



THE FORESTER

The Forest at Duke

Volume 7 Issue 2

November 2000

*Silently while heads are bowed
And eer we make our selection,
Breathe deeply, expel that big sigh
Our nation survived the election.*

—ellen cheek dozier

MARKETING STAYS AHEAD OF GAME

In the expanding continuing care industry, The Forest is not only keeping pace but edging ahead in some respects as it celebrates its eighth year, according to Marketing Director Beth Corning.

In the next six weeks, three couples and three singles will be moving in, while three other couples and four singles will be taking the final steps

in their applications. It amounts to a changing of the guard, as the original population begins to diminish and a new, younger body of residents moves in. And still the new applications keep coming; in the past year 215 new names have been added to the list. "We are very marketable," Beth says.

But there are challenges ahead. "When The Forest began," Beth points out, "we were the new kids on the block. By now we have plenty of competition." Some competitors are close at hand, like The Cedars, which is the continuing care section of the upscale Meadowmont development now about to build in Chapel Hill.

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PRESIDENT'S CORNER

Many of you attended the annual meeting of the Residents' Association, but in the event that you missed--The officers and directors reviewed the actions of each one's responsibilities, and committee chairpersons summarized the results of their work for the year which ended October 31. New officers and directors were elected. These are: Bob Moyer, Treasurer; Ruth Firm, Secretary; Bob Guy, Priscilla Squier, and Robbie Robertson, Directors. Those going off the board this year are John Friedrich, Peg Lewis,

Aileen Schaller and Jenn Van Brunt. I have proposed the names of committee chairpersons for next year and expect them to be approved at the first meeting in November.

They have been asked to establish objectives and select committee members with the hope that newer residents and others will participate. I would like to publicly thank again those chairpersons and directors who worked many long hours for you to make this a better home place.

The TFAD Board met on Octo-

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The Forester

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

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Art&Word Puzzle.....Bob Blake

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EDITORS NOTE

Congratulations to Jean Weil for her recognition from the Residents Board. Her service in making the Library a fine resource for all of us is much appreciated!

You've delighted us with your many contributions! Because of space limitations, we sometimes have to hold articles for future editions. But we're counting on you to keep submitting your articles!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor--

It is to wonder all the words devoted to problems concerning the dining room when the current trend seems to be more and more residents are using the cafe. Isn't this an oxymoron of sorts?

--Florence Manning

(Continued from page 1-President)

ber 17. You have received Joe Harvard's letter on the meeting. I emphasized again the residents' concern on the continuing increase in monthly service fees. I also re-

"I emphasized again the residents' concern on the continuing increase in monthly service fees. "

minded the board that the residents had requested a 4-wheel drive vehicle, and the only answer they have received is that it was recommended to be included in the budget.

If you haven't already

done so, please say "Hi" to the new residents and welcome them. They seem to be happy in their new home.

Isn't this the beginning of a beautiful new fall season?

--P. J. Burns

(Continued from page 1-Marketing)

Others in this part of the state are either under way or contemplated.

In facing this competition, we're aware that the demand in these affluent times is for apartments and other rooms on a larger scale than in the past, just as The Forest was ahead of its time



when it was conceived.

On the plus side, facing this competition is the fact that The Forest is eminently marketable, making an excellent impression on everyone who comes to inspect it, Beth says. People are much attracted by its appearance, by the obvious high quality of its staff and residents and especially by the Activities program which Beth says is far ahead of everybody else's programs. "What we're marketing here is lifestyle," Beth notes, "and most of those who come to inspect us love it.", We're adding six names to the wait list every month; that has been the average since last Janu-



ary. The goal is to add 50 a year.

"We're investing in ourselves," Beth says, and from all accounts it's a rock-solid investment.

