

THE FORESTER

Volume 2 Issue 8

November 1995

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

NEWS FROM THE PIT



I am pleased to report that all committee chairmen are in process of naming their committee members. I was just given names of the Benevolent Fund committee as follows: Ralph Kent, John Goshorn, Nelson Strawbridge, Chris Hamlet, Bruce Burns (vice-chairman) and Russ Campbell (chairman), with Bill Goldthorp (ex-officio). This corrects an erroneous listing of Chris Hamlet as chairman, in my earlier report of committees.

I want to thank retiring Council member Bernie Bender for his wisdom and time spent in our behalf, and congratulate Bert Dube for joining our executive council as Bernie's replacement. In addition, the Budget and Finance committee will be: Jean Boulier, John Goshorn, Nelson Strawbridge, Bob Ward, and Bill Heroy (chairman). The remainder of the committees will be announced at a later date.

At the first meeting of the new Executive Council held October 30, the following subjects were discussed: Employees' Appreciation Fund, Benevolent Fund, and incorporation. You will be hearing details about these important subjects on an ongoing basis.

I attended my first Board meeting on October 24th and I was

much impressed with the professionalism I observed. There was an excellent interchange of ideas, and some positive decisions made that will prove very beneficial to our residents. The Board members assured us that resident input will be invaluable to them in making and prioritizing future decisions. I assured them I would not be bashful in presenting your thoughts and concerns, but also recognized that I, too, am a Board member when it comes to decision-making time. It was a good meeting and I am confident that future meetings will be very productive. Certainly the Board's prompt letter to the residents regarding the accomplishments of the October 24th meeting was a step in the right direction.

--Bill Goldthorp



Tree Labeling Begins

Tree identification labels have been placed in several locations on the property. The purpose is to acquaint residents with the various species, not to identify every tree. Funds available to begin the project this fall were limited; therefore no shrubs were identified nor were all tree species. As funds become available the project can continue.

—Grounds Committee



HEALTH COMMITTEE IS NAMED

As *The Forester* went to press this week, President Bill Goldthorp announced the members of the new Health Committee, which will have one representative from each caucus.

Peg Lewis will be chairman and Georgia Campion associate chairman of the committee, which will also include Katie Trexler, Frank Light, Dorothy Zutant, Lib Kern, Ed Cady, Virginia Hebbert, Lucille Blackman, Liz O'Hanlon, and Dorothea Vann.

The committee is already hard at work on special projects, the results of which will be announced in next month's *Forester*.

TFAD'S UNITED WAY DRIVE BIG SUCCESS

TFAD residents have responded generously and enthusiastically to the 1995 United Way appeal. Based on last year's response, the TFAD goal was set at a rather ambitious figure of \$11,000. Our residents opened their hearts and wallets, not only to exceed last year's contributions but to surpass our goal by almost 50 percent with a total of \$16,222 pledged.

Resident Paul Wright, chairman of our United Way campaign says, "Take a bow, TFAD! You've shown dramatically that you DO care for your fellow man!"

The Forester

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

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DAVID GERGEN AT LARGE

"Babs" Hickson's noted son, David Gergen, last seen in the White House as one of President Clinton's advisers, has returned to *U.S. News & World Report* as Editor-at-Large, a position he previously held from September 1988 to June 1993. He has also returned to his weekly stint on PBS's MacNeil-Lehrer News Hour, and will be seen again in these parts as a lecturer at Duke's Terry Sanford Institute.

Celebrating his return to *U.S. News* in the issue of September 18, Gergen contributed an editorial, "A New Century Begins" in which he posed a question that will intrigue the optimists among us. "Have you decided yet how to welcome in the 21st century?" he inquired. "Where do you want to be and who will be with you for the biggest New Year's Eve in a thousand years?" On New Year's Eve 1995 he reminds us, there will be

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*.



There were no letters this month.

COST OF PUBLISHING *The Forester*

This 10-page issue will cost the Residents' Association approximately \$56 to print. Editorial and publishing costs are absorbed by *The Forester's* staff. We print 360 copies, 285 to residents and the rest to the TFAD Board, administration, department heads, marketing, beauty shop, therapy, etc. Printing costs are: Copier, \$19.50, paper \$15.50, Toner, \$21, for a cost per copy of 16 cents.

