



THE FORESTER

The Forest at Duke

Volume 7 Issue 9

June 2001

A DAY IN THE LIFE: DINING

By the time Barrie Lobo, our Dining Services Manager, gets to work sometime between 9 and 10 o'clock, he's already done a quantity of work. Driving Forestward, he uses his cell phone to check his voice mail and often to talk with his assistant, Laurie Lach.



By the time he's at his desk he knows what the immediate problems are, if any, and he's ready then to deal with communiqués from residents who are not shy about telling him what's right or what's wrong with dining at The Forest.

As an ex-Marine, Barrie knows how to run a tight ship, but he

doesn't do it in the style purveyed to TV viewers by "Boot Camp." No face-to-face screaming. Barrie gets the job done by educating his extremely varied staff and insisting on standards. It pays off. It's always hard to get workers these days, and Barrie's job is complicated because so many of our people in his department come from local high schools. It's a tribute to his methods that we continue to get good people because those who work here or have worked here tell their friends that it's good to be employed by The Forest. We're very big on referrals.

If it's a Tuesday, it's Paper Work Day for Barrie. Otherwise, he deals with whatever needs attention—in the staff, the café, production, and diet aides—among other items. Later, as we all know, he often ap-

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PRESIDENT'S CORNER

All of the formalities pertaining to the building program have been completed. By the time you read this the TFAD Board will have probably decided on the final plans. Your Residents' Board had an excellent meeting with the Executive Committee, and I assure you that the residents' concerns and recommendations were heard. Our report to them included our recommendations as follows:

1. A motion passed unanimously that the Health Care facilities, with access only begin as soon as possible and all other changes be delayed until this is finished and the financial impact is known.

2. In spite of assurances that "nothing is etched in stone" and that resident input will be considered, this has obviously not occurred. The widespread opposition as shown in the Residents' Opinions brochure is not felt to be "resistance to change" but desires to maintain the ambience and elegance which the original planners provided. It is hoped that only positive changes can be made and not changes the residents see as "fixing something which ain't broke."

3. It is obvious from the drawings that changes need to be made in the Assisted Living units--i.e., closets, room arrangements, etc.

4. The design of the "Club

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The Forester

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We're on the web
www.forestduke.com

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The next issue of The Forester will be the October issue.

After 3 years at the helm I am turning the reins back to Bob Dunham, who was publisher at its inception and its first 3 years of publication.

I have enjoyed working with this great staff and look forward to the continued development of our newspaper.

HAVE A GREAT SUMMER!

—Bernie Bender

(Continued from page 1-President)

Room" with eating, reading, TV, and billiards in one enclosed area leaves much to be desired.

Robbie Robertson, Lois Watts, Beth Upchurch, Bud Busse and Jim Shuping represented you ably in presenting our opinions. Other Board members contributed as questions

arose from the Executive Committee of the Big Board. These included such things as the skyway, party room location, flexibility in architectural designs, etc.

Irrespective of the outcome of the final plans, we advised them that we recognized that the final decisions rested with the

Big Board. We also reminded them, though, that we hoped and expected they will hear our opinions in making their decisions.

"When I hear someone say, 'life is hard,' I am always tempted to ask, 'compared to what?'"
--Sidney Harris Peace!

--P. J. Burns

SENIOR MOMENT

For about a week a bird (Towhee) pecked and flung himself repeatedly onto my kitchen window. His headache must have become severe as he fought his reflection. The sound was like someone knocking on the door all day.

A female Towhee sat in a nearby tree enjoying the ritual I had to act. What to do? "I need a scarecrow", I said.

An 8X10" portrait of myself was placed on the windowsill.

The male Towhee appeared at

once, took one look, and like the Raven before him said, "NEVERMORE, that's the worst thing I ever saw" as he departed forever. Silence is golden around here now.

—Elizabeth F. Dube

(Continued from page 1-Barry Lobo)

pears in the dining room at night, helping serve dinners if he's shorthanded that night, helping out in the kitchen—if that's where help is needed—in short, doing whatever has to be done.

In the office there are always scheduling problems. One of the most important parts of the day's work is to see who's there and who isn't, which means getting the absentee's work done.

At the moment, Barrie

also must deal with next year's budget, a complicated business in itself. While he's doing the day's work, he's also planning ahead. Including next year's meals.

Barrie sees his job, in a broad sense, as multiple public relations, directed to three audiences: employees, the residents, and his own multiple contacts. Those of us who watch him pursuing this agenda can't help but be impressed by the speed, effi-

ciency, and good will with which he does it. That means not only dealing with his staff, but a day's work may also include interviews and other recruiting activities.

For Barrie, every day is a long and complicated one. Luckily for The Forest, he's more than equal to it.

--John Tebbel

WILLIAM B. HEROY, JR.— Honorary member award

Bill Heroy has had, almost literally, a lifelong association with geology, having grown up in a household headed by a geologist father, William B. Heroy, himself a past president of AAPG and a Sidney Powers Medalist.

