

THE FORESTER

Volume 19 Issue 9

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

June 2014

Helen Stahl

by Joanne Ferguson

Helene Rosenwald was born in Buende, Germany, where she lived until her family immigrated to America in 1936. Her father was a cigar salesman for his father's company; Helen is an only child. She grew up with a cousin her age who stood in for a sister, and who came to America on the same ship, the *SS Roosevelt*, and enrolled in the same school in New York (P.S. 173), where Cynia Shimm also went to school.

It was in the thirties in Germany that the anti-Semitic laws were passed, excluding Jews from all civic life as well as denying them citizenship. When Helen went to her first day of school with her cornucopia of sweets, as was the custom in Germany, she was turned away and sent home. She says she was not unduly upset and just went home to her nanny. Her father had been sent a letter excluding him from the Buende glee club and another dismissing him



Helen's Green Card

from the volunteer fire department.

He had a cousin in Berlin, who was closer to the outrages and saw that worse things were coming. He decided to go to America to get in touch with the Rosenwald Foundation and petition for help. Julius Rosenwald's father had immigrated to America in the mid-1800s and Julius teamed up with William Sears and the firm of Sears Roebuck. He brought the company into good order and turned it into the Amazon of its day, became wealthy, and founded the Rosenwald Foundation because he felt that the accumulation of wealth in a few hands was morally and ethically wrong and could have serious social repercussions. He had admired Booker T. Washington, met him, and they became good friends. Together they established 5300 Rosenwald Schools across the South for black children.

Her grandfather's cousin was successful in his petition, and back in Germany sixty members of the Rosenwald family were financed by the foundation and were preparing for immigration. Helen says they were not allowed to take any money or securi-

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Helen with cornucopia

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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Mary Ann Ruegg

Delilah Stites

In Memoriam

Leland Richter Phelps

May 15, 2014

Bertha Wooten

May 24, 2014

President's Podium

by Dale Harris

Here we are about to begin our calendar summer, and that evermore takes us back to our school days (for many pleasant memories, I hope). Many of the events which happen here are on the "school calendar" so will be taking a vacation. These include the popular "Sports Talk" led by **Al Buehler**; the delightful "Forest Speak," informing us about our own residents and led by **Margaret Keller**; and the informative "2701 Club" which attracts so many interesting speakers from the area around us and led by **Sylvia Kerckhoff**. We will have the entertaining "Resident Readings" led by **Carol Oettinger** throughout the summer. Many, many thanks to all those resident volunteers who arrange these delights for us.

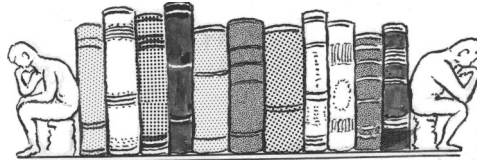
Significant news came to all of us residents after the May 2014 Forest At Duke Board meeting. The Board of Directors' Chair, **Ken Gibbs**, wrote us a letter within 24 hours following the decision at the meeting to go forward now with the \$10,000,000 Campus Master Plan improvements (other than the 15 new cottages previously decided upon). So we can anticipate 87 new parking spaces, scheduled to begin in late summer. That will be followed by work in the Main Building with the planned remodeling outlined in Ken Gibbs's letter. We will look forward to hearing about the phasing and anticipated work in the various areas from the Administration. At the end of summer, we will be experiencing an interesting time of transition in some areas.

Heads up information:

The governing Board of The Forest at Duke has three resident members serving staggered terms. Bruce Rubidge's term ends Oct. 31, 2014, and the Board will select one new resident representative. The Board has requested that the residents nominate three persons for them to consider. Dr. Jack Hughes will serve as Chairman of our Resident Special Nominating Committee, to which he will appoint 4 other members. The Board can also consider nominations

(Continued on page 3)

Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

Although *The Forester* will not be published again until October, the Library will continue to function as usual over the summer. It will still be open from 8 a.m. until 10 p.m. every day. It will continue—hopefully—to have the lights on as long as the doors are open. It will continue to host OASIS every second and fourth Thursday from 2-3 p.m. And it will continue to receive book donations from down-sizing residents. With those and books we purchase, we will continue to have “New In The Library” books available near the desk.

