



Volume 17 Issue 6

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

March 2011

## The Encore Store

*"It's a win-win enterprise."*

*--Pete Seay*

When The Forest opened in 1992, all the pioneers moved in with too much stuff. Sound familiar? Nothing has changed!

By 1994 the Activities Department and Activities Committee decided it would be a good idea to have a "Yard Sale" in the Auditorium and to donate the profits to the Benevolent Fund. It was advertised as a Yard Sale, despite its location, so everyone would be sure to know what it was, and they did, to the tune of \$3000 for the Benevolent Fund.

Silent Auctions were held in the Auditorium in 1995 and 1996. **Marjorie Jones** was in charge, and it was a big job. **Evebell Dunham** says the auditorium was full. There were big pieces of furniture, some of it very fine, and there were even some clothes: "Somebody donated a fur coat!" Among other wonderful things were oriental rugs and brass candlesticks. Evebell and **Betty Gray** both bid on the same Chinese ginger jar, and

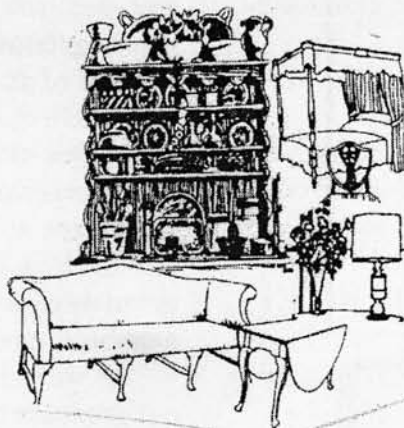
**Betty Gray** won the bid. "I still have it," she says, "and I didn't realize Evebell was bidding too." As they tell about it, they still project the excitement of those early days. The 1995 sale made \$6300; the 1996 one \$7000.

After these highly successful sales, there was discussion of making

them an annual event. But it was logistically difficult, even with the willing help of **Steve Short** and his staff, and tied up the Auditorium for days at a time, so **Beth Upchurch** and her Activities Committee came up with the idea of an Encore Store.

Management gave them an empty room, the same one we know today, on Level #1, past the Maintenance Shop. The start-up was managed by **Deborah Carey** and **Carolyn Vail** along with **Evebell Dunham**, **Virginia Putnam**, **DeEtte Strawbridge**, and **Jenn Van Brunt**. Evebell says **Libby Getz** had donated a

# GRAND OPENING



## The Forest Encore Store

**WEDNESDAY**  
**JANUARY 8 & 22, 1997**

Hours: 3:30 to 5:00 PM

Location: Level #1, Past the Maintenance Shop

*(Continued on page 4)*

### 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*  
 Maida Hall, *Text Editor*  
 Bruce Rubidge, *Layout Editor*  
 Don Chesnut, *Associate Layout Editor*  
 Trish Robertson,  
*Circulation Manager*  
 Bob Blake, *Art and Puzzle*  
 Blaine Nashold, *Art*  
 Dick Aroner, *Photographer*

*Staff Writers*  
 George Chandler  
 Mary Gates  
 Carol Oettinger  
 Peggy Quinn  
 Carol Scott

*Publishing Assistants*  
 Eric Boehm  
 Don & Debbie Chesnut  
 Erika Guttentag  
 Mary Hobart  
 Betty Ketch  
 Sheila Mason  
 Irene Nashold  
 Mary Ann Ruegg

### In Memoriam

Elizabeth Ostrander	February 2, 2011
Harold Bobroff	February 21, 2011

## President's Podium

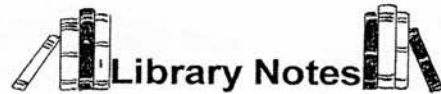
As I write this message, we are beginning distribution of the 2011 Residents Pictorial Directory! We are grateful to the following residents who have made this directory possible: **Bernie Bender**, who formats it each year and masters the records of previous years; **Dick Aroner** who photographed all new residents and those whose changed circumstances required a new picture; and **Cathrine Stickel**, who organized a team for distribution. We continue to be indebted to **Ed Albrecht** and others who made possible the original resident-published directory, which continues to provide the basis for our annual updates. Sincere thanks to all!

