



Volume 17 Issue 7

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

April 2011

## Priscilla and the Gift Shop

Photos by Dick Aroner

**Priscilla Squier** moved into The Forest in October 1992. As she and her builder son, David, were walking down the hall with **Kathy Crapo**, they came to a room that had a sign in the window reading "Gift Shop." It was what became the Greeting Room. Kathy Crapo said they didn't have any idea what to do with it. Priscilla's son remarked that his mother had owned a gift shop in McLean, Virginia. We all know the result.

Priscilla wrote up a proposal for the Board, stipulating that the proceeds from the store were to go to the Benevolent Fund. The Board accepted her proposal, but did not

grant a budget to cover the founding of this gift shop.

"We started without a penny," says Priscilla. She took her card table down to the room, and she and her committee, **Terry Bronfenbrenner**, **Marion Bender**, **Ethel Foote**, **Hildur Blake**, and **Peg Lewis** decided to begin small with a Christmas gift-wrapping service. Priscilla went to a school wholesaler and bought rolls of Christmas paper.

Their venture brought in not one single soul! So Priscilla and Terry Bronfenbrenner went to the Friday gatherings and Sunday brunch and approached people for donations. They also sponsored a house tour for a fee of \$5.00. They raised \$350.

Priscilla knew a lot of suppliers from her gift store in Virginia, and a couple of them extended credit for greeting and holiday cards. Valentine's Day cards were a success, and thus, starting very quietly, the store began to prosper. She knew that cards and paper would be the backbone of the store and that there was a ceiling for what people will pay. The

norm for cards is \$1.00 to \$1.50, with a few going for \$2.50. She now has three card suppliers and reads every card before she buys. A number of Priscilla's suppliers from her Virginia days are no longer in business. There are Gift Marts in Atlanta and Charlotte and there is still a small one in Greensboro; Atlanta is too far and too expensive to travel to. She operates with catalogs. Residents often ask if the shop could carry things like toothpaste and Kleenex, but Priscilla says, "We



(Continued on page 4)

**The Forester**

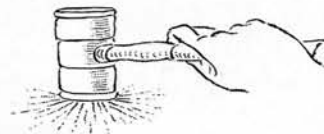
The newsletter of the Residents Association of The Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610. Published monthly except July, August, and September by and for the residents.

Joanne Ferguson, *Editor-in-Chief*  
Maidi 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****President's Podium**

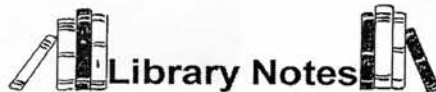
Maybe it's Spring! There seems to be a heightened awareness of needs of neighbors here and in the wider community. Resident-crafted Valentines helped us to surprise friends and relatives while contributing to the Benevolent Fund, established to aid those of us whose long-term care requirements drain resources. Because of a likely increase in future needs, the Benevolent Fund Committee, chaired by **Chuck King**, has been established to guide our efforts to enlarge the fund. To address needs in the wider community, we enthusiastically supported the NCSSM Food Drive, spearheaded by our Community Relations Committee and Activities Department. Many thanks to all who participated.

The 2011 Residents Pictorial Directory has been distributed to those who reserved copies. Some additional copies are available. (Contact **Cathrine Stickel**.)

In coming days, the RA Board will begin to reactivate the "Neighbor to Neighbor" list. Vice-President Bill Hudson will be seeking residents who can help others among us, relieving our Forest staff to meet more urgent and specialized tasks. If you can turn a seam, advise on a computer glitch, set up a TV, feed a cat for an absent owner, or walk a dog for an ailing neighbor . . . . please step forward and let us know.

Tynette W. Hills

## Library Science 101



Our Computerized Cataloging project is under way, thanks to **Steve Fishler**'s backing and the work of special committee members **Carol DeCamp, Jarus Quinn, Tom Gallie, and Jim Shuping.**

You probably have questions about how this will work, and when. Here are ten questions and answers about the project.

Q. Why are you doing computerized cataloging? Isn't the Library OK without it?

A. We have no cataloging at all now, so there is no way to tell IF we have a certain book, or WHERE it might be located in the Library.

