

THE FORESTER

Volume 5 Issue 1

January 1998

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

FROM THE FOURTH FLOOR

by Peg Lewis



There's no better way to get a new perspective on the community than to be away and then to return and try to plug in again to the mood of the place. This time there are such highs and such lows. Perhaps the holiday season and its strains and its joys have added to the range of feelings. Certain occurrences of the past weeks have been disquieting, but it is heartening to see the speed with which Management is addressing the issues.

The Safety Committee has prepared a comprehensive manual for all residents which should be in your hands by the time you read this. It has excellent suggestions for ways to prepare for emergencies. I hope it will be useful and that everyone will act upon its recommendations.

On the brighter side, the New Year's Party was a great success. Staff and their families joined residents in welcoming the New Year with the now traditional Casino Party. The prizes were plentiful and the food was

DR. PAULINE GRATZ HONORED

Recently, the Duke University Nursing School Class of 1972 returned to the campus for its twenty-fifth reunion at which the class paid an exceptional tribute to TFAD resident and regular columnist for *The Forester*, Dr. Pauline Gratz, who was their mentor and counselor as Professor of Human Ecology and Physiology in the School of Nursing. The Class of 1972 was the first graduated during Dr. Gratz tenure.

During the reunion, she was feted by the class with a breakfast in her honor to which members of her family from New York had been invited to attend.

In further acknowledgment of the esteem in which Pauline was held by her students, she received the



extra special from all accounts. It was the kind of evening we like to remember.

A Christmas note, addressed "To all residents," from David Gergen, commented how much the support of the community meant to his mother, Babs Hickson, and to him. This mutual support is the strength of this community; let us hold on to it and practice it in the New Year.

following letter:

Dear Dr. Gratz:

I wanted to take this opportunity to let you know how proud we are of the Nursing Class of '72 and their extraordinary efforts for their reunion gift. Sixty-one members (or 80%) of the Nursing Class of 1972 contributed \$91,132 in your honor for the 25th Reunion Gift Drive. This is \$87,000 more than they've ever raised in the past and is a strong tribute to you and your impact on their lives and careers.

I know they are looking forward to seeing you when they're on campus for their reunion. Again, congratulations on this worthy and well-deserved tribute.

Yours sincerely,
/s/ Nan Keohane
Nannerl O. Keohane

The Forester adds its hearty congratulations!

Some Secrets to Happiness

- ♦ Live beneath your means and within your seams.
- ♦ Strive for excellence, not perfection.
- ♦ Don't sweat the small stuff; remember, it's all small

The Forester

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

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

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, Jane Jones and Carolyn Vail.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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

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

No letters this month. —Ed.

ENIGMAS

If a mute swears, does his mother wash his hands with soap?

If someone with multiple personalities threatens to kill himself, is it considered a hostage situation?

Instead of talking to your plants, if you yelled at them would they still grow, only to be troubled and insecure?

What's another word for synonym?

—Contributed by Julian Rosenthal from George Carlin

Forester Profile**Meet Cathy Crabtree****Our "Hello Girl"**

by John Tebbel

Most Foresters can remember--from their earliest days, of course--when the telephone operator who answered your ring was known as a "hello girl," celebrated in song and story. Such operators are long gone, and even "girls" is not a politically correct word. Just the same, we have in the Wellness Center a young woman who does all the things those old-time operators did and more. She's our "hello girl," Cathy Crabtree.

Everyone who comes to the Wellness Center knows Cathy. She's the one on the other side of the glass partition who keeps all the patients sorted out. She's also the one who answers the telephone and talks to residents about appointments, or about their problems, and also deals with the flow of prescriptions, keeps up the appointment book, and does a collection of other tasks. You could say that Cathy is one of The Forest's busiest employees, and you'd be right. Moreover, she does it with unfailing courtesy and sympathy in an environment where both are called for every working day.

