

THE FORESTER

Volume 4 Issue 1

January 1997

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

CHRISTMAS TOYS FOR KIDS

Five residents of TFAD produced 509 units of trucks, trailers, tractors, wagons and racers in the



Residents' Workshop from September to December. This was two and a half times as many as they made last

year. At Christmas they delivered the toys to the Salvation Army, The Durham Rescue Mission, *The Herald-Sun*, The Duke Pediatric Ward, Ronald McDonald House and a Day Care Center in Hillsborough.

Funds to support this project came from the craftsmen themselves and from gifts and discounts and a \$200.00 donation from the residents through the budgets of Activities and Building and Grounds committees of the Residents' Association.

The following residents participated in the Woodworking Shop on this project: P.J. Burns, Phil Eshelman, Henry McKay, Gene Ringwald and Lou Swanson.

They and other residents enjoyed giving the toys to the community especially when they could give a toy to each child personally at the Day Care Center. As they left they saw a room full of children having the time of their lives with the trucks, trailers, tractors, wagons and racers.

—Beth Upchurch

What You Didn't Know About Durham

Old Durhamites, who form a large part of The Forest's population, may know all about the city's history, but those who come from other regions may still be wondering (since they got here) how the place came to be. To outlanders, the city seems like a collection of diverse neighborhoods connected by roads running in every direction in no particular pattern, and likely to change their names without warning. For newcomers the best source of information may be *Bull Durham and Beyond*, by John Baxton Flowers III and Marguerite Schumann, published by the Durham Bicentennial Commission in 1976.



From its fascinating pages, let's begin with the Bull in Bull Durham. Originally it was a tobacco advertising image by a 19th century tobacco company, appearing in every medium available in 19th century America.

GIFT SHOP REPORT

Priscilla Squier manager, of the Gift Shop, reports that good business this year has resulted in a \$3000 contribution to the Benevolent Fund. She also notes that her volunteers put in 688 hours of work to make that figure possible.

Later, the bull had the benefit of a master hand, glorified under the brush of Rosa Bonheur, the noted animal painter famous for her "Horse Fair."

The city itself began with the English, Scotch, and Irish settlers who came to the northeast corner of the county about 1760. Among the early settlers was William Johnson, whose Snow Hill Plantation stood on the Little River. History overtook the burgeoning village in 1771 when Governor William Tryon camped about four miles from the present city as he led his forces to put down the rebellious Regulators, who were resisting taxes. (The conflict between the taxers and the taxed has been a running feature of American life from the beginning.) The road Tryon took to fight the Battle of Alamance, a route called Ramsgate Road, is the present Cornwallis Road. Cornwallis himself once had a headquarters in Hillsborough, on his way to the fatal interview at Yorktown, possibly earlier as well.

When the transition between straggling settlement and incipient city began, about 1850, it was the result of two accidents. First was the North Carolina Railroad's establishment of a



See DURHAM on page 3

The Forester

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

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Publisher: Bob Dunham

Managing Editor: John Tebbel

Editorial Assistants:

Charlotte Cassels, George Chandler, Ellen Dozier, Evebell Dunham, Pauline Gratz, Florence Manning, Jean Weil, Woodchuck and Dorothy Zutant.

Art and Word Puzzles: Bob Blake

Photographer: Ed Albrecht

Publishing Assistants:

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

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Residents are invited to write letters to the Editor for publication, subject to space limitations. Topics should be of general

interest to our readers. Letters must be signed and should be typewritten and limited to 200 words or less. Views expressed in letters are those of the writer and are not necessarily those of *The Forester*.

To the Editor:

I would like your readers to join me in thanking a group of talented and willing flower arrangers, aided by flower growers, for lending a gracious touch to our dining room sign-in table. The past two years, the following ladies have participated in this artistic decorative project: Joyce Albrecht, Bess Bowditch, Margie Burns, Eleanor

NEWS FROM THE PIT

by Bill Goldthorpe



In spite of the heading you've just read, there is no news from the Pit this month. As I wrote in *The Forester's* last issue, we had a great year in 1996 and I think we've laid a solid groundwork for real progress in 1997. We have even better organization among the residents' caucuses, lines of communications established, and many able volunteers ready to do business. Some problems have been solved, some others are in the process of solution, and others are going to take more work. We're ready to go forward.

Meanwhile, my line at The Pit (419-4015) is always open, and I'm there too by appointment. If you have questions, ideas, complaints, whatever---I will be there to hear them. Happy New Year!

Golfer: "What's your handicap?"

Second Golfer: "Honesty."

—Senior Center Paper, Plant City, Florida

Burts, Katherine Cook, Helen Corbett, Jane Curry, Ellen Dozier, Ethel Foote, Libby Getz, Shirley Graichen, Betty Gray, Bernie Hopkins, Peg Lewis, Mary Light, Florence Manning, and DeEtte Strawbridge.

We try to have a new arrangement each Friday, which we hope will remain attractive through the weekend. We welcome others who would like to join us in this endeavor.

