



THE FORESTER

The Forest at Duke

Volume 7 Issue 8

May 2001

A DAY IN THE LIFE; MARKETING



When Beth Corning, our Marketing Manager, arrives for work in the morning, the phone may be already ringing. If it isn't, it soon will be.

Much of the day's business is carried out over the wires.

There are inquiries from people thinking of moving here, messages from others who are in various stages of transition from the wait list to residence—that's only the beginning. Beth says she gets from 12 to

17 calls a day at least.

Other phone business involves media people who want The Forest to advertise in their publications, merchants who want us to buy their products, children carrying out school assignments and wanting to know how we operate, people who want to come and inspect so they're in need of guest rooms, which means lining up rooms when ours are filled. Some want to know where they can find the best places to eat. All this involves a great deal of detail work. Then there are the follow-up calls to and from applicants who are in the process of coming here.

Besides all this, Beth is involved in a great deal of committee work which means meetings and, of

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PRESIDENT'S CORNER

In the April 2000 Forester, I mentioned a mama bird on the nest about three feet from my front door. Would you believe there is another nest this year about six inches from last year's nest? The mama bird and baby have both left, but I wondered—could the mama bird this year be the baby bird of last year who's returning home?

Much of the time of the residents, the Residents' Board, management and staff and the TFAD Board has recently been devoted to the Project Summary relating to the long range planning. The plan has been presented to all caucuses. The summary of the residents' opinions is be-

ing assembled and will be presented to the Residents' Board on May 7. The Residents' Board report will be submitted to the Executive Committee on May 14, the Residents' Board will meet with the TFAD Board on May 29, the TFAD Board meets on May 30 for final review and approval. The ballot on cottages has been sent to all residents. The deadline for return was May 7.

It was encouraging to see so many of you at the April general meeting of the Residents' Association. Some of you may have questions or others may be interested in details of this and other meetings.

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The Forester

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We're on the web
www.forestduke.com

ATTENTION

For those residents interested in volunteering at the Sarah P. Duke Gardens to help with planting, weeding, trail maintenance or as an office, fund-raising, reception desk or gift shop assistant, you may contact Molly Simes at 403-9333 or Chuck Hemric at 668-1705.

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The minutes of all meetings are filed in the Library. The most recent are also posted in the area where the mail boxes are located.

Jim Shuping was nominated to fill the unexpired term of Director Lib Kern who resigned. The Board has elected him to fill this vacancy.

After meeting with the Executive Committee of the TFAD Board, the Residents' Finance Committee has obtained the needed information to ex-

plain to the residents the actuarial funded status relating to the monthly service fee increases. This was presented at the general meeting, and Captain Guy's long hours and dedication to this task was recognized by both the Residents' and TFAD Board.

Some changes have been made in the Dining Service management group which is employed by The Forest. This involved a merger between Morrison and another party. Diane West has been employed by Dining Services as Service Man-

ager.

Many of you will be leaving soon for extended summer stays away. We'll miss you.

In thinking of a way to wrap this up, I was reminded of a comment a lawyer friend made of his profession some years ago. "The big print giveth and the small print taketh away."

Peace!

--P. J. Burns

(Continued from page 1-Marketing)

course at the moment, involvement with the proposed renovations and expansion. Beth also makes speeches here and there, involving aspects of her job.

Then, of course, there's the business of getting people moved into their new homes, seeing that they're introduced to Max, overseeing details of the actual moving process and, as though this isn't enough, Beth is also involved with the Senior Citizens Center in Durham.

That's not the end of Beth's working days, but obviously it's the kind of job that re-

quires help, and she has it in spades with Kim Wilson, her assistant. Residents see her walking interested customers through the corridors, showing who and what we are. Kim gets to know these people, especially those she sees through the long period between interest, inspection, application, and final arrival. She's involved in every stage of this process. Often she hears that people know about us through some Duke connection. Tours take two or three hours, and that accounts for much of Kim's time. Like Beth, she's also involved in the whole process, from applica-

tion to arrival, when she gives new residents their welcome basket.

If it takes two to tango, as we used to say, it certainly takes these two, Beth and Kim, to handle the whole process of getting people into The Forest at Duke. In spite of the hesitating economy and gloomy Wall Street news, Beth says our wait list is still above 200 and there seems to be no evidence of a reversal, although what people want shows signs of change. Whatever, Beth and Kim are there to deliver.