Cathy came to her job by an unrelated route. A Durham native and a product of the local schools, she is doing college the hard way--at night, studying

EDITORIAL

What can be said in a first-of-the-year editorial that hasn't been said a thousand times before? An editorial for the celebrated and long-defunct New York *Sun* solved that problem one year by advocating, tongue in cheek, that the whole idea of New Year's be abolished and treated simply as another flip of the calendar. Readers were not amused. A cascade of letters denounced him as an enemy of tradition, and in any case, a spoilsport. Here at *The Forester*, we stand foursquare in support of continuing New Year's into the computer-troubled twenty-first century and beyond. On a more mundane level, we do not advocate the making of those time-honored lists of resolutions, which are usually exercises in optimistic hypocrisy.

We do, however, believe that our happy home on Pickett Road faces a year of optimistic development under our new director, Steve Fischler, and we should resolve to work together with him to make the Forest an even better place to live than it already is. We may not always agree on what to do, or the best way to do it, but together we can make this New Year one of our best.

—John Tebbel

In Memoriam

John Holton	December 27
Lorene Hammial	January 5
Evelyn Burkett	January 6

See CATHY on page 3

DURHAM PUBLIC'S SECOND CENTURY

As the Durham Public Library begins its second century this year, the people who bring us the great gift of OASIS every two weeks or so have been contemplating their past.

In a Christmas greetings pamphlet this month, devoted primarily to a selection of books enjoyed by staff members, the library recalled some of its early history. The institution put down its roots originally in unpromising ground.

Before 1900, less than two percent of all free libraries were in the south, and at the end of the



Civil War, Durham was a tiny hamlet of less than a hundred inhabitants. But by the end of the century it had become an industrial boom town, with a reputation so bad that the Baptist Convention refused Durham's offer to locate the Baptist Female Seminary here.

Public relations was then an unknown art, but there were civic-minded residents who believed a library was needed to raise the town's intellectual level, and enough pressure was put on the General Assembly in 1897 to vote the establishment of the Durham Public Library, the first such tax-supported free institution in North Carolina.

In the century since then, the library's history is full of wild up-and-down swings, sometimes barely escaping oblivion. A major factor in its eventual

triumph, however, was the fact that Durham, unlike other Southern towns, had a booming black economy. This led to establishing the Durham Colored Public Library in 1913, located in the basement of a church. Five years later, the legislature chartered the Durham Colored Library Association, and by 1940, the library had been renamed the Stanford L. Warren Library, which merged with the Durham Public Library in 1955, ending fifty-eight years of segregation. During the coming year, thanks to the new technology, patrons will have global access to the Internet from library terminals. Meanwhile, here at The Forest, we have OASIS, the resource that brings the library to our many readers.

CATHY from page 2

business administration at Durham Technical, which is a long process. For nine years, she worked in Duke's Traffic Office, in charge of parking on the medical side, before she came here in June 1996. Her husband, Tommy, is an engineer who works for Duke in its Engineering Department, specifically its building automation systems.

Like so many working mothers, Cathy spends all her time away from The Forest and from college with her three-year-old son, Zachary. "He's my hobby," she says. But there's also time to watch sports, and then there's beach time in the summer.

Library Bookends

by Jean Weil



Last month in *The Forester* George Chandler wrote about a book, *If Blindness Comes* by Kenneth Jernigan, that can be helpful to visually impaired people. That book and the tapes, thanks to George's generosity, can be found in the Large Print section of the Library. We will try to acquire the other books mentioned in his column: *If Blindness Strikes*, *Don't Strike Out*, and *When The Cook Can't Look*.

Because of the "advancing age" of our residents, many of us are experiencing or facing visual impairment of some sort. The Library would like to be a place where you can get information to help you cope with that problem. Our selection of large print books has grown from one section to almost two sections. Catalogs for help with visual impairment, such as magnifiers, etc., are in a box in the Reference section of the Library. Talking to other people in The Forest also will alert you to means of helping with your vision problems.

The Visualtek machine is a marvelous help for reading small print documents. Gus Eliason says he uses it often to read fine print. Instructions are right next to it, in large print.

Please contact me at 493-7641 for help or more information about our library resources.

