

THE FORESTER

Volume 1 Issue 7

December 1994

A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest At Duke

TFAD LEADERS MAP LINES OF COMMUNICATION

At a meeting of unit leaders on November 28, a procedural plan to open lines of communication at The Forest was approved unanimously. The plan was the first step taken by the current Residents Association, headed by President Chris Hamlet and Vice-President Bill Goldthorp, to establish a system that will address the concerns of the residents and resolve problems.

The new system will operate as follows:

1. If a resident has a problem, it should be taken up first with the proper staff person. If the problem is resolved, no further steps are necessary. Staff members to be addressed are: **Director of:**
Activities - 419-4043
Accounting - 419-4004
Dining Services - 419-4010
Marketing --- 419-4007
Resident & Family Svcs - 419-4021
Nursing --- 419-4024
Security -- 419-4005
Grounds & Landscaping (same No.)

2. If a problem is not re-

solved in timely fashion, the resident takes it to the committee chairman or chairwoman, and if that person is not able to resolve the problem, it goes to the caucus chairman or chairwoman.

3. The caucus chairman or chairwoman fills out a Processing of Concerns Form, with all the relevant details, and turns it over to the Vice-President.

4. Sitting down with Management, the Vice-president will work out a solution and report back on it in a timely fashion to the caucus leaders. A completion date will be requested on each item.

At the November meeting, the caucus leaders also agreed to meet on the Fourth Monday of every month, a week after the Executive Council's meeting. The primary purpose of these meetings is to keep open the established lines of communication, and to resolve any problems either new or ongoing which may not have been addressed. The Vice-President will meet with

See PROBLEMS on page 6

TO RESOLVE A PROBLEM

1. Present it to the proper staff person.
2. If it is not resolved, take it to the proper committee chairman or chairwoman, with details in writing.
3. If further action is necessary, problem goes to your caucus chairman or chairwoman, who initiates a Processing of Concerns Form, complete with all details, and passes it on to the Vice-President.
4. Vice-President takes the problem to Management for a solution.

Medical Supply Center For Residents to Open At TFAD

Sometime before Christmas, if all goes well, TFAD residents will be able to buy medical supplies, at discount rates, from a shop in the room adjacent to Elevator 7 on the third floor. This enterprise is the result of efforts by Julian Price and Milton Skolaut to make such a service possible, after they had seen at first-hand the problems involved in supplying such needs. Buying equipment at the Superstore on Roxboro Road, Mr. Price made an agreement with its manager, Danny Gurley, to display samples of his stock at The Forest, after the necessary permissions and arrangements had been made.

This will not be simply a branch of Mr. Gurley's store, however. Catalogs from other medical supply stores will be available so that residents can, in effect, do single-stop shopping for what they need. Residents will be given cards by Mr Gurley so that if they prefer to drive over and inspect his stock, they will be able to get the same discounts as they would at TFAD. These will start at 10 percent, with discounts on more expensive equipment to be negotiable. Whether purchases are made at the store or at TFAD, the store will

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The Forester

The newsletter of the Residents' Association of the Forest at Duke, 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610.

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Publisher:

Bob Dunham

Managing Editor:

John Tebbel

Editorial Assistants:

Charlotte Cassels, Ellen Dozier, Evebell Dunham, Libby Getz, Florence Manning and Dagmar Miller.

Art and Word Puzzle:

Bob Blake

Photographer: Ed Albrecht**Publishing Assistants:**

Bess Bowditch, Madeline Hawkins, Jane Jones, Nelson Strawbridge and Carolyn Vail.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Residents are invited to write letters to the Editor for publication, subject to space limitations. Topics should be of general interest to our readers. Letters must be signed and should be typewritten and limited to 200 words or less. Views expressed in letters are those of the writer and are not necessarily those of *The Forester*.

To the Editor:

What different worlds we live in! Having read your article in *The Forester* about dealing with power outages, I concluded that something must be wrong, even though both of us are right in coming to opposite conclusions.

