



The Successful Successor at the Front Desk

by George Williams

It is said that when Thomas Jefferson went to Paris as ambassador from this new country, these united states, he was greeted by an official who termed him "Mr. Franklin's replacement." Mr. Jefferson corrected him: "No one can replace Benjamin Franklin; I am only his successor." (This conversation must have taken place in English, as Jefferson never condescended to learn French.)

Those of us who remember the ten years of Pat Gallagher's loyal service at the Front Desk must not expect her successor, Kim McColley, to be able in ten weeks to be a replacement, but we may justly learn soon, however--before ten years-- that she is an admirable candidate for that title. Kim McColley is growing into this demanding position speedily with grace and quiet confidence. Pleasant on the telephone--a constant occupation--cordial to residents, ready to learn our names and our quirks.

She was born and raised in Indianapolis, far away. She attended school there and received from a training program in cosmetology a license specializing in the treatment of hair. Very soon after that event she married and, with her husband, moved to Houston, Texas, where, abandoning cosmetology, she took positions as receptionist at different oil companies in that bustling city. She was there for 26 years, while their son Josh finished his training. He is now a Master Technician for Carmax, stationed conveniently in Raleigh. As one of her two sisters was already living in Durham, it is not surprising that she gave up Houston--too hot there--and came here where she took a position as Receptionist at the Washington Duke Inn. She was there for eight years, spent mostly answering the phone. She likes to know people, she says, and she likes to talk with them.



Kim McColley

Phone conversations are not the same thing; so she changed to her position here at the front desk. There, goodness knows, she meets and interacts with people steadily. She likes this position very much, and it is an added pleasure to be near her sister, her son, and three grandchildren. But she likes to travel, and shortly before coming here, she enjoyed a cruise through the Hawaiian islands. It was a memorable experience.

She senses that things are going well here; every one is "nice and helpful." If we have not all discovered yet, *she* is nice and helpful. A good start to ten years.

The Forester

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President's Podium



by Dale Harris

How nice it has been recently that we have not heard "Postponed due to weather conditions." We residents are very grateful for all those administrative and staff members who "shouldered up" to the challenge of addressing the various needs and problems on our campus presented by Mother Nature in the January 80-plus hours of sub-freezing weather. Many, many thanks.

One of the continuing bright spots is the flower arrangement on the coffee table in the Foyer in the Community Center. Recently, Kay Randolph and Doug Whitfield have been the primary providers of that pleasure which was also tended by Ebebell Dunham and Martha Uzzle. Kudos to all of them.

When the renovations were completed, the Residents' Association had the benefit of two office spaces for our use. Please feel free to use the small meeting room on the third floor to the left of Elevator 7 for whatever suits your fancy. It has a table and ten chairs and all you need do to reserve it is to sign up on the clipboard in that room.

This is a busy time for The Residents' Association. The Board welcomes Joe Harris as a new member who will chair our Marketing Standing Committee. The ad hoc committee chaired by Russell Jones, which is considering the three interior gardens adjacent to the Health and Wellness Center, is up and running and has held its initial meeting. We will keep you posted as significant developments occur.

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

In last month's article, the In-House Authors special collection was highlighted. For those of you who like a real challenge, the Wooden Puzzle special collection should be just up your alley. It is housed on shelving just beyond the Conference Room in the Library.

These handmade wooden puzzles were created by Dr. **Edith Borroff** and Jon Rinka. Rinka learned this skill from Dr. Borroff, his music history and composition professor at the University of Wisconsin in Milwaukee. He learned it so well Dr. Borroff declared that her pupil's intricately and imaginatively cut puzzles were better than her own.

