



Volume 18 Issue 8

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

May 2012

Cathy Crabtree, Clinic Coordinator

by Joanne Ferguson

You know all those administrative people you see in a regular physician's office? Cathy says, "That's me." The list of her duties is daunting--to me, not to her. She is the receptionist and appointment coordinator for both internal and external appointments in the Health Clinic. She is also medical records coordinator and has created and maintains database programs that assure residents are seen annually and for all routine appointments and labwork as well as annual TB testing for both residents and employees. She makes sure appropriate Duke notes are with the chart for resident clinic visits if necessary and/or assists Dr. Buhr in retrieving any notes from the Duke system she may want to see. She sends out, enters information in, and maintains the Respond database.

She orders meals when necessary, orders meds, and has a database set up for keeping a log of voicemail calls received and returned.

She is the supervisor of transportation and gives Anthony the list of upcoming medical transport, which he picks up at the end of each day. Though we have some backup drivers for the medical bus, she is qualified to drive it if necessary and occasionally has driven people to appointments in her own car.

The above is only part of the list. She says that even at times she functions as a social worker. (On occasion I have taken medicine to her to open for me.) Her job description ends with "Last but not least--anything Leslie asks me to do."

She was born Cathy Michalec at Watts Hospital in Durham. (the name is Czech and Polish, great grandparents the immigrants). She has a brother and a sister, went to Southern Durham High School, and

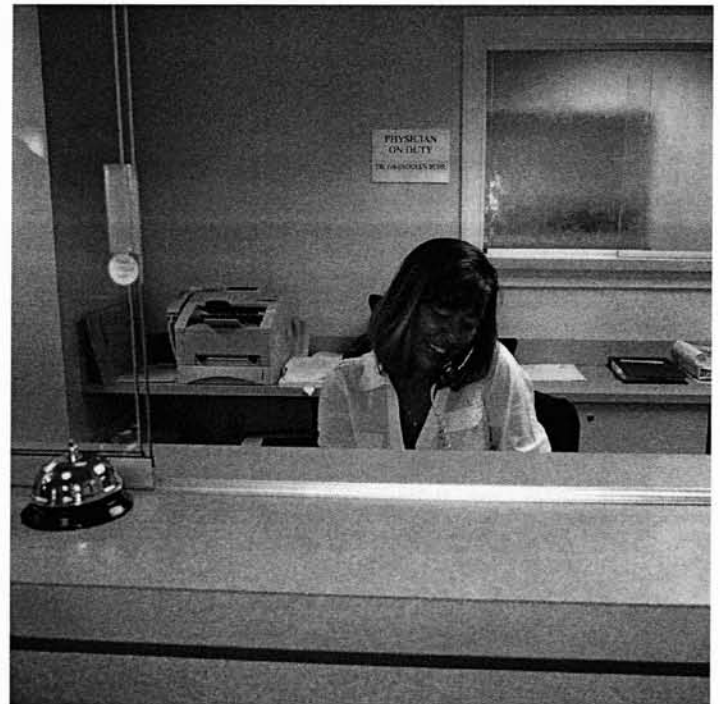


Photo by Dick Aroner

after graduation worked at Duke Medical Center for nine years in the Traffic, Parking and Facilities office. When she was twenty-five she married Tommy Crabtree, and they have one son, Zachary, now seventeen.

Cathy grew up living near the Museum of Life and Science and walked the trails, as she did with Zack when he was little. When he was two years old, she went back to school at Durham Tech for a two-year associate's degree in business administration. She is now taking an on-line class in medical coding. "I'm down to one last class," she says. But the publication of the book used for the exam has been delayed for a year to accommodate revisions, so there may be more to learn.

(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.

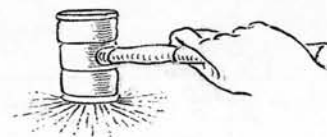
Joanne Ferguson, *Editor-in-Chief*
 Maidi Hall, *Text Editor*
 Bruce Rubidge, *Layout Editor*
 Don Chesnut, *Associate Layout Editor*
 Trish Robertson,
 Circulation Manager
 Bob Blake, *Art and Puzzle*
 Blaine Nashold, *Art*
 Dick Aroner, *Photographer*

Staff Writers
 George Chandler
 Mary Gates
 Bill Harrington
 Carol Oettinger
 Peggy Quinn
 Carol Scott

