

THE FORESTER

Volume 16 Issue 5 A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

February 2010

When Pat's Away: Hattie Wilson and David Emerson

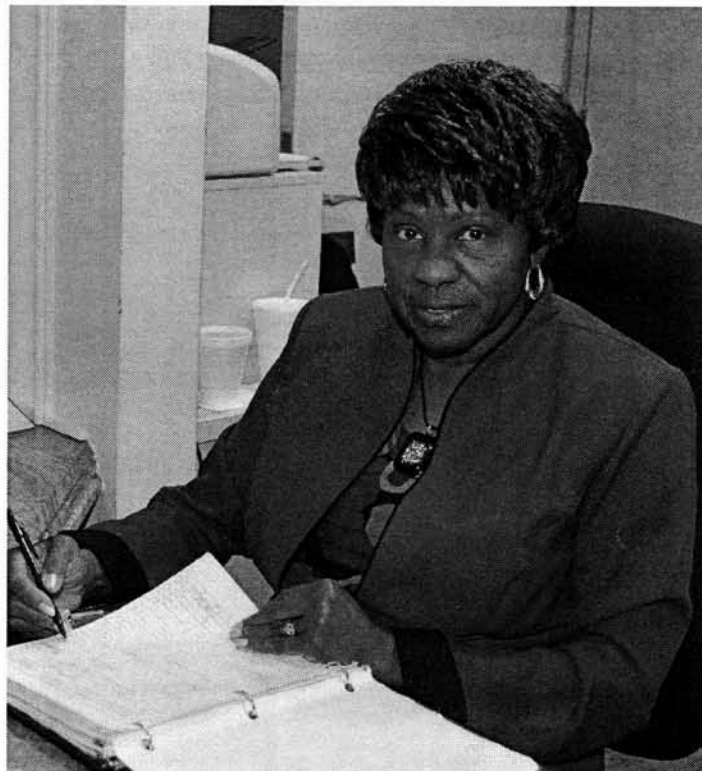
Photos by Ed Albrecht

Pat Gallagher is on the front desk Monday to Friday from eight to five, but The Forest administration keeps a person on the desk after those hours and on weekends and holidays, thereby avoiding the answering tape we all dislike so much.

Hattie Wilson has been with us at The Forest since 1999 when she looked in the Yellow Pages and called to ask if there were any part-time openings. There weren't, but she filled out an application blank, and three days later was hired. All of her working life she has worked full- and part-time jobs at once. "I've kept busy. But I love it," she says. She worked part-time at the Methodist Retirement Home for five years.

Hattie was born in Apex and was brought up on her father's tobacco farm in Chatham County and took the school bus to Pittsboro for school. There were ten children in her family: five boys and five girls. After they all grew up her mother still gathered everyone together for every holiday celebration. Christmas breakfast was scrambled eggs, sausage and bacon, grits with cheese, homemade peach preserves, and biscuits, with pound cake for those who wanted it. On New Year's Day her mother made sweet potato pudding, and that was with *grated* sweet potatoes, not the poor substitute of mashed sweet potatoes. Hattie's sister now hosts this gathering. On Christmas 2009 there were twenty-two people, friends as well as family, for breakfast. Hattie and her sister were still scrambling eggs when the first table had finished.

After high school, while she was working at an insurance company, Hattie went to Durham Tech at night for a two year Social Degree. She worked with the Durham Public Schools as a teacher's assis-



tant in kindergarten, but that was only a nine-month job, so she went to work at UNC Physicians and Associates, which handled billing for UNC Hospital; later it became UNC Health Care and she was a Patient Financial Service Representative, where she enjoyed talking to different insurance companies and processed receipts and posted payments. She became an assistant supervisor, trained new hires, and processed tapes from Medicare, balancing checks with the tapes. If this balance was off by even ten cents, she worked with it until she found the error. "It was interesting because you never caught up."

