

THE FORESTER

Volume 10 Issue 6

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

March 2004

Our Juilliard Jewels

Juilliard School of Music — “Coeducational, chartered 1926 by a foundation established in 1920 by legacy of Augustus Juilliard. Until amalgamation in 1946 there were two units, Juilliard Graduate School (1924) and the Institute of Musical Art founded in 1905 by Frank Damrosch and James Loeb.” *Columbia Encyclopedia*

We know our halls are alive with the sound of music, thanks to Lucy and her concert-booking brilliance. But added to this are the gifts of our very special residents — seven-count-them-seven alums of the prestigious Juilliard School of Music in New York City.

Sylvia Arnett continues to spread musical joy in our community since her violin studies at Juilliard. She has played in four chamber quartets,

taught at UNC, served as board president of the Mallerme Chamber Players, and has performed with The Forest chorus — violin as well as voice.

As a voice major at Juilliard, **Betsy Close** continued singing in many top ranked choruses including Rodney Wynkoop's Duke Chapel Choir. Betsy's journey as a preacher's daughter from small town North Carolina to New York and the halls of Juilliard will surely provide many a story.

(Continued on page 4)

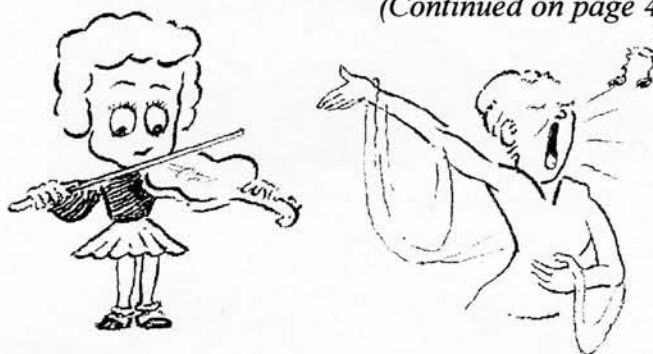


Photo by Ed Albrecht

Bob Ward, Norman Greenberg, Sylvia Arnett, Jim Matthews, Ruth Phelps, Grace Hutchins, and Betsy Close

The Forester

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Tom Gallie, *Publisher*

Pete Seay, *Editor*

Virginia Jones, *Associate Editor*

John Tebbel, *Contributing Editor*

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In Memoriam

Clara Freeman Hudgins	February 2, 2004
Gilbert H. Alexander	February 4, 2004
Margaret Hills Fairleigh	February 23, 2004
Edith Bell Duffey	February 25, 2004

To the Editor

All of us in The Forest know, of course, that Beth Corning, our Marketing Director, sends out to prospective residents on their birthdays special invitations to lunch or dinner, so that they will come to know us and be easy about their future move. We had not thought until recently what a good idea that is.

A few weeks ago, old friends of ours in Durham, having received one of these invitations to dinner on their birthday, called us up and invited us to join them for the occasion — at no cost to anybody. As we had not seen these friends for some time, we accepted their suggestion; a grand time was had by all.

Inspired by this experience, we have found out from Kim Stelmok, the birthdates of other old friends soon to be neighbors, and we initiated invitations to them to join us for dinner when their birthday invitations arrived. They have been surprised and pleased. The experiences have been very agreeable — a painless way to show off The Forest to old friends and to wish them Happy Birthday, even before they receive their Annual Balloons.

Harriet and George Williams

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Residents are invited to write letters of general interest to our readers to the Editor for publication, subject to space limitations. Letters should be signed. Please limit them to 200 words or less and type or e-mail, if possible.

Views expressed in letters are those of the writer and are not necessarily those of *The Forester*.

President's Podium



It is important for you to understand my role and responsibilities as a member of the TFAD Board of Directors.

The by-laws of The Forest at Duke Corporation state:

"The Board of Directors shall include at least two but not more than three residents of The Forest at Duke retirement community. One such resident member shall be a resident nominated by the Residents' Association (normally the Association's President) to serve as its representative on the Board of Directors; provided, however, that such nominee must be elected by the Board to such office."

That formal process was completed last November after my election as your President. I am now a voting member of the Board of Directors of TFAD, Inc.