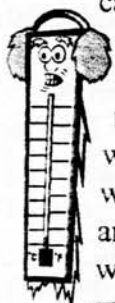


HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH

by Pauline Gratz

People evolved as semi-tropical animals. We are comfortable in calm, dry air at a temperature of 85 degrees F. Our bodies are better equipped to cope with hot weather than with cold. Therefore in winter we take extra precautions to prevent excessive exposure to cold and extra steps to help our bodies conserve their own heat.

Those who complain, "It's not the cold, it's the wind," are right. Wind removes the layer of air your body has heated around you to keep itself warm. A mere 5-mile-an-hour wind can carry away eight times more body heat than still air. The so-called wind-chill factor



measures the increase in the cooling power of moving air, whether it is wind that is blowing or you who are moving rapidly, and in effect creating a wind against you. At 30 degrees in a 10-mile-an-hour wind, the cooling effect is equivalent to calm air at 16 degrees F.

For anyone out in the cold, it's far better to wear layers of relatively light, loose clothing than one heavy item. Between layers there is a film of trapped air which, when heated by your body, acts as an excellent insulator. Body heat is most likely to be lost from the hands, feet, and head. As much as 90% of the heat you lose can come from your head, so be sure to wear a

hat. On windy days, a scarf over the nose and mouth will conserve heat.

Don't be fooled by pink cheeks. In the cold, they do not mean your skin is hot. Rather, they result from a slowdown of metabolism in skin cells in response to cold. The skin looks pink because very little oxygen is being removed from the blood and red, oxygenated blood is moving through your surface veins.



For the hands, mittens are better than gloves. Better yet, wear thin gloves under mittens so that if you need finger dexterity you can take the mitten off briefly and not totally expose your hands. On your feet, it's best to wear two pairs of socks, a cotton pair underneath and a wool pair on top.

Wool is superior to cotton because it can trap a lot of air and it readily regains its thickness after being compressed by body movements. Goose down, a natural insulator, is an excellent fill that provides warmth with little weight. Fur is a natural insulator for mammals (the goose bumps you get when you're cold represent evolutionary vestiges of an attempt to fluff out the fur for extra warmth), and wearing fur is the



next best thing to having some. A lot of dead air is trapped between the hairs, forming a warm blanket around you. But before you invest in expensive fur or down, be sure you are not allergic to it.

A tigress wild named Laurie
Departed from the Zoo;
She wandered through the country;
A poet walked there too.
When Laurie was recaptured
Shoe-strings hung on her claws
And ragged strips of breeches
Were trailing from her jaws.
The people missed their poet
But 'twas a lucky fate
For he became thereafter
The poet laureate.

— Raymond Browning, 1909
Contributed by Libby Getz



ENCORE STORE OPEN WEDNESDAYS

January 14 & February 11

10 to 11 a.m.
4 to 5 p.m.

In extreme cold, inhale through your nose and exhale through your mouth. Inhaled air is warmed in the nasal passages before reaching the lungs. People with respiratory diseases should avoid going out in very cold weather because the cold air may trigger bronchial spasms and cause breathlessness.

Since our bodies are better equipped to cope with the weather in the summer time than in the winter time, we must take extra precautions to prevent excessive exposure to cold. Extra steps to help our bodies conserve their own heat are well worth the effort.

AD-LIB

BY LIBBY GETZ

I often find myself driving the sparsely populated back roads of Chatham County where



one meets few others. The

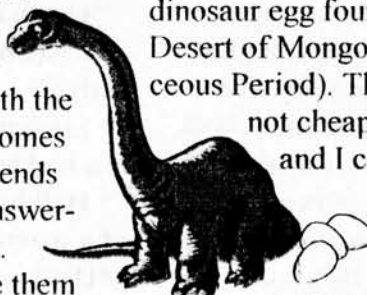
sudden appearance of a lone car tail-gating me can cause concern. It has, also, crossed my mind that a flat tire there could be a colossal disaster. To put an end to these worrisome thoughts, last week I purchased a simply wonderful "security blanket". I am now carrying a cellular phone in my purse; one of its buttons pushed brings 911, another AAA. I can, of course, use it as a normal telephone, though idle chitchat can run up an enormous bill. I bought this comforting electronic wonder at AAA-recommended 360 Cellular Communications, 143 Rams Plaza, Chapel Hill. The model I purchased was a Motorola flip-top, at \$29.95. There are other models that cost more, or less. I signed a 1-year contract for the most basic service at \$15.95 a month. The details are in the fine print.

