

## Greg Mack, Sous Chef

Photos by Dick Aroner

If you can't multitask, you'd best stay out of the kitchen. At 11:00am I find Greg, our sous chef, in his office making a grocery list for the next three days, a list that will make your jaw drop. As I go in he is saying to one of the cooks, "We're down to six quarts of culinary cream. I'll have to order another case." **Defareo Evans**, our receiver, is in the office doorway, answering questions about what has come in. "I'm new at this," he tells me, but he's obviously on top of his job. "We need more white bread," he suggests.

Greg has all the recipes in a pile to his left. "We need another four cases of roma tomatoes, two more cases of hazelnuts; turkey tomorrow so we need another case of stuffing. We need to call Al about the turkeys" (Al is out of town), "and we need another case of cranberry sauce. One will open the café and we need one for the health center."

Then to Defareo he says, "Pull the steelhead trout and the shrimp." Defareo has done it. "Three pounds of cilantro should take us through Friday. The mango salsa takes one pound." The herbs are all bought fresh. Garlic comes already sliced or diced and in oil. Ginger is pureed and in oil. Once opened, there is a limit to how long these products can be kept.

"We need two cases of sugarsnaps, another case of sweet potatoes, some broccoli rabe." For the broccoli rabe he'll try Blue Sky, a supplier that often has local produce. "We need to check on how many Brussels sprouts we have."

Instead of telling me not to bother him until he is finished, he gives me a steady stream of information that I can barely keep up with.

One of the cooks appears in the doorway to



say the soup kettle is broken. "There are wires hanging out the bottom." Greg is on the phone immediately to **Steve Short** but gets his voice mail. He then calls **Pat Gallagher** to locate Steve. Pat gets him on the radio, and he sends **Brian Wilkins**, who can fix anything, and does.

Greg tells me that we are at the end of the quarter, when it's hard to predict what the residents will buy in quantity. He prepares with several extra cases of V8 juice. Sixty to ninety cans a day are used.

Produce comes from Foster Caviness or Blue Sky, beef from Buckhead Beef. Bread is ordered from Guglhupf on Wednesdays and Fridays. Greg and Al both do the ordering, depending on who is on

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### 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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### In Memoriam

Ellen Cheek Dozier October 7, 2011

Marion Patton October 11, 2011

Frances Thompson Lacy October 15, 2011

Ruth St. John October 17, 2011

## President's Podium

The Residents' Association held its 2011 Annual Meeting in TFAD Auditorium. Outgoing President Tynette Hills called the meeting to order, noting that it was appropriate to review the specific purposes for which the Association was established. Three purposes are set forth in the Articles of Incorporation of The Forest at Duke Residents' Association, Inc., which became effective at 12:01 a.m., on May 1, 1996. (Incidentally, one of the six original Incorporators who signed the document is well-known to all as a thoughtful, positive influence still: **Peg Lewis**.) The three purposes are:

(a) to assist in the development and implementation of programs, activities, services, and facilities which address and support the needs of the residents of The Forest and the larger community

(b) to represent and protect the rights, privileges, and interests of the residents

(c) to serve as a liaison between the residents and the management and Board of Directors of The Forest at Duke.

With these worthy objectives in mind, we proceeded to the 2011 election process, directed by **Barbara Anderson**, Chair, Nominating Committee, and the members of her committee, who provided ballots, pencils, and information about the process. As they left to count the ballots, the meeting progressed to the reports of the actions taken by the nine standing committees and a report of the President. All of that information can be found in the Residents Association notebooks in the Library.

The election resulted in the following new officers, who are assuming their responsibilities on November 1: **Jack Hughes**, President; **Bert Alexander**, Vice-President; and Directors, **Elodie Bentley**, **Christel Machemer**, and **Lloyd Redick**. We congratulate them and look forward to working with them. We also sincerely thank the outgoing members of the RA Board, **Ned Arnett** and **Cathrine Stickel**. **Frank Chut**'s recent resignation from a

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## Library Science 101



It was a great party!

Dozens of residents came to the Library on Sunday, October 16, to help us celebrate the completion of our computerized cataloging. Balloons outside and new signs on the doors provided a festive air to start with, and **Cathrine Stickel** greeted everyone at the entrance.