(Continued on page 4)

The Forester

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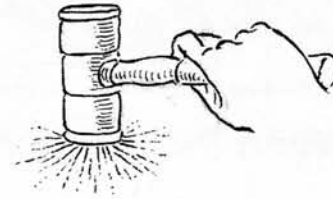
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President's Podium

Now that H1N1 influenza type A virus vaccine is readily available and strongly recommended, it may be the moment to reflect on what the H and the N stand for. The H stands for hemagglutinin, and the N for neuraminidase. These are structures located on the surface of the virus, and are the targets of the body's protective immune response. By way of history, hemagglutinin was named after the discovery in the 1930s that the virus causes red blood cells to clump in a test tube, thus providing the first easy methods of measuring the amount of virus in a solution. The problem is that the H and N rascals periodically change their spots, which are numbered, with the nasty version labeled H1N1 and the less dangerous "seasonal flu" strain H3N2; and thus elude immune protection. This changeability is rare: measles, mumps, and chickenpox, for example are stable and thus one is protected by one exposure for a lifetime (with infrequent exceptions). The bad flu viruses show up in major outbreaks of often lethal infections known as pandemics. In the 20th century there were three pandemics, 1918, 1957, and 1968. We're in one now, so grit your teeth and check out whether you should receive a shot.

On the wall somewhere in your "independent living unit" is a box with a large red light which if poked activates help which will arrive soon. The blue-green button cancels the call (as when you hit the red button accidentally) and resets the gizmo. The yellow button is for those who wish to check in each day at an agreed upon time to signify that they are OK. At this writing there is concern that the yellow button is non functional. Hopefully this issue will be clarified by the time you read this.

Penelope Easton is leading a movement to update the CONFIDANT BOOK, located on the RA shelf at

(Continued on page 3)

In Memoriam

Robert Machemer	December 23, 2009
Audrey Austin	January 7, 2010
Sybil Erickson	January 14, 2010
Alice Gifford	January 14, 2010

Library Science 101



Roses are red,
Violets are blue.
We have romance novels
And A-Vs too.

February is the month of Romance, and the library has romantic materials for you. For example, there are DVD "Sleepless in Seattle" and VHS "Romeo and Juliet," not to mention countless books in print.

Do you remember Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, and *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights* by the two Bronte sisters? How about *Gone With the Wind*, and, of course, Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*? These are some old classics in our library.

Currently there is a long list of so-called "Romance writers" and we have many examples of their work both in hardback and paperback (and don't forget the paperback collection in the Club Room, to the left of the fireplace). Mary Balogh, Catherine Coulter, Julie Garwood, Iris Johanson, Jayne Ann Krentz, Fern Michaels, Nora Roberts, Danielle Steel and Susan Wiggs are some to look for.

Since it is also presidents' birthday month, remember, too, that we have good biographies of many of our presidents.

By the time you read this we may have our new shelves up in the classroom where the large brown communications board used to be. In-house authors and TFAD notebooks are to be placed here. This will cause some other rearrangements in the Library, which will extend space for some categories. Be watching!

Meanwhile, Dorothy Brundage's committee, working with Jane Jones, is categorizing and rearranging the Audio-Visual collection (CD, DVD, VHS) in the Classroom. Eunice Grossman has already done this for the CD music located in the main room.

For our TFAD Book Club we are trying a new procedure. Copies of the book are being placed on one-week reserve, so more readers will have a chance to see the book before the meeting. *Olive Kitteridge* by Strout is the book for February, and March's book is *Help* by Stockett.

All of this is to make our Library more user friendly.

If you have further suggestions, please let us know.

Carol Scott

Podium continued

(Continued from page 2)

the south end of the US mailbox wall. Everyone should have a fellow resident as a CONFIDANT who is authorized to spread whatever news the two of you agree upon: such as, you are in the hospital because your third martini caused you to fall, and quell the rumor that your partner whacked you in a fit of pique. This system is strictly between residents and is not subject to stifling government rules that apply to your medical records.

Tom Frothingham

When Pat's Away *continued*

(Continued from page 1)

When she worked on correcting addresses of patients she loved talking to people all over the world. "Some would give the information; some wouldn't." Sometimes the bill went out before the patient, a foreigner with a long stay, left the hospital.

During her work life she had to be very sick before she stayed home. "If you stayed home you were swamped when you got back." The UNC system allowed workers to donate vacation time to a fellow worker, which she often did, and sick leave was applied toward retirement. By the time she retired in 2006 she had accumulated two years of sick leave!

The day Hattie retired she was sad because she missed her coworkers. She says, "I love working here. I enjoy the residents and learn something new every day."

