

# THE FORESTER

Volume 4 Issue 3

March 1997

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

## STEVE FISHLER IS NEW EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

After an extensive search by the TFAD Board of Directors, Steve Fishler has been named Executive Director of The Forest At Duke and will assume his new duties in April. Members of the Residents' Association committee who interviewed Fishler during the final selection process have expressed themselves as pleased with the Board's decision and asked everyone to welcome the new director when he assumes his new post.

Fishler has already introduced himself to Foresters in a one-page account of his background, distributed to all residents, and an interview with the new Executive Director will appear in the April issue of *The Forester*.

## SPEEDERS TAKE NOTE

At a recent meeting of the Safety Committee, Tom Fourqurean expressed a concern about speeding automobiles, both those driven by employees and by residents. Consequently, the committee is reminding us that speeders on The Forest streets represent a continuing safety



concern. A resident was nearly struck recently by a speeding vehicle traveling well over the 15-miles-per-hour limit.

Tom is addressing seriously the problem of violations by employees, but the Committee reminds residents that they must do their part by setting a good example. The 15 m.p.h. limit applies to every road in The Forest.

## Duke Gardens Welcome Spring

by Molly Simes

Foresters are in for a treat if they join other visitors this month to the Sarah P. Duke Gardens. In



spite of the recent frost, you'll see some magnificent flowering plants, trees, and shrubs.

Entering the Gardens from the Gothic Gate at the parking lot, wander down the Linden Allee toward the Rose Circle. Although the roses are still dormant, the pansies are set off by unusually green grass. Turn right and pass through the Tile Roof Gate to the Asiatic Arboretum; you may still be able to see some final blossoms from the witch hazel and Okame cherry, near the Seven-Tiered Pagoda. You'll note the Seated Shelter, which is always

attractive, and sitting there, you imagine you're waiting for the tea ceremony.

Cross the pond or stream and climb the hill until you see the



New Bridge on your left with the Japanese Spicebush nearby. Continuing across the hillside on the path between the boulders, you'll have a spectacular view of redbuds, crabapples, cherries and lingering

## VISUAL RESOURCES GROUP SEEKS HELP

TFAD's Visual Resources Group is seeking volunteers to read *The Forester*. Members devote one meeting each month to a reading of this paper. At the same time, a taped copy is made for the use of residents, including Olsen and Holbrook, for future circulation to others who have difficulty reading the printed version. All those with vision problems are invited to attend to hear the reading.

Having a number of different

voices in each issue makes for a varied and interesting reading, and also lessens the burden on individual readers. The group is much in need of more readers.

Reading of the March issue is scheduled for Tuesday, March 25, at 10:30 a.m. in the Class Room. Residents willing to help with the reading are encouraged to attend and take part. As always, those who only want to listen are especially welcome.

See GARDENS on page 8

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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**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 wish to thank all of my many friends at The Forest at Duke for your thoughtful cards, letters, telephone calls, etc. I really appreciate your concern.

Thanks a million.

—John Friedrich

*In Memoriam*

Shirley Day

March 9, 1997

**ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE**

Having chosen English as the preferred language in the EEC, the European Parliament has commissioned a feasibility study of ways to improve efficiency in communications between Government departments.

European officials have often pointed out that English spelling is unnecessarily difficult—for example, cough, plough, rough, through and thorough. What is clearly needed is a phased program of changes to iron out these anomalies. The program would, of course, be administered by a committee staff at top level by participating nations.

In the first year, for example, the committee would suggest using "s" instead of the soft "c" Certainly, sivil servants in all sities would reseive this news with joy. Then the hard "c" could be replaced by "k" sinse both letters are pronounced alike. Not only would this klear up konfusion in the minds of klerikal workers, but typewriters could be made with one less letter.

There would be growing enthusiasm when in the sekond year, it could be announsed that the troublesome "ph" would henseforth be written "f". This would make words like "fotograf" twenty per sent shorter in print.

In the third year, publik akseptanse of the new spelling kan be expekted to reash the stage where more komplikated shanges are possible. Governments would enkourage the removal of double letters which have always been a detertent to akurate speling.

We would al agre that the hori-

**SHORTCHANGING OUR COPYING MACHINE**

One of the conveniences provided for Forest residents is the copying machine in the Library, for which

there is a truly nominal charge of ten cents per copy. At the last periodic checkup, it was found that the machine had been shortchanged by \$50, meaning that a person, or much more likely, several persons, had failed to pay for 500 copies.

If this was the result of forgetfulness, every Forester will understand. If not, miscreants should know they are cheating the rest of us, and if apprehended, will be sent to bed without their milk and cookies.

ble mes of silent "e's" in the languag is disgrasful. Therefor we kould drop thes and kontinu to read and writ as though nothing had hapend. By this tim it would be four years sins the skem began and peopl would be reseptive to steps sutsh as replasing "th" by "z". Perhaps zen ze funktion of "w" kould be taken on by "v", vitsh is, after al, half a "w". Shortly after zis, ze unesesary "o" kould be dropd from words kontaining "ou". Similar arguments vud of kors be aplid to ozer kombinations of leters.