Several years ago, she generously donated her entire collection of wooden puzzles to the Forest at Duke Library. When they were received, the only guide to working these puzzles were their names, such as *C'est La Vie*, *Dilly Dilly*, and *Longevity*. Not much help there. To encourage people to work these wonderful puzzles, Forest resident **Ted Harris** took it upon himself to work each puzzle and take a pho-

tograph of each finished image. He then organized and numbered them and placed them in white cardboard boxes, each with its own photograph of the finished product. In addition, another dedicated Forest resident, **Nancy McCumber**, created a catalog with information on all of these puzzles. This catalog is kept on the table just outside the Conference Room.

Feel free to work a puzzle at this table or fill out its blue charge-out card and take it home to work. A puzzle may be charged out for three (3) weeks just like a book. Whether you're a puzzler from way back or think this might be an interesting new challenge (especially in bad weather), feel free to take advantage of Dr. Borroff's gift to the Forest community. Enjoy!

In Memoriam

Barbara Eldridge	December 19, 2016
Gay Atkinson	December 20, 2016
Carolyn Field	December 21, 2016
Jeanne Lockhead	December 29, 2016
Helen Wharton	January 2, 2017
Mary F. Jones	January 9, 2017
Doris Ondek	January 10, 2017
Gay Atkinson	December 20, 2016

Ask a Humanist

by George Williams

The question regularly asked of this humanist: did William Shakespeare really write the plays attributed to him? The answer regularly given: YES. Somehow that does not seem adequate; the question keeps coming up. To be careful and honest, I must admit that I answered this question in these columns of *The Forester* some fifteen years ago. Perhaps I was not persuasive. I repeat myself. New residents have arrived.

There are many arguments advanced that the simple rustic from Stratford named William Shakespeare, who became an actor on the London stage in the last years of Elizabeth's reign, was also the author of the plays attributed to someone of that name. Most Shakespearean scholars believe that the rustic was the author, but we must also concede to the disbelievers that there are no specific references to him in the period--certain and verifiable--that cannot be questioned by disbelievers.

There is, however, one form of evidence that is specific and demonstrable. It was recently revealed by the research of Professor Donald Foster, of Vassar College. There is no surprise in knowing that this insight was provided by The Computer.

In the canon of "Shakespeare's" works there are certain words--which critics call "rare words"--that the writer uses infrequently. They are not "rare" in any exotic sense, they are merely common words seldom used. Their existence is well recognized, and their use has been noted, dated, and discussed. But looking at these rare words, The Computer observed something entirely unexpected by traditional scholarship. The Computer noted that in play after play the rare words that the writer used in writing the text of one play are found also, of course, in a preceding play, but always in a disproportionate frequency in the speeches of one character only (possibly two) in the preceding play.

This appears in play after play; the phenomenon is curious and striking. Foster says: "It is almost eerie." What could explain this oddity?

Foster concluded speculatively that the writer writing down these rare words in the later play had been the actor speaking them in the earlier play. Because he had memorized them and spoken them, the words were fresh in his mind; he wrote them into the text of the later play. There is one man in the company who was both an actor and a writer. The writer of the plays was also an actor in them. That was William Shakespeare from Stratford. There is no room here for a third person, a "real" author. The answer to the recurring question must be a recurring YES.

There are two legends about the roles that Shakespeare played: Adam in *As You Like It*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*. The Computer confirms that these legends are correct. The data also propose that the writer played the parts of Gaunt in *Richard II* and Theseus in *Midsummer Night's Dream*. One of their speeches describes the glory of England, and the other the poet's craft. It is exciting to think that when the writer wrote those speeches for those characters, he knew he would be playing those parts, speaking them on stage. I conclude that the writer himself, acting, is telling us directly what he values most.

There are many forms of evidence that persuade critics to believe that the writer of the plays now attributed to him was this actor, Shakespeare. They are all subjective. The findings of The Computer seem to me to be of a different sort. They cannot be argued away; they are not subjective or vague; they are exact, specific. The explanation for them is speculative, but the evidence for it is incontrovertible. Don Foster's hypothesis confirms my conviction that the writer of the plays was indeed actor and playwright, William Shakespeare.

George Williams was for many years the senior Shakespearean in the English Department at Duke.