Bill's youth was spent largely in White Plains, New York, where he graduated from high school in 1933. That fall, Bill entered Dartmouth, where he majored in geology, graduating in 1937. He married Dorothy that summer, and that fall he entered graduate school at Princeton. His doctoral dissertation was done out of Princeton's Field Geology Base (what is now the YBRA Field Station) in Red Lodge, Montana. The dissertation subject was "The Geology of the Shell Canyon Area, Bighorn Mountains, Wyoming," and the work was completed in 1941.

Bill went to work immediately for Texaco in Midland, Texas and spent all of the World War II years with Texaco. Then he transferred from west Texas to Dallas, where he joined the Geotechnical Corporation, at that time one of the leading geophysical exploration companies. His first position there was as geologist, but Bill rose rapidly to a position as supervisor, vice president, and ultimately, president. During the latter part of his "Geotech" days the company was heavily involved in producing the instruments and establishing the network necessary to monitor

the nation's nuclear treaties. In 1965, when Geotech merged with the Teledyne Corporation, Bill became group executive and assistant to the president of Teledyne. In 1970 Bill joined Southern Methodist University (SMU) as vice president-treasurer and professor of geology. He left the SMU vice presidency in 1978 when he became president of the Institute for the Study of Earth and Man (ISEM), an independent research institute on the SMU campus, but retained the professorship of geology until 1981 when he retired as professor emeritus and president emeritus of ISEM.

At the same time he was carrying the very active professional life just described, Bill was active in civic and professional scientific society affairs. His civic involvements included a long association with the Boy Scouts of America. There he served as scoutmaster and Explorer leader as well as being a member of the local Council's board. Additionally, he earned the Woodbadge—a high recognition for adult leaders. He served on the Dallas Chamber of Commerce, where he was vice chairman of the chamber which initiated the County Junior College Program which now has 5 campuses, and several of its important working subcommittees). Additionally, he served as a member of several civic and business boards, notable among them that of being a trustee of the Hockaday School

for nine years, a board member, vice president, and president of the Dallas-Fort Worth Council of Scientific Societies, and a member and president of the Dallas Philosophical Society. He was also a trustee of the SMU Foundation for Science and case with many geologists, lived in a number of places. Currently they reside in The Forest at Duke, a retirement community in Durham, North Carolina. They continue to enjoy travel and, Bill points out, have together and for fun visited all seven continents. He also maintains his interest in stamp collecting and history and together they enjoy bridge and classical music.

In view of Bill's long and distinguished career as a geologist, scientific and technologic administrator, educator, and supporter of research in the national interest, being named an Honorary Member in AAPG would be well merited. When one views Bill's many additional contributions, over and above those associated with his employment, and notes how widely they are distributed across numerous societies and worthy nongeological activities, this recognition is indeed compelling.

Citation - To William B. Heroy Jr., for his significant contributions to the geologic profession, the scientific community, and the nation's security, and for his devoted service to the Association.

Courtesy of Ewald Busse

BOOKNOTES

If you love the English countryside and can't get there this summer, the next best thing is to read "Summer at Fairacre," by the writer who signs herself Miss Read. She's been writing about the Cotswold village of Fairacre for some time now (since the 1950s) and her books have been best-sellers in England all that time. The publishers hope to introduce her to an American audience. If you read her, you'll come to know the inhabitants of this village as though they were old friends. Guaranteed enjoyment here, a sort of summer Masterpiece Theater. (May 15)

While we're in England,

consider another great summer read: Liza Picard's "Dr. Johnson's London," with a subtitle that tells it all: "Coffee-Houses and Climbing Boys, Medicine, Toothpaste and Gin, Poverty and Press Gangs, Freak shows and Female Education." This is life in what, at the time, was Europe's largest and most dynamic city, brought vividly to life in these pages. Picard, whose previous book was "Restoration London," is a master at recreating the past, told in often vivid prose. (July)

Was General Sherman the arch-demon of the Civil War, as many Southerners still believe? Or was he a tortured man not

well understood even by his Northern contemporaries? However readers may feel about him at the moment, they'll find an entirely new view of the man in "Sherman: A Soldier's Life," by the historian Lee Kennett. This is not military history, it's human history, in which Sherman emerges as a narcissistic personality who all his life tried to avoid criticism by raising his achievement level. There was a great deal more to Sherman than the March to the Sea, and this excellent biography tells a compelling tale (June).

--John Tebbel

LIBRARY NOTES --Mary Ruth Miller

Are your eyes getting dimmer? Do you have trouble reading? If so, help is available.

First, our library has a growing collection of large-print books. These are housed on the "island" book shelves in the middle of the room. Just pull up a chair, have a seat, and browse. All have cards in the back for checking out.

When you've exhausted our collection, try OASIS. The Durham Public Library comes every two weeks on Thursday afternoons. (See the Activities schedule for dates.) The ladies bring some large-print books for checking out, and will take requests for others.

Another help is our Visualtek machine, where you can sit down and enlarge a paper, or book for easier reading. Library volunteers can provide assistance as needed.

Then do you know about the North Carolina Library for the Blind and Physically Handicapped? Several Foresters are regular users. Through the Library of Congress system it has available audiotapes and books in various categories, and it supplies special machines for listening to the audiotapes. Users receive the types of books or tapes they wish, sent in returnable mailers. When they are returned, another shipment will arrive automatically. Users can also call direct to make requests. Our TFAD social workers have the application information.