--John Tebbel

"Even a single hair casts a shadow" Publius Syrus

Niagara.

Perhaps this is just what The Forest has been needing to stir things up. Some witches in Sweden have brewed an herbal tonic that, it is said, makes women's libido soar. This drink, allegedly, has unheard of virtues. It encourages the body to overcome mental and physical nervousness. It increases energy, alertness and ability to concentrate ... plus! The American distributor, a lady from Little Rock (no, not That one!), has trouble keeping this drink called Niagara (yes, it is spelled with an N) in stock. It flies off the shelves.

Nothing to do but try it, so I had a testing party with friends who were coming to play bridge. I served it chilled. After all it is pretty hot stuff. We sipped it gingerly . It was blue, fizzy and fruity. There was no coup de foudre. Our bridge went as usual. Perhaps when evening fell we would feel enhanced? Evening became night and night became morning. I felt no transformation. Neither did my friends. Perhaps a full bottle instead of a divided one would have better results? Conclusion - if you want a pleasant drink that "I, perhaps, give you a lift and are willing to pay \$5.00 for a small bottle, buy Niagara. The sole agent in Durham

is the restaurant, Seasoned Ticket.

Gifts.



Here's a great gift: Adopt a Finback

Whale!

By adopting a finback whale you "I be learning about this endangered species, helping to preserve it and giving a great gift. Call the Maine research team, Allied Whale at (207)288 5644.

The AAA catalogue has some great assists for the elderly. One that caught my eye was a swivel cushion that makes it easy to get in and out of a car. It lets you swing your legs sideways without twisting your back.

Price \$35.00, AAA members \$29.97. item 201089 tel. 1-800-631 4222

Restaurants.

It's a long way to go for a meal but friends took us to a restaurant in Raleigh the other evening. It's called Bloomsbury Bistro. Though there's no Virginia Wolfe or sister Vanessa lurking in the shadows they would have enjoyed dinner. It's an attractive place with snappy service and good food. I ate with hearty appetite - a very satisfying split pea soup (\$6.75) and a curry braised

lamb shank (\$17.50) The desserts looked mouth -watering but I settled for a decaf cappuccino (\$2.75). The chef-owner is John Toler.

Bloomsbury Bistro, 509-101 Whitaker Hill Rd. at Five Points, Raleigh Reservations (919) 834 9011

See you in October.

Vacation Time

Billy Bob and Lester were talking one afternoon when Billy Bob tells Lester, "Ya know, I reckon I'm about ready for a vacation. Only this year I'm gonna do it a little different.

The last few years, I took your suggestions as to where to go.

Three years ago you said to go to Hawaii. I went to Hawaii and Marie got pregnant.

Then two years ago, you told me to go to the Bahamas, and Made got pregnant again.

Last year you suggested Tahiti and damned if Marie didn't get pregnant again."

Lester asks Billy Bob, "So, what you gonna do this year that's different?"

Billy Bob says, "This year I'm taking Marie with me..

PROFILE

LEANNE CARNES

Something tall and charming and extraordinary has come to The Forest. It's Leanne Carnes, the new director of our exercise program. Men who haven't exercised for years may be enrolling, but women will also find a therapist who understands them.



Leanne was, as they say, an Army brat, born at Fort Ord, California, the daughter of a man who came from a long line of West Pointers. She grew up in the Army life, living in Germany and at various American posts,

going to high school in the Navy stronghold, Annapolis, before she went to college in, of all places, the relative quiet of Athens, Ohio, where she attended Ohio University. There she discovered her two loves: gerontology and athletics. She excelled at both, even being assigned to teaching before she graduated.

Once out of college, where to go? Hearing from friends that the Triangle was a good place to be, she moved to Durham two years ago and finally found the kind of job she wanted at The Forest.

Away from here, Leanne is a busy woman. She plays soccer, tennis, and swims, besides competing in triathlon events. At

home she always has two books in progress besides taking care of a cat named Cayenne and—get ready for this—a six-foot-long iguana named Frank who started out to be seven inches but got carried away. Frank gets along well with Cayenne and likes to snuggle up to Leanne. But visitors? Dickey—on their part.

Leanne is pursuing her gerontology studies at UNC and, in fact, has contributed a chapter to a forthcoming book on long-term care titled, "Bathing Without A Battle."

