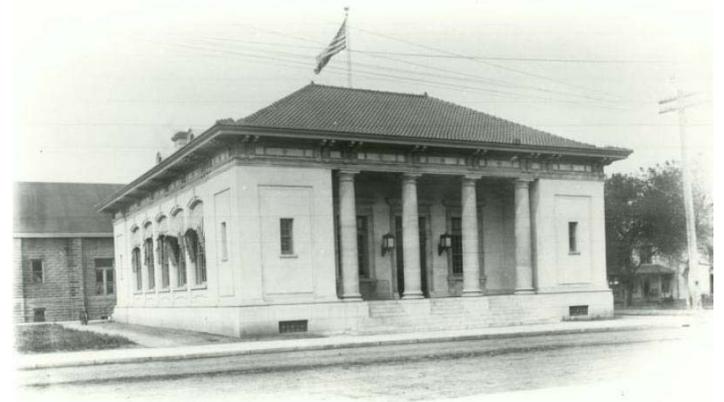
ing independence.

But there was only so much intrigue to wring from the scene and being basic scaredy-cats, we soon turned and skedaddled out of there.

All this, rekindled now by the photo of the imposing building I had never so clearly closely seen before. Thoughts of Barbara's destiny flooded my mind. She became a Bomb Beauty, married, had children, lived in Delaware where her husband worked for DuPont. Her eldest brother at Iowa State was the brilliant grad assistant for Atanasoff's invention, the computer. The *Des Moines Register* lists him among "Notable Iowans", later to lose his life in New York under suspicious circumstances.

Barbara developed an inoperable brain tumor with such a dire prognosis she courageously out-manuevered the Grim Reaper to his task.

A Yale graduate has written a book on how differently five classmates' lives turned out. A reviewer faulted his crediting choice over chance or vice versa. It's not for us to judge. But a photo may have the power to start associations fluttering in one's head.



The old Post Office completed in 1912 on the southwest corner of Fifth and Kellogg. Photo from Farwell T. Brown Photographic Archive.

Construction Haiku

by Kay Outka



Years of dreams, planning
Weeks demolishing, clearing
Trees, birds, garages gone

Trucks come and backhoes
Water abatement ditches
Dirt mountain rises

Rains come and silent snow
Slow work of growing footings
Hopes for early Spring

Workmen move tall cranes
Cement slabs, coded lumber
Beepers sound alarms

Our skyline changes
Walls lifted, windows added
Floors now two, three, four

Second winter's job list
Plumbing, wires, carpets, doorknobs
Endless work inside

Welcome Spring here again
Tighten, paint, spot check, hurry
New friends coming soon!

Summer Days

by Judy Brooks

I spent a week with my eleven-year-old granddaughter, Audrey, and her mom, my daughter, Alys. They had been traveling the western United States in an RV since the first week of June. Both had been looking forward to vacationing in Iowa, sleeping in a bed that doesn't roll on wheels, being in a kitchen with an oven, and especially using washers and dryers which don't require coins.

Monday we took my car to George White to get the oil changed and two valve stems replaced. In the afternoon we went to Jax Sporting Goods. Both Alys and Audrey bought new shoes and ceremoniously each threw an old pair into my trash can.

Tuesday, Audrey and I participated in the Northcrest Treasure Hunt, investigating the various garden statuary, blue planters, and choosing our favorite flowers. We even played Scrabble in the Rose Room, which I had incidentally never entered in my year-and-a-half sojourn at Northcrest.

Audrey sculpted a rabbit from a stick of butter (and won a prize for it), made chocolate chip cookies, and spilled water-

soluble paint on my beige carpet.

Wednesday, she went school supply shopping with her mom, as school in Virginia begins August 14th.

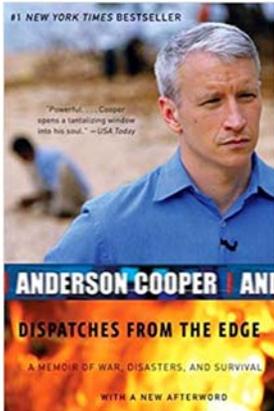
This family has visited waterfalls, geysers and mountains, seen whales off the coast of Oregon, and put their arms around giant sequoias. It gives me pleasure that they can happily eat sweet corn and sit under an old crabapple tree listening to a country guitarist in Iowa, even watch children laugh with glee as a car drives past the water-covered road in Ledges State Park.

