

THE FORESTER

Volume 2 Issue 7

October 1995

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

TFAD's Fourth Year Begins on Optimistic Note CHRIS'S COMMENTS

As TFAD begins its fourth year, management has presented its budget for 1995-96 to the Board of Directors. Of particular interest to residents, it contains a 5.5% increase in monthly assessments. With inflation projected at less than 3% for the coming year, many residents had believed an even lower increase was possible, but there appeared to be a general appreciation of the Board's decision to hold costs down and pass something less than the 6% increase that had been previously

anticipated because that had been the Disclosure Statement's figure.

The Executive Council notes several items of "good news". The Forest is at full capacity, with a two-year waiting list. We are in excellent financial condition, a major consideration in future planning. Committees of the Residents' Association are arranging to meet with the Board's committees to exchange ideas on what's important for the residents. Russ Campbell and his TFAD Benevolent Fund Committee are hard at work putting together a meaningful program that could be helpful to a less fortunate resident, and at the same time help maintain our tax-free status. Finally, Andy Blair and his Nominating Committee have labored to produce a slate of officers and council members who will carry on the good work of their predecessors, conveying the needs of residents to paid management and staff, and to the Board.

Earlier, at the August 25th meeting of the Executive Council, Kathy Crapo announced the appointment of Christy Arundale as Marketing Director, and asked everyone's full cooperation in her work. Kathy also noted that



With summer ended and residents returning home in increasing numbers, it seems appropriate to consider what life at The Forest has been like over the past several months. The period since May has been marked by improving relationships among residents, management, and the Board. Resident committees have been active, Council members have provided effective leadership, and relationships with the TFAD Board, while not as extensive as we would like, have increased significantly. A meeting of Board members with residents in May was a first, and applauded by residents and Board members alike.

Perhaps the most important occurrence of the last six months has been the appointment of Board committees and the initial steps taken by these committees to organize themselves. While much remains to be done in developing missions, goals, and priorities as well as relationships with residents, this important process is off to a good start.

In a number of meetings, residents have become acquainted with the Board Finance Committee and with details of Forest finances. Future plans call for more resident involvement in the budget process. The Board Health Care committee has held a number of meetings

UNITED WAY DRIVE WINDS DOWN



The Forest at Duke Division of the Greater Durham United Way is off to an excellent start.

Based on numbers reported to the TFAD Advisory Committee October 10, residents had pledged \$8986, which exceeds last year's final total of \$8,560.

"We are most optimistic," says Chairman Paul Wright. "With many pledges still to be received, we should surpass our current goal of \$11,000."

The campaign is now winding down. Residents are urged to make your pledges now. You'll be giving much needed support to 33 local agencies benefiting more than 60,000 of our Durham neighbors.

See **FOURTH YEAR** on page 3

See **CHRIS** on page 6

The Forester

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

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EDITORIAL

By this time the departed have returned, from beaches, mountains, cities, other countries, and all those other places to which refugees from the record summer heat had fled. Welcome home! And welcome back to The Forester's second year.

The ancient question in the theatre is, "What are you going to do for an encore?", and that is the question our staff is laboring to answer. More of the same, of course, since our efforts of last year seemed to go down well enough. But we remain at the service of our readers, because it is their paper, not ours, and so we welcome any suggestions you may care to offer. We've established our continuing features, but we depend on your ideas and contributions for our future growth.

**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 are almost to the last rose of summer! Join me when I thank those gifted volunteers who have arranged flowers for our enjoyment: a bouquet just outside the dining room, beautiful roses on the community center desk, on the Count-me-in-book table, and even in the ladies powder room! Thank you for the beauty you have provided. -- Clare Eshelman

To the Editor:

May I take this opportunity to thank my many friends for their prayers and kindness during my recent illness. All the cards, flowers, fruit, delicious sweets, calls, and visits were greatly enjoyed and appreciated. May God bless each and every one. --Delancey Price

To the Editor:

If one cannot avoid illness and prolonged recuperation periods, then surely there is no better place to be than the Forest at Duke.

We truly feel that all the prayers, the delightful visits, the cheery encouraging notes, and the deliciously made foods---all the intangibles that say "we care about you" and "we want you well again"---have been as important to

our speedy progress as the medical care itself. All of you residents are a very special group---actually better than a huge family because you have given only wonderful encouragement, helpful advice, positive criticisms, and affection.

We also want to express in full measure our gratitude to Lynda Rabon, who smoothed our return to our cottage in so many ways. She always seemed to have just the right answer to every problem. And Shirley wishes to thank Jeanne Guiliamis, Allied Physical Therapist, for helping her to come this far this fast.

--Gene and Shirley Day

To The Editor:

Now I know what's been bugging me about *The Forester*. It needs something. It needs loosening up. It needs some sharp edges, some bite. It lacks a certain spark. It could use an infusion of liveliness, vivacity, but these things aren't to be confused with cutesiness.