Responding to requests, the Residents Association Board of Directors has undertaken a series of steps to open committee participation to all interested residents. Under the leadership of Director **Dick DeCamp**, committees are considering some or all of the following steps: polling current membership for level of interest in continuing participation; assigning current members to either one, two, or three-year remaining terms; and making room for new members. In cases of a committee's need for continuity, some committee chairs are offering a very experienced committee member an opportunity to continue serving in a nonvoting "advisor" capacity. We hope that these steps will enable committees to continue to provide high levels of service, through utilizing uniquely experienced members while offering new members opportunities to participate.

As we move ahead into Spring 2011, we express our gratitude and best wishes for **Tom Frothingham**, whose health required his resignation from the presidency and our welcome to two new Board members. Following by-laws addressed to mid-term vacancies, the RA Board elected **Bill Hudson**, Vice-President, and **Sylvia Kerckhoff**, Director and chair, Marketing Committee. All of us on the Board thank you for your support and your help in keeping the Residents Association a vital force in our Forest life.

Tynette W. Hills

## Library Science 101



The great news—if you haven't heard it already—is that **Steve Fishler** has agreed that The Forest administration will finance the installation of **COMPUTERIZED CATALOGING** in our Library!

This has been a long-term goal of your Librarian, and the classifying and labeling of nonfiction books done a year ago was in preparation for it.

At the present time there is no way to discover IF the Library has a particular nonfiction book, or WHERE it might be on the shelves. Fiction, of course, is arranged alphabetically by author, and Biography, alphabetically by subject (regardless of who wrote it). But a nonfiction book? Unless a Library staff member happened to remember where he/she saw it---no way.

Soon, however, we will be able to look up by author, title, or subject all the books we have. One computer will be used by Library staff to enter new book information and delete discarded books, and a second one, available to you, our reading public, will have that updated information at your fingertips. I promise that it will be easy to use---as we are accustomed to using it already in university and public libraries. Two local CCRCs already have it.

Presently **Jarus Quinn**, **Tom Gallie**, **Jim Shuping**, and **Carol DeCamp** are working with me on this project, which will take some months to complete.

Meanwhile, I have some books to recom-

mend: *Infidel*, by Hersy Ali is the Book Club selection for March. And for April it is *People of the Book* by Geraldine Brooks. Two copies of each are in the Library and are on two-week reserve.

The Library also has *The Master Butcher Singing Group* by Erdrich, reviewed in this issue of *The Forester* by Peggy Quinn.

Other good reads are:

Logue, *The King's Speech* (942.05) is an adjunct to the popular movie of the same name, written from additional sources by Lionel Logue's grandson.

Bennett, *The Uncommon Reader* (F). Imagine Queen Elizabeth II as a Bookmobile patron.

Van Kirk, *Many Tender Ties* (305.4) Women in the fur trade occupied an equivocal place in society 1620-1870.

Imber, *Genius on the Edge: the Bizarre Double life of Dr. William Stewart Halsted* (B) The title speaks for itself.

Patton, *Whistlin' Dixie in a Nor'easter* (F) The adventures of a Southern Belle transplanted from Tennessee to Vermont. A fun read.

And a grateful "Thank You" for all the recent donations, which have added greatly to both our holdings and our finances.

Carol Scott, Librarian

## The Encore Store continued

Photos by Dick Aroner

*(Continued from page 1)*

desk, which they kept for the store; **Grey Kornegay** donated a big work table; someone else a cupboard. Evebell and **Bob Dunham** went to the Duke Recycle Store and bought bookcases that Bob put together and repainted for their shelving. They hung plastic sheets on the wall, covered the table with bed sheets. Bob Dunham came up with the idea of colored dots for different pricing and put together a picture frame in which the dots were displayed and explained.

Encore still made more than they would have selling it here. The store began with a list from Goodwill with suggested prices to help them in their new venture. These residents worked hard, for which we should all be thankful every day. But when I talk to them and feel their excitement and pride in the pioneer days, I envy them. I went to **Karen Henry** to get records of Encore income, all of which goes to the Benevolent Fund. The total received from October 1, 2000 through September 30, 2009 is an im-

pressive \$55,826.13.

**Helen Monson** now runs the store, with **Barbara Seay** as associate. They still work hard, keeping things as simple as possible. They don't save things for people; they take cash or checks but no credit cards. They really need and really appreciate donations: lamps, toys, furniture, jewelry, knick knacks. Barbara Seay says, "The residents make this store possible. It's a wonderful place to pick up small treasures for a grandchild's new apartment."

