



Volume 21 Issue 7

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

April 2016

Sheri Sampson, Fitness Program Manager

by Joanne Ferguson

The new fitness center was finished just in time to welcome **Sheri Sampson's** arrival, with the bonus of a real office for her instead of the old corner-of-the-room perches that previous staff had been enduring.

She is from Alexandria, Virginia, where her parents still live. She is ten years younger than her brother and sister and says she was a surprise child and effectively had two sets of parents, which was wonderful. When she was ten, she became a very young aunt after her sister had a baby.

They lived five miles from D.C. and could take the Metro into the city, enabling her to grow up with visits to the monuments and the zoo. Her father worked for the army in the night-vision department and did a lot of testing of night-vision goggles in long, dark tunnels, and Sheri and her siblings got to play with the goggles in the tunnels. She says yes, they showed the eerie green look that we see on TV. Her mother stayed home for some years and then worked in administration in government offices, including the CIA. Her parents are now retired and still living in the same house where Sheri grew up.

When it came time for college, she was eager for the adventure and would have loved to go as far as California, but chose the more affordable East Carolina University and earned a bachelor of science in therapeutic recreation. She graduated magna cum laude from the School of Health and Human Performance.

Back in DC, she interned at National Rehabilitation Hospital, working with brain and spinal injuries. Her first job was at Kernan Rehabilitation Hospital in Baltimore, where she conducted assessments, treatment sessions, and aquatic therapy with adults on the Brain Injury Unit. In addition she led staff water aerobics and classes for adults with arthri-



Photo by Jenna Griffith

tis, and conducted community readiness outings with patients to assess planning skills, safety awareness, and mobility skills.

Sheri has worked extensively with individuals of all ages with disabilities, including MS, stroke, rheumatoid arthritis, joint replacement, and chronic pain.

At Sport and Health in Washington, DC, she not only held classes but also interviewed, trained, and supervised all aquatic staff, and developed the annual budget for pool equipment, supplies, staff and maintenance. She received an award as Employee of the Year for 2000.

She was a swimmer at an early age and played basketball in high school. Today she and her fiancé, Chris Cole, are ardent duathlon and triathlon participants. She is certified as a Red Cross lifeguard and a water safety instructor and course leader. Her certifications are too numerous to list here but include CPR(AED)first aid, Tae Kwan Do Black Belt, Schwinn Cycling Instructor, Pi/Yo (Pilates/Yoga Fu-

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The Forester

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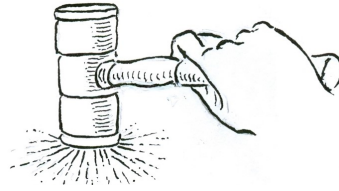
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Mary Ann Ruegg

President's Podium

by Dale Harris

We are now using our Community Center's renovated Main Entrance with our main door operational, our Library accessible for all and our Front Desk operations right there too. There are lots of smiles around as all this measurable progress is occurring. We residents are deeply appreciative of all the Forest at Duke staff have done and are doing to help us through these transition times.

Many of our residents also deserve kudos for their assistance. As the Connections Room and the soon-to-be acquired office for the Residents Association, where the Independent Caseworker has been in the past, take shape and become functional, Shirley Few, our Secretary, and Jim Shuping, our Archivist, will be working for us in these areas.

More will continue to be happening for a while, but one piece of good news: the Auditorium will be ready when we have our April Resident Association Meeting there. Hope to see you there on Monday, April 18.

In Memoriam

Robert Franklin Durden

March 4, 2016

Mary Hobart

March 16, 2016

Elizabeth Ropp

March 19, 2016

Elmer "Pete" Seay

March 26, 2016

Library Science 101

by Carol Scott

Isn't it beautiful?

The elegant black, gray and white palette of the decorators is a wonderful foil for the orange pillows and colorful flower arrangements (artificial because the Library Committee has neither the money nor the arrangement time for real flowers) that give a needed splash of color to this north-facing space.

