

## A Beautiful Beauty and Barber Shop

The beauty shop here is a warm, light, attractive room, in part because of the women who work in it. The proprietor is Jewel Yarbrough, who was born in Rocky Mount, North Carolina. Her father's job in construction meant the family moved constantly throughout the state. She went to Walter Williams High School in Burlington, meeting her future husband when she was sixteen. They have been married forty-two years, and thirty years after leaving Rocky Mount, she is back there as a resident. Her husband manages an auto service center and they have two daughters, one of whom, Kim, works in the beauty parlor in the Health and Wellness Center.

Jewel graduated from Trapman's College of Hair Styling in Durham at Northgate Shopping Center in 1972 and taught there for a year. She has been at The Forest for 14 years, starting in 1993.

She says she had wanted to be a hair stylist since she was twelve years old. She used to watch her aunt put on her makeup and put up her hair. And her grandmother had hair that reached the floor when she sat in a chair, and Jewel sat on the floor behind her brushing it. Her grandmother washed her hair in rain water, as many of our long-haired grandmothers and mothers did.

She has had lots of continuing education since she got her license, with certificates in color and a Vidal Sassoon hair-cutting certificate. An operator must have eight hours of continuing education a year to keep a license; this to stay abreast of new products and methods.

She tells me they have about ten male clients along with the more numerous women. When I mentioned male hair loss she said that though they may have little hair their necks still get scruffy.

Carmen Lund returned to the salon about 8 months ago, after recovering from a quintuple by-



Carmen

Jewel

Betty

pass. She's happy to be back at work. It's something she's done all her life and she loves it. Carmen was born in Peoria, Illinois, moved to Chicago after attending college and raised her children, a girl and a boy. After the children were grown she and her husband, who was a landscape architect, decided they wanted a less frigid climate than Chicago and moved to Durham fifteen years ago, where they now live a mile north of the Eno River. She has a daughter in Berkeley, California, and a son in Durham, who has two children. Her husband and their son run a carpet cleaning and repair business.

By the time she was nine years old her mother had given her numerous home permanents and she told her mother to leave her hair alone; she would do it herself. It was then that she decided to be a hair stylist when she grew up.

In the Chicago suburbs she had a salon with 25 employees. She says it was a day spa before the invention of the name for such a thing. It was complete with hair styling, manicures, body wrapping and massage. She sold package deals for a day

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### 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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## President's Podium

When the Shupings left for their trip, I promised Jim that I would not call him unless I was in real trouble. Thanks to everyone's hard work and your many encouraging words to me, no call has been necessary. We will welcome him back on April 9.

There is an important deadline: be sure to make your reservation by April 19 for the CCCR-NC Eastern Division meeting that The Forest is hosting on April 25. The program is about public policy for seniors and will be of interest to all residents.

The High Speed Internet Committee gave a progress report to the Residents Association Board showing that they are working with the Administration to find the best solution for all present and future residents.

After TFAD Board Chair Dr. Henderson Rourk's March 8 letter to Residents, I thanked him for the statement of appreciation from the Board for the support given by the residents. I thought you might like to see the words he added:

"When the paragraph was being composed, I was not thinking at all about the monetary support, rather the human kindness and support that all of you give to your community, both at The Forest and to the larger community of Durham and the Triangle. But to be sure, I am grateful for the support that all of you give through the cost to you of living in such a wonderful place as The Forest."

Penelope Easton, Vice President

## In Memoriam

Harriet Wannamaker Moorhead March 2, 2007

Lela Edlin Colver March 20, 2007

## Whan That Aprill ...

I dreamt a jester, motley clad,  
 sat by a forest pool.  
 A gentle shower was sprinkling down;  
 The breeze was sweet but cool.  
 "At last," I mused, "I may have found  
 the perfect April Fool."

George Chandler



## LOVE YOUR LIBRARY



Lately our library has been having problems with current periodicals migrating.

Like our books, all of our newspapers and magazines have been donated for sharing. Lately some of the newspapers have disappeared. They are not to be removed or clipped!

