

THE FORESTER

Volume 11 Issue 4

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

January 2005

A Chat with Frankie Perry

Frankie Perry is an utterly charming woman who gives the impression she could improve anything she turns her hand to. She has been on the Board of Directors at the Forest at Duke for five years. "When I first came, there were quite a lot of kinks—problems that involved complaints about building and expansion, even problems about dogs. Now we're on the road to good times. How do we keep our facility full? That should be the primary concern. Let's make sure all residents have the proper level of care."

She was born in Durham and has been deeply involved with a number of community activities. "Actually I have been involved in The Forest in some way since its founding. I had several banking clients I recommended the community to." She confided that some clients had wound up at other local facilities, but the happiest ones were those that chose The Forest.

Ms. Perry joined Wachovia Bank in 1973 and is a Vice President and Personal Trust Advisor. She also serves as an Assistant Secretary of the Wachovia Corporation. The list of community organizations she serves is truly staggering. "The hard part is learning to say 'No.'" She gets pleasure from her work as Chairman of the Mentor Committee that serves the business school of North Carolina Central University. "We teach young people how to face the real world. They learn about the kind of preparatory interviews you don't get in school."

Although she has not married and has no children, Ms. Perry considers herself "mother" to many children in elementary and high school. She has served as custodian to one nephew and takes pride in the achievements of other nephews and nieces.



What does she see as her role on the Board at The Forest? Not as a gadfly, always suggesting new approaches, but as a supporter of those who already know their job and are doing the best they can. "The Board has chosen the staff—now let them do what they're supposed to do. They'll do what they have to collectively to make sure we're still around in 2028 and beyond."

Ms. Perry commented on the progress being made by The Forest on diversity. She noted that since she joined the Board, three other Afro-Americans have been appointed, providing some varying viewpoints. She lauded the work of the residents' diversity committee, headed by Phyllis Magat. Some Afro-Americans had the impression that The Forest was directly related to the university and restricted to certain college graduates. This impression is being overcome and more of the

(Continued on page 4)

The Forester

The newsletter of the Residents' Association of The Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610. Published monthly except July, August, and September by and for the residents.

Pete Seay, *Editor*

Tom Gallie, *Publisher*

Virginia Jones, *Associate Editor*

Paul Bryan, *Circulation Manager*

Bob Blake, *Art and Puzzle*

Ed Albrecht, *Photographer*

Editorial Assistants:

George Chandler

Ellen Dozier

Bette Gallie

Libby Getz

Betty Gray

Mary Ruth Miller

Publishing Assistants:

Bess Bowditch

Nancy Carl

Mildred Fuller

Erika Guttentag

Willie Mae Jones

Betty Kent

Virginia Moriarty

Ginny Putnam

Sally Sheehan

Carol Withers

In Memoriam

Dorothy Edwards MacMillan December 3, 2004

Thanks to the Residents

The following are excerpts from Beckey Binney's "thank you" remarks at the December Holiday Resident & Staff Party

I feel very privileged to have been asked to represent the TFAD staff in saying a big thanks to you for this wonderful gift. You are so very gracious. For some of our staff, it may mean the difference of having that one extra gift under the Christmas tree that will make someone close to them very happy. And that's so meaningful.

In many ways though, you give us so much all year long—more than you may know. You fill us with your smiles, your laughter, your interesting stories and histories. You share your intelligence, and give us the opportunity to work with people who have been and still are great role models in our society. You give us your love, your friendship, and your care. You also let us know what we need to work on and how we can do things better sometimes! That, of course, helps with our own personal evaluation and the growth that we all need!

I have worked for many years now, mostly as a therapist in hospitals, but always helping people of all types, ages, colors, and backgrounds. I thought that I was happy then too, but there was always a certain something missing. I never felt "at home" as I do now at The Forest. And I think that I speak for the TFAD staff here today. We look forward to coming to The Forest every day, to seeing you, and to providing you with the best that each of us can in whatever it is we do for and with you.