If there is a wide area of consensus in *The Forester's* pages, some space ought to be allotted to diversity of opinion. I see no merit in a policy of avoiding controversy. And as a counterpoise to the pervasive blandness a dash of abrasiveness would do no harm.

--Gilbert Goldstein

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Do you agree? Disagree? We would welcome any comments.)

IN MEMORIAM

Saralee Watson, June 6.
Paul Harmel, June 16,
Rubin Blanck, June 28.
Henrietta Davis, June 29.
Anne Polikoff, July 4.
Eleanor "Mike" Seely, Sept. 3.
Mabel Goss, Sept. 11.

RESIDENTS' ASSOCIATION EXPLORES INCORPORATION

A move toward incorporating the Residents' Association as a tax-exempt body first discussed at the quarterly meeting July 17 is a step closer this month with the release of a report from a committee appointed to study the matter.

Lawyers familiar with incorporation told the committee that the process is neither difficult nor expensive. According to the committee's report, incorporation would offer some protection from personal liability to the officers and directors, and would strengthen the Association's ability to represent the residents' rights, privileges, and interests, as well as enabling it better to carry out the wishes of its members. Other benefits from having tax-exempt status, the committee report said, include distributing the Employee Appreciation Fund as direct gifts, and facilitating the giving of contributions to funds for benevolent and charitable purposes.

After articles of incorporation are approved, IRS forms are filed to obtain tax exempt status. Approval takes three to six months, and with it comes a tax-free registration number. While lawyers' fees to handle the process would be about \$1,000, no difficulty is expected, the committee report said, since several people have offered to contribute. The committee has requested the Executive Council to authorize it to develop the plan for presentation to the membership.

Committee members are Helen Albrecht, Andy Blair, Bert Dube, Bill Heroy, and Hope Sellers, chairperson. Chris Hamlet and Bill Goldthorp attended the committee's meetings.

Concert to Benefit Duke Care Fund

Robert Ward, The Forest's Pulitzer Prize-winning composer, will be among five composers contributing new works to the "AIDS Quilt Songbook" concert in Page Auditorium on November 12th. All five have North Carolina ties.

The Songbook---a song cycle created by eighteen composers and nearly as many poets, had its debut on June 4, 1992, proving that a 19th century genre could powerfully express 20th century concerns. In Durham, the performance will include songs by Stephen Jaffe, Sidney Corbett, Scott Lindroth, and J. J. Anderson, as well as Ward. Performers will include singers from the faculties of three area universities: Susan Dunn (Duke), Terry Rhodes (UNC-Chapel Hill), and Louise Toppin (East Carolina). They will be joined by baritones Kurt Ollman of New York who performed in the original concert; and James Maddelena of Boston.

Profits from the concert will benefit the Care Fund, which provides emergency financial assistance to patients at the Duke AIDS Research and Treatment Center.

FOURTH YEAR from page 1

residents already admitted but wanting to move to another unit may be placed on a "ready list" of approximately five applicants for each kind of unit. Action is still pending in the State Legislature, she added, to consider local tax exempt status for not-for-profit continuing care communities.

Residents returning from a summer spent in cooler places will find that acoustical improvements in

Tax Refunds Still Possible

Hal Muncaster reminds residents who were eligible to amend their 1992 income tax returns to obtain higher medical deductions still have an opportunity to do so. The original notice of this deductability, issued to those who moved here in 1992, quoted a low figure. A year later, it was re-studied and the figure was raised to much higher values. Those who chose to amend their 1992 Federal and state returns received substantial refunds, running as high as \$10,000. Some people did not apply, fearing trouble if they did. Tracking the situation, Muncaster found no cases where it was difficult to amend the 1992 return. He suggests those who hesitated may now want to review their situation with their tax adviser.

Taxpayers have until three years after they filed their original returns to amend them. By acting now, it is still possible to file an amended return before April 15, 1996 and get a refund.

the auditorium are largely completed. They are reminded that it took \$8 million and several years to improve the acoustics in Avery Fisher Hall at New York's Lincoln Center, so perfection in TFAD's hall may still be around the corner.

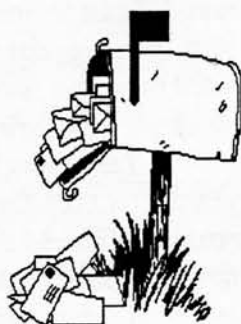
In a report from the Building and Grounds Committee, Bill Fine noted that additional plantings have been promised around the holding pond, but reported that no provision is being made to water trees which have been dying since the summer's record heat wave began. He added that the need for a TFAD groundkeeper "becomes more urgent."

AD-LIB

BY LIBBY GETZ

Back after five months up North, five months of talking to the birds, dancing with the butterflies, and watching the deer munching on our greenery. There were few intrusions to remind us of the real world. The New York Times arrived a day late. The one spigot we couldn't turn off was the flow of catalogues that hurried North at our heels. Our mail lady (oxymoron?) would stagger up the road, weighed down by bags of junk mail, most of which I quickly tossed in the trash. Best Friend would retrieve L.L.

