



Volume 21 Issue 2

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

November 2015

Ellen Brown, Director of Sales and Marketing

by Joanne Ferguson

After a period as interim marketing manager, both The Forest management and Ellen said yes to a permanent position on September 20, much to the delight of her fellow marketers.

Ellen was born and brought up in Southampton, NY, the youngest of four siblings (two sisters and a brother). She played all sports in high school, in which she excelled, a passion which she continued through her liberal arts degree at Manhattanville College in Purchase, NY. She also loved sailing and hung around the docks to crew for anyone who had a spot.

Her father was a school superintendant, got a masters at NYU, and when he retired at the age of 60, he went to law school, becoming a special prosecutor for the ADA. When he graduated, Ellen's mother had a Porsche Carrera tied in a bow waiting for him in the driveway.

In college she was in the softball league in



Billy and Ellen Brown

Central Park, playing shortstop, and was a good, consistent leadoff batter. Her favorite sport of all was field hockey, which took her to Europe, including Holland, Germany, and England, as well as Nassau and Freeport in the Bahamas. In England her team played men's teams a lot. She tells me that in Europe country clubs are centered around field hockey.

Ellen thought about law school after college, but instead got a job with McCann-Erikson, the third largest advertising agency in the world. She worked there four years, then did real estate in Southampton, and worked as a freelance marketer.

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The Forester

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Joanne Ferguson, *Editor-in-Chief*

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Bruce Rubidge, *Layout Editor*

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In Memoriam

Murray Huntoon

October 1, 2015

President's Podium

by Dale Harris

TFAD Residents' Association: Tax Issue Process

Several months ago questions came to your Residents' Association Board about the tax status of our corporation. So we looked into it. Our records indicate the following:

- that our Residents' Association was incorporated in 1996 as a not-for-profit corporation under the State of North Carolina General Statute Chapter 55A;
- that our Corporation had never filed for federal tax-exempt status with the IRS;
- that our Corporation filed income tax returns with the IRS in 1996 and in the years following through 1999 and none since; and
- that our Corporation received (on Aug. 26, 1996) a North Carolina Department of Revenue notice of exempt status for franchise and income tax purposes to the State of North Carolina.

This history raised some complex issues about our organizational structure and its legitimate status as a non-profit under federal statutes and regulations. It should be noted that during the 15 year span (2000-2014) there were modifications in federal tax statutes and IRS regulations, no doubt.

To move our Residents' Association toward addressing these questions was going to take some focused attention, time, and work. I appointed, with the RA Board's approval, an Ad Hoc Committee to address our Organizational Structure and past and present tax filings. Happily, very able residents agreed to serve thereon. They are Sylvia Kerckhoff (Chair of our Marketing Standing Committee) as Chair of the Ad Hoc Committee; Tom Keller (Chair of our Finance Standing Committee); Robbie Robert-

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Robin Rogers continued

(Continued from page 1)

It was as a freelancer that she worked for National Child Health Day of the American Health Foundation. She managed their annual fundraising party at the Waldorf, with a panel including C. Everett Coop and Hillary Clinton, with Cokie Roberts as moderator. Ellen got national coverage and sold every table. Two weeks ahead of the event the Secret Service advance team appeared and went over every inch of the Waldorf, saving a chair in the front row which they called "the shooter's chair." It was a great success with lots of media. To everyone's surprise, all the media rushed out of the room in the middle of the event. Later it was disclosed that the O.J. Simpson verdict had just come in.

Ellen was in mid-town Manhattan on 9/11. Her life, like virtually everyone's, changed profoundly. A year later she moved to Pinehurst, where she still lives, and which reminds her of Southampton. She says her hour-and-a-half commute is beauti-

Traveler. A website calls him "a walking, talking encyclopedia of music." When Ellen was on air with him he proposed with a ring. She said she was so embarrassed all she could do was say, "It's beautiful!" Billy said, "Ellen, that's not an answer." She managed to say "Yes," and they have been married four years.

They live in Pinehurst with an Australian Shepherd named Hero

Podium continued

(Continued from page 2)

son (our Parliamentarian); Jim Shuping (our RA Vice-President and our Archivist); and Mary Streitwieser (our RA Treasurer).