The magazine rack also has problems, with magazines shelved out of their alphabetical order and more than one copy of an issue on the rack. When you have finished using a magazine, please return it to the desk for library assistants to shelve in its right place.

Also, when making much-appreciated donations of magazines, please leave them on the desk—not in the box in the copy room. Note that neither our library nor the hospitals to which we send our surplus want old issues. Weekly magazines older than a month are too old, and anything from 2006 is out of date! Just take them to your trash room for recycling, please.

The TFAD Library is run by residents for the benefit of all, and it's our responsibility.

A benefit to some is the *North Carolina Estate Procedure Pamphlet*, a free pamphlet from the Administrative Office of the Courts. It's very helpful for anyone serving as the executor or administrator of an estate. Look for it next to the drivers' handbooks on the copy room shelf. To get one to keep, call the Clerk of Superior Court, 564-7070.

All who enjoy literature are invited to the library's "Resident Readings" every Tuesday at 4 p.m. in the library. Each week a different person shares favorites.

Mary Ruth Miller

## Singin' in the Ranks

At a recent dinner, Oliver Ferguson and Bob Ward discovered that they had had a common experience during their military service in WW II: each had taken part in an amateur variety show that had a brief but successful run, playing to both military and civilian audiences. Their accounts—first Bob's, then Oliver's—follow. **ED**

### THE LIFE OF RILEY

I did my basic training at Fort Riley, Kansas, the command center for the cavalry. Here I was introduced to close-order drill and training in weapons and motorcycles (the twentieth-century replacement for the horse). Evenings in the recreation hall were a wonderful respite from these activities. There I met a group of men who came from backgrounds similar to my own. One of them, Scott Watson, a young pianist who was a graduate of the Peabody Conservatory, was instrumental in my becoming a bartender in the officers' club and getting back to composing. The Special Services Officer for the post was Lt. Andrew White, a fine baritone and a strikingly handsome fellow. Scott was his accompanist. At about this time Irving Berlin's *This Is the Army* had its triumphant opening on Broadway, and it probably inspired the idea of creating a similar show for Fort Riley. The result was that writers Julian Claman, Irving Kapner, and Joseph Hopkins and composers Eddie Herzog, Seymour Magenheim, Leo Hattler, and myself were called to Lt. White's office, where to our great delight, we were asked if we could write and produce an all-soldier show. Suddenly this didn't seem like the army anymore.

Our show was appropriately entitled "The Life of Riley" and mixed satiric numbers about army life with sentimental ballads and patriotic marches. It was my initiation into the professional world of jazz and the musical theater. As the only "long hair" composer, I was assigned the marches and a blues number, "Pay Day." Eddie Herzog, who had been the guitarist and arranger for Jack Teagarden's band, and I did the score for the show. The marches were easy enough for me to arrange, but when I showed Eddie my score for "Pay Day," he had a good laugh and I had my first lesson in writing for a swing band.



To a classically trained musician, jazz sounds as though it is in 12/8 time because it is always played as dah-da/dah-da unless the part specifically indicates that two equal eighth notes are to be played. I had written my score in 12/8 and had to rewrite the whole thing in 4/4, the conventional jazz style. Thus began a new phase in my musical education.

The cast for the show included some who had Broadway experience and any other GI's who could sing and dance. The rehearsals were a welcome relief from basic training, and soon we were ready for opening night. The show was neither very original nor great, but we had managed to touch all the emotional chords which the audiences were feeling. Opening night was a great success, and we were soon scheduled to tour the surrounding cities, where we stayed in homes, were wine and dined, and enjoyed the adulation of the local girls.

At the end of our successful tour, I began to think of the future, and the suggestion that I apply



the Army Music School for training as a bandmaster  
 med a good one. I was accepted, and my brief but  
 happy career in show business concluded with my  
 reassignment to Fort Myer, Washington, D.C.

