

Joel Rivera—Man with a Mission

by George Williams

Joel Rivera, our Maintenance Supervisor, is Puerto Rican in ancestry, as is his wife of 20 years, Raquel. Joel was born in Jersey City, New Jersey, Raquel in Arecibo, Puerto Rico. Since the hurricanes, they have been especially concerned about the welfare of their families on the island, but they are assured that they are OK now.



Raquel and Joel

One of Joel's favorite activities is playing dominoes, a game very popular on the island of Puerto Rico, though not so much in the States. Another is salsa dancing, an activity that he and his wife share with enthusiasm and devotion.

They live in a community in southeast Raleigh where they enjoy a peaceful and quiet neighborhood, though they are near the interminable road repairs to I-40 and I-540. They are very comfortable in their house, and are not yet thinking seriously of moving nearer, though Joel has a long one-hour commute.

Joel attended local schools in New Jersey; in his senior year of high school he entered a Cooperative Education program which provided academic credit for structured job experience. At the conclusion, he began his career as an apprentice in maintenance and technology, specializing in cooling, heating, and ventilation, for the Union School of pipefitters. And then he started working for the company J.Moore & Co.

of Livingston, NJ. While there, he did more than mechanical work; he assisted the president of the company in a program to help younger ones plan for their future. He participated in seminars, was a speaker in many of them, which entailed different opportunities in the trade work. The program took him to many high schools in NJ (one of them his own). "It felt real good helping these young adults," especially those from the same kind of rough neighborhood that he was from. It proved, he says, that "no matter where you are from or where you live, you can have a lasting career." It builds confidence and helps to success. He has been an expert in his field for more than 20 years.

He is a very active member of the Jehovah's Witnesses—his name in Hebrew means "Jehovah is God." He volunteers his time sharing the good news from the Bible with others. Also he volunteers in assisting those who need repairs to HVAC systems that have been lost in natural disasters; he has been privileged to work in Lumberton and elsewhere.



Joel at The Forest

He has been with us here since January 2017, and has made a very good impression on the present editors for his gracious willingness to help and his general affability. He says that he finds it "easy to be positive" in his place in The Forest. We residents are fortunate to know that he can say, "It brings me joy when I can help others."

The Forester

The newsletter of the Residents Association of the Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610. Published monthly except July, August, and September by and for the residents:

George Williams & Shannon Purves,

CoEditors-in-Chief

Maidi Hall, *Text Editor*

Dean McCumber, *Layout Editor*

Lois Oliver, *New-Residents Editor*

Debbie Chesnut & Harriet Williams,

Circulation Managers

Bennett Galef, *Photographic Editor*

Bob Dix, *Digital Archivist*

Staff Writers

Russell Jones

Paul McBride

Carol Oettinger

Carol Reese

Publishing Assistants

Barbara Anderson

Judy Engberg

Felicity Klintworth

Betty Krizek

Mary Leonard

Nancy McCumber

Louise McKee

Nell Rubidge

Mary Ann Ruegg

Cathrine Stickel

Carolyn Thomas

Fran Whitfield

Doug Whitfield

President's Podium



by Russell Jones

December is here along with the holiday season. Be sure you make time to give your neighbors an extra ho-ho-ho to boost holiday spirits. There are loads of benefits of staying active and sharing with your fellow residents. For those who signed up to Sheri Sampson's "Maintain, Don't Gain" challenge – keep up the good work. I did notice, however, that the first day of Sheri's pre-holiday weigh-in was the same day as the tour to the Southern Supreme Fruitcake Factory. Such choices we face here at The Forest.

The holiday season is a season for gifts and sharing – not just with family and friends but here at The Forest as well. One opportunity is the TFAD Benevolent Fund which assists residents who through no fault of their own find they no longer have the resources to fulfill their monthly financial obligation to The Forest. The Forest also has an educational fund with a goal of supporting our staff in their efforts to advance themselves through education. Another option is to support the library fund. Contributions here can help purchase specialized equipment like the new magnifying reading device in the library that makes newspapers and books accessible for the vision challenged. Contact Karen Henry for the details on properly making these tax deductible donations.

