

THE FORESTER

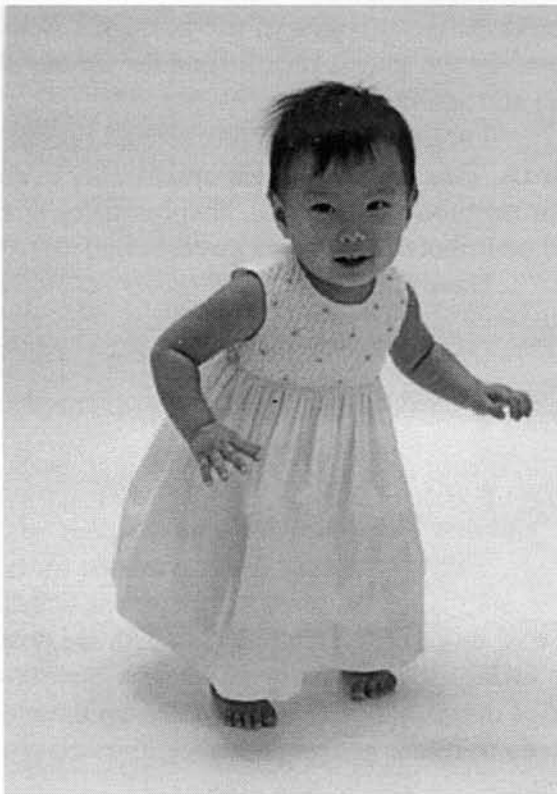
Volume 14 Issue 9

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

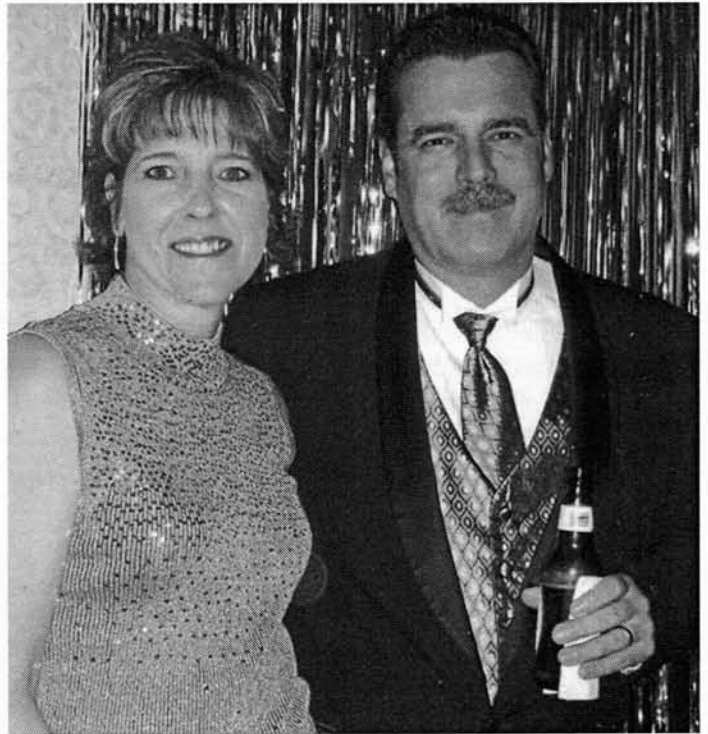
June 2008

Laurie Lach, Sixteen-Year Veteran

Laurie Lach was born and brought up just outside Buffalo, New York, one of three children. She remembers the blizzard of 1977 when her father was stranded at work for three days. The drifts at the side of the road were higher than the top of the van. One winter her father made a pond in the front yard for the children to skate on. She said she wasn't good at it because her ankles turned, but she can cross country ski. Every winter in Durham she longs for snow, and was delighted the year we had our two-foot snowstorm. As some of you will remember, that was the year Laurie's brother **Joe McMoil** walked four miles through the snow to get to the Forest.



GiGi



Laurie and Bryan — New Year's Eve

Laurie's summer memories are of riding her bike six miles across town to get to her friends and six miles back to dinner. After dinner it was out again, with a race against the clock to get home before dark.

