

# THE FORESTER

Volume 19 Issue 2

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

November 2012

## A Walk in the Woods

by Joanne Ferguson

On a sunny morning in September **Lloyd Redick, Chuck Cushman, Chuck and Ann King,** and I assemble at the locked gate to the five-acre field for our walk through the woods with **Ted Harris. Chuck Walkley** drives up just on time with the key to let us in. Ted has spent a lot of time, with the help of **Barbara Birkhead** and **Frank Seargent**, clearing a path, and marking stumps and rocks with little red flags. He is sporting a walking stick that he fished out of the James River where he was canoeing. It is probably a sycamore bole prepared by a beaver, who stripped it of side shoots and gnawed off all the bark, leaving a lovely, smooth cane.

We walk a pleasant woodland path that leads around half of the woods and includes three side trails, with Ted pointing out oaks, maples, and hickories. We pass a fallen, rotting log, and I long to stop and rummage in the decay to see what beetles and other insects might show up. Near the end of our trek Ted leads us to a gigantic double white oak, saying that white oaks are kings of the forest. His measuring tape won't fit around one this big, so it has yet to be measured.

Ted is a true tree expert, having started the Greater Lynchburg Tree Stewards Program, and he is president and CEO of the 500-Year Forest Foundation.

Though Ted went to Stonier Graduate School of Banking, spent eighteen years in banking, and had a business brokerage and valuation firm, his early and later life were filled with outdoor activity. In 1940 his folks went to Lynchburg, Virginia, to live and bought land in the country a quarter mile from the James River. He and his younger brother Brad



### No.6 White Oak 41.5 inches DH

were put to work cutting down scrub pines with a Swedish bow saw, "close to the ground" his father admonished. Ted was paid 25 cents and hour; Brad 15. (Brad is still mad about that, says Ted.) It was about this time, during the war, that his scout troop built a log cabin on the property, a real one, footings and all. They cut the trees, mortised and fitted the joints properly. This log cabin still stands and has been converted into a guesthouse by the present owners. Ted worked during the summers and bought a motor scooter and affixed a basket to the front to carry his Irish Setter Danny.

He got an undergraduate degree in agriculture from Virginia Tech and became the assistant county agent in Frederick County, working with 4H clubs. After six months he became the director of one of the 4H camps, something outside his experience. He says when he got home he slept for twenty-four hours straight.

Before his military service during the Korean

*(Continued on page 4)*

### The Forester

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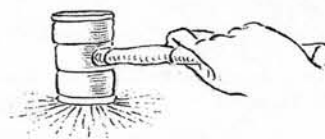
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### In Memoriam

Richard Aroner September 23, 2012

## President's Podium



by Jack Hughes

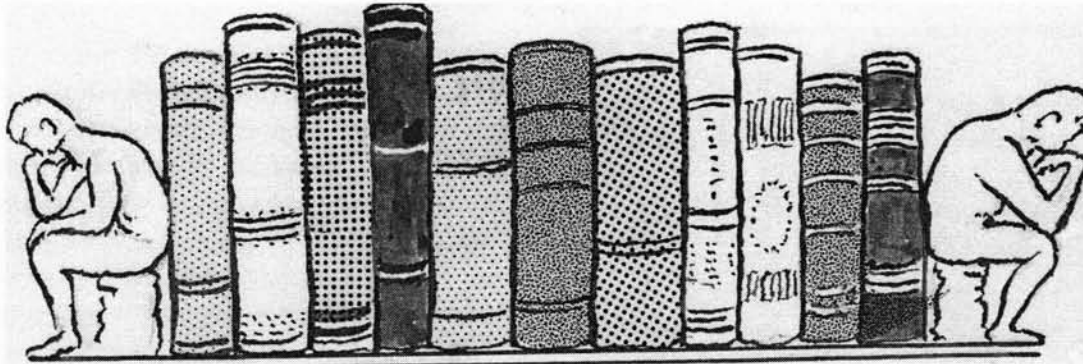
In response to the most recent Holleran Report, a special committee was appointed to investigate and clarify the reasons for residents' lower rating of the effectiveness of the Residents' Association. The committee, chaired by Ty Hills, has submitted its report containing recommendations for improved communications and interactions among residents, Residents' Association Board members and The Forest at Duke Board members. This is an excellent report and I urge you to take the time to read it. There are copies in the Library and the Club Room. Personal copies for further study will be provided upon request. One of the most important recommendations for improving communications involves a more active caucus system as a medium for communications between residents and the RA Board. Success of this program requires attendance at caucus meetings and residents' willingness to bring questions and issues to the meetings. Christel Machemer, Caucus Coordinator, and Caucus Leaders have already put some of the recommendations into effect. Other recommendations include better ways of publicizing the reports of the the Chairman of the Board of the Forest at Duke, the RA Board's actions and Committee Minutes, and making Quarterly Residents' Association meetings more informative and enjoyable.

