

THE FORESTER

Volume 5 Issue 6

June 1998

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

FROM THE FOURTH FLOOR

by Peg Lewis



Our new computer room has rapidly taken shape and is now

equipped with five computers, two printers, tables and a bookcase, all donated by residents. We wish to thank each one who has helped to make this facility possible. Management has installed the necessary telephone lines. The next step will be to decide on the hours for it to be open and to develop classes for all levels of experience with computers. The committee is refining the guidelines for use of the room.



Watch for a survey on this and please respond so that ways can be found to enable the room to be of use for the greatest number of people

The Residents Association will be asked to vote at the July 28 meeting for \$10 dues for the year 1998. This is needed to provide funds for the residents' share of the Pictorial Directory,

See PEG on page 2

AN ERA ENDS FOR THE FORESTER

With this issue, the *Forester* comes to the end of its first era, if four years and two months can be so called. Bob Dunham, who has many other demands on his time, has retired as publisher, and beginning in October, he will be succeeded by Bernie Bender. Other staff members remain the same.

In his swan song, Bob says: "I have enjoyed my tenure as publisher of *The Forester*. However, four years is quite a long time. I decided that the publication probably needed some fresh ideas, perhaps a new look, and that it was time for me to retire. The job has been fun, challenging and demanding. I have enjoyed having a splendid staff: dedicated, talented, resourceful, and inventive, and to these great people I give primary credit for the success of *The Forester*. And to our readers, my heartfelt thanks for your firm support and your kind words. I am also very grateful for the solid backing given to the *Forester* staff and me by all the presidents of the Residents' Association since we began publication.

"I don't intend to desert our newsletter and you may see some of my scribbling in future



issues. I will miss this job but don't worry about my having severe withdrawal pains because I have enough other addictions to compensate. I wish all the best to Bernie Bender, who will be succeeding me, and to the fine staff who will be working with him."

This publication has come a long way since its appearance in April 1994, with an edition of seven stapled pages, the eighth side empty because we ran out of news. In a front-page "To Our Readers" editorial, we promised to make our paper into whatever form our readers desired, and that is what's happened since then, thanks to the contributions of many residents. We declared: "Our purpose is to be newsy and entertaining, not controversial," and that remains the goal.

Looking over Vol. 1, No. 1 (a complete file is in the library), is already an exercise in nostalgia. A front-page story reports that Medicare Certification had been deferred for at least a year; it is still deferred. Two names from the original masthead on page two are missing now: Dagmar Miller and Madeline Hawkins. Next to the masthead, the first of our presidential

See ERA on page 5

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:

Marjorie and 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, John Getz, Jane Jones, and Carolyn and Bloss 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*.

**To the Editor:**

Please convey my appreciation to my friends and acquaintances who have remembered me with cards, phone calls, and visits during my convalescence.

—Vivien Ruppert

To the Editor:

The recent photography sessions went off very smoothly, thanks to the expert planning and management by June

COST OF PRINTING THE FORESTER

Paper is about \$10 per ream of 500 sheets of 11 x 17 copy paper. A 380 copy-12-page issue (like this one) uses: $380 \times 3 = 1140$ sheets. For paper: $1140/500 \times \$10 = \23 . Toner is about \$20 per cartridge; we use $1\frac{1}{2}$ per issue or \$30. After contract minimum usage, which is always exceeded without the *Forester*, copy machine cost is \$.009 per "click" (2 pages) or $380 \times 6 \times .009 = \21 . Cost per issue: $23 + 30 + 21 = \$74$. Cost per copy: $\$74/380 = \0.19 or 19 cents per copy.

Northwood, Lois Watts, and their assistants. We owe them a hearty round of applause for their efficient and hard work.

My only quibble with their arrangements was that they failed to provide a hairdresser, make-up artist, and plastic surgeon for those of us who could have used such support before sitting for our portraits.

—Marjorie Chandler

To the Editor:

Please express my gratitude to my TFAD Extended Family:

During the recent months of recuperation from hip surgery, I have been totally overwhelmed by the outpouring of your care and thoughtfulness. It would be remiss of me to fail to thank you and tell you that each card, visit, gift and inquiry has contributed to my recovery!

Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

—Doris Fields

In Memoriam

W. Scott Gehman June 4, 1998

PEG continued from page 1

for the ongoing costs of the Computer Room, and for the copier in the library. The latter will need to be replaced very soon, and the lease for a new one will cost more than the present one. If everybody who uses the machine would pay for his or her copies, we would have the necessary funds. It is sad to report that we are short \$30—\$40 each month.