Still another resource is the Triangle Radio Reading Service, which brings news and information seven days a week to blind and print handicapped people throughout the Triangle area with the help of WUNC-FM. Listeners are provided with special re-

ceivers that enable them to hear TRRS volunteers read from a variety of newspapers, magazines, and books on numerous topics. Upon request the Service will provide a special receiver or a complete program guide in large type or Braille. You may contact TRRS by phone at 919-832-5138, or by mail at Triangle Radio Reading Service, Six Forks Common, 211 Six Forks Road, Suite 103, Raleigh, NC 27709-7743. The service is free of charge, but tax-deductible donations are appreciated. Jane Jones in our library has the Listener Application forms.

REMINDER to the absent-minded among us-Be sure not to take out any library materials without checking them out first!!! Only paperbacks and magazines which have no cards are the exceptions. Then return them when finished!

POETRY CORNER

"The Brides Cometh"

For me 'tis 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 rearranged,
Can't miss nuptial delights.

Let's 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

ONLY THE BEST

A porterhouse, sirloin or T-bone
Mr. Butcherman give me a break,
The array on your tray is staggering
Don't let this buyer make a mistake.
The high cost per pound does not matter
I'll float a loan if it necessitates,
But my grandson is coming to dine
And I must have your very best steak.
He's traveled a month in the Far East
Eaten strange things like lizard and snake.
We're so thankful he got out safely,
Only your best meat to celebrate.

--ellen cheek dozier

JUST NONSENSE

by George Chandler

He thought he saw a sora that
Was railing at a coot.
He looked again and found it was
A horned owl on a toot.
"In my untutored view," he said,
"These fowl aren't worth a hoot."

He thought he saw a bear who played
A Beethoven cadenza.
He looked again and found it was
A cake on a credenza.
"I think," he said,, "I'd rather have
"My *dolce* in *Firenze*."

Fill 'er up

Our recent observations about
the rising cost of gasoline got
reader James R. Giusti thinking it
could be a whole lot worse.

"So, you think a gallon of gaso-
line is expensive, huh?" he says.

"Lipton iced Tea, 16 oz. for
\$1.19 - \$9.52 per gallon.

"Gatorade, 20 oz. for \$1.59 -
\$10.17 per gallon....

"Vicks Nyquil, 6 oz. for
\$8.35 - \$178.13 per gallon.

"Pepto Bismol, 4 oz. for
\$3.85 - \$123.20 per gallon....

"Scope, 1.5 oz. [trial size] for
\$0.99 - \$84.48 per gallon.

"And this is the real kicker:

"Evian water, 9 oz. for
\$1.49 - \$21.19 per gallon."

PROFILE

PROFILE: DIANNE WEST

In a building full of grandmothers, our new Service Manager, Dianne West, is one of



t h e
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d o e s n ' t
l o o k
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whatever traditional grandmothers are supposed to look like. And she's a grandmother twice over.

A native of Spartanburg, South Carolina, Dianne put together an education from attending various small colleges, including Rutledge Business Col-

lege, Catawba Valley Tech in Hickory, N. C., and the University of Florida. After a brief time as a bookkeeper, she began working in the fields that she loves—food service and health care. Her present job is a new experience, but that's something Dianne particularly likes—learning new things.

A divorcee, to use the old word, Dianne lives in Chapel Hill, but she stays in close touch with her family. That would include her daughter, Sonya, who lives in Spartanburg with her two children, Blake who is six, and Alexis, four. Her son, Allen, also lives in Spartanburg.

At home, Dianne has several interests, but she especially loves music and the theater, which doesn't exclude travel, shopping, and all the mountain air she can arrange.

At The Forest, as an employee of Morrison, our food supplier, she's learning something new about the food service business. She enjoys everything about The Forest, but the part of it she likes best is the fountain. "I could sit beside it all day," she says. Unfortunately, that's the last thing in the world Dianne is likely to do. --John Tebbel

WHAT, WHY, WHO IS A VOLUNTEER AT TFAD??

TFAD is a "not for profit" adult retirement community. Only the staff and employees are paid. The Board of Directors are not paid for their services nor is the board of the Residents' Association.

In the past five issues of *The Forester* I have identified the many opportunities available to our residents to use their talents in support of a caring lifestyle here. You have responded admirably, which proves I was right when I said this is a friendly and cooperative group of people who are most willing to help one another.

This is our home, you are all part of our family. Our response to the recent long range plans indicates our unity on the problems of management and growth.

Volunteers are concerned citizens who are willing to pitch in and use their ability and resources to contribute to the well being of

the home and family.

Let me give you a few examples. One of the more active and less vocal of our volunteers is Peg Lewis—past president of the Residents' Association, presently a member of the Board of TFAD, our representative on the community resources committee, chairman of our proctoring group for Rogers-Herr School, volunteer at the Durham Rescue Mission, member of the Vestry of St. Stephens Church, member of the committee of the Triangle United Way. And Peg has a beautiful garden around her cottage. Peg was a librarian for a specialized library of the New York State University system before coming to The Forest.

