

THE FORESTER

Volume 8 Issue 8

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

May 2002

PRESIDENT'S PODIUM

By Bob Ward



We have all been aware of the crescendo of building activity during the past month. It's only the beginning, but all reports indicate that work is almost on schedule and progressing well.

Otherwise much time and thought has been given by the Residents' Association Board and Health Committee to a proposal from the Health Services staff to introduce a dog and a cat into Olson and Holbrook, respectively, on a trial basis over the coming year. Meetings with the TFAD Board, the Health Care staff and representatives of the Resident Health Committee have taken place. The Residents' Association Board responded with a Resolution asking the TFAD Board to postpone action until the issues in question have been addressed. (The full text of the Resolution is in the Library.)

It is my hope that we can find a solution that will provide Special Care Unit patients with the solace that friendly animals afford, without exposing residents with allergies or fear of animals to contact with animals.

(Continued on page 3)

Contest: Write A Mystery Story

Author, Author.

Announcing *The Forester's* first contest — and a literary one at that. Read on.

One of our residents, who wishes to remain anonymous, has proposed a contest to solve a minor mystery that has engaged him for a few weeks now.

In his own words:

I had just summoned elevator 6 to take me downstairs for a fitness workout. The elevator arrived promptly. I punched (1), stepped back and immediately got the sensation that I was going up instead of down.

The door opened at (4) and there was one of our well-known ladies, dressed to the nines, and it's only 8 AM. We kicked a few pleasantries around, and she got out at (2), and this time the elevator took me to (1) — off for fitness.

To continue, I finished my workout and now, about 8:30, I went to elevator 6, punched (2) and got no response, punched again — same, so I went on to elevator 7 and had no trouble getting floor 2.

As I passed elevator 6, I couldn't resist, so I checked the elevator — still no response. I

thought about calling from the phone at elevator 6, but it did not give a dial tone--out of order! I checked later in the day without success.

I debated a while, then called Security, went to the elevator and did not have long to wait as Rhonda came striding up the corridor. Her success was no better than mine. She had some tools with her and tried to pry open the door, without success.

"Guess we're going to have to approach this from above, and that will take some more help," she said, and turned to go back to the Center.

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The Forester

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In Memoriam

Padraic Frucht April 23, 2002

ALL ABOUT MAY

As we near the end of another Forester year (oh, it's a long, long time from June to October) there is the case of May to be considered. Dear old May. She has passed through so many stages, like all of us. There was the period of sheer romance, in olden days. Then there was a time when the first of May was a signal for revolutionary demonstrations for good causes. There is always Mother's Day, of course, the invention of the florist industry at the beginning, but now everyone with something to sell gets in on the act; its greeting card sales are surpassed only by Hallowe'en. For many of the young, it now means graduation from somewhere, a date once held by June.

So, seeking something more romantic, we have to go back to Maxwell Anderson's immortal line, "For it's a long, long time from May to December." How true, especially for those of us who think it may already be November. But if you're a Thomas Hardy admirer, you can exult, "And May month flaps its glad green leaves like wings." Or if you prefer the more recent Louis Aragon, "O month of flowerings, month of metamorphoses."

That great songwriter, Lorenz Hart, was really lighthearted about the month. "On the first of May," he wrote, "it is moving day; Spring is here, so blow your job away". Not bloody likely

now. Most of us would settle for A. E. Housman's practical advice: "Pass me the can lad, there's an end of May," and later, "May will be fine next year, like as not; oh, ay, but then we shall be twenty-four." Would that it were true, May old dear.

John Tebbel

Contest

(Continued from page 1)

What or who was in that elevator?

Editor's Note — All you prospective mystery writers, tell us what you really think happened in that elevator, in 300 words or less. *The Forester* editorial staff will judge entries. We'll print the winning submission in the June issue. Take up that quill pen, typewriter, or computer, and begin. Deadline for copy is Friday, June 18.

Good luck!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Residents are invited to write letters to the Editor for publication, subject to space limitations.

Topics should be of general interest to our readers. Letters must be signed. Please limit them to 200 words or less and type or e-mail, if possible.

Views expressed in letters are those of the writer and are not necessarily those of *The Forester*.



GROWING PAINS

By Betty Niles Gray

Garden Plots — All the plots in the community gardens have been taken. About eight gardeners turned up on clean-up day in April and the gardens are looking good and being very productive. One of our expert gardeners, Bess Raper, is almost 92 years old and her gardens are especially productive. Last summer she had her neighbors in for luncheon of produce from her garden. Kudos to Bess.