Inside there were maps to guide everyone to new locations of Library holdings, and Library Committee members to show them around. **Tom Gallie, Carol DeCamp** and **Janet Judd** showed numerous people how to use the residents' computer to find particular books, CD books, or DVDs (all of our holdings are listed in the computer now), and convinced them that it is easy to use.

Then there were the refreshments in the hall outside the Library, arranged for by Cathrine Stickel and beautifully and lavishly presented by **Barbara Candelaria**. For some, it was an evening meal.

A special visitor was **Mary Ruth Miller**, my predecessor, up from Holbrook to see the changes in her former domain and to greet many friends.

All in all, it was a lovely afternoon. We're glad you came!

And now a brief review of some Library procedures, for our new residents.

1. Our library holdings are composed of donations from residents who are moving in or downsizing and have books to give away, or of books purchased with money paid to us by a book buyer for books we cannot use.

2. Donations are receipted and acknowledgements for IRS deductions are sent at the end of each month.

3. There are desk assistants on duty for two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon. Otherwise, it is self-checkout of materials, with direc-

tions posted on the desk itself.

4. There is no actual date due for materials, but after two months a reminder is sent to the borrower. No fines are charged.

5. The residents' computer is easy to use and directions are posted next to it.

6. The two computers in the Library replace the old card catalogue system, and are for Library use only. Personal computers are located in the Computer Room on the third floor adjacent to elevator #7.

7. Library Committee members will be happy to answer any further questions.

THE LIBRARY IS CLOSED FROM 10:00 PM  
UNTIL 8:00 AM.

Carol Scott

### President's Podium *continued*

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Directorship was announced. That vacancy will be filled by action of the Board.

A full report of the topics considered by the Board is on file in the Residents Association notebook in the Library.

Tynette Hills

## Greg Mack continued

(Continued from page 1)

duty.

He reads over the menu for Wednesday brunch on the patio. "We'll have an omelet station, and we



need real syrup for the pancakes."

October Fest is coming up and the kitchen needs Red Bliss potatoes for potato salad. He adds forty pounds of salmon to the list. "A lot of salmon nowadays is farm-raised and is seven dollars a pound." He'll go to Inland Seafood for that.

The list this day will come to between \$3500 and \$4000.

We go take a look at the cool storage room where Greg shows me the size of a case of potatoes and a bag of green beans. "We use thirty pounds of green beans for one night." There is also a dry storage room where he shows me a bag of turkey dressing, various cups, boxes of sugar substitutes, 2000 to a box.

We look at the cabinet of liquor. Since we don't have a liquor license, the staff goes to the ABC store now and then for supplies. **Allison Williams** goes once a week for Chambord.

When I go back a few days later Greg is assigning cooks to various tasks for the day. He has the menus for breakfast, lunch, and dinner that are in a three-part basket on the wall. He writes in the name of which person will cook each menu item, being careful to pass around the different dishes, "so they won't get bored with doing one thing over and over." But when he gets to the mashed potatoes he says **Mr.**

**Wang** is the one: "Nobody makes mashed potatoes as good as his."

This evening he will be managing the line cooks as the orders come in from the main dining room. He shows me the order slips from the night before with orders from The Other Side highlighted, 21 of them. The time in and the time out are jotted on each order, with the goal of taking no more than twenty minutes for any order. Before the dining room opens he will lead Showtime, the moment of instruction for the wait staff about the menu for the night. The big rush of residents takes place between 5:50 and 6:15.

Greg was born and brought up in Connecticut in a small town about thirty miles from Hartford, where his father was an executive with Hartford Insurance and traveled a lot. Greg is the youngest of three boys, and it was his mother who took them all camping and swimming in the rivers around the state. When she went on a catering job, she took the boys with her to wash dishes and clean up afterward, so he had an early start in the food business. He trained at the Lincoln Culinary Institute in Cromwell, Connecticut, and has worked in nine states. One of his favorite jobs was for a big produce supplier. He flew from Dallas to Houston and back every day to inspect the produce so his supplier knew what he was getting.