Now, what does this mean and how does it affect you?

First and foremost, I present to the TFAD Board the concerns, issues and problems that the Residents' Board of Directors has directed me to, and offer advice and suggestions on resolution. Secondly, my responsibility is to the future of TFAD as a Continuing Care Retirement Community.

In keeping with this latter responsibility, I have been appointed co-chair of the Long Range Planning Committee, and a member of the Nominating and Governance Committee. Both of these committees address the perpetuity of TFAD:

1. The Long Range Planning Committee will consider two issues this year: Accreditation and Medicare Certification. You will notice on the Residents' Association Organizational Chart that we have special committees to address each of these issues. By working together the TFAD committee and the Residents' committee can develop a consolidated position for presentation to the TFAD

Board.

2. The Nominating and Governance Committee will strive to recruit the best qualified directors for the TFAD Board. I will participate in the interview process, and will ask pertinent questions as to their attitudes towards independence of senior citizens, and their acceptance of resident input to Board decisions. I will also participate in other matters, such as bylaw revisions and more general issues related to governance of the community.

I am greatly encouraged by the willingness of the TFAD Board of Directors to work with the Residents' Board of Directors to resolve small problems before they become conflagrations.

Jim Shuping

A Dieter's Lament

My eggs don't come from chickens,
 my butter's not from cows.
 My food is full of preservatives, the FDA allows.
 My salt is just a substitute,
 my cheese contains no fat,
 My drinks are dietetic and they taste a little flat.
 My bread is full of vitamins,
 it's dark and made of wheat.
 My cereals are all whole grain
 and they're never very sweet.
 Men liked their women padded
 in the days when I was thin,
 But now that I have added curves,
 the skinny look is in.
 And sometimes when in retrospect,
 I view the hand of fate,
 I really feel that I was born
 a hundred years too late! —

Anonymous

Our Juilliard Jewels

(Continued from page 1)

Norman Greenberg is one of our newest residents and adds to the list of Juilliard notables. His skill on the French horn led to a wide variety of engagements from Victor Borge to the New York Philharmonic to Skitch Henderson. Maybe Norman can describe to us his experiences with various conductors.



We've heard about some of **Grace Hutchins** adventures in the January *Forester*. Her voice studies took precedence over her piano training when it became clear that the jobs were more plentiful in vocal groups for radio. Ultimately she joined Phil Spitalny's All-Girl Orchestra and toured the U. S. This included another journey from North Carolina to New York and, this time, on to San Francisco.

What is this connection between North Carolina and Juilliard? After **Jim Matthews** graduated from Duke he went on to study voice at the famed school. Making the "second cut" to a final audition was a real accomplishment. But, alas, Jim reports he went "off key" and that ended his career in Show Business.



We know **Ruth Phelps'** contributions to TFAD activities from her piano accompaniment of chorus performances and sing-alongs in Holbrook and Olsen. As a Juilliard student she earned rent money as accompanist to a dancer, an opera company, and a basso profundo, among others. Foresters are still talking about Ruth's stimulating lecture and demonstration on Bach.

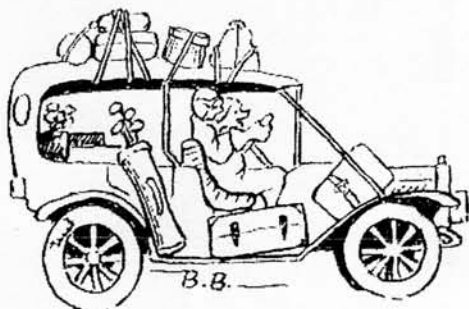
Our own Pulitzer Prize winner, **Bob Ward**, was not only trained at Juilliard, but also served on its faculty. His distinguished career as a composer of operas, such as *The Crucible*, was enhanced by serving as President of the North Carolina School of the Arts in Winston-Salem in its beginning years and on the faculty at Duke. And he certainly doesn't seem to be slowing down with his continuing musical commitments.

Blessed with our TFAD musical activities and exposure to stimulating concert series in



Durham and Raleigh, we have the added attraction of musically gifted residents. We hope in the future they'll share with us their stories of coming from all over the US to the Big City and the excitement of the cultural scene and its famous school.

