

# THE FORESTER

Volume 8 Issue 9

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

June 2002

## PRESIDENT'S PODIUM

By Bob Ward



This past month members of the Residents' Association Board and their committees have been searching for solutions to several concerns, some new and some old. The oldest is the Life Enrichment Pilot Project to house a "live-in" dog, Buddie, in the Special Care Unit in Olsen for a six-month trial period during which the project will be evaluated by an objective third party evaluator. The residents' representatives have presented all the residents' concerns and have put forth alternative plans. Nothing has been decided yet, and I will keep you informed of developments.

The Housekeeping Committee has raised serious questions about some of the interior decoration plans for the Community Center. The Executive Director reported that residents' objections have already resulted in some changes and that all comments will be given full consideration.

TFAD has been asked to comment on the request of property developers for a zoning change for the land on the corner of Tower Boulevard and Pickett Road to allow the construction

*(Continued on page 3)*

## The Winnah! Mystery Writing Contest

And the winner is — sound the trumpets, please: a new resident known only as Family Member.

We wish to thank all of you who participated in our contest and we particularly want to thank Bob Moyer and his colleague Molly Simes, who came up with the idea. We'll be running some of the excellent honorable mentions in future issues. Editor

cause of the birthday party planned for later in the day. She was off to work at an early hour. She wanted to be on hand for the arrival of a delivery van.

Martha Stewart, the individual noted for her miraculous accomplishments with but the wave of her little finger, had been contacted at corporate headquarters in Connecticut and had agreed, since it was such a special occasion, to personally bake a very large birthday cake for The Forest. It was to be in the outline of the campus at The Forest and would feature details

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## Handle With Care

It was *not* a dark and stormy night. It was, to the contrary, a bright and sunny morning and it was a very special day. The reason for its specificity — it was the day designated for the 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary birthday celebration of The Forest at Duke. This story will deal only with one aspect of the celebration plans for that day, September 20, 2002. Thus we begin....

Lucy Grant (yes, the very same Lucy who does such a fine job of planning the social events at The Forest at Duke) had risen unusually early that particular morning and dressed to the nines be-

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*The Forester*

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## About the Fourth

As *The Forester* settles down for a long summer's nap with this issue, let's forget about June. It's been done to death anyway—all those commencements, weddings, and other human endeavors too numerous to mention. Let's salute July, and especially the Fourth. The *Declaration of Independence* has been celebrated in every conceivable way, so much so that sometimes it's hard to remember how it was when it happened.

After the events in Philadelphia on July 4, 1776, it was five days before the news got to New York, where General Washington and his scraped-together army were sitting in the tense city with the British fleet just outside the harbor, not knowing when or how they might be attacked.

Tradition has it that the great document was read to the soldiers as Washington sat astride his horse, surrounded by his officers and men. As usual, tradition is wrong. Washington was too busy for such ceremony. He was in his office, trying to prepare for whatever might happen. So at 6 o'clock on this hot evening of July 9<sup>th</sup>, all men not on active duty were assembled by brigades, and the brigade commanders read the document in their own time and in the loudest voices they could muster. When they finished, some

brigades responded with the regulation three cheers, others simply exploded in patriotic shouting. Then they were ordered to quarters and on alert, because no one knew when the British might attack. The populace, at least the patriotic part of it (since the population, like the country, was divided,) exploded in a jubilant frenzy.

There were those in the crowd who did not greet the *Declaration* with joy. They remembered earlier scenes on the nearby piers, where ships were loaded with many of the 400,000 Americans who were Loyalists—men, women and children who had been routed out of their homes and carted off to be sent on ships from New York and elsewhere to exile in Nova Scotia and Louisiana.

That was the beginning of democracy in America. In spite of the *Declaration's* promises, and soon the *Constitution's* structures, the new nation was one governed by white males with property—hardly a democracy. We have been learning how to be one ever since, and we still have a way to go. That's the promise we celebrate on the Fourth of July.

**John Tebbel**

## In Memoriam

**Elizabeth Kern** June 17, 2002

**Jean Weil** June 19, 2002

## BOOK NOTES

By John Tebbel

As *The Forester's* annual summer vacation begins, here's a slight look ahead at forthcoming books that should take your mind off the heat.