Publishing Assistants
 Barbara Birkhead
 Eric Boehm
 Don & Debbie Chesnut
 Dick & Carol DeCamp
 Barbara Eldridge
 Judy Engberg
 Becky Hill
 Mary Hobart
 Betty Ketch
 Louise Lawrence
 Sheila Mason
 Irene Nashold
 Mary Ann Ruegg

In Memoriam

Jayne M. Jackson	April 8, 2012
Renee Lord	April 16, 2012
Stanley Ulick	April 17, 2012

President's Podium

by Jack Hughes

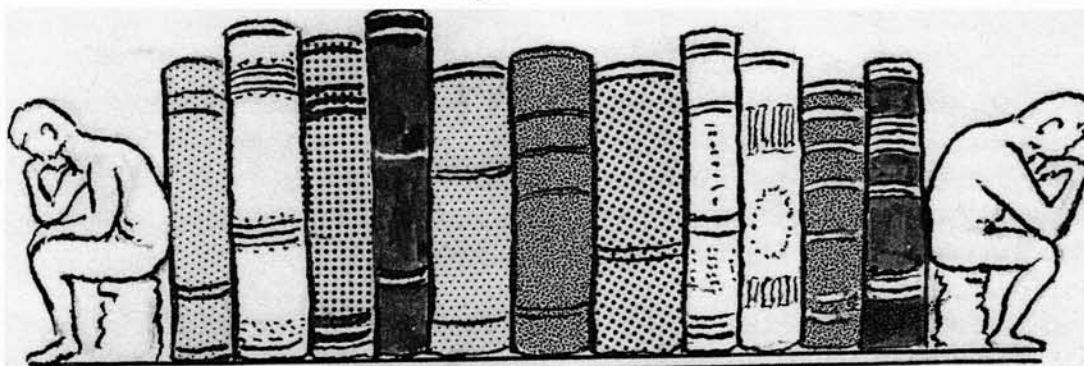
The Holleran Report last year revealed a number of areas where residents indicated a need for improvement. One area was communications between residents and the Residents' Association Board. For some time, the Board has delivered its message about what is going on through posting the minutes of meetings in the Mail Room and Library. Also, updates are given by the Officers and Directors at the Quarterly Meetings of the Residents' Association, a meeting not everyone is able to attend.

Probably the best means of communication between the RA Board and residents is a well functioning system of Caucuses. The system was apparently organized originally for this purpose and to provide interactions with and mutual support of one's neighbors, particularly in times of emergencies. Items of interest and concern are transmitted to and from residents and the RA Board through the various Caucus Chairs and the Caucus Coordinator, an RA Board member. For the system to work as planned, it requires the active participation of a majority of residents. Christel Machemer, Caucus Coordinator, is actively involved in reviving the system and there has been some progress.

We are also working on using "the web," but are still early in the process. So maybe in the not too distant future, most residents will be provided with another way to communicate with the Board and stay informed about what is going on.

The Board has a yen to relate
 A wish all concerns to placate.
 It might be that a plan
 Miscommunications to ban
 Is just what it needs to create.

Library Science 101



By Carol Scott

HELP!

The Library's shelves are getting full! We have no more space for additional shelving--and the space is likely to be less in the new library--so we find we must somehow reduce the number of books we have -- books that are not being checked out.

HOWEVER, we still want donations, for they are usually of more up-to-date books and on current subjects, and, as you know, the sale of any unneeded books provides our only financial help.

Starting with nonfiction, we are culling books that have not been read for several years. Some are out of date; new information has been written about that subject. Some are ephemeral--about the Big Political Event of a year, that is succeeded the next year by a different Big Event of the year. Some are specific and esoteric, donations from a specialist in a niche area.

This the Library Committee's judgement can handle. But for Fiction we need your help.

Do we keep ALL the books by Tom Clancy, James Patterson, Danielle Steele etc.? Can we discard the early ones? But are they better-written than the later ones, churned out annually?

How about Classics? We have recently added six books by Mark Twain. Do we really need to keep them? How about Dickens, Jane Austen, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Margaret Mitchell and numerous

others?

And how about the "it" book of the year? *The DaVinci Code* and *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo* come to mind. Are they ephemeral?

We need your input. Please let us know what you think.

We plan to continue to add the popular large-print books and mysteries, though some of those may be discarded if they haven't circulated in the past several years.

Our full shelves will in time be replaced with as yet unknown technology. With the advent of e-readers, libraries are changing, and so must we. Please give us suggestions as we continue with the transition to a more technological world.