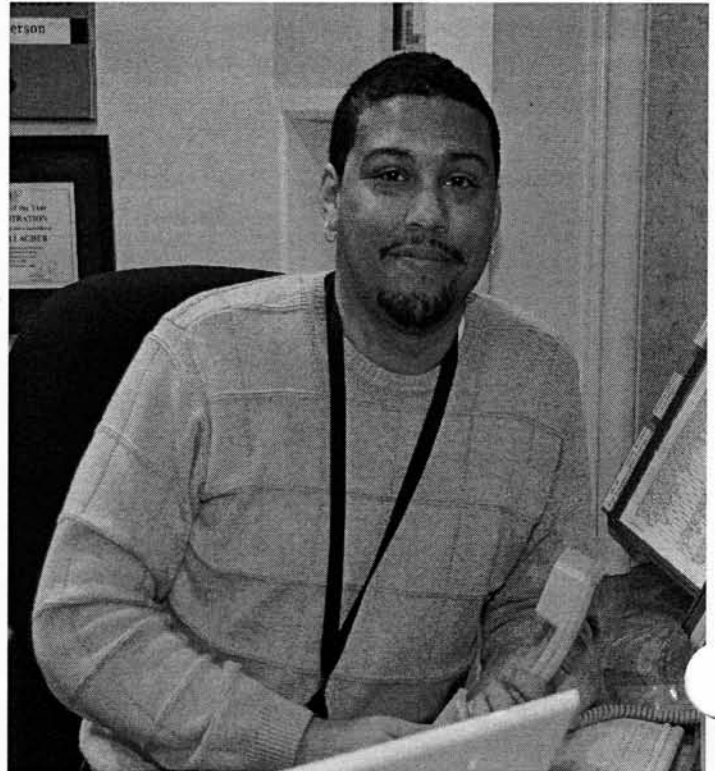
She says that all her working life she had supervisors, but she has never had one even remotely as good as **Pat Gallagher**. "She works with me—she'll even work for me!" Hattie won the 2009 Part Time Employee of the Year award.

David Emerson came to The Forest in December 2009 and celebrated his thirty-sixth birthday shortly after he came to us. He was born in Los Angeles to parents who worked for the county. He grew up in South Central LA, a "very urban" upbringing. He says it was a rough neighborhood but he kept his nose clean and stayed out of trouble. He is the youngest of seven children, with six years between him and the youngest of his three sisters. "I always say I learned to fight from my sisters, who picked on me all the time." David's father was a strict conservative parent whereas David is "very laid back and progressive. Each person sees the world through their own eyes, and that's the way it should be."

He went to a magnet school where he was on the speech and debate team, in school drama, and in track ran the high hurdles. "I did alright in track, but it was mostly for fun."

After high school he went for two years to

Santa Monica College with a major in theater and a minor in dance.



After college he moved around, holding various jobs in Manhattan and in San Antonio, Texas. He has a brother and three sisters in North Carolina, who talked him into joining them here. He worked at Duke Raleigh Hospital and had a part-time job at the Apple store at Southpoint. He already owned a Mac and says the Apple store gives employees constant training. Since David is part-time, he can be hired by any of us MAC users to work on our computer troubles.

This fall he enrolled full time at Durham Tech and is working toward an RNA. He is interested in the research aspect of medicine. In addition to his part-time job here, he is a DJ at Six Plates Wine Bar on Saturday nights from 10pm to 2am. He lives in Durham with his brother and a black-and-white cat named Oreo.

Joanne Ferguson

Pants... Pants... Pants...

I looked so good in my little white pants. My mother liked them; my grandmother liked them; my aunts liked them. My "Sunday best" little white pants drew raves from women and girls I didn't even know. I sure looked good!

My Little League baseball pants were white; my Babe Ruth League pants were white; my high school pants were white; my football pants were white; my basketball pants were white. My school's cheerleaders liked my white pants. The opposing cheerleaders liked my white pants. I sure looked good!

Matriculation only changed the color. At a Saturday afternoon football game, a guy could have a yellow shirt, a blue shirt or even a white shirt, but his pants had to be salt-and-pepper gray. Getting a date was a breeze if I had the right pants. I sure looked good!

At the wedding, the pants to my tux had a crease so sharp I could have shaved with them. My wife to be, the wedding party, my parents and my in-

laws-to be were so impressed. I sure looked good!

PANTS! PANTS! A guy had to have the right kind of pants; the right kind of pants at the right time could gain a guy a lot of success.

