

An Exciting New Gourmet Dish—Our New Director of Dining

by George Williams

We can add another member to our growing international company. Our new Director of Dining Services, Art Ernteman, is a foreigner, from far-off Canada. Born in London, Ontario, in spite of all temptations he remains a Canadian, though he has lived south of the border since he was twelve. Leaving the pleasures of a London summer, he came with his family to the warmth of Chapel Hill when his stepfather accepted a professorship at the Duke Law School (from which he recently retired).

Art finished his youthful schooling at the Chapel Hill-Carrboro Public High School—one of the best in the state—before going to the University of North Carolina in Greensboro, from which he was graduated with a B.S. in Business Administration in 2000. While still a senior in high school, he began working in dining services at Carol Woods Retirement Community; he stayed there for 14 years, where he “fell in love with working with senior adults.” Even while in college he progressed to the position of Director of Dining Services there.

At the end of that period he fell in love also with a young citizen of the United States, then employed as a C.P.A. working with tax problems. They married. She was transferred to the office in India, to Hyderabad. He went with her. While there he met by chance, in a pub, a local artist. Both of them were looking for new activities. They decided to join forces and open something new in India, a café with an art gallery. There had never been anything like that in India. Such an innovation, serving continental food—real coffee instead of British tea—and displaying works of art by local Indian artists, was an instant success, a unique phenomenon. When his wife’s assignment concluded, he returned to North Carolina to work from 2015 to 2017 at Springmoor, a retirement community in Raleigh.

He has had training as a chef who cooks. But his specific training is in administration: not a chef, he is a manager of chefs.



He proposes here to work with our dietitian and some chefs. They will prepare the menu; the chefs will execute the decisions. His assignment includes preparing meals for the residents of Holbrook and Olsen. That work has no

vacations, no days off, no meals off. It is often specific to the diets of individuals. A massive job.

Art likes to talk about his hobbies. They are as unusual as he is: in the winter months he is a novice at woodworking, in turning wood. He has a lathe to sculpt wood into attractive and useful shapes. I told him we had residents who exhibited their accomplishments in that art form. His summer activity, outdoors, is driving his jet boat and water-skiing, from May to September. He has a boat that he keeps in “valet parking” at Jordan Lake. It is of shallow draft, has no propeller, and so is just right for the shallow and cluttered waters of that lake. The boat is propelled by two engines which force two jets of water out of the stern. Every weekend he is at the controls driving the boat, or on his skis while somebody else is driving the boat.

For many years of dining services in the Triangle, he knew, of course, of the situation at The Forest, and when our much admired Tony Ellis left us, he applied for the position: “This is where I want to be.” We residents are that lucky.

The Forester

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President's Podium



by Russell Jones

Listening Sessions—While our Resident Association standing committees interact with The Forest's department directors on a regular basis about services and activities, in early April our finance committee initiated a series of "listening sessions" to draw out other ideas for purposeful, active, healthy, and secure lives at The Forest. By the first week in May, Carol Carson and scribes from the finance committee will have held at least ten "listening sessions" with our standing committees and caucuses. As I write this, another ten sessions have already been lined up and others are being scheduled for the rest of May. All suggestions are being recorded and entered into a master suggestion data base along with listening session favorites. It is clear that this effort has activated residents' creative juices and the finance committee has the challenge of generating the promised "distillation" by mid-June for sharing with TFAD management as well as the "Big Board."

Our Confidant Book—For longer-term residents who have forgotten and newer residents who have never learned about it in the chaos of arriving at TFAD, the Confidant Book is a way of keeping friends informed about your status if you suddenly "disappear." The disappearance could be to the emergency department, short-term stay in Health & Wellness, long-planned but unannounced vacation to Tahiti, or just staying in your unit with the flu. Your other friends can, in effect, check on you without bothering you – and "no calls right now" is certainly an allowed entry in the Confidant Book. How do you participate? Check the Confidant Book in Connections for information, rules, and a form that you send to Shirley Few.

Memorial Day—Don't forget the Memorial Day program organized by our patriotic events committee scheduled for May 28 in the Auditorium.