Among those currently in that space and ready for takeout are some interesting and provocative titles. Some of them, both fiction and non-fiction, are described here.

The Daring Ladies of Lowell, by Kate Alcott, based on a real murder and trial in 1833, is a novel of love and friendship among “the mill girls” of Lowell, MA, who dare to speak up about their grievances at the beginning of America’s Industrial Revolution.

Gabrielle Zevin’s *The Storied Life of A.J. Fikry*, an irascible bookseller, is called “an unforgettable tale of transformation and second chances, an irresistible affirmation of why we read and why we love.”

Amanda Quick (a pseudonym of Jayne Ann Krentz) has written another romantic thriller, *Otherwise Engaged*, set in late eighteenth century London. Amity Doncaster, an escaped victim of the killer called “the Bridegroom,” and Benedict Stanbridge, searching for a spy, join forces to find the identities of these two people – and fall in love.

The Island of Doves, by Kelly O’Connor McNees, is a novel about two women of nineteenth-century America, one quite ordinary, the other quite extraordinary, whose meeting and interaction change both lives profoundly.

An entertaining book of essays, very suitable

for our Resident Readings afternoons, is Nardi Reed-Campion’s *Over the Hill You Pick Up Speed*, about the pleasures and perils of aging.

Richard Francis’s *Judge Sewall’s Apology* is “the story of a good man and an evil event...the Salem Witch Trials and the forming of an America conscience.” One of my ancestors was convicted and killed as a witch during that dreadful time...

James W. Loewen has continued his mission of debunking the “myths and misinformation that often pass for American history” that we have been taught in school with *Lies Across America: What our Historic Sites Get Wrong*.

And last but not least is the provocative new book *How Jesus Became God* by Bart Ehrman, professor of religious studies at UNC-Chapel Hill. Called “one of the most renowned and controversial Bible scholars today,” Ehrman has written a number of books on the historical Jesus, who never said that he was the Son of God, and in this one he tells “the fascinating story of how it took three centuries for Jesus’ divinity to become official church dogma.”

And if you read all of these, plus others of your choice, you will have something interesting and profitable to do when it is too hot to go outdoors in the coming months! Have a happy summer!

Podium continued

(Continued from page 2)

directly from one of their members or resident self-nominations directly to the Board. You will be hearing more about all of this in the next few months.

Helen Stahl continued

(Continued from page 1)

ties out of Germany and had to have a sponsor who insured them. The foundation put \$1000 in escrow for each family and financed their passage across the ocean. Not only that, they had hired a social worker to meet them on arrival and take them to a hotel where they were put up for a few weeks while they found a place to live.

Helen's parents had to register their departure with the SS, which sent two agents to their house to watch them pack. They could bring no money so they bought objects of value instead, hoping to realize cash when they arrived: damask tablecloths, fur collars, a fur coat, and a twenty-four place setting of Rosenthal china. They failed to take into account that the Great Depression meant there would be no buyers. Their household possessions went into a huge wooden packing case, "room size," she says, called a lift, while the SS agents stood around and watched.

Helen says that since her family traveled a lot, she was not disturbed by immigration and thought of the journey to America as just another trip. Her adjustment to the new country and language was eased by the teacher who kept her and her cousin after school and tutored them in English.

Her parents found a place on 172nd St in

Washington Heights and her father worked various jobs—selling magazines, working at Macys, until he realized he could turn his photography hobby into a business and so established a Cinefoto studio in Manhattan. Helen has vivid, happy memories of the dioramas in The American Museum of Natural History.

She went to NYU where she completed a degree in early childhood education. Her practice-teaching there was chronicled by a photographer who was preparing a brochure for NYU. The photo here of her and a little girl making a paper mache cake shows Kathy Boudin, eventually jailed for her part in a Weatherman bank robbery and who is now a prestigious adjunct professor in social work at Columbia. After NYU Helen taught at a public school in lower Manhattan. She wandered Greenwich Village and watched the happenings there. She says, "I was a Hippy wannabe, but my parents would have had a fit."

