

THE FORESTER

Volume 15 Issue 3 A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

December 2008

Heather Estes Joins The Forest

When I passed **Ibby Wooten's** office and stuck my head in to ask if there was any particular day of the week that Activities was less busy than another, she burst out laughing. When I got hold of **Heather Estes** to set up an interview and asked her the same question, she, too, burst out laughing. She's now officially our new Assistant Activities Director, and we're fortunate that she and Ibby can laugh about their workload in one of the busiest departments at The Forest. Heather comes to us from The Cedars where for two and a half years she was the Programs Assistant. She says she enjoyed her time there and misses the members.

She was born in Raleigh. Her mother is a native of Durham, her father of Oxford, and her grandparents lived in Durham in a street off Club Boulevard, so she is no stranger in our midst. She graduated from Friendship Christian School in Raleigh and from Liberty University in Lynchburg, Virginia, where she majored in communications, concentrating on journalism. Her first job after graduation was as an office manager for a recreational gymnastics academy. She grew up doing gymnastics off and on. She still loves the sport, and says she didn't have the daring gut that keeps people at it seriously. She also worked as a legal assistant for a year at Monroe, Wyne & Wallace, a firm in Raleigh that specialized in elder law, wills, and estate planning, and incompetency proceedings and guardianship administration.

She bought a townhouse in Raleigh last year, and lives there with her cat, Angel, who has the blue eyes and voice of a Siamese. When she came to The Forest it increased her commute from thirty minutes to forty five. She eats lunch at her desk in order to leave in time to beat traffic. She's thinking of selling the Raleigh townhouse to buy one in Durham.

She and Ibby split up duties. She is starting on the December activities booklet the first week in No-



Photo by Ed Albrecht

member and shares evening duties with Ibby and **Becky Binney**. The day I visited her she had just got a new flat screen monitor about which she was excited. At home she has a Mac and makes the customary Mac-user's remark: "I love my Mac." She's taking a graphic design course at the Carrboro Arts Center.

If you saw the gigantic Batman at our Halloween celebration, you were looking at Walter Miller, Heather's boyfriend, who lives in Durham and works in the financial affairs office at the School of Dentistry at UNC. She has a photograph of him without the mask in her office, and he is a good looking guy.

When I quiz her about her taxing job she says matter-of-factly, "You do what you have to do to get it done."

Joanne Ferguson

The Forester

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In Memoriam**President's Podium**

Attendance at the November Residents Association Board meeting included members of last year's board together with newly elected members. The following chairs were appointed:

Cathrine Stickel —Developing a committee to working with the Marketing Department to assist new and potential residents

Ned Arnett —Governance Committee

Lloyd Redick —Facility Services Committee

Jack Blackburn —Finance Committee

Oliver Ferguson —Food Committee

Tynette Hills —Activities Committee

Katherine Holton —Caucuses Committee

Carol Oettinger —Resident Services Committee

Harry Whitaker —Health Services Committee

Board members whose terms have expired are **Rheta Skolaut**, **Frank Sargent** and **Georgia Champion**. Each has offered to help in the transition, as needed. Officers are **Jane Spanel** replacing **Betsy Close** as secretary, **Bruce Rubidge** continuing as treasurer and **Tom Frothingham** continuing as vice president. Tom, with assistance from Ned Arnett and many other residents, will organize the production of the 2009 pictorial directory.

Organization of the Strategic Planning Committee for The Forest is a significant new venture. As of this writing the committee has held three successive meetings this month with the consultant, Dr. Robert Duggan, who oriented the committee to his carefully planned program. The goal is to chart the vision and mission for The Forest for both current and future residents. There will be extensive opportunities for residents, staff, and board members to be involved in different phases of the process. As the cohesiveness of the committee evolves, members have gotten to know each other. Looking at the diverse components of life at The Forest, members have learned what energizes the group.

(Continued on page 3)

Library Science 101

To make space available for an urgent letter to Santa Claus, I am foregoing my usual column of information this month. I'll be back in January. Meanwhile, a reminder that puzzles and children's books are available in the library for your holiday guests.

Carol Scott, Librarian

Dear Santa,

Here in the library at The Forest at Duke we have been very good this year.

We swear that the little acts of mischief – hiding and misplacing cards and signs, “losing” the desk chair – were NOT done by us.

We have thanked everyone who has been so kind as to give us books, AV materials, magazines, and newspapers.

We have shared our books with the residents who live downstairs.

