

# THE FORESTER

Volume 8 Issue 5

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

February 2002

## PRESIDENT'S PODIUM



The efforts to achieve better and more timely communication between the TFAD Board, Residents' Association and Staff have had several successes since the last issue. The first was Board Chairman Joe Harvard's letter detailing the decision with respect to locating the new building staging area on the Forest's five-acre plot. The idea came from residents Julian Price and Bill Upchurch to Steve Fisher who brought them to the residents through our board and Caucuses and to the TFAD Board, which made the final decision.

A difficult medical situation was resolved and misunderstandings corrected after full communication took place between all concerned parties.

As a result of reports on TFAD representatives' appearance before the State Medical Commission, we have a better understanding of what is expected of N.C. CCRCs in the way of community service and its relation to property taxation.

Let us continue to get our questions, complaints (and compliments) out in the open and into the appropriate channels.

—Bob Ward

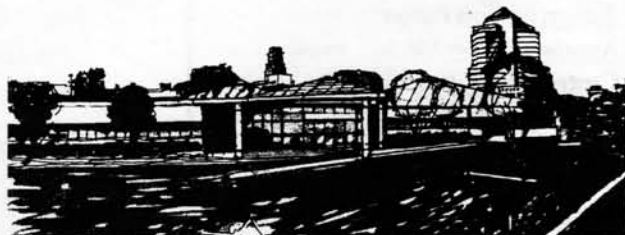
## COMMUNITY RELATIONS COMMITTEE REPORT

The \$60,000 gift to the Council for Senior Citizens, approved by the TFAD Board of Directors on August 29, 2000, resulted in remarkable progress of the Campaign for a Center for Senior Life. This Center will serve as a comprehensive location for services to Durham seniors. The used bus given by The Forest already helps transport Durham seniors. An anonymous gift of \$50,000 was given as a result of The Forest's leadership.

In November voters approved a \$5.5 million County construction bond package. The city made available a centrally located tract of land, and over \$400,000 has been given or pledged toward the \$1.5 million needed for furnishings, program start-up costs and an endowment.

The Forest's support for senior issues must continue for two reasons: First, the TFAD Board, the Residents' Board and this Committee agree that The Forest's support of community activities is an appropriate activity. Second, quoting TFAD Board Chairman Joseph Harvard's letter of December 14, 2001, regarding financing of upcoming construction:

"The [NC Medical Care] Commission is the issuing authority for bonds to finance such construction



Proposed Center for Senior Life--Architect's Sketch

projects. Its approval is a prerequisite for issuance of this type of financing. The Commission approved The Forest's proposal, but did so with the condition and understanding that The Forest develop and implement a plan demonstrating a continued and strengthened commitment to our greater community, at or above our current level of contribution. The Forest's cornerstone grant funding the development of the Durham Center for Senior Life was seen as a vital component of our application to the Commission. It was noted that the favorable interest rates and property tax exemption enjoyed by The Forest constitute substantial financial benefits, and that such benefits carry a concomitant obligation of 'social responsibility'."

The Community Relations Committee is developing a plan of community outreach. Details of this plan, and progress on the Senior Center, will be shared with residents as available.

— Trish Robertson, Co-Chair  
Campaign for a Senior Center

**The Forester**

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**Publisher:** Bob Dunham

**Editor:** Marion Patton

**Associate Editor:** Virginia Jones

**Contributing Editor:** John Tebbel

**Editorial Assistants:** George Chandler, Earl Davis, Libby Getz, Doris Fields, Betty Gray, Mary Ruth Miller

**Art and Word Puzzle:** Bob Blake

**Photographer:** Ed Albrecht

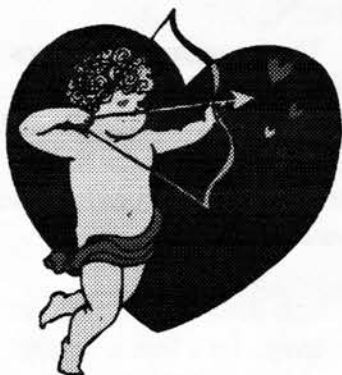
**Publishing Assistants:** Marion Bender, Bess Bowditch, Nancy Carl, Helen Corbett, Ruth Dillon, John Getz, Jane Jones, Betty Kent, Ginny Putnam, and Molly Simes.

**In Memoriam**

Margo Casady	Dec. 17, 2001
Eurwen Davies	Jan. 16, 2002
Henry McKay	Jan. 17, 2002
Mary Walters	Jan. 21, 2002

**REMINDER**

**VALENTINE'S DAY**  
is Thursday, February 14


**Forester Profile**  
**Scott Worden**

*by John Tebbel*



Scott

Like so many of us here, our new Service Manager on the Dining Services team, is a transplanted Northerner. You can hear it in the place names of his origins -- born in Binghamton, New York; high school in Oneonta High, college at Broom Community.

