

Jessica Zayak, Service Manager

by Joanne Ferguson

Jessica Zayak [pronounced ZAC] has recently come to us as service manager in the Main Dining Room. She shares an office with **Richard Faber**, **Barbara Candelaria**, and **Sandra Mouros**. Since these dining employees spend the day running from task to task, the one office works out, just barely.

The name *Zayak* is Yugoslavian, and the family has traced their ancestry back to her great-great grandfather, who came to Ellis Island in 1908 and became a houseboy in New Jersey.

Jessica was born in Bath, New York, with a younger brother and sister. She tells me she was a military brat, never settling anywhere for more than two or three years. When she was very young, the moving was hard, but when she got older she played sports and was a cheerleader, and those activities helped her make friends. She says you get tougher as you move more. They lived in Texas at Lackland Air Force Base ("It was hot!") and in Montgomery, Alabama. They were in San Antonio twice, and "there was a lot to do there."

She took ballet, beginning when she was two, but when she was sixteen she decided that three dance classes a week was not a cool thing to be doing, and she quit. Now she regrets it.

But she has kept on playing softball all these years. She is a catcher but, surprisingly, not a good hitter. Although in high school she sometimes batted cleanup, the longer batting practice stretched on, the farther down in the lineup she went. "Batting practice only made it harder," she says, and we agree that thinking about it too much is the culprit. She says that all that batting practice has spoiled her golf swing: it's hard not to take up a batting stance with her club!



Photo by Dick Aroner

Jessica went to college at the State University of New York in Buffalo, and her working life began at the University Inn in Buffalo when she was seventeen and eventually became a restaurant manager and banquet sales coordinator. (She says when you do things like that a lot it is not so daunting.)

She finished school in Saratoga Springs and loved the race town. "I've only been to the Preakness," she added. She also worked at John's Flaming Hearth in Niagara Falls where she was restaurant and lounge manager. She said, yes, she's seen the falls frozen and lit with colored lights, but added that she had taken so many friends and family to see the falls that she doesn't ever need to see them again. But she misses the snow of the north, and the beauty of the Adirondacks and Catskills. Her boots and heavy winter wraps are still in Buffalo at her mother's house.

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The Forester

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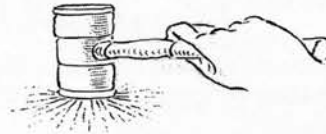
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In Memoriam

Thomas William Mattingly, Jr. May 17, 2012

President's Podium

by Jack Hughes

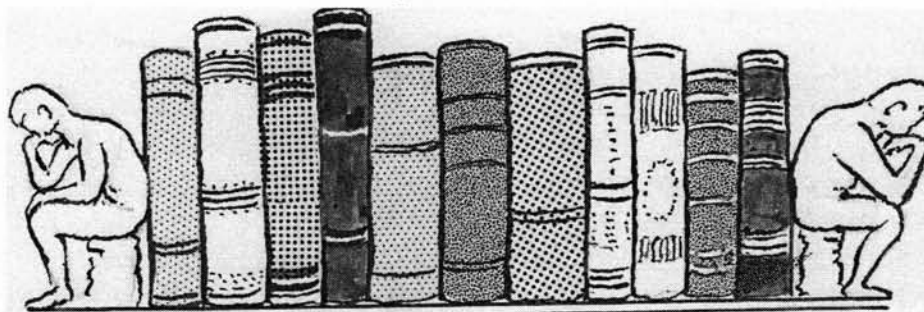
While making plans for the Residents Association Board's participation in the Six Steps for Wellness Expo, I was reminded again of the vastness of the talent pool at The Forest and their volunteer activities that contribute so much to the good life here. There are more than 50 Activities committees with one or more leaders (chairs) in addition to the nine standing committees of The Residents Association Board and several special committees. Just about everything from Activities Photo Albums to Wood Workers is included, attesting to the interest and talents of the residents. Although some residents seem reluctant to let their light shine, most volunteer or come forth with a little coaxing.

And speaking of coaxing residents to come forth, the Nominations Committee will soon be looking for a few good women and men to be nominated for positions on the Board of Directors of the Residents Association. The bylaws have been changed so that the Nominating Committee will present only one nominee for each vacancy and nominees will not be required to make a speech promoting their candidacy. Also, nominations from the floor will be permitted in keeping with the democratic process. Perhaps the Nominating Committee will now be able to complete the slate with just a bit of gentle persuasion, which has not always been the norm. Hopefully, some of the "HAS BEENS" will become an "ARE" again.

