



A Distinguished Law Career

by Joanne Ferguson

Earl Pollock gained special renown for his involvement in the 1954 Supreme Court decision of *Brown v Board of Education*.

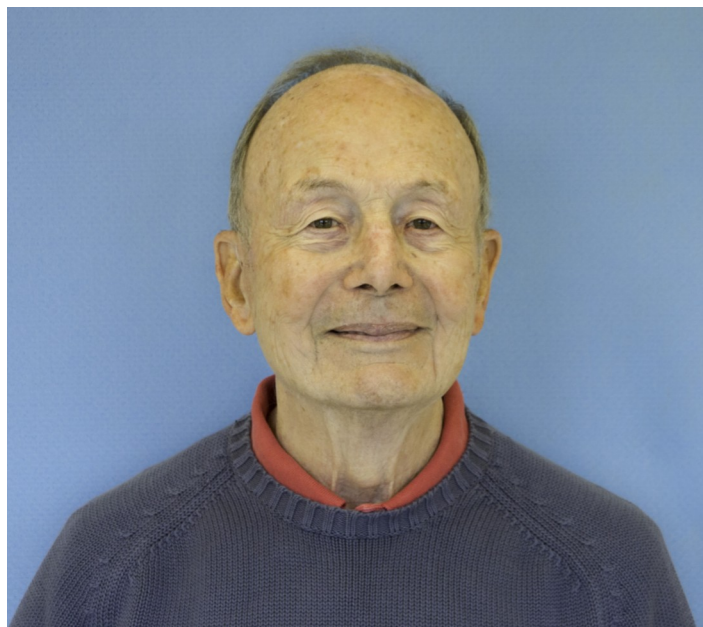
He grew up in Sioux City, Iowa, the second largest city in the state, which he says was “a great place to grow up, but not a place to stay.” He was the youngest of three children, with an older brother and sister. His brother was in the infantry in World War II and was killed in France.

Earl went to the University of Minnesota, where he was active (and successful) in the debate team. After receiving his B.A. degree, he took graduate courses in sociology while working as an instructor in the speech department.

He next went to Chicago, with thoughts of law school, a career he had been considering since high school but had begun to question. He met a lawyer from a firm in downtown Chicago and took a job as a clerk in his office. He found the experience very appealing and subsequently enrolled in Northwestern Law School, working afternoons at the law firm. Having heard first-year law students complain about the crushing load of work, I ask how he managed all that. He said he liked the first year and perhaps didn’t find it as daunting as it was to others on account of his experience in the law firm.

Earl met his wife Betty, an artist, on a blind date, and they married after his first year in law school. They lived in a one-room apartment on the Near North in Chicago a few blocks from the law school and from Betty’s job as fashion coordinator for Bonwit Teller.

He was editor-in-chief of the *Northwestern Law Review*, graduated in 1953 first in his class, and



was recommended for a clerkship to Chief Justice Fred Vinson. Earl received the appointment though he had to turn down a Fulbright scholarship to the London School of Economics in order to take the job.

He began his clerkship in June. When Vinson died three months later, Earl and the other two Vinson clerks nervously awaited their fate. They didn’t have long to wait because the Court was anxious for a quick replacement. In response President Eisenhower made a recess appointment of Earl Warren as Chief Justice, and Warren asked the three clerks to stay on.

Warren was a genial, politically savvy man, who recognized the dangers of a divided Court in *Brown v Board of Education* and sought to achieve a unanimous decision in the case. The Court had been

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The Forester

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In Memoriam

Shirley Billings

February 3, 2015

President's Podium

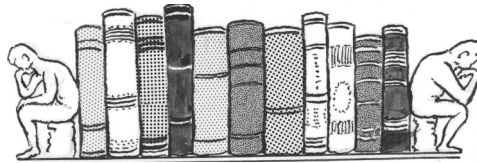
by Dale Harris

Congratulations to **Sylvia Kerckhoff** who received a wonderful honor recently. The Greater Durham Chamber of Commerce awarded the Civic Honor Award to Sylvia! Her contributions as former Mayor and City Council member were recognized and applauded by hundreds of people there on Feb. 12. Attendees included several TFAD residents: **Barbara Anderson, Ginnie Jones, Margaret Keller, and Barbara V. Smith** as well as TFAD Board member **Gretchen Cooley**. Sylvia was presented with a lovely engraved silver tray to memorialize the event. What a significant recognition this was, and we add our kudos enthusiastically!

