



President's Podium

The arrival of better weather is resulting in a pick-up in the pace of the Building Project — which is good news. The “Hard-hat” meetings have been well received.

Bravo! to our paint and brush wielders who have turned the bleak enclosure of the café renovation into a joyous mural. It has elicited so much favorable comment that ways to use it to protect us from the noise and dust of renovations to come of other areas are being explored.

Despite the difficulties which our dining staff has had to deal with while the Café is closed down, I haven't noticed any of us wasting away or even slimming down as a result. Thanks Barry and Ethel.

The Executive Committee of the TFAD Board and Residents' Representatives have had two more meetings in which frank and open discussions of communications and TFAD governance have taken place. I was greatly encouraged by the Board's decision, as reported in President Harvard's letter of March 21, '03 to extend these discussions and delay any change in our bylaws. It is my hope that mutual respect by all the members of the TFAD community — Board, Staff, and Residents, and the exercise of creative thinking in finding happy solutions to the complex problems we face will continue to prevail. For valid reasons we, and many others, consider TFAD a leader in the field. Many of our concerns are virtually universal among retirement communities. Let us continue to show leadership in their solution.

To stem the loss of Residents' Association funds from unpaid use of the copier, a coin operated machine will be installed in the library within the next two weeks. A representative of Pitney-

(Continued on page 3)

All in the Family

What's it like to await the Academy Awards broadcast when a family member is up for an award?? (Not one, but two awards — Best Actress, Best Supporting Actress.) Harriet and Bill Fine were attentive viewers when the announcement came: "...and the award goes to..."

Their grandson Bart Freundlich and Julianne Moore fell in love over seven years ago when Bart wanted Julie for his (writer/director) proposed movie. To his surprise, she agreed. From that point on they've been a couple and now are proud parents of Cal, five and a half, and Liv, ten months. They're based in New York City but travel all over the world.

Julianne was born in Fayetteville, N. C. and went to 20 different schools while growing up. (Yes, she was an “Army brat.”) While in high school in Germany, a teacher suggested she get involved in drama, and what a good idea that was! Julie trained at Boston University in its prestigious drama program and got her first acting job seven months after graduation.

The Fines have a beautiful collection of photos of Bart, Julie, Cal and Liv. Cal looks like his mom, Liv more like her dad. Julianne, sans actress makeup and costumes, is a natural redhead — freckled, too. When Liv was just five days old, Julie went to the premier of Bart's latest film.

A year after filming *The Hours* Julianne was summoned to London to appear as her character's “old lady” self. In her seventh month of pregnancy, it wasn't easy undergoing eight hours of makeup for her transformation!

So when we here at The Forest watched the Oscars, and saw Julianne participating also as one of the Presenters, we had a special connection.

(Continued on page 3)

The Forester

The newsletter of the Residents' Association of The Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610. Published monthly except July, August, and September by and for the residents.

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Correction

Frederick Claude Manning died on February 13, 2003. *The Forester* regrets that we printed the date incorrectly in our March issue.

Thank You Marion Patton

Marion Patton has served ably and successfully as Editor of *The Forester* for five years. She has made all three Publishers, Bernie Bender, Bob Dunham, and me, look reasonably competent through thick and thin. She has put to excellent use the many skills and insights that she developed during a long career as a book publishing editor with Doubleday & Co.

Marion has decided to resign from her position of Editor in order to pursue other interests. All of us on *The Forester* staff wish her well in her new activities.

Many thanks, Marion.

Tom Gallie

Contributions for *The Forester*

Please place news items, articles, letters, and poetry contributed for publication in *The Forester* in the box of Pete Seay, Editor, Box # 1007.

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President's Podium

(Continued from page 1)

Bowes will give a demonstration of the use of its many features. (Just in time for April 15.)

It has been brought to my attention that some residents are not aware of a new "resident" in the Olsen Special Care Unit. Buddy is a very personable sheltie who is with us in fulfillment of a research project studying the beneficial efforts of a specially trained dog on a selected group of residents. This project is the result of careful planning by the Medical Staff, the TFAD Board's Healthcare Committee and the Residents' Health Committee chaired by Dr. Busse. See the Healthcare Update in President Harvard's letter of March 21st for further details.

Happy Holidays to all!

Bob Ward

Pete Seay is Editor

Welcome, Pete Seay, to your new responsibilities as Editor of *The Forester*.

