

THE FORESTER

Volume 4 Issue 4

April 1997

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

NEWS FROM THE PIT

by Bill Goldthorp



Wednesday, April 30th, will be Kathy Crapo's last day at The Forest, and there will be a party to wish James and Kathy well in the new challenges ahead for both of them. As has been said many times, without their great idea, none of us would be here today. The vision required and the planning and effort to pull together all aspects of this huge project--which became the Forest at Duke--was a truly Herculean task. We certainly owe Kathy and James our heartfelt thanks for making it possible for us to become a very happy family.

Inevitably there have been glitches along the way, and differences of opinion on management philosophy. I sincerely believe that a fresh, new management style can be beneficial as we meet future challenges for living in the five-star facility the Crapos are leaving behind.

Steve Fishler's first day at TFAD is April 21st. He is a talented, energetic, and well-qualified person to lead us. We welcome him as our new Executive Director. Steve is very eager to assume his new position, and his wife, Heidi, and their two young children are also looking forward to moving here.

EMPLOYEE OF THE YEAR HONORS GIVEN

Six TFAD employees were named as Employee of the Year in their departments, and Shirley Hutty, Supervisor for Nursing Services, not only won the honor in her department but was acclaimed as The Forest's Employee of the Year (see Profile in this issue). The honors were the climax of Employee Appreciation Week last month, and plaques were given to the winners at a Celebration Dinner in the Museum of Life and Science.

Karen Fullett won the Administration award. An accounting specialist, she has been with The Forest since November 1995, coming to us from Chicago, where she was a Senior Accountant and Financial Accountant. She's expecting her first child this spring.

In Dining Services, Jessica Griggs was the winner (see Profile in our February issue).

A familiar figure to Foresters is Carol Reynolds, RN,

Supervisor of the Wellness Center, who won the award for Health Services. Carol took her RN diploma at Memorial Hospital School of Nursing in Danville, Va. and has been our Staff RN since July 1993.

Employee of the Year for Housekeeping is Robert Burnett, Lead Houseperson, a well known figure at TFAD to both employees and residents, especially in the Community Center and the Nursing Department.

In Facility Services, the award went to John Huff, Maintenance Assistant. He has been a professional painter for almost 25 years.

Winners' plaques are on display opposite the library elevator.

SMILEY HAS NEW BOOK

Keith Smiley is the author of a new paperback, *The Importance of Networking*, the result of two years' work. Illustrated with numerous black-and-white photos and drawings, the 24-page volume, complete with references, is at once a history and analysis of networking, and Keith's own experience. Its 22 short chapters begin with "Networkers I Have Known," and ends with "The Thought Process." He hopes to place it on sale soon in the Gift Shop.

Let's welcome Steve Fishler at the residents' quarterly meeting in the auditorium on Monday, April 21st, at 2 p.m. And on April 30th, let's give James and Kathy a rousing sendoff at their farewell party, which will be held in the Rose Garden from 4 p.m. to 7 p.m.

—Bill Goldthorp

The Forester

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

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

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Residents are invited to write letters to the Editor for publication, subject to space limitations. Topics should be of general interest to our readers. Letters must be signed and should be typewritten and limited to 200 words or less. Views expressed in letters are those of the writer and are not necessarily those of *The Forester*.

No letters this month. —Ed.

Duke economics professor and TFAD resident Martin Bronfenbrenner has been named a Distinguished Fellow of the American Economics Association. He says he still can't pick stocks worth a damn, but qualifies as an Exhibit "A" in Stanley and Danko's new book, *The Millionaire Next Door*.

TAKING CARE OF ALZHEIMER'S

Speaking to the regular meeting of caucus chairmen and chairwomen in the Party Room last month, Diane Long, Director of Nursing Services, gave an encouraging report on the developing program for Alzheimer's patients in Holbrook.

Describing a characteristic discovery of the disease, Ms Long told the story of a woman who went to a party, and after leaving it, could not remember how to get home. In Holbrook, this kind of confusion has been recognized by the creation of the Wandering Garden, perhaps the most successful therapy available at Holbrook, and one much enjoyed by the patients. Special field trips also help to give patients a sense of freedom not frustrated by confusion. Music programs performed by musicians from outside the Forest also help provide a feeling of being in touch with the world.

The Holbrook staff sees to it that those who wish to can go to church, and exercise routines have been designed to help them to keep physically fit. In these cases, the disconnection between past memory, which is inclined to be good, and the present is helped by the 1950s kitchen, which becomes a link between past and present for many.

A hard-to-see executive was surprised one day when his secretary brought in a homing pigeon. She said it was left by a salesman who had been trying to see the executive for weeks. A note attached to the pigeon's leg read, "If you want to know more about our product, just throw our representative out the window."

—Source: *On the Upbeat*

EDITORIAL

At the end of this month, TFAD begins a new chapter in its remarkable history with the departure of its co-founder and Executive Director, Kathy Crapo, and the arrival of her successor, Steve Fishler. To Kathy, *The Forester* says "thanks, bon voyage and best wishes." To Steve, we say, "Welcome aboard."

