



Volume 4 Issue 7

October 1997

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

SUSAN ROSE HONORED

Susan Rose was honored on September 18th at St. Andrews Presbyterian College with the Sam Ragan Award in recognition of her achievements in music and poetry. Another award winner, who could not attend, was David Brinkley, the just-retired television commentator. Brinkley, a native of Wilmington, was a protege of Ragan.

Accepting the award, Susan told the audience that she had been singing since she could remember. As a Duke undergraduate, she sang solos in the Chapel and appeared in Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. Later, as a working partner with her late husband, Simon Rose, she became a charter member of the Durham Civic Chorus. She was a soloist in choral works by Brahms, Bruckner and Bach. With the Duke Music Department and the Durham High School Music Department, she appeared in Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, as well as singing leading roles in the Durham Theater Guild's performances of Victor Herbert operettas. For sixteen years she was soloist at St. Philips Episcopal Church in Durham.

To Foresters, Susan is better known for her second career, as a poet. Her work has appeared in several prize-winning anthologies. She has done numerous readings

See SUSAN ROSE on page 3

HARRY OWEN RECEIVES HIGH AWARD

TFAD resident, Dr. Harry Owen, Jr., recently received a most prestigious award from his professional peers. Harry is Duke Electrical Engineering Professor Emeritus with an exceptional record in his profession and who continues an active involvement in the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers, Power Electronics Society (he has published the Society's newsletter since 1989, among many other activities). This past June, Harry was given the Society's Distinguished Service Award "to honor long and distinguished service to the welfare of the Power Electronics Society at an exceptional level of dedication and achievement." Congratulations Professor Owen!

LETTER FROM THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

Some have suggested that "the honeymoon" may soon be over. I disagree. I have received much very positive feedback both before and after the announcement of this year's increase in the monthly service fees, regarding the continually increasing flow of relevant information being shared with residents.

The importance of the partnership cannot be stressed sufficiently in regard to my interest in providing you both the services that you need and those that you want. It is critical that we continue to talk with each other and listen to each other in meaningful ways so that we can hear you and respond appropriately. Your input comes to us in many ways. We need to listen and to hear. You tell us in surveys, in letters, in the hall, at the dinner table, through the committee structure, through

your elected association leadership, and in many other ways.

We are committed to continue to learn more, and to make advances in our efforts to serve you better. We continue to improve our skills through M.B.A. degrees, hospitality training, accreditation seminars, clinical nursing workshops, food sanitation classes, and in other ways so that we can approach our work for you with an enlightened mind and an enthusiastic attitude.

It is essential for us to keep learning and to keep sharing the benefits of these advances with you. Through the various formal and informal mechanisms, we will continue to seek opportunities to share meaningful information with you to foster our partnership. The honeymoon has just begun. Enjoy the ride.

—Very warmly,
Steve Fishler

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:

Lucky was euthanized not long ago. "Put to sleep" is the comforting term, of course, but you can't pet a euphemism. When the vet phoned at last to say that the only thing in Lucky's future was more anguish, I wailed like Medea but I knew what had to be done. I held Lucky in my arms while the shot took effect. Cuddled close, Lucky took the injection quietly; a few seconds later she sagged out of

her life and out of mine. Lucky had so many friends at The Forest. I want to thank all of you who have expressed sorrow that she is gone. It is greatly appreciated.

—Pauline Gratz

To the Editor:

In the June issue of *The Forester* the writer "Woodchuck" refers to himself as a "Woodland critter." If this critter really believes in the rules of conduct he published, I'd say he suffers from both low self-esteem and anti-feminism.

Rather than offend the women of TFAD, who are the majority of residents, I suggest he consult his psychiatrist, or at least a marriage counselor, about improving his ability to get along with the female population on an equal basis.

—Mary Ruth Miller

Woodchuck intended no slur on Womankind in the June article and we regret that there may have been such perception. "The Rules" were an attempt at humor which seems to have gone awry. Woodchuck is really a kindly old varmint. We are certain the critter is neither a misogynist nor a psychopath and needs no professional help except a more discriminating publisher. Our apologies to any ladies who may have been offended.—Publisher

To the Editor:

The pleasures of living at the Forest are so many and varied that it would be impossible to enumerate, much less comment on, all of them. But the evening of September 6 was so delightful that

See LETTERS on page 3

EDITORIAL

No doubt because of its origins, The Forest's year is the academic year, beginning in September, and so we're already a month into our sixth year. Some of the original crowd are still with us. There have been many salutary additions, and they keep coming.

Perversely (some would say characteristically) *The Forester* did not begin until April 1994, so we are now in the midst of our fourth year. "Our purpose," we said in April 1994, "is to be newsy and entertaining, not controversial." From that first issue of four stapled pages, we have grown to a frequent twelve, neatly folded, and our readers have joined us with their contributions to realize, more or less, what we hoped to be at the beginning.

In this sixth year of the Forest, both the world and our institution look different, since everything inexorably changes, much as we would like to linger on the best parts. In this new year, with new management, our goals remain the same: to inform in a nonpartisan way, to entertain, and to reflect our small world on Pickett Road.

