

THE FORESTER

Volume 2 Issue 2

February 1995

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

TFAD Boardmember McMahon Talks With Caucus Chairpersons

At their regular meeting on January 22, TFAD caucus chairpersons heard Alex McMahon, a member of the Board of Directors, discuss past, present, and future problems at The Forest. After his informal discussion, he fielded questions from those present. There was a consensus later that communication between the residents and management had come a long way, and would be even better in the future.

Introduced by Vice-President Bill Goldthorp, who chaired the meeting, McMahon



noted that the Board had previously been primarily concerned with current issues---that is, finance, building problems, occupancy levels, and the opening of Holbrook and Olsen. Now, however, it has divided its members into committees to address the problems of the day. The committees include building and grounds, activities (including health and the library), long range planning, and long-term financial status.

Turning to specifics, McMahon said the 6% increases would always be up for review, but the Board also recognized future possible needs--rebuilding, additions, new rugs, and similar items.

Describing the relationship of

the Board to the Executive Director, McMahon noted that the Director is hired by the Board and is responsible to it, and that the Director's performance was subject to review by the Board's Personnel Committee. Numerous meetings with the Director on a variety of subjects have already been held, he said. McMahon observed further that the office of Board President had been eliminated; Chairman Joe Harvard now chairs the meetings.

In his remarks, McMahon stressed the necessity of communication between residents and management, terming it more important than additional representation on the Board. In future, he added, the Board will be sending the TFAD Council written reports of its monthly meetings. He assured the chairpersons that the Board was well aware of its responsibilities, and each of its members would be serving on two committees.

Answering questions from the floor, McMahon said that the Board had not yet hired a consulting firm, and was exploring all kinds of alternatives. Asked about the current status of accreditation, he said he could not give a detailed answer but would look into it. He left his audience feeling upbeat and distinctly optimistic about TFAD's future.

NEW HONORS FOR BOB WARD

Robert Ward, TFAD's Pulitzer Prize-winning composer, added another to his long list of honors last month when he was given the 10th Annual A.I. Dupont Award for contributions to the field of American composition. Previous winners have included such noted American composers as William Schuman, Morton Gould, John Corigliano, and David Diamond, among others.



The award ceremony took place in Wilmington, where the Delaware Symphony Orchestra, under its director, Stephen Gunzenhauser, performed Ward's "Festive Ode" at its January 12th, 13th, and 14th concerts. (Ward's son, Mark plays second-chair cello in the orchestra.) The "Ode" was composed in 1966 for the Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra. Ward has written six symphonies, seven operas, and three concerti, as well as works for choral groups, chamber musicians, and numerous other compositions, many written on commission for major orchestras and musical organizations. His opera, "The Crucible," based on Arthur Miller's play, won both the Pulitzer and the New York Music Critics Citation in 1966.

The Forester

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

Published monthly except July and August by and for the residents.

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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:

We want to remind residents that the Housekeeping Department now has **two** phone lines to serve you better. With questions or problems, call either number, **419-4062** or **419-4068**. We're working hard to improve our housekeeping program and to give you the service you deserve: the best!

—LaRita Nelson and Earl Roycroft

To the Editor:

While it doesn't happen often, occasionally residents coming home from shopping with heavy bags of purchases park their cars

EDITORIAL

All of us can remember what February used to be. It was a month of two national holidays, the birthdays of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. We saluted these great men in and out of the schools, with numerous kinds of observance. Then commerce and national absent-mindedness took over. George and Abe were lumped together in one three-day shopping and vacationing spree called "Presidents Day." All that remained were the obligatory editorials in the newspapers and the routine lip service of the politicians.



But February has another memorable day, Valentine's Day. True, it isn't a holiday, and it has also been commercialized by the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association and the greeting card manufacturers, but it embodies whatever is left of sentiment and romance in the American heart. In a time when every kind of hatred seems to be taking over the world, *The Forester* believes that, more than ever, we should honor the mythical St. Valentine in every way we can think of. Consequently, we have decided to proclaim, with no authority whatever, that February 14th is **National Love Day**. TFAD residents can take it from there.

