

Special Kudos to our Receptionist



Donna McGeehan

Every day we greet, and are greeted by, one of the most prominent members of our community, Donna McGeehan, who sits at the desk in the foyer.

She cheerfully keeps a watchful eye on our entrance, and, in addition to handling our Command Post, she performs smoothly as our Concierge: booking visitors into our guest rooms, giving wake-up calls to those who need someone to check on them every morning, running the stamp box, providing directions to all parts of our campus and fielding many questions concerning The Forest At Duke, while still greeting each one of us in a caring way. This is a multi-task position and Donna is filling it superbly.

Donna has a busy comfortable flip-side to her life besides the one we see here in the foyer. She enjoys cooking, especially on the weekends when it can be leisurely, and reading. We are very fortunate in attracting such talent and we join with others in applauding the recent recognition of her services as "The Administrative Employee of the Year." Keep us straight, Donna.

Kudos galore.

Caroline Long

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.

Pete Seay, *Editor*

Tom Gallie, *Publisher*

Virginia Jones, *Associate Editor*

Paul Bryan, *Circulation Manager*

Bob Blake, *Art and Puzzle*

Ed Albrecht, *Photographer*

Editorial Assistants:

George Chandler

Ellen Dozier

Libby Getz

Mary Ruth Miller

Mal Oettinger

Peggy Quinn

Publishing Assistants:

Virginia Bryan

Mildred Fuller

Erika Guttentag

Mary Hobart

Betty Ketch

Judy Louv

Sheila Mason

Virginia Moriarty

Ginny Putnam

Hazel Scheblik

Sally Sheehan

Martha Votta

Carol Withers



President's Podium

Most of you know by now that I had two major surgeries in the past five weeks. I am recovering slowly, but have very little energy. This will be a short Podium.

From time to time I get questions about how certain aspects of our finance system work. The latest is "How do I know when the Benevolent Fund is used?" The answer is, "You don't until the end of the fiscal year." When a resident is approved by the Benevolent Fund Committee to receive assistance, it is reported at the next Forest Board meeting and is reflected in the Minutes of the Forest Board (which are available in the Library.) At the end of each fiscal year, funds are withdrawn from the Benevolent Fund account. A summary of the activity of the Benevolent Fund, which includes the assistance offered all year, is also placed in the Library by the end of October.

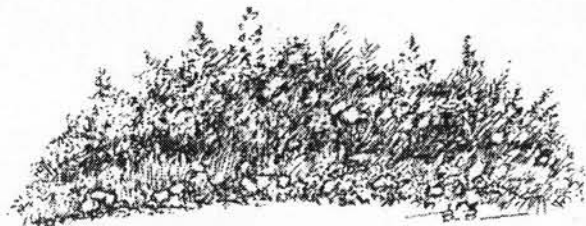
Jim Shuping

In Memoriam

Dorothea D. Vann	April 03, 2006
Paul Julius (PJ) Burns	April 05, 2006
Berthe Eugenie Robellet Kuniholm	April 25, 2006
Dorothy Biersach Bone	April 26, 2006

Blossoms, Etc.

Metaphors, Metaphors, Metaphors



We know that spring blossoms begin when the sun warms the earth and showers provide moisture. Isn't nature a marvel to combine these at the right places and times to give us beauty and sustenance for life on earth?

If not for the sun we might be stalagmites. We're lucky.

The sun pushes the buttons and tells plants to grow leaves and get busy manufacturing chlorophyll. It puts out blossoms of many shapes and colors, etc.

How many do you notice?

This has been a sunny winter for us, but it has played tricks too — "hop scotch" we'll call it — with its ups and downs and crazy numbers temperature-wise! Plants don't know whether to "skip or hop" or stay on base.

In January our 100 miniature *jonquils* jumped to the surface and said, "Surprise, it's Spring!" Another with a hop, and another with a skip, until they were all making a blaze of tiny golden trumpets blowing in the wind. Then, in about 15 days, they were gone. We were anxious to plant a few new things each year. Growing plants is such a challenge and a fun hobby.