After years of wandering, Leanne believes she's found a home she loves: The Forest. Exercise, anyone?

--John Tebbel

Passage to India

(editor's note: due to the length of this article it will be presented in two parts.)

On March 14, 2001 Henry and I flew from Raleigh/Durham to Bombay (or Mumbai as it is now called) via Detroit and Amsterdam to join seven other members of our family: Henry's 82-year old cousin and her daughter from Seattle (both of whom were born in India and the mother married there,) Henry's physicist nephew from Japan where he had been doing research,, our two daughters flying from Duties Airport, our son's wife from Hartford Airport, and our son from Ethiopia where he'd been



on business. Our trip was a pilgrimage, planned by our son, to places near Mumbai where Henry's ancestors had been missionaries (preachers, doctors, and agricultural experts) with the Congregational church, and later, the United Church of Christ in 1835 Henry's great, great grandparents sailed as newlyweds from Boston "under canvas", around the Cape of Good Hope (since there was as yet no Suez Canal) and landed in Mumbai four months later! The last members of the family retired from that area in 1926. Most of our group had never been in India before, except the two who had been born there, and Henry and me, who had been there in transit to Nepal in 1968.

After hours aloft, we and our fellow travelers arrived on a hot

and steamy night, spilling out of the big Mumbai terminal and immediately being surrounded by crowds of expectant taxi drivers eager for fares, folks with signs indicating whom they were to meet, and the usual crowd of panhandlers. We saw no sign of Lucas, who was to meet us with the van from the hospital (which had been founded by the parents of Henry's cousin). Lucas was to take us to the Mumbai YMCA for the first 2 nights. Finally, as I stood looking helplessly around, I said aloud, "We were hoping to be met by someone named Lucas from the Wai Hospital". A tall Indian man standing nearby heard me, and answered "I'm Lucas". What a coincidence and what a relief! So he piled our luggage and us into the van and

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POETRY CORNER

LOYALTY

For college basketball, the season now is over,
And Duke reigns proud as champion once more.
Blue Devils doubtless think that they're in clover,
But to Cub fans, it is nothing but a bore.

The Super Bowl was won in this past season
By a team that now resides in Baltimore.
Its supporters love their Ravens with good reason,
But for Cubbies, it is just another bore.

I suppose the hockey season has now ended,
Though it seemed to last a year—or three or four.
I suppose the Stanley Cup has been defended;
For Cub fans, it remains a great big bore.

The Cub fan's often bated with rude queries:
"Is it possible that team is still alive?"
For, you know, they haven't made it to the series
Since that war-time summer back in forty-five".

Although White Sox fans may treat them with derision,
And they always lose more games than they can win;
Though they're rarely near the top of their division,
Real Cub fans are true blue through thick and thin.

So those fans must have a loyalty unyielding.
You can hear their voices raised in local clubs,
As their heroes boot another ball while fielding:
"We don't care who wins as long as it's the Cubs."
—George Chandler

THE BRIDE'S COMETH

For me It is the year of weddings, My
young have found their mates,
Niece, nephew, granddaughter Lynne,
Ought one their chosen date.

April, May, August set aside, Family
must attend the rites, Vacations rear-
ranged,
Can't miss nuptial delights.

Lets hope the weather smiles on us That
ole sol keeps his cool,
Our costumes stay crisp and tidy Soft
breezes be the rule.

I'll shed a tear yet smile a lot Recall my
vows of yore,
Refill my heart with all that love Down to
its very core.

---- ellen cheek dozier

I'M A SENIOR CITIZEN

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| 1. I'm the life of the party ... even when it lasts until 8 p.m. | I'm very good at telling stories.....over and over and over and over. | 6. I'm wrinkled, saggy, lumpy, and that's just my left leg. |
| 2. I'm very good at opening childproof caps with a hammer. I'm usually interested in going home before I get to where I am going. I'm good on a trip for at least an hour without my aspirin, beano, antacid | 3. I'm aware that other people's grandchildren are not as bright as mine. I'm so cared for: long term care, eye care, private care, dental Care.... | 7. I'm having trouble remembering simple words like |
| I'm the first one to find the bathroom wherever I go. I'm awake many hours before my body allows me to get up. I'm smiling all the time because I can't hear a thing you're saying. | 4. I'm not grouchy, I just don't like traffic, waiting, crowds, children, politicians | 8. I'm realizing that aging is not for sissies. I'm anti-everything now: anti-fat, antismoke, anti-noise, anti-inflammatory |
| | 5. I'm positive I did housework correctly before my mate retired. I'm sure everything I can't find is in a secure place. | I'm walking more (to the bathroom) and enjoying it less. |
| | | 9. I'm sure they are making adults much younger these days. |

