

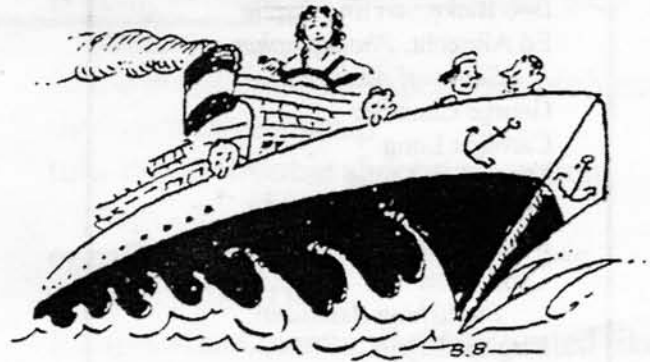
A Day at the Helm

I went down one early morning to the front desk to get a *Chronicle* and, finding the usual beehive of activity, I decided to drop in a chair behind the desk and see what it's like up here at the helm. **Pat Gallagher** is calling the "I'm OK" list: one at 8:00am, eleven between 8:30 and 9:00; one calls at 9:00, but if she hasn't, Pat calls her; one at noon. Though offered the new Alert system to report in, most would still prefer to say good morning to this very real person and get a weather report: "It's cool today; if you're going out you might need a sweater." **Judy Huff** from Housekeeping drops by for instructions on guest rooms: which are for check-out and which for touchup. **Steve Fishler** stops by on his way upstairs and gives us all a good morning. Pat approves of the tie his thirteen-year-old daughter has chosen for him. This is a customary morning ritual for him and his daughter

Floyd Lassiter breezes in, full of energy and good nature, to pick up his list for the day. Pat calls **Sharitta Cuttino** to find out if the envelopes are ready for bill stuffing. It's the 5th of the month and several people have already called to find out where the bills are. They are due in the boxes on the fifth business day of the month. Pat seals and distributes the envelopes to the boxes.

A call about the beauty shop comes in: "It's closed today. Jessica's granddaughter is sick, and she says she'll 'be in Timbucktu.'" Then a call about the bus for A Southern Season; it's leaving from the Health and Wellness Center. Someone needs directions to Holbrook. A resident's daughter comes to borrow the wheelchair behind the front desk, kept for just such a purpose.

A furniture repair man named Sonny Crutchfield shows up to carry off **Mrs. Atwater's** chairs. Pat calls her, and as he waits, a resident wheels up



asking help in threading her Alert button on the lanyard. Sonny drops to one knee and does it in a second.

A resident comes to look at the *USA Philatelic* catalog, from which she orders the stamps she wants. If Pat calls **David Weaver** before 8:15 in the morning, he brings the specially requested stamps that day. But David is in Budapest this week, so Pat runs by the post office on her lunch hour and gets the stamps! Sometimes Glenn does this task. By this time I'm beginning to think we are spoiled.

A resident leaves her Guglhupf bread behind the counter while she goes out. Another calls to know if any keys have been found. Pat has none, but calls Security to see if they have any. The Lost and Found items stay behind the desk for a week; after that they are sent to Security. She gives application forms to a job applicant, and all morning directs the music teachers to their meeting in our auditorium.

(Continued on page 4)

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

As we begin the new year there are no momentous issues on the table. However, there are ongoing discussions important to our community, especially regarding conservation and resources. These include but are not limited to ways to save water and the use of energy-saving light bulbs. The use of paper tablecloths and napkins has not destroyed the ambience of the dining room and is a major step forward during this time of severe drought.

Participation and contributions by residents to the Employee Appreciation Fund were very good this year. Over \$48,000 was distributed in December under a revised formula that took into account longevity of service and hours worked. Thank you, Bruce Rubidge and others, who devoted long hours to develop a more equitable formula.

To our regret, Barry Cayne has found it necessary to resign from the RA Board. Tynette Hills has agreed to chair the Resident Services Committee. I am happy to announce that Katherine Holton has agreed to join the RA Board. Upon approval by the Board she will chair the Caucus Committee, a position that she handled so ably in the past.

We await a copy of the Bylaws of the TFAD as revised by the Board of Directors. No definitive changes are expected regarding the process for selecting and appointing residents to the TFAD Board. The three resident members of the TFAD Board have been appointed to several committees, including Long Term Planning for the next three to five years. An important basis for this planning will be the survey of all residents to begin in late January or February. We urge every resident to respond thoughtfully to this comprehensive survey.