-- John Tebbel

AD LIB

"God gave us memory so that we could have roses in December." James Barrie

"Sire - 1. formerly a person of authority : now used only when addressing a king." Webster's Unabridged Dictionary

A book discussion group I belong to has recently read Barbara Tuchman's *A Distant Mirror*. The book's principal character is /The Sire de Coucy. The word "sire" propelled my memory back almost fifty years to when I made its acquaintance. It was on our first visit to Cambodia. Don, our man in Phnom Penh, met us, settled us in our hotel and dropped our calling cards at the palace. Don said King Sihanouk liked to look over visiting diplomats and would invite us to dinner. He gave us pointers on palace protocol. Being strangers in a strange land we took his advice to heart. "When first addressing The King use "Your Majesty", thereafter "Sire" and no kowtowing like the natives. We



went to dinner the next evening. The King was young, attractive and spoke impeccable French. We were a small group and for after dinner entertainment I had hoped for the Cambodian Dancers. Not to be. His Majesty was into making and directing home movies and casting himself in a leading role. This evening the role he chose was that of a cuckolded husband ! Afterwards one of the king's ministers took us to an open-air night club by the river's edge. The golden domes of the nearby wats gleamed in the moonlight as we drank wine and danced. It was a magical moment I have often recalled when reading of the horrors that have befallen Cambo-

dia in recent years.

We encountered our next "sire" on a trip to Laos. Laos in 1951 was truly Shangri La, a mountainous kingdom unspoiled by contact with the outside world. Its roads were ox -cart ruts and to fly in was a real seat-of-your-pants adventure. A decrepit French airline made it twice a week but only after 11AM when the morning mists had burnt off. Our air attaché's plane made it pants and all. The airfield was a clearing with a lean-to at one end; at the other, the remnants of planes that hadn't made it. Landing there was just part of the trip. We still had to cross a nearby river in a raft). On the opposite bank we were met by The Crown Prince and Crown Princess who conveyed us in ancient limousines to the palace guest quarters. We were dressing for dinner and were at that stage where the husband asks the wife to put the studs in his dress shirt. There were no studs! I had forgotten to pack them! At this point I sacrificed my rather large pearl earrings, positioned them on the shirt front and secured them in back with safety pins. Best Friend made it to dinner looking rather like a gambler who has made it big at Las Vegas. We walked the short distance to dinner along a path lighted by hundreds of twinkling candles. In the throne room we remembered our "Your Majesty" and "sires". The old king spoke no known language so there was lots of smiling, gestures and bobbing up and down. Dinner was charming. Plaintive music from native instruments filled the background , saronged servants bustled about plying us with interesting food. There were speeches, toasts and the giving of medals. Best Friend was made a member of the order of The Million White Elephants and the White Parasol. After dinner and, perhaps, because he was at a loss as to how to entertain the visiting Americans, the king had chests

brought in containing palace treasure. The contents of the chests were spilled at his feet. The evening ended with The Royal Family and the Americans on their hands and knees examining wonderful gold and silver objects, jeweled boxes, luminous, hand woven silks, all the things a king needs to housekeep. The old king died shortly after our visit and later the Crown Prince and Princess were starved to death by the Communists.

"Sire" encounter number three took place in Paris in the sixties. A mutual friend invited us to have dinner with The Duke and Duchess of Windsor. We had been cued to use "sire" but not "Your Majesty". The Windsors were small, handsome and very good



company. We were only six and the conversation went easily. At one point in the evening the Duke admired my cuff links which had belonged to my grandmother. "I remember my grandmother had cuff links like that ", he said. I smiled. Queen Victoria had not only cuff links but a crown, a scepter and the contents of The Tower of London! We conversed more about the old queen. He remembered she had insisted he learn to speak German. In light of later events I found this very interesting. Sometime later we were invited to dinner at the Windsor's mansion in The Bois Boulogne. In the large entrance hall was a table on top of which was a red leather dispatch case and lettered in gold the words The King. (A remnant of another life.) The whole evening confirmed my belief that The Duchess had created a little kingdom on a small piece of real estate in a foreign country where her

(Continued on page 11)

GROWING OLD GRACEFULLY!



This is not an uncommon expression in our culture and society. It is usually the description of the beauty or the great personality of a woman. It is not very often used for a description of men. Men generally just become "Old Men"!

Through the years, with my profession, I generally would contend that this was a "Theological" term, the accepted gift of an unmerited fa-

vor and love of God. This morning I went to the dictionary and found that this was a fourth definition! Yes, it could be used to describe "...an element of beauty or form." It was also "a pleasing or attractive quality or endowment." I finally concluded that only by "the grace" of my French Professor I was given a passing mark so I would have enough credits to graduate from the University of Florida.

