



Volume 22 Issue 2

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

November 2016

Kolby Shields, Manager of Security and Risk

by George Williams

The Forest has broadened its ethnic outreach dramatically with the addition to our permanent staff of Kolby Shields, Manager of Security and Risk. Though a Caucasian, born in Cortez, Colorado, he spent his boyhood with his uncle, a Navajo Indian, and his aunt on the Indian Reservation Tecc nos pas, in Arizona. (This native American name describes a grove of cottonwood trees, conspicuous in an otherwise semi-desert area.) He attended grammar school with his cousins at the Reservation School, where, though the language of instruction was English, the language of the playground was Navajo. But we were ready for him: when he arrived, he was greeted by Professor Norman Greenberg, a close student of Navajo culture, speaking in the Navajo language. "The first time I had heard it in many years," says Kolby.

He has enlarged that American Indian experience by marrying Kavitha, an Indian from India (the real India, southeast Asia). The happy couple were living in Chicago last year, while Kavitha was studying for her doctorate in occupational therapy. She received her degree in December 2015 and immediately was offered a job at the Murdoch Development Center, attached to the facility at Butner, N.C. By a happy stroke of good timing, the position here at the Forest became available at the same time. He accepted. Though surprised at the thought of becoming Carolinians, they decided to come here. They have found a home, a most attractive new house in Franklinton--the first house they have owned together--a 25-minute commute for her, a 40-minute commute for him. They are happy in their North Carolina home. Kavitha, an accomplished cook specializing in highly spiced Indian (that is, Asian) foods, has already planted a garden, mostly of spices, and is pleased with the early results. Kolby, not a dedicated garden-



Kolby Shields and his wife, Kavitha

er himself, participated in the work by "digging holes" for his gardening wife.

His hobbies--not primarily gardening--are nevertheless mostly outdoor activities. Growing up in the Far West, he has always had horses to care for and to ride. He is also interested in kayaking, in snow-skiing, and in fly-fishing. In fact, he makes flies himself, so following one of his grandfather's hobbies.

His special education has prepared him for his assignment with us. He has a master's degree in security management from the American Military University (part of the public university system) in West Virginia. He is an active Professional Protection Officer and is working now towards obtaining his certificate in that specialty. He has recently become a Field Liaison Officer, operating between the District Coordinator and the local law enforcement agencies.

He is concerned now that the security systems in the Forest have not had any substantial and effective modernization since 1992 when they were installed. He is attentive to our welfare and is giving his prima-

(Continued on page 4)

The Forester

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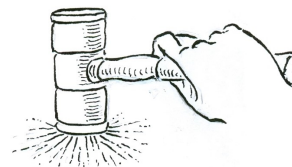
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President's Podium



by Dale Harris

As the Thanksgiving season approaches, we focus on those special people, things, events, and the context within which we live. Here at the Forest at Duke we residents have a culture which contains a commitment to volunteering and that results in enhancing the good quality of our lives.

We residents can speak proudly of so many who give their talents, thought, and time in over 60 committees plus numerous activities. In fact, volunteers are sought and welcome in so many ways, including the Encore Store, Gift Shop, Library, Woodshop, and Resident Publications. For example, this is the second edition of the Forester under the direction of co-editors Shannon Ravenel and George Williams. We residents really look forward to reading each edition and thank them for taking on this important and very helpful venture.

At our recent Residents' Association (RA) Annual Meeting we elected three new members of our RA Board of Directors. We welcome Carol McFadyen as Secretary. Nell Barlow will be a board member and chair of the Activities Standing Committee, and Alex Denson will be a board member and chair of the Governance Standing Committee.

In October the emergency events which required prompt notification to residents revealed some problems with the system resulting in a variety of experiences by various residents. Fortunately, the situation that caused the "lock-down" event was brought under control without lamentable harm to residents or neighbors. We are pleased that the TFAD administration is immediately looking into improvement in the process.

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

Hello. I'm Carol Reese – your new Librarian. First, I wish to thank Carol Scott for her leadership these past eight and a half years. Over these years, she guided the growth of the collection and the creation of its new home. Fortunately for me, she is willing to continue as a superb source of knowledge and advice.

Second, thanks to the support of the TFAD administration, the Library now has subscriptions to four newspapers:

1. Durham Herald Sun
2. New York Times
3. Raleigh News & Observer
4. Wall Street Journal

The current issues are kept on the shelves to the far left of the Circulation Desk near the glass cabinet with the owls. Come in and relax in our lounge area with a newspaper.