That Ad Hoc Committee is doing an outstanding job with a complicated issue to work on. It benefitted greatly from pro bono consultations with an attorney, Jack Walker, and a CPA, Pamela Brinkley. Ultimately, the Committee recommended to the RA Board that the Residents' Association apply for tax exempt status from the IRS at a cost of \$400. Mary Streitwieser prepared the application and it was submitted. A ruling is not expected for 6-24 months. The RA will file when due in 2016 our 2015 taxes as a tax exempt, non-profit corporation.



ful. date
To she
has done sales and marketing for CCRCs for eleven years.

Their dog, *Hero*

Her first husband died in 2006. She met her present husband, who is known on the radio as Billy Bag-o-Doughnuts, on air when she was advertising Belle Mead in Southern Pines. After a 34-year career with IBM, Billy had retired to North Carolina and got a gig on WIOZ radio from 6 to 9 in the morning, where he plays golden oldies, or what he calls "oldies but goodies." He is in great demand in Moore County and has been interviewed by the Tarheel

Is Liver On the Menu For Today?

by Carol Scott

Most of us have food preferences, likes and dislikes. And many of these stem from food episodes in our younger days. For example, my aversion to pomegranates in any way, shape or form. This comes directly from an event that happened when I was in high school.

In my 3rd year Latin class we had been reading about the legend of Persephone, who was captured by Hades, king of the Underworld, and was released only after she ate four pomegranate seeds, which ensured her then of returning to the Underworld for four months each year---the four winter months. Her return to Earth signaled the beginning of spring.

One day a classmate brought in a pomegranate. It was passed around and everyone ate one pomegranate seed to experience what Persephone ate. About an hour later I experienced severe abdominal pains and went to the health office. I was sent home, and there was diagnosed by a visiting doctor as having acute appendicitis. The offending organ was removed that night and I spent ten days in Duke Hospital. I have never touched a pomegranate product since.

An earlier experience explains my aversion to liver.

Only once did my mother ever serve us liver. From its reception, I guess she decided that once was enough!

My two younger sisters, Bett and Ruth, and I were brought up knowing that we had to clean up our whole plates (served to us by Mama in what often seemed to us to be too-large helpings) at each meal before we could leave the table.

Unfortunately, I did the same for my own children and grandchildren, but now would require of my great-grands only a taste of everything served, but not a clean plate.

One of my grandsons recently reminisced about this. When he was six, "I refused to eat my broccoli and you told me that I couldn't leave the table until it was finished. So I set up camp on the floor under it." Thus, he didn't actually LEAVE the table.....

But to get back to the liver lunch.

I didn't care at all for the taste of the liver, and it took me a long while to choke it down. Finally I went out onto the front porch. I was then about ten years old.

After a long time my six year-old sister Bett came out to join me, and we commiserated with each other about that nasty meat Mama had expected us to eat. At last, a long time later, four year-old Ruthie came out to sit with us on the porch, having at last managed to clean her plate.

Tearfully, she said to me, "Carol, I didn't much like that lizard. Did you?"

I have never served "lizard" to my children or grandchildren! And I don't believe my great-grands have had it either .

And Nothing But the Truth

by Don Chesnut

My wife's my love, none else will do.
Said I, dear love, please tell me true,
I know you love me as I am today.
Will you still love me when I'm old and gray?
My love so true, she said ... I do!

Welcome, New Residents



Paul & Linda McBride

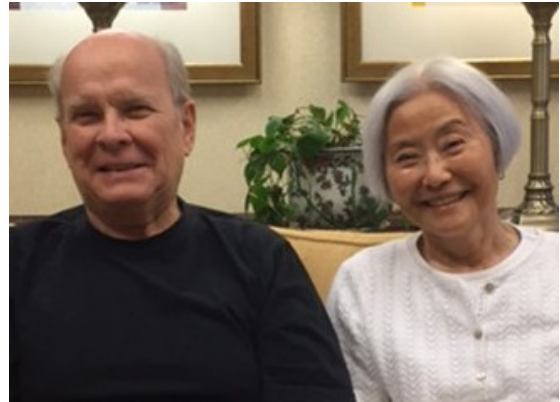
Cottage 87 984-219-2541

LindaMcBride@twc.com

PMcBride@twc.com

Linda and Paul moved to The Forest from Ithaca, NY, where they had been professors at Ithaca College. Linda was born in New York City (Manhattan) and was schooled there through a BA in psychology at Hunter College. She moved upstate to earn a doctorate in Social Psychology at Syracuse University. Paul grew up in the steel town of Youngstown, OH. He earned a BA in history at Youngstown University, an MA in history and political philosophy at Kansas State (Manhattan, KS) and a PhD in U.S. history at the University of Georgia (Athens, GA).

