

Carleton Wilburn Potter, DVM

A Community Servant and Dad

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**The “Ageless” Veterinarian  
of  
Homer’s Lighthouse Hill**

~~~

**we celebrate his 90 years
June 14, 2008**

bernard w potter

Preface

Between these covers is a documentary of a gentleman, Carleton Wilburn Potter, who has endeared himself to his family, his community and his profession. As he now has reached the age of ninety years and is still full of "*pep, vim and vigor*", it is time for him to sit back, if he'll take a few moments, "*smell the roses and bask in the sunshine*" that others have to say about him.

Several pages of quotes by our Dad and Mother in letters written to our Grandmother Potter, as Carleton was in his "*formative*" years, lay a foundation and prediction for his eventual life of service.

His children have written it all so well—pictures thru the years tell it perhaps better than words — and I, his brother, have embellished our story with more memories.

With that brief introduction, let us get on with the business at hand—the exciting life story, to this date, of Carleton Wilburn Potter. bwp 4-23-08



Carleton Wilburn Potter

circa - 1928



Carleton and Marian Potter *c. 1920*

CWP

Dear Diary: It is March 29, 2003, a day after my (bwp) eighty-first birthday. I really like to call them anniversaries as each one of us has but one birthday. Got to thinking this morning that I have never written much about my older brother, **Carleton Wilburn Potter**, born June 14, 1918. Some call him "Doc", others "Carl", but the family always called him Carleton—late years I address him as "CW".

Yesterday he had surgery to replace his right hip. So now I have two brothers in the Cortland Memorial Hospital. Makes me wonder if I want to open the doors down there as they might try to keep me! A pm visit found him recovering perfectly and ready for the next step which will be in the rehab and therapy, probably by Monday.

Carleton is four years my senior. His stature must have received genes from our mother. I don't believe he ever weighed more than 130 pounds soaking wet, nor taller than 5'5". However what he never had in size was made up in quickness, agility and smarts. I remember he and Kermit Lockwood putting on the boxing gloves in the dusty basement of the old Truxton High School. They put on quite a show for quickness and toughness. Carleton and I used to wrestle on the cow barn floor—just for fun, of course. He handled me very easily—my alibi, I was 4 years younger! As a youth he was active in the 4-H, Boy Scouts, the Grange and the Epworth League in our Methodist church. He played Grandfather Potter's clarinet, went on to perform in the ten-square Big Red Marching Band at Cornell where he studied and received his degree as Doctor of Veterinary Medicine in 1940.

In some of my earlier writings I have mentioned about Carleton being run over by a wagon loaded with wood, horses running away as he was using the dump rake and his sledding down hill back of our home and running into the stacked empty milk cans. To sum it all up—CWP was always eager to delve into the unknown, willing to take chances — just for the challenge. I, much his opposite.

As a young veterinarian he worked for others in New Hampshire and Mass. for a short time. In 1943 he struck out for himself by buying Aunt Carrie Allport's house at 87 South Main Street in Homer (now Bill and Jean Cadwallader's) and set up his own large and small animal practice—mostly large in those days.

I repeat, Carleton is a mover! This story came to me by my parents. When working in New England he brought home to Truxton a lovely young home economics teacher to meet dad and mother. They had only arrived a few minutes, the young lady was out of hearing range, when Carleton blurted out, "How do you like her?!" Her name was Marian Julia Wightman, a 1940 Cornell graduate of Home Economics.

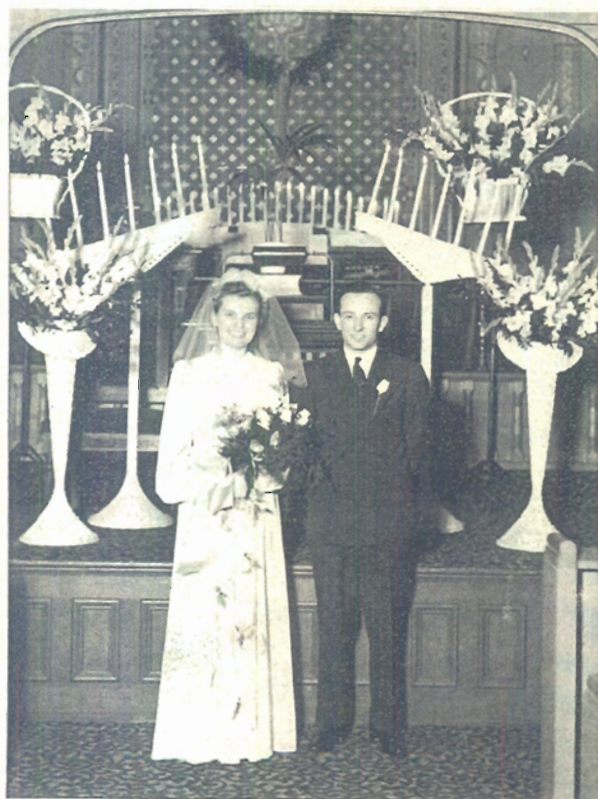
The rest is history, the family not only liked her, they loved Marian as she became a wife, daughter, sister and eventually the mother of six wonderful children. Being a veterinarian's wife was similar to being the wife of a dairy farmer—not easy and unpredictable. I can well vouch for that as the son of a vet's wife and as the husband of a dairy farmer's wife. Marian, Margaret and Mother were more than patient with our irregular schedules.

CW's clients swore by him as their vet. As a dairy farmer I knew many of the farmers he served and they would tell me about the professionalism of my brother. As he traveled from call to call he made the most of his time—the car's accelerator almost glued to the floor! After attending to the sick animal Carleton would often have a story to tell— some more or less repeatable than others.

He made us all very proud. For many years he doctored our cattle, dogs, sheep, cats and what have you—we never remember a billing. We were fortunate to have Dad and him most of the years when we had animals. His nieces and nephews never hesitated to counsel with "Uncle Carleton" for his vet advice. He never turned a client away. Some were not able to pay at that moment. His answer to them always was "We'll work that out", as he took care of the patient.

In many ways he could be labeled as an arch-conservative, however he was somewhat like our father—thrifty yet if he saw an opportunity to improve himself or his family he didn't waffle, he moved. He was careful with his resources, yet he will give the shirt right off his back if the situation warrants.

Marian's failing health and hearing, and eventually passing, October 18, 1993, saddened not only the entire family, but the larger community where she was known as one of the loveliest. Those years were extremely trying as CW's hearing was also depreciating.



Marian and Carleton, December 28, 1941



Marian Julia Wightman Potter

COMMITTAL SERVICE
(Rev. Patricia R. Potter)

MARIAN WIGHTMAN POTTER
October 21, 1993 - 3:30 p.m.

WORDS OF GATHERING

We gather here in the protective shelter of God's healing love. We are free to pour out our grief, release our anger, face our emptiness, and know that God cares. We come conscious of others who have died and of the frailty of our own existence on earth. We come to comfort and support one another in our common loss and to hear God's word of hope that can drive away despair and move us to offer God our praise.

We are filled with sorrow at the death of Marian Wightman Potter—our wife, mother, grandmother, sister, aunt...our friend. Our sorrow is mixed with sadness, frustration, and doubt...our sorrow is deep. As we come in sorrow, so too we come together in celebration—celebration of Marian and her life with us, giving thanks for the many ways in which her life has touched ours.

PRAYER

Bringing both our tear-filled sorrow and our hope-filled sense of celebration, let us come before God.

Gracious God, we turn to you, the ever-present Spirit and source of Life. We turn to you seeking comfort and consolation. Grant us your Peace and help us to know the joy of your love—your love for Marian, your love for us, and your love for all creation. Amen.

SCRIPTURE

In coming together and sharing our sorrow and in asking for God's presence and strength, we remember, we pray and we listen to the Word. May the scriptures remind us each in some way of the faith in which we live, and die, and live again. And may we see and hear and feel some glimmering of God's enduring presence in our lives.

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

For everything there is a season and a time for every matter under heaven,
a time to be born and a time to die;
a time to plant and a time to pluck up what is planted;
a time to kill and a time to heal;
a time to break down, and a time to build up;
a time to weep and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn and a time to dance;
a time to cast away stones and a time to gather stones together;
a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing;
a time to seek and a time to lose;
a time to keep and a time to cast away;
a time to rend and a time to sew;
a time to keep silence and a time to speak;
a time to love and a time to hate;
a time for war and a time for peace.

John 14:1-6

Let not your hearts be troubled; believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many rooms. If it were not so would I have told you that I go and prepare a place for you? And when I go and prepare a place for you, I will take you into myself, that where I am you may be also.

Psalm 121

I lift up my eyes to the hills. From whence does my help come? My help comes from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

He will not let your foot be moved, He who keeps you will not slumber. Behold, he who keeps Israel will neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is your keeper; The Lord is your shade on your right hand. The sun shall not smite you by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord will keep you from all evil; he will keep your life. The Lord will keep your going out and your coming in from this time forth and for ever more.

COMMITTAL PRAYER

For as much as the spirit of Marian Wightman Potter has entered into life immortal, we therefore commit her ashes to this resting place, her spirit we commend to God.

BURIAL- PRAYER

God of all life, we turn to you in our sorrow, seeking assurance of your compassion and loving care. We thank you for the gracious memories which gather about this life; for kindly deeds and thoughts, for the love freely given and the love modestly received, and now at last for quiet release from the burden of the flesh and entrance into the peace reserved for those who love you. You are the God of life. With you, death is overcome. Those who have died are at home with you forevermore. As you did not lose them by giving them to us, so we have not lost them by their return to you. May we not sorrow as those without hope, but grant us strength and courage for the days to come. Deepen in us a faith in the mystery of life eternal.

LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.

Thy kingdom come.

Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread,

and forgive us our trespasses

as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power,

and the glory forever. Amen.

BENEDICTION

And now, may the Lord bless us and keep us, may the Lord's face shine upon us and be gracious unto us. The Lord's countenance be lifted upon us, and give us peace.

Amen.



*Marian and Carleton Potter and family--c. 1963
standing: Mary Jane, Marian, Carleton, Janet, Susan
sitting: Bob, Tom and Jim*



*Sue
Janet*

*Bob
Mary Jane*

Carleton Tom

*Jim
Marian*

"Family -- A Few Days Ago!"

Cortland County Veterinary Medical Society and
The Cortland County Health Department Announce

FIRST 1998 ANTI-RABIES VACCINATION CLINIC

**Will Be Held on Wednesday, April 15
at Harford Fire Station 5:30-7:30 p.m.**

Dr. Potter

ANIMALS TO BE VACCINATED AGAINST RABIES

Puppies at least three (3) months old

Dogs last vaccinated in 1995.

Adult dogs which were only
vaccinated once previously
as puppy or adult

Kittens at least three (3) months old

Cats last vaccinated in 1995.

Adult cats which were only
vaccinated once previously
as kitten or adult.

ALL ANIMALS MUST BE ON A LEASH - PLEASE DO NOT BRING SMALL CHILDREN TO CLINICS
NO ANIMALS OTHER THAN DOGS OR CATS WILL BE VACCINATED AT THE CLINICS.

TELEPHONE 753-5035

SUGGESTED DONATION \$5.00/Animal



Carleton---the student



*Lifetime Friends and DVMs
Edwin Leonard Carleton*

Cortland Club Buys 300 Acre Farm---Plant Trees

Cortland Kiwanians and Boy Scouts from Troops 98 and 85 from Homer, New York completed the planting of 7,500 trees on their recently acquired Farm—Now known as Kiwanisland. The farm comprises over 300 acres, located in the Town of Taylor, County of Cortland. The farm was obtained by the Club to further conservation activities such as tree planting, woodlot management and wildlife propagation. It also has fine possibilities for hunting, picnics and recreational purposes.



Kiwanians in Rear: Dr. C. W. Potter, Chairman Agricultural Committee; Fay O'Hara and Jerry Shearer.

From its woodlot and Christmas trees should come considerable funds for Club projects. To date 19,500 trees have been planted on the farm.



1950 -- Dad and Mother leaving home for voyage to Europe
 Wilburn, Marian (Carleton's), Florence
 James & Susan
 Willard, Carleton, Bernard

A salute to the dairy industry



by Nancy DaFoe

The hours are long:

Farmers depend on veterinarian Carleton Potter

"The hours are long, the schedule unpredictable and the work demanding, but rewarding," said Dr. Carleton Potter, veterinarian for the animals on hundreds of Cortland County farms over the past 36 years. He is a man the farmer has come to trust and depend on to help keep the dairy cattle and other farm animals healthy and productive.

A Cornell University School of Veterinary Medicine graduate, Dr. Potter also has a thriving small animal practice. As a large animal vet, he deals with cattle, horses, some sheep, pigs and goats, but 90% of his work in this county involves dairy cattle.

"Why do you think dairy farmers want their cows to calve? To increase their herd size — wrong," Dr. Potter answers his question with the response most of us (non-dairy farmers) would give. "A cow that hasn't calved won't produce milk, and that's where a large part of the vet's services come in."

Trying to keep pace with Dr. Potter for one afternoon was enough to tire out this reporter. Expecting Dr. Potter to give the cattle a shot or two in the animals' rumps then proceed to the next farm, I entered the first barn which was filled with pungent odors and contented dairy cows and heifers. Dr. Potter did give a few shots of estrogen and antibiotics, but the greatest portion of the work involved the good doctor arm-deep inside a cow, feeling for signs of pregnancy, cysts and reasons that freshened cows had held placenta (commonly called afterbirth). And keeping the cow still during the procedure was half the battle.

Sterility and related problems in cattle are one of the biggest hurdles

the dairy farmer faces. With a cow producing 100 lbs. of milk per day at peak production (not all cows produce this much during their peak time) and 20-25 lbs. when drying off, the farmer stands to lose a great deal of money on each cow that isn't bred again within a 2 to 3 month period after having a calf.

As the fetal calf grows inside the cow, milk production tapers until the calf is born. However, if a cow doesn't produce more calves, milk production continues to drop.