We often hear the phrase "like family" and in the four-plus short years of its history, The Forest has taken on just that kind of family atmosphere. People care about each other, and they care about the unique place we live in. We've given fresh meaning to the word "volunteerism," both officially and unofficially. There have been major and minor bumps along the way, as one might expect, and although we're not always in agreement about specifics, also to be expected, we've become a group of men and women who want to help make things work, and if possible or needed, to work better.

The conduct of human affairs being what it is, no one can predict what the next chapter is going to bring in our institutional life. But if there's one thing the new Director can be sure of as we all embark on Phase Two of Forest history, it is the dedication of residents to making this institution a model of its kind. That's one thing on which we can all agree.

—John Tebbel

In Memoriam

Babs Hickson	March 20
Shirley Graichen	March 26
Carol Hansen	April 14

AD-LIB

BY LIBBY GETZ

If you think that bell ringer in the **Duke Chapel tower** is some Quasimodo swinging on the end of a rope, think again. He is Sam Hammond, a talented musician and a charming gentleman who happens, also, to be involved with Duke's Rare Books Collection. Manipulating the carillon is a very physical challenge and the picture of Mr. Hammond at work is one of flying fists and stomping feet as he extracts sound from his massive keyboard. Each afternoon his bells toll the hour, five, followed by his carillon music. We were privy to this recital and it was fascinating. Mr Hammond doesn't mind company. Call him in advance to arrange a trip to the tower (660-5832). Be on time— 4:45pm—and limit your group. The tiny elevator holds four. The view from the top is great, too, but then when isn't it?

Now is a marvelous time to smell the daisies and a lot else too at the **Sarah P. Duke Gardens**. Treat your friends to a trolley ride through that gorgeous place. \$25.00 gets you a driver-tour guide and room for five passengers (can even cram a skinny sixth and seventh). Call 684-3698 to reserve.

Bells, flowers, spring -- can alfresco dining be far behind? But where to go? A few suggestions: The first place that comes to mind is **The Market at Fearrington** where you can dine in or "out". "Out" is the terrace or the garden in front or the picnic tables on the hill alongside. Fearrington is home to a herd of Belted Galloway cattle, Indian Runner ducks, bespoke sheep and lovely gardens. It's country at its best. The food is good--The Market Pasta is \$8.75, the grilled chicken

salad, the same price.

The Village of Fearrington is nine miles south of Chapel Hill on U.S. 15-501.

Another pleasant spot is **The Top of The Hill**--atop no hill--merely the bank at the intersection of Franklin St. and Columbia Road in Chapel Hill. The decor of the room you enter is enhanced by the gleaming copper vats of this micro-brewery and the whole restaurant is enhanced by its wraparound open-air terrace. Lunch is better than dinner and good weather is best of all because you can sit "out" and view the student activity on Franklin Street three stories below. The usual pasta-salad-hamburger menu is offered at very reasonable prices and Best Friend pronounced the home brew excellent.

In an old cottage at 2694 Chapel Hill Blvd., Durham, you will find a Martha Stewart disciple holding forth. **Fosters** has a front porch as all old cottages do and this holds several tables for your alfresco breakfast or lunch. The atmosphere here is yuppie primitive (chicken tarragon and paper plates). The booths must have been salvaged from a garage sale and the tables scattered about have an improvised look. The clientele is young, some very young. Twice I've seen mothers nursing babies in the booths. The food is good, imaginative and somewhat pricey. They offer lovely soups, salads, muffins, desserts to have there or to take out. If the man behind the counter looks familiar it's Grady who used to wait in our dining room.

I owe apologies to Mary Brown. Last month I spelled her daughter's name Novella. It should be Norvell.

Always remember that it's not who you know in this world that counts, it's whom.

RESIDENTS HEAR ABOUT CHINA

Three Foresters heard Sidney Rittenberg, Edward Bernstein Professor of History at UNC-Chapel Hill discuss the future of China, at a March 27th meeting of the United Nations Association's local chapter in Squid's Restaurant. Bill Goldthorp, a member, brought Bob Northwood and John Tebbel as guests, and Betsy Close, another member, was also present.

Prof. Rittenberg gave his listeners, a record attendance, what proved to be an essentially optimistic view of China's future following the recent death of Deng Xiaoping, the nation's leader. Having just returned from Beijing the week before, Rittenberg related a luncheon conversation with several businessmen from Hong Kong, who assured him that China, not Hong Kong, would change because the new leaders of the Communist Party were men with engineering degrees, who would essentially put technology ahead of ideology when they took over the British colony on July 1. While he made no predictions, Prof. Rittenberg also emphasized that China considers both Tibet and Taiwan as parts of China and, by implication, would not tolerate their independence.