Linda and Paul met and married as faculty colleagues in Ithaca. Linda taught psychology and did research on jury decision-making. Paul specialized in U.S. 20th century and ethnic history. In March, on their return trip from “snowbirding” on Hilton Head Island, they found The Forest. Paul and Linda follow political events closely and in the past were politically active – e.g., in organizations opposed to the Vietnam war. Linda at one time played violin and sang in choruses. In retirement they have the time to indulge their love of classical music through concert attendance. They both enjoy playing and watching tennis.



Ron Debnam & Sue Okubo

Cottage 86 919-401-3890

okubosue@gmail.com

debnamron1@gmail.com

Sue and Ron came to The Forest from Alexandria, VA. Ron was born in Massachusetts and received his BS from Rutgers University. He loves cars and spent his career with Ford Motor Company and Toyota Motor Sales, NA. He worked with dealers to increase their profits through improved customer service, marketing, and policies/procedures. Subsequently Ron helped people organize themselves at the Container Store.

Sue grew up in New Orleans and attended Tulane University, earning a BBA and PhD in economics. Moving to Washington, DC, she worked successively for the Institute for Defense Analyses, National Science Foundation, and the Commerce Department's Bureau of Economic Analysis, with four intermediate years in the private sector at GTE Laboratories and General Electric Corporate R&D.

Sue's volunteer work focused on two non-profits: the Asian American Government Executives Network, which she helped found 20 years ago to help Asian Americans advance their Federal service careers through mentoring and executive-experience sharing, and the National Japanese American Memorial Foundation, which informs the public about the internment of individuals of Japanese ancestry during WWII.

Welcome, New Residents



Sarah Rogers

Apartment 4051

919-402-0744

Although Sarah and her lively white poodle-terrier Brutus arrived at The Forest from Chapel Hill, Sarah is a Durham native, as is her brother, Henry, an established Forest resident. Their mother was a nurse at Watts Hospital, and their father with his brother owned Rogers Drugs at the corner of Mangum and Parrish Streets. The drugstore was typical of its period with a marble-topped soda fountain, inlaid designed tile floor, and a bona fide pharmacist who compounded drugs. (The drugstore is gone, but the building, remodeled many times, is now a branch of Sun Trust Bank. The bank's chairman is Sarah's nephew, Bill Rogers.)

Completing high school in Durham, Sarah matriculated at UNC-Greensboro, the Woman's College of the UNC system, where she earned a BA in elementary education. After early experience in Fairfax, VA, she began teaching elementary grades K-6 in Durham, and this became her life's vocation. Moving to Chapel Hill to take graduate courses in education, she found the ambiance sufficiently pleasant to remain, commuting to Durham daily with fellow teachers. Sarah has been a hospital volunteer and since retirement has tutored in reading. She enjoys knitting, swimming, and reading.



June Boswick

Apartment 3031

919-402-0666

JuneCBoswick@gmail.com

June grew up in southern Illinois, earned a BA in education at Southern Illinois University, and moved to the big city, Chicago, for her first teaching position. There she earned an MA in Education at the University of Illinois and she met and married John Boswick, a young doctor with master's and medical degrees from Loyola University. John became prominent in hand surgery, burns and wound care, and protocols for testing pharmaceuticals.

After twenty-five years in Chicago they moved to Denver where John had been recruited by Thomas Starzl to the University of Colorado to manage surgery. A dozen years later they retired to Wyckoff, NJ, whence June came to The Forest.

June has been a teacher wherever she landed: initially in the schoolroom, then in courses such as English as a Second Language (ESL) and Stock Market Fundamentals for Investment Clubs. She has been a hospital volunteer and a member of the Board of Trustees of her church. June has three children: Cathy, a nurse on Long Island; Jane, a project director with Duke Corporate Education; and John, chief executive of the non-profit iTN*NorthJersey*, an affordable transportation service for seniors and adults with visual impairments.

