



# THE FORESTER

*The Forest at Duke*

Volume 7 Issue 7

April 2001

## A DAY IN THE LIFE: HUMAN RESOURCES

In the old days it was called "Personnel," but by any name what Linda Vanneman does is a big job, and in the five years she's been running that department for The Forest, she has made it one of the most smooth-running and effective departments on our campus.

Most Foresters have only a vague idea of what Linda does. For one thing, her day begins when most of us are still asleep. She arrives at 6:30 a.m. in time to meet the first dining room shift and the third nursing wing shift. She's prepared to discuss with them any employment issues they may have, which is an appropriate entry to the day's work. Basically, she is

in consultation with directors, managers, and supervisors on all personnel legal issues. That includes workplace threats and violence (rare here,) seeing that the workplace is drug free, making sure that the laws on disabilities and sexual harassment are observed, and a long list of other federal laws that require checking. Then there's in-service training of all employees, employment advocacy and counseling when it's needed, researching and implementing all new employees' benefits, creating and implementing performance review plans, consulting with all managers on disciplinary actions and performance, recruiting, screening applications, drug screening, background checks. And that's far from all. A

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## PRESIDENT'S CORNER

In the last *Forester* I referred to the glory of spring. Someone gave me another definition: "Spring arrives in a burst of golden glory-the daffodils, the forsythia, and the yellow-bellied Bulldozer."

By the time you read this, it will be about income tax deadline. I recently overheard two of my friends talking. One said, "You look happy today." The second replied, "I am happy. The IRS people have been after me for months demanding payments, but this morning I got a letter that said, 'Final Notice' so thank God, I won't be hearing from them again."

Your Residents' Board has been spending much time recently on financial matters. Much of the time at the last Board meeting was spent dis-

cussing financial matters with Steve Fishler. Bob Guy and I also met with the Executive Committee of the TFAD Board. There will be further discussions with the TFAD Board on March 29.

You have received word of the forthcoming discussions on the Long Range Plans. I would like to remind you again to clear your calendar for the meeting with your caucus. These will begin April 19. Robbie Robertson will be advising each caucus leader of the meeting date.

It's not what you have in your life, but who you have in your life that counts (source unknown.)

--P. J. Burns

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### The Forester

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**Publisher**..... Bernard Bender

**Co-Editors**... Virginia Jones, Marion Patton

**Contributing Editor**.... John Tebbel

**Editorial Assistants**... George Chandler, Ellen Dozier, Libby Getz, Earl Davis, Mary Ruth Miller, Molly Simes, Betty Gray, Priscilla Squier

**Art&Word Puzzle**..... Bob Blake

**Photographer**: ..... Ed Albrecht

**Publishing Assistants**: Bess Bowditch, Carolyn Vail, Molly Simes, Marion Bender, Helen Corbett, Betty Kent, John Getz, Ginny Putnam

**We're on the web**  
**www.forestduke.com**

### **Here's looking at you!**

There is a total of 24 pictures taken at the "Newcomers Social." To view the pictures in "living color" follow this lead—

<http://www.zing.com/album/?id=4292849815&code=1428384&mode=invite>

Type in the address exactly as shown above and view the pictures.

To enlarge the picture even more, just point to it and click.

Page 6 has some black/white copies of the same.

Hope you enjoy them.

## **LIBRARY NOTES**

Do you need a hobby or something to entertain yourself? If so, check out the library! You might be surprised at what's there.

In the way of games, there are books about bridge, poker, backgammon, chess, croquet, and one volume which includes several games.

Hobbies include clocks, trains, ships, dolls, teddy bears, photography, flower preservation and arranging, and framing. If you like to collect, we have mineral collecting, coin collecting, stamp collecting, and wines. For wood-

workers, we have books on whitening, wood carving, home repairs, puzzle-making, and other projects. There's even one book on bottle cutting, and one on making greeting cards.

Those who like needlework and other forms of handwork can find information on embroidery, crocheting, knitting, needlepoint, macramé, knotting, netting, bargello, quilting, and weaving. Then there's sewing of many kinds.