Kontinuing zis proses yer after yer, ve vud eventuli hav a reli sensibl riten styl. After tventi yers zer vud be no mor trubls, difikultis and evrivun vud find it ezi tu understand ech ozer. Ze drems of ze Guvermnt vud finali hav kum tru.

—Courtesy of Harry Owen



## AD-LIB

BY LIBBY GETZ

Thirty or so years ago, someone in San Francisco had a bright idea and turned a chocolate factory into Ghirardelli Square. The idea caught on and all over America industrial sites reinvented themselves. Here in Durham a tobacco factory became Brightleaf Square and in Carrboro weavers gave way to shoppers at Carr Mill. These old places lend charm and character to the shops they house, and are worth investigating.

**Brightleaf Square's** anchor is **Fowler's** which is all a fancy grocery should be with its good wines, good meats, good bakery goods and a dazzling offering of everything to please the palate. In Brightleaf, I tend to gravitate to the two antique shops: **The Lafayette Gallery** and **James Kennedy Antiques**. The Lafayette is full of wonderful things and I found myself fantasizing about a carved Chinese bird cage [\$550] and a Tiffany floor lamp [\$975] but reason prevailed and I left them for someone else. James Kennedy specializes in antique nautical instruments and magnifying glasses with unusual handles [\$48 to \$250]. Pieces of lovely Mandarin Rose China peep from behind telescopes and there are shelf-loads of old apothecary jars. Incidentally, The Forest's Mary Brown's daughter, Novella, is co-owner here. Next door is **Worth and Leggett**, a rare book store and a fun browse--old books, old magazines, old prints. Another intriguing shop is **My Doll Boutique**. In the window is a life-sized doll, a replica of Jacqueline Onassis at about age four, the head

modeled from a photograph. This ought to send grandmothers rummaging in trunks for childhood photos so they could clone themselves for granddaughters. Brightleaf has dress boutiques, art galleries, men's shops, a music store that is one big boom box, and two restaurants, El Rodeo and Nicos.

**El Rodeo** specializes in Mexican food; Speedy Gonzales (1 taco, 1 enchilada, rice and refried beans @ \$3.50) was the headliner on the menu. At **Nicos**, the atmosphere is pure Taverna. Crates of fresh produce and wine, presided over by the statue of a goddess, greet you at the entrance. The headwaiter (owner?) has the look and accent of a true Greek and the menu boasts all the Greek specialties. It is very popular at lunchtime and reservations are recommended. (Phone: 682-0043)

**Brightleaf Square** is at Main Street and Gregson, Durham.

**Carr Mill**. This mall is bookended by Talbots and the Aurora restaurant. Through the red door at **Talbots** you find classic women's clothing, pleasant surroundings and pleasant saleswomen. The mall itself is just a nice stroll and you have time to smell, perhaps not the daisies, but the odors of yesteryear: the cotton oil, the old wood. The **Mandarin Garden** is full of stuff you don't need and **The Gallery Americas** is full of stuff you don't need but would love to have: Raku Pottery, Michael Santella's custom furniture, W. Scott Wilson's watercolors and Isabel Chicquor's silver-print photos. Someday when I feel flush, I am going back for her Nijinsky, Stravinsky

and Kandinsky. You ladies who sew will love **Mulberry Silks**. The fabrics are fabulous, silks gossamer as harem bloomers, soft tweeds, cottons, laces, and every manner of sewing accessory. If you don't sew, they will supply a list of dressmakers. **Equestrian Outfitters** lend chic to the mall, and if you're a nature person, you will be beguiled by **Burt's Bees**. **O'Neill's** is a quiet and comfortable shop for men. They carry those great Bird Dog khaki trousers [\$55] and I spied a handsome camel hair jacket for Best Friend [\$284].

It's lunchtime and we've reached the **Aurora** which has a well-deserved reputation for good Italian food. Ask to be seated in the room with windows. These are great windows--wide and wonderfully tall, and although the view gives out on a parking lot, they let the outside in, sunshine and all.

Lunches are from \$5.95 to \$7.95 plus beverage. My pasta was overcooked, but where isn't it? The portobello mushrooms, sun-dried tomatoes, and crisp asparagus were excellent. An alternate eatery here is my favorite diner, **Elmo's**, good food at bargain prices. Elmo's is opening a branch in Durham in May, where one used to find the Wilted Radish. I suspect the name did in that restaurant.

Sad to report, two excellent Chapel Hill restaurants have bit the dust, the Steamery, whose chef-owner departed town hurriedly leaving behind a mountain of debts, and Mondo Bistro, co-owned by a husband and wife who are divorcing. See you next month.

