



THE FORESTER



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

Volume 6 Issue 4

January 2000



PRESIDENT'S CORNER

About
\$24,500 was
donated by
residents for
the
Employees
Appreciation

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So
altogether
now, join
hands, and
say: "I
promise
that I:

Your December Residents Board meeting was devoted entirely to a presentation of the Long Range building plan by Steve Fishler. An all resident meeting is tentatively scheduled for January 26 at 2:00 p.m. in the auditorium.

The Assisted Living plans are essentially the same as discussed with the residents previously. Plans for the existing buildings include renovation and refurbishing including recarpeting all hallways.

Additional Cafe dining services will be provided by relocating those services adjacent to the existing Cafe. One change involves moving the existing studio to the space now occupied by the Clinic. The clinic services will be moved to the new Assisted Living facility.

RESOLUTIONS FOR THE MILLENNIAL YEAR

New Year's resolutions are historically made to be broken, but we make them anyway because it's the time of year when people make New Year's resolutions, if for no better reason than to admit that we are aware of defects in our characters and would like to do better in the year ahead if it doesn't cost too much or otherwise inconvenience us.

But the millennial year, as you

The addition of 20 new cottages is being considered to positively influence the overall cost of the project. These would be located on the five acres which were purchased adjacent to the commercial apartments to the west of our property. The zoning of this property allows this construction.

It was a pleasure to present the residents' gifts to the employees at the annual Resident/Staff holiday celebration. About \$24,500 was donated by residents for the Employees Appreciation Fund. A similar amount was given in July 1999.

The New Year was ushered in early with games, prizes, jazz, good food and drink. The leggy dancers were a special hit -an enjoyable evening!

--P. J. Burns

may have read somewhere, is special and demands, or at least suggests, that we make an extraordinary effort to haul ourselves up by our moral and intellectual bootstraps and come up with a few sterling resolutions that also, hopefully, will not be too hard to break when the time comes. So altogether now, join hands, and say: "I promise that I:

1. Will not get into any arguments with math majors about whether this is the millennial year or

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The Forester

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WEB SITES for SENIORS

SeniorSite (www.seniorsite.com) This is a meaty, deep repository mainly of health information, packed with articles about such things as arthritis, diet and dealing with doctors. Describing itself as - "the first online community for older adults that doesn't treat you like a useless dinosaur," the site also has briefer areas dealing with money and romance.

The Mining Company
(home.miningco.com)

There are two areas of strong interest to seniors. One, called Senior Health (seniorhealth.miningco.com), recently featured articles on such topics as osteoporosis, prostate disease and buying medications online. The second is called Senior Living (seniorliving.miningco.com) and ranges well beyond health to cover topics such as travel and education.

(Continued from page 1)

not, and if pressed, will say with world-weary nonchalance, "Who cares?"

2. Promise not to strangle, injure, or otherwise incapacitate anyone during the coming election year who doesn't see what is perfectly obvious to every one that our candidate for the White House, whoever he is, must be elected or the Republic will fall into anarchy and revolution.

3. Will stop listening to all those book and magazine writers, talk show personalities, doctors, dentists, pharmacists, and television advertisers who tell us that if we do something, take something, think something, or otherwise gear up our failing bodies we will live to be well over 100 and be a likely candidate for the Guinness Book of World Records. This only encourages people to believe that Exit signs don't mean what they say.

4. Will try not to entertain fellow residents with detailed accounts of whatever physical problems may be plaguing us, unless the other person, or persons, absolutely loves this kind of conversation because, at the first pause for breath, it will be a great opportunity to reciprocate.

5. Will try to remember that nothing spreads faster in the Forest than rumor, and will not launch or repeat one unless it's (a) harmless, (b) so outlandish no one would believe it for a minute, or (c) just too good to keep.

6. Will be nice to everybody, even those

who drive us up the wall, always remembering that we have the same walls.

7. Will not join the ranks of the chronic complainers, since this may have severe side effects, including nausea, headache, and ostracism.

8. Will not respond to the familiar friendly greeting of "how are you?" with several paragraphs of vivid description but will adopt some variation, if possible, of Jane Jones's "Top of the world" or Julian Rosenthal's succinct "managing." And always avoid the familiar, "Couldn't be better," a plain lie.