If cooking and entertaining give you pleasure, you're sure to find information and recipes for

cooking and baking, gourmet eating and healthy eating (not necessarily compatible!), and advice on the use of herbs and spices. Teas are another special consideration, as well as the correct wines to choose. Finally, you can even learn some artistic ways to fold the napkins.

These books can well be enjoyed vicariously, as well as in actual practice. They're waiting for you in sections 23 and 24. Go find them!

-Mary Ruth Miller

*(Continued from page 1-Human resources)*

quick count would number at least 20 responsibilities, not to mention managing the front desk receptionists, issuing the monthly department newsletter, and maintaining the budget within guidelines.

Some people think Linda does the hiring and firing. Not so. The managers do that, with her assistance. She helps with the recruiting and checks references.

After 20 years of personnel

work, Linda is in a good position to judge how well any given institution is doing with its staff. After her five years here, she believes that we now have the best staff since The Forest began, a verdict with which most Foresters would probably agree. Linda observes what goes on in other CCRCs in our territory and says they are having to deal with many problems that don't afflict us.

She's also well aware of the

changing population in the Triangle, and consequently has been taking Spanish lessons for the past two years. We already have 10 Hispanic employees, reflecting the general rise in that population. All in all, Linda says, we can say safely that, at this time from a staff standpoint, The Forest is well ahead of the game. She intends to keep it that way.

--John Tebbel

## AD LIB

"Angels fly because they make themselves lightly." anonymous

Have you ever returned from a party and found an elephant tethered to a tree in your garden? I bet not! But there he was flapping his ears and grinning. This uninvited guest had panicked our pet gibbon and from a nearby tree top she was howling to be rescued.. How had this scenario come about? The time was 1951, the place Saigon. Best Friend was an Aide to our Ambassador there and Sihanouk was King in neighboring Cambodia. President Truman had just recognized Cambodia's independence and the grateful King felt that an elephant was the only appropriate gift of thanks to the American people. . thus a handsome 7-year old tusker, accompanied by a mahout, was loaded on a truck and taken to Viet Nam. When the truck pulled up in front of our Embassy Residence our Ambassador, a man used to dealing with sticky situations, thought elephant handling just the job for an aspiring junior officer a "learning experience". Best Friend had himself an elephant.

We spent a "Marx-Brothers night" coping. The mahout had taken one look at the big city and fled to the jungle. The gibbon needed to be placated and it took some doing to entice her down from her tree top and into the house where she tangled with the mosquito netting and when freed spent the night loop-the-looping around the ceiling of our tall bedroom.

Early morning found Best Friend and the house boy moving the elephant to the large, jungle garden attached to the side of our villa. While Best Friend went to the zoo to get a quick lesson in the care and feeding of elephants, I was given

the task of washing down our charge with a hose, a task I was to have for some weeks. He was a lovely, loving animal with a playful twitch to his tail and unbelievably long eyelashes.

We grew fond of each other and he would greet me with a wave of his trunk. Our friendly pachyderm became a center of attraction. Not everyone in Saigon had an elephant in the garden and little groups would gather to inspect this "royal gift" and "royal gift" knew how to play to an audience. I suspected some circus genes there.

Meanwhile back at the office Best Friend found our government provided no funds for the care, feeding and transport of elephants. We were providing the care, my expense book; the bananas, sugar cane etc. but the transport required a Santa Claus. Washington was amused but hardhearted. Finally The State Department prevailed on The Isbrandtsen Steamship Lines, which plied The Orient, to give our elephant a ride to The States. He was hoisted on board with a new mahout in charge. It had been a happy but hectic period and with reluctance we waved him out of our lives.

Some months later the same Isbrandtsen ship tied up in Saigon and Best Friend went aboard to see how our elephant had fared. The Captain reported that he had become such a pet that when the ship was about to round the frigid Cape of Good Hope the crew built a shed for him on the deck and hot air was piped in from below. Unfortunately this hot air was mixed with carbon monoxide. It killed our elephant. He was buried at sea . . perhaps a happier fate than a life in a cage in the Washington Zoo.

## TIPS:

If our favorite upholsterer, Billy Honeycutt (732 2257) is too busy his retired former partner, B.W.Langford (596 2257) will take on small jobs: chairs, benches etc.