—Bob Dunham

only 1,461 days remaining in this century. On New Year's Eve 1999 it will have been three and one-half million days since we had our last millennial party. Gergen believes at this historic moment, Americans need to think about the next century's goals: what destiny should we seek, and how can we rally ourselves as a people? He says he will offer his own thoughts in future editorials, and asks readers to contribute theirs. Forest residents may want to pass this along to their grandchildren.

—John Tebbel

EDITORIAL

In those dim days now three years past, when The Forest and its residents were new, name tags were issued and worn regularly so that residents could identify each other without saying, "What did you tell me your name was?" As time went on, and the place filled up and people came to know each other, there was a general falling off of tag wearing, although some still remember.



From various quarters have come requests that it would be a good thing if all of us could remember to wear our identification. There are good reasons. We have new residents who begin by not knowing anyone and are faced with trying to remember names. Then, too, there is something we're all familiar with—faulty memory. Tags help to jog it. And anyway, not everyone knows everybody even now. True, tags do make us look as though we're attending a permanent convention, as some argue, but in a sense, that's one definition of The Forest.

For those of us who can't find their tags, the Gift Shop will supply you with a handsome new one for \$5 each, including tax. These tags have black letters on a white background, with a pine tree logo. They come with either a pin or a pressure tab. They're neat, clean, and readable. New residents and visitors will love them. And eventually we'll all know who we are.

—John Tebbel

IN MEMORIAM

Minna Rohrhurst October 22
Kenneth Johnson November 7
Jake Bromberg November 10

AD-LIB

BY LIBBY GETZ

*"Filet of a fenny snake
In the cauldron boil and bake,
Eye of newt and toe of frog
Wool of bat and tongue of dog"*

Are you tired of popping pills, posing for x-rays, submitting to the indignity of a colonoscopy? Do you yearn for simpler solutions to your ills? Remember when a spoonful of honey or a mug of warm milk somehow cured things? Well, I'm offering a few home remedies. If they don't cure, they certainly won't kill, and are so cheap you won't need reimbursement.

Has the pain from leg cramps catapulted you out of bed in the middle of the night and set you hopping about until the agony subsided? This was once my problem until a Maltese friend told me to make a little net bag (the net on a frozen turkey will do), fill it with about six large corks and put it at the foot of your bed, under the covers. Best Friend scoffs, but for me it works.

The other day I looked out the kitchen window and saw Best Friend holding hands with Neighbor Lady. Naturally I investigated and found the rendezvous harmless. She was rubbing WD-40 into his arthritic fingers. Neighbor Lady was once a supervisory nurse, so I take her recommendations seriously. If it works on door locks and swollen dresser drawers, it must work on human joints.

I cannot hold Neighbor Lady responsible for the following. It



was given to me by another friend, and I'm passing it along because I figure any arthritis remedy involving gin can't be all bad. Get a bag of golden raisins. Arrange them in a shallow pan. Just cover with cheap gin, and let the gin evaporate. This takes about a week. The raisins will be gummy. Put them in a jar and screw the lid on tightly. Take nine raisins a day and see if you don't feel better. *Bon appetit!*

Do pollens cause you to snuffle and sneeze? Are your allergies ruining your life? Relief is in sight. It may take more than a spoonful, but honey is the answer--that is, local honey made by neighborhood bees from the same pollen that makes your eyes run and your nose tickle. It only makes sense that if you ingest that same pollen in honey form you will build an immunity-- or does it? It's worth a try.



From home remedies to house remedies: Are your drapes fading? Are you eyeballing the western sun? Do you live in a goldfish bowl and yearn for privacy? Classic Touch has the answer. They apply an almost invisible film to your windows that cuts the sun's glare and reflects light so you can see out but not be seen (in daylight). A bay window costs \$95, sliding doors about \$190. Call Dave at Classic Touch, tel. 220-8468 for more information.

Many of you use Patrick Kelly (416-0353) for transport to and from the airport. Did you know that there is another service? It's R. & G. Airport Shuttle (840-0262). They charge \$17 one way, \$28 round trip.

