

Geriatric Medicine

Dr. Anthony Galanos, Director of Medical Services, allowed *The Forester* an extensive interview on December 8. He answered questions about

1. TFAD Medical Services
2. his teaching and research
3. his career and personal life
4. practice of geriatric medicine

Later, he and his TFAD staff of four physicians presented a very clear and informative program in the Auditorium on TFAD Medical Services. Subsequently a four page summary was distributed to the residents. Here we report some of his thoughts about the last of the four topics: the practice of geriatric medicine.

Q: What do you think is most important in working with older patients?

A: The basic requirement is that you respect

everybody.

We live in not just a racist and sexist culture, but in an "age-ist" world, where folks discriminate against older people. I don't believe in that world at all.

Society undervalues wisdom. Having grown up in a Greek family, I can tell you that my Grandfather was revered, not for his physical prowess, but because he had wisdom. Older people have more wisdom in their little fingers than many of the learned people I work with have in their whole bodies.

If you respect somebody, you'll find what they have to offer. My philosophy about geriatric care is that each and every patient has something to offer, whether it be wisdom, experience, talents, or personality, and that's what I look for.

Q: What is your goal as a doctor?

A: To keep everybody as healthy and inde-

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Doctors Gwen Buhr, Kimberly Johnson, Pablo Rabosto, and Bill Logan participating with Dr. Anthony Galanos in discussing with residents on January 13 how The Forest at Duke's medical services work to keep us healthy.

photo by Ed Albrecht

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.

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In Memoriam

Charlotte Cassels

January 20, 2005

Geriatric Medicine

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pendent as possible.

Q: Is there a danger that people will go to walkers too quickly?

A: Sure. We have a policy about motorized carts because they create dependency if given to just anyone who wants one. That's why we have a policy—not to be harsh, but because it is clinically against your best interest if you start doing something that's easier than just making yourself walk. We work closely with physical therapy and our goal is that those who can walk should walk. That's just common sense.

I have an interesting historical perspective because I was here years ago when someone first took a wheelchair to the formal dining room. You would have thought that the KKK had just marched through The Forest. The residents had a mild, civilized, but significant protest against it. The truth is that anyone in this country can eat anywhere they want to in a wheelchair. But it was the marker of disability that really bothered people. It took the community a little while to learn to accept that.

But remember, in all fairness, this incident occurred just the first time the question was raised. There's a wish that this should be a place where everyone is healthy. It's the fear of "There but for the grace of God go I." We want to be ambulatory, but a wheelchair doesn't mean that we are leaving our world or that life is over.

It was all part of our learning process. I think we as a community have learned a great deal about aging and about each other during the 12 years that The Forest has been around. In the beginning disability was something we didn't want to show, but now we strive to maintain each person at highest possible functional status. But we have to make accommodations to age.

Q: Most residents resist moving to the health center. Do you get involved in arbitrating moves to the health center?

A: Yes. That's by far the hardest part of the

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job. I would say that eight out of ten folks resist the transition. And that's understandable. That's why I'm glad that The Forest put so much time and effort into the new construction. It's much more palatable, I think.

But no one likes to give up independence. Here's the way that I look at it. If a resident is moved from independent living to the Health Center, then that person shouldn't be restricted just because living in Holbrook or Carlton or Riviera, but rather should be attending events in the main building. And people in the main building should be attending events in Holbrook and Olson. This is really a resident issue and not a provider issue. If we treated every residence area like it's part of the community, I think that there would not be so much resistance.

I am a big advocate of trying to emphasize the community, and I love it when I see folks from the new building attending functions in the auditorium. I think that's the way it should be.

Q: In addition to feeling respect and fostering independence, are there other basic principles?

A: Trust is important.

I don't know all the new residents well, but the one thing that I definitely established with the first group of residents who moved into The Forest between 1992 and 1995 is that they grew to trust me. They knew that when the chips were down, I was going to be present. I don't know whether I pulled that off in every single event. We've gotten much bigger, much more diverse, much sicker as a group, and I've had much more demand on my time at Duke, but that trust means the world to me. When the chips are down I want the resident to think "Galanos or his group is going to come through for me." When you're sitting in the hospital, and that's a very formidable place to be, I want you to have confidence that the group around your bed is interested in you. That's the comfort I want to give.