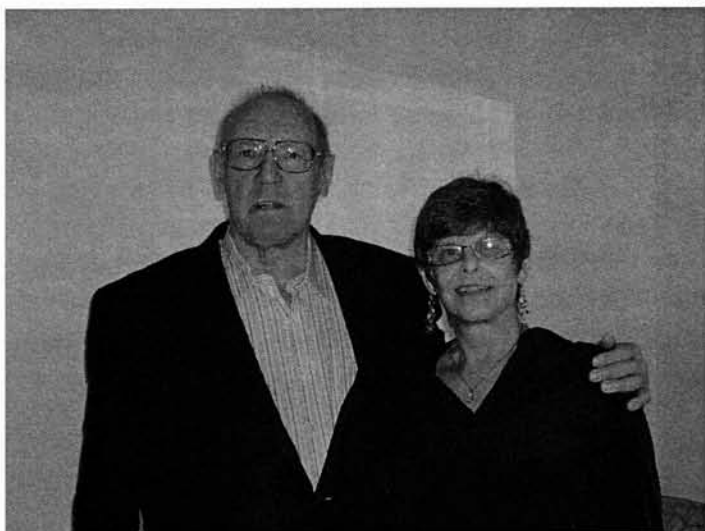
Greg came to us in 2010 from the Rhode Island Convention Center in Providence, Rhode Island, and lives in Durham with his wife, Molly.

**Joanne Ferguson**





## Welcome, New Residents

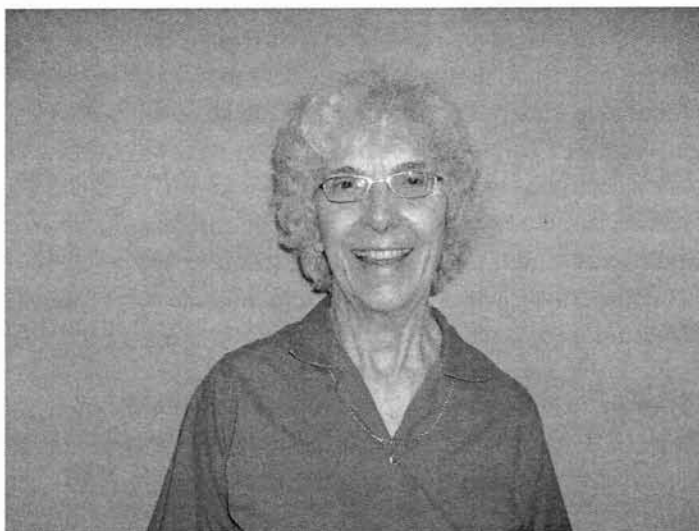


David and Gia Wolfe

Apartment 3009

Phone 419-0703

David was born and raised in Seattle and earned bachelor's and medical degrees from Columbia University. He made his career as an academic in the fields of pathology and neuropathology and has published widely in these areas. He has a son and daughter by his first marriage. Gia (it's short for Virginia) grew up in the Chicago suburbs. She went to grade and high school in Palatine, IL, and graduated from the University of Wisconsin at Madison. She also attended The New School for Social Research in New York City, is a certified paralegal and admits to being a "Learning Junkie." She operated her own public relations firm for many years and worked occasionally as a broadcaster. She has been active as a board member and docent at several art organizations and museums in New York City and at the Brooklyn Botanical Garden. David is interested in photography and, in particular, film making. Gia's other interests include theater, music, cooking, and needlework.



Ruth Lewis

Apartment 4016

Phone 489-1335

Ruth was born and grew up in Mahanomen in northern Minnesota. She attended the University of Minnesota earning both BA and MSW degrees. While in graduate school she met Charles Lewis. They were married in 1963. From 1965 to 1967 they lived in England as Charles had a post-doctoral fellowship at Liverpool University. Following England, they lived in Texas, then returned to Europe, first to Germany, at Karlsruhe University, and then to Geneva. From Switzerland they came to Durham where Charles worked at the Environmental Protection Agency and Ruth was employed by Durham Technical Community College in the literacy programs. Ruth has a daughter who now lives in Johnston County and plans to move to Durham in the near future. Ruth enjoys music, drama, reading, gardening, yoga, and water aerobics. She is a long-time member of Pilgrim United Church of Christ where she sings in the choir and has served on boards and committees.

## ***The Paris Wife* by Paula McLain**

Hemingway has always intrigued me. His stories and his literary style, those short, concise sentences and sharp, bright conclusions have shown a genius that I can't help comparing to many writers today. Paula McLain is no Hemingway; however, she has done extensive biographical and geographical research, and her storytelling often relies on Ernest Hemingway's own writing, in particular *A Movable Feast*.