She met her husband Gerald on a blind date while she was visiting a friend in Richmond, VA. He had just graduated with a pharmacy degree from the Medical College of Virginia. After they married they moved to Memphis so he could pursue a degree in Hospital Pharmacy. Helen taught there at the Mem-



S.S. Roosevelt at New York pier

phus Hebrew Academy kindergarten. They came to Durham in 1955, and Helen, pregnant with Vivian, had a job with the Durham Recreation Department. After the birth of son Peter they moved to a prefab house off Carver Street. When the children were both in school, Helen went back to work as director of the preschool at Beth El Synagogue.

In 1972 Gerald decided they should take the children to Germany and include a two-week trip to Israel, so they would have some familiarity with their roots. Helen says, "We were very conflicted in Germany; we loved the featherbeds and the food and Gerald loved driving on the autobahn." But the feeling of home that Germany had once provided had been replaced by North Carolina.



Helen reading to her students



Helen and Kathy Boudin making
paper mache cake



The Stahl family

Welcome, New Residents



Sherry & Bill Townsend

Apt 4042 919-489-7752
pop174@aol.com



Lila Singer

Apartment 3022 919-401-6722
LMSinger24@gmail.com

Sherry and Bill came to The Forest from their nearby home in Durham. Sherry was born in Battle Creek, MI, but grew up in Scarsdale, NY, whence she left to attend Centenary Junior College in Hackensack, NJ. There she majored in English, and enjoyed reading and sports. Bill was born and grew up in Bennettsville, SC, not far from the North Carolina border west of Lumberton. After high school he attended The Citadel in Charleston, SC, completing his studies in 1951. Six years later Sherry and he were married. When they met, he was building a career with L&M Tobacco and liked Durham. They established their home here. In due course Sherry was a secretary, mother, and volunteer. Since Bill's retirement, both have been active volunteers, especially with their church, St. Philip's, and with Caring House where their daughter, Sheridan van Wagenberg, is Executive Director. In addition to their volunteer activities, both enjoy quieter activities: Bill painting, and Sherry reading and handwork. They have two sons: Doug, an entrepreneur in Durham, and Cab, an attorney in Atlanta, GA.

Lila grew up in Jackson Heights, Queens, NY. She commuted to Manhattan to attend Hunter College High School and earned a Bachelor of Arts degree in Education from Queens College. Lila met her late husband, Max, at Green Mansions. It was the start of a lifelong joint interest in social action, reading, and folk dancing. They lived in Tinton Falls, NJ, where she and Max reared their three children as she taught in Colts Neck. Some twenty years after Queens College, Lila earned an MA in student personnel services at Monmouth University. She was president of the local and county League of Women Voters, vice president of Hadassah, and a volunteer working with the homeless and hungry. She and Max were both active in Monmouth Reform Temple. Lila is here at The Forest because her daughter, Gale Singer Adland, lives in Durham. Gale is the Executive Director of Durham's Meals on Wheels and also currently President of Judea Reform. Lila's two sons live in Massachusetts. Joseph is a Professor of Law at Harvard, and Robert a family practice and gerontology physician associated with Mass General and an Assistant Professor at the Harvard Medical School.

New Residents continued



Photo by Sue Murphy

Banks and Nancy Anderson

Cottage 40 919-489-2625

Nancy: nwanderson7@gmail.com

Banks: banksander@aol.com

Nancy and Banks are long-time Durham residents. When Banks was born, his father was active in establishing the Duke Department of Ophthalmology. After earning an MD at Harvard (via Exeter and Princeton) and completing an internship in General Surgery at Duke, Banks served two years with the U.S. Army at Walter Reed and at the Army Hospital in Munich. Returning to Duke, he began a distinguished career in Ophthalmology, retiring in 2006 as Professor of Ophthalmology. During that first year back at Duke, Banks met Nancy. Nancy grew up on Long Island, earned her BS in Nursing at Duke, and was practicing on the surgical cardiac team. They were married the following year. Later after earning her Master's Nancy taught nursing at Duke and at Durham Tech and then did neurologic nursing. She has chaired the Aging Committee of the Episcopal Diocese of NC and served on the boards of Penick Village, the Chamber Orchestra of the Triangle, the Durham Junior League, and local environmental groups such as Friends of West Point on the Eno while cherishing her roles as wife and mother of three children. Banks plays violin in the Medical School Orchestra and maintains interests in science, medicine, and astronomy.