Flower Arranging — Bess Bowditch has her flower girls lined up for the summer. They are: Sarah McCracken, Anna Louise Spigener, Jill Moyer, Evebell Dunham, Betty Gray, Jean Mason, Lela Colver, Debbie Carey, Margie Burns, June Northwood, Ginny Putnam, Hazel Scheblik, Edna Wilson, Jenn Van Brunt, Minnie May Franklin, Mattigene Holcomb, Ruth Nierling, Joyce Albrecht and Dottie MacMillan. Thank you for your efforts.

Greenhouse — Our greenhouse chairman Noel Freeman requests that if you have summer plants in the greenhouse—please remove them. Also, if you have orchid plants there they should

be tended and fertilized in a timely fashion—this is not a committee function.

Tip — If you have never visited Witherspoon's rose gardens it is worth a trip. Instead of turning right on 15-501 to New Hope Commons — turn left then left soon again. The roses are beautiful. They have a lovely gift shop and a shop that sells rosebushes and gardening supplies.

BOOK NOTES

By John Tebbel

Golfers at The Forest — and there are many of them — have a treat waiting. It's *Tiptoeing Through Hell: Playing the U.S. Open on Golf's Most Difficult Course* by John Stregge. (May) It won't be news that this major is played on a course chosen by the U.S. Golf Association, and doctored to make it as difficult as possible, so that the world's best golfers are, in effect, starting off even. Stregge gives us an inside view of how this is done and how players react to it. It's an insider's look at golf's toughest tournament.

If you loved *Cold Mountain*, you're certain to enjoy *The Sands of Pride, A Novel of the Civil War* by William B. Trotter. (May) The ingredients are the same, but the mix is different. Generals and politicians abound, but there is also Belle O'Neal, a sensuous Rebel spy; Cyrus Bone, a Confederate deserter; and Largo Landau, the daughter of a Wilmington merchant, a patron of the

poor. It's a masterful epic, told against the backdrop of such familiar places as Elizabeth City, and most of the Carolina Atlantic Coast. Like *Cold Mountain*, it's not just another Civil War book, and may enjoy the same success.

Don't be misled by the title, *Monarch: The Life and Reign of Elizabeth II*, by Robert Lacey (May). This is the story of a girl who only wanted "to live in the country with lots of horses and dogs," but instead found herself in a different world when her uncle, Edward VII, deserted the throne for "the woman I love." What followed is an absorbing human story, told here with great skill and much information that could, and did, come only from the palace itself. It may have been a make-believe world in some aspects, but it's also a human story, told against a backdrop of major events, and made more relevant by the recent deaths of Elizabeth's mother and sister.

President's Podium

(Continued from page 1)

These meetings have revealed the dedication of our Health Care staff to giving loving treatment to our least fortunate residents. Residents in turn have been able to voice their concerns about an important issue to an unprecedented degree.

AD-LIB

"Whoever said money can't buy happiness didn't know where to shop."

It isn't easy being my Best Friend — you end up with a flat wallet and a not-so-flat stomach, all in pursuit of good Triangle restaurants. Here are a few we found this past month.

If you want to be a swinger grab your earplugs and head for LE VIN ROUGE. It's noisy and crowded. A statuesque blonde seats you and Best Friend, who doesn't miss a trick, noted her décolleté was sprinkled with sequins. You find yourself cheek by jowl with your neighbors and the waiter has to fight his way through the tables to take your order. The service is good under difficult circumstances. The food is excellent. The onion soup deserves four stars, as do the soft shell crabs. Another time I would ask for a table in the patio, less noisy, less crowded.

Entrees are \$12 - \$20.

Le Vin Rouge is at 2010 Hillsborough Rd. (corner of 9th St.), Durham. Tel. 416 0406. Reservations recommended

If you want to die and go to heaven spend a night at The Fearrington Inn and dine at THE FEARRINGTON HOUSE RESTAURANT (not to be confused with The Market). The charming atmosphere and service are impeccable. The dining room is the antithesis of Le Vin Rouge — soft lights, soft music and tables

well spaced. The service is so good it is almost invisible. Fearrington House has won every prize that can be conferred on a restaurant. Some of the best chefs in Durham cut their baby teeth here. Chefs from Magnolia Grill, Nana's, Four Square and Cafe Momo learned in this kitchen. Best Friend would walk on nails for their chocolate soufflé. It's a fixed price menu - \$65.00, beverages not included.