Farmers keep breeding records and charts on each cow and discuss these charts with Dr. Potter as he checks the animal for pregnancy or signs of heat (readiness to breed).

A number of different problems may temporarily prevent a cow from becoming pregnant, including infections in the uterus, mechanical problems related to calving and an abnormal birth (such as twins).

In one farm visit, Dr. Potter performed minor surgery on the first cow, examined another for a possible fractured hip, tested eight cows for pregnancy or heat, treated a cow with an infection, gave medication, inspected a cow with arthritis, examined a skin condition on a calf and gave the farmer advice. Every "house call" Dr. Potter makes averages one hour or longer. "One afternoon, I did 45 pregnancy checks at one farm."

Between each of these treatments, he thoroughly scrubbed his surgical glove and instruments. "Cleaning is a constant and time-consuming procedure, but a necessary one," he said.

Discussing the most rewarding aspects of the job, Dr. Potter said, "Every success story is rewarding — each time an animal gets well. I recall



Mark Denkenberger listens as Dr. Potter gives him some advice on the breeding of a cow.

operating on a cow with a displaced stomach and sewing up a 3" deep laceration on a calf."

Two of the most unusual cases he has dealt with involve the calving of triplets and a cow with milk fever down in Little York Lake. Dr. Potter had to rig up a halter tying the cow to a post to prevent the cow from drowning in the lake (cows with milk fever lay down and won't get up).

Like the farmer, the large animal veterinarian has no holidays. Calls on Christmas morning, Labor Day, in the middle of dinner, a gathering with friends are the rule — not the exception for the vet.

"I did take a trip to Europe not too long ago," Dr. Potter said smiling. But it was a trip not offered in any of the European tour packages. Dr. Potter crossed the ocean, serving as a veterinarian for 850 head of heifers purchased by the Hungarian government. The heifers were assembled in Richmond, Va. and unloaded in Yugoslavia. "We took them over the mountains to Budapest." Fortunately for Dr. Potter, cows seem to feel the effects of the rolling sea far less than humans. "The heifers didn't get seasick, but my assistant did," he said. "We delivered 100% live cargo."



Checking the progress of a skin condition on a calf, Dr. Potter looks up to confer with farmer Richard Eldridge.



Getting the cow in position for treatment is sometimes half the battle for the veterinarian.



Dr. Potter is shown performing minor surgery to enable a cow to release her milk.



Carlton Potter, an area veterinarian, plows the senior gardens on Lorings Crossing Road April 7 as he helps prepare the site for planting.

Bob Ellis/staff photo

April 1993

Senior gardens readied at Riverview

By KATIE HALL
Cortland Standard Reporter

For those seniors who want to work the earth but just don't have the space for their own vegetable garden — you're in luck.

Garden plots are available.

That is, if you are at least age 60 and live in Cortland County.

The Cortland County Area Agency on Aging is offering garden spaces at the old Riverview Home site on Lorings Crossing Road for use on a first come, first serve basis for free.

All you have to do is sign up for it.

The ground is being readied now for some 22 plots by Pat Scarano of Cortland and Dr. Carlton Potter of Homer. When the garden space is ready, officials at the Area

Agency on Aging will notify those who signed up.

"For probably 12 to 14 years, Dr. Carlton Potter, a retired veterinarian and I would come down in the spring, in the first good plowing day, and plow the plot," Scarano said. The two plowed yesterday.

"(Potter) will come back here in two to three days and drag (over the land)," he said, "smooth out the bumps."

Scarano then stakes off the land into squares for planting, he said.

"All they have to do is seed it, weed it, and harvest it," Scarano said.

Nancy Hansen, director of the Area Agency on Aging, said the total fenced in parcel set aside for gardening is 160 feet by

300 feet. Her office has been offering the land for use since the mid-1970s, she said.

Each section comes in 21-by-55-foot or 40-by-55-foot plots, Hansen said.

Scarano, a retired pilot, uses a garden plot himself. This year he plans three rows each of potatoes, beans, and corn, and a few rows of peppers and tomatoes in his plot, he said.

"These lots are a good size," he said. "They don't have to use it all," he said. "They can do a half lot."

For more information about reserving a garden, call 753-5060 or stop by the Area Agency on Aging at the County Office Building at 60 Central Ave.

Thursday
July 29, 1999

Portland Standard

Dog's (and Cat's) Best Friend

By ANGELA LEDDY
Staff Reporter

: HOMER — At the age of 81, one local veterinarian says he's finally slowing down, but he's not ready to call it quits just yet.

: Carleton "Doc" Potter, who operates his small animal practice out of a home office on Lighthouse Hill Road, graduated from the Cornell Veterinary College in 1940. In 1943, he opened his practice in Homer after spending three years in New England.

: Potter grew up on a farm in Truxton and his father, Wilbur Potter, was a veterinarian specializing in large animals. Up until 15 years ago, large animals were Carleton Potter's specialty, too. But the practice put a lot of miles on the car, Potter said.

: Having practiced animal medicine for almost 60 years, Potter has many stories to tell. One story that makes Potter smile and snicker is the one about a black cat he brought home from the SPCA. He was putting a cubicle full of cats to sleep because they had come down with distemper. But one black kitten caught his eye and he decided she wouldn't die that day. Instead he took her home.

: "I told the women keeping the chart to write the cat down on the sheet as being dead," he said. "I brought the kitten home, fussed with her a little bit and she pulled through. Oh, she did eventually die...16 years later."

: Another one of his favorite stories is about a call he went on for a cow that had come down with a case of milk fever on an Easter Sunday about 40 years ago.

Milk fever is a condition that cows may come down with after calving, Potter explained. He said it is caused by a sudden loss of calcium. The affected animal loses control of its body, flounders around and falls down in a heap. The remedy is to administer intravenous calcium and the animal will make almost an immediate recovery.

"A farmer called me up and said he had a cow that had just come down with milk fever," Potter said. "So I get there and the cow is standing very close, too close, to Little York Lake. Well, we managed to get a halter on her before she fell in, but we had to give her the medicine while she was almost completely submerged in water. Just her head was sticking out. Then, of course, the medicine kicked in, she got up and walked out. She was fine but it was an interesting ordeal."

The calcium treatment for milk fever is one of the few treatments that's still the same today as 60 years ago, Potter said. Almost everything else is different, he said.

"Things are a lot different now," he said. "The development of anesthesia, antibiotics and tranquilizers have made the practice a lot easier. When I started we didn't have as much to choose from."

Modern veterinary medicine has improved things, not just for patients but doctors as well. "The client is getting more medicinal knowledge now," Potter said. "And it's easier on the doctor."

Solo practices, like Potter's, where he answers the phone and

is the only vet a client sees, are becoming a thing of the past. Now doctors work together in offices, outside of the home.

"You may lose some of the personal contact and spend more money," Potter said. "But I have nothing against modern science. There is no question that today's graduates have a lot more training and research than I ever had. They can do a lot more, of course, there is more technology available. I have nothing against that."

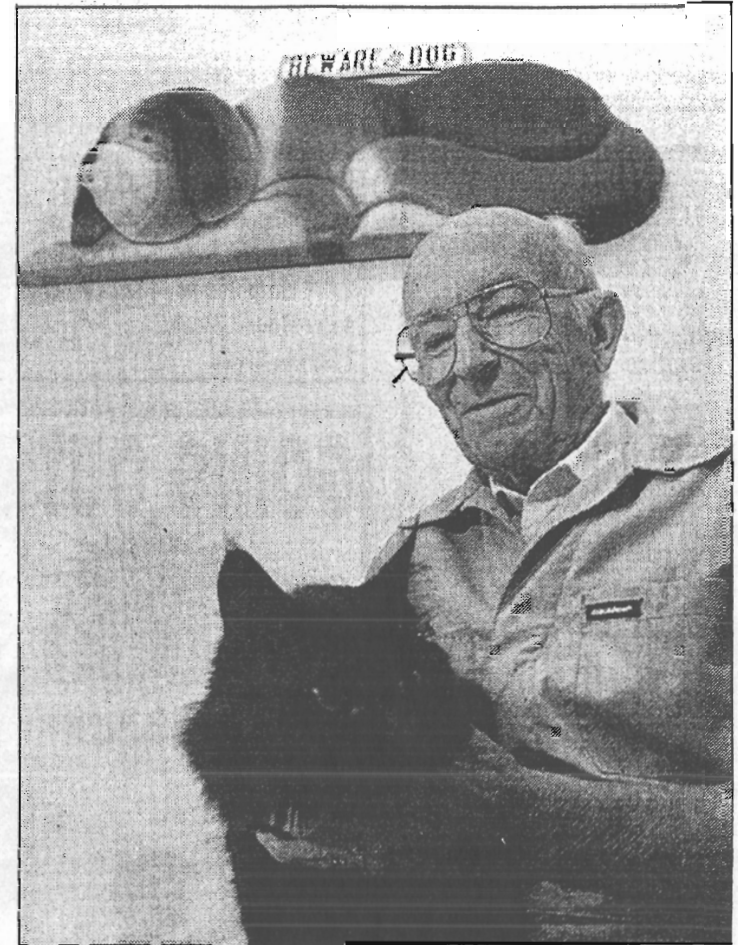
When Potter went to Cornell to become a veterinarian it took five years to earn a degree. Today, the same degree takes eight years. The decision to become a vet was made easier because it was paid for. There was a scholarship available for a Truxton resident to go to Cornell veterinary school, and Potter received it.

"I worked through college, so between the scholarship and my job I managed to make it out of college without any debt," Potter said. "I thought about becoming an engineer, but that cost \$400 a year and my math skills weren't the greatest."

In the 1960s, Potter served on the Homer Board of Education and was a county legislator from 1986 to 1994. Potter continues to be an active member of the Kiwanis Club, the Homer Congregational Church and is a life member of the Homer Fire Department.

For now, Potter considers himself to be "semi-retired."

"When patients show up, I help them, but I've cut my practice about in half over the last 10 years," he said. "I like to be able



Wayne Hansen/staff photo

Homer veterinarian Dr. Carleton Potter with a local feline he was treating recently.

to travel with my wife. We pick up and go when we want to, so that's what we do now. But I still see patients."

Potter married in 1941 and had six children. After his wife died in 1993, Potter remarried. He mar-

ried Esther Twentyman in 1994. The couple has 10 children all together and 14 grandchildren.

"I like to visit with people when they come in," Potter said of what he enjoys about being profession. "I like helping the animals, too."

Love Blooms Again

This widower, Carleton, never to let any grass grow under his feet, became romantically involved with a long time family friend and widow, Esther Forbes Twentyman. When someone suggested that he might be moving too fast, he answered, typically direct, “I don’t know how much time I have left—”! At that time he was 76. They were married on December 11, 1994 and (*fast forward to December 11, 2007*) have had thirteen years together. We are most happy for both that they are able to enjoy life after their losses.

Happy Parallels

It has been said, “What goes around, comes around”. With the marriage of Esther and Carleton today, I have chosen to highlight some parallels to the wedding of William L. and Emma Gilbert Bean on November 28, 1930.

The place was 76 Lincoln Ave., Cortland, the home of our widowed Grandma Bean. Tom and Ella Twentyman lived across the street at 75 Lincoln Ave. They were friends of our Grandma Bean. Tom and Ella were the parents of Albert Twentyman whose wife was Doris Neal Twentyman, the grandparents of Janie, Jim, Lee and Mark.

The groom, William L. Bean, was a distant cousin. His wife had passed away in the spring of 1930. Later—not much later—W.L., the widower, courted the widow Emma and they decided to hitch. Assembled, on that wedding day, were brothers and sisters, sons and daughters and grandchildren of both the bride and the groom. The same as this day.

Lifelong friendships are remembered on this happy day as they were in 1930. Think of the long time acquaintances of—Wilbur and Myrta Forbes, Wilburn and Florence Potter, Doris and Albert Twentyman, and to a lesser degree, Charles and Carrie Wightman. You, the children of Esther and Carleton, also have shared friendships.

Over the years in Emma’s and W.L.’s lives there had been much sunshine, or “years of joy”. There had also been the loss of their partners, or “tears of sadness”. Esther and Carleton have known “years of joy” with Gerald and Marian and they also have known “tears of sadness” in their loss.

The parallel of the two weddings doesn’t end here. After the ceremony in 1930 we all dined, as we are today. Later we stood on the porch at 76 Lincoln Ave. In the

setting sun, I can still see Grandma Emma and Grandpa W.L. climbing into W.L.'s monstrous, vintage Franklin automobile and driving off for a Florida honeymoon. I expect later today we will see Grandma Esther and Grandpa Carleton pile into Esther's cozy, vintage Austin-Healey and drive off into the sunset to their paradise!

Now, let us all give a toast to Esther and Carleton. May God's richest blessing go with you both, as you travel the highway of life together—wherever the road leads. Let there be "Tears of Joy" on this day.

Toast to Esther Twentyman and Carleton Potter on their wedding day, December 11, 1994— bwp

Back to the diary: Sorry, didn't follow up on CW's hip. It is Easter Sunday, April 20, 2003—he has recovered famously. We expect this to continue, by summer he'll be as good as new. The date is now Flag Day, June 14, 2003 CWP's eighty-fifth birthday. As I predicted back on April 20—CW is running around like a "banty rooster". He still hears just what he wants to!!

For CWs 80th birthday, June 14, 1998, I gleaned 80 quotes from letters sent, 1918-1944, from Florence and Wilburn Potter to Grandma Marion E. Potter. I have included them here. There is no question that our parents' observations of a growing baby most accurately foretold how CW would perform (for the want of a better term) in the years ahead—and it is all fabulous. CW—we love you.

CWP's Early Years, 1918—1944, 80 Excerpts From Letters in "A Firm Foundation"¹

¹ -"A Firm Foundation"—a collection of letters written to mother and grandmother, Marion Herrick Potter over the years 1914 and 1944 by Florence and Wilburn Potter and their children Marian, Carleton, Bernard and Willard. June 1998 by Bernard W. Potter

April 4, 1918—Florence

—Am just making my little nighties now and have one more crepe dress to make; then the most of the sewing will be done except for the diapers and a dress I am going to embroider which I think wasn't actually necessary.

