

# THE FORESTER

Volume 9 Issue 2

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

November, 2002



## PRESIDENT'S PODIUM

The October 21 meeting of the residents uncovered many questions during the discussion of President Harvard's letter of October 18. There are key phrases in his letter that make its meaning difficult to understand. "Private inurement" is one.

(Even the standard dictionaries vary on the meaning of "inurement.") "Conflict of interest" is another. "Fiduciary responsibility" is yet another.

The residents also expressed unhappiness about the related fact that the monthly services fee has been increased by 5.5% at a time when the residents face financial difficulties.

President Harvard has agreed to convene meetings of Forest Board members, staff, and Residents' Association members. This presents an ex-

cellent opportunity to clear up these questions and address any other issues in which, for whatever reasons, the rapport between all members of our community may have decreased.

I look forward to these meetings and hope that all participants will bring an open mind to the deliberations, recognizing that there are Federal and State laws under which CCRCs must operate. These laws can be changed only through legislative action.

Bob Ward

## A Jack-o-Lantern's Lament

A pumpkin's life is perilous  
And filled with apprehension.  
I've been a pumpkin all my life,  
So please pause and pay attention.

The farmer sees us as a crop,  
The baker as pumpkin pies.  
And a pumpkin hardly hopes for more  
Than to live to reach record size.

This is not an easy thing to do;  
Few pumpkins come out a winner.  
If you manage to make it past Halloween,  
You can end up as Thanksgiving dinner.

If you want an example of what can occur,  
Just stop and consider my case.  
They cut off my crown and scooped out my brains  
And carved a great scowl on my face.

Now I'm really a happy-go-lucky type,  
And it's this that makes me sad.  
The boy who carved my countenance  
Made me look like I'm always mad!

George Chandler



*The Forester*

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**In Memoriam**

**Betty M. Sandler** September 28

**NOVEMBER**

If there's one thing everybody knows about November, it's the famous old verse,

Thirty days hath September,  
 April, June and November  
 All the rest have thirty-one

And there recollection stops. But is that the end of it? Not by a monthful. In the New England states, it goes on:

Excepting February alone,  
 Which hath but twenty-eight  
 in fine  
 Till Leap Year gives it  
 twenty-nine.

However, if you happen to be in West Chester County PA, especially if you're among Friends, the verse goes on, or at least substitutes,

Fourth, eleventh, ninth, and  
 sixth,  
 Thirty days to each affix  
 Every other thirty-one,  
 Except the second month alone.

If you remember your Latin class, (not likely), you'll recall that the Romans saw it this way:

In March, July, October, May  
 The Ides are on the fifteenth  
 day  
 The Nones the seventh, all  
 other months besides  
 Have two days less for Nones  
 and Ides.

In the London of 1606, they were putting it this way:

Thirty days hath September,  
 April, June and November  
 February has twenty-eight alone  
 All the rest have thirty-one

Excepting Leap Year, that's the time

When February's days are twenty-nine.

Want to go back to the real, real original? That would be Richard Grafton, who died in 1572, and sometime before then wrote

Thirty days hath November,  
 April, June, and September  
 February hath xxviii alone  
 And all the rest have xxxi.

So sayeth the *Chronicles of England* in 1562.

Count it how you will, it's still dreary old November in most of the country and we're stuck with it for thirty days.

**John Tebbel**

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## CONFESSIONS OF A CON ARTIST

I am a con artist. This is a traumatic confession for one who has dedicated forty-four plus years in the ministry of the Episcopal Church.

I would like to deny this — but denial leads to poor mental health and I am sick in the head already.

Recently I have been most interested in some congregations going through "THE PROCESS" as they were searching for a new priest to lead them. They had to think about the qualities they wanted in the person. Should he or she be strong in the area of theology or preaching or perhaps in dealing with covered dish suppers and fund-raising.

The Clergy Deployment Office has been a very helpful resource in the frustrating and demanding business of a congregation looking for a new rector. You must hire a consultant to help determine the needs of the parish. Then you hire another consultant to help look for the kind of person that fits the parish study. Yet I raise the question, has not a good idea led to a muscle-bound bureaucracy?

It was interesting to note the "parish profiles" that emerged.

It struck me that the parish went through a lot of process to discover that they wanted the new rector to be a good PREACHER and PASTOR. That sounds pretty obvious.