She got an associate degree in hotel management from Alfred State in New York, and after graduation worked at the Sheraton at Crabtree Valley. On July 31, 1992, she came for an interview at the Forest with Mark Maxwell, then director of Dining Services, who needed a dining services secretary. Mark sat her down at the computer to work with Lotus 123. She managed to get through it, just barely, and drove home thinking, "I'll never get that job." As she opened her door the phone was ringing; she

(Continued on page 3)

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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In Memoriam

Wheelan, Latham E. "Bud" May 8, 2008

Brinkmeyer, Mary Yarbrough May 14, 2008

President's Podium

Caucuses have played a prominent role during the past year of campaigning for presidential nominations. Here at The Forest with the able leadership of our caucus chair, Katherine Holton, we residents have our own adaptation of a caucus system that has become an integral part of governance by the Residents Association.

The Bylaws of the RA states that "the Caucus Committee shall facilitate the exchange of information pertinent to residents through a network of caucus leaders who will maintain telephone trees for emergency situations." To implement this directive our resident community is divided into twelve neighborhood clusters, each with its own leader. An additional caucus serves residents of the Health Care Center. Each caucus meeting provides opportunity for grass roots discussion about current issues, interests and concerns. Occasionally guest speakers are invited to participate. A summary of the discussion is brought to the attention of the Residents Association Board by the caucus chairperson for further discussion and action.

I urge everyone to promote and support your caucus. This is an important opportunity to enjoy your neighbors, participate in community discussion, and contribute to effective governance.

Have a good summer!

Bill Anderson

Garden Plots! Garden Plots!

There are garden plots available for new residents (or old). Call Frank Melpolder at 489-2234 to reserve one. Assignments with a plan are posted on the inside of the shed door. The first Saturday morning of every month is garden clean-up time to clear weeds from the garden paths.

LOVE YOUR LIBRARY



Do you enjoy getting acquainted with people you never expect to meet? Some no longer living? Then the biographies in our library are for you. To the right of the computer desk, they are shelved alphabetically by their subject, as a life of Woodrow Wilson is in the W's, identified by the letter in the green circle on the spine. Political figures, opera stars, sports heroes, personal stories—we have a wide variety.

Are you interested in Barack Obama? We have his *The Audacity of Hope* and *Dreams From My Father*. In the Clintons? We have several in the C's. Writers as subjects are well represented, including Agatha Christie, Charles Dickens, Percy B. Shelley, James A. Michener, Edith Wharton, E.B. White, and William Shakespeare. James Herriot's animal books are there. So are John Muir, Will Rogers, the Lindberghs, Marco Polo, Peter the Great, and Nikita Khrushchev. National leaders like Abraham Lincoln, the Kennedys, the Roosevelts, the Reagans are well represented. Supreme

Court Justice Sandra Day O'Connor is there too.

Some volumes, labeled "Multis" are on the bottom shelves. They are about several subjects, such as first ladies.

Less well-known persons can make enjoyable, informative reading—like Pauli Murray's *Proud Shoes*, about her experiences as a black person in the Durham area.

A new biography is *Under Olive Trees* by Sally Bahous, who spoke in our auditorium May 2. In it she tells about the four years she and her family spent in Lebanon while her husband was doing graduate studies and she was reconnecting with her Palestinian family. Vivid descriptions of their adventures and experiences make entertaining and informative reading.

Non-fiction is often more satisfying than light fiction, even though it may be slower reading. Our minds need nourishment!

Mary Ruth Miller

Laurie Lach continued

(Continued from page 1)
was hired!

She has worked with five directors subsequently. When Barrie Lobo was dining services director, as some of you will remember, he and she were in a program in the auditorium, lip-synching "Baby It's Cold Outside," she dressed as a man and he as a woman. They were a howling success.

Laurie is Admissions Coordinator for the Health and Wellness Center, working closely with the team to help with admissions into and discharges from the Center. Her present boss is Leslie Jarema, "a great boss to work for." A great deal of her time is spent on Medicare. "There are lots of rules and regulations." Most of her computer skills are self-taught, but "Mark Williams is a huge help."

On April 13, 2007, she and her husband

Bryan went to Dulles airport to pick up their six-month old adoptive Korean daughter, who is named Gillian Grace. Bryan gave her the nickname of GiGi. (They haven't seen the movie.) GiGi is in an excellent daycare while Laurie is at work. They live in Efland in the country, with a cat and a dog. I've watched GiGi running down the hall to meet her Uncle Joe, who drops to his knees to catch her. This is a happy story.