Cathy Crabtree continued

(Continued from page 1)

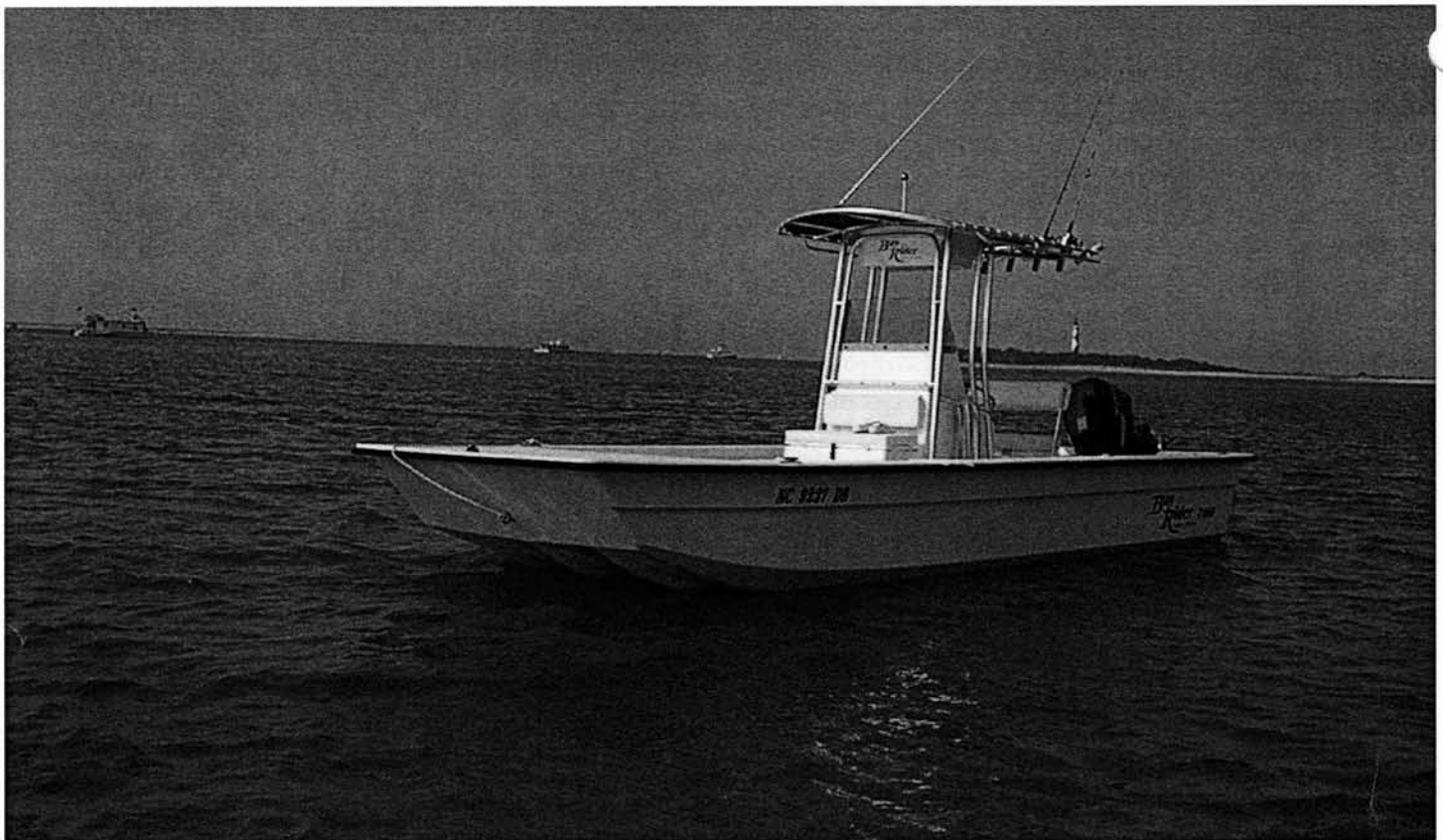
While she waits for the book publication, the family is waiting for Zack to complete his year-long application to the Naval Academy. This is an extremely complex process. First he must receive a candidate number to be allowed to submit his actual application. He also must have a letter of nomination from a senator or congressman. Cathy says statistics show that 10,000 people apply and 1200 are chosen.

Zack's backup plan is to get a Naval ROTC scholarship with which he will apply to five schools that specialize in aerospace engineering. That's another thing to wait for. Luckily he has a very good record in high school.