And I want to thank all the residents volunteering to serve on our Resident Association standing committees. We had more volunteers than can be accommodated even with the rules limiting normal participation on a committee to three consecutive years. But keep volunteering; your participation is vital to our community. Finally, have you ordered your 2018 Pictorial Directory? Is it too late to order? Check with Elodie Bentley.

In Memoriam

Julia Warner

November 4, 2017

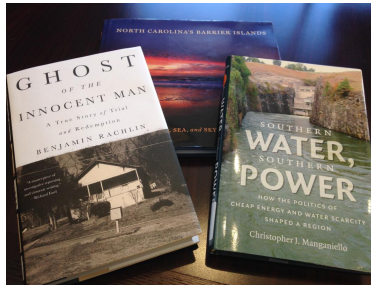
Velma Neel

November 20, 2017

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

Welcome to the holiday season. While Thanksgiving is over, this is still a good time to thank Shannon Purves, the *Forester's* co-editor, for her generosity. When the University of North Carolina Press gave her the option to select a certain number of new books from their latest catalog, Shannon gave the Library choice of selection. This enabled the Library to add nine new publications to its collection in a variety of subject areas—biographies, politics, history, etc.—books it would never be able to afford otherwise. For instance, one biography is of Jack London. Did you know that not only did he write *Call of the Wild*, but that he went around the country calling for another revolution? Read about his life and how he responded to the ills of his time. Or enjoy the beautiful book *Barrier*



Islands of North Carolina—the photographs will make you wish you were there. If politics is your thing, then you might enjoy the book *Southern Water, Southern Power: How the Politics of Cheap Energy and Water Scarcity Shaped a Region*. These and more are available to you thanks to Shannon's generosity.

After you have enjoyed these new additions to the collection, consider browsing the rest of our collection of biographies and non-fiction books. We have many biographies, from John Adams and Alec Guinness to Mozart and the Wright Brothers. We have been slowly building up the non-fiction collection so that it now covers a wide variety of subjects. For instance, if art is your thing, we have a book called *Sharing Chagall* that might interest you. If finance, *Flash Boys: A Wall Street Revolt* might be for you. If the justice system, then you might read *The Ghost of the Innocent Man*, a gripping true-life legal thriller. If the history of a real family feud, you might want to read about the Hatfields and the McCoys. No matter your interests, explore the world by exploring your library's collection.

Your Library has many things to offer; enjoy!

Invention

by Stanley Barlow

Along the blue sleeve
of heaven, fluttering
in the shiny air
a cardinal lights, folds
his wings and holds
firmly to the hemlock limb
as he begins to sing
like his fellows
from the beginning.

Yet what he sings
Is new this day
even as he finishes
and flies away.

Songbird

Tiny prima donna
Tight in sudden death
At the patio door
I bury this work of art
And recount that flight
A song
A flying along
Then into the wall
of mirror
Living wonder
Now only a thing

Reprinted with the permission of the copyright holder (2006).

J. Stanley Barlow grew up in Johnson City, TN. He is an educator, writer, and ordained Presbyterian minister.

A Memory

by Rose E. Boyarsky

It was a day to remember.

I was a freshman at Dickinson High school in Jersey City, New Jersey. It was a huge school, so overcrowded that freshmen attended classes from 12:30 PM until 4:30 PM. Upperclassmen attended class from 8:30 AM until 12:30 PM..

It was getting close to the end of the semester and I was in French class. High school French, for me, was rather boring, especially since we were conjugating French verbs. So my mind went wandering out the window.

The school was on a hill overlooking the New York harbor. The view of the busy harbor and the Statue of Liberty was always a welcome distraction. There were usually lots of boats, ferries and huge steamers to be seen going in and out of the harbor. This afternoon there was even more of a distraction. It



was May 6, 1937. There in the air was the Zeppelin, the Hindenburg. It was huge, quietly and majestically floating over the Statue of Liberty and the New York harbor, affording the passengers a unique view of Manhattan Island and the Jersey Palisades. It afforded me a wonderful escape from French verbs.

