



Volume 21 Issue 8

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

May 2016

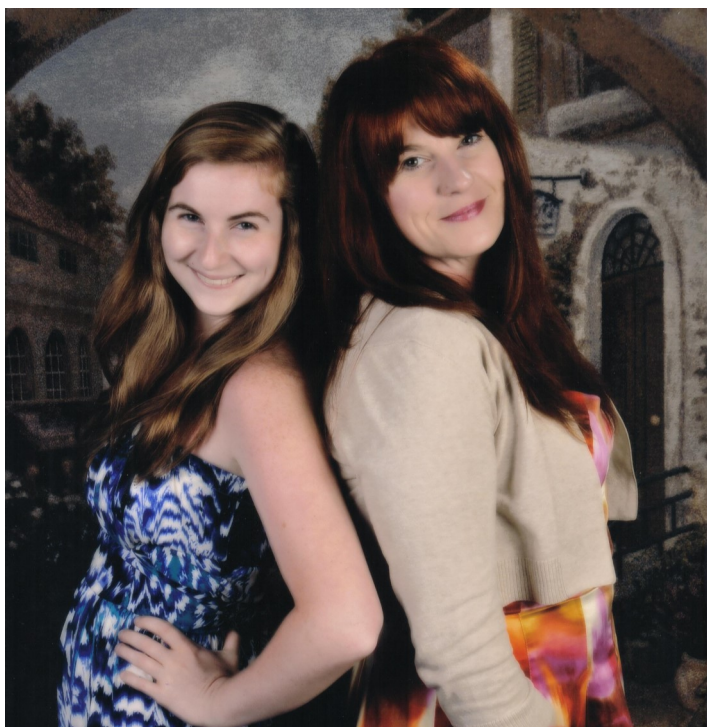
## Alia Granger, Marketing Sales Counselor

by Joanne Ferguson

Alia was born at Durham Regional Hospital and she and her older brother were brought up on Burch Avenue here in Durham. Her mother, Jeffryn Stephens, is the Artistic Director of Young People's Performing Company, a non-profit drama school for children, housed inside the Durham Arts Council. Jeffryn lives next door to Roger Manley, who is now director of the Gregg Museum of Art and Design at NC State University. This museum was brought into being by **Charlotte Wainwright**, one of our residents, who told us the story of the founding at a For-est Speak program.



Alia Granger



Carmen and Alia

I met Roger when he often came to dinner at our house with Jonathan Williams of Jargon Press, during the time when he and Jonathan were traveling to photograph folk art for their forthcoming book. So the Durham circle from years ago draws us all together.

After Alia graduated from high school, she got a job with Theatre Four in Richmond, Virginia, an adult professional company that traveled to schools to put on productions for the student body. She says, "It was the most fun job in the world." One of her roles there was as the Giant's wife in *Jack and the Beanstalk*, in which she performed a dance number. It was during this period that she had a summer contract in the chorus of Paul Green's *Lost Colony* production in Manteo.

She then went to NC State with a William T. Kretzer Scholarship, was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, and graduated Summa Cum Laude with a BA in English Education.

She married and had a daughter, Carmen,

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**The Forester**

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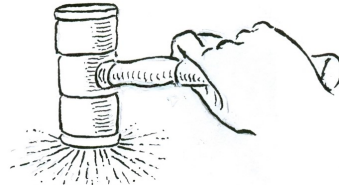
Nell Rubidge

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Mary Ann Ruegg

**President's Podium**

by Dale Harris

Happy gathering coming up soon: on Friday, May 13 at 3:30 in the Auditorium we will have our opportunity to Welcome New Residents. There will be 31 of them introduced so be sure to be there to meet and greet them. A social hour will follow.

The Gift Shop is expected to open for business by early June. The Forest at Duke will take care of operations and finances, but resident volunteers are critically important. Residents serve as sales people and on various committees such as Buying, Inventory, and Cash Register. **Sandy Mouras** will cover the Administrative functions while **Elodie Bentley** is the resident temporarily managing the volunteer reorganization, assisted by **Nancy McCumber**, Chair of our Resident Services standing committee. Delightful items such as an expanded collection of cards and notepapers will be available. All profits will go to the Benevolent Fund. Several volunteers have signed up to help but more are needed. Please contact Elodie if you are interested in helping out with this great service for all of us.

