

WORD ON THE STREET

EDITOR'S NOTE: Each week, we are venturing out onto the streets of Roxboro looking for Personians to feature and to answer our question of the week for one of our newest features, Word on the Street.

THIS WEEK'S QUESTION:

WHAT ARE YOU READING THIS SUMMER?



ELLEN BAER

"I'm reading *The Inheritance of Loss* by Kiran Desai. It is well-written, beautiful, sad and complicated. It is not a take-to-the-beach-and-read book. You will think about it for a long time."



SUSAN BOWEN

"I'm reading *On Writing* by Stephen King, and *The Prince of Tides* by Pat Conroy," which "is deep, dark, and you need to keep a dictionary close by. It is not easy reading."



CHARLIE HUBBARD

"I'm presently reading a trilogy on Eisenhower, Patton and Omar Bradley. I've just finished reading a book on the Pacific Theatre."



SHARON WOMACK

"I'm reading *The Christmas Jar*," which "is the story of a baby girl left in a booth in a restaurant and the life she leads with the single woman that found and raised her. The story contains some unexpected events that kept me interested and left me feeling 'refreshed' in the middle of the summer heat."

DO YOU KNOW THESE PEOPLE?



This week's photo features three students posing outside of the old Roxboro High School. The photo was reportedly taken in the early 1950s. Do you know any of the people in the photo? If you know some or all of the people, you can send your guesses via e-mail to tchandler@roxboro-courier.com. The names of the three people will be published in the Wednesday, July 27, edition. If you have a photo you would like to submit, you can do so by sending it to the e-mail address listed above. Photos can also be mailed to The Courier-Times, P.O. Box 311, Roxboro, N.C., 27573 or they can be dropped off at The C-T office at 109 Clayton Ave.

Packing, unpacking, then packing and unpacking - again

By the time most of you read this, I will have unpacked the items that I packed this morning. They are the same items I packed last Saturday morning, then unpacked last Saturday afternoon, then packed again last Saturday afternoon and then unpacked again last Saturday afternoon.

Whew! Confused? Don't feel bad. I was sort of in a daze when the whole situation unfolded last week as well.

As my family and I prepared for a vacation getaway to the beach last week, I realized as I began loading a vast amount of items for the trek to the coast that a wife and two girls, ages five and three, obviously need a whole heck of a lot more things for a week away from home than old dad does.

That being said, I crammed, jammed, slammed and rammed everything I was instructed to in the vehicle and — if you count the hauling device mounted up top — on the vehicle, and we were off.

Shortly after arriving at our destination and receiving the keys to our three-bedroom home for the week, the unloading process began. It was no simple task mind you, but with the help of the wife, the daughters and the babysitter who has been gracious enough to tag along for several years now, it was a manageable chore.

Funny thing, though. The key I was given to the condominium I had rented did not fit the door. I tried it once, tried it twice and even tried it a third time. Heck, I think I even tried the backup key just to make sure, but nothing worked.

I phoned back to the realty office and was instructed that, while I had reserved condo #906, I was actually supposed to be in condo #206. The keys I had been given were for condo #206. What? Okay. I could deal with that. Condo #206 was the one I initially wanted when making reservation plans, so all was well.

"Are you sure?" I asked. And, I was, once again, assured that I was to unpack in condo #206 and begin enjoying a week of sun and fun. Not a problem. The unpacking began and in less than an hour suitcases were emptied into drawers and closets, beds were made with fresh linens, towels were hung in bathrooms and groceries were placed in the refrigerator and in cabinets.

The next task was getting everyone prepped for afternoon num-



EDITOR'S NOTES

TIM CHANDLER

ber one at the beach. The swimsuits were donned, the sunscreen was applied, the beach toys were unpacked and we were off to put our toes in the sand that we had admired earlier from the ocean-front balcony.

I made a promise to my family this year that I would not keep my cell phone attached to my hip throughout my vacation, so I left the device, which like so many these days is also capable of receiving text messages and e-mails, behind as we spent some lengthy quality time at the shoreline.

When I did check the old Blackberry sometime later, I noticed I had 15 unanswered calls and a text message, which was marked urgent. I called the number and was greeted in frantic style by the wife of the real estate agency owner, who had, a few hours earlier, so graciously told me to enjoy my time in condo #206 this week. Seems she had made a mistake, a "terrible" mistake and I would have to repack and unpack again in condo #906, which was what I had tried to do earlier in the day.

She wasn't happy. In fact, she was in tears. I wasn't happy, but there were no tears flowing from my eyes. In an effort to keep unwanted words flowing from my mouth, I bit my tongue. The agency aided in correcting the unpacking miscue that began the weeklong vacation and even provided a rather nice apology in the form of a gift certificate in the aftermath of the whole scenario.

I made the choice near the end of the whole packing/unpacking fiasco last Saturday that, while it messed up one day, it was not going to ruin the entire week. I also learned to not fully unpack for a few hours the next time I arrive somewhere for a vacation.

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Sunday, July 24th - Wednesday, July 27th
6:30 - 8:45 pm

Kick-off Meal Sunday night at 5:15 pm for everyone
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