Rushing to keep up with the 20th century before it becomes the 21st and pushed by friends and family, I bought an answering machine the same day. Most of you, I know, have them and, hopefully, I can master this little monster, which I consider just another invasion of my privacy. I was advised to buy a ma-

chine with a chip rather than a tape. Both Circuit City and Radio Shack offered a plethora of solutions. I ended up buying a Radio Shack cordless telephone answering system (tao-1015) for \$129.95. An answering machine alone is much less. A Radio Shack micro-cassette (43-752) tape, not chip, is \$29.95, and a multi-user (chip) (43-745) is \$89.95. Best Friend has assumed a voyeur stance in all this. It is in his genes to do so. After all his father was known to have resisted "glassed-in cars" until he had no alternative but to buy the darn things. The Getzes are not ones to chase after fads. They leave that to the women they marry.

I am happy to report that the Elmo's Diner that recently opened at 776 9th Street here is the same good value as the one in Carrboro, offering generous plates of simple, healthy food that fill you up—but don't empty your wallet—and bright, pleasant surroundings.

I have been neglecting The Gift for the Friend Who Has Everything. For this friend, try wrapping up a genuine fossilized dinosaur egg found in the Gobi Desert of Mongolia (late Cretaceous Period). These eggs are not cheap at \$975 each, and I can't guarantee what would happen if you put one in the oven at a very low heat. To order, call 1-800-437-0222 and mention item f-050.



PROTECT YOURSELF

The Privacy Rights Clearinghouse offers these tips for consumers who want to maintain some control over their personal information and who can access it:

1. Opt-Out of Mailing Lists

Many mail-order firms, magazines and credit card companies provide a box to check if you don't want your name sold to other companies. Contact the Direct Marketing Association's Mail Preference Service (P.O. Box 9008, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735) to reduce junk mail.

2. Disconnect Telemarketers

To reduce calls, send your name, address and phone number to the DMA's Telephone Preference Service (20, Box 9014, Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735). When telemarketers do call, tell them to put you on their "don't call list".

3. Protect Your Social Security Number

Give it out only when it is required (tax forms, employment records, most banking, stock and property transactions).

4. Guard Your Credit Rating

To learn how to request your credit report, call: Experian (\$8 for report, 1-800-682-7654), Equifax (\$3-\$8, varies by state, 1-800-685-1111) or Trans Union (\$8, 1-800-916-8800).

For More Information on privacy matters, call the Privacy Rights Clearinghouse hot line (619-298-3396) or visit its Web site (<http://www.privacyrights.org>).

AMONG THE TREES



The Forest is, among many other things, a haven for some people related to distinguished aquatic pursuits. We all know "Coach" Jack Persons who is in the Duke Athletic Hall of Fame because of his outstanding record as their swimming coach. Our TFAD Board member, Alex McMahon, served under him as student manager. John Gray was a star on his alma mater's



team, and Bruce Burns is impressive while doing

his thirty laps. Bill Rohrhurst and his daughters were active in Rutgers swimming. Wonder how many know that Harry Schoenhut's grandmother was once America's premier woman swimmer, dominating her field for a decade. After breaking all American sprint records she turned to international ones and broke many of those as well. Her picture has appeared on magazine covers and she was the first woman to be named to the Swimming Hall of Fame. Her name? Olga Dorfner Schoenhut--On your next trip to the North Carolina Museum of Art go to the American section and see the statue, "The Puritan". The subject was Deacon Samuel Chapin, 10th great-grandfather of Flo-