--- John Tebbel

temporarily in the first vacant parking space they find near an exit door. This can save a good deal of heavy carrying. But then, please move your car as soon as possible to your assigned space to avoid congestion and inconvenience to others. Thanks. — Residents' Association

CHRIS'S COMMENTS

First it was Russell Campbell, quietly asking questions and carefully looking into the possibility of using gift annuities as a vehicle for raising funds for TFAD. Then came John Goshorn, looking into the future and concerned about significantly increased costs for nursing care some residents may face, who suggested that residents might be encouraged to give to TFAD regularly as many of us do to our churches, the United Way, and to other such causes. More recently Bruce Burns has pointed out that we as residents can enjoy the comfort of holding onto our present assets but also show appreciation for our years here at TFAD by including TFAD with other charitable gifts in our wills. And lastly, a few days ago, Keith Smiley stopped by to suggest the pooled income fund as another way of giving to TFAD while receiving income from the assets given.

What, you may ask, is the preceding paragraph all about? The common thread linking the above observations is the TFAD Benevolent Fund. The Benevolent Fund now totals \$103,475, of which \$100,000 was designated by the TFAD Board, with the remainder coming largely from contributions made by the Residents' Association. As you are aware, the purpose of the fund is for resident assistance in the event of financial hardship. To accomplish its intended purpose, the fund needs to be increased to at least \$1,000,000 as quickly as possible.

It seems clear that additional funds must come from contributions by the TFAD Board and by resi-

See CHRIS on page 5

AD-LIB

BY LIBBY GETZ

When we lived in Paris, I found French women reluctant to part with the names of their dressmakers and brands of perfumes. As a matter of fact, it was considered rude to ask. Not so here. Dodie Ondek has generously supplied us with the name of her dressmaker, whom she highly recommends. The dressmaker is **Melanie Glen**, telephone 361-2343. Maybe next month Dodie will divulge the name of her perfume.

Are you housebound and need groceries? **The Red and White Market**, 3100 University Drive, telephone 489-2211, will deliver to your door. I hear they have a good butcher, too.

Are you still searching for that present for the friend who has everything? Search no more: the **North Carolina Zoo** has the answer to your problem. Does your friend have a sidewinder rattlesnake, a whistling duck, an elephant? I would guess not. These, and a long list of other animals, are up for adoption at the zoo. The cost ranges from \$40 for a wart hog to \$1,000 for a lowland gorilla. For a brochure, contact Dianne Little at (910)879-7250.



Or, perhaps, your friend would prefer something smaller: **The Duke Primate Center** has adorable lemurs you can adopt.

They suggest a couple of pair-bonding sifakas for a wedding gift, a blue-eyed lemur for a blue-eyed

friend. Prices for these run from \$50 to \$250. Call 489-5364 for more information. Mind you, these animals do not become your bed-buddies, but, as a surrogate parent you have special visiting privileges, a certificate, a photo and the satisfaction of bonding with a special animal.

Now for some restaurants that can be fun:

Just down the hill at Petty and 15-501 is the **Macaroni Grill**. If you are not confused by the name (who ever heard of grilled macaroni?) and appalled by the crowded parking lot, you should enjoy yourself. Someone who knows what an Italian restaurant should look like has designed the building. The fun begins with the paper tablecloths and the crayons for doodling. A big jug of wine is plopped on the table. You serve yourself and the honor system prevails. The food is well prepared...excellent soups and salads.

The house salad, if ordered with the entree, costs only 75 cents. The cappuccino comes in a cup the size of a bath tub. The service is friendly, and when my best friend asked our waitress if she spoke Italian, she countered with, "Have you been to the bathroom?" This was a real conversation stopper until she added, "We give Italian lessons there". And indeed they do have Italian language lesson tapes running in the restrooms. If you go in the evening you will find a waiter or two who will burst into a bit of opera. This place is very popular, and we have found the best time to go is Saturday noon or before six Sunday evenings.