Cro-Magnon Legends II: Prometheus, the Fire Bringer

by Ned Arnett

25,000 years ago in the Pyrenees

I am what is called an *Onglukern* in our tongue. It means “blessed one” and I carry the mark, I have red hair. Not many of The People have red hair, but every now and then a baby comes into the world with the red mark and the family celebrates. *Onglukern* have rich inner lives and can have dreams that help the clan or the family know what to do. My grandfather was one and sometimes saw pictures in his head of weapons no one had ever seen before and he would try to make one and see if it was useful.

One day he was out hunting and noticed that he was having to carry a lot of things in his hands. Of course he had to carry his spears, but he was also carrying some food and a flint knife for dressing game. A picture came into his mind of having one of his women sew half a deerskin on the back of his coat and leave it open at the top to make a pocket which he called a *skowger*. But, when he had one of his women make one, nobody had ever seen one before and they didn’t like it. It was unnatural. For the next few days when The People would gather they would think of the best reasons they could for why it was a mistake or dangerous to go hunting with your food and tool kit in a *skowger*. Then grandfather wore his jacket with the *skowger* on the hunt and came back with twice as much meat as the others. Soon all the other women were asking my grandmother to show them how to make *skowgers* for their men. That’s what it is to be a red-haired *Onglukern*.

One day last month it was sunny bright as we were going about our lives in the cave, making tools, singing, dancing, making love and making jokes. Children and puppies were playing, chasing each other rolling on the ground. Everything was happy except for one thing: we didn’t have a fire and we knew it would be a long time until the storm god gave us another lightning strike that would leave some fire for us.

Suddenly there was an enormous flash of light and a tremendous explosion like a thunderbolt. We were knocked flat to the ground. Even the oldest men had never seen anything like it before or heard

stories of it. We thought that it must be a message from the gods. Or it was so powerful that it could actually be a god come to earth. Some of us hunter/warriors went off in the direction from where we’d heard the explosion to see. As we walked hour after hour we began to see trees that had been knocked flat and finally, as the sun was setting, there, glowing as bright and red as embers in the fire, were several red hot rocks surrounded by burning grass. We immediately got some dried brush and started a fire basket to take back to the cave.

The strange rocks were so hot that we couldn’t even get close to them, but as they cooled down I got several of them and was amazed at how heavy and hard they were. None of us had ever seen anything like them. They might be a present from one of the gods; after all, we left presents for them all the time, like the best pieces of meat. We called the strange rocks *zobals* in honor of one of our favorite gods who obviously had given them to us as a present.

The *zobals* were completely different from anything we had ever seen or heard about. If you put one down in the hot coals of a fire and blew on it, it turned red and sometimes even white if you blew hard enough and long enough. It became soft and you could beat it flat as long as it was red hot. I made a very sharp blade that way and an ax for cutting wood. Even more magical was what happened if you rubbed it for a while with sand. It began to shine, reflecting light the way water does.

My largest *zobal* was ideal as a hammer for breaking up large flints. Next I tried one of the smaller ones about the size of a finger as a knapper. As I was trying to knap off a flake from a flintstone, the *zobol* knapper slipped across the face of the flint and a shower of sparks flew. I could even feel their heat. At once I got some dry moss tinder and struck a spark into it from the *zobal* and flint.

Now it’s been a full moon and several times a day I make fire with my flint and *zobal*. Never once has it failed. I’m just afraid the gods may get jealous and I’ll be worse off than I was before. Still, I’m a red-headed *onglukern* and the gods show us how to

(Continued on page 8)

Cro-Magnon continued

(Continued from page 7)

do things that are different. At last as a gift from heaven I can make fire any time, any place.

Note: A few meteorites are composed of nickel-iron steel. This is the only natural source of iron or its alloys.

Chert and flint are very fine grained quartz sedimentary rock which are very hard, but can be split along sedimentary lines.

Ode to Pat

by Ursula Kappert

When I was new around here, just six months ago,
And didn't really know who ran the show,
When I meandered like a fool
And couldn't even find the pool,
The library, security, the bank,
The beauty parlor, bar, and, to be frank,
Had no idea where to get the mail
And where to find a walking trail,
Who do you think came to my aid?
No matter where and how I strayed?
It's not too difficult to guess:
'Twas Pat, of course, my angel in distress.