rence Manning. This sculpture can also be seen in Brookgreen Gardens, South Carolina, in the Cornell Museum of Art in Ithaca, New York as well as the original life size in Springfield, Mass.---We have another successful commercial artist in our midst. Gift shops in our area are featuring Ginny Putnam note cards and reporting that sales are brisk---Computers can be intimidating but Dot and Gray Kornegay, Hope and Phil Sellers, Louise and Jim Calvin, and Libby and John Getz have shown their mastery of the monster by their creation of colorful and clever Christmas cards on their PC's--- Betty and Tracy Lamar can tell a harrowing tale of travel on route I- 95 from Georgia to North Carolina---Ever wonder why abbreviation is such a long word?---Sarah and Marcus Hobbs showed on New Years Eve that they have plenty of rhythm and can swing with the best. Also Margo Langohr is quite hep to "The Charleston"---Results show that Charlotte Casels knows how to handle herself at a blackjack table---Miss seeing Ruth and Mitch Kellogg in the dining room. Hope they're back soon---Lucy and Ray Blackman take adventuresome Elderhostel trips: Australia last year and Japan this year---To keep up with palindromes check with "Diana Bruno, on urban aid."---Many Foresters are exploring the Caribbean area this winter: Ernie and Bob Guy, Molly and Frank Simes, Evebell and Bob Dunham, and Betty and John Gray.



Chuckles

by Dorothy Zutant

As you were saying...

* A conclusion is the place where you got tired of thinking.

* Never do card tricks for the group you play poker with.

* No one is listening until you make a mistake.

* Success always occurs in private, and failure in full view

* The colder the X-ray table, the more of your body is required on it.

* The severity of the itch is proportional to the reach.

* To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism; to steal from many is research.

* You never really learn to swear until you learn to drive.

* Change is inevitable. . .except from vending machines.

* Always try to be modest. And be damn proud of it!

* If you think nobody cares about you, try missing a couple of payments.

* How many of you believe in telekinesis? Raise my hands....

* I'd kill for a Nobel Peace Prize.

* Everybody repeat after me "We are all individuals."

* Death to all fanatics!

* Chastity is curable, if detected early.

* Love may be blind, but marriage is a real eye-opener.

* Hell hath no fury like the lawyer of a woman scorned.

* Hard work pays off in the future; laziness pays off now.

See CHUCKLES on page 8



WINTER

On soft, grey days
I hunker down
into myself

tuck the world
around me

cherish solitude

and renew
my acquaintance.

—Florence Manning



silence...
snowflakes
tucking down
the night

—Florence Manning

Hallelujah!

To reply to George Chandler, the sleuth,
One must try to report only truth.
No one asked George the King
If he stood up to sing.
So it's all still conjecture, says Ruth.

—Ruth Phelps

ELECTRONIC
TRASH CONTAINER

When TV was a baby
I could never get enough,
even watched those commercials
as Betty Furness pitched stuff;
sex scenes were never allowed,
four letter words were taboo,
children's shows were "G" rated
for censors kept close tabs, too;
tots weren't born out-of-lock
parents were married for sure,
no steam rose in the boudoir
for the soaps were ivory pure;
then the bottom just fell out
and everything turned to smut,
now, I only flick it on
when I'm really in a rut.

P.S. Once I longed for Andy's Mayberry,
Gomer, Goober and Barney were fun;
now thanks to cable's new channels,
I'm up to my neck with reruns.

—ellen cheek dozier

COMPLEXITY

What a mixed up world we live in..
Due to human manipulations
good and virtuous standards
are tossed with scant explanation.
Lives are ever sacrificed,
beauty reduced to ashes,
power becomes the obsession
with few regards for masses.
Technicians build better mouse traps
yet can not make this planet see
the need to follow old doctrines
like love, faith and honesty.
Babes are born and seasons change
and the axis rotates each day,
but where, oh where is that someone
who'll clean house and refuse to stray.

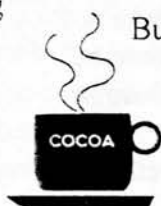
—ellen cheek dozier

The Influence of Chocolate Power Upon History
(Continued)

As Archimedes lay relaxing in his bath tub.
He had visions of a world of wondrous things.
While most of them were scientific,
One was even more terrific:
It revealed to him the joy that chocolate brings.