Submitted by Creighton Lacy

BOOKNOTES

"Entering Normal," by Ann D. LeClaire. Normal is not a state of being in this case, it's a small town in Massachusetts where Rose Nelson lives. Rose lost her son, Todd, in an accident years ago and has never gotten over it. Her husband, Ned, hasn't known how to cope with her grief and has retired within himself. Into this family comes Opal Gates, a 20-year-old woman on the lam from a boyfriend. She has in tow her son, Zack, and rents a house next to Rose. That is where this fascinating story of how these two lives intersect begins. Add to this mix a nagging mother-in-law who lives in New Zion, North Carolina. The story



of these people is told so compellingly that readers are guaranteed to be held right up to the last page. (June)

"Back When We Were Grownups," by Anne Tyler. If the above family story doesn't grab you, try this one. Here we have Rebecca Davich who, at age 53, realizes that she is no longer the serene young woman of 20 she remembers so well. She and her mother and grandmother run a family business. In search of her past, she goes back to her hometown in Virginia to find out what kind of life she might have had. She finds the old boyfriend she jilted, and we learn about her life since then. This intricate and absorbing story is told in an effortless style that, just like the above novel, carries you to the last page. The publishers think

they have a hit—250,000 copies first printing. (June)

"The Botany of Desire: A Plant's Eye View of the World," by Michael Pollan. No, not what you think. The "desire" is the ability of plants to exploit the desire of humans to flourish. The subjects of this most unusual view of nature are: apples, potatoes, tulips and cannabis. As Pollan says, all these and man will forever "be in the same boat together." This highly original view is a challenge to what we think we know about human nature. These plants, says the author, exhibit human desire. Think about it when you next look at your garden. Or read this most unusual book—it's easier. (May)

--John Tebbel

GROWING PAINS

The red tulips near the front entrance have been splendid—a nice change from our usual pansies. It was generally agreed at a recent Grounds Committee meeting that Capital Landscaping has been doing a good job for us. They have been



busy all winter spreading mulch, removing stumps, pruning and planting trees. Three lovely large hollies that had grown too large for their place by the dining room were moved to new locations. Twenty-one trees and shrubs have been planted including Chinese Pistache, Zelkova, Red Maples, a Sugar Maple, Yoskino Cherry, River Birch,

and Chinese Elm. The funny green bags you saw around the new trees were to give them a drink of water.

Frank Melpolder tells me there are still five garden plots available.

Time to move your outdoor plants out of the greenhouse.

--Betty Niles Gray

Advice for Happiness

1. It is well documented that for every mile you jog, you add one minute to your life. This enables you, at age 85, to spend an additional 5 months in a nursing home at \$5,000 per month.
2. My grandmother started walking 5 miles a day when she was 60. She is now 97 and we don't know where she is.

3. The only reason I would take up jogging is to hear heavy breathing again.
4. I joined a health club last year, spent about \$400. Haven't lost a pound -- apparently you have to show up.
5. I have to exercise early in the morning before my brain figures out what I am doing.

6. I don't exercise at all. If God meant us to touch our toes, he would have put them further up our body.
7. I like long walks, especially when they are taken by people who annoy me.
8. I don't jog — it makes the ice jump right out of the glass.

The day is a day at the office. A day marked by routine and drudgery when compared with other more stimulating aspects of work. The job is one of the many, many aspects of the work of the priest in an Episcopal church. The job, in a small, disorganized and understaffed office, is simply the long delayed task of bringing up to date the church mailing list. This includes the task of going through the trays of plates used in the mailing machine and discarding the names and addresses of people who for various reasons are not longer associated with the congregation.

And so you pull out the metal plates. The portion carrying the name is removed and thrown away. The frame is saved and some day the name of another person will be placed in it. The world turns on. Some leave, others come. There is a deadly patter which shouts futility at the efforts made in the past, which reminds you that that which was the burning concern of one moment is now but a thin metal plate being discarded.