So while the family waits they can be diverted on their 23-foot Bayrider, which they keep at Harker's Island where Tommy's brother manages a marina. They go down and fish about every other weekend. They fish in coastal waters for black sea bass, flounder, and trout, keeping only what they will

eat that night, since the waters have been over-fished on the North Carolina coast. They are members of SEATOW, the triple A for the water, and sometimes venture out for some deep-sea fishing provided the weather is perfect and calm. They were out once with friends who had a bigger boat, and sailed into the Gulf Stream. She says it is a beautiful blue, and it was full of mahi-mahi, as well as floating coconuts and driftwood. While they were luxuriating in this beauty, the motor stopped. Some friends happened by and towed them the many miles to shore.

Cathy came to The Forest in June of 1997. Her husband, Tommy, worked at Duke in the Heating, Ventilation, and AC Department as foreman, and has taken early retirement. Cathy says since then he has kept the property in fine shape. They live in Timberlake with Zack and a beagle named Dudley and are both avid UNC fans and avid gardeners as well as boaters and coast lovers.



Welcome, New Resident



Sheila Ragsdale

Apartment 2010 919-401-0196

Sheila Ragsdale was born in Charlottesville, VA, to Scottish immigrant parents in 1935. She attended the University of Virginia and Agnes Scott College, majoring in English. She was married for 47 years to John W. ("Bill") Ragsdale until his death in 2009. They lived initially in Jacksonville, FL, then moved to Atlanta where they raised their three children, Mary Coleman, John, and Margaret. Two children live locally, with a total of 5 grandchildren ages 4-9, and her daughter Margaret lives with her husband and two little girls in Austin, Texas.

Sheila was a longtime member of All Saints Episcopal church, where she served on the vestry. She also taught elementary school on and off for several years including a stint at the Schenk School in Atlanta teaching dyslexic children. She was an active member of "The History Class of 1884" in Atlanta, which studied a different topic in-depth every year such as 'Islam' or 'British monarchs.' Sheila was also a long-term member of a book club comprised of wonderful, interesting women.

She has just moved to The Forest from Atlanta. She enjoys nature walks, movies, swimming, and being with friends and family.

Students for All Seasons

by Lee Murphy

Life is full of wild and wonderful excitements and changes. The beauty of the unexpected is that it is unexpected. Parents are enraptured with the birth of their children. The children grow in stature and maturity. People meet people and delight in the associations and the shared conversations. Life is a journey with twists and turns to tantalize the inner workings of each individual.

Thomas More was called a "Man for All Seasons" because of his wisdom and his effective sharing of that wisdom. How magnificently beautiful it is to share our inner thoughts and creative ideas with one another!

Daily occurrences invite you to continue your challenging journey through life. We, here in The Forest at Duke, are surrounded by exceptional people, who want to travel with us and share the rich experiences of their lives with the experiences we have already tasted. We are all on the same journey toward the promised land of satisfaction and completion.

A prominent educator at the University of Southern California, Dr. Leo Buscaglia, once whispered at a teacher education conference, a quotation from Carl Rogers: "I don't believe that anyone has ever taught anything to anyone ... the only thing I know is that anyone who wants to learn will learn. And maybe a teacher is a facilitator, a person who puts things down and shows people how exciting and wonderful it is and asks them to eat." A fearful gasp tore through the audience

The world is full of fantastic facilitators who lead others to the fountain of wisdom and knowledge. Come join others here in the Forest at Duke in their banquet of learning, as many do already.

Life is constantly changing; like a kaleidoscope with its never ending colors and pictures! The one factor that is constant in life, is change. Come and enjoy new surroundings and new people. We are all Students for All Seasons. Journey on as we all reach for the impossible dreams that call all of us endlessly. Students for all Seasons never cease learning. The Dream of today will become the reality of tomorrow. Our dreams need not end, ever!

The Car Fire

by Joanne Ferguson

On the afternoon of March 29, Daniella Harrell was driving to Durham Academy on Pickett Road when she smelled something burning; perhaps a grill had been fired up she thought. Because her air conditioning had not been working properly, she turned on the fan in her car. Then she saw smoke from under the hood. When she got opposite the front gates of The Forest, she thought she had better turn in to get help. She said later that by the time she got halfway down the front drive, the smoke had turned black.

Those of us sitting in our apartments and cottages knew nothing of the drama unfolding outside the front door. The Friday party honoring the newcomers included **Steve Fishler**, who ran for the fire extinguisher in the mail room and then back for the one behind the front desk. It took the hose of the firetruck to end the spectacular conflagration.

Chuck King was fortunately there with his cell-phone and supplied us with a photo.