The next event was a "runner up," but was really NOT a "blossom" but an "etc!" I couldn't wait to tell you. It really shocked us. One day we were going for a walk and decided to visit the dormant garden plots. The path from Forest at Duke Drive led up to our toy garden plots. As we passed the side of Elizabeth Dube's tool storage, it was dotted like an abstract painting with hundreds of

beautiful *ladybugs* — red with black spotted armor. They had all waited for three nice warm days, thinking it was June in January. They arranged themselves almost in a perfect triangle half way from the roof to the ground on their wooden canvas. It was a show stopper. They will eat the bad aphids on somebody's plants.

The Forest's two *Bradford pears* were loaded with big white blossoms — a small spectacle compared to the ones in a row along 15-501. Never so fine! They are one of my favorites, but the sun was so hot they rained petals too soon. It looked as if you were entering a park.

We don't have much *wisteria* in our Forest, as most was cut down because of the damage it does to the trees it ascends. But there are many places around town, such as Academy Road, where there are annual magnificent displays.

Next, but only a little behind, we have lots of golden streams of *forsythia* curving like a rainbow to the pedestrians who walk up the path to the Rose Garden. Out front of The Forest on both sides of the main gate is a huge hedge of it to welcome our visitors.

The beautiful *redbud* trees are still blooming as of this writing. On every inch there is a ring of tiny petals from the trunk to the tip of each branch. Maybe they are still hanging on after the storm the other night. Another maybe, they could be a little faded but still a soft lavender. In some places the storm painted the ground with petals. This made floral "yard goods" on the ground. Why

(Continued on page 4)

(Continued from page 3)

were they named "redbud?" They are really magenta changing to lavender as they fade.

Our evergreen *Carolina jessamine* vines are trellised on the side of the carport to make a wall so that from our Cottage you cannot see our car. It has thousands of golden blossoms right now and the leaves are a pretty shiny green the rest of the year.

The *camellia* bush is loaded with buds and emerging blossoms. Did we fertilize too much? Looks like it. Come by and we'll give you one.

The *dogwoods* have just hit their peak. Look for them on the roadsides and in the Duke Forest. Most of them have white blossoms and grow wild while the pink cultivated variety makes a great showing, usually in a yard.

I hope you have seen all of these in bloom, and realize that we live in a very lovely blooming climate, and can see beauty anywhere.

Etc. There are six garden plots available. Three of them are raised beds — you can sit on them. These plots are free.

Margie Burns



Rose Garden Notice

The Rose Gardens at The Forest should soon be a blaze of color.

Committee volunteers have the necessary directions to trim and maintain our gardens so that they will always be a beautiful sight for us all to enjoy.

PLEASE REFRAIN FROM CUTTING THE ROSES FOR PERSONAL USE.

Shirley Buckley

LOVE YOUR LIBRARY

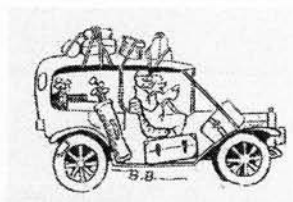


The TFAD Library is constantly receiving new books. When ready, they are placed at the end of the big table, labeled "New Acquisitions." Recent ones include quite a good variety: Kidd, *The Mermaid Chair*; Waldman, *Murder Plays House*; Cox, *Night Talk*; Kidder, *The Soul of a New Machine*; Halberstam, *War in a Time of Peace* and *The Education of a Coach*; Allgor, *Parlor Politics*; Warren, *The Purpose Driven Life*; Nielsen, *Ice Bound*; Kennedy, *A Patriot's Handbook*; Grisham, *The Broker*; MacDonald, *Barrier Island*; Murphy, *Golf in the Kingdom*; Stuart, *A Gift of Time*; Wojnarowski, *The Miracle of St. Anthony*; Walser, *The North Carolina Miscellany*; Feinstein, *Last Dance*; J. Patterson, *Honeymoon*; Buffett, *A Salty Piece of Land*; Kinney, *The Thurber Letters*; Barnes, *North Carolina's Hurricane History*; Owen, *Littlejohn*; Healy, *Rescue*; Bryson, *A Short History of Nearly Everything*; Beaton, *Death of a Dreamer*; Winspear, *Maisie Dobbs* and *Birds of a Feather*.