We have shared our not-too-old magazines with people in hospitals (and thanked residents who have brought theirs to help us).

We have listened to requests from our patrons for more large-print books and current best-sellers and have purchased some new ones.

We are rearranging the History section by area of the world so it is easier to find the books you want..

We have helped patrons to cope with the closing of the Southwest Library branch.

We have happily assisted OASIS librarians on their twice-a-month visits.

We have thanked Glenn again and again for arranging tables for OASIS and chairs for Resident Readings – and putting them away again.

We have tried to be pleasant and helpful to everyone who comes in.

We have cheerfully shared our space with many groups for meetings, folding The Forester, auditors, Resident Readings, Jackie's monthly hearing appointments, etc.

We have been (too?) polite about overdue books and unpaid use of the copier.

So, we think our small wish list should be granted (we know you cannot grant our wish for more space for books, but the other two wishes are within your power):

MORE CURRENT BEST-SELLERS!

MORE LARGE PRINT BOOKS!

PLEASE, SANTA, (we will find space for them somehow).

Because of our rule of no food or drink in the library we cannot leave you cookies and milk, and we are sorry for that.

Thank you for whatever you bring us. Have a great trip! Merry Christmas! And get some well-deserved rest.

The Library Committee

President's Podium *continued*

This planning process will be followed by a “listening” phase to include open meetings with small and larger groups within the community. Input from the entire Forest community is valued as an important component to the success of this undertaking. Later in the spring Dr. Duggan projects that the committee's analysis of accumulated data will enable the committee to create a vision for the future of The Forest. Again this information will be provided to the entire Forest community.

Particular emphasis has been placed on identifying our strengths in order to build an enlightened, carefully constructed long-range plan forged with maximum participation of residents, staff, and board members. Open communication among and within the community has been emphasized as an essential element.

Bill Anderson

Sugar Creek

After re-reading *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* this summer I realized that everyone's mental landscape needs to include a body of water or a river system. You name it; even a desert dweller can recall hearing the plop of a bucket as it hits the water deep down inside an oasis well. Huck's Mississippi was vast and unrelenting; its current was Jim's destiny and Huck's adventure to manhood.

My meaningful water system starts with a tributary to the Wabash River in Indiana called Sugar Creek. As a toddler wading in its shallows, I called it "Shiver Creek" because I thought it was cold. It couldn't have been—so much for childhood memories—but I'm sure I entertained my Indiana grandmother as an only grandchild could.

The source of Sugar Creek is in Clinton County in the center of the state north of Indianapolis; it flows southwest near Crawfordsville, on through Parke County and into the Wabash River just north of Montezuma where there is a bridge that I have crossed through the years in cars ranging from Ford Model A's to Ford Explorers.

The Wabash itself practically bisects the state. If you catch me in a proper mood I will sing the beautiful song by Paul Dresser:

"Oh, the moonlight's bright tonight along the Wabash,

From the fields there comes the breath of new-mown hay.

Through the sycamores the candle light is gleaming,

On the banks of the Wabash far away."

The Wabash may not be that magical; it seemed always to be either flooding or muddy-looking. Let's return to Sugar Creek. You need to remember the word "sycamore." These huge trees are common in the riparian ecosystem typical of rivers like Sugar Creek. Giant tulip poplars and sycamores of great height sink their roots deep into the rich bottomland

that is seen nowhere better than at Turkey Run State Park, north of Marshall, Indiana. Sugar Creek's tributaries carve through the Indiana limestone to create cool glens and hollows sunk deep into the woodlands. The state park celebrates these with a wonderful network of hiking trails. The water experience here is gentle, a sort of trickling as opposed to boiling or roaring. The start to all the trails involves a walk on a swinging bridge across Sugar Creek. From there you have many choices to make; go there to see



for yourself.

When you do you may or may not wish to join the million or so people who attend the Annual Covered Bridge Fall Festival, which is centered in Rockville, the county seat. Parke County has more covered bridges than any place in the United States. You may obtain a map and use your own car to tour all the picturesque gravel back roads, crossing bridge after bridge as you go. This Fall Festival is a real old-time nostalgia binge. It is also a traffic nightmare for the citizens of the area who are glad nevertheless

for the money it brings in.

