
THE FORESTER

Volume 20 Issue 3

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

December 2014

Joan Welch, Director of Sales and Marketing

by Joanne Ferguson

Joan was born and brought up on the West Side of Cleveland with three sisters. "I love them all," she says.

She went to an all women's high school, St. Joseph's Academy for Women, and we concur on the ease that wearing a uniform gives to the dressing process in the morning. "It was a very sheltered childhood," she says. She subsequently went to the University of Akron where, as a business major, she was in the honor society and on the dean's list.

When her husband got a job in LA they were

off to the West Coast. She loved the change, saying change has been the blessing of her life. For twenty years in LA she had a job as producer, Teitzell Film, where she negotiated contracts with CBS and NBC, presented storyboards and dailies for promotion graphics. She worked on cels herself and still has some of the original cels as well as a demo tape. She negotiated contracts with J. Walter Thompson, Detroit, for Ford logo creation five years consecutively. "It was fun work."

When she was a young married, she had a Giant Lop Eared Rabbit who weighed sixteen

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The Marketing Team
Betsy, Joan, and Paige

Photo by Jenna Griffith

The Forester

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In Memoriam

Caroline Long November 13, 2014

Elaine Hastings November 23, 2014

President's Podium

by Dale Harris

These days we residents are feeling surrounded by changes and challenges on a fairly regular basis and one advantage of this stage of our lives is that each of us has experienced adaptation more than once before. We chose this outstanding CCRC and we want to do our part to keep it that way. Some of you asked for a printout of the quote I used from Longfellow at our Groundbreaking ceremony. Considering change in his "A Psalm of Life" he said,

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than today."

The topic most on our minds is executive leadership on both an interim and long-term basis and the search firm which will best help us realize that. We are so very fortunate that our TFAD Board of Directors is committed to that effort and active in it. Led by **Ken Gibbs**, Chair of the Board, and **David Pottenger III**, Chair of the Search Committee, they are meeting frequently and working between the meetings for our best interests. They are very interested in and attentive to resident input and, by the time this issue of *The Forester* reaches you, we will know more about that process.

Meantime, our RA Board and volunteers, in a huge variety of efforts, continue to contribute to our quality of life here. The Sing-Along Sessions in Health and Wellness have been very successful under the leadership of **Zena Lerman** and **Wes Carson**, to be carried on after January 1 under Wes's direction. The number of Sing-Alongs are increased starting in November to weekly on Wednesday at 3 pm (once a month in Carlton and the other three times in Regency) and weekly on Thursday at 10 am (in Biltmore). Those helping through the end of this year are **Delaina Buehler**, **Doug** and **Fran Whit-**

(Continued on page 3)

Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

“Why do we have OWLS in our Library?” you ask. “Why not statues of (half-draped) Athena/Minerva, the Greek/Roman Goddess of Wisdom? After all, the Library is a great source of wisdom.”

The answer is that the owl was the SYMBOL of the Goddess of Wisdom, and cuter and more readily available to purchase than statues of the Goddess herself. So the owl has become the symbol of our Library, where wisdom (among other things) is to be found.

Some of that wisdom was expressed in entries in our suggestion box for ideas about the new Library. They were very helpful in the meeting with representatives of the decorating firm involved in our renovations, although, of course, all our suggestions will not be used. We thank everyone who participated because the Library Committee members all want our new location to be welcoming and comfortable and YOU know what will make it so.

Speaking of the new Library, the plan now is that we will move next summer or early fall to the new location. The present Library will be closed only for the very short time (a week or less) for the actual transfer of books (and owls?) to the new Library downstairs. Library service will hardly be disrupted.

Meanwhile, a request. When you donate to the Library, please give us your name. Recently we had a very large donation with no donor's name. We searched through the books to see if a name was inscribed and thought we had found the donor. However, it turned out that this person had formerly owned the book, but was not the donor of those boxes of books. Happily, a paper was found among them that gave the right name, so we were able to acknowledge the welcome gift.