Perhaps having experienced the mighty and spectacular has helped them appreciate the quiet and simplicity of Iowa summer days.



The Roving Reader

by Wes Shank



Television journalist Anderson Cooper is well known for his contribution to this aspect of the profession. In his 2005 memoir, *Dispatches from the Edge*, he tells how he got started.

One day he borrowed a couple of video cameras from a friend, flew to Burma with a fake press pass, and covered the rebels' battles that were going on against a bloody military dictator. That was in December 1991.

Why did he decide to barge into journalism like that? Because he was quickly bored by the routine reporting jobs that were the only ones he could find after college. So he took off on his own. He flew to several dangerous and exotic places, figuring that he would not have many other journalists competing with him there. He offered his work to the news agencies for modest charges. If his work was good, he figured the agencies would buy his reports, and in time some agency might hire him on their regular staff.

It worked, although it took longer than he had hoped – about a year. His plan, however, accomplished something else important. Reporting catastrophes and warfare around the world

got into his blood, and Cooper knew that TV journalism was the career he wanted.

Born into a family of New York millionaires, Cooper had the money to carry out this career entry plan. His memoir, however, reveals a deep dimension of sorrow in his own life. When he was ten years old, his father died of heart failure. When Cooper was a college junior, his older brother committed suicide.

Cooper wanted his reporting to portray to his audiences the impact of natural disaster, warfare, human vindictiveness, and peoples' inability to work together – the disastrous impact of that upon humble people around the world whose lives bear the load. He too has suffered. His book includes many dispatches from the "edge," including right here in New Orleans the debacle of the 2005 Katrina hurricane disaster.

Today, fourteen years after this book was published, I found on the page titled "Author's Note" words that have special meaning: "...I have gone to great lengths to ensure that this book is factually correct."

Dispatches from the Edge is available in the Northcrest Library.

Notable Northcresters

Man Walking Every Street in Ames to Help End Alzheimer's

POSTED 6:43 AM, AUGUST 14, 2019, BY WHITNEY BLAKEMORE, UPDATED AT 11:41AM, AUGUST 14, 2019
From WHOTV.com



AMES, Iowa -- According to the Alzheimer's Association, the disease is now the 6th-leading cause of death in the United States. This summer, one Ames man is leading the charge to fight the disease on foot.

The Walk to End Alzheimer's in Ames is just under two months away. It's just one of the over 600 sites of the walk nationwide and is the world's largest event to raise awareness and funds for Alzheimer's care, support, and research. But for Dean Sampson, the 2.5-mile walk wasn't enough.

"I started on June 6th and I've been averaging about five miles a day on my walks about 1.5-2 hours a day," Sampson, an Ames resident said. "I get up really early to do it and I've been blessed with good weather the whole time."

Sampson is walking every single street in Ames in honor of his wife, Judy. She was diagnosed with Alzheimer's and dementia in 2015. His goal is to complete it all ahead of the official Walk to End Alzheimer's on October 12th.

"I've enjoyed it because I've learned a lot about the city even though I've been here 17 years," Sampson said. "I've found some residential areas I didn't even know existed and other things too. I've got a city map that I'm logging each day what I did for miles."

For the past two years, Dean and Judy walked for the cause raising \$3,500 in year one and \$5,000 in year two. Now Sampson is upping his game with a goal of \$6,500 and thought he needed to do more to get the word out. That's why he's walking all over town helping promote something that means a lot to him.

"I think the main emphasis this year on the walk is that they'd like to have the first survivor of Alzheimer's, and my hope is someday maybe even Judy can be a first survivor of Alzheimer's," Sampson said.

He wears a protective bright yellow vest and hat every day on his walk. So far he's clocked in 232 miles and has about another 20 to go.

You can find Sampson or his team called "Judy's Angels" online at the Walk to End Alzheimer's website to donate to his cause.



Editor's Note: *All are welcome to join our Northcrest employees, residents and families on Team Heartwood House at the Ames Walk to End Alzheimer's on October 12th. You may register with our team online at act.alz.org and click on "Find a Walk Near You". We meet at the Ames Middle School. Registration at 8 a.m., Ceremony at 9 a.m., Walk at 9:30 a.m. We hope to see you there!*

Words to Live By

**"If your life story doesn't turn out like you thought it would,
then learn to find joy in the story you're living".**

—Life motto of Pauletti Lasley, Northcrest Community Resident

Bubbler Garden

by Judy Brooks



My love affair with the Bubbler Garden began one summer evening in July at dusk. The sound of the water was hypnotizing. I was by myself but was soon joined by a Grandma and Grandpa with two little grandchildren pulling a red wagon. Another resident came across from one of the townhomes. She offered watermelon.

