

THE FORESTER

Volume 16 Issue 2 A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

November 2009

The More Reids the Merrier

When I drop by the front desk to interview Eric, he's on the phone with **Hattie Wilson**, whose heat pump is running cold. So his expertise is spread beyond The Forest. He turns to me and says, "Miss Hattie's all warm now."

Eric Maurice Reid was born in Chapel Hill, and when he was eighteen months old the family moved to Durham County. His first job, when he was twelve years old, was delivering *The Durham Sun* (as it was then called) in East Durham. He went to work at McDonalds on Highway 55 when he was sixteen and stayed all the way through high school. His mother insisted he work only on the weekends during high school so he wouldn't neglect his studies. He had fun flipping hamburgers: "I have fun with everything I do." We talk of the superiority of McDonald's French fries, though he admits that Bojangles has pretty good ones. He and his son **Eric Jr.** differ on their favorites. Eric loved Hillside High School, from which he graduated in 1987. "I loved it for its tradition," he says breaking into the song "Tradition" from *Fiddler on the Roof*, his favorite movie.

Darrell Pratt passes the desk and stops to kid Eric: "If you want the skinny on Eric I can give it to you." He and Eric met at Duke Hospital South, and Eric has trained Darrell in his job at The Forest. After they are through trading happy insults, Eric pronounces him a "respectable, dependable guy."

When he graduated from high school Eric joined the navy, where he stayed from 1987 to 1992. He was first stationed in Hawaii on the U.S.S. *Sample*, a fast frigate, for eight months until it was decommissioned. His next assignment was to Alameda, California, and the U.S.S. *Enterprise*, a nuclear aircraft carrier. When he came aboard the *Enterprise*



Jewelite, E. J., and Eric

was headed from the West Coast to the East Coast for refueling (which meant the rebuilding of the nuclear reactor). They sailed for six months on what was called a World Tour, heading west from California all the way through the Persian Gulf, taking in Singapore, Thailand, and South Africa, to end up in Norfolk. They were allowed on shore in Brazil, the Virgin Islands, Japan, and Korea, and Eric said you could find a McDonalds everywhere. He flipped hamburgers on shipboard, eight to twelve cases at once. Chow was served 23 hours a day. They were fed on the ship to avoid alien germs and were instructed not to get tattoos.

I ask about storms, and he says they only had one typhoon, but with a ship of 60 thousand tons they simply chocked and chained the planes and sailed on through! He said that when seas were calm, the gentle motion of the ship from side to side made for "really good sleeping." The ship carried a crew of 5000: 2500 in the ship's company; 2500 in the air

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The Forester

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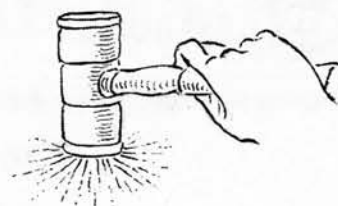
In Memoriam

Julia Negley

October 6, 2009

Margo Langohr

October 24, 2009

President's Podium

Thank you for electing me president of the Residents' Association.

Please join me in thanking Bill Anderson for his leadership of the RA Board these past two years; and Carol Oettinger for her three years of service that has included leadership of the very busy Resident Services committee.

We welcome Tom Keller, newly elected to the Board, and the return of John Blackburn and Harry Whitaker for second terms. To the other six residents who were on the ballot, we say: don't go away, we appreciate your willingness to participate and we hope you will run again.

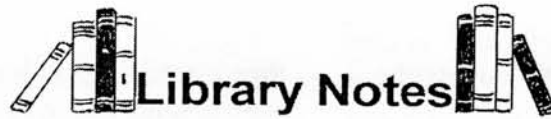
TFAD is an assembly of experienced, interesting, learned, and talented participants in a wide variety of creative activities and thoughtful services.

As president of the Residents' Association I wish to put to work what I have learned from Bill Anderson, to preserve and enhance this comfortable and supportive environment where we may all continue to educate, entertain, and support one another. I will work hard to support the productive efforts of RA officers and board members and so many others, who serve so creatively on at least 30 committees and as leaders of an equal number of activities. I will work to ensure effective relationships with our administration and staff, and with the TFAD Board of Directors.