Pete has been serving for a year as Circulation Manager, overseeing the printing, folding, and distribution of this newsletter and outlet for the literary talents of our residents. He assumes his new position with ambitious plans for enlarging the scope and relevance of *The Forester*, leaving behind his former status as "new resident."

As Vice President of Communications of Westinghouse Electric Corporation, he learned how to get things done. Then Pete and Barbara branched out into aesthetics with their business of collecting and exhibiting antiques. A former athlete himself, Pete is well known to Foresters as an avid basketball fan. He also enjoys the music and dance opportunities available here.

Tom Gallie

All in the Family

(Continued from page 1)

Congratulations to the Fines and Julianne Moore for the recognition of her remarkable talent.

Virginia Jones



Julianne Moore

Ad Lib

"Open my heart and you will see graved
inside of it Italy." Keats

When I die I don't want to go to heaven, I just want to live in Italy again. We were posted to Rome in 1954 and our three years there were the most enchanted in my life. We quickly found a penthouse apartment, a Bolognese cook and the Italian words for coat hanger and light bulb.

There was a lot to discover about Rome. I was astounded to learn that Italians ate asparagus with their fingers, fruit with a knife and fork and considered driving one's car a competitive sport. Italians embrace life passionately. They never talk when they can sing, never walk when they can dance. They let it all hang out.

I learned to love all things Italian: the clothes, the music, the food, the coffee, especially the espresso, a tiny cup of which will jump-start you for the whole day. I was like a sponge absorbing all that Rome had to offer. My hair was coiffed by Italians, my clothes designed by Italians, my feet shod by Italians. My tongue quickly found the language. Even the poodle I walked was Italian born. I felt Italian and hoped that I was blending in with the natives until one afternoon while strolling the Via Veneto an upstart, young Italian puttering along on his Vespa saluted me with "Ello baby!"

Italian food is simply the best. One of the pleasures of Rome was what one could find on one's plate - a pasta, a veal dish, osso buco and at dinner's end a huge Sicilian orange which a deft waiter could expose with one peel of a deft knife. I often wonder what Italians ate before Marco Polo brought the noodle back from China and Columbus the tomato back from the New World. I miss that wonderful cuisine. Living here in North Carolina we pursue all leads to Italian restaurants hoping to find a winner.

New Italian restaurants:

LINA'S

If you don't demand too much of a neighborhood restaurant this will please. On the ashes of two failed restaurants, Vinnie's and Chianti's, Lina's is attempting to break the jinx. The premises are attractive, the service good and the prices somewhat reasonable. There was more food offered than the plates could bear - the salads were mountainous and a half order of my veal Marsala would have been just about right. I liked the veal and Best Friend his pasta.

Pastas - \$12.95 Entrees - \$14.95 - \$19.95

LINA's 4015 University Drive, Durham Tel. 536 0200

MAGGIANO'S LITTLE ITALY

Maggiano's is big, flamboyant and noisy, not the place to whisper sweet nothings in your girl's ear. The dining room is vast and alive with bustle. Every table is occupied, twenty people or more are lined up outside waiting to be seated and it's only Tuesday! Family photos line the walls, opaque bubbles of light hang down from the ceiling and red checkered cloths cover the tables. Having been warned that the servings were Gargantuan we thought we were safe in ordering half portions of salad. The waiter advised that we should share that half; and half of THAT half we couldn't finish. (Have I lost you with all my halves?) It was the same story with our pasta order.

We could have brought four friends along to eat up the slack. . . AND when we ordered cappuccinos we were told we could have three refills!! Your buck gets a big bang here. The food was good, not great, as was the service.

Salad - half portion - \$5.99 Pasta - half portion - \$9.99 Entrees - \$18.95 - \$32.00

MAGGIANO'S LITTLE ITALY, South-point, 8030 Renaissance P'kway, Durham, Tel. 572 0070 reservations recommended.

Libby Getz

April

Fickle as April
strewing daffodils,
comes beguiler Muse
dangling tidbits
for the tasting.

The while of savoring
sweet bouquet,
the artful temptress
slips away.

Florence C. Manning

Night

You are gone...
the air you displaced is sentient,
it bumps against me.
Your void echoes
the silence of my night.

Florence C. Manning

Holey Reflections

Durham has potholes so grand, it
Seems likely some demon has planned it.
In the one near the Kroger
There dwells a small ogre
Who comes up every night to expand it.

