

Walking to Sweden

by Joanne Ferguson

Maija Alakulppi (now **Maija Harrington**; she and **Bill Harrington** married in 1992) was born in Kemi, Finland, and lived with her family in Rovaniemi within the Arctic Circle--in short, in Lapland. "Yes," she said, "I was familiar with reindeer, which were used as pack animals, though they were never truly domesticated and tended to go off the road."

Her father, Olavi, was a world champion cross-country skier who won a gold medal in 1938, and thus would have taken part in the 1940 Olympics that never took place. Instead, in 1939 the Russians set off a bomb on their own side of the border,



Olavi, Maija's father



Vesa, Eevi, and Maija

blamed it on the Finns, and began the Winter War. The war lasted a little over three months, much longer than the Russians expected. Finnish morale was high, though they were hopelessly outnumbered. They had only ten tanks fit for combat; the Russians over two thousand. Maija's father was part of this conflict, tasked with keeping the border villages safe. His platoon bombed lakes so that Russian tanks would sink on the ice; devised speed bumps so that when the tanks tipped up to go over, the Finns threw grenades beneath them. As the war grew longer, he was captured and imprisoned in Finland. One day he complained of a toothache and as two guards walked him out to the dentist, he overpowered both of them and vanished. The Russians put a watch on his house, expecting him to show up there. But while they were waiting for him, Olavi was flying on his

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The Forester

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President's Podium

by Dale Harris

During this holiday season it is remarkable to see many of our residents assume their alterego of "elf" to do things which add to our senses of pleasure, information, and community. Highlighted here are a few of the elves among us.

Our Pictorial Directory, an indispensable resource for us, is produced through the efforts of **Elodie Bentley, Carol Carson, Wes Carson, and Sue Murphy**. This year there was the added bonus of obtaining copies of the pictures for those whose photos were taken this year with all proceeds going to the Benevolent Fund.

Our flowers on the table in the Foyer between the reception area and the Living Room, are done weekly and brighten and delight us. The lead elves for this group of volunteers in years past were **Evebell Dunham and Carol Griffith**, and presently are **Fran Bryant and Martha Uzzle**.

The Gift Shop is such a plus for us here and the buzz and smiles abounding during the Christmas Sale were fun to see. This team of elves is lead by **Priscilla Squier**.

And focus on *The Forester* which provides information and entertainment to us throughout the year. The primary elf in this effort is **Joanne Ferguson** (who has done it for 8 years now).

Thank you to those mentioned and to all the others who contribute to our quality of life here at The Forest at Duke

We will look forward to working together for lots of good and good times as this New Year 2014 is launched.

In Memoriam

Walter Lifton

December 11, 2013

Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Christmas is behind us and we hope you had a happy one. Now it is time to relax from the stress of last month and --- read a good book! The gray days of January and February provide good reading time, a chance to visit faraway places and other times, and to meet interesting people, all in the comfort of your own special reading space.

Your Library has recently acquired several thought-provoking non-fiction books which deserve your attention. They are located on the "New in the Library" cart next to the Large Print shelves.

I Am Malala is the inspirational autobiography of the plucky Pakistani high school girl shot in the head by the Taliban for wanting education for all. She is now recovering in London.

In *The Death of Santini* Pat Conroy comes to terms with his violent and cruel father (*The Great Santini*) after thirty some years as his father is dying.

Renowned historian Doris Kerns Goodwin recounts the public struggle of President Theodore Roosevelt with his successor, William Howard Taft in *The Bully Pulpit*.

Our iconic "cannot tell a lie" President George Washington had secret spies about whom he lied, who gathered information from and gave disinformation to the British, thus saving our troops in the early days of our Revolution, as recounted in *George Washington's Secret Six*.

Thank You for Your Service gives a wrenching look at our many military veterans who have PTSD, how they are being helped (or not), and how they are coping.

Donna Leon, in *Voices From Venice*, provides a look into various aspects of everyday living in Venice that are unknown to tourists, giving back-

ground for her intriguing mystery fiction about Commissario Brunetti and his family of that special city.

This is the new calendar year, but the new fiscal year for The Forest began last November 1, and the Library had a wonderful gift from the Residents Association Board to begin that new year. We are now on the RA budget! This will supplement our heretofore sole income from financial donations and diminishing sales of donated books to a book buyer who has become increasingly particular about what he buys. So our income, which was formerly both sporadic and unpredictable, will now be more stable.

