

# THE FORESTER

Volume 19 Issue 8

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

May 2013

## Dan Burich, Physical Therapist

by Joanne Ferguson

When **Dan Burich** walked into The Forest, he was immediately impressed. He lists **Pat Gallagher**, the foyer, stairway and fountain, and moves on to the "entire staff and residents," the Health Center layout, and the Physical Therapy room. Then he sat down with **Jane Hamilton**. They had a long talk and got on famously, and he was thrilled with the entire physical therapy staff. He says he was supposed to interview elsewhere and had another offer, but held off on it hoping for The Forest. The Forest offer came, and in July he will have been here two years.

Before he trained as a physical therapist, he had a twenty-year career in sportscasting, on both radio and TV, having graduated from St. Ambrose University in Davenport, Iowa, with a degree in mass communications. He was a fullback on the football team and selected captain for his junior and senior years. He wrestled in high school ("I was never great") and boxed after college with a record of 4-1 ("never fought anybody really good"). The programming director at his job in radio selected the name "Wildman" that fit his out-size and wild-about-sports personality. The name followed him to his sports show "The Wild World of Sports" on WQAD TV, the ABC affiliate in Moline, Illinois, where he was sports director. He was sent all over the country to cover events: "I might go from Wrigley Field to Little League in Rock Island, from minor league hockey to high school road races, once to the Orange Bowl, twice to the World Series, and to the Final Four in 2005 when North Carolina beat Illinois."

He met some big names during his career: Tiger Woods, Jo Namath, Michael Jordan, Bob Gibson, Bobby Knight. He was with the Special Olym-



Lee Murphy and Dan

Photo by Sue Murphy

pics and on the Jerry Lewis Labor Day Telethon for ten years.

It was during the Labor Day Telethon that one day he found himself in the Beverley Hilton men's room alone with O.J. Simpson (the trial was over). He thought he should say something and all he could come up with was, "How's it going?" O.J. answered, "Another day in paradise."

As a TV personality Dan was asked to do various promotional stunts for the local station. He said they were fun, stupid stuff but all free, and he always said yes. He bungee jumped two or three times at the fairgrounds, parachuted out of an airplane three or four times, won a dirt track race and a harness horse race, fought in a mixed martial arts

*(Continued on page 4)*

### The Forester

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### In Memoriam

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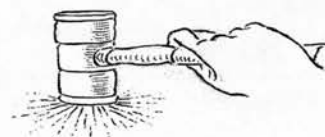
Frank Henry Field

April 3, 2013

April 8, 2013

April 12, 2013

## President's Podium



by Jack Hughes

Recently there have been many questions about The Forest admission policy, and the conditions for which a contract can be voided and a resident required to leave The Forest. The following is my understanding of the matter.

The Residence and Care Agreement states that "The Forest at Duke is organized as a not-for-profit continuing care retirement community created to provide housing, recreation, health care and other services to people sixty-five years of age or older. In case of co-residents, one resident may be as young as 62." (The NC Department of Insurance does not have any age requirements.)

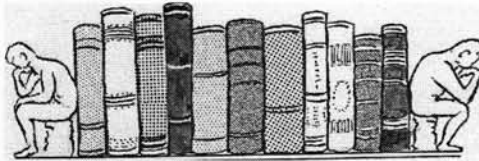
"The Forest at Duke is pledged to the letter and spirit of U.S. policy for the achievement of equal housing opportunity throughout the nation. The Forest at Duke encourages, supports, and is committed to operating a community where there are no barriers or discrimination because of race, color, religion, sex, familial status or national origin" (including sexual orientation).

The requirements for admission other than age are a medical assessment that those to be admitted will be able to live independently for at least three (3) years, that they have the financial resources to cover all charges for as long as they live at The Forest, and that they agree to the terms of the Residence and Care agreement.

The Forest has the right to terminate the Residence and Care Agreement and require a resident to leave the community for a number of reasons such as failure to live up to the financial commitment and other provisions of the Agreement; for example, if a resident's behavior becomes dangerous to self or others, and the resident or surrogate refuses to accept a

(Continued on page 3)

## Library Science 101



By Carol Scott

Recently, Library Committee members have been checking fiction books on the shelves to be sure our collection is up to date. We continually acquire new publications, but do we need to keep all of the old ones? Are they taking needed shelf space? Some former favorites--such authors as Ludlum, Michener, and LeCarre--are no longer in favor, and if their books have not circulated in the past four years, they are taken off the shelves and sent to our book buyer, our own sale shelves, or to the Durham County Library. Be sure to check the sale shelves, located in the copier room, to find a very low priced copy of one of your old favorites.