We are introduced to Hadley Richardson in Chicago. Hadley was a twenty-eight-year-old mid-western spinster who has spent the last few years taking care of an invalid mother. She was not smart, spent less than a year at Bryn Mawr college, she was not beautiful, nor was she sophisticated, but she was lonely and looking for a relationship. She met the young Mr. Hemingway (he had just turned twenty) at a party and they danced the night away. It was a heady experience for a hometown girl, and young Ernest filled her head with his plans for fame and fortune. He was looking for a starter wife.

At this point, they should have gone to Paris. Instead the author spends the next 75 pages writing what reads like a teen-ager's diary: cliché-ridden sentences, pedestrian writing and overpowering sentiment: "Why can't I be happy?" "What is happiness anyway?" She does go on!

But, Ernest and Hadley did marry and they did go to Paris. The pace picks up, and if you happen to be a hopeless romantic you will be immediately caught up in the excitement of Paris in 1921. The city was filled with expatriates, artists, painters, writers who had come to live the Bohemian life, listen to jazz, inhabit cafes, drink endlessly, and hang out in the artists' ateliers. The Hemingways were no exception. Ernest loved the vagabond lifestyle. Hadley had more reservations. Their first apartment was a fourth floor walk-up to two rooms over a dance hall. She was disappointed and homesick. But she knew that she was also the prop that held Hemingway up when his writing wasn't going well, when he was still an unknown. He could depend on Hadley to be encouraging and supportive. She was the perfect wife, she

was his "tatie." They truly loved each other and, in spite of their poverty, it was a good life. As Hemingway wrote in *A Movable Feast*, "There was a time when we were very poor but very happy."

Luckily, before leaving Chicago, Sherwood Anderson, a good friend, had given Ernest letters of introduction to some of the important literary greats now residing in Paris. One of the Hemingways' first invitations was to the apartment of Gertrude Stein and her mate, Alice B. Toklas. Gertrude immediately took Ernest under her wing and gave him good advice about his writing. She was encouraging and felt that he had a definite future. Hadley basked in her husband's promise but was also aware that she didn't fit into the lifestyle of most of the new friends that they were cultivating. The list of new friends got longer and longer. There were Ezra Pound, John Dos Passos, Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, James Joyce, and many others.

Many of these new friends were very wealthy. They lived in stylish apartments and had the best addresses in town. Women were chic, beautifully dressed, and smart. Conversations focused on the new writers and artists who were arriving in Paris and when the crowd wasn't drunk, they were rushing off to Spain to watch the bullfights, to Switzerland to ski, or to the Azores to lie in the sun. While the Hemingways were not wealthy, Ernest was working as a reporter and still trying to get some of his stories published. They also followed the crowd and left Paris for weeks on end. Many of their trips were financed by a wealthy friend.

When Hadley found that she was pregnant Hemingway worried that their freedom would be lost. Babies were not in vogue nor was fidelity in that Paris of 1921. Throughout the book, the author uses acute foreshadowing. Hadley begins to worry that her husband's newfound fame as the author of *The Sun Also Rises* may lead to a rift in the marriage. While she anticipates disaster, she seems unable to rise to the crisis. Her best friend, Pauline Pfeiffer, makes herself a fixture in the Hemingway household

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## The Paris Wife *continued.*

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and soon is sharing the marital bed.

While we may feel great empathy for Hadley, who was so trusting and good-hearted, we can't help wishing she had fought a little harder, had more confidence in the relationship that had sustained them for five years, brought them a beautiful little boy, and nourished a talent that the world still admires. I believe that Hemingway was haunted by losing his starter wife. Many years later in *A Movable Feast*, he wrote, "I would rather have died than fallen in love with anyone but Hadley."

Peggy Quinn

## Nap and Nip

In afternoons I take a nap,

It's something I would never skip.

I do it so when evening comes

I'll be awake to take a nip.

Don Chesnut

## Mystery Food: Chicken Kiev

I have been attempting to define some of the unusual words that appear on our daily menus. *Chicken* needs no introduction. Chicken comes from little two-legged, feathered creatures that supply us with scrambled eggs and drumsticks. We had chickens when I was growing up, but it was best not to develop any close friendships. One of the flock sometimes disappeared – usually on Saturday. Coincidentally, fried chicken would be the main entrée for Sunday dinner.

The word *Kiev* is a different story. Putting these two words together gives us a popular dish of boneless chicken breast pounded and rolled around cold garlic butter with herbs. It is then breaded and fried or baked. Chicken Cordon Bleu is a similar dish but with a cheese and ham filling instead of butter. One could add different herbed butters to create your own *personal Kiev*.