In addition to stays at the Turkey Run Lodge over the years and family camping outings when it was still allowed, my family memories include my great grandfather's stories about the abundance of wild turkeys in the woods and my mother's stories about her experiences working as a waitress in the Lodge dining room to help earn her college tuition. Over the years we made trips by car down into the bottom lands of Sugar Creek where there were a few fields of corn, an occasional house, lots of fine old trees, and a spring that we visited on behalf of my great-aunt who brought mason jars to fill with the worst-smelling water anywhere, a rotten-egg smell to be sure. She claimed that it had medicinal properties; this idea came from another day and time when "taking the waters" was prevalent everywhere.

Years later when we were looking up that old spring, my uncle, who was driving, got to a spot where the road narrowed and started up into a hollow. He became very uneasy, got out of the car, looked at some recent tracks, got back in the car and started to back up as fast as he could, explaining that he was afraid we would run across some moonshiners up there that he'd heard about.

We have an old family photo of our Indiana family having a picnic on Leatherwood Creek. I seem to recall that the men went hunting for "crawdaddies," i.e. crayfish, little freshwater crustaceans that live in the streams and that are edible if boiled and peeled like shrimp. They look a lot like insects; it was the depression but were we that hungry? I think it was something to do, because we have another photo showing my dad holding aloft a "crawdaddy" at a family picnic in Oregon. They are tricky to catch; they scuttle backward to hide under rocks. You have to grab them behind their tiny little claws. I have no recollection of eating one.

Back to Sugar Creek—the word "creek" is old, probably Germanic, referring to a small inlet along a coastline but used in America and the British Colo-



nies to refer to a tributary of a river. The Indiana limestone that Sugar Creek flows over and through contains fossils. My mother had a trilobite fossil which she kept in her jewelry box and which she allowed me to look at and think about from time to time. She had taken a geology course at Earlham College, which she had, to her surprise, enjoyed very much.

Sugar Creek floods from time to time; swimmers drown occasionally; people slip on mossy rocks and break their legs. Someone in the 70s started canoe trips on Sugar Creek. From the highway I could see a canoeing outfit on the riverbank with the canoes turned over to reveal their shiny green bottoms. I regret not having taken a trip; it would have turned the familiar into an adventure, not a bad thing. I can imagine a trip down Sugar Creek to the Wabash. We would glide down the Wabash to meet the Ohio far down at the bottom of the state where Illinois and Kentucky meet Indiana. Not too many miles on the Ohio would bring us to Cairo, Illinois. Do you remember that Huck and Jim missed their turn back up into the Ohio as they drifted past Cairo on a foggy night? That is where we started on this "memory trip." What is yours?

Sylvia Arnett

Diogenes

Some say Diogenes was seeking, with his
lantern,
An honest man: the type that all the world
esteems.
What he was really looking for,
As he prowled from door to door,
Was the man who made the richest
chocolate creams.

George Chandler

Optimism

Last night I knocked over a glass
That was three-quarters full of martini.
"What a fool!" I bewailed. "Clumsy ass,
to lack the fine touch of Tartini."

But then I remembered the day
While unloading a full grocery cart,
I'd dropped a whole jug-full of Tanqueray,
The peak of the gin-maker's art.

So remember to look on the bright side
And don't be too quick with a curse
On your own lack of luck or finesse.
Because things could always be worse.

George Chandler

Henry Ford

While we know that Henry Ford was fond of
profits,
It appears that he loved chocolate even more;
For his famous Model-T
Was invented so that he
Could drive safely to and from the candy
store.

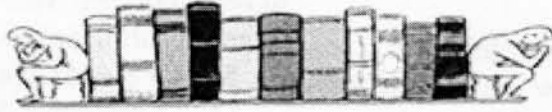
George Chandler

Will I Learn?

Will I learn to grow old with grace,
be a grandmother who is cool,
caring and loving, yet give you space?
Deep wrinkles now challenge my face.
I was not taught coolness in school.
Will I learn to grow old with grace,
be a grandmother who is cool?

Penelope Easton

From the Bookshelf



***THE GREAT GATSBY:* By F. Scott Fitzgerald**

The Great Gatsby, F. Scott Fitzgerald's stellar novel of America in the Roaring Twenties, is at the top of my list of old friends that need to be revisited from time to time. The story takes us back to the Jazz Age and America in the 1920s. Nick Carraway, the partially involved narrator who documents all the events, is also the central figure of the story. He is the voice of the novel and the voice of the novelist. Early on Nick tells us that he is the only honest member of the cast. It is Nick who first introduces us to Jay Gatsby, who is his neighbor and lives on the elegant estate next door to Nick's unpretentious little rented house. He is a self-made man who is driven by the need to make money. He has invented an ancestry for himself, a make-believe person who is far different from the real Jay Gatsby.