This is being written by an "Old Man" and thus the theological definition really fits these days of my life. We are offered an unmerited gift of love in our human nature. The

question, especially in these difficult years of life, what is our response, thanksgiving, gratitude and appreciation? Somehow I realize, that if I accept the gift, I will understand and want a more kindly, generous and gracious life.

If I can but learn that this is a gift, not something to be earned, then I can understand that there is "prevenient" grace, a gift simply waiting for me to open. With the wonderful gifts of time and gracious circumstances of life in the forest, there is the possibility that I can "Grow Old Gracefully."

-Tracy Lamar

VALIDITY OF OUT-OF-STATE WILLS



States differ in their requirements for executing wills and in their acceptance of wills made in other states. For a will executed

in another state to pass title to heirs or beneficiaries of real property (land and buildings) located in North Carolina, it must have been executed in accordance with the laws of North Carolina. A will executed in an-

other state may pass personal property, however, if it has been proved and probated, under certain conditions, in any county in North Carolina where the property of the testator is located.

- Julian Rosenthal

AT THE MOVIES

REMEMBER THE TITANS is the true story of the first black football coach at a newly integrated Virginia high school in 1971. The football team is the center of the plot.



Depzel Washington is brought in to coach the first white/black team, replacing the white coach

who remains on board. Although there is acrimony and tension, they work together to bring discipline and harmony to a fractious situation.

Directed by Boaz Yakin, this is a parable of racial harmony certainly idealized and simplified but it is more about football than race relations. There are touching scenes in this undeniably entertaining film: a white player is injured and calls for his friend whom he previously despised,

another breaks off his relationship with his girl-friend after bonding with his teammates in summer training (which resembles a Marine boot camp!)

I know next to nothing about football but still found the film most engrossing and truly enjoyable. Clearly the producers want us to leave the theatre feeling good not angry - and we did. I think you will, too.

—Heliotrope

POETRY CORNER

IT YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT I AM

(With apologies to W. S. Gilbert)

If you give me your attention, I will tell you what I am:
Self-confident; a polymath, whose learning is no sham.
To lecture to my fellows is my principal delight.
In politics, for instance, I like telling them what's right.
I try, of course, to nudge my friends a little to the left
In hope the underclasses won't forever be bereft.
My pronouncements are didactic, and I've always got a plan,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man—
And I can't think why.

In painting and in sculpture I know just what's best of all,
Though my eyesight is so weak that I can hardly find the wall.
As for lit'rature I'll never keep my hearers in the dark,
For I know our last great novel was Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park*.
But it's actually in music I like best the tune to call,
Bach and Mozart are the finest, and Tchaikowsky is banal.
I display my erudition in whatever way I can,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man—
And I can't think why.

I have memorized our presidents and lots of other things;
I can name the plays of Shakespeare and the dates of England's kings.
I'm up on English syntax; I quote Greek and Latin, too;
I am able to recite a ream of poems—and I do.
From grammar school, I still know how to do my long division.
I look upon a Major Gen'ral's knowledge with derision.
My punctuation's perfect, and my verses always scan,
Yet everybody says I am a disagreeable man—
And I can't think why.

—George Chandler

TIME FOR THANKS

So welcome are you fall season,
Crisp days and nights before the cold,
Multi-hued leaves paint the landscape
In bold colors that stir the soul.

Strolls on paths crusted with acorns,
Sharp, crunchy sounds please the ear,
Fans massed in close by arena
Lift vigorous voices in cheer.

Harvests' abundance surrounds us,
Waist-bands need stretch another notch,
Preparations, anticipations,
As the fast moving clock is watched.

When we gather at the table
Before the carver is hard-pressed,
Lets fold hands and give grateful thanks
That our lives are so richly blessed.

--- ellen cheek dozier

The Eyes of Hunger

Who shall feed this world,
the eyes of hunger ask?
Hunger mirrored
in soft brown eyes
of small children.
Eyes--huge and out of proportion
to shrunken bodies,
toothpick arms and legs,
and pot bellies.
Pleading eyes sunken into
infant-old-men's skulls.
Eyes proliferating beyond

all humane-ity.

