

The Art at The Forest: John Henry

by Deborah Tunstall Tippett

You may have noticed on the second floor a series of watercolors called *Conversations* by **John Henry**. A plaque describing his gift says: “Conversations are among the most frequent, informative, and entertaining activity we have at The Forest.” The sketches with imagined captions provided by residents first appeared in *The Forester* (December 2011 through June 2012) and later were printed in the book *Conversations at The Forest at Duke*, which is now sold to support the Benevolent Fund.

Henry was born in 1925 in Greenville SC and was awarded a scholarship from The Harris School of Art after answering one of those ubiquitous “Draw Me” ads. While a student, he was drafted into the Army. Resident **Libby Whitaker** recalls this story: as he finalized the paperwork for the Army, the recruiter asked him to sign his “John Henry” on the dotted line. As Henry signed his name, the recruiter grabbed him by the neck thinking he was just a smart aleck kid and threatened to throw him in the brig. Quickly, John found his ID and was released.

After serving as a drill sergeant in the Philippines and Japan during World War II, he returned to Nashville to finish his coursework. He then moved to Chicago to work as an illustrator for a commercial art studio before opening his own commercial art studio where he worked as an



A Henry portrait of child with cat

illustrator for national advertisers and publishers. As a sideline, he became a professional portrait painter and studied at the American Art Academy in Chicago. His portrait of a girl with a white cat is one of three of his portraits of children at The Forest. You can find examples of other Henry portraits throughout The Forest hallways.

In the early 1980s, Henry retired from his commercial work and moved to Myrtle Beach SC, where he continued to paint portraits and seascapes. In the late 1990s he moved to Chapel Hill and then in 2003 to The Forest at Duke, where he continued painting. He was a frequent contributor to *The Forester*, and his reflections of his move-in will make you laugh as he recounts trying to downsize by taking “the bare essentials: a grand piano, a harpsichord (homemade), my art library, drawing tables, a puppet collection, and a few clothes” for his one-bedroom apartment.

Henry was known for creating an annual Christmas card with copies available in the lobby. Residents were invited to take a copy home with them. You can find a selection of these cards in the Gift Shop in the *Christmas Coloring Book*.

Residents described him as witty, kind, and gracious. A longtime friend, Andy Preston said, “John was a true Renaissance man, who not only painted: he created and performed



A John Henry Christmas card

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The Forester

The newsletter of the Residents' Association of The Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham NC 27705. Published monthly except July, August, and September by and for the residents:

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President's Podium



by Jim Freedman

This is my first posting for *The Forester*, and I assure you, there will be more to come. First, I thank you all for your votes that resulted in my landslide victory. (Not hard when you're the only one running.) I look forward to representing you and working with the administration. I say representing "you" because you are the Residents' Association.

As I said at my acceptance speech, I decided to run as an insurance policy to assure TFAD continues to satisfy my needs and requirements. I realized that I have changed from when I came to The Forest in 2014 (aging does that to you if you haven't noticed). My needs today are quite different from my needs of yesterday, and I know my needs several years out will be quite different from today.

Similarly, The Forest has changed. The structural and service offerings have changed, since 2015 was the start of a major restructuring of the facilities. We are experiencing a similar dramatic change with the recent opening of the new Health Center and the upcoming completion of the Terraces. Unfortunately, change is threatening to most people, but it is necessary. The reality is the new arrivals, although having similar needs to the established residents, will view life and the solutions for their needs through different lenses. The challenge for The Forest administration will be to find answers that optimize those solutions for all, so we can continue to be a vibrant community.

The Residents' Association is a major contributor to that solution. The purposes of the RA, as provided in the Articles of Incorporation, are as follows:

- to assist in the development and implementation of programs, activities, services, and facilities which address and support the needs of residents of TFAD and the larger community of which they are a part;
- to represent and protect the rights, privileges and interests of the residents of TFAD; and

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In Memoriam

Joan Cohen	November 10, 2023
Frederick Doane	November 11, 2023
Howard Clark	November 22, 2023
Ali Mazugi	November 30, 2023

In this Issue ...