In Memoriam

Margaret Stubblefield March 24, 2018

Julia Kenan April 14, 2018

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

Exhibit Project

I hope everyone has had a chance to take out, or at least browse, the “Books into Movies” books. Based on your favorable comments, we would like to continue having exhibits on specific topics. In order to do this, the Library Committee is asking for someone to **volunteer to put future exhibits together**. They needn’t be done on a regular basis—only when a topic presents itself such as an upcoming holiday or a topic in the news. All that would be involved would be: 1) selecting 15–20 books on the topic; 2) pulling them from the shelves; 3) placing the yellow strip in the back card pocket; 4) organizing them on the cart; and 5) typing up a list of the titles. While it sounds like a lot, it can all be done in about 30 minutes per exhibit. So, if you think you would find this interesting, contact me by phone (919-401-8742) or email (reese.carol911@yahoo.com). Even if you are too busy to take on another “job,” but have an idea for an exhibit, please tell us what it is by using the **Library Suggestion Cards** located on the table on the right as you come in the Library.

Brush-Up on Library Basics

With new people constantly joining the Forest community, I thought it would be a good idea to review some of the basics of the Library every few issues. This issue will discuss the collection and how to take items out.

The collection consists of fiction (including mysteries), biographies, and non-fiction (especially American history). The Library also has several special collections:

- Puzzles,
- Books written by residents,
- DVDs, and
- Audio books.

You can locate something you like by browsing the shelves or by using our Online Catalog. You can

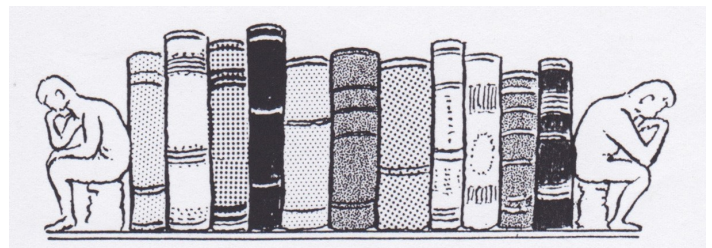
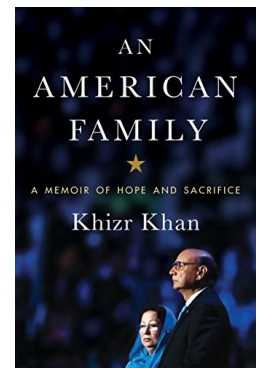
access the catalog through the Residents Association website (www.ForestRes.org). Once on the website click on “Quick Links” then click on “Search Library Books.” If you would like some instructions on using our Online Catalog, contact me either by phone (919-401-8742) or email (reese.carol911@yahoo.com) so we can arrange a time for some instruction.

Once you find what you want, to take it out you need to complete the card at the back of the book, or in the puzzle’s box, or inside the DVD’s cover, etc. We need you to enter the date, your name, and your apartment/cottage number. Filling out the **card completely** enables us to keep track of the collection.

I’ll be covering other basics of using your Library in future issues of *The Forester*.

My Latest Personal Read

My personal preferences in reading lean toward biographies and mysteries. I tend to toggle between the two. One of the last biographies I read was by Khizr Khan entitled *An American Family: a memoir of hope and sacrifice*. If you ever need reminding what separates this country from others, I recommend that you read this memoir. It will remind you that, more than any other country, the United States was founded upon ideals: individual freedoms, equal protection and due process of law—not just physical location. Something to think about.



SCIENCE FICTION ?

Southern Sugaring at The Forest

by Ted Harris

The project, a test perhaps for future expanded efforts, was a great success. During the month of January, 2019, one of the largest and healthiest sugar maple trees on our campus was tapped producing five gallons of sap resulting in a pint plus of maple syrup.

The Grounds Committee agreed to sponsor this effort understanding it would be labor intensive. The Southern Sugaring Subcommittee was formed of interested residents. Our first effort was inventorying the sugar maples on campus.

Here at The Forest at Duke the original landscaping included almost one hundred sugar maple trees planted along our streets and behind the cottages. These trees are now nearly thirty years old. Many show the deleterious effects of being planted south of their natural range, but some have thrived. Those were our prospects.

