

It's in the Basement

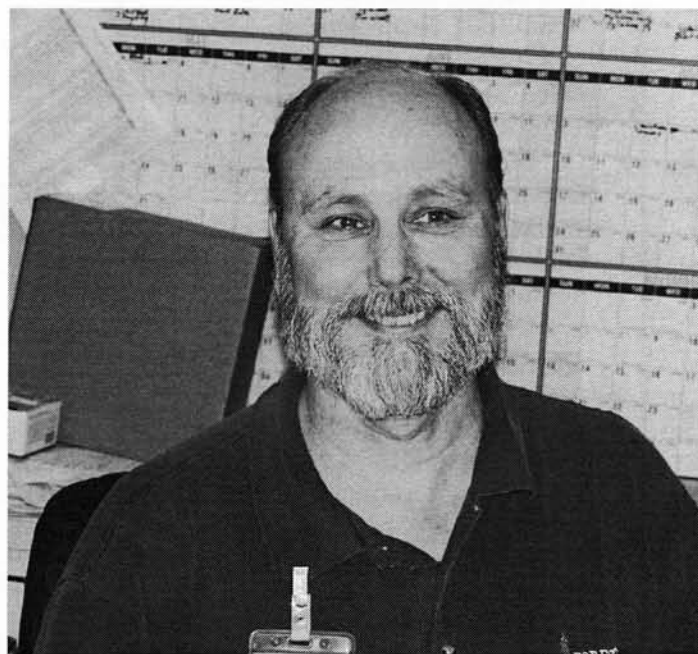
Photos by Dick Aroner

Steve Short ushers me into what seems to be a chaotic office, saying, "This looks like a mess, but if you ask me where anything is, I can dig it right out." He came to The Forest in 1994, started out on the floor, and applied for the supervisor job three times before he became Maintenance Supervisor. "This department has been a work in progress during my tenure," he says. When he came, there was no director or coordinator of facilities, no director of security, and his department managed housekeeping. There were no computers, but maintenance had a secretary who wrote every work order by hand—three copies—on a little pad with a sheet of carbon paper, like the receipt pads you can still buy at Office Max. There were five workers then. Now there are seven with one position open: **Scott Sergel, Neil Thompson, David Wiggins, Brian Wilkins, Tim Long, Tony Yancy, and Steve Williams**, who is Assistant Maintenance Supervisor.

The basement was much smaller on the architect's blueprints, but the decision was made to excavate under the auditorium, creating a large storage area. (Steve shows me in the ceiling of the storage room the underside of the plug for the microphones in front of the auditorium stage.) He says he and his staff can hear the musical performances from above their heads.

A chair in his office is full of rolls of paper: the provisional blueprints as building went on. "The guys can carry one up where they are working to make sure where wires and cables are. They can spread them out on the floor, and it won't matter if they spill a little water on them." The "as-built blueprints," the term for the final stage, are locked away in his office.

Max Harrell generates the work orders and puts



them in Steve's box in her office, which he checks four or five times a day. He prioritizes them and distributes them in the workers' boxes. He encourages a sense of urgency in his staff, and they all try to be as reactive as possible. Every day is a balancing act. Requests from Health Care come first, Independent Living next, and common areas last. He gives me examples: "If a bathroom light is out in Olsen, that's more important than one in other areas. If a toilet is stopped up, are there multiple bathrooms in the dwelling?"

While we talk Steve is keeping an eye on his computer, where a schematic drawing of the heating/air conditioning system is displayed. He breaks off and calls **Brian Wilkins** on the two-way radio to ask him to go check the fan on one of the cooling towers. "That fan has been malfunctioning and the tempera-

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The Forester

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In Memoriam

John August Julius Friedrich April 2, 2011

Joel Colton April 17, 2011

President's Podium

Residents Association (RA) meetings feature the many ways in which we residents can participate in Forest life. A prime source of information is offered by the nine Directors and the committees they chair.

Six of these committees mirror the departments through which The Forest is administered. Their missions are as follows:

Activities—to offer volunteer support to the staff in the myriad productive ways we can be involved and interested members of the community.