The ingredients of Chicken Kiev are as follows: chicken breast, butter, lemon juice, chopped parsley, nutmeg, salt and pepper, white flour, eggs, dried white breadcrumbs, and sunflower oil for deep frying. For a better, crispier coating, chefs can use Panko bread crumbs, an Asian style bread crumb that is made by passing an electric current through the dough. This baking process eliminates the crust making it completely dry throughout.

Tony Ellis suggests a nice glass of buttery Chardonnay to tickle the palate. Or, he says, a glass of chilled vodka. What's a Russian dish without vodka?

Chicken Kiev was named after the capital of Ukraine – Kiev. There is some disagreement about how it got its name and how the dish actually got its start. The Russian food historian – William Pokhlebkin – claimed Chicken Kiev was invented in the Moscow Merchants' Club in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century and was named at a later date in a Soviet restaurant. Other accounts have Chicken Kiev being developed at a later date in the 20<sup>th</sup> century.

Bill Harrington

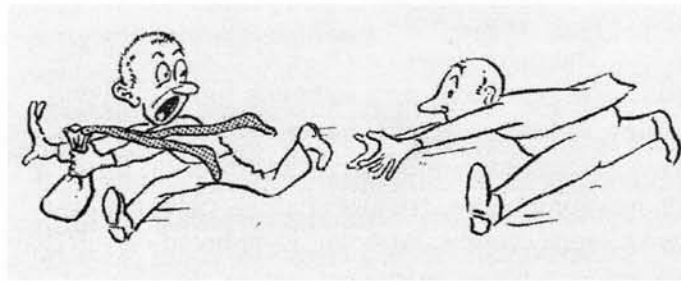


## Through Paris by Paddy Wagon

Reprinted from *The Forester*, February 2005

I spent much of the summer of 1949 in Paris with Bob Strand, a college classmate. We had finished our sophomore year and had signed up for a four-week "Cour de Vacance" at the Sorbonne. Many war-time restrictions were still in effect, and Strand had conceived the not-so-brilliant idea of taking along a dozen or so pairs of ladies' nylon stockings which he thought might net him a profit on the black market.

One afternoon, with the nylons in a paper bag, we headed for the Place de l'Opera in search of a black marketer. It was easy enough to find one. Young men, presumably left behind when the U.S. Army went home, frequented the sidewalks near the American Express office trying to buy dollars.



We were soon accosted by one such entrepreneur. Strand offered him the stockings, and he professed interest. We walked around the corner, and Strand held out the merchandise for inspection.

Our contact simply grabbed the bag from him and ran off, ducking down the stairs into a Metro station with us in close pursuit.

In some of these stations you can have about a mile's walk before you come to the platform you want, but this was a small one. The thief showed a ticket at the barrier and headed for a train that had just pulled in.

Fortunately, we had bought books of tickets too, and we followed him onto the train just as the doors closed.

Strand confronted the thief, but the young man simply laughed at him. "Call the cops if you

dare," he said. "You're in this just as deep as I am."

Maybe so, but maybe not, too. The police were certainly interested in the currency black market, but as I look back on it now, I'm not sure there was even a law against selling goods one had brought legally into the country.

Whatever, Strand had his dander up, and immediately approached a uniformed Paris "Agent de Police" who was standing holding onto a pole some distance down the car. Bob had had two years of college French, and managed somehow, despite his accent, to make himself understood.

The policeman headed toward the black marketer, the train stopped at the next station, and the young man bolted out the door, dropping the paper bag of stockings as he went. The cop was too quick for him, though, and grabbed him by the arm.

Bob picked up the nylons and stuffed them under his coat, and we all stood around on the platform while the cop attracted the attention of a Metro employee and sent him to call for reinforcements.

The next train came in, and just as it was about to pull out, the thief broke away and made a dash for the red, first-class car in the middle of the train. Again, he was too late. He hit the car doors just as they were sliding shut, doing enough damage so that they could not be closed and the train could not proceed.

From then on, there was no doubt who the bad guy was. The cop hit him on the arm with his

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## Through Paris by Paddy Wagon

continued

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baton, Metro staff managed to shut the car door so the train could depart, and more police arrived. We all went up to street level and were loaded into the French version of the paddy wagon. It went off with its horn sounding its raucous two-tone honking, one of the most characteristic of Parisian street sounds.

