

# THE FORESTER

Volume 17 Issue 3

A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

December 2010

## Jane Hamilton and Co.

**Jane Hamilton**, our rehab director, is the liaison between The Forest and her company, Legacy Health Care Services, Inc. of Raleigh, with whom we are contracted as we are with Morrison for dining. She is in constant communication with Legacy, and her supervisor makes occasional site visits. Jane is very happy with the staff of Legacy, which is owned and operated by therapists, so "they know what we are doing."

Her boss here is **Leslie Jarema**; and Jane works with nursing, administration, and activities. She says, "We're part of the team," and she definitely feels as if the rehab department is part of The Forest family. She has a regular staff along with a list of part timers called PRN therapists she can call on as needed.

The physical therapy staff of **Kris Castellano**, PT and **Catie Shafer**, PNA; the occupational staff of **Kelly Cloninger**, **Ruth Siebers**, and **Susan White**--along with **Michelle Ridge**, speech therapist--are the names most familiar to Foresters.

As we inspect and admire the spacious and airy physical therapy workplace, Jane is full of enthusiasm: "This is one of the nicest places I've ever worked. We have everything we need here, and the residents don't have to leave the campus." There are beds with privacy curtains, parallel bars, stationary bikes, a kitchen alcove for prepar-

ing residents to transition back to independent living, and several modalities for muscle reeducation and pain: an electrical stimulation unit and an ultrasound machine.

"Our department is all about remaining mobile and maintaining your lifestyle," she says.

Jane, the youngest of four children, was born and raised in High Point, NC, where her parents, both from farming families, continued the family tradition. Her father grew everything from tobacco to soybeans, food crops, and livestock, including chickens and cattle.

She was an avid 4H member and loved and showed the cattle. "I named them all." They had a championship Charolais bull, named Mr. Hop. "He had some serious genes."



Kelly, Kris, Catie, Jane

Photo by Dick Aroner

**The Forester**

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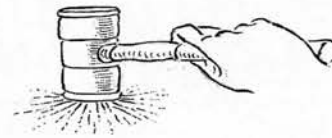
Mary Ann Ruegg

Connie Service

**In Memoriam**

William Holland Robinson November 2, 2010

Thomas J. Peters III November 11, 2010

**President's Podium**

My progressive hearing problem requires that I withdraw from many presidential functions. I am working with audiology folks at Duke on new equipment that hopefully will help. I am available by email ([tefro@mindspring.com](mailto:tefro@mindspring.com))

Residents' Association Vice President Tynette Hills will preside in the meantime as she did at the recent RA Board meeting..

Herewith a summary of the hour and one half RA Board meeting of November 15th.

Minutes and committee reports will be located in a binder on the RA shelf in the mail room rather than pinned to the bulletin board where reading is difficult for folks in electric carts and those (most of us) with vision problems. They will be stored thereafter in a binder in the library and ultimately in the RA Office.

Until recently the Benevolent Fund grew and had few if any withdrawals. Recently withdrawals have exceeded intake and now a fund raising effort is required and is being set up.

There was approval for purchase of a new copier.

Ethel Foote reported CCRC-NC membership to be 210.

Dick DeCamp is working with Committee Chairs to develop a membership process that will preserve the wisdom of the past and bring opportunity for new members to bring enthusiasm and new ideas.

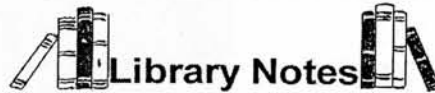
Tom Frothingham

**Paul Bryan** is still circulating, but not with *The Forester*. **Trish Robertson** will take over the position of Circulation Manager. Paul has, for many years, been the ringmaster of *Forester* folding and distribution, and a lively circus he made of it. We all thank him.

Joanne Ferguson



## Library Science 101



At the November meeting of the Library Committee the big item of discussion was the possibility of on-line or computerized cataloging for our Library.

Three of the area retirement communities – Carol Woods, Carolina Meadows, and Croasdaile – already have this. Public and university libraries have had this form of cataloging for many years, and our residents are quite familiar with it.

At the present time our Library here has no form of cataloging, so there is limited access to our collection. Fiction is arranged alphabetically by author, Biography alphabetically by subject, and books in these categories are relatively easy to find. Non-fiction is classified by the Dewey Decimal System, but who knows if a book on recent presidential politics, for example, is to be found in Biography, U.S. History (973s) or Political Science (somewhere in the 300's)? Cataloging will help us all. And having access by computer is not going to be frightening or complicated at all.

This change will take time – and money – so it is a goal we are working toward and not yet a fait accompli.

The Book Club for January is reading Helen Simonson's *Major Pettigrew's Last Stand*. Copies are available in the Library.