Bean, Brookstone and anything concerned with gardening. I would set aside a few favorites to peruse at leisure:



The Vermont Country Store (1-800-362-2400)

transports me to a world I knew as a child, my grandmother's house. It has the candy she kept in a jar: sour balls, rock candy, horehound drops. It sells Ovaltine, red flannel night-shirts and nightcaps, McGuffy's readers, bobbie pins and even bobbie socks! But it's not all nostalgia. I send there for those marvelous Vermont Common crackers that come in big 19th century-type tins.

In contrast to the world of grandmother is **J. Peterman** (1-800-231-7341), which offers clothing for a more sophisticated world peopled by Gatsbys, Lady Bretts and David Nivens. It's the best read of any catalogue. Hem-

ingway and Fitzgerald would have envied Peterman's way with a pen. The legends beneath the sketches of merchandise make it irresistible, e.g., under a blouse you find, "I can't remember what my first two wives looked like, but I saw a woman in a fluttering blouse on a street corner sixty years ago. I can still see her. The Botticelli thing, powerful stuff." What a way to sell a blouse! Or under a picture of flannel slacks, "North America is awash with first-rate universities. In England there are two. English scholars have for centuries managed to preserve Latin Honours and simultaneously look first-rate while doing it. Could it be the perfect flannel trousers?"

Gumps takes you away from grandmother, Scott and Zelda and leads you through an Oriental bazaar. You can almost smell the sandalwood as you turn the pages -- silken robes, Japanese screens, lacquer plates, Javanese carved teak benches. Everything costs a pretty penny, but the catalog sets you dreaming. A few months ago, I fell into one of those trances and ordered an antique Chinese cricket cage. Just the thing for North Carolina! I am hesitant about caging a cricket until Gumps replies to my letter requesting guidance on the care and feeding of crickets.

If you can break away from the Orient, **Brainstorm** (1-800-231-6000) will give you a jolt, and I do mean a jolt. Here for \$49.95 you can buy a 3-foot-tall medical-school-quality plastic skeleton. Just the thing to hang in your closet! Or a truly lifelike arm or leg that would cause comment hanging out of your car trunk or dresser

drawer. This unreal catalog offers a clock that runs backward, a kit that a mother can buy to make a mold of her stomach in the final months of pregnancy. The idea is to have it autographed by doctors and nurses and to present it to the fruit of her womb when he/she is of an age to appreciate mother's effort.

The museum catalogues are great: **The Metropolitan Museum of Art** (1-800-468-7386), **The Museum of Fine Arts in Boston** (1-800-225-5592). They offer replicas of antique jewelry fit for a Nefertiti, umbrellas drenched in Monet lilies, boxed Christmas cards, engagement calendars and a myriad of other intriguing gifts--a great help with your Christmas list. I have listed phone numbers for the above in case you want to send for their catalogs.

HOW TO KNOW WHEN YOU'RE GETTING OLD

- ♦ Everything hurts and what doesn't hurt doesn't work.
- ♦ Your little black book contains only names ending in M.D.
- ♦ You know all the answers, but nobody asks you the questions.
- ♦ You decide to procrastinate but then never get around to it.
- ♦ You're still chasing women but can't remember why.
- ♦ Your knees buckle but your belt won't.
- ♦ You just can't stand people who are intolerant.
- ♦ Your pacemaker makes the garage door go up when you watch a pretty girl go by.
- ♦ Your back goes out more than you do.
- ♦ You sink your teeth into a steak and they stay there.

arty facts

by Charlotte Cassels

Four Generations of Artists

Once upon a time there was a talented artist who lived in Edinburgh, Scotland about the 17th Century. He was the jeweler to the Crown, much as Faberge was to the Russian nobility. Unfortunately, he was hanged for his devotion to the Queen who also lost her head at the same time.



But James Mossman nevertheless started an artistic family whose members came to America and eventually produced Bertha Mossman Kaler, grandmother of Margo Langhor, a resident of TFAD. Bertha, in earlier days was a private teacher of art, and the first of four generations of artists.

Margo Langhor is a well-known watercolorist whose paintings can be seen on the third floor of TFAD. She also is a designer of jewelry, a silversmith and a creator of cloisonne artifacts. She also taught art for 10 years after graduating from Columbia University.

Margo's daughter, Lucy Langhor Grant, is our treasured Director of Activities. Lucy graduated from Michigan State University majoring in art history with a minor in art, and then received her masters in American history at the University of Chicago. Since then, as an independent scholar, she was a docent at the Duke Museum of Art for 20 years, and a teacher and lecturer in Durham city schools. Her major interest has always been the history of women in the arts, and since 1986,

she has been a board member of the National Museum of Women in the Arts in Washington, D.C.