**Carr Mill** is at Weaver and Greensboro Streets, Carrboro.





## HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH

by Pauline Gratz

When penicillin was first used to treat pneumonia and other infections in 1945, doctors thought they had conquered common bacterial diseases. It soon appeared that winning one battle did not mean the war was over. Today bacteria continue to fight back.

These bugs are very good at living the good life - some reproduce in half an hour. They have evolved in ways that enable them to acquire and pass on mutations, such as antibiotic-resistant genes very rapidly.

The right antibiotic can kill bacteria. However, the disappearance of a susceptible organism gives resistant ones a chance to gain control. If they cause a second bout of illness, the antibiotic that worked the first time will not be effective. The resurgence of tuberculosis (TB) as a problem to public health highlights the importance of drug-resistant bacteria.

In U.S. hospitals some patients are coming down with boils, pneumonia or bloodstream infections caused by certain strains of *Staphylococcus aureus* that are resistant to almost all antibiotics. Other people suffer with urinary tract infections that will not go away with the usual treatment.

Although drug-resistant bacteria have been in the news lately, they are an old problem. Doctors became aware that some bacteria could become resistant against penicillin only a few years after the drug became popular. But because new

antibiotics were becoming available at a dizzying pace, doctors and patients remained complacent.

Today there are about 150 different kinds of antibiotics that fall into six major classes and that kill or inactivate bacteria in several ways. Most antibiotics can have either a broad or narrow spectrum of activity. Broad spectrum drugs inactivate a wide variety of bacteria. Narrow spectrum drugs act on fewer organisms. Although people might think that broad-spectrum drugs are superior, they are more likely to produce drug-resistant strains. Narrow-spectrum antibiotics are usually more effective and cheaper.

People can take a more active role in preventing the development and spread of drug-resistant bacteria. The first step is to resist the impulse to insist a physician prescribe an antibiotic when the problem is a viral infection, such as a cold or bout of influenza. Frivolous antibiotic use enhances the evolution of drug-resistant bacteria.

When antibiotics are prescribed for a bacterial infection it is important to take all the pills on schedule even if the symptoms have abated. Feeling better doesn't mean the harmful bacteria have been eradicated. Using antibiotics correctly is like obeying traffic laws. Even though it may seem inconvenient to wait for a turn signal, doing so ensures a safer trip.

Evidence is growing that religion can be good medicine. Dale A. Matthews of Georgetown University, along with other researchers, reviewed 212 studies and found that three-fourths of the pro-

## Library Bookends

by Jean Weil



The Library is jumping these days. It is getting more use than ever. Since it is income tax time, we want to remind you that there are some extra forms for both Federal and North Carolina in the Annex. If you need them, copy them, so that there will be enough for all.

We know that the Library is there for people to borrow things, but occasionally some things disappear that should stay in the room. The black stapler that was in the computer desk is missing. If you borrowed it, please return it. In the meantime, Julia Chu has lent us one of hers.

Some of the reference books are not to be taken from the Library. Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* is one of those, but it is not on the shelf right now. Please return it because other people want to use it.

Glen Arrington has been taking our catalogs and old magazines to the recycling bins which were at South Square Mall. The recycling bins have been moved to the big Kroger's store on Hillsborough Road and Glen will now take them there.

We have just received some new shelves which will help to alleviate our crowding problem. In the meantime, take out more books!

ple showed a positive effect of religious commitment on health.

"People who attend church are physically healthier...less depressed," said Dr. Harold C. Koenig of Duke University Medical Center.



## CASSETTE CRITIC'S CORNER

by George M. Chandler



During the past couple of weeks, I have listened to a half-dozen of the plays of William Shakespeare in a variety of recorded versions. Essentially, there are two ways of presenting a play in an audio format. It can be read by a single reader, who will normally set the scene as it changes and identify the character whose lines are being spoken. The second is to assemble a cast of actors and present the play as if it were being acted on stage, in the form familiar in radio dramatizations. The recordings available from the Library of Congress and Recording for the Blind and Dyslexic (which are restricted to use by those with limited vision eligible to use their services) are in the single-reader format. The commercial recordings and those offered by the Public Library are fully acted performances.

Turning first to the acted versions, the Durham County Public Library has a number of Shakespeare's plays available on tape, and I am told by a member of the staff that the Library has ordered 15 new ones to fill out its collection and replace worn-out copies. I called the OASIS service and promptly had recordings of the only two of the plays on the shelves at the time, *The Tempest* and *Love's Labor Lost*, delivered to me here at the Forest. Both proved to be splendid performances. *Love's Labor Lost* for example, starred Michael and Vanessa Redgrave presumably as Prospero and Miranda, although nowhere on

the cassettes or the container was this made clear.

