



Volume 22 Issue 3

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

December 2016

## Donna Cook: Director of Health Services

by George Williams

Donna Cook, our new Director of Health Services, was born in Candler, NC, which is southwest of Asheville, and which she describes as a small rural community at the foot of Mt. Pisgah. From that lovely mountainous region, she went east, all the way across the length of North Carolina to the level land, to college at East Carolina University in Greenville, NC. Her mother viewed this move with some alarm, fearful that she would marry a “flatlander.”

She brought away from the flatlands both a husband and a Master’s Degree in Community Health Administration. This is a profession she has practiced with devotion. Over the years of her service, she has found her place in health care rewarding and she has become especially interested in the care of the elderly. Her interest in this specialty she traces in part to her close association with one of her grandfathers, whose spirit in life inspired her. He was a woodcarver of objects of exceptional beauty which were marketed in the tourism industry of the mountains of NC. He had quite an artistic bent, and was a mountain musician as well, playing both banjo and dulcimer. Some of her fondest memories are of sitting and listening to his music on his front porch on warm summer evenings.

Now divorced, Donna lives in Cary. Her son holds a Ph.D. from Duke and is a scientist working on the west coast. Her daughter is a graduate of NC State as well as Kenan Flagler Business School at UNC, and she works as a marketing executive at GlaxoSmithKline. Donna’s outside activities include interior decorating and design, organizing family gatherings when everyone can be together, and recently she took dance lessons. I was so naïf as to suppose that that signified ballroom dancing. “Oh no,” she said, “the shag!” (A form in which I have no skill.) She is devoted to her very deaf cat, Simba,



Donna Cook

who talks to her with both his ears and his tail.

Donna has been active in many service organizations over the years, such as Civinettes, Boy Scouts (her son is an Eagle Scout), and Dress for Success. These groups help develop the character of young people and give support to women attempting to enter the workforce. Says she: “I love helping people launch their careers, or mentoring someone in a new position.” To which we should add, at The Forest, old folk ending their careers. Donna loves her work here and is humbled by the accomplishments of the residents that she and her staff serve. She has been at The Forest since July, and is especially pleased with the high quality of her staff and their dedication to caring; they have a great deal to offer the residents.

### *The Forester*

The newsletter of the Residents Association of The Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610. Published monthly except July, August, and September by and for the Residents.

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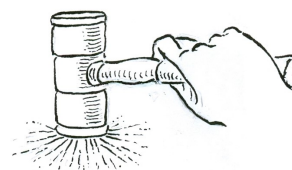
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## President's Podium



by Dale Harris

New spaces for the use of the Residents' Association are opening up! By the time you read this, we will have two new places for our use:

- the room on the third floor across from the elevator by the old Library will be our Residents' Association Office (this space used to be the office of the Independent Social Worker); and
- the room on the third floor on the front of the building at the end of the hallway by Elevator 7 will be our small meeting room furnished with a conference table and chairs for 6-8: a gathering room for a small group.

These are available for each and all of us. Our archivist, Jim Shuping, has worked above and beyond the call of duty with the TFAD Administration to arrange the transfer of furniture and appropriate files in these rooms. The RA Office will house various RA files for a six year period. You are welcome to go and explore anytime. It will also have a small desk and a couple of chairs in addition to a locked cabinet for which our Archivist and Secretary (Carol McFadyen) will each have a key. The gathering room is available for any resident's use. There will be a sign-up clip board there in that room so all you have to do to reserve it is to sign up there for it.

Your RA Board has started its new term year the first of November. We will do our best to assist in supporting your needs through the development and implementation of services and facilities, to protecting your rights, privileges and interests, and to serving as a liaison between you and the Management and Board of Directors of The Forest at Duke.

Happy Holidays!

## Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

Well, I've been your Librarian for four months now and the Library still functions! It has been a busy time for me, learning about all that's involved in keeping it running. I also appreciate all the assistance I'm getting from the volunteers to help build and keep the collection in order.

Speaking of building the collection, in the month of October we added over sixty new books:

- 23 non-fiction
- 14 large print
- 13 biographies
- 11 fiction
- 3 mysteries

They included everything from the latest best-selling fiction to a discussion on world politics by Henry Kissinger.