No wonder his first job was with the New York State Electric and Gas Company where he learned his present trade in the Food Services Division.

Again, like so many of us, he found his way down here, Raleigh to be exact, in 1996. His next stop was Classic Food Services, where he managed two cafeterias. It was an easy move then to Marriott Food Services, and the manager of Food Services at Duke Hospital, before he arrived here on January 2.

Scott lives in Rougemont

**PHOTO DIRECTORY**  
**PROGRESS**

**Great news!** The Tenth Anniversary Residents' Photo Directory is on its way. Photos are scheduled to be taken from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Thursday, March 7, Friday, March 8, and Monday, March 25..

**Please mark your calendars NOW!** More details and information will be forthcoming.

—Rheta Skolaut

with his wife, Janice, and their five-month-old son, James. Obviously, with a new job and a new son, he doesn't have a lot of time on his hands, but he finds some moments to follow his favorite sport, ice hockey, and describes himself as a Hurricanes fan.

Earlier on, his favorite sport was bike racing -- motorcycles, that is. He raced last year in Sanford, and has only just now reluctantly sold his bike. It could no longer compete with a son and job. Few regrets, though. Scott is happily preoccupied with both.

## AD-LIB

"The imagination should be given not wings but weights."

—Francis Bacon

I have always found The Forest a comforting place in which to live; with the caring people at the Wellness Center, our lovely dining room, the smiling housekeepers and the helpful band at Maintenance. I could go on and on. After some years I realized there were perks I hadn't dreamed of, lurking in the fine print and waiting to be mined. Here are some:

On that morning when you find your car's battery dead, what to do? Just pick up your phone and call Security. They will jump-start it for you.

The way to a cottage attic is fraught with peril: the ladder up, the height, the bulky suitcases. Call Max in Maintenance and she will send someone to assist. The Forest doesn't want any broken bones.

Not long ago one of my table lamps needed rewiring and as I was reaching for the yellow pages a light bulb went on in my head. I called Max. Yes, Steve the electrician could look at it. It was fixed during his lunch hour. No fuss, no going off campus in search of a repair shop.

How often do we buy a small piece of furniture requiring assembly? It's a huge headache, the manual is incoherent and your arthritic fingers fumble. Again call Max and she will find someone to help.

Do you need to have the light bulbs in your bathroom or breezeway replaced? For inside bulbs call Maintenance, for outside bulbs call Security.

Do you have household tasks over and above the housekeeper-allotted time, silver polishing, laundry etc.? Judy Turner in Housekeeping can send one of her ladies to work after hours or Saturday mornings.

Do you know you can have a yearly "spring house cleaning" on request?

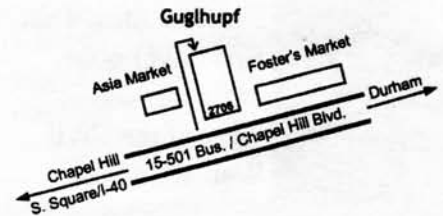
For these extra attentions you pay \$17.00 an hour for Housekeeping, \$26.00 an hour for Maintenance. These go on your monthly bill. The attic trip, jump-start and "spring cleaning" are free-bees.

Are your toes getting further and further away from you? Are the nails too tough to cut? You men don't have to go off campus to get a pedicure. The ladies in our beauty parlor will help. A foot soak and nail trim \$25.00; The Works, \$35.00.



A few years ago a bakery with the strange name of Guglhupf opened with great hype. I went. I stood in line and bought some croissants. They were a disappointment. Not any more. *The Independent* has named it the best bakery in The Triangle and now that A Southern Season has stopped doing its own baking, its supplier is Guglhupf! The croissants have

vastly improved, their breads are excellent, their baguettes the best and the bakery has wonderful smells. The beauty of this bakery is that it's close by at 2706 Chapel Hill Blvd. (15-501 Bus.)



It's as hard to find as it is to pronounce because it's hidden from the main road, on the left in the block just before Foster's Market. There is a sign on Chapel Hill Blvd.

—Libby Getz

## IF YOU CAN...

If you can start the day without caffeine or pep pills,

If you can be cheerful, ignoring aches and pains,

If you can resist complaining and boring people with your troubles,

If you can eat the same food every day and be grateful for it,

If you can understand when loved ones are too busy to give you time,

If you can overlook people taking things out on you when, through no fault of yours, things goes wrong,

If you can take criticism and blame without resentment,

If you can face the world without lies and deceit,

If you can conquer tension without medical help,

If you can relax without liquor,  
If you can always sleep without the aid of drugs,

Then you are probably the family dog.