And while you are relaxing in your library, if you should feel like helping out to keep it running, I am looking for volunteers willing to be back-up volunteers at the Circulation Desk. If one of our regular volunteers couldn't handle their regular time period at the Desk for some reason, you would be asked to substitute for them. This would involve only two hours of your time now and then. If this idea interests you, please contact me at reese.carol911@yahoo.com to find out more.

Until next month, enjoy this great fall weather!

In Memoriam

| | |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Alan Bruce Burns | September 28, 2016 |
| Helen Corbett | September 29, 2016 |
| Claramae Eshelman | October 19, 2016 |

The Forester editors welcome submissions from TFAD residents who want to share their special insights, experiences, knowledge, literary efforts, opinions, etc. These should be sent in as digital documents attached to email addressed to George Williams <hpgwiv@gmail.com> and Shannon Ravenel shannonr@algonquin.com. Prose pieces of about 600 words are ideal. Unfortunately, due to space constraints, not every submission will see print, but we'll do our best to bring as much to our readership as we possibly can.

Kolby Shields continued*(Continued from page 1)*

ry interest to the problems of the entrance gates and to the personal responders. We can look forward to the approaching day when entry at the main gate will be simple. A new barrier arm is to be erected beyond the present iron gate which will open automatically by electronic control from a device to be mounted on the backside of each resident's rear-view mirror. The barrier is being installed and the residents' devices have been ordered. He is also supervising the installation of a telephone Emergency Notification System that will alert both land lines and cell phones.

He is certainly taking care of our needs and we are glad he is here.



Kolby and Kavitha
at their first flying lesson

Cracking the Glass Ceiling

by Sylvia Kerckhoff

After winning a seat on the Durham City Council in 1981, I was often asked, "What is a nice girl like you doing here?" My answer wasn't that it had been a life goal; it was simply due to circumstances that occurred in mid-life when my mother developed cancer and I brought her to my house in order to care for her. As a result, I had to stop teaching in the Durham schools.

Then a group of friends from the League of Women Voters asked me to run for a seat on the Durham City Council. I had been a member of both the League's city and state boards for a number of years, so was familiar with local issues. The League doesn't, however, promote specific candidates for elections. But a group of other friends in Durham agreed to support me publicly. I had never even watched a City Council meeting on television, but had had an interest in local politics and thought this might be a way to be busy part-time, so I agreed to try. My family reacted with various questions about whether I was becoming mentally disturbed or just silly to think I could win such a contest. My husband, Al, was amazed at the thought, but said he would help me. My life changed for sixteen years—1981-1997.

Friends who were active in the political scene started to educate me in the task of "running for office." We decided on a platform to present to the public: rehabilitation of downtown Durham, improving inner city neighborhoods, and spurring economic development in the city. Besides writing letters to various groups, speaking to neighborhood gatherings, putting ads in the newspapers, we engaged some children living nearby to put flyers on the door-knobs of houses in our area. I had learned that you should spend the greatest amount of time on the people who were most likely to vote for you.

Talking to the media was the most frightening of all these encounters, especially when called on the phone to answer questions off-the-cuff or to appear on TV news programs. The Candidates Meetings held for the public produced anxious moments because these large audiences could ask perplexing questions. Having been a teacher turned out to be a real asset.

(Continued on page 11)

ASK A SCIENTIST

by Bennett Galef

What's new in Evolutionary theory? 'Kin selection': A better way to understand the evolution of adaptations

A prairie dog that detects an approaching coyote will often perform an easily detected "jump-yip" display, an "alarm call" that has two immediate consequences: the alarm-callers' neighbors are less likely to fall victim to the coyote than they would be if the alarm caller had remained silent, whilst the alarm caller is more likely to be stalked and killed.

Behaviors that, like the prairie dog's jump-yip display, reduce the probability that those who engage in them will survive or reproduce (often labelled "altruistic" behaviors) posed a significant problem for evolutionary theory. Why? Because, as explained in my last column, natural selection was presumed to act to remove from a population those individuals whose behavior reduced their probability of reproducing. The altruistic jump-yip should have disappeared long ago.

Unfortunately for theory, heritable characteristics that, like the prairie dog's jump-yip, are harmful to the individuals expressing them are not rare. They have discomfited evolutionary theorists since Darwin.