The checks that you give to us today are so very nice and we deeply appreciate it. But what keeps us REALLY going day in and day out is the wonderful gift that each and every one of you brings to us as special people and as our friends all year around. Thank you for sharing your lives with us.

Becky Binney

President's Podium



Those of you reading this obviously survived the holidays. I had a wonderful time with my grandchildren, and have memorable pictures captured in digital format.

I have several topics of interest to the residents this month. I received a lot of feedback on my letter soliciting Benevolent Fund donations. The term "scholarship" was used to the dismay of many residents. Let me explain. The term "scholarship" was chosen by the Benevolence Committee to mean "financial assistance." We are not paying for tuition assistance for anyone from the Benevolent Fund. The original intent of the Benevolent Fund has not been violated. I have requested the Benevolence Committee to consider using another term to mean "financial assistance."

I have been asked on what committees do our resident members on the TFAD Board serve. Here they are:

Mary Ruth Miller:

- Benevolence Committee
- Long Range Planning Committee
- Nominating and Governance Committee

Rheta Skolaut:

- Community Relations Committee
- Health Care Committee
- Long Range Planning Committee

Jim Shuping:

- Nominating and Governance Committee
- Long Range Planning Committee: *Co-Chair*

The Long Range Planning Committee met in November and passed two motions that impact on all of us. The committee recommended that:

1. The Board of Directors approve that we begin to prepare this fiscal year to seek accreditation.

2. We explore whether or not to seek Medicare Certification, recognizing that accreditation is the higher priority.

Both motions were presented to the TFAD Board of Directors at their December meeting, and both motions passed as read. We will now begin to prepare for accreditation as priority one, and to explore Medicare Certification as priority two.

Let me bring you up to date on what the resident committee is doing regarding Medicare Certification. Our Medicare Study Committee is preparing a Statement of Work that will be used to solicit bids from consultants to conduct a cost/benefit study. If the conclusions from this study indicate that additional funds will be required to support Medicare in our skilled nursing facility, YOU will be presented with the facts, and YOU will decide if we apply for Medicare Certification.

More on Medicare: A special Medicare update will be given in the auditorium on January 27th by Lynn Chamblee from SHIIP (Senior Health Insurance Information Program.) Leslie Jarema will participate in the program by informing the residents what Medicare covers in the TFAD health program.

Jim Shuping

Punctuation is In

The book *Eats, Shoots, and Leaves* by Lynne Truss has recently become a best seller in England and the US. It covers the variety, importance, and pitfalls of punctuation.

Let the record show that *The Forester* is dedicated to using punctuation correctly, but with full awareness that punctuation is also a factor in the style of the writer, and should not be carelessly tampered with.

Here is a small example of what mispunctuation can cause.

A woman, without her man, is nothing.
A woman: without her, man is nothing.

You have been warned of the pitfalls.

A Chat with Frankie Perry

(Continued from page 1)

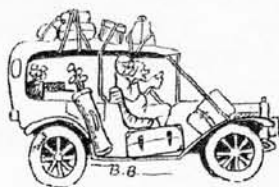
group will consider coming to The Forest, she said. "I'm doing everything I can in the community to convince people to come."

She shows real empathy with the feelings of the elderly. "Change is always tough," she noted, "I think the new health facility has been unbelievable. We did not anticipate so many residents ready to change their lifestyle with a move." The secret, she believes, lies in treating all the residents with the proper dignity. "You can have as much contact—or as little—as you want. People respect you if you choose to be less of a social butterfly than you could be."

She said that the recent survey of residents' opinions about The Forest presented a great opportunity to find out what is on residents' minds. "The staff really cares and tries hard to implement residents' recommendations."

Steve Fishler remembers that on the celebration of The Forest's tenth anniversary, Ms. Perry, without urging, greeted people at the door. "She wants to make people feel welcome," he said.

