

THE FORESTER

Volume 4 Issue 8

November 1997

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

FOURTH FLOOR THOUGHTS

by Peg Lewis



This is being written from the new Residents' Association Office on the fourth floor near elevator 7. I invite each of you to come to visit the office at its new location. I have not yet been able to establish regular hours, but if you will call the new telephone number, 419-1976, and leave a message, I can arrange to meet you there.

I have said that I can not solve all problems, but they will be presented in the most persuasive fashion possible to management and the TFAD Board. The contact that the president of this organization has with the Board is vital. I have already attended the first Board meeting and have found that the other Directors are really interested in the residents' opinions. I supported Bill Goldthorp's final report to the TFAD Board with regard to the feelings about the last fee increase.

I urge you to channel your concerns about other issues as much as possible through the rel-

evant committees of the Residents' Association. The chairpersons of these committees are:

Activities	Beth Upchurch
Building	P.J. Burns
By-Laws	Bert Dube
Caucuses	John Friedrich
Dining Services	Helen Albrecht
Grounds	Bruce Burns
Health Care	Lib Kern
Library	Georgia Champion
Safety	Harry Owen

These persons, plus Dan Lacy, Secretary, and Jenn Van Brunt, Treasurer, comprise the Residents' Board this year. We look forward to a good year and the continued success of the Forest. They will be asking some residents to serve on the various committees. I hope you will be willing to volunteer your time for this important work. The smooth functioning of the community depends on these many committees and working groups. They bring focus to our mutual problems. In addition, they are the groups that add so much to the unique flavor of TFAD.

Groups are just one aspect of community life here. Your individual caring spirit and your

SAFETY IS NEW WATCHWORD

Safety both for employees and residents is the aim of a new movement at The Forest, whose employees last month celebrated 150 days without a workplace accident or illness. A Safety Inservice is planned for November 18th in the Studio, at which employees will be given their new Safety Handbook.

Members of the Safety Committee are: Tom Fourqurean, facilitator; Linda Vanaman, advisor; Glenn Arrington, chairman; Claudia Wing, recorder; Kathy Boone, Laurie Williams, Connie Hinson, Lynn Nakell, Cynthia Bobbitt, and Dean Perrigo.

ENCORE STORE NEWS

The Store is appealing for donations from residents. Costume jewelry is now being accepted for the before-Christmas trade. Sheets, towels, all kinds of kitchenware, indeed, any 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.

The store will be open on Wednesday, December 10, from 10 to 11 a.m., and 4 to 5 p.m.

See PEG on page 3

The Forester

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

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Publisher: Bob Dunham

Managing Editor: John Tebbel

Editorial Assistants:

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

Art and Word Puzzle: Bob Blake

Photographer: Ed Albrecht

Publishing Assistants:

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

UNSUNG HEROES AND HEROINES DEPT.

As everyone knows, The Forest has more volunteers to the square inch than most other institutions. Some are less easily recognized than others, as two examples demonstrate. Residents notice the fresh-cut flowers every day on the Reception Desk, beside the Count-Me-In Book, on the fountain's ledge, in the women's restroom, and downstairs in Holbrook and Olsen. But who is it that rises early in the morning, cuts roses and other flowers, and arranges them in all the places listed above. The answer? Minnie Mae Franklin.

Someone also comes down to the pool every weekday and three times on Saturday and Sunday to check the chemicals in the pool and hot tub, noting whether they contain the proper mix for cleanliness and safety. Those who use the pool are grateful; those who don't should also be grateful because of the money saved. Who is this volunteer? Frank Melpolder.

—All the above courtesy of
Molly Simes

EDITORIAL

That peculiarly American institution, Thanksgiving, is upon us once more, and we have much to be thankful for on this fifth anniversary of the holiday at The Forest. We have survived Fran and a variety of other near disasters in that time, we have changed administrations, and we have elected four presidents of the Residents' Association.

At the first Thanksgiving in the Massachusetts Bay colony, long before it became an official and mostly commercial holiday, the helpful Indians brought much of the food and even helped cook it, and not long after, the colonists gave them the bum's rush from their own land. Is there a lesson here for us? Possibly.

We're all Indians here at The Forest, and most of us contribute to the feast. But occasionally some of us get to thinking we're settlers and those others are Indians. It may help to remember that life in the Bay Colony, even with all its hardships, was at its best when the settlers and the Indians sat at the same table.

—John Tebbel

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.—publisher

THE ROSE COMMITTEE NEEDS BUD VASES

The Rose Committee would appreciate the donation of bud vases for use next year. Please leave them at the Information Desk or call Bess Bowditch at 490-0511.

