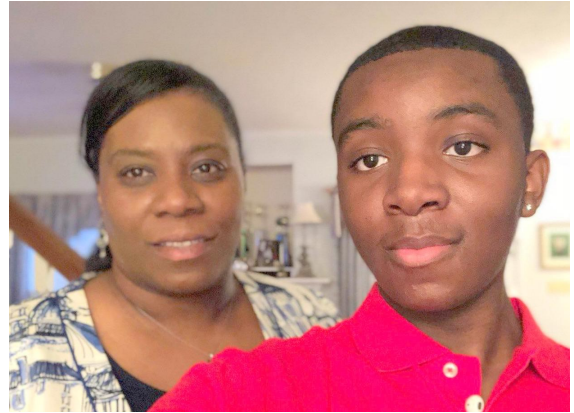


Karen Thompson, Our New Director of Nursing by Shannon Purves

Karen Thompson's forty-minute commute from her home in Knightdale to The Forest at Duke turns out to be a blessing in disguise, giving her time to gear down between her new job—Director of Nursing at Health and Wellness—and home, which she shares with her 15-year-old son, Alex, and their 11-year-old, 84-pound goldendoodle, Jackson. The three live in a house built on land that Karen's grandfather owned and farmed, next door to Karen's parents' home where she grew up.

Karen says that her first ambition was to be a school teacher. Having graduated from East Wake High School, she entered the University of North Carolina at Asheville with that in mind. Two things worked to change her plans: a less than enjoyable internship in a middle school classroom and the onset of her grandmother's colon cancer. Karen drove her back and forth to her many medical appointments and was inspired by the nurses in charge of her care. And so she left UNC-Asheville in order to attend the nursing program at Johnston Community College in Smithfield, where she earned her LPN diploma in 1992. She earned her RN from Excelsior College in 2001.

While still in nursing school, but wanting to repay at least some of the money her parents had spent on her education, Karen took paying jobs designed for nurses in training. The first was in a Wake Med neurology intensive care unit. Later, as an LPN, she worked the night shift there. Her first job as an RN was staff nursing at the Durham VA Center. In 2005, she was named assistant director of nursing at Blue Ridge Health Care in Raleigh, and in 2009, director of health services at Unihealth Post-Acute Care in Raleigh. In 2014, she accepted a position as administrator of day-to-day operations in long term care at Pruitt Health Carolina Point. After a few years,



Karen Thompson and her son Alex

she decided to cut back her working hours and became a quality assurance (QA) nurse, charged with seeking out problems and proposing ways to fix them. Of all her nursing jobs, this was the only one she didn't love. Why? Because she spent most of her time not with patients, but with computers. As she says, "I love the patient and family contact. I am a people person."

Donna Cook's suggestion that Karen consider the Director of Nursing position at The Forest at Duke came at a time when she felt she wanted to extend her experience in health education and training for both employees and patients. She says that her first visit to our Health and Wellness facility settled everything, despite the prospect of that 40-minute commute. How come? "The people. Both residents and staff—so smart and so interesting!"

Luckily for us, Karen Thompson is here working hard at what she knows and loves best. The year 2018 has been a busy one for her and for her son, Alex, a rising junior at Broughton High School in Raleigh. Alex joined the TFAD's dining staff over this past summer and is continuing to work weekends here now that school's in session. He says he's met many people here who inspire him to want to choose a profession that will allow him to help others—as his mother does.

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:

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Submissions Welcome

The Forester editors welcome submissions from TFAD residents who want to share their special insights, experiences, knowledge, literary efforts, opinions, etc. **These should be sent in as digital documents attached to email addressed to Sharon Dexter <forestersjd@gmail.com>.** Prose pieces of about 550 words are ideal. Unfortunately, due to space constraints, not every submission will see print, but we'll do our best to bring as much to our readership as we possibly can.

President's Podium



by Russell Jones

Welcome Back Forester! First of all I'd like to welcome back *The Forester* and our hardworking resident *Forester* staff from a well-deserved summer vacation. I know many are looking forward to news, insights, photos, and more about goings-on at The Forest. And don't forget, you can view most photographs in living color on the Residents' Association website.