The Fourth of July Party (to be held July 2) will be a gala event at which the mid-year Employees Appreciation checks will be distributed. Please get your contribution in as soon as possible. We do owe so much to the many people who help make the Forest such a fine place in which to live.

This is the last issue of the *Forester* with Bob Dunham as publisher. We should all give him a vote of thanks for four years of work so well done. We also owe our appreciation to Bernie Bender who will be taking up the reins for the fall.

I wish one and all the best possible summer, whether it is here or in your summer homes. Many will be traveling for vacations and visits in cooler climes. Have a safe trip and return in good health this fall.



HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH

By Pauline Gratz

Playing Herbal Jeopardy. Part II.

No matter how shaky the evidence, supplement makers and promoters often take suggestive results and tout them as miracle cures. One tome, titled *Sharks Don't Get Cancer*, has helped move countless bottles of shark-cartilage capsules. But the book's thesis, that sharks possess a cancer-protective substance, remains unproved.

Besides, sharks do get cancer, even in their cartilage.

You might reasonably assume that a "natural" product won't harm you. But some of these substances can be dangerous. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration has identified a number of herbs that can cause serious harm. Some, including the following five, are still being sold under various brand names.

Chaparral. Sold as tea, tablet and capsule, is promoted as a blood purifier, cancer cure, acne treatment and natural anti-oxidant. It has caused acute non-viral hepatitis in North America.

Comfrey. Sold as tea, tablet, capsule, tincture, poultice and lotion. Taken orally, it has been linked to cirrhosis of the liver.

Ephedra. Also called ma huang and sometimes ephedra. Contains the stimulants ephedrine and pseudoephedrine found in asthma drugs and in de-

congestants. It is promoted for weight control and in energy boosting formulas, sometimes with caffeine, which can raise blood pressure, cause heart palpitations, nerve damage, muscle injury, psychoses, stroke and memory loss.

Lobelia. This "Indian tobacco" acts like nicotine. It can both stimulate and depress the ANS, dilating the bronchi and causing respiratory distress.

Yohimbe. Sold as a men's aphrodisiac. An overdose can cause serious problems—weakness and nervous stimulation, followed by paralysis, stomach disorders, and ultimately death.

There are some herbs for which there is reasonably strong evidence of beneficial physiological effects and which appear to merit further study. The list is based on the work of two respected and prominent "pharmacologists" (specialists in plant medicinals), Varo Tyler, of Purdue University, and Norman Farnsworth, of the University of Illinois, and on other published medical research. This is not a recommendation that you buy and use these products. While some like chamomile and ginger, are innocuous, others should not be relied on for regular medical treatment.

Chamomile. Used for indigestion. The tea may suppress muscle spasms and cut inflammation in the digestive tract.



IS
JUNE
21

Echinacea. Used as an immunity booster. A few controlled trials suggest it can increase resistance to upper respiratory infections.

Feverfew. Used for migraine headache. Chewing the leaves is a folk remedy, but it may cause mouth sores. A double-blind British study has suggested that, taken daily, it can cut the occurrence of attacks by one-fourth.

Garlic. Used for high cholesterol. A 1993 study showed that the equivalent of one-half to one clove daily could lower cholesterol an average of 9%. A similar "metanalysis" gave stronger results. However, it might not work for all people.

Ginger. Used for nausea. Double-blind research shows that taking ginger before traveling can prevent motion sickness.

Ginkgo biloba. Used for circulation. Enhances blood flow to the brain, according to a review of several published studies. For the elderly that supposedly can improve concentration and memory, absentmindedness, headaches, and tinnitus.

Herbal supplements have become serious business and pose serious problems. They're sometimes expensive, they may mislead you with false promises, and they offer no assurances that what is on the label is what is inside. Playing herbal roulette can be dangerous to your health and your pocketbook.



Echinacea



BOOK NOTES

BY JOHN TEBBEL

Summer reading, also known as hammock reading, was once considered to consist entirely of light fiction in that receding past we call our lives. Today it can mean just about anything. Here are a few items publishers and booksellers think will really entertain you between now and the end of August, when the fall season begins.