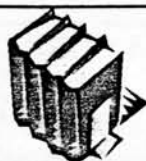
—John Tebbel

In Memoriam

Nan Parmentier	June 26
Stuart Henry	June 28
John McEachren	July 4
Evelyn G. Best	July 24
Joan Roth	August 1
Helen Taylor	August 20
Hugh Curry	October 7

Library Bookends

by Jean Weil



The Library welcomes all new residents. We have a great recreational reading library. All of our books were donated by residents. Questions about using the Library or donating books? Get in touch with me at 493-7641, Apt. 2027. The Library is open 24 hours a day; if the lights are out at night, turn them on and then back off, please, when you leave.

Magazines may be brought to the Library and left on the table. We need all sorts of reading material. If you want to borrow any of the magazines, just take them, they do not need to be signed out. Catalogs may be recycled in the Library. Glenn takes them to the recycling bins regularly.

The books may be taken out for as long as you need them. Just sign the card in the back of the book with your home number, date and name. Please return them when you are finished.

There are several crossword dictionaries that may be borrowed on extended loan. Please ask Jane Jones for them when she is in the Library, every day from 11 a.m. to 11:30 a.m..

We are still looking for people willing to volunteer a few hours a week in the Library. It is more inviting if there is someone there who visitors can talk to and answer their questions. Please let me know if you would be willing to help.

ENCORE STORE BEGINS NEW SEASON

On September 10th, the Encore Store re-opened to an overflow crowd and record sales. As a result, the Store found its supplies quickly exhausted and is appealing for donations from residents. Sheets, towels, and all kinds of kitchenware appear to be the most popular items, but all household furnishings in good condition will be gratefully received. All monies go directly to The Forest Benevolent Fund.

The store is for **residents and staff members only**. This fall the store will be open on Wednesdays: October 22, November 12, and December 10, from 10 a.m. to 11 a.m., and 4 p.m. to 5 p.m.

LETTERS from page 2

mention must be made of it. Ruth and Leland Phelps marked their fiftieth wedding anniversary by inviting all of us to join them and their family for a program of music featuring Eric Pritchard and Fred Raimi, first violinist and cellist of the Ciompi Quartet, Jane Hawkins, pianist, and Penelope Jensen, soprano — superb artists one and all. Selections included a Handel sonata for violin and piano and a piano trio by Fanny Henselt Mendelssohn; songs by Brahms, Richard Strauss, and Hugo Wolf; and *Bist du bei mir*, from the Anna Magdalena Bach notebook for 1725. It would be hard to choose a more beautiful program, although nothing less would have been expected from the Phelps. Their decision to share their celebration with their neigh-



DEALING WITH PESKY PHONE CALLS

If you are receiving telephone calls in which the caller does not identify himself/herself, and you would like to determine the caller's telephone number, our telephone company has a service that may be of help.

After you receive such a call and have hung up the telephone, pick up the handset again, wait for the dial tone and dial *69 (asterisk 69). The number of the caller will be given via a recorded voice — *unless that person has previously invoked the "privacy" option*. The privacy option, which you also may activate for your telephone, is invoked by dialing *67.

This is only one of a number of features that are available to local GTE customers. These features are described in a section starting on page 67 in your telephone directory. *This tip is from your Residents Association Safety Committee.*

SUSAN ROSE from page 1

both in person and on cable television and is now working on a new collection of poems based largely on memories of her childhood. Susan's children and grandchildren attended the Ragan ceremony in Laurenburg. Four great-grandchildren were a little young to be present.

bors bespeaks the generosity and graciousness we have come to associate with them, and we are beholden to them for a truly memorable occasion.

—Edwin Lee



HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH

by Pauline Gratz

As the summer wanes and the fall leaves appear, the cold and flu season is fast approaching. If you don't already have a cold the odds are three in four that you will within the next twelve months. Even if you escape a cold, you may not be so lucky when it comes to the flu without vaccination at this time of year.

Colds and flu are viral infections. Although both tend to be catchall diagnoses for a variety of related symptoms, they are actually distinct ailments. Colds can be caused by any of perhaps 150 kinds of viruses, which is why a person can get several colds every year and why no effective cold vaccine has ever been developed.

Influenza, on the other hand, is caused by relatively few virus types and reasonably effective vaccines have been developed against certain of these viruses. However, viruses tend to change genetically through the years.

Colds usually start gradually with a runny nose and sneezing and feeling chilled. Cough, headache, sore throat, malaise, loss of appetite and sense of smell are common accompaniments. In the later stages, nasal discharges become thick and stuffy. Symptoms typically last three days to a week.

Flu, on the other hand, starts abruptly, usually with a high fever, a dry cough and often a headache. The typical flu victim feels sick enough to stay in bed, and has mus-

cular aches and pains. Flu symptoms generally persist for a week to ten days, followed by a week or two longer of feeling tired and possibly depressed.

Despite their being so common, colds are actually quite difficult to catch. Cold viruses are transmitted through nasal discharges heavily laden with viruses. Coughs rarely spread colds. Rather, hand contact with nasal secretions from nose blowing, rubbing or sneezing seems to be the more common. To reduce spreading, hand washing and the use of absorbent handkerchiefs or disposable tissues are paramount.

Flu is a more generalized infection. Large amounts of virus can be found in secretions from the nose and throat, and it spreads much more easily than a cold. Someone just coming down with a cold usually doesn't shed the virus until a runny nose develops. In the early stages of flu, the moment the victim starts to cough the virus is being spread.

Most colds occur between September and May, while flu generally starts in December and lasts through April. Contrary to popular belief, studies have shown that exposure to cold weather, being in a draft, or getting chilled does not cause colds or make them worse. However, fatigue, undue stress, and poor diet may increase one's susceptibility to colds and flu.

