

THE FORESTER

Volume 12 Issue 10

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

October 2006

13 1

Brightening The Corner

She has star quality. She has sparkle, like June Allyson, Jane Powell and Debbie Reynolds, but she's nicer. She doesn't have the steely facade of other can-do women, like Katharine Hepburn, Rosalind Russell and Lauren Bacall.

She brings a solid background to her job as Assistant Activities Manager at The Forest. Having been a businesswoman, with organizing experience in public relations, and as events manager for various continuing medical education programs, Elizabeth "Ibby" Wooten is enthusiastic about making things happen. (The nickname, if you must know, was triggered by the fact that she was the fourth Elizabeth in her family, so relatives adopted her older brother's mispronunciation. She thought she would have a chance to change it at UNC-Chapel Hill, but too many classmates from her hometown of Fayetteville remembered it.)

Ibby's parents instilled in her a love of music (she played flute at school) and travel. "We may not have had the toys and gadgets, but we got to travel all over the country, including San Francisco and Hawaii." She has also been to Europe where she spent a memorable summer with a UNC program in London. Studying theater, she went backstage at the National Theatre and squeezed in some dozen performances. A trip all the way through England and Scotland to the Isle of Skye was particularly memorable. "It was in the summer and the sun barely sets. We followed a parade of bagpipers to genuine Highland Games. I'd done Scottish dancing in school, so there I was: a little Tarheel doing the Highland Fling!"

When coming to The Forest, she was surprised to find resident Ann Barlow, who had been one of the chaperones on that trip. Ibby regards that as a kind of serendipity that often occurs here.

After graduation with a degree in journalism, Ibby planned meetings and symposia for Burroughs-Wellcome ("Good practice for event planning."). She

had shared with her mother the hobby of antique collecting, furnishing her first room after college with items from garage sales and flea markets. She met her husband, an auction and retail antiques dealer, at an antiques show. They opened a shop at the Greenbrier resort in West Virginia, open 365 days a year and full of fascinating guests. "We bought and



Photo by Ed Albrecht

sold some fabulous pieces — quite an adventure."

She parted with her husband two years ago and returned to the Triangle, working for a psychiatric CME group affiliated with Duke. Her hobbies still include antiques and music. "I have two furry four-legged children," she said. "They have no clue that they are dogs." They are Coco (after Chanel) and Zoë, stars of pet therapy shows at VA hospitals and — maybe — coming soon to The Forest.

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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.

Joanne Ferguson, *Editor-in-Chief*

Maidi Hall, *Text Editor*

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President's Podium

A "welcome back" to all of you who disappear during the summer.

Our annual Residents' Association meeting will be held on October 16th at 2 PM in the auditorium. Your officers and directors will entertain you with a "where have we been and where are we going" report. We will vote on the new officers and directors who will serve you next year.

Also, please welcome the many new residents that moved into The Forest over the Summer. It is a traumatic experience to move (as we all know), and a friendly gesture and an invitation to dinner helps to get over the "What have we done!" feeling.

On August 23rd I presented a resolution to the TFAD Board requesting our Board of Directors to apply for Medicare Part A certification for our skilled nursing facility. I then moved that the resolution be approved. After much discussion, the Chair tabled the motion until the October meeting. Mr. Fishler presented a proposal for an alternative plan to Medicare called "The Forest Advantage". This plan will also be considered by the TFAD Board in October. The TFAD Board is receptive and open to resident opinion, and I am certain that the Residents' Board will continue to be consulted on these most important issues before a final decision is made.

A reminder for you: Residents needing urgent medical care or evaluation beyond the level of services provided at The Forest will be transported by EMS, or other transportation, to the Duke Medical Center. If a TFAD resident refuses to be taken to the ER when it is ordered by a physician, the resident must sign a "Refusal of Medical Care Against Medical Advice" form, and TFAD will not admit that resident to the Health and Wellness Cen-

(Continued on page 3)

In Memoriam

Hubert Richardson McKerracher	June 24, 2006
John F. Oates	June 24, 2006
Christopher C. Hamlet	July 23, 2006
Paul H. Taub	August 6, 2006
Margaret Rose Knight Sanford	August 26, 2006
John H. McCormick	September 4, 2006
Mary F. Harrison	September 21, 2006
William Bayard Heroy, Jr.	September 25, 2006

LOVE YOUR LIBRARY



The TFAD Library extends a hearty welcome to all newcomers, and to everybody getting cranked up again after summer vacation season. I hope our library provided pleasurable reading/listening/watching activities during the time.

Newcomers' packets contain a "Welcome to the TFAD Library" information sheet, loaded with facts. Please take it out and read or re-read it. (Old timers, if you don't have one, stop by the hanging rack in the main reading room and take one from behind the "newly returned" shelves.)