As they have left the shelves, space has opened up so that in many sections the lowest shelves are not needed, thus saving our aching backs and legs and fading eyes from bending over to try to read the titles formerly housed there. This arrangement, of not using that bottom space, we hope to carry out in the new library, for the benefit of all --- including the desk attendants who have to re-shelve returned books. Some of us need to have the highest shelves eliminated also!

Meanwhile, we continue to add more books, many of which are best-sellers, bought from the Library's budget. At the recent Residents' Association meeting the Library was reported to have over \$2500 in its treasury account. Sounds as though we are well off, doesn't it? But remember, \$1800 of that was a one-time gift from the RA. The rest comes from the book-buyer, book sales here, and "contributions from (readers) like you," all of which are unpredictable in both amount and timing. We need your help.

Speaking of help--- **Janet Judd**, who is **Carol DeCamp's** assistant at the master computer, is

out on medical leave. We are lucky that **Jean Prevost** has offered to fill in for her. Thank you, Jean!

I would like to recommend several of the newer books, located for another month on the "New To The Library" book cart, before being placed in their proper shelf space. All are fiction except two.

Benjamin: *The Aviator's Wife*, a novel about Charles and Anne Morrow Lindbergh

Chevalier: *The Runaway* tells of an 1850's English Quaker girl who joined the U.S. Underground Railroad

Leon: *The Golden Egg*, the latest Commissario Brunetti mystery

McCleary: *The Alchemy of Murder* takes place at the Paris World's Fair of 1899

920 (collective biography) Makos: *A Higher Call* is "an incredible true story of combat and chivalry in the war-torn skies of World War II" and their aftermath decades later.

Others are good reading, too! Enjoy!

## President's Podium continued

(Continued from page 2)

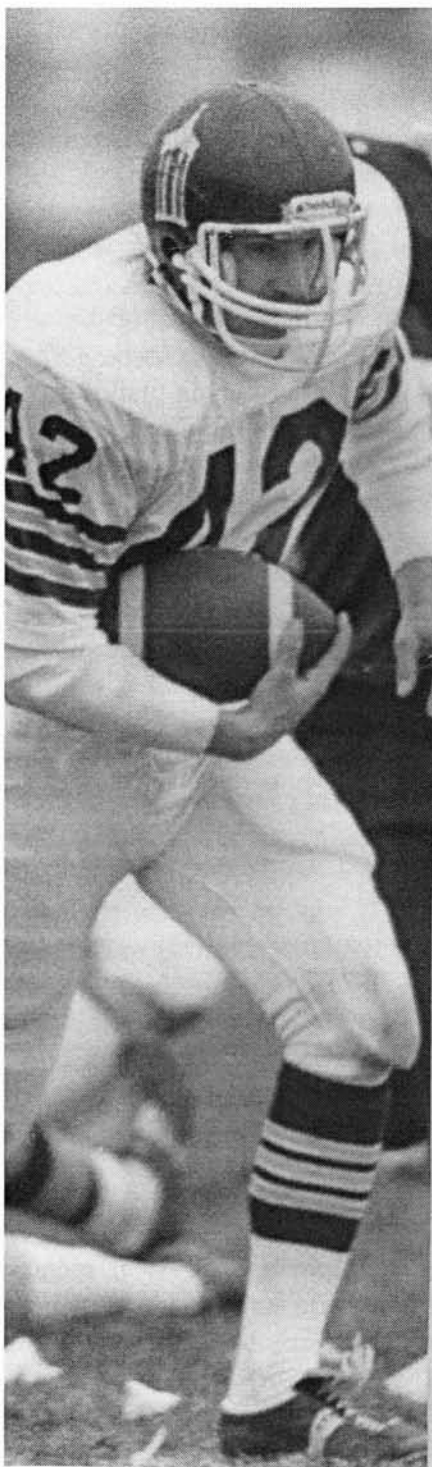
recommendation to be transferred to the Health and Wellness Center or an offsite facility, whichever is appropriate.