Lucy's sister, Judith Langhor Ebeling, is both a writer and an artist. She has served as head of the Art Department at Long Meadow Public High School in Long Meadow, Mass., where she and her husband live. Perhaps their greatest artistic triumph was the creation of their son, John Carhart Ebeling.

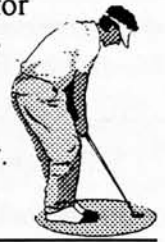
John, born in Akron, Ohio, in 1963, received his BFA in 1986 at Hamilton College in Clinton, N.Y. After graduating, he worked in advertising in N.Y.C. until, at age 27, he decided to be a full time artist. He then became the Sylvia Poplock Memorial Scholar and received the Cranbrook Trustees' Scholarship before graduating in 1993 from Cranbrook Academy of Art in Bloomfield Hills, Mich. with an MFA degree.

In 1994, John presented his first solo exhibition of ten small and medium-sized oil paintings on wood panels, collectively titled "Excavations", at the Caren Golden Fine Arts Gallery in N.Y.C. All of his works to date have been sold, including one chosen by the Curator of Contemporary Art for the Metropolitan Museum. According to John's family the curator also bought one for his own collection.

Now John Ebeling has been asked to participate in a prestigious exhibition being held from October 4 until November 19 at the Museum of Modern Art, for the city of Paris. It is a group exhibition of young American artists titled "La Belle et la Bete" (beauty and the beast). These artists are attempting to com-

HAL MUNCASTER GETS FOURTH CAREER ACE

On August 11, 1995, Hal Muncaster had a hole-in-one at #14 hole, a par-3 at Croasdaile C.C. The 98 yard hole is elevated about 100 feet. Hal used a #8 iron for his fourth career hole-in-one. Playing partners were Bob Guy, P.J. Burns and John Gray. Way to go, Hal!

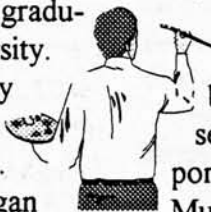


bine works that can be exceptionally beautiful and, at the same time, profoundly ugly. The exhibit will provide an in-depth presentation of each artist. It will be accompanied by an illustrated 96-page catalog.

Ebeling's art-historical illusions abound, inspired by de Kooning, Bosch, Whistler and Ryder, and could be called haunting abstract pictures. To describe his original technique, the magazine, *Art in America* said in its April 1995 issue:

"The painter's labor-intensive, repetitive process is both additive and subtractive. He works on a number of panels at once, using narrow brushes to apply layers of dense, painterly gestures and sometimes modeled bulbous shapes. When dry, the tactile surfaces are ground down with a power sander. Over-painting and sanding again and again, over many months, leaving some traces but obliterating much of the earlier compositions, the artist at last varnishes the pieces, giving these palimpsests the finish of high-gloss photographs."

If you are in Paris and desire to see the exhibit, the Musee D'Art Moderne de la Ville Paris/ARC is located at 11 Avenue du President Wilson, in the 16th arrondissement.



SECURITY NOTICE

In response to complaints that in at least two recent incidents, the Alert Button did not produce a response from Security, residents are reminded that this device will not operate unless it is **pressed firmly in the center and the pressure held for at least five seconds.**

CHRIS continued from page 1

including one with residents in which health care needs and desires, as seen by residents, were fully and freely discussed. Likely action by the TFAD Board in the near future will indicate that the residents were heard by the committee. The Board Building and Grounds Committee has also held one meeting with residents at which resident concerns in these areas were fully discussed. It is hoped, as suggested at the meeting, that management will become more open to input and assistance from qualified residents. The Board Resident Services Committee has held one organizational meeting to discuss its mission, resident concerns, and future plans involving Dining Services, the Library, the Gift Shop, and Activities. Future meetings with residents are planned, especially with respect to Dining Services.

Meetings of the Board Benevolent Fund Committee with interested residents have been quite productive and led to the appointment of a Residents' Association Benevolent Fund Committee in June. This committee, chaired by Russell Campbell, strongly backs the Benevolent Fund and will shortly suggest ways in which we can all support the Fund.

—Chris Hamlet

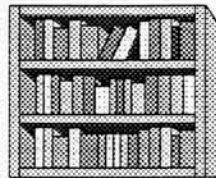
Library Bookends by Jean Weil

This month brings the final metamorphosis of the Library Annex. Thanks to the Administration, we were able to buy five more bookcases. These will replace the steel shelves that held the jig-saw puzzles. Now the room will look like a Library Annex, not a store-room. Your puzzles will probably be in the same location, but if you can't find them, consult Jane Jones.

Thank Dorothy Nauman for giving us a collection of large-print crossword puzzles. However, they are not on the shelves. Ask Jane Jones or Jean Weil to copy some for you, compliments of the Residents' Association. We want to keep the puzzle books so more people can enjoy them.