Communication

by Ned Arnett

“They’re here!” “They’re here!”
the months of making plans are past;
our loving progeny so dear,
kids and grandkids are here at last.

We’ve done our very best to keep
in touch by e-mails, snail mail, phone.
Our talks are sometimes really deep
but often leave us feeling quite alone.

Now, here they are with loving kisses
after a day on US 95,
ready to make up the sleep one misses
getting an early start at six or even five.

Now, back to the really exciting stuff:
the electronic umbilical cord.
Face-to-face chats are not enough
compared to input from the cyber world.

Out come the laptops, I-phones, Kindles
to reconnect with electronic “friends.”
Care for texting, or Facebook, never dwindles;
we must keep up with all the latest trends.

Then, before you know it, they are gone.
The tail light vanishes down the lane.
We’re back to communication by phone.
When can we meet to really talk again?

The Forest at Duke Genesis

by Carol Oettinger

The way the Forest at Duke began is an interesting story and there is no one better to tell it than **Maidi Hall**. She and her husband, **Ken**, were in it from the beginning. This was farmland owned by the Picketts. They sold it to a developer who planned to build apartments with garages. Maidi attended the City Council meeting at which the attractive plans were presented and approved. The land was cleared, curbs and gutters were put in, and the outlines of buildings were begun.

Unfortunately, the developer ran out of money so the project was abandoned. Derelicts began to use the unfinished structures. The bank which held the loan foreclosed and took the land. The city of Durham wanted to use the land for public housing. The neighbors were upset about what this might do to their property values and formed a steering committee to see what could be done. **James Crapo** and Ken Hall got together a limited partnership agreement with 45 neighbors. Each partner invested and the partnership bought the land from the bank.

They found a developer who bought it to build condo apartments for students. The parent of one of the students would buy each unit. This seemed like a good idea and Ken and Maidi bought a couple of them. Then that developer went bankrupt.

The Crapos and the Halls bought the land back again, and James and **Kathy Crapo** began to re-search building a CCRC on the property. (There were only two in the area at that time, the early 1980s.) The Crapos visited a number of CCRCs and interviewed residents about their experiences. The most common complaint was small rooms. They decided to develop a better retirement community called The Forest at Duke. In addition to the Crapos'

and Halls' investments, both James's mother and Kathy's mother contributed their retirement savings which was a brave thing to do. They deserved to be memorialized by having the two original health units named for them—Olsen and Holbrook. Fortunately for all concerned, when the property was sold to the TFAD Board of Directors everyone got their money back.

After a feasibility study, the N.C. Health Commission authorized tax exempt bonds for construction. The building was begun, incorporating a number of ideas from the Crapos' research, with large rooms a priority.

After more than 30 years in their house on Montgomery Street, Maidi was tired of the chore of being a home owner. She was happy that she didn't have to leave the neighborhood when she moved here in 1999. She has never regretted her decision and has put together a list of other residents who "didn't want to leave their neighborhood." You will be hearing about them.

They Stayed in the Neighborhood

by Carol Oettinger

Beverly and **Don Stone** grew up and married in California. Don joined the faculty at Duke and they moved to Durham. They lived five blocks away from the Pickett land where public housing was proposed. Soon neighbors invited them to join in a plan for stopping that. She and Don were ready to invest in the partnership which ultimately generated The Forest At Duke. So when she was ready to move to a CCRC, she had already committed herself and stayed right in the neighborhood at TFAD. She joined her many friends here in 2011.

Ella Jean Shore and her friend **Pat Markas** were avid golfers. They traveled to tournaments all over. They hadn't thought about finding a retirement home. Pat was always suggesting new things to do and in 2000 she suggested that they take a tour of all the CCRCs in the area. They made the rounds and both found The Forest "head and shoulders" above all the rest. Ella Jean lived on Wade Avenue just across from the main gates of the Forest at Duke. She had watched The Forest at Duke being built. She moved across the street in 2011. Her friend Pat will be joining her and us in June.

Kelly Matherly had lived in the neighborhood for 28 years before she married **John Setzer** and moved to his house in Hope Valley. After several years with John doing a lot of yard work including climbing a ladder to do things to the roof, they began to think about looking for a retirement home. They met their friend **George Williams** on Duke campus one day. He said, "Come to The Forest and get an east-facing apartment." They didn't look anyplace else and John and Kelly had an east-facing apartment until his death. She is enjoying her east-facing apartment now.

