

Joan Cohen and Her Kiln

by Joanne Ferguson

Photos by Dick Aroner

When **Joan Cohen** was set to move to The Forest in 2009 with her late husband Kal, the word went out that Joan had offered to bring her kiln. **Ibby Wooten** was very excited, saying that she had always wanted to have a kiln here. She cautioned us that she would have to check about where it would fit, the electrical hookup for it, the ventilation it would need. We all began to hum like bees: "Where could it go?" "In the studio, of course." "But where in the studio?" "How big is it?" (I imagined the size of a microwave.) Not so, it's a big round drum-shaped machine that sits on the floor. The electricians came, the firemen and fire inspector came; it would fit in the little room off the studio that was built with an electric kiln in mind. The plug was adequate for it, with the fuse box close by; the walls are extra thick; and the ventilation system, Joan says, is

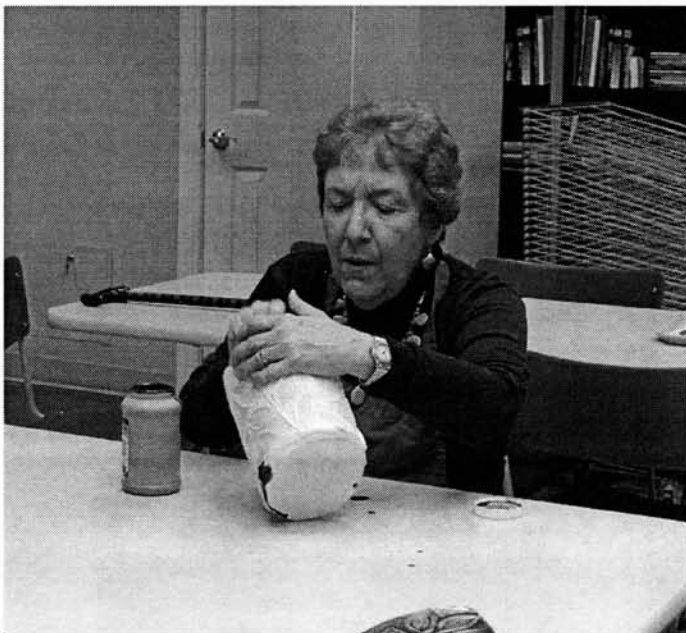


better than what she had at home.

As we know, the Exploring Clay class is the result of all this. It's a popular class that fills up quickly. On the day I go to visit, the class arrives in great excitement to see their creations that have come out of the kiln. There are exclamations of surprise and delight; they then settle in to glaze those things that have just come from what was the first firing. Joan moves from pupil to pupil with advice and consultation. The implements are fascinating, many of them kitchen tools. The clay comes in twenty-five pound blocks and must be rolled out. There are several rolling pins, one that belonged to Joan's grandmother.

Joan's apartment is full of pottery (her own and others') and paintings, and her round dining room table is surfaced with her tiles of animals

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The Forester

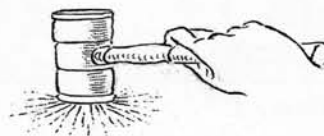
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President's Podium



by Jack Hughes

The Forest at Duke has been referred to as a woods full of "has beens." This label is ordinarily one of sympathy or even scorn, but when you consider that in order to be a "has been" you must "have been," it readily becomes complimentary. At The Forest, there may be more advanced degrees and residents who held high positions in business, government, academia, and various professional groups per square foot than anywhere else in the area. There are experts in just about every field and a lot of "has beens" still doing good things.

So, all things considered, a label of "has been" is really "pretty good." This point of view is summed up rather well in a verse by an unknown author that was published in the *CAROLINA BUCA-NEER*, the University's student humor magazine, when I was a sophomore at Chapel Hill:

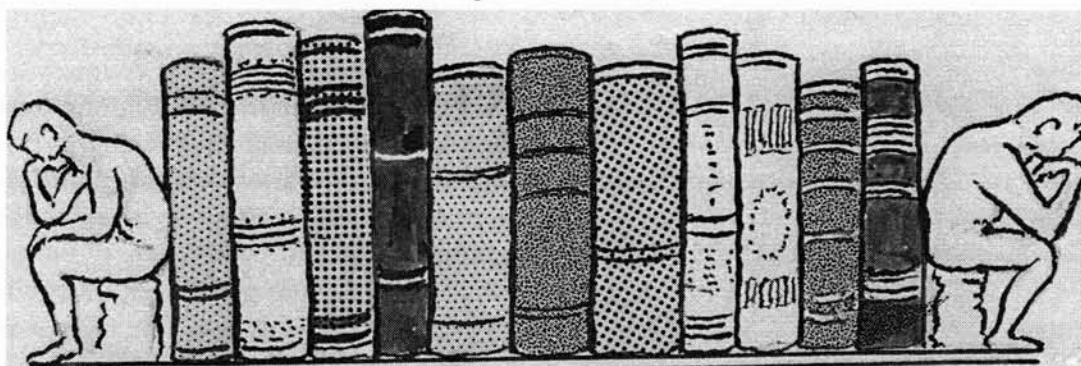
I'd rather be a could be
 If I could not be an are
 For a could be has a chance
 Of one day reaching par.
 But I'd rather be a has been
 Than a might have been by far
 For a might have been
 Has never been
 But a has been
 Was once an are.

In Memoriam

John E. Gray March 5, 2012

Viola R. White March 24, 2012

Library Science 101



By Carol Scott

One hundred years ago on April 14, 1912, the “unsinkable” passenger ship *Titanic* struck an iceberg and sank on its maiden voyage from England to the United States.

Do you remember the song we used to sing in Scouts?

“Oh they built the ship *Titanic* to sail the ocean blue,

And they thought they had a ship that the water would not get through,

But the Lord’s Almighty hand said that ship it would not stand –

It was sad when that great ship went down.....

Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,

It was sad when that great ship went down.”

A novel by Kate Alcott, called *The Dressmaker*, has recently been published and the Library has it in both regular and large print. With both real and imaginary characters it tells the story of the ill-fated voyage and the hearings conducted immediately afterwards. Of the 2,223 passengers and crew aboard, 1,519 were lost. Many were prominent and wealthy businessmen and industrialists. However,

only 39.5% of first-class passengers perished, while 75.5% of third-class passengers drowned. The event was the scandal of the early twentieth century.

Although you know the actual story, the novel brings out interesting facts, many taken from documents of the day. It is a good story about a fictional character and her interaction with actual people and worth a read.

In February the Book Club discussed *Undaunted Heart*, the true story of the love between a Union General and the daughter of the President of the University of North Carolina, which scandalized all of Chapel Hill. Suzy Barile, the author of the book and great-granddaughter of the couple, spoke about them and the book the following week and showed jewelry and photographs from the family to a delighted audience in our auditorium. Her engaging manner brought us a better appreciation about the problems of that time, one hundred fifty years ago, when our country was so bitterly divided.

The Library Gallery has for the past three years been exhibiting works by our residents – paintings, drawings, photographs. Now for the first time we have an exhibit by a Forest staff member! Did you know that **Leslie Jarema** is an accomplished artist? Be sure to see her art in the new display!

Joan Cohen continued*(Continued from page 1)*

("seventy-two," she says, "I don't like prime numbers.") As I sit at the table to make notes, I am so enchanted by the little kangaroo directly in front of me that I get distracted.

Joan Newman, an only child, was born in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, a mill town outside of Pittsburgh. Her family moved to Baltimore, where she went to school from K through 12. She says she was a Depression child and her family knew a lot of one-child families, so she had lots of friends who felt

like family.

She went to college at Carnegie Tech (now Carnegie Mellon). There she not only earned a Master of Fine Arts degree but, equally important, met Kalman Cohen. While she was in college she got a summer job doing artwork for an advertising agency. She liked it and told the director she would like to have a job there after graduation. He sat her down and said, "Joanie, we don't hire women for a job like that. You know they get married and have children and then quit." So that was the end of that condescending conversation.

When she graduated she had plans to go to Scandinavia for a program about folk schools, but Kal said he had a wonderful job in California and asked her to marry him instead. He promised they would go to Scandinavia later, and so they did, eleven years later to Denmark for a year and with three children.

The California job was with TRW, a pioneer in aerospace, whose Atlas missile was adapted to fly the Mercury astronauts into orbit and whose Titan missile was adapted to fly the Gemini missions. The fifties were a very exciting time in the aerospace

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Joan Cohen continued

(Continued from page 4)

field, and Joan say the guys used to get together for enthusiastic conversations; "Global positioning was then just a dream." It was in California that she began to pot. Finding the painting class registration closed by the time she got to UCLA, she went to USC instead and took a pottery class.

