

THE FORESTER

Volume 10 Issue 3

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

December 2003

President's Podium



This is my first column in *The Forester*, so I want to remind you why we have a Residents' Association. Our Mission Statement reads:

To provide facilities and services for residents of retirement age, including housing, dining, and health care; to provide activities that address the social, intellectual, physical, and emotional aspects of life; and to maximize the ability of residents to live safe, useful, and independent lives.

The efforts of my administration will focus on supporting that Mission Statement.

Last month we were busy getting organized.

The Residents' Association Office is now open on the fourth floor next to elevator seven. (It is directly above the computer room.) One of the Association Officers will be available between 1:00-2:00 pm Monday through Friday to answer your questions or to report your concerns.

The new organizational chart for the Residents' Association has been posted on the Residents' Bulletin Board, and also in each of the committee notebooks in the library. A directory of committee members can be found in the front of each notebook.

I welcome Melba Reeves as our newest member of the Associations' Board of Directors. She was appointed to complete Bill Fine's term of office, and was confirmed by the Board at our last meeting.

Your Residents' Association leaders are as follows:

Jim Shuping	President
Rosalind Alexander	Vice-President
Barbara Blair	Secretary
Bob Moyer	Treasurer

Committee Chairs

Rheta Skolaut	Activities
Lois Watts	Caucus
Craig Harris	Facility Services
Tom Gallie	Finance
Melba Reeves	Food Services
Robbie Robertson	Governance
Bud Busse	Health Chair
John Setzer	Resident Services
Ethel Foote	Medicare Certification

Mary Ruth Miller	Resident Representative on the TFAD Board
Georgia Campion	Parliamentarian

In support of our Mission Statement, I asked the directors to submit a list of expenses for FY-04. We then identified sources of income. We determined that we can not cover our expenses unless we implement membership dues. Therefore, your Board of Directors voted on November 17, 2003 to set the membership dues at \$10 per person per year. A copy of the budget is posted on the Residents' Bulletin Board. You will be asked to vote on this issue, as well as a new set of By-Laws, at the residents' quarterly meeting in January.

Jim Shuping

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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Mildred Fuller

John Getz

Betty Kent

Virginia Moriarty

Ginny Putnam

Sally Sheehan

Molly Simes

Carol Withers

Bouquet of the Month



To **Bob Blake**, artist, illustrator, model builder, guardian of plants, dancer, and volunteer.

Bob, assisted by Hildur, and others, has been watering all of the plants in the entire main building twice a week for ten years. He donated many of them in the beginning. He has also been active in management of the greenhouse.

A professional artist, he has donated a large number of much loved paintings to the halls and gathering places of The Forest. This issue of *The Forester*, like others, is made livelier by his drawings and puzzle. His fantastic model Mountain Village display is reassembled in our living room every Christmas.

The Blakes make unscheduled and spontaneous ballroom appearances at our musical events and run the Line Dancing activity.

Bob does volunteer driving for Forest residents and Duke Hospital cancer patients.

Thanks to a man of many talents, skills, and interests

Coins in the Fountain

Our Maintenance Department has re-commissioned the fountain in the lobby following remodeling. From among the rocks, now replaced in the bottom of the fountain, they recovered 461 coins, some resembling barnacles. The treasure consists of quarters, dimes, nickels, and pennies, amounting to a grand total of \$8.02.

David Scheidt of the Maintenance Staff has

challenged *Forester* readers to calculate the number of each denomination of coin making up the treasure trove. The puzzle solver submitting the best answer to box #3045 by Christmas Day may recommend to David the disposition of his find and also gain great fame.

Hint: Try one quarter and one dime. Then try two dimes. Then five dimes. Then 20 quarters.

Amahs

Many folks, especially Old China Hands, know about Amahs. Some don't. An Amah is a live-in, family helper; more like a member of the family! If she is the Wash Amah, she washes and irons and folds for everybody. If she is the Baby Amah, she takes care of the little ones while the real mother is running the household. Baby Amah is a substitute mother, like a British nanny. Actually, an Amah can spoil little kids as they pick up their p.j.s and clothes where they step out of them, hang up their towels from the bathroom floor, and even carry them when they should walk on their own two legs! She only spoke Mandarin, so, of course, we did too! We loved every Amah very much! All our Amahs had bound feet. Our Shanghai Amah once unwrapped to show me. I'd rather not talk about it.