Residents' Association Annual Meeting and Elections: Please mark your calendars for the Annual Meeting of our Residents' Association on Monday, October 15th at 2:00 PM in the Auditorium. Once-a-year business items include approval of annual dues and election of new officers and directors. Three of our current board members are either term-limited or have chosen not to be nominated for another term. We will be losing **Mary Streitwieser** as treasurer, **Bob Jennings** as chair of the Health Committee, and **Joe Harris** as chair of the Marketing Committee. Among these three individuals we will be losing a total of about eleven years of experience on the board. Please take the opportunity to thank them, as well as our other board members, for their commitment to the community and their fellow residents through their service on the Residents' Association Board.

A final listing of candidates for the Residents' Association Board will be distributed by the Nominations and Elections Subcommittee on October 2nd or 3rd. If you are unable to attend the annual meeting and vote, you may make a written application for an absentee ballot to the RA Secretary (**Carol McFadyen**, 21 Old Oak Court) no later than 5:00 PM on October 14th.

Coming Events: The Pond has water and ducks. Why not a Pond Party? Look for notice of a Pond Party from The Forest Resident Life Department—say in early October. Stay tuned!

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

Welcome back!

This is the start of my third year as the Forest Librarian and chair of the Library Committee. I am happy to report that two residents have answered my call for new members of the Committee: **Helen Monson** and **Marilyn Ulick**. They join **Carol DeCamp**, **Linda McBride**, **Shannon Purves**, and **Jean Vail** (RA representative) in working to maintain and/or improve our services. If you have any suggestions for the Library, please feel free to contact anyone on the Committee. Of course, you may always write your suggestion on a card available on the long table as you enter the Library.

Library Inventory

As you are probably aware, the Library needed to close for one week during the summer in order for us to conduct an inventory of the entire collection. I wish to thank all the residents for your patience during this time. I also wish to thank Carol and **Dick DeCamp** for volunteering to scan the entire collection into the inventory software. This made it possible for me to clean up the records in our work and online databases. This clean-up created a database that lists what we actually have in the library and enables us to add new items to the collection without increasing our costs (the computer software company we use increases its fees over a certain number of records). Again, many thanks for your patience.

Special Book Exhibits

In the previous issue of *The Forester* I asked for a volunteer to continue developing the Special Book Exhibits displayed at the Library's entrance. I am happy to announce that **Carol Goldsmith** has stepped up to take on this activity. Each exhibit will last about two months. This should provide enough time for several residents to take advantage of the highlighted books. Carol put together the Summer Reading display that just ended; based on usage it was well received. Her September-October exhibit highlights Lady Sleuths and we hope you enjoy these selections. For November-December, she is planning to exhibit books on World Wars I and II in honor of Veterans' Day. We hope you continue to enjoy this service.

Donated Books

With many new people moving to The Forest and current residents relocating within, the Library continues to receive many book donations, all to benefit all TFAD residents. As a reminder: we place these donations in the Library's workroom to await addition to the collection. To honor the wishes of the donors, we need the donated books to remain in the workroom until the entire donation process is completed. The Library staff thanks you for your understanding in this matter.

In Memoriam

Norman Greenberg	May 26, 2018	Martha Uzzle	May 26, 2018
Julia Ling Chu	May 28, 2018	Laurel Sherman	May 30, 2018
Jack Bergstrom	June 4, 2018	Betsy Close	June 11, 2018
Herb Saltzman	June 27, 2018	Minnie Mae Franklin	July 25, 2018
Dorothy Burns	August 9, 2018	Jon Engberg	August 13, 2018
Georgia Champion	August 31, 2018	Ethel Foote	September 3, 2018
Rhoda Garrett	September 12, 2018		

EDITORIAL

Listening Sessions

Carol Carson and a team of resident colleagues recently completed an extraordinary series of 25 *small-group listening sessions* to seek resident suggestions about new or enhanced services at The Forest. The sessions grew out of an idea incubated in the Residents' Association (RA) Finance Committee to provide resident input to the Forest's annual budgeting process. CEO Anita Holt and her Leadership Team supported the idea. Forest CFO Karen Henry meets regularly with the RA Finance Committee, and she provided liaison to Forest leadership.

The sessions were organized to take advantage of existing resident forums—notably the caucuses and the topical committees headed by RA directors. Each session was highly structured to ensure consistency across sessions. Sessions averaged 13 residents and lasted on average just under an hour. All together 265 different residents participated, about two thirds of all residents.

Carol Carson led each session and RA President **Russell Jones** took notes. Residents were asked for suggestions for new or higher-level services, not for suggestions about how the Forest staff should do its work. Suggestions were offered in a brainstorm-like fashion without comment. Only after all suggestions had been recorded on an easel board were suggestions discussed, refined for clarity, and flagged for priority.