Once again, thank you for this opportunity.

Tom Frothingham

Library Science 101



If some of the shelves in the Library appear to be in disarray, it is because they ARE in disarray --- as we are proceeding with cataloging and classification so that you can find your subject more readily. There are also shelves with a tidy row of books bearing typed call numbers at the lower edge of the spine, easy to read and organized by the Dewey Decimal System. This is a work in progress, but we are making progress....

OASIS patrons are reminded to include their names with the books they return to the Library before OASIS day, saving those librarians much work in discovering who checked them out. OASIS will be here on Wednesday November 25 this month ---the day before Thanksgiving Day.

As you have noted, the owl, representing wisdom, is the logo for the Library. Several owl figures are perched around the rooms, and there is a special but very small collection of owls in the Classroom. They are Mystery Owls, and this is their story.

Carol Scott Librarian

THE MYSTERY OWLS

On a shelf in the Library Classroom sit ten owl figures of different sizes, most of them of American Indian origin. That is an appropriate location for them, near our collection of mystery books, for there is a mystery about them.

They are a collection I have long enjoyed, and when the owl became the logo for the TFAD Library, I thought they should find a new home there. I searched my apartment thoroughly, but could not

find the shoebox into which I had packed them when I moved here two years ago. Perhaps they were still in Rock Hill, I thought, and hadn't made it to Durham. So, when I visited in Rock Hill in mid-September I searched all the likely places there. No such shoebox -- or separate owls -- was found. I was left with the one remaining possibility that perhaps they were in my storage area downstairs at The Forest, and I would have to look for them there.

However, before I could do that I made a trip to Asheville to visit family. My grandson owns a two-apartment house in that city, and as I was walking with his girl friend past the entrance to the lower apartment, I spied a large white ceramic owl outside. "That looks just like the owl Marguerite Ward loaned us for our Library's Open House!" I exclaimed.

"Oh," Kila responded. "That reminds me. In my van there's a box with owls in it that someone left. I don't know how long it's been there, and I've no idea whose it is."

When I later opened the box, there were my owls! After two years!

No one has admitted to knowing how they got there. The van was not involved in my move, nor was Kila. The son and grandsons from Asheville who helped me move have denied knowing anything about owls. How -- and when and why -- did my owls get into Kila's van?

It's a mystery -- in a room with other mysteries.

Carol Scott

The Reids continued

(Continued from page 1)

wing. I ask what was the most beautiful country he saw, and he said Thailand.

When The Forest opened in 1992, Eric applied for a job in both Security and Food Services; Security called him back first. He is trained at trouble shooting, and when he's not responding to residents' calls inside, he's patrolling the premises outside.

Eric's mother, **Jewelite Reid**, has worked at the Information Desk in the Health and Wellness Center on weekends since she retired in 2007 from her job as Test Administrator for Durham Tech. She went to Merrick Moore High School, N.C. Central, and has two degrees from Durham Tech. The eldest of nine children, she was brought up in a family with strict work habits. Her father, who went to school only through third grade, took correspondence courses and learned tailoring, pencil drawing, and gardening. They had a huge garden and put up provisions for the family for winter. When the children complained about working in the garden, her father used to tell them the fable of the Ant and the Grasshopper. "He was a real storyteller and loved fables." He hung out at the tobacco warehouses on Pettigrew Street to hear the blues; there he learned to tap dance. His mother used to come drag him home, worried about his association with the low lifes. He did janitorial work at UNC and took part in tap workshops on campus. When he was 90 he'd say, "I'm still king of this family." Jewelite and her eight siblings now meet once a month in the evening without husbands, wives, or children; some who are elsewhere join by speaker phone. They have a family kitty, vote on various things, her younger sister keeps and distributes the minutes. They occasionally have barbeque gatherings. She says that eventually Eric will be brought into this extraordinary group.