In Hong Kong during the early 60's, little Ah Chih was about 4'10" with bound feet. She spoke no English and was adorable. We all loved her. Our trio were then teen-agers, so she was "wash" and "clean" and "serve" and "cook" amah, along with Dah Shr Fu (our cook.) How she did all that on those tiny feet was unreal. She would come into our bedroom and squat down beside me to talk. On her days off, she always came back by noon. When I asked her why she came back so soon, she'd say "ayah, wude jiao t'ung-ah" ("Oh, my feet hurt!") and slap her foot. Hong Kong had only hard sidewalks!

She was about 10 years older than I was at the time. When she became ill from an ulcer, I took her to the hospital, and she held onto my hand like a little girl, as we crossed the street. One of the saddest results of living over there was parting with the family servants and trying to keep track, but losing them. They moved from family to family. I have two (dictated) letters that I cherish. Then, nothing after that.

Our Shanghai Baby Amah wept when she waved us away from "The Bund," Shanghai's Waterfront, as we rode the NorDeutscher, Lloyd Scharnhorst's launch, down the Whangpoo to the



Jill, brother, and Amah

steamer lying at anchor. That was in 1935. In 1945, after Dad flew over the "Hump" to reach Shanghai as the "first YMCA Secretary to return" after the war, he had no sooner reached our old apartment when the bell rang and there stood old Amah to see if she could do anything for "masatah!" The native Chinese Grapevine at work! 'Nuf sed?

Jill Moyer

Jill was born in China and spent 16 years of her life in China or Hong Kong. Editor

Beth Corning Managing Change

As all good marketers know, the main job is anticipation, trying to figure out in advance who's going to want what in a rapidly changing economic and social world. In the CCRC business, that job is complicated not only by intense and growing competition, which is normal, but by daily serving customers whose needs and personal situations are so varied, that one size never fits all.

When Beth Corning came to The Forest as Marketing Director four years ago, she didn't know that she would be confronted, all too soon, with a reshaping of our facility that would challenge any marketer. We're now anticipating the widest variety of vacancies available since The Forest opened, as a result of our new building still in progress. Beth is engaged in a complicated domino game, helping to make the human pieces fall into the physical slots as they open up. That means nurturing more than 200 future residents now on our wait list, while helping some of our own current independent residents move to different locations in the community. The critical phase of stepped up activity begins with the New Year, when this immensely complicated game moves toward a climax.

Some of the outside people on our future residency list are ready, having already sold their homes. They are now living in temporary quarters in the Durham area or elsewhere until the call comes for an open apartment or cottage. Beth and Kim Stelmok, her marketing teammate, keep in constant touch with all these "waiters", wherever they are, with personal calls, birthday cards, and other holiday greetings, giving updated news of what is happening here.

The wheels are moving. It's the task of the Health Maintenance Committee, of which Beth is a member, to assess the needs of Forest residents and appropriately determine their living arrangements before they move to new locations. In North Carolina, health status evaluations for occupancy of assisted living and skilled nursing residences are



Photo by Ed Albrecht

valid for no more than 30 days. For that reason, no confirmation for any move to our Health and Wellness Center is given until these time sensitive reviews are made by our Health Care Team. Beth can project and prepare, but does not rely on "maybes". She begins the process to reoccupy Forest residences only with vacancy confirmations in hand.

Meanwhile, as our main building is being completely redecorated and overhauled, and the new building moves toward completion, Beth and Kim are continuing to show people around The Forest, explaining to them what's going on. Folks are reacting in a positive way to the upheaval, Beth says. They like what they see, and the transformation in progress shows them that we are not resting in the past but responsibly moving ahead.

Current shifts in the economy during these uncertain times are also having a marketing effect. Inquiries are somewhat fewer in number now with the interest of windblown shoppers having steadily diminished. Residence preferences of retirees are changing a bit too. In earlier days there was less demand for small apartments, but now, smaller is again popular for some prospective residents.

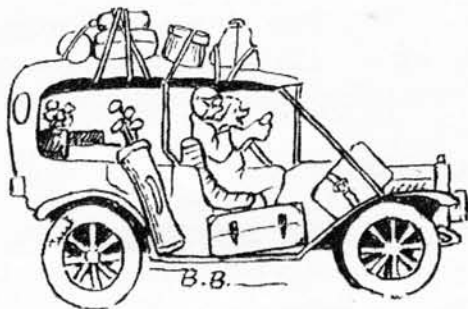
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Although there are less of those who are just "looking around" to see what's available in the marketplace, Beth reports there is an increase in more serious customers who know what they want and are still definitely looking for it.

