

THE FORESTER

Volume 5 Issue 4

April 1998

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

FROM THE FOURTH FLOOR

by Peg Lewis



Even after five years in this area, the beauty of the spring here still amazes me. Our community has its share of blooms, but I hope as many as possible will follow the progress of Duke Gardens, which is so well described by Molly Simes, and will go to see this remarkable place.

The Caucus Chairpersons and the Resident Association Committees have each been asked to gather as much resident input as possible for the 1999 TFAD budget. It is important that your opinions and concerns be expressed before April 20, if they are to be considered for the new budget cycle. Now is the time to identify new services or the enhancement of existing services, or new equipment that would benefit residents. Changes or elimination of unneeded services that would reduce expenditures should also be suggested. Now is the time to speak up. October will be too late to have an impact on budget decisions.

There is a new climate of

See PEG on page 3

Forester Profile Ed Wagner Keeping Us Secure by John Tebbel

After a long career protecting other people from the criminal element, Ed Wagner has brought his expertise to the Forest, where he recently became our new Security Manager. He is a thorough professional, and already it shows.

Born in New York City, Ed migrated across the river to New Jersey and grew up there in Emerson. From the time he left high school, he did it the hard way, first joining the Army, which sent him off to the Panama Canal Zone where he spent the next 21 months as a police officer in the Zone. Off duty, he met, and wooed a young Panamanian girl named Anicia. Married in 1958, they returned to America, and a year later, became the proud parents of twins, a daughter, Anisia, and a son, Edward, now both 29. Back in New Jersey, the Wagners settled in Westwood, where Ed began his long career in law enforcement as a patrolman in the town's police department.

By this time, Ed was more than ready for college, and for the next several years he managed it by attending classes either day or night, depending on

his work schedule, using the GI Bill to finance himself. At Bergen Community College, he earned a degree in police science, later taking courses at Mercy College in Dobbs Ferry, NY and in 1977, got his BA, magna cum laude, majoring in criminal justice with a minor in behavioral science. Then it was Anicia's turn: Ed helped put her through college.

Meanwhile, his career was progressing smoothly, moving up the ladder from sergeant to lieutenant, and finally, in 1993, was named deputy chief. Along the way, he was cited for valor six times and became the most decorated officer in the department. In 1994, after a stint at Rutgers, he became a certified Emergency Manager, one of only 700 in the world. Ed spent five years as Emergency Management Coordinator in the Westwood Department.

Nothing is more unusual in Ed's busy life than his hobby. It's running. He has run the entire course in eleven marathons, nine of them in the famed New York City event. He's still running in Chapel Hill, where he and his wife now live.

Retiring in 1996, Ed and

See ED on page 5



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:**

This is a household hint I would like to share with other apartment residents:

Most all fabrics, including "Permanent Press," come out smoother and with fewer wrinkles when dried in the Knit cycle of your dryer than when dried in the Permanent Press cycle, instructions to the contrary notwithstanding. Try it, you'll like it!

—Doris Fields

To the Editor:

On March 4, 1998, because of a boyhood automobile accident, it was necessary to have a left knee replacement performed by Duke Surgeon, Dr. T. Parker Vail, at Duke Hospital. After five days of recuperation, I was released and re-assigned to Holbrook Center for the start of my rehab.

This was my first experience as a patient in our wonderful Health Care facilities, and from day one, I received totally professional and loving care. Director of Nursing, Diane Long, with her left and right arms, Mitzi Goodwin and Shirley Hutt, and their most supportive staff, have as their number one target "to provide you with TLC and get you well and on your feet again," and do they ever succeed! Never have I received better care!

Moving on, all orthopedic operations require some form of rehab. Again, we have that service available to us through Logos in our own Rehab Room, directly across the hall from the entrance to Holbrook. Introducing myself to Therapist Jane Hamilton, and trying to make a good impression, I said, "My name is Sweet William," to which she replied, "My name is Jane, Queen of Pain." Oh well, I tried, and because of her professionalism and my effort (?) we're making daily progress

Along with all staff members efforts, for which I am certainly most appreciative, I do want to thank you all for your cards, visits, and phone calls.

TFAD is a special place.

