

Keeping House With Judy

I was up in the dark, wolfed down my breakfast, and hurried down to **Judy Turner's** office to prove that I could make it to the workplace early. She was already there and busy making the day's schedule for her twenty-eight housekeeping employees. Who is out for a doctor's appointment, who has free time, who can substitute. She tries to keep substitutions as close to the residents' normal time as possible. Jotting down resident phone numbers, she is ready to call by eight o'clock, as workers drift in for the eight o'clock meeting with the day's schedules and updates. Her staff starts calling her around 6am to let her know if they can't be there; they try to let her know at least an hour before their shift time. She puts her puzzle together between 7:30 and 8:00am and then makes her calls. This morning **Judy Huff**, **Adrienne Henderson**, and **Carol Adams** are out; and she has a couple of residents who say to skip them today, making the puzzle a little simpler. She says she tries to keep cottages and apartments separate to avoid running back and forth. There are two golf carts and four cleaners for the cottages: **Mary Jackson**, **Adrienne Henderson**, **Jean Boyd**, and **May Parker** who each do four cottages a day to accomplish the work week.

Crystal Rogers comes in and Judy says, "Did you hear it?" "Yes," says Crystal, smiling happily, "and the nurse thinks it [the heartbeat] sounds like a boy." When a baby is due they put up a board in Judy's office and they all bet on date due, weight, sex. **Tomika King** comes in with a bad sinus headache. Judy offers Tylenol and tells her to go home or to the clinic if she needs to and sends her to the Laundry instead of the Health Center.

Judy listens to her voice mail and takes phone calls as everyone assembles for the eight o'clock



Photo by Ibby Wooten

meeting. I eavesdrop to hear that one of the washers in the laundry is still not fixed. **Jimmie Goldston**, the night houseman, called her at 9:30 last night to say the washer was still steadily running water. He had mopped up the floor, but the water was still leaking out the door. Judy said "Sometimes you can tap on the solenoid switch, but I had to talk him through how to turn off the water." **Steve Short** answers that Consolidated says they will have to bring a rebuild kit to get the repair done.

Ruth Wilkins comes in with the slip for which

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The Forester

The newsletter of the Residents Association of The Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610. Published monthly except July, August, and September by and for the residents.

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President's Podium

During the last month there has been progress in the understanding between residents and the TFAD Board of Directors. Initially Steve Fishler invited me to present the RA proposal for reduction of our monthly fees to the TFAD Board Executive Committee. Subsequently representatives of the RA Finance Committee and I were invited to meet with Steve and Karen Henry, and the TFAD Board Finance Committee. It was evident that the open, extensive discussion at these meetings improved mutual understanding of the issues involved in the proposed action. It was clear that all understood that most residents have experienced significant reduction of their net worth, that the trend continues, and that recouping such losses at our stage of life seems unlikely. Residents at the meetings were reminded that the same economic forces causing our distress are also reducing income to The Forest. It is essential to our long-range security that The Forest's financial integrity be maintained to enable the institution to continue to fulfill its long-range commitment to us. It was noted that a reduction of income from monthly service fees would have to be balanced by a reduction of expenditures, possibly including some modification of services. The TFAD Board's responsibilities for reducing debt and paying off bonds continue unabated. The TFAD Board will focus on the RA proposal at their regular meeting in March.

TFAD Board members have demonstrated their continuing interest in interacting with residents. Suggestions for implementing this goal will be forthcoming.

Financial support of The Forest library is provided by a periodic sale of accumulated donated books that are no longer needed or are duplicate copies. This is an ongoing process, one of many performed so ably by resident volunteers under the direction of Carol Scott, our new director who is a professional librarian. With this support it is possible to acquire large print editions and, occasionally, new publications. The library welcomes donations of DVDs (movies) to be shared with other residents.

(Continued on page 3)

In Memoriam

Williams, Arthur February 20, 2009

Callaway, Catharine February 24, 2009

Library Science 101

The Library's Valentine Open House was a well-attended and happy gathering in the Library decorated for the season with balloon bouquets, flowers, and banners created by TFAD's talented Ibby Wooten. Special guests were Priscilla Barbee from OASIS and two other ladies from the staff of the Durham County Library.