Virginia Jones



Resident Ramblings

Now the robins are hopping about on the lawn tending to their usual spring chores. On a snowy day in February they gathered in large flocks on trees here to wait out the storm and fill themselves with holly berries for the trip ahead. The holly bushes were stripped and we hope they found sheltered roosting places for the night.

At this time, three lucky couples were cruising on the Caribbean Sea with Steve Tuten. They were **Frank and Molly Simes**, **Gene and Phyllis Magat**, and **Bill and Dot Heroy**. After their return, Dot went to Durango, Colorado, to visit their son.

A number of couples attended the Anniversary Lunch at Maggianos on February 7. Those invited had all been married at least 45 years! **Jim and Susan Shuping** were the "youngest." They will celebrate only their 48th this summer. On the other hand, **Bill and Dot Heroy** are looking for their 68th! Other couples attending included **John and Betty Gray**, **Collin and Betty Ostrander**, **Carl and Loma Young**, **Bob and Hildur Blake**, **Bernie and Marion Bender**, **Norman and Gilda Greenberg**, **Ed and Joyce Albrecht**, **Ed and Laurel Sherman**, **Julian and Delancy Price**, **Frank and Mary Light**, and **John and Sylvia McCormick**. **Gene and Phyllis Magat** were eligible but could not attend.

When Duke President, Nan Keohane, and her husband had car trouble while attending a basketball game, they hitched a ride home with the

TFAD bus.

Bill and Harriet Fine's daughter and son-in-law came from New York City for a weekend. **Jim and Susan Shuping's** son and daughter-in-law were here for a visit. **Jean Mason** went to Naples, Florida, on a golfing trip with her family. **Evebell Dunham** spent Valentine's Day weekend with friends in Tulsa, Oklahoma. **Phyllis Darbo's** son was here to help celebrate her birthday. **John and Sylvia McCormick's** daughter came for Sylvia's birthday. **Mary Ruth Miller** and **Marjorie Jones** rode the train to Washington D.C. to visit a mutual friend.

From time to time, various members of both the Men's and Women's Basketball teams at Duke have visited residents at our Health Center. Last month everyone at Holbrook was very pleased to welcome Chris Duhon, Sheldon Williams, Patrick Davidson, and Shavlik Randolph. All four players were articulate young gentlemen who made an excellent impression here, just as they always do on the basketball court.

At last the new additions to The Forest are ready for tours, which will begin in early April, after the new residents have moved in. It is both interesting and exciting to see what has been accomplished. Look for the different colored doors to each apartment in one section. The atrium has carpet which looks much like a stone floor. There is a new "holding" kitchen which will keep all the food hot there and many, many amenities!

Work on the survey of "life work" of all residents continues. Already we suspect the number of graduate degrees here must be the largest of any retirement center in the country!

Mary Gates

Our Treasure Down Below: Rehabilitation Services

Among The Forest's several facilities, there is one that is outstanding, a gem among gems, and yet one that many residents don't yet know that we have, the physical and occupational therapy services. Many residents, of course, have experienced the problems of aging and made use of this service. Even those who have known it in earlier years but haven't seen it since will be happy to learn that its once austere, almost gymlike appearance, has recently undergone a makeover and is now a most inviting place where three first-class therapists are prepared to repair, or at least alleviate, those aches and pains which afflict the aging human body.

Rehab services are provided by Legacy Health Care, based in Raleigh. The on-site manager for Legacy is Jane Hamilton, widely known among her many Forest friends as the Queen of Pain, who can make inevitable pain almost a pleasure. When she arrived in August 1997, the therapy room, which is just opposite the main entrance to Holbrook, had a sterile air. The halls were a rather ghastly pink, and there was insufficient equipment. Leslie Jarema, our Health Care Administrator, remedied that situation with a new paint job and changed the room into a more inviting place.

Everything now is up to date and comprehensive. There are the basic massage treatments, ultrasound, electrical stimulation, moist heat, stretching, range motion, balance and strengthening exercises, aroma therapy, reflexology, and gait training (meaning walking.) Add to these, pain control and aquatic therapy.