Also, we have many interesting books in our biography section, shelved alphabetically by subject. Our reference shelves behind the front desk contain much helpful information, some of it useful for making speeches. On the big table we keep lists of best-sellers from *The Wall Street Journal* and *The New York Times*. These titles can be requested from our OASIS service. (See the calendar for the schedule of OASIS days.)

Mal Oettinger's column touts the value of rereading the classics. We keep a number of them in our library. Check the regular fiction shelves in the main room, the paperback fiction shelves in the classroom, the Modern Library bottom shelf in the classroom, and the Harvard Classics shelves in the copy room. For humor and insights into human nature, see also Jane Austen's novels.

Mary Ruth Miller



Resident Ramblings

Spring has sprung — the flowering bushes and trees are beautiful and fully blossomed. It is somewhat surprising since there hasn't been much rain. How blessed all the independent residents are that we can step outdoors so easily!

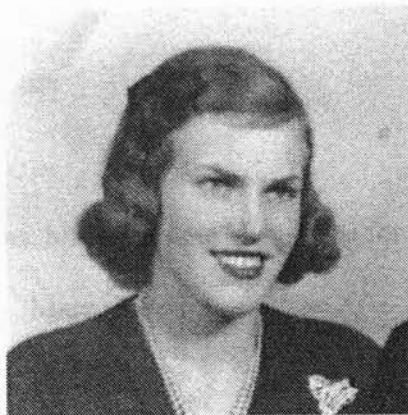
Last month there was a happy event at TFAD — a Baby Shower! Historians believe this might have been the first ever. It was given for the granddaughter of **Doris** and **John Ondek**. Laurie Lach provided a wonderful party and everybody had a great time. **Hilda** and **Ed Remmers** went to Athens, Georgia to see a new grandchild. **Pete** and **Barbara Seay** had a time-spanning weekend in Washington, starting with the funeral of Barbara's much-loved 102 year old aunt, who had served forever as the family radar. At the same time they caught the first glimpse of their four-week-old great-granddaughter, Eliza.

We can add another name to the list of resi-

dents who are fluent in at least two languages. **Maidi Hall** can root for Duke basketball teams in German as well as English. Billiards becomes ever more popular at The Forest. The Annual Tournament was held in April and after close competition **Ray Blackman** won the men's title and **Dot Logan** was the women's champion.

Molly Simes went with her daughter to Wrightsville Beach for a week. **Sally Sheehan** went to Baldhead Island for one visit and then back for Easter. **Harriet** and **George Williams** were in Charleston and then went to France to meet their daughter and go on a biking trip. **Bylee** and **Ben Massey** are home from a winter trip to Arizona. They enjoy the dry air there. **Trudy** and **Paul Taub** were in Maryland for a family Bar Mitzvah. **Una Galli** was in Naples for a vacation with her four sisters and one brother-in-law!

Do You Recognize These Belles of the USO?



Mary Gates

My 41-hour Visit to the Core of the Big Apple

It was a good idea — just go to New York City for a weekend — take a quick trip to see the Metropolitan's new Egyptian Exhibit: Hatshepsut, From Queen To Pharaoh. If I went before March 28, I could use my membership status to enjoy an invited preview to the exhibit before it opened to the public.