Our new books have been slow to be put out for circulation because of the travels and illness of

the staff members involved in their preparation. Now we have some to suggest.

Jodi Picoult's newest: *Leaving Time*

Suzanne Collins: *Hunger Games*

Robin Cook: *Intervention*

M.C. Beaton: *There Goes the Bride* (a mystery)

Charles Todd: *An Unwilling Accomplice* (another mystery)

Charles Blow: *Fire Shut Up In My Bones* (a Civil Rights memoir)

Amanda Knox: *Waiting To Be Heard* (memoir of the U.S girl falsely accused of murder in Italy)

James Thurber: *People have More Fun Than Anybody* (centennial celebration of his drawings and writings)

If the Durham and Raleigh newspapers seem slow in arriving, please remember that they are donated by residents after they have read them in the morning. Ed Lee is no longer able to bring them, so we need a volunteer to collect and take them to the Library each day. A Christmas present for us!

Have a happy and not-too-busy Christmas season, with lots of good cheer, is the wish of your Librarian and ever-helpful Library Committee.

Podium continued

field, Mary Ann Ruegg, Sarah McCracken, Lou McCutcheon and Phyllis Owen in addition to Wes and Zena.

Kudos to each and all of them.

Welch continued

(Continued from page 1)

pounds. They called him The Beaver and he was house trained and could fetch his own carrots out of the refrigerator. They also had a sheltie named Wally, who longed to herd The Beaver, but who was kept under control by the bunny's powerful kick with his back legs. The Beaver refused to be ruled by a dog, even one weighing thirty-five pounds. The Beaver liked chewing on the hems of the draperies.

There were other dogs and cats as her children were growing up, but The Beaver and Wally seem to have been the stars. Joan's two daughters, Emily and Annie, got their master's degrees with Latin honors and are working in Charlotte. She says they are "lovely women."

Joan has lived in Chapel Hill for twenty-two years and is pleased to have only a ten-minute commute to The Forest. For eight years she worked as a founding director at The Cedars, where her mother lives.

She loves startups, turnarounds, and new projects and says she managed the cooking school at A Southern Season for two years. I asked her how in the world she got involved in that. She says when she heard they were planning such a thing she called

them up and said, "You need me." They needed a deal maker to call book companies, enlist high-end chefs as well as local rock star chefs, and to forge deals for equipment. She says she is a decent cook, will eat anything, doesn't need fussy food and likes simple things.

She had an Italian grandmother, Corinne Iammarrino, who immigrated in 1920 from Abruzzo south of Rome. I ask about speaking Italian in the family, but she says her grandmother was bent on assimilating, so Italian was quickly abandoned. But Joan has been to Italy and says she picks up some language wherever she goes and makes her way even though with a less than perfect performance. When she visited Assisi, she went into a restaurant and ordered a pizza. When she bit into it she realized that it was her grandmother's pizza! "It was one of those astounding moments," she says. It was from this grandmother that she inherited a pasta machine.

Joan is a weaver—has a rigid heddle loom. She weaves in the winter, but in the summer "You can't get me off the tennis courts." With all her energy she heads a happy team and our occupancy has gone up rapidly since she arrived at The Forest in May of this year.



Joan on Corinne's lap



with grandmother Corinne

Welcome, New Residents

Photos by Carol Carson



Carol Reese
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Nancy and Bill Michal
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Carol grew up in Valley Stream, Nassau County, NY. An undergraduate major in Social Science at nearby Hofstra University stimulated graduate study in Library Science at Florida State University. Her first job as a librarian was at Brookdale Community College. The fad at that time was for each major academic area to have its own library, with topic-specific books and a full reference collection. Encouraged by the Brookdale President, Carol accomplished a reorganization that preserved separate topical collections and consolidated the expensive reference works. She also began to incorporate technology for more effective searches, in an era well before the personal computer. Her accomplishments opened an opportunity with the American Society of Civil Engineers, a technical society with a trove of valuable publications underutilized because there was no good way for users to search and assess content. Carol solved their problem by devising and leading the implementation of an innovative indexing system based initially upon printed cards and gradually upon computer methods. Carol's accomplishments in the use of technology to make information accessible have made her an expert archiving resource. In retirement she is looking forward to travel, reading, antiquing, and volunteering in the TFAD library.

