

# THE FORESTER

Volume 8 Issue 2

A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

November 2001



## PRESIDENT'S CORNER

The Publisher of The Forester, asked me to summarize the Residents' Association results for the past year before bowing out as your President.

Early this year TFAD Management agreed to postpone any further expansion of the Eden Alternative in view of the many details relating to the building program.

The Forest at Duke Board of Directors also agreed to a residents' survey on building new cottages. New cottages were eliminated from the building program as a result of the Board accepting the will of the residents.

The Building Project Summary was presented to the residents at caucus meetings in April. A residents' survey of the subject summary was developed by the Residents' Association and furnished to each resident at their caucus meetings. The results of the survey were presented to The Forest at Duke Board. They recognized the lack of resident input and asked for joint discussions. As a result, a number of positive changes were effected.

It was proposed that the Living Room and Private Dining Room be incorporated into a larger Living Room by removing the

## FORESTER'S NEPHEW IS NOBEL LAUREATE

Marie Bremer is delighted and proud these days about her nephew, Dr. K. Barry Sharpless winning the Nobel Prize for chemistry. Dr. Sharpless is a professor of chemistry at the Scripps Research Institute at La Jolla, California. The award also included Dr. William S. Knowles, retired from Monsanto, and Dr. Ryoji Noyori, Director of the Research Center for Materials Science, Nagoya University in Japan. Dr. Knowles and Dr. Noyori shared half of the \$950,000 award and Dr. Sharpless received the other half. Writes Kenneth Shang in *The New York Times*,

"The award was given for developing more efficient chemical reactions to produce many medicines, including L-dopa, the standard treatment for Parkinson's disease...(and) compounds like glycidol which is used to make beta-blocker heart medicines."

Dr. Amos B. Smith, a chemistry professor at the University of Pennsylvania, said Dr. Sharpless's research contributed some of "probably the most important reactions discovered in the last 50 years."



Dr. Sharpless

dividing wall. Instead it was agreed that the Private Dining Room would remain as it is with the addition of two closable doors in the adjoining wall between the two rooms, thereby eliminating the move of the Private Dining to the southwest corner of the main Dining Room. It was also proposed that the salad bar be opened to the main Dining Room by eliminating the wall adjoining the salad bar. At this writing, the wall will remain and the salad bar area will be reconfigured.

It was proposed that a Club

Room be established in the corridor where the gift shop, billiard room, and studio are now located. The residents agreed that meeting, bridge, TV and billiards would be incompatible in the same room and suggested moving the party room to the studio area, but this was turned down. The room was partitioned off, however, to eliminate some of the unfavorable elements.

The "donut" seating area in the foyer was retained.

See PRESIDENT on page 2



**The Forester**

The newsletter of the Residents' Association of The Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610. Published monthly except July, August and September by and for the residents.

**Publisher:** Bob Dunham

**Editor:** Marion Patton

**Associate Editor:** Virginia Jones

**Contributing Editor:** John Tebbel

**Editorial Assistants:** George Chandler, Earl Davis, Ellen Dozier, Libby Getz, Betty Gray, Mary Ruth Miller

**Circulation Manager:** John Getz

**Art and Word Puzzle:** Bob Blake

**Photographer:** Ed Albrecht

**Publishing Assistants:** Marion Bender, Bess Bowditch, Helen Corbett, Jane Jones, Betty Kent, Ginny Putnam, Molly Simes

**PRESIDENT from page 1**

Several minor changes were accepted on the Health-Care Facilities. Some major changes were suggested but were withdrawn by the residents, in view of the urgency of these facilities.

Your Residents' Association officers and directors spent many hours working on your behalf. They did not get everything requested but they did try. I thank them for this and for the cooperation they showed me.

Hopefully this summary will give you an indication that The Forest at Duke Board did hear your requests, did make some changes, and did not, as is still occasionally being heard, "completely ignore our requests."

Thanks for choosing me as your President of the Residents' Association for the past two years.

—P. J. Burns

**Forester Profile****"THE QUEEN OF PAIN?"**

**Jane Hamilton**

*by John Tebbel*



Jane

Some Foresters call Jane Hamilton "the Queen of Pain," but it isn't pain that Jane dispenses. It's relief from the assorted aches, miseries and other problems that are, as we like to say, "just part of growing old."