## BOOK NOTES

By John Tebbel

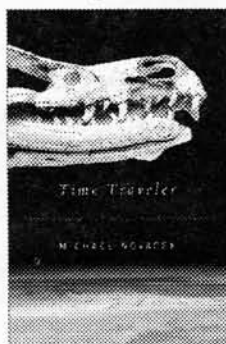
If you liked last year's *Cold Mountain*, you're going to love



*Enemy Women* by Paulette Jiles. This first novel is another unusual view of the Civil War. It's about Adair Colley, the 18-year-old

daughter of a widowed Missouri schoolmaster, a neutral who is arrested by Union Militia. Adair tries to follow him, is falsely denounced as a Confederate spy, is imprisoned, and falls in love with a commandant, Major William Neumann, who encourages her to escape and marry him. Instead of giving him the information he seeks, she writes him the story of her life, which proves to be a marvelous tale. That's the beginning of a long and terrible journey for both, a story told in unsentimental ways, but at the same time is compelling, quite a lovely story that won't fail to touch most readers. (February)

If you're one of those who thinks science--- in this case paleontology, is something best left to scientists, you'll be missing one of the season's truly fascinating books. Michael Novacek's *Time Traveler*:



*In Search of Dinosaurs and Ancient Mammals from Montana to Mongolia.* This is a spellbinding history of our planet, beginning with Novacek's childhood mining for bones in his Los Angeles back yard. His career took him from there to the Grand Canyon to a Wisconsin tar pit, the La Brea Tar Pit, Mexico and Patagonia, among other places. This is absorbing science for laymen, mixed with true adventure all over the world. An advance reviewer calls this "a passionate memoir," and that's exactly what it is. (February)

Mary Kay Andrews covered the famous *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil* real life story, and she knows her Savannah, which is apparent in this breezy atmospheric novel, *Savannah Blues*, which is rich with lore about antiques and good old gossip, as well as a fascinating story about the adventures of Eloise "Weezy" Foley, who gets involved with her ex-husband's sexy fiancée, in a non-personal way—that is, her murder, in which she becomes a suspect. There are numerous other complications, and much about Southern antiques and Savannah comes alive. And then there are those antiques. (February)



## LIBRARY NOTES

by Mary Ruth Miller

**Announcement:** Anyone who has unwanted calendars of any year that have attractive pictures may bring them to the box in the library no later than February 28. As a community service Doris Fields will take them to the media coordinator for the James E. Shepard Magnet Middle School to be distributed to classes and libraries for educational purposes.

Thanks to an anonymous donor, the library now has a Sony radio and audiocassette player that can be used only in the library for enjoyment or for testing a cassette tape before checking it out. To prevent possible loss, the player must be kept locked up, but library assistants can easily make it available.

People sometimes ask when library assistants are on duty. Someone should be available for two hours in the middle of every morning and from Monday through Friday in the middle of the afternoons. When no one is at the desk, materials can still be left or taken out by signing the card (or the notebook on the desk). Since we are open twenty-four hours a day, we must operate on the honor system.

Our sorting and "weeding" is an ongoing process. We ask patience as we prepare recent donations for the shelves. Often the problem is to find a place to put them. Everyone can help us by checking out books and keeping them circulating.

See LIBRARY Next Column, page 5

## IT'S A GIFT: THE GIFT SHOP STORY

When you pass by the Gift Shop on a Wednesday noon and see it populated by happy buyers, it looks as though it had always been there, and it has. The shop is our oldest Forest Institution, and one of its best.

Priscilla Squier, its original entrepreneur and present manager remembers how it all began. Before The Forest opened, still under construction, Kathy Crapo, one of our founders, was showing her around the place, and as they walked down the corridor between the main entrance and the auditorium, she saw a sign on what looked like a hole in the wall. It said: "Gift Shop." That got Priscilla's attention. She had been manager of a large and successful gift shop back in Virginia, before she decided to cast her lot with the new Forest, and the sign looked like an invitation. What were The Forest's plans for the shop, she wanted to know. It hadn't any, Kathy said.

### LIBRARY from page 4

A recent article by Dr. Margaret Berry in the CCRC *Hotline* asks, "Who Cares About Intellectual Life?" She touts the importance of the library in communities such as ours to promote and enhance intellectual cognitive growth. Let's all use our library to keep on learning and exercising our minds!

They just thought a gift shop was a nice idea. More conversation followed, and by the time The Forest opened for business, Priscilla had organized a team to get the gift shop up and running, using the connections in the business world she had made in Virginia. She formed a team with other new residents—the late Sarah Lee Watson and Shirley Greichen—plus Terry Bronfenbrenner and Debbie Carey. By Christmas, after the October opening, the new Gift Shop was selling Christmas cards.

