



Volume 19 Issue 6

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

March 2013

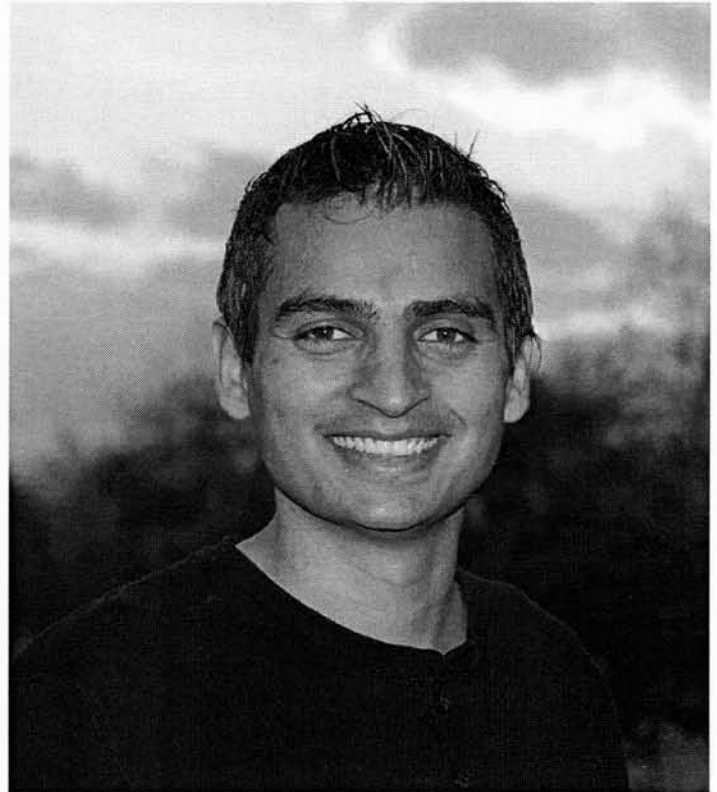
Ajay Bhatt, Fitness Coordinator

by Joanne Ferguson

"Sit up straight," says **Ajay Bhatt** in the Balance Basics class, "and don't lean back. You should sit up straight always at home, even when you are reading. Try it for a half hour at first." By now we are all groaning at his suggestion. He tells us he has no furniture in his house and that he sits, eats, and sleeps on the floor, a conscious choice for flexibility and development of the core muscles, and that staying close to the earth makes him more grounded! More groans from the class. But we go on obediently to various balance exercises and tai chi moves, stretching and some stylized laughter, which is a good breathing exercise as well as—according to Ajay—an enhancer of the immune system. When we are standing on one foot with eyes closed he says to imagine we are running and to say "my balance is getting better." It is a happy class.

Ajay was born at home in Chittor, India, with his maternal grandmother as midwife. He grew up in Udaipur, a place of great romantic grandeur surrounded by beautiful mountain ranges. It has a floating palace (in the middle of a lake), where his ancestors worked as advisors to the king. It was here the James Bond movie *Octopussy* was filmed. The area is known for its freedom struggles against the various invaders; the saffron stripe across the Indian flag, representing courage, sacrifice, and patriotism, is the color of the turbans of the defenders.

Ajay's paternal grandfather never left his village, was a poor farmer who knew nothing but agriculture. He told Ajay's father, "All I can give you is two bullocks." So his father left the village at age nine, worked in shops and houses, was the first in his family to graduate from high school and became valedictorian at university, studying sociology. "He made



his own life," says Ajay, "and encouraged me to make my own life also."

