

# THE FORESTER

Volume 16 Issue 3 A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

December 2009

## Irene Nashold

**Irene Halvorsen** was born in Sewickley, Pennsylvania, to Danish parents who had immigrated to America after the First World War. Her mother was an RN and her father chief design engineer for U.S. Steel. During WWII the cousins back in Denmark smuggled Jews from Denmark to Sweden in the bilge under the floorboards of their sailboat. They were eventually caught and died in concentration camps.

Before the war each of Irene's older brothers, upon graduation from high school, was sent to visit family in Denmark for the summer. But Irene's turn came in the summer of 1941, and the war prevented her trip. Both her brothers were in the D day landings and after the battle of St Lo one was transferred to Patton's army and the other to a medical corps. Her mother said the most terrible time of the war for her was when the boys' civilian clothes were sent back from the induction center. Irene found them years later in a trunk, still in the original wrapping. Both brothers survived.

She and Blaine met at Indiana University, where she graduated as "Outstanding Senior at Indiana University," with a BS in biology. She went on to Indiana Nursing School, while Blaine went to Ohio State for an MS in bacteriology. Those were the days when women were not allowed in nursing school if they were married, so she and Blaine decided to marry secretly. She went to the dean for permission to leave for the weekend. (She can't remember what she told the dean. "I probably lied to her and said I was going home.") She got on a train to Columbus, where Blaine joined her, and they went on to Covington, Kentucky, and were married by a JP. "We didn't even see the witness," she said, "The JP wrote in the name of somebody who was working



down in the basement." When she finished the year, graduated, and went to say goodbye, the dean said, "I hope you have a very happy life; I knew you were married!"

The cuisine of Irene's family of origin remained Danish ("That's why she likes to eat that dead fish [pickled herring]," says Blaine, adopting the persona of a Midwestern farm boy.) After they were married and she tried to fry a chicken, she mistakenly bought a baking hen; it was not a success.

While she was a student nurse, she was the one assigned to the iron lung patients, which required someone strong enough to work the hand pump that was needed in the event of a power failure, as well as someone with strength and length of arms to tend the

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**The Forester**

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## In Memoriam

Langohr, Margo	October 24, 2009
Tyree, Helen Long	October 26, 2009
Albrecht, Joyce Lefevre	November 3, 2009
Atwater, Marion Jane Bryan	November 14, 2009

## President's Podium

The new RA Board electoral year began at the November 16<sup>th</sup> meeting. There have been some changes in officers, representatives, and in the chairing of the nine committees as reflected in the following listing.

### OFFICERS

Vice President **Tynette Hills**

Secretary **Jane Spanel**

Treasurer **Bruce Rubidge**

### COMMITTEE CHAIRS

Finance **John Blackburn**

Food Services **Oliver Ferguson**

Activities **Dick DeCamp**

Caucus Coordination **Katherine Holton**

Resident Services **Cathrine Stickel**

Governance **Ned Arnett**

Facility Services **Lloyd Redick**

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### PARLIAMENTARIAN

**Robbie Robertson**

### RA MEMBERS ON TFAD BOARD

**Tom Frothingham**

**Bruce Rubidge**

**Rheta Skolaut**

### REPRESENTATIVES TO CCCR-NC ASSOCIATION

**Ethel Foote**

**Ned Arnett**

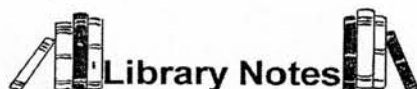
That more than one hundred and fifty residents and managers actively participate in the business of these committees and their subcommittees testifies to the enthusiastic involvement of residents in the physiology of TFAD. Membership on the TFAD Board, and our involvement in CCCR-NC Association insures that our voice will be heard and respected.

Complete updated listings will soon be located in the loose leaf binders in the mail room and library.

Biweekly meetings by Ty Hills and me with **Steve Fishler** provide continuing and effective two-

*(Continued on page 11)*

## Library Science 101



Changes are still being made in the Library to make it more user-friendly for our residents. We hope that by the end of the year all non-fiction books will be arranged in order on the shelves. It is the 900s (Geography and History) that are the last.

