

THE FORESTER

Volume 8 Issue 6

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

March 2002

PRESIDENT'S PODIUM



At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the TFAD Board, and Lois Watts, Jim Shuping and myself, representing the Residents' Association Board, the discussion centered on ways to achieve better communication and timely exchange of ideas between our two boards. We spoke about the main concerns of the residents, as this is the place residents live twenty-four hours a day. Consideration should be given to the way residents feel about matters.

****Concern for health facilities,** not only the new ones being built, but also the present facilities, and the concern that personnel involved are doing the best job for the residents.

****Our concern with paying our bills,** meaning mainly the monthly fee, and the hope that something will be left for our heirs when we die. This resulted in some brief discussion of the budget and how the money is spent, and how the funds are invested. We indicated we felt very strongly that in the case of future plans for The Forest, there should be communication and involvement of the residents from the beginning, and not what occurred in planning for

RESIDENT BERTHA WOOTEN HONORED

In Goldsboro, NC on January 30, 2002, our Bertha Wooten received the "Cornerstone Award," the highest honor given by the Wayne County Chamber of Commerce. Bertha well deserved the honor for all the years, time and effort she devoted to the arts and education for the benefit of her city. She headed the Community Arts Council and was active on the N.C. Museum of Arts Wayne County Board. For 13 years, Bertha was a member of the Goldsboro City Board of Education, helping guide it through the integration years. She also served on the Board of Wayne Community College Foundation and headed the Town Forum steering committee during the bicentennial year.



Bertha receives Goldsboro's Cornerstone Award from past Chairman David Quick, and new chairman, Rebecca Kinsey (wife of Ed Lee's cousin)

Bertha had a standing ovation as she received her award. "Now I know how Julia Roberts feels," she quipped. Her award reads: "In recognition of extraordinary effort and dedicated commitment to the principles of growth and expression through dynamic leadership, and whose attitude and example sets the standard for our membership and community. 2001." Congratulations, Bertha! —Ginny Putnam

the new facilities.

****The residents here today have a great deal of knowledge and experience, and they also have some strong predilections. These should be given consideration early on.**

We brought up the idea that we thought there should be regularized communication among

residents, the boards and the staff. There was a little discussion of how this might take place, and then The Forest at Duke Executive Committee asked for whatever suggestions we had. The following were offered: (1) That we have regular

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The Forester

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WANTED

Arm Chair Travel

wants to hear about your travels, with or without pictures.. Share your adventures with us the first Wednesday every month at 2 pm, in the Auditorium.

Call Earl Davis, 490-8957, today and make a date to SHOW AND/OR TELL.

In Memoriam

George Burton Ferguson Feb. 7, 2002
Elizabeth H. Copeland Feb. 11, 2002

PRESIDENT from page 1

meetings of the parallel Board committees with resident directors participating but not as voting members unless they are TFAD board members of which we have three. The resident directors would be there simply for their input, and what they could bring back to us and to the caucuses when deemed necessary.

(2) That there be an annual open board meeting followed by a social gathering where Association directors could get to know members of the TFAD Board better.

(3) That individual board members would from time to time speak to our committees where their background is relevant to a committee so that they have a chance to get the sense of what we are thinking, and we get the sense of what they are thinking.

These three items are to be considered by the Executive Committee of the Board, and then presented to the full Board to ascertain their response, and to work out how these ends can be accomplished.

The meeting was open, frank and friendly.

—Bob Ward

**MARCH: IDES OR NOT**

March has such a bad reputation, it may never live it down. First there are those Ides that Caesar was warned about. He didn't pay any attention and look what happened to him. Then there's that reputation for being blustery, and none of the lyricist's loving words about "...the winds of March that make my heart a dancer..." seem to help. Anyway, what's a little March wind, compared with September's hurricanes?

There are, of course, attempts to put March in a better light, for example, the old promise that if March comes in like a lion, it goes out like a lamb. That may be all right for people in New England, but here in the South, the lion is often promiscuously lying down with the lamb right in the middle of supposed winter. Not a convincing alibi. It's like those drenching April showers which are supposed to bring the May flowers that managed to escape March's lamblike exit.

It's hard to find much justification for March, except that it's a relief from February and is a forward step toward the hazy, lazy days of summer with nothing to fear but water emergencies and hurricanes with familiar names.

There are no holidays in March except for an occasional Easter, and St. Patrick's Day for the Irish, engineers, and other

See MARCH in Next Column

lovers of parades and green beer. Does that mean nothing ever happened then? Of course not. Something is always happening in March, somewhere, but it never gets any press the way the other months do. Even those great songwriters, Rodgers and Hammerstein, couldn't find anything to do with March. "April's full of promises," they wrote in *Carousel*, and then "along comes pretty little May." Nothing at all about gloomy old March, with winter not quite gone and spring not quite here. There can only be a two word answer: Just Wait.

