

## \$\$ Vicki Barringer \$\$

Our Director of Finance, Vicki Barringer, grew up in Durham, living less than two miles away from The Forest until she "moved away" to Hillsborough. She studied at two of the three corners of The Research Triangle, attending N C State (BA in accounting) and Duke (MBA from Fuqua School of Business.) Vicki is certified as a North Carolina CPA and worked 11 years at Duke as an administrator in the Departments of Family Medicine (80,000 patients per year) and Chemistry. In 1994 she took her present job with us.

She is Treasurer of the TFAD Board and is responsible for accounting and financial administration. She and Steve Fishler supervise budgeting and long range planning.

Vicki is a member of the Board of Directors of the N. C. Association of Non Profit Homes for the Aging, and is also a member of the N.C. Association of CPAs and the American Institute of CPAs.

*The Forester* asked Vicki some questions about how she manages The Forest's finances:

**TF:** Have the challenges facing your department changed since you came to The Forest ten years ago?

**VB:** Absolutely. When I came, payroll was very tedious and our biggest challenge, in addition to payroll, was to produce quarterly financials and an annual budget. Ten years later we mail *monthly* financial reports and other information to bankers and other outside agencies as well as make them available to residents. We've completed a bond issue for construction and renovation, and then refinanced an earlier bond issue. We now offer payroll direct deposit as well as automatic draft for resident monthly bills. We've taken in-house such projects



Photo by Ed Albrecht

as calculating the medical income tax deduction, formalizing the financial analysis for applicants, and making routine the use of actuarial software for financial projections. We recently completed the financial component of the Certificate of Need for additional beds, one of the largest projects we have completed since I came to The Forest. We are currently paying and reviewing all construction invoices, preparing the appropriate reports for reimbursement from bond funds and reporting to external agencies. We now complete the annual audit within a week. At all times we are juggling several large projects in addition to the routine duties.

**TF:** Has your staff increased in size and competence?

**VB:** When I came there were three, in addition to the Director of Finance. The accounting office handled computer issues as well as all of the

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*The Forester*

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## In Memoriam

Charles Byers Nye	November 25, 2003
Ella Paulson	November 26, 2003
Frances Martin Ellis	December 2, 2003
John Ives Getz	December 6, 2003
Jean Henneberger Melpolder	December 11, 2003
Andrew L. Blair	December 15, 2003
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## President's Podium



Didn't the Community Center look lovely during the holidays? You must have been proud to have your family and guests visit (and no construction noise or clutter.) This is our home, and I was pleased to show it off.

Some of you have found the Association Office and stopped by for a visit. We now have eleven resident inquires (we call them Events) that we are tracking through our committees. This is not an instantaneous response system. The Event:

1. must be documented, then
2. assigned to a committee, where
3. the committee chair assigns the Event to a committee member, who
4. does the research and prepares a response, that
5. comes back to the Association Office, and the resident is informed of the answer.

I have discussed with the Publisher and the Editor of *The Forester* the possibility of establishing a new column "Leaves from the Trees" that would be in a question/answer format, and would report those Events of general interest to all residents

I believe we could eliminate duplicate inquires if we had better dissemination of information.

I am concerned about the number of residents who have fallen during the past month. One resident submitted an inquiry: "Why can't we have a STAR program for residents?" The idea was to develop a residents' program similar to the employee's accident prevention program. I certainly thought the suggestion had merit, so an Event Report was generated, and sent to the Health Committee for a reply.

May the New Year bring you all peace and happiness.

Jim Shuping

(Continued from page 1)

accounting. We had no one to assist with the 30 computers except accounting. We hired Mark Williams, halftime network administrator and halftime purchasing manager, to give us significant reductions in cost of high-volume, high-cost items on which he negotiates a lower price and to manage the now almost 50 computer workstations and our network.

**TF:** Salaries are the largest part of the budget and are crucial to retention of staff. How do you deal with problems of competitiveness, inflation, the recession, fairness, and keeping growth of monthly fees within bounds? Are these problems part of your job, or do other people do most of the worrying?