Breaking the Glass Ceiling

by Sylvia Kerckhoff

Running for mayor seemed easier than running for Council. I had been a member of the Council for 12 years and mayor pro tem for four years. So I had visibility in the city as well as the experience needed. Also, there was the allure of becoming Durham's first female mayor. I am still the first and only one.

Being mayor is close to a full time job and although the hours are more flexible in that you can take time off when necessary as the mayor pro tem can take over for meetings, these were busy years.

I set up office hours from 2-5 in the afternoon for hearing from citizens. And I installed the "People's Table" in order to "solve" various problems. The first year of the People's Table was one of "watchful waiting"--watching how the other members were responding to the proceedings and waiting for a chance to make my own comments. There were 13 members of the Council, each with an opinion. I studied the well-seasoned and smart ones so I could make thoughtful and reasonable statements. I followed the creed of the League of Women Voters, looking for facts first, then making my decision--one that I could defend. Needless to say, my nerves were frayed more than once. The hardest part was being pressured by

so many neighborhoods and developers, usually over zoning issues.

On a few occasions, I received disturbing midnight phone calls. So I had a new private line put in at home. Another frightening event occurred when we had a public hearing on gun control legislation (no guns to be allowed on public property) in the city. The meeting room was full of men (and a few women) wearing orange vests. Knowing we could be there a long time, I announced that only those who lived in the city could speak and then for only two minutes each. Once the hearing started and proponents came up to speak, there were boos and hisses. So I announced, in my most authoritative voice, "If you do not have the grace to let other people speak, please leave the room." Suddenly, it got quiet and no more was heard from the rabble rousers, much to my surprise. (The newspapers had a wonderful time cartooning this.) We passed the legislation several weeks later; the state overrode it because it did not coincide with the state law. So much for politics!

While all this sounds ominous, there were many more bright lights than dim. I had city-wide

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Welcome, New Residents



Ana Rosa Muschkin
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Ana Rosa Muschkin grew up in Panama City, Panama, and attended the University of Western Ontario studying business administration. Returning to Panama, she worked for USAID for four years. When she married Samuel Muschkin, a Chilean artist, she moved to Chile for five years where her two children were born. In time, her husband took a position with OAS in Washington, DC, and she worked as director of student accounts at Georgetown University for twelve years. The UN offered her a position with the Economic Commission for Latin America and the Caribbean and she lived in Costa Rica and Trinidad and Tobago for four years with her children, until the program declined. Returning to Panama City to care for her aging mother, she took over the management of the Social Security Program for Panama. She left Panama in 1988 during the unrest of the Noriega regime and moved to Florida to be near her son, an obstetrician in West Palm Beach. She finally became a United States citizen in 1995. She moved to TFAD to be near her daughter, Clara, a Duke professor, and her two grandchildren.



Gail & Walt Jebens
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Gail and Walt moved to The Forest in August with puppy Fluffy after enjoying 13 years on Cape Cod. Meeting as teens at a north Jersey lake club, much of their early 59-year married life was in Westfield, NJ. When Walt was a senior at Delaware, Gail joined him there as a freshman. She transferred to Douglass College when Walt joined Exxon, and they married the following year. Gail completed her home economics degree, and taught before becoming a mother and Girl Scout leader.

Walt worked at the Exxon New Jersey refineries in management positions, but he and Gail also enjoyed two 2-year overseas assignments in Okinawa and Singapore. Retiring in 1986 after 31 years' service, he worked in residential real estate in New Jersey for several years. However, he preferred fixing up investment properties and building a large new kitchen for their Westfield home.

Walt was president of the Barnstable (Cape Cod) Newcomers Club, and treasurer of several organizations. He published a 480-page genealogy of Gail's father's family back to 1550 in Germany. Other interests include tennis, golf, sailing, bridge, and travel. Daughter Wendy lives in nearby Duke Forest with two children, while son Steve lives near Buffalo, NY, with three children.