In Memoriam

Dorothy Naumann November 7

"Things To Be Thankful For"

The good, green earth beneath our feet,
The air we breathe, the food we eat.

Some work to do, a goal to win,
A hidden longing deep within,
That spurs us on to bigger things,
And helps us meet what each day brings.

All these things, and many more,
Are things we should be thankful for.

And something else we should not forget,
That people we've known, or heard,
or met,

By indirection have had a big part,
In molding the thoughts,
Of the mind and the heart.

And so it's the people who are like you,
That people like me should give thanks to.
For no one can live to himself alone,
And no one can win just on his own.

Too bad there aren't a whole lot more,
People like "YOU" to be thankful for!

*Written by Helen Steiner Rice
Contributed by Dorothy Zutant*

Library Bookends

by Jean Weil



The Library has moved some of the videos to a spot behind the Visualtek Reading machine. We are still looking for more space for videos. However, we have lots of videos about various medical problems (a new set from Time-Life) and also many that are purely entertaining. Soon we will solve the problem of where to put more videos. We have some that are not displayed for lack of shelf-room.

Regarding the copy machine, there is often a great discrepancy between the number of copies made and the monies in the box. Remember, if you make personal copies, the cost is 10 cents per page. If you make copies for any part of the Residents' Association, you don't pay, but you do have to leave a note in the money box with your name, the number of copies made and their purpose.

It does not matter how long you need to keep borrowed books; there is no time limit for returning them. But we would like them back when you are finished. The Circulation Box is full of cards that indicate unreturned books taken out as long as a year ago. There are no fines nor penalties. But we would not like to issue a warning like the Monastic Library of San Pedro Barcelona did. Here is their request for returning books:

"For him that steals or borrows and returns not a book from our Library, let it change into a serpent in

his hand and rend him. Let him be struck with palsy, and all his members blasted. Let him anguish in pain, crying aloud for mercy, and let there be no surcease to his agony till he sing in dissolution. Let book-worms gnaw at his entrails in token of the worm that dieth not. And when at last he goes to his final punishment, let the flames of Hell consume him forever!!"

"BEWARE."

—Contributed by Berthe Kuniholm, from *A History of Reading* by Alberto Manguel.

PEG continued from page 1

support of friends and neighbors are a mark of our concern for each other. We all need that, in illness and in joy. This sharing brings us together. If we can all work together to bring positive contributions to our community life, we can affect the programs and services that are so important to us all.

Our CCCR of NC Representative will be Chris Hamlet, who will report to the Residents' Board but will not be a member of it. He will be our contact with the statewide organization which represents residents of a majority of NC CCRCs. When I can arrange a schedule, I will post hours on the office door. Otherwise, call me at 419-1976 and leave a message if I am not there.

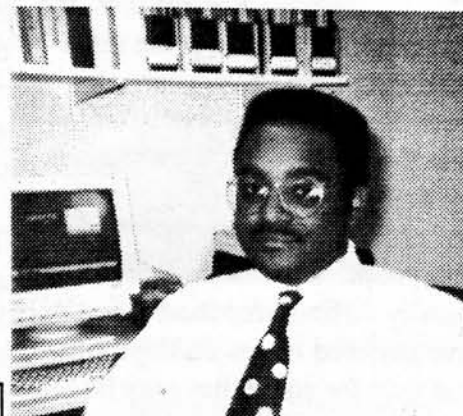
It is a bit difficult to start a new phase of the Residents' Association when the holidays are almost upon us, but the Residents Board will do its best to keep things moving smoothly and with concern for all of the Residents.

Forester Profile

Mark Williams

Master of the Network

by John Tebbel



Mark

From his triangular office on the third floor, once occupied by the late lamented package room, Mark Williams knows what's going on in every other part of The Forest. Well, not quite; privacy still prevails. But the computer network he has organized enables him to see that every part of the institution's machinery is functioning.

This is something relatively new in management, another product of the Computer Age. Mark's official title is Purchasing Manager and Network Administrator, one supplementing the other. The computers in all The Forest's offices are linked to Mark's own machine and to each other. That enables the administrative staff to share files and information, and tells Mark what is needed and where. The next step will be a site on the World Wide Web, something institutions like Carolina Meadows are actively pursuing and which The Forest is contemplating.

See MARK on page 8

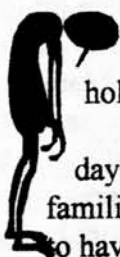


HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH

by Pauline Gratz

For millions, the winter holiday season is the most depressing time of the year. Between Thanksgiving until after the New Year, people find themselves in a deep funk.