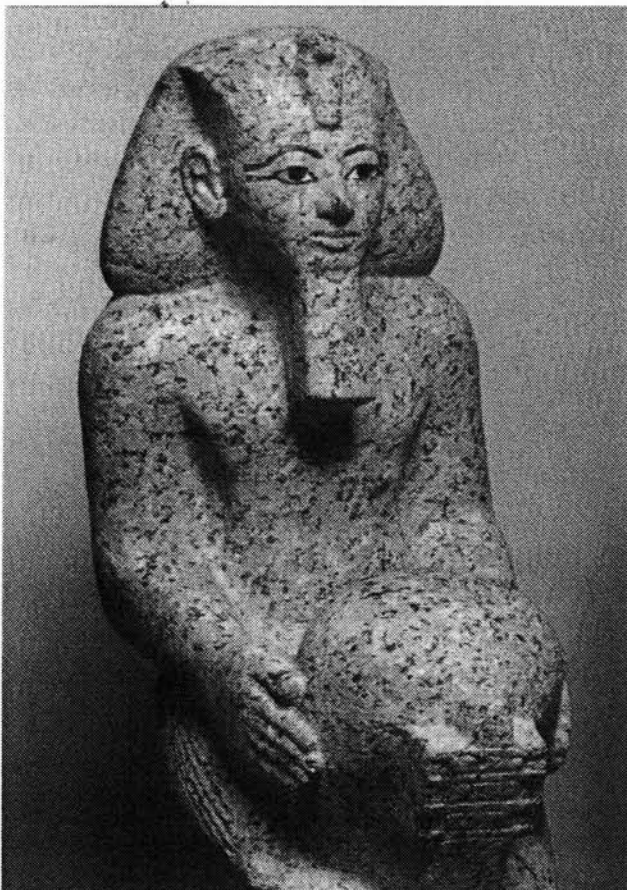
So, I called my niece Sally in Brooklyn — would this be a possibility? Her resounding YES gave me courage to pursue this dream. I went to

port. This is a "sheltered way of traveling" that I use unless I travel with the Southern Leisure Tours organized by the Tutens.

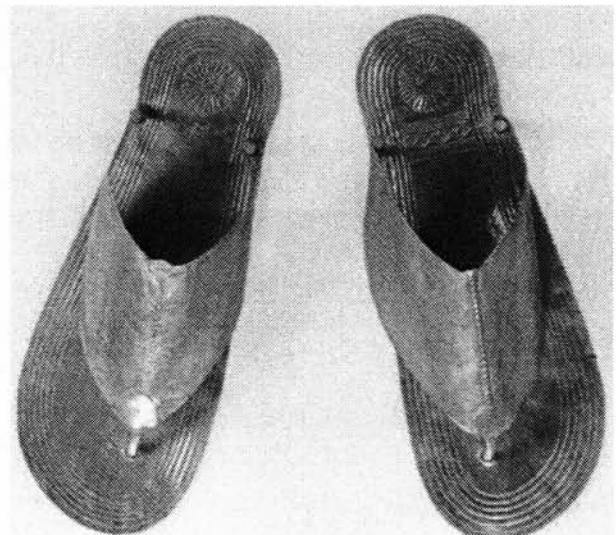
I arrived at 5:00 PM Friday, March 24 at LaGuardia, met my niece and her friend, Paulo, at the baggage claim. He drove an Audie and soon we were at the Marriott on Lexington Avenue. Signing in was simple, and we went off to dinner at "Maya," a Mexican cafe. The entrance was black, a jutting out structure that compromised the sidewalk. But once inside, it was cozy, with small tables, candles and fresh flowers on every table. I had quesadillas surtidas. Sally and Paulo had tuna and steak. We visited a while, then decided to call it an early night, as we had big plans for Saturday.

The breakfast at the Marriott was good, and we started off to go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art early to avoid the crowd. We found the clearly marked handicap entrance to the left of the commanding stairs to the front entrance.

