


Premier Issue

Summer 2005 

# Victorienne

Return to  
Loveliness

Beautiful,  
Enchanting Ways  
To Enrich Your Life

*Good Living's*  
**Victorienne**  
GARDEN & GARDEN  
COOKING & ENTERTAINING  
FASHION & BEAUTY  
CRAFTS & COLLECTIBLES

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## Cooling Breezes...Fans

By Um Yaqoob

Scarlett O'Hara fanning madly in the Atlanta heat...the creaking and clicking fan over Bogie and Bacall in *Casablanca*...the snapping fan of a flamenco dancer...seductive eyes behind a Japanese fan...the lulling hum of an oscillating fan on a hot summer night...Such images the mention of fans evoke!

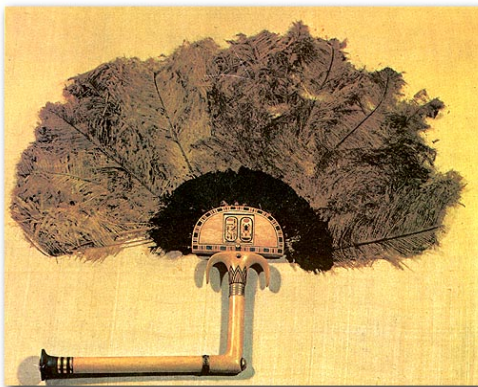
Hand fans have been used throughout time, throughout the world, as objects of function, beauty, even subtle communication.

A remarkably preserved rotating ivory and ostrich feather fan hints at the majesty of King Tutankhamen's court. A sandalwood fan emits a sultry odor as it is waved before the face. A crocheted fan hangs on a

wall, fragile and elegant.

All remind us of the

affection we have for this item



As electric fans became more common, hand fans faded in popularity. No less elegant, desk fans graced many a table.

Restored antique models and

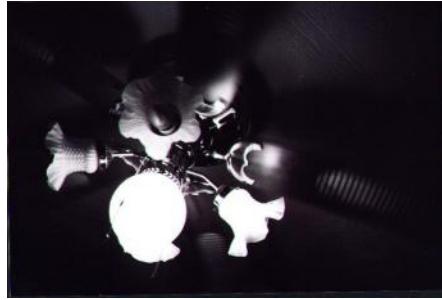
vintage reproductions of these items are popular collector's items ([www.fanmanusa.com](http://www.fanmanusa.com)).

Ceiling fans from Dan's Fan City ([www.dansfancity.com](http://www.dansfancity.com)) and Ceiling Fan Outlet

([www.ceilingfanoutlet.com](http://www.ceilingfanoutlet.com)) evoke images of tropical locales, of Ernest Hemingway and *Night of*



*the Iguana*. Conversely, their brushed aluminum and stainless steel contribute to a sleek, modern look.



Fans even evolve into works of art. Black-light reactive ceiling and desk fans by Michael Millevolte ([www.millevolte.com](http://www.millevolte.com)) add a different “cool” to the air as they revolve overhead.

**Take your fan with you and be cool wherever you go**

At the office, plug in the USB fan from USB Brando (<http://usb.brando.com.hk/palmsizeusbdeskfan.php>). Travel in comfort with Design GO’s mini travel fan from Going in Style. You can even add a cool mist to the breeze with a battery-operated water bottle spray fan. (<http://tinyurl.com/76ra2>)



Yet no matter how handy and fashionable electric or battery-powered fans are, it is our love affair with the hand fan that endures. They have even become popular wedding and party favors. We cherish such little gifts not only as a comforting way to keep cool but as treasured mementoes of special occasions.



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**Fan Language**

In Victorian times, ladies used their folding hand fans to communicate their feelings. Booklets of what each gesture meant were written up to ensure proper “translation.”

Some subtle fan-spoken messages:

HIDING THE EYES BEHIND AN OPEN FAN: *"I love you."*

HALF-OPENED FAN PRESSED TO THE LIPS: *"You may kiss me."*

LETTING THE FAN REST ON THE RIGHT CHEEK: *"Yes."*

LETTING THE FAN REST ON THE LEFT CHEEK: *"No."*

TWIRLING THE FAN IN THE LEFT HAND: *"We are being watched."*

THREATENING MOVEMENTS WITH A FAN CLOSED: *"You are not being careful."*

DRAWING THE FAN ACCROSS THE EYES: *"I am sorry."*

FANNING SLOWLY: *"I am married."*

FANNING QUICKLY: *"I am engaged."*

DRAWING THE FAN THROUGH THE HAND: *"I hate you!"*

(These and more fan phrases can be found at [www.handfanpro.com](http://www.handfanpro.com)).



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Red leaf fan and crazy quilt fan photographs by M. Fendel. Copyright © Hand Fan Productions 2005

[www.handfanpro.com](http://www.handfanpro.com)

Black crocheted fan, Cylinda Mathews, Crochet Memories

<http://www.crochetmemories.com>

Ivory and ostrich fan from King Tutankhamen's tomb, Jimmy Dunn

<http://touregypt.net/museum>

Design GO's mini travel fan, Going in Style

<http://www.goinginstyle.com>

Sandalwood fan, Beaucoup Wedding Favors

[www.beau-coup.com](http://www.beau-coup.com)

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### **Summer Chapeaux—sidebar by Paula**

There's one that comes to me right off: it involves a gorgeous hat, all woven and white and net and shades-of-white flowers, a summer hat, from the thirties. It sat in a beautiful hatbox, as elegant as the hat itself. It was left at my grandmother's house by a cousin named Svea who'd been visiting. When grandma saw that Svea had left this wonderful confection behind, she wrote her, and Svea said to keep it, and let Pa-ooo-la play with it, she loved it so much. And I certainly did. I have such wonderful memories of Svea's Summer Hat, and those special occasions (meaning no grubby hands from being outside in the garden) when gram would take that hatbox down and give it to me to open, unfold the tissue to find Svea's hat, to hold and try on and pose in front of the full length mirror, and imagine how it must have looked on the beautiful blonde woman named Svea, and wonder how she could leave such a lovely thing behind--but I was forever grateful that she did. But I have more stories to tell; I only hope I can make them real enough that you can see and feel what I saw and felt "way back when."

### **Summer chapeaux---HATS segment (hats are shown in a variety of summery, outdoor settings) Donna**



Summer chapeaux. Two pages are devoted to these pretty and varied summer hats.

One of our models is wearing a natty straw hat as she kneels in front of her gardening bed.



Another model of a certain age is shown at the edge of the tennis court sporting a straw number with a small wreath of mauve roses across the front. She is also wearing a fetching pair of grey linen capris and a sleeveless handknit shell sweater, a white leather clutch under her arm. Her sandals are also white leather and her toenails painted mauve. Her joyful clapping tells us that her player is winning (a son?). Further down the page, a new mother, in a straw boater with a black ribbon lays her sweet baby in a pram for an afternoon nap. She will read on the porch as her sleeping baby rests peacefully in her own little cotton bonnet with ruffles.



On the beach our redheaded model in a navy swimsuit has plopped a large straw visor on her head, navy grosgrain ribbon flapping down her back, a perfect compliment to her swimsuit, which is piped in red trim. At the farmstand, a lovely woman is wearing a long floral skirt of cabbage roses and a crisp white sleeveless shirt, a petite boater on her head to shield the sun as she selects her vegetables.

The final picture shows our model mounting the steps to the MET, Chanel exhibit banners fluttering overhead. She wears white capris and a soft green t-shirt, a white hat upon my bobbed head with a chain of silk flowers along the brim, the color of celery.



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## Bath and Body: A whisper of mint for your morning routines

The fresh scent of mint has a romantic origin, according to Greek myth. Mentha was an underworld water nymph, daughter to the king of the rivers that meander below the earth. Hades, god of the underworld, and husband to Persephone, fell in love with Mentha, and she with him. When Persephone one day discovered her husband in the throes of passion with Mentha, she became infuriated. Persephone grabbed Mentha, threw her to the ground, and stomped her to pieces, turning her into a small plant to be trodden on like a weed. Hades found himself helpless to undo Persephone's spell. However, he was able to add to it. His counterspell made sure that everytime someone stepped on Mentha, a beautiful sweet smell was released to delight the senses. Soothe your senses every morning and evening, too, with bath and beauty products that contain a whisper of mint. The mint family (Lamiaceae) includes a variety of herbs including lavender, rosemary, and sage, however, true mints belong to the genus *Mentha*, named for the nymph. A few of the more common mints include spearmint (*Mentha viridis*), peppermint (*Mentha piperita*), and pennyroyal (*Mentha pulegium*). While there are many species of mint, all with their own unique scents and properties, peppermint has become a favorite in the bath. This summer you can enjoy the invigorating aroma of mint in a variety of ways. Its therapeutic properties will awaken your mind, rejuvenate tired muscles, and cool your body, leaving you feeling refreshed and energized.

### Hair Care

There are many lines of hair care that include peppermint in the ingredients to stimulate the scalp and awaken the senses. Some of our favorites include the Rosemary Mint line from Aveda, a peppermint shampoo and conditioner made by Avalon, and Rosemary Mint shampoo and conditioner from De~luxe.