The RA Board accepted the ad hoc committee's report at its last meeting and is making plans for implementation.

On another matter, it seems some mis-

(Continued on page 8)

## Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

By the time this is read, our October Open House will be over, and many of you will have seen the rearranged Library. The Library Committee is pleased that the changes have resulted in increased safety and accessibility to all spaces, and a more welcoming look to the room.

There have been many comments, both pro and con, about this change, but on the whole it seems to have been a desirable move. We now know a bit more about what residents would like in the new Library.

Contrary to rumor, this new Library will still have books! Transition to total technology is a long way off and will be expensive. A later generation will be more receptive to that idea than the present residents of The Forest, who grew up on printed books and still (mostly) prefer them. The change to more technology will come gradually, as we become open-minded and flexible, and the place itself is made structurally capable of accommodating to such change.

Our newer residents need to know that the Library (with the copier) is open from 8 a.m. until 10 p.m. and has a desk attendant for only two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon. Otherwise, it is self-service. Information about checking out and returning books (due in 4 weeks) is found at the desk, and the computer next to the desk gives in-

formation about whether the Library has a particular book, or books by a particular author. Directions are beside the computer.

Don't forget our Large Print books in the main room, and mysteries, as well as paperbacks, in the adjacent classroom. That room also has a couple of shelves of children's books for your visiting grandchildren during the upcoming holidays. In addition, the classroom has a collection of books by resident authors, and, along the top of the shelving, a rotating gallery of art works by our talented residents.

If you are an artist of any genre and would be willing to display your work, get in touch with **Eunice Grossman**, who is in charge of the gallery.

The residents' copier, along with a large collection of jigsaw puzzles, is to be found in the smaller third room of the Library complex. Call **Lloyd Redick** about copier problems.

Covering book jackets with plastic to protect them is still proceeding under **Dorothy Brundage's** direction. Biography is almost done, leaving only the daunting task of the large fiction collection still to do. We will be finished in 2013!



## A Walk in the Woods continued



Ten and Danny on motor scooter

*(Continued from page 1)*

War he hitchhiked west, sleeping in empty dorms and fraternity houses on campuses, and in national parks, and, failing those facilities, in jails. He took three weeks off in Yellowstone, earning \$25 a week as a soda jerk.

When he went into the army, his ag training singled him out for a two-month school for food and dairy hygiene next to the stockyards in Chicago. There wasn't room for him when he got there, so he was sent directly out as a meat inspector. Luckily the sergeants over him had had some training. The goal of the armed forces was to get as much meat as possible so they were to make sure there was not too much fat in the hamburger. When they went back after an inspection, they found the workers putting fat back into the meat so they would make a better profit with the next buyer. Ted says the best cuts of meat went to the submarine service. After he finished the training school, he was sent to Maysville, Kentucky, to a Carnation plant, where he says the milk "From Contented Cows" was grade C.

He and Dale were both from Lynchburg, where they met on a hayride, and began to date some years later. When he was in the army, they decided to get married, since regulations were that if you had only nine months of service left you wouldn't be sent overseas. In spite of these regulations he was immediately sent to Schweinfurt, Germany, as a food in-

spector. So he and Dale got in touch with her English friends about a wedding, but found that they had to be in residence there three weeks before they could get a license. They tried Switzerland where only three days residence was necessary, though a couple had to be married by the state. So to Zurich they went, had the required civil ceremony in German, followed by a church service by an English-speaking Episcopal priest. During their honeymoon, their hotel room window framed a glorious view of The Matterhorn.