Open since March 6, as I write on the 13th it is still being tweaked here and there to make it as easy to use as it is beautiful. Newspapers, including the Durham *Herald-Sun*, Raleigh's *News & Observer*, the *New York Times* and the *Wall Street Journal*, subscriptions given us by the Administration instead of our having to depend on the generosity of residents, are displayed on special shelves on the far outside of the charging desk. And this piece of furniture has a lower rolling addition for the reach of residents in wheelchairs or "jazzies." Promised additional lighting will make it easier to see titles on the bookshelves, and Large Print shelves are to be rearranged to make them more accessible. The fireplace will be operable when warm weather comes to stay, for the remote controls have finally been ordered!

Paperback mysteries were transferred to the new Library, at the end of the tall shelves, but other paperback books are to be housed elsewhere. We'll let you know! Next month?

Please note that on the tall set of shelves at the back of the room just outside the conference room are several collections. Resident Authors are noted by a sign at top center (authors: please give us a copy of your magnum opus to join the others). In the section to the right are CDs and DVDs. The section to the left contains miscellaneous materials at the top, with Book Discussion selections just below, and on the shelf below that, a new grouping, Duke and Durham.

It has been noted that we have many residents, both new and longer-term, who have come here from elsewhere. They are curious about Durham, as it was and is, and also about different aspects of Duke—not only sports, but history, architecture, the Duke family, etc. These books will have a big blue D on the spine to mark them.

During the transition period to the new Li-

brary we have continued to add books to our collection. New acquisitions are located up front, to the left of the entrance. Among them are the popular *Legends Club*, about the legendary basketball coaches Jim Valvano of NC State, Dean Smith of UNC, and, of course, Coach K of Duke. Also of note is a gripping novel about the last, fatal flight of Nazi Germany's airship, or dirigible, the Hindenburg, which exploded at its mooring at Lakehurst, N.J. in May, 1937. Extensively researched and using only real characters, both surviving and perishing on that fatal flight, the author, Ariel Lawhon, has given her theory of that last voyage through the sky, contending that the flight termed "uneventful" at all the later inquests, was, instead, eventful.

A long-anticipated 25th novel by Donna Leon, featuring Commissario Brunetti of Venice, is among the other new acquisitions.

Come join us in our beautiful, well-functioning new Library!

Sheri Sampson continued

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sion), and CDL Driver.

After marrying and moving to California, she worked at the Heart Institute and Wellness Center in Laguna Hills. She had two daughters, Emma, who is now twelve years old and Annabel, who is ten. After a divorce she moved back to North Carolina, where she taught part time and was a personal trainer.

She came to us from the city of Raleigh Parks and Recreation Department, where in February 2015 she received the Parks and Recreation Exceptional Experience Award.

When she and Chris put their families together, the result comprised her two girls and four dogs. The newest dog is Roy, a nine-month-old lab mix, named after Roy Williams since UNC won the ACC championship. She and Chris plan a quiet wed-



The combined family



Sheri at work

Sheri Sampson continued

ding in September at Ocean Isle Beach, North Carolina.



Roy



Go, Sheri, go!

Welcome, New Residents



Margaret Pless

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Margie was born and grew up in Cedar Rapids, IA. She followed an older sister east to Duke. Completing a major in elementary education, she moved to Virginia, taught 3rd grade, reared two children and in her spare time(!) earned a Master's in early childhood education at Radford College. Seeking a different challenge, she moved her family back to Durham and earned an MBA from UNC-CH. Analysis uncovered a business opportunity in the purchase of the Bartlett-Mangum House on Chapel Hill Road where she opened the restaurant *Claire's Cafe*, selling the building 13 years later to its current owners *Four Square Restaurant*. As a reward for profitably escaping the restaurant business Margie purchased a vintage Rolls Royce for fun. "It's self lubricating: it leaks oil." A Prius is her workhorse.