To be selected for the sugaring test, a tree must be at least ten inches in diameter measured at breast height (DBH) and without competition. Such a tree develops a full crown and produces more sap than a tree that shares the canopy with other trees. We identified several trees meeting these specifications.

We realized that the ordinary method of boiling sap outside would not be possible here. Maple sap is a perishable product. It should be cared for like milk and kept refrigerated.

The Eskimos learned that frozen sea water was fresh and good to drink when thawed. The salt in the sea water does not freeze with the water. This is true also of freezing sap. When the sap is frozen, up to ninety percent of the sugar remains below the frozen block of ice. We made plans to remove over eighty percent of the water by freezing, reducing the collected sap from five gallons to one gallon.

The freezing process called for two inventions: an ice cake removal apparatus and the insulation tray for the bottom of the freezing pail. These inventions would not have been possible without the help and support of the Maintenance Department. We located

residents willing to donate their refrigerators for the testing of our inventions with sugared water. Happily they participated in the real event also.

During the planning phase we ordered all the equipment we would need. It's about buckets: a collecting bucket with a lid to be hung on the tap, a gathering bucket to carry the sap to refrigeration, and refrigerator holding and freezing buckets. The expense was borne by an anonymous donor.

Our understanding was that tapping in no way harms the sugar maple tree. The flow of sap is triggered by nights below 32 F and daytimes above freezing. The flow of sap was especially large when that daytime temperature rose into the forties. While there is variation between trees, on average the sugar mass content of the sap is two and a half per cent.

Nathan Summers approved the selection of the tree for tapping. On an above-freezing day in late December Steve Williams augured the tap hole with a 5/16ths bit tilted slightly upwards into the tree to a depth of two and a half inches. The tap was gently hammered in.

During January we had several sap runs that were collected and transported to our freezing locations. Dining was backup in case of a power outage.

In early February the concentrated sap solution was ready for boiling, a big occasion with many committee members present. Prior to boiling the concentrated sap solution was filtered through a coffee filter. The boiling occurs at 217 F. This adds taste and brings the desired sugar content to 67%. The stopping point was determined by observing a sheet-like flow of syrup from a spoon after being dipped into the boiling sap.

The First Southern Sugaring Fest was celebrated on Friday March 13, 2019. At the social hour one of the featured hors d'oeuvres was a small waffle festooned with the Forest at Duke's own maple syrup. The residents admired the poster board photos prepared by the Activities Department.

—April 1, 2019

Ted Harris has a serious interest in old-growth forests and everything relating to trees.

Me and Martin

by Herb Carson

In 1968, my wife, our three young children, and I were returning from a sabbatical leave which we had spent in Las Cruces, New Mexico. We had also traveled extensively—to the Grand Canyon, San Diego, the Petrified Forest, all around the southwest, etc.

I had just published my first book. In it, I included Dr. King's "I have a dream" speech. Of course, I was required to get permission from the various speakers I included. It took a while to hear from Dr. King. Eventually a letter came in.

On personal stationery with the heading, Martin Luther King, Jr., were these words (based on my memory of them): First came an apology for not replying sooner, but he wrote, "I was out of the country." Well, of course I knew that—he had been traveling to accept the Nobel Peace Prize.

After that Dr. King went on to give me permission to use his speech in my forthcoming book. He also told me I did not need to pay any royalty. It was a kind and generous reply.

Unfortunately but necessarily, I was required to send the permission letters to my publisher, with the assurance that the material would be returned to me six months after the book's publication. When I did not receive Dr. King's letter back, I wrote the publisher and was told that the letter had been mislaid. Alas, what I now would give to frame that letter and hang it on my wall.

So, in 1968, on our route home, we spent a day or two in Memphis, Tennessee. The first night, I did what I usually enjoyed—I read the local newspaper. It had an editorial noting that Dr. King was returning to the city to try to resolve the strike of garbage workers.

In the editorial, the paper welcomed Dr. King's return and went on to urge him to recognize the strides made by the city in easing racial tensions and showing fairness to its African-American citizens.

The next morning, before setting off on our homeward journey, I took my wife and children on a garbage ride. In the poorer areas, mountainous piles of uncollected garbage defaced the neighborhoods. In the more prosperous neighborhoods, no such piles were

evident. Those areas could afford private pickups to counteract the strike.

