



Evangeline Worrell, Administrative Assistant II

by Joanne Ferguson

On a recent Saturday a friend asked me if Kroger pharmacy delivered to us on Saturday, and she wasn't even sure to which Kroger her doctor had sent the prescription she needed that day. I went down to the Health Center to investigate. There I found **Evangeline Worrell**, whom I had never met before, on duty at the Visitor's Desk. Evangeline got on the phone immediately and called every Kroger pharmacy in the area, located the prescription, and found that, indeed, they did not deliver on Saturday. Evangeline's help was so swift and astonishing to me that I was impressed once more with the number of excellent staff people that I am unaware of, even after eight years here; so I stayed to talk.

Evangeline, the fifth of nine children--eight girls and one boy--was born in Monrovia, Liberia, where her father had a trucking business. The family lived on a homestead property containing their house and three houses of aunts and uncles; so there was a large extended family close by. Evangeline's house was the hub that hosted the holiday gatherings, with tents set up to accommodate them all.

Her grandfather had a trucking business, hog farm and fruit farm in the interior, and where they all went to spend the summers. She says she and her siblings and her cousins had happy summers there. She remembers especially the plentiful mangoes and plantain. One of her aunts was an accomplished seamstress, and during the summer sewed dresses for the girls for the coming school year.

In this country of 26 dialects, Eangeline's mother spoke Pele as well as English, but her parents insisted that all the children speak English.

She went to convent school, and when her



Photo by Jenna Griffith

parents died within a year of each other, three of the children lived at their family house. The youngest were sent to live with the aunts and uncles who lived in the surrounding neighborhoods.

In 1970 she joined a married sister in New York City, where she attended her last year of high school. She says she was excited to be coming to a new country, and it was only after she got here that she began to feel some homesickness. The man she was dating got a scholarship to attend Wake Forest University in Winston Salem. She followed him there, and they were married when she was 17. She went to business school in Winston Salem for two years, and when her husband graduated and got a job at North Carolina Central University they moved to Durham. She then went to NC Central for three years, with three little children to care for at the same

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The Forester

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In Memoriam

Evelyn Maddox October 5, 2014

Oakley Pandick October 7, 2014

Rosemary Oates October 17, 2014

President's Podium

by Dale Harris

It is leadership changeover time in the Residents' Association since the terms on our Board are on a cycle that begins the first of November. We appreciate so very much the very fine job done for us by those whose terms just ended on October 31: **Debbie Chesnut, Elodie Bentley, Christel Machemer, and Lloyd Redick.**

They have done so much to sustain an effective Association for all of our residents here at the Forest at Duke. In addition to helping our Board sustain a high level of functioning, they have taken care of the tasks described below.

Debbie, as Treasurer, has not only budgeted, received, and disbursed our Association financial account, but has also written to all residents twice a year about the Employee Appreciation Fund. She has collected and recorded those funds before passing them on to the Administration for disbursal.

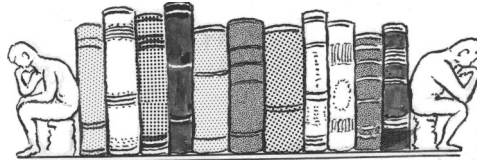
Elodie, as Chair of the Resident Services Standing Committee, coordinated the activities of the Library, Copier and Computer Rooms, Gift Shop, Encore Store, Residents Publications and any other programs to augment resident life. She has had a remarkable array of activities within her bailiwick.

Christel, as Chair of the Caucus Coordinating Standing Committee, facilitated the exchange of information pertinent to residents through a network of caucus leaders. This network ensures that communication between the Residents' Association Board and the residents flows smoothly in both directions.

Lloyd, as Chair of the Facility Services Standing Committee, has maintained a close

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Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

Have you seen our two awesome bird pictures?

The head of an owl is to the right of the entrance doors to the Library and he is guarding the doors with a piercing look. His feathers beg to be stroked. Inside the Library, also to the right of the doors as you are leaving, is the fierce head of an eagle. He seems to be saying, "Have you checked that book out?"

