

THE FORESTER

Volume 11 Issue 9

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

June 2005

Tending Our Front Lawn

Inside St. Paul's Cathedral in London is a brass plaque to Sir Christopher Wren, the architect: "If you would see his monument, look around you." This tribute would be suitable at The Forest for Chad Saladay, who has had much to do with enhancing the beauty amidst which we live.

"In the beginning, you could not see the trees for The Forest," remembers Edna Wilson, a notable horticulturist. To build the original buildings, it was necessary to remove the trees. "Whenever you denude a property like The Forest, the knee-jerk reaction is to over-plant," Chad observed. This put later landscape makers at a disadvantage and some trees died, others had to be removed or trimmed.

He first came here to inspect an irrigation system in 1994 and found a complete disaster. He was a member of the construction company that looked after The Forest's interests until 1998, when Chad and Mike Murphy formed a company called Capital Landscape and won the contract to care for The Forest's landscaping. "We are 50-50 partners, and Mike sees some residents of The Forest more than I do," Chad said.

Their work includes fertilization, pruning, mulching, and planting. Chad points out that in The Forest's 44 acres there are 40 front yards in the cottages to the west, another 40 to the east, and one huge front lawn shared by everyone. And although The Forest may be one employer, there are plenty of residents who would be boss: Chad cannot travel along a row of cottages without garnering multiple comments, some compliments, some complaints.

The Forest's responsibility for cottagers' gardens is a slightly gray area. Trees are maintained and grass is tended. But if an owner wants to change the landscaping significantly, it is a personal responsibility. Chad's company does work in

that category for a fee. He must contend with a gardening committee, the preferences of many cottagers, and his overall responsibility to The Forest, under the supervision of Jim Thompson. Chad admits that these tasks require diplomacy and he makes a special effort to "achieve the greatest happiness."

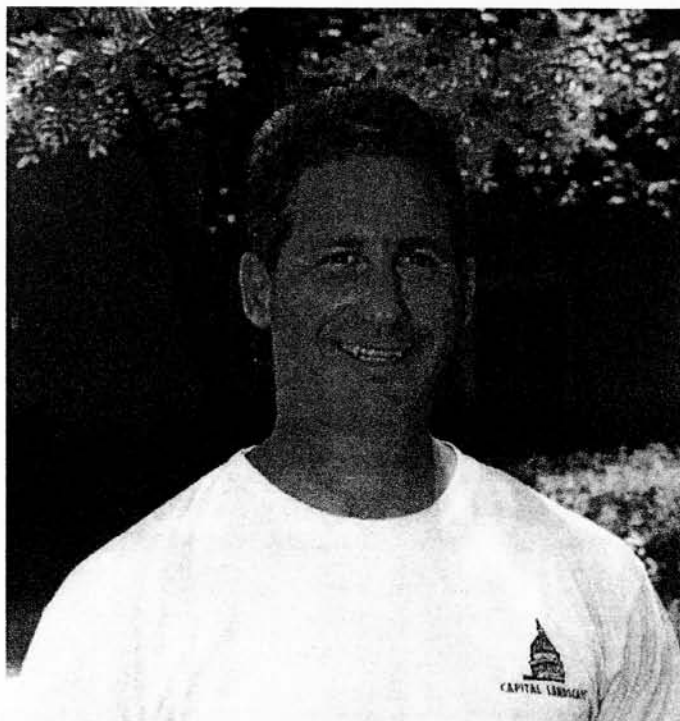


photo by Ed Albrecht

Chad Saladay

Chad devotes about 35-40 percent of his company's time to The Forest. Currently there is a five-man crew, in addition to Chad, his wife, Paula, and Mike Murphy, but the manpower needs change with the seasons, requiring more people in the winter to apply pine straw, for example. He says his

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The Forester

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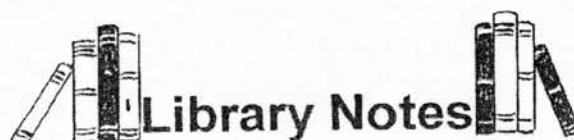
Sally Sheehan

Carol Withers

In Memoriam

Tracy H. Lamar

June 1, 2005



June is here—summer vacation time! Let the library help you with your vacation plans.