You can find these new items, plus the rest of the Library's collection, by using its online catalog. The catalog may be accessed from your own computer by going to the Resident Association's website, [www.forestres.org](http://www.forestres.org), clicking on "Quick Links," then the "Search Library Books" button. This will bring up the Search Catalog. You can just type what you want into the box. If you are searching for a specific title, click on the Title button; if you are searching on

a specific subject, then click on the Subject button. If you need access to a computer to search the online catalog, there is a computer in the Library to the right of the entrance door for use by residents. If you would like a demonstration of the online catalog, feel free to contact me and I would be happy to meet you in the Library.

Once you find what you want, you can check it out for up to three weeks. Checking out an item is as simple as completing the check-out card by writing in:

- The date,
- Your name,
- And your apartment/cottage number.

Then, please place the filled-in card in the silver container on top of the Circulation Desk.

The holidays are coming up. A good time for some leisure reading between all the hustle and bustle of the season. Enjoy!

### In Memoriam

Patricia Lavell Robertson

October 25, 2016

Patricia Vincent

November 14, 2016

Mary Gates

November 16, 2016

## Ed Kinney: A Thankful Remembrance

by Paul McBride

It is unlikely that any of you at TFAD will have heard of Ed Kinney. He led a rather anonymous life. I am one of the lucky ones who, however briefly, was enriched by knowing him.

Ed was my first year English teacher at Ursuline High School in my hometown, Youngstown, Ohio. Like most high school youngsters of the 1950s, I was sleeping through history. I had no idea that the United States was in the midst of one of the most momentous human migrations in history. Between 1910 and 1970, some six million African Americans fled the former confederacy seeking the greater freedom and opportunity of northern industrial cities. Four million of them arrived between 1940 and 1970. By contrast, the great Irish potato famine migration of the 1840's resulted in perhaps 750,000 destitute refugees arriving on our shores. Youngstown's share of this epic movement of African Americans was substantial. Between 1916 and 1950, the population of Blacks in Youngstown had increased from about 6,500 to 21,500.

Youngstown's white population was generally hostile to the newcomers. White neighborhoods fought to stay that way and, with the help of widespread racially exclusionary policies of the real estate agencies, were largely successful—for a time. Yet, as Blacks slowly pried open some of the older white neighborhoods, race resentment intensified.

In that context of deepening race tensions, I entered my first year at Ursuline High School. One day, Mr. Kinney was discussing race relations with the class. We students, nearly to a person, exemplified the racist opinions that in the Youngstown of 1954 was the coin of the realm. Not until the next year did Youngstown finally desegregate the public swimming pools—a decision that nearly sent white parents into a panic. Thus, Mr. Kinney was having a hard go of it trying to convince us that racial equality was either desirable or possible. The class countered Mr. Kinney's arguments with growing boldness. "Look at them," we declared. "They all drive Cadil-

lacs and Buicks but they live in run down shacks." Mr. Kinney explained the reality and injustice of red-lined neighborhoods and he asked us to consider what we would spend our money on if we could at last buy a desirable home, but the real estate agents and banks would not allow us to buy a home in a "white" neighborhood? Might we not buy a nice car instead?

None of us had thought of that. The class's arguments suddenly seemed vulnerable. Mr. Kinney patiently replied to every one of our objections. Finally, I stood up to deliver the unanswerable challenge. Confidently repeating talk I had heard around the kitchen table and in conversations with my friends and classmates, I arrogantly announced, "You wouldn't be saying these things if your sister announced she wanted to marry one of them!" The class was hushed, but I knew that my classmates agreed with me. All eyes turned to Mr. Kinney. What could he say to that? Our teacher looked me straight in the eye and said quietly, "Paul, I would rather have my sister come home with a young Negro boy than with a boy who thinks as you do."

His reply was devastating, but richly deserved. Mr. Kinney had seized what I would later recognize as a "teachable moment." From that day I began to challenge my parents when they expressed their unquestioned views on race. I could see that my accepted convictions about Blacks were not only open to debate, but were badly misinformed and just plain wrong. Mr. Kinney had invited me to think for myself, to question my assumptions, attitudes, and inherited dogmas.