Who answered questions with good cheer
And made it absolutely clear
Where to find Trader Joe's, the ABC,
Who even sent me to the DMV
With fervent wishes and a map, and,
when I got my license, gave me a big hand?
While everybody was most kind,
'Twas Pat who helped me in a bind.

I sing the praises of the Lady Pat
Who always has a minute for a chat
Who makes us all feel right at home
No matter where we come from, where we roam.
She's kind, she's funny, she is smart
She is a lady with a heart.
So then: who really runs the show?
It's Pat, of course - just wanted you to know.

All the Light We Cannot See

by Anthony Doerr

A Book Review by Peggy Quinn

Anthony Doerr is an amazing writer. If you have never read any of his books let me tempt you with his newest Pulitzer Prize winning novel, *All the Light We Cannot See*. A strange title and a very electrifying story told in hauntingly beautiful prose. Doerr has such a facile mind, he is compelling and imaginative and seems able to reach out to the reader and grip us, never letting us go until we have turned the last page.

There are two protagonists in our story and both are children. First meet the blind daughter of the widowed master locksmith at the Museum of Natural History in Paris. Shy, but resourceful, Marie Laure La Blanc has learned to navigate the streets of her neighborhood with the help of a wooden scale model made by her father. He also teases her with puzzle boxes that he carves and uses to hide her birthday presents. One of his gifts, a Braille edition of Jules Verne's book, *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, has provoked a great interest in the marine specimens which she is allowed to handle at the museum, especially the blind snail "that lives its whole life on the surface of the sea."

In another country, meet Werner Pfenning, our second protagonist, and his sister Jutta, who are orphans. They live in an orphanage in Germany with a kindly German keeper, Frau Elena. Werner has found a broken radio which he repairs and shares with his sister. Soon he becomes a master at fixing and repairing radios. His passion for science as well as his gift for radio mechanics win him a place in an elite but brutal military academy. He becomes a Hitler Youth and is sent to Russia and then on to St. Malo in northwest France. Because of his particular skill he becomes a tracker of the resistance—someone who can locate radio waves and find the person who may be sending secret information to the enemy.

In the 1940s World War Two is unleashed in Europe, the Germans have occupied Paris. Marie Laure and her father join the fleeing Parisians. There are no trains or buses, no petrol for cars. They must walk. There is an uncle in St. Malo who lives in a tall house close to the sea. Uncle Etienne, who is afraid to ever leave his house, offers them shelter. He has a

motherly housekeeper who has taken upon herself the safety of Marie Laure.

It is a harrowing story of a childhood torn apart by war, part history and part fantasy. It is many-faceted, brilliantly told. Doerr cleverly introduces us to a new mystery—the search for the Sea of Flames, a treasured blue diamond that the museum entrusted to Daniel, Marie Laure's father, to smuggle out of Paris away from the Germans. Marie Laure is unaware that her father had been entrusted with this task. The diamond comes with a legend: Whoever is the keeper of the gem is granted the gift of eternal life and curses all he loves with unending misfortune. When they arrive at Etienne's house, Daniel makes a model of the uncle's house in St. Malo and conceals the gem in the model. Soon after this he is arrested by the Germans and disappears. Marie Laure is left with her great uncle who has sworn to protect her. Soon a Nazi officer who is aware of the treasure sets out to find the diamond.

Doerr increases the suspense. Does Marie Laure know that the diamond is hidden in the model of her uncle's house? Does her father ever return? Does the German officer find the treasure? Do Marie Laure and Werner ever meet? All to be cleverly revealed. It is not as I thought it would be, a love story when Marie and Werner finally meet and live happily ever after. Actually they do meet briefly in 1944, when Allied forces have landed on the beaches of Normandy and Werner's unit is dispatched to St. Malo to trace and destroy the sender of mysterious intelligence broadcasts.

More suspense and a revelation! It's a plot as intricate and compelling as the puzzle boxes and their secrets. It is truly one of those books that you want to read slowly and savor every detail. I found it was not the love story that I expected between our two young protagonists; rather it is a deeper, more pungent love among a people fighting for their existence in a world turned topsy-turvy.

