

# THE FORESTER

Volume 8 Issue 4 A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

January 2002

## PRESIDENT'S PODIUM



The Residents' Council Meeting updated the Directors on developments in the Building and Renovation Project. Steve Fishler with other members of the project team made a successful appearance before the Medical Care Commission. Many questions were asked regarding TFAD's record of Community Services and the diversity of our resident population. The \$60,000 grant made to the Council for Senior Citizens will prove to be of great importance in attaining the Medical Care Commission bonds for our new health facility. January caucus meetings will receive a full report. It is important that every resident who possibly can should attend these meetings.

We have complained that in the past the administration has not kept us informed on important matters in a full and timely manner. At its December meeting, the TFAD Board moved to join residents and staff in the effort "to provide better and more timely communication and to achieve the best rapport between all members of the TFAD community." There have already been tangible moves in the right direction. Your caucus is the

## NEW GREENHOUSE GRAND OPENING



Noel Freeman, Greenhouse Committee Chair, cuts the ribbon.

The grand opening of the new Forest at Duke greenhouse was celebrated Friday, December 14 at 3:00 p.m. with a ribbon cutting ceremony by Noel Freeman, Greenhouse Committee Chairman, assisted by Executive Director Steve Fishler and cheered by the Committee and other residents and staff. Lucy

best medium for two-way communication between all parties.

The staff is again making the Holidays a very special time here. Let us all join in enjoying the festivities while giving thought to bringing a safer and more humane world out of the dark present.

—Robert Ward

Grant supplied balloons for the festive event and about 45 persons toured the new facility.

The Forest's greenhouse is maintained by The Forest at Duke and supervised and managed by the Residents' Greenhouse Committee for the benefit of residents and for resting and rehabilitation of ornamental plants used in public areas of the Community Center. More specific information use of the facility is given in "Growing Pains" on page 7 of this issue.

We all join in giving special thanks to those residents whose financial help made our new greenhouse possible.

—Betty Niles Gray

**The Forester**

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**Publisher:** Bob Dunham

**Editor:** Marion Patton

**Associate Editor:** Virginia Jones

**Contributing Editor:** John Tebbel

**Editorial Assistants:** George Chandler, Earl Davis, 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

## PLAUDITS FOR THE TEACHERS

The members of **Bernard Bender's** intermediate computer class of Tuesdays at 2:00 p.m. want to express thanks to him, and to his assistant, Steve Bromberg. We not only learned a lot, we also had a great time thanks to perspicuous instruction, a marvelous upbeat atmosphere, and an infectious sense of humor.

The members of **Loma Young's** classes for beginners in watercolor want to express our thanks, not only for her instructions and demonstrations but also for her patience, understanding, empathy and encouragement.

—Bernard Peach

## Forester Profile

### Joe McMoil

by John Tebbel

If you ask Joe McMoil what he does at The Forest, he will give you his title: Café Worker and Nighttime Diet Aide. What he



Who WAS that masked man?

could also tell you is that, since he came here seven years ago, he has been all over the place, doing all kinds of jobs—in House-keeping, Security, Maintenance, Dining. Old residents have seen Joe in virtually every part of The Forest, always working hard—so hard that some wondered if he ever sat down, relaxed, and smiled. He does, all three.

Joe was born and spent his first years in Elna, New York, a small town near Buffalo, before he moved with his family to Florida where he went to high school and studied for five years at Sarasota Community College. In his mid-twenties, he moved back up north to live for a time with his stepsister, Laurie Lach. Eventually, he wound up living in a Hope Valley apartment with three roommates.



Oh, that was Joe, He's now serving a luau.