Jewelite and I reminisce about the smell of coffee in the old percolators, the mason jars for canning, the wood stoves that gave way to kerosene,

then electricity, but have to break off because it's now time for me to meet the third Reid at The Forest, **Eric Jr.**

Young Eric is known as **E.J.** in order to avoid the designations Little Eric and Big Eric. He was born in Newport News, Virginia, and came to Durham when he was four years old. He tells me that when he was very little, when he cried, the only thing that would quiet him was being handed a basketball. He now plays basketball at South Granville High School and hopes for a basketball scholarship to Marquette or UNC. After school the team runs for two or three miles, then lifts weights, and after that shoots baskets. He gets home around 8pm. Sometimes he and Eric cook; sometimes pick up food on the way home.

E.J. began work when he was sixteen, and works eight-hour shifts every other Saturday and Sunday in the Health and Wellness Center. He wheels the food trolley down from the main kitchen and functions as a short order cook also. He does hamburgers on the grill and sometimes tenderloin that residents find too rare. He does eggs over easy, poached, scrambled, or fried. "I'm kinda good at it," he says with his easy smile. He and **Chiantie Glover** and **Paulette Moore** also clean up and set up the dining room for the next meal.

When I mention his voluble family he says they laugh and talk a lot and that his father is "so funny and so full of energy." How many eighteen-year olds do you hear say a thing like that? Amid the swirl of books and movies and TV shows about dysfunctional families, I find the Reids a profound comfort.

Joanne Ferguson

Welcome, New Residents

Cal and Joan Cohen

Apartment 3037 490-8609

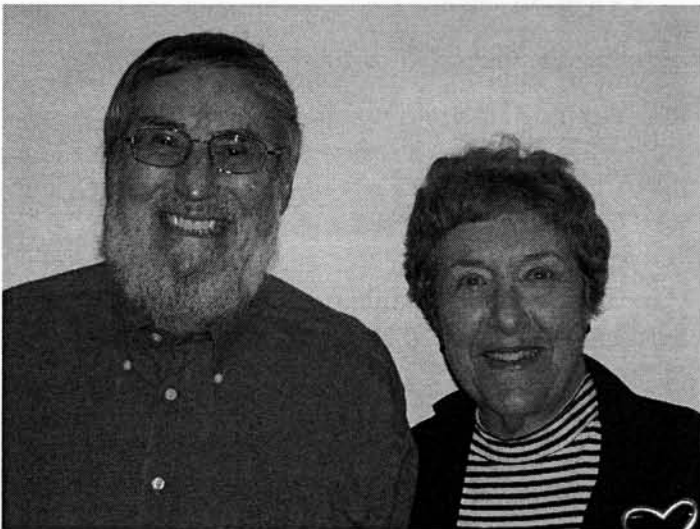
Cal is a native of Youngstown, Ohio, earned his BA at Reed College, was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, and received his PhD at Carnegie Mellon University. It was there that his path crossed that of Joan, a Pennsylvania native, who earned her BFA there. Both Cohens have had distinguished and interesting careers and have been prolific writers, and Joan has a wide reputation as a ceramacist and sculptor in clay. Cal began as a mathematician and logician and then turned to economics and finance. After teaching at New York University and Carnegie Mellon, he joined the faculty of the Fuqua School at Duke. Joan taught at both the elementary and college levels, mostly as an arts educator. Her sculptures have been widely displayed and are included in a number of museum collections. The Cohens have three children, two nearby and the third in Chattanooga, TN, and five grandchildren. In their spare time they enjoy travel and exercise and reading, and, in Joan's case, cooking.