She has described her life's vocation, in part, "to continue to learn and challenge myself to grow and undertake new ideas and goals." In that spirit she purchased a small farm from a former estate in County Wicklow, Ireland, and is fixing up the included carriage house for her own use. Might she open a bed & breakfast? "That's even harder than the restaurant business!"

The adventures continue.



Joe & Pam Harris

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Joe and Pam moved to The Forest from Durham's Hope Valley. Growing up in Charlotte, they were high school sweethearts but went separate ways after high school. Joe was a Business Administration major at UNC-CH, playing the trumpet and singing in a dance band. After graduation, he bought the Anheuser-Busch wholesale beer franchise for Durham, Chapel Hill, and surrounding counties and named it Harris Incorporated. Upon retirement, Joe transferred the ownership to his eldest son.

After seeing each other at their 20th high school reunion, Joe and Pam started dating again and married in 1986. Pam had attended Agnes Scott College in Atlanta, earned a degree in Secondary Education in English from UNC-CH, taught in Charlotte and Durham public schools, and volunteered through the Junior League.

Joe and Pam learned to sail and spent 12 years sailing the East coast and the Bahamas. When Joe retired, the couple had a sailboat built, named it RE-UNION, and lived aboard with Snappy, their cat, for the next 6 years while circumnavigating the world.

Joe and Pam also own and lease local office buildings. Pam's mother, Dot Logan, was a TFAD resident from 1996 to 2009, and 2006 ladies billiards champion at age 93!

A Fish Story

by Sylvia Kerckhoff

A very long airplane flight to Kenya and Tanzania, Africa, was the beginning of a wonderful camping safari. With our binoculars around our necks, Al and I saw zebras, giraffes, elephants, monkeys, and birds, all “up close and personal.” As our camping crew moved our tents from place to place we enjoyed the different kinds of wildlife that surrounded us.

As we neared Lake Victoria, five of us decided to try our fishing skills for a change of pace. We rented a small boat that had an engine in the middle of a circular walkway. A guide helped us set up our fishing gear and then started the boat. There we were—six of us in the middle of a gigantic lake with a grand falls at one end and beautiful mountains surrounding us. The fish caught ranged from five to fifteen pounds. Then, suddenly, my line pulled at me very hard—I almost lost my balance! My friends yelled at me to pull it in. The fish flopped like a yo-yo, going back and forth sideways. I had to keep walking around the walkway in order to keep the fish on the line. Because the walkway was narrow, I had six people following me as we went round and round, looking like a parade of prancing and dancing horses. After about half an hour the fish tired, and I could pull him in. We were all exhausted!

We all got excited again when we docked at the Rusinga Island Fishing Club. The fish, a Nile perch, quite common in these waters, weighed 51 pounds! It was gray with black fins and a white underside. A picture was taken of it, and the owner of the club filleted the fish for us. We took it back to our campground where it was cooked for our dinner that night—a lovely white fish with a tomato sauce filled with many herbs—it was delicious.

Having the picture of such a momentous occasion has been a wonderful reminder of a special adventure.



Sylvia with her BIG fish

Ma Soeur Française (Part 2)

by Carol Scott

Mother's hope of my meeting Florie and Maurice came true, for I have met Florie twice and Maurice once before he died. Unfortunately, Mother and I could not discuss our visits, for she had died before my first visit with them.

This occurred in 1982. That summer Scotty and I went to England and then on to a tour of Europe. Receiving the itinerary in advance and knowing that we were to be in Paris for two days and one night, we had time to arrange a visit with Florie and Maurice. They picked us up at our hotel and took us to their home on the first day. Their son Pascal was not at home, so we shared his room that night after a delicious home-cooked meal. Florie and I could converse in each other's languages, and Maurice and Scotty, who had been stationed in Italy in WW II, understood each other's limited Italian.

The next morning I came down to breakfast early, to find Maurice and one of his truck drivers having coffee at the dining table. Thankfully, I observed how they dipped their bread into the coffee, so I was able to follow that custom when it was our turn for breakfast!