Q: Residents note that you seem to want them to take responsibility.

A: A resident should take certain responsibility? I like that. In the early days we would get



photo by Ed Albrecht

Dr. Tony Galanos

calls that were frankly frivolous. "I've got a cold; what should I do?" And I would say, with respect, "What did you do in the first 80 years, because that's what you do with a cold today, the same thing. The fact that you have a clinic a few feet from your residence doesn't mean that you need a physician." When somebody comes in and says "You're going to keep me healthy, right?" I say "No, ma'am. You're going to keep yourself healthy. I'm going to work with you to achieve that." I think that people have to take responsibility for themselves in everything they do.

But when it comes to health care, if you punt your responsibility to the doctor or your kids, you're not going to be healthy. So, I always ask people to assume that responsibility—and once educated that way, everybody seems to be ok with that.

Q: People here handle death pretty well, don't they? A memorial service, and then get on

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with life?

A: Well, we may not do as much grieving as we should, though I know that everybody does it privately. But I have too much respect for older people not to be directly honest with them.

When it is necessary, we are not afraid to say that "We're heading for a bad outcome, and here are our options." What I've been impressed with in older people, and that I don't see in younger people, is no fear of death—maybe a fear of losing their cognitive abilities, or other things like that, but no fear of death. So I've never found it hard to be honest with people I take care of. I have no trouble having difficult discussions with folks who live here or with folks that I take care of in the hospital. People don't let fear dictate their decisions.

Q: So it's respect, fostering independence, trust, patient responsibility, and honesty?

A: Well, there are a few other things.

You work hard. If you don't work hard, you shouldn't be a doctor. I've overworked in the past and I'm now trying to find balance between advocating for my patients and having a personal life. I'm getting there, slowly.

Being around older people is actually fun. I laugh a lot.

Teaching and research are essential adjuncts to my clinical practice.

And then, there are my personal, non-medical friendships with the residents.

I like this place—it is a part of me. It's been a privilege to be here.

Correction

We all know that Melba Reeves has many talents, but the correct name that should have appeared last month in a list of artists whose work is on permanent display in our corridors and other common areas is that of Marjorie Reeves.

Mirror, Mirror on the Wall

Who is that Old Lady in the mirror?
the pale one —

who squints?

What is she doing in my room?

I smile at her

but she looks blank

and sad

and grim.

Who is that Old Lady in the mirror?

the one with the straggly wisps

where there were once brown curls?

the one who was the toast

of summer school,

who played

and danced

and taught the others how?

Look at her now!

Whose is this pallid face

that covers like a mask

the girl beneath?

once young, attractive,

sparkling and alive?

not at all like this one

in the glass.

I will not *be* that old Lady in the mirror!

for underneath I am still she

who played and rhymed

and taught you all to dance.

It is my secret.

Ruth Phelps



President's Podium

Several residents have asked:

"Why is the weekend manager referred to as "On Duty", when "On Call" would better describe the situation"?

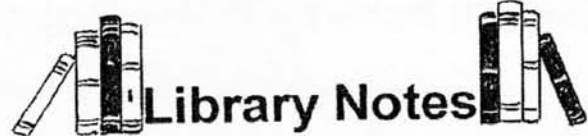
I discussed this with our Executive Director and learned a few things about what is meant by "On Duty":

1. The weekend manager is "On Duty" on campus a minimum of four hours, and has full responsibility for the campus from 5 PM Friday until 8 AM Monday.
2. The manager must be constantly available, and must stay within a one hour commute to the campus.
3. The manager must maintain full mental acuity while on duty throughout the weekend.
4. The manager attends any special functions on campus, as appropriate, that may occur over the weekend.
5. The term "On Duty" is commonly used throughout the industry, and does not mean "On Site."