The acted versions can be a delight to listen to, as long as one has some acquaintance with the play. However, they normally provide little or no help to the listener. There is, for instance, no selling of the changing scenes, and in many of Shakespeare's plays the scenes are widely varied and changes are frequent. Most acted versions do not contain even a printed list naming the characters and the actors assigned to play their parts.

Most of the acted-out versions of Shakespeare that I have seen feature well-known, and often world-famous, actors: John Gielgud, Margaret Leighton, Derek Jacobi, the Redgraves, and Stanley Holloway, to name a few. I know of no source from which the acted versions can be rented, but as noted, the Durham Library has, or soon will have, a good supply, and they can readily be found for sale at local bookstores.

The versions offered by the Library of Congress Talking Book Program are read by a single reader, and the Library has assigned them to the very best people in their wide stable of actors and experienced readers. These versions have the advantage of providing the listener with as much background information as might be desired. At the same time, the explanatory material need not be intrusive. In the recording of *Richard II* for example, the entire play is read through twice, once as written, with no interruptions except to note the act and scene changes, and a second time with the notes provided in the edition selected, explaining the histori-

cal setting and defining any words or expressions likely to be unfamiliar to modern readers. The edition selected may also contain essays on the play or the period by the editor or other contributors, and these, too, can be listened to or not as desired.

Notes can be helpful, even to a fairly sophisticated reader. In listening to the Library of Congress version of *As You Like It*, I found the commentary interesting but hardly essential, the language of the play being relatively straightforward and the story familiar. However, I would have welcomed some help, which was not forthcoming, in listening to the acted version of *Love's Labors Lost*. It would have been helpful to have had the assistance of an editor able to explain the many Tudor-era puns and the language of the scenes devoted to the parody of pseudo-scholarly 16th century pedants.

Recording for the Blind might be considered a source of last resort for Shakespearean plays. Its strength lies in the fact that it has every play available; its weakness is in its readers, who are amateur volunteers. Also, RFB usually uses what are essentially student editions of the plays, which means that there are likely to be frequent interruptions to read explanatory notes. This can be either very annoying or very helpful, depending on the individual listener's mood or need to have Elizabethan-age language and references explained.

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The IRS estimates that the average American family spends 27 hours a year to keep records and prepare an itemized IRS Form 1040.

— Source: H & R Block

## BOOK NOTES

BY JOHN TEBBEL



It's not easy these days to find anything but thrillers or more stories of dysfunctional families among the fiction offerings, but here are a pair with something more to recommend them.

We can always rely on Mary Wesley, can't we? She's 80 now and shows no sign of slowing down. In April, we'll have her new one, *Part of The Furniture*, and it's another heartwarmer, about a May-and-December love affair. The scene is World War II London, and Juno Marlow is rescued from death in an air raid by a stranger, who dies a few hours later, but not before giving her a letter to be delivered to his father. He turns out to be a handsome 60-year-old widower, who takes Juno under his wing (so to speak) in his Cornwall estate. For what happens next, you'll have to read the book. Juno proves to be one of Ms. Wesley's most enchanting characters and her comedy of manners a satisfying love story.

One of the best historical novels to come along for some time is *The Secret Diary of Anne Boleyn*, by Robin Maxwell, also in April. The diary is secretly delivered to Elizabeth I as she ascends the throne, and in it Liz finds out what really happened to Anne before she lost her head. Maxwell re-creates the Elizabethan world, with all its intrigues, both national and international, in a superb tour-de-force that reveals, among many other things, why Anne never got married.

Everyone who enjoys first-class narrative knows John McPhee's work, so it's a pleasure to report

that his latest collection of adventures, *Irons In The Fire*, will be with us next month. You'll find him in various places--an auction of exotic cars, with a mason busy repairing the cracks in Plymouth Rock, exploring the primeval woodlands of New Jersey---but wherever he is, he tells us what he sees in the graceful, informative, meditative prose that has made him so much admired.

An unusual travel book is Howard Frank Mosher's *North Country: A Personal Journey Through the Borderland*. The borderland he's talking about is the territory along the line that divides Canada from the United States. In 1993, Mosher traveled along that line from Maine to the Pacific coast, stopping to talk and explore along the way. This is essentially a rural, almost hidden world, in a sense, but Mosher's revealing journey tells us a lot we didn't know about both countries. Coming in May.

Some people who live in CCCs feel that they see enough of doctors without reading their books, but sometimes what the docs have to say is too good to miss, like *Judith's Pavilion: The Haunting Memories of A Neurosurgeon*, by Marc Flitter, M.D. (April) This surgeon's prose is as clean and precise as his scalpel, but at the same time it contrives to be lyrical, even beautiful, as well. His tales of a 20-year practice are gripping, moving, often heartbreaking. As one reader says, "a truly remarkable book."