Promptly that morning we drove to Versailles, and had a wonderful tour of that beautiful palace. It was very special to walk through the Hall of Mirrors, where so many important people in history had walked before us. Our lunch was in a restaurant, where I admired the artistic way the food was arranged on the plates.

With time to spare before we must go back to the hotel, we visited with Florie out in their garden in the warm sunshine. There I was observing Maurice going into and out of their cellar, eventually bringing out a total of 21 bottles of wine for us to take back with us! We were able to tell him that we could not possibly take that many on the rest of our tour and then back home on a plane, but that we would like to take ONE. After we got home, we said, we would have all the children together for a meal and drink to the healths of Florie and Maurice. Which we did.

The next— and last—time I saw Florie was 13 years later, in 1995, and Maurice was no longer liv-

ing. My daughter Elisabeth and I were going to England, and Scotty gave us a day trip to Paris via the "Chunnel." Again we arranged a meeting in advance. Our bus tour was to stop at the Paris Opera House for two hours, and we agreed to meet at a close-by restaurant for coffee. Florie came accompanied by her son Pascal and his wife, who was fluent in English. Pascal had none, Elisabeth had a fair command of French, and Florie and I remembered some of each other's languages. It was a wonderful yet bittersweet meeting between friends of nearly 60 years, who knew that this would probably be the last time we would meet.

But my French sister and I still correspond. In fact, I wrote in my heavily-assisted-by-dictionary French how appalled I was at the fall 2015 Paris massacres, and hoped all her family were safe.

I could not remember her zip code, though I knew the street and number, and could not find it—under Perrigaud! A day after I mailed that letter I remembered that her name has been BOVIS for more than 65 years, and re-wrote the letter with her proper name and the zip code (found under B, not P in my address book).

Her reply on her Christmas card was signed, tongue-in-cheek, Florie Bovis Perrigaud!

Ice

by Bill Harrington

It's hard to believe that – once upon a time – there was no ice to put in our water, our tea, or our mixed drinks. Even more important for much of our country and of other parts of the world, there was no such thing as **cold**. No ice existed to keep meat or milk from spoiling. In the southern states, salt was used on ham as a preservative and vinegar was used to cover up the taste of rancid meats.

And then ... along came a Boston entrepreneur named Frederic Tudor. Mr. Tudor had the wild idea that he could cut ice out of the lakes of Massachusetts, load tons of the stuff on ships, and sell the ice in the West Indies! The first voyage was made in 1806 and by the 1830s Tudor's Wenham Lake Ice Company was selling frozen water to the people of Calcutta. During this time period, he sold tons of ice in the southern United States.

I became interested in ice because our family business was an ice plant. I wanted to learn more but soon discovered that very little had been written about the ice industry. There are two books that provide a history: *The Frozen-Water Trade* by Gavin Weightman and *Cooling the South: The Block Ice Era* by Elli Morris. I used both for this essay.

Ice has been sold in three phases: Frederic Tudor's enterprise was called the natural ice busi-

ness, Elli Morris' and my family's ice plant was in operation during the manufactured ice phase, and now we're in a phase called the fragmented ice business. We owe it all to a man's nutty idea around the turn of the nineteenth century – an idea that eventually made him a rich man. Gradually, ice was manufactured in plants specifically designed for that purpose. At one time in our country, there were over 6,000 ice plants during the "golden era" of the manufactured ice business from the 1920s to the 1950s.

You've probably already guessed that the invention of refrigeration led to the demise of the ice plants. Now, it's easy to cool your drinks – just go over to your refrigerator and open the door to the freezer compartment and grab a handful, or mosey on down to the Heartwood Cafe and press the lever. Next time you do this, give a thought to the ice king, Mr. Frederic Tudor.

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?

Some April Foolery



Horse jumping



Shrimp netting

The Finance Committee Reports ...