Nancy and Bill moved to The Forest from High Point, NC, where Bill had been a pediatrician. Both were born in the South: Nancy in Nashville, Bill in Charlotte. They met in high school in Charlotte. Their relationship blossomed in Chapel Hill when Nancy attended the Woman's College; he was an undergraduate at the then male-only Carolina. After Nancy's second year they married, and Bill entered UNC Medical School, so for the first four years of marriage they remained in Chapel Hill. Upon Bill's earning his MD, he began a residency in pediatrics: two years in Rochester, NY, and a final year in Denver. After Bill completed a two-year Army service obligation at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma, he and Nancy sought to return to North Carolina. A group-practice opportunity attracted them to High Point. There they reared their three children and were active church and community volunteers. Nancy enjoys bridge and reading. Bill is a "collector" – of vintage banjos, seashells ... and much more. Their children are nearby: son Mark (Efland) and daughter Lisa (Durham) together own "Progressive Computer Systems" headquartered in Chapel Hill; daughter Mary Lynn (Hillsborough) home schools her children and teaches music.

Talking With Peg

by Joanne Ferguson

“There was a softball team at The Forest,” says **Peg Lewis** one morning. She often surprises me with memories of The Forest back in the beginning. She couldn’t remember where they played, but did remember that one day **Dr. Tony Galanos** was playing shortstop (often regarded as the most dynamic defensive position in baseball), made a spectacular leap for a catch, fell and “broke his shoulder.” So I emailed Dr. G to find out what he remembered and he answered me within hours as follows:

“We played in a city softball league at a park over near Duke Regional Hospital. It was made up of various staff throughout the community. I did, in fact, play shortstop and separated my shoulder diving for a ball and was taken to Duke ER where I suffered for hours.

“We did not play any other CCRCs and no residents played but did attend all of our games and showed great support. Happy memories. Dr G”

Mitzi Goodwin didn’t remember the separated shoulder, but said Dr. G came in often complaining about a bad back from shooting baskets. **Molly Simes** said she remembered that Dr. G complained after playing football. So an email from Dr. G replied thus: “Hi, I played football on Sundays, still do, with the Internal Medicine interns and residents. Then, in the winter, I used to play Sunday hoops with the same interns and residents—and would feel it on Mondays.” So everyone remembered everything correctly.

This brings us to the bus that drove the loyal fans to the games. Peg remembers a less than first-

rate bus, “maybe second hand?” she says. But it couldn’t run the air conditioner while idling at a stop light without running the battery down. “We had a driver who could tell when trouble was brewing,” she says, and trouble was indeed brewing once when they took the off ramp from I-40 and died right there. AAA had to come jump start them. **Glenn Arrington** remembers a troubled bus and said the driver on I-40 managed to make it to the off ramp just in time for the stall. He says one of the early buses had a button to push to go to full idle.

Another surprise from Peg was when she told me the original plan for the expanded health center had only one entrance (for security purposes), and she was on a committee to oversee the plans. She campaigned long and hard for a second entrance, the door we are now using as the temporary front entrance, so we have her to thank. Her children call it Mom’s door. I think we should christen it “Peg’s Door.”

More Poems for Sale

Over the past eight years *The Forester* has published almost a hundred poems written by Ned Arnett. In the spring of 2012 the first sixty-nine were published as *Not for Sissies and other poems from The Forester* with illustrations by Bob Blake. Over forty copies were sold in the Gift Shop with the proceeds going to the Benevolent Fund.