Priscilla's Virginia gift shop connections were extremely helpful from the beginning because the suppliers she had dealt with knew her and were willing to extend credit for needed stock to get under way. The Forest's management, by agreement, did not extend any financial help, although from the beginning, it had been decided to give any profits to the Benevolent Fund. To date, that figure is \$38,500.

The startup was primitive, to say the least—no fixtures, only a card table in the shop and four women waiting to serve customers. It was at least a year, Priscilla recalls, before the card table finally gave way to new fixtures. The Forest Management donated two chairs, and that helped. Only later did the shop get further help from management, but Priscilla and her crew persevered.

As everyone knows, or at least believes, the Gift Shop has

been a great success. Its original small space is no larger and it's filled with customers as soon as it opens on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Volunteers operate the place, including Priscilla, but more help is always needed and the shop keeps looking for it. Ruth Lifton is the staff coordinator, and anyone with some time to spare should call her. Other residents involved are, Marion Bender, Evelyn Doyle, Ethel Foote, Jayne Jackson, Tina Lamb, Peg Lewis, Ginny Putnam, Jennie Ruddell, Sally Sheehan, Laurel Sherman, Betty Joyce Whittle, and Loma Young.

The stock has long since gone beyond cards to include glassware, paperweights, figurines, and other familiar gift shop items. Foresters who are unable to get into Durham and elsewhere to shop for such items are grateful for its existence, and so are many others who appreciate the convenience of having such an on-site shop. Recently, books by resident writers have been added to the stock.

The store does about \$150 worth of business on any given week, and although cards are its stock in trade, its best sellers have been stuffed animals, on their way to countless grandchildren. Not to mention the recent craze for Beanie Babies.

And all this from an original hole in the wall and a sign!

—John Tebbel

## GATHERINGS

by Sciurus Carolinensis  
(Gray Squirrel)



At this writing, holiday decorations have been packed away and the snow has subsided — for a while. The residents must commend our staff for seeing that we had good food, heat and cleared walking surfaces. Thanks to all who helped!

Some folks returned from trips just in time for our 12" snow. **Jim and Susan Shuping** drove into town from a family gathering in Virginia. They knew nothing about the snow forecast and stopped at the grocery store to pick up some bread and milk. Ha! Empty shelves! **Ruth Dillon** returned from Alaska just before the storm while **Helen Corbett's** granddaughter made one of the last flights out of RDU before it closed. . . **Julian and Delancy Price** were scheduled for a later return home from Texas but **Bob and Jill Moyer** were smart to continue their visit with their daughter in the Florida panhandle until the snow melted. . . **George and Geneva Boguslavsky** delayed their start to Florida and **Robbie and Trish Robertson** spent the night near the airport in order to catch their flight to Texas. . . Ten port stops in the Caribbean aboard a ship which supplied the Windjammers made for a perfect way for **John and Betty Gray** to miss NC weather. . . **Dot Kornegay** had her fill of shrimp when she visited her son and his family in Gulf Shores, Alabama and **Caroline Long** enjoyed a family gathering in Arkansas. . . From Texas came **Marcia Seevers' nephew, Dennis**, and from Florida, **Mike Casels** was here to visit **Charlotte**.

It was nice to see the friendly faces of **Gordon and Grett Stewart** who visited M.E. from Charlottesville, stayed for New Year's Eve and began the dancing to that good Jazz. Sorry, it

was **Rose Leavenworth** who first danced into the Auditorium! **Doris Walters** kept the beat, too! Others who took to the dance floor in the hall were **Betty and Tom Gallie, Bob and Evebell Dunham, Ben and Bylee Massey, Bob and Hildur Blake, Frank and Mary Light, Frank and Adele Medure, Herb and Berniece Stecker**. . . Later **Robin Williams, Leanne Carnes, Glenn and Tammie Arrington** passed trays of champagne to toast in the New Year -- Greenland time!

Many visitors have come to and gone from the Forest. I saw a few including **Daphne**, daughter of **Earl Davis** from Frederick, MD, **Amy**, daughter of **Frank and Molly Simes** from Frostburg, MD, granddaughters of both **Julia Lewis** and **Sally Sheehan** came from Chicago and Boston respectively. . . **Hildur Blake's** sister from Norfolk visited and enjoyed the pool daily along with **Hildur and Bob**. . . **Ray Watson's** son came from Northern Virginia. . . **Julia Negley** went to Clarksville, VA to be with her nephew and his wife. . . **Aileen Harmel** enjoyed having **Merel and Ernestine** visit her while **Bill and Beth Upchurch** along with **Ed and Joyce Albrecht** stayed here to be with family. . . I was premature in reporting some items last month. **Priscilla Squier's** son, **David** needed to postpone his visit here until January and the **Dunhams** had to cancel their trip to the Canary Islands.