He went running through the streets of Syracuse,
Calling out the word "Eureka" with a roar.
He'd forgot to put on clothes.
So he pretty nearly froze.
But hot chocolate quickly warmed him up once more.

—George Chandler





BOOK NOTES

BY JOHN TEBBEL

It's not a particularly auspicious start for the New Year. Not much in the immediate view that demands reading. However, a diligent search has turned up a few offerings worth a Forest reader's time.

For Angela Thirkell fans, of whom there must be many, the good news is that her famous *Three Houses*, first published in 1931, has just been re-issued, and it has lost none of its charm. As a portrait of an idyllic childhood in Victorian England, it has few competitors. Two of the three houses are occupied by Edward Burne-Jones, the noted painter, one of them a rambling townhouse and the other a seaside cottage fashioned from two old houses joined together, creating what Thirkell calls "a rabbit warren." The third house was her parents' London home on Kensington Square, next door to the old Thackery place.

In these houses, Thirkell grew up in the company of such figures as her cousin Rudyard Kipling, W. B. Yeats, and the noted English actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whose merest whisper could be heard in the last row of any theater. Thirkell called her "Auntie Stella." All this adds up to a warm and charming reminiscence, an antidote to the daunting prospect of 1998.

Everyone could use a little love, and Diana Ackerman and Jeanne Mackin are seeing to

it that we get 600 pages of the lovely stuff in *The Book of Love*. It's a wide-ranging view of this perennial phenomenon. There is fiction ranging from the Egyptian scribes to Tolstoy and Amy Tan; poetry from the Bible, Homer, and Shakespeare to Dylan Thomas and Robert Pinsky; essays from Plato and Freud up to H.L. Mencken and Albert Camus; and a collection of memoirs and letters from missives sent by George Sand to Flaubert to the quite different exchanges between Henry Miller and Anaïs Nin.

From a morass of stereotypical fiction, there will appear next month an exception: Peter Carey's *Jack Maggs*. What we have here are variations on the theme of *Great Expectations*. Maggs arrives in London in 1837, having escaped from the horrors of an Australian penal colony. What he wants is to find his adoptive son, and to do that, he finds employment as footman in the mansion of Sir Percival Buckle. He becomes a friend of Tobias Gates, a young writer living on the thin edge between respectability and ruin. Along with excursions into animal magnetism and hypnosis, we are shown once again, in Dickensian terms, the corrupting power of money and the cruelty of class distinctions. There is suspense at every turn in this absorbing portrait of 1800's London. Advance critics say that if there is one book this year that could be termed irresistible, *Jack Maggs* is it.

And now for something

CHUCKLES from page 6

* Eagles may soar, but weasels aren't sucked into jet engines.

* Borrow money from pessimists--they don't expect it back.

* Half the people you know are below average.

* A conscience is what hurts when all your other parts feel so good.

—Contributed by Julian Rosenthal



The Evolution of Authority

—Contributed by Bertha Wooten

just a little different. Five years ago a Providence *Journal-Bulletin* reporter named G. Wayne Miller was assigned to write about a local firm, the toy manufacturer Hasbro. That led first to history of "G. I. Joe," the company's popular toy, but then to a full-scale study of the great war between Hasbro and Mattel, the other major toy-maker---involving Disney, Marvel Comics, and Dreamworks SKG--for control of the toy market. Out of all this came Miller's new book: *Toy Wars: The Epic Struggle Between G. I. Joe, Barbie and The Companies That Make Them*. There's plenty of behind-the-scenes drama in this family story about a little known industry. And you thought Barbie was just another rich girl. (Feb.)

THE LAST CHRISTMAS LETTER?

by George Chandler

Everyone gets those cryptic Christmas letters from friends in which they mention, by first name only, innumerable acquaintances and family members of whose very existence we are unaware. Here's one that we received this year. Maybe some TFAD residents can help us figure out just who our correspondent was talking about.

Christmas greetings to all our many friends!

