

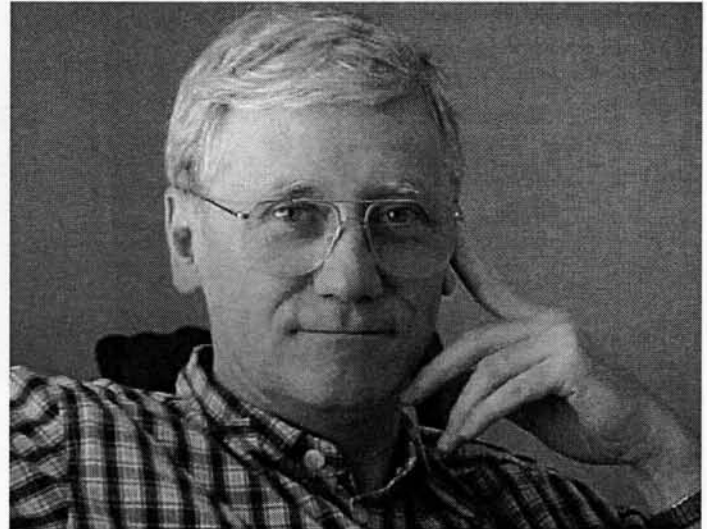


Who Is Bob Duggan? And What Is SPOC?

Bob Duggan is the consultant to The Forest who has been hired to facilitate our long range Strategic Planning Organizing Committee, thus the acronym **SPOC**. The plan is to develop a strategic plan for The Forest for the next three to five years. This process is very different from past plans since it includes a collection of board members, staff members, residents, and friends of The Forest. Many organizations conduct a weekend retreat with board members and staff to formulate goals for such plans, but our present approach will not bypass the residents and staff, so you need not be left standing in the hall saying, "But nobody asked me!" All residents (and possibly their families) and staff members will be interviewed (not compulsory) so all voices can be heard. There will also be small- and large-group open meetings as the planning proceeds. At this point it is a grass roots information-gathering process.

When I told Bob that this all seemed pretty amorphous to me, he told me that The Forest was right on schedule as far as mystification and curiosity about what was going on were concerned; that it will become clearer as time goes on.

Bob was born in Baltimore and, with a father in the government, lived many places: as far west as Iowa and as far flung as Tokyo where he went to an international school. He is the fifth of six siblings and holds a degree in theology from Catholic University. He lives in a townhouse in Gaithersburg, Maryland, and runs Duggan Associates from home. He has had extensive experience in a variety of organizational development initiatives for the past twenty years with both for-profit and non-profit organizations. He is currently a visiting fellow at the Life Cycle Institute, a social scientific research en-



tity, at the Catholic University of America in Washington, DC. He is consulting at present not only with The Forest but also with a government organization, the National Institute of Standards and Technology as well as with the corporate headquarters of the multiple campuses of Asbury Methodist based CCRCs.

He says he does a lot of coaching on the phone with executives, perhaps asking "What can I help you focus on today?" or sometimes suggesting "gently," "You'll be sorry if you do that."

Joanne Ferguson

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

With the passing of the festive holiday season we return to the cares and concerns of the day. Although economic forecasts reflect global unrest, it is reported that a large majority in our country is hopeful that the incoming administration will effect positive change. We residents at The Forest remember all too well the realities of the Great Depression of the 1930's. Along with many others in our country we are responding to the financial crisis with much anxiety, painful budget cuts and worries about future costs at The Forest. The times are stressful.

Recently several residents have expressed concerns about whether adequate opportunity will be afforded for resident participation in the Long Range Planning process, Project Future. Input from residents is being sought in three stages. First, direct 1:1 interviews with residents that are being held now and are scheduled to be completed within January. Second, there will be a series of small group meetings, each including residents, staff and community leaders. If you want to volunteer for an interview or a small group meeting, call Dawn Bezzina (419-4023). Finally there will be large group meetings with residents in the auditorium. As we all know, every responsible community must plan for its future. It is important, however, to distinguish between making a plan and implementing it. The timing for implementing each aspect of the plan that evolves from Project Future will depend upon many variables, including finances.