The Hindenburg was a hydrogen-filled, passenger-carrying airship, one of several built in Germany during the 1930's. Airships of the Hindenburg class were widely considered to be the future of air travel. The Hindenburg was originally designed for helium, heavier than hydrogen but non-flammable. Most of the world's helium comes from the natural gas fields in the United States but the helium control act of 1927 banned the export of helium in an effort to conserve it

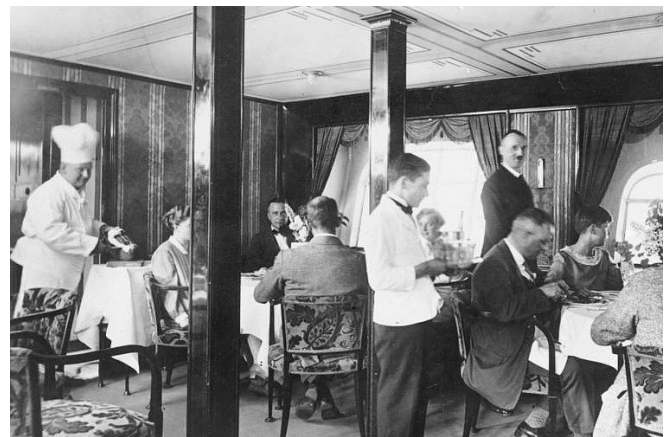
for use by US Navy airships. The Germans had extensive experience with hydrogen as a lifting gas and accidental fires had never occurred on civilian Zeppelins, so they didn't worry about using hydrogen instead of helium.

The Hindenburg was due to dock at the US Naval Air Station in Lakehurst, New Jersey, where blimps and Zeppelins could be moored. I was very surprised it spent so much time over Manhattan. Lakehurst was about 50 or so miles south of Manhattan Island as the crow flies.

Later I found out that thunderstorms along the flight path had caused the captain to change course and spend time over Manhattan and the Jersey shore waiting for the weather to clear. A little after 6:00 PM the captain was notified that he could land at the Lakehurst mooring station.

Listening on the radio to the day's news that evening, we heard that the airship had caught fire as it was attempting to moor. It was destroyed in between 32 and 37 seconds with the loss of 36 of the 97 people on board.

The disaster marked the end of the passenger



airship era. I can still see that majestic Zeppelin in my mind's eye.

Born in Jersey City, Rose Eisman Boyarsky lived in Orange County for 14 years before moving to The Forest in 2013. She holds degrees from Vermont, Columbia, and Duke Universities.

The Payroll that Almost Wasn't

by Jack Hughes

My father operated a small factory in Tabor City, NC (population 900), that manufactured strawberry crates and other types of wooden shipping containers. He died on Friday, March 3, 1933, the day before Franklin Delano Roosevelt was inaugurated as President. On Monday, March 6, all of the nation's banks were closed by executive order.

The factory employed 65 to 70, about half of whom were female. Although the depression was evident everywhere, the factory had begun to operate full time again in preparation for the beginning of the strawberry auction markets a few months away. Times were tough and the employees were happy to once more look forward to their payroll envelope on Saturday morning. On Friday, March 10, the banks were still closed and no withdrawals were permitted.

My father had prepared for such an occasion by keeping enough cash for a couple of payrolls in a lockbox at the local Farmers and Merchants Bank and had told my mother about it. Fortunately, the president of the bank was a longtime friend and neighbor and knew just about everything that went on in the town. My mother discussed the situation with him and after dark on Friday they entered the bank by the back door, opened the vault and removed enough money from the lockbox to meet the payroll.

Although the letter of the law was violated, no questions were ever asked about how the payroll was met, and I doubt that any jury would convict anyone for ensuring that a lot of employees and their families would live a little better the next week.

It could happen only in America in a small town.

Jack Hughes grew up in Tabor City, NC, and attended UNC Chapel Hill and the University of Pennsylvania. He has lived in Durham since 1950.