Be sure to take advantage of the OASIS service of the Durham Public Library as an expansion of our holdings. Our activities calendars give OASIS dates, normally the second and fourth Thursday afternoons. You can also request books to be brought over. Then please return them on OASIS days.

When you browse around in our library, you might be surprised at what you find.

Although we do not maintain a card catalog or online directory, we do have a locator file, hanging above the visual aid machine. Our desk assistants are always glad to show you around. Just ask!

We have a large collection of fiction, paperback, hardback, and large print, and numerous biographies. Our computer and shredder are well used, as is the copy machine of the Residents' Association. Payment for copies is on the honor system. Everything we have is donated, including many current magazines as well as the newspapers. Newspapers should not leave the library or be clipped, but magazines can go out. Just return them promptly!

Overdue fines are not collected, but a book or tape kept out longer than two months is 'way overdue. We hope everyone will check home bookshelves to find any library book that has found a home there and bring it back.

Puzzle workers are likely to find much entertainment from our large collection in the copy room. Puzzle sign-outs should be filed in the brown file

box on the shelf.) Modern Library classics (in the classroom on the bottom shelf next to the copy room door) are well worth reading or re-reading.

Remember that our library never closes. Just come any time and enjoy the true focal point of The Forest!

Mary Ruth Miller

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.

President's Podium

(Continued from page 2)

ter (HWC), since acute care has been ordered and was refused. In effect, the HWC is unable to meet the level of skilled or adult care needed and so can not accept that resident.

In order to raise funds to upgrade some of the equipment in the wood shop, Jim Staley has offered to give a bowl or vase to anyone who makes a donation to the wood shop for that purpose. Please see the notice on the Resident-to-Resident bulletin board if you are interested.

The Residents' Association Office is now open after being closed for the summer. Check the schedule posted on the bulletin board and on the office door.

Jim Shuping

Meeting The Duke



I had been standing a few feet from the stage of the St. Louis Municipal Auditorium for almost two hours, waiting for the commencement of what a subsequent issue of *Down Beat* described as the most heavily attended jazz event of 1943: a concert/dance by Duke Ellington's band. Some in the crowd were, like me, in uniform; everyone was impatient and anxious, because though music stands, a grand piano, a bass, and a set of traps were on the stage, there was no sign of the band, and the report was that the train bringing them to the city had been indefinitely delayed. More waiting, and then word ran through the crowd that the band was now in the auditorium. Several long minutes later Junior Raglin sauntered on stage, nodded to the cheering audience, and began tuning, then strumming, his bass. He was soon joined by Sonny Greer, who unobtrusively underlined Raglin's tempo with snare and bass drums. One after another of the band appeared and added their various instrumental voices to what Raglin and Greer had started—not playing anything, but playing it in the same tempo and key. I can't be precise (this was over sixty years ago, after all), but this improvising continued for some time before Ellington made his casual entrance.

He courteously but almost abstractedly acknowledged the shouts and applause, sat at the piano, and against the band's unrecognizable but coherent background began to noodle on the keyboard, the chords and runs and riffs becoming more complex until almost imperceptibly they channeled the band into a full-voiced rendition of "Take the A Train."

For some time before this and well into the first half of the program, I had been bothered by a man standing just in front of me and frequently stepping back on my feet. Not that he was unfriendly. On the contrary: though he reeked of whiskey and was on my feet a great deal, he was amiable in the extreme. He told me he was there to meet his brother, who was a member of the band. I skeptically asked his brother's name. "Lawrence Brown" was the matter-of-fact answer. Brown, a trombonist with a flawless technique and a tone of stunning beauty, had been with Ellington since 1932. My skepticism gone, I warmed to my newfound friend, and between numbers we talked until intermission. "Come on with me on stage," he invited. I did so and was introduced to Lawrence himself. He was affable, but after a few words with him, I could see that he wanted to talk with his brother. I left them and had a friendly chat with Raglin, a comparatively recent addition to the band and hence unfamiliar to me. I then wandered about backstage, introducing myself to musicians who had been my idols since high school days — Sonny Greer, Johnny Hodges (polite but cool and distant), Rex Stewart. I was talking with Stewart, Ellington's great trumpet player, when he drew a silver flask from his hip pocket and offered it to me. I recall with pleasure the image of that nineteen-year-old white boy drinking from Rex Stewart's flask! At one point he asked (this is verbatim, sixty years notwithstanding), "Would you like to meet the Duke?" He led me to the door of a dressing room and knocked. A quiet "come in," and I was shaking hands with Duke Ellington! He was in shirt sleeves, standing, eating a sandwich. He looked extremely weary, the circles under his eyes deeper than I had seen in any photograph. I wasn't speechless, but I might as well have been. I said something inane to the effect that I was enjoying