Understanding of the evolution of characteristics that decrease individual reproductive success was greatly enhanced in 1964 when the British biologist W. D. Hamilton published two very important, though demanding papers, the results of which G. C. Williams incorporated in his influential 1966 monograph *Adaptation and Natural Selection*. Williams proposed that **it is better to think of adaptation as resulting not from selection among competing individuals, but from selection among competing genes.**

Talking about natural selection as acting on genes rather than on individuals may seem an unnecessary complication. However, such change in perspective allows analysis of the evolution of numer-

ous characteristics of animals (and humans) that had previously defied analysis (for example, conflict between the sexes, between parent and offspring, and between siblings). A complete list would be long indeed.

Obviously, **an individual can reproduce only by being a parent. A gene can reproduce in two ways, by increasing the reproductive success of either: (1) the individual carrying it or (2) kin of that individual who, because of their common ancestry, may carry copies of the gene.**

Looking at the world from the point of view of genes rather than that of individuals provides an understanding of the evolution of altruistic behaviors such as alarm calling. In natural circumstances, individuals living near relatives (children, siblings, cousins, etc.) are far more likely to alarm call than individuals living without nearby kin. As a result, **a gene that increases the probability that an individual will alarm call may increase the alarm-calling gene's reproductive success, while reducing the reproductive success of the alarm calling individual.**

When the British biologist J. B. S. Haldane was asked during a radio interview whether he would give his own life to save a brother from drowning, he responded, "No, but I would gladly give up my life to save two siblings or eight cousins," a whimsical summary of W. D. Hamilton's contribution.

More formally, Hamilton showed in 1964 that for a gene promoting an altruistic behavior to spread, the reproductive cost (c) to an altruist must be less than the reproductive benefit (b) to the recipient of the altruistic behavior multiplied by the probability that altruist and benefactor will have any gene in common (r , which stands for degree of relationship between altruist and beneficiary).

More formally still: A gene that increases the probability that an individual will engage in heritable behavior that reduces its own reproduction will

(Continued on page 9)

Welcome, New Residents



Madison and Cecilia Spach

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Madison Spach met Cecilia in high school in Winston-Salem, NC. He joined the US Navy as a radarman and served in the Pacific Theater. When he returned, he entered Duke University and never left. He completed undergraduate and medical education as a pediatrician and cardiologist. He rose through the ranks to be the James B. Duke Professor of Pediatrics. His commitment to pediatric cardiology through patient care, teaching and research made him internationally known. He was honored with every major research award, and hundreds of pediatric cardiologists owe their careers to his training.

Cecilia studied nursing at Presbyterian Hospital in Charlotte, and practiced at Baptist Hospital in Winston-Salem after graduating. She and Madison were married while he was an undergraduate. At Duke, she was an original member of the Duke Medical Faculty Wives. When that organization started the Nearly New Shoppe, she became treasurer of the shop, and continues in that important role. The shop has given millions to the scholarship funds of the School of Medicine. When their four children were grown, she joined Madison as he toured the world as an invited speaker and teacher.

Cecilia is a fine tennis and bridge player. Madison prefers reading and golf.



Janet & Craig Daniels

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Craig: 603-306-1008
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Following university careers in Connecticut and Rhode Island, Janet and Craig retired to a rebuilt 175-year-old barn on Mascoma Lake in Enfield, NH. As the grandchildren's schedules diverged and winters grew colder with less snow, they decided the house was too large and explored locations further south, residing each winter for two months in a different city. Weighing all considerations, they selected The Forest.

Janet and Craig met at Tufts University and married shortly after graduation. After 3 years in the Navy and a stint as a Chemical Engineer, Craig earned a PhD (psychology) at the University of Delaware. Subsequently, he taught at the University of Hartford and became Dean of Arts & Sciences at Eastern Connecticut State University.

Until their oldest son was born, Janet worked in bio-chem research at Massachusetts General Hospital and Philadelphia General Hospital. She earned an MEd and taught high-school science while Craig was in graduate school. When all children were in school, Janet became a CPA, earned a doctorate in accounting from Boston University, taught accounting at Hartford, and was Graduate Dean at Bryant University.

The Danielses enjoy ethnic cooking, sewing, gardening, and their border terrier, Edo. They have 4 children and 9 grandchildren.

Welcome, New Residents



Diana Spock

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Diana Spock grew up in Seattle, earned her nursing degree at the University of Colorado, and worked as a surgical nurse and instructor in Denver and Phoenix. She joined Project HOPE on the hospital ship HOPE as it traveled to underdeveloped countries. She taught local nurses, and cared for intensive care and recovery patients, in Nicaragua, Colombia, Ceylon, and Tunisia. She spent five years on the ship, and became the Assistant Chief Nurse. She traveled to Poland with Project HOPE in the early 70's to evaluate a nursing program there.