Seven Lapis Lazuli

Ein Märchen

by Helga Bessent

An antique round silver box, four inches high, decorated with seven lapis lazuli, stood on the mantel of a marble fire place. Nobody paid attention or even touched it. One day a young gentleman came to say good bye to his lady friend. He was leaving to travel the world searching for fame and fortune—and happiness. His eyes, attracted by the ultramarine stones, suddenly rested on the silver box. The young lady, noticing this, took down the box and handed it to him, saying “Take it. The lapis stones will bring a good price if you need help during your journeys. My father brought it back from Afghanistan.” He accepted the gift, his eyes shining as he kissed her hands and departed.

Years passed as he traveled the globe, gaining fame and fortune. One day, having made a name for himself on an island nation near Afghanistan, he was passing through a “sonq” when he noticed a beautiful armlet. He stopped, drawn like a magnet to this piece of jewelry. His eyes widened as he counted seven lapis imbedded in the silver armlet. Memories of a silver box also decorated with seven lapis flashed before him. He bought the armlet and immediately made plans to return home.

Older and wiser, famous for his knowledge in business, banking, and achievements in agricultural changes, he was celebrated everywhere he went. But, carrying the precious armlet, his new quest was finding the woman who had given him the silver box with seven lapis stones a long time ago.

When he found her and fastened the armlet on her wrist, she looked up at him, smiling—seeing happiness in his eyes.

Noted photographer Helga Wilde Bessent is a native of Germany and Professor Emerita of German at Duke.

Welcome New Residents

Carol and Lowell Goldsmith

Apt 4008 919-401-3650

carolgoldsmith@mailbug.com lag1959@gmail.com



Carol and Lowell grew up in Brooklyn, NY. Carol earned her BA at Barnard College in zoology, and taught high school biology while studying for her MA in science education at Brooklyn College. Lowell's BA from Columbia College was in psychology, and his MD was earned at the State University of New York at Brooklyn. As first year college students they met on the subway. After Lowell's medical school graduation they moved to Los Angeles, Bethesda, Boston, Durham, Rochester, and Chapel Hill, following Lowell's career as an academic dermatologist. Carol continued to teach while in Los Angeles, but with the birth of their daughters, Meredith and Eileen, in Bethesda and Boston respectively, became busier with family and volunteer work. She did work at Duke in biochemistry administration, and as a *Health Education Journal* editor.

Lowell added major research training at the NIH and Brandeis to his dermatology education at the Massachusetts General, and was recruited to Duke where he spent eight years. At Rochester, he headed the Dermatology Unit, was briefly the acting chairman of the Department of Medicine, and finally Dean of the School of Medicine. He also got an MPH degree at Rochester. He retired, almost, and moved to NC where he joined the dermatology faculty at UNC for seven years and then actually retired.

Muriel Rioux

Apt 4038 919-402-9429

RiouxMC@aol.com



Muriel grew up in St. Jean Baptiste, Quebec, Canada. She earned a BA in Education from Scholastic at St. Bonaventure in Baie, St. Paul, Quebec, and worked for the provincial government social services in the finance area. Her brother, who went to college in the US, kept bringing his best friend, Bill Rioux, home. Finally Muriel and Bill were married. Bill brought French-speaking Muriel to Connecticut, where she learned English and simultaneously taught French in the Wallingford schools for a couple of years.

While Bill rose in his career to be an insurance claims director, Muriel completed another BA in Finance at the University of Bridgeport, and began a long career in that field. She was a financial analyst and her work involved the preparation of R&D proposals for the US Army. Her husband introduced her to golf, and they often played in North Carolina. When Bill died, she remained in Connecticut until her retirement, and then chose to move to Durham. She became actively involved in her church, two book clubs, and an investment group. Of course she still enjoys golf, does needlework, is a world-wide traveler, and keeps active with exercise.

Goldsmith Continued –

Carol is involved with book groups, bird watching, museum visits, Judea Reform volunteer work, OLLI classes, and movies. Lowell has taken up silversmithing, and plays the piano. He works with colleagues on computer medical diagnostic programs.

