



THE FORESTER

The Forest at Duke

Volume 7 Issue 5

February 2001

A DAY IN THE LIFE: MAINTENANCE

When Jim Thompson comes to work in the morning, he sometimes feels like the CEO of a large corporation, with an assortment of duties and problems that would dismay the average citizen. We call his corner of The Forest the Maintenance Department, but "maintenance" turns out to be a blanket word for practically everything that goes on here except the food services and nursing.

It's Jim's task to oversee the daily activities of Housekeeping, Laundry, Maintenance itself, Security, Grounds, Safety and now, New Construction. You could add Public

Relations to that list. It's not an official title, but Jim says it's a large part of his job, involving not only the people who work with him, but the residents who, of course, are the objects of all their efforts.

No two days are alike. Every department has its problems, and they change from day to day. Every day, too, is also filled with meetings. Individual discussions with employees about problems, departmental meetings, other kinds of conferences. University faculties have nothing on Maintenance in this respect. "But most of my day," Jim says, "is usually spent dreaming with residents"—his version of public relations. Ed-

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Special points of interest:

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PRESIDENT'S CORNER

It was good to see so many of you attending the quarterly Board meeting in January. These meetings provide meaningful dialogue between residents and the Board. Caucus meetings are also important in this communication. These are less formal and allow individual input and discussion. The caucus leaders forward the comments to the Board through the Caucus Coordinating Committee. If you haven't been attending your caucus meetings, please try to do so. Your input is needed. This will be particularly important when the expansion plans are discussed with each individual caucus—hopefully, about the end of February.

The residents' Finance Committee met with the TFAD Board and representatives of the auditors and actuarial associates. The meeting lasted for more than two hours. Much information was presented, some of which we had not heard before. Your Finance Committee is studying the information and will present their findings to the Residents' Board. This meeting was requested by the Residents' Board to try to get more information on financing, particularly as it relates to monthly service fees. Questions were provided by the residents' Finance Committee prior to the meeting. At this time several remain un-

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The Forester

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We're on the web
www.forestduke.com

WANTED

The Forester staff would like to solicit applications for a health columnist. Any takers?

HELP HELP HELP

Calling all hypochondriacs! Will whoever is using the 2001 edition of the Physicians Desk Reference please return it to the desk in the library! Many need to use it, and someone is hoarding it

TFAD LIBRARY NOW ON-LINE

Thanks to Bernie Bender and the Computer Lab, with the help of Jim Shuping, the TFAD Library now has a computer that

works with an internet connection. Persons needing help in using it should ask the library assistants or call Julia Chu.

The cost for printouts is 10 cents per page, deposited in the money box near the copy machine in the annex.

(Continued from page 1—President)
answered.

The change in the format for the New Year's festivities seems to have been positively received by the residents. (Especially three who were reportedly dancing.)

Quite a few nice com-

ments were received on the Chinese New Year's dinner. Barrie and his staff did a good job. Thanks, Barrie. We're glad to hear that you're working on the space and service problems.

It is anticipated that the street at the entrance to the community building will be desig-

nated as one-way from west to east. Watch for the sign.

"People who have the gift of gab don't know how to wrap it up." (I'm wrapping.)

P . J . B u r n s

(Continued from page 1-Maintenance)

ward L. Bernays, who invented PR, would understand because here, as elsewhere, the phrase means "the engineering of consent," as Bernays defined it.

The needs and problems of residents are the substance of this department. But there are also the personnel problems of those who serve the residents and that, too, is part of Jim's job. He initiated the present system of training and inspection that keeps

our changing force of housekeepers on its collective toes. The Laundry, too, has its own recurring troubles, and then there is the continuing business of checking drainage problems at the cottages. Not to mention maintenance on the perimeter fence, a job in itself. Then there's planning for the new greenhouse and now, the drawing up of financial estimates for new construction.

All department heads set the tone for the staff, and Jim

does it for the whole galaxy. "We're a service organization," he says, "and our goal is customer satisfaction."