Her late husband, Alexander Spock, volunteered a number of times on the ship, successfully courting and marrying Diana. Al brought her to Durham where he was the founder of the Duke Cystic Fibrosis Center, and senior Professor of Pediatrics.

Diana has four children (one set of twins) and seven grandchildren. She has volunteer jobs in three organizations. Her skills with needles (any kind) result in beautiful crafts, and clothes. She continues to travel on ships or land, as she hasn't seen every place in the world yet. Diana is also a fine bridge player.

Walkers at The Forest

by Don Chesnut

Very recently I bowed to Nature and invested in a walker. I don't really need a walker because I know how to handle a cane, but I've decided I cut a more distinguished figure as I 'walk' upright among you rather than hunched over a cane. Appearances are important, you know. It is not easy, however, because you can poke obnoxious residents with a cane, but it is much harder to use a walker as a weapon. But I've been practicing.

Walkers are ubiquitous here at The Forest. At a certain age it is a most welcomed instrument of balance that lets us who are mobility impaired move as though we were twenty years younger. (Of course, that still leaves most of us in the 'old' category.) Because of its qualifying purpose, I suggest that its *mobility impaired* users be called 'mobimps'. This is pronounced 'moe-bimp' since the alternative of 'mob-imp' would suggest a junior gangster. The term 'bimp' for short may also be employed.

Walkers come with standard four-wheel drive, automatic transition (when you move, the walker automatically transitions with you) and are topless like a convertible. Indeed, it's the closest thing to a convertible most mobimps will see. It has a basket hidden under the seat for carrying food home gleaned perhaps illegally from the cafeteria or for transporting a bottle of spirits in case a quick nip for refreshment is needed while transitioning hither and yon. Although drinking while driving is generally frowned upon, no one I've heard of has been arrested for imbibing while walking. The walker's seat can be used for giving people rides, but make them wear protective goggles if you do. The walker's brakes allow one to stop on a dime (or a shiny penny) or plow straight ahead to aggressively obtain a preferred position in line. But no one will object because, as a mobimp, you will generally be viewed as an object of pity to be deferred to.

Walkers have no governors to limit velocity and can achieve breath-taking speeds of 3-4 mph. Unfortunately, they are not equipped with a horn or warn-

(Continued on page 9)

A Writer's Tale, A Storyteller's Life

A Book Review by Carol McFadyen

In the preface to her latest book, *Dimestore: A Writer's Life*, Lee Smith says of Southerners:

"We still excel in storytelling — and I mean everybody, not just some old guy in overalls at a folk festival. I mean the woman who cuts your hair, I mean your doctor, I mean your mother."

Southerners may excel in storytelling, but precious few match Lee Smith as a writer. *Dimestore*, her first non-fiction work, contains fifteen exquisite essays that are humorous and poignant by turn, as she tells of learning to be a writer and weaves memories of home, family, and friends that pull readers into her world. Smith began writing at the age of nine, inspired by her experiences in her father's Grundy, West Virginia, dimestore where she peered through the second-story one-way window to watch, unseen, the stories unfolding below. Thus she began to learn of a writer's omniscient point of view and created stories of the dimestore dolls and their fabulous lives, which she sold for a nickel. Smith continued to write throughout her childhood, but when Eudora Welty visited her college campus and talked of making stories and books of memories and experiences, there was an immediate recognition of the wealth that her own home place provided. Years later, Lou Crabtree, a thoroughly unschooled Appalachian writer of wonderful Southern tales, helped

cement, even more, the love and appreciation of her heritage.

Smith tells of adventures in a time and place where children, free of afternoon lessons and carpool travels, wander from one exploit to the next. She relates stories of mental health issues of a father who was "kindly nervous," a mother who suffered from depression, and a beloved son lost too soon. Most importantly, though, she opens wide the window into a writer's heart and mind.

This book is indeed a writer's tale, a storyteller's life. A life lived writing was what enables Smith to define herself and truly live. In an April 2016 interview Smith said, "I'm not so much a writer as a listener and a storyteller... and at my age, memory is the best gift of all." That memory is a gift to us in this most remarkable book.

Carol McFadyen spent 37 years working in various educational settings in NC. She is a Southerner.