In my view our Forest library is a gem, much used and much appreciated. In the past the library budget has been supported by the sale of excess books that generated income of approximately \$200 to \$500 per year. Last year was an exception: income from sale of books rose to \$1300 with \$1100 still available to the library for 2009. It has been proposed that future support for the library be financed

(Continued on page 3)

In Memoriam

Beery, Margaret Jane Donaldson

November 30, 2008

Muncaster, Eleanore Jane Elliott

December 10, 2008

Library Science 101



January's name, as we all know, comes from the bearded Roman god Janus, the god of beginnings and endings, with two faces, one looking towards the future and the other towards the past.

As we look toward the past in the library this new year we are grateful for the excellent leadership for the past eight years of **Mary Ruth Miller** and her Library Committee, which have made our library the outstanding place it is. If you have visited libraries in other retirement facilities, you will know just how exceptional ours at The Forest is. And we expect this to continue in the future.

Looking both backward and forward, we are now writing overdue notices for books and audio-visual materials that have been out for several months. If you receive such a notice, please look among your own library collection to see if something of ours has been misplaced among yours.

Looking toward the future, we are still dealing with the problem of finite space. It has almost reached the point where for each book newly acquired we must discard one already on the shelf!

To this end we are this month keeping a checklist of which types of books and individual authors circulate the most. We hope you will also let us know your preferences. We don't have shelf space to house books on unusual subjects that are not in demand. This will help us make room for new acquisitions.

Santa must have read our letter last month, for we have a number of new large print books now (you can place a pillow on your lap to support these larger volumes). Some will go downstairs, where **Patty Vincent** will take them around on the library cart.

We know that just because someone is in assisted living it doesn't mean that he/she can't or doesn't want to read! Reading is such a good way to take our minds off our troubles.

OASIS continues to bring us new books twice a

month.. Remember that you can request a particular book by phoning the Bookmobile service of the Durham County Library (560-0155), attention Priscilla for OASIS, and asking for what you want. You may have to wait several weeks, but it will come eventually.

The seemingly long and dreary months of January and February are especially good for reading – and listening. We hope to see you in the library often!

Carol Scott

President's Podium continued

(Continued from page 2)

by an annual budget allocation of \$600 to be shared equally by the Residents' Association and The Forest administration. Under this proposal the proceeds of sales from books would be distributed to the Benevolent Fund. With this change there would be a consistent policy for the Encore Shop, the Gift Shop and the Library that adheres to federal tax policy.

Happy New Year to all.

Bill Anderson

Welcome New Residents

Dick and Carol DeCamp
Apartment 2026 489-1032

Carol grew up in River Forest, IL, and Dick in seven Midwestern states. They met at the University of Illinois where Carol earned a BS in Education and Dick a Masters in Mechanical and Industrial Engineering. After Dick served in the U.S. Army Chemical Corps, they married in 1959. Starting as a manufacturing engineer, Dick supervised a series of manufacturing, materials management, information systems, corporate engineering and technical procurement organizations in various units of Western Electric and AT&T. His job took them from Illinois to New Jersey and Greensboro, NC. Carol raised their four children and volunteered in the schools, at their church, and in Girl Scouting where she was a leader for 21 years. The DeCamps have three daughters living in North Carolina and a son in Texas. They have eight grandchildren. Carol enjoys needlework and arts and crafts. Dick and Carol enjoy traveling, reading, and music.



Charles and Ann King
Apartment 4013 419-1585

The Kings are natives of Ohio. Ann, a registered nurse, went to grade school and high school in Tippecanoe and received her nurse's training at Massillon. Chuck grew up in Canton and earned his BS in pharmacy at the University of Toledo and his MS at the University of the Sciences in Philadelphia. His varied career as a hospital pharmacist included senior positions at such teaching hospitals as that at the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, the University of Alabama, Birmingham, and Thomas Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia, and finally as head of the research and education foundation of the society representing hospital pharmacists. Ann has worked as a nurse and has volunteered her services and worked in numerous health care activities. They have two sons who are physicians, one an anesthesiologist in Nashville, TN and the other an ophthalmologist in Sumter, SC. The Kings have been active in the congregation at Duke Chapel and the Independent Presbyterian Church, Birmingham, AL, with Ann serving as chair of the Fresh Air Farm, a summer camp for underprivileged children. Ann enjoys reading, cooking, needlepoint, and other sewing. Chuck enjoys several genres of music, especially pipe organ, and volunteering, genealogy, and reading.