All aspects of the above can take place in a single day in that office at the end of the hall. Intimidating? "I love it," Jim says

--John Tebbel

AD LIB

"We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars." Another memoir - if you can stand it.

Our Red Cross unit was attached to the First Airborne Army, the first Americans troops to enter Berlin at the end of WWII. It was a sparkling day. It was July 4th, 1945 ! An army moves slowly but the suburbs were reached by noon. The troops encamped there. In two jeeps, led by a colonel who had known Berlin before the war, we headed for the center of the city on a ghoul-ish sightseeing tour, dodging bomb craters and rubble. The closer we got to our destination, the greater the destruction. A terrible stench wafted over from the canal that was glutted with bodies. An eerie silence hung over the entire city. There was no sign of life. The Germans were hiding some place in the rubble. The Russians, who had preceded us by some weeks, had withdrawn to their sector dragging half of Berlin with them - furniture, automobiles, liquor, toilets, train tracks, clothing, even street cars. We found The Tiergarten, Potsdamer Platz, Hitler's bunker, all jumbled in my memory, all reduced to rubble. We found the Brandenburg Gate still standing and climbed to the top to survey the shambles.

Berlin that summer was a Barnum and Bailey world. There was no currency. Cigarettes were the medium of exchange. I had my laundry done for two cigarettes. The first violinist of the Berlin Philharmonic got together an ensemble that played daily at our club for coffee and doughnuts. Our government had given The Soviet millions in aid and some of it had filtered down to

the Russian troops in Berlin. These soldiers, their pockets stuffed with American money, would come over to our sector to buy wristwatches at unheard of prices. Our troops, no fools they, sent home for dozens of Mickey Mouse watches and countless of them made enough for that down payment on their first home. One day some GIs came to the club. They had a present. You won't believe it but it was a very snappy blue, sports roadster with the Red Cross logo on the doors ! They had "liberated" and repainted it. It was a very liberating summer.

For some weeks there was much interacting with the Russians. Then one day a severe looking Soviet officer posted himself at the entrance to our club, forbade entrance to the Russians and sent them packing. The Russian presence in the American Sector simply evaporated overnight. The curtain had gone down.

RESTAURANTS : ELAINE'S ON FRANKLIN

Elaine's in another life, had undoubtedly been a store and its showcase front offered an interesting sight the other evening - four elderly, well dressed persons balancing on bar stools and leaning into a tall-legged table in an attempt to read a menu in miniscule print. The one votive candle shed little light. A plaintive cry for help produced a waiter with a huge magnifying glass and flashlight Fascinated by the scene inside was an old tramp on the sidewalk.

The menu, once revealed, had us shooting in all directions with our choices. Beautiful Friend had oyster casserole AND oysters on the half shell. Her escort chose duck confit as did Best Friend. I

went a bit wild - baked goat cheese and rabbit potstickers. Beautiful Friend was happy with her oysters. There wasn't enough meat on the duck to please the men and my exotic choices were highly over seasoned. The deserts were all out of this world. Elaine's atmosphere is trendy-casual. One of the owners was working the floor with his baby on his hip. The chef, Bret Jennings, came over to chat and a "friend-of-the owners" appeared: curly, black bangs obscured his eyes giving him a sheep dog look. As a matter of fact he was so friendly he almost wagged his tail. It was a fun and funny evening.

Appetizers - \$7.25 - \$9.25
Entrees \$17.50 - \$25.95

Elaine's on Franklin - 454 W. Franklin, Chapel Hill Tel. 960 2770 for reservations. (Don't ask for the best table. You will end up in the showcase)
THE NANTUCKET:

So many of my pals have been singing the praises of the fresh Maine lobster rolls they have found in Rams Plaza that we ventured forth to sample. The Nantucket is a casual, busy place, very like a seaside restaurant with wooden furniture, bare plank floors and red plaid tablecloths. The same plaid as Best Friend's bathrobe so I felt right at home. Very casual atmosphere. The lobster rolls are delicious. Kacy Tebbel takes their lobster quiches home to freeze. There's lots else here too - fresh-made salads, specialty sandwiches, great cookies and two entrees every day.