There's a charming soccer mom, Mary Clayton (490 6563) who does bedspreads, curtains etc.

Don't forget to ask for your senior discount at A Southern Season BUT not on weekends and you must ask for it before the girl tallies your purchases.

—Libby Getz

## SIX ACES? BELIEVE IT!

While it's true that super-golfer Lee Trevino has made only one hole-in-one, our Ginny Goldthorp shot her sixth

last month on the second hole of Croasdaile Country Club, playing with Carolyn

and Bloss Vail. Her previous holes-in-one were made on holes 3, 5, and 14 at the Huntington Valley Country Club in Abington, Pennsylvania; on the 11th hole at Charlotte Country Club; and on hole 5 of the Palmetto Golf Club on Skidaway Island in Savannah

While all of the above is remarkable, Ginny has also witnessed six other holes-in-one made by her playing partners over the years. If you have had an unlucky run on the links, maybe you would like to invite this lovely lady to be a member of your foursome.

--Bill Goldthorp (who has shot four of them himself-Ed.)



## PROFILE

### ADRIAN PHARO

If you're concerned about keeping track of The Forest's income and outgo, forget it. It's in good hands, the hands of



Adrian Pharo, our new Accounting Supervisor, who has been with us since February.

Adrian is a North Carolinian, and his career has been carved out in this state.

Born in Kinston, he was educated at East Carolina University, UNC, and Appalachian State. He began his career as an auditor with the Bank of North Carolina, then moved on to a similar post with the state's Utilities Commission, then to Hilton Head with a CPA firm. After a stop in the Cherry Point budget office, he abandoned his career track momentarily to follow his other absorbing interest-fishing-starting his own retail tackle shop at Atlantic Beach. Returning after a time to the financial market, he worked with Prudential Securities

in Durham as a financial adviser before he came to us.

For the past three years, Adrian has lived in Durham with his wife, Deborah, who works at Duke's Continuing Education Center.

Away from the office, he qualifies as a professional fisherman, having won two major fishing tournaments, one for king mackerel, the other for speckled trout. He still finds time to play golf, his other favorite sport and-are you prepared for this?-he is a devoted Harley-Davidson rider.

--John Tebbel

## BOOKNOTES

This is not a good spring for fiction for reasons unknown, so we're recommending a mystery instead of more serious fiction. But even so, "The Reaper," by Peter Lovesey, is exceptional of its kind. Lovesey, one of the best British crime writers extant, gives us an extremely clever, well-written tale of a murderous cleric in the English countryside, who somehow manages to be sympathetic even while he's whittling down his flock in a Wiltshire village. This handsome young rector is also not above cooking the books of his rectory. He is a serial killer who incredibly also manages to be an excellent priest. Lovesey re-creates the life of the village as well as he does his characters. (April)

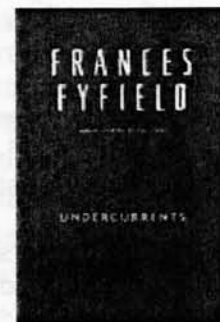
Certainly one of the most unusual books of the spring season is "Anatomy of a Rose: Exploring the Secret Life of Flowers," by Sharman Apt Russell, a noted nature writer. One advance reviewer calls it "a luminous blend of memoir, botany lesson, and history of

science." There are incredibly complex mechanisms behind a flower's appeal, Russell says, as he talks about shapes, colors, and smells. They all attract pollinators.

The daisy, for example, is "a ring of light to attract a bee." And an iris' yellow streak is a landing strip, while the scent of a henna flower is a sexual come-on. But flowers can have bad smells, too, and they respond both to predators and their environment. An advance critic calls this "a rich and satisfying read, like a guided walking tour in a field of wildflowers on a splendid summer day." Could we ask for more? (April)