Prof. Rittenberg's own association with China has been a contradictory one. An Army-trained linguist in World War II, he stayed in China when the war ended, joined the Communist Party, worked as a translator for the news service, fell out with the authorities, and served

See CHINA on page 8



HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH

by Pauline Gratz

Solid research has demonstrated that an activity as simple as keeping pets can protect our health from threats such as heart disease and hypertension, can increase our life expectancy, and can help protect us from some physical and mental problems that loneliness and isolation frequently cause. Touching the fur of a dog or cat can reduce stress and lower blood pressure. Watching fish swimming in a tank is as effective a way of relaxing as any meditation technique. The intimacy that people feel as they stroke a pet while talking to it is sometimes a protective armor against much of the pain of living. It is the kind of protection that few people can give with such unvarying constancy.

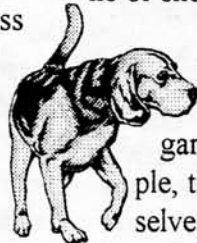
Studies reveal that pets have a positive influence on health, but they do not tell us how pets exert this effect. It must be by virtue of what they do for people, in some ways transforming the lives of their owners. Some of those effects are unique to animals, others are shared with people.

There are at least nine ways pets can increase their owner's health and resistance to disease. At a minimum pets do the following:

1. Provide companionship.
2. Give us something to care for.
3. Provide pleasurable activity.
4. Are a source of constancy in our changing lives.
5. Make us feel safe.
6. Return us to play and laughter.
7. Are a stimulus to exercise.

8. Comfort with touch.
9. Are fun to watch.

Pets pull us into life by requiring care that must be performed day after day. They do not vary much from year to year, and they require simple skills and some patience. The little acts of caring, feeding and protecting all call for a response, but the sum of the acts leaves the caregiver with the feeling he or she is needed.

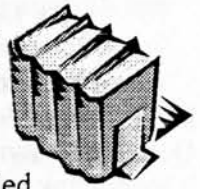


When people maintain patterns of caring, whether for a house, a garden, pets, or other people, they are protecting themselves against depression and despair - against giving up. They are rewarded by feeling needed. After retirement people are urged to give up their "cares". It can be a lethal tradeoff. Those who cope best with life are those who continue daily acts of caring, especially the most satisfying ones -- care rendered to living things.

SILENT AUCTION ROLLS ON

One item that didn't sell at last autumn's Silent Auction were two batches of vinyl LPs, donated by Lester Corliss---presumably because no one attending had an LP turntable. But Leland Phelps whose musical connections are numerous, offered to find a buyer, and recently he did, selling more than 25 of them. The result is \$70 added to the auction's profit of \$7,200, making \$7,270 added to the Benevolent Fund. The records were sold to collectors, who are responsible generally for a rising market in this kind of collectible, even though vinyl records are still being produced in small quantities.

Library Bookends by Jean Weil



In the last issue we hinted that our new book shelves had arrived. Now we can announce that they are filled.

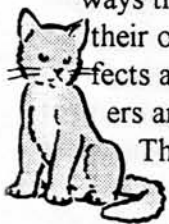
About two weeks ago, Mary Brown, Millie Campbell, Georgia Campion, Dick Capwell, Ruth Firm, Marjorie Jones, Elizabeth Krakauer, Peg Lewis, Frank Mazuy, and Mary Walters worked a whole morning and moved books all over the Library, even in the Classroom. When they finished, the shelves were almost filled, but a little space was left over for more acquisitions. Without their help the work would have taken much longer and we certainly appreciate their efforts.

Now, History and Economics are in the new section, as are the Large Print books, Humor, and In-house Authors

We will have new shelf labels in the near future to help you find your way around, but we hope that residents will be patient with us until then.

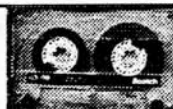
The administration is giving the Classroom a face-lift too. There will be a new blackboard, plus a wall screen and a bulletin board. The new shelving in the Classroom has all of the *Reader's Digest* Condensed books, including non-fiction. There is also a wonderful collection of Detective Mystery Series. Each book has three complete mystery stories. If you have read all of our other mystery books, you should investigate those.

We hope you enjoy our new look.



CASSETTE CRITIC'S CORNER

by George M. Chandler



It may already have occurred to readers of this column, if readers there be, that I am an ardent devotee of the mystery novel. This month I turn to one of my very favorite mystery series; stories with a variety of Australian settings by Arthur Upfield.

Upfield's detective is Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte, half white, half Australian aborigine, known to all as "Bony," who received his famous name from the matron of the foundling home where he was raised. Whatever one may think about genetics and inheritance, there can be no doubt but that Bony has inherited a first-rate brain and that he possesses bushcraft and tracking skills honed by years of exposure to the Australian Outback.

A delightful aspect of the Inspector Bonaparte novels is the author's facility for describing Australian scenery and Australian life. Many of the novels are set in the outback of western New South Wales and Queensland, and this is Bony's true country. But the author also takes him to a variety of other locations, including a sport fishing center on the south coast of Victoria, the northwestern coastal city of Broome, isolated mining towns, and the central desert.