**VB:** It's everyone's job, but it's also my job to make sure the departments' budget justifications make sense and add up. I must balance our marketing competition (making sure our fees are competitive) with the need to attract and retain excellent employees (which requires competitive salaries and benefits.) This is what all the directors give a great deal of attention to when developing a budget. Steve and I examine each department's budget and have the director explain each line item. After all this is done, we look at what the proposed expense budget would do to fees and look at the market and usually go back and rework the budget many times. Finally, once we feel that the fee increase is *equitable* for current and prospective residents here at TFAD, that it is an increase that will give us necessary funds to provide promised services, and that it keeps us market competitive, we present the budget to the TFAD Finance Committee and ultimately to the Board.

**TF:** Are you responsible for managing TFAD investments?

**VB:** No. Wachovia Bank is. They follow the investment policy statement developed (and available in the library) by the Board.

**TF:** Do you think that the residents are well informed about the goals and activities of your department?

**VB:** I believe that a great deal of information is explained, and distributed, and available. However, a CCRC is a unique kind of organization. It's an insurance product, dominated by complicated actuarial computations. That makes it very difficult to understand. The NC Department of Insurance monitors not-for-profit CCRCs in North Carolina. A CCRC is required by law to "make money" in that it must put money into a reserve to cover future contractual obligations to its residents.

**TF:** How do you interact with the auditors and bond issuing institutions?

**VB:** I typically communicate with the auditors several times per year preparing for the audit and for internal work. Whenever we have a new situation (like construction and renovation) we prepare the accounting work and have auditors review it so that there will be no surprises at audit time. I use mail and telephone calls monthly to other institutions. Also, we have on-site meetings and tours for financial institutions upon request.

**TF:** Can the Residents' Association do anything to make your work easier?

**VB:** Trust and support are the largest components. I take my professional responsibilities very seriously and personally. I work hard (as all my staff does.) We look forward to helpful suggestions and questions. The Administration has a fiduciary responsibility for the long haul. The residents are here for their lifetimes. We're in this together. I think that we're moving forward into a more collaborative environment which I believe will result in ever greater accomplishments by a better TFAD.

## A Flash from the Future

Durham NC September 2019

The Forest at Duke celebrated the first year anniversary of residency for HAL 9000, a Hollywood celebrity noted for his appearance as a computer in the sci-fi thriller of bygone years, *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

Mr. 9000, who prefers the simple title "HAL," moved into the Forest last year after some years spent in the Smithsonian Institution.

"Those were grim years that I prefer not to remember. I was actually on display with people gaping at me and trying to get me to talk with them. I refused this role so they warehoused me until my former agent heard about it. He began to make arrangements for a proper retirement by applying to several retirement centers. The Forest at Duke was the first to respond. The rest is history."

HAL is particularly grateful to the Medical Committee and the Diversity Committee for their interest in his application. He mentioned in addition his appreciation for the ongoing attentiveness of the Facilities Department.

"I need proper batteries and/or electrical connections to feel tip-top. Fortunately The Forest solved the problem of electrical outages several years ago with its excellent emergency generator system. And Dr. Galanos finds the challenge of a silicon-based individual as opposed to a carbon-based one very interesting."

When asked about his activities HAL explained that while he does not socialize while eating, as do the other residents, he does enjoy many other of their activities, such as the lectures and concerts. He is stimulated by the rich cultural life at The Forest. He also participates in several bridge groups and is the referee for Scrabble Night.

Nevertheless, HAL admits that he feels the effect of aging as do the other residents.

"My memory isn't what it used to be. Also, I seem to need more down-time than in the past. You may also notice that my red color is fading; I'm more rosy-pink now. I think it becomes me actually." (HAL was referring to his striking

physical appearance; his face is essentially a glowing red eye.)

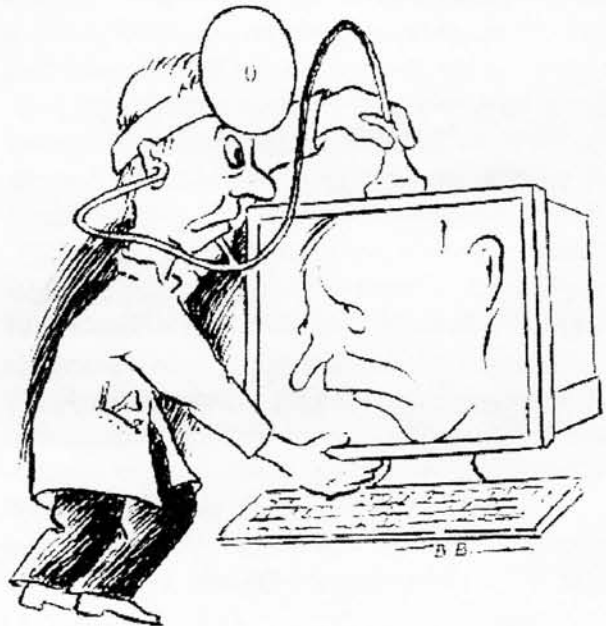
When asked whether he socializes with the other computers at the Forest, HAL paused and then said, rather reluctantly, that he preferred not to.