No need to stay at The Inn if you're a night driver and don't mind competing with the cowboys that ride 15-501 but it's lovely to float from a marvelous dining experience to a soft Inn bed. With a room at The Inn comes a great English style breakfast. Spoil yourself and spend a lot of money. You don't want that Brinks truck following you to the cemetery.

The rooms at The Inn are from \$195 to \$325.

The Fearrington Inn and Restaurant are eight miles South of Chapel Hill on US 15-501. Tel. (919) 542 2121 Reservations necessary.

A little gem of a storefront restaurant has turned up in Chapel Hill.

The trick is to get a table at LANTERN. Every evening dozens of would be diners are turned away. The food is that good! They take reservations for only six or more. The place is small, the decor restrained and the service excellent. The waiters are bright young people who don't impose their personality on

you. The food is Asian. The Lantern's owners are not Chinese but the brother-sister team of Andrea and Brendan Reusing who are fascinated by Oriental food and approach it with a delicate touch. There is a lacquer red bar at the back where the overflow can wait for tables. Arrive before six and you should have no problem. The News and Observer Restaurant critic says it's among the Triangle's very best.

Entrees \$11 - \$16

Lantern, 423 West Franklin, Chapel Hill.
Tel. 969 8846.

The caboose on this list of restaurants is THE RED LOBSTER just down the hill on 15-501. The atmosphere is "old boat house". I kid you not. It's a happy, busy place and while efficient the service is a little in your face. The menu offers upscale comfort food; "all that comes from the sea plus farm catfish". Unfortunately the lobster rolls have traveled South of The Border and the lobster finds himself in an ole shell with spicy dressing. Best Friend ordered a kabob of lobster tails and scallops (\$19.00) and I a small lobster (\$22.00). Both came with coleslaw and hot cheese biscuits. The dinner was comforting. I'm not a fancier of fast food but this was pretty good stuff.

The Red Lobster, 4416 Chapel Hill Blvd, Durham.
Tel. 493 3566

Have a good summer.
See you in October.

Libby Getz



LIBRARY NOTES

There's an interesting corner in the library you may not as yet have explored.

Section 22 — in the far right corner as you enter the room — has six shelves with an eclectic assortment of subjects.

One shelf is labeled HOLIDAYS, with material pertaining to just about any holiday you can name. The volumes and pamphlets contain information on decorations, customs, folklore and foods. A good source if you're planning something special.

There are two shelves devoted to RAILROADING throughout the world. Stories and pictorial essays re-live the glory days of the old iron horses. These great human-interest stories on the bygone days of steam never fail to fascinate.

Another hidden gem in Section 22 is our SPORTS collection. Stories on past heroes, great and near-great athletes, and all about sports around the world.

Yet another shelf in Section 22 deals with ANTIQUES — catalogs, source books, price guides and pictorial essays on collections. Everything from Fabergé eggs to furniture. It's worth looking into.

There are many other "corners" in our expanding library that contain gems for your perusal.

Come and explore!

Library Staff

Forester Profile:

Carol Woods

No, not our neighbor CCRC in Chapel Hill, but the Carol Woods we know and love right here, who has ministered to the needs of Foresters almost since the place began, as head nurse in the Wellness Clinic. Old-timers and newcomers alike know her as the always charming, always helpful lady who makes them feel better.

Carol was born in Danville, Virginia, and went to school there. She never had any doubt from the beginning that what she wanted to do with her life was to be a nurse. She attended a respiratory therapy school, then spent three years practicing what she had learned in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Returning to Danville, she attended nursing school and graduated in 1987 with her R.N. That was the year she came to Durham to work at Duke Hospital, first in the bone marrow transplant unit, then with cancer patients, working 12-hour rotating shifts. Later she worked for Durham Internal Medicine, and at an infertility practice in Chapel Hill. Carol came to the Forest in July 1993 and says she never wants to work anywhere else. She married her husband, Marty, in 1997, and it was an internal romance. He worked in Maintenance. But since then he has become a Durham firefighter. They have two children, Ryan and Emilee.

When she isn't at the Forest and taking care of her garden, Carol does consulting on issues involving nursing for a Durham legal firm. She also found time to go back to school and in 1995 she got her B.S. degree from NCCU.