9. Will promise during the next century to avoid any more resolutions.

--John Tebbel

(NOTE: The above are offered as a service to our readers by the Forester staff. They are not guaranteed to cure any existing problems and should be stopped immediately if any side effects appear, especially cardiac arrest.)

IN MEMORIAM

Ann Corliss

December 16

Donna Wrenn

December 19

BARGING

We spent nine days riding on a matched pair of river barges from Galveston to Baton Rouge on the Gulf Intercoastal Waterway, then down the Mississippi for Christmas in New Orleans.

Bill and Dot Heroy spent a lot of time in the Guest Pilot House, the forward area in the lead barge

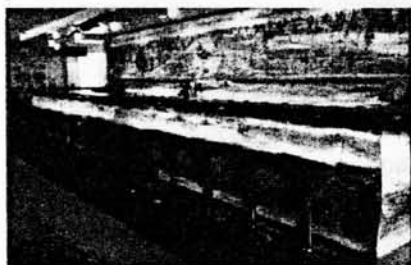


The R/B River Explorer

where passengers could watch radar screens of the water they were traversing. They could also listen to the captain's radio communications and have a bird's-eye view of all the river traffic through wrap-around picture windows. Said Bill, "I was really impressed with all the traffic on the waterway, busy even on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day. It was dynamic!"

Helen Francis said her visit to New Orleans French Quarter was a highlight for her. "The origins and architecture of the Quarter were intensely interesting," she said. "And our visit to the beautiful historic city estate of Longue Vue was truly memorable. The antiques there were outstanding."

Earl Davis especially liked our day-long shore tour of Cajun country. We visited St. Martinsville, LA., the Plymouth Rock of the Acadians; the Evangeline Oak Tree; Rip Van Winkle Gardens; and



Bar Room

the 22-room southern mansion of American actor Joseph Jefferson. "I really enjoyed our visit to the Konriko Rice Mill in New Iberia, LA., oldest working rice mill in America," Earl said.

We were all amazed by the creaking, groaning machinery that still efficiently and expertly cleaned and packaged rice from one-pound boxes into 100-pound sacks.

Phil Sellers said his greatest impression of the barge trip was the casual, comfortable air of informality. "The Riverbarge Excursion Line is outstanding," he said. "There is no comparison with anything else. It was all good."

Susan Dees was impressed (as were all of us) by the efficient, courteous All-American crew. They were exceptionally friendly, but never intrusive," she said. "They were always eager to be of service. They were great!"

Other highlights: A visit to the aquarium pyramid at Moody Gardens in Galveston (over 1.5 million gallons of water and 8,000 marine specimens, and a stop at Oaklawn Manor, the private plantation home of Louisiana Governor Mike Foster. (He had just finished his tennis game and came over to talk with several of us.)

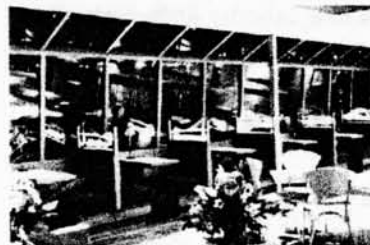


Dining Room

And we had front-row viewing of the bonfires from our barge on the levees in Gramercy, LA. Huge pyramids, over 30 feet tall, and built out of driftwood. Then on Christmas Eve, accompanied by fireworks, the structures are burned to guide Papa Noel down to New Orleans.

And the Riverbarge itself? All staterooms have a big picture window, mini fridge, coffee maker, twin or super queen beds, hair dryer and a pair of high-power binoculars, perfect for watching passing vessels or observing myriad flora and fauna of the bayou.

The Skydeck (topside) includes an oval walking/jogging track and a compact well-equipped fitness room for those who wanted to work off the superb meals we were served; an open-air bar and snack station with fresh popcorn available all day; and two big hot-tubs, which didn't get any use during our very cool voyage.



Observation Room

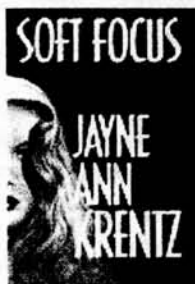
To see all this and more in full color, mark your calendar for Wednesday, February 2, in our auditorium. Armchair Travel will feature a video shot by Earl Davis on this delightful River Explorer barge trip. Steve, when do we go again?