—John Tebbel

Happy St. Patrick's Day!



BOOK NOTES

by John Tebbel

If you've been to Venice, you'll want to read this book. If you haven't, it's still an absorbing story. The book is *Venice Against the Sea* by John Keahey.



It's not only a story about the city's fight to save itself from drowning, a dramatic narrative in itself, but the author tells us the city's history from its mythical founding by Trojan warriors to its involvement with the Crusaders and its rise to prosperity as a great city of intersecting trade routes. The author is equally at home quoting from Livy as from Jan Morris and contemporary scientists studying climate change. No one knows how the present epic struggle to save the city is going to end, but by the time you finish reading, you'll be rooting for this magical city to somehow find the way to save itself. We might better lose the Pyramids, for example, than Venice. (February)

Doris Lessing is known these days as the grand dame of English letters and in *The Sweetest Dream*, the third novel in her series based on her life, she proves again just how grand she is. This one is about a di-



vorced "earth mother" and her collection of teenage children. Two of these are adolescent sons who, with their friends, have virtually taken over a beat-up house in Hampstead, London owned by mama's ex. Frances Lennon, the mother, yearns for the theater, but she has to work for a living, on a left-wing newspaper. The plot becomes more involved and far-reaching as it goes along. The story is enriched by the author's own life experiences, and it flows absorbingly until it comes to a conclusion well worth waiting for. (February.)

Looking for a novel with a different kind of plot? Try *The Curve of the World*, by Marcus Stevens.

Here's Curtis Burke, a Coca Cola rep, flying from Paris to Johannesburg, when



his plane makes a forced landing in the Congo. Surviving the crash, he flees into the jungle. Back home there is Helen, his estranged wife, who is taking her seven-year-old blind son to Spokane to help her aging mother who has a broken hip. She learns of the accident, goes to Africa herself and eventually they come together again. That will give you a brief idea of the plot, which has many intriguing turns and twists. A satisfying read. (May, and worth waiting for.)

GATHERINGS by Sciurus Carolinensis (Gray Squirrel)

Too late for the last issue a response came to my request for residents who raised three daughters. **Eleanor Kinney** is very proud of all of her successful girls, Eleanor, Hannah and Janet, plus son, Tom, with many credentials at Duke Children's Hospital... Hope you all read **Melba Reeves'** poem about Krispy Kremes, **Eleanor's** favorite food and stock!

Some winter travelers have returned already. **Mary Ruth Miller** celebrated the traditional Mobile Mardi Gras with friends then went on to Birmingham and finally Mississippi... A fifth birthday for a granddaughter in Nashville drew **Ethel Foote** there to help with the family celebration... **John Friedrich** caught up with friends and family when he visited in Grand Rapids... **Loma** and **Carl Young**, along with her sister and b.i.l., cruised the Caribbean during Carl's birthday time... **Susan** and **Jim Shuping** should be in the Panama Canal area about now... **Gerry** and **Henrietta Wolinsky** enjoyed good times in many Arizona spots while **Lib Kern's** daughter from the same state visited her mother here... For distance traveled, **Marjorie** and **Richard Preston's** son takes the prize with Bangladesh as his starting point... **Viola White's** daughter from Los Angeles met her and other family members for a reunion in Florida... **Nancy Carl**, **Betty Gray** and **Jennifer Bowes** are now in Florida for the same purpose. **Ruth** and **Walt Lifton** are looking forward to a family reunion here.. And **Edna Wilson** plans to travel to California.

Rose Leavenworth gets her exercise on her new huge tricycle these days .. **Audrey Austin**, along with her daughter's help, sets the stage for decorated shelves. Every holiday and times in between a new "bulletin board" appears at her doorway... **Jack Tebbel** has a great record collection as we who listen to "Tebbel's Vinyls" can attest and **Jennie Ruddell** has a film video library to rival that. She is very generous with loans but wishes that all of those people who borrow would return them... **Ellen Dozier**, **Joan England** and **Mary Light** graduated in the same class from Durham High School. Squirrel may not have the exact word but heard that **Martha Wilson**, **Virginia Hebbert**, **Mary Frances White**, **Julia Van Stratten**, **Bill** and **Beth Upchurch**, **Dottie MacMillan** and **Liz O'Hanlan** are native Durhamites. Others?