June 14, 1918—Wilburn

postmarked June 14, 1918, Syracuse, NY, Syracuse D.L. & W. Depot

—Am waiting in the Lackawanna Depot for the noon train to Cortland. Came from Avon this morning leaving there at 7:10. Received a telephone call from Florence at 5:00 this A.M. that she was ready to go to the hospital so immediately arranged my work so that I might leave at 7:00. Am hoping everything is alright and that it won't be drawn out over so long a time as when Marian was born. Will write you and let you know how everybody is.

November 11, 1918—Florence

—Carleton gained $3/4$ lb a week ago and half pound this past week.

— put Carleton into short clothes. Have several more things to fix or make for him but got tired of seeing him in long clothes and then it makes him look larger in the short ones.

November 24, 1918—Florence

—Baby is growing right along, weighed better than thirteen last week.

December 7, 1918—Florence

—Carleton is growing right along and such a fat baby now.

—Baby was just too good for everything all the time we were gone.

January 24, 1919—Florence

—Carleton has just this minute awakened! But guess he will be good as he always is. He grows and changes every day it seems to us. He sits alone on the floor now and smiles mostly. Marian loves him most to pieces altho her loving is a little rough at times but the baby does not seem to mind. Have thought he would have some teeth by this time but nothing doing yet.

February 5, 1919—Florence

—have rompers ready for Carleton. He is getting to be quite a boy, weighed 18 lbs last week. But he hasn't a tooth yet.

February 17, 1919—Florence

—Carleton has no teeth yet. He is taking his milk out of a cup now which I think pretty good for an eight month old baby. He jabbers all the time.

March 17, 1919—Florence

—Carleton gained $1/2$ lb. again last week and is now 19 lbs.

April 18, 1919—Wilburn

—Carleton is growing every day and seems to know so much. But he has no teeth as yet and does not creep. He weighs almost twenty one pounds now, so you see he is a good fat boy.

April 28, 1919—Florence

—Baby isn't gaining weight so much now, but is growing longer and older in ways. He is just as good as gold all the while.

May 12, 1919—Florence

—Carleton isn't gaining much but seems so well and strong and developing so fast. He has no teeth yet. He goes all over the kitchen floor now lying flat on his stomach and going backwards.

June 23, 1919—Florence

—Guess that I have not written since Carleton's birthday to thank you for the little gifts. He enjoys playing with the Comeback(?), by shaking it rather than rolling it, however. He surely is growing and developing. The Monday after his birthday we

discovered a tooth pricked thru and now he has a second. Both on the upper jaw. He creeps all over like a streak now and into everything. We have a new oil stove in the kitchen and that is a great attraction. He has learned what "no, no" means or rather the motion of your head when it is said. When he goes to the oil stove if I say "no, no" to him he sits back and looks at me and shakes his head no, then turns around to the stove again. He says Mama and Daddy and knows who I mean when I say Sister or Marian.

August 5, 1919—Florence

—Yes, the children are growing fast. Carleton has four teeth thru and another just ready. He walks by holding on to things and is a caution for climbing.

September 15, 1919—Florence

—as Carleton has taken five or six steps alone and it is nothing unusual now to have him take three and four. He is 15 mo. today.

October 12, 1919—Florence

—Carleton is growing so fast that he is outgrowing all of his rompers. He walks all over now. Is on the trot all day long and should think his little legs would be so tired at night. He weighed 23 lbs. this morning.

November 19, 1919—Florence

—The children are fine. Discovered last night that Carleton is cutting two double teeth altho as yet he hasn't all of his front teeth. He surely keeps me busy as he goes from one thing to the other just as fast as his legs will carry him.

December 3, 1919—Wilburn

—just a line to let you know we are all well and that Carleton had his first haircut out at the Barbershop today.

February 25, 1920—Wilburn

—You asked about the babies. Marian is very busy with the dolls, playing out of doors and washing dishes or helping her Mother and tending Carleton.

—Carleton is so full he can hardly stand it but guess he will get over it after a time. Yesterday Florence found him on top of the sewing machine. A few days ago he got up on the piano stool thence to the piano keys and was picking the pictures from the top of the piano. He talks a lot in his own language but is getting more distinct every day.

—He knows nearly everything in the house and so we think he'll know something some time.

—He just trots from the time he gets up until he gets to bed.

March 31, 1920—Wilburn

—Florence weighed Carleton yesterday and he weighs 28 1/2 lbs. He trots continuously.

April 10, 1920—Wilburn

—The children are all well now but Carleton had a couple of bad falls which rather upset him but I guess he is getting along alright now.

December 23, 1920—Florence

—We came down to Cortland Sat. and Marian staid down with Gilberts until yesterday.

—Carleton—had a fine time here with no one to bother him. It seemed so quiet with just him.

December 29, 1920—Florence tells of Christmas

—Carleton had leggings, cap and mittens of gray trimmed in blue, books, balls, train of cars, some small blocks, bedroom slippers, fire horses, bunny on wheels etc.

March 1, 1921—Florence

—The children seem to grow every day. Carleton is a mischief.

December ?, 1921—Florence

—celebrated Marian's birthday.

—She (Grandma Bean) brought a doll with hair & eyes that open and shut and all dressed. Carleton loves it all most as she I think.

January 1, 1922—Florence

—Carleton hasn't felt real fine for couple of days but they both (Marian and C.W.) have gone to barn and out doors tonight so guess he is all right.

June 20, 1922—Florence

—received his birthday suit all OK and it fits him very well. That morning he had fallen thru the hay chute on to the cement floor below so he had a bandage on his head and was feeling pretty miserable but we tried the suit on and had his picture taken in it and it all helped.

—Carleton has his hair cut man fashion now. It changes his looks so much.

July 27, 1922—Florence and Wilburn

—The children are all in bed and quiet now but Marian and Carleton have been jumping up and down in bed. They are so full they can't hold it all.

—Carleton has been down with his grandmother this week and we have been lost without him. He is such a chatterbox.

December 22, 1922—Florence

—Carleton managed to give himself quite a cut in his forehead while sliding down hill this P.M.

—Marian speaks up at the church tonight.

—Carleton was to have done one but don't think he would look very well with a bandage around his head.

March 20, 1923—Wilburn

—Carleton is too full to control himself.

September 4, 1923—Wilburn

—Carleton had his tonsils out a week ago but is good now.

October 5, 1923—Wilburn

— children are all well and I think Carleton much improved. He's more wide awake and doesn't hack any more.

October 26, 1923—Wilburn

—Carleton had a bad fall the other day and cut a bad scalp wound about three inches long in his head. Dr. Padgett took four stitches in his head but now it is healing fine.

December 31, 1923—Wilburn

—The children had a regular Christmas. Carleton told Marian to write Santa that he wanted either a tricycle or automobile so of course he has a second handed rubbertired tricycle and he can hardly stop riding it for meals and sleep.

—Carleton is much better since he had his tonsils out. His face is so ruddy in the brisk cold wind it fairly look as if it were painted with barn paint.

April 22, 1924—Florence

—Carleton and Marian both had pieces to speak at the Easter service today and both did well. They both had new oxfords and felt quite proud of their feet. Bought Carleton a new suit of tan-green jersey all ready made, which is very becoming to him.

—Carleton has ridden the tricycle by the hour.

January 22, 1925—Florence

—Carleton is wearing his unionalls everyday. They tuck in his overshoes and keep his legs dry.

January 25, 1926—Wilburn

—Marian passed her midyear exams about ninety and Carleton is very busy studying Geography.

July 6, 1926—Florence

—I have thought every day since the box came for Carleton that I would write. Now the suit fit him all right but he has been wearing the coat and pant suits with blouses so long he thinks it is going back a step to put on that style suit again.

September 29, 1926—Wilburn

—The children are all well started in school again. Marian is in the seventh grade and Carleton is in the third.

October 25, 1926—Florence

—took Carleton down and had Higgins examine his eyes and he said he would have to wear glasses all the time. Am in hopes he won't need them for more than reading and studying.

December 23, 1926—Florence

—bought Carleton a new suit. It is gray mixed goods and very pretty. He is quite grown up when he wears it. It has a vest and a belt—real mannish!

—Last night—exercises at school—Marian and Carleton were in little plays.

January 8, 1927—Marian Potter

—Carleton found two eggs this morning.

January 16, 1927—Florence

—the children surely had all they needed for Christmas. Carleton is having such a good time with his Erector set and has built several things with it.

November 26, 1928—Florence

—Got home that night and found Carleton had had an accident on the way home from school but came out of it with only a slight bruise, so guess he sails under a lucky

star. He fell off from a load of wood and the back wheel passed over him. Can't see why it did not hurt him terrible but I guess he is tough. He did not go to school the next day but has been ever since and feels fine.

March 20, 1929—Marian Potter

—Carleton has the chicken pox. There's quite a bit around.

December 14, 1930—Bernard

—Carleton and I have been cutting brush down by the river where we have been trying to make a skating pond. Carleton was elected secretary of the 4-H club.

March 11, 1931—Wilburn

—The children are all very much interested in their 4-H work. Carleton and Bernard are learning how to preside at meetings.

—Carleton is Secretary of his new club and Marian is Pres. of the Girls'.

July 18, 1931—Florence

—Carleton passed all his regents but English and he did not try that.

July 5, 1932—Wilburn

—Carleton is very much pleased with clarinet. He was selected with three others to play before the District Supt. in convention in Cortland.

October 31, 1932—Wilburn

—Carleton is busy studying at the table. Think he is beginning to stretch up a bit and his voice is huskier than it used to be.

December 31, 1932—Wilburn

—Carleton was tickled with the Clarinet duet book.

July 28, 1933—Wilburn

—Carleton took his first two degrees in Grange last night.

December 21, 1933—Wilburn and Florence

—while Carleton is playing Basket Ball over street

—Carleton took Jane Feeter to the Senior class Card Party.

January 7, 1934—Marian Potter (*sister*)

—I went to a basketball game. Truxton High played South Otselic. Carleton played on the Junior team and did pretty good. He could shoot baskets better than most of them so I have hopes that maybe next year he will be on the regular varsity. He is growing up so that you would hardly know he was the same kid of last summer.

May 1935—Wilburn

—Carleton and Bernard are busy with work, baseball, tractor and truck.

November 26, 1935—Wilburn and Florence

—We see Carleton once in a while—been home only once since Sept. Carleton is becoming more accustomed to Cornell--finds that Truxton High School is pretty small potatoes. Has a better job than when he went to Ithaca — he was cleaning Pots & Pans—now is on Silverware and Glasses.

February 3, 1936—Wilburn

—Carleton came home to take a regents exam in chemistry week before last.

September 14, 1936—Wilburn and Florence

—Herbert (*Bean*) is to room with Carleton this year at Cornell.

—Carleton has been doing some threshing around the town but tomorrow is out to help fill silo with the tractor.

December 10, 1936—Wilburn

—Carleton played in the Cornell Varsity band Thanksgiving day at Philadelphia (quite a trip for him) so didn't get to Truxton until Friday A. M. We took him part way back and he *thumbed* a ride for the rest of the way.

January 11, 1937—Wilburn

—Edmund and Emma drove back to East Rochester that night. Carleton went with them staying until Monday then *thumbed* his way back home making the trip in about four hours.

—Carleton seems to like his work at Vet better than we had hoped. He is busy.

March 31, 1937—Wilburn

—Carleton likes his work better than I thought he would and think he'll be better than I have ever been. Hope so anyway.

August 1, 1938—Wilburn

—Carleton has been busy here on the farm.

September 22, 1938—Wilburn

—Carleton has gone to collect some bills for threshing and silo filling.

—He goes to Cornell tomorrow to begin his fourth year. I shall miss him terribly but expect I'll get along as I have before. He is to have his job in Balch as before. He and we are lucky that he has the job and the scholarship. He has been great help and companion around here.

—Think he enjoys his Vet work and think he'll make better than I ever did.

October 26, 1938—Wilburn

—Carleton is planning on driving down to the Cornell-Columbia football game at New York next Saturday. I think a group of five are going.

August 29, 1939—Wilburn

—Carleton went to New York and Vicinity a week ago Saturday and just got back Monday night. Went to the World's Fair a couple of days and then jumped to Saratoga and saw the races up there.

July 29, 1940—Wilburn

—Carleton seems very busy and seems to enjoy it.

May 24, 1941—Wilburn and Florence

—About 8:30 Friday night Carleton drove in with a Mrs. Lockwood and Miss Hazel Whitney from Claremont, N.H. Miss Hazel went to the Ball and then Saturday took in Cornell and the Kitts for supper.

—after Sunday dinner here, Carleton left for Claremont about three and a card said he arrived there about nine and Lawrence, Ma. later.

—a new ruling has deferred all Veterinarians—now Carleton can make any he plans he desires. Don't think he'll work for the other fellow very long.

September 1, 1941—Wilburn

—Expect Carleton has been entertaining Miss Wightman lately. She was leaving her home to go to Lawrence Thursday and then back to Highland for school Tuesday. She was at the Cortland Fair and later went with Florence to State Fair last Tuesday.

October 23, 1941—Wilburn

—I wonder if Carleton told you about his choice of another Marian for the family. He has given Marian Wightman his pin. She is a Home Ec. teacher in Highland and her home is Pulaski, 36 miles north of Syracuse.

—He went from here to Pulaski then back to Highland and Lawrence getting in over 500 miles besides his numerous calls.

November 16, 1941—Wilburn

—Were glad that you were able to see Carleton.

—Evidently he is working fast. Hope you may meet Marian soon. She'll make the third Marian in our family.