The news that **Peg Lewis** has been elected Senior Warden at St. Stephen's church came as a flash as did **Craig Harris' election** to the presidency of the 16,000 member Eighth Air Force Historical Society. . . **Ethel Foote's** daughter, **Becky**, administrator of the London office of Sheikh Saud of Qatar, a collector of fine Islamic art and featured in a recent British magazine, was here to visit her mother. Other members of the **Foote** family were here, too. . . **Max Harrell** is wearing a significant diamond ring on

her third finger left hand. . . At least 4 generations of **Gus Eliason's** family gathered from afar for a reunion in Chapel Hill. . . **Ellen Dozier** went to Charlotte, NC and **Nancy Larsen's** daughter from Charlotte visited here. . . **Bob and Ernie Guys' son, d-i-l** and granddaughter from Seattle came for the holidays and **Bob and Ann Durden** traveled to Roanoke to visit their daughter and her family. . . In the "small world" department **Martha Freeman** and **Claude Reeves** discovered that they had family ties to Honea Path, SC, population-less than 3000! **Louise Harney** and **Tina Land** were debutantes together in Norfolk, VA. . . **Herb and Berniece Stecker** have returned from Hilton Head where they visited kinfolk. . . Probably many of you did not know that in her life before TFAD, **Elizabeth Krakauer** served in the Peace Corps as a librarian in Bogota, Columbia!

Among the newest volunteers at the Sarah P. Duke Gardens are **Bernie and Marion Bender, Nancy Carl, Helen Corbett, Maidi Hall, Betty Kent, Ann Kirkpatrick, Dottie MacMillan, Betty Ostrander, Hazel Scheblik, Gerald and Henrietta Wolinsky**. **Ann Durden** was among the original Gardens' volunteers 10 years ago, first as a horticultural assistant then as a docent from the first training class. . . **Jane Jones** has been a behind-the-scenes helper with Gardens' mailings. . . **Julia Lewis** enjoyed 10 spectacular red blooms from her miniature amaryllis last month. Call her if you would like to have it to look forward to next year!

I was a bit offended when I read the following blurb. "In mid-life women no longer have upper arms, they have wing spans. They are no longer women in sleeveless shirts, they are flying squirrels in drag!" You laugh! Perhaps I should call the Animal Protection Society!

—S.C.



## ABOUT GEORGE W.

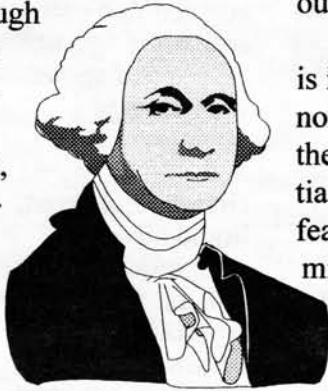
No, not that George W. but the other one, George Washington, whose birthday we celebrate this month, although having to share it with Honest Abe.

Everybody knows about Abe, thanks to the Lincoln industry, which continues to fill library shelves with *Lincolniana*.

George W., however, is only an icon familiar to us because his likeness appears on so much currency and because he is legendary. Unfortunately, most of the legends aren't true and neither is most of what we think we know about him.

The real story is worth celebrating. Consider. Here's a boy born in colonial 18th century Virginia, to a rather distant father and a nagging mother, overshadowed by more accomplished relatives. No wonder his early aim in life is to certify himself as a man to be respected -- his "honor" as he calls it.

In pursuit of that honor, he becomes an officer in the Virginia militia and sets out to fight the French and Indians on behalf of, ironically, the British. He carries with him a dark secret. He's already engaged to a rich widow, who has a lot of property, which is his lifelong obsession. But he is also in love with



the wife of his best friend. We know this from two letters he wrote her, to which no reply was preserved, if there was one. As long as he lives, he can't get her out of his mind.

Later, when the Revolution is imminent, he unabashedly nominates himself to command the troops, even though his militia career ended in inglorious defeat and disgrace with his commission revoked. Yet he gets the job. Why? For one thing he is a dominating figure - six feet-three-and-a-half inches, weighing 220 pounds at a time when the average height of men was five-six. He got the job.

He was not a great military commander, but it wasn't his fault. He commanded a ragtag army, poorly fed, largely untrained, burdened with unreliable militia and sustained only by the relatively small band of devoted Regulars. They lost all but two battles in this most unpopular of all American wars, because the home front failed to support them, and at the end, only the French Navy saved them from total defeat. The British won the war, but they didn't know it, and walked away from their victory, while the regulars went home to face a public much like post-Vietnam.

