

Nate Futrell, Fitness Supervisor

by Joanne Ferguson

Nate came to us in October of last year from White Oak Estates, a CCRC in Spartanburg, SC, where, as Wellness Coordinator, he played a major role in opening their first ever wellness center. His certifications are numerous, including Orthopedic Exercise Specialist, Aquatic Program Instructor, Water Rescue, CPR/AED/First Aid, and Fitness Nutrition Specialist. When he worked with Genesis Rehabilitation Services in Wilmington, he and another employee started a program for cardiac and pulmonary disease called “A Breath of Fresh Air,” which went company-wide and is now billable in all Genesis Rehab sites of service and still carries their names. He plans to start such a program at The Forest in April. A great advocate of aquatic exercise, he is especially gratified to see someone approach the water on a walker and progress to running in the pool.

He went to the University of North Carolina at Wilmington and graduated with a Bachelor of Science in Exercise Science. He received the Chancellor’s Achievement Award, and was on both the Chancellor’s and Dean’s Lists.

Nate was born Nathan in Pfafftown (pronounced Pofstown with an “o” as in *pop*), a tiny town one mile from Winston Salem where parents still live in the same house and grandparents lived ten minutes away. His sister, Natalie, two years younger, is now pursuing a Masters Degree in Occupational Therapy at the Medical University of South Carolina. Nate and Natalie grew up with two dogs and one cat. The family often rented a house in the fall at Holden Beach, where they were joined by grandparents and aunts and uncles and cousins. “Those were the good old days,” he says. This was



obviously a happy family.

He says when he was growing up he played every sport. In high school he played basketball and was captain of the team his junior and senior years. Baseball and basketball were his favorites. He plays now in a Raleigh men’s basketball league and says, “We’ve won more than we’ve lost.”

Nate’s grandfather was an artist, athlete, and musician, who played piano and drums, to name a few. This grandfather was a football star, who, at half time, was drummer in the band. He was a graphic artist for Wachovia, and of course was of the old school of pen and ink, not of digital creations. One Christmas when Nate was ten, he came down to the tree and looked around for what might be for him. He didn’t see much, but suddenly his grandfather walked into the room with a snare drum! “It was the best Christmas ever,” he says. Thus began Nate’s drumming, which his grandfather taught him. Little

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The Forester

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In Memoriam

Blaine S. Nashold, jr.

March 11, 2014

President's Podium

by Dale Harris

Security on campus, as the changes occur, is an important topic for all of us who are residents of The Forest at Duke. Our sincere appreciation for their work, accomplishments, and caring to **Chuck Walkley, Malcolm Mitchell**, and all of those who have provided security here.

To facilitate our understanding of any changes that may occur in this transition to USAA, the following is helpful information.

- 919-201-6082 remains the phone number to Security.
- **Jim Normandin**, Director of Facility Services will be in charge of Security.
Michael Lastinger will be the day-time Chief Security Supervisor.
- There will be regular staffing, Monday to Friday and a Weekend staff that will be the same people, except when a temporary change is necessitated by illness or vacation.
- Within a reasonable time, Jim Normandin will provide names and photographs of new Security personnel to us.
- Nighttime coverage will include a "failsafe check-in program," in place for their staff and to be completed before the transition is complete (April 7, 2014).
- Security remains available 24/7 as does Health Care for calls for injuries.

Security, Maintenance, and House-keeping remain available for calls for help with clogged toilets, car jump-starting, etc.

- A new security system is in the works (no definite date yet for completion) so that both the original and new cottages will be on the same system.

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Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

This column is going to be about some of the INS and OUTS of the Library----and not just about checking the books OUT and putting them back IN the book return slot.

First, the INS. In fact the INH's. This call number on the spine of many books refers to "In House Authors", or residents of The Forest. There are about twenty current residents represented, all the way from one book for many of them up to 5 for **Bob Durden** (Duke and Durham), 6 for **Jean Anderson** (Durham and surrounding areas), and 7 for **George Chandler** (many mysteries). These are shelved in the Library Classroom, next to the door leading into the copier room. They reflect the many interests of our residents and you may quite likely find one that pertains to your own interests. Have a look!

In the Club Room downstairs, to the left of the fireplace, is a shelf of paperbacks to supplement the many upstairs in the Classroom. Here you can find romance novels by Katherine Ashe, who is the daughter of our resident **Georgie Brophy**. Not quite an In House Author, but close to it!

Back to the Classroom, where the top shelves are devoted to our gallery of art work done by residents. Starting out with paintings and photographs, the rotating exhibits here have by now encompassed clay, hats, and the current intricate and awesome wooden vases and other objects made by **Jim Staley**. Several of Jim's larger pieces are atop the Large Print shelves in the main Library room.