Jim Shuping

Objectives

The Forester is published by and at the expense of The Residents' Association. Its purpose is to inform and entertain the residents. It serves as a vehicle for the writings of the residents, and should, to the extent possible, be the work of the people living here. It is not a "gripe sheet" and should exercise restraint in publishing controversial opinions. It also serves as a resource for preserving the history of The Forest at Duke.



Library Notes

Attention: folks with vision problems! Our library has many resources available to you. As most people know, we have many large-print books on the "island" in the middle of the library just waiting to be checked out.

Audio books are popular now too. They are shelved by author in the classroom at the end of the mysteries, with check-out cards inside. Most people probably have an inexpensive tape player for listening to them, but the library does have one which can be loaned out. See the desk assistant.

Movie fans will be glad to know we have received 48 new commercially made videotapes which are now ready to be viewed. Look for them on the specially marked shelves in the classroom.

We also have many music tapes and CD's for lending out. The CD's have cards inside, but the tapes should be signed out in the notebook on the desk. (Note: Please rewind all audio and video tapes before returning them.)

Our VisualTek machine for enlarging a page has had a problem, but it is receiving attention. Anyone using it should have instructions about its switches.

Our library continues to serve TFADers who develop reading handicaps. Plans are underway for a program in the auditorium about the various aids available, including the Library of Congress program and the resources of the State Library of North Carolina. Application forms for these special services are available from our social workers, Karen Sarine and Lee Ann Bailey. The OASIS program has more services than we have been using. Stay tuned!

Mary Ruth Miller

Through Paris by Paddy Wagon

I spent much of the summer of 1949 in Paris with Bob Strand, a college classmate. We had finished our sophomore year and had signed up for a four-week "Cour de Vacance" at the Sorbonne. Many war-time restrictions were still in effect, and Strand had conceived the not so brilliant idea of taking along a dozen or so pairs of ladies' nylon stockings which he thought might net him a profit on the black market.

One afternoon, with the nylons in a paper bag, we headed for the Place de l'Opera in search of a black marketer. It was easy enough to find one. Young men, presumably left behind when the U.S. Army went home, frequented the sidewalks near the American Express office trying to buy dollars.

We were soon accosted by one such entrepreneur. Strand offered him the stockings, and he professed interest. We walked around a corner, and Strand held out the merchandise for inspection.

Our contact simply grabbed the bag from him and ran off, ducking down the stairs into a Metro station with us in close pursuit.



In some of these stations you can have about a mile's walk before you come to the platform you want, but this was a small one. The thief showed a ticket at the barrier and headed for a train that had just pulled in.

Fortunately, we had bought books of tickets, too, and we followed him onto the train just as the doors closed.

Strand confronted the thief, but the young man simply laughed at him. "Call the cops if you dare," he said. "You're in this just as deep as I am."

Maybe so, but maybe not, too. The police were certainly interested in the currency black market, but as I look back on it now, I'm not sure there was even a law against selling goods one had brought legally into the country.

Whatever, Strand had his dander up, and immediately approached a uniformed Paris "Agent de Police" who was standing holding onto a pole some distance down the car. Bob had had two years of college French, and managed somehow, despite his accent, to make himself understood.

The policeman headed toward the black marketer, the train stopped at the next station, and the young man bolted out the door, dropping the paper bag of stockings as he went. The cop was too quick for him, though, and grabbed him by the arm.

Bob picked up the nylons and stuffed them under his coat, and we all stood around on the platform while the cop attracted the attention of a Metro employee and sent him to call for reinforcements.

The next train came in, and just as it was about to pull out, the thief broke away and made a dash for the red, first-class car in the middle of the train. Again, he was too late. He hit the car doors just as they were sliding shut, doing enough damage so that they could not be closed and the train could not proceed.

From then on, there was no doubt who the bad guy was. The cop hit him on the arm with his baton, Metro staff managed to shut the car door so the train could depart, and more police arrived. We all went up to street level and were loaded into the French version of the paddy wagon. It went off with its horn sounding its raucous two-tone honking, one of the most characteristic of Parisian street sounds.