the concert. He replied quietly that he was glad and added that I could stay on stage for the rest of the performance if I wanted. If I wanted! For the rest of the performance I stood or sat with one section after another—reeds, brass, rhythm, everywhere except on the piano bench with Ellington. (I couldn't possibly have had the presumption to approach that throne!) I don't remember anything more. I must have said my thank-you's and goodbyes. Except for Rex Stewart's bourbon, I hadn't had anything to drink that long, glorious night. But as I walked the empty streets to my barracks (no cab or bus in sight at that late hour), I was intoxicated with the still dynamic presence of Ellington's music.

Oliver Ferguson

Pete Seay, Sage



As E.B. White said of Charlotte the spider who saved the life of Wilbur the pig through singing his praises on the first true Web log, "She was a good writer and a good friend," noting the two don't always go together.

Well, Pete Seay is a good editor and a good friend, patient with errant writers, encouraging them instead of bullying them. As an editor he was less like irascible Harold Ross of *The New Yorker* and more inspirational like Maxwell Perkins, the Scribner editor who nurtured Thomas Wolfe and Scott Fitzgerald. He was full of ideas for *Forester* stories and diplomatic when suggesting, for example, that we could do a piece on some resident's marvelous seashell collection.

Delightfully this encomium is not an obituary and Pete Seay will be around to give sly suggestions to *Forester* scribes for years.

Mal Oettinger

Ibby Wooten

(Continued from page 1)

She finds The Forest work exhilarating. "What amazes me is the resources we can bring in and the enthusiasm of our residents. People here love to learn new things and have such a wide background of experiences. Not only do we have great resources within The Forest, but residents have access to dance festivals and symphonies and so many other events. I feel very fortunate to be involved with Activities."

Mal Oettinger

All We Like Sheep

Some years ago my wife and I spent a week walking in the Welsh countryside not far from the English border. We were part of a group which spent each night at a different place. There was a leader to guide us on our daily walks and a second team member with a van who carried our luggage so that it awaited us each evening at that day's destination. The second day out we had hardly left the village where we had spent the night when our path took us past a farm gate behind which there were a pair of young black-and-white border collies. The gate may have done well enough to keep in cows and sheep, but the dogs were under it in no time at all and had joined our group. We were to find that they had had a good deal of training as sheep dogs, but they had clearly not been taught the basic lesson that all youngsters should learn: not to be lured away from home by strangers.

They stuck with us for perhaps three quarters of an hour. Then they seemed to have a sort of consultation, and they must have agreed to disagree, for one of them trotted off in the direction from which we had come. The other, however, had clearly adopted us, and all attempts by our leader to persuade him to follow his partner on the road home were fruitless.

Country walking in Britain is a delight largely because the country is covered by a network of public footpaths, most of which go across private land. Some of them lead the walker to spots that are very private indeed. I recall one such right-of-way in the West Riding which led Marjorie and me to within a few feet of the farmer's front door, around the side of the farmhouse, and through the poultry yard before we got back into open country.

We encountered several such situations that day. Invariably, a farm dog would come out to meet our collie, either to challenge him to a battle or invite him to engage in a playful romp. It was on the first of these occasions that we began to realize just where he stood. He had clearly decided that we were sheep, and, moreover, *his* sheep. He had taken us on as his job, and he would not be diverted from carrying it out. He just cut those other dogs dead — not even condescending to bark at them — and went on, doggedly, I guess you would say, on his lawful occasions.

The culmination of our dog's day's work came in mid-afternoon. We were walking along a narrow farm track with thick hedge rows on both sides, when we met a small herd of cows coming towards us. There were about a dozen of them, and they were ambling along, according to the nature of cows, using the entire width of the road, with a farm worker following behind very slowly, in a small pickup truck.

Our dog went to work at once. In a minute or so he had those cows in single file along one side of the road, and in another minute he had herded us 15 walkers into another line on the opposite side. Apparently realizing that we were all Americans, he had lined up each of his two files on the right-hand side of the road.

By the time we got to our overnight stop, three or four of the walkers wanted to adopt the collie, but our walk leader took him up in the van that had brought us our luggage and drove him back to where he had joined us that morning.

We were careful to see that he got a good meal first, just in case his master decided to punish him for running off, by sending him to bed without his supper.

Besides, he'd had a busy day, and the laborer is worthy of his hire.

