



Volume 21 Issue 5

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

February 2016

Mike Shockley, RN Manager-Holbrook

by Joanne Ferguson

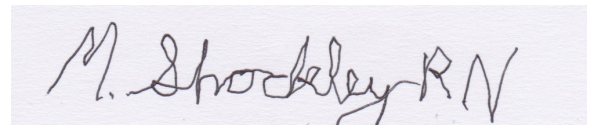
When I go to Holbrook to interview **Mike Shockley**, I abandon my usual opening of “Where were you born and raised?” and instead ask about the cast with a red covering on his right hand. He tells me he was sharpening his bush ax when it slipped and cut his thumb badly. He partially severed the extensor pollicis longus in the second metatarsal of his thumb. It was stitched up at urgent care in Mebane, and then he was quickly seen by Dr. Leversedge, a hand surgeon at Duke Hospital, who has been surgeon for athletes, including those at two Olympic games. Mike was lucky that the tendon was not completely severed, and he can’t say enough good about the expertise and care he received at Duke. It won’t be long before he has a removable cast and can shower without the cumbersome plastic bags used to protect the cast.

However, because he is right-handed, he was forced to learn to write with his left hand. This he did by



the ingenious method of pretending he was back in grade school, learning the entire alphabet anew, one letter at a time. He says his left-handed writing is more legible than his writing with his dominant hand. I suggest that maybe he has been ambidextrous all his life. He thinks not. Not only did he relearn to print the letters; he even relearned cursive. See the example below, which is very impressive:

What he misses most is being able to pick the electric bass guitar his parents gave him when he was



fourteen. It was his prize possession. He rushed home from school every day, got a glass of milk and a sandwich, and was engrossed in practice until dinner time. He can’t read music but plays by ear.

We move on to his birthplace of Hillsville, Virginia, the county seat of Carroll County, noted for

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Dr. Who call-box at Barnes&Noble
with Teresa and Mike

The Forester

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Fran and Doug Whitfield

Mary Ann Ruegg

In Memoriam

Beverly Stone December 23, 2015

Joan Englund January 6, 2016

Sheila Mason January 9, 2016

President's Podium

by Dale Harris

So many areas of our living space are being impacted by the remodeling in process on our campus. It is encouraging when a renewed or new area is opened to us again and wearisome when expected completion dates are delayed. The current remodeling activity is presently occurring in areas with which we have daily contact and that requires that our movements be more cautious while alerting us to all that is underway.

Throughout all the upheaval, the members of your Residents Association Board of Directors have maintained their efforts to promote and sustain a good quality of life for us all, and to foster a strong sense of community and cooperative, communicative approach with our Forest at Duke Board of Directors and our Administration and support staff. This past year has undoubtedly required extra effort, thought, and time from each of them and it is worthwhile to renew your information about who does what as your Board members.

Those who serve as Chairs of the Standing Committees are:

Nancy Laszlo – Activities

Anne Moore – Caucus

Russell Jones – Facilities

Carol Carson – Finance

Herb Carson – Food Service

Don Chesnut – Governance

Bob Jennings – Health

Sue Murphy – Marketing

Nancy McCumber – Resident Services

and those who serve as officers are:

Jim Shuping – Vice-President

Shirley Few – Secretary

Mary Streitwieser – Treasurer

and those who serve on The Forest at Duke Board of Directors and our Board are:

Tom Keller

Arnie Lerman

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Library Science 101

by Carol Scott

“When is the new Library going to be open?” you ask.

“In 2016,” is all I can answer, for that is all that we have been told as of this writing in mid-January.

All of us on the Library Committee appreciate your patience and forbearance. We know you don’t want to rely solely on paperbacks from our own collection, twice-monthly visits from OASIS, drives to local libraries, and e-books, and we will try hard to make the move as swift and painless as possible once we get the word that the space is ready, so that we can get back to our normal routine of circulation.

Our Grand Finale exhibit of art works in several genres that has recently been in the Gallery has been taken down. We greatly hope that there will be gallery space in the new Library to display the beautiful works of our talented residents, and we thank all of you who have shared your talents with your appreciative friends here over the years.

Books by resident authors will definitely have a place, and we encourage all of you writers to give a copy of your books to us, to be shelved to-

gether with the ones we already have. We want to showcase our talented writers as well as our talented artists.