Something new: we are accepting requests for books that are presently checked out by someone else. You are asked to write your name and phone number on our "RESERVE FOR" slip, which will be clipped to the card of the book you want. When it comes in, you will be phoned. The book will be kept behind the desk for you for about a week.

This brings us to many questions that have been asked, and herewith are some answers.

If I want an article in today's newspapers, how can I get it?

Write "SAVE FOR" and your name at the top of the front page and you can have it the next day (unless the newspaper's donor wants it first).

Where is Poetry located now?

In the Classroom, left of Mysteries. The shelves are labeled.

What happened to the Inspiration books? They're with Religion in the 100's on the right-hand wall of the Library.

I can't find the Travel books. Where are they?

To the left of the Classroom door, where "Nature" used to be.

How can I find a book on a particular subject?

The alphabetical Subject flip chart on the shelves at the near end of the Large Print section will tell you what number it is in, and the

Library diagram there will show you where to find that number.

Where do I return paperback books?

In the Classroom to the left on the back of the door is a shelf for returns. Please do not refile them on the shelves where you found them.

I have lots of old magazines. Can I give them to the Library?

Yes. Timeless ones like *Smithsonian*, *National Geographic*, *New Yorker*, *Our State* we take to hospitals. We cannot use weeklies.

I heard you have a copier and a shredder.

Also puzzles. Where are they?

All are in the Annex room, entered through the door at the left rear in the Library.

If I have books to donate, where do I put them?

A small number can be left on the desk, with a note saying how many and who gave them. A larger number, in a bag or box, can be left beside the desk, also with a note with the name of the donor.

Remember, we cannot use textbooks, out-of-date reference books or oversize "coffee table" books. We are grateful for all other donations, for they keep the Library going.

And a Bonus Question: How can I get a real person when I call a business?

On the Internet, [gethuman.com](http://gethuman.com) lists organizations and the phone number to call to speak to a real person. It's a great help!

Residents have been so generous this year that we do not have to ask Santa Claus for anything (except more space!) THANK YOU!

And a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all.

Carol Scott, Librarian



**Irene Nashold** continued*continued from page 1)*

children through the ports. During her freshman year, a cancer patient—Ruth—whose only relative was a son who was a marine in the South Pacific, came in for morphine treatments and always asked for Irene Halvorsen. One Christmas night they called her and said, “Irene, Ruth is dying.” She got in bed with Ruth and held her in her arms as she died. It was Irene’s birthday. Months later she was called with: “There is somebody here to see you.” When she went in the office a marine in full dress uniform got to his feet and said, “May I please hug you?” Irene says, “I’ve never forgotten Ruth Goynes’ name.”

She was one of three student nurses chosen to work with the Public Health Department. One patient she was sent to visit was Al Capone’s chauffeur/body guard, a large black man who was fatally ill. He used to call and tell them to “send Miss Irene,” and he insisted on paying the Public Health. Aware of the fact that she was operating in a very bad part of town, he told her if she ever had the least bit of trouble with anyone, she was to tell him and he would “take care of it.”

When she went to visit a woman with a new baby, the woman’s husband met her at the door and said no white woman was going to come in his house. When she nevertheless moved forward, he grabbed her and threw her down the steps. “There were only three steps,” said Irene, “and I didn’t squeal on him; it would only have made everything worse.”

The night she met a flasher in the parking lot, she paused, and said, “I’ve seen a lot of those, and this is the worst one I’ve ever seen.” He fled.

But her real adventure came in the Indiana Medical Center general hospital where she was the only nurse on night duty with thirty patients down the hall to the right and thirty more down the hall to the left. One of them was a prisoner, a convicted murderer, who was there with a broken leg that had become infected. At the end of the hall was a bal-

cony rail that was three floors above a concrete floor. She saw the prisoner down at the balcony, tying a sheet rope to the rail. When she ran down to stop him, he threw her to the ground and landed on top of her. She struggled and shouted and looked up to see patients coming out of their rooms, some in casts, some with anchored catheters, all in their skimpy hospital gowns. They piled on top of the prisoner (and Irene) and subdued him. It came to light that he had broken his leg on purpose, stolen sheets from the unlocked linen closet, and arranged for friends to be in a getaway car down below. After the incident no nurse was allowed to be on duty alone, and the legislature ruled that in the future no prisoners would be accepted at the hospital. Irene’s roommate said, “Irene, how come everything happens to you?”

