

THE FORESTER

Volume 18 Issue 4

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

January 2012

Jim Normandin, Facilities Director

by Joanne Ferguson

When **Jim Normandin** came to The Forest in June of this year, residents didn't see a lot of him at first. For much of the summer he was in meetings with every person in his department: Housekeeping, Maintenance, and Security--and that meant every person, not just managers.

He is now in the process of scanning files of work orders and entering them into a database of every apartment and cottage on the property. He will be able to access the history of each property: when it was repaired, painted, recarpeted, had an appliance replacement. It should make for fascinating reading.

Jim was one of four boys born in Dracut, Massachusetts, where he studied carpentry in grade and high school, and went to the Commonwealth of Mass. Contractor School. He then went to work in his father's construction business for seventeen years. The company did residential remodeling as well as big commercial buildings. When his father retired, Jim took over the company, Normandin &



Photo by Dick Aroner

Sons Steeplejacks, Inc., and branched out into historic restoration for the next ten years.

It was during this time that he received a call from Norm Abram, host of the TV show "This Old House." Norm was building a house and had Jim install the wood roof and copper gutters. He asked Jim to appear on one of his shows, where he made several personal appearances to demonstrate various stages of restoration. It aired in 1994.

Jim says when he got tired of cold weather in the Northeast, he moved to Florida, where, just before coming to us, he worked for Horizon Bay Retirement Living, a non-profit retirement community similar to The Forest. He was a regional director for several continuing care communities owned by Horizon and was a member of the corporate disaster response team. He lived on the west side of the Intracoastal Waterway, where he caught catfish under a bridge while his shrimp traps filled as the current flowed

(Continued on page 4)



Jim's house

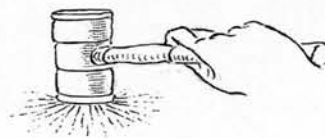
The Forester

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President's Podium

by Jack Hughes

We should all have a pretty good idea what the Campus Master Plan (The Long Range Plan for The Forest) is all about after the small meetings of Mr. Fishler and Mr. Moore with the residents and the Residents' Association Board and the resulting Frequently Asked Questions sheet. The next step will be to make revisions, where feasible, based on those meetings and some further input from residents. While we "like things as they are" and find change and inconveniences often difficult and unwelcome, changes are necessary for long term survival. We convey our thoughts to the more knowledgeable experts and depend on them to do what is best.

The Forest's Annual Financial Audit has been presented and considering the recession we are doing reasonably well. We don't have the reserves of Fort Knox or the surplus of China but financially we are in the top tier of CCRCs in NC according to the auditor.

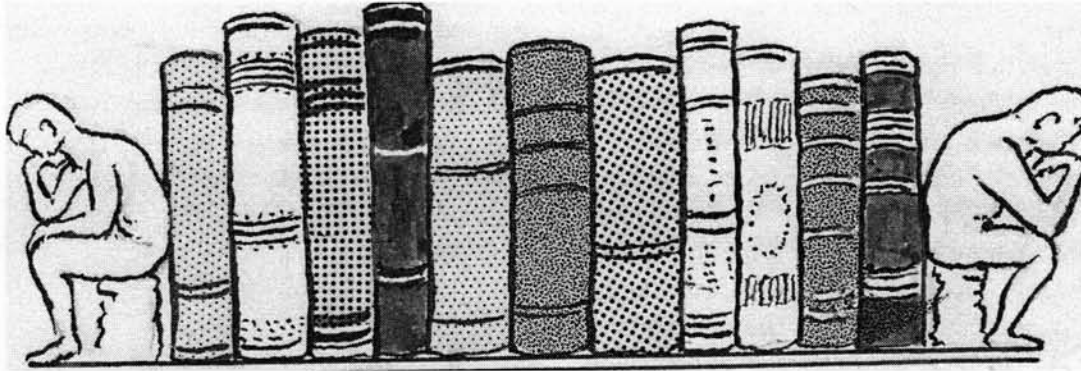
Ethel Foote provided some information from the Eastern Region CCRC of NC Presidents' Luncheon. Seems we are not the only ones experiencing difficulties such as communication, information sharing, and annual increases in fees.

Recently the Health Center received its annual surprise inspection by the state agency responsible for licensure and certification of nursing homes. No deficiencies were found and these were in-depth inspections. Congratulations to our staff and management.