—Evebell Dunham

Chuckles

by Dorothy Zutant

NON-POLITICAL NOTE

A friend with access to the Internet passes on this small gem from Al Kamen in the *Washington Post* under the heading: "Is Amtrak an Endangered Species?"

"VP Al Gore recently received a letter from an elderly Dallas couple expressing their concern that budget cuts would eliminate Amtrak's Texas Eagle train service, which has been the couple's mainstay for visiting family in Chicago. They asked Gore: 'What can you do to save our Eagle?' Gore's sympathetic response: 'Thank you for your letter regarding the protection of the Texas eagle....I share your view that the urgent problem of species extinction and the conservation of biologic diversity should be addressed.'"

Addled Adages

Change a key word or two in a familiar saying, and you have a "malapropism." Here are some examples:

- Footsore and fancy free.
- A rolling pin gathers no moss.
- Let sleeping bags lie.
- Don't look a sawhorse in the mouth.
- Half a wit is better than none.
- Fools fall in where angels fear to tread.
- Don't kill the goose that laid the deviled egg.
- Don't burn your bridges at both ends.
- Into each cellar some rain must fall.

—Mary Y. & Harry W. Hardin in *Word Ways*

DURHAM from page 1

depot on Corcoran Street, occupying a four-acre tract deeded by Dr. Bartley Durham, on land where his country house, Pandora's Box, had stood. The new depot was called Durham's Station at first, soon shortened to Durham's, but since common speech made it sound like "Durm," in time it became Durham. This railroad line was the growing community's link to the outside world.

The second accident came on the day in April 1865, when General William T. Sherman got off the train at Durham's Station and rode out to meet General Joseph E. Johnston. In his pocket was a coded message telling him of Lincoln's assassination. The two generals signed a military document ending war in the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida. They signed it at Bennett Place; Appomattox had come seventeen days earlier.

So Durham, and Durham tobacco, began to emerge on the national scene, contributing a variety of words and phrases to the language as well. Baseball acquired "bullpen," allegedly from the Bull ad painted behind the New York Yankee dugout. There was also the now antiquated slang phrase, "Duke's mixture".

After 1880, this blue-collar tobacco town acquired an aristocracy as business boomed. In time, people began to call Durham "the Chicago of the South," which must have provoked considerable mirth on the shores of Lake Michigan.

All the above is only a small

Library Bookends

by Jean Weil

We continue our tour of the Library for all of our residents. As you enter the room **on your right** is a desk where you sign out the books that you want. We ask that you put your name, apartment (cottage) number and the date you take the book on the card in the back of most books. There is a notebook on the desk to enter the information if the book does not have a card. The desk also is where you put your books or any other materials that you return. The Library workers will put the card back into the book and put it back on the shelf.

The books behind the desk are reference, medical, and Morningstar *Value Line*. The reference and Morningstar books may **not** be taken out, but all of the medical books circulate.

Next you'll see the magazine round-about. All magazines are donated by residents and we try to keep them up to date. They are arranged alphabetically. Behind the magazines are the non-fiction books. They are roughly divided into various categories that are la-

part of the historical riches in this small volume. If interested Foresters can't find a copy, please let *The Forester* know and subsequent revelations will be disclosed. Residents may not be any surer how to get from here to there, but at least they'll know a bit more about their new home.



beled on the shelves. We do not use Dewey or Library of Congress cataloging. Beginning at the computer desk are the Biographies, then the History, Military History and Art. Next are the English Literature, General Literature, and all of the other non-fiction. You do have to search to find the category you want, but it is worth it!

As you enter the Library, **on your left** is a large table. On that table should be a copy of *The Herald Sun*, *The News and Observer*, and *The Wall Street Journal*. Also there are magazines, other materials, catalogs etc. that might interest someone. Take them, read them, and return them to the table.

On the **left** side of the Library are the fiction, large print, and mysteries, as well as the "in-house authors," books that have been written by our residents. We are happy to showcase the efforts of our friends.

The computer in the Library is an IBM machine. It has Word Perfect, MSWorks, Quicken 5, a genealogy program, and some games on it. It has a modem so that you can log on to the Durham Library or the Duke Library catalogs. We are not connected to the Internet. If you are familiar with an IBM computer, you are welcome to use ours. You should put your files on your own disks for privacy.

Now that you know all about the Library, please come and use it. If you have any questions see Jean Weil, Jane Jones or any of the Library Ladies. Someone is usually there every morning. If you would like to help, please volunteer.



A NEW BOOK ABOUT TRADITIONS

As historians know, traditions help to hold countries together. They are something commonly shared. This seems true especially in America although ours were established only yesterday by comparison. Besides two poems by our own Susan Rose (reprinted here and on page 7), a volume titled *The Book of American Traditions*, published last year by Crown, offers a fascinating and pleasurable excursion into American traditions which Foresters, who come from a variety of regional backgrounds, should find especially enjoyable.