When we open downstairs, there will be new books on some of those new shelves, for we are continuing to add to the collection. Remember, we like to have suggestions from you about what to order.

The new Library will be elegant and attractive, and—we hope—as welcoming and comfortable as the one we are leaving behind. We plan to make it function well and to have the necessary abilities for new technology, for it surely won’t be renovated again for quite a while. We are considering comment cards, as in the dining area, so we can find out from our patrons— you—if we have forgotten anything to make it function as it should.

Perhaps by the time this is published we will know more definitely about the time frame for all of this! Meanwhile thank you all for your welcome resilience and help.

Champion Enso

by Larry Inderbitzin

Enso is a certified therapy dog in residence at the Forest (number 29). He has made many visits to our Health and Wellness Center and many Forest residents have commented on his statuesque appearance when he is pointing squirrels in our backyard. A few residents have asked about his name. It is a Japanese word meaning perfect circle (as in Japanese calligraphy), universe, and enlightenment.

We entered him in the annual dog show on Saturday, December 12, sponsored by Performance Subaru in order to raise funds for Paws4ever. I would guess that there were fifty or so dogs entered in a variety of categories. Enso won “Best of Show”!

In addition to his trophy and a nice Thule backpack filled with all kinds of things dogs love, he was also awarded \$100.00 that he donated to Paws4ever.

For anyone who wishes to have a therapy dog

visit, Enso can be reached at 919-401-8995.



Podium continued

(Continued from page 2)

Many thanks to all!

Mike Shockley continued

(Continued from page 1)

its Labor Day flea market that consumes the entire town. His upbringing was very rural; his family grew corn and raised hogs and a few cattle. At hog-killing time he was “the finish man,” hanging the hog up, and shaving and gutting it. He informs me that from the small intestines and stomach come the ingredients for what southerners call chitlins—spelled chit-terlings—an acquired taste. His father then cut up the meat. He says nowadays the seasons have changed, and it’s no longer cold enough (30 degrees) for hog-killing to be done at the traditional time of Thanksgiving. His first paying job was with a cabbage farmer, cutting the cabbages to take to the farmer’s



“My girls — Savannah, Teresa, and Bailey, our ShiP”

market in Raleigh.

The wallpaper on his computer is a photograph of his family’s farm with green grass and a split rail fence, beyond which is a line of trees where a creek runs. There he and his younger brother, John, went fishing and caught crawdads. He says they mostly caught fish that they called “horny heads.” (When he looks this up on his smartphone



Savannah’s braces are off!

we get no results.) He says when he needs a quiet moment he can come and look at his computer, though it’s hard to imagine this loquacious, multi-tasking man ever in need of a quiet moment.

Mike’s first year of college was at Emory and Henry college in Emory, Virginia. He moved on to New River Community College, because Emory and Henry was too expensive, so he spent his last two years at the more affordable Radford University in Radford, Virginia. He was in retail management from 1988 to 2005, but found it unsatisfying to be pressured constantly to get the most with the least, always with an eye on the bottom line.

His first date with his wife Teresa was on June 28, 1982. He remembers the date as well as what she was wearing: purple pants, a lacy half-sleeve top, and tan Nine West shoes. She had “not a hair out of place,” he adds.

He went to Alamance Community College for his RN degree and before coming to The Forest worked at Alamance Health Care, a long-term healthcare facility of 180 beds. When he came here in 2013, he began as a charge nurse in Olson and then night nurse in Holbrook. He says night nursing is quiet, but he likes to interact with patients. Teresa

Mike Shockley continued

is now assistant director of nursing at The Cedars.

He and she have two sons and a daughter. Corey works in photo processing at Strawbridge, and Alex is a policeman in Burlington. Their daughter, Savannah, is fifteen and in Burlington Christian Academy.

They live in Alamance County with their daughter and four animals: a Shi-Poo named Bailey, who he says is his wife's fourth child, and three indoor-outdoor cats. All these animals co-exist happily.

When Dottie Wallin left The Forest, everyone felt bereft. So I asked **Irene Nashold** how things were now in Holbrook. She said, "I'm an old nurse who managed two operating theaters at once, and I know how things should be. I keep track of what's going on here. Mike Shockley is wonderful!" So I was pleased to know that Holbrook was humming.