Phyllis Owen and her husband, **Harry**, lived six blocks away and had watched them build the Forest at Duke. Harry was Chair of the Electrical Engineering Department at Duke and traveled a lot in his work. Phyllis accompanied him on trips in the United States and overseas. They wanted a secure place to call home and moved in six weeks after The Forest opened. She said it was "all mud and clay" at Cottage 69. Later they moved to an apartment which Phyllis is enjoying. Another move by a couple who stayed in the neighborhood.

Health: Did you know?

... that one of the Clinic's services is to facilitate prescriptions? When Dr. Buhr, The Forest's Medical Director, writes a prescription, it can be faxed to the pharmacy of a resident's choice. If a resident has an account with the Kroger at Roxboro Street and Martin Luther King Boulevard, the filled prescription can be delivered. Prescriptions faxed before noon on Monday through Friday are delivered in early afternoon to the Clinic, where the resident can pick them up. Also, the Clinic can fax a resident's prescription written by another doctor to Kroger and it can be delivered to the Clinic.

Mystery: On a Serious Note ...

(David Steindl-Rast: *Essential Writings*, Modern Spiritual Series, Orbis Books)

by Bill Harrington

Joanne and I have always hoped this short column would bring a smile to your face—a chuckle or two as you read it.

This time, I'd like to be serious for a few words. I have been reading the prose of Dr. David Steindl-Rast, a Benedictine monk with a PhD in experimental psychology, an unusual, maybe a unique combination. I use the word prose because some of his writing is more like poetry than prose. He's an author whose words are easy to read but challenging to understand. The reason: Dr. Steindl-Rast's narratives have such deep meaning. I tend to read a while and think a while—a slow but instructive process.

What on earth has this got to do with food? My explanation starts with a quote by John O'Donohue: "May you experience each day as a sacred gift woven around the heart of wonder." Steindl-Rast be-

lieves that if one lives in the First World that it is a sin. Why? Because, simply by living in the First World means we are exploiting the Third World. Preposterous – you say! Maybe so. I—for one—cannot go quite that far. However, just think on that for a few seconds and look at this theologian's world from where he sits.

Here goes my connection to food. Every time we walk into the dining room or the café, we have an incredible number of choices. Food, food, and more food. Our debates are never about whether or not there will be any food. Half of the world cannot make this assumption. How fortunate we are. My purpose in writing this column is to ask us to pause for a moment and be thankful for what we have. If you are a believer, you know who to thank. If you are a non-believer, you can thank your ancestors for being where you are at this time.

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



1944



June 1945 USS Dougherty

You Can't Fool Mother Nature

by Don Chesnut

When I was young and in my prime,
There were no limits, life was fine.
I ran and jumped and had great fun,
And gravity was overcome.

But now I struggle just to trot,
My youthful acts are long forgot.
My purpose now above it all
Is simply to forestall a fall!

Has the earth's mass gotten bigger
Thus a greater force to trigger?
Has the attraction changed in size,
That has removed my youthful guise?

I do suppose it could be me,
We're not the same at eighty-three.
Whatever the case there is less fun,
Gravity has finally won!

Back to Basics

by Ned Arnett

While having lunch with one of my friends,
chatting about this and that, means and ends
out of the sky of pristine Carolina blue
he raised a matter curiously taboo,
not good manners, at least peculiar,
or awkward in our society so secular.

"How's your spiritual life?"
I'll admit it cut me like a knife.
"None of your business" was my gut response,
fortunately unuttered, as
I feigned nonchalance.

But, why should this question bring unease
or cause a friendly conversation to freeze ?
This isn't about some kind of kinky sex
nor does it deal with what's
politically correct.

Is there any doubt that you or I have spirit ?
Why should talk about it make us fidget?
Religion's not the issue, atheists say
they love virtue, they just don't pray
nor is it privacy, just take a look
at shameless "Friends" exhibiting on Facebook.
A simple question sometimes finds a friend in
need,
Care for another person's consciousness is care
indeed.

Puzzle