This anthology is the work of Emyl Jenkins, no doubt familiar to some residents as the author of *Emyl Jenkins' Southern Christmas*, among other volumes. Her work has also appeared in both regional and national magazines.

In the 635 pages of this new anthology, readers will find a portrait of America, summarized in the subtitle as "Stories, Customs and Rites of Passage to Celebrate Our Cultural Heritage." The book's first of four parts is devoted to "Holidays and Celebrations," followed by "Rites of Passage," "Sharing and Togetherness," and finally, "An American Tradition: Remembering Our Heritage."

In a short note at the end, Ms. Jenkins observes that we have an endless wealth of traditions, and invites readers to share them with her---possibly for a second volume, and she concludes with the wise words of the historian Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.: "Science and technology revolutionize our lives, but memory, tradition and myth frame our response." —John Tebbel

Slave Cemetery Restoration Hillsborough, NC November 1987

In this silent grove they lie beneath the earth
In quietude they never found in their time
Of masters, overseers, "pattyrollers," Ku Klux Klan.
We have descended from these dead, descended from their owners.

On grassy slopes cracked tombstones, righted markers,
Faint lettering on flagstone slabs tell
When they lived and died--
Scratched roughly on a molded concrete lamb--June 1863-April 1864.

Poison ivy vines twist round the trunks of ancient oaks
Like furry ropes. Their tendrils, cut off higher than
A man can reach, hang loose, stems severed from their roots.
Their dying leaves wave in the breeze like flags of freedom.

These buried never knew of Little Rock or Martin Luther King.
We hear speeches to dedicate the marker
Where their names are listed;
We sing together, "We Shall Overcome."

—Susan Rose



The Intrepid Tourist

by Bob Dunham

The numerous Foresters who travel on cruises may be sometimes perplexed by the nautical terms used aboard ship. The following definitions should enable you to dazzle your fellow voyagers with your maritime knowledge.

COMPANIONWAY: A narrow interior stairway on shipboard. Its name is derived from the fact that trying to pass another person while climbing up or going down one is the quickest way for two passengers to become close companions.

CROW'S NEST: 1. Lookout platform on the top of a ship's mast.
2. A woman's hairdo as it appears in a candid snapshot taken on deck by

the ship's photographer.

CRUISE DIRECTOR: Individual whose responsibility it is to see that even if there is a mutiny, the crew members involved in the uprising won't interfere with the volleyball tournament on the afterdeck; that passengers get a chance to bet on which officer is forced to walk the plank first; and that the mutineers dress up like pirates for a formal Captain Kidd Cocktail Party and Buccaneer Dinner Gala.

DECK: The floor of a ship. The ceiling is known as the Overhead, walls are called Bulkheads, doorways are Bangheads and deck plans are Scratchheads or Shakeheads.

MAITRE'D: Hardworking, scrupulously fair individual whose job it is to see that all passengers are equally unhappy with their seating arrangements.

AMONG THE TREES



The woodchuck first awakens to the Christmas spirit when he spots the lighting in our central area. Then the residents' many exterior displays add much to the festiveness of the season. For example: the brightly lit tree on Julian and Delancey Price's porch, the gay colorful balconies done by the Whittles, Chandlers, and Watsons, attention called to both sides of the central western wing by the lighted trees on the patios of Verna Boteler and Dorothy Logan, Frank and Molly Simes' corner all aglow from the decorated crape myrtle along with their lit ficus tree and Christmas ball, John and Dody Ondek's massive lighting scene in their front yard encompassing about eight trees, two of the largest Nutcrackers ever seen by Shirley Day's front door, Frank and Jean Melpolder's imagination in stringing balls and lights on a tree by their cottage, the lighting done by Peg Lewis accompanying Evelyn Doyle's tree next door, Katherine Cook's backyard featuring a lovely tree on display, the view from the drive into Jane and Carl Beery's living room showing a traditional Christmas tree framed by window candles, the sparkling tree next to the Strawbridge cottage, Pat and Gene Ringwald's colorful tree and the same done by Martha Wilson, Louisa Ingram's gave Seasons Greetings to all via a porch banner and Bess Raper's daintily draped greenery on



her balcony---Apartment dwellers seem to be going out of their way to pass the doors of Shirley Graichen, Earl Davis, and Nancy and Lars Larsen. Could it have anything to do with the candy they have on their shelves?---If you had stopped at the Whittle's you could have seen Mr. & Mrs. Claus in full motion.---Velma Neel is a true-blue Duke sports fan. Like many others she attends all the football games, but unlike most she gets to the baseball games also.---Some people have adventures wherever they go. Ask Bill Goldthorp about his experience at the Dean Dome while sitting behind the parents of UNC All-American Eric Montross or ask Jinny about their time at Wallace Wade behind a father, daughter cigar smoking duo.---Virginia Koelle has original paintings done by a distinguished and highly regarded artist in the Mid-Atlantic region, Sidney Quinn.---

--The article in the Durham *Herald Sun* was a fine tribute to our distinguished composer, Edith Borroff.---Imagine at one time Marcus and Sarah Hobbs were a real presence on the dance floor. They looked very smooth New Year's Eve doing the light fantastic.---With winter upon us the time has come for the Woodchuck to find a hole and go into hibernation for at least a month; therefore you will be spared this trivia in our next issue. Happy and healthy 1997 to all our subscribers!