I was puzzled that often high on the list of expectations was the desire for a 'theologian'. Yet in the congregations I served I never had a parishioner approach me and say, "I want more theologically focused sermons."

The profiles said that people seemed to want a "man or woman of prayer." How commendable. Yet I never heard a vestry suggest that they wanted the rector to spend more time in prayer — they did want me to back off from speaking to social issues, especially in the 60's. They were not wild about LIBERAL sermons. But I never had a complaint that I failed to spend one hour a day devoted to prayer and meditation. While that is very, very important, it is one of those intangibles that can never be measured on a profile.

The parish profile often says they want someone to work with young people. As I look back, this seems to say, being interpreted, that they want the clergy-person to straighten out the parishioners' teenagers who cannot understand their parents. At the least, they wanted a rector who could entertain their children.

Bible study was often high on the list. Being interpreted, this meant they wanted the rector to study on his own time, and spoon-feed them — this seems to reflect a biblical frustration from the author of Hebrews. "For though by this time you ought to be teachers, you need some one to teach you again the first principles of God's

word. You need milk, not solid food."

All of which is to suggest, that parish study or no, what parishioners truly want is a good CON ARTIST, which, being interpreted, means a person with a modicum of charisma, i.e. one who communicates well, and who loves them. They want someone who can make them comfortable in this complex world. They want someone to make them feel important. They want a good fundraiser.

It was interesting to me that recently I saw the Rt. Rev. John Spong, bishop of the Diocese of Newark, on TV, and I thought I was watching the COMEDY CHANNEL. In truth it was a good program, and he spoke clearly to many who would normally hear little about the gospel.

This sounds superficial — and it is. I have never ceased to marvel at the true hunger people have as they search for a genuine relationship with God. My ministry does not suggest, however, that this is profoundly changed when they learn about the complexities of biblical studies. I can still cry as I think of the hurts and sorrows with which people have to contend. Far too many people are hurting.

Parish profiles, however, often seem to reflect what people think they ought to say. Years ago I read that in a poll you ask a person what kind of car he wants and he responds that he wants a Ford. Then you ask what he thinks his neighbor wants, and he re-

*(Continued on page 10)*



## BRIC-A-BRAC

As this is written, spring-variety azaleas are putting forth beautiful blooms on bushes along the corridor leading to the East Wing! And, for the 10th anniversary weekend, the grounds looked most attractive. The Pioneer Brunch and the barbeque were memorable events with **James** and **Kathy Crapo** visiting from Denver. **Barrie Lobo** and his staff served elegant food while **Lucy Grant** and **Jim Thompson** and their faithful crews performed all tasks with expertise for great results.

Songbirds at **Bob** and **Lela Colver's** empty two bird feeders filled with good pedigree stuff each day. . . Much happy whoopin' and hollerin' comes each evening after dinner from the billiards room where **Glenn Jackson**, **Jim Shuping**, **John Friedrich**, **Frank Medure**, **Bob Dietrich**, **Ray Blackman** and **Craig Harris** are gaming at the pool table. Their cheering section includes **Susan Shuping**, **Jayne Jackson**, **Millie Campbell**, **Ann Campbell**, **Adele Medure** and **Lucy Blackman** now that she and **Ray** are back home. . . **John** and **Libby Getz** and **Tracy** and **Betty Lamar**, **Julia Lewis** and **Dorothy Bone** have returned from their summer places. . . **Bob Guy** flew in from Washington State, then almost immediately left for Florida to visit an old Navy buddy. . .

**Henry** and **Martha Fairbank** have returned from a New England trip.

During the summer, the children of **Bob** and **Jill Moyer** surprised them with a special weekend visit for their 60th wedding anniversary. . . All four grandchildren of **Bernard** and **Anna Fetter** came to visit just around the time of **Anna's** birthday. . . **Diana** and **Bill Getzleman** entertained in our Private Dining Room for a special birthday dinner for their mother, **Betty Willis**. . . Those aboard for the Rocky Mountain/Montana Steam Train Excursion were **Marjorie Jones**, **Caroline Long**, **Mary Ruth Miller**, **Helen Pratt** and **Don** and **Mary Ann Ruegg**. . . Although **Earl Davis** and **Sarah McCracken** encountered the last winds of Hurricane Lili while they cruised the Great Lakes, the trip was a good one. . . **Ethel Foote** attended her 50th reunion at the University of Michigan. . . **Sally Sheehan** was at the University of Rochester for her class reunion. . . **Betsy Close** had a wonderful time as she visited with close friends at her 60th high school reunion in Goldsboro, NC. . . **Bernard Peach** hosted two college dorm friends at his country home. . . **Bob Durden** was a speaker at a Duke fundraiser in Newport, RI.