Joan has taught art at Shadyside Academy in Pittsburgh and was head of visual arts in the Chapel Hill-Carrboro schools. She established a Saturday morning multi-media art program for children called Saturday Adventures in Learning (S.A.I.L.) at the Carrboro Art Center. She has had one-woman shows at The Clay Place, Center Gallery, Kinston Art Council, the North Carolina Crafts Gallery, and Horace Williams House. She was chair of the Orange County Arts Commission, an exhibiting member of Carolina Designer Craftsmen, and has been a docent at the North Carolina Museum of Art for fifteen years.

So "Joanie" has managed quite a career for herself--in spite of the condescending boss of long ago.



Photos by **Carol Carson**

Above: Joan's mosaic tile table

Below: Detail of table. Kangaroo surrounded by sheep, whale, snail, caterpillar, frog, bear





Bookshelf

Death Comes To Pemberley

By P.D. James

A Review by Peggy Quinn

SHADES OF JANE AUSTEN! How could P.D. James dare to take on the great lady of letters, Jane Austen? Would Austen have written a sequel to *Pride and Prejudice*? We will never know. I, for one, think that *Death Comes to Pemberley* is a finely crafted novel that carries on the legend of the Bennet family, adds a murder that shakes the very foundation of Mr. Darcy's grand estate, Pemberley, and brings to the readers the pleasure of reincarnating all of those delightful British lords and ladies that so enchanted Jane Austen.

Violence was not Austen's cup of tea but P.D. James, herself a great Austen fan, and a well-established English mystery writer, couldn't resist the chance to bring back those Bennet girls along with the romance and social mores of 18th century England. If you recall, *Pride and Prejudice* ended with the marriage of Elizabeth Bennet and Mr. Fitzwilliam Darcy.

It is six years later and Elizabeth and Darcy are happily ensconced in the ancestral estate, Pemberley. They have two little boys and an army of staff all starched and standing ready to satisfy their every whim. In spite of the fact that Darcy has married beneath him, the marriage is a very happy union. Elizabeth has lost some of her girlish sparkle and has taken on the serious work of running an estate. It is the eve of Lady Anne's Ball, the social event of the season, which is always held at Pemberley. Elizabeth's sister Jane and her husband Mr. Bingley have arrived early for the grand event and the family, plus a few other early arrivals, are enjoying a quiet dinner together.

The peaceful evening is interrupted by the arrival of a carriage carrying a hysterical Lydia, the youngest Bennet daughter. Lydia is distraught, crying loudly that her darling husband Wickham has been shot and is lying dead somewhere in the Pemberley woods. While Jane and Elizabeth calm their frenzied sister, the men rush out to investigate the alleged crime. Wickham is very much alive but his friend Captain Denny is lying on the ground covered in blood. The plot gets rolling when Wickham is discovered kneeling beside the body of Denny, proclaiming, "He was my friend, my only friend, and I've killed him. It's my fault."

It is one of James' typically shrewd insights to understand that if something like murder were to touch society at Pemberley, Wickham would inevitably be the cause. He is a man of sketchy moral character, a known womanizer, a lush, and a skilled opportunist. In spite of all this, it is hard for the cast at Pemberley to believe that Wickham could be capable of murder.

It is now James' chance to take the reins. Never losing sight of any of Austen's characters she skillfully weaves new characters into the story. Col. Fitzwilliam, an officer and a cousin of Darcy, creates a bit of a smokescreen when he rides off into the night after the family dinner. Was he also in the woods when the shooting took place? Then there is the handsome Henry Allerton who is mostly interested in Georgina, Darcy's pretty sister.

There just happens to be a cabin in the woods, built by Darcy's great grandfather who was a recluse and lived there alone with his dog, Sargent. Now the cabin is occupied by the family of the Pemberley butler and his family.

Death Comes to Pemberley is like reading two books at once. It's so easy to slide back two hundred years to Jane Austen and her beautiful com-

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Death Comes to Pemberley continued

(Continued from page 6)

edy of manners, *Pride and Prejudice*. And in no time at all, P.D. James, the ninety-two-year-old modern-day sleuth, jumps between the pages and brings us a touch of the real world where crime does exist and even old ancestral estates have modern plumbing.

There are those who may consider the plot very bleak. I contend that any bleakness is softened by Austen's gentle characters. We do miss most of Austen's amused and sparkling wit which James is wise enough not to try to duplicate. Credit must be given to James who manages to offer enough twists and turns to keep us guessing down to the very last page.

Mystery Food: Vichyssoise Soup

by Bill Harrington

I had just returned from a day-long seminar on World War II, when I picked up the coming week's menu to see what Tony and the rest of the characters in food services had dreamed up for us. I spotted it right away: Vichyssoise soup. What in the heck could that be? Then, I remembered: Vichy – a city in the central part of France – was the provisional capital of the country during Germany's occupation in WW II.