George Chandler

Caution

If thou hast a bundle of thorns as thy lot — there
is no need to sit down on it.

If you could see the scar tissue on my nethermost
parts you would sense a feeling of great awe.
The above quote is nicely done in needlepoint and
beautifully framed and hangs on my wall. It is sup-
posed to have been written by one of the Anglican
Divines, a group of theologians who lived in Eng-
land many centuries ago. To be honest, I don't be-
lieve a word of that supposition. I think any bril-
liant person could have arrived at the same insight
on his or her own.

I think of many ways in which we sit down on a
bundle of thorns. One of the worst bundles is anger.
When we are angry at someone else, very often it is
our own bowels that are in an uproar. Ideally, the
object of our anger will never guess how we feel.
Yet generally he or she has a good idea. That per-
son will feel some regret but will digest his or her
dinner rather well.

This profound treatise is simply a suggestion that
many of us would do well to reflect for a moment
on the possibility that we might have a bundle of
thorns. If so, what is yours? Look over your shoul-
der into a mirror and see if there is any suggestion
of scar tissue that seems to be there. It would be so
nice to find nothing but a wrinkle or two.

Peter Robinson

To The Editor,

If you want to meet the nicest young man in
the Triangle and have your TV repaired call Sean
Howarth. He comes on time and makes repairs
quickly.

Sean Howarth, VCR King, 1141 W. Club
Blvd., Durham, Tel. 286 2532

Libby Getz

Bric-A-Brac

Although you will be reading this a month after it is written, at present the cherry trees are in full bloom while quince, forsythia, daffodils and, of course, the cold-weather-loving violas and pansies add much color to our grounds.

When **Jim** and **Susan Butler** celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary on March 1st, thirty members from the Duke Chapel Choir led by Rodney Wynkoop came to Olsen Center with cake and lemonade to sing and socialize. Just four days later the **Butlers** became great-grandparents for the first time. . . 60 years for **Frank** and **Mary Light**, too. . . Last July, **Carl** and **Loma Young** marked their 60 years when they were wed at Hamilton Field, CA, and honeymooned in San Francisco. . . You'll have to ask **Bill** and **Ginny Goldthorp** how they can claim 119 married years. . . Granddaughters in the news are **Rosalind Alexander's** and **Ellen Dozier's**. The former was on a winning team for Grand National Cheerleading Champions. **Rosalind** reported that she and the girl's mother were also on high school cheerleading teams. **Ellen's** granddaughter has been credited as a publicist for a book titled *Use What You've Got and other Business Lessons I Learned from My Mom*. . . **Robert Ward's Triple Concerto** was presented and very well received as part of the Chamber Orchestra of the Triangle series. . . **Bo Boteler's** favorite expression, "Skip it", did not apply to her 99th birthday celebration. **Gus Eliason** and **Ruth Smith** also graduated to enter their 100th years amid bugles and cake!

Gene Moriarty has a very full class for Great Decisions. **Betsy Close**, **Edna Wilson**, **Liz O'Hanlan**, **Loie** and **Art Watts**, **Kacy Tebbel**, **Bill Goldthorp**, **Elaine Hastings**, **Libby Getz**, **Phyllis** and **Gene Magat**, **M. E. Stewart**, **Helen Corbett**, **Ruth Dillon**, **Jenn Van Brunt**, **Keith Burkett**, **Ann Kirkpatrick**, **Barbara Blair**, **Bertha Wooten**, **Dot Heroy**, **Henrietta Wolinsky**, **Bob** and **June Northwood**, **Mary Ann** and **Don**

Ruegg, **Mary Gates** and **Betty Lamar** participate in the group. . . Making jewelry from potatoes (yes, that's correct) stretched the creativity of artists **June Wheat**, **Elizabeth Dube**, **Carol Griffith**, **Evelyn Doyle**, **Jennifer Batchelor** of First Union and **Rebecca Safarczyk**, our Nutrition Care Manager with **Robin Williams** leading the way.