Library Committee members answered questions, showed guests around, and saw to it that suggestions for improvement were placed in the decorated box, and Valentine sweets were carried home from the party. But the unexpected highlight of the event was Margaret Champion, a new resident, who signed copies of her book *Peru and the Peruvians in the Twentieth Century* that she was giving away to a surprising number of people who had been to that country or who had friends or relatives who had traveled there. Two cartons of her books were quickly exhausted, but she will be happy to get a copy for anyone who would like to have one.

Have you noticed the stand for new books, next to the Large Print shelves? An orange sticker on the spine will remain for two months, and then these books will be placed on the regular shelves, with other, newer, books taking their places. We are acquiring more Large Print books as they become available. Unfortunately, publishers do not yet realize what a great demand there is for this size print.

Valentine gift-giving is past, but there remain other gift-giving occasions—birthdays, anniversaries, other holidays. Had you thought of remembering a family member or friend who already has all s/he could want with a gift to the Library in his/her honor? Either a whole book or money towards a book, which will be marked with a special plate in the front of the book to show you cared, and a note sent to the honoree.

We are still catching up with overdue notices. It is embarrassing that we have waited so long to send them that some borrowers have no recollection of taking the books out, some employed here have left,

and one resident has died! There will be no fines or payment for "lost" books. We would just like to get our files straightened out, and thank you for your co-operation.

Spring is coming, with more opportunities for outdoor pleasures. But don't give up reading!

Carol Scott

Librarian

Harbingers

Yellow blossoms on the stem,
Is it us or is it them?
We know 'tis early to be Spring,
Do they hear bluebirds on the
wing?

Tell me, who is it here who knows
the truth?

'Tis the forsythia, forsooth!

Bruce Rubidge

Podium continued

(Continued from page 2)

The existing collection of DVDs is limited but in high demand.

Resident participation in the Forest Future planning has been wonderful. Individual interviews and group sessions provide rich material from which a long term plan will evolve. Be sure to participate if you have not done so.

Bill Anderson

Judy continued*(Continued from page 1)*

guest rooms are for touchup and which for checkout cleaning. **Rose Lee Harris** is disappointed that one of her residents is a skip. Judy says "They get very attached to the residents." Since Tomika is in the laundry today **Audrey Blount** will be doing extra cleaning in Carleton, and she says "That's OK, I can roll with the wave." Judy and **Norma Robinson** discuss what hallways to take care of since **Clint Hicks**, one of our daytime housemen, has been out all week. Judy summarizes with "They are good sports. And we did good today. Out of ten residents to be re-scheduled they are all covered with help from the two skips." Judy sometimes pitches in and cleans an apartment herself. During her recent medical leave **Jennifer Cameron** filled in for her and now has been made Assistant Supervisor.

Everyone has collected around the room now, and Judy has them go around and introduce themselves. She asks Ruth to introduce me since she is our cleaner. Judy then holds up a sympathy card for **Pat Gallagher's** mother's death to make sure everyone has signed, tells us that at 10am there will be visitors from Carolina Meadows to look at the laundry, to be sure to vacuum hallways where the combos are being done to take care of any debris left by Maintenance, and announces that they are all going to lunch tomorrow at The Mayflower. **Jim Thompson** treats housekeeping to lunch once a year for Employee Appreciation Week. They were given three choices for a vote: Red Lobster, Golden Corral, or Mayflower, and Mayflower won. **Diane Long** comes in with a few special mentions about the Health Center cleaning.

Then it's time for the prayer circle, led today by **Mary Jackson** who has been given the names of those who want to be included for special prayers, their own requests or those from Diane brought from the Health Center.

When everyone has left Judy says, "There's never a dull moment around here." I agree. She interviews job applicants, then passes them on to Jim

Thompson, after which she and Jim confer and make a decision. She shows me the bulletin board with photos and write-ups of those who have worked here for ten years. **Carol Adams** is at the top, she having worked here since The Forest began.

I ask how she gets in touch with workers when they are out on the floors. She calls the apartment, lets the phone ring twice, hangs up, calls again, letting it ring once and hangs up. She goes through it all again if they haven't called her back.