Photo by Ed Albrecht

Welcome New Residents continued

Eric and Dorette Boehm
Apartment 4018 489-5345

Dorette: I was born in a small town in the southwest of Germany. Being one of a few Jewish students at the local high school, I was not allowed to continue my education when the violent Nazi regime took over the German government. Successful in obtaining a visa, I entered the United States in 1938. I worked in the New York textile industry having studied design at a fashion school. Eric and I got married in 1948, and we lived in Brewster, NY. Ten years later, we moved to a suburb of Philadelphia where we raised our daughter and son. I volunteered for many years in the department of occupational therapy at a local retirement home. Swimming is my prime sports activity. I am fond of classical music, opera, arts, and crafts.

Eric: Arriving in the United States from Germany in 1937, at the age of 20, I found work in the construction industry where I made woodwork my preferred choice. After serving in the U.S. Navy in WWII, the improving economic conditions led me to a management position in a mill in Philadelphia specializing in architectural woodwork. For many years I was actively engaged in Meals on Wheels and also volunteered at a local college library. I swim at the TFAD pool almost every morning, and I have also found a spot as a doubles tennis player at a nearby court.

The Anasazis

The Anasazis built a blooming desert
culture;
They were, indeed, a very clever race.
There was no Chocolate in their land,
So it's not hard to understand,
Why they moved on and disappeared
without a trace.

George Chandler

The Mona Lisa

When Leonardo came to paint the Mona
Lisa,
He found he needed something to beguile
The model, so he gave her
Bon-bons with a chocolate flavor;
This explains the lady's enigmatic smile.

George Chandler

THE WHALESHIP *CHARLES W. MORGAN*

On June 8th 1936, at Lake Placid, New York, Colonel Edward Howland Robinson Green died. And the ship was mine. I was ten years old.

She was built in 1841 and named after her principal owner, my great-great-grandfather, Charles Waln Morgan. She sailed the world for eighty years on thirty-seven voyages of nine months to five years duration; brought home to New Bedford more whale oil and bone than any other ship, and thus made her owners very rich. She was three-masted, ship rigged, 314 tons, 107 feet long, 28 foot beam, 14 foot draft, 106 foot mainmast, and carried a crew of thirty. When the whaling industry tanked in the late 1800s and early 1900s due to overfishing (a misnomer, whales are mammals) and the rise of the oil-from-the-ground industry, New Bedford whale ships surviving from a fleet of 736 vessels in 1946 were tied up at the waterfront and left to rot. The Morgan's last voyage ended in 1921.

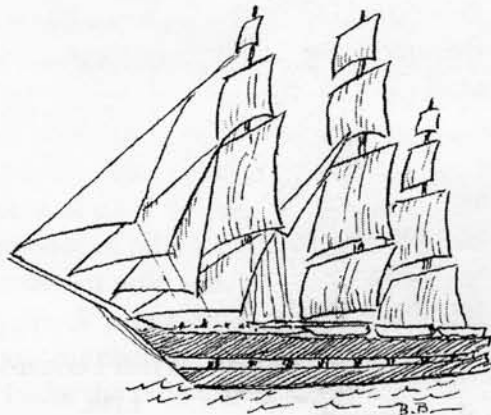
Enter Colonel Green, heir to the massive fortune acquired by his misanthropic and excessively frugal mother Hetty, a multimillionaire known as the Witch of Wall Street. The fortune included the substantial acreage of the Howland farm at Round Hill Point on Buzzards Bay south of New Bedford, Massachusetts. Colonel Green was an extraordinarily outgoing man with myriad interests including aviation, preservation of the past, motion picture production, and radio communication. His estate became littered with projects including an airport and flight school, a large hangar housing a

blimp, a tower atop Round Hill with loudspeakers that blared music, and the re-creation of a nineteenth century whaling village complete with rope walks, sail lofts, riggers, coopers, carpenters, blacksmiths and all the other artisans needed to build, maintain and provide for whale ships. The centerpiece of the village was the *Charles W. Morgan* which, in 1926, the year I was born, was rescued from the decaying New Bedford waterfront, set in the sand at a dock on the shore behind a bulkhead, fully restored, and staffed with a full crew. All the sails were set when the wind was light. Every weekend the Colonel opened his estate to the public for whom he provided

every amenity. They came by the hundreds. On these days he would ride around the estate formally dressed in a dark suit with wing collar and sometimes a top hat, in an electric automobile, passing out favors to the children.