Not surprisingly, an activity of this scope required many volunteers. Finance Committee members **Betty Back, June Boswick, Don Chesnut, Walt Jebens, Tom Keller, Bob Pavan, Cathrine Stickel, Jan Tuchinsky, Harold Vick, and Doug Whitfield** served as note takers and scribes. **Margaret Keller, Ann Huessener, Jean Vail, and Carol McFadyen** provided reinforcement.

The raw data together with a distillation of results are available in a binder on the Special Collections shelves in our Library. Carol has presented the results in several formats to help meet the varying interests of residents, the Administration, and the TFAD Board of Directors.

There were 314 suggestions for new or enhanced services. Nine different suggestion areas were highlighted in the initial data distillation:

1. Medical transportation: Expand hours and geographic coverage, to match provider hours and new locations.
 2. Security at entrance gates: Suggestions covered schedules, aesthetics of guardhouse and gear, traffic safety on Pickett Road, welfare of staff at the gate, and amount of security needed—the latter perhaps a three-generation issue. More information on long-range plans is desired.
 3. Housekeeping: Provide more information about scope of service, scheduling, and annual deep cleaning. Address residents' concerns about allergies to specific cleaning products.
 4. Internal Move Priorities: Accommodate resident mobility changes, to maintain social contacts and facilitate full participation in activities.
 5. Personal Care in Health and Wellness: Ensure a culture of caring and excellence in all H&W neighborhoods.
 6. Pendant Response System: Improve localization and speedier response throughout the campus.
 7. Social Interaction in Health and Wellness: Expand support across a broad gamut.
 8. Outdoor Lighting: Improve lighting at entrance and walkway locations.
 9. Dining in Health and Wellness: Improve the food quality *as served*, with increased local finishing.
- More specific suggestions are in the distillation and data binder.

There were 32 suggestions for existing services that might be foregone. Most drew little support. The Finance Committee recommends that these be forwarded to the appropriate RA standing committees for further thought.

Some suggestions are more easily realized than others. Some may be implemented by relatively small operational changes, some may never be practical, and some may be satisfied as a result of other changes. Some low-hanging fruit was picked off in the Forest's 2019 budget, but opportunities remain. RA standing committees are finding it fruitful to review the full set of relevant individual suggestions in joint sessions with their Forest staff colleagues. We hope to report progress in *The Forester*.

—Dean McCumber

Drivers

by Banks Anderson, Jr.

In 1945 you wouldn't have ridden in a driverless car. But lately you have ridden in thousands. You may have taken one today. Remember elevator cars with operators? After closing the outer door and an inner accordion one, they would rotate a lever and up you would go. In 1945 these car drivers caused chaos in NYC by striking. Automatic elevators had been installed earlier, but folks feared imprisonment in them. The NYC strike changed that. Suddenly there was an urban demand for empty ones soothingly equipped with telephones, buttons, and Muzak. It has taken half a century, but elevator operators are no more. The last one to drive me worked a car in an old six-story condo on a hill in San Francisco where he opened not only an elevator door, but also guarded a front one. Do you believe taxi drivers have a future?

Falling down the shaft ("hoistway" in the jargon) was the first elevator paranoia, stimulated in part by reported falls of overloaded freight and mine elevators. Elisha Otis dispelled that in dramatic fashion by having his man take an axe to the hoist cable of his platform lift at the 1854 Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations in New York City. He and his platform fell just a few inches before his newly invented automatic brake took hold, but the result was little noticed by the public. The first passenger elevator was installed in New York in the retail establishment of Haughwout and Company in 1857; it was removed three years later because the public refused to accept it. It was only with the introduction of extremely safe, but slow, screw and hydraulic elevators that the public began to accept elevators, and that acceptance led in turn to tall multistory buildings.

More lasting has been the fear of being trapped. Telephones in cars were the obvious answer and regulations now decree that every public car must have a communication device that works when power is out. Codes forbid corded handsets because of their frequent vandalism, but cars continue to display telephone symbols near "help" buttons. "Door open" and "door close" buttons are also mandated. Controlling types habitually push the "door close" button imagining that they are accelerating their ride.

But since the Americans with Disabilities Act of 1990, unless they have turned a fireman's key in the panel slot, that button is disconnected and does nothing in new or reprogrammed American elevators. Injury attorneys are so disappointed.