Now Ned’s latest twenty four poems have been assembled as *Unhappy Birthday and a few more poems from The Forester* and again are on sale in the Gift Shop with all income going to the Benevolent Fund. A few more copies of the original *Not for Sissies* are also on sale in case you missed the original sale. Just in time for Christmas !

Mystery Food: *Castanea Sativa*

by Bill Harrington

(from Wikipedia, www.homecooking.about.com,
and www.msu.edu)

Since I had to sleep on the couch for several days after my last article, I have chosen a safer topic.

The holidays are upon us. For some strange reason I started thinking about one of my favorite Christmas songs: *The Christmas Song* or its more recognizable name, *Chestnuts Roasting on an Open Fire*. No matter what your faith or what you may or may not do for the holidays, I hope you agree that this classic is indeed a beautiful tune.

It took Mel Tormé only 40 minutes to write all of the music and some of the lyrics during his first song writing session in 1944. Nat King Cole, Mel Tormé, and many others have recorded this song.

The chestnut tree is a cousin of the oak tree. The European chestnut tree was introduced to America and joined an already existing American variety. Unfortunately, in 1904, a diseased Asian chestnut was planted on Long Island, N.Y. The disease nearly wiped out the trees on the east coast. A few healthy groves still exist in California and the Pacific Northwest. I remember reading not too long ago that a group of researchers is experimenting with a variety of chestnut that is resistant to the blight. Let's hope they are successful.

In case you want to roast some chestnuts and you don't have an "open fire," put them in the oven at 300 degrees for about 15 minutes. *Before* you pop them in the oven, make sure that you punch a few holes in each one. If not, they will explode and make quite a mess.

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



Glamour on the beach



Laughter on the balustrade

Destination: Forest at Duke

by Carol Oettinger

Allen Valpey lived and worked in the D.C. area for many years. After retirement, he and his wife moved to Sylvan Shores on the Outer Banks. They lived there for twenty years and enjoyed life even with everything salt spray covered and rusty. When Alan's wife became ill, their daughter, who lived in Durham, encouraged a search of the CCRCs in this area. They looked at several, but found The Forest at Duke most attractive because of the proximity of Duke University with music and other cultural activities. Being near Duke Hospital was helpful. They were on the waiting list for about a year but when a ground floor apartment with a patio, that would take their cat, became available the die was cast. In 2006 the good move was made to The Forest.

Penelope Easton lived in Miami, Florida, and was a Professor of Dietetics and Nutrition at FIU. Her daughter lived in Wake Forest and finally told her that a move to North Carolina was overdue, and she had found a place for her to live in Fearrington Village. Penelope lived there for eight years. She finally decided that a move to a CCRC would be a good idea. She looked at Carol Woods but there was a five year wait. She had begun to teach at DILR (now OLLI) at Duke as soon as she moved to the area and had made a number of friends. One told her, "If you want to be an egghead go to The Forest at Duke." She thought that was pretty funny, but came to look. She got on the waiting list and the two-year wait became six months. She liked the layout of the apartments and especially the little laundry room with the stacked washer and drier. [me too] She moved to The Forest in 2003 and is happy here.

Lois Oliver, one of our newest residents, grew up in Pittsburgh, PA, and went to

college and medical school there. She came to Duke for five years and was recruited back to Pittsburgh by the chairman of the department. Not long after, she married him. She taught there for 13 years. She came back to Duke and worked in the Dean's office as an advisor-dean. Dr. Crapo's daughter was one of her advisees so Lois knew about The Forest at Duke from its inception. In 1999, she retired because her husband was ailing. They moved to Croasdaile where her husband died. She was only 70, so Croasdaile did not meet her needs. She bought a town house in Durham. As she neared 80, she began looking at CCRCs. Then her washing machine died. She called Betsy who said there was a three-year wait. But as they talked, Betsy got news that an apartment, which had been looked at but not taken, was available. Lois liked the apartment and came to The Forest at Duke in September. She likes it, and all her neighbors, including me, are glad she is here.