At home, along with everything else, she enjoys three cats — Gilligan, Buster and Lucy — and a dog Gretchen. Don't ask. Two years ago the entire Woods entourage moved to a new house in Hillsborough, where they are living happily ever after.

A Reminder

Please do not remove newspapers from the library.

Frequently, residents ask us to save an article or section from them, which we do when the next day's papers are put in place.

We thank the residents who so generously donate their copies each day. The papers are for use by everyone in the library.

Library Staff

Plaudits For The Teacher

Gene Moriarity just recently concluded his class on Great Decisions, based on the Foreign Policy Association's annual report. It was an hour and a half of stimulating, insightful discussion, sparked by Gene's own recollection of his years spent living in the Middle East and nearby regions. Many thanks, Gene. See you next year!

Class of 2002

GATHERINGS

By Sciurus Carolinensis
(Gray Squirrel)



From atop the trees my view of the rainbow after our brief shower in mid May was spectacular! It was noticed just following the Playreaders' fun production of *Wash Carver's Mouse Trap* starring **Martha** and **Henry Fairbank** as the mountain folks and **Marion** and **Bernie Bender** as the city slickers. This was right on the heels of several graduations and Mothers' Day. **Mildred Fuller's** grandson and **Ann** and **Bob Durden's** granddaughter graduated from Duke and Virginia Tech respectively. After one career **Erica Guttentag's** s.i.l. received his M.D. from Duke amid a whole week-end of festivities. . . Sons, daughters, grandchildren and other family members visited for the special day and earlier. **Mary Jones** and **Katherine Holton** had a table for Sunday as did **Marie Bremer**, **Charlotte Cassels**, **Lela** and **Bob Colver** and **Caroline Long**. Along with the delicious meal a long-stemmed rose was presented to each lady - a nice touch. Mentioning roses reminds me of our lovely garden. **Bess Bowditch** would like us to know that **Deborah Carey**, **Evebell Dunham**, **Betty Gray**, **Jean Mason**, **Hazel Scheblik** and **Anna Louise Spigener** are her angels for placing arrangements in strategic spots around The Forest and dead-heading the bushes. In addition, **Minnie Mae Franklin**, **Tina Land**, **Sarah McCracken**, **Guinny Putnam**, **Sally Sheehan** and **Jenn Van Brunt** remove the spent blossoms while **Margie Burns**, **Lela Colver**, **Jill Moyer** and **June Northwood** are on a schedule to place special arrangements at the entrance to the Dining Room. Please notice near the Olsen entrance the new bed for

roses from the gardens of **Martha Wadsworth** and **Frances Beach** prepared by our Maintenance Staff.

Edith Duffy had a big weekend celebration of her 90th birthday with family and friends. . . Our wait staff and other help tuned up to sing for **Millie Campbell** as she celebrated her special day with her son, d.i.l. and grandson. . . The **McKerrachers** held a family gathering for **Hubert's** birthday earlier. . . **Kacy** and **Jack Tebbel** were quiet about their 63rd wedding anniversary. . . May 25th was the 60th wedding anniversary for **Florence** and **Claude Manning**. In April, their son, **Claude III** visited them for a week. . . **Guinny Putnam** and her sister from Carol Woods hosted a family reunion at Hotel Sienna for their three siblings and two spouses. These seven relatives who are friends, too, had such a good time that they want to return next year. . . **Jane** and **Hal Muncaster** have enjoyed brief visits from all four of their children. **Amy** came from Butler, PA, **Hugh** from Rochester, MI, **David** from Rochester, NY and **John** from Texas.

While they did not win the Golf Match to aid the new Senior Center, **Guinny Goldthorp**, **Hal Muncaster**, **Mark Williams** and **Gene Whittle** showed strong support for this community activity. . . **Becky Binney**, our new fitness coordinator, showed her expertise in ping pong matches against **Bruce Burns**, **Gene Magat** and **Jim Shuping**. Games are held Friday afternoons for men and women in the Exercise Room at 1:30 PM. . . Impressive is the fact that some time during each day **M. E. Stewart**, **Chris Hamlet** and **Dot Logan** can be seen working out on bikes and/or machines. **Phil Eshelman** and **Don Bernard** attend often. . . **Bob Blake** and whatever help he can commandeer tends and waters more than 100 plants at The Forest. . . **Correction:** The letter passed around by **Jean Wolpert's** sorority has been in continuous circulation for **60 years**, not an insignificant 22 as reported.