—Bill Goldthorp

Here are some truly crazy signs of the times, contributed by Jenn Van Brunt from an undisclosed source:

- For bathrooms---use stairs.
- When this sign is under water, the road is closed.
- Ears pierced while you wait.
- Are you illiterate? Call this number.

To the Editor:

Members of the Great Decisions discussion group, recently concluded, want to thank the group's leader, Bernie Bender, for the excellent job he did in piloting the members through eight weeks of settling the world's problems.

—The Group

A NOTE OF THANKS

A substantial bequest from the estate of the late Mary Raymond has made the Forest's Wandering Garden financially possible, it was disclosed last week. When Leslie Jarema first conceived the idea, she had little trouble getting it accepted but financing it was a problem. After discussing the project at length with Ms. Raymond, Leslie found the financial support she needed.

The Garden, a resounding success, will always be a tribute to Mary Raymond.

In Memoriam

Louisa Ingram	March 18
Mary Raymond	March 24
Bess Cebe	April 1

AD-LIB

Remember when we were young and trains were our means of getting from place to place? One wore a hat. A redcap coped with the luggage and you dined in luxury en route. Space was accomplished at a reasonable pace and you always knew where you were as the landscape rolled by on the other side of the window. What was most marvelous, you landed in the center of town with your bags! After World War II, the airplane and the highway system dealt the railroads a blow that sent them reeling and from which they have never recovered. If you ride the trains now, be prepared to rough it. You'll be juggling your own suitcase and eating out of plastic, but considering travel on the airlines, trains are not a bad alternative.

The **Amtrak** leaves Durham for New York at 11:08 AM and arrives there at 9:55 PM. It returns at - don't scream—6:15 AM and pulls in at Durham at 5:04 PM. Seats \$67- \$121, or, you can leave for West Palm Beach at 8:32 PM and arrive the next day in Florida at 3:07 PM. You return at 12:50 PM and arrive here at 7:39 AM. Seats \$60- \$177, room \$208. For more information call 800 872-7245 and then punch "3". The "3" is important because otherwise you will get menu after menu and never a human voice.

If you have a slight attack of train nostalgia and don't fancy a ride to New York or Florida, consider a trip to Bonsal, North Carolina. There you



can board the old cars of the **East Carolina Railway** and joyride for an hour. Train days are the first Sunday of each month, May through December. Trains leave every hour, noon until four. Tickets are \$5.00. Arrive a half-hour in advance. For more information, call 919 362-5416.

Closer to home, I can add another alternative. Near the old Carboro train station are two aged railway cars that have recently been refurbished by a Raleigh couple for a restaurant. It is charming and the food good. All the soups and desserts are homemade and they are worth a detour. **Trains** is open for lunch and dinner. Sample prices: a cup of soup, \$2.95; a terrific stuffed portobello mushroom, \$5.95; a Greek salad, \$5.95; and a tuna steak, \$13.95. **Trains**, 201 East Main, Carboro (just before Carr Mill) tel. 967-1925

Do you have a bad back? Do your knees ache? Frank Simes has the cure—**Magnets**. Make a money belt of sorts, fill it with magnets and put it where needed. You can buy these magnets at the crafts section at Wal-Mart. Of course this cure is not without problems. You may find yourself stuck to a refrigerator, or a walk through a hardware store will find you looking like a porcupine, bedecked with nails, screws, and all manner of metal objects.

Remember *South Pacific*? Remember Bloody Mary? She's alive and waiting table at the **Mandarin House**. Though she was out of context, I spotted her immediately. Incidentally, Mandarin House serves excellent Chinese food, has dim

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openness here and each resident committee has developed relationship with the management person in the area of each one's responsibility. This building of trust and mutual concern for the wellbeing of the community bodes well for us all. It also means that your opinions are heard and taken seriously. Steve Fishler and I meet regularly to bring the work of the committees to a focus, and to make sure that problems are addressed as they develop and timely solutions are proposed. The Long Range Planning Committee meeting was opened with the comment that this is now "the era of full disclosure." Issues relating to planning for the future will be discussed with the widest possible concern for the opinions of all residents, I think most of you will realize that this is indeed a new day here. Please take this opportunity to give positive suggestions for the future services and facilities of the Forest.