In short, if you meet the age, physical, mental and financial requirements and agree to abide by the terms of the Residence and Care Agreement, you will be admitted to The Forest. It's standard operating procedure for 501(C)3 organizations. Only if you violate the terms of the Agreement will the contract be voided, forcing you to leave the community.



**Dan Burich** continued*(Continued from page 1)*

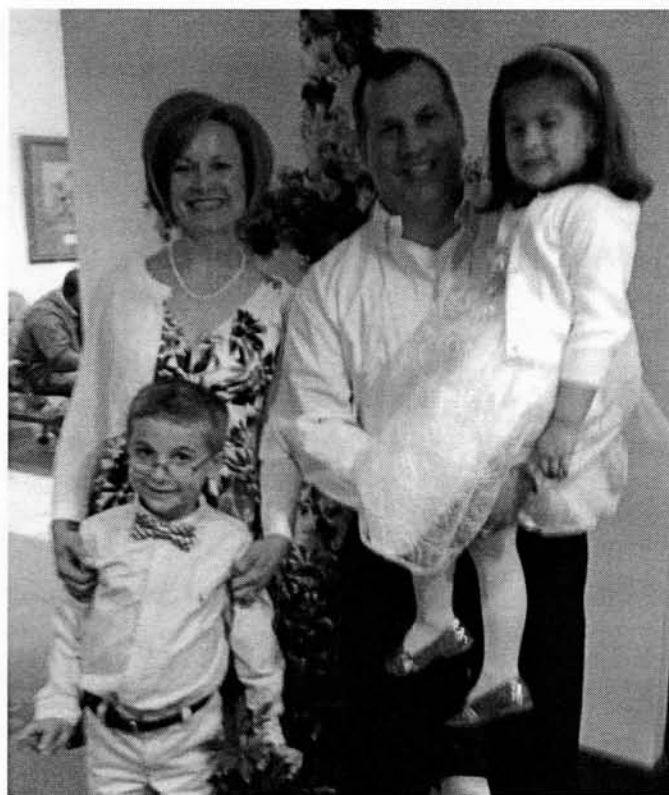
match. "I wrestled a bear," he says offhand. "A



Dan with the ball

what!!" I responded. "It was a brown bear," he explained, as if that explained that anybody could do it.

He married Kelly and they have a son, Jack, now seven and a daughter, Jayne, who is five. When Dan's father suffered a series of strokes, he found himself making the trek to suburban Chicago as often as three times each week to help with his father's rehabilitation. "I would get up at 7 on a Monday morning, drive to Joliet and from 9 to 1 help my dad" he said, "then I would drive back and do my show." In the process, he discovered he had a knack for helping people recover from debilitating illness and injury. "I helped my dad in 2002 and then a year later I blew out my own knee and saw another side of



Dan and family

physical therapy." His broadcasting career was filled with nighttime and weekend hours, so he decided on a career change.

His wife had a good job with Novartis and her company eventually brought her to the Triangle. Besides, she was born in Florida and brought up in Oklahoma and didn't enjoy the cold in Illinois. They moved to Raleigh, where they live with Jack, Jayne, and their dog, Bobby Stoops, named after the Oklahoma football coach.

Dan was born in Joliet, Illinois, and has two older brothers and three older sisters. He went to a Catholic school, and the field trips to Chicago were frequent: to the zoo, the Field Museum, and the Museum of Science and Industry. He has a Croatian grandparent whose surname Buric acquired a final "h" when he came to the United States.

## Cars! Cars! Cars!

by Carol Scott

Like most families, over the years ours has owned many cars, some new, most "previously owned." Some have had particular adventures. Some have had names. Some have been forgotten.

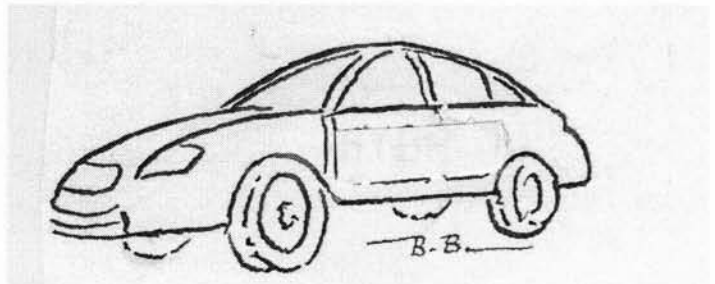
In the summer of 1958 our (un-named) black Plymouth took six of us and a homemade tent-trailer to the West Coast and back, a five week trip of exploration of our vast and varied country. With no air conditioning, water bags on the front radiator helped us cross the desert at midday in relative comfort. Ten years later five of us traveled west again, in a pale blue Rambler American, also un-named, pulling a commercially built camping trailer. In the interim the two oldest children had left home and we had added a fifth child (only two of our children went on both travel-camping trips west).