Lobster roll - \$7.99, small quiche - \$4.25, specialty sandwich \$6.95 The Nantucket - 121 Rams Plaza, Chapel Hill, tel. 968 8900 —Libby Getz

PROFILE

RHONDA NOLEN

If you're wandering The Forest corridors on a weekend and see an attractive young woman in a Security uniform looking brisk and efficient as she



goes about her duties, you're not hallucinating. What you're seeing is

the only woman now on our Security force—Rhonda Nolen.

Rhonda was born in Erie, Pennsylvania, on the shores of

stormy Lake Erie, but left to attend Wheeler College in Pittsburgh. After graduation, she had a series of small and unexciting jobs before she and a girlfriend decided to shake gloomy Midwestern winters and move to California, which then had no shortage of electricity.

There she met and married Curtis Nolen, a writer and record producer. Eventually the marriage ended, and three years ago Rhonda moved back East to Chapel Hill where she could be near her brother. That was in 1997. She came to The Forest

last June, through her friendship with our amiable Security man, Jerry, and his wife, Laurie, our long-time bus driver.

Rhonda plans to settle here. She lives in a Chapel Hill apartment with her two youngest children, Carly, 19, and Tre, 14. Her oldest child, Jason, 21, is already out in the world. She leads a quiet domestic life—gardening, doing needlepoint, reading, and making great cookies, her specialty. That's our Rhonda, part-time cop.

--John Tebbel

Top Nine Things Only Women Understand

9. Why it's good to have five pairs of black shoes.
8. The difference between cream, ivory and off-white.
7. Crying can be fun.
6. Fat clothes.
5. That a salad, diet drink, and a hot fudge sundae make a balanced lunch.
4. Discovering a designer dress on the clearance rack can be considered a peak life experience.

3. The inaccuracy of every bathroom scale ever made.
2. A good man might be hard to find, but a good hairdresser is next to impossible.

AND THE NUMBER ONE THING ONLY WOMEN UNDERSTAND:

1. OTHER WOMEN!

AT THE MOVIES

STATE AND MAIN

State and what?? State Street and Main Street intersect in the center of a small Vermont village. This picturesque old town is so small that everyone knows each other well. There is one town cop, one doctor, one inn and the mayor is also the city council.

Enter a movie company looking for the set for a new film. Eureka! They have found it in Waterford, Vermont. The company assembles, takes over the inn, overwhelms the coffee shop, threatens the calm of the

place and chaos ensues.

The director, David Mamet, and the producers have a heyday- poking fun at themselves and satirizing their profession. Everyone from the bumbling but talented screen writer to the tempestuous heroine and the handsome, unscrupulous - also stupid - hero, Alec Baldwin, has great fun. There is a laugh a minute.

Weaving these two so different cultures together brings great entertainment. The situation itself causes enough conflict that the fact that the plot is un-

complicated and easily anticipated is not important. Even the firehouse dog (a dalmatian, of course) is a prototype.

There is no violence or malice here. The characters are completely predictable and the plot is almost non-existent.. That said, it is great fun.

After the spate of outrageous vulgarity we've witnessed in the films lately, it is a relief.

Go - and have a fun afternoon at the Chelsea in Chapel Hill.

—Heliotrope

POETRY CORNER

VALENTINES

It's not easy to love a rhinoceros,
He's got this dreadful spike,
And his piggy eyes and leathery skin
Make him awfully hard to like
But to a lady rhinoceros,
He's handsome and true blue;
And on Valentine's Day rhinos can be heard
Murmuring, "I love you."

To the slender and fit, obesity
Can quench a lover's flame;
And what could be much more obese
Than a hippopotamian dame?
But to a hippopotamus,
Her figure's something fine
So he'll do his best to find for her
The perfect Valentine.