Joanne Ferguson

In the Elevator

You may have seen a recent article in the N and O about our Durham Chief of Police. He had attended a City Council meeting about departmental reorganization and Capital needs. He told of city bus drivers seeing a band of unruly teens headed to Southpoint Mall and alerting dispatch while on route. "And lo and behold, Officer Friendly was there at the Mall to greet them and make sure their shopping needs were met." He ended his part of the interview by "urging all Durham residents to lock their doors, report suspicious activity and tip their waitresses."

The reason this resonated especially with me had happened several days before. I got into the elevator at the "big pickle" to go to lunch. A stalwart looking, handsome policeman, complete with gun, entered with us. I said, "You are one of my heroes, and who are you protecting today?" He said, "The city of Durham—today and every day. I'm your chief of police, Jose Lopez."

It's nice playing straightman, especially when the main actor smiles and shakes hands.

Carol Oettinger



Won't You Come Back, Jim Farley!



If election reform's such a wonderful thing
We the people should raise grateful voices.
The old party bosses have faded away,
And the voters can make their own choices.

The party primary seems with us to stay
With its televised furor and fuss.
Politicians whose hats get to stay in the ring
Are selected by voters like us.

But recalling those chosen in locked smoke-filled
rooms

Makes me long for those bad days of yore.
Still, what I hate most about primary voting—
It's made the conventions a bore.

Remember the night Willkie won the top spot?
Or the fight between Estes and Jack?
When Senator Dirksen wept over Bob Taft?
I wish those great days would come back!

I say bring back the smoke-filled hotel rooms
Where the old party bosses held sway.
They weren't democratic, but look whom they
gave us:

Two Roosevelts and Wilson, Ike and J.F.K.

George Chandler

reprinted from *Forester*, June 2004

TFAD TRAVELERS

With the advent of Spring, our residents have shaken off Winter lethargy and are out and about again, many to visit family members. Several traveled in April.

Lucie Jacobson spent a week in New York with her daughter. **Don** and **Helen Silver** visited with their daughter in Missouri, and said that, thankfully, it did not rain while they were there.

Claire Eshelman went to Rochester, MI, for her granddaughter's wedding., and **Stan** and **Marilyn Ulick** went to Atlanta to see their granddaughter in a play.

Kelly Matherly spent about a week with her sister in Pittsburgh. **Jean Anderson** made a visit to Cape Cod.

Libby and **Harry Whittaker** made their monthly trip to their home in Wintergreen, VA, near their son's home, and followed this with a weekend at the beach with a classmate of Libby's from Denver, and in May to the Outer Banks with another classmate.

Steve Tuten's tour "Art, Music and the 'New' Mount Vernon" included **Earl Davis**, **Sarah McCracken**, **Rosalind Alexander**, **Betsy Close** and **Caroline Long**, who said that the new museum about Washington at Mount Vernon was very fine.

Murry Perlmutter attended a woman's conference in Chicago. **Elaine Sandahl** made a five-day visit to her former home in Camden, S. C., staying with friends, partying, and attending a recital on her grand piano, which she had given to her church.

The **Oettingers** and **Robertsons** also traveled in April, and at the end of the month **Hildegard Ryals'** sister from California came here for a short visit and then the two went to New York for a three-day gathering of "a small cluster of a large family."

George and **Harriet Williams** left at the end of April to stay at their home in Charleston, S.C., until early June, and **Blaine** and **Irene Nashold** also left at the end of April for a month in Kentucky near their daughter.

In May there was even more traveling, beginning in the first full week.

Ginny Goldthorp was in Tampa over a long Mothers' Day weekend, going for her son's birthday. Her daughter came from VA and they went on to Bradenton Beach.

At the same time **Carol Scott** and her Carrboro daughter Elisabeth flew to Chicago for a full weekend of opera, plays and museums with Elisabeth's son Benjamin.

The blue streak in Carol's hair complemented Benjamin's pink (for Spring) locks.

Sally Sheehan was at Bald Head Island beach then with her children.

On another Tuten Tour, **Mary Ruth Miller** and **Marjorie Jones** during that same week journeyed to Longwood Gardens, VA, and Hershey, PA

Stan and **Marilyn Ulick** attended their grandson's graduation in Chicago, and **Henry** and **Martha Fairbank** went to the graduations of two grandchildren, one from Skidmore and one in Boston. **Paul** and **Ginny Bryan** were there for their granddaughter's graduation from Trinity in CT.