Although its pub date is August, you should be able to buy or otherwise acquire John Jakes' new historical novel, *Charleston*, sometime in July. And it will be worth the wait because Jakes shows us here why he gets to the top of the best-seller list. *Charleston* is all about that splendid city from 1720, when it was only 50 years old, a mere colony, until post-Civil War years. We see its turbulent history through the eyes of the Creech family, whose founder, 20-year-old Sydney, arrived as a British immigrant. These founders become the Bell clan, whose riveting adventures are told mostly between 1779 and the rebellion that took place after the Civil War. The plot, far too rich a mix to be condensed here, is guaranteed to keep you reading.

Can't get away this summer? Try taking a vicarious trip to a charming spot on the Mediterranean with *The Summer of My Greek Taverna: A Memoir*, by Tom Stone. He will take you into the small Greek Island world of Palmos. When he was 33, Stone, then a Broadway

stage manager, took a part of his inheritance and went off to the island, intending to stay five weeks while he was writing a novel. Instead, he met Danielle, a 23-year-old French painter, whom he married, and found himself starting a family and becoming a partner in a beach taverna called The Beautiful Helen, all the while learning to live with Greek traditions. It's not only a charming memoir, but also a travelogue, with sensual descriptions of food and place, the love of wife and children, and even some tasty recipes. Also in July.

I know, I know — the last thing you want to read about is a book telling the familiar story of Gettysburg, already memorialized a thousand times. But then you'd be missing *Gettysburg: A Testing of Courage*, by Noah Andre Trudeau, which is being hailed in advance as the best book ever written about that historic event. Trudeau uses both archival and printed sources in a comprehensive and sophisticated way to make us see the battle as the participants themselves saw it—50,000 of whom never came back. Superb sketch maps keep this complicated affair easy to follow for non-specialists. The use of contemporary sources gives the reader the feeling of being there. (July)  
See you in October.

### 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*.

### Dear Editor:

There seems to be a misunderstanding about the protocol of entering elevators by some residents and employees. Please stand back from the elevator door and WAIT — give those in the elevator time to disembark. It is very discombobulating — to be confronted by work carts or walkers coming on the elevator before you can get off.

Sincerely,

Florence Manning

### President's Podium

(Continued from page 1)

of a one-story office building for the Social Security Administration on the site. Any comments pro or con should be addressed to Bruce Burns, chair of an *ad hoc* committee to consider the matter.

Happy holidays to those who are off on summer travels!

## Uncle Bush and Uncle Luther

Everybody said Uncle Bush was deaf — but no one really knew because he never stopped talking. His claim to fame was that he stole a horse. Horses did not wear license plates, so it was difficult to know exactly what happened.

Uncle Luther was the memorable one. He was a very large man physically. He had fought in the Spanish American War. I am told that he led the charge up San Juan Hill, but I suspect the truth is he found a little Cuban rum somewhere and a place to sit under a nice shady tree.

When, at a later date, he returned to Enfield (possibly just slightly intoxicated) he went down Main Street and beat up anyone he could find. He went immediately to Uncle Bush's house, went upstairs and never came down until he was carried out by people from the funeral home.

Uncle Bush sold eyeglasses and would go down a country road, knock on a door, and when greeted would say, "Madam, your eyes twitch. I believe I can help you." In his persuasive way, on entering he would open his case holding eyeglasses, study each pair very carefully, and select one pair for the good woman. Of course they were all probably the same.

He would let her look at a piece of an old newspaper and

tell the good woman how much better she looked reading without squinting.

He was very effusive and convincing and generally made the sale. He would hold up a mirror and when the lady would look at herself he would tell her how much better she looked, so much more relaxed.

While you never would have thought of him as a family man, I have a feeling that a number of little Cuban children had a strange resemblance.

I searched the files at the County Courthouse and also old newspapers. The only reference I could find relating to Uncle Bush was that he died on February 29, 1929.

### Peter Robinson

(Note: these are my in-laws. Please do not mention any of this if Sister June comes for a visit.)

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### Bill and Grace Hutchins

*(Continued from page 9)*

of Ballistic Missile Defense. He stayed in Washington with Aerospace Corporation, and then joined Sanders Associates to work on anti-submarine warfare, finally retiring to Chapel Hill. In 1996 he gave a talk on the history of radio, Grace was in the audience; they were married in 1998.