Through it all, George W.

held the army together by sheer determination, a somber figure who seldom smiled, sitting gloomily after dinner, munching nuts and no doubt thinking of his lost love. How do we know all that? We don't, of course, but it's no doubt significant that on the two Presidential trips he made up and down the country he never failed to note in his diary after every social event given

for him how many women present were dark haired—like his lost love.

As President, he started out wildly popular, and like so many others, ended with a nation already beginning to lapse into bitter quarrels that would last for decades. He hurried

back to Mount Vernon, the only place where he had ever been happy, and continued to acquire property, making him the richest American at the time he died, as the century ended. George W. was a man with a broken heart, who suffered through six sets of

false teeth and a cancer operation without anesthetic, as well as a constant frustration in fighting a desperate war with little support from his countrymen. Say what you like about Abe, George W. is a man worth observing on Presidents Day.



—John Tebbel

## Poetic LICENSE

### Playing on Old Saws

A traveler on Kos  
Lay down on some moss  
At the edge of a stream  
He could not bear to cross.

A leopard who suffered from mange  
Found his pocketbook hard to arrange.

An ape selling him lotion  
Was struck by this notion:  
"I wonder how he spots his change."

A faith healer got flack  
Because of his lack  
Of a doctor's credentials,  
So he ducked like a quack.

Old Mrs. Fry had one consuming wish,  
To dine on trout, which was her favorite dish.  
She had two sons, but one was lame,  
And never hunted for wild game;  
So she sent off the other Fry to fish.

—George Chandler



### Winter's Blanket (January)

Oh, to be a snowflake  
Fluffy marshmallow white,  
Bungeeing toward the brown earth,  
Twirling in pure delight,  
The ground is the magnet  
That draws each floating lace,  
Cushioning all landings  
That draws each into perfect place.

—Ellen Dozier



### A Different Culture

The hospital  
waiting room was full.  
A happy crock-pot  
burbled and emitted  
enticing fragrance.  
Bowls and spoons  
were handy.

A dozen or more relatives  
chattered in rapid,  
liquid silver  
of Spanish.  
All chairs were occupied  
by this Latino family,  
babies to elders,  
and all in between.  
Loud laughter propped them up  
as they awaited the verdict  
of *Papa Grande's* surgery.

I, a *gringo* alone,  
watched enviously their  
traditional extended  
family support.

—Florence Manning

### It's a Good Thing (February)

No matter what the age,  
Love can not be beat.  
As the body cools down,  
It revs up the heat.  
So, accept it and hold it tight  
If it comes your way.  
Nourish to prolong it  
Thank your stars each day.

—Ellen Dozier





## A PHYSICIAN'S ADVENTURES AS A CATTLE RANCHER

OR

### How I Became a Beef Baron

by Dr. George Ferguson

When I think of dumb animals, as I sometimes do, I think I probably have been the dumbest of them all. Such a statement coming from an otherwise smart guy like me requires a rather lengthy explanation. Here goes.

I was a practicing physician who worked with a group. Our group owned its own hospital, and because of the number of our employees, we couldn't afford a Keogh Plan( must give equal benefits to all employees). Also, we had a contract among ourselves that called for unanimous agreement on all subjects; in other words, any one person can block any proposal. Consequently we were never able to incorporate, and therefore, I paid the absolute maximum in government taxes for many years..

Since this was the case, I was led to seek an avenue of investment that might help secure comfort in my old age.

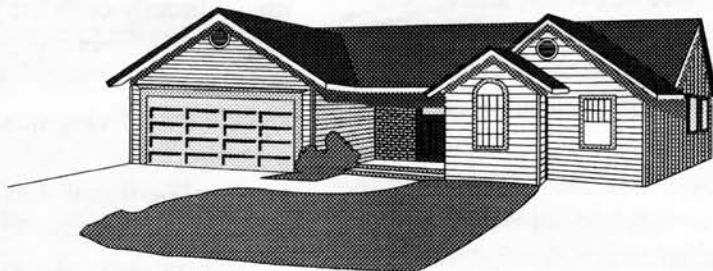
Casting about for a suitable venture, I came across a farm real estate agent whom I shall call Harvey Bramble. Harvey

was presently in the beef cattle business, raising Hereford breeder stock. The market was favorable, and registered cattle were truly very salable. Since these circumstances prevailed, all I needed was farmland and breeding cattle. Harvey was able to provide both.

It seems the local high school carpentry class was looking for a sponsor to supply materials for a small house which they would build in sections in their classroom shop, following the sponsor's plans, and would erect it on the sponsor's property. This seemed an ideal deal, so I contacted my architect friend for plans and my general contractor friend who was to build the foundation. These things accomplished, we sprang into action. No expense was spared. We selected three quarter inch cedar exterior plywood; it was elegant!