Bob Ward attended meetings with the National Endowment of the Arts and PBS in Los Angeles and Washing-

ton, DC. . . **Gene** and **Betty Joyce Whittle** have returned from a driving trip to Texas. . . **Nancy Sokal's** journey to Madagascar was not only a personal and scientific expedition to check the lemurs but also to carry many pairs of eye glasses which were dispersed to those in need. . . **Laurel** and **Ed Sherman** once again joined friends for a Caribbean cruise. . . **Lucy** and **Ray Blackman** are home from Ireland and **Berniece** and **Herb Stecker** have returned from their western trip. . . **Marian Krugman** and **Julia Negley** go away so often that I cannot keep track. . . Maybe they like it that way! . . . **Ann Kirkpatrick** had a trip to Ohio. . . **Liz O'Hanlan** and **Jennifer Bowes** spent a holiday in Cashiers, NC. . . **Bud Busse** made a trip to St. Louis where he met his daughter and to receive academic honors. . . **Pat Predmore** visited her son in California. . . **Bette** and **Tom Gallie** were in New York City to visit a daughter and to attend shows. . . As we go to press **Helen Corbett** plans to be with her son and granddaughter in Spain. . . For the 21st time **Gertrude Merritt** is a great aunt!

Mary Godby, coordinator of activities for the Health Centers, drove the bus twice to Duke Gardens so that **Peter Robinson**, **Sybil Erickson**, **Gretchen Curless**, **Dorothy Pope**, **Helen Tyree**, **Nancy Larsen**, **Ailene Harmel** and **Helen Francis** could ride the trolley driven by **Molly Simes** for two tours. Nurses aides along for the trip were **Daphne Blair** and **Joyce Mbago**.

Summer plans were in the making for **Bylee** and **Ben Massey** to be at their Florida home and for travel to Lithuania. . . **Libby** and **John Getz** should be at their summer home on the shores of Lake Michigan by now while **Betty** and **Tracy Lamar** and **Betsy** and **Don Bernard** are scheduled for a summer in the North Carolina mountains. . . **Lucy** and **Ray Blackman** will head for Lake Erie. . . **Ruth Dillon** will be in the Adirondacks after she returns from California.

More news next month. Please send info to Box 3045.

Why I Like Baseball

Editor's note. Play ball! is the command heard across the country these days. Eleanor Kinney's delightful piece drew many comments when we ran it a couple of years ago. Enjoy this repeat trip to nostalgia.

I think it was Ernest Hemingway who said, "Before I sit down to write, I clean out the icebox and then I wash the dog." My housekeeper cleaned out my icebox and I no longer have a dog, so I'll begin.

Early on, my family watched many baseball games on black and white TV and later in color. When living in Boston, we watched the Red Sox for eight years and then in Cleveland we had 13 years of the Indians. Many games we saw live. And now I try to keep up with the Durham Bulls: organized in 1902, a AAA team in the International League—strong young players with their "state of the art" stadium.

I like the setting of the game. Outdoors and summertime, the colors, the sounds, the voices raised in song, and the yells, the organ music, and the food and excitement of it all. I love the green and brown playing field and the diamond formed by the bases. And it's a civilized game.

The correct number of players is nine on each team. Any number can play on the sandlots. The pitcher throws the ball to the batter, and that ball may cut through the air at 95 or more miles an hour. The bat is a long, rounded "stick" made of hard ash wood. I love that sound of the crack of the bat when it hits the ball. The ball is 5¼ inches in circumference, covered with two pieces of horsehide leather wrapped around a core of rubber. As I recall, it has 99 stitches. The point of contact is very small, for it's a

round bat hitting a round ball. There is a pleasant muffled snap when the catcher or any player receives a hard-hit ball in his big leather glove.

All the teams have the same style of uniform but each has its own colors. There is no extra padding except that of the catcher, who runs the risk of missing the ball and being hurt. Batters wear helmets. Some gold chains flash in the sunlight, a current macho expression.

An organ's great sound swells and accompanies the singing of the national anthem at the start of each game. There is silence in the park before each pitch, but a home-run, a grand slam, or even a good hit creates a huge burst of cheers and claps and "waves." The player may stand, doff his cap, and bow to the crowd, if it's really a spectacular play. So classy! There are balks, knuckle balls, screwballs, hand signals, curve balls, the groove, a swing and a wallop, a steal and fly ball and others. I can't explain some because I just can't. And I can't keep up with the endless stats recorded for all players in the daily newspapers. During the game plays are called over the loud speakers and little anecdotes about the players are related. Coaches are plentiful, some professional, some novices.