Q. When will the project be started?

A. Preliminary work has already begun. We are now waiting for the arrival of the components we have ordered.

Q. When will it be finished?

A. Not for many months, though parts will be completed in the next month or two. New books and all nonfiction books will be entered into the computer first and will then be accessible to residents.

Q. How many computers will be involved?

A. There will be two: one for Carol DeCamp, our Data Entry assistant, to enter information about the books, and another for residents to access that information.

Q. What information will be entered and then can be accessed?

A. Author, title, and subject headings for each book.

Q. Where will the computers be located?

A. The data entry computer will be in the back left-hand corner where the telephone and a different computer have been located. There will be a rear-

range of furniture there. The users' computer will be located near the front desk.

Q. What will happen to the Oasis book drop and the drawer for 3-hole punches?

A. They will be relocated just inside the copier room, across from the puzzles, on shelves to the right as you enter from the main room.

Q. What will happen to the computer that has been there for residents to use?

A. It will be put in the Computer Room on the third floor near Elevator 7.

Q. Will there be a replacement for that computer, to use for e-mail and other information?

A. Not in the Library, but only in the Computer Room. The computers in the Library will be for the cataloging system only.

Q. Do I have to be computer savvy to use the system?

A. No. Directions on the screen will be simple. And you are probably already using computerized cataloging in a university or public library – e.g. Southwest Library

And now for a question to which an answer is needed:

Is there someone at The Forest who could help organize the puzzles? They need to be grouped by number of pieces. No hurry. A one-time job.

Just let me know!

**Carol Scott, Librarian**

## The Gift Shop continued

aren't a corner drugstore. These products require monster orders." Imagine the space 500 boxes of Kleenex would take!

**Karen Montgomery** was the lawyer who kept them on track in the early store. She liked the enterprise and had shelves installed as well as a desk, followed by a center island. Eventually the card table with which the store began was given to the Encore Store. An executive director gave them the cash register, for which **Bernie Bender** serves as the repairman. If someone hits a wrong key and then gets into an electronic panic, hitting keys at random, they have to call Bernie to straighten it out.

One day in 1999 Priscilla and Terry Bronfenbrenner went to a show at the Charlotte Market, where they discovered a booth with loads of cute animals. "They were irresistible and we happily chose about fifteen designs: we found monkeys and dogs and cats and elephants." When the representative cal-



Elodie Bentley and Evebell Dunham

culated the cost at \$750, she and Terry were amazed, knowing full well they didn't have that kind of money in the Gift Shop account, so they scaled down the order to a reasonable amount.

As they drove home, they didn't yet realize that they were on the cusp of the Beanie Baby rage that

would sweep the country, and that they were to be part of it! "When the animals went on sale they literally flew out the door," says Priscilla. These early Beanie Babies had given names and a birth date on a little paper label. This paper label often disappeared when children played with them; an early Beanie Baby with the label still attached became a collector's item.

Priscilla says they joined the craze at the right moment. It went on for a long time, and for about eighteen months, when word



Betty Ketch and Priscilla Squier

*(Continued on page 5)*

## The Gift Shop continued

went out that a new order had arrived, the shop had people lined up all the way to the front door. Residents told friends in town, and everyone had grandchildren begging for more. Maintenance had to find a place to store them, and the orders kept coming. One week they made \$1000! (A good week on average now brings in \$150-\$175.)

As the craze peaked, the vendor, before selling the company, went looking at all the outlets to assess who would be allowed further orders. The Forest didn't fit their profile and they were no longer willing to supply our gift shop. "We had a lot of fun," Priscilla says.