## WHY GOD NEVER RECEIVED TENURE AT ANY UNIVERSITY

1. He had only one major publication.
2. It was in Hebrew.
3. It had no references.
4. It wasn't published in a refereed journal.
5. Some doubt He wrote it Himself.
6. He may have created the world, but what has He done since?
7. The scientific community can not duplicate His results.
8. He never got permission from the Ethics Board to use human subjects.
9. When one experiment went awry, He tried to cover it up by drowning the subjects.
10. He rarely came to class and just told students, "Read the Book."
11. Some say He had His Son teach the class.
12. He expelled his first two students.
13. His office hours were irregular and sometimes held on a mountaintop.
14. Although there were only ten requirements, most students failed

—Anon. Submitted by Ruth Dillon

When he isn't working—and some Foresters wonder when that is—Joe is a hot Duke sports fan, but he also goes to hockey games and likes the movies. He's a traveler, too, having been to Europe three times since he arrived here and plans to visit Australia next March. If the Aussies find out what he does here, they may keep him to get the country up and running. Joe could give them lessons.

## JANUARY

There's something so forbidding about January, a feeling preserved in song, story, and memory. To those of us from north of the Mason-Dixon, the name calls up visions of bitter cold, snow and, of course, winter sports. To Southerners, it means the inconvenience of a few gray days and a moment of panic if a stray snowflake from the North should have the temerity to fall.

But for most of us, from everywhere, there's something really wrong about January. For one thing, there are few generally observed holidays. True, there's New Year's Day, though the action is mostly on its eve, and Martin Luther King Jr. Day. And there's Twelfth Night, but that's only for lovers of literature; to a lot of us, it's just the eve of another long January day. That's the problem; January seems interminable, the longest 31 days on the calendar, before we can get to February, so full of holidays of every variety.



February. It's only a few interminable days away.

— John Tebbel

Meanwhile, cuddle up, read a good book, try not to succumb to the times we live in, and above all—think

## BOOK NOTES

by John Tebbel

As publishers mark the seasons, we are now dealing with spring lists, no matter what the calendar says. First on the list for many in these parts, as



well as others, is North Carolina novelist Robert Inman's new book, *Captain Saturday*. It's the bittersweet story of Will Baggett, a television weather-

man who loses his job when the station is sold to a conglomerate. At the same time, his wife is on her way up the economic ladder as a seller of expensive real estate. So there's trouble in River City all right, and it gets worse, so much worse that Wilbur finally is faced with having to reconstruct his own identity. How he does it is "deeply affecting and warmly humorous," an advance reviewer says. The story is told against a revealing background of North Carolina life and culture.

Foresters who have been everywhere and seen everything in their travels may find a few places they haven't been, and much fascinating history they

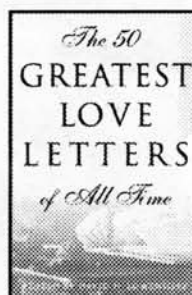
may not know about if they read *Latitude Zero: Tales of the Equator*, by Gianni Guadeloupe and Antony Shugaar. Not since Mark Twain have travelers followed so closely along the longest line on earth. They concentrate on three places along Latitude Zero: South America and the Spanish search for El Dorado; Africa and the exploration of the Congo and Nile; plus the South Pacific with its seafaring adventures. This is a well written, entertaining chronicle of adventure.

If you're looking for something different, try the really old but ever exciting:

*The 50 Greatest Love Letters of All Time*, edited by David H. Lowenherz.

Reading somebody else's intimate mail is intriguing, but when the letters are written by George Sand, Virginia Woolf, Ernest Hemingway, the Fitzgeralds and other literary lights, the temptation is irresistible. But there are also Harry Truman, Abigail Adams, Ronald Reagan, George Bush I, even an Elvis Presley fan from New Jersey among others. Caution: read these a few at a time. Reading the whole thing in a few gulps would be like riding an emotional roller coaster.

All the above are January books, just right for long days and nights.





## AD-LIB

BY LIBBY GETZ

"Life is a glorious cycle of song, a medley of extemporanea; and love is a thing that can never go wrong and I am Marie of Roumania."

"Mrs. L."

It was as much a symbol as a hat and the black, wide-brimmed chapeau that sheltered the lady; accompanied her every where.. You saw the hat. You knew who was under it. This lady was the queen of Washington society and had been since her



teens. Her father was our youngest President and her husband the Speaker of the House and if you haven't already guessed, the lady in the hat was Alice Roosevelt Longworth. From birth she was an "enfant terrible," the darling of the Press, and a cross for her father to bear. Teddy Roosevelt once declared, "I can either manage the country or Alice. I can't do both."