We are grateful for the many donations of books, cassette tapes and video tapes received this summer. We do want donors to realize that if we cannot use the books, etc., they will be donated to the Durham Public Library for their book sales. Due to the summer season, thank you notes have not been sent out, but I plan to send them soon so that you will have a record for tax deductible contributions.

The Library is a congenial place to visit and browse. Because our residents have many diverse interests, you will continue to find newer books on many subjects. Even in the middle of the night when you can't sleep the Library may have a book that can help you get back to sleep. It is open day and night; if the lights are out, turn them on for your safety. Come visit us.



HELP IS OFFERED BY VISUAL RESOURCES GROUP

Residents with visual problems are reminded that help is available from the Visual Resources Group. The help is not necessarily medical, but may be psychological. That comes from talking with others who have the same or worse problems.

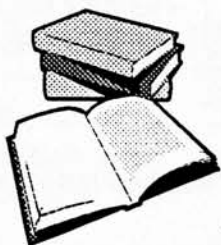
Twice a month, Mary Ann Zabrycki, Clinical Social Worker at the Duke Eye Clinic, comes to talk with the group. She answers questions from a wealth of information, and if she hasn't an answer, she'll find it. She frequently arranges for other experts to speak to the group. The October meeting will be on Friday the 20th, in the Classroom, at 10:30 a.m., with a second meeting scheduled for October 31st at 1:30 p.m. in the same place. Residents who have macular degeneration, glaucoma, cataract problems, or any other visual difficulties are cordially invited.

Dues Are Due

TFAD residents who are members of CCCR-NC (Continuing Care Community Residents of North Carolina) are reminded that their annual dues will expire at the end of December. The association is now accepting memberships for 1996. New memberships become effective immediately and extend through 1996. Early renewals will gladden the heart of the treasurer, who has more than a thousand records to maintain. Membership blanks are on the table near the mailboxes. Send applications and checks to Hope Sellers, #51, and save postage. Residents with questions, call Hope at 493-8798.

BOOK NOTES**by John Tebbel**

Between now and next February, publishers are going to be issuing some 4,000 books. A few will be best-sellers, some will go virtually unread, and many others will find an audience, however modest. In this and subsequent issues, we'll try to winnow some of the titles that may have particular interest for our residents.



A book easily missed is already in the stores without much fanfare, but in the opinion of those who have read the reissue, including this reviewer, it is a masterpiece. It's *The Master and Margarita* by Mikhail Bulgakov, a writer in the Soviet Union who flourished during the Twenties, and not surprisingly, came to a bad end. This novel is a tragi-comic tour de force, a story and a style that envelops readers and leaves them sad when the last page is turned. The reissue includes material discovered and translated after the author's death.

A much anticipated novel of quite another sort is also now in the stores: *Panama*, by Eric Zency, a professor of English at Goddard College. The story is about French financial skullduggery in the building of the Panama Canal (it had American repercussions, too, not included here), and involves not only money but a beautiful missing girl who knows where the money went. The most unlikely detective in the case (unofficial, however) is none other than Henry Adams. Never mind that he was probably not in Paris at the time, this is a

most intriguing mix of fact and fiction.

Turning to October's output, a major title will be Jeffery Deaver's *A Maiden's Grave*, with a 200,000 first printing. Imagine this plot line: a busload of deaf Kansas school children is hijacked by a maniac. (My apologies to any maniacs who may be offended by the word.)

We all remember Pierre Salinger, don't we? JFK's press secretary, a correspondent, a bon vivant who knew everybody. P.S.: *A Memoir* is full of stories about all those people.

Readers who know Paul Theroux's travel books (only one facet of his talent) believe that he is probably the best living writer in that field. Last time we saw him he was kayaking around the South Pacific. Now, in *The Pillars of Heracles: A Grand Tour of the Mediterranean* he is once more his usual nosy, sometimes truculent self, poking into places where he may not be particularly wanted.

In Alice Adams' new novel, *A Southern Exposure*, she anticipates by decades a move some of us recently made. It's about a family that moves from Connecticut to Chapel Hill, the time is the Thirties, and in some respects the results aren't all that different.

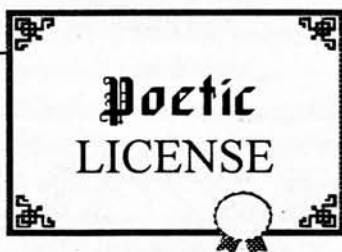
Admirers of the MacNeil-Lehrer Hour will find their two favorite hosts in the bookstores with novels that could hardly be more different. Jim Lehrer's *The Last Debate* is about how a debate between two Presidential candidates is changed in ways no one anticipated. In Robert MacNeil's *The Voyage*, we have a bittersweet romantic tale about a Canadian consul in New York, and his secret love.