In Memoriam

Bylee Hunnicutt Massey December 17, 2011
Thomas Eliot Frothingham December 27, 2011

Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

At this time of year we look backward and forward--like standing with one foot on each side of the Prime Meridian in Greenwich, England.

Backward to 2011 we look at a very successful year in the Library.

Many donations have enlarged our holdings, and the bookbuyer has been generous in his financial support of the unusual expenditures related to the installation of computerized cataloging.

With the successful completion of this program, thanks to the efforts of **Tom Gallie, Carol DeCamp, Janet Judd** and a devoted crew on the summer Saturday production lines, patrons are seeing that it is convenient and easy to use, and Library assistants are finding it helpful. The Library looks neat and attractive with the new spine labels on the books and some rearrangement of categories.

Forward to 2012 we are looking for additions to this system so that patrons can see on the computer screen if a given book is in the Library or checked out. Hopefully, in time this can be done from one's apartment or cottage, and not just in the Library.

The first change for this will be to a check-out deadline of four weeks, instead of the two months in the past. This will take place this month. It means

that the Library can more readily keep track of where the books (and CD books and DVDs) are, and since you will be notified earlier it will help you keep your Library check-outs nearer the top of the stack and not lost at the bottom.

Another change – an addition – is a large number of science fiction paperbacks, recently received from donors. They are located at the far end of the paperback section, and the shelves are so labeled. There must be some science fiction fans among us, though I don't yet know of any.....

Proposed changes to The Forest itself in the next few years include a larger Library on the main floor. I will be working with the architect in the planning of the Library's space. An important factor will be meeting the demands of FUTURE use, when technology will be advanced and quite different from what we have now. I am thinking e-books.....

PLEASE GIVE ME YOUR IDEAS ABOUT WHAT WE SHOULD --- AND SHOULD NOT -- HAVE IN THIS LIBRARY OF THE FUTURE. BIGGER ALONE IS NOT AN IMPROVEMENT; WE NEED BETTER.

Jim Normandin continued

(Continued from page 1)

through. He misses that part of living in Florida.

He met his wife, Betty, at Southern Pines, and they live (now that their children are gone from home) with a couple of cats in West End, a community seventeen miles west of Pinehurst in a house he built himself. He says he had help with the foundation and the framing. The rest he did after hours and on weekends in a year and a half. All the materials came from North Carolina, windows and doors made here, rocks that face the fireplace from Rockingham.

His wife's family of seven brothers and sisters are from Cameron, North Carolina, where the family still owns a working farm of sixty-five acres, on which they all participate. His brother-in-law lives in

canned. Once a year he buys a cow, which he takes to a meat processing and meat packing plant. Two weeks later it's all packed away in his big freezer.

The extended family assembles in a barnlike



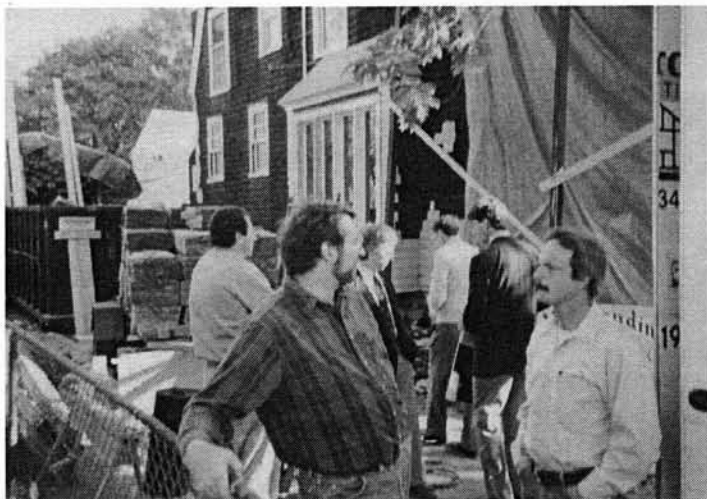
Jim installing shingles

structure on a brother-in-law's land for Easter, Thanksgiving, and Christmas feasts. "We have to buy the turkeys," he says.

Remember our meeting about disaster evacuation, with plans to go to Virginia, Charleston, and Tennessee? As for me, I think I'll sneak out the back door with my Hudson Bay blanket and head for the farm.