It was not a scenic ride since a paddy wagon doesn't have much in the way of windows, and it seemed to me to last a long time.

The end, however, was quick and left Strand and me, at least, unscathed. We were taken to the office of some senior policeman, who had brought in an interpreter. Strand told our story, the

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policeman thanked us for tracking down our black marketer. It seemed he was someone they had been looking for.

We did not stop to claim a reward. As for the nylons, Bob gave them to some of his relatives in Norway when he visited them later in the summer.

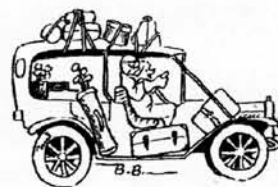
George Chandler

Quiz

If you read your *Forester* carefully, these questions will be easy.

1. What was the common career for Carol Oettinger, Elisa Nijhout, and Dorothy Brundage?
A. Circus performer. B. Teacher C. Nurse
2. Which two musicians worked together at Duke Memorial Methodist Church?
A. Melba Reeves B. Sarah McCracken
C. Grace Hutchins D. Ruth Phelps
3. Una Galli, Eunice Grossman, and Justine Tannenbaum, are all enjoying class in
A. Painting B. Ballet C. Needlepoint
4. Phyllis Magat, Tynette Hills, and Jarus Quinn have all been
A. Olympic Athletes B. Violin Players
C. President of DILR
5. Bob Northwood, Martha Mendenhall, and Bud Whelan all served at one time in
A. The FBI B. US Navy C. Army Air Corp

(Answers 1. B 2. A&D 3. A. 4. C 5. B)



Resident Ramblings

All of us are looking forward to spring which will be especially beautiful this year at The Forest. **Libby Getz** is continuing a project begun many years ago by **John**. She has furnished 500 daffodil bulbs, **Peg Lewis** added 250 more, and **Chad Salladay** planted them as well as adding many more. They have been planted around the pond and will be a wonderful sight!

On January 5, Duke University celebrated the opening of Cameron Stadium and the first athletic event held there. In honor of the occasion the basketball team that played for Duke in that first game on January 6, 1940 were invited as special guests. Our **Bob Moyer** led that team out—followed by players from later years. Four players are left from Bob Moyers' team and three were there.

Hillary Freeman of Greenwood, Mississippi, was recently crowned Miss Junior Miss in the Southern State Finals. Hillary is a niece of **Mary Jones** and **Minnie Mae Franklin**. **Shirley Buckley** is one resident who will especially remember Christmas Eve in 2004. She attended service in Salzburg where "Silent Night" was written.

Ginny Jones has taken daughter, Janet, for her birthday to England to visit Janet's sister. **Dot Heroy** spent a weekend in Ohio to attend a performance of her talented grandson in *On The Town*. **Mary E. Stewart** spent a weekend in New Jersey at a grandson's wedding. **Claire Eshelman** will go on a Carnival Cruise with her son. Our star hiker, **Frank Sargent**, is taking off for Yellowstone Park. (Brrr.) On this trip he will be in a car to study and photograph the wild life!

Mary Gates

A Walkin' Man

As I talked to Frank Sargent about this article for *The Forester*, the words of that old Bob Dylan song from the 60's kept reverberating in my mind: Joan Baez singing the familiar "Blowin' In The Wind." "How many roads must a man walk down before we call him a man?" Frank Sargent has surely earned his manhood. His hiking experiences have taken him across many miles of our vast country.

My attention was first called to Frank when I was out doing my morning walk around the perimeter of our community and Frank passed me more than once. Finally, I asked how many times he circled the course. "Only four" he replied and it aroused my curiosity about what propelled this man.



Frank was born in Concord, New Hampshire. His father was a dairy farmer and Frank learned at an early age what farm work was all about. As a teenager he took on the job of milking the cows and grew quite used to getting up at 5:30 A.M.. He claims that his love of walking the trails must have come from the those early years out in the country when the lack of playmates sent him off to the woods to explore and seek adventures on his own.