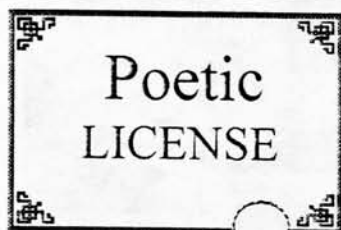
Still another out-of-the-ordinary travel book is John Campbell's *In Darwin's Wake: Revisiting Beagle's South American Anchorages*. With his wife and a small crew, Campbell followed the path of Darwin's famous *Beagle* around South America

on the *Thalassi*, an 83-foot luxury ketch. They were sometimes joined by the boat's owner, referred to as "the Boss." This is not an examination of what Darwin found, but a look at what Campbell and the others discovered in Brazil's offshore islands, Rio de Janeiro, the Falklands, around Cape Horn (twice), the Beagle Channel, Punta Arenas, and up the Chilean coast. Campbell enlivens his story with interpolations of Darwin's account of the same journey. Available now.

Here's that rarity, a book by an academic, the greatest living authority on his subject, who writes brilliantly for the general reader. He is Professor N.G.L. Hammond and his book is *The Genius of Alexander the Great*, available now from the U.N.C. Press. Hammond's book is the result of a lifetime's research, and it brings superbly to life the man who pacified Greece, destroyed the Persian Empire, and brought Greek civilization to the Indus River and beyond. If you want to know why Alexander was "Great," you won't find a better explanation.

This has been an exceptional season for books about golf. In May, there'll be another winner, with *Golf's Greatest Championship: The 1960 United States Open*, by Julian I. Graubart. For those with short memories, the course was the Cherry Hill Country Club, in Denver, and the players included Ben Hogan, Sam Snead, Arnold Palmer, Gary Player, and Jack Nicklaus (only 20 and still an amateur). For \$10 million and a new set of clubs, who won? Palmer, with an amazing final round of 65. Nicklaus was second, and eight players were only three strokes apart from each other. Tee up!





### "HELLO DOLLY"

You have to know a lot  
as a scientist today,  
and seek the right position  
that allows you full sway.

Some may never make it  
no matter their aspirations  
Bunsen burners, test tubes,  
their lives full of frustration.

But, a team of white-frosted Scots  
hit the jackpot, by golly,  
they cloned a lamb in their lab,  
introduced us to "Miss Dolly".

Whether this will go anywhere  
no one can say for sure,  
others have tried before  
the human race to make pure.

As for creating offspring,  
if I may have my say,  
--"Don't mess with Mother Nature's  
tried and true, old fashion way."

—ellen cheek dozier



### Wisdom

I did not know  
'til youth was passing by,  
that wisdom's essence lay  
in haunting compromise.

I did not know  
acceptance meant,  
forsaking many dreams,  
... and my diminishment.

I did not know  
the cost of my tranquility...  
How dear this price of truce  
old age offered to my youth.

—Florence Manning



### Musical Madness for March

Young Mozart was such a wee fellow,  
He said, "I can't handle the cello.  
"I'll play the klavier  
"To pay for my beer,  
"And write canons when I'm feeling mellow."

While playing the Schubert Octet,  
The cellist-who'd got his feet wet-  
Greatly startled the crowd  
By sneezing out loud;  
His colleagues now form a septet.

—George Chandler

### Chuckles

by Dorothy Zutant



A hobo knocked on the door of  
a house in an affluent suburb.

"Mister," he said to the home-  
owner, "I need some money for food.  
Do you have any odd jobs I could do  
for you?"

"Well," the man said. "I have a  
porch at the side of the house that  
needs painting. Can you do that?"

"Sure, I can paint," the hobo said.

"Okay, fine," the man said and  
handed him a pail of yellow paint and  
a large brush, "When you're finished  
painting the porch, I'll give you  
twenty dollars."

"It's a deal," said the hobo who  
went around to the side of the house  
with the bucket of yellow paint. In fif-  
teen minutes, he was back. The home-  
owner said, "finished already?"

"Oh, sure, it was easy," replied  
the hobo.

"I'm amazed " the man said  
handing him a twenty dollar bill, "I  
never knew anyone could paint a  
porch in fifteen minutes."

"It wasn't hard," the hobo  
replied. "And by the way, it isn't a  
porch, it's a Mercedes."



**Forester Profile**  
**ANNA DEAN**  
*by John Tebbel*

Anna Dean, The Forest's new nutritionist, is a rolling stone who has at last come to rest in North Carolina. Like so many American children whose fathers have movable jobs, Anna began life in her native Ohio but then lived in a succession of places, including the island of St. Thomas, as her engineer father, a specialist troubleshooter who worked for the Department of Defense and private companies, moved around the country involved with everything from power plants to artificial intelligence mechanisms.

Her progress through a variety of secondary schools ended at last when she entered Central State College, in Yellow Springs, Ohio. She went on to North Carolina State, specializing in the biological sciences.