Their committee

consists of **Lois Klauder**, **Marilyn Ulick**, **Jean Pe-**

**ters**, and **Becky Hill**. Generally two of them help each opening day.

Sometimes they hold a sale of an entire vacated apartment, and Helen says these are well attended. When things don't move at all she may take them to

*(Continued on page 5)*



l to r: Barbara Seay, Helen Monson, Marilyn Ulick, Jean Peters

Deborah, Evebell, and Carolyn argued over pricing: dirt cheap versus higher markup—a discussion that still takes place between managers. When a donation of real crystal came in Betty Gray took it to the Once and Again Shop and gave it to them on consignment. After Once and Again took their cut,



## The Encore Store continued

(Continued from page 4)

Goodwill, Habitat for Humanity, the Salvation Army, or give them to TROSA. Much goes on be-



hind the scenes that we never know about. Helen sometimes even has to wash things before shelving them. She and Barbara are full of praise for **Steve Short** and his entire Maintenance crew, who have fetched and carried for so many years and are so pleasant and helpful.



The store is open for an hour on the second Tuesday and Wednesday of every month: Tuesday at 4pm and Wednesday at 11am. There is generally a line waiting to get in, and there is happy chatter and lending of money among buyers. "It has a nice ambience," says Barbara. Helen says she likes for people to tell her what they need so she can let them know if it comes her way. She and Barbara ask that people



call about donations, one of them then checks it out and puts in the request through **Karen Sarine** for Maintenance to pick up. Donations can be made any time.

What she really enjoys is that people often tell her afterward how happy they are with their purchase. "I think the store makes everybody happy," says Helen, and she's right.

Joanne Ferguson

## The Valentine Boutique

What could be more enchanting than a valentine box? We had them in grade school, and my early diaries are full of entries about them: "I bought my valentine book today," "I finished my valentines," "I mailed my valentines," "I hope I get a lot of valentines."

**Alison Williams**, our Activities intern, spearheaded the project, creating a line of Valentine cards that were available for a minimum contribution to the Benevolent Fund. This was a part of the cam-

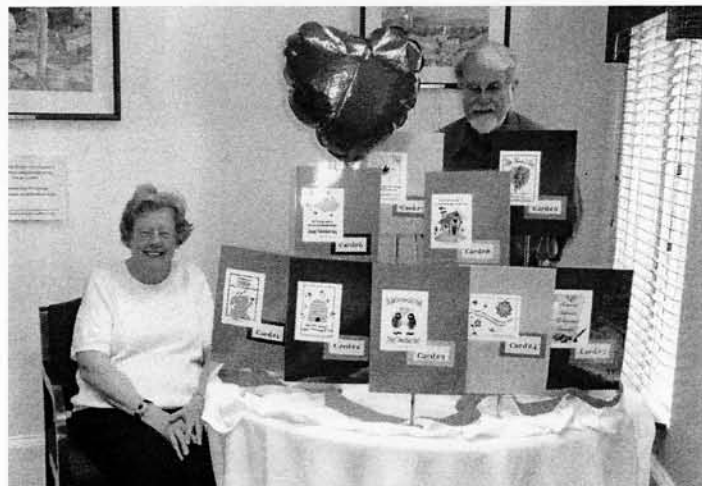
paign to increase the fund, and included clay creations from **Joan Cohen's** Clay Classes.

Activities collected them from the box and distributed them to staff and residents. The amount taken in for the Benevolent Fund from this event was \$3,675, and it was delightful to take part in a valentine box again.

Joanne Ferguson



Alison Williams



## Odds and Ends



### All about March

According to the dictionary, MARCH is the third month in the Gregorian calendar. The name is Olde English; comes from Olde French (Marche), from the Latin (Marticus). The word MARCH may be used in several ways, i.e.:

1. to walk in a forced, military manner
2. a musical composition, regularly accented, to accompany MARCHing. (Think MARCH of the Toy Soldiers from "Babes in Toyland.")
3. moving forward, as the MARCH of time
4. to steal a MARCH on (to get ahead, especially by quiet enterprise!)

MARCH at TFAD: Weatherwise will it come in like a lion and go out like a lamb? Or vice versa? Who knows? It seems safe to expect that it will be warmer and more residents will be walking outside around the campus.

