

## George Boguslavsky's Journey to America

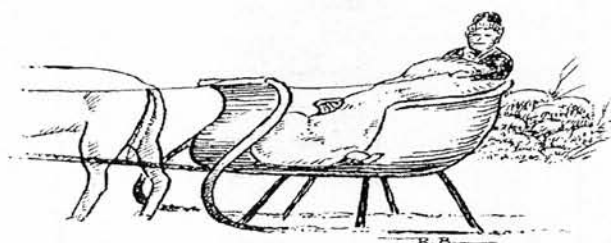
George Boguslavsky was born in Siberia on the banks of the Amur River, in the Maritime Province, "the most beautiful country in the world." His part of Siberia had the climate of our Pacific Northwest. The ground was white with lily of the valley in spring, and the banks of the river were thick with iris; the province rich in salmon, furs, and gold. He and his sister and brother had a happy childhood until the Russian Revolution. His father was elected as a delegate to St. Petersburg after the February 1917 revolution, but when the Bolsheviks took over in November, he was not allowed out, and his family didn't see him again until 1922. He died soon after.

George's mother was a coloratura soprano who performed in light opera as well as theater and whose theatrical gifts kept her employed as they fled from place to place. That every small village had a theater still functioning is one of the more remarkable aspects of the family journey.

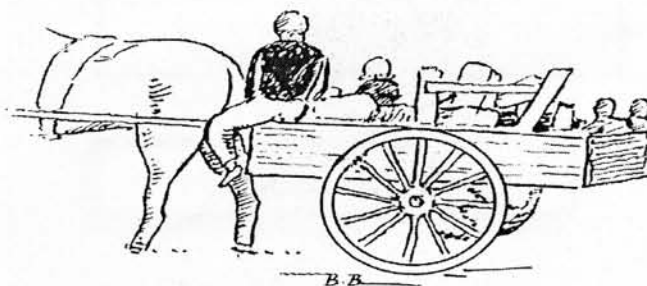
As the battles between Russian and Japanese soldiers raged, his family retreated 600 miles up the river to the edge of the Gobi Desert (35 below in winter and 110 in the summer). His mother was in a performing troupe and was able to flee with her daughter across the Amur River into China and asylum, leaving George and his brother, Boris, age 10 and 12, as hostages.

Many Russians at this time fled to Harbin, China, a big rail center for the Eastern Railroad, where the company had built a complete town with an excellent school and library. George's aunt in China was married to a Scot named Murray, who was in charge of customs and mail, all in British control at this time, and he was free to come and go as he pleased. One winter day, when the Amur River had frozen solid, uncle Murray drove up in a sleigh and said to George and Boris, "Let's go for a ride."

They had no idea they were about to escape. He tucked them under the bear robe apron of the sleigh and carried them across the ice of the Amur River into China and to their mother.



Uncle Murray arranged for a two-wheeled wooden Chinese mail cart with licensed driver and pulled by 5 Mongolian horses for the family to get to Harbin. The journey took 10 days through Manchuria, the last lap by narrow-gauge railroad over the mountains. But in Harbin there was fear of the Communists' arrival. A teacher at the school, along with an American, organized a performing troupe called



the American-Ukrainian Theatrical Company that had permission to travel. The company broke up around Peking and some went to Shanghai, including George's family, where his mother performed and

(Continued on page 4)

### 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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## President's Podium

So many residents have asked about our trip to Hawaii, that I have agreed to present an Armchair Travel program in the auditorium in July. Y'all come now.

There are some personnel changes in the Residents' Association that you should know about.

Helen Monson has agreed to be Chair, Encore Store Committee, replacing Evebell Dunham who resigned after many years as volunteer.

Ned Arnett was elected President, Eastern Region, CCCR-NC.

Ethel Foote, who was Ned's alternate, has agreed to replace him as our Eastern Region Representative. Ethel will be looking for an alternate to fill her old position.

Peg Lewis has agreed to serve as Chair of the Nominating Committee this year. She will be selecting her committee members soon, so please say "yes" if asked. This is a critical year for your Association Board of Directors. You will be asked to vote on a new president, vice-president and three directors.

And speaking of personnel, we still need a Chair for the Computer Room. If you are interested, please contact Ethel Foote who is the director responsible for the room.