"Mrs. L." as she came to be known in later years, was small, erect and her attractive face was lit by eyes

dancing with mischief. She had a caustic sense of humor and amused friends with a devastating imitation of her cousin Eleanor. She loved gossip and knew everything that was going on in Washington. Everyone vied for invitations to her soirees and she chose with care those who received them—with one exception. She invited our dog to tea.

I'd always heard that dogs are a marvelous way of making friends and Mrs. L. was our Louie's prize contact. This particular poodle was black, elegant, a frightful show-off and the star of his obedience class. Mrs. L's friends were always thinking of ways to amuse her and one evening a mutual friend took her to see the canines doing their thing. She fell in love with our Louie and immediately invited him (and us) to tea. It was quite a tea party in her slightly shabby mansion just off Dupont Circle. The table was set with silver, fine linen, small sandwiches and a chocolate cake. Dog had his own plate with appropriate food. We had the tea. Louie knew he had charmed Mrs. L. and behaved accordingly.



Louie

Later, in August, we were invited (Louie not included) to a moon-landing party at Mrs. L's. It was a large gathering. There were TVs everywhere—in the salon, the library, the dining room, and well-known political and media types were swarming around the bar and buffet talking excitedly, not about the moon landing but about how to save Teddy. Chapquidic had happened the day before!

## AFTER 57 YEARS, A MEMENTO GOES HOME

A recent account from the Tokyo newspaper *Sankei Shimbun* tells how a Japanese notebook, written just prior to the Battle of Peleliu in mid-October 1944, came to be delivered to the writer's son, a small farmer on a remote island near Okinawa.

I was a Navy lieutenant with the invasion forces from the attack transport USS *Leedstown* and found the notebook amid battle debris in the aviation headquarters on Peleliu. In the press of events carrying out later invasions of the Philippines and Iwo Jima, I neglected to forward the document to Naval Intelligence authorities. After the war, I finally found a translator through TFAD resident Teruko Bronfenbrenner, and contact was made with a Japanese newsman who agreed to present the notebook to a relative of the writer if one could be located.

The writer of the notebook, Munehara Enemoto, an aviation technician, did not survive the battle for Peleliu. He had joined the Japanese armed forces in 1940, leaving his wife and six-year-old son. The wife died a few years ago and the son, Yoshimune Enemoto, had only a faded photo to remind him of his father. Now 67 years old and a farmer of modest means on Tanega-shima island, the son broke down with tears of emotion when the notebook was presented to him. One part of the notebook consists of drawings and untranslated notes of a technical nature. The remainder was a hand-written copy of the Japanese Code of Conduct, exhorting all servicemen to pledge their lives in sacrifice to the Emperor.

—Collin Ostrander



## LIBRARY NOTES

by Mary Ruth Miller

Even though the library shelves look full, they need to be a bit fuller. Some of the popular books people want to read are hiding out on private shelves around The Forest. Please make a New Year's resolution to check through your holdings. If you find a TFAD library book, kindly return it soon or else read it soon and then return it. We do not charge fines!

Also, as you sort through your accumulation of reading materials, please bring in any current magazines someone else might like to read. Lay them on the checkout desk for library volunteers to sort and dispose of. Some will go onto our rack or reading table, some to the Veterans Hospital, and others to Duke Medical Center. (Out-of-date magazines can go into the catalog recycle bins in the library or the post office.)

The library's computer is again on the internet, thanks to Bernie Bender. On Friday mornings from 9:30 until 10:30 Julia Chu is there to offer assistance in using it and even sending e-mail. Any printouts are 10 cents per page, deposited in the copier payment box.

A reminder: please remember not to sign out anything on slips of paper, for they are hard to file. Use the notebook on the desk for anything lacking a card.

The library has received two

## THERE ARE NO EMPTY CHAIRS

Crowded into the billiards room after dinner are a strange mix of good pool players, advice-givers, spouses hoping to see success in every pool shot and "interested hangers-on." We overheard some remarks that indicate the high level of expertise in pool: expertise in conning the rival players, expertise in "calling the shots" and expertise in analyzing the situation. It's a good place to get a good laugh, one that raises your endorphin level.

