



Volume 21 Issue 9

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

June 2016

Bob Jennings: His Distinguished Career

by Joanne Ferguson

In 2004 the *U.S. News & World Report* carried an article entitled “Attacking the Heart Attack.” It was about a pathology research team at Northwestern, led by our own **Bob Jennings**, that discovered in 1960 that the damage of a heart attack could be minimized if circulation to the area of the infarct was restored soon enough. And “soon enough” didn’t have to mean “immediately.” The muscle cells lining the interior of the heart wall would begin to die without fresh blood after about 20 minutes of no-flow, but Jennings discovered that the cells in the outermost layer of the heart survived for as long as six hours. It was an epiphany. Cell death, he came to understand, moved like a wave through the layers of heart muscle. With reinfusion of arterial blood and the placing of stents, by 1985 thousands of people who would have otherwise dropped dead were walking out of the hospital.

Forty years ago Bob was one of the first cardiac pathologists to use the electron microscope to examine heart muscle cells. He was able to see tiny holes appear in the cell membrane and correctly identified the point at which they appeared as the moment the cell died.

In 1975 Bob left Northwestern to become head of pathology at Duke University Medical Center, where a Jennings team again startled the cardiac community. He and his colleagues discovered that episodes of angina had a silver lining—that the episodes slowed the rate at which heart muscle cells died. They called it “preconditioning” and found that the mitochondria changed the way that they worked so that not as much tissue was destroyed during a heart attack.

Colleagues say that Bob’s dedication to research was such that he used to sneak out of budget meetings to get back to his research.



Bob Jennings

This May he went to Barcelona, Spain, to give the keynote address at a meeting of the European Society of Cardiology on the thirtieth anniversary of the preconditioning discovery.

Bob was born an only child in Baltimore, moved to Bethlehem, PA, went to Evanston Illinois High School, and remained in Evanston until age 45. He went to Northwestern University, where he earned a BS in chemistry, a bachelor of medicine, and MD in 1950 and an MS in pathology.

While he was an intern, he invited Linda Sheffield to an interns’ picnic, liked the way she played baseball, and they married in 1952. The wedding was in Lansing, Illinois, and the temperature that day was 103 degrees, enough to melt the candles on the ends of the pews. The Lutheran priest, in full regalia, was perspiring so heavily that his sweat soaked the white satin pillows the bride and groom knelt on.

The Jennings had five children, and when they acquired a riverfront home on Chesapeake Bay, Bob began to raise oysters in cages attached to a pier.

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The Forester

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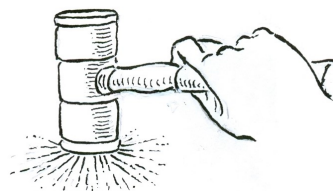
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Mary Ann Ruegg

President's Podium

by Dale Harris

Many thanks and kudos to **Joanne Ferguson** for editing *The Forester* for ten years. Wow! As the younger generation would say, she has done an awesome job and we appreciate all the great information and entertainment over the years. Starting this summer **Shannon Ravenel** and **George Williams** will become co-editors.

The Connections Room is now open and we hope you will find it helpful. It contains a computer, a desktop printer/copier, some coffee, and the Count-Me-In book. Current information from the Residents Association includes Board of Directors meeting minutes, the Confidant Book, standing committees' minute books, as well as the important information posted on the cork board.

Can you believe the end of construction, the week of June 12th, is almost here? That is truly good cause for celebration for residents, staff, and community friends. Please join us at the Community Open House on Thursday, June 16th from 5:00 to 8:30 PM and the Gala, a dance-cocktail party, on Saturday, June 18 from 6:30 to 9:30PM. As a bonus we will soon be enjoying the Gift Shop again.

In Memoriam

Colonel Clyde A. Selleck, jr "Pete"	May 12, 2016
Doris Goldstein	May 23, 2016
Jerry Perlmutter	May 27, 2016

Library Science 101

by Carol Scott

This is a sad day for me, for not only is this the last issue of *The Forester* until October, but it is also the last issue published by our accomplished and dedicated **Joanne Ferguson**. Thank you, Joanne, for your continued support for the Library.