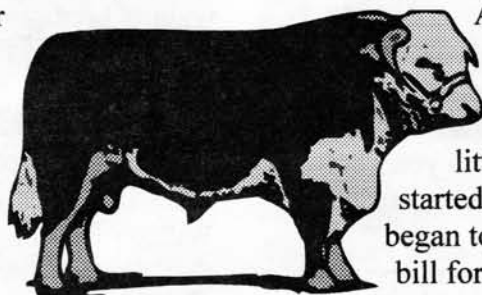
All other necessary materials were obtained and our new little house started to take shape. I began to calculate the bill for the finished product, our very own little weekend retreat, with its two small bedrooms, bath, and living room, dining space and kitchen, all combined. The architect's bill was reasonable, but

the cost of the foundation proved nearly as much as the rest of the house, after I was guided to a Scot stone mason, brought over from the "old country" to supervise the stone work of the recently completed University Chapel. That's when the red ink began to show up. I had engaged the Scot to oversee the installation of slate around our fire-



place, and over the front stoop and steps. I watched McAdies' carefully calculated, but immodest bills stretch out interminably, mounting up and up. Later investigation showed that the stonemason belonged to a sept of the Ferguson clan. I was greatly tempted to contact our Clan Chieftain to propose the stonemason be expelled. However, I found it such a delicious comfort, toward the close of a warm autumn day, to sit on the stoop and warm my derriere on the heat retaining slate, while I surveyed my domain, which stretched out in great glory before me. I felt so expansive that I forgave all.

(Dr. Ferguson's story will continue in the March issue of *The Forester*. —Editor)

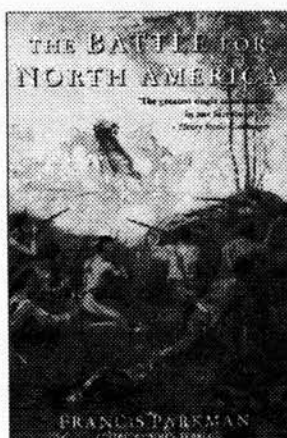


## GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR PAST

Every once in a while there is sheer joy to be found in reading a really good history. Among the qualities that establish a memorable work are a flowing style of writing, a smooth continuity in the telling of events, and a clear focus on a few charismatic leaders whose successes and failures have made our world what it is today.

Such a book is Francis Parkman's monumental work, *France and England in North America*, originally published in thirteen volumes in 1889, now available in a single volume edited by our fellow resident John Tebbel and retitled *The Battle for North America*. Tebbel's edited version was first published in 1948 in hard cover and in 2001 as a paperback. A copy is available in the TEAD library and from book-sellers.

An eminent American historian has labeled the Parkman book "the greatest single achievement in our literature." John Tebbel's contribution has been to preserve the qualities that made the work a masterpiece while making it more read-



able by modernizing punctuation and spelling, recasting outmoded words and phrases, and eliminating the repetition that naturally occurs in describing a continuum of inter-related events in several separate volumes. John Tebbel happened to come across a complete set of the Parkman volumes in a second-hand bookstore. Excisions and editorial marks were made directly onto the printed pages and within a year, looking out across the Connecticut countryside from living quarters above a garage, he personally retyped the single-column version that eventually came to 775 pages.

From my own experience I can say that beyond question, this book is the single best authority to be found anywhere dealing with the difficult years of survival in colonial America. My research relative to a genealogy of the Ostrander family dating from 1660 onward meant plowing through dozens of books when most of the needed material was already assembled in concise and vivid detail in the Parkman book. At that time, Parkman's original work and John Tebbel's 1948 edition were not easily available for research, and so the 944 pages of the Ostrander genealogy went to the publisher two years before Tebbel's 2001 edition made its appearance.

Parkman's book opens on the voyage to America of the French adventurer Jacques Cartier in 1534, and from then on the reader is caught up in the sweep of history as giant figures march across the pages -- Champlain

and LaSalle, Frontenac and Montcalm, Howe and Amherst and Wolfe, George Washington and the much respected Indian chief, Kondiaronk

From 1689 to 1763, the English and French fought four wars which spread from Europe to the far reaches of the world. In the American colonies, King William's War merged into Queen Anne's War, then on to King George's War and the French and Indian War. In the 74 years of this period, the years of war and peace divided evenly -- for every year of peace, a year of war, 37 of each, a roiling cauldron of conflict that convulsed the nation, yet Americans are generally uninformed about this much-neglected era of American history.

In the end, France was forced to cede Canada to the British. A few years later, the Americans, now freed of attack from the north, were encouraged to strike out for independence from Britain. France could not stand idly by. The American Revolution could not have been won without prodigious supplies of men, money and arms from France.

By all means, read the Tebbel version of Parkman and you will catch a glimpse of what William Faulkner meant: "The past is never dead. It's not even past."

