

Anita Holt, Our Interim Executive Director

by Joanne Ferguson

Anita came to us in January of this year and lives in Pinehurst with her Maltese dog named Fred. She has a commute to The Forest of an hour and fifteen or twenty minutes.

As we walk back to her office she tells Sandy she won't be in the office tomorrow since she has a longstanding engagement to meet with the Boys and Girls Club-Sandhills, for which she has been Vice Chair of the Board since 2011. When I hear that, I foresee a resume that is more than can possibly be digested in the few pages *The Forester* reserves for a profile; that proves to be the case.

Despite this we begin with her upbringing in Springhill, a neighborhood of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the oldest of five children, with two bothers and two sisters. All of her siblings and her mother still live there, her mother in the house where Anita grew up. Her father died four years ago, but her mother, a breast cancer survivor, goes to the Y every day, teaches a class, and says she's not yet ready for a retirement community. Anita says her mother is a very strong person who showed such grace at a very emotional time.

Anita was born in Lampertheim, Germany, where her father was stationed in the army. She has no sharp memories of those years, since the family came back to America when she was three. She says they lived in a one-bedroom apartment above the Muellers. Frau Mueller was a French woman married to a Hungarian, and the families became good friends. Frau Mueller advised Anita's mother that she should always have a black skirt, a white blouse, pearls, and black heels and that this outfit could go



anywhere. During their stay in Germany, her mother practiced her formal German and her father, already fluent, learned colloquial speech as well. When her parents needed to communicate privately in front of the children they switched to German. Though Anita took German in school, she says she always preferred French.

Her father was a Child and Family Therapist, who worked both in the private and public sector. Her mother is a retired teacher. Both of her parents were only children, and Anita says she must have driven them crazy as a teenager. She was the child in the family who was always asking questions and often disagreeing with the answers. Her father would remind her in the midst of her angst to "just be a person."

After high school she enrolled in Northeast-

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The Forester

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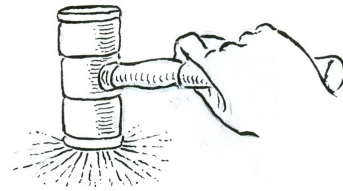
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Fran and Doug Whitfield

President's Podium



by Dale Harris

Stay tuned. Those are the two most descriptive words relating to this living change time we are in here at The Forest at Duke. How nice it was to have one of the projects, the Party Room, pronounced finished and ready for our use again, and the roads and various parking modifications in their final stretches toward completion.

In late March, the Interior Design team from CJMW Architects was planning an almost daylong meeting here on our campus to meet with various residents as well as Administrative staff and TFAD Board members about the interior finishes selections for some of the areas of the renovation project. Some representative residents were to meet with them at various times on the following: Billiards/ Club Room, Library, Formal Dining areas, Café, Forest Room, and Living Room.

The stakes, markings, as well as the upright three-sided structure near the flag poles at the front of the Community Center are stimulating many interesting queries about the what, why, and when. It is unusual entertainment! Stay tuned.

In Memoriam

Elizabeth O'Hanlan

February 23, 2015

Constance Watts

February 25, 2015

Janet Holley

March 11, 2015

Martha Gambill

March 17, 2015

Louise Lawrence

March 20, 2015

Naomi TePaske

March 24, 2015

Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

By the time you read this in April it will officially be spring by the calendar, and we hope it will also actually be spring by the weather. When I look out the window to the area where the new Library is to be, what I see now is a mud hole, with several large puddles of water. Not very promising for the beautiful new premises we have been promised!

Also by April we will have met with the decorators to discuss shelving and storage problems in that designated space. The decorators will doubtless make the Library outstanding in appearance, but we must be sure it functions well also.

We have long known that not all the mysteries in the Library are to be found on the Mystery shelves in the Classroom, but we have recently had an unusual mystery indeed. A resident was notified last month of an overdue book, which she said she had never checked out. When shown the book card, with the overdue check-out date and her correct name and apartment number, she successfully showed that it was not her signature. She had no clue as to who might have signed it out. We cleared her and could only wait to see if that book turned up in the book return drawer.