In our power outage, it was too dark to find the flashlight. When we did locate it, the batteries had long since died, so we went

EDITORIAL

Whatever happened to Virginia? You remember Virginia. She was the little 19th century girl who wrote to the *New York Sun*, inquiring whether Santa Claus really existed. She said her father had told her that if it appeared in the *Sun*, it must be true, so she wanted a reassurance. Francis P. Church, an editorial writer, wrote the answer reprinted thousands of times since then, reaffirming that the man in the Red Suit exists.

What has happened since then is a different story. Church's phrase, "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus," has become so much a part of the language that just two words of it---"yes, Virginia"---are in common usage as an affirmation of anything at all, and are even used satirically more often than not. As for the *Sun*, it has long since ceased to shine on New York, along with more than a dozen competitors of its day. And in this era of, media-bashing, the belief of Virginia's father that anything appearing in a newspaper, any newspaper, must be so is as dead as the *Sun* itself. Not even a lead editorial would do the job today.

Nevertheless, *The Forester* wants to affirm not only its belief in Santa Claus, but in all the institutions, both religious and secular, that make the holiday season so special in all our memories.

Don't send us any presents though, just contributions.



-John Tebbel

CHRIS'S COMMENTS

A few days ago while thinking about the Residents' Association agenda for the year ahead it occurred to me to look back at the last half of the year just ending. Here's what I recall.

Six months ago when I agreed to serve as President of the Residents' Association - if nominated and elected - I did so with little regard for the consequences. My agreement reflected a continuing commitment to service. I had no doubt that I could do the job, I was willing to tackle it, and I did not worry about the cost to me. Undergirding all of the above was my respect and regard for those who had asked me to serve and for their purposes and goals.

Looking back it is clear that the past six months have been an exciting, challenging, and frequently, a rewarding time for all of us. The Management Survey in July provided an opportunity to demonstrate the value of the caucus organization in encouraging resident participation in the survey. The Quality Assurance Review in August offered another opportunity for the expression of resident opinion through the Executive Council, standing committees and individuals.

In September and October, the expressed desires of residents for greater involvement in the nomination and election of Association officers and Council members resulted in an excellent report from the Nominating Committee, an outstanding Candidates meeting, and a well-handled election at the Annual Meeting.

See LETTERS on page 9

**Happy
Holidays**

See CHRIS on page 8

AD-LIB

BY LIBBY GETZ

Some more ideas for Christmas:

Have you heard about the microwavables? Dillard's has them. Handwarmers, bed buddies, back packs and cushions. You can put them in your microwave oven. A cushion in your oven for six minutes produces heat for eight hours! Prices range from \$10 to \$30.

And how about a small gift that will earn a big smile? Camerons in University Mall, Chapel Hill, has uncannily life-like plastic ears that are large paper clips and a nose that is a pencil sharpener. They cost 75 cents, less than most Christmas cards.



Now that candles are a no-no in the apartments, what to do when the lights go out? Radio Shack has a good solution and it makes a great Christmas present. It's a combination fluorescent lamp, spotlight, etc., that sells for about \$19, batteries not included. They claim you can read by the fluorescent lamp.

And how about man's best friend? My best friend has put pigs' ears (yes, the real thing) at the top of his list. He would even kiss a cat for one. They're available at most pet shops.

I know that most of you already have a favorite place to lunch, but for those who are new to the area here are a few suggestions:

Washington Duke Inn, 3001 Cameron Blvd., Durham. This elegant hotel has an equally elegant dining room, tall ceilings and long windows that look out on the golf

course. My choice for lunch is crab cakes at \$9.25, but I can also recommend the croissant club at \$7.95. The service is courteous but slow.

Parizade, Erwin Square, Durham. This is a modern Italian restaurant with nudes on the ceiling and good food on the table. It's fun, yuppie and somewhat noisy with lots of Gucci shoes running about. I love their ravioli, but all their pastas and pizzas are good. Prices range from \$5.75 to \$8.50.

Neo-China, 4015 University Drive, Durham. Very good Chinese food. Here some artist has ventured where few dare to tread, and if you can un-glue your eyes from the art on the walls and focus on the menu you will realize that the lunch at Neo-China is a real bargain. Their combination plates are \$4.50, and these comprise a choice of three soups, fried or plain rice, an egg roll and a choice of a main dish. My favorite is Moo Goo Gai Pan, chicken white meat with a bevy of vegetables. If you prefer something with a little more zip, try Kung Pao chicken. Marvelous service.