If you push the emergency "Help" or "Phone" button in the cars at TFAD, the front desk is signaled. Our ten elevators all have buttons but none has Otis' safety brakes because they are not hoisted. They are pushed up by hydraulic rams. That single huge piston of the Health & Wellness elevator inspired this piece because it can be seen lifting and lowering through the hoistway glass walls on the ground floor. Although I had seen elevator traction drums spinning in penthouse mechanical rooms, I had never seen hydraulic elevator guts until setting foot in H&W. We should invite high school science classes in!

Hydraulic elevators were first marketed by the Dover Company in 1937. Nine of our elevators are Dovers and the H&W one is a ThyssenKrupp, Dover owner since 1999. Because pistons must telescope below ground level, they are only practical for three or four floors. They are not "green" because the car and average load are not balanced by a counterweight and oil lifts their pistons.

Although the height attained by traction elevators is limited by cable mass, Otis installed hundred-story ones in the Empire State Building. In other buildings, elevators are stepped: a high-speed express whisks passengers to a sky lobby where they exit to take a local to their destination floor. Using lighter carbon-fiber cables, aerodynamic design, and energy-recovery technologies (like that in the Toyota Prius hybrid) traction elevators are becoming greener and feasible for the tallest modern buildings.

Elevators are probably our safest form of transportation, if your metric is distance traveled without injury. But fire and elevators do poorly together as their hoistways become giant flues. If fire alarms are signaling a problem, take the stairs. And please, you drivers of motorized chairs, respect the walls of our elevator cars. The cars may not need drivers, but chairs do need thoughtful guidance.

Welcome New Residents

Judith Ruderman

Cottage 70 919-489-0421
Judith.ruderman@duke.edu



Judith grew up in Rockville Centre, Long Island, NY. She earned her baccalaureate degree in English at the University of Rochester, where she met and married her husband. She taught high school while Bob studied medicine. She also completed an MA in teaching at Rochester. The couple moved to Durham for Bob's internship at Duke, and then to Maryland for his research experience at Walter Reed. Then the family settled in Durham where Bob had his training and career in orthopedics.

Judith earned her doctorate in English at Duke and began her long Duke career. Her first position was in Continuing Education, first helping with grant proposals and later becoming director of the program. She also managed to teach each fall as an unpaid faculty member. After 14 years in Continuing Ed, she was tapped to be Vice Provost. All of her work involved a lot of writing; she was also publishing her own literary criticism books, and she continued to offer courses. Her specialties were D. H. Lawrence and Jewish-American literature and culture. She was honored for her service to Duke by receiving the Duke University Medal. Two other honors were the Harry T. Moore Award for lifetime contributions to D. H. Lawrence studies and the Evans award for service to the Jewish Community.

Judith is very involved in Judea Reform Congregation, serving on many committees and as president of the congregation. She also uses her fine singing voice both as a lay cantor and with the Triangle Jewish Chorale.

During her stellar career she reared two children, Lee and Marjory. Lee lives in Durham with his wife and three children; Marjory lives in Charlottesville, VA, with her husband and two children.

Judith already feels at home at The Forest, since

Carol Durham

Apt 2031 919-401-6627



Carol grew up in Macomb, IL, and stayed in the Midwest for her education. She earned her BA at DePauw University in English and Speech. After working briefly as assistant program manager at a radio station in Chicago, she pursued a career in mental health. She earned three degrees in psychology—an Associate from Purdue, an MS from the School of Individual Psychology in Chicago, and an MA at Ball State University. She joined a psychiatry practice, where she practiced for 30 years. She was also busy raising three successful children and working to support women's rights and racial equality.

She has been an inveterate traveler, always wanting not only to see the world but to understand the cultures she visited. She has been to Australia, New Zealand, China, and Nepal, and has spent much time in the Middle East—Israel, Palestine, Turkey and Egypt. She had a medical mission trip to Malawi, and has seen much of the rest of Africa. In addition there were visits to Europe and South America. Carol collected art and artifacts as she traveled. Her walls and shelves document the places she has seen.

When she retired, she moved to NC to be near her daughter Lynn, who works in human resources. Her son Michael also lives in Durham, but is soon moving west to pursue his work as a restaurateur. He has been director of food services for Duke Medical Center. Christine, her third child is a social worker in Denver. Carol plans to keep traveling and to enliven The Forest with her extensive knowledge of the world outside.

