

## First Grade in Vienna

(With a tip of the pen to Harriet Williams and her first grade story)

On my first day of school, so many children turned up for first grade that half of them were immediately sent away to a different school. Even so, there were more than 40 girls in my first grade classroom, with one large round stove and one grim-faced teacher, Frau Sobotka, who was actually unmarried but was given the courtesy title of Frau. Note that my class was all girls; the boys (rowdy creatures) were in a separate, much noisier, room.

It was traditional in Austria that at the end of the first day of school each child received a huge, brightly decorated cornucopia full of goodies. At the end of my first day, my mother was unaccountably delayed in picking me up, and I was wandering down the street in tears before I met her racing toward me with my cornucopia. I was actually not at all sure I could find my way home, having always been accompanied by an adult on the (dangerous) city streets.

In our crowded classroom strict discipline was maintained. Hands were to be laid flat on the desk, palms down, when not engaged in actual schoolwork. (My cousin told me that in her school they had to sit with their arms linked behind their backs, conducive to good posture.) We sat at contiguous desks and stood when called on to answer a question, but we did not otherwise move, not even for the mid-morning snack which we brought from home. On one memorable occasion, my mother being for some reason unavailable for the task, my father had prepared one of my favorite snacks: a sandwich made of buttered bread sprinkled with sugar. He had been overly generous with the sugar. It drizzled all over



my desk. I can still hear the teacher's appalled voice: "Was streut da?" (What's sprinkling there?).

One December day when Frau Sobotka called on me (in arithmetic, of course! my worst subject!), I just *knew* my answer would be wrong, so I mumbled it. When asked to repeat, I said firmly, "Once is enough." The affronted teacher called my mother in for a conference and insisted on severe disciplinary action for such insolence. My mother hesitantly offered to cancel my upcoming birthday party. This

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### The Forester

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## In Memoriam

Marguerite Luise Morrison Henmon	June 7, 2011
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Loma McAllister Young	June 17, 2011
Raymond Blackmun	July 2, 2011
John Randolph Coupland III	August 11, 2011
Bessie Raper	August 11, 2011
William L. Burns, Jr.	August 28, 2011
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## President's Podium

In late August, Steve Fishler chaired an Executive Staff Update presenting findings of the 2011 Holleran Resident Satisfaction Survey. The results of the survey were shown in tables alongside the results of the last survey in 2008 and the first one in 2004. While the overall findings were positive, the RA Board devoted part of the September Board meeting to a few areas for concern. Foremost was the rating residents gave to "effectiveness of residents association" -- 76.4 in 2011, contrasted with 80.9 in 2008 and 74.0 in 2004. A related item also revealed more negative attitudes than in earlier years, i.e., "opportunity for resident input" -- 72.6, contrasted with 78.7 in 2008 and 68.1 in 2004; while "effectiveness of resident council" -- 73.8, unchanged from 2008, and up from 70.0 in 2004.

Those of us here over the span of years can surmise that 2008 responses probably reflected residents' pride in the role we played in achieving accreditation and becoming Medicare certified. Since that time, nothing quite so compelling and concrete has dominated the advocacy and efforts of residents. However, the number and complexity of committee efforts have involved dozens of us as The Forest moved ahead into the future. Anyone who doubts our involvement and the critical role we play in the quality of life here need only study the array of volunteering listed in the recent announcement of The Volunteer of the Year ballot.

As a nation we are moving through a challenging economic period. As retired persons living on fixed incomes, with significant assets in investments, many of us are feeling anxious, daily facing ominous economic pronouncements and predictions. Psychologists -- and probably our mothers! -- would tell us that keeping busy helps relieve stress!

The RA Board, startled to learn of the difficulty the Nominating Committee faced in preparing the slate of officers and directors to be elected in October, invites you, indeed, urges you to get involved. (Where are those among us who questioned our opportunities for involvement and our effective-

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## Library Science 101



### We Are Celebrating

On Sunday afternoon, October 16, from 4:00 to 6:30 the Library will host an Open House to celebrate the completion of our computerized cataloging and show off the new system and other rearrangements in the Library. Light refreshments will be served in the hall outside the Library.