The owner of **Darryl's** (Garrett and 15-501) must have

been collecting junk for years and, not knowing what to do with it, opened a restaurant. To say the decor is eclectic is an understatement. One evening we were seated in an old elevator cage. While the atmosphere is "fun and games", the menu is not. This restaurant is serious about its beef and it shows.

Squid's Oyster Bar, 15-501 Bypass at Elliot Road, Chapel Hill. Here you find a lively group relaxing after a hard day in the fast lane. The limited space is crowded. Conversations overlap. No one is a stranger long. Iced martinis, plump oysters, chilled wine, spiced shrimp, cole slaw, hush puppies, pretty women, handsome hunks and a scattering of bubbas to add woof to the warp. If the din and the body heat are a bit much, retreat to Squid's adjoining restaurant, where the menu is the same.



Good food. Reasonable prices. Pleasant service. No reservations.

The new kid on the restaurant scene in Durham is **Pops**, the offspring of the rather incestuous relationship of Nana's and the Magnolia Grill. Pops seems to be aiming at a clientele whose wallets can't cope with the above-mentioned restaurants but whose palates crave better than fast food fare. Pops is behind Morgan Imports, just off Gregson at 801 W. Peabody. The decor is warehouse modern, bare-beamed ceilings, brick walls, wood floors and hard chairs. The menu is Italian trattoria - pastas, pizzas, good salads and a few substantial entrees. The price is right, the service cheerful and the

See AD-LIB on page 9

BOOK NOTES

by JOAN TABUEL

Tired of all those Napoleon and Josephine jokes? Want to hear about the real thing? Try *Napoleon and Josephine: An Improbable Marriage*, by Evangeline Bruce, coming in March. Not only is this Marriage improbable, but it's "troubled," to use contemporary vocabulary. The author uses the marriage, however, as a time frame to examine a cataclysmic age, bringing Napoleonic Paris vividly alive.

Mozart is another much examined historical figure, and now comes a new biography, titled simply: *Mozart: A Life*, by Maynard Solomon, a music historian who was also, with his brother, the co-founder of Vanguard Records. A different and fascinating view. (February)

Staying with the arts, despite cries of elitism, ballet lovers will want to read *Perpetual Motion: The Public and Private Lives of Rudolf Nureyev*, by dance critic Otis Stuart. (Feb.) Naturally, the private life is more interesting, but the whole is no doubt the best portrait of the great dancer we've had to date.



For fans of Robert Waller's *Bridges of Madison County* who haven't yet bought his third novel, our advice is to pick up a copy in your local bookstore and read the first sentence. It will tell you whether you're going to like this tale, titled *Border Music*, about Texas Jack Carmine. A hint: He doesn't have much in common with Robert Kincaid.

Readers of the *New Yorker* may also have read numerous books

Library Bookends

by Jean Weil

This month the Library has acquired some books from June and Elizabeth Gunter. Since June was an authority on astronomy, we now have several books on that subject. They will be a help to anyone studying the sky and a great addition to our collection. You will find them on the Nature shelves.

Another gift, from Edith Duffy, is a collection of classical music tapes. They will be added to our Audio collection. Each tape will have a card and the tapes can be

about it by noted alumni, but they will get perhaps the best view yet of its remarkable founder, Harold Ross, by reading *Harold Ross of the New Yorker* by Thomas Kunkel. (March) Gossipy but also extremely well done—a salutary antidote to the Ross of *Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle*, the recent ahistorical movie.

It's a great month for mystery lovers. In March, Anne Perry brings us *Traitor's Gate*, her fifteenth Thomas Pitt tale. Along with the usual and unusual suspects, it's a portrait of late Victorian London.

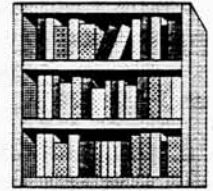
Already published this month are two other gems. One is the latest adventure of Dorothy Gilman's perennial heroine, *Mrs. Pollifax Pursued*. Of even lengthier longevity is the latest in "The Cat Who" series, begun by Lillian Jackson Braun in 1966 with *The Cat Who Could Read Backwards*. Now, nearly thirty years and six million copies later, comes *The Cat Who Blew The Whistle*, in which a Siamese cat aids the detective. Even dog lovers might like this one.

checked out the same as books. Talk to one of the library assistants if you can't find them. There are also a few books on tape, mostly mysteries, guaranteed to keep you on the edge of your tape-recorder.