The holidays tend to amplify people's problems and are especially difficult for those who have suffered losses during the year. But for some they may be difficult times without an obvious cause.



Many reasons have been offered to explain the holiday blues:

Loneliness. The holidays are billed as times when families and friends get together to have a good time. Persons who find themselves alone at holiday times--the single, divorced, or widowed, among others--are the most susceptible to depression. Each Christmas carol or holiday greeting becomes a reminder that "everyone is happy but me." Experts recommend resisting all feelings of self-pity. Instead of sitting around feeling sorry for yourself, they suggest making it a point to be with people or arranging an activity that is enjoyable.

Fatigue. Whether one is staying home for the holidays or going away, there always seems more to do than the hours of the day, and often the night, will allow. For those who leave town, there are trip preparations and packing in addition to shopping expeditions. The combined stresses of seemingly endless lists of "essential" chores,

overbooked days and inadequate sleep can easily precipitate depression.

Exercise is an excellent antidote to fatigue and depression. Physical activity helps organize the day better, so that there is more time to get things done. It also improves sleep and makes one more alert during the day.

Unrealistic Expectations.

The Christmas spirit is not magical. People who have felt neglected all year expect that at Christmas all will change. But they almost never do.

Gift-giving and receiving are common causes of unfulfilled expectations. Many people choose gifts that reflect the giver's, not the receiver's, tastes and needs. Others try to make up for what they lack in feeling by giving an overly expensive gift.

A homemade gift (food, poem, clothing, or trinket), a gift certificate for a favorite store or an I.O.U. for a special event might be preferable to a gift that will disappoint. For people who don't like to receive presents, a charitable contribution might be a good alternative.

Guilt.

Don't compound the holiday blues by feeling guilty because you're not as jolly as the carol says you should be. It's normal at holiday time to feel a little sad about the past and the loved ones who can't be with you. Perhaps the best antidote to guilt and depression is to do something nice for someone less fortunate than you.



HOW TO TRAVEL WITH CRIMINALS

Foresters, those inveterate and constant travelers, may think they've been everywhere and seen everything, but there's a new travel wrinkle that will especially intrigue mystery story readers.

The wrinkle is Nina King's new book (written with Robin Wink and other contributors) titled *Crimes of the Scene: A Mystery Novel Guide for The International Traveler*.

If you're traveling, this handy guide offers lists and reviews of crime scenes and criminals from literature in countries around the world. When you go to Paris, for example, you can get more out of the trip by reading the exploits of Maigret, that city's most celebrated detective. Each chapter is prefaced by an essay describing an area's cultural and political climate and its impact on crime fiction. Countries visited include France, Spain, Italy, Eastern Europe and the Balkans, Germany, the Netherlands, Ireland, Scandinavia, Russia, the Middle East, Africa, Southern Africa, Japan, China, Malaysia (including Singapore and Borneo), Australia, New Zealand, Mexico, Canada, the Caribbean, and Central and South America.

Done up in a small format, it makes a happy and informative traveling companion. Good for arm-chair travelers, too

—John Tebbel, with thanks to Ruth Nierling, a friend of the author.



AD-LIB

BY LIBBY GETZ

Years ago when we lived in Rome we would go the Baths of Caracalla to hear opera outdoors. The setting was spectacular, the voices great, and for Aida the zoo was emptied on the stage. It was always a thrilling experience, but by the last act the thrill changed to chill when the night air took over.



Then was the time to buy a *caffè caldo*, a steaming mix of espresso and brandy that shot you straight into the stratosphere and left you sleepless for a week. It was a marvelous drink and I can taste it still. Wonderful! Unforgettable!

The pleasures of coffee are many. A hot mug of it jump-starts my day. It bonds neighbors. It breaks up dull office mornings, and think of all the political plots that have been hatched when young hot-heads gathered in the coffee houses of Middle Europe.

There is a lot of good coffee to be had in the Triangle. Two Durham sources that come to mind are Fowler's Fancy Grocery (Brightleaf Square) and Foster's Market (2694 Chapel Hill Blvd.). Both have large selections and will blend coffee for you. As you enter Foster's there is a coffee bar on the right. The coffee is a dollar, but if you bring your own mug, it is only 75 cents.

My favorite store, A Southern Season (Eastgate Mall, Chapel Hill), has the largest selection, and some of the names are wonderfully poetic: Jamaica Blue Mountain, Tip of the Andes, Ethiopia Yergachef-

fer. At the end of their coffee bar they offer free demitasses of their coffee of the week. Sample that great amber rough sugar, too. Coffee prices run generally between \$6.95 and \$9.00 per 454 grams..