## Attention All Residents, Old and New

To celebrate our 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary in September, we are in the process of compiling a book to mark the event. It will be titled: Memories From The Forest: The First Decade.

All residents are invited, even urged, to contribute to what we think will be a remarkable volume. Contributions should be about 25 words at the minimum and no more than 500 at the maximum. You may leave your contribution at the front desk, no later than July 12, and we will take it from there.

Every old or new resident is invited to contribute. Your memory could be of the first day, or a particular person (resident or staff,) or an event, or a memory of why and how you decided to come, or a statement of what you've learned from living here. In short, give us anything from the momentous to the trivial, from the poignant to the hilarious. Let's all chip in and make this book a best seller — even though it's all free. Every resident will get a copy, along with sincere thanks from the editors.

## Forester Profile:

### Max in Wonderland

Alice never had it so good. Her odd assortment of characters came and went; Max's are with her day in and day out, constant reminders that there is joy and laughter in the world, even when the world is Max Harrell's office where she directs the movements of Jim Thompson's Maintenance staff. It's a small office, next door to the Health Center, but it is populated by an assortment of stuffed creatures, large and small, resting on the desk, on the file cabinet, on nearly every piece of furniture, but still leaving room for operating the busy schedule Max maintains.

She says (with a smile) that when people come in to complain about something gone wrong in apartment or cottage, they feel better about it when they see her silent friends. It all began one day when Ron Clark, who does our carpet work, left behind what is called a "time-out doll" who perches on the near corner of Max's desk. He never reclaimed her—or rather "him," since this doll rejoices in the name of Dale Earnhardt, Jr. Nearby are two small bears patriotically attired, ready to observe Flag Day. Nearby is the small stuffed figure of a cowboy mounted on an unlikely ostrich, a donation from the staff.

There is a prevalence of moose. (There really should be a better plural for moose.) Max

cherishes a chocolate moose sitting on a cupcake, poised precariously on her desk. She is particularly loyal to moose (it ought to be meese) because her father was a member of the Loyal Order of Moose.

And then there is a pert cornhusker doll, a turkey, and a dancing snowman, all perched precariously atop an old fashioned armoire that occupies one corner of the room.

Beside a small table near the entrance door is a teddy bear as large as a small child, slouched realistically, and wearing a hard hat. (Max's own hard hat, that she sometimes has to wear, is hung on the bulletin board. There, among other things, are pictures of her dog, Taco Bell, and large photos of family and friends.)

Atop the files along one wall the tone is patriotic, with a small flag setting the stage, although there is a religious note, too, with a handmade puzzle that spells out "Jesus". There are also small angels, watching over the scene, including a small table bearing a nativity scene. Enough space is left for a few more moose.

As Max observes, her office "grows with the seasons". Friends and well wishers add to the growing collection and somehow, in the midst of it all, Max manages to carry on one of the most efficient operations that make The Forest what it is—a great place to live.

John Tebbel



**Max Harrell**



**Carol Woods**

(Better late than never: Carol Woods was featured in a *Forester* Profile in the May issue. The Publisher.)

## GATHERINGS

By Sciurus Carolinensis  
(Gray Squirrel)



It is good to have the lights working again along the sidewalks. Not only are they aesthetic but they are a safety feature. The weekend showing of the tree lights at our entrance gives a pleasing atmosphere. Thanks, **Jim Thompson**. . . At our Memorial Day service at the flagpole, **Sarah McCracken** sang taps after **Bob Colver** read appropriate remarks.