They are the work of an excellent photographer, Paul Gaecke, who gave them to the Library via his sister, **Jean Boyd**. They were photographed in a bird sanctuary, then photoshopped to canvas, giving them the look of splendid paintings. We are indebted to Paul and Jean for these beautiful additions.

Another donation is a subscription to *Majesty* magazine, given by her granddaughter in memory of **Bertha Wooten**, an Anglophile and ardent reader, who died just before her 102nd birthday last summer.

All of our magazines and newspapers are donated, as subscriptions or after the owner has read them, as our budget is not large enough to pay for subscriptions. Please do not take them out of the Library.

Donated books—the backbone of our Library—are receipted for IRS tax deduction, but not newspapers or magazines. We welcome all except textbooks, books that are torn, yellowed, or have loose pages, are mildewed, heavily underlined or otherwise marked, or are outdated, e.g. dictionaries, atlases, or scientific and medical books.

OASIS, a service of the Durham Public Library, supplements our holdings with selections of current books in both regular and large print that it brings every 2nd and 4th Thursday afternoons from 2:00 to

3:00. No library card is needed and they can be renewed. Also, a particular book can be ordered by calling the phone number listed above the residents' computer.

All these amenities help to make our Library exceptional! And please keep suggestions filling the box on the newspaper table to help this Library become the outstanding one among North Carolina CCRCs.

Podium continued

liaison with The Forest at Duke's Facilities Service Department to assure quality service in the areas of Buildings and Housekeeping, Grounds, Safety and Security. He has several sub-committees with whom he schedules regular meetings and has also overseen the Wood Shop Committee.

Bruce Rubidge has been a resident member of The Forest at Duke Board and his term also expired October 31. Bruce has been a valuable contributor throughout his six years of service to the TFAD Board.

Our sincere thanks to each of them for doing their jobs exceptionally well.

Worrell continued

(Continued from page 1)

time.

From Durham Tech she got her licenses in medical records and as a CNA. "I'm a jack of all trades," she says, "and it was the medical record license that got me this job." She not only works the desk from 4:30 to 8:00 and every other weekend, but also one night a week she functions as a CNA.

She worked at Nortel in customer service for twenty years, where she met her second husband, Moses Worrell. When they married they went to London for a honeymoon. They each had three children, all grown and in college except for one eleven year old. They put the families together, and now on Thanksgiving and Christmas when they gather, she sometimes feeds as many as twenty-five people. Between them, she and Moses have seven grandchildren, the youngest fourteen months. Accustomed to a

large extended family, she says she finds the gatherings rejuvenating, though she's thinking it's about time for her to ease out of her role as hostess for them all.

The homestead in Monrovia was prime real estate, and with all the aunts and uncles gone and all her siblings in America, when a developer made an offer, they all met and agreed to lease the homestead.

She went back to Liberia three times before the civil wars but not since. "My country was destroyed by ten years of war," but fortunately, not a single member of her family was killed. "I have had a good life," she says, "and every day when I wake up I look forward to what the day will bring."

Luckily for us, for the past nine years, the day has brought Evangeline to The Forest.



Third from left with sisters at niece's wedding

Worrell continued

Evangeline at 15



With 3 sisters on way to Confirmation

To Robbie Burns

by Ned Arnett

*"O wad some Power the giftie gie us
to see oursels as ithers see us"
so wrote Robbie Burns
in "To a Louse."*

It's true enough.
So, for starters, look in the mirror.
If you look like a slob or a fop
you can do something about that.
Even better, ask your spouse.

But what do your friends see?
or your enemies?
What do they tell you for your improvement?
Not much. Grownups don't usually do that
Unless they're getting ready to fire you.

Now, when we were kids
it seemed there was no end
to hearing how grownups saw us
and often they didn't like what they saw,
but, at least, they told us how to fix it.