We are so happy that thus we are assured that we can continue to be (truthfully, not just bragging) a leading retirement community library in this area. And with a new Library in our future.....

Resident Biographies

Bios pass from **George Chandler** to **Dean McCumber**

George Chandler has been writing the New Resident bios for twelve years. He says the first one he wrote was about **Erika Guttentag**.

He has retired from this task and passed it on to **Dean McCumber**. Thanks to both of them.

editor

Walking to Sweden continued

(Continued from page 1)

skis across the border to sanctuary in Sweden. There he and one of his friends got visas for Venezuela and took passage. When they made a stop in New York they jumped ship. He got work in Tarrytown, New York, as a landscaper and carpenter.

Seventeen Finns made their various ways to America, and as the Cold War heated up they were taken into the US army because of their experience with winter warfare. Olavi went in as a private and ended up with the rank of Lt. Colonel. In 1942 he was awarded the Mannerheim Cross, the Finnish equivalent of the Congressional Medal of Honor. He is buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

Back in Finland, when his house was still under surveillance, his wife Eevi was allowed out to visit the shops. So she and Maija and Vesa, Maija's six-year-old brother, set out for the shops one day as was their custom, but instead they turned for the Swedish border. Since Maija was only two, she doesn't know exactly how far they walked, but with a two year old it can't have been easy. Eevi knew a little Swedish, but had no idea where they might



Olavi

stay. She went to the police station, where they were given a prison cell until further arrangements could be made. They were subsequently put up in an old folks' home. Maija says the residents liked Vesa, but she, with her two-year-old's tantrums, wasn't so popular. Even so, now and then one of the policemen from the station where they had stayed came and took her for a walk. She liked him and thought he must be Field Marshall Mannerheim, since he wore a uniform and was tall and imposing. They stayed in Sweden for nine months and all became fluent in Swedish.

After her third birthday in late 1948 her father sent for them. They sailed on the maiden voyage of the *Stockholm*, the ship that in 1956 would ram and sink the *Andrea Doria*. Maija has vivid memories of the rolling and lurching of the ship. Food sloshed out of dishes, and once she fell out of the top bunk, where she and Vesa were playing. Her mother caught her before she hit the floor. She also remembers walking on deck with her mother when a swell knocked her against the railing.

Rejoining Olavi in America Maija says, "I became an army brat," and like all military families the Alakulppis frequently moved. Her brother was her protector and she used to follow him on his paper route. When her father was posted to Germany the family accompanied him, and they were all able to make a visit to Finland and brush up their Finnish.

Maija has a book that was written about her father, but says if she tried to translate it she would have to look up every word. He was adored by the people of Northern Finland and was, and still is, a folk hero.

In 2005 Maija got a very surprising email message from the children of a man named Erkki Kauppinen who told her Erkki had been Olavi's radi-

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Walking to Sweden continued

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oman in Finland. She and Bill rented an RV and drove up to Claverack, NY, a small town near Albany, to see him. It was a tearful and gratifying meeting. Erkki, which became Erik in English, told them how he had carried a 45-pound radio with two aeri-als that had to be placed at a 45 degree angle. He threw them up over tree branches and after transmis-sion had to climb up and bring them down. He told her how they put logs in a square, built a fire in the middle, and slept against the logs, taking turns lying next to the log for the most warmth. It was Erik who told Maija about bombing the ice in lakes and throw-ing grenades under tanks.

Maija laughs and says that if we put this story in *The Forester*, she won't have anything to talk about at dinner. But I could hear this story over and over and never tire of it.



Olavi's trophies

Black-Eyed What????

by Ann Marie Langford

I was bred and born in North Carolina, as were both my parents, my grandparents (except for the Indiana grandmother) and my great-grandparents. This is about black-eyed peas, which are a part of my heritage. We all ate black-eyed peas.

Recently TFAD Food Service has been offering us BLACK-EYED BEAN SOUP, which I love.

To correct TFAD's offering I went to my trusty *Webster's*, only to learn a quite dreadful truth. I am wrong. TFAD's Food Service is right. I am wrong, all my ancestors were wrong.

A pea is round and those little brown seeds with black eyes are not. This correction in my information is not helping my age-onset paranoia. Not being able to say what comes naturally, but having to remember what word comes after BLACK-EYED. If it can't be peas, it must be beans.