Dining Services—to join the staff in reviewing resident reactions to the variety and quality of our food and its presentation in our several dining venues.

Facilities—to join staff in reviewing the status and planning for landscaping, maintenance, and safety and security of common spaces.

Finance—to become informed reviewers of the TFAD finances, both current status and future needs.

Health Services—to review provisions to enhance health and wellness of all residents and to inform residents on these matters.

Marketing—to review TFAD occupancy and cooperate with the staff in informing prospective residents, and orienting and welcoming new residents.

The three additional committees—**Caucus Coordinating, Resident Services, and Governance**—oversee important aspects of residential life. Each of us belongs to a caucus, which helps orient us to life here and come to know our immediate neighbors. Resident Services coordinates various activities which enhance our community, including the Library, Gift Shop, Encore Shop, and our own publications (such as this one). Governance keeps our Residents Association operating smoothly, by coordinating our By-Laws and their implementation.

Through these committees and the RA, we are offered opportunities to learn more about our community and to become more involved in it.

Tynette W. Hills, President

Library Science 101



Have you been noticing changes in the Library arrangements? They are a part of the progress being made on the computerized cataloging. Space has had to be made for the component parts. **Jarus Quinn, Tom Gallie, Jim Shuping, Carol DeCamp** and I have been working industriously on this project and we hope to have an Open House before long to introduce the new system to our public. Be looking for an announcement in the *Forest Forward*!

Meanwhile, there are two of our newest books that I want to recommend to you. I have enjoyed reading them, each about outstanding people.

The first, which we have in both regular and large print, is *Highest Duty* by Captain "Sully" Sul-
lenberger, the chief pilot of US Airways Flight 1549 who, after engine failure, so miraculously set that Airbus down on the surface of the Hudson River on January 15, 2009, with no loss of lives. This fascinating biography describes his passion for flying from the age of five, and his rigorous training in Air Force and civilian planes which led to his successful actions. As the book jacket says, "At its heart *Highest Duty* is a moving story of how one man's remarkable life story can inspire hope and preparedness in us all."

The Airbus, whose destination that day was to have been Charlotte, NC, is now on its way to the Carolinas Air Museum in that city, where, after preparation, it will be on permanent exhibit beginning next January.

The second book is by our own Bill Holley, who in his 90s has completed a loving and touching memoir of his wife Janet. She had planned to write her autobiography and had assembled notes for it on many 3 x 5 cards. Unfortunately, before she could do this she suffered a severe stroke and, though she is still at The Forest, has been unable to do more than listen to what her husband beautifully wrote from her cards and from letters, family photographs, and his own reminiscences. Bill has put together this most

interesting story of Janet's early life and World War II experiences in the OWI office in London. *Memoirs of Janet Carlson Holley by her Husband I. B. Holley Jr.*, which takes the Holleys' life up to 1947 when they came to Duke, is still a recent acquisition which will later be found shelved with our Resident Authors in the Library Classroom.

Donations are still coming in, and we are grateful. Remember, those we cannot use are being passed on, recycled. We believe that every book has a reader—somewhere.

Carol Scott

The Pillow and the Wheel

I hate making my bed, but this was the worst yet. I was finished heaving sheets and blankets onto a dreary mattress. While backing my electric cart away, the rear wheel wrapped itself in the pillow that was on the floor. I pulled and tugged to no avail. The pillow was now part of the wheel. I could only imagine the reception to an electric cart thumping down the hallways with a pillow on a rear wheel. I finally found my cell phone, called the front desk to report that I needed security to free me from my pillow. Pat was kind enough to suppress her laughter. Within seven minutes Malcolm was at the door. He lifted the wheel and removed the pillow. I asked how often in a day they get calls for help with pillows. He held up three fingers. Later, I asked Pat, who also held up three fingers.