### Major pool

#### players:

#### **Jim Shuping:**

"Well, we'll just take it one shot at a time.

Now, I'm not much for talking but I



large donations of books, which are in process of being sorted and readied for use. A great number of paperbacks are ready now in the annex. Take a look.

Finally, remember to make use of OASIS. Twice a month the Durham Public Library sends over 50 books that can be checked out. The ladies also take requests for books to be delivered on the next visit (if available). The normal schedule is second and fourth Tuesdays, 2-3 p. m. (For a reminder, check the activities schedule.) Then be sure to return OASIS books only on the day OASIS returns, or ask someone to do it for you if you're away.

Our library offers many opportunities for pleasurable use of leisure time. Enjoy!

am a man of action."

**George Nance:** "Well, partner, the other side didn't leave me much, but I'll do the best I can."

**John Friedrich:** "Well, that's not what I was trying to do."

**Ray Blackman:** "No, I cut that one too thin!"

**Glenn Jackson:** "There's no way I can get that one in." Nickname: The Duke of Paducah.

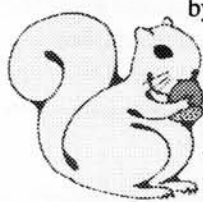
**Craig Harris:** "That's a long way down the pasture".

**Susan Shuping, Margarette Nance, Lucy Blackman, Jayne Jackson, Millie Campbell, Ann Kirkpatrick and Caroline Long** are some of the "regular" spectators. **Evelyn Doyle, Vella Johnson** and others stop by from time to time.

It's never dull; there's a good laugh at the odd shots that turn out successful; there are lots of "Uhs" and "Ahs" for the priceless shots. There's the incongruity of giving adverse advice to one side while maintaining neutral advice to the opponents. There is an ominous silence as the player stands quietly, aiming carefully. Bursts of "Good shot," "Well done," "Close, but no cigar," and similar remarks accompany the shots, depending on whether or not the designated ball goes in the pocket. "Cliff-hangers" are those balls impossibly poised on the very edge of the pocket that do not fall into the pocket; these remain just hard to believe and usually occur toward the end of a game.

Rude remarks are made about the "corners" protecting the pockets—these seem suddenly to pop out and protect the pocket from an innocent ball. —Anonymous Resident

## GATHERINGS



by Sciurus Carolinensis  
(Gray Squirrel)

How I could have missed **Bo Boteler's** birthday last month, I can't imagine!

Thanks to **Caroline Long** who filled me in with wonderful descriptions of that November 27th day beginning with **John Friedrich's** bugle call for breakfast with her early morning buddies in the Cafe, we have a good report! Later her companion wheeled her into the Living Room where she enjoyed **Bud Parmentier's** piano playing of the good old songs. Bo's daughter came for lunch and dinner when 11 waiters gathered around for a musical Happy Birthday! Others had birthdays, of course, but **Clare Eshelman** had a big surprise birthday celebration early in December. It wasn't just going out to dinner as she had expected, but **Phil** and their son arranged for a ride there in a white carriage drawn by a dapple-gray horse! Viewing Christmas decorations on the way made for a beautiful and memorable evening. . . Another celebration worth noting was the opening of our beautiful new greenhouse. **Evebell Dunham** arranged for a ribbon cutting by **Noel Freeman**, chairman of the Greenhouse Committee, and **Steve Fishler**. **Betty Gray** placed plants and balloons in attractive groupings while **Beth Corning** and **Linda Vanaman** snapped pics of other committee members **Bruce Burns**, **Bob Blake**, **June Northwood**, **Frank Melpolder**, and **Molly Simes**. . . During the Holidays we were treated with lovely decorated trees, both indoors and out. As we swung through the halls it was fun to see charming individual doorways.