Welcome New Residents

William R. Newton

Cottage 76 919-402-9429
Argenson75004@gmail.com

William was born in New York City, but moved west soon thereafter. With a family base in Oklahoma, his father's work in the oil industry involved multiple moves and several schools. After a year in Rome, he finished his undergraduate study in history at Loyola University in Chicago and then went directly to the University of Michigan for graduate work. His years in Ann Arbor were interrupted by an eighteen-month Peace Corps assignment in Libya.



On returning to the States, he completed his Ph.D. in history after two years in the French national archives, graduating in 1974. He spent 15 years in various publishing houses in New York before returning to pure research and writing, with a pied-a-terre in Paris and a house in the States, first in Connecticut, then in the country northwest of Nashville, TN. During these quiet years, he wrote seven books on the court at Versailles, a subject he continues to pursue since arriving at The Forest in July with his faithful cocker spaniel Luc.

Mystery Resident



- Bob Blake

BOOK REVIEW

The Perfect Horse

by Elizabeth Lett

(New York, Ballantine Books, 2016)

by Caroline Raby

Elizabeth Lett writes of a little-known World War II act of bravery, compassion, and daring action by the United States Army to rescue the priceless Lipizzaner stallions kidnapped by the Nazis.

The Perfect Horse is riveting, both for equestrian lovers and history aficionados. It gives an exciting, heart-pounding story of valor and victory as well as one of concern and compassion for helpless, displaced horses. Ms. Lett adroitly weaves history together with a fascinating love of the beautiful snow-white—or younger gray or darker—horses.

In European history, these horses had been valorous in battles. They had been trained to perform majestic "airs above the ground" to protect their Baroque riders from the dangers of warfare and gunfire.

Over the centuries, the strong, muscular animals had been bred for medieval military maneuvers, beginning during the 1600s, with the most recent breeding stock coming from Lipica (*Lipizza* in Italian), in what is now Slovenia. Lipizzaner forebears can be traced to approximately A.D. 800 when Muslims brought the horses into Spain where they were crossed with Spanish stock. The offspring were Andalusians. The Hapsburgs then took the steeds for further training and breeding into the Lipizzaners.

During the last days of World War II, under Gen. George Patton's directives, Col. Hank Reed, a US cavalryman, rescued the horses after finding pictures of the Lipizzaners from a captured spy. They learned that the steeds were threatened. The captured purebreds were contained on a secret farm behind the lines. During the waning days of the war, however, these animals were threatened by the advancing but

starving Russian soldiers. The Communist military could likely have massacred the priceless, majestic animals for food—horse meat! The horses had to be rescued before the Russians arrived in their pasture.

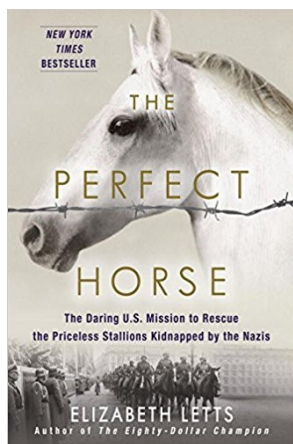
Elizabeth Lett details several key players in the story. One is Vienna's noted director of the Spanish Riding School, Alois Podhajsky, who earned Olympic equestrian medals. He fled the bombs in Austria, taking the remaining "dancing" war horses with him. Also, there was Gen. Gustav Rau, Hitler's administrator of horse breeding. He researched genetic engineering to breed the "perfect" war horse for Hitler's army, following the godless Nazi policies of attempting to perfect breeds of humans and animals. He planned on using the Lipizzaner line as work animals.

General Patton, though known to be irascible and gruff, had a tender spot in his heart for the horses; he was a rider himself and had earlier served on the War Department's polo team. After the daring lightning-fast rescue, Patton, his officers, and the US detachment viewed the Lipizzaners as they performed their breathtaking drills.