Several weeks later I was surprised to receive a package from the Wake County Public Library in Raleigh. Inside, to my amazement, was the overdue book in question! I immediately questioned the particular resident to learn if she had a family member in Wake County who might have checked out the book. The answer was a definite "No." We are both wondering how this particular mystery can be solved.

Among the new books in the Library are several mysteries and some Large Print books.

MYSTERIES

Leon, Donna: *The Jewels of Paradise*

Set in Venice, but not a Commissario Brunetti mystery.

King, Laurie B.: *Dreaming Spies*

Mary Russell and Sherlock Holmes solve a mystery in China

Hawkins, Paula: *The Girl on the Train*

Every day from the train window the girl sees the same thing, until one day she sees something shocking. Does she do the right thing by reporting it? "A Hitchcockian thriller."

LARGE PRINT

Conway, Tim: *What's So Funny? My Hilarious Life*

"A 70-year, rags-to-riches journey that is both comical and inspiring."

Kidd, Sue Monk: *The Invention of Wings*

A novel about Charlestonian Sarah Grimke, abolitionist and pioneer of women's rights, and her slave, Handful.

Frank, Dorothea Benton: *The Hurricane Sisters*

Ashley and Mary Beth, on Sullivan's Island, South Carolina, endure an emotional hurricane when they decide to rent out the first floor of their beach house for soirees for paying guests.

PLUS MORE!

Holt continued

(Continued from page 1)

ern University, which was one of the first private cooperative education universities, which gave students time off to work at real jobs in the field of their interest, interspersed with regular classes. She said to think of it as “work study on steroids.” Her undergraduate degree was in medical sociology. After that she earned a Master of Public Health at Boston College. She worked for the federal government all through college, and after that she worked in Early Childhood Development. (Though she has no children of her own she says she is a proud aunt.)

She has worked in the continuing care field for over thirty years, fifteen of them in executive level positions. She has had clients in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Washington DC, California, Michigan, and New Jersey, and has overseen startups and expansions. So the present tumult of The Forest holds no surprises for her.



Anita and her Mom



Fred

The Winter of our Discontent

By Ned Arnett

That was the winter of our discontent
 Memorable for disruption of our home
 I know not whence it came or where it went,
 We're left to suffer our collective syndrome.
 Waiting and waiting for the party room
 And for the fickle sun to smile on paving,
 Meanwhile our porte cochere has met its doom,
 In retrospect, it hardly was worth saving.
 Heroic efforts by the staff paid off,
 Maintaining our morale with wine and food.
 Despite our wintry sneezes, sniffles, coughs
 We've managed to express a cheerful mood.
 Disgusted with black ice and filthy snow,
 We're more than glad to finally see them go.

The Rogers Teeth

by Carol Scott

In families we like to look for resemblances between members of different generations. “He is the spittin’ image of his uncle at that age” or “She looks so much like her grandmother.”

My daughter Elisabeth at one point thought she didn’t look like anyone in the family and wondered if she were adopted. Her grandmother Scott declared “You look just like my little sister Mary Gray,” to reassure her. Unfortunately, Mary Gray had died at the age of six and there was no picture of her. That convinced Elisabeth of her adoption and that Grandma was just trying to make her feel better. Elisabeth’s nose, however, was like her grandmother Seeley’s, so she DID belong, after all.

I once came across a photograph of one of my father’s cousins and knew right away who resembled him. I showed it to my children, who immediately all said that it looked just like their brother John. The years were a long stretch, but the picture did not lie.

And my grandson Eli, wearing dreadlocks done up in a bunch on his head so that hair was all one saw when looking at him, had his hair cut and styled for his wedding, and revealed a face and wide smile exactly like his grandfather’s.