His mother, who married at fifteen, was encouraged by his father to get an education and became a school principal. "My parents were very open-minded and never forced me. Other parents pushed their children," he says. In India men did nothing in the household, but Ajay's mother taught him to cook, and when he was ten he cooked for the whole family. His mother was not a typical Indian woman. She was rebellious and opposed the patriarchal system, refusing to cover her face or head after marriage. Through her example she taught Ajay great respect for women. "She was a change maker. I would call her a

(Continued on page 4)

The Forester

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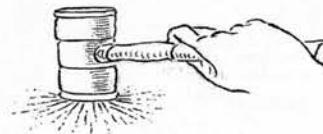
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President's Podium

by Jack Hughes

What The Forest owns, The Forest takes care of was Jim Normandin's answer to a question about the responsibility for maintenance of buildings (inside and out) and grounds.

For the cottages this means that trees, shrubs and lawns are taken care of; residents are responsible for the care of their plantings. But note that "personal plantings that are more extensive than small flowerbeds or vegetable gardens require the submission of a detailed request to the Facility Services office...". Cottage exteriors are on a schedule of preventive maintenance: power wash the siding every two years, replace roof every 20 to 25 years, etc. Cottage interiors are scheduled for repainting, replacement of kitchen appliances (excluding washer and dryer), cabinets and carpets every seven years. Needed repairs of any sort are at no cost to the resident (except washer and dryer).

Apartment dwellers have pretty much the same maintenance schedule except for the washer and dryer which are two of the appliances provided by The Forest and covered in the entrance and monthly fees.

On another note, The Residents Association computer has been moved to the fourth floor Office by elevator 7 while the Computer Room is being occupied for a few months by Marketing for use in development and marketing of the fifteen cottages to be built on the west side of the campus. The Residents Association Office is open every day from 8:00 AM until 10:00 PM.

In Memoriam

Paul Altschuler February 20, 2013

Mary Ellen Baber February 20, 2013

Library Science 101

By Carol Scott

HEADS UP!

Something new is going to be in the Library. We are planning that in the near future we will have books for sale in the Library --- readable and recent books from donations made by residents and friends. These will be offered at very low prices and will be added to from time to time. Please stay tuned while **Eunice Grossman, Dolly Selleck, Cathrine Stickel** and **Barbara Eldridge** work out the where, how, and what. It should all be in place by the next edition of *The Forester*. Proceeds will be used for support of the Library.

Meanwhile ---As you may know, just inside the copier room and to your left is a tall box for older but not dated magazines, like *Our State*, *National Geographic*, *Better Homes and Gardens*, *New Yorker* and others. These are taken each month alternately to the VA or to Duke Hospital by Dolly Selleck or **Bob Judd**. But all of you know doctors' offices where there is no recent reading material. Wouldn't you like to take several with you to your next appointment so those waiting could have something interesting to read while waiting to be called?

Just come in and leave with an armful. Dolly and Bob would be delighted for your help.

Especially for newcomers to The Forest--- Every second and fourth Thursday, from 2:00 until 3:00 p.m., OASIS, from the Bookmobile branch of the Durham County Public Library, brings us new books in both regular and large print to check out for two weeks. This is a wonderful supplement to our own Library. No library card is needed. No overdue charges are made. And if you would like a particular book, you can order it by calling 919-560-0152.

Also if you think our Library should own a certain book, please tell me so I can purchase it. We now have copies of the new Book Club selections for spring: Flynn's *Gone Girl* for March; Kingsolver's *Flight Behavior* for April; Lovesey's *The Last Detective* for May; and Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* for June.

As for the Book Club itself, it meets the second Wednesday of each month at 2:30 in the afternoon in the Party Room. Although it is primarily a discussion group, feel free to come if you have not read the book but want to learn a bit about it.

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



El Paso, Texas 1951



Jeff and boy in cabbage patch

Ajay Bhatt continued

(Continued from page 1)

perfect woman," he says.

He still cooks every day, eating healthful foods. His family for many generations has avoided meat; he hasn't even tasted it. "Aren't you curious about it?" I ask. He says no, it seems to him it would likely make him sick.

