

Tomi Toney, Social Worker for Independent Living

by Joanne Ferguson

Tomi Toney, who came to The Forest in August of 2012, was born and brought up in Balsam, North Carolina, a tiny town in our mountains. She says it was really small, made up of a post office and a convenience store and included her extended family. High school was a twenty-minute drive away in Sylva.

Her mother was a single mom for a time, and she and her two brothers, Tad and Tye, spent hours and days with their mother's parents, who lived down the hill from them. She says they used to say, "Let's go down the hill" and off they would go on a well-worn path to grandparents. Her grandfather was a carpenter, and her grandmother volunteered with the Park Service, eventually being grandfathered in as a park ranger. This meant campgrounds in Cherokee and Bryson City, so of course they took the children who loved camping, above all tubing down Deep Creek, south of Bryson City. Tubing is done on huge truck inner tubes with a wooden seat attached across the top. Their grandfather took them in the back of his pickup truck to the top of the creek and then met them at the bottom to haul them back to the top. Tomi says, "We were very lucky kids."

I've never been tubing, but I ask if she ever went crawdad hunting. "Yes!" We compare notes about the ice cold water and the sharp stones under our feet, and always being on the lookout for a smooth flat stone to skip across the surface of the water (my creek was Clear Creek in the Ozarks). "What did you do with them when you caught them?" I ask. She put them in a bucket as I did. "And then what?" "You dump them back in when you're finished," she says, as did I. She says her grandmother had a little song that she sang to enhance the process and that it began



Photo by Sue Murphy

"Crawdad, crawdad...." But that's all she remembers. I encourage her to call her brothers to see if they remember.

When she was grown up she said to her grandmother, "Nannie, didn't we drive you all crazy when we were little?" Her grandmother said, "Yes, why do you think we went to Florida one year?"

When it was time for college she went to Appalachian State in Boone and loved it, and there she earned a bachelor's degree in social work. She worked throughout college, spending thirty hours a week waiting tables. During her degree work she interned four days a week in the Burlington School System, working with children. She found that she was happier working with mature patients.

Her first job was as program director at Resources for Seniors, a retirement center in East Wake County. She taught line dancing and her group won an award at the Senior Games in Raleigh.

She has thirteen years of experience working

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The Forester

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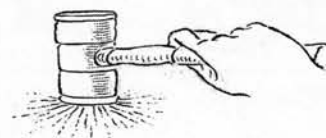
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In Memoriam

President's Podium



by Jack Hughes

It is often said that what makes for the good life at The Forest are the activities of the fifty plus Volunteer Resident Committees, to which we add a loud AMEN.

Less recognized is the small staff that supports and coordinates the activities of these committees and does a lot of other things. This group, known as the Activities Department, consist of four fulltime staff, Ibby, Betsy, Glenn and Becky and four part time bus drivers. They work out of two small offices on either side of the front entrance to the Auditorium. They maintain a directory of the committees and schedule the time and place of most of their meetings, and are responsible for arranging transportation (other than medical), activities in the Auditorium, most of the entertainment by residents and guests, physical fitness programs and a host of other things. The cost of all of these services is allocated to the Activities Department budget which amounts to about two dollars fifty cents (\$2.50) per resident per day.

A less than complete list of services provided by the Activities Department includes:

Arranging free transportation to most local destinations during working hours and at less than actual cost after hours;

All physical fitness, training and exercise programs;

Two or more movies and video presentations weekly;

Operation and maintenance of the audio-visual equipment in the Auditorium;

Frequent appearances by performing artists and lecturers;

Preparation, publication and distribution of

(Continued on page 3)

Library Science 101



By Carol Scott

By the time you read this, the Non-Fiction and Large Print shelves will have been rearranged, to accommodate the very large donation of Large Prints we received before Christmas. There were too many of these new books to be accommodated on the low free-standing shelves, so Carol and Dick DeCamp spent many hours shifting twelve shelves worth of books to the shelves along the right side of the room formerly occupied by Non-Fiction. And these Non-Fiction books have been moved to the part of those shelves nearest the desk.

Are you thoroughly confused? If you just remember that Large Print books from the low shelves continue on the side wall facing them, and Non Fiction is on that wall also, the many new signs there will direct you to what you are looking for.