After a brief period teaching high school science, Anna went to UNC-Chapel Hill for graduate study, earning her master's degree in health and nutrition. She did public health work in Wilson County schools and with the WIC (Women, Infants, and Children) organization before she came to The Forest in January. In the field of public health and nutrition, Anna's training is the equivalent of an RN with a nutrition specialty.

Her marriage last September was a spectacular affair, through no fault of her own. A week before the event, she and her fiancé, Joseph, kitchen manager in a well

known Raleigh restaurant, had planned a reception for 300 wedding guests in a rented facility. It happened to be the night Hurricane Fran blew through town. Some guests left very early; those who lingered stayed too long and had to spend the night. The wedding itself, scheduled for a week later, was to be held in her mother's backyard, which unfortunately was strewn with the remains of seven fallen trees. An intensive cleanup made the ceremony possible--just in time.

It's a fortunate marriage in more ways than one, since both are in the food business. Joseph's job involves cooking, and Anna herself is a qualified operator in the kitchen. They cook together, she says, sometimes even competitively, so her house is a good place to drop in if it's dinnertime. In her spare hours, Anna reads a lot, especially cookbooks, loves doing crossword puzzles, and goes outside to jog regularly. If you ask her where she'd like to vacation, there's only one answer---the beach.

She's a qualified expert scuba diver.

Anna and Joseph have a dog, half shepherd and half chow, named Crew, a shortened version of the wicked witch's name in *101 Dalmatians*. She eats well too.

**GARDENS from page 1**  
 magnolias. The fragrance of the daphnes will lure you on, as will the colorful poker-like Chinese redbuds.

At this point, it's hard to choose, whether to cross the Iris Bridge, because the walks on either side of the pond are worthwhile. On the west side, you'll find the Japanese apricot, pictured on the



February Duke Gardens calendar, photos by Ed Albrecht. Hurricane Fran's damage is being replaced along here. At the dam, the weeping willow is displaying its spring green. Look for the redwood benches and copper-roofed lantern, which Phil Eshelman and his son created: you'll find them in a lovely setting just past the Zigzag Bridge.

Even with bare branches, the Dawn redwood is a marvel, descended from prehistoric times. Now you'll be entering the Terraces near the Fish Pond, and in a position to see the full beauty of the redbuds, cherries, crabapples, andromeda, winter jasmine, spiked winter hazel, and Lenten roses.

From the top of the Rock Garden, near the Waterfall, with the sun behind you in the late afternoon, you'll see the pansies in the Terraces at their best. Go on to the Pergola, turn right at Azalea Court, and there are the new Camellia Gardens and their gorgeous blossoms. In the Blomquist Garden, look for the trilliums, bloodroot, bluets, spring beauties, trout lilies, rue anemone and other native ephemeral wild flowers which should be in bloom. Hurry, they won't last long. On your way out, note the Perennial Border, now well established with handsome plants showing colorful foliage and interesting textures.

Enjoy!





## ARTY-FACTS

### CONFESSIONS OF AN OPERA ADDICT

to Charlotte Cassels

Every now and then we can truly find out what makes a person tick, and this month in *The Forester* we have an opportunity to do just that. Our own Julia Negley has bared her operatic soul for "Arty Facts" as she writes about her greatest love as follows:

When Charlotte Cassels asked me to write about opera for *The Forester*, I refused because I am not an opera scholar nor a trained musician. However, mere lovers of opera must constitute the audience and to me that is a delight, so I will try to explain my habit.

Although conditioned at home by early Red Seal records of Caruso, Galli-Curi, and others, I heard my first opera at the age of 12. Probably the San Carlo Company's *Carmen* that I saw in Evansville, Indiana, was dreadful, but it seemed wonderful to me, and I have been hopelessly hooked ever since. To me, opera has everything, combining as it does drama, dance, vocal and orchestral music. For long periods of my life, no opera was available other than the Saturday broadcasts of the Metropolitan, but the love persisted.

Graduate work at the University of Chicago offered the added attraction of the Lyric Opera, and as often as I could manage a fifty-cent seat in the gallery, I became a part of that audience. Also I was twice a

"super" (opera talk for extra), making my "debut" in *Faust* on the same stage with Ezio Pinza, and adding one to the cafe scene in *La Boheme*, with Grace Moore.

Came "the war" in 1942, when my husband volunteered, and we spent all of it in Texas. No opera was there at that time. Nor did Durham or Raleigh offer any in 1946 when we came to Duke, except for the occasional appearance of a traveling company, and trips to New York were not frequent for impecunious professors.

In 1953, our first sabbatical brought forth months in Europe, and opera whenever possible, especially while living in Vienna. Even though everything was sung in German and "Die Macht des Schicksal" is a far cry from "La Forza del Destino," happiness is a good opera seat for under a dollar to hear such wonders as George London in *Boris Godunov*, even though he sang in Russian and everyone else in German.