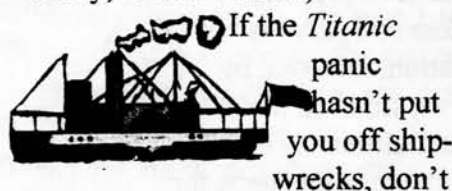
There are great hopes for *Riptide*, by Douglas Preston and Lincoln Child (July). It's about an expedition to recover a pirate treasure from a famous "water pit," on a spooky island off the Maine coast. The cast includes an enigmatic salvager, a good-hearted doctor and a beautiful hero (politically correct).

Holt is high on Alison Lurie's new novel, *The Last Resort* (July), about Jenny, a young wife who persuades her husband, who is much older, famous, and depressed, to cure the last problem by going away for the summer to Key West. Was this a smart move or excessive optimism? Read on.

There's much buzz in the trade about Karla Kuban's first novel, *Marchlands* (June), about a 15-year-old girl who lives with her mother and four Mexican workers on a Wyoming sheep ranch. Some of the ad-

vance buzz: "A fierce, mesmerizing literary voice," "a story sexy and touching," "wonderfully western."

Another first novel with already heavy advance sales is Frederick Reiken's *The Odd Sea* (June) about a younger brother's summer-long search to find an older brother who has disappeared. It's a "great coming-of-age, family drama, good for all ages. The ending will literally make you weep," says one reviewer. (Don't try weeping unliterally; it won't work.)



If the *Titanic* panic hasn't put you off shipwrecks, don't miss *Ship of Gold in the Deep Blue Sea* (June), by Gary Kinder. This is a true tale of recovering lost treasure from a sunken ship in a legal battle, the work of Tommy Thompson, an ocean engineer who in 1939 recovered ten tons of gold from a sunken side-wheeler steamer lost during the Gold Rush. The trade senses big bucks in this one.

Finally, one more candidate for summer bestsellerdom: Nick Hornby's *About A Boy*. Quoting a reviewer, it's "an amiable satire of a 36-year-old under-achiever's unlikely friendship with a maladjusted 12-year-old boy." (Already published.) Bought for the movies by Tribeca, a No. 2 bestseller in England, beaten only by John Grisham.

All the above should be good for a few hours. And what am I reading this summer, you might

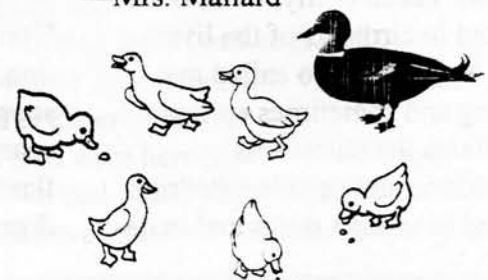
well ask? *Byzantium: The Decline and Fall*, by John Julius Norwich, the third volume of his magnificent history, the first two of which I know I'll never get to. Thanks again, Libby, for the loan.

DEPT. OF CORRECTIONS: Last month, in reviewing Tim Dumas's *Greentown*, I inadvertently implied that Jenn Van Brunt was the only former resident of Greenwich, CT. (the locale of the book) in residence at the Forest. What a gaffe! How could I have overlooked Evelyn Doyle and Virginia Frank, who also come from the Green Gem of Connecticut? Easy. I never knew it. Sorry, ladies.

REPORT FROM THE POND

I am pleased to report from the Pond that our 15 offspring are doing well. They are excellent swimmers and have become quite proficient at waddling. Like all youngsters, our ducklings are somewhat careless about crossing streets. It's not easy for me to keep track of so many, and when it comes to helping with the kids, my husband might as well be a decoy. We hope that motorists will watch out for the youngsters as well as for our human friends.

—Mrs. Mallard



AMONG THE TREES



Walter and Ruth Lifton moved to the Forest not having any friends or relatives in the area. They must be happy with this part of North Carolina as Ruth's cousin has settled in Chapel Hill and their grandson is now in Durham working for Midway Airlines. He is doing very well on his job with two promotions in the short time he's been with the company---Bob and Evebell Dunham, Frank and Molly Simes took a day trip to Wrightsville Beach the other Sunday and all came back radically changed. Thank goodness it was only temporary!---Bertha Wooten has a connection to former first lady Barbara Bush---If you're searching for a different gift for your granddaughter, Mary Ann Ruegg can tell you where to purchase unusual and clever dolls-- You're older than most of us if you remember Calvin Coolidge saying, "When more and more people are thrown out of work, unemployment results." More contemporary was the statement by former French President Charles de Gaulle, "China is a big country inhabited by many Chinese."---Hear that there was a true gentleman who performed a noble deed between the acts the night the Foresters attended *The Phantom of the Opera*. With time growing short there was a very long line waiting