Remembering Your Dates**by Margie Burns**

Don't miss anything. There's a lot going on at The Forest (and elsewhere) besides doctors' appointments. After you sign up for an event, or make an outside appointment, don't forget to put it on your calendar at home---and on the proper date. For couples it can get complicated. Here's a tip: Write his dates in his favorite color, and yours in **your** favorite. For the things you do **together**, put it down in a color other than the ones you've used. At a glance, you'll know who goes where and when. Not only will it look beautiful on your calendar, but you won't miss a thing.

Is it possible that still another biography of Lincoln could say anything not said before? David Herbert Donald, one of the most respected Civil War historians, proves that it's not only possible but the result is absorbing. Donald has written many books about the war, but never a biography of the President. His new *Lincoln* shows Old Abe in a different light than we've seen him before, a portrait based on research in new sources.

Here's one opera lovers will certainly enjoy. Schuyler Chapin, who was manager of the Metropolitan Opera from 1972 to 1975 and associated with that institution for a much longer time, gives us his memories of life--mostly offstage--in *Sopranos, Mezzos, Tenors, Basses, and Other Friends*. Among the singers in the above categories are Birgit Nilssen, Jon Vickers, Teresa Stratas, Richard Tucker, Joan Sutherland, and many others you know and love, with a few conductors and bystanders thrown in.



autumn,
brown-leaf pungence
spiraling
downward

Thistledown

fluffy parasol
sails
the breeze...
pilot balloon
for
earth moorings.
pauses quiescent,
suspended by
silken guide lines.
drops,
tiptoes a stone
on
gossamer spider legs...
ascends,
tacks...
drifts away.

—florence manning

A man has made
at least a start
on discovering the
meaning of human life
when he plants
shade trees under which
he knows full well
he will never sit.

—Elton Trueblood

(This poem was written by Southerlyn Marino,
class of '95 for her grandmother, Ellen Dozier.)

GRANDMOTHER

Her hands are relief maps of life
working and moving.
Always, adding miles
to the unexplored highways of life.
Lessons taught by tradition and
experience provide a
shortcut---for me.
The determined step and youthful radiance
are a goal--- for me.
Her rituals embody the most efficient
system of living fully.
While my sporadic whims and tangents
occupy my time and dreams.
She is content to watch and to enjoy
while I must move and search.
A mutual, but silent understanding:
She profiting from my experiences,
and I from hers.



LIBERAL DRESS CODE FOR DINING ROOM

Asked by some
residents to comment
on a dress code for the
dining room, the Dining
Services Committee has released a
brief statement which more or less
confirms present practice.

From the beginning, the
committee says, there have been no
formal rules about what to wear in
the dining room. It has been as-
sumed that since TFAD is our
home, residents would treat the din-
ing room as they would their home
when guests were invited, or as they
might dress to go out to a good
restaurant.

Restaurant dress customs
have considerably relaxed, however,
particularly away from major cities.
People recognize that changes in

temperature or climate make the
wearing of men's jackets and ties a
matter of the season. Women's
clothing, too, has gone beyond
dresses to include pantsuits and
other informal attire. In addition,
many residents have found that air
conditioning and fans make having
something to cover shoulders desir-
able.

The committee observes that
we all enjoy having guests from out-
side our community. They come
wearing a wide range of clothing.
As good hosts, we would not want
them to feel uncomfortable or not
welcome.

From time to time, to cele-
brate holidays, Activities suggests
that people might want to dress to
suit the occasion, but even then,
says the committee, people should
feel free to use their own judgment.

MEMORIES OF THE GREAT STORM

(Editor's Note: What happened to Ruth Dillon and Ginny Putnam on their summer vacation shouldn't happen to anybody. Ginny was a guest at Ruth's summer camp on Raquette Lake in the Adirondacks when the storm of the century (in that region) struck on July 16, spreading devastation over a wide area. It was what meteorologists call a "line storm," most unusual for the region. There were several deaths and injuries, and thousands of forest trees were destroyed. Here is Ruth's account of what happened.)

We went to bed with every window open, after the oppressive heat of the day, trying to catch any breeze that might stir the heavy air. Sleep was fitful at best. At 4 a.m., something compelled me to turn on the light and check the time. The forest outside my window seemed to sigh, exhaling a whisper that didn't stir a leaf or needle. The stillness was absolute, but I sensed something had changed. The tension was almost tangible.

At 5:05 came a sudden roar, an explosion of wind, rain, lightning, and thunder. I heard the sounds of crashing trees. The house shuddered as it was pelted with rain driven horizontally through the open West windows to the Eastern walls. Rugs curled up, ceiling light fixtures popped open, leaves and pine needles were everywhere. While constant lightning lit the devastation outside, Ginny and I got flashlights and walked through the house. De-



bris lay everywhere. When I saw the giant pine that had crashed on the roof just a few feet from my bed, I wondered why I was still alive. And Ginny had been in danger, too when she tried to close the window in her room.