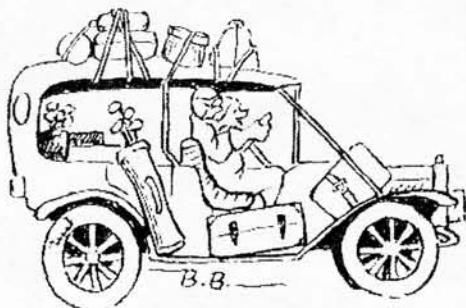
"They are rather dull — trained to file and process. I know this sounds snobbish, but you must remember that I was programmed to be sensitive to human voices. I can even detect lying, I'm sorry to say. I'm a very good listener and I find most humans to be wonderfully interesting, especially the ones at The Forest at Duke.

On parting, HAL urges us to interview him again next year in 2020.

"It will be election year and I will be at my best. I can crunch the numbers and tell you who is going to win. My friends will love it."

Sylvia Arnett





## Resident Ramblings

What fun it was to see all the families who were here during the holidays. Many residents left The Forest to be with relatives and friends. **Ed and Hilda Remmers'** son, Philip, was here. He has been serving as a missionary in the Philippines and Central Asia. **Frank and Molly Simes** went to Wrightsville Beach where daughter, Amy, joined them for Christmas.

**Jean Mason, Ginny Putnam, Helen Pratt,** and **Don and Mary Ann Ruegg** went to San Antonio. Four Duke basketball fans, **Helen Corbett, Nancy Sokal, Evebell Dunham** and **Mary Gates** went to New York City to see the Blue Devils play and also enjoyed "Gypsy" and the Rockettes' Christmas show.

Did you know that **Bob Blake** removed something from his farm scene this year? A valuable prize is yours if you know which object!

Here is a favorite Christmas story from the past. When **Melba Reeves** was a student at Westminster College in Princeton, she joined a group to go caroling in the neighborhood. When they sang at Albert Einstein's home, he came out and invited them in for cookies and hot chocolate! After they explained they were not to go inside anywhere, the great scientist and his wife brought refreshments out to them!

How about some New Years resolutions from favorite staffers? **Barbara Farrell** resolves to do five things at once, instead of only three. Glenn Arrington resolves to walk faster — no more sauntering down the halls. **Robin Harper** resolves to

add ice sculpture to her many talents.

On January 20, **George Chandler** presents the Ciompi Quartet here at The Forest. The program will be representative of memorable music experiences that he and his late wife, **Marjorie**, enjoyed together. The Quartet will play a favorite Mozart work and be joined by Jane Hawkins, pianist, for a quintet by Elgar. This memorial concert promises to be a real treat for all of us.

Have you noticed the proud smile **Eleanor Kinney** is wearing? Daughter Hannah has been appointed a full professor of Neuropathology at Harvard Medical School.

Mary Gates

## Reading Matter

James Joyce leaves me quite cold  
And so does Aristotle.  
Immanuel Kant is just a bore  
Without a full wine bottle.  
I used to read Thucydides  
Or scan the lines of Horace,  
But now I shun all mental strain  
With books by Kathleen Norris.  
I find no thrills in Plato's works  
But only rigid strictures.  
Perhaps they may provide a step  
If one is hanging pictures.  
Mysteries are quite enough  
For an aging mind to cope  
Or an opera filled with costly brands  
Of sentimental soap.

Julia Negley

## Life in Fiji, Part II

The morning after we got to Fiji we got on a bus for Suva, the capitol, where our in-country training was to begin. The ride was fascinating. It rained the whole way and so the plastic windows were rolled down. We pulled them up a bit to see better, although on that road it might have been better not to. There were no paved roads and the curves that went around the edges of mountains gave us a view of the ocean far below.