The leafing out of the trees and the bloom of the spring flowering plants are vital signs of the renewing of the landscape around us. My wish is that the Easter and Passover seasons will bring to each of you a renewing of your spirits as well.

sum lunches Saturday and Sunday, and is just down the hill. Family dinner for two, \$21.50
Mandarin House, 3742 Chapel Hill Blvd, Durham. tel. 493-7849

TIP: This month's tip comes from Alice Gifford. She asked for and received a senior discount for car repairs at **RPM Lincoln-Mercury**. Try it at *your* garage.

—Libby Getz



BOOK NOTES

BY JOHN TEBBEL

To use an old phrase, it's slim pickings this month. Much of the new fiction is concerned with dysfunctional families or people of minimal interest to anyone but the author. In nonfiction, the flood of memoirs continues. But here are a few impending arrivals that sound promising.

It's rare these days to find a first novel of more than ordinary interest, but Samantha Gillison's *The Undiscovered Country* seems to qualify. This is work, so the advance critics say, of a strikingly original, superbly talented new novelist, who introduces us to the lush, exotic world of Papua, New Guinea, where a Harvard doctoral candidate has taken his wife and pre-school daughter for a few months of research. He thinks it will be an educational experience, but the clash of cultures proves to be a disaster for the marriage and for the family itself. Coming in June.

What's going on behind the scenes in the high-flying auction world? Robert Lacey tells us in *Sotheby's---Bidding For Class*. It's a world of glamour, chicanery, and sharp practice, he tells us in this delightful read. Sotheby's has been in business since the 18th century, selling everything from the treasures of

Napoleon and Robert Browning's love letters to the remains from the closets of the Duke of Windsor and Jackie Onassis. Photos give us an idea of what the goods looked like before they went under the hammer. (June)

If we must have memoirs, let's have more like *Me and My Shadows, A Family Memoir: Living In The Legend of Judy Garland*, by Lorna Luft. Lorna, you'll remember, was Judy's second daughter, the one who never quite made it, completely overshadowed by both her



mother and her sister. But this is no act of revenge, no "mommy dearest".

Far from a bleak account of Judy's disastrous though triumphant life, it is as affectionate as it is revealing, full of anecdote and insight. Forecasters are saying this could go through the roof. One of its byproducts will be a four-hour miniseries on ABC. Just published.

It's been a season of books about the South, and one of the best, coming this month, is *Our Fathers' Fields: A Southern Story*. There's much to interest even non-Southerners here. The author, James Everett Kibler, tells us how, in 1987, he bought the decrepit Hardy family plantation in Newberry County, South

Carolina. He spent the next five years researching the history of the house and its family, beginning with the Revolution and coming on down through its life as a cotton farm, its tribulations through the Civil War, later battles with the boll weevil, struggles through the Depression, and at last, its conquering by Northern industry. It's a tale with many facets—historical, social, familial, home and garden talk, family tales—all these bound together in a large, fascinating, infinitely detailed portrait of a house and its times. (Just published)

And finally, something truly unusual. Bill Bryson is an Iowan who spent twenty years in England before he came home for good. Seeking a way to reintroduce himself to his native country, he decided to walk the length of the Appalachian Trail. Bryson was a neophyte, both as hiker and woodsman, otherwise he might have been daunted by this 2100-mile stroll. He tells his story in a consistently comical and entertaining fashion, introducing the numerous characters he met along the way, including a troop of incompetent Boy Scouts, and characters like Chicken John, an elderly vagrant who seemed perpetually lost. His chief companion along the way is Katz, a cranky, crude, and entertaining but uneasy companion. Bryson, a popular author in the U.K., tells his story in a graceful, witty style, with considerable insight. A splendid summer book, ready in May.

AMONG THE TREES



During the month of March, Duke Hospital displayed the paintings of Bob Blake in the South lobby and on the long corridor in North, leading to the other wings. Bob was their medical illustrator for over forty years---Martha Freeman is to be admired for her calmness under stress after being trapped in the library elevator during a power outage. She had the presence of mind to use the phone rather than the inoperative alarm bell and after a hot and dark fifteen minutes emerged cool and collected--- Every sunny day since last fall, Dorothy Pope has carried her pansies from her north facing apartment out to the sunshine. We understand that if you listen closely, you can hear her talking to her flowers---Mary Ann Ruegg has just acquired a most unusual collection of dolls. When examined closely they offer some clever surprises---The two Margos, Margo Casady and Margo Langohr once lived in closely adjoining towns in Massachusetts---If the Dining Committee is looking for people with a background in that area the following men have had professional experience in food handling: John Ondek, Ray Blackman, Gene Ringwald, and Le-land Phelps---Wonder where Audrey Austin gets her ideas for all the clever changes she makes on