Phyllis Darbo's daughter from Kill Devil Hills was here for a pleasant visit. . . On her way to see her Marine friend in Jacksonville, NC, **Phil** and **Clare Eshelman's** granddaughter stopped here. . . **Joel** and **Shirley Colton** spent a week in the Big Apple where they enjoyed the theater and the Picasso-Matisse exhibit at MOMA. . . **John Friedrich** was in California to visit his daughter and her family while **Evebell Dunham** journeyed to Kentucky for a family visit. . . **Molly Simes** and her daughter spent ten days in Ireland and London. . . **Julia Negley** had an opera trip to Spain, returned home for a day then went on to Sarasota, FL for more of her favorite music. . . **Bob Guy** received some pointers at a golf school in Florida. . . **Dot Logan's** daughter and her husband are about to embark on the last leg of their around the world sailing adventure from France to Beaufort, NC. . .

Forget the ACC! TFAD had its own March Madness basketball. Champion women shooters were **Betty Gray** and **Dot Logan** while **Jim Shuping** and **Frank Light** took honors for the men. . . Recent purchases have been modeled in the pool by **Lela Colver**, **Anna Fetter**, **Evebell Dunham**, **Molly Simes** and **Martha Gambill** who have put a big dent in Penny's swimsuit inventory.

Caribbean Cruises were popular this past winter with **Don** and **Betsy Bernard** who sailed with their daughter and family, **Bob Dietrich** with his daughter, **Bernie** and **Marion Bender** along with **Priscilla Squier** followed by **Bob** and **June Northwood** to similar ports.

Rose and **Azalea Bush** send their best wishes to all!

Book Notes

If you're a golfer, don't miss Troon McAllister's *Scratch*, especially if you've already missed his previous golfing sendups, *The Green* and *The Foursome*. In all three, the hero is that unflappable hustler, Eddie Caminetti, who is now the owner of the Swithin Bairn golf course, on an idyllic unnamed island "in some ocean." Here Caminetti encounters a Caltech physicist who has found out how to produce the ultimate golf ball. Eddie sets up a company to produce and sell the fabulous ball but finds himself in a headon battle with Tommy Trevillian, who wants the Medalist company to control the golf ball business. Their fight goes on outside and inside the courtroom, but the heart of the book is its very funny sendup of the professional golf industry. Example: We attended the Nissan Prudential Fruit of the Loom Texaco Waste Management (formerly the Valley View) Open. (April)

Still another book about the Civil War? Yes, and no doubt many more are still in the works, but James M. McPherson's *Hallowed Ground: A Walk at Gettysburg* is worth your time. McPherson is probably the war's most distinguished historian and he proves it here. This Princeton scholar and Pulitzer Prize winner gives us a completely absorbing tour of "the largest battle ever fought in the Western Hemisphere." North Carolinians will note that he believes our General Pettigrew should be given some credit for Pickett's charge. (May)

Who would believe that a book about science would get a 150,000 first printing, be selected by the BOMC, and be the subject of a five-part series on PBS? Believe it. Such is the happy fate of James D. Watson's *DNA: The Secret of Life*. Watson was one of the discoverers of the DNA molecule in 1953, and won the Nobel Prize for it. He tells us what's happened since then and what genetic technology is going to mean in our lives. Best of all, he makes a complex subject understandable. (April)

John Tebbel

Library Notes

Here at the end of winter, with questions and doubts about the way things are going, are you in need of inspiration? Our library has a section for just that. It's now located in the copy room (the annex), just below religion. There are books on positive thinking, living the good life, and friendship. Information about transcendental meditation, now often recommended by medical doctors, is available. If you're concerned about aging or even the prospect of death, words of wisdom are waiting. Books by such long-time favorites as Peter and Catherine Marshall and Corrie Ten Boom as well as Jimmy Carter's *Living Faith* are on the shelf.

The religion shelves contain several bibles, hymnals, and prayer books, as well as volumes on the great religions of the world. All can be checked out for perusal at leisure.

While you're in the annex, look around at the puzzles available for checking out. They come in various sizes, wooden and cardboard, and with many different themes or pictures. One of them can test your power of observation and visual acuity.

If your vision is a problem, the library has catalogs of various products which can be useful. We also have catalogs of aids for hearing impairment. These are housed in brown file boxes above the circulation desk. Borrow them if you wish, and return when finished.

Sometimes you want something that's housed in the classroom — mysteries, paperback novels, videotapes, or TFAD records. When you get there, you may find a meeting in progress with a sign on the door. To be sure the room is free, try to come early in the morning, at noon, late in the afternoon, or at night.