As for the other kids,
they just wanted to humiliate, not edify.
Twelve year old girls
with their "truth books"
were the meanest, I've heard.

Grownups do like to talk
about other grownups
as long as they aren't nearby.
We all do it. But what a waste!
How does anyone benefit from that?

How can we see ourselves
as others see us
if nobody ever tells us
what they see?

Welcome, New Residents

Photos by Carol Carson



Ron Haynes

Apartment 4050 919-401-8796

Ron grew up through his teenage years in London, Ontario, Canada. Anticipating opportunities in New York City and having an aunt in Brooklyn to provide a safe haven, he left Ontario. Home-town experience selling ads opened a job with the NY Times, but it wasn't long before Ron saw something more exciting, a U.S. Air Force career. Ron crossed the Hudson to an enlistment center in New Jersey and began a multi-state, multi-country life typical of the U.S. military. His specialty became air traffic control. He was deployed to bases across the United States and overseas. Repeatedly, when the Air Force needed controllers, Ron was called back as an instructor at the Air Traffic Control School at Keesler AFB, Biloxi, MS. When he and his wife were seeking a more stable school situation for their children, he saw an opportunity to retire from the Air Force and become a contract instructor in Biloxi. Later, driven out of Biloxi by hurricane Katrina, he moved to Savannah. At the suggestion of his daughter, Kellie, he has now come to The Forest. Kellie is Associate Director, Global Innovation Insights, Burt's Bees, Durham. His son, Timothy, is a plant manager for Michelin, Greenville, SC.



Margaret Scott Stubblefield

Apartment 4020 919-401-8979
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Margaret was born in San Francisco, the daughter of a career Army officer. This meant multiple grade schools and three high schools. After high school, she majored in art for two years at Stephens College, Columbia, MO, and then transferred to Washington University, St. Louis, where she earned a BS in occupational therapy. Upon graduation she was commissioned into the Women's Army Specialist Corps. Two years later Margaret married Roger Stubblefield at Ft. Sam Houston, San Antonio, TX; both were Lieutenants, she in the Army, he in the Air Force. Immediately after their honeymoon, Roger was transferred to Alaska; Margaret remained in Texas until she was released from active duty a few months later. She has lived in Anchorage, Frankfurt, the Philippine Islands, and the Panama Canal Zone, and most recently a retirement community in Maryland. An interest in family origins has blossomed into a 30-year study of the Scott and Stubblefield families, which she has traced back to the mid 1600s. Margaret has two children: a daughter, Anne Dill, CPA and banker living in Mebane, NC, and a son, John, employee of the Federal Government in Bowie, MD.

Mystery Food Labels: Icky, Mushy, Yucky, and Gooeey

by Bill Harrington

One of my assigned chores each day is to pick up takeout lunches for the two of us. The words above are four of the graphic terms used by **Maija** to describe the foods that she does not like. The most important part of my job is to apply these labels to the culinary delights I find in front of me. As you know, the entrees and sides are not always prepared the same, so my task is sometimes a daunting one. For instance, I am not to get grapes that are too gooeey, chicken that is too icky, and fish that is yucky. Over time, I have learned that this means grapes that are not firm, chicken that is fried, and fish that tastes too fishy. Anything that is too greasy is out of the question. The entrée and sides must also look right. I have nothing more to say about this one because I have not begun to master it.

This approach to food analysis is foreign to me. I like any kind of food – prepared in just about

any way. My problem is making a decision on *which* entrée to get. This makes the choices for Maija doubly challenging.