to get in the ladies rest room. He asked if they would like to use the men's room, and after receiving a loud yes, he stood guard so the ladies could avail themselves of the extra facility---Connections keep turning up: Margo Casady and Bob Guy were both born in the same Kansas town and John Friedrich was born in the same hospital where Mildred Brouwer served as a nurse---Hollywood seems far away but some of our residents will be seen on the silver screen. Eleanor Kinney, Jenn Van Brunt, and John Friedrich are making their movie debut in an epic starring filmdom's Robin Williams---After about three years of jotting down these notes about Foresters the Woodchuck has discovered that the ink on his typewriter ribbon is running dry and that he better revert full-time to his other persona. So long; I hope I didn't offend too many people too often.

—Woodchuck

(Also known as
Frank Light)



ERA Continued from page 1

reports appeared, this one from Nelson Strawbridge, under his picture. Charlotte Cassels makes her first appearance with "A Tour of TFAD's Art Galleries," as well as a story about her campaign to raise money for a piano. The first "Letter to the Editor" is from Molly Simes, encouraging residents to join the "Stretch 'N Tone" ranks.

Libby Getz began her valuable series of shopping and eating tips, while Edna Wilson gave us a column called "Gardening in the Forest." "Book Notes" didn't have a title yet, but under the head "New Books for Spring," the column had kind words to say about Alan Folsom's *The Day After Tomorrow* which would be "the season's big blockbuster," a BOMC selection, and a major motion picture. It turned out to be a flop. That's publishing. The column also noted the imminent *Inside the Clinton White House*, by Bob Woodward, which now sounds as though Bob had penetrated no farther than the Lincoln Bedroom. Ah, the good old days! Evebell Dunham gave us "Courting in The Forest," but there were no juicy revelations here. Just avian sex. The issue closed with the first of Bob Blake's many puzzles.



It was a respectable opening, but we hope our readers will agree that we've improved since then, retaining the best of the old and saluting the new, as they say in merchandising.

The *Forester* staff extends its most sincere thanks to Bob for holding us together during what will surely be called the Dunham Years, and we look forward to working with Bernie in the fall as the paper enters a new era. Our special thanks to Bernie, too, for saving us from possible extinction.

—John Tebbel

Forester Profile
NEW FACE AT THE DESK
Diane Greenslade

by John Tebbel

If you haven't met the charming new lady at the Reception Desk) she's Diane Greenslade, an Administrative Receptionist (like her predecessor, Jessica) who can also be found at her other desk in the Administration offices.

Those who don't already know it will be astonished to discover that Diane is the mother of five children. Her story begins in Philadelphia, where she was born, but shifts quickly to the Midwest, where she spent her growing-up years in Lima, Ohio, and Chicago. High school was in Lima, but after graduation she enrolled at Centre College, in Danville, Kentucky. Married before she could graduate, Diane soon had a son to take care of—Isaac, now 14. Then genetics really took charge of her life. Two years later, she gave birth to twins, Matthew and David, now 12; and three years after that, came a second set of twins, Sarah and Stephen, now 9.

These events left no doubt about career choices: Diane became a full-time mom. Eventually the family moved to Chapel Hill, where they now live, and for the past seven years, Diane has had a working life as well. Six of those years were at Wellspring, where she managed the health food department and the nutrition department. In the year before she came to the Forest, she was manager for one of the Healthquest stores, a chain that sells nutritional products.

Chuckles

by Dorothy Zutant



As the little boy was leaving the church he said to the preacher, "When I grow up I am going to give you a lot of money."

"Why are you planning on doing so?" asked the preacher. "Mother says you're the poorest preacher we've ever heard!"

—Contributed by Edith Bulkley

Signs Seen On Our Travels

In a Maine restaurant: "Open seven days a week and week-ends."

In the vestry of a New England church: "Will the last person to leave please see that the perpetual light is extinguished?"

In a Pennsylvania cemetery: "Persons are prohibited from picking flowers from any but their own graves."

On the grounds of a public school: "No trespassing without permission."