Bill Anderson

In Memoriam

John Jay TePaske	December 1, 2007
Vivien F. Ruppert	December 20, 2007
Gretchen Curless	December 25, 2007

LOVE YOUR LIBRARY



With winter weather finally arriving, it's time to have a good book waiting to be enjoyed indoors. Look for one or more in our library. Remember that our newest ones are available on the big table, with more being added weekly.

If you want a book from the Durham County Library without having to go over there, use its OASIS service here on alternate Thursdays. (Check the Activities schedule for dates and times.) Remember that if you take out an OASIS book, it should be returned to OASIS, not to our library. If you are unable to be here on OASIS day, leave a note with your name in the book and ask our desk assistant to handle it separately. If you borrow directly from the County Library itself, those books should be returned directly, not through OASIS. Lending services are a bonus but all librarians try to keep track of their responsibilities.

Here at the TFAD library, when you sign out a book, be sure to give the complete date, as in 1/4/08. We check the last year the book was taken out, and if over four, it may be a candidate for elimination to prevent overcrowding of our shelves.

Another help for our library volunteers is to keep things in order. Magazines must be shelved alphabetically by title, and videotapes also. Books go by author. Desk assistants on duty are glad to do the shelving.

Have you looked at our Modern Library section in the Classroom? Those volumes, all classics, are hardbound with good print in a convenient size. They are worth reading—or rereading—and our collection has grown.

Our donated newspapers are popular. They are on sticks to keep them together. They are not to be taken out of the library or clipped, either. If you want the crossword puzzle or Sudoku, just Xerox it (and put your dime in the box for the Residents' Association!).

Our Library Committee of 22 residents

works hard to keep our library running smoothly, and we appreciate the help of all users. So does the Residents' Association, which maintains the copy machine.

Happy New Year!

Mary Ruth Miller

Omari Hester's Thank You

from the Staff to the Residents

I'm thankful for the times that I spend with you each year,

I'm thankful for the wisdom that surrounds me which helps my vision to clear.

I'm thankful for the chance to learn something new every day;

Thankful for the kind words and the chastisement that you sometimes must say.

I'm thankful that I now have a family that transcends color or creed.

I'm thankful for you all, and I pray that you are thankful for me.

A Day at the Helm continued

(Continued from page 1)

Steve Tuten drops by to leave his cell phone number with Pat since he's carrying **Mary Ann Ruegg** off to Oklahoma.

Carole Lumia passes by carrying a tray on which are two pieces of Fruit of the Forest pie! A minute later **Barbara Birkhead** shows up carrying the two pieces of pie. She asks to leave them behind the counter while she dances off somewhere. Floyd calls from his van to say he's held up in traffic but will soon be here for his client. The calls have kept up steadily during all the morning activity.

After lunch I find Pat unclogging her paper shredder with a letter opener. She is successful, and then turns to her computer to work on the sign for Mal's Music. This is not part of her job description, but she helps Ibby with the activity signs, "Because

I wanted to learn how to do it." During a lull that takes place at siesta time Pat tells me a story about her first job at the AT&T switchboard (the old-fashioned kind) in Alexandria, Virginia. Through them were routed calls to the White House and Pentagon. One day her friend got a call from an irritable LBJ saying, "Do you realize this is the Vice President of the United States?" Her friend answered, "Do you realize I put you there?"

I have looked at a copy of Pat's job description. It carries 34 items, the 34th being "Other duties as assigned." By mid-afternoon my head is spinning and I say, "How do you do all this?" Her answer is, "I love it!"

Joanne Ferguson

Mystery People

Two English Majors



Celebration of John Friedrich's Birthday

Thursday, November 29, 2007, dawned much as any other day in November this year, but by 7:30 am it was becoming obvious that nothing else about the day would be "ordinary."

There seemed to be an unusual spring in the steps of the café staff, as if something might be about to happen. It took a few minutes for the unsettled feeling to solidify. But, oh boy, when it did!

The Breakfast Group assembled slowly, then became a full table with two side tables, and John Friedrich came in, looking around, peering sharply from his elevated walker.