When our new addition opens, it will provide a massage therapy room for its residents, and of course the standard services will continue to be available. They include speech therapy, and both occupational and physical therapy. Carol Marcus is the occupational therapist and Michelle Ridge specializes in speech and language.

Making all these services work are the therapists. Early on there was Kris Castellano, who is still with us, but only part-time because her three



Photo by Ed Albrecht

Jennifer Lessek and Jane Hamilton

children need loving care themselves. Running the show is Jane, who graduated from UNC Wilmington, Fayetteville Technical Community College, and worked in Wilmington for the Cape Fear Out-patient Clinic before she came to us.

In December Jane was joined by Jennifer Lessek, another treasure on this remarkable staff. Born and brought up in Chicago, she graduated from Miami (Ohio) University with a B.A. in zoology, but turned to physical therapy at Washington University in St. Louis, where she earned an M.A. in physical science. She joined a clinic in Warsaw, Indiana, known as the orthopedic capital of America. At the community hospital clinic there she worked in geriatrics, pediatrics and neurology. We're lucky to have her.

The problems of aging with their numerous complaints shouldn't happen to anyone, but they do, and when the inevitable occurs at The Forest, we have a place to go and a truly caring and highly competent staff that make it — well, almost — a pleasure.

John Tebbel

Sonnet to my Dogs

What risky bargain has your species made
With homosapiens, to be his ward,
Relinquish all your world for his, to guard
And cherish, charm and comfort him? You laid
Your life before him, fought his fights, played
His games, endured his wants, enriched his sword
With safe nights, sleeping, taking him as lord,
To be in trust his slave, in joy his aide.

What did you ask of man? A pat, a bone,
A smile, the warmth of his abode, a tone
Of speech that strikes a flint of mutual fire
And shared regard. Surely I must admire.
The only creature ever known to move
Through time and evolution spurred by love.

Edith Borroff



Ruth Smith

Ruth Smith Reaches 100

Add to the growing list of Forest centenarians the name of Ruth Smith, who reached her 100th anniversary in February. Her life, in many ways, is a summary of the century she left behind her. Born in the small town of Waterville, Kansas, she was raised on a farm and rode a horse to school in early days. She excelled at basketball in high school — a girl of medium size, she still played what was then called “jumping center” (a term unknown to Coach K.)

Ruth was always interested in education, and after high school she taught in the familiar one-room schoolhouse of early 20th century America. Later, she attended Kansas State University, and much later, when she was 60, earned a master’s degree in education at the University of Iowa.

Her first husband died when she was 55, and in 1963 she married Ray Smith, who was with her at The Forest until he died some years ago at the age of 102.

Her son, Bob Ballantyne, is a professor in Duke’s Department of Education, and regularly brings his students to The Forest at Duke so they can observe at first hand the economics of a retirement community.

Ruth’s friends at The Forest know her as a spirited and enthusiastic bridge player, and a lively and interesting talker on many subjects. She’s survived one of the world’s most momentous centuries, and she has a good start on this one.

Happy Birthday, Ruth.

John Tebbel

Boarding House Reach

When I was editor of the *Wallace Enterprise* (what an oxymoron,) I had very demanding responsibilities, but none could compare with living in a boarding house.

The biggest challenge was to get into the one little bathroom. We put chairs in the hall for those that were sitting in line. My roommate and I were extremely fortunate our room was adjacent to THE BATHROOM. When one of us would finally get into THE BATHROOM he would knock on the door as he was leaving and the other would grab himself in the crotch and desperately run for the bathroom door. I really hated it one time when I knocked a little old lady out of her chair. I didn't feel quite as bad when I heard the language she used at the time. She was old but she was no lady.

In addition to the problem of the bathroom, there was the problem of sitting at the table with several very competitive people.

The term "boarding house reach" took on meaning I had never dreamed of. Fortunately for me, my roommate had very long arms. (I was called "little Peter" and he was called "big Jim".)

However, the most memorable thing for me was the TURNIP SALAD BOWL.

It sat on the table all the time like the sugar bowl. From time to time they would bring out more greens from the kitchen and dump them in the bowl. There was a very lean tall lady named "Miss Lina Potter." Miss Lina felt it was her responsibility to see that Jim and I ate our turnip greens. "Big Jim, have you had your greens yet?" "Yes, Miss Lina." "Little Peter, have you had your greens yet?" "Yes, Miss Lina."