Tom Frothingham

Mystery Foods

When Maija and I arrived at TFAD in December, 2009, I soon realized some of the foods had names that were unknown to me. For example, I wondered what quinoa, cous cous, polenta, and edamame actually meant. Not only did I not know what I was eating, I could not pronounce the names. I was embarrassed to ask another resident because I did not want to appear unsophisticated. After I had been here a while, I decided to ask one of the servers in the café about quinoa. I looked around to make sure no resident was nearby. But ... she did not know either. Since I was not sure how to pronounce – quinoa – I reverted to the pointing method: “Give me some of that stuff.” The next step in the learning process was pronouncing quinoa. Of course, I pronounced in phonetically.

Then, several weeks ago, I read an article in the *Herald-Sun* about this mystery food, quinoa. I had been mispronouncing it. The correct pronunciation is KEEN-wah.

Tony calls quinoa a “superfood” because of its unbelievably high nutritional value. Quinoa provides 10 essential amino acids, and is loaded with minerals. Its high protein content is between 14 and 18 percent. The U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization states that it is so nutritious it can be substituted for mother’s milk. As one might guess, quinoa is a favorite of vegetarians because of its high protein content. Duane Johnson, a former Colorado State University agronomist who helped introduce quinoa to the United States 30 years ago, states, “This food is about the most perfect you can find for human diets.”

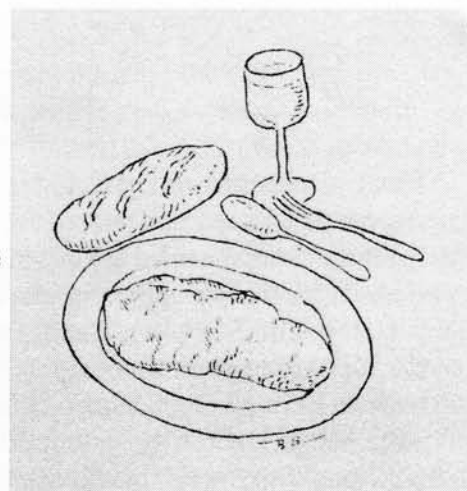
In addition to being favored by vegetarians, quinoa is also enjoyed by Americans who are susceptible to food allergies, especially those persons allergic to gluten, a wheat protein. It is eaten like a grain and is more easily digestible than corn, wheat, rye, millet, and sorghum. This superfood can be substituted for rice in almost anything: soup, salads, puddings, and breads.

Since 3,000 B.C. quinoa has been cultivated in the Andean highlands of South America where it is native from Chile north to Colombia. Most of the crops are grown in Peru and Bolivia. Johnson says “it’s very

specific on the environments where it will grow. It requires very cool days and even cooler evenings.” Johnson also says that Bolivia and Peru account for about 97% of quinoa’s global production.

Quinoa is cultivated by indigenous Bolivians who are among the country’s poorest citizens. Until the late 20th century, most of this impoverished population lived by the barter system. The president of the National Association of Quinoa producers, Brigido Martinez, traces the boom in the grain’s popularity to a visit by the king and queen of Spain in 1987. The royal couple sampled it, liked it, and the news media did the rest. Up to that point in South America, quinoa had been known as “poor people’s food.” In 2009, Bolivia exported 14,500 tons worth more than \$25 million dollars. The goal for the current harvest is 30,000 tons. So far, most of the grain is exported to the United States, Japan, and Europe.

Thanks to the *Herald-Sun* article and to my discussion with Tony Ellis, I feel more sophisticated already!



Bill Harrington

(Thanks to Tony Ellis for his assistance.)

It's in the Basement continued



ture is up to 100 degrees. We have to jiggle it to get it going." As we watch, the computer shows a little steam-like plume above the tower, which indicates that Brian has been successful and it's going again. We can see that the temperature is falling. "If it was August, we'd be in the truck on the way to Greensboro for a new part. We'll have to get it soon, since hot weather is coming, and this is the third time we've had to jiggle that fan."

