

Anthony Ellis

Tony Ellis has been with us since January 25th, and when I walked into his office to interview him and found him just hanging up the phone, he said, "It's crazy today. We're short staffed," and then sat calmly down to talk.

He was born in Fulton, New York, a suburb of Syracuse, into a family of seven children, he the middle child. He says he just barely made it into the baby boom generation. When he was eight years old they moved to Ithaca, where both his parents worked for Cornell. His father worked in construction, and Tony learned carpentry skills from him.

With both parents working, every child in the family had a chore: his oldest sister was the day-care provider, and he, when he was thirteen years old, was assigned the job of cooking the nightly dinner for this family of nine! Both visitors and family praised his abilities; he said this was his experimental period and he cooked all kinds of things. When he was a sophomore in high school there was a terrible slump in construction. Tony had planned to be a carpenter, but seeing his father's worries and every worker he knew out of work made him wonder "why do it?"

He took a part-time job at Joe's Italian Restaurant and was taking vocational chef training in high school. The brother of his high-school guidance counselor was the butcher at Joe's, where they bought meat in quarters and did their own meat cutting. This butcher was so mean nobody wanted to work with him, but he and Tony worked well together; Tony learned about meat cutting, and the two of them developed a bond.

After graduation Tony was accepted at college; but with the construction business still struggling, there was no money, so he took a full-time job at



photo by Ed Albrecht

Joe's and later a job at The Greystone Inn, where he was a cook in the French restaurant.

When he took a job at the Holiday Inn, he met the man who he says is at the top of the list of three or four people who played a key role in his career: E.B. Miller, the retired chef from the Waldorf Astoria. "E.B. was classically trained, and working for him was like going to college---but I got paid for doing it."

Tony became Food and Beverage Director at the Holiday Inn, and met his wife, Mary, who was working there. "We actually didn't get along at first, but then something happened." They were married an-

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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.

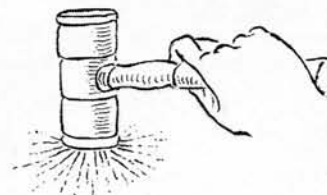
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President's Podium

Herewith my last comment on THE OTHER SIDE. After discovering that it is a menu on the other side of the paper showing today's menu, I have learned that it is a "fixed menu" – one that is changed only occasionally, and one where orders may take awhile to prepare.

The "strategic planning" process for the competitive and comfortable future of TFAD is now off and running by committees staffed by residents, administrators, and staff employees. They are: Resource Conservation, Campus Master Plan, Six Aspects of Wellness, Community Relations, Diversity, and Ad Hoc (available for future assignment). Not all of the impressively large number of residents who expressed interest could be assigned in order to keep the committees to a reasonable size.

On a personal note, I wish to express my sincere thanks to so many of you who have given me hope, comfort, and encouragement as I proceed through discovery and treatment of a new cancer problem. I have learned that we are a wonderful, caring, and supportive family.

Tom Frothingham

In Memoriam

Jean Dewey Spicer	March 11, 2010
Carolyn Graves Withers	March 13, 2010
Dorothy Candela	March 22, 2010
William R. Goldthorp	March 27, 2010
Anne Judson Woody Rice	March 27, 2010

CARS, CARS, CARS

Please send photos of your first car or your favorite car to box #2047 or leave with Pat at the Front Desk. No Toyotas please.

Library Science 101



"O frabjous day! Calloo! Callay!" as Lewis Carroll might have said with us when he first saw our new bookshelves in the Library Classroom. They add much-needed space and by the time you read this most of those shelves will be filled.

In an effort to house all AudioVisual materials together, CDs and DVDs have been moved to the new shelving, clearly marked as to category and arranged alphabetically within categories for easy access. These collections have been expanded, for many new ones have been in boxes awaiting shelf space.

They occupy two section of the shelving, and the third now houses In-House Authors. You know we invite residents who have written books to donate a copy to the Library, and these are placed together. Some of us have written books that are very readable, like books of history, and will be enjoyed by many, but others have written on more esoteric subjects that may be of more limited interest (I don't think anyone wants to read mine on William Scott and Samuel Suther of Cabarrus County, NC, and their descendants!).

Moving In-House Authors has made additional space for Fiction and there are other shifts made in the main Library room.

To celebrate this and to guide you around the new arrangements, the Library will have an Open House on Sunday, May 2, from 3 to 5 p.m.--- a belated MAY DAY celebration. There will be an announcement in the monthly Activities Book. Everyone is invited.