As you are reading this, we are all involved in holiday preparations, and this includes GIFTS. Think of books for those on your gift list!

Leland Phelps begs that you will give to the Library the magazines that you have read and are discarding, for these are taken to the VA Hospital and to the cancer clinics at Duke Hospital. Not weeklies, please, but monthlies of interest like *National Geographic*, *Smithsonian*, *Science*, *Better Homes and Gardens*, *Our State*, etc. Anxious people in waiting rooms need the distraction these can provide. Current ones, not those from a former year.

If you are the author of a book (or books),

there is a place for a copy of your work in our Resident Authors collection, and we hope you will add to it. Recent donors have been Al Young and Paul Bryan. We need more!

Gifts of books to the Library have been most helpful all year. Since records of this began in May, 57 different named donors have contributed at least once, and there are a large number of anonymous donations also (remember this as a tax write-off for next year). Thanks to all of you! You have kept our Library going.

**And with that, Happy Holidays and a Great New Year to everyone, from your Librarian and very active Library Committee.**

Carol Scott, Librarian

## Tea, Anyone?

My wife drinks her tea like the British,  
Without it she's actually skittish.  
From a cup or a glass or even a dish,  
She finds such imbibing delicious.

Whether black, green, or even orange pekoe,  
Wherever there's tea that's where she'll go.  
If the tea's out of reach she'll let out a screech  
Heard from Los Angeles clear to Oswego!

Don Chesnut

## Jane Hamilton continued

(Continued from page 1)

But a day came when they took one of the cattle named Ace to auction. He was bought by a group of nuns. "I didn't understand, but I must have known!" When they presented her with the check (an oversize presentation check), she asked her father what they would do with Ace. When he said they were going to eat him, Jane took the check, marched back to the nuns, and said, "Here. I don't want your money! Give me back my cow." Her father said to her, "Get in the truck!" You can imagine the forlorn trip back to the farm. "I'm a vegetarian," laughs Jane. I was put in mind of the opening sentence of *Charlotte's Web* where Fern says to her mother, "Where's papa going with that axe?"

In spite of the hard lessons of cattle raising, she had a happy time on the farm. "We spent a lot of time in the barn, which my brother named the Cow Palace." There was a gym in the second story of the barn lined with hay bales, where they played basketball, had parties, or just hung out.

"I got a lot of on-the-job training being my brother's personal trainer. John played a lot of sports...but baseball was his game, and he was the starting pitcher. This meant keeping that pitching arm in the best shape possible by massaging, stretching, icing, and of course exercising him. One day he told me that I was really good at helping him....His belief in me helped direct my career path."

Jane fell in love with the seashore at an early age, so when it was time to choose a college, she chose UNC-By-The-Sea in Wilmington. "Much to my great dismay, when I arrived on the campus it was UNC-By-The-Kmart. Wrightsville Beach was seven miles away!"

While she was in college she became a volunteer at Cape Fear Hospital in the rehab department that eventually turned into a paid physical therapy aide position.

She graduated with honors from UNCW and with a bachelor of arts in Parks and Recreation Management with a concentration in therapeutic recreation and became a certified recreation specialist, landed a



Jane and Patriot

job at the Spa at Little River, a health and fitness club just outside North Myrtle Beach, and here her desire to go back to therapy school returned. She enrolled in Fayetteville Technical Community College, graduated with honors, and became a licensed Physical Therapist Assistant, with a job waiting for her back at Cape Fear Hospital. It was while working in Wilmington that she discovered that she really enjoyed orthopedic patients, especially total joint replacements and doing manual treatments that included a lot of soft tissue work. This led her to become a licensed Massage and Bodywork Therapist.

"I gave up my ocean view and accepted a job as a traveling therapist, and that is how I ended up here at The Forest in August of 1997. My husband Danny and I were married in June of 1997 and were looking to relocate to the Triangle area. This location has allowed us to remain close to friends and family and the beach."

Danny and Jane live in Durham with a Siberian Husky name Patriot, who has those uncanny blue eyes. Patriot had turned up on **Chuck Walkley's** doorstep, and the Hamiltons adopted him. It was a happy event for all concerned.

Joanne Ferguson

## Vets' Day Celebration

Our celebration for Veteran's Day was a huge success, with many of us left feeling tearful and happy.

Some stories popped up as a result.

**Eric Reid** came out of the dining room and told the following story: When he was stationed with a battle group in the Mediterranean on the USS *Enterprise*, a nuclear aircraft carrier, they were getting ready for a Steel-Beach picnic for all 5000 men. The grills were heated and steaks for all in process, when the alarm came. Eric says, quick as a flash, everything went overboard, grills, pots and pans, steaks—everything! They had 12 minutes to get an F14 into the air. They did so.