And a great many of you have had a call from Jane Jones—"Can you help?" to fold, staple, stuff envelopes, assemble candle lights, whatever. Or can anybody unscramble this copier? Jane

Jones can and does. A former U.S. Marine chief master sergeant and in civilian life a senior city administrator. At TFAD she is a caucus leader, a caring citizen and an untiring worker.

And then there is Chuck Fields, the guru of the projection and tape recording machines, and his wife Doris, the very efficient secretary, statistician, channel 8 announcer—two who serve faithfully.

There are many, many more. It is a joy and an inspiration to work alongside these fine people, but there is plenty of room for you, too. So come on along, join in the fun, it's great for your health and your happiness. If you can't find a slot for your talents, give me a call (490-8957,) maybe I can help. There is a wonderful summer ahead—get out and smell the roses. Come along and enjoy the view. You'll be glad.

-Earl Davis

JUNE

Whatever happened to June? In those prehistoric days when we were all very young, June was known and celebrated for two things: getting out of school and getting married. But somehow over the years, June got away from us and, while it may still be busting out all over nature wise and weather wise, in other respects the dear old girl is already unrecognizable.

Take school, for instance. In the past, June meant graduation from high school or college—or at least liberation from whatever grade we'd managed to achieve. With few exceptions, all this takes place in May these days. How did it happen? Maybe as the population grew

larger in numbers, and richer as well, people felt entitled to longer summers, and those who weren't getting richer but only more numerous were sucked along by the draft. Or maybe it was a concerted effort by educators to get an even longer summer vacation, although as every teacher knows, as much recuperation time from the previous months is absolutely required before it all begins again.

The fading away of June weddings is another matter. A decreasing number of traditionalists, no doubt spurred on by parents, still cling to the June-and-white-gown ceremony, but the image is fading from our culture. For one thing, as the recent census shows, fewer people are bothering to get married at all

these days. Noting, no doubt, that nearly 50% of those who do get married end up divorced, there doesn't seem much point. These days our population consists of unmarried couples, people of both sexes living together because it's cheaper, and an increasingly large number of people living alone. So much not only for June weddings, but for marriage itself. If this sounds incredible, just look at the census figures.

Or, better still, get out in the June sun, amid the June flowers, look up at the clear blue June sky, and be assured that the most essential parts of June remain in the same place.

--John Tebbel

PERRY COMO AND ME

I was wearing a black patch following a cataract operation, otherwise he would never have been able to identify me.

My husband and I were in New Orleans. It was the beginning of Mardi Gras and Como was King Bacchus. Film crews were out on Jackson Square televising the decorating of the little carts for the parade, and I was taking pictures of this.

Someone said, "Here comes Perry Como!" As he was about to climb into a cart, a wardrobe person hurried up with a pair of trousers, and Perry was removing the ones he was wearing. I was standing very nearby with my camera and, as he looked over at me, I put it behind my back. At this he smiled and waved.

There were some spectators and we were invited to join in the

filming. When it was over, Perry spotted me and came over. "Thanks for not taking that picture." We exchanged a few pleasantries and I said, "You look like you're enjoying this." "I am," he replied, "and when I stop having fun I can always go back to cutting hair."

--Edna Wilson

THE ANTI-TOURIST

Well, maybe *perverse* is closer to the meaning. The concept involves (1) wanting to see what there is to see but (2) not when everyone else is looking and (3) is enabled by a time-share that offers terrific off-season bargains in condos.

It started last year with **Branson**. (On the way there, Dollywood, closed and dark at dusk, but a circumnavigation revealed the

employee parking lot open and unguarded, which permitted a drive right around and through the pedestrian campus. Then there was Graceland, closed, but sufficiently visible through the gates. In March. Only show in town: The Platters. The Dixie Stampede came the day before checkout. Day trips included the Laura Ingalls Wilder homestead, and Big Brutus, the behemoth of earth movers, 16 stories

high and 11,000 tons.

Next in the fall: **Kentucky. Horse Country** with no racing but lots of farms and museums and horse parks and state parks and historic homes and sites (think Lincoln) AND Mammoth Cave, which knows no season, offering claustrophobia and panic attacks all year long.

This year, **Ocean City**,

(Continued on page 8)

A CELEBRATION

May 24, 2001—our 60th wedding anniversary. We've really been blessed these many years together.

We approached this anniversary with thoughts of a Carnival Cruise. We would walk the decks, eat the delicious food and dance every evening. However, the beautiful mountains of NC presented stiff competition and won out, as they have often in past years.

The trip west included a pause in Statesville to visit the new Civic Center and see the "Images of the Crossroads," a fresco by Ben Long. Statesville in Iredell County is known as "The Crossroads," and the fresco was well worth viewing.

Traveling on to Marion and up to Spruce Pine and Little Switzerland, we checked in to Mountain

View Motel with its new spacious restaurant near the clouds. In the mood for higher ground, we continued toward Roan Mt. For a spectacular view from NC into Tennessee. We found it so high we were within the rain clouds and Tennessee was a blur.