Sally got a wheelchair for me — no problem. She cheerfully pushed me through the exhibit, a terrific display of Hatshepsut's 20-year reign, beautifully and carefully shown in numerous rooms on the second floor. The items came from museums in seven countries (Belgium, Egypt, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Netherlands) and six museums in the USA (Berkeley, Boston, Brooklyn,



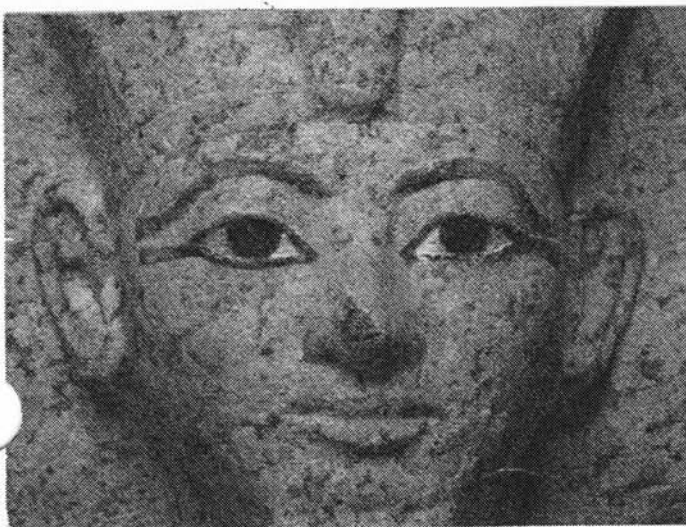
work, getting my electronic ticket through "Letty's," lining up a cab to and from RDU. American Eagle had a direct flight to LaGuardia, my niece's airport of choice. So, take courage and GO. Yes, it takes courage because I only travel on direct flights, and then, only when I can be met at the air-



Chicago, Fort Worth and Philadelphia) as well as from the Metropolitan's own extensive collection.

The most impressive items were the large stone pieces and the gorgeous jewelry and gold items, especially a pair of gold sandals. We lingered in the exhibit for three hours.

After a 5½ minute visit to the gift shop we met Paulo at the handicap exit. He drove Sally to her appointment in lower Manhattan, then he and I



went to lunch at the "Olive Vine" (Mid-Eastern fare), a small cafe in Brooklyn near Sally's apartment. She joined us for dessert at Ozzie's, just a block away. We rode through a part of Brooklyn, then returned to the Marriott to get ready for the dinner/theater Saturday night. On the way we were temporarily held up by a covey of 12 NY Police cars with sirens blazing, passing a block in front of us ...no doubt trying to stay together for their "coffee run".

We enjoyed dinner at Ut-Sav, an Indian restaurant near the Cort Theater — near enough to walk to the theatre after dinner. We saw "Barefoot in the Park", a rather "dated" comedy of newlyweds.

It was a windy walk to the car after the show. And I was glad to turn in for the day.

Sunday morning, another good breakfast at the Marriott, then we spent the next four hours

making the grand tour of Manhattan, from Battery Park, with a glimpse of the Statue of Liberty, and the big black hole where the Twin Towers once stood. There has been a lot of refurbishing of nearby buildings with lots of cranes all over the place in a frenzy of building and repairs. On the whole, NY is clean and wind-swept.

Then we came north to Central Park, stopping briefly at The Tavern on the Green for photos, then all the way up to The Cloisters, with the occasional photograph. Following that, we turned south, came by Columbia University, along the Riverside Church, with a lesson in bridge identification, by the north side of Central Park — we stopped at Yura's for a light lunch, then off to LaGuardia where I checked in at the curb.

Uneventful flight back to RDU arriving at TFAD about 5 PM

I highly recommend an "airing in the Big Apple"... spring is about two weeks behind ours here in NC, but definitely on the way.

Caroline Long

Beautiful Words

The ten most beautiful words in the English language, revealed by a national poll of diction experts are these:

mother; cellophane; melancholy; belladonna; flamingo; wilderness; tambourine; lavender; memory; bellboy.

What would your favorite "beautiful words" be? Send in your thoughts to Box 1007.

The Second Time Around

One advantage of being old and unemployed is that you have a chance to revisit classics of your youth, or read those that slipped by you. Satisfying as keeping New Year's resolutions.