Coolidge Elkins spent several days at Emerald Isle beach; **Bill** and **Dottie Burns** went to the Inner Harbor in Baltimore; and **Loma Young** spent the latter half of May with her sister and family in Greenville, S.C.

Farthest of all, **Martha Mendenhall**, **Elaine Sandahl**, and **Helen Monson** went to Bermuda on a Norwegian Cruise Line ship from Charleston, docking at St. George's for five days; and **Steven Baxter** spent three weeks from May into June in Budapest, Vienna and Prague (my favorite European capitals) for an Opera Festival.

Carol Scott

Welcome New Residents

Photos by Ed Albrecht

Greg and Jeanne Lockhead

Cottage 37

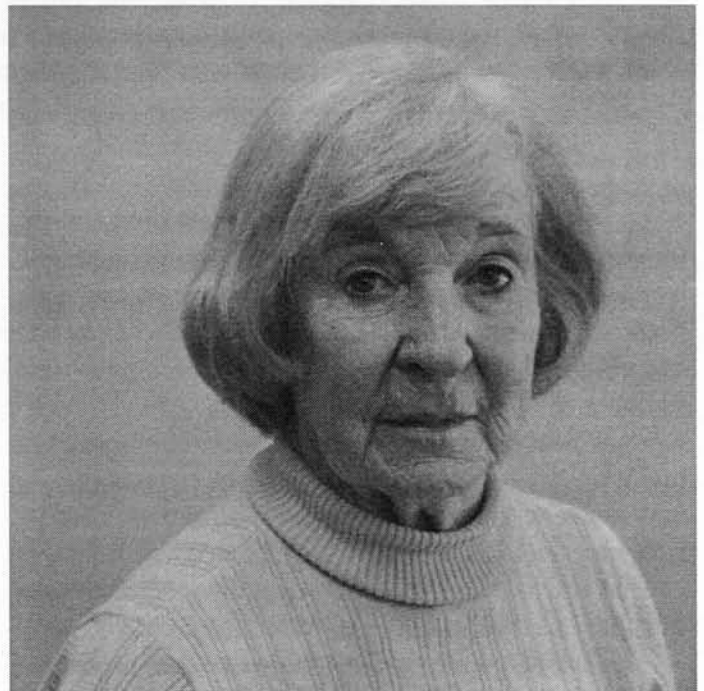


Both Greg and Jeanne grew up in Salem, Massachusetts. Greg is a graduate of Tufts University where he studied economics and psychology. He earned his PhD in psychology from Johns Hopkins University. Greg and Jeanne have three children, all living in Durham, two of whom are in business for themselves. Over the years, Greg has been involved in activities with the Lions Club. Jeanne has volunteered at the Rock-a-Baby Gift Shop at Duke Hospital and has been an active member of Westminster Presbyterian Church in Durham. Both enjoy reading and their grandchildren.

Claranne Johnson

Apartment 4048 493-0708

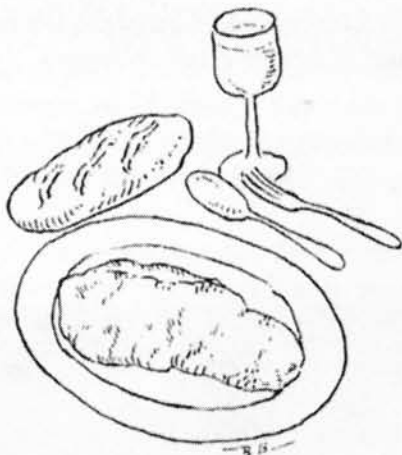
Claranne was born and brought up in Beardstown in central Illinois. She earned bachelors and masters degrees at the University of Illinois and continued her studies in clinical psychology at Penn State. It was at the University of Illinois that she met her late husband, Robert Curtis Johnson. She comes to the Forest from Boulder, Colorado, where she practiced as a psychotherapist working with, among others, adolescents in the juvenile court system. She has had a lifetime interest in music and theater. She has sung in a Bach choir in Pennsylvania, and, as she puts it, "attempts to play" piano and harp. She is a member of the Unitarian Church. Claranne's daughter lives in Durham where she edits the magazine "All About Beer," and has been featured as a columnist in the *News & Observer*.



Where to Eat Returns

The Triangle has a number of pricey palaces where the chefs delight in producing dainty dishes at terrifying tariffs. Well, now that gasoline has hit \$4 a gallon, it doesn't seem so bad. They do delicious dishes.