Depleted food sources
beg resolution now.
Infanticide--a moral judgment:
Preconceptionally and humanely
or
Post-natally and painfully
by starvation?
The eyes of hunger ask,
Who shall feed this ever-spawning
world?

Who shall be the judge

----- the judged?

--Florence Manning

With Thanksgiving soon here, per-
haps we should pause and give
thought to the hunger that pervades
the world--and, sadly, our own
country. F. M.



Hunger of Hope

BOOKNOTES

Sometimes--and no one knows how it happens--a new writer of fiction appears and those who see advance copies say, "This book and this writer could be big." They can be wrong, too, but the buzz is out for Reed Arvin's novel, "The Will," just published. It's about a young Chicago lawyer named Henry Mathews, already on the fast track in his firm who returns to his hometown in Kansas to take on a sticky inheritance case. His work turns up long-buried secrets, and misplaced ambitions are uncovered, along with reverberations from the young lawyer's own past. At the end, he finds a sense of purpose in his life and, getting to that point, readers will find suspense moving forward on every page. If all this sounds like John Grisham, is that bad? (Nov.)

Taking a sharp turn, we find ourselves in the world of John Ruskin. Much has been written

lately about Ruskin, and much of that too scholarly for general readers. Here, however, is a view of the man everyone can understand: He was an over-loved child. His mother went down to Oxford with him when he entered the university and took lodgings nearby.

Later, she and his father went along with him on his honeymoon. No wonder he started out as a semi-invalid, but when liberated became a strenuous climber and walker. Finally, of course, he became a famous writer and lecturer, too, although subject to manic-depressive swings. His life was one of grief, guilt, and conflict. This biography reads like a novel and, on the centennial of his death, is already a hit in the United Kingdom. "John - Ruskin: A Life" by John Batchelor (Nov.)

Certainly one of the most unusual novels of the season is

"The Aerialist," by Richard Schmitt. It's about Gary Ruden, who does what so many think they want to do--join the circus. He joins the Big Top in Sarasota as an elephant wrangler, and works his way up the ladder until he becomes a high-wire performer. Along the way, the author gives us vivid pictures of life inside the big tent, from many different viewpoints. And the style changes as Gary moves on and up, until the whole becomes a beautifully polished tale--something in the style of Anne Tyler or Russell Banks. (Nov.)

And don't forget, "Feasting the Heart," the newest book by our own Reynolds Price, was published last month. It's a collection of 52 commentaries written for the National Public Radio program, "All Things Considered." In it, Price gives us glimpses of a writer's mind at work.

--John Tebbel

We Need You

Every other Monday afternoon at 4:30 we go to Holbrook (or Olsen--see your calendar for the next date and place) to "listen and sing" for the residents there.

This is a project started by Waldo Beach, Ruth Phelps and Ruth Patterson with the help of the TFAD Chorus members, who enjoy singing. The two Ruths take turns at the piano and now that Ruth Phelps is recovering from a broken wrist, Jean Wolpert is helping at the keyboard. Sarah McCracken often sings a solo and leads the singing, others

read stories. John Friedrich, Ellen Dozier, Earl Davis take turns leading the singing of familiar old songs and hymns.

Staff and volunteers bring the patients in and help them get seated, and we sing for a half hour. Other residents join us from time to time. We could use help bringing in the patients and taking them back to their rooms.

We had a piano that belonged to Waldo, but it needed so much repair that it was removed. Now, WE NEED A PIANO. If you could lend us one,

we and the patients, would surely appreciate it.



Come and join us, you'll be glad you did. The healthcare residents are people you all know, and they would enjoy seeing and hearing you. Come on down!

--Earl Davis

PROFILE

WHITNEY MANSFIELD

With a name like hers,



Whitney should be in show business, or the heroine of a romance novel, or at least a celeb of some kind. Fortunately for us, she has been our new dietician since last July, the most recent of a long line of dieticians profiled in this space. The good news is: Whitney intends to stay for the fore-

seeable future.