If you like suspense novels, you're going to love "Undercurrent," by Frances Fyfield. It's about a man's search for his lost love, a young beauty named Francesca Chisholm,

whose memory has haunted Henry Evans, an American pharmacist, for 20 years. They had met and loved when they were both young



backpackers in India. Later, he tracks her down to an English coastal village. The villagers are unwelcoming, but he does learn that

a year earlier she had been sentenced to prison for murdering her five-year-old son. Evans doesn't believe she did it. Her family and friends try to stop his search for the facts and for her, and eventually he learns that the truth may be worse than the lie. This is a novel about regret, loneliness and letting sleeping dogs lie. The author's portrait of the English village is memorable, and the suspense builds to the last page. (April)

--John Tebbel

## POETRY CORNER

### SPRING FANTASIES

See daffodils vacillate  
In the crisp refreshing breeze,  
Their open happy faces'  
Main duty on earth to please.  
To have a courtyard brimming  
As far as the eye can reach,  
With this welcome sign of spring  
A fantasy I beseech.

I'd invite all friends to share  
This vision beyond belief,  
Let them gather an armful  
To bedeck their own motif.

Next, a garland of daisies  
Would become my magic crown,  
Whisk me upward through clouds  
A missile far from home bound.

My imagination wins,  
Takes over this time of year,  
After winter's stagnant bounds  
I'm eager for its premiere.  
--- ellen cheek dozier

### Sonnet to my Dogs

What risky bargain has your species made  
With homosapiens, to be his ward,  
Relinquish all your world for his, to guard  
And cherish, charm and comfort him? You laid  
Your life before him, fought his fights, played  
His games, endured his wants, enriched his sword  
With safe nights, sleeping, taking him as lord,  
To be in trust his slave, in joy his aide.

What did you ask of man? A pat, a bone,  
A smile, the warmth of his abode, a tone  
Of speech that strikes a flint of mutual fire  
And shared regard. Surely I must admire .  
The only creature ever known to move  
Through time and evolution spurred by love.

—Edith Borroff

### MAIL CHAUVINISM

When Britain claimed to rule the world  
Its troops could take their stand  
In desert or in jungle or  
On any foreign strand.  
It bore the white man's burden then  
To each benighted land.

Its edicts ran to Arab tents  
And miners' roaring camps;  
Its letters were delivered through  
The worst of droughts and damp.  
With fame so great it never placed  
Its name upon its stamps.

But times have changed and Britain's lost  
First place among the nations.  
Great changes, too, have taken place  
In our communications.  
The letter post has undergone  
Its trials and tribulations.

The USA rose up to be  
The leader of the pack,  
But time and will to write our friends  
Is what we seem to lack.  
So e-mail's now the chosen way  
To get our answers back.

Americans have led the way  
Along this fast new road  
And they have clearly earned the right,  
In cyberspace's mode,  
Not to add their country's name  
To their own e-mail code.

—George Chandler

Dear Ga. Ga

This is what I said about you in my  
journal when my teacher told us to write about  
the strangest and funniest relative  
"The strangest and funniest relative is my grandmother.  
She is in her 80's but she acts like she  
is in her 20's. She is very good at playing  
pool. She jogs and works out every day. She  
also goes to parties."

I Love you Ga Ga

Love  
Joseph

A letter to Dot Logan from her grandson— age 13

# WELCOMES SOCIAL FOR NEW RESIDENTS



## WE WELCOME THESE NEW RESIDENTS TO THE FOREST

Sybil Erickson is a native of Schuyler, VA. After completing her nurse's training in Lynchburg, she went on to become a physical therapist. She served as a Navy flight nurse during World War II, spending the hottest war years in Hawaii. She met her husband, an aeronautical engineer, in the service, and they lived for many years in Pennsylvania. Sybil came to The Forest from her first retirement home in Naples, FL, to be near a daughter living in Chapel Hill. Another daughter and a son live in Gainesville, FL. She is interested in genealogy and plans to become active here as a volunteer in her own field of health care.



Sybil Erickson  
2034 419-6222



Laurel & Ed Sherman  
77 489-9381

Laurel is a native of Chicago, where the Shermans lived for many years while Ed was with Quaker Oats. He's a native of New York, graduated from the University of Illinois, served in the South Pacific as a Marine Corps officer during WWII, and earned his PhD in chemistry at Lehigh. The Shermans spent some 20 years in Boca Raton during the first phase of their retirement and were drawn to The Forest by a daughter who lives nearby. Ed is a golfer and bridge master. Once they have their cottage settled, Laurel will be looking for canasta partners.