First, on the round reading table between the two chairs we keep a number of travel brochures from various companies offering tours. They can give you ideas.

Then on the rack above the computer, there are a number of guides to various countries as well as states. We try to keep them current.

For maps, look in the copy room on the shelves for maps of states, some cities, and countries. For big atlases, look on the bottom shelf behind the check-out desk. They give the big picture with much information.

Books about places near and far are in the travel section, 26-28. These can be checked out like other books.

How about an Elderhostel in North America or abroad? We keep Elderhostel catalogs on the bottom shelf of section 27. Elderhostel trips are excellent for us senior citizens, traveling either alone or with a companion. Their prices are reasonable, accommodations comfortable, and food good. They have an 800 telephone number, and they are also on the internet. Now they take credit cards too.

For something to read while you go, look at our large paperback collection in the classroom—fiction, mysteries, romances, westerns, and biographies. Also in the classroom video collection are several travel videos. With them you can take a trip vicariously!

One of the real advantages of a vacation is the extra time it affords for reading, especially while flying or waiting in airports or stations.

Enjoy the summer to the fullest!

Mary Ruth Miller



President's Podium

In response to an Event Report asking what choices are available in the local area for post-op recovery in a Medicare certified facility, the Residents' Health Committee has compiled the following information. All of the facilities listed have an "open certificate of need" and can take outside patients. Remember that The Forest has a "closed certificate of need", and even though we may become Medicare certified, we could not take outside patients directly into our skilled nursing neighborhood.

Hillcrest is approximately 15 minutes away. It has double rooms and no toilets *en suite*. The rooms are small. It is a for-profit convalescent center. Medical staff is from the community, not hospital affiliated. There are usually openings available. Hillcrest is in the business of taking inpatients for profit, and does not offer the amenities that the CCRCs do. The main advantage of Hillcrest is its convenient location and generally available beds.

Carol Woods is approximately 30 minutes away. It has double rooms with toilets *en suite*. The rooms are more spacious than Hillcrest. It is a non-profit CCRC. Medical staff is affiliated with UNC hospital.

Croasdaile is approximately 25 minutes away. It has double and single rooms with toilets *en suite*. Double rooms are more spacious than Hillcrest. It is a non-profit CCRC. Medical staff is affiliated with Duke Hospital.

Both of the above CCRCs will take patients from the outside only if they have openings, since their residents' needs come first. Their residents get best accommodations over outsiders.

If a TFAD resident is interested in going to any of the above CCRCs, rather than Hillcrest, they should check with its hospital social worker or Karen Sarine on our staff, to determine if accom-

modations are available for them to be transferred to the CCRC in question.

New Subject: It may interest you to know that I have written a letter to our new Director of Finance, Karen Henry, welcoming her to The Forest, expressing concern over increasing monthly service fees, and encouraging restraint in future increases.

May you have a great summer.

Jim Shuping

A Paean from PJ

This is written at a special time of the year. Spring abounds with new life and new beauty all around, especially since this is home to me now. Home signifies many things including family, love, caring, and happy activities, to mention just a few. These continually come to mind here at The Forest at Duke. Fellow residents and staff make this a happy family relationship.

The usual smile and happy greetings are reminders of friendships. How pleasant it is to share hugs with friends (female that is) including staff. Since several initiate this, they seem to enjoy sharing a hug also. This even applies to several C.N.A.'s who helped care for my wife some years ago. They still inquire about our family.

Staff is genuinely interested in serving us and in meeting our needs. This includes all departments. One even volunteered to pray for me when I fell on the ice several months ago.

Obviously things don't always go the way we like, but making our concerns known has helped. The Residents' Association continues to make things happen. Communication with management has improved regularly. This is not "home in the Rockies" or "home on the range" but it is "Home Sweet Home" to me.