### DON'T TELL OMAHA

Unlike Bob, I had completed my basic training when circumstances radically—if temporarily—changed my life in the army. I was awaiting assignment when orders came for me to report to Omaha, Nebraska, command center for a recently established government project to train engineers and foreign language students, the Army Specialized Training Program. I was among those selected for A.S.T.P. because when I volunteered for the army, I had had slightly more than a year in college, including a course in German. After taking various aptitude tests at Omaha, I was sent to Washington University in St. Louis to study German.

I was about three months into the program when a couple of the students, Walter Stein and



**Ferguson** second from the right

Marcus Alan, conceived of the idea of staging a musical revue, "Don't Tell Omaha." I don't recall Alan's credentials, but in civilian life Stein had been a professional pianist and arranger for Larry Clinton's orchestra. Like "The Life of Riley," our production presented songs, dances, and satirical skits. Most of the songs were composed by Walter Stein. Among the exceptions was "Mood Indigo," sung by a quartet. I was a member of the quartet and of the chorus numbers. (I'm second from the right in the photo from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.) The lyrics all the original music had a topical application.

The title song cautioned against telling Omaha of our easy campus life: "We suggest a call to Louella Parsons's home./ Write to Missus Roosevelt care of Zanzibar or Rome./ All that you can do, up to and so far;/ But goodness, gracious, Don't Tell Omaha."

The finale employed a melody from an earlier world war, "How're you gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paree?" In our version the question became "How're you gonna get 'em back in the field after A.S.T.P.?" We already knew the answer. Ten days before our show opened, we had learned that A.S.T.P. was to be discontinued. A month after "Don't Tell Omaha" played to enthusiastic houses on February 28-29, 1944, I found myself not on stage but on infantry maneuvers in the wilds of Louisiana.

### A Beautiful Beauty and Barber Shop

*(Continued from page 1)*

at the spa, often given as a gift from husbands to wives.

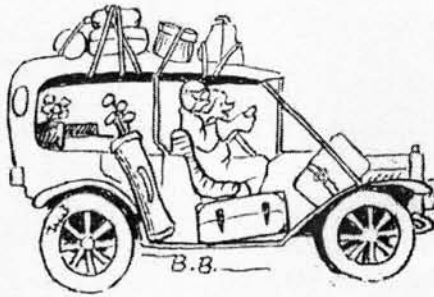
Jewel and Carmen sometimes cut their own hair, sometimes each others, and sometimes get Jewel's daughter Kim to do it.

Betty Morrison has been at The Forest for three years. She was born in Durham and has lived here all her life. She went to the Durham Beauty Academy on Main Street, having decided to be a hair stylist when she was in high school. She has a son and four grandchildren, four sisters and one brother, and a large extended family here. Her Himalayan cat is named Muffin.

The salon is decorated with photographs of clients on the walls sporting various hairstyles of their youth. Young Jewel and Carmen are hung there also, Carmen in a dramatic photo by her husband when he was experimenting with light and shadow. It looks to have come off the cover of *Vogue* in its early days. Betty declined to have her photo up, telling me that she lived in the present and future instead of the past. Jewel laughed and said, "Betty has an opinion about everything!" Betty responded with, "I'll tell you what; 99 percent of the people here have an opinion about everything!" I'm of her opinion.

**Joanne Ferguson**

## Resident Ramblings



## April Fool Ramblings

In early March, the art world was horrified to learn of the theft of two Picassos from his granddaughter's home in Paris. A copycat crime was committed here at the forest when a number of our prized art works were stolen from the walls of the main building. Missing are paintings by **Bob Blake**, **Ginny Putnam**, **Loma Young**, **Teri Bronfenbrenner**, and **John Henry**. Homeland Security will assist local and state law officers in the effort to find the paintings.

This spring, a book entitled *How to Keep Busy at Your Retirement Home* will be published. **Evebell Dunham** and **Molly Simes** have compiled this valuable best-seller. There is a foreword by **Rheta Skolaut** and essays from several Volunteers of the Year including **Willie Mae Jones**, **Mary Ruth Miller**, and **Frank Medure**.