Mal Oettinger



Resident Rambling

In early December, **Frank and Dudley Sargent** went touring in South America including Machu Picchu and the Galapagos Islands. Some hiking was involved—"through the mud" according to Dudley. Steve Tuten took a group to Ashville including **Frank and Mary Light, Carolyn Vail, Clare Eshelman, Anna Fetter, Evebell Dunham, Sarah McCracken and Earl Davis.**

Holidays are a peak time for trips near and far and to welcome families here. Residents going far away include **Jean Mason** to Costa Rica with her family; **Shirley Buckley** was on a tour to Germany, Austria, and Hungary. **Sylvia and John McCormick** were on a Caribbean Cruise. **Bob Guy**, with his family, was also on a Caribbean cruise.

Anne Rice was in Oregon for a long holiday with her son and family. **Ned and Sylvia Arnett** went to Houston. **Evebell Dunham** visited in San Diego with her son and family. **Nancy Sokol** went to Dallas. **Carolyn Vail** spent holiday time with her family at Rancho Bernardo Inn in California. **Ginny Jones** had Christmas in Chappaqua and then traveled to Vermont for more holiday gatherings. **Jarus and Peggy Quinn** entertained some of their families at an apartment in Washington D.C. **Jim and Susan Shuping** were in Virginia for a fun time with six grandchildren and their parents.

Tynette Hills was with her daughter in Charlotte. **Bud Wheelan** went to Kanuga, an Episcopal Conference Center near Hendersonville. **Walter and Ruth Lifton** are looking forward to a visit from a granddaughter and family in January. Chris Gray flew in from Seattle for Christmas with her parents, **John and Betty.**

Now that winter is upon us—why not take an Art Walk inside the building? Our talented residents, past and present, have work displayed on the corridors in the apartment wings, the cafeteria dining room, and the walkway to the Health Center. Some of the art displayed have been donations by residents. The collection was started by **Julia Lewis and Bob Blake.** Look for photography by **Ed Albrecht and Don Ruegg.** Painters include:

Bob Blake, Edith Borroff, Jennifer Bowes, Teruko Bronfenbrenner, Ruth Firm, John Henry, Margo Langohr (Lucy Grant's mother,) **Ruth Latty, Caroline Long, Florence Manning, Ruth Neirling, Ruth Phelps, Virginia Putnam, Dora Ramm, Melba Reeves, Nancy Sokol, Dorothea Vann, June Wheat, Bertha Wooten, and Loma Young.**

Library Notes



Do you sometimes have a little time to kill, or just need to wait for an appointment, perhaps a meeting or a meal? Then our library's magazine rack is the place for you. Come in, choose something to read, and sit down in one of our comfortable chairs.

All of our magazines have been donated—two by subscription and the others after residents have finished reading their copies. We have most of the standards like *Newsweek*, *Time*, *U.S. News*, *National Geographic*, *Smithsonian*, *New Yorker*, *People*, *Vogue*, *Economist*, *Atlantic*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Popular Science*, *Redbook*, *Natural History*, *Forbes*, *Scientific American*, and *Consumer Reports*.

There are also special interest ones like *American Forests*, *Smart Money*, *Calypso Log*, *Cook's*, *Archaeology*, *Cooking Light*, *Gourmet*, *Nutrition Action*, *Sea History*, *Trains*, *Classic Trains*, *Writer*, *Foreign Policy*, *Geotimes*, *Allure*, *INC.*, and *Art in America*.

On the big table we keep larger sized magazines, like *Times Literary Supplement*, *New York Review of Books*, *Total Wine*, *Time Health Guide*, *Habitat Blueprint*, and *Reader's Digest*.

If you wish to take a magazine home, please bring it back promptly.

The library welcomes all magazine donations if they have not been mutilated. Duplicates are taken to the Veterans Administration or Duke Hospital for people there to enjoy. Just bring them by and lay them on the checkout desk. (Others can just go to the trash rooms.)

We have learned that long runs of ageless

magazines like *National Geographic* can be distributed to schools and hospitals, even though we have no shelf space to keep them here. If you have such a collection that you would like to get rid of, please box them and put them on the floor behind the desk.

Keep on sharing and recycling, but most of all, keep on reading for mental stimulation and entertainment. We are a community of lively minds.

Mary Ruth Miller

Standing Room Only!

