



THE FORESTER



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

Volume 6 Issue 9

June 2000

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OUR U.N. IN THE KITCHEN

They came from around the world to feed us, these people in our kitchen and cafe. This General Assembly can be viewed on the wall in the short corridor just past Theo's office where Laurie Lach, at Theo's original suggestion, has mounted a long wallboard



displaying the smiling faces of all

these men and women who constitute our General Assembly, Forest style. And here they are, in no particular order:

Julio Olmos-Muniz, Mexico, utility worker, who works as a prep cook and salad cook. He also helps translate for our other Hispanic staff.

Salomon Ponce, Venezuela, receiver. Married with two children, started as a utility worker. Practices his English during lunch breaks.

Walter Serrant, St. Thomas, utility worker, had two fulltime jobs just before retiring from UNC. He's 71 years old and has a son.

(Continued on page 3)

PRESIDENT'S CORNER



In spite of what you may have heard, no decisions have been made on any part of the Long Range plans. Work is proceeding on preliminary planning, rough cost estimates, and a feasibility study. We have been assured that this information will be made available to the residents, and the TFAD Board will consider all available information including the expressed will of the community.

There has been considerable discussion on the "Away Allowance." This was established in 1993 and has remained the same since then. In view of other costs having increased substantially, the Residents' Board has discussed increasing this allowance with management. The basis for establishing the rate is unknown. Management will investigate how other CCRCs are handling the problem. The amount will then be decided and included in the budget for the next fiscal year.

The revised Residents Handbook

(Continued on page 2)

The Forester

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The editors applaud residents' great response to our plea for contributions in last month's issue. In fact, we're happy to report that, because of your generosity, we're able to add 4 pages to this issue and also save material for next fall's Forester. Keep 'em coming!

Have a great summer and we'll see you in October!

A Short Course in Human Relationships

The 6 most important words I admit I made a mistake"

The 5 most important words: "You did a good job."

The 4 most important words. "What is your opinion?"

The 3 most important words: "If you please."

The 2 most important words: "Thank you."

The most important word: "We."

The least important word: "I"

Anon

Submitted by Dorothy Zutant

(Continued from page 1)

should be distributed shortly. Several residents were asked to proofread the draft and offer suggestions. Their suggestions resulted in more changes than anticipated which has delayed the distribution.

About 100 seniors with guests over 90 years of age from both TFAD and Durham enjoyed a lunch and fun time at The Forest. This was arranged by Peg Lewis and the newly named Community Relations committee. About 35 residents agreed to monitor state-wide testing at Jordan High School. This was arranged by the same committee.

Please give serious consideration to new or continuing membership in the CCRC of NC, Inc. They represent us well, but our total membership has declined the last two years.

Your generous outpouring of love, concern and prayer on the death of my son has been deeply felt. Since his death, I have learned of so many positive influences he had on others. This, along with the concerns of so many, has made this an uplifting experience.

Thanks!

--P. J. Burns

Department of Slight Confusion

Sign on wall inside TFAD swimming pool area:

"Children under the age of 14 should not use spa or pool without an adult in attendance."

Another sign inside pool area, about 18 inches from the above-mentioned sign:

"Children under 12 years old must be accompanied by an adult."

Sign on door leading into pool area:

"Children should not use the swimming pool without an adult in attendance. Adults should not swim alone"

Who's an adult? Who's a child? Who's on first?

—Marjorie Chandler

IN MEMORIAM

Margaret Copeland May 20, 2000

(Continued from page 1)

Szymon Pucilowski, Poland, waiter. He's worked here since 1995 while attending UNC. His brother Matt also works here. He's a junior at East Chapel Hill High and has lived in the U.S. since 1989. Two younger brothers are hoping to be recruited

Obed Garcia, Puerto Rico, cafe server. Recently took home leave.

Roger Andoh, Ghana, chef. Works part-time at UPS, got his American citizenship last year, is married, has a son, worked here since 1997.

Maria Barbee, Philippines, chef. Married with two children. Husband Victor is on the wait staff. Described as "charming, with a vibrant personality."

Kathy Chang, Taiwan, diet aide. Has lived in the U.S. for twelve years, has three daughters and once owned her own restaurant.

Uchenna Richards, Nigeria, cafe server. She graduated from Riverside High School on May 26th.

Jinyan Bo, China, diet aide. Has a daughter in high school. Her husband is here on a visa to attend Duke, where he's studying to be a doctor.

This General Assembly comes to order every day and often gets more done than they do on the East River.

--John Tebbel

ON THE ROAD

Never did I dream that one day (like Elvis Presley) I would pick up my music, board a bus with my singing group and be on the road to give a concert. Last month our six-year-old TFAD chorus accepted an invitation from the residents of Croasdaile Retirement Home and we did just that. This was our first gig away. And we performed to a full house. I loved looking at our attentive, appreciative audience. The program was our celebrated "Moonlight and Roses"--artfully put together by leader Kay Bailey. Ruth Phelps is always our patient and accomplished accompanist.

Piano solos were performed by the two Ruths, Phelps and Patterson; Bob Dunham sang a bass solo, and Soprano Songbird Sarah McCracken also soloed. Talent excelled!

We are nineteen strong and six years old. Three concerts are given each year: Spring, Fourth of July and Christmas time. Mary Light led us for three years when she relinquished the reins to Kay.

Rehearsal time is 9:30-10:00 a.m. every Tuesday in the Party Room. Fun abounds. Sopranos, second sopranos, altos, tenors, basses and that great trumpet player, John Friedrich, are all in the group. All of our efforts seem to be rewarded and we always have room for more singers.

Many of our members swell the group of Holbrook and Olsen residents who congregate at 4:30



p.m. every other Monday in Holbrook to sing the old familiar songs and occasionally hymns. Ruth Phelps accompanies and John stirs us with his horn. Ruth may give a brief comment about the com-

poser. Written words are supplied for this "Listen and Sing Along." One does not have to be "in voice." You would be most welcome. Come?

--Eleanor Roberts Kinney

AN INVITATION

The stepstones from wing 'B' through the Bruce Burns' yard are welcome to all residents to use as a cut-through. Come see their lovely flowers!