George Chandler

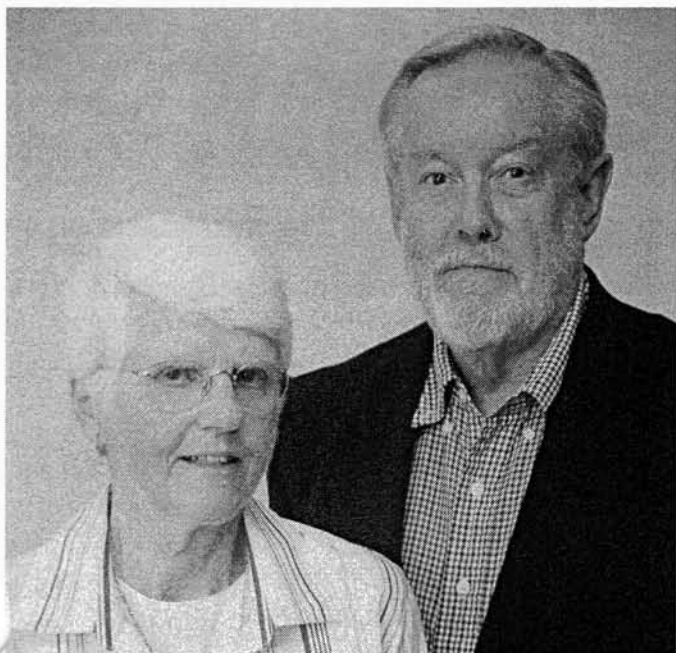


Welcome New Residents

Photos by Ed Albrecht

Donald and Deborah Chesnut
Cottage 52 489-4701

Don and Debbie both graduated from Duke University where they had met and were married in the Duke Chapel. Following Don's PhD work at Cal Tech in Pasadena, California, and a year of postdoctoral work in the Physics Department at Duke, Don and Debbie lived in Wilmington, Delaware, where Don worked for the E. I. DuPont Company. Deciding that teaching was his first love, they moved back to Duke in 1965 where Don has spent 41 years in the Department of Chemistry. Debbie worked for many years for Measurement Incorporated and recently has been involved with building houses for Habitat for Humanity. Don formally retired from Duke in 1998 but has maintained an office and a part time research effort. Their older daughter Lauren is a reporter in Yanceyville, their son Blair a computer programmer at Duke, and their younger daughter Lynn teaches at Rogers-Herr middle school.



Ran and Shirley Few
Cottage 14 489-3939

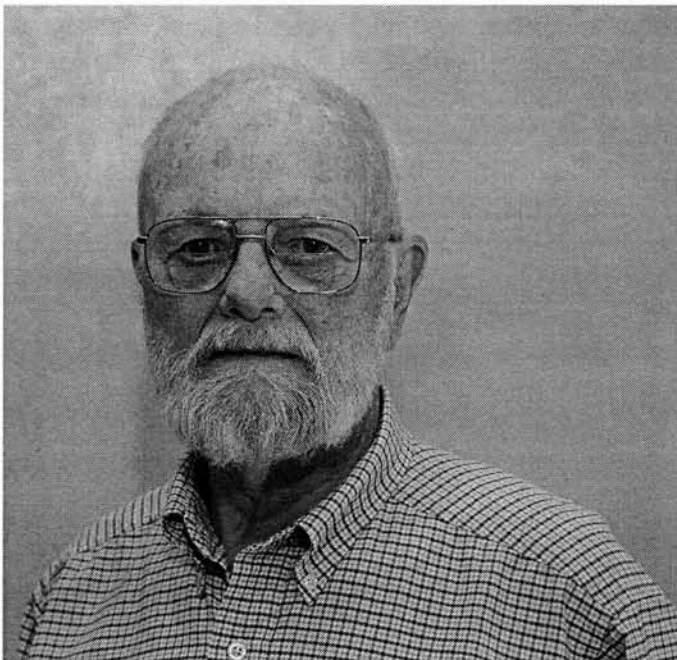
Shirley is originally from Pinehurst, and Ran from Durham. They are the parents of a son and two daughters, who all live in Durham. Shirley attended Hood College, in Frederick, Maryland, receiving an AB in Economics. She has served as Director of Development for The Durham Arts Council and worked in the Admissions Office at Duke. Ran's father was the first president of Duke University, so he practically grew up on the campus and is a Duke graduate. He made his career in real estate development, sales, and management. The Fews have been among the leaders in many local charitable and service organizations. Both have been active members at Duke Memorial Methodist Church with Shirley being the first woman to chair the Board of Administration. They enjoy Duke basketball, and Ran may be unique among Duke sports fans in that he plans this season to attend his 80th consecutive Duke-Carolina football game. They enjoy their eight grandchildren and are proud of having been recognized as having had a record number of grandchildren enrolled simultaneously at Durham Academy.

