



The Greatest Generation Speaks

by Sherrill Blazer

“I am part of all that I have met”
from *Ulysses* by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Meet Jack Hughes, born November 24, 1919, Lt. (j.g.) MC USNR, later promoted to Lieutenant is a WWII veteran who served with the medical corps in the US Navy. To many he is a war hero, among others at The Forest at Duke. Jack was an undergraduate at UNC and attended medical school at the University of Pennsylvania. Later he trained in urology and practiced many years in the Durham area. However his earlier attempt at an internship was interrupted dramatically by the United States' entry into WWII in December 1941.

Did Jack have time to prepare mentally and physically? He says “No.” His country needed him. If the allies did not win, Jack claims that many in our world would be asking the Germans and the Japanese “how would they like their eggs cooked.” This was cause enough for Jack, so he joined with a heart for the mission. He was assigned to Landing Ship 497 in support of the Normandy invasion of 1944. After the landing, many medical personnel from the ship were transferred, while Jack and another young physician with minimal training remained on the ship. Between the two of them, there was not even a completed internship certificate in the medical bay.

Soon a young sailor dragged himself into the surgical unit, seeking help for stomach

complaints. Believing him to be inebriated, Dr. Jack and his medical partner told the sailor that he had ingested too many beers and to return to his bed to sleep it off. The clearly sober young man returned the next day with more severe stomach complaints; his “belly was hot,” so the two doctors performed a blood test and determined that his white cell count was high. The doctors considered appendicitis but most of the surgical instruments had left the ship along with the experienced surgeon.



Jack Hughes, MD, Lt. (j.g.), U.S. Navy

Necessity is the mother of invention, but so is desperation! On the ship was a kitchen with cooking tools and instruments so off to the galley they went searching for anything they could use for an emergency appendectomy such as knives, forks, spoons, tongs ... then off to another area in search of the machinist to form the kitchen utensils into surgical instruments. But what about anesthetics? A bit of morphine, some Novocaine, and a long spinal needle for anesthetic purposes: Dr. Hughes had some experience with these numbing drugs.

Two problems had promising solutions, but a big third still existed: the ocean is rough. Waves were rocking the ship which had to land to provide stability! Emergency permission was granted from the shore for the LST to land on the

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The Forester

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News from the RA Board



by Richard Ellman
Finance Committee Chair

Last year The Forest at Duke donated \$1.4 million to local non-profits and will do so again this year. Although the goal and policy are to relieve the plight of those less fortunate, The Forest gets direct benefits from its contributions,

North Carolina tax law permits certain non-profits such as TFAD to be exempted from real and personal property taxes if, in the case of land and buildings, they are “actually and exclusively occupied and used” and, in the case of personal property, it is “entirely and completely used” by the owner (TFAD) for charitable purposes *and* if the owner is not organized or operated for profit. To qualify for this tax-exempt status, TFAD must meet certain criteria, including that “at least 5% of the facility’s resident revenue for the financial reporting period is provided in charity care to its residents, in community benefits, or both.”

The total amount donated last year consisted of two parts—approximately \$400,000 was in-kind costs wherein other non-profits use our facilities at no charge, such as one that we all know, OLLI. OLLI does not pay TFAD to use the auditorium, but the estimated actual costs are calculated by the Accounting Office. In addition, last year TFAD granted almost \$1.0 million in cash to 35 different non-profit organizations. The Forest calls these donations Community Responsibility.

The Forest has an *ad hoc* committee, headed by the TFAD Board’s Director of Long-Term Planning, to review all applications for grants received. No grant application is ignored, and every grant application is scrutinized and stands on its own for consideration. Serving on this committee are three members of the TFAD Board, three TFAD executives and four residents. Any area not-for-profit organization serving at-risk individuals may apply by submitting an application. Criteria for evaluation are (1) helping those non-profits serving children and families, seniors, local communities, and schools—areas where we could make a difference and build bridges—and (2)

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In Memoriam

Geralene Sutton January 3, 2024

Michael McLeod January 10, 2024

Linda Alexander January 12, 2024



*If Winter comes to Addie's Garden,
can Spring be far behind?*

[Photo by Jo Mauskopf]

RA Board ...

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sponsoring projects with a defined timeline. We do not consider an NPO's overhead/operating costs, buildings, or edifices. Grants have ranged from a high of \$65,000 to a low of \$5,000, with a median of \$28,000.