May 7, 1942—Wilburn

—Carleton and Marian were in Holyoke for the weekend and also were at New Boston. Probably they'll come this way after school is out.

October 4, 1942—Wilburn

—Was so glad to learn of your going to see Carleton and Marian and hope you may go again. We wonder about his draft status but (haven't) heard a word.

July 11, 1943—Wilburn

—Tuesday Carleton and I went to Horseheads and Elmira to look up a place to live etc. Didn't decide anything definite, it seems as if houses are too high and none available to rent. They came back from Pulaski and the north Saturday afternoon.

—J.C. (*James Carleton Potter born May 12, 1943*) is sleeping all night guess he didn't wake up until after six this morning.

August 7, 1943—Wilburn and Florence

—Marian and Carleton have gone to Homer this p.m. They are anxious to get settled and doing business.

—He has applied for County Veterinarian Job in Cortland County. There are two others after the job so only the September meeting of the Board of Supervisors will tell the story.

—Can you hear Jimmie talking a little loud? His thumb is tied in and he doesn't like the idea. He is growing so fast. Weighs 13 lbs. now. We surely will miss him when he goes.

September 3, 1943—Wilburn

—The most important news seems to be that Carleton has been appointed County Veterinarian of the notorious Cortland County. Marian P. is going to Pulaski to pick up a few things that they will move to Homer.

November 12, 1943—Wilburn

—Carleton seems to be picking up quite a bit. Last Thursday he had three calls before breakfast. But it's not that way all the while although his county work is a steady income.

August 8, 1944—Wilburn and Florence

—Carleton has been doing a lot of wiring and more insulating. The place has changed a powerful lot since they went in there a year ago.

1944-1998—Bernard

—each of us have Carleton tales. Put them all together, they would fill a library!

June 14, 1998—Bernard

—*"the rest of the story"*, happily, is unfinished. Carleton, we are all proud of your service to your family, your community, your profession and our God. We wish you and Esther years of health and happiness. We love you both a bunch!



CWP "at rest"

2007

Letters written by Carleton W. Potter to his Grandmother Marion E. Potter

Post marked Sept. 15, 1931, Truxton, NY
Mrs. Marion E. Potter, 276 N. Main St., Orange, Mass

Truxton, New York
September 15, 1931

Dear Grandma,

I guess you will get quite a shock when you get a letter from me. Daddy has been trying to get me to write you all summer.

To begin with I have passed all my regents to get in to High School except English. I have finally decided to go to Truxton School instead of Cortland. Up here they have lessons on any instrument, so I wondered if you would still send me the clarinet and if you will send it right along as the lessons began Monday.

In August I went to Camp Spaulding on Cincinnatus Lake. I was there for one week. The place where the swimmers went was off from a diving board was 15 ft. The shallowest it was 10 ft. I was a swimmer. A swimmer was classed as one who could swim 100 yd.

For the past 3 or 4 weeks we have had no rain.

All I have to do now is to step in a bus and ride right to school. The bus I ride in is a brand new Reo 30-35 passenger school coach.

I have started my music lessons again down to Cortland.
Willard is growing like a weed one week he gained 10 oz.
As it is almost school time I will say good by.
Carleton

Truxton, New York
September 20, 1931

Dear Grandma,

The clarinet arrived here all in good order Saturday A.M. When I get so I can handle it I'll let you know.

I wish that you would come out again so that you can see Willard. He is growing like a weed.

With lots of love
Carleton

P.S. Daddy said I ought to write something so we have been filling silo Saturday and our tractor has not been working good and that is all the new news I know.

bwp resumes

December 12, 2004

Today is December 11, 2004. It's hard to believe that a decade has passed since Carleton and Esther joined hands and hearts in matrimony—time flies! Carleton is now eighty-six and Esther has reached four score. These two love birds are joyously happy and busy as bees.

There were few changes during the years of lovely Marian's declining health—her heart and hearing. With the "*advent*" of Esther the home on Lighthouse Hill has seen a distinct physical change—hardwood floors, drapes, no more vet operating room or kennels, a lower level redecorated and more. Computers and a digital camera are the in things—oh yes the Ultra Van, a 1968 Corvair motor home is Carleton's pride and joy. Esther's Austin-Healey is a Classic as its partner in vintage wheels.

Must say a few words about the Ultra Van. That old beast has taken them to Arizona, Minnesota and Florida to name a few! I wouldn't get behind the wheel and leave Truxton in it. I will say that Carleton and his mechanic friend, Dave, have done everything in their power to keep it in first class shape—whatever that is! On several different expeditions there have been breakdowns. Will list them: 1. Broken frame—Arizona; 2. Front coil springs—Florida; 3. Wheel bearings—Georgia; 4. Engine overhaul—North Carolina. Carleton leads a charmed life—whenever the Ultra Van breaks down, he has found "*Samaritans*" to help get it moving again. Carleton loves adventuring! At 86 he never seems to slow down.

Esther is a real sport in all of this. She just seems to enjoy what may happen next. She and brother Carleton are every bit a team and it makes us all happy that this knot will not unravel. We love them both. To help them celebrate 10 years, Margaret and I took them for a little trip. Esther is a quilter. We stopped at a little shop in Watkins Glen, "*O Suzzanah's*", which she found interesting for her hobby. We then traveled over the hill to Hammondsport where we enjoyed the *Glen Wright Air Museum* and a wonderful doll-house exhibition. Then up along Keuka Lake to Penn Yan to visit our sister-in-law, Phyllis Smith. Phyllis went with us to a Mennonite quilt maker where Esther left a quilt to have a backing "installed". Then we all went to *Millers*, for some fine dining. We ended the great day with a drive back to Homer and Truxton amidst a few snowflakes.

12-12-04 bwp

“Proud To Be Scotch!”

Because of our mother, Florence Bean, and her pride in her Scotch-Irish heritage, our family likes to be called Scotch. My guess is that Carleton has delved the deepest into this history as he is our “master” genealogist.

In 1977 Marian and Carleton traveled in Scotland. They located markers of the “MacBean” family above Loch Ness. Pictures, taken at that time, are shown. Originally the name was also spelled “McBain”. Some years later in the USA the surname became “Bean”. We do know that a son of cousin Arthur Bean who lived in Homer, changed his legal name back to MacBean.

Margaret is proud of her Scotch roots. Crawford, her mother’s family, originated in Scotland. Margaret and I visited the village of “Crawford” when we were in Scotland in 1980. We found a foundation of a “house” which was alleged to be where a family named Crawford once lived.

Why the MacBeans immigrated to the USA is not told. One story is that the Beans in this country were known as “Scotch-Irish”—or those Beans that came to America by way of Ireland. Another story is that they fled Scotland to Ireland for reasons untold. Truthfully, they were warriors and lived in clans—perhaps similarly to the Native Americans in our land.

Only recently have I learned that the original Scots came from Northern Ireland in the 500 ADs and settled mainly in the rugged Highlands. They called the area Scotland. This information reverses my original thinking. Still the reasons for their migration to the USA needs more research. Now that Carleton has retired, I can think of no better project for him than tracing the Scotland MacBeans to Cortland County, USA. His kin would benefit greatly and it would keep him busy—for a while.

I set him on this “task” and, as usual, he found the answers in an instant. His source says that “Scotch-Irish” is a name coined in the USA. for those Scotsmen who came to this country, by the way of Ireland, 1650 to 1750.

Whatever the reasons for their migration, we’re “Proud to be Scotch!”

...from a Brief History of the Clan MacBain

“Perhaps the most famous of our ‘recent’ ancestors was Major Gillies MacBean. He could bring more than 100 men into battle and in the rising of Prince Charles Stewart, the battle of Culloden which took place in 1746 Gillies held the rank of Major in the Mackintosh battalion”.

GILLIES MAC BAIN

The clouds may pour down on Culloden’s red plain,
But their waters shall flow o’er its crimson in vain,
For their drops shall seem few to the tears for the slain,
But mine are for thee, my brave Gillies MacBain!

Though thy cause was the cause of the injured and brave;
Though thy death was the hero’s and glorious the grave,
With thy dead foes around thee, piled high on the plain,
My sad heart bleeds o’er thee, my Gillies MacBain!

How the horse and the horsemen thy single hand slew!
But what could the mightiest single arm do?
A hundred like thee might the battle regain’
But cold are thy hands and heart, Gillies MacBain!

Hewn down, but still battling, thou sunk’st on the ground
Thy plaid was one gore, and thy breast was one wound’
Thirteen of thy foes by thy right hand lay slain
Oh! would they were thousands for Gillies MacBain!

Oh! loud and long heard shall thy coronach be,
And high o’er the heather thy cairn we shall see’
And deep in all bosoms thy name shall remain
But deepest in mine, dearest Gillies MacBain!

And daily the eyes of thy brave boy before
Shall thy plaid be unfolded, unsheathed the claymore;
And the white rose shall bloom on his bonnet again
Should he prove the true son of Gillies MacBain!

On the other side of our families, it is recognized that Smith and Potter were
“just plain English”!

—this “detour” into the area of “Roots” makes interesting reading, so will leave it in!
It may also give CWP a challenge for some more family research! —bwp



The Clan MacBean -- Scotland 1982



CW and Marian -- Scotland 1982



Loch Ness -- Scotland 1982

More of the “Rest of the Story”

Several years plus have passed since we last checked in—time for an update—C.W. it hardly seems possible that your 90th would come so soon! Perhaps I can capsule a few of those year events.

1. Most important—Esther and you have enjoyed 13 years of happiness.
2. A replaced hip slowed you down for a few days!
3. Double by-pass heart surgery and a new pig’s valve slowed you down. for a few weeks—oink, oink.
4. You and Esther have enjoyed seeing the country in your completely rebuilt, overhauled, customized Corvair UltraVan state of the art Motor Home—along with a few unscheduled stops in Arizona, Gettysburg, Charlotte and Georgia which all added to your enjoyment of learning more about our beautiful USA.
5. The two of you continue to be the Hostesses of the Mostess at the annual July Fourth family and friends reunion on Lighthouse Hill overlooking beautiful Homer—the historic home town of the famed David Harum, at which we all immensely enjoy the camaraderie and fellowship.
6. In retirement you have continued to needle hundreds of dogs and cats at Cortland County Rabies clinics, and occasionally attend to a sick “patient” out of a corner in your “new” Cadillac’s home.
7. Your service as chairman to the Homer Congregational Church’s Endowment continues to please the most optimistic or is it the most pessimistic?
8. Games of pitch with our Masonic brothers and others give you tremendous enjoyment.
9. Three Great Grand Children take center stage in your heart.
10. Believing you have reached an age greater than any other Potter has accomplished, gives you “family bragging rights”.

This update of the saga of Carleton Wilburn Potter—husband, father, grandfather, great-grandfather, uncle, cousin, friend and brother—although incomplete is finished to the date below. Family and Friends are eagerly waiting for more chapters of fun and fact from CWP—our much loved, admired, respected “Wizzard of Lighthouse Hill”!

bwp-12-17-07



Drs. Martin and Potter
veteran rabies clinic volunteers 2007



the line-up for rabies shots 2007

Only a month has passed and here we are again with another legacy chapter of our brother's varied life.

Carleton served as Cortland County Legislator, as a Republican of course, thru the years 1988-95. I am not sure of all the various committees to which he was appointed. One, however, was the Economic Maintenance and Development Committee of which "Social Services" was a part.

To illustrate the thoroughness and detail to which he studied the responsibilities involved as its chairman, he wrote a letter (attached) to the Editor of the *Cortland Standard* about a "people's" concern. He specifically put on paper the concerns and possible solutions to the problems in the department. It was a lengthy treatise of the situation. The depth of study and detail he gave to the subject is the key point.

This attention to detail is ingrained in all of CW's activities—be they business or fun. I expect that came from his DVM years—where there is no room for guess work.

This is a good place to picture some of Carl's family years as a loving husband, an admirer of his two lovely wives and his family -- way down to today as a Great Granddad and his in-depth service to community. "Let the projector roll!"



1918
"Always
Busy"
"Phones
Handy"
"Plans
Made"
"Tools
Ready"
"Job
Finished"
"What's
Next?"
"Slow
Down"
"What's That?"

2008--2nd Verse
"Repeat
Above"

"Everybody Loves CWP"



Dr. Carleton Potter

Homer Fills Vacancy on Legislature

By GARRY VANGORDER

Carleton Potter, a semi-retired veterinarian from Homer, has been named to replace Mary Alice Bellardini as county legislator for District 11.

Potter, a 68-year-old Republican, was named to fill Bellardini's unexpired term during a meeting last night of the Homer Town Board. He had been considered a front-runner for the job since Bellardini, Homer's newly-elected village mayor, announced she would not complete her term on the Legislature.

A political newcomer, Potter is the brother of former Cortland County Republican Party Chairman Bernard Potter of Truxton. He was sworn in this morning by Cortland County Clerk Judith Riehlman.

"I think that local and county government is the responsibility of everyone if they have the time," Potter said this morning after a tour of the County Office Building. "Right now, I've got the time and the inclination, I guess."

Potter has been counted on by off-track betting supporters to follow Bellardini's lead in voting to bring the operation to Cortland. He said he has an open mind on the issue, but conceded Bellardini has already asked him for support.

"I have to look at the figures, but I can see I'm caught in a political cross fire right off the bat," Potter said.

Potter is the second person named by the Homer board to replace legislators leaving before the end of their terms. Lillian Pratt Berry resigned earlier in the year, and she was ultimately replaced by former school administrator Nelson Wright.

Both Wright and Potter intend to run for full two-year terms this fall. So far, county Democrats have not said who'll line up against them.

Josephine Brown contributed to this story.

—Your Opinion—

A Two-Sided Problem

To the Editor:

Several events of the past week have pushed the Cortland County Department of Social Services to a great deal of public exposure and comment. On Monday, Jan. 27, the *Post Standard* ran a front page plus an entire inner page article on the questionable handling by the DSS of the death of a child who was part of a family under their care. Wednesday, Jan. 29, the Commissioner of Social Services resigned. On Friday, the *Cortland Standard* ran a lead editorial critical of the legislative and committee handling of the DSS.