His maternal grandfather, with whom he spent a lot of time, was highly educated and worked with Gandhi (for which he was jailed). Ajay says he was lucky to have known his great grandfather, since he lived to be 112. This great grandfather rode a bicycle until he was over 100. Only at 106 did he begin to walk with a cane, though he could still do a full squat. When he died there was a celebration of his life with bands, food, and a colorful parade that included his great grandson Ajay.

When Ajay went to college he studied business, but says it was not something that interested him. "My vision and dream were in health and wellness and helping the world." He says he studied Japanese martial arts for a while, but found it too violent and switched to tai chi and yoga.

He came to America in 2006 and has been at The Forest for six months, where he began teaching a yoga class and last year was hired as fitness coordinator. He now teaches tai chi and yoga and helps with all other fitness classes.

I ask where he got his English and he says his grandfather had good English and as a teenager he grew up on a campus where his father worked and where English was spoken. He learned most from his Kenyan and Ugandan friends, who spoke British English, and with whom he played soccer. Since he lived in a town that was a big tourist attraction, he went around the streets spotting English speakers at random to whom he would say, "Hello, how are you?" and then ask them for words. He says when he came to America he made many different friends instead of just those from his country. "You have to be curious, ask questions, and accept some embarrassment." He tells me he has learned to say "please" and "thank you" in the casual American way; in India the

expressions are used only on formal occasions. He speaks Hindi, the national language, and Mewari of his birth place. He understands five languages in a country that has hundreds of them, twenty-two of which are official. He says now he would like to learn Spanish.

Before we leave a discussion of his languages, I ask him about Sanskrit, the ancient Indic language (1200-400BC), and he writes a sample for me:

Om, Shanti, Shanti, Shanti. He says Om is the "universal sound" and Shanti is "peace." He then

ॐ शंतिः शंतिः शंतिः

chants it for me, the final "Shanti" with a tonal fall.

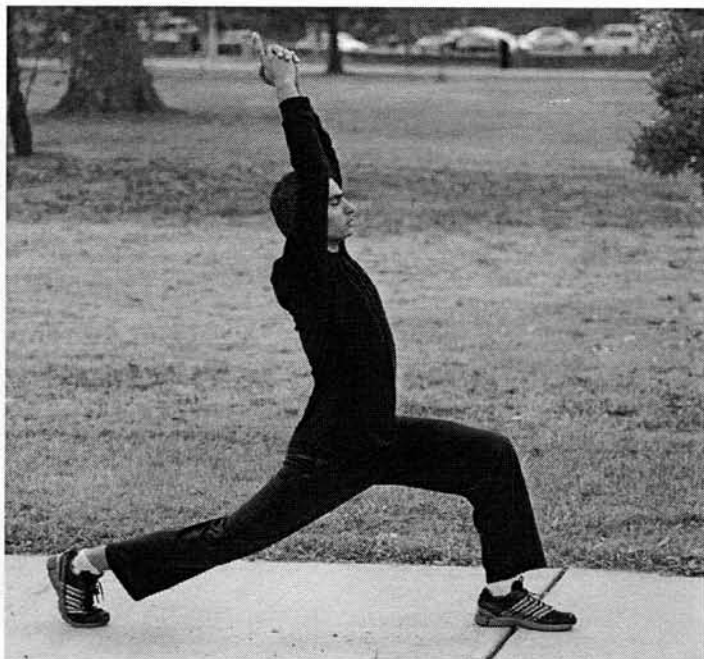
As I listen I am transported back thousands of years and across thousands of miles; it is a beautiful moment.