her exterior door shelf?---There's talk about another picture directory. Do you think we'll notice any change in the looks of the remaining old timers from four years ago?---A sure sign that we've been here for some time is when we have reunions for events that occurred after our arrival. The Panama Canal cruise group had one at dinner to share photos and reminiscences about their trip. Present were Creighton and Fran Lacy, Hank and Janet McKay, Don and Mary Ann Ruegg, Ginny Putnam, and Jenn Vann Brunt---A sure sign that Spring has arrived is when you see Jeb and M.E. Stewart riding their bikes and the Chandlers taking their morning walk extra early in an attempt to avoid the pollen fall---For those interested in horticulture, Vella Johnson is an expert on fruit trees of all sorts. At their place in Carmel, California, she and Ken had a large garden which included one each of lemon, orange, plum, apricot, lime and peach trees --- If you get involved in any competitive sport remember what Phillies manager Danny Ozark said, "Half this game is ninety percent mental"--- Why are they called apartments when they're all stuck together?



---Woodchuck



ED continued from page 1

Anicia moved to North Carolina, a place that they, like so many other transplants, have found to contain the elements of good living. The children are scattered. Edward is in the Air Force, married and with three children. Anesia (whose name is a slight variant on her mother's) lives in North Carolina too. Ryan, who came later, is a student at UNC-Charlotte. Christian, the last to arrive, is a senior at North Carolina State. He wants to be a cop.

At the Forest, Ed has already made a difference in the security force, putting its members in uniforms and professionalizing their activities. Ed himself has made as many friends among residents as the number he's met, and the consensus is that we're lucky to have him.

IF YOU LOVE A CHARADE

Herb Stecker contributes this charade, in which "first," "second," and "third" refer to syllables.

Keats wrote my second on my first
But used a more poetic word;

And Byron, when in song he burst,
Composed my second on my third.

Behold: Coincidence unique,
That both my third and first are
Greek

And should the whole these verses
hear

I'm sure that it would shed a tear.

CASSETTE CRITIC'S CORNER

by George M. Chandler

Pianist Gary Graffman's delightful memoir, *I Really Should Be Practicing*, published in 1981, makes very good reading--or listening. It has been recorded for the Library of Congress Talking Book Service in an excellent narration and can be highly recommended.

Graffman tells of a conversation in which a noted conductor (Josef Krips, if I remember correctly) commented on the fact that when the two of them collaborated they always seemed to play Beethoven concertos. The conductor expressed the view that Beethoven, in his music, always seemed to be reaching for heaven. "But remember," he added, "Mozart is already there."

The music lover looking for books on musical subjects will find a wide variety of both new and standard works available in the cassette format. And those who agree with Krips about the position of Mozart in the musical pantheon will find the field particularly fruitful.

I began listening to the 17 four-hour tapes of Emily Anderson's translation of *The Letters of Mozart and His Family* in the summer of 1996 and found the letters so powerfully moving that I could listen to them only in very small doses. It took me a year and a half to finish the book. Fortunately, Recording for the Blind, which had recorded it, permits you to keep its tapes out on loan indefinitely. Anyone wishing to get under the skin of

this greatest of composers, and to gain some insights about the relationships within this particularly closely-linked family, should not miss the opportunity of at least dipping into this definitive collection of their letters.

The Union Catalog (which lists recorded books in the Library of Congress four-track format) has some 20 "Mozart" titles. Several excellent biographies are available, including two that might be considered standard, full-length treatments: those by Alfred Einstein and Paul Henry Lang. There is also the handy brief biography by Sidney Sadie, reprinted from the 1980 edition of the New Grove Encyclopedia of Music, and the excellent more specialized books by H. C. Robbins Landon which delve deeply into *The Golden Years, 1781-1791* and *The Final Year, 1791*. The most recent bio offered is *Mozart: A Life*, 1995, by Maynard Solomon, who takes a psychiatrist's look at the relationship between Wolfgang, the prodigy who had developed into a mature musical genius while still in his 'teens, but who, in other respects, may be said never to have grown up; and Leopold, the father who never stopped trying to direct and control his son's life.