The dominoes are beginning to move into their final arrangement. Present schedules, which seem to be reasonable, are dependent, of course, on completion of the new Health and Wellness Center, probably in late January. Work will then continue in the Community Center, refurbishing the former Beauty Shop and Wellness Clinic area until well into the year 2004. All the pieces will fall into place. It's safe to say that everyone involved can hardly wait.

John Tebbel



Resident Ramblings

Christmas lights and decorations combine to make The Forest an especially warm and wonderful place to be. A scientific (?) survey indicates that only about 2% of those eligible will make Christmas cookies. But 'Tis the Season to Be

J is for **Jim** our fearless new leader!
O is for the **Owl** who roosts on the roof
L is for **Leslie** who runs the Health Center.
L is for **Lucy** who keeps us so "active."
Y is for **You-all** who live at The Forest!

Thanksgiving was enjoyed by everyone, especially the many residents who celebrated with

their families or friends from out-of-town. Among many others were **Sally Sheehan, Mildred Fuller, M. E. Stewart, Ginnie Jones, Art and Lois Watts, Jean Mason, Anne Rice, Priscilla Squier, John and Sylvia McCormick, Kelly Matherly and John Setzer.**

One fall evening a deer was seen in front of **Peg Lewis'** and **Evelyn Doyle's** cottages headed to eat the **Oettinger's** flowers! **Marion Patton** went to New York City to visit old friends. **Gene and Ginny Moriarty** were also in the Big Apple to revisit some favorite restaurants. **John and Betty Gray** went through the Panama Canal on their way to Costa Rica for some nature sightseeing. **Sylvia Arnett** arranged a reunion of ten cousins in Portland. Oregon and she and **Ned** flew there for a fun weekend. **Ed Lee** spent some time with his sister at Cedar Point. **Mary Jones** went to Washington, D.C. for a family Thanksgiving. Then she and daughter, **Marcie** visited other family members in Fresno, California.

Did you know that **Bess Bowditch, Ruth Swiger and John McCormick** attended the same grade school in Charleston, WV?

Some Ladies with a PAST!

Shirley Frucht was on the Senior Olympic Swim Team! **Rhoda Garrett** was a USO Director! **Doris Fields** did Colorado mountain biking and skiing! **Rheta Skokaut** edited two cookbooks. **Jenn Van Brunt** was a bilingual secretary!

The bombs in Istanbul, Turkey did not deter **George and Harriet Williams** from making a trip there. **Caroline Long** visited the Walters Museum in Baltimore for a special exhibit. **Ann Campbell** brought back pressed aspen leaves from her recent trip to Colorado. **Ed Remmers** is using his technical skills at a company here which helps various drug companies get new drugs approved. **Sarah McCracken and Earl Davis** are cruising the Cook and Fiji Islands in the South Pacific.

Mary Gates

Bruin Repentant

NEWS ITEM: In August Ruth Dillon entertained a large party of guests for the marriage of her granddaughter at her camp in the Adirondacks. An extra guest, a large black bear, who had not been invited, made several devastating and frightening appearances. See *The Forester*, October, 2003, page 6.

'Twas the night before Christmas; the silence was deep.

But a sense of foreboding deprived me of sleep.
As I lay there I pondered what might be in store,
Then there came some odd noises from outside my door.

It sounded like someone was lurching about—
A rather large someone, both clumsy and stout.
I heard a sound thump on the corridor wall;
Perhaps this night caller'd avoided a fall.
I'll have to admit to a bit of a fright,
For strange things can happen on Christmas Eve night.

It's on that night alone, as the old legends teach,
That animals somehow achieve human speech.
(That this really can happen, I very well know,
For I had a visit a few years ago
From a well-behaved tribe of articulate mice.
Though they cleaned out my fridge, they were really quite nice.)

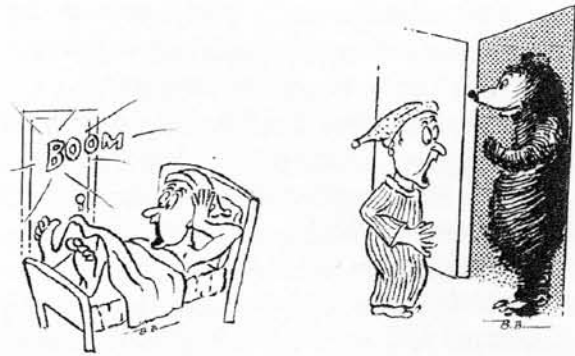
Then I heard at my door what I thought was a scratch,

So I got out of bed, and I un-did the latch.
And what to my wondering eyes should be there:
An enormous but somewhat disheveled black bear.
I jumped back a step with some sense of alarm,
'Till he said, "Don't be frightened; I mean you no harm.