Following the boy's death in which child abuse was suspected, an investigation was carried out by the DSS and police. At that time we were advised that as members of the committee overseeing the DSS that public comments concerning the case would be illegal. All information gathered was given to the district attorney, who in turn presented the case to the grand jury. The grand jury did not return an indictment. The DA has expressed the opinion that unless there was new evidence that another grand jury presentation would be futile. The case is still open.

On the morning the *Post Standard* article appeared I conferred with the commissioner regarding its impact. Also, our discussion centered around a possible realignment of personnel in the department. There was no mention, or request, for her resignation. On Wednesday, the commissioner handed her resignation to the legislature chairman. Two days later on Friday, the *Cortland Standard* published an editorial decrying the legislature with "arm's length oversight of the DSS" and neglect of its problems. With these events in view I would put forth the following comments.

The DSS is by far the largest department in our county government with 150 employees and a budget this year in excess of 19 million dollars. It is a complex organization in that funding for its various activities is at different levels of reimbursement from state and federal coffers. The overall reimbursement is approximately 66 percent, while the administration portion of the department receives 90 percent. As a result, it is frequently justified by some to increase salaries and the number of employees "as it will only cost us 10 cents on the dollar." However, since state and federal funding accounts for the biggest share of the DSS budget they have laid down laws and mandates, over which we have no control, and must be followed to receive this subsidy. The bottom line is that with current laws and mandates, there is very little local choice of dollars or programs.

On the other hand, the question of management and interpretation of regulations are valid issues. These obviously tend to be held in a different light depending on one's viewpoint. From the commissioner's view probably the main points of focus would be in the execution of the social service program as directed by state law, employee relationship to do the job, and space to put these employees. I will not dwell on the social service program except to state that mandate relief is being actively pursued.

The second point is employee relationship which would include employee turnover. This matter has been presented to and discussed at length in committee meetings. DSS management has approached this problem as primarily a financial situation together with job stress. They use exit interviews with departing employees to substantiate their position. The committee has received letters from "disgruntled former employees" which have been brought up at the meetings and shared with the two commissioners for their input and action. A former employee was recently in touch with a committee member in which an agreement was made for that person to contact other former employees to meet with him and myself, as committee

chairman. This former employee made no further contact. Regardless of whether there was a meeting or not their input has been effective. Some members of the committee, including myself, have felt that a shift of duties or line of command in the department would have been helpful in smoothing many of these problems. This remains to be seen following the installation of a new commissioner.

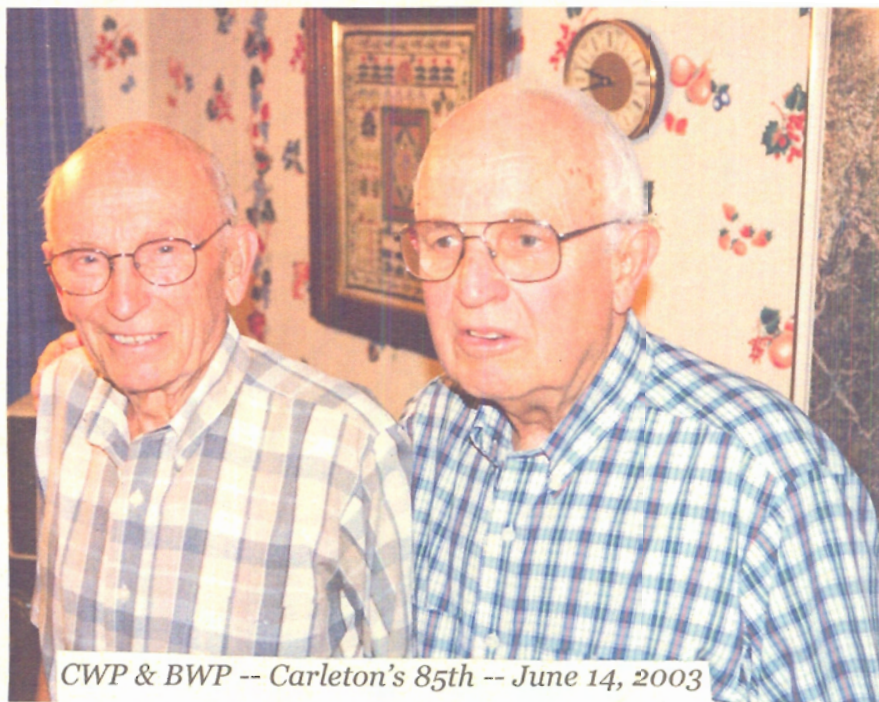
The third point from the department's view is lack of space. This has been greatly magnified by the substantial increase in the size of the DSS from 110 to the current 150. A large part of this growth has been in the child protective service, brought on by probable need and state mandates. The space situation took on two possible solutions. We could either go out and secure property, one way or another, or convert underused existing space in the County Office Building. Due to ongoing construction that was deemed more important at the time and the current budget crunch, the space needs of the department are still with us.

From the public's viewpoint the DSS is, I feel, regarded as somewhat of a necessary government agency with unbridled funds that are too often used unnecessarily on long-term able-bodied recipients, repeat mothers with fatherless children, and unlimited taxi funds. Legislative action is deemed too little or too late and this coupled with a feeling that if they were in charge things would be well administered with a strong "hands-on" approach.

From the legislator's view, the problem becomes two-sided. One, he is legally expected to counsel and support the needs of the social service programs and the DSS as perceived by the commissioner. Secondly, there is the political and public aspect of his stand on the various issues and how it will be received along with the resulting ax to support that stand. With a new commissioner to be sought out and named, it will certainly give the public an opportunity for a great deal of input into ways the Economic Maintenance and Development Committee might more effectively operate.

Mary Ann Discenza was a good commissioner and department head. I certainly will miss her guidance and expertise. I also wish her the best of luck and success in her new endeavor.

Carleton W. Potter,
chairman
Economic Maintenance &
Development Committee
Cortland County Legislature



CWP & BWP -- Carleton's 85th -- June 14, 2003



Margaret CWP Esther & son, Lee Twentyman



Scouts -- Robb & Eagle Mark Newman
"Proud Grandparents"



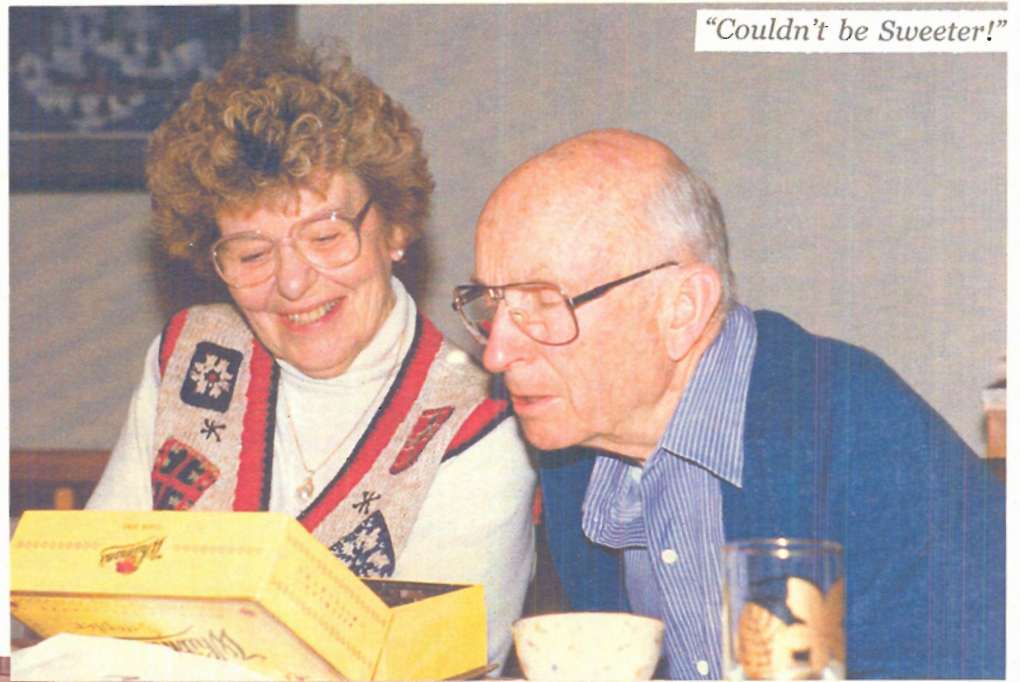
"A Smile Says More than a Thouand Words"



Friend Mildred Russell, Marian & Carleton
"What a Dude!"



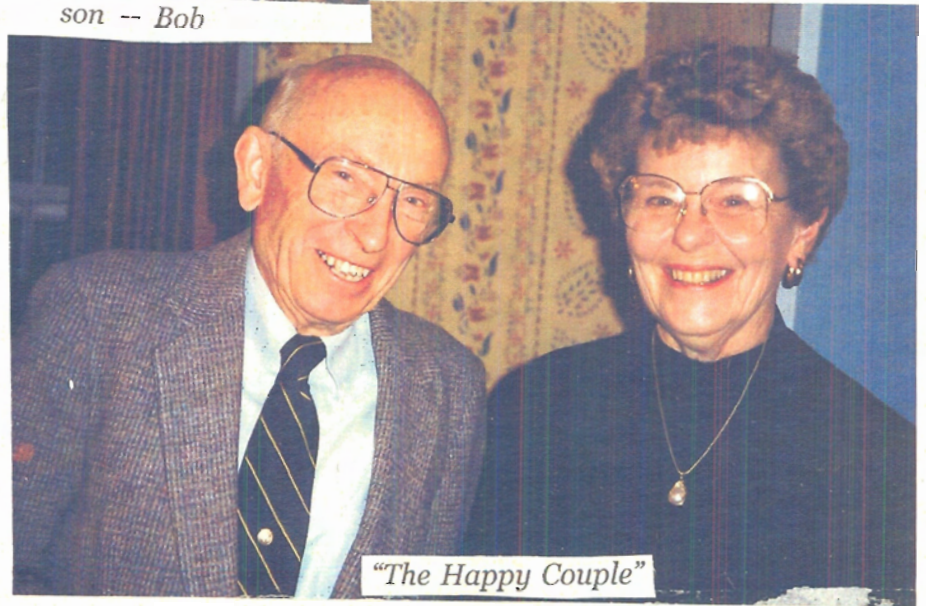
Margaret and Marian --sisters in law
"Dear Friends"



Esther

CWP

son -- Bob



"The Happy Couple"

In the Good Ole Summertime



Picture Perfect!



Margaret

Esther, sister Ellen & husband Garth

CWP

The pictures bring back a host of memories. I'll wager that as soon as this gets "cold" another memory will "unearth" that will need to be put to words! One thing for sure is that time passes quickly. Just finished writing about Carleton's 89th b'day and I looked at the calendar and realized that in less than five months he will turn **90**. At this juncture I am not aware of any family plans for a special celebration. However, knowing this family it will be a "*humdinger*". So I have decided to keep this updated story of my brother under wraps until that special day **June 14, 2008**. In the meantime, I'll be digging for more to be included in our tale.

Sure enough, the three experiences mentioned earlier, of Carleton's youth, popped into mind. In my book of memories, "*A Country Farm Boy Remembers*", I wrote about Carleton and his close brushes with serious accidents. One has already been mentioned by Mother in her letter to Grandma Potter of November 26, 1928. I will paste all 3 below:

1. "Back when we hauled milk to the Dairymen's League plant in Homer. So that the truck might be available for use during the day, the empty milk cans were set off the truck in front of the barn by the milk house at our home farm. Carleton was sliding down the hill on his sled. We'd go like crazy, nearly to the river, when the snow was crusty. This time evidently Carleton misjudged, maybe the milk cans were in the way, anyway he cracked his noggin on one of those cans—it bled pretty good!"

2. "Carleton had another brush with possible serious injury. One summer day he was driving a frisky young team of horses on a dump rake and they suddenly decided to run away. Fortunately Carleton fell off backward to the ground and the horses kept on running. Carleton wasn't hurt and soon the team stopped running."

3. "We used to haul wood off the hill in back of Wicksville, from a small wood lot, 20 acres or so, that was separate from our main farm. It was in the winter time. We would ride home from school on the wood wagon. Carleton fell off, the wheel of the wagon ran over him. It didn't hurt him—of course he was a tough little cookie!!"

"We had to warn all our friends, who visited, about different hazards. I think for all the activity we were very fortunate that there were no life threatening accidents. I don't recall our falling off any roofs or like that. We were a very active bunch of kids."

Heifers to Hungary

Another experience which my brother Carleton had, was “escorting” a group of heifers to Yugoslavia by boat in 1974. Carleton asked Tom VanPatten from Preble to be his right hand helper for the voyage. Tom is the son of Ann and Bill VanPatten who used CW’s veterinary services on their farm. I am going to quiz him, discreetly, about that experience and include it in this work. My telephone visit with CW today (3-13-08) accomplished just about what was needed. Esther tells me that CW recalls this experience as his “*most exciting*”.

Question:

1. bwp: How many heifers were shipped?
CWP: 750 Black and White, 50 Red and White — mostly unbred or short bred.
2. bwp: Who was the sponsor?
CWP: The Holstein Friesian Association of America.
3. bwp: What was the boat?
CWP: A Freighter. Hay was stored on top deck.
4. bwp: Where did you depart and where was the destination?
CWP: Port of Richmond, Virginia via James River past Jamestown to Rijeka, Yugoslavia, by rail to Hungary.
5. bwp: What was the date?
CWP: May, 1974.
6. bwp: Who was your 1st Assistant (right arm)?
CWP: Tom VanPatten from Preble.
7. bwp: Other helpers?
CWP: 4—from the freighter.
5. bwp: How many weeks was the voyage?
CWP: 2 on the Atlantic Ocean. 1 on the Mediterranean and Adriatic.
9. bwp: How was the weather?
CWP: Very rough on the Ocean —smooth as glass on the Mediterranean and the Adriatic.
10. bwp: At what port did you arrive?