Some young lady on the café staff here at The Forest has recently taken on the same responsibility — I may have to eat all my meals in Holbrook or suffer from turnip turmoil.

Yet the big feeling I have as I reflect on the boarding house reach is that we all used to reach out to each other. There was a great sense of being in a supportive community. We had very little in common — our backgrounds were quite different.

Yet we were a true community. We were reaching out to each other. That was the true boarding house reach.

Peter Robinson



Internal Strategy

We wonder if you've noticed when you're feeling
really ill
How often it's on weekends when you need that
perfect pill;

Or when you face that gastric pain or grave
emergency,
It's on the day the doctor's at his other surgery.

Perhaps you think it's only chance that keeps you so
off balance.
You're wrong, you know. We're proud to have
these inborn planning talents.

On Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays we retire for a
nap
And allergies and accidents are free to take the rap.

We're viruses, bacteria and germs of great renown,
And we only start attacking when the doctor's out
of town.

George Chandler

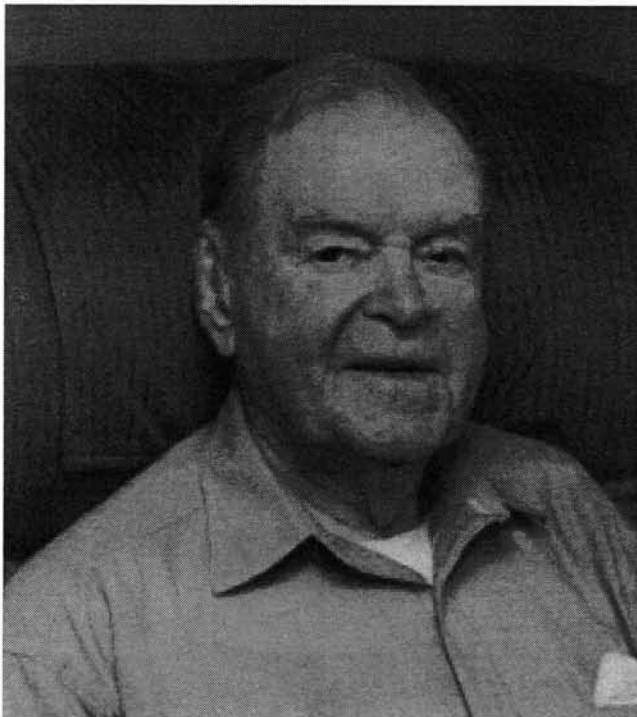
Library Notes

Just a short note this time — Congratulations to all present and past library workers and donors for making our library the great place it is!

This winter we have had more than the usual bad weather — snow and ice and stay-indoors type days. During it all, bags full of books, videos, audio books, and puzzles have gone out of the library to help pass the time. Fortunately, our power has stayed on, and people have been able to read. We're grateful to our numerous donors who have made these sources of entertainment possible, and to our library staff who keep a regular schedule to keep everything in order.

We also appreciate our users, who are conscientious about checking out and returning these numerous items. Let's keep them circulating, and keep on enjoying them!

Mary Ruth Miller



Happy Birthday, Gus

In 1904 Teddy Roosevelt was building the Panama Canal, Shackleton was locked in Antarctica ice and a certain Mrs. Eliason was giving birth in Rowlesburg, West Virginia. The result was a boy named Harold. When he grew, his parents sent him off to be a doctor. Along the way Harold disappeared and "Gus" emerged. Gus became a pediatrician and a beloved citizen of Cumberland, Maryland where he practiced for many years. In 1993 he came to The Forest at Duke, partly to be near his only child, Harriet, who with her husband was retiring to the village of Fearington. Gus, as a swinging single, has caught many a widow's eye but Gus is an Artful Dodger. He likes his ladies in numbers.