Forester Profile Vicki Barringer SHE KNOWS WHERE THE MONEY GOES

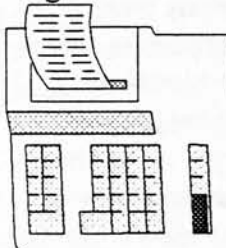
by John Tebbel

Behind an always closed door next to the Administration offices sits an attractive blonde young woman in her mid-thirties who knows where the money is. She's Vicki Barringer, our Director of Finance, which was originally known as the Accounting office. She's relatively new on the job, as of this year, but loves it so much she'd be willing to stay forever.



An authentic native of Durham, whose parents are also natives, she was educated in the city's public schools before going on to North Carolina State, where she studied accounting, later enrolling in the Weekend MBA Program, from which she took her degree in 1990.

Her first job was at Duke, where she spent a year as an intern in the business and financial division. A year later, she was made Assistant to the Controller, moving on then to become finance manager in the Family Medicine department, where she soon became administrator of budget and personnel in this large collection of clinics which sees



some 80,000 patients a year.

Later, when she was about to make another career move, to the Chemistry Department, the call to The Forest

See VICKI on page 7

BOOK NOTESby **John Tebbel**

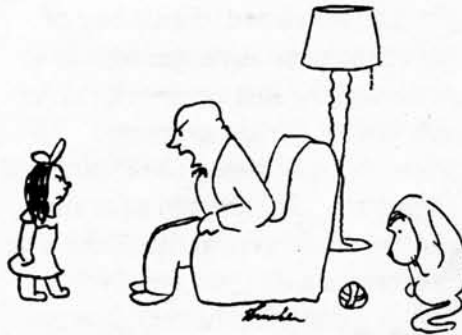
Forget about *Satanic Verses*, which many of us were not anxious to read in spite of the great danger in which it has put Salmon Rushdie. He is not only still alive but has written a far different book in *The Moor's Last Sigh*, which is being touted by advance readers as a melodrama narrated at "a dazzling breakneck pace," embellished with "slapstick word play." Set in modern India, it brings the subcontinent to stunning life. Coming in January.

Those mystery story readers who follow the adventures of Dorothy Gilman's woman detective will find her far afield in *Mrs. Pollifax and the Lion Killer*. The elderly part-time sleuth finds herself this time in darkest Africa, on the trail of a CIA agent. Also coming in January.

Periodically this column has marveled at the appearance of something new, or relatively new, about the Civil War. Is there no end? Apparently not. Here is a fascinating new study, *Seasons of War: The Ordeal of A Confederate Community, 1861-65* by Daniel F. Sutherland, a professor of history at the University of Arkansas. It is a portrait of life in a small town in Culpepper County, Virginia, which was occupied at various times by both Union and Confederate troops. It isn't a book about battles or heroes, but tells us how life went on in a community caught up by the war. In short, an unusual view of the home front. (December).

Everyone who remembers the old, pre-Tina Brown *New*

Yorker knows who James Thurber is, but it's a safe bet that few know much about the odd fellow who drew those contentious men and



Why don't you wait and see what becomes of your own generation before you jump on mine?

women and wistful dogs, cartoons that have become classics. He's appeared in biographies of other *New Yorker* people, but here's an intimate close-up look at the man in *James Thurber: His Life and Times*, by Harrison Kinney. Shy, quirky, difficult, but extraordinary. Published this month, and illustrated with splendid examples of the master's work.

Those of us with long memories, which would include most TFAD residents, will recall the great North Carolina scandal of the 1930s when young Reynolds, scion of the tobacco fortune, was mysteriously shot; whether by his wife, the celebrated torch singer Libby Holman (of "Moanin' Low" fame), or at the hand of a person unknown was never discovered. The crime and its 1930s atmosphere is vividly recreated by Norman Katkov in his *Millionaire's Row*, coming in January.

Those who can't wait to find out what Barbara Taylor Bradford is going to do next won't have to wait long. Her newest is published this month: *Love In Another Town*. This one is a May-December romance between a 28-year-old Tom Cruise look-alike and a 48-year-old

(that's old?) woman. First printing, 750,000.

Don't be alarmed. *Scarlet Women*, by J. D. Christilian, is not about what you might think. Well, maybe a little. The time is 1870, the place is New York City, and the hero is a detective who has to fight his way through a corrupt political system (even then, alas) before he can catch the brutal murderer of a prostitute. "Christilian" is the pseudonym of an author who has written best-selling novels of international suspense. (Don't ask; we don't know.) We're told that this one is "impeccably crafted," with "rich period detail," but you'll have to wait until February to read it.