There is no preventive for colds. The best flu preventive, short of becoming a recluse for the entire flu season, is annual vaccination which is 70 to 80 percent effective in protecting against flu. The

A CORNER OF HEAVEN

-by Ellen Dozier

Mohonk is a place you have to see to believe. For five years, the Smileys have shown us Ruth's photographs, and they are great. We have heard and watched Keith's videos and lectures and they are A-1, but only your own eyes and presence can even begin to do it justice. It is bigger than life and goes on and on. The view from my charming room as I sit by the tall brown-shuttered window writing is of the clear, glacier-carved lake filled by rain water. A couple is paddling a canoe on it. Closer is a curved, rustic foot-path bridge with a gazebo. Rich, thick grass is below and the weathered shingled wall to the left is covered with a luscious large leaf vine of many colors. I can see red flowers and variegated green plants

See MOHONK on page 11

vaccine is changed annually to accommodate the new season's likely flu virus variants. It takes effect within ten days.

Despite the 50,000 or more different products Americans take to treat colds and the flu, there is no cure. Nor do these "remedies" shorten the duration of respiratory illness. However, scientists may have found the next best thing: a pill that shortens the misery of a cold, zinc lozenges. Early treatment with zinc appears to reduce the length of the cold from 7 to 4 days. Zinc lozenges are available over the counter. A nasal vaccine is currently being tested.

An old adage says that with proper treatment a cold is gone in seven days; without treatment it lingers for a week.



CASSETTE CRITIC'S CORNER

by George M. Chandler



While all readers, whatever their visual capabilities, can enjoy listening to recorded books, I want this month to look specifically at books that offer advice and assistance to the blind or visually impaired person and thus will be of interest primarily to the low-vision reader or to those who provide assistance to spouses, friends, or neighbors who have vision problems. In trying to assemble a list of cassette books that offer help for the visually impaired I have been assisted principally by the reference librarians at Recording for the Blind and Dyslexic (RFB) which is by all odds the best source for such books.

RFB's tapes are recorded in the Library of Congress 4-track format and must be played on special equipment. Despite considerable research, I have been unable to find any organization that offers books on this subject on cassettes that can be played on standard equipment and can be bought or borrowed by those not eligible to use the Library of Congress and RFB services. I will continue to look for tapes in the standard format.

Of all the books I have reviewed which offer advice to those with poor vision, only one seems to be available in a print version at the Durham County Library. This is *Dancing in the Dark*, by Frances L. Neer, San Francisco, Wildstar, 94, also available on tape from RFB. This is a short but very practical book of advice on how to cope

with loss of vision when no longer young. Mrs. Neer began to recognize that her vision was failing at age 65, and she was almost 80 when this little book was published. She offers a wealth of very practical advice for the visually impaired person on how to cope with life's ordinary daily activities: cooking, shopping, banking, eating, even using public rest rooms. The emphasis is on the need for being organized, for keeping frequently used articles in their proper places, and for developing your memory so that you can find your glasses. Her suggestions stress simple and inexpensive solutions rather than fancy gadgets.

Probably the best book of this kind that I have encountered is *Guide to Independence for the Visually Impaired and Their Families*, by Vivian Younger and Jill Sedagna, New York, Demos, 1994, available on tape from RFB and from the Library of Congress through its Talking Books Program. It starts out with some very down-to-earth talk about the psychological impact of the realization that one stands to lose much or all of one's sight, and suggests ways of understanding and coping with this situation, both for the person affected and his family and friends.

This book contains a wealth of useful information and ideas that can aid the visually impaired person to function more effectively in virtually any conceivable situation. It also has a large number of lists of companies and organizations that provide goods, services, and information for the visually handicapped person. You can find out how to get in touch with firms that sell all

kinds of aids for the low-vision individual, which federal and state agencies and national organizations offer services you might find helpful, where to obtain large-type or audio cassette periodicals, and how to subscribe to radio reading services. If you need help in caring for your garden, if you want to locate a guide-dog school, or if you need instruction in cross-country skiing for the visually impaired, this book will tell you where to look.

Of course, the visually impaired can find good advice in other and unexpected places. Samuel Johnson suffered from extremely poor eyesight all his life, and James Boswell, in his famous biography, tells us that Dr. Johnson always used his fingers for eating fish. In Johnson's view, since he couldn't properly remove the bones with knife and fork because he couldn't see them, he was perfectly justified in using his fingers. And why not?

There will be more about self-help books for the visually handicapped in a subsequent issue.

Chuckles



by Dorothy Zutant

The Way We Were

Software - a cashmere sweater
Hard drive - New York to Los Angeles
Download - Kingsized bed comforter
Mouse pad - A teeny tiny apartment

On Literature:

This is not a novel to be tossed aside lightly. It should be thrown with great force. —Dorothy Parker



BOOK NOTES

BY JOHN TEBBEL

Things are looking a little better in the publishing business after last year's disasters, but examining the fall lists, it seems possible that part of the problem is the number of minimal-interest books being produced. Leave out the brand-name authors; they have their ready-made audiences. Much of the remainder seems to be a welter of thrillers, blood and gore, celebrity, and dysfunctional families, in short, the current cultural scene.

Still, the search continues in this corner for books that might interest the Forest audience. All but one are presently in the stores.