Regular readers will notice on the opposite page a new column "News from the Health Center" by Don Chesnut that the Editors hope will strengthen ties between Independent and Health Center residents. Don has been a frequent contributor to *The Forester* in both prose and poetry. As a current resident of the Health Center with Debbie, Don has an insider's view that should be of interest to all of us at The Forest.

If you, our readers, have tales to tell strengthening bonds between Independent and Health Care residents, pass them along to Don or to one of our Editors. ‡

News from the Health Center

by Don Chesnut

Greetings from the new TFAD Health Center that some 50-odd folks call home. No, I don't mean that we here are "odd"... well, perhaps a few... but we were your neighbors at one point. We were your friends. And we would like to continue to be. Even at a distance. One way of remaining friends and not becoming the Forgotten Residents is to let you know what life is like here. What are we doing? What's new?

Perhaps the biggest news is that with the help of **Jim Freedman** (our new RA President) and **Bill Thompson** (friend and active member of the Health Committee) we have worked on the Health Center's becoming a "neighborhood" with all its members part of a *new caucus*. You may remember that when you moved to an apartment or cottage here at TFAD you were automatically placed in a (local) neighborhood and an accompanying caucus. Folks in each caucus met several times each year for a social event (Get to

know your neighbor!) and then a short business meeting conducted by the caucus leader to talk about ideas and concerns on how to make our TFAD life better. Then your caucus leader would pass on these ideas and concerns *to* the full RA Caucus Committee and would at the same time report back information *from* the RA Caucus Committee. It was and is a means of staying connected. And up to now the Health Center has not been a part of this network.

But now we are! We are pleased to have as our brand new caucus leader **Diane Strauss**, who just recently attended her first RA Caucus Committee meeting and survived! Caucuses are channels for communication, both ways, and now we, too, are participating. It's a brave new world, and we're all excited to be a part of it.

But there is one place here in the Health Center, one very special place and one very special person in our neighborhood, who is *unique* to The Forest. And that's **Kaidy Lewis**, our Artist in Residence whose place of operation is just a skip and a hop down Birch 4, which happens to be the floor where Debbie and I live. How lucky can we get?

Kaidy is an accomplished artist and, more importantly, a leader in getting our residents (and anyone from the TFAD world) involved in artistic ventures: painting, sketching, clay, you name it. Kaidy has some 15 clients from the Health Center she regularly works with hands-on in a variety of artistic projects. Being here in the Health Center that's especially important to those of us with a physical or mental impairment. It's quite something to see so many of us paint, sketch, work clay, or talk to Kaidy. And when you meet her for the first time, if you don't fall in love with her lovely Hertfordshire, UK, accent, you simply aren't human.

As with any new projects like the new Health Center, there are problems. But we're overcoming them and slowly helping our local administration find the right ways to take care of us. Come visit us; we're still your friends. We don't want to be the Forgotten Residents and, with your help, we won't be. ‡

Podium ...

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- to serve as a liaison between the residents and the management and Board of Directors of The Forest at Duke, Inc.

What better way to protect and mold my future than to be actively involved in the Residents' Association. I feel the RA has been quite successful in fulfilling its purposes. Has it been perfect? Nothing ever is, but it has been effective. Communications have increased and improved dramatically over the past several years, through the increased use of technology, partially driven by COVID. This will continue to be a focus. A dedicated group of volunteers continues to staff the various committees that cover every aspect of our lives here, and are an excellent way of providing a collective and unified input to administration to help them make their governing decisions. This is far more effective than isolated voices in the wilderness.

I urge all residents, both "newcomers" and "old timers" to get involved in the Association. After all, the Residents' Association is you. ‡

Welcome New Residents

Toby & Abbey Goldberg

Apt. 4003

T: 602-620-2366 A: 602-781-2141

Toby grew up in Fairlawn NJ. She attended Douglass College, which is now a school of Rutgers University. During her junior year, her fa-



ther, a colleague of Abbey's father, fixed her up with Abbey. She completed her biology degree and married Abbey. They had two sons and she remained a homemaker until the youngest was ten. She then joined their Computer Service Bureau and did computer work for small businesses. When the final tuition payment for their sons' education was made in 1981, Toby and Abbey closed their Service Bureau, and Toby became the Administrator for the American Association of Public Opinion Research

Abbey grew up in Clifton NJ. He went to New York University, graduating with a degree in mathematics. The family lived in Lawrenceville NJ. He worked at IBM for four years and he was even able to build a computer himself. He next became a management consultant for a major accounting firm. Later the family moved to Scottsdale AZ.