P. J. Burns

Tending Our Front Lawn

(Continued from page 1)

company "has a presence" at The Forest on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays.

Chad put his college Spanish to good use in recruiting a Mexican staff. Many are related, and the word spreads in Mexican villages, where Chad has visited to find workers. He has been in villages where a number of people wear Capital Landscape T shirts. He is proud of his workers who seem to produce more than most Americans. "People accuse Mexicans of taking, when in fact they are giving," he said. He noted that they pay Medicare and Social Security from their wages from which they



photo by Ed Albrecht

Mike Murphy and Chad Saladay

may not see the benefits. "When you ask someone nicely in Spanish to do something, it goes a long way. And when you work as hard as they do, by their side, it's amazing what can be accomplished."

Self-help books advise you to do work you love, and Chad heeds that advice. He went to Appalachian State University in Boone, N.C. with the idea he might want to be a CIA agent. He majored in geography and minored in Spanish. But a stint at Grandfather Mountain Nurseries made him realize "I was suited for hands-on work, not just theory." After graduating in 1986, Chad went to North Carolina State to study landscape architecture. But at Appalachian he met his wife Paula. "We got the same degree and she minored in sociology. So she's always analyzing me," he said. They have a son, Trevor, who is 15. He works for the firm during the summer and needed no parental nudging. "He loves the work," Chad said.

Chad feels the look of the cottage lawns improves each year; throughout The Forest there's an interesting pattern of flower colors. He is pleased by the progress of the pond, where his company, Libby Getz, and Peg Lewis contributed perennials. He is also pleased by the proper planning that "allows trees to succeed, not only survive." He has introduced new varieties of trees and found that because of the difficult clay-based Triassic soil in the Triangle, trees tend to spread their roots wide rather than deep.

The next major project Chad expects to embark on is tied to the original vision of turning greenery into forest. He expects to plant pines, gums, maples and oaks in reforestation areas and cover the ground with mulch or pine straw. Now grass is growing around standing trees, but in the future some will be more like a forest.

"We look about us and try to envision what people will experience from the fruits of our labor twenty years from now—even fifty years!"

Chad lives in Wake Forest, where he is putting the finishing touches on his house. He likes to fish and motor bike with son Trevor. "And believe it or not, we like to garden."

Mal Oettinger

Ad Lib

"Oh, what in the world would be more fun than to have our holiday over and done?" Ogden Nash

Why I Stopped Smoking



I spent the first twelve years of my education as a day pupil at a private, girls' boarding school, the Villa de Chantal. A French order of cloistered nuns ran the Villa and though the revered sisters gave God a lot of time and attention, they were hell bent on turning the girls entrusted to their care into ladies with a capital L. Mind you, these nuns had not been in the real world for many years and had no idea of what was going on "out there." A lot was going on—cars were going sixty miles an hour and young people were dancing cheek to cheek.

Inside the confines it was a different story. It was a land of inflexible discipline—no nail polish, no make-up, no leg-crossing, no gum chewing, and no nick names. I was Mary Elizabeth for twelve long years! Gosh and swell were erased from our vocabularies. We dropped curtsies when we met adults and we practiced writing "thank you" notes. This made me, at fourteen, somewhat schizophrenic.

Weekends I was free to lead my other life. Saturdays I and my special pals threw caution and our uniforms to the wind. On went the Tangee lipstick. On went the nail polish. Out we went to lunch and a movie. We tried to imitate the coltish

gait of Katharine Hepburn, as we found our way to a small restaurant that served onion soup and hearts of lettuce salad, the cheapest things on the menu. We liked this restaurant, too, because the owner looked the other way when we lit up our cigarettes at the end of lunch. I always provided the cigarettes. My step mother was a chain smoker and left half full packs of Lucky Strikes about the house. This particular Saturday we lit up. No coughing. No choking. We'd had plenty of practice. We could even blow smoke rings. Lunch over, I swooped up the pack of cigarettes. A small piece of cardboard fluttered out. I picked it up and read it. It was my father's calling card.