Commendations also to our resident volunteers who are keeping on doing and contributing in so many ways toward our good quality of life on campus. In particular, we applaud those who keep everything operational even though change is underway including changing their physical locations. Two examples of that are our Library, so ably headed by **Carol Scott** and all the Library volunteers, and the Gift Shop, also so ably headed by **Priscilla Squier** and her helpers. Many thanks to each and all of you.

Progress in our remodeling venture is beginning to be observable. Paving is now occurring! We also have a US Post Office outgoing mail drop just outside the Club Room, a more convenient location for many during the Community Center renovations. This was suggested in November by **Georgann Brophy** and **Ossie Ganley**, and their idea was passed on to **Sandy Mouras** who worked diligently to make it happen. Result is a greater convenience we appreciate for many.

Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

Do you know how our Library here at The Forest is financed? Who pays for the new books and processing supplies for them, and the Computerized Cataloging program? Take the test.

- a) The Library itself, from financial contributions and sales of unwanted books
- b) The Forest budget
- c) The dues we pay to the Residents Association
- d) Some combination of these

The answer is: A combination of a) (mostly) and c) (occasionally). As you might guess, this is sporadic and unpredictable income which is very difficult to budget. With the help of **Mary Streitwieser**, treasurer of the Residents' Association, and **Karen Henry**, Forest finance director, we are currently working toward getting our budget as a line-item on that of The Forest itself. This will provide needed stability and also the ability to take care of unusual expenses that might arise. Our new Library should have a new --and predictable -- budget!

We wish we could afford subscriptions to the two local newspapers, the *Raleigh News and Observer* and the *Durham Herald-Sun*, but the combined daily subscriptions amount to over \$550 annually and are beyond our budget, so we still need resident volunteers to bring them each morning after they have finished reading them.

The work of the Puzzle Committee, headed by **Ted Harris**, is on-going. Thanks to the suggestions made in the recent survey of puzzle usage, this

collection is being fine-tuned and down-sized. Many will be discarded, including those with missing pieces. And the Rinkas will be placed in sturdier boxes. Ted has made and photographed the completed version of all the Rinkas, so if you need a picture to guide you in putting together one of these complicated puzzles, there is now one in the bottom of each box.

A welcome new addition to our staff is that of **Nancy Michal**, a knowledgeable computer assistant. New books are being entered into the computer, and with the further preparations of the books themselves by **Dorothy Brundage**, we are catching up on the donations received in the past couple of months. Some of them -- all on the New In the Library book cart --are:

FICTION

Allen: *Lost Lake*

Doerr: *All the Light We Cannot See*

Tyler: *Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant*

NON-FICTION

Campion: *Over the Hill You Pick Up Speed*
814.54

Gawande: *Being Mortal* 362.17

Johnson: *How We Got to Now: Six Inventions That Made the Modern World* 338.06

BIOGRAPHY

Bowling: *Wallace Wade: Championship Years at Alabama and Duke* B Wade

IN HOUSE AUTHOR

Pollock, Earl: *Race and the Supreme Court*

Pollock continued

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sharply divided on the issue under Vinson, but Warren was able to accomplish what Vinson could not.

In April 1954 (shortly after his Senate confirmation) Warren called Earl to his office and gave him a document Warren had prepared that was headed "Memorandum" and that he called an "outline." He told Earl that he wanted him to expand the outline into a full opinion, with the provisos that it should be short, readable, and non-legalistic--something that could be understood by the layman, "something that could even be published on the front page of a newspaper." He added that speed was of the essence and cautioned Earl about the need for tight security, with no discussion with anybody outside the Chief Justice's chambers.

That weekend at home Earl worked twenty-four straight hours, writing in longhand since he didn't have a typewriter. He took the revision in on Monday, had it typed, and delivered it to Warren, who approved it with only some stylistic changes. Within a few days, after the addition of footnotes, the revision was distributed to the other Justices, together with a cover memo from Warren saying that "Here are the drafts for discussion," that the opinion should be "non-accusatory," and that the decision should be limited in scope to the constitutionality of laws requiring segregation in public schools. Warren personally delivered copies to all the Justices in the building and to Justice Robert H. Jackson, who was in hospital with a heart attack. Earl and another clerk delivered copies to Justices Sherman Minton (at his apartment) and Hugo Black (whom they found in the midst of a tennis match at his home). After some minor changes in the text suggested by other Justices, the draft was unanimously approved, and it was decided to announce the decision on May 17.