We take a walk through this amazing basement full of tools and parts: drawers and drawers full of nails, screws, bolts, and small parts, a wall of hanging tools, a box of scrap lumber. Above all the drawers of small parts, I see a familiar household item: a small can of Brasso. We pass an odd device like a drinking fountain with two water sources eye-distance apart. It's called an eye-wash station, for lavage of the eyes in case of an accidental splash.

Along one wall are some new washer/dryer units as well as some old stoves and refrigerators. The staff can buy the used appliances very inexpensively, taking a chance on their subsequent functioning life. Here and there are old chairs to be

mended. On a table is an old TV, which Steve said had been dropped. They fixed it and kept it so they could get occasional updates on March Madness. We pass the wall where Activities stores things. "They have the biggest area of storage of any department," says Steve. "Actually, everybody wants to use the basement." If he weren't vigilant it would soon be filled and have no workroom left.

When my son John visited, he wanted a little piece of wood against which to hammer home a bike part. We remembered with longing the old house with attic, basement, and garage full of such stuff. We went to the maintenance room, feeling apologetic, and asked if there was a little piece of wood anywhere. Steve walked directly to a box and gave

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Neil, Scott, Tim, Tony, Steve, David, and Steve

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us a piece of 2X4 that was just what we wanted. I've used it subsequently with an awl, and I treasure it.

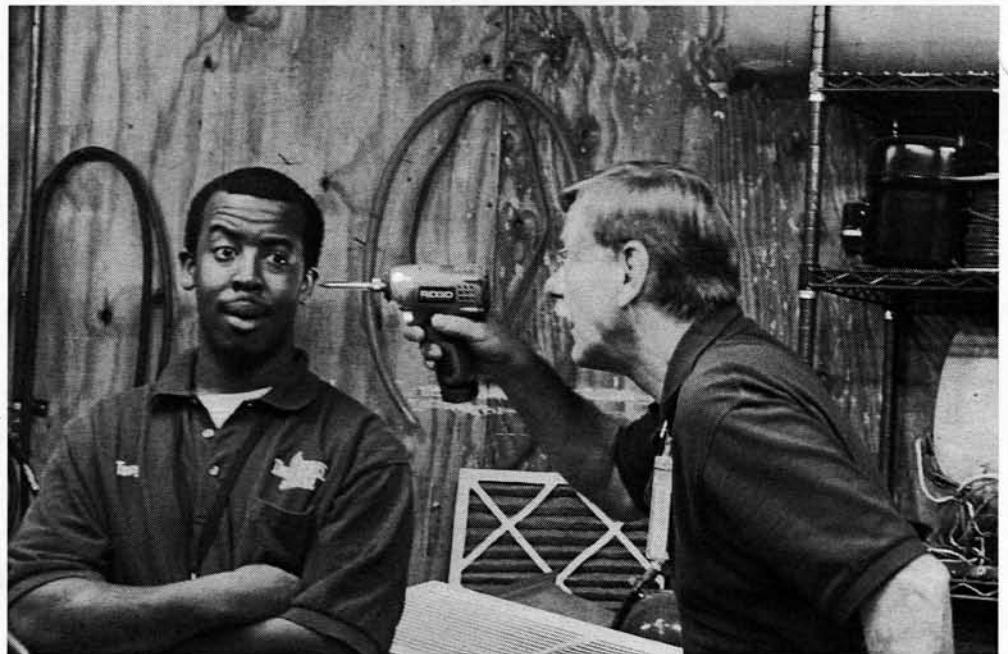
The middle child of three, Steve was born in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and has lived in Texas, Alabama, and eventually Lynchburg, Virginia, where he was a carpenter and contractor for fifteen years before he moved to Durham. His former wife's family owned 150 acres and a house at the end of Pickett Road, so he moved from Virginia in 1993 to aid in the marketing and sale of his wife's family land, where Trinity School and Hope Creek subdivision now stand.

He has two sons, Evan Oliver and Emerson Islar both boys bearing old family names. He was off for a conference with Emerson's history teacher the day I interviewed him. Both boys are honors students with straight A records. Oliver is at Elon University, and Emerson at the School of the Arts in the old Durham High School.