The staff began serving the usual orders for breakfast, being careful to abide by the rules of each personal taste. Then an array of kazoos were delivered to each one at the tables, various colors, of course, but all of the same careful design so that each instrument was "in tune" to give a characteristic variety to the birthday tune. After John had finished his breakfast, the signal was given, the staff brought forth a beautiful three layer cake decorated with the usual white icing with blue trim and began to plate out the whole cake. As if Paul Bryan himself were

there, the group picked up the kazoos, and "sang out" the birthday song. Not once, but twice!!

Then two staff from the Maintenance Department appeared and proceeded to give John their special rendition of "Happy Birthday."

After the smoke had cleared a bit, John himself rose, walked briskly to the back table, produced his trumpet, turned around and, by jingo! belted out a terrific version of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Having surprised us, John then sat back down at the head of the table, and breathed with a sigh, "I almost ran out of breath."

John opened his gifts, demonstrating each: a set of floaters made into a salt and pepper set, and a medallion sporting the message "Happy B'day Boy." John gave a thank-you speech as follows: "I had an anstipitorious time and I'm teetotatiously pesanktified."

Just as the birthday cards flowed in, and John was enjoying each, in walked Steve Fishler, who admired the spirit of the cake but decided to stick to morning coffee.

We finished our cake, ate some breakfast, and congratulated John on another stellar year, and melted away to start our busy day at The Forest. We turned back to smile at the prospective couple who seemed somewhat amused by the "event" but enjoyed it as much as we did.

Caroline Long

Welcome New Residents

Photos by Ed Albrecht

Muriel Kirkland

Apartment 2035 489-9237

Muriel Kirkland is a native of Bergenfield, New Jersey. Her family moved to Durham when she was still in grade school, and she attended junior high and high school here. She went on to The Women's College of the University of North Carolina where she majored in business. She married George K. Kirkland, a Durham native, in 1938. She worked in the treasurer's office at Duke until Dr. Kirkland, a dentist, was called to active military service. She accompanied him to Barstow, California, where he was stationed at the Mohave anti-aircraft range where she served as a plane spotter in the desert heat. When the Kirklands returned to civilian life after the war, Muriel assumed the role of wife and mother. She was active as a scout leader, as a driver for the Red Cross, in the First Presbyterian Church, and in the Republican Club, and was a member of the group that organized DILR. She has a daughter who is a physician in Baltimore, a son in Durham who is a dentist, a daughter in Chapel Hill, and seven grandchildren. She has enjoyed water skiing, sailing, arts and crafts, sewing, and reading.



Lloyd and Anne Redick

Apartment 1035 489-9736

The Redicks have their roots in Ohio. In fact, Anne says she grew up all over the state. They went to Ohio State University where Lloyd received his bachelor's and medical degrees and Anne specialized in X-ray technology, a field in which she was employed until their second child came along. Lloyd served in the Navy and then spent 10 years on the medical faculty at the University of Kentucky. Later he joined the Duke faculty as Professor of Anesthesiology, also serving in the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology. The Redicks have a daughter in Newark, Delaware, a son in Cary, and two sons and a daughter in Durham. Both Redicks have been active in Grace Lutheran Church. Lloyd has belonged to a number of medical societies and is interested in golf and woodworking. Anne has been involved in the Duke hospital auxiliary, the Nearly New Shoppe and meals on wheels. She enjoys reading, crosswords, and, especially, their home in Myrtle Beach and their ten grandchildren.

New Residents continued



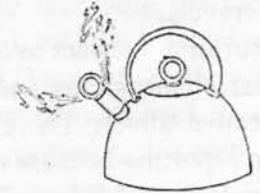
Dug and Anne Scougale

Cottage 64 489-5694

Doug and Anne Scougale were both raised in rural southeast Arkansas, not 40 miles apart. They did not however meet until their final year at the University of Arkansas in 1954 when Anne graduated with a B.S. in Speech and Doug with an M.S. in Geology. They were married in 1955 in Hawaii where Doug was completing two years of required Army service. Doug began work as a petroleum geologist at Standard Oil of Ohio (Sohio) the following year. In 1960 he was transferred to Sohio's home office in Cleveland, Ohio, where Anne worked as Religious Education Director for the West Shore Unitarian Church. She later received her M.S. in Social Work Practice from Case Western Reserve University and worked in that field until Doug retired in 1986 when they moved to San Diego. In 2004 they moved to Durham to be closer to their daughter Gwen and her family in Cary, and for Doug's medical care at Duke. They also have a son Doug Jr. who is a shopkeeper in Woodland, CA.