About ten years ago, I found out that Ed Kinney had retired and was living out of the Youngstown area. I called him from my home in Ithaca, New York and repeated to him the story I have written here. For me, it was a long delayed thank you for the gift Ed Kinney had given me in the year that Bill Haley had Rocked Around the Clock, and the Su-

*(Continued on page 7)*

## Auntie

by Ned Arnett

*This piece is reprinted from the December 2015 issue of The Forester by residents' special request. When Ned presented it in February 2016 at a gathering, Jean Anderson, a native of Philadelphia, mentioned that she remembered seeing "Auntie" walking with her attendant.*

I have enjoyed the privilege of knowing a significant number of really interesting people in my life. One of the most interesting was my maternal aunt, Frances McCollin, hereafter known as Auntie (memorialized in Annette di Medio's book, *Frances McCollin: Her Life and Music*, Scarecrow Press, Inc. 1990). Blind from her earliest childhood, she was blessed instead with a musical talent that became clearly apparent before she was three.

She was aided from the start by growing up in a very loving and close family which was, if anything, drawn together by loving concern for Frances. Her sister Katherine (my mother) grew up caring for her and helping her find her way around their world. So close were they that they actually developed a semi language of their own. Her parents were ardent supporters of music, having led, in 1900, the successful effort to establish a first class symphony orchestra in Philadelphia. Her father, Edward G. McCollin, was a lawyer and also an accomplished violist, organist, and tenor. He recognized, even when Frances was a toddler, that she had perfect pitch and was picking out on the piano music that she had just heard, always in the correct key.

She was given the best possible education of the day for sight-deprived children at the Philadelphia School for the Blind and, from an early age, received musical training from her father and the few music teachers who were willing to take on a talented but sightless child. She soon developed a "reproducing ear" which gave her the ability to reproduce at the piano whatever music she had heard and for which she had sufficient keyboard technique.

These talents were of great value to her as an adult when she supported herself by giving lectures on Friday afternoons about the concert that the Philadelphia Orchestra was about to play an hour or so later. She would accompany herself on the piano,

playing and analyzing the major themes of the upcoming program to be conducted by Leopold Stokowski or Eugene Ormandy. These men recognized the limitations with which Auntie was faced in preparing her lectures since she could not read the usual literature describing and analyzing the pieces in the afternoon's program, there being virtually nothing relevant in Braille. Accordingly, they gave her the unique permission to attend the orchestra's rehearsals during the week. She remembered what she could and also made Braille notes. No one else, including Philadelphia's top music critics or most generous donors, was allowed to attend the rehearsals.

In the early 20<sup>th</sup> century, the education of the blind placed very little emphasis on independence. Although Auntie could feel her way around her home, she depended on paid helpers to walk her around town when there was no one available in the family or friends. Of particular historical interest was her discovery of a young African-American woman—a gospel singer—who was glad to earn the thirty cents an hour to take Frances to the rehearsal before her lecture and to the subsequent concert.

Philadelphia in Jim Crow America harbored such racial prejudice that when Auntie was accompanied by her Negro helper, the only colored person in the audience, women with seats next to her would conspicuously get up and move away. None of them could have guessed that the young woman they were insulting would be packing the Academy of Music twenty years later as the great alto, Marion Anderson.

I remember Auntie as a rather small, somewhat overweight person whose brown hair was kept in a very simple mannish cut, maintained, as well all matters having to do with her appearance, by her

*(Continued on page 9)*

## Welcome, New Residents



### Al and Abby Saffold

Apt 3051 Abby: 703-624-0260

[a2saffold@gmail.com](mailto:a2saffold@gmail.com)

Al: 703-629-3507

Abby and Al came to The Forest after 40 years in Arlington, VA.

Abby was born in Baltimore and grew up in Massachusetts. She earned a degree in history with a minor in government from Bates College, Lewiston, ME. This was a natural background for a job in Washington. Indeed, she had a 30-year Congressional Staff career – several years in the House of Representatives and twenty-eight in the U.S. Senate. It was during her Senate years that she and Al met and married.