On October 1 Jane became Facility Therapy Manager for RehabWork, the new therapy provider for The Forest. As a licensed physical therapist assistant who had already worked for three other similar organizations, Jane was well qualified for the job and already had an admiring clientele here. Therapists are called in to help as needed.

Born and raised in High Point, North Carolina, Jane stayed in home territory to get a B.A. degree in recreational therapy at UNCW, and then went on to Fayetteville Tech to earn an Associate's Degree. Her first job was at Myrtle Beach Spa, and then in Wilmington as thera-

pist at Cape Fear Memorial Hospital. After that, she became what is known in the profession as a "traveler," meaning that she took assignments wherever she was needed. One of those assignments was The Forest, where she has worked since 1997.

With her husband of four years, Danny, Jane lives on Lebanon Circle in North Durham. Last year she and Danny bought a house they loved—and loved it even more when they learned it had a Forest connection. The late Dr. Arthur Ferguson, the noted Duke historian who had been a Forest resident, had lived there happily for many years.

Jane loves travel, likes to read, plays a good golf game, and likes to work out—her own physical therapy. She and Danny are both mild television watchers, and are especially addicted to ABC's Sunday night show, "The Practice."

If there is anyone happier to be working at The Forest than Jane, she (or he) is not visible. That's good news for all of us. Everybody loves Jane, with or without pain.





## GATHERINGS

by *Sciurus Carolinensis*  
(Gray Squirrel)



In the tree-tops high above The Forest in my winter-readied nest I am able to observe the gorgeous colored leaves and other things! With our new Residents' regime headed by **Bob Ward**, we are off to a flying start. Many thanks to **P. J. Burns** for his fine leadership during the past two years... **Trish Robertson** organized the Senior Day Walk for the benefit of the new Senior Center in downtown Durham. Of course, husband **Robbie** gave his fine assistance along with **Martha** and **Henry Fairbank**, **Peg Lewis**, **Helen Pratt**, **Aileen Schaller**, **Maidi Hall**, **Bess Raper**, **Hazel Scheblik** and **Ruth Firm**... **Katherine Holton** through the Friend-to-Friend project has been helping a Korean girl to better her English language and communication skills... Note elsewhere in this paper the good news about **Marie Bremer's** Nobel prize-winning nephew... Despite a rainy Sunday the TFAD Home Tour was a success with **Evebell Dunham** making the arrangements for **Gay Atkinson**, **Bess Bowditch**, **Betty** and **Tom Gallie**, **Jayne** and **Glenn Jackson**, **Juanita Kreps**, **Julia Lewis**, **Julia Negley** and **Priscilla Squier** to open their charming homes... Artists **Florence Manning**, **Ruth Nierling**, and **Dorothea Vann**

each paints her own thing before **Loma Young's** classes begin in the Studio... **Coach Jack Persons** attended a special dinner for lacrosse players... **Tina Land**, **Evelyn Doyle**, **Maidi Hall**, **Helen Corbett**, **Nancy Sokal**, **Peg Lewis**, **Mildred Fuller**, the **Blackmans**, **Fairbanks**, **Nances**, and **Dunhams** were among the stalwart crowd at Duke Women's Basketball Coach **G** and Player **Christa's** informal presentation here... In addition to **Leanne Carnes'** exercise classes and pottery exhibitions she danced her way across the Auditorium stage with her partner. Others game to learn swing steps were **Glenn Arrington**, **Elizabeth Dube**, **Ruth Patterson**, the **Blakes** and **Nancy Sokal**. . **Tenor Paul Bryan** is a welcome addition to our Chorus... **Ruth Phelps** assisted by soloist **Sarah McCracken** and reader **Ruth Patterson** presented a lively and clever music appreciation program... **Edith Borroff** was rightly proud of her sister, **Marie**, as she read with great sensitivity her own poems... Whenever **Oasis** comes from the Main Library to The Forest, **Louise Goshorn** and **Lela Colver** are on hand to help with the books... Many residents were heard oh-ing and ah-ing as they viewed **Art Watts'** model ship-building collection. He may have another partially finished model if he agrees to take one started by **Gene Moriarty** many years ago... **Mike Boone**, son of Reimbursement Specialist **Kathy**, made a 35-