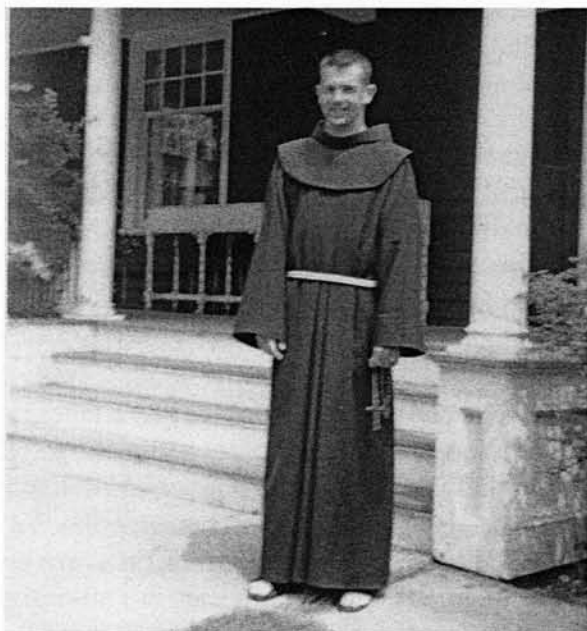
Jim Normandin called **Steve Short** and

said, "I don't know what you're doing, but you'd better get up to the front door now." Steve says he and Mrs. Harrell were astonished to meet each other in the foyer. She had taught his son Oliver four years of Spanish at Durham Academy. By the time I got there after dinner, the tow truck was getting ready to take away the blackened BMW, which looked like a prop from a movie set.

The next morning, **Steve Short** was out shoveling up the soot from the scene. He later powerwashed the bricks, and all trace of the fire was gone.



Mystery People — Do You Know Who They Are?



Rye, NY 1961



Salem, Mass. 1953

The *Titanic*, Once More

by Joanne Ferguson

As we all know well, the *Titanic* sank on April 12, 1912, but did you know **Penelope Easton's** Aunt Margaret was on board and survived the disaster? Penelope says that her aunt and cousins, complete with governess, spent the summers in Vermont and her most vivid memory of her aunt from her childhood was that "she always carried an ill-tempered little lap dog, and he nipped my ankles." Aunt Margaret was carrying a Pomeranian on the *Titanic*, and this dog went into lifeboat 7 with her and survived.

Margaret (then Hays) and her friend, chaperoned by the friend's mother, were coming home from a European tour when they boarded the ship. Penelope says they were being "trailed around Europe by a swain." When lifeboat time came this "swain" held back, perhaps because of the "women and children first" directive. But he was persuaded in, since lifeboats didn't fill up as expected.

When things had turned bad on the ship, the



girls didn't believe it, along with many other passengers, and weren't interested in boarding a lifeboat. The mother fortunately insisted, and in they went.

They were picked up by the *Carpathia* and brought to New York. On the dock were two little boys without identification and even with country of origin unknown. Margaret spoke to them in her fluent French. Happily, they understood and answered, so one mystery was solved. Since there were no parents with them, she took them home with her. The photograph of the boys was published in newspapers around the world, with the hope that someone could identify them.

Contemporary newspaper headlines of the event are fascinating:

Two Little Boys Orphaned by Titanic, Adopted by N.Y. Girl, Miss Hayes's Adoption Story, "Just Had to Take Them," *NY American* 4/20/12

Waifs of the Sea Still a Mystery, *NY Herald* 4/22/12

French Woman Claims Titanic Waifs as Stolen by Husband Who Perished, Residents of Nice Learn of Little Ones' Plight Through European Edition of the *Herald*.

Thinks Wreck Waifs Have Found Mother, Miss Hays Believes The Boys She Found in Lifeboat Are Children of Mme. Navratil, Recognized Their Names, Eagerly Awaits Photographs and Says That Name Lolo Confirms Her Belief

Two Sea Waifs Identified by Scars on



(Continued on page 8)

Believing the Lie by Elizabeth George

A Review by Peggy Quinn

Elizabeth George is infuriating. When she is good she is very, very good, but she does have a tendency to go overboard on her plots, descriptions, extraneous characters, etc. I was half-way through the book and still looking for the mystery. There was a death by drowning that occurred under suspicious circumstances, but after investigation it was determined to be an accident.

All of our favorite characters are back. Some a little more scarred than others. Thomas Lynley is still the proper English gentleman and still a detective with Scotland Yard. He has not quite recovered from the death of his wife, Helen, who was shot by a street thug. However he is recovered enough to be having an affair with his superior, Isabelle Ardery. One gets the impression that Isabelle is not up to Lynley's usual standards, especially when he discovers her fondness for alcohol.