Maybe the soup was named after Vichy, France. Could it actually be that simple? I had never been right before about any of the mysterious foods behind the glass in the Café. I wasn't even sure the word was French, but my keen nose for deciphering foreign languages (two years of French in high school from a very *Southern* French teacher)

told me that Vichyssoise (vee-shee-swahz) had to be from the same country that gave us *French* fries.

As it turns out, I was right—mostly. The famous French chef, Jules Gouffe, published a version of a hot potato and leek soup as far back as 1869, but it did not carry the Vichyssoise name. Julia Child believed the soup was an American invention or maybe we should call it a re-invention. Louis Diat, a chef at the Ritz-Carlton in New York City, usually gets credit for the re-invention. He had the following to say in 1950:

“In the summer of 1917, when I had been at the Ritz seven years, I reflected upon the potato and leek soup of my childhood that my mother and grandmother used to make. I recalled how during the summer my older brother and I used to cool it off by pouring in cold milk and how delicious it was. I resolved to make something of the sort for the patrons of the Ritz.” (Originally published in the *New Yorker* magazine in 1950; taken from Wikipedia.)

Chef Diat named the soup after Vichy, a town near his hometown of Montmarault, France. I state that I was mostly right, because I have provided the Americanized version of the story. I believe it to be true. I'm not sure the French would agree, however.

The recipe is simple: potatoes and leeks garnished with chopped chives. Often, onions, cream, and chicken stock are added. The soup is usually served cold, but many prefer their Vichyssoise soup to be hot.

I don't want to leave you with the wrong impression. Next time you see me, don't speak French. I only know two French words, besides French fries: *laissez faire* and (I forgot the other one.)

John Henry's Conversations

- Telling her daughter the facts of life.
- She's asking to have her allowance increased.
- The child is waiting for an answer—which she won't get.
- I need help with my homework. Have you rested long enough?
- It's too late now! You should have paid attention!
- They warned you that winning the lottery would not bring happiness. You'll still need to work to make a good life.
- You should have told me!
- We'll get through this, you can't just give up.

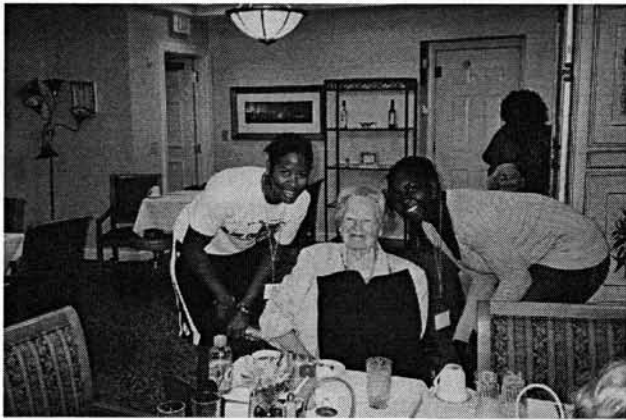


- What did she do to deserve a statue?
- I remember them so well.
- It's not enough that my mother loves me—I want to be her favorite.
- Days of yore—memories.
- I wish I had done differently.
- She appears to be reflecting—on the woman behind?
- She may look like a young innocent but she is a SCARLET WOMAN.
- They're talking about me—again.
- I don't care what they say, I'll never be like them.

Two Duke Basketball Players

adapted from an article on GoDuke.com

Last semester when two Duke basketball players, **Elizabeth Williams** and **Ka'lia Johnson** came to the Health and Wellness Center at The Forest to fulfill a community service requirement, it was no surprise to anyone that their visit went above and beyond expectations. After visiting with the residents, Williams and Johnson realized their visits became less about earning a grade and more about friendships with residents that both basketball players enjoyed.



Ka'lia, Carolyn Long, Liz

In their first semester at Duke, Williams and Johnson took a sociology class "Aging and Adulthood" which focused on how people age and what they experience as elderly adults. Their assignment was to volunteer a total of twenty hours during the semester at an assisted living home. They easily reached the required hours but after becoming friends with the residents they didn't want to stop at twenty.

"It's just pretty cool because one of the things that really stuck with me is that we, our age group, generally don't talk to people over the age of 65 unless they are our grandparents," says Williams.

Both girls challenged that statistic, and began to help the staff with tasks such as delivering mail and escorting residents to and from the various activities. Before long they began to stay longer, to lunch with residents and to talk.