For both of these categories --- In House Authors and Gallery artists-- we are asking for help. Do not be shy about offering your own works for reading and display. We feel that there are many creative authors and artists here who have not yet given their works to the Library or allowed us to display them in

the Gallery for others to enjoy. Please be generous and share with your fellow residents. Books can be donated and, as usual, receipted for IRS deduction. **Eunice Grossman** is in charge of the Gallery and would like suggestions for future displays.

And now for the OUTS. Before we move the Library to its new quarters in another year and a half or so, we plan to take inventory of our holdings. This has not been done for many years. And we already know that many books we thought we had have disappeared. This has been particularly true of Book Club books. We once had three copies of Hosseini's *And the Mountains Echoed*. Now we have none. And yet, on our computer, they are listed as in the Library. This is also true of other books, we are finding. We know that many of us intend to sign the book card and leave it in the basket, but are distracted by conversation with a friend, and walk out with the card still in the book. Please look though all your books, under tables and the bed, to see if a Library book is hiding there. That has happened to me! They tend to lurk innocently among one's own books unless a deliberate search is made. Even if the book has been checked out and you receive an overdue notice and you are SURE you returned it, sometimes it is still there, underneath something else. Then, again, it may be in the Library without a card or with the wrong card, and that is OUR mistake. We are trying to be more careful of our shelving.....

We are still adding new books, donated and/or purchased, and they are on the book truck next to the Large Print shelves. Also on that truck are some "Have Your Read?" books which you might have overlooked.

Enjoy your Library. Outdoors for reading now. It's Spring!

Nate Futrell continued

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by little he assembled his set: a bass drum, two tom toms, a floor tom, and cymbals. He and a friend with a guitar had a combo. Drums were not all. In junior high he played trumpet, and when the school band acquired three French horns, the director chose him and two other trumpeters and made them into horn players.



Nate and Natalie

When he was in school at UNC Wilmington he shared a town house on Wrightsville Beach with three fraternity brothers. He is full of praise for Wilmington's "gorgeous historic downtown." He now lives in Raleigh right across the street from the PNC Arena. His buddies come to his place, park, and they all walk across the street to hockey games. He assures me that one can follow the puck at the game; even he, with young eyes, can't do so when he's watching it on the TV.

Growing up in North Carolina and working in South Carolina, he has not been tempted to live in any other part of the country. As he puts it, "I'm a southern boy."



Nate and his childhood Corgi

Nate Futrell in action



Nate leading “Body Conditioning”



Nate leading “Aqua Moves”

Health: Did you know...

that a dentist is at The Forest every Wednesday? Dr. Mary Duffy sees patients, from 8 am to 4 pm, in two fully-equipped rooms in the Clinic, working with a dental assistant and a dental hygienist. She also sees patients at an office in the Bennett Point Shopping Center. With 30 years of experience (14 years at The Forest), she practices almost the full range of dentistry and emphasizes her willingness to provide services needed by seniors. To make an appointment at either location, call her office at 919-383-3882.

The Health Committee

Podium continued

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One of the working committees on campus is a staff Safety committee which has three resident advisors. They are **Lloyd Redick**, **Chuck Cushman**, and **Norman Greenberg**. We appreciate their service in this regard. This committee meets the 2nd Wed. of each month. The above information came from that committee’s March meeting and from Jim Normandin.

Metamorphosis

by Don Chesnut

Through careful experimentation and my power of observation as a trained scientist, I've discovered an amazing phenomenon. When we go off campus there is a change in who and what we are, and it seems to happen every time. Thank God it's reversible!

The other day I was preparing to run some errands downtown. I combed back my distinguished looking silver gray hair, admired my intelligence-implicating professorial beard, and jauntily picked up my cane. My cane is only for appearances, you know; I really can get about without it quite well. I trotted out the door, waved to friends across the street and jumped in the car. I felt able and eager to meet and conquer the world, or at least downtown Durham.

Amazingly, as soon as I left campus and entered the strange world outside, the transition took place. Like Jekyll and Hyde, I acquired a different persona. I think it happens each time we cross The Forest threshold. I didn't trot when downtown, but rather walked gingerly along making good use of my wooden support, feeling carefully the step down when I crossed the street. Why do they make those steps so big? Little people in brown dresses and funny hats asked if they could help me cross the street. Everyone seems to be of high school age, and they all move about at a pace we simply wouldn't permit at The Forest.