Walkers continued

(Continued from page 7)

ing device, so it is suggested that you, as a mobimp, cry, “Get out of my way!” as you speed around corners or maneuver among pieces of furniture or residents. Forewarned is forearmed, I say. However, do avoid wheelchairs or large residents because, as the laws of physics show, the change of momentum in such collisions will largely be yours.

Walkers are often decorated according to the owner’s tastes. I use a red ribbon on mine not only for looks, but also to signal “Look out, you fool, I’m coming your way!” A variety of colors are available, like blue (although it’s not quite Duke blue, I’m sorry to say), red (mine is burgundy to match my Honda), gray (how dull!) or teal (now who in the world would want a teal walker ribbon?!). So far as I know there’s nothing that comes close to Carolina blue and that’s a good thing for I’m sure it would lead to many collisions here at The Forest at DUKE. I’ve seen several with racing stripes, but for folks at our age I think that’s being overly optimistic.

And, of course, walkers can have a name, something that speaks to the nature of the owner. Bill Fletcher calls his walker “Captain Billy’s Whiz Bang” and shouts “Whiz bang, whiz bang!” as he tools in and among admiring residents. Initially amusing, Bill’s behavior has become annoying because even without his walker he continues to intone “Whiz bang, whiz bang” without stop. George doesn’t need a horn or other warning device because residents now avoid him completely. Sally Cranford simply calls her walker “Sally,” as in ‘to sally forth’ to a great adventure. She flies a flag that says “Hi, my name is Sally. Please give me your phone number.” Sally is very popular among the male residents, less so among the ladies.

As for me, I thought about Blue Devilish Don or simply The Donald, but the former seems inappropriate for a burgundy device and Debbie frowned when I mentioned the latter. So I’ve decided on something simple and color-related and have chosen the name Rosebud. Neat, don’t you think? I’ll bet you’ll remember it when I’m gone.

Don Chesnut, a frequent contributor to this newsletter, in prose and poetry, is Emeritus Professor of Chemistry at Duke.

Galef continued

(Continued from page 5)

spread through a population so long as $c < rb$.

A new era in evolutionary theory had arrived.

Bennett Galef taught in the Department of Psychology at McMaster University for 35 years.

My Year and a Half in Saigon

by Sue Okubo

Why. Sitting in my office at Tulane University one afternoon, I was feeling discouraged by my slow dissertation progress. I was 25 years old. I had spent my life up to now in school. I had never held a real job. So I thumbed through the *American Economic Review* openings for jobs – the US Agency for International Development was looking for economists to work on South Vietnamese economic issues. I called the number listed, and was told that they were no longer hiring women for this type of job. So, my gender was denying me a chance for an exciting job, to travel, and to help others. No way!

I continued my search for a job at the annual national meetings of economists in Detroit. On the way to the convention center, I had trouble opening the hotel door. A man opened the door for me. I thanked him. He asked if I were going to the convention center, and if I wanted a ride. Despite my parents' rule to never accept a ride from a stranger, I joined him and his two colleagues in their cab. As I got in, the "boss" said from the front seat, "Looking for a job? Here is where you can find our interviewing room at the center." At the convention center my mail box had only two interviews offered – a teaching job in Mississippi and another in Alabama.

So I went to see the three men from the cab. They talked about something really exciting – going to South Viet Nam to work with the US and Vietnamese governments to help South VN with its development plans when it won the war. Economists spent about 6 to 12 weeks at a time there to do their work. What an opportunity! I could travel around the world and do work that would help a country. I accepted.

After moving to DC, I had second thoughts. The job required spending a year in VN, *not* traveling for 6- to 12-week stays! After much soul searching, I decided I'd be sorry if I passed up this opportunity. I began my adventure in January 1972.

South Viet Nam. Going to Viet Nam was the first time that I had ever traveled outside of the United States. I was not prepared for what I saw. There were children with babies in their arms begging for money. I was told to keep my hands out of my purse; they would swarm me to get the money. I reluctantly stopped. But it hurt my heart to see those

little people with dirty, thin faces and no one to care for them. And there were young men, mutilated by the war with no arms or legs, and no social network to help, begging for food or money. I cried every night for about six weeks before I could begin to accept that, on my own, I could do little to help these poor people. The corruption was also upsetting, especially the Vietnamese police who stopped me when I was with American friends; assuming that I was Vietnamese, they wanted a bribe to let me go.