I could have spent the entire day wandering the basement looking at everything and listening to Steve talk. I learn that contiguous apartments have separate end walls with a dead space between, which helps account for the good

soundproofing we enjoy. There is also a dead space between ceiling and the floor of the apartment above. We go over the fact that the main building and the Health and Wellness Center are on entirely separate systems of electricity and heating and cooling.

Steve says cheerfully that he knows every nook and cranny of the buildings and it's been a good ride. We're lucky.



Joanne Ferguson

It's in the Basement continued

Special Order for the Shop



Work in Process



A Job Well Done!

Odds and Ends

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DUKE OF THE FOREST

The Duke of the Forest was loved and respected by all—except when he went on a **BENDER!** He lived in a **STONE** house **CLOSE** by with his **YOUNG** and beautiful daughter **PEARLMUTTER**. One **GRAY** morning, the Duke went into the woods to go hunting. Evil men set a **TRAPP** for him and then shot him in the head. His friends heard him screaming, “**I HERTZ—I HERTZ!**” They found him lying on his **BACK** with a large **BLACKBURN** over his left brow and **BURNS** on his right cheek.

He was rushed to a hospital and placed in an Emergency **WARD**. Unfortunately, there were insufficient **WATTS** in the power line. Without **LIGHT** the doctor could not **SEAY** and the good Duke died!

The **YOUNG** and beautiful **PEARL** was prostrate with grief. Then she arose and determined to organize a group to go and implore the **KING** to avenge her papa! She went first to ask the **PENNY-BACKERS** to sponsor the trip. They agreed and went up in their **GARRETT** and brought down bags of **SILVER** and gold.

The group began the journey going **EASTON FERGUSON** Road. The elderly and feeble rode in a **BENTLEY**. The rest advanced by putting one **FOOTE** in front of the other. They crossed **FIELDS** and **VAILS**. They climbed **HILLS** and admired **CHESNUT** and **HOLLEY** trees. At night they made **DECAMP** near the **FAIRBANKS** of the **HUDSON** River. Some sang **CAROLS** as they went down the **LONG** road. At last they reached the Castle.

The **GATES** swung open and at the end of the long **HALL** they could see the **KING** surrounded by his **LORDS** and **NOBLES**. On one side of the **HALL** they glimpsed the **WHITE GALLIES** where the royal **BAKERS** and chefs were preparing lunch, including a **PEACH** pie for the **KING**.

His favorite **SPANIEL** dozed at the monarch's feet. On one side were his **SQUIER**, his **TANNER**, and his **MASON**, together with his **BUTLER** and his **SARGENT-at-arms**. Assorted **EARLS** and **VIP's** were on the other side.

The **KING** and his court listened carefully to the **BLACK** tale of evil. At the end, **FEW** were dry-eyed! The **KING** waved his sword in the air and shouted, “We will **KETCH** these murderers!!”

Mary Gates

These were the first of 90 Mystery Photos since 2004 Do You Know Them?

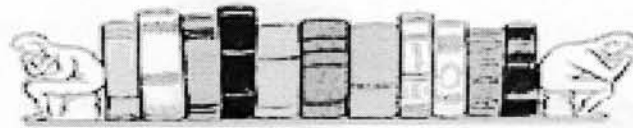


Plays for Sing-Along



Freshman at Capital College,
Columbus, Ohio

From the Bookshelf



The Hotel on the Corner of Bitter and Sweet

By Jamie Ford

In 1986 Henry Lee, who grew up in Chinatown in Seattle, stands mesmerized before the old Panama Hotel which still sits on the corner of Bitter and Sweet. The old hotel stood as a gateway between Chinatown and Japantown. "The scene of an old world conflict where Chinese and Japanese immigrants rarely spoke to each other." He watches as a crowd gathers before the crumbling white marble steps. A news crew arrives with their cameras and the new owner of the old landmark comes out to tell the crowd that they have found something in the basement. The hotel had been boarded up since 1950. Henry stares in awe as the new owner opens up an umbrella. Only it is not an ordinary umbrella. It is a Japanese parasol with a butterfly design.