At the seventh inning the fans stand and stretch and sing, "Take Me Out To The Ballgame" with great fervor.

And the food! Hot dogs, nachos, sunflower seeds, cookies, Cracker Jacks, peanuts, fried dough—umm good—ice cream, cotton candy, beer and soda. One may see many a proud father carrying a "dressed to kill" toddler in one arm and a can of beer in the other.

There are Little Leagues, all women teams, baseball camps, and there are black teams. I have read of

blind baseball where the player listens and judges where the ball is.

The head of major league baseball is the Commissioner. Upon his retirement from Yale, President Giometti became Commissioner. He was a real fan who truly understood the game and its organization that has now become international. And there is Cooperstown, the Abner Doubleday Field, and the Hall of Fame. They are all there—Ty Cobb (perhaps the best player in legendary baseball,) Babe Ruth, Walter Johnson, Yogi Berra, Cal Ripkin, Roger Maris, Joe DiMaggio, Hank Greenberg, Lou Gehrig, Bob Feller, Willie Mays, Ted Williams, and more. Sammy Sosa, a 60-60 man all by himself—60 home-runs in two seasons—and Mike McGuire, 62 homeruns in 2000. Sammy's 62 in 2000 came after Mike's.

We have trophies and memories in my family. Husband Tom caught a ball hit by Jim Hegan, catcher for the Indians. Larry Doby, a newcomer to the Hall of Fame, signed it, and it resides on my bookcase. Grandson Johnston caught one at a Red Sox game. Then one day in Cleveland, Cy Young joined my son and his ten-year-old friends in a lot near our home. He took each boy's little glove and had the owner pitch to him. You bet the gloves still hang in their bedrooms. To top it off, son Tom and I ran the bases in Cooperstown, "just to say we did." I love it all. The game carries nostalgia and history.

Did you play "catch" with your father?

And then in the 40s there was Jackie Robinson. Our national pastime became America's game!

Eleanor Kinney

ABOUT BEADS

One of the best-kept secrets at the Forest—there aren't many—is the Bead Workshop. Some old-timers know about it and sing its praises, but newcomers may not have heard that an activity going on monthly in the Studio may be the answer to one of their problems.

The Workshop began in 1993, soon after the Forest opened, as the brainchild of Dot Kornegay, Jean Weil, and Lucy's multi-talented assistant, Robin Williams. These three women, combining their talents, began making jewelry in Dot's house, but as the word spread about what they were doing, they decided to move operations to the Studio, and make it a regular monthly activity. This month's session was on the 23rd (you just missed it), but if you have bruised jewelry you want fixed, look in the monthly Activities program for June's date.

These ladies know how to repair all kinds of jewelry, including that perennial problem, knotting pearls. They make earrings, too, and fix broken clasps as well as making old jewelry fit places that have changed with age. The Workshop also redesigns old jewelry.

The bead workers attend gem shows at the Raleigh fairgrounds, where they pick up

ideas and old jewelry. These talented women not only repair, they create jewelry as well, and in combining all these multiple activities they have also created a monthly social occasion, where residents who come in to talk about their jewelry problems also make it a social as well as a practical occasion. If you have

jewelry problems of any kind, you're invited to visit the Workshop, bringing them with you, and learn how the practical and the social can be merged.

John Tebbel

Poetic LICENSE



THE BLAST-ENDED SCROOT*

By George Chandler

The blast-ended scroot's in a bit of a pickle;
Its problem is where it will find its next meal.
Its tastes, it appears, are inclined to be fickle;
It doesn't like beef, duck or chicken, or veal.

When the scroots were first hatched, they were offered young mice,
Then cats and spring lambs and a small pig or two;
But all were rejected, and so was fried rice,
And fresh hot-cross buns served with sugar and glue.

They scorn apples and mangoes and peaches and pears
'Till their keepers assume that it must be their fault.
They will not eat ice cream or chocolate éclairs,
Honey, acorns or thistles or extract of malt.

They're most fond of each other—an awkward distinction
Far better for them to eat grasses and roots!
For the blast-ended scroots seem doomed to extinction,
As they'll dine upon nothing but blast-ended scroots.