My hair was now mussed by the breeze and I think I must have appeared more ex-tinguished than dis-tinguished. Folks greeted me with "How are you, Sir. Please watch your step. Do you want me to call a cab to take you home?" At least they didn't call for an ambulance. Someone actually put a dollar in my coat pocket and said "God bless you, Sir. I hope you get home alive."

I finally managed to get my business done and reached the car after searching vainly in the

wrong parking garage for an hour. The dollar in my coat pocket was a godsend in paying the garage fee for, wouldn't you know it, I had left my wallet at home on the dresser.

I tried to maintain about 15 mph on the way home, our Forest speed limit. It apparently bothered some people who yelled "Why do they let people your age drive!?" But I simply ignored them and made it safely back to the campus.

And, just as I thought, as I entered the campus gate the metamorphosis reoccurred, this time returning me to my real, youthful, energy-filled, don't-really-need-the-cane self. My neighbors across the street were still working in their yard and waved hardily. I thought they were just happy to see me back, but it turns out they were trying to warn me about our other neighbor, Elmer, who was dozing in his wheelchair in my driveway. But everything turned out OK. There was minimal damage to my car, and the folks in rehab say Elmer will be back to his old self in three or four weeks. We're still good friends.

Our world on campus is so wonderful and caring and full of bright and cheerful people who really don't look *that* old ...do they? When I'm with them I feel like I'm still in my mid-50s. I hate to think what it must be like to live in that other, unrealistic world outside the gate. How do those poor people get along? How can they all be so young? Don't they have parents who must wonder where they are and what they're doing not being in school?

So don't be surprised when you take your next off-campus trip if you exhibit the same amazing transformation. But take great comfort in the fact that when you return you'll be your old wonderful self again in the truly wonderful world of The Forest at Duke. I feel so sorry for those other folks outside our gate.

Destination: Forest at Duke

by Carol Oettinger

When I was wondering what brought some of our residents to The Forest, the bright idea came to me: why not ask? **George Chandler** had an easy answer. He said, “No problem, we just followed **Ed Lee**.” It seems that George and his wife had met Ed many years before and they had become fast friends. They visited one another and took trips together around the world. When Ed decided to come to The Forest he talked about it enthusiastically and encouraged George and Marge to come, but they were not ready to retire. After Ed moved into The Forest to his present fourth floor apartment, the Chandlers came to visit several times, liked what they saw, and signed up. They were shown a second floor apartment, but the residents there decided to stay in it. So they moved onto the fourth floor, right around the corner from their good friend Ed Lee.

Before I got a chance to talk to Ed Lee, I encountered **Bertha Wooten**. When I asked her about coming here, she said without hesitation, “Ed Lee told me all about The Forest while he was staying with his sister in Goldsboro. He was there while he waited to come. It sounded so good that I came and have been very glad I did.”

Ed and I had a good talk and I found that as well as being a catalyst with those friends, he persuaded his cousin, **Rena Graham**, whom many of you will remember as a volunteer of the year, to come.

Ed has had a fascinating life, but for now the subject is how he chose The Forest. He grew up in Goldsboro, did his undergraduate work at Duke and had an interesting career with the Navy in Japan. He taught Asian Studies at Hamilton College near Utica, NY, for 29 years. He got tired of the long winters and decided to come back to North Carolina. He heard about The Forest at Duke in a most unusual way. He was visiting a cousin in Sanford and was in her shop waiting to take her to lunch. A woman

shopping there began a conversation. She was the wife of the Ambassador to Rumania. It was not clear to Ed why she began talking about The Forest at Duke, but she recommended it highly and mentioned **Lucy Grant** as a contact. Ed went to see Lucy. This was while it was in the planning stages, but she showed him all the brochures and the site. He liked what he saw and was one of the first people to move in. He moved into the apartment he has at present, facing west. The first thing I ever heard about Ed Lee, long before he became my next door neighbor, was that he wanted to see sunsets. This would be a person to know. And is.

Molly and Frank Simes were living happily on a lake near Clarksville. They enjoyed the golfing and boating. Frank did complain more and more about all the problems with keeping a house and boat in tip top shape. They were called to Duke where Frank’s sister was ill. She asked him to open her mail. Among other things was a notice telling about the projected building of The Forest at Duke retirement village. They called and were invited to a seminar telling more about it. Dr. Crapo was such an enthusiastic salesman that Frank signed up on the spot. He talked Molly into coming. She was soon happy to be here and still is.

