



Over The Fence

JUNE 2007

HARRISON, ARKANSAS

The Hospital Volunteers



“The Coordinator”

This is Ms Joy Woelbing, the Coordinator for the NARMC Volunteers Program.

A native of Hot Springs, Ms Woelbing moved to Harrison in 1979, joined NARMC in '81 and was appointed Volunteer Coordinator in 1998.



It's impossible to highlight each of the 168 volunteers but the photo on the preceding page is of a group who participated in patient cancer screening. Following are other volunteer activities and those who serve.

“Comfort Cart”

This is Mr Gary Sloan, Harrison School Bus driver who volunteers his time between driving youngsters to and from school, taking his cart and visiting patients in their rooms.



“Nightingale Gift Shop”



Opened in 1963, the shop is in the lobby and raises a significant amount of revenue awarded for annual scholarships. The shop is open daily Monday through Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

“Thrift Shop”



Established in 1986, currently located on the corner of Main Street and Ridge, the shop is open Monday through Saturday.

These two shops are vital revenue producers for the many services the Auxiliary provides for patient care.

“Did You Know?”

In April 1961 the Boone County Hospital Auxiliary was formed with 21 members to provide support and assistance for the hospital.

The Auxiliary's role has expanded to become an integral part of the hospital's operation. Last year the 168 volunteers provided over 32,000 hours of service which translates to 15 full-time employees. Without volunteers many hospital services would be impossible to provide.

The annual scholarship program began in 1973 for local nursing students

and was expanded to include students entering other areas of the medical field.

Here's the tip of the iceberg, a partial list of items the Auxiliary has donated for both patient care and hospital operation (thousands of dollars).

Respirators, fetal monitor, incubators, dialysis machines.

Wheel chairs.

Ambulances.

Surgical equipment.

Real estate and expansion for the Thrift Shop.

Patient TVs and telephone system.

Donation for construction of the Claude Parrish Radiation Therapy Institute.

Pick-up truck, computers, etc.

Mind-boggling what this organization has accomplished throughout the years. Applications for joining are available at the Gift and Thrift shops.



“Feedback”

Hey Curmudgeon: What's this I hear about you wanting to fix up an old car?

You heard right, Al. After restoring that old 1947 Ford 8N tractor the rehab bug bit me.

WANTED

Old hulk of a rust-bucket '34 to '37 Chevy or Ford relic to Restore.

The restoration bug has bitten following restoration of 1947 8N Ford Tractor in December 2006.



Rebuilding an old car like those above, restoring it to its original condition, the restored car will join the resurrected '47 Ford Tractor now retired with dignity for show only. Its hard-working days are over. Like the tractor, the old car will definitely not be offered for resale but will join the tractor in partnership enjoying contented retirement for display in the annual Harrison Christmas Parade.

It is hoped an old Ford or Chevy rust-covered relic can be found in Northwest Arkansas or southern Missouri under layers of dust and cobwebs in a shed, barn or covered by weeds in a pasture to become a candidate for restoration.

Please contact Jim Keel, 870-741-6067, galaxy@alltel.net, or

Ron Wright, 870-741-7437, rswrightfarms@windstream.net.

Thank You

“Carlin Grams”

“If you have a legal problem, guess how you determine whether or not you need a lawyer. You see a lawyer. Isn’t that weird?”

“One great thing about getting old is that you can get out of all kinds of social obligations simply by saying you’re too tired.”

“So I worship the sun. But I don’t pray to the sun. You know why? Because I wouldn’t presume on our friendship. It’s not polite. I’ve often thought people treat God rather rudely. Trillions and trillions of prayers every day, asking and pleading and begging for favors. ‘Do this; give me that; I need this; I want that.’ And most of this praying takes place on Sunday, His day off! It’s not nice, and it’s no way to treat a friend.”

“I was looking in the mirror the other day and I realized I haven’t changed much since I was in my twenties. The only difference is I look a whole lot older now.”

“Common Sense”

“A Dark Horse Shines”



What happens when the candidate whom most people claim can’t win then wins an online poll?

Well, they pull his name off the Web page and declare a favorite the winner!