The update on the plan for a webpage for the Residents Association is that Plan B is possible but not practical at present because of cost, especially for keeping the content current. Placed on the backburner for now, the matter will be revisited when some anticipated improvements are made to The Forest website in the future.

Have an enjoyable summer.

Library Science 101



By Carol Scott

The long-anticipated meeting of the Library Committee with the architect took place on May 23, with additional representatives from the Southwest Branch of the Public Library, Durham Academy Upper School, and UNC School of Information and Library Science present.

Steve Fishler reiterated what he had said in many group meetings, that the reason for moving the library downstairs to the front door is to emphasize TFAD's commitment to life-long learning. Present library space will be occupied in the future by Marketing.

Dimensions of the new library have not been finalized, depending upon sizes of other spaces nearby, but it is promised to be twice as large as the present one. Window walls across the front are also still to be decided. Other issues are to be addressed at later meetings with the architect. Much of the conversation at the meeting was about technology in libraries, now and in the future.

* * *

Durhamcountylibrary.org and nclive.org are two sources available now for information about contents and services of the local libraries, and, with your library card, books and e-books can be checked out from your home. You might want to use this feature over the summer for the upcoming Book Club selections, although our Library has two copies of each book. These interesting selections are:

Sept. *The Dry Grass of August* by Anna Jean Mayhew

Oct. *In the Garden of Beasts* by Erik Larson

Nov. *The Commoner* by John B. Schwarz

Dec. *The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks* by Rebecca Skloot

Jan. *Cutting for Stone* by Abraham Verghese

OASIS will still be coming throughout the summer, from 2:00 until 3:00 on the 2nd and 4th Thursdays. They always have a wide selection of books in both regular and large print that supplements our own collections.

If you receive an overdue notice but need to keep the book longer, please renew it. Tell the desk attendant or leave a note at the desk with the author and title of the book and your name. We will take care of it.

Large Print Biography and Non-Fiction books, recently intermingled with regular print books in the same categories, are now together on shelves along the side wall, opposite Large Print Fiction beginning with M.

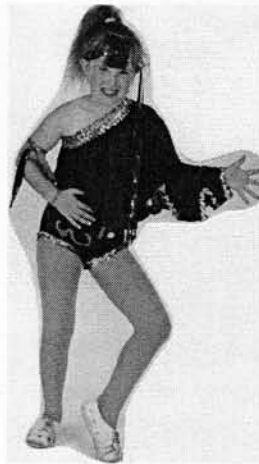
Have a happy summer, with lots of opportunity for pleasure reading!

Jessica Zayac continued*(Continued from page 1)*

When she lived in Poughkeepsie she managed the lighting of the Christmas tree, but not just once; they lit it every Tuesday between Thanksgiving and Christmas complete with an arts and crafts fair and choirs. Santa Claus appeared in a motorized sleigh at the final celebration. When she got there she took a twelve-week-long job running a youth camp. She hired and trained staff, was in charge of admissions, managed activities, and took care of any emergency that arose. Luckily "there was nothing beyond a bee sting." Later she also was recreation coordinator for a residential treatment center for the emotionally troubled.

When her brother moved to California, for a change of scene, she drove to California by herself to join him. It took four days and she says she loved the drive and had a lot of time for internal dialogue leading to self-awareness.

For the three years she lived there, she managed a privately owned restaurant and entertainment lounge. It was in California that she met her husband, Michael Farrell. They were married last October. He was recently sworn into the U.S. Reserves in an ac-



tive airborne unit, where he will deploy not more than two months at a time followed by a month at home. He will also go to Ft. Bragg for two weeks a year for training.

She says she intends to change her name from Zayac to Farrell when she can find time to get to the Social Security office! When they got married her plane ticket to New York was already in the name of Zayac and there was no time to change it before they

flew from there to Maui, Hawaii, for a fourteen-day honeymoon.

Her siblings live in Apex, where her sister expects a baby in August, and she and Michael have rented an apartment there while they look for a house. They live with two indoor cats: Baby Cat and Deedee.



Welcome, New Residents



Nancy Laszlo
Apartment 2042 919-489-1417

Nancy was born in Melrose, Massachusetts, and went to secondary school in Portland, Maine, and Medford, Massachusetts.

She studied physical therapy at the University of Connecticut, worked as a physical therapist at Duke Hospital and the Durham County Health Department, and then earned a Masters Degree in Public Health (Health Administration) at the University of North Carolina.