Down 15-501 to Eastgate, in Chapel Hill, is **The Weather Vane**, an attractive place with a menu with few surprises: quiches, salads, sandwiches, but all good and well priced. Aside from offering a pleasant lunch, it has the advantage of sharing quarters with my very favorite store, A Southern Season. Go early or late because it gets crowded and they don't reserve.

The Siena Hotel Restaurant, 1505 E. Franklin, Chapel Hill. Another Italian restaurant, but this is of the red plush, bowing-waiter variety. The atmosphere makes you

glad you wore your tie. Good salads, good pastas, good wines, and their menus offer more substantial entrees if you're so inclined.

If you feel like a day in the Country, follow 15-501 down eight miles south of Chapel Hill to **The Market** in the Village of Fearington. Do not confuse The Market with Fearington House, the five-star restaurant which is only open for dinner and Sunday brunch and will cost considerably more. The Market is informal eating--half-sandwich and soup \$6.95, a pesto pizza the same price, and always the special of the day, usually a fish or meat entree, and a vegetarian dish. Avoid The Market on weekends; it's very crowded.

Lunch isn't the only reason to drive all the way to Fearington. The Village shops are exceptional. I've already told you about McIntyre's, the great book shop, but there are the **Dove Cote** for gifts, **A Stone's Throw** for jewelry, **Pringle's Pottery and Watermark**, a gallery with exceptional but expensive prints. The shops are also open on Sunday from 10 to 5. Some of the restaurants above are closed Saturday. So check.

And if you're looking for Santa Claus, you'll find him ringing a bell in front of K Mart.

-Merry Christmas!

Christmas Limerick

(Send in the last line, win a cookie!)

There was at the North Pole a lady,
Quite buxom-wore red-and was shady,
She tried every ploy
to deploy every toy

— Florence Manning

BOOK NOTES

by John Tebbel

Ordinarily in this column we're looking ahead, but before the Year is over there's a, just-published book that tells one of the most incredible stories of our time, from an unexpected viewpoint. "A Mind of My Own," by Elisabeth Maxwell, tells what it was like to be married for 40-odd (very odd) years to Robert Maxwell, the media magnate who disappeared mysteriously off his yacht at sea leaving behind him the wreckage of a major publishing empire. This is the inside story of a truly extraordinary man whose career from beginning to end is a modern fable. That Elisabeth Maxwell had a mind of her own and could hang on to it is a miracle readers will be grateful for, since it enabled her to write this engrossing memoir. The British government tried to suppress this book, fearing it would prejudice the trial of Maxwell's two sons, in January. Fortunately for us, they failed.

So on into January, and the pickings so far are lean, but a few good prospects loom. First on many peoples's list will be Len Deighton's new novel, "Faith," in which the redoubtable British spy, Bernard Samson, begins Deighton's third trilogy.

Night is everyone's problem, one way or another, but all of us should be interested in "Night: Night Life, Night Language, Sleep and Dreams," done in the graceful, polished prose of A. Alvarez. One reviewer says it "contains whatever you care to put into it."

Pamela Harriman's kiss-and-tell biography is no doubt impossible to beat, but another lady

with a formidable life of a somewhat different kind (although she did have four husbands) has a tale to tell. "American Princess: The Life and Times of Marjorie Meriweather Post," relates the story of a woman who was a brilliant socialite, a successful businesswoman, a Palm Beach pacesetter, a Washington hostess, and a philanthropist. The husbands were incidental.

It takeschutzpah for a noted book critic to make his debut as a novelist, but Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, the daily book reviewer of the *New York Times* for many years, has done it. "A Crooked Man," due in February, is a political thriller, in which a senator's vote on a roll-call becomes a matter of life---or death.

For mystery lovers, the best January news is that Jonathan Kellerman's "Self-Defense" will be published then.

Especially recommended (by Kacy Tebbel, who copyedited it) is "The Hidden World of Islamic Women," by Geraldine Brooks. Brooks was the *Wall Street Journal's* Middle East reporter for six years and gives us "stunning vignettes" of women from the region, all the way from Queen Noor to a belly dancer---a considerable distance. Coming in January.