Welcome, New Residents



John Marshall

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John has been a Durham resident since 2004. He grew up in northeastern Pennsylvania, graduated with a degree in metallurgical engineering from Drexel Institute of Technology, and in due course lived for 36 years in Beaver Falls, a small town near Pittsburgh, until he came to Durham.

After graduation from Drexel and a six-month orientation with Babcock & Wilcox (B&W), his future employer, he entered the U.S. Army with a ROTC commission. Accompanied by his wife, he was assigned to a field-maintenance ordnance unit near Orléans, France, on the supply route from French Channel ports to Germany. The assignment included duty as trial and defense counsels for Special Courts-Martial in the Orléans area.

Back in the States, John began a long career with B&W at Beaver Falls, progressing to management of the total operation from steel making through tube making. As was typical of the era, he and other B&W management were active in community affairs. During the decline of the U.S. steel industry, the Beaver Falls complex was phased out and closed. Managing that shuttering was his final B&W responsibility.

John has two children, a daughter in Garden Valley, ID, who was born in France, and a son in Durham.

My Jolli Time with OLLI

f

by Oliver Ferguson

A pun may be the lowest kind of wit, but it can be an effective way of making a pedestrian title such as *My Experience with OLLI* sprightly. And when it echoes a nickname (no matter how disliked), it takes on added pertinence.

To begin—as David Copperfield put it—at the beginning, the foundation of the pleasures of teaching is the act itself. I'm fortunate in having realized as early as I can remember that I wanted to, indeed **had** to, teach. After becoming Professor Emeritus of English at Duke, I was soon happily indulging myself by offering courses first at DILR (Duke Institute of Learning in Retirement), then at its successor OLLI (Osher Lifelong Learning Institute). Feeling that it was finally time, a year ago I relinquished that pleasure. I still have occasional regrets over my decision.

Teaching retirees mostly near my age has distinct pleasures. Foremost, I am free to roam. At Duke I could, within reason, choose as I pleased the courses I taught, especially with the undergraduate curriculum; but for the most part I stayed within the bounds of my academic specialty: eighteenth-century British literature, offering courses such as the poetry of Alexander Pope, *Gulliver's Travels*, Samuel Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. By way of comparison, here are some representative examples of how I've strayed from the limits of literary periods at DILR and OLLI:

- *The Long Poem in English and American Poetry*
- *Plum-ing the Shallows: the World of*

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My Jolli at OLLI continued

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P. G. Wodehouse

- *The Novel: Ways of Beginning*

Some examples:

“1801—I have just returned from a visit to my landlord--the solitary neighbor that I shall be troubled with. This is certainly a beautiful country! In all England, I do not believe that I could have fixed on a situation so completely removed from the stir of society. A perfect misanthropist’s heaven.” (*Wuthering Heights*)

“The Signora had no business to do it,” said Miss Bartlett, “no business at all.”

(A Room with a View)

“The thing was: One million years ago, back in 1986 A.D., Guayaquil was the chief seaport of the little South American democracy of Ecuador, whose capital was Quito, high in the Andes Mountains.” (*Galápagos*)

“This is the saddest story I have ever heard.” (*The Good Soldier*)

Another striking advantage of teaching at OLLI is that there are—at least initially—no reluctant enrollees. Unlike those in college, these—and not their parents—are *paying*. (Suppressing any inclination toward false modesty, I experienced only one instance of a dissatisfied member of any of my classes for retirees—and he claimed an eye infection in order to get a refund.)

Probably for me the most significant advantage of teaching at OLLI has been discovery. Without exception, every poem, novel, drama, or essay that I taught brought me a new or revised insight and a renewed and heightened appreciation.

My final course at OLLI was *E. E. Cummings and Some of His Contemporaries and Successors*, who included Billy Collins, W. H. Auden, Paul Zimmer, and Richard Wilbur.

I hope this account will testify to the joy—the

Jolli Time—OLLI has so amply afforded me.