This is the time of year when the TFAD budget is prepared. In years past I have asked the residents, "Are there any services or programs that you feel are sufficiently important to consider adding, or any that you would wish for us to consider diminishing or deleting". If you have a suggestion, please put a note in my resident's box (#4019).

Since *The Forester* is not published during the summer, my next podium will be in October. I hope you all have a fun-filled summer. Stay

*(Continued on page*

## In Memoriam

Rose, Susan Emily Southall Lawrence  
Singleton April 30, 2007

**Podium** continued ...*(Continued from page 2)*

healthy, drive carefully, and support your Resident's Association.

Jim Shuping

### **Taxis on the Philly Trip March 2007**

One of the pleasures of traveling is the experience of trying to guess the country of origin of the taxi driver.

We started out with the Tuten trip March 29-31 at the Forest—he was a driver from Morocco—he estimated some 1000 countrymen in the Triangle area. He had been in the States for less than a year.

Steve Tuten had to guide him all the way from RDU to Carolina Meadows.

In Philadelphia, nearly all drivers were from India. Each one tended to spend most of the time on his cell telephone, probably talking to family members (this is a guess because the language was “foreign” to me).

On the return, at RDU, our driver was from Ethiopia (he estimated 2000 countrymen in this area). He had been in the States six years.

We enjoyed our trips with each one of the taxi drivers. It was so pleasant not to have to find a parking space! It seems to be a popular occupation for newcomers to our country. And also, if he can drive, it is easier to learn the area on the map rather than train for an entirely new occupation. We found all of them very courteous and correct in our destinations.

What an interesting country we live in.

Caroline Long

Frequent traveler extraordinaire

LOVE YOUR  
LIBRARY



The official start of summer is almost here, and summer usually gives us time to relax with a good book or recording. Our library can help! Just find your most comfortable chair or recliner and relax with one of our offerings.

To assist our library volunteers, please sign out whatever you take out. Books, CD's, audio books, DVD's and videos all have sign-out cards inside. Be sure to include the date and your unit number. Dates matter because if an item has not been taken out in five years, it becomes a candidate for recycling. We also appreciate your not leaving items out of their place in the library or removing newspapers from their sticks. If you sit down to read, just return the item to the desk for re-shelving. In addition to being a benefit for residents, our library is a showplace for The Forest.

If you take a trip and need something to read (what better time is there?), you are welcome to take along some library books, and we hope they don't get lost! Please return them when you come home.

Enjoy the summer!

Mary Ruth Miller

### **Golden Leaf Award**

**Hildegard Ryals** has been awarded the Golden Leaf as an outstanding individual for her long-standing devotion to the visual appearance of the Durham community, as it has been reflected in her work to improve the quality of our environment through better appreciation of our natural and cultural resources. A founding member of the Eno River Association and the New Hope Creek Corridor Open Space Plan, she served on the Planning Commission from 1984 to 1990 and is the recipient of the Bartlett Durham Award from the Durham Historic Preservation Society.

## Journey continued...

*(Continued from page 1)*

Boris and George went to a Catholic monastery school.

In 1926 his mother and sister sailed to Seattle with temporary visas. A Russian bishop introduced his mother to the impresarios, Fanchon and Marco, who hired her to perform in the big movie houses where shows were put on after the film. Fanchon and Marco got her visas extended again and again.

Boris and George followed, with student visas that were valid as long as they stayed in school. This explains his degrees at the University of Chicago, Yale, University of Washington, and Cornell and majors in civil engineering, business administration, and psychology. When he and Boris applied for their First Papers toward becoming citizens, they were refused on technicalities. Boris wrote a letter to President Roosevelt and the answer came back from Madam Perkins telling them that the agent in Seattle had been instructed to give them their First Papers. George became a citizen in 1939 serving in the National Guard even before that. He was then drafted, served in the Pacific Theater from 1943-46, ending up in MacArthur's headquarters. He was given a house in Brisbane, Australia, where he lived with four Japanese prisoners-of-war, who had agreed to write propaganda leaflets to be dropped on the Japanese islands. After a life that demonstrated resilience, competence, and a certain amount of good luck interspersed with hair-raising horror, he now lives peacefully at The Forest.