We returned home and shortly after our return, a neighbor called to inform us that Dr. King had been shot and killed upon his return to Memphis. How I wished I had kept that ironic editorial welcoming Dr. King to Memphis.

And how I wished I still had that kind and supportive permission letter. Supportive and modest.

Yes, he had been traveling. But what a journey he took. He had a dream. And he shared it with all of us, regardless of our race. His dream became the journey's dream of a nation.

The Four-Bit Piece

by Herb Carson

Buck had enjoyed his work at The Factory. Most of the men would simply ignore him. Some of the men were kind. They'd shout as he pushed his wide broom by them, "Hiya, Buck, how ya doin'." Oh sure, a few men made fun of him. But most of them were okay. And Buck felt useful, sweeping up the remnants of the garments sewed by the men. Buck felt grateful to Old Mr. Furman for giving him the job.

And Buck felt comfortable in the shed out back of Old Mr. Furman's house. And Mr. Furman only charged him two bucks a month. And a quarter for the electric light. And another quarter for using the outhouse. And a dime for the pump.

Then Old Mr. Furman died. And his son Charlie told Buck he would have to find a rooming house to live in. And Charlie closed down The Factory. "More trouble than it's worth," someone heard Charlie say.

Luckily, Buck had saved some of the precious dollars he earned at The Factory. But finding a rooming house wasn't easy. Buck had learned over the years that people were put off by his slurred speech. And the landladies sort of stared at him and said, "Nope, no vacancies," even though the sign on the porch said "Room for Rent."

Even worse was finding a job. Buck had tried going to some of the stores or the bigger buildings,

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The Four ...

(Continued from Page 5)

talking to the janitor, but they were not always nice, and none wanted an assistant, or said they already had one.

Buck was normally cheerful, but as he crossed the bridge, he remembered his childhood. The other boys had dared jump off the bridge into the rapids below, even though if the police saw them on the bridge, they'd chase them away. But Buck had never dared to try jumping off the bridge. Besides, he had never learned to swim.

Then, walking through downtown, Buck saw a sign in Mr. Timmons' pharmacy, "Boy Wanted. Help with cleaning up store and soda fountain. Must be industrious and cheerful." Buck wasn't sure about the word industrious, but he knew people always said, "Buck is sure cheerful!"

And Mr. Timmons said, "But the sign says 'Boy.'" Luckily he relented. "Guess you can pass for a boy." And Buck had a job.

And Mr. Timmons was pleasant. But when he saw Buck at the cash register, trying to dust it with one of his rags, he told Buck, "You don't go near that register, Boy. Ya hear? That's off limits."

So Buck stayed away from the Register. And he polished the other areas, and swept the floor, and cleaned the indoor toilet room, and swept off the leaves that fell on the walk outside the store, and took the garbage out to the can in the back alley, and washed down Mr. Timmons' car. Buck liked his work, almost as much as he had liked the factory work.

One day, while sweeping near the register, Buck heard a melodious sound. Upon looking at the detritus his broom was pushing, he saw a gleam. He bent down and discovered a half buck coin.

"Wow! Four bits. Wow!" But he knew it wasn't his to keep. And Mr. Timmons had gone to the bank. So, somewhat timidly, he approached the cash register and put the coin down by it. And continued sweeping the floor clean.

Then Mrs. Timmons came out of the back room, and told Buck to empty the waste baskets back there. So he did. And when he came back into the store, Mrs. Timmons had left and Mr. Timmons was there, back from the bank.

He was standing by the register. His brow was furled, and he looked unhappy. Finally he called Buck, "Boy, come over here."

Buck went over. "Now see here, Boy, I was rushing to get to the bank, and I dropped a coin. I bent to get it, but couldn't see it, and hadda rush to get to the bank, so now I'm looking."

Mr. Timmons took out his big red hankie, swabbed his brow with it, blew his nose and continued. "Now, Boy, I understand that if you swept and found my half buck, you might not realize it is mine. But now I am telling you, that half buck belongs to me. Understand, Boy?"

