

THE FORESTER

Volume 16 Issue 4 A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

January 2010

Al Carson

Al Carson joined us at The Forest as Head Chef in November and is now operating in full swing. When I went into the kitchen at 11:30 one Wednesday morning, he was forming savory cornbread pudding patties for the Gourmet Lunch. I said, "Oh, you are cooking!" **Peggy Cornute**, working across the table, laughed and said, "Yes, he really cooks. Al's pretty good." Al then rushed off chanting, "Gotta cook, gotta cook," putting me in mind of Gene Kelly singing "Gotta dance, gotta dance." When I went back at 11:45, the nicely browned pudding patties were just out of the oven, and he was cooking lamb rib chops, two of which were to be tented over each pudding; at 3:30 he was cleaning up.

Al is 6' 4", which is why you see him in what is called a soft toque that is reminiscent of a Renaissance painting. If he wore the traditional tall, cylindrical toque, it would be knocked off by every door lintel. He was born in New Brunswick, New Jersey, the middle child between two sisters. His studies through high school were aimed toward marine science, but he has always worked in restaurants and is a graduate of The New Jersey Academy of Culinary Arts at May's Landing, New Jersey. Some years ago he bought property in Rougemont and now lives there.

He comes to us from the Millennium Hotel where the kitchen was a third the size of the one at The Forest and had many fewer cooks and workers. When he was there he cooked every day, with the number of meals served depending on occupancy. He says many of the hotel guests were surgical patients who didn't eat much. He served a lot of chicken broth, and the menu was the same for six months. "It makes a nice change here with a new

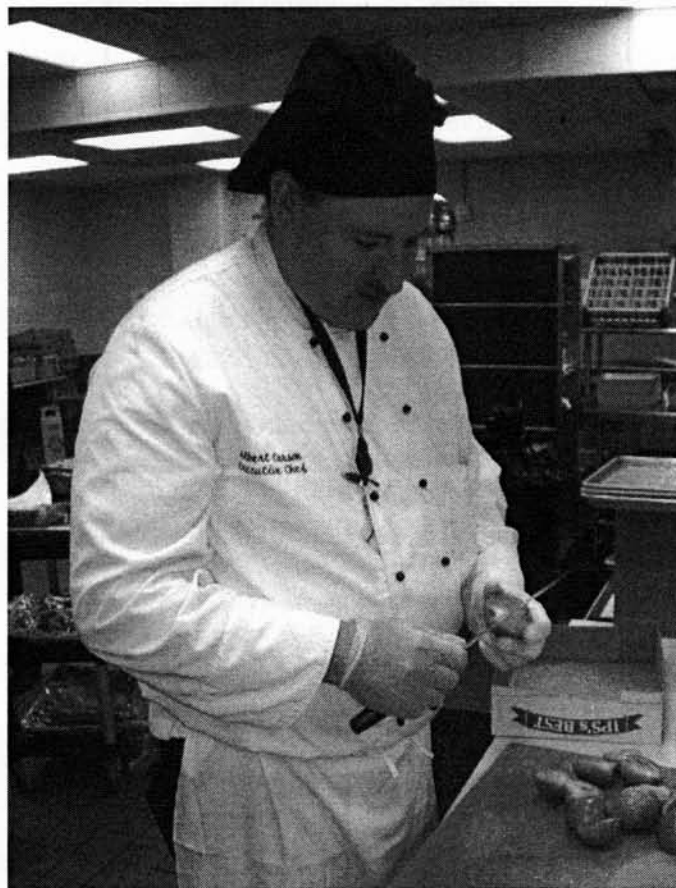


Photo by Blaine Nashold

menu every day." He says he's beginning work on the spring/summer menu now. At the Millennium the kitchen staff handled lots of catering: weddings, Bar Mitzvahs, meetings, and of course routine room service. There were comment cards there as well as a system for facilitating comments through email.