Retracing back to the Parkway and our motel, we enjoyed a delicious dinner under a sky clearing with fast moving clouds over changing colored mountain ranges.

The next day, under a sunny blue sky and after an elaborate breakfast buffet at Little Switzerland Lodge, we headed north on the Parkway to Linville Falls. We hiked the 0.5 miles to Lower Falls, marveling at the crevices that the force of the river had carved on the rocks. We decided not to climb

higher to view the entire falls from a distant point as we have done on other visits.

Back on the Parkway we stopped at many overlooks, particularly enjoying Grandfather Mountain. We left the mountains from Blowing Rock, descending the steep eight miles in low gear towards Lenoir, Hickory, Route 40 and home. What a beautiful day it had been. Never have we seen a sky more blue with its constantly moving and shape-changing clouds.

At this 60th year of our marriage we remember not only to smell the roses but to look upward in gratitude to God for life, our family, steadfast love, and His special universe.

--Hildur Blake

AND THE WINNERS ARE:

The third Forest Round Robin bridge tournament was completed on April 30. The winners were announced at a special luncheon in the dining room on May 16.

Grand Prize Winners

Betty Gray, Betty Ostrander 19,370

Division Winners:

Goren (2nd)--Libby Getz, M.E. Stewart 13,640

Culbertson (1st)---Dot & Bill Heroy 16,120

(2nd)--Georgia Campion, Mary Walters 13,710

Sheinwold (1st)---Virginia Jones, Pat Ringwald 14,030
(2nd)-----Lela Colver, Julia Negley 12,880

Schenken (1st)--Clare Eshelman, Mildred Fuller 13,140
(2nd)---Jean Melpolder, Bess Raper 11,940

The sign-up for the next tournament has begun. Entry forms are under the residents' bulletin board next to the mail boxes

The tournament starts in October and ends in April. The entry fee is \$10 and is charged to your Forest account in September. Play is once a month with another pair. We are hoping for some new players as well as those that participated this year.

--Betty Niles Gray

(Continued from page 7)

population about 5,000 except in summer when it is the second largest city in Maryland. Miles of towering hotels virtually empty or closed for the winter, along matching miles of beautiful ocean beach, unpeopled. On the bay side, dozens of smaller, pre-elevator establishments and enclaves of varying fancy houses, tenantless for the present. The main street, a wide boulevard, largely uncluttered by traffic except where frantic crews are trying to finish resurfacing be-

fore the season opens. Not many restaurants available, but the ones that are so glad to see somebody that the service is excellent. Assateague Island National Seashore is beautiful, and the Chincoteague ponies obligingly show themselves. (They have, a notice points out, foraged for themselves and survived for more than two centuries, so do not feed them now and ruin it.)

Then **Williamsburg** just before the ticket prices go up. Not jammed yet, but crowded. School groups and RV owners abound.

There is room to move, and Jamestown and Yorktown and the battlefield, and a good sampling of the James River plantations are open to view. Again, state parks and college campuses are worth visiting, even if the far-famed theme parks with their wild rides are closed. Roller coasters and water slides, after all, are not site-specific.

It beats standing in endless lines, or sitting bumper-to-bumper in an unmoving vehicle.

--Mary Lou Wolfe

WE WELCOME THESE NEW RESIDENTS TO THE FOREST



Anna and Bernard Fetter
4011 489-6434

The Feters are long-time residents of Durham, where Bernard, a pathologist, taught Duke medical students for over 40 years. They met here when they were students, Bernard at Duke Medical School, and Anna at its School of Nursing. Anna enjoys gardening and singing with choral groups, and she has volunteered at the Nearly New Shop. She describes Bernard as a "Mr. Fix It" who keeps everything running. They have four children and four grandchildren.



Henrietta and Gerald Wolinsky
#80 402-0356

The Wolinskys are natives of New York City and lived many years in Greenwich Village until their recent retirements and their move to the Forest. Henrietta attended CCNY and Queens College. Gerry went to NYU and earned a law degree at Brooklyn College. She worked as an executive secretary and he spent most of his working career as an attorney for New York City, the State of New York and the Federal Government. The Wolinskys are interested in theater and classical music. They have a son and two daughters

June is bustin' out all over The Forest! Many residents have been traveling and may have returned when you read this. The **Ondeks** have been on an extended trip and **Jennie Ruddell** has been spending several weeks on Long Island... **Ginna Frank** attended her 60th reunion at Mt. Holyoke College and her daughter from Seattle joined her there... The **Chandlers** have scheduled a trip to Wisconsin for **George's** 50th reunion at Lawrence University. He has been busy as chairman of his class committee raising \$\$\$ for a gift to the university... The **Heroys** were in Denver where **Bill** accepted an award from an international geological society ... **Liz O'Hanlan's** Roman Gaul trip finally came to fruition and was well worth the wait ... **Ann Barlow** and **Gay Atkinson** have each planned a trip to England to visit friends and relatives. Those summering away are the **Getzes** and the **Kents** to Michigan, the **Blackmans** to their Lake Erie place, the **Lamars** and the **Bernards** to the North Carolina mountains, the **Vanns** to Maine and, if custom follows, **Dorothy Bone** along with **Julia Lewis** to Vermont... The **William-ses** plan to be at their mountain place in Georgia after grandmother-ing and grandfathering in New York state... Opera has again taken **Julia Negley** overseas, this time to Austria and Russia .. **Mildred Fuller** was an honored guest at her grandson's wedding ... **Edna Wilson** watched proudly as her granddaughter graduated from Eton College ... **Lee** and **Ruth Phelps** attended graduation exercises for grandchildren in Providence, RI and Sanford, NC... **P. J. Burns** was in South Carolina for a similar event ... **Hazel Scheblik** and **Mary Frances White** had a fine time on their trip to Bonnie Scotland and the Emerald Isle... **Rose Leavenworth** had a great time at her family reunion in Austin, TX. . . The **Robertsons** made a 6700 mile journey to Austin, on to