CWP: Rijeka, Yugoslavia —the northern port in the Adriatic.
11. bwp: What was your travel to return to the USA?
CWP: by Air, via Rome, Madrid to home.
11. bwp: Were your efforts successful?
CWP: “We left Richmond with 800 heifers —delivered 800 heifers. 1 calved during the voyage — fed the calf to the “whales” — does that answer your question?!”

This CWP Experience “Fits the Mold”!

Family Recollections

Our book of CWP's life experiences becomes more complete as special memories recounted by those most dear to her/his Grandpa and Dad, are written. These thoughts are "treasures". They will live in this Carleton's memory book today—and excite those still to come who will exclaim, "Wow, what a guy!".



Tom Jim Bob CWP Susan Janet Mary Jane
at Bob's Renaissance Award Dinner in State College --2004

My Grandpa

Some of my best memories of growing up are of helping Grandpa with all kinds of projects. Grandpa is into everything! He always has an amazing amount of energy, and still works harder than anyone, even now after heart surgery.

When I brought my new boyfriend (now fiancé) Thom home to meet my relatives, Grandpa welcomed him in predictable fashion: "Welcome to the family! Are you ready to work?" Within an hour, Grandpa and Thom were out mowing the lawn, fixing the ultravan, and carrying tables to the fire station to vaccinate several hundred dogs before dinner. Thom slept for several days after we left. You would never guess Grandpa was 60+ years older! We were both impressed.

The great thing about helping Grandpa with projects is that he can turn any simple errand into an adventure. We might pass by something in the garage that jogs his memory, and the next moment be learning about how a carburetor works or hearing funny stories about a distant relative. It seems like Grandpa is never at a loss for interesting lessons (who knew that dog kidney stones could be so huge!).

Grandpa also always emphasized the importance of family. He makes it a priority to attend important events in our lives, including driving long distances to graduations for all his grandchildren. I had no idea how unique the Potter family closeness was until I was older. Didn't everyone have this much fun at reunions? When I was young we had many fun evenings sitting in the living room together, watching slideshows of Grandpa's travels.

I appreciate these chances to learn so much family history from Grandpa, and know that we are surrounded by such a supportive family. I think Grandpa's stories and his teasing helped to keep all of us grounded all this time.

Thank you, Grandpa, for your love & support.
Kristen Ann Potter —March 20, 2008



Kristen & Bill Potter -- 1st cousins once removed -- March 2008, Tuscon, AZ

February 10, 2008

Dear Uncle Bernard,

Susan writes that you are planning to write a book on Dad for his 90th birthday. What a wonderful idea!

Here are some quick thoughts—

Riding with Dad on calls—he drove fast (snow drifts didn't slow him down and I remember getting high centered more than once) and he always introduced me as his number one son.

Stopping for milk shakes in Scott and at McGuire's while out on calls.

Giving me allergy shots (I hated them—I think he used cow needles with barbs just to punish me).

Driving and camping across country so Dad could attend the Kiwanis convention as Dad was district governor—1956, I think.

Dad always made an effort to attend my athletic events—particularly football games. He always found time to attend our awards ceremonies. Dad was active in Scouts—served on the troop committee.

Summers that we spent on Skaneateles Lake were especially great—he got up on water skies the first time he tried. I ran boat into the diving board and broke the windshield, Dad was mad but couldn't say anything since he had done the same the week before.

He and Mom chaperoned several weekend parties at ATO.

Mom mentioned more than once that she was apprehensive about marrying Dad since apparently he was wild in college—you probably know more about that than I do.

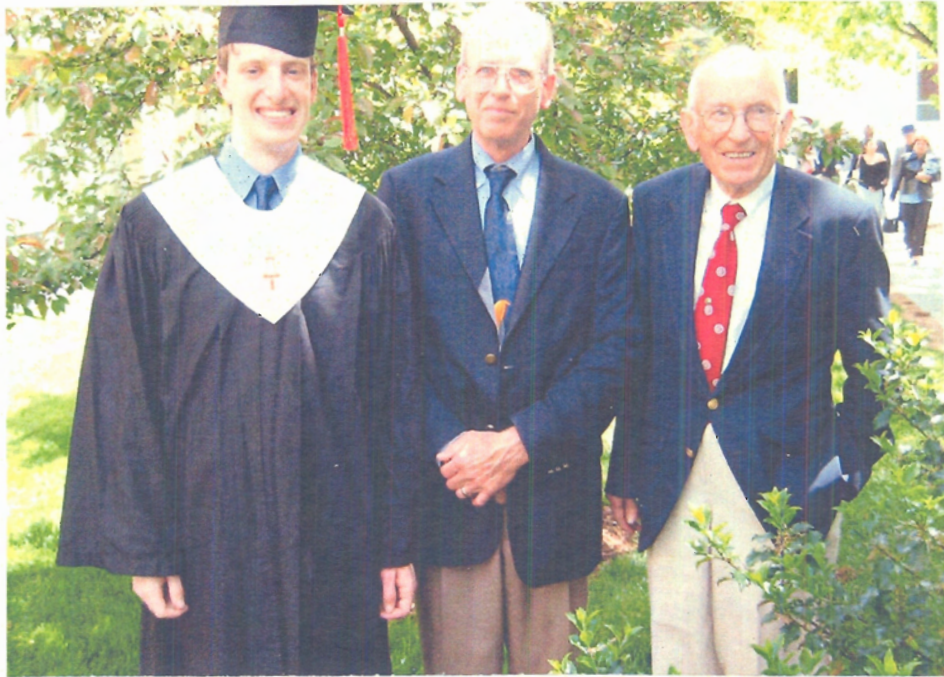
Dad made friends easily.

He was involved in the community - served on the school board and church board of trustees.

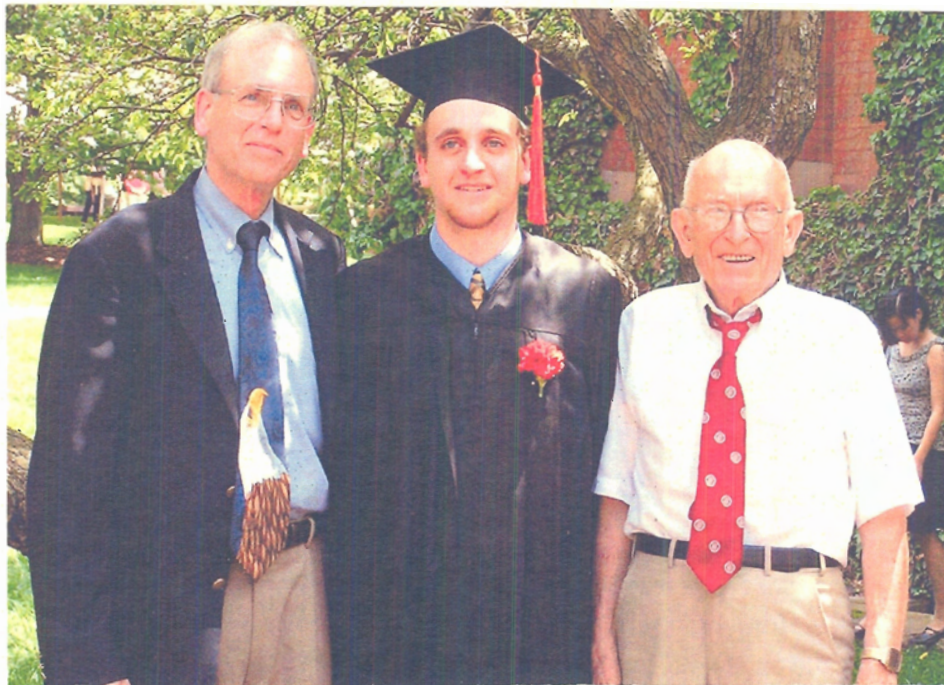
All in all I would have to say that we were very blessed to have such a devoted and caring father—even though we didn't always agree on things.

I hope this helps. —Jim

James Carleton Potter
February 10, 2008



Travis Dad Jim Grandpa CW
2005



Dad Jim Justin Grandpa CW
2006

RECOLLECTIONS

It was the start of first grade and my teacher asked each student for his address, phone number and parents' names. For me it was easy—87 South Main Street; telephone number 64; mother's name Marian and then father's name. I stumbled and fumbled trying to say Carleton and never could say it correctly. Finally another student raised his hand and said: "I know, I know. His name is Doc." I was relieved but she said I must learn how to pronounce my father's name. Fortunately, I knew him as Dad.

Growing up in a family with six children in the 1940's and 50's with a Dad who was a large and small animal veterinarian was always an adventure. We never knew who might phone or ring our office doorbell or what animal Dad would treat. I remember cows, sheep, goats, pigs, dogs, cats, skunks, rabbits, even a monkey, and a raccoon which bit three-year-old Janet on her knee.

Early on, the office was in the front room of our house so it was easy to go in to see what was happening. Later, Dad moved his office to the barn where we continued to be with him as he worked. We might be willing or unwilling helpers and silent or not so silent observers (Why are you doing that? What's that mean? Does it always do that?). We cleaned cages or played in them, held animals and walked dogs. We watched broken bones set and animals spayed. Best of all we watched natural and caesarian births of puppies and kittens.

Even more fun was riding along on a call—we never knew what excitement there might be. When we got older, we became "assistants" and were allowed to carry equipment or medicines from the trunk or back seat of the car. It was a big day when we were deemed old enough to hold the bottle of calcium gluconate as Dad treated cows with "milk fever". As for me, I much preferred riding with Dad over helping at home. Besides, I was proud of my Dad and happy to follow along as he was welcomed by the farmers.

Being a country vet was not without its dangers. I can remember when he was gored by a bull and other times when he was bitten and we waited for rabies tests to come back to confirm that he was not infected. Sometimes his injuries were embarrassing to report—like when he broke his leg slipping on a frozen cow pile!

Rabies Clinics were a part of every summer in the villages of Cortland County. We often accompanied him to these, helped fill out forms and watched him interact with many people and tease other children—not us! Many years later, it was fun for me to watch Dad go off on calls with one or more of my children in tow and know that they were having a wonderful time experiencing what I had while growing up. A highlight was when one of them came back and exclaimed: "Mom, you wouldn't believe what Grandpa did to that cow!"

In addition to his veterinary practice, Dad was very involved in the community. I often wonder how he found the time. He served many years on the Board of Trustees and even longer as chairman of the finance committee at the Homer Congregational Church. He served on the Homer School Board, on county and state veterinary groups, and on the Cortland County Legislature. In Kiwanis he held many offices including president and lieutenant governor. He was a volunteer fireman although I'm not sure he ever rode a fire truck or put out a fire. As if he weren't busy enough, he refinished furniture and always had a remodeling project underway at our house. In addition, he found time to invest in the stock market and build spec houses. When it seemed the day was full, Dad and Mom would entertain.

Early memories are of friends coming over to play canasta or the men coming to play cards, extended family celebrating birthdays and holidays in the dining room, and friends and family enjoying picnics in the back yard. It was there that Dad built a fireplace and lost what little hair he had left when gasoline fumes exploded and he was burned on his head, hands and arms. He taught us several games—ping pong, croquet, and badminton—and he was good at all of them. A highlight for several winters was freezing the backyard for a skating rink for us and the neighborhood kids.

In 1957, Dad and Mom bought a cottage on the southwest side of Skaneateles Lake where we spent several wonderful summers. Dad taught us to canoe (well that really was during our canoe trip down the Tioughnioga River with Ed Leonard and his children Chuck and Susan and Dad, Jim, and me), sail, and water ski. The amazing thing to me was Dad taught us all to water ski and then we found out he had never done it so we urged him to try. Of course he got up the very first time.

Meal times were together times. Unless Dad was out, we ate breakfast, lunch (during our elementary school years) and dinner together around our large kitchen table. On Sundays, birthdays, and holidays we ate around the large mahogany table in the dining room. Dinner table conversations were always enlightening as Dad would talk about veterinary cases. We often wondered what other families talked about. He and Mom also listened to us tell about our day and encouraged us to discuss current events.

Part of growing up with a large animal vet was waiting. We waited for meals, we waited to go places, and we even waited by the front door for Dad to come home so we could open our Christmas presents. Sick animals, farmers, and pet owners didn't wait so we did that. His life became easier when we got a two-way radio so Mom, Jim, or I could keep him up to date on new calls as they came in. This saved him time and miles when he didn't have to return to a farm down the road from where he had just been. The two-way radio which sat on top of our refrigerator was retired when farmers got phones in their barns.

Driving was part of Dad's life and we learned to drive on the way to calls. As he would put about 100,000 miles a year on a car. He would get a new one every year—always looking for a deal! He loves to drive and remembers roads from all over the county and country.

In 1953, it was Dad's turn to drive the ladies (Grandma Emma Bean, "Aunt" Carrie Allport, and Aunt Cora Gilbert home from Florida. Jim and I got to go on this trip—memorable events were watching a baseball game in Washington, DC, visiting Sea World, St. Augustine, an Alligator Farm, and swimming in the lake at their winter home in Pine Castle.

In 1954, we got a second car—a red station wagon. At a time when most cars were dark blue or black, the sight of us in a red car was quite a sight. It was in this car that Dad and Mom took Jim, Bob, and me on a western trip to a Kiwanis convention in 1956. It was quite an undertaking to plan for a month long camping trip. We toured Zion, Bryce, Mesa Verde, Grand Canyon, Death Valley, Disney World, Knott's Berry Farm, Yosemite, and Yellowstone in addition to attending the meeting in San Francisco and seeing the giant redwoods, and sequoias. We were expected to be up with sleeping bags rolled and ready to travel by 6 am (or was it 7?)

Dad is a "Combiner". If one is going out, it's expected that two or three other things will be done on the same trip. The epitome of this came to light just last year when Dad at 88 was being discharged from St. Joseph's hospital in Syracuse after a double by-pass and heart valve replacement surgery. He wanted us to stop to see a car that had been advertised in "The Post Standard"!

My Grandma Florence Potter wrote several letters to Great-Grandma Marion Potter describing Dad's early years. She would usually report that he hadn't grown much but that he was always busy, very active and into and on top of everything.