The wart hog's not a pleasing sight—
Flat snout and fearsome tusks;
And he makes some quite repellent sounds
As he roots among the husks.
But he's faithful to his one true love
And for his Valentine
He'll dig up a whole big truffle bed,
For he loves her to the chine.



So the hippo and rhino remember their mates,
And the wart hog is wooing his sow—
It's Valentine's Day this month, you know.
Maybe you could be trying it now.
—George Chandler

be my valentine

The love of a man and woman
Released from passion of youth,
Is often full of surprises
With its pure unvarnished truth.

Gone the barriers of teen years
When one questioned every move,
It seems inane when recalling
The huge need one's worth to prove.

With time what seems to sparkle most
Lies deeper than meets the eye,
Tenderness, yes, but blithe spirit
Heads the list to qualify.

Lucky the pair who discover
Chemistry that draws them near,
And cheers to this heartfelt month that
Honors what they feel all year.
---- ellen cheek dozier

Academic Absurdity

A deaf-ish math teacher, Miss Hurd,
Could be mystified when she misheard,
But she missed altogether
The rational blether
Of being dismissed as "Miss Surd."

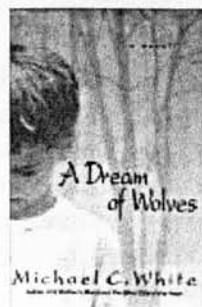
--Grover Smith

After paying his traffic violation fine and receiving his receipt, the irritated motorist snapped, "What do I do with this?" "Save it," advised the clerk. "When you get four of them, you get a bicycle."

--Dorothy Zutant from Alma Rondelez

BOOKNOTES

If you're looking for something new and different that just might turn out to be this season's best-seller, try Michael White's "A Dream of Wolves,"



It's a mystery story that's also a narrative of self-discovery. Dr. Stuart Jordan, 50, is called one frigid morning to a murder scene, which is a small cabin on a North Carolina hill. Chief suspect is Rosa, common-law wife of the murdered man, and she has a four-month-old baby girl, Maria. Doc volunteers to take care of the girl, although he already has a wife and a mistress. Maria brings back memories of his dead son. Doc's estranged wife reappears, and wants to come back to him. His married mistress wants to divorce her husband and marry Doc. Go figure. This extraordinary story is told

with great charm and suspense—maybe the read of the winter.

Amy Tan is back with another splendid book, "The Bonesetter's Daughter," also published in January. This is a rich character portrayal of a mother-daughter relationship, "A luminous and gripping story," as one previewer puts it. The basic tale is about Ruth Young, a 40ish ghostwriter in San Francisco, and her love for Art Kamen, the divorced father of two teenaged girls. But interwoven at length is the story of Ruth's mother's early life in China. The mother, now 77, has Alzheimer's disease, and has always been a burden to Ruth. The story is about many aspects of living, and especially about children as caretakers.



One of the most unusual books to appear for a long time is Marilyn Yalom's "A History of the Wife," also just published. You may think you know all there is to be known about this subject through personal experience, but listen to the voices of ordinary women in these pages. Ms. Yalom, a Stanford scholar, has undertaken, no less, to write a history of marriage in the Western world. It's a mix of religion and myth, feminist history, anthropology, personal narratives, literature, pop culture, and sociology. It's the story of the changing role of wives, from ancient times to the present, with plenty of surprises along the way.

--John Tebbel

Volunteerism

VOLUNTEERING IN THE HEALTH CARE CENTER

There are a number of ways in which you can help make our friends in the Holbrook and Olsen Centers a little more comfortable, less lonely, or just a little happier. Volunteer! You'll be glad you did, and you will make someone happy to see you. Just schedule an hour a day or a week. Here are some of the things you can do:

Bingo Time—an hour—especially need help on Thursdays and Fridays. Need one person to call the numbers, another to help the residents, and some-

body to pass out the prizes.

Coffee and News Time—30 minutes—especially Thursday and Friday. One person to read and summarize the news.

Mail distribution—usually takes about 30 to 40 minutes, special need on Saturday.