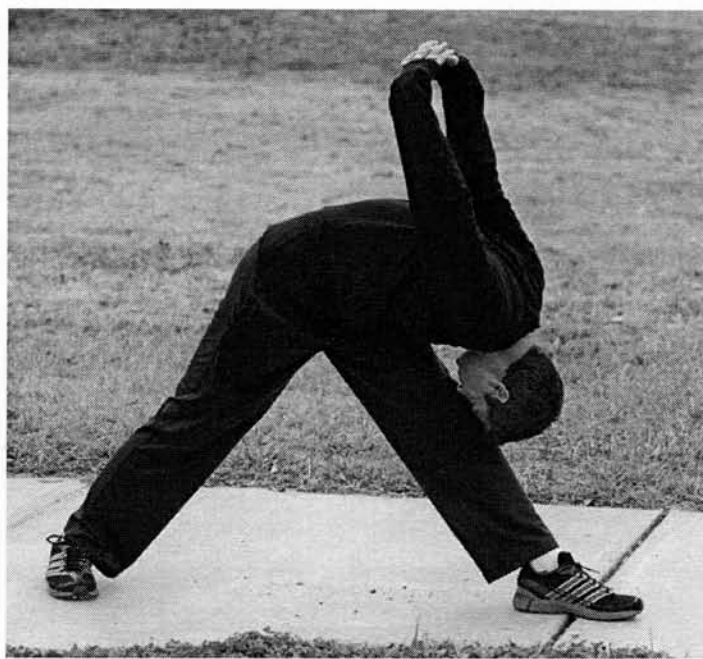
Namaste

greeting of respect and honor

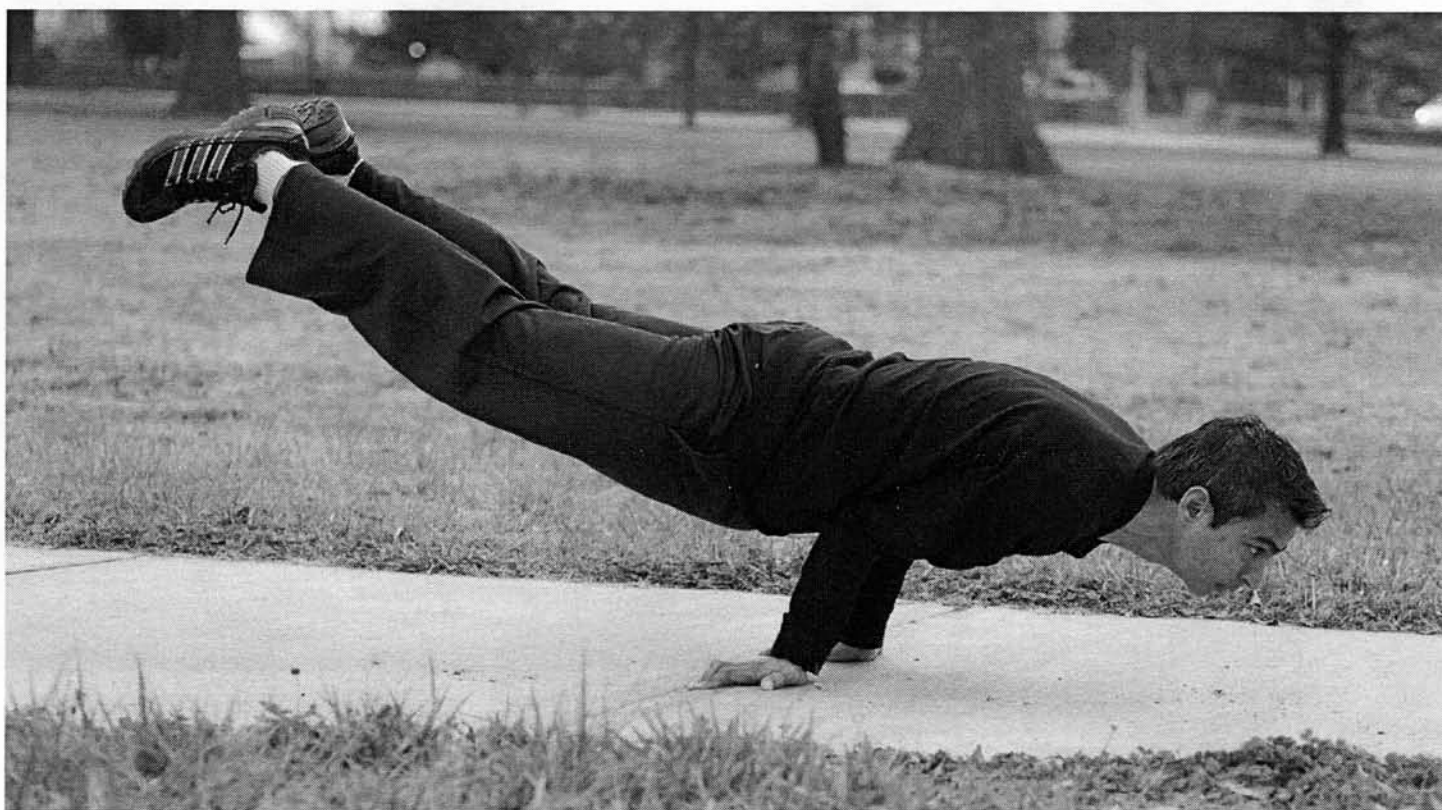
Ajay Bhatt photos



Warrior



Head to Knee



Peacock

The Dogs Have Their Day

compiled and captioned by Maija Harrington



Benji, Christal Machemer's companion, is a wire-haired dachshund with long, soft hair.

Ceasar, a rescued schnauzer mix, spends many vacations at the Forest with his grandma Ingrid Hertz.



Mac, Linda and Bert Alexander's west highland white terrier, looks handsome with a new haircut and a bright bandanna.



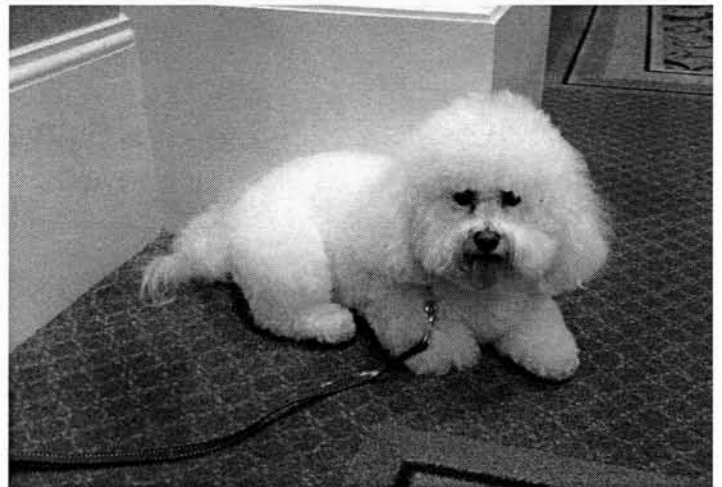
MacDoodle, Elodie Bentley's cairn terrier, enjoys a sunny day at The Forest.

The Dogs Have Their Day

continued



Sugar, Charlotte & Herb Saltzman's golden lab, poses with Herb.



Millie, Carol and Bill Griffith's bichon frisé, loves her corner at the café.

Pugs Charlie (center) and Sarah (right) show their foster brother Sam (left) the big white box where Maija & Bill Harrington hide the goodies.



A Book Is Not a Nook

by Peggy Quinn

How does it start? When do books get introduced into our lives? Could it be when as toddlers our mothers read us nursery rhymes? Grimm's fairy tales, *Charlotte's Web*, *Goodnight Moon* and Christopher Robin, all to entertain us before we have solved the puzzle of the printed word. Then, like magic, we discover that we have broken the code, we can read and from then on we become masters of the universe. We can choose our friends. Just go back and think of all the friends you made as a child as you curled up contentedly with a new book. You joined Huckleberry Finn and his friend Jim on their voyage down the river. You followed Alice down the hole and had tea with the Queen. Remember that scary, awful wizard whom you went to see with Dorothy and her friends?

Books are, and always will be, our friends, and I don't believe I can ever give up the joy of holding a new book, of turning the pages for the first time. Whoops! There was a paragraph back there that I must go back and reread. Each page of a good book has a memorable line that would be so easy to miss the first time around. There is a certain anticipation, an excitement, in waiting for a favorite author to write a new book. And that, my friends, has led me to this timely tale of woe.