Blaine was accepted to medical school at both Ohio State and The University of Louisville. They chose Louisville because Irene got a good job offer there, and they needed money to live on. She was in charge of twelve operating theaters; in addition to that Dr. Glenn Spurling, a neurosurgeon, who had been head of the Medical European Theater, and Patton’s doctor, wanted her for his scrub nurse, so she followed him with all of his equipment wherever he was sent. Though her workload was thus increased, she said she had a good staff in the operating theaters, loved everything she did, and never thought about the fatigue.

After medical school Blaine went to the Montreal Neurological Institute where Irene worked across the street in the operating room of the Royal Victoria Hospital, then Blaine served in the Navy for two and a half years during the Korean War. After Montreal they went to Winston Salem where Blaine was at Bowman Grey Hospital. They wanted him to stay on there, but Barnes Woodall offered him \$1000 more to come to Duke. After living on the GI bill with three little children that seemed like a fortune.

When they moved to Durham, Irene made a

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## Irene Nashold continued

(Continued from page 4)

difference in the community with the same energy she had displayed in her nursing years. When St. Phillips church in downtown Durham, at one time, had no money for a secretary, she and her good friend **Priscilla McBride** volunteered: "We had no secretarial skills!" They wrote letters in longhand and helped the people who wandered into the church, feeding them from cans they had on hand. ("Church doors weren't locked in those days.") When they were overwhelmed by the hungry, they appealed to other churches, served sandwiches and soup in an upstairs room, and with help from various agencies, the Urban Ministries was born.

It was Irene who began and maintained for years the Durham Academy Children's Book Fair. Forest resident **Harriet Williams**, who was children's librarian at Durham Academy, says, "Before Irene Nashold began the Book Fair, there was nowhere to buy children's books in Durham."

When Blaine went for a year to the Neurological Institute in Paris, the whole family went along, and even their teenager, reluctant to be separated from friends, was delighted by the experience.

When their youngest child was two, the Nasholds bought a Valiant 42, a sailboat they named the *Stormy Petrel*. Irene cooked, harnessed to the counter on either side of the stove, and, miraculously, the two year old never went over the side. "What I miss the most," she said, "was being all night at the helm while Blaine slept, with the sound of the waves under the boat and the wind in the sails, all alone on the ocean." I have never set foot on a sailboat, but with Irene's lyrical description, I sail with her through the night.

Joanne Ferguson

## CHEATING AT HARVARD

The Navy made me do it

It was a cold winter day in 1944. The Navy had graciously returned me to Harvard in the V-12 program. In my Apprentice Seaman (the lowest enlisted rank) uniform I moved into an amphitheater for the final exam in a course entitled "Naval Organization." The problem was that I had been unable to take the course because of other curricular requirements. However, the Navy in its wisdom ruled that all V-12 program swabbies must take the exam regardless.

With my roommate John, who had taken the course, we took seats well back in the room. He was left handed, and I right, which facilitated my sneaking looks at his answers. Suddenly there arose a terrible threat to the plan when our fearsome overlord Chief Petty Officer "Crash" Davis (formerly second baseman with the Philadelphia Athletics) spotted the arrangement and seated himself just behind us. Thus I was able to take but an occasional quick glance at John's scribbling.

There was another problem. I was dreadfully "out of uniform" with my red and green striped socks. So I unbuttoned my pants and pulled them down enough to hide my socks lest the Chief spot them and arrange some horrible punishment, but at the same time risking being cited for lewd and lascivious conduct.

Some Naval-ROTC senior students were assigned to correct and grade the exam papers. By a stroke of luck my paper was assigned to a friend, Roswell, a very straight Boston Brahmin. He gave me a D minus, the lowest "passing" grade.

Thus he cheated too.

Tom Frothingham

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## Odds and Ends

You better watch out--You better not cry  
Better not pout --I'm telling you why!  
SANTA CLAUS IS OFTEN AT THE FOREST!!