Some leftover Thanksgiving travelers included **Dick Capwell** to Goldsboro, **P.J. Burns** to Chicago, **M. E. Stewart** to Charlottesville and **Craig Harris** to near Savannah. . . Before that, the **Mannings'** son and d-i-l who are avid gardeners from Seattle were here to

plant all of **Florence's** spring bulbs and pansy pots. . . **Dr. Tony Galanos** recently was in New York City for classes with the New York Academy of Medicine. With some time off he was able to see *The Lion King* and to enjoy the view from his hotel window overlooking Times Square. . . We welcome **Cathy Crabtree** back to the Wellness Center Reception desk! And **Jennie Ruddell** is home from Long Island. **Sarah McCracken** and **Earl Davis** had a marvelous time cruising the Danube from Vienna and then over the Alps to Nuremberg.

The December exodus has begun as this is being written. **Milton** and **Rheta Skolaut** are off on one of their motor home treks to Georgia this time. . . **George** and **Harriet Williams** have just returned from that state and plan to travel north for Christmas. . . **Mary Ruth Miller** will go south to Georgia while **Betty** and **Tracy Lamar** will meet family from Tampa at The Cloisters on the Georgia coast. . . The **Goldthorps** will go to Tampa and the **Getzes** to the Florida east coast. . . **Shirley Marti** has gone there for her golfing winter. . . Don't you wonder if any of these neighbors will pass on the highway!

**Betsy** and **Don Bernard** with their daughter and s-i-l and their adult children from snowy Vienna are probably cruising the warm Caribbean at this moment. . . The Canary Islands will be the destination for **Evebell** and **Bob Dunham** who will meet long-time friends there. . . **Ruth Dillon** plans to be with her son and his family in Juneau, Alaska while **Ginny Putnam** has a ticket to fly to Memphis. . . **Betty Joyce** and **Gene Whittle** have planned a get together in Norfolk with family from as far away as California. . . Amtrak will take **Frank** and **Mary Light** to be with family in the DC area. . . **Loie** and **Art Watts** were Maryland bound. . . **Bill** and **Harriet Fine** flew first to NYC to party with their daughter and her family then to Denver to see their son. . . **Bernie** and **Marion Bender's** son and d-i-l

from NYC visited here and **Priscilla Squier's** son and grandson were here from Vermont. . . Also from NYC came **Gene** and **Ginny Moriarty's** daughter and s-i-l while **Mary Lou Wolfe** has returned home from a stay in that city. . . "Old Nutty" couldn't keep track of everyone (aren't you glad?) but if you would like your activities mentioned in this column, please send info to Squirrel's Nest, c/o Box 41.

When I heard about **Margo Casady** having three daughters, I wondered about other residents who raised three girls and learned about several. **Lee** and **Ruth Phelps**, **Louise Goshorn**, **Mary Jones**, **Bill** and **Janet Holley**, **Dot Logan**, **Roy** and **Virginia Melbourne**, **Juanita Kreps** and **Jim** and **Gail Thompson** all had three-daughter families. **Claude** and **Melba Reeves** have a record 5 girls between them. **Ort** and **Bud Busse**, **Evelyn Doyle** and **Bernard Peach** all raised three girls plus a son and **Virginia Jones** lists four daughters and two sons. **Betty Ropp** and **M. E. Stewart** each have three sons. Others?

"Way back when" **John Friedrich**, **Tom Gallie**, **Henry Fairbank**, **Lou Swanson** and **Ginny Jones'** husband played rousing games of volleyball at Duke. . . But recently at her 3rd birthday party, **Erica Guttentag's** granddaughter had among her invited guests **Ginny Jones'** three-year-old granddaughter. . . What a pleasure it is to watch **Dorothy Bone** glide through the water as she swims early in the mornings. . . **Jody Zeillmann**, **Bernice Poliakoff**, **Frank Light**, **Nancy Sokal**, **Betty Gray**, **Ed Lee**, **Ann Rice**, **Bob** and **Hildur Blake**, **Bruce** and **Margie Burns**, **Hyman Mansberg**, **Henrietta Wolinsky**, **Vicki Barringer** and **Joan Englund** are some of the other serious lap swimmers. . . **Bess Bowditch** rescued a few buds after the recent rose pruning. . . Do you suppose **Azalea Bush** noticed her namesake blooming out of season in several spots! Now we'll settle into winter.