We all know dear old Julia Child, don't we? Maybe not. The one cook who has made an indelible mark on this century is fully disclosed (if that's the word) in Noel Riley Fitch's *Appetite For Life: The Biography of Julia Child*. Her real name is McWilliams, and (what the television cameras don't show) she is six feet and two inches tall. Born in California, educated at Smith, she worked for the OSS in World War II, serving in Sri Lanka and China. Not surprisingly, a steady diet of service food sent her in search of something more palatable. She found not only tasty food and the start of a career, but met Paul Child, a government official on Asian duty, and married him. Later she lived with him in France and Germany, lapping up secrets of cuisine along the way. Eating with him in a Rouen bistro, the author says, Julia really discovered food. She attended the Cordon Bleu in Paris, and the rest, as we keep saying, is history. The author per-

fectly captures Julia's speech mannerisms, and we can almost hear her plummy voice. Now in her mid-80's, Julia Child is a lesson to us all, even those who have stopped cooking.

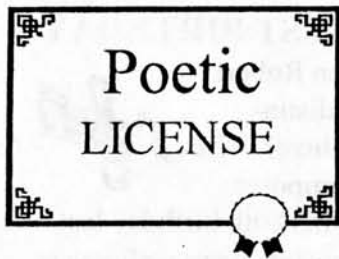
Well, so much for food. What other primary topics are available? Try *The Money: The Battle for Howard Hughes's Billions*, by James R. Phelen and Lewis Chester. Even John Grisham would have trouble beating this for plot: Billionaire dies and leaves five of it, with no will. Naturally, more than 500 claimants show up, and one bizarre lawsuit follows another. Illegitimate children appear, previous secret marriages are revealed, and when it's all sorted out, what's left is shared by creditors, a few relatives, and (the big winners) lawyers. Ironically, the road kill included secrets Hughes had spent a lifetime and much money trying to conceal—his drug addiction and mental illness, among others. A fascinating, instructive, and sad tale.

Good travel books are hard to come by. This season we've already had Redmond O'Hanlon's fascinating view of the Congo, *No Mercy*, and now comes *Days and Nights On The Grand Trunk Road*, by Anthony Weller. No, this Grand Trunk isn't the old Michigan rail line, but a highway that winds 1,500 miles across India, from Calcutta to the Khyber Pass. Not your average Elderhostel route. It is a truck road for the most part, winding through towns and mud hut villages. It is one of the most dangerous roads in the world because of tribal feuds, high crime, and the troubles with Pakistan. This

one should keep you awake.

Not a month goes by, it seems, without a new North Carolina book. This month's is *How Close We Come*, by Susan S. Kelly, the year's Carolina Novel Award winner. It's published by the Banks Channel Press, in Wilmington. The novel concerns a disillusioned housewife, Ruth Campbell, who takes her two small children and drives away from her husband and the discordant house they've lived in. There is a custody fight, which unexpectedly involves Ruth's next-door neighbor and best friend, Priscilla Henderson. The two women could not be more different. Ruth is a feminist, Priscilla a happy traditional wife. Ruth's husband has Priscilla subpoenaed as his witness, which nearly wrecks her marriage. And so on. It's North Carolina, but it could be anywhere.

Finally, in a year replete with books about golf, here comes an entry that will please many Forester golfers: *The Game I Love: Wisdom, Insight and Instruction From Golf's Greatest Player*, by Sam Snead, with Fran Pirazzolo. This is not an autobiography, but a guide to the game, with instruction of all kinds from the old master, complete with diagrams and photos. Now 85, Sam has played for seven decades, during which, as he says, he has won 185 tournaments and lost 400. He's especially concerned with the proper mental set here, but there are many other hints and helps. By flipping the right-hand pages, you can even study his stroke. As frosting on the cake, he talks about presidents and celebrities he's played with. Fore! I think.



TRIOS OLD AND NEW

Brahms thought trio,
Without horn,
Might lack brio--
Be forlorn!

Ward thought trio,
Without clarinet,
Might sound wooden--
Like a marionette.

—George Chandler

NO WIN SITUATION

I take my pills as prescribed
This is not said as a boast,
My doctor scares me to death
Should I ever miss a dose.
For blood pressure that too often
Rises way above the norm,
I swallow his one-a-day capsule
When the rooster crows each morn.
So far it seems to earn its keep
Cause I'm still walking around
But the side effects enervate,
Zap energy and let weight abound.
I asked for the new diet drug
He all but laughed in my face,
Please commiserate my sentence
To an ever expanding waist.

—ellen cheek dozier

Calligraphy

wind ripples sand
where tide pools
linger reflections...
where crabs
trail watery messages
and pipers dance
three-toed graffiti
each signature
newly scribed
and recurrent
as the tides.

—Florence Manning



A TISKET, A TASKIT

A visitor to the Forest
Inside the lobby sat,
Early for an engagement
He took in the habitat.

An unusual sight occurred
That caused him some alarm
A stream of folk came through
Empty baskets on their arm.

One after another they passed
Disappeared through a near-by door,
Five minutes, ten minutes, longer,
They kept coming more and more.

But lo, they soon reappeared
Same route as the way they came,
Their hampers now all filled
Just like a scavenger game.

The host finally arrived,
Apologized for the delay,
Found the guest mystified
By the unfamiliar display.