Kudos to **Minnie Mae Franklin** who was given an award for her 20 years' service as a volunteer at Durham Regional Hospital and 25 years with the American Red Cross. . .

**Jane Jones** drives **Gertrude Merritt** who has been donning her pink smock at least once each week for decades to volunteer at the gift shop at Duke hospital while **Hildur Blake** drives **Bess Raper** to their long-time weekly shift at Duke Eye Center. . . For the past eight years or so, **Ed Albrecht** has logged 8,000 hours of voluntary photography time at Duke Gardens. . . **Chris Hamlet** along with **Lee** and **Ruth Phelps** have put in many hours delivering Meals on Wheels while **Frank Simes** counts time during eight years helping at Duke Hospital Information desk and as a Patient Advocate.

A very special weekend was planned by **Bess Raper's** family with all members of four generations when they met for a granddaughter's wedding. . . The happenings of **Eleanor Kinney's** family read like a world travel brochure. Grandson **Johnston**, a student at Duke, has returned from two months language study at the University of Beijing, granddaughter **Jennie**, lived with a family in Italy while she studied Italian, granddaughter **Heather**, a Vanderbilt graduate, spent a semester each in Durban, South Africa, Cambridge, England and parts of New Zealand. Daughter **Hannah** received the Distinguished

*(Continued on page 11)*

## AD LIB

## Cars I Have Loved

**The Ford Convertible**

I was eighteen, had the world by the tail and that tail was my Ford V8 convertible; pale gray with red upholstery and a RUMBLE SEAT. Anyone born after 1930 will never experience the joy of riding in a rumble seat. This seat popped up out of the space now occupied by the trunk. It was a cozy fit for two and offered no protection from the elements. But do the young ever get wet when it rains? It had other attractions though. Unhappily the rumble seat has gone the way of running boards, whitewall tires and klaxons.

I loved this car. It took me everywhere. With a blonde friend I drove it to California from Illinois. Friend Betsy's current beau was a young Naval officer whose ship was in and his parents had invited us to spend a week at The Yerba Buena Naval Base where Sam's father, Captain Loomis, was commandant. Yerba Buena Island is in the center of San Francisco Bay so who could resist such an invitation? Sam and friends showed us a wonderful time but it wasn't all dancing and banter. There was serious discussion. It was the late thirties and Hitler was slowly gobbling up Europe. I remember one evening at dinner Captain Loomis expounding on

the invincibility of the battleship. Not long afterwards he was made to swallow his words.

When I married Best Friend I passed the car along to a younger brother. One afternoon when parking on the Mississippi Levee near our home the brakes gave way and man and car found themselves in the river. Man survived. Car did not.

**The Yellow Jeepster**

We went to Washington in 1948 with a bright yellow Jeepster. It was a jaunty car with a black canvas top and side curtains. Georgetown, where we lived, still had a large black population and the little black kids loved the car. So did we. Washington then was still pretty much "small town" with neighborhood grocery stores, dairies that delivered milk in glass bottles to your doorstep and streetcars. The streetcar on Dupont Circle ran the wrong way! Washington was a wonderful place to live.

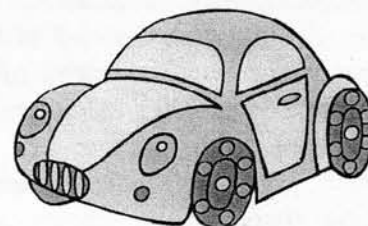
We took this car with us when the Foreign Service sent us to Indochina in 1950 where a hot war was going on between the French and Viet Minh. We were confined to Saigon. No trips to the beach, no exploring the countryside. Saigon is a large city as is its Chinese suburb, Cholon, so Jeepster was able to get around. It learned to dodge rickshaws and water buffalo. It learned to take Best Friend to the office. There was just one hitch. The only other Jeepster in all Indochina, and a yellow one at

that, belonged to the head of the French Sûreté. The Sûreté were the secret police, headed by Monsieur X, the most hated man in the country. He had survived numerous assassination attempts. His wife was dark-haired. We were an uncomfortable mirror image and were advised to sell our car. It was a sad parting. A gentleman from Hanoi bought it and car disappeared into North Vietnam. I often wonder if it survived the war and if it's still tooting around Vietnam? Incidentally Monsieur X survived.