After the divorce, I knew I had to get myself some new pants. I knew the women would like me again.

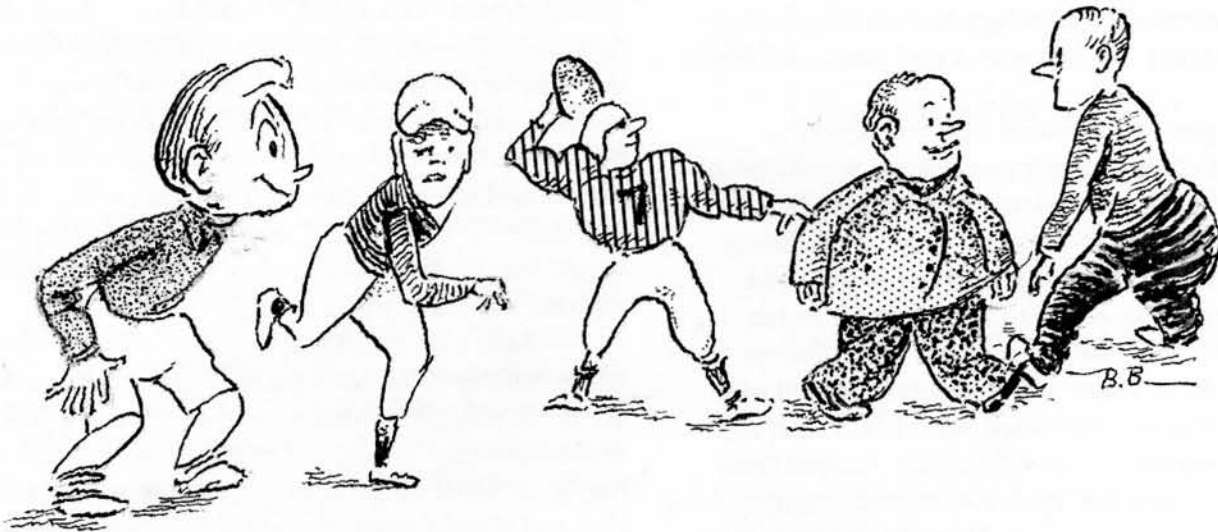
Until

I walked into a clothing store at Northgate and the eager salesman met me at the door, "Sir, the large sizes are in the back."

When I reached the pants display, I was greeted with, "Sir, you must sit down a lot in your work."

I knew it was all over!

Bill Harrington



Bellevue

The Way It Was, 1951-52

Fresh out of medical school, I was walking to my first day as an intern in pediatrics at Bellevue Hospital. Widely known for its psychiatric division, but less well known outside of New York City for its academic teaching services from Columbia, Cornell, and New York University medical schools, this several thousand bed general hospital, the largest in New York, was to be my home for what was perhaps the most extraordinary year of my early life. Here-with are some of the highlights.

As I approached the hospital, there on the sidewalk lay a motionless man. Pedestrians were stepping over him and proceeding on the way without so much as a glance. I bent to inquire if I might be of help and was rebuffed with a slurred demand to "bug off." Welcome to NYC.

Bellevue of that time was built in the 1930s, solid, spacious, stone floors, and stunning views of the East River from terraces on each floor. In the men's rooms the urinals were tall and majestic. But when I arrived there were no drain covers, just gaping holes. I learned that when built there were fine brass drain covers but now they had all been stolen to trade for drugs. Welcome to a real world unknown to me.

The year was divided into "rotations" wherein you served for a few weeks as the lowest of the low in each of the various services. My first rotation was the premature nursery where many things that we did for tiny babies were later found to be dreadfully harmful, such as long exposure to far more oxygen than was needed, which resulted in blinding many of them with retrolental fibroplasia.

There was a thirty-bed ward filled with children with tuberculosis. Streptomycin was just over the horizon. A measles epidemic caused stunning flare-ups of the tuberculosis. This was my first exposure to enhancement of one infectious disease by infection with a different germ, a phenomenon I studied years later in the laboratory.

There was a huge ward filled with permanent residents, terribly mentally and physically impaired and abandoned children that we referred to with shameful gallows humor as the vegetable garden.