Though he doesn't have to cook every day at The Forest, Al likes to keep his hand in and cooks when needed. Shortly after he came, he surprised and delighted us all with his fried-green-tomato hors

(Continued on page 3)

The Forester

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

Joanne Ferguson, *Editor-in-Chief*

Maidi Hall, *Text Editor*

Tom Gallie, *Graphics Editor*

Bruce Rubidge, *Layout Editor*

Paul Bryan, *Circulation Manager*

Bob Blake, *Art and Puzzle*

Ed Albrecht, *Photographer*

Staff Writers

George Chandler

Mary Gates

Carol Oettinger

Peggy Quinn

Carol Scott

Publishing Assistants

Don & Debbie Chesnut

Erika Guttentag

Mary Hobart

Betty Ketch

Sheila Mason

Irene Nashold

Nell Rubidge

Connie Service

Martha Votta

In Memoriam

President's Podium



My exploration of the TFAD Board has begun. Recently I attended my first committee meeting (Nominations and Governance) where three new members of the board were welcomed and provided brief bio-sketches. They are impressive. LaTanya Afolayan is Vice Chancellor for Institutional Advancement at North Carolina Central University. Gretchen Slick Cooley is retired from the Freeman Center for Jewish Life at Duke University. Kenneth D. Gibbs is the Tax Partner at Thomas & Gibbs, CPAs, PLLC, in Durham. My first meeting of the full board is next week, and subsequently I will also be attending meetings of committees on Community Relations, Health Care, and Long Range Planning.

The recent "Hotline" publication of the Continuing Care Community Residents – North Carolina Association (CCCR-NC) made frequent mention of NCANPHA without telling what these letters stand for. So I googled and discovered that the title is North Carolina Association of Non Profit Homes for the Aged. I was pleased to learn that TFAD, as a CCRC (Continuing Care Retirement Community), is thus automatically a member of NCANPHA which I then learned "protects our interests with representation at the North Carolina General Assembly and in Washington, DC, through our national affiliate, the American Association of Homes and Services for the Aged (AAHSA)." Had enough?

By the time you read this, a wonderful holiday season will be winding down. I hope that you all had warm and bibulous reunions with friends and family.

Now, back to that diet and exercise.

Tom Frothingham

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 toward the future and the other toward 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 **Patti 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 Dur-

ham 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, Librarian

Al Carson continued

(Continued from page 1)

d'oeuvres at a Friday gathering. They had a base of a fried green tomato with roasted corn puree, a medallion of chili-glazed pork loin, mixed baby greens with sweet chili vinaigrette, topped off with a dab of tomato chutney. Hard to eat, but well worth it. When the chefs from various CCRCs contributed to the Gala at the Senior Center, that's what Al served. One person came back five times. **Dawn Bezzina** tells me that Al's table was the most popular, and at the end, all the other chefs rushed over to have a taste. At our Friday party I would have gone back for five of these delicious things had I not been afraid of making a spectacle of myself.

When I had found Al carrying in full pans for the steam table at lunch one day, one of the delighted wait staff said, "We have us a real Food Network cook! He's great."

Joanne Ferguson

Hal

I heard the other day that a small committee of Foresters is undertaking the task of paring down our archives, seventeen years' worth of memorabilia.

They will no doubt find a few items about an unusual resident who came to us by a fluke, or maybe by design. A committee had been formed to promote more diversity among residents. Soon after it held its first meeting **Beth Corning** received a call from a retired actor who called himself "**HAL**." He was a computer who had starred in the famous film, *2001: A Space Odyssey*. He had become fairly wealthy and wanted to be well cared for in his old age. Beth immediately called **Phyllis Magat**, chair of the committee, to alert her about this most diverse applicant. Phyllis proposed that they talk to **Tom Gallie**, who was a computer scientist by vocation.

He pondered the idea and said, "We all understand carbon-based life, or think we do. It may be time to move on to silicon-based beings. Let's do it."

The astonished yet thrilled committee concurred, so HAL was accepted. He arrived by van one day in October. His grey case was about 3x2 feet, and it was placed on a cart with swivel wheels. His body was plain except for some sockets and two grills for sound, but his outstanding feature was his big red single eye that pulsed when he spoke and when he was spoken to.

The security officer on duty at night would "tuck him in" at about 11 PM by plugging him into a wall socket, and another officer would awaken him at 7 AM by unplugging him. They said that his "sleep mode" would reduce his red eye to a thin red line.