It's that time again-- April 15 is coming. If you want to plan your tax returns, we have a good collection of both the Federal and North Carolina tax forms and related schedules. They are in the Annex. The books that give the final figures for the North Carolina Intangibles Tax and the tax forms will be available in the Library after February 15. Come and see us when you're ready to figure out the bad news.

Books, tapes and anything taken from the Library can be kept as long as you need them. However, we would like you to return them when you are finished. Our circulation box is full of cards for books, some taken before Christmas, and the books have probably been read and forgotten. Please return them as soon as possible (if you can find them!). Many of our books are stamped "The Forest at Duke Library". That is one way to identify them.

We who work in the Library are very happy to report that it seems to be a well used part of The Forest. We do not keep circulation figures, or count the people who come in each day, but we are thrilled with those of you who do come in. Spread the word about all the good books, magazines, papers, audio and video tapes, reference books, some 33 rpm records, and other things that are there. We thank you for using the Library.



the savvy traveler

by Dagmar Miller

Every "career" has a beginning. Mine, as a lifelong wanderlust addict, started in September of 1941. Since it involved Duke University, I have now come full circle. Here's how it all began.

In September of 1941, I was assembled with my fellow Duke freshmen at Pennsylvania Station in New York City. We were to travel to Durham in four cars -- two with girls and two with boys -- going first to Greensboro, there to be unhooked from the Southern Railway train, and then continuing to Durham on a local line.

I had grown up in NYC, and although I had travelled throughout New England, anything south of NY was unknown territory. Another first for me was sleeping in a Pullman car.

My family and several friends were at Penn Station to send me off in grand style, and there was a lot of joking about a New Yorker soon to be adrift in the Southland.

Finally, the "all aboard" was called, and I found myself in an all-boys' car. My first name, Dagmar, was thought to be masculine by Southern Railway officials. I did not correct their mistake.

We eventually climbed into our berths, and thus began a night of wondrous sights and no sleep. We roared through the northern cities, brilliant with their lights, and then the smaller towns spread out as though on a black velvet band studded with an occasional cluster of diamonds.

We seemed to stop at every town between NY and Durham, and sometimes were shunted to a side track so that the freight trains could speed through.

Though the scene was almost always the same, I never tired of pulling back my curtains to see a deserted station, a few bare bulbs illuminating the platform, one or two porters emptying merchandise from the cars, and an occasional passenger boarding the train.

The trip was dreamlike -- the sound of the braking wheels, the escaping steam, a footstep here and there on the platform, and then the start of the engine's power to speed us into the darkness. At each stop in the towns with strange-sounding names, I would wonder what the lives of the residents might be. After a lifetime of travel, this question has remained with me.

Finally daylight and the sight of mile after mile of shacks with smoke curling out of chimneys, sagging front porches, and black children playing in barren front yards. And everywhere the scrub pines. There was a haze over the land that slowly dissipated as the sun rose.

My fellow freshmen were stirring and getting ready for our arrival at the Durham station. One adventure was over and another about to begin.

Although I have had many trips to all parts of the world, nothing can quite compare with the excitement and wonderment that I felt as an 18-year-old girl travelling from NY to that exotic foreign land known as the South.

WELCOME NEW RESIDENT



Mrs. Elaine Caraher

Cottage #31

493-1751

Originally from Minnesota. Lived all her married life in Wilmington, Delaware where husband was a DuPont executive. Came to Durham 18 years ago. Has been active in volunteer work, especially in DILR. Enjoys travel and favors cooler climes, such as Antarctica and Norway, where she has ancestral roots.