Santa Fe and Taos, NM with stops at National Parks and Forests in between... Texas was also a destination for **Julian Price** to visit his and **Delancy's** daughter and family, then he went on to a military reunion in Colorado... From Colorado Springs to visit the **Steckers** were **Herb's** brother and sister-in-law... The **Burnses** had a pleasant visit from their son and his wife from Florida .. **Dottie MacMillan** spent a busy week with her son and his family in New Jersey ... **Betty Ropp's** son with his kayak was here as was **Phil Seller's** son and **Bess Bowditch's** daughter over the Memorial Day week-end... The **Gray's** daughter came from Seattle and their grandson from the University of Iowa and Chicago to visit them while **Charlotte Cassell's** son from Florida escorted her about our town ... The **Fines** were in New York City and Maryland with family... **Jean Mason** and the **Northwoods** were on a golfing expedition with friends to Hound Ears Club in Blowing Rock, NC ... Before **Ed Lee's** Elderhostel in Vancouver and Victoria he had a family vacation near the water at Swansboro ... **Bob Ward** has returned from Charleston (not Spoleto) but **Barbara Blair** and her sister did attend that famous event as they have for many years in the past ... The **Masseys** have returned from the unveiling of **Ben's** portrait at the University of Maryland ... **Bertha Wooten** traveled to the mid-west to see her daughter and **Jennifer Bowes** helped her son and his family move to the Boston area while **Ginny Jones** returned to her home town of Minneapolis, MN to reacquaint herself there .. It is good to see **Ruth Dillon** back among us before she goes to Raquette Lake, NY ... Traffic was a big item on the **Freeman's** vacation to Florida... **Martha Wilson** attended a garden event in Jacksonville, FL, then two graduation exercises in Ithaca, NY, then flitted back to Orlando, FL for her son-in law's

hotel grand opening ... **Edna Wilson** has been chuckling about the canoe trip on the Eno River that she won at a Master Gardener's auction ... Among those on board for **Steve Tuten's** trip to Wild Wonderful West Virginia will be the **Rueggs, Marjorie Jones, Mary Ruth Miller** and **Jane Jones...** **Azalea** and I plan to stay right here and take advantage of **Lucy's** and **Robin's** many activities! **Ed Albrecht** has been busy taking pictures of our new residents and **Frank Melopolder** has been our ever-faithful pool checker several times a day ... Our senior waiter and graduating senior from the Durham School of the Arts, **Will Hadad**, took part in the school's performance here at TFAD ... The **Albrechts** met 68 years ago and started corresponding 67 years ago... **Rose** is not in charge of our rose garden, but **Bess Bowditch** and her crew of **Jenn Van Brunt, Ginny Putnam, Jean Mason, Minnie Mae Franklin, Evebell Dunham, Sarah McCracken, Tina Land** and **Sally Sheehan** have tended the many beautiful flowers... **Kimberly Williams**, granddaughter of **Betty Willis**, was the pretty star in a CBS production 'Follow the Stars Home' on May 6th... With basketball season over **Nancy Sokal** and **Helen Corbett** have turned their interests to the Duke Primate Center and the American Dance Festival ... **Bess Raper** and **Hildur Blake** can be seen each Friday morning at the Duke Eye Center and **Bob Dunham** at the Duke Emergency Room to make patients feel more comfortable while **Frank Simes, Frank Light, Dick Capwell** and **Helen Corbett** help direct patients and visitors during several days each week from the hospital information desks ... **Eleanor Kinney** thinks that a Krispy Kreme doughnut shop in Durham would push her stock upward! How about one on that 5 acres?!

A Popular Minister Ties The Knot

The first of my two big weddings is now behind me. I flew to New York City on Friday, May 1, arriving in the afternoon amongst heavy traffic, heat, noise and pollution. It took longer (or so it seemed) to get from LaGuardia airport to the Warwick Hotel than the flight from Durham. It was all worth the effort. The hotel was the headquarters for the Bridal Party with family members, both his and hers, arriving for two days.