Between her Forest job and a full house at home, Diane doesn't have much leisure time, but she plays piano and also sings. Her interest in music is blossoming in the children: Isaac plays trumpet, and both Matthew and David are in the North Carolina Boys' Choir. Another continuing interest for Diane is alternate and natural medicines. And now she has another interest: The Forest. She loves it.

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID?

by Jean Wolpert

It is estimated that about three-quarters of the residents of any retirement facility are hearing impaired. I am one of those people. We often wear hearing aids, which help, but can also make an already noisy situation unbearable.



The fortunate people who do not share this handicap can be of immeasurable help to those of us who struggle daily with the problem. Here are some simple suggestions that can help.

1. Speak more slowly and try not to combine word sounds --e.g., "would you," not "wudju."

2. Do not cover your mouth when speaking. The hearing impaired depend on seeing as well as sound to help them understand.

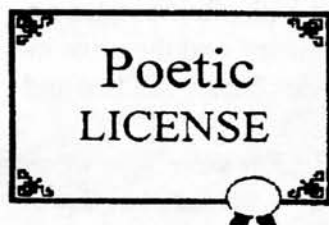
3. Get the attention of the persons you are addressing before you start speaking. Touch them lightly or speak their names.

4. Face the person to whom you are speaking; sound is directional.

5. When even repeating a word fails, try altering the pitch (not the volume) of your voice. Deafness often is more severe at certain pitch-levels than at others.

6. Be patient. The hearing impaired person is only too aware of the annoyance of having to repeat and is already embarrassed.

Your help will be deeply appreciated.



Ice

Poignant were those summer days
 when the iceman,
 the Pied Piper of horse and wagon,
 trundled from house to house—
 stopping where a cardboard sign for
 25 or 50 lbs. leaned
 against a window pane.
 Small children tagged behind,
 grabbing saw-dusted bits of ice
 from the wagon bed,
 holding the cold deliciousness in their hands.
 Rubbing it on their sleeves,
 then plopping the ice into their mouths,
 savoring the crackle-crunch
 of that first bite—
 then sucking it slowly,
 letting the coolness
 trickle down their throats.

—Florence Manning

QUACKERY

by George Chandler

I

An amorous rooster was struck
 By the charms of a pretty young duck.
 But if she falls for him,
 Will their kids strut or swim?
 And will they say *quack* or *cluck-cluck*?

II

There once was a man in white duck
 Who believed he was really a duck.
 But he ran out of luck
 When a buck ran amok,
 And he was too plucky to duck.
 Dumb cluck!

Change of Command: *The Forester*

Bob Dunham bade a farewell
 When he put this issue to bed;
 October will bring to us
 New Publisher Bender, instead.

This newsletter's oneness came
 From Bob's dedicated hard work;
 That he will remain on staff
 Shows his baby he will not shirk.

Lots of difficult hurdles
 Were overcome by this quiet man;
 And though other duties call
 He will do whatever he can.

So, welcome aboard Bernie,
 With your new ideas and fresh air;
 We look forward to your reign
 When we start up another year.

—ellen cheek dozier

ANYWAY

People are unreasonable, illogical and self-centered.
 Love them anyway.
 If you do good, people will accuse you of selfish ulterior motives.
 Do good anyway.
 If you are successful, you win false friends and true enemies.
 Succeed anyway.
 The good you do today will be forgotten tomorrow.
 Do good anyway.
 Honesty and frankness make you vulnerable.
 Be honest and frank anyway.
 People favor underdogs but follow only top dogs.
 Fight for some underdogs anyway.
 What you spend years building may be destroyed overnight.
 Build anyway.
 People really need help but may attack you if you help them.
 Help people anyway.
 Give the world the best you have and you'll get kicked in the teeth.
 Give the world the best you've got anyway.

—Anon.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following article by the Chandlers is the kind of contribution the Forester welcomes from residents who have taken trips, tours, cruises, or whatever and would like to share their experiences with other residents. If you are not accustomed to putting pen to paper, let alone typewriter or computer, please contact the Editor, at 490-6518 and help will be forthcoming.)

TRAVEL TIPS: COUNTRY HOLIDAYS IN BRITAIN

by George and Marjorie Chandler

We first heard about HF Holidays a dozen or so years ago. We had been taking guided walks in Britain with an organization which attracted only other Americans and which required that we pack up and move to a different hotel every day—which we found rather tiring.