Two other books which provide handy access to facts about Mozart are *The Compleat Mozart*, by Neal Zazlau, which provides a chronological listing, with interesting and enlightening comments, on Mozart's compositions, and *The Metropolitan Opera Guide to Mozart Operas*, the title of which is self-explanatory.

More imaginative treatments

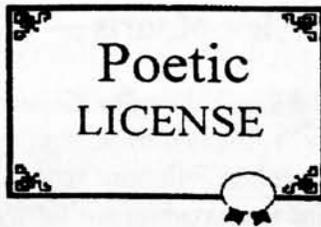
of Mozart's life include Peter Shaffer's play *Amadeus*, and *Mozart and the Archbooby*, a novel by Charles Reide. Pure fantasy, and pure delight, is Anthony Burgess, *On Mozart, A Paean for Wolfgang, 1991*. In this little book, several great musicians, led by Hector Berlioz, all of whom have died and are residing in heaven, are planning a special concert to celebrate the 200th anniversary of Mozart's death. The denouement is a stroke of real genius, and no hints will be given.

NOTE TO FOREST AUDITORS

For more than a year now, the TFAD Visual Support Group has been recording the *Forester* for the benefit of those unable to read the print version. The tapes are available in the library. Those providing the service would like to know how much use is made of the tapes, and whether it is worth the effort to continue this service. Anyone with views on the subject is urged to tell Lucy Grant or to call George Chandler at 419-4448.

Some parents worry that teaching sex education in school will promote promiscuity. Not likely, says comedian Beverly Mickins. "If we promote promiscuity the same way we promote math or science, they've got nothing to worry about."

Why is it so hard to get kids to read the classics? Maybe the books are just too tame for today's tastes. As Peter DeVries noted: "A hundred years ago, Hester Prynne of *The Scarlet Letter* was given an 'A' for adultery. Today, she would rate no better than a C+.



The fox

Could I have dreamed
 the quiet journey down the stream?
 The silence of the boat, the stream, of me?
 Could I have dreamed
 the red-grey fox who sat upon a ledge
 and gazed so curiously at me?
 The wildling creature sheltered
 in the shade and quietude
 of rook and stream and tree?

Could I have dreamed
 he knew
 I knew
 he was
 watching me?

—Florence Manning

ON BEHALF OF DUCKS— AND OTHERS

We once had a bright orange warning
 To protect any wandering duck.
 But when I took my walk in the morning,
 All I had to rely on was luck.

Now was this the right sort of priority?
 I like ducks, but they *are* a minority;
 Humans also enjoy a safe hike.
 Can't we move in the general direction
 Of providing some form of protection
 To both waddlers and walkers alike?

For some drivers, whose names I won't mention,
 Disregard every speed limit sign;
 And we need to attract their attention--
 Some speed bumps would suit me just fine!

Now our duck crossing sign has gone missing,
 And our stop signs are merely a jest.
 If our duck were a goose she'd be hissing--
 And I've bought a bright orange vest.

—George Chandler

FAMILY TREASURE

by Ellen C. Dozier

The next best thing to writing your own verses is discovering someone else's that you enjoy. That happened to me when Andy Blair put in my hands a copy of his Grandmother's *An Album of Verse*, Belle McClaskey Blair wrote while raising six children in Weston, WV, and her son, Herbert, Andy's father, had them published in 1934. Her autobiography, written in long hand, has been laminated by Robin Williams and the three volumes will be donated to West Virginia Wesleyan College in Buckhannon, WV. A poem from the Album follows:

COME GO WITH ME ADVENTURING

Come go with me adventuring---
 To the land of Make-believe,
 A land of enchanting beauty,
 As fair as mind can conceive.

We shall dwell in stately mansions there,
 As regal as castles of old---
 They are yours and mine as we picture them-
 With their wealth of treasures untold.

We shall sail the seas in a shallop brave---
 That is manned by sailors bold---
 Earth's farthest corners we shall explore,
 Find stores of diamonds and gold.

In imaginations's wonder-land,
 All our dreams and wishes come true,
 Oh beautiful world of Make-believe
 I love my adventures in you.