Followers of Ruth Rendell's mystery stories know that she also writes a different kind of book as Barbara Vine. Under that name, she gives us *The Brimstone Wedding*, set in the Norfolk countryside, about 32-year-old Jenny Warner, who works in a nursing home for genteel elderly ladies. One of these is Stella Newland, who is dying of cancer but becomes Jenny's friend and adviser in the crisis she's facing, a very old one: she's in love with a married man. It's Stella's wisdom derived from her own life story, that guides Jenny to a solution. "A masterly performance," we're told. (January)

Iris Murdock may not be everybody's cup of English porridge, but she has had a devoted following through her previous 25 novels, and is widely admired on both sides of the Atlantic. She doesn't disappoint in her 26th, *Jackson's Dilemma*, about several pairs of star-crossed lovers, who are mixed and matched in Ms. Murdock's inimitable style. (January)

arty facts

by Charlotte Cassels

ROSENTHALS' SON IS MULTI-TALENTED



It's always a cause for rejoicing when a son or daughter of one of our residents achieves great success in their chosen field. So we can bask in reflected glory at the artistic accomplishments of John Rosenthal, son of Frances and Julian Rosenthal.

Freelance writer-photographer, playwright, radio commentator and teacher, he has become an arts leader throughout the Southeast, reflecting his enormous creative talents. Many of us know him by his commentary on photography and related matters, heard on WUNC radio, an affiliate of National Public Radio, and since March 1990, he has been a frequent commentator on NPR's "All Things Considered".

John's photographs have been exhibited in one-person shows at Duke, Chapel Hill (where he also taught English), Wake Forest, and Salem College, the Asheville Art Museum, the School of Design at N.C. State University, and recently the National Institute of Health in Bethesda, Maryland. He also has given several lectures at the N.C. Museum of Art in Raleigh.

Recently, John was chosen to exhibit a series of his photographs entitled "City", at the National Humanities Center in the Research Triangle



Park. "City" is a collection of almost 40 photographs of New York City, John's childhood home, which he says is "the packed jamboree of the world". The pictures all reflect his wide knowledge of art and literature, and he has captured the magic of the city changes and its people as they relate to their environment.

The National Humanities Center is a very special place. It's an institution for advanced study where scholars (called Fellows) come for about a year from all over the world to do research, create books, and exchange knowledge in a wide variety of fields, including such subjects as history, literature, musicology, law, political philosophy, art and anthropology.

The Fellows work in the National Humanities Center, which is an architectural gem. They are given private studies and scholarly support services by the Center, which is an independent, privately incorporated institute dedicated to the advancement of humanistic learning. It was created in 1977. Thanks to TFAD resident Dan Lacy, formerly Executive Director of McGraw-Hill Publishing Company and one of the founders of the NHC, the Center planners worked for four years in an office provided by McGraw-Hill as a gift to the Center. TFAD's Juanita Kreps was also an early board member.

The Center is supported by grants and contributions from individuals, corporations, foundations and other public and private sources, including the National Endowment for the Humanities, whose name should not be confused with the National Humanities, a common error.

Thanksgiving Around the World



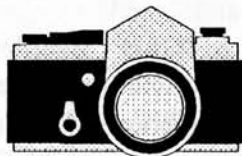
Throughout the United States and Canada Thanksgiving Day is an annual legal holiday. There are also Thanksgiving holidays celebrated every year in Japan, South Korea, the Philippines, Laos, Liberia, Puerto Rico, Guam, Grenada, and the Virgin Islands.

The first Thanksgiving Day in Canada was observed at Port Royal, Nova Scotia, in 1710, when the town and fort passed into English hands for the last time. In 1760 a day of thanksgiving at Halifax marked the victory of General Jeffrey Amherst's troops at Montreal. The Scottish settlers of Nova Scotia emphasized the religious aspect of a day of thanksgiving. Halifax in 1762 was the first community to give thanks for a bountiful harvest.