*For descriptions of the appearance and habits of this singular creature, see Rowling, "Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire," *passim*.

Chariot Driver

By Ellen Cheek Dozier, 1997

"Daddy, I want my driver's license."
My niece would be sixteen on November twenty-second.
A birthday eagerly looked forward to by all teenagers,
For one reason only, driver's license.
More keenly awaited than the tooth fairy or even Santa Claus.
Hours of driver's Ed, the written test passed with flying colors,
Marking off days on the calendar.
But she was in bed ill, very, very ill.
On November fourth, the doctor had brought the families' world crashing down.
Leukemia, two months to live at the most.
Nothing was real any more; day, night, food, sleep, work, nothing mattered.
An only child, long awaited, cherished,
Spoiled, of course, thank goodness for that.
The only child ever born as far as her parents were concerned.
Relatives, friends, schoolmates could not, would not, accept it.
So vital one week, so fragile the next.
Leader in everything she touched, Sunday school, scouts, cheer-leading.
Now, this daughter, to whom fate had dealt such a cruel blow,
Wanted one thing, a license to drive.
Her father, my brother, who would gladly have changed places with her,
Knew she must have it.
How to go about this delicate procedure?
A hurried conference with the head of the license bureau,
Who, without hesitation, agreed all that was humanly possible
Must be done for the culmination of this event,
Compassion was the key word,
Rules bent, pertinent questions wavered.
Whatever it took must be done, and it was.
In January, two months to the day after the diagnosis,
The huge church had a standing room only congregation,
Not a dry eye among those gathered to bid Susan "Goodbye".
The Susan who got her driver's license,
The Susan who could now legally drive
The biggest, classiest, teenage chariot in Heaven.
Amen and Amen.

The Shakespeare Conspiracy—A Dis-senting Brief

The April issue of our "Activities Booklet" announced a "Shakespeare Conspiracy." If there is such a conspiracy as described in those columns, then I am a life-long conspirator. I have maintained and have taught my students over the years that the plays attributed to William Shakespeare were, in fact, written by William Shakespeare. Last month, I attended the video hosted by Sir Derek Jacobi to learn just how guilty I was. Of many charges against me cited in that film, I will mention only three.

The first of these concerns the schooling of the Stratford boy. There are no records that he attended the very good school at Stratford—or any other school. As the records of matriculations and attendance at that school have not survived, there are no records of attendance for that boy, nor for his good friend Thomas Quiney, whose descendants still live in Stratford and operate the local dairy, nor for another chum, Richard Field, who moved to London when he grew up and became a publisher (he published two famous poems: "The Rape of Lucrece" and "Venus and Adonis").

For the second charge Sir Derek revealed that the Earl of Oxford had received an annual pension of £1000. As this grant was given for no specified services, he assured me that that it was "obvious" that the Earl had received these gifts from the Queen as a means of transmitting her private thanks to the author of the brilliant plays of English history that had been useful in promoting her nationalist enthusiasms. This connection was not quite so obvious to me as it had been to Sir Derek; I wondered how it was that if the Earl had written these plays under an assumed name and secretly to avoid social opprobrium, how it was, as the Queen approved, that he thought he might be hiding from somebody. Surely the Queen's approval of the nobleman's dramatic work must have validated that activity so thoroughly that no opprobrium could have been admissible. And if the Queen knew the secret identity of the author, so did the Keeper of the Privy Purse, the Lord Chamberlain, the Master of the Revels, and any number of the courtiers, their servants and hangers-on, as well as the tailors, the green-grocers, and the bakers of London.

Sir Derek mentioned also the recent examination of the copy of the English Bible (1569/70) owned by the Earl, now at the Folger Library, which preserves in the Earl's hand (perhaps) many marginal notations and marks and underlinings of Scriptural passages. Many of

the passages here noted are also referred to in the plays of William Shakespeare. There are some 2000 allusions to the Scriptures in the plays; 200 of them are marked also in the Oxford Bible. In other words, about 90% of the Scriptural references in the plays are not paralleled in the Oxford Bible. I would not be misunderstood; I am very ready to commend the Earl for his piety and for his careful searching of the Scriptures. We need go no further.