Gatsby is mysterious. He gives lavish parties which last for days, and there are more uninvited guests than invited. People just appear. They eat, drink, dance, make love and leave without ever having met Gatsby. There are rumors about the man. Is he a bootlegger? Did he murder a man? Where does his money come from? No one knows. Why is he living alone in his palace? Who really knows him?

Of course we soon know that Jay Gatsby has a plan. He wants to impress Daisy Buchanan. It doesn't matter that Daisy is married to Tom Buchanan, a Yale man from an old moneyed Chicago family. Gatsby is obsessed with Daisy; his one goal, his only reason for living in his self-created world, is to possess this woman. They had met five years before when he was in the military, and she refused to marry him because he wasn't rich enough. Now he is

rich, and she is a married woman.

Tom Buchanan, "one of the most powerful ends that ever played football in new Haven," is having an affair of his own with Myrtle Wilson, the wife of his garage mechanic. However, when Tom is finally confronted with the fact that his wife is having an affair with Gatsby, he suddenly becomes very possessive of Daisy and angrily insists that she still loves him and will never leave him. He accuses Gatsby of being a charlatan and exposes his phony background of lies. Daisy is confused and frightened; does she really want to leave Tom and the safe bubble that they have created for themselves or does she want the romance and excitement that Gatsby promises? It is then that Jay Gatsby begins to realize that he will never fulfill his dream of having her for his own. "Her voice," he says "is full of money."

Fitzgerald tells us that Tom and Daisy are careless people. "They smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back to their money or their vast carelessness or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up after the mess that they made. And they did make a mess of their lives and the lives of all those around them, including Gatsby. The story ends tragically, and Nick alone is left to clean up the mess.

Life for Fitzgerald's superficial world of wealth and unhappiness is not a joyful romp, but it is a wonderful story and truly deserves to be called "The Great American Novel."

Peggy Quinn

Odds and Ends

.And now it is December with happy things to anticipate: spending time with families and friends; attending Christmas concerts; enjoying holiday decorations; and perhaps hearing from an old friend you haven't heard from since last Christmas!

C is for our Cottagers—may they keep warm and dry on that journey to the Center.

H is for the Halls in the Big House decorated with art work done by our residents. On a wintry day, it makes a great interior walk.

R is a Resort Retirement Community just like the Forest.

I is for Information that we all need—Listen to Channel 8 or ask **Pat Gallagher** at the front desk.

S is our Security Staff—always on guard and always helpful.

T is all our adult Toys—our PC's and more—our cordless and cell phones, remotes etc.

M Merry Christmas to all the residents and all the staff!

A is for our Auditorium where we go to learn and

to be entertained, vote for our leaders. Once used for sleeping during an ice storm.

S is for Santa Claus—we do hope he finds you!

Didn't you enjoy **Norman** and **Gilda Greenberg's** display of American Indian baskets in the foyer shelves? How fortunate we are to have residents willing to share their collections—and to have **John Henry's** talent to display them at their best. Watch for the special Christmas windows!

Here are some travel notes from this fall. **Libby** and **Harry Whitaker** attended a niece's wedding at Atlantic Beach. **Shirley Buckley** took a cruise to Australia and New Zealand. **Rosalind Alexander** and **Mary Ann Ruegg**, on a **Steve Tuten** tour, spent Thanksgiving at Plimoth Plantation. **Robert Ward** went to Syracuse to hear his music, composed for a university building dedication, and then went on to Hungary to hear two performances of *The Crucible*. **Carol Scott** was in South America for 16 days in November.

See you next year—

Mary Gates

Who Are They?



Engagement Picture in
Wisconsin Paper



Graduate from
Deuel High School
In Nebraska

Ars gratia artis

Almost every Thursday afternoon for the past five or six years the normal silence in the Party Room is replaced by emanations from the Bull City Wildcats, a trio featuring **John Friedrich** on trumpet, **Bud Parmentier** on piano, and **Ned Arnett** on trombone. Almost any piece of music you can sing, hum, or whistle is fair game: golden oldies, New Orleans and Chicago jazz classics, college fight songs. On the unlikely chance that you look in you will

probably be invited to suggest a request. They'll try anything.

The group has few artistic restraints, but has adhered to them through the years: play everything by ear in any key you want as long as it's Bflat, no concerts, no rehearsals and, if possible, do no harm.