Nancy Schiebel

Cottage 64 489-5109

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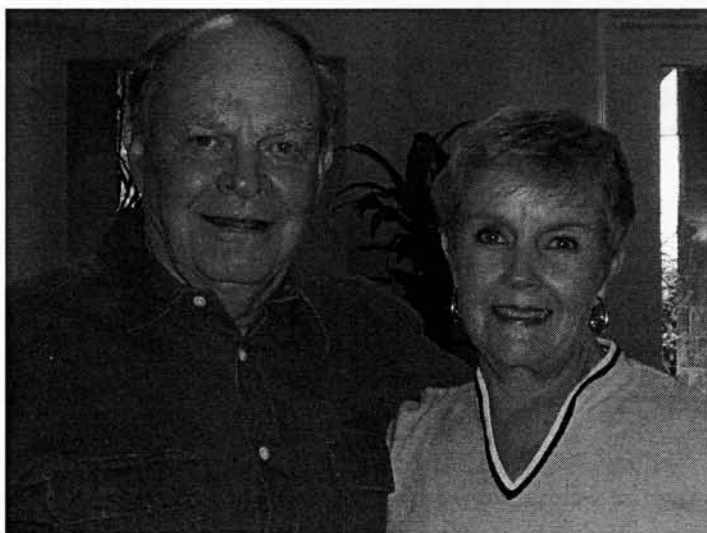
Nan was born and raised in Durham where her father was on the original staff of Duke Hospital. She graduated from The Madeira School, outside Washington, DC, and Duke University with a major in history. Later she attended UNC-CH in accounting in order to sit for and pass the certified public accountant's exam. At that time there were almost no women CPA's in the Triangle area. In 1968 Nan married Dr. Max Schiebel, a general and thoracic surgeon in Durham. He died in 2007 at age 98. They had a daughter, Elizabeth, who lives in Durham with her husband, Andy, and year-old son, Max. Nan has served on many boards, including The Triangle Community Foundation, Congregation at Duke Chapel, Durham Academy, Volunteer Center, the Junior League, and Sarah P. Duke Gardens. Activities in the past were travel, tennis, hiking, and knitting. Now she walks her dog.

Welcome, New Residents

Bert and Linda Alexander

Apartment 4025 403-9216

The Alexanders come to us from Kinston where they both were born and raised. They were married upon graduating from college, Linda from East Carolina and Bert from Duke. Over the years they have lived in Atlanta, Memphis, and Columbia, SC. Bert's varied career has found him engaged, among other things, as a savings and loan executive and as the proprietor of a group of fast-food franchise operations. He enjoys exercise, reading, volunteering, and Duke athletics. He is a Mason & Shriner, and is active in the Rotary Club and a number of other civic enterprises. Linda, in her spare time, enjoys reading, exercising, singing in the choir, and volunteer work. She is also active with the United Methodist Women and the Salvation Army charities. Bert and Linda have two daughters. Jennifer is a Duke graduate with a Master's Degree from North Carolina State and lives in Fuquay-Varina. Cris graduated from Rhodes College in Memphis, earned a Masters in Social Work from the University of California at Berkeley and lives in Clinton, TN. They have two talented grandchildren as well.



Perpetual Pain

Pain comes in all sorts of sizes
Difficult to describe or measure.
How to rate pain, present and past?
More intense this year than last?
A one to ten scale is so unsure.
Do I wince at four, shout at nine?
Is another's pain worse than mine?

Pain comes in all sorts of guises
Shooting darts at temples and feet
The great aches roar and then wane.
You give me your best advice:
Use heat first, then lots of ice.
Offering your pink pill is sweet.
Sharing and caring helps my pain.

Still my pain comes in lots of sizes
And presents itself in lots of guises.

Penelope Easton

R U BEFFUDLED by the initials "CCCR" and "CCRC"?

CCCR-NC stands for "Continuing Care Community Residents of North Carolina". It is a "statewide volunteer nonprofit organization of residents living in continuing care retirement communities." The organization produces a periodic publication "The Hotline." There are two TFAD representatives to CCCR-NC, **Ethel Foote** and **Ned Arnett**.

And guess what, CCRC stands for "Continuing Care Retirement Community" of which there are at least ten in this part of North Carolina; TFAD is one of them.