Messrs. **Bender, Clark, and Lockheed** make that circle year-round! MARCHing inside does have compensations. One can admire the walls displaying art work

by residents, past and present.

This month, it is possible that we may see the white pear blossoms and dogwood blooms. **Libby Whitaker** says it is also possible that the daffodils by the pond will be in bloom. Don't miss this one!

Here are some special dates to anticipate. On MARCH 23, the Ciompi Quartet will present a special concert here in memory of a special man, **John (Jack) Blackburn**.

For basketball fans, MARCH Madness is a time of high hopes, crushing disappointments, or perhaps ultimate glory. Who knows?

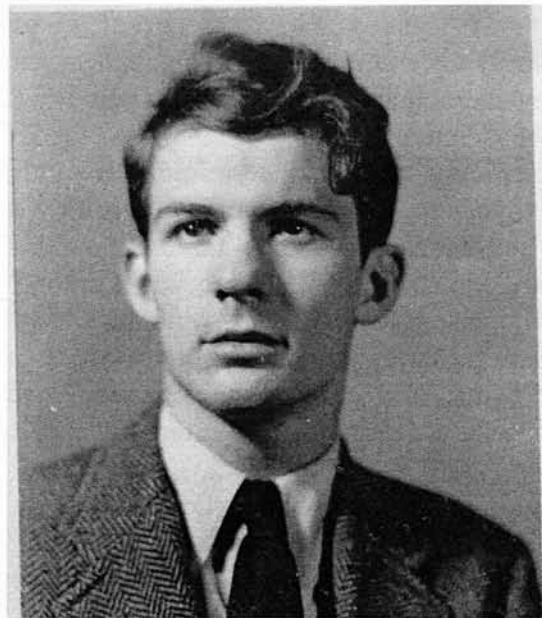
Other dates to remember: On the weekend of MARCH 13 we spring forward one hour for Daylight Saving Time. On the 17<sup>th</sup> we need to wear green for St. Patrick's Day. Another important activity includes mailing in your completed tax form or working on same.

Mary Gates

## Mystery People



River Forest High School



Graduate of Samford University

## From the Bookshelf

### *The Master Butcher's Singing Club*

By Louise Erdrich

It is 1918. Fidelis Waldvogel has served his time in the German army and has come home to a country decimated by war, wallowing in poverty, and sick with the disgrace of its great loss. He comes home without his best friend, Johannes, who died in his arms. Johannes was married to a woman now pregnant with his child and Fidelis has promised his friend that he would marry her and care for her unborn child.

Thus begins the story of a man who was trained as a master butcher like his father and grandfather before him. Hoping to make a new life for his grieving bride, he decides to come to America and find the place that makes the magic loaf of American bread that so fascinates him by its manufactured perfection. He sets off with a suitcase full of sausage and a master butcher's precious set of knives. He speaks no English and has little money, but has the confidence that brought most of our forefathers to this new country. He pays his way by selling the sausage that made his family famous in Germany and gets as far as Argus, North Dakota. Argus is a place so culturally different from Germany, and so remote from anywhere, that he has to start his new life almost from scratch.

Once Fidelis has found work in the only butcher shop in town and a place to live, he sends for Eva and her son, Franz, who is now three years old. They work hard and soon establish themselves among the other European Americans who settled the desolate plains. Eva produces three more sons, Marcus, and then the twins, Emil and Erich. Fidelis, who loves to sing, even starts a singing club among the men of the town.

Delphine Watzka, a young woman who grew up in Argus and left to join the circus, comes home with her partner, Cyprian Lazarre, a homosexual Ojibwe Indian, who is a traveling performer and a balancing expert. Delphine comes back home to care for her

father, Roy, who is a hopeless alcoholic. She meets Eva and feels as if she has found the mother she never had. She meets Fidelis and "He looked at Delphine and his eyes were white blue. Their stares locked, Delphine's cheeks were fever hot, and she looked down first"

The characters are memorable and many....one wonders how Erdrich will ever be able to fit them all into the story. But each new person has a place and, as we soon find out, they all fit into the pattern of the American dream. All is not roses. There are some grim awakenings: bodies in the basement of the town drunk's home, Eva's sickness and Delphine's struggle to keep her friend alive.

But there are moments of true emotion: Fidelis kneeling beside his wife's bed singing her to sleep and holding her hand. Cyprian stealing money from Delphine's pocket so that he can buy her a bouquet of roses, Franz defying his father's orders, taking his mother for an airplane ride because he knows that she is close to death and she is the woman that would race with him across the fields...She always won.