Put this on your calendar. No RSVP needed.

The easy-to-do system is now ready for everyone to use, and there are trained people available to help you catch on to it, whenever you are in the Library.

Since April **Tom Gallie**, our computer guru, has been zealously working to install the program into the master computer and get it to work with the residents' computer. Meanwhile, the team of **Carol** and **Dick De Camp** has worked prodigiously to enter information into the system. Carol has entered all of our 4200+ books and 100+ DVDs, and is continuing to add new ones as they come in. **Janet Judd** is now her "understudy," learning from Carol the intricacies of the system.

On summer Saturday mornings we have had a dedicated crew working on a "production line," adding labels to cards, pockets, and spines of the newly computerized books and replacing them in order on the shelves. It includes **Dorothy Brundage, Helen Corbett, Barbara Eldridge, Oliver Ferguson, Eunice Grossman, Scott Hughes, Anna and Chuck King, Louise Lawrence, Renee Lord, Judy Louv, Leila Noble, Rosemary Oates, Dolly and Pete Selleck, Molly Simes, and Marilyn Ulick**, along with both the DeCamps and myself. Now we have Saturday mornings free to do laundry, clean our apartments, or – GO SHOPPING!

And this Library has now entered the 21<sup>st</sup> century!

**Jane Jones's** death is a sad note for us. For years she spent time daily in the Library, a conscientious and tireless worker in charge of the copier, shredder, puzzles, paperbacks and audio-visuals. Her

obituary carried her request for memorial funds to be given to the Library or the Benevolent Fund at The Forest.

It is taking several people to replace her.

**Lloyd Redick** is now in charge of the copier and shredder. **Fran Bryant** and her daughter **Margaret** have organized the puzzles and positioned them so none are too high for easy reaching. Oliver Ferguson has weeded the paperback collections and spread them out for better access. Dick DeCamp has moved and re-spaced countless shelves of books. Dorothy Brundage, Eunice Grossman and Barbara Eldridge are taking care of the DVDs and CDs.

**Nan Schiebel** has a REMINDER: Don't forget to pay 10 cents for each page you print on the copier –WHETHER IT COMES OUT RIGHT OR NOT. There has been a serious shortage of receipts from the copier during the summer.

The Library Committee and I are eagerly looking forward to showing all of you the new things in the Library. See you on the 16<sup>th</sup>!

Carol Scott

### Podium continued

(Continued from page 2)

ness?!?) There are numerous positive ways to contribute to the quality of life here. Visit a committee or an RA Board meeting; volunteer to help with an event; accept an invitation to join in committee work. Putting our shoulders to the wheel is sure to be informative and effective and can help to spread our influence and increase our input!

Tynette Hills



## First Grade in Vienna continued

*(Continued from page 1)*

completely inappropriate punishment did not noticeably improve my manners; the only consequence was that I received my birthday presents five days after my birthday, at Christmas. I only remember the incident because my mother often spoke of how guilty she felt about having acquiesced to the teacher's dictates.

Austria being at that time about 98% Catholic, it was normal for a priest to come to the public school to give religious instruction. When Father came, five or six girls were excused to go off with some lady. Why? They were Jewish or Protestant. Later, in my Rochester public school, the reverse obtained: the Catholics had "released time," while the others remained in class.

Learning to read and write in German is much easier than in English, German spelling being almost entirely phonetic except for foreign borrowings. Vowels are either long or short, but in general each sound is always spelled the same way and each written letter is always pronounced the same way. (I pity American first graders who are confronted with ate, eight, wait, great, not to mention there, their, they're.) The first letter we learned was not A, but E. The German word for donkey being Esel, as a mnemonic we had a picture of a donkey (anatomically distorted) sitting upright with its head, forelegs and

hind legs extended to the right to form the horizontal strokes of the capital letter E.