Next to Howland farm was the Anthony farm which was purchased by a consortium of businessmen from New Bedford in the late eighteen hundreds for a summer community. One of the

consortium was my grandfather William Rotch (grandson of Charles W. Morgan). Grandfather gave sixteen acres to my parents, who in 1922 completed a summer home on the shore. Our land abutted Colonel Green's estate, separated from it by a tall chain link fence. Like everyone else, we frequently toured the ship and the re-created waterfront. I refused to board when the sails were up for fear that we would



THE WHALESHIP *CHARLES W. MORGAN* *continued*

be carried off to sea, much to the disgust of my sister who was assigned to stay with me on the dock. After the Colonel's death, the estate became the property of his sister, who lived elsewhere, had no interest in the place, and like their mother was said to be a misanthrope. So it was closed and abandoned to the whims of a single caretaker.

Two years later the hurricane of 1938 wiped the estate nearly clean, except for the huge stone mansion on high ground, and the *Morgan*. Although stern to the full fury of the storm, the *Morgan* merely tilted a bit, lost some items from the deck including some hatch covers, filled partially with water and thus survived basically undamaged; an amazing testimony to her builders of ninety-seven years before.

Around the fence where it stopped at the water's edge, then from bush to bush across the wide lawns, ever watchful for the caretaker on patrol, I could reach, board, and then daydream as I explored the abandoned ship, now my ship. The sails had been removed and the topmasts lowered. It was safe. I didn't dare climb the rigging. I wondered what it would be like to sail her. Etched in my memory are her bulwarks, belaying pins in their usual place, the huge wheel which moved a massive tiller, the captain's cabin with a bed that hung on gimbals and a compass in the ceiling so he could check the course without having to get up. The crew's quarters were lined from deck to ceiling with tiny bunks. Her bows had been reinforced with massive oak knees for extra strength against the arctic ice. Her hold contained a few barrels, was dark and forbidding, and after the hurricane was half filled with black water.

One of my last explorations occurred in the dead of a dark night accompanied by my girlfriend *du jour*. We reached the ship by the usual route, but because the night was black and the ship spookier than ever, we soon started back. As we approached one of the large bushes on the lawn, the caretaker caught us in his headlights and raced toward us. There ensued a dance around the bush in which we were just able to keep ahead of him and in the shadows. He suddenly

stopped. We saw that we had an opening to race for the beach end of the fence, so we took off and just

made it before his pursuit cut us off. Soon after that, I moved into my middle teens and on to summer jobs away from the area. The Mystic Seaport finally was successful

in obtaining ownership of the *Morgan*. She was dug out of the sand and proudly towed down the coast hardly showing a leak.

Nowadays, when I drive by Mystic on I-95, I sometimes stop at the overlook and see her splendidly restored, the centerpiece of the famous maritime museum. One day I will pay the admission price and go aboard. But not if the sails are up.

Tom Frothingham



Taking Drugs Safely

In many cases age brings with it the need for medications, not only to keep us alive but also to make our lives more comfortable. I certainly will not complain about the drugs I take, since I know they are keeping me alive, as many of your drugs are doing for you. Most importantly, we must make a special effort to take our pills carefully and safely. The same helpful medications can be dangerous if not taken correctly.

A good idea is to develop your own routine and safeguards in handling and taking your medicines. I'll share with you some of my practices.

All my pills are kept in a zippered bag. It happens to be a small travel bag I received as a gift. Before that I used a zip lock plastic bag. Keeping everything together lessens the chance of one prescription being misplaced and not taken on time. I put a piece of adhesive tape on the cap of each pill bottle containing a night time or evening pill. The red flower I drew on each of these caps helps me select the right pills each evening.

An added practice is to take a pill out of its bottle and put its bottle next to it on the table. When I have all the pills out for the particular time of day I count the number of pills to match the number of pills I know I should be taking. If the number of pills and bottles does not agree, I can easily check where my error is. Once the pills agree with my number, all the bottles go back into their bag and I take the pills with confidence.

When prescriptions are refilled, I keep the new supply separate from the previous bottle of the same pills. I never mix an old supply with a new one. I look carefully at the new pills to see if they are the same, or if the label on the bottle tells me that a generic brand has been substituted. The red flower cap only goes on the new bottle when the old supply is finished. The information sheet from the pharmacist is read and filed for future reference.

Some people buy their medications in larger doses than they need and then split the pills. With safety in mind I recommend that the person's physician or pharmacist be consulted before this practice is adopted. Not all pills can be split safely and the dosage may be altered with this practice. Capsules should never be opened.

Some additional thoughts regarding safety with medications:

Never share your drug with anyone else. A medication that is beneficial for you may cause serious harm to another person because of other medications they take or illnesses they have, and the possibility of allergic reactions.