THE LIVELY ARTS

The first week in May, I made my semi-annual trip with friends to New York City to see, among other things some Broadway plays--five to be exact.

The play I most wanted to see, O'Neill's *A Moon for the Misbegotten*, was a disappointment. Although it received very good reviews, to me the characters were not convincing. Gabriel Byrne as James Tyrone failed to project the inner turmoil and agony the part demands; Cherry Jones as Josie failed to project, period; and Roy Dotrice as Josie's father interpreted his role as a stereotypical Irish drunk, milking it for cheap comic effects with a pratfall or two.

I had just seen the Playmakers' production of Noel Coward's *Hay Fever* and thought it would be fun to see the revival of his *Waiting in the Wings*. I was also interested in seeing Lauren Bacall in the flesh, who, from my fourth row center seat, still looked strikingly beautiful. (I think she is in her seventies.) Her acting, I thought, was quite competent, though she was overshadowed by the superior ability and superb stage presence of Rosemary Harris, who dominated the stage whenever she was on it. Since the action takes place in a retirement home, the play had a somewhat added appeal and interestingly was not as dated as I had feared it might be, suggesting that retirement homes now are still fundamentally what they were in the past.

The third play I saw was Elaine May's *Taller Than a Dwarf* with Matthew Broderick. This was light and entertaining and a change of pace, although as an actor, Matthew Broderick has not progressed much from his appearance in Ferris Beuller's *Day Off*. Behind the comic lines and situations, it did make a statement about the protagonist's quiet life of desperation and his attempt to escape from it.

The two most interesting and exciting plays I saw were Tom Stoppard's *The Real Thing* and the brilliant *Copenhagen*, by Michael Frayn.

One expects to be challenged, even puzzled, by a Stoppard play, as those of you know who went last year to the Raleigh Little Theater's production of his *The Real Inspector Hound*. I like his *Arcadia* better (perhaps because of the Byron and Capability Brown plot threads), but *The Real Thing* is excel-

lent theater. Here, as an example of Stoppard's ambiguity, the theme is introduced at the very opening by a scene between a man and his wife, who, as the play progresses, turn out to be actors doing a scene from a play, and so not the "real thing." It was interesting, to see Jennifer Ehle as a lead in this play, since we had seen her mother, Rosemary Harris, the night before in *Waiting in the Wings*.

Unintentionally, I had saved the best till last



with *Copenhagen*. This play was brilliantly acted, imaginatively staged, and mentally challenging. As background, the Playbill contained an inset to help the un-

initiated understand something about such arcane subjects as quantum mechanics and the relation of particle theory to wave theory in the development of nuclear fission. This sounds very formidable, but, though helpful, an understanding of nuclear physics is not essential to the enjoyment and appreciation of the drama. Dealing with historical characters and an actual event, the plot revolves around the question of why, in 1941, a German nuclear physicist went to Copenhagen to see his former professor and mentor, a Dane who later escaped his conquered country, came to the United States, and helped us to develop the atom bomb. Knowing the subject, which does not sound very interesting for a non-scientist, I would never have gone to *Copenhagen* except my son, who had joined me for the weekend, insisted on our going. (Michael Cumpsty, who had the role of the young German scientist, had been in my son's class at Chapel Hill.) Yet, with only three characters, with stage bare except for three chairs, and with this dull sounding story, *Copenhagen* made for a thrilling evening to cap a thoroughly enjoyable week of theater.

—Dick Capwell

A MEMORABLE OCCASION

It was February 1934, the depth of the Great Depression. But Katherine Cornell was to play in Denver on her cross-country tour. Although my sister and I were working our way through college at the University of Colorado in Boulder, we were determined somehow to see her in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"! Some of our classmates felt the same, so we bearded the austere Miss Brown, Dean of Women, in her office, seeking permission to be out after hours on a Tuesday night. Permission was granted and we made arrangements for tickets.

On the big night, we arrived at the theater, picked up tickets at the box office and made our way

into the theater. Our friends were lucky to afford the top balcony. Imagine our surprise to be ushered to the fifth row of the orchestra, way down in front! How important and excited we felt. As we sat reading the program with anticipation, a very familiar figure came to sit in front of us--no less a personage than Dean Brown. Amazement and shock were on her face when she saw us working girls in the most expensive seats in the house. To her unspoken but questioning glances we were happy to inform her that our uncle, Ray Henderson, was Miss Cornell's advance agent and his generosity had provided our seats.

--Doris Fields

THE QUALITY OF MERCY

The writer of the following letter is a TFAD resident who wishes to remain anonymous, takes pleasure in reminiscing about his career at the bar in letters to friends. Here's one of them.

Dear David,

I already have written to you about my pilgrimage in the legal profession when I was with several New York firms, but it all dealt with matters in which I was involved, at least to some extent.

During the time I was with all of these firms, I read hundreds and hundreds of judicial decisions, and these three struck me as being among the best of them.

The first was written by Benjamin Cardozo when he was the Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals in New York. It involved a situation where a man who was drunk fell over a rotating wheel at Coney Island, a prime attraction there, and sued for the injuries he sustained. In what I think was one of the most elegant decisions of them all, in finding for the defendant, Cardozo wrote, "The antics of a clown are not the paces of a cloistered cleric."

The second one I remember very well was made by a judge in Ohio, and it was about a divorce that was granted in Atlanta. The facts in that case were that a woman who had gone to Reno for a "quickie divorce" only agreed to stay there if her husband would go with her. Since the husband was the one who wanted the divorce, he did, and while they were there they shared a single room in one of the local hotels for the six weeks required by the Nevada law, and

the divorce was granted.

About a year later, the wife who lived in Cleveland as did the husband, brought an action there to set aside the Nevada divorce.

In what to me was a courageous decision by a judge, he ruled: "I am fully aware that under normal circumstances I should give full faith and credit to the Nevada decree, but I will not countenance a situation where the parties now before me copulated by night and litigated by day, and I therefore rule that the Nevada decree is legally invalid."