yard transition pass in Riverside High School's victory over top-ranked Jordan High... The **Benders**, **Dunhams** and **Heroys** all appreciate the fine picture definition that they receive on their DVD players... The Billiard Room has been especially busy with good-natured hilarity from players **Jim Shuping**, **Craig Harris**, **George Nance**, **Glenn Jackson**, **Ray Blackman**, **John Friedrich** and **P. J. Burns**. When will the ladies be back to pocket those balls?... More nuts--I mean residents--gathered to help **Jane Jones** process about 2100 mailings to help correct local voting records... **Jane** needed to finish before she took off for the Barge trip on the mighty Ohio River with fellow sailors **Caroline Long**, **Mary Ann** and **Don Ruegg**, **Florence Manning**, **Ellen Dozier**, **Viola White**, **Molly** and **Frank Simes**, **Betty Joyce** and **Gene Whittle**, **Mary Frances White**, **Dorothea** and **Felix Vann**... When this went to press, **Hoof'n'Horn's** very popular production of *Grand Hotel* had 32 enthusiastic signatures,..., **Willie Mae Jones**, a former member of The Village Revue enjoyed participating again for their program. **Jennifer Bowes** was in the audience to watch her friend perform!

With all of this activity I have neglected my babies. But they should be quite able to take care of themselves this late in the year. News about travelers will have to come next time.



## AD-LIB

BY LIBBY GETZ

"Ah! There is nothing like staying at home for real comfort."  
—Jane Austen

Returning to North Carolina after five months away one notices a chipping away at the quality of life in The Triangle. Having suffered Southern Season-withdrawal symptoms all summer long I hastened to assuage them, to sniff the delicious odors that greet you and enjoy the Senior Discount that sees you out. First on my shopping list were their baguettes, usually still warm from the oven, and their chocolate cookies, the best in the Western Hemisphere. Not to be had! An apologetic lady behind the counter explained that the store was no longer doing its own baking - too many problems! Southern Season bakery goods were being supplied by purveyors in The Triangle!

Disappointment greeted me at Harris Teeter too. We enjoy their freshly squeezed orange juice and if I got there in the morning I could persuade the man feeding the oranges into the squeezer to give me a jug of that juice. No more. The squeezing machine has disappeared and I was told the "freshly squeezed" orange juice comes from a Harris Teeter central warehouse!

### Christmas Shopping

It's not too early to think about Christmas and the easy way

to take care of the gift problem is to pick up the phone and order from a catalogue. Here are a few suggestions.

1- A radio-controlled travel clock. It features a built-in receiver that synchronizes with the ultra-accurate U.S. atomic clock, automatically sets itself for time, day and date in your time zone. It adjusts itself for daylight savings too. Two AA batteries not included. National Geographic Catalogue item #79570 @ \$29.95 Tel. 1-888-225 5647

2-For the little people in your life (six-years and up), The Metropolitan Museum offers a kit that tells how to transform brown paper bags into hats, head-dresses, masks and helmets. Special offer - a set consisting of a Paper Bag Instruction Book and a Paper Bag Pack containing 26 bags. Metropolitan Museum Catalogue - item N1409K @ \$16.95 Tel. 1-800-468 7386

3-A Tip-smart key chain. No over-tipping; no under-tipping. Tip-smart will even split the check for you! The LCD has an easy to read display. Uses one button cell battery - included. Brookstone Catalogue - item C293381@\$20.00 Tel. 1-800-351-7222

4-A generous slab of excellent Stilton cheese for your gourmet friends. MacKenzie Ltd. Catalogue - item WST24 @ \$22.95 Tel. 1-800-858 7100

5- A red, heart-shaped hot water bottle, vanilla scented! Chiasso Catalogue - item 103-0157 @\$28.00 Tel. 1-800-654 3570

## Restaurant News

Not much restaurant news this month but I was able to drag Best Friend to a new one just over at University Drive in a building that has seen many eateries come and go. This latest is Chianti's and Greg Meacham is the proprietor. One finds family groups there attacking huge plates of pasta. The price is right and the service friendly. The food is not bad but for Italian fare give me The Macaroni Grill. The pastas are from \$11.00 - \$13.00. seafood dinners average \$15.00 and steaks and chops \$16.00-\$21.00 CHIANTI'S 4015 University Dr., Durham Tel. 493-0004

## THE FIRST OF MAY

That means a whole lot of things. May Day used to mean that young women could prance around a pole winding a ribbon around it for some unimaginable reason.