There will be refreshments OUTSIDE the Library, and we will again have a give-away of books donated from their own collections by members of the Library Committee, like the successful one we had last fall. One to a customer, please!

Speaking of donations – and NOT to be confused with the donations above, you do know that the Library welcomes donations of books and AV materials as you clean your shelves, grow tired of titles, or downsize your holdings. These donations are carefully counted and then receipted by the Accounting office for IRS exemption. We keep all we can use, then show the rest to a bookbuyer. Proceeds from the sale of those materials are the SOLE FINANCIAL SUPPORT of our Library. Money received enables us to buy bestsellers, Large Print books, recommended books, and the materials we need to keep the Library going, such as book pockets, date due cards, spine labels, glue, Scotch tape, pencils and the usual other office supplies . Books still left over go to the Durham County Library for further distribution. Such a charitable donation benefits the donor, the Library, the County Library, and The Forest, as it helps our 501(c)(3) status as a non-profit community.

I look forward to seeing you at the Open House, if not before!

Carol Scott

Several Residents

Several residents here are named John,
Who no longer can run a marathon.
Once they could of,
Probably should of.
We think now they could do a walkathon or
perhaps a telethon.

Mary Gates

Anthony Ellis continued*(Continued from page 1)*

moved to Morgantown, West Virginia. He says the sports scene was spectacular: The Holiday Inn was next to the football stadium, and the Ellises lived next to the basketball arena.

Tony loved sports and had grown up as an avid skier and snowmobiler.

They moved back to New York, now with two daughters, Kate and Brandi. Here he took training in the Holiday Inn General Manager's Program. When he took the exam for Certified Hotel Administrator he passed it the first time, an unheard of accomplishment. After he became general manager for the Ramada Inn in Ithaca, New York, he won First Place in

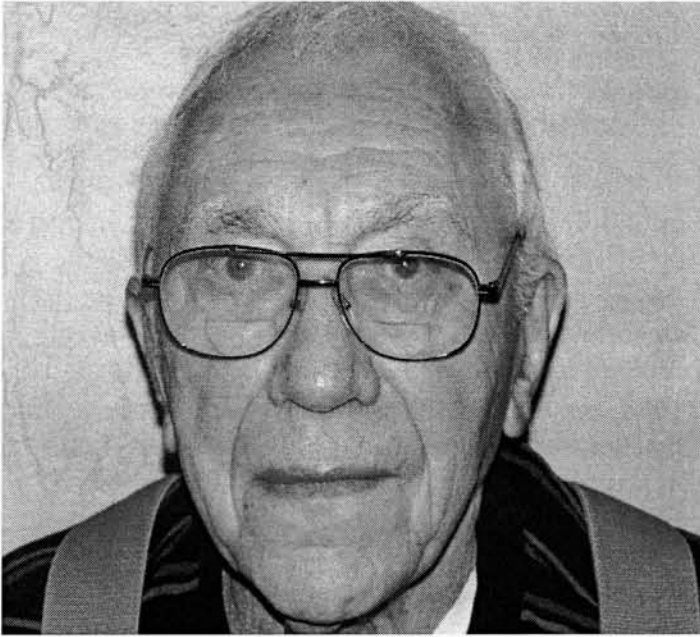
Broadcast Advertising for Ramada system wide, served on the board of the New York Hospitality and Tourism Advisory Board that managed the Hotel Convention Show in New York City, was president of the Innkeepers Association, was awarded the Best Brunch Award for Tompkin's County, was chairman of the Innkeeper's Association, to name only a few of his awards and affiliations.

After going through two blizzards back to back with sixty-mile-an-hour winds, he and his family headed south to Atlanta, Georgia, where he was with Crowne Plaza Hotel after the 1996 Olympics and

(Continued on page 10)

Tony and Anthony with the baseball bed

Welcome, New Residents



Gerald Dargo

Apartment 3050 489-1572

Gerry was born and raised in a rural hamlet called "Stop Seven," it being the seventh street-car stop between Lorain and Elyria, Ohio. His mother died before he was two and his father when he was 12. He was raised mostly by grandparents, aunts, and a neighbor. In his teens, he earned ten cents an hour picking berries and vegetables at near-by truck farms. He served in Europe as an Army telegrapher during WWII, missing the Battle of Bastogne by one day, having been hospitalized for trench foot. He graduated from Ohio State. He began his career in advertising as a copy writer for the Montgomery Ward catalog and went on to a variety of positions in advertising in Chicago. He is proud of a campaign for the U. S. Rubber Company built around the slogan "Never having seen a purple cow." For this promotion, Gerry actually had a cow sprayed with purple vegetable dye. Upon retirement he moved to Chapel Hill where his daughter is chair of the Department of biochemistry and biophysics at the University of North Carolina Medical School. In his spare time, he enjoys politics, walking, bowling, and sports in general.