Less enjoyable than learning to read was actually learning to write cursive. Once we got past the block letter phase, we were taught a spiky handwriting system called Kurrent, in which most of the lower case letters appear to be a series of identical zigzags. Unless it's written very precisely Kurrent is extremely difficult to read, and it's hard to imagine why anyone ever thought this script could be an asset in communication. Not long after my exposure to it, Kurrent was mercifully (wisely!) abandoned. Scholars in the future, researching ancestral correspondence, will have a very hard time deciphering it.

It was during my second school year that Germany annexed Austria, and we school children were taught Nazi slogans ("Ein Volk, ein Reich, ein Führer") and to sing "Deutschland Über Alles" and how to draw a swastika correctly (pointing to the right, not to the left!). From our balcony I watched the Nazi troops goose-stepping down the street, looking to me like a series of meshed garden rakes passing back and forth. My parents wisely did not disabuse me of my innocent enthusiasm for the new regime until we had safely emigrated.

But the orthographic discipline of my Austrian first grade has always remained with me even in dealing with the English language, making me

(annoyingly, no doubt) meticulous about spelling, and leading most recently to my exalted employment as *The Forester's* proofreader.

Maidi Hall



## Jarus Quinn

In 1962 **Jarus Quinn** was invited by Niels Bohr to make a presentation at a conference in Copenhagen on the properties of the hydrogen chloride molecule.

This journey to Denmark at the invitation of Niels Bohr, who made fundamental contributions to understanding atomic structure and quantum mechanics, might never have taken place had it not been for Sister Camilla in West Grove, Pennsylvania, twenty-plus years earlier. The story of these early school years is best told by Jarus himself from a memoir written for his family:

"I began school at the Assumption BVM Catholic School in West Grove, Pennsylvania. It was a two-room school with no running water. The out-houses were out the back door and up the hill, one for the girls and one for the boys.

"The first four grades were a nightmare for me. The primary task was to learn to write using the 'Palmer' method, a skill that I never mastered. Somehow the teacher let me move on to the second schoolroom for fifth grade. It was a year for all the childhood diseases for which in those days we were quarantined: measles, mumps, chicken pox. The teacher was less than kind at year end, despite my medical excuses, and recommended that I repeat the fifth grade material the following year. But a miracle happened. The teacher for grades five through eight was changed, and Sister Camilla took over. She dealt kindly with me for a few weeks, but I guess my behavior was less than acceptable, so one day she asked me to remain after school. She sat me down and asked me what subjects I found most interesting. How or why I said it, I don't know, but "mathematics" came out of my mouth.

"The next day I arrived at class and found four textbooks on my desk: high school algebra I, high school algebra II, geometry, and trigonometry. Sister Camilla told me that they had been her texts and that my time in class could be better spent looking at these books than creating disturbances. So what did I do for the year, but solve every single problem in all four of the books--no English, no his-



tory, no religion, no geography--despite the fact that all were being conducted around me. In retrospect, it is hard to express the importance of that year. For the next six school years, through high school, my abilities as a student were never questioned despite illegible handwriting, limited compositional skills, and historical illiteracy. One person can make a difference. As my story continued, there were scientific colleagues who were of great importance, but it is hard for me to believe that Sister Camilla is not at the top of the list."

Jarus says he doesn't have any memory of report cards, but does remember the end-of-year tests from the diocese of Philadelphia, for which the teacher read the class all the questions and answers before passing out the tests.

He went on to earn his BS in physics from St. Joseph's University in Philadelphia, married Margaret McNerney in 1953, was a postgrad in physics at Johns Hopkins, and got his PhD from Catholic University of America, where he taught and headed an optical research lab. When federal research grants declined during the Nixon administration, Jarus accepted a position in Washington, DC, as executive director of the Optical Society of America, which published half a dozen journals. He and his wife Peggy loved their time in Washington and even today return for reunions of students and staff each year.