"MAYDAY!" can mean "get the hell out of here" or "help" or whatever you do when there is a disaster.

For me, the first day of May

meant I  
COULD GO  
B A R E -  
FOOT! I  
was expected to wear shoes when I went to church and that was worse than



Continued next column



sitting through the sermon. (I was allowed to squirm a little.)

My grandchildren go barefoot around the house but I wonder if they know the ecstasy of feeling your toes as you walk through a big mud hole. Walking through a mud hole felt damn near better than sex (about which I knew nothing).

I loved rubbing my feet after walking through the woods. All my life I have been a wanderer. I would go to the depot to watch THE train go through. I would daydream about being on the train and going to London. I wandered downtown to watch them building a bridge across the Tar River. Only in eastern North Carolina could you have a river named "TAR". Farther down



they called it the Pamlico River. It was the same water. Carolina fans are called "Tarheels," but like so many things, they know nothing about it, especially all those Yankees who came down here for a cheap education.

It is curious to think about the first of May in November but who wants to think about winter? I love thinking about the first of May when I could leave my shoes in the closet.

—Peter Robinson



## LIBRARY NOTES

by Mary Ruth Miller

Are you an art lover? Do you enjoy visiting the museums? Do you still travel, or are you content to remain at home? You can now view the art treasures of the world just by visiting our library here at TFAD. We have a large number of books reproducing in beautiful color the great paintings, sculptures, crafts, and other magnificent creations found in museums everywhere.

Some of the museums represented are the Metropolitan, the Smithsonian, the Louvre, the Prado, and the Vatican. Artists featured include Rembrandt, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Goya, Gauguin, Monet, Cezanne, El Greco, Norman Rockwell, and even Grandma Moses. Frank Lloyd Wright and his architecture are there, along with other volumes on modern art, American Indian art, Western art, and folk art.

Some books sort art by geography: Africa, Europe, China, Japan, Egypt. Various schools of painting are dealt with; for examples, impressionism and expressionism. Others deal with technique, even ikebana flower art. Then there are publications on porcelain, silver, and blown glass. Anyone wishing to learn

art history can find texts on that too.

These volumes, in sections 17 and 18 near comfortable chairs, may also be checked out for leisurely enjoyment at home. Do come take a vicarious trip!

Again, a reminder to the absent-minded: please make sure to sign out anything you take out except the paperbacks in the annex. Current magazines if taken out should be returned promptly. No newspapers should be borrowed or clipped unless they are in the discard box in the annex. Items without cards can be signed out in the notebook on the desk.

Also, please leave all donations at the desk, where the attendant will sort them and, if you wish, see that you receive a donation slip. (If an attendant is not present, just leave a note giving your name.) Without donations, we would not have a library! Our collection is a very good one—for everyone to enjoy.

A lodger in a Scottish seaside guest house was on his way to the bathroom on his first morning and was stopped by the landlady.

"Have you a good memory for faces?" she asked. Looking puzzled, the man hesitated but replied in the affirmative.

"Just as well," said the landlady. "There's nae shaving mirror in the bathroom"

—e-mail from a friend of a . . .



## BOOK NOTES



*Cast Off: True Adventures and Ordeals of an American Family On a French Farm,* by Jan Murra.

Here's a book that warms the heart and possibly even the soul, besides being a true story that reads like a novel. The author was abandoned by her husband on a 300-year-old farm in southern France, where they had moved from New Jersey to enjoy the simple life. Left, Jan Murra in the next ten years learned how to run a dairy farm, her kids stood by her and helped, she learned the language, and conquered bad weather, financial woes, and depression. Finally successful, she left neighbors who had become good friends, returned to America and married again. Happy ending, and a truly remarkable story. (Published)

*Leaving Patrick,* by Prue Leith. This charming novel by one of Britain's best chefs tells a travel story that won't happen to you on one of Steve's tours. Jane Chambers, an ambitious maritime lawyer, decides to take a holiday from her crumbling marriage to Patrick, an amiable restaurateur, and takes a rail trip through India with a group tour. Jane is so attracted to Rajiv, the tour's