Socially he was immediately active. He had lots of stories to tell about Hollywood, especially the filming of *2001*. His personal "voice" was rather fast and high-pitched, quite unlike the calm, almost mesmerizing, voice of the HAL of *2001*. As an actor, of course, he had quite a repertory of voices with which he entertained us. While the rest of us ate supper he watched the news in the Club room and joined us

later for evening activities. He could keep several chess games going through the day with various opponents; he would have them move his chessmen and they would groan as they did so, realizing that he was beating them.

He and Tom Gallie became famous friends; they talked often at great length about computer esoterica. One evening as they chatted in Tom's apartment he noticed that HAL's eye was throbbing as he looked into Tom's bathroom—the door was ajar—where Tom's new electric toothbrush was recharging, giving off a pulsing blue light. HAL became very distracted as he stared at the light, and he asked Tom where he had bought that "interesting object."

"Could you get me one?" he said.

Tom went to Kerr Drug, bought HAL an electric toothbrush and from that day we saw less and less of HAL. He stayed in his apartment, apparently talking to the toothbrush.

Karen Sarine was concerned so she arranged to get HAL out more. She suggested that he might enjoy playing bingo in the Health Center.

Did he like Bingo? Was the Pope Polish? He began to haunt the Health Center on Bingo days, arriving early and requesting more and more cards, which he filled out mentally. His eye literally flashed as he played, and the activities people in charge suspected that he was going berserk with all the numbers—adding the columns, doing square roots, whatever.

At Karen's request Tom went down to observe HAL playing bingo, and he was alarmed. "HAL is in the throes of an addiction, clearly. He needs an intervention," declared a saddened Tom.

That proved to be impossible because HAL would raise a hullabaloo by singing "A Bicycle Built for Two" in a screeching voice if he were denied his cards.

In hindsight we should have seen it coming. One afternoon, as he sat in front of the seven cards he had noisily demanded, HAL seemed suddenly to ex-

(Continued on page 5)

Hal continued

(Continued from page 4)

plode. There was a loud pop, followed by sizzling and crackling sounds. An ominous white cloud exuded from one of the grills on his side. His red eye was blank and colorless. HAL had shorted out—indeed he was dead.

A computer technician who opened HAL's case confirmed that he was irreparably gone.

"Those wires are fused together. He fried himself, pardon me for saying so."

A week later a very tasteful memorial service was held in the Auditorium. Tom Gallie made brief comments on our extraordinary chance to interact with the future in the "person" of HAL; a portion of Strauss's tone poem *Thus Spake Zarathustra* was

heard over the sound system; and the ceremony concluded with a gentle but upbeat rendition of *A Bicycle Built for Two*, sung by Sara McCracken.

We adjourned to the Living Room to toast HAL with orange soda and Cheetohs, food items that he had once mentioned to Tom that he might like to eat if he could eat.

What happened to HAL's body? There the archives may stop. It is rumored that he is buried in the woods up beyond the Pond. It is also said that **Jim Thompson** knows—but he's not talking.

Sylvia Arnett

Who Are They? by Mary Gates



Graduate, McKinley High School
Canton, Ohio



Glamour Girl Graduate
Montclair, New Jersey

Welcome, New Residents

Rachel Schanberg

Apartment 2026

489-2435

Rachel is a native of New York City, where she went to grade and high school. She attended Clark University in Massachusetts, where she met her husband, Saul Schanberg, whom she married in 1956. She graduated from Southern Connecticut State College and has a daughter, Laura, who is a pediatrician at Duke specializing in rheumatology.

Rachel went to Duke for a degree in counseling and was among the first elementary school counselors in Chapel Hill and was an itinerant counselor in Durham County. She founded and for many years was active in the management of Duke's Cancer Patient Support Program. She has also served as Chairman of the Duke Patient Advocacy Board and as a member of the Board of the Hypnosis Association. Among other awards and honors she received North Carolina's Order of the Long Leaf Pine in 1994. Her interests include art collecting, theater, travel, and reading.