Back home in Lynchburg, Ted was appointed to fill a seat on the city council, working in banking at the same time, though his boss at the bank didn't approve and said, "Ted, go right ahead, and then look for another job."

In 1987 Ted ran as a delegate to the Virginia General Assembly in Richmond, won the seat, and joined the oldest continuing governing body in the western world, which included such predecessors as Washington, Madison, Monroe, Henry, and Jefferson.

When I ask him what brought him and Dale to The Forest at Duke, he tells me they have a son in Raleigh and they liked The Forest better than the other retirement communities they looked at. When I accuse him of choosing it for its name alone, since he is such a dedicated forester, he laughs and says, "That's what Dale says."



Boy Scout cabin Christmas time 1948

## Welcome, New Residents



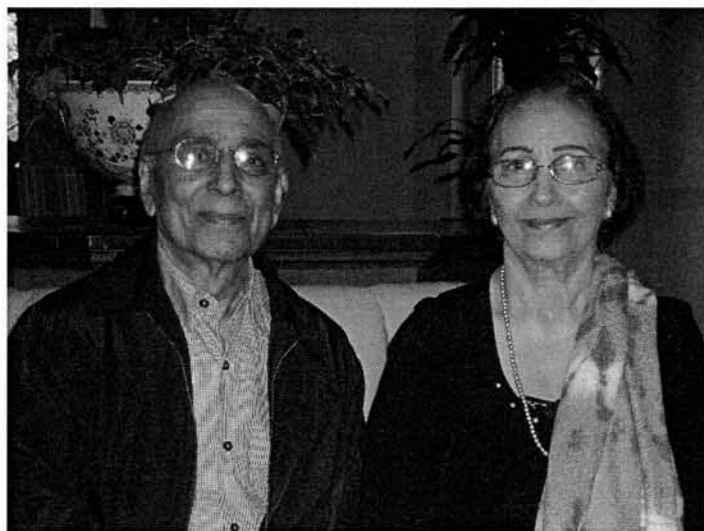
Lois Fussell

Apartment 2014 919-401-0751  
Lois.fussell@ymail.com

Lois was born and brought up in Dallas and earned a Bachelor's and Master's in history at the University of Texas. She married John Fussell, an engineer with Alcoa, in 1952 and they celebrated 58 years of marriage.

She comes to The Forest from Pittsburgh, PA, where she has lived the last 45 years. She has a son, Michael, an electrical engineer with his own business in Missoula, Montana; and in Raleigh she has a daughter Rebecca, who is into ballet, art, and gardening.

Lois has been active in the Girl Scouts in Southwestern Pennsylvania with particular emphasis on backpacking and outdoor activities. She has joined in regular bird counts, has been a church choir singer, ushered for thirty years at the Pittsburgh Public Theater, helped with the Friends of the Library used book sales, plays tennis and platform tennis, and has participated in 29 Elderhostel trips.



Umesh and Usha Gulati

Apartment 4035 919-493-2507

The Gulatis were born in what was then undivided India but is now part of Pakistani Punjab. They moved with their families to New Delhi as refugees. They got their high school education and undergraduate degrees in New Delhi; Umesh got his Masters there also. They were married in 1962.

Umesh earned a PhD from the University of Virginia and Usha a Masters in Education. In 1967, Umesh joined East Carolina University College of Business as an Associate Professor of Economics; at ECU, Usha got her Masters in Library Science. Usha's main interest, however, was in fashion and interior decoration, the careers that she pursued for many years in Greenville. Before retiring from ECU in 1999, Umesh and Usha established a scholarship for summer studies abroad program in the College of Business.