Keep on reading and making contributions of anything your fellow residents and staff might like to see. We especially welcome large-print books and best-sellers.

Mary Ruth Miller

Getting Away from it All

It's that time of year, a time when those who can afford it and have a place to go are thinking of Going Away For The Summer. Foresters have always scattered to destinations all over the country. Two hundred years ago, about this time, two intrepid Americans named Meriwether Lewis and William Clark were getting ready to take off on an expedition to discover what lay between the Mississippi River and the Pacific. Thus was the path to Hollywood opened.

Foresters leaving on infinitely more prosaic journeys are likely to be thinking about what to take with them, and so were Lewis and Clark. But we have no more to worry about than proper clothes, replacements of various kinds, and of course medication in various quantities. The American explorers, however, were going on a two-year journey and they had a small force with them so they needed much more, but there were some similarities. Medication, for example.

For advice on what to take, Lewis consulted Dr. Benjamin Rush, the most eminent physician of his time and a signer of the Declaration. He was very helpful. If you don't feel well, he advised, "rest in a horizontal posture." Remember that, Foresters. It would also be a good idea to fast and dilute your drinks for a day or so, he advised. It would also be helpful to take some warm drinks to make you sweat, and as he put it, "gently open the bowels by means of one, two, or more of the purging pills." Not coincidentally, these pills were under Rush's patent, and he liked to hear them referred to as "Rush's pills," but to the more literal public they were known as "Thunderclappers." Rush firmly believed they were good for anything that might ail you. These miracle workers were composed of calomel, jalap, and a mixture of six parts mercury to one part chlorine. Lewis and Clark took fifty dozen of these pills with them, as well as thirty other kinds of drugs, including 1,300 doses of physic, 1,100 of emetics, 3,500 sweat inducers, and others for blistering, salivation, and diuretico.

A practical not a poetic man, Lewis had nothing to say when he first set eyes on the mighty Mississippi, that historic stream dividing the continent, and the subject of books, music, art, and history. He just wanted to get to the other side and make winter camp before starting up the Missouri. It took Charles Dickens, arriving at that misnamed town, Cairo (pronounced Kay-row by the natives,) and viewing the great river after nearly a half century of American civilizing influence, in 1842, to describe what had happened. In his *American Notes*, published after a trip around the country, he said of Cairo and the river: "The hateful Mississippi, circling and eddying before it, and turning off upon its southern course a slimy monster hideous to behold; a hotbed of disease, an ugly sepulcher, a grave uncheered by any gleam of promise; a place without any single quality, in earth or air or water, to commend it; such is this Cairo." Must have had a bad meal in the local hotel.

But our wandering Foresters this summer will not be going to Cairo, or down the Mississippi (not to mention up), or even retracing Lewis and Clark's heroic footsteps through the prairies and mountains to the Never-Never Land of the West Coast. Far more likely, they will be nesting mostly in the green Northeast, equipped with whatever their doctors have prescribed and safe from the effects of Dr. Rush's thunderclappers.

John Tebbel

Forester Profile

Mitzi Goodwin

There's a new presence, a new voice, in the Wellness Center these days and it belongs to Mitzi Goodwin, RN, who became Clinic Manager when Carol Woods left us. Mitzi has several distinctions, which we'll get to, but there's one not generally known. In nearly ten years of these Profiles, she's the first one to qualify as a native Durhamite. In other words, one of us. (Even we outlanders have become absorbed.)

Mitzi went to Northern High, then to the Walker School of Nursing at Durham Regional Hospital, and spent the following ten years at Treyburn Rehabilitation and Nursing Center. She arrived at The Forest eight years ago to become Nurse Manager of Olsen-Holbrook, so her new job has been just an elevator ride upstairs.

Away from work, Mitzi is a long way from the medical world. She has studied both ballet and tap dancing, and can be seen around town at jazz concerts. Much of her time, though, is spent with her 11-year-old daughter, Megan. As often as she can, she likes to slip away to the family condo in Atlantic Beach. But she also describes herself as a shopaholic, with a "champagne habit and a beer budget." Aside from all that, she likes reading, spending time with her girlfriends, and eating in good restaurants. Oh yes, and playing with her five-year-old Maltese.

When she was asked the final question in these Profile interviews, "How long do you plan to stay with us?" Mitzi had a one-word answer: "Forever." Amen

John Tebbel

Simple Treasures

Simple things are life's best
The trust of a little child,
Give and take exchanges of old friends
An infant's unexpected smile.