Downstairs we found the butler's pantry awash in water, glass, and splinters. Looking up, we found the trunk of a huge pine tree protruding from the ceiling. Strips of wainscoting flapped down. We got pails and pots to catch some of the flood and walked through to the Forest Room. Plaster covered the ping-pong table, the hearth, and the floor. Two holes next to the chimney were plugged with huge stumps, but not a pane of glass was broken in this window-lined room.

Thanks to a gas stove, we fixed breakfast and waited for daylight. The air was full of the bracing, astringent smell of the fallen forest giants. After the rain stopped and daylight came, we got our first sight of the damage through our windows. It was an awesome view of devastation all around us, and we could only be thankful that the 75-year-old house had stood up to the storm as well as it had. Walking out, we found the boathouse untouched but a canoe thrown up on the dock onto a motorboat which had been tied up there. The sound of falling trees was still in the air.

Three enormous pines on the hill behind the house had been

snapped off some 45 feet above the ground. A fourth, three feet in diameter, had been torn up, its root ball hanging vertically between earth and sky, lying across the roof over the Forest Room. As far as we could see, trees lay in a tangle of birch, beech, maple, hemlock, spruce and pine. Across the lake, shiny raw wood thrust up awkwardly at crazy angles. But we were safe, and we were grateful. People had died only a few miles away. Within hours, the Raquette Lake road crew had cut its way down our road with power saws and was removing trees from the house. The wheelbarrow lay flattened on the front terrace, but the tomato plants were fine.

(Ruth's camp was the first to be liberated by the road crew—for a special reason. A young couple, acting as caretakers, lived in their own cabin on the property. The wife was pregnant, and very near her term. Who was the foreman of the road crew? Her father.—ED.)

The following piece of mail was delivered to one of our residents recently:

(Please indicate any address corrections below. No P.O. Boxes, please.)

309140 305
NONPRESORTED ZIP+4

HARRY OWEN JR
69 FOREST AT DUKE DR
PRIMATE CENTER
DURHAM NC 27705-5639

Daytime Phone # _____ Fax # _____

(Well, we DO live in The Forest, don't we? —Ed.)

Wouldn't it be neat if our lives were like VCRs and we could fast forward them through the crummy parts?

WELCOME NEW RESIDENTS

William and Jenn VanBrunt
78 Forest at Duke Dr. 493-4780

Came here from Greenwich, Conn. William, born in Florida, graduate of U. of Florida. Served in the Navy in WWII. Was musician, then career with Equitable Life. Jenn was born in Massachusetts, went to Florida State U., was bilingual secretary at the State Dept. and during main career as mother and wife was many years secretary of Middle School of Greenwich Academy. Special interests are travel and volunteer activities; William: music and photography; Jenn: gardening.



Mary Raymond
46 Willow Oak Court 489-7033

Came here from Glen Ridge, NJ. Born in Iowa, graduate of Grinnell College and U. of Iowa. Worked for Labor Board in Denver and Washington. During WWII was with the Red Cross overseas. Main career was mother and wife, lived more than 40 years in New Jersey; late husband was Member of N.Y. Stock Exchange. Her special interests are travel, bridge, reading, needlework and golf.

Forester Profile
NEW MARKETER
CHRISTY ARUNDALE

by John Tebbel

If you're talking "family values," Christy Arundale, can give you chapter and verse in a way that would make any present politician proud---except that her story is the real thing.

Not yet thirty and full of energy, Christy is a textbook example of the contemporary woman who manages a career and a family with equal skill, neglecting neither. Christy is an authentic native, born in Duke Hospital, but speaks without a trace of Southern accent--- why, she doesn't know. She has an older brother and sister. Educated first in the Durham schools, she attended Durham Technical College with the intention of becoming a paralegal, but her first job pointed her in a different direction. Employed in a printing plant, she worked at every job in the establishment and learned the skills she needed for her next job, at Duke in the university's Auxiliary Department. This obscurely named but highly important part of the vast complex directs, among other things, the publications of various kinds that serve the university's various divisions, especially those involved with fund raising. What this amounts to is marketing, and Christy was able to use her knowledge of printing to plan and supervise numerous kinds of publications. One of these efforts brought in \$56 million to the university.



See **CHRISTY** on page 11

ACTUAL ANNOUNCEMENTS
FROM CHURCH BULLETINS

1. This afternoon there will be a meeting in the south and north ends of the church. Children will be baptized at both ends.
2. Tuesday, at 4 p.m., there will be an ice cream social. All ladies giving milk, come early.
3. Wednesday, the ladies Liturgy Society will meet. Mrs. Johnson will sing, "Put Me In My Little Bed", accompanied by the Pastor.
4. Thursday, at 5 p.m., there will be a meeting of the Little Mothers Club. All those wishing to become little mothers, please meet the Pastor in his study.
5. This being Easter Sunday, we will ask Mrs. Johnson to come forward and lay an egg on the altar.
6. The service will close with "Little Drops of Water". One of the ladies will start quietly and the rest of the congregation will join in.
7. On Sunday, a special collection will be taken to defray the expense of the new carpet. All those wishing to do something on the new carpet, come forward and get a piece of paper.
8. The ladies of the church have cast off clothing of every kind and they may be seen in the basement on Friday afternoon.
9. A bean supper will be held Saturday evening in the church basement. Music will follow.
10. The rosebud on the altar this morning is to announce the birth of David Alan Belser, the son of Rev. and Mrs. Julius Belser.