Bill and Nancy Hudson

Apartment 3012 489-3445

Nancy and Bill Hudson are North Carolinians born and bred. Bill served with an infantry division in Italy during WWII, receiving a Purple Heart and Bronze Star. After his discharge he attended Emory University in Atlanta, and graduated in 1951 from Wake Forest University School of Medicine in Winston-Salem. He did general practice in the mountains of North Carolina for five years before completing a residency and fellowship in otolaryngology (ENT) at Baptist Hospital and Johns Hopkins. In 1961 he joined the faculty at Duke University School of Medicine, where he practiced and taught until his retirement in 1995.

Bill married Nancy McLean in 1947. Nancy was born in Gastonia and is a graduate of Appalachian State University. She taught kindergarten before turning her attention to raising a family. They have three children, six grandchildren, and one great-grandchild. Bill enjoys golf, tennis, and fishing. Nancy is a bridge player and has been involved in numerous volunteer activities with the Duke Auxiliary and at church.



Welcome, New Residents



Merrill Petrow

Cottage 10

419-6033

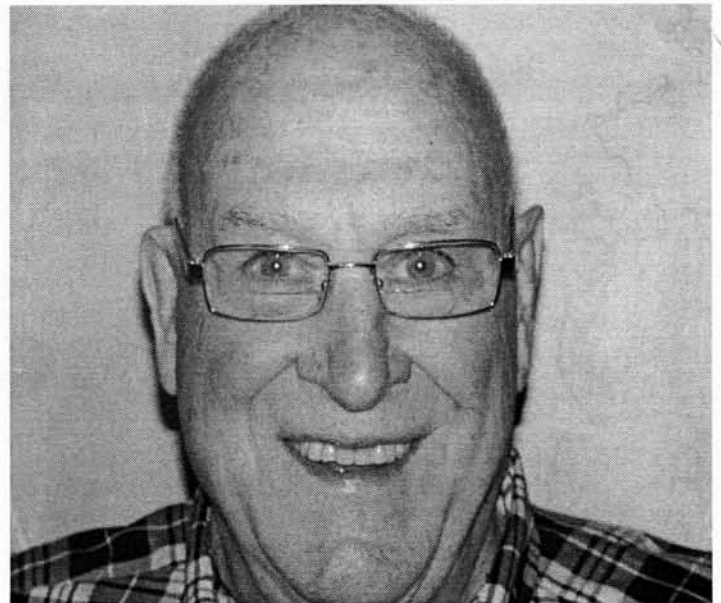
Merrill Petrow was born in England and spent most of her early life in London and its suburbs. She worked there as a medical secretary. She became the second wife of Vladimir Petrow whose family had emigrated to England following the Russian Revolution. Vladimir was a research chemist with a pharmaceutical firm where he was largely responsible for developing the British equivalent of "The Pill." The Petrows came to America when his firm was acquired by another, living first in Cincinnati and then in Chapel Hill. After retiring, Vladimir continued his research as an Adjunct Professor at Duke. As for her life's work, Merrill says, "I couldn't do what my husband did, so I made it possible for him to do what *he* did." She is experienced in many forms of sewing and needlework and has been a keen quilter. She would like to join or form a group of residents with similar interests. Among other activities, she has been a member of a belly-dancing group and has volunteered at the Doberman Rescue of the Triad.

Oakley Pandick

Apartment 3021

490-5891

Oakley has moved to The Forest from his home in Hillsborough. He was born in New York and grew up in Fanwood, NJ. He served in the Army in the Pacific during WW II, receiving a Bronze Star, and again in Korea. At Rutgers University, he played football and was named outstanding lineman in 1948. He coached football and taught history both at the high school level and at Rutgers. He moved to this area ten years ago to be nearer to his children. His son Mark lives in Chapel Hill and is marketing manager for IBM, and his daughter Kim lives in Durham and is engaged in brokerage sales. Oakley still enjoys sports, golf, and cooking.