"Talking with people there you learn a lot from listening and learning how times have changed," said Williams. "At first they would ask about basketball and always tell us how we had to beat Carolina, and then they began to ask how's school and how's your family. We went from having to volunteer for the class to wanting to go just to hang out with them," Johnson added.

Paul Bryan felt a similar connection to the two girls. He says "During the short period of time that we were together, I felt like we had bonded. They're part of my family; they're my kids." Paul always asked the girls to sing the fight song. "He was a band director when he was at Duke and he always said, 'You don't know the fight!'" remembers Williams. Paul says, "I believe these kids really represent the students. Even if they weren't basketball players, I would have said the same thing. They are really bright and can talk about whatever it is."

Williams and Johnson brought a few signed posters of the Women's Basketball Team, and the residents were thrilled by this heartfelt gesture. **Beth Upchurch** has decorated her door with the poster along with some photos she took and said, "When I first saw that poster I thought here they were, oh boy, they were going to beat the world!" She added the

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Ka'lia with lunch crown

Two Basketball Players continued

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photos to show that they were actual humans that could smile.

Virginia Bryan said, "When those kids came in and then went to the trouble of taking a picture and signing it, how could you ask for more?"

"It was a cool experience," said Williams, and Johnson added, "It gave us a chance to do something out of the ordinary."

Once the season winds down, Williams and Johnson have plans to reconnect with their friends at The Forest on a more regular basis.

Identical Twins

by Georgia Campion

An article in the January 2012 *National Geographic*, entitled "Twins Alike But Not Alike," recently came to my attention. Needing a break from the inevitable tax figures I was confronting at the time, my thoughts quickly turned to this article and to the twin sister I lost some ten years ago...

To be an identical twin is truly an amazing experience, I mused. There were so many thoughts, ideas, interests, and actions that were incredibly "identical."

Alter-ego factors were often awesome, amusing, and challenging. We were always aware of differences. Frequently, we broke into laughter when we realized two voices were speaking simultaneously.

It never seemed that we were competitive, but I believe we both intuitively tried to do our best scholastically. In a few instances the twin who was sure of the answer had the distinct advantage of speaking first and perhaps confusing the teacher. One confessed to our mother that she never knew us apart!

I recall how thrilling it was to hear the an-

nouncement of "twin valedictorians" when we graduated from high school—and "summas" at college commencement. We were especially pleased to be "alike" in this respect.

Extrasensory perceptions continued throughout life and they were numerous. College friends often reported they had received the same birthday cards from each of us. We even sent each other the same Valentine greetings for three successive years, though we seriously sought not to do so. We were then living 100 miles apart.

My sister's first daughter, from her crib, dubbed us "two Mommies." This young observation definitely established "identical status" in our opinion.

Though identical twins are born with the same DNA, recent studies suggest that they may become different with aging. This surprising epigenetic research is an interesting topic; however, I question the importance of environmental/genetic influences to tax provisions!....

Back to the tax returns—but with renewed gratitude for an interlude with cherished remembrances of being an identical TWIN!

Confess

by Ann Marie Langford

Confess—have you ever lost your car in a parking lot? Even worse, in the Duke Hospital parking garage? Gotten off on the wrong floor at TFAD and tried to unlock someone else's door with your key? Had to call Security to unlock your door because your key was heaven only knows where? Been absent from a scheduled meeting? Lost a hearing aid, misplaced jewelry—missed a pill? Missed a doctor's appointment? Forgotten your own offspring's birthday? Paid your income taxes twice? (Probably not—sorry I got carried away.)

People, we're HERE because this is where

And the Winner Is

By Mary Gates

Noting the increased interest in retirement homes, Congress appropriated money for a national study to determine the *very best one!*

A team of sociologists traveled throughout the country inspecting and grading both large and small facilities. They ate the food; they tried the beds in health care units; they joined in the fitness and activity options offered. They looked for convenient access to shopping malls and whether transportation was offered to athletic events and cultural performances.

Retirement homes near a college or university were favored by many seniors. Contented residents often mentioned friends with similar interests.

When all the numbers were totaled *The New York Times* announced the winner: THE FOREST AT DUKE!!!

There was great rejoicing in Durham. The Forest announced a month's suspension of residents' fees!!!

Daily the foyer was full to capacity with seniors hoping to get as low a number as possible on the Forest wait list. Among the crowd were also a few autograph seekers hoping to get a John Henry from one of The Forest's illustrious residents!!