Aveda's Rosemary Mint line includes both shampoo and conditioner, recommended for fine hair. Both are made with organic ingredients. Mint cools the scalp and the rosemary acts as a protectant for your hair, preventing damage from the environment. You can visit the Aveda website and get more information at <http://www.aveda.com/>.

Avalon also uses organic ingredients in its shampoos and conditioners. In addition to peppermint, a key ingredient in both of these is babassu oil, which is added to strengthen hair and increase elasticity. While both are recommended for everyday use for all hair types, I like to use a heavier conditioner once every week or so. These products and others by Avalon can be found at <http://www.avalonnaturalproducts.com/>.

Using 100% "pure botanical extracts" the De~luxe rosemary mint shampoo and conditioner are for all hair types, including chemically treated hair (for those of us that like to add a little color). Catherine, one of our lovely Victoriannes, highly recommends the shampoo. It is available at many stores, including Sams. More information is available at the De~luxe website: <http://www.truescents.com/>.





### **Soaps and Body Washes**

Whether you prefer a bar soap or a body wash, many products are available that provide the cool and invigorating effects of mint. A few (pictured to the left) include Alba Botanica's Sparkling Mint bath and shower gel, Avalon's Rosemary Mint Moisturizing Classic Soap, Aveda's Rosemary Mint Hand and Body Wash and Rosemary Mint Bath Bar, Yardley's Rosemary Mint soap from their Secret Cottage collection (not pictured), and Archipelago Botanicals Morning Mint Body Wash. Yardley's Rosemary Mint soap has the added effect of exfoliation, and has been rated by our editor-in-chief, Marline, as "utterly refreshing during these steamy months!!" Both Aveda and Avalon's products help moisturize the skin while cleaning and cooling the senses. For more information on

these products visit the websites listed below:

Alba Botanica: <http://www.albabotanica.com/>

Archipelago Botanicals: <http://www.spashoppe.com/arbot1.html>

Avalon: <http://www.avalonnaturalproducts.com/>

Aveda: <http://www.aveda.com/>

Yardley: <http://www.yardleylondon.com/>

### **Relief for Your Feet**

After a long day, give your feet a treat with some of these Bath & Body Works products. Start off with a long soak using the True Blue Spa Mega Mint Foot Soak. Not only does it contain peppermint to revive tired feet, but it contains almond and sesame seed oils that leave your feet feeling soft and smooth. If you feel like the works, follow this up with the Mega Mint foot mask. Like a facemask, this goes on the feet, dries, and is then rinsed off. To top it off, Mega Mint foot massage cream will leave your feet feeling better than they've felt in a long time. This is especially enjoyable if you can find a kind soul to massage your feet for you. The mint is therapeutic, especially after a long day on your feet, and after this treatment you will think you've spent a day at a spa.



**Here Comes the Cake**  
**Centerpiece for the Sweetest Day**  
**By Lili**



Many young girls dream of their wedding day: a beautiful gown, fragrant flowers, glorious classical music, floating down the aisle of a church or cathedral on the arm of her father, reciting the vows that join her to her beloved for the rest of their lives. When thinking of my eventual marriage, I've always dreamed about a scrumptious and beautifully decorated cake.

These days the sky is the limit where wedding cakes are concerned: traditional white or deep dark chocolate; cupcakes or five-tiers; fresh flowers or candied fruits; buttercream or rolled fondant; decorations matching the fabric of the bride's gown; and even cakes made to resemble buildings, hats, cell phones and pets. There's a number of first-rate books dedicated to wedding cakes, but I'd like to tell you about some of my favorites.

One of the best-known cake designers in the U.S. is Colette Peters, author of “Colette’s Cakes” (Little, Brown and Company, 1991, ISBN 0-316-70205-6), “Colette’s Christmas” (Little, Brown and Company, 1993, ISBN 0-316-70206-4), “Colette’s Wedding Cakes” (Little, Brown and Company, 1995, ISBN 0-316-70256-0), “Colette’s Birthday Cakes” (Little, Brown and Company, 2000, ISBN 0-316-70274-9), and “Cakes to Dream On: A Master Class in Decorating” (Wiley, 2004, ISBN 0-471-21462-0).

“Colette’s Wedding Cakes” is a terrific book. While it would be fun to attempt all of the decorations, Peters’ designs definitely aren’t for the inexperienced or impatient. Peters divides the cakes into seasons depending on the decorations and flavorings. Spring’s “Edwardian Cake” is all white and elaborately detailed with all sorts of piping and gumpaste decorations. “Summertime Fantasy” has latticework, flowers, and berries. Longing to get married at the shore? Check out “Coral Reef”. Peters has made coral, starfish and seashells with gumpaste and royal icing.

And then there’s “Sugar Shack”, a two-layer cake with a precious little cottage on top, surrounded by a picket fence and garden. I can also imagine a toned-down version of this cake for a housewarming party. My mother would kill for Autumn’s “Blue Delftware”, a three-layer cake decorated with delftware patterns in blue and white with a fondant-covered ginger jar on top.

Quilting enthusiasts would love the “American Country Quilt”, with its vibrant color flow “appliqué”. Peters uses colored piping gel to great effect in the Tiffany-inspired “Poinsettia Stained-Glass Cake”, which would be appropriate for a holiday-themed party as well as a holiday wedding. And I’ve heard of “Pineapple Upside-Down Cake”, but never one like Peters’ version, which proves that anything is possible with a pastry bag, tips in every size, and, most importantly, a steady hand.

Although it’s nominally for birthdays, “Colette’s Birthday Cakes” includes several cakes that could be used for weddings. “French Flower Garden” has an embossed fondant base, overflowing with gumpaste flowers and “Little Flower Cakes” would be terrific for a small, casual wedding.

The most darling cake I’ve ever seen is in “Cakes to Dream On”. “Counting Sheep” is a five-layer cake with embossed fondant icing. The catch is that the layers are made to look like

mattresses. Peters gives directions for gumpaste bride and groom sheep leaping over the top mattress, but I think it would also be funny to do a “Princess and the Pea” theme; after all, the “Prince” is looking for a “Princess” to marry.

“For Your Wedding: Cakes” by Bette Matthews (Michael Friedman Publishing Group, Inc., 2000, ISBN 0-7607-4130-1) is a small book, but full of beautiful photos of various types of cakes, from a croquembouche to a tower of cupcakes to petits fours decorated like Christmas presents to a colossal seven-tier beauty designed for an elegant, but enormous, reception hall. Matthews gives a short history of wedding cakes, describing several important ones from the past, and throughout the book stresses the importance of setting the stage so the cake is shown to best advantage.

If you’re interested in making cakes for yourself or a friend, there are two books I highly recommend.

First is “Wedding Cakes You Can Make: Designing, Baking, and Decorating the Perfect Wedding Cake” by Dede Wilson (Wiley, 2005, ISBN 0-7645-5719-X). As the front flap of the dust cover states, “In this easy-to-follow, hands-on guide, Wilson takes you through the entire process, from the drawing board to the presentation table, sharing time-tested techniques that help you turn that cake of your dreams into a delectable reality.”

She recommends the bride and groom start with a brainstorming session, where both list what they want and don’t want in a wedding cake, and asks the six most important questions – budget, date, number of guests, formality of the wedding, essential flavors, and style or mood of the wedding. She goes on to list every step in the making of the cake beginning with choosing among many delicious flavor combinations and then gives a Baking and Organizing Schedule for each of the cakes in the book. Even if you’re not planning to get married, I recommend this book for the recipes and ideas for party cakes. The Lemon Blackberry cake on page 79 would be ideal for any summer party.

The second is “Decorating Cakes: A Reference & Idea Book” from The Wilton School (Wilton Industries, Inc. 1999, ISBN 0-912696-59-1). This beautifully illustrated book contains step-by-step instructions for all sorts of decorative techniques from the proper way to prepare and fold a parchment bag to royal icing filigree to fondant inlay, and standard recipes for various types of



icing. I find the recipe for Buttercream icing to be particularly yummy. The book also lists a number of Wilton's decorating products, including pans, spatulas of various sizes and shapes, cookie cutters, flower formers, tips of every size, and colorings.

Two other cake decorating books I recommend are:

"The Complete Book of Cake Decorating with Sugarpaste" by Sylvia Coward (New Holland Publishers, 1987, ISBN 1-85368-242-X). This is an older book from England, with a number of recipes using metric measurements that I haven't found in other books (fruitcake and sandy "biscuits" in particular). Her piping instructions are first-rate, including some of the most delicate embroidery and extension work I've seen, and she includes very good directions for stencils and floodwork (or "color flow"), all sorts of flowers, sugar molding, ribbon insertion and basket weave. She includes a number of patterns in back – embroidery, lace, floodwork, and cocoa and wafer painting.

"Cake Decorating for the First Time" by Jaynie Maxfield (Sterling Publishing Company, 2003, ISBN 1-4027-0538-7) appears to have been thrown together very quickly. Maxfield apparently only bakes chocolate cakes and some of the fondant photos in the decorating section seem a bit lumpy. However, there is a beautiful gallery section in the back of the book to inspire you.

Of course, it's always fun to use your own imagination and inspiration from your life in your wedding cake. For instance, for an Irish couple, I envision a cake made to resemble Belleek china by piping a basket-weave pattern on the sides of a round or oval cake and painting delicate shamrocks on the top. For a bridal shower, it's fun to make a Wonder Mold Bride Cake. Just use a doll with coloring that resembles the bride's, and decorate the cake like an overwrought, way-over-the-top wedding dress – the more elaborate the dress, the more droll it is (think Melania Trump).