Another case that really impressed me was a custody battle between a divorced couple who had an eleven-year-old son. After the divorce, the decision revealed that the wife married a very wealthy man and was, therefore, able to give their son a more lavish style of living than could the father, who was a man of moderate means. She wanted full custody of the boy instead of the six months she was allowed, pursuant to the agreement they made when they were divorced. During the course of the trial, the judge found out that the boy loved both of his parents and was very happy with the way things then were.

In his ruling, which I thought was very humane and compassionate, the judge said that despite the fact that the wife and her husband had been very generous while the boy was with them, but since their son was doing well and clearly liked the present arrangement. The judge was not the one to say that the boy was wrong. He denied the wife's application for full custody.

Since none of these judges compromised with what I think is the essence of justice, I agree with all of their decisions, and I am sure that you do, too.

Very truly yours,



CLIPPINGS by Rose and Azalea Bush

Some residents have already left for extended vacations **Ray and Lucy Blackman** to their place in Canada, **Tracy and Betty Lamar** and **Don and Betsy Bernard** to the Carolina mountains. **Felix and Dorothea Vann** will soon be off to Maine as will **Hank and Janet McKay** after their son's wedding in Boston. **Dorothy Bone and Julia Lewis** will head for Vermont, and after some delay the **Getz's** and **Kents** plan to go to Michigan. **Ruth Dillon** will summer at her camp in the Adirondacks with **Helen Corbett, Ginny Putnam, Jenn Van Brunt** and **Jean Mason** visiting for part of the time. **Phil Sellers** will visit his son in Paris and later tour in the British Isles. **Caroline Long** will travel to her farm in Missouri where she and her brother are writing a family history. **Julia Negley** is off on another opera junket to Italy. **Harriet Williams** has been on a hiking trip to Switzerland and **Betty Gray** has returned from England where her North Carolina Botanical Gardens' group stayed in a charming manor house and visited many lovely gardens. Stuart, Florida, was the scene for a family reunion followed by the wedding of **Ed and Joyce Albrecht's** grandson.

Virginia Jones is mighty proud of her two professor daughters, one at Boston University, the other at University of California Riverside. Each has won a Guggenheim and a National Endowment for the Humanities award to support research and writing. Her banker daughter, while in Australia on business, walked the Olympic track in Sydney! **Lucy Grant** accompanied an almost full bus to the Rodin sculpture exhibit of some 120 pieces at the North Carolina Museum of Art in Raleigh. **Eleanor Kinney's** son, Dr. Tom Kinney, second in command in the Department of Pediatrics at Duke, conducted a tour for our residents through the new Childrens' Hospital. All of us appreciated his knowledgeable comments about this marvelous new facility. As is his custom, **Glenn Arrington** took exceptional care of his Forest folks, coming and going to these events.

On the lighter side, **Mary Ann and Don Ruegg** led the way to Bailey's Irish Pub in Chapel Hill for a delicious and fun outing with the Lunch Bunch. **Ruth Patterson** directed Play Readers' season close-out "Stolen Identity" with **Betty Gray, Priscilla Squire, Jenn Van Brunt, George Nance, Noel Freeman, Viola White** and **Mary Ann Ruegg** in the cast.

Did you know that **Evebell and Bob Dunham** created those masks that appear on the Party Room door before each performance? **Bill and Harriet Fine** attended graduation exercises for two grandsons, one at Yale University and the other at a school in Denver, while **Jean Mason** saw her granddaughter graduate from Oberlin. **Jean Weil** has been visiting family and friends in New York where **Jenny Ruddell** is also spending some time as is **Mary Wolfe**. **Rena Graham** spent a week with some high school friends at Atlantic Beach. **Bob and June Northwood** put Madeira Islands at the top of their list for stops during their cruise. **Trish and Robbie Robertson** have headed to San Diego for Navy and friends' gatherings. Channel 8 Programmers welcome **Robbie** as a new addition to this group. Men only were the family members that **Bill Goldthorp** invited for a golf outing at Pine Valley near Philadelphia.

Have you noticed those enticing posters outside the Gift Shop? **Jane Curry** is the clever artist. **Nancy Sokal** helped cut the ribbon for the opening of the new quarters at the Lemur Center. She and **Helen Corbett** are docents there. Helen appeared on Channel 8 TV recently to promote the Duke Ambassador program at the hospital. Tuesday bridge players include **Jean Wolpert, Phyllis Darbo, Bob Moyer, Pat Ringwald, Maidi Hall** and **Hal Muncaster**. There's still room in the Round Robin Tournament. We are grateful to **Minnie Mae Franklin** who arranges roses from our lovely rose garden for everyone's enjoyment. And, too, thanks to **Frank Melpolder** for helping to keep our pool so very clean. **Peg Lewis** arranged for twenty some residents to act as proctors at Jordan High School during their recent testing program. **Amey Hendriks** drove The Forest bus with **Bill Rohrhurst, Margo Langohr, Lovina Hendon, Marion Geary, Marie Russell** and **Paul Wright** with attendants **Diedra Walters** and **Kim Henderson** aboard to Duke Gardens for a trolley tour with **Molly Simes** but that severe storm shortened the outing!

Rose and Azalea along with all of The Forester staff wish all of our readers a happy, healthy and delicious summer. Please send info for CLIPPINGS to Box 38, c/o **Bernie Bender**. We'll be back in October!

JESSIE

I was brought up in a grimy midwestern industrial town. We had a nice house, though, on a nice street, and across the street in a good-sized red brick house lived a family named Weiss. Bill Weiss owned a small business which seemed to be prospering despite the depression, and his father was supposed to be pretty rich. He was said to have been a bootlegger during prohibition, and he had a tavern at the top of the Greenwood Avenue hill. The road past the tavern ran up from the big Johns Manville plant, and I guess that after a day of making brake linings and breathing asbestos dust a lot of guys stopped at John Weiss' bar for a boiler-maker at the end of the shift.

Anyway, Bill and Katie Weiss could afford to take Katie's niece in for a while one winter. I never knew why she needed a temporary home. I suppose like so many people in the depression her father lost his job and couldn't afford to keep his family together.