**The New Beetle**

All of our cars since have been relatively unexciting until this summer. We found we needed a second car up in Michigan and I acquired a *new* Beetle. It's bright red with stick shift AND a bud vase. Happy as a lark I go flying around the country roads clutching as of old. The kids passing me wonder, "what's this old crock doing in their Volkswagen?" I feel young again. It's taken years off my life.

Libby Getz



## LIBRARY NOTES

As time moves along, so does the TFAD library. Along with the other areas of the community center, the library will undergo some renovations and improvements. Recently a group from the Library Committee met with Jim Thompson of Facility Services and Ed Scott, Project Manager, to discuss these. They include more shelves, a storage cabinet, better lighting, redecorating, refinishing, and better furnishings. Most of these changes will come in 2003, but already in the classroom the walls have been repainted and the old blackboard removed for replacement with a marker board. Undoubtedly there will be some disruptions, but they will be kept to a minimum.

Our collection of large-print books continues to grow, so that persons who prefer them have a good selection. Look for them on the "island."

Of interest to some is a special section labeled "Inspiration" — section 29. These books offer encouragement, devotional thoughts, and sometimes enlightenment. Check it out. Our library may be unique in offering such a collection.

Now that the end of the year is approaching, many of us are receiving 2003 calendars in the mail. If you have one or more you don't want, please bring them to the library and place them in the box on the

small table near the telephone. Or, if you would like to have a new calendar, help yourself. We recycle!

Also, keep the magazines coming. The ones we don't need go to the VA Hospital or the Medical Center. Sharing is good citizenship, and TFAD is involved in community service.

Mary Ruth Miller

## Come Join the Fun

A celebration of the seventh year of the Encore Store has begun. Your gifts to the Store bring great pleasure to the staff as well as benefiting the Benevolent Fund.

Many of the staff of The Forest at Duke look forward to the monthly sale with great anticipation and are lined up down the hall near Holbrook anytime after 11 a.m. on "Encore Wednesday."

The Encore committee appreciates the good quality of your donations. A letter of acknowledgement of your contribution will be sent to you for tax purposes.

Evebell Dunham

## THEATER BY OUR STAFF

Foresters usually don't see Linda Vanneman's excellent staff newsletter, *The Forest View*, but if they had happened to pick up the October issue, they might have been startled by an announcement on page 2: "There will be a mandatory in-service on Hazardous Communication, facilitated by Jim Thompson and Steve Williams, on Tuesday, Oct. 15, 7:30a.m. and 2:00p.m. in the Auditorium." Hazardous communication? To the uninitiated reader it had an ominous ring. Did it mean "Be careful what you say around here or you might get fired?" Not likely. Or maybe it meant "How to communicate what you really feel without getting into big trouble." This reporter went to Linda herself for an explanation, and it was not only soothing but disclosed a personnel activity hitherto unknown to others.

These sessions are designed to show employees how to use electrical equipment without jolting someone else, as in turning on equipment in one room that might injure someone in another room. (Don't ask for details; it's too technical.) As everyone knows, you can tell people something but if you can illustrate it graphically in some way they'll understand it better. Our people use theater. The all-

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## BOOK NOTES

At last, a historical novel about the American Revolution that tells it almost the way it was, and does it in a vivid and compelling style that makes it a must for lovers of this genre. The book is *The Glorious Cause*, by Jeff Shaara, who points out that the Revolution was our first civil war and probably the first world war, although that's stretching it. Shaara's depiction of Washington may be the first in fiction to portray him as he really was, and all the prime characters—Charles Lee, Nathanael Greene, Lafayette, Benedict Arnold, "Mad Anthony" Wayne, General Howe, George Clinton, and poor old Cornwallis are equally well drawn. The whole gallery is here in a novel that comes closer than any other about the Revolution to showing it the way it was. Recommended for Christmas giving. (Nov.) (Note: Warner Bros. new movie, *Gods and Generals*, on the same subject will appear on your local screens about the time this book hits the stores. Double jeopardy.)