There is one additional financial benefit for The Forest in making these grants: we get access to low cost bond financing through the NC Medical Care Commission, a major benefit.

Now, you must be asking how much would TFAD have paid in property taxes were we to *not* have donated to non-profits. Getting that information is a little dicey as Durham County doesn't send out tax bills to non-payers, but I dug a little for myself. According to the property tax records that are open to the public and online, the assessed value of our real property, on four parcels, is appr. \$78 million. Using the published 2023/2024 tax rate of \$0.013099, the tax that TFAD would have paid would have been just over \$1 million. ♪

The Present

by Beth Timson

I want to give you something:
A wooden frame, varnished,
well-worn, chipped on one side,
a frame filled with nothing.

You can look right through nothing
to see scarlet birds and lemon flowers
or the dark black green of firs
and your lover drawing nearer.

Or you can see nothing itself,
perhaps, if you have a mind to:
nothing is hard to bring into focus,
though some days there is more of it.

Could there be a better gift—
one that imposes nothing
yet demands your strongest self
to fill the frame with visions.

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

The latest library book exhibit celebrates Black History Month, and the collection highlights the diversity of writers and writings. Originally celebrated as Negro History Week in 1926, the second week in February was selected since it contained both birth dates for Lincoln and Fredrick Douglass. Historian Carter G. Woodson saw the need to focus on the history of Black people and their contributions to the growth of this country. Over the years the "Week" grew in popularity, and in 1970 it was expanded to be a month's celebration of Black History.

Isabel Wilkerson's *Caste* is a good place to start one's study of Black History. Wilkerson states that "Race, in the United States, is the visible agent of the unseen force of caste. Caste is the bones, race the skin." Nicole Hannah-Jones' *1619 Project* explores the legacy of slavery on American politics and institutional racism.

After reviewing these more scholarly studies, a good biography such as Michele Obama's *Becoming* can illustrate a situation better than anything else. Despite the fact that she had high grades, her school counselor encouraged to keep her expectations low since she was Black. Fortunately for Michele, her parents encouraged her to succeed. Colson Whitehead's work in the display continues his fictional portrayals of Black life. This time his novel is about a crime family, a much more lighthearted view of his characters than his earlier novels. And continuing the trend of historical fiction, contemporary novelist Zadie Smith published *The Fraud*, a fictionalized 2023 novel recreating a 19th century criminal trial which keeps it eye on the political populism of today.

To find more books on Black history, search the online catalog to the library using such headings as African Americans, African Americans–Civil Rights, African Americans–Social Conditions, United States–Armed Forces–African Americans, etc. To access the Library's online catalog go to the Residents' Association website {www.forestres.org}. The website is requires a username and a password. To obtain a username and password contact Lowell Goldsmith (lag1959@gmail.com), the webmaster. Access the online catalog under Quick Links.

Greatest Generation ...

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beach. Kitchen utensils had now been transformed to properly shaped and sized for a six-inch incision. The doctors began their work, but complications ensued. Following a successful incision, they found that the usual dangling appendix was not in its proper place, but was wrapped around the bowel and behind the liver, with an abscess needing to be removed as well as the appendix. Additional anesthetic was required, but their supply was dwindling.

Two slightly trained doctors worked together to help to restore this young patient's abdomen to normal function, using a now out-of-date drug to prevent infection. With huge sighs of relief and exhaustion, the doctors were finally able to sleep since the surgery was performed at midnight. Did they sleep? Did they feel a sense of relief? You should talk with Jack! When others heard his story, they said, "the hell you say!" Jack heard that his patient had fully recovered and returned to active duty but Jack did not hear directly from his landing ship patient. However he did have a reunion in the 1970's with that surgical partner from the last days of WWII.

Not content with Jack's ending, I asked a Duke surgeon for his response to Jack's novice experience during WWII. I told him how the two doctors had only guessed at the cause of the pain and other symptoms with no CT scan to confirm their decision. This surgeon's response was one of disbelief (the equivalent of "the hell you say"), and as I told him about the complications his next response was, "No young and barely trained MD would ever do this without supervision!" This modern-day surgeon reflected upon his own nine years of surgical training following medical school. He was impressed, I am impressed. Jack's attitude is simply, "You do what you have to do." 🌿

Sherrill Walls Blazer was born in the Metro Atlanta area at the end of WW II. She married Dan in 1966, and they have two children and two grandchildren. They moved to TFAD in October, 2022. Her interests include travel, reading, nature studies, and she has a passion for environmental issues.