Then in 1986 we spent our first week with HF, a British organization which began as a specialist in walking holidays over a century ago. For a number of years, we enjoyed HF's regular walking weeks. More recently, as we found that we were slowing down, we have continued to enjoy HF vacations of a less strenuous kind. Actually, their walking holidays are not beyond the capabilities of any reasonably fit person. You have a choice every day of three walks of varying degrees of strenuousness, and the short walks, except in HF's mountain centers, are usually pretty gentle.

HF owns or leases 19 country houses which it uses as centers for vacation activities throughout

Great Britain. It has houses on the coasts of Cornwall, the English Channel, the North Sea, and western Scotland; other country houses in the Lake District, the Yorkshire Dales, the Derbyshire Peak, the Sussex Downs, and the Lorna Doone country in north Devon; and mountain centers in Wales and the Scottish Highlands.

At HF you will have the opportunity to become well acquainted with Brits from all walks of life and levels of society, plus a few Europeans, but only an occasional fellow American. The leaders of the walks and other activities, although unpaid folks getting a free holiday, are usually thoroughly capable and well informed. The reasonable prices make some Americans assume that the accommodations must be pretty Spartan, but this is not the case. HF is a non-profit organization, and it is a very good bargain. Houses are continually being spruced up, the food is invariably very good with wide choices, and each house has a cozy bar. HF

weeks start with afternoon tea on Saturday, and the price includes 7 days full bed and board.

For those who would enjoy a country holiday but do not feel they can tackle a full week of walking, HF offers many "special holidays" which may or may not include walking. Walking with bridge, for example. You could choose country dancing, coach tours of nearby National Trust properties, visits to music festivals, discussions of the Lake District poets, or a Yorkshire pub crawl. One year we sang Gilbert & Sullivan's *Princess Ida* in the morning and took short walks in the afternoon from the HF house at Bourton-on-the-Water in the Cotswolds. This summer we are signed up for HF's "Rover" holiday, which combines sightseeing in a mini-van with short walks, at Conwy, near Mount Snowden in north Wales.

HF's address is:
HF Holidays, Limited
Imperial House, Edgware Road
London NW 9 5AL, ENGLAND
Reservations: 081-905-9558
FAX: 081-205-0506

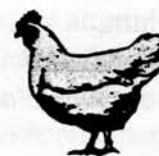


There was a young man from the city.
Who met what he thought was a kitty..

He gave it a pat
And said, "Nice little cat."

They buried his clothes, out of pity.

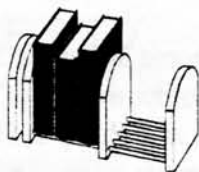
—Contributed by John Friedrich



The Reverend Henry Ward Beecher
Said the hen was an admirable creature.
The hen, hearing that
Laid an egg in his hat.
And thus did the hen reward Beecher.

Library Bookends

by Jean Weil



Our Library at The Forest at Duke is a great place to spend some time. It is a recreational reading facility although some research may be done. There is a large history section, and our reference section contains an encyclopedia, dictionaries, biblical, medical and other specialty information. Our travel section has a wealth of information in two sections, one in the regular shelves, and lots of brochures on the shelves on the computer desk. North Carolina has a special shelf in the travel section.

In the Library Annex with the residents' copy machine you'll find books for genealogy research and a large collection of fiction and non-fiction paperback books. The paperbacks may be taken out without signing for them; just return them when you are finished. Our jigsaw puzzle collection is outstanding. Along with the usual puzzles are some 80 made by Edith Borroff and a friend of hers; they are not easy, but they are fun. Sign the card in the box and leave it on the designated shelf.

The computer in the Library is for your use. It has some games, word-processing and genealogy programs on it. From it you can access the Duke Library and the Durham Public Library catalogs.

Most any of our computer literate residents can show you how to turn it on.

Come visit and use **your** Library.

A COMPOSER'S JOURNEY

by Edith Boroff

I flew to Allentown, PA on Friday May 15, for the dress rehearsal and performance of *Light in Dark Places*. This is a long (five-movement) piece for soloists, choir, and piano, which I finished in 1988. It was performed by the Twin Rivers Choral Society. The piece is about American slavery and freedom from slavery, and the wonderful texts were from a book I had read, *We Are Your Sisters: Black Women in the Nineteenth Century*, edited by Dorothy Sterling. The title is that of a lecture given in the 1860s by Edmonia G. Highgate, a free Black born in Syracuse, New York.

My great-grandfather had been a slave, and whether or not this had to do with my great respect for those slave women, I have no idea, but great respect I have, and it comes out in the piece.