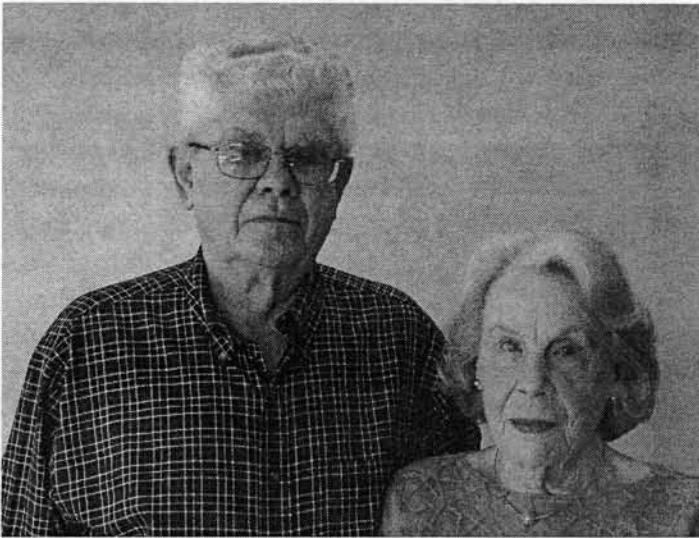
Judy was born in Knoxville, Tennessee, and grew up as one of eleven children. One sibling has died, but her mother is still living. I tell her I'm from Arkansas, and we make common cause about growing up poor in two beautiful states. Her family ate in shifts, lots of beans and rice and bulk items, and got fruit at Christmas. We discuss the killing of chickens and our fascinated horror when we watched as children. Turns out her mother made chicken and dumplings that sound like the ones my grandmother made and which I've tried to duplicate. She promises me a recipe from her sister-in-law.

Judy came to Durham in 1965 and worked as a waitress, at Erwin Mills, and General Electric before she came to The Forest. On the day after Labor Day she will have worked here fifteen years. She has national certification as Executive Housekeeper and was honored as a CAMPHA Environmental Services employee of the year. She lives on the northern side of Durham, twelve miles from The Forest. "It's an easy commute in the mornings." She began work here cleaning cottages for three years, and when it snowed, "We used to play around in the golf carts; see if they would slide on the ice." When there is bad weather now and some of them spend the night "We have a pajama party." They stay in vacant apartments, or may bring extra mattresses from the health center up to the laundry or community center, or on the floor of her office. "We have a good time." And I had a good time with this lively, congenial bunch.

Joanne Ferguson

Welcome, New Residents

Photos by Ed Albrecht



Jack and Kathryn Bergstrom

2013 489-8947

The Bergstroms were classmates at Duke where Kathryn majored in sociology and Jack studied history, political science, and economics. Kathryn is a native of Greensboro and grew up in Charlotte and Durham while Jack was born in Des Moines, Iowa, but went to grade and high school in Charleston, West Virginia. They have lived in Denver, Detroit, Houston, Anchorage, San Antonio, Biloxi, and Owensboro, KY. Jack was employed in the tobacco industry and spent a good deal of time in Europe organizing manufacturing and distribution facilities for tobacco products. The Bergstroms are members of Epworth Methodist Church where Jack has served as Board Chairman, and have been active in a variety of community activities, including Girl Scouts, Caring House, the Salvation Army, and the United Way. They have a daughter living in Durham and a married son with two children in Charlotte. Both Bergstroms are bridge players. Kathryn enjoys gardening, flower arranging, and bird watching, and is a certified flower show judge.

Kathleen Kevill

Apartment 2032 489-2308

The youngest of three children, I was born in Brooklyn, New York, in the sorry days following the Great Depression. As a child, I learned to love music and books because these formed an important part of my parents' lives. I majored in English followed by graduate study in pupil personnel administration. Most of my employment years were spent as guidance director in a school system on Long Island. My husband, Jack, and I lived on the south shore of Long Island for most of our married lives. There we raised two children, John and Katharine. John lives with his wife and two children in Washington, D.C. Katharine lives and works in Durham. When she completed her study at Yale Hospital and accepted a position at Duke, we decided to follow her to this part of the country. Unfortunately Jack died suddenly six months after our move to North Carolina. In the end, I chose to live in Durham and to move to The Forest. Although too soon to be certain, I think I made a good move.



