

Leigh Church : Marketing The Forest

Leigh Church, who has joined **Beth Corn-
ing** as Marketing Associate, comes to us from Glen-
naire, a CCRC in Cary, where she was a marketing
assistant for seven years. She lives in Cary within
walking distance of Glenaire but finds that now
when she drives the 30 or 45 minutes to Durham, she
enjoys that downtime to herself. She listens to talk
radio and takes pleasure in recognizing the familiar
cars of fellow commuters.

She was born in Charleston, South Carolina,
and lived in Goose Creek, a northern suburb. When
her family moved to Morrisville, North Carolina, she
was sent to kindergarten in Cary, so when she was
five years old she was riding a school bus 45 minutes
every morning. "We had to go all around the airport
for pickup, so both my mother and I were really
happy when I turned sixteen and could drive myself
to school."

Her grandfather was a farmer and her sum-
mers were spent working in his fields and helping
her dad chop wood for the fire. On Saturdays they
went to Cary where they sold vegetables outside the
old Egg Market, one of the original buildings in
Cary. She remembers the terrible rotten-egg smell of
the Egg Market and wouldn't eat eggs when she was
young. She also remembers being made to eat all the
vegetables she had helped bring to market, and she
still doesn't like the sight of spinach and collards.
Though she was made to eat everything on the table,
she doesn't require that of her own children.

With these grandparents the family traveled
all over the country when she was growing up. Leigh
has been to almost every state in the union as well as
Canada.

After high school she went to Wake Tech and
received various certificates. She worked as a
teacher's assistant at Weatherstone Elementary



Photo by Ed Albrecht

School for six years before her marketing career in
CCRCs.

She has a daughter, Sam (Samantha), who is
fifteen, and a four-year-old son, Clay. "Sam is a fan-
tastic cook and great baker," and she often has dinner
cooked when Leigh gets home. She is independent
and self-sufficient and has a part time job at Danny's
Barbeque. Clay also loves cooking, and she and Clay
cook dinner together often. "I have two very differ-
ent kids. I'm a very happy single mom."

Leigh and Samantha went with her sister to
Europe not long ago. They went to Switzerland,

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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.

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In Memoriam

Northwood, Robert H.	June 1, 2008
Oettinger, Malcolm Henry, Jr.	June 28, 2008
Caraher, Elaine Donna Rowe	June 30, 2008
Robinson, Peter Chase	July 7, 2008
White, Mary Frances Council	August 6, 2008
Kent, Betty Kilbury	August 13, 2008
Bulkley, Edith Irene	September 15, 2008

President's Podium

Midway between the summer and winter solstice we are embarking on a busy fall. In addition to many other activities, our community will hold two elections. First, in early October, The Forest at Duke Board will elect a resident director from three nominees proposed last August. Second, at the Annual Meeting of the Residents' Association on October 20, residents will vote for two officers and three directors to serve on the RA Board.

Our RA Nominations Committee, chaired by Peg Lewis, searched extensively for nominees for the RA Board and has presented a slate of highly qualified candidates.

Special thanks to all members of the Nominations Committee for their diligence and to residents willing to throw their hats in the ring of a contested election. Last week you should have received a letter containing photos and a summary of qualifications of the nominees. If you have not received it, please contact **Peg Lewis** or me. A Meet the Candidates Meeting will be held at 10:30 am on Monday, October 6, in the auditorium.

Additional nominations may be made from the floor at that time provided that advance consent of the proposed nominee has been obtained.

There are ample opportunities for volunteer participation at The Forest. In the Health and Wellness Center volunteers are needed to assist individual residents, such as reading to a resident with low vision or helping to transport a resident to one of the many enriching activities on campus. If you are interested in becoming more involved in an activity that is gratifying both to the volunteer as well as the recipient of the service, please get in touch with **Jennifer Perry**, Coordinator, at 419-4027. The time commitment for volunteer activities varies from one hour to longer time frames. Jennifer can meet your scheduling preferences.