It's dinner time was explained
The Forest gives all a choice,
Eat in, take out, it matters not,
It just means we have a voice.
—ellen c. dozier

COPING WITH BAD HABITS

Lord, thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and will soon be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release me from craving to straighten out everyone's affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody, helpful but not bossy. With my store of wisdom it seems a pity not to use it all, but thou knowest Lord I want to have a few friends in the end. Keep my mind from the endless recital of details, give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing and the love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by. I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others, but help me to endure them with patience. I do not ask for

AMONG THE TREES



Mention has been made in past news brought to you from my nest in the woods about several of our residents' connection to the National Cathedral in Washington, D.C. Another impressive one concerns Mary Plumb's husband, Robert Plumb, a former rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church on Capitol Hill and former Secretary of the Armed Forces Division of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Greenwich, Connecticut and an honorary Canon of the Washington Cathedral. He preached at the Cathedral many times and there is a memorial to him there, a Keystone marking his service as a Navy Chaplain, Secretary, and Canon --- Did you know that we have at least seven sets of siblings in our community? They are: Mary Plumb and Nat Gregory, Elizabeth Trapp and Grace Draper, Ernest and Josephine Swiger, Georgia Campion and Mary Walters, Martha Wilson and Virginia Hebbert, Sara Waggoner and Gretta Kistler, Mary Jones and Minnie Mae Franklin---Dick and Marjorie Preston seem to be settled and adapted to their new and convenient location. Also Margaret Copeland feels that now she has the number one spot---This critter has enjoyed looking at the balcony rail flowers hung by Mozette Rollins---The Nordstroms have an ever changing display on their hall shelf. Herman has been an advocate and eager user of



just about all the machines in the weight room--- Did you know that during his Navy days during WW2 Bud Parmentier was assigned the job of creating a band for his ship in Pacific waters. He purchased all the instruments, searched out the musicians from the crew, and organized a sweet sounding group. The ship later participated in six invasions---George Ferguson has an unique way of creating music on his computer. Real high tech---Betty Gray is delighted that her younger sister is moving from faraway Rochester to nearby Fearington---Jean Mason has an amusing tale to tell of her experience in Tokyo while playing charades with a stranger in a desperate attempt to get directions in a foreign land---Claude Manning once had the very unusual experience of riding with Eleanor Roosevelt in a cement carrier across the Norris Dam in Tennessee---When Mary Raymond ascended the tower of the Duke Chapel and looked towards our homestead she exclaimed "You can't see the Forest for the trees"--- George and Marjorie started their trip across the wide blue to the British Isles by getting on a train--Lorene Hammial has an unusual door shelf display that seems like a created horse but really is an odd shaped root---Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine.

—Woodchuck

Once you're over the hill you begin to pick up speed!

—Contributed by Dotrothy Zutant

ROBERT WARD'S LONGEST BIRTHDAY

When Robert Ward, our distinguished Pulitzer Prize-winning composer celebrated his 80th birthday last month, Foresters were well aware of it and many attended the festivities in Raleigh, where some of his work was played and he spoke to the audience. Gala event though it was, this was only the frosting on the cake. Ward is enjoying a birthday celebration, a veritable *festschrift*, which began last June and won't end until next summer. It may be eligible for the Guinness Record Book.

The celebration began June 21 at the Eastern Music Festival when Shelley Morganstern conducted his *Jubilation* overture. On September 14, the Raleigh Chamber Music Guild began a series of Ward's chamber music which featured his *Trio For Clarinet, Cello and Piano*. The Guild had commissioned it for the occasion.

Looking ahead to November, Mercyhurst College, in Erie, Pa., will offer a Festival Birthday Celebration, featuring Ward's opera, *Roman Fever*, as well as lectures. On October 5, the Durham Symphony Orchestra performed the *Jubilation* overture. Two nights later Sarah Johnson played his violin concerto with the Dekalb Symphony and on October 1, the Western Piedmont Symphony played his *Prairie Overture*. At the North Carolina School of the Arts, where Ward was once chancellor, there will be a concert of his chamber works and vocal music on October 18. In



See BOB WARD on page 10

WELCOME NEW RESIDENTS!



Louise Morris
46 Willow Oak Court 489-7876

Louise came from Chapel Hill where she and her late husband had moved from Garden City, NY. She grew up in Manhattan, was educated at N.Y.U., worked for Mobil Oil on 42nd St. in research and development, and met her husband who was also with Mobil. In their 50 years of marriage, they travelled 85 percent of the world. She has twin daughters; both work at Duke.



Carl and Ruth Patterson
47 Forest at Duke Dr. 489-4270

The Pattersons are 50-year Durhamites. Carl, who goes by "Pat," grew up in Perryville, MD, graduated from Franklin and Marshall and Univ. of Maryland Medical School in Baltimore. After ear-nose-and-throat residency and service in the Navy, Pat came in 1947 to Durham's McPherson Hospital. He was also Clinical Professor on the Duke staff. Ruth grew up in Lititz, PA, graduated from Millersville Univ. in Education, and attended Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore for voice training. They have two sons who are lawyers, a daughter who is a sociology professor, and 3 grandchildren. Their interests are golf, music, theater, travel, and reading.

taught at Case Western Reserve and later at UNC. Her late husband was Chief of Pathology at Duke Medical School. She has a son and two daughters who are medical doctors, a daughter who is a lawyer, and 6 grandchildren. Her interests: Duke Center for Living, counted cross-stitch, travel, reading, and volunteering at Duke Hospital.