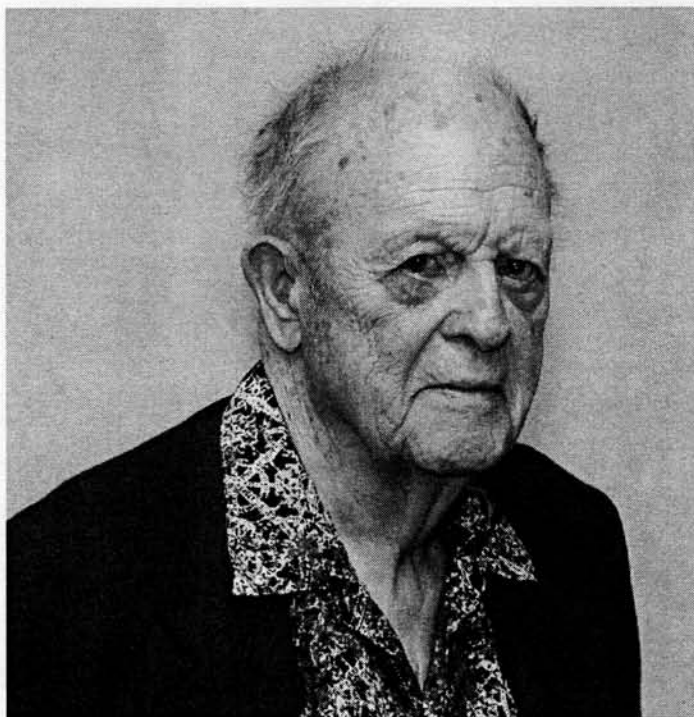
Welcome, New Residents

Photo by Ed Albrecht

Murray Huntoon

Apartment 3043 489-1925

Murray was Born in Toronto, and has lived in Detroit, Los Angeles, Beverly Hills, Kansas City, and Buffalo. He studied engineering at the University of Buffalo and at Duke. His education was interrupted by WWII during which he served in the Army Medical Service Corp in Europe as a member of an Ambulance Company. He also served during the Korean War inspecting and coordinating medical and hospital services. He was employed in various engineering jobs involving the development, operation, and maintenance of X Ray equipment and packaging with General Electric and Western Electric Companies. Murray has come to The Forest to be closer to his son and grandchildren who live in Chapel Hill and to his daughter and her children in Kitty Hawk. He is an avid photographer and, while he loves to travel, finds his greatest pleasure in spending time with his family.



Electronic Pet

I invited
the interloper
into my house.

Myrtle Dell
and her mouse
complicate my life.

In the corner
by the light
she purrs, then crashes.

A dog would
give more love
and need no
Internet connection.

A dog ages
seven years
to my one.

Myrtle ages
two times
seven.

Her modem
is no longer
young.

Repairmen
cost more
than a vet.

Is e-mail
with spell check
worth it?

Penelope Easton

How About a Tattoo?

Much of my neurosurgical practice at Duke Hospital was devoted to the treatment of intractable pain.

The causes of pain are legion, but trauma is a major cause, and motorcycle accidents head the list. It's hard to believe, but most of the motorcycle accidents happen to experienced riders. Most motorists pay little attention to the motorcycle on the highways and often hit the cyclists without even seeing them.

Spinal injury often results in paraplegia and intractable pain. At Duke, we devised a spinal operation which successfully relieved this pain, and the main source of the Duke patients were Hell's Angels from California.