The present Gift Shop committee includes **Betty Ketch, Elodie Bentley, Lois Klauder, and Ann King.**

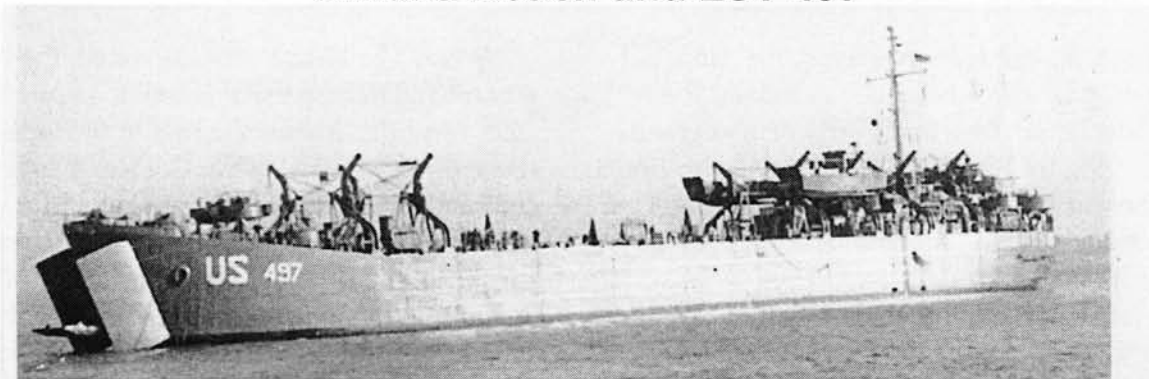
When The Forest was renovated, the Gift Shop was moved to its present location across from the cafe. Priscilla laments the loss of the location and the space of the original store. But she manages to accommodate an astonishing selection of products: jams and jellies, figurines, small vases, jewelry, stuffed animals, purses, an occasional vest or jacket, in addition to all the cards that move so well. The shop hasn't lost its warm coziness and shopping appeal.

Joanne Ferguson



Susan Butler, Evebell Dunham, Carol Scott, and Joanne Ferguson

## Omaha Beach and LST 497



At 0800 on June 6, 1944, a Navy doctor just 14 months out of medical school, I was standing on the bow of LST 497 some 2000 yards offshore. We were heading for the Fox Red sector of Omaha Beach east of Point du Hoc. The tank deck was loaded with 155mm howitzers and a field hospital with 20 Army doctors from the 29<sup>th</sup> Division. I felt a little like Julius Caesar in that I came and I saw, but what I saw wasn't supposed to be happening. Instead of the minimal enemy resistance we had anticipated, there was carnage along the entire beach due to intense fire from 88s and machine guns in pillboxes that had not been knocked out by the pre-invasion bombardment. As we approached the beach, the ship in front of us took a direct hit, and I ran—probably the fastest 100 yard dash of my life—to my battle station in the stern of the ship, where I was supposed to have been all along. There I stayed with my helmet pulled half way down to my knees (at least it felt that way) while the ship backed down under orders at flank speed. We moved out between two heavy cruisers, the *Augusta* and *Tuscaloosa*, dropped anchor and secured the guns.

We lay at anchor until dark and then moved in close to shore to take on casualties. About 100 wounded had been loaded into an LSM landing craft without any stretchers. The less seriously wounded were helped topside, but to get the others on board we had to send down corpsmen to put them on stretchers so they could be hoisted topside.

The waves were now 8 to 10 feet high, and soon all the corpsmen but one were too seasick to function. The last healthy corpsman and I went down into the LSM and shortly thereafter we too were throwing

up everything but our toenails. Eventually, in spite of the high seas and having to stop and retch every couple of minutes, we got all of the wounded on board.

With the help of the Army doctors the wounded were taken care of, and the next day, when the storm abated for a short while, the most seriously injured were transferred to a nearby hospital ship.

During the next 24 hours we had to ride out the worst channel storm in 50 years. On D+2 we were able to beach the ship, unload, and at the next high tide back off the beach and head for the Navy Hospital at Southampton with the wounded including nine additional Army Rangers who had been casualties of the Point du Hoc assault.

Sometimes, when I think about D-Day, I wonder what would have happened if we had continued on course and not received the order to back down. The ship would have dried out and we would have been sitting ducks until the next high tide. That's when I get a sinking feeling that a lot us sitting ducks would have ended up like thousands of others on the beaches that day.