As George Bernard Shaw famously noted: Youth is wasted on the young. The same is true of books that young people used to read — often under pedagogical duress. My prime example is "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." I read it when I was about the same age as the hero. Though thrilled to the trip on the raft, I missed the boat.

Twain's masterpiece was a century old when I reread it (I was half that age). At one point, Huck witnesses a town patrician ordering an abusive drunk out of town; when he has not left by the deadline, the colonel shoots him in cold blood. When I read this as a kid, I was inured by the Saturday afternoon westerns against assuming there was anything unusual about a man killing a man for

badmouthing him. The cruelty and arrogance of the colonel did not strike home and I surely did not read this episode as an indictment of frontier justice. So much of the novel's satirical irony was over my little tow head.

Another classic I found exasperating in my youth and rewarding in the rereading is "Moby-Dick." As a youngster, I took it as a sea adventure tale, along the lines of Melville's other novels like "Typee" and "White-Jacket." The meticulous and masterful chapters on whales and whaling I found boring and tended to skim. Some symbolism was apparent even to my youthful sensibilities, but it was many years later when I reread the saga that I "got it" and was able to recognize why it is so

highly ranked in American fiction.

No one seems to read Rudyard Kipling any more. He has been accused of racism and imperialism. Though one can't ignore his pride in the Empire, his deep empathy for Indians comes through clearly in his works. Not only is Kipling a rousing storyteller, but as I read his works in India some 25 years ago, I was astounded how well his descriptions of places and people held up.

Another favorite writer who does not always get the respect I feel he deserves is Joseph Conrad. Perhaps it is because his novels on the surface seem concerned primarily with plot, adventure and exotic settings. Try him again. I recommend "Nostromo," "The Secret Agent" and "Lord Jim" as being worth revisiting as an adult.

DILR (which has gotten married or something and is now OLLI) offers chances to catch up on some of these authors and has the added advantage of imposing a schedule lest the novel go half-read. A course on Jonathan Swift proved tough sledding in spots with capitalized words and usages abandoned after the 18th century. As a kid, the satirical allusions of "Gulliver's Travels" were beyond me and the political, historic and religious aspects confounded me. Recently I noticed Swift created some truly repulsive creatures called the Yahoos and would not be too surprised to discover that the entire work can be read as an allegory of cyberspace. Indeed I can barely set myself before a computer before I feel besieged by the Lilliputians.

One of the advantages of reading classics is that you might find them in The Forest library, or



there probably isn't a long waiting list for them at the public library. And with all the colleges around here, they should be readily available at one of the Triangle's excellent secondhand bookstores. Unfortunately, once done with them, the students will sell them cheap.

Mal Oettinger

Editor's Note:

What are your examples of "Second Time Around" books? Send in titles, authors. And comments to Box 1007.

Whozit?

- A. In the nonagenarians' slot,
But a creaky old dame she is not
She is pretty and nice
She is sugar and spice;
And she hugs every man on the lot.
- B. He could hardly be smarter or bigger
He's a model of masculine vigor.
When a job's to be done
He is there on the run
Even though it might damage his "figger"
- C. She's so buoyant and busy and jolly
That she hasn't much time left for folly
How she works in the dirt,
So alive and alert!
And the weeds become flowers, by golly
- D. Who has ever been known to detect
So capacious an intellect?
All art and learning
His brain, so discerning,
Employs to creative effect.

Lola Williams

Grading:

- 4 correct fantastic
- 3 correct excellent
- 2 correct good
- 1 correct shaky
- 0 correct pitiful. Get help.

Answers:

A. Dot Logan B. Earl Davis C. Molly Simes D. George Chandler

Lessons From the Pigsty



The other day I was looking at pictures and minding my own business and I came across a picture of a magnificent hog. He was so well rounded and seemed so content.

It occurred to me that that pig had a purpose on this earth. It is wonderful to feel you have a purpose in this world. That pig was on this earth so that I could have a pork chop.

I began to wonder about my own purpose on this earth. I don't think I would be very tasty. Why did God put me here?