Welcome, New Residents

Photos by Carol Carson



Alice and Jonathan Peeler

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Jonathan was born in Scranton, PA, grew up in Durham and except for high-school years at Mercersburg Academy in Mercersburg, PA, has lived since in North Carolina. Jonathan earned a Business Administration degree at UNC-Chapel Hill and considers his life's vocation to have been "business."

Alice is a North Carolinian. Born in Lumberton, she also lived in Sanford and attended Bryce College and High Point University. She married Jonathan in Charlotte, and they subsequently settled in Durham where they have both been active in the community. Meals on Wheels was a common focus. Alice also pitched in with the United Way, with Girl Scouts, with the Hope Valley Garden Club, and with their church.

Jonathan was Chairman and President of J. Lee Peeler & Co., Inc., President of the NC Municipal Council, and Chairman of the NC Securities Advisory Committee. Both enjoy rounds of golf at Hope Valley Country Club, a sport Jonathan has been at for more than 50 years! Together they share four children: Alison Peeler, an investment banker in Liberty, NC; James Peeler, a geologist in San Diego, CA; Betsy Cordozo, a school Principal in Wellington, FL; and Anne Lewis, a nurse and homemaker in Mountain Park, AL.



Helga Wilde Bessent

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Helga grew up in Frankfurt, Germany. After attaining the Abitur in Mathematics and Biology, she studied at the University of Frankfurt, taking the Staats-Examen in Philology and Methodology, the equivalent of the Ph.D. Her interest in American literature brought her to the U.S., where she obtained her M.A. degree from Vanderbilt University. After her marriage she taught at Abilene Christian University in Texas and Northwestern Christian College in Philadelphia before coming to Duke. Her academic life at Duke, in addition to teaching, encompassed many administrative endeavors: she was Director of Undergraduate Studies; faculty advisor of Delta Phi Alpha, the National German Honor Society; founded the Summer Studies Program Abroad at the University of Erlangen, Germany; and established a scholarship for students studying in Germany, today the Helga Wilde Bessent Endowment. Her hobby of photography resulted in an exhibition of Thomas Wolfe's Angels in Asheville and Durham. Locally, Helga belongs to the Durham Historical Society, Friends of Duke Gardens, the Duke Campus Club, Duke Library Patrons, the N.B. Duke Society, and the Heritage Society of Duke University. After her retirement she edited the work of the internationally acclaimed poetess Clotilde Schlayer for the State Library in Stuttgart, Germany.

My Peripatetic Cell Phone

by Carol Scott

By nature I am not very skilled in technology. Or maybe I was brainwashed by my father's saying long ago that I had no mechanical skills. While it is true that I can successfully hang pictures and curtains, use a microwave and a modern camera, and even do much with a computer, there is a distinct limit to what I am able to do. That is why I have never updated my cell phone.

It is a very basic flip phone. I cannot take pictures with it or use it to Google for information. I can call a pre-set number or a new one, retrieve messages, change the volume of the sound. But the neatest thing I can do is to call this phone on my land line so I can tell by the ringing just where my cell is hiding in my apartment.

This came in handy not long ago when my grandson Libertie, his girl friend Sy, and three friends came from Asheville to Chapel Hill for a Saturday book fair, and that night they all stayed at my daughter Elisabeth's in Carrboro. We had arranged that on Sunday we would meet for brunch before their return to Asheville.

Mid-morning on Sunday we met at Weaver St. Market and Elisabeth found a vacant table for six. Each of us put something on that table to mark it as taken, while we walked around filling our plates. I put my cell phone on the table, as I often do at The Forest (never again!). We enjoyed the meal and the conversation and then broke up, Libertie, Sy and I going to Elisabeth's with her, and the other three looking around Chapel Hill. The five young people met at one o'clock and took off for the drive back to Asheville, while I stayed on for a couple more hours of visiting with my daughter.

At some time after my return here I wanted to use my cell phone, but couldn't find it. Not in my pants pockets. Not in my coat pockets. Not in my purse. And apparently not anywhere visible in my apartment. "It must be in the car," I thought, and shuddered at the thought of going out again, for it was a very cold day. However, I had a happy thought. In case it was hiding in my apartment, which just might be true, I would dial it on my land line and hear where it was. That had worked well in the past. But this time there was no ringing, and I knew I must venture out into the cold to look in the car.