... on Yearend 2015 Financial Status

Under the by-laws of the Residents Association, the Finance Committee is to monitor and report on matters relating to the financial health of The Forest. One important matter is the financial status of the organization at the end of its fiscal year. The Finance Committee chair, Carol Carson, reported at the quarterly meeting of the Residents' Association on January 11, 2016, on the Committee's review of the audited yearend financial statements for 2014-2015. The conclusion was that The Forest is in sound financial condition. She mentioned some of the key measurements that led to this conclusion:

- 1 The bottom lines on both the balance sheet and the operating statement showed another year of positive results.
- 2 A measure of a CCRC's long-term financial situation, the so-called Obligations to Provide Future Services, showed a favorable calculation again in 2015.
- 3 Two key ratios—day's cash on hand and debt service coverage ratio-- again were well above requirements.

Subsequently the Committee reviewed additional financial ratios along with comparisons of TFAD's ratios with those of other accredited CCRCs. The conclusion was that The Forest compares extremely well with other accredited CCRCs. (A more

in-depth discussion of the ratio analysis is available as a special supplement to the Finance Committee's February 22, 2016, report to the Residents' Association Board of Directors. As such, it will be available after February 22, 2016.)

---Carol Carson

For a Poet Could Anything Be Worse?

A Poetical Dialogue Between Don Chesnut & Oliver Ferguson

Stanza One: Don's Position

Stanza Two: Oliver's Rejoinder

As his rhyme and his meter got worse,
He'd end each of his poems with a curse.
In a moment of panic
He grew thoroughly manic
And started to write in free verse.

Although he had been in a pother,
He discovered that he need not bother:
Without the same meter,
Without the same rhyme,
He found that his poems were equally fine.

Outlive the Dawn

by Don Chesnut

I'm in my room, alone at last,
The morning's gone and noon has passed.
Cool shadows fall across my wall,
It's time to rest, night soon to fall.

The morning sun was always bright,
There was no thought of coming night.
So brilliant in the sky above,
We were content with friends and love.

But now it's gone, dark settling in,
I know the state of grace I'm in.
The future I must disavow,
The past is what life's made of now.

I hope that you who stay behind
Will keep good thoughts of me in mind.
That's how I want to carry on,
And in that way outlive the dawn.

The Court of Last Resort: The Trial and Tribulation of Miss Periwinkle Jones

by Don Chesnut

Nestled in the piney woods in south central North Carolina is the hamlet of Commercetown on the Stickley river, a setting residents at the nearby CCRC refer to as Comatose on the Styx, the Styx being the river in Greek mythology that forms the boundary between Earth and the Underworld. The CCRC residents see quite a parallel.