Joanne Ferguson

## Welcome, New Residents



Jean Boyd  
Apartment 3007 493-5575

Jean was born and brought up in Chicago. She attended Beloit College in Wisconsin and graduated from the University of Illinois. She made her career as a grade school teacher. She met her husband while living in Boston and teaching in Needham, Massachusetts. After moving to Brooklyn, Jean earned a master's degree in education at Brooklyn College and resumed her teaching career in the public schools, retiring in 2001. She moved to Wilmington, Delaware, to be close to one of her daughters then living in Philadelphia. This daughter, Meredith, a Duke graduate, now lives in Charlotte and has two children. Another daughter, Lydia, an anthropologist and also a Duke graduate, and her husband are members of the African Studies Department at UNC, Chapel Hill. Jean's youngest daughter, Sarah, an engineer, is a Stanford graduate and recently received her PhD at the University of California/Berkley. Her doctoral dissertation, recently published, is titled "A Life-Cycle Assessment of Semi-Conductors." Jean has considerable experience as a handy-woman. Not only did she engage in needlework, but she kept up the interior of her Brooklyn brownstone with the aid of a 9-foot ladder. Here at The Forest, she has joined the Forest Singers.



Peggy Ray  
Apartment 2024 493-4347

Peggy is a Durham native and has lived here most of her life. She graduated from Hollins College in Roanoke, Virginia, where she majored in music and history, taught seventh grade, and lived in Cape Charles, Virginia, and in Havelock and Greenville, North Carolina, where her husband completed his military service and practiced as a pediatrician. They were divorced in 1971. A daughter, Elizabeth, lives in Chapel Hill and is Director of Alumni Travel at Duke; another daughter, Laura, is a homemaker with three children. Peggy taught piano in public schools in Charlotte and Cape Charles, VA, and served as Director of Admissions in the Physicians' Assistant program at Duke for 18 years. She has volunteered for the local Democratic Party and with Women in Action for the Prevention of Violence and its Causes. She is past president of the Choral society of Durham, a member of the Duke Chapel Congregation and the Duke Chapel Choir, and participated in the Loaves and Fishes program which provides meals to shut-ins. In addition to choral singing, Peggy enjoys reading, travel, and keeping fit.



## Welcome, New Residents cont'd.



**Janet and Bob Judd**

Apartment 4026      401-6339

The Judds come to us from Fort Worth, Texas, where they were in the structural steel fabrication business. Bob was born in Shenandoah, VA, was educated—and played baseball—at Berea College in Kentucky, and completed his studies in mathematics at Tulane and Louisiana State University. Janet was born and brought up in Fort Worth. She attended Sophie Newcomb College, the University of Texas in Austin, and Tulane—majoring in mathematics. It was while graduate students at Tulane that the Judds met, marrying in 1960. After some years as a homemaker, Janet took an active role in the family business. She was also active as a docent at the Kimbell and Amon Carter art museums in Fort Worth and in a local charity providing homes for children. She particularly enjoys reading and classical music. Bob was active in a variety of service organizations including the Red Cross, Rotary, United Way, and the Fort Worth Safety Council. He enjoys golf and gardening. The Judds have a son who lives with his wife and two children in Graham, NC, and works in Raleigh for a firm designing high-tech defense systems.

## Frothingham Sketches

### The Gumdrops and the Lie

I was about ten years old and addicted to gumdrops. My father offered 25 cents a week if I would not eat any candy, which he blamed for my bad teeth (that's another story. See "The Senile Dentist"). I reported my abstinence each week and received my quarter; then spent a dime on the subway to a station with a candy counter, and a free return. A pound of gumdrops cost the remaining 15 cents. I ate them all on the way home and mistakenly stuffed the empty bag in my pocket. My father discovered the bag; I had no option but to confess and beg forgiveness.

### The Senile Dentist

My 5 foot 1 inch Mother, figure skater and portrait painter, had seven caesarians, the last one, me, when she was 45. After 20 years of providing care to my parents and siblings, the family dentist was clearly aging. When I went to see him, I noticed that the waiting room had become empty and dusty and his work painful. WWII had begun and one of my brothers reported from the service that the army dentist told him that his dental care was a disaster. I was whisked off to a new dentist who discovered a terrible mess such as cavities stuffed with cotton. My father persuaded him to retire.