Resident biographical books and *In Memoriam* books are now available in a great spot in the Library. We are indebted to **Rheta Skolaut** for her tireless work and attention to these over the years, and to **Penelope Easton** and **Peg Lewis** for their assistance with them. These are a huge resource for us and it is so nice to have convenient access to them.

**In Memoriam**

Valeria Anne Stiff Redick

March 1, 2016

## Library Science 101

by Carol Scott



Greetings from our beautiful—and functional—new Library!

The new location has encouraged more use of the Library than we had when we were upstairs, since it is now at the center of things—entrance, desk, dining, elevator—and on the way to the connections room, gift shop, new living room, and auditorium. And we have had many well-received compliments on our new space.

Residents are enjoying the comfortable chairs in the lounge area next to the (not yet functioning, but okay for the summer) fireplace to read a newspaper or magazines. Puzzles have to be put out frequently as avid puzzle makers finish one almost daily. The coloring books are taking longer to be used. They are supposed to be stress-relieving, but, speaking as someone who enjoys coloring, I have been too stressed out with the move and income taxes to even choose a page to color!

OASIS is continuing to come from the Durham Public Library every second and fourth Tuesday at 2:00 p.m., and finds our new space quite usable.

The conference room has not yet been set up for use as a gallery for residents' art work, but that will come. Meanwhile, if you see food in there, it has been sanctioned by Anita for meetings of special groups, and will be cleaned up immediately after their meeting. It does NOT mean that just anyone can bring food or drink into that room or elsewhere in the Library to eat or drink. Remember, food encourages paper-eating insects. We want our books to

remain whole, and drinks can be spilled on furniture, books or even people!

Library staff is accommodating to the new premises and the challenges they have posed. There is now a low desk for wheelchair users to reach for signing out books. A prominent sign tells where to return books—on a cart to the right of the charging desk. Those books must be checked in at the Library's computer in the workroom before being taken out again.

Signs on the ends of shelving designate what kinds of books are found where. Special collections on the shelves just in front of the conference room include books by resident authors, upcoming book discussion group selections, resident bios, back issues of *The Forester*, NC Drivers' Handbooks and CDs and DVDs.

Recently we have had a display of a facsimile of the first collection of Shakespeare's plays, loaned to us by George Williams, commemorating the 400<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Shakespeare's death on April 23. We hope you paged through and enjoyed it. Now on the large table just inside the doorway are copies of the two volumes of Samuel Johnson's original English dictionary, given by Ben King. Enjoy looking up antiquated words and definitions!

In fact, enjoy the whole Library, as we on the Library staff are enjoying our new volunteer work situation.

**Alia Granger continued**

*(Continued from page 1)*

who began string playing in middle school with Dorothy Kitchen's orchestra, then played in the strings program at Brogden Middle School and Riverside High, and is now a 20-year-old junior at UNC Greensboro, where she is a viola performance major. She and two other students at UNCG formed a harp trio that performs at churches and for various events.

After a divorce, Alia got her teacher's certification and became a high school English teacher at South Granville High in Creedmoor where she was department chair, supervising class assignment and new teacher training, and then at Orange High in



Crookshanks



Carmen and Jasper

**Alia Granger continued**

Hillsborough, where she led staff members in new curriculum development and technology implementation. She spent eleven years teaching; loved the teaching, hated the concentration on tests.

During her teaching years, she had a series of part-time jobs: as a hostess at Guglhupf Café, house manager for Duke Ticketing and Theatre Operations, box office clerk at Carolina Theatre of Durham, and director's assistant at her mom's theater.

She then made a career change into sales and marketing and has been with us since October of

2015. She lives in Durham with her roommate and two cats, Jasper and Crookshanks, and tells me she continues to enjoy a fun and varied life.