The Goldbergs' son Richard is a professor at the University of North Carolina in Biomedical Engineering, and David is an executive at Toyota Corporation of America. They each have two children.

Both Toby and Abbey are active workers in their faith. Toby developed and ran a Women's Seder and served on their synagogue's Board of Education. Abbey volunteered in synagogues, and served on the synagogue's Education Board.

Toby enjoys reading and knitting, and Abbey enjoys traveling and computers. ‡

Gail Benjamin & Dave Bobrow

Apt. 3037

G: 410-253-4434 D: 410-253-9301

We are happy to welcome Dave and Gail, who joined us in June from St. Michaels MD. Dave was born in Boston and has lived in the US in Tucson,



Oak Ridge, Minneapolis, Washington DC, Pittsburgh, and St. Michaels. He attended the University of Chicago (1952-56) and received BAs in the Hutchins Program and Communication. He then studied at Oxford University (Philosophy-Politics-Economics) and MIT (PhD in Political Science). His professional work focused on international insecurity and the use/misuse/ignoring of information in making policy decisions. His co-authored books include *Hegemony Constrained* (Pittsburgh, 2008), *Defensive Internationalism* (Michigan, 2005), and *Policy Analysis by Design* (Pittsburgh, 1987). He was a professor at the Universities of Minnesota, Maryland, and Pittsburgh and led R&D programs at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, the Advanced Research Projects Agency, and the Office of the Secretary of Defense.

During his student years Dave had the good fortune to be supported by the Ford Foundation, Rhodes Trust, and the Social Science Research Council. He has been honored during his working years by the presidency of the International Studies Association; Fulbright Fellowships to Israel, Japan, and Germany; memberships of the Defense Science Board and the Science and Technology Advisory Panel to the Director of Central Intelligence; and the Secretary of State's

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Welcome New Residents

Stuart & Harriet "Babbie" Cameron

71 Forest at Duke Drive 928-202-6616

In July 2023, Babbie and Stuart "Stu" Cameron moved to The Forest from Fearington Village where they were living in retirement. Born and raised in Chattanooga TN, Babbie knew at an early age she wanted a life outside of her hometown where the political climate was at odds with her values. Attending Smith College, she found a more compatible environment. Marrying shortly after college she was a homemaker and mother of three biological children and one adopted Korean child. As her children grew, she sought a different direction in life; that resulted in the end of her marriage and her return to school to obtain a master's degree in Religious Education from Emmanuel College in Boston followed by a Master of Divinity from the Boston School of Theology.

Upon meeting Stuart Cameron, Babbie found someone with whom she could share her desire to work with the poor and marginalized in society. She spent ten years traveling to Haiti to provide humanitarian aid, and for many years she helped with refugee resettlement in different settings. From 1994-2000, Babbie and Stu worked with The International Rescue Committee creating The Knitting Project which delivered 32 tons of yarn and related knitting supplies to the women of the war-torn Balkans, offering solace to those who found peace from the act of knitting. Babbie was awarded The Distinguished Service Medal from The International Rescue Committee. The couple coauthored the book *Coming Full Circle* about The Knitting Project.

Babbie's interests include reading, traveling, knitting, and other handiwork as well as tending to her large family of eleven grandchildren.

Stuart grew up in St. Paul MN, and he graduated from the University of Minnesota with a degree in Forest Management. Later his life changed course

when he obtained a Master of Divinity degree from Princeton Theological Seminary, cementing his life's work as a pastor. He worked for The International Church of Tokyo and was also a



youth pastor in the Methodist Church in Colorado. All the rest of his pastoral work has been with Presbyterian churches throughout the United States. He has been active in various Presbyterian Church professional groups and boards. Of note is the position he held on the Executive Board of the South Middlesex Opportunity Council in Framingham MA. The Council was an outgrowth of President Johnson's War on Poverty. Stuart's primary interest as a volunteer has been helping those who experience food insecurity.