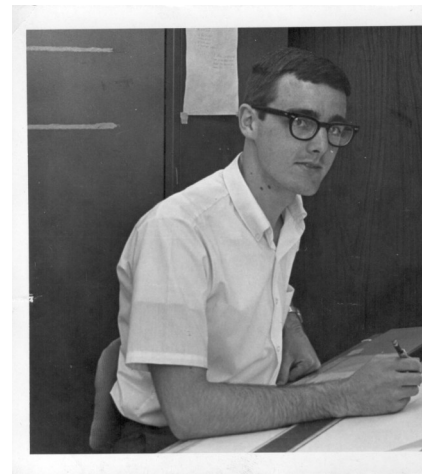
If I happen to make an error and appear home with icky, mushy, yucky, or gooeey food, I am required to eat said mistake. This is often accomplished by placing a small bowl between my wife and me. A gooeey grape, mushy blueberry, and a yucky piece of tomato are added to my salad. I am told that this was part of our marriage vows, but, try as I might, I cannot remember that part of the ceremony.

I am hoping that **Tony Ellis** will add these terms to the names of the dishes that appear in the menu publications and to the names of the entrees in the Café. This would be a great help to me. In the meantime, I would appreciate any assistance that you would be able to render.

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



College boy



High school boy

The Camping Trip from Hell

by Carol Oettinger

Ordinarily I flew from North Carolina with my four children when I visited my family in Wisconsin. This time, my husband, Charles, decided to come with us and make it a camping trip. The children were enthusiastic as we gathered camping gear. A tent that would let us all sleep horizontally was first. Then a camping stove, sleeping bags, air mattresses and a lantern were added to the store. I had some reservations about buying all this and packing it and the family into the car, but my husband solved the problem by renting a trailer. This necessitated buying a gadget to attach it to the car. I thought that our plane tickets would have cost less.

We were going to take a northern route since it was July. Our first stop was a campground in Pennsylvania. It had been getting more and more cloudy and began to rain as we stopped. The person in charge said, "This is the first rain we have had in a month." Luckily we all had raincoats. Charles and the two older children began to put up the tent and a tarp between two trees so what I was going to cook on the kerosene stove wouldn't get soggy. I set up the stove but there was no kerosene. Charles drove back to the little store at the entrance and bought some. While I cooked I had been pumping up air mattresses with one foot. By the time we had eaten the rather sketchy meal, it was bedtime. We hung our raincoats on nearby branches so it would be relatively dry inside the tent. My three year old had a flashlight which she shined into her face and said pitifully, "Am I ever going to sleep in my own little bed again?" She said it every night.

In the morning the mud was a problem in striking the tent and packing all the other gear into the trailer. It was still raining, so we ate granola bars and drank bottled water for breakfast. We did stop for lunch at a diner and were all happy to get out and walk around a bit in a dry place. We drove all afternoon and found that the rain had come with us. The same scenario took place as the first night at each place we stopped to camp. Once when I was kneeling in the mud at a water spigot with a pail of dirty dishes, a pair of feet appeared beside me. I looked up and saw a man who said, "I'll bet you have a nice home somewhere." We wryly laughed.

I tried to help the children to deal with the tedium as we drove. "Are we going to drive forever?" and "When will we get there?" were a refrain. We counted the numbers on license plates and tried to find different farm buildings and we sang. Oh, how we sang. We were going to cross the Mackinac Bridge, and one of the children sang about that endlessly. We finally did cross the bridge. What we could see through the mist was lovely.

Just over the bridge we found a campground that had wooden buildings with places to sit and bunks for sleeping. The only real problem there was the mosquitos. There were a lot and were so big that one of the children said you could feel them land on you. The thing that brought joy to my heart was a laundry room. I washed everyone's pajamas or what they had slept in, dried the sleeping bags and put everyone to bed, clean and dry, for the first time in what seemed forever. Then as I began to wash and dry everything else, Charles came in with a carton of

Camping continued

orange juice, heavily laced with gin. I was so happy in that laundry room.

In the morning the sun was shining and we had only a few hours to drive to Green Bay, Wisconsin, our destination. I told Charles that if he was planning to camp on the way home, he would be doing it solo. We stayed in motels on the way home.