**Ronnie Crawford Bus Driver**

Last month we honored our men and women military veterans with a display of their memorabilia and pictures. How handsome they were, as well as patriotic! **John Henry's** Christmas extravaganza will be up in December. In the Library Classroom we welcomed a show of **Phyllis Magat's** art work.

A study of the resident biographies (found on the right side of the fireplace in the Club Room) shows the number of academic degrees earned by our residents.

### MEN

College degrees: 105 plus 130 postgraduate degrees

### WOMEN

College degrees: 152 plus 98 postgraduate degrees

Note #1 Post graduate degrees may run from 1 to 4 per person.

Note #2 A number of residents have completed courses leading to degrees but were unable to complete studies.

Note #3 There are "missing persons"—residents whose biographies are not in the book. For this reason, no meaningful percentages can be determined. **Rheta Skolaut** is in charge of these important and interesting volumes. If you want to be included, please call her.

**Mary Gates**

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## District 17

Seventy-five years ago there were three siblings, with the family name Button, who attended school in a one-room country elementary school. I was the oldest of the three. The school was located at the edge of a wheat field in central Kansas. The undistinguished name of the school was District 17. Don't ask how the number 17 was ascertained. It was nonetheless a splendid building, with both a flagpole and a school bell. However, it lacked the amenities of running water or indoor toilets. Mr. Schmidt was my teacher for five of the eight years I spent at District 17. No kindergarten classes were offered.

This story is centered about Christmas seasons during my "mid-career years" in elementary school. We Button kids always liked school so much that we would entertain ourselves by playing "school" when we got home after eight hours of study and fun at District 17. Mom always drove us to and from school because it was two and a half miles from our house and she felt that was a bit too far for us to walk. Our nearest neighbors lived a mile away from us along the road to District 17. Mom would always stop and pick up the three Ummen kids, who would be waiting for us at the end of their driveway. Their Mom had not learned to drive, and of course our farmer fathers were always busy with chores—planting, harvesting, repairing, and myriad other farm duties. I wonder how all seven of us managed to fit into the car, but I guess we weren't all that big — in fact we, as well as the car, were all rather on the skinny side in those days. This load of kids comprised half of the enrollment of the school. Several years later the enrollment dropped to the vast sum of six students, half of whom were the three Button kids. Alas, when I graduated and our family moved into town, twelve miles distant, the school was closed.

Money was scarce in those depression days of the nineteen thirties. Farm children did not receive an allowance. They performed farm chores without

pay because it was expected of them. Mr. Schmidt, the sole adult in the one-room school house, taught all grades — without the aid of a hickory stick. One year he decided that each family represented by a child or children attending District 17 would receive a "school handmade" Christmas gift.

The first year we undertook gift-making using a 78 rpm phonograph record. We began by placing it on the register located near the front of the one-room schoolhouse. Hot air rising from the single register kept us all cozy in the winter months. The furnace was located in the basement along with a coal bin. Mr. Schmidt had to occasionally excuse himself from his teaching duties in order to go to the basement when the furnace fire needed more coal. We were expected to, and if memory serves me right, we did, behave ourselves during his absence. When a vinyl record was placed on the hot-air register it was heated enough to become flexible and could then be bent into various shapes. The Button kids chose a raised scalloped edge, which allowed the record a new life as a shallow bowl. We then painted the bowl a bright color and finally sprinkled it with glamorous gold dust. In our eyes it made a glorious Christmas gift for our parents. Sadly, it was lost or broken over the years. The most difficult part of this project was to keep our Christmas project a secret, for we always delighted in telling our parents about our school adventures.

The following year we again tested our abilities of keeping a secret. Mr. Schmidt's skills with a coping saw were also tested. He cut, out of second-hand wood, a doorstep in the shape of a shoe. We then painted it in glowing red-and-white colors. It provided us, and maybe even our parents, with real joy when the gift was finally presented.