There had been great anticipation and excitement among the clerks awaiting the day the opinion would be handed down. A few were told by their Justices that this would be a day they should be in Court, but most of the clerks were at lunch and were very disappointed that they had missed it.

Everyone had managed to keep absolute silence, with no leaks, until the opinion was delivered in Court. Warren read it verbatim except that he inserted the word "unanimous" in stating the Court's conclusion, and reporters and clerks who were there remember a response from the audience of a great sigh and a long a-h-h-h-h. Justice Jackson had made it back from the hospital and was in his accustomed seat in the courtroom.

Warren asked Earl to continue as his clerk for a second year. At its conclusion, Earl was still thinking about teaching law and wanted some first-hand experience in the Justice Department, especially in antitrust law. After a year in the Antitrust Division, he was invited to join the Solicitor General's Office, which represents the Government in the Supreme Court and which he calls "the best law office in the U.S."

During vacation after finishing the clerkship and before starting at the Justice Department, Earl remembers two big events: he took the bar exam and his first child, Stephen, was born.

He enjoyed his work in the Solicitor General's office a great deal and was just on the point of arguing more important cases when he got a phone call from a prestigious law firm in Chicago, Sonnenschein Nath & Rosenthal, asking him to join the firm as a partner. He and Betty went to Chicago and met the firm, said yes, and stayed there for the next 35 years (23 as a member of the Firm's executive committee). While he was at the firm he hired a young lawyer named Scott Turow.

After retirement he and Betty moved to Sarasota, Florida, where he chaired the Sarasota Symphony and continued his lifelong love of jazz and tennis. He also taught a course on the Supreme Court at a senior learning center for seven years and published two books: *The Supreme Court and American Democracy* and *Race and the Supreme Court*.

Mind and Body

How Basketball Helped Me Treat a Patient

by John Tindall

During the fall of 1970 I admitted a 14-year-old youngster with intractable itching caused by an eczema from head to toe. He was very dry and scaly with heavy scale only interrupted by linear scratch marks. He had been referred by a Greensboro dermatologist who had despaired of helping him. His father had died in an automobile accident and his single mother was trying to provide for the two of them; but it was very difficult to fill all the roles of mother, provider and caregiver for this adolescent. On admission, I placed him on large doses of cortisone, anti-itch oral medications and “soothing” compresses, which he proceeded to remove when trying to help relieve his intense itching by scratching. A senior psychiatrist attempted to hypnotize him, to no avail. By the end of the third day in the hospital, at the end of the work day, I went up to sit with him and just talk about his problem. In the course of our getting to know each other better, it turned out he was a great Duke basketball fan.

I had gotten to know Dick DeVenzio, the point guard for the Duke team, and had had several conversations with him. In desperation to help this young man, and recognizing my efforts to date had had little impact, I phoned Dick and explained the situation. That very evening, Dick and Randy Denton, Duke’s All-American center on the basketball team, came up to the hospital and visited for more than an hour with the youngster. When I made rounds the next morning, he seemed more comfortable and told me that the two Duke players had come up to see him. He was clearly thrilled that they would bother to do so. Over the next three days, they came each evening and sat and chatted with him, making him the most important person they knew. Almost miraculously, his itching abated and his skin began

to heal. He was clearly returning to something approaching a normal person. By day seven, I felt comfortable discharging him from the hospital to return home to restart school work.

But the story does not end there. Unknown to me, Dick phoned the boy’s mother and told her that Duke would be playing a basketball game in Greensboro in two weeks and that he had arranged for three tickets to be at the will-call window at the Greensboro Coliseum. The three tickets were for her, her son, and her boss, who should bring a camera to the game. And after the game, he and my patient should come to the Duke locker room. Dick had arranged for him to be greeted by the Duke team, and he was presented with the game ball, autographed by the team and coaches. His mother’s boss was able to take several photographs of the event for him—as though he needed any help to remember. Dick kept in touch with him for some time afterwards. Of interest, the patient never returned to see me again!!