A Paroemion

by Ned Arnett

One dreary day
while doing my doleful daily duty
of circumperambulating campus drive
doing my best to keep dry,
dodging the drops still dripping
after a dismal downpour,
I was depressed by the decidedly
doleful discovery that so many words
describing disconsolate, desolate,
depreciating and destructive moods
begin with the letter d.
Deprived and desolate,
like any despicable dullard,
I depended on the dictionary
for a definition.
My dreadful discovery is not onomatopoeic
but extreme alliteration, in fact a *tautogram*,
a deliciously delightful delicacy
for linguistic devotees.
Look it up.

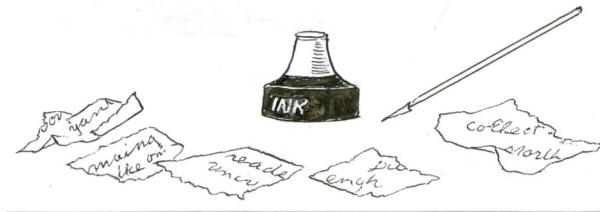
Duh!

Bill Leonard's Honor Flight

*Bill Leonard's email to his family (below)
about the honor flight was printed in the Island
Review of November 2010, a newsmagazine for
Bogue Banks*

Yesterday was a day of activity, many things to do, much seen, a long tiring day (up at 4am, the pillow at night 11 pm). Today, now the day after, the events of that day have begun to sink in. The thoughts of what happened yesterday are only now bringing out the realizations, the feelings, the resultant deep emotions... When I started to relate to your mother at breakfast this morning, my throat tightened and it was hard to get the words out ... there was so much that we saw and felt yesterday at each of the war memorials. There was so much to appreciate for all those who brought this honor flight to its fruition, but the most warming, appreciated moments came when we landed at tiny New Bern airport. The plane was almost one hour late in arrival. As we all stepped off the plane and were starting to make our way through the airport concourse, almost a thousand people were there to greet us—men and women (young and old), children, the veterans of later wars including those currently serving, the civic organizations ...emotionally, it is even hard to write at this time. All so eager to shake our hand, or hug us, and in some way express their heartfelt “thank you” for all that we, who served in WWII, have done to enable them to live in the freedom we enjoy today. One mother, holding an infant in her arms, thanked me on behalf of her little baby, for enabling her child to grow up in a United States, a country in a form that we helped preserve. It was a great day: a true flight of honor; the words and actions of so many who truly appreciated what we did and to let us all know. It was a lifetime experience.

Odds and Ends



Common Denominators

by George Williams

A few days ago, as we came into the dining room, we noticed at the round table just to the left of the entrance, a full complement of ladies, most of whom we knew. We recognized these friends as being named "Barbara." And then, as we studied the company, we realized that all of the diners were named "Barbara." A full table of eight residents, all named "Barbara!" After dinner, a quick check of the "First Name Directory"--and a special thanks to whoever thought of that--revealed that there are eight residents of that name: all were present at that table. Further research provided records of other multiple names, nine "Nancy" names and thirteen "Mary" names. (The record seems to be gender-specific; male names do not cluster--only three "John" names and six "Bill" names, for instance.) Conversation with one of the Barbara diners tells me that this formation has been in place for several years, occurring occasionally when one of the group organizes it. The diners are disparate in background and interests, she tells me, but they enjoy a unique bonding by their name.

Other sorts of association come to mind: It would seem that on Friday evenings, that same table hosts eight residents, long-term residents of Durham and long-time friends and now widows. And there might be graduates of particular colleges, for example. I have no sense that any such groupings exist in The Forest. Unless I have been ostracized, the gradu-

ates of my college do not meet. I know of only one collection of graduates from a single institution, the Julliard School, some who have been prominent as vocalists or instrumentalists in earlier days; I am not aware that they gather as a group of alumni. They certainly do not form an exclusive clique. One of them, indeed, did organize a session of fellow instrumentalists from this area. From time to time **Norm Greenberg** invited three friends to constitute a quartet of French horns to play together for their own pleasure--and for that of The Forest residents who were invited to come to the sessions to listen and to ask questions. (I respond in admiration: is there any other community of retired persons anywhere in the world that can boast the enlivening contribution of a quartet of French horns? ! Their sound went out into all the corridors, and was wonderful.)