The work is not difficult, but it is very American (if not jazzy and bluesy) in style and therefore very difficult for European-trained musicians (even American ones) to produce. I have heard seven groups perform it, though the group that commissioned it refused to perform it when it turned out to be by and about black people.

Neil Criste-Troutman, conductor of the Twin Rivers Choral Society, is excellent and he grasped the style at once, but the choir, and particularly the soloists, found it difficult.

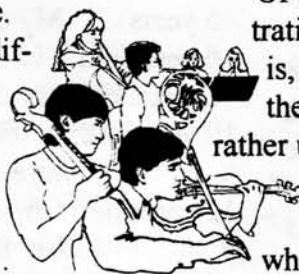
The dress rehearsal let me

know how much work was necessary--too much for the time they had, and the performance was poor. The performance was on Sunday May 17, and I returned to Chicago early May 18. I visited friends and then went to the rehearsal of a second piece.

I have received over eighty commissions since 1978 (when it suddenly was considered possible for women to compose music), and this latest one, for a New York premiere, as yet unscheduled, is from the Orion Ensemble, an excellent Chicago group from whom I am honored to have received it. The Chicago meeting was the initial reading of the piece, to see if I want to make changes (or if they wanted me to make some). The piece is the *Theme, Variations, and Coda* for clarinet, violin, viola, cello, and piano--the core group of the Orion Ensemble.

Of course it was basically frustrating. Such a reading always is, and should be. They read the piece, very literally and rather unmusically, to be sure they had the notes right (they found only three errors, which is pretty good for a piece of that length, since I copy it myself and make the parts myself). Then we went through it, and I told them how I want the various parts (seventeen variations) to sound, and we decided how best to project it. But there was not enough time for them to play it again, so I never did hear the piece.

I do hope I can attend the first performance! They're a wonderful group, and I anticipate the best!



What Is A Father?

A **father** is a person who is forced to endure childbirth without an anesthetic.

A **father** is a person who growls when he feels good...and laughs very loudly when he's scared half to death.

A **father** never feels entirely worthy of worship in a child's eyes. He's never quite the hero his daughter thinks--- never quite the man his son believes him to be--and this worries him, sometimes. So, he works too hard to try to smooth the rough places in the road for those of his own who will follow him.

A **father** is a person who gets very angry when the first grades in school aren't as good as he thinks they should be. He scolds his son, though he knows it's the teacher's fault.

Fathers grow old faster than other people. Because they, in other wars, have to stand at the train station and wave goodbye to the uniformed son that climbs aboard. And while mothers often cry where it shows, fathers stand there and beam outside and die inside.

Fathers have very stout hearts; so they have to be broken sometimes or no one would know what's inside. Fathers give daughters away to men who aren't nearly good enough--so they can have grandchildren that are smarter than anybody's.

Fathers fight dragons almost daily. They hurry away from the breakfast table, off to the arena which is sometimes called an office or a shop. There, with cal-lused, practiced hand, they tackle the dragon with three heads: the weariness, work and monotony. They never quite win the fight, but they never give up. Knights in shining armor--fathers in shiny trousers; there's little difference as they march away to each workday.

And when a father dies, I've an idea that he won't be happy unless there's work to do. He won't just sit around and wait for the girl he's loved and the children she bore. He'll be busy there, too -- repairing the stairs, oiling the gates, improving the streets and smoothing the way.

—Anon.

LONGEVITY

The horse and mule live 30 years
And know naught of wines or beers.
Goats and sheep at 20 die
And never tasted Scotch or rye.
The cow drinks water by the ton
And at eighteen is mostly done.
The cat in milk and water soaks
And after 12 short years it croaks.
The sober, bone dry, friendly hen
Lays eggs for nogs and dies at ten.
But sinful, willful, rum soaked men
Live for three score years and ten.

—Anon.

Sitting Bull, the great Sioux chief, was once asked what native Americans called America before Columbus arrived.

He replied "Ours."