Clarification may be in order regarding the Confidant Book located on the counter under the RA bulletin board in the mailroom. On one hand, federal HIPAA rules protect the privacy of each resident;

(Continued on page 3)

President's Podium continued

Therefore The Forest administration, management and employees are prohibited from conveying information about the status quo of any resident. On the other hand, we residents care about our friends and neighbors and want information that might inform us about how we might be helpful. The Confidant Book, created by the Residents' Association, addresses this dilemma. Each of us may delegate a friend or relative to communicate, in his or her discretion, information through the Confidant Book on our behalf, about our physical condition, location, interest in having visitors, etc. The system allows for discreet communication. Each of us respects the privacy of others and many would like our friends and neighbors to know how we are. Perusing the Confidant Book recently I found only about two thirds of us have designated a Confidant. I hope you will give this matter some thought.

A final note: the RA Finance Committee is hard at work reviewing for us the TFAD proposed budget for the coming year and will report at the next A Board meeting.

Bill Anderson

Leigh Church continued

(Continued from page 1)

Rome, and Paris. Rome was their favorite, where she threw a coin in the Trevi Fountain. "We walked a lot!" In Paris they visited the Eiffel Tower, were dazzled by the light show, and after hours when the elevators had stopped running, she and Sam climbed all the way to the top; they took turns encouraging each other.

Leigh loves it here at The Forest. She enjoys meeting people and especially values the camaraderie of the staff lunchroom.

Joanne Ferguson

Library Science 101

Greetings, fellow readers, viewers, listeners!

I am your new librarian. Following **Mary Ruth Miller's** eight years of excellent leadership and organization will not be easy, even though she has agreed to remain on the library committee as an honorary member available for consultation, and the committee itself is invaluable. Therefore I will welcome questions and suggestions from all of you as I try to maintain our library as a continuing source of relaxation and resources for The Forest's residents.

My background is helpful. First, my undergraduate degree is from Duke and my graduate degree in library science is from Carolina ---so I have learned to be open-minded. Second, my professional life has been spent with junior high (3 years) and senior high (23 years) school students --- so I have learned to treasure a quiet library setting for readers and researchers.

Especially for our new residents I will briefly describe our library (of the old school, I prefer that to "media center"). In the main room are newspapers and magazines, hardback fiction and non-fiction in both regular and large print, reference materials including notebooks about all The Forest's committees, a computer, typewriter, and telephone.

The classroom adjacent houses a large collection of audiovisual materials, hardback mysteries and short stories, a collection of Modern Library Classics and paperback fiction. In the small annex are inspirational books, paperback non-fiction, several hundred jigsaw puzzles, the copier, and shredder.

Volunteers work at the desk, where materials are returned and donations left, but checking out can be done by the borrower alone.

We ask only that you bring no food or drink into the library, and that you put 10 cents or an IOU in the box for each photocopied page.

The next class will bring you more library information, plus the answers to any questions that may be directed to me at box 4032.

Carol Scott

Welcome, New Residents

Photos by Ed Albrecht

Lois Klauder

Apartment 4011

402-0270

Lois was born in Paterson and grew up in Clifton, NJ. She had a peripatetic youth and early married life, having lived in a number of places in New Jersey, Florida, and the Philadelphia suburbs. More recently, she resided in New Smyrna Beach, Florida, where she lived for the last 25 years. She earned a BS in nursing at Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, NY. A son, Jeffrey, is a corporate lawyer and officer. Her daughter, Pamela, is a Spanish teacher. Another son, Mark, is a school administrator in Citrus County, Florida. She has been a Red Cross volunteer nurse, a Girl Scout leader, and a Docent at the New Smyrna Beach museum. She has also been active in her church as, among other things, a choir member and usher. She enjoys reading, crosswords, knitting, and local history. Lois describes her vocation as: "To be a good wife, mother, and homemaker, and to live in pleasant accord with my fellow travelers on this journey."



Marion Gilbertson

Apartment 2020 490-1897

Marion was born and raised in College Park, Maryland, a suburb of Washington, DC. Her undergraduate work was done at the University of Maryland with a zoology-chemistry major. Graduate studies in education psychology followed at Kent State University in Kent, Ohio. Her husband, Gil, was a plant pathologist. He died in 2004 after 52 years of marriage. Their son, Kim, teaches chemistry in up-state New York; Sue is director of Catholic Charities in Durham and Burlington; and Lauren lives in Hendersonville, NC, where she enjoys grandmothering 6-month-old Manuel. Interested in social justice issues, Marion has been a counselor at a women's shelter and a supporter of Gay-Lesbian equality rights. Her hobbies include rock masonry, wood carving, lapidary, and silver-smithing.