The most exciting rotation was the ER. In those days the ER was staffed by extraordinarily capable nurses and two interns just out of medical school. If you saw a patient that baffled you, you could send him or her to an inpatient unit for a consultation with more senior residents under a procedure known as "see and advise." If you did this too often, they would berate you for your ignorance and laziness. On the other hand, you had the final say as to whether a patient was admitted to an inpatient service; they could not turn that order down. You had the power to make their life miserable; admit at 2 am or hold in the ER for a few hours before sending to the ward.

There were two tasks that we interns fought over. One was sewing up lacerations, which protected you from having to deal with patients with multiple vague and impossible maladies. The second was riding the ambulance. At that time in NYC the first responders to all ambulance calls were the police who decided whether the ambulance was needed; and then in collaboration with the very capable and well-trained members of the ambulance team (driver and attendant) decided whether a physician was desired. If so, an ER intern rode the ambulance, which was always an adventure. Three ambulance trips are etched in my memory.

One cold evening a man fell out of a taxicab in the middle of Times Square. We arrived and found all traffic halted in a massive jam with every irritated driver blowing the horn. The man was on his back, half in and half out of the cab. Meaningful examination was clearly impossible, so I suggested that we take him in the ambulance to the ER. I was told that if he was dead, he could not ride in the ambulance

(Continued on page 7)

Bellevue continued

(Continued from page 6)

but would have to be taken to the morgue in a hearse, which apparently had been called. The noise prevented listening for a heart beat. I could not feel a pulse. Finally I examined his retina with an ophthalmoscope and saw only clumps of blood in his vessels, clearly indicating no circulation. We followed him to the morgue located in the pathology department, where it was determined that he was indeed very dead.

On another ambulance ride, we picked up a woman in the latter stages of labor. My experience of eight deliveries, a medical school requirement at the time, left me with nothing but hope that we would reach the hospital before I had to do something. As we backed to the unloading platform at the ER, the baby slithered down the leg of the mother's underpants, announcing his presence with great vigor. I was able to help him out of the underpants. Thank you medical school!

Summoned to a third floor walk-up apartment and thankfully accompanied by a very large and capable attendant, we were directed through a crowded living room to a bedroom where a thin man lay propped up on pillows. He was cold and stiff; there was no heartbeat, no movement of any sort; he was clearly dead. There were several members of the living room crowd now at my side. I was about to announce my diagnosis when the attendant nudged me. As I turned he handed me a syringe and needle partially filled with a clear liquid. I got the message and plunged the needle into the man's heart, withdrew some blood and injected the fluid. As expected, nothing happened, but it was clear that the previously skeptical onlookers were now satisfied that he was dead. As we left, the attendant reminded me, "Doc, you always have to do something."

One evening a reasonably well-dressed man appeared in the ER demanding admission. He was clearly not a candidate for admission, but continued

to insist. No reason could be found. Suddenly a Suit of high rank appeared (in those days, as now probably, administrators were known as Suits) and demanded that the man be admitted. The admission form required a diagnosis, so I entered the only one I could think of: "Acute Political Emergency." I never heard what happened, nor did I ever dare inquire.

To round out the year, I contracted mumps with some of the dreaded complications, my wife ran off with a lawyer (in retrospect, a blessing), and the Navy called me to active duty at a viral research unit located in Cairo, Egypt.

God Bless America!

Tom Frothingham

Un Trou Noir

Travel near, travel far,

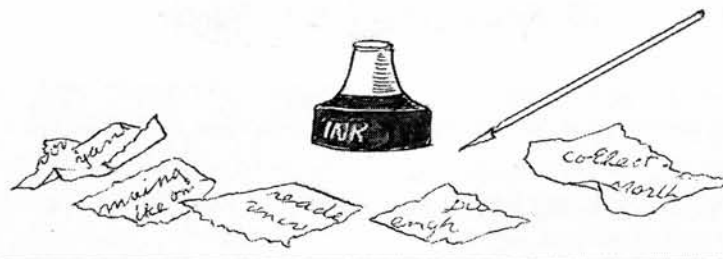
Travel to the closest star.

But if you meet a hole that's black,

It's certain you're not coming back!

Don Chesnut

Odds and Ends



Winter will soon be half over and the days are getting longer by the minute! To avoid the flu and other contagious maladies—keep washing our hands! One way to do this long enough is to wash until you have finished a round of “Happy Birthday.” Take a name from the birthday list on Channel 8 if your dear ones are not celebrating now.