And yet you know that the Joneses are more than a thin aluminum plate to be used to notify them of a change in the services, of a special meeting, or to remind them of their need to consider seriously their financial contribution. The metal plate has served its purpose. The Joneses have purpose—in the world of stamped aluminum and names and mailing lists. The Joneses are still impor-

tant—and you wonder. Did the new job in a distant city prove to be what they hoped it would be? Does the baby still have trouble with asthma?

And now the Burns family. They were trying so hard to stay together. Do new circumstances help? Or is it more difficult and have they given up, resigned to a life filled with disappointment and bitterness, looking for the worst in each other rather than the best, making the worst of life and in despair casting the hope of life away, as you cast the metal plate into the waste paper and pencil shavings of yesterday.

Bill Johnson left to establish his own small business. If only he can get through the first year. And George Wilmer must find the meaning of life in another world. Is it really true? Does death really mean new life? You think of him so faithfully sitting in the back row of the choir, always there. You think of him those last weeks in the hospital, as all the goals and standards he had worked for and accepted for 60 years were challenged and shattered by the finality of death. Yet you can never forget his unvoiced conviction that the future does make sense and does offer hope. You smile and you think of the one little comment, perhaps slightly facetious, that perhaps the new choir director would be Palestrina and Bach himself would be at the organ. And in the idle speculation, George wondered if even under those circumstances the new

congregation would not complain about the hymns and say the organ is too loud.

And so with the Lamberts, the Jeffersons, and Mary Osborne. You had for a fleeting moment felt that you were a part of their fears, their hopes, their disappointments, and their joys. You remember wedding days, Baptisms of children, and lonely nights of worry and sorrow. And for you they are gone—some to other towns, some into their own shells as they shut themselves off from the mainstream of life; and some to the unknown which promises everything and assures nothing.

There is an empty feeling, a hollowness as you dispose of the last plate. But the process begins anew. More names to be added—new people. Who are they? Some will surprise you with their help and their qualities. Others will disappoint you. And some of them you will know only by name.

Then on another ordinary day repeating the same ordinary job, their names will be on other plates which are dismantled and thrown away. But the frames will be carefully saved and other names again places upon them.

And the memory of those who have gone stays in your heart.

--Peter Robinson

Funny thing about May. It's two-faced. We're brought up to think of the May flowers and dancing around the may pole (not recently, though,) and pink early summer dresses against the background of green lawns. Blue skies up above, everyone's in love—all that sort of thing.

That's what May want us



to think—until we look again at this deceitful girl. Why do you suppose aircraft in deep trouble send out the signal, "Mayday, Mayday?" That means BIG trouble, not only right here in River City but all over the planet. For one thing, May Day is the more or less traditional day when Communists celebrate the Revolution—any revolution, past or present. Some of the worst industrial riots in the country's history have occurred on May Day. It's a popular day

for demonstrations of all kinds.

Rodgers and Hammerstein knew what they were talking about when they wrote, "May is full of promises" but "she ain't keeping none," I think it goes, and "it seems as though summer'll never come." Of course these are Northern lyrics, written by men mindful of the occasional May snowstorm. Not here. Just the same, be careful about May. She's a flighty girl, as grandpa used to say.

--John Tebbel

VOLUNTEERING OFF CAMPUS

Many residents have lived in Durham long enough to have established their own charities and volunteer activities but for the rest of us, here are some suggestions. First you will need an auto and the ability to drive plus a good street map of Durham County.

For the history buffs, Duke Homestead and Tobacco Museum want tour leaders and hostesses. Take I-85 to Guess Road north for several blocks, follow signs, turn right to the Homestead and park. Be sure you point out the mural painted of a tobacco field painted by our own Bob Blake.



In the same general area, go north on Duke Street from I-85, about three blocks, turn right and follow signs for The Museum of Life and Science. They need docents, tour guides, for the butterfly exhibition, petting farm, train rides, etc.

Our Civil War park, Bennett Place. Go north on 751 to the dead end, turn left (on Rt. 70,) watch for road split to left and follow signs to the farm where the final surrender took place of the troops to end the Civil War. Open all year for exhibits and picnics. Annual reenactment programs.

If art is your thing, the Duke Museum of Art always needs docents. See Helen Corbett. The Durham Arts Council also needs helpers—it is in the center of Durham, just one block west of the Carolina Theater.