Good News: An anonymous donor will hire an architect to determine a way to add much-needed space to our great library. There will be room for 1,000 more books and at least 500 more DVDs.

Another new addition is coming in the area beyond the pool and the Doggie Run. Our Fitness Coordinator, **Becky Binney**, who works tirelessly to improve the strength of all residents, will soon be opening a three-hole golf course there, tennis courts, and a shuffleboard court. Horseshoes will be available in the near future. Residents are asked to walk or bike there, if at all possible! The Forest will be not only a CCRC, but a sport resort for seniors.

The producer of the southern epic, "Love Under the Crepe Myrtles," admired our Grand Staircase when he was here to visit his grandmother. Last week he returned to film a bevy of beautiful young ladies descending the stairs in colorful ante-bellum gowns. A number of residents gathered to watch, including many male residents. Someone was heard to remark, "I did not realize so many men lived here!"

APRIL FOOL APRIL FOOL APRIL FOOL

Mary Gates

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## Ad Lib

“The cow is of the bovine ilk; one end is moo, the other milk.” ....Ogden Nash

The kokemono:

This is a continuation of the background of some of the things we have collected. Last time I left you in the hall with the Chinese chest. Above the chest is a kakemono (hanging scroll) of a beguiling geisha, an inheritance from my husband's great aunt, a noted collector of Japanese art. Aunt Mary Ainsworth was a well-heeled, well-educated maiden lady who loved to travel. When her travels brought her to Japan she found her vocation. She was fascinated by ukiyo-e (the floating world of art) and became a collector. Japanese prints were her specialty. She was a skilled player in the heyday of such collecting. With her lawyer in tow, she took on Frank Lloyd Wright, who had sold her some prints that were not as advertised. Her collection of prints she left to the Oberlin Museum, which has produced a beautiful catalogue. The rest of her collection she left to family.

I only knew Aunt Mary in her later years, but she was unforgettable. From time to time she felt the family needed a dose of culture and would buy tickets to the symphony for everyone. Because of her deafness she would get two tickets, front row center, and we in the family would take turns sitting with her. One evening I accompanied her. She looked superb, her silvery hair perfectly coifed, the black velvet around her throat matching her evening coat. (People used to dress to go to the symphony.) It took Aunt Mary a while to arrange herself. First she hoisted her leg over her cane, and a green eyeshade came out of her “reticule” (purse). This she put on at a jaunty angle to cut the glare from the stage lights. She settled back and lifted her lorgnette to peruse the program. As the program unfolded she would comment in a loud voice on the quality of the music for all to hear. After the performance we joined the others and I couldn't believe my ears when she exclaimed, “One gets a lot of attention when accompanied by a pretty girl. The orchestra couldn't take

their eyes off us.” Oh Aunt Mary, little did you know!

Aunt Mary was a true eccentric. She had her dressmaker sew pockets into her petticoats for her money. It was always an event when she would hike up her skirt to tip a redcap or pay a small bill. She wintered in Arizona and worried her friends there by picking up hitchhikers and giving them rides to town. When invited out to dinner she would put two bran muffins in her purse in case the food wasn't to her liking. Aunt Mary wore white cotton gloves to read the morning paper....newspaper ink was a bother. Collecting wasn't her only talent. She was a deadeye with an air rifle. From her porch she could pick off any rabbit or squirrel who dared intrude in her garden. Maiden ladies of Aunt Mary's generation didn't usually have much of a life. Aunt Mary did.

### TIP

Like me, have you been searching for someone to change the batteries in your watch? Search no more. The problem is solved by a small jewelry shop called Precision Platinum. Precision Platinum is a family store. You are greeted at the door by a non-threatening canine, the family dog, and John Phelps, the owner. If your problem is complicated John may call his father, a retired jeweler, from the back of the shop to consult and if you're lucky, at some point John's wife will appear with a plate of fresh-baked cookies!

PRECISION PLATINUM, 4015 University Drive (near Neo China) Durham.