New Residents continued**Ted and Bettie McLaughlin****Apartment 3049 403-7632**

Both the McLaughlins were born and went to school in Charlotte. They lived in Providence, RI, following Ted's military service but later settled in Charlotte. Bettie attended Converse College in Spartanburg but earned her BA at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill., Ted earned his degree in mechanical engineering at Duke. He made his career in sales with Edgecomb Metals. He was active in many civic activities including Charlotte Citizens for Effective Government and the Kiwanis Club. His interests include music, golf, tennis, and watching sports. Bettie was primarily a housewife and mother and was active in the Junior League and the Mint Museum of Art. Her interests include reading, dancing, water color painting, and water aerobics. Both Ted and Bettie have been very active in the Methodist Church. They have daughters in Durham and Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

**Barbara Eldridge****Apartment 2038 489-5165**

Barbara was born in Charlotte and lived there and in Macon and Savannah, Georgia, and Greenwood, South Carolina, while growing up. She graduated from Duke in 1953 after majoring in zoology. Her husband, a lawyer, and her three children were all Duke graduates as well. They are David, a computer scientist, Rockwell, a swimming coach, and Julia whose field is public policy. Barbara was a full-time housewife and mother, and a part-time grandmother. She worked in cancer research and has been active in civil rights, peace, and gay rights causes. She enjoys swimming, deep water walking, reading, and knitting.



New Residents continued**Dak and Eleanor Brinkley**

Apartment 4004 401-0526



Dak and Eleanor came to The Forest from Valdese, North Carolina, where they have lived most of their lives. Eleanor was born and raised in Lincolnton, North Carolina, before moving to Valdese. She attended Lenoir Rhyne College and finished with an AB degree. Dak attended Duke University. They have just recently celebrated their 59th wedding anniversary. They have two sons. In their spare time, they both enjoy collecting Native American art and Inuit art. They also enjoyed showing Tennessee walking horses and Rottweilers. Dak plays golf and flies his own airplane. Eleanor enjoys gardening and art.

Mary Ellen Baber

Apartment 2001 401-2708

Mary Ellen comes to The Forest from Springfield, Virginia. She was born in Centerville, Maryland, and grew up in many different cities and towns. As her life vocation Mary Ellen was secretary to the assistant superintendant of schools. She also worked hard at taking care of her home and her daughter. She enjoys sewing, knitting, and crocheting.



Pat Gallagher's Really Splendid Idea

On September 11, The Forest hosted a conference of CCRC receptionists, conceived of, planned for, and implemented by Pat. Six retirement homes sent a total of twelve participants (plus six of our own), among whom was Barbara Farrell, who was formerly at The Forest and is now at The Cedars. When I joined the group in the Classroom in the Health and Wellness Center I found Pat leading a lively discussion about uniforms and facilities. I sat next to **Sophie Coulter**, who was very enthusiastic about **Steve Fishler's** cordial welcome to the group. "He made us feel how important we all are as initial greeters of the public." She and Pat had just finished descriptions of their duties.

In the general discussion we hear that The Cedars has a separate three-story building in which are all offices, pool, activities, and dining, with the health center out and down the road. They have a concierge only, who wears a uniform, and are told that they should make people feel that they have just

walked into a Hilton Hotel. Croasdaile Village has a uniformed concierge with help from various volunteer residents. Croasdaile also has a "dress down day" (jeans once in a while). Pat says "no denim here." One facility switches to a recording after hours. Not so at The Forest where management wants a live voice at all times. The Cedars has implemented a four-day work week (four days of ten hours each and then three days off), and The Forest has come up with a mock schedule to see how that might work here.

There is some discussion of guest rooms: Croasdaile has four and requires reservations six months in advance. The Cedars has three, all for marketing. Guest rooms at Galloway Ridge cost \$100 a night. There is no doubt that this general discussion could go on all day long, but Pat, keeping everything on schedule, calls a break for a talk by **Leslie Jarema** on HIPAA. Leslie was lucid and fluid, and I had not supposed that HIPAA could be so interesting.