Unfortunately only a few of Upfield's books are readily available in cassette form, but these include a couple of the best. The first Upfield novel, *The Sands of Windee*, offered for rental by Recorded Books, Inc. (800-638-1304), contains wonderful

pictures of the outback. It gained a substantial notoriety even before publication because a well publicized murder prosecution in Australia was based on the police theory that the accused had read the book in manuscript and copied the method it described for disposing of a human body without a trace.

The Bone is Pointed, available from both Recorded Books, Inc., and the Library of Congress Talking Book Service, finds Inspector Bonaparte involved with a tribe of aborigines who attempt to drive him off his investigation by magical means--and come very close to succeeding. *Winds of Evil* (Library of Congress) while not a very mysterious mystery, again has excellent descriptions of the back country. *The Lake Frome Monster* (Recorded Books, Inc) is somewhat more lighthearted than Upfield's usual, and includes Bony's attempt to domesticate a maverick camel. *The Widows of Broome* was added to the Library of Congress Talking Book catalog just this year, and leads one to hope that more titles will become available there.

The only Upfield book available on tape from the Durham County Public Library is *The Sands of Windee*, but the library has a number of his novels in large print versions. Another source for participants in the Library of Congress Talking Book program is the large collection of Inspector Bonaparte novels on tape held by the National Library of Canada. Their cassette books can be obtained by subscribers through inter-library loan by calling the North Carolina State Library for the Blind and Physically Handicapped in Raleigh.

AMONG THE TREES



Some people can handle injury and tolerate pain better than others. A couple of weeks ago Ray Blackman had a severe and very uncomfortable back pull but had a golf commitment for the same day. All he did was shoot a sparkling 84 on a muddy wet course, found at least six balls in fields and ponds, and collected on all wagers with his playing companions---the National Cathedral in Washington, D.C. is considered by many to be our country's best known and most prestigious church. Our theologian, W. D. Davies has preached there, and Lou Cassels, Charlotte's late husband, a well-known writer and highly regarded religious journalist was considered to be the Cathedral's journalist and upon his death was given the honor of being interred there---Julia Negley is always dressed in impeccable taste. The same can be said about Betty Bowers, Margo Langohr, Margo Casady and of course about many others of our lady residents---Jean Wolpert has not lived here very long but has already acquired a reputation as a bridge whiz--We may be far from the sea, but did you know that we have a master boat-builder in our midst? Art Watts has built many beautiful models of sailing ships and has had to expand his facilities to accommodate future work---A lesson in grit and perseverance can be learned from Chuck and Doris Fields by their experience in walking down to

See WOODCHUCK on page 8

BOOK NOTES

BY JOHN TEBBEL



To begin with apes instead of people this month is not intended as a reflection on characters living or dead, in current books. But even readers who may not be animal lovers are going to be fascinated by *Bonobo: The Forgotten Ape*, by Frans de Waal, with 75 splendid color photos by Frans Lanting. You may have seen these creatures before, briefly on PBS. They're the apes who "make love, not war," a tribe that never fights with other tribes or among themselves but simply enjoy each other. A unique species in the world, beautifully pictured and absorbingly described here. (May)

While nonfiction books about the Civil War continue to flow in an endless river, novels infrequently appear. *The Black Flower*, by Howard Bahr, now in the stores, will overshadow everything else for awhile. It's about a single battle, the terrible day in November 1864, at Franklin, Tennessee, when Confederate General John Hood led his troops to victory but destroyed his army. One of the casualties was Bushrod Carter, of the Cumberland Rifles, from Mississippi. In a field hospital, seriously wounded, he encounters Anna Hereford, a local woman who's working there. What follows is a riveting, realistic account of a man and woman caught in an awfulness beyond control. Needless to say, love conquers all.

It's getting to be commonplace---stories in the media about men in high and low places accused of some kind of sexual harassment.

Here's a fresh view of the problem from an unexpected source. Helen Garner is an Australian journalist, and a feminist as well, who read about a college master (equivalent of a president here), accused of indecent assault on two college women. Her feminist feelings aroused, she decided to investigate. The result is *The First Stone: Some Questions About Sex and Power*. What she discovered is told in this vivid, dramatic account of the case, and how she came to realize that this is not a black-and-white problem. The buzz is that this could be a major book. (April)

As the golf season gets into full swing this month, so does the publishing of books about the game. Two, out this month, are well worth noting. One is Jack Nicklaus's eighth book on his favorite subject, this time a memoir, titled simply *My Life*. Here we get the whole story, from the beginning to the present, illuminated by Jack's phenomenal memory of virtually every shot he ever made. Told with the help of Ken Bowden, his favorite collaborator, this is the remarkable story of an altogether remarkable career.

Quite different is Gerry McCord's *Just A Range Ball in A Box of Titleists: On and Off the Tour With Gerry McCord*. If you've heard his CBS commentaries, you know what to expect. A book for players, not spectators.