Welcome New Residents

Jay Gladieux

Apt. 2005

919-638-0882

Jay grew up in Scarsdale NY. In 1955 his father's career took the family of four boys to Manila



Philippines for a year and a half. The family traveled extensively throughout Asia and Europe, and international travel became a lifelong interest for Jay. Upon returning to Scarsdale, Jay completed high school before entering Allegheny College, where in 1969 he obtained a bachelor's degree in economics with a minor in art. After graduating from Allegheny Jay spent approximately 13 years living in California where he attended the University of California at Berkley, graduating with an MBA degree specializing in finance.

The next transition in Jay's life took him back to the east coast where he lived in New Canaan CT and commuted to New York City for a career in financial markets and investment portfolio management. During the time of his employment with Morgan Stanley, the company asked him to move to Tokyo which he did after marrying his fiancé Marilyn in 1985. During the three years in Tokyo, the couple traveled and had their first child, Amanda. Their son, Clayton, was born after they returned to the U.S.

Jay's career continued with Morgan Stanley, then, J.P. Morgan, and finally with Smith Breeden Associates. The family moved to Cary NC at the request of Smith Breeden where Jay was employed until he retired. Although Jay and

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Welcome New Residents

Sharon Kirsch and Edward Rosen

Apt. 3050 HC 210S
S: 314-359-1485 E: 919-433-2323

Sharon Kirsch and Ed Rosen moved to The Forest from St. Louis MO, where they spent most of their adult lives in their respective professions. Ed grew up in Chicago and obtained BS and MA degrees in chemical engineering at Illinois Tech, followed by two years of service in the U.S. Army. After his military service he returned to school at the University of Illinois where he completed his PhD in chemical engineering. During his career of thirty plus years at Monsanto, Ed was a pioneering contributor to computing in chemical engineering education through his textbook, his leading role in the Computer Aids for Chemical Engineering Corporation (CACHE), and his service in the Computing and Systems Technology Division (CAST) of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers (AIChE). Also of note, Ed has been recognized as a Fellow at Monsanto and AIChE.

Ed has two children from his former marriage: Howard Rosen, a tour guide and landscaper in Prescott AZ, and Sheila Rosen, an advertising executive in Golden CO. Extracurricular interests for Ed have included the violin, tennis, ping-pong, orienteering, biking, hiking, travel, bridge, OLLI classes, and Senior Olympics.

Sharon is from St. Louis, where she received a BA in elementary education from Washington University. Following graduation she married, taught second grade, and raised two children.

Steve Kirsch, her son, currently lives in Arlington VA and practices aviation law at the Department



of Justice. Sharon's daughter, Aimee Zaas, holds a medical degree and is employed as the Director of the Duke Internal Medicine Residency Program. When Sharon's first marriage ended, she returned to school obtaining a master's degree in counseling psychology from Lindenwood University, which she put to use for 30 years as a licensed clinician, teacher, supervisor, and clinical director at Care and Counseling in St. Louis. She married Ed Rosen in April 2000 after becoming engaged on a trip to Israel. The blended family of four children and six grandchildren created by the couple's marriage has brought happiness to all.

Sharon's love of dance has been with her throughout the years. She was a dancer with the St. Louis Civic Ballet and danced professionally with the St. Louis Municipal Opera. Additionally, she has taught dance to all age groups. Her other interests include bridge, book clubs, music, walking, theater, and exercise. The couple has traveled frequently with the Road Scholar travel program. Sharon continues to teach Tai Chi and exercise classes for seniors through Zoom for Oasis in St. Louis. 🌿

New Resident: Gladieux ...

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Marilyn are no longer married, they maintain an amicable relationship, with Marilyn and daughter Amanda living in Cary and working in real estate. Jay's son, Clayton, lives in Raleigh. He is the founder of PawBoost, a company that helps reunite pets with their owners using social media, including Facebook.

Jay has served as a board member of Common Cause here in NC. His hobbies include traveling and photography. 🌿

Noise

by Carolyn Cone Weaver

Say there's a contest for the noise most likely to cramp my shoulders and clench my jaws, okay? Motorcycles win. Ahead of the neighborhood dogs that take turns with their incessant barking. Even ahead of the next-door home-schooled children who shriek throughout their all-day—every day —“recess.”