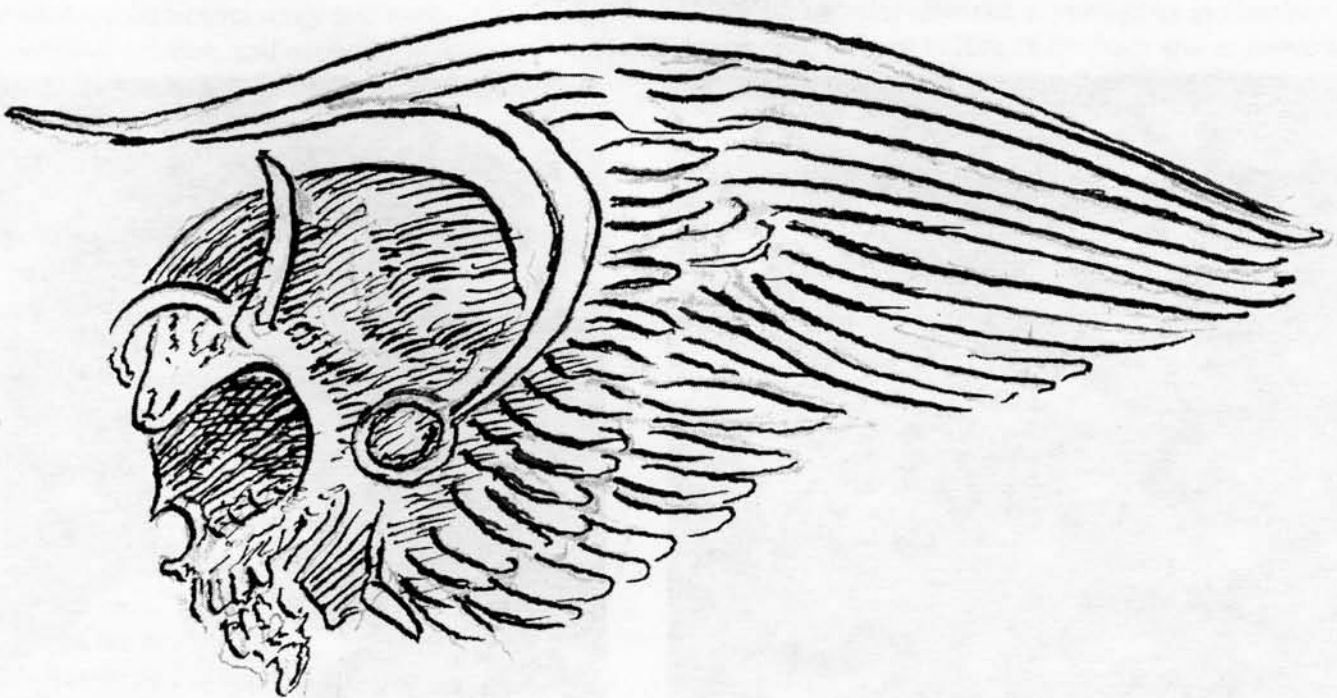
I had just operated on a young cyclist from Los Angeles who was the premier tattoo artist of the southern California Hell's Angels. It was several days post-op, and I was making my patient rounds. When I arrived at the cyclist's room, he said to me, "Doc, would you like to make a deal on the surgical operation fee?" Deals were not on my agenda. But I

replied, "What do you have in mind?"

The young man pulled out a large portfolio which was filled with examples of his tattoos. Talk about bizarre! This would be an understatement. Skulls with snakes in the eye sockets, weird dragons, and the usual "MOTHER" and various girl friend names filled the folio. It was a work of weird beauty. He pointed to one or two of the most elaborate tattoos and told me these could be done for five to ten thousand dollars, and he would trade any one of my choice for my surgical fee. My twenty-five hundred dollar fee didn't seem to match up. Here was my chance for fame and fortune in the motorcycle world and maybe at Duke.

Well, I don't have a ten thousand dollar tattoo, but the young man was pain free. Did I miss my great life experience? You bet!

Blaine Nashold



Odds and Ends

In February, our busy brains were focused upon the long-term plans for The Forest. Let us take a moment now to consider the joys, the challenges of March 2009. The trees will bud (the cherry trees did several weeks ago). The birds are returning and building new homes (without fear of foreclosure!). Swimmers are welcoming back last year's tenants who nested under the eaves of the pool house. College basketball is moving to its frantic final conclusion—this is of great interest to some.

Changeable weather may be a challenge ... but we can do that ... we are from North Carolina.

Just remember to wear something green on the 17th, St. Patrick's Day!

Here is some information you need. How many **Jones** girls are there at the Forest? Answer: 5. Who are they? **Jane, Marjorie, Mary, Virginia, and Willie Mae.**

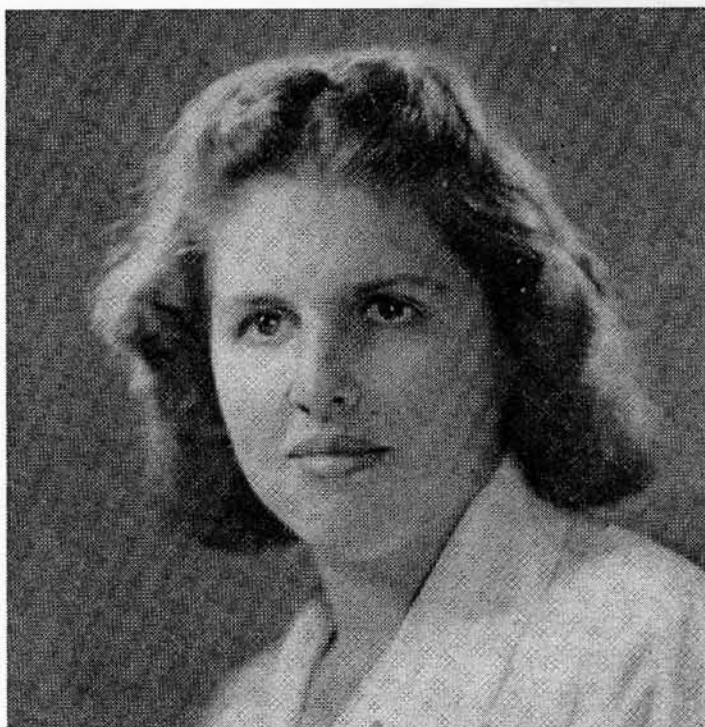
Many centuries ago, there was a little Greek boy named Ioannes. With changes through the years, we