*** APRIL FOOL ***

Wine and I

by Don Chesnut

It's said that wine improves with age,
According to a wise old sage.
So, offer a glass, I won't decline,
Because I, too, improve with wine.

Ar-Cane

by Don Chesnut

With his cane he's assumed such an air
Of a person who's quite debonair.

Though we think that it's sad

That his back has gone bad,

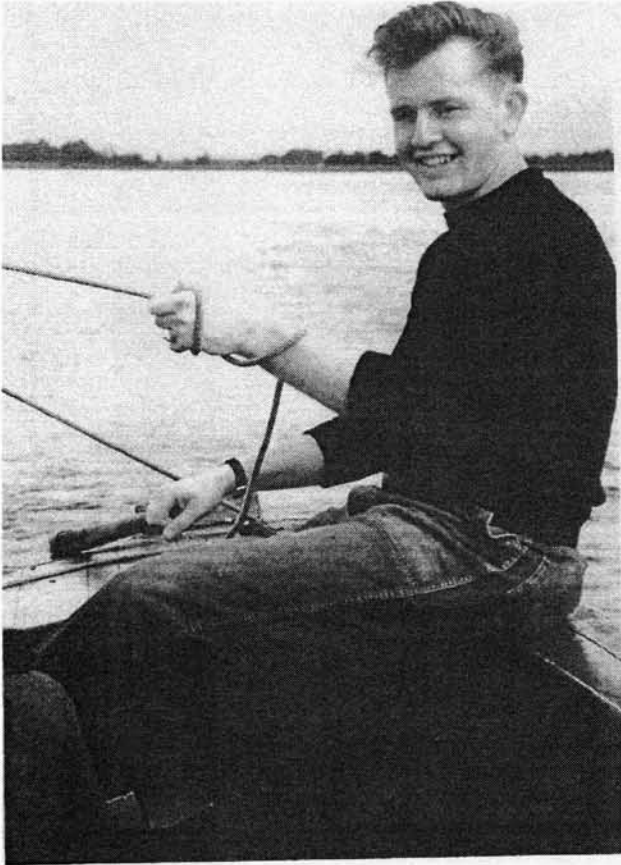
He thinks he's become Fred Astaire!



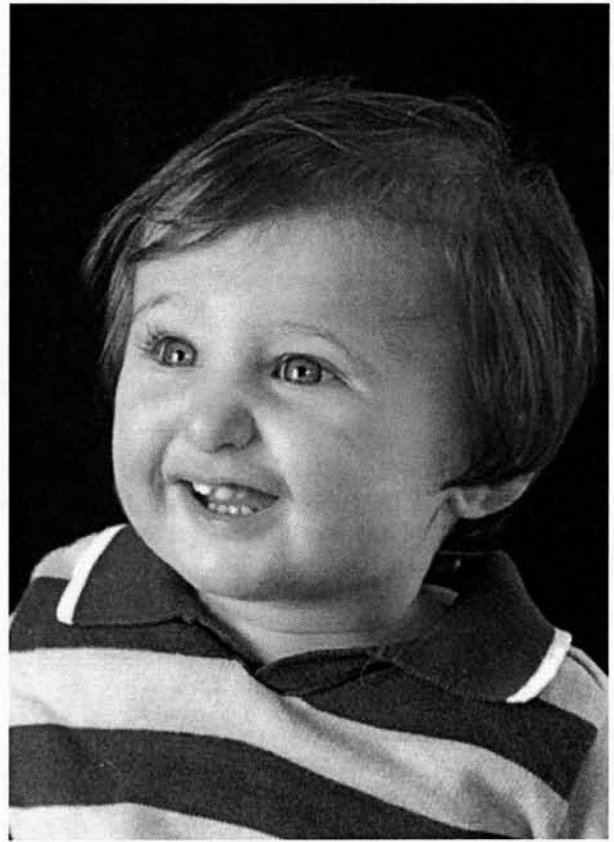
Poems From *The Forester* On Sale

During the past four years *The Forester* has published a poem by Ned Arnett in almost every issue, frequently with an appropriate sketch by Bob Blake. In response to many appreciative comments, Ned has gathered them together and bound them in a volume entitled *Not For Sissies and Other Poems*, containing in all forty-two poems, sixteen of them illustrated, covering such topics as when we were kids; growing old; nature; my neighborhood; travel; and technology. The book is now on sale at the Gift Shop Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. All of the proceeds will go to support the Benevolent Fund.

Mystery People — Do You Know Who They Are?



Cuxhaven Lake, 1953



North Carolina, 2012