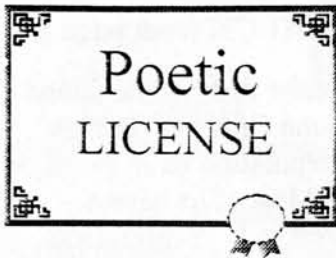
From colonial days to the present, Americans (and other people) have loved to hate lawyers. The feeling has made John Grisham a millionaire. Next month, in a book called *Lawyerland*, by Lawrence Joseph, we can find out what

lawyers talk about when they're talking about themselves. The author is an odd mix, a poet and a law professor at St. Johns College. He reports on leisurely luncheons and off-guard conversations with his lawyer friends and a judge or two. Not at all judgmental, he just lets them talk. The results may surprise you, but in any case, the stories are fascinating.

A case in point could be Barry Reed's *The Deception*, a novel about a malpractice suit, due next month. A rising young tennis star leaps from the sixth floor of a Boston hospital after seemingly recovered miraculously from a case of severe manic-depression, through the hospital's treatment. Even more miraculously, she survives the fall. A young lawyer questions the medication she was given, and the role her psychiatrist played in the case. Representing her, he knows there's something wrong when someone tries to kill him. It's a wonderful mixture these days---medicine and the law. Guaranteed. (May)

Here's a 1,000-page magic carpet that just might carry you through a good part of the summer: Margaret George's *The Memoirs of Cleopatra* due next month. The author has written similar accounts of Henry VII and Mary, Queen of Scots, but this one is by far the best. With skill and passion, she has re-created the worlds of ancient Rome and Egypt, filled with the characters we know so well---Caesar, Antony, Octavian, and others, recalling these scenes so vividly that we can almost feel, smell, and see those vanished times. The voice of Cleopatra herself is so real you'll never doubt who's telling this fabulous tale.





AS THE SUN SETS

My little ones beg me to tell
 what it is like to grow old-
 there's no way it can be done.
 In retrospect, years flew,
 some are regrettable,
 some I'd like in rerun.
 But, I can not remember
 not liking whatever my age
 whether six or sixty-one
 Once, at twenty-nine, I voiced
 regrets at imminent thirty,
 it passed, there were none.
 Tried to dish up my best,
 when the recipe fell short,
 added a pinch or two of fun.
 Life fluctuated for sure--
 when blows come, and they will,
 cling, pray hard, 'til you've won;
 That doesn't mean a prize,
 just that you persevered
 and did not turn and run.
 So, dear children, savor life,
 then please ask again
 when I'm a hundred and one.

—ellen cheek dozier

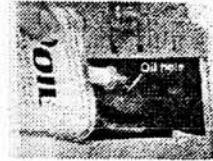
Mockingbird

April notes
 cascade down my chimney.
 my mockingbird friend
 fills my heart
 with spring flowers.

in summer, my mocker's song
 parts hot humidity,
 and bounces notes and self
 atop a nearby pole in
 exultant abandonment.

my mocker's autumn shadow-song
 echoes chimney-serenade...
 and remembered springtime rapture.

—Florence Manning



Itsy-Bitsy Spout

Someone should invent an oil can
 with a teeny-weeny spout
 that lubricates human joints,
 prevents them from rusting out.
 They'd be showered with gratitude
 by every Curly, Larry and Mo
 as they trooped back to arenas
 once loved but had to forego.

"Aloha" to moans and groans
 when arising from your chair,
 no pesky restrictions
 on movements, no matter where.
 Silver threads among gold
 can disappear with L'oreal,
 why not a drop of WD-40
 to restore worn knees as well.

—ellen c. dozier

April, 1, 1997

I'm looking out my window,
 The sunlit woods in view,
 Trees laced in light-green beauty,
 Ground growth, alight, anew,
 Blue skies, white clouds, above,
 Red azalias all around,
 God paints this natural picture
 Of earth space view, I've found!
 Why any human creature
 Would want to "beam" away
 From planet Earth, "My Father's World",
 I cannot say, today!

—Hildur Blake

Chuckles

by Dorothy Zutant



It's Not What You Eat That Counts.

Spring is here, and many of us are fighting to shed those five pounds we picked up over the winter. Fortunately, there is a sensible way to avoid those excess calories that wreak havoc on the battle of the bulge. Simply follow these rules:

- Anything eaten in small increments has no calories. If someone in your office brings in a box of cookies and you only nibble each time you pass by, you do not have to count those calories.

- Anything eaten standing up or off someone else's plate does not count.

- Gulps count, sips don't.

- Whatever you purchase from a street vendor has fewer calories than the same item consumed at home.

- The calories in hard candy or gum are too minuscule to bother with. Eat as much

as you want.

- Whatever you eat that was prepared by your child (no matter how old the child) does not have calories.

Neatness cancels calories. If you take an extra bit of cake to even off the slice, those calories do not exist. Ditto for evening off a pint of ice cream. Anything you cook yourself has reduced calories because of the huge amount of energy you expended preparing it.

—Judith H. Debrzynski in New York Times

Forester Profile SHIRLEY HUTTY

by John Tebbel

Shirley Hatty, Supervisor for Nursing Services, winner of this year's Employee of the Year Award, and the Award for Nursing as well, is a Canadian who made good in her own country and in the United States as well. She has been



with TFAD since May 22, 1995.