Jack Hughes

## **Odds and Ends**

### **NOW HEAR THIS EXTRA! EXTRA!**

One of America's best known billionaires has made a huge cash offer to buy The Forest at Duke! His press officer briefed reporters on March 25, as follows:

"It is now recognized by all that living in a Continuing Care Retirement Community is the best way to spend those declining golden years. Being aware of the large number of baby boomers who will be interested in a CCRC, I wanted to own one for myself. My staff and I visited many retirement homes all over the country. One stood out among the many fine institutions –THE FOREST AT DUKE in Durham, NC. We found an impressive campus, up-to-date and complete, especially in health care. The location is excellent with easy access provided to many cultural activities as well as medical centers. The staff appeared to be capable and caring.

"Most of all, we were impressed with the many achievements of the residents in various professions, particularly in medicine and chemistry and also in music and the arts."

When the takeover is complete, monthly fees will be reduced by one half! To celebrate, the new owner will add any new buildings or services (or both) that the residents want most! President Hills has appointed a committee to come up with ideas and suggestions.

**APRIL FOOL! APRIL FOOL!**

Mary Gates

### **Mystery People**



Brain surgeon, painter, potter,  
and movie actor



Busy young mother

## Ghost Dance

The High Plains stretched unimpeded to the Arctic. The Big Sky was open from horizon to horizon. It was a typical bright, sunny February Sunday in western North Dakota. The thermometer tied to the flagpole of our old CCC camp said twelve degrees below zero, and the flag stood straight out in the breeze, which made it feel like the temperature was really in the minus twenties.

My friend Al, an anthropologist, said he would take me to visit Pete Falcon, Chief of the local Lakota Sioux and foreman of the land-moving crew who drove the big D-8 Caterpillar bulldozers and LeTourneau Cans leveling the Missouri River bottom land for our Bureau of Reclamation project of resettling refugees from the Dust Bowl onto new well-irrigated farms.

Heavily bundled up, we walked along a well-worn path through the sagebrush, prickly pear cactus, and tumbleweed, and soon crossed the Great Northern Railroad tracks to come out on a butte which looked west to Montana and the distant confluence of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. Lewis and Clark had said this was a perfect spot for a frontier fort, and by 1828 Fort Union was established as the principal trading post on the upper Missouri frontier. For hundreds of years before that it had been the site of a trading rendezvous and battleground for a variety of Indian tribes and mountain men. It was joined in 1866 by Fort Buford where Sitting Bull, the Indian leader at Custer's Last Stand on the Little Bighorn, finally surrendered and was soon murdered.

Walking through a broken land of coulees and outcroppings, we passed white-faced cattle huddled together for warmth and an occasional wild mustang which was startled by our approach. After another mile or two we came on Pete Falcon's cabin, built of cottonwood logs, chinked with cement, with a grey sliver of smoke curling out of the stovepipe. A dozen Indian ponies hitched to a rail beside the house, a couple of muddy pickups in the yard, three or four big dogs, a few cottonwood trees, and a small

corral completed the scene.

We knocked on the door and were welcomed in by Pete Falcon, who introduced us to the company of about a dozen Lakota men as being from "the project." Al explained that I was from the construction crew. I was quickly given a cup of coffee, and a large can of Prince Albert tobacco was offered with a pack of Zig-Zag paper for rolling cigarettes. The crowded, dark room was heated by a cast iron stove burning the typical high plains lignite coal, and the air was heavy with tobacco smoke. I had long since affected the western habit of rolling Bull Durham cigarettes and was glad to accept a square of Zig-Zag paper and a pinch of Prince Albert, to join the party and retire in a corner to watch and listen. The hospitality was open and generous but I was well aware that Al and I were not of "the people." It took a while to catch up on the conversation, which was focused on the project. One of the bulldozers had turned up an enormous rack of antlers. Al said it was from an extinct prehistoric elk. Someone else had brought a human femur, also recently uncovered. It was passed around slowly and examined carefully. All agreed that it was from an Indian. Only a buffalo diet would have kept it so preserved. "Certainly not from a white man." That didn't really sound like a personal jab, just like a fact. They probably would have said it even if we weren't present. That was 1945. The older men there could have been raised on a diet containing some buffalo meat. Surely their fathers had been raised on buffalo, and everyone agreed that all their forbears had had perfect teeth.