--John Tebbel

MEDSUPPLIES from page 1

handle Medicare details. Volunteers will be asked to meet customers at the Center, which will be open at hours and days to be specified later.

Customers of the Center will find a broad range of equipment available for inspection. It will include wheelchairs, lift chairs, walk-

Library Bookends

Some books in the library have been moved because we needed more space for the fiction books. If you have questions, or need help to find what you want, ask Jean, Jane or any of the volunteers.

In the in-house authors group are many delightful books written by our own residents and we urge you to peruse them.

Another interesting book group is the North Carolina books. There are several collections of "Southern" humor, especially about our State. There are some histories of North Carolina and interesting places to travel within the state. There's a 1995 book on the Biltmore House that you should borrow if you plan visit there. It explains what is in each room in much detail, and will save you \$8.00.

Since it is Christmas time, I would like give you our wish list. We need some angels to give us money for "extras". We could use another magazine rack for about \$350, and some shelves for the back room for \$330. We would like a modern computer so we would be able to connect to Internet and could access the Duke and UNC libraries from our TFAD Library. Even more, we need more volunteers to spend a couple of hours a day in the library. If you are interested, please speak to Peg Lewis or to me. —Jean Weil.

ers including four-wheelers, commode chairs, sit-baths, bath benches in several types, bed pads, thermal pads, humidifiers, and massagers, walking canes, crutches, pill boxes, urinals,--all these, among many other kinds of medical supplies.

the savvy traveler

by Dagmar Miller

I've just returned from a trip to Washington, D.C., our home for many years before moving to Key West, Florida in 1978. As I have done twice yearly for the past ten years, when I first discovered it, I stayed at the Georgetown Dutch Inn in Georgetown. It's the best kept secret in town, and it is with trepidation that I now recommend it. The Inn is on Thomas Jefferson Street, just below M Street (one of the two main commercial arteries,

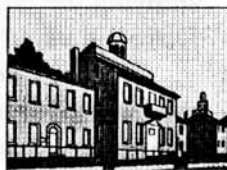


the other being Wisconsin Avenue), and just above the C & O Canal.

The hotel has individual apartments complete with living room, bedroom, kitchenette and bath. The lobby is reminiscent of an elegant small European hotel. There is 24-hour-a-day desk service, daily maid service, and a complimentary continental breakfast. And the price for all this? Around \$110-\$130 daily, depending on the season. There is also indoor garage parking. Best of all, most of the employees have been there since I first started staying at the hotel, and when I check in, it's like coming home. I am only a few blocks from where we owned our house, and many friends are within walking distance.

So this is not going to be a travel piece on the nation's capital but rather about that very special area known as Georgetown. It is roughly bordered by the Potomac River to the south, Georgetown University to the west, Montrose Park to the north, and Rock Creek Park to the east. It was originally a

port city, predating the establishment of Washington, D.C. The private residences, on tree-lined and brick-paved streets date, for the most part, from the 18th and 19th centuries. Although some of them stand alone, most are townhouses, backing onto walled gardens. They are of frame or brick and encompass an incredible variety of styles, though the paint color is carefully regulated. by the "historically correct" guardians.



Georgetown has experienced its economic ups and downs. It had become, with a few exceptions, rather slum-like until the Thirties when members of Roosevelt's administration saw its possibilities and started restoring houses. When we moved there in the early Fifties, the tide was turning. Throughout the Sixties and Seventies, real estate took off, and it has held its own somewhere up in the stratosphere.

The movers and shakers of Washington have always favored this area. And why not? It is only minutes from downtown, has an ambience like no other part of the city, and incorporates the best aspects of "village" living.

For the tourist, there is much to see and do. Just down from the Georgetown Dutch Inn is the C & O Canal, where the Park Service operates barge trips. A few steps farther down, Thomas Jefferson Street brings you to the Potomac River waterfront and one of Georgetown's most recent and successful additions. For many years, the waterfront was a disaster area of abandoned buildings. It has literally risen from the junkyard to become Washington Harbor. The extensive

complex comprises twin buildings that house a hotel, offices, condominiums, elegant shops, restaurants and outdoor cafes. Fronting the area is a broad riverfront walkway replete with benches, fountains, promenaders, bikers, and a marvelous view of Kennedy Center, river traffic, and Roosevelt Island.