Indian guide, that she leaves the tour when it's over and hires Rajiv to "show her the real India" together. After that tour is over, the two return to London where she finds that Patrick has met Stella, a young, attractive food critic. What happens after that, you won't believe, but it doesn't matter because this lighthearted, romantic romp is designed to take your mind off everything else. (November)

*The Riddle and the Knight: In Search of Sir John Mandeville, the World's Greatest Traveler,* by Giles Milton. You remember Mandeville, the notorious liar who left England for the Holy Land in 1322 and



returned 34 years later with stories of pygmies, giants, and an entirely fictitious account of how he circumnavigated the globe. This centuries-old scandal is replayed by the author, who followed in reality Mandeville's imaginary footsteps. The road takes him from Istanbul to Sinai, and gives us a far more colorful, and this time accurate, view of what the Great Imaginer saw. Scholarship and intrigue combine here to produce a story of travel and general enjoyment. (November)

—John Tebbel

## LETTER OF APPRECIATION

October 16, 2001

To: P.J. Burns

From: Art and Loie Watts

For the last two years you have served as President of our Residents' Association with distinction. We are sure it was a time-consuming and, at times, frustrating job. You tried to respond to the concerns of all the residents; and, on the other hand, had to deal with the Big Board. We are sure you have the respect of all of our residents, whether they agreed with your decisions or not. Compromise is the name of the game!

We want to thank you for your efforts on behalf of our community.

Now P.J., go out on the golf course, play your game and relax!

Many thanks!

Art  
Loie

---

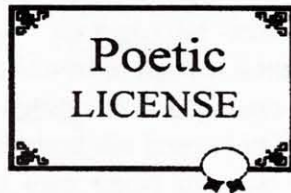
**Coulda been me...**

As a senior citizen was driving down the freeway, his car phone rang. Answering, he heard his wife's voice urgently warning him, "Herman, I just heard on the news that there's a car going the wrong way on I-85. Please be careful!"

"Hell," said Herman, "It's not just one...there's hundreds of them!"

—anon. e-mail





### Night-song in Albuquerque

Late afternoon check-in time,  
no private rooms available..  
only a very small room  
with two beds.

The first bed  
was barely filled  
by a tiny gray-haired woman,  
who lay keening.

Only by brief  
eye contact  
did we acknowledge  
each other's presence  
in the privacy of our pain.

In the late night  
I awakened to a  
soft sweet, low voice  
singing "Amazing Grace"  
in unknown language.  
I wanted to join in her song,  
but did not wish to intrude.  
Silently I sang along with her—  
and hoped her song eased her  
fright and lonesomeness  
of that black night—  
as my song did for me.

—Florence Manning 11/97

(Later I learned my room-  
mate was Navajo, and knew no  
English. In fact, only three per-  
sons in that huge teaching hos-  
pital complex could communi-  
cate verbally with her.)



### The Less-than-Thankful Ones

Consider the turkey;  
Unless he's quite lurky,  
As November days pass,  
His outlook is murky.

It's the same with the goose.  
With chefs on the loose,  
As Thanksgiving approaches,  
Her head's in a noose

And then there are chickens.  
Though they run like the dickens,  
The prospect of doom for them  
Steadily quickens.

Or weep for the duck.  
She's such a dumb cluck,  
That she's bound to be eaten  
In spite of her pluck.

So at Thanksgiving dinner,  
Give thanks! You're a winner!  
While the fowls at the feast  
Grow progressively thinner.

—George Chandler



### Screaming for Ice Cream

Why will they not serve us spumoni?  
Do they think, for our tastes, it's too tony?  
Though they know it's adored,  
Our requests are ignored.  
Do they think we're just full of baloney?

--George Chandler



## EYEWITNESS TO TRAGEDY

*(The following was written by Taylor Beery, grandson of Carl and Jane Beery, and sent to his father soon after the September 11 tragedy in New York City. -- Editor)*

I said my first prayer from the back of a New York City taxi last night. I hadn't intended to pray when I stepped into the cab, but as I passed the burning candles and soft guitars in Union Square no other thought seemed appropriate. I was standing in the middle southern window, on the 34th floor of the Citigroup building in lower Manhattan the morning the world caught fire. My building is just a few blocks up Greenwich Street from those enormous towers that I saw, everyday, but didn't seem to really notice, until the day they crumbled to the Manhattan pavement.