CHRIS from page 2

dents. I believe the TFAD Board will give high priority to the development and operation of the Benevolent Fund, and that the Residents' Association, through the Executive Council, with such committee support as needed, will do everything required to ensure that residents do their part.

In the meanwhile, let's demonstrate our interest in the Benevolent Fund by supporting Marjorie Jones and her committee at the Silent Auction on March 3rd and 4th, 1995.

--Chris Hamlet

See related article on page 9.

arty facts

by Charlotte Cassels

Who was Kenneth Clark?

Viewers of Kenneth Clark's 12-part television series, "Civilization," now enjoying a re-run at TFAD, may be curious about the man who made the celebrated film.



Born Kenneth MacKenzie Clark, he was named for his father, who was known to his friends and others as "K". He

spent his early childhood on the family estate, Sudbourne, in Suffolk, England. This stately home was a 50-room eighteenth-century house on an 11,000-acre estate. "K", his father, was an outgoing, gregarious alcoholic, famous because he once broke the bank at Monte Carlo. By contrast, Kenneth's mother, Alice, came from a poor Quaker family. She had a horror of showing any emotion, no matter what the provocation. That included touching her son. The psychological result was that Clark fainted while he was attending Winchester School when he saw Ibsen's "Ghosts" for the first time. The fainting was repeated later when he viewed the play at the National Theatre in London.

Clark rarely saw either of his parents when he was growing up; they left him in the care of servants, who (so it was said) gave him rotting food and curdled milk while they ate up the good things. When his parents were actually in residence, his father was drunk much of the time, while his mother, when she wasn't crying, took K to a nursing home to dry out. Alcoholism ran in the Clark family. Many of its members died in their twenties and thir-

ties.

If Kenneth didn't get love, he did get the family fortune, derived from the making of cotton thread, the product of Clark's Thread Company. This family business, operated by several branches of it, was eventually sold to J. & P. Coats Ltd.

Virtually abandoned in his growing years, Kenneth developed his own amusements, and after he discovered art, it became his emotional outlet, one he desperately needed. He began a habit of moving pictures from place to place, something he did all his life. There was much to choose from. His father had accumulated a magnificent collection of paintings, which young Kenneth rearranged every month.

Another game he indulged was choosing which lady, among the many who came to the estate, wore the most beautiful clothes. It was no easy choice, since in those days a guest might bring as many as sixteen dresses with her for a four-day visit.

Occasionally the youthful Clark was taken by his governess to a nearby beach, where he collected pebbles. Although K had tried to teach his son to be athletic, Kenneth had no taste for British blood sports, although he did play golf from time to time.

At seven, he was given a picture-book displaying the Louvre's treasures, and as he disclosed later, after absorbing these pictures, he would look at a room and see it as a Vermeer or the work of some other artist, and viewed other everyday scenes in the same way.

Clark went through the rigors of the British public schools, notorious for caning, poor heat, no

privacy, bullying, homosexuality, and poor food. He came out of this system with poor teeth and membership in the intellectual elite. The most valuable friend he made was a headmaster who had studied with the noted art historian, Bernard Berenson. That friendship led to an Oxford scholarship and entry into the art world.

After graduating from Oxford, Clark began working with Berenson at his famous home, I Tatti, in Florence. He also married Elizabeth Winifred Martin, heiress to a linen mill fortune. At 28, Clark installed his bride in a house built in 1655, called Old Palace Place. He also owned his own hotel in France, and rode about in a chauffeured limousine. After his son, Alan, was born, Clark returned to England, where he became director of the Department of Fine Arts at the Ashmolean Museum, in Oxford. Clark and his wife lived on a grand scale. Queen Elizabeth became one of his best friends.

On New Year's Day, 1934, when he was only 30, Clark began work as Director of the National Gallery, in London. It was the real beginning of his career as art connoisseur, author, spokesman for the Gallery, and television personality. He was knighted in 1938. Among his many accomplishments, he was credited with saving the Gallery's paintings during the bombing of London in World War II.