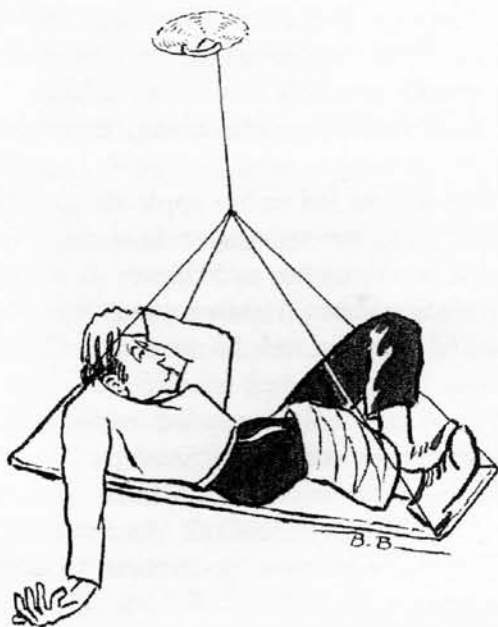
Growing up on the farm certainly influenced his choice of a career. He attended the University of New Hampshire and graduated with a degree in animal science. Then on to North Carolina State University where he earned a Ph.D. and accepted a position on the faculty as an instructor in the dairy extension department. He was subsequently promoted to full professor.

Believe it or not, hiking was not on his agenda until he retired in 1993 and began to wonder what to do with the rest of his life. The answer came when he and his wife, Dudley, were in Oregon and he found a book called *50 State Summits* which described climbing the highest point in each of the 50 states. He had never considered mountain climbing but this sounded like the challenge he was looking for. His first "high point" was in Alabama, Cheaha mountain. This was the beginning. By 1996 he had reached 49 summits of the 50, omitting only Alaska's Mt. McKinley, which he says he will not do. The most difficult, Frank says, was Mt. Rainier in Washington. Reaching it's summit involved climbing on glaciers and the cold was extreme. For some of the more treacherous climbs, Frank hired professional guides and reaching the summit took several days of climbing. What was the lowest summit? Britton Hill in Florida. Apparently this was really no more than a mound, it didn't even qualify as a hill. Did you know that the highest point in North Carolina at 6,684 ft. is Mt. Mitchell?

Frank even belongs to a group called the "High Pointers." This group recognizes each member's summit climbs. Frank explained that the High Pointers only required that you *visit* the summits of each state and so, for the more accessible summits, he did drive instead of climb. However, his record stands strong at 49 summits.

On to the next adventure! Hiking the Appalachian Trail proved to be the next challenge for our mountain climber. Frank's claim to fame was that in the seven years it took for him to complete the 2,168 miles in fourteen states, he did not spend one night on the trail. Careful planning and the love of a comfortable night's sleep found him in a motel at the end of each day's hike. He earned the nickname "motel man" from his buddies. His record

was sadly broken when he returned to hike again in Maine with a friend who had not completed the trail. He suffered his first mishap. He slipped on sharp rocks and landed with his leg doubled back under his knee and it snapped the patella tendon off the knee cap. It proved to be too difficult to carry him out so he had to stay overnight in a tent and was air-lifted out the next day. That was an adventure in itself! Was the pain the biggest hurt or was it the fact that spending a night on the trail spoiled his record?



Now Frank is still training for the next hike. Three or four days a week, he walks seven miles in Duke Forest, so that he'll be in shape to go to Vermont and take on the "Long Trail," the oldest continuous hiking trail in the country. It goes from the Canadian border to the Massachusetts border.

Frank Sargent is a walker. He isn't out to win medals in running or racing or mountain climbing. He just likes to be out in the open and he likes to walk. Accolades! We're proud to have him as a member of our Forest community, he is an inspiration to all of us.