Several other destinations are highly recommended. Dumbarton Oaks Gardens, at the northern edge of Georgetown, and the adjacent museum with its collection of pre-Colombian art, should not be missed. Not too far away is Tudor Place. Martha Washington's granddaughter, Martha Custis, built the house and married into the Peter family. Members of that same family owned and occupied the house for 180 years. A few years ago, the family turned the property over to a foundation that maintains the house and extensive gardens. For information regarding public tours, call (202) 965-0400.

If you are in the mood to do some shopping, Georgetown Park is the place -- an enclosed, three-tiered series of specialty shops, all making extensive use of wood, brass, ironwork, and skylights. Don't call it a mall.

Some of the best restaurants in D. C., are located within walking distance of the hotel. My favorites are Nathan's (Italian), Chaumiere (French), American Cafe for light meals, and Clyde's, a Georgetown institution.

In the Fifties, there were many stores servicing residents, and we used to say the sidewalks were taken in at 9 p.m. No more! There has been a reduction in service

See SAVVY on page 6

arty facts

by Charlotte Cassels

The Met's Christmas Angel Tree

*"Praise ye him, all his angels;
praise ye him, all his hosts."*

—Psalms 148-2

For many of us here at TFAD the Christmas season evokes treasured memories that are brought forth to be re-lived. For me, one of the most memorable events has been the annual installation of the Christmas Angel Tree in the Medieval Sculpture Hall at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

Thirty years ago, Loretta Hines Howard gave the Metropolitan her superb eighteenth-century collection of angels and creche (also called crib figures or Presepio, a Neapolitan realistic depiction of the Nativity) which came from the Catello Collection of Naples. The breathtaking figures adorn a huge Christmas tree which stands each year in the middle of medieval artifacts.

Chubby pink-cheeked baby angels and beautiful older angels fly about the tree in sumptuous robes, heavenly colors, and joyous faces. The heads of all the figures are made of terra-cotta and the hands and feet are made of wood, while draperies in their garments are the most exquisite fabrics and jewels one can imagine.

At the base of the tree, the presepio is a huge panorama of figures as they come to see the Christ Child. The subjects are taken from the narratives of the Christian cycle,



beginning with the Annunciation to the Blessed Virgin and culminating in the Adoration of the Shepherds and the Magi. Camels, lambs, horses and elephants are interspersed with peasants and kings, with an illusionistic background, mostly a hill with a stable, a grotto or a ruin. Hours could be spent studying the creche, done to perfection in minute detail.

If one develops an urge to see more figures, the finest collection in the world is in the Bayerisches National Museum Munchen (Bavarian National Museum of Munich). Genre figures occupy about 40 display cases in a labyrinth of darkened halls.

Most of the creche figures were made for royalty and then it became fashionable to have a creche in one's home, where guests could view them and marvel at their host's wealth and artistic tastes.

For those lucky people here at TFAD who might be in New York City for the holiday and wish to see the Angel Tree, I would suggest that you phone (212)535-7710 for information. The Met is closed every Monday and on Christmas Day. Adult admission is \$7.50 and children under 12 are free. The tree can be seen from December 1 until its dismantling January 8, after the Feast of Epiphany.

SAVVY from page 5

stores and a proliferation of tourist-oriented attractions on the two commercial arteries. Bars and restaurants have spread like kudzu, and weekends find tourists and suburbanites milling about.

If you want to experience a bit of downtown (Yes, Virginia, there is one), it can easily be

NEW RESIDENT



Ruth Dillon

Apt. 4020 403-0279

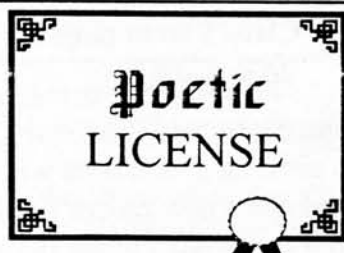
From Chappaqua, NY. Born in Yonkers. Husband was an investment banker. After raising four children, Ruth did extensive volunteer work at schools, church, hospital, and art museum as docent. Traveled widely in U.S. and abroad. Interests: art, travel.