In his private life, he was not so fortunate. His second wife, Jane, was an alcoholic and always half-sick. Of his many extramarital love affairs, the most notable were Mary Kessei and Janet Stone. After

See Arty Facts on page 9



Solitude vs. Loneliness

Loneliness is walking
against life.....
being strangers with one's self.
It is a drawing down of the shades
to the view within...and without,
and a false insulation against
frustration and anger.

Loneliness is living on no-substance memories.
a denial of the future, and saddest part of all,
a withdrawal of love of self and others.

Loneliness is tarnish
that turns black.

Solitude is rich selectivity.....
the creative choice to be alone.
A time to see, to listen, to reflect,
a time to unwrap thoughts and memories
for the cherishing and the sunshine of them.....
a time to fold them away
in the corners of the mind
for future savoring.

Solitude is the patina of
fine, old silver
That grows richer
with use and time.

— Florence Manning

ABOUT HELEN ALBRECHT

by Ellen Dozier

It seems appropriate in our National Love Day issue (see Editorial) to include this unsolicited tribute as a valentine from The Forester. Long Live Love!

—Publisher

Many people take Helen Albrecht's social endeavors for granted. Mistake. Things like "hostess with the mostess," "entertaining comes easy to her," people say. All true, but it goes much deeper

TRIBUTE TO CUPID

The wise man who said it first
certainly knew what it was about,
that love makes the world go round,
positively, there is no doubt.
In the name of it a prince
once gave up his royal crown,
soldiers desert their posts
for trysts in foreign towns.
Duels often were fought
to win m'lady's hand,
singers plead with heart-felt voice
to love and stand by your man.
Inventors may computerize all,
scientists find pills that prolong,
but lads will keep wooing lasses
until something better comes along.



than that. First, she immediately recognized the need for small social gatherings in a gracious, homey environment after her arrival at The Forest in November, 1992. Some residents, I'm sure, were more entertainable than others, but that did not deter her. Secondly, she makes it look easy by caring enough to prepare ahead. Food and drink, etc., do not just magically appear at the touch of a button. She plans, shops, and prepares with the enjoyment of the participants in mind. It's called "giving of ones self to others without expecting any returns or acknowledgment." Your pleasure is her reward.

Helen and her late husband selected #4028 together and even with his passing, blow that it was, she pushed forward and came on with Nicky, her Nigerian parrot companion of seventeen years or more. She truly



turned her lemons into lemonade by opening her arms and lovely residence to newcomers to our retirement center. In addition to her 5 p.m. get-togethers, Helen has diligently attempted to awaken the bridge senses of many folks, failing

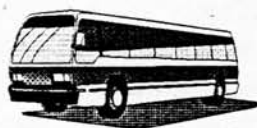
with me, but successful with others. Now an officer in our Residents' Association, she is ever active in her pursuit of promoting and abetting the comfort, joy and happy living conditions at TFAD for all. Space limits the listing of her other talents. Salute, Helen Albrecht!

BY BUS AND STAMINA THROUGH COPPER CANYON

by Helen Corbett and Ruth Dillon

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *When we left our intrepid travellers last month, they were stalled in darkest Mexico, unable to get a choo-choo to Chihuahua. The amazing saga continues.*)

Our initial disappointment is translated through nineteen personal responses-- ranging from anger to frustration to acceptance. Considering our options, we find ourselves examining the credentials of our team. Bus 606 has become our



meeting ground, reading room, and debating center; it's our traveling security blanket. Jim has had more than a quarter-century of experience driving buses in all kinds of climate and circumstances. Xavier has had more than twelve years as a tour guide with major companies. They are in the best possible position-- to salvage the Copper Canyon expedition.

DAY 7 --- After a fabulous flaming shrimp luncheon at Los Mochis (The Turtle), we find the lobby of the Santa Ana Hotel packed with other tours, awaiting any new bulletins from the Chihuahua-Pacific Railway. Xavier explores alternative hotel reservations and meals, and confers with Jim. They ask: Are we willing to undertake a 15-hour bus trip over the Sierra Madre to get to Divisadero and resume the original plan from there? It will be our only chance to see Copper Canyon. Everyone's ready.