I think that still describes my Dad at 90. He loves to be active, involved in everything, and going to more meetings and events than I can keep up with. He never did grow much, but he always stands tall in my mind—and still goes by Doc.

Love,
Susan

Susan Florence Potter Newman
March 2, 2008



Susan Mary Jane Dad CW Janet 2007



Susan and Dad
6-11-66 Homer Congregational Church



Susan CWP



CWP Susan

CWP memories and thoughts

Although I may have earlier memories, the 1956 trip across the country, when I was 9 years old certainly stands out. It left a huge impression and to this day, now over 50 years later, I can retrace our route and all the sites we visited. I'm sure this led to my life-long love of travel and my affinity for maps. Dad, Mom and the three oldest kids headed west in the big Mercury station wagon. We camped out most nights in the heavy canvas tent we carried in the car-top carrier that Dad made.

This trip was a real adventure...before interstate highways, Holiday Inns, McDonalds and all the rest of the things that now make one part of the country look like all the rest.

There were many other family trips, including back across the country in 1965. The four youngest kids this time, so I went on both these trips. Can't imagine how they put up with all the fighting going on in the back seat.

I believe their first international trip took them to South America around 1969. After that they made several overseas trips, including one with Dad and the two Marians (Potter and Kitts) to Portugal.

In about 1981 they joined me on a trip to Greece and Egypt. I remember thinking that the Truxton school he attended must have been good as he surprised me with his knowledge of Greek history and the ancient myths. In Egypt we stayed with friends of mine who took us around Cairo and to the Pyramids. While at the Pyramids I bought them a camel ride; I'll send the photo. This reminded me of a picture I've seen of Grandma and Grandpa Potter on their camel ride many years earlier.

Both Mom and Dad were always active in the community, something that all six of us inherited. I can recall Dad active in the following: as a Boy Scout committeeman for Homer Troop 85, serving (as president?) on the school board, Kiwanis including serving as Cortland County club president and District leader, the Homer Congregational Church and First Religious Society serving as chair of the Endowment Committee (see below), the Homer Fire Department, serving as an elected representative on the Cortland County legislature, and probably others I don't recall.

His work on the Church Endowment committee is worth note. He told me he became chair of this in the 1950's and, I believe, still is. He's very proud that he was able to guide this endowment from a meager start to where it now amounts to some \$2 M assets and generates around \$100,000 in support for the church each year.

This is certainly unusual for a small town church to have such a financial base. I remember he once compared the Congregational Church with the Methodists next door saying, "they don't have a pot to p... in."

We all learned to drive by serving as his chauffeur while he made his farm calls all over Cortland County. As soon as we each turned 16 and had our Learner's Permit we would rush home to get behind the wheel. We all had hundreds and hundreds of miles of practice by the time we took the driving test.

He and Mom fostered our love of learning and reading. Dinner, when we were growing up, would often end with several encyclopedia books open and maps scattered around the table.

He has a very active mind...interested in just about everything. We were all impressed to learn just this past Thanksgiving that he had just finished reading "War and Peace." It takes a lot of confidence in your longevity to start reading War and Peace at age 89.

All during our Homer days the Herneys were their best friends. Joe was the High School Principal and, of course, he knew all of us well. I never knew if he told Mom and Dad about the number of times he called me in to give me a little "talking to."

Homer was a great place to grow up in the 1950's and 60's. There were kids everywhere and every night on any number of the neighborhood backyards there would be activities and games of every sort. This started with the sandbox he built for us way back in the early 1950's, and continued through baseball, softball and croquet in the summer and our flooded and frozen backyard ice rink in the winter.

Over the more recent years, even as we all moved on to our own lives, careers and families, I believe we all still consider Homer to be home. He set a model for all of us when he really never retired, but continued to do what he loved to do: taking care of the local farmers and then the local dogs and cats. I suppose to him it wasn't really working. This kept him in touch with the local people who he always loved to chat with.

I'm not sure when the Potter family July 4th gathering started, but my earliest memories of this are at Grandma and Grandpa's farm, probably in the 1950's. At some point Uncle Bernard and Aunt Margaret began to host this and all gathered around their swimming pool after the picnic. Then, the reunion moved to our house on the hill in Homer, he and Mom and then he and Esther have hosted it for at least 10 or 15 years. It will soon be time for the next generation to take over this wonderful event that has kept us all in contact.

Mom's health failed her starting when she was in her 60's. She wanted to keep up with everything and everyone, but it became increasingly difficult for her. She died way too young at 75 years old.

After she died there was much family discussion (behind the scenes, of course) about

what, if anything, should we do about Dad, could he cope on his own, etc. We shouldn't have worried, as somehow he convinced a second wonderful woman, and family friend to boot, to marry him. As Susan said: "It's a good thing he married Esther as otherwise one of us might have got him!"

Interesting to note that the Potter kids kept saying "we hope he marries Esther before she finds out what he's really like." Later we found out that the Twentyman kids were saying "We hope she marries Carleton before he finds out what she's really like." None of us should have worried and we are all very fortunate, especially Dad and Esther, in this wonderful turn of events.

Love, Bob

Robert Wilburn Potter
March, 2008



Bob and his Dad -- at Esther and Carl's Wedding
December 11, 1994



Bob and his Mother Marian
1989



"The Mechanic" 1973

Uncle Bernard,

One of my classmates took this picture (previous page) of Dad circa 1973. I've had it framed and standing on my dresser since then. It is now a bit faded, but whenever I close my eyes and think of Dad, this is how I see him. He is in his work coveralls and boots with a tool in his hand ready to repair a piece of equipment (or cow or dog or cat). Of course the picture can't exactly convey the "barn fresh" odor of his car, but this is truly a one thousand word picture of him.

Some memories of times with Dad:

Vacation trips to New England, Canada, New York City, Atlantic City, Washington D.C., Oregon, the Great Smokey Mountains, and the Midwest.

Summers at the cottage and sailing with him (and keeping the boat bottom side down - mostly). Riding with him on calls and traveling every back road in Cortland County (plus a few places where there weren't any roads).

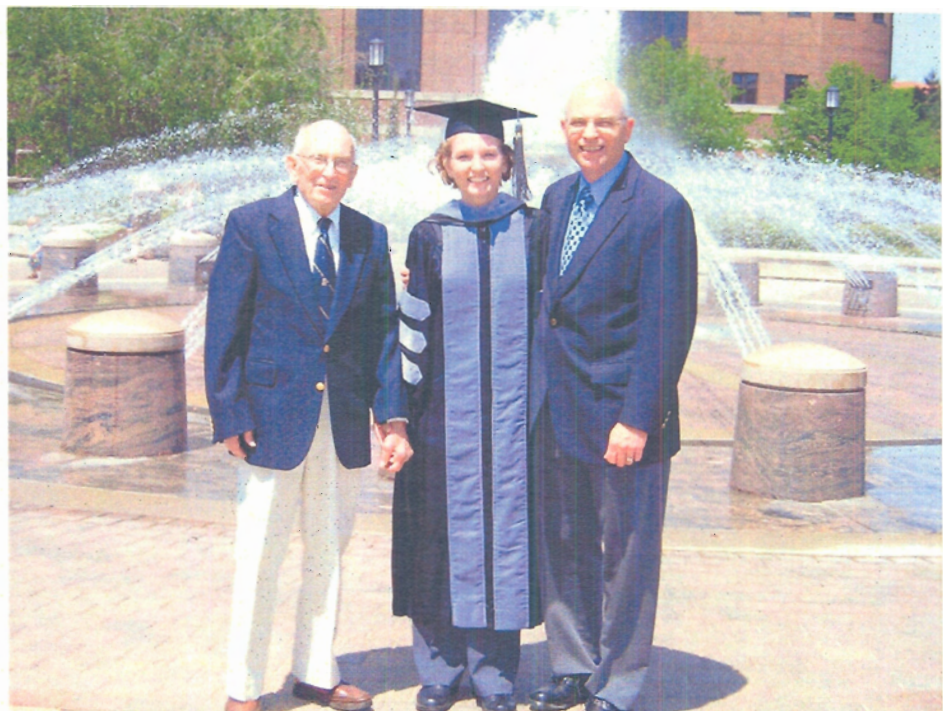
Building or fixing things with him around the house and at the cottage. Designing and building the new house. I can honestly tell people that my parents moved when I went off to college (but, I found them).

We know all his grandchildren are special to him. Gretchen and I are especially thankful that he recovered from heart surgery to see Megan receive her DVM degree, thus continuing uninterrupted the Potter veterinarian tradition started with his father, my Grandfather Wilburn H. Potter, in 1918.

Tom

(AKA: Number four child or Number three son)

Thomas Edmund Potter
March 16, 2008



Dr. Carleton, DVM Dr. Megan, DVM Dr. Thomas, PHD

Mary Jane Potter writes Memories of her Dad

Curiosity and Travel

Dad and Mom started us early on traveling, what with the camping trips and talk about people who traveled or even time spent with maps and the National Geographic. Did they realize that at least one of their children would become a confirmed internationalist?

Dad found it a little difficult to allow me to go to Japan as an exchange student at age 17, but once I got that far, he was tremendously supportive. Then, I continued traveling, and he and Mom have always tracked me down and joined for a holiday, or wanted to.

The first big visit was when they came to France for two weeks in the spring of 1974. They flew into Luxembourg, where I met them, and rented a car. Dad had a great time, pointing out things to me which I had seen, but didn't realize the significance. He saw the hedge rows along the rural roads which posed difficulty for tanks in WW II, stopped the car to speak with farmers about what plants were growing in their fields, marveled at the filthy barnyards and wondered at the cheeses. I had a work-out translating for him! We had quite a tour, taking in the champagne area, gardens and cathedrals, Normandy beaches, some chateaux, the estate of my French host family near Poitiers (where he marveled over the wine cellars and the slate roof) and of course, Paris.

Our family friend Jeanne was with us one day when we stopped in Bordeaux and went to a Veterinarian's office; Dad, Jeanne and I just walked into the office without any prior call. When the senior vet understood that Dad just wanted to learn about his practice, he invited us in, showed us around, and then offered us some special wine in his parlor (the clinic was in the front part of the house). We kept thinking we were leaving momentarily so poor Mom was left to nap in the car, but we ended up staying at least an hour, savoring an 80 some year old vintage which was more like brandy (not at all like the vinegar one might expect). The Dr. felt Dad's visit was such a wonderful event that he went deep into his cave (wine cellar) to get his most prized bottle. Dad reveled in talking with his counterpart - about the vet business, agriculture, the war, DeGaulle and on and on. That whole visit was an amazing treat.

Similar things happened when Dad and Mom visited me in Japan in 1983. That fall I was there in Tokyo working for Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company. First of all, the trip itself was special - he had discovered that I had cashed in my business class ticket for a 'round the world' economy class ticket for a special \$2000 price on Pan Am. He and Mom decided to also go around the world with such a great fare so he went to buy their own tickets. So by the time they reached Tokyo, they had been traveling for 40 some days through at least Germany, Turkey, India and Thailand.

When I picked them up at the Tokyo air terminal, they both had terrible coughs and I thought I would have to find a doctor immediately. They tried to assure me that they weren't sick but that they had the residue of the dung fires in India in their chests and would be fine. Sure enough,

after a home style Sunday night supper of scrambled eggs at my temporary Tokyo apartment and the day on Monday to putter in my apartment, do their laundry and rest, they did great.

The three things I remember most about Dad on his Japan visit is taking him to Tsukiji fish market at 4:00 in the morning, visiting my host families, and visiting Kyoko, the exchange student who had stayed with them when I was in Japan. Tsukiji is amazing - Dad marveled at the rows of frozen tuna which were steaming in the relatively warmer auction room. The attendants used long metal hooks to move the 500 - 1000 pound fish around. He was fascinated by the varieties and numbers of seafood. Later, we both enjoyed sushi at a tiny neighboring restaurant, at 7:00 in the morning.

Dad had the most fun when we flew southwest to visit the host families I had lived with years earlier during my exchange student year in Japan. I remember him joking with my four host fathers, finally relaxing after all those years that I had been with good families. At a traditional inn, Dad was game to sit on the tatami floor in a yukata (Japanese cotton kimono), enjoy the o-furo (deep, hot, Japanese soaking bath) and try all sorts of food you never saw in Homer. Then with Kyoko, he was at home: Kyoko gets him going with her questions and smiles and Dad just teases her. Best, Dad found that he loves Kyoko's husband Kiyotaka as much as he does her.

Dad is a man who is curious - about history, livelihoods, dams, gardens, food, everything abroad. He might not cope with some foreign customs, but he is generally game to explore.

What do you get from your parents? Lots of things - a Bean nose, stubbornness, and so much else. In my case, there is the love of history, of travel, of adventure. This comes through the generations: From Great Grandfather Rev. Potter, Grandma and Grandpa Potter, and Dad (reinforced and made gracious by Mom). He still wants to go: this year at 89+ he is talking about the Chelsea flower show and the Panama Canal. As I write this, I'm arranging a business trip to Botswana and South Africa. His comment? "I'd love to go with you."

Mary Jane Potter
March 2008



Mary Jane & Dad--2007

These photos from Mary Jane's collection depict his versatility, also others respect for CW. Repairs in her kitchen. Enjoyment with his 1924 Model T Ford -- since given to Tom. Two citations on his 80th birthday, from the Veterinary College at Cornell and the NYS Veterinary Medical Society. Most important, Love for his family - Mary Jane --1990.



Dad,

Often when people ask me about my childhood, I tell them to read the books by James Harriet describing the life of a country veterinarian. As a child I would grab every chance I had to help Dad in the kennels or to ride to the farms and be his “right hand man” (even though he always called me, “his baby”). I felt very important holding the bottle up very high to treat a cow with milk fever, or holding a rope or even just talking to a cow thinking I was somehow keeping it calm. But I also loved the time I had on these “calls” to look for the newest batch of kittens or see the calves or what other babies there were around.