--Jane Jones

BOOK NOTES

As they used to say on the Monty Python show, here's something just a little different. It's Tim Moore's "A Frost on My Moustache: The Arctic Exploits of A Lord and A Loafer." The author, an ever-complaining London curmudgeon, gives us a truly hilarious tale. Reading a memoir by Lord Frederick Dufferin, who sailed his yacht from Scotland to Iceland, then to Norway, Spitzbergen, the Arctic and back, Moore decided he could do it too. Mostly he wanted to impress his Icelandic in-laws and prove to them he wasn't "resigned to my fate as a sickly, feeble, cretin-spermed foreigner." His account of how he made the same journey is one of the funniest travel books to come along for some time, yet it was a truly perilous journey, nearly disastrous at times, told with great good humor. (January)

Where is popular fiction going these days?



Right into the New Age, if you read Jayne Ann Krentz's entertaining new novel "Soft Focus." How's this for a romantic pair: two Seattle computer expert CEOs in love. Elizabeth Cabot and Jack Fairfax are made for each other, but before they can do much about it they have to solve a mystery involving the company in

which they both have a financial interest. The mystery is who murdered an employee. Then the lab is attacked by anti-technology fanatics. And then the house inventor, whose creation called "Soft Focus" will revolutionize computer technology, disappears. It's a dot com of a plot, unraveled in clean, breezy prose with plenty of laughs along the way. (January)



Fans of both fiction and horticulture will enjoy Jamaica Kincaid's "My Garden (Book)." (Published) The author, much better known for her excellent novels, writes here of her Vermont Garden, sometimes in a technical way for serious gardeners, but the novelist can't help telling her story with style

and artistry. Gardeners should also not miss the anthology Kincaid edited last year, "My Favorite Plant." (Published)

If you watch CBS's long-running "Sixty Minutes," you'll know that the program ends with a brief visit by Andy Rooney, the house curmudgeon, who is always guaranteed to please some and annoy others. Now Andy is giving us "Sincerely, Andy Rooney," a collection of his correspondence,

addressed not only to those who write in to attack him, or praise him, but correspondence he's had with various others, some celebrities but also his son. The tone is familiar, the results are sometimes funny, sometimes annoying - just Andy. (Published)



And for those Sunday morning watchers of ABC's "This Week," with Cokie Roberts and Sam Donaldson, as well as those who wouldn't miss PBS's Friday night "Washington Week in Review," there is "From This Day

Forward," by Cokie and her husband, Steve Roberts, a frequent panelist on the PBS show. The book is about their life together (he's also on the New York Daily News staff), and their views of life and its - need we say - numerous events. (January)

by John Tebbel

MEMORY TREE

I admire perfectly groomed hair
Matching accessories are best,
A simple dress is always smart,
Unadorned, its major test.

Coordinating colors
Make a plain room come alive
One rose amidst greenery
Can say more than four or five.

Pros can drape a Christmas tree
Perfection on every limb,
But I'll stick with my jumbled one
Sweet memories the festooned trim.

--ellen cheek dozier '00

POETRY CORNER

Something Mice for Christmas

by George Chandler

On the night before Christmas we went to bed early;
 If I don't get my rest, I'm inclined to be surly.
 In spite of that fact, I am not a good sleeper.
 I awoke about midnight—had I heard a beeper?
 As I lay there in bed I was sure I heard squeaking.
 Most likely the plumbing was once again creaking.
 But the squeaks now seemed louder—they were not abating;
 I decided I must begin investigating.
 I rolled over in bed, from my good eye looked
 out—

There were lights in the living room, nary a
 doubt.
 I climbed out of bed and I looked through the
 door.
 I saw dozens of mice there, all over the floor,
 And up on the tables, and in every chair;
 Wherever I looked, a mouse seemed to be there.
 I almost cried out at this fantastic sight,
 But I knew if I did, I'd give my wife a fright.

So I took a good look, and I saw with surprise
 That these mice were behaving like real party guys.
 They'd lit Christmas candles and turned on the tree;
 A whole army of mice was enjoying a spree.
 They had opened the fridge and had got out the cheese,
 And they'd thawed out some dip that was in the deep freeze.
 They'd taken advantage of our early snooze
 And already consumed a good deal of our booze.
 An old gray-headed mouse, when he saw me appear,
 He lifted his glass and showed no sign of fear.
 The rest went on eating and drinking with glee.
 The next move, it seemed, had been left up to me.
 "You're making quite free with my victuals," I said.
 "Who told you to make this your family homestead?"
 The gray-headed mouse said, "We hope you don't mind,
 But your cheese is the best we've been able to find.