RESTAURANTS:

Vespa has moved into the premises formerly inhabited by Mondo Bistro. Mondo Bistro left big shoes to fill, but Vespa doesn't fill them. For an Italian restaurant the menu offers little classic Italian food. There isn't much wrong with this restaurant, but there isn't much right with it either. Vespa — 306 W. Franklin, Chapel Hill.

After five years of driving past, we finally stopped and parked at the **Kyoto**. I don't know what I expected, but it wasn't to join five unknowns at a communal table around a cooking slab. And I certainly wasn't prepared for flashing knives and flames leaping skyward. Dining there is a piece of theater orchestrated by the young Japanese cook, who prepares the entire dinner in front of you as you dodge the knives and flames. He produces a good dinner but much too much food. Patrons were staggering home laden with huge Styrofoam boxes. A unique place to celebrate a birthday, too—great oriental gongs are struck and "happy birthday" is rendered in Japanese! Kyoto—3644 Chapel Hill Blvd., Durham.

The good restaurant news is that there's a New Chinese restaurant, **Tiger Lily**. If you like Chinese food, you'll love Tiger Lily. The owners have not squandered their money on fancy decor. They have saved it for the kitchen, and it



EMPLOYEES BAKE UP TASTY DISHES

That short corridor linking the kitchen with the beauty parlor and environs became Food Alley on October 27th when employees held their first dessert baking contest. An array of cakes, pies, brownies and cookies greeted resident volunteer judges who tasted and gave out prizes.

Winners were:

Cakes—Mary Snooks, 1st, and Paul Ramos, 2nd; Pies—Lucy Grant, 1st, and Dora Forbes, 2nd; Brownies—Annie Davis, 1st, and Lynne Nakell, 2nd; Cookies—Linda Vanaman, 1st, and Sharon Simpson, 2nd.

Judges who sampled an hour before noon and no doubt missed lunch were Richard Capwell, Betsy Close, Earl Davis, Janet McKay, Jean Weil, and John Tebbel (who got the time wrong, arrived a half-hour late when it was all over, and was sent home with two samples and a reprimand).



shows. My moo shu pork was the best I have ever tasted. The service was faultless. Everything about Tiger Lily is low key, and so are the prices. Tiger Lily—2501 University Drive at Chapel Hill Blvd. Durham.

HINTS:

For those white rings that drinks leave on the table, try rubbing in a paste made of mayonnaise and cigar ashes.

Did you soup-makers know you can buy ham bones at the Honey-Baked Ham Store? (3608 Chapel Hill Blvd. Durham). They cost \$2.61, and there's usually enough meat on them for a couple of sandwiches too.



BOOK NOTES

BY JOHN TEBBEL

By this time, all the books designed for holiday giving have been published. A book emerging in December is a disaster waiting to happen, and the wait will be short. The choices this month aren't necessarily gift items, but winnowings from the annual flood, designed to while away winter hours.

Ordinarily we'd shudder away from a book about cancer, with reality an everyday affair, but here is a volume worth anyone's attention. It's *Curing Cancer: Theory of the Men and Women Unlocking the Secrets of Our Deadliest Illness*, by Michael Waldholtz, who is the *Wall Street Journal's* science reporter. The subject is genetic research, which Waldholtz not only makes understandable to laypeople, but manages to make it a human drama with all the excitement of a thriller. The good news, says the author in effect, is that gene-hunting has become the most promising lead to a cure. The bad news, of course, is that we're not there yet.

Listeners to Public Radio and a great many other people are fans of Garrison Keillor and his tales of Lake Wobegon, that outpost of Lutheran piety and hijinks in Minnesota. Keillor burst on the scene just ten years ago with his book, *Wobegon Days*, and his popular radio series soon followed. Now we have *Wobegon Boy*, demonstrating that the author is the master of plots which are the longest possible distance be-



tween two points. Those who know Keillor need no further explanation. If you're an audio cassette buyer, Penguin High Bridge is issuing this one, read by the author.

Remember radio? We mean before it became the playground of talk show yammerers and the music of a much later time; that is, the period from the Twenties, when it began, to approximately the Fifties. If so, you'll love *The Great American Broadcast: A Celebration of Radio's Golden Age*, by Leonard Maltin. Along with the fascinating narrative, there are numerous personal reminiscences by those who made the Golden Age golden. They talk to the author, who now interviews Hollywood stars on *Entertainment Tonight*, and who is (we say with pardonable pride) a former student of this columnist.