As usual, Forest residents are on the go or having visitors. Word has come from contented sailor **Mary Ruth Miller** from New Zealand while aboard a freighter to the land down under. . . **Dot Logan's** daughter, **Pam**, flew back from Cyprus where the "around the world sailboat" is anchored, to be with her mother for Mothers' Day and beyond. . . Daughters of **Carol Withers**, **Jean Wolpert** and **Margie** and **Bruce Burns** were also on site at Mothers' Day time. . . There were many guests here for that special day and our delicious brunch. . . **Trish** and **Robbie Robertson** are off on an extended driving trip to the west coast to visit

friends and relatives and to enjoy the scenery. . . **Dot** and **Bill Heroy** should be returning soon from Skidmore and Dartmouth Colleges where they attended their 65th class reunions. . . Close by in Rhode Island were **Ruth** and **Lee Phelps** who joined in the celebration of their grandson's graduation from the University of Rhode Island. . . **Earl Davis** and **Sarah McCracken** enjoyed travel on the "Great trains of Europe" starting with the Orient Express and ending with a bullet train to Paris. . . What an adventure it must have been for **Harriet** and **George Williams** to bicycle through France. . . For a special anniversary, **Harriet** and **Bill Fine** entertained their adult children and their spouses at a charming villa in Italy. . . **Helen Corbett** was a gracious mother and grandmother for the three-some-fortnight in Spain. . . A cruise to eastern Canada and Labrador with their daughters from Seattle and Chicago was the travel agenda for **Betty** and **John Gray**. . . **Ruth** and **Walt Lifton's** daughter and s.i.l. were here at **Ruth's** birthday time while **Ginny** and **Bill Goldthorp** drove to Tampa, FL for a surprise birthday celebration for **Bill**. . . **Craig Harris** took his daughter to Germany where they reminisced and visited airfields from the past. . . **Barbara Blair** along with her sister reported that Spoleto in Charleston was the best yet. . . **Ann Barlow** plans to fly to England soon to visit family and friends. . . Ver-

mont will again be the summer residence for **Dorothy Bone** and **Julia Lewis**. . . **Berthe Kuni-holm** is "holding the fort" and checking e-mails while her family members are cruising on a yacht in the eastern Mediterranean Sea. . . During some of our summer weather this spring, **Ginny** and **Paul Bryan** and **Gene** and **Phyllis Magat** found respite in the Carolina mountains. . . Also in the mountains for **Steve Tuten's** train trips were **Eleanor Kinney**, **Fran** and **Creighton Lacy**, **Jane Jones**, **Erica Guttentag**, **Loma** and **Carl Young** and **Mary Ann** and **Don Ruegg**. . . At the same time that **Mary Lewis** was visiting her daughter, **Barbara**, in Seattle, **Beth Gallie**, from Portland, ME and daughter of **Bette** and **Tom**, was visiting her friend, **Barbara Lewis**. Small world! **Mary** had a delayed as well as a circuitous trip home from the Pacific coast. . . Brothers of **Bob Dunham** and **Herb Stecker** were here with their spouses to visit **Bob** and **Evebell** and **Herb** and **Berniece**. . . **Mary** and **Frank Light** made a circle swing to Woodstock, VA and the Washington, DC area to visit family. . . **Doris** and **John Ondek** are home from their sojourn to Pittsburgh. . . **Jean Mason** and her brother plan to travel to their home town of Green Bay, WI, where they will dedicate their gift of a band stand in a park across from the family home in memory of their mother. . . It was a surprise for **Ginnie Jones** who was attending her grand-

daughter's graduation at Smith College to meet **Harriet Williams** who was there for her 50th reunion!

The Rosemary Circle of the National Herb Society inducted **Edna Wilson** into its membership at a recent meeting in Hershey, PA. . . Despite the searing enervating heat of June at the Hillandale golf course, **P. J. Burns** showed his youthful vim and vigor by shooting a blazing 83. . . **Ginny Moriarty** and **Lester Corliss** continue to play wicked games of tennis at their club in Chapel Hill. . . Have you noticed **Mary Jones** and **Hyman Mansberg** sporting about in their new vehicles. . . **Bess Raper** celebrated her 92nd birthday here with friends, a special cake and a song from our musical wait staff. Of course she planted her garden and is harvesting crops once again. . . 67 years ago, **Dorothea** and **Felix Vann** were married in London! **Doris** and **Chuck Fields** will celebrate their 66th wedding anniversary. . . **Frank Simes** enjoyed hosting a lunch for two former Hampden-Sydney College colleagues. . . **Evelyn Doyle** gathered the billiards crew and watchers in the Private Dining Room before the **Nances** moved. Those attending were **Susan** and **Jim Shuping**, **Jane** and **Glenn Jackson**, **Craig Harris**, **Millie Campbell**, **John Friedrich**, **Lucy** and **Ray Blackman**, **Ann Kirkpatrick**, **Hazel Scheblik**, **Peter Robin-**