We're friends of George Williams; we went to their house,
 But they've moved—no one lives there, not even a mouse.
 We traced them 'cross town with our keen sense of smell,
 But they're not home tonight, I am sorry to tell.
 So we sniffed through the hallways in search of good cheese,
 And we found that your place had the odors that please.
 And a factor of major importance was that
 We could tell right away that you don't have a cat."
 I said, "Friends of the Williams? Are you Matthew Mouse?
 And would this Belle from Charleston perhaps be your spouse?"
 "That's just who we are," he said, "don't be afraid.
 As you probably know, we are church mice by trade,
 And for most of the year we stick close to our steeple,
 But on Christmas Eve night we can talk to real people.
 We knew that our friends have a great urge to roam,
 But we came on the chance that we'd find them at home.
 We're glad we've been able to meet you instead,
 But we're sorry we routed you out of your bed."
 "That's all right," I replied, "I can sleep any time,
 But it's rare to meet mice who can discourse in rhyme."
 I went to the kitchen and poured out a beer,
 Then sat down with the mice and joined in the
 good cheer.

A few hours later we drank our last toast.
 Matthew thanked me for being a generous host.
 "To all of you mice, Merry Christmas," I said,
 "And Happy New Year," then I went back to bed.
 When on the next morning I surveyed the scene
 Our apartment appeared quite unusually clean.
 Not a trace of the feast anywhere could I find;
 Not the tiniest crumb had the mice left behind.



NOTE: The mice clan headed by their patriarch, Matthew Mouse, live and work in the steeple of St. Michael's Episcopal Church in Charleston, SC. Their heroic actions during the American Revolution are described in "Of Mice and Bells," Charleston, 1999, by Forest at Duke resident, George Walton Williams.

CLIPPINGS by Rose and Azalea Bush

Not too much news from this quarter because Azalea and I were away for the holiday. However, we did catch the New Year's Eve bash in the Auditorium. **Glenn Arrington, Bob Dunham, Bill Holley, Joe McMoil, Bob Moyer and Jim Thompson**, dancers in the Las Vegas Review, were such good sports to dress in those tutus, wigs and bows to hoof and kick so that we all could share in a laughing good time. **Bill Fine**, originally one of the "legs", needed to drop out for health reasons but was on hand with wife **Harriet** to cheer and whistle for the group.

Many chips changed hands during the Casino play and handsome prizes were awarded later. First prize went to **Ruth Nash** for eight tickets including transportation and beverages and hors d'oeuvres to the Bert Bacharach concert of the North Carolina Symphony. Other top winners were **Milt Skolaut** with a \$100 certificate from Home Depot, **Bob Northwood** received a \$100 bond from First Union Bank, **Priscilla Squire** may take \$100 credit on a trip with Southern Leisure Tours and **Betty Gray** won \$110 worth of Yoga classes with Sally Norton. Can she give it to **John**? Many other prizes were given.

Elegant food was served by the Dining Staff and peppy music was played by Fidelity Feet. 'Twas a great evening to welcome in year 2,000. All behind the scenes help was appreciated, too.

Chad Salladay, our chief groundskeeper, and his wife and son had his grounds staff and families to their home for a Christmas gift exchange.

Helen Corbett, Ruth Dillon, Nancy Sokal, and Jenn VanBrunt volunteered at The Durham Rescue Mission for the Christmas Dinner on December 23rd. They reported a heartwarming experience.

P. J. Burns and his woodworking crew made 650 toy trucks for distribution at holiday time; 150 of those went to the community of Princeville which suffered badly during the floods following Hurricane Floyd. **Rena Graham, Berniece Stecker and Dot Heroy**, leaders of the doll makers and dress designers, sent 87 of their creations to several needy groups in our community.

Weren't we fortunate to have David Gergen here for his enlightening speech to the 2701 Club! We wondered along with him what the Breakfast Bunch discusses each morning at their reserved table in the Cafe.

Play Readers **Carl Beery, Bernie Bender, Earl Davis, Bob Dunham, Betty Gray, Dot Heroy, Walt Lifton, Bob Moyer, Phil Sellers, Frank Simes and Jenn VanBrunt** showed their talents for the theatrical arts with "The Natives Are Restless Tonight".