Are you a flower and plant lover? See Molly Simes for details on serving in the Sarah P. Duke Gardens. The new education building will open soon, and they will need a number of volunteers.



How about animals? In addition to the SPCA shelter there is also the Duke Primate Center. Take 751 north. After you go under 15-501, turn left at Erwin Road. First driveway to your left is the entrance. Call for an appointment first.)

If hiking or the great out-

doors is your thing, look up The Friends of the Eno River. The park is north on Duke Street, beyond the Durham Regional Hospital complex, on the left. Watch for signs. They have an extensive year round program with plenty of activity.

And then there are the well known groups, such as Meals on Wheels, Durham Rescue Mission, Red Cross, the Salvation Army. See Minnie Mae Franklin or Sarah McCracken for service on the Bloodmobile, etc.

For the myriad of opportunities to serve at Duke Medical Center, call the volunteer services desk, or talk to some of our residents (there must be 25 or 30 of them) who serve.

Telephone numbers for all of the above are in the Blue Pages of your telephone directory. It is best to call before you go so that the proper person will be there to interview you.

If I have forgotten your favorite activity, please forgive. Do join in by joining up. Volunteering is fun and it helps others. For some other activities, check with Peg Lewis. -Earl Davis

(Continued from page 4-Passage to India)

started the seemingly interminable drive through the streets of Mumbai. We passed beautiful 5-star hotels mixed in with other tall buildings, blocks of slum huts which looked as if they were thrown together with cardboard and sheets of corrugated metal, and heavy traffic made even worse by hordes of three wheeled taxis, vans, bicycles, motorcycles, and passenger cars. Whenever we stopped for a traffic light, beggars came up and tapped on the windows of the van, asking for a handout. Some were mothers carrying small babies, who supposedly were hungry. They looked so tragic. Cousin Charlotte said that there were fewer beggars now than there had been in 1974 when she was there last. Begging

has been outlawed, but that doesn't stop them from trying. It seemed that we drove through Mumbai for hours before arriving at the YMCA and our welcome bed for the night.

Despite jet-lag, we launched out the next day on what ended up being our daily fare, a whirlwind visit to various parts of the Marathi Mission, founded by Henry's great, great grandfather. First, we visited a neighborhood house where we saw classes of children of various ages from this poor district, as well as classes for retarded children, a salesroom for crafts done by talented local weavers and seamstresses, and a library for the neighborhood folks to use. We also visited a high school where we again met classes of slum children with tal-

ented and dedicated teachers, and a big church founded by another member of the family.

If you think of planning a trip to India, renting a car and driving yourself to historic spots - DON'T! We ended up being driven to several of the mission stations via the hospital van and a rented car (the latter, thankfully with a sort of air conditioning for us older folks) and always being grateful that we got there safely. Lucas drove the van, and the driver of the other car was a man whom we called by the name of his home country, Goa. They were both very good drivers and mercifully delivered us safely each evening back to our destination. Motor traffic moves on the left as in England, is frantic, fast,

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LIBRARY NOTES

More ways to pass time are in the I library annex with the copy machine: the TFAD jigsaw puzzle collection. We have cardboard puzzles ranging from the simple one with 100 (or fewer) pieces to the complex ones of 1500 pieces. Then there are the elegant wooden ones-original paintings and fancy cuts by Rinka and by Borroff. Boxes marked with a large blue dot contain puzzles with larger-sized pieces.

In case a piece is missing, look in the plastic sheets next to the sign-out box. Or, if you find an orphan piece, please add it to the plastic sheets.

All puzzles can be checked out. Just fill out the card in the puzzle box and leave it in the brown sign-out box on the puzzle shelf. When you return it, replace the card. Note that puzzles should have all the pieces

separated when returned.

The annex houses our eclectic collection of paperbacks, some of them double-stacked. Categories include fiction, non-fiction, biographies, romances, mysteries, westerns, and separate categories of popular authors such as Agatha Christie, C. S. Forester, Dick Francis, Patricia Moyes, Dean Koontz, Robert Ludlum, Louis L'Amour, P. D. James, Patrick O'Brian, James Kellerman, and others. All of these may be borrowed without signing them out. Recent returns and donations are to be put in the birdcage shelves just inside the annex door.