Well, Jessie arrived across the street, and, naturally, we got to know each other. I was 12 or 13 at the time, and she was probably a year or so younger. Jessie was not pretty in any conventional way. She was thin and had a narrow face with a sharp chin and thin nose. Her skin was pale, almost white, and she had long black hair. But she was bright and intelligent and we got on well together. We were both great readers, and we always seemed to have something to talk about.

I won't say that we saw a great deal of each other. We went to different schools. I went to public school, but she had been raised a catholic, and the Weiss's paid for her to go to Saint Anastasia. But by the time she had lived across the street for a few months we had gotten to know each other pretty well.

One afternoon on my way home from school I passed by the Weiss' house. It was close to the sidewalk because there was a big ravine that took up a good part of the lots on their side of the street, so the building line had been set close to the front of the lot. Anyway, I had a good view into the living room window, and there was Jessie sitting in a chair staring out, but without appearing to be looking at anything. She had on her Saint Annie's school uniform, which for girls was a dowdy black

dress with long sleeves and a high collar. (I can remember when Betty Patterson, who had the reputation of being a really "bad" girl, cut the sleeves off her uniform because she didn't want to go to school.)

It was Jessie, all right, but instead of her normal pale, almost white face, the one that looked out of that window was green! It wasn't bright, leaf green, but it was unmistakably green-something like the green of that part of a honey dew melon that lies closest to the rind. To say that I was startled would be the understatement of the year. The image that flashed through my mind was that of the terrible witch who had given Judy Garland such a bad time in the "Wizard of Oz" movie. With Jessie's long thin face, sharp features, black hair, and black dress, the effect was really quite eerie.

I didn't see much more of Jessie. The school year was almost over by then, and when it ended she went back to her own family. I suppose they had somehow gotten their financial problems solved. But I frequently thought about her, and when I did, I must confess, I saw her in my mind's eye as the Wicked Witch of the West, with a green face and even wearing one of those black, broad brimmed witch's hats with the cone shaped crown.

Later that summer I walked past the Weiss' house on a cloudy day when they obviously had the lights on inside. There in that same front window where I had seen Jessie on that other day, sat their big white dog. He was probably mostly chow, but with mixed-up parents, and he was white all over-not a black spot on him. But that afternoon, sitting looking out the window, he was green!

This time I went up to take a closer look. When I peered into the window what I saw was a table next to the chair, and on the end of the table nearest to the chair was a desk lamp with a translucent green shade of a kind quite common before the war. The dog was sitting right under the lamp, and it turned his whole head green.

So what I had seen on that other day had not been a green-faced junior witch practicing spells, but a young girl in a day dream, having a thin face, sharp features, and long black hair, wearing a black school uniform, and sitting in the light cast by a desk lamp with a green celluloid shade.

--George Chandler



AD LIB TRAVELS

"When I consider how my life is spent
I hardly ever repent." Ogden Nash

I am married to a man who was born in a zoo and was thus imprinted for life. Wherever we have lived animals of some sort have been a part of our household. We have matched animals to accommodations: birds to apartments, dogs to houses but when we were posted to Indochina in 1950 we found ourselves in a villa with a very large lot attached, a bit of in town jungle. Best Friend had some grandiose ideas for populating this space with exotic animals. His wish list included a gibbon (the tiniest of the apes), a boa constrictor, even an elephant. I did not share his enthusiasms. We compromised on a dachshund.

One day the air attaché's plane from Taiwan came through Saigon on its way to Angkor Vat and Bangkok with one empty seat. I was the lucky one who filled that seat. There were no tourists in Southeast Asia in those days and our group had Angkor to ourselves, a glorious experience. Bangkok in 1950 was a sleepy, Oriental town laced with canals, its roads cluttered with ox carts and sam-lors (bicycle rickshaws). Our hotel was a modest one just off the main thoroughfare. My siesta was disturbed by strange sounds in back and slipped out to find the source. What I found was an animal bazaar where jungle boys brought their wares to sell to zoos and circuses. While I was strolling about, cautiously, mind you, a little, black, furry ball about the size of a cat with comically long arms and legs dove, Kamikaze-like, into my arms and hugged tight. It was irresistible. It was a gibbon! For \$200. the owner would build a crate and ship it by air to Saigon the next day. Best Friend received a tele-

gram "meet gibbon arriving on 2 PM Bangkok plane". A happy man met the plane and put the crate on the seat next to him for the ride into town. As he started out a long skinny arm found its way through the chicken wire and around Best Friend's shoulders. Instant bonding as the two buddies tootled into town.

Tical, the gibbon was a wonderful pet. The boa

constrictor never materialized and as to the elephant? That is another story.

Do you want a pet? Think twice because it is a commitment.

The best poodles in The Triangle are bred by Jane Conyers at Fairview Kennels. Wonder Dog came from there. She has three sizes - Toys @ \$400 - \$800, Miniatures (about the size of a cocker) - \$500. and Standards (big) - \$600. - \$800.

FAIRVIEW KENNELS, 8252 Holly Springs Rd., Raleigh, 27606, tel. 851-1608

If a dog is a bit much, try a parakeet. They are beautiful birds, fun, smart and affectionate. Most of the pet shops have them. A bird usually runs about \$50. A nearby source is

THE BIRDIE BOUTIQUE, 3039 University Drive, Durham, tel. 490- 3001.

RESTAURANT NEWS

Nana's has recently reopened after a nine month renovation and what has emerged will have all the other good restaurants pulling up their socks. The decor is stunning., the food wonderful and all I could say after our evening there was WOW! Here is a restaurant that can stand up and be counted with the best in New York. Scott Howell, owner-chef, has bought out neighboring shops and incorporated them into the original Nana's giving him much needed space. This space has been divided into three areas, the bar with its long-legged tables and chairs (no reservations needed here), a center room with blood red walls, comfortable banquettes and candlelight, a place for confidences and hand-holding. Beyond is a large dining room. There is a buzz here, the sound of money talking and expense accounts paying. There is a tendency to seat the elderly in the red room which is just fine with me. It's quieter. We shared a liver pate appetizer @ \$6.95. Best Friend had a filet of beef @ \$22., 1, a rack of lamb @ \$24. and we shared a crème brule. Roast chicken is \$15.95 and wine by the glass \$6-8. Everything was absolutely superb including the service.