Our last great adventure tested our imaginations, abilities, and skills even more. I do suspect that Mr. Schmidt supplied most of the skills—

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## Somewhere Over the—what was it? Oh—the Rainbow

*I received an email recently from a friend of mine who lives in a retirement community in a neighboring state. I had told him earlier about our recent exercise in long-range planning here, and he replied that they were about to embark on just such an exercise at Green Acres (locally known as "Belly Acres"). They finished a few weeks ago and here is what he wrote:*

Hi, much water and many tropical drinks have flowed under the bridge since we last talked. I've just returned from Florida where I went on a fact-finding mission to help the long-range planning committee here at Green Acres. This mission was unsolicited and here's why:

With all the goodwill in the world I went to the auditorium two weeks ago to attend the breakdown (break-up? I forget) sessions to brainstorm (brainwash? I forget) around the topic, The Future. It so happened that our group hadn't been divvied up very well; it was like getting all E's and I's in Scrabble. So there we were, five old guys over 80: Al, Bert, Chad, Dick, and me, Ernie.

The young woman who was facilitating our group was immediately worried when she saw us and went off to seek advice, but before she left she gave a legal pad to me and said,

"You could go ahead and put a few thoughts down. I'll be back and we'll probably reassign you."

It didn't take long. Here's what I wrote down:

We are old and cranky. Some of us have life-threatening diseases and will probably die of them pretty soon. We think things are fine here, and we would prefer to be doing something else with the fairly short time allotted to us.

### The Gang of Five

We thought this was pithy, even poignant, but said with a certain curt honesty. Boy, did we ever get a surprise! When she came back I handed it to her; she read it, she gasped, she turned red, then white.

"I can't use this. This isn't the way it goes. We are seeking positive outcomes, and this is incredibly negative. How could you?"

We hung our heads.

She took the paper, tore it in half, tore the halves in half, quarters in eighths and so forth. We got the picture.

"You might as well go now. We have work to do." She turned her back on us and sought out another group, one where people were smiling and nodding their heads.

We slunk out of the room and went up to Chad's apartment. He had bought a dozen limes and offered to make a pitcher of margaritas. While he did that we nursed our wounds and ate chips with salsa.

"She treated us like a bunch of bad boys."

"I haven't caused that much emotion in a young woman in years."

"It is easy for guys like us to get kinda grouchy. I don't have much fun on a daily basis."

There was a silence.

"Do you think we ought to apologize?"

"Hell, no. Let's have another margarita."

Chad was complimented for not using frozen limeade by Bert, who then recalled having had the best margarita of his life at a Mexican restaurant in St. Augustine, Florida.

"I don't know what they did but it was magic."

"I bet they snuck in some key lime juice."

As we discussed all this, a plan emerged that seemed very rational at the time. Remember, by now the pitcher was empty.

We would use Dick's van to drive to St. Augustine to find the Dream Margarita recipe and to delve into the history of the Final Long Range Plan, one first sought by Ponce de Leon in the early 16<sup>th</sup> century—the fabled Fountain of Youth. To live forever—a long range plan to die for!

Two days later we set out for Florida. We "signed out" using Bert's cell phone number as a contact number—date of return, a week hence. It was a straight shot south on 95, but of course we made a stop at South of the Border for ice cream. Are we having fun yet? we asked ourselves. It seemed we might be, but sometimes it is hard to tell through the haze of all the medications we take.

Anyway, at St. Augustine we got off the fero-

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**Somewhere** continued

*(Continued from page 8)*

cious Hwy 95 traffic, found a fine old hotel on the beach and settled in. Bert and Dick roomed together, Al and I did so and Chad roomed alone since he was an infamous snorer.

The next day we did all the tourist stuff: took carriage rides, visited the old Spanish fort, hit some souvenir shops for T-shirts with rude sayings. By 2 PM we needed our naps to prepare us for the evening outing—the Great Margarita Hunt.

Let me be brief; we never did find the damn place. The little strip mall had disappeared; it had morphed into a Sam's Club apparently. Not knowing the city we got into some bad traffic; Dick's driving got on our nerves, and we got on his. As Bert said, "If these roads and highways were like arteries and veins in our bodies we'd be dead by now."

We pulled in to eat at a Cuban café, drank some Cuba Libres, ate lots of black beans and rice, and indulged in politically dangerous and politically incorrect talk about the Miamification of Florida. (The really dangerous part turned out to be the beans, as we discovered later.) And so, back to the hotel, swearing off rum drinks forever.