Jim to the rescue



Jim conferring with Norm Abram
of "This Old House"

the homestead house and owns it and the land. He plows the garden and keeps the worst of the weeds between crops down, but they all do the close weeding with hoes. That includes his 85-year-old mother-in-law, who calls on occasion to say she has caught a mess of Bream, and they join her for dinner.

This year they harvested buckets of tomatoes (from which they made tomato sauce, juice, and stewed tomatoes), 6500 ears of corn, bush beans, butterbeans, field peas; the harvest was frozen and

Welcome, New Residents



Beverly Stone

Cottage 25

489-4054

Bev was born in Oakland, CA, and grew up in the Bay Area. She graduated from the School of Public Health at the University of California at Berkeley with a major in medical laboratory studies. After graduation she married Donald Stone, also a Berkeley student. He earned his PhD in Botany there while Bev was a hospital lab technician until the children came along. Don joined the faculty at Tulane University in New Orleans where the family lived for six years before Don moved to Duke in 1963. While remaining part of the Botany Department, Don was Executive Director of the non-profit Organization for Tropical Studies that conducted studies in tropical biology and ecology at its field stations in Costa Rica. For one sabbatical semester the family lived in San José. Bev worked with him in OTS for 20 years. She has done volunteer work with children in Camp Fire Girls (California), Creative Arts for Children (Tulane), Brownie and Junior Girl Scouts (New Orleans and Durham) and American Red Cross First Aid (Durham). Of three daughters, one is in Chapel Hill and two in Houston; three grandchildren live in Houston. Before he passed away this year Don and Bev enjoyed their many travels. Bev also enjoys bridge, genealogy, lunches out and her investment club.



Ted and Dale Harris

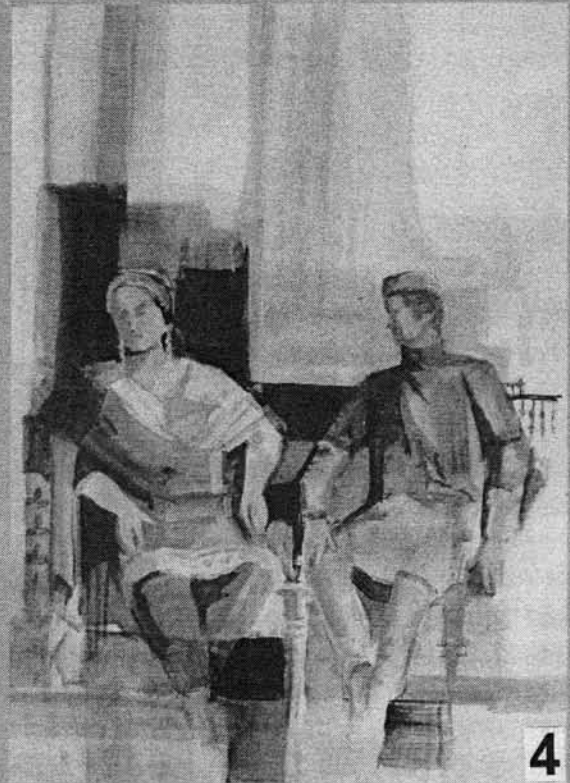
Cottage 65

489-7778

Ted was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, and went to grade and high school in Westport, CT, and Lynchburg, VA. He attended Middlebury College for two years, graduated from Virginia Tech in agriculture, and studied banking at Rutgers. He was a bank executive for 18 years and then founded a business valuation firm. He has served as a member of the Lynchburg City Council and the Virginia legislature. He started and manages a non-profit, The 500-Year Forest Foundation, that partners with private landowners to develop old-growth forests. Dale is a native of Lynchburg. She is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Sweetbriar College and earned a master's degree from Lynchburg College and a law degree from the University of Virginia. She had a long and active public career serving for over 20 years as a District Judge in Juvenile and Domestic Relations court and as an adjunct professor at the UVA Law School. The Harris family has three daughters and a son and five grandchildren.

John Henry's *Conversations*

- She's dreaming of far away romance
- I wish I could
- What if they knew what I really think—
- Good ladies from church—setting young straight
- You can come in now
- This evening, Princess, you will be garbed and jeweled to be made ready for the wedding ceremony. Prepare yourself to be transformed.
- What if they are real people (but they can't be)!
- This is the new concubine. She doesn't look healthy. Very good!!