NANA'S - 2514 University Drive, Durham, tel. 493 8545 (reservations a must)

Have a happy summer!

—Libby Getz





HERE'S TO YOUR HEALTH --Pauline Gratz

The search for anti-aging nostrums is always available to people who want to feel and look younger. There has never been a shortage of sellers offering access to the Fountain of Youth, nor customers willing to try what is offered. The latest wares are the hormones, particularly DHEA (dehydroepiandrosterone), melatonin, human growth hormone, testosterone and estrogen.



DHEA is produced by the adrenal glands in humans but it is also found in the plant and animal kingdom. It does not act directly on cells but is broken down into estrogen and testosterone as it circulates in the bloodstream. The product available in the U.S. is extracted from the wild yam and sold as a dietary supplement.

Melatonin is a hormone made by the pineal gland, a tiny cone shaped structure deep within the brain. Melatonin plays a role in regulating the sleep cycle.

Melatonin is often promoted for arresting aging and preventing cancer, as well as regulating sleep and preventing jet lag. A 0.3 mg dose of melatonin has been demonstrated to be effective in regulating sleep and in helping to reset the circadian clock following jet travel. There is no evidence that melatonin reduces the risk of cancer or that it retards aging.

Human Growth Hormone is produced by the pituitary gland at the base of the brain. It stimulates the growth of the musculoskeletal system in children and it may have a role in maintaining organ systems in adults. HGH is claimed to increase muscle mass, raise energy levels, enhance libido and sexual performance, increase cardiac output, boost immune function, improve kidney function, lower blood pressure, improve the cholesterol profile and promote smoother thicker skin.

Studies involving the injection of HGH in healthy older people are not promising. In addition, the side effects include edema, carpal tunnel syndrome, joint pain, risk of developing diabetes, high blood pressure and heart failure. A year's treatment costs \$15,000.

Estrogen is extracted from plant and animal sources. In humans it is produced by the ovaries and

adrenal glands. It is touted as a means of preserving youth, sexual responsiveness and femininity. None of these claims are supported by evidence. Estrogen is a reliable remedy for hot flashes and vaginal dryness. It has been demonstrated to reduce the risk of osteoporosis and to improve serum cholesterol levels.

Testosterone is produced by the testes, ovaries and adrenal glands. Testosterone increases muscle mass and strength, boosts energy and improves libido in men. There is no evidence it does so in women. High doses of testosterone may produce unfavorable changes in cholesterol levels.

Although anti-aging research is still in its infancy, there is increasing scientific and commercial interest in developing products to arrest common degenerative changes. Science may never put an end to aging, but it will undoubtedly produce new ways to keep us fitter and healthier for longer. For now, there is still only one sure prescription for healthy aging: Get at least 30 minutes of moderate exercise a day, avoid gaining weight, follow a healthful diet, and remain mentally stimulated and socially connected.

—Pauline Gratz

OLD FOLKS ARE WORTH A FORTUNE

Old folks are worth a fortune. With silver in their hair, gold in their teeth, stones in their kidneys lead in their feet, and gas in their stomachs.

I have become a lot more social with the passing of the years; Some might even call me a frivolous old gal. I'm seeing five gentlemen every day.

As soon as I wake Will Power helps me get out of bed. Then I go see John. Then Charley Horse comes along, and when he is here he takes a lot of my time and attention. When he leaves, Arthur Itis shows up and stays the rest of the day. He doesn't like to stay in one place very long so he takes me from joint to joint. After such a busy day I'm really tired and glad to go to bed--with Ben Gay. What a life!

P.S. The preacher came to call the other day. He said that at my age I should be thinking about the hereafter. I told him I do - all the time. No matter where I am - in the parlor, upstairs, in the kitchen, or down in the basement - I ask myself,

"Now, what am I here after?"

FORESTER PROFILE

KIM WILSON

Kim Wilson, our new Marketing Counselor, is a splendid example of how all roads lead to The Forest at Duke, a phenomenon observed by many



of us who arrived here by devious routes, guided as though by some mystical vision to arrive at last in this verdant Eden--ah well, it's easy to get carried away, isn't it?

Just the same, this is the story of how a young high school girl in Roanoke, Virginia, seemed destined from the start to wind up in the continuing care business. In those early days, she was already working in the dining room of a nearby CCRC as a server, like the young women we see every night. As they used to say, even then she knew. She loved her job, the residents she served, everything about the place.

Occasional visits southward to the beaches of North Carolina also gave her a premonitory fondness for this state, which seemed to her like a good place to live. That was why she enrolled in Elon College near Burlington. There she majored in business and, yes, marketing.

Out of college, there was a six-month interval in Atlanta, taking a breather, looking for the next

step. That proved to be a Raleigh agency specializing in solving staffing problems for a variety of clients in need of technical employees. To round out this experience, she then worked for a similar agency specializing in non-technical personnel.

With all this preparation under her belt, Kim was ready to get into the CCRC business, although she didn't exactly know where or how. In a tour of possible institutions, she came one day to The Forest, with an appointment to see Steve Fishler. They discussed possibilities until at last he told her there was a job opening up in marketing, and the rest is history to coin a cliché. She came to work only last month but says it already feels like home.

She still lives in Raleigh, by herself, and has friends from her college days to enliven off hours. Otherwise, she says her off-duty activities almost always include workouts at the gym to build a better body (fun, but hardly needed) and doing any sport that requires water--swimming in it, skiing on it, or maneuvering any kind of vehicle.

Oh, yes--one more (important) thing. Kim's closest companion is a handsome tabbycat named Jack (no comment, please), whose picture is always on her desk. If there's ever a CCRC for cats, Jack is ready to be marketed--but not just yet.