But it was never clear for me. Blond hair like my mother, hazel eyes like my father, a wide space between my two upper front teeth (now somehow closed after the passage of time and other dental work) like neither. At various times during my growing up I was likened by their friends sometimes to my mother and other times to my father. And photos over time have shown no particular likeness to either of them. At one time I, too, wondered if I were adopted.

However, in my late teens a photo connected me to my mother’s family.

When I was seventeen I spent a year at Connecticut College for Women in New London, CT. My mother’s sister and her husband lived there, and I spent many Saturdays with them. That fall a great-aunt and uncle came for a visit from Seattle. Aunt Carrie was a sister of my grandmother, one of five girls in the Rogers family. At some point after their father died, Carrie and sister Lena traveled—I never knew why, when or how—from their home in Maine to the far west, where both girls married and had families. Aunt Carrie was the only one who returned for family visits, and that year I became acquainted with her.

One Saturday afternoon when I came down from the college to visit my aunts and uncles, I brought with me the formal, smiling, photograph of me that had just been taken for the college yearbook. I thought it a good likeness and proudly showed it around.

“Oh, look!” exclaimed Aunt Carrie. “She has the Rogers teeth—with a space between the two upper front ones—like mine!” And she gave a wide smile to show the resemblance, only to reveal—DENTURES, with no gap between the teeth.

That is the closest I have come to a family resemblance.

I wonder if any of my great-grands will look like me?

Welcome, New Resident



Jane M. Lloyd

Apartment 3011 919-489-4021

Jane was born and grew up in Raleigh. After earning a BS in Health, Physical Education, & Recreation from Mary Washington College of UVA (and later an MA from UNC-CH) she taught at school and college levels, the final 32 years at Duke. As an undergraduate she first learned to play what became a passion: golf. At Duke golf was just one of the recreational sports Jane might teach each semester, and she tells tales of coaching sports where her personal ability was limited or nil. In 1972 Duke became fully coeducational, Title IX became federal law, and Jane established the first Duke Women's Golf Team. Her initial recruits were nine girls in her intermediate golf class. There were no women's teams with which to compete, so she mobilized colleagues at rival universities and together they built an intercollegiate program. The players from those first five years are loyal alumnae and cherish their team experience. Aware that more undergraduates participate in Club Sports than Varsity teams, Jane organized support permitting clubs to flourish. She was a backer and formidable player of NC & SC women's golf. Now in retirement with many interests, Jane still takes pleasure in a well-played round.

The Cretan Liar

by Herb Carson

Paradox: a statement or proposition that, despite sound (or apparently sound) reasoning from acceptable premises, leads to a conclusion that seems senseless, logically unacceptable, or self-contradictory.

Conundrum: a riddle whose answer is or involves a pun. 2. a: a question or problem having only a conjectural answer. b: an intricate and difficult problem.

What's in a word? When my wife received her doctorate, our younger son (then about 14 years old) proclaimed, "Now my parents are truly a paradox." His statement was so clever that we immediately went out and bought a front license plate (still adorning my current car) that proudly proclaimed us a "PARADOX."

Which somehow reminds me of the riddle about "the Cretan Liar." (Crete is an island in the Mediterranean.) The puzzle was first posed by the semi-mythical Epimenides (fl. about 600 BCE). Himself a Cretan, Epimenides explained that a certain man proudly exclaimed, "I always lie."

Now the paradox begins. Because if he does always lie, then he has now told the truth. And if he doesn't always lie, then his proclamation is false because he sometimes tells the truth. So now we have his paradoxical statement, and it becomes a conundrum.

Which could lead either to a pun or a headache. There's a paradox for you.