—Woodchuck

(And happy Groundhog Day to you, you reclusive critter! —Publisher)

CASSETTE CRITIC'S CORNER

by George M. Chandler



The recent holiday season, having brought with it not only the usual spate of performances of Tchaikowsky's *Nutcracker*, but also a radio broadcast of Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann*, has led my thoughts to the rather strange man whose stories provided the underlying inspiration for both works.

Ernst Theodor Amadeus Hoffmann (he substituted the "Amadeus" for one of his own given names, in homage to Mozart) was born in 1776. He was educated as a lawyer and pursued a multifaceted career as civil servant, writer of fiction, composer, theater director, and journalist. He was an important literary figure in the German romantic movement and an outstanding music critic, but it is as the author of tales which inspired others to write music that he will be remembered by most American readers today. This is a pity because his stories are a lot of fun and well worth reading.

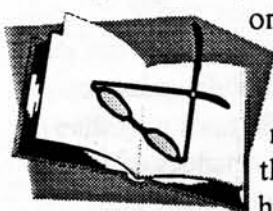
Hoffmann's tales are usually pretty weird, relating a series of impossible events enlivening and plaguing the lives of his characters. It is often impossible to tell whether the reader is supposed to accept these events as supernatural, or whether they reflect the viewpoint of a protagonist who may be mad, dreaming, or simply deceived by evil enemies. In "The Nutcracker and the Mouse King," for example, whether the child is really taken off by the Nutcracker, is insane, or

See CASSETTE on page 11

BOOK NOTES

BY JOHN TEBBEL

Starting the New Year, a winnowing of offerings in the next two



or three months does not produce general rejoicing, but there are a few high spots, be-

yond the usual brand name productions, that are worth your attention.

First, with a somewhat misleading title, is *Girls*, by Frederic Busch. This isn't a novel about sex, but about what extreme sympathy can lead people into. The hero is a middle-aged campus cop at a college in upstate New York. The time is winter. Loss of an only daughter years before, missing and possibly murdered, has made the cop and his wife desolate. When a similar incident happens in a nearby town, the cop so empathizes with the parents and their grief that he throws himself into a desperate search for the possible murderer, a pursuit that almost costs him his own life. One of Busch's most remarkable feats is to create a dog as a character, who is so real that no trace of Lassie exists. As a literary thriller, this novel is regarded by one advance reviewer as the best since the demise of the sainted William Trevor. Coming in March.

Already published is *A Slender Thread*, by Diane Ackerman, who works as a counselor at a suicide prevention and crisis center. The "slender thread" is the telephone line that connects her with the anguished people at the other end. She calls herself a "sorrow ranger." Ackerman's own life has been a series of crises, and writing

about those and the ones she hears nightly, we're given a very emotional, but life-affirming story, more real than fiction, and unforgettable.

One of the season's most original novels is coming in March. It's *Van Gogh's Bad Cafe: A Love Story*, by Frederic Tuten. You may be turned off by books about time travel, but it would be a shame to miss this one because there is something of the same magic in Tuten's writing that we see in Van Gogh's work. The time traveler here is Ursula, a 19-year-old photographer who divides her life between New York's scruffy East Village and Van Gogh's Provence. In New York she lives with Louis, also a photographer who isn't doing too well. In Provence, her lover is Van Gogh. Eventually she takes Louis back with her and the two men become friends. What emerges here most vividly is the painter himself, and we get an intimate picture of this tortured soul and his work. All Van Gogh really wanted, it seems was to be loved. Here we have reality and illusion, art and life, love and death. Pictures, too.

Fans of courtroom drama are going to love *Silent Witness*, by Richard North Patterson, just published in a first edition of 400,000. Tony Lord, a noted California criminal lawyer, goes back to his home town, Lake City, Ohio, to defend his boyhood best friend, Sam Robb, charged with the murder of his mistress. Something of the same kind may or may not have happened to Tony himself years before, and although he declared himself innocent and was never charged, people believed him guilty, forcing him to move to California and start a new life. The woman involved in Sam's

case, furthermore, was an old love of Tony's. The meat of this book is a very long and marvelous courtroom scene which will enthrall even those who swore they'd never look another lawyer in the face after the first O.J. trial.