The next time I went to the Bubbler Garden, my granddaughter was with me. We counted blue planters and statues of cats. It was pleasant to sit in the big wooden chairs, before we moved on to play some Scrabble in the Rose Room.

On a Friday a few days later, his mom needed a nap. The eight-year-old and I made our way to the Bubbler Garden. For an eight-year-old, it was perfect. There was water, rocks, cats, even a crow talking at us. He experimented by putting his finger over the water outlet to see what kind of water sprays could be created. He built cairns of three and four flat stones at precarious angles. Cat became CyCat and moved to be closer to the water.

We had expected to give Mom an hour's rest, but she became curious after two hours and came to find us, the child totally wet and lying on the warm bench, basking in the sun.

Editor's note: Thanks to the Northcrest Landscape Committee and other volunteers (pictured) for your work on the Bubbler Garden. Kudos!



The Whipping

by Lorene Hoover

This story was originally published in *Good Old Days* magazine. Lorene is the "forehead" behind her sister in front.

At the age of 5, I learned that following the big kids could land me in trouble. It happened on my first day in a one-room country school.

By noon my early morning enthusiasm was fading fast. The sun coming through the windows made me hot, and the smells of chalk dust and the stuff the teacher used to sweep the floor made me sleepy. I yawned and squirmed in a desk that was too high for me. I pulled my feet up on the seat. My shoes made a scraping sound on the wood. Miss Alta, the teacher, turned from the blackboard and lifted her eyebrows at me. I put my feet down. My shoes made another scraping sound.

Finally, both hands on the clock were pointing straight up, and the teacher dismissed us for lunch. The other children, all older and faster, jumped up, grabbed their lunch pails, and dashed outside. As quickly as I could, I found my pail and followed.

Some of the older children had settled under trees at the edge of the school yard. Becky, who was 7 and next in size to me, and Sarah, age 9, were sitting on the steps in front of the square white building. I sat down next to them. They pretended I wasn't there.

I opened the round bucket that had once held molasses to take out some of mom's homemade bread spread with butter and apple butter. Becky had a real store-bought lunch pail, a shiny red tin box. She had a shiny red apple to match, and also a baloney



sandwich. I had taken only a few bites when we noticed the two biggest boys climbing over the school yard fence toward the pastures beyond. Sarah and Becky shot quick glances into the schoolroom to see if Miss Alta was busy grading papers. They headed for the fence. I forgot my lunch and scrambled after them.

The oldest boy, Jim, a big eighth-grader, paused just long enough to call back to me, "You better stay here, kid."

I was used to being put off like that by my older brothers. It didn't work with them, and it didn't work with Jim. I squeezed through the fence. In the meadow, some of the boys started pitching green hulled walnuts against the trees. Jim and his friend, Sam, who seemed to like showing off, picked up yucky dried cowpies and spun them back and forth at one another.

I tried balancing on the silvered fallen logs with Becky and Sarah, but they warned me off. "You're too little," they said.

After a short time, the older boys must have gotten bored for they headed off toward the other end of the field. The other children were quick to follow, and I was right behind them. We soon found ourselves standing in a grove of trees at the edge of a gently banked hollow.

"No water standing here now," said Jim. "Boy, you should have seen it last spring. They needed that bridge then." He pointed to a wobbly-looking structure that went over the deepest end of the hollow. Under the bridge was a huge open barrel-like thing that seemed to be holding it up.

I stood at the edge of the group wondering what we were going to do next. Sam, a seventh-grader who hadn't said two words to me, now looked my way. "Hey, Ruth Ann," he said, "see that

The Whipping, con't



Photo: Lorene's forehead

culvert? Bet you could stand up in it and walk right through to the other side."

"Go on, Ruth Ann," cried someone else. "Then you can tell us what's over there."