Ken Follett is one of my favorite authors. I first became a loyal fan when I read *Pillars Of the Earth*. The fourth and latest book in this family saga was first on my list for summer reading. I couldn't wait to begin. Then I was gifted with a NOOK. I was not delighted but I thought I should at least give it a try. It did seem like a reasonable choice for reading on a plane, and since the Follett book was 768 pages and quite heavy, the Nook went along with me on vacation.

It was a disaster from the very beginning. I settled into my seat and began to read. The Nook jumped from one chapter to the next before I could even read the first sentence. I spent the whole trip to California scrolling backward. It was slow going and needless to say by the time I was back where I wanted to be the battery had died.

Never has it taken me so long to read a novel. Reading is interrupted by different icons that jump up on the screen, more time lost while you get rid of the invaders. Again, the battery dies. It is the most frustrating excuse for a book and never again will I allow myself to be lured away from a real, live, docile, page-turning book. The robot Nook even seems to know when you are really involved in a developing scene and just at the vital moment it goes to sleep.

Mr. Barnes & Noble, you will be happy to know that I am returning your latest electronic nightmare. I am sure some poor unsuspecting soul will come along and fall into the same trap. By the way, I am off now to buy a hardback copy of *Winter of the World*. I have not finished it yet. Thanks to the NOOK.

* * *

P.S. I did as I promised and marched off to the book store to vent my frustration with their NOOK. A young man came to help and very politely explained all the things that I was doing wrong. I must eat humble pie and admit that he was right. I left with head hung low but still convinced that the NOOK is not a BOOK.

Succotash

by Bill Harrington

I remember climbing into the “little ice truck,” as we called it, with my Dad to travel a short distance to Mr. Jolly’s farm to pull corn. The Jolly family grew lots of vegetables to give away to anyone who wanted them – often the ways of a rural Southern town. Every year Mom and Dad would gather a few hundred ears of corn from the Jolly farm and from Dad’s gardens to “put up” for the winter. Sometimes we ran out of space in our freezer and borrowed a part of Dad’s sister’s freezer across the street.

One summer, I wasn’t so sure the annual corn harvest was going to happen. Mr. Jolly stopped by the ice plant to talk to his old friend. I was happy to see him because I got to hear the two men tell some “they don’t make them like they used to” and “bring back the good old days” stories. Suddenly, Dad asked an unexpected question. “Hey W.O., when are you gonna let me go out and get some corn? That corn I got last year was too old. It was too hard.” When the Good Lord was passing out diplomacy genes, Dad was standing behind the door.

After a pause that I’m sure was much shorter than I remember, Mr. Jolly said, “Oh hell Bill, go ahead and get you some corn whenever you want it.”

The next morning, Dad and my brother Joe climbed into the little ice truck, traveled to Mr. Jolly’s corn field, and loaded up with lots and lots of corn. Mom always had the same question. “Bill, where on earth do you think we’re gonna put all this corn?” He always found a place.

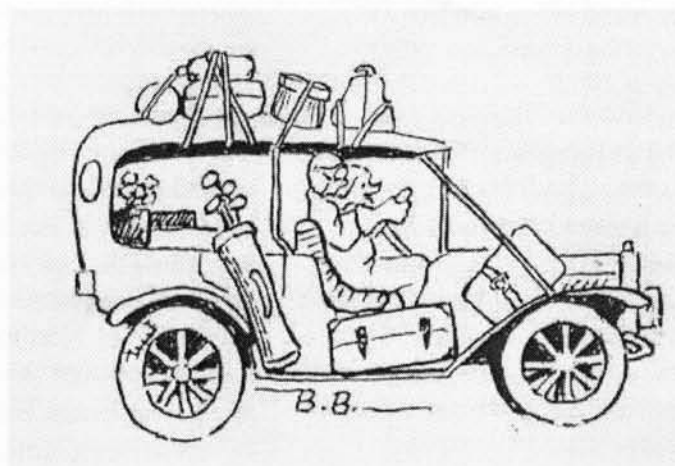
During the winter, Mom often prepared the corn as one of our vegetables. On some occasions, she used the corn as the central ingredient of succotash, a special treat in the Harrington household. When I saw succotash on our menu recently, I wondered where it originated. Ms. Christina Choi, the chef and owner of the Nettletown Restaurant in Seattle, Washington, believes the word succotash originated from the Narragansett Indian word *msakwitash*. This Native American word means fragments of boiled corn.