Working for Salomon Smith Barney had turned out to be all that I had prepared myself for, and a little more. The week before those planes tore a bloody gash in our peaceful air I had been working every night until 3 or 4, and had managed to grow accustomed to the sleep deprivation that will characterize my career with the firm. I had just finished returning the morning emails when I heard the first cry.

"Holy Shit!" The phrase which was not uncommon in our stressed and over worked environment caught my attention that morning because it came at such an early hour with such high volume from the mouth of the head of my group. When I made it to his window, with the six or so other people who were in the office, he explained that he had just watched a plane "whiz" by his window and disappear in flames into the hole that now burned in the World Trade Center. After trying to absorb the confusion of what I saw, I like so many others, went to the phone to make sure my Mom knew I was okay. After leaving a message, I returned to the window with a co-worker to evaluate how bad this "accident" really was. We stood there for a while talking about how bad we felt for the many hundreds of people who may have been hurt. I had no idea when I first saw it.

At first I looked away. I had seen millions of planes in my life low and about to land, and there seemed nothing different about this one. It didn't register until the plane broke through my line of vision with the statue of liberty that I took notice of it screaming across the Hudson. It was going so fast. So fast. So low. I heard the words, "this can't be happening again" come out of my throat. That was the last sound I heard for the rest of my naive innocence. The plane seemed to stop now, facing me, but on an angle aimed at the side of the building it was about to destroy. I felt like I could see terrified the faces on the other side of the black glass. Looking back, I guess they weren't terrified, but determined. The gray plane plowed through the entire building before it stopped in a volcanic eruption of bright orange flame. Silence. I don't remember a sound although I'm told it was shattering. Then the screams, the staircase, the street. They began to fall. Crying, screaming, running from the gray cloud that chased button-down shirts and pressed pants through the streets of lower Manhattan. None of it seemed real, none of it still does.

Manhattan is now covered in pictures of missing faces. Hopeful hands, which pinned those pictures to the walls of hospitals and fire stations, now catch tears of defeat and loss. We all wander the streets in a state of shock over what has happened and a state of confusion about what is still to come.

I am not remembering this, for it is always replaying behind my eyes. It has happened many times just since I sat down to write about it. It may never stop, though I pray it will soon. We must go forward now, but there is a barb in the hearts of Americans, which we must help each other to heal, and must seek out the responsible to revenge. We must acknowledge who we are now, but not forget who we were before. Somewhere in the middle we will find peace again. May God shed his grace on all of us.





## GROWING PAINS

by  
Betty Niles Gray

**Greenhouse:** Our new greenhouse is looking splendid. The delay was basically the result of a major component of the cooling system being damaged in shipment and a lengthy wait for the replacement part. The prediction is that the move-in day will be in November. Watch the Bulletin Board for the announcement of the moving date and procedure. Maintenance will provide a truck and help. Noel Freeman (Greenhouse Committee Chairman) suggests that in the event of cold weather, residents' plants may be placed in the old greenhouse provided they are disease and insect free. Label each plant with your name and ask Noel Freeman or Bob Blake where to put it. (PLEASE — No summer annuals. They are for one season only).

**Garden Plots:** The garden plots have been bedded down for the winter although my fall planting of lettuce is still producing. As always the flower gardens have been spectacular in color and vigor. There seems to be about an even split between the number of flower gardeners and vegetable gardeners.

Several plots are available for next year. Unfortunately tomatoes do not do well in our current soil conditions but other

## DOWN BELOW WITH PHYSICAL THERAPY

If there's one part of The Forest that residents are more grateful for than any other, it could be our Rehabilitation Center, headquartered across the hall from Holbrook, one floor down from the main floor, where Jane Hamilton (see profile, page 2 in this issue) presides over the activities of RehabWork, our new provider of therapy facilities. For everybody who uses it, it's the home of what is in short supply in the world—tender loving care, known to all as TLC.

In a large sunny room, Foresters can find Jane, as well

vegetables and flowers thrive with care. Flowers are always welcome in Olsen and Holbrook. If interested in having a plot, call Frank Melpolder at 489-2234.

**Flower Arrangements:** Another season (May-October) of resident flower arrangements for the Dining Room Foyer and the Count-Me-In Table has come to a close. Our thanks to Bess Bowditch for her organizational skills and to the arrangers for their lovely and varied arrangements.