A national Thanksgiving Day was first proclaimed in Canada in 1879. In 1931 the second Monday in October was proclaimed

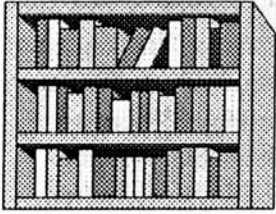
See THANKSGIVING on page 9

We who call Durham, North Carolina, home should be proud that such a remarkable cultural center is located in our community, from which the peoples of all nations can benefit. And it is a great honor that the National Humanities Center chose John Rosenthal's photographs to complement its programs.



Library Bookends by Jean Weil

The Library is still flourishing and is receiving new books all the time.



Please look at our New Book collection on the table and see what is different.

One of the new books is a copy of William Van Brunt's book about the stained glass windows in Christ Church, Greenwich, Conn. It is the *Windows of Christ Church* and will be in the In House Authors section of the Library. The pictures of the windows are beautiful and outstanding, and the book was done with love.

Another new book is the *Macular Degeneration Resource Guide*. For those of us who have macular degeneration, it lists lots of sources for information about the disease. Also it explains just what macular degeneration is and what can and cannot be done about it. We will also be getting a Newsletter from the Macular Degeneration Association for your information.

Our Circulation box is getting very full and we rejoice that more people are taking out books. But there is a backlog of cards indicating that several books have been out for a long time, some for over six months, and we would like to be sure that you still are needing/ reading the book. If you still need the book, let us know; if not, please return it. Many of our books are stamped on the edges so they should be easy to locate. If you have any questions, please check with one of our nice volunteers.



RULES FOR CATS

Basic Rules for Cats who have a House to Run

1: Doors: Do not allow closed doors in any room. To get a door opened: Stand on hind legs and hammer with forepaws. Once the door is opened, it is not necessary to use it.

After you have ordered an outside door opened, stand halfway in and halfway out and think about several things. This is particularly important during very cold weather, rain, snow, and mosquito season.

2: Guests: Quickly determine which guest hates cats the most. Sit on that lap. If you can arrange to have Fish'n Glop on your breath, so much the better.

For sitting on laps or rubbing against trouser legs, select fabric color which contrasts well with your fur. For example, white furred cats go well with black wool clothing.

For guest who claims "I love kitties," be ready with aloof disdain, and apply claws to stockings, or use a quick nip on the ankle.

When walking among dishes on the dinner table, be prepared to look surprised and hurt when scolded. The idea is to convey, "But you allow me on the table when company is not here."

Always accompany guests to the bathroom. It is not necessary to do anything; just sit and stare.

3: Chairs and Rugs: If you have to throw up, get into a chair quickly. If you cannot manage in time, get to an Oriental rug. If no Oriental rug, any carpet is good.

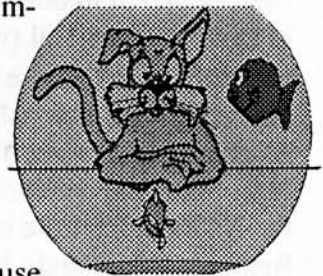
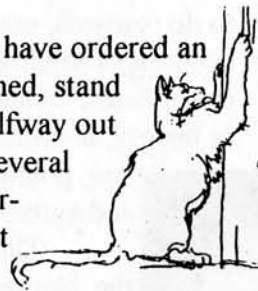
4: Work: If one of your humans is sewing or writing and another is idle, stay with the busy one. This is called *helping*, otherwise known as *hampering*.

The following are rules for hampering:

- When supervising cooking, sit just behind left heel of the cook. You cannot be seen and therefore stand a better chance of being stepped on, picked up and consoled.
- For book readers, get in close under chin, between eyes and book, unless you can lie across the book itself.
- For knitting projects, curl quietly into lap of knitter and pretend to doze. Occasionally reach out and slap knitting needles sharply. This can cause dropped stitches or split yarn. The knitter may try to distract you with a scrap of yarn. Ignore it. Remember the aim is to *hamper* work.

5: Play: It is important; get enough sleep in the daytime so you are fresh for playing catch the catnip mouse, plastic ball with noisy bell, or king-of-the-hill on the bed between 1 and 4 AM.