It was not a scenic ride since a paddy wagon doesn't have much in the way of windows, and it seemed to me to last a long time.

The end, however, was quick and left Strand and me, at least, unscathed. We were taken to the office of some senior policeman, who had brought in an interpreter. Strand told our story, the policeman thanked us for tracking down our black marketer. It seemed he was someone they had been looking for.

We did not stop to claim a reward. As for the nylons, Bob gave them to some of his relatives in Norway when he visited them later in the summer.

George Chandler

## Mystery Photos



Staunton, Va, 1954

## Songbird

Tiny prima donna

Tight in sudden death

At the patio door

I bury this work of art

And recount that flight

A song

A flying along

Then into the wall of mirror

Living wonder

Now only a thing

Stanley Barlow

## Do You Know Them?



Cedarville High School, 1950

## Birthday Backfires

Happy Birthday!

This greeting expresses joy and happiness for another person, the good fortune for someone who has lived another year. It is ubiquitous, said in many languages, and birthday celebrations occur around the globe.

In August I celebrated a special birthday at the home of son David in Black Mountain, N.C. A part of the "specialness" was the cool temperature there as opposed to the extreme heat we had been having in Durham. We had a cookout and birthday cake on his deck, savoring the fresh air. Fourteen of my twenty immediate family members--four generations in all!--were there to help me celebrate.

The treasured gift from my family was a Memory Ship, made by my woodworker son, the host. A stylized craft, it symbolized my travel through life and the travels I had taken with family members. Holes had been drilled in the top of the hull, and each hole was filled with a rolled-up piece of paper on which a child or grandchild had recorded memories of me. What a wonderful (not to say memorable!) gift that was!

It brought back memories of other family birthdays. Three of them were birthdays that actually backfired. And, oddly enough, all three involved foreign lands.

The first happened to me on my 16<sup>th</sup> birthday. In Rome. I was on a six-weeks tour of Europe with nine other Durham girls with a Duke faculty couple for chaperones. In the Eternal City we had been exploring the ruins of places we had studied about in Latin class. That day there was no birthday dinner, with cake and candles for me, but instead I was plied with ice cream, cupcakes, candy, and other delicacies as each of my friends in turn sought to honor my day. In the night I became violently ill, throwing up all those goodies. And the next day I was too wan and spent to go out sightseeing. I stayed in the hotel alone and missed the ancient architecture of the day.

I've been back to Rome, but I never did see the church of St. Peter in Chains!

Many years later my husband Scotty and I

left for a tour of China, Japan, and Hong Kong in late September. He had had two heart attacks earlier but was deemed good to go by his doctor. All went well on the trip. We were in Beijing, China, on October 1, son David's birthday, and I decided to phone him from the hotel to wish him a Happy Birthday, carefully plotting the time difference. A birthday surprise for Dave, it was supposed to be a short call, but turned out to be much longer as I--and his father--had to reassure him over and over that his father had NOT had another heart attack, there was NO bad news, and I was REALLY calling him for his birthday!

I haven't called Dave from overseas again--for any reason.

The third time occurred when Scotty and I made a trip to England on a fly-by-night airline. Daughter Sally and her husband, Jim, were to meet us at the airport in Charlotte on our return two weeks later. But a day before we were to leave England we learned that our reservation had been changed and we would not be flying out until the day after our planned return.

After many frustrating delays I was able to phone Jim--collect--to let him know the change of plans. As it happened, this was on his birthday. So when he answered, after accepting the charge from the operator, I greeted him with "Happy Birthday, Jim!" I was answered by a loud and indignant "You mean to say... that you called me... COLLECT ... FROM THE U.K.... to wish me Happy Birthday?" I had to do some fast talking to convince him that the real reason was the change in arrival time.

Now I send Jim a birthday e-mail.

Fortunately I have a host of other birthday memories, mine and those of family members. Birthdays really are--usually--Happy!

Carol Scott

## Floating Along

While I was floating along during my recent cruise, my son mentioned the weight of the ship which was 82,910 pounds. I retreated to my stateroom to think this over and check to be sure my life preserver was easily accessible. It was and we were still afloat, so I began to look at some of the other facts about this medium-sized ocean liner.