And so opens a heartwarming and charming story which hops back and forth between 1942 and 1986. In 1942 Henry Lee was 12 years old. His parents were Chinese and spoke only Cantonese. They sent Henry to an American school so that he could learn English. He was forbidden to speak Cantonese at home. Henry's father made him wear a button which said I AM CHINESE. This ignominy, plus the fact that he was the only non-white child in an all white school, made him the target of bullies. As his father said proudly: his son was "scholarshipping." Henry's assigned task in his work-study program was to work in the school cafeteria at lunchtime. It was both a blessing and a shame. A blessing because he was saved from the taunts and the physical abuse of the other children, but a shame because he wanted to be accepted like everyone else.

Things changed for the better when Keiko Okabe, a 12-year-old Japanese-American girl came

to be his helper in the school kitchen. Henry had no Chinese friends and certainly had never thought of having a Japanese friend. Henry's nationalistic father would never allow his son to fraternize with anyone Japanese. Henry and Keiko did become good friends but carefully avoided the school bullies and Henry's disapproving parents.

During the years after Pearl Harbor, many Japanese families just disappeared from the neighborhoods. One day Keiko didn't come to school. Henry went to her neighborhood in Japantown to search for her. He was stunned to see fires burning everywhere, houses boarded up, and people frantically adding photo albums, kimonos, fine linens, treasured possessions to the fires. He stopped someone to ask what was happening and was told that the police had been coming through taking whole families away to the internment camps. People were burning everything that connected them to the war. Henry was frightened. Where was Keiko?

Now turn the pages forward to 1986. Henry is now 56. He has just buried his wife, Ethel. He has a modern, Chinese-American son, Marty, who is a college student and more concerned with his own life than the life of his grieving father. Henry is lonely and the sight of the old hotel and the parasol bring back happy memories of those long-ago years when he had his Japanese friend.

Henry learns that the new owner of the Panama Hotel had discovered the belongings of thirty-seven Japanese families who she presumed had been taken from their homes and sent to internment camps. No one had ever returned for their belongings. Henry was suddenly sure that he would find some trace of Keiko if he searched through these relics of forty years. He finds her sketchbook and an old jazz record that Keiko always said was their record, espe-

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From the Bookshelf continued**A Word to the Wise**

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cially a song, "Alley Cats," played by a famous saxophone artist.

The author captures the spirit of the Japanese people. In spite of the suffering, the loss of their homes, the disgrace of being marched through the town like criminals and crowded into inferior housing in strange places, they are hopeful, resilient, and resourceful. They learn how to make do with what they've got. What they are left with is pitifully little. We are reminded of the Japanese people today and the terrible losses suffered from the earthquake and the tsunami. They bear their pain quietly and courageously.

James Ford, who is half Chinese himself, writes without judgment or condemnation. "When you are half Chinese or half Japanese you never really fit in. You don't feel white and you don't feel oriental." It's a little book but it delivers a powerful punch: the innocence of first love, the cruelty of racism, the blindness of patriotism, the differences that arise between parents and children, and the sadness and satisfactions of lives well lived. It's a story that makes you think but also makes you FEEL. Does it end happily ever after? Read it and see.

Peggy Quinn

Grandfather Blackburn lies

In his casket in the front room
At 809 Walnut street
Whites knock on the front door
Blacks on the kitchen door
They mingle around the casket
Blacks and whites

Blaine Nashold

Rhoda Garrett tells this story with a smile. It could have been very different. She was asleep in her chair, sometime during the night, when she heard her computer telling her that someone was calling her on Skype. As a bit of information for those who don't know, Skype is a handy device which uses a small camera to allow one to look at a person while talking with them on the computer. She took her walker into the computer room and pushed the little Skype buttons. There was her son, Paul, in Ohio ready for a chat.