Suddenly my land line rang and Sy said to me in a bewildered voice "Libertie has your cell phone in his backpack! We don't know how it got there, but it has been ringing." What a surprise! They were well on their way to Asheville. I don't know how it got there, either, unless Libertie picked it up thinking it was his. Sy said they'd put it in the mail to me the next day.

That turned out to be unnecessary. Fortunately, Libertie's father was coming here on Thursday, so he brought it back to me. My cell phone had made a round trip journey by itself, but that is its last one. I am NOT going to leave it anywhere unattended--even at The Forest-- to wander off like that again!

Dear Life by Alice Munro

A Review by Peggy Quinn

If you haven't read any of Alice Munro's short stories, run, don't walk, to your nearest bookstore or library and get a copy of *Dear Life*. At age eighty two Munro received the Nobel prize in literature for her latest collection of short stories. That in itself was an unexpected award since the Nobel prize is usually reserved for writers of novels, not short stories.

I must confess, I had never read any stories by Alice Munro. Why? Probably because I avoided reading short stories. I found them most unsatisfactory. The reader gets involved in the plot, settles in for a good read, then suddenly, abruptly, the story ends and we are left hanging in mid-air. A terrible let-down.

Not so with Alice Munro. Her stories are more like novellas, short, complete and fully satisfying. Her writing in *Dear Life* is simple, meaning there are no complicated, pretentious sentences that try to make a point but don't. Each story has characters like you and me going about their lives until life gives them a swift kick in the pants and everything changes. She is an "aw shucks" kind of writer, someone who can create a character who is a poet when he isn't in the stable taking care of the horses.

There are fourteen stories in the collection and in one of the first, "Amundsen," Munro paints a picture of what Ms. Hyde sees when she gets off the train. "There was silence, the air like ice. Brittle-looking birch trees with black marks on their white bark, and some kind of small, untidy evergreens rolled up like sleepy bears. The frozen lake, not level but mounded along the shore, as if the waves had turned to ice in the act of falling." Such attention to detail occurs throughout the book. The writing is quiet but powerful.

It is often hard to forget some of the characters that Munro introduces to us. They stay with us even as we move on to a new story. For instance, in

the tale "In Sight of the Lake," a woman goes to her doctor to have a prescription renewed. She decides that she will talk to him about her memory. He advises her to see a specialist. She loses the new doctor's address but wanders around a strange town where no one has ever heard of the doctor. There is a sense of foreboding, a feeling that something is not quite right. All is soon revealed. All the endings are not happy childhood but most are predictable.

Alice Munro has claimed that "the last four stories in *Dear Life* are a separate unit, one that is autobiographical in feeling, though not, sometimes, entirely so in fact. I believe they are the first and last, and the closest things I have to say about my own life."

"The Eye" is a story about Alice as a four year old. Her mother has just given birth to a little boy and tells Alice that was what she had always wanted. The child has no recollection of ever saying she wanted a baby brother and wonders how her mother always has to tell her how she feels about things ... like the Red River cereal that is supposed to be her favorite. A year later, a little sister is born. Alice is feeling more and more neglected until Sadie, the hired girl, comes to live with them. Alice loves Sadie and spends all of her time following the girl around while she does her chores. Poor Sadie meets with a terrible accident and dies when she is hit by a car on the way home from the dance hall. When Alice and her mother go to the funeral home Alice is afraid to look at the dead girl but when she does look, she sees Sadie's one eye open.

There is a sense of ending in these last few stories that take us back to Alice Munro's childhood. She is honest about her ambivalent feelings about her mother and remorseful because she didn't get to her mother's last illness and funeral. She talks about forgiveness: "They say of some things they can't be forgiven, or that we will never forgive ourselves. But we do, we do it all the time."

That, dear friends, is life, and Alice Munro's *Dear Life* says it all.

Mystery: Cranberry Sauce

by Bill Harrington

We've just survived another holiday season and I'm already missing the cranberry sauce. It just isn't Thanksgiving or Christmas unless the purply stuff is part of the traditional dinners. Tony had his staff hide the cranberry sauce on the table near the turkey for the first two years I was here, but I finally found it.