There is one detail that I did not hear Sir Derek mention. That is the research by an American scholar (at Vassar) who has discovered, by a careful study of the distribution of what we call "rare words" in the texts of the plays attributed to William Shakespeare, that the rare words in any given play were in fact the rare words memorized by one of the actors for his particular role in another play produced the year before. There is a clear pattern in all the plays of a writer's textual vocabulary replicating or duplicating the memory of an actor in the company. The researcher draws the conclusion—inescapable on the basis of these findings—that the man who wrote the words down in the later play had spoken them in the earlier play. The writer was an actor; the actor was the writer. Whatever his name, the writer was clearly also a professional actor, at his work morning, noon, and afternoon, rehearsing and performing on stage. And also writing his plays.

There is no place in this system for any non-professional amateur writer, no matter how learned, how skillful, how aristocratic.

Sir Derek neglected to mention also that the case of Conspiracy was in September 1987 brought before a special session of three Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, sitting in Washington, who found that though the argument for William Shakespeare as the author of the plays was not so strong as could be wished, yet it was nevertheless stronger than the argument for any other candidate. In November 1988 that decision was appealed by the plaintiffs to the Law Lords of the House of Peers. The three Law Lords, sitting in London, sustained the opinion of the lower court. The case was brought again in November 1993 in Boston, Massachusetts, where a jury of fourteen found once again for the authorship of William Shakespeare. On this occasion, Professor Louis Marder, a distinguished scholar (formerly instructor at Pembroke University in North Carolina), another person charged with conspiracy, presented the case for Shakespeare. Charles, Earl of Burford, a descendant of the Earl of Oxford (and, incidentally, of Mistress Nell Gwynne), argued for his noble ancestor. The jury cleared Mr. Marder of conspiracy and found for William Shakespeare.

Academic scholars have suffered under the charge of conspiracy for over a century. Might

it just be possible that the charge should be dropped and, instead, brought against the plaintiffs, who have for a long and contentious time conspired against the rightful Monarch William Shakespeare? One of the great conspiracy trials of history is the trial of Catiline in 63 B.C. against whom Cicero exclaimed "*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?*" (How long, Catiline, will you continue to abuse our patience?)

George Williams

Mother's Day

On behalf of all those residents who enjoyed that splendid Mother's Day dinner in our dining rooms, *The Forester* wants to extend compliments and thanks to the entire dining establishment, from Barrie Lobo on down. Old residents said it was one of the most memorable they had enjoyed here. The servers, who included Barrie himself and his executive staff, were not only handsomely outfitted but were models of efficiency. All in all, it was an occasion to remember for all the diners—not forgetting the mothers.

McDonald's Drug Store

If you haven't been to McDonald's Drug Store you must go. I have lived in Durham since 1960 and have always heard of this store and thought the attraction was only lemonade. Ann Kirkpatrick and I made it a point to stop in. Parking was of course difficult but finally a slot became available. We walked to number 732 on 9th Street. Our persistence was rewarded.

In 1914 the first Mr. and Mrs. McDonald opened their store on East Main and in 1916 moved to a two story wooden building. Then in 1922 the store found its present little home.

John and Frances McDonald, the next generation, took over. Over-the-counter drugs were sold. Prescriptions were filled. The last one filled was in 1999.

The little counter is along the wall on one side with 4 or 5 stools pulled up to it. We sat at the counter watching our milk shakes being made. Ann had chocolate. I had mocha. John made Ann's. Frances made mine. Scoops of vanilla ice cream were spooned into a large container, flavors added. The blender bound it all together: It was poured into a large "glass", and then the straw. AMBROSIA.

As we watched the making, these fine people were telling us interesting stories about the store and Durham. One could move to a little table or walk outside. Three women Duke students do help when not in class or studying. Give McDonald's Drug Store a try!

Eleanor Kinney

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

ANTIQUES	COINS	GOBLET	PAINTINGS	SHOES
AUTOMOBILES	COPPER	HEIRLOOM	PENNANTS	SILVER
AMERICAN	CUPS	JADE	PENNIES	STATUES
BELLS	DESK	JARS	PEWTER	TABLES
BOOKS	DOLLS	JUGS	PITCHER	TANKARDS
BRASS	FIGURINES	LINEN	PLATES	TEA SET
BUTTONS	FIRST EDITION	MAGAZINES	PORCELAIN	TOYS
CAPS	FURNITURE	MENUS	RECIPE	VASES
CARDS	GEMS	MUGS	RUGS	WAGONS
CHIPPENDALE	GLASSWARE	ORGAN	SAUCER	WINE CASK