Peggy Quinn

Starlu

A new restaurant

In the back of the big, red office building at the corner of University Drive and Shannon Road lies a new restaurant which has risen from the remains of a failed sports bar. The same twinkling, white lights are on the trees outside, the same polished wood floors on the rooms inside. The photos and old uniforms have been carted off to The University Club, but the Spartan atmosphere remains, though somewhat softened by the white cloths and candles on the tables. It was not crowded on the Wednesday we were there but the place had a certain buzz and I observed some of the patrons wore neckties! Our blonde, long-legged waitress was very competent. My companion and I perused the menu. He settled for a crab cake and a lamb's shank, I for a crab cake and a ravioli dish with beet salad. We sinned a bit at the end and divided an apple tart with cinnamon ice cream. All ice creams and sherbets are made on the premises. A little note on the menu advises "black truffles shaved on any dish—\$7.00." It was a very pleasant evening. The food was good and well presented. One can discern Chef/owner Sam Poley has honed his skills under some of the best local chefs: Ben Barker, Scott Howell, Walter Royal, and Rick Robinson. Starlu's prices are reasonable—the crab cake \$10.00, lamb shank \$19.00, Starlu burger \$10.00, apple tart \$6.00. Starlu is open for lunch and dinner.

STARLU - University Drive and Shannon Road, Durham

Tel. 489-1500, Web site www.Starlu.com

Libby Getz

Wien, Wien, Du Allein

A man I respect said his favorite city was Paris. "It was magic." That's how I felt about Vienna. Paris, where I also lived, lacked the small-town charm of Vienna.

I was in the Foreign Service, which would provide dwelling but no real-estate agent. Since in Vienna the renter had to pay the agent, most places were listed willy-nilly with agents.

I looked at some amazing agentless places. One was on the fourth floor of a marvelous building in the Old City. But it had been rented to four families of Arabs who had burnt a hole in the living-room floor while cooking.

Finally my boss said "Use an agent." A mischievous friend showed me an ad for a "true city palace." Intrigued, we looked. Love at first sight may be a Viennese invention.

Here was a palace indeed, with a park by its side, parquet floors, a maid's bedroom. A solarium with glass prisms that threw the colors of the rainbow on the floor until near sunset. It had French doors and chandeliers and a balcony with mirrored false entrances and no fewer than two skylights. Its sweeping staircase called for a red carpet and the landlady, Frau Rieger, whose family owned the palace, agreed to provide it. She also gave us pears from the garden park.



My wife, Louise, and I vowed to have the place even if we had to add to the embassy's allowance to pay the rent. But thanks to a strong dollar (imagine that,) the rent was within bounds.

Foreign Service folk beneath a certain rank lived in fear of getting too elegant a place, because a congressional committee might visit (particularly in Vienna) and decide a Foreign Servant was living better than he deserved. Our house had a modest front near the carriageway and cheap apartments on the street. The apartments were piles of rubbish after the war, which hid the house from the Soviets (whose zone of Vienna it had been in.) Had they known the 1905 Jugendstil house was there, the Soviets would certainly have requisitioned it. I figured if it fooled the Russians, it might fool congressmen too.

Frau Rieger fed us her apple strudel at times and invited us to her apartment downstairs to hear hausmusik, made by her and friends — she played violin or viola and her friends a piano and/or cello. They played Haydn and Mozart and Beethoven with gusto.

Music is to Vienna what basketball is to Durham. Everyone seemed to want you to enjoy it. Box office people would telephone if a ticket became available to a sold-out performance. The state radio broadcast most concerts on a wide FM band.

Those who think only of schnitzel and schnapps are due for a gustatory revelation in Vienna. I had a regular table at a café a block from my office. The French-trained chef-owner would offer specialties not on the menu: goose liver (sautéed), white asparagus, dainty doe. Ach!

Vienna was orderly to a fault. One day a teenager riding a streetcar was carving his initials in the wooden seat in front of him. An elderly lady struck the knife from his hand with her cane - and the teenager sheepishly pocketed the knife. (I imagined the scene in New York.)

People told me that the Viennese were cold and that their extreme politeness was not very deep. So? I never wanted to plumb the Blue Danube.