Buck nodded, not sure what was happening. "So, Boy," Mr. Timmons was saying, "S'pose you give me that four-bit piece?"

Buck didn't know what to say. He shook his head a few times, and stuttered, "I-I-I ain't got...," but Mr. Timmons interrupted. "C'mon, Boy, I know you swept by here. Where's that half buck?"

And when Buck could not answer or explain what happened to the half buck, Mr. Timmons took the broom out of Buck's hand and said. "That's it, Boy, iffen I can't trust you, I gotta let you go." He then pulled out some dollar bills from the register.

Mr. Timmons gave Buck six dollar bills. "Here's your five bucks, plus an extra buck for severance. Now skedaddle, boy, and never come back into my store. Savvy?"

Buck walked down Main Street sadly. He did not fully understand what had happened. Now he needed another job. And Charlie had said he had to fully leave the shed by the weekend, and this was Thursday.

He passed Mrs. Kilmer's rooming house and saw the sign was out, "Room for Rent." But Buck knew she would say, "Ain't no rooms vacant." Everything was as bleak as the late autumn trees, barren and gaunt all around him.

"Guess," he said as he approached the bridge, not knowing that at that moment Mrs. Timmons was telling her husband, "You sure were careless, leaving that fifty cents on the counter, 'stead a puttin' it into the register. Sure careless. But I put it in that there register

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The Four ...

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for ya.”

And Buck, seeing all bleak around him, stepped onto the bridge and thought, “Guess I’ll go swimmin’.”

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

I have a dream that one day ...

... this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal."

... on the red hills of Georgia the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

... the state of Mississippi will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

... my four little children will live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

... in Alabama, little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers.

... all of God's children will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual, "Free at last! Free at last! Thank God Almighty, we are free at last!"

WELCOME TO A NEW RESIDENT

Myrna C. Adams

Apt 2034 919-385-2703

MyrnaCAdams@gmail.com

Myrna was born in Omaha, NE, but grew up in Chicago, IL. She lived in Los Angeles, CA; Durham, NH; Centerport, Long Island; and Durham, NC. She earned her BA at the University of Illinois, Champaign/Urbana, in Spanish and Latin American Studies. In her early thirties, she married her high school prom date, Emile Adams. They had 52 years together.



Her career was dedicated to advocating for those lacking a voice, resources, and power, and to press for social and economic justice for all. Myrna carried this out principally by working in academic environments from a community college in Chicago, to the University of New Hampshire, SUNY at Stonybrook, SUNY at Old Westbury, University of Illinois at Chicago, and finally Duke. Along the way she earned an MA in counseling psychology at the University of Southern California and a JD at Hofstra University.

At the universities Myrna was dean or vice president, serving in student affairs and/or admissions. She founded Open Mind, an Association for Achievement and Cultural Diversity in Higher Education, and served as its chair. In Nassau County, Long Island, she was board chair of the Anti-Poverty Agency. In the 1990's she and her husband moved to Durham, and she joined President Nan Keohane's administration at Duke as Vice President for Institutional Equity.

Her avocations are politics, conflict resolution, and, for fun, art and photography.

Totally Hip, Totally Cool

by John Howell

When I was seventeen, I wanted to be a great jazz drummer. I had played with bands in western Canada and had been told I was good. But I wanted to be great—like Gene Krupa or Buddy Rich or Max Roach. Chicago was the center of the jazz world, so I was thrilled when I got a scholarship to the Knapp School of Percussion. As I walked up Wabash to the Knapp School on my first day, I heard the roar of the elevated train and felt its vibration as it hurtled above me: “Cool, man,” it seemed to say. “You’re on your way.”

But I almost lost my way after I met Deon Jordan at the YMCA Hotel on Wabash. Deon looked like the black singer Harry Belafonte—or maybe more like Billy Eckstine. He was not a musician himself, but he knew, he said, “all about the major cats like Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker and Miles Davis.” And since he parked cars at the Stevens Hotel (now the Hilton), he was “totally hip about the major happenings in Chicago.” Deon was staying at the Y because his wife had just divorced him. I was staying at the Y because it was four blocks south of Knapp.

