



## Steve Fishler, Executive Director

by Joanne Ferguson

Twenty-one years ago this past summer, **Steve Fishler** and **Heidi Hobbs** were sitting in a tiny room in the Burgaw, North Carolina, courthouse (“surely the smallest courthouse in North Carolina,” says Steve), filling out applications for their marriage license—just the two of them with the Clerk of Court. Ten minutes into the process Heidi leaned over, broke the silence, and whispered to Steve, “What county is Rochester, New York, in?” He had to think for a minute, first of the Genesee River running through Rochester and then of Genesee beer (called “Genny” by the locals). So he suggested Genesee County. When they left the courthouse he asked why she had asked that question. She said because she was born in Rochester. Though they had been together for five years, this was a surprise to him. He had assumed the South for this seventh-generation North Carolinian, if indeed he had considered it at all. The fact is that Rochester is in Monroe County, with Genesee County just to the west, but it’s fair to assume that Steve and Heidi nevertheless hold a valid marriage license. He, too, was born in New York: the Bronx, moved to Queens when he was two years old, then to the middle of Long Island when he was twelve.

They were married at Wrightsville Beach on August 1, 1992, at Poplar Grove Plantation, the ceremony part of the annual reunion of one hundred members of the Hobbs family. They had met in Los Angeles while Steve was visiting his friend Marty from the University of Arizona, where Steve received a Bachelor of Science degree in Public Administration as well as a Masters of Public Administration (with a specialization in Long Term Care),



### Coffee with Steve

photo by Sue Murphy

and a Certificate of Gerontology. Heidi has a PhD from U.S.C. and is Director, Master of International Studies in the School of Public Administration and International Affairs at North Carolina State.

When Steve went to the U of Arizona, his roommate was a juggler. Steve took the skill up and often juggled as a break from studies. (He occasionally treats us to a performance in the auditorium, sometimes with balls or, on patriotic celebrations, with red, white, and blue scarves. It was in college that he saw a one-time offer for a lifetime subscription to *Rolling Stone* magazine. He accepted it, and the magazine is still rolling in.

Steve is from a musical family. He played clarinet in his high school marching band. His father played saxophone in the army band as well as in a jazz combo. “I always envied my father’s improvisational ability,” he says. His brother, four years his

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## President's Podium

by Jack Hughes

The following information is passed on in response to recent questions about the responsibilities of the Housekeeping Staff.

The Residents Handbook states that the Housekeeping Staff is responsible for the weekly cleaning of all residences including "dusting of all horizontal surfaces (except inside of cabinets), vacuuming of exposed carpeting and drapes, cleaning the kitchen sink and the outside of appliances, cleaning of bathroom fixtures, and damp mopping the kitchen and bath room floors." Note that only "exposed" carpeting is vacuumed; some might not consider under the bed as exposed especially if shoes, boxes etc. reside there. Also, the mopping is "damp" and not wet – there is a difference. Bed linens will be changed if requested. Moving furniture to clean "unexposed" areas is not permitted – risk of back injury.

More comprehensive cleaning is provided "seasonally," that is, once a year, at no charge. The procedure includes high dusting of all rooms including drapes (closets only by request), mist dusting of pictures, wall hangings, and baseboards, and cleaning windows, blinds, and doors. In the kitchen under the stove and under and behind the refrigerator is cleaned – inside the refrigerator and cabinets is not included; the laundry area is similarly cleaned and much more. A date for comprehensive cleaning can be scheduled by calling Housekeeping.

On another note, **Bob Dix** has completed the first edition of the Residents' Association Website which should be available to all residents soon.

### The Forester

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## Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

NEWSFLASH! New Technology in the Library!

On the new Forest website designed by **Bob Dix** there is to be a spot for the Library, and a connection to the computerized cataloging in the Library which will make it possible --- from your apartment or cottage! – to find out if the Library owns a particular book, if it is presently IN the Library, and, if not, to put a reserve on it for when it is returned. We are very excited about this new feature, which will make a long walk, only to end in disappointment, unnecessary.