And now comes the really sad part: though I knew that the legend of the Fountain of Youth was an ancient story of long standing, I also knew that there are beautiful springs in Florida and hoped that Ponce de Leon might have missed one. I had envisioned myself discovering an old map in some quaint bookstore so the following morning I sallied forth after asking the desk clerk about the nearest bookstore. He gave me a funny look and directed me to the taxi stand outside the hotel. After the same request to the driver, he gave me a wink and a nudge (I thought he had a tic), and we drove around the block where he deposited me in front of an all-night strip club called The Fountain of Youth. A sign outside said, "Daisy will drive you crazy," and indeed a young woman inside (Daisy?) was shaking parts of her anatomy at some loony-looking customers.

"You idiot, I said 'bookstore'!" The driver just looked mulish and insisted on being paid. I gave him

two dollars, which he stared at for a minute. He finally left, and I returned to the hotel. The wretched desk clerk gave a start of surprise when he saw me, looked at his watch and gave me a thumbs-up. I could have killed him.

Our gang had agreed to have lunch at the pool so I met them there at noon, wondering what to tell them about my fool's errand of the morning. By the time I got there they were pretty well distracted by the nubile young women who were lying about, working on their suntans.

"Haven't they heard of skin cancer? They need to cover up and fast."

There we were, huddled under a big umbrella, wearing our Tilley hats, long-sleeved shirts, zinc oxide ointment on our noses—for all they cared we might have been wallpaper.

We ate and drank abstemiously, but the tab was enormous.

Al said, "Have you noticed that everything we do costs money? I'm going to run out very soon."

"Yeah," said Chad, "back home everything is free."

We looked at him. "You know what I mean," he said. We did.

"Let's go home," I said. So we did. We drove straight through and didn't even glance at South of the Border as we whizzed by.

It was good to be back. Bert's bridge group was clamoring for his return, Dick took his van to the car wash, Chad went out to hunt for a new tequila he'd read about, and Al went to the bank to see about getting an ATM card. I was looking forward to having lunch at the café, there to consume a baked potato, its high fiber content highlighted by lots of sour cream and bacon bits.

After enjoying a nap I wrote up a statement that we could all sign and have ready in case anyone asked. Here it is:

We, the undersigned, have recently, thoughtlessly, and somewhat selfishly, signed a statement proclaiming our lack of interest in

*(Continued on page 12)*

## Welcome, New Residents

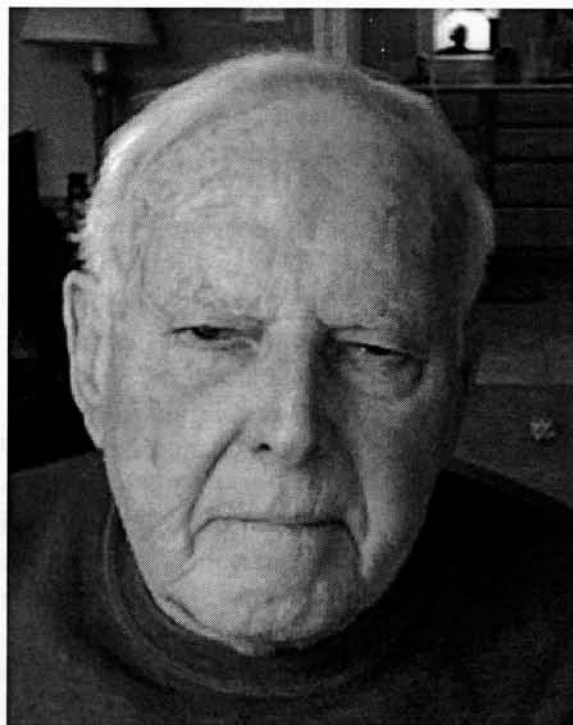
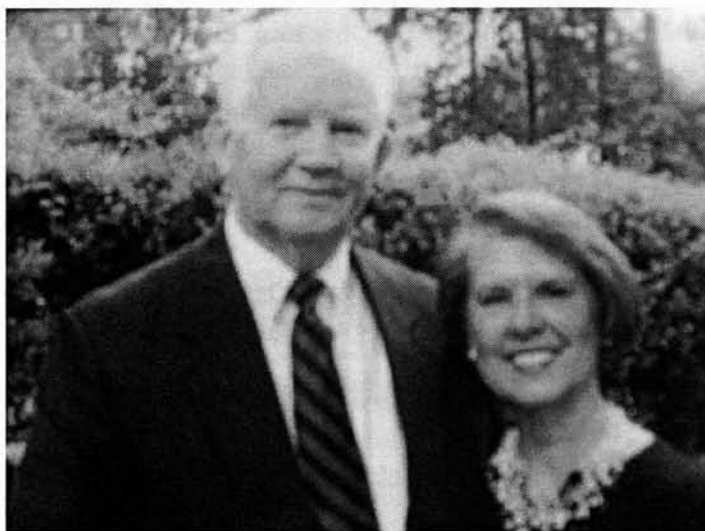
### Bryant and Jean Aldridge