In 1991 **Bruce and Margie Burns** visited some friends who retired to a pioneer CCRC, one of the first, in Pennsylvania. They were told that the waiting time before entrance was sixteen years. While reading a Smithsonian magazine, Bruce, who never read ads, said that an ad for The Forest at Duke “jumped out at him.” He sent for literature and received a phone call from Dr. Crapo in response. They came to a seminar for information and liked what they saw. They were sent to a marketing person named Linda. They wanted the largest cottage and were told that it would be a long wait. Lucy Grant

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Destination continued

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came in and whispered something in Linda's ear. Linda said, "Would you like to be Number One on the waiting list instead of Number 602?" Having thought that the wait would be a long one, this question was a pleasant surprise. The answer got them into Cottage 73. It was a happy answer for them.

Jim Shuping said, "Intensive research," when asked what brought him and **Susan** to The Forest at Duke. He went on, "When we decided to move to a CCRC, I sent for information to every place I could find. I narrowed the brochures down to 24, which I studied carefully by my criteria: good medical care available, access to an international airport, price, and activities available. I then narrowed it down to twelve. We visited all of those and eliminated all but two, one in Virginia and The Forest. We applied to both and said we would go to the one that had a place first. We won The Forest and have always been glad."

Ellen Flach said, "The reason I came to The Forest is really bizarre." I said, "Good," and the story began. "When I was a child in Connecticut, I loved to see college sports. My favorite was always Duke. I always followed their team. I really rejoiced when they went to the Rose Bowl. When I had a daughter approaching college age, I encouraged her to apply to Duke. She was accepted and loved it. She liked Durham too, and moved here. When I was ready to move south, she told me that there was a retirement village right near Duke for me to look at. I was sold before I even saw The Forest and came as soon as I could. I love it."

When I asked **Dale** and **Ted Harris** how they got to The Forest, he said, "We got lost."

Welcome, New Resident



Irene Hackel

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Irene Hackel was born and educated in the heart of New England: she received her primary and secondary education in her birthplace, Bangor, Maine, and earned an RN in the nursing program at Beth Israel Hospital in Boston. There she met her future husband, Donald Hackel, an intern, who had graduated from Harvard and the Harvard Medical School. After a brief stint with the military in Maryland, they moved to Cleveland where Don completed his residency in pathology at Cleveland City Hospital of the Case Western Reserve School of Medicine. In 1951 he joined the teaching and research faculty of that school. Don was recruited in 1961 to join Duke as a Professor of Pathology, whereupon Irene and Don moved with their family of two daughters and a son to Durham. Family has been her primary focus, but Irene finds the energy to volunteer regularly in the Nearly New Shoppe and to play duplicate bridge avidly.

Indian Ancestry 2

by Carol Scott

Early in January 2014 I joined the National Geographic Society's Genographic Project and received my Geno2.0 kit. In return for two cheek swabs (swabs provided by Nat Geo, cheeks by me), I would in six to eight weeks receive information about "the migration paths (my) ancestors followed thousands of years ago, and learn the details of (my) ancestral makeup – (my) branches on the human family tree."

The introductory brochure explained that this project "is an ambitious attempt to help answer fundamental questions about where we originated and how we came to populate the earth." So, in addition to finding out personal information that would be made known only to me, I would be helping to advance knowledge for all of us.

Because I am female, and therefore lack the Y chromosome in my DNA, it is only the markers in my female -- my mother's mother's, etc -- line of DNA that can be analyzed for thousands of years, though my male line can be checked for five or six generations. But I already know about eleven male generations! However, a brother (whom I do not have) or a male Seeley cousin (which one could I persuade?) would be necessary to participate to get the Seeley line back for thousands of years.

There were some trepidations and reservations involved as I sent the swabs off in their included packaging. Had I swabbed each cheek long enough? Were the swabs secure in their included containers? Would they be smashed in the mail even though the package was labeled "HAND STAMP"? ALSO, was I really ready to learn my past ethnicity?

But here a happy thought intruded. Some years ago my aunt and great-aunt were convinced we had Indian ancestry through a maternal ancestor named Mercy Toothaker. This was disproven when we learned that we were descended not from Toothaker, her second husband, but from Abner Bray, her third. Wouldn't it be delicious if we actually had Indian ancestry because of descent from the family sto-

ry's Indian chief who reputedly captured Ruth Bragdon and fathered her girl-child named Meribah? It was hard to wait to find out.

So probably early in March I will know about the maternal lines of my lo-o-o-ong family ancestry. As far as I know now, my mother's line is completely English until about nine generations back when there might be some French. It is exciting to think what else might be found! And I haven't given up on Indian...though that might be too recent for this genealogical project..

Well, the results are now in. They are somewhat disappointing, for they do not come down to recent generations. Perhaps I didn't read the fine print! However, I have learned interesting things about human migrations in general and my own lines in particular. My maternal lines, that is.