Growing up near Washington, DC, in Sterling, VA, Whitney's early interest was gymnastics, at which she was proficient, but she found other interests when she went on to UNC-Chapel Hill, where she did her undergraduate work. Later, she took her B.S.Ph. at UNC-Greensboro, where she pursued an early interest in dietetics and convalescent care. She worked at Rex Hospital and the Methodist Home in Durham until its removal. Since this institution was also a client of Morrison, which is our food supplier and for many other CCRCs, she found herself in an organization where opportunities were frequent,

which led her to The Forest.

Whitney lives in Raleigh with two former sorority sisters from UNC. She shares a cat named Sid with them and shares a social life with our own Shari, as well as others. She likes to read and she's never lost her interest in athletics-- passively with UNC football, actively with running. She's thinking about triathlon competition, and has discussed the event with our marathoner, Sharon Simpson.

Oh yes, and since she likes to read, too, that alone justifies the name.

--John Tebbel

Congratulations

Forest resident Susan Singleton Rose and her daughter, the late Emily Rose Warner, were



honored at the fall meeting of the Poetry Council

of North Carolina.

The organization dedicated its annual anthology, Bay Leaves, to the two in recognition of their contributions to the arts, education, their communities, their church and the state of North Carolina.

The citation read, "To Susan Singleton Rose, poet, singer, historian, in appreciation of her work for the Poetry Council of North Carolina and in memory of

her daughter, distinguished teacher and scholar."

Susan Rose was cited for her professional manner, her "good common sense," and her faithfulness for many years to her tasks as membership and publicity chairman for the organization.

Emily Rose Warner, who often attended council meetings with her mother, was cited for "her ready wit and brightness," for her achievements as a Teacher-Scholar for the National Endowment for the Humanities, as a Wilson Scholar and as a pioneer who introduced a Women's History course at Jordan High School in Durham, where she taught for 16 years.

In spoken tributes at the meeting, Susan was praised for her loyalty to the organization

and its members. She has also been an active, longtime member of the council's sister organization, the North Carolina Poetry Society.

Her work has appeared frequently in Bay Leaves. Her collection, Me and Effie, was published in 1993 by St. Andrews Press and she has done numerous staged performances of the poems in the book ranging widely across the state.

"In Susan Rose," the dedication read, "North Carolina has had a poet who has given music to the words of North Carolina colloquial speech, and the Poetry Council has had a board member and publicity chairperson who possesses not only talent but intelligence, practicality, and dependability."

LIBRARY NOTES

Since I am taking over as Library Coordinator from Jean Weil, who has retired, I would like to advise all TFAD residents, especially new ones, that our library is a source of pride and pleasure for everyone who likes to read, work puzzles, listen to tapes or CDs, or watch videos. It's always open.

Recreational reading is the



main purpose of our collection. Although we have many non-fiction reference books, fiction is the largest category, including the sub-categories of mysteries, romances, and short stories. Hardbacks are in the main reading room, and paperbacks are in the annex, where the copy machine is located. We have a large number of big-print books. Modern best-sellers and the classics-all are there.

Twice monthly, on the second and fourth Thursday afternoons, the Oasis program of the Durham Public Library visits, bringing books which can be checked out and accepting requests by our residents. It's an excellent expansion for our library.

Our collection has been donated by generous residents. Non-fiction categories include Biographies, Anthropology, Archaeology, Business, Economics, Nature, Gardening, Animals, Art,

Music, Antiques, Medicine, History, Military History, Literature, Language, Sports, Humor, Hobbies, Games, Plays, Homemaking, Cooking, Philosophy, Psychology, Sociology, Religion, Science and Technology, North Carolina information, Travel, Encyclopedias, Dictionaries, Atlases, TFAD files, and General Information. In-house authors have given copies of their works, and we also have a collection of coffee-table books. We even keep income tax forms in season, as well as driver's license information.

Near the copy machine is a large collection of jigsaw puzzles of varying difficulty. In the classroom adjacent to the library are collections of Reader's Digest Condensed Books, a set of shorter detective stories, and numerous videotapes. All of these may be checked out.