She sat down, but in the dark, missed the chair. Paul called out to see what had happened. Rhoda checked and found she wasn't hurt, just on the floor. She told Paul to call the front desk and give her plight and location. She had tried her protect button, but there was no response. Security soon came and gave her the help she needed. Paul observed the whole thing from Ohio.

Now here's the lesson for us all. Security checked her protect button and found the batteries were dead. They replaced them, but it still didn't work so they gave her a new bracelet. So check your protect system. If you can, go on down to security and push the button. If that is difficult for you, call security to have them check for you. You never know when you might need a bit of help.

Carol Oettinger

Nothing in Life is Free

I think it quite sad, and I think you'll agree,
That I can't comprehend
The verse that's called free.
Try as I may I just can't come to grips
With those non-rhyming lines
And those unmetered quips.

If you write in three lines
With a blank line between,
It's considered to be poetic.
You may think that it's fine
And consider it keen,
But I simply don't find it esthetic.

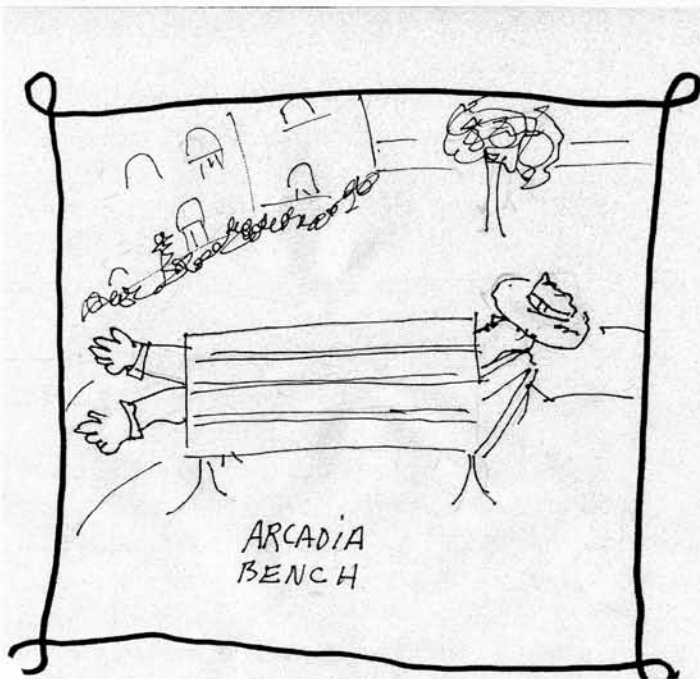
For me it's sublime
To rhyme every line,
Rhythm and meter are givens.
What's to you most benign
To me is not fine,
I'm afraid I simply don't get it!

Roses are red
And violets are blue,
There's simply no getting around it.
One has to have rhymes
At least every four lines
Or you can't be considered poetic.

We each have our style,
And it does take a while
To get used to how others compose.
So don't curse at free verse,
Things could be much worse.
You can always read it as prose.

But I would not offend
Those whom I call friend.
I hope they're not angry with me.
I just hope when they write
They will keep this in sight –
Nothing in life's really free.

Don Chesnut



Dear Editor:

Irene is up early every morning. As the sun rises a figure appears on the Arcadia bench, stretched out with feet over the end. As the sun rises higher the phantom vanishes. Arcadia is the playground of the ancient gods. Is this Zeus resting after a night of frolic? Is it a passing wanderer? Is it the Fig Newton of Irene's imagination? Time will tell.

There is a puzzle in the cartoon. Can you find it?

bsn

Losing it

I can't recall his name, now that's a shame!
One of my oldest friends, how make amends?
Now I've forgot his wife's. For all my life
I can't engage my brain, oh what a pain!

Their names? I'll never reproduce them.
Pray to God I needn't introduce them!
How frustrating! It isn't fair at all.
After they leave I'll have total recall.

Sometimes, I really am a whiz,
nailing a crossword term or TV quiz,
ask me my social security number,
and all my gray cells start to slumber.

An Office Depot poster makes the claim
"We replace memories." Am I to blame
for my disappointment or how I care,
that what they offer is only hardware.



Ned Arnett