"I'd like to teach the world to sing" might be the theme song for our Parlor Game at TFAD, the afternoon sing-along in the living room. Kudos to the originator: Melba Reeves! She decided that the health care residents need not be the only group enjoying group singing and she organized the activity that has grown by leaps and bounds. Now there is often standing room only in the parlor at 4:30 on Wednesdays.

In an attempt to offer a variety of all styles to please such a divergent group as ours, the fare has included carol and hymn sings, popular songs from musicals, seasonal songs, folk songs, Stephen Foster, Gershwin and Bob Dylan songs, and moldy oldies.

The chores of preparation were divided among some of the resident pianists—Ruth Patterson, Ruth Phelps, Jean Mason, Grace Hutchins, John Henry, Martha Fairbank—with Sarah McCracken, Paul Bryan, Ann Kirkpatrick, and Barbara Chremos serving as song leaders, besides Melba.

Various solos have been offered by Grace and by Sylvia Arnett while the singers rested their voices. And there are always the unsung contributors behind the scenes, those who do the planning, typing, copying, and filing; all necessary, time-consuming tasks which must be done for each session.

Our Forest living room is alive with the sound of music!

Ruth Phelps

My Four Explosions

In August of 1955, I was working as a research assistant in the physics department at Johns Hopkins University. I measured the spectral data of the isotopes of hydrogen during my third year as a graduate student. The data was in the form of paper printouts on rolls of paper ten inches wide installed in a spectrometer. Many hundreds of feet of paper covered the tables in my office/laboratory and there was promise of a graduate degree if the analysis proved interesting.

The month had been a sad one in the department. R. W. Wood, one of the world's most famous physicists, had died, and Henry Crosswhite, my supervising professor, designated me to clean out Wood's laboratory space, but warned me to bring all materials that appeared to be chemicals to his office, which was next to mine. The fear was that the materials might consist of explosive materials, since Wood had done a great deal of research on the materials during the Second World War. I dutifully performed the task. Crosswhite was away, but his office assistant, Monica, showed me where to place the various containers in the office, which she shared with Crosswhite.

The work finished, I retired to my office and was discussing a physics problem with my office mate, Dirk. Our discussion was interrupted by Monica who was carrying a large, beautiful apothecary jar. She asked if she might have the jar to add to her collection of antique bottles and jars. I said yes. It meant one less jar to carry to the dump. There was a slight problem. The jar was filled with a solid substance, pale yellow in color, that would not shake loose after the lid was removed. I reached for a screw driver and chipped half of the material into the waste basket. The remainder was tough to reach, deep in the jar. What to do?

I said to Dirk, "Water is the universal solvent. Shall we try it?" He agreed, and we crossed the room to the sink. He held the jar, and I carefully turned on the water. A sizzling in the jar was followed by a series of explo-

sions. Glass particles and bits of flaming material went in every direction. We went to the floor. Explosions continued, and I crawled to the table where bits of flame were emanating from my year of research. Pat them out, another explosion, and pat again. Dirk looked for something to cover the sink. Finally things quieted down. (#1)



Sam, who worked two floors below, came into the room. He reported that the flames of the gas Bunsen burners were turning yellow, a clear indication of sodium in the atmosphere. Thus we learned that R. W. Wood had assembled quite a stash of *sodium*, a material that reacts explosively with water.

The conversation had hardly ended when three firemen came through the door dragging a large water hose. "Where's the problem?" asked the leader of the crew. I took him over to the sink, now dry, as the sodium had used up all the available water. He pointed the hose at the sink, I leaped in front of him and screamed "no water," but he pushed me aside, said "Don't worry son, we'll take care of it."

You can guess what happened. Most of the sodium was still in the sink and the monster flow from the hose set it off at greater explosive force than we had generated with the initial trickle. The fireman was paralyzed for a mo-

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued from page 6)

ment, then took his hose and ran for the door. I resumed extinguishing the fires that were erupting on my data. The explosions finally terminated, the fire chief reentered, I suggested a shovel and container for removing the residue, and he removed it. (#2)



It was time for me to get some relief from the burns on my body from the flying debris. Sam had returned, so I asked him to keep people out of the room until I went home and showered, and as I left I noticed the chips of sodium in the waste basket from our initial effort, and asked him to take the contents out into the quadrangle and bury the stuff.