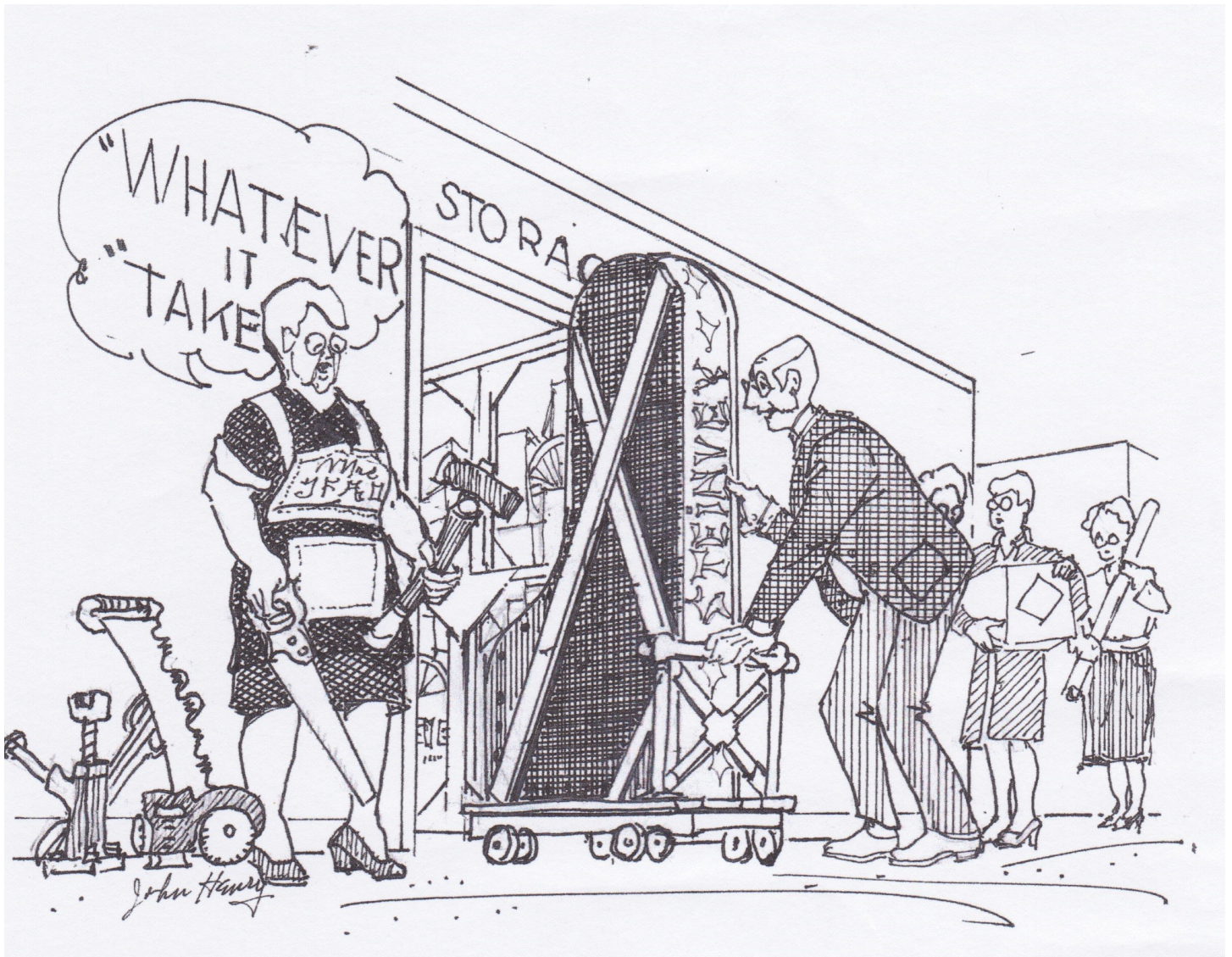
The retirement community is named *The Last Resort*. The founders thought it was a clever name, thinking that it would be the last place you would like to be. But the residents think it has another meaning. This is emphasized by the motto that The Last Resort has taken: "No One Lives Forever. Join Us at The Last Resort and Decline with Dignity." Folks there are declining, but no one seems to know who the Dignity person is.

Just recently CEO Marvin Pinchpenny proposed and the silly Residents' Association (sometimes known as *ResAss*) agreed to form a group to oversee resident misbehavior. The group has a retired judge as committee chair, and a small group of five residents act as jury, the whole arrangement known as The Court of Last Resort.

Our story centers about Periwinkle Jones, a new resident at The Last Resort. Periwinkle, or Winki to her friends, is accused of stealing a diamond ring belonging to Belle Delaball, a serious offense that could lead to her dismissal from The Last Resort. If she had to leave, she would face applying to places less selective, like The Forest at Duke.

And this is where our story is set. Will Winki be convicted? What will she do if forced to leave The Last Resort? If she's innocent, who did the dastardly crime? Has law and order overstepped its bounds? On Monday afternoon, April 11, at 4:00 in the Auditorium, all will be revealed.

By **John Henry**



Good News for The Forester

Shannon Purves and George Williams have volunteered to become co-editors of The Forester, beginning in October 2016. Please continue to submit articles to Joanne Ferguson, as usual, through June of this year. Shannon Purves will receive submissions in the fall at shannonr@algonquin.com or box 96 ; George Williams at hpgw@mymailstation.com box 2007.

We ask all our faithful writers to please keep up the good work as a warm welcome to these two. You will be in good hands.