Libby Getz

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## Welcome New Residents

Photos by Ed Albrecht



**Elaine Sandahl**

Apartment 2017      490-0797

Elaine Sandahl was raised and went to grade and high school in Appleton, Wisconsin. She attended Downer College for Women in Milwaukee for two years and earned her bachelor's degree at the University of Wisconsin with a major in mathematics. She married Robert Sandahl in 1949. He died in 2001. They lived in Chicago while he worked toward his master's degree in hospital administration at Northwestern University Medical School. They returned to Wisconsin where he held hospital posts in Milwaukee and Neenah. Elaine, although primarily a homemaker, occasionally served as a substitute teacher and taught high school math at a private school where she also took part in experimental teaching programs for primary school children. Retirement took the Sandahls to Hilton Head and Camden, South Carolina. Elaine's daughter Lynn lives in Chapel Hill with her husband and one very large and one very small dog. Elaine has been active in political campaigns at all levels and in the Presbyterian Church. She likes bridge, travel, reading, and gardening.

**Grace Pickett**

Apartment 2022      489-4703

Grace Pickett grew up in Burnsville, Yancey County, NC, and has lived in Durham since she moved here to attend Duke University. She is the daughter of a Methodist minister and a school teacher. One daughter is a teacher who lives in Durham and another is an attorney in Tallahassee. She has a son who works in information technology at Duke, and another who is a civil engineer in Durham. She has nine grandchildren and one great-grandson. Grace was a nurse at the Duke blood bank during the early days of transplant surgery. She has been active at Yates Baptist Church and served as one of the first two women deacons. Her interests include service, cooking, reading and college basketball (Duke especially!).





## The Road to Dairyland February

It's not too far from TFAD.  
After a mile or two the developments  
    give way to field and forest.  
The hardwoods, so familiar  
    in their spring or summer green,  
or autumn foliage, are now bereft of leaves,  
standing starkly as pewter-colored poles  
casting sharp bar-code shadows on the road.  
The rich brown forest floor  
exudes the delicious funky, punky aroma  
    of rotting vegetation;  
the next generation of humus is already  
    underway.  
Free of its untidy summer undergrowth,  
the view into the woods offers a dark  
    background  
for the brassy leaves of occasional solitary  
    beeches.  
As forest opens into fields,  
sequestered from the gravel road by scraggy  
    *bobwar*  
or fancy, horse-farmy white board fence,  
rolls of summer hay or young green winter  
    wheat  
tell us that we've come to Dairyland.

And now there are the "Holstein girls"  
standing together in the cold pasture muck,  
enjoying their afternoon garden party,  
neat and proper in their smocks of black  
    and white,  
innocently transforming the lush green shoots  
into luscious ice cream, butter, cholesterol,  
and (who knows) obesity and heart attacks.

Ned Arnett



## Wandering in The Forest

The night of the eclipse of the moon I went on my patio and looked—no moon. I went up to the front doors and out—no moon. In the lobby I found **Barbara Birkhead** and **Jane**

**Spanel**, who were on the same quest. We went out front, nothing, then somebody said, "The Rose Garden!" so we ran out there and looked up into the blank sky. Barbara said, "We need some horizon! I've got my car keys, come on, let's go find the moon." Jane and I declined and sedately peeled off and went home, leaving Barbara dancing down the hall. So Jane and I sat home in the descending dark while Barbara ended up in the parking lot at South Square where, enraptured, she watched the eclipse. Jane and I regret it to this day.

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The other morning I went down to the lobby where I was astonished to see a big, shiny red tricycle! "What in the world is this!?" I asked **Rose Leavenworth**, who was perched on the seat. "My tricycle," she said matter-of-factly. "I have to go to the clinic for my TB test and it's pretty far to walk. Do you want to ride it?" Did I! It felt like Christmas morning. So I rode it around the doughnut, with Rose trotting along beside me as the ringmaster. I could have gone on forever. It's a De Soto Classic Trailmate with a commodious basket between the big back wheels. She keeps it under the stairs, she said. I have a fantasy of stealing it out from under the stairs at night when the halls are deserted and whizzing up and down for hours. It might be thought an unsuitable thing to do.