Carmen and her trio

## Welcome, New Residents



### Bill & Jean Losee

Apt 4031                      919-383-4674

[ChezLosee@yahoo.com](mailto:ChezLosee@yahoo.com)

Jean and Bill moved to Durham 27 years ago from Garden City, Long Island, NY, near where Bill was born and grew up. A 1958 Duke graduate, Bill majored in political science. Bill's father had attended Duke two decades earlier, so Bill knew the university and its Southern setting. Upon graduation he entered the Marine Corps, a two-year NROTC active-duty commitment.

Jean grew up in Washington, DC, and nearby McLean, VA. She attended Centenary College for Women in Hackettstown, NJ, pursuing secretarial studies. This opened a series of Secretary/Administrative-Assistant positions first at the National Symphony Orchestra in Washington and later at the New York Philharmonic; The Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City; and St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, Durham.

Jean and Bill met and married while Bill was in the Marine Corps. When he completed his tour, they settled on Long Island, and Bill began a three-decade career in advertising. When that began to wear thin, Bill discovered an opportunity to open a retail store in Durham, permitting them to relocate to a very attractive North Carolina. Jean and Bill are avid Blue Devil fans and ardent golfers. The Losees have three children, eight grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.



### Bob & Mary Lou Young

Apt 3008                      919-401-0219

[RHYgolf@twc.com](mailto:RHYgolf@twc.com)

[MLYvero@aol.com](mailto:MLYvero@aol.com)

Bob and Mary Lou came to The Forest from Vero Beach, FL.

Bob grew up in Bethlehem, PA. After two years at Philips Academy–Andover, he matriculated at Princeton and upon graduation entered Harvard Law School. His studies were interrupted by WWII, but he returned to Harvard, earned his law degree and joined a Philadelphia law firm, beginning a distinguished career in public utility regulation. He has held leadership roles in civic groups, social and professional clubs, and his church, and for 20 years he ran that Philadelphia law firm.

Mary Lou grew up in Youngstown and Cleveland, OH. She graduated from Stephens College in Columbia, MO, majoring in Home Economics. "Cooking, homemaking, and family were my passions (I wanted to be just like my mother). Earning a teaching certificate from Kent State, she taught 2<sup>nd</sup> grade, "a delightful age." She was a hospital volunteer, a member of the women's board of the Cleveland Orchestra, and a founder and president of the Cotillion Society. After WWII, she moved to Vero Beach where she was a homemaker, volunteer, and in the 1980s the proprietor of a table-top giftware shop.

Bob and Mary Lou both enjoy singing and oil painting.

## Jazz

by Sylvia Kerckhoff

Early in the nineties, Thelonius Monk, the famous jazz pianist, came to Durham seeking a site on which to build a Jazz Institute. Durham was well located for just such a venue. An empty lot in downtown Durham looked like a viable possibility for a school at which musicians could study music, attend lectures, and hold concerts.

Thelonius Monk Jr. and Brandon Marsalis lived and performed here. NCCU had a well-known jazz band also. The city of Durham owned the property that caught everyone's eye.

A fund-raising party was held in the old Armory to advertise buying the land and building such a worthwhile addition to our area. The centerpiece of this Jazz Festival was Clint Eastwood, the well known actor who was a jazz enthusiast himself. He was also the Mayor of Carmel, California, at that time. Bea Arthur, the TV star, also was in attendance. The party sounded like it would be a winner!

Invitations were sent out, a large crowd was expected, and the excitement built up.

It just so happened that I was Mayor of Durham at that time. As a result, I was able to have a long talk about being mayors with Clint Eastwood. He complained that residents resented not being allowed to eat their ice cream cones while walking but needed to sit at tables so as not to drop ice cream on the sidewalk. I, of course, could complain that because we had 13 members on the City Council, I had the job of keeping meetings short. As we compared notes and had some laughs, a crowd gathered around us. I basked in my glory. Someone took a picture. It was a memorable moment.

Alas, alack, though, negotiations faltered, the deal fell through, and the land now contains the YMCA on the corner of Roney and Morgan Streets.

P.S. Clint Eastwood is as personable and handsome as he appears on the screen!