More Destinations: The Forest at Duke

by Carol Oettinger

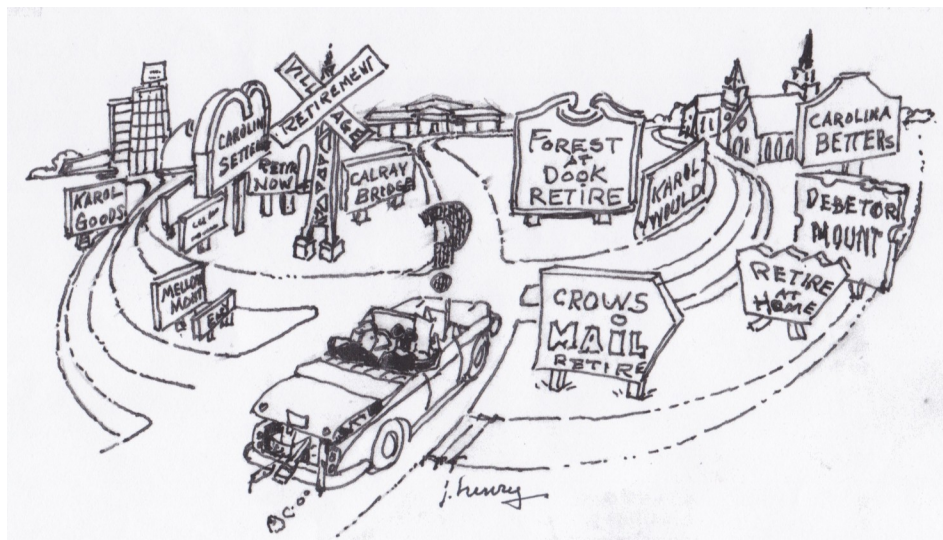
Betty Leach moved to Durham from Atlanta in 1955. She lived in this neighborhood when The Forest at Duke was being built. She knew about the outside from the start and never really thought about going any other place when it came time for retirement. However, she did come to take a look and liked the people and the place on the inside. She moved into apartment 3025 in May. She says she is comfortable and happy here.

Libby and Harry Whitaker were both North Carolinians and went to Duke. Harry had been in the military and when they thought about retirement they signed up for a nearby Air Force CCRC. Their daughter had moved to Durham and they decided to look at CCRCs in the Triangle area. They saw an advertisement for Carol Woods, but there was a 12 year wait. While in the area they came to visit **Dr. Susan Dees**, who had been one of Harry's professors at Duke. She lived at The Forest at Duke, enjoyed it, and encouraged them to look around. They found the people friendly and outgoing and liked the feeling of the place. There was a waiting list for cottages, but they were "in the right place at the right time" and were, "lucky to get Cottage 28." They moved here in 2004 and are enjoying life at The Forest.

Ann and Larry Inderbitzin lived "all over."

After retirement, they lived for 13 years on a 115-acre farm in central Pennsylvania that they had owned for 30 years. The isolation—five miles from a loaf of bread—and the long cold winters started them looking for somewhere else to live. After much searching and several visits to The Forest at Duke, they found that they liked the people, facilities, and the Triangle area. They decided The Forest was the place for them and moved to Cottage 29 in November 2014. They have enjoyed the activities offered here. More important, they have appreciated the friendliness and kindness of their fellow residents.

Jane Lloyd taught physical education and health at Duke for 32 years. She retired in 1993 and bought a house a few blocks from where The Forest at Duke was being built. She watched it "from the ground up." She had deposits at Farrington, Croasdaile, and The Forest at Duke. Deciding which CCRC to choose was stressful, but her friends the **Saltzmans, Ella Jean Shore, and Pat Markas** kept encouraging her to come and enjoy life here. She called **Betsy** in July and was happy to hear that an apartment would be available soon. In December 2014, Jane moved into apartment 3011. She likes her apartment and "loves being here and getting settled."



My Grandfather's Store

by Carol Oettinger

My grandfather had a country store in Ada, Wisconsin. Ada had a population of about 30 people. I loved to visit because there were so many fascinating things to see.

One of the things I liked best was when the farmers brought their eggs in and they had to be “candled” to be sure there wasn’t a baby chick lurking inside. A section toward the front on the right was devoted to material for women’s clothing and flannel for men’s shirts. The necessary needles, thread, and pins were there along with fascinating books of patterns. There was one sewing machine, which my grandmother demonstrated, and it could be ordered. It had a treadle which was pumped back and forth to make the mechanism work.