Lynley is sent up to the Lake District to investigate the drowning of Ian Cresswell, the nephew of wealthy Bernard Fairclough. Then the fun begins. We must meet the morosely dysfunctional family which includes Manette and Mignon, the warring Fairclough daughters; Tim, the angry fourteen year old son of Cresswell; Nicholas, the alcoholic son of Fairclough and his beautiful, secretive, Argentine wife, Alatra. Already we have the perfect cast for a soap opera. Each member of the family has had the occasion to lie and their lies have been believed.

Then we have one of those extraneous characters who is dumped into the plot just to make another subplot, Zed Benjamin, a tabloid reporter, who is eager to save his job with a juicy sex scandal... he doesn't even care if he has to make one up.

Barbara Havers, Lynley's loyal partner, plays her part and even gets a makeover, a proper haircut, and some new duds. She is usually the dowdy, frumpy, overweight, but talented and bright detective who is Lynley's sidekick. Havers adds a little humor to the story and, as might be expected, has an episode all her own. Deborah St. James and her husband Simon,

both stock characters, also play an important part.

The novel is 600 pages long. We have pedophilia, infidelity, illegitimacy, greed, and infertility, but no murder. We have lies and people who believe the lies. How do these lies impact the lives of our characters? I think that was what Elizabeth George was out to prove. If you are a fan of this author you will have to compare this book with some of her others. I found it lacking and disjointed. There were too many gaps and too much left unaccounted for, but I will wait with bated breath for the next one.

Titanic continued

(Continued from page 7)

Baby's Body, Mme Navratil, of Nice, Certain that Little French Boys Rescued from The *Titanic* Are Her Children, Who Were Kidnapped by Father, Known on Board as Mr. Hoffman. *Paris Dispatch* Says Father Disappeared with Little Ones during Divorce Proceedings

Foster Mother Finds Scars on the Child, Mme. Navratil's Description Tallies Exactly with Boys Rescued from Shipwreck, *NY Herald* 4/24/12

Mother Clasps Titanic Waifs in Her Arms, Silent Affecting Scene When Mrs. Navratil Reclaims Lolo and Monon At Children's Society, *NY World*, 5/19/12

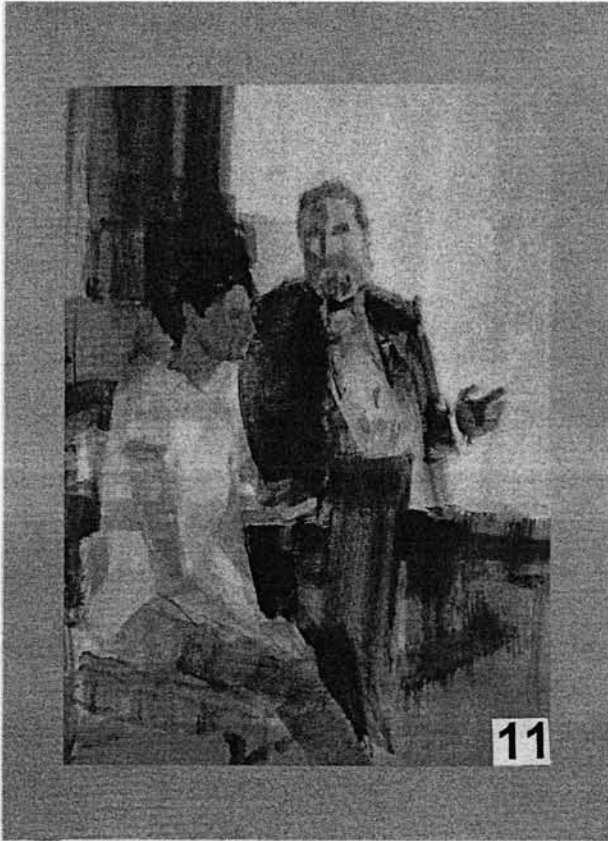
Then in 1913 came more headlines:

Miss Hayes, Who Mothered Titanic Waifs to Marry, Her Engagement Announced to Dr. Charles Easton, Physician and Surgeon To Newport Colony, *American* 3/19/13;