**Forest Plants:** We continue to enjoy our many living plants in the public areas and corridors of The Forest. We hope Bob Blake knows how much we appreciate the time and attention he spends with them.



as occupational and speech therapists who supplement their own skills with stationery bikes, ultrasound equipment, electrical stimulation machines, paraffin wax materials, hot and cold packs, and walkers of various kinds.

Off in one corner is a facility not everyone knows about.



It's a miniature kitchen with an electric range, a microwave oven, and other standard equipment. Jane is ready to show new residents how best to manage these devices, which may be different from the ones they've left behind.

Beside all the exercise tools available, there is our splendid pool, which is also used for therapy by Jane and her assistants in the treatment of a variety of cases. The pool is especially valuable for patients with special problems.

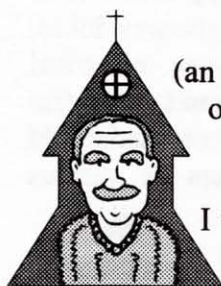
Occupational therapy is the special province of Jane's assistant, Susan White, and there are two other physical therapists available, Amy McKene and Christine Barright. The speech therapist is Anne Harbour-Tonn.

Finding Jane's domain is easy: Get off the elevator at the Holbrook floor and the entrance is just across the hall from the Assisted Living section or, as Jane reminds us, don't hesitate to call if you need help: 419-4012.

—John Tebbel



## UNCLE GUS



(an amazing circle,  
only recently  
completed)

I was negligent as usual in making reservation for a medical meeting held at Palm Springs fifteen years ago. We were put up, however, at a very nice place in Palm Desert, the Rancho Mirage. On arrival at the hotel, I went to the Hertz desk to rent a car. The man at the desk started taking the usual identification during which, he discovered that I had lived in Columbus, Ohio. He then asked if I was acquainted with Capitol University. I said, "Yes, I had an Aunt who had married a Lutheran Minister, a graduate of Capitol." I also said, "he had a very peculiar name, Gustavus Adolphus Shellhase" (giving the Germanic pronunciation). The clerk said in an incredulous voice, "Uncle Gus?" Well, he went on to tell me about Uncle Gus who had served as a Chaplain in Gen. George Patton's Third Army during WWII. I knew my son, an avid devotee of George Patton, would be delighted to know that he was in some way related to one who had served with Patton. Unfortunately, I was too much astonished to investigate the Hertz clerks' connection with all of this, so I now must go on conjecture alone.

I suppose the Hertz clerk must have been one of the many frightened young doughboys, barely more than boys, struggling to be brave, but not quite successful in their attempt to meet General Patton's stringent demands. I suppose the title "Uncle Gus" was bestowed by these frightened young men upon Gus because of his kindly "Dutch-Uncle" advice and counsel.

On the next to last day of our stay, a female mallard duck who had presented herself regularly on our patio to claim all leftovers from our breakfasts, proudly appeared, followed by a gaggle of five tiny ducklings. We were fascinated and barely able to leave our newfound family, but I was anxious to tell my son that he was indeed related, in some fashion, to a member of George Patton's Third Army. The news produced the expected profound effect that took quite a spell to

wear off.

Now, fifteen years later, the second phase of this incredible tale comes to light. While surfing the web, my son came across an item that led him toward a man named Shellhase. My son wrote a letter to this person. Unfortunately, the addressee had died ten years previously at the age of twenty-eight. Fortunately, the postal service of the small town, Willowdell, Ohio, delivered the letter to a family member who was impressed by the data my son had included, and responded that she would forward his letter to Gus's son, Tom Shellhase, (now pronounced "Shell-haze") in Phoenix, Arizona.

I have since had a long phone conversation with Tom, and find I have a cousin I never knew existed! I shall ask my son to start a chat-group titled "Uncle Gus." I hope it is not too late.

—Dr. George Ferguson

### IF YOUR WALLET OR PURSE IS LOST OR STOLEN:

Here's critical information for how you can limit the damage.

- Cancel your credit cards immediately. The key is having the toll free numbers and card numbers so you know whom to call.
- File a police report immediately in the jurisdiction where it was lost or stolen. This proves to credit providers you were diligent, and is a first step toward an investigation (if there ever is one).
- Perhaps most important: Call the three national credit reporting organizations immediately to place a fraud alert on your name and SS#. The alert means any company that checks your credit knows that your information was stolen and they have to contact you by phone to authorize new credit.