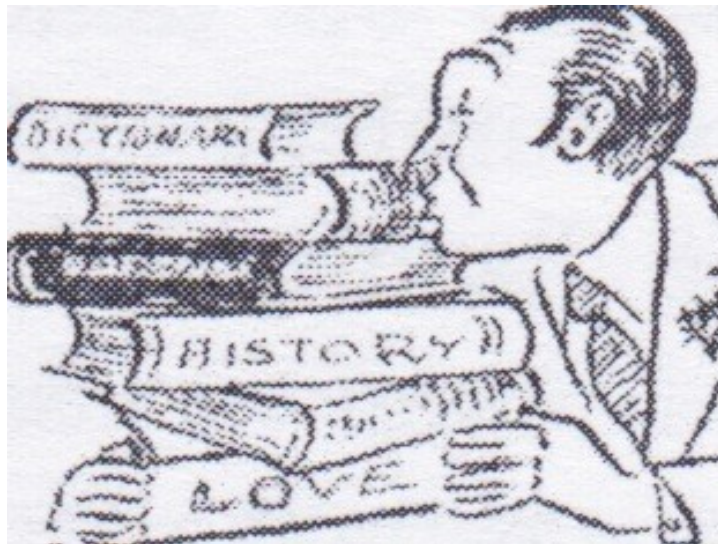
Remember that during the summer we will be continuing to add more books to the “New in the Library” cart located just to your left as you enter the Library. “New” means additions made during the past two months as well as the current one. Summer is a good time, a more relaxed time, for reading –recent acquisitions as well as selections for upcoming Book Discussion Group’s meetings, and favorite authors.

With the addition of an on-going puzzle in process, and the coloring books and pencils, as well as a comfortable and attractive reading area, plus easier access to the Library than when it was upstairs, we are having increasing usage of the Library, and we welcome all who come to use it.

However, regretfully, we must report that there has been some ILL-usage also. Some was mischief, such as putting one particular flower arrangement three times into the trash basket, hiding a display book about owls behind a row of books on a shelf, turning signs around so they could not be read. But it could NOT have been mischief that caused someone to remove two volumes weighing approximately five pounds each from the charging desk, where they were waiting to be processed. These were the facsimile volumes of Samuel Johnson’s first dictionary of the English language, a valuable gift to the Library from **Ben King**. Ironically, they disappeared just before the report of this gift was published at the end of my last column, in the May edition of *The Forester*! Ben King says “If the person who took these volumes doesn’t return them, may he have 1,000 fire-ants in his underpants.”

Because of all this, we hope to have a surveillance camera installed in the Library. What a shame that it is necessary! And perhaps the Library will have to be closed and locked again from 10:00 p.m. until 8:00 a.m. as it was upstairs.

We will have some answers by the time of the next column in the October *Forester*, under the capable new management of **George Williams** and **Shannon Ravenel**. Meanwhile, have a happy summer of traveling, visiting, enjoying the warmer weather, and *READING*!



Malaprops and Other Props

by James Stanley Barlow

adapted from *Appalachia and Beyond* (2006),
pp.51-53

Most of us adopt some mispronunciations—sometimes deliberately. One of my sisters, Emily, suffered brain damage when she was five. I learned some of my basic vocabulary from her. To this day, I may say “bissett” when I want a biscuit. One of our daughters would, at the age of two, insist that I let her stir my “cawkie” when I put sugar and milk in it. One of the boys, David, when two, gave me a new word for breakfast. To this day, Nell hears me ask if breskit is ready. Yes, on rare occasions, I can tell her: “Breskit is ready.” Sometimes I make the cawkie myself.