There are dozens and dozens of succotash recipes. The essential ingredients are corn freshly cut off the cob and beans flavored with onions, salt pork, or bear fat. (I assume TFAD does not use bear fat.) There is a Creole recipe that includes okra. Ms. Choi’s variety of the dish replaces the beans with mushrooms. During the Great Depression, succotash was often topped with pastry and baked into a pie.

I plan to talk to Tony soon to see if he can locate some bear fat to make our succotash more authentic.

TRAVEL THEN AND NOW

by Carol Scott



From Durham to Charlotte is a distance of 143 miles.

By train this takes 2 hours and 50 minutes after you reach the train station and buy your ticket.

By car it is only 2 hours and 35 minutes depending on traffic.

By plane it is only 31 minutes from take-off to landing ---after parking and check-in.

It was not always so. Back in the forties the planes were propeller-driven, not jets, and the flight was more leisurely, though still not quite as long as a train or car trip.

After WW II my husband enrolled in a graduate clinical psychology program at Duke under the GI Bill. In the second year of the program two of his classmates planned to marry in Charlotte, where a relative was a minister. Scotty and I wanted to attend the early afternoon event.

My mother could take care of our two young children, but we needed to make this a one-day trip and be back by bedtime. After much consideration we decided we could afford to fly down in the late morning and take the late afternoon train back. That fitted our schedule very nicely.

Scotty had flown in military planes in Italy, and I had been up once in a Piper Cub, but neither of us had flown commercially. This was a big adventure.

After takeoff the stewardess walked down the aisle taking orders for lunch (yes, there was time on that flight to eat lunch aboard!). When she got to us Scotty said "No, thank you." After she moved on he said to me "There's no telling how much they will charge you, up here in the air!"

"Honey!" I exclaimed. "It's free. It's part of the airfare,"

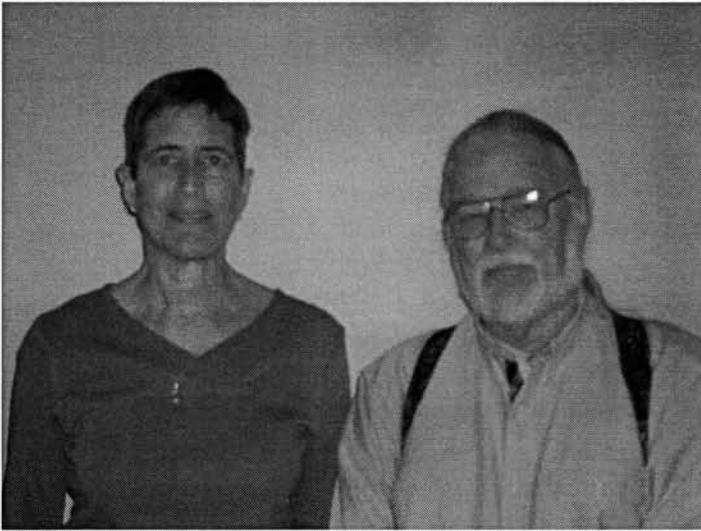
"How do you know that?"

"Why, I've read about it and heard people talk about it. It's part of flying now."

With that remark he called the stewardess back and told her we had changed our minds, and would like lunch after all. I don't remember what we had to eat, but do know that it was not rushed.