**Tom Frothingham**

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## From the Bookshelf

### *Caleb's Crossing*

By Geraldine Brooks

Caleb Cheeshahteumauck was a member of the Wampanoag tribe of Indians that inhabited the land that is today known as Martha's Vineyard. According to the author of the story, Geraldine Brooks, Caleb was the first Native American to graduate from Harvard University. Harvard's charter, written in 1650, states that it is Harvard's purpose to educate both the English and Indian youth of the country. It was this morsel of information that was the motivation for the novel, *Caleb's Crossing*.

Geraldine Brooks has combined fiction with history to produce a tale that is about difficult friendships, cultural transitions, and religious ideals. The time is the late 17<sup>th</sup> century when a group of English Puritans sailed across the Atlantic ocean to settle in the new world. The group was headed for Boston. Because of the brutal and doctrinaire Puritanism of the Massachusetts Bay Company, the small group decided to find a settlement where they could practice their religion freely and openly. They settled on Martha's Vineyard, an island off the coast of Massachusetts. Here they bought land from the Indians, built their thatch-covered homes, cultivated the land, and planted their crops.

Bethia Mayfield was the twelve-year-old daughter of a Puritan missionary who took as his calling the conversion of the heathen Wampanoag Indian tribe. Mayfield was an educated man who also instructed his son, Makepeace, in Latin and Greek to prepare for the day when he would enter the university. Bethia, who desperately wanted to be educated, would listen eagerly as the lessons proceeded and soon she was more proficient in her studies than her brother. When her father realized his daughter's ambition, he reminded her, "A wife should not know more than her husband."

Bethia and Caleb, the young Indian brave, met and became good friends. When he realized that she spoke his language (again, from listening to her father preach to the tribes) he asked her to teach him

English. He learned quickly and soon he was helping her learn the secrets of the new land: the best place to dig the biggest and juiciest clams, the berry bushes and the herbs that flourished in the rich land. She talked to him about her god and listened as he told her of his many gods and the Indians' strong belief in their own religion.

The title refers to the conversion of the young boy to Christianity. He struggled between his allegiance to his tribe and his need to take advantage of the opportunity to become an educated man. Bethia's father took him on as his pupil and Caleb was soon speaking Latin and Greek and excelling in all his studies..

The story moves slowly and sometimes seems to be bogged down by discussions of religion. The Puritans had strong religious convictions and as Bethia, our narrator, spins her tale, she confesses her own deep feelings about her own doubts and misgivings. We get caught up in her guilt and soul searching as she compares her beliefs to some of the Indian beliefs and customs.

I found the characters to be elusive, not warm or particularly real. Bethia grows into a strong, resourceful woman but never seems to leave the pages of the book. She remains remote, restrained, and faces life always looking for that which is unattainable, the education that she was deprived of because she was a woman.

Caleb is brilliant, handsome, and strong but remains stoic and standoffish throughout the story. While he does convert to Christianity, he never really loses his Indian heritage. He is a scholar and a gentleman, but in his heart he is still the son of the chief of the Wampanoag tribe.

I am a pushover for stories of the early settlers, the pioneers who paved the way for our great country. I must say that I was disappointed in *Caleb's Crossing*. It just seems to lack some of the good old-fashioned gumption that one expects in tales of our early settlers. However, you may like the ending!

Peggy Quinn

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## Odds and Ends

### What We Did Last Summer

**Robert Ward** was named one of four Lifetime Honors recipients by the National Endowment for the Arts, along with stage designer John Conklin, director Speight Jenkins, and mezzo soprano Rise Stevens. Each will receive a \$25,000 award and will be recognized in an awards ceremony and concert in Washington, D.C., on October 27. Bob tells us the ceremony will be attended by two members of The Supreme Court, who are opera buffs.