*Redneck Nation: How the South Really Won the War*, by Michael Graham. Not *that* war, the culture war. You may not know Graham, a radio talk show host, but our collection of Northerners and Southerners at The Forest will certainly be amused by this hilarious collection of essays, calculated to offend every-

body in a nice way. Example: "New Yorkers pretend they've read books they haven't. Southerners deny reading the ones they have." Graham may be a mite prejudiced since he grew up in South Carolina, but it doesn't show. He describes Dixie as "a land of few ideas, nearly all of them bad." He writes that Oral Roberts University, where he spent his college years, combined "the intellectual rigor of a Sunday School picnic with the sound theological theories of a slumber party séance." He says he spent 27 years running away from the South, but in the end he believes the South has won the national battle of ideas, which he calls, "the supreme triumph of the Redneck Nation." It's hard to put this one down. (published)

Thinking of a Christmas gift for a golfing friend? Give him (or her) *The Greatest Game Ever Played: Harry Vardon, Francis Ouimet, and The Birth of Modern Golf*, by Mark Frost. Frost, who is a novelist, television producer, and scriptwriter, turns these talents to his favorite sport. This story is about the legendary 1913 U.S. Open, when Ouimet, then a 20-year-old-amateur, shocked everybody by defeating Vardon, the British champion, then the world's most famous pro. These two men came from different social worlds and different generations, but they shared several traits. One was a drive to succeed, which in Vardon's case enabled him to survive tuberculosis. Ouimet had to overcome a work-

ing-class background, in which golf was only a rich man's sport. Their great match, as Frost shows, had a long-term impact on the game, and helped bring the Open into world-class golf. As for Frost's description of the match, even if you know how it ended, the closing holes are a real page-turner. Hollywood knows. Touchstone Pictures has bought film rights to the book. (Nov.)

Eleanor Kinney is celebrating these days the publication of a new book by her daughter, Eleanor DeArman Kinney, titled *Protecting American Health Care Consumers*, published by the Duke University Press. As an authority on health policy and law, the younger Eleanor is well qualified to talk about protecting Americans in their health care. She is Samuel R. Rosen Professor of Law at Indiana University and co-director of that institution's Center for Law and Health. She is a former general counsel for the American Hospital Association and program analyst for the Department of Health and Human Services in Washington. Ms. Kinney's book considers such topics as patient protection, health insurance coverage in America, consumer concerns about health care, medical standards, and prospects for reform of the system.

John Tebbel



## GROWING PAINS

**Grounds:** Chad and Mike (owners of Capital Landscaping) were fertilizing lawns recently and stopped to chat with me. They said we must "water, water, water" whenever permitted. The summer drought has been very hard on our landscaping. Fortunately the good rain of October 11 has helped. Their plan for pruning the Crape Myrtles is to take limbs out so the trees will grown up above the cottages--not to cut off the tops.

**Garden Plots:** Now that the growing season is over it is time for plot owners to clean up their gardens. It helps control disease and insects. If you do not wish to garden again next spring please inform Frank Mel-polder. Some other residents may want the plots. Spinach and peas may be planted as early as February.

**Greenhouse:** There are some neglected plants in the greenhouse. Time to check anything you have there for repotting, dividing, removing dead leaves or *discarding*. Noel Freeman reminds us orchid growers to feed our plants.

**Duke Gardens:** When I listed the many Forest workers at Duke Gardens last month I missed a few. Sally Sheehan has been a loyal and faithful worker in the gift shop and Marion Pat-

ton (our *Forester* editor) also reviews and proofreads the Garden's newsletter *Flora*.

Betty Niles Gray

## Honorable Mention Mystery Writing

Remember the mystery story writing contest sponsored by *The Forester* in May? TFAD elevators running wild, and all that?

We finally have space to publish the following outstanding *Honorable Mention* winning entry:

Editor

## Gnomic Elevation

The elevator door closed as I entered, and the car started down before I could press the second floor button. It beeped past three, failed to stop at two, and hurtled past one.