Happy to have some attention, I ran toward this thing they called a culvert. I ducked my head away from the grimy metal top and stepped inside. It was dark and smelly, something like my Grandma's cellar. The sides were cold to my hands. The heels of my new leather shoes made a funny ringing sound on the metal. I laughed nervously. That made a funny sound, too. I hurried back to

the others.

Walking back to the schoolhouse, I felt good about myself. My schoolmates had asked me to do something kind of scary. I had done it and shown them I wasn't afraid.

As we came into the schoolyard, I saw our teacher standing with arms folded, waiting on the steps. Her face was as pink as the smock she wore.

Suddenly, Jim spoke up in a loud voice. "Ruth Ann ran off and went into the culvert."

Sam, standing by Jim, said, "Yeah, we had to go get her out."

Some other big kid asked a question. "Teacher, you said we should never go near the culvert, but Ruth Ann did. Is she going to get a whipping?"

"She ought to get a whipping," someone behind me said.

Then Miss Alta put her arm around my shoulders and pulled me against her. I hid my face in the folds of her pink smock.

"Did Ruth Ann climb the fence and find her way to that culvert all by herself?" I heard her ask in her teacher's voice.

"No, Ma'am," Jim answered. "We told her not to come," said Sam.

"You and Jim told her not to follow you?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"I see. Ah, since you boys are the oldest and such good leaders," Miss Alta said, "I think you'd better stay after school this evening to share those qualities with me."

I peered out at Jim. He didn't look like such a big boy now. "Aw, Ma'am," he said, "I'm s'posed to help my pa pick corn then."

"Me, too!" Sam said. "My pa'll give me what-for if I'm not home."

"Well, now," the teacher said, "I think our little talk after school will help you remember that before you leave the schoolyard again."

For afternoon recess time, Miss Alta was on the playground with the rest of us. She started a game of hide and seek. I decided I wasn't ready to trust the big kids and their antics just yet, so I hid with my teacher.

Scams Aplenty, Scams Galore



Phone and computer scams seem to be more prevalent during the holidays, and we have been getting reports from several residents that the calls, texts and emails have started again—with a couple of new twists. Watch for the following:

- ♦ **The "Granny Scam"** has upgraded to include TEXTS that pretend to be a grandchild who needs to be helped or rescued from emergency or embarrassing situations. Never give personal information or financial information over the phone (or by text). One savvy resident used a fake name to confirm the identity of the caller, "Janie—is that you?" Of course the reply was, "Yes, Grandma, it's me!" She did not have a granddaughter with that name—great idea!

- ♦ **The Fake Hacker**—we have had reports that computers run slow for a week or so followed by an urgent email, a pop-up screen on the computer (or even a phone call!) that says they are from Mediacom or Microsoft (or both) and they have information that a hacker has gotten into your email account but they can stop him for you. Of course, they require verification of your username and password in order to do so. In this case, they cause a problem to make you more willing to allow them access to "fix it." The fix may even work, however they now have access to anything in your computer (past and pre-



sent)—address book, online banking info, purchasing info, etc. (We have contacted Mediacom and confirmed that they have never sent such an email to MCHSI customers.)

- ♦ **The Fake Fixer**—this is a variation of The Fake Hacker that includes a very official-looking icon that pops up stating that your computer is running slow and a virus may be the culprit. It asks you to call the 800 number to contact a tech that will help you fix it. They are very professional, extremely polite, but fake nonetheless. Again, they may actually make your computer run very smoothly by the end of the conversation, but they are usually the ones that caused it in the first place.
- ♦ **Impersonators**—these scammers pretend to be the IRS, bill collectors, the police, firefighters, etc. Some threaten jail time, repossession or heavy fines, some just ask for money for charity. Never give information or money over the phone. Almost all charities now have ways to give online or by mail directly. Even if it sounds legitimate, donate the safe way.

If you are unsure whether a phone call, email or text is real, feel free to call the office. Others may have reported similar incidents. Better to question and be safe!

Jane Farrell-Beck, PhD, Iowa State Faculty, and co-author Jean Parsons called my bluff presciently when Jane donated their book, *20th Century Dress in the United States* to the Northcrest library. They must have sensed we skip introductions, prologues and prefaces and get right to the ‘real’ beginning, Chapter One. Case in point: (the Italics are ours).

“As noted in the introduction, periods of history and fashion rarely coincide with the beginnings of centuries and decades.”