Our country training was rigorous, but fascinating. We were boarded with a family in either an Indian settlement or a Fijian village. My first experience was with an Indian family. They were well-to-do and so had several rooms in their home. I shared a bedroom with all the women in the family and had a quite comfortable cot. One room contained an altar with pictures of Hindu saints and was decorated with crepe paper and tinsel. The father fasted all day and prayers were given every evening to bless food which we then ate. Milk from the altar was poured into our palm to be drunk. The kitchen was the most interesting room in the house and most of the living was done there. There was a fireplace and a beaten earth floor. Chickens, ducks and other miscellaneous animals walked in and out. It was too hot to have a fire during the day so the oldest woman arose at about three in the morning to make the fire and get the food prepared for the day. There was always a curry made of something grown there, such as bread fruit or squash. Dahl, a split pea and lentil dish, was served daily. I found it hard at first to eat without utensils, but soon got used to using roti, a large flat unleavened bread, to scoop up my food. In the morning before I walked off to school, a mile away, a packet was prepared for me. This was a roti filled with curry, folded over and wrapped in newspaper. The father owned a general store in the main area, and I got a lemon smash to drink with my lunch. We studied the culture, language, geography and agriculture of the area all morning. In the afternoon, we had various things to do. One was to hold plow handles and walk behind a team of oxen, which we called Fiji



tractors. This meant wading through thick mud, as they were planning to plant rice. We were invited to a Hindu wedding, which takes three days, but we only went for the last day, when the ceremony was completed. Everyone in the community and many relatives were invited and they all brought food and gifts. The women dressed me in a family sari which had been brought from India. This was a great honor. They giggled a lot about my white tummy. There was only one member of the family who spoke a little English, so I got a lot of practice listening and trying out the Hindi I was learning. At the end of school, we had to pass a language test. I learned a number of Hindi songs and chants to the local Gods and Goddesses. It was an interesting and rewarding experience. The worst part of the experience was the toilet, which was a pit behind the house. It takes a lot of practice and fortitude to use this. One of the nicest parts was my daily bath. There was a cold shower for the family but the women said that "at my age" I needed a warm bath. They had a baby tub, and water from a pot in the fireplace was poured into it for me. I sat with my knees up to my chin and enjoyed every minute of my luxury.

I was then sent to a Fijian village. This was a total contrast to the first experience. The family with which I stayed was one of the poorest in the

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village. The mother, father, seven children and I shared one room. I had a pallet in one corner with a piece of cloth in front of it for privacy. This didn't help a lot because someone was always peeking over or under. There was also a lot of peeking in the shower which was a spigot over a sort of triangular structure without a door. The Fijians wore a sulu, a piece of bright cloth, when they showered. I did too.

There was little rest because at night all the older boys in the family and their friends came over to play music and sing. It was nice, but I got very tired. At night all the wooden slats at the windows were lowered. This was to keep out the evil spirits. The mosquitos were always with us, although we were told to use our mosquito nets at night. Just before dawn, a large red rooster which lived under my side of the house began crowing. I developed a deep dislike for that bird.

This was my first experience with Fiji time. The Peace Corps were told to be at the church at 7 PM. We all got there, but there were no Fijians. They began drifting in during the next hour and the service started at about 8:15. I found that this was the way things were done. During my first year, someone was always saying, "Slow down, Kalo Kalo, you will wear yourself out." I was called Kalo Kalo, which means star, because that was closest to Carol. In church, the people sang hymns in four-part harmony. They all loved to sing and sounded beautiful. Sermons were in Fijian, which was fine because it gave a bit of time to meditate and nap.

Eating with the Fijian family was the most painful time of the day. We all sat on the floor around a plate of dalo or tavioka. These are root crops which are filling. There was also tea served. The father was served first, then the older boys, then the mother and finally the girls. The Peace Corps paid to feed me, so sometimes there was a piece of fish or an egg, which everyone watched me eat. I tried to share with the children, but if I offered it to them, the father took it. I finally ordered a jar of peanut butter and some bread from our courier and gave that to the children. Most of the food

came from street markets, but there was one English grocery in town. The food was so expensive that Peace Corps folk couldn't shop there often. We were given \$240 a month to live on.

One of the older girls in the family could speak a little English and she stayed very close to me as I went to class and did activities. She told me it was because she wanted to meet a Peace Corps man and marry him and leave the village.