Food Cart Time—push food cart and offer snacks to residents, daily, all hours.

Music Appreciation—lasts one hour, Thursday. Set up TV in dining room, collect residents.

Social Hour—lasts one hour—need help Fridays. Offer and serve hors d'oeuvres and

beverages in Holbrook, then take cart to Olsen and do the same thing again.

Reading of Mail—time depends on amount of mail. With residents' permission, you read the mail (usually get-well cards) and ask if you can post them in the room.

A major need is the time to visit with the residents. Just come and sit and talk with them.

SO!! What do you say? Do you have some free time? Remember—you may be next.

COME ON DOWN!!

--Earl Davis

ELECTRICITY & SCIENCE

Author Unknown - 12/2000

Today's scientific question is: What in the world is electricity? And where does it go after it leaves the toaster?

Here is a simple experiment that will teach you an electrical lesson: On a cool, dry day, scuff your feet along a carpet, then reach your hand into a friend's mouth and touch one of his dental fillings. Did you notice how your friend twitched violently and cried out in pain?

This teaches us that electricity can be a very powerful force, but we must never use it to hurt others unless we need to learn an important electrical lesson.

It also teaches us how an electrical circuit works. When you scuffed your feet, you picked up batches of ..electrons, which are very small objects that carpet manufacturers weave into carpet so that they will attract dirt. The electrons travel through your bloodstream and collect in your finger, where they form a spark that leaps to your friend's filling, then travel down to his feet and back into the carpet, thus completing the circuit.

Amazing electronic fact:

If you scuffed your feet long enough without touching anything, you would build up so many electrons that your finger would explode! But this is nothing to worry about unless you have carpeting.

Although we modern persons tend to take our electric lights, radios, mixers, etc. for granted, hundreds of years ago people did not have any of these

things, which is just as well because there was no place to plug them in. Then along came the first Electrical Pioneer, Benjamin Franklin, who flew a kite in a lightning storm and received a



serious electrical shock. This proved that lightning was powered by the same force as carpets, but it also damaged Franklin's brain so severely that he started speaking only in incomprehensible maxims, such as, "A penny saved is a penny earned." Eventually he had to be given a job running the post office.

After Franklin came a herd of Electrical Pioneers whose names have become part of our electrical terminology: Myron Volt, Mary Louise Amp, James Watt, Bob Transformer, etc. These pioneers conducted many important electrical experiments. Among them, Galvani discovered (this is the truth) that when he attached two different kinds of metal to the leg of a frog, an electrical current developed and the frog's leg kicked, even though it was no longer attached to the frog, which was dead anyway. Galvani's discovery led to enormous advances in the field of amphibian medicine. Today, skilled veterinary surgeons can take a frog that has been seriously injured or killed, implant pieces of metal in its muscles, and watch it hop back into the pond -- almost.

But the greatest Electrical Pioneer of them all was Thomas Edison, who was a brilliant in-

ventor despite the fact that he had little formal education and lived in New Jersey. Edison's first major invention in 1877 was the phonograph, which could soon be found in thousand of American homes, where it basically sat until 1923, when the record was invented. But Edison's greatest achievement came in 1879 when he invented the electric company. Edison's design was a brilliant adaptation of the simple electrical circuit: the electric company sends electricity through a wire to a customer, then immediately gets the electricity back through another wire, then (this is the brilliant part) sends it right back to the customer again.

This means that an electric company can sell a customer the same batch of electricity thousands of times a day and never get caught, since very few customers take the time to examine their electricity closely. In fact, the last year any new electricity was generated was 1937.

Today, thanks to men like Edison and Franklin, and frogs like Galvani's, we receive almost unlimited benefits from electricity. For example, in the past decade scientists have developed the laser, an electronic appliance so powerful that it can vaporize a bulldozer 2000 yards away, yet so precise that doctors can use it to perform delicate operations to the human eyeball, provided they remember to change the power setting from 'Bulldozer' to 'Eyeball'.