The most important thing to remember about the cake is that it must be delicious. No one will remember what the cake looks like if it tastes like sawdust. But once you've decided on the flavor, let your imagination run riot. This is a very important day in your life. It should be memorable for demonstrating your personality and your lifestyle. You might not be able to have the church re-carpeted to match your bridesmaids' dresses, but with a little effort, you *can* have the cake of your dreams.



# What we love about summer

Paula

What's not to love about summertime? Okay, it's not always \*dry\* heat, and there are stinging things flying around or lying in wait for you, but aside from that, summertime is a gift.

What I like?

Well, first, I love the song "Summertime"--by George Gershwin, you know the one:

"Summertime and the livin' is easy, fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high; your daddy's rich and your Ma is good lookin so hush little baby don't you cry..." from that wonderful musical "Porgy and Bess."

Second, I adore the food. These are my favorite foods, the ones that come wrapped up in summer sunshine...the berries, the melons from water to musk to honeydew, real shortcakes upon which you pile high the strawberries and real whipped cream.

And gazpacho, that beautiful cold vegetable soup. That and some brushetta--I could eat that for dinner all summer long.

And zuchinni. I love zuchinni in any form. And summer squash. And baby lettuce.

And of course, real tomatoes, the kind you make a tomato sandwich out of: buttered rustic bread, a couple thick slices of a just ripened still warm from the vine tomatoes, salt, and pepper. Top with another slice of buttered rustic bread. Eat. :-)

Real potato salad--and it must be made from an old family recipe, handed down. That's a must. If you don't have an old family recipe, make one up. Old family recipes have to have a beginning somewhere!

And...I love those corny summer backyard family parties. Wading pool for little kids and dogs, sprinklers for whoever, but mostly little kids and dogs.

It's here at a corny backyard huge family picnic that I can use my vintage but slightly the better from love and wear--all bright in reds and blues usually on white, I spread them around the backyard for snoozing, or eating upon, or for the wet dog to decide to sit on.

And I love most of all--Squirt guns! I'm an absolute devil with squirt guns, and I show no mercy, and so no mercy is shown me.

And I think I've finally caught the "true" gardener spirit. I've been babying my roses, every morning I'm out there with a critical eye, searching for an aphid. I love these roses, I love caring for them, thorns and all. ("There can be no music without frets"--Stephen Becker; \*A Covenant With Death). So I'll fret not a bit about the thorns and

## Highland Park, Rochester, NY—Lilacs in Flower

A Walking Tour of Highland Park—Guest writer (tho' she doesn't know it) Ruth Uhrenholdt (edited for our space here)

Highland Park, just outside the center of the city of Rochester, is remarkable for its beautiful plants, shrubs, trees and its terrain: hills, valleys and plains. Its relative small size would seem to make for an easy walk, but meandering along paths to the section of rhododendrons or up to the pond north of Highland Bowl or a walk to the Vietnam Memorial is definitely invigorating for young and old alike. Start your walk in Highland Park at the Mt. Hope Cemetery. In its beginnings Mt. Hope Cemetery served both as a burial ground and a garden park. George Ellwanger is buried here. In 1888 Ellwanger, along with his partner, Patrick Barry, donated 20 acres of their large nursery (650 acres at its prime) for the establishment of a park just east of Mt. Hope Cemetery. His family plot with its sculpture of St. John is located just up the rise on what the cemetery refers to as "East Avenue," located inside the cemetery from the north gate entrance. From here you see Warner Castle, and perhaps you can imagine what the landscape looked like in 1888: just a few houses on Mt. Hope and adjacent streets, with nothing but the grounds of the nursery and wide-open fields to the east.

Now walk south on Mt. Hope to the entrance of Warner Castle. Horatio Gates Warner built this home in 1854. His design was inspired by the Douglas Clan ancestral castle which Warner visited in Scotland. It now houses the Rochester Civic Garden Center. Tours of the house for its architectural history are available; a botanical library, a gift shop, an art exhibit and special gardens outside the castle makes this a must visit for horticultural enthusiasts.

Now return to the ridge (South Avenue just across from Highland Bowl) of the park where the tulips bloom in the spring and annuals reside in the summer. Just beyond these beds is Lamberton Conservatory, named for former Park Commissioner A. B. Lamberton and a feature of Highland Park since 1911. Outside the Conservatory, to the east, a large depression in the landscape is a reminder of the park's glacial past. But the most noticeable feature of this part of the park is the Reservoir, which supplies drinking water to sections of the city of Rochester.

To the south and east are many well-marked walkways, inviting visitors into the arboretum or "tree garden." Originally designed by Frederick Law Olmsted, this section grew from its original 20 to 150 acres with the acquisition of additional land nearly 20 years ago.

Enjoy the witch hazels in March, the forsythias and magnolias in April, the flowering pear and crabapple trees and the tulips, azaleas, and pansy bed in May, the rhododendrons in June, the hydrangeas in July, and the annual bedding plants in August. Besides these are the horse chestnut collection, the Woodland Garden, the Japanese maple collection, the Rock Garden and of course the lilac collection for which the park is famous.

Appreciation goes to Richard Reisem for the informative narrative in his book, Mount Hope, America's First Municipal Victorian Cemetery and for his personal knowledge and love of this area that he so willingly and enthusiastically imparted to me. The Monroe County Parks Office was also helpful in clarifying several aspects of the plan of the park.

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Image by **Lynn Cummings** (stock.xchng)

When lilacs last in the door-yard bloom'd,  
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,  
I mourn'd—and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.  
O ever-returning spring! trinity sure to me you bring;  
Lilac blooming perennial, and drooping star in the west,  
And thought of him I love.--- **Walt Whitman**

## VACATION MEMORIES by Lili

Recently, I spent a day with one of the families I used to work for as a nanny. In the two-and-a-half years I worked for them, we became really good friends and I always felt like a part of their family. On this cold winter day we had a lovely time talking about "our" boys and reminiscing about the trips we took together every summer. We passed around photos of our trip to Disney World and Epcot and talked about things like the outrageously flirty Tigger, the insane Minnie Mouse hat with the huge red bow that I bought (and still wear proudly when I have to be out in the sun), and the time I fell asleep on the inner tube at the Water Park. It took me more than an hour to find them in the huge crowd at the Tidal Wave.

We also talked about the week we spent in Stowe. That trip to Vermont was among the most pleasant memories I have in my life. I had only worked for the family for a few months and had never gone away with them. I had no idea what to expect, but I was very nervous. I remember, as we pulled out of the driveway of their home in New Jersey, in a rented mini-van, with three adults, including me; Zachary, a seven-year old with ADHD and seven-month-old Joshua, that I started singing under my breath "Nine-hundred ninety-nine million, nine-hundred ninety-nine thousand, nine-hundred ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall..."

I needn't have been nervous. It was an amazing trip. We went upstate through New York, with me oohing and aahing at the beauty of the mountains, lakes and streams all the way. At the time, I didn't know that when one branch of my ancestors first came to America in 1764, they settled in Salem, a town near the Vermont border southeast of Lake George. I did know that I felt all the way like I had come home. I don't know what it is, maybe the quality of light or the way the air smells, but the area is incredibly special.

We arrived at Essex, New York, in the afternoon and had time to do some exploring before taking the ferry across Lake Champlain to Burlington. The town was fascinating – beautiful buildings and great views of the lake and the mountains to the east and west. We went into the Greystone Museum by the lake, but didn't have enough time to really explore before they closed. By the time we got onto the late afternoon ferry, the afternoon had turned grey and cloudy and was spitting cool rain. Nevertheless, Zachary and I walked around the deck, enjoying the weather and hoping for a glimpse of "Champie".

We didn't see the fabled beast, but we did see some of the most beautiful views of our entire week of beautiful views. When we were in the middle of the lake, the clouds to the west cleared out a bit and we experienced the most glorious sunset. The sun was hanging low over the western mountains, huge and an absolutely indescribable color. Or maybe it was a combination of colors – reds of various shades, oranges, hot pinks and fuchsias, and dark gold, all at the same time. The mountains in New York were in shadow, dark blues and purples and greys. The mountains in Vermont were still in the light, greens of every imaginable shade and wild flowers. The light from the sun was bouncing off the clouds, turning them to periwinkles and pinks and greys of every shade from icy to charcoal. The water reflected all the colors of the sky and mountains on both sides of the lake.

We knew the ferry ride had to come to an end, but we were still disappointed when we couldn't see the lake any more. We spent the night in Burlington and drove to Stowe the next day. I had wanted to go to Stowe for years, since I first read Maria Von Trapp's book describing their escape from Austria and eventual settling in Vermont. We went one morning to look at the lodge, where I vainly hoped to meet a member of the family. On

## VACATION MEMORIES by Lili

the way back to our timeshare, we saw a young moose crossing the road on its impossibly long legs, an amazing sight for a girl from southern Oklahoma. We milked cows at Shelburne Farms and toured Ben & Jerry's and the Vermont Teddy Bear Factory. One day I walked with Joshua 8½ miles on the Recreation Trail. The views were so fascinating, the cool weather so energizing, and the people we met so nice, that we didn't get back until almost dark. I don't know whether it was the weather, or the views, or the elevation, or a combination of things, but the next day I wasn't even sore.