When it stopped, the door opened, and a strange creature entered. He was perhaps four feet tall with about a 12-inch waist. He had a pointed head and long pointed ears. He said, "Oh dear, there's been a mistake. Wasn't there an 'Out of Order' sign on the elevator?"

"No," I said, "there wasn't. Who are you, and where are we, and what have you done to our elevator?"

"My name's Guph," he

said. "I'm a gnome. You're in our kingdom, and it's located under your country. As for the elevator, we have our own, but when we need one temporarily for a special job, we find it quicker to appropriate one of yours. That's easy for anyone with a little magic at his command. The basic mechanisms in place. You just have to make what isn't much more than a hollow tube extend itself."

The elevator had moved down again. Now it stopped and the door opened. Two gnomes began putting padding inside the cab. Two others were waiting to wheel in a load of cut diamonds.

Guph said, "I can't send you back yet, but I can arrange a little tour."

I was shown gnomes engaged in every aspect of metal and gem mining, production, and fabrication. I even saw a group wearing miners' hats and carrying picks and shovels, who were singing "Hi-ho, Hi-Ho, It's off to work we go."

After my tour, I met Guph again at Elevator 6. He said, "After this, whenever you run across an elevator that won't respond to your command, or where you see an 'Out of Order' notice, think of us. It may be that we needed it."

George Chandler



## FORESTER PROFILE

## Barbara Crabb

If there's one thing Barbara isn't, it's — well, to make the obvious pun — crabby. Our new nurse in the Wellness Center has the kind of personality that makes patients feel better just to talk with her, as Foresters have been finding out since June.

It took Barbara a long time to get here. Born in southwest Missouri, she attended Southwest Missouri State, in Springfield, and did her training at St. John's School of Nursing before she got married and moved to Kansas City, where she spent the next 25 years, living near Harry Truman's farm home. In this leafy midwestern metropolis, Barbara got the best kind of preparation she could have hoped for, the kind of work she does now. She worked at the Menorah Medical Center, a huge clinic with seventeen doctors in attendance. For six years she was a staff nurse there, and head nurse for six and a half years more. Later, she worked at the Hickman Mills Clinic, assisting Festus Krebs, a head and neck surgeon. Her duties ranged from office work to assisting in the operating room, to patient education.

She might still be there, but her husband got a new job in Research Triangle Park where he began working last October. She followed in mid-June this year, settling down in a new

house built for them. The Crabbs have two daughters: Gretchen, 24, who works for an advertising agency in Dallas, and Sarah, who was married in June and attends Missouri Southern University in Joplin.

At home, Barbara sews, among other things. (She did all the sewing for her daughter's wedding.) She also makes something Center patients might want to know about. You put some field corn in a muslin bag, put the bag inside a flannel pillowcase, heat it in a microwave, and apply it to wherever you hurt or need soothing warmth. You can certainly try this at home. She also helps out at her church, Greystone Baptist, in Raleigh. Barbara is fascinated by genealogy, likes to read medical mysteries, and enjoys going on medical missions, having made three of them to Central America. Most of all, though, Barbara loves *The Forester*. As do we all.

John Tebbel.



Ed Albrecht

Barbara Crabb

## Staff Theater

*(Continued from page 6)*

star cast in this drama included Chuck Walkley, Steve Williams, and Jim Thompson. It was pure drama. After the preliminary explanations, Jim, working in an imaginary room, throws a switch he shouldn't have thrown, at which Steve, in another imaginary room, impersonates a man being electrocuted and falls off his chair onto the floor. Laughter and applause. But the point is taken, and safety, always a primary consideration at the Forester for both staff and residents, is reinforced once again. Next week: "East Lynn."

John Tebbel

## WELCOME NEW RESIDENT

Jean Tanner 489-4682  
Apartment 2050

Jean Tanner was born in Montreal but moved with her family to Connecticut as a child. She went to the business college of the University of Rhode Island and remained in that state where she married and raised three children. She made her career in retail merchandizing and, later, in the field of commercial real estate. While living in New England she and her family enjoyed skiing and sailing. Jean and her husband had a second home at Sarasota, Florida, but when he became too ill to travel, about ten years ago, she established a residence at Farrington to be near her daughter in Chapel Hill. She has another daughter in Charlotte and a son in New Hampshire and seven grandchildren.