Like several of the foods we enjoy today, Native Americans were responsible for introducing cranberries to us. There are only three fruits native to North America: Concord grapes, blueberries, and cranberries. The little bitter berries had been eaten and used as a preservative for many years before Europeans showed up. After they dried the berries, Native Americans would mix them with deer meat. This helped preserve the meat. The berries were also boiled and the mixture was used to dye cloth.

I wonder. Was cranberry sauce a part of the first Thanksgiving meal? Yes and no. As it turns out,

the cranberries were being passed around; on the other hand, the sauce was not. To make cranberry sauce sugar would have been required and this ingredient was rare in the 1620s. And, cranberry *sauce* had not been invented, yet. It wasn't until somewhere around 1663 that visitors to the neighborhood of the first Thanksgiving started hearing about this sauce made from cranberries.

General Ulysses S. Grant helped popularize cranberry sauce when he had the cooks prepare it for the Thanksgiving meal during the War of Northern Aggression at the siege of Petersburg in 1864. Thank you, General Grant. Later on in 1912, it was commercially canned by the Cape Cod Cranberry Company and sold as "Ocean Spray Cape Cod Cranberry Sauce."

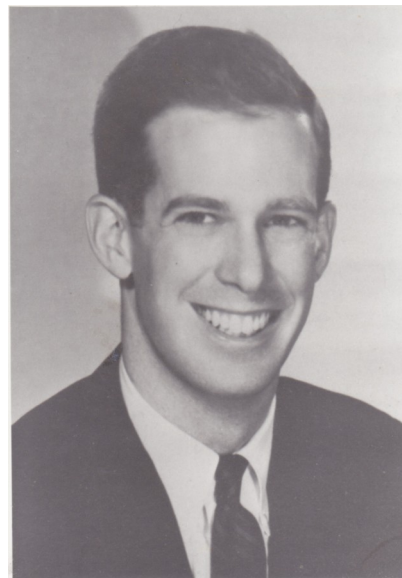
I need to stop writing now, so I can ask Tony if the kitchen has any cranberry sauce left over.

(Thanks to food experts Peggy Filippone and Jennifer Cail and to the magazine, *Mental Floss*.)

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



1948



New York City 1957

The Catenary

by Ned Arnett

Catching the early light that summer morning,
 radiant in their brilliance,
the tiny drops of dew hung suspended
 like a jeweled necklace
 between two nearby branches
 near our door.

Part of a spider's midnight effort
 to build a filamentous trap
tougher than steel, invisibly fine,
invisible, that is, until the dewdrops
settled along its length in perfect order
conforming to a perfect *catenary*.

Any chain or cable hanging freely
 between its separated ends
 generates the elegant form
 that engineers call a catenary.
Consider the San Francisco Bay bridge,
and the catenary's distribution of weight.

Or again, the perfect distribution of an arch,
 that is to say an *inverted catenary*,
 favorite of Roman architects,
an alternative design for suspension bridges,
 or the aesthetics of the Saint Louis arch ...
or the quiet beauty of dewdrops on a spider's web.

Some Greats I Have Shaken By the Hand

by James Stanley Barlow

Afterwards I stood in the long line
and I saw his weariness.
Campaigning in 1956, he had
finished writing his speech while
windy admirers were introducing him.

My turn came and I felt his hand limp
and looked into his blue eyes. They were marbles.
I had come to meet him but he wasn't there.

And then our Senator, the man who had been Dean
of the Law School, the man from Oregon
who could stand up and speak his mind
in Washington and then to us at Erb Memorial.

I stood in line to shake his hand;

Came my turn, I looked into his dark-bead eyes
under their thick black brows gray-streaked.
Oh, I was hoping to see a person there.
But, alas, no one was at home to me.

There was another time at Erb Memorial, I am glad to tell you,
when I stood in line to shake the speaker's hand.
Not only would the back of my head and my right ear larger-than-life
be on the front page of the *Register-Guard* the next day,
opposite Thurgood's friendly face, but he was there and welcomed me.

Memories of other handclasps comfort me;
I'll sing some names to you: Bella, Roy, Martin, Muriel and Hubert Horatio.

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The moments described are, in this order: Adlai Stevenson, Wayne Morse,
Thurgood Marshall, Bella Abzug, Roy Wilkins, Martin Luther King, Jr.,
Muriel and Hubert Humphrey.

Oh, let me add that despite their cerebral tendency to be elsewhere while shaking hands, I still admire both
Adlai and Wayne.