— John Tebbel

ED CADY'S NEW BOOK

Among this spring's notable scholarly press publications was "Pebbles, Monochromes, and Other Modern Poems, 1891-1916," by William Dean Howells, with a 14-page introduction and commentary by our own Ed Cady, an authority on the writer.

In literary America of the 1880s, modern realism was just beginning to emerge, and Howells was one of the voices of the old order. Then in 1889, his daughter died and his life and work changed radically. The result was these poems, written in what we now call the modern tradition. Ed has collected these poems, showing a modern Howells shocking even to scholars. They are meta-

physical, ironic--in short, a modern voice. By the turn of the century, this poetry was hailed by the great literary figures of the day, but they had fallen out of favor by the Twenties and Thirties, only to be revived recently by such figures as Gore Vidal and John Updike.

These late poems had been lost for a long time until Cady collected them and made them accessible, published by the Ohio University Press. If you don't know, Ed is Andrew W. Mellon Professor in the Humanities, Emeritus, at Duke and is the author of many books and articles.

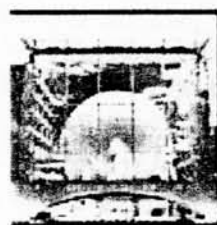
—John Tebbel

IT'S STILL A 'WONDERFUL TOWN'

Combining my assignment as a Journalism Judge for the James Beard Foundation that gives awards for excellence in food and wine reporting, with seeing old friends and just generally getting re-acquainted with the city that I left a year and a half ago, seemed to be a good agenda.



Grand Central Station was a starting point. The magnificent azure ceiling is finished and much of the grime from the interior of the station has been removed, leaving it gleaming. In one part of the station there is the Grand Central Market which sells vegetables, fruits, fish, meat--all beautifully displayed--and hugely popular with the thousands of commuters who come into the city daily and, of course, with the local people who live in the Grand Central area. A series of shops in another part of the vast station includes a fine selection of boutique establishments--J. Peterman, Kenneth Cole, Godiva Chocolatier, Grand Hare wines, and many others. Several new restaurants are in place and I was glad to see the venerable Oyster Bar still flourishing. Oh yes, and amid all this fringe activity, the trains are still hurtling into and departing from the station pretty much on time.



The Rose Center for Earth and Space, a part of the Museum of Natural History was next. Somewhere I had seen a photograph of the Hayden Planetarium sphere floating elegantly in its 127-glass cube and I felt this was something I really had to see, scientifically challenged though I am. The top half of the sphere houses the Space Theater which seats over 400 visitors and it is here that one takes a trip through the solar system with its thousands of stars and planets by means of the Digital Universe Computer, a devilishly clever machine that makes it all happen. Below the Space Theater is the Big Bang Theater. Here, in an electrifyingly short period of time, one experiences a recreating of the birth of the Universe, with its enormous energy, power and magnitude, and the birth of space and time--the theater actually vibrates with sound and you vibrate along with it! The effect is truly awesome.

On to a more tranquil scene the next day and



lunch with friends at the Metropolitan Museum of Art where I worked as a volunteer and to see the completed Roman and Greek galleries. The Golden Age of Greece, 5th century B.C., is magnificently presented here in the long gallery and smaller side galleries on the first floor. Full-length marble figures, busts, large and small terracotta storage jars (amphoras), jewelry, smaller objects including an exquisite bronze figure of a discus thrower are all on display. The gallery is brilliantly lit from above, revealing subtleties of the sculptures. No disappointment here!

Next on the program was an invitation to an afternoon "tasting" at Le Cirque 2000. The restaurant, beautifully decorated, is now in one of the handsome buildings on Madison Avenue once occupied by Random House and, as it happens, just opposite the Catholic Chancery where that day there was a constant flurry of activity because of the death of Cardinal O'Connor. The tasting featured a wide variety of cheese and wine of Tuscany and, as delicious as it all was, I tried to taste sparingly. Not easy.

Lastly, the dinner given by the Foundation at the Hilton to announce the Journalism winners. This was attended by writers, columnists, editors, judges and, of course, the nominees. The winners were announced between courses and the nominee at my table, Marlene Parrish of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, won for her newspaper series, "Are You Game?" A small, slender, delightful person, her particular interest is writing on game-bison, especially! I don't know that bison could be one of my favorite foods but Marlene assured me that it was delicious similar to beef. And where do you buy bison? Why on the Internet, of course.

Because of commitments and happy meetings with friends, I got to the theater just once, alas. I actually had tickets for the Joyce play, "The Dead," but that closed shortly before I left for New York. I had seen the musical revivals now on Broadway years ago but the one I hadn't was "Kiss Me Kate."

Saw it and loved it.

It was a whirlwind, happy week for me in my hometown but when I got on the plane to head south, I was very happy to be returning to my new home.

--Marion Patton

ACTIVITIES CRISIS TEAM

The heart of TFAD is ACTIVITY, ACTIVITY, ACTIVITY.

Hurricanes, snow storms and blackouts are just impediments to test our ingenuity and perseverance.

Here is what we plan to do about it -- first - we will inventory our disaster and organize our facilities.

If Channel 8 is still available, it will be your TFAD (ACT) news life line. KEEP YOUR EYES ON CHANEL 8 If it is not working - then - Mary Lou Wolfe and Doris Fields, and Bob Colver will make signs and post them around the halls.

We will make every effort to continue to carry out our usual calendar of daily activities plus additional programs throughout the campus.

Ruth Phelps, Ruth Patterson Chuck Fields, and others, will organize things to do in the Auditorium - movies, sing alongs, play reading. And etc.

Loma Young and friends will keep open house in the studio for artists and craftspeople.

Jane Jones and Carl Young will take on all billiards players.

Ed Lee and Frank Melpolder will keep pool people in the swim.

Helen Albrecht and Iva Rutenberg plus friends, will make the Party Room a center for cards, games and etc.

Hildur Blake and Berniece Stecker will see to it that the "one two, one twos" are kept on their toes in the exercise room.

Aileen Schaller and her staff will have the jigsaw puzzles and paper back books ready to go.

The major theme - Keep Active, Keep Rolling, don't just sit in your room and bemoan our momentary fates. Come on along, let's make the most of our fabulous community.