Tom Frothingham

Apartment 2023

624-8339

Tom Frothingham was born in Boston. He studied biochemistry at Harvard, where he played tennis, squash, and hockey. He went on to Harvard Medical School specializing in pediatrics. He lived in Connecticut, New Orleans, and Corvallis, Oregon, before joining the Duke Medical School's Department of Pediatrics in 1973. He has been affiliated with the North Carolina Center for Child and Family Health and has been particularly interested in the detection, treatment, and prevention of child abuse. He has written on pediatrics, virology, and parasitology. He continues to enjoy tennis, as well as hiking, reading history, and writing. He has four children, two step-children, and seven grandchildren.

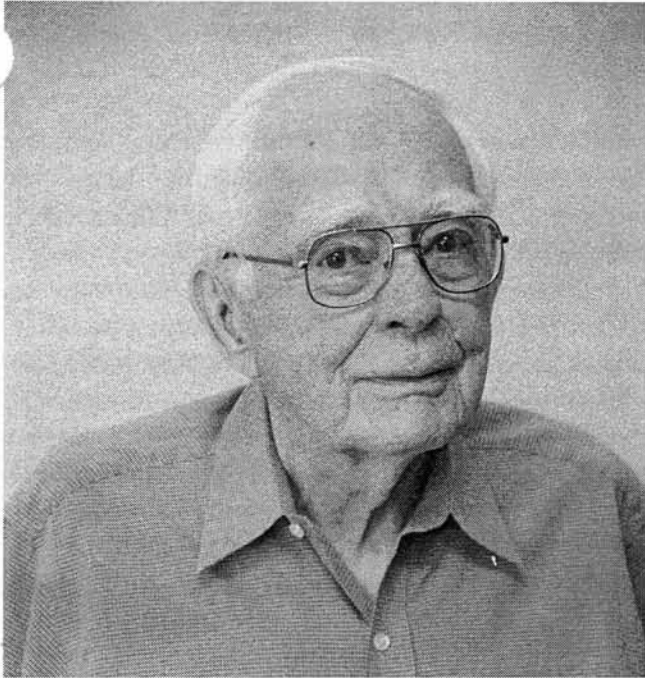


Lucie Jacobson

Apartment 3021

489-9101

Lucy was a school girl in Vienna when Hitler's armies invaded Austria. With the Nazis in control, she was no longer allowed to attend school. Soon her father and two uncles had been sent to concentration camps. Through her mother's efforts, and, Lucy says, owing largely to luck, the three men were ultimately released and allowed to leave the country. Lucy escaped to England on the "Children's transport" organized by Henrietta Salt, and later went to join her family in Palestine. She met her first husband there, returned to England, and had a child. Upon the death of her husband, she and her daughter came to America to join her parents who had resettled in New Jersey. She married again, her second husband being a Labor Union executive who later became a member of the New Jersey Public Utilities Commission. Lucy devoted herself to teaching, largely in the local synagogues, becoming a full-time teacher in the Hebrew School, and to speaking publicly in support of tolerance and world peace, building upon her own experiences of anti-Semitism and Nazi atrocities. She provided oral testimony on life in Vienna before and during the first months of the German occupation for the Yale University Holocaust project, testimony now at the Holocaust Museum in Washington. She came to The Forest to be near her son and two youngest grandchildren who live in Durham.



Kenneth Kirchoff

Apartment 2039

493-3581

Ken Kirchoff's home town was Plymouth, Michigan, 30 miles west of Detroit. He received his bachelor's degree from the General Motors Institute, now the Kettering University, in Flint, Michigan. He has lived in Bonn, Germany, and Bordeaux, France, and immediately before moving to North Carolina he lived for ten years at Pawley's Island, near Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. He first worked for General Motors as a co-op student on the design and development of automatic transmissions. Later he was employed by the Packard and Ford Motor companies. It was the Ford job that took him to Germany and France where he helped introduce automatic transmissions to the European markets. He is interested in auto racing and collects coins and stamps. While in South Carolina, he walked the beach every day. He has a son living in Mebane, North Carolina, two daughters in Michigan, and seven grandchildren. He came to The Forest to be near his son and his family and to be able to live in a place where he didn't have to use the stairs.

Helen Monson

Apartment 4030

489-2470

Helen was born and raised in Detroit and graduated from the University of Wisconsin where she met her future husband, Don. They spent five years in Detroit while he completed his residency in radiology. There followed two years in the service in Columbia, South Carolina. While there Helen directed an Episcopal Church pre-school program and taught the five-year-olds. A call from Watts Hospital brought the family to Durham where they became supporters of Duke basketball, even attending seven NCAA Men's Final Fours. Helen organized the pre-school at Westminster Presbyterian church. Her civic activities also included the Junior League and the Durham Regional Hospital board. Helen enjoys bridge, reading, spectator sports, and crafts. She has three children and six grandchildren.