Haiti and Catastrophes

On January 12, 2010, a magnitude 7.0 severe earthquake struck the island containing the country of Haiti, causing extensive destruction and loss of as many as 150,000 lives. Within hours a media storm of information and misinformation followed. Some of the “news” showed no realization of the magnitude of the damage and the real consequences of such widespread destruction. The city of Port-au-Prince, with perhaps 2 million residents, was paralyzed.

The response to the disaster was indeed slow! Roads and streets were either extensively damaged or covered by debris from fallen buildings. Buildings fell on vehicles, including ambulances. Roads from the Dominican Republic, the country sharing the island, were impassable. Electrical power was cut off, so that once vehicles were out of fuel, no more could be pumped. At the seaport, wharves and docks were destroyed, and no one knew what might have happened to shipping channels. The airport was left with only one runway with minimal damage, and almost all terminal buildings and the tower had collapsed, effectively shutting down the airport.

In spite of this massive destruction, residents and correspondents were making comments that no one was helping them. True, but they did not take into consideration the inability to overcome the transportation difficulties, let alone personnel shortages. Where was the local government? The governmental obligations of police, fire, and health care were as paralyzed as everything else in the city; many police and fire personnel were killed by the quake, and equipment was buried or damaged beyond use, even if they could have moved out.

One news segment interviewed a couple of sisters, who were lamenting the fact that their mother had been killed and she could not be given a “proper” funeral, which she had so often expressed as “necessary.” Contrast that with the need to dispose of thousands of bodies, many without identification or knowledge of living relatives. As a result, massive graves were dug, and bodies unceremoniously dumped. Under the circumstances, that is what had to be done!

Survivors desperately needed water and food, but without transportation such cannot be delivered. Municipal sanitation facilities were no longer available, and over the next many days, this lack of facilities becomes a significant risk as a potential cause of spread of disease.

At one point, early after the quake, a French government official had the audacity to accuse the United States of invading Haiti by sending troops. Of course the troops were sent in to develop air traffic control and to organize and provide relief efforts!

Can the problems of such destruction of civilization be mitigated? Probably not! Our own national experience in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina demonstrated the real problems when transportation is so completely disrupted. My experience of several years with mock disaster drills has been with up to 75 “victims,” who are painted or dressed as having various injuries. Ambulances, emergency squads, police and fire departments respond and do a bit of field triage, and “victims” are transported to local hospital emergency rooms, where health personnel do a quick “evaluation” and the drill is concluded. No consideration is or perhaps can be given to the potential of a disaster like that in Haiti—no transportation or personnel readily available, and not even a hospital left standing! Triage, the quick determination of which injured person gets what little medical care is available, is essential, and as a result victims may be left to die of their injuries. Determination must be made of which injuries are fatal with or without further medical care, which injuries might be survivable with the most intense medical care but inappropriate in a massive disaster setting, and which can be readily accomplished now with a good outcome, and which with minimal care now can survive to a later time for more definitive care.

The problems outlined above have been gleaned by this author from several years of military service where such has been considered as a consequence of actions and need, and from several years of service on state and city emergency medical care committees.

Lloyd Redick

Odds and Ends

APRIL FOOL, APRIL FOOL

THE 5-MONTH PLAN

The plan is progressing at a steady, sure pace! You can't have missed the new 4-story parking garage rising in the lot next to the foyer. It will not cost the residents a penny! The structure was donated by a devoted husband (cottager) whose dear wife fainted from hunger while he was driving around looking for a parking place before dinner. This will be a self-parking facility unless there is a serious accident caused by a resident missing a turn and crashing through a wall. If that happens valet parking becomes a necessity between the hours of 5 and 8 p.m.

Have you read of Arch. I. Tect, the Duke graduate who in a few short years has patented several inventions and earned millions? He has developed a process for adding rooms to outside walls at any level. The additions are inexpensive and can be finished in a few days! So-o the Gift Shop has been tri-

pled in size! Increased sales means increased revenue for the Benevolent Fund!

Becky Binney rejoices daily that she now has added space in the exercise wing to keep even more residents fit and strong. Many of us are pleased to have a separate room for table tennis plus outdoor facilities for horseshoe and shuffleboard games.

Much needed shelf space has been added to our wonderful library. There is also a larger classroom and a great innovation—a separate room where you may relax and read comfortably in our Lazy-Boy Recliner and sip coffee made in our new coffee urn!