Although not in the same class and did not know each other, **Dick Capwell** and **Paddy Frucht** were at Brown University at the same time... **Dot** and **Bill Heroy** are looking toward their 65th wedding anniversary... **Chuck** and **Doris Fields**, **Bob** and **June Northwood** and **Bill** and **Ginny Goldthorp** are all at or past the 60-year mark! Wonder who has the record!... Good wishes were being extended to young and happy **Kim Wilson** from Marketing when she was introducing her fiancé to friends here.

How many of you remember roller skate keys, the Fuller Brush man or washtub wringers? Squirrel needs all of the news he can get! Box 41! —S.C.

PHOTO DIRECTORY PROGRESS

Two of The Tenth Anniversary Residents' Photo Directory photo sessions have been completed. The last scheduled date for the photo session is March

25 from 9 am. to 5 p.m. for Independent Residents and on March 26 for Holbrook/Olsen Residents. If you have not scheduled yourself for your photo session, please write your name, unit number, and phone number in the Count-Me-In-Book in the Lobby. Then, com-

plete your "Green" form that you received in your mail box and return to the receptionist immediately. Lee Ann Bailey is coordinating the Holbrook/Olsen photo session.

—Rheta Skolaut



LIBRARY NOTES

by Mary Ruth Miller

Good news! The library now has beautiful new shelves in the classroom, thanks to our administration. We are in the process of moving into them, doing some rearranging in the process. The classroom we are calling our "mystery room." All mystery titles, paperback and hardback, will be found there, along with the set of mystery anthologies already present. In addition, short stories and other anthologies will relocate to the classroom. As other areas are shifted, we'll make a new directory for the desk.

Another major project now is following up on books and other materials that have been out of the library a long time. Although we set no return date, everything should be returned in a reasonable time so that others can use it also. In this project we have encountered several problems:

- (1) Some cards do not show the date and unit number of the borrower. Please always give both.
- (2) Some items have been signed out on slips of paper. Please avoid using these for signing out anything! If there is no card, just sign the notebook on the desk. Cards should be left in the basket.
- (3) Sometimes returned items lying on the desk have been taken out before they have been cleared. Please, never take anything

'TIS A FOINE DAY

St. Patrick's Day — a day when much of the country turns green, parades fill our city streets, and any citizen with a little or a lot of Irish blood proudly proclaims his heritage, and takes pride in the role his forefathers played in the history of America. And rightly so — and so you should know:

**The first St. Patrick's Day celebration in the United States was held in Boston in 1737.

**Hercules Mulligan, a spy for the American forces, foiled an assassination attempt against General George Washington, who announced the password for March 17, 1776 would be "Saint Patrick."

**The first St. Patrick's Day parade was held in New York City in 1779.

**March 17th is a legal holiday in Boston, where it is known as Evacuation Day, in honor of the Irish soldiers who contributed to the rout of the British from that fair city during the Revolutionary War.

**Charles Comiskey, owner and president of the Chicago White Sox, and Cornelius McGillicuddy (Connie

off the desk itself; only items on the shelves are ready to go.

(4) Sometimes people check out something and then lend it to someone else. Please avoid this practice, for there might be a waiting list for the item. Also, the one signing it out is responsible for it!

(5) Sometimes TFAD Library books have gotten mixed up with personal library books. It's time now for spring housecleaning. Just bring those library items back and take out some new ones. We want our collection to keep circulating!

Mack) were responsible for the formation of the American Baseball League.

**Ernest R. Ball, a Cleveland Irishman, wrote the famous Irish ballad, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling."

**Two Irish Americans, Adcock and Brown, flew the first trans-Atlantic crossing from Newfoundland to Galway, Ireland in 1919. Lindbergh did it years later (1927), and alone — but the Irishmen did it first.

**In the 1920's, "Abie's Irish Rose," a play about an Irish girl and a Jewish boy became one of Broadway's most successful, running for a record-setting 2,327 performances.

**Modern Irish : American history includes the square-off between John McEnroe and Jimmy Connors in the men's finals of Wimbledon in 1984.

Irish Americans have made their mark in nearly every area of American culture, perhaps most notably in literature, with the works of Eugene O'Neill, F. Scott Fitzgerald, John O'Hara, Flannery O'Connor and James T. Farrell, to name a few. Georgia O'Keefe made a lasting contribution to art, and performances by such Irish men and women as Gene Kelly, Pat O'Brien, Spencer Tracy, James Cagney and Maureen O'Hara have greatly enlivened our entertainment arena.