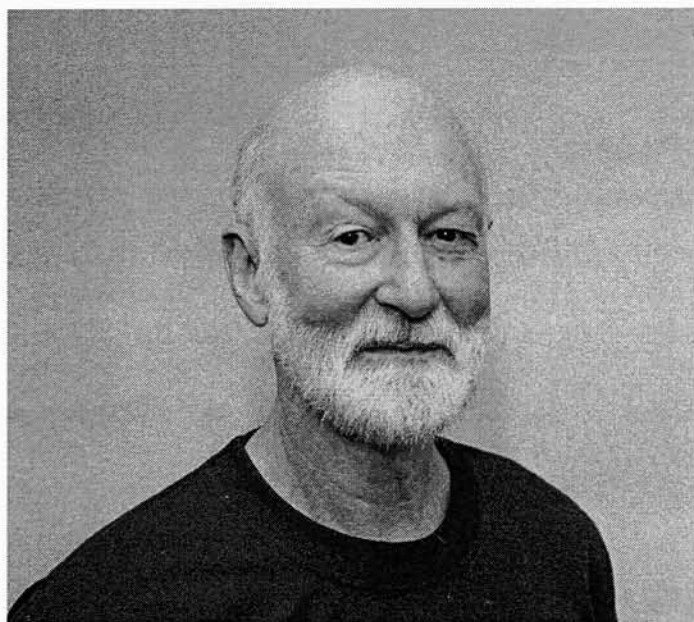


Peter Wharton

Apartment 1039

493-7528

Peter grew up in England. He left England in 1953 with an undergraduate degree and \$150 to explore a brave new world. He worked in Canada for two years; met his future wife, married, moved to the U.S. and lived happily ever after. Five children arrived along the way, and are now scattered throughout the south, east to west, Florida to California. Graduate (Yale) and postdoctoral (Columbia) studies were followed by over 40 years of teaching/research, first in Wisconsin (Madison) and then Connecticut (Wesleyan University). He enjoyed marvelous sabbaticals in the U.S. (Colorado and Hawaii), England (Sussex and Imperial College, London), and South Africa (Cape Town). Peter made visits to China, New Zealand, Australia. He experienced wonderful camping through Canada and the southwest U.S. His lifetime passions include sports, puzzles, and the piano.



Nancy Wardropper

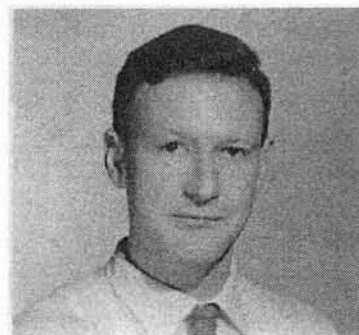
Cottage 24

489-3702

Nancy was born in Miami, attended private schools there and in Northern Virginia and graduated from Vassar College. She earned her master's degree at The University of Miami and taught Spanish at Vassar and Wellesley Colleges and at the University of Delaware before earning her PhD at Johns Hopkins. She came to Durham when her husband was appointed to a faculty position at Duke and taught for many years at North Carolina Central University. Her son Ian is Curator in Charge of European sculpture and Decorative Arts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

Then

Doing post-doctoral work:



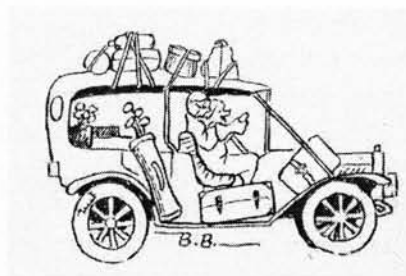
On editorial staff of a national magazine:



Who are these two handsome Forest residents?

Mary Gates

Resident Ramblings



The dog days of summer are behind us and many residents are left with happy memories of reunions and visits with families and friends. With understandable pride, residents introduced their children, grandchildren, and a few great-grandchildren.

Susan and **Jim Shuping** entertain their grand children on a rotating basis—one at a time. This year five spent a fun week here—next year there will be six coming! **Ginny Jones** and **Carol Oettinger** did some home cooked meals for their families. **Hildur** and **Bob Blake** had a family visit and **Penelope Easton's** daughter and a favorite niece were here for a long weekend. **Mary Ruth Miller's** friends from Australia were at The Forest for a few days and then together toured North Carolina beaches including the Outer Banks.

Some family reunions are held at other vacation spots. **Trish** and **Robbie Robertson** met their family at a resort hotel in Oregon. **Steve Baxter** went to Alaska on a trip which included Denali National Park. **Loma Young** saw many relatives at her grandnieces wedding on Sullivan's Island.