Mal Oettinger

Welcome New Residents



Julia and Robert Dawson

Apartment 3021

419-9404

Dr. Robert Dawson was born in Rocky Mount NC and studied there and in Florence, SC. He earned his BA at Clark University in Atlanta and MD at Meharry Medical College in Nashville. After specialization study, he became the first board-certified black ophthalmologist in North Carolina. He became head of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology and, ultimately, Medical Director at Lincoln Hospital in Durham. He also became a Clinical Professor and, later, Scholar in Residence at Duke Eye Center. He was a pioneer in assuring that quality medical care and medical education were available to the African American community and establishing black physicians as full partners among providers of medical services. Julia was born in Chapel Hill and raised in New Jersey. While raising three daughters and a son, she began a long-term commitment to volunteer services with many community and national organizations. She looks with particular pride at her work as a member of the Girl Scout board, where she was instrumental in establishing an inter-racial scout camp. Later, she served as executive secretary of the Mary Lou Williams Institute for the Study of Black Culture.

Mary Hobart

Apartment 4035

489-2473

Mary Hobart was born in Tyrone, Pennsylvania, and is a graduate of Allegheny General Hospital School of Nursing. She also studied at the University of Pittsburgh and earned a masters degree in nursing supervision at the University of Virginia. In 1942 she married Dr. Seth Hobart, a physician specializing in head and neck surgery. In 1955 they came to Durham, where Dr. Hobart practiced until his retirement in 1990. It was following his death in 2000 that Mary began to consider relieving herself of the burdens of caring for a house and garden that ultimately brought about her move to The Forest. She has three children, a daughter in St. Louis and sons in Richmond and Raleigh. Her interests include walking, reading, knitting, and golf. She describes her life's vocation as being a stay-at-home mother and caring for a busy surgeon husband. She found time, nevertheless, to serve many years as a girl scout leader, as a Sunday school teacher and in other activities at the Watts Street Baptist Church, and as a volunteer at Durham Regional Hospital.



photos by Ed Albrecht

Ad Lib

Let the man who does not like to be idle fall in love

Ovid

Saks Fifth Avenue

When I was young, New York was my Mecca. What theater! What shopping! What excitement! New York is now a moveable feast. New York boxes up its theater and sends it on the road. And its stores? What Manhattan store doesn't have satellites scattered all over the fifty States?

Local female hearts beat a little faster when Saks recently opened in Raleigh. My Mecca was almost within walking distance. Not quite. Beautiful Friend and I decided to ride instead. One quiet Wednesday, when parking would be no problem, we drove to Raleigh to take a peek and, perhaps, even buy something.

Saks presents a gleaming white facade. As we entered, a charming, young woman welcomed us and led us into a wonderful array of clothes. I could have bought everything she showed us; fortunately I didn't. I settled for a tweed suit and Beautiful Friend for a cashmere sweater. We flashed our plastic, bid our venduse farewell, and ascended to the second floor. As one rises, so do the prices.

I had barely tripped off the escalator when a familiar voice came out of nowhere, "Mrs. Getz, dear Mrs. Getz, how lovely to see you." The voice belonged to Marilyn who used to help me spend my money at Nordstrom's and now she wanted me to spend my money at Saks. Marilyn is quite a presence; a handsome black lady of Amazonian proportions, resonant voice and take-charge personality. Under her guidance I found a few more things I didn't need but couldn't live without. She saw to it that the slacks Beautiful Friend bought could be altered while we were lunching ...and what were we doing for lunch? She thought we ought to be at a catered lunch Saks was giving for one of their ex-

ecutives down from New York.

No sooner said than done. We found ourselves among a flock of small, white tables. As we were being seated, I leaned too heavily on our table—water glasses, flowers, flatware, napkins flew in all directions. The caterer had forgotten to secure the table legs.

How to make an entrance at a luncheon you weren't even invited to!



We smiled and nodded as we made our way to a sumptuous buffet. We not only got lunch; we got a style show and fashion tips. "One can wear anything with blue jeans." Not this old girl. I had a feeling when we left lunch that in a way it wasn't really free. Marilyn accompanied us to the escalator with a "come back soon." She knows I will.

At Christmas I received an elaborate card from Saks signed Mohammed A. Who is this mysterious man courting my favor?