I don't think God put me here to eat ice cream, although I appreciate his making such activity possible. At the present time I am playing solitaire and spending my children's inheritance.

The world would have done very well without me. In truth, our being here is a mystery.

However, part of our purpose is surely to make this world a little better than it was. The two great commandments speak of loving God and loving your neighbor. We can do more about loving our neighbor than we can about loving God. It is quite possible that loving my neighbor is my purpose in life.

That pig is rolling his eye at me as he whispers in my ear, "Get out of that recliner chair and go speak to a neighbor."

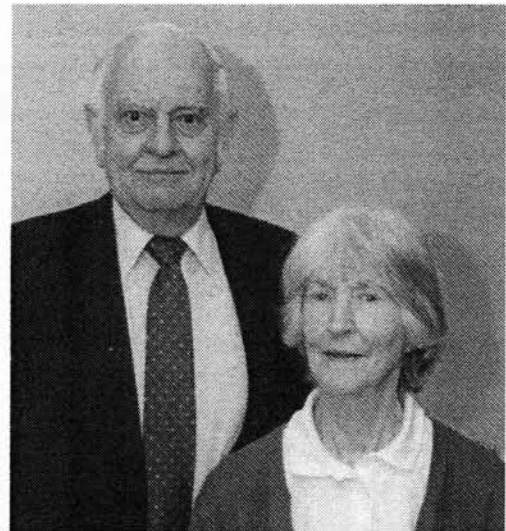
Peter Robinson

Welcome New Residents

J Randolph Coupland, III

Apartment 2021 490-5615

Randolph Coupland was born in Norfolk VA, and began his schooling there. Later he attended the Severn School in Severna Park MD. He is a graduate of the University of Virginia in Charlottesville. During World War II he served with the army in North Africa and throughout the European Theater. He also saw service during the Korean conflict. He made his career in insurance and was Chairman of the Board of Home Insurance Agency in Durham. His interests include fishing, golf, attending sporting events, reading, travel, church, and his family, including his two sons, one in Durham and one in Raleigh, their wives, and their children. He has been an active member and supporter of numerous civic and service organizations, including the Duke Comprehensive Cancer Center and the Caring House. He candidly admits that what drew him to The Forest at Duke was old age, combined with the knowledge that he would find many old friends among the residents.



Oliver and Joanne Ferguson

Apartment 2047 419-9382

Oliver was born in Nashville TN, and grew up in Tupelo, MS. In 1943, during his sophomore year at Vanderbilt, he enlisted in the army, serving with the 44th Infantry Division in the European Theater of Operations until 1945. He completed his B.A. and M.A. degrees at Vanderbilt, taught at the University of Arkansas, and earned his Ph D. in English at the University of Illinois. After two years in the English Department at Ohio State University, he accepted an offer from Duke in 1957, serving as department chairman from 1967 to 1973. He retired in 1993. In recent years he has taught at DILR. In addition to this activity, his interests are birding and collecting jazz and swing records.

Joanne was born in Morristown NJ, and grew up in Fayetteville AR, where her mother taught at the university. It was there that she met and married Oliver in 1949, at the end of her freshman year. She got her degree from the University of Illinois, majoring in English. After graduation she worked at the University of Illinois Press and later at the library at Ohio State. She then became an editor at the Duke Press, where among her acquisitions were garden books by Elizabeth Lawrence and William Lanier Hunt and a history of the American Dance Festival by Jack Anderson. She retired in 1990. She enjoys birding and gardening.

The Fergusons have two sons and two grandchildren.



Patricia Vincent

Apartment 4037

489-9666

Patty Vincent is a native of Charlottesville VA. She went to grade and high school there and then went on to Sweetbriar College where she studied art history. She met her husband, Patrick, then a British army officer, in India during World War II while she was working with the Red Cross in Kashmir and he was serving with the Indian Army. The couple lived in Hull, England, for a short time before coming to Baltimore, where Patrick earned his PhD in French at Johns Hopkins. They came to Durham when he accepted a position on the Duke faculty. Patty has been active in the League of women Voters and is a docent at the Nasher Museum. In addition to the fine arts, she has maintained a continuing interest in dance, theater, and international affairs. She also enjoys bird watching and reading. She has a son living in Carrboro and two daughters in Greensboro.

otos by Ed Albrecht. Biographies compiled by George Chandler.