Ed Albrecht

## ORPHANS OF THE STORM

If you happened to pass through our Foyer several Sundays ago, a particularly rainy, storm-tossed day, you would have seen five young men sitting around the donut carefully cleaning musical instruments with brightly colored towels of all lengths and descriptions.

Ruth Nash received a can-you-help-us-grandmother call from grandson James Nash. James and his well-known group, The Waybacks, had just finished a concert in Durham and, as they left, the deluge hit them. In racing for their station wagons, they and their instruments — drum, bass guitar, mandolin, etc., got thoroughly drenched. James called grandmother Ruth who, along with Josephine Swigert, went into action. Together they amassed a small mountain of towels and were ready for the arrival of the bedraggled little group.

When boys and instruments dried out, Ruth sent them in the direction of Grady's where they could get a substantial meal before aiming for their next stop on the tour — Washington, DC.

Ruth's grandson is one of those happy people who has successfully combined two strong interests into his life's work — computers and music. Even while a student at Stanford he coached freshman in the use of computers. Now his job with a computer company allows him

the flexibility to tour and make recordings with The Waybacks. Lucky fellow.

Marion Patton



## Confessions of a Con Artist

(Continued from page 3)  
sponds — a BMW.

One of my concerns about the normal process of seeking a new rector is that it is so long and so intensive that it creates in the parishioners an unreal expectation of the person they will finally honor with their interest.

When the posturing clears away, it would seem to me that a good con artist, i.e. one with a little charisma, one who communicates fairly well, and who cares about his people, has much to offer in the parish ministry.

I have had a great ministry. I have been a better than average con artist, i.e. shown a curious charisma. And I hope I always cared.

Peter Robinson

## LIMBO

A rainy night, cares careen, spirits unsparkle,  
 Lazy raindrops fall with a sigh;  
 The mind suspends in mid-air,  
       rolls in cloudland.

Kabby-Kat cuddles closer.

With her vigilant tiger eye never quite closed,

We are safe to dream *Of mice and men*.

Melba Pifer Reeves

## BRIC-A-BRAC

*(Continued from page 4)*

Alumna Award from the Emma Willard School in Troy, NY recently. . . **Edna Wilson's** granddaughter is working and studying in New Zealand. . . **P. J. Burns's** granddaughter and her husband, a medical doctor, visited from Chicago. . . **Bob and June Northwood's** son and his fiancée attended the Ryder Cup Golf Tournament in England as guests of pro Scott Verplank.

Halloween over, Thanksgiving ahead!

## I NEVER TASTED A COOKIE

As a child, I never tasted a cookie  
 I was not deprived, nor did I go hungry  
 Sweet raspberries, the tang of rhubarb  
 Choice of plums, Papa's garden harvest  
 Presented total epicurean joy  
 But I never tasted a cookie.

Neighbors routinely baked on Thursday  
 Aroma built as tots turned out to play  
 Taunting odors turned children to sprites  
 As they danced down the street with delight  
 A scent to tease the Gods rose skyward  
 But I never tasted a cookie.

Luscious loaves popped from the baking  
 Tapped for the tell-tale hollow ping  
 A delicate crust, prebasted with butter  
 And yeasty smell that set one a-flutter.  
 "Please, Gran'ma?" "Well, maybe a bite."  
 But I never tasted a cookie.

Pies prepared, ready for the oven  
 Grandma stoked the fire, rattled ashes  
 Worked magic, looking through steamed glasses.  
 Kin pondered best from the choices  
 Diplomatically said, "No losses!"  
 But I never tasted a cookie.

Melba Pifer Reeves



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Bob Blake's  
**Puzzle**

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

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

AIR	CHILDREN	HELP	MINISTER	SMILE
ART	CHURCH	HOME	MOTHER-IN-LAW	SOCIAL SECURITY
APPLES	CLOUDS	HOSPITAL	NIGHT	STARS
BABIES	DENTIST	HUGS		SWIMMING POOL
BASKETBALL	DOCTORS	INSURANCE	PLANTS	TELEPHONE
BASEBALL	DOG	KISS	RAIN	TELEVISION
BED	ELECTRICITY	LAUGHTER	RESTAURANTS	THE FOREST AT DUKE
BROTHERS	EMPLOYMENT	LIGHT	SHELTER	WATER
CAR	FRIENDS	MEDICINE	SKY	WIFE
CAT	HEALTH			