In Cary, cunningly concealed at the Harrison St. exit to the left off I-40 is the sumptuous Hotel Umstead with its glamorous restaurant: Herons. On my first visit I discovered three mini-burgers, cooked to order with Prime Beef and Kobe Beef, sauces of bourbon ketchup, garlic aioli and a Dijon mustard sauce, each in a delicious homemade pastry. Well worth the \$16.50. An accompanying Bloody Mary, no brand requested, was \$14.



The hotel and its grounds are spacious, with terraces, gardens, and impressively European architecture. Artwork everywhere. The restaurant is impressive, with spotlights and cozy corners, silverware and china dazzle. Service is particularly attentive and friendly.

Returning with my wife, usually a good brake on my enthusiasms, we had the lobster she-crab soup, with a generous dollop of sherry. Exquisite. Her salad was exceptional, she reported. and I couldn't resist the mini-burgers again. Other entrees intrigued us, but why improve on perfection?

Nana's continues to maintain superior quality. Hurry before the soft-shell crab season is over. The restaurant does them right well. It is one of those

restaurants that does everything right, including not intimidating folks with an haute-cuisine ambiance. And if you feel really self-indulgent, you won't be disappointed by the desserts

A virtual neighbor three blocks down Pickett at 2701 Chapel Hill Road, is Foursquare. Located in an old Victorian house and featuring a screened porch in the fine weather, this restaurant reliably serves fresh local produce fancied up in creative ways by chef Shane Ingram. The menu changes each month and in May entrees swing from morel mushrooms, fava beans and rice croquettes, to pan-fried ostrich. If you start off with apple cider and braised baby octopus, your bravery will be rewarded.

Magnolia Grill remains one of the best restaurants in Durham. If you come Forest-early to dinner, you may not need a reservation. You'll be seated near the bar however, and there may be a going-away party for good old Harry of the Decibel Factory. Still, the food is good enough to suffer for. Ben and Karen Barker are the chef-owners and they have a magic touch. She specializes in desserts, so order that early. They can provide a sweet Muscat with a creamy terrine of liver. Don't miss it. Making recommendations is sort of futile, since everything they make is marvelous

List of Recent Recommendations

April

Watts Grocery

Vin Rouge

Tonali's

May

Piedmont

Vin Rouge

Rue Cler

June

Hérons at Hotel Umstead

Nana's

Foursquare

Magnolia Grill

Escoffier

Wandering in The Forest



When talk at the Gathering Table in the café turned to bomb scares of the 60s and 70s, **Peg Lewis** said she and her son Tom were evacuated from a Minnesota Twins baseball game. When they were allowed back in, there, in the middle of the diamond, were the ballplayers playing cards on the grass with a circle of admiring kids behind them. She thinks Tom has finally forgiven her for hauling him out of that stadium.

Reminisce revisited WWII. **Oliver Ferguson**, in a small village in Alsace was arranging quarters for troops. He skipped a tiny house front that looked too small, but as he came back up the street, met a mother with a little boy, who had been crying. His mother said he was crying because his house was ripped. So Oliver and two others spent four happy days there.

Bill Anderson rattled off his dog tag number (37570152) and told us that in the spring of 1945 he and a friend went to Washington, DC, where a Republican senator who knew his family took them around to meet the Vice President, Harry Truman, “a very thrilling experience.” Ten days later FDR died.

Martha Mendenhall says she felt guilty because she had such a good time during the war. She went to Atlanta for Link trainers school and from there to a station fifty miles from Pensacola, Florida. The trainers were taken in a school bus to the St. Charles hotel there, where there were six beds in a room. The next day they went to the beach. Although they were never allowed to train the same airman twice, the guys came to the beach, neatly sidestepping the rule against fraternization. She and her fellow trainers kept up a Round Robin letter for decades after the war.

Renee Lord planned to enlist, but the war was

over before she was old enough. She remembered blind dates with servicemen in New York. And CARE Packages full of candy and cigarettes. Renee’s mother was a Rosie the Riveter in New Jersey.

Laurel Sherman was seventeen years old when the war was over and had dates “morning, noon, and night.” She had met Ed before the war when she was fourteen and they went to a movie. She walked out on him. They met again when she was sixteen and he asked her if she would write to him and she did. After the war they met again and he said, “Remember me?” She did. They were married in Chicago in a formal wedding under crossed swords.