Nostalgia

Remember the Burma Shave ads in the 40s and 50s tacked to the fences along rural and secondary roads?

"When passing school zones please go slow and let our little shavers grow."

"Pity all the mighty Caesars. They pulled each whisker out with tweezers."

"No she said to her bristly beau, I'd rather eat the mistletoe."

"Although insured remember Kiddo, They don't pay you they pay the widow."

Libby Getz

Growing Pains

Flower Arrangements: Shirley Buckley has succeeded Bess Bowditch in directing our many arrangers who do so much for us with the beautiful flowers at the dining room entrance and the count-me-in table. If you want to add your name to the list of helpers, call Shirley. The flower arrangers, from May until October, are:

Joyce Albrecht, Jean Anderson, Lois Bateson, Bess Bowditch, Terry Bronfenbrenner, Shirley Buckley, Delaina Buehler, Margie Burns, Evebell Dunham, Minnie Mae Franklin, Mary Gates, Betty Gray, Mary Hobart, Jean Mason, Sheila Mason, Sarah McCracken, Jill Moyer, Elisa Nijhout, Rosemary Oates, Virginia Putnam, Anna Louise Spigener, Jean Tanner, Trudy Taub, Jenn Van Brunt, Lola Williams.

Grounds: Chad (he's Capital Landscaping) is doing a fine, fine job keeping our grounds lovely. He needs our help, though. If any cottage people want to get rid of garden waste, would you please put it at your curb in a trash can or a plastic reusable bucket on Wednesday morning (west side) or Thursday morning (east side.) Please, no plastic pots or hanging baskets.

Greenhouse: The Greenhouse is clean and neat and is insect and disease free. Let's keep it this way. Please have your plants checked before putting them in the Greenhouse.

Rose Garden: We've added 19 new rose bushes—this includes five new "Sexy Remy" roses. Jean Mason has been given the job of looking after these particular bushes.

The lawn in the Rose Garden has been resodded and will soon be ready for croquet matches.

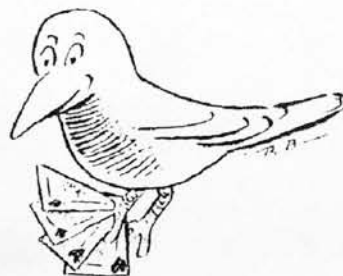
Please do not cut roses in the garden—these are needed for our flower arrangements and for all of us to enjoy in the gardens.

Many thanks to Bess Bowditch for her gift of a lovely bird bath for our rose garden.

Betty Niles Gray

And the Winners Are:

The sixth Round Robin Bridge Tournament ended in March, raising \$416 for the Benevolent Fund! The winners were announced at a festive luncheon on May 4th.



GRAND PRIZE WINNERS

Maidi Hall & Ann Kirkpatrick (Goren) 13,280

DIVISION WINNERS

Goren:		
2 nd	Lois Watts & Jean Mason	11,490
Culbertson:		
1 st	Carol & Mal Oettinger	13,180
2 nd	Trudy & Paul Taub	12,300
Sheinwold:		
1 st	Dot & Bill Heroy	13,030
2 nd	P. Easton & S. McCormick	12,910
B. Wolff:		
1 st	Julia Negley & Lela Colver	13,160
2 nd	Jayne Jackson & B. Moyer	10,470

The sign up for the next Tournament has begun. Entry forms are to the left of the mail boxes. The Tournament will run from October through April. The entry fee is \$13 and will be charged to your account.

We are most anxious to have new residents participate. It can be a bridge to new friendships. Please call chairman, Barbara Seay (401-4769) with any questions.

Barbara Seay

Touch of Fame

How does a pretty little girl from Horse Cave, Kentucky get to be chosen Miss Kentucky of 1939, go on to the Miss America Pageant in Atlantic City, and end up here at The Forest at Duke? Well, if you entered the 4-H Club health contest and you were voted the healthiest girl in Kentucky when you were 15, and your picture appeared on the cover of the Farmers Home Journal, and you placed second in the Miss Horse Cave contest (your sister won first prize,) you're off to a good start.