From there the topic moved to the massacre at Wounded Knee, South Dakota, where Custer's Seventh Cavalry had wrought its revenge on the Sioux for their part in Custer's Last Stand. Prior to the massacre a Piute prophet had had a vision that Jesus Christ would return as an Indian. The white men would disappear, and the buffalo would return with the ghosts of the ancestors. All this would

**Ghost Dance** continued

happen if the Indians danced the Ghost Dance and their magic bullet-proof Ghost Dance shirts would protect them. On December 29, 1890, the 7th Cavalry armed with four Hotchkiss machine guns launched an unprovoked attack on an encampment of Sioux on Wounded Knee Creek in the Pine Ridge Lakota reservation where the Ghost Dance had become very popular. About 200 men, women, and children were slaughtered.

By 1890 the millions of plains buffalo had been nearly wiped out. Still, there probably were enough left so that the childhood diet of some of the older men in Pete Falcon's cabin that afternoon in 1945 could have included buffalo meat. One or two of those present could have been childhood survivors of Wounded Knee. I never really found out. All of them had kinsmen who had been killed there and had family members among the survivors.

Outside it was getting dark, the ponies were snorting and stamping from the cold. Several men took their leave, climbed into their saddles and rode off into the night. Al and I had another cup of hot coffee, rolled another Prince Albert cigarette, thanked Pete and braced ourselves for the long, cold miles back to camp. As the last sunlight faded, the wraithlike banners of the northern lights began their wavering dance above while coyotes howled back down the coulee. The northern plains seemed to have returned to their ancient loneliness. I felt enormously privileged to have shared a few moments with some of the people for whom the western plains was their heritage and with the ghosts of them as they had been in the old days.

Ned Arnett

**Make Hay While You Know What**

The Sun won't live forever,  
Like us it, too, will die.  
There'll come a day when that big ball  
Won't be up in the sky.

It's been there for five billion years.  
Can you think that far back?!  
And it's thought to last another five,  
So don't rush home to pack.

Our friend will get much larger  
And be very, very red.  
But we won't have to worry;  
We'll be very, very dead!

A white dwarf will be its future  
Along with a nebula.  
If we've been good we'll witness this  
From heaven far above.

No one can live forever,  
Which you may think unjust.  
At some point in the future  
We'll all become stardust.

So we really should get ready  
For that eventful day.  
And while the sun's still shining  
Get out and make some hay!

Don Chesnut

## A Toast to Toast

Did you know that in Durham we have an authentic Italian sandwich shop? A Paninoteca, which serves four types of very different, very delicious, sandwiches. There is the Panini; a hot grilled sandwich on rustic Italian bread; the Tramezzini, a cold sandwich on crustless white pullman bread; Bruschetta, hearty grilled bread topped with shrimp, sausage, or other good things; and the Crostini, small toasted bread topped with warm goat cheese, herb pesto and mozzarella, three little sandwiches to a plate, all different toppings.

There are glorious homemade soups, bountiful salads and a variety of soft drinks & teas.

TOAST is located at 345 W. Main Street in Durham and is owned and operated by former employees of The Magnolia Grill: Kelli and Billy Cotter. It is not a large or fancy restaurant, but the food is worth lining up for, and the atmosphere is friendly and welcoming. Open for lunch 6 days a week: Monday-Friday 11am-8pm; Saturday 11am-3pm; closed Sunday. Try it! You'll like it!

Peggy Quinn

## The Angel and the Professor

There's no more need to scream or shout,  
The problem's solved; they figured it out;  
You're in the shower and you want to leave;  
You used to step forward but couldn't turn  
round;

The Angel\* said, "BACKWARD;"  
No more hitting the ground!!

\*Kelly Cloninger

Tom Frothingham

## The Forest Knight

Every girl, and woman too, wants a knight in shining armor to woo her,

Some have gone so far as to keep carrots to entice the white horse to stay.

Now that we are well past expecting a knight, and content with mortal men or memories,

A knight arrives on our doorstep.