now have the masculine name John. Ask for John at the Forest—you may get a response from **J. Blackburn, J. Friedrich, J. Gray, J. Henry** or **J. Ondek.** Feminine names have followed the Johannes, Johan path too. Among our residents are **Jeanne Blackburn** and **Jeanne Lockheed.** We have **Jean Anderson, Jean Dunlap, Jean Mason, Jean Tanner** and **Jean Wolpert.** Also **Joan Englund** and **Joanne Ferguson.**

Helen and **Peter Wharton** spent ten weeks last year in South Africa. They rented a cottage in a suburb of Cape Town. In their Nissan they explored three outstanding national parks—Kruger, Etosha, and Kalahari. The display shelves in the foyer now contain small, light objects crafted by black artists which they acquired on this trip.

Mary Gates

Two Lovely Graduates Who Are They?



The Navy at Harvard

I entered Harvard College as a civilian in March 1944. I would turn 18 in June and thus be subject to the WWII draft. I heard that there was a program called V-12 wherein the Navy would send you to college as an apprentice seaman, the lowest enlisted rank. I applied, and to my surprise failed to accurately read the required "20/20" line on the vision test chart. I had never had a vision problem. I lied to the examiner that I had been sick with diarrhea recently, and that perhaps I was a bit dehydrated. To my surprise, he said he would grant me another test in a week's time. I went to see an eye doctor and noticed that his eye chart was the same. He confirmed that I could not read the "20/20" line. Then he excused himself and left me alone in the exam room. The light dawned, and I quickly scribbled the "20/20" line on a bit of paper. Sixty-two years later I am still almost able to recite it. (Snellen eye chart 20/20 line, something like ??AEFIFIKYFELT??). At the next appointment I proudly rattled it off to the Navy examiner who then demanded that I read it backwards. I was ready for that too, and passed.

So, on the 4th of July 1944 I reported back to Harvard, was issued a sailor's uniform, and college life resumed under the stern command of Chief Petty Officers "Crash" Davis (formerly second baseman for the Philadelphia Athletics) and Andrew Orlofsky (formerly a high school Latin teacher from Bayonne, New Jersey).

Orlofsky and Davis held supreme control of every aspect of our lives. Orlofsky was kind and gentle while Davis was loud and confrontational. I knew that I was in for a stormy time when one day Chief Davis announced, "Frothinghayum, Ah don laak yew!!"



The stormy time featured my unfailing capacity to commit grievous errors of military behavior [see forthcoming *Foresters*] that resulted in numerous "restrictions," which meant that I was confined to base and assigned menial tasks. The most frequent of these was scrubbing, and supposedly cleaning, office walls in various Harvard buildings that on weekends were quiet and empty.

Tom Frothingham

Wandering in The Forest



Frozen fountain in
Addie's Garden

Photo by
Ed Albrecht

David Weaver tells us that The Forest is one of the most desirable routes among mail carriers. Since he has seniority, he was able to request it and stay among us. There have only been two carriers here since The Forest began. His predecessor tipped him off that this was a route he would like. He says that one of the retirement homes has no room from which to fill the mailboxes, and the carrier has to fill them from the front, surrounded by a crowd of eager residents. Added to the convenience here is the pleasant lunch room and staff he enjoys. He says it certainly beats riding around in a truck all day without talking to anybody.

Charlie Black got in the elevator with **Gus Eliason** and Gus said "What's your name?" Charlie replied, "Charlie, what's yours?" "I don't know," said Gus. "Where are you going?" from Charlie. "I don't know," said Gus. So Charlie went back downstairs and told a nurse that Gus seemed to be confused. She answered, "Oh, don't pay any attention to him. He's pulling your leg." Bravo Gus! He had a celebration in Carleton Lounge February 27 for his 105th birthday.