If there is any activity you would like to suggest - please do so. Earl Davis is team leader.

A MEMORABLE TRIP

Dick and I returned to The Forest May 15 after 6 weeks abroad in England, France and Scotland. We had visited England and Wales once before, 12 years ago and had experienced many outstanding attractions in these countries then, but there was so much more we'd always wanted to see! Our trip this time, as it unfolded in the planning, was made possible only because our daughter Becky now works and lives in London (Bayswater near Hyde Park.) We visited her there for two weeks and she plotted our route for many of these days on the Underground or bus to our destinations.

Our favorite days were those where we visited The Museum of London and had Tea at Brown's; when we experienced 1940 and London's Blitz by going underground to see Churchill's War Cabinet Rooms, seeing where his staff and he worked, where he slept, hearing excerpts of his famous speeches; and the day we started at Shakespeare's restored Globe Theater for a wonderful tour (unfortunately no performances being given except between mid-May and mid-October), progressed on by taxi to The Florence Nightingale Museum at St. Thomas and Guy's Hospital on Lambeth Rd, then walked to Lambeth Palace (the London Residence and Administrative offices of the Archbishop

of Canterbury - opened to the public only since March) and finally walked along the Thames to Westminster Bridge where we met Becky who had tickets for our half-hour ride on The London Eye—this Giant Ferris Wheel lookalike! About 25 people fit into each plastic, football-shaped pod on the wheel. There is a bench to sit on but most people stand and move about for the great views!

Thanks to the national holidays of Good Friday and two Bank Holidays at the end of April and May 1, Becky was able to be free for 10 days and the three of us enjoyed the spectacular Chunnel train which took us from the center of London (Waterloo Station) to the center of Paris (Gare du Nord) in 3 hours, of which only 20 minutes was spent traveling under the English Channel! For a week Becky drove us to many places in Normandy - our visits to all the D-Day Invasion beaches, the German artillery bunkers, the memorial cemetery above Omaha Beach, and St. Mere Eglise evoked emotional memories.

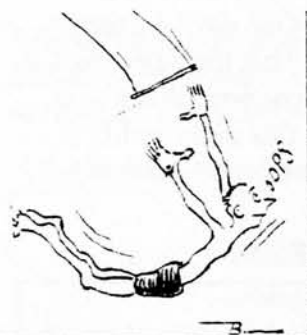
There's more to share but no more space! We have videos and slides we'd like to share in auditorium program(s).

—Ethel Foote

THE CIRCUS IS COMING TO TOWN!

Reading the News and Observer I could not help but think it would be fun to go the circus again! We are the generation that watched the train unload, animals parading through town, the labor and sweat as the "Big Top" was put up in the vacant lot! It was hard for Mom and Dad to get us beyond the side shows that made the alley for entrance to the tent. Finally we found our seats as the band played the typical music for a circus.

Who could wait for the Tent Parade, the bare back riders on the horses, the elephant trunks entwined, the antics of the many clowns? It was best



that you had the good seats at the center ring, for this was where the best of the Wire Walkers and the Trapeze artists performed. We held our breath as the Trapeze artists went flying through the air! Would they catch the next swing?

What would happen if they missed the bar or hands slipped as they tried

to catch each other? Maybe we just need to go to the circus! So much would be different in an auditorium. No Side Shows, no dirt underfoot, no tents! But, there would be trapeze artists, swinging from swing to swing with the confidence that they will catch the bar!

Why all of this about the circus? Because it was an important part of my life, memories never to be forgotten, trapeze artists catching the bar swinging safely back on the platform! Memories and recollections are important, and especially meaningful in these years of our lives. Some are meaningful as lessons learned about this kind of circus of our lives! I will always remember the trapeze artists, as great decisions of my life were challenged. Swing and turn loose and have confidence you will catch the bar being offered you!! It was like the days of childhood, I caught my breath, but I did catch the bar! How often these days are like the circus—side shows, parades, the important center ring, but never forget the freedom of choice and the confidence to be a trapeze artist!

—Tracy Lamar

BIG-TIME OPENING

I was my sister, Sarah Hockenjos', guest for the dedication of the Duke Children's Hospital and Health Center on Saturday, May 23. Her late husband had devoted much time persuading the Ripple Foundation of New Jersey, to donate funds for this great health-giving institution and a room, "The Chairman's Suite" was being named for him. The family was greeted with valet parking, met at the entrance and escorted to the registration desk where they were name-tagged, issued programs, Duke pins and introduced to their guide for a tour of the facilities. A replica of the plaque bearing her husband's name was presented to my sister. Several members of the Foundation were also in our party.



Later, we were seated for the program emceed by Coach Mike Krzyzewski and his wife, Mickie. Coach K in turn introduced the keynote speaker, NBC's nightly News anchor, Tom Brokaw. Tom is a great orator and a

nice looking man. He inspired all who heard his voice and proved himself a true gentleman by patiently autographing his books and as in my case, a program. Each of the 250 invited guests had been given a pair of children's scissors and took part in the cutting of a huge red ribbon wound around all the chairs. A group of young local school children clad in khaki bottoms and Duke T-shirts, serenaded us with a song of "Thanks".

We then adjourned to the gaily bedecked play area in front of the building on Erwin Road where food stations were stocked with hot dogs, popcorn, pretzels, ice cream, health foods, drinks and much more and enjoyed a delightful social hour in shade with cool breezes all around. A bonus for me was my becoming friends with Jeff Foxworthy, comic, TV star and connoisseur of southern food. We debated the merits of Atlanta's BBQ and hot dogs against Durham's. Neither convinced the other.

—Ellen Dozier

HEAVEN!!!

The jokes about heaven, the Pearly Gates and St. Peter would fill volumes if collected.

Everybody knows about heaven, many believe in heaven. But most of us are very vague about heaven -- even though it is mentioned many times in both the Old Testament and the New Testament.

For most of us the concept is beyond our comprehension. We must draw on our imagination and that is often inadequate.