Albert and Sigrid Nelius

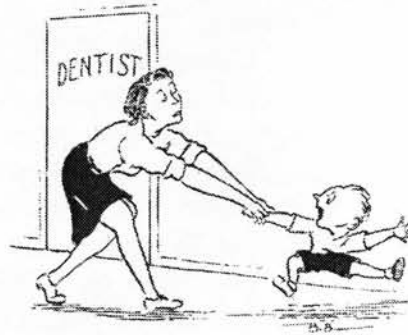
Cottage 26

419-0726

Albert and Sigrid met in a hospital room in Nashville in 1954, she a resident physician, he a fledgling Episcopal priest. It was love at first sight for Albert, but it took six months to persuade the bride. Albert was born and reared in Memphis, and Sigrid in Dresden. During World War II Albert spent two years on a destroyer while Sigrid was tilling the soil in potato and beet fields. After the war Sigrid studied medicine in Germany and Austria and took a position at a U.S. Army hospital in Munich, where she was encouraged to emigrate by the American Consul. Albert, having been discharged in San Francisco, found it difficult to leave that city which he viewed as the apotheosis of civilized beauty. After two years, a foresighted landlady evicted him, forcing his return to college in Memphis and then to seminary at the University of the South. Albert served as vicar of a church in St. Louis. They moved to Durham in 1960. Sigrid resumed her medical career, eventually organizing and directing the Diet and Fitness Center at Duke Hospital. Albert served as curate at St. Philip's Episcopal Church, but left the full-time ministry and took a degree in library science at UNC. He spent 25 years with the Duke library, serving also as vicar of St. Andrews parish. Their only child, a son, was born in 1957 and died in 1999. They are both devotees of grand opera.



The Dentist



Across the Bridge of Sighs,
Up the steps to the scaffold
Or rack or worse, if possible,
My gentle mother led me,
Like a lamb to the slaughter,
Up the endless dark staircase
From the grim little door
Beside Ligget's drug store
Where Dr. Miller, or was it
Torquimada?
Was waiting for me
In his dingy little torture chamber
With the sharp, bright little instruments of pain:
The chair of penance for the sin of sloth;
Evasion of duty with my toothbrush.

After endless hours of waiting
With sweating hands,
Savoring the agony that lay ahead,
I was led in, while my mother and Dr. Miller
Discussed in conspiratorial tones
My sins of dental neglect
And what would surely come of them.

After putting on my bib,
No doubt to spare the floor
From flying blood and tissue,
The interrogation of my mouth began
With sharpened chisels and probes,
Eliciting an occasional triumphant cry
"Aha, there's a new one!"
As each new bacterial pocket
In my teeth was uncovered.

And then, at last, the drill!
The large, dull drill saved especially
For children or even particularly for me.
None of your sleek little postmodern,
Painless, supersonic whizzers
That finish the job in seconds
No, Dr. Miller's grisly apparatus
Was designed to chip and burn its way
Slowly through endless layers of enamel
Down, down into the quivering dentine
And yet on and on, searching,
Searching for your very soul.

Novocain? Nonsense!
For an amputation, perhaps,
But for kids? Never!
"How will they react to real pain when it
comes?"

At last, with one sadistic flourish
The last offending cavity was disemboweled
And ready for packing with amalgam
Blessed relief! The session was nearly over.

Shaken, but recovering, I descended the stairs,
Into the sunlight holding my mother's hand
As we turned into the drugstore
To sit high on stools before the soda fountain.
Awaiting my reward;
A cool, delicious vanilla ice cream soda
Sure to revive the spirits
And begin a new cycle of carefree neglect,
Decay and eventual penance at Dr. Miller's.

Ned Arnet