Clint and Sylvia

## **A New Year's Event to Remember or The Demise of a Green Packard**

by Ted Harris

When I was in my late teens my parents lent me the family car, a green Packard, so that I might provide transportation to a New Year's Eve party at the home of Laura Radford with co-host, Risque Benedict, in Forest, Virginia. We four couples planned to spend the evening together. First I picked up the Lynchburg kids, Bob Scott and Bobby Adams. Then we drove south from Lynchburg some 18 miles to Evington to pick up Anne Keller (known as Kell), her classmate, Armie Smith, and her Lynchburg friend, V. H. Addison. Then we headed north to Laura's, about another seven miles

Kell brought a batch of records that we carried with us. I am sure we had a good time, but the details of the evening are no longer in my mind, and the most memorable part of the evening was yet to come. After midnight the six of us piled in the car and headed back to Evington. It had begun to snow.

The grade up to the Southern Railway train track was quite steep. I knew the car had a habit of stalling out, so I shifted into second gear in an attempt to prevent it. We made it up the hill just fine but once the grade leveled out for the tracks the motor died. We were in a jovial mood and we laughed at the thought of a train coming along.

I tried several times to start the engine without success. The men stepped out of the car to see where we sat on the tracks. We couldn't really tell because it was dark. Our headlights focused on the road up the hill in front of us and the snow was several inches deep. We tried pushing the car off the tracks but the ground was too slippery. Bobby suggested that I get in the car and move it forward by putting it in first gear and turning on the ignition switch. That moved the car forward a little bit. Then we heard a train whistle.

We abandoned ship and quickly as we could scrambled up the hill on the snowy road. Armie carried the records with her in the escape. We stopped and turned around when we felt we were safely far enough away from the oncoming train. I am not really sure of my thoughts at that brief moment before the collision. It was our safety that mattered at the moment. The event happened so quickly that we had

no time for speculation.

The impact of the train on the car made a loud noise. The car remained in its place. It was as if the car had been a table glass and the train the table cloth and the tablecloth had been jerked off leaving the glass in the same place. With our eyes adjusting to the dark, we came down the hill. The trunk seemed to have disappeared. The train's cow catch must have sheared off the trunk door.

The train stopped and the conductor walked back to see the damage. He picked up the trunk door on his way toward us. He was relieved to find us all alive and uninjured. With his large flash light we could see that there was little damage except to the very back of the car, or so we thought. He took down the information he needed and walked back to the train.

We got back in the car, turned on the ignition, the car started and we drove off. In retrospect I have wondered what would have happened if the car had not been moved forward by engaging the starter. Did that maneuver prevent a major crash?

Once at Kell's house we called our parents and told them the situation. Did they need to come get us? No, we thought we could make it home, but we needed to relax a little at Kell's before leaving for home.

We were one lucky group of kids. We were alive and the crash did not derail the train, causing injury to anyone. Questions! Could we have moved the car all the way off the tracks by engaging the starter while in gear? If the train had demolished the car, how would we have made it back to Kell's? Maybe we could have travelled by train to Lynchburg and rented taxis to make it to our various homes. Remember there were no cell phones at this time. How often do cars come along on this country road on a snowy New Year's early morning? Probably not very often.

Where was the nearest home? Could we walk to it? Who would answer the door after New Year's Eve on a snowy night's morning? We speculated a lot and we were a very thankful bunch. Those of us going back to Lynchburg made it home about five in

**Green Packard** continued

the morning.

Later in the week the car was driven to the body shop. The body of the car had been so badly impacted that it leaned slightly sideways. When looking at it from the front or the back, its former box shape was the shape of a slightly tilted parallelogram. The cost for repair made it a candidate for the junkyard. We were in the market for a replacement.

**Home (not really a poem)**

by Ned Arnett

My home is a CCRC called TFAD.  
A CCRC is a complicated institution:  
a hotel, a hospital,  
and an insurance company  
dealing in life expectancies  
such as yours and mine.

Experts evaluate CCRCs by certain metrics:  
high occupancy rates (95% is good),  
a low turnover rate of their best employees,  
and keeping up with demographic changes  
by renovating as needed.

TFAD does all this sort of stuff  
and pretty soon the dust will settle,  
the yellow *CUIDADO* tapes  
and plastic carpet covers will be gone,  
we'll be allowed to use the front door.  
We will have been renovated.  
I can hardly wait!