Consideration was given to installing moving walkways between Building D-1 and the Community Center. However, consultants from a well-known California firm pointed out that the use of walkers and mechanized chairs would present problems! Stay tuned!!

APRIL FOOL!! APRIL FOOL!!

Mary Gates

Mystery People



Graduate of University of Georgia



Aircraft Maintenance Officer

Carpe Diem with Carol

As I seize my days here at The Forest, meeting new people is a bit like prospecting for gold.

The latest gold nugget I've found is Marion Gilbertson. It may not be gold that you see in her earrings or pendants, but it will be some sort of metal, lovingly finished into an 'oh look' piece of jewelry. This is her latest creative interest.

She grew up in College Park, Maryland, and attended the University of Maryland. She worked as a teacher in New Orleans, and did pharmacology research in New York. She had known the man she married since she was 14 but had an off-again, on-again romance. He was working in Alaska, but one day appeared unexpectedly at her door in New York City. They were married two weeks later.

After a few years of grad school in Maryland, her husband took a job at the University of Massachusetts as a plant pathologist. They lived there for six years before he moved into industrial work in Ohio for 18 years. During this time they had three children and four grandchildren. They retired to the mountains of North Carolina. Their home on the Green River gave them a lot of pleasure because the river gave them a nearby swimming hole and a place for canoeing and tubing.

Marion's husband couldn't envision clearing the forest and building a home there, but his "no" turned to "yes" after Marion and her brother went in with machetes and cleared the brush. They lived there for 18 happy years. They enjoyed listening to the river, so called their home "Riversong." She wanted to carve that name and so began her interest in wood-carving. That sign is here at The Forest on her patio. Another interest was inspired by the abundance of rocks on the property. With a bit of help from a friend she built a fireplace and later two exterior walls of the house. She went on building and built a rock wall one-third of a mile long beside the driveway. Her husband got tired of being a "rock widower" and had several tons of rock delivered in exchange for her promise to stop building when those rocks were used up. She says that she plans to be a rock mason in her next lifetime.

Her most recent hobby is silversmithing and jewelry making. She is currently taking classes at N.C. State. Here is a lady whose creative mind and fingers never rest.

Carol Oettinger

Meow

Oh furried feline, friend of mine,
Your coming surely was divine.
Who else but He in one grand act
Could make the thing we call the Cat?

Beast not rude, though perhaps haughty,
Never mean but sometimes naughty.
Whose fondness, love and feline bliss
Are shown by purr and licking kiss.

Who rests by day right in plain sight,
So she can hide and rest at night.
But who appears quick as you wish
When food is placed into her dish.

Whose goal in life is to catnap,
To lie contented on your lap.
To stretch and now and then to grin,
And then go back to sleep again.

We're glad to have a friend like you,
Despite dog lovers' points of view.
We can write poems like this or that,
But only God can make a cat!

Debbie & Don Chesnut

Anthony Ellis continued

(Continued from page 4)

was instrumental in its 13-million-dollar renovation and re-opening. When doing renovations at the Holiday Inn, Tony met a cabinet maker who rekindled his woodworking interest, which has become his hobby. His wife and daughter keep him well supplied with projects. His four-year-old grandson Anthony has been the lucky recipient of a bed made with baseball bats and balls. Tony is a golfer and made a set of clubs for Anthony.

Several weekends ago Tony, **Rick Childs**, and **Al Carson** went golfing, taking Anthony and his clubs along. After eighteen holes Anthony said, "Grampolla, I'm ready to play some more." "You mean next weekend?" asked Tony. "No, right now," was the answer. But the grownups were tired!

Tony says that having worked with Al Carson for five years at the Millenium Hotel has made a wonderful beginning for him here. They were already a congenial working pair.

He lives in Mebane with his wife, says it is a big change from Atlanta, and they both love it.

Joanne Ferguson

Just Desserts

I wish they would serve us at dinner
Desserts that would make us much thinner.
I would take great delight in each savory bite
And not feel so much like a sinner.

Don Chesnut

Us and Them, We and They

Sociobiologically, it must be in our genes or, theologically, maybe it's Original sin. Call it what you'd like, there's a basic law that makes any group of people divide into Us and Them, We and They.

Little boys form gangs, little girls cliques. Big boys and girls get more serious, or absurd, with their opinions on taste, race, politics, class, religion, art, gender, sexuality, red vs. blue, north vs. south, east vs. west, or (most murderous) notions about God.