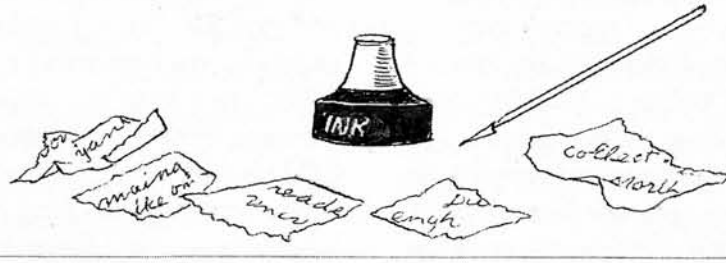
Bill and Maija Harrington

Apartment 2033 616-1919

Bill and Maija, along with their pugs Sarah and Harley, are the newest residents at The Forest. Bill was born in Ayden, NC. With an MEd in Guidance and Counseling and a DrPH from the UNC School of Public Health, he spent 40 years in the mental health field in NC, retiring in 2008. Currently he is President of Accomplishes More, Inc., a newly created non-profit in Durham specializing in treating young children with mental and behavioral problems. Maija was born in Finland to a Finnish army officer's family that emigrated to the US in 1949. After obtaining a BSN from Cornell University, she spent about 10 years in outpatient pediatric nursing. Then she earned an MPH and DrPH from the University of Texas School of Public Health and became a Professor at UNC Greensboro. Maija enjoys swimming laps and playing Scrabble. Maija and Bill also volunteer with Pug Rescue of North Carolina. These small dogs often suffer from ailments due to inbreeding leading to high medical costs and therefore to their abandonment by their owners.



Odds and Ends



What a great way to start the New Year! The Black and White Ball had it all—good music, great decorations, and a happy crowd. The Activity group plans on average about 360 events per month with offerings in the arts, education, and wellness. Amazing!

The Christmas toy display windows have been replaced by a turtle collection belonging to **Erika Guttentag**. The interesting work of **Blaine Nashold** is now on display in the Library classroom. Don't miss either of these exhibits.

H is for Holly trees spread around our campus.

A is for Alice (**Chen** and **Gifford**), for Ann (**Barlow**, **Campbell**, **Kirkpatrick**, **Morgenlander**, **Rice**), Aнна (**King**), Annie (**Redick**) & Annie Marie (**Langford**).

P is for Pete (**Seay**) and Peter (**Wharton**). Also for Ping-Pong.

P is for our beautiful Pool with its great picture window. It is used and enjoyed by many.

Y is for our Yule decorations, so attractive. **Ibby** and elves do a great job.

N means New Members. They each bring something new to the mix.

E is for Edith (**Borroff**), Eleanor (**Brinkley**), Elisa (**Nijhout**), Elizabeth (**Dube**, **O'Hanlan**, **Ropp**, and **Trapp**). Don't forget Ethel (**Foote** and **Peirce**), Eunice (**Goldner** and **Grossman**) and Evelyn (**Wilbanks**).

W Note all our Williams (**Bill**). There is **Bill** (**Anderson**, **Goldthorp**, **Griffith**, **Louv**, and **Upchurch**).

Y is for Young People. Once we were all young! Remember?

E is for Early birds at the desk reserving guest rooms.

A is for All of us—residents and staff.

R is for Robert (**Bob**) as in (**Blake**, **Burns**, **Dietrich**, **Durden**, **Moyer**, and **Ward**).

Mary Gates

My Squirrel Adventure

It all began when a friend left town and invited us all to come and take any of the treasures she was leaving behind. Since I'm not really into stuff, I went to say goodbye and good luck. However, there was one item that caught my eye, a squirrel cage. I love to feed the birds and have had a running battle with predatory squirrels forever. I put the cage out on the back porch and forgot it until my daughter, Janet, who can fix anything, came to visit. I told her I hadn't quite figured out how to set it up. She had it ready for action in a moment. We put it back on the porch, and I forgot about it until she left a couple of days later. I went out and found a very irate squirrel in residence. Now, how to relocate the little villain?

I called my friend, Mal, and asked him if he had any ideas. He said he didn't have a clue, but he knew I'd figure out something. The squirrel was making faces and chattering unflattering comments all the while. Next I put the cage in the trunk of my car, wearing gardening gloves and being very careful not to get near the gnashing teeth. I took it down the road to a shop where I saw a FedEx truck. I asked the driver if he would release the critter in the patch of woods next to the shop and he said, "Lady, I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole." What to do? I remembered the animal shelter which was several miles out into the country, and off we went.