The Baltimore newspapers reported the incident, noted that every fire engine in Baltimore had come to the event, reminded readers that it had been 51 years since the center of Baltimore had burned to the ground, and applauded the fire department for taking no chance that it might happen again.

By the next week things had returned to normal, Crosswhite had returned, and I was not relieved of my position. Following lunch one day, a group of us were discussing some esoteric physics problems and our attention was drawn out the window to the quadrangle where workers were trimming the grass. A sudden thunder storm erupted

and the lawn crew went to the nearest tree for shelter. The heavy rain continued and suddenly screams from the crew reached us and, quite visible to us, was the aftermath of an explosion that had occurred in their midst. Fortunately, there was no need for the fire department, and the sodium was gone from my life. (#3)

I remained puzzled over the presence of such a large amount of sodium in Dr. Wood's laboratory. The mystery was resolved by a professor who had been with the department for decades. Wood commuted to work on foot. Part of the walk took him through a neighborhood where street corner thugs might possibly approach him. Wood rendered this possibility remote by carrying a test tube in his pocket with a small amount of sodium in it. On rainy days he would spit into the wet gutter as he passed the corner and then discretely flip the sodium into the puddle where he had spat. The explosion was not as large as his legacy to me, but enough to cause a stand-off between him and the gang. (#4)

Though hardly a high point in my time at Hopkins, the incident was certainly the most memorable.

Jarus Quinn



Ski for Light

If I can do this...I can do anything.

This is the motto of SKI FOR LIGHT, an organization which promotes cross-country skiing for the blind. The statement intrigued me and I determined to find out more about it.

As a cross-country skier for over fifty years, and with teaching experience, I became hooked with the idea of the challenge of becoming an instructor and a guide for a blind skier.

When I contacted Ski For Light, they sent me a two page questionnaire about my skiing and teaching experience. I wasn't sure that they would be interested in a guide who was over seventy. But, I received an acceptance with an extensive teaching guide to study. This year was the fifteenth anniversary of "Ski For Light International Week" and this year's week was held at Cragun's Lodge, Brainard MN, from February 24 to March 4.

The program started Saturday evening after dinner when we met our guide-trainers. For each group of ten guides, there were two guide-trainers, one sighted and one blind. We were told how to guide a blind person in all situations. Generally our sighted trainer demonstrated what we were to do and then we did it with our blind trainer. We worked both blindfolded and guiding each other. It is quite a new experience to be totally dependent on someone else, but we got to understand how our blind skier would have to depend on us.

On Sunday, we worked out on the ski trails learning how to teach and guide the blind. The blind skiers arrived on Sunday. After dinner we were introduced to our skiers. The name of the blind person was called out and they stood up at their table. The name of the guide was announced and the guide then went to the skier. This is how I met Joan Phelps from Warren PA. She is 51 years old, married, and uses a seeing eye dog. From that moment on I was completely responsible for her, from picking her up in the morning before breakfast until she retired to her room at night. Joni, as she wanted to be called, was a very pleasant

woman who refused to let the fact that she was blind interfere with her way of life. Besides skiing in the winter she also does canoeing in the summer.

Monday morning ski training began in earnest. We spent about five hours a day skiing. Joni had been to one Ski for Light program a year ago and had learned a little but was not a competent skier. I was able to train her so that she was not only competent, but she was able to take steep downhill pitches.

Two sets of tracks about two feet apart are set very deeply. The guide skis in the left track and the skier skis in the right track. The skier is able to feel for the track with her skis so that she can travel around the trail. It is the function of the guide to verbally instruct the skier on how to stay in the track and keep up a running comment about the trail and the landscape.

On untracked downhill runs, the skier and guide hold onto the same inside pole keeping their inside skis straight and parallel and their outside skis in a wedge or snowplow position. The two of them then act as one snow-plowing skier as they go downhill, with the guide calling out directions. It works out very well.