After the war, when asked about rescuing and saving these beautiful animals, Col. Hank Reed responded simply: "We were so tired of death and destruction. We wanted to do something beautiful."

These magnificent horses are still ridden in equestrian dressage at the Spanish Riding School, located near Vienna's Hofburg Imperial Palace.

A history buff, horse aficionado, and occasional traveler, Caroline toured Europe in October where she watched Hungarian riders taking breathtaking Lipizzaners going through their paces.



In the Gardens, II

by Herbert L. Carson

Soon they both forgot that day in the gardens.

He dreamt of the carelessly-dressed woman humming the Maxim tune from *The Merry Widow*. Why had he not joined her quiet hum?

She dreamt of the colorfully-clothed man muttering imprecations at the statuary display, and she restlessly remembered wishing he would join her song

Neither went to the gardens during the long and chilly winter. But as the weather warmed, he rebelliously thought, "Why not? Why deprive myself of those peaceful moments?" And he deliberately turned his soft boiled breakfast egg to the broad side. And then wondering why, as he donned his carefully chosen colorful clothing, why he had turned the egg, and why indeed was he tunelessly humming the Maxim tune?

She, clad in a haphazard collection of yesterday's attire, sanding her wooden image of The Dying Gaul, recalling Emily Dickinson's lines, "Success is counted sweetest / By those who ne'er succeed," suddenly and unaccountably found herself humming the Maxim tune. She determined to revisit the gardens. "Why? Better find a place to display my sculpture." And she courageously continued her humming as she dared drive toward the gardens.

He was delighted to see no intrusive sculptures among the slowly blooming spring plants. He took the main trail, but wisely avoided crossing the stream by the treacherous stepping stones. She, picking her way casually, braved the slippery stones for her crossing. Both, inexplicably, continued humming the Maxim tune.

Ah, dear reader, you are wondering, "Did they meet? Did they hum the tune together, and laugh at themselves, and go to coffee, and find a lifetime companion?"

This story, like "The Lady or the Tiger," allows you, my dear reader, to contemplate a suitable and satisfying conclusion: Was it a comforting companionship or a lifetime of loneliness? Hmm?

A retired Professor of Humanities, Herb has published numerous poems, stories, essays, and, with his wife, five books.

CAROL'S CORNER

Aalleyah McKay

by Carol Oettinger

Aalleyah is our friend at the cash register in the Heartwood Café. My family calls her the "Memory Queen," because she not only knows the name of each of the many residents, but more than that, when family members come, she always remembers them without prompting. Pretty amazing!

It's always fun to see her hair because she says she switches her hair style whenever she changes her clothes.

Aalleyah, the second youngest of six—four girls and two boys—was named for a favorite Rhythm and Blues singer of her mother's. When Aalleyah graduated from Hillside High School, she received three scholarships. The one she chose was from the Art Institute at Charlotte. She decided not to go when she found out she was to become a Mom. She knew that what she wanted was to "provide an amazing life" for her child. Now she and her daughter, Zanii—which means "gift of God"—are living at home. Zanii is four years old and has just started preschool.

"One person I really look up to." Aalleyah says, "is my grandmother. She taught me how to be strong and independent and how to be a lady."

Aalleyah found out about the Forest from her Mother, Sheree, who has been working as a CNA in the Health Center. Aalleyah came to work here three years ago and enjoys her work and continues in her job here even as she has begun her freshman year in college at Mount Olive University. Mount Olive is located in the Research Triangle Park and so is convenient to both home and work. With her memory and intelligence, she will enjoy her college work. She wants to major in early childhood administration and hopes someday to open her own day care center.

Aalleyah makes every check-out easy and pleasant and we are lucky to have her as a part of our daily life at the Forest.

California AIDS Ride 6

by Ann Inderbitzin

On Christmas Day, 1997, my son asked me if I would like to do an AIDS Ride from San Francisco to Los Angeles with him and his wife. What is an AIDS ride? Well, you bicycle from San Francisco to Los Angeles, but first you collect \$2,500 from friends and, of course, relatives, as donations to help AIDS victims. Sure, I said, I was only 58 at the time; I could still do anything.