In addition to those books we have received several other book donations since Christmas. These we are always glad to receive, for most of our holdings once belonged to generous residents of The Forester. Those we cannot use because of duplication, subject or age are offered to a book buyer, and the proceeds from the sales provide money for new publications and for library supplies. Recently we have had welcome financial donations from a half dozen interested residents who recognize that the book buyer's increasingly particular requirements are not going to be enough to support our Library as it should be supported. We hope others will think of us to honor a birthday, give a memorial, or consider us a favorite charity.

February has several special days for which we have adjunct material in the Library. There are biog-

raphies of Lincoln, whose birthday is the 12th; romantic novels to celebrate Valentine's Day on the 14th; Washington's biographies for Presidents' Day on the 18th and his birthday on the 22nd; and history books to cover the eras of the two men. Do you remember that until 1971 we celebrated Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays separately, on their days? In that year they were combined for Presidents Day, always the 3rd Monday in February, to give a three-day weekend. This year Lincoln's occurs on a Monday, so can be celebrated alone!

And don't forget our CD and DVD collections in the Classroom for additional supplements to your celebrations of these days!

President's Podium continued

(Continued from page 2)

the weekly and monthly activities bulletins;

Preparing and posting a list of the activities and other information on the Forest TV network (Channel 8 Touchtown) each day all year long;

Acting as broker, at no charge, for tickets to off-campus events;

And all of these services -- and others -- are provided willingly and with a big smile at a daily cost of less than a sandwich and glass of tea in the Forest Café.

It has to be the best bargain on the Campus.

Tomi Toney continued

(Continued from page 1)

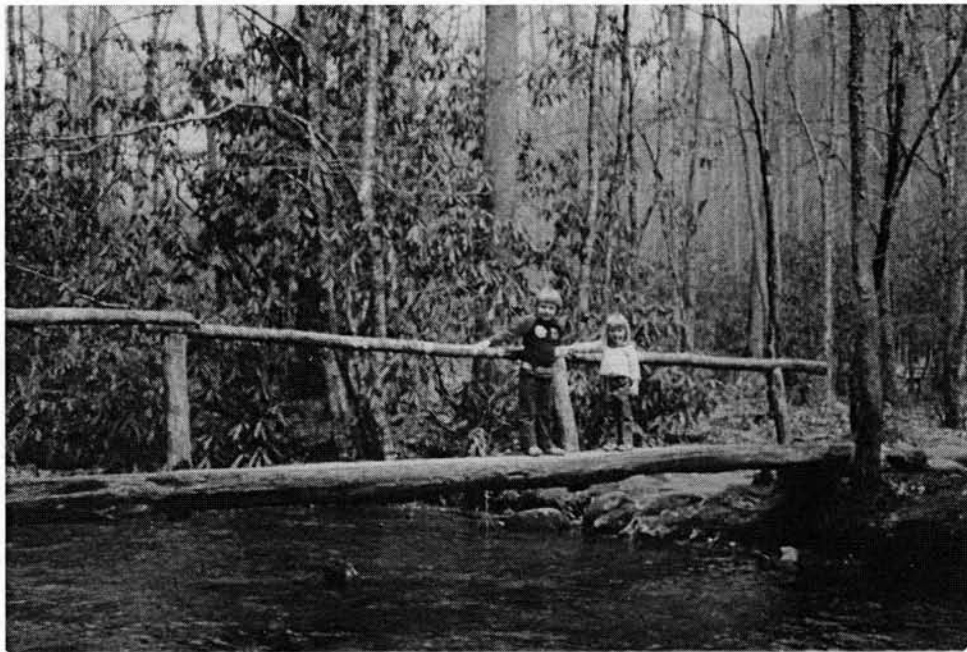
with seniors as a social worker and as a Director of Social Services, with two years experience with hospice and home health care. She came to us from Brian Center on Fayetteville Street, a skilled nursing and rehabilitation center like our Health Center.

Tomi lives in Durham with one of her uncles. Her family always had dogs when she was growing up, and she now has two: a black lab named Bryson (her grandmother's maiden name) and a Catahoula hound named Lizzie Lou.

She says the residents and staff at The Forest are amazing and she couldn't be happier with Leslie Jarema as her boss. She adds that the staff is "like a gift" to her.