"My bush axe, sharper than my thumb"



View from Mike's parents back porch with creek in background

Welcome, New Residents



Renny & Kay Randolph

Cottage 11 919-402-1066

RenRan32@gmail.com

KayRandolph36@gmail.com

Renny and Kay came to The Forest from Fearington Village, Pittsboro. They had relocated there from Deltaville, VA, where Renny had a construction business renovating historic properties. They were returning to Renny's home territory: he grew up in Chapel Hill and graduated from UNC-CH. Before her marriage to Renny, Kay had been in Durham for eighteen years. A graduate of the Duke School of Nursing and active in alumni affairs, she was hired by Duke to become Director of Alumni Events. She was later appointed as an assistant for University fundraising, and later Director of Development for Sarah P. Duke Gardens. Having leadership roles was not a new experience. After earning her nursing degree, Kay married and moved to Asheboro, NC, some distance west from her birthplace, Mount Olive. In Asheboro she reared three children (with attendant community activities), was president of her local Duke Alumni Club, served on the Randolph County Mental Health Board, was president of the Asheboro Council of Garden Clubs, served on the Board of the Randolph County Zoological Society, and was an elected Asheboro Councilwoman. Subsequently she was President, Duke General Alumni Association; Chair, Trinity Scholarship Fundraising Committee; and member, Advisory Board of the Gardens.



A. M. (Mac) Mellor

Apartment 3036 919-402-0965

mellor@attglobal.net

Mac Mellor moved to The Forest from Franklin, TN. Although a native northeasterner (born Elmira, NY; prepared at The Taft School, Watertown, CT; Princeton engineering, through the PhD), twenty-eight years in the greater Nashville area and a chance highway discovery of the Shiloh battle site stimulated interest in Tennessee history and in the American Civil War, especially the Western Theater centered largely in Tennessee. Thirty years ago he served one year in the Army Research Office at RTP, Durham. He notes that at the end of the Civil War it was the Army of Tennessee under General Joe Johnston that surrendered to Union General Sherman at Bennett Place.

His Princeton degrees in Aerospace Engineering powered a 40-year teaching and research progression through Purdue (Lafayette, IN), Drexel (Philadelphia) and Vanderbilt (Nashville): his expertise was in combustion engines, propellants and explosives. Upon retirement from a chaired position at Vanderbilt in mechanical engineering and the short move to Franklin, he was able to indulge more fully his extra-curricular interests in Civil War history, opera, and classical music. He became a Governing and Legacy Member of the Nashville Symphony. "Mac" derives from his middle name, McLeod, a highland Scottish clan.

Community Raised-Bed Gardens

Report on 2015 and an Invitation for 2016

by Dean McCumber

It's late winter. Spring is just around the corner. Ever-optimistic gardeners are again wrapping up late-winter chores and making preparations for the on-coming season at The Forest's Community Gardens. These gardens are accessible from a paved path between Cottages 68 and 70 at the southeast corner of the campus. Residents are welcome to visit the area and, if so inclined, to test their green thumbs with an assigned bed of their own. If you visit in season, please do not pick the flowers or vegetables; they are doted on like beloved children.

Forest Pioneer Elizabeth Dube, who lived in Cottage 68 until her recent move to an apartment, watched the Community Garden grow from a few 4'x8' beds to the present 36 beds. She grew annuals and perennials in beds that she could see from her cottage windows, and zinnias for cut flowers. An early morning gardener, she also kept nearby gardens and aisles neat and weed free. That poses a challenge for us now that she has relocated.

Report on the 2015 Season

About half of the beds were again devoted to flowers. Iris bloomed in the spring, spiderwort in the spring and fall, roses and daylilies bloomed through the summer and early fall, together with a large and eclectic mix from the aster family: chrysanthemums, dahlias, daisies, zinnias, and marigolds. There were yarrows of unusual colors, and a prolific scented carpet of ornamental oregano; two varieties of milkweed (and colorful orange and black milkweed beetles!) but, so far, none of the monarch butterflies they were meant to attract.

As for vegetables, peppers and squash were clear winners, as were bush beans and potatoes. Sweet sugar-snap peas produced prolifically all spring. There were eggplant, leek, okra, Swiss chard, and a large tall stand of sweet corn. But, the big question always is, "What about tomatoes?" The prospect of freshly picked heirloom tomatoes has been a perennial draw, and mostly a disappointment. Well performing tomato types have been the small cherry

and grape varieties.