Lunch was served in the main dining room: chicken marsala on a bed of roasted potatoes tented with asparagus, and French silk pie for dessert (sugar free chocolate mousse for the one diabetic, who was very appreciative), and the wait staff was applauded at the end.

There were tours of independent living and assisted living after lunch. Pat had handed out an evaluation form to everyone. She asked which discussions were most interesting and which were least interesting. To the "least interesting" question, the responses were all alike: "None," "All were good," "There were none that were the least interesting." The general comments were all complimentary of The Forest and Pat for causing this to happen: "Elegant facility," "Thank you for putting it all together and showing us your lovely facility." "Lunch was very, very good." "Thank you for being so gracious and hospitable." Pat did us proud, as did Sophie, Leslie, Michael, and everyone who helped. Pat is putting together an email round robin for the exchange of tips and information, and next year the conference will be at The Cedars.

Joanne Ferguson

Wine Dinner

There are good ships
And there are wood ships
The ships that sail the sea.
But the best ships
Are friendships
And may they always be.

There was friendship and good cheer at the Forest of Duke on Thursday, July 17, as **Michael Ahern** and his talented kitchen staff led us through an evening of gourmet dining, fine wines, and exceptional service from a crew of young, friendly waiters and waitresses. It was a happening! We sat down to a six course meal with a grand selection of organic French wines, all chosen to accent and accompany the carefully chosen dinner menu.

The evening began with a tease. Smoked heirloom tomato bisque, a rich soup, a smoky buttery fullness that whetted our palates and left us happily anticipating the taste of the next course. A beautifully plated lobster and ravioli appetizer arrived. The ravioli was delicate, the lobster and sweet corn filling an unexpected but unique combination that set our taste buds dancing in delight. As we paused to savor the flavorful blends of the first two courses, a refreshing key lime sorbet with tequila was served in miniature salt-rimmed tumblers.

Looking across the dining room, we saw only a sea of smiling faces, long satisfied sighs, and a feeling that we were indeed a pampered and fortunate group of friends enjoying a feast that would outmatch the finest restaurant in town.

The feast continued with panko crusted soft-shell crab over watermelon and avocado terrine, topped with jicama slaw and cilantro vinaigrette. It sounded exotic and tasted delicious. You have to be a lover of soft shell crabs: they are a true delicacy because their season is so short. The crabs were crusty on the outside but sweet and tasty on the inside. A rare treat. Finally we got to the pièce de résistance, pan seared breast of duck with grilled peaches, walnut parsley fried rice, and pomegranate puree. The duck was cooked medium rare, the walnut rice and peaches provided a perfect contrast. It looked too good to eat, but there were few morsels left on our plates.

Just when we felt that we could not eat another bite, dessert arrived. It was blood orange cheesecake, a perfect encore and a triumphant end to a beautiful dinner.

Accolades to Michael! He found all of these wonderful recipes, hunted down the ingredients and cooked and managed the staffs preparations. **David Horvath**, looking grand and formal in his white dinner jacket, introduced the wines, and **Rick Childs**, our new dining manager, supervised the wait staff who performed with their usual cool efficiency. To add to the festive occasion guitarist Charles Pettee serenaded us while we feasted.

It was an elegant meal, beautifully staged and executed. A good time was had by all. Bon Appétit!

Peggy Quinn

Wandering in The Forest



What we did last summer

Our Olympic torch run ended in the foyer where the lighting of the torch (much speculated about, as is usual) was accomplished by **Velma Neal**, who was so honored because she had walked inside the building 500 miles in the previous six months! Velma had polio when she was twelve years old. It took her a year to learn to walk again, and she has never stopped. She says doctors told her then and now that she can't restore the muscle loss. "But if I quit, it comes back," she says. I'll take Velma's anecdotal evidence myself.

You will remember in a Forester last year **Harold Bobroff's** story about finding his uncle's family in Paris in 1944 when he was in World War I. He found a family he had never seen. The moment his aunt opened the door she shouted, "Bobroff!" recognizing him as one of their own. He became a good friend of his cousin Jacques, who came to America to visit. This summer Jacques' two youngest sisters, Ginette and Brigitte came to The Forest to visit the Bobroffs and to celebrate **Marion's** big birthday. Harold prepared his French to introduce them to the French lunch table, but says he was drowned out by the delighted babel of French that greeted them.