—Submitted by Harry Owen

MAN OF THE MONTH

In February we celebrate the birthdays of those two American icons, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. So much has been written, said, and conveyed in every medium that surely anything else would be superfluous.

But do we really know these people? Lincoln, probably yes. The Lincoln library is enormous and every year there are further additions. His true life is reasonably well recognized by constant readers, even by others.

But what about George? I venture to address him by his first name after so many years of reading and writing about him. To most Americans, he remains that bewigged, melancholy, distant figure on the schoolroom wall, surrounded by myths and popular legends. The real man, however, is a living, breathing character out of a good novel.

If you doubt it, how's this for a plot line? Here's a young Virginian, born on a farm, with a perpetually complaining mother and a remote father. His education is scanty and what he really wants to do is to get into the militia and perform great deeds. He has a hard time doing

it, thanks to a cranky governor, but at last he's commissioned to lead Virginia militia against the French and Indians.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch, he has fallen in love with his best friend's wife, but he's too shy to tell her. On the eve of his first battle, he writes to her and awkwardly confesses, asking how she feels about him. No reply, obviously, because he sends a second, more pleading letter. Both are found, without reply, a century later in a garret in London, where she had moved, never to return. Her image haunts him for the rest of his life.

His early military career is a disaster. He makes a dumb mistake, ruins his mission, and loses his commission. Nonetheless, as we know, he later finds himself in charge of an army so fragile that it is constantly in danger of disintegrating, and with it he has to fight a well-trained British army. George is, as most Americans still don't know, entrusted with winning the most unpopular war the country has ever fought. After losing nearly every battle, he finds himself at the end with an

army which has been virtually deserted by the home folks, hungry, unpaid, mutinous, deserting, and yet he holds them together for the showdown at Yorktown, which

he would never have won without the help of the French fleet. And even then, if General George Clinton hadn't decided he'd won the war and gone home to take on a more formidable foe, Napoleon, the outcome would have been far different, since the American government was bankrupt and the army almost nonexistent.

As President, George ran a good tight ship and for his pains was scavenged by a hostile press, accused of all kinds of misbehavior, did some good but nothing much, and retired thankfully to Mount Vernon.

Oh yes, and did I mention that he married a wealthy widow early on and lived to be the richest man in America? If that isn't a man and a story to celebrate this month, it would be hard to top—even today
--John Tebbel



Little Known Facts Department

How did so much food get into our language? You'd never guess, so here's an example of how it happens.

"Bringing home the bacon" may be far from current slang, but it was a common expression for most of the past century. It originated in Essex County, England, when a flitch of cured, salted bacon was presented annually to the couple who had the

most harmonious marriage during the previous year. That custom began as early as 1443. A truly happy marriage was considered to be one that was financially stable, and in those days that meant the husband had to be a man who provided his family with a decent income. He "brought home the bacon," as the phrase went—in this case, literally.

IN MEMORIAM

Waldo Beach

Jan. 11

WE WELCOME THESE NEW RESIDENTS TO THE FOREST



Elaine Hastings
Apt 1006 489-0482

Elaine has lived in Durham for the past dozen years and became convinced that The Forest would be the right place for her. Before coming east, she made her career with the Planned Parenthood Association of Chicago. She received her education at the University of Illinois and the University of Chicago. Her hobbies include duplicate bridge and gardening in planters and pots. She is interested in ecology and comparative religions, and is concerned about global over-population. She has a son and a daughter and four grandchildren.



Jim and Alice Chen
Apt 4041 403-5927

Alice is a graduate of Mount Holyoke and the University of Pennsylvania. It was there that she met Jim, who was doing his residency in radiology. They were married in Philadelphia in 1963. From 1965 until his retirement last June, Jim was on the faculty of the School of Medicine at Duke and for 16 years its director of chest radiology. Alice is a writer and translator and has published several books in Chinese. She also plays the organ and harpsichord.