Also new are plans for the new Library, which are available to see on the newspaper table. Alan Moore, the architect, recently met with the Library Committee to unveil these plans, and we are delighted with what he has drawn. He listened to our needs at an earlier meeting and has incorporated them into what will be a spacious, elegant area on the first floor next to the entrance that will be the envy of the other CCRCs in this area. As yet there is no time line for the construction and move. Come view our new future! Your comments and questions about the plans are welcome.

Have you seen our splendid new owl standing above the fiction shelves at the left hand end of the main room? Beautifully crafted of bamboo, he came to us from China via **Anne Redick** and **Penelope Easton**. As you know, owls, the familiar of Athena/Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, have become the logo of our Library (but where will this new one go in the new Library?)

Remember that there are books for sale in the copier room, at \$2.00 for a hardback, \$1.00 for a soft back, and 50c for a paperback. The books on these shelves change as some are bought and others are

added. I know that residents are downsizing and donating books to us, but the very one you have always wanted to own might be among the sale books. Come and browse!

And, lastly, I call your attention to two new books of special interest to Forest residents: *Pastor*, by prolific resident **Stan Barlow**, and a well-illustrated biography of Forest benefactor and former resident **George Maddox**. Both are available for check-out.

### In Memoriam

Dorothy "Dot" Reich Kornegy May 29, 2013

Earl Davis June 7, 2013

Michel Bourgeois-Gavardin July 24, 2013

Kenneth Kirchoff July 26, 2013

Lola Williams July 31, 2013

Bernice Poliakoff August 3, 2013

Mary Kiplinger August 6, 2013

Eric Boehm August 7, 2013

Bryant Aldridge August 8, 2013

Irving B. Holley August 12, 2013

Eda Bloch August 26, 2013

Janet McKay August 29, 2013

Virginia Putnam September 10, 2013

**Steve Fishler** continued

*(Continued from page 1)*

junior, is a music teacher whose instrument is the trumpet but who can play anything from a tuba to an acoustical guitar. His mother was a great board games player and loved Mah Jongg especially. When she died and Steve was clearing out the shelf of board games, a Mah Jongg tile fell out. He keeps it in his pocket always, in memory of her and for good luck.

His daughter Madison, who is seventeen, played the clarinet, tried the saxophone, changed to piano, and now studies the acoustic guitar. She also swims, does yoga, and plays softball on her high school team.

His son, Perry, who is twenty and graduated from high school a year early, is at a San Diego Community College, in skateboard heaven, and will transfer to one of the state universities next year. He has had a passion for skateboarding since he was seven and so far has broken only a collarbone.

The Fishler/Hobbs family is fond of sports,



Juggling



Marching Band

though they are sometimes conflicted during basketball season. First comes the Duke bias at The Forest, then Heidi's affiliation with State. "I cheer for my paycheck," she says. But they live behind the botanical gardens at UNC, so they are also Carolina fans. As graduates of Southern Cal and the University of Arizona, they also follow the Pac 12.

When Steve lived in Arizona and worked with groups of the disabled, a woman came up to him with a Sheltie helper dog, whose owner had died, and asked for help in placing her with a new owner. Steve said he would be happy to help, named the dog Petey, and kept her for fourteen years. When he and his friends went hiking and birdwatching in the mountains around Tucson, Petey brought up the rear, happily keeping her flock in line. When Steve called her to the front to scout for snakes in this rattlesnake country, she did, found them, and came barking back to warn him. Today the family includes a ninety-pound labrador/golden retriever mix and two Siamese cats, all of whom get on well.

When Steve casually mentioned to me one

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**Steve Fishler** continued

(Continued from page 4)

day that he had made a list of all the different hats he wears at The Forest, I asked for it, and thus this interview began. In addition to the hats you might expect--such as Strategic Planner, Chief Budget Officer, and Purchasing Agent--he listed Chief of Police. I went right to that and asked for an example. He remembered the time early in his tenure when a fugitive from 15-501 came running up through The Forest. He had thrown his coat over the wire on the fence on the south and vaulted in. Despite police cars all over the campus, he made his escape.