Until he retired a decade ago, Al was in the Office of Senate Security, a group concerned with safeguarding classified information. A Michigan native, he had received a history degree from the College of William & Mary and entered the Army as an infantry officer. He was a major when he left the Army 12 years later.

Abby and Al enjoy lunching at ethnic restaurants, traveling (especially by car, with its unexpected off-road surprises), birding, reading, and watching The Great Courses offered by The Teaching Company. Abby knits and for a few years took pottery classes. Al enjoys fishing. Their daughter is a corporate insurance underwriter living in Houston, TX.



### Bob & Barbara Pavan

Cottage 50 Tel: 919-401-2522

[bpavan@verizon.net](mailto:bpavan@verizon.net)

The Pavans arrived from Valley Forge, PA. Bob had been Professor of Management and Assistant Dean for Special Programs at the Rutgers School of Business-Camden. Barbara had been a professor of educational administration at Temple University.

Bob earned management engineering and civil engineering degrees and an MS in engineering mechanics from Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. After engineering jobs at Sikorsky and Grumman, entrepreneurial fever led him to housing development, venture capital, and the Harvard Business School. His DBA dissertation on Italian companies and a Fulbright Fellowship generated international ties.

Barbara grew up in northern New Jersey. After undergraduate years at Bennington College and Adelphi University, Barbara earned a masters in elementary education from SUNY-New Paltz. She became interested in education leadership and earned a Harvard EdD in educational administration, was a school principal in Massachusetts, and then joined Temple. For more than a decade she was the only female faculty member in her department. Her proudest achievements were in opening the field of educational administration to women, an accomplishment recognized by Temple by the creation in 2008 of a new annual leadership award in her name.



## Welcome, New Residents



**Ann Carole Moylan**

Apartment 4007                      919-403-5759  
anncarole37@gmail.com

Ann Carole Moylan grew up in Hartford, Connecticut. She went to nursing school at St. Peter's Hospital in Albany, NY, and worked there for a year before returning to Hartford. She married Joseph Moylan while he was a medical student at Boston University. Ann Carole worked for the Visiting Nurses Association while Joe finished school. Her life followed Joe's career through his surgical residency in Seattle, WA, during which she had four children; his military service in San Antonio, TX, (one child); his academic career at the University of Wisconsin (one child); Duke University; and the University of Miami. Obviously, most of her time was taken up with caring for her family, though she always found time for helping others. She did have fun playing tennis, too.

In retirement, she and her husband established the tuition-free Durham Nativity School in 2001 for the education of underserved inner city boys. She still gives of her time to the school, and is a volunteer with her church and a number of other local charities. Four of her children live in the area, so she also has plenty of grandchildren to occupy her energy.

## Ed Kinney continued

*(Continued from page 4)*

preme Court had handed down its decision in Brown vs. the Topeka Board of Education. In preparing this brief remembrance, I googled my prized teacher and sadly discovered that he passed away two years ago. The news brought tears to my eyes.

Thanks again, Ed. He could not have given me anything of greater value.

*Paul McBride taught U. S. history at Ithaca College for 31 years. His specialty was 20th century and ethnic history.*

## Horst Meyer's Memorial Concert

Christopher and Simone Meyer, son and daughter-in-law of our late and much-lamented fellow resident, Horst Meyer, offered a concert in his memory in October at the Duke Gardens. It included testimonials from The Rev. Joseph Harvard, David Lindquist and musicians from the Chamber Orchestra of the Triangle, and members of the Ciompi Quartet. They played Horst's favorites by Bach, Brahms, Haydn, and Dvorak. Ruth Mary Meyer and Richard Meyer, Horst's wife and their son, were also remembered.

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## ChiChi

by Caroline Raby

Dogs of various sizes and colors bounded against a fence: flashes of red, white, black, tan, grey and mixes of these colors were competing for my attention. I could hear low, loud woofs made by German shepherds, but not harsh yaps from schnauzers and terriers, or higher-pitched yips from miniature poodles.