**son** and **Aubrey Naylor**. . . Once again **M. E. Stewart** plans to join her sons and d.i.l.s at Sanderling Resort on the Outer Banks. . . **Elizabeth Trapp** and **Bernard Peach** have same-day birthdays. . . **Bess Bowditch**, **Jane Jones**, **Betty Kent**, **Tina Land**, **Ginny Moriarty**, **Ruth Patterson** and **Molly Simes** helped with a mailing for Duke Gardens. . . At last, **Edith Borroff's** long awaited new poodle puppy **Dodie** has arrived. . . We can always count on **Roger Anderson** being impeccably dressed when he is in the dining room!!

All of our new residents along with the current ones who were welcomed at the lavish party, are invited to contribute any news items to Squirrel in Box #3045 for the fall issue. Hope you have a good summer!

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## Forester Profile

### Becky Binney

Becky Binney, our new exercise lady—or more formally, Fitness Coordinator—comes from a military family so her birthplace was Alexandria, Virginia, one of the stops of her father's career. Since then, she has seen a lot of this country, stopping first to do her undergraduate work at Penn State, then getting her Master's degree in education at the University of Texas.

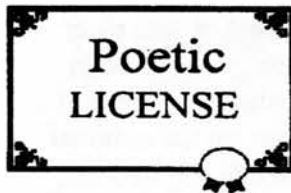
From the first, it was clear that Becky was going to be in the fitness business. A natural athlete, she was on the national diving team while she was in college, and placed second in the tower diving event in 1983, representing the American team.

It was a natural jump, then, to a fitness career, first as an occupational therapist at the Texas Rehabilitation Institute in Austin. While she lingered in Texas, she met and married Abbas Piran and went with him later to Chapel Hill, where he is presently Manager of Engineering Services at UNC. They have two children, Robbie, 15, and Bekah, 13.

When she isn't building better bodies at The Forest, Becky spends a good deal of time at the Spa Hill Club, keeping herself in good condition although, as she says, "I get plenty of exercise at The Forest." On Saturdays, she goes to a cycle class at the club. What does she do there? "Cycle, very fast."

Away from exercising, Becky's activities are as American as the proverbial apple pie—spending lots of time with her teenagers and attending the Church of the Holy Family in Chapel Hill. Occasionally she spends time with her twin brother, Blair, who lives in Charlottesville. The Forest and its denizens are her new loves, and she hopes it will be a very long romance.

**John Tebbel**



## Saint George and the Dragon

By George Chandler



Saint George rode out across the moat,  
His armor shining bright.  
He had his lance and sword and shield  
A perfect, gentle knight.  
He hoped to meet a dragon and  
Engage it in fair fight.

The peasants living round about  
Refused to leave their village.  
They'd heard about a dragon which  
They feared would rape and pillage.  
The prospect made them stay indoors  
And quite neglect their tillage.

A mother dragon and her young  
Were strolling in the park.  
She'd made them daisy chains, and they  
Had heard a badger bark.  
A halcyon day, and each of them  
Was happy as a lark.

The dragon saw Saint George ride up,  
Lance leveled for attack.  
With one quick flick of one great claw  
She gave that lance a whack.  
Before he knew what hit him, George  
Was lying on his back.

"You silly man," the dragon said,  
One foot upon his chest,  
"If you would fight the likes of me,  
You'll come off second best."  
She aimed her fiery breath at him  
And burned away his crest.

"But I've no wish to do you harm,  
And I shall let you go.  
But first I want to tell you things  
That every knight should know."  
And sensing that he was not bright,  
She spoke both clear and slow.

"I do not pillage villages,"  
She said, "I'm no barbarian.  
I don't steal maidens, either, I  
Was raised a Presbyterian.  
And dragons, as you ought to know,  
Are strictly vegetarian."