Women who have taken a lot of verbal abuse from their husbands and others over driving the family car are especially going to like a unique anthology coming this month: *Ladies, Start Your Engines: Women Writers on Cars and The Road*, edited by Elinor Nauren. In this collection of poetry, short fiction, and essays, there are such gems as accounts of getting the first speeding ticket, and learning to drive. But the most fascinating are Eudora Welty's tale of her cross-country journeys with her mother, and Emily Post's story of her drive from New York to California--in 1915. Not your casual trip. Embedded in the book are bits of useful advice for contemporary women motor travelers.

Finally, still speaking of travel, we will have next month a book that should delight every traveler in The Forest, which includes most of us, or so it seems. It's *Grand Tours and Cook's Tours: A History of Leisure Travel, 1750 to 1915*, edited by Lynne Withey. The travelers include such noted names as Boswell, Goethe, Dickens, Edith Wharton, and Mark Twain, among many others. Not the least of them is Thomas Cook, who tells us how his celebrated tours began in 1841, and how they prospered. Lesser names, too, but the whole is a juicy salmagundi of a book---something for everybody who travels for fun.

Poetic LICENSE

Two poems by Susan Rose are included in the recently-released anthology, *The Book of American Traditions*. Edited by Emyl Jenkins and published by Crown Publishers, the book is divided into sections celebrating the traditional customs, holidays and rites of our cultural heritage. Susan's "Rites of Young Patriots" (p.241) in the Fourth of July section and "Slave Cemetery Restoration" (p.382) in the Funerals and Burials section.

rites of young patriots

All of you came to spend the night
so you could gather Queen Anne's Lace
from the roadside at dusk,
bring it to the well-house bench
where half-gallon jars stood filled,
colored red and blue
by pills left
from dyeing Easter eggs.



All of you ran next morning to look,
to see insipid pink
where you had hoped for red,
a disappointing greenish-blue
and some stems that had simply drooped and died.
Lawrence, botanist-philosopher at five, told me
the only color you could count on was the purple speck.

All of you stood on the porch steps, hands over hearts,
and while Pa-pa raised the flag, you pledged allegiance,
led by whichever grandchild was youngest
and could repeat it without prompting.

Do you remember the year it was Sarah's turn—
she was convulsed with giggles—
and how Pa-pa from the top step conducted
"O beautiful for spacious skies!"

I thought you had forgotten those days
until you called from Boston
to wish me a happy Fourth of July,
say you were looking forward to the fireworks
and ask if the Queen Anne's Lace
was blooming by the roadside near the mailbox.

—Susan Rose

COUNTDOWN

"Jingle Bells" and "Auld Lang Syne" have gone their merry way,
a brand new ninety-seven
for twelve months here to stay.
Resolutions, I made a few,
from habit I must admit;
keeping them is something else—
one usually runs out of grit.
Now, for the next three years,
let's watch that ball descend,
start the countdown to two thousand
and welcome the new Century in. Should
energy start to run low
Dr. "G" can stir up a potion
make it extra strong enough
to rev our engine's motion.
"Happy New Year!"

—ellen cheek dozier

Animal Crackers

He thought he saw an ape who wore The
mask of Fu-Man-Chu.
He looked again and found it was
A wombat painted blue.
"One cannot love such beasts," he said; "I'm
moving to Peru."

He thought he saw a timber wolf
Whose yellow fangs were bared.
He looked again and found it was
E=MC².

"From both of these," he said, "I pray
"Devoutly to be spared."

He thought he saw a Hell-Hound dripping
Venom from its jowls.

He looked again and found it was
A nest of scruffy owls.

"I do not like foul beasts," he said.
"Or even beastly fowls."

—George Chandler

Forester Profile
LEE FRAZIER
by John Tebbel

When residents see Lee Frazier moving through the dining room doing his job--asking us how we like the food, answering complaints, even helping out with the serving if needed--some people may wonder what else he does besides this three-hour job. The answer is--plenty.

As Service Manager, Lee is part of a team that includes Ted Garske, Director of Dining Services; and Theo Walker, Production Manager, who see to it that we're fed in both the Dining Room and the Café, as well as in Olsen and Holbrook.

Lee is a Virginia boy who grew up in Roanoke and attended Virginia Tech, where he specialized in nutrition but also studied hotel and restaurant management. His first job out of school was in the Hotel Roanoke, but then he moved on to work in various units of the Marriott and Holiday Inn chains as a food and beverage manager and sometimes as a wine steward. He's a certified dietitian.

Arriving here in June 1995, he found himself with a job that called on all his skills. With Ted and Theo, he is charged with translating the provisions that come from

Culinary Services Network (which employs all three) through distributors in Raleigh and elsewhere into the menus served in the Dining Room and Café, as well as providing the special diets required in Olsen and Hol-



WELCOME NEW RESIDENTS!



Jean Wolpert
Apt. 3010 403-7728

Came from Louisa, near Charlottesville, VA. Was born, grew up and lived in California 40+ years; graduate of Univ. of Redlands. Was a teacher; moved with husband to Arlington, VA, and raised a son and daughter who also have one of each. Her son is Duke professor. She likes bridge, music, and reading.