After a 3-year wait, I had been approved for a hearing guide dog and was at the training center to meet my guide dog. Most of the center's animals were rescue dogs--highly intelligent canines given a noble purpose: to break down barriers for the hearing impaired. After screening for health, age, amicability, and--most importantly--sound responsiveness, the trainers saved these dogs from pounds and possibly euthanasia. (Interestingly, only 5% of the many dogs screened are adequately sound responsive.)

Following nine months of training, a black and tan chihuahua mix was ready for me. The center had given the 2-year-old a relevant name, "ChiChi," and mailed me her photo. There, while standing at the center's fence, I scanned many species in the pen, looking for the black female with brown eyes that had been assigned to me....Then I saw her, crouching at the far corner, fearful. Her tail was between her legs; the ears, laid flat; and her head, lowered.

I sharply drew a breath. I thought, "What if she's been abused and will be fearful and unfriendly? What if she dislikes people? How can I walk her in public? How will this cowering little mutt be able to prompt me?"

I needn't have worried!

With ChiChi's arrival at the compound, following the required medical upgrades, her training lasted for nine months. She learned to work in home and public environments. She was taught not to bark, to quietly sit under a restaurant table or office desk, and not to react to other animals (e.g., squirrels or pets). ChiChi also learned official American Kennel Club hand signs and verbal commands. Lastly, she was taught sound prompting. But she remained shy and fearful.

At my home, ChiChi and I fell into a comfortable routine, practicing daily. With my love and ongoing encouragement with treats, she developed a winsome personality and was not fearful. After three

months, she was legally certified by North Carolina, becoming one of the state's first hearing dogs.

When the phone or the doorbell rang, ChiChi touched me with her paw and went to the appropriate source. At the fire alarm's eruption, she would touch me and then drop to the floor, not leading me away. With the clock, she'd lick me in the face and stay on my chest until I got up. She was a resolute "alarm" I couldn't turn off!

ChiChi was my "ears" and also a fabulous companion; we had deep love for each other. The only "problem" we ever encountered was while camping. Hearing the unusual nighttime sounds, she would try to occupy my sleeping bag with me!

At the age of eleven, ChiChi suffered a stroke, losing the function of her hind legs. The vet said she would have to be put down. The next morning, knowing it was her last one before our vet appointment, I trudged to the kitchen, leaving the dog in bed. Looking at the clock, I realized my bedroom alarm was buzzing, so I started walking back to turn it off. Before I could reach ChiChi, this big-hearted, stalwart friend--with her last measure of strength--was dragging down the long hall to alert me!

I grabbed the little black bundle into my arms, holding her against my chest, sobbing, with my tears splashing on her head. She had lovingly done her last duty in prompting me. ChiChi had given many joyful years of faithful service.

Currently, her photo sits on a bookcase. It's a daily reminder of this faithful, exceptional companion. I now have a delightful, fun-loving, yorkie-poodle, Lucy, who has since come alongside as another wonderful friend.

*Caroline Raby, who is a retired medical writer, moved to The Forest in May 2015. She enjoys reading, playing bridge, and traveling.*



**Auntie** continued

*(Continued from page 5)*

mother, Alice G. McCollin, with whom she lived in close dependence. Her mother's early experience in the publishing business served Frances well as her agent and the primary promoter of her career in the highly competitive world of the music business.

Auntie was an extraordinarily creative person constantly engaged in musical composition. During her lifetime, 93 of her 333 compositions were published. These were mostly choral music and songs, but in addition she composed several large orchestral pieces that were played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Warsaw Philharmonic, and the Indianapolis Symphony. Several of her compositions were entered in national competitions from which she won 19 awards.

A reasonable question at this point is how did a blind person in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century compose the scores of large complicated symphonic music? In her case—and as far as I know, it is a unique one—she would conceive of the entire score in her mind and then dictate it note by note to her amanuenses. As a child, I grew up close enough to Auntie and her work that I was quite used to hearing her dictate to her scribe something like “now in the next passage for the horns, the third horn begins at the coda measure 85 with a whole note B flat followed by....” And so it went, note by note through 25 or 30 instruments, her mind keeping perfect track of where she was in the entire complicated conception. There was no way that I could appreciate what a mental feat I was listening in on.