Bryson



Tad and Tomi on bridge at Smokemont campground

Welcome, New Residents



Doris M. Sommer

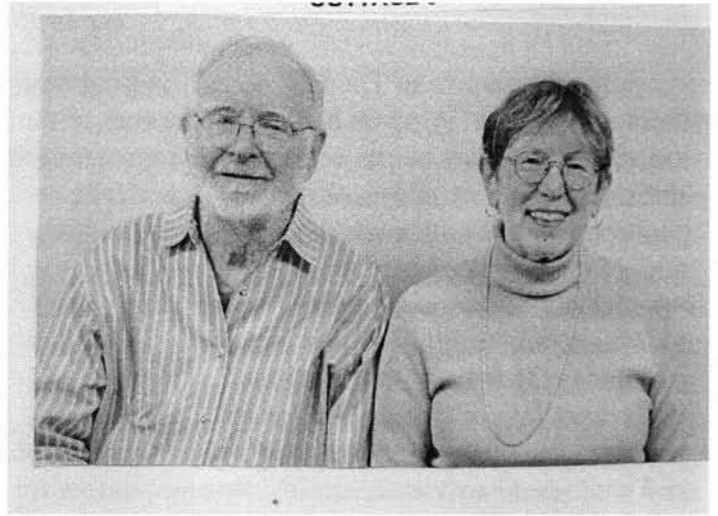
Apartment 2028 919-489-9458

I was born in the outskirts of Munich, Germany. After the war years and after high school graduation, I had to go to work to help support the family. In 1951

I married Dr. Joachim Sommer and several years later we emigrated to Washington, DC, here in the US. From there, we moved to Norfolk, VA, and finally to Durham, where I have been for over 50 years. I worked at medical libraries until our children were born.

Without any family in the US, I decided to take care of the "home life," and stopped working outside of the home. I volunteered at the schools my children attended and in other capacities around Durham as time permitted. My two children are now grown, with one in Texas and the other in Pennsylvania. I have enjoyed frequent trips to visit my mother, other relatives, and friends in Germany and Austria, as well as traveling within the US to visit my children and five grandchildren.

Other interests and hobbies of mine over time have included sports, music, reading, and gardening.



Steve And Charlotte Wainwright

Cottage 6 919-489- 5858

Charlotte is a native of Siler City, NC, and attended grade and high school there. She is a graduate of the former Women's College of North Carolina and earned her PhD in Art History from UNC. Her professional interests lie largely in 19th and 20th century architecture, preservation, and craft history. She is the founding director of the Gregg Museum at NCSU. She has one son, Jonathan, who is a mountaineer and lives in Truckee, CA.

Steven is a native of Indianapolis. He earned his bachelor's degree in zoology at Duke and went on to earn his masters at Cambridge University and his PhD at the University of California. He served two years in the Army Medical Service Corps, and pursued a career as teacher and researcher at Duke. He has founded and managed several organizations in fields as diverse as biological research and activities for high-school students. He is the author of three biological textbooks and numerous research papers. He enjoys scuba diving and snorkeling and is both a painter and sculptor. He has three sons: Peter, a biology professor at the University of California-Davis; Ian, a chef in Florida; and Archer in Wilmington; and a daughter, Jennifer, who is a nurse in Durham.

Star Among Us

by Joanne Ferguson

When I go down to The Biltmore, I find our new therapy dog, Star, lying on her bed in a corner of the lounge. When I say her name, her head comes up and she smiles. As I sit in a chair beside her bed, she repositions herself so she can offer me a paw and be ready for whatever I have to offer.

She is four years old, raced for two years under the race name Magic VIP, and came to us from Project Racing Home Adoption Agency. She had previously been owned by an elderly person for several years, where she became accustomed to wheelchairs and walkers. Greyhounds are just the right height for wheelchair residents to reach easily.

Jennifer Perry and **Omari Hester** are her managers here. They tell me she is playful and very cud-

dly. When children get down in the floor she joins them happily. She is walked more than twice a day with willing walkers from nursing and dining as well as activities. She loves to chase squirrels but wears a Wander Guard to prevent a quick escape from an outside door.

When I visit her in Biltmore (she has a bed in the Holbrook living room also) she is wearing a Thunder Shirt, which was designed to calm dogs during thunderstorms. Omari tells me she has it on to keep warm and he doesn't know yet whether she's afraid of thunder, and if so, how well the shirt works.