**Blaine Nashold** was a physician in the Navy during the Korean War. While he was stationed at St. Albans Naval Hospital on Long Island, the admiral's wife was brought in with an attack of acute appendicitis. This neurosurgeon, who had fortunately been trained in general surgery before specialization, as used to be the routine in those days, had to remove the difficult-to-get-at retroseal appendix. "It was the hardest operation I've done in my life."

When he was stationed on the USS *Siboney*, a reconditioned WWII aircraft carrier, he was eager to experience a landing on the carrier. He talked the Chief Flight Officer into an unauthorized flight. When they got back the Admiral called them in and said, "If you ever take my doctor on another unauthorized flight, I'll throw you both in the brig."

When Blaine was on the headquarters ship he was sent from boat to boat to inspect the kitchens, sometimes by helicopter, sometimes by small boat. He tried to time the inspections for around dinner time, and when he walked in the chef would say, "Doc, how do you want your steak today?"

**Harold Bobroff** kept a fragmentary diary during the invasion of North Africa in World War II. Here he is trying to sleep in their camp two miles east of Casablanca:

Darkness had settled on us by the time we

reached our destination. Our spirits were low, our backs were weary, and we were damp and cold. We had the men line up by their tents and prepare for sleep. They were fortunate; they had their half shells and blankets to protect them against the African night. The officers, on the other hand, were in a sorry plight. Our bedrolls had not arrived. I had one blanket and borrowed a shelter half, took my shoes off and rolled myself in my wrappings. I was chilled to the bone, and there was heavy moisture that made everything wet and clammy.

To make things complete, the moon came out in all its glory about 12:30am. All my discomfort and trouble seemed to center around the moon. I felt that all would be well if only I could, somehow or other, cause the light of the moon to disappear and leave me in total darkness.

Dawn came and eventually day, and so too did more woe. The dew of the night had made my shoes wet, and when the sun came out everything started to steam.

The next problem was food. Our Christmas menu consisted of C rations in toto. A good turkey dinner was going to waste back on the ship we had left the day before. They had prepared a gargantuan feast for us as the last meal aboard the ship. At least we were starting off with the worst. From now on things were bound to improve.

*Harold says he doesn't remember writing this, but it came all the way home with him.*

Joanne Ferguson



## The Forest at Duke Celebrates Veterans' Day with World War II Legend

The Forest at Duke retirement community in Durham recently had the honor of celebrating Veterans' Day with Dr. Stewart Fulbright. In addition to being a retired NCCU professor, Dr. Fulbright is notably one of only a few surviving members of the well-known African-American Army-Air Corps group known as the Tuskegee Airmen.

The Tuskegee Airmen were the first African American military aviators in the United States armed forces. During World War II, African Americans in many U.S. states still were subject to racist, so-called Jim Crow laws. The American military was racially segregated, as was much of the federal government. The Tuskegee Airmen were subject to racial discrimination, both within and outside the army. Despite these adversities, they trained and flew with distinction. As a member of the 477th Bombardment Group, Dr. Fulbright noted that his group "worked up" on North American B-25 Mitchell bombers, but never served in combat. The Tuskegee 332nd Fighter Group was the only operational unit, first sent overseas as part of Operation Torch, then in action in Sicily and Italy, before being deployed as bomber escorts in Europe where they were particularly successful in their missions.

The Veterans' Day ceremony at The Forest at Duke honored veterans throughout the country but in particular, the veterans living or working at The Forest at Duke community. With a population of approximately 400 residents and 250 employees, The Forest at Duke boasts a veteran population of over 100. Forest veterans have served in all services and in many theaters of action, from the Battle of the Bulge to recent conflicts in Afghanistan and Iraq.

Jim Thompson

## Wandering in The Forest



By the time *The Forester* goes to press our renovations will be done, carpet and all. And surely all the complaints about colors will have vanished.

Contrary to popular belief, the circle of cones beneath the new chandelier were not because prisms were falling, but were to keep residents from tripping over the carpet where the metal cap was. Several people had managed to do just that.

The one prism that fell managed to hit precisely on that metal cap where it broke into many pieces. This adventure prompted one of our playful contributors to draw the cartoon below.

I spent more than an hour with other spectators on the balconies as the chandelier went up. When the lights at last went on there was a general cheer. It was a beautiful sight. And is.

Joanne Ferguson



## Window On the World

The other kids talked a lot  
about last night's Fred Allen show,  
Jack Benny, Major Bowes, Amos and Andy.  
Alas, we didn't have a radio. I was out of it!

Eleven years old and out of it, how humiliating!  
Somehow I scraped together ten bucks  
and the Window on the World was opened  
with my little ten dollar Emerson radio.