The Blue Bird of Happiness was a VW van, the last of a succession of three ---khaki, red and blue - needed for our growing family. They took us many places, but two of them suffered encounters with other vehicles that, thankfully, caused only minor injuries to occupants, but necessitated car replacements. We have also owned the Black Maria, the Golden Delicious, the Red Tomato (eventually given to a step-grandson) and others unnamed. They took us to the West Coast again, to Florida, camping in the mountains and/or coast, and "up North" to visit relatives.

But the car of note was the Snowman, a white Honda, "previously owned." A needy car, but unfortunately the dealer did not tell us of its needs when we bought it after we retired. Scotty knew that *Consumer Reports* had given that make and model of car a good rating, but we came to believe that ours was a lemon. Major repair after repair was needed --- brakes, transmission, air conditioning, etc. ---each "fix" encouraging us to believe that the car was now in perfect condition. For a time it was our only car, shared by the two of us, making scheduling difficult. I grew to dislike it intensely.

In the summer of 1997 an investment of mine came due, and I decided to buy a car for myself. After much searching, I decided upon a Buick, for I wanted a larger car than the Snowman ( I still have the red Firebird, and hope it lasts as long as I can drive). Scotty didn't understand why I wanted a larger car (safer and easier to get in and out of), or a RED one (bright and cheerful as opposed to the Snowman), but "it's your money," he admitted grudgingly. I noticed, however, that he enjoyed driving it on several three-hour trips made later to visit Elisabeth in Chapel Hill.

Six months after I had bought the Firebird, Scotty died suddenly. Afterwards, when I was meeting with my children and in-laws, I said that there was a perfectly good Honda (it had had recent repairs and seemed to be in good shape) sitting in the carport, which I did not need. I asked who wanted it --- as a gift. "Not me!" "No way!" "Wouldn't have it!" were the emphatic responses I received. So the Snowman remained stationary in the carport for a couple of months.



In the spring one day my son-in-law phoned me. "Are you busy today? If not, I want to ask a favor. Tyler's car needs to go to the repair shop, and if you will give me a ride back, I'll take you to lunch."

It sounded like a good deal to me, and I enjoyed lunch with Jim while his son's car was being checked over. Afterwards I took him by the shop to

(Continued on page 6)

**Cars! Cars! Cars!** continued

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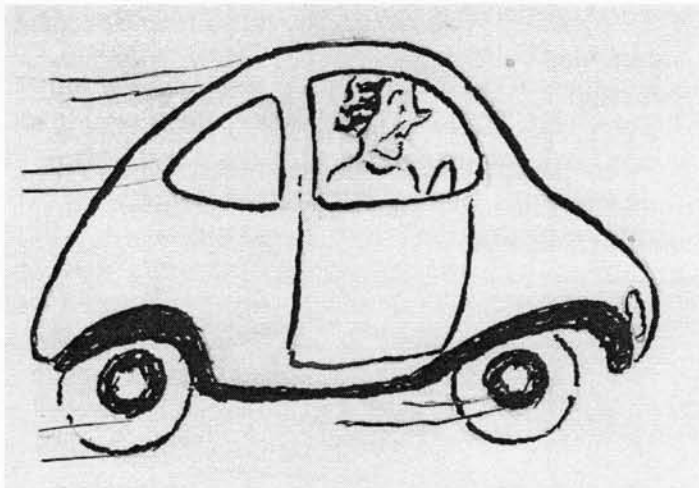
hear the verdict on repairs. He came out shaking his head.

"It will cost almost as much to fix it as a used car would. I just don't know what I'm going to do."

"Jim, there's a perfectly good car sitting in my carport that Tyler could have. Free."

"Every time I say I'm not going to do something I have to eat my words... Let's go over to your house and get the car."