Cousin Hugh Millard ran a restaurant on Main Street. I used to drop in, if only to get another glimpse of his pretty cashier. Once when I asked him about her, he told me that she had a gift celebrated in Richard Brinsley Sheridan’s play *The Rivals*. “Today,” he said, “I wondered about the coffee, but she reassured me: ‘Mr. Millard, I think this coffee is malicious.’”

Once in a more recent conversation in my old hometown (Johnson City, Tennessee), I asked a woman about her family. “Only my husband is at home nowadays, and he’s poorly; now he’s doin’ a little better --he has one of them spacemakers.”

(Incidentally, nowadays I have a pacemaker myself, and I am a lot better off, I’ll tell you. My heartbeat was dangerously slow. So Dr. Schneller inserted the speeder-upper and Dr. Pace now takes care of me.)

A friend of ours back in the mid-forties, a public health nurse, had the gift, as do some of our leaders, with their “nucular” for “nu-cle-ar.” Soon after

WWII, she and my eldest sister, Sanna, and I were visiting a haven high in the Blue Ridge Mountains. “Come another war,” our friend said, “I’m coming up here and harbournate.” To her, down in the city, a boulevard was always a “bouvelard.” I was so infected, I am apt to say that myself. I hope I haven’t passed the virus on to you. One day a friend was telling us about how undernourished someone was: “I looked at him and saw that he was terribly emancipated in the chest.”

I listened to a man describing a murder he had witnessed near a church on the previous Saturday night. “The feller was shot by a guy who had made the gun hisself out of a lead pipe. The pore feller crawled up onto the church steps. But he was dead afore ever the avalanche got there.”

My sister Emily has difficulty stemming from the eight convulsions she suffered when she was five, but some of her innovations are better than the originals. For instance, she sometimes says, “I am nervous as a wreck.” “I can sing, but I can’t carry a tune.” She tends to leave off prefixes: “I never got married ‘cause I’d just have to get a ‘vorce.” Standing next to her singing Christmas carols, I love her wording of *Hark, the Herald Angels Sing*: “Hark, the rare old angels sing.” Now in a nursing home, she sometimes comments sadly about another patient: “She has oldtimers.”

On the topic of marriage: we knew a mother of many children, who was asked during a church census: “How many children do you have?” “Honey, I have thirteen living and one married.”

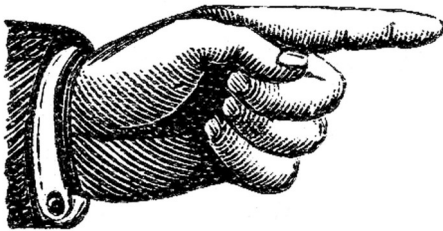
Now that we are off malapropisms and on to other ‘props,’ let me tell you about a doctor who was making his rounds in the hospital of my childhood: (I got this from my cousin, the late Dr. Edward T.

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Malaprops continued

(Continued from page 4)

Brading.) The physician looked in on a patient who was propped up in bed with a thermometer in his mouth. Suspecting that someone on the staff had neglected the man, the doctor took the thermometer out of his mouth, read it, and then asked him, "Sir, how long has this been under your tongue?" "Doc, it's been there about three hours and I think it's helped."



A funny thing happened on the way to the printer...

In last month's issue of *The Forester*, the last eight lines of Ned Arnett's poem were inexplicably dropped. With our profound apologies, not only to Ned but also to our readers who may have been baffled, here is the entire poem again.

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
is that it's a friendly place
where we live and let live,
have social hours, play pool,
exercise, and serve on committees.
We support and appreciate each other.

That's where I've ended up
after all these years.
I'm glad that TFAD's my home.

Welcome, New Residents



Chelley & Bernard (Bob) Gutin

Cottage 25 919-425-1300

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chelleygutin@yahoo.com

Bob and Chelley came to The Forest after a decade in nearby Raleigh. Both have roots in the northeast: Bob in the Bronx, Chelley in Philadelphia.