From then on, more travel meant more opera, and since I have been alone, I've found that my two favorite things--opera and travel--can be combined. Having discovered a company for performing arts travel that suits me well, I can get a "fix" for my habit as often as I can possibly afford it, and have made fifty-nine such trips at home and abroad. As long as I am physically able and not a nuisance, I will continue to feed my habit, and at the moment I contemplate at least four more trips in 1997.

Addiction is a bad condition, but what a pleasure it is to fix

## AMONG THE TREES



As the years go by, many of us senior citizens have a bit of trouble with our memory. Not so with everyone; witness Vella Johnson. She has an amazing power of recall, knows the first and last name of every one of our residents no matter whether they are original entrants or new arrivals. Also she can tell you a bit about almost everyone here---If you're right-handed and don't want an exercise in adaptability, for goodness sake when you fall, let the left side take the brunt. Ask Loie Watts or Sarah Hobbs for an opinion on this. Mary Light was keen enough when she took her tumble to see that her broken finger was the left pinky---Many former patients at Duke Hospital, including Babs Hickson, are grateful to Harriet Fine for the goodies produced in her kitchen---Isn't it amazing how so many of our kids can gravitate to far flung places? For example: the Ropps have a son who has been living in Australia for over 27 years, the Swigers' son is prominent in the business world in Indonesia, the Simes' daughter represents a U.S. college in England, the Prestons' two sons are settled down in Canada, and Lorene Hammial's son is a noted poet in Australia and has received recognition and honors from the



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## LOOKING FOR MARCIA DAVENPORT

by Libby Getz

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following account of Libby Getz's journey to Prague was lengthy but too good to cut, so we are printing it in installments of which this is the first. The remainder will appear in the next issue.*)



Some people go to the Czech Republic for the castles, some for the Baroque architecture, some for the music. I went to find the place where Marcia Davenport lived. Some years ago I read her marvelous *Too Strong For Fantasy* and have never forgotten her description of the beautiful Prague apartment where she lived while having her affair with Jan Masaryk. The affair ended with his defenestration (or suicide) when the Communists took over in 1948. I prefer to think defenestration as it's the Czech way to dispose of political opponents.

In late April, I headed for the Czech Republic with a group of Smith alumnae guided by a fireball of a Scot, Lucy Abel-Smith. The knowledgeable Lucy led us a merry chase, only occasionally slowing to a trot. Few sights were left unseen.

Finding Marcia's flat was not going to be easy. The way was fraught with obstacles--castles to be seen, museums to be explored, music to be heard. Lucy knew nothing about Marcia but promised on the last day of our two-week tour that

we would be in her neighborhood and there would be time between visiting the Presidential Rooms in Hradcany Castle and the Mucha House, to explore.

The tour began with castle-hopping in Bohemia and Moravia. Czech nobles were great on real estate, owning not one but several elaborate, multi-roomed castles. They bought and sold entire villages; even bishoprics were traded with the ease one acquires a condo in Florida.

Our first castle was a stunner, well worth the steep climb on foot, on slippery cobblestones. Cesky-Krumlov is an amazing place of endless, ornate rooms. Two of the rooms are the stuff of dreams. One, the Hall of Masks, was created by Lederer in 1748. He let his amazing imagination run wild and the result is what must be the most delightful ballroom anywhere. Its walls are peopled with trompe l'oeil, life-sized commedia dell'arte characters flirting, drinking, sauntering, doing all the things guests do at a ball. Long splinters of mirror intermingle, reflecting the light of a dozen crystal chandeliers. The whole ballroom twinkles so that the scene hardly needs humans to add to the festivities. Close by is the second fantasy, a gem-like theatre, preserved as it was in the 18th century. It is painted a pale green, with garlands adorning the walls and the ceiling afloat with heavenly creatures. The seating reveals how class distinctions extended even to posteriors--bare wooden benches in the back, cushioned ones down front. The old scenery sets are still preserved and 18th century costumes hang about, perhaps waiting for a traveling troupe to claim them.

Memory is selective so only the highlights remain of the many other castles. Hluboka Nad Vlatov is a horror, a 19th century copy of Windsor Castle, all dark paneling, wall-to-wall ancestors and an armory. By contrast, the Renaissance chateau at Bucovice is a delight. Graceful arcades loop over balconies surrounding a courtyard. Inside are vaulted rooms of human dimensions. One can imagine a cozy chat, a bridge game--except one's eye is drawn to the ceilings. They are incredibly fantastic. In one chamber Zeus juts out of a lunette, Emperor Charles V out of another. My favorite is the one with hares scampering about overhead, dressed to the nines in satins, laces, and plumed hats--banqueting, hunting, painting, having a splendid time.

As we drove past Austerlitz on a misty morning, Lucy read us Tolstoy's description of the battle and it was easy to imagine Napoleon's soldiers rising out of the fog to surprise and defeat the army of the three emperors.