Magazines on the turn rack in the center of the room and on the long table, along with newspapers, can be borrowed or read in the library. Current newspapers should remain in the library.

The TFAD library recycles! Please bring all magazines you wish to discard to the library, and lay them on the desk. A library volunteer will file them in our collection or designate them to go the Veterans' Hospital, Duke, or elsewhere. All unwanted mail order catalogs can be left in designated boxes in the post office or in the copy room annex.

Jane Jones, who has charge of the copy machine, will be available daily at 11a.m. or by ap-

pointment to give assistance. Copies are ten cents per page-in the honor system box.

The library also has a computer (not on the internet), a Visualec machine for magnifying reading materials so that they are easier to read for the visually impaired, and typewriters for use in the library only. We also maintain a collection of audiotapes, mainly of programs given in our auditorium.

To take out library materials, please sign your name, house number, and date on the card in the back of the book or videotape, and leave it in the basket on the desk. Audiotapes or materials without cards should be signed out in the notebook on the desk. **NOTE THAT PAPERBACK BOOKS NEED NOT BE SIGNED OUT.** Just take them and return them to the desk whenever finished for library volunteers to file. The book rack near the desk and the small hanging rack inside the door of the Annex (on the left) contain books recently read by TFADers.

Enjoy our library! If you have questions, please call me at 490-5372.

—Mary Ruth Miller

IN MEMORIAM

Harry E. Schoenhut, Jr.	9/26
Jane Lincoln Ferguson	10/24
Bobbie L. Harris	10/26
Rena M. Graham	10/27

NOVEMBER

There may be young fry who think November is merely an interlude between Halloween and Christmas, but us older fry ("geezer" seems to be the favored word today) know better. It's a month that evokes both images and holidays, though oddly neglected by the poets.

There is Veterans' Day, of course, which we older ones know better as Armistice Day, and then of



course there's Thanksgiving, our great national holiday. We owe Thanksgiving to Sarah Josepha Hale, the editor of Godey's Ladies' Book, who called on President Lincoln and told him she thought it would be a nice idea to have a national day of Thanksgiving. Abe thought so, too. All that stuff about the Indians and the Pilgrims is propaganda.

We know one thing about November. It "thirty days hath." As for the poets, they take a dim view of the month, from Robert Burns who remembers, "When chill November's surly blasts/

Made fields and forest bare," to Sarah Orne Jewett's complaint that, "November glooms are barren beside the dusk of June." But of course, Sarah.

And then there's gloomy old Thomas Hood, with his rant, "No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease/No comfortable feel in any member--/No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees/No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds, November!"

Oh come off it, Tom. It's Thanksgiving! —John Tebbel

--John Tebbel

EMPLOYEES JOIN MEMORY WALK

Sharon Simpson and Linda Vanaman represented The Forest in a "Memory Walk" last month, sponsored by the Alzheimer's Association, joining walkers from other Triangle companies

and institutions. Two other Forest staffers, Lee Ann Bailey and Kim Wilson, as well as Forest resident Dot Logan, made donations to the event. All these participants got a Forest at Duke

T-shirt to wear, as did all those who participated, and those who made a donation of \$25 or more got an official 2000 Memory Walk" T-shirt.

AN INVITATION

Foresters who recall our successful Silent Auctions may not know that our fellow CCRC, Carolina Meadows, was so impressed with the events that they organized one of their own. It, too, was a hit and, like The For-

est, our neighbor is having a second one on November 11, sponsored by the Women's Group. It will be a nearly all day event, beginning at 9 a.m. in the Club Center Auditorium, ending at 2 p.m. Unsold items will be donated

to Chatham Habitat for Humanity. The Meadows has extended a special invitation to Foresters to attend. if you need further information, call Dot Reilly, 933-2009.

NOTES FROM THE GROUNDS COMMITTEE

Residents who would like to contribute a tree or plant in memory of a loved one should contact Jim Thompson (419-4030.)

In accord with TFAD policy, such plantings are not spe-

cifically labeled, however the memorial committee will be notified and an annotation of the planting will be made in a suitable record.

Thank You. On behalf of the Grounds and Greenhouse

Committee, and all of us, we thank P. J. Burns for making a nice new bench for the greenhouse.