On inclement days, walk inside and enjoy the art work by residents, past and present. Next month, one of our most popular and prolific artists will be featured in the Forester.

Don’t miss the display in the Library Classroom of the work of **Blaine Nashold**. He has added interesting notes to further our understanding. The display windows in the foyer contain a collection of turtles belonging to **Erika Guttentag**. This is the last display arranged by **John Henry**.

Try this quiz to see how much you know about your fellow residents. Answers below.

1. Which couple were both “army brats” and have lived all over the world?

- a. **Jeanne and John Blackburn**
- b. **Eunice and Herman Grossman**
- c. **Pete and Dolly Selleck**

2. Which resident was once a medical missionary to Iran?

- a. **Harold Dunlap**
- b. **Tom Frothingham**
- c. **Penelope Easton**

3. Which resident does not play bridge?

- a. **Jean Wolpert**
- b. **Jean Anderson**
- c. **Collin Ostrander**

4. Which couple both attended the Eastman School of Music?

- a. **Tom and Bette Gallie**
- b. **Jon and Judy Engberg**
- c. **Don and Debbie Chesnut**

5. Who does not belong to the Mac Club?

- a. **Murry Perlmutter**
- b. **Betsy Close**
- c. **Anne Rice**

6. Who makes violins?

- a. **Marion Gilbertson**
- b. **Jim Staley**
- c. **Carolyn Fields**

7. Who founded the Duke Cancer Patient Support Program?

- a. **Rachel Schanberg**
- b. **Molly Simes**
- c. **Evebell Dunham**

8. What couple is active in Pug Rescue?

- a. **Chuck and Anna King**
- b. **Bill and Maija Harrington**
- c. **Paul and Lillis Altshuller**

ANSWERS: 1.(c) 2. (a) 3.(b) 4. (b) 5. (c) 6. (c) 7. (a) 8. (b)

Mary Gates

Internet Relations

The Internet is a wonderful invention! I have used it to research many things and to keep in touch with friends, but recently I used it for something special.

I met a man on the Internet! A special man. We have been exchanging e-mails like crazy. He is fascinating! He is also very good-looking, for he sent me his picture. I also sent a couple of me—fairly recent ones but the most flattering I could find. It is true that he is a good bit younger than I, but I have read that younger men are attracted to older women. It certainly seems so in this case!

His name is Paul. He lives in New Hampshire—too far away—but he has promised to come down to see me in April. I can hardly wait! His e-mails are so great that I know I will really like him in person. He was introduced to me by a cousin, so I am sure he is all right, not a scammer of some sort...

You see, my cousin was searching the Internet for some family connections—like me, she is interested in genealogy since she retired from teaching school—and she came across his name. It is a very unusual one, and she got in touch with him, and they e-mailed back and forth several times before she knew that he and I had to meet. So she gave him my e-mail address, and the rest, as they say, is history!

And history it is. Paul is a second cousin whose family moved away from our family, and both families kept a secret of their relationship for eighty-some years. Paul has recently started tracking down his relatives. His grandfather was born in 1897, out of wedlock, to my great-aunt, who took to her grave the secret of his father's name. This grandfather was raised by the grandmother he thought was his mother, and his real mother he considered his sister (this was not unusual in Victorian times). When he learned the truth, he was devastated at the deception, moved away from his family and lost contact with them. And those he left behind continued to keep the secret. Now, at last, we are learning about each other. It is a fascinating story, and we have much catching

up to do.

I can't wait to meet my cousin Paul in April. His wife is coming with him, and from the picture he sent of her I'd love to know her too.

The Internet is indeed a wonderful invention!

Carol Scott

To All the Gode Wyves of TFAD

A membre of our pilgrimage thurgh lyve,
ther was a worthy, much admired wyf.
Her home was a Foreste of gode repute
named for a welthy lord, ycleped Duke.
Hard by that Foreste was a famous toun
Durham, the Bull Cite, I treuli own.

Eck was ther a universitie
as gode as ani in the hole contree
ycleped Duke, lyk every other thinge
in Durham knouen for its fine fode
and Duke for its basketball and Chapele gode.