Though he is ever a writer of memoirs about significant events in his life, his only published book is *Coming Full Circle*.

Stuart has a son and daughter by a previous marriage. His interests include tennis, skiing, and hiking. Babbie added that Stuart is known for his cheerfulness, sense of humor, and ability as a storyteller. 🌿



John Henry ...

(Continued from Page 1)

with puppets, played music on the harpsichord that he built, and he was a prolific reader who was always up to date.”

Through his travels Henry developed a love of puppets that he purchased and also learned to make. In 2012, he made a major donation of antique puppets to the Gregg Museum at North Carolina State University. Henry passed away on November 21, 2020. We are grateful for the gift of his lovely sketches, paintings, and lasting memories. ♣



Two from the watercolor Conversations hung in the second-floor hallway of building B

The Forest's Annual Veterans Day Photo in the Rotunda



Sleeping Around, Part II

by Ted Harris

Dale and I were planning to be married in June 1954. Then in January 1954, the Army suddenly decided I should spend the rest of my military career in Germany. The troopship disembarked in Bremerhaven, and our group was sent by rail to Frankfurt. There was no heat on the train, and I remember it as the coldest night of my life.

Marriage plans were shifted from Lynchburg VA to Europe when I was able to get five weeks of leave. England required thirty days residency before a marriage. A man before his time, my dad suggested we honeymoon first and then get married. Oh yeah! Then we found that residency in Switzerland was just three days. The wedding party included our parents, Dale's sister, and my grandmother. We stayed at the sumptuous Dolder Grand.

After two weddings, the required civil wedding and our religious wedding, Dale and I went off to Thun by train. On the balcony of our hotel room, we were served dinner. Looking across the lake in the distance we could see three iconic Alps: the Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau. Several days later, while in Zermatt, we lay in bed with the Matterhorn framed in our hotel window. How idyllic!

Back at my base we lived in the German economy. We rented a room where gas supplied fuel for the lights and for the stove. There was no electricity or running water, but the outhouse was attached to the house. The double bed seemed perfect until we discovered a bunting board in the middle. The duvet was just the width of the bed, so it took us awhile to learn how to turn over without one of us uncovering our mate.

We went by train to the Wagner Festival in Bayreuth to see *Tannhäuser*. After the first act we went to our hotel to check in and have supper. Looking at our passports they said we could not spend the night there. We had forgotten our marriage license. After the final act of the opera, we found a room where they were not so fussy about the last names on our passports. Earlier, when in Florence, the Italians had loved that we

were seemingly living in sin. Lots of pinching and winking. Our accommodations there were the best. Dale, telling this story, always said we had the bridal suite.

On our way home from Europe, Dale slept in a stateroom with three other women, and I slept in the bowels of the ship in one of the many hammocks for troops. It was a rough passage, and even some of the sailors were sick.

Back in the states I was discharged at Fort Dix. We were met by my parents and my brother Brad and his wife Diane, who lived in an apartment building in East Orange NJ. At their apartment, Diane announced that the four of them were going to a church bazaar and they would be gone for four hours, emphasizing the four hours. We decided I would take the first shower. In I went,

singing away. Once out and dry, I found that I couldn't open the bathroom door. I called to Dale to find Brad's toolkit and said that if she could find a screwdriver maybe I could take the door off its hinges. She found the screwdriver, tied it to a rope, and leaned out of their bedroom window to swing it to me. I stuck my hand out to get it. The

window was so high that I couldn't really see the screwdriver, so she'd swing it to me and holler "now!" when I was supposed to catch it. We wondered how many people in the apartment complex heard her shouting! I finally caught the screwdriver, but I couldn't loosen the door from its hinges. Four hours plus later, the apartment maintenance man removed the door with the aid of an acetylene torch.