--John Friedrich, Chairman

No one needs to go away to view beautiful colored leaves! They are here at TFAD!

Most residents are back on site. **John** and **Libby Getz** have returned from their summer in Michigan, **Don** and **Betsy Bernard** from the North Carolina mountains and **Dorothy Bone** and **Julia Lewis** from Vermont. Inveterate travelers **John** and **Betty Gray** attended an Elderhostel near Seattle where they also visited their daughter (Betty had just returned from a London trip with her two sisters), **Bill** and **Dot Heroy** had a several thousand-mile drive through New England, and **Nancy Sokal** is following her love of lemurs in Madagascar. **Lucy Grant** accompanied her-mother, **Margo Langhor**, to Connecticut so that Margo could hold her first great grandchild! During the summer **Bob** and **Mary Ward** treated 21 family members to a wonderful vacation week at Montreat. **Liz O'Hanlan** visited family and friends in Boston while **John** and **Doris Ondek** did the same in Pittsburgh. ...**Bob** and **June Northwood** had a delightful

Navy reunion cruise on the Mississippi River.... **Bernie** and **Marion Bender** used trains as their means of transportation on an Elderhostel from Portland to Seattle to Vancouver, ..**Bill** and **Ginny Goldthorp** attended a grandniece's wedding and family gathering in Atlanta,... **Ray** and **Lucy Blackman** attended a reunion of former co-workers in Florida while the **Steckers** and **Rueggs** accompanied Steve Tuten on his Story Telling trip to the Mountains.

At least three families here have "My Three Sons!" **Ted** and **Betty Ropp's** sons from Australia, Canada and Wyoming visited while **Phil Sellers'** three sons and a grandson came, but **M.E. Stewart** visited her three in New Jersey for son Jeff's wedding!

Daughters from the West Coast visited their mothers **Lib Kern** and **Jean Wolpert**, and from Argentina to speak in our Auditorium and to visit her mother, **Eleanor Kinney**. The children of **Ernie** and **Ruth Swiger** have been here, too.

Eleven birdhouses assembled by **P.J. Burns** and **Milt Skolaut**,

were painted and decorated by **Loma Young**, **Terry Bronfenbrenner**, **Ginny Putnam**, **Betty Kent**, **Minnie Mae Franklin**, **Helen Pratt**, **Molly Simes**, **Evelyn Doyle**, **Evebell Dunham**, **Dot Heroy**, and **Gerry Swanson** under **Robin Williams'** supervision, all were donated to the Garden Guild of the Sarah P. Duke Gardens for their annual sale.... **Walt** and **Ruth Lifton** celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary while **Jack** and **Kacy Tebbel** did the same for their 61st. **Richard Preston** had a party for his 90th birthday!

Sara Waggoner's charming children's story, *Cheekie*, a mischievous mouse is dedicated to "Gretta [Kistler] who does not like mice." You may find this book which has been inscribed "for the grandchildren of TFAD residents" in our in-house authors' section of the library.

Thanks to the drivers who park their cars back from the sidewalks around the main building. It allows walkers full use of the walkways. Also we appreciate those folks who quietly close our many outside doors!

Who Reads the Forester?

- The Wall Street Journal is read by the people who run the country.

- The New York Times is read by people who think they run the country.

- The Washington Post is read by people who think they ought to run the country.

- USA Today is read by people who think they ought to run the country but don't under-

stand The Washington Post.

- The Los Angeles Times is read by people who wouldn't mind running the country, if they could spare the time.

- The Boston Globe is read by people whose parents used to run the country.

- The New York Daily News is read by people who aren't too sure who's running the country.

- The New York Post is read by people who don't care who's running the country, as long as they do something scandalous.

- The San Francisco Chronicle is read by people who aren't sure there is a country, or that anyone is running it.

- The Miami Herald is read by people who are running another country.

David was king - not a "Majesty" but a "Sire."