As a postscript: Dick DeVenzio was an Academic All-American in 1971 and was twice a finalist for a Rhodes Scholarship, only to fall short of winning out of the last three candidates. I had great pleasure in writing glowing letters of support on both occasions and remained an admirer until he died only a few years ago. He and Randy Denton did something for a fine young man that I, as a physician, could NOT do, and did it with little prompting. I recently had occasion to see Randy and his wife at a Duke function. I went over and introduced myself and asked Randy if he recalled. He hesitated while his wife, a nurse, said that he had never told her about it. With prompting, he did remember and his wife was most pleased to be told the whole story. I hope you agree.

Gray Mountain by John Grisham

A Review by Peggy Quinn

HO HUM! I just finished reading John Grisham's 29th novel, *Grey Mountain*. Maybe, like the flu, John Grisham *has peaked*. Plots have gotten repetitious; greedy families contesting wills, corrupt lawyers, big business squashing small companies, and workers at the mercy of big bosses. Mr. Grisham's lawyerly skills cannot be questioned but it seems that what started out to be a novel often turns into a documentary about coal mining in Virginia.

All well and good, but how about a plot? Samantha Kofer, our protagonist, has a big-time job in a New York law firm. Comes the recession and she and many of her colleagues are out of work with no promises of being rehired. Samantha is one of the lucky ones, if you call going to work for a legal aid clinic in Brady, Virginia, lucky. She is a city girl and misses the busy social life which she was used to in the city. Life in Brady is pretty dull until she meets Donovan and his aunt Mattie. Mattie is her boss and Donovan is the handsome mountain boy who is also a lawyer and very successful in his pursuit of the big coal companies who are forcing people to sell their land to them so that they can strip-mine and ruin the forests and erode the mountains. The hills are full of poor folks who are out of work. They are hungry and need to feed their families. Sadly, they sell off the land to the coal companies because they are desperate. They suffer a great loss. Then there are the underground miners who are dying of black lung disease. They need lawyers to fight for their rights and their lives. The big companies are the enemy.

Samantha, our leading lady, lacks the kind of passion that it takes to fully understand the plight of the families. She seems stalled when Mattie asks her to take on some of the actual cases, file claims and

represent some clients in court. It makes you wonder what big time lawyers do? She worked for a big law firm for three years. She is a lawyer who had never prepared a lawsuit. Samantha appears weak, unskilled and immature. Really no match for the strong young woman, Mattie, from the legal aid clinic. In the back of Samantha's mind there is always the temptation to leave, to go home to Mom & Dad.

The story wanders on; half way through, Donovan is killed in a plane crash. It is his private plane, and the immediate thought is that the plane has been sabotaged by some of the thugs who work for the coal companies. The community is enraged. Donovan's brother, Jeff, vows to avenge his brother. Jeff and Samantha find out that Donovan was not always honest about some of his dealings with his adversaries. He stole some documents from one of the most powerful coal companies. Samantha teams up with Jeff to help get the documents to a safe place. Along the way there just happens to be an empty cabin in the deep woods where Samantha and Jeff engage in a little dallying, helped along by warm quilts and red wine.

Gray Mountain is not one of Grisham's best legal thrillers. Perhaps he tried to cram too much into too little space, or perhaps he became carried away by the corruption being caused in Appalachia and other coal mining areas. Fiction and reality send mixed messages and confuse readers. It was a noble endeavor but my advice would be, go back to his first novel, *A Time to Kill*, or his more recent book, *Sycamore Row*. Sure bets!

The Importance of Memoirs: Granpa Weed, a.k.a Cap'n Dave

by Carol Scott

How I wish I had been able to know my grandfather Weed better! But we lived in North Carolina and he was in Connecticut, and during the Depression it was too expensive for the wife of a college professor and their three children to make that trip to see her father even annually. Sometimes it was two or even three years between visits. My father, not teaching during summer vacation, worked a summer job to help pay for them. Granpa died in his 80s, when I was a teenager, leaving behind no written memoirs of his adventurous life.

Soon after we arrived in New London on our infrequent visits, Granpa would take my two younger sisters and me over to the tin box on the living-room mantelpiece in which the housekeeping money was kept and would give us each several pieces of silver. That was about the extent of his involvement with us, though he did teach me to tell time the summer I was seven.