Born in Brantford, a small town near Toronto, she

lived in other Ontario towns as her father, a pastor in the Free Methodist Church, moved from one post to another. She was awarded her RN diploma at the Victoria Hospital School of Nursing in London, Ontario, and did further college studies at Roberts Wesleyan, in Rochester, N.Y., an institution affiliated with the family's church. By this time, she was able to teach nursing skills herself, at Owen Sound on Georgian Bay, which further stimulated her interest in teaching hospitals. She became a supervisor in the surgical unit of a hospital in Hamilton, Ontario, and there she met and married Arnold, her husband.

Moving with him to Paris, Ontario, she spent the next seven years in a doctor's office and at a small hospital there. When her husband's work took him back to Brantford, she worked in St. Joseph's Hospital in that town.

With her husband's retirement, the couple decided to make a new game plan for themselves, and

move to the United States, choosing carefully the section they wanted to live in. The choice was made when Shirley attended a Job Fair in Toronto, where she met the representatives of UNC-Chapel Hill Hospital. Special visas were available, and by this these happy immigrants have their Green Cards.

Shirley spent two years in Chapel Hill, but meanwhile began surveying the Continuing Care field, in which she's long had a special interest and TFAD was lucky enough to find her.

At the memorial service for Shirley Graichen this month, many residents discovered that she has another talent---playing piano. What they didn't know is that when she isn't nursing, Shirley can and does play professionally. She provided music at Belk's during the Christmas season and has done what used to be called "cocktail gigs" at area hotels.

Both Shirley and Arnold are involved in the work of their church, the Free Methodist, and although he is not ordained, he acts as a counselor. Much of his work is in nursing homes.

With so busy a life, Shirley still finds time to travel, and enjoys reading too. But after nearly thirty years of it, her true love is nursing,

CHINA from page 3

two terms of solitary confinement, once for six years, and then for ten more during the Cultural Revolution. Returning to America, he served as a business consultant to corporations, and made frequent visits to China with his Chinese wife. In 1993 he returned to teach at his alma mater, UNC.

WOODCHUCK from page 5

and up from the floor of the Grand Canyon---John Gray has recently acquired a reputation as an excellent raconteur---Most of us have a strong interest in U. S. presidents that have held office during our life times. Georgia Campion has a fascinating and personal collection of photographs of most of them and several prints of Eisenhower paintings that were a gift from the President himself---Bill Heroy, who so ably represents our interests in Forest financial matters, has a strong interest in band music. He once was a member of the Dartmouth College marching band---Bee Lemen appears to be a confirmed shopper---It's always gratifying when people connected to a large institution are alert and "on the ball." Helen Corbett received a nice letter from the coach of the Duke women's basketball thanking her for her support of the team---Our leader, Bill Goldthorp, is a long time member of what is generally considered the best and most prestigious golf club in the country, Pine Valley Club in New Jersey. Bill was a player on the Duke golf team and has had personnel from the Duke athletic department as his guests there.



—Woodchuck

They have a new organization called Aerobics Anonymous. When you get the urge to exercise, you call somebody and he comes over and sits on you until the urge passes.

Contributed by Julian Price. — American Legion Magazine



ARTY-FACTS

RIVERDANCE

by Charlotte Cassels

It is an awesome statement to say that in one lifetime it is possible for one to have seen performances of the greatest stars of dance, those who can truly be called geniuses.

First came Vaslav Nijinsky (1888-1950), who was the inspiration of Nureyev and Baryshnikov in classic ballet. Fred Astaire was the greatest for creative tap dancing, and Martha Graham opened the gate for modern dance, followed by the current troupe called "Pilobolus", which has achieved new heights in contemporary modern dance. Now, like a meteor, comes "Riverdance", a group of incredible performers in a show that combines history, ballet, clogging, tap, acrobatics and Spanish dancing.

Here are some reviews of "Riverdance" from London papers: "An absolute phenomenon of dance and music that's like nothing you've ever seen before. Superlatives just trip off the tongue when you see this show. It is true to its name, a river of talent ebbing and flowing in one continuous, beautiful stream. 'Riverdance' has the effect of washing over you, uplifting and reaffirming in the way that only GREAT ART can do."

"The legs are in a fury of twitching and twinkling, feet flicking up and hammering down like lighting bolts."

Composed by Bill Whelan, produced by Moya Doherty and

directed by John McColgan, "Riverdance" is the development of an original idea by Doherty which was initially performed as a 7-minute interval segment for the Eurovision Song Contest in Dublin, Ireland in 1994. Doherty then decided to build a show, "Riverdance", grounded in the unconventional styles of dancers Michael Flatley and Jean Butler, both of whom were students of Donald Golden and his School of Irish Dance in NYC. Flatley was also greatly influenced, and was taught, by one of the greatest Irish dancers, Keven Massey. "Riverdance" premiered with stunning success on PBS during its December 1996 pledge drive. It was filmed at the Point Theater, Dublin, Ireland.