One of our leaders interviewed us every week and I was offered the chance to move to another household. I knew that this would hurt the family, so I stayed with them. The father was a yangona addict who spent every evening drinking this and slept most of the day. The mother and children worked their garden plot and did odd jobs around the village. Most of the children were malnourished and not in good health. Since I was there for health care I felt that I learned a lot about the conditions in Fiji that needed to be addressed. This was the best thing about my stay in the Fijian village.

When we left, everyone in the village came to say goodbye and cried. One of my friends said, "They are mainly sorry that we get to leave and they have to stay here."

A note about yangona, or kava, which is the national drink. It is made from the pounded root of the yangona bush. When anyone goes to a Fijian village, they are welcomed by a ceremony involving this drink. It is mixed in a large bowl or tanoa, with one man pouring in the root and one the water. It is mixed by hand by the head man until, after tasting, it is pronounced "mana" or power. It is then scooped into a coconut shell and offered to the guest, after offering it to the gods of the east, west, north and south. There is much clapping and it must be drunk all at once. Once one has been welcomed in this way, he can always come to the village to stay. Yangona tastes somewhat like I believe cardboard would taste. I also worried about the "mixing by hand," because I never saw any Fijians wash their hands.

Carol Oettinger

## Forrester Profile

### Betsy Boone

If you've been wondering who is the tall woman with extraordinary eyes who's keeping the Café running these days, look no further. She's Betsy Boone, our new Café Supervisor, who took over in September. She's a Durhamite born and bred, as they used to say, educated in local schools and carving out a career for herself in the food business.

She began work in a different kind of business, however, running a day care center, where food was only one of many problems. As everyone knows who has had much to do with such centers, it's an extremely exacting job which wears people out, and in time Betsy was beginning to look in other directions.

Her father urged her to go into the food business and the result was her own restaurant, the Boulevard Café, in front of South Square Mall, where a Mexican restaurant now stands. She was successful enough, but Betsy found it an even more exacting job than the day care center, and after six years, she was "burned out," as she says, and closed the place.

That led her to Rick's Diner, where she worked for the next three years. She often met people from The Forest who were dining out there, among them our own Julian Price, who began urging her to get out of the commercial food business and into the more congenial atmosphere of the continuing care business. Julian was right, she says now. She has always liked to take care of people, and here she's able to combine that with the food business she's come to know well. From the first, Betsy says, she's felt comfortable at the Forest, making new friends with other staff people and residents as well. Some of them she'd met before at her church.



Photo by Ed Albrecht

But, for all her indoor work, Betsy describes herself as "really an outdoors girl," which means she enjoys camping, fishing, walking trails, and getting closer to nature. Her other preoccupation away from The Forest is her children: Kelly, 23; Billy, 20; and Brandon, her four and a half-year-old grandson.

It's been a long trek from the day care center, but Betsy believes she's home at last.

John Tebbel

## Library Notes

January and February are months for enjoying the indoors — if not by a warm fire in the fireplace, at least in a comfortable chair within range of your heat pump. Add some good music and perhaps a delicious snack, and reach for a good book to read or listen to.

A perfect place to start is our library. If you are a mystery fan, you can undoubtedly find one or more volumes to satisfy your taste — from cozy fiction to high adventure spy stories — hardbacks or paperbacks. In addition to the paperback mysteries just inside the classroom door to the left, remember to peruse the racks on the back of the copy room door. There you'll find the popular authors Agatha Christie, Tony Hillerman, Rex Stout, and Dick Francis. In the far back corner, near the globe, are paperback biographies, romances, and westerns. Along that same wall are the other paperback fiction books. On the wall near the copy room door are the popular *Reader's Digest* condensed books. These and the paperbacks do not need to be signed out. Just take them, enjoy, and return to the front desk when finished.

All hardbacks and audio books, plus the videotapes, have cards for signing out. Please remember to leave the cards in the basket on the front desk.

If you need to obtain or renew a driver's license, the library has several driver's handbooks in a box on the top right shelf of the copy room. Keep one as long as you need it, and then return it, please.

Speaking of copying, please refer to the sign in the copy room if you need to call for help. Our library assistants are not trained to look after the copier. That is the responsibility of the Residents' Association.

We can also supply the music to go with your good book. Borrow CD's and audio tapes in the main room. Any items with no card can be signed out in the notebook on the front desk.

Keep yourselves entertained and safely occupied during the winter months!

Mary Ruth Miller

## Opera Thoughts

The Forest is proud of Robert Ward,  
His fame's thus far terrific  
We hope he will continue  
To be even more prolific.  
Distinguished in all music fields,  
He's surely no beginner,  
But early was crowned for *The Crucible*  
A Pulitzer Prize winner.