Eva and Fidelis's sons grow up and another generation of New World Americans go their separate ways. Delphine keeps her promise to Eva, learns about a mother that she never knew, says good-bye to Cyprian, and finally takes her place as a respected citizen of Argus.

*The Master Butcher's Singing Club* has many themes and many twists. It is a story of immigration. How families like the German Waldvogels and the Polish Watzkas came to people the towns of the barren West. It is a story of traditions and families and loyalties. They were America's pioneers who came to escape the poverty of the war-torn countries of their births. Fidelis came looking for the perfect loaf of bread. Instead he found a rich full life and a wife who baked the best bread in town.

Peggy Quinn



## Overheard at The Forest

"I think she was glad to see her daughter leave."  
"We're *all* glad to see our children come, then happy to have them go!"

When **Pat** decided to take a break from the front desk and leave a raccoon to fill in for her: "I knew she wanted to be one of us, but this is going too far!" (A curb got in Pat's way.)

"My Barbie washer sings and sings to me when the cycle is over, but my dryer never says a word. How am I going to get my clothes out before they're all wrinkled?"

ONE going into the Café questioning ONE coming out: "What looks good for lunch?" "I don't know; I have the same thing every day. When I go in, they have my sandwich all ready for me." Creatures of habit, we?

"I just love **Dr. Buhr's** kisses."

About an article in the *NY Times* in the library in January, reporting that a champion mare's stall lights are left on until 10:00 p.m. hoping to spur an amorous mood, HE said, "That's what you call horsing around."

HANUKKAH: As we waited for salmon in the Café, the line continued to grow and the servers kept apologizing for our inconvenience. The beef brisket began to look better and better, and the cranberries on the chicken took on a brighter red. Some caved and were not disappointed in the chicken and beef, but some refused to be denied or riot. This is the Forest way.

SHE was sitting sad and lonely in the Club Room when HE stopped in, turned on the TV to Channel 8

to check the music. SHE: "The music's nice." HE: "You want to dance?" Happy smiles.

At table: "I have to take my glasses off when I eat. I can't chew with them on."

Ann Marie Langford

## Living with a Cat

After living with German shepherds for more than 30 years, a few horses and a variety of cats, I thought I had a pretty good idea of their behavior.

Well we're not always as smart as we think we are.

When we moved to the coast we brought our outdoor cat into the house to live because of the totally different environment from what he was used to. I was totally surprised to find he loved living in the house and we loved having him with us, especially because he never went on tables, furniture or countertops.

Except for one day, a day I learned a great lesson that I want to share especially with those who don't know or appreciate animals and all they contribute to our lives.

On that day I went into our bedroom and found this wonderful cat scratching my lovely lounge chair. Having trained many dogs, I promptly reacted by saying No! No! at which the cat left the room, as I did. My next trip to the bedroom shocked me. Harold, the cat, had pooped right next to the lounge chair.

My reaction might surprise a few. I figured he was telling me something, something very clear.

All I could do was apologize to him for yelling. I said I was sorry and that I never knew he was so smart!

Louise C. Chut

## Welcome New Residents

Photos by Dick Aroner



**Edward and Betty Back**

Cottage 9 Phone: 489-2635

Ed is a native of Cincinnati and graduated from Xavier University there. He went on to attend The Graduate School of Banking at the University of Wisconsin and, much more recently, the executive program at UNC in Chapel Hill. Ed began his banking career with the Provident Bank in Cincinnati in the mid 1950s and joined Central Carolina Bank in 1963 as a vice president. Over time, he became CEO, Executive Vice President, and a director. Ed was co-founder of Good Will Industries in Durham and served that organization for a number of years. Betty graduated from the University of Louisville with a degree in accounting and began her career in Cincinnati. Once their youngest child was in school, Betty opened her own CPA practice in Chapel Hill. The Backs have daughters living in Durham and Chapel Hill, a son in Carey, and two grandsons, aged 9 and 12, who attend school just off Pickett Road. The Backs enjoy travel, reading, gardening, and time at their beach house, while Betty is fond of classical music and needlework.