For years, most have not seen him standing there.  
His gray feet firmly planted on red Carolina clay  
From his knobby knees up, he hides in the holly,  
He and his horse unseen by the pragmatic eye.  
Standing at the edge of the croquet court,  
Ready to guard our honor.

Hail, Sir Virtual!

Penelope Easton



## Susan Murphy's Marvelous Mission to Mexico

"*Hola Susan*," softly spoke Pera (Esperanza), one of three Mexican girls quasi-adopted by Susan some 15 years ago. In 1972, Susan joined a group of church members planning an excursion to San Andres Mimiahuapan, a tiny village four hours south of Mexico City. The purpose of their travel through almost uncharted roadways was to assist the local pastor and his parishioners in their quest to build a church. Susan was doubly driven on this cause—she dearly loves offering assistance to anyone in need, and she majored in Spanish and Education at Duke University in the 1960's. So she was committed to this endeavor from its inception.

"*Hola*," Susan responded eagerly, overjoyed to hear from one of her "Mexican daughters." Pera continued, "*Por favor ven a mi boda*" ("Please come to my wedding"). Susan was thrilled and exclaimed loudly, "*Si, si, si*," and planned her unexpected airplane trip to Mexico. She departed at 7:45 A.M. on Thursday, January 27, 2011, from Terminal 2 at RDU. Of course she included the manifold gifts and trinkets for the girls and their families—her three "daughters," with two husbands, three grandchildren, and other friends and family members. The years have smiled sweetly on the girls who captured Sue's heart so many winters ago. They graduated from high school and college with Sue's financial support and idealistic encouragement.

It did not matter that Pera called late Wednesday evening to say the wedding was off. Sue was more than ready to go and see the family again. It turned out that she was again a tremendous blessing as the family wrestled with the called-off ceremony. Susan has a knack for cheering up crestfallen hearts. She met the gang in Mexico City and reunited with them to laugh and play in Chapultepec Park. They also frolicked in a water park and finally ended in a local thermal water resort for an extended overnight stay. The resort was filled with water rides, inner tubes, wading supports, and other assorted pleasure-giving devices. The \$3,000 pesos (10 pesos=one dollar) for the privilege of staying overnight was a mere pittance compared to the smiles, laughter and general

camaraderie of the participants.

During their time together, they all climbed aboard bicycle taxis, immersed themselves into sightseeing, created wild adventures in Chapultepec Park, rode on the metro, and shopped at Wal-Mart. Susan loves her Mexican family and they love her. The sadness of the cancelled wedding evaporated and they fell into developing plans for the future. Lorena is a nurse now and Patricia is a lovely mom and provider for her family. Pera is an English teacher who would like to come to the USA to improve her English.

Susan helped build the church back in the 90s and she left a legacy of love with the families she lived with. With more and more Susans now traveling about the world providing support and love to others who are struggling with life's burdens, there is hope for our battered world. She touched three families and they have reached out and touched others. Susan provided "hands across the border." There are many borders to cross before time eludes us.

Lee Murphy

## Hollingworth Grove

Gypsies have arrived at Hollingworth Grove  
Night is filled with firelight and song  
Locals cast a wary eye  
Trinkets, pots, pans, odds and ends are traded  
The fortuneteller reads the local ladies' palms  
The grove is dark and deserted  
Local ladies gaze at their palms and dream  
of fortune

Blaine Nashold

Bob Blake's  
**Puzzle**

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

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

**Flowers**

AFRICAN VIOLET	COSMOS	HYDRANGEA	NARCISSUS	ROSE
ALYSSUM	CROCUS	IMPATIENS	ORCHID	SAGE
AMARYLLIS	DAFFODIL	IRIS	PANSY	SNAP DRAGON
ASTER	DAHLIA	JAPONICA	PEONY	SPIREA
BABIES BREATH	DAISY	LILY	PETUNIA	SUNFLOWER
CANNA	GARDENIA	MARIGOLD	PHLOX	SWEET PEA
CHRYSANTHEMUM	HOLLYHOCK	MORNING GLORY	PINK	TULIP
COLUMBINE	HYACINTH	MRYTLE	POPPY	