It is up to you, my friends, to discover all the Light we cannot see.

Where the Bee Sucks

by Sue Howell

We do not understand why they are dying, the
bees,
why they are disappearing from the apple orchards
and almond groves, their plump brown bodies
faltering
as they feebly climb toward the end their cells
remind
them is waiting, nectar of the heart. Those who
reach
tender flesh begin to fail, stumble like blindfolded
players
of a child's game, falling to the hive's base,
wandering
in drunken circles, dry and wingless, until they lie
scattered
in the fine dust like dead soldiers on the field of
battle.

In the Central Valley, the air hangs heavy with the
odor
of manure, of fertilizer, of chemicals which clothe
unborn
seeds. Along the sun-cracked roads, the almond
trees are silent,
pale blossoms waiting for lumbering semi-trailers
to deliver
their cargo of bees, honeybees bred for the
spreading
of pollen, who spend the winter underground in
Idaho
fed on corn syrup, waiting to be spent in the
orchards.

In Gackle, North Dakota, bees will make loud the
fields

of white clover, make honey to sell with not quite
enough
left for the hive. Not enough bees this year,
though,
even when crates are shipped from South Africa.
Are they dying for their freedom, the days of
sunlight
and flowers, red wings of blackbirds remembered
behind their kaleidoscope eyes? That wandering
journey,
forever ending in hive and honey, the immortal
Queen?
We humans need a reason, unlike the bees.

Peggy Quinn review continued

Mystery: Personal (villanova.com)

by Bill Harrington

I need counseling. When Ibby advertises a presentation by me, 10 people show up; Maija offers to do a talk and 50 sign up! Forest Speak is the most recent example. People have been stopping me in the Dining Hub and in the hallway and asking me to solve the problem. It's embarrassing.

Thank you for listening. I feel better already.

Now, let's talk about food. I had a Nutella mousse for the first time recently. What a great taste! Made me wonder just what is this thing called Nutella. The product was first made during World War II in Italy by Pietro Ferrero. Because of rationing, very little chocolate was available in the early 1940s, so Mr. Ferrero came up with the following ingredients: roasted hazelnuts, skim milk, and a tiny bit of cocoa. It was a hit. Originally, Nutella was made in a loaf. Mothers placed a slice of the new food on bread to make their children a sandwich. When the kids arrived at school, they threw away the bread and ate the Nutella. Mr. Ferrero then came up with the now famous paste. The mothers were happy and so am I.

Above problem solved: I just received a phone call from Coach K on my request. Maija will be able to use Cameron Indoor Stadium for her next talk.

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



1950



1958-59

The Word

by Ned Arnett

It's not really miraculous, because it happens all the time.
We count on it, civilizations count on it,
The six thousand mutually incomprehensible languages
of the world count on it;
The ability of sounds coming from your mouth to my ears
To transfer the ideas in your mind into my mind.
It's not miraculous, but it's amazing,
Mysterious, if you think about it.

Even more remarkable, although it happens all the time,
Are the pictures, scenes and stories
That develop in my mind as I scan the array
Of black letters on white paper
That make the words that transmit to me
The pictures, scenes and stories and ideas
That developed in the mind of
Whoever wrote the book that I just can't put down,
The book that captivates my mind,
Replacing the continuity of my normal life
With the make-believe world
In the imagination of a stranger.
Even more remarkable, although we take it for granted,
Is the ability of the word to speak to us across the
Gulf of time, even five thousand years,
From ancient Sumer, Egypt, Assyria, Israel,
Or from the mind of Aristotle
(Who thought about everything)
Translated and retranslated by relays of scholars,
Processed by editors and the technology of printing,
The words from Plato, Homer, Jesus, the Buddha,
From one great spirit to your spirit and mine;
Across the ages, across the translators, and across the technologies
There is the awesome, mysterious, power of the word.

Retirement Announcement

After ten years of editing *The Forester* **Joanne Ferguson** will be retiring in June of 2016. She offers to write the cover story or profile if or when the new editor might wish. We invite a volunteer for this position, who will have the summer of 2016 to absorb the machinery in place. It's well oiled, by the way, so don't be fearful. To volunteer, please call Nancy McCumber at 919-419-8225.