## GROWING PAINS

by  
Betty Niles Gray

The Greenhouse is a facility maintained by The Forest at Duke and supervised and managed by the Residents' Greenhouse Committee. All residents are welcome to make use of the Greenhouse subject to posted guidelines. All plants are not suitable candidates for placing in the greenhouse. For example, a growth environment is maintained with a night temperature of approximately 60 degrees F and your plants may not tolerate this environment. Before carrying your plants to the Greenhouse, consult with a member of the Greenhouse Committee as to its suitability for greenhouse placement.

Greenhouse Committee members are shown below:



Top from left: Bruce Burns, Steve Fishler, Noel Freeman, Chairman;  
June Northwood, Betty Gray, Molly Simes, Evebell Dunham, Bob Blake.  
Not available for photo: Milton Skolaut

## GREENHOUSE GUIDELINES

- To place plants in the Greenhouse contact a committee member to determine
  1. If plant is viable and free of insects and disease.
  2. Correct placement as to watering zone and light.
  3. Labeling with Resident's name on a suitable marker. (Plastic markers and pen are available at Greenhouse entry.)
  4. Unmarked plants may be discarded.
  5. Unacceptable plants are:  
All annuals, Hibiscus, and Lantana
- There are four watering zones and sunlight varies as to location.
- Space is limited for hanging pots. Residents are responsible for watering them since plants may not be watered automatically.
- The Forest at Duke Residents' Association cannot be responsible for the health and well-being or for the loss of plants placed in the Greenhouse.

***This is your Greenhouse! Please help keep it attractive!***

### ODE ON THE COLORS OF THE MOON

My view of the moon was strictly cursory

At the times

When my rhymes

Were lodged in the nursery:

"The moon-man sat in the lap of the moon

Awaiting the time to come down too soon."

The moon was a cradle,

A boat, or a ladle,

But whatever else it might have been,

The moon was cheese and the cheese was green.

My view of the moon matured quite steadily:

To the eye

Of a high-

School kid sighing headily,

The moon was essential to life's deeper meanery,

A vital aspect of romanticist scenery:

The moon was a stallion,

A ghostly galleon,

Or even a face. But as to hue,

I had to agree that the moon was blue.

My view of the moon expanded with knowledge

And I got

Such a lot

When I went off to college:

The gibbous phases canceled out bleu and stilton,

And epacts the epodes of Housman or Milton;

A staunch Barklinian,

I held the opinion

That with nobody there to pay it a call,

The moon couldn't have any color at all.

My view of the moon entered sciences' heaven

When they walked

And they talked

On Apollo Eleven.

"At last I will know what color they've seen,

If it's blue or it's red, if it's yellow or green."

Then Apollo the Twelfth blasted off, and at last

They took color TV for color broadcast.

With no color at home (but excitement galore),

I decided to go to a department store,

Where a view

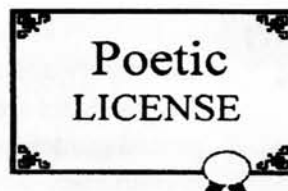
Of moon-hue

Would be mine for the taking

And I'd see

History,

As it were, in the making.



### KIN BENEATH THE SKIN

When folks watching them break into laughs,

They must wonder, "Do we commit gaffes?"

But it's not that at all;

It's because they're so tall.

People chuckle when viewing giraffes.

Great naturalists glow with *agape*

Toward a rare beast of which there's no copy.

It's kin to giraffe,

'Though shorter by half.

It's the ruminant known as okapi.

The giraffe seems to think it is fun

To spend hours in broiling hot sun.

The okapi is made

To live in the shade;

But they're cousins when all's said and done.

—George Chandler

And so I, as the fabulous walk was to start, went

Direct to the Radio-TV Department,

Where six sets were displaying the bright lunar surface

Each in- tune

With the moon

At a point where some turf is.

But ah me! my moon view was only inhibited

By the hues that the six color sets there exhibited:

One was blue, one was red,

A third yellow instead,

While the others were lavender, orange, and green,

In short, one of each

From celadon to peach,

So I still do not know what was there to be seen;

Having listened most humbly to science's voice,

I was back in the nursery taking my choice.