You'll go a long way before finding a more entertaining mix of travel and history, along with personal observations by Jan Morris in her new collection, *Fifty Years of Europe: An Album*. And that's what it is, an album put together from the author's half-century experiences as correspondent, travel writer, and citizen of the world. In the course of writing thirty books, she has done everything from climbing Mount Everest to trekking across the Arabian desert. Along the way, she has sharp and amusing things to say about English and French culture, religion, art, railways, and why it's going to be hard to unite Europe. Always entertaining and thought-provoking, this is a rewarding read.

Bet you thought Rumer Godden was dead. But here she is, at 89, still in good literary condition

DON'T BE ANONYMOUS!

Wear your name tag. If you lost yours or the dog ate it, they're still available. Order yours at the Gift Shop for \$5, clip-on or pin-on

with another novel about her favorite India, *Cromartie v. The God Shiva*. Based on a real incident, it tells of a rich Canadian, Sydney Cromartie, who buys an 11th century bronze statue of Shiva in Toronto.



When he tries to have it authenticated in London, the dealer believes it was stolen and informs the Indian government. Young Michael Dean is sent to India to handle the case. He stays at a beachfront hotel in South India, a locale familiar to Godden's readers, and the plot takes off from there.

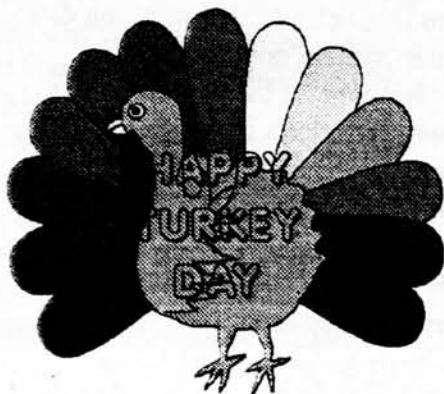
Alexander the Great is one of history's most incredible men, as Michael Wood's *In The Footsteps of Alexander the Great: A Journey From Greece to Asia* amply demonstrates. Part history, part travel, wholly absorbing, it follows along the conqueror's thirteen-year path of conquest, from Macedonia through much of the known world before he died in Babylon, in 323 B.C. The actual march took ten years, subjugating everything in its path from Greece to India. Not much has changed since then in travel conditions and in other respects, Wood tells us. There are still world trouble spots here, and some of the hottest issues then are the same today. Travel and history are combined here in a most compelling way.

Poetic LICENSE

THANKSGIVING

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

—ellen cheek dozier



STORMY WEATHER

A cold, October drizzle
Covered the weekend's space.
Most folk stayed in and watched
As rain soaked the earth's dry face.
Foreseers say be prepared
Expect a lot of the stuff,
It seems "El Nino" has arrived
Her punch full of huff and puff.
Meteorologists explain the changes
With lots of scientific facts,
But it's rumored that the moon trip,
Global warming, Apollo crafts,
Sounds of the sonic boom,
Have so upset the equation,
Old timers predict dire doom.
Have no fear, an answer is near,
Though advancement stirred up the norm,
Martha Stewart will balance the forces
With a concoction to quiet the storm.

—ellen cheek dozier



AS YOU WERE SAYING.....

If at first you don't succeed, destroy all evidence that you tried.
Experience is something you don't get until just after you need it.
For every action there is an equal and opposite criticism.
He who hesitates is probably right.
The hardness of the butter is proportional to the softness of the bread.
To succeed in politics, it is often necessary to rise above your principles.
Two wrongs are only the beginning.
The problem with the gene pool is that there is no lifeguard.
The sooner you fall behind, the more time you'll have to catch up.
A clear conscience is usually the sign of a bad memory.
Plan to be spontaneous tomorrow.
Bills travel through the mail at twice the speed of checks.
99 percent of lawyers give the rest a bad name.
42.7 percent of all statistics are made up on the spot.
If you must choose between two evils, pick the one you've never tried.
Don't sweat petty things...or pet sweaty things.
If at first you don't succeed, then skydiving definitely isn't for you.