We saw so many things on that trip that I will never forget, but somehow the July 4<sup>th</sup> fireworks display stands out in my memory. We drove up into the hills to the north of the village and parked on the shoulder of the road, alongside hundreds of other vehicles, to see the fireworks and celebrate our freedom.

More than once that night I wondered what the poor animals must think of humans. In that high valley north of Stowe village, we cheered as volley after volley of fireworks was shot off. It must have sounded to them like the end of the world. The explosions echoed and reverberated through the mountain range, starting at the south end of the valley and wending northward on either side. Sometimes the echoes hadn't finished before a new round began. At times it was almost deafening.

In the strange, unearthly flashes of light cast by the exploding "bombs" the remnants of smoke looked like gigantic, many-legged spiders. As the smoke dissipated, the legs of the spiders disappeared first, leaving the bodies to slowly waft away on the cool mountain breeze. I've seen fireworks in many places; my hometown, theme parks, the Manasquan Inlet, over the Statue of Liberty from the west and the Empire State Building from the east, but somehow the most memorable was in the Green Mountains north of Stowe.

We returned to New Jersey a few days later, but I'll never forget my experiences on that journey. Nor would I trade my time as a nanny for anything. My charges and I had so many wonderful adventures, from looking for "Champie" to baking Big Mouths to trying out the new carousel at the mall. Those were times I'll never forget.

\*\*\*\*\* (Contributing Editors Um Yaqoob, Marline and June)

## **A Hint of Mint**



Contributing Editor Um Yaqoob

The world loves mint. It is a medicine, a flavoring, a perfume, a decoration, a fragrant house and garden plant, a garnish, a symbol of hospitality.

Most of us are familiar only with standard "mint": spearmint, mild and smooth. Anyone who has tasted peppermint (outside of chewing gum) knows the difference, though. Where spearmint is cooling, peppermint (as it's name suggests) has a hot taste, a real eye-opener!

Even less familiar than peppermint, though, are the many other varieties of mint. Chocolate mint is just what it suggests. Rub the leaf between your fingers and it smells like chocolate, even tastes like chocolate mint. Fruity varieties include are pineapple mint, banana mint and apple mint. For a citrusy taste, sample orange mint, lemon mint, or lemon bergamot mint. There is even a variety known as eau de cologne mint. Each one has a distinct appearance, some of them beautiful enough to stand on their own in a vase.



Other members of the mint family might come as a surprise. The following are all members of the same botanical family as mint:

Lavender Patchouli

Lemon balm Hyssop

Basil Thyme

Sage Oregano

Rosemary Marjoram

Pennyroyal Catnip

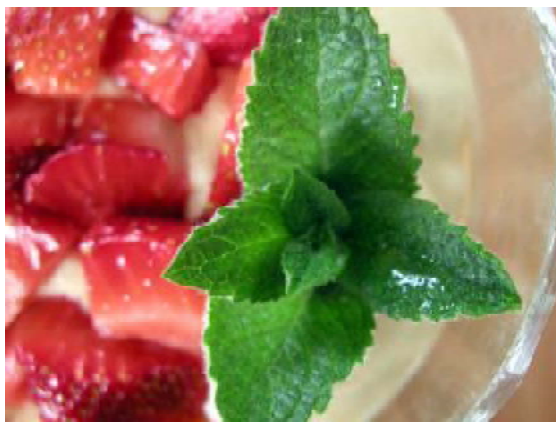
Coleus

Mint is a beautiful container plant. It does well with little care, either indoors or out. Outside, though, it spreads without control. If it is planted in a garden it should be grown in a pot that is then sunk into the ground.

Leaves can be snipped off as needed or harvested in larger amounts. Large amounts can be frozen or dried. A nice way to freeze is by placing leaves in an ice cube tray, filling with water and freezing. The cubes can then be added to flavor food, tea, or plain water. Mint can be dried on a wash line or indoors either in a microwave between paper towels, in a low oven or hanging in a warm, dry area.

In aromatherapy, mint is used to invigorate, to combat fatigue and exhaustion. It can also relieve nausea, headache, clear the sinuses, and possibly soothe asthma attacks. Mint spray (mint oil alone or combined with rose or lavender oil in water) is a wonderful room freshener. As a medicinal herb, usually in the form of a delicious tea, peppermint soothes the stomach, aids in digestion, relieves gas, and stimulates the appetite.

Mint's simple beauty can be enjoyed in many ways. It adds a fresh touch to a fresh bouquet of roses or lavender. Herbal bouquets of all mixtures perk up with mint. As a garnish--whether fresh, candied or chocolate-covered--mint has no match dressing up sweet dishes. A simple leaf adds the right touch to savory meals as well.



Humble but invaluable, mint should find a place somewhere in every home or garden, enjoyed for its many uses, its fragrance and its allure.

### **Refreshing Mint Recipes** --contributing editor Um Yaqoob

Moroccan Mint Tea (you will drink three cups, to be shared with good company)

The first glass is like life, bitter

The second is like love, sweet

And the third is like death, gentle.

boiling water

Gunpowder green tea (any green tea will work)

sugar

fresh mint

Put about ¼ cup green tea leaves in a brass pot with a thin, long spout. Add a few mint leaves and 10-12 tsp. sugar (this may be too much for Western tongues, so adjust accordingly). Next pour in 1 cup boiled water. Allow to steep for a few minutes, then pour the tea into a small glass (like a liqueur glass). Pour it back into the pot. Repeat this process several times to mix the tea. The tea is served by holding the pot high above the glasses, letting it fall with force to make bubbles in the tea.

(To see images of this, go to <http://www.moroccancaravan.com/> or click on "links" at <http://www.mataamfez-denver.com/> )

The first cup will be mostly tea, bitter.

Now add more sugar and water, but not more mint or tea.

The second cup will be sweeter from the sugar, less bitter from the tea.

Again, add more sugar and water, but use the same mint and tea.

The third cup will be milder and smoother than the other two.

### **Candied mint leaves**

Method number 1 (risky version):

Fresh mint leaves, untreated with pesticides, cooled in refrigerator

Egg white

Sugar

Wash mint leaves well and pat dry with a paper towel. Place napkins over a pan of ice and keep the leaves cool on the napkins as you work. (This keeps leaves from wilting.

Dip each leaf in egg white, then dip in sugar (can be colored with a drop of green food coloring) until leaf is completely coated.

Dry on wax paper in a warm unlit oven overnight. Store in covered container.

(Can also be used to crystalize small roses and rose petals)

**NOTE: This is an old recipe. It uses uncooked egg white. Due to the risk of salmonella contamination, these items should be consumed with caution, at your own risk! Just be careful and don't offer them to small children, the elderly or anyone with a weak immune system.**

Method number 2 (safer version):

Fresh mint leaves, untreated with pesticides, cooled in refrigerator

Acacia powder

Sugar

Water

Mix ½ cup water with 1 cup sugar. Cook over low heat until sugar has completely dissolved and mixture is a clear syrup. Allow syrup to cool slightly. Add 4 tsp. acacia powder and mix thoroughly (this mixture is known as **gum arabic**). Refrigerate.

Prepare leaves as in Method 1.

Dip each leaf in the gum arabic solution, using your finger to spread over the leaf to coat completely. Dry leaves on a rack in a warm, dry area. Turn after 12 hours and allow to dry completely. Store in covered container.

### **Creamy Mint Drink (West Africa)**

Evaporated milk

Mint syrup (can be found at gourmet shops or made from fresh mint boiled in water, then remove leaves, add sugar and green food coloring then boil down to a syrup)

Mix a small amount of mint syrup with the milk. Serve over ice.

### **Minty yogurt raita (India and Pakistan)**

Fresh mint

Cucumber

Yogurt

Salt

Chop fresh mint. Cut cucumber into small pieces. Add to yogurt, then salt to taste.

Good served with hot foods or on its own!

### **Aunt Grace's Mint Ice Tea**

Black tea bags (about 8)

Sugar to taste

Fresh spearmint leaves (about 10 or more, depending on taste)

1 can frozen lemonade

Make a strong infusion of black tea, brewing and sweetening it to your preference. Place mint leaves at bottom of tall glass picture; pour in cooled tea. Stir in lemonade concentrate. Let chill in fridge until ready to serve, at least 2-3 hours. Naturally, you can make this with decaf tea, but this is my aunt's classic summer cooler. We drank it by the gallon in Danvers, MA--summer after summer. One taste brings me back to that leafy backyard instantly!

### **Mint and Flower Ice Bowl (idea from CL Gardener Summer 2005)**

2 freezer-proof glass bowls that fit inside each other with about an inch of space between.

Mint sprigs

Flower petals or small flat blooms

Put about a half-inch ice water in bottom of larger bowl. Freeze until solid. Place smaller bowl on this icy base and "plant" mint sprigs and flowers in space between bowls. Fill space with cold water and weight down the inner bowl. Add crushed ice to submerge floating foliage and freeze until solid. To release bowl from the larger bowl, warm inner bowl with warm tap water and remove it, then the outer bowl. Place ice bowl on chilled plate to catch the drips—it should last for a few hours!