Harriet and George Williams write of a remarkable travel experience this summer. Their son-in-law, Peter, decided to give himself a fiftieth birthday present by bicycling over the Alps with their daughter Harriet. The Williamses went along, driving the support car; their presence was their present. Peter and Harriet did cycle from Lyon (France), leaving June 21, through the Col de l'Iseran (Iseran Pass) at almost 10,000 feet, arriving in Susa (Italy) on June 26. The temperature in the high alps was 82 degrees; in the valleys, from 90 degrees to 105. So much for packing all those woolies! But the views of the immense snow-covered mountains and deep valleys

and of the brilliant though diminutive flowers in the alpine meadows were breathtaking and powerfully rewarding.

Last fall when **Shirley Frucht** re-discovered a draft of her master's thesis, she wondered why she had never received her degree. Her daughters Deborah and Michele got in touch with Boston University. The registrar looked up their old records and discovered that Shirley had indeed completed her course work. So in the spring of 2008 she traveled with her two daughters to Boston where she received her Master of Science Degree in Public Relations almost sixty years after she completed her course work.

As we sat at the Gathering Table in the café **Penelope Easton** astonished us with the fact that her aunt was in the first lifeboat to leave the Titanic! Into her boat a French father put his two little boys. The father subsequently drowned, so Penelope's aunt, who had fluent French, took the little boys home to New York City with her. Since nobody knew how to get in touch with family, their photograph went out to all the newspapers, where their mother, at home in Paris, recognized her children.

When **Rose Leavenworth** brought us to our feet in a standing ovation for her Yiddish theater skits, I wished for a marquee out front on which we could display her name in lights. As our chorus sang accompaniment, she danced the Charleston. As **Jim Shuping** danced her off the stage, we stayed on our feet, reluctant for all this to come to an end.

Editor

From the Bookshelf

Luncheon of the Boating Party
By Susan Vreeland

You don't have to be an art lover or an artist to enjoy a story that seduces you right into the world of Pierre-Auguste Renoir. The year is 1880, we're in Paris, and Renoir, who loves every woman he paints, is planning his masterpiece. *Luncheon of the Boating Party*, is the painting and also the name of Susan Vreeland's historical novel. It's a story to devour, just as the members of the boating party devoured the Sunday feasts prepared by Madam Fournaise as they posed for the famous artist.

It is the age of Impressionism and Renoir takes on a challenge posed by the critic Emile Zola. It was Zola's contention that the man of genius had not yet arisen and he was awaiting a masterpiece that was based on "long and thoughtful preparation."

Vreeland skillfully takes us through the long and thoughtful preparation conducted by Renoir in choosing his large canvas, his paints, his brushes and finally his group of fourteen friends who were to pose as they wine and dine on the cafe terrace of Maison Fournaise located on the banks of the river Seine.

The scene is set and each Sunday we wait to join in the merriment. The models relate their stories as the great master captures their lives and their longings with his paintbrush. The cover of the book has a copy of the *Luncheon of the Boating Party* and we find ourselves turning back often to locate the model described on the pages of the book. Our curiosity is aroused also since we are told, early on, that one of these women in the painting will become Renoir's wife. We are held in suspense until the very end.

It is a compelling historical novel centered on artists and their work. Vreeland combines facts about Pierre-Auguste Renoir's inner circle but also details the French society, culture, and painting techniques. Her research demonstrates considerable skill and dedication. Her writing is an invitation to jump into the midst of the revelers, taste the food, drink the wine, and fall in love with Pierre.

Peggy Quinn

Angels in Disguise

I began to notice the angels in disguise around me when I flew off to Utah for a granddaughter's wedding recently.

I exchanged purses—my small every day one for a large carry on which could carry food, a book, and the other necessities for airplane travel.

I carefully put my driver's license (we must have photo ID) in an inside pocket, lipstick, a comb in another, and after an interrupting phone call, my book, and some munchies. I was ready to go. The only things I forgot, as I discovered when I got to Dallas and tried to find money for a soda, was cash and a credit card. I went to a counter and asked the woman for a cup of water. She gave it to me and then asked what food I wanted. I said I had already eaten and added in fun, "I seem to have forgotten my money anyway."