She eats a half cup of dry food twice a day (chicken and rice) and takes aspirin and glucosamine in order to stay limber. She is a huge success.



Photo by Sue Murphy



Star lounging with Stacey Riggsbee's son Josh

The Apricot Mystery

(Thank you, Wikipedia, for information.)

by Bill Harrington

Granddaddy had finished his lunch when Grandmamma placed his dessert in front of him.

"Here, Anson, here're some peaches."

"Rena, they're apricots, not peaches."

"Anson, they're peaches. I just got 'em out of the can. Eat 'em ... they're good for you."

"Rena, these are apricots."

"All right, I'll show ya." Rena retrieved the discarded can. "I'm sorry, Anson. You're right. They're apricots." She reached out to pick up Granddaddy's dessert.

"Granddaddy held onto the bowl. "No, I'll eat them for apricots, but I'll be damned if I was gonna eat them for peaches."

Grandmamma and Granddaddy were two very different people. I always knew they were in love by the way they looked at each other. They were kind to one another and to everyone around them. My maternal grandparents simply saw the world from two different perspectives. One such difference occurred every Sunday morning. Grandmamma was a devout Methodist who rarely missed a Sunday sermon. On the other hand, Granddaddy never went to church, but his wife made sure that he shared part of the Sabbath responsibility. His job was to pick her up after the 11:00 service. I also did my part for a few years. Granddaddy parked his car at the end of the block enabling me to see past the three houses between me and church. "There she is, Granddaddy." He swooped around in his four-door Dodge and picked her up.

I have always wondered if the two look-alikes – peaches and apricots – are related. They obviously seem to be: similar colors and both have pits. Of course, the apricot is a little smaller and the textures are different.

Armenia is given credit for the origin of the apricot, but China and India and some other countries would probably have contrasting viewpoints. The fruit was introduced to Greece by Alexander the Great. A few centuries later, English settlers brought apricots to the New World. That was on the east coast, of course. Spanish missionaries first planted apricot seedlings on the west coast in California. Now, that state produces most of our country's apricots. (Some are grown in Washington and Utah.)

Back to my question. Apricots are related to peaches and nectarines. Currently, more than 50 varieties of apricots are grown in the United States. If it hadn't been for the label on the can, Grandmamma's contention would probably have been, "Anson, these are just little peaches."

There is a vicious rumor in my family that I inherited a stubborn gene from my maternal grandfather. I've always been skeptical, but

Serendipity

by Carol Scott

“Serendipity: luck or good fortune in finding something good accidentally,” says the Fourth Edition of Webster’s New World College Dictionary.

Serendipitous events have happened to us all, unexplained but always pleasant. Let me tell you about one that recently happened to me here at The Forest at Duke.

Somehow Margaret Keller learned that I had grown up on Urban Avenue in Durham. She has a friend who has lived for many years in that same block of Urban and discovered that Barbara Fish had known my parents forty years ago. Margaret decided that Barbara and I should get together and invited us for dinner one evening at The Forest.

The two of us met before Margaret arrived, bonded instantly, and were already chatting away about Urban Avenue when Margaret joined us. It turned out that Barbara and her husband lived directly across the street from the house in which I had grown up, and were good friends with my parents before they moved to a nursing home.

At the table we continued reminiscing. Barbara said several lovely things about my parents, which pleased me greatly, for, as you can imagine, there are not many people who remember them now.

I began naming the residents I had known from one end to the other on my side of the street, and she responded with which ones she had also known. Margaret, left out, listened patiently.

“The Sugg family. A boy and girl the ages of my sisters.”

“Mrs. Sugg, a widow, was living alone when we moved there.”

“Mrs. Teer, a widow. We lived in that house first, before we moved next door.”

“Still there. I knew her, too.”

“The Seeleys –my parents. My sisters and I were married and gone when you moved there.

“They were such good neighbors! Your mother embroidered Christmas stockings for our two girls one year.”

“Mr. and Mrs. Head and their daughter Mary Corinna.”

“They were gone. Corinna inherited the house and rented it out.”

Then we started on her side of the street, with several houses to name before her own.

“The Stills. I didn’t really know them. They were older than the others.”

“I met their daughter once.”

“The Kueffners. Two daughters, Charlotte and Rose.”