Joanne Ferguson

## Leica Camera

I never had much interest in photography and did not own a camera before the war. Advancing into Germany, however, everybody was talking about the high quality of German cameras, and I was repeatedly told that Leica was the best of all.

During our march towards the Rhine River, we had a rest stop in a German spa city. Having a few hours to spare I decided to find myself a Leica, and cruised through the streets of the city in my Sherman tank, my means of transportation, in search of a camera store.

From the beginning of the war in North Africa to its conclusion in Berlin, I was like the Lone Ranger. Detached from my artillery battery and assigned to act as the air support officer for the Combat Command, my position in battle was always the same. I followed the leading tank battalion in the attack and as I spotted enemy resistance in front of us I would direct fighter squadrons to bomb the targets I had selected. Because of my position, I had the opportunity to move around the city freely, hence my ability to cruise the German town in my tank looking for a Leica camera store. I finally located one such store at street level, and luckily the owner lived in the apartment above. My driver lined up the tank with our 75mm gun pointed at the storefront while I took one of my men with me and ascended the stairs to the apartment. There I found a man, woman, and child huddled together in fear of what I might want. Dressed in my full battle gear, with a 45 pistol at my side, a Luger in my chest holster, and a carbine over my shoulder, I was a fearsome sight to behold, and brusquely I demanded that he hand over all his Leica cameras to me. Obediently, the store owner brought out a box which contained a camera and all its accessories, but handed me the camera without its lens, thinking that would appease me. However, I was not to be duped and demanded that he install the 35 mm lens. I took the camera from his hands, grabbed the case and ignored the rest, but as I was leaving he requested a receipt to document the transaction. I gave him a receipt signed "Joe Smith." Thereafter, I used my Leica to take photos

*(Continued on page 5)*



**Leica** continued ...*(Continued from page 4)*

of my remaining time on the front, including when I was stationed in Berlin and Paris.

It was in Paris that I first met my Uncle Issac. My father, who left Russia for the United States in 1915, had a younger brother, who left Russia for Paris in 1920. The German occupation of Paris caused my father to lose track of his brother and family, but still I carried their last known Parisian address with me when I went overseas in hopes that I would find them.

The first opportunity I had to locate my Parisian family came after the Battle of the Bulge when my division was settled near Liege for rest and rehabilitation. Fortunately, I was ordered to take a detachment of soldiers to Paris for a long weekend and once I settled my men and dumped my gear in the hotel room (where I saw a bidet for the first time), I set out, with only my pidgin French, and successfully located the address I had carried with me all this time. My uncle was a custom men's tailor and lived with his family behind his store, in an old building in the Bastille section of Paris. Not knowing what to expect, I slowly walked up to the door and knocked. A petite middle aged woman opened the door, took one look at me and, with pointed finger, exclaimed "Bobroff!" She knew immediately that I was her American nephew and invited me in. Later on that afternoon, I was introduced to four cousins, one male and three females. My uncle, however, had been picked up by the Germans shortly after the German occupation of Paris and his family had no knowledge of what had happened to him or where he had been taken.

After the surrender of Germany and the cessation of hostilities, I was selected to represent the field artillery on a board of judges stationed in Paris and comprised of one person from each branch of the service in the ETO. While I was there, I put the Leica to good use and also had a chance to spend more time with my Parisian relatives. Jacques, my cousin, and I spent time together shooting photos of the city and he took a strong liking to my camera. Subsequently, he actually became quite a good ama-

**June In Normandy**

I spent the school year of 1969-1970, in the course of my pursuit of a graduate degree, as an exchange teacher in France. My posting was to a C.E.S. or junior high school in a working class neighborhood of Lyon. My experience there is one story but here is another.

As a visiting assistant teacher my hours were irregular and not long and gave me time to spend at my hobby of playing the cello. I soon found my way into several amateur groups, among them a community orchestra. My first evening there, after trudging up four flights of stairs, I sat down in the cello section next to an attractive young woman. One of her first comments to me was: "Oh, you're an American. Come to dinner next Tuesday." I went, met her husband and four small boys, had my first experience with a French dinner-table conversation, and began a friendship with Marie-Pierre and Olivier, to say nothing of Xavier, Renaud, Vincent, Alexis and, later, Benjamin, which has lasted to this day.