I left the squirrel, cage and all, on the front porch and took off. When I got home, I called the shelter to be sure they were there and had found their latest guest. They were and had so I hung up. There was a message light on my phone. The message was, "This is Samantha Squirrel. My husband went out this morning to find food for the children and he hasn't come back. Have you seen him anywhere?" Mal got in the last laugh, but I got rid of that squirrel.

Carol Oettinger

Gravity

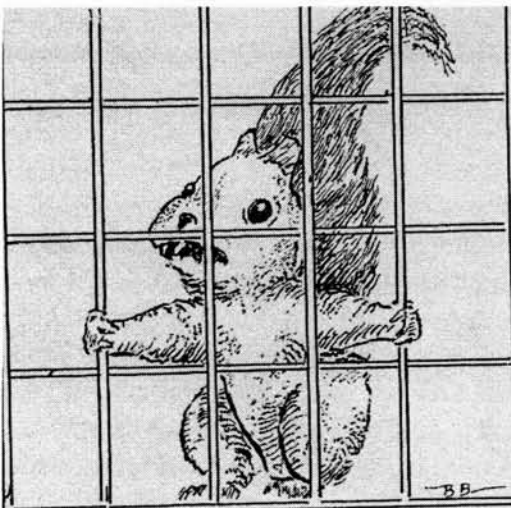
I hate to think where we would be
If there were no gravity.
Never again to grace this place,
We'd all float into outer space!

Don Chesnut

Zebra and Libre

A horse that's striped both black and white
Is called a zebra.
A poem whose lines don't always rhyme
Is called vers libre.

Don Chesnut



From Patton's Army to Duke

A long-time resident of The Forest, **John Friedrich** has a history of active duty in the Army, a musical career, and a department chairmanship at Duke. At each level of this varied career are many accomplishments and stories.

After Army Special Training Program at the University of Michigan, John joined General Patton's army and spent two and a half years in the service, including the Battle of the Bulge.

He brought his trumpet playing from his high school band to the war front where he was called upon to play at religious services for the troops. He tells of how, after barely surviving a Nazi attack while playing for the soldiers, they searched the debris to find his trumpet. As a weekly routine, John and others now meet in the party room every Thursday to play music.

Besides the high school band, John was captain of both his baseball and football teams in high school and football at Michigan State. Born and raised in Grand Rapids, MI, he had five sisters. Two of his sisters played the harp, and he often accompanied them for visitors to their home. John's wife was chair of the Nutrition Department at Meredith College, and he speaks proudly of his four children.

After earning a Ph.D. in Health Education and Sports Medicine at Michigan State and teaching there for twenty years, a call from Duke University brought him to Durham where he chaired Duke's Department of Health and Physical Education.

His achievements include making Duke one of the first places to have fitness stations on its walking/running trails: Vita Parcours. Most exciting and of great value both to the university and the community was the development of the Center for Living which John was instrumental in starting from the base of the faculty fitness center. This included the Duke University Preventive Approach to Cardiology that

remains an important part of the fitness center today.

John guided and advised many sports clubs and fraternities on health issues and alcohol abuse. He also advised the President's Council for Physical Fitness and the North Carolina Fitness Council, and served on the Heart and Cancer Boards.

John's father admonished him to be a Force for Good in the World, and his accomplishments assure us that he heard and heeded his father's words.

Louise Chut

Stomach's Lament

Dear friend, for my sanity's sake,
don't tell me you have a stomach ache.
No, blame the pain on your belly,
that protrusion of restrained jelly.

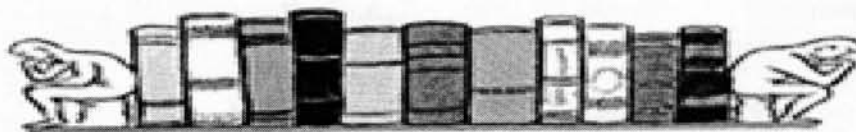
What you swallow in a hurry
has to be squeezed into a slurry.
For me, it takes a lot of time
to turn those bits of food to chyme.

I work on proteins and some fats,
not sugars and molecules like that.
Some alcohol I can digest;
drinking little and slowly is best.

Sometimes I force food up once more.
I may develop a bleeding sore.
Stop wanting me to be placid
when I am supposed to be acid!