A lake's crystal clear water
Hovering of a humming bird,
Peals of church bells
As they entreat to be heard.

The glory of sunrise in the morning
The wonder as it sinks when night falls,
Whiffs of bread that is baking
Offering hospitality to all.

The clasp of a sweetheart's hand
While sitting in the movies last row,
Whispers and popcorn shared
Who needs the picture show?

Discovery of a four leaf clover
Hidden on a green, grassy bank,
The search for shapes in clouds
While inhaling the earth's fragrance so dank.

I find as I grow older
The things that lift me each day,
Are so public they are often passed by
As I hurry down life's highway.

I remind myself to stop, look, listen,
While I can still see, smell and hear,
Take in each precious offering
Of those simple treasures I hold so dear.

Ellen C. Dozier

Our Wonderful Mural

What a charming mural we now have on the construction wall outside the cafe! The painting includes the work of residents Marion Bender, Paul Bryan, Anna Fetter, Doris Fields, Marjorie Jones, Phyllis Magat, Florence Manning, Ginny Putnam, Molly Simes, Dorothea Vann and June Wheat. Staff members Becky Binney, Kathy Boone, Marsha Wilkins, Laurie Lach, and Lucy Grant made important contributions. The grass was done by Jennifer Batchelor of First Union. We also had help from community members Helen Marks and Dot Stewart, who frequently work with our painters in the Studio. John Henry, Teruko Bronfenbrenner, Bob Blake, Loma Young, and Robin Williams drew and oversaw the project. Loma also gets credit for the idea and design. George Chandler inspected and approved the great creation.

Molly Simes

See photo on page 11.

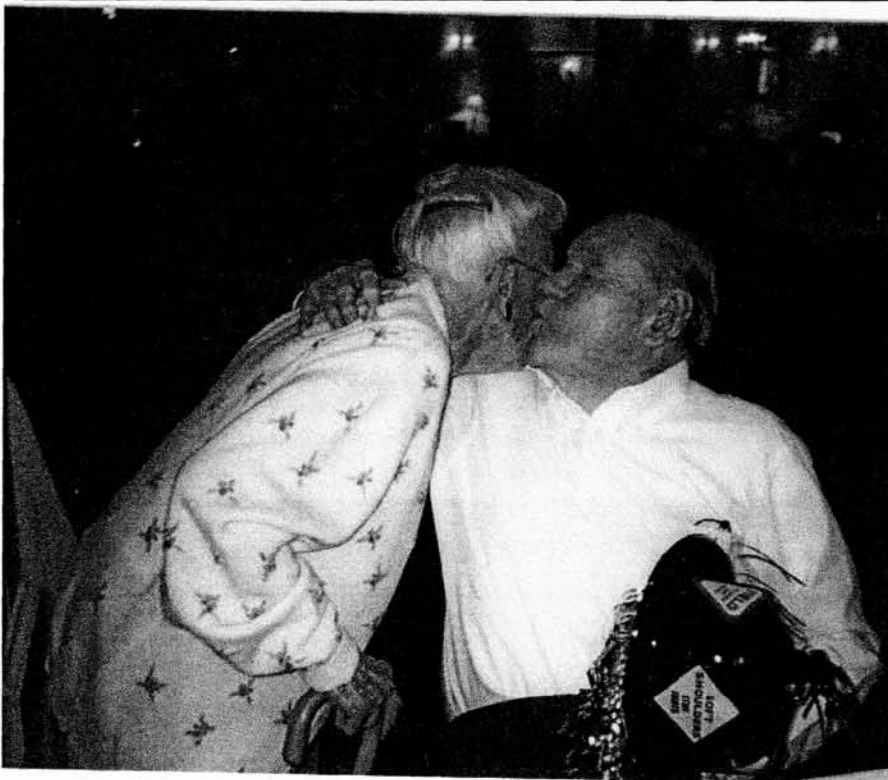
Pool Management

For the past ten years the pool has been operated by the staff and assisted by me as a resident volunteer. Now that I have retired for medical reasons, the staff has many licensed members who are highly qualified to manage our pool and spa operations. This group is led by master CPO (Certified Pool Operator) Steve Short, Maintenance Supervisor, with CPO Becky Binney and CPO Jeff Adams to do daily checks and adjustments. Available to fill in empty slots are other members of Maintenance, such as Steve Williams, Brian Wilkins, and David Scheidt. The residents should be assured that our pool operations are in good hands.