Dorothy Pope
Apt. 2041 489-4165

Dorothy is a 60-year resident of Durham. She grew up in Providence, RI, graduated from Brown Univ. in 1927 and came to work for the famed Dr. Rhine in the Parapsychology Department at Duke. She became editor of the *Journal of Parapsychology* and is still doing it! She has twin daughters, 3 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren. She enjoys her work, gardening, travel, sewing and reading.

BAD HABITS from page 7

improved memory but a growing humility and a lessening cocksureness when my memory seems to clash with the memory of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that sometimes I may be mistaken. Keep me reasonably sweet. I do not want to be a saint (some of them are so hard to live with), but a sour old person is the crowning work of the devil. Give me the ability to see good in unexpected places and talents in unexpected persons. Give me the grace to tell them so.

—Contributed by Charlotte Cassels



Eleanor Kinney
Apt. 4018 403-2082

Eleanor has lived in Durham since 1960. She grew up in New Haven, CT, graduated from Mount Holyoke, Yale School of Nursing and Boston Univ. in microbiology. She



arty-facts ALEC GUINNESS

by Charlotte Cassels

I have just finished one of the most delightful biographies I have ever read, which has left me trying to hang on to the world of Sir Alec Guinness as only he can delineate it from the ripe old age of 82. It's called *My Name Escapes Me*, the diary of a retiring actor, with a

superb preface written by his old friend, John le Carré.

This book is a day-by-day account of his life for a two-year period, and believe me, it's unlike any

other biography you've ever read. This is Sir Alec's second book. The first, called *Blessings in Disguise* gave us standard facts (up to a point!) of birth (illegitimate), schooling, and discovering the theater. In the second book, he writes magnificently, and slithers by any personal revelations, so that it is almost impossible to pin him down, but through it all, very self-reveling. To quote le Carré, "He is not a comfortable companion. Why should he be? The watching child inside this 80-year-old man has still found no safe harbours or easy answers."

Guinness sounds like — us. He gets frequent colds, he berates his forgetfulness, he hates losing friends, and he is most comfortable in his home (which he never describes) with his wife of over 63

years, Lady Merula Guinness, whom he adores. He tells us nothing about his son Matthew, except that he just bought him a shirt for his 59th birthday.

When Sir Alec tells us of their flower garden, the pond with the Koi, and each special bird that comes to call, plus the kind of day each morning brings, you live it with him. And you can even share their pleasure watching *Dalziel and Pascoe* on TV, a pair Sir Alec admires very much.

Then the phone rings, or he calls the many friends we've all known of, and returns to the world of the theater. The couple also visit with many old friends as they come to and from England. He still keeps up with world events as befits a former Naval officer. I'll bet you didn't know he served in the British Navy for several years and ended that career in command of LCI (L) 124 with a crew of 20.

After a lot of digging, I discovered that in 1957 he got an Oscar for his performance in *The Bridge on the River Kwai*. Another year he received an Academy Award for Service to the Cinema, and later two other Oscar nominations. In 1958, he was on the Queen's New Year's Honors List and was duly knighted in 1959, becoming Sir Alec Guinness. In 1963 he received a Tony award for *Dylan*, and in 1995, he was given the

top Evening Standard Film Award of England. He has performed on stage at the Old Vic Theater, and John Gielgud's Theater, and has starred in over 20 Shakespeare plays.



BOB WARD from page 8

Massachusetts on October 18 and 19, the Pioneer Valley Symphony has scheduled Ward's *Concerto for Tenor Saxophone and Orchestra*, with James Houlik as soloist. And before the year ends, on December 13, Rodney Wynkoop will conduct the Durham Choral Society in *That Wondrous Night of Christmas Eve*.

The celebrations continue next year. On January 17, the North Carolina Symphony will perform Ward's *Festive Ode*. Chamber works will be on display at Duke University's Encounters Series. *Roman Fever* appears again February 13 and 15, at the University of Tennessee in Memphis. On March 20, the William Ferris Chorale in Chicago, will give a concert of Ward's choral and Chamber works. *The Crucible*, the opera that won Ward his Pulitzer, will be performed on March 26 and 28 by Opera Carolina. On April 19, the Northwest Symphony Orchestra, of Des Plaines, IL will play the *Prairie Overture*, and on May 3 the National Gallery Orchestra will perform Ward's *Third Symphony*.

During July and August of next summer, nearly a year after the birthday itself, the celebrating will finally end with performance of *The Crucible* by the Central City Opera Association at its annual summer festival.

This is not to say that the merry-go-round will stop. Bob Ward music is being performed constantly in venues from coast to coast and the events themselves are only a part of Ward's incredible schedule, which includes many other projects. Stay tuned.

—John Tebbel

Forester Profile

Brandey Stacchiotti
Our New Nutritionist

by John Tebbel

**Brandey**

You probably haven't seen The Forest's new nutritionist, Brandey Stacchiotti, who began working here last month. That's because the people who make Dining Services go have their offices tucked away in that short corridor (should it be called Food Alley?) between the kitchen and Billie's office, mostly out of sight. If you saw her elsewhere, you might take her for a visiting grand child, but she has already made a good start in her field.