Those who were here can remember when the Durham Academy teacher drove by in a smoking car and came to our front door for help as her car burst into flames. Steve ran out with first one and then a second fire extinguisher while we waited for the fire trucks. Thus an additional hat: Emergency Responder.

He also listed Janitor/Houseman and can often be seen picking up trash from the floor or the parking lot on his way in and out. All in a day's work.



Petey 1

**Life**

by Ned Arnett

When I turn on the bathroom light at five AM  
the tiny hunter-gatherers  
are suddenly caught out in the open,  
helpless, unless they can retreat down the drain  
or hide under my tooth brush or razor.

That black dot, on the counter, the size of a  
period,  
scuttles to safety at several hundred miles per  
hour,  
if you compare our relative speeds to relative  
size.

The housekeeper in me wants to mash it flat,  
the poet-scientist-engineer-mystic in me  
is stopped for a moment by appreciation of its  
Life.

It works perfectly!  
I can kill it, but I can't make one.

Suppose the president declared that a national  
goal for all  
of the scientific resources for the next five years,  
was to make an ant, from elementary chemicals,  
that really worked.  
I'll be they wouldn't get to first base.

They'd discover a lot of interesting stuff,  
but they wouldn't make one real, LIVE ant.

Now we're spending a lot of effort and money  
looking for *extraterrestrial Life*.

With all the gazillion planets on  
all the gazillion stars,  
it seems almost certain that there are  
many kinds of Life out there.

If so -- so what?

But suppose it turned out there was no Life any  
place but here.

Would we appreciate our beautiful World and  
Life

even more if we knew we were really alone  
in that endless, dark, empty void?

## Welcome, New Residents



Pearl Levine  
Apartment 3015     919-489-9257

Pearl was born in Brooklyn, NY, and grew up in New Jersey and Massachusetts. She majored in biology and chemistry at Simmons College in Boston. She worked in medical laboratories before she had children, stayed home with them for 25 years, and then went to work in a genetics research laboratory at Duke until she retired. She came to Durham in 1960 with her husband and two children. Her husband, an organic chemist, first worked at the new Research Triangle Institute and then was on the faculty at N.C. State University until he retired.

She has four children: Kenny in Durham, Beth and Cindy in Raleigh, and Amy in Austin, Texas. She has four grandchildren: Rachel and Arie, who are college students, and Sam and Adam in second grade and kindergarten. She is a volunteer and board member of Jewish Family Services, and has participated in many different education and social committees over 52 years. Since retiring she enjoys music, crafts, psychology, and politics.



Betsy Locke  
Apartment 4035     919 401-4598

Betsy was born in Norfolk, Va, and has spent most of her adult life in NC. She earned an AB, Magna cum Laude, Honors in English, Phi Beta Kappa, from Duke, an MA from UNC-Chapel Hill, and a PhD in English from Duke, where she was a Danforth Fellow. She has taught at both institutions, was Director of Publications at Duke, and became involved in the Duke Endowment in 1982 from which she retired as president in 2004.

She has been involved in numerous civic organizations both in Charlotte and Durham, and appears in *Who's Who in America*. She is also a Lay Eucharistic Minister.

She has a daughter, Sallie, who lives in New York City and a son John, who, with his wife Carol, lives in Durham.

Betsy enjoys theater, museums, antiques, and crossword puzzles.

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**New Residents continued**

Nancy and Dean McCumber  
Cottage 4 919-419-8225



Vic and Anne Moore  
Apartment 4046 919 489-9652

Dean was born and brought up in Rochester, NY. After earning his bachelor's degree in electrical engineering at Yale, he saw active duty at sea as a naval reserve officer. He returned to Yale for a master's degree, then earned his PhD in theoretical physics at Harvard.