Ann Kirkpatrick
Apt 2017 401-5354

Ann is a native of Ohio and earned her BA at Capital University in Columbus. She lived 32 years in McLean, Virginia, before coming to The Forest. She is interested in theater and music—she's been a choir singer and is an experienced volunteer usher—and in bridge, travel, and Elderhostels. She has a son, a daughter, and a college-age grandson. She came to the Forest in part to be near her son who recently suffered a severe stroke and is in a nearby rehabilitation center.

Residents of the cottages appreciate having their newspapers delivered each morning to their doors by **Martha** and **Henry Fairbank**. What service! Another "good-deeder" is **Evelyn Doyle** who not only repairs her own jewelry but also that of friends and neighbors... **Bob Lachman**, our super mailman who has served us so very well will be missed when he retires... Have any of you heard **Bud Parmentier** tickling the ivories on our living room piano during the morning and sometimes just before dinner? His music brings back many good memories! For those of us who cannot handle the hassle of airports and distant travel, **Ed and Joyce Albrecht**, **Earl Davis**, **Bob and Evebell Dunham**, and **John and Betty Gray** have shared their beautiful pictures for our Armchair Travel programs in the Auditorium. No jet lag or bad germs as we return home. For our last virtual reality via slides, **Mary Ruth Miller** let us travel vicariously with her to Virginia, Florida, Niagara Falls, Oregon, Europe and Hilton Head Island. All within one hour!

But for those of us who want the real thing, **Steve and Pat Tuten** make it easy with their door to door transportation, luggage care and escort service. **Viola White**, **Mary Frances White**, **Helen Francis**, **Don and Mary Ann Ruegg**, and **Mary Jones** accompanied by her

granddaughter are now cruising in the Caribbean. **Azalea** and I hope to sign up for some of the good sounding trips that the Tutens have planned. **Earl Davis** and **Sarah McCracken** are scheduled to go on their South American adventure.

Jean Melpolder accompanied by her son and daughter-in-law are expected home soon from their trip around the Hom. **Frank** stayed home to care for the pool and his dog. The **Grays** have returned from their trip to see the masses of Monarch butterflies in Mexico. **Betty** reported that the Lepidoptera made the trees appear orange! **Jean Weil** is back on site after her trips to Florida and New York. . . **George and Harriet Williams** are here for awhile... Travelling here from Cape Cod to see his mother, **Betsy Close's** son also visited his former parishioner, **Betty Willis**... **Mildred Fuller** experienced eight inches of snow in Gettysburg, PA recently... Probably as you read, **Don and Betsy Bernard** with **Bill and Ginny Goldthorp** are golfing in Jamaica. **Bob and June Northwood** are cruising from Buenos Aires to Santiago... **Bob and Evebell Dunham** plan to be in Cambodia to visit the magnificent sculptures and architecture at Angkor.

At least four tables of duplicate bridge players gather each

Thursday in the Party Room while down the hall, pool players **George Nance**, **Jim Shuping** with his new personalized cue, **Dot Logan**, **Jane Jones**, **Dick Capwell**, **Lucy and Ray Blackman**, **Carl and Loma Young**, **Hugh McKerracher** and **Craig Harris** chalk their cue sticks to pocket those billiard balls. **Caroline Long** and **Margarette Nance** make an appreciative audience... The four tables of Mahjong players with their tiles and chatter made the place sound like a "burning bird cage" according to **Bruce Guyselman**... We expected to see **Helen Corbett**, **Nancy Sokal**, **Ed Cady** and **Coach Persons** at the Super Bowl showing which **Milt and Rheta Skolaut** hosted in the auditorium, but **Phyllis Darbo**, **Marie Bremer**, **Susan Dees**, **Doris Walters**, **Ruth Smith**, **Pat Predmore**, **Bess Raper**, **Millie Campbell** and **Gertrude Merritt** and perhaps 30 others were there for the kickoff. Or was it the good food! Oh yes, food! For the Chinese dinner we were served a delicious assortment of Oriental food.

For all of you new residents especially, but long time residents, too, **Rose and I** welcome any news or corrections through **Bernie Bender**, Box 38.