Cottage 46

402-1803

Jaldrige13@nc.rr.com

The Aldridges are natives of Kinston, NC, and went to grade and high school there where Bryant was a 12-letterman. Jean went to Peace College and Bryant to Duke where he was class president and led the Blue Devils football team to victory over Nebraska in the 1955 Orange Bowl. He earned a masters degree in hospital administration at Northwestern and had a long career in that field. He held managerial positions at Watts Hospital in Durham and in Greenville, SC. In 1966 the Aldridges moved to Rocky Mount, NC, where Bryant became president of the proposed new Nash Hospital. He oversaw the planning and construction of the hospital and then directed its operations, and those of an accompanying community health-care system, until his retirement in 1998. Jean has made her career as a homemaker and has been active in community activities including garden clubs and the Methodist Church. Like her husband, she is interested in many sports. The Aldridges have two children living in High Point, NC. Bryant, Jr., known as Brypat, is a lawyer and Alison Forester is a securities advisor.

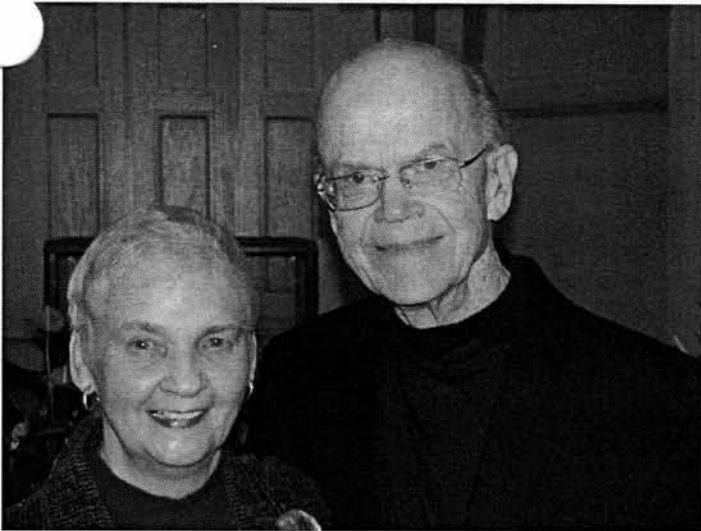


Dick Aroner

Apartment 2041 401-2932

Dick was born and raised in Chicago and majored in geology (and girls) at the University of South Dakota. After graduation, he went on to the University of Iowa to prepare himself for a career in oil exploration as a micropaleontologist. However, World War II interrupted his studies. He was commissioned in the Navy and spent the war as an engineer officer on destroyers. He stayed in the Navy, which sent him to MIT where he studied marine engineering. After over 20 years in the service, he retired as a Commander. He moved to Cohasset, MA, where he was employed by a shipbuilding firm. He has lived in many other places including Kittery, Maine, Washington, DC, Seattle, and several places in California. He has five children and comes to The Forest from Cary where he had moved to be near one of his sons. He says that, at age 90, participation in community and other outside activities is pretty much in the past. He enjoys circulating around The Forest on his recumbent trike and helping his Schnauzer, Pete, fraternize with fellow residents.