So the Snowman had another life, and only minor repairs, for another year, until it was sold when Tyler went off to college. And the Firebird, still serving me well, has had no major repairs in now nearly 16 years of companionship.

**Welcome, New Resident**

**Jackie Bruce**

Cottage 5

919-806-1593

rellabruce@aol

Jackie was born in Warsaw, NY. She was raised on a large dairy farm in western New York which her family still continues to operate. After earning her BS in Nursing from Cornell University she and her husband Bob lived on Staten Island; in Cincinnati, Ohio; Brussels, Belgium; Cary, NC; and Pittsburg, PA, while he worked for Procter and Gamble. Jackie moved to Durham to be near family who live in Hillsborough. Her life has been busy as a visiting nurse and musician, singing in choirs all her life, directing handbells for 25 years and recently ringing with Bronze Voices Handbell Choir from the United Church of Christ that has performed frequently at The Forest during the Christmas season. She has two sons: Doug, an accountant working in Raleigh, and David, a lawyer in Seattle. In her spare time Jackie volunteers in her church, is a reading buddy in a local school, and weaves on a Swedish loom. She shares her cottage with a pair of long-haired miniature dachshunds named Hershey and Fritz, who pretty much rule her life.



## Dining Gastronomic Technology

by Bill Harrington

I was wondering what I was going to write about this month when I discovered an information sheet in my TFAD mail box: "The Forest at Duke Dining Gastronomic Terminology." Thank you to Tony for helping a poor ignorant soul like me to understand what I'm about to eat. Maija's food has to look right and smell right before she'll try anything new. And then, she tries a tiny, tiny bit of whatever it is before making a strange sound that I've never heard before, but I know what's coming next. "Here Bill, you can have this." Of course, I feel obligated to eat whatever it is. This is often how I get to try new foods.

Now, in my role as mentor to new residents, I won't be embarrassed when asked what these foods are. I can discard what I would have told them:

**Baba Ghanoush** – a redneck with a funny last name

**Lyonnaise** – the way I would pronounce "mayonnaise" when I've had more than one glass of wine at the Friday afternoon social.

**Mousseline** – the way I would spell "Mussolini" when I've had more than one glass of wine at the Friday afternoon social.

**Red Bliss** – an NCSU fan after a victory over Duke

**Cardamom** – a really great sweater I used to own

**Mediterranean** – the big pond just north of North Africa

**Hoppin' John** – a good friend of mine who's never really learned how to dance

I long for the good old days when I didn't need a dictionary to tell me what I was about to eat. *Ta ma tas* were the big red round things Daddy brought in from his garden. Momma usually sliced them up and put mayonnaise on them while her husband sprinkled sugar on them. You ain't never lived

'til you've had fresh tomatoes straight out of the garden. *Chitlins* didn't come out of the garden; they came out of a pig. In case you're about to sit down to dinner, I won't tell you their actual origin. Their up-town name, chitterlings, just don't look right.

Maija has tried for 20 years to learn me how to talk better. As you might imagine, it's been an adventure – although I doubt she'd express it precisely that way. Next time you see her, I'd appreciate it if you'd give her some encouragement.

## THE WAGERS OF FRIENDS

Lines by Oliver Ferguson, written on the occasion of his paying a wager to his friend Don Chesnut.

Though at most trials I turn no hair,  
Though many hazards I can dare,  
Though in the face of fears I stare,  
Here is one load that's hard to bear:

It no way does my fancy tickle  
That my fate could have been so fickle  
That I could lose to you this nickel.

Don's Response.

I hope you note that I don't gloat  
When winning comes my way.  
Although it's swell I know darn well  
I'll lose another day.

But I must say in all delight  
It does *my* fancy tickle,  
To realize that I once was right  
To win from you a nickel!

## The Pond Area

By Bill Upchurch

In 2005 **Bill Upchurch** wrote the following about the development of the pond. The term "Pioneer" has come to mean those who were the first to move in, but in fact these people were worthy of the term in all its senses. They worked hard. They bought hoses and watered the newly planted trees during the first dry fall, Bill himself put together the gazebo. "We had to type everything," **Molly Simes** says, "And I still have the typewriter." **Rheta Skolaut** and others sat up late stapling the activities bulletin together. These are only a few examples of those early efforts that forged a special bond among the Pioneers.