Bob spent a year at Hofstra College as a scholarship athlete (football and baseball), followed by a stint in the Army, 18 months of which were spent in Germany. Then he studied physical education and coached wrestling, progressing through a Hunter College AB and an NYU PhD. Gradually his teaching at Columbia University narrowed to exercise science and his research focused on the relations among exercise, diet, body composition, and associated disorders in children. He retired from Columbia in 1991, took a position at the Medical College of Georgia, and retired for the second time in 2005. He currently teaches courses at OLLI and plays tennis.

In addition to rearing their two children, Chelley's vocations have spanned teaching pre-K (her favorite!), teaching college-level courses, and conducting corporate training seminars. She has degrees from Barnard College (AB) in British civilization, Hunter College (MA) in social studies education, and Columbia Teachers College (EdD) in curriculum and teaching. Chelley has been active in various community organizations and swims regularly.

Both of the Gutins enjoy international folk dance.



Hans & Laura Weinberger

Apt 2048

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LauraWeinb@juno.com

Hans and Laura came to The Forest from greater Minneapolis.

Born in Austria, Hans grew up in Philadelphia and Central Pennsylvania. He earned a BS/MS in physics and an ScD in mathematics from Carnegie Tech (now CMU). Laura was born in Washington, DC, and grew up there and in Arlington. She attended George Washington University, earning a degree in sociology. Hans had joined the Institute for Fluid Dynamics at the University of Maryland, College Park, in a research and teaching position and was living at the time in Washington. Laura and he met, married and moved to College Park. Three years later they moved to Minneapolis-St. Paul where Hans began a four-decade career in mathematics at the University of Minnesota. Laura focused on rearing their three children and was active in the League of Women Voters, a neighborhood block nurse program, and a neighborhood garden club supporting a housing project.

Known for contributions to variational methods for eigenvalue problems, partial differential equations and fluid dynamics, Hans authored two textbooks, a monograph and numerous papers. With colleagues he founded the Institute for Mathematics and Its Applications that is influential worldwide. His current interests are population ecology and population genetics.

Welcome, New Residents



Jean Shaw

Apartment 3002 919-401-0294

Jean arrived at The Forest from Oklahoma City. A Sooner from birth, she grew up in Mountain View, a small town 75 miles southwest of Oklahoma City by crow or 100 miles by car. The rocky promontories of the Wichita Mountains that give the town its name are about 25 miles due south. But the feature of Oklahoma that Jean loves most is the wide-open view to the horizon across the flat prairie.

She and her late husband, Louis Shaw, were graduates of Oklahoma University. Jean majored in music education and taught music for one year. Lou graduated as a petroleum engineer. After a brief stint with the Army Corps of Engineers, he joined Carter Oil Co. and later Exxon. His career meant frequent family moves to oil-relevant locations in Mississippi, Illinois, Colorado, Texas, and finally Oklahoma. They were in their home in Oklahoma City for nearly three decades.

Jean has four children: a son in Houston, TX; a daughter in Austin, TX; a daughter in New Ulm, MN; and a son nearby in Durham, NC.

Welcome, New Babies

Shamari & Josh



Kaidence

Shirley & Rashad



Kayla

Brooklyn by Colm Toibin

A Review by Peggy Quinn

She is a reluctant emigrant; young, unsophisticated, docile, not eager to leave her home in Enniscorthy, County Wexford, Ireland, and emigrate to the United States. It all happens so quickly and Eilis Lacey finds herself booked on an ocean liner, a third class passenger, leaving home for the first time to travel to America. The journey is difficult, long and harrowing. There is a terrible storm and all of the passengers have to stay below in tiny, cramped cabins. Eilis is seasick as well as everyone else on the ship.

It is her sister, Rose, who encourages the trip. Rose wants a better life for her young sister. She has no desire herself to leave Ireland, where she is a successful businesswoman and champion golfer. She enjoys a busy social life and helps her mother support the family. Rose has encouraged Eilis to enroll in a bookkeeping class while working part time in a local bakery. Both Rose and her mother recognize the many opportunities that America has to offer. They have a family friend, Father Flood, who has a parish in Brooklyn. He helps find a good boarding house, close to his church so he can keep an eye on Eilis.