&&&&&&&&&&

### **Mint Limeade (makes one glass) (Amina)**

1 cup water

1 T sugar

2 1/2 T lime or lemon juice

1 tsp. rose water or to taste

2 mint leaves or to taste

ice cubes (optional)

Mix water and sugar together first and stir until sugar dissolves. Put in blender with other ingredients, including ice. Blend until frothy. Serve in glass with rim dipped in sugar.

If you do not mix the sugar and water together the lime prevents the sugar from dissolving. I like a lot of mint and a lot of rose water. (Rose water recipe coming, too)

% %

### **Lime and mint sorbet (adapted from CL Gardening Summer 2005)**

**4 fresh limes**

**1 cup sugar**

**½ cup chopped fresh mint**

Grate 1 Tbsp zest from limes, being careful not to get pith. Place in small saucepan with sugar and 2 ½ cups water. Heat gently until sugar is dissolved, forming a syrup. Simmer 5 min, remove from heat.

## Cantaloupe-Mint Soup

- 1 large ripe cantaloupe
- 1 cup fresh orange juice
- 1/2 cup plain yogurt
- 1/4 cup fresh spearmint

Cut the cantaloupe in half, remove seeds, scoop out flesh and put all of the ingredients in the food processor. Blend until smooth. Chill well and garnish with additional mint sprigs.

I won't tempt fate by writing this word for word...but here's the idea of this lovely warm-weather soup.

Melt 2 Tbsp olive oil and 2 Tbsp unsalted butter in a stockpot on MEDIUM. Add 1 chopped yellow onion, sauté for 2-3 min until soft but not browned. Add 6 cups shelled sweet peas and 5 cups stock (chicken). Salt and pepper to taste. Simmer 20 min; add 2 tsp chopped mint; remove from heat. Puree until smooth. Adjust seasonings.

Garnish with squiggles of creme fraiche. Serves 4.

Biro cookbook, (European-Inspired Cuisine) by Marcel Biro and Shannon Kring Biro

## Children's Corner



### A Dream of Wild Roses by Marcie McQuillan

Many years ago my mother led me through fields of tall grasses, to the edge of the woods, and into the secret world of wildflowers. She taught me their common names: Queen Anne's Lace, Adder's Tongue, Jack-in-the-Pulpit, Spring Beauty and the exquisitely simple white Trillium. We sang with delight when we spied the white Trillium's bolder-hued, though less often seen, crimson cousin. My mother taught me which wildflowers to pluck gently from their bed of leaves, and which to press with eager anticipation between the pages of an old telephone book and thin, gauzy sheets of facial tissue. She taught me which flowers to leave - untouched - in their hidden corners and which to gather into a cheerful nosegay to be placed in a Mason jar upon the kitchen table. Much reverence went into our gathering, but until I had children of my own, I did not realize how carefully preserved those moments were in my memory.

I am my mother's only daughter. At one time or another, each of my three brothers must have rambled along on those wildflower walks, only to be distracted by the mysteries of the creek bed, or the ruins of a nearly forgotten summer screen house. I doubt they knew the names of many of my familiar friends, except perhaps the Jack-in-the-Pulpit with whom they had a nodding acquaintance. Only my mother and I were really aware of the wildflower world, which thrived, rich and lush, within the nooks and crannies of the ordinary world. She and I spoke as if the pixie inhabitants of that diminutive realm were only imaginary, but there was no doubt that both of our hearts believed in their existence.

All these years later, my heart still believes. I now have two daughters of my own, and two small sons who appreciate the wonder of sunshine and blue skies. They pull chives for an afternoon snack and chat amiably with the caterpillar in residence on the fennel. Each of my children has the soul of a true gatherer if the feathers, rocks and shells in our home are any indication. *Tenacious yet delicate. Lovely yet slightly unruly. As hungry for rain as for sunlight.* These phrases might be used to describe my children, as well as the wildflowers which we gather together.

Though we don't have a forest of our own to wander through, we live across the cow pasture from a tiny

## Children

picturesque lake. Beyond the fields of Blue-eyed Grass and cheerful Buttercups, I have discovered a Wild Rose bush, with an abundance of fragrant blossoms, amid the tangle of cedar at the water's edge. Maybe this year, my daughters and I will fill a basket with petals to make rose water. I can remember so clearly the times that I spent with my mother, gathering petals from the old fashioned rose bush that sheltered one of my favorite hideaways. I remember soaking and straining those velvet pink petals to make a scented water, poignantly sweet, like a dream of wild roses. It was a recipe for sharing magic: *One drop for an idyllic hour; sprinkle generously for memories that linger a lifetime.*



John Singer Sargent's Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose

## Jenny Walton Page (Summer Memories)

My Mom was just full to the brim with family stories--her stories, which were true accounts, as true as her memory would allow--they involved family, her side of the family, the Swedes, in Chicago, and my Dad's side in Phoenix. I was the most willing of listeners. I had questions, questions, questions. I loved hearing about all the minutia of their lives that were quite "daily," but at the same time, so special to me. And photographs...my grandmother was a photograph collector, so I'd have faces to go with the names. Too, I grew up in the same neighborhood (the same street actually: 6528 N. Richmond Street !) as my Mom did, so I could easily put my imagination into the very scene she was talking about. Too, when we moved from the city to the suburbs when I was 6, I spent every summer back at my grandmother's house in the city, sleeping in the wonderful summer porch in the back of the house, with my cousins, or alone, and loving it. In retrospect, how odd! People leave the city in droves in the summertime for places like the northern suburbs and beyond, but not me: I packed my suitcase and traveled from the northern suburb that was to be my home until I married--into the hot city to be with gram and the people I remembered from my very early years. I guess you can tell I enjoyed a simple but wonderful childhood, for which I am forever grateful.

Now, a grandmother (!!!) myself, called Mormor (Swedish for mother's mother) by my grandson Liam (Irish for William)--I'm filling this home of ours in Wisconsin with memories of Richmond Street: my grandmother's silverplate--I had a few pieces that were hers, and did a search and found the pattern name (Ancestral by Rogers Brothers--how appropriate, "Ancestral"!-- and now I have 30 place settings of it! thanks to Ebay and some wonderful sellers.

I found that the one figurine that I adored playing with (although I was told "no" I couldn't keep my hands off of her: it turns out that she is a vintage piece from Florence Pottery in California (thank you Ebay, again) and she (her name, written into the porcelain, is, no kidding, ELLEN) is pretty much worse for wear by my illicit handling of her. Florence figurines were affordable collectibles in the forties and fifties, and grandma's ELLEN Florence is now in my library. I felt bad that she didn't have a friend or two, so I bought 3 on Ebay, all of them not "mint" but that's why I love them--so now I have my ELLEN and 3 others and I think of them as my "Little Women." And...table linens from the thirties and forties--my grandmother had so many of these, her table was always so beautifully set, when she had "her ladies" over for Canasta, coffee and her marvelous Swedish baked goods every week--her coffee was the best I've ever known, her baking was only outdone by that of her sister, Tully, my great aunt who lived on the next block.



## Tangled in Tatting



[Click pictures with blue borders to enlarge](#)

## Tangled in Tatting

**Contributing Editor Um Yaqoob**

My mother, master knitter and crochet artist, cringed at any suggestion of teaching me to tat.



"Oh, no. Anything but tatting. I tried to learn to tat when I was a girl. I'd get so frustrated with the tangled knots I'd throw the shuttle across the room."

This scenario (backed up with identical anecdotes from others which always ended in a shuttle becoming airborne), did little to stir a desire in me to learn the art of rounds and picots. I admired delicate handkerchief edgings and exquisite doilies from afar, never brave enough to challenge tatting's reputation. The sight of a pair of lacy tatted earrings, though, was enough to convince me I *had* to learn this delicate art even at the risk of losing my sanity!

I didn't even own a tatting shuttle, so I started with needle tatting. I had found a website full of beautiful tatted cards and set a goal of making one as a beginner's project to learn the basics before I took on the earrings.

Printouts from the internet in front of me, I clumsily attempted to wrap the thread the right way around my hand. I sat for hours trying to make my fingers look like the fingers in the illustrations. I held the thread wrong. I pulled too soon. I lost track of stitch counts. My mother was right, I thought, as I felt the frustration rise in my throat.



## Tangled in Tatting



Then I made my first perfect round, then a chain of daisy-like rings. The delicate elegance emanating from my own hands turned me instantly into an addict. I tatted bracelets for my daughters that same evening. I finished the card, which I sent to my mother.

"More power to ya'!" was her reply.

Known to the French as "frivolité," tatting has knotted admirers for centuries. Tatted laces made of gold thread and set with precious stones covered goblets and decorated altars in ancient cultures. The art was also known to the ancient Egyptians and Chinese.

Tatting's popularity in Europe reached such a peak in the sixteen century that shuttles became prized possessions. Maria Theresa, the Queen of Austria, was given five shuttles as wedding presents. Later, in the form of Irish lace, it provided a livelihood which saved many from starvation during the Potato Famine of the nineteenth century. The craft even merits mention in *Gone with the Wind*: "She [Melanie] held a line of tatting in her hands and she was driving the shining needle back and forth as furiously as though handling a rapier in a duel."

Sailors on boats whiled away the hours tatting—just a delicate step down from their daily tasks tying knots. Many men came home from sea with exquisite tablecloths they had made with their own hands.