Joyce Albrecht had two cousins who were killed in the war. The elder flew weapons and ammunition from North Africa to the French Resistance. He flew with a crew of eleven at night in a plane painted black, with no lights, staying under the mountain peaks to avoid anti-aircraft. When the plane went down the villagers nearby said it burned for eight days. They salvaged pieces of the wreck, kept them until after the war when they were returned to families, and they erected a monument in the village to the eleven airmen.

John Friedrich was at the University of Michigan in ASTP, training as an engineer when the Battle of the Bulge began and Patton called for troops. “We went as cannon fodder.” They were lost fifteen miles behind German lines and were shelled first by “friendly fire” and then German artillery. As he and a buddy hit the ground, a shell landed between the legs of his buddy—didn’t go off. Then one went off (John was carrying food in his tunic front) and a piece of shrapnel hit him in the chest, but was buried in his cheese. He described the “Screaming Mimis”--

(Continued on page 10)

Wandering in The Forest continued

(Continued from page 9)

eight shells in a circle hitting in the field all around him. He gives us a rendition of the sound of the shells. When the chaplain was holding a service he asked for John and his trumpet. A shell hit nearby, John dived and threw his trumpet. He had a long search before he found it. It now hangs on his wall. We all breathed a sigh of relief. He was in the Panama Canal, headed for Japan, when the A bomb was dropped.

Editor

Don't miss Robin's thank you letter "to my Forest family" on the front display board. Si writes "I was overwhelmed by the outpouring of love and good wishes upon my announcement of leaving The Forest....I did guess there would be warm words and feelings expressed....but that guess made me about as prepared for....the vision that awaited me in the Rose Garden...as I would have been with an umbrella in a tsunami....I had spent several hours going through the cards you all wrote to me (still not finished), with my trusty handkerchief at the ready....After all that, I was still not prepared when I came back to attend the Forest Singers' concert with their final song, 'You'll Never Walk Alone,' dedicated to me. The waterworks began in earnest then!" Robin wrote that when they headed home after the big party her youngest daughter said, "Man, they really love you, don't they?" **Yes, we do.**

Who Are They? by Mary Gates

Very popular at the USO



Pretty graduate in Arkansas

Walking the Aisles

I know my supermarkets inside out
from years of careful shopping:
Kroger, Whole Foods,
Harris Teeter, Target.
The Hillsborough Road Kroger is the best
for sausage patties and Belgian waffles.
Harris Teeter and Whole Foods
make the best baked goods.
Target has great customer assistance,
a critical factor for finding items
below waist level.

I get a kick out of watching
my fellow shoppers,
as they vary from store to store
and from time to time;
the young mother at Target
on any weekday morning,
with two toddlers in the cart
and a six-month-old
slung around her neck.
I love to see the huge Indian families
on weekends at Costco,
the grandmothers resplendent
in their magnificent saris,
rejoicing at the abundance
of so much food for so few rupees.

Why does Whole Foods
make me feel uncomfortable,
although they do make
the best croissants in the Triangle?
Maybe I really don't belong there.
I don't care about "organic,"
let alone vegan or New Age magazines
touting Tantric sex and astrology
at the checkout counter.

Or is it their clientele that sometimes gets me?
There is something about the very successful
man
with a high six-figure income
wearing conspicuously worn-through Levi's
which no self-respecting cowpoke
would be caught dead in,
or the once-beautiful woman,
a relic of the Joan Baez seventies,
with messy long gray hair
(once a heart-breaking auburn)
hanging down to her waist
that puts me off.

I'm such a snob!

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

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I HEAR MUSIC

ACCORDION	CHOPIN	FIDDLE	NOTE	SYMPHONY
BAGPIPES	CHOIR	FIFE	ORCHESTRA	TONE
BAND	CHORUS	GUITAR	ORGAN	TROMBONE
BANJO	CLARINET	HANDEL	OVERTURE	TRUMPET
BASS	CLEFT	HARMONICA	PIANO	UKULELE
BEETHOVEN	CONCERT	HARP	PICCOLO	VERSE
BELL	CARD	LISZT	RING	VIOLA
BUGLE	CYMBAL	LUTE	SAXOPHONE	VIOLIN
CALLIOPE	DRUM	MANDOLIN	SING	XYLOPHONE
CELLO	DUET	MELODY	SOUND	WHISTLE
CHIME	DVORAK	MOZART	STAFF	ZITHER