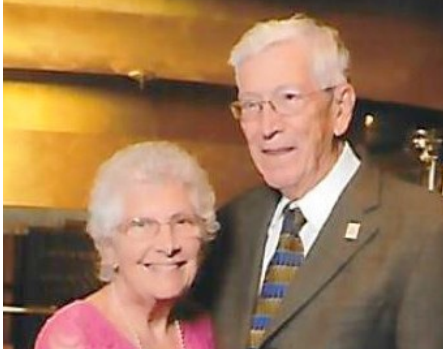
two of her earliest professors—George Williams and Oliver Ferguson—live here, along with many other friends from her congregation and from Duke. We look forward to the publication of her next book.

Welcome New Residents

Ralph and Catherine Nelson

Apt 3029

302-547-1809 Ralph 302-528-5444 Kay



Ralph grew up in Westboro, MA, and Kay in South Orange, NJ. Ralph earned his BA in chemistry at Colby College and a Ph.D. in physical chemistry from Princeton. Kay earned her BA in chemistry at Mt. Holyoke. Kay was working at American Cyanamid in pesticide research when they met and married. While Ralph was doing a post-doc at the Bureau of Standards in Washington, DC, Kay compiled thermodynamic data at the same location. Ralph taught at Middlebury College and then at West Virginia University, also earning an MS in engineering. He joined the DuPont Corporation as technical support for pigment plants in Newport, DE, and Newark, NJ, for eight years. Then he was based in Wilmington, DE, as an in-house consultant in particle technology until retirement in 1999.

While their children were young, Kay was a leader in Girl Scout and Boy Scout activities. She also helped with a weekly church youth program. Later she was a bank teller for two years, and then a Bank of New York credit card customer service representative. In Wilmington she worked with a neighbor as a drapery maker. For twenty years Ralph was an adult leader in the Boy Scouts of America. He was also a deacon and an elder in his church. They lived eight years in an over-55 community in Mount Dora, FL, before moving to The Forest.

In the mid-eighties, the Nelsons became serious about their heritage, and both can trace their families back to pre-Revolutionary America. Kay joined the DAR and Colonial Dames XVII Century. She became active in DAR projects and served as regent of two chapters. Ralph joined the SAR, and was designated a Minuteman. The SAR awarded several medals to Kay.

Their daughter Naomi is Associate University Librarian and Director of the Rubenstein Rare Book

Sylvia Sherman

Apt 4002 239-826-0738



Sylvia was born in Lexington, KY, and grew up in Gary, IN. She married Martin Pearlstein and moved with him to Kansas City, MO, where she became a wedding planner. A bonus for the brides was that she painted portraits of them, so many of her paintings are in homes there. She managed this complicated work while raising two sons, Alan and Robert.

Sylvia and her husband were singers for their synagogue and were active in the city. Sylvia served as coordinator of temple programs and was on the synagogue board. She worked as co-chair on mental health programs and won an award for her service. When Martin suffered a severe heart attack, they moved to Cape Coral and Fort Myers, FL. There Sylvia worked at Edison College, coordinating art shows and other programs. This allowed her to audit courses there, which she enjoyed.

Years after Martin's death, Sylvia married Elliott Sherman.

Martin and Sylvia's son Robert is on the faculty of Duke Medical School, and his brother Alan is self employed. When Elliott died, Bob helped his mother move to The Forest.

Sylvia's life included two natural disasters which she survived. The first was a tornado in Kansas City that wiped out her home and injured her badly. The second was a hurricane in Naples, FL, that caused severe damage. It is hoped that she will not suffer weather interference as she enjoys her avocation of mahjongg and other activities at The Forest.

and Manuscript Library at Duke. Their son William is a researcher at Pacific Northwest National Laboratories in Richland, WA. Kay and Ralph have two grandsons.

Black Bears and Blueberries

by John Howell

From the age of seven on, I spent a part of each summer in a log cabin on Bell Moor Lake in Quebec. My mother had bought the cabin in 1940 for \$50. Its log walls needed to be re-chinked and some of the flooring replaced. It was on Crown Land, which meant the ownership reverted to the province in 99 years. Though my father thought buying the cabin was a bad idea, the war was on and he was overseas with the Royal Canadian Air Force. He had more pressing concerns.

The cabin had a living room, a kitchen, and an attic for sleeping. There was a wood stove, but no running water or plumbing. We washed in the lake, swam in the lake, and fished in the lake. In the evening we fell asleep to the call of the whippoorwills and the cry of the loon that haunted the lake. In the morning we picked blueberries and raspberries, and my mother made deep pan cobblers.