Down Beat magazine had praised the Count Basie combo at The Brass Rail. When I told Deon about the combo, he wanted to hear them—and asked me to go with him. When I told him I was too young to get into a club that served liquor, he said, “No problem, man. You’re cool.”

I believed him, because he was totally hip.

We were only a few minutes late when we walked into The Brass Rail. I had never been to a jazz club before, and I still remember the pervasive smell of smoke and beer. And I still remember how the band played Basie’s theme song, “One O’Clock Jump.” And how they segued into “Jumpin’ at the Woodside,”

with Buddy DeFranco playing on the clarinet, and with Wardell Gray playing counterpoint on the sax. I had never been to a jazz club before. I had never seen Count Basie before. It was totally cool.

Just after we sat down in a booth near the bandstand, Basie looked up from his piano and said, “Please welcome Buddy DeFranco on clarinet, Wardell Gray on tenor sax, Clark Terry on trumpet, Gus Johnson on drums, and Jimmy Lewis on bass.” Then he played touches of melody with his right hand, added block chords with his left, and led the band into a slow version of “April in Paris.”

Meanwhile Deon had ordered beer, and I swallowed a mouthful.

“Just sip it, man,” Deon said. “It’s expensive here. Make it last.”

So I took one more sip and put the bottle down. Music was the thing. The band was playing

tunes I knew from Basie’s records and some I’d never heard before. It was totally cool.

But not what happened next. Right after the band took a break, I saw a heavysset man with a red face and white hair moving from booth to booth. He had a pencil flashlight and he was looking at the cards customers were giving him. I felt sick. I knew he must be some kind of cop.

I asked Deon what to do.

“Be cool, man,” he said. “The cat’s checking drivers’ licenses.”

“But what should I do?”

“Be cool,” Deon said.

But I couldn’t be cool. My resident alien card—my “green card”—had my picture and birth date on it. If the detective saw my green card, he would arrest me. I would never get to study with the great

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The author at seventeen.

Totally Hip ...

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musicians at Knapp. The police would send me back to Canada.

Then Deon slid a card to me and whispered: "Give him my license."

This was crazy. I didn't even look at it. Deon was twenty-six. I was seventeen. The detective would see Deon's face on the license and arrest me.

But it was too late to run. The detective came up to our booth, glanced at Deon—and focused on me.

"Good evening, sir," he said, smiling. "May I see your driver's license, please. Or other evidence of your age."

I couldn't smile. I couldn't speak. I just stared at the detective and handed him Deon's license.

When the detective squinted at the license and frowned, I knew I was dead. But then he smiled broadly and handed the license back. "Enjoy the evening, Deon," he said, and moved to the next booth.

I was stunned. I couldn't believe it. Then I looked at the license. Unlike my green card, it had no picture. Without a picture to contradict me, I could defy all logic—all reality—and be for an absurd moment: "Deon Jordan."

"You were cool, man, Deon said.

"Why didn't he arrest me?" I asked.

"Because the club pays protection, man," Deon said. "If the clubs don't pay protection, the cops fine them major loot when they catch younger cats like you."

Yes, Deon was totally hip. In fact, he had many talents. One was magic. Using an ink eradicator, he made the printing on an old driver's license disappear, and then produced a new driver's license—with my name on it, and with my age magically changed to twenty-one. And so I was, in the end, totally cool, and I went to the Chicago jazz clubs until my money ran out.

John Howell was a professor of American Literature and chair of the English Department at Southern Illinois University. This is an excerpt from a memoir in progress,

The Seamy Side Out*

by Banks Anderson, Jr.

Why do we always wear the seam sides of our under garments against our skin?

Several yeas ago I awoke with an antecubital rash on both arms. The rash looked violent but didn't have an obvious cause. What was going on?

Then I remembered—I had worn my new long-sleeved heavy work shirt, with its stiff corded ridges of sewn seams down both inner sleeves. Although I was not yet a TFAD resident, my skin had already undergone the transition from young sturdy smooth cardboard to floppy thin crinkly tissue paper. So it was susceptible. (I sympathized with Madame Chiang who always insisted upon silk garments and bed sheets.)