I would like to thank the management for the nice party and gifts given to me in recognition of my retirement. Also many thanks to the residents for all those cards and notes sent to me.

Frank Melpolder

Editor: Thanks, Frank, from all of us.



Bo Boteler congratulates young Gus Eliason on his 99th birthday

Photo by P. J. Burns

There's Poetry in Taxes

Poetry in taxes? You would have believed it if you'd been living in New York, where Rosalind Alexander had her accounting firm before she came to the Forest. She did her best to take some of the curse off those numbers her clients were about to compile by sending them a unique New Year's greeting before they began their annual ordeal. The card had a tax form replica on one side; "and many happy returns!" on the reverse. Inside was, of all things, poetry. With proper apologies to Edgar Allen Poe, that master of gloom, Rosalind offered "Season's Greetings", with takeoffs of Poe's masterpiece, *The Raven*. Herewith, a sample:

Now upon this midnight dreary
While I ponder weak and weary
Over many a quaint and curious tax return,
 I've done before
While I nod and nearly napping
Think I hear a sudden tapping
As of someone gently rapping,
 rapping at my office door
'Tis some revenue agent, I mutter
Only this and nothing more.

Ah distinctly I remember
It was only last November
When he disallowed the travel cost,
 down to the Jersey shore
Even though we claimed the losses
Still taxed gains on dogs and hosses
And the lunch you bought the bosses
With Martinis three or four
Fifty percent and nothing more

John Tebbel

Ladies Night

Seven girls partied and talked like ten —
Think women meet to talk about men?
It began with a South Carolina squirrel shoot;
Officer cleared the vermin until he shot his own boot!

They brought up bats, do they help the environment?
They inhabit houses, attics and don't relent;
Hop and skip homes along one residential street,
Required exterminators with netting and sheets.
Ants, it's been found infest floors one, two, three, four -
Climb up walls, creep through cracks and
 under some doors

Now deer, large and small, are a sometime thing
More glamorous than bats, mice or bee stings;
But they happily eat our choice flowers,
Pansies, greens, even munch during showers.

There was talk about snakes the women had met —
That wasn't as scary as the talk would get.
The crowning story featured a real live bear —
Believe it or not, it left claw marks and hair!
Anyway, at least one gal had dreams that night;
Maybe next time we'll talk about them—the men,
 right?

Melba Pifer Reeves (and a friend)



Photo by Bob Colver

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

Each word below can be found by reading either
up, down, forward, backward or diagonally.

B E E T L E A R W I G U B R E T A W
U C I C A D A X O T I U Q S O M F H
M M H O E J A L U T N A R A T H J O
B E S C K G Q Z E Y L F E R I F B N
L A I K S F U K H B J G V S A U F E
E L L R C I C B U W R H P N R L C Y
B Y K O X I T T Y A Z R T G E A J B
E B W A R Z T N S D I H P A T F E E
E U O C V E R S A N A K P E S S Y E
D G R H R E H P G M Y L R M U T L D
E K M F D O T T S N G P Z O C E F E
P H L I P X A I V A I N L T O N E P
I Y P P Q I N V M L W K I H L R S I
T S E K L Z G Y L R O C L Y X O U L
N R D I D Y T A K O E I V A A H O L
E F J S C A R A B H E T I M W R H I
C E G D I M H S I F R E V L I S P M
D A M S E L F L Y L F N O G A R D V

Trying to BUG you

ANT	CICADA	GRASSHOPPER	MEALYBUG	SILVERFISH
APHID	COCKROACH	GRUB	MIDGE	SPIDER
BEETLE	CRICKET	HONEYBEE	MILLIPEDE	SPRINGTAIL
BOOK LOUSE	DAMSELFY	HORNET	MITE	TARANTULA
BUMBLEBEE	DRAGONFLY	HOUSEFLY	MOSQUITO	TERMITE
BUTTERFLY	EARWIG	KATYDID	MOTH	TICK
CATERPILLAR	FIREFLY	LADYBUG	PRAYING MANTIS	WALKING STICK
CENTIPEDE	FLEA	LICE	SCARAB	WASP
	GNAT	LOCUST	SILKWORM	WATER BUG