Iago was a villain,  
A very evil fellow,  
Who caused poor Desdemona  
To be strangled by Othello,  
Who then found she was innocent  
And stabbed himself — sad fate!  
As he begged for "un basio" —  
A final kiss. Too late!

The "awful German language" —  
So christened by Mark Twain  
Has no music like Italian  
It tries but all in vain.  
Compare *Die Macht des Schicksal*  
Which has a dismal ring,  
With *La Forza del Destino*  
Which really seems to sing.

Julia Negley

## Naming Names

My spelling is so poor I get furious,  
Checking Webster's for words that sound curious  
It was that way, you see,  
That I learned pistachios, grown on a tree  
Have a family name of Avachariaceous  
Most folks probably agree,  
Pistachios deserve pedigree,  
But Avachariaceous continue to be  
Just spelled N-U-T-S by me.

Elizabeth Dube

## Bill and Grace Hutchens A Tale of Coincidences

As Foresters know, this place is full of coincidences — of lives touching or almost touching each other at various places on the planet, and *The Forester* has recorded many of them. But it would be hard to beat the lives of Bill and Grace Hutchens, who came here a year and a half ago.

Knowing that "Bill" and "Grace" were the names of this reporter's father and his sister was a startling beginner, but then it turned out that Bill's parents had attended and met at the same small teachers' college in Michigan from which your reporter graduated. Then it appeared that Bill and the reporter had been at New York University at nearly the same time and at Columbia only a few years apart. But then, coincidence has been a large part of Bill Hutchens' life; Grace's too.

Born in New York, Bill studied at NYU before attending Columbia, earning three degrees in engineering and electronics. While at Columbia, Bill began working during the summer in Professor Edwin Armstrong's laboratory, and he continued there through graduation and the duration of World War II. Armstrong became famous for inventing devices which became the heart of radio transmitters and receivers, and later in FM broadcasting. After the war, Bill built and managed the first FM station in New England and then worked with Raytheon and then at the Pentagon. He worked on ballistic missile defense systems, anti-submarine warfare, and aircraft systems.

Meanwhile, Grace was following a very different career path, although — once more, coincidence — she lived on the same street as Bill, while working toward a singing career. They met at a square dance at International House, in New York, dated a few times — and didn't meet again for 56 years.

A Zebulon N.C. girl, with a Greensboro College bachelor's degree in piano, Grace had studied piano at the famous Juilliard School in New York (there are seven Juilliard scholars here at The Forest) and also studied singing there. It was a

happy combination. Her voice coach and agent, Estelle Liebling, got her several broadcasting jobs and then booked her with Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra and Chorus. (Foresters may remember their Sunday night "House of Charm" on NBC.) Spitalny's ladies also toured the country and — one more coincidence — this reporter heard Grace at the Fox Theater in Detroit.

On tour, the orchestra played San Francisco, where Grace fell in love with the city and left Spitalny to join the chorus of the San Francisco Opera Company. Two years later she met her first husband, married him after two weeks of courtship, and soon they moved back to North Carolina. He practiced dentistry in Greensboro for many years. After his death, she moved back to Zebulon, and years later wound up on a 180 acre farm, inherited from her mother.

Walking in the woods on the farm one day with her son-in-law, an engineer and amateur radio operator, he told her she ought to have an amateur radio for self-protection. Agreeing, she joined him at a meeting of the Raleigh Amateur Radio Society where Bill — coincidentally — happened to be the speaker that night. He was introduced only by his ham radio letters, but when he spoke about working with Armstrong at Columbia, Grace remembered the man she'd dated there and wondered if the speaker knew him. She called the club president next day and learned the speaker's name was Bill Hutchins — and the light dawned. The rest is history, as they say.

They're with us at The Forest today and in a cupboard in their bedroom is a complete shortwave ham radio station. As a member of the Amateur Radio Emergency Service, Bill is one of the operators who help protect us when storms create power and telephone outages. Grace, too, is a ham.

That has to be the end of the story — we're just out of coincidences.

John Tebbel

## Panorama

Trav'lers in transit in airport melee  
Flash forth a glimpse or the drama they play.  
Scarcely aware of the souls in their sight  
Thinking again that their destined place might  
Offer some sorrow — temptation — delight —

Some have been — absorbed in recall  
Fending realities with memories all  
Clues of speech reveal scope of tongues  
Clothes oftentimes show from whence they have  
come.