Tom Frothingham

Odds and Ends

November, the month of darker days and time change, chillier weather, and best of all, Thanksgiving and family gatherings. The display cases in the foyer contain a variety of interesting military souvenirs belonging to residents. We hope you didn't miss **Anne Redick's** owl collection. In the library classroom, **Loma Young's** artwork was much admired. **Phyllis Magat's** paintings are now featured.

Some residents had opportunities to be seasick last month. (We hope they weren't.) **Hilda** and **Ed Remmers** went on a cruise in Norway. **Gilda** and **Norman Greenberg** flew to Rome and then cruised around the Mediterranean. **Dudley** and **Frank Sargent** made shore leaves in Turkey, Egypt, Greece, Israel, Spain and Malta.

Here are some figures from the Forest Almanac:

- 3 hawks were spotted this summer
- 2 feral cats roam the grounds
- 12 (?) fish were counted in the pond
- 30 pet dogs are walked by residents
- 29 cats give comfort to their owners

Becky Binney, Physical Coordinator, believes about 50% of Independent Residents are conscientious about doing some kind of regular exercise. (Clap hands for us!) This includes a number who use the exercise machines, the dance groups, table tennis players, and billiards people. We count the walkers (both indoor and outdoor), the croquet players, and of course those who use the pool! Classes offered by Becky are helpful and well attended. These classes are never closed and new members are always welcome!

Watch for more facts from the Almanac of the Forest.

Mary Gates

Note: Mystery Photos on page 11

What *would* we do?

What would we do if we couldn't play pool?
Join the chorus and bray like a mule?
Put on a clown suit and act like a fool?
What would we do if we couldn't play pool!

What would we do if we couldn't play cards?
Get out our rakes and clean up our yards?
Join in OLLI and read about bards?
What would we do if we couldn't play cards!

What would we do if we couldn't ping pong?
Be a good yeoman and sing me a song, o?
Watch an old movie like Shane or King Kong?
What would we do if we couldn't ping pong!

What would we do if we couldn't read books?
Get out the mop to clean crannies and nooks?
Dye our hair pink to see how it looks?
What would we do if we couldn't read books!

What would we do if we couldn't write verse?
Such an occasion could lead one to curse.
Can you imagine anything worse?
What would we do if we couldn't write verse!

But pool, cards, and pong are here to be had.
Read books, write verse, and start feeling glad.
Life's to enjoy, so stop feeling sad,
Life at The Forest is really not bad!

Don Chesnut

Teller's Durham Visit and Nicky Kitchen

The annual memorial lecture at Duke University in honor of Fritz London has been an institution for more than fifty years. The lectures celebrate one of the most distinguished scientists Duke University had on its faculty, and the list of speakers includes a good number of Nobel Prize winners. Sometime in 1980, the Physics Chair, William Walker, and I discussed the next London lecturer and the decision was made to invite Edward Teller (1908 - 2003). In those days, the London lectures were organized by the Physics Department alone, and I had been in charge of them for several years.

The name of Edward Teller is well known to our generation, and his involvement with the Manhattan Project in Los Alamos during WWII, his contributions to the development of the hydrogen bomb, his testimonial during the Oppenheimer hearings, and finally his influence during the Reagan administration, have made him a very visible and controversial member of the scientific community. He was called the "father of the hydrogen bomb," although he had shared the invention leading to its success with another scientist. He was born in Hungary, but his advanced education was in Germany, and he spoke fluent German. Being Jewish, he left Germany with his wife Mici in 1935 and came to the United States where he held important positions at various American universities and national laboratories.

He was known to be an excellent and forceful speaker and had interesting things to present. These were the obvious reasons to invite him to give a London lecture; another one was that he must have known Fritz London while still in Germany in the early thirties and also later. In past years he had some interaction with Duke people, notably with Hertha Sponer, the first woman on the Physics faculty, with whom he collaborated on some publications. There was still another reason for me to be intrigued by him: he was known to be a classical music lover and an excellent pianist.