Large-tomato varieties start well in our beds but almost all succumb to a systemic wilting disease just as the first fruit begins to ripen. There are different opinions about cause, but so far nothing has led to a sure-fire solution. Forest residents report successfully growing tomatoes in pots on their patios, and large tomatoes have been coaxed from a few stand-alone specimens in the raised beds. Although it may seem a fool's errand, some of us will continue to try to grow large varieties in our raised beds, but if we crave a sure supply, we need to remember our local farmers' markets!

Invitation for 2016

A number of excellent beds are available, ranging from full sun to partial shade. There are frost-proof water outlets with hoses. A garden shed is available for storing personal tools, fertilizers, and soil conditioners. A comfortable bench provides a place to rest and be thankful. A new large bin contains fresh compost for use in the beds, and there are two large black plastic barrels for garden waste. These are emptied regularly; the yard waste is taken off premises for composting by Capital Landscaping.

Residents grow what they wish, subject only to a few general common-sense rules and the whims of nature. If you would like a 4'x8' bed, please contact **Dean McCumber** (mccumber.tfad@gmail.com, 919-419-8225, Cottage 4). Bed assignments are posted inside the door of the shed together with guidelines for gardeners. Existing gardeners have renewal privileges for particular beds, but excellent beds are currently available.

The Mystery of the Potato

by Bill Harrington

What could be mysterious about the plain everyday potato? Not much, I thought – until I started reading a book by Bill Bryson. If you haven't had the pleasure of reading Mr. Bryson, I hope you will soon. This author is a treat. The book I'm reading is *At Home: A Short History of Private Life* (2010).

The story goes like this: Scientists of all persuasions have been telling us for a long time that people used to wander around the world; in other words, they were nomadic. I thought our ancestors settled down because they had discovered agriculture. Not so. It seems that folks started staying in one place long before agriculture. Nobody knows why. There are lots of theories but no one really knows the truth. Some believe it was climate change, others think we decided to live near our dead, and still others insist that it was because we wanted to brew and drink beer. One of the most interesting theories is that cosmic rays caused mutations in wild grasses, thus making them edible. I like the beer hypothesis myself. I can easily envision the Anheuser Busch

horses pulling a beer wagon through Mesopotamia: "Get your ice cold beer here. Can or bottle?" I wonder if the church key had been invented yet.

I needed to give you a frame of reference for the rest of the story. Now, back to the potato. Potatoes were first grown in the New World. Growing in the wild, the potato was incredibly toxic, containing glycoalkaloids. This is the same stuff that is contained in caffeine and nicotine. Bryson tells us that making potatoes safe to eat meant that this bad stuff had to be reduced "to between one-fifteenth and one-twentieth of its normal level." How in the world did the ancients come up with the vegetable we know today? This is the mystery.

Next month: the mystery of the other great New World crop – corn.

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



22-year old



21-year old

Vienna and Me

by Carol Oettinger

On our Danube River boat trip we stopped in Vienna for several days. My husband had lived there for a number of years and so knew some of the good restaurants. We had dinner at one of the best and were planning a leisurely stroll along a tree-lined parkway. What we didn't know was that the playoff soccer/football game between Germany and Turkey was that night.

When we came out of the restaurant, we heard a lot of shouting and yelling. Coming down the street several blocks away was a mob of people, carrying signs and shouting for the Turkish team. My husband said, "No walk for us, let's take the tube. The entry is right here." So down we went. There was a train at the station and he ran and got on. The doors closed.

I had a sudden moment of panic at being alone in Vienna with a possibility that the mob might decide to take the Metro. Happily, they went on by the entrance. I knew the name of the place where our boat, the *River Explorer*, was moored. There was a map on the wall of all the routes and I found the place where I would eventually hope to be. A German man was standing beside me and in my halting German, I told him my plight. He showed me on the map that I first took the Lavender line, got off at X, crossed the platform to the Green line, boarded the south bound train to X, got on the Brown line and rode it to the end which was at the river. He made me go over it several times. I needed that and left him with many "schoen Danke's."

I boarded the next train and successfully did all that was required. Many kind people helped me at each change. When I got to the stop nothing looked familiar. I walked down to the river and asked several women who were there with children, "das Schiff?" "Nein, nein kein Schiff." There wasn't a boat

in sight either up or down river. A large rather unkempt man added himself to our gathering. In mixed German and English he said he'd take me to the boat. I said "NO, danke."