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## TO JUNE'S BRIDES

By Ellen Cheek Dozier

In white satin on your Daddy's arm  
You walk down the aisle today,  
To start a life with your fellow  
Full of happiness we pray.  
For many years you have been our girl  
Love and wonder still abounds,  
With full hearts we give you away  
As the organ music sounds.  
The altar awaits the bride and groom  
There you will be joined as one,  
And when that last "Amen" is said  
We will welcome our brand new son.  
As the new Mr. and Mrs. dance  
Their beautiful first waltz of love,  
Our happy tears we'll swallow, knowing  
Your union is blessed from above.

## WELCOME, NEW RESIDENTS

**Margaret Rose Sanford****#4007 401-6559**

Margaret Rose is a native of Kentucky where she attended primary and secondary schools. She graduated from the University of North Carolina and then taught English and drama. She describes her life as having been dedicated to public service, working alongside her late husband, Terry, who was Governor of North Carolina, President of Duke University, and United States Senator from North Carolina. She has a son and daughter who live in the area.

**Robert Dietrich****#3039 419-7883**

Bob Dietrich came here from Pinehurst, NC. He was attracted to the Forest by its overall quality and its location. One of his three children, daughter Kimberly, is on the staff at Duke Hospital and lives in Durham. He also has six grandchildren. He comes originally from Wheeling, West Virginia. He went to Carnegie Mellon and was employed by Dow Chemical and the Celanese Corporation. He lived in fourteen different places before retiring to Pinehurst twenty years ago. His interests include following the stock market and shop work.

**Bill and Grace Hutchins****Cottage 70 402-8068**

Bill and Grace first met in New York City, where North Carolinian Grace was taking graduate singing at Juilliard, while native New Yorker Bill was completing his Electrical Engineering Masters at Columbia. She went on to join Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra and Chorus, sing in the San Francisco Opera chorus, and marry Harvard graduate Dr. Tom Kilkelly, raising a family in Greensboro. Bill worked at Columbia, marrying Dorothea Johnston in 1945; they had three children. Moving to New England, he built New England's first FM station. At Raytheon he joined the team making the first guided missile intercept. Loaned to the Pentagon, he was Director

*(Continued on page 4)*

## Honorable Mention Mystery Writing

### Mystery? What Mystery?

"What do we have here, Watson? Ah, yes, a double mystery, obviously. First the elevator was behaving in a disorderly manner that might require prosecution, or at the very least fixing. Second, and entirely different, we have the case of the woman, dressed to the nines, descending to the main floor at 8 in the morning."

"I'm sure you have a solution, Holmes."

"If I don't, that old tyrant Conan Doyle, will cut off my royalties. But then, Watson, it's all very simple, isn't it? As for the elevator, it is a mystery hardly worthy of my attention. As we well know, Forest elevators occasionally throw a fit and sulk, sometimes between floors. No. 6 has done this before, and elevator 8 is notorious. There is no mystery here, Watson, only minor inconvenience, accompanied by sheer panic. I'm sure Rhonda could have fixed it, if she'd had the time. So let us write off the elevator as a non-starter mystery."

"That leaves us with the more intriguing question of what the charming (I assume she was charming) woman resident was doing getting into the elevator at 8 in the morning, dressed to the nines, as we're told. If she had been dressed to the tens, it might

have been a more serious matter, Watson, but the nines — well. Consider. If this had been a man, and if we were not solving this case in a family journal, we could visualize that here was a gentleman who had accompanied a lady home after dinner, and for reasons we need not go into, overslept and was surreptitiously trying to get back to his apartment to change into his daily clothes without being seen. But a woman? Not only would this be unusual anywhere, but at The Forest, well beyond the impossible. There is no mystery here. She was simply dressed to attend some early morning church service, or some other event at which baggy jeans would not have been appropriate."

"If this is not a plausible solution to a non-mystery, I will resign from the Baker Street Irregulars. Elementary, my dear Watson."