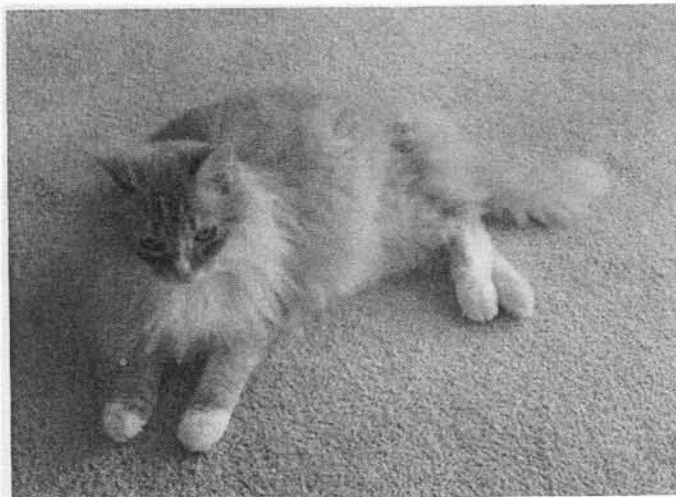
They moved to Durham in 2002, where they support local charities and maintain a charitable fund at the Triangle Community Foundation, establishing college scholarships for Durham High School graduates. They are also active in the Indian cultural and religious (Hindu) societies. Both of them have taught at OLLI.

## Little Cat Feet

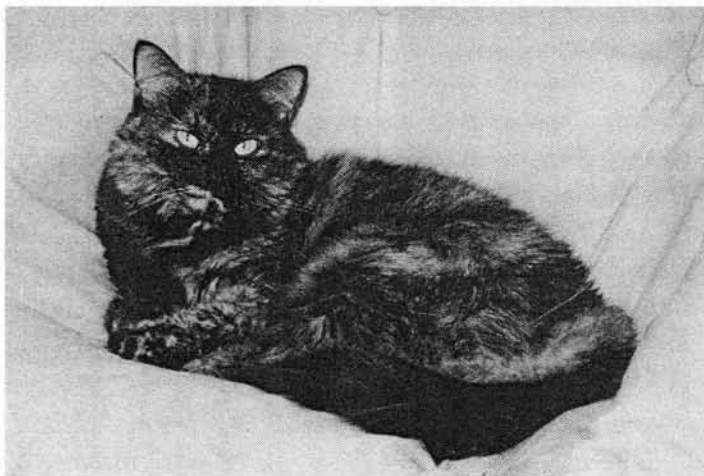
### *First of a Series*

by Lou McCutcheon and Jean Anderson

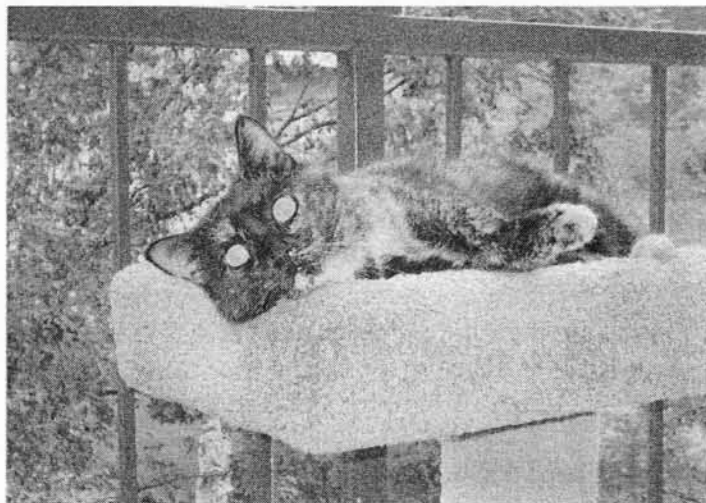
Among our many and varied Forest residents is an exclusive group, usually hidden behind closed doors, unseen and unheard. These individuals add immeasurably to the happiness of those who share their quarters. They are in many respects the most exemplary of our residents. They do not complain about the carpet or the food, and never mention politics. They do have issues but they prefer to air them in private. Although they grant no interviews, they are willing to pose for photographs. We feel fortunate to be able to introduce them to you in this way that does not invade their privacy; otherwise you are not likely to meet them. For this month's Forester we have chosen half a dozen from the group. Others will follow later. Their aides are acknowledged in parenthesis.