It was getting dark as I began to walk in the direction I thought the boat might be moored; the man just behind me. I had a moment of thinking it would be simpler to just jump in the river, but that passed. As I walked along I saw a group of what looked like teenagers sitting on the grass beside the path. I went over and asked, "Sprechen Sie English?" The man disappeared. One girl got up and said that she did. Her name was Gerda. I asked if anyone had a cell phone and could call me a cab. Someone tried, but with the Soccer mobs, the cabs weren't working. Then I asked if they would call the police. Same answer. The police were very busy with the mobs.

I sat down and explained my plight. They had a pit bull named Oof who came over and I petted him. He sat down in my lap. We had been sightseeing all day, so sitting, even with a lapful of dog, felt wonderful. Gerda told the others what was going on. Thankfully, I did know the name of our river boat and the place where she was moored. One of the boys said that was about two miles down the river. Gerda talked with the others and then said, "We are going to walk with you." I shed a few tears and protested, but they helped me up, and we set off down the tow path. Off and on I had to sit down, so we all did.

I found that they were students at the university. Gerda was in premed and when I told her I had been married to a doctor, she asked if it was possible to be a doctor and have a family too. I told her, possible, but difficult. I found out about each one of the five, with Gerda translating. They were all

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Vienna and Me continued

(Continued from page 9)

intelligent and interesting. Along the way Gerda sent one of the boys ahead. He came running back with the news that the right boat was about half a mile ahead.

That group of wonderful people walked right to the boat with me. There was a police car there. I was a missing person. I wanted them all to come in and get something to eat and drink. They wouldn't come, but each one got a loving hug. People on the boat who had put out the search for me came running out. My husband was glad to see me, but all I wanted was to take off my shoes and get into a bath. I could forgive him later.

How Are You?

by Ned Arnett

My dear grandmother used to say
in her wise old mentoring way,

Planned Obsolescence

by Ned Arnett

They say "God has a plan."
To me this sounds like a move
to remake God in our all too human image;
a successful, post-enlightenment,
middle class, bourgeois planner.

But, indeed, we have been created
with a plan *par excellence* in our DNA;
each with his/her own unique chemical
that gives us life, sustains us and finally brings
death.

Who could fail to admire such excellence?

Now, as my once beautifully functional systems
show increasing wear and tear like those of an
aging car,
my wondrous gastrointestinal-cardiac-pulmonary
energy distribution system activates
increasingly rebellious hands, arms, hips, knees
not to mention various organs and sphincters
too embarrassing to talk about.

No longer important to Nature's plan,
having reproduced myself unto three generations,
I am increasingly expendable,
my parts wearing out as though some engineers
from Ford, General Motors, or Chrysler had
designed them to fail at a propitious time
in a well-designed program
of planned obsolescence.

TV

by Ned Arnett

From the post-World War I, post-flu Great Depression world of 1931 emerged the sophisticated, sexy, secular, technocratic view of a future *Brave New World* from the brilliant, cynical upper class imagination of Aldous Huxley. He was by then thirty-seven and well established as one of the most perceptive social critics of the 20th century. Popular TV, a technical development which would not reach the public for another twenty years after first publication of *B.N.W.*, has indeed turned out to be at worst a cynical purveyor to the voracious public appetite for lust and violence and a perfect vehicle for propaganda. At its best it can be a magnificent educational tool for art, science, and the news.

Huxley's *Brave New World* foresaw the elderly, at the end of their lives of socially engineered "happiness," spending their final hours of senile vacuity looking at sporting events (non-Euclidean tennis finals) on small television sets mounted at the foot of their beds.

Since I spend more than a modicum of my precious hours looking at Duke basketball and the Pittsburgh Steelers, not to mention other entertainments of which Aldous would scarcely approve, I would like to defend TV as at least an invaluable resource against boredom, one which I miss with nearly desperate intensity during the long, dark evenings when we are having a power outage.

Now, of course, you and I know what TV is really all about: COMMERCIALS. All the programs that arrive in our living rooms, apparently free of charge, support a massive industry of reporters, athletes, executives, and an army of well-paid marketing experts. They have determined, based on mountains of data, that I will be willing to sit through a carefully timed two minutes of blurbs about food or automobiles as the price for seeing four minutes of the world's best tennis at Wimbledon. And they know that I'm just barely willing to listen to some sappy jingle about breakfast food (perhaps composed by a hungry composition major from Juilliard) so that I can watch an old Seinfeld rerun that I think will be funny.