But the real treasure in going on “calls” with Dad was that it was just the two of us (okay sometimes it was Mary Jane as well), but it wasn’t all six of us with a list of chores facing us. It was fun being with Dad in the car, he relaxed and often whistled as he drove. Looking back on that now, I think that he really loved what he did and it is no wonder that retirement just isn’t in his vocabulary.

Years later when I became the pastor of a small country church, I would often think of our drives in the countryside as I drove around to visit members of the church. The freedom of riding around the beautiful rolling hills of central New York often left me refreshed and inspired.

Helping Dad in the office was different. I don’t think a day went by when I didn’t check on the animals in the kennels. Some of them I would brush out and do some of the chores and among those that boarded frequently I got to know pretty well. I don’t remember how old we had to be to help Dad with surgeries, but holding a dog’s paw while Dad administered the anesthetic and then helping to tie them on to the surgery table often fell to one of us. We would also help to hold the ether on their noses and to hold forceps during the surgery or do whatever Dad needed an extra hand for. The best times were during a caesarian section when we would have to take the puppies or kittens and keep them warm and gently rub them to encourage them to breathe.

I remember one time something happened during a surgery and the dog died and while that is the only time I remember that happening, Dad had me stay there and help him with an autopsy. I think I was in Junior High School at the time and taking biology and was fascinated by all of the organs, muscles, veins and arteries. I pummeled Dad with all kinds of questions until he probably wanted to kick me out of there, but it was like we were working together to solve a puzzle and he explained what he was looking at and how things worked. It was the best biology lesson I ever had and in high school biology lab it was time to do some dissecting of frogs or whatever, I was the lab partner who did the operating.

There were certain rules when it came to helping Dad with his vet practice. If responsible for answering the phone it had to be answered by the third ring. To this day I have difficulty in letting the machine get a phone call. The two way radio kept above the refrigerator in the kitchen was only to be used for business or if Mom said it was okay to call Dad.

It seems that we spent a lot of time waiting for Dad. We waited for Dad for supper and to open our presents on Christmas morning. There would always be a phone call or a call to go on or somebody in the office and because being together as a family was important and fun, we waited. Often on our way to some other event we would stop by a farm on the way. It amazes me that Dad is *so* impatient when we were the ones who waited all the time!

I always felt lucky to be able to be a part of Dad's work, especially when I realized that many of my peers saw their dads go off to work in the morning and then return at night. In elementary school, I often walked home for lunch and had lunch with both Dad and Mom.

When I was five years old, Dad took us to the kennel one night to chose a puppy from a litter that he had been given to find homes for. They were beagles and we all chose a tri-color female and named her Cindy. One of the perks of having a vet for a father was that we always had pets around us. Cindy was a lovable beagle who loved to climb the willow tree at our cottage on Skaneateles Lake. The tree stuck out over the water at a 45 degree angle and she just walked out on its trunk.

Dad purchased the cottage about the same time that we got Cindy and it was a great place for family gatherings, learning to swim, evening card games of hearts, sailing, fishing and building wonderful memories. Dad would wake up in the morning and the first thing he would do was to jump in the lake (which was often very cold) and then upon getting out shake his head and say that cleaned out the cobwebs.

The bank behind the cottage was steep and Dad put railroad ties to try to keep it from eroding. Then for several summers we would take a trip up to Bear Swamp and dig out some myrtle and transplant it onto our bank. I don't think that was entirely legal even then, but we had a beautiful bank and it never slid into the house!

Of course it was because of Dad, that we were all connected to this wonderful, extended family of Potters. Spending time at the farm whether it was Grandpa and Grandma Potter's, Uncle Bernard and Aunt Margaret's or later Uncle Willard and Aunt Jane's farm was always a treat.

Along with church, Dad belonged to two organizations, Kiwanis and the AVMA. Each year these organizations would have a national gathering and we would go to these gatherings alternating between the two or whichever one met in the locale we wanted to visit. We would go with our big canvas tent packed in the back of the station wagon, the food locker at the back of the wagon and on its side with built in cubby holes for kitchen supplies and all of our other gear stuffed into the car. It was not possible under this arrangement for all six of us to go together so when I went along it was Bob, Tom, Mary Jane and myself. So Dad and Mom made two separate trips to the west coast, in 1956 with Susan, Jim, Bob and Tom and in 1966 with the younger four.

Other trips I remember included Canada, The Great Smokies and Mammoth Cave areas, the Carolina coast, Washington DC, Chicago, Atlantic City and Philadelphia (some of these we stayed in motels). It was always a treat to be able to hold the air in one's air mattress past sun up, but Dad insured that the air left early and we were on the road early.

Dad as well as Mom pushed for a strong education for all their children. Supper table discussions included world events and often one of us would go running to get an atlas or almanac to look something up. One Christmas Dad gave us all the Encyclopedia Britannica and I was thrilled because as the youngest I was usually at the end, but Dad had split up the volumes and I got the beginning volume starting with Aardvark (of course I had to look up aardvark!).

When I went away to college, I finally realized how wonderful my childhood was, as I heard the stories my classmates had to share. We had our moments of bedlam and disagreements, but what a gift it was to be surrounded by a large, loving extended family, the rural settings, honest people, loving parents and lots of siblings and of course all the animals.

Thank you, Dad and Happy 90th!

Love,
Janet

Janet Marian Potter Newman
March 5, 2008



A Few More Picture Memories!



Two Lovely Ladies -- One Lucky Guy!



1981 trip to Greece and Egypt with Bob
Athens -- Acropolis in background



Sheik Carl and Marian mount camels in Egypt
1981



c-1928 -- Marian Bean Potter
 Bernard William Potter Carleton Wilburn Potter



Bernard Willard Marian Carleton -- 1958



Carleton and Marian -- July 1990



1990 - Marian, Carleton & Family at Newman Cottage, Owasco Lake



Jean Hazzard (cousin) -- Margaret Marian Jane (sisters-in-law)
at the farm c. 1980s



Marian & Margaret c.1980s



88th



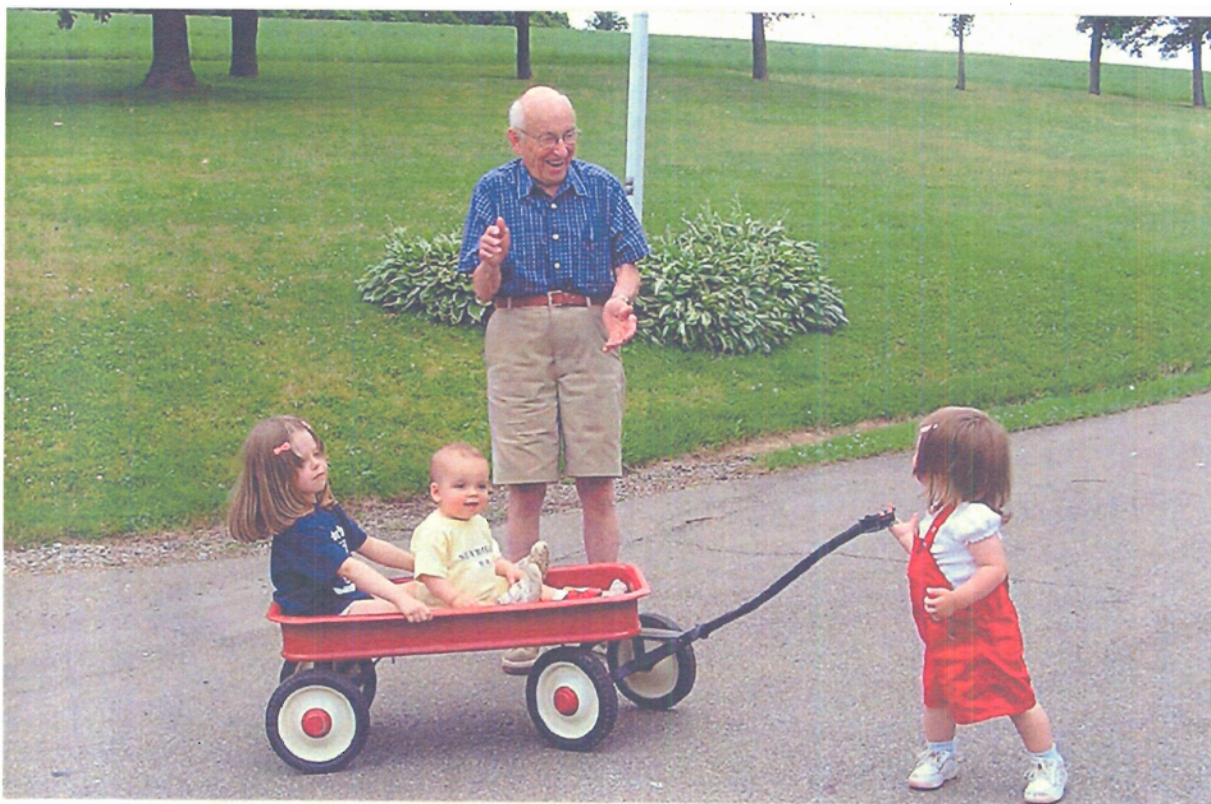
85th



2007 Carleton Esther Gr-grandson, Aidric Carleton Newman



2007 Gr-granddaughters -- Laura and Kathryn Woodruff



Carleton Wilburn Potter
Gr. grandchildren -- Kathryn Woodruff Aidric Newman Laura Woodruff



4 generations --Aidric Mark Susan Carleton

Over the Years 1928 --- 2007



"Proud owner" 1928



"jovial CWP" -- 2007



Truxton Boy Scout Troop 97 at Lincoln Memorial, Washington, DC -- 1934

**L-R: Albert Park, Fred Woodward, Milton Robbins, Harold Coye, Clayton "Coy" French, RD Smith, Frank Devine, Ed "Red" Robbins,
Jack McGraw, Carleton Potter, Alton Robbins, John Feeter, Bernard Potter, Alton Root
Front--Leslie Moore, Jack Roberts--scoutmaster, new friend, Bird Freeman, Rev Ernest Devine**

Carleton and Marian's Grandchildren - (4 of 10)



Julie Newman Woodruff



Lori Newman Wilkins Susan Newman Jill Newman Schaffer

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Carleton Wilburn Potter

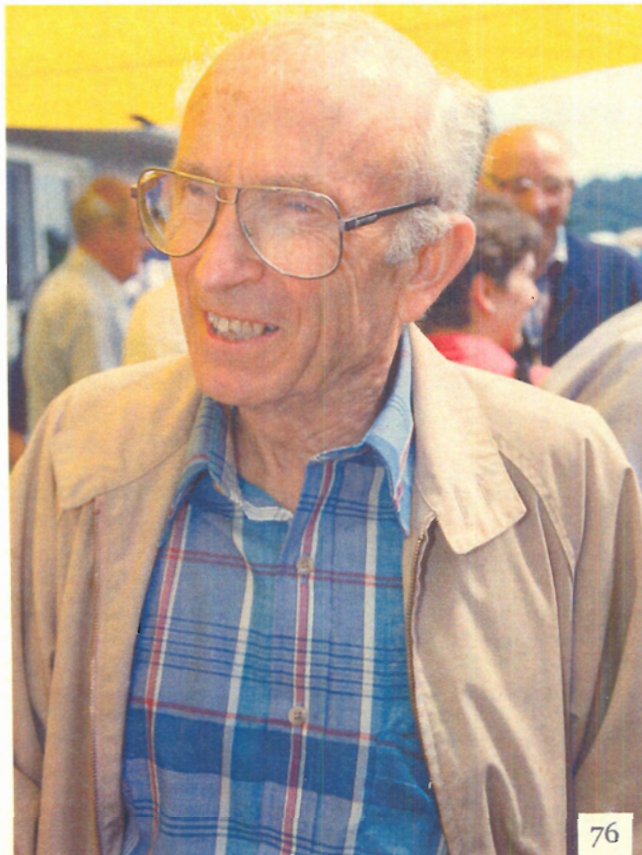
This exercise has been a wonderful experience for me. When I think about our family all I can say is -- "Praise the Lord". Now that this particular writing, with the spotlight focused on brother Carleton is ending, I close with a post-script.

Carleton and I are more than brothers -- we are best friends. Over his ninety years and my eighty-six there has never been an ill word between us. The same is true for his wonderful family and mine. Often times I hear or read of disputes between members in other families. In our family that just doesn't exist. I attribute that beautiful relationship to the course set by our parents, Florence May Bean and Wilburn Herrick Potter, and to the wonderful in-laws with which we have been joined.

Now, before I get too sentimental, I want to make a projection-- and in this day of longevity this may not be too rash. -- I want to amend these reminiscences at his tenth decade birthday party!! Of course that depends on a number of things over which he and I haven't much control. The Good Lord has provided us a fruitful life and hopefully He will continue to favor us. Whatever the case, we will cheerfully take the path He has chosen for us.

May the Lord Bless our Families and Keep Us -- this day and forever more.
Amen

Bernard W. Potter
April 21, 2008



~38~ Extending the Potter Family Legacy ~38~

*Pictured are sons of
Wilburn H. Potter, DVM '18*

*Bernard W. Potter '43
Cornell Trustee Emeritus (on left)*

*Carleton W. Potter '40
Doctor of Veterinary Medicine (on right)*



It all started 88 years ago when

Wilburn H. Potter, DVM '18, graduated from Cornell.

Since that time more than 44 members and four generations of the Potter family have earned degrees from the university. Carleton Potter continues a limited veterinary medicine practice at the age of 88, and brother Bernard serves the university as a trustee emeritus.

The family has demonstrated its fervent support of Cornell in many areas, especially through volunteerism, leadership roles, scholarship establishment, and the College of Veterinary Medicine, as well as unrestricted giving.

The Cayuga Society is pleased to recognize the Potters' exemplary dedication to Cornell. After 88 years, the family is able to extend its legacy further still through several planned giving vehicles, including IRAs, life insurance policies, and advised bequests.



Bob Janet Esther Carleton Susan Tom

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'That shingle no longer hangs on Lighthouse Hill --- still if a pet is sick, the "Doc" is in!