(Continued on page 9)



(Continued from page 8)

Simple one word commands are used to control the skier. The most important command is "SIT!" This is used in emergencies only. The skier immediately falls down by sitting to the right of the track. Other typical commands include tips left or right, step turn right, step turn in place, and track. "Track" is used when overtaking a slower pair. The leading guide steps behind his skier and the overtaking skier steps left into the guides track and then passes the leading pair single file. To complete the operation after passing, the overtaking skier and the overtaken guide then step back into their normal tracks.

By the end of the week, I had Joni doing about 5 kilometers a day over a varied course. The final day, Saturday, was race day. I talked Joni into entering the 6 km. race which she had not planned to enter. The skier and guide form a team. Each team started 30 seconds apart with computer timing being used at the start and finish. It was a very challenging race, with three water stations where we were handed cups of water on the fly like in a marathon. The smile on Joni's face as she passed the finish line was all the payment that I received for my week's work, but it was more than enough.

The week that I spent at Ski for Light was one of the most gratifying experiences of my life.

Paul Taub



Au Revoir

Last official appearance:

Friday, January 7

In the Auditorium.

A Lucky Connection

A dinner meeting some months ago between John Hope Franklin and our Forest at Duke resident Walter Lifton was a fortuitous one.

Dr. Franklin, as you may know, received a Presidential Medal for his work as an historian tracing Afro-American experiences in the U.S. The noted Franklin Collection of his efforts in this field is found in Duke's Perkins Library.

The Franklin-Lifton meeting was a lucky marriage of their interests and their collections. The happy result was covered in the following article from the Spring Newsletter of the Franklin Collection:

"Dr. Walter Lifton, a retired professor of education who taught at NYU and University of Illinois, has donated a collection of resources he developed for teachers and guidance counselors of children, and especially inner-city children, in the 1960s.

At a time when the nation was in turmoil, Lifton's curriculum aids helped teachers show children in the third, fourth, and fifth grades the purpose of school by linking it to their potential occupations.

One program was called 'What Could I Be?' The archive includes both the books for the children and the teacher's manual.

Lifton also put together a set of filmstrips, 'Foundations for Occupational Planning,' and these too have been preserved as a part of this fascinating collection."

A most satisfying ending to the original dinner meeting: Walt's material now resides in the Franklin Collection, giving another reason to be grateful for the Duke and TFAD connections.

Ad Lib

I have lived in many places, in many houses but there are only three I keep revisiting in memory; a beautiful, old Chinese house in Bangkok, one in the heart of Paris, and a house in Malta built before Columbus discovered America.

The Bangkok house was built by a wealthy merchant who brought with him from China a crew of skilled workers. These artisans carved the lace-like panels that formed the inner walls and added the dragons that decorated the beams in the tall ceilings. The house wrapped around an open, inner courtyard where orchids grew and green tiles glistened on a swooping roof. We had no air-conditioning, hence no glass in the windows, no screens. Birds, bees and butterflies fluttered through. One day I spied a determined little bird tugging a piece of yarn out of my needlepoint rug. A noisy giant geko lived behind the dining room breakfront and snakes slithered in from a nearby klong (canal) leaving their shed skin as calling cards. There were Thai friends who were afraid to accept our invitations to dinner because of our ghost, that of a lovely young girl who hung herself in the courtyard when her father broke up her romance with her tutor. The fauna and ghost weren't our only problems. The pretty girl I had hired as laundress moved herself from the servants' quarters in back to the gate house where she was supplementing her salary by the easiest possible means. Needless to say we put a stop to that.