Against all this I'm especially grateful that I have at least the option of supporting commercial-

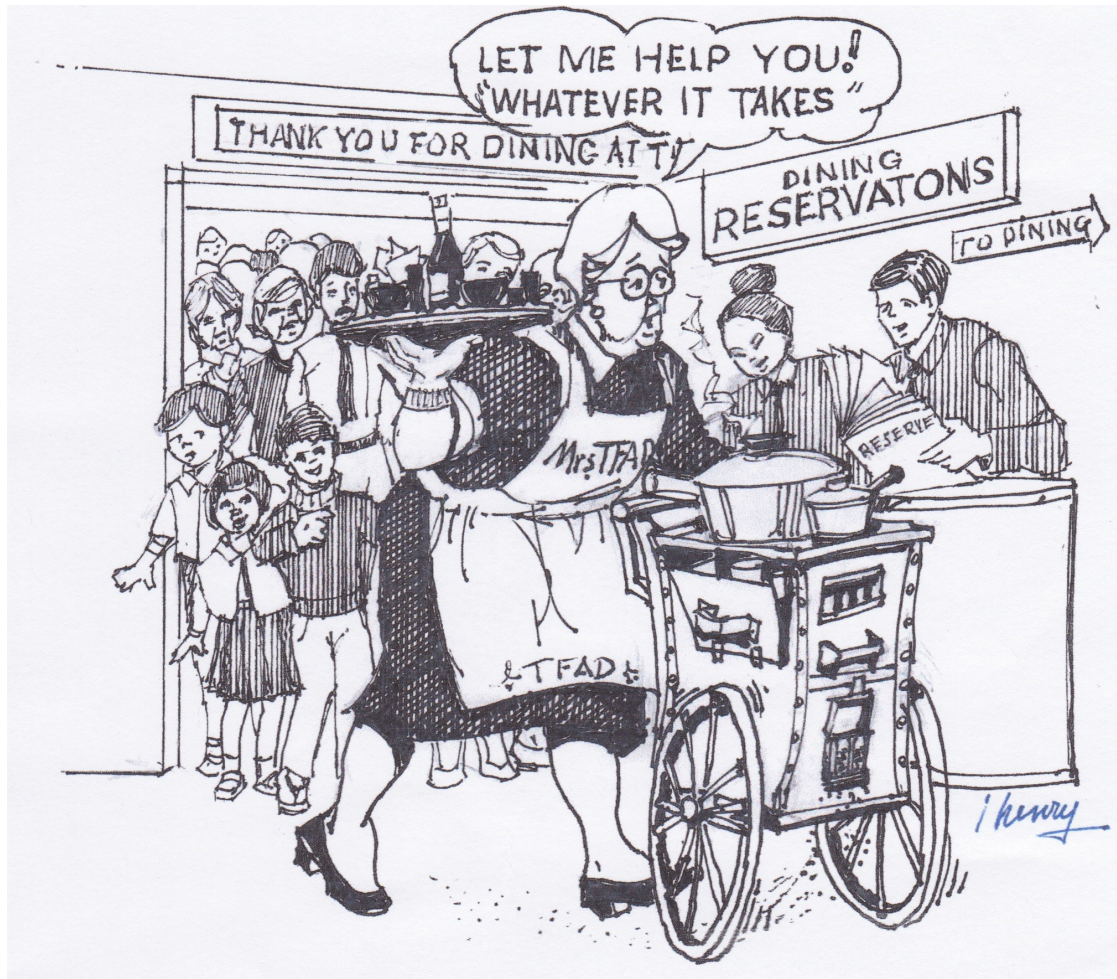
free "good TV" by contributing to National Public Television. If that's part of the actual Brave New World in 2016, well, I can live with it.

"if you don't want to be a real bore just say how you are and no more."

Hailing each other as we pass
there are three ways we can ask.
"HOW are you?" suggests real care.
Perhaps you've an affliction rare.
"How ARE you?" implies discovery
of remission and hoped for recovery.
And "How are YOU?" said with delight
means you are indeed a welcome sight.

To such requests for information
about your present situation
a few short clarifying words will do:
"fine," "OK," "much better, thank you."
But if you've no brief answer on the spot,
just ask, "compared to what?"

By John Henry



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.