Nancy is a native of Bloomsburg, PA, and a graduate of Wellesley College where she majored in astronomy. She worked in the Time Service at the U. S. Naval Observatory in Washington, DC, and upon marriage, in the nascent Satellite Tracking Program at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory at Harvard. She was there when in October 1957 the Russians launched the first artificial earth satellite, Sputnik.

After postdoctoral years in Paris and Copenhagen, Dean began a 30-year career in research and development at Bell Telephone Laboratories; they reared their two children in Summit, NJ, where Nancy was an active community volunteer. They came to Durham in 1992. Dean joined Duke as a professor of electrical engineering, teaching mainly undergraduates. The McCumbers have a son, David, in Albuquerque, NM; two grandsons in Santa Fe, NM; and a daughter, Kate, in Bedminster, NJ.

The Moores were both born in Durham and have lived their entire lives here. Vic has a degree in radio, TV, and motion pictures from UNC-Chapel Hill, and after three years in the Air Force was a television time salesman, a director of fund development for Durham Regional Hospital (now Duke Regional Hospital), and a volunteer fund raising consultant for the Executive Service Corps of the Triangle.

Anne has a degree in English from UNC-Chapel Hill, worked at the Volunteer Center of Durham for 19 years, where she was executive director for 17 of those years. She received the Athena Award from the Durham Chamber of Commerce in 1994 and the United Way Volunteer Award in 2001.

The Moores have delivered for Meals on Wheels for over 38 years.

They have two daughters in North Carolina: Katharine in Gastonia, and Elizabeth in Claremont. They stay in shape by walking, and Vic also enjoys gardening, tennis, and running.

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**New Residents continued**

Lois Owen  
Apartment 4022      919 401-4117

Lois comes to us from downtown Chicago, where she enjoyed the nearby arts scene. She was a voice and piano major at DePauw University and even had her own radio show. She played piano for Dance Group Theater. She has been an administrator of the National Ice Carving Association and worked in real estate sales. She has volunteered with the Chicago Child Care Association, the Infant Welfare Society of Chicago, and the Robert Crown Wellness Center, where she performed a puppet show to teach children good nutrition. She and John Owen traveled extensively, rehabbed old homes on Lake Michigan (one once owned by Nelson Ahlgren) and enjoyed entertaining their friends.

She has two sons in the Midwest: Kenneth in Avon, Indiana, and David in Chicago. Her daughter Beth lives in Durham. Lois enjoys needlework, music, reading, family research, and travel.



Russell Jones and Mary Steitwieser  
Cottage 29      919-401-4365

Mary and Russell come to us from Alexandria, VA. Mary was born in Denver, CO, and, being raised in an Air Force family, lived in many places before going to college—including Japan and Puerto Rico. She earned a BA from UC-Berkeley, an MA from UC-Santa Barbara, and a PhD from Rice University. Russell was born in Berwyn, IL, but spent his teenage years in San Diego. He earned a BA from Claremont McKenna College, an MA from the university of Illinois, and—after several years in the U.S. Navy-- a PhD from UC-Santa Barbara. They both spent their careers as economists working in Houston but mainly in the Washington DC area. Mary has interests in yoga, swimming, and needlepoint. Russell can frequently be found in the pool and the fitness room and has recreational interests in photography, bird watching, and gardening. They both enjoy biking and walking their long-haired dachshund, Remington.



## New Residents contined



Adrian Tiemann  
Apartment 3047      919-401-3868

Adrian was born in Birmingham, AL, but was taken at the age of 3 months to New York City, where her mother played trombone in the all-girl orchestra "The Hour of Charm." When no baby sitter could be found, Adrian was taken to rehearsals and tucked away behind the tympani.

She graduated from Julliard's High School of Music and Art, and has BA from Hunter College. She spent a year at McGraw-Hill as editor of trade books, and while traveling with the General Motors Auto Show visited Stanford University, where she met her husband, Jerry, and earned an MA degree.