—Belle M. Blair

LIMERICK

There was a nice lady from Dixie
 Who everyone thought was a pixie.
 When she went for a walk
 She occasioned a gawk
 From the men who even were sixty!

—Herb Stecker

FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY FOR DUKE GARDENS' DAWN REDWOOD TREE



Just north of the Fishpond in Duke Gardens stands one of the finest cultivated specimens of the Dawn Redwood, or *Metasequoia*, introduced into

cultivation fifty years ago, according to *Flora*, the Gardens' newsletter. The tree is a member of the first cohort of seedlings grown "in captivity," *Flora* notes, and was planted in 1948. The genus, which had been named from ancient fossils was thought to be extinct until a Chinese forester discovered a small stand growing in south-central China in 1941.

The Dawn Redwood has a famous cousin, the well-known redwood seen on the West Coast, known as the world's tallest tree. But the two trees are unlike in fundamental, technical ways, differing most notably in the fact that Dawn Redwood's foliage is deciduous, while the West Coast's is evergreen. Both trees date back to the late Cretaceous period, about 100 million years ago. Dawn Redwood was once the most abundant conifer in



Foliage of Dawn Redwood

Western, Northern and Arctic North America. Today it can be found growing naturally only in the mountains between Sichuan and Hupei provinces in China.

Chuckles

by Dorothy Zutnt

You Know you're Getting Older when-



You have too much room
in the house and not enough
in the medicine cabinet.

PILLSBURY DOUGHBOY DIES AT 71

Veteran Pillsbury spokesman Pop N. Fresh died yesterday of a severe yeast infection. He was 71. Fresh was buried in one of the largest funeral ceremonies in recent years. Dozens of celebrities turned out, including Mrs. Butterworth, the California Raisins, Hungry Jack, Betty Crocker, and the Hostess Twinkies.

The graveside was piled high with flours as longtime friend Aunt Jemima delivered the eulogy, describing Fresh as a man "who never knew how much he was kneaded."

Fresh rose quickly in show business, but his later life was filled with many turnovers. He was not considered a very smart cookie, wasting much of his dough on half-baked schemes. Still, even as a crusty old man, he was a roll model for millions. Fresh is survived by his second wife. They have two children and one in the oven. The funeral was held at 4:25 for about 26 minutes.

—Contributed by Doris Fields

A review of sorts —

All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten is a book by Robert Fulghum who maintains that wisdom isn't acquired in graduate school but in sandboxes. At least that's where he learned all he needed to know: Play fair. Don't hit people. Clean up your own mess. Don't take what isn't yours. Say you're sorry. Flush. Hold hands and stick together. Hamsters and goldfish die. So do we. The first word you learn to read, "Look," is still the biggest of all.

"Remember," he writes, "imagination is stronger than knowledge, dreams more powerful than facts and hope triumphs over experience."

—Contributed by Libby Getz

BUMPER STICKERS

Actual bumper stickers, and a guess as to whose corporate cars they might be affixed:

The overworked company
psychiatrist:

**OUT OF MY MIND. BACK IN
FIVE MINUTES**

The head of meeting planning:
**WARNING: DATES ON
CALENDAR ARE CLOSER
THAN THEY APPEAR**

The controller:
**THERE ARE THREE KINDS OF
PEOPLE: THOSE WHO CAN
COUNT, AND THOSE
WHO CAN'T**

The senior vice president, strategic
planning:
**EVER STOP TO THINK, AND
FORGET TO START AGAIN?**

TRAVEL TIPS: GUADALAJARA

By Katie Trexler
(as told to George Chandler)

It would be hard to think of a better place than Guadalajara to get away from the gray winter weather. And even though Mexico is such a near neighbor to the United States, it would be hard also to find a place culturally so different from our country.

I went to Guadalajara late in February on a 15-day tour run by Grand Circle Travel and enjoyed every minute. Grand Circle handled all the details, and the price included air transportation, accommodations in the modern and attractive Vista Hotel, three meals and a cocktail party every day, and the services of an excellent guide.

The tour package also included a number sight-seeing trips, but left it up to each traveler whether to add on certain other longer excursions. This meant that



you could pace yourself, and not feel that you had to do something just because you had signed up for it in advance. There were also opportunities, on "off days," to participate in cooking and Spanish classes or to attend lectures or movies.