- I'm so sorry—as Caliph I should have some freedom!
- Wonder what poor folks are doing
- Let's move on—I'm tired of India...
- Bored to tears
- Don't look away, you know what I'm trying to tell you—you know how very much I care.
- I'm bored—so bored.

Young, Fearless, and Foolish

by Herb Saltzman

In February of 1972 I went to the University of Puerto Rico in Mayaguez with senior administrators from Duke University; our purpose was to determine the feasibility for establishment of a permanent underwater laboratory to be managed jointly by the two institutions. The semitropical weather and nearby ocean may have been an additional inducement. Expertise in diving physiology, acquired in the research laboratory, led to my inclusion among the Duke visitors despite a junior faculty status.

After some discussion, the participants chose as a location for the underwater laboratory an ocean site adjacent to Mona Island, 40 miles east of Mayaguez. Here, the water was free of river runoff and the ocean bottom sloped gradually to a depth of 200 feet before abruptly descending to 5,000 feet. I was chosen to inspect the site as the most informed Duke participant and because, as the junior faculty member, I "was expendable."

Accordingly, a native pilot/scuba diver and I flew to a dirt WW2 emergency landing strip on this otherwise undeveloped island. I received brief instruction in applied scuba diving, changed into appropriate diving gear, and we rowed offshore to the designated area. There, with my accompanying expert scuba diver, I entered the water and swam without difficulty to a depth of 60-70 feet.

When I dove deeper, however, the pressure in my middle ear compartments failed to equilibrate with rising barometric pressures at these increasing depths. As a consequence the unequal forces ruptured both eardrums and cold sea water entered my middle ear regions. The immediate neurologic consequence was severe vertigo and in the submerged state, without a frame of reference, I began to tumble head over heels. Fortunately, remembering that the diving gear included an inflatable vest, I released air into the device and the augmented buoyancy facilitated my return to the ocean surface. There the sight of the ocean-sky interface helped restore my sense of balance, and we completed the inspection without further incident.

Later, after reviewing all factors, the senior administrators from both institutions concluded that the very high operational costs and difficulties in recruiting staff precluded implementation, and discussions ended.

One unrelated dividend of this expedition was the opportunity to enjoy a few days of beach and warm ocean while our associates at home were going to work in winter overcoats.

Maybe Later

by Don Chesnut

It's not that I'm averse to change,
Some things are good to rearrange,
Persistency's no sacred cow.
I'm all for change, but ... just not now.

You say we must expand and grow,
Give older things the old heave-ho,
Change can be good, I do allow.
I'm all for change, but ... just not now.

Rivers grow stale unless they flow,
Sometimes we do need change, I know,
Life's tree can grow a better bough.
I'm all for change, but ... just not now.

When I meet Pete at heaven's gate,
I'm doubtful he will let me wait,
My entrance he may disallow!
He knows I'll change, but ... just not now.

My life right now is calm and nice,
Not ready for your sage advice,
Tho' I'm impressed with your know-how.
I'll try to change, but ... just not now.

So please check back another day,
Hear what new things I have to say,
Then to your wishes I may bow.
I'm really all for change, you know ---
But ... just ... not ... now.

Identity Confusion

by Christel Machemer

At birth my parents named me after my two grandmothers, Christine and Anna, but decided to call me by the very common German abbreviation Christel. During my teenage years when I became more of a purist I started to dislike being called Christel because it reminded me of a schmaltzy Austrian operetta whose main character had this name. I asked my parents to please call me by my official name and explained my reasons. But they had a different opinion and thought I was silly. The only hope that remained was that maybe a future husband would understand me and call me Christine. When that time arrived I was confronted with another disappointment. After he listened to my reasons he started to laugh and said: "Oh you poor little Christinchen [a German diminutive]." All my hopes were dashed and I learned reluctantly to live with "Christel."

Fast forward into the late 1960s. When I opened my first private practice in Miami I put "Christel Machemer, M.D." on my office stationery as well as on the sign on my waiting room door without any further thought because that's who I was.

After two months the Florida Medical Board called me and informed me that I was using an illegal name. Either I had to pay \$300 to have Christine Anna officially changed to Christel, or trash the stationery and my nice shingle on the door and replace both. Annoyed and reluctantly I chose the latter option. But that wasn't all. Now the local bank came after me to change my signature from Ch. Machemer—which I had always used—to C.A. Machemer, and all checks needed to be reprinted. It seemed that I finally had gotten what I wanted so many years earlier. But people continued to call me Christel as well as Christine or even Chris—an entirely new name for me. How confusing! Who was I? The answer of course is: all of the above.