While Eilis is reluctant to leave, she makes no protest to her family; she is anxious to please everyone. Toibin makes a point of creating characters who cannot speak plainly to one another: "they could do everything except say out loud what it was they were thinking." Mrs. Lacey is no exception; when a neighbor asks casually if she wouldn't miss Eilis, the mother replies, "Oh it will kill me when she goes." Of course she never tells her daughter how she really feels. Eilis wants to tell her sister how sad she is to be leaving her mother and all of her friends, how frightened she is at the vast unknown of the new country, how would she fit in, all of her fears she keeps to herself. She is so reluctant to offend anyone, especially her sister.

There is a gradually intensifying theme of important things going unsaid: lips sealed, omissions from letters, replies unsaid. But it is not just Eilis: all of the main characters hide their true selves and de-

sire, and even prevent others from doing so: "It was hard to speak since her mother seemed to have prepared in advance every word that she said," and has a way of "speaking that seemed to welcome no reply."

The prose is not brilliant, the story is told in simple but excruciating detail and drags on as Toibin chronicles day-by-day experiences in the new world. Characters are well drawn; from the colorful ladies in the boarding house, to the co-workers in the exclusive department store where Eilis works, all part of a life that is not much different from the life Eilis left behind in Ireland.

As Eilis grows more familiar with her new surroundings she finds that her homesickness has disappeared and she busies herself with a new class in bookkeeping which Father Flood has helped to arrange. Her life changes when she meets Tony at a Friday night dance in the Parish Hall. Tony comes from a big Italian family, but likes Irish girls and soon becomes her steady beau. He is comfortable and kind and he makes her laugh. Soon Eilis begins to fall in love. While she had gained more confidence in herself, she still cannot tell her sister Rose that her beau is a plumber. Both Rose and her mother would be disappointed in her. They would prefer that Eilis marry a man that works in an office.

Then the letter comes from Ireland. Rose has died and Eilis knows that she has to return to be with her mother. When she tells Tony she is leaving, he begs her to marry him so that he can be sure that she will return. Even though she promises to come back to him, feeling some hesitation, she agrees to have a secret wedding.

Once back in Ireland Eilis realizes that she has changed and Ireland no longer feels like home. Her mother, Mrs. Lacey, expects that her daughter will be staying with her, taking Rose's place in the family. She is happy when Eilis meets up with old friends, especially a young man, Jim Farley, who has inherited his parents' successful business, which includes a beautiful and spacious home in the same

(Continued on page 9)

Brooklyn continued

(Continued from page 8)

town as the Laceys. Eilis and Jim seem to enjoy each other's company. How quickly she forgets that she is a married woman. Finally, for the first time in her young life Eilis is forced to make a serious decision which will change the course of her whole life. Should she stay in Ireland, divorce Tony, and marry Jim? She has fallen in love with Jim who confesses his love for her. (A bit fickle one might surmise!) Toiban leaves it up to the reader to decide. So far the plot has been saccharin sweet and the challenge set to the reader to decide for the author. Has Eilis come of age? Where is home? Is it ever possible to go home again?

NB: *Brooklyn* has been made into a delightful movie and in true Hollywood style the ending has been changed. Try it, you may like it.

Swimming Laps in August*

by James Stanley Barlow

air sky water green and grace
of ground and willows
the cool stroke of swim upon
my forehead
as I reckon once again
how can it be the summer's almost gone
again
how can it be the years like months
like weeks like days
boxes of books like books like
pages yet to be read
miles like inches the carpet
flies it flies
into years old how many now

*Adapted from Barlow, James Stanley: *Appalachia and Beyond* (2006) and title poem in book (2001)

Bob Jennings continued

(Continued from page 1)

He tells me he can buy a bag of 1,000 spat (the term for the baby oysters no bigger than a little fingernail) for \$25.00; in eighteen months they are of edible size. One of his golfing buddies holds an oyster roast once a year for which Bob supplies 20 oysters per person.