—Colin Ostrander

(Paperback version available from amazon.com for \$17.46 + S&H — Pub.)

## ART AT THE FOREST IS FOOD FOR THE SOUL AND BEAUTY FOR THE EYE

Have you ever said to yourself at an art museum - "I could paint that well." Well, at The Forest at Duke you will meet some friends. AND, now some of them can paint. That well. Yes, their talents range from the novice (first timers) to pros. Many of them started drawing, painting, sketching, etc. right here at The Forest, in our sky lighted studio.

Professional artists, and some of our advanced students give lessons and help others to develop their talents. Then we have exhibits at our Friday social hours.

Loma Young says she started painting 40 years ago, and then life became too hectic. Now she is one of our advanced people and she is now giving lessons to beginners. She has had several paintings in the Hope Valley Shows, and sold some of them, too.

A number of artists from Durham and Chapel Hill come here to help. Bob Blake is one of our resident professionals. You will find the mural he painted of a tobacco farm on the wall of the Duke Homestead Museum and each year he mounts an exhibit of his work in our foyer.

The walls of our building are alive with the work of our residents and some of the art of others we like: watercolors, por-

traits of friends or family. On your next trip down the halls take a look at the name of the artist, and be surprised to find out it may be one of your friends. In addition to the paintings you will find computer-generated art, photography and some unusual professional art.

It is a lively artists group and they are joined by another group of crafters decorating waste baskets, making or repairing necklaces and beads, painting identifying logos on their luggage, doing ceramics and sculpture under the helpful eye of our staff artist-craftsman, Robin Williams.

Lib Dube has won several prizes for her photography. Ed Albrecht is the official, volunteer photographer for the Sarah P. Duke Gardens and has produced two calendars for them which they sell in their gift shop. Harry Owen makes videos of campus happenings. Don Ruegg and Dot Kornegay do their artwork on the computer. Some of the residents have had their photos on Channel 8, our closed circuit TV channel.

Many of our members travel far and wide and bring back beautiful pictures and videos that are edited and become part of our monthly "Armchair Travel" programs.

So, for those of you who haven't tested your talents yet, come on along.

—Earl Davis

## WELCOME, NEW RESIDENT!



**Anna Louise Spigener**  
Apt. 4005 401-3858

Anna Louise Spigener is a native of South Carolina, but spent most of her adult life in Charlotte. She came to The Forest from Newberry, SC, where she had gone to live while restoring her grandfather's house, listed on the National Register of Historic Places. She holds a degree in music from Winthrop College. She is interested in all the arts, particularly in music, and in gardens—especially roses.

She has a daughter in Chapel Hill, another in Richmond, and a son in Connecticut. Two of her children and a grandchild are Duke graduates, and another grandchild is a freshman at the University of North Carolina.

She was attracted to The Forest by the presence in the area of her daughter and grandchildren, as well as by its facilities and ambience and by the availability of cultural activities.



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Bob Blake's  
**Puzzle**

Each word below can be found by reading either  
up, down, forward, backward or diagonally.

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T I A R T R O P L A R U G U A N I E
Y D K Y S I O N I L L I K S Y X M L
B C A Y R E V A L S P E S R O H T E
J E A T I A C O L O N I A L S E V C
F X A R F P M M J E N U S H B R E T
O L A R E N E G L A R F E T O O R I
R S Z W D D O A T B D R M Y O K N O
A G O A A H E I E E M D A T T L O N
T R K L T P O F T A J Q R A H S N O
O U L U D N H C N A H F T E X I A I
R B O R Q I E V E O P E H R S T C T
O S T E G L E G M P C I A T E S I U
Y Y I T E T U R U A J H C F U U L L
E T P A O N Y N N E P C K N T C B O
V T A E R A J D O U G L A S A X U V
R E C H G R C A M O T O P Z T M P E
U G V T E G R A W L I V I C S J E R
S U O M I N A N U S E O R G E N R Z
  
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**Pertaining to Washington and Lincoln**

ADDRESS	DOUGLAS	GUN	MT VERNON	SHERMAN
AX	EMANCIPATION	HERO	NEGROES	SLAVERY
BEARD	ELECTION	HORSE	ORATOR	SOLDIER
BOOTH	ELECTED	ILLINOIS	PEALE	SOUTH
CAPITOL	FEBRUARY	INAUGURAL	PENNY	STATUE
CHIEF	FIRST	LAW	PISTOL	SURVEYOR
CIVIL WAR	GENERAL	MARTHA	PORTRAIT	TAD
COLONIAL	GEORGE	MARY	POTOMAC	THEATER
CONFEDERACY	GETTYSBURG	MEDAL	REVOLUTION	TREATY
	GRANT	MONUMENT	REPUBLICAN	UNANIMOUS

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