Reminisce discussed music this month. **George Chandler** took piano for a year and played a trombone solo at his grade school graduation when he was thirteen years old, and said his musical taste was set by Walter Damrosch on the radio. He also remembered his collection of the entire opus of Gilbert and Sullivan on 78rpm records

Martha Mendenhall said she took piano lessons and cried while she was taking them, cried about them at home, and so they soon ended. **Renee Lord** said she had no affinity with music, didn't go to hear Frank Sinatra or the Big Bands, that she lay on her bed and read while Frank and the Big Bands were performing in New York. **Marguerite Ward** took piano long enough to learn the keys and then quit. **Willie Mae Jones** said her mamma was the church pianist, and in order for Willie Mae to take lessons, she had to learn to milk the cow. She then carried the pail of milk to the music teacher and thus paid for her lesson. When she was in high school, she became the church pianist, and her husband-to-be sat on the piano bench beside her and sang while she played. She now goes to the Mallarme and Ciompi concerts, and when she can't sleep she gets up and exercises while she listens to classical music. She said her fundamentalist church told the children that if they learned to dance they would go to hell, but when she grew up she took some free lessons from Arthur Murray.

Thanks to a generous gift from Stuart and Bill Buice, the Duke Libraries have established the **Robert F. Durden Prize** to recognize excellent undergraduate research projects that have required the use of resources from the libraries' general collections. Stuart Buice chose to name the prize after Bob, whose classes she took as an undergraduate.

Editor

Friends

When I was the man I was, my gait was strong, my step was straight,
My goals were clear, nothing to impede,
Friends were nice but on my own I would succeed,
When I was the man I was.

When I was the man I was, my pool was great, my playing crisp,
The balls would fall whether straight or kissed,
I was the envy of them all, and ne'er behind the eight I'd fall,
When I was the man I was.

When I was the man I was, God was clearly in control,
Evil would be overcome, there must be purpose to it all,
For why else would He place us here,
When I was the man I was.

But now I am the man I am, my flesh is weak, my step is slow,
I bend a bit where'er I go,
I hope God's bang was good, but I'm not overly concerned,
Now that I am the man I am.

Now that I am the man I am, a calm serenity has crept in,
More friends are dear and keep me joyous that I'm here,
I am at peace because of them, and together we extend our being,
Content to let God's course run as He would have it,
Now that I am the man I am.

Now that we are the ones we are, friends are key to going on,
Without them life is indeed quite bleak;
Hold them dear and don't let go, for their value now we really know,
Now that we are ones we are.

Don Chesnut

My Mentor

Born lazy, a natural procrastinator,
I loafed my way through childhood and adolescence
with little time or attention for homework
to distract my gnawing curiosity
from the priorities of my private curriculum:
reading everything available about
Vikings, Mongols, pyrotechnics, poetry,
steeped in the bellicose details of
World War I dog fights,
my room littered
with models of Spad 14s
and Fokker D-VIIs,
or teaching myself logarithms
from a battered copy of
Bowditch's Practical Navigator
I'd found in a used bookstore.
I was graduated, a self-absorbed dilettante,
at the top of the lower half of my high school class.

In college, on probation in Qualitative Analysis,
I finally faced the fact; I didn't know how to work!
How could I deal with
the disordered pile on my desk
and in my brain?

With my back to the wall,
the message finally percolated up,
"Come on boy, it's time to grow up,
get serious, make a list and start doing it!"
But, where to start?
From somewhere in my unconscious
my imaginary Puritan guardian angel,
in his tall black hat, firm but kind,
gave the order,
"Do ye next thing!"

A few years later, distraught with passion,
and finally ready to listen,
the unwanted question finally came to the surface:
"Do you really want to spend
the rest of your life with *this* girl?"
The question answered itself

when I awoke in a cold sweat
from dreaming of my impending wedding.
That settled that. What a relief!

Again, finding myself in a rat race,
looking forward too much to weekends,
spending my precious days
on work with less and less meaning,
the needed message finally crystallized,
"Don't pay too high a price for your money."
That was that. I quit and became a teacher.

Now, I'm old and the big decisions
have long since been made.
Still, every morning,
the daily round of little choices begins.
And, there to jump-start the day,
my faithful old Puritan mentor,
perhaps a bit older and wiser,
whispers his mantra in my inner ear,
"Do ye next thing."

Ned Arnett