My father was different. Heaven was real to him. He used to say, "The life on this earth is like going to school and I AM READY TO GRADUATE."

He was a retired Episcopal priest. In his later years I could hear him saying and singing Evening Prayer from memory after he went to bed.

He loved my cabin near the Blue Ridge Parkway. It was the location rather than the cabin which was just one room and for years had no electricity or plumbing. It reminded him of the Allegheny Mountains in Pennsylvania where he grew up.

On the way home after our last visit (he was 89 years old) he said, "I don't want to go through another winter and I want to join your mother."

She had died four years earlier.

In December he had some small strokes and was placed in a nursing home. One day he asked my sister three different times what the date was and she told him but neither mentioned that it was my mother's birthday. He died that night and I could see him going through the pearly gates saying "Happy birthday Jeanie."

—Peter Robinson

IT'S JUNE!

Everyone knows what June does. It comes bustin' out all over, and we have Rodgers' and Hammerstein's word for it. "Just because it's June," they told us. "What is so rare as a day in June?" Wordsworth wanted to know, but didn't give us an answer. It was, he said, a month when "heaven tries earth if it be in tune," but if that's true, we must be perpetually off key, since no one remembers when Earth could be said to be in tune with Heaven.

Back there in the Dark Ages, people graduated from high school and college in June, but all that is now a May event, and by June the graduates are already a month into swimming or sinking.

Traditionally June is the month for weddings, the month of "the June bride," but with the divorce rate just under 50 percent, the June wedding isn't what it used to be. In Frank Capra's day, June weddings made great cinema; in Julia Roberts time, a wedding in June or any other month seldom follows the conventional



script.

There are also no large holidays in June except for that after-thought, Father's Day, which isn't even in the same league with Mom's.

For consolation, let's turn to dear old Wordsworth again. "Then, if ever," he says, "come perfect days." And about time too.

--John Tebbel

IT'S A GOOD THING

People with warm generous natures
Are misunderstood by some,
You know, the cynics of the world,
Suspicious of everyone.

That some folk give "just because"
With no hidden meaning at all,
Lies beyond their comprehension
As they wait for the axe to fall.

Have no fear of thoughtfulness
it's a good trait from family tree;
if you feel an obligation
A mere "thank you" will set you free.

—ellen cheek dozier

ADVENTURES OF AN AMATEUR HORTICULTURIST

Not long after moving to Hawaii, and after admiring the success Berniece was having with her collection of orchids, I decided to enlarge my orchard to include a special one, the tropical climbing *Vanilla plantifolia*!

In observing the gardens of the vanilla orchid where they are grown commercially (and in particular after experiencing the delightful aroma that pervades those gardens in season in Moorea) it never occurred to me that I needed to do anything more than plant the seed and jump back! After all we lived in Hawaii!

Little did I know at the time that the production of the vanilla bean required a strict early morning regimen. And the entire blame can be laid upon the absence of the proper insect in Hawaii. This particular insect was programmed by nature to attack and enter the sheathed area of the blossom, which protects the pollen, and transport its gamete to the ovule. (If this is getting a little too racy for the gentle reader, please skip down two paragraphs and resume)

To go on, after my orchids grew to adulthood I found that blossoms developed on a continuing basis year round but they were much more fragile and short-lived than the usual varieties. As a matter of fact blossoms would appear shortly after sunrise each morning and by mid-morning they would begin to die. Since it was imperative that fertilization be performed within that time period, my daily chore was to dash out shortly after dawn (with a toothpick in hand) to "make like an insect"!

Fertilization by a body other than this particular insect can be traumatic to both the blossom and the impregnator but I was able finally to reach the respectable level of about 85% expectancy.

As the mountain winds wafted through our plants they would carry the sweet unmistakable scent of the vanilla bean pods as they ripened and turned into the chocolate brown color that welcomed our harvest.

—Herb Stecker

HONORED

Our own Dick Watson has been named the first annual recipient of the Letty Pate Whitehead Evans Award by the Virginia Theological Seminary to an Episcopal person who exemplifies Christian values in private and public life. The Very Rev. J. Martha Horn, Dean of the Seminary, made the presentation on May 21 at the 11:00 service in St. Philip's Church, and later Dick was presented with a lovely crystal bowl.



Dick was especially recognized for initiating the jail ministry 15 years ago and nurturing and shepherding it all these years to this day. People from other churches as well as St. Philip's visit Durham's county jail on Saturday mornings to offer prayer support, bibles and pamphlets, stationery and greeting cards for correspondence to those prisoners who voluntarily wish to participate. For the most part the prisoners in the county jail are there awaiting trial and are unable to provide bail.

--Ethel Foote

LIBRARY NOTES

Have you noticed what a calm and restful place our Library is? Sometimes I go up there in the evening and every chair in the room is occupied with each person doing their own thing. Reading the newspaper, looking over the magazines, looking at the coffee table books we have there, or the material that is on the big table, are some of the things you can do in a few minutes. If you are only spending time waiting for the bus to take you to a concert, play or dance it is a good time to browse and look at what we have to offer.

If you go to the Library during the day, we have some wonderful assistants who will help you look for what you want. We can't thank them enough for spending time to keep the room looking so nice, putting cards and pockets in the new books, shelving the books that have been returned, and just being there to talk to. All that they do is much appreciated.

—Jean Weil

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

Colleges and Universities

AGNES SCOTT	BUCKNELL	DRAKE	INDIANA	PITT
ALABAMA	BRYN MAWR	DREXEL	KENT	RADCLIFFE
ALASKA	CATAWBA	DUKE	LA SALLE	STANFORD
ALBRIGHT	CLEMSON	EAST CAROLINA	LEHIGH	SWARTHMORE
APPALACHIAN	COLGATE	ELON	MICHIGAN	TAFT
AUBURN	COLUMBIA	GEORGE	NOTRE DAME	TEMPLE
BATES	CORNELL	WASHINGTON	OBERLIN	TEXAS
BELOIT	DE PAUL	HARVARD	OHIO	VILLANOVA
BROWN	DICKINSON	HOWARD	PENN	WAKE FOREST
				YALE