Brandey is Italian—75 percent, she says, and that's easy to believe, seeing her dark good looks, but she was born in Old Forge, VA, a considerable distance from the Via Veneto. She attended Marywood College in Scranton, and after graduation went to work for the Wood Food Service in Allentown, PA. She stayed with the company for three years, working in nursing homes, hospitals, and doing community services. She came to The Forest last month after further train-

MOHONK from page 4

without moving. Across the lake there is a formation of gray rock—cliff might be more accurate—then dense trees, mostly evergreen, but dotted with color changing species reaching to meet the clouds, some white, a streak of blue touching still more fluffy grayish ones. The sun is peeking through all. It is crisp and invigorating outside (where I should be).

Tonight, before dinner, I shall light the fire laid for me by a staff member, open my door to my Forest travelers for some fellowship before we go for our farewell evening meal. Tomorrow, we say "so long" to the Smiley's retreat and the magnificent hospitality extended to us. I only wish I had the words to express on paper how I fell in love with Mohonk at first sight.

ing. A major reason for switching jobs was the familiar one: her boyfriend got a new job, teaching health and physical education in a Person County school.

Brandey lives alone in a Durham apartment complex, where she likes to read and cook. She's not a sedentary type, though; softball and aerobics are high on her list. She's hoping to learn Italian, and to study pottery making.

What does a nutritionist like to eat when she has only herself to please? In this case, an easy guess: pasta, and lots of it, as well as those great Italian soups, in many of which will be found—what else?—pasta.

**THE SEVEN MOST
IMPORTANT LESSONS
THAT I HAVE LEARNED
AS AN ADULT**

—by the Rev. Henry R. Inman, Jr.

I was recently asked, by an old friend...to list what I believed to be the seven most important lessons I have learned as an adult. I will share with you the seven I selected as being the most important—or, better, impactful—on my life:

1. Life is difficult for everybody, not just you -- deal with it!
2. In the face of adversity, when life knocks you down, you have two choices: You can "give up" or you can "get up."
3. The most important lessons in life are learned not in the bright sunlight of the mountaintop but in the deep shadows of the valley.
4. We need each other.
5. You get one shot at life --make it count!
6. God loves me just the way I am - always has, always will.
7. Peace is dependent not on the external but the internal circumstances of you life.

I believe each of these lessons to be biblically true. I know each of these lessons to be experientially true. And they each have become truths by which I attempt to live.

From *The First Epistle*, newsletter of First United Methodist Church, Charlotte, NC, reprinted in the *North Carolina Christian Advocate*. Contributed by Phyllis and Harry Owen

THE DOWNSIDE OF UPSCALE TOURISM

—by Gilbert Goldstein

Ulysses was the first tourist of record out that way. And it must have been less crowded back then. I'm talking about a trip we made in June to the lands of the central Mediterranean, taking in southern Italy, Sicily, the Aeolian Islands, and Malta. It had the impressive title "The Crossroads of Civilization."

First, the good news. South of Naples is the spectacular Amalfi Drive, perhaps the most beautiful on all the Mediterranean shores. It is full of scary hairpin turns on cliffs, lovely views of the sea from high above, lemon groves and vineyards along the terraced hillsides, and towns sloping down to the water's edge.

The Greek temple of Segesta sits all alone in the silent Sicilian countryside. Roofless, most of its Doric columns still stand, colored beige with time. Birds build nests where crevices have formed in the ruin.

On the outskirts of Palermo in Sicily is Monreale Cathedral, a splendid Norman structure whose walls are covered with twelfth-century mosaics.

Valletta, Malta's capital, withstood the Great Siege of 1574 by the Turks. As you approach it by boat, the harbor appears beautiful and dramatic as well as menacing, with its defending walls and fortifications.

Great sights, I'll agree, and these are but a sampling. So what's bothering me? A few things:

So many tourist groups

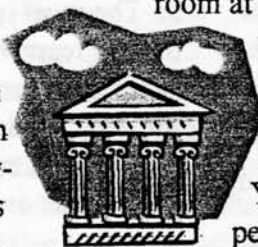
crowd the same place at the same time that they keep colliding with one another. No matter where, a site can be choked with humanity. And to compound the confusion, a guide gets into an angry shouting match with another for sneaking his group into a site before his turn.

Outside the entrance to Pompeii is a scene of pure sleaze. Here are souvenir shops teeming with piles of schlocky trinkets unbefitting the ancient catastrophe and the city it destroyed.

By 8:30 each morning we were on our way from our ship or hotel to some destination or other, led by our guide. Some days we continued to another place after lunch. But you can spend days studying a single frieze in a single room at Pompeii and months with the stupendous mosaics of Monreale, and even then you may not have exhausted their contents.

Yet, in 12 days we were expected to examine Greek, Roman and Carthaginian remains, medieval Norman and Saracen castles and fortifications, medieval and Baroque churches, with a palace and some museums thrown in. These in addition to streets and squares of picturesque towns. And having absorbed all this Learning in Retirement on the fast track, we can come home positively dripping with culture and show that We've Been There, Done That.

It won't work. Even with the books suggested by the travel agency for advance preparation, even with the archaeologist or classical scholar assigned to accompany the tours, helpful though they are. Too much is thrown at you in too



AUTUMN AT THE DUKE GARDENS

—by Molly Simes

Foresters thinking of taking an early autumnal stroll in the Duke Gardens are advised that a good place to begin would be the Asiatic Arboretum. From there, stroll on the high ground over the new Woodland Arched Bridge, then walk on to see the chrysanthemums in the Boulders and Hillside Garden above the Iris Bridge. Watch out for the construction which is under way at the bridge. Giant boulders are being placed at the edge of the Duck Pond to create an inviting cave.