On July 14, 1992, at the time of the ground-breaking of TFAD, the pond area with existing buildings was not developed by the architect. **Dr. James Crapo**, with the help of Bill Upchurch and others, took this as their side project. Dr. Crapo and his family worked on clearing the area of poison ivy. There were three barns: two log type barns and one wood vertical plank structure, which was in poor condition. The wood structure was removed because of its condition, and the vertical planks were later used in building new roofs for the remaining two barns. The clay chinking between the logs was replaced some years later. The interior of the barns remains in the original condition, with a dirt floor.

The pond silt, trash, and duckweed was completely cleaned out down to the rock bed, using a crane with dragline bucket and trucks and a bulldozer. There was no source of fresh water, and there were no fish. When all the silt was taken out, the pond showed a depth of approximately fifteen feet at the deepest point near where the water fountain is installed. All the sides of the pond were steep sloped; therefore, two surplus steel ladders were later installed for emergency exit. The original drain pipe and valve were much higher than the bottom of the pond. The remaining water in the pond was pumped

to the nearest gravity drain. Later a new drain pipe and valve were built, supported by a concrete pier.

When John Pickett farmed our campus, the purpose of the pond was to provide a large source of water in case of a fire in the tobacco curing process. The topsoil in this area was about two feet deep. The former tobacco fields now had about 16 years' new growth.



The water supply for the pond was and still is surface run-off water from the Pickett Road area. The elevation of our 42 acre site from upper Pickett Road to the lower property line is approximately a sixty-foot drop.

A pond consultant was employed to assist us in stocking the pond with fish after enough water had collected by runoff to fill the pond. TFAD filled the pond with blue gill bream, catfish, large-mouth bass, minnows, and five carp. As the fish grew, the pond consultant checked the purity of the water monthly.

A split rail fence was constructed around the complete perimeter of the water. People are asked to remain outside the fence at all times.

A walking path was made around the pond.

*(Continued on page 9)*



## The Pond Area continued

*(Continued from page 8)*

Signs were posted about the danger of deep water. A floating water tower pump was added to provide aeration.

At one time bullfrogs were heard frequently, turtles appeared, and mallard ducks found this new site. Soon there were a mother duck and fifteen ducklings, and a "Duck Crossing" sign was posted for them to cross Forest at Duke Drive. A great blue heron was sometimes sighted at the edge of the water.

The gazebo is a gift from the Juanita Kreps family. The assembly of this kit was under the direction of Bill Upchurch. First the foundation piers were dug and placed by a Boy Scout for a merit badge. Then Bill and a carpenter installed the pie-shaped floor panels and the upper assembly. TFAD ran underground power from the lower barn to the Gazebo. It enhances the pond area.

With the addition of azaleas by the residents, the area was ready for activities such as ice cream, guitar and country music parties, fishing contests, fish fries.

When the western five acres were utilized as the staging area for the new Assisted Living addition, a service access road was opened and a gate installed on Pickett Road which went south to the gate on Forest at Duke Drive. This reduced traffic and noise considerably for the residents during construction. Unfortunately it also reduced the lower area of the pond. The water was lowered by pumping out the water to a nearby gravity drain. The fish were still in the remaining water. Foster Lake and Pond Consultant seined the fish with a deep net and transferred them to a prepared container on a truck. He took them to another community pond near Oxford. The five carp had grown from 6 inches to over 5 feet long, and the catfish were over 2 feet long.

The upper end of the pond was expanded. In order to connect the path around the pond, a six-foot clearance wide wooden truss bridge was constructed on pilings.

On November 8, 2003, it was necessary to

restock the pond with smaller fish:

150 blue gill bream, 2-4 inches long, which by June 2004 would be hand size

25 large mouth bass, 4-6 inches long, which would be 10 inches long by November 2004

3 green carp that in five years would eat three pounds a day!

3 pounds of minnows

25 channel catfish that were 8 to 10 inches long

Since the addition was completed many enhancements have been made to the pond project: a dog run is in place west of the gazebo; a wooden guard rail is installed at south side of pond; many daffodils, in memory of John Getts, are planted around the gazebo; a new overflow spillway in pond near south end; a new bench was placed at the lower barn; and a ribbon cutting ceremony for use of the new bridge was held.

## Poet or Not

by Don Chesnut

If when upon these lines you stare  
And find a poet lurking there,  
Then I'll stop and give a cheer,  
And cry Hurrah!