He served in the Korean War as a medical officer and was sent to the Great Lakes Naval Hospital on July 1, 1951. There the commanding officer asked him what kind of department he worked in. He replied that he was doing research in a pathology department. The commander said, "You are a pathologist!" When Bob said that wasn't true, the commander said, "Don't tell me what's true! You are a pathologist," and assigned him to a lab where the chief pathologist had just gone on leave, leaving Bob and another doctor in charge for thirty days. In this 4,000-bed hospital, he learned a great deal about pathology in thirty days.

Bob's awards have been numerous: A gold-headed cane from the American Society of Investigative Research; a Discovery Channel American Heart Association award; a Peter Harris Award for Excellence in CV Research; a Borden Award for excellence in medical student research; and he was also a Markle Scholar in Medical Sciences.

By now you have perceived that our chairman of the Medical Committee here at The Forest is highly over-qualified. What luck!

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



A Gift

by Ned Arnett

Compelled as I am to struggle for words
fit to describe this perfect afternoon,
just cool enough, the air dry
like wine with just a little crackle,
like dry champagne (*brut naturele*),
the sky so blue, the sun so bright.

Halcyon gets me part way there
as *golden, joyous, or tranquil*
but at my late stage of life,
joints creaking “bone on bone,”
and too much foolishness remembered,
the rising kingfisher is inaccessible .

Gorgeous, fabulous, or magnificent
are much too grand, much too detached
to fit this gracious gift of Nature.
I want a word more sensual, more immediate.
As I breathe it in, feel it on my skin,
what more can be said than “It’s delicious”
delicious as an unexpected kiss,
or a surprising taste of wild strawberries,
and the smell of wild roses
on an ancient country fence.

Don’t miss it, don’t let it get away,
while there’s still time
give yourself to this perfect afternoon.
It’s truly delicious.

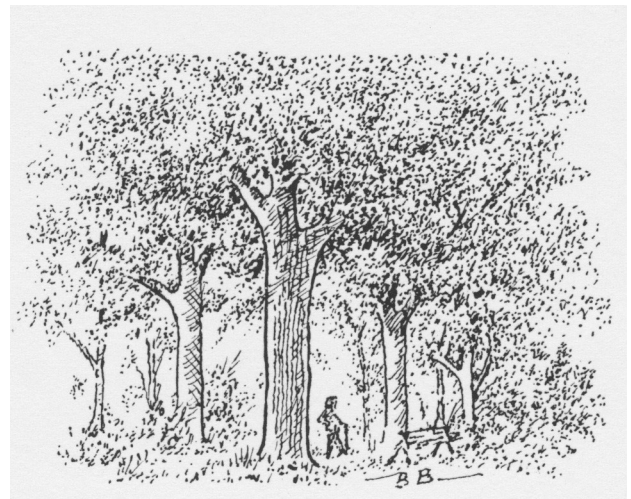
Goodbye, Joanne!