Guess what finally made me love to be called "Christel?" The spelling that some people used in this country: "Crystal." Now that unhappy association with the schmaltzy operetta was forever gone and what could be nicer than a crystal?

The Magic Form

by Maidi Hall

My transatlantic name change story is not as dire as Christel's, because I dealt with it at an earlier age. I was christened Gerda (for the heroine in a book my mother read before I was born!) Felizitas (for my mother's sister) Mia (for the same aunt, because in Austria it was apparently customary to append the godparent's name to the infant's). My parents, too, considered that cumbersome moniker unsuitable for a toddler, so I was called by a variety of nonspecific pet names such as Maidi, Tjunti, Gucki, Puppe (analogous to Honey, Sweetie, etc.) but Maidi was the one that stuck. (Years later my older cousin confided that she had also been called Maidi—it is literally a diminutive of a word for girl—as a small child and resented that it had been usurped for me.)

I hated the name Gerda; that's not who I was, I was Maidi! My parents indulged me. I started school as Maidi, crossed the ocean as Maidi, and remained Maidi until I got to high school, when it occurred to my parents that high school transcripts would follow me to college and beyond, so it might be a good thing to start using my legal name, much as I despised it. Reluctantly I became Gerda in school (causing some confusion among my classmates who had known me as Maidi) but nowhere else.

After my parents became naturalized U.S. citizens, I became eligible for derivative citizenship from them. I met with an official who handed me a form to fill out. There was a line on the form: "By what name have you been called until now?" which I filled in with all those three names plus surname. The next line read: "By what name do you want to be called from now on?" My jaw dropped, I looked at the man, and asked, "You mean I can change my name, just like that?" He smiled and said, "Yes, as long as you're not committing fraud, and I don't suppose at age 14 you're committing fraud."

With jubilation, on that once-in-a-century date of 1/23/45, I legally became Maidi.

Mystery Food: Ratatouille

by Bill Harrington

Maija and I finally got around to viewing a movie called *Ratatouille*, a 2007 film that won the Academy Award for Best Animated Feature. It's about a rat named Remy who dreams of becoming a chef. Doesn't sound very appetizing, does it? But, if you like animated films, it's great. I won't ruin it for you except to give you a miniscule part of the plot: Tension builds up to a visit by the world's greatest food critic, Anton Ego. What will Mr. Ego think about Remy's ratatouille?

Ratatouille comes from the French word "touiller" (meaning to toss food). It originated on the poor farms that were scattered through the countryside around Nice. The meal was prepared using fresh vegetables during the summer.

I counted at least a zillion ratatouille recipes, but the simplest and the original included zucchini, tomatoes, green and red bell peppers, onions, and garlic. The simplest recipes of today usually add eggplant. It is normally served as a side dish, but may be offered as an entrée along with pasta, rice or bread. Ratatouille also can be used as filling for crepes or to put in an omelet.

Tony Ellis tells me that Morrison's recipe includes eggplant, zucchini, olive oil, mushrooms, onions, green peppers, garlic, parmesan cheese, oregano, parsley, salt and black pepper, and Roma tomatoes peeled and chopped. He emphasizes that the dish is best when made with freshly grown seasonal vegetables. Tony also suggests adding a little bit of white Balsamic vinegar.

Since ratatouille was first a peasant dish, you might guess that it occurred in numerous places. You'd be right. In Hungary today, a similar dish is called lesco, in Bulgaria it is called guivech, and in

Spain it is called pisto. In Italy, the recipe is called caponata and is used more like a relish. In Greece the recipe includes potatoes.

Dieters like ratatouille because it is low in fats and high in nutrients. One cup contains 154 calories.

Fat 12.05g (67%)
Carbs 11.94g (29%)
Protein 1.69g (4%)

The American chef, Thomas Keller, consulted during the production of *Ratatouille*. He was asked how he would prepare ratatouille if the most famous food critic in the world were to visit his restaurant. The movie popularized Keller's version of the dish.

Let us know what you think of *Ratatouille*, the movie.

The Storm of Aging

by Ann Morgenlander

Thunder pulls at your joints.

Lightning strikes at your brain
so you search for words.