Also in the annex: our genealogy reference collection, N. C. driver's license information, income tax (U. S. and N. C.) forms and information, and the Britannica Great Books collec-

tion. Extra copies of the most recent TFAD newsletter, The Forester, are on the top shelf.

You'll find a treasure trove in the library annex. The library-check it out!

-Mary Ruth Miller

Author'. Author'.

Our very own Mary Ruth Miller has written her first novel, "Chilhowee", a contemporary southern story published by 1st Books Library.

Mary Ruth will be doing readings and autographing copies at the Regulator Bookshop on Ninth Street Thursday, May 31 at 7 p.m.'and here at TFAD on Wednesday, June 13, at 10:30am.

Congratulations, Mary Ruth!

While **Virginia Jones** and **Mary Ruth Miller** were visiting those marvelous historical ruins during their Elderhostel in Turkey, Duke Men's Basketball championship news was broadcast to all in that faraway place! On that tour were two native Turkish women who had Duke University and Medical Center ties... **Virginia** will soon go to Princeton where she has been invited to attend two days of lectures to honor her late husband... Home from Hawaii are **Herb** and **Berniece Steeker** who enjoyed reminiscing with longtime friends during their extended stay ... When **Jim** and **Susan Shuping's** six-year old grandson invited them to his birthday party in Chicago, of course they made the trip... While in California visiting his daughter, **John Friedrich** rode on a huge catamaran to Catalina Island ... **Evelyn Doyle** back too, from California with a side trip to South Carolina ... **Ann Kirkpatrick** attended her grandson's graduation from Antioch College and **Deborah Carey** was an honored guest at her grandson's wedding in Goldsboro... Home from Tokyo is **Ginny Goldthorp** who visited her first great grandchild. Great grandfather **Bill** provided

shuttle service between here and Dulles... **George** and **Geneva Buguslavsky** have returned from their winter in Florida and **Martha** and **Henry Fairbank** have resumed their "paper route" after their satisfying family trip to India... We missed reporting the **Heroy's** Caribbean cruise last month and now they are home from a week in Williamsburg but the traveling **Robertsons** are off for an extended drive to Texas and Arizona... **Molly** and **Frank Simes** met their daughter at Wintergreen Resort in VA for a week-end visit... **Jean Mason** had a fun family time in MA and CT..

Bernie and **Marion Bender** and **Priscilla Squier**, at this writing are zigzagging across the Mediterranean Sea, then the Atlantic to French Guiana, Barbados, Bermuda, New York and home! The **Rueggs**, **Jane Jones** and **Caroline Long** went on a barge trip to the Mississippi Delta. How many of you remember **Caroline's** brother's story telling event here at The Forest? It was a fun time and we were impressed with his memory - no notes!

Spring and April brought many visitors here! **Phyllis**

Darbo's son from Connecticut and daughter from Kill Devil Hills were among them... **Mary** and **Frank Light** had family from the DC area .. **Jill** and **Bob Moyer** entertained friends from Quebec... **Loie** and **Art Watts** gathered on Easter weekend at the Hotel Sienna with 21 family members for a memorable time... **Sally Sheehan's** daughter and husband were here and relatives of **Joyce** and **Ed Albrecht** were in the area.

Among the group of season ticket holders for the Women's Basketball games were **Nancy Sokal**, **Helen Corbett**, the **Nances**, **Blackmans** and **Dunhams** for the "End of Season" luncheon at Cameron Indoor Stadium ... Volunteers for a variety of recent projects at Duke Gardens included **P. J. Burns**, **Sarah McCracken**, **Minnie Mae Franklin**, **Betty Kent**, **Jane Jones**, **Berniece Steeker**, **Bernice Hopkins**, **Betty Willis**, **Phyllis Magat**, **Gay Atkinson**, **Molly** and **Frank Simes**, **Evebell** and **Bob Dunham**, **Edna Wilson** and **Julia Negley**.

My namesake (Azalea) put on a beautiful show of blossoms this year and mine, (Rose) are almost ready to burst into bloom!

(Continued from page 9-Passage to India)

and noisy, with much honking and near-misses. Our drivers passed and re-passed trucks, buses, taxis, motorcycles with two or three passengers, bicycles carrying huge bundles of freight, and large carts lumbering along slowly, drawn by bullocks, plus

many, many of those 3 wheeled taxis, as well as pedestrians with traffic approaching them from the back. There were often women in multi-colored saris walking along, carrying big pots or bundles on their heads, holding a child by the hand or carrying a baby. Nowhere did we see

an accident, but maybe it was because we preferred not to look as we sailed down the road, or was it by the grace of God that we escaped? It was a constant game of "chicken".