Auntie was in many other ways a rather simple and childlike person separated by her blindness and the loving surroundings of her family from much of the pushing, shoving, and dishonesty of normal adult life in her times. We children were the lucky beneficiaries of her company and her creative imagination as she invented long complicated stories to entertain us, as she juggled a slate of characters through one episode after another which she would pick up just where she had left it last time. She was also that rare kind of person who can remember what had happened on any given day going back into her childhood. This was a feat she was glad to perform for us at any time and which we would enjoy checking by any means availa-

ble. She would also regale us by describing *The Types*, the various condescending kinds of people who would accost her or introduce her in terms of her blindness. It was an education for us children to hear the anger that well-meaning people could generate as they blundered through the nuances of dealing with a handicapped person.

As I've said, Auntie was one of the most interesting people I have ever met, possessed of a most remarkable mind. Beyond that, she had the spiritual depth needed to rise above her blindness and the obstacles to women in the competitive world of music in the early twentieth century. I must claim her as a singularly brave and heroic person with whom I had the good fortune to share my childhood.

*Ned Arnett is Professor Emeritus of Chemistry at Duke. He is a frequent contributor to The Forester.*

## Dr. Wilburt C. Davison

### The First Dean of Duke Medical School

by Madison Spach

In the late 1920s legendary Wilburt C. Davison was responsible for building the Duke Medical School, literally from the ground up. He then became its Dean for over 30 years, and along the way his students developed a continuum of "Davison" stories. Here, I begin in 1950.

**His Modus Operandi.** He detested formality. He liked to work in his shirt sleeves, keeping neckties handy for emergencies.

Mr. Carl Rogers, an African American, was Dean Davison's right-hand man. "Carl" became one of the most influential persons throughout the Medical School, which included maintenance personnel, medical students, and faculty. He was much beloved by all. Quite importantly, it was widely appreciated that if you wanted to obtain the permission of Dr. Davison to do something new, the best (and often the only) way to succeed was to first have Carl propose it to Dr. Davison for you.

**His Book.** Not only was he the Dean, Dr. Davison was a pediatrician and he chaired the Pediatric Department up to 1954. In the 1950s, he wrote a widely used book entitled "The Complete Pediatrician." The manner by which he annually revised his book was extraordinary. Throughout each academic year he would get anyone he could to submit to him new information about specific pediatric diseases. Then, armed with a year's acquisition of such notes (and his own literature review), each summer he would spend the month of August in Bermuda, where he would sit with his mint juleps and revise his book. Year after year he used this method to continually revise that book. One consequence was that, when he rounded with the medical students to examine each patient, the students knew that the best way to entice him to discuss a particular disease was to quote some

relevant item from his book.

**Graduation Day.** At that time it was possible to obtain a license to practice medicine immediately upon finishing medical school. Dr. Davison, however, felt strongly that before a graduating medical student was licensed to practice medicine, he or she should complete an additional year of clinical training under supervision. Since a diploma was needed to obtain a medical license, he initiated the following stratagem: On graduation day each graduate walked across the stage to be handed his or her diploma by Dr. Davison, who was dressed for that occasion in his regal ermine-lined academic robe from Oxford. Then, following the graduation ceremony, all students went to the Dean's office and submitted their diplomas for safe-keeping in Dr. Davison's office. Assurances were given that as soon as Dr. Davison was notified of the graduate's completion of a year's clinical internship, the diploma would be returned forthwith. I never learned how long that practice continued, but at that time, thanks to Dr. Davison, there was no other school that had a higher percentage of graduates who completed at least one year of clinical training prior to entering his or her medical practice.

*Madison Spach, M.D., is Professor Emeritus of Pediatrics at Duke.*

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## ***Everybody's Fool*, by Richard Russo**

(Alfred A. Knopf, 2016)

A Review by John Howell

In addition to *Everybody's Fool*, Richard Russo has published seven previous novels, as well as a collection of short stories, a memoir, and eight successful movie scripts. Of the seven previous novels, the most notable, perhaps, are: *Straight Man*, a brilliant academic satire; *Empire Falls*, winner of the Pulitzer Prize; and *Nobody's Fool*, Russo's first major success.