Two-thousand miles (serious training) later with my new hybrid blue bike and about \$4000 in donations, I flew to San Francisco to start my ride. On May 31, 1998, over 3000 participants set out to bicycle from San Francisco to Los Angeles, about 600 miles, in seven days.

The most wonderful part of the ride was the spirit of the participants and the volunteers who took care of us. I had never been part of such a group in which everyone seemed to care about you and think you were pretty wonderful. It was like an army moving down the coast spreading love and kindness.

And the lines! For food, showers, Porta Potties, water, and the lines of bicyclists leaving for the day, or going through a town. They were never-ending, but we adapted, and after a while they were just part of our life.

And we would ride through towns where the people wouldn't look at us, or maybe would call out an insult. In the very next town people would be standing outside cheering us on, offering orange slices; kids would have their hands out wanting to high-five us.

And we'd be bicycling along in the middle of nowhere, when up ahead we would see a car parked, and there'd be someone's Mom and Dad, cheering us on, thanking us for doing the ride. You wondered what

story they had to tell and tears would well up in your eyes.

And there were the tents—finding your tent, getting your bags and tent to your camp site, setting up the tent and then taking it down in the morning, schlepping your stuff back to the trucks, finding your bike, getting on your bike about 7 AM and starting off for the day's ride, singing quietly to yourself, "On the road again, I'm so glad to be on the road again," and meaning it!

And there was my son Kurt and his wife, Mia. Kurt had injured his knee and had to wear a brace but he pedaled every mile in spite of what must have been quite a bit of pain. Mia, at five feet tall, just kept riding and riding. She'd pass me on the flats, and I'd pass her on the hills. Couldn't figure that one out.



Mia, Ann, and Kurt

We finished the ride by bicycling into the heart of Los Angeles, getting our t-shirts and watching the closing ceremony. A friend picked up our gear, and then we rode our bikes out to Kurt's home in Culver City. We had just bicycled 600 miles, and we chose to bicycle home. That says it all.

A graduate of Kalamazoo College—where she met and married Larry—Ann worked at the Smithsonian Museum of Natural History and as an EPA Wetlands Enforcement Coordinator before retiring.

Lost

by Ned Arnett

Misplaced ! That's it, they're just misplaced.
But what will I do until they're found?
After all, the whole idea of a lock
Is to deny access to a place or a thing
To everyone who doesn't have a key,
And now it's my turn, I've lost my keys!
Once again I've entered that world
Of feeling that goes with being lost.
That's right, it's me that's lost,
Not my goddam keys!

Until I find them, I really won't be able
To think of anything else;
They'll claim a corner of my brain
As their very own, and sit there howling
You've lost your keys, you fool !!!
Where was the last place you saw them?
Don't remember, eh, well, it serves you right.

If you practiced mindfulness, your brain
Would never stray from focus on what's
happening.
The smallest act would deserve attention
And you wouldn't float around
in a world of daydreams.

You would say, "Pay attention,
You're leaving your keys on the kitchen counter,"
And you wouldn't go around losing things.

Wait, that's them over there, what a relief !
The feeling of lostness evaporates
And instantly you're back to normal,
Forgetting the little sermon you were giving
yourself
On how to stop losing things.

Ned Arnett is Professor Emeritus of Chemistry at Duke and a frequent contributor to The Forester.

Duke Gardens ...

(Continued from page 12)

when the Doris Duke Center opened in 2001, and she has staffed the Information desk every Tuesday morning since. She really enjoys telling people where to go! She also became a trolley docent when these became regularly scheduled.

Maidi Hall also spent time helping visitors at the information desk, and like Rose and Lois has had the pleasure of informing tourists that visiting Duke Gardens is free.

Lois Oliver was trained as a docent by Nell Rubidge in the late 90's, but since walking tours were occasional events, added weeding in the Terraces as a regular assignment. She learned that if volunteers don't weed, nobody does. Eventually, she gave up stoop labor and now is a member of the propagation team in the greenhouse, and a sub on the information desk. She is also on the Board of Visitors of the Gardens.