Our closest neighbors, Marie Greville and Noble Maheu, lived on nearby farms, and Noble's brother Harry lived right on the lake. Madame Greville, a widow, had a large home and farm, but Noble had only a small home and a few acres of land. He was dependent on his roan Percheron for logging, and on his French Army rifle—a Berthier Mle M16—for hunting. Logging was largely seasonal, so money and food were scarce. He and Harry hunted deer all year around, using a salt block to guarantee success. If they wanted to hunt at night, they used a miner's helmet with its attached beam. If they wanted to fish, they strung trot lines of baited hooks across a narrow bay near Harry's cottage. Harry's wife, Lucille, grew large quantities of vegetables and baked loaves of bread in Harry's plug tobacco tins.

Since we had no refrigeration, I would take an empty milk bottle to Madame Greville's farm every few days to be refilled. At first I found Madame Greville intimidating, with her piercing black eyes, her iron-grey hair, and the black dress of a French widow. But when she saw I was afraid of her, she said, "*Pardonnez-moi, mon chéri,*" and gave me a piece of



The Cabin at Bell Moor Lake, Quebec

maple sugar candy along with the milk.

In fact, she always seemed concerned about my welfare. When I brought her blueberries, she would say, "remember, *mon cheri*, the bears like blueberries too," and she would warn me to "be careful." But the last time I saw her, she forgot the warning and the candy—and almost forgot to give me the milk. She just shook her head, saying that the "*garde-chasse*" (game warden) was coming to her home, because an "*ours noir*" (black bear) had killed one of her sheep.

The story of the bear didn't end there, however. Nor did it end when Noble Mayheu rapped on our cabin door two days later and said, "I killed the bear." When my mother and I got down to his boat, he held up a lantern, and I saw—and still see in my dreams—the matted blood, the glazed eye, the white fang, and the pink tongue reaching out as if to lick a blueberry for the last time. And I see Noble standing in the boat and Harry sitting at the back. I feel the mosquitoes, and smell the citronella on my face—and I see the stretch of black fur.

I hear Noble say, "It's a good bear, *n'est-ce pas?*"

I hear Harry spit tobacco juice and say, "*Est trop petite*. You got the wrong bear, Noble. You need glasses."

(Continued on Page 9)

Black Bears ...

(Continued from Page 10)

But it was a huge bear to me, and it was already haunting my dreams when Noble brought a “bear steak” to our cabin the next day, saying “a young bear tastes better than an old bear.” My mother had baked a blueberry cobbler that morning. “And with the bear,” she said, “we will have a feast.” But when I looked at the black meat on the plate in front of me, I could still see the glazed eye, the white fang, and the pink tongue—and I turned with relief to the blueberry cobbler.

Perhaps Harry was right about Noble needing glasses. His eyes failed him again, a few days later, shortly after he had shot a deer. As usual, Harry had butchered the animal right where it fell, and attached the hindquarters with a rope to the back of the canoe. If Noble spotted the game warden when they were paddling home, he could tell Harry to cut the rope and let the evidence disappear. And this is exactly what Harry did—cut the rope—when Noble thought he saw the game warden waving in the distance. But it was not the game warden. It was my father in his RCAF uniform—home for good from the war. He had meant to surprise me and my mother, but we had gone back to Ontario. Instead, he surprised Noble and Harry, who were not happy at the surprise. As for the bear that killed the sheep, I’ve always—despite my lasting affection for Madame Greville, hoped that he—or she—died of old age.

TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE FORESTER

CHUCKLES

by Dorothy Zutant

A college student walked into his ornithology class and found five birds with bags over their heads, until only their feet showed.

“What’s this?” he asked.

“It’s an exam,” explained the professor. “Your job is to identify each bird by looking at its feet.”

“What a stupid test!” complained the student.

“What’s your name?” demanded the irate professor.

The student pulled up the legs of his pants and answered, “You tell me.”

(The above piece was first published in *The Forester*, October 1998, page 10, Volume 5, Issue 7)

LIFE AT THE FOREST

A Second Clutch of Ducklings



Momma duck and her eight-day-old ducklings.

August 11, 2018. (Photo by Bennett)

Another clutch of ducklings hatched August 3rd at our pond—eight this time. Of the earlier clutch of 11, the males have flown off looking for excitement elsewhere; a half-dozen females remain, stepsisters to the newest youngsters.

On a recent morning walkers noticed that the pond was eerily quiet, the ducklings nowhere in sight, something was afoot. Shortly the quiet was interrupted by high-pitched “keee-ah...keee-ah” calls from a nearby tree. A red-shouldered hawk looking out for its own dropped to the pond bridge, scanned the pond intently, then flew away.