The ceremony was at 6 p.m. at the boathouse in Central Park, where the couple had had their first date. The wedding ceremony was performed by Dr. Arthur Callandro who is Senior Minister of the Marble Collegiate Church in New York City. He shared the pulpit at Marble with Dr. Norman Vincent Peale for many

years. He is the author of "Simple Steps" and "Make Your Life Count." In the program was the following quote from his biography: "His honest, thought-expanding sermons connect with the human experience on the deepest levels and offer encouragement and hope for all who bear his message." After meeting him and hearing him I will say, "Amen" to that. He has a TV program on Sunday mornings at 9:30 on channel 73 and has a faithful following of Forest residents. I plan to be one of them this Sunday and see what I have been missing. The wedding processional was the well-known Shaker hymn "Simple Gifts" played on harp and harpsichord. (Mary Light taught the TFAD chorus this song our first year and it was all I could do not to stand and sing along.)

The wedding was followed by a dinner dance in the same location. The radiant couple was offered many toasts throughout the evening. They did not leave for their Bermuda honeymoon until Sunday. On Saturday they hosted a bowling party for the bridal party and out of town guests. Needless to say, my sisters and I were spectators fearing a pulled muscle would be our undoing. It was great fun and I recommend it as something different for wedding guests' energy.

My trips may not be to the far corners of the earth but I cannot imagine having more fun than I do right here in my old home town. The Cheeks have always enjoyed life and I pray that we will continue to do so for many years to come.

--Ellen Cheek Dozier

THE BLACK AND THE RED BY GEORGE CHANDLER

A few years ago we spent a week at the English sea-side town of Swanage. It is situated in an area known as the Isle of Thanet on the Channel Coast in the County of Dorset. The High Street runs up a moderately steep hill following the course of a stream which has been forced to flow underground. About three quarters of a mile from the harbor, one comes to what would have been the center of the medieval town—a large cobbled square with what was once a mill pond in the center and surrounded by tall town-houses crowded together. The houses have a venerable look, but they probably date mostly from the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century.

In the pond there is a patch of ground which the natives call an island, but which lies close enough to one shore to make it difficult to tell whether it is an island or a peninsula. Here a pair of black swans had built their nest, and, at the time of our visit, the female was sitting on a clutch of eggs. This was the major topic of interest and conversation in the town. Apparently it was the first time in many years that the pond

had attracted nesting swans, and black ones, of course, were a rarity.

A short distance down the hill there was a small Roman Catholic convent inhabited by a few nuns. That spring they had discovered, on their own property, a new-born and obviously motherless red fox cub. The nuns, being kind and charitable women, had adopted it and successfully raised it until it had reached the age at which, in their view, it should be released and allowed to return to the wild.

Needless to say, the prospect of the fox's being released into the town while the black swan's eggs were still unhatched or while the cygnets were still too young to protect themselves was a matter of great controversy in Swanage. This, after all, was England, where animal welfare is a major way of life and where people go to great lengths and expend large sums to build culverts under highways so that hedgehogs can cross in safety.

Some citizens wanted the fox destroyed, either because they were violently pro-swan or as a general proposition on the ground that all

foxes are vermin and chicken thieves. Those backing the fox included some who believed in preserving foxes so that they would be available to be hunted, as well as the anti-blood-sport faction which wanted the fox to be allowed to live a normal life. There may also have been a few Catholics who backed the nuns as a matter of religious solidarity.

We met one woman who lived on the square. As she dipped water from the pond to water the flowers in her front garden, the male swan went for her, hissing. He did it every time, she told us, even though she regularly fed him and his mate. Despite this ingratitude, she remained adamantly pro-swan.

Our week's holiday at Swanage came to an end before the black swan hatched her eggs and before the fox was released, so we never knew how this controversy was resolved. We suspect that, in typical English fashion, the townspeople muddled their way through to a compromise solution which would assure the preservation of basic animal rights.

(continued from last issue)

Traveling by car is also fraught with problems of finding a place for a "pit stop" in time for a request by one of the group. Once the request is made, many miles might roll by before facilities would be found. 99% of the time they are of the "foot print" variety of toilet, with the cleanliness ratio very low.

The suggestion by our son to bring along a couple of walkie-talkies turned out to be perfectly brilliant. It was the only way our two vehicles kept from losing each other and were able to communicate someone's wish for a rest stop. We had some fairly long drives, some ending after dark.

We visited the mission station where Henry's father had been born, a nearby village church named for Henry's great -- grandfather, another large church which we attended on Sunday (named for the same man), and toured the Fairbank-James Friendship Memorial Hospital, founded and named in honor of Henry's great uncle. We went on to see a workshop where widows learned to make items such as purses, tote bags, placemats, and small rugs out of sisal, the fiber from the yucca plant (and thus to make a living for themselves instead of being treated almost as slaves in that society), and to the hospital founded by Cousin Charlotte's doctor parents, where the staff was still caring for the last few lepers as well as serving the local community.

After a week or so near

Mumbai, we flew to south India to attend the centennial celebration of the Kodaikanal International School, where many of the "mish kids" went to school and where some taught when they were older, and where their families spent vacations to recover from the heat and humidity of the plains. Kodai is about 8,000 feet above sea level, with most spectacular scenery. From the Coimbatore airport we drove in two taxis for several hours, continually climbing via hairpin curves, stopping to see beautiful vistas, and arriving finally after dark. There we checked into a most delightful hotel above the lake, where we stayed several days and enjoyed the centennial celebrations and the bazaar. This Christian school is now an international elementary, middle and high school, with students from many different countries and with an excellent reputation.