The Mow-Blow-and-Go guys aggravate, but they don't stay around long. And the Marines visiting Ft. Bragg for their semi-annual training? Their howitzers' *BOOMS!* (“The Sound of Freedom!”) rattle every window and door throughout the Sandhills, but they go back to Camp Lejeune after a few weeks.



The constant, though, is motorcycles, the most flagrant noise-makers. They're always—*always*—with us. From early morning until late night, more of them than ever before. We live in town, in the heart of Fayetteville NC, next to a creek bordered by woods. Peaceful, you might say. The background hum of traffic filtering through our woods is muted most of the time. But—*but*—other times, it's a roar we can't escape.

There must be some law of physics that says *sound flows downhill*, same as water, to gather and pool in low spots like ours. Is it the humidity? The barometric pressure? I'm sure wind direction plays a role. And in winter the trees have no leaves to muffle sounds so street noise is louder.

No matter the humidity or wind or season, our peace is shattered by the rude *blat* of motorcycles. Stopped at traffic lights, bikers *vroom* and *Vroom* and *VROOOM*, waiting to speed off when red turns to green. The noise of engines revved to top speed penetrates like a dentist's drill.

They're everywhere in North Carolina. Flotillas

of them roar along coastal highways and up and down the mountains' winding roads. Motels, restaurants, and bars post signs: *Welcome Bikers*. The little town of Maggie Valley even hosts a summer weekend festival dubbed *Thunder in the Valley*.

These days, bikers range from traditional black-leathered Harley Guys and their Gals to moneyed, designer-leathered Boomers, also on Harleys. Then there are the retired couples clad in colorful onesies that match their three-wheeled Yamahas and each other.



Once, I complained aloud about motorcycles. “Don't be afraid of them,” my son-in-law told me. “These days they're not Hell's Angels.”

I'm not *afraid of them*. I'm *infuriated* by their *noise*. It seems most owners today have “enhanced” their bikes beyond legal limits. They either gut mufflers or add illegal exhaust systems. I have a theory: the louder the bike clutched between a rider's legs, the more insecure he is of his manhood.



It isn't until I'm in bed at night that I become aware of the tension caused by day-long noise. Very late, when dogs and motorcycles are asleep, my rigid shoulders and clenched jaws relax. And then, when it's quiet enough for me to hear the ringing in my ears, I turn on my white noise machine so I can sleep. 🌿

Carolyn grew up on Long Island's North Shore, but she headed South in 1955 when she came to Duke and has lived in NC ever since. Her daughters were born in Durham, but her non-military family moved to Fayetteville in 1973. Carolyn came to The Forest in November 2021 and was recruited almost immediately to serve as Secretary of the RA Board.

[Illustrations generated by Bing-AI]

The Greenhouse is in Crisis. Do YOU Care?

by Craig Daniels and Marge Nordstrom

A resident-run greenhouse has been part of TFAD since the mid-1990s; the first building was located outside the old Health Center, and “News from the Greenhouse” and plant tips written by **Bob Blake** were a regular feature of *The Forester*. Because of construction, that building was taken down, and a new greenhouse was built in 2001 next to Building A and “near the car wash spot.”

Funding for this second greenhouse was provided by a group of eight resident volunteers including **Molly Simes, Evabell Dunham,** and Bob Blake. Residents’ plants were moved into this new building (the current greenhouse) in November of 2001, and it was dedicated with an open house in December. At that time the greenhouse utilized four separate watering zones, and plants were located in the greenhouse based on their water and light requirements. TFAD agreed to maintain the physical structure and the capital equipment and to provide utilities. Cooling is provided through ventilation and an evaporative cooler. A resident greenhouse committee was responsible for “supervising and maintaining” the greenhouse.

TFAD has continued doing its part, but sadly, we residents are not doing ours to enable this facility to continue functioning. Successful resident-run projects at TFAD (such as the Encore Store, Rose Clippers, Library, Gift Shop) depend on a corps of dedicated resident volunteers plus a leader. Currently we have neither a critical mass of greenhouse volunteers nor a leader who is able and willing to chair the greenhouse committee, both vital necessities. Those original dedicated greenhouse stalwarts have aged out of physical work or passed away, and while the greenhouse has users (those who grow orchids or overwinter plants), no one has stepped up to take on responsibility for the site since past chair **Doug Whitfield’s** resignation.