Once we were back home, my reasons for sleeping around were over. 🌿



Ted and Dale Harris at their wedding in 1954 in Zurich.
[Photo from Harris family album]

People of Color along the Eno

by Jay Williams

Long before white settlers began to arrive, the Eno River area was inhabited by midwesterners—Siouxan tribes from the Ohio River Valley who had been driven east by other hostile tribes. Collectively, they called themselves *Yesah* (The People). Over time, they took tribal names for the villages they inhabited.

Among these tribes was the Occaneechi, who settled Occaneechi Island at the confluence of the Roanoke and Dan rivers where they controlled the lucrative fur trade, trading primarily with the Crown. In 1676, a settler named Nathaniel Bacon began one of the earliest rebellions against the Crown, Bacon's Rebellion. Jealous of the Occaneechi's fur trade with the Crown, the Susquehanna tribe attacked the Occaneechi, and Bacon did as well. Consequently, the Occaneechi fled from Occaneechi Island and settled in Hillsborough.

Other tribes in this area included the Eno, Shakori, Adshusheer, and Saponi. Their descendants are recognized now as the Occaneechi Tribe of the Saponi Nation, and many still live in the Hillsborough area. Archeologists have sought the location of the largest two known settlements, Occaneechi Village in Hillsborough and Adshusheer, thought to be either along the Flat River or along New Hope Creek near Hollow Rock.

All of these tribes traveled and traded extensively. The Indian Trading Path extended from Petersburg VA to Rock Hill SC with an extension to Augusta GA. It roughly followed what is now I-85, passing by the Eno River along what is now St. Marys Road in Hillsborough. The Trading Path accounted for mixing of tribes; many villages were inhabited by more than one tribe.

Many gullies in the area that hikers dismiss as erosion are actually historical roadbeds that originated as Indian trading paths. Each has a story to tell. One is the Fish Dam Road, which runs through the Cabelands section of Eno River State Park, crossing the Eno Quarry Trail. It once connected a fish dam or *weir* on the Neuse River, on a section now covered by Falls Lake, roughly following the course of Highway 70 to the

Occaneechi Village in Hillsborough. The Fish Dam Road dates from the 1600s when it was a narrow Indian trading path. When white settlers came to the Eno Valley in the late 1700s, the road was widened to accommodate wagon traffic, and it remained in use until 1925 or 1926.

There were also African Americans living and working along the Eno. Originally they were enslaved people working in the mills and on plantations as field hands and domestics. With the end of slavery, the freed African Americans played other important roles in the community.

Fannie Breeze, who lived from 1832 to 1912, is among the best known. The ruins of her home can be seen on the Fannie's Ford Trail. She was born into slavery as Frances Thompson. At age 11 she was sold to the Breeze family in Orange County and was given their name. Fannie became the much-beloved midwife who delivered most of the babies, black and white, in the Eno Valley. She and her husband Stanford were the first African Americans allowed to worship at Pleasant Green Methodist Church and to be buried in the cemetery there. However, Fannie's exuberant style of worship from the balcony was too much for some of the staid, white Methodists, so she was given money to purchase the land for the Mt. Gilead Missionary Baptist Church off Pleasant Green Road. Like many African American Churches at the time, it was initially a "bower church" (a shelter made from trees and branches), in use until the church could afford a building. 🌿



Replica of an Occaneechi Village in Hillsborough close to their original settlement near the Eno River.

Isabel Wilkerson: Understanding Race in America

by Bill Harrington

I was sitting in the waiting room of Duke Radiology at Southpoint, reading a book, dreading the injection that I was getting for my back. I glanced up from the paperback to watch the brightly-colored fish in the lobby fish tank, swimming in their tiny, watery world. Suddenly, one predatory fish would dart toward another and the “victim” would rapidly disappear behind one of the ornamental objects in the sand on the bottom. This happened over and over—seemingly programmed into the creatures who were immersed in a showcase purely for the patients’ pleasure.

After my injection, I was waiting near the front door when a nurse appeared from the rear of the building. After my telling her how much I enjoyed the fish tank and how the larger fish always chased the ones even slightly smaller, the nurse motioned for me to get closer to the tank and there, hidden in a porcelain ornament, was a fish so tiny I had never even seen it. The nurse speculated that “he is afraid to come out because he might get eaten.” The next time that I was in the waiting room, I looked for the little guy, and there he was, in the same place.