Jerry and Adrian have two sons, one in Durham, an executive with Red Hat, and another in Colorado who has a PhD and operates in both chemistry and physics. Adrian returned to academia in the 1970s, getting a PhD in sociology, and in the 1980s, licensure as an independent clinician (LCSW). She practiced mostly in upstate New York where she was active in musical and dramatic circles, and bred and showed Shelties.



Martha Erwin Uzzle  
Apt. 3050      919-489-0091

Martha Uzzle was born at Watts Hospital and is a life-long resident of Durham. She entered George Watts School in the first grade, transferring to Calvert School in second grade, Carr Junior High in seventh grade, and in her sophomore year to St. Catherine's School in Richmond, from which she graduated. She entered Duke, and after her sophomore year she married her childhood sweetheart. They adopted a baby boy and then a baby girl from the Children's Home Society in Greensboro, where she served three years as a board member.

Martha is a past president of the Junior League and Debutante Ball Society; she has been a leader of United Way, Community Planning Council, Durham Allied Arts, YWCA, Duke and Watts Hospital Auxiliaries, hostess and choir member of Duke Chapel. She was secretary and manager for Dr. Andrew Collins's orthodontic practice for 25 years.

She is one of five founding members of Westminster Presbyterian Church and is one of six founding members of Caring House. She helped get Hope Valley on the North Carolina Historical Preservation List.

Life has been full of excitement and joys from her major in botany, drawing and landscaping yards, and she has been an avid golfer and tennis player, always loving sports. Just this past year her first cookbook, *Southern Delights*, was published.

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## Verse Versus Verse

Don Chesnut comments on free verse:

I view with fright and am averse  
To all such scribbles called free verse.  
Whatever it is you must agree  
It is not poetry that we see.

Clearly with no rhyme or reason,  
I'd declare it out of season.  
I would send it out to sea,  
If they would leave it up to me.

I think it takes a bit of guile  
To write in this pretentious style.  
It simply makes no sense to me  
To pen what I would call debris.

But as we finally conclude  
This our frivolous interlude,  
I'll say without insult or taunt  
You're free to write the way you want.

Oliver Ferguson replies:

It was *vers libre* to Rimbaud,  
Whitman didn't give it  
a name – just loafed and  
invited his soul  
as he went along  
not quite  
helter-skelter.

Their noiseless cry,  
we have nothing  
to lose but our feet  
(our feet and rhyme)

refreshing change.

I think that I will never see  
A poem that's entirely free.  
I write these lines that rhyme and scan  
To prove to you, my Friend,  
I CAN!

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## Thunderstorms

By Ned Arnett

Cozy, under the warm little tent of my blankets  
I listen with pleasure to the rain  
rattling down in volleys on the roof.  
Slowly the thunderstorm approaches,  
rumbling and grumbling,  
irritated at being put to work  
at four in the morning.  
Its flashes are clearly visible  
through my tightly closed eyelids.  
There's something comforting about hearing  
this primeval performance going on outside,  
knowing that, safe in my house, it can't get at  
me.

But then I remember ten years ago,  
tightly wrapped in my sleeping bag,  
inside our tent on the stony ground  
of a peak above Capital Reef, Utah.  
The wind was lashing the tent,  
the torrent of rain was trying to force its way in.  
But, most of all, I remember the lightning;  
the cannonade of bombs zeroing in on our tent  
and finally blasting the Forest Service iron grate  
fifty feet away. It could have killed us,  
but, strangely, I recall exaltation  
at being part of this spectacular, ancient drama.

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## Mystery: Soups

by Bill Harrington

I have been trying to gather up enough nerve to run into Tony Ellis's office and proclaim the following: "Tony, Tony, look, look, I just found a piece of chicken in my chicken and rice soup." But, each time I think of this, I remind myself that he and the Morrison staff cook the food that I consume. So, I discard the idea until ... the next time I attempt to scoop out a little soup and wonder what the concoction actually contains.