Ruth Nierling
Apt. 2041 403-0497

Came from Morehead City; lived there 15 years. Was born in Connecticut, lived in Iowa and in eastern NC. She did library work, attended East Carolina and UNC Chapel Hill. Has three children and five grandchildren. She likes watercolor painting, reading, bridge, and golf.

brook. Everyone in the department works on the menus.

In the Dining Room, Lee is also responsible for the serving staff, which includes (at full strength) forty young men and women, mostly high school students but also a few from the colleges. Understandably, there are always problems in keeping this staff up to full strength every night, but most of these workers find the job attractive because their \$6 an hour wage for a four-hour stint is considered a good job in these parts, better than the minimum in most fast-food operations, and in a much more pleasant environment.

Away from The Forest, Lee lives in Raleigh (as do both Ted and

Theo), where he tries to spend as much time as he can with his five-year-old son. He's also a coin collector. As many Foresters know, he also likes to play piano, which he studied when he was younger. Lee is proud of one recent off-campus achievement. Studying at Wake County Community College this fall, he answered correctly 91 percent of the of the 175 questions on a final exam.

And what does a man who's devoting his life to feeding other people feel like eating when he sits down to his own dinner? You'd never guess. Seafood.



ARTY FACTS

Wines

by Charlotte Cassels

"Think for a moment, of an almost paper-white glass of liquid, just shot with greeny-gold, just tart on your tongue, full of wild-flower scents and spring water freshness. And think of a burnt-umber fluid, as smooth as syrup in the glass, as fat as butter to smell and sea-deep with strange flavors. Both are wines.

"Wine is a grape juice. The scope of the subject of wine is never ending.

"Without geography and topography it is incomprehensible, without history it is colorless, without taste it is meaningless, without travel it remains unreal. It embraces botany, chemistry, agriculture, carpentry and economics." (Hugh Johnson from *Modern Encyclopedia of Wines*)

In many restaurants without a wine list, they ask, "Will you be having white or red?" Now, it isn't true that you can have only white with fish or chicken and red with beef or pork. Choose the one you like! Red wine should be served at room temperature; white should be slightly chilled, and should not have any red or pink color in its body.

If you want a white wine, know that no wine is truly white. The colors range from beige to pure pink (with no red color) and they are



quick maturing wines that are subdivided into sparkling wines (i.e., champagnes) to non-vintages widely available, such as chardonnay (coming from California, Australia, and France); sauvignon blanc from California, France, New Zealand and South Africa); Riesling (from California, Germany, New York, Washington, and France); gewürztraminer (France, California, Washington and Germany); pinot grigio (or "gris") from Italy, Oregon, France, Soave (Italy), Pouilly Fuisse (France); Chablis (France and California); and Frascati (Italy).

If you are feeling expansive, try Asti-Spumante from Italy (the poor man's champagne), served very cold. Or graduate to the champagnes, the best being Moët and Chandon, Krug, Taittinger and Dom Perignon—expensive and superb to drink at any occasion.

For pinks (which many call Rose) drunk fresh, try a Beaujolais, or a very good one from a nearby winery, Biltmore Estate Zinfandel Blanc de Noir. One small tip—don't buy a much-advertised Gallo wine to serve to wine buffs; they won't enjoy it.

If you are lucky enough to be touring France and love wine, do drive north to south on the Cote d'Or or "hill of gold." All along the road, you will pass the greatest wine country of all, from which our wonderful California wines originated.

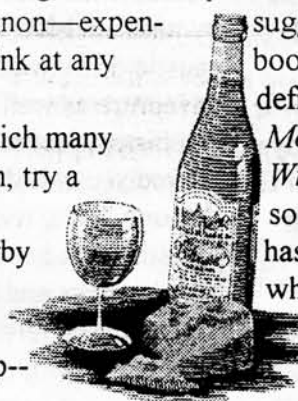
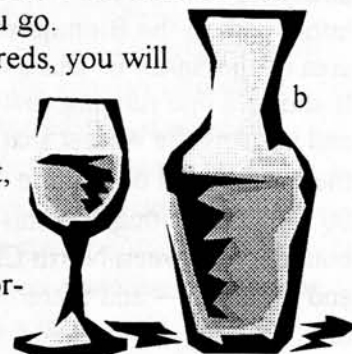
California wines are rapidly becoming famous for excel-

lence, and they also provide Americans with easy access to California's Napa Valley and its beautiful vineyards, where you can taste its treasures as you go.

All reds, you will see Chamerlain, Clos de Vougeot, Romanee, Nuits St. George, Cortoni, Beune, Pomard and Volany. The famous Chateaufeuf du Pape is from Avignon in the Rhone Valley. The most treasured wine estates must be searched out—Chateau Lafite Rothschild, La Tach, and Latour, the royalty of wines.