When I first remember Granpa he was probably in his early 70s, of medium height and build, was rather gruff in manner, and had palsy, which defined his activities. He was living with his other daughter and her husband and their son, my cousin David. Every afternoon Granpa took David's collie, Pal, for a walk, which was Granpa's only form of exercise. I seem to remember that he spent the rest of the day in his armchair in the living-room, reading *Argosy*, a men's adventure magazine which I was forbidden to read. I believe that through it he re-lived the adventurous life he had lived on the sea.

David A. Weed was born in 1856 on Deer Isle, Maine. His father was a seaman, like the men of the family before him, involved in coastal shipping. When Dave was a teen-ager he went to sea, like his father. In time he went on longer voyages, and qualified to be a Master Mariner at so early an age that he was commonly known as "Young Cap'n Dave." Once I met an old man who had been a cabin boy under Capt. Weed, and I asked him what kind of

a man my grandfather had been. After some rumination the old sailor replied, "He was strict, but fair." A captain was solely responsible for his ship and all who were on it, so he had to be firmly in charge. He was strict with his family, too, but kind – whenever he managed to be at home. This was in the days of sail, and he was often gone for long periods of time from his wife and his increasing number of children – eventually eight in all. When he was at home, my grandmother wisely retired from her usual role as head of the family while he was at sea, for she well knew he needed to continue his role as Captain-in-charge.

Probably his longest voyage ---- maybe made more than once (I never asked him!) was to China. This took him down the east coast of both North and South America, then around Cape Horn and out to the long voyage across the Pacific. Sailing 'round the Horn was particularly trying and dangerous. In this cold Antarctic region the weather was often bad and the winds blew "off and on"---sometimes from the West, sometimes, after a long wait, favorably from the East. It took not only patience and fortitude but excellent navigational skill as well. Apparently Cap'n Dave had that, for an old man who had sailed with him told my mother at Granpa's funeral that this skill had kept their ship from capsizing in a typhoon off China's coast

At the end of the century, realizing he needed to be closer to his growing family, and with the change from sail to steam, he retired from sea duty and took a job as captain of the yacht owned by James J. Hill, the railroad magnate. The yacht dry-docked for the winter in New London, CT., so the family moved to that city from Maine, and Capt. Weed was home in the winter, sailing up the St. Lawrence in the summer for Hill to fish, and perhaps to transact business.

When the U.S. joined World War I in 1917,

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Granpa continued**Spare Me the Details**

by Carol Oettinger

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Granpa, by then in his early 60s, joined the Merchant Marine. His run was to the west coast of Peru. And the Panama Canal had been dug!! This cut off thousands of miles and many weeks to get from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Those voyages were so different from the early ones around the Horn under sail!

Oh, Granpa, why did I never ask you what you thought of that?! Did you think the Canal was a great accomplishment, a boon to shipping? Or did you think it made sailing a profession for sissies? It is a beautiful area and tropical, never with any snow and ice or howling winds.

The only "important" thing about his sailing days I ever asked was toward the end of his life, and was, "Granpa, were you ever seasick?"

"Wa-al, I was on the water for fifty years, and the first thirty every time I went out I knew I was going to be seasick --- and I was. But by the last twenty, I'd kinda got used to it, and I wasn't seasick any more."

Why do we not ask our older family members important things before they are gone forever?

And why do we not, as older people, write our memories down for the next, non-questioning generation ?

Harbingers

by Bruce Rubidge

Yellow blossoms on the stem,
Is it us or is it them?
We know 'tis early to be Spring,
Do they hear bluebirds on the wing?

Tell, me, who is it here who knows the truth?
'Tis the forsythia, forsooth!

After I had seen the doctor about my ailing knee, I looked at the brochure they gave me about all the surgical procedures they do on knees: how they saw off some bone and pound metal things into other bone. I thought, "spare me the details."

Then I remembered the first time I heard that saying. When I was a society lady in Pinehurst, it was, at that time, the style to have one's hair done with Jell-O—to get the bouffant look. (Forgive me if I pause with a shudder.) A dance at the country club let me show off my new gown and my new hairdo. The man with whom I was dancing said I looked very pretty. I said, "Thank you, you know I had my hair done with cherry Jell-O today."

And he said, "Spare me the details."

Nice, smart man.