The Garden Guild, a volunteer group of craftswomen began in the early 2000's to create ornaments, toys, and useful goods such as potholders for sale at Christmas as a fund raising function for the Gardens. **Diana Spock** is a long-standing member of the Garden Guild.

Two relatively new residents of The Forest, **Mary Anne Walker** and **Nancy Miller**, were quick to volunteer at the Gardens. Mary Anne is diligent on the Information Desk at the Doris Duke Center and as a Gardens Ambassador. Nancy is a Gardens Ambassador at the Main Gate each week.

For these fourteen Forest residents, the Sarah P. Duke Gardens are a place to meet people from all over the world, to contribute to a world-class botanic garden, and to enjoy hands-on work in a beautiful setting.

Lois Oliver's Duke Medical School faculty offices were across from the Sarah P. Duke Gardens, and she gravitated there after retiring.

Foresters in the Duke Gardens

by Lois Oliver

Fourteen residents of The Forest are closely connected to the Sarah P. Duke Gardens at Duke University. Some have become part of the Gardens' history.

Prior to 1991, the Gardens were maintained by the staff with a few work-study students. Then, a volunteer program and a Board of Visitors were established. **Nan Schiebel** was on that first Board, and served several terms, in addition to being one of the longest serving volunteers. Her gifts include the gate to the Culberson Asiatic Arboretum and the Main Gate shelter, where she currently greets visitors as an Ambassador every week.

Sarah McCracken and **Molly Simes** found their way to the Gardens in a similar way: going there to walk as visitors, they saw a notice asking for volunteers and signed up. Sarah was honest to say she knew nothing about plants, and was taught to dead-head roses, propagate plants, and do other tasks as needed. Over the years she eventually collected all the historical material stuffed in drawers in old office trailers to make scrapbooks and, later, files. After a time, **Mary Ann Ruegg**, who had volunteered in the gift shop, began helping Sarah with cataloging, and is carrying on the work of keeping up the archives.

Nell Rubidge began doing walking tours of the Gardens in 1991. Nell had been tutored by **Dr. Robert Durden** and the horticulturalists on the history of the University and the Gardens and started doing walking tours as soon as the volunteer program began. She would go on for many years to train docents to give walking and then trolley tours. As the Gardens grew and expanded, the tours got longer and longer, but all docents owe Nell for the success of that program.

Molly and her husband noted, as anyone who walks there does, that those who have trouble walking, or are handicapped, cannot easily visit much of the Gardens. They donated two six-person golf carts in 1992. The first one had a colorful label across the front, "Molly's Trolley." The name stuck, and all golf cart tours are still called Trolley Tours. Molly did special trolley tours, with champagne, for new Forest residents. She was also the force behind the gift shop



Earliest Forest Volunteers at the Sarah P. Duke Gardens (from left): Evebell Dunham, Molly Simes, Nan Schiebel, Nell Rubidge and Sarah McCracken.

and the original snack bar. Molly did walking tours, trolley tours, weeded the Terraces, worked the information desk, and, with the Garden Guild, made crafts to be sold at Christmas. Her contributions could be found in every volunteer activity of the Gardens for many years.

Evebell Dunham was volunteering at the UNC Botanic Gardens and studying to become a master gardener when Molly Simes suggested she might volunteer at Duke Gardens for the new docent program. For the next twenty-two years, Evebell led walking tours, drove the trolleys, sold plants at the plant sales, crafted with the Garden Guild, and spent time on the information desk.

These early-90's faithful volunteers were just the beginning. Other Forest residents have followed.

Kay Randolph arrived at Duke Gardens in 1999 as the first Director of Development, and she created a very successful program. When the Director of the Gardens went on sabbatical, Kay served a year as the Director. So she occupies a very special place in the story of the Gardens.

Irene Nashold volunteered in the gift shop when it was down in the Terraces near the Pergola.

Rose Boyarsky answered the call for volunteers

(Continued on page 11)