A natural "tatted" work of art even exists in nature in the form of *Athyrium filix-femina* 'Frizelliae': the tatting fern. The leaves resemble the picoted rings of tatting. The plant was discovered in 1857 by a Mrs Frizell in 1857 in County Wicklow, Ireland: "It grew between two boulders so fast and with so little soil, that it was with great difficulty my husband removed it," she commented.

## Tangled in Tatting

Many tatters and even those who do not tat collect tatting shuttles. Beautifully carved ivory, bone, horn, tortoise shell, metals including gold and silver, wide varieties of wood and abalone have all been used to make shuttles. Even modern shuttles have been transformed into works of art.



Beyond hankies and doilies, a whole other world of tatting exists. Jewelry, bookmarks, absolute works of art spring from the fingers of talented tatters throughout the world.



Recently, a shuttle-less, needle-less method of tatting has been revived. A special crochet hook is used to form the rings. This method is less intimidating to most crocheters and gives more control. Of course, beautiful hand carved wooden hooks have followed!

## Tangled in Tatting



The delicate art of tatting, whether passed from grandmother to mother to daughter or through books and websites, lingers as a gentle breath from the past, confirming it as a worthy way to spend the hours, knotting



away troubles and satisfying both heart and eye.



Many thanks to all the tatters who contributed photos and information to this piece. Express permission was granted for the following images to be used in this article (photos listed from beginning to end of article):

Hands tatting, Living History Farms

[www.lhf.org](http://www.lhf.org)

Handkerchief edged with tatting, Georgia Seitz

[www.georgiaseitz.com](http://www.georgiaseitz.com)

Tatted flower basket, Barbara Foster, Handy Hands, Inc.

[www.hhtatting.com](http://www.hhtatting.com)

Photo of and information on tatting fern, Sally Magill, Ring of Tatters

[www.ringoftatters.org.uk](http://www.ringoftatters.org.uk)

Rainbow shuttles, Chris Parsons

[www.lace-bobbins.co.uk](http://www.lace-bobbins.co.uk)

CD2000 project "Pomegranate" Deborah Robinson (tatted by Marjorie Hanson)

<http://freespace.virgin.net/deborah.robinson/cd2000.htm>

Grape bookmark, Kathy Lowe. Original design by Mlle. Riego, adapted by Martha Ess

<http://home.pacbell.net/jlowe2/kathy/Work>

Tatted white rose, Sherry Townsend

<http://celticdreamweaver.com>

Cro-tat daisy bullion edging and hand carved wooden hook, MaryM.

<http://www.geocities.com/mountainhome1999>

Elderly woman teaching tatting to younger woman and closeup of hands, Bittersweet, Inc.

[www.bittersweetozarks.org](http://www.bittersweetozarks.org)

To view some lovely tatting shuttles, go to:

<http://stitchnframe.home.att.net/victoriantattingshuttles.jpg>

<http://www.davidreedsmith.com/Shuttles>

[http://www.needleworkantiques.com/\\_6298\\_-\\_tortoise\\_tatting\\_shuttle\\_web.jpg](http://www.needleworkantiques.com/_6298_-_tortoise_tatting_shuttle_web.jpg)

[http://www.needleworkantiques.com/\\_6280\\_abalone\\_tatting\\_shuttle\\_.html](http://www.needleworkantiques.com/_6280_abalone_tatting_shuttle_.html)

<http://www.morninggloryantiques.com/imagesLZ/Tatting/ts30.jpg>

[http://www.lacis.com/catalog/data/n\\_tatting.html](http://www.lacis.com/catalog/data/n_tatting.html)

# Victorian Adventure



Ellen and Karla

Take Depoe Bay:

by Ellen Panfil

Part I is dedicated to my dear husband, Randy, who volunteered to clean my car, inside and out, the day before my journey. This itself is gracious. However, he also lovingly arranged a multi-colored fan of roses upon the passenger seat, along with small packages of Cary's toffee (the finest, softest toffee anywhere). What a white knight this man is.

With roses, toffee, and a book-on-tape for company, I set out on the road in my trusty Toyota Corolla. First on my list of places to go, people to see, was \*KARLA\*. This would be my first time meeting her and my second time meeting a Victorienne (Stephanie in WA was the first)!

I made a several hours long ride North along I-5 and then cut West, all within my home state of Oregon. My destination was Depoe Bay, a place I had never been to before. It is a small coastal town situated nicely between the larger towns of Lincoln City and Newport. Depoe Bay has bragging rights for being the home of the world's smallest harbor.

It was afternoon when I destinated, pulled into the parking lot of the Surfrider Hotel, where I would stay until I determined that Karla was female and not a psycho-killer (as my Sister-In-Law worries, saying "I can't believe Randy lets you do that [meet these strangers]!") Karla knows that I mean all of this in the best possible way. Anyhow, what was I saying...?

Yes... I arrived at Surfrider. On these grounds would be my shot for a rare and coveted sighting of the elusive, red-plumed "Karla" of MissingBliss fascination. As I proceeded to check into the hotel, I realized that I couldn't find my KEYS. I discovered that I had locked them in the car, where they sat serenely out in the open for all the world to steal... I mean, see... in the passenger seat (no, I'm not paranoid... why do you ask?). Travel-worn, I slumped down into a hotel lobby chair without a speck of Victoria-esque grace. There I sat in my gray, paint-splattered, too-short sweatpants (not pretty but comfortable for driving and worthy of Chevron stations) while I waited for the locksmith to arrive. I phoned Karla to let her know that I had arrived. We would meet in the hotel lobby after I had freshened up in my hotel room. Dinner would come next.

Forty-five minutes or more later, I was still in my grungy garb waiting for the delinquent car door opener/man when Karla and her husband, Dennis, pulled up. This sweet, dear red-head-in-a-pony-tail-and-all-smiles came through the doors and we embraced, cooing in our happiness to finally meet! Dennis, a warm and friendly, outgoing man, immediately began to see what he could do about my car keys situation. The locksmith finally did arrive. Thirty dollars later, we all drove over to the quarter of the hotel where my room was located. Dennis waited in the car with a bright green cast on his arm (due to carpal-tunnel surgery) as Karla helped me drag my belongings up a flight of stairs and into my abode. She enjoyed the fine ocean vista from my room while I changed clothes, brushed my hair, and powdered my nose. Under one car roof, we all took off to a Depoe Bay restaurant





situated among a quaint string of shops which fairly linked arms facing the ocean. The shoreline is only two traffic lanes and a quite steep drop away from their doors. Only two lanes away, the ocean, itself, is seen vast and generous, wide and stretching back as far as the eye can see.

I can't remember the name of the restaurant we dined at. It may have been The Sea Hag. I only hold this name in mind because, as I type, I have a Sea Hag receipt next to me scrounged from the depths of my purse, which claims that I ate \$20.45 worth of food.

Anyhow, I was to quickly learn that Dennis is an extremely patient man. He contentedly strolls, reads, or sleeps while Karla and I shop. However, on this first day, she and I only went into a few of the boutiques. They were among the ones that were lined up so neatly, toe-to-toe, facing the sea. One shop featured glass: glass balls, vases, and other colorful trinkets that were blown, or otherwise created, in a local glass factory (as I recall). At the counter, there was a container holding small, smooth, randomly shaped pieces of colorfully patterned glass. Karla peered at the bit-sized works of art and, seeing one that held in it "her" colors, she took the piece of glass and turned it around in her hand admiringly, wondering how it might be used as jewelry. I agreed: it was beautiful. The glass shone with sunlight-yellow, red-orange, and deep pink streams of color that ran in and out of each other creating a stunning wash of brilliant hues. Although she did not then purchase the piece, it stayed on her mind until, a day or two later, she returned to rescue the treasure. The last I heard, this oblong piece of glasswork was destined to become part of a barrette, gracing the sunset tresses of "Karla In The Desert."



I did not know then that Karla collects dragonfly items! While browsing, Karla asked to see a dragonfly brooch behind the counter in a different shop. Her taste was impeccable. The pin was stunning. This bronze/green dragonfly piece is now perched permanently beside its rightful owner. Just the other day, I saw a dragonfly flitting in the parking lot and immediately thought of Karla.



After finishing our light shopping, which was curtailed by the late hour of the day, we went to Karla's condo that overlooks the ocean. It was a very comfortable place with a fantastic view of the waters. By the end of our evening, I had taken up my Hostess' gracious offer to accommodate me in their spare bedroom over my next two days in Depoe Bay. Over these days, the condo would see a plethora of whimsical snapshots taken at the lace-covered dining table (while Karla and I modeled over-the-top garden party style hats), many glasses of densely rich chocolate milk made (while Karla looked on with astonishment as the milky hue grew ever, ever darker as I stirred), as well as plenty of reading material and photos from home pored over by two very happy ladies. The next day would bring these delights and many others, including antiquing and visiting Newport's famous Aquarium.



That night, Karla drove me back to my Surfrider room to get some sleep. I would meet her and Dennis the next morning at their condo. Dropping me off, Karla waited and watched for my safety as I shuffled the rest of my things from my car to the room. Since I knew that Dennis was filling the Jacuzzi tub with hot water for Karla's bath back at the condo, I handed her all but one of my wilting roses so that she might have a glorious bath strewn with petals. I kept a red stem to myself, planning to take advantage of my own jet tub. However, I soon forgot all about flowers as I shut myself into the room, read and soaked in the bath, watch TV (cable.. oh, my!!!), and went to bed much, much too late.