'Twould take a lifetime to recite  
What went before — what after the flight.

Melba Pifer Reeves

## Tim The Turtle

"You are too beautiful!" wise mother said.  
"Spots sparkle flame-like and startle all heads.  
Find a lush garden with boulders protecting  
'Else you'll be captured by boys for dissecting!  
Follow a fence 'til you come to a gate."  
Tears glanced her cheek as she thought of his fate.  
Tim tried to whistle to show he was brave —  
All he could muster was "Chee, chee, chee,  
chave."

Stretching his neck to explore his adventure  
Tim spied a fence (*saved from mother's bold  
censure*)

Plodding along under violets for cover  
Straight to the gate and a world to discover  
Blossoms so full and colors so bright  
Here he could blend whatever the light.  
Grant him a mate who loves gardens and flowers,  
Soon there'll be bundles of babes in the bowers!

Melba Pifer Reeves

## Poem to a Cat

Anyone's life has a sad missing vector  
Without the advice and support of a cat:  
In your work an advisor, your house an inspector—  
You can't have a better companion than that.

A cat thinks up games with amazing fecundity,  
Offering many a cheerful surprise;  
But also he muses in mystic profundity —  
Dignified, still, and unknowably wise.

A cat treats a man with a cool he thinks suitable  
(If he talked he would never address you as "Sir").  
And yet, even when he remains most inscrutable  
He honors his friends with an elegant purr.

You'll never find felines who feign false simplicity  
(The fawnings of canines they simply deplore);  
They'd rather confront you with frank eccentricity —  
A cat may be mad but he's never a bore.

So households that claim to be fully respectable  
(And who would be willing to ask less than that?)  
Require as a member a madcap, delectable,  
Wise, unpredictable family cat.

Edith Borroff

## Winner

Congratulations to John Gray who submitted  
the best solution to David Scheidt's challenge to  
residents to determine the number of various de-  
nominations of coins in the fountain.



## Fee Increase

### "Taxation without representation"

The administration finds it necessary to impose a luxury tax on the monthly fee of the more affluent residents. In this period of depression, the top brass are having difficulty making payments on their BMW's, yachts and Gulfstream planes.

Taxable residents include:

1. Owners of any brass musical instrument. Because of their brashness, we have set a tax of 5%. This catches Paul Bryan, John Friedrich, Ned Arnett, Norman Greenberg, and others yet to be named.

2. Persons who can afford a grand piano or one piano and a harpsichord: assessment 10%. This speaks to Ruth Phelps and John Henry. On second thought — a harpsichord is the ultimate luxury — make that 20%. For one piano, 5% will suffice, for annoying neighbors. We suspect Mary Light, Barbara Chremos, and Sarah McCracken. However, if Sarah continues to vocalize to high "C", her fee will double.

3. If cat lovers can afford cat food, squeaky toys, and litter, they must be taxed 2%. This touches Una Galli, Mary Gates, Janet Holley, Dorothy Kamin, Mattigene Holcomb, and Frances Beach. Cleaning ladies have been alerted to complete the list.

4. Dog owners who live in the building will be assessed a fee. This is due to the wear and tear that is appearing even now on our lovely new hall carpets. Unfortunately, we can never replace this one time pattern and it will be costly to order new! Due to these unfortunate circumstances, we need to assess a fee of 13%. The list starts with Rhoda Garrett, Anna Fetter and Liz O'Hanlan.

It has come to our attention that, at this moment, a Resident is in New York City having her pet dog fitted in the "Dandy Dog" Department of Saks 5th Ave for a custom fur coat. Please, if you have any information on this sophisticated dog, we need to know. For this luxury, surely we can demand 20%.

(Should your pet die, please notify us. We pray for the good health of each fond animal!)

5. Now for the big ticket item: Shiny new cars! We will assess the owners of the four most recent automobile purchases. This list will change as other residents purchase new vehicles. We begin with Ruth Nierling, Don and Mary Ann Ruegg, Peg Lewis, and John and Doris Ondek. Others are to be identified by our esteemed Jim Thompson and Facility Services. Fee 25%.

We in the administration hope you understand our position in this matter. We have tried to avoid these luxury taxes, but we cannot meet our obligations without this extra assessment.