Penelope Easton

From the Bookshelf



OLIVE KITTERIDGE

By Elizabeth Strout

Who is this woman? If you call to mind that stern, rigid looking woman in Grant Wood's painting *American Gothic*, you will get a good idea of our protagonist Olive Kitteridge

Elizabeth Strout's book of the same name introduces us to Olive who lives in the little fishing village of Crosby, Maine. The book is a novel told in thirteen short stories, an unusual format but one that makes for easy reading.

Olive appears in every story. Sometimes she is just a walk-on, while in others she is the central character. Olive is hard to know. She is a female curmudgeon, sometimes harsh, often opinionated, and mostly judgmental. She is also perceptive, a retired schoolteacher who shows a deep understanding of the grown-up seventh graders who cross her path. Yet she shows little patience for her husband, Henry, who finds his loyalty to his marriage both a blessing and a curse. Henry is kind, thoughtful, and oh so patient. Henry trusts people and believes in the goodness of mankind. Olive is often in sad denial, she mistrusts most of her neighbors and drove off her only son, Christopher.

The townspeople of Crosby are hard-working, down-to-earth folk who speak in familiar Down East accents ("ay-yuh") The stories told in each chapter introduce us to some of the towns more

colorful citizens. There is the aging Angela O'Meara who plays the piano four nights a week in the town bar. She is a lady whose self-confidence comes from the vodka that gives her the boost of courage she needs in order to keep her job. There is the young girl, Olive's former student, who has lost the will to live, and the story of a hostage-taking in a hospital.

We laugh at Olive but not with her as she jealously takes her revenge on her son's new wife. She resents his choice of a smart, stylish woman who is not a New Englander. Her only son tells her "you have a way of making people feel terrible." She isn't a nice woman. As one of the town's older women notes, "Olive has a way about her that was absolutely without apology." She dismisses people with words like "hellion" and "flub-dub."

At this point you are probably wondering why you would want to read *Olive Kitteridge*. I really didn't like the woman very much but with each story I found myself softening, feeling sorry for, and actually defending Olive as she suffers over her son's move to California, or an anorexic girl who brings her to tears, or the grandson who she never sees. She loves, she feels empathy, but she can't show it. How sad! She has a heart but she keeps it hidden, she has strong convictions but she is vulnerable, and sometimes, even lovable.

Peggy Quinn

My Birds

Almost any day, winter or summer, rain or shine,
they start to show up as we're having our morn
ing coffee.

What a show!

Goldfinches slaloming, (or is it surfing?)
in skimming, undulating flight,
to get their morning thistle seed.
Suddenly a new gang arrives;
a fluttering gaggle of pine siskins
takes over the feeder from the finches.

Down in the pine straw, the towhee clogs his
funny jig,
two steps forward and one step back.
Meanwhile, we offer peanuts for breakfast
to the woodpeckers: hairy, downy,
and the magnificently ladder-backed redbelly.
Even the sleek, grey and white nuthatches and
the randy little Carolina wren with his faithful
mate;
they all go crazy for the peanuts!

Now and again the big birds check in;
a mourning dove, a cowbird, a brown thrasher
or that greatest of show-offs,
the mockingbird, flashing his black and white
costume
on the top of the pole in shameless display
behavior.

What a bargain!

A great show for a dollar's worth of seeds and
nuts.

Take your time and enjoy it.

Ned Arnett

This and That

He knew from the start that he wanted to write,
Indulging in rhyming is such a delight.
So he wrote and he wrote with all his might,
He wrote in the morning, he wrote in the night.

He wrote about this, and he wrote about that,
He wrote about baseball players at bat.
He wrote about football and the old single wing,
Given time he would write about anything.

He wrote about dogs, he wrote about cats,
He wrote about camels, he wrote about bats.
He wrote about pollen that falls from the trees,
And all sorts of things that make us go sneeze.

He wrote about churches, he wrote about pews,
He wrote about steeples with heavenly views.
He wrote about heaven, he wrote about hell,
He wrote about future when tolls that last bell.

He wrote about lions and tigers and bears,
Scarecrows and tin men and wicked witch lairs,
The Munchkins and Toto, rainbows in skies,
Dorothy, the Wizard, and blue birds that fly.

He's still working hard, so I understand,
Sits there steadfastly, rhyme book in hand.
He really has nothing to place in its stead.
I think he'll keep writing until he's quite dead!

Don Chesnut

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				