But what's important to me about TFAD

**Awareness**

by Ned Arnett

Self-awareness must be one of the oldest  
and most general of human studies.  
A six thousand-year-old statuette from Sumer  
presents a figure in the lotus posture,  
wrapped in awareness of his consciousness.

How else can you know your basic being  
but through prayer, contemplation or yoga?  
Or by maintaining awareness of the blending  
of your sensory perceptions with your memory;  
a lifetime's memories, events with feelings,  
from joyful to traumatic,  
meeting your images of the world  
as they come to you moment by moment,  
down to the micromemory of the step you've just  
taken,  
as an essential preparation for the next step.

Psychologists study the self-awareness of  
animals  
by their reactions to their reflections in a mirror.  
Chimps, dolphins, elephants and children over  
two  
show self-awareness, understanding that their  
reflected image  
is a projection of themselves .  
Most other sentient beings don't even notice it.  
Your eyes can study your body in a mirror or a  
photo,  
but using your mind to study your consciousness  
is really something else, isn't it?  
Who is the observer?  
And who is talking to whom  
in those inner conversations  
you are having all the time?

## Warning: Do Not Read Just Before Eating

(Wikipedia; allrecipes.com)

by Bill Harrington

I have received a request to write about a southern foodie delicacy. The *correct* spelling is *chitterlings*. I put this word in italics because a true southerner would never pronounce it this way. The proper pronunciation is chit-lins.

When growing up, there were two times when my brothers and I left the house: during one of my mother's bridge parties and when chitlins were being cooked – the former because of the noise and the latter because of the smell.

You simply haven't lived until you've taken in the aroma of chitlins. Mother refused to cook them, so my Dad prepared and cooked this southern gourmet meal for him and his friends. I could never understand his desire to spend an evening in such a delightful way – especially since our kitchen/den combination room had to be repainted sooner rather than later.

Before beginning the preparation of your

chitlins – if you're planning to use your kitchen exhaust fan (and you must to avoid suffocation) – cover all of the azaleas in your yard.

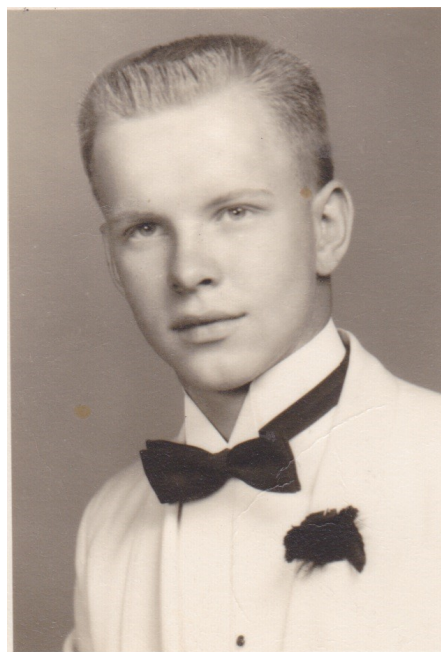
Now you're ready. First, relieve a pig of his small intestines and then clean them thoroughly. Make sure you remove all foreign materials. Once you've checked to make sure that there are no remaining foreign materials present, place them in a large pot of cold water; bring the water to a hard boil. Next, put in your seasonings: salt, garlic, and red pepper. It is important to remember to bring the ingredients of the pot to a hard boil *before* putting in the seasonings; if not, your chitlins will be tough. And, there's nothing worse than a tough chitlin.

Once the local fire department had declared our house safe for habitation, my brothers and I returned. Daddy lived to be 93.

## Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



1945 elegance



high school senior

## More Dogs at The Forest at Duke



Drake, Jane Lloyd's 4-year-old miniature Dachshund looks up at his mommy



Brewster, Harrison Brooke's 14-year-old Yorkshire Terrier, looks straight at the camera.



Lucy, Caroline Raby's 7-year-old "Yorkie-poo."

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](mailto:shannonr@algonquin.com) or box 96 ; George Williams at [hpgw@mymailstation.com](mailto: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.