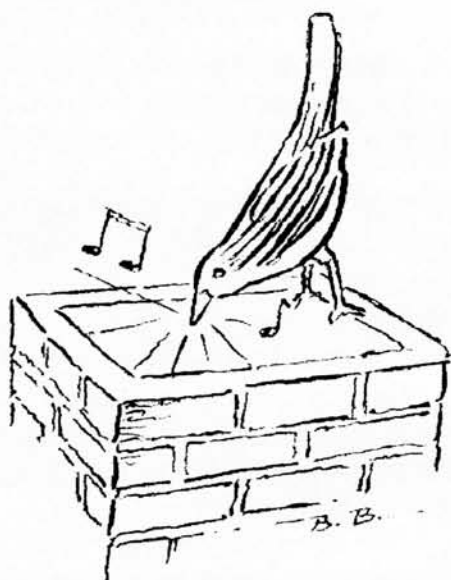
On February 27th Gus was a hundred years old and saluted on the *Today* show by Willard Scott. He is truly a wonder — no wrinkles — ram-rod erect and has all his marbles, marbles with a certain zing. Gus, we love you. May you live forever.

Libby Getz

Admonition (to a Grandson)

It matters little who you are
Just "hitch your wagon to a star."
Remember though — lest you be foiled,
Keep those wagon wheels well oiled.

John Friedrich



Of Mockers

It is the time of year when the mocking bird serenades us with numerous melodies. They are not songs of his own, but rather songs that he imitates, and hence the "mock" in his name.

No one knows what determines his choice of melodies. Most mockers can master at least 180 songs within a few weeks. It is reputed that many male mockers have a repertoire of more than 400 songs during mating season. So the mystery endures as to the song and song sequences that pour forth from this avian songster.

Long ago, when I had a chimney, a mocker friend perched on the top and sang songs down my chimney to liven up my day!

Florence Manning

The data in this article are from the magazine *Birds and Blooms*.



Bouquet of the Month

The Duke Endowment has honored Juanita Kreps and her daughter Laura by awarding \$100,000 to the Duke University Department of Art. Until three years ago Juanita was a member of The Forest at Duke Board of Directors.

She was the first woman to serve as U. S. Secretary of Commerce and on the Board of Directors of the New York Stock Exchange.

A member of the Duke faculty since 1955, she became James B. Duke Professor of Economics. She served at Duke as Dean of the Woman's College, Assistant Provost, and Vice President. An endowed chair in Economics is named for her and her husband Clifton.



Juanita Kreps

A Gentle Reminder To All Users of the Copy Machine

This machine is operated by and for the Residents' Association, and there is no connection to your monthly service fee. It is a separate convenience.

Copies on 8 1/2x11 or legal size cost 10 cents each.

A double-sided copy costs 20 cents.

Copies 11x17 cost 20 cents each.

If you make copies needed for the work of the Residents' Association, please write a slip with your name, date, the name of the committee or caucus for whom the copies are made, and number of copies.

If you do not have money in hand to pay for your work, please put an IOU in the wooden box with the padlock on it. Please include date, number of copies, your name and apartment or cottage number.

If you have a problem, please call Doris Fields. You do not have to pay for copies you cannot use, but we need to know about them to correct the problems.

As of the 21st of February, we were running nearly 20% "in the hole", i.e. nearly one fifth of users have been forgetting to pay or put IOUs in the box. If you do use the machine, please remember to put money or an IOU slip in the box. It will be greatly appreciated. IOUs are usually collected at the end of the month.