PROBLEMS from page 1

Management whenever necessary in the effort to solve major problems or other concerns.

Residents should feel free to discuss any concerns they may have with their caucus leader, who will see that it is taken up in the new system. (For example, if it is a food problem, it would go to the Chairman of the Dining Services Committee.) Recent ongoing concerns are being pursued by the current TFAD Residents Association team.

reached in ten minutes by taxi (Kennedy Center is only five minutes away), or via a transit bus that stops at the corner of Thomas Jefferson and M Streets. And as is true almost everywhere, spring and fall are the best seasons to visit.



Gift to Night-time Travelers

Christmas lights of red, yellow, green, blue open doors to love-trimmed homes.

Windows gleam with candled friendship, warmth displaces cold of night.

Christmas gift to weary strangers trimmed, with multi-hues of light.

—Florence Manning



Forester Profile LYNDA RABON Woman of Many Jobs by John Tebbel

At The Forest, Lynda Rabon had what was probably the longest title of any other staff member until it was recently changed. But then it takes a long title to cover the many aspects of a job that's unique.

Her former title was "Director of Resident and Family Services for Independent Residents," now simply "Gerontologist." Not many Foresters know what she does, and

some don't know who she is. That's because Lynda isn't often in her office, across the corridor from the Wellness Center, and her work brings her into contact with a relatively small percentage of residents. Yet it's an important one, because Lynda is the link between those of us who must make trips to the hospital and return, either to Olson or our apartments, and she is also the buffer zone between those who don't come back and the ones they have left behind. Obviously, it's a job requiring the skills of a manager and a diplomat. Lynda is both.

It's Lynda who makes the arrangement between a hospital and The Forest when a patient returns, if that's necessary, as it often is. That means schedules and sometimes complicated ones. As everyone knows, the traffic is often heavy, and occasionally it's complicated. When a death occurs, Lynda is there



Christmas is Here!

Spices pungent,
Pine is sweet.
Snow is falling,
Wind is blowing.

Children laughing,
Carollers singing,
Hearth is warm
and bread is baking.

--Florence Manning



See LYNDA on page 9

'Twas once upon a Yule time...

before oranges sold all year
and Toys-R-Us beckoned spring until fall;
before mega catalogues and TV ads
and tinsel early decked the mall;
before children had too much too soon,
turkey was served in July
Visa limits were over spent
on bargains one had to buy;
before grandparents visited by jet
without rivers and woods to cross
and moms worked away all day
leaving nannies their homes to boss;
before Thanksgiving was hurried
by enticements of gilded gear,
greeting cards pictured Santa on the 19th hole
with a golf cart instead of reindeer;



before Saralee offered slice and serve
and buttery baking lost its esteem,
there was a gentler, quieter period
when December twenty-fifth reigned supreme;
an era that seethed with anticipation
with rituals of reverence and awe
when tiny tots were easily dazzled
by wondrous miracles they saw;
it gets harder and harder to recapture
that spirit, those ideal conditions,
yet old timers at the drop of a hat
can recall the familiar traditions;
so, Ma in her kerchief and Pa in his cap
full of Christmas memories and sights
send this old-fashioned message to you:
**HAPPY HOLIDAYS AND TO ALL A
GOODNIGHT !** —ellen c. dozier

THE TRUTH ABOUT SCROOGE

Ebenezer Scrooge has had a bad press. There is no doubt whatever about that, as Dickens said of Jacob Marley's demise. His name has become a synonym for meanness, as it was in his creator's own time, when the word "scrooge" meant to crowd or squeeze. But in the context of those times was Scrooge really what Dickens called him---"a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner"?



Not many Londoners above the poverty level in Dickens' London would have thought so. For one thing, Scrooge's name was "good on 'Change," as Dickens tells us. That meant he was a respectable member of society, whose financial status was so sound that his credit was good on the Royal Exchange, above whose doorway was inscribed "The Earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." Scrooge, then, was a solid citizen, endorsed by state, church, and society in general.