Farm Bureau Report

by Dean McCumber

It's late Winter. Spring is just around the corner. Ever-optimistic planters are wrapping up late-winter chores and making preparations for the oncoming season at The Forest Farm, the set of 36 four-foot by eight-foot raised beds at the southeast corner of the campus. It's time for a Report on 2014.

As before, about half of the area was devoted to flowers. Iris bloomed in the spring, tradescantia (spiderwort) in the spring and fall. Roses and daylilies bloomed through the summer and early fall, together with a large and eclectic mix from the aster family: chrysanthemums, dahlias, daisies, zinnias, and marigolds. Sunflowers had a wonderful start, and provided tall supports for pole beans, but a vigorous set of 8-foot stalks were all broken in mid season by a critter climbing to access the beans and the sunflower seed heads. We suspect raccoons. Deer are not common on the property. Rabbits are common but don't climb stalks.

As for vegetables, peppers and squash were clear winners, as were bush beans and potatoes. Sweet sugar-snap peas produced prolifically all spring. There were summer harvests of eggplant, leek, okra, and Swiss chard. A too-closely-planted 3'x3' patch of sweet corn carried pole beans, enough to attract our critter, but neither the corn nor the beans made it to the table. This home-style research was not a fair test of the ancient practice of planting of corn and nitrogen-fixing legumes in the same hole. Results piqued more curiosity than they slaked.

But, the big question always is, "What about tomatoes?" The prospect of freshly picked heirloom tomatoes has been a perennial draw, and mostly a disappointment. Well-performing tomato types have been cherry and grape varieties. While not the best

size for sandwiches, they're sweet and tasty for salads and snacks. They produce prolifically all summer. Worth considering again for 2015. Even with crop rotation among beds, large-tomato varieties start well in our beds but succumb to a systemic wilting disease just before the first fruit is ripe. There are different opinions about cause, but so far none has led to a sure-fire solution. Discussions in early 2014 with our on-site Capital Landscaping manager, then a student in Horticulture Technology at Alamance Community College, led to a proposal to let a student team plant peppers, tomatoes and squash in unsigned beds as an extracurricular activity to demonstrate "how it's done" and to test their latest recommended varieties. The results were peppers and squash in profusion, and the same old same old tomato problems.

Forest residents report successfully growing tomatoes in pots on their patios, and large tomatoes have been coaxed from a few stand-alone specimens in the raised beds. Although it may seem a fool's errand, some of us will continue to try to grow large varieties in our raised beds, but if we crave a sure supply, we need to remember our local Farmers Markets!

If you have not been to the The Forest Farm, please visit. Access to the beds is by a paved footpath between Cottages 68 and 70. A garden shed for storing personal tools, fertilizers, and soil conditioners is adjacent to the path, as is a comfortable bench. There are also a composting bin, fresh compost for use in the beds, and frost-proof water outlets with hoses. Please do not pick the flowers or vegetables. They're carefully nurtured, coddled really, like beloved grandchildren.

Mystery: A Ghost at The Forest

(Tony Ellis gave me this idea.)

by Bill Harrington

There is a ghost at The Forest at Duke. How do I know? Have I seen it? I'm not sure that I can answer those questions. It's just a feeling I get. I will give you two examples. Both of these have to do with food.

Walking back to my apartment in Wing C-2, I was surprised to encounter Nate at the elevator that leads to the swimming pool. Actually, it wasn't Nate at which I was surprised; it was what he was holding. He'd found an egg on the seat next to the elevator. An egg? What was an egg doing there? I've known a few of our residents who've "laid an egg," so to speak, but I always thought that was a metaphor – not the real thing. No, I don't know what Nate did with the "hen fruit," as we used to call it back home. Maybe he turned it over to lost and found. Maybe he scrambled it for breakfast the next morning. For me, I believe it was the ghost that put it there.

My next example is familiar to all of us. In case

you don't know anything about ghosts, they are said to cause "cold spots" in houses and buildings. There was such a spot in the cafeteria (the café that is now closed) over in front of the desserts. Over the years, I have encountered a number of people in that area talking to ... nobody. They'd pick up a piece of pie or a cup of yogurt and begin discussing "something" with the entity. The favorite conversation occurred with the first selection at the salad bar – as the person moved around to the right. Sometimes we could not be sure what that particular selection was, so there were negotiations that often led up to the decision to purchase or not. The poltergeist must have answered back because the dilemma was always resolved.