Last Whistle

Last week while cleaning my bedroom, changing the sheets, and polishing the furniture, I grew weary. Before I vacuumed the floor, I decided, a cup of hot chocolate with marshmallows would taste good as I scanned the Senior Times for events to enhance my day. I put my little life-time kettle on the stove with enough water to make it whistle, then went back in the bedroom to dust the pictures. Suddenly, I smelled something burning and rushed to turn off the red-hot burner. I rescued a blackened hulk and discarded my faithful kettle into the trash bin.



While shopping for a new one, I found, much to my surprise, colors including yellow, orange, blue, and purple—all the shades in a rainbow. The sizes varied from teacup to large electric wizard. Oh my! The prices were shocking—a few dollars upward to almost a hundred.

I concluded from the names that kettles are made in many countries. After comparing design, size, color, and cost using the sale coupon as well as my senior discount, I chose one that would lift my spirits by whistling loud and clear enough to hear in any room of my house.

I hurried home, opened the box, removed the kettle, and filled it half full. Following closely the directions in the booklet, I plugged in my new, red American Beauty. It will take a few seconds for the whistle to sound, I thought, so I went into the bedroom to make my bed and waited for the whistle that did not sound.

A fog of misty steam drew me toward the kitchen. My new kettle was sounding the alarm, doing its job as the first had tried to do. Only when I was near enough to touch it, did I detect the warning—calling out to ears that could no longer hear—before my American Beauty kettle went dry and met the same end as the first.

Willie Mae Jones

TFAD TRAVELERS

Happy New Year! And our travelers have doubtless made resolutions regarding their traveling for 2008—either for or against. Some have already begun their travels.

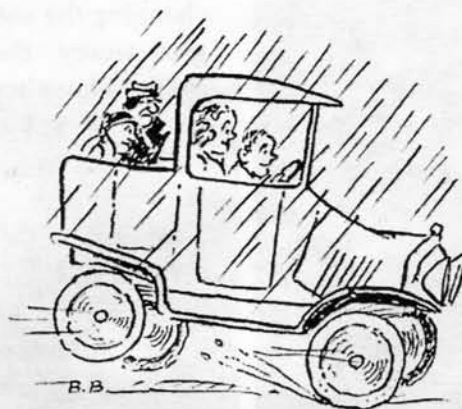
But first we want to discuss special Thanksgiving and other November travels. There is a time lag in reporting because of the schedule for publishing *The Forester*.

Clare Eshelman was one of nineteen family members at the Thanksgiving table in Michigan, who waited two hours for the twentieth to arrive on a plane that was late. Grandson John shepherded **Mary Louise Holland** through airports for a wonderful Thanksgiving visit to her daughter in Chicago.

But the best celebration of all—a truly blessed Thanksgiving—was that of **Willie Mae Jones** in our Rose Room overlooking the lovely rose garden. Her two sons, Jerry and wife Lyn from Baton Rouge, and Wiley and wife Margarita from Potomac, MD, with their daughters Catherine and Helleni, and little grandsons Christian and Patrick, gathered for the first family reunion in many years. With friends there were ten at the table. When they walked outside, picture taking and much conversation made it a perfect day.

Others made longer trips in November. **Frank** and **Dudley Sargent** were in Hawaii that entire month. **Harriet** and **George Williams** were in South Carolina and Georgia from November 11 'til December 4. **Lucie Jacobson** visited her daughter in New York from November 16 to the 27th, and **Loma Young** was gone from November 14 to December 2nd in north Georgia and Greenville, SC, with family.

And now for December! Much traveled **Marilyn** and **Stan Ulick** started that month off with a tour to Egypt from the first to the 15th, their first trip to that ancient country. The trip was strenuous, but they were especially impressed by the beautiful colors on the walls of the tombs, preserved over so many cen-



turies.

Carol Scott made a very special day trip to Charlotte on December 3 with her Carrboro daughter Elisabeth, to see her Vietnamese daughter-in-law My Chi become an American citizen. When asked what her parents thought about her becoming an American, tiny My

Chi laughed and said, "They think I will become fat!" (Some comment on our country!)