Bogey, a yellow long-hair, "the golden retriever of the felines," was raised by a dog and therefore runs to greet everyone at the door. (Anne and Lloyd Redick)



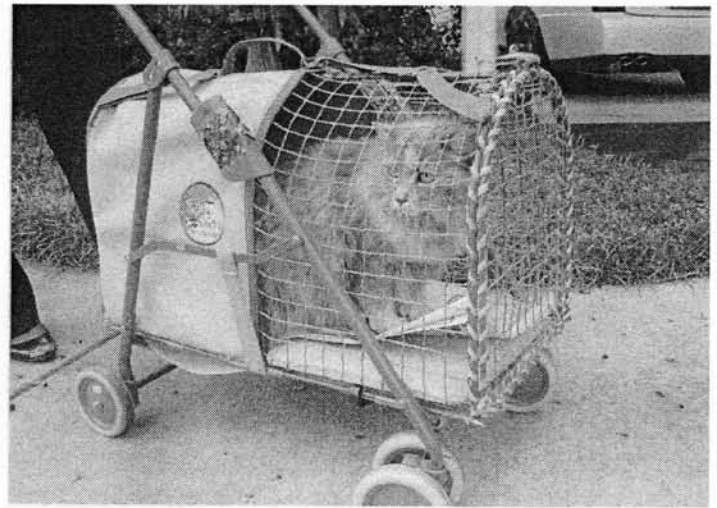
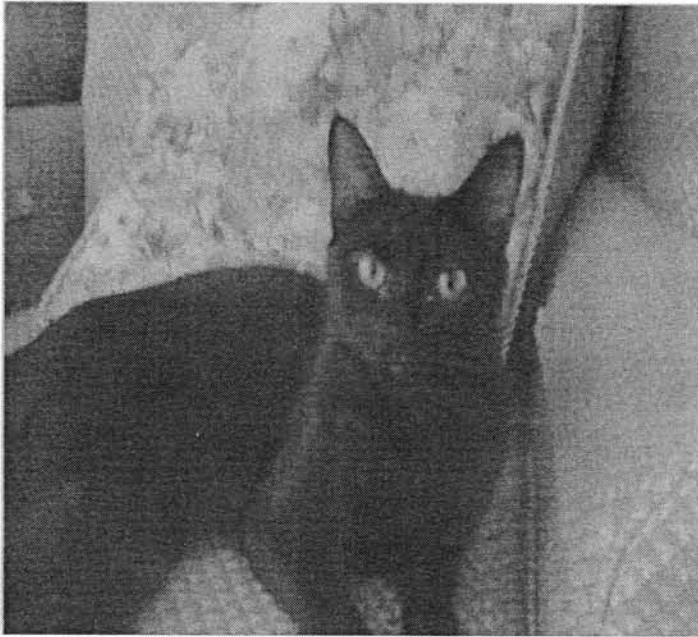
Nikki, a tortoise-shell cat, likes everybody, even her podiatrists when they come to her. (Debbie and Don Chesnut)



Treasure takes the air on her deck and insists that every meal be served there. (Lou McCutcheon)

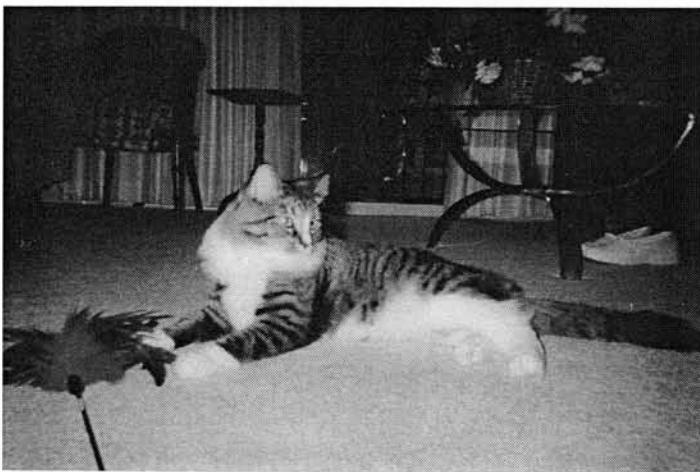


## Little Cat Feet continued



Cookie is the only one with his own vehicle, though he doesn't drive. (Jean Aldridge)

Jazzy wakes his aide every morning with a kiss, a strategy aimed at making breakfast come NOW.  
(Phyllis Owen)



Boots, a Maine Coon cat, lies on a special spot, his feet in the air, to request a tummy rub from his masseuse. (Sheila Mason)

## Cats

by Ned Arnett

Research shows that  
most animals have a sweet tooth.  
But not the cats.