Restaurant news:

Paint the walls pale beige. Throw pink tablecloths on the tables. Dim the lights. Pipe in Edith Piaf and you have the makings of a French restaurant. Add mirrored panels and white furniture and the transformation is complete. What was once a McDonald's is now a French bistro! Cafe Momo, a gem of a restaurant, opened here in July. In just a short time it has attracted quite a following

as evidenced on a Monday evening. Almost every table was taken. The owner-chef is Heather Mendenhall who has spent time in the better restaurants' kitchens learning her trade, most recently at The Farrington House Inn where she was pastry chef. The food is very good indeed. The onion soup is the best this side of the ocean. My cider-brined pork chop was the biggest I've ever seen - and delicious and Best Friend's sirloin steak perfectly cooked. Our desserts were a piece of theater, so well presented were they - and "finger-

licking good". All this comes at a price, of course, so save it for an occasion.

CAFE MOMO prices: appetizers \$6-\$8, entrees \$10-\$23.

The restaurant is non-smoking and there is a \$15 corkage fee for BYOB.

CAFE MOMO NC 54 at Woodcroft Shopping Center, Durham tel. 493 9933 reservations recommended.

—Libby Getz

ONE WORLD DEPARTMENT

[Editors' note: Jane Hamilton is better known to many grateful Foresters as "Jane, the Queen of Pain." As a therapist in the Health Center she has massaged and otherwise cared for all kinds of disabilities afflicting residents, and has inspired a Queen of Pain Fan Club. Recently, she and her husband bought a house which, surprisingly, had a Forest at Duke connection. This is her account of the discovery. Jane came here on August 18, 1997, as a traveling therapist, then went on full time with the former LOGOS Company, and is now with the current rehab Genesis Eldercare.]

My husband, Danny, and I came from Wilmington and decided to make Durham our home. We'd been searching for a house for more than a year, wondering if we could ever find a place to put down our roots.

Last August 1, an excited realtor called and told us she'd found the perfect home for us. It was an ideal location, she said, with acreage and we shouldn't

waste time. Three days later, we went with the realtor, Jennifer Quast, to meet the current owner, Don Lancaster. While we were touring the place, Mr. Lancaster mentioned that the original owner had been a Duke history professor who raised English cocker spaniel show dogs. He said the family had moved to a retirement community in Durham in 1993. Bells were ringing in my head. Could that be Dr. Arthur and Jane Ferguson?" I inquired. Don said, surprised, "Do you know them?"

Of course I knew them well. Dr. Ferguson had been the first Forest resident I had worked on in rehab when I started working here. From that moment, I had a sentimental attachment for his former house. When we toured the place, I had a strange *deja vu* sensation of having been there before. I'd had numerous conversations with Dr. Ferguson about this house, its homemade furniture, and the bricks he'd laid to finish the place. Later Danny and I talked it over and decided

to take a second look. As we walked through a few days later, I felt as though it was already our house. Sitting by the fireplace and looking out through the trees at the Eno, I felt at peace.

But there was a competitive bid, it turned out. When we submitted our bid, I asked the realtor to enclose a picture of me and Dr. Ferguson taken in the Rehab Room six months before he died and asked the realtor to enclose it with our bid. That did it. We got the house. There was one more anxious interval, waiting for the final word. I told my husband we wouldn't hear until August 18--three years to the day when I first met Dr. Ferguson. And so it was. On that day, we were told our loan was approved. The house was ours. I wasn't surprised. I believe some things are simply meant to be. I thought you'd like to know.

—Jane Hamilton

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

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ARTIST AT WORK

AIRY	DAUB	GREEN	MURAL	SCENE
ANGLE	DEMO	HIGHLIGHT	PAINT	SCULPT
ARTIST	DENSE	ILLUSTRATE	PERSPECTIVE	SHADE
BACKGROUND	DISTANCE	INK	PEN	SHADOW
BLUE	DRAW	LANDSCAPE	PICTURESQUE	STYLE
BROWN	DIAGRAM	LINE	PORTRAY	TEXTURE
CARVE	EASEL	MASTERPIECE	POSE	TINT
COLOR	ERASE	MODEL	REAL	TRACE
COMPOSITION	FLUID	MOLD	RED	VIEW
CRAYON	FREE	MOSAIC	REPLICA	YELLOW
CURVE	GRAY	MOVEMENT	SCALE	