Evebell Dunham and **Molly Simes** went on a Caribbean cruise with scuba diving before Christmas. It was picture-perfect, Molly said on return. **Barbara Birkhead** had a pre-Christmas visit with her sons and grandchildren in Williamsburg over the weekend of the 16th. **Anne Rice** had a long Christmas vacation with her only son and grandson in Oregon, where she enjoyed snow. **Mary Hobart** had a busy December 25 and 26 in Raleigh at her son's, where her daughter came from St. Louis, and her twin grandsons celebrated their eighth birthday on the day after Christmas.

Mary Jones had a lovely after-Christmas visit to family in California. Her Texas daughter escorted her to San Jose, from where they drove with her husband and daughter to Monterey to join another daughter and husband, and celebrated New Year's in Fresno. Mary was to return on the third of January.

Fran Bryant's after-Christmas trip was to Orlando for a family reunion to celebrate the 90th birthday of her indomitable sister, who still drives her vintage Buick.

Additional December travels include **Elaine Hastings** to Washington, DC, to visit family, **John Henry** and **Mary Gates** to spend Christmas with her sister in Connecticut, and **Bob Ward** to New York. And our exercise guru, **Becky Binney**, visited her mother in Alexandria, VA, before Christmas.

Perhaps for next month we will have details of some of these travels.

Carol Scott

Durham Memories

Caroline Long remembers:

Today my electronic ticket to Memphis arrived. As I opened the envelope, the faded Memory Book in the back of my mind suddenly opened to the page dated July 1, 1950.

That was the day I arrived in Durham, which was to be my address for the next 57 years and counting.

I deplaned from the stairs at the tail of the plane, walked along the 20-foot line of luggage, spotted my one bag, took it and headed for the nearby cab station where two cabs were waiting.

I didn't go into the "terminal" but noted a southern farm house building with four or five rocking chairs on the front porch, and a glimpse inside revealed a potbellied stove. I remember thinking, "It's like the end of the world." But the landscape was so green. And after four years in Baltimore, every pine tree seemed to be a welcoming sign. Later, when I bragged about the greenness, my older brother remarked, "Well, it does take the poorest soil of all to grow a pine, you know." Brothers are like that.

Undaunted, I was off onto a new path in my life, and nothing was going to squelch my enthusiasm.

And nothing did, until I arrived at Duke Hospital, only to find that there were no quarters for female interns, so we were relegated to the fourth floor of Baker House (the nurses' residence), no AC, no fan. No one had told the architects of Duke Hospital that they should consider the prevailing wind when building in the South, so the entire complex was not properly oriented to take advantage of the natural airways. This resulted in stagnation of hot, humid air, and lots of it. I got through the first two nights, then at the first moment of freedom from duty, dashed down to Ninth Street and purchased a fan.

Never mind, I was in the most exciting active medically sophisticated atmosphere that Internal Medicine could have in 1950, and soon became so engrossed in the internship that I even forgot the green that greeted me as I landed at RDU. It was

years before even the Private Diagnostic Clinic was air conditioned, and MANY years before the entire hospital complex was included in the comfort of air conditioning.

What memorable days!!

My first Christmas at Duke Hospital was ... but that's a different story altogether.



Maidi Hall remembers:

There was a one-story frame structure at the airport with a long front porch. Hurricane Hazel in 1954 took the roof off that porch. The arrival and departure gates were actual gates in a chain link fence, through which the passengers walked from terminal to plane. In those days Piedmont, which was the forerunner of USAir, used to land their twin engine DC3's and keep the engines running while passengers and baggage were expedited on and off, ensuring minimal turnaround time and the efficiency on which Piedmont based its business. One of those DC3's became a fixture at the Life&Science Museum after Piedmont no longer flew them. Things have certainly changed in the last 50 years!

---And how it was in the 1930s

Edith London was a brilliant but gentle artist who, after escaping Nazi Germany with her husband, settled in Durham in the 1930's. As we sat over our coffee cups thirty years later, she summed up with a sweet smile and her lingering German accent the contrast between the capitals of Europe and the bucolic Durham she first encountered: "In Durham you could get two kinds of cheese: cottage and Philadelphia."

Wandering in The Forest



O Pioneers!

The other Friday night I met **Rheta Skolaut** and **Dot Kornegay** in the hall and stopped to chat. They told me that poor **Ibby Wooten** was staying late because she was upstairs struggling with the copy machine. It kept clogging which made it heat up and turned the toner to molasses. She had a long day that didn't end until 8pm. Her trouble set them to talking about the early days before a copier and when they had to staple 30 pages of the Activities Monthly booklet by hand. Rheta said she went home with a numb hand.