From that epiphany I began wearing all my undershirts "inside out." The smooth sides without elevated seams are now in my arm pits and the rough sides are left to irritate and abrade my shirts. I don't care. Skin health is more important than shirts. It might look odd but my days of strutting around Rambo-like in my underwear are over and Nancy hasn't noticed. The same is true of my socks.

The importance of avoiding big seams in sock toes hit me after a crude athletic sock had led to a sub-ungual hematoma after too many sets of tennis. Although my toe had been hurting, I had agreed to one more at my partner's insistence. It was a bloody big-toe mistake. It might have been avoided with upscale socks. Sock toe seams are not on the bottom but run over the top. Now when I buy socks I reject all of those with big seams and you guessed it—I wear them with what little seams they have out against the shoe, not against the toenail.

So friends, if you should actually happen to notice that I am wearing my socks inside out, don't pity my senility; I am actually doing it on purpose.

Banks Anderson is Professor Emeritus of Ophthalmology at Duke.

*Excerpted from an earlier version published in the *Scope* newsletter.

Funny Old Mind

by Ned Arnett

Familiarity should breed
Nothing but admiration
For the astounding suite
Of your abilities,
My beloved brain!

Home of all perceptions,
All feelings, all reason;
And most of all,
Of ME as I know myself
And of all memories:
Memories recoverable
At the speed of thought;
Impulses finding their way through
The brain's intricate switch yard
At the speed of a high-velocity bullet.

The operating home of language,
Home base for the word/symbols
I learned to use when I was very small
And which support my steady conversation
With myself, or whoever I'm talking to.

Awake or asleep you refuse inactivity,
Insisting that you must make sense
Out of the kaleidoscope of sensations
From my eyes, ears, skin, nose, mouth
Or from imagination and memory
In the wonderful world of dreams.

And you are so close and so familiar,
But you are so independent!
I can't believe the things you come up with.
It would cost a fortune for the therapy
Needed to fully understand
The steady stream of consciousness
That brings the memories, ideas, feelings
Of the instant before my observer,
The indefatigable organizer
Who tirelessly tries to make sense
Of the fabulous stream of impulses
Coming from the world to me.

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

TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE FORESTER

Chuckles

Editor, Dorothy Zutant

I have noticed—

Everything is farther away than it used to be. It is at least twice as far to the corner and they have even added a hill.

It seems to me that they are making the stairs steeper than in days gone by. And have you noticed the smaller print they use now in the newspaper?

The material in dresses is so skimpy now, especially around the waist and hips, that it is almost impossible to reach one's shoelaces. And the sizes don't run the way they use to; the 12s and 14s are so much smaller.

Even people are changing. They are so much younger now than when I was their age. On the other hand, people my own age are so much older than I am. I ran into an old classmate the other day and she has aged so much that she didn't recognize me.

I got to thinking about the poor dear while I was combing my hair this morning and while so doing, I glanced at my own reflection. Really, now they just don't make mirrors like they used to.

—Contributed by Dorothy Zutant

I have learned that even when I have pains, I don't have to be one!

I have learned that you shouldn't go through life with a catcher's mitt on both hands; you need to be able to throw something back.

—Contributed by Peg Lewis

Why is it they give you a gold watch now that you don't care what time it is?

—Anon

First published in The Forester (Page 9, Volume 5, Issue 5, May 1998).

CAROL'S CORNER

LIFE AT THE FOREST

Bridgette Mason

by Carol Oettinger

When Bridgette is helping you, you will always see a warm, friendly smile and know all your needs will be taken care of. She has worked in the Dining Department part time since 2015. She is now working 40 hours a week. When she was not here she missed the residents and the people with whom she works.

Bridgette lives at home with her mother, who, she says, is her best friend. She has three younger sisters and two younger brothers. They all are “die hard” Duke fans.

She attended North Carolina Central University for the past three years. Her major is psychology. She would like to be a child psychologist or do social work with children. She will now be attending classes at the University of Phoenix, on line, so she can continue to work here at the Forest full time.

She enjoys dancing and was part of the dance team at N.C. Central. She got a bartender license in 2013 because it looked like fun work. She found it wasn't as much fun as she thought it would be. She really enjoys working in dining services here at the Forest. She loves the residents.