Frank Sargent hiked in the Green Mountains of Vermont. Somebody will have to find him NEW mountains soon! **Hildegard Ryals** went with a group from her church to Mississippi to help rebuild Katrina-damaged homes. **Evebell Dunham**,

Molly Simes, **Don** and **Mary Ann Ruegg**, **Mary Gates**, **Jean Mason**, **Ginny Putnam**, and **Art** and **Lois Watts** went on a Steve Tuten trip to Lake Lure, Chimney Rock, etc. On their return, Molly and Evebell jettisoned their liquids, took a long nap, and left a few hours later for California.

Susan Rose has deposited her papers permanently in the North Carolina State Archives. These include family memorabilia, files relating to her activities in business, social and civic organizations, as well as copies of her poetry and prose writings. A spokesman from the Archives says "Mrs. Rose's papers are a permanently valuable record of the varied life of a twentieth-century woman."

The High Museum of Art in Atlanta is now showing "Romantic Eye" highlighting 63 18th and 19th century British and French drawings and watercolors from the High's Hildegard and Clyde Ryals Collection. The exhibition will feature major works on paper by Romney, Gainsborough, and Turner, as well as pieces by other well-known artists. **Hildegard Ryals** has made this substantial and generous contribution to the Museum.

The exhibition will continue through January 7, 2007. If you are in Atlanta — do drop in!

Mary Gates

An Epicurean Delight

We could have traveled to far-off Oregon for the grand selection of wines that accompanied the Oregon Wine Dinner, but we went no further than the Forest at Duke's own kitchen and dining room for the mouth watering, fabulous, six-course dinner on Tuesday, August 22. It was truly a gourmet delight and all forty of the attendees savored every morsel of excellent food that was carefully prepared, beautifully presented, and perfectly matched with an accompanying wine.

As we entered the dining room we were greeted by a staff elegantly attired. Our maitre d', Peter, outdid himself in a handsome tuxedo with a stylish cummerbund. We felt that we were being welcomed aboard a luxurious cruise ship. Tucked away in the corner of the dining room was a three piece combo, "The Chris Reynolds Swingin'" jazz band. They entertained us all evening with music from an era that was familiar to all of us. If the food hadn't been so good we would all have been up dancing.

Dinner started off with an apple and parsnip soup which set the tone for all that followed. The soup was creamy, the apple and parsnip joining to make a sweet/tart taste that pleased the palate and dared one to leave a drop in the bowl. After a delicious salad of arugula, goat cheese, almonds and blackberries, came the intermezzo, consisting of a refreshing hazelnut sorbet which cleansed the palate and left us waiting with bated breath for the first entree. This was a pan-seared duck with wild mushrooms and potato gnocchi with cabernet reduction. A rich and succulent sauce surrounded the duck and vegetables. The dish was a clean-your-plate special. The portions were small but perfect, considering that there was another entree to follow.

The second entree was roasted loin of lamb with figs glazed with balsamic and lavender. This, too, was a dish to set before a king. One would suppose that there wouldn't be room for dessert. This was hardly the case as we all savored the spiced pear tartlet with cr me anglaise. A perfect ending to

a perfect feast.

The wines that accompanied each course were carefully chosen by our sommelier, William Lloyd from the Washington Duke Inn. We started off with a Riesling (Blue Moon '05), followed by a Pinot Gris (Benton Lane '05). A Pinot Noir (Amity vineyards '05) was served with the duck and a hearty Syrah (Del Rio vineyard '02), with the lamb. A dessert wine Adelsheim Deglace '04, accompanied the pear tartlet.

Accolades to Michael and Randale, the chefs who prepared our wonderful meal. Thanks to all the staff who helped to make the Oregon wine dinner such a grand success. I have never seen so many happy, contented diners in The Forest at Duke dining room. And, it wasn't just the wine! If you missed this one be sure to sign up early for the next "up-scale" dinner. You won't regret it.

Peggy Quinn



The Flea Market

Rounding the corner on Chapel Hill Road
that sparkling spring morning,
on the way to pump iron at the Y,
not far beyond the little store,
newly (and significantly) renamed
"La tienda de vaqueria"
to honor the famous plastic cow on the roof,
a kaleidoscope of colors struck my eye,
in the small yard by the beat-up truck.
Oh, to be a painter!