SUMMER VACATION UP, UP AND AWAY!

(Jean Weil's vacation plans were literally up in the air this year, as she tells it in this account. — ED.)

At 5:30 a.m., my son Roy gets up to check the weather. Since the wind isn't blowing more than five miles an hour, he wakes up the rest of the crew. Roy owns a hot-air balloon and usually flies out of Pittsburgh. The balloon's name is "Greenie With A Dark Blue Stripe." It's green with a dark blue "W" stripe through the middle.

My trip with Roy this summer is at the Balloon Festival in Wellsville, NY. The crew consists of two people my age, two Roy's age, two teen-agers, my son and me.

First we have to pull the balloon out of the cover and stretch it out—a big job because it is roughly 40 feet high by 60 feet wide. While some pull the balloon out, others connect the various ropes holding the basket to the envelope.

At the next stage, two of us stand at the bottom of the envelope and hold it open while a fan blows cold air into the balloon. It needs to be about three-quarters full of cold air before the hot air can be pumped in. Meanwhile, others keep the balloon from blowing side to side and close the opening at the top where the hot air will be let out when it's time to land. After the hot air is added, the balloon rises straight up over the basket which is triangular and holds about three 20-gallon propane tanks as fuel for the flight.

Although the pilot has absolute control when taking the balloon up or down, he has to wait fifteen

seconds before anything happens when he makes the control input. Otherwise the craft simply follows the wind, which the pilot uses to controls flight direction by using wind shifts at different altitudes.

On this flight, the pilot chooses two of the crew as passengers, and I am lucky enough to be one of them. We take off and go straight up for about 300 feet. You don't notice the wind because you're flying with it. Looking down, we see houses where people are sitting outside in their bathrobes, drinking coffee; they wave to us and we wave back. Some take pictures, and occasionally we take theirs.

Dogs bark and horses and cows run when they hear the whoooooosh of the burner. Children call out to us and we call back.

It is fun to see the shadow of the balloon following us. We can see other balloons in the sky, looking like Christmas tree ornaments. It's a wonderful, peaceful feeling, disturbed only when the burner is fired.

After about an hour, Roy begins looking for a field to land in. It has to be in our path; we can't turn right or left to get to it. Our chase crew has been following us by road as closely as possible because they need to be near when we land. Roy has to be careful not to land in cornfields, wheat fields, or cow pastures, for obvious reasons, but in July there are usually plenty of cleared hayfields.

The chase crew asks the farmer, if he can be found, for permission to land in his field, and it's never been refused, but sometimes it's necessary to land without per-

mission. Roy lets the hot air out of the top of the balloon, and we make a very smooth landing. Sometimes not enough air gets out and the landing is bouncy. Roy tries to land near a road the chase crew can use, since no one wants to carry the heavy balloon very far.

Then it's pack-up time, which means getting all the air out and stuffing the balloon into a 3' by 3' bag; it isn't easy. Children attracted by a descent often help out. Then we load up, and if the landowner is present he gets a bottle of Champagne. If he isn't, it's ours.

CHRISTY from page 10

After more than six years of these varied experiences, Christy was a natural for the marketing job at TFAD late this summer.

Away from here, her life is devoted to her family—husband and two young sons. This family does everything together, from bowling and soccer to volunteer work of various kinds, and travel as well. Moreover, Christy and her husband have devised what she calls a "time line," meaning that the future they visualize for the family is laid out in time segments for the years ahead. Goals, for the family are set for each time period. Every segment at its close, has to show an increase in what the family wants to accomplish, and so far down (or up) the time line, Christy says all goals have been met. For herself, a personal goal is to end her working life when she's 50. No one who knows her believes anything else will stop at that age.

**HURRAY!
DR. GALANOS IS NOT
LEAVING!**



Bob Blake's

PUZZLE

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

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

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Things pertaining to
TIME AND ITS MEASUREMENT

Adolescence	Date	January	Noon	September
Anniversary	Dawn	July	November	Sesquicentennial
Anno domini	Day	June	Octennial	Spring
April	Decade	March	Old	Summer
August	December	May	Prehistoric	Time
Autumn	Eon	Medieval	Pre-Revolution	Wednesday
Bicentenary	Epoch	Millennium	Pre-Victorian	Weeks
Birthday	Era	Minuet	Renaissance	Winter
Centenarian	Fall	Month	Saturday	Year
Century	February	Morning	Seasons	Young
Dark ages	Hour	Night	Second	Youth