—courtesy Julian Rosenthal

AMONG THE TREES



Admiral and June Northwood attended Bob's 60th reunion at the U. S. Naval Academy in Annapolis---A common nightmare is the dream of driving and finding that you don't have brakes. Bruce Burns experienced this in real life and navigated without foot or hand brakes through one of the busiest and roughest parts of New York City---Gene Ringwald keeps himself in tip top shape. He can't understand people who take up a sport such as golf and then ride in a cart rather than walk---Was quite pleased to see that a resident wrote a letter to the editor about this column, that someone got to the back page and actually read my ramblings. While I realize my thoughts seem somewhat off the wall at times, I am going to skip making an appointment with a psychiatrist. Also am sure its not imperative for me to see a marriage counselor as I have been happily married for nearly 55 years to a lovely spouse, the critter of my dreams---Thank you for writing and keep the epistles coming---Molly Simes is of course quite happy that her sister and brother-in-law have moved to nearby Carolina Meadows, and for what must be a record shrinking of distance between families, Ruth and Ernie Swiger's son and family are relocating from Malaysia to Charlotte, N.C.---We all know that there are many good deeds done at The Forest, and this correspondent

ALBRECHT CONDUCTS PHOTO SEMINAR

Ed Albrecht, volunteer staff photographer conducted a workshop for the Sarah P. Duke Gardens on October 11th and 18th, teaching the art of composing pictures to create photographs with meaning. Ed's photo images can be seen on the Duke Gardens' Pictorial Calendar, postcards, and posters.



would like to exert his non-celestial power to award Woodchuck Halos to a few deserving people. To Julia Negley for unselfish devoted concern and care for a near neighbor and long-time friend. To Elizabeth Trapp for all her efforts to provide care and comfort for her sister---the same to Georgia Campion during her sister's bouts with uncomfortable illnesses. To Lucy Collins for her quick reaction and offer of help to what she thought was a cry of distress from an apartment she happened to be passing---It is well known that a tree grows in Brooklyn, and from there we have



helped fill the ranks in The Forest. Four people are from the same high school in that borough: Ruth Lifton, Ruth Smiley, Phil Sellers, and Hope Lacy---Have been intrigued for a long time as to how people are able to dream up palindromes. Jon Agee is among the best with his two tomes cleverly titled *So Many Dynamos* and *Go Hang a Salami! I'm a Lasagna Hog*.

MARK continued from page 3

Mark learned how to do his job the hard way. He earned it. Born in nearby Oxford, he attended the local high school and went to work as soon as he graduated, joining the Rose chain of discount retail stores---207 of them in those days, only 103 today following years of financial problems. After eight years with the company, Mark and several hundred others were victims of the first substantial layoffs, but he had learned so much he decided to go into business for himself, with a partner. The business was inventory control, specializing in the cafeterias of high school systems.

That venture ended when Mark had an opportunity to return to the Rose chain in the corporate offices at Henderson, where he became a merchandise analyst and then a buyer before he came to The Forest.

Mark has traveled a long way for a man still relatively young, but some things haven't changed. He still lives in his native Oxford, and he still plays the guitar (self-taught), which is as near as he comes to having a hobby. In a sense, The Forest is an extended family, since his office is connected by E-mail to all its departments. "Everything's a system now," he says, meaning the computerization of American business life---and even in a non-profit continuing care center, system now prevails.

But what if the system breaks down, especially in the not infrequent power losses we experience? Not to worry. Mark has The Forest's 27 computers linked to a battery backup if the power fails. Just part of the system.

KUDOS TO THE DEADHEAD GANG

No, I'm not a member of the Grateful Dead Fan Club and Camp Followers, but I am a fan of The Forest deadheaders. These are the faithful volunteers who are responsible for keeping our rose garden beautiful. Regularly, twice a week, from April to November, they remove the spent blossoms from the thorny bushes, (they "deadhead" the rose bushes) which, in a manner of speaking, can be a pretty prickly business. Unless the dead blossoms are promptly removed, the bushes will stop blooming.

The intrepid bunch who brave the brambles are Deborah



Carey, Helen Frances, Betty Gray, Marjorie Jones, Jean Mason, Ginny Putnam, Dick Watson, Jenn VanBrunt, and

Bess Bowditch, Chairperson of the Rose Committee.

Thanks, Deadheaders!

—Evebell Dunham



Chuckles

by Dorothy Zutant

There are three ways to become a millionaire these days: inherit it, earn it, sue!

My mother said, "You won't amount to anything because you procrastinate!"

I said, "just wait!"

WELCOME NEW RESIDENTS!



Sarah McCracken
Apt. 3029 489-2421

Sarah is a native and life-long resident of Durham; she was born and grew up here, was Duke Class of '45 with a Music major, and after a year working at Duke, married Joe McCracken, MD. His medical career was here, where they raised two sons and a daughter. Sarah was homemaker, active in volunteer work, church activities and music. Her son Stuart is an ophthalmologist in Durham; son Donald is a librarian in Virginia, and daughter Nancy is a librarian in Memphis, TN. Sarah has four grandchildren. Her special interests include music, exercise (at the Duke Center for Living), travel, reading and needlework.