There were memorable visits to places of historic and scenic interest in Guadalajara and the surrounding area. Of these the one that impressed me the most vividly was an overnight trip to Tepic and Moralia. These towns are built on

steep mountainsides, and as you approach them they seem to rise almost straight up in front of you. At Moralia our bus could not enter the narrow cobblestone streets, and had to park outside. Thus we toured the town on foot, and in no other place did I feel that I was as close to the local people.

Perhaps what impressed me most was how unexpected many things were. There is, of course, much poverty in Mexico, and we saw signs of it in the villages. An indication of the salary levels will be found in the fact that it was recommended that we tip the chambermaid \$1.00 a week. But Guadalajara--the second largest city in Mexico--appears very prosperous, and almost everyone seemed well dressed, with most of the men in ties and jackets. School children through grade six wear uniforms, and they looked very neat and clean indeed. The teen-age boys looked very different from those we see in Durham: I didn't spot a single ball cap worn with the bill in the back.

What else impressed me? Well, watermelon for breakfast, but it was just one of an array of delicious fresh fruits. The modern factory where tequila is made, in the town of Tequila. The Ballet Folklorico--beautiful dancing and lavish costumes. The wonderful weather--75 degrees and sunshine. And the price. My room-mate--an old friend with whom I had also roomed at college--and I agreed that it was the best bargain of any trip we had ever taken.

IF YOU SPEED—

All of us, residents and staff, know there is a campus-wide speed limit at The Forest at Duke of 15 miles per hour (mph). There are also a number of stop signs on the campus. We who drive can prevent possible injury to a pedestrian by staying at or below the speed limit at all times and by observing the stop signs.



With the onset of beautiful weather, more residents and staff are walking along streets of our campus. Please observe the speed limit and watch closely when turning into parking lots since someone may be crossing the street at that point. Help make TFAD safer by informing

**SPEED
LIMIT
15**

your visitors, or someone driving for you, of our driving regulations.

Now, some simple math: driving at the speed limit of 15 mph, it takes about two minutes to go from the front entrance around Forest at Duke Drive to the back of the Community Center; if you drive at 20 mph, you save 30 seconds; at 25 mph, you save 48 seconds; and at 30 mph, you save 60 seconds of driving time. Now, wouldn't you rather drive a few seconds longer instead of possibly injuring someone?

—Harry Owen

DEALING WITH MYSELF SURVEY*Compiled by Julian B. Rosenthal*

1. How I rate myself as a human being:
 - Very nice Vacuously affable Plastic
 - As an ingenious assembly of portable plumbing
2. What I think of myself:
 - (a) Mentally: Brilliant Can count from 1 to 10 in the right order
 - Please repeat the question
 - As a zombie with illusions of adequacy
 - (b) Physically: Herculean As durable as the skin on a bubble
 - Three cheers for Medicare
 - Dedicated to disciplined inactivity
3. My favorite charity:
 - Charity begins at home The Survey Writers' Rehabilitation Institute
 - High wire performers with vertigo and no nets
 - The heirs of the Indians who sold Manhattan Island for \$24
4. What part of my body hurts the most? Nearly everything
 - Everything Everything plus Nothing; I'm dead
5. People I admire the most:
 - Anyone who can play the accordion, but doesn't
 - Anyone stupid enough to check the first box in category 2(a)
 - With due modesty, myself With all honesty, you
6. Who or what I think is funny or nutty: Illiterate mind-readers
 - The sponsors of O. J. Simpson fan clubs
 - Dracula Once again, myself
7. My favorite singers: Prima donnas in silent movies
 - Police informers Sewing machines
 - Barber-shop quartets consisting of a parakeet, a canary, a parrot and a hoot owl
8. My favorite animals: Dead vipers The mice they use on computers
 - Kittens who grow up to be poodles Cloned ants
9. My favorite doctor:
 - Dr. Hippocrates Kevorkian (a specialist in oxymoronic medicine)
 - Any doctor I can see within an hour of my appointment
 - Dr. Glass, who fixes panes
 - Doctors who are professional and don't have to practice at it
10. My favorite TV programs:
 - The 4 A.M. news Madonna's Bible program
 - "The Art of Dentistry," featuring Mike Tyson and Marv Albert
 - The between-moves commentary in a prolonged televised chess match
11. Where I do not want to visit:
 - The River Styx An IRS office for an audit of my tax return
 - Purgatory South The birthplaces of people I never heard of
12. My least favorite flights:
 - To oblivion Of fancy As a passenger on a flying saucer
 - The Champale flight from Plains, Georgia, to Terre Haute, Indiana
13. Things I can do without
 - A rear-view mirror, horn, and air bags for my exercycle
 - Fly-by-night companies that give life-time guarantees
 - Drunk drivers and the lawyers who defend them
 - Politicians and pundits who assure us that the future will be very good, very bad, or somewhere in between
 - Fox hunting in over-crowded urban areas
14. Changes which appeal to me most:
 - From the apples in the Garden of Eden to Apple computers
 - From sling-shots to stealth bombers
 - From loin cloths to polyester From caves to the Trump Tower
 - From dinosaurs to Chihuahuas