Dickens scholars, in their magazine, *The Dickensian*, point out that he was, in essence, a financier, although admittedly one who was a money lender, dealing only in the exchange of money. In short, one of those who were driven from the temple at a much earlier date, but were rehabilitated in modern times. As we would say in our time, he knew the value of a dollar.

When his nephew Fred calls to wish him a Merry Christmas Scrooge regards him as an enemy of the Establishment, a left-wing radi-

cal who has done all the wrong things. For instance, he married for love, as Scrooge intimates sarcastically, which most Londoners above the poverty level would have agreed with Scrooge, should not happen. In describing Fred, incidentally, Dickens Scholars point out that the author was really describing himself as he was then. He had made the mistake Scrooge didn't make; the financier had passed up marriage because he wanted to be on the fast track to make money. Still a respectable idea. Not many parents would be happy with a son who quit college in his freshman year to marry a girl for love alone. Economists in Dickens' time often warned the young not to marry until they could afford it. Some of us are old enough to remember similar strictures from our grandparents. By going against popular belief Dickens was roundly criticized in some quarters after "A Christmas Carol" was published because, it was said, he had encouraged the poor to marry.

When the do-gooders came around asking contributions to help the poor of London, who were living in conditions no worse than those to be found in the inner cities of America today, Scrooge wanted to know if the workhouses and almshouses were working. They were. There were workhouses in twenty-one districts of England and Wales, filled with the poor who were paid just enough to buy shelter and always inadequate food. They were segregated by sex, and classified. There were those who would rather sleep under the bridges than be worked to death in these places. Yet many respectable citizens complained that Parliament was spending altogether too much on these

CHRIS from page 2

Finally in November, organization of the new Executive Council and standing committees was completed and a new caucus organization was activated under the leadership of Bill Goldthorp.

While both the past and the future of the Residents' Association look good, The Forest at Duke now faces two major unresolved problems - the closed pool and inadequate housekeeping service. These are management problems, but the urgent need to solve them is being pressed by the Association and individual residents. Let's keep working while wishing for an early solution and a Happy New Year.



—Chris Hamlet

parasites.

So Scrooge was a child of his times, a respected member of society, an individualist who asked oddly to be left alone and not be involved in the commercialism of Christmas, in which he had no financial stake, or in the Social problems of his time which couldn't be solved anyway.

Yet Dickens asks us to believe that this solid, respectable citizen, of good credit and respectable standing, could be changed overnight, as a result of certain out-of-body experiences, so popular in our time, that he gave away a delicatessen goose, raised his employee's salary, and became an advocate of a better welfare state. Is this credible? We can only agree with him: "Bah! Humbug!" Not to mention Merry Christmas!

---John Tebbel

Safety Committee Offers Suggestions

To allay anxiety about future power outages, we offer some reassurances and suggestions.

A widespread power outage, which affected apartments Sept. 29-30 from 11 p.m. to 8:30 a.m., was caused by a transformer falling off a platform in the woods. It was difficult to locate and took longer than usual to repair. Tom Fourqurean, Director of Security, was notified within 15 minutes, and in half an hour a crew of five Security and Maintenance people were on continuous patrol the rest of the night. Telephones (and connected Alert buttons) were inoperative for about 45 minutes, a rare occurrence. Some who tried these unsuccessfully may have encountered an overload of calls. Auxiliary power was operating for both Medical Units and for all apartment hallways (so that emergency light was available simply by opening the hall door).

The Safety Committee urges the following practices: In any general outage, **DO NOT CALL** to notify someone (*they know*) or to inquire when electricity will be restored (*nobody knows*). **In a real emergency the Alert Button should reach help.** If you need light or to attract attention, open your hall door. **DO NOT** phone 911 unless you need--or want--an ambulance and fire truck and get no response to your Alert button.

Every residential unit should have a working flashlight. Better yet, buy a light for about \$15 which you can plug into a socket to come on when the power fails (Intermatic Power Alert, Model PR2C at HQ; or Garrity Recharge-

able Light No. 33832 at Lowe's. Above all, **DO NOT USE A CANDLE!** During an earlier summer outage a candle caused a fire in a nearby apartment complex. **Unless you have a genuine emergency, go back to sleep until morning.**

LYNDA from page 7

to help with arrangements, if that is required, and she also works with bereavement groups. She is there to help those who want to join such groups, as well as those who do not. This is a job requiring tact and delicacy.