At the end of the week we flew back to Mumbai and headed home, with a two-night stay in Amsterdam to help relieve the jet-lag (it was pleasant but didn't help all that much 1)

Memories that remain with us: -mosquito netting for sale, in various colors, hanging from tree branches beside the road.

-women in saris, riding side-saddle on a moped or motorcycle, sometimes holding a child, none of them wearing helmets as is required here.

-the ocean beach in Mumbai

where people were picnicking or flying kites, and vendors were selling cotton candy and other delicacies.

- countless vendors trying to sell us postcards or food as we walked, and harassing us when we declined their wares.

- construction areas on the road, where we saw women in saris, filling baskets of gravel and carrying them on their heads from one place to another.

-a snake charmer playing his flute to charm a very lazy snake out of its basket, looking as if it had been drugged so it wouldn't bite anyone.

-a dominant sensory perception of pollution: in water, trash, air, diesel fumes, noise, etc.

- a continual search for bottled water for drinking and for brushing our teeth.

-many smiling faces welcoming us and wishing us "namaste" with their palms together and a slight bow of the head, instead of shaking hands.

-cute children wanting to greet us and practicing their English.

-holes-in-the-wall "cyber-cafes" everywhere, with computers around the walls. For a few rupees you could log on and receive and send e-mail and surf the internet. (We were able to find out how Duke did in the tournament!)

_an overnight on an Indian train, riding "1st class". Our children let us old folks sleep on the bottom bunk. The rest of the family slept on the 2nd and 3rd level.

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Yes, there are THREE levels of berths and it was 1st class (with "foot-print" toilets. Difficult to use as the train rocked along!)

-visits to several cemeteries where ancestors were buried, a most moving experience. One was where Cousin Charlotte's twin was buried, who died of a burst appendix at age 8.

-our son taking pictures with his video camera everywhere we went. We hope he will do a careful editing job!

.-the many garlands presented to us, as honored guests, of orange marigolds and/or fragrant jasmine

blossoms.

-the sights and smells of the colorful, crowded bazaars, where we could find food and drink, film, batteries, saris and shalwar chemises, handcrafts and most anything else we needed or wanted.

-the bullocks putting the lumbering carts, sometimes wearing garlands and having brightly-painted horns.

-the former Kodai School chaplain (and alum), whose Sunday morning sermon in the chapel told of his love for the school and the education-for-life he got there.

-the wizened old woman we

met who had known Cousin Charlotte's doctor parents when she was a girl, with continuing gratitude and love for them.

-the excitement of finding (we think) the bungalow where Henry's great--grandfather lived his last years in retirement, still writing Sunday School lessons in the Marathi language for his "flocks".

As you can see, it was the trip of a lifetime with our family.

BITS OF WISDOM.

Love is grand; divorce is a hundred grand.

I am in shape. Round is a shape.

Time may be a great healer, but it's a lousy beautician.

Never be afraid to try something new. Remember, amateurs built the ark. Professionals built the Titanic.

Conscience is what hurts when everything else feels so good. Talk is cheap because supply exceeds demand.

Even if you are on the right track, you'll get run over if you just sit there.

Politicians and diapers have one thing in common. They should both be changed regularly and for the same reason.

An optimist thinks that this is the best possible world. A pessimist fears that this is true.

There will always be death and taxes; however, death doesn't get worse every year.

In just two days, tomorrow will be yesterday.

Dijon vu -- the same mustard as before.

I am a nutritional overachiever.

I am having an out of money experience.

I plan on living forever. So far, so good.

Practice safe eating always use condiments.

A day without sunshine is like night.

If marriage were outlawed, only outlaws would have in-laws.

It's frustrating when you know all the answers, but nobody bothers to ask you the questions.

The real art of conversation is not only to say the right thing at the right time, but also to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

Brain cells come and brain cells go, but fat cells live forever.

Age doesn't always bring wisdom. Sometimes age comes alone.

Life not only begins at forty, it also begins to show.

You don't stop laughing because you grow old, you grow old because you stopped laughing.

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

Remember School ?

ASSOCIATE	DIPLOMA	INSTRUCTION	NOTES	SPEECH
BELL	DISCIPLINE	ITEMS	OPERA	SPELL
BOARD	DRAMA	KIDS	OPUS	STAG LINE
BOOK	EXCEL	LATIN	PARTICIPATE	STAIRS
CHEAT	FAIL	LAWN	PASS	STAND
CHEER	FRENCH	LOAN	PENMANSHIP	TALK
CITE	FRIEND	MAJOR	PRINCIPAL	TEACHER
DANCE	GRADUATION	MATRICULATE	PROMOTED	TENSION
DATES	HOME EC	MONITOR	PUPIL	TEST
DEAN	HOMEWORK	MINOR	RESIDENT	TRIG
DORMITORY	HONORS	NEWS	ROOM	VALEDICTORIAN