At the latest count, all eight ducklings have grown to become healthy teenagers,

Things that I Love

by Ellen Finley Flach @ age 8

Things to Love:

I love the moon
So round and bright,
I love the stars on high.

I love the Milky Way’s bright glow,
Glistening in the sky.
I love the sun that’s shining,
I love the snow that falls.

I love the rain’s soft patter
Upon the garden walls.
I love the bright green grasses,
I love the skies’ clear blue.

I love the world all ’round me,
And don’t you love it, too?

My Life with Mountains

by Rachel Hamilton



Though as a child I did not live among mountains, merely hills, mountains have dominated my life and imagination. Later, in the flatness of New Orleans with only man-made levees keeping back the Mississippi, I carried mountains in my head. I longed for rocks, for cliffs of stone, in the heat and stonelessness of South Louisiana, for thirty long years. I waited all year for the month or so when the family would go to the mountains. When at last we moved to the mountains, I gave up most other travels. Europe lost its appeal; Scottish mountains seemed puny in comparison to our Smokies. Every time I left, I pined for the view of green trees, laurel hills, and wildflowers and moss—ah, the mosses, which make boring grass seem so pedestrian.

The seed for my affinity for mountains was probably planted as I pedaled my bicycle over the county in Middle Tennessee where I was born and lived until my late teens. The hills were low but rugged and covered in green, watered by creeks and rivers that never ran dry. I could go anywhere in safety. Traffic was light. People watched out for children, and did not hesitate to reprimand us if we misbehaved. Or so it seemed in my world. My bicycle was my reliable conveyance through my pre-teen years. It took me close to the ground, with a close view of plants. Hills impressed me, for it was hard work pedaling up a steep grade on a post-war bicycle with no gears and loose-ish chain, with great satisfaction at the top. Vine-covered gullies made soft landings. I became acquainted with the lie of the land.

This awareness remained in the background through years of other activities.

Even in the war years and just after, when gas was rationed and trips few, we managed to make trips to East Tennessee or North Alabama to see mountain laurel in bloom, and I was mightily impressed by mountains. I remember early drives through cuts in the road where limestone showed in cross-section and knowing what a wonderful thing rock is. Today, in a better education system, I might have become a geologist. But in my time, girls were encouraged toward languages and history: Latin, French, and the Middle Ages. And so was I. So I did not learn much about the composition of the mountains, only about their outward appearance, the difficulty in climbing them, and things that grew upon them.

There are people who regard mountains as obstacles to get over, or as raw materials to be exploited, or as real estate. I do not understand such people, but am drawn to writings of such as Jay Leutze and George Ellison and Charles Frazier, those who have empathy with the land and the people who live upon it and find it hard to live anywhere else. I have a hard time living anywhere else, and it pierces me to the quick to see destruction: timbering, stone quarrying, scars left by the desecration of the land. I am so grateful to have had certain experiences and communication with the mountains and people who understand them.

CAROL'S CORNER

Erin Van Zeeland

by Carol Oettinger

Erin has worked in the dietary department for about one and one half years. She is working part time while attending Alamance Community College. She is majoring in culinary arts. She wants to be a chef and is happy to be getting experience here. She likes to work in all areas of dietary so she can put into practice what she is learning.



Erin loves the residents and says that they “brighten up my day.” She clearly brightens up the day of many of the residents who have asked to find out more about her.

Erin graduated from East Chapel Hill High School. She decided to go to Florida to a college at Plant City, which is between Orlando and Tampa. She was in a graphic arts program at the Art Institute of Tampa for one year. She went to school for a year in the veterinary technician program at Hillsborough Community College. She decided this was not what she wanted and worked in the dietary department of a hospital for three years. “After breaking up with my former fiancé, I decided it was time to come back to North Carolina.” Her family had always lived in the Triangle area and was glad to have her back. She began her studies at Alamance Community College. Erin is currently engaged to a very nice man.

For fun, Erin writes short stories. She says they are fantasy. She makes up characters and writes stories for them. She calls it “descriptive writing—independent free form.” I hope we get to read some of these stories. Erin said that if any resident would like to read one of her stories, she would be happy to give them a copy.

I asked her about the little Dutch hat she wears. She told me that she wears it because it is a normal chef’s hat and one day they ran out of hairnets and this was what she got. She likes it.

We are so glad to have Erin in our Forest family.