Ned Arnett



Photos by Heather Estes

Wandering in The Forest



Caroline Long dances with the stars. Caroline recently went to a ceremony at UNC for the renaming of the School of Public Health to the School of Global Public Health and the acknowledgment of a gift of 50 million from Dennis Gillings, the CEO of Quintiles, and with whom she used to eat lunch at the Carolina Inn. After the speeches she said to Dennis, "I want you to dance with me." (He had been a championship ballroom dancer.) She says she took one faltering step sideways. "Now I can say I've danced with the stars in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries." When she was a teenager in the summer before WWII, Henry Ford sponsored a good driving contest for teens and she won for the state of Missouri. That meant an invitation for her and a sponsor to come to the national contest in Detroit. She and her father had to drive since there was a transportation strike. They were put up in a wonderful hotel, with a final banquet and ball in Dearborn, where Henry Ford and his wife led the cotillion in which she and her father took part.

The last time Caroline appeared in this column she was swimming the Ohio River when she was fifteen. What's next Caroline?

At **Reminisce Joyce Albrecht** told us how her son Rick won first place at the International Science Fair his senior year in high school. His project was the calculation of the refraction of the flattening of the low setting sun. He had sat on a hill in Parkersburg, West Virginia, evening after evening, to try for

a camera shot of the green flash of the setting sun. On the hundredth try he got it. And then he captured it with a video camera. They all drove to Baltimore for an awards ceremony where Milton Eisenhower spoke and awarded the prizes. As the winners were called: fourth place, third place, second place, Joyce turned to her neighbor and said "Well I guess Rick isn't going to..." and as she turned her head Rick was suddenly on his feet and up on the stage as first prize winner to a big round of applause. She missed the announcement, but she hasn't forgotten the applause.

Ruth Patterson told us when she was five years old she was a flower girl at her mother's wedding! This was, of course, a second wedding, but it makes a startling opening. She remembers a lace dress with a wide ribbon sash and that she carried a basket of pink flowers.

Don't miss the holiday clearance sale at the Encore Store: December 9 and 10 from 4 to 5pm. The store will be closed in January so this will be a perfect time for last minute gift shopping.

We are searching for a copy of the October 2004 Forester so we can copy it for the permanent file. Please get in touch with **Jane Jones (493-5353)** if you have one to lend.

Editor

From Mozart to Me—Art and Technics

“But what’s it good for?”
the Queen asked Sir Humphrey Davies
as his Command Performance demonstra-
tion
of electricity reached the Q and A stage.
Ask it again during the next power outage
or when your batteries go dead
during the most ecstatic moment
of your favorite piano concerto.

Neither Mozart nor Beethoven
thought much about
the technical perfection
brought to violin making
two centuries before their day
in the laboratory-shops of Cremona.
Enough that the piano forte
was evolving from the clavi-
and harpsichord towards a proper vehicle
for their sublime inventions.

How could they begin to imagine
the waves you can’t see or hear,
penetrating every obstacle
between WCPE and you,
from the brains of Wolfgang or Ludwig
across two centuries and, if needed,
half-way around the world
to us in our kitchens, bedrooms
or (even more unimaginable) automobiles.

Brought to us by vibrations
of a pinpoint of coherent light,
Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation,
(predicted by the most abstruse mathema-
tics)
following a tiny track in a disk of poly-
mer,
with surface properties engineered to per-
fection,
for transmitting a flawless reading
of *The Prague* or *Eroica*
to wherever technology can take it.

Sir Humphrey’s answer still fits, *a fortiori*,
“What good is a baby, your Majesty?”

Ned Arnett

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

Pertaining to Christmas

ADVENT	CENSUS	INN	ORNAMENT	SHOPPING
ANGEL	CHRISMON	JOSEPH	PREGNANT	SILENT NIGHT
AUGUSTUS	CONCEIVED	JOY	PRESENTS	SON
BABY	DECEMBER	JUDEA	PROGRAM	STAMPS
BETHLEHEM	DONKEY	MARY	ROMAN EMPIRE	STAR
BIBLE	FIREPLACE	MANGER	SANTA CLAUS	TOYS
BIRTH	GREETINGS	MERRY	SEALS	TREE
CAMELS	HEROD	MESSIAH	SEASON	VIRGIN
CARDS	HOLIDAY	NAZARETH	SHEEP	WISEMEN
CAROLS	IMMANUEL	NOEL	SHEPHERDS	