The following July, at the end of the school year, they invited me to spend a few days at their family compound in Normandy, specifically near Vierville on what we know as Omaha Beach. This compound, rebuilt after the war, is a group of small houses on an acre or two just behind the beach. They settled me in an upstairs room in their parents' house where, as I was unpacking, Olivier appeared at the door with a book. "Here," he said, "this is the place to read it." It was *Le Jour le Plus Long*.

Carolyn Field

teur photographer, and during one of his several visits to the States, he asked me if I still had my Leica and had I been using it. When I confessed that it was collecting dust, Jacques asked if he could have it. I was happy to give it to him and have it be used again. It was a very small reparation from Germany for the harm that had been done to his family.

Harold Bobroff

## Resident Ramblings

Rambling far and wide—it is the season for trips to graduations, weddings, and all kinds of new experiences. **Tina Land** will attend a grandson's graduation from Princeton Divinity School and then go to Philadelphia to hear him preach. She will wind up in Chevy Chase, Maryland, to attend another grandson's wedding. **Dot Heroy** is passing up a favorite grandson's graduation in order to attend her own 70<sup>th</sup> college reunion at Skidmore, in Saratoga Springs, New York.

**Tynette Hills** and **Barbara Birkhead** did a European tour including four days in Paris and other spots in France. **Lucie Jacobson** visited family and friends in New York and New Jersey. Seven Forest residents will take **Steve Tuten's** trip to America's 400<sup>th</sup> Anniversary at Jamestown and Norfolk's Tall Ships celebration. The happy travelers are: **Earl Davis, Evebell Dunham, Mary Gates, Caroline Long, Sarah McCracken, Molly Simes, and Carolyn Vail.**

This spring a survey has been conducted, asking residents WHAT DO YOU LIKE BEST ABOUT THE FOREST? This is far from a scientific poll. An effort was made to ask some residents who had been here many years, some less than a year, and the large group in the middle. Time of residency made



little difference in the answers except that very new people mentioned the beauty parlor, bank, gift shop etc. By a large percentage, the most frequent answer was THE PEOPLE! In many cases, this also referred to the staff, including health care. "All the residents are first-class!" "Everybody is friendly, neighborly, and helpful." "My best friends are here." "I admire the achievements—a lot of productive people around the Forest!"

Another choice was FOOD. They like being served. Do not miss the preparation or the clean-up! A number of residents mentioned how much they liked their own apartment/cottage and the view from it, and the seasonal changes we have in trees, flowers, etc. Walking around the campus is a favorite activity. The offerings of the Activities Department are popular with everyone, and the bus to get there. The pool is the best to some and all the physical equipment is appreciated, as well as the work of physical trainer **Becky Binney.**

Here are three thoughtful answers: "I never feel alone." "I turned over responsibilities both large and small to the Forest." "There are many people here I can help."

HAVE A NICE SUMMER!

Mary Gates

## The Greatest Generation



Freshman at Bates      Who?



Beautiful and busy      Who?

## Ad Lib

"It happens as with cages: the birds without despair to get in, and those within despair of getting out." --Virgil

### The birdcage:

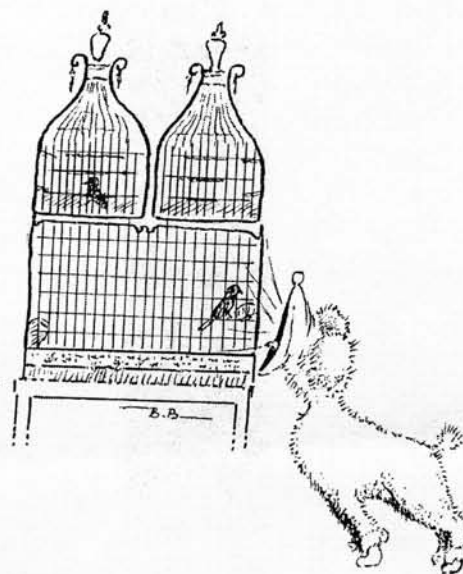
Are you still following me on the history behind the things we have collected? I have told you about the Chinese chest in the hall, the Japanese Kokemono hanging above it and the Laotian opium weights scattered on it.... So enough of the hall.