She was on the original Board of Directors of the Center City Church Council (now Durham Congregations in Action), was its second president and then chaired its Meals on Wheels Committee for five years. She was on the Urban Ministries Board during its beginning years. She moved into management in the non-profit sector, was the initial Executive Director of Triangle Hospice, Inc., and Caring House, Inc. For five years she worked as a realtor.

Nancy's daughter Rebecca lives in Seattle, her daughter Jennifer Laszlo Mizrahi is in Washington, DC, her son Daniel is in Greensboro. Nancy has been an active member of the Judea Reform Congregation. She always finds time to enjoy bridge, travel, OLLI, and the local music and arts scene, and spending time with her four grandchildren.



Bill and Mary Leonard
Apartment 3001 919-401-1164

Bill and Mary are native New Yorkers, though most of their years were spent in Raleigh, with some time abroad in a small village outside Northampton, England.

Bill graduated from Manhattan College, studied engineering at the University of Oregon and earned his MBA from NYU.

As chief financial officer of three major corporations, Bill established 31 companies. His extensive international travel was made easier by knowing that Mary was efficiently managing their household with four growing children. Mary came from a military family that moved frequently. After graduating from Bay Ridge High School in Brooklyn she pursued actuarial studies at Loma Institute.

Their daughter, Donna Barclay, lives in Raleigh and is Managing Director of Investments at Wells Fargo. Their son William lives in Cedar Point, NC, and is a doctor and a Navy captain. A daughter, Nancy Hunt, is a business owner in Virginia and North Carolina. A third daughter, Audrey, died in 1982.

The Leonards are Catholic and Bill is active in the Knights of Columbus. A veteran of WWII, he remains active in the American Legion. The family particularly enjoys cruising.

The Hotel DuPont

by Carol Scott

We were on our way at last, going "Up North" from Durham to spend the summer in Connecticut with Mama's sister and aunt. Mama was driving alone this time, for Cousin David had already graduated from Duke and was not available to help her as he did two years ago. Daddy had to stay behind again for his summer job with Duke Power in Charlotte.

In the back seat were my two sisters and I. Since I was the oldest, at 12, and tallest, I was assigned the middle because I could, presumably, see out the windows over the heads of Bett and Ruthie.

Going for the summer meant two seasons' worth of clothing for each of us, for in late May it could still be pretty cool in New England. So a steamer trunk full of clothing occupied the space usually taken by the front passenger seat, now strapped to the outside rear of the car by Daddy. On the passenger-side running board, enclosed by a little removable fence, was Bett's doll's suitcase, containing our nightclothes, toothbrushes and change of underwear. It would be a two-day trip.

I was sure we looked like Gypsies.

By late afternoon, after a long, tiring drive, we had reached Wilmington, Delaware. "Carol, you watch the billboards to see what hotels are advertised," said Mama. All I could report to her were several signs for the Hotel Dupont.

Stopped at a traffic light, Mama leaned out her window and asked a woman on the sidewalk, "Pardon me. If you were arriving here with three tired little girls after a long day's drive, where would you spend the night?"

The woman looked doubtful, then said tentatively, "There's the Dupont...."

The same question asked of a cop at the next stop-light elicited the same answer. So we headed for the Hotel Dupont.

There we were met by a magnificently uniformed doorman standing at the top of red-carpeted steps, who summoned a likewise-uniformed bellboy to carry in our luggage while another one parked the

car. This was definitely not the style of a middle-class professor's family. We had only the one small doll's suitcase to bring in – and Bett clutched it tightly to herself and adamantly refused to let anyone carry it but her. She followed Mama in.

Meanwhile, to amuse herself on the long, tedious drive, little sister Ruthie had been slowly and assiduously peeling the sole of one shoe back from the toe to the heel. As she followed Bett across the vast marble floor of the lobby the sole flapped ---step, FLAP, step, FLAP, step, FLAP.

I hung back as far as I could from that procession. I didn't want anyone to think I was associated with that group of Gypsies!

"We would like a room with four single or two double beds," declared Mama in her most positive manner to the receptionist at the desk.

Looking down his nose disdainfully at us and hoping he could scare us away with the price, he stated, "That will be \$27, Madam."

"We'll take it," replied Mama, undaunted.

"You will need to sign this form about whom to notify in case of emergency," he then sniffed.

But when Mama wrote "Professor Walter J. Seeley, Engineering Dept., Duke University, Durham, N.C." it was a different story. We were respectable, after all! Then it was "Boy! Boy! Come assist these guests!"