Ann Campbell has strong ties to Duke. Her husband, who served many years as a Navy doctor, was a graduate of Duke Medical School, and her daughter is a vice president of the Divers' Alert Network. Ann is a native of Eastern Colorado where her father was a country doctor, and she is a registered nurse. She moved to Durham half a dozen years ago after having lived a number of years in Portsmouth, VA, and then in Florida. She's a film fan, enjoys music, and loves to travel and to ride horseback.



Ann Campbell  
2041 419-8037



Adele & Frank Medure  
3049 402-9450

The Medures spent most of their lives in the Bronx, NY, where Frank made his career as a tool and die maker. Adele worked many years for the W. T. Grant Company where she ended up in charge of their automated bookkeeping operations. They were drawn to The Forest when their only daughter moved to Chapel Hill to be near her own daughter, the Medures' granddaughter. Adele enjoys music and reading, although she must now rely on talking books. Frank is a golfer and plans to make good use of The Forest workshop.

## VOLUNTEERS

### BESS' FLOWER GIRLS & OTHER BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE

Those flower arrangements on the check-in table in the dining room didn't just grow there- 13 lovely ladies, under the leadership of Bess Bowditch, collect the materials and arrange the displays. Each gal agrees to do two a year. The team includes: Joyce Albrecht, Margie Burns, Deborah Carey, Evelyn Doyle, Evebell Dunham, Betty Gray, Dottie MacMillan, Jean Mason, Sarah McCracken, Ruth Nierling, June Northwood, Virginia Putnam.

Where do they get the flowers? Peg Lewis' garden, Bernice Hopkins' beautiful roses, flowers from the garden plots (with permission) worked by the residents on the "east 40," plus their own ingenuity. Now they would like to have some more volunteers join their rank. So if you can help, call Bess Bowditch.

Oh yes! They do promise you a rose garden. In addition to the professional help in fertilizing and spraying, Bess' team does the daily tending and cutting.

Minnie Mae Franklin has been a one-person team to place fresh flowers on the "Count-me-in" table, the restrooms and, if there is enough left over, she takes them to the Health Center.

Those huge plantings around the whole building-Bob Blake has been taking care of them, watering, pruning, cleaning and moving them for the

past eight years. He would like some help. Rena Graham was his assistant and now Hildur has rearranged her schedule to lend a hand. Bob really needs a man here. Some of the plants have grown pretty heavy in the eight years.

Frank Melpolder tells me he still has two garden plots available. Now that we are getting into spring, would you like to raise some tomatoes or flowers or maybe some vegetables on your own? They are small plots, - you won't need a mule or a tractor. See Frank, but hurry, summer will be here soon, then comes fall, then the season is over and nothing has come up yet.

That small building alongside the Health Care Centers is our greenhouse. Built with the hard work of Bob Blake, Julian Price, Bruce Burns and some others to take care of wintering some tender plants and to provide a seed bed for new plants for the campus. Now, with the new building program, the greenhouse will be moved to an area beside building A, next to the car wash spot. Noel Freeman is the present chair of this activity and they, too, need more help. If this is an area you feel an urge for, call Noel Freeman.

While I'm outdoors here, let me call to your attention the many lovely gardens our cottagers have set up. Take a walk around, now that the spring has sprung up. The exercise is great for your health and the colorful

flowers and shrubs will be a treat for your eyes and your soul.

While you are out there, take a little detour around the pond, pause for a bit of a "sit down" in the gazebo, enjoy the refreshing view and the sparkling, splashing of the fountain. You are paying for it, so enjoy.

As you walk back to the building, glance up and around at the balconies and patios. Here, too, is beauty. If you have a balcony or patio that you would like to beautify, you can get suggestions from Susan Dees, Iva Rutenberg, Sarah McCracken and a number of others, plus K-Mart, Harris Teeter and the plant and garden shops. Having a very brown thumb, I went to the carpet shop and bought a lovely green, all weather rug for my balcony, and my housekeeper mows it with her vacuum as needed.