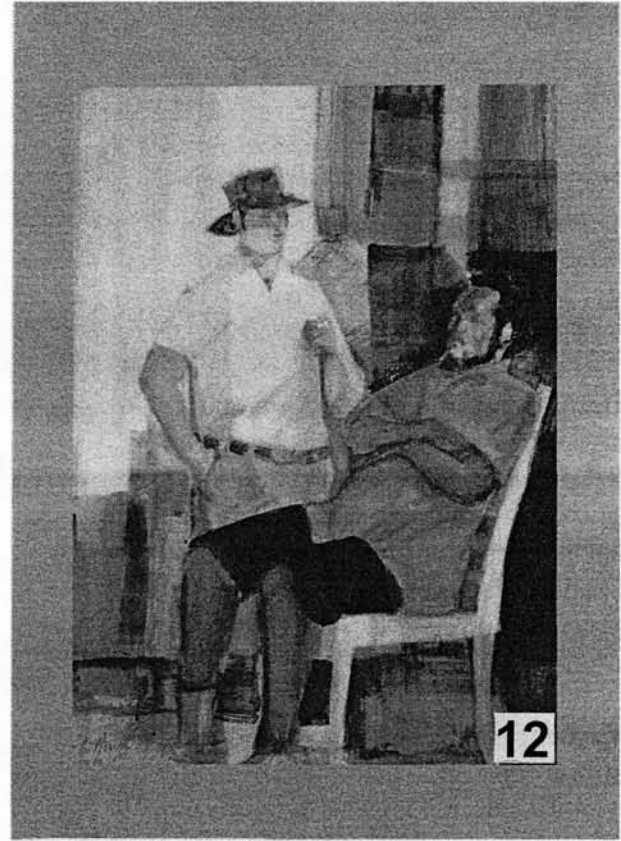
Romance of the Titanic, Waifs of the Sea Cause of Romance That Leads to Altar. Kindness Shown by Miss Margaret B. Hays to Lone Children in the Titanic Disaster Wins Admiration of Newport Physician Who Will Wed Her, *New York Herald*, 3/20/13.

Penelope wishes she had asked her Aunt Margaret many questions about the whole disaster and subsequent drama. And I would love to ask Aunt Margaret if she bought the toy *Titanic* that the younger boy is holding.

John Henry's Conversations



- It's *his* views on everything. With a glass in his hand, it would almost be, "Have some Madeira, m'dear."
- "Why not marry me?" Very good!!
- I would give you anything—anything you desire!
- You can do better.
- If that happens again you should ...
- People wouldn't understand if I took you to the country club.
- He's got lots of money—just don't be so stubborn—you'll be happy—I'm sure.
- You shouldn't have worn those jeans.



- Go back to work for *that* salary?
- Naah, can't be bothered.
- If you wanna be that way...
- Have a smoke!
- I don't want to wear a fedora! That look went out in the 50s...
- Stubborn business partner
- I told you and I won't tell you again!
- Don't be so upset; it's only a football game.
- I'm not interested.

Going Back to School

by Carol Oettinger

When I was 45 years old, I went back to school. I had an RN degree from many years before but had always wanted to complete college work.

It was especially interesting because my life had been so different. I had been married to a doctor and had been involved in many community activities. One was being chair of the hospital women's auxiliary. The week I enrolled in our community college the local newspaper published the photograph of me presenting a check to the college for \$10,000 from the women's auxiliary.

This may have led to one of my first experiences in school. I took a biology class and was seated next to a young man in jeans and a t-shirt who had a bushy beard. At this time the hippie flower children were coming back into the mainstream. The teacher looked at my seatmate and said,

"You will either shave that beard or fail this class." I was amazed and before I had time to think said, "I cannot see what facial hair has to do with performance in this class." After class, the young man asked me to be his lab partner. I said I would like to. It turned out that his father was the head of the biology department at UNC. We had a good time, learned a lot, and he did not shave and we both got A's.

There were a number of these young people who had come back to school. They invited me to their "be-ins." These were parties where they discussed interesting issues, drank a little beer and smoked a bit of pot. I en-

joyed the discussions and the beer, but didn't really want to try the pot. They said it was mind expanding. I told them my mind was so expanded that I didn't want to explode. They finally decided I was OK the way I was. Good folk.

Another experience, rather painful, was when I took American History and we studied World War II as history. Good heavens. This was my life for a number of years, working 12 hours a day as a nursing student. We almost ran the hospital because all the RN graduates were in the service. We naively believed that no sacrifice was too great because this was the war to end all wars. And now it was history.

A lot of the instructors were excellent. They liked teaching and didn't want to write or do research, so they stayed at the community college level.