Racks of multicolored T shirts,
bore the numbers of once-famous quarterbacks
or obsolete social action slogans.
Bright summer dresses,
victims of changing styles or romances
danced in the breeze.
Makeshift tables (old doors on sawhorses)
were piled with bright, broken plastic toys,
old teddy bears, leaking sawdust
(and who knows how many children's germs),
some worn-out shoes and winter jackets, having
seen their best days, perhaps,
dodging winter and border patrols
across the Great Sonoran desert.
A few old plastic mugs sported pictures



of Niagara Falls or La Virgen de Guadeloupe.
and on the curb were a line of produce boxes
labeled (significantly) uvas, cebollas, naranjes, tomates, and
everywhere all manner of junk
too odd to catalogue,
in short, everything but fleas.

"Never call anything junk"
the manager of our last estate sale told me,
as I began to throw out
a bucket of rusty old hardware
and obsolete automobile parts
"someone will buy it."
And someone did for two perfectly good American dollars.

Ned Arnett

Summer Saturday — 1946



At dawn the dew is clean and clear upon the grass
And birdsong wakes me to the cool sweet air.
Lying there, I know the midday heat will soon be here
Luring me to shaded porch and, if lucky, lemonade.

Children will play, running from sun to shade
Ignoring sticky bodies and faces reddened by the sun.
But those of age will fan themselves and talk drowsily
Of hoped-for rain and lower temperatures,
Will read a magazine or lie staring into space
Listening to the sounds of summer radio: the latest hits
Or baseball with its heat-slowed pace of play.

Back at my childhood home, some hundred miles away,
My parents feel this self-same lassitude.
But built, perhaps, of sterner stuff
Or, simply put, condemned to action by their circumstance,
Will rouse themselves, don overalls and boots,
Head out to work in sultry fields of waving grass.

'Cause it's August and the hay needs getting in.

Bruce Rubidge



Blossoms Etc.

The blossoms are winding down — perennials to prepare for the spring — annuals getting ready to make room for next summer's new splash of colors.

This last year's beautiful bouquets should go to the "Boutonnieres and Bouquets" for the many hard working, devoted men and women for this year's volunteers services to their fellow residents.

Don't put this list of volunteers aside hoping it will fall in your trash basket with junk mail, put it in your phone book, on your refrigerator or bulletin board.

It will tell you who to contact, and perhaps provide more information than a telephone recorder. That is really what the list of chairmen is for — to help you. Let us give them our support and bouquets of thanks.

There is someone to call for most of our needs. That is why they volunteered for the job — to be of service to other residents. These volunteers enjoy helping others. What would this wonderful place be without these willing helpers?

The blossoms have faded but not the willingness of the volunteers to help. Let's honor them with many boutonnieres and blossoms.

To the newer residents we welcome the use of the large stepping-stone path as a short cut from the Administration Building to The Forest at Duke Drive as well as an appealing path through the backyards. A shortcut to street and garden plots.

It is time to plant spinach you know and it is fun planning for next spring and summer flowers and vegetables. A few garden plots are available.

The tomatoes were beauties. Frank Melpolder, our garden expert, is on our volunteer list.

Here's to all of them!!

Margie Burns

Bloomin' Flowers!*

The flowers that bloom in the Spring
Breathe pollens that tickle the nose.
They can make your eyes water and sting;
They can even make both your ears ring,
While sinus ache adds to your woes.
So that's what we mean when we say or we sing:
"Oh, bother the flowers that bloom in the Spring!"

The goldenrod comes in the Summer;
It pays for the allergist's trip.
It makes country walking a bummer,
And makes you wish there was a plumber
Who could turn off the post-nasal drip.
And that's what it means when you hear a hoarse
hummer
Sing, "Bother the flowers that bloom in the
Summer!"

Autumn leaves turning yellow and red
Can release a most powerful dust.
It's known as leaf mold and we dread
The effect it can have on the head.
It makes nasal sprays seem a must.
And that's what we mean when we say or we sing,
"Beware of the plants of Fall, Summer, and
Spring!"

George Chandler

*With the usual apologies to W. S. Gilbert. Any reader who wishes to sing these lines to Sullivan's tune from Act II of *The Mikado* should add his or her own "Tra-la-las" at the appropriate places.

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

Worth Having

ABILITY	CONFIDENCE	FUN	JUDGEMENT	PEACE
AMBITION	COURAGE	GOAL	JOY	PETS
BASKETBALL	DAUGHTER	HAIR	JUSTICE	PATIENCE
TICKETS	DREAM	HAPPINESS	LAND	RESPECT
BREAKS	EDUCATION	HEALTH	LIFE	SIGHT
BUICK	ELEVATORS	HEARING	LOVE	SMILE
CAR	FAITH	HOME	LUCK	SON
CAREER	FAMILY	IDEA	MATE	TALENT
CHARISMA	FOOD	INCOME	MEMORIES	TIME
CHARM	FREEDOM	JOB	MONEY	WITS
CHILDREN	FRIENDS			