I awoke in the morning... much too late, also. I quickly bathed and readied myself trying to be on time. While hastily carrying and depositing luggage and bags aplenty from my room to my car, I finally noticed a single red rose lying against the dark black pavement of the parking lot. My rose. It had fallen from my overburdened arms last night.

I wondered. I looked at what suddenly seemed to be a dramatic, mysterious sight and wondered to myself in curiosity: what kind of portrait might this scenario evoke for the stranger who stumbles across this flower? What kind of story might a passerby create for himself to explain the sight of the lone red rose against the blacktop? Would it seem a possible expression of romance spurned? Might it be imagined as but a single strand loosed and tumbled from a bride's clutched bouquet as she was suddenly upswept into her husband's arms, readied for the threshold? I left it where it lay, to be a muse of mystery.



Day Two: The morning of my second day in Depoe Bay, I left my hotel room and arrived at Karla and Dennis' condo by the sea. I learned that Karla had, indeed, soaked among roses in her tub last night. Moreover, kept intact, the blooms had followed her right out of the tub and into a vase, where they were looking quite content when I arrived. The roses didn't seem to have minded their trek whatsoever.

We all went out for breakfast at a nice little diner whose name only my co-adventurer can possibly provide at this point(!). It overlooked the town's famous harbor (which is the smallest in the country [or is it the world... Karla?]). Karla and Dennis know the owner there quite well. Every time they arrive in town, the proprietor makes sure that their favorite soup there is prepared.... some sort of bisque. While we had breakfast that morning, we were assured that it would be on the menu tomorrow.

The first thing we did was go to an expansive, two-level store in nearby Newport. It is one of Karla's favorite places to kick around in, for shopping, when at the coast. The lower-level was the first that we combed through, at my request. It was filled exclusively with antiques/collectibles. Here, we split up... to each her own and at her own pace! I went carefully up and down each side of every row methodically, my gaze intent and flickering over all that was to be had before stepping another leg ahead. Typically, if I see an item of interest, I make a note of it's location so that I can return. However, if I'm getting mental hives by the notion that someone might scoop it up while I'm on tour, I carry it with me.

Karla's method... I'm not sure. I wasn't there. For the most part, we were each doing our own thing, occasionally crisscrossing or pointing out a "find." It's funny: different friends have different ways of shopping together. Personally, I favor the divide and conquer-what-interests-you method. Each person does her own thing, collecting thoughts and items mentally and physically, sharing with the other person as they are moved to. However, I once went shopping with my Sister-In-Law who did not know this style of browsing. While I said, "Feel free to look at whatever you like..." she was one step behind my every move. Dear girl. That's all right, though. My way is surely baffling to others who wonder how friends can possibly go "shopping together" when they are not TOGETHER. I will leave that question to the great minds of our Age while I continue forth.

With nothing in hand (boo-hoo), I made contact with Karla then climbed the stairs back up to the top level to begin looking at its craft supplies (Karla was still antiquing). There was yarn, scrapbook paper, fabric, rubber stamps, etc... I browsed with less intensity here and ended up buying just a few relatively inexpensive items. I bought two sheets of blue patterned scrapbook paper that I thought pretty, although I do not even dabble in scrapbook-making. Yet, if I see a small thing of beauty, it is not necessary to me that it always serve a "functional" purpose. To be made joyful by a scrap of paper or a lovely piece of glass (Karla's) is to be the happy beneficiary of small, potent joys often. These pleasures are reminiscent of what Victoria provided: moments of beauty, exploration, and inspiration. I bought a rubber stamp. It portrays a long, sweeping bouquet held by a generous ribbon. Most people would say that the flowers are lavender. I agree with them. However, there is a quality to this inky image which, to my eyes, doesn't limit it to lavender alone. Though I don't know the proper name of any other flower it might render, the budded figure seems to lend itself to more than one interpretation.

As I was being rung up at the counter for these items, a call came out over the loudspeaker, "Ellen to the front registers, Ellen to the front registers." I laughed aloud. I WAS at the front registers. Where was Karla? In a moment she appeared, ascending the stairs to join me.

Finished with panning the craft and antique wares, we waited for Dennis, who had been trolling about the city looking for a good minivan to buy, to make contact. He had reappeared at the store earlier, after dropping us off, with a new vehicle and its requisite saleslady in tow. Apart from that, we had been on our own.

Fortuitously, only a few minutes went by before we were all united again and heading for the Oregon coast's famous aquarium.

This, I was especially excited about. Karla and Dennis had been to the aquarium before. I had not. It was very

quiet there when we arrived mid-afternoon to see what we could see.

At least a few of the rooms hosting sea life seemed to be laid out similarly, containing a large focal point in the center, surrounded by a perimeter of much smaller shelves and cases of animals along the walls. The feature in one room was an array of anemones, sea cucumbers, and starfish in a shallow waterbed that everyone could touch. Another room had a tremendous, oblong, floor-to-ceiling body of water containing large starfish. Some of them were mammoth, nearly as big as a cafe table.

The focal point of another room was a large, vertical cylinder of water in which the "Moon Jelly" lived. This was already one of Karla's favorite attractions and came to be one of mine also (at least in the case of invertebrates!). These simple but fantastic creatures were wondrous to see and, especially, to watch.

From the top, a moon jelly appears white and round, similar in appearance to a 15-inch wide, round light fixture that you might find on the ceiling. Additionally, however, this creature has a four leaf clover-looking outline in the center of it's top. Viewed from above, it's edges gently curve downward, turning into scallop shapes when seen from the side. From the edges hang long, fine "hairs." Karla and I agreed that a moon jelly quite resembles an eye lashed-trimmed, scalloped lampshade! On some, the clover pattern was faintly cast with a purplish hue, coming from the underside, I expect. On the underside of the "lampshade," there was matter (which looked like a mass of "ruffled greens" in the produce section... minus the chlorophyll) tinged purple. The moon jelly moves through life, literally, by expanding and contracting it's way through the water. It is almost surreal to watch them slowly and gracefully "puff, puff" through their aqueous space in this way, inducing us to just stand and gaze while time falls away. Dozens of moon jellies inhabited this cylindrical display and Karla and I stood there watching them dance.

We went further and stepped finally out into the open air. Here were the sites for the seals, sea lions, sea otters, puffins, and other birds. The tanks are built so that the onlooker can see not only the top of the water (and anything that peers up through it!), but an underwater view, which is made possible by the glass which envelops a side of each pool. With this feature, we watched seals and sea lions swim, torpedo-like, beneath the water's surface. They seem to be palpably enjoying themselves as they sailed speedily this way and that, sometimes on their backsides, their eyes sometimes shut! We watched an otter push through the water on his back again and again. Another floated contentedly, the full arch of his back seen submerged. We watched birds dive underwater and swim by flapping their wings instead of just paddling their feet!

After enjoying these sights, we came back inside the aquarium's roofed quarters and went to the site which I had most eagerly anticipated all along: the shark tunnel. There is a three-part, intermittent, tunneled section where one walks surrounded on every side by glass and the creatures that swim behind it. It is a hall where, in one section, sharks glide past at every turn: below your feet, over your head, everywhere. (I've heard that some kids have really freaked out over this.) I loved it. Now, fortunately or not, the aquarium was not exactly housing "Jaws," but the sharks, now smaller...now larger..., came and went with all their unmistakable "sharkiness" quite intact.

Along these halls, too, in the space between glass corridors, were some small pieces of art on the wall. Oceanic scenes, portrayed by an interesting multitude of colorful fabrics and quilt-like figures, had Karla fingering the walls immediately, absorbed in their detail.

Finally, we left to return to the restful familiarity of the condo. We sat down, rested, looked at books, magazines, and albums from home. The ocean view, as always, was right outside. Karla might have made some coffee. I certainly made my trademark chocolate milk: black as night, nearly rivaling the tone of Karla's brew.

At some point, I hauled out hats I had decorated a couple of years ago during a "garden-party-hat-phase" I was going through. I was taking them to Washington to add to a friend's garage sale. Like two little girls, Karla and I played with them, trying them on, posing at the lace-graced dining room table behind a teapot filled with yellow sunflowers, taking photos. I hear that the pictures have turned out very nicely. (Perhaps after her tea party this weekend, we can coax some photo posts out of her.) Karla also has two new hats!

That day at the aquarium, I bought Randy a souvenir t-shirt. It is orange with a navy blue picture of an octopus with matching lettering that reads, "Octopus Wrestling: Oregon Coast Aquarium." Truth be told, the only

creature of this kind I saw that day was a tiny "red octopus," that was nestled gently on the floor of it's home, its head down low with all "wrestling arms" piled in slumber. At least, that is what Karla and I imagined he was doing. It looked to be the case. The sweet fellow was sawing Zzzzz's just as my husband is doing now.