**John Tebbel**



## A Day and Night to Remember

Memorial Day has come and gone, but it caused me to realize that June 14th was coming up. A year ago on that date I was in Olsen following open-heart surgery. The nurse told me that my wife had been taken by ambulance to the Duke Hospital Emergency Room. I was frantic, not knowing what was going on and unable to get out of bed. I badly needed to talk to some one and called Bernie Bender and Creighton Lacy. They both went to the hospital and called me to say that Ruth was experiencing atrial fibrillation. They stayed with her through most of the night until she returned to normal, and then took her home. We sometimes tell people that our community is a caring one and very supportive. We don't always let others know the many kindnesses people do for each other. For me, June 14 will be a day to remember

**Walt Lifton**

## Bobby, the Birthday Balloon

Most of us have received, once each year, a visit from Glenn Arrington and his companion, Bobby the Birthday Balloon. Mine arrived, a gaudy orange, eight days ahead of the appointed date, to brighten the entire hall as well as my doorway. I hitched him — Bobby, not Glenn — to a lamp in the bay window, where he reached for the ceiling, for a few days. But, like many of us here at The Forester, Bobby grew a little tired, drooped a trifle, and began to hang his head.

One morning, still two days ahead of schedule, I found him in the chair opposite mine, just peeking over the edge of the breakfast table. He had slipped his tether from the lamp and wandered over to see what these humans were eating. To give him a little more freedom, I clipped his purple(!) ribbon, which — though seemingly weightless — released Bobby for a day of exciting activity.

Entirely on his own initiative, he began bobbing around the room, catching every gust of air-conditioned breeze. For a while he danced teasingly over Fran's head, bumping his own against the ceiling intermittently. Then he would dip into the blast of wind deflected by the plastic shield above the sofa, swoop down almost to the floor, leap up

as if he thought he could escape, gyrate with his amputated tail, and make a Bee-line (sic) toward the kitchen.

For an entire day Bobby entertained us with his antics, uncontrolled and unpredictable. In the afternoon we found him hiding behind the balcony curtain in the cradle of a plant. By snipping off the birthday greeting card next, I gave him another day of lively cavorting, until he gradually collapsed into one corner, moved protestingly to another sheltered nook, and finally gave a defiant bounce and settled onto the floor. He was still as colorful as ever, but a bit more wrinkled and a lot less energetic.

Come again next year (I hope!), Bobby and Glenn.

**Creighton Lacy**

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## Mystery Writing Contest

*(Continued from page 1)*

of both the main building as well as the cottages. Thus, it is not difficult to imagine that this detailed construction of chocolate and raspberry confection would be LARGE. Your imagination will supply further details of its beauty and originality. It was to be trucked to Durham and was scheduled for an early arrival on the morning of the 20<sup>th</sup>.

Since the cake was to be

a surprise for the residents, as well as the staff, Lucy's problem had been to find a place to hide the cake after its delivery. She had racked her brain long and hard before deciding on a secret hiding location, away from prying eyes of both staff and residents. She finally decided she would store it in an elevator. Elevator #6 seemed the appropriate choice, since the cart with the cake could be wheeled in through the rose garden and quickly whisked into that elevator where it could remain in hiding until the appropriate hour later in the day.

After the cake was secured in its hiding location Lucy dashed up to the 4<sup>th</sup> floor to disable that particular elevator. Everyone knows that Lucy can do anything. Her powers are legendary. The only person she encountered was a resident on his way to the fitness center. Lucy only smiled discretely and remained silent when he informed her that elevator #6 seemed to be out of commission.

The cake remained in its secret hiding place for the remainder of the day. At the conclusion of the day a glorious birthday celebration was enjoyed by one and all. Martha Stewart's magic and Lucy's ingenuity provided a most happy surprise. Only then did Lucy reveal the explanation for the out-of-service-elevator AND SHE PROMISED NOT TO REPEAT HER SHENANIGANS.

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Bob Blake's  
**Puzzle**

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

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

**Let's have a PICNIC**

ANTS	CUPS	HOT	NAPKINS	SHADE
BACKYARD	DUKE FOREST	ICE	NATURE TRAIL	SHELTER
BASKET	EGGS	JELLY	PARK	SUN
BEACH	FAMILY	JAM	PEACEFUL	TABLE CLOTH
BREAD	FISHING	KETCHUP	PICKLE	TAILGATE
CHEESE	FOOD	LAUGHTER	RAIN	TEA
CHIPS	FRIENDS	MAYONNAISE	RELISH	THERMOS
COFFEE	FRUIT	MEADOW	ROMANCE	TUNA FISH
COOKIES	GRASS	MUSTARD	SALAD	TURKEY
COOLER	HAM	MUSIC	SANDWICH	UTENSILS
				WOODS

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