Keep a smile on your lips, love in your heart, and a lilt in your step. IT'S SPRING!!

—Earl Davis

### IN MEMORIAM

<b>Russell R. Campbell</b>	<b>March 8</b>
<b>Susan C. Dees</b>	<b>March 28</b>

## IN THE SURE AND CERTAIN HOPE

Bending over the stern of a small boat, I was holding a small polyethylene bag. The skipper slashed the bag with a knife, and ashes tumbled into the sea. In the background, the sea buoy tolled irregularly. Someone dropped daisies on the calm blue water.

While I have had many funerals through the years, I had never before had the committal of ashes to the sea. This was a very special experience for many reasons. The day was glorious and the sea was beautiful and calm. Far more important was my feeling for the deceased and his family. His wife had died earlier, and her ashes were now being joined with those of her husband in this service.

This is one of the special privileges of the priesthood to share such intimate moments with others. Baptisms, marriages, and funerals are so personal and carry the deepest longings, the highest expectations, the greatest joy and the greatest sorrow,

The expectations don't always match the event. Baptisms often fail to have quite the excitement that was felt at the time of physical birth. The expectations at marriages are often unreal and too great. The expectations at funerals are equally unreal and too small!

This committal was special (each in its own way) because this man and woman had lived on and with the sea—it was their love. Their ashes were now joined physically, but far more important these two people were rejoined in a new and glorious way.

Because of the man's life at

sea, it seemed particularly appropriate to have the committal to the sea. In a special way he was in his element. It occurred to me that in burial in the earth on previous occasions, I had never had quite the same feeling as I said, "Earth to earth." Now I realized that there can be a special appropriateness in those occasions. Many have loved the soil and derived great sustenance from working in it and making things grow. I knew that any committal would be a little different for me in the future.

In the past I had found many funeral practices offensive, as we perhaps tried to deny even the fact of death, that I had been inclined to minimize the mechanics of the burial service. I had not appreciated the idea that some things that we do at that time can have significant meaning.

Often there are negative feelings about graves. A plot in a cemetery lacks the mystery and beauty of the sea—but the mystery and beauty of what is happening is still there. Both in the colloquial sense of being at home and in the classic sense of returning to basic elements, committal is an appropriate gesture.

How can we raise our expectations? There is a loss, the end of a kind of relationship, and, for the person who has died, there certainly is the end of one kind of life. But on this day, for John and Veronica, there was the obvious expression of a different relationship that had been there all along—with angels and archangels and the whole company of heaven—a different and wonderful relationship with each other that tran-

scends limitations of time and space.

On this particular day, with these persons, the sea was right for the service. As we grow in the faith, we can have the same feeling at any committal. Things are as they should be—a person's physical remains are in his element—a reminder that he, in a far greater and more mysterious way, is in his element. It is an end, a goodbye. But it is also a beginning—like a birth or a marriage.

—Peter Robinson

### DISABILITY ETIQUETTE—COMMON COURTESIES

1. Ask a person if he/she needs help and listen to his/her instructions before diving in.
2. When giving directions to a person in a wheelchair, consider distance, weather conditions and physical obstacles such as stairs, curbs or steep hills.
3. When directing a person with a visual impairment, use specifics such as "left a hundred feet" or "right two yards."
4. Be considerate of the extra time it might take a person with a disability to get things done or said. Let the person set the pace.
5. When planning events involving persons with disabilities, consider their needs ahead of time.

Courtesy of Easter Seals publication—submitted by Mary Ruth Miller

## CLIPPINGS - Rose and Azalea Bush

Before we moved to The Forest, never did we have such a choice for our dinner menu. Sometimes one of us would want sliced tomatoes while the other would choose the little grape-shaped ones. Chicken or beef? Now each is satisfied! On the food subject, have any of you noticed some VERY FULL baskets leaving the Cafe? Of course, the amount might be for two people but we must remember that only food for one meal should be taken out. And from the Dining Room there can be no packed containers!

**Marjorie Jones'** smiling face and special comments made a super half-page UNC Health News ad for the local papers. She credited her orthopedic surgeon for giving her life back to her after hip surgery. **John Friedrich, Helen Corbett, Steve Fishler, Janet McKay and Elaine Hastings** have made good recovery with new hips and a new knee most recently has helped **Barbara Smith**.