To prepare for her aspect of social service, Lynda got her B.A. in Social Work from James Madison University, in Harrisonburg, Virginia, and then majored in gerontology at the Medical College of Virginia, in Richmond. Her professional career began in Petersburg, Virginia, in the state in which she's spent most of her life, although she now lives in Durham. Lynda describes herself as "a mountain girl," born in Leakville (now Elan), North Carolina, but later moving to Petersburg. It was there she began working in foster care and adoption, then moving on to hospital social work, where she gained experience with bereavement and care groups. She proved to have the kind of personality that makes it easy for people to like and trust her, prerequisites for her job. She also became thoroughly familiar with hospital practices.

At home in Durham, Lynda likes reading and music, Stephen King especially for the former, and anything but country for the latter. In her church, she's a member of the hand-bell group, and sometimes is

LETTERS from page 2

around to find new batteries. Then we came across the latest wrinkle in flashlights.

When I was young, you could replace batteries in any flashlight and it would be as good as new. When the bulb burned out all one had to do was to unscrew the bulb and screw another new one in. Alas.

Today's flashlights have a new gimmick. When the batteries burn out and you put new ones in, they just miss connecting with the bulb, because instead of being screwed in, they are now in some sort of container, probably guaranteed not to work after the first batteries have burned out.

So after several experiences like that, we purchased candles. At least they offer some light while you attempt to find a flashlight that works. For the record, I have purchased flashlights in HQ, Krogers, several drug stores. Even the ones that are fully self contained, guaranteed for one year, expire because they have been on the shelf for eight months, and by the time you want to call the manufacturer on the guarantee you have long since thrown away all proof of purchase.

--Rubin Blanck

also a volunteer for Habitat. Most particularly, she likes to go for walks with her beloved dog, Sassy, a part-Labrador, part-terrier animal she got from the ASPCA, and who is her constant companion away from work.

Lynda is one of the most recent staff members, arriving in June, and those who have worked with her hope she stays a long time.

Bob Blake's PUZZLE

Each word below can be found by either
reading up, down, forward, backward or diagonally.

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E L H X E N I V E P A R G E K I B L
R A P P L E S G J K L M R O W E L L
O D E C O R A T I O N S I H U Q U E
T D B D E G D I R B A C F L E R F B
S E K I N D L I N G T P L I K G D R
N R H I A O O J D R I B E V A C K E
A G A M V E P G O C V E N N R X A N
M R I O R B C U N P I L E A Y L Q N
W E A S E L G I V W T I P E A L S I
O S K T H H C X P Y S P G E H I B D
N U C A T T Z A L W C D I S E M E G
S O O O A I U E O D E O P U S D E N
I H R B E A R R W H N O C O R N H I
V N L D W F C E Y G E W F H O I I W
C E M E T E R Y H B A R N T H W V S
D E L S R X O B L I A M S N T N E T
E R F A R M H O M E H B B A R R E L
E G C N I K P M U P M U P N O G A W
R S A T O P R E W O L F J E C N E F
I U N D R A O B T R A D S T O P X V
  
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anvil
apples
ax
Baby Ruth
sign
barn
beehive
bike
bird
boat
bridge
cemetery
can

dartboard
deer
decorations
dinner bell
doe
dog
easel
farm home
fence
flower pot
gourd
grapevine

greenhouse
hayrake
hedge
horse
ice
kindling
ladder
mailbox
milk can
nativity
scene
picnic
table
pig pen

plow
pond
pots
pump
pumpkin
rifle
rock
raingage
scarecrow
sled
snowman
store

swing
tenant
house
tent
tire
tombstone
trough
wagon
weathervane
well
windmill
woodpile

These are some of the items that can be found in my
Christmas Farm Scene in the lobby. Below is a list of more items
that are not in the puzzle, but see if you can find them in the
scene.

chair
church
camp fire
chickens
chicken
house
clothesline
corn crib

candles
deer stand
football
donkey
fish
lightning
rod
seesaw

scooter
ice skates
sliding
board
spring
house
sleigh

tree house
harness
outhouse
trash can
tobacco barn
tricycle