Singer and songwriter George M. Cohan reflected the patriotism of first and second generation Irish Americans when he wrote the stirring World War One songs, "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy," and "Over There." And if you've thought Mr. Cohan was Jewish, you should know his paternal grandfather, Michael Keohane, who came to Massachusetts from County Cork, simplified the Irish spelling to Cohan.

And then there's the influence of the Irish on American politics—but entire books have been written on that subject ...



A PHYSICIAN'S ADVENTURES AS A CATTLE RANCHER

OR

How I Became a Beef Baron

by Dr. George Ferguson

Continued from February issue —

In business at last, all I lacked was experience. I supplied my MD and a graduate M.Sc. (Med) degrees and from that point, I embarked on studies that, hopefully, would lead to a degree in

Practical Farming. With Harvey's help, we ear-tagged our new calves and, for a small fee, we registered them with the National Hereford Association. About



this moment, the bottom dropped out of the beef market. Consequently no one wanted to buy Breeder Stock, so we began selling our breeder cattle as hamburger beef, which, fortunately was still in demand. It seemed the only recourse was to go for quantity over quality; toward this goal we sought a herd bull that had a record of siring fast growing calves. Again, Harvey came to the rescue; he steered me to an auction of high grade Herefords in Virginia. At this meet, prices were a big disappointment to the Virginia breeders. Finally the prize young bull of the auction came on the bidding floor. Bidding was hesitant, and finally halted at \$700. Harvey, my mentor, suggested I try a slightly higher bid. I did, and to my astonishment, I went home that day with the prize young bull.

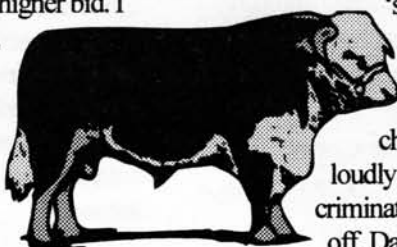
Sir Promino, our new bull took to his work with enthusiasm, and as fall turned to winter, my wife

and I wended our way to Sanibel Island, FL where we made our yearly escape from winter. Our vacation over, we left sunny Florida only to face a winter storm at home. We were thinly clad to face the four above zero temperature, however, my greatest worry was for little 'Alfie, Sir Prominos' first born, who had to face the frigid new world.. Alfie (nickname for Alpha) took the weather in stride, and never missed a trip to the calf-eteria.

Summer came and one of our bred heifers went into long and difficult labor. I finally called the vet, who assisted in the completion of an exhausting delivery. The calf was stillborn. At that time I learned the meaning of the term, 'downer' - that's a heifer who can't get up after delivery.

When this heifer didn't get up for several days, I of course called Harvey. He first asked if I had 'tailed' her? Puzzled by the term, I asked what it meant. Harvey said, "Well, you twist her tail and hit her in the flank with an electric cattle prod. That often gets them up". So, I borrowed a prod and got new batteries for it. Gingerly approaching the heifer, I finally twisted her tail vigorously and gave her a good jolt with the electric prod. She got up for one faltering step and quickly went down. By this time, lying on her side in the blazing summer sun, her greatly distended udder was getting badly sun burned. Good Samaritan that I was, I fashioned a makeshift tent over her. This made her infinitely more comfortable. She soon told me she would greatly appreciate a cool drink, and perhaps a small bite to eat. Room service was closed for the day, so I carried a bucket of water and a helping of

'sweet feed 'up the hill to her. The other cows getting wind of this, charged up, and loudly protested such discrimination. I fended them off. Daily room service,



fending off, tail twisting and moving the makeshift tent to keep up with her small advances continued for two more weeks during which time we enjoyed slowly increasing 'up time' until the heifer finally staggered off on very shaky legs. The 'downer' had become a wobbly 'upper.' Next day, I searched for a hand-capped heifer, but none was seen. As I started back toward our barn, I passed the pond and there discovered a pair of horns protruding just above the surface—my patient, going for a drink, had found her hind legs too weak to get her out. Well, I got

the tractor and some rope which I placed around her horns and pulled her out, dug a big hole and buried her. Next day the vet's bill arrived. That noon, at Rotary lunch, I sat next to a stockbroker who was bemoaning the bad days of the stock market. I stood it as long as I could, and finally let him have it. I mentioned the dead calf; my two weeks of bell hop service, my drowned heifer, her burial service, and finally, the Vets bill! I said "And you think you've got it rough? You think your stock market is tough. What about my Stock Market?"



One of our cows got in a tussle with another, a horn caught an eye, blinding it. At that time, one of our neighboring cattle ranches was breeding a new 'Polled,' or hornless offshoot of Hereford. This seemed a real solution to such accidents, so I purchased a new bull who had a very fancy name and several bred heifers from him. This addition greatly increased our crop of new calves and since the sex of young calves seems about equal, I was elected 'Head of the Steering Committee' I was the obvious choice since this involved a surgical procedure.