WELCOME NEW RESIDENTS



Robert and Lela Colver
Apt. 2003 489-2895

The Colvers both grew up in Kansas, Lela in Harrington, Bob near Wichita. Bob earned BS and MS degrees at the University of Wichita in Counseling Psychology and an EDD at the University of Kansas, with time out for WWII and the Army. Lela also graduated from KU, majoring in History and Education. They came to Duke in 1953 where Bob was Counseling Psychologist and Professor until retirement, with sabbatical years in the U.K., and at Princeton in the Educational Testing Service. Lela was and is still an active volunteer in the Duke Hospital Auxiliary. The Colvers have two sons and two granddaughters. Lela likes gardening and growing greenhouse plants as well as bridge and needlework. Bob enjoys being a "fixer," has saved some of his tools so that he can continue to be one, and is a regular at the Duke Center for Living.



M. Margaret Ball
Apt. 3016 493-6211

Miss Ball was born and grew up in Los Angeles. After high school there, she received degrees in Political Science at Stanford University and in International Law at the University of Köln, Germany. Margaret's career was as a college and university teacher, and in addition to California and Germany, she has lived in Poughkeepsie, NY, Wellesly, MA, and Washington, DC. She is author of several books and articles on International Organization and enjoys reading, golf and knitting.

Jennie Ruddell
Apt. 3034 402-0305

A photograph of Jennie Ruddell appeared in the February issue of The Forester. Biographical data, not available until now, are included here.

—Publisher

Jennie came from New York. She was born in Lithuania and moved to America at the age of nine. She graduated from

A NEW FACE AT THE BEAUTY SHOP

Jewell's Beauty and Barber Shop, a fixture on the Forest landscape, is announcing the



arrival of a new manicurist, Dell Pettiford. She has had eight years experience as a licensed manicurist since graduating from the International School of Skin and Nail Care in Atlanta.

Dell promotes natural, beautiful nails and feet. She says there is no reason why women should have split, brittle, peeling and thick fingernails and toenails. She believes pedicures should be a priority because people tend to neglect their feet so long that they have problems in their later years.



Dell welcomes both men

and women customers. First-time customers should ask for information about discounts.

Tuckahoe, NY high school, then from NYU with a business degree. Jennie then embarked on a 33-year career in banking with Chase Manhattan Bank. In 1967, she married Mr Ruddell and they lived in Southampton, NY. until his recent death. Jennie likes outdoor activities, including gardening and walking; she also enjoys travel and reading.

Bob Blake's

PUZZLE

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

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

PHOTOGRAPHY

ADVANCE	CLEAN	FUZZY	PICTURE	SIGHT
AIM	CLOSE UP	GLOSSY	PROFESSIONAL	SNAP
AMATEUR	COVER	HYPO	PRINT	SPROCKET
APERTURE	DAY	LENS	RED LIGHT	STOP
CABLE	DENSE	LIGHT	REFLECT	STRAP
CAMERA	EMULSION	LOAD	SAY CHEESE	TIMER
CAN	EXPOSE	MAGNIFICATION	SCENE	TRAY
CANDID	FILM	MAT	SHIELD	TRIPOD
CAP	FILTER	MANUAL	SHOOT	ULTRAVIOLET
CARTRIDGE	FOCUS	NEGATIVE	SHOT	VIEW
CASE	FRAME	NIGHT	SHUTTER	WIPE
				ZOOM