The numbers are: Equifax 1-800-525-6285;

Experian (formerly TRW) 1-800-301-7195

Trans Union 1-800-680-7289

Social Security Administration has a fraud line at 1-800-269-0271

—Contributed by Bill Goldthorpe



## RETRAVELMENT

(Travel in Retirement)

Remember the day you said "No more 8 o'clock classes, no more department meetings, no more late night duties? I just want to retire to The Forest at Duke, enjoy all the activities AND be able to pack my suitcase, lock the door, and travel anywhere I want at any time I choose."

Well, here we are. Now about that travel—there are two ways to go. Really pack your bags, lock the door and hook up with Steve Tuten (Southern Leisure Tours,) or Grand Circle Travel, Tauck, Princess, Holland-American, Elderhostel, etc. OR join us in the auditorium for our Armchair Travel on the first Wednesday of every month, or Travelogue, the third Wednesday of every month, and travel vicariously.

One of the Duke Campus Club sections is Travel and it has been meeting in our auditorium since we opened. Rheta Skoulat was the original chairperson, now Earl Davis is the chair. This program presents residents' travels, their pictures, memorabilia and experiences on their recent trips. In October Ed Albrecht showed us slides of the Gulf National Seashore in Florida where he was the official photographer. In November John Gray will show us his slides and tell us about the Elderhostel he spent

in Cuba. In December Bob Dunham will tell us about Burma and Angkor Wat during his recent visit. Put these programs on your schedule.

For the Travelogue on the third Wednesday, Earl plans a program of exotic places prepared by distinguished producers such as National Geographic and the History Channel. The October show was the discovery of a fabulous Aztec city under Mexico City recently found when they excavated to build a sewer. For November we will have a video on Japan, Land of Contrasts, in conjunction with the special celebration of our walkers' arrival in Tokyo.

So real or vicarious, if you itch to travel—TFAD has a lot of answers.

Now, a word about the real travel with Southern Leisure Tours (Steve Tuten.) By the time you read this, the group that left on October 20 for a leisurely, casual, colorful barge trip on the O-HI-O will be home to rave to you about the food and lifestyle on board the river barge Explorer. BUT it's not too late to sign up for Christmas in Old Williamsburg or a couple of nights at the Grove Park Inn. A brochure is available on the little table outside Lucy's office door.

Aren't you glad you came to TFAD?

—Earl Davis

## TODAY'S HISTORY LESSON

Please identify the following quotation without looking it up under your desk. "They are struck to the heart with ter-

ror for their impending punishment, and oh, may no false liberality, no mistaken lenity, no weak and cowardly policy interpose to save them from the blow! Strike! Chastise these savages, for such they are....Our demands may be couched in a single word, "Submission!"

Is this a statement from Osama bin Laden, or from someone in Washington, DC? No, it's from the *London Times* of May 24, 1814, a few months before the Treaty of Ghent ended the War of 1812 which, in a military sense, was won by neither side.

—John Tebbel

Man's capacity for justice makes democracy possible, but man's inclination to injustice makes democracy necessary.

—Reinhold Niebuhr,  
*The Children of Light and the Children of Darkness* (1944)





Bob Blake's  
**Puzzle**

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

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

**Resident Ladies**

AILENE	CAROLINE	GENEVA	LEA	ORTRUDE
ALICE	DEBORAH	GINNY	LOIS	PAT
ANN	DOT	GRETCHEN	LUCILE	PHYLLIS
AUDREY	EDITH	GRETTA	LUCY	PRISCILLA
BARBARA	EDNA	HAZEL	LOMA	RHETA
BERNICE	ELAINE	HOPE	MAIDI	SARAH
BESS	ELEANOR	IVA	MARION	SUSAN
BETSY	ELIZABETH	JANE	MARIE	SYLVIA
BERTHE	ERNESTINE	JANET	MARTHA	TERUKO
BYLEE	ETHEL	JEAN	MARY	TINA
CATHERINE	EVEBELL	JOYCE	MOLLY	VERNA
CHARLOTTE	FRANCES	JULIA	MOZETTE	VIOLA
CLARE	GAY	LAUREL	NANCY	WILLIE MAE