On other shelves were overalls, work boots, and heavy denim jackets with lots of pockets. The underwear was long sleeved and long legged and looked warm. A few simple house-dresses and khaki work shirts were available. There were some simple dishes and knives and forks along with utensils such as wooden spoons. There were several kinds of soap. The bar soap looked brownish. The semi-flaked soap for washing was scooped out of a container on the floor.

In the center of the store was a potbellied stove that burned wood. I got to bring in the small logs and put them in the wood box. Men often sat around the stove on wooden chairs. There was a spittoon because some of the men chewed tobacco. The tobacco came in tin boxes and there were packets of papers so cigarettes could be rolled.

In the front was a counter with a cash register. The cash register rang when the keys denoting the amount of money deposited were

pressed. There were also two scales for measuring smaller or larger quantities. Weights were used as counter balances for ounces or pounds. Flour and sugar were measured in the larger scale. Salt, baking soda, and other things in smaller quantities in the other. On the counter were glass jars of candy: licorice sticks, jawbreakers, and fruit drops I got to sample. On the shelves behind the counter were a few canned goods, tobacco, and notions. On the floor were small kegs with pickles of different kinds, onions, pickled beets, potatoes, and apples. There were several large barrels containing huge amounts of sugar, flour, and oatmeal with a scoop in each. Different sizes of paper bags were supplied so the customer could take as much as they needed. Up a flight of wooden stairs was an array of tools and parts for farm equipment. There were also kerosene lamps and lanterns. People could take kerosene out of the large barrel which was on a stand. The barrel had a spigot on the bottom. They brought their own containers or bought one if they needed to. In the cool cellar there was “pop” and bottles of beer, as well as butter in earthenware crocks and cheeses, which the farmers brought in.

I never tired of exploring the wonders of my grandfather’s store.

Mystery Food: Tabbouleh

by Bill Harrington

I was standing in the food line not too long ago when someone pointed to a salad and asked, “What’s that?”

I said, “It’s tabbouleh.” I was really proud of myself until she asked me what was in it. I had no idea.

So, here goes. The ingredients are often tomatoes, chopped parsley, mint, and onions – seasoned with olive oil, lemon juice, and salt. Some chefs may use a little garlic. (Wikipedia.com)

There’s a story that goes along with the history of tabbouleh. Sounds fictitious to me, but everybody likes a good story. It seems that Julius Caesar and Cleopatra – at about the same time – asked their personal chefs to make them a salad. Each wanted a salad that was different from the same old thing. Inde-

pendently, each chef came up with something similar, sorta like the tabbouleh we have today. They both loved the new concoction. Cleopatra named the new dish “Cleopatra salad.” When Julius Caesar found out, he was outraged and demanded that the name be changed. It became known as tabouli. (sabrafoods.com)

It has been impossible for me to pinpoint the origin of this salad dish. It has been made in the Middle East, Bulgaria, Greece, and so many other places for a very long time. I do know that it did not come from eastern North Carolina where I grew up. (ifood.tv)

Maybe the Julius Caesar and Cleopatra story is true. Then again ...

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



New Jersey in the 60s



19-year-old bride

Patio Phenomena

by Georgie Brophy

Last year and now again this year, there are hundreds of small, round white balls floating, seemingly out of the sky, down to the floor of my patio here in the B wing. This phenomenon appears to occur in the spring only!

Our Maintenance crew launched an investigation last year and concluded that the many beautiful birds above us are lining their nests with the little white bits which they have drilled with their tiny beaks from the white columns of the building! This ensures that the chicks hatch in a luxurious environment, but one naturally wonders whether it could also be a need for calcium supplements? And is there a remedy for the practice? Our head of Maintenance assures me that none has been found to date, and that the columns remain intact despite the annual drilling.