But if you find the poem lackluster  
And detect instead a poetaster,  
Then I'll think you a criticaster,  
And just cry.



## Old Friends

by Don Chesnut

With friends I sometimes wonder  
What do they think of me?  
When we converse or share a verse,  
What is it that they see?

Is it the twinkle in my eye,  
My manner debonair?  
Is it my polymathic nature  
That they can't wait to share?

Is it the rugged looks they laud,  
The touch of grayish hair?  
Could it be my classic profile  
That brings the occasional stare?

Or, is it the aging face that's seen  
When in the mirror I stare?  
Is it the pudgy, oldish man  
Beginning to lose his hair?

Is it someone whose past was bright  
But whose future now is dim,  
Someone who's outlived usefulness,  
who new games cannot win?

I don't believe that can be so,  
That's not really what I am!  
The mirror is cracked, I'll send it back  
For one showing a proper man.

But it might not be the mirror's fault,  
What viewed there could be true.  
We all do age, youth's talents lose,  
The question's what to do.

Accept your life for what it is,  
Good in the future does exist.  
Enjoy your friends, more friends enlist,  
Insist they be deipnosophists!

The friends I have are very nice  
Tightly them I will hold.  
And while I know I haven't aged,  
I wish *they* weren't so old!

## Running on Autopilot

by Ned Arnett

Why am I standing here?  
What was I going to get?  
Maybe I'll remember if I just wait.  
Maybe it's on my checklist,  
but where's my checklist?  
And where is that damned article on  
*Mindfulness?*

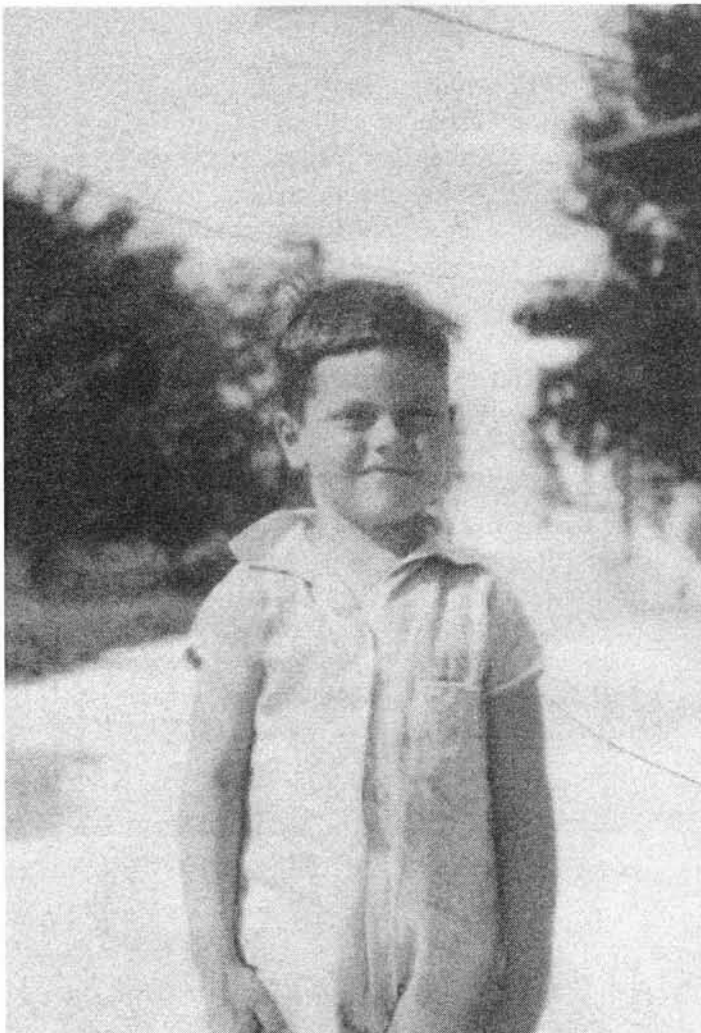
What is that woman's name?  
She knows mine.  
Thirty seconds ago I knew hers,  
five minutes from now, I'll recall it,  
the neurons just have to find  
a new pathway around the block.  
But you ought to see me do  
*Jeopardy!*







### **Mystery People: Do you know who they are?**



These two babies grew up , got married and moved to The Forest

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