6: Begin "people training" early. You will then have a smooth running household. Humans need to know basic rules. They can be taught if you start early and are consistent. —Anonymous (Internet)



**A TRUE DOG STORY
FOR A GRANDDAUGHTER**

(Editor's Note: When Paul Wright, Jr.'s granddaughter visited him this summer, she brought with her a letter he had written to her a year earlier, and exacted a promise from him that he would send it to The Forester. Here is the letter, a story that will touch all dog lovers. It has a sad epilogue: Mr. Wright's dog, Plato, has since died.)

Twas a bitter morning—one made by God for sleepy residents. I tried to turn over, stuff the pillow into my ears, but the sound outside was not to be blotted out. Good dog Plato knew full well that he had me in his wavelength. He knew I'd groan and shiver as I put on my rumpled clothes and take him to walk. After all, he had many a bush and shrub he had promised to water. Sleep cannot be reckoned in the face of such duty.

I wish you could see him each morning as I walk towards him with his leash in my hand. He comes right up and sticks his neck out as far as he can. "Come on, Wright, let's get moving." I slip the noose over his ears and he pulls me out of the driveway. (I should tell you that he keeps on the leash until we get almost to the Kreps Pond. Then I take it off and he is on his own until we start home and we get just beyond the pond. So it is only for the first---and the last---100 yards that he is my captive. Otherwise, he sniffs and sprinkles as he sees fit.)

Most unfortunately, on this particular day, tragedy struck. Plato was in such a hurry to get that leash off and get rid of me that he stumbled at the curb and went down. I

saw that he had fallen on his right paw and that was hanging limply beside him. I tried to lift him but he just cried and sank limply to the ground. I realized immediately that he had broken his ankle or his leg....My heart was so hot it stopped beating. I was completely discombobulated.

What to do? I tried time and again to pick him up. Not only was he too heavy, I couldn't hold him without hurting that paw. I thought about a neighbor's telephone. I was less than two blocks from home.

But I couldn't move him an inch. An occasional car went by. I waved and they waved back, but who was going to stop on a dark, rough morning at 6:15?

Finally, after an eternity of seven or eight minutes, I put my arms around his neck, just to show him I cared. He wagged his tail. Then I felt something around his belly. His "broken foot" was pushed against it. Then I felt his collar. It was way out of place. I slid his collar toward his tail and I gently lifted his paw through the collar. He bounded out from under me and went

tearing happily along his normal path. Somehow, that fathead dog had gotten the strap around his neck (his collar) down around his belly, and his paw stuck in the loop. The only things broken were my composure---and my trust in "man's best friend."

—Paul Wright, Jr.

VICKI continued from page 3

came, and in three months she was happily in business on our third floor balcony, if that's the right word. There she is responsible for The Forest's fiscal operations, including long-range planning, the payroll, financial reports, analysis, taxes, budget, auditing--in short, anything with a dollar sign in front of it.

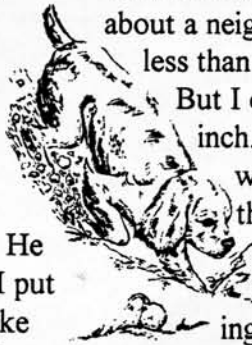


Vicki has three assistants; Lois Ferguson, in charge of health care billing; Marcia Parker, who attends to accounts payable and residents' billing; and Melissa Seate, who takes care of cash receipts and the payroll, but who will unfortunately be leaving us this month.

Vicki, has a full-time job away from the office. Her husband is a captain in the Durham Fire Department, and she has two young children, 10-year-old Ashley, and 4-year-old Cory. She teaches Sunday School in the Valley Baptist Church, and finds time to read as much as possible, and to play the flute. She's much interested in crafts, too, especially ceramics. She loves animals, particularly the family dog, Barney the Beagle. Her mother still stables her childhood pony, Noel, a Christmas Eve present, on whose accommodating back Vicki went fox hunting twenty-six years ago when she was only eight.

If all this doesn't add up to a full life, Vicki can't even imagine what would.