Going into the dining room the first thing that is apt to catch your eye is an overlarge baroque birdcage in the bay window. The cage is French.

We had three glorious years in Paris, living in a house in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower whose garden gave on the Champs de Mars. The Champs de Mars is bookended by the Eiffel Tower and the Ecole Militaire. A lot of interesting things happen on the turf between. Every morning we were treated to the sight of the Garde Militaire in full regalia exercising their horses; in the evening the lovers, arms entwined, strolling about; and the occasional Spanish maid, disappointed in love, jumping off the tower.

The Champs de Mars has played host to innumerable fairs—the big one, the Paris Exposition of 1889, left behind the Eiffel Tower and Le Village Suisse. The French initially thought the Tower too ugly for words but then did a complete volte-face. Le Village Suisse is a gathering of old buildings and the epicenter for antique shopping. Knowledgeable Americans make a beeline for these shops. Le Village Suisse was often my destination when I walked my dog. In the course of these walks I acquired a lot of things I absolutely had to have but didn't need—a 19<sup>th</sup> century telescope, a Restoration drum, a bronze garden urn and a birdcage. The birdcage posed a problem. It didn't fit in the car. We were quite a sight, poodle and I accompanying a debonair antiques dealer pushing a wheelbarrow of sorts full

of the birdcage. It was six long blocks back to our home on the Elisee Reclus. I spent the next week refurbishing the cage and introducing a pair of parakeets to their new home. The parakeets were not such a hot idea. Poodle was wildly excited about the thought of two plump little birds as housemates. He pointed. He batted the cage to see them flutter. He even howled from time to time. We closed the dining room doors. Dog attacked the doors. Our concierge knew someone who would take the birds. Peace descended on the household.



### TIPS:

To put a shine on your houseplants' leaves, use mayonnaise.

To put some starch in those wobbly tulip stems, put a penny in the water.

Your carnations will last forever if you put them in SevenUp.

Libby Getz



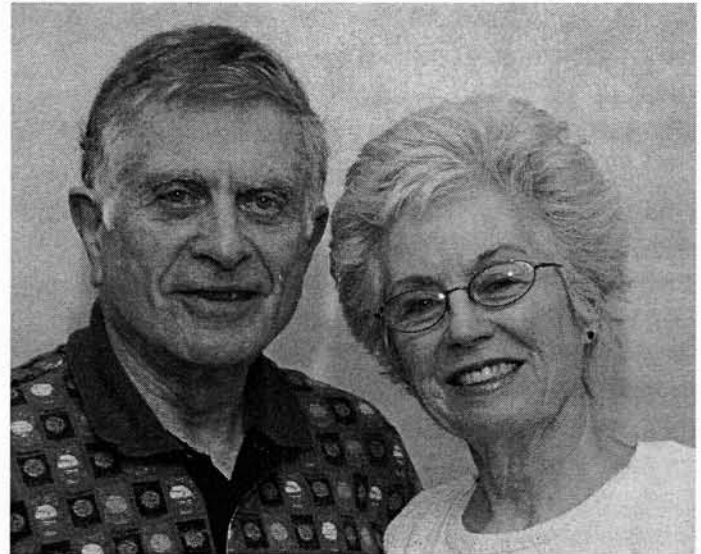
## Welcome New Residents

Photos by Ed Albrecht

Mary Louise Holland

Apartment 2032      419-0358

Mary Louise was born in Greensboro. She attended grade and high school there and then majored in music at Greensboro College. She lived in Greensboro and Winston-Salem until her move to The Forest at Duke. In 1940 she married Russell Pratt. After his death from cancer, she married Thomas Holland in 1976. Her daughter, Linda Milligan, a teacher in Naperville, Illinois, has two children, one a daughter who is a lawyer in Chicago and a son who is a graduate student at Duke. Her son, Russell Pratt, lives in Durham and is retired but teaching at Durham Tech. His twin sons are waiters in the Forest dining room. Mary Louise's great interest is in gardening, and she has served as president of the Combined Garden Clubs of Winston Salem. She has also been a board member, leader of the Methodist Circle, and taught Sunday school at Centenary Methodist Church there. She looks forward to engaging in water aerobics in The Forest pool.