### Part III, The Finale

My final day in Depoe Bay, Oregon, was navigated by Karla and me alone. Karla's husband, Dennis, had decided to let the day be one of relative solitude and he stayed back at the condo for a quiet day spent indoors, the ocean only a gaze away. With the usual morning dallying before departure and today's donning of two homemade garden-party hats, Karla and I finally began to navigate the short distance to Newport, where the day's excursions laid. First on our agenda was a site not only historic but, for Karla, highly nostalgic, as she was married there: the Yaquina Bay Lighthouse. In terms of lighthouses, it is different from what one would usually expect. Instead of being a tall, cylindrical tower, this lighthouse is a large, almost Victorian looking home. Not every lighthouse incorporates work and living quarters for it's attendant under the same roof, but this one did. Built in 1871, the two-story abode seems a mere family residence but for it's one certain oddity on the rooftop: a barrel structure which housed the essential beacon of light guiding sea vessels in it's day. Looking upon the white house, the front has three small windows set high and in a row just below the gray edge of the roof above, each with toffee-brown shutters held flush against the face of the dwelling. A small archway with gingerbread



woodwork on it's brow shelters and escorts visitors to the door. There are two windows placed to each side of this centrally positioned entrance. Larger than their upstairs neighbors, they are still identically outfitted in toasty brown shutters tailored just for them.

The Yaquina Bay Lighthouse was operational for only three years and during that time housed a family of nine. Now restored, staffed by volunteers, and furnished with household furniture, functional and decorative items that are reminiscent of the period in which the lighthouse operated, a visit there is an excursion into history.

Upon entering, a long hall stretched out directly in front of us with rooms on either side. We entered the first room on the left and were warmly greeted by a volunteer hostess of the lighthouse. We were in the Dining Room. It was a small space whose main occupant was a dining table set with blue and white china, candles, napkins and flatware upon a tablecloth. On one side was a generous front-facing window that looked seaward. The opposite wall had a fireplace built into it and next to that, higher up, an attractive cupboard whose shelves were graced with dishes, goblets, and such, all seen through clear panes. The fireplace mantel was tastefully decorated with alternating starfish and sand dollars. Above this, however, hung a very curious piece of art.

Upon the wall was a gold, ornately framed shadowbox which, inside, featured an impressive example of a craft known more intimately in Victorian times: hair art. Call it quaint or what you will, but it seems that our fore-mothers and sisters collected hair from hairbrushes and worked it, with impressive finesse, into three-dimensional flowers, leaves, butterflies, loops, ringlets, and other shapes and motifs. Sometimes the work was associated with mourning, representing a kind of keepsake, as was the case with certain wreaths in which hair art from the recently deceased might be added to an existing piece of work. Yet, mourning alone was not the reason behind the whole of this art.



The piece upon which I found myself staring in the Yaquina Bay Lighthouse consisted of a cross, assumably fashioned out of wood, which was adorned with a bounty of blooms, a butterfly of impressive size (complete with antennae), and other woodland shapes... all composed of hair. Different shades were used. The large flowers, for instance, were primarily composed of one shade of lock, yet were

aesthetically enhanced by incorporating a darker hue well inside the rim of each petal, accentuating its shape with flair. While the workmanship and mastery of the medium by these ladies must be acknowledged as fantastic, the modern day viewer is most likely either intrigued and lured closer by the handiwork or disgusted with the phenomenon (thinking of ancient DNA preserved in the oddest "attractive" way), or, perhaps, both. I had never seen this form of craft before, but later learned more about it as well as the fact that "hair art" is still practiced today by skilled workers. One may further investigate its history and methods by visiting [www.victorianhairartists.com](http://www.victorianhairartists.com) or <http://victorianhairjewelry.com>. Next, across the hall, we visited the Sitting Room in which Karla and her husband were married. It was a wonderfully quaint and charming parlor, brimming with the character of an earlier time. One can imagine a family, their friends, and community occupying the room. It spoke of great warmth and pleasant activity. It would seem that there was always something ready to occupy one's heart and hands in this room. That day, the room contained a modest piano, spinning wheel, fireplace, writing desk, chairs, a small couch, side table, and a few other, smaller items. There was a front window in this room, too, large and broad, facing the ocean. Well chosen items were placed tastefully about: a book spread out on the desk with an ample, pretty oil lamp set directly behind it,



shells adorning the mantelpiece, a large framed painting of a vessel at sea, a family photograph atop the piano, and pieces of china adding a bit of grace. The room spoke both of possible solitude and hearty camaraderie. With such furnishings, there would have been opportunity for reading and writing at the desk, warming oneself from coastal mist and fog at the fire, productive spinning at the wheel, sitting and chatting with friends over tea on the couch, and bouts of merry music making and song with family and guests at the piano to ferry spirits over the gray cast days. There were many other rooms to peer into. They were small by today's standards but functional with an attractive, spare aesthetic that is not often seen today. Also, almost every room in the house had at least one window. The pleasure, for me, was in the details of each room. The kitchen had a hand pump for drawing water and a black old-fashioned stove, along with other faithful stewards of the past among them. The bedrooms, upstairs, were each a little different. In one of them, a sewing machine and rocker had been placed not far from the bed. Another bedroom boasted a fireplace of its own. Upon its mantel was placed a gesture of nature, put there by someone whose eyes had had the gift of seeing beautiful Possibility in the simplest of things. There lay propped a large, wide strip of thick bark, like a piece of dark brown husk from a palm tree. This piece, possessing a gentle, natural curve and grace, gave the impression of a ship's sail... one with a mildly wind-fringed top. The beds had simple, unassuming bed frames and beautiful old quilts laid upon them. Mattresses were notably sunken and one may wonder how well they kept the bed bugs from biting! One more steep flight of steps led up to a single, last room and no more. This was the lighthouse watcher's abode: the Watch Room. It was a very cramped space with room only for a bunk to lay upon and a desk to work at during the night. Above these quarters, of course, lay the unseen lantern room. The stairs in this house were small and steep. Karla, usually ahead of me when we were descending and behind me when we were climbing up, came to be somewhat wary of her compromised position as I repeatedly misstepped and stumbled along, laughing. After a short descent into the basement, which now serves as a gift shop, we had finished our tour. On our way out, the lighthouse hostess was somewhat surprised, but relieved, to see that we remained in the house as she had been watching our garden-party hats for us while we roamed. She was also positively thrilled to see how much time we had spent exploring the place, giving it more than a mere dusting sweep of the eyes. We were glad, too. Next, we did a little shopping, bobbing in and out of some of the stores in Newport. However, the most memorable treasures we found during this second half of our day out cost us nothing.... well, almost nothing. There was a quarter-hungry telescope ready to gaze out to sea, through whose lens I was straining to find sea-lions. The odd thing was that I could only see the flipper of an animal sticking straight out of the water and nothing else. What did this mean? We wondered until a clerk in a nearby shop enlightened us: the sea lions were "sailing." These animals simply throw out an "arm" and use it as a mast in order to waft about among the gentle waves. What a life! There is a location, at least one, in Newport where the seals and sea lions hang out close to the buildings on the ocean side of the street. There, they congregate in throngs underneath a boardwalk where onlookers lean against the railing, looking down at the animal spectacle

below. The size and antics of these creatures is amazing... and entertaining. Despite the beginning of a drizzle on this gray day, we persisted in trying to find this special place. Karla had visited it before and I was determined to see it, too. Finally, we found it, arriving to join a small crowd of people gazing upon the raucous bunch of animals below them, which rested in dozens on wooden plank "runways." The sea lions were VERY concerned with what we might call "personal space." They were very territorial. The more alert of the dozing bunch would bark, jeer, and lunge at each other, especially at any "intruder" who simply wanted to get out of the water and occupy a section of the plank. Even those established on their own bit of space might argue with their seemingly inoffensive neighbor, hollering with mouths gaping wide open. A great deal of the sea lions, however, dozed in huddles, piled up together with an heads overlapping necks, necks upon rumps, bodies touching on every side. One of these massive sea mammals had a tooth which jutted out prominently from his set of pearly-whites. We called him "Snaggletooth." He was usually balking at the fellow next to him. The typical sea lion wail sounds something like, "EEEERRRRRRRRFT!!!" (My dog, Butternut, has a bellowing call so akin to this that I have always recognized the similarity of her singing voice to the vocals of the sea lion.) Karla and I gleefully watched another massive sea lion who, having laid down comfortably amid the others, had let his head hang off the edge of the board he rested upon, partially submerging it in the water. Not unsettled by this in the least, this sea lion went right on snoozing, face dunked, and blowing air bubbles as he exhaled. It was hilarious. We called him, "Bubble blower. After the sea lions, our second free treat came in the form of ruffled pansies in a shop's window box. We were astonished! Ruffled petunias, yes, but never had we seen this characteristic in a pansy! They looked typical except for the full, boisterous skirt of ruffles about their perimeter. They were not garnished with waves or swirls but tight, generous frills. It was another memorable sighting of the day and we were tickled by this novelty. Finally, it was time to return home and so we did. We had had a long day and it was wonderful. Back at the condo, we enjoyed our last evening together until bedtime. In the morning, I knew I had a long journey ahead of me and so packed my bags into my little silver Toyota, preparing to go. The three days that I spent with Karla turned two Victorianne acquaintances into glad friends who now share memories and, Lord-willing, the promise of more to come. Such was the result of two kindred spirits who found a common love of life and it's beauties spoken to in a nook called MissingBliss. Such proves that the essence of "Victoria" has a true heart which has never skipped a beat.