Don't miss the Perennial Border, with its ever-changing blossoms and textures. It leads to the new herb plantings at the Dogwood Medallion.

Favorite viewing times for the Terraces are mornings from the Pergola downward, and afternoons from the Fish Pond upwards.

Volunteers to Duke Gardens from The Forest include: Ed Albrecht, Bob and Evebell Dunham, Minnie Mae Franklin, Jean Mason, Sarah McCracken, Dottie McMullan, Don and Mary Ann Ruegg, Molly Simes, Jenn VanBrunt, Lois Watts, and Edna Wilson.

short a time.

It's not the tour company's fault, but the weather didn't help. In Malta, an implacable sun blanketed the island with thick, tangible 104 degree heat that kept pouring out of a near-cloud-less sky.

Don't get me wrong. I only mean it ain't altogether idyllic, like it says in the ads.

ANYONE FOR CRACKPOT?

—by George Chandler

If you have ever had the leisure and the inclination to wander around the back roads of rural England, you will have noticed, and perhaps been intrigued by, those little green finger posts that tell you that here is a public footpath to somewhere. Some of those "somewheres" can sound not only interesting but strangely exotic.

Here is one that leads to Much Wenlock—a name that sounds somehow both romantic and familiar. Maybe you encountered it once long ago when reading *The Shropshire Lad*. Or how about Thorpe Cloud? What more lovely name could one imagine, even if you don't recognize it as a hamlet overlooking the River Dove near one of the spots at which Isaac Walton enjoyed the fishing. Not far off is Fenny Bentley—surely a wonderful name, but a place otherwise unrenowned.

Perhaps my own favorite was a finger post we once spotted in Swaledale, one of the most attractive of the Yorkshire Dales and probably the one least visited by our fellow Americans. This particular sign read "Crackpot," and I had my picture taken with the finger end of the sign pointing straight at my head. Yes, there really is a Crackpot—no more than a large farm, up the hill from Thwaite, a dark gray stone village, at which Frances Hodgkin Burnett made Mary Lennox arrive by train one rainy night to start her on the path that led to *The Secret Garden*.

Your first attempt to follow

the footpath that caught your own particular fancy can be frustrating. We are likely to think of a "path" as being a visible trail, deliberately marked in some way, or at the very least having been sufficiently worn by regular use to be traceable by the walker with normal vision.

That is where you would be wrong. The English footpath is a public right-of-way—a route that you can legally follow, even though it crosses private land, without fear of being sued for trespass. The land owner has the obligation to keep it open to walkers, but no one ever said that it had to be marked, or even that it must carry enough traffic to remain sufficiently worn to remain visible.

To follow one any distance you need a map, and it would be advisable to have a compass and a little experience in using both. Once you get the hang of it, it is by no means impossible to find your own way. For instance, if you find yourself in a field and can spot a stile over the fence, hedgerow or stone wall at the far end, you can be pretty sure that your path heads in that direction. The farmer, after all, isn't going to use a stile to move his machinery or animals from field to field. The stile must be there for another reason, and that reason probably is the existence of a public right-of-way over his land.

It is this business of moving over farm land that makes walking in rural England so different from anything you can enjoy in the United States. Of course, the beauty of the countryside itself is the main attraction. But the intriguing difference lies in the fact that you are not confined to public

lands, but can actually walk where people are active and are working at tasks not so different from those carried out on the same terrain for centuries. I can recall one walk in Wharfedale in which our path led us straight (well, not really straight; no English footpath is straight) into a farm yard. The directions in our self-guided walking booklet told us to go right up to the farm house, to follow the wall of the house around to our left, to cross the yard at the rear of the house, and to leave the farm by the center of the three gates which we would see there—a gate that should be marked by a yellow dot painted on the right-hand gate post. And so it was, and we had successfully followed an ancient, but only very occasionally marked, public footpath that came as close as it could to taking us directly through the farmer's living room.

Not all public footpaths are hard to follow. Many, including the long-distance trails, are well known if not famous, and are so heavily used as to be in danger of being worn away. Stretches of the Pennine Way, which starts in a bog in the northwest corner of Derbyshire and runs north to Scotland, had to be closed to walkers a few years ago in order to stop the erosion being caused by heavy use. Footpaths in the most popular tourist areas—the Lake District or the Cornish coast, for example—require, and receive, constant maintenance. They are easy to find and to follow. Just go along with the crowd.

But the real fun is to accept the challenge of the small green finger post that attracts your own particular attention and to follow it to Upper Swell or Lower Slaughter—or wherever.



Bob Blake's

PUZZLE

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

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

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SHOPPING SPREE

APPLES
ASPARAGUS
BANANAS
BENCH
BOOK
BROOM
BRUSH
CABBAGE
CAKE
CANE

CARROTS
CLEANSER
COFFEE
COMPUTER
CRACKERS
EGGS
FERTILIZER
FISH
FLOUR
HAT

ICE CREAM
JUICE
LEMONS
MACARONI
MEAT
MELONS
MILK
MUSTARD
NEWSPAPER
NUTS

OLIVES
ONIONS
PAINT
PEAS
PEPPERS
PICTURE FRAME
PLANT
PORK CHOPS
POTATOES
POULTRY

RAKE
RICE
SLACKS
SOCKS
SODA
SOUP
SUN GLASSES
SYRUP
TELEVISION
WAX