The lecture was scheduled for April 7, 1981, and I communicated by mail and by phone with

Teller's secretary, Shirley Petty. Teller was to stay in the guest room in our home for two nights, just as other speakers in our departmental colloquia did several times each year. Funds for speakers were tight, my wife and I met interesting people, and it was fun. Ms Petty gave me detailed advice on how to prepare for the visit, and one of the important requests was that we be well provided with freshly squeezed orange juice. So we made sure to have a small case of oranges at home, and the orange squeezer in good working condition. On April 6 in the evening I drove to the airport and met Teller. Being frequently on trips, he traveled light and pulled a small suitcase on wheels. He limped somewhat, because he had a wooden leg, the result of an accident when he was a youth.

Since I spoke German, that was the language of our relationship. We drove home and relaxed in our living room, where I immediately prepared several glasses of fresh orange juice. Also, knowing his love for Bach's music, I put on the record player the Preludes and Fugues, played by Glenn Gould, starting with No 1. Teller listened, frowned and then said reproachfully "*Viel zu langsam !*" (Much too slow !). When the No 2 came, he became more mellow "*Das ist schon besser*" (Now, that is better !), and was happy with the remainder of the record. But then he said "Please provide me with a violinist. I play Mozart with passion (*mit Leidenschaft*)." At the late hour I called up Maestro Giorgio Ciompi, professor in the Music Department, and also first violin of Duke's Ciompi String Quartet. I asked whether he could come over the next afternoon to play Mozart with Teller. He regretfully declined because of previous commitments, but strongly recommended his young pupil Nicholas Kitchen, son of Joseph Kitchen of the Duke Math faculty and of Dorothy Kitchen, who directs the Duke String School.

The next morning and early afternoon were very busy as I brought Teller to the Physics Department to meet faculty, then after lunch to the home of

(Continued on page 9)

Teller and Kitchen continued

(Continued from page 8)

Edith London, the widow of Fritz, and a well known artist in abstract painting, for the traditional reception and chat with the London speaker. The visit was a very cordial one, with reminiscences of Fritz, all this taking place in the salon with walls covered with her artwork. Later in the afternoon, as we had returned home, Joseph Kitchen and Nicholas arrived with sheets of Mozart music. Teller sat at our Chickering piano and Nicholas tuned up his violin, and they happily played one sonata after another. With time I got a bit nervous, because the London lecture was to be at 8 pm, and we still had the dinner before us. Finally they broke off, and we all went into the dining room. During the dinner, Teller quizzed Nicholas repeatedly on infinite mathematical series. Nicholas, who had not heard of Teller before, was not intimidated, and his answers came quickly and were apparently satisfactory. (Nicholas was certainly less intimidated by Teller than I!)



Nicholas Kitchen

After the drive to the campus, Teller, Nicholas and I entered the Gross Chemistry building and the auditorium. The place was full of people, several of them lying on the floor, obstructing access to the podium. There were a number of people with cam-

eras in wait, sitting before the large desk. Protest was in the air, and there was an attempt to make Teller feel uncomfortable and to intimidate him. But he took it all in stride – no doubt having been exposed to this kind of reception several times before – and sat on the desk facing the audience and the cameras, letting his feet dangle. He delivered a superb lecture without notes on “Energy from Heaven and Earth” and had to answer many questions afterwards. By that time there were no protests.

The next morning, after breakfast with much fresh orange juice, of course, I brought him to the airport and then looked at what he and Nicholas had written in our guest book. Teller wrote:

“Had a wonderful day; a little lecturing, a great visit with Edith London, lots of discussions (some placards) but particularly the distinction to play with Nicky, the youngest and most perfect Mozart player I ever encountered.

Infinite thanks to my dear hosts

(signed) Edward Teller”

and Nicholas wrote:

“In thanks for a most wonderful visit of music and talk, and which I will always remember with great happiness

With great thanks (signed) Nicholas J. Kitchen.”

Nicholas, of course, has a distinguished career as violinist and is the founding member with his wife Yeesun Kim of the very successful Borromeo String Quartet, now in its 20th year of performances.