One last note about the holidays just past, Azalea and I thought that the decorations on the ledges, the wreaths on the apartment doors and the lights showing from apartments and cottages were outstanding.

LIBRARY NOTES

The Library is fortunate in that so many of our residents contribute to it. However, lately, donations of magazines have fallen off and we seem to have many empty spots in our magazine rack. If we can use them, we will put them in the rack. As you know we keep the three latest issues of each magazine in the rack. Those that we cannot use we send to the Veterans Hospital or Duke Medical Center.

Hope Valley school still needs volunteers and with the advent of "Social Accountability" it would be a great place to work since it is very new. If you can volunteer some of your time, please contact Peg Lewis. She knows the proper people to contact at the school.

When using the copy machine, please try to bring the correct change or write an IOU which Jane will collect later.

--Jean Weil



AD LIB TRAVELS

Highlights of a CRUISE OF THE WATERWAYS OF WESTERN EUROPE – a Smithsonian Study Group

Our ship, the Bremen, is run with Prussian efficiency. Frivolity has no priority. There are no glitzy night club acts. A five-piece orchestra serves up soft music for dining and slow dancing. The captain is charming and the food excellent. We 73 passengers, accompanied by three professors, board at Bremerhaven. For the most part we are a group of well-preserved elders. With the help of a smiling Filipino stewardess, Best Friend and I are quickly settled in our roomy stateroom which will be our home for the next two weeks.

Belgium:

Our first stop is Bruges, a beautifully preserved medieval town of old houses crowded together on narrow streets. Its church spires pierce the sky like arrows, and I fell in love with a beautiful Michelangelo Pieta in one of those churches. It is the Festival of Flowers, and it is not only the houses crowding the narrow streets; it is the people eager to see the displays and happy to be out on a sunny holiday.

France:

We are entering France ever so slowly, floating up the Seine, absorbing the beauty of Normandy. It is easy to understand why the Normans, when they swooped down from the North, claimed this beautiful part of France as their own. It is early September. In the orchards the trees are heavy with apples. Along the riverbanks are clusters of timbered houses and the occasional chateau. From time to time the river is spanned by a suspension bridge, lovely as a truncated spider web. Until we reach Rouen, there is little human activity to spoil the postcard beauty of the scenery.

Giverny:

Monet's gardens are an explosion of nature. The house is surrounded by bright tangles of flowers that spill on to the walks and seem to have a life of their own. There is a wonderful exuberance about the way they grow completely undisciplined in such contrast to his water garden on the other side of the road where all is tranquility and where his muse, the water lily, resides. The gardens tell us a lot about Monet but his house even more. Like the man himself, it is big and comfortable. He and his huge family have left fingerprints. The furniture looks a bit tired. The master bed is lumpy and the kitchen seems the center of the house with its long dining table and big "boss" of a black stove. His Japanese prints are hung everywhere on the walls, thick as wallpaper. Strange that these prints had so little influence on his painting. Nature has pulled out all the stops. The sun shines. The water sparkles, and as we pull out of Rouen she has flung across the sky a sunset worthy of a Turner.

Caen. The Landing Beaches:

The day is cloudless and it is hard to imagine that this part of Normandy was a corner of hell 59 years ago when our

forces clawed their way into France. Then the water was red with blood and the beaches littered with bodies. Those bodies have been gently lifted into graves here, and one is overcome by the thousands of crosses that mark graves. As far as one can see, white crosses march up and down the velvet, green grass. One is deeply moved.

Bayeux Tapestry. The story of the Battle of Hastings, 1066:

Legend has attributed the Bayeux Tapestry to William the Conqueror's wife, Matilde, but historians suggest she farmed out the work to an English nunnery. The nuns picked up their needles with gusto and went to work. Fortunately for us, these ladies had humor and imagination, and as they stitched, they gave us a picture of life in the 11th Century - not only William and Harold going at each other but how they dressed, ate, prayed and played. They even added a few naked ladies cavorting in the borders. The whole tapestry reads like the funny papers as it tells the story of one of the critical battles of history.