Sandra, angel number one, assured me that she would be glad to fix me anything they had without charge. I assured her that I wasn't hungry but she came around the counter and offered to buy me something from another booth if I didn't like Taco Bell. I told her I would never forget her and I won't.

Since then, I have been more aware of the angels all around me. Barbara, who with a group of other teens, found me lost in Vienna and stayed with me until we found my ship. Anya, our wonderful tour leader, who rescued me and saved my life, I believe, after Mal's death. My children, who suddenly sprouted wings in my eyes, as they cared for me when I got home.

Since I have been back at The Forest, I have found angels all around me. If you haven't seen them, look around you, or in the mirror.

Carol Oettinger

On Reaching Blankety-Nine

There once was a girl named Ruth
Who at 29 mourned the passage of youth.
She came to our party in clothes of gray
And resolved to quit counting after that day.

Jack Benny of violin fame
Forswore getting older when 39 came.

Now that I am further (much) up the line
I tell all I know
Friend and foe
That no one counts birthdays after blankety-nine.

Joel Colton
Written after his 89th birthday

Mal and Me

As all readers of *The Forester* are aware, **Malcolm Oettinger** was for many years a mainstay of this newsletter. What these readers don't know is how nervous he often made me, always sliding in just under the wire. When I once said to him, "That's OK. I'll do it myself," he countered with "You sound just like my mother." He contributed professional, perceptive profiles and occasional witty, sparkling surprises. He was never late.

Joanne Ferguson

Paradise Regained

There has to be a good jazz band in Paradise.
They say that we're supposed to be hearing
lots of harp music and choruses singing
"Messiah,"
or a continual background provided by Charles
Wesley,
or a chance to join Beethoven finally hearing his
Ninth Symphony.
Perhaps we could even attend
a perfect rendition of "The Trout" quintet,
but I'd like to think there's a lot more to it than
that.

I'll bet there's also a battered cornet and tailgate
trombone
leading the mourners to a New Orleans cemetery
playing in slow time, as a funeral march,
"We'll understand it better by and by" and
"Just a closer walk with thee,"
worshipful and bluesy,
then leading the parade from the graveside,
exuberantly belting out "High Society" and
"That's a-Plenty,"
red-hot, with lots of bounce,
to welcome a new soul to the celestial party.

There has to be a good klezmer band there
with a raucous clarinet, pleading violin,
gasping accordion and burping tuba,
spreading their gospel of joy
fresh from celebration of a Jewish wedding
in some little Polish, Romanian, or Azerbaijani
village.

I'd like to think I could drop in on
all the corners of Heaven vibrating
from the drums, whistles, rattles and chants of
ten thousand
tribal gatherings with all their various musics
in an infinitude of dusty old corners of Time.

Ned Arnett

Odds and Ends

Now it is October—Have you unpacked a sweater or two in order to walk our campus and admire the fall foliage? Are you braced for hundreds of political commercials on TV? Aren't we all looking forward to a new season of concerts, lectures, football games, etc., presented by our Activities Department?

The Forest is tops among retirement homes for a variety of reasons. Here are two: who else can go to a Duke football game, walk 100 feet from the bus and then down one step to his seat? Who else has as many graduate degrees among their residents?

Be sure to take a good look at **John Friedrich's** butterflies and beer mugs now on display in the foyer cases. Interesting information about the steins is included.

Many residents spent happy times here and all over the country with families. **Leland** and **Ruth**

Phelps were in Colorado for their grandson's graduation from the Air Force Academy. Since Leland had once been in the Air Force, he was assigned the pleasant duty of pinning his wings on his grandson!... **Jim** and **Susan Shuping** directed their annual popular camp for grandchildren... Those who traveled far include **Peter** and **Helen Wharton**, who spent ten weeks in South Africa... **Steve Baxter** went on an opera tour in Europe... **Nancy Wardropper** was on an unusual tour of Antarctica... **Gay Atkinson** was in London to visit friends; **Gilda** and **Norman Greenberg** cruised around South America; and **Hilda Remmers** went to China, where she attended some Olympic games and visited her son!

Mary Gates

Who Are They?



The Versatile Volunteer



The Milliner's Delight