(to be continued)

Martha Fairbank

Together with 19 others, Betty and I spent two weeks in



Cuba on an Elderhostel program somewhat fancifully called, "Ecological Diversity of Western Cuba." Staying in five different hotels we listened to seven different Cuban lecturers talking in Spanish (translated, of course, for us) about Cuban history, ecology, environment, flora, fauna and many other things, but not about politics. During the entire trip we had an American guide and a Cuban guide, both of whom spoke English and Cuban Spanish, and both of whom regaled us with information galore. Here are a few of our many interesting experiences:

School Visit – Not often available to Elderhostel and not to other tourists, we were lucky to visit with three different classes in an elementary school (grades 1-6.) The kids and teachers were all happy, enthusiastic and friendly. We came away feeling that if all Cuban schools were as good as this one, the Cubans are indeed fortunate at least in this respect.

Home Visit – In a separate group (five in our group) we visited a Cuban family in their home accompanied by a Cuban university student who spoke English and served as translator. Our family consisted of a retired cook, his wife, their daughter, their daughter's son (age six,) in their tiny apartment which they had occupied for 39 years. We

were served rum (of course) and coke as well as sandwiches. We were graciously received by our family who seemed pleased with our visit and were happy, even eager, to answer our questions.

Tobacco Factory – We watched 40 or so women (and a few men) making cigars. They were permitted to smoke cigars while working (no charge for the cigars) and some were doing so. Incidentally \$200 will buy you a box of 25 good quality Cuban cigars in Cuba

Sugar Mill – Sugar used to be the #1 economic resource of Cuba (now it is tourism.) The mill we visited is not far from the Bay of Pigs and was Castro's headquarters in 1961 when his men handily overwhelmed the invaders. We toured the mill (operating 24 hours a day, 15 days at a time) watching the machinery (installed in 1916) turn the cane into raw sugar, and received a bit of the finished product on the way out.

Zapata Swamp – This is a vast swampy area interspersed with some forested areas. Few people live here. It's a good area for birds, so we got up before dawn and went bird watching. The bird count included egrets, herons, flamingos, spoonbills, as well as the Cuban national bird, the trogon. Many of the birds had already migrated so the usual sizeable flocks seen in winter no longer were there. Crocodiles are also in this area, but we didn't see any.

Trinidad – This city founded in 1514 is in the heart of the sugar growing areas. The

Spanish owners of the sugar farms and factories became fabulously rich especially during the 1800's. They built in this city some of the most resplendent homes you can imagine and filled them with equally wonderful furnishings imported from Spain. Many of these places have been preserved or restored. Some are now museums. This city is now a World Heritage Site (per the U.N.) which affords it protection. It was well worth the day spent "doing" the town.

As you may surmise from the above, we had an exceptionally interesting time and would encourage anyone who can to go. If you do, be aware that virtually the only currency in Cuba is the U.S. dollar (they also have a Cuban peso, but it is worthless for tourists and almost worthless for Cubans.) Your U. S. credit card and your U.S. bank check are both of no use in Cuba, so bring U.S. dollars!!!!

--John E. Gray

IN MEMORIAM

Dan Lacy

April 17

Mary W. Brown April 25

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

Which COUNTRY for Summer's Visit

AFGHANISTAN	CHINA	HAITI	LAOS	PERU
ALBANIA	COLUMBIA	HONDURAS	LEBANON	POLAND
ARGENTINA	CROATIA	INDIA	LIBERIA	RUSSIA
AUSTRALIA	CUBA	IRAN	LIBYA	SAUDI ARABIA
AUSTRIA	CZECHOSLOVAKIA	IRAQ	LUXEMBOUR	SPAIN
BELGIUM	EGYPT	ISRAEL	NEPAL	SWEDEN
BOLIVIA	FRANCE	ITALY	NETHERLANDS	SWITZERLAND
BRAZIL	GERMANY	JAPAN	NICARAGUA	SYRIA
BULGARIA	GREECE	JORDAN	NORWAY	TURKEY
CHILE	GUATEMALA	KOREA	PANAMA	VIETNAM