—John Tebbel





THANKSGIVING

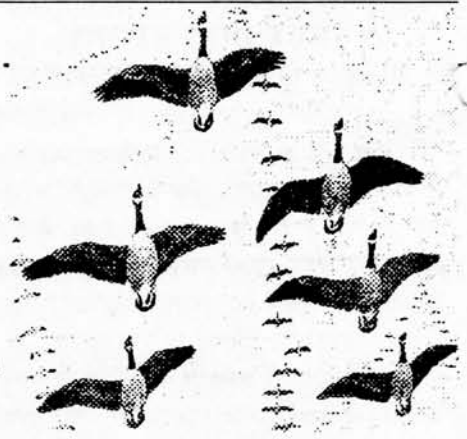
Hold my hand
 walk with me
 over the hills
 down the vales
 around the bends
 of the unknown days ahead;
 pick a wild flower, a purple one, if possible,
 place it in my white hair
 where the brown tresses no longer reside;
 caress my cheek,
 with your gnarled hand
 the artist's slender fingers gone,
 still your paintings hang
 as reminders of your virility.
 This gentle soul,
 who has taken my arm
 as we walk towards the setting sun
 fills an emptiness with gold and silver,
 not needed when I was young.
 Thank you God
 for this gift
 for which I waited so long.

—ellen cheek dozier

A Prayer for
Thanksgiving Day

Almighty and most merciful
 Father, from whom cometh every
 good and perfect gift; we
 give Thee hearty thanks for all
 Thy goodness unto us. Thou
 hast filled the sea and land with
 plenty that no man should go
 hungry. Help us to share Thy
 gifts with others. On this day,
 of all days, we would not forget
 to offer our gratitude.
 Amen.

From *Prayers at Sea* by
 Chaplain Joseph F. Parker USN



Wild Geese

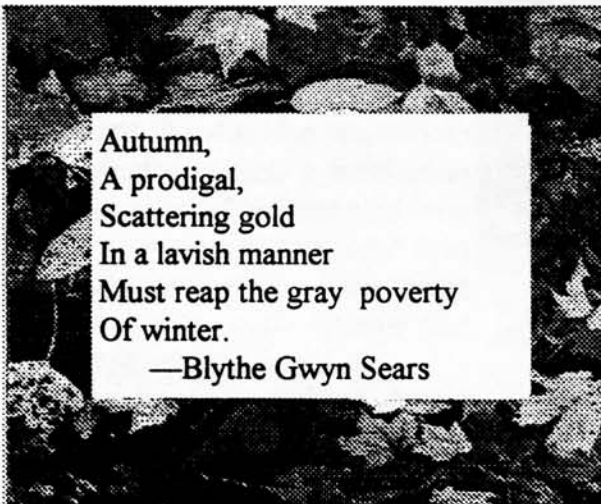
They trail the blue
 on their southerly flight,
 They wing their way
 into golden light.
 They feel the urgent
 instinctive call
 as, honkering they fly,
 overhead in the fall.
 I've heard them honk
 in the deep of night--,
 I've seen their Vee
 in the soft twilight.
 As thrush brings spring -
 the geese the fall,
 on the edge of flight
 with their wilderness call.

—Florence Manning

A DIETER'S LAMENT

My eggs don't come from chickens, my butter's not from cows.
 My food is full of preservatives, the FDA allows.
 My salt is just a substitute, my cheese contains no fat,
 My drinks are dietetic and they taste a little flat.
 My bread is full of vitamins, it's dark and made of wheat.
 My cereals are all whole grain and they're never very sweet.
 Men liked their women padded in the days when I was thin,
 But now that I have added curves, the skinny look is in.
 And sometimes when in retrospect, I view the hand of fate,
 I really feel that I was born a hundred years too late!

--Anonymous



Autumn,
 A prodigal,
 Scattering gold
 In a lavish manner
 Must reap the gray poverty
 Of winter.

—Blythe Gwyn Sears

WE'RE NOT JUST TOM, DICK AND HARRY

How often have you greeted a friend at the Friday social hour, "Hello, Bill," or "Hi, Betty," and three people of that name turn to respond? Our parents, like today's parents, usually named their children the names popular at the time. Family names also were common, often repeated for generations. Some of us got names that were exotic, unusual or "old fashioned" that we hated as kids and couldn't wait to replace with a nickname or initial.

A lot of us entered society at about the same time with the same given names. Being one of those, we wondered how nomenclature is distributed among residents of The Forest and undertook to find out with a survey of our published directory. Here are our findings.