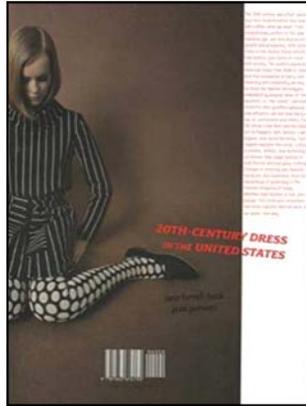
20th Century Dress in the United States,
Jane Farrell-Beck & Jean Parsons

In the ensuing 300+ pages every period of the century glows, from the Gibson Girl of our mothers’ and grandmothers’ era to the Millennium, four generations. There’s scarcely a page without one or more pictures reflecting the culture as well as apparel. Eight handsome color plates reward in the middle.

“Mercifully, Fairchild staff did the search for picture permissions,” says Jane, “...a huge task with so many images controlled by giant corporations, such as Getty.” Expediting picture attribution speaks to the belief the publisher had in the project and the authors’ ability to furnish credible text for the century.

“We divided chapters, and reviewed each other’s work,” Jane continues. “We worked with a terrific developmental editor to refine our ideas and polish our writing, taking about two years.”

The authors had hoped for a second edition, but through the vagaries of time, Fairchild was absorbed by Bloomsbury and Jean Parsons, Jane’s colleague on the Textiles and Clothing Faculty at Iowa State, moved to the University of Missouri. But the book still sells and will remain a reliable text, according to its hefty title. Meanwhile the Northcrest Writers’ Group appreciates Jane’s participa-

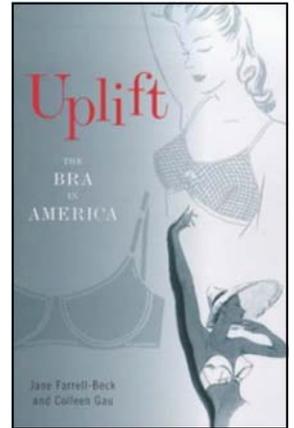


tion since the Garden Party. But wait—there’s more!

“The breast supporter made its debut in 1863, when Luman Chapman patented his corset substitute.”

Uplift, the Bra in America,
Jane Farrell-Beck, Colleen Gau

The evolution of the 20th Century bra had previously rated its own book, that Jane Farrell-Beck co-authored, in 2002 with Colleen Gau, RN and subsequent PhD, who handily had expertise in making corsets.



Jane informs, “I had been doing research on the intersection of dress history and developments in medicine. Scoliosis was an early topic and when body braces ... disappeared from the pharmaceutical catalogs, I wondered if bras were providing some bracing. Patents from as early as 1863 showed they were. I branched into physicians and nurses involvement in breast care, and then into businesses making bras and their forerunners.”

The worthy premise caught Terry Gross’s eye and an interview on NPR’s “Fresh Air” was arranged. Jane recalls meeting at the Iowa State radio station for the event. Knowledge of this had to impress the second publisher, Fairchild.

Iowa Public Radio interviewers Sarah Frasher was “knowledgeable and fun,” and Todd Mundt “surprisingly effective too. He actually had read *Uplift* which so many interviewers had merely scanned.”

Reporters continue to contact Jane, who, with husband Marvin, will be new residents of Northcrest next year. (Not to be missed: the dedication.) Jane, a New Jersey native, had earlier caught the siren call, and went West *—to Iowa!*

Just for Fun

Why couldn’t the ghost find his mom
and dad?

They were trans-parents!



What’s a goblin’s favorite cheese?

Monster-ella!



Why are vampires easy to fool?

Because they’re suckers!



CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS IN JULY (AND BEYOND...)



Our Expansion Project is well under way!
It's time to look to the details—artwork, furnishings, specialty equipment—all of the things that make Northcrest attractive, comfortable and enjoyable for the people that choose to call Northcrest **HOME**.

We have many upcoming opportunities for families, residents, and future residents, to play Santa.
Watch your mail for more information regarding benefactor and naming opportunities.

Help Northcrest Go Green!

You can help Northcrest reduce paper use and save postage by having *The Northcrester* delivered directly to your computer! If you would like to receive this newsletter via email, please contact Stacey at strytek@northcrestcommunity.org.



The Northcrester

THE NORTHCRESTER is created by and for the residents of Northcrest Community. Its purpose is to share items of mutual interest and future events. It is published with the support of the Northcrest administration.

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