**Coach Al Buehler** won the 2011 Jackie Robinson Humanitarian Award from the U.S. Sports Academy. Former Duke track and field coach, he has coached five Olympians, arranged for Duke to host the USSR Meet in 1974 and the USA Pan African Federal Republic of Germany Meet in 1975. He was team manager of the U.S. track and field team at Olympic Games in Munich (1972), Los Angeles (1984), and Seoul (1988).

**Tom Frothingham** was a guest at a meeting of the staff of the Center for Child and Family Health (CCFH) where his role as one of the four founders and the recently created "Thomas Eliot Frothingham

Endowment" were recognized. The Center, which opened in November 1996, is a collaborative, multidisciplinary organization of representatives from Duke Medical Center, UNC CH, NC Central University, Child and Parent Support Services (CAPSS) with the mission of helping detect, treat, and prevent child abuse and educate others in this domain. In 2010 CCFH provided direct services to 2,265 children and families.

#### Summer Monsoon of July 8

Facilities Manager **Jim Normandin** says that during the great rain the parking lot below the greenhouse was flooded with three or four feet of water, and some cars suffered water damage. A log from the drainage area outside the swimming pool floated down and lodged beneath one of the cars. Plant material clogged the drain in this catchment basin, and the drain will be reworked as a result.

Then came the earthquake; some felt it, some didn't. Not long after that Hurricane Irene, which touched us lightly. Fall is welcome.

Joanne Ferguson

### Mystery Photos



Studying blueprints,  
USS *Nicholson*, 1943

### Do You Know Them?



Walla Walla, Washington, 1944

## What I Learned at the Beach

When I was a child my Aunt Sue built a large cottage at Myrtle Beach as a place where she and her nine brothers and sisters and their families could spend time together. What wonderful times we had there each summer!

My uncles taught me to swim in the ocean by riding the waves in, while kicking and stroking "like a real swimmer." These are some of the other useful lifetime lessons that I learned at the Beach:

- Tides change. There is a rhythm in nature and in life. The sparkling sunny days will cloud over. The fierce storms will quiet. The low tides will leave pools full of life on the beach. The strong high tides will recede. Nothing is forever. Know that it will change like the tides.
- There is beauty in a storm. Frightening times can be as beautiful as they are terrible.
- Never be alone and the furthest "out to sea" in unknown waters, in case of rip tides or cramps.
- Empty shells left on the beach after a storm often turn out to be inhabited by other living creatures. We never know what interesting things can be found in unpromising places.
- I was made to float. Nature will support me and salty water will heal my hurts if I will allow it to happen.
- Maybe the most important lesson of all: Never turn your back on an approaching wave! Some things in life are inevitable like the waves in the ocean. If you deny them they will knock you over and overcome you. Decide whether you can dive under and come up on the other side, or be lifted up high by it, or join the wave and ride it until it ends on the beach.

Betsy Close

## Swimming

I will go to the sea to swim  
And not to sail the waves,  
For I love them close and I skim their crests.  
I bob and buoy with salt upheld,  
Or I overarm vigorously.  
I am churned and tossed,  
And stroked and rippled,  
At each moment surprised anew.  
The sting of the salt, the cool of the green  
I relish with fizzes of foam.  
My mind is clear; the sky surrounds  
and the sun makes diamonds galore.  
Too bad I'm human;  
I'd like to swim on until I touch the Spanish  
shore.

Martha Redding Mendenhall

## Venus of Lost Dreams

Is it my Mother Grace Nell  
Is it my Grandmother Nellie Blackburn  
Is it the preacher's daughter  
Is it my first love Irene  
Is it my last love Irene  
Venus of Lost Dreams

Blaine Nashold

## Couscous

(Thanks again to Tony Ellis for his guidance.)

"Here Couscous ... here Couscous." Sounds like a name you might give to your pet gerbil or your cat. A dog would never be "caught dead" with such a name.