**Martha Riley**

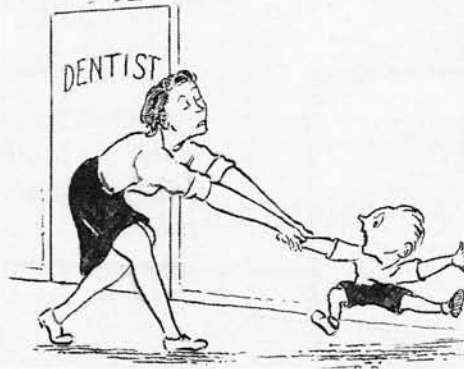
Apartment 3032 489-1865

Martha was born in El Paso, Texas, into an army family that had to move often all around the country. She went to grade school in Lansing, Michigan, high school in Denver, Colorado, and Wilmington, North Carolina, and college in Virginia at William & Mary where she majored in business and education. Martha made a career as a teacher where she taught virtually all the elementary grades. She has lived in Durham since 1967 and already has many friends here at The Forest. Martha raised four wonderful sons. Charles Jr. lives in Durham, NC, and is an engineer. George lives in Miami, FL, and Costa Rica and is a pilot. Randy lives in Moorpark, CA, and is a business entrepreneur. Kevin lives in Apex, NC, and is a businessman. Martha has been active in the Baptist church and Sunday school. She enjoys swimming, bridge, meeting new friends, and spending time with her grandchildren and great-grandchildren.



## The Dentist

Reprinted from *The Forester*, May 2006



Across the Bridge of Sighs,  
Up the steps to the scaffold  
Or rack or worse, if possible,  
My gentle mother led me,  
Like a lamb to the slaughter,  
Up the endless dark staircase  
From the grim little door  
Beside Liggett's drug store  
Where Dr. Miller, or was it  
Torquemada?  
Was waiting for me  
In his dingy torture chamber  
With the sharp, bright little instruments of pain;  
The chair of penance for the sin of sloth;  
Evasion of duty with my toothbrush.

After endless hours of waiting  
With sweating hands,  
Savoring the agony that lay ahead,  
I was led in, while my mother and Dr. Miller  
Discussed in conspiratorial tones  
My sins of dental neglect  
And what would surely come of them.

After putting on my bib,  
No doubt to spare the floor  
From flying blood and tissue,  
The interrogation of my mouth began  
With sharpened chisels and probes,  
Eliciting an occasional triumphant cry:  
"Aha, there's a new one!"  
As each new bacterial pocket  
In my teeth was uncovered.

And then, at last, the drill!  
The large, dull drill saved especially  
For children or even particularly for me.  
None of your sleek little postmodern  
Painless, supersonic whizzers  
That finish the job in seconds.  
No, Dr. Miller's grisly apparatus  
Was designed to chip and burn its way  
Slowly through endless layers of enamel  
Down, down into the quivering pulp  
And yet on and on, searching,  
Searching for your very soul.

Novocain? Nonsense!  
For an amputation, perhaps,  
But for kids? Never!  
"How will they react to real pain when it  
comes?"  
At last with one sadistic flourish  
The last offending cavity was disemboweled  
And ready for packing with amalgam.  
Blessed relief! the session was nearly over.

Shaken, but recovering, I descended the stairs,  
Into the sunlight, holding my mother's hand  
As we turned into the drugstore  
To sit high on stools before the soda fountain  
Awaiting my reward:  
A cool, delicious vanilla ice cream soda  
Sure to revive the spirits  
And begin a new cycle of carefree neglect,  
Decay, and eventual penance at Dr. Miller's.

Ned Arnett

## Thoughts as Day Approaches

Crawdads sing in the night  
 I raise my head from the pillow  
 in anticipation  
 The dawn  
 Crawdads sleep in the muck  
 I raise my head

Blue birds arrive  
 Farm life quickens  
 Hatchlings fly  
 I am amazed

I have forgotten the name of my  
 Mother's country school  
 No one knows  
 The school is hollow and the  
 blackboards are silent  
 No one knows

Mt. Pleasant Church sits on the hill  
 A white flash in my eye  
 Below the stones sit uneasy in the grass  
 A cricket rustles the grass  
 The grass is silent, the stones mute

Blaine Nashold



### Doggerel

Want some info ? Google it.  
 Want an army? Bugle it.  
 Save Money ? Frugal it.  
 How about a puppy ? Poodle it.  
 A nice pastry ? Strudel it.  
 Yum , yum.

Ned Arnett