But I'll have to admit," he went on rather sadly,
"There were times in the past when I acted quite badly

Now I've come from New York to present an apology

Despite the effect it's had on my chronology.
Last summer's misdeeds caused severe perturbation
The result: this hiatus in my hibernation.



In short, I have acted the part of a villain
Toward one of your neighbors, a Mrs. Ruth Dillon.
But I fear if I woke her at this time of night,
My appearance might give her a near-fatal fright.
So I thought I should open my conscience and cares
And discuss them with someone who understands bears.

As I came down this hall, I saw bears are your friends

So I hoped you might help me in making amends."
(Some of my readers may not be aware
That guarding my door stands a large concrete bear.)

As he seemed quite contrite, I said, "Come on in here,"

Then I showed him a seat, and I found him a beer.
He sipped at his drink and leaned back in his chair
And said, "Now let me tell you the sins that I bear.
Last August I must have gone totally mad.
I broke into Ruth's camp and behaved like a cad.
The first thing I did was to spill lots of oil.
That must have caused her a great deal of toil.
Then I squeezed myself into a visitor's car
Where I chewed up one seat; but the worst thing by far,

I broke into her house and ate lots of food
I smashed her pie safe; I was in a vile mood.
I made a big mess, like a kid in a phase,
And I polished her floor with her own mayonnaise.
Though I'm anxious to see her, it's one in the morning.

Do you think, my new friend, you could give her some warning?"

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So I picked up the phone and got Ruth out of bed. She said, "The poor thing. He will want to be fed." She told me to bring him along to her place Where she greeted us both with a smile on her face Bruin bowed very low and apologized sweetly. Ruth shook his great paw and forgave him completely.

She served cocoa and cake, which he ate with a fork.

He said, "Now I must really head back to New York

To finish the nap that I started this fall."

As he left us he called, "Merry Christmas to all!"

George Chandler



Library Notes

If you need a good book to take along on your holiday travels, come by the library and choose one or more paperbacks. They are lightweight, easy to pack, and don't even have to be signed out! Just take them, enjoy them, and return them to the desk when you return.

Please remember to place all materials on the front desk for the library workers to put where they belong. That includes donated magazines. Some of these we keep, and others we send to the hospitals.

Out of date magazines, even interesting ones, we just cannot keep. The hospitals usually don't want them either. Sad to say, just put old magazines in the new trash bins to go to recycling. Do the same for catalogs.

Calendars for 2004 are different, though. If you received more calendars than you can use, bring them to the box on the big table for someone else to take. Also, if you need a new calendar, come help yourself.

Will you have children visiting for the holi-

days? If you need something for them to read, check our children's shelf in the bottom back corner of the main room. (Children can easily get down there to view them!) We have an assortment that can be checked out. Children might enjoy some of the video tapes too.

Do you have trouble finding a book? Check the shelf list hanging behind the desk near the VisualTek machine. Shelf sections are numbered. Then most of the collections are shelved alphabetically by author, with biographies alphabetically by subject. Ed Lee has prepared a new directory of the history shelves on the back side of the "island." It will help locate the country and period.

Another interesting area is the medical video tapes just behind the VisualTek machine. These can be checked out for viewing at your leisure. We also have a number of medical reference books behind the desk. These should be used (or copied) in the library, but books on the regular medical shelves can be checked out.