With all hilarity aside, attempting to understand the origins and composition of this food product is complicated. Even the names and pronunciations of the word differ from one part of the world to another. And there is not complete agreement on its origin. Most historians agree, however, that couscous originated in North Africa. Archaeological evidence dates back to the 9<sup>th</sup> century. To complicate matters further, couscous is not made the same way in all parts of the world. In modern-day Morocco, Algeria, Niger, Mali, Tunisia, Libya and the Siwa Oasis area of Egypt, it is made from coarsely ground barley or pearl millet while in Brazil the traditional couscous is made from cornmeal.

Most couscous is made as follows. In the making of flour from wheat, the "meaty" part of the seed breaks down into coarse pieces some of which are called semolina. (Corn and the white "meat" of the coconut are examples of the "meaty" parts of these plants' seeds.) Semolina can be made into pasta, breakfast cereals and puddings. It can also be made into couscous.

Water is sprinkled over the semolina and it is rolled with the hands to form small pellets. The pellets are then sprinkled with flour to keep them separate. The concoction is sifted and the pellets that are too small are used to start the process again. Traditionally, the making of couscous was accomplished by hand. Today, the product is usually made mechanically.

The couscous consumed by most Americans is "instant" as opposed to that which is made from scratch. It is prepared and consumed much like rice. It is usually served with a variety of vegetables or stewed meat to make a full entrée. In other countries, it is served in more diverse ways. If you are planning

to travel to Libya, make sure you try couscous with camel. (You might want to wait until the skirmishes stop.) When you arrive in Tunisia, it can be made with octopus in hot spicy sauce. Get me a takeout order provided it is not too hot and spicy. I like my octopus with a mild sauce.

Bill Harrington

## Medical Attention

"Who's your primary?"  
they ask me in the E.R.

My saintly internist Leslie Baer died.  
"Sometimes I feel like a motherless child."

"Well, you should have a gatekeeper;  
shall we give you some names?"  
Soon I go to one in Florida,  
hardly beyond his teens,  
who tells me:  
"I like my work  
because all I have to do  
is tell you where to go next."

Why not be my own gatekeeper?  
All I have to decide is whether  
eyes, ears, throat, or lower.

Cousin Frank Taylor used to own  
the big department store  
in my hometown.  
The Great Depression took him down.  
New owners kept him on  
as floorwalker and guide.  
I could always ask him where to go.

By now, I am getting to know  
my store quite well, thank you.

Stanley Barlow



## The Beach

"Are we there yet?"  
Dad's 1925 tin lizzy  
rattled through the Jersey pine barrens  
on our way to "the shore,"  
drawn by the primordial magic of the ocean;  
the way it looked,  
the way it smelled  
and the wonderful way it sounded.

Now again we're here by the sea.  
It looks the same, its color reflecting the sky,  
pewter gray or shimmering, sparkling silver,  
its moods set by the wind.

It sounds the same; the timeless breathing  
of our old gray mother, inhaling as the surf  
withdraws  
then breathing out as the foaming flood races up  
the strand  
from the collapsing breakers.

It's August and there's a frantic rush  
to squeeze in the annual beach experience.  
Hotels and beach front cottages burst with life.  
Little kids rush to play in the sand or scamper in  
the surf.

Post-menopausal elders, male and female alike,  
bask like elephant seals in the blazing sun.  
The display behavior of adults from the twenties  
to sixties  
sends unmistakable challenges of reproductive  
fitness  
as they jog or run in abbreviated shorts,  
muscles rippling, fat and boobies jiggling—  
breasts of every conceivable size and shape on  
display.  
Baking in the sun, everyone pursues the perfect  
tan;  
savoring in advance the envy of pale stay-at-  
home friends  
when they return to the neighborhood, office, or  
club.

Soon enough the beach will reclaim its own.  
The umbrellas will be folded  
and Margaritavilles grow strangely silent.  
The kids will be back in school.  
Busboys will return to their graduate studies  
and shorebirds play tag with the surf, unimpeded.  
And next comes hurricane season!

Ned Arnett