Now, suppose I'm a pussy cat, and for Easter  
my owner gives me a chocolate mousie.  
That would be lousy!  
I want a real little mouse to play *gotcha* with.  
Meow!

Also, cats are colorblind.  
Say you're a rich, successful tiger  
and for your birthday  
your girlfriend gives you a bright red,  
classic, convertible, Chevy Corvette muscle car.

Grr, who wants an old gray ragtop?  
Especially when you get a ticket  
for speeding through a gray light.

I'm glad I'm not a cat.

## Mystery: The Muffin Caper

(Tony Ellis contributed mightily to this article with a little Wikipedia thrown in.)

by Bill Harrington

Someone broke into our apartment recently and ate the tops off our muffins. **Maija** disavows any knowledge of the event. Since our pugs are much too short to reach the freezing compartment of our refrigerator and since my wife and I are the only humans who live in the place, I must surmise that someone from outside must have perpetrated the dastardly deed. Now, you know and I know that the *top* part of any muffin is the tastiest. It's that part that hangs over the lip of the muffin tin or the edge of the paper or little aluminum cup that contains the muffin. I would swear that the top part is made of tastier stuff than the bottom part. If this is actually untrue, then why does it taste better?

Experiencing the mystery of the topless muffin made me think; maybe I could lift my depression by writing about these priceless little bits of sweetness.

Muffins probably date back to 10<sup>th</sup> or 11<sup>th</sup> century whales when they were yeast-based and cooked on a griddle. Today's muffins are usually cooked in a muffin tin because recipes call for batter (quick bread American style) rather than dough. There are so many kinds: blueberry, corn, peach, apple, and on and on. The favorite muffin at TFAD is also my favorite, the "Glorious Morning" variety. This muffin contains most of the same ingredients as a carrot cake: wheat flower, soybean oil, carrots, eggs, raisins, apples, coconut and walnuts. Our second most popular muffin is the cranberry nut muffin. The dining department procures the muffin batters pre-made since we have limited capacity in preparing everything from scratch. **John Demby**, our designated baker, puts the finishing touches on them and bakes them daily.

A short time ago fancy papers were inserted into the muffin pan. This made the muffins look better, but the Breakfast Club let Tony know that the

crust was not forming as they liked on the outside. So, the practice was abandoned. For you new folks, the Breakfast Club is the group that gets together at the middle table in the cafe every morning around 7:35 to .... Well, I'm not sure what they do. I only know that they enjoy Glorious Morning muffins.

Tony tells me that muffin tops are so popular that there was an entire segment of the TV show, *Seinfeld*, in which Elaine opened a bakery that only sold muffin tops. Maybe that's where the burglar got the idea. Guess whom Maija has assigned to eat the remaining (bottom) part of the treats left by the intruder? It ain't the pugs.

## President's Podium continued

(Continued from page 2)

information has occurred about the library's need for book donations incident to the increased use of electronic reading devices. The electronic library is a few years away and even when it comes there will likely be demand for the printed variety. Because sale of the donated books is the library's main source of income, please continue to donate your spare books.

Remember that all Residents' Association Board and all Committee Meetings, including Standing Committee and the 50 plus other committees, are OPEN TO ALL RESIDENTS. Participation, but not attendance, does require the permission of the chair.

**Bill Harrington's** book *Just There: A Memoir Of Autisim and Family* will be published November 15. He will be giving a reading in the Auditorium on Friday, January 11, at 3:30. For anyone who buys his book (\$15.00) the full amount will be donated to the Benevolent Fund.



## Family History — Fact or Fiction

By Carol Scott

Most of us have fascinating family stories, passed down through generations. But how much is true, how much embellished in the frequent retelling? Or even made up from a fragment of information?

A case in point is the story of my admirable great-great-grandfather, Dr. Lloyd Seeley, an Abolitionist and Conductor on the Underground Railway, an escape route for runaway slaves traveling to safety in Canada.