Greenhouse options are dwindling at this point; they range from finding a way to develop new resident greenhouse users and volunteers to shutting down the greenhouse and finding some other use for the building until such time as a group is interested in reopening and caring for it.

With these choices in mind a current *ad hoc* greenhouse committee has been thinking of possible ways to generate wider resident interest including

- returning to the original intent of the structure (a wide range of plants in an intermediate temperature greenhouse) to appeal to a range of residents, including not only those who wish to grow orchids and other tropical plants but also those who wish to propagate plants from seed or plant cuttings, those who want to learn to better care for plants for their apartments and cottages, and those who want to explore new areas;
- offering classes or individual instruction on pruning and repotting plants;
- exploring relationships with an organization such as the NC Extension Service Master Gardeners, where we could provide greenhouse space in exchange for the organization providing on-site instruction. This could also dovetail into residents using the greenhouse to grow plants for their garden beds in the community gardens and for the pollinator garden or could include things like an introduction to hydroponic gardening or training plants into bonsai specimens;
- growing plants for sale to other residents and team members as a method of raising money to pay for greenhouse consumables and/or providing plants for Health Center residents to enjoy.

If YOU CARE about having a greenhouse and would like to explore the possibilities, please either email Craig (craig.daniels2037@gmail.com) or leave a note his in-house mailbox #1037. The committee will be arranging a resident meeting soon for all who are interested. 🌱

Craig Daniels and Marge Nordstrom are both members of the RA General Services Committee, and both bring particular skills to the ad hoc committee working on the greenhouse’s future. Craig is a long-time gardener and manages TFAD’s Community Gardens, and Marge is an orchid grower and happens to have years of experience analyzing why businesses fail or succeed.

Twentieth Century Eno History

by Jay Williams

What Durham dandy had two French mistresses and was friends with Clara Bow, the silent movie diva? Samuel Wolfensbarger Sparger lived from 1874 to 1951. He had been living in Paris and spoke fluent French, but he returned to Durham in 1905 when he developed appendicitis and wanted to be treated at Watts Hospital, (now the NC School of Science and Mathematics). There, he met his nurse and wife-to-be, Frances Quarles, and they married in 1928.

Sparger became an insurance agent and taught French at Trinity College. He and his wife purchased a restored mill house on the Eno, the McCown Cole Sparger Nygard House, where they pursued interests in horticulture and goat herding.

Sparger also built a hunting lodge, the remains of which can be seen on the Laurel Bluffs Trail. The lodge sits on a bluff overlooking Bobbitt Hole, the deepest hole on the Eno, measuring 18 feet deep. Its depth makes it one of the only places on the Eno where prehistoric-looking fish called longnose gar live.

How did Bobbitt Hole get its name? It depends on whom you ask. Oral history offers variations on the following account: An old man named Bobbitt loved his liquor. One winter night, he was riding his horse back home after a night in the bar. As he crossed the thin ice on the river, he and the horse fell through, and both met their ends. There is, however, no written documentation of the veracity of this legend.

A more likely, though less colorful, explanation was offered in 2020 by a visiting British folklorist, Simon Young. Mr. Young observed that there are no fewer than six Bobbitt Holes in Essex, England, where “holes” are associated with mythical fairies, and “bobbitt” is a term for such fairies. Perhaps the name was bestowed by some visiting Brit, and Mr. Bobbitt is the one who is mythical.



Ruins of the Sparger Hunting Lodge

In 1965, the City of Durham was growing. Its water supply was Lake Michie on the Flat River, but Durham needed more. It made sense to consider damming the Eno since the Pump Station on the Eno had been Durham’s water supply from 1887 to 1926. The ruins of the Pump Station still stand on the Pump Station Trail. Plans were underway to dam the Eno between Guess and Cole Mill Roads, inundating much of what is now the Eno River State Park.

Fortunately, activist Margaret Nygard and her husband, Holger, organized a group of concerned citizens to speak against the plan at a Durham City Council meeting, and the plan was dropped. The Nygards lived in a restored mill house on the river and had a hiking group of people who loved the Eno with its bluffs covered with mountain laurel, its carpets of wildflowers, and its various species of wild orchids.

Out of their efforts came the Society for the Preservation of the Eno River Valley, now called the Eno River Association. It is the second oldest land conservancy in the state, and it is dedicated to protecting the Eno watershed. In 1975, the Eno River State Park opened with a donation of 90 acres. It has now grown to over 4000 acres and miles of trails, each with its own stories. †