Caste: The Origins of Our Discontents by Isabel Wilkerson was the book that had been resting on my lap in the waiting room, and it was easy to compare Wilkerson’s observations with the Technicolor movie playing in the fish tank. Wilkerson and the late Gwen Ifill, journalist and co-anchor of the *PBS NewsHour with Judy Woodruff*, were friends. At a party late in 2015 she and Ifill were discussing the upcoming American election, believing that its outcome would reveal some attitudes growing in the country. They theorized it was really all about 2042, the approximate date when minorities in our country would become the majority, and that those in power would do almost anything to prevent a potential power shift that would change our country forever. The big fish worried that the tiny fish were growing and might get tired of hiding.

I had previously read *The Warmth of Other Suns: The Epic Story of America’s Great Migration* by Isabel Wilkerson, a book which chronicled the African American migration from the South to the North and West of our country. Growing up in the middle of the last century in a tiny segregated town in eastern North Carolina, I was brought to tears in more than one place in her book as African Americans were “chased” out of their homes in an effort to find a better life for themselves and their families. Of course, I knew about this migration, but *The Warmth of Other Suns* made it personal.

Isabel Wilkerson is truly a national treasure. Not only is she a great writer, Wilkerson deeply understands our country. I do not believe that it is possible to understand our country’s current polarization without reading *Caste*. No matter which side of any political fence you are on, you will find Wilkerson’s explanations of the nature of power behind critical American social changes to be enlightening. †

When Things of the World Become More Real Than Real

by Beth Timson

The ascending morning circles
of blueberry, Cheerios, bowl, and rising sun.
The willing sturdy legs of chairs
forever untroubled by aging knees.
The faults of a remembered lover
banished by a ghost caress.
Noon light at the beach
when sky and ocean become one.
Words so potent they embody themselves
to live and walk in the mind.
The humble glory of a list
that can order even the ineffable.

Learning and Laughing

by Ellen Baer

Jane Austen or Stephen Sondheim? The Hapsburgs or the Smothers Brothers? These were some of the choices of subjects offered via Zoom by OLLI at Duke for TFAD residents this past fall. We can take selected courses at a discount whether or not we are OLLI members. Moved by nostalgia and a need for laughs, I chose comedy. We may all remember Tom and Dick Smothers, but did we really know them? I didn't.

I didn't know that they had started off playing in clubs in 1959, mixing folk singing with stand-up comedy. They were cute, they were funny, they were clean-cut in matching outfits. They were not what you would have expected CBS to put up



against *Bonanza* when NBC was consistently winning that important 9:00 pm Sunday night time slot. But CBS offered the brothers a chance that nobody else wanted. Tom Smothers insisted on creative control, and he got it, maybe because the network didn't think the show would last.

The *Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* started in 1967 and lasted three seasons, gaining in ratings and reputation along the way. Featured guest artists included Joan Baez, George Harrison, Simon and Garfunkel, Bobbie Gentry, and Donovan. They hired writers who had written for Jack Benny and Milton Berle and others who were new and daring like Jackie Mason, Rob Reiner, and Steve Martin.

The result was a show that appealed to all ages, just what CBS hoped for. But the network wasn't prepared for pushing so many boundaries, starting on the first show with guest singer/songwriter Pete Seeger. He had been blacklisted from TV for more than a decade for his political activism, and when he sang his controversial anti-war song, "Waist Deep in the big Muddy," CBS censors cut it from the broadcast.

Season 3 started in fall, 1968, with Harry Belafonte as guest. With his good looks and silky voice, he had the studio audience relaxed when the stage background suddenly changed to scenes from the Democratic National Convention in Chicago—the riots, the protests, the police brutality, all behind Harry singing, "Don't Stop the Carnival." The effect was shocking.

When our OLLI instructor, Martin Marshall, asked for questions or comments on this show, no one said a word. Another time, he ran a video "time capsule" from the show. It was 1968 again, this time with flickering images of MLK and RFK and LBJ and Vietnam right up to the moon landing in the summer of 1969. Again, there was silence in place of comments. I don't know where other people were, but I was back in 1968 watching the news on a black and white TV, with a husband in grad school and a toddler at my feet.