—Sam Ewing

FATHERS DAY OBSERVATIONS

At:

- 4 years old: My daddy can do *anything*.
- 5 years old: My daddy knows a *whole lot*.
- 6 years old: My dad is *smarter* than your dad.
- 8 years old: My dad doesn't know *exactly* everything.
- 10 years old: In the olden days when my dad grew up, things sure were *different*.
- 12 years old: Oh, well, naturally, Father doesn't know anything about that. He is *too old* to remember his childhood.
- 14 years old: Don't pay any attention to my father. He is *so old fashioned!*
- 21 years old: Him? My goodness, he is hopelessly *out-of-date*.
- 25 years old: Dad knows a *little bit* about it, but then he should because he has been around so long.
- 30 years old: Maybe we should ask Dad what he thinks. After all he's had a *lot of* experience.
- 35 years old: I'm not doing a single thing until I *talk to Dad*.
- 40 years old: I wonder how Dad would have handled it. He was *so wise* and had a world of experience.
- 50 years old: I'd give anything if Dad were here now so I could talk this over with him. Too bad I didn't appreciate *how smart* he was. I could have learned a lot from him.

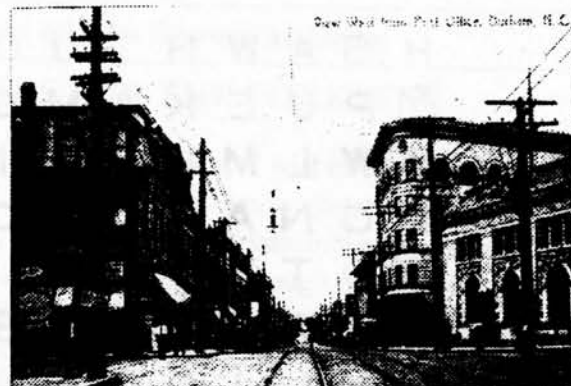
ditor's note: the following "ad" was found in the *Durham Daily Sun*, 20 Aug. 1896

DURHAM!

The Queen of Central North Carolina

Durham has:

Trinity College	Schools for both races
Music Schools	Art Schools
Two daily papers	Watts Hospital
A Publishing House	Two Job Printing offices
Two telegraph offices	Two telephone Exchanges
Two Foundries	Three Furniture Stores
Four Cotton Mills	Three Hosiery Mills
A Bag Factory	A Medicine Company
A Wooden (?) Mill	Splendid Water Works
One Ice Factory	Two Hardware Stores
Two Jewelry Stores	Three Photo Galleries
Five Dentists	One exclusive China Store
Four Clothing Stores	Four Millinery Stores
Three Banks	One Book Store
Three Plumbing Firms	One exclusive Shoe Store
Ten Lawyers	Twelve Doctors
Eighteen Churches	A splendid Hotel
Many Boarding Houses	Eight Drug Stores
A Snuff Factory	Three tobac. Warehouses
Four Railroads	Two wholesale Groceries
Twenty-two trains d'y	4 Smoking Tobac. Factories
The largest Smoking Tobacco Factory in the world,	
The largest Cigarette Factory in the world	
Durham and surroundings nearly 12,000 inhabitants	
One large exclusive Dry Good Store,	
Twenty or more general Merchandise stores,	
Seventeen ten-cent Street Carriages,	
A splendid volunteer Fire Department,	
Automatic Packing and Labelling Works,	
Large Fertilizer Works, with two large branches.	
Lodges of Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Royal Areamum, and other lodges,	
Pays more internal revenue on manufactured tobacco than any other city in the State,	
Prospects good for a Public Library and Building and also a Public Government Building,	
Located in a section of country that is unexcelled for its agriculture, fruit, gardening and stock raising advantages.	



View West on Main Street before 1910. The new Post Office, 1908, is right foreground.



Durham got its Library Building in 1898, the first free public library in North Carolina. The Durham Public Library celebrates its centennial this year.

Bob Blake's

PUZZLE

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

```

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

```

STOP BY THE DRUG STORE

ADVIL	COTTON	GUM	OILS	SHAMPOO
ALBUM	CREAM	HEADACHE AID	PADS	SODA
ASPIRIN	CURLING IRON	LIPSTICK	PAPER	SOAP
BANDAGES	DRUGGIST	MAKEUP	PASTE	SPRAY
BATTERY	EMERY BOARDS	MEDICINE	PEN	SUNGLASSES
BOBBY PIN	EYE SHADOW	MOTRIN	PHARMACIST	SWABS
BOOK	FILM	MOUTHWASH	PILLS	TABLET
BRUSHES	GELS	MUGS	PRESCRIPTIONS	TAPE
CANDY	GLUE	NAIL FILE	RAZORS	TISSUES
COMBS	GREETING CARD	NAIL POLISH	SHAVING MATERIAL	WATCH