--Edith Borroff (1969)



## THE REAL ANNIE OAKLEY

Some of us will have seen the revival of *Annie Get Your Gun* at Page Auditorium recently and some saw the original many years ago on Broadway. When research was taking place for the original, someone from the production staff came to Nutley, New Jersey to interview my maternal grandmother, Jane Longfelder. She and my grandfather had been friends of Annie Oakley and her husband, Frank Butler, for more than 30 years. When told that Ethel Merman would play the part of Annie, my grandmother is said to have exclaimed, "Ethel Merman!—that rambunctious woman with the big voice! But Missie, as Annie was known by her friends, was such a quiet, modest person who talked like a little girl."

Annie Oakley and her husband, Frank Butler, came to Nutley in 1893 while she was starring in Buffalo Bill's show. The advantage was that Nutley was close to New York. The Butlers decided to build a home they could use in intervals between traveling with the show. They kept the home for several years during which time they came to know the Longfelders. But they decided they

could not keep the house and make the tours, but they returned many times to visit their friends. (My mother re-



Annie Oakley

called that Missie taught her and her sister to shoot and tried to teach their mother the knack, but the attempt was unsuccessful.)

Annie Oakley died in 1926 at the age of 66 and, according

to newspaper reports, the executors of her estate were Fred Stone, the actor, and my grandmother. Papers our family have show my grandfather as the executor of Frank Butler's estate. Most of the memorabilia is with the Nutley Historical Museum.

Following is a quote from *Missie* the biography by Annie's niece, Mrs. Swarthout:

"Annie was born in 1860 in an Ohio log cabin. The nearest school being several miles away, she never got much more than a practical education until she was in her teens. In 1866 her father died, leaving the family poverty stricken. It was then that Annie started shooting game for food.

"After a harrowing interval as a child servant on an Ohio farm, the young girl returned home, taking up

hunting and trapping to support her family. In 1875 she took part in her first shooting contest, against Frank Butler, a vaudeville marksman. She won, and about a year later she and Frank were married. Thereupon, her husband sent her to school. In 1880 the Butlers started to work as circus performers, doing trick shooting and riding, and four years later they joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Annie was the star attraction of the very popular show for 17 years. With it she toured Europe, playing before royalty time and again. Apparently her audiences could not get over the fact that this mild mannered, ladylike person could outshoot crack marksmen.

"A train accident in 1906 severely injured Annie, so much that her hair turned white in 17 hours. Twenty years later she was hurt again, this time in an automobile accident and had to wear a leg brace until her death.

"The Butlers had no children but Annie is said to have supported 32 relatives."

—Edna Wilson

## A DAY IN THE LIFE: ACTIVITIES

When Lucy Grant, director of our justly celebrated Activities Department, arrives at the office on any given morning, she's likely to find 20 or more messages waiting for her, both telephone and E-mail. What do all these people want? Simple. They want to help Lucy do her job, which is to provide Foresters with a wide-ranging program of entertainment and learning, enough to fill the thick booklet residents get at the start of every month. The range of these messages is remarkable, from someone who volunteers to help repair our buses to someone else who suggests a program on the treatment of eye diseases. In between are all kinds of suggestions for entertainment or information. Lucy has a smorgasbord to choose from, in addition to the activities she dreams up on her own.

The remainder of her day is devoted to making these activities work beginning with whatever is on the daily menu. As we all know, making things happen involves the work of her two assistants, Robin Williams, who seems chained to her computer as she compiles the thick monthly program, and Glenn Arrington, who appears to be everywhere at once. The entire trio, in fact, has to be everywhere because all these events require staging of some kind—setting up the auditorium, decorating, mak-

ing arrangements to move things, and a thousand other details, including checking out Channel 8 to be sure it has the right program for the right day. Holidays, of course, require extra effort.

While all this is happening, Robin finds time to teach art classes in the Studio. And one or all three of the staff may find themselves having to work meetings of various kinds into the daily schedule. What was that old gag—about being busy as a one-armed paperhanger? Look no further.