"Getting to know you, getting to know all about you;"

first, the delightful discovery of what we both like,

then comes the deeper, trickier bonding about the things we mutually despise or hate. We both like Wagner and the Steelers, great! Now, how do you feel about Bartok, e-mail, or Sarah Palin?

Fear of the stranger drives the old gut warnings of attack,

as surely as we're drawn to bonding with our tribe or pack.

We vs. They is fun when it's Tarheel vs. Devil.

Us vs. Them gets serious at the kill or be killed level.

Ned Arnett

Wandering in The Forest



Barbara Hulka, Douglas Anders, Sylvia Arnett, Jon Engberg,

Jerry Anderson, Norman Greenberg, Susan Kundert

In February **Norm Greenberg**, **Sylvia Arnett**, and **Jon Engberg** were joined in the auditorium by four non residents for an open rehearsal of a Mozart Divertimento for two violins, viola, cello, two horns, and an oboe. Though the second violin lamented, "Mozart didn't like second violins," all of us in the audience had a rousing good time and are hoping for another such rehearsal.

Reminisce last month centered on theater. **Catherine Roberts**, Director of Human Resources, joined us to tell about her career before coming to The Forest. Her first paid performance was at the Village Dinner Theater in Raleigh when she was nine years old. A New York City cast made up of members of *The Sound of Music* except for the Von Trapp children, who, including Catherine, were cast locally. This began her love for the stage that continued well after she received her Bachelor of Arts in Communication. After graduation she auditioned for the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, was accepted, and moved to New York City. She landed an extra role on *Law and Order* within her first few weeks in the big City and was featured in a jury scene in one episode. Years later she was spotted on a subway train by a Wilhelmina Modeling Agent, who recruited her for the agency's new "Plus Modeling"

division. Catherine connected with an entertainment attorney, William F. Fitzgerald of Rucci Burnham, Carta & Carello, LLP, to assist with contract negotiation. Her attorney first made her an appointment to meet with Eileen Ford of Ford Models prior to signing a contract with any modeling agency. In a reaction to the boredom with Twiggy, agencies were after models who were real people. Catherine was put through a shoot, and showed us the resulting portfolio: photo after photo of a lovely young person, who was made to look sultry. "They wouldn't let me smile!" she said. When it was over, this real young person saw that she was being made into a commodity and quit. So we are lucky she moved on to The Forest.

I told my story of being an extra in *Patch Adams*, starring Robin Williams, which was shot in Chapel Hill. I was chosen as one of the distinguished guests at Robin's graduation from medical school, which was shot on the hottest day of the hottest week of the summer. After a day that began at 5am and ended at 7pm, I came home and awaited the Christmas-day showing here in Durham, only to find that I had been blocked out of the shot by the speaker at the graduation. But I made eighty-eight dollars.

Joanne Ferguson

Morning Session

Stern walls
Muted cells of ceiling light fall on the court,
a woman judge presiding.
A loud menacing bailiff, gun and handcuffs attached
demands silence, uncovered heads, no standing.
Stacks of cases (shucks)
Mostly black faces, solemn and staring
Corn rows, spiked hair, overbaggy pants
Orange clad prisoners, chained together
Somber suited lawyers, male and female
The judge calls:
Will you represent yourself, hire an attorney, or court appointed?
Muted responses, always low, hoping not to be heard?
June 28, July 3, reappear, pay court costs, probation, 50 hours community service
Assault on female, misdemeanor, 2nd degree trespass, probation violation
Case deferred, sign a waiver, request denied
Twenty minute recess.

Barbara Birkhead

Speak to Me in Bridge

Learn to speak Bridge even a little
and your social life will improve.
A needed fourth is most welcome
where you live or wherever you move.

I advise you to reach an adequate level,
the advanced level is a full time job.
An extra master player is of little use
and brings no joy to the regular mob.

Each suit has thirteen cards, four honors
then tens all the way down to twos.
After shuffling, cutting, giving each a share,
the dealer bids and the game starts anew.

You need to know about honors, doubletons,
voids.
Your partner winning the bid makes you the
dummy.
You may get doubled or set, but do not renege,
for then relationships become less chummy.

Don't name drop Stayman, Blackwood and
Gerber,
don't try to signal high, low, transfers and such.
Become a player with a partner, a true friend,
before you try to speak Bridge that much.

Penelope Easton