But art wouldn't be art without controversy, and so it has come to "Riverdance" when it was two years old. Michael Flatley, the star, developed the "gimmees" - he wanted more money (he was making \$75,000 a week), complete artistic control of the show, and fought with management until they fired him. He has been replaced by Colin Dunne.

He then, with a newly formed group of publicists and talent agents, created his own show called "Lord of the Dance", with Flatley as choreographer, Ronan Hardiman as musical director, and a soprano, Anne Buckley. Jean Butler, star of "Riverdance", is not dancing at this time.

"Lord of the Dance" has



APRIL LECTURE AT DUKE GARDENS

With the Duke Gardens in full flower, TFAD garden lovers are invited to attend a lecture on "Spring Wildflowers," by Ed Steffek, horticulturist at the H.L. Blomquist Garden of Native Plants, of the Sarah P. Duke Gardens, on Tuesday, April 22, at 10 a.m. until 11:30. Steffek will walk through the Blomquist Garden and identify spring wildflowers in bloom discussing the historic use of these plants, their culture, propagation and use in the woodland garden. This will also be a preview of plants available at Duke Garden's Native Plant Sale on April 26. Those planning to attend the lecture will meet at the Main Gate. Friends of Duke Gardens will pay \$7 for the morning's tour, with a \$10 charge to the general public.

already appeared on TV and danced during Oscar night, and of course, at Radio City Music Hall. To quote *Time Magazine*:

"When Flatley isn't dancing, he is swaggering; when he isn't in stage sequins, he is wearing leather, diamonds, and enough cologne to deodorize a landfill in July." Nevertheless, he is genius in his dancing.

To add interest, the original "Riverdance" company has now formed two traveling units, both called "Riverdance-Show", due to be booking in North America within a year.

So we have three companies to keep track of, not to mention lawsuits over copyright credits, and name-calling, which ought to take our minds off suicides and murder trials for a while. Have they killed the goose that lays the golden eggs?

LOOKING FOR MARCIA DAVENPORT

by Libby Getz

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *The first installment of Libby Getz's account of her journey to Prague was published in the March issue of The Forester. Her travelogue now continues with the final chapter.*)

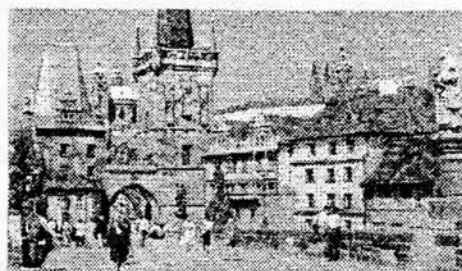
But enough of castles. Prague is wonderful too, a beautiful city full of music. It has returned to the living with the Communists' departure and has become a mecca for young artists, musicians, and writers, much like Paris between the World Wars. There are more than 20,000 expatriates living here and young Americans dance nightly on the Charles Bridge. English is not widely spoken, but that will change. People liken Prague to what all Europe was like before 1939--the Baroque architecture, the trolley cars, the coffee shops, and the slower pace of life.

In my remembrance of Prague there are four points on the landscape that stand out: Wenceslas Square (around the corner from our hotel), the Jewish Cemetery (across town), the Charles Bridge, and Hradcany Castle (across the river).

Wenceslas Square started life as a horse market, but in recent times has been a witness to history. In 1918 it was where the Czechs demonstrated for independence. In 1948 and again in 1968, it was where they were crushed by Soviet tanks. In 1989, there was a demonstration of another kind: the joyous celebration that ushered the Russians out and Havel in.

One doesn't soon forget the

Jewish Cemetery. Its overcrowded, toppled gravestones leaning tipsily against each other like the Jews themselves crowded into Belsen and Dachau.



Charles Bridge stands over the site of the long-gone wooden Judith Bridge, built in the 12th century, when the Serb tribes were still sorting themselves out. The stone Charles Bridge was finished in 1402 and has served as a main thoroughfare ever since. It throbs with life and one feels it needs the heavy Gothic Gate on the Old Town side to anchor it.

Hradcany Castle tops a hill overlooking the city. It is a vast mega-complex containing hundreds of apartments, churches, convents, museums, and gardens. The British Eighth Army could hold exercises in its courtyard. It has been a seat of power since the 12th century. At one time the castle's roof-tiles were said to be plated with gold. The gold has long since been scraped off and put to better use, I hope. Incorporated into the complex is St. Vitus Cathedral, whose barbed spires jab at the sky like the blades of a buzz saw. The building of the church, begun in 1344, proved a continuing process, each century leaving its mark--an altar here, a window there. It was finally pronounced finished in 1929. It guards in its womb a treasure. St. Wenceslas Chapel is a Gothic masterpiece

of the mid-14th century. It is here Wenceslas is buried, along with bits and pieces of other saints. Over 1,000 semi-precious stones are embedded in its gilt plaster walls.