DAY 8 --- Off early with our box lunches. We retrace our

route back to Obregon, where we turn for our climb up the western side of the Sierras. The scenery is breathtaking and we're a festive crowd, happy to be "beating the odds." But then we stop on a narrow turnout, and Jim tells us calmly that the engine is overheating. Not surprising, we think, considering the steep ascent and continuous switchbacks.

We're not too concerned. Xavier and Jim and one of our group who always carries a tool kit make repairs. Then, later, just this side of darkness and the Continental Divide, we stop again. We watch the sunset over thirteen ridges of peaks while more repairs are made. Jim gives us the bad news. Bus 606 is going to need the services of a supply house and a mechanic.

We can and do go on, stopping twice more in little hamlets hoping to find the expertise we need--in vain. Jim is a veteran driver of this tortuous road and thinks he can get us to Chihuahua. He does. So, after 21 hours enroute, we arrive at Cuauhtemoc for a three-hour night. Our rest stops have been open-air and hilarious--comic relief. We're all aware of, and grateful for, the great job Jim and Xavier are doing.

DAY 9 -- Jim stays with Bus 606 to supervise the repair of its broken exhaust pipe, while we take off with Xavier in a minibus to Creel, a lumbering town and a center for the Tarahumara Indians, descendants of the Aztec. They are the largest tribe of indigenous peoples in Mexico. Their name means "people of the fast feet," and they're famous as long-distance runners. One of them



won the New York City Marathon in 1994, not considered by them a remarkable feat, since they can, and do run 100 miles or more in this 7,000-foot altitude, wearing their sandals. We change minibuses and wind our way to Divisadero, a train stop near the edge of Copper Canyon.

At last: Copper Canyon!

Our hotel clings to the rim, providing magnificent views from the terraces outside each room. We walk along the top and climb to visit Indian cliff dwellings. Six main, interconnecting canyons form this natural phenomenon, created by volcanic eruptions, earthquakes and erosion. The Urique River traverses its floor. It's larger and deeper than our Grand Canyon; copper mines and the rusty color of the rocks gives the canyon its name.



It's New Year's Eve. We plan on helping the Mexicans celebrate. Everyone vows to make it to midnight but by 11 o'clock, only four of us are left. (Guess who two of us are.) The bandleader comes to our table and asks where we're from. We tell him New York. He introduces us to the crowd and the band plays "New York New York." The singing and dancing have been nonstop for some time. We count down the seconds to midnight, then everyone toasts everybody else. "Here's to health, love and money, and time to enjoy them all!" Viva Mexico!

DAY 10 --- New Year's Day. Early-bird Helen performs extensive KP to ready the dining room for breakfast. The water has been

See MEXICO on page 9

SILENT AUCTION IS COMING

A "silent auction" to benefit TFAD's Benevolent Fund will take place in the auditorium on March 3rd and 4th. It will be open to residents, staff, family members, and guests. The items to be auctioned will make wonderful gifts, the auction committee says.

The affair will not be a yard sale, and no clothing will be accepted. Residents are asked to contribute collectibles especially. Donors will establish the base price, and this figure will increase incrementally until the auction is complete.

On Friday, March 3, the auditorium will be open from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. to accept donations from residents. After dinner that evening, the auditorium will be open again so that everyone can view the items donated, check out the base prices established, and the bidding can begin.

On Saturday, the following day, the exhibit will be open from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Tables will be manned by volunteer residents and bidding will proceed in earnest. At 2 p.m., the highest bidders for each item will present a check made out to the TFAD Benevolent Fund and take home their treasures.

Items not bid on will be returned to the donors, and the sponsors hope that these individuals will be in the auditorium at 2 p.m. to take their donations back home. If not, the committee will take care of that detail during the following week. If just one item is received from every apartment and cottage, the committee will judge the silent auction a great success.

Members of the auction committee are Marjorie Jones, Dorothy Zutant, Martha Gambill and Helen Corbett.

ARTY FACTS from page 6

Jane's death, he married Nolwen de Janze-Rice, in 1977.