Once upstairs and in our room Mama observed that there were plenty of towels available and said that we girls could take a shower before bedtime AND again the next morning, at the rate we were paying for the stay.

That night we ate a meal at a tea room down the block from the hotel, and the next morning had breakfast at a short-order place on the way up the road. The Hotel Dupont was far too extravagant for this Gypsy family on a low-paying professor's salary.

Years later my husband, three children and I drove to his brother's wedding in New Jersey. Scotty was also a low-paid college professor, and we

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The Hotel DuPont continued

(Continued from page 6)

had brought a packed lunch from home to eat that day. A friendly filling-station had picnic tables for travellers, and we spread out our meal and sat down. Our 12-year old son took his to a distant table and disassociated himself from his –Gypsy?—family.

I felt the greatest empathy for him, for I remembered just how it felt, having to travel with a group of a lower social order.

My enemy

by Ned Arnett

A tree-climbing rat with a bushy tail
he makes my cleverest defenses fail,
robbing my bird feeders before my eyes;
the finest nuts and berries are his prize.
Even if they're steeped in red pepper "hot
meats,"
undeterred, he just steals and steals
all the favorite goodies of my finches.
Despite his burning mouth he never flinches.

Flying from branch to branch with ease,
Effortless as the passing breeze,
just watching his performance is a treat
he's a natural pro, a real athlete!
To me, an American, he's a skwurl
to the Brits he's called a skwiddel.
And who knows, perhaps he's actually a gurl.

Venus

by Blaine Nashold

I dread nights at sea.
Dawn is welcome
Venus greets me in the east
Venus guides me home
The sun sparkles on the sea
Venus has vanished
I await dawn
Venus

Mystery Food: Strawberry Shortcake

by Bill Harrington

To most, strawberry shortcake is not a mystery. Have you ever stopped to think about the history of this dessert? I have. Before coming to TFAD, it was my favorite after-meal treat. I'm not so sure, however, that the fruit of the forest pie hasn't taken its place. In any event, strawberry shortcake and Bill Harrington go back a long way.

My Dad always had a garden behind our house. I worked very hard at his place of business, an ice plant. Making and selling "hard water" was labor intensive, and I was expected to put more time into the work week than the "average" employee. I learned to do many different jobs, but one place was always off-limits. Dad did not want me in his garden. Even harvesting the fruits of his labor was his job. Mother sometimes picked the vegetables when they were ready. My two brothers and I were only allowed to eat the produce, and we did our part very well.

Dad planted a small strawberry patch between a large pine tree and the garden. Year after year, the family consumed the strawberries from that little patch. Mom cut up the strawberries, sprinkled a relatively thick layer of sugar on the top, and placed them in the refrigerator overnight. The next day, usually at lunch, she poured the strawberries over a small store-bought sponge cake (Merita cakes) and then placed real whipped cream on top. I can taste it now!

No one knows where the first strawberry shortcake was made. Shortcake – without the strawberries – appears to be a European tradition going back to the 1500s. Shakespeare mentions shortcake in his play, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Adding the strawberries seems to be an American invention.

I remember one year Dad's strawberry patch produced a bumper crop – the only time in my life that I've gotten enough strawberry shortcake. All of us wondered how so many little red berries could come from such a small bunch of plants. I don't know whether Heaven exists or not. If it does, I'll bet Dad's little strawberry patch is right next to St. Peter's Gate.

The Blasted Billiards Table at The Forest At Duke

By Lee Murphy

I pondered writing about billiard games here at The Forest, and I was warned there would only be a limited audience; well, perhaps a few might find it interesting and humorous.

My introduction to billiards, or “pool” as it is also called, started with the movie *The Music Man* when traveling salesman, Harold Hill, also the Music Man, needed an object of contention in order to sell his boys’ band uniforms and musical instruments to the intended local community. He sang that pool was the devil’s workshop, and would lead kids into degradation and aimless living and he sings: “‘Pool’ starts with P which rhymes with T and that stands for Trouble right here in River City.”

My actual first encounter with billiards here at The Forest was when my wife told me that she had lost her match in a billiards tournament to a lady 25 years older than herself and that the lady, Loma Young, had celebrated the victory over such a younger woman with great joy and happiness—a precious memory of her life here at The Forest. My wife and I continue to remember her with prayers for her eternal joy and happiness, playing games with the newcomers and enjoying all the heavenly happiness she so richly deserves.