LIBRARY NOTES

Each week our TFAD Library's collection grows. We now have 61 new classical music CDs and many new videotapes without ads, plus a number of audio books. These may all be checked out for enjoyment at home, and returned when finished. Videotapes, CD's, and audio books contain cards in their cases for signing out. Audiotapes of programs in the auditorium should be signed out in the notebook on the desk. Please return all plastic boxes with their contents.

In addition, our collection of large-print books (shelved on the "island") is growing, and we welcome more donations. We also have the *Reader's Digest* in

large print.

When possible, please bring in donations when a volunteer is on duty in the morning or afternoon so that your gift will be properly noted. Otherwise, be sure to leave a note with your name and address and date. You will receive a tax contribution statement. Magazines may be left on the desk at any time.

New donations must be sorted and processed before they can be taken out-- the job of the volunteers. As soon as they are ready, books will be placed on the "New Acquisitions" shelf at the top of the island.

We are updating our files of catalogs of materials and infor-

mation to assist with hearing and vision loss, as well as cancer and weight loss. These files are in gray boxes in reference, section 34. To take any of this home, please sign it out in the notebook on the desk. Donations of current information are welcome for these files also.

Tax booklets and forms-IRS and NC-are now in the annex on a top shelf. Take anything needed.

The TFAD Library belongs to all residents; therefore any materials checked out should be returned as promptly as possible to keep circulation going. Keep on reading and listening!

-Mary Ruth Miller

Thank You, William Shakespeare!

I doubt that there's anyone reading this who goes through a normal day's conversation without quoting Shakespeare. Once in a while we realize we're doing this, but most of the time we lift his lines to season our speech and sharpen our opinions without the slightest thought of the source.



When you call a man a "rotten apple," a "blinking idiot" or a "popinjay". . . When you say he "bears a charmed life" or is "hoist with his own petard". . . When you proclaim him "a man of few words". . . When you speak of "cold comfort," "grim necessity," "bag and baggage,"

the "mind's eye," "holding your tongue," "suing the action to the words". . . When you refer to your "salad days" or "heart of hearts". . . When you deplore "the beginning of the end . . . life's uncertain voyage" or "the unkindest cut of all". . .

Some of the expressions have changed a bit with everyday usage, but even these can be easily traced to the master.

By golly, you're quoting Shakespeare!

When you use such expressions as "poor but honest," "one fell swoop" "as luck would have it," "the short and the long of it," "neither here nor there" "what's done is done". . .

When you say something "smells to heaven" or is "Greek to me," or it's a "mad world" or

"not in my book". . .

When you complain that you "haven't slept a wink" or that your family is "eating you out of house and home," or you've "seen better days". . .

When you speak of a coward "showing his heels" or having "no stomach for a fight". . .

When you nod wisely and say, "Love is blind". . . or "Truth will come to light"... or "The world is my oyster". . .

You are borrowing your *bon mot* from the Bard. Shakespeare was the greatest cliché inventor of all time. Without him to put the words in our mouths, we would be virtually tongue-tied, and the English language would have a lean and hungry look.

—Ruth Patterson

Bob Blake's

Puzzle

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

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

SPARE TIME

AGE	COOK	GOING	RACE	SING
ARGUE	DINNER	GRUNT	RADIO	SLEEP
ALONE	DOZE	HOBBY	RAKE	SNACK
BAKE	DRAW	KNIT	READ	SKETCH
BATH	DREAM	LETTERS	RECLINE	SPORTS
BINGO	EXERCISE	MOW LAWN	RELAX	SWIM
BUDGET	FEAST	MUSIC	REST	TELEPHONE
CANOE	FIX	NEWSPAPER	ROCK	TELEVISION
CARE	FUSS	PAINT	RUN	VISIT
CATCH	GAMES	PITY	SEWING	WALK
CLUB	GARDEN	PLAN	SHOP	WATCH
COMPLAIN	GOLF	PUZZLES	SIGH	WHITTLE
				WRITE