by Don Chesnut

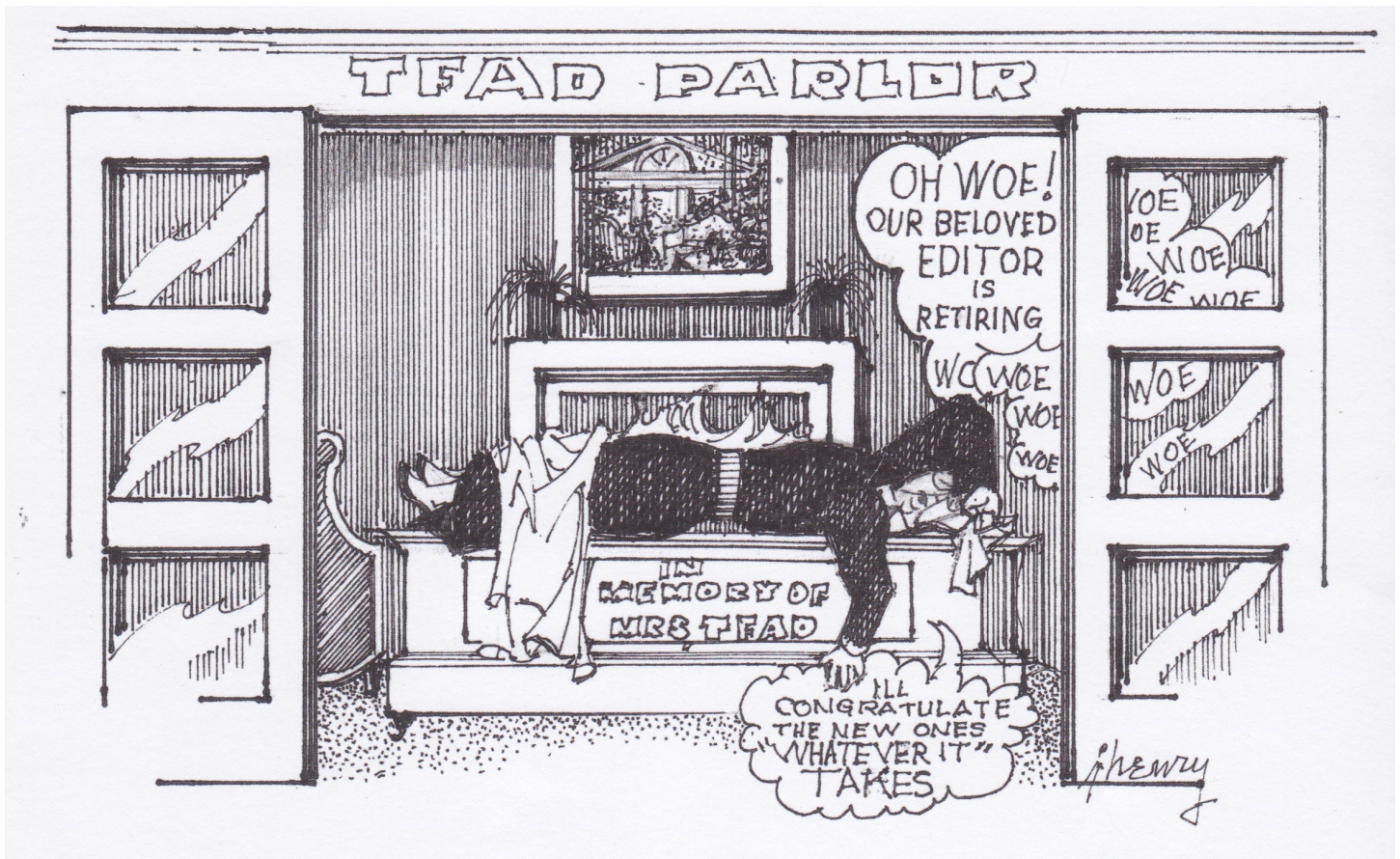
A candle lit,
A prayer was said,
Then someone shed a tear.
The mood was glum,
We all felt bad,
For Joanne won’t be here.

The sun has set,
Time is no more,
There’s little room for cheer.
No more her like,
We all despair,
For Joanne won’t be here.

She will be missed,
That much is sure,
No longer in our sphere.
But keep a look,
You can’t be sure,
Joanne may re-appear!



Joanne wandering in The Forest

by **John Henry**

The Forester: New Co-Editors **George Williams** and **Shannon Ravenel** are preparing to take over the reins this summer. They have met with the staff and are brainstorming new ideas. They will be happy to receive submission for the October issue at any time this summer. Please send these to both co-editors. And note that George's email is <hpgw@mymailstation.com> Shannon's is <shannonr@algonquin.com>.