If I have aroused a desire for presenting a new hobby for you, I suggest you invest in a good book or two for reference. The definitive book may well be *Modern Encyclopedia of Wines* (1991) by Hugh Johnson (\$35). Mr. Johnson also has written a pocket edition which is updated yearly (\$13). *Wine for Dummies* by Ed McCarthy and Mary-Ewing Mulligan is an excellent

book at \$16.99, and Kevin Zraly of the NYC World Trade Center has written a book called *Windows on the World Complete Wine Course* (\$14.95). These books can be purchased from the Little Professor Book Center, 4711 Hope Valley Road in the Woodcroft shopping center, Tom Culbreath, owner, 493-8727. He gives Forest at Duke residents 10 % off all purchases.



A TALE ABOUT BOUNDARIES

by Gilbert Goldstein

Some of our residents have doubtless seen a round marker set into a path in the Blomquist Garden area of the Sarah B. Duke Gardens. It shows a line running east-west and informs the walker that "this is the 36th parallel of latitude, 36° 00' 00" N." Once long ago this was the boundary between North Carolina and Virginia — and thereby hangs a tale.

The account that follows is taken from *William Byrd's Histories of the Dividing Line betwixt Virginia and N. Carolina*. Written in the 1730s, it remained unpublished for more than a hundred years, until 1841. The edition I used has an introduction and notes by Wm. K. Boyd, Professor of History at Duke, and was published in 1929 by the North Carolina Historical Commission.

Our story begins in the year 1663 when, by the terms of a Royal Charter granted by King Charles II, the northern boundary of the Carolina colony was declared to be 36° N. But by a second charter two years later in 1665, the boundary was changed to 36°30' N. Thus, a strip of land some 30-odd miles wide was added to Carolina at Virginia's expense.

For many years afterward the new line was either ignored or was a source of dispute between the two colonies or between the settlers in the intermediate region and the colonial governments. In 1710, a joint commission representing Virginia and North Carolina undertook the task of surveying and establishing the boundary. Continued dis-

agreements among the commissioners led to results that remained unsatisfactory.

In 1728, a new joint commission, together with their teams of surveyors, was appointed. One of the Virginia commissioners was Wm. Byrd, writer of the *Histories*. Byrd, born in 1674 of a wealthy Virginia family, studied law in England before returning home, where he held various public offices throughout his lifetime. To him, the natural beauty of the New World was much more appealing than European civilization. He was as aggressive in the acquisition of property as he was in politics. By the time of his death in 1744, he owned about 280 square miles of land.

Byrd's narrative is permeated with observations by turns incisive, witty, caustic or outrageous. It is a tale of adventure as well as a source for social history as the surveying teams moved westward mile after mile through lakes, rivers, swamps, forestland and over steep hills, craggy rocks and hardly penetrable thickets. The territory was sparsely populated, with a plantation or a

small community here and there. He describes Indian life and perceives the harm done to Indians by rum liberally supplied by English settlers. Wildcats were at home in the forests, and panthers preyed on bears. The men shot wild turkeys, deer and bears for food. A chaplain accompanying the expedition held divine services and preached a sermon on Sundays, and christened and baptized when needed as they continued west.

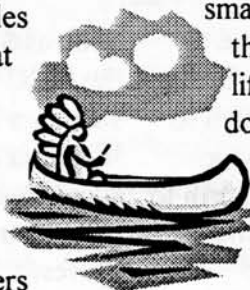
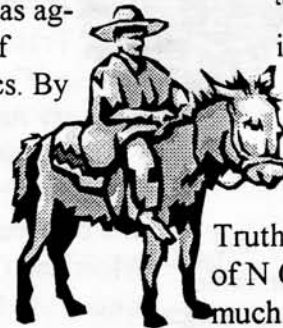
Byrd, the cultivated Virginian aristocrat, is openly contemptuous of those indolent, boorish North Carolinians:

"The Men...impose all the work upon the poor Women. They make their Wives rise out of their Beds early in the Morning, at the same time that they lye and Snore To speak the truth, 'tis a thorough Aversion to Labor that makes People file off to N Carolina, where Plenty and a Warm Sun confirm them in their Disposition to Laziness for their whole Lives."

"The only Business here is raising of Hogs, which is manag'd with the least Trouble, and affords the Diet they are most fond of. The Truth of it is the Inhabitants of N Carolina devour so much Swine's flesh, that it fills them full of gross Humours[It] makes them likewise extremely hoggish in their Temper, and many of them seem to Grunt rather than Speak in their ordinary conversation."

- He suspects a family of being runaway slaves:

"...We came upon a Family of Mulattoes, that call'd themselves free, tho' by the Shyness of the Master of the House, who took care to keep least in Sight, their Freedom seem'd a little Doubtful. It is certain many Slaves Shelter themselves in this Obscure Part of the World, nor will any of their righteous Neighbours discover them. On the Contrary, they find their Account in Settling such Fugitives on some out-of-the-way corner of their Land, to raise Stocks for a mean and inconsiderable Share, well knowing their Condition makes it necessary for



them to Submit to any Terms."