This wyf enjoyd all celebraciounes
Then preyed for help against temptaciounes,
The wiles of basketball and televisione,
mete and ale, tea and fresh-baked scone.
Loved by familiar and friends, this wyf
holpen bryng joie to mani other lyves.

Ned Arnett

(with appreciation to G. Chaucer)

My First Car

My first car was a Cadillac town car which my husband bought for one hundred dollars. I always believed that it had been used for funerals. It had room for all six of my children and they liked playing in it when we weren't going someplace. There was room for the playpen between seats and even room for the two jump seats to be pulled down. The children liked to put flowers in the little vases on the sides. It was a bit hard to steer, but I was strong. I told my friends that it couldn't pass anything but a gas station. After about a year, as I was driving to the grocery store, one of the axles broke in two. We were all sorry to see it towed away.

I decided that the least I could do was write a small tribute to my first car from its own point of view.

Here I am, reduced to this; no flowers in my vases, a playpen in my spacious interior, no chauffeur but this woman, who does drive me with some skill and strength. It takes both to maneuver my creaky old cogs and fittings. And here are noisy children arguing about who gets the jump seats, who gets to sit in front, and who gets the throne-like back seat.

In my days of shining new glory, I used to have a smartly uniformed driver. The people who were ushered into my comfortable velvet seats were

finely dressed ladies in silken or satin gowns with feathered hats. They were fragrant with expensive perfume. The gentlemen in tailored suits, smelling of costly cigars, spoke of mergers and stock and bond transactions. The conversations were quiet and measured.

Then one day, much later, my owner told his lady that the market had crashed, there was nothing left and he was selling me. That was the beginning of the end for me.

I was sold to a funeral director to follow the hearses. There was still some dignity in this although all the people riding in me were sad. Oh, once there was a couple who were wrangling about how to get more money from a will. They made everything seem gray.

This family bought me for \$100. Is this really my value? Perhaps having happy people and children using me to go merrily from place to place should make me feel a little better.

It does, I grudgingly concede.

Carol Oettinger



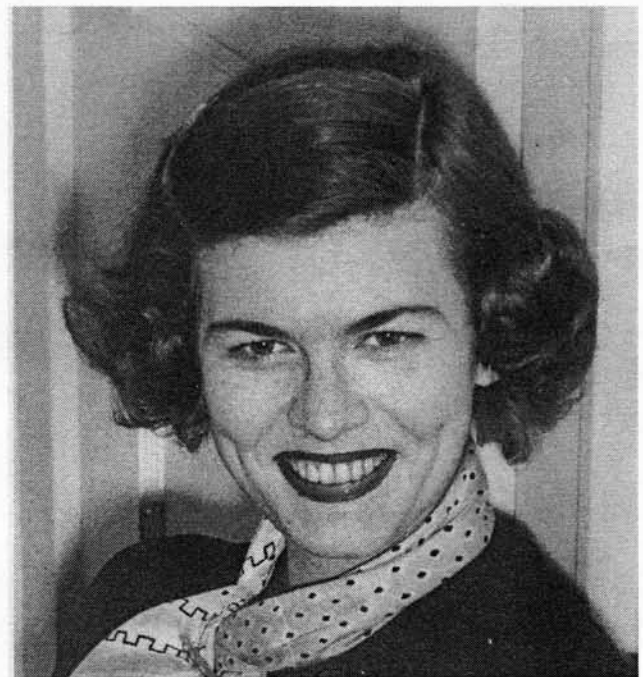
Mystery People

Who Are They? by Mary Gates

These two glamorous people are now TFAD residents



Graduate of Evanston Township High



Employee of ETS in Princeton, N.J.

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

Associated with Winter

AVALANCHE	FREEZE	ICICLE	PENGUIN	SLEIGH
BLIZZARD	FRIGID	JACKET	REINDEER	SLIPPERY
CANDLE	FROST	JANUARY	SEAL	SNOWY
CAROL	GLOVES	LAYERED	SEASON	SNOWMAN
CHILL	HAT	MIGRATION	SHELTER	SWEATER
COAT	HIBERNATION	MITTENS	SHOVEL	THERMAL
COLD	HOT CHOCOLATE	MUFFLER	SKIING	UNDERWEAR
FEBRUARY	HUSKY	NIPPY	SLED	TOBOGGAN
FIREPLACE	ICY	OTTER	SLEET	WIND
FLU	ICE SKATING	PARKA		ZERO