Mary Ruth Miller

Ed Albrecht A Life in Pictures

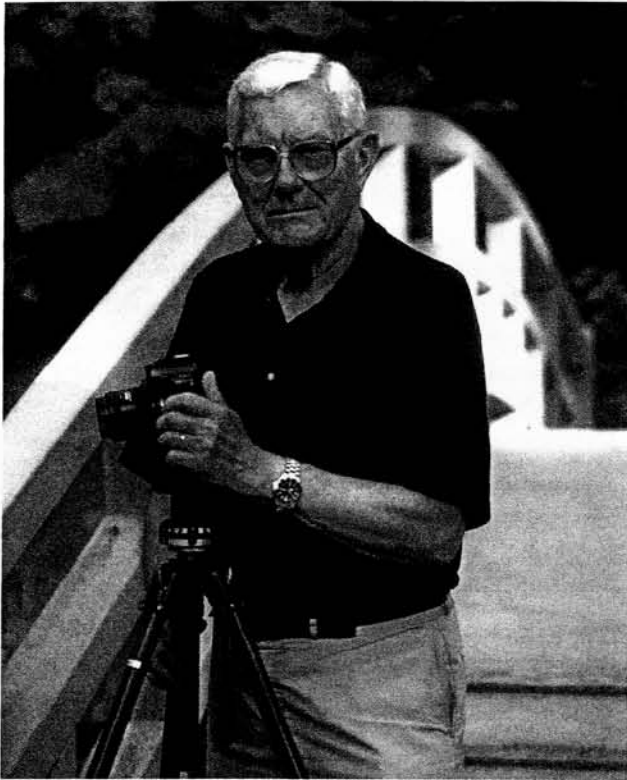


Photo by Ed Albrecht

Ed Albrecht

Since Nelson Strawbridge's smiling face looked out from page 2 of *The Forester's* first issue, in April 1994, a long succession of residents and staff have looked into the lens of Ed Albrecht's camera and seen themselves immortalized, or at least introduced, to readers of this publication. It has been the visual glue holding us all together, so to speak.

In his native Milwaukee, Ed never started out to be a photographer, but from the beginning he was fascinated with cameras. His first, the never to be forgotten Brownie, familiar to millions of Americans, was first focused when Ed was only ten years old. The initial shot, first of many thousands, recorded his sister and brother frolicking in a Wisconsin snowstorm. But Ed never thought of photography as a career.

After graduation from the University of Wisconsin, he became a chemical engineer and spent 39 years with the Dupont Company. But all that

time he was taking pictures on the side — baby pictures for friends and neighbors, shots of family events, wherever his lens was needed. It became an unofficial second job, and a money loser. His wife, Joyce, was his partner, taking care of the darkroom chores and assisting in general.

Now, many thousands of pictures later, Ed has his own gallery of visual memories. If he had to pick the most memorable shot, he thinks it was one he took of Liv Ullman, the celebrated Swedish actress, whom he photographed when he and Joyce encountered her on a visit to Japan in 1974. Introduced by his sister, who knew her, Ed naturally asked for a picture. It was a truly golden opportunity for Ed, but when he asked, as any photographer would have done, to take several shots, Ullman's cordial cooperation vanished. "Two are enough," she told him frostily.

A second "most memorable choice" would be quite different, Ed says. They were the shots he took on the Gulf Island National Seashore area in Pensacola, Florida, where he shot many pictures of parasite plants swarming over a host plant — looking, as he says, like spaghetti. That experience left him with a still unfulfilled ambition to do an illustrated travel book, like one of Fodor's. That might still happen, he thinks.

Ed's first picture of *The Forest* was taken before he and Joyce came here. It was a model of our home-sweet-home sitting on a table in the sales office on University Avenue, before the place was built. Since then, he has taken more than a thousand pictures here, including the long list of *Forest* residents.

Things may be changing before our eyes at the *Forest* these days, but Ed says they don't begin to match the changes in photography since he first sighted through the view finder of his original Brownie, especially during the last decade. Today, he says, automation has made most technical aspects of photography automatic, which means the photographer can spend a great deal more time doing the other things that make photography an art.

Ed's talent hasn't been confined to *The Forest*.

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His work for the Sarah P. Duke Gardens, was celebrated last September in the Gardens' news letter, *Flora*. Ed became an active volunteer at the Gardens in May 1994. Summarizing his work there, *Flora* noted: "As time has passed, Ed has done a great deal more for the SPDG than improve the quality of the slide show presentations. His many photos have proven to be a resource for the SPDG publications, the web site, and other publicity needs." It took several more paragraphs to cover what Ed has done for the Gardens.

And a final credit: the photo of Ed accompanying this story was taken by, Who Else?

John Tebbel

Some Homilies

Mind filled
with daily trivia
by-pass facts
and important acts,
and end up
in oblivion!

Time flies past
with added years,
tasks need twice the time —
and time
just disappears.

Florence Manning



Photo by Ed Albrecht

Winter at The Forest at Duke



Off to Fiji

This is how it all began.

It was while I was in the shower on the morning I was to leave for Fiji to spend two years in the Peace Corps that I decided the whole idea had been madness. Why would I, at my age, want to go half way around the world to a place I had to look up on the map to believe it even existed? I had quit my job, but could find a new one easily. I had rented my house, but the people hadn't moved in yet. I loved and enjoyed my family and friends. Why should I leave them for two years? I went back over my reasons for going. I thought:

1. For the first time in my life there is no one who is depending on me.
2. My interesting job was keeping me running for 10 hours a day to stay in place.
3. I liked to travel and wanted to help some people to help them themselves.
4. I seemed to have lost my mind.