P.S. For those interested in Fritz London and his artist wife Edith, information can be obtained from the internet, with a link to reminiscences written recently by our resident friend **Frank Field**, a former student of London.

Please visit : <http://www.phy.duke.edu/history/DistinguishedFaculty/FritzLondon/>

Horst Meyer

From the Bookshelf



The Help By Kathryn Stockett

Opening this book is like walking right into the heart of Jackson, Mississippi, in 1962. We could be hiding behind the velvet drapes in the home of Hilly Holbrook, the town's Queen Bee who has an antebellum attitude toward race. Or, we could be crouched in the corner of Aibileen Clark's little house on the black side of town, listening as she writes down her prayers.

The Help is the stunning first novel of Kathryn Stockett who herself grew up in Jackson, Mississippi. It takes place at a time when the South was on the cusp of civil rights and a small southern town was caught up in all the controversy and heat that goes with it. Stockett peoples her small town with characters that we come to know and feel we would recognize if we pass them on the street. The types are familiar, the individuals unique.

The story is told from the viewpoint of three very different women. Eugenia "Skeeter" Phelan, a young white woman just graduated from "Ole Miss." She is back home with her parents in Jackson. Skeeter aspires to be a writer. She is single, living in a town with her friends who are all married. She has a mother who would like nothing better than to have a daughter with an engagement ring on her finger. Aibileen Clark is a fifty-something black woman who works as a maid for Elizabeth Leefolt, one of Skeeter's close friends. Aibileen has cared for seventeen white children and she loved every one of them. Her only son was killed in a tragic accident so she lives alone. Then there is Minny who is short and fat and sassy. She is Aibileen's best friend and is also a maid. She has five children and is married to Leroy, an abusive husband.

Along the way, we become acquainted with the women that Aibileen, Minny, and some of their friends work for, and we understand these women through their maids' eyes as well as from Skeeter's

perspective of them as her peers and former friends. We chuckle as we read of the trick that Skeeter played on her former friend, Miss Hilly, and we wring our hands over Skeeter's on and off romance. There are some heart cringing moments when we hear of Hilly's initiation of a movement encouraging whites to build separate bath rooms in their garages for their colored help, to prevent the spread of disease. In our hearts we protest when we hear that Aibileen has her own glass and plate that is kept separate from the family's dishes or when she is never invited to sit down when talking to her employers. She, and others like her, were the invisible women. They see all, hear all, but say nothing. They know their place.

The crux of the story takes place as Skeeter, recognizing the injustices suffered by the colored maids, decides to write a book and to incorporate the personal stories of Aibileen, Minny, and their friends. The book will be written anonymously, names changed and a new name given to the town of Jackson. The maids approach the project with caution.

What if they were found out? What terrible things could the white folk do to them? Tales of brutality and even death give them pause. But they find that telling their stories is a way out, it takes courage but it also gives them hope and the possibilities of freedom from racial segregation.

Will the book be published? Will the storytellers be exposed? There is mystery and intrigue, pathos and good humor.

Listen to Aibileen as she reveals her dry sense of wit as she talks about one of her small charges:

"And how I told him, don't drink coffee or he gone turn colored. He say he still ain't drunk a cup of coffee and he be twenty-one years old. It's always nice seeing the kids grown up."

Try it, you'll like it!

Peggy Quinn

Who Are These Residents?

What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice and everything nice!



Philadelphia



Honeoye Falls



Manchuria

1952, a first Aboriginal view of a vapor trail

Looking up for a moment from the job at hand,
while crouching by the seal's blow hole,
my harpoon at the ready, or

tracking a wounded antelope,
hoping I can beat the hyenas to the kill, or

poling my dugout to a favorite fishing hole
past the waiting crocs on the shore,

I am suddenly aware of a thin white line
beginning to inch across the sky. An omen?
The shaman and the old ones never told us about this.

Whose invisible hand can draw a perfect cloud
across the whole sky from one side to the other
and then disappear with a voice like distant thunder?

What does it mean? What does it mean?

Ned Arnett