Mattigene Holcomb, who now lives in The Carlton here at The Forest at Duke, laughs about her youthful experiences and was reluctant to talk about them. "Who wants to hear about an 86 year old former beauty queen" she asks?

When you meet Mattigene, you can almost see the mischief hiding behind her blue eyes as she tells the story of Miss Kentucky. It seems that Mattigene (named after her two grandfathers) attended the University of Kentucky and was very popular. She was chosen for many honors. It was 1939, and all of Mattigene's friends urged her to enter the annual beauty contest for Miss America, which was in process. It was her friends who sent her picture and a letter endorsing her to the Kentucky judges in Lexington. She was 19 and off she went to Lexington to vie for the prize. As it turned out she was one of the two ladies chosen to represent Kentucky in the pageant. She was Miss Western Kentucky and the other selection was Miss Kentucky.

Now she was off to Atlantic City and all the hoop-la connected with the famous beauty pageant.



She'll tell you it was great fun but she never took it seriously. When the judges asked her what her talent was, she told them she had no talent—she couldn't dance; she couldn't sing; she couldn't turn somersaults. Then and there she thought she was out, but, at that moment Rudy Vallee came up and put his hand on her shoulder and said "Yes, you do have a talent; you can sing and you'll sing with my band." And she did. She even remembers what she sang: "If I Had My Way," the shortest piece they could think of. Then she began to worry about what would she do if she won. She certainly didn't want to run around to bank openings and ribbon cutting ceremonies for a whole year. And, while her sister accompanied her as a chaperone, the rest of her family was not enthusiastic about her future career as a beauty queen. So, there was relief, and just a little disappointment, when she was eliminated. Mattigene never got to be Miss America but this wasn't the end of her beauty contest success.

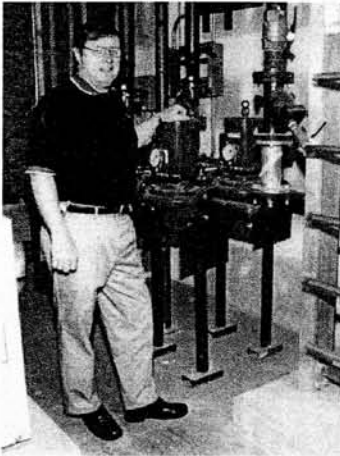
In 1941, LOOK magazine had a contest to find the most beautiful college girl of 1941. She was chosen to represent the University of Kentucky and she won. Mattigene became the Queen of Queens of American colleges. After graduation she married her college sweetheart, a military man, traveled around the country, taught school, and had three beautiful children. She just considers herself "lucky" that her life was so happy and eventful. Her memories of Miss Kentucky remind her always of the joy of youth and the challenge of competition, but most important, that life has much to offer and beauty is certainly more than skin deep.

Peggy Quinn

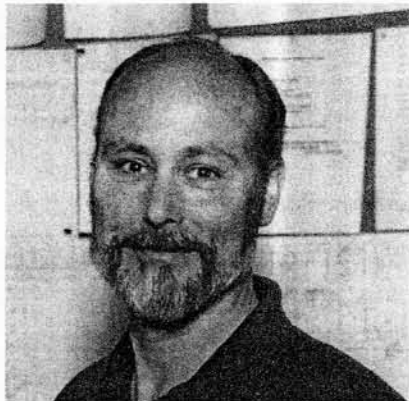


Here is your Motley, Merry, Maintenance Staff

How much easier they make our lives! Drop your keys down a manhole—no problem. Need a jumpstart for your car—no problem. Does your faucet leak? Is your air conditioning not working? etc. Maintenance will fix it! Another plus—they are successful pest controllers. Here is what they say about each other:



Jim Thompson
Facilities Service Director—
our Commander.