My personal introduction to the game of billiards came with casual opportunities to meet and play the notorious game with wonderful men and women, who play, ponder, pause, and proceed, through each agonizing strike of the cue ball moving lazily or madly toward one or more of the other 14 balls on the table. Screams of delight follow a successful encounter with the desired ball falling into one of the six pockets alongside the edges of the table, whether intentional or not. Alas, it’s also the sadness and sorrow of a missed opportunity if the attempted effort goes awry, and the joy of a possible successful hit fades as the balls ricochet ridiculously off unintended marks. Billiards produces elation and dejection, and no matter how many balls are successfully

pocketed in a turn, the one that escapes remains imbedded in the memory banks of the player, leaving the expectation of a monumental success in the next match to uplift the fallen spirits.

I indulge in this game frequently and either become the sharp shooter of my dreams by pocketing four or more balls in one turn, or firmly implant the notion that I will never become a master champion of this, or any other sport. The men who play this game are like a family—a men’s sporting club—where we can socialize and forget the day’s aches and pains (if possible).

They are wonderful and engaging people. They laugh and agonize together and unite in a brotherhood of enjoyment in wonderful, impossible achievements as the little balls roll recklessly around the small great, felt-covered oaken table, falling harmlessly out of the way or intrusively into the path of the next player’s balls. Who would think that the movement of little balls around a table could spark such enthusiasm and energy in a groovy group of gallant gentlemen all attempting to gain the advantage and win the day; and there are spontaneous rounds of applause for difficult, tricky plays that leave the onlookers astounded and full of envy of such skill (or at times such “dumb luck”)?

So as I while away the hours dreaming of days of glory, while facing less than such dreams, I envision an occasional unexpected victory. I am delighted that I found this game and these wonderful people in the tiny room across from the café at The Forest.

John Henry's *Conversations*



- Teaching or physical therapy
- This may take time, but you're going to be all right.
- There's always hope!
- It's not as serious as you think.
- These things happen. It will all work out.
- I think you did the best you could!
- I'm older than you; you will have to learn that things won't always go your way—you must have patience.
- I'm going to keep this child and love it, no matter what you say.



- Mother listening to son and trying to understand him.
- Please, I want just one cupcake now, please!
- Want some ice cream, Ma?
- I'm sorry, Honey, but we won't have money for milk until the next Welfare check arrives.
- I might let you have it, and I might *not*.
- Mommy, when can I light my candle?
- It really is magic, Mommy.

Transgressions

by Joanne Ferguson

There was a pile of building scraps behind our garage in New Jersey, including some leftover metal roofing. "Now stay off of that, Joanne," my mother said, "You could fall on that metal and cut yourself badly." The next time I was alone behind the garage I began to climb the scraps. I fell and cut my knee badly on the metal. I seem to remember seeing white bone, but maybe I imagine it. My father held me on his lap while my tears hiccupped to a halt.

When I went to kindergarten I was painfully shy and clung to my sister as she pushed me into the room. Miss Davies had a poster hung at the front of the room with our names followed by a grid with a square for each day. If you were good that day she drew a flower in your square. Bad earned a black square. I loved recess, and as we marched back into the building, we were meant to stay in an orderly line and never get on the grass. On one day the line began to accelerate to a dog trot. No dog trot for me; I broke ranks and sprinted from the cinder path across the grass and got to the door first. I was elated. But when the squares were filled for the day, I watched in horror as Miss Davies colored mine black. I began to cry, kids gathered around asking what was the matter. Rather than incur further shame by confessing it was the black square, I lamely said I wanted my mama. What was I thinking?

On the way to spend Easter with aunt and uncle and cousins, I asked about the Easter bunny. My mother told me there was no such thing but not to tell my cousin Suzanne. When we got there I found Suzanne on her tricycle and went straight to her and told her the truth. My sister went straight in to tell my mother.

Home alone with chickenpox while my mother was at work and sister at school, I read and colored and got bored. I was sure my sister had bought the storybook doll I wanted for Christmas. I made a

search and found a wrapped box in her drawer. With exquisite care I took it out and unwrapped it. There it was! Lucy Locket! She had blond hair to her shoulders and a tiny gold-colored heart around her neck. I played with her until time for school to let out and carefully wrapped her up again. I did this every morning until I recovered and was appropriately surprised on Christmas morning.

Then, the really bad thing. Our street was sparsely travelled. So I watched for an approaching car, waited until it was almost opposite me and sprinted across the street in front of it and then quickly behind the hedge of the house across the street. My sister told on me (quite rightly), and I was scolded severely. But I did it again, I don't know how many times, and was honked at angrily.