The rain of your friends
and relatives cools you down.

Every day a fight to
continue what you
used to do.

Every day a victory anew—

"Them Old Yankees"

by Carol Scott

The year 2011 marked the beginning of the 150th anniversary of America's Civil War, or "The Late Great Unpleasantness," "The War of Northern Aggression," "The War Between the States," or "Abraham Lincoln's War," if you prefer. New magazine articles and books will continue to pour forth during the four years of this commemoration. Civil War buffs on both sides will reenact battles. Historians will debate every facet. Southerners will still declaim their wrongs at the hands of the Yankees. And life will go on.

I was born a Yankee, but moved south as a young child, when my father, along with a number of other young professors from northern universities, was hired to teach at Duke. To the townspeople of Durham it was a second Yankee invasion. My mother was finally "accepted" twenty years later.

Growing up in North Carolina, I would never sing the state song at school assemblies, for I never was "A Tar Heel born and a Tar Heel bred," nor would I be "a Tar Heel dead" when I died. I was still a Yankee --- and so regarded by my generationally-bred southern classmates --- and all my relatives lived "up North," where we visited from time to time. Our ancestry went back to the Mayflower.

However, in time I married a broad-minded southerner, whose Scots-Irish family had lived in North Carolina since the mid-1750s. Fortunately, they did not hold my ancestry against me, being forward- instead of backward-looking people.

H. A. and I moved to South Carolina when our first three children were young, and our two later ones were born there. South Carolina was still mired in the "might have beens" and perceived injustices of the Civil War (a friend took it amiss when I suggested that the burning of Columbia by Sherman's army resulted in an early example of urban re-

newal...) .

South Carolina history was taught in the eighth grade, and it seemed that about six weeks was spent on the Civil War. Mike was our first child to experience this, and even though he had visited relatives "up North" several times -- and seemed to like them all -- he really took up the cause of the South in his studies.

During spring break that year we made a family trip to Charleston, which H.A. and I had last visited on our wedding trip. There is a lot of history there and we thought the two older children would benefit from it.

Standing on the Battery one sunny morning, we looked across the sparkling water toward Sullivan's Island. Mike was completely in historical mode.

"I can just see them old Yankees coming toward us!" he exclaimed.

"Son. 'them old Yankees' are your mother's people," his father said.

"Ohhhh" was the reply, and then there was a silence, as it sank in.

We were a mixed-geography family, not really southern, after all..

Fortunately, my children, a generation after me -- who, after all are HALF southern --- were not treated like "them old Yankees" as my sisters and I had been. They live in a mixed-geography south and don't dwell on the "might have beens," as a few still-unforgiving persons continue to do.

And I now have a framed motto hanging in my bedroom that reads:

"I wasn't born in the South, but I got here as soon as I could."

Stop the Dyeing

by Penelope Easton

A real mystery
Hair unnaturally blond
Roots showed history

Years of brown or red
Covered large amounts of grey
Much cash spent on head.

Younger from afar
Closer look showed my wrinkles
Youth-fullness to mar

When white turns yellow
Rinse adds covering color
Is blue hair mellow?

Curls must be in place
To let me save my vanity
And frame the old face.

The Blind Mule

by Blaine Nashold

Bob was a blind mule in Point Township Indiana
Resting now after long years of work in the fields
Bob was my childhood pal
Riding bareback across fields and along the river
edge

He trusted me
In the shade Bob ate an apple
Bob loved apples
Bob and childhood are gone
He is etched deep in my memory
The blind mule. Bob

Mystery People — Do You Know Who They Are?



Who are these high school graduates?

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

AVALANCHE	FREEZE	ICICLE	PENGUIN	SLEIGH
BLIZZARD	FRIGID	JACKET	REINDEER	SLIPPERY
CANDLE	FROST	JANUARY	SEAL	SNOWY
CAROL	GLOVES	LAYERED	SEASON	SNOWMAN
CHILL	HAT	MIGRATION	SHELTER	SWEATER
COAT	HIBERNATION	MITTENS	SHOVEL	THERMAL
COLD	HOT CHOCOLATE	MUFFLER	SKIING	UNDERWEAR
FEBRUARY	HUSKY	NIPPY	SLED	TOBOGGAN
FIREPLACE	ICY	OTTER	SLEET	WIND
FLU	ICE SKATING	PARKA		ZERO