Now, I'm sure many of you are skeptical. To prove my point, try this: pick up your mail at 11:00 one night.



More Destination: The Forest

by Carol Oettinger

Lois Fussell lived in Pittsburgh with her husband for 44 years. When her husband died in 2010 her three children who lived in Montana, New York City, and Raleigh all wanted her to live near them. There are no CCRCs in Montana and she didn't like big cities, so her daughter in Raleigh began looking. She started with the internet and then took Lois to the most promising places to have a meal, talk to the people, look at the art work and the pool. They both liked the Forest at Duke best of all and Lois moved into apartment 2014 in September 2012. She is glad to be here. She is one of our enthusiastic readers at 4:00 on Tuesday.

Barbara Eldridge grew up in the South, but lived in DC for 40 years with her husband. When he retired, they bought into a CCRC that was being constructed in Maryland. They had both gone to Duke as undergraduates, and both of their children went to Duke. One daughter lived in Durham and asked them to come down and look at the Forest at Duke. They had a tour with **Willie Mae Jones** who said, "I know that you are coming here." After the tour, both said, "This is IT." Barbara moved into apartment 1010 in June 2008. She says, "I am where I belong."

Bill and Nancy Michal are both North Carolinians. Bill was a pediatrician in High Point for 50 years. They have three children. Their daughter, Lisa, has a computer company and began looking at CCRCs on the computer when the Michals thought about retirement. Their name was on the list at Carol Woods for 12 years, but Lisa brought them to the Forest at Duke to look. Their first impression was of the friendliness of the residents. The ones they met all seemed happy. They spent two days and had two

meals here. After that, Bill said, "I had to come because Nancy was coming." They are glad they moved into apartment 3009 and are involved in many activities.

Sherry and Bill Townsend met by chance when Sherry was engaged, with a ring, to another man. That meeting has resulted in a 57year marriage. Bill worked in Durham for Liggett and Myers, and they were happy living at Dunbarton. Their children, who live near here, helped them make the decision to move to a CCRC and encouraged them to look at the Forest at Duke. That was all it took. They found the residents easy to know, and they love the staff. They moved into apartment 4042 in March 2014. They are to be found enjoying many activities.

Henry Rogers went to Duke after growing up in Durham. He worked for Liggett and Myers in Durham until he was transferred to Mexico City where he and his family lived for five years. He came back to Durham and after retirement started his own environmental company. It is based in Casper, Wyoming, and has a process that cleans oil out of water. There came a time when the children told Henry and his wife that it was time for them to look at CCRCs in the area. They put down deposits at four. Their children inspected all four and said that "without a doubt, the Forest at Duke is the best." When Henry and his wife came to look, they liked the people they met and the surroundings. Henry had several friends here, but he stressed the fact that they came because of his wife's many friends. They moved to apartment 3027 at the Forest at Duke in 2010. Henry loves to play poker.

Back Alive from I-85

by Ned Arnett

Once again, we're back alive from I-85,
and its more menacing cousin, I-95.
We're grateful, lucky, blessed, relieved
to have once again eluded death, dismember-
ment, injury,
or at least hours of filling out accident forms
for the proper state and insurance agencies.

From Petersburg to South Hill, Virginia,
I-85 is a long, green tunnel in summer,
pleasant enough if the traffic is light.
but in winter the stark tree trunks, devoid of
leaves
cast a steady, disturbing, bar code pattern on
the road.
The flickering stroboscopic effect is almost
hypnotic,
How often does it cause accidents by inducing
seizures?

I can't help meditating about my nearby neigh-
bors
as we rocket along at seventy miles an hour
in rapidly changing tight formations
of the one-ton steel boxes

beside, behind, and in front of me
driven by the individual consciousness of its
driver
focused on his immediate, particular goals, go-
ing to or from:
work, school, shopping, romance, entertainment,
etc.
Driven by her ideas, mental maps, passions, fear
of accidents
and an amazing trust that the whole socio-me-
chanical system
of cars and drivers is safe enough to trust your
life to.

Trust that everyone else is competent to drive a
lethal machine
in spite of daydreaming, chatting, texting, cell-
phoning, hangovers.
Risking your life to the images
in your rearview mirror
not to mention your belief that everyone else
obeys traffic lights.
All I can say is that it works! once again, we're
back alive!