Molly Simes had told me one day as we waited at the bank how they had to type everything. "And I still have my typewriter," she said, "And I don't mean an electric one either." So when the electricity goes down I guess we'll have to turn to Molly and Rheta to show us how to manage.

Helen Corbett told me that on her moving day she and her son went down to the dining room for dinner, but when she was ready to go back to her apartment she couldn't find it. There were no numbers on the walls yet, so she had to go outside, find her car, and then go in the door she had first come in.

Penelope Easton and **Laurie Lach** are among those who turn nostalgic and tell me how everybody ate in the dining room (there was no café then) and "We all knew each other."

* * * * *

Plant of the month from **Chad Saladay**

Chinese lacebark elm

Genus/species: *Ulmus parvifolia*

Family: Ulmaceae

Introduced from the Orient as a replacement for the American elm. Height +/- 50 feet, it is resistant to Dutch Elm Disease, has a broad head and straight trunk, and thrives in difficult sites. It has interesting bark patterns of grey and reddish brown in winter.

It is planted in the lower Assisted Living parking lot island and also forms the centerpiece of the island at the flagpole entrance.

Both Chad and Jim Thompson have a list of workers who are approved by The Forest if residents want garden work done that is outside Chad's contractual duties. Chad says that the spreading of pine straw will begin the week of December 17 and continue until it is complete. As is done every winter, trees in lawn areas which have low-hanging branches will be limbed up, and other necessary tree and shrub pruning will also be done. Replacement plantings will be scheduled with careful consideration of weather conditions that dictate his ability to water the newly planted trees or shrubs.

Editor

Batteries Not Included

Dear valued customer,
(Estimado y apreciado cliente)
You deserve Congratulations!
Jubilations! and all other appropriate-
 ations!
You now own one
of the world's premier, original,
and state-of-the-art blah-blahs.
Before attempting to reprogram your
 computer
for EZ installation of your new blah-blah
please study the enclosed manual,
starting with SAFETY.
Note especially our recommendation
against multi-tasking
with your blah-blah in the bathtub or
 shower
when it is plugged into the house current.
For your further protection we recom-
 mend
that you buy our extended 5-year war-
 rantee
underwritten by Snafu Ltd.,
manufacturer of your blah-blah.
Snafu Ltd. is a wholly-owned subsidiary
 of
renowned Fubar International Industries.

Before beginning EZ startup of your blah-
 blah
on page 40, check Table 5f, page 62
to be sure that the configuration of your
 computer
is compatible with your blah-blah soft-
 ware.
In the event that you experience problems
during or after startup
turn to the "trouble shooting" section,
 pages 83-124
or call our customer-friendly hotline 1-
 800-TUBAD4U.
Its up-to-date menus, cleverly nested like
 Russian dolls,
are waiting to help you talk
to one of our technical service representa-
 tives (TSR).
In order to save time when you finally do
 talk to a TSR,
be sure you have on hand:
date and place of purchase of your blah-
 blah,
your social security number,
drivers license, a viable credit card,
e-mail address and cell phone number.
For best results once you are up and run-
 ning
you should begin a rigorous maintenance
 schedule.
Go to blather@snafu.com for instructions.
Here's wishing you many happy years
with your new blah-blah! Lots of luck!

Ned Arnett

Bob Blake's

PUZZLE

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

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

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THINGS WITH A BEGINNING

ARGUE	CHURCH SERVICE	HEADACHE	MINUET	SEASON
AUTUMN	CONSTRUCTION	HOME	MOTHERHOOD	SERMON
AVALANCHE	DAY	JOURNEY	NAP	SPRING
BABY	DINNER	LAUGHTER	NIGHT	SAGA
BANK ACCOUNT	ENTERTAINMENT	LAWSUIT	NOVEL	SONG
BIOGRAPHY	FATHERHOOD	LECTURE	PARTY	SUMMER
BOOK	FENCE	LINE	PLAY	TRIP
CATARACT	FIGHT	LUNCH	PRAYER	VACATION
CENTURY	GAME	MELODY	PUZZLE	WAR
CEREMONY	HABIT	MILLENNIUM	RACE	WINTER