As I came into the kitchen for breakfast both of my daughters who were there to see me off, asked "How can we help? What still needs to be done?" I answered, "Not a thing, I've decided not to go." They laughed at me. My own beloved daughters wouldn't take me seriously — rescue me. It seemed I had to go, so I might as well act as if I still wanted to.

The ride to the airport was full of jokes and admonitions — "Write often!" "Send pictures." "Be careful."

And then I was on the plane — without a tear, wonderful me. As I saw the ground receding, the tears came. I cried all the way to Atlanta, where I met another member of our group, waiting for the plane to Los Angeles. He looked as forlorn as I felt. As we talked, the sense of adventure, excitement, began to return.

At the airport in Los Angeles, with the whole training group reunited, I was happy to see the people I had especially enjoyed during the training. We talked about things we had done to get ready to go and things we had learned about Fiji. It consisted of 300 islands — 100 inhabited, in the South Pacific. It was 800 miles north of Australia. It was cool November here, the beginning of hot summer there. It used to be called the "Cannibal Islands."

The plane took off just at sunset and as we flew out over the edge of the west coast, I watched the city lights behind us. I was on the way.

This was the longest airplane trip I had ever taken and seemed even longer when I found that we had left on November 29 and were to land in Fiji on December 1. We arrived at about 3 AM, and the first thing I did was to

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look at all the new constellations. There was plenty of time to look because the plane was early and no one was there to meet us. Customs folk were used to Peace Corps people coming and so they got us through quickly. It was not hard because we were only allowed 50 pounds of luggage. By the time we got that far, our escorts had come and we were put on a bus to go into Nadi, a town near to which big planes landed

It was getting light and there was so much to see: all new plants and trees, a yoke of oxen on the way to a field, all the men in skirts. I found later that the "skirts" were called sulus. They looked quite dashing as soon as I got used to the idea. We were taken to a guest house to rest, but we were too excited to do anything other than start exploring.

We walked around all day and found many Indian shops, Chinese eateries and Fijian market areas. All food was bought from the open air markets. Our escorts began gathering us together at a meeting hall, where we were given "walking around money" and our supplies that included a mosquito net, a light blanket, and sheets. Most of us finally were able to get some sleep that night, although I did get up to look at the stars several times.

Carol Oettinger

Carol Oettinger spent two years as a nurse in the Peace Corp (1983-1985.) This article gets her to the Fiji Islands; her next will describe her life there. Editor

Welcome New Resident

Margaret "Peaches" McPherson

Cottage 22

489-3162

Peaches McPherson was born in Baltimore and received her nickname in infancy from her mother who said she was "pink and white - just like a peach!" With World War II looming in Europe, she entered Nursing School where she met her husband, Sam McPherson, a medical student at Johns Hopkins. After the War, Sam's service in the Navy, and his lengthy training in ophthalmology, they moved to Durham where young Dr. McPherson practiced with his father, the founder of McPherson Eye and Ear Hospital. Sam also served as head of the Department of Ophthalmology at UNC for twenty four years, and as an associate professor at Duke. Peaches plunged into raising their four children and doing community work. Among other positions, she served as president of the Durham Junior League and of the Historic Preservation Society and, for several years, as Secretary of the United Fund. She and her husband were both Elders of The First Presbyterian Church. She has ten grandchildren and four great grandchildren with another on the way. She got to know The Forest at Duke through cousins, Libba and Coach Jack Persons.



Photo by Ed Albrecht

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

Pertaining to Christmas

ADVENT	CENSUS	INN	ORNAMENT	SHOPPING
ANGEL	CHRISMON	JOSEPH	PREGNANT	SILENT NIGHT
AUGUSTUS	CONCEIVED	JOY	PRESENTS	SON
BABY	DECEMBER	JUDEA	PROGRAM	STAMPS
BETHLEHEM	DONKEY	MARY	ROMAN EMPIRE	STAR
BIBLE	FIREPLACE	MANGER	SANTA CLAUS	TOYS
BIRTH	GREETINGS	MERRY	SEALS	TREE
CAMELS	HEROD	MESSIAH	SEASON	VIRGIN
CARDS	HOLIDAY	NAZARETH	SHEEP	WISEMEN
CAROLS	IMMANUEL	NOEL	SHEPHERDS	