Clark is no doubt best known in America for the "Civilization" documentary TFAD is now seeing. Making it involved 80,000 miles of travel, eleven countries visited, 130 locations used, and the expenditure of 130,000 pounds. Enough film was shot to make six feature-length pictures. As his biographer, Meryle Secrest, tells us, Clark was "someone who had spent his entire life bridging the gap between the vast incomprehension of the general public and the refined taste of a few."

Florence Manning's January Limerick last-line winner is Bob Blake:

Well, here we're alive in ninety-five
Which did arrive with dance and jive.
We cheer the new year,
Cherish memories dear,
Fighting old age, our aim to survive.

February Limerick

(you write the last line)

This is the month of great fame
Our forefathers we know by their
names.

With Valentine hearts
And Cupid's sharp darts

—Florence Manning

(Entries can be funny, silly or even serious but keep reasonably clean. Send to #41. We'll print the winner in the next *Forester*, with your per-

AD-LIB from page 3

crowd happy. Pops takes reservations for lunch but not for dinner. Phone 688-0098. Incidentally, Scott Howell's (one of the owners) grandparents are Nana and Pops.

Grandparents often sport whimsical names. I had a friend called Dottie. When she matured into a grandmother, she became Gaga. She always felt her names reflected, perhaps, her state of mind.

MEXICO from page 8

off all night and the help haven't shown up, still sleeping it off. A fire is lit and we watch the sunrise over the canyon. Soon there are great trenchers of eggs, cereal, beans.

It's all down hill now---literally. Back in Creel, Jim meets us with a rejuvenated Bus 606, and we head for Chihuahua, a major city. We see the sights, including the former home of Pancho Villa, and Fernando Pena Moro's murals in the Government Palace.

DAY 11 --- We cross the border at Juarez, in heavy traffic, and reach Las Cruces, too late in the day to appreciate its beautiful setting, but the sunset is gorgeous and the dinner is great.

DAY 12 -- Eighteen hundred miles later, we're back in Tucson, where we hear that another Copper Canyon tour had to return after only two days because of the railroad blockage. We're grateful. Our truncated view of Copper Canyon was far better than none. The search was worth the find—that our adventure was one of the treasures of the Sierra Madre.



Bob Blake's

PUZZLE

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

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S X N L A U G H T E R W B Y E Y J Y
U A U C O N T E N T M E N T T D H C
O L F W N H J L E X A Y A I E T L R
I E B E G O C P L D O N R L L O V E
N R N I Y H B E I J O A D A V S F S
O W R O E L E D M I L D E I S S D S
M B U R I J L C S I O H N Y S E C L
R S I T H T B S H C V G T O E N I E
A S H G A A A E F K L D O J N D T E
H E F N R P E C G Y H E U H D A E L
U L I I M E E U I K J T C C N L H G
G B G O O A R R N F O C H O I G T D
E A C G N C G E P Q I E I M K H A E
Y U T Y Y E A E L B A T S F Q T P I
P R O S P E R O U S C O A O V R M F
P E C A R B M E Y E D R W R Z I Y S
A S S E R A C D F H I P J T G M S I
H K T N E D I F N O C Y L E V I L T
M T T N A S A E L P F O N D L E K A
K C U L D O O G A I E T Y B I E S S

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LAST MONTH I LISTED OUR AILMENTS,

NOW FOR THINGS WE LIKE OR DESIRE.

Affectionate
Agreeable
Ardent
Bless
Bliss
Blithe
Bright
Caress
Cherish
Coddle
Comfort

Compassionate
Contentment
Confident
Easy Going
Embrace
Fun
Fondle
Gaiety
Gay
Gladness
Glee

Good luck
Gratification
Happy
Harmonious
Harmony
Healthy
Helped
Hilarity
Hug
Joyous
Joviality

Kindness
Laughter
Lively
Love
Lovingly
Mirth
Nice
Pat
Peace
Pleasant

Prosperous
Protected
Relax
Safe
Satisfied
Secure
Smile
Stable
Sympathetic
Touch