**Betty Gray and Marion Patton** have been invited to New York to be Judges of food writing for the James Beard Foundation Journalism Awards. The ladies plan to attend an Awards Dinner, see some shows and visit friends while there... As we write this, Azalea has learned that **Betty** and husband, **John** are Elderhosteling in Cuba. Entry to that country had to be by way of Mexico... **Henry and Martha Fairbank** are in India for a family reunion. We'll hear more on their return. **Jennifer Bowes** has returned from Florida and **Mary Lou Wolfe** is home from her stay in NYC. Back from their world wanderings

are **Phyllis and Harry Owen ... The Goldthorps** made a quick trip to Savannah right after their daughter, **Diane** drove here in her new retro-looking PT Cruiser to visit them... While **Bernard Peach's** vacation in Hawaii was fine, his overnights on airport floors in Honolulu were no picnic... **Holland Robinson** returned to Antigua for his annual birthday/spring treat for his daughters, grandchildren and their friends... **Jeffrey Stewart** with his bride stopped by to visit his mother, **M.E...** A son from Seattle and a grandson from the DC area checked in with **Phil Sellers** recently ... **Bill and Janet Holley** and their three daughters were all together in the dining room a Sunday or two ago... **Jane Jones and Mary Frances White** boarded the Carolinian here in Durham to travel to Richmond for an evening of dinner and theater, then returned home by train the next day ... **Bud Parmentier and Elaine Caraher** celebrated their March birthdays in a big way ... **Nancy Carl and Molly Simes** discovered that they have a mutual Syracuse, NY friend from grade school days... Similar coincidences have happened between **Ginny Putnam and Bill Heroy** and others written about earlier ... The lovely camellias at the fountain in the lobby came from **Ruth Patterson's** former home where her son and his family now live.

**Maidi Hall, Nancy Sokol and Helen Corbett** were the faithful Foresters in Atlanta cheering for the Duke Men's basketball team! As of now we do not know the final winner. Earlier, **Helen and Nancy** were special guests for the Women's tournament in Greensboro. Our bus to Cameron is usually filled with our many basketball supporters...

**Gene Magat** seems destined to be our champion ping-pong player after he beat out **Bruce Burns, Bud Busse and Jim Shuping...** Now that's for the men! **Marion Bender and Edna Wilson** are having a friendly battle for the top place among TFAD ladies!

To help residents at The Caring House next door feel more comfortable, **Libby Getz, Betty Lamar, Ann Barlow, Marjorie Jones and Gay Atkinson** are each on duty one day a week. **Mary Ruth Miller** has been filling in during **Loie Watts'** absence and may continue... **Frank Light and Frank Simes** are Ambassadors at Duke Hospital... **Sarah McCracken** helps with incoming flowers and **Minnie Mae Franklin** arranges for baby pictures at Durham Regional Hospital... Meals on Wheels volunteers are **Ned and Sylvia Arnett** with **Lee Phelps** filling in when needed. Bingo is a fun time for Holbrook and Olsen residents. **Loma Young, Betty Joyce Wittle, Kathryn Holton and Marie Bremer** help out with that activity... **Trish Robertson and Lucy Grant** have been signing up residents to answer telephones for the festival fund drive at PBS-WUNC headquarters. Perhaps you saw these TFAD volunteers in action on March 31st on Channel 9 - **Peg Lewis, Evelyn Doyle, Aileen Schaller, Marion and Bernie Bender, Ellen Dozier, Marian Krugman, Carolyn Vail, Helen Corbett, Eleanor Kinney, Hazel Scheblik, Ann Kirkpatrick, Sally Sheehan, Robbie Robertson, Priscilla Squier, Evebell Dunham, Dick Capwell**.

Rose just reported that rubber bands last longer in the refrigerator! Did you know that?