At an Indian village:

"We were unluckily so many, that they cou'd not well make us the Complement of Bed-fellows, according to the Indian Rules of Hospitality, tho' a grave Matron whisper'd one of the Commissioners very civilly in the Ear, that if her Daughter had been but one year Older, she should have been at his Devotion.

"It is by no means a loss of Reputation among the Indians, for amssels that are Single to have Intrigues with the Men, on the contrary, they count it an Argument of Superior Merit to be liked by a great Number of Gallants. However, like the Ladys that Game they are a little Mercenary in their Amours, and seldom bestow their Favours out of Stark Love and Kindness. But after these Women have once appropriated their charms by Marriage, they are from thencefourth faithful to their Vows...."

"...The Indians now use nothing but Fire-Arms which they purchase of the English for Skins. Bows and Arrows are grown into disuse, except only amongst their Boys."

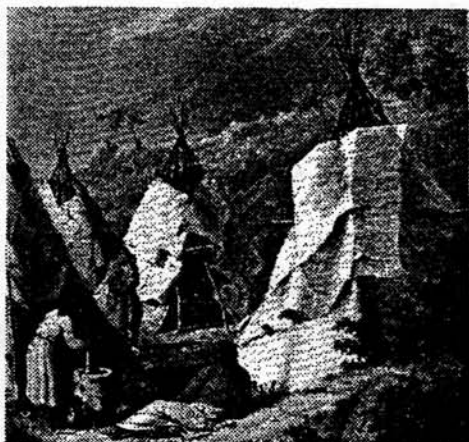
• The travelers arrive at a plantation for a short stay:

"Amongst other Spectators come 2 Girls to see us, one of which was very handsome, and the other very willing. However, we only

saluted them, and if we committed any Sin at all, it was only in our Hearts."

• They halt at an inn:

"My Landlord had unluckily sold our Men some Brandy, which produced much disorder, making some too Cholerick, and others too loving. So that a Damsel who came to assist in the Kitchen wou'd certainly have been ravish't, if her timely consent had not prevented the Violence."



The surveying teams suspended their

work in the Fall of 1728 as the weather turned inclement. They had traveled at least 600 miles, much of it on foot. As the years passed, others continued the work intermittently until 1779 when the boundary was apparently settled. But in later years there was still dissatisfaction with the results. The line was marked only on trees and in time disappeared or became vague. It was not until 1896 that the boundary was firmly established.

EXERCISES THAT DO NO GOOD

- Climbing the walls.
- Dragging your feet.
- Grasping at straws.
- Tilting at windmills.
- Spinning your wheels.
- Jumping the gun.
- Passing the buck.
- Kicking yourself.
- Pushing your luck.
- Stretching the truth.
- Running amock.

—Country Meadows Newsletter, Plant City, FL

CASSETTE

dreams it all is never certain.

For visually impaired readers, the Library of Congress Talking Book Program offers a taped reading of *The Nutcracker* (RC-22240). It has another version as well, but this is a "retelling" aimed at readers in grades 3-6, so grownups may wish to avoid it.

Two collections of E. T. A. Hoffmann's stories are available from Recording for the Blind and Dyslexic. One of these, entitled *The Best Tales of Hoffmann* (shelf number CA1 99), includes "The Nutcracker" and several stories that together form the basis for the libretto of Offenbach's opera, including the tales of the dancing doll and of the man who has his shadow stolen. Also included in this collection is a story called "Tobias Martin, Master Cooper," which may or may not have provided Richard Wagner with the germ of the idea which became *Die Meistersinger*. Six German Romantic Tales (shelf number DF907) is another collection of Hoffmann stories, all different from those included in the previously mentioned volume.

I am not aware of any other source for recorded versions of Hoffmann's tales. The Durham County Public Library has available a number of Hoffmann's works including *The Best Tales of Hoffmann* cited above, but only in standard print versions.

For readers of German, the Library of Congress offers taped, German-language versions of three Hoffmann stories. The Durham library has a four-volume print edition of Hoffmann's works in German.

Bob Blake's

PUZZLE

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

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

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| BABYSIT | DELIGHT | HONEST | MERRY | SIT WITH |
| BALL | FAMILY | HONOR | MUSIC | SLOW |
| BEARD | GAME | HUGS | OLDEN DAYS | SOLACE |
| CANE | GARDEN | HUMBLE | OLD FASHIONED | STORIES |
| CANDY | GIFT | JOLLY | PARENT | STROLL |
| CARE | GIVE | KIND | PHOTOGRAPHS | SUBSTITUTE |
| CHERISH | GRAY HEAD | LIMP | PLAY | SUNSHINE |
| CHILDREN | GUIDANCE | LOVE | PRAYER | TALK |
| CLOSE | HELP | LOVING | READ | TRAVEL |
| CONCERN | HOLIDAY | MEAL | RECREATION | TRUST |
| DEAR | HOME | MEMORIES | RETIRED | WALK |
| | | | SHARE | WISH |