Children are particularly vulnerable to drug actions and reactions because of their size, the strength of the drugs, and especially if they take many tablets. Serious injuries and deaths have been caused by children taking drugs not prescribed for them. Child-proof caps on medicine bottles were first designed by a pediatrician at Duke Children's Hospital and should never be replaced by less safe caps. Keep medications away from children and even from inquiring and experimenting adolescents. Careful storage of pills will also safeguard pets!

To protect the medications themselves, keep them in a cool dry place.

With each new prescription, do not hesitate to ask what effects you can expect, and be sure to express any concerns you have. The drug information sheet may raise some questions which should be asked of your doctor.

Louise C. Chut, PhD, MPH

Odds and Ends

Christmas is past but we have great memories of the holiday decorations at The Forest.

First was the large tree in the foyer, cleverly decorated with Forest photos hung there by **Innovative Ibby** and her crew.

For many years, we enjoyed the Winter Village scene done by **Bob Blake** with miniature houses people, animals and other accessories. This year's small portion of the original display allowed us to focus on the multitude of details. Good to see it again!

Last but not least, we have enjoyed the puppets and marionettes from **John Henry's** collection in the display cases.

Freda, the Fearless Forecaster, stopped by the Forest recently with her predictions for 2009.

#1. Tunnels will be constructed from the cottages to the Big House. No more rainy or cold walks to dinner. There will be a minimum charge for use. Those surplus down jackets and wool mittens and scarves may be donated to Nearly New by contacting

Maidi Hall.

#2. All the new residents will be intelligent and friendly.

#3. Water will gurgle in the Dismal Swamp due to large amounts of rain; Freda sees no hurricanes or ice storms in 2009.

#4. A large movie company will rent the double staircase around the fountain for a wedding scene in an upcoming epic.

#5. **Martha Mendenhall** and **John Friedrich** will be billiard champions. **Marion Gilbertson** will be a table tennis winner.

#1. (Don't hold your breath.)

#2. (This is not new!)

#4. (Date will be announced.)

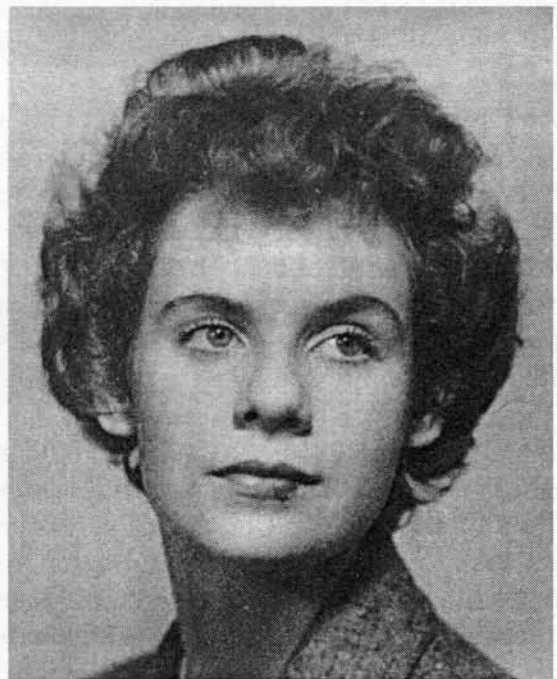
During December, many residents traveled to be with families. Other relatives planned to be here. Here's hoping that all travel plans were completed as planned, without airport overnights or hours spent in a snow drift.

Mary Gates

Who Are They?



Working in the steel mill;
saving for med school



She's engaged,
she's lovely . . .

Wandering in The Forest



At the **Reminisce** meeting we talked about Christmas in times past. The Depression entered the earliest remembrances. **Martha Mendenhall** said one year her two little sisters of four and six cried because they only got two presents: a Bible and skates. But then she went on to tell of wonderful Moravian Christmases with wind instruments and antiphonal choirs. Ever the wanderer, she told of her Christmas in Bethlehem in 1959.

Renee Lord said her early Christmases held nothing green, no gifts, a few small checks; there was nothing social about it. Then by the time she and her sister were teenagers and had a little money they established the tradition of giving their mother a jigsaw puzzle every Christmas, which she worked alone.