Mozart is alive and well in Prague. There are traces of him everywhere. His music hangs in the air. You visit places where he stayed, and the Estates Opera House for which he wrote *Don Giovanni*. Mention of The Estates brings me to one of the highlights of our tour, the morning we spent there with Pavel Vondruska, the delightful Director of State Music. It should look familiar. *Amadeus* was filmed there. It is a gem of 18th century architecture, dripping with Baroque charm. After our tour, we were treated to champagne in the reception hall, while a string quartet serenaded us from a balcony above, playing--yes, Mozart.

We saw two operas, *The Bartered Bride* and *Così fan tutte*. I enjoyed the Mozart more. It was gay and fun, and how nice to find a young American, Jeff Martin, singing one of the lead roles. Here the scenery was changed in a unique way. The props were attached to ropes and lowered or raised to the loft above, much like marionettes, so that often the fountain and shrubs of Act I passed in mid-air the Louis XIV chairs for Act II. All this witnessed by the audience.

Czech food is healthy, filling, and predictable. Each day brought us dumplings, cabbage, and whipped cream. A few evenings we explored Prague restaurants and found two worth a detour. The Golden Pear offers a more refined variety of Czech food than we found elsewhere. It's small, paneled.

rooms lend an air of intimacy. There is some confusion over language, but in the end we dined well. Parnas is a more sophisticated restaurant, whose head waiter speaks excellent English. No problem with the menu as it is multilingual. No problem with the food either. It is excellent and beautifully presented.

All this brings us to the last morning and the end of our quest. I say "our" quest because there were others on our tour looking for Marcia Davenport--sister-in-law Sara, her college room-mate, Martha Lovejoy, and Jack and Phoebe



Lewis. We spent the early part of the morning going through the National Gallery and the Presidential Apartments in Hradcany Castle. The Presidential Apartments are an endless procession of huge rooms, used

only for official functions, overly chandeliered, overly gilded. President Havel lives elsewhere and one doesn't blame him. It was mid-morning and we were due at Mucha House. Lucy pointed out Marcia's street. We had no house number only a description, "in the shadow of the Castle... looking out in back on a garden". It was not difficult to zoom in on the location but a dilemma-- the garden ran behind two mansions of equal size. One had a Baroque façade, the other was bare faced and painted a pale yellow. The entrances to both were securely closed. We looked at our watches. Lucy would be waiting. Thus we left the ghost of Marcia hovering between the two houses.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHOCOLATE POWER UPON HISTORY

When Alexander became king of Macedonian,
He crossed to Asia with his banners all unfurled.

When he cut that Gordian Knot,
He opened up a Chocolate pot,
And this inspired him to conquer half the world.

Henry the Eighth was certainly no ideal husband,
But the wives that he ran through at such a rate
Each aroused the royal passion
When she made attempts to ration
Chocolate, which she feared would make him overweight.

When Leonardo came to paint the Mona Lisa,
He found he needed something to beguile

The model, so he gave her
Bon-bons with a Chocolate flavor.
This explains the lady's enigmatic smile.

—George Chandler

At Kill Devil Hills Hotel, 10:15 A.M., August 6, 1945

(On August 6, 1945, the first atomic bomb was released over Hiroshima, Japan, from the belly of "Enola Gay," a B-29 superfortress bomber.)

Across the Beach Highway the Memorial stands,
symbol of a dream-that they could fly,
no thought of anything but cycle parts,
wing struts, winter winds, sloping sand,
their goal-to keep the fragile craft in flight.

The flag blows out straight in the steady breeze.
The granite pylon reaches up, proclaims
that man has made a conquest over air
with "Dauntless Resolution, Genius, Faith."
Or such is the view we see from Nags Head Beach

where the sun beats down on children holding back
the surf with fortresses. Their parents watch,
play porpoise with them, read in the shadow of the dunes.
We lean into our cars to hear the news
from Hiroshima, "Enola Gay," We stare

at sand that changes with a shifting wind
and tide, brings oil in shore from tankers hit
far off. Clouds darken the pylon, dim-out the scene,
we pick up shovels, pails, seize towels against
the chill, move close and take our children's hands.

—Susan Rose

Bob Blake's

PUZZLE

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

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

COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

ABILENE CHRISTIAN
AGNES SCOTT
ALBRIGHT
ALLEGANY
AMHERST
ANTIOCH
APPALACHIAN
AUBURN
BALL ST.
BATES
BAYLOR

BELOIT
BETHEL
BREVARD
BROWN
BUCKNELL
CALIFORNIA
CORNELL
DARTMOUTH
DAYTON
DEPAUL
DICKINSON

DREW
DREXEL
DUKE
ELMHURST
ELON
EMORY
FURMAN
GEORGETOWN
HARVARD
HOWARD
IOWA

KENT
LASALLE
LSU
LOYOLA
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NYU
NCSU
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SALEM
TCU
TAFT
TRINITY
TUFTS
TULANE
TULSA
VASSAR
WAKE FOREST
WELLS
YALE