When Bridgette described The Forest to her mother, Natasha Branch, she wanted to try for a job here. She applied for a security position and has now been a full time member of our security team for one and one half years. If you see a strong, energetic looking lady with bright red hair, you can say, “Hi, Natasha.”

Natasha worked in security for Burt's Bees both in downtown Durham and at the Morrisville warehouse for four years. In the past, she has volunteered for Meals on Wheels and worked at the Learning Services Corporation, which helps brain injured people, for 16 years. As well as caring for three children, she is active in church and likes to read the Bible. She is determined to read through the whole Bible. She also likes sports and has played volleyball and softball.

We are lucky to have this mother and daughter team here. It is always so rewarding to learn more about these interesting people who help our Forest family.



One of a pair of magnificent red-shouldered hawks that recently spent the noon hour in a tree to the east of the pond. The red-shouldered hawk is a common (but very beautiful) hawk of eastern North America that hunts rodents, insects and small birds, ambushing its prey from an elevated perch.

—Bennett Galef photo

The Same ...

(Continued from Page 12)

Currently, Penelope and I both ride in a Jazzy and we both admire Jim Shuping. I even mention him in a story. We both play passable bridge, we are both liberals, and I think we are both feeling lucky that we are here at The Forest where they are looking after us pretty well.

Perhaps we are not so different after all.

After reading this short “advertisement” for the works of two residents, I hope you will browse the copies of both books which are now available in the Library, and perhaps let us know what you think. (Use email or snail mail.)

Barbara Seay (seaypb@aol.com) wrote her memoir over the course of several years, completing it in 2007. A copy is available for checkout in the TFAD library.

The Same ... Yet Not the Same

A Comparison of Two Ordinary Women at The Forest

By Barbara Seay

Coincidentally, Penelope Easton and I both had books printed around Thanksgiving of last year. I found it interesting that while the books share many similarities, they also differ in significant ways.

To start, Penelope and I are both on the far side of 90. This is Penelope's second published book; this is my first attempt at putting together a book-length collection of writings.

She has a PhD and writes largely about her work as a dietitian in the US Army as World War II was winding down. She tells of many interesting countries, India for instance, and has had some exciting adventures.

I write about the same era (the 1920s and beyond), but mine is about my stay-at-home life during the war, and continues up to the present time. It centers around my family and the chapters are short essays and stories. I don't believe I've included much information that you aren't already aware of.

We both cover our early years of childhood and the effects of the war on us as young women. But her later life is just touched on.

She went to a one-room schoolhouse; I attended school in a brick building hosting 12 classrooms.

As children, we both lived on small farms: she in rural Vermont, I in northern Westchester County in New York.

We were both members of the first group of middle-class people who were starting to enjoy the benefits of the new emergence of electric lights, indoor plumbing and radio (did you think I was going to say: television, the internet and computers? No, not yet).

Another difference that impressed me was how we were treated as small children. I quote from Penelope's book: "I understood that I was an embarrassment to my parents and my brothers. I was told that I was fat and ugly and I accepted this as my fate." It was difficult for me to read this description. I couldn't quite imagine it!

So it is hard for me to picture that she was able to overcome the slander and become the strong confident



*Barbara Seay and Penelope Easton
each reading the other's autobiography
in The Forest Library*

woman she matured into after such a beginning! I suspect that though the words were harsh there was also love underneath.

I, however, was completely accepted by my family, though I was not considered anything special. My brothers were smarter than I was. My family just loved me as I was.

We both went to college in Vermont, I to Middlebury College, but only for two years. Penelope went to the University of Vermont, graduated, and later took numerous courses, ending up a professional with a PhD.

Penelope had two girls and a short marriage; I had four children and a 74-year marriage. She worked all her life in various interesting places, like India! I worked at home, and for the League of Women Voters.

Penelope's book is called "*Fleeing the Depression*," and I have a chapter about the Depression.

One aspect of Penelope's work that I appreciated is that the majority of men, including those in the service, that she met in her travels were kind and helpful to her. This has been my lifelong experience as well. In this "Me, Too" era, it's heartening to know that while abuse is rampant, it's not a certainty.

(Continued on the preceding Page 11)