Here Margaret broke in, excitedly. “Do you mean Rose Kueffner DONNELL?”

“Yes,” I replied. “Rose was my very good friend all through public school and beyond. We used to walk to and from school together. I still keep in touch with her. How do you know her?”

“When my husband, Tom, started the Business School at Duke, he thought it would be a good idea to involve the Duke alumni who were successful businessmen. Ed Donnell was CEO of Montgomery Ward, and later of Sears Roebuck. He and Rose came down to Durham many times and we became very well acquainted. We visited them in Chicago and also at their winter home in Naples, Florida.”

There were many exclamations over this coincidence, and we spoke more of the Kueffners and Donnells. This time it was Barbara who listened patiently.

What an interesting evening! Margaret had expected to be the catalyst bringing Barbara and me together, which she did, but found for herself an unexpected connection in addition.

I had heard from Rose at Christmas but had not yet replied. I wrote an overdue letter to her, still in Florida for the winter, to inform her that two of her friends, one from 75 years ago and the other from 40 years ago had met and were now friends to each other also.

Serendipity at its best!

The Dry Grass of August

by Anna Jean Mayhew

A Review by Peggy Quinn

Jubie Watts is the narrator in Anna Jean Mayhew's first novel, *The Dry Grass of August*.

She is a tall, gawky thirteen-year-old girl whose name could have been Scout, the young protagonist in *To Kill a Mockingbird*, or Lily Owen, the fourteen-year-old runaway in *The Secret Life of Bees*, or Frankie in Carson McCullers's *Member of the Wedding*. Mary Luther, the Negro maid in Mayhew's tale, could have stepped right out of the pages of *The Help*.

There's a definite feeling of familiarity as you skim through the pages. It's like being introduced to someone whom you are sure you have met before. *The Dry Grass of August* is a coming of age story. It's about segregation and race relations in the South during the 50s, a subject that has been explored and exploited since the early years of slavery.

The plots in these stories are similar: characters growing up, awakening to the inequalities of the age, blending time and place into a deceptively simple story. A young family, mother and four children, along with their African-American maid, leave their comfortable home in Charlotte, NC, to drive to Florida for a vacation with relatives. Pauli, the mother, is preoccupied, glad to get away from a troubled marriage. The children and Mary Luther, their maid, are anxious to get to the beach. Jubie is particularly glad to get away from her abusive father. She has welts on her legs where he beat her with his belt.

The journey opens up new vistas to the young Jubie as she becomes aware of the difference between white and black. All along the road they are confronted with rules they must follow: Mary cannot stay in the white hotel with them; she must stay in a black hotel down the block. When they stop for lunch at a roadside restaurant, she sees the sign, "WHITES ONLY." Mary has to sit in the car and wait for Jubie to bring her some lunch, and then she has to use an outhouse in the back field. In one small

town near Georgia they see a sign that says "NEGROES OBSERVE CURFEW, WHITES ONLY AFTER DARK." Even on the beach in Florida, Mary is told not to go into the water with the children ... she should go and find a black beach. The children consider Mary to be part of their family and find it hard to understand that skin color can make such a difference. She is greatly loved by the Watts children and has been more of a mother to them than Pauli, who is totally consumed with her marital problems.

Jubie is strong willed and daring. She meets a young black boy and befriends him. He tells her that his name is Leesum Fields. She asks how he got that name and he says he guesses his mama gave it to him. Mama told him she got it from the Bible when she read about Elysian Fields. She said it was a good name and meant Heaven. Jubie feels comfortable with Leesum but she knows that their friendship is dangerous.

As the story progresses, young Jubie is faced with the realities of what it means to be a black-skinned person in the culture of the 50s in the South. She wants to see Mary treated like a white person. She is also realizing that her family is being torn apart by her father's fondness for alcohol and women. In the midst of this family drama a tragic incident rocks all of them to the core. Jubie suffers with the injustice of it all and grows wise beyond her thirteen years.

I liked the way Mayhew presents the story. She doesn't use platitudes or clichés but meets the story head-on and has no time for the contemptible manner in which some choose to treat their fellow man. It's a good story, well written and told with warmth and compassion. It stands on its own in spite of the feelings of familiarity brought on by the comparison to the other novels written about race relations in the South.