*Everybody's Fool* is a sequel to *Nobody's Fool*. It opens on a brutally hot day in North Bath's Hilldale cemetery, where Chief of Police Douglas Raymer is standing by the open grave of Judge Barton Flatt, trying not to listen to a fatuous eulogy and not to look at the nearby grave of his late wife Becka, who died instantly after tripping on a rug. Though she betrayed him sexually, he deeply mourns her death, and when a mysterious garage-door remote is found in her car, he assumes it belongs to her lover and, with a deranged notion of revenge, plans to find her lover by clicking on all the garage doors in North Bath. But before he can begin this absurd quest, he faints from the heat and falls into the judge's grave—and loses the remote (temporarily?) in the first of many absurdly comic scenes, which include digging up the judge's grave, being struck by lightning, accidentally demolishing his office manager's porch, and confronting poisonous snakes. In short, *Everybody's Fool* is a comic novel.

Russo waited twenty-three years before writing this sequel to *Nobody's Fool*, and his vision of the characters has changed, though the town of North Bath continues to decline, while the neighboring town of Schuyler Springs continues to prosper. We meet again the character of Donald "Sully" Sullivan, the roguish protagonist of *Nobody's Fool*. But Sully was nobody's fool, as the title suggests, whereas Douglas Raymer continues to think of himself as a fool, despite the faith and spiritual support of his eighth-grade teacher, Miss Beryl Peoples, who also

supports Sully and even wills him her home.

Yet, despite the spiritual affirmation and fortitude of Beryl Peoples and other female characters, Russo's tone is less optimistic and affirmative than it is in *Nobody's Fool*, while his humor is correspondingly darker in impulse and effect. Sully is ten years older, has a heart ailment in need of surgery, and is no longer at the center of the narrative. But he is still an inveterate rogue with a slow-witted friend named "Rub" and a similarly named dog. And he still sits on a bar stool in the White Horse Tavern and entertains friends like the woman-chasing Carl Roebuck. And he is still capable of needling sadists like Roy Purdy, who was imprisoned, as we saw in *Nobody's Fool*, for breaking his wife's jaw with a rifle, but has now, in *Everybody's Fool*, been released and embodies the novel's recurring theme of evil.

Still, *Everybody's Fool* is essentially a comic novel. And Raymer experiences more and more comic pratfalls, until Russo finally puts on the narrative brakes—and Raymer finds love and a happy ending, which he surely deserves after all he has been through.

*John Howell was a professor of American Literature and chair of the English Department at Southern Illinois University.*

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## Egypt

by Maidi Hall

They called it Egypt, the neighborhood kids who played on this land, because they imagined that the real Egypt was desolate open country. In fact, developers had begun an ambitious apartment development in the 1970s, proposing a garage for each unit, and had felled trees, installed curb and gutter on projected streets, and had started construction on some of the buildings; then the money ran out. Undesirables, both human and otherwise, moved into this wasteland. The bank foreclosed; and, having no use for idle land which yielded no income, looked to sell it. Durham County offered to buy it and develop public housing on it.

The neighboring residents of Duke Forest, mostly Duke faculty, reared up and roared, “NIMBY!” (For the uninitiated, that’s “Not In My Back Yard!”) It was, as Ken Hall fondly remarked, the only time in memory that 45 Duke professors all agreed on something. In 1980 a limited partnership was formed and bought the land instead. (Five additional acres were bought later; this was the homeplace of Miz Lizzie Pickett, whose nephews were local construction magnates Nello and Dillard Teer, who were very protective of Miz Lizzie. On Miz Lizzie’s death, the family at last agreed to sell this acreage, which ultimately became Fountain View Lane.)

An early excursion into the possibility of student apartments on the land went belly-up due to the bankruptcy of the projected developer. In 1986, the limited partnership having been dissolved, James and Kathy Crapo came up with the concept of building a retirement community on the land, financing it themselves with help from their respective mothers (for whom Olsen and Holbrook are named) and the Halls, who said, “Great! We’ll move there when we are old, and we won’t have to leave the neighborhood!”

The rest, not to coin a phrase, is of course TFAD history.

*A resident of Montgomery Street near TFAD for 33 years, Maidi Hall has long had a passionate interest in land use and planning.*

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