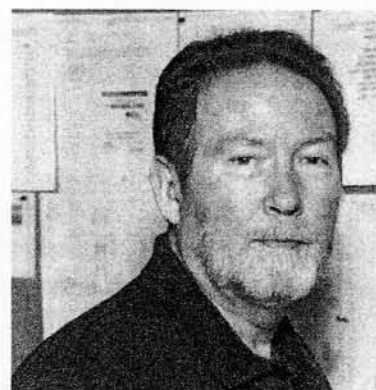
Steve Short
Maintenance Supervisor—
always goes above and be-
yond the call of duty.



Max Harrell
Facility Service Coordina-
tor—the coach with the
most—mover and shaker—
Chief of the TROSA tribe—
all around good person. We'll
get to it as soon as we can.



Jason Birkhead
The new guy on the
block.



John Huff
The quiet one—
renovations specialist.



Roger Lavigne
The resident diplomat.



Rhonda Nolen
“Wonder woman”—superior picture hanger—lamp repair abilities.



David Scheidt
Remote control expert—sings with TFAD Chorus.



Brian Wilkins
HVAC and small spaces specialist.



Steve Williams
Star athlete—table tennis and billiard champion. In last tournament Steve won first for staff and second overall.

Photos by Ed
Albrecht

Words by
Mary Gates

Keeping Activities Active

In the poll taken last year to provide planning guidelines for Management and The Residents' Association, The Forest's Activities program achieved the highest possible score.

As all are aware, that program is wide ranging, embracing fitness, hands-on art and craft workshops, educational lectures and classes, and shopping trips, as well as those offering pure entertainment, both on and off the premises.

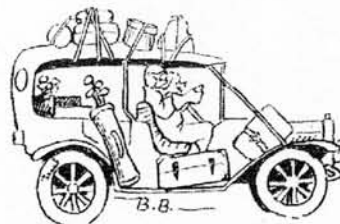
The Activities schedule is a full one, and it must be obvious that not every program will appeal to every resident. Concern has been expressed, however, about what appears to be a fall in the level of resident participation over the past several years. It has been necessary to cancel a number of proposed off-site activities because too few residents signed up to justify the cost of operating the Forest bus, thus disappointing those residents who had professed their interest.

On June 3, Activities Director Robin Harper chaired a meeting aimed at making the activities program better known to new residents and answering any questions other interested individuals might have. She introduced her staff, Assistant Director Maura Moore, Becky Binney, and Glenn Arrington. Becky outlined the fitness program in some detail, and Robin and Maura concentrated on familiarizing those present with their varied efforts to keep residents informed about upcoming events. The present plan is to hold such meetings on a quarterly basis.

All residents should take time to examine the activities schedule that appears the first of each month in the in-house mail box. Starting with the July issue, it will include a new feature: a tear-out sheet which will make it convenient to check all of the programs you wish to attend. Prompt return of this sheet to the activities office—especially with regard to programs requiring use of our bus—will enable Robin and her staff to assess demand well in advance.

Both new and long-time residents will benefit.

George Chandler



Resident Ramblings

The Derby Day party was a great success this year, as usual. There were so many one-of-a-kind designer hats to admire. Since the race was won by a real dark horse—Giacomo—not one resident picked the winner! All the gambling money—\$194—went to the Benevolent Fund.

If you were traveling in Eastern Europe last month, you might have run into **Tynette Hills** who was cruising down the Danube and sightseeing in the area. **Mary Lewis** was also on a cruise with her daughter. **Jean Mason**, with her family, was in Bermuda for Mothers Day. **Mary Brinkmeyer** was an important guest at her great niece's wedding in Atlanta. **Herman** and **Eunice Grossman** spent a week in New York City and later a month in California with their children.