Jerry and Murry Perlmutter

Cottage 16      489-3200

Jerry and Murry Perlmutter come to The Forest from the Chicago area where they lived for most of their working lives. Murry had her roots in Michigan having been born in Highland Park, raised in Detroit, and earned her BA from Western Michigan University. She received a masters degree from George Williams College in Chicago. Jerry is a native of Atlantic City, NJ, grew up in Brooklyn, graduated from CCNY, and earned his doctorate at the University of Chicago. Both Perlmutter's pursued active careers as psychotherapists, primarily as private practitioners. Both have been deeply involved in the utilization of group interactions as an educational method as well as a therapeutic tool. Jerry has taught group dynamics and training techniques to employees of commercial clients as well as to graduate-level business students. He has written on, among other subjects, the use of somatic psychotherapy to treat post-traumatic stress syndrome. For many years Murry worked with women's long-term learning communities focusing on women and leadership, or, as Murry puts it, "Women teaching other women" about themselves, both at their local cultural level and on a global scale. Jerry and Murry have been active supporters of a number of liberal organizations including the ACLU. They were married in 1984. Collectively, they have three sons, a daughter, and five grandchildren.



## Favorite Memories: Aunt Grace's Pancake Mix

"Aunt Grace" was my mother, not my aunt. She could have been famous but in those days she lacked "marketing skills."

Back in the "good old days" we were allowed to go to the swimming hole on Rolling Shoals Farm for camping trips. All of two miles from the homestead, this represented the ultimate height of the list of "Things to Do When All Else Fails." No matter how dull it was to be in a busy household (eight of the family plus a live-in household helper), no matter how many bushels of fruit/berries/corn/vegetables were still to be sorted and prepared for canning, no matter how disappointed one might be in the endless dearth of new exciting duties to replace the repetitive tasks that keep every household running smoothly, camping was one of the favorite escapes.

Of course, each member had to earn the privilege of camping alone or with one sibling. The standard was high: you had to be able to swim sufficiently to rescue yourself and at least one other person, you had to be able to fend for yourself against all odds, against all "events" that might arise. (I never knew what that meant but it probably was thrown into the mix to cover all unforeseen consequences.)

Getting packed up to go to camp was a ritual. I can't remember the sequence of tasks, so I will quickly skip to the food.

We were always equipped with a cast iron skillet, well seasoned, and it was always assumed that you treasured pancakes over a campfire more than any other item. Then you were allowed to have the fabulous "pancake mix," a measured amount of flour and other ingredients in a jar decorated with a

slash of red wax pencil near the top, which indicated the amount of water to add.

The directions, never written down, were explicit: using a tin cup, fill with river water to the red mark, screw the lid back on, then shake and tumble thoroughly until the mixture is smooth; pour carefully into the heated skillet until the batter looks about five inches in diameter; cook over the camp fire until bubbles appear in all parts of the pancake, then flip it over for a short time or until golden brown. We used flat metal plates.



Oh, what sweetness—you had syrup in a bottle and could apply as much as you thought was necessary, there being no one around to dispute your decision.

Sweet, how very sweet. Never had pancakes tasted so wonderfully sweet. And to think: the availability of "Aunt Grace's Pancake Mix" in the foothills of the Ozarks was decades ahead of "Aunt Jemima's" even though the latter was patented in 1890 or so.

Caroline Long

## Wandering in The Forest



Reminisce revisited World War II this month.

**Frank Light** told of being stationed on Southampton Island in Hudson Bay, which YANK magazine characterized as the “toughest garrison duty in the army.” He was in the Army Signal Corps and cleared for cryptography. This station was intended to be an air base, but when weather proved too severe for that, it was turned into a weather station. A plane flew in once a week carrying supplies and the common cold, which invariably spread to the troops.

**Keith Burkett** remembered being loaded onto trucks for a move into a guarded outpost in Belgium. During one of the delays when the convoy was stopped, he got out to stretch his legs and walked along the road. He thereby missed a big explosion right beside the truck he had been on.