128
3
384

328
3
954

One of our neighbors, long expert in this procedure, helped me get started.

I soon acquired a special affinity for a spot toward the rear of the farm located high on a bluff overlooking a bend in the North Fork of Little River. Standing there, gazing off into the distance, I felt like an Indian stalwart, bow and arrow in hand, a 'lookout' for any thing hostile. At that spot, there was evidence of an old quarry. An out-cropping of slate-like stone, bluish-purple in color, was visible. This presumably was the site where stone, used to dam up Little River, was quarried and floated on a barge to the dam which provided water power for Emorys' Mill. A few remnants of the mill remain, the millrace, and a few large timbers of the mill itself. One of my close friends, also a doctor and a true Anglophile, excitedly pointed to a spot on his Pre-Revolutionary War map, published in 1775 in London. There it was, Emorys' Mill! History hadn't even figured in my original purchase price. Even more history appeared as we found an old 'post road' that proved the connection between Hillsborough and Greensborough in Colonial days.

From 'my spot' there was an almost vertical drop of one hundred feet to a level glade below. After a difficult descent, I found the floor of the glade covered with a mass of Ginger, Dog Tooth Violets and spring flowering May Apple blossoms. There was a site where one could build a small dam and make a swell swimming hole, and possibly, a fishing hole too. What a lovely site for a family picnic!

Returning from the glade, I had to negotiate a barbwire fence. It was covered with honeysuckle. The easiest way was to lift the bottom row of wire and crawl under. I did this, but as I got safely to the other side, I felt a sudden sharp stab in my buttocks. I hastily grabbed at the spot in an attempt to crush the in-

truder. No luck! I was immediately assaulted again. Again I grabbed. Again no luck, I was stung again. With this, I pulled off my pants as I ran to the crest of the hill, finally getting rid of the intruding wasp. I hope none of my fairly distant neighbors is able to confirm this story.

Late, one afternoon after a tiring days work at the hospital, I was driving out for a relaxing visit to the farm. Approaching it, I was on a low hill where the road gradually falls to a narrow bridge that crosses the north fork of Little River. The sun was bright, the sky a cloudless blue, in the distance I saw a hay baler and a hay wagon, partly filled with sweet smelling new-mown hay. The crew of workers were picking up bales and adding them to the wagons' growing load. Suddenly, the scene changed. A small boy took off up the hill as though the devil himself were after him. Some one fired two shots toward the hay wagon. Quiet resumed. When I reached the scene, a perfect explanation for this startling tableau was apparent. The next bail of hay, still in the bailer, held a wriggling copper head snake, half in and half out of the newest bail. I do hope the little boy has stopped.

Another day of hay baling proved a near disaster. A bountiful cutting of grass in our lower pasture had cured out well under hot sunny skies. The field was strewn with bales waiting to be stored to provide cattle feed for the winter. Naturally I was anxious to get the hay under cover before an oncoming electrical and rainstorm struck. I urged the reluctant crew to hurry on though they wanted to get to shelter themselves. Dark clouds thickened, finally with rain pouring down amidst frequent lightning flashes that came ever closer and closer, the last wagon got to shelter. I hastened to our little house high on the hill, as I dashed in from the pouring rain I found my wife seemingly 'three sheets to the wind'. Her disoriented responses seemed to confirm the diagnosis. Our usually

affectionate dog was nowhere to be seen. My wife had been peering through the back window watching for me to get in out of the storm. A bolt of lightning struck a tree not twenty feet from her. In the morning, I found chips of tree scattered all over the area and a number of electric outlets and fixtures in the house had to be replaced. My wife has gradually recovered, but to this day, the slightest rumble of distant thunder sends our brave canine defender under the nearest bed.

I had read Herriots' book, *All Things Bright and Beautiful*. It made farming look easy, and my graduate medical degree M.Sc (Med). led me to feel competent to assume some of the farm chores. When it came time to 'worm' the cattle I thought I was just the person to do it. In case you don't know, cattle to be de-wormed are gathered in a holding pen. This pen has a cattle press leading from it to a 'head gate'. The cattle press is a narrow passage that restricts the moves a cow can make. Once up, the head gate is closed around the neck, and the patient is ready for the Doctor. Medicine (vermifuge to you), or perhaps I should say 'worm medicine' comes in the form of a large pill, called a bolus, or as a liquid, called a 'drench'. As a physician with a graduate degree in Broncho Esophagology, I felt highly qualified to administer either form of the medication.