## PERILS IN PERU

This is not a humorous tale, but an adventure which took place in 1986 when my sister, Myra, and I took a tour of South America. Peru was our first stop. Because of no reciprocal landing agreement between the two countries, we had to fly to Jamaica and change planes there. The problem was that Aero Peru did not come to pick us up and we had to stay overnight in Jamaica.. We were put up at Rose Hill and thoroughly enjoyed our stay there. Aero Peru showed up after lunch the following day and we took off. When night came, we saw the moon rise over the Andes - a sight I shall never forget. Beautiful and awesome!

We arrived at Lima Airport to be met with barbed wire and armed guards all over the place. Everyone was behaving nicely so we boarded a bus and were taken to the Sheraton Hotel, right in the middle of Lima. We were there three nights.

Our first day was spent touring around and learning about the city. The unemployment rate was over 50%.. The streets were lined with

people selling such things as pencils, fruits, shirts etc. from small carts - anything to make a little money. The poverty was evident throughout the city and crime was rampant. We were warned not to go out alone. One woman did venture out by herself, was spat upon and relieved of her purse.

The American Embassy was kitty-corner to our hotel. During the night we heard gun shots, and of course jumped out of bed and looked out the window to see what was going on. A bomb had gone off at the Embassy, people were running across the courtyard being shot at. It was frightful!

Our next bit of excitement came the following day. We had a tour of a monastery and when we exited through the rear door, we had to go one block to our bus. The street people were demonstrating, the police were there with water cannons, and we had to walk between the two to get across the street. Needless to say, we hurried. Our young guide told us later that if the police had opened up the water

cannon, she never would have found us again. But we made it and got back to our hotel - only to find the glass enclosure at the entrance had shattered and was a heap of broken glass that looked like ice shavings. We carefully stepped over the mounds, wondering what else could possibly happen.

Well, that night we were in bed, lights out, when we heard someone trying to make a key work in our door. It did work, but fortunately we had the chain on and that held it. I jumped out of bed and ran to lean against the door. Whoever was there departed.

There were elbow to-elbow police around the government buildings. The President's home was on the same square, and the Cathedral was on the third side of the square. It was all very military and forbidding. Scary even.

When we left for Machu Picchu we were glad to leave Lima behind. It was a wild beginning to a very interesting, fascinating trip around South America.

—Ginny Putnam

## APRIL

We are in receipt of a communication from a reader of last month's "March" column. It was written in green ink and signed "One of the Bhoys." Our correspondent takes offense at our assertion that March was a month devoid of holidays. "What about St. Patrick's Day?" he wanted to know, steam rising gently from the paper. Well, yes. But from what we saw on television of the celebrations honoring the good saint, he might have wondered if it was worth the trouble, carrying all those snakes out of Ireland.

(You thought they swam?) The wearing of the green by carousers who couldn't tell you where Ireland was even if sober raises some doubts about whether this holiday has become--- well, something else.

April has Easter, of course, a curious mixture of religious observance, pagan symbols of fertility like eggs, the Easter Parade of more or less fashions in New York, and a general welcoming of spring, if it has actually arrived and not been delayed by some meteorological disaster. We are

supposed to love April, and most of us do, especially poets and makers of spring clothes and greeting cards. There are complaints, always, that it's an uncertain month. "Laugh thy girlish laughter, and a moment after, weep thy girlish tears," all that stuff. But in the end, it really means that there's one more month out of the way before we can get the summer things out of the closet and relax in the sun. Happy, happy April.

--John Tebbel

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Bob Blake's  
**Puzzle**

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

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

**SPRING HAS SPRUNG**

ACORN	BUDS	DEER	HOPSCOTCH	SAP
ACTIVITY	BUTTERCUPS	ENERGY	ICE CREAM	SCREENS
AWAKENING	BUTTERFLIES	FEVER	INSECTS	SEEDS
BAREFOOT	CAMERA	FLIES	JUMP ROPE	SHOWERS
BASEBALL	CRICKETS	FLOWERS	JOGGING	SWING
BALMY	CROCUS	FOLIAGE	LAZY	TRIM
BIRDS	CULTIVATE	FRAGRANCE	LEAVES	UNDERGROWTH
BLOOM	DAFFODIL	GARDEN	LOVE	VINES
BREEZE	DAY LIGHT	GRASS	PICNIC	WARM
			RAIN	WEEDS

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