But when I flew to Charlotte recently there was barely time for a drink of water. And on what planes can one get a full meal today? Qantas, the Australian airline, is very good about meals, but I am usually flying within the U.S., not to another continent.

Welcome, New Residents



Ann Huessener and Ken Haslam
Apt. 2021/23 919-401-2295

Ann (58) was born and raised in Pittsburgh, PA. She has a B.A. in biology from Vassar, and an M.S. from the Pace University Lienhard School of Nursing. Following 25 years of medical/surgical nursing, Ann is now a hospice nurse. She has two daughters in California, one pursuing a B.A. and the other a PhD. She sings alto voice in Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual, and Transgender vocal groups, has performed nationally and internationally, and is a devotee of exercise.

Ken (78) was raised in central California, graduated Univ. of California (Berkeley), Cornell Medical and Harvard/Mass. General Hospital in Anesthesiology. He has taught at Duke and UNC (Chapel Hill). His daughter lives in Raleigh. He retired in 1993, has been active in Hemlock Society and is a nationally recognized leader in the Polyamory community. He founded and oversees a Polyamory historical archive collection at the Kinsey Institute, Indiana University. Currently his interests are teaching aging and sexuality; he has presented and taught in the human sexuality program at Widener University. Ken's past interests include flying, scuba diving, power boating, photography, video editing, precision metal work and clock-making. He is habituated to single malt Scotch among other bad habits.



Edward and Virginia Mullinix
Apt. 4026 919-401-2576

Edward is a native of Baltimore and went to elementary school there, and then to high school in Annapolis, Maryland, where he was also a student at St. John's College for two years. After World War II military service as an officer candidate in the Marine Corps and as an officer on a Navy destroyer escort in the Pacific, he earned his law degree at the University of Pennsylvania and was elected to the Order of the Coif. He spent his legal career with a major Philadelphia firm, where he was a partner from 1944 through 1992, and continued as senior counsel until early in 2013. He was inducted as a Fellow of the American College of Trial Lawyers in 1974.

Virginia was born in Wayne, Pennsylvania, went to grade and high school there and to Beaver College (now Arcadia University). She taught in an elementary school in suburban Philadelphia and was active in a number of charitable organizations, including volunteer teaching.

The Mullinixes have a daughter in Chapel Hill who is director of a local community-service organization, and a son in Jacksonville, Florida, who is retired. Edward and Virginia both enjoyed tennis and gardening when they were living in Pennsylvania.

The Blues

By Ned Arnett

The following was part of a presentation on Southern Music presented by Sylvia and me on the afternoon of Tuesday, February 12, 2013.

Blues are a fundamental component of jazz and I was lucky enough to grow up during a seminal period when the best of jazz was being played. I've loved jazz and the blues all of my life and have enjoyed playing this music. The blues always express a feeling of being sorry for yourself with roots going way back into the sufferings of slavery. More recently the blues have to deal with the disappointments of love or other frustrations.

Aging is a humiliating and uncomfortable process that sometimes demands expression. Despite our relatively luxurious surroundings at TFAD, there are always some things to complain about whether or not they deserve it. The next time you hear yourself or a friend bitching about the hard life at TFAD you may be just hearing a case of the TFAD Blues.

TFAD BLUES

I've got those TFAD geriatric blues
I've got those TFAD geriatric blues
from the patched up cancer on my head
to the bottoms of my old tennis shoes

Now they say that life is tough in Syria
they say that life is tough in Syria
but for hardship try our cafeteria.

There's a stranger's car in my own parking place,
there's a stranger's car in my own parking place,
I just wish I could see his lowdown OLLI face.

There's fresh brown paint on my front door tonight
there's fresh brown paint on my front door tonight
my neighbors think that it's an awful sight.

This aging stuff makes me feel so tired and sad
this aging stuff makes me feel so tired and sad
so I'll just blame my home sweet home TFAD.