**Claire Eschelman** spoke of the wild joy on VJ day when people dropped water balloons from upper windows. The hardest time was after the war when she and her husband hunted for a house, living for seven months in rented rooms. While they waited her husband watched carefully for the sale of appliances, just beginning to show up in the market. He filled their landlady’s garage with stove, refrigerator, washing machine. The landlady worried that thieves would break in. After they finally got a house, the next problem was getting coal to burn in the furnace.

**Martha Mendenhall** began the discussion of how well everyone treated service people during the war. When she and a friend had \$23 to spend in New York, they stood outside the Astor Hotel debating whether they should go in or not. They did, and had a wonderful dinner of shrimp cocktail and fillet. Much to their astonishment their bill was paid by a Norwegian sea captain who was one of the diners. **Frank Light** in New York was able to go to shows and the New York City Ballet free. Everyone lamented the reception given to Vietnam Vets when they got back. **Renee Lord**, who demonstrated against the Vietnam War, said she was aghast at the reception. She made it very clear that demonstration against a war never implies lack of support for the troops.

**Barbara Birkhead** said her husband’s only injury in the war came from falling out of a double-decker bed. She followed him to Mississippi where her job was writing programs for managing property while in the service.

At the Memorial Day program the OLLI Dixie Dukes gave us a glorious concert, and our own **Rose Leavenworth** was up dancing in the aisle. We were all proud of her.

\* \* \* \* \*

I end this last issue of The Forester until next October with grateful feelings toward all contributors, computer experts, folders and distributors, and with wishes for a delightfully idle summer for all of us at The Forest.

**Editor**

## FOURTH OF JULY

When I was a boy in the upper midwest in the 1930s, the Gerlichs lived next door. There were the parents and a daughter, Janet, five or six years older than I was, upon whom I had a serious crush.

Adolph Gerlich was a veteran of the First World War and an active member of the Homer Der-ringer Post of the American Legion, named for a local boy killed in France in the waning months of the Great War. For Mr. Gerlich, Independence Day was the one really significant national holiday.

Their bungalow had a front porch that was reached by a flight of perhaps eight broad concrete steps. No later than eight o'clock on the morning of the Fourth of July, you would hear a steady "bang-bang" from those porch steps and you would find Mr. Gerlich sitting there, wearing his American Legion forage cap, lighting one firecracker after another.

Most of them were of the standard variety—a thin red tube, something over an inch long. He would light the fuse and, not bothering to get up from his seat on the steps, toss it out in the direction of the front walk, the lawn, or the driveway. Once in a while, for variety, he would select one of the large round ones, known as cherry bombs.

Sometimes he would get up, move down the front walk, and set off one of those noisemakers that we used to call Chinese firecrackers, consisting of a bundle of tiny crackers that went off one at a time and made a noise like a miniature machine gun. Or he would put his match to a small black lump that hissed and smoked and turned itself into a sort of long gray snake. Occasionally, as a special treat, he would set off a bomb that went off with a bang on the ground and launched a missile soaring into the air—straight up, if all went well—which exploded in

the air.

This would go on all morning. Needless to say, Mr. Gerlich's celebration of the signing of the Declaration of Independence drew a goodly crowd of neighborhood children, and even a smattering of adults. Conspicuously absent, however, were his own wife and daughter who studiously avoided anything that might lead anyone to think that they approved of what they apparently considered childish behavior. The rest of us, however, thoroughly enjoyed it.

George Chandler





## Regrets

Playing hooky  
from the evening session  
of the Greek Atomic Energy  
meeting at Epidavros,  
forty years ago,  
I wandered down to a deserted soccer field,  
awash with midsummer moonlight.

And then the boys and girls arrived  
with their boombox and favorite tapes,  
their fresh flatbread, kabobs,  
beer and retsina, ready for a party,  
like a thousand thousand parties  
before on that ancient field;  
bacchanalian, apollonian, or whatever.

Someone had a bousouki,  
and as he started playing the dancing began,  
boys' and girls' arms on each others' shoulders  
in a circle as they wheeled first right then left,  
back and forth.  
I watched delighted, wishing I were one of them,  
longing to dance in the moonlight.

And then they saw me  
and asked me to join the party,  
open-handed, generous they entreated me,  
but I just shook my head.

Why was I so shy?

Ned Arnett