When I started doing research for this article, I naively thought that there would be very little on the history of soup and lots and lots of soup recipes. The latter is true, but there is also a long and detailed history of soup – especially of the various types of soups and their origins. Everybody knows the definition; soup is a primarily liquid food, generally served warm, that is made by combining ingredients such as meat and vegetables with stock, juice, water, or another liquid.

Soup is as old as cooking itself. It was part of the diet of nomadic and agricultural peoples. Most soups are served hot. Simply listing the names of hot soups would fill numerous pages; New England chowder, Russian Borscht, and Italian Minestrone are but a few.

When I first saw strawberry gazpacho on the

menu, I misread it. Rather than a Spanish soup, I thought it had to be German – strawberry gestapo. I wasn't sure that The Forest should be making a soup from WWII. I enjoyed this cold soup and was happy to learn that it was not from Germany.

Since my first paragraph is a little sarcastic, I thought it only fair that Tony should be able to comment:

"My first thought is to share the following: to be a servant in the food business, one of the prerequisites is that your skin be very thick so you may stand the test of time.

"The issue that Bill addresses about the comment of accidentally discovering a piece of protein or starch in his soup is usually from not being first in line. Some people prefer stew to soup so the stew lovers get most of the goodies. When scooping soup, a brisk stir is necessary to incorporate all the ingredients from the bottom of the pot to ensure a fair amount of rice and chicken in each scoop!

"Soup really is a great way to maximize all those good things in your refrigerator that you have parts of but not enough to make a meal. We will keep an eye out for those stew lovers and remind them, it's a soup and not a stew!" --Tony

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



circa 1962



sophomore, 1950



**My CCRC**

by Don Chesnut

Oh, I live in a CCRC,  
It's as pleasant as pleasant can be.  
My friends as a bunch  
Make me happy as punch,  
From this place I never shall flee!

I got into this CCRC  
Because of my high pedigree.  
I've less cash in the bank,  
And it's those I do thank  
Who keep raising the damned monthly fee.

Most folk at these CCRCs  
Have all sorts of impressive degrees.  
There are doctors and teachers  
And even some preachers  
Who confound me with their expertise.

We have meals at our CCRC,  
Sit-down dining as fine as can be.  
The chef's a good man,  
Does the best that he can,  
But our health he will not guarantee.

Life's informal at these CCRCs,  
You can dress any way that you please.  
If you go out to dance,  
You should wear some nice pants,  
Or a set of you best BVDs.

So I'll die at my CCRC,  
I'll go out with the Wednesday debris.  
And before I am cold  
My place will be sold  
To a newbie with cash for en-try.

But don't get me wrong, mes amis,  
I like life at my CCRC.  
Compliments I will bring,  
And fond praises I'll sing,  
Though at times they may be off-key.

**Murder at The Village**

by Don Chesnut

It was a dark and stormy night at The Village, a Conditional Care Retirement Compound nestled in North Carolina pines not too far from here. The lovely moat surrounding the compound with its realistic plastic swans is surpassed in beauty only by the ivy and rose draped barbed wire fence, patrolled nightly by a pack of playful Dobermans. It is very late at night, nearly 8:30, when in the main lobby the silence is pierced by a sudden shriek:

Eeeeeekkk!

Edwina Snooty is placing a call to Security Officer Dudley Doolittle. "Hello, this is Edwina Snooty. I'm here in the lobby and, ... Officer, I think you had better come right away! There's someone in the fountain at the foot of the stairs. And I think it's ... I think he's dead!"

The body of Jake Marley has been discovered in the lobby fountain. What happened? How could this horrific act have occurred? Who done it?

All will be revealed on Friday afternoon at 3:30, November 8, when the original cast of the Forest at Duke Play Group proudly presents an encore performance of *Murder at The Village*, a light dramatic composition marked by broadly satirical comedy and improbable plot.

Be prepared to be shocked, shocked I tell you, by the strange goings on in this otherwise peaceful community. But, be wary until then when passing by our fountain after 8:30, and be sure to keep your doors locked at night. We don't want what happened to Jake Marley to happen to you!