A guy down at the store complained that he didn't have anything to be grateful for. Jim asked, "I haven't any of your childhood hopes been realized?"

The man thought for a minute and then said, "Well, one has, As boy, when my mother jerked me up by the hair of my head, I used to wish I didn't have anv." —Contributed by Dottie MacMillan



Bertha Wooten
Apt. 3005 493-8554

Bertha came from Goldsboro, NC. She was born in Wilson, NC, grew up in Goldsboro, attended Randolph-Macon College for two years, then Duke, where she graduated with majors in English and Mathematics. She married William Shepherd, and they had a son and two daughters. After 31 years together, her husband died. For the next 10 years, until she married Sterling Wooten in 1981, Bertha was president of the family wholesale electrical business in Goldsboro, which her son Daniel and daughter Edith still operate. Her daughter Sara is married to a University of Illinois (Urbana) professor and teaches Ceramics there. She has four grandchildren and a step-son and step-daughter who have families. Bertha's special inerests are volunteer activities, involving art, historic preservation, and public education, and painting, travel and bridge.

"Do you wake up grumpy in the mornings?" the elderly lady asked her companion. "No," her friend replied, "I just leave him lying there."



arty-facts

Duane Hanson

by Charlotte Cassels

If you attended any of the 1996 Olympic Games in Atlanta, I hope you saw a very special art exhibit at NationsBank Plaza. The show was entitled "Homeland of the Imagination; The Southern Presence in 20th Century Art." Twenty internationally known artists were chosen, all with southern connections.

The following eclectic artists were gathered to provide a cultural note of art in America to those from around the world attending the games: Benny Andrews, Remare Bearden, Lynda Benglis, Harry Callahan, William Christenberry, William Eggleston, Sam Gilliam, Red Grooms, Duane Hanson, Jasper Johns, Harvey Littleton, Sally Mann, Kenneth Noland, Robert Rauschenberg, James Rosenquist, Robert Ryman, Keith Sonnier, Donald Sultan, Cy Twombly, and Jerry Uelsmann.

In my opinion, Duane Hanson is the most fascinating artist of all in this show. Born on January 17, 1925, in Alexandria, Minnesota, of Swedish parents, his father was a dairy farmer, and Duane was raised a strict Lutheran. He studied at Luther College in Iowa until his talent as an artist led him to other schools, terminating at the Cranbrook Academy of Art in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, where he received his Master of Fine Arts degree. There he was influenced by Carl Milles, famous Swedish sculptor (whose work left the N.Y. Mu-

seum of Art to be installed at Brookgreen Gardens, SC).

Hanson then began his life as a teacher in Munich, where he met the German artist George Grygo, who created realistic figures from polyester resin and fiberglass. His first sculptural work in this new technique, "War," met with great success, and he was launched on his own path, experimenting with different modes of life-sized figural work made from polyester resin. By 1974, a major retrospective of his work was mounted in West Germany and Denmark.

His work is so realistic I was fooled in the Norton Art Gallery (Palm Beach, Florida) into asking a gallery guard directions, only to discover he was not a human being! I've also seen people trying to buy tickets from a seated



Duane Hanson, *Couple on a Bench*, 1994

woman figure outside an auditorium. If you've experienced the shock of seeing his sculptures for the first time, you never forget it.

The actual creation of each sculpture is quite complicated, but basically Hanson first finds his own models. He is predisposed to overweight working class-people and only recently starting to do sports activists. The model first shaves off

VOLUNTEERS OF THE YEAR

Although it's no longer news, announced at the annual meeting on October 3rd, *The Forester* salutes Terry Bronfenbrenner and Bob Dunham (he abstained from this salute) as Volunteers of the Year.

They were cited for their outstanding volunteer work by a selection committee consisting of Earl Davis, chairman; Carl Beery, Bernice Hopkins, Walter Lifton, Jane Muncaster, and Gene Ringwald. —John Tebbel

Happy

Thanksgiving!



any body hair that would adhere to the silicone rubber mold and coats the skin with Vaseline. When the rubber mold is set it is followed by a plaster support mold. The casting material is polyvinyl acetate tinted with oil paints and paraffin. Hanson inserts body hair even when it will be covered by clothing. Many people feel that Hanson's work with this substance or other resins brought about the cancer which led to his death in January 1996.

Hanson's wife has created a foundation in his name which is now being developed in their home in Florida, where they had lived since 1965. Duane Hanson's artistic abilities were reaching for a maturity which we will never see, a great loss to the art world.