But then a really, really bad thing. In the wonderful interior of Woolworths with the dark oiled floors and ceiling fans, I spent hours hanging over the counters without enough money to buy what I wanted. One day I came upon a section with very small penny comic books. My friend and I waited and watched until the severe woman in her perch against the ceiling where the money was sent up in the cylinders was too busy to watch and we each stole one. Out quickly and home. Later that day a police car cruised by the house and my heart stopped. I faded into the bushes willing it to pass on, which it did. I can't say how many years I watched for and dreaded a passing police car. But that was long ago, and now the policeman is my friend.

***The Buddha In The Attic* by Julie Otsuka**

A Review by Peggy Quinn

It's a small book, only 129 pages, but a gem of a story about the Japanese women brought over by the hundreds to San Francisco as mail-order brides. The time is the early 1900s, after World War 1. The kimono clad women come by ship...most of them in steerage, and all of them clutching photographs of the handsome young men, nicely dressed, they believe to be their husbands. What a shock it is when the ship docks and they look down to see a crowd of men in knit caps and shabby black coats waiting for them below. The photographs they had received were twenty years old.

Otsuka has a distinctive style. She writes in the first person plural. "We" is the voice of these women who left their families to come to California and start a new life. There is not one protagonist but a host of characters who are kept at a distance. We are fed individual stories, short narratives that describe individual experiences. The author's secret is that she makes us care about the group, and her insight into those lives holds us spellbound. We hear the voices but we don't see the faces. Each chapter is an awakening.

The first chapter, entitled "COME JAPANESE!" reads:

"On the boat we were mostly virgins. We had long black hair and flat wide feet and we were not very tall. Some of us had eaten nothing but rice gruel as young girls and had slightly bowed legs, and some of us were only fourteen years old and we were still young girls ourselves..."

But how those young girls age! Each chapter charts some aspect of immigrant life. The new husbands are often cruel, they treat their wives as slaves. Otsuka describes the physical consummation of these new relationships as the women face the reality of what their lives are going to be like in the new world. They are forced to work in the fields beside their husbands; they are migrant workers moving from one farm to another across the coastal areas of Cali-

fornia. They live in shacks on the outskirts of towns and are subject to the racism of pre-war Americans. They bear children and the children become more Americanized than the parents. Most of the "brides" don't ever learn to speak English. Yet, through it all there is a fraternity of women who are strong, quiet, brave, and resourceful. They are hard workers and eventually the husbands are able to buy businesses of their own. Along with their wives and children they settle in J-Town. Japan Town could be anywhere in California where the immigrants band together to form a community.

Then the rumors start. It is the beginning of the Second World War and all Japanese are suspect. Fear becomes a daily visitor. Husbands begin to disappear in the middle of the night and mothers call their families together for support and safety. No one knows for sure where they will be going or when it will happen but they want to be prepared. They clean their houses, gather together the small possessions that they could not leave behind and wait. Finally the last day comes and the order comes for the Japanese to be interned. All of those little communities are uprooted. They leave quietly. Some leave weeping.

There is poignancy about the final chapter when Otsuka gives names to her women. Matsuko leaves wondering if she has turned off the iron which she had used that morning to touch up the pleats of her blouse, Sachiko leaves practicing her ABCs as if it is just another ordinary day and Takako leaves a bag of rice beneath the floorboards of her kitchen so that her family will have something to eat when they return, Haruko leaves a tiny, laughing brass Buddha up high in the corner of her attic where it is still laughing to this day.

SAYONARA!

As Time Goes By

by Don Chesnut

As time goes by we age in place,
And stumble on by God's good grace.
We age no matter what we try,
As time goes by.

As time goes by my step is slow,
Happens no matter where I go.
At my age I'm no longer spry,
As time goes by.

There is some numbness in my feet,
My heart will sometimes skip a beat.
I sag in places you shouldn't know,
There's some above, and some below.

My nerves are pinched, my back is bad,
Every third day I'm in rehab.
At night I need a second drink.
It helps to kill the pain, I think.

My eyes are sore and often water,
Bowels don't function like they oughter.
My hair is gray and somewhat thin,
Good gracious, what a mess I'm in!

In games I play my memory fades.
Are diamonds trumps or are they spades?
My bridge game makes my partner cry,
As time goes by.

And it will come, caveat lector,
When time for us will be no more.
So seize the day and start to live,
Friends do abound, be glad you're here.
Give this life your very best try,
As time goes by.

Mystery People — Do You Know Who They Are?



Duke 1961



NYC 1952