Doris Fields 490-8454
Bette Gallie 489-5525

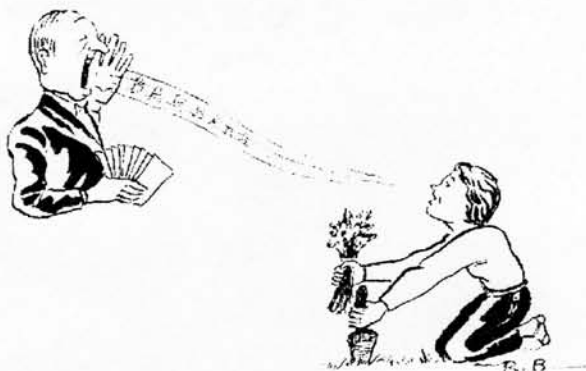
Welcome New Residents



Photo by Ed Albrecht

Dudley and Frank Sargent,
Cottage 12 419-7233

The Sargents have been married 13 years and each has children, stepchildren, and grandchildren from previous marriages. Dudley was born in Durham but has lived in Birmingham, AL, Montreal, Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Washington, DC, among other places. Along the way she attended Bryn Mawr, UNC and earned a degree at McGill University in Montreal. She is a retired social worker and has done volunteer work in several hospitals. (Her first husband was a doctor.) Frank was born and raised in New Hampshire, came to NC State in 1957 to do graduate work, joined the faculty, completed a Ph.D. in dairy cattle genetics and retired in 1993. From 1994 to 2003 he sold cruises. Frank has done some mountain climbing and is an avid long distance hiker, having completed the Appalachian Trail last July. The Sargents enjoy folk and classical music, reading, movies, and travel, and are keenly interested in public policies.



A Bridge to Friendships

One day I hadn't signed up for the Thursday night duplicate bridge game. It was warm and I was outside on my patio repotting some flowers. Suddenly I heard a loud voice (Jim Shuping's) shouting, "Barbara! Barbara!" I couldn't believe I was hearing right, (I hadn't been here very long.) As I looked up I saw Jim out on the balcony of the party room, half a football field away. He yelled, cupping his lips with his hands, "Someone couldn't make it tonight and we need a fourth for a table of bridge, can you come up right away and play?"

My moment in the sun had arrived. They all clapped as I came in five minutes later. When I sat down I realized we couldn't have picked a more friendly, homey, neighborly community. This minor epiphany started me thinking about the role the game of bridge plays here at The Forest.

Of course a simple card game isn't the only "bridge" to friendship, but next to dining, (at The Forest they do feed us at every opportunity, often to keep us quiet and happy,) bridge may be the easiest, pleasantest route to follow. My husband Pete doesn't play bridge, but he meets his people on the bus, at concerts, at basketball games. Happily, my bridge-life nearly doubles our span of acquaintances. (Don't worry, we have plenty of togetherness!) Certainly the pool, exercise room, and Friday social hours also provide excellent ways to meet people. But perhaps bridge is the ultimate "mixer."

Now, you don't have to be agile, or strong, or athletic, or even too bright, to play bridge. Obviously, it always helps to be bright, but if you just get to the proper venue on time, remember what's trump, and smile indiscriminately at everyone, you'll undoubtedly fit in nicely with some group, from which there are plenty to choose.

For example, the Round Robin (run by Betty Gray) is probably the largest, and most organized. About 60 people participate.

The duplicate is next, and meets in the party room with three to six tables. It is the most structured game, is run by volunteers, and is surprisingly relaxed and comfortable. Some 35 people are on the list.

Then there are two small team groups, a Tuesday afternoon game, and numerous private foursomes, 20 or so different combinations, meeting often in apartments or cottages, and perhaps involving another 75 people.

A computer friend estimates probably 6,500 hands of bridge are dealt each month at The Forest.

So, a lot of people are involved — but where does the friendship come in? Isn't there fierce competition, cut-throat even, and what about the bickering when your partner trumps your ace? That would never, ever happen here, the bickering, that is. (Warning: George S. Kaufmann once asked a new partner, "When did you learn to play bridge? Don't just tell me yesterday, what *time* yesterday?" But if you ever said that, you'd be gently but firmly shot on successive mornings at sunrise.)

Actually, there is surprisingly little criticism, and much laughter, a little gossip, and many stories and anecdotes. And what's friendlier than visiting and checking out someone else's apartment or cottage?

And the telephoning! Trying to make dates and break dates and set up dates. That can involve hundreds of calls. After a few, you know what everyone is doing for the entire month. And not only in regard to their bridge! You get to know both partners and opponents, at least enough to ask them to have dinner with you — (there's that eating thing again.)

I hope I'm not treating you to a glimpse of the obvious in trying to convince you that the game of bridge is one of the smoothest roads to friendships. And that it is clearly, and perhaps uniquely, true here at The Forest, which is blessed with so many diverse, talented, and caring people.

But maybe best of all, while many a liaison has begun at dinner, let the record show that bridge, unlike dining, is not fattening.

Barbara Seay