St.Malo. Mount St. Michel:

What can be said about Mount St. Michel that hasn't been said before and said best by Henry Adams? It is awe inspiring to stare up at that pinnacle of faith, poised on a huge rock set in the sea. What intense religious fervor compelled the structure to be built and what inspiration placed a golden St. Michel, the warrior archangel, on its upmost spire? It is a perilous climb to the top, narrow steps, dark passageways, cobblestones, but the hoards of tourists that flock here will not be deterred any more than the pilgrims who came in medieval times.

Brittany:

It is Saturday and our ship has nudged its way up the Loire. It is easy to imagine Eleanor of Aquitaine making her procession on a barge to Chateau d'Anjou to meet King Henry and engage in one of their famous rows. This frog-like chateau is no beauty, rather a war machine with its thick, stout walls and wide moat. A drawbridge has spanned the moat and we are made welcome. We have come to see another remarkable tapestry, this one woven. No laughing nuns made this. It is all Hell's fire and damnation. The devil pops up everywhere. I could almost feel the flames of hell lapping at my heels. This telling of the Apocalypse is almost too much. It is something to see once!

Bordeaux:

We sail up yet another French river, the Garonne, to Bordeaux. Bordeaux presents a stern face to the world with its imposing 18th Century buildings that line the water front. These buildings were the homes *cum* businesses of wealthy wine merchants.

As we drive out of Bordeaux every vista has a vineyard, every vineyard a chateau, and every chateau a

(Continued on page 8)



HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH --Pauline Gratz

This month's column is through the courtesy of Rheta Skolaut who found it on the Internet/ January 18, 1999, and forwarded it to me. The source is unknown.

'Twas the month after Christmas and all through the house,



Nothing would fit me, not even a blouse.

The cookies I'd nibbled, the eggnog I'd taste
At the holiday parties, had gone to my waist.

When I got on the scales there arose such a number!

When I walked to the store (less a walk than a lumber)

I'd remember the marvelous meals I'd prepared

The gravies and sauces and beef nicely rared,

The wine and the rum balls, the bread and the cheese,

And the way I'd never said, "No thank you, please."

(Continued from page 7)

label. Chateau Mouton-Rothschild, Chateau Haut-Brion, etc. Some claim that the Haut-Brion began life as Chateau O'Brien.

We first visit Chateau Carbonnieux to observe the whole wine making process. It is harvest time and the grapes are being delivered for pressing. No more barefoot peasants stomping on the grapes. Computers and machines take over. I was horrified to learn that a certain percent of all wine is the excrement of bacteria. That should give you pause before you swill your next glass. We lunched at another chateau, the Chateau Kirwan. The hospitality was as warm as the day. The chateau is German-owned, and a vivacious fraulein took us in hand for a short lecture and a delicious lunch washed down by three of the chateau's wines.

Spain. Santiago de Compostella:

The more one delves into the medieval world the more one realizes what tough cookies our Celt and Norman antecedents were. They not only had to contend with nature and the devil but had to contend with ALL THOSE STONES, a good many of which went into building Santiago de Compostella. In the middle ages, after Rome and Jerusalem, this was the most important destination for pilgrims. The shrine contains the body of Saint James. The day is hot, the cathedral crowded and mass is long, but the famous censer (Botafumeiro) does its thing. Like a trapeze act it swings from a high transept, swooping low over the

As I dressed myself in my husband's old shirt,

And prepared once again to do battle with dirt,

I said to myself, as only I can,

You can't spend a winter disguised as a man!

So away with the last of the sour cream dip,

Get rid of the fruit cake, every cracker and chip.

Every last bit of food that I like must be banished,

'Till all the additional ounces have vanished.

I won't have a cookie - not even a lick.

I'll want only to chew on a long celery stick.

I won't have hot biscuits, or corn bread or pie,

I'll munch on a carrot and quietly cry.

I'm hungry, I'm lonesome, and life is a bore,

But isn't that what January is for?

Unable to giggle, no longer a riot.

Happy New Year to all and to all a good diet.

faithful and in an arc ascends to a high transept on the opposite side. The censer is still part of church ceremonies, but imagine in the ninth century the bouquet of odors that would arise from a gathering of unwashed pilgrims. Then it was a necessity.

Portugal. Lisbon:

A friend who lived for some years in Lisbon used to claim the Portuguese had just returned from Vasco de Gama's funeral...whatever...they have a gem of a museum, The Gulbenkian. It is well designed and small enough to do in an afternoon. It contains treasures - a glowing Rembrandt, the best ever Mary Cassatt, a wonderful Cezanne, Lalique treasures and antique furniture.