Serious Business

by Ned Arnett

Walking from the lab through the warm spring
air,
I heard angry young voices near The Yard.
A lad with bloody nose and rumpled hair,
but quintessentially “a Harvard,”
told me he was in truth a debater
arousing passions violent and hard.
The subject: “Is Prose or Poetry Greater?”
A riot over this? Of course; how Harvard!

...“the expression of elevated thought,”
says the authoritative O.E.D.,*
a simple definition of what ought

to be the least required of Poetry.
And what then of Prose? “Straightforward dis
course,”
says the O.E.D., scarcely worth a fight,
to evoke vile curses or even force,
unless from a poet who knows he’s right.
Do students actually still debate
if Poetry or Prose are truly great?

*O.E.D.: Oxford English Dictionary

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



Young man 1935



New Brunswick, New Jersey 1952

All We Like Sheep

by George Chandler

Reprinted from *The Forester* October 2006

Some years ago my wife and I spent a week walking in the Welsh countryside not far from the English border. We were part of a group which spent each night at a different place. There was a leader to guide us on our daily walks and a second team member with a van who carried our luggage so that it awaited us each evening at that day's destination. The second day out we had hardly left the village where we had spent the night when our path took us past a farm gate behind which there was a pair of young black-and-white border collies. The gate may have done well enough to keep in cows and sheep, but the dogs were under it in no time at all and had joined our group. We were to find that they had had a good deal of training as sheep dogs, but they had clearly not been taught the basic lesson that all youngsters should learn: not to be lured away from home by strangers.

They stuck with us for perhaps three quarters of an hour. Then they seemed to have a sort of consultation, and they must have agreed to disagree, for one of them trotted off in the direction from which we had come. The other, however, had clearly adopted us, and all attempts by our leader to persuade him to follow his partner on the road home were fruitless.

Country walking in Britain is a delight largely because the country is covered by a network of public footpaths, most of which go across private land. Some of them lead the walker to spots that are very private indeed. I recall one such right-of-way in the West Riding which took Marjorie and me to within a few feet of the farmer's front door, around the side of the farmhouse, and through the poultry yard before we got back into open country.

We encountered several such situations that day. Invariably, a farm dog would come out to meet our collie, either to challenge him to a battle or invite him to engage in a playful romp. It was on the first of these occasions that we began to realize just where he stood. He had clearly decided that we were sheep, and moreover, *his* sheep. He had taken us on as his

job, and he would not be diverted from carrying it out. He just cut those other dogs dead—not even condescending to bark at them—and went on, doggedly, I guess you would say, on his lawful occasions.

The culmination of our dog's day's work came in mid-afternoon. We were walking along a narrow farm track with thick hedgerows on both sides, when we met a small herd of cows coming towards us. There were about a dozen of them, and they were ambling along, according to the nature of cows, using the entire width of the road, with a farm worker following behind very slowly, in a small pickup truck.

Our dog went to work at once. In a minute or so he had those cows in single file along one side of the road, and in another minute he had herded us 15 walkers into another line on the opposite side. Apparently realizing that we were all Americans, he had lined up each of his two files on the right-hand side of the road.

By the time we got to our overnight stop, three or



four of the walkers wanted to adopt the collie, but our walk leader took him up in the van that had brought us our luggage and drove him back to where he had joined us that morning.

We were careful to see that he got a good meal first, just in case his master decided to punish him for running off, by sending him to bed without his supper.

Besides, he'd had a busy day, and the laborer is worthy of his hire.

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

Pertaining to Washington and Lincoln

ADDRESS	DOUGLAS	GUN	MT VERNON	SHERMAN
AX	EMANCIPATION	HERO	NEGROES	SLAVERY
BEARD	ELECTION	HORSE	ORATOR	SOLDIER
BOOTH	ELECTED	ILLINOIS	PEALE	SOUTH
CAPITOL	FEBRUARY	INAUGURAL	PENNY	STATUE
CHIEF	FIRST	LAW	PISTOL	SURVEYOR
CIVIL WAR	GENERAL	MARTHA	PORTRAIT	TAD
COLONIAL	GEORGE	MARY	POTOMAC	THEATER
CONFEDERACY	GETTYSBURG	MEDAL	REVOLUTION	TREATY
	GRANT	MONUMENT	REPUBLICAN	UNANIMOUS