All is not necessarily as peaceful as we would like to believe among the critters inhabiting the surrounding garden. My daughter recently found a SQUIRREL TAIL lying on the ground next to the patio entrance: just the tail, which makes me wonder what happened to the rest of the little animal!

I am feeling somewhat squeamish so will be calling on that solve-every-problem Maintenance crew to return and remove the offending tail!

A Bad Day to be Driving

by Carol Oettinger

It was a bad day to be driving. The rain was heavy with some squalls that almost obscured vision. My little convertible handled well, but I was being careful. I had to be at the school at three to pick up the children, so I couldn't stop to wait for clearing. There was no sign of letting up, no break in the clouds. Just dark and darker blurs in the west.

The road was familiar. I always did my special shopping in the city near my small hometown. I saw some "men at work" signs, but no one was working on a day like this. They would have to finish their tarring on another day.

Here was the wide curve I had rounded a hundred times, but suddenly the car began to skid. I steered into the skid as I had been taught, but there was no response in the car's motion. It drifted sideways and then backward. As it hit the edge of the shoulder the car began to turn over. The noise and violence of the movement seemed slow and distinct. I gripped the steering wheel and thought, "I am going to die. How interesting. I wonder what is coming next."

Stillness and the cessation of motion suddenly overwhelmed me. I saw my watch swinging from a door handle over my head. My first thought was—turn off the ignition. Then I realized that I was Alive and didn't feel any pain.

Suddenly I heard voices overhead. Someone pulled open the door and hands reached down to me. I unsnapped my safety belt and stood on the window below my feet to be lifted out of the car. "This is the fourth wreck we've had on this curve today. Are you all right?" I stood up and saw that the skirt had been ripped out of the waistband of my dress. Could that be all? Was I really alive?

Deleted or Filed?

by Ned Arnett

Booting up my default, fully conscious,
working mind at five A.M.,
I stumble to the bathroom
to urinate, wash the night's accumulated crusts
from my eyes, and take the morning's
handful of pills.

I can't help looking back, like Orpheus,
into the dreamy netherworld I have just left,
as songs, poems, memories of girls and places
I have loved and stupid things I've said and done
come oozing up, unwelcome,
from the random access memory of my mind's hard drive.

I'd supposed it was deleted and that I was free of it ages ago:
some recollection of a lapse of common sense or decent manners
filed away neatly in some obscure corner of my mind;
not necessarily sinful but truly embarrassing,
seen in all its stupidity through the clearer eyes of old age.

Now, after sixty or seventy years of hibernation it
suddenly emerges,
unbidden, unwelcome, mischievous,
echoing down the corridors of my brain
just as I was happily cooking my breakfast:
Oh, my God, I can't believe it, did I really say that?

The Wagers of Friends

For some years Don and Oliver have wagered on a variety of matters. Stakes are for a penny, which has been brought to a high shine and passed back and forth from loser to winner. The loser pays his debt with accompanying verses and is answered in kind by the winner.

Lines by **Don Chesnut**, written on the occasion of his paying a wager to his friend **Oliver Ferguson**.

The Next Time

This coin I give to you, my friend,
To show that you were right again.
But note, my friend, I do not fret,
Since next time I shall win the bet.

Oliver's Response:

That you were right in your prediction
I regard as no affliction
Since wagering is our joint addiction.

You won the bet, so I assent
To settle with this shining cent,
Knowing that it won't be spent.

Don again:

Two in a Row

Those Irish eyes were smiling,
It was all too plain to see.
They had the Tarheel's number,
When the Irish beat UNC.

More important though than winning,
It's this that I want you to know.
That with this, your most recent loss,
I have now won two in a row.

Oliver's response:

Although from time to time I lose
These wagers with my worthy friend,
This is no cause for me to choose
To bring this contest to an end.

Win or lose, the only way
Is that I still keep up the play.
Else it would obviously be wrong:
These wagers must go on and on.