Little things Foresters take for granted, like the programs available at the auditorium door, or the sound system setup with its multiple devices—all have to be checked out. And the staff has to be able to answer a variety of questions from residents in the course of any given day.

And not to forget a fourth member of this team, Leanne Carnes, who designs, organizes and conducts all of our fitness activities, and runs the pottery program as another of her activities.

Add to the above—managing social events and decorating all over the place. Foresters who don't already know what this department does will understand why "celebrated," that descriptive word in the first paragraph, is justified.

--John Tebbel

## ANGEL OF HOPE

This touching story was told to me by a friend who was a volunteer in the Muscular Dystrophy section of a New York City hospital, where none of the patients was over the age of sixteen.

One day a lady brought her daughter to the Admitting Office of the hospital, said that the little girl was three years old and named Helen. She gave her own name, her phone number, and asked for the visiting hours.

Since she didn't come to see her daughter for over a month, the hospital called the number she had given them, but the person who answered said that they knew no one by that name. The hospital made every reasonable effort to reach her, but they never



could. As a result, the only family Helen knew were the children in her section and the doctors and nurses who cared for them.

As the story goes on, when the hospital gave a party to celebrate Helen's twelfth birthday, she told them that from then on she wanted to be called by the name Hope instead of Helen.

My friend (who was at the party) asked Helen why she preferred the name Hope instead of Helen. She replied that since she already knew that her life expectancy was relatively short, she had a better chance of living a good deal longer if her name reflected her own hope that when she died, she would go to Heaven, whereas if she continued to use the name Helen, the first syllable of that name suggested otherwise.

I later found out that when Hope died at age fourteen, the head nurse, Eileen Conroy, who loved Hope, had her placed in the Conroy burial plot under the name of Hope Conroy.

To end this poignant tale, I certainly hope that Hope's hope to go to Heaven came true, and that she is now an angel who has been assigned by God to administer to the care of abandoned children.

—Julian B. Rosenthal

## WELCOME NEW RESIDENTS



Claude and Melba Reeves  
Apartment 3030 403-7566

Melba Reeves says her hobby is People! (her emphasis) but she's also interested in theater, writing, and sewing. She is a Durham native, a graduate of the Westminster Choir College, taught music and voice at Gettysburg College, and has been active on the Durham music scene. Claude went to Clemson for two years and graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He had an active career in the Navy on destroyers, as a carrier pilot and test pilot, and working with guided missiles. His interests include bridge, travel, and reading. The Reeves moved to The Forest from Chapel Hill. Their children, all daughters, and grandchildren, live as far afield as California, Chapel Hill, and England.



Louise Harney  
Apartment 3029 493-6155

Louise Harney came to The Forest from Summerville, South Carolina, but she has roots in this area. She attended junior college in Raleigh before graduating from Randolph Macon Woman's College. She enjoys theater, travel, literary groups, participating in community projects, and was once an active gardener. She was drawn to The Forest by its proximity to Duke and the University of North Carolina, which many of her relatives attended, and because one daughter, married to a Duke professor, lives nearby. She also has a daughter in Columbia, SC, a son in Atlanta, and seven grandchildren.



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Bob Blake's  
**Puzzle**

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

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

**Your MOOD for the New Year**

AMOROUS	DOCILE	HUMBLE	PEACEFUL	SOLEMN
AMUSING	DOUR	HUMOROUS	PENSIVE	SOMBER
ASSERTIVE	EAGER	INTROSPECTIVE	PERT	SORRY
ANGRY	EDGY	LAZY	PLACID	SUNNY
BITTER	EUPHORIC	MAD	PROUD	SURLY
BLUE	FESTIVE	MEEK	RESENTFUL	TIMID
BRIGHT	FRANTIC	MERRY	ROTTEN	TRANQUIL
CALM	GENTLE	MOROSE	SAGE	WASTEFUL
COMICAL	GLOOMY	NERVOUS	SAUCY	WISTFUL
CROSS	HAPPY	NOISY	SERENE	WRATHFUL
DEPRESSED				

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