The castle at Kromeriz has an impressive art collection--a Titian, a Van Dyke, Cranachs and Breughels. Our Czech guide, a slip of a girl, ended her dissertation in a huge ballroom cum assembly hall. Her last words said, she raised her voice in a Czech song about freedom. Her clear soprano lifting skyward was like the song of a bird released from its cage.

At the town of Brno, we stopped to visit Villa Tugendhat. The house was like a cup of cool water after too much hot chocolate. Mies van der Rohe has choreographed a masterpiece out of glass.

Continued on next page



wood, and marble, and has so placed it that the outdoors becomes part of the villa. It was so stunning it took my breath away.

There were the Lobkowicz castles in the process of being restored, one by Boston-bred Prince William, the other by Prince George, who has installed a winery in his cellars. We were treated to a wine sampling. The consensus of our group was that the Prince was not on to a good thing.

The social highlight of our two weeks was a day at Castelovice with a private lunch hosted by its chatelaine, Diana Phipps, the Countess Sternberg. The Czech-born countess spent her teen years in the States, married an American, and was widowed young. After many years in London she returned to the Czech Republic at the invitation of President Havel. The years of Russian occupation had left Castelovice in chaotic condition. The castle had served as a prison, a warehouse, and finally as a dormitory for migrant Polish workers. Everything had to be put back together--flooring installed, ceilings restored, windows glazed. It was a task to defeat a lesser woman, but the Countess is not a lesser woman. The roof went on. The ceilings went up. Like a newborn slapped, the castle sprang to life. The principal rooms are open to the public for a fee and Diana has recently opened a wing as an elegant bed-and-breakfast. We did the tour, marveling at the castle begun



in the 13th century as a water stronghold and embellished over the centuries by various owners. The set piece here is the Knights' Hall, a room of enormous proportions, with a painted Renaissance ceiling depicting the stories of the Old Testament.

The formula for castle decoration would seem to be lots of gilt and white paint, crystal chandeliers, an endless parade of ancestor portraits, and then concentrate on making a statement with the ceilings. Czechs must spend a lot of time on their backs.

Lunch was a whiff of what life must have been like in Czechoslovakia before the world wars. A long narrow table was laid in the Orangerie, and an orchestra played at one end. There were 22 of us, plus Lucy, her two assistants, our hostess, her handsome estate manager, and her cousin, Count Kinsky. A hundred or more tiny vases paraded down the center of the table, each filled with wild flowers. Wine flowed. Conversation flowed. Young villagers passed platters of food. We were in another world.

After lunch, we went to Count Kinsky's place to see what a castle looks like after forty years of Communist abuse and before restoration. The Count is a giant of a man with a giant task ahead of him. He and his wife live in an apartment over the stables, along with the stored ceilings of the main house. The six-foot-four-inch Count is a charmer who has endured much. The Communists held him in solitary confinement for years and then forced him to work in the uranium mines.

*(To be continued in the April issue.)*

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government there---Helen Francis deserves much credit for the quiet but effective job that she does in organizing religious services in our health center---If you need any information on the background or history of the Music Department at Duke ask Dorothy Bone. She has been intimately connected to it---If you like to greet new arrivals to The Forest, Mr. and Mrs. Mallard have just taken residence in our pond---Reports are that the TFAD Chorus



has been bolstered by new additions and is sounding very good--- Since the stories of mythology have become somewhat dim in our memories, many tend to think primarily of Sicily as the land of the Mafia. Not so, say June and Bob Northwood. They report it is a lovely, scenic and spotlessly clean country---There is a New England connection among many of our members. Bernice Bergson and Art Watts have retained their Boston twang. Margo Casady, Mildred Fuller, Ruth Watson, and Madeline Hawkins were apparently not there long enough to absorb it into their lingo---While we lead our lives of ease and comfort at The Forest, perhaps it would be appropriate occasionally to reflect on the wise old thought, "To whom much is given, much will be expected."

—Woodchuck



Bob Blake's

**PUZZLE**

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

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

## GOOD MAINTENANCE

ABLE	CHORE	EVEN	INDEX	POLITE
ACCOMPLISH	CLOSE	EXCEL	KEEN	PROVIDE
ACCURATE	COMPOSE	FAITHFUL	LABOR	QUIET
ACTION	DANDY	FILE	LEAD	QUICK
ADJUST	DIGEST	FIRM	LIST	REPAIR
ADMIRE	DIRECT	FURNISH	MANAGE	SOLVE
ALERT	DUTY	FRIENDLY	MEND	STRENGTH
ARRANGE	EDIT	GENUINE	NICE	SURE
BETTER	EQUIP	GROUP	ORGANIZE	SWEAT
CAREFUL	EXACT	IDEAL	PLEASANT	TASK
CARING	EXPERT	IMMACULATE	PLUG	TOIL