The female ancestor of all women living today was born in East Africa 180,000 years ago. Then 60,000 to 70,000 years ago some small groups of humans moved from Africa to Asia. My ancestors first settled in West Asia, (probably Turkey) and from there my generations over thousands of years migrated through the Levant area (between Turkey and Egypt, including Syria, Lebanon, Jordan and Israel), then across the Mediterranean into Europe. They eventually moved northward to Germany and then the British Isles. Very likely the ancestors of many of the residents here at The Forest followed that same basic path. These were Cro-Magnons, and some had interbred with the Neanderthals (as did mine), who died out.

Interestingly, those who eventually made it to the British Isles and northern Europe left during the great ice age of 15,000-20,000 years ago and retreated to the Iberian Peninsula, and their descendants then went back when the earth warmed up again.

My final results show that I have 42% North-

Indian Ancestry continued

ern European (U.K and German) genes, 37% Mediterranean, and 18% Southeast Asian---way on back. And way WAY on back there are dashes of 2.2% Neanderthal and 2.9% Denisovan (recently discovered in Siberia and also long ago died out).

This research, beginning 180,000 years ago, and involving three continents, ends about 16,430 years ago --- all so far back into pre-history that it is hard to identify with any of these people as family because they looked so different from me and their lives and culture were so entirely different from mine. But it is thought-provoking to consider how humans spread over our planet, isn't it?

If I want to find specific information about historical ancestry (including the Indian connection!) I can join the research of Ancestry.com. They guarantee that even very distant current relatives will be found who will be constantly sending e-mail and photos to deluge me with family information. But I think that, with 5 children, 4 in-laws, 3 former in-laws, 9 grand-children, 2 great-grands, 2 sisters-in-law, 1 former brother-in-law, and numerous nieces, nephews and first cousins, I probably have all the relatives I can keep up with!

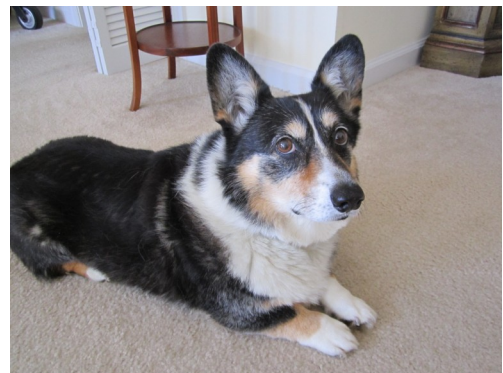
P.S. **Nancy Laszlo** and I ARE related! We have been trying for some time, not yet successfully, to pursue a possible relationship through ancestors on Deer Isle, Maine, but maybe that was too recent. Even though she has not been a part of Geno2.0, I am sure we are most certainly related through our Northern European genes of several thousand years ago. I am so glad she is my cousin!

More Dogs at The Forest

Compiled and captioned by
Maija Harrington



Remington, one of the four long-haired Dachshunds who live at The Forest, belongs to Mary Streitwieser and Russell Jones.



Ridge (named for the Blue Ridge Mountains) is Nancy Fowler's Pembroke Welsh Corgi.

Mystery: TFADDGT (homecooking.about.com) by Bill Harrington

The dining “thingy” is out again. I always read every word of “The Forest at Duke Dining Gastronomic Terminology.” Obviously, it is designed to help us understand what we’re about to eat and sometimes what we’ve just dined on. After I read it this time, I immediately phoned my broker and asked him to invest in all of the garlic production companies he could locate.

So, I decided to find out about garlic. I already know a few little tidbits. For example, I know that I don’t always know that I’m eating it. It is afterwards that my palate sends a signal to my brain: “Okay – you’ve done it again. I’ve told you over and over again not to eat this stuff. I know that you’re a slow learner, but this is ridiculous.” In the past, I’ve tried everything I know to combat the after-meal sensation that I’m left with, but nothing works. It just

has to sort of “wear off.”

I was surprised to learn just how meaningful garlic has been over the centuries. Garlic comes from the Old English word – *garleac*. It means “spear leek.” It is native to Central Asia and has a history dating back 6,000 years. The Egyptians worshiped garlic and that’s probably why small clay replicas of garlic were found in the tomb of Tutankhamen. It has been used as a currency, was said to safeguard one against vampires, and it protected people against the Evil Eye. I asked Maija: what is the Evil Eye? And, she showed me. It was terrifying. I don’t want to see that look again. Then, I remembered. I’ve seen that look from women before.

Americans consume over 250,000,000 pounds of garlic each year – mostly here at The Forester.

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



Two
Sweet
Sixteens



Puzzle