Once again, we take the opportunity that the season brings to let you all in on our activities of the past year. It has been a great year for us, except that Jake had to have another heart transplant in September. It's pretty tough on him, what with his other problem, but you all know that he's not the type to let little things bother him.

Believe it or not, Nero came down from New York City for a visit in January! Archie drove him, of course; he wouldn't think of trusting himself to an airplane. He never would have left his old brownstone if he hadn't wanted to see some kind of new orchid which that Duke professor had developed and which he refused to entrust to UPS.

Easter saw us on a trip to England where we were able to visit several friends. We stayed with Emma and George at Highbury, and of course saw lots of old acquaintances. Isabella and John and all their kids came down from London for the weekend. After spending a few days with that noisy brood I am al-

most reconciled to the fact that Jake and I couldn't have children. Frank and Jane were staying at the Westons. George still displays what seems to us an unreasonable coolness toward Frank, and he makes a sour face when Frank and Emma prattle on with their heads together, as they have always done. And, of course, Miss Bates is--well--still Miss Bates.

We had a few days in Yorkshire with Esther and the doctor. She's almost too sweet to be believed, and he's such a "good" man that he gives away his services half the time, even when he could perfectly easily collect his fees from the National Health Service. Jake spent much of his time down at the mill. He says he preferred Charlie's company to Esther's. Esther looks pretty good. You hardly notice the scars on her face any more. Her old guardian, Mr. Jarndyce, lives with them now, and he's such a benevolent old bore that it's easy to see where she got her sweetie-pie ways.

On the way to London, we stopped for tea in St. Mary Mead with Aunt Jane. Then we stayed a couple of days with Phineas before flying home. That rich widow he married has left him very well off. He is still in Parliament, but recent left-wing successes have quieted him down quite a bit. He's always been a radical, of course, but he seems to be inspired to oratory only when he is in the opposition and can attack the government.

We made a quick trip to Windsor to have lunch with the Pages. Anne finally got her own way and married Fenton. He seems to have plenty of money, and I could never see why George pre-

ferred that ridiculous Slender boy to him. We hear that Sir John has gone back to London. Anyway, we didn't see anything of him. Alice seems to be out of town, too. One can only speculate.

We haven't travelled much since we got back from England on account of Jake's little medical difficulties, but we have had a bit of company.

We had a visit from Rosina during the summer, and would you believe it--she brought along a maid! She's pert little thing named Susanna who's said to have recently been married to a very handsome and clever man, but that doesn't stop her from flirting with everything that wears trousers. I was afraid to leave Jake alone in the house with her, even in his condition.

Eleanore and Frank came for Thanksgiving. Being the Dean of a cathedral must be a pretty good job as Frank never seems to have to stay home to mind the store. They report that Eleanore's sister Susan and the Archdeacon are well and staying on at Plumstead, although he has pretty much retired and leaves the preaching to his curate. They say that Frank's old friend and mentor, Josiah, now that he's left Hogglestock, has adapted quite well to his new-found affluence. He is said to be greatly respected, if not beloved, by his new parishioners.

That's about all the news. We hope that all of you have had a good year, too. Merry Christmas from both of us.

Brett

Bob Blake's

PUZZLE

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

```

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

I'M LATE BECAUSE

APPENDICITIS	DETOUR	FORGOT	MUD	SKID
APRIL SHOWERS	FELL	FRIGHTENED	MUGGER	SLEET
ARTHRITIS	FEVER	HAIL	NAP	SLIPPED
A SPIILL	FIGHT	HAZE	NO GAS	SMOG
BROKEN HEEL	FIRE	HOLD UP	OVERSLEPT	SNOWED IN
CANT WALK	FLAT TIRE	ICY ROADS	PANTS RIPPED	STORM
CLOCK STOPPED	FLOOD	KNOT	PARADE	TICKET
DEAD BATTERY	FLU	LEAK	PHONE CALL	TRAFFIC
DENTIST	FOG	LONG GROCERY	PICKET	UPSET
		LINE	SICK	WRECK
		LOST BAGGAGE		