Suddenly I could talk about Fred Allen  
and I began to know, for better and worse,  
about adults who talked and behaved  
a lot differently than the ones I lived with.

Here was my passport to the kid's world of  
vicarious violence each night at five  
with superheroes like Jack Armstrong,  
Tom Mix, Orphan Annie, The Lone Ranger.

In an instant my magic carpet flew me  
from peaceable, middle class Philly  
to the wild west beyond the Pecos where  
"your best friend is your bronco and your gun."

And the music! Decades before "diversity,"  
I could hear The Irish Hour, The Yiddish Hour,  
and folk music which came from real folks  
before it was owned by Nashville and musicologists.

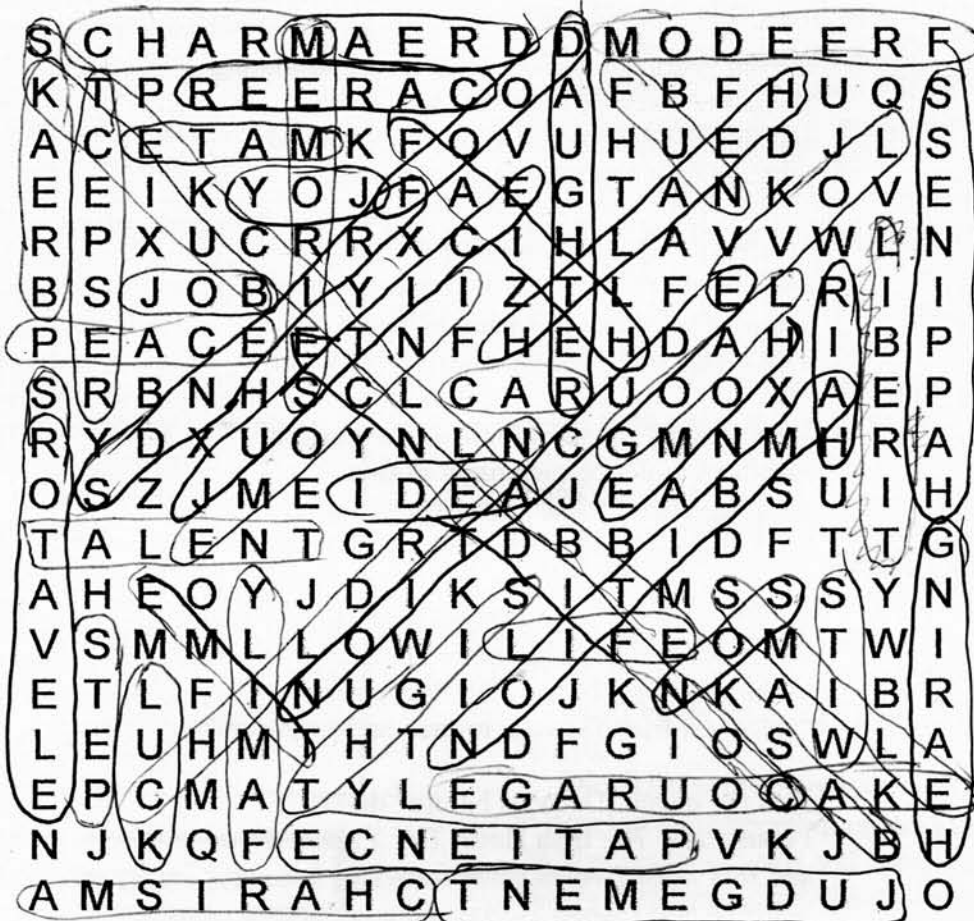
Forget the miserable homework assignments:  
long division, parsing sentences, History, Blah!  
A whole new world of Education was waiting  
to welcome me into mainstream America.

Ned Arnett

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Bob Blake's  
**Puzzle**

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



Worth Having

ABILITY  
AMBITION  
BASKETBALL  
TICKETS  
BREAKS  
BUICK  
CAR  
CAREER  
CHARISMA  
CHARM  
CHILDREN

~~CONFIDENCE~~  
COURAGE  
DAUGHTER  
DREAM  
EDUCATION  
ELEVATORS  
FAITH  
FAMILY  
FOOD  
FREEDOM  
FRIENDS

FUN  
GOAL  
HAIR  
HAPPINESS  
HEALTH  
HEARING  
HOME  
IDEA  
INCOME  
JOB

JUDGEMENT  
~~JOY~~  
~~JUSTICE~~  
LAND  
LIFE  
LOVE  
LUCK  
MATE  
MEMORIES  
MONEY

PEACE  
~~REG~~  
PATIENCE  
RESPECT  
~~SIGHT~~  
SMILE  
~~SUN~~  
TALENT  
TIME  
~~WIFE~~