That happened at Pajamas Media, a website that conducted a month-long online presidential candidate poll. When Congressman Ron Paul of Texas won the first week, the Pajamas folks checked and said they found spam voting going on, several people voting over and over again. This happened to others, too; Barack Obama, for instance. But Obama stayed on. Ron Paul got nixed . . . despite, after the system was allegedly fixed, the Congressman still winning that week’s polling.

Ron Paul may be a Republican, but he’s his own caucus, in a sense, often

standing alone in Congress. He’ll vote against a bill for no other reason than he judges it to be unconstitutional. Imagine! Most legislators don’t give a fig about the Constitution or limited government. That’s why Ron Paul’s a true outsider. In his upcoming campaign for the GOP nomination, he won’t need to just pretend to run against Washington. He’s been the odd man out there for a long time.

A “dark horse?” Well, let’s call him a horse of a different color. Which may explain why a lot of people want to see his campaign stopped at the starting gate. The last thing people who like the status quo want is this dark horse running out front.

“Common Sense from Iowa”

“Bill” is a man after my own heart. That’s all I can call him - because that’s how his letter to the editor is signed, “Bill.”

He’s pushing for term limits, though not explicitly. Bill is responding to a scandal involving a state agency called the Central Iowa Employment and Training Consortium. The Consortium is supposed to be devoted to job training. But instead, shocker, big chunks of funding were recently diverted to a few agency officials.

According to the Des Moines Register, \$1.6 million in taxpayer money intended for job training went instead to bonuses and salaries.

Scooped up mostly by just three executives.

Anyway, in response to all this, which included the resignation of a Des Moines city councilman who approved the inflated salaries, our friend Bill says he agrees with the perception that “politics in general corrupts all levels of government.

“But don’t you think we’ve reached a point in this city where the bums simply have to go? At least new leadership will be held to a higher standard and be under tighter scrutiny.” Then Bill floats his most radical notion: “Get rid of them all.” Why?

As Bill says, “Simply to clear the air and put this back on firm footing.” Bill astutely points out that there are plenty of smart business people in the city to

step up. And he makes the old Jeffersonian point that politics needs a good purging now and then.

“You’re right, Bill. *It’s just Common Sense, really.*”

“Taxing Reality”

Wisconsin’s governor wants to outlaw reality. And by golly, if reality doesn’t cooperate, he’s going to fine the oil companies! Maybe imprison some oil executives! That’s how determined Governor Jim Doyle is about this.

Along with all the other new taxes he’s rooting for, Governor Doyle wants a fat new tax on oil companies. Well, that’s not original. But he not only wants that new tax, he wants to ban oil companies from “passing on” the tax to consumers. Huh?

No business can directly “pass on” each new cost it must bear. It’s competing with other firms, for one thing. Maybe a more efficient oil company will be able to sell barrels of oil a little cheaper than a competitor, though they have similar costs.

Prices don’t just show up on the ticker tape. Nor do companies determine prices unilaterally.

Prices are determined by supply and demand, with costs of production as only one major factor.

On the other hand, if a company doesn’t earn more than it spends, it eventually goes out of business. Firms do have to cover the cost of doing business, and in this sense costs are invariably “passed on” to customers.

The alternative is operating as a charity. Or, I guess, begging the government for a subsidy to cover taxes the business is not allowed to regard as a cost. Even though they are a cost.

This reality stuff is hard. You can outlaw it, but it just won’t go away.

“Liver And Cheese”

Three male dogs fall all over themselves in an effort to be the one to reach a beautiful poodle first but end up arriving in front of her at the same time.



The males are speechless before her beauty, slobbering on themselves and hoping for just a glance from her in return.

Aware of her charms and her obvious effect on the three suitors, she decides to be kind and tells them, "The first one who can use the words 'liver' and 'cheese' together in an imaginative, intelligent sentence can go out with me."

The sturdy, muscular black Lab speaks up quickly and says, "I love liver and cheese."

"Oh, how childish," said the Poodle. "That shows no imagination or intelligence whatsoever."

She turns to the tall, shiny Golden Retriever and says "How well can you do?"