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I went to **Reminisce** in the Club Room on March 8. I had long been curious, and this time the Brownies of Troup 455 at Durham Academy were coming, seven third graders (including **Rosemary Oates's** granddaughter), and the little girls filed quietly in and sat down cross-legged in front of the fire. They are working on a project called "Listening to the Past." So it began. **Joyce Albrecht** told of Green Bay, Wisconsin, and the election campaign of Hoover and Al Smith. The town was half catholic and half protestant,



the catholics voting for Al Smith; the protestants for Hoover, and all the school children took sides themselves. Joyce's father went downtown and bought a radio (their first) so they could hear

the voice of Hoover when he was inaugurated. The radio was in the corner of the dining room and they all sat around the dining room table while her father tuned the squealing, whistling knob. She said the radio was black, decorated with Grecian figures.

**Clare Eschelman** talked about Nebraska during the Depression and the dust storms they went through. She told of blowing tumbleweed and piles of dust as big as snowdrifts against the fences. Her older brother drove the children who went to the town school the 5 miles to school through the storms while Clare watched out the window for the edge of the ditch to direct him away from it.

**Keith Burkett** took us to Vincennes, Indiana "a scattering of houses and barns" where the Wabash flooded every year. When he was in third grade his grandmother died and his whole family moved in to Grandpa Shaw's house to help out. It was bigger than their house, and Grandpa Shaw had books and Martin houses, and they brought the stove in and set it up every winter. He talked of the standard wheat and corn, but he mentioned twice the apple orchard and the beehives there. A favorite, I thought.

**Ellen Dozier** told us about old downtown Durham where all the commerce was (no malls then), and where mothers wore hats and gloves. The big treat for children was having lunch at Harley's Cafeteria. She was one of seven children and went to school at Watts Street Elementary School.

I had to leave early and missed the urban reminiscences of **Rennée Lord** and **Catherine Tillmann** as well as **Willie Mae Jones's** story of fixing hot dogs on Halloween for trick and treaters.

I was heartily sorry to miss even one minute of this occasion, filled with vivid memories.

ED

## Who are these handsome residents?

Watch the Bulletin Board for identities later.

THEN

Mr. Westinghouse who loved to play tennis?



“Pioneer” who plays bridge, gardens, etc.,  
and has most interesting door décor?



## Our Tidal Basin Cherries

Don't miss seeing our cherry trees in bloom. They are opposite Cottage 1 on the grassy hill that points toward the Wellness Center door. As of this writing they are coming into peak bloom. If you wait too long you can still see the blossom drop on the grass beneath them, almost as pleasing as peak bloom,. Chad tells me he planted them to make a contrast to all the broad-leaved evergreens and landscaping bushes. They are what you would see around the Tidal Basin in Washington, DC, but you need not go that far.

**Loveliest of trees, the cherry now  
Is hung with blooms along the bough.**

**A.E. Housman**





Bob Blake's  
*Puzzle*

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

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

**Eye on the Weather**

AIR	CYCLONE	FRONT	MOISTURE	SQUALL
AGITATION	DAMP	GULLYWASHER	MONSOON	STORM
BLAST	DISTURBANCE	GUSTY	NIMBUS	SUNSHINE
BREEZY	DOWNPOUR	GUSTS	NORTHERLY	SULTRY
BLUSTER	DRY	HAZY	OVERCAST	SWELTERING
BRISK	FAIR	HOT	PRECIPITATION	TORNADO
CALM	FLURRIES	HURRICANE	PRESSURE	THUNDER
CLEAR	FOG	ICY	RISE	TWISTER
CLOUDY	FORECAST	LOW	RIDGE	WETTER
CUMULUS	FREEZING	LIGHTNING	SHOWER	WEATHER
			SNOW	ZERO