One of the hardest things I had to accept was the behavior of some fellow Americans – the ones who preyed on women. Once I saw an old American man pawing a young Vietnamese woman at the bar located at my hotel. I had gone there to relax after a long day of work, and witnessed something that a naïve, sheltered young woman never dreamed of seeing in real life. My boss – the one who told me not to help little orphans – advised me I was in a war zone. One coworker told me that American women came to Viet Nam because they couldn't make it the States. One colleague I thought was a friend was the most repulsive of all. When he brought me back to my hotel after a meal together, he propositioned me. I said, "No, I am not interested." He then told me, "When women say no, they really mean yes." I tried to be polite, as my parents had taught me. Finally in anger and frustration, I said to him, "I am going to use language that I know you will understand. 'Bleep!!'" I said, as I ran out of the car and home. Later, every time he passed me in the hallway, he smacked his oafish lips. Ironically, I made good friends with men in the military – men about whom Vietnamese families warned daughters. My friends were military officers in a special economic unit at Tan Son Nhut Air Base; they treated me as an equal colleague.

Life in Saigon. Despite the sad sights and infuriating incidents, there were many good things that came out of my time overseas. Even though the country was in a war and I could hear distant mortars every night, I felt safer in Saigon in many ways than I did in Washington, DC. One of the most positive parts of my experience was that my boss was an excellent teacher. He taught me how to be a good economist, how to apply all those concepts and theo-

Year in Saigon continued

ries I learned in school to real life problems. I worked with Vietnamese National Bank officials to improve their data collection and estimates of their economy, and learned a lot of the nitty gritty work that goes into producing national economic estimates to help governments with development plans (which became a critical part of my job later in life).

I also worked with and met many professionals I would never have met had I not been in Saigon. One was a distinguished Harvard professor who came every summer to work with the Vietnamese government on economic policies. His wrinkled face was forbidding, but he and I became good friends over two summers. We spent every lunch time at the Cirque Sportif, spending an hour swimming laps in the Olympic sized pool, before lunching with other colleagues and returning to work. Another friend was a Vietnamese woman who worked for a contractor in a nearby office. When Saigon fell in 1975, she and her family escaped and came to live with me in DC for several months until they could find a permanent place to go. I was glad that I could help.

As my year ended, the Minister Counselor for Economics asked me to stay for another 6 months to complete the work I had begun. I agreed to stay, and left in 1973.

One last positive outcome of my time in VN: my committee of economics professors accepted my dissertation, and I received my degree.

Once back from Saigon, Sue Okubo worked over 30 years for the US government, at the Bureau of Economic Analysis, National Intelligence Council, National Science Foundation.

Cracking continued

(Continued from page 4)

During all these preparations, I surprised everyone by travelling with Al to Europe for three weeks in August, to a business meeting. I could not resist the invitation so packed my bag and went. When I returned in September, however, I had to work really hard to prepare for the November vote.

At last, Election Day arrived. With some supporters, I visited all the precincts to make a last showing. My family and I ate dinner at our favorite restaurant, Nicos, in Brightleaf Square. Bill, the proprietor, gave us all free dessert to wish me good luck.

The next trip was to the Board of Elections to watch the votes get tallied. Many candidates and their supporters were there. Shouts, clapping, or “oh no” erupted each time a precinct’s vote came in. The noise was unbelievable.

After an exhausting day, the final tally was announced. I won—with 63% of the vote!

Sylvia Kerckhoff served two terms as the first female mayor of Durham, North Carolina, and recently won the Durham Chamber of Commerce’s Civic Honor Award.



Pat Is Gone!

by Joanne Ferguson

In August 2006, Pat Gallagher came to the front desk. She had formerly been among those who worked the White House switchboard for AT&T, so it seemed likely that she could manage The Forest residents. She could, and 300-plus residents became instantly dependent on her.

When The Forest began, one resident, Bob Blake, learned the phones so he could take over in the event of an ice and snow emergency in which staff were stranded at home. When Bob could no longer hear well enough, his position fell vacant. I applied and was accepted and trained in the phone procedure. But of course there was more to it than just that: there was Pat's abundant good nature and patience that I felt I should try to emulate, not to mention the wealth of detail in her head.

The response to my presence on the phone went from astonishment ("You're not Pat!") through confusion and, yes, even to some annoyance. With Pat's retirement, we have all been left as bemused as a litter of kittens whose mother has just leapt out of the box to stretch her legs.

So run Pat, run, and have a glorious and luxurious retirement.