Across the world in Paris we had the good fortune to live in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower with a garden adjoining the Champs de Mars. Every morning we could look down from our bedroom at troops of the French Army in full array (gleaming helmets, white gauntlets etc.) exercising their horses. At night we could look up at a twinkling Eiffel Tower. This turn-of-the-last-century house had spacious rooms AND turn-of-the-last-century telephones. The basement below was a labyrinth of rooms; a huge, old kitchen, a wine cellar, storerooms and unused servant quarters. During WWII, the Count F., owner of the house and Resistance leader, hid there from the Gestapo. At a later date he disappeared altogether, only to return as a ghost. Rumor has it that from time to time he could be seen sitting in the park staring at the house. One day I returned from walking the dog to find the concierge in near hysterics. "Madame, we have to be out of the house tomorrow morning. The bomb squad is coming to remove the explosives the Count buried beneath the basement floors. This must be done before the workmen come to wash the outside of the building." Mind you, Americans had lived in the house since war's end. Americans were expendable. French workmen were not.

Casa Isabella in Malta had been built in the early part of the 15th Century. It was not only historic in age, it was of historic proportions. Walls were three to four feet thick, the ceilings eighteen feet high. There was a well in the courtyard and a ghost in the gallery. Indoor plumbing was a definite "add on." The only passage from our bedroom to the bathroom was a steep, spiral stairway to the floor below. There were moments in the dead of night when I was certain I would meet my maker on those steps. God is alive and living in Malta. Every year the parish priest would come to bless the house, the car and the dog. He must have had a swipe at the ghost. She never appeared.

We have survived snakes, bombs and ghosts, and I now find myself in a small house in The Forest. I keep feathering this nest hoping to make it something it is not. It has no history, no character. No ghost has materialized.

Welcome New Residents



photo by Ed Albrecht

Jean Anderson

Apartment 4044 493-0787

I was born in Philadelphia and educated at the Agnes Irwin School and the University of Pennsylvania. While a graduate student in English I taught freshman courses and continued to teach when my personal life took me first to Norwich University, in Northfield VT, and then to Durham. In 1952 I married Carl Anderson, a fellow graduate student, whose teaching career in American Literature brought us to Duke University in 1955. Sabbaticals in Oslo and Stockholm gave us a cherished familiarity with Scandinavia and Carl's many Swedish cousins. My belated career as a local historian stemmed from the presence of a cemetery on our farm in Orange County. There we lived 40 years and raised our children, Bradley and Julian. I was always interested in the past and insatiably nosy; thus I found myself very soon doing professional genealogy. From that I was lured by the Department of Archives and History into researching Stagville Plantation, from which project my later book commissions followed. Carl's death in 2003 precipitated my move to The Forest at Duke.

Harold and Justine Tannenbaum

Apartment 4008

402-1547

Harold and Justine Tannenbaum were long-time residents of New York. They lived in Riverdale and, more recently, in a Manhattan apartment. Harold graduated from CCNY and went on to Brooklyn Law School. Although a member of the New York bar, he pursued a long career as an importer. His firm's specialty was head wear, and for many years they were America's leading importer of French berets. Justine was educated at Hunter College, Columbia, where she earned her master's degree, and Fordham. She made her career as a psychologist for various public agencies in New York and New Jersey. She has also been active in providing assistance to families with disabled children. Harold and Justine were married in 1970, and each has a son and a daughter by an earlier marriage. One of their daughters is a long-time resident of Chapel Hill and it was frequent visits to her that persuaded them to retire to this area and ultimately led them to The Forest. Harold has participated in the Big Brother organization. He is interested in Civil War history and is a stamp collector. Justine enjoys oil and water-color painting.



photo by Ed Albrecht

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

What's for Breakfast?

BACON	COFFEE	FRENCH TOAST	JAM	PECAN ROLL
BAGEL	CORN FLAKES	FRUIT	LATTE	PUFF WHEAT
BRAN	CREAM OF WHEAT	GRANOLA	MILK	RICE
BREAKFAST	CREPE	GRAPEFRUIT	MUFFIN	SYRUP
BUTTER	CRESCENT ROLL	GRAVY	OATMEAL	TEA
CASSEROLE	CRULLER	GRITS	OMELETTE	TOTAL
CEREAL	FRIED EGGS	HAM	PANCAKE	WAFFLE
CHEESE	EGGS SCRAMBLED	HASH	PASTRY	YOGURT
CINNAMON ROLL	FLAPJACK	HOT CHOCOLATE	PRUNES	