And then to the tree: **Joyce Albrecht** said when she was little the tree appeared on Christmas morning, put up by parents after the children were in bed. It was decorated with real candles. They got to watch them for fifteen minutes only on account of the danger of fire. When they got older they went to church for the children's program. When she and **Ed** were married with a family and living in Texas, they knew that the children wouldn't go to church on Christmas morning if they continued the tradition of the tree on Christmas morning, so the tree was up December 1, and they opened presents Christmas Eve. Before the presents they took a drive to look at decorations, including a live nativity scene at Beaumont Mansion, complete with real animals. This schedule brought with it the problem of when Santa Claus might bring

the presents. So when the children were all in the car and ready to go, she, each year, said she had forgotten something and went back in the house, put out Santa's presents, and off they went. Even after the children were too old for Santa Clause, they kept the tradition of the Christmas Eve drive.

George Chandler remembered early Christmases when money was short, saying it was a very standard holiday time with no relations. The big family holiday was Thanksgiving at his great grandfather's in Lansing, Michigan, with fifty guests. Later he and his wife brought a Christmas tree home to their apartment balcony, put it in a bucket, and it dropped all its needles. They went out and bought an artificial tree. The two of them were big cookie bakers, froze them, and gave them to guests at a big party between Christmas and New Year's. Every year he gave his wife new cookie cutters, the collection finally reaching one hundred. He mounted a tree on the roof of the carport when they lived in Baltimore. They lived across the street from a public library, and the entire staff turned out to watch this blind man up on the roof setting up the tree. "The guy wires were the hardest."

I remembered the Christmas Eve I got out of bed and sneaked in the living room before dawn, and in the glass of a picture on the wall saw a flash of reflected light, surely from the runners of the sleigh, and then heard a faint sound of sleigh bells. I was a believer.

Editor

Security

Yesterday an airliner with 166 passengers
flew into a flock of starlings
and had to crash land outside of Rome;
one engine choked with flesh and feathers
and the landing gear damaged.
What a surprise!

Imagine you're sitting comfortably;
drinking a nice bloody Mary,
looking at some sappy movie,
or working on your laptop
when, WHAM, Sonofabitch!
we've run into an Alp, or something.
Who'd have thought it was only starlings.

Or suppose you're flying along safely;
in the middle of the flock,
protected from predatory hawks,
while the flock zigs and zags,
together perfectly, like a single organism,
looking for a good place to land,
led by the wisest birds when,
WHAM, and you're all cat food.

Some surface fish,
like herring and mackerel,
form schools so tightly packed
that they make an almost solid ball,
shimmering like chain mail in the sunlight
as the ball wanders,
hithering and thithering beneath the surface,
almost as a single organism,
with no guide or leader except
the immediate perceptions of the outside fish
that food or danger is in this direction or that.

If you're hungry, the outside layer is the place
to be,
giving you the first crack at krill or baby shrimp,
but out there on the surface of the ball is where
predatory salmon or humpbacks will get you,
or WHAM, and you're flopping around
on the deck of a Gloucester seiner.
What a choice, security or food!

Investors wander around like a ball of fish,
or a flock of birds, like a single organism.
You, pondering greed against fear,
security against enterprise,
with the predators out there
and their latest failsafe scheme,
as you rush to get on the train
before it leaves for Easy Street.
Or you, pushing and shoving to get off
before you are left holding the bag
as the market tanks.

For a while everybody trusted too much.
Then suddenly a ripple of distrust became a
wave, and
soon nobody trusted anybody enough to keep
things going.

But don't worry, the flock,
the school or the financial system
is so big that nothing can hurt it.
It will fix itself.

Besides, the lead birds, fish or people in charge
really know what they are doing, don't they?
And then, WHAM!

Ned Arnett

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

Your MOOD for the New Year

AMOROUS	DOCILE	HUMBLE	PEACEFUL	SOLEMN
AMUSING	DOUR	HUMOROUS	PENSIVE	SOMBER
ASSERTIVE	EAGER	INTROSPECTIVE	PERT	SORRY
ANGRY	EDGY	LAZY	PLACID	SUNNY
BITTER	EUPHORIC	MAD	PROUD	SURLY
BLUE	FESTIVE	MEEK	RESENTFUL	TIMID
BRIGHT	FRANTIC	MERRY	ROTTEN	TRANQUIL
CALM	GENTLE	MOROSE	SAGE	WASTEFUL
COMICAL	GLOOMY	NERVOUS	SAUCY	WISTFUL
CROSS	HAPPY	NOISY	SERENE	WRATHFUL
DEPRESSED				