## Welcome, New Residents



**Jon and Judy Engberg**

Cottage 36 403-0137

Judy was born and raised in Michigan, and Jon in California. They met as freshmen at the Eastman School of Music in Rochester, New York, where Judy was a piano major and Jon a cello major. They began married life in Washington, D.C., where Jon was a member of the U.S. Marine Band Chamber Orchestra, playing often in the Eisenhower White House. Jon and two colleagues in the orchestra formed the American Arts Trio which subsequently became faculty trio-in-residence at West Virginia University. Judy's career as a piano teacher, begun in Washington, continued for more than 30 years. At WVU, Jon provided cello and other musical instruction while completing doctoral study at Eastman. The Trio continued to present concerts across the U.S. and in Germany and Mexico. In 1975 Jon became Eastman's associate director and graduate dean. He retired in 1995. Son Erik's career is in health care administration. He works and lives with his family in Pittsburgh, PA. Daughter Kristen's work has been in administrative positions in social justice organizations such as Greenpeace, Human Rights First and, currently Grassroots Solutions. She lives with her family in Montclair, N.J. The Engbergs enjoy travel as well as the rich offerings and stimulation provided by the area's universities. And they spend as much time as possible with their three grandchildren, Jaryd, Larsen, and Finn.

## Simplicity

William of Occam's famous razor slashed through medieval jungles theological.  
His law of parsimonious argument:  
"The simpler the theory, the more elegant,"

but

Einstein, guru of a cosmos mystical,  
surveying laws divine and physical,  
warned us that "things should be  
as simple as possible, but no simpler,"

and

H.L.Mencken, "the sage of Baltimore,"  
watching his world in the agonies of war,  
observed: "each complex human problem has  
a simple solution; neat, plausible,

and wrong."

The horrific century we have shared  
Is haunted by ideological complicity.  
Nothing in history can be compared  
to two hundred million hapless victims of

simplicity.

**Ned Arnett**

## Podium continued

*(Continued from page 2)*

way communication between residents and TFAD administration.

In the years to come, we will all be collaboratively involved in the changes that will be devised and carried out in accordance with the recently adopted procedural guidelines known as The Forest's Strategic Plan.

**Tom Frothingham**



**District 17** continued*(Continued from page 7)*

especially those involved with the coping saw. What emerged from hours of sawing, sandpapering, and painting was a letter holder. Thank goodness there were plenty of cold, snowy days when we could not go outside for recess. Staying indoors to work on the Christmas project was anticipated with pleasure. The letter holder was made of wood recycled from an old orange crate. The detailed painting featured a strolling roly-poly mailman delivering mail into a numbered box in front of a picket fence. I must confess that there were not many picket fences on Kansas farms, and our postman delivered mail from a car. Our mailbox was located at the end of a long driveway. The exotic scene pictured on the letter holder tested our imaginations. The painted details even included our very own government-assigned postal box number.

I can't remember any other gifts that we made. Perhaps Mr. Schmidt ran out of ideas and/or patience. Or maybe the economy improved and we *bought* gifts in the following years. However, in our eyes the grandest gifts of all were those made "by hand." Though I haven't tested their worth with an antique dealer, the doorstep and letter holder still provide priceless memories of long-ago school days.

Bette Button Gallie

**No Middle Age**

There is no resting time  
Between growing up and being old.  
Just as we reach our prime  
Ageing is the prevailing mode.

Between growing up and being old  
We must save for the rainy day.  
Ageing is the prevailing mode,  
Fame vanishes, feet become clay.

We must save for the rainy day,  
Our golf clubs morph to canes.  
Fame vanishes, feet become clay.  
We think less of fun, more of pains.

Our golf clubs morph to canes  
Just as we reach our prime.  
We think less of fun, more of pains.  
There is no resting time.

Penelope Easton

**Somewhere** continued*(Continued from page 9)*

Long Range Planning. Though our prospects tend to be of the Short Range kind, we know that others will follow us, who will want to enjoy the same comfort and security that we do. We recognize that you have their interests as well as ours at heart, and we thank you for those efforts.

The Gang of Five.

Well, that about covers it. I hope you are doing well. Keep in touch. As Dorothy said to Toto, "There's no place like home."

Yrs, Ernie

Sylvia Arnett