One exception was my algebra teacher. He was really the basketball coach who taught algebra out of a book. I was having trouble anyway, because in 30 years the whole vocabulary of algebra had changed. I had never heard of a positive or negative integer. I spent a lot of time in the learning lab. The coach went slogging along in class and shouted at us when we didn't understand something. One day I had enough, and said loud and clear, "When we don't understand, raising your voice doesn't help. Explain it to us." He stopped shouting, but since he didn't have a clue about how to explain, we all went down to the learning lab together and got through the class.

Because of my advanced age, they were willing to eliminate physical education, but I found a dancing class

(Continued on page 11)

Mystery Food (containers): The Café's Fine China

by Bill Harrington

Maija and I decided to dine in recently, in our apartment that is. We live on the ground floor and our dining room table overlooks a courtyard. What a gorgeous day for a romantic candlelight dinner: The sun was going down behind the pine trees; the carnations on our antique kitchen table were at their peak; the azaleas were in full bloom right outside our window and my wife was as lovely as ever. I was having one of my favorites—grilled salmon. Then, I looked down at my plate: Styrofoam.

At that moment, I knew what my subject would be for the next mystery food article in *The Forester*. Not exactly an entrée, but an omnipresent part of the ambiance of the takeout experience at The Forest at Duke. Starting many years ago as I approached the staff coffee pot where I worked, there appeared a stack of white cups. Since that time, I have attended very few meetings or conferences without drinking my morning coffee from one of those lightweight containers. Like ballpoint pens, digital clocks, and the multi-colored sticky pads on which to write messages, the white cups and dinnerware have become a part of our everyday landscape. What is Styrofoam anyway? I received a clue when I typed the word on my computer. The “spell-check” automatically converted the small “s” into a capital letter. After I started my research, my suspicion was confirmed: Styrofoam is a *trademark*—a patent owned by The Dow Chemical Company. In 1941, Dow bought the patent from its Swedish inventor, Carl Georg Munters. Closed-cell extruded polystyrene has a multitude of uses: for example, it is used in building and road construction. I knew that houses were insulated with a version of Styrofoam, but I didn’t know it was also used in road construction. It is placed under roads to reduce damage from the freezing and thawing process in harsh winters. Another use that I was interested to learn about: Styrofoam was adopted in 1942 by the United States Coast Guard for use in a six-person life raft. (Wikipedia)

In reality, Americans and Canadians have been misusing the word. We use it as a generic term for polystyrene foam. The disposable coffee cups, coolers and packing materials are actually made of a different material. So, the way the word – styrofoam – is used in this country does require a small “s.”

Back to our romantic dinner. Peering over the beautiful red azaleas and past the black locust tree, we saw **Linda Alexander** and her dog, Mac. Mac was “doing his business” in the courtyard – the perfect ending to a great meal.

Going Back continued

(Continued from page 10)

and enjoyed every minute.

The whole experience was a learning one. Facts, yes, but some of the most interesting people I’ve ever known were my young classmates. I learned a lot from them.

My children insisted that I go through the graduation ceremony so they could cheer. They did, and I was only a little embarrassed. I’m glad I went through it because I eschewed the ceremonies when I finished college and my graduate program.

Unhappy Birthday To You Rites of Passage and the words we hardly dare utter

by Ned Arnett

It's not a matter of turning sweet sixteen any
more,
or the excitement of entering adulthood
at your Twentieth or Thirtieth in the full flush of
youth.

Now, one by one, you're greeting each decade
with a birthday that's a sobering passage rite.

Let's start with the dreaded F---words,
Forty; the final goodbye to adolescence,
the arrival of early middle age,
a realization that the clock is ticking
on one or more biological functions.
Exactly ten years later it's time for
another F—word,
Fifty; yes, that's still you in the mirror,
but look at the white hairs, a growing bald spot
and wrinkles.
And, yes, it **really** is you (existentially);
up to your ears in this all-too-grownup world
of mortgages, 401Ks and such
trying to keep up or get ahead, even when you
don't count
the cost of tuitions or saving for retirement
in the great American middle class, middle age.

One by one the S—words come:
Sixty, when you woke up to the fact that
you're no longer a young Turk;
you're just an old fart.
Then suddenly you're Seventy;
as the pills and bills accumulated
you were getting used to early old age.
Turning Eighty, you realize with a sigh
what a shame it would be for you to leave life
now,
just when you're finally getting the hang of the
damn thing.

And then, suddenly, it's time for the N—word,
Ninety. Well, so far, so good. You've learned a
lot.
But, no matter what you've read,
no matter what you've heard,
nothing **really** happens
until it happens to you.