Dr. Lloyd's father had served in the Revolutionary War and Lloyd believed in freedom for all. An Abolitionist living in Fairfield, CT, he was an early advocate of fresh air for the treatment of tuberculosis. He had patients from New York who arrived on litters on the train, too ill to walk, striding vigorously back to it some months later after their stay at his house in rooms with windows open at all times and daily exercise outdoors regardless of the weather.

Handsomely rewarded by some of these grateful patients, he ordered a custom-built carriage with hidden space beneath the floorboards for two recumbent figures — fleeing slaves. No one questioned this equipage as it took him to the homes of his patients, AND to Purdy Station on the Underground Railroad.

This was a hut seven miles away near Newtown. In 1859 a smallpox epidemic was raging, and Purdy, a black shepherd who had survived smallpox, offered the hut and his services to the town as a pest house for the care of the contagious victims. Now unused, but feared by bounty-hunters for its pestilential past, it was the perfect safe Station on the Railroad, and Conductor Purdy conveyed the fugitives onward to the next Station.

Isn't that a fascinating story? And story it is, made up by me. An aunt told my sister and me that our physician great-great-grandfather was a Conductor on the Underground Railroad. Newtown pub-

lished the story of the shepherd Purdy and his Station. I enjoyed weaving these snippets of information into this believable family story.

What is true? Lloyd was a physician with a degree from Yale, and did treat TB with fresh air. He lived in Fairfield, like generations of his family before him, and his father was a Revolutionary War soldier.

The story of the shepherd Purdy and the use of his house for smallpox and then the Underground Railroad Station was published in a 1955 League of Women Voters history of Newtown and a later revision. There is a Purdy Station Road, and Purdy's involvement is described on an aluminum sign erected for the 1976 Bicentennial.

However, a Connecticut historian, investigating Purdy's story, found the following: 1) there was never a smallpox epidemic, only 3 cases in 1859, and no pest house was needed; 2) Purdy was a black farm laborer who lived in Newtown from 1825 through 1859; 3) no Underground Railroad stations existed in that part of Fairfield County.

He concluded that some facts were woven together over the next century and became a part of the town's oral folklore, and are by now its history.

In my story of my great-great grandfather there is a kernel of truth, as in every family story. Just be aware that your family "facts" may actually be fiction, a fascinating part of your family folklore.

And that also may be true of some of our nation's history.

## The Camp From Hell

by Carol Oettinger

Being a nurse has opened many doors for me. I found myself with some time off and no particular plans one summer, so the notice I got telling of several positions for nurses in a boys' camp on the sea coast sounded like just what I wanted. I applied, was interviewed, and hired. There was a week of orientation before the second session of camp opened. They told me to bring golf clubs and any other sports equipment I liked.

They also said that the nurses and doctors could have sailing lessons. What fun.. They

also said that hours on duty were flexible and we were sure to have a good time.

During the first day of orientation, 18 very sick young healthy looking counselors

were admitted to the hospital area, some with temperatures up to 105. There was not room for that many, so we put cots in the halls. They had headache, chills, severe cough, and nausea. We sponged them down and got them to drink as much fluid as they could take. A number had trouble walking even as far as the bathroom. This was orientation with a vengeance. The head nurse tried to catch up with us when possible to show us where supplies, equipment, and medications were located. We had found out a lot just by necessity. I had signed up to give allergy shots which gave me a cubicle where I could sit down occasionally. Among other tasks we emptied trash, swept the floors, and tried to feed our patients. As the week went on, a few recovered enough to go back to their bunk-house. It seemed that each one who felt a bit better was replaced by one of the few who had not been ill at first. We were sure that the second session of camp would be cancelled, but it was not. We were notified in the dining area, when there was time to eat. The head of the camp also tried to teach us some rousing camp songs. We were not roused.

The second session of camp began with a skeleton crew of counselors. Luckily the young men were basically healthy, so while weak and tired, they went on with their duties. All the little boys were delighted to be at camp—for about three days—when they started to come into the clinic with the same symptoms. The healthy ones went swimming which turned out to be painful, because the water was full of jellyfish. The little guys came in with red welts and blisters from the jellyfish stings. Several of the sickest boys were sent to the hospital in town. A father flew in and took his son, and a number of other parents came to get their boys.