Art Buchwald reported this factured-French account of the first Thanksgiving in his column last year. Note: this is not a history lesson, but neither are the other stories of the origin of this great American holiday. We hope you enjoy this one. —Publisher

A la Recherché du Temps Perdue

By Art Buchwald

In 1953, during my tour of duty with the French Foreign Legion in the Sahara, my tough sergeant from Marseilles said to me, "Why do all the American recruits refuse to eat anything but turkey on this day?"

I told him I was sorry but my lips were sealed. He then poured honey on my head so the ants would get me. That's when I broke down and talked.

One of the most important holidays is Thanksgiving Day, known in France as *le Jour de Merci Donnant*.

Le Jour de Merci Donnant was first started by a group of pilgrims (*Pelerins*) who fled from *l'Angleterre* before the McCarran Act to found a colony in the New World (*le Nouveau Monde*), where they could shoot Indians (*les Peaux-Rouges*) and eat turkey (*dinde*) to their hearts' content.

They landed at a place called Plymouth (now a famous *voiture Americaine*) in a wooden sailing ship named the Mayflower, or *Fleur de Mai*, in 1620. But while the *Pelerins* were killing the *dindes*, the *Peaux-Rouges* were killing the *Pelerins*, and there were several hard winters ahead for both of them. The only way the *Peaux-*

Rouges helped the *Pelerins* was when they taught them how to grow corn (*mais*). They did this because they liked corn with their *Pelerins*.

In 1623, after another harsh year, the *Pelerins*' crops were so good they decided to have a celebration and because more *mais* was raised by the *Pelerins* than *Pelerins* were killed by the *Peaux-Rouges*.

Every year on *le Jour de Merci Donnant*, parents tell their children an amusing story about the first celebration.

It concerns a brave *capitaine* named Miles Standish (known in France as *Kilometres Deboutish*) and a shy young lieutenant named Jean Alden. Both of them were in love with a flower of Plymouth called Priscilla Mullens (no translation). The *vieux capitaine* said to the *jeune lieutenant*:

"Go to the damsel Priscilla (*Allez tres vite chez Priscilla*), the loveliest maiden of Plymouth (*la plus jolie demoiselle de Plymouth*). Say that a blunt old captain, a man not of words but of action (*un vieux Fanfan la Tulipe*), offers his hand and his heart -- the hand and heart of a soldier. Not in these words, you understand, but this, in short, is my meaning.

"I am a maker of war (*Je suis unfabricant de la guerre*) and not a maker of phrases. You, bred as a scholar (*Vous, qui e^tes pain comme un etudiant*), can say it in elegant language, such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers, such as you think best suited to win the heart of the maiden."

Although Jean was fit to be tied (*convenable a e^tre emballe*),

friendship prevailed over love and went to his duty. But instead of using elegant language, he blurted out his mission. Priscilla was muted with amazement and sorrow (*rendue muette par l'etonnement et la tristesse*).

At length she exclaimed, breaking the ominous silence, "If the great captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me, why does he not come himself and take the trouble to woo me?" (*"Ou est-il, le vicux Kilometres? Pourquoi ne vient-il pas aupres de moi pour tenter sa chance?"*)

Jean said that *Kilometres Deboutish* was very busy and didn't have time for such things. He staggered on, telling her what a wonderful husband *Kilometres* would make. Finally, Priscilla arched her eyebrows and said in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, Jean?" (*"Chacun a son gout."*)

And so, on the fourth Thursday in November, American families sit down at a large table brimming with tasty dishes, and for the only time during the year eat better than the French do.

No one can deny that *le Jour de Merci Donnant* is a *grand fe^te*, and no matter how well fed American families are, they never forget to give thanks to *Kilometres Deboutish*, who made this great day possible.

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Bob Blake's

PUZZLE

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

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

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THANKFUL FOR

APPLES	CHURCH	HELP	MOTHER-IN-LAW	SMILE
BANKS	CLOUDS	HOME	NIGHT	SOCIAL SECURITY
BASKETBALL	COMPUTER	HOSPITAL	NURSE	SONG
BASEBALL	DENTIST	HUG	PHOTOGRAPHER	STARS
BED	DOCTORS	HUSBAND	PLANTS	SWIMMING POOL
BOOKS	DOG	INSURANCE	RAIN	TELEPHONE
BROTHERS	ELECTRICITY	KISS	RESTAURANTS	TELEVISION
CAR	EMPLOYMENT	LAUGHTER	SHELTER	THE FOREST AT DUKE
CAT	HAMBURGERS	MEDICINE	LIGHT	WATER
CHILDREN	HEALTH	MINISTER	SKY	WIFE