It was built in Turku, Finland, in 1997; so far, so good. However in May and June of 2005 it was split apart and lengthened by 73 feet. This was in Rotterdam, the Netherlands. I went looking for any seams that seemed to be leaking—nothing obvious. The Dutch are good ship builders.

I'm sure that the reason I only gained two pounds was that the ship was 990 feet long and our cabins were fore and the food was aft. The food was outstandingly delicious, and we ate often. I found that during a week they prepared 154,000 meals, 230,000 desserts, 23,000 steaks. They also opened 2,800 bottles of wine. Our waiter, Wayan, was from Bali and was funny as well as efficient. There were 840 crew members from 60 countries and every one we met was special. Our room steward, Robert, from Costa Rica, took good care of our rooms and made us a little animal of towels every night. Our monkey had my sunglasses on one night.

This ship was called *Enchantment of the Seas*. There was a little flyer "Putting *Enchantment* in Perspective." Included was the fact that standing upright on the bow, she is equal to Paris's Eiffel Tower. Also a must know, each of *Enchantment's* propulsion motors is equivalent to 17,000 vacuum cleaners. The theater seats 870, the same number of passengers on two 747 airplanes. Amazing. I remembered that the first time I boarded a transatlantic plane, I couldn't see how it could ever get off the ground.

I did put the sheer weight of the ship out of my mind and had a wonderful time.

Carol Oettinger

## Walking

It's the most important thing we do each day,  
no one could do it for us even if we paid them.  
Some of us used to run, jog or swim,  
now we just walk and are glad we can do it!

It's a good mile 'round the TFAD campus.  
In summer we get out early in the long, cool  
    shadows,  
in winter we enjoy the afternoon sun.  
When it's rainy, snowy or hot we walk the halls;  
a pleasant half mile round trip from end to end.  
Oh yes, and outside the fence there's a nice little  
    park  
at Wade and Cornwallis in a delightful  
    neighborhood.

There's lots to see or do as you make your rounds.  
If you're a creature of habit, you've got company,  
meeting the same walkers at the same time, same  
    place,  
and the same canine friends enjoying the panoramas  
of exciting smells that we can't even imagine.

There's also a great world that pups can't even  
    imagine:  
radio, lecture courses or music from the minds of  
Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms  
delivered to our brains by technology  
centuries after creation in their brains.

Then you could pray as you walk. A distraction?  
There's this story about the young priest who asked  
    his mentor,  
"Is it alright for me to smoke while I pray?"  
He was told, "No, smoking is a distraction."

A week later the young priest asked again.  
"But, supposing I pray while I smoke?"  
The answer, "My son, it's always good to pray."

Ned Arnett



## Mirror, Mirror

Often when in my mirror I stare  
I find an old man lurking there.  
I'm pretty sure it can't be me,  
I think that I'm still forty-three.

My hair is brown, not silver gray,  
My beard's not white in any way.  
I have no wrinkles, no sagging skin,  
I'm not *that* plump, I'm rather thin.

Perhaps it's someone else in place  
Who stares back from another space.  
He must feel bad and most forlorn  
To see me in my youthful form.

He must see me for what I am,  
A dashing, rather handsome man.  
I know that in this heart of mine  
I'm a youthful man just in his prime.

Yet when I look upon this man  
He reminds me what I truly am.  
Am I indeed as old as he,  
Am I really what I see?

Mirror, mirror on the wall,  
Am I the oldest one of all?  
My God, my God! Can this be true?  
Is this the best that I can do?

But I think I see in this old man  
An eye with spark, a life with plan.  
Someone not beaten down by strife  
But rather with a zest for life.

That graying beard that on him grows  
A sage demeanor does bestow.  
And hair and beard with white so rife  
Show what he's overcome in life.

It may be downhill from this day,  
But I'll keep trying, come what may.  
So long as God's good grace sustains,  
I will use well what time remains.

Mirror, mirror on the wall,  
Who is the wisest man of all?  
Yes, indeed, I now can see  
The image of old wonderful me!

Don Chesnut

## The Dying Seagull

Walking the beach in summer I  
feel alive as the southwesterly  
winds and sparkling sea  
surround me.  
Suddenly I come upon a  
seagull lying in the sand barely  
alive.  
The eye flutters, the body  
quivers.  
I walk on when a sudden  
impulse turns me back to the  
seagull.  
The sea bird is dead, I kneel  
down and scoop a mound of  
sand over the body.  
Walking the beach in the  
summer I feel alive.

Blaine Nashold