Bob Durden grew up in Georgia and went to Emory and then to Princeton for his PhD. He has been a North Carolinian since 1952 when he came to Duke to teach American history, a subject about which he wrote twelve books. Bob and his wife watched The Forest at Duke being built because they lived in the neighborhood. They never considered moving to any other CCRC, and moved to 30 Pond View Court in 2001. When he moved to his apartment, his two daughters enjoyed hanging his pictures and doing "decorating" for him. He likes his apartment, especially the balcony so he can enjoy the fresh air.

Sylvia and Ned Arnett have lived in Durham since 1980. Ned was a Professor of Chemistry at Duke. Sylvia taught in the music department and did what she calls "freelancing," playing in orchestras and string quartets and teaching privately. They

Destination: Forest at Duke continued

lived in the Duke Forest homesites and came to the groundbreaking at The Forest at Duke. Sylvia came and played a duet with Ruth Phelps. Both of their parents had been in retirement communities and they knew what a blessing that was. They never considered any CCRC other than The Forest at Duke because they had many friends here, especially Lucy Grant, who was head of marketing at that time. They moved to The Forest in 2000 and are happy to be here.

Sheila Mason grew up in Wales. She went to school in Brighton, England. Her family moved to Jamaica. She went to Canada to attend McGill University and later taught in a girls' school in London, Ontario. On holiday in Jamaica she met the man she was to marry, who was in the Navy. He was reassigned to the United States and they were married here and lived in McLean, Virginia, for 28 years. When a move was necessary her daughter who lived in Durham said the Triangle area was the place to come. This wonderful daughter explored every CCRC in the area. She settled on the Forest at Duke which she felt had the best location, people, and possibilities for learning and enjoyment. So Sheila got on the list, moved into The Forest in 2003, and is glad to be here.

Nell and Bruce Rubidge lived in Larchmont, NY, and owned an 18-foot sailboat. They liked it there and were sorry when Bruce's job caused a move to Pittsburgh, PA. They grew to enjoy being there, except for those northern winters. Nell had grown up in Raleigh and went to Duke. They moved to North Carolina because of the weather and to Chapel Hill because Nell had always wanted to live there. They had looked at Carol Woods and had been offered a cottage there. Nell said it was too dark and woodsy and reminded her of Girl Scout Camp. They decided to have one

more look around. They came to The Forest at Duke after the Health and Wellness Center addition had been built. As they walked over the bridge they saw the 6 square feet of sand and the beach chair that someone had put there for the residents. They decided then and there that this was the place for them and in 2004 they moved into Cottage 51. They are happy there and Nell can watch the new moon.

Joanne and Oliver Ferguson came from Ohio State and have been in Durham since 1957 when Oliver came to Duke to teach in the English Department. Joanne spent her time raising children until the last one was in kindergarten. Then she became a proofreader at Duke part time, and later editor for academic books. She branched into garden books and when she retired became a full time gardener at home. The time came, when she got down into the fish pool to clean it out, that she began to think about living someplace where someone else did the gardening. She didn't give up gardening completely as she has always had some garden plots. The Fergusons looked at other CCRCs, but they didn't like any so much as The Forest at Duke. They had friends here from Duke who encouraged them to come. They moved here in 2006. As our *The Forester* editor, Joanne, and Oliver, as well, have contributed much to us all. I'd like to end with a quote from Joanne: "When we came to The Forest to talk to marketing we found Bob Blake's diorama of old Durham set up in the Foyer. I was enchanted. When we returned the next day we found it had snowed in the night (he used flour to simulate snow) and I thought this was a wonderful place to come to. And so it was."

Architect's rendition of new library interior

Photo credit: CJMW Architecture



Architect's rendition of new bar and lounge interior

Photo credit: CJMW Architecture



Architect's rendition of new front entrance

Photo credit: CJMW Architecture