We say goodbye to our fellow travelers and move to a hotel for an extra day in Lisbon. We should have gone home with our friends. Our hotel is the Sheraton Towers, easily the most conspicuous American presence in town. The Portuguese are in a froth over the East Timor business, as East Timor is a former colony. As usual, the Americans are expected to solve all problems and to get the message across. The Portuguese converge on the Sheraton and all night long, spotlights play on the hotel and cars circle the hotel honking horns. So much for a good night's sleep! We leave the next day still wondering over our bill from the ship. Our laundry bill is larger than our bar bill. That is what old age will do to you.

--Libby Getz

FORESTER PROFILE

ANTONIETTA THOMAS

As everyone knows, dining shouldn't be simply a matter of moving the jaws, but an enjoyable experience, and if there's one country that believes in this axiom as though it were holy writ, it's Italy. Our Italian import, Antonietta Thomas, the new Dining Room Supervisor, works hard to make it happen here at the Forest. Against all obstacles, she seems to be prevailing.



Antonietta was born in Naples, but she lived most of her early life in Sicily, two places where Southern Italian cuisine is celebrated. Food was not on her mind in those days, however. She had an overpowering urge to learn English, a drive so great that she left home to live in England, where English was presumably spoken. She learned it the hard way, by assimilation, working at domestic jobs for the most part while she did it.

Returning after ten years, her mother urged her to use her English where it was spoken, at the American

Navy's base in Italy. She went to work there, and in time was managing the base's store, one of whose customers was Gene Thomas, a Navy flyer, with whom she fell in love. A year later, they were married. Eventually he was reassigned to Washington State, and Antonietta saw this country for the first time. After other assignments, Gene retired there, and looking for a job in civilian life, he found one in Durham with the National Institutes of Health and Safety. And that's how Antonietta got to the Forest, her first job here.

What does Antonietta do with her time when she's not in the Dining Room? She spends much of it in her kitchen, because she loves to cook, and she turns out splendid examples of Italian cuisine for her appreciative audience of one, the lucky Gene.

Antonietta says she loves the Forest and its residents. She wishes she could cook a great Italian meal for all of us, but to paraphrase the old Thirties song, "until that lucky day you know darn well, baby, she can't give you anything but love."

--John Tebbel

THE FOREST ENCORE STORE

The purpose of the Forest Encore Store, sponsored by The Forest at Duke and operated by a committee of the Residents Association, is to provide for the welfare of the residents of the Forest by the resale of home furnishings in good condition.

o Donations may be made by contacting committee chairmen, Deborah Carey, 493-9255 or Jennifer Bowes, 490-6703.

o Only home furnishings in good condition will be accepted for resale. The committee may accept or refuse items offered and will set the resale price.

o No items will be taken on consignment.

o Donors are responsible for delivery of donations to the Store.

o The Store is for residents and staff members only.

o Income from Store sales goes to the Benevolent Fund of The Forest at Duke, which makes your donations tax-deductible. You will be given a receipt for donated items, and the Finance Director will send you a letter for your tax file, listing the items and the date donated.

Committee for 2000 is the following:

Jennifer Bowes and Deborah Carey	Co-Chairmen
Carolyn Vail	Past Chairman
Evebell Dunham	Display
Mary Walters	Recording Secretary
Ginny Putnam	
Betty Gray	
Sally Sheehan	
Jenn Van Brunt	
Jill Moyer	Consultant

Bob Blake's

PUZZLE

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

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

THINGS WITH A BEGINNING

ARGUE	CHURCH SERVICE	HEADACHE	MINUET	SEASON
AUTUMN	CONSTRUCTION	HOME	MOTHERHOOD	SERMON
AVALANCHE	DAY	JOURNEY	NAP	SPRING
BABY	DINNER	LAUGHTER	NIGHT	SAGA
BANK ACCOUNT	ENTERTAINMENT	LAWSUIT	NOVEL	SONG
BIOGRAPHY	FATHERHOOD	LECTURE	PARTY	SUMMER
BOOK	FENCE	LINE	PLAY	TRIP
CATARACT	FIGHT	LUNCH	PRAYER	VACATION
CENTURY	GAME	MELODY	PUZZLE	WAR
CEREMONY	HABIT	MILLENNIUM	RACE	WINTER