Volunteer Friends ...

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When I arrived covered in blood; they called an ambulance and sent me to the ER. It was determined that an artery under my chin had been lacerated. After a CT scan and x-rays, the physicians were satisfied that I had no other injuries, stopped the bleeding, and stitched my chin. I missed my later-in-the-day appointment, our car was far away in the Urgent Care parking lot, and my wife, Anne, was back at The Forest without transportation. She called the Volunteer Friends program and a VF soon arrived in my cubicle in the ER, a welcome sight.

Two weeks later I passed out while eating breakfast. Anne pushed my emergency response button. The Clinic RN came immediately, called EMS, and sent me back to the ER. I was anemic. Anne had traveled to the ER in the ambulance with me, so we had no transport home. She again called the Volunteer Friends program and a Volunteer Friend came to the ER and kept us company until I was discharged.

My experiences stimulated me to become a Volunteer Friend myself.

A Non-Emergency Experience, by Jim Shuping

I had been plagued with leg pain for over a year. My orthopedic surgeon diagnosed a pinched nerve in my lower back, and recommended a cortisone injection to reduce the irritation and swelling. The procedure requires that someone accompany the patient and stay to drive him home afterward. Since I live by myself, this presented a problem. Forest medical transportation was not a solution, because the transport driver could not wait for me. Asking a friend seemed to stretch the bounds of friendship.

I remembered a recently formed organization called the “Volunteer Friends,” so I contacted Sue Okubo. She informed me that Volunteer Friends were organized specifically with the ER in mind, but wondered if their mission might be expanded to include non-emergency resident support. Sue conferred with the coordinators of the Volunteer Friends and, with the approval of Forest Administration, added this new service to the VF program.

Volunteer Friends Program

By Penelope Easton

The emergency crew had just finished putting me on a narrow gurney when I saw a person sitting quietly next to my bed. I knew that the Respond Nurse must have called the Volunteer Friends for me because my friends were not free on that Saturday afternoon. Since I had the misfortune to be in a similar situation three times in the last year, I knew my new Volunteer Friend had come prepared to spend all the time I needed her, even into the night. What I didn't anticipate was that the Friend who had come on a moment's notice would be **Sue Okubo**, the initiating spark for the program!

Sue was a member of the Residents' Health Committee when she realized the need for residents to have someone with them in the Emergency Department. The program started with a dozen volunteers; it now has more than 40, and new volunteers are welcome. Sue and **Judy Vick** co-chair a coordinating five-person triage group that includes **Nancy Anderson**, **Gretchen Dix**, and **Marilyn Hogle**. Judy gives a training program for all new volunteers. New residents are given information about the Volunteer Friends program during Life at The Forest orientation sessions.

The Volunteer Friends program is a confidential free-standing program for residents by residents. Volunteers agree to follow The Forest's interpretation of HIPPA regulations. They neither identify nor divulge information about the people they help. They make no decisions for the resident nor interfere with treatment. Since the program started in January 2017, the program has sent volunteers to Duke's Emergency Department at least twice a month and sometimes as many as five times.

Like all the volunteers, that afternoon Sue had her cell phone with her, something to read if she needed it, and change for the vending machines. She helped me prevent the hospital from calling my daughter, and she reached her at the appropriate time. Sue talked with me and listened to me when I "vented." She left the room during my examinations. She was there to call for help when I needed it. She waited the two long hours for a report *after* I was told I could leave. After



Coordinating Triage Group for Volunteer Friends

Shown here: below, Sue Okubo; on top, from the left, Marilyn Hogle, Gretchen Dix, and Nancy Anderson. Absent from the photo was Judy Vick.

nearly five hours, Sue gave me a ride home and called Forest Security personnel who met us with a wheelchair. She even called me the next day to see if I was all right.

This generous service donated to us by fellow residents made a bad, frightening situation easier. I shall never forget those who helped me.

The following vignettes by **Vic Moore** and **Jim Shuping** give additional insights into the Volunteer Friends program. Consider joining as a volunteer yourself!

A Multi-Location Experience, by Vic Moore

Recently while jogging off campus, something I've done for 40 years without mishap, I fell on my chin while going from sidewalk to street. Nothing seemed broken, so I kept running. But I did continue to bleed from my chin, so I went to The Forest's Clinic to get the wound bandaged. After two trips to the Clinic for fresh bandages, the staff said I needed to go to Urgent Care. I drove myself because I had an outpatient medical appointment at Duke later that day.

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