Needless to say, the nurses and doctors were working around the clock. Before long they began to have symptoms. They were the saddest looking crew I'd ever seen. I lasted for two weeks, but when I got feeling feverish and ill, I told the head of the camp that I was leaving. He said that I had signed a contract. I was able to hold my head up long enough to say "sue me," or words to that effect.

After I had been at home recovering for a while I got a letter from the Department of Public Health of that county. It had gone in to investigate and found some very serious type of flu. I did wonder if the camp went on the next year.

## The Pumpkin Patch

by Carol Oettinger

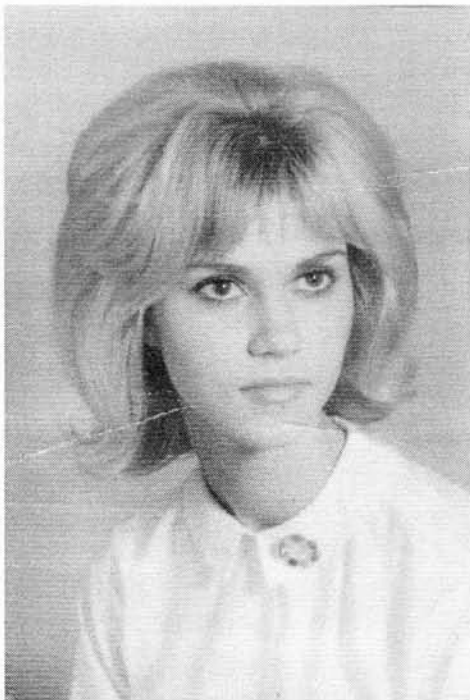
Shortly after I moved to North Carolina, just before one Halloween, I decided that my kids had never seen a pumpkin patch, so we would go out to find one. They were all eager and as we usually had several extra kids along, the car was full. I drove out into Moore County and found a little general store beside the road. I went in and asked the proprietor where I could find a pumpkin patch. He said, "Well look lady, you just go down the road in front of the store until you get to the third right driveway. You drive in there and you will find your pumpkin patch." I did just what he said. The driveway was rough and rutted and it was quite a way in to the shack. I stopped and started to get out of the car when a man burst out of the door with

a shot gun aimed right at me. I said, "I was just looking for your pumpkin patch." He said, "Nothin here for you—get gone right now." I hung a speedy U turn and got gone in a hurry. I went back and stormed into the store. "WHY DID YOU SEND ME THERE?" I said. He said, "Lady, I thought you were funning, never thought you'd go there." I said, "That man there pointed a gun at me." The storekeeper said, "He's got a couple of stills out there and thought you was a revenooer. I'm glad you had all those kids along."

So we went back to the A&P pumpkin patch for our pumpkins.

Later I found out what a still was.

## Mysterty People — Do You Know Who They Are?



Highschool graduate



Soldier, 1952



## The Beach, 6AM, Almost Any Morning

by Ned Arnett

So there she is,  
the old gray mother, pretty much as she's been  
for a billion years, changeless despite her  
bipolar moods from listless calm to tantrum  
hurricanes.

Right now the only reactivity is behind that  
cloud bank  
where the sun's appearance on the scene  
is starting to change everything;  
the golden path across the waves changing to  
silver.

The birds are coming to life.  
The gulls are so purposeful as they head south,  
in a little squadron, flying close-packed  
like Navy Blue Angels  
wing to wing down the island.  
Clearly, they know there's something  
way to the south that has FOOD written on it.

Right where the lip of the retreating tide  
touches the beach  
sandpipers are picking tiny morsels out of the  
wet sand .

What kinds of morsels and why are they so  
specifically here  
while the beach looks the same for miles in  
both directions?

It's all so timeless ,primordial \_  
I wish I could quietly fade into it ,  
to be unthinkingly part of it.  
totally in the present.

But I'm stuck with this consciousness thing,  
trying to think of just the right words to de  
scribe  
that which I wish I could just experience .  
Words against nonwords, that's the price of writ  
ing poetry!