Ginny Jones attended college graduation ceremonies for two grandchildren, first at American University in Washington and later at UNC Asheville. **Jarus** and **Peggy Quinn** went to Iowa for his big birthday bash and again for Mothers Day. **Evebell Dunham** traveled to California to visit her son and family. **Clare Eshelman** went to Grand Rapids, Michigan for a granddaughter's graduation at Calvin College and then on to the Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island. **Mal** and **Carol Oettinger** traveled to Greece to tour the landmarks there and then embarked on a cruise of the Greek Islands.

Mary Gates

Welcome New Residents

Phyllis (Stevie) Stevens

Apartment 4037

401-8936

Stevie was born in Stamford, Connecticut, but her family did not stay there long. They moved to many places in the South. She received her BA from Oberlin College in Ohio. During World War Two she enlisted in the WAC, serving for two and a half years in San Antonio. Thanks to the GI Bill she was able to study at the University of North Carolina and received both an MA and PhD in psychology. She spent four years teaching psychology at Queens College in Charlotte and then 24 years teaching at Sweet Briar College near Lynchburg, Virginia. For many summers Stevie traveled to London, England to visit a very dear friend named Molly Sexton. During one summer they ventured forth to Paris, Rome and Florence. She and Molly still correspond about once a week. After Stevie retired she served on the Board of Habitat for Humanity.



Connie Service

Apartment 3024

489-2079

Connie Service grew up in suburban Philadelphia. She graduated from Duke where she was active in the choir, Choral Society and Hoof and Horn. From 1955 to 1958 she and her husband lived in Germany where two of their three children were born. Returning to Durham, she worked at Duke for 37 years, primarily in research-administration. She earned a master's degree in public health administration from UNC in 1979. Among her many civic activities she has been President of the Durham Symphony and Vice President of the Arts Council. She has acted with the Durham Theater Guild, which she also served as president, and sung Gilbert and Sullivan with the Durham Savoyards. She is the proud mother of three children, and she has seven grandchildren. Other interests include hiking, gardening, bridge, and tennis.



A Broadening Experience

I love to travel but I'm a featherweight wimp when it comes to flying. Always a white knuckle affair, I can dent the arm rests of a plane. My mother insisted though, "Travel does so much to 'broaden' one". I think she was talking about viewpoint, not physique.

Eventually I tried a trip to Europe again, after years of staying on the firm terra. This time it was with a Presbyterian Church group. At least they would pray all the way there. I felt sure God would listen to them. After several successful flights, with and without their prayers, I believed I could venture on my own.

Daring all, this time, I flew to Spain and Portugal, three glorious weeks to spend, Elder-hostel style. If something happened, well, I'm so old—

I still wasn't emotionally prepared for all the security and custom checks, loading gates, jet seating, bad movies, plastic food, and unhealthy babies. The first check point gate kept sounding off until I had stripped almost to my skivvies. Finally, removing my metal lined shoes I stopped the strip show.



NO TIME TO DRESS!!! Shoes and clothes in hand, I ran. Two ramps, an escalator and a train ride away, I barely made it to the loading gate. This act was repeated in various degrees with each later change of plane. Only after arriving in Lisbon, did I manage to fully clothe myself.



Spain is truly glorious. Sadly, a lot of things had to be rebuilt both emotionally and physically, after Franco and Salazar. For the next three weeks I walked, ran, rode, climbed, jumped, swam, and floated thru an amazing world of art, architecture and political history. There were more churches than even God could attend, saints and cherubs all gilded with a century's supply of Inca Gold.

This is a country of continental contrasts, the real thing, not a Disney world look alike. Velazquez to Miro, Goya to Picasso, Gaudi to Calatrava. Here is some of the most beautiful and creative art and architecture in the modern world, a surprise to even my snobbishly jaded eyes.

The rude awakening, time to pack for home. How and where did I buy so many books, pamphlets and cards? Neither bag would close, even with the increased weight of my broadened being. No matter, I really didn't need all those socks, that underwear, the medication, toilet articles, and even some clothes. Jettison all!!! I would please baggage inspectors and custom clerks.

I arrived home tired but safe, my worst fears assuaged. Broadened beyond all expectations, surely my mother looked down with approval.

John Henry