



## **New Hope's 1870 Wedgwood Inn**

111 W. Bridge Street, New Hope, PA 18938  
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### **POETRY**

#### ***Native son, James A. Michener, welcomes you to Bucks County. (1994)***

Bucks County is one of the few counties in the United States that is famous under its own name. Cook County in Illinois and Dade in Florida are other examples. Bucks County enhanced its well-deserved fame in the early years of this century and for three good reasons.

First, its considerable physical beauty and its abundance of old family dwellings made it attractive to residents of New York City and Philadelphia. This made it a kind of residential paradise, with its winding roads, covered bridges and beautiful valleys. Second, a group of wonderfully gifted painters congregated in New Hope, making it the art capitol of the area and the center of an entire school of painting. Daniel Garber, Edward Redfield and John Folinsbee gained national attention.

Third, in the 1920's onward a much different group of famous writers settled here, with Pearl Buck winning the Nobel Prize and others winning Pulitzers. George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart wrote their stage hits, Sid Pearlman his memorable satires, Dorothy Parker her witticism and Oscar Hammerstein his great books and lyrics for stage and musicals.

Bucks County was covered with writers and painters, but its good reputation also rested on the basic structure of the area. The small towns of Doylestown and New Hope became popular, the first for two castles built by Henry Mercer and New Hope for its sense of Nineteenth Century charm and interesting buildings and fine dining. Other towns like Quakertown and Bristol offered their own historic riches.

As a lifelong resident of Bucks and as one proud of his region's heritage of old English and German culture, I am proud to welcome you to my county and to extend hospitality to you and your family. We have always welcomed visitors - since the time of William Penn. George Washington had an auspicious time here, so did Edward Hicks, painter of "Peaceable Kingdom". And so can you.

## ***A Poem***

By Dorothy Rothschild Parker

I never see that prettiest thing,  
A cherry tree gone white with spring,  
But what I think how gay 'twould be  
To hang me from a flowering tree,

Parker's impish verse catches the spirit of the Hotel Algonquin intellectuals like herself, who at the welcoming bar on West 43rd Street elevated urban and urbane conversation to an art before motoring in their Packards and Pierce Arrows down to the country estates in and around New Hope, the Bucks County metropolis on the west bank of the Delaware River.

## ***Another Poem by Dorothy Parker***

(member of the famed Algonquin Roundtable and part-time New Hope resident)

Martini, Martini, the drink  
I love the most.  
Two, I'm under table.  
Three, I'm under the host.

## To my niece, Jessica

### *On the passing of Jasper, The Inn Dog...*

One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven  
I Know My Dog is Surely in Heaven

Watch him jump, play and yelp!  
He's just a pup... he needs my help,  
To eat, wash, walk and more,  
He's still so new (ha ha!) he can't find the door.  
I know in time he'll grow and grow,  
And I will bring him to and fro,  
Everywhere I'll go with my best friend,  
"Jasper-the-Inn-Dog" to the very end!

But lately Jasper gets a little tired,  
And at my bedtime I'm still wired!  
So when Mommy and Daddy think I'm asleep,  
I pretend we're playing Fetch... sshhhhh! Don't make a peep!  
I imagine Jasper is still strong and right,  
There! I see it! So clear in my sight --  
But in my heart, I know he's not well,  
I look in his eyes...that's how I can tell.

Just last week, when we came from the Vet,  
Mommy told me that we have to get set  
For a time real soon when Jasper can't play --  
When he'll just want to sleep night and day --  
It'll be too hard for him to walk,  
He won't even bark when he wants to talk.  
Daddy might have to carry Jazz to and fro  
Like when he was a pup and he had to "go"...

Well, like the Vet said, that day came,  
"Your pal Jazzy -- he's just not the same".  
In other words, the doctor, he definitely knew,  
Heaven can't say "wait", that doggie of mine,  
So good, so brave, he didn't even whine.

I closed my eyes and thought a poem I should write I'll call it:

"One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven...  
I Know My Dog is Surely in Heaven".

We're thinking of you and Jasper,

Love, Uncle Ronny and Aunt Meryl  
c 1998 Ronald J. Glassman



## ***Jasper, The Inn Dog Extraordinaire***

By Ronny Glassman c 1998

The doorbell rings, a chime to his ears,  
He gladly greets the folks, they've been traveling for many years.  
Retired, they are, he learned as they chat,  
Sipping hot totties, head resting in Carl's lap.  
"So where did you come from, my weary guests?  
You look like you can use a good night's rest."  
Simultaneously, they nod, "It's time to sleep.  
We need a good rest, and in the 'morro, we'll eat."  
And off to their room they go, Jasper at their side,  
He knows Dinie will assist, their wishes, she'll abide.  
Too, it's time for Jazzy to snooze,  
He heads for his spot  
Under the table  
Awaits his favorite cot.  
Another day spent, that Inn Dog Extraordinaire  
He lies there so rested  
Still looking debonair.  
The morning light does shine on his face to awake,  
The first thing he notes is the O.J. and cake.  
"It must be time for Dinie to prepare  
Another day's table, coffee, good fair."  
And just as he sits up and stretches his back  
He's ready for the day, and his daily snack.  
As the staff readies breakfasts to be served in bed,  
Jazzy knows it's his turn, to his job he's wed!  
He leads a new innkeeper down the hall,  
He's sure of the destination, he's always on-call.  
To the lavender room at the top of the stairs,  
He will find the tired travelers, Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair.  
They are the ones who spend retired life  
Moving about day-to-day, night-after-night.  
"Hello my friend, the chocolate Lab so dear!  
Come in, you have breakfast, place it right here.  
Jasper sits down by the man-travel's side.  
As if to say "Stay, it's warm inside."  
But little does he know they'll be off lickity split  
Back on the road, but 'til then, they'll sit  
And have another tea, a biscuit and jam  
Only to move on charge up the video cam.  
Nearly packed and all set to fly  
Jasper takes a deep breath and gives an audible sigh.  
He knows new friends, the Sinclair's, he's made  
Don't want to feel that they've overstayed.  
They have their bags, head for the door  
Jazzy leads them away, though he wants more.

But soon new arrivals will pull up to the inn  
And Jasper will have a chance to win  
Over another with his warm ways  
An Inn Dog Extraordinaire....  
To his very last days.  
We'll miss you forever....

circa 12.84 to 12.98