The Smothers Brothers were fired abruptly in spring, 1969, even though they had a contract for a fourth season. The firing followed a "sermonette" by guest comedian Dave Steinberg satirizing an Old Testament story, so it was surprising but hardly unexpected for the troublesome brothers. One of their last comedy bits was about Truth and Lies, which was so timely and so funny it could have aired last night.

I didn't know that Tom and Dick Smothers were so reckless and so brave. Neither did CBS. And when the writers of the Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour won an Emmy Award after the show was canceled, it was a tribute to their creativity and their courage. Tom Smothers had done a lot of the writing himself, but he refused to

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... and Laughing

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have his name included in the list of writers up for the award because he didn't want to detract from the achievement of the others.

Years later, on the 60th Anniversary of the Emmy Awards, host Steve Martin was pleased to offer a bright shiny 1968 Emmy Award to Tom Smothers. When Tom came up to receive it, he



said something funny of course, and then he acknowledged his brother in the audience. He and Dick and Steve all looked close to tears. I couldn't help thinking about the trail they had blazed to a future where satire is an accepted way to reveal hypocrisy and injustice and to make TV audiences think about serious things while laughing. It was a trail that led straight to the Emmy for best comedy series that year (2008) being awarded to Jon Stewart and *The Daily Show*.

Today Tom and Dick Smothers are 86 and 83 years old, respectively, and they are probably still laughing. †

If you'd like to share your own experience with an OLLI course (what you learned and why you cared), please write about it in 400-800 words and send it to Sharon Dexter, The Forester's Managing Editor:

forestersjd@gmail.com



Benjamin & Bobrow ...

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Open Forum Distinguished Public Service Award. After retiring to Maryland's Eastern Shore, he was a member of the Maryland and National Boards of the American Civil Liberties Union and established a local volunteer organization to aid immigrants.

Dave and Gail married in 1974, and their daughter Ellen lives in Holly Springs NC and stepson Chris is in Pittsford NY. Dave enjoys photography, music of all kinds, baseball, exploring wines and food, and spirited public policy and political conversation. At The Forest he is on the Resident Finance Committee, participates in a book club, and enjoys concerts in the area.

Gail is a native of Brookings SD and has lived much of her life in Frederick MD. She majored in an honors program in Chinese at Michigan State University and got her PhD in Anthropology at the University of Minnesota. She has made it her life's vocation teaching anthropology and linguistics at the University of Maryland and the University of Pittsburgh.

She is a past Board member, officer and volunteer for the Talbot Interfaith Shelter in Easton MD, and is the author of *Japanese Lessons*, a book describing primary school education in Japan. Gail is a master quilter and has in her apartment a huge quilting machine. She has made a room there into a workshop for her beautiful craft, displayed throughout the apartment. Gail is the representative for D Wing on the Caucus Committee and also enjoys attending balance classes in her busy life. †

Digital Edition of *The Forester*

To reduce costs, some photos are printed without color in the paper edition. Full-color digital issues of *The Forester* with active hyperlinks and read-out-loud capability are available from the RA website

www.ForestRes.org.

Alternatively, request an emailed copy from forester-pdf@gmail.com

Collections in the Display Case

by Robyn Sloan with photos by Dave Sloan



Judith Ruderman's artful blue menorah inspired an exhibit that included, among others, **Rose Boyarsky's** great grandmother's treasures and the **Bosworths'** unique Gary Rosenthal dreidel sculpture. (Nov 2021)



Katherine Shelburne's collection of unusual stuffed animals turned out to be largely creatures of the sea, so a display littered with sea shells and glass floats seemed appropriate. (Mar 2022)



In February a small portion of **Astrid Schmidt-Nielsen's** exquisite hand-knitted lace shawls was featured, but she also knits beautiful cabled sweater vests for **Pete Stewart**. (Feb 2023)



It seemed like kismet when **Molly Simes'** "snow people" collection was scheduled just prior to her passing at the end of last year. Her smiling figures extended her perpetual cheerfulness. (Dec 2022)