First the ladies: the most popular name is **Mary**, with **12**, second is **Ruth** numbering **11**, **Margaret** and **Elizabeth** follow with **9**. Here it get's tricky; if our **5 Bettys**, **3 Besses** and a **Beth** are counted with the **Elizabeths**, there are **18** of them. Then we have **8 Helens** and **8 Dorothys**, if we count a **Dot**. We have **6 Katherines** counting the sound-alikes, and **5** each of **Jane**, **Frances**, **Jean(ne)** and **Virginia**. Then there are **6** trios and **17** duos of the same name, but we still have **73** ladies whose names are unique in The Forest.

The men are easier; there are fewer of us and our names have less variation of spelling. Most numerous are **Johns** with **8**, trailed by **William** and **Robert** with **7** each, **5 Franks** and **4 Georges**. We have **3** each of **Phillip**, **Raymond**, **Roy**, **Richard**, **Eugene**, **James**, **Henry**

THANKSGIVING from page 5

Thanksgiving Day.

As celebrated in the United States, Thanksgiving was originally a harvest festival, one of the oldest and most widespread of celebrations. The American holiday commemorates a harvest celebration held by the Pilgrims of Plymouth colony in 1621.

The Pilgrims had come ashore from the Mayflower on Dec. 21, 1620. The winter had been heartbreaking. Only about half the original group had survived. Fortunately the harvest was good. There were 20 acres (8 hectares) of the strange Indian corn, for which the Indians had furnished seeds. There were also barley and plenty of meat. Governor William Bradford sent four men to hunt for fowl. They returned with enough waterfowl and wild turkeys to last a week. Fishermen brought in cod and bass. Indian hunters contributed five deer. Ninety Indians, with their chief, Massasoit, feasted with the colonists for three days.

The date of the feast is not known. Bradford wrote in his history *Of Plimoth Plantation* that on September 18 some men set out in a small boat for Massachusetts Bay to trade with the Indians. The har-

and **Ed** (but none is Edward), and **13** pairs named alike. And there are **46** other men who won't turn and look when your name is called.

But we don't have Tom, Dick and Harry. Unless we borrow one of TFAD's staff, **we have no Tom.** —Bob Dunham



vest was gathered after they returned. The feast must have occurred before December 11. It was described in a letter written on that date by Edward Winslow. There is also no record that the feast was called a "thanksgiving." Appointing certain days for giving special thanks was a custom of the Puritans, but the first record of such a day was two years later in 1623. Then the Pilgrims "set apart a day of thanksgiving" for rain that ended a terrible drought.

Thanksgiving days following harvests came to be celebrated throughout the New England Colonies but on different and varying dates. Later the custom was kept alive by proclamations of state governors.

As American schoolchildren know, Sarah Josepha Hale, editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, won the support of President Abraham Lincoln in 1863 for proclamation of a national day of thanksgiving in the United States to be celebrated on Thursday, November 26. Prompted by Ms Hale, Lincoln named the last Thursday in November as the day to be observed every year, because on that day in 1789, President Washington had proclaimed a National Thanksgiving Day in honor of the new United States Constitution.

Lincoln and every president who followed him proclaimed the holiday each year. The date chosen, with few exceptions, was the last Thursday in November. In December 1941 a joint resolution of Congress specified the fourth Thursday in November (which is not always the last Thursday) as Thanksgiving Day.

—(Excerpted from *Compton's Encyclopedia*)

Bob Blake's

PUZZLE

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

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

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A FEW FIRST NAMES OF FEMALE RESIDENTS

Ada	Deborah	Ginny	Lela	Mildred
Aileen	DeElte	Grace	Libby	Nancy
Alice	DeLancy	Helen	Loma	Norma
Amby	Dora	Henrietta	Lu	Peg
Ann	Dorothy	Hildur	Lucy	Regina
Babs	Dot	Hope	Lynne	Renee
Bee	Edith	Izzy	Mable	Rose
Bernice	Eleanor	Jane	Madellne	Ruth
Bess	Elizabeth	Janet	Margaret	Sarah
Betty	Ella	Jessia	Margie	Shirley
Bev	Ellen	Joan	Margo	Trudy
Carol	Ethel	Julla	Marion	Teruko
Catherine	Eurwen	Kathleen	Marjorie	Vella
Charlotte	Frances	Kay	Martha	Velma
Clare	GINNA	Lemoyne	Mary	