"Um. I HATE liver and cheese," blurts the Golden Retriever.

"My, my," said the Poodle. "I guess it's hopeless. That's just as dumb as the Lab's sentence."

She then turns to the last of the three dogs and says, "How about you, little guy?"

The last of the three, tiny in stature but big in fame and finesse, is the Taco Bell Chihuahua.

He gives her a smile, a sly wink, turns to the Golden Retriever and the Lab and says:

"Liver alone, Cheese mine!"



"Road Signs"

Remember those signs? Or, are they memories best forgotten, not to be remembered from yesteryear?

Taking a trip in the past, the lad asked his Dad, "Hey Dad, What was your favorite fast food when you were growing up?"

"We didn't have fast food when I was growing up" replied the father. "All the food was slow."

"C'mon, seriously, Dad, Where did you eat?"

"It was a place called 'at home'. Your Grandma, my Mom cooked every day and when Grandpa got home from work, we sat down together at the dining room table, and if I didn't like what she put on my plate I was allowed to sit there until I did like it."

By this time, the kid was laughing so hard I was afraid he was going to suffer serious internal damage, so I didn't tell him the part about how I had to have permission to leave the table.

But here are some other things I would have told him about my childhood if I figured his system could have handled it: "Some parents NEVER owned their own house, wore Levis, set foot on a golf course, traveled out of the country or had a credit card. In their later years they had something called a revolving charge card. The card was good only at Sears Roebuck. Or maybe it was Sears AND Roebuck. Either way, there is no Roebuck anymore. Maybe he died.

"My parents never drove me to soccer practice. This was mostly because we never heard of soccer. I had a bicycle that weighed probably 50 pounds, and only had one speed, (slow). We didn't have a television in our house until I was 11, but my grandparents had one before that. It was, of course, black and white, but they bought a piece of colored plastic to cover the screen. The top third was blue, like the sky, and the bottom third was green, like grass. The middle third was red. It was perfect for programs that had scenes of fire trucks riding across someone's lawn on a sunny day. Some people had a lens taped to the front of the TV to make the picture look larger.

"I was 13 before I tasted my first pizza, it was called "pizza pie." When I bit into it, I burned the roof of my mouth and the cheese slid off, swung down, plastered itself against my chin and burned that, too. It's still the best pizza I ever had.

"We didn't have a car until I was 15. Before that, the only car in our family was my grandfather's Ford. He called it a 'machine.'

"I never had a telephone in my room. The only phone in the house was in the living room and it was on a party line. Before you could dial, you had to

listen and make sure some people you didn't know weren't already using the line.

"Pizzas were not delivered to our home. But milk was.

"All newspapers were delivered by boys and all boys delivered newspapers. I delivered a newspaper, six days a week. It cost 7 cents a paper, of which I got to keep 2 cents. I had to get up at 4 AM every morning. On Saturday, I had to collect the 42 cents from my customers. My favorite customers were the ones who gave me 50 cents and told me to keep the change. My least favorite customers were the ones who seemed to never be home on collection day.

"Movie stars kissed with their mouths shut. At least, they did in the movies. Touching someone else's tongue with yours was called French kissing and they didn't do that in movies. I don't know what they did in French movies. French movies were dirty and we weren't allowed to see them."

If you grew up in a generation before there was fast food, you may want to share some of these memories with your children or grandchildren.

Growing up isn't what it used to be, is it?

"The Seven Deadly Sins"

Truth, if it becomes a weapon against persons.

Beauty, if it becomes vanity.

Love, if it becomes possessive.

Loyalty, if it becomes blind, careless trust.

Tolerance, if it becomes indifference.

Self-confidence, if it becomes arrogance.

Faith, if it becomes self-righteous.

(Ashley Cooper)

"Wisdom"

"There is only one thing about which I am certain, and that is that there is very little about which one can become certain."

(Somerset Maugham)

This community newsletter is published monthly and distributed gratis by Jim Keel, P.O. Box 763, Harrison, AR 72601, 870-741-6067, e-mail galaxy9@alltel.net. The objective is to highlight public service agencies and people of Harrison, Arkansas who serve. Comments are welcome