A number of cows were successfully treated, I was riding the crest of success. The next patient was our only one-eyed cow. She was suspicious and skittish, especially when approached from her blind side. We got her through the press with difficulty, while the head gate was fiercely protested. When I 'bolused her' she really resisted. As I

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removed the tube from her throat, she reared up, breaking loose from the gate and landing upside down, (all 1000 pounds of her), her horn caught under the bottom rail of the chute, and one hoof hooked under the top rail of the press. What a dilemma! After a prolonged struggle, I decided to remove the top rail. This accomplished, she still couldn't free herself. I decided to have lunch and to ponder the case. On return I found, much to my profound relief and to renewed trust in my professional judgment, she had righted herself. I felt that my post-graduate degree was coming due any time now.

I heard of a new form of worming: an injection with a short, stout needle pushed through the thick cowhide allowed a simple injection to eliminate the hassle with the head gate, I decided to try it. We got a group of cattle up in the holding pen. I was at the rear end of the line injecting each one as they came by. As the last one came up, I prepared the syringe and was poised to complete the job, when the last heifer suddenly raised her tail and delivered my 'diploma' with a solid splat! straight in my face and down my front. At last I had my PhD in farm management! The rest of the crew was convulsed with laughter, and not one of them offered to drive me home.



HEIGHTEN YOUR EMOTIONS— SING WITH THE TFAD CHORUS



Ruth

Kay

Nostalgia—"a longing for things, persona or situations that are not present." This is the theme chosen by director Kay Bailey for the TFAD Chorus presentation in May. Remember "Grandfather's Clock" that "stopped short, never to go again?" We will sing that old favorite along with "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton" in Kay's arrangement, as well as some favorite folk songs in modern arrangements. Also featured will be the setting by Robert Ward of Stephen Vincent Benet's poem, "Anna Miranda."

The Chorus meets regularly in the Party Room at 9:30 on Tuesday mornings. Kay coaches us on our breathing, asking for deep, focused breaths, followed by a warm-up for vocal chords and tongues. A mental workout is next; choral music is presented in multiple staves and verses. There is no bouncing ball to guide us, and we are supposed to look at our conductor now

and then. Oral instructions from Kay challenge our short-term memories as well. Demanding as this is, the general atmosphere is relaxed and friendly; the idea is to have fun.

Musician and TFAD resident, Mary Light directed the Chorus at its inception in 1995. She turned the directorship over to Kay Bailey three years ago. Kay lives in Durham and maintains a private studio there, teaching piano and recorder. (She will be teaching a beginning recorder class for the DILR spring semester starting in late April.) Kay's conducting mentor at Westminster College in New Wilmington, Pa. was Dr. Alan B. Davis. She says she "loves the group" and took the Chorus "on the road" to Croasdaile Village where the Chorus entertained residents with the "Moonlight and Roses" program performed earlier at The Forest.

Alto Ann Kirkpatrick says she "loves to sing and always has," going back to the Cherubs Choir in her church. Several choristers are regular members of their local church choirs. Accompanist Ruth Phelps has been an organist at Duke Memorial United Methodist Church and is indispensable to the TFAD Chorus. She organizes the chorus trips to the Olsen Center sing-alongs.

Getting back to nostalgia—good music has a way of refining and heightening emotions in a wonderful way. Consider joining the TFAD Chorus for our next program; you will be doing yourself a favor.

—Sylvia Arnett

THE BENEFITS OF AGING

Kidnappers are not very interested in you.

In a hostage situation you are likely to be released first.

It's harder and harder for sexual harassment charges to stick.

No one expects you to run into a burning building.

People call at 9 p.m. and ask, "Did I wake you?"

People no longer view you as a hypochondriac.

There's nothing left to learn the hard way.

Things you buy now won't wear out.

You can eat dinner at 4:00 pm.

You can live without sex but not without glasses.

You enjoy hearing about other people's operations.

You get into a heated argument about pension plans.

You have a party and the neighbors don't even realize it.

You no longer think of speed limits as a challenge.

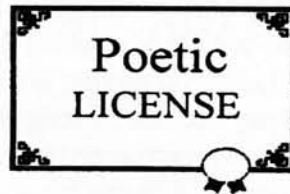
You quit trying to hold your stomach in, no matter who walks into the room.

Your investment in health insurance is finally beginning to pay off.

Your joints are more accurate than the National Weather Service.

Your secrets are safe with your friends because they can't remember them either.

Your supply of brain cells is finally down to a manageable size.



ELECTRONIC TRASH BOX

When TV was a baby
I never could get enough,
Even watched all commercials
As Betty Furness pitched stuff.

Sex scenes were never shown,
Four letter words were taboo,
Children's shows were "G" rated
For censors were watching, too.

Tots weren't born out of wedlock,
Parents were married for sure,
No steam rose in the boudoir
For the "soaps" were ivory pure.

And then the bottom fell out,
Everything turned to trash.
Now I turn it on for
Reruns like Mayberry and Mash.

--Ellen C. Dozier

PONDERINGS

They're draining the pond,
But they're saving the fish.
More may be beyond
Our most practical wish.

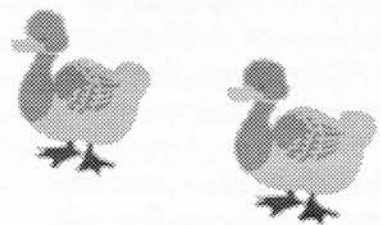
But ere T-FAD is lined
With contractors' trucks,
I hope that they'll find
A new home for our ducks.

For now that a pair
Of our mallards have mated,
They need to know where
They'll be resituated.

Then a monster may lurk,
In a deep-water bower,
And come up through the murk
New-born ducks to devour.

If he should appear
When the bottom is bared,
It is not wholly clear
That his life should be spared.

—George Chandler



A DAY IN THE LIFE: LINDA VANAMAN



Linda

Linda Vanaman, our Director of Human Resources (known in olden times as Personnel,) gets to work at 6:30 in the morning, the same time as that other Linda, Gardler, arrives. Linda G., the "Startup Lady," as she's sometimes called, is here to get the food supply in motion, and Linda V. is here to see that the entire personnel structure of The Forest is up and running in every department. It's a big job and she loves it.

Linda V's arrival is meant to coincide with the passing of the third shift in the dining and nursing facilities. If any of these people have problems, she's on hand to solve them, and that's the first order of business. She's there for anyone who needs to talk to her.

That's only the beginning of a long and strenuous day. For example, The Forest has just shifted to a new health care provider, Wellpath, and that means adjustments of various kinds. Then there are employee events to be planned, like the recent Employees Appreciation Day, and getting out the department's news-

letter. Individual problems are also certain to occur any working day.

Linda's computer is constantly busy because, among other things, she needs to keep up with the constantly changing labor laws. Linda's a walking authority on that subject. There are Workmen's Compensation laws to be checked out, hiring and firing problems, and checks to be made on new personnel. With the help of Chuck Walkley, our Security Director, job applicants are checked thoroughly for any possible law violations.

One measure of Linda's success at her job is the extremely low turnover rate for Forest employees. This has been particularly true for the dining staff, since the arrival of Barry Lobo as director. There a once high turnover rate has fallen to a record low.

The Forest has strict rules against displays of anger on the job, and problems of that nature are at an absolute minimum. Last month the staff celebrated a record 200 days of no lost time. And Linda has a very high rate of job applications to handle.

When Linda leaves the campus every day at 3:30, along with that other Linda, she can look back on a day filled with human problems, human progress, and as many variables in her job as there are people. A day at Human Resources is a day spent with the people who make the place work so well. Humans being what they are, there may be the occasional glitch, but on the whole Linda Vanaman is running a happy family.

—John Tebbel

A Language Instructor was explaining how, in French, Nouns (unlike English), are grammatically designated as Masculine and Feminine, i.e.: *La Maison* and *Le Crayon*

One puzzled student asked: "What Gender is the Computer?" The Teacher didn't know nor was the word in her (older) French Dictionary.

For fun, the Teacher split the class into two sections: Male and Female, and asked them to decide whether "Computer" should be a Masculine or Feminine Noun. Both groups were required to give four reasons for their recommendation.

The Men were decidedly for the Feminine Gender: *La Computer*, because:

- 1) No one but their creator understands their internal logic.
- 2) The native language they use to communicate with other computers is incomprehensible to everyone else.
- 3) Even the smallest mistakes are stored in long term memory for possible later retrieval.
- 4) As soon as you make a commitment to one, you find yourself spending all your paycheck on accessories for it!

The Women decided it should be assigned a Masculine Gender, *Le Computer*, because:

- 1) To get their attention, you have to turn them on.
- 2) They have a lot of data, but are still clueless.
- 3) They are supposed to help you solve problems, but half the time they ARE the problem!
- 4) As soon as you commit to one, you realize if you'd waited a little while, you could have gotten a better model.

The Women Won.

MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC

At The Forest, music not only charms, it swings, it soothes, it entertains and gives us great pleasure. Among our neighbors are many who attained success, and even renown, in the music world. We have singers and instrumentalists galore, plus those of us who just enjoy. Most notable, of course, is Dr. Robert Ward, Pulitzer Prize winning composer, former Director of the N.C. School of the Arts, and retired Duke Professor of Music. Also a graduate of Juilliard School, and former Chapel Choir member is Betsy Close. We have choristers, choir directors, pianists and organists a plenty. We have retired music professors and instrumentalists: violinist Sylvia Arnett, a bugler and trumpeter – John Friedrich, a retired bandmaster – Paul Bryan and several soloists.

A recently deceased resident, Dick Watson sang for the last thirty years in the Savoyards (Gilbert and Sullivan) productions and in the Saint Philips Madrigal Group. Their choruses rehearse in our auditorium.

Our chorus of 22 members puts on two concerts a year and welcomes new members; just come to the Party Room any Tuesday morning at 9:30 and join up. Members of the chorus go every other Monday afternoon to the Health Care Center to sing with the patients; check the weekly update for time and

place. . Ruth Phelps, Ruth Patterson and Jean Wolpert play the piano and others of us lead the singing, and every once in a while Sarah McCracken sings a solo as we sing old favorites. This program was started by the late Waldo Beach a number of years ago, so every once in a while we add hymns that he liked. Martha Fairbank and Mary Light play the piano for the weekly devotionals in the Health Care Center and Peter Robinson, a retired minister, does the homily.

Twice a month Jack Tebbel gives a program of some of the recorded music he has from the Big Band era. Also twice a month Earl Davis gives a video program of classical orchestral and vocal music.

Our auditorium is a much sought-after venue for music groups of all kinds who enjoy coming to entertain us. Some are invited by our Activities Director, Lucy Grant and we welcome them with enthusiastic ovations. Music students from the nearby colleges like to try out their programs here before they go on stage, and we encourage them with our applause. We celebrate everything here so we enjoy music of all kinds.

If you just want to hear good music at any time of day or night, just turn on our closed circuit TV Channel 8 and listen to the CDs some of your neighbors have loaned us, and if you have some CD's you would like to lend, take them to Assistant Activities Direc-

tor Robin Williams. She will direct them to the right place.

Early on we wanted a good piano for our auditorium, Under the leadership of Charlotte Casels the money was raised for the purchase of a fine grand piano. Visiting musicians say it is a joy to come here and play our piano. We now have four more pianos that have been loaned or donated to us: one each in the two health care clinics, one in the Party Room, and a grand piano in the living room. If you are walking by the living room some afternoon you may hear Bud Parmentier playing for any who choose to listen, some of the old favorite popular songs, and his friend Elaine Caraher sharing the bench with him to turn the pages. Duke University each year offers to sell some of their practice pianos from the music department. It is a great opportunity for those who couldn't find room for a grand piano in their apartment to purchase a better room size one. If you have been hiding your talents, now is the time to come out and join in. Music contributes to making The Forest a happy place to live.

Earl Davis

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

EMYZNEARKOTRUGOYJU
QJDRETAWPMULPHERBS
SHEIGHTFCFIBERLRET
ESWEETNERAHLVZEHVU
KEAOCTSIHJBKATNIO
IVYSLCOSQGPBKMTIDR
HRULADSABVNF AZUANP
UAZLICNNERAIJGCRE S
NTENBAAAESDEFQEGRD
GSEOC LDNTGXFSFVOSU
RICENCNASEOLSDUMFB
YYFRUITBROENNNTUTSE
TYNJDUOCDNTWITEDST
IKVNFMINDOANS CAFAS
SXLAI STESREAILRDQA
EWTAEKRSXIFUAVOAJT
BSUVWHSJEZJSRSDICA
OSNIMATIVREWOPLLIW

Want to Diet?

ACIDS	ENDIVE	HERBS	ONIONS	SKINNY
BANANAS	ENZYME	HIKES	PLUMP	STARVE
BEETS	EXERCISE	HUNGRY	RAISINS	STUFFING
BREAKFAST	FATS	INTAKE	REST	SWEETNER
CABBAGE	FAST	IODINE	RICE	SWEET AND LOW
CALCIUM	FIBER	IRON	ROUTINE	TASTE BUDS
CARCINOGENS	FOOD	JUICE	SALADS	TUMS
DAILY	FRUIT	LETTUCE	SODA	VITAMINS
DIET	GRAIN	MILK	SCALES	WALK
DINNER	HEAVY	OBESITY	SLENDER	WATER
EAT	HEIGHT	OKRA	SPROUTS	WILL POWER
				YOGURT