Though age takes its toll on the lips and lungs of hornists, there is a hope that this quartet might find their second youth and revive this excellent custom.

If a clever person would put together another kind of "Directory," this one of colleges, or of birthplaces, or of committee memberships, might there not be stimulation to have more groupings dedicated to one theme or another?

Hospital Recoveries

by Carol Scott

When I was a junior in high school I had an emergency appendectomy (done, I brag, by the future president of Duke University, Dr. Deryl Hart). It was caused, I have always been sure, by my eating a pomegranate seed in Latin class.

We had been studying the legend of Proserpine, the beautiful daughter of Ceres, goddess of Earth, who was abducted and carried to the Underworld. Rescued after some time, she was first forced to eat six pomegranate seeds, to insure that she would return to the Underworld for the six winter months of every year. Her return to Earth heralded the advent of spring. A student brought a pomegranate to our class and each one of us had a taste of one seed. I became violently ill an hour or so afterwards and was diagnosed with acute appendicitis, resulting in the surgery mentioned above. I have never since eaten or drunk anything connected with pomegranates!

At that time it was customary for appendectomy victims to spend 10 days in bed in the hospital, and not to sit up and dangle feet over the edge of the bed until about the fourth day. A typical rebellious teen-ager, I sat up and “dangled” much earlier, but did not leave my bed until the tenth day -- and was astonished that my feet did not go in the direction I wanted them to!

However, all went well and I went back to school in another week or so. Meanwhile, my sister Bett also had an emergency appendectomy! She was still in the hospital when my friend Mary Jane called me on a Saturday and asked if I wanted to go horseback riding with her. I did, but had to ask Mama for permission, of course.

For some unknown reason Mama took this opportunity to let me make my own decision --- after a long lecture about what happened to little girls who went riding so soon after surgery, with ripped stitches and falling-out insides as a dire result. Then she said I could decide what to do.

Of course I said “I’ll call Mary Jane back right away and tell her I can go. She will come by here to pick me up.” For once Mama was caught and could not back out of her decision, and I went happily off to the riding stables.

There were no dire consequences. I felt fine, exhilarated to be back to riding again.

As we came trotting back to the stables we passed over a bridge above a small stream. Standing next to the railing with his girlfriend was the resident from the Duke Hospital ward where I had been and my sister was still. I waved gaily to them --- and watched his mouth drop open in astonishment as he saw his recent patient out riding. That night when my parents were visiting Bett they received a stern lecture from the resident. Bett did not ride horseback for a long time after HER surgery.

Nine years later my Duke obstetrician believed in early ambulation after childbirth. I had walked down to the nursery one afternoon to see and admire my new-born son, when two friends of my mother came up to admire the grandchild of another friend. Finally they turned to me and asked about my baby --- a boy or a girl? and how old? When I replied “two days,” they were shocked and horrified.

“TWO DAYS? My dear, your doctor may think it is all right for you to be up and walking now, but who knows what the result might be in the future!”

The result was four more babies, delivered by an obstetrician in another city, chosen for his strong belief in early ambulation --- even after a C-section.

And by now, surgery is almost a drive-by event in some cases!

Russell Jones took these photos in the early morning of October 17 and wrote as follows:

I suspect the eagle was investigating the pond as a possible food source. When I first saw him, he was sitting on a fence post on the east side of the pond near the bridge. Then he moved to a tree limb near the southern tobacco barn – where the photos were taken. Then he flew to the west side of the pond and seemed to watch the pond rather than the construction. My guess — with the lack of fish in the pond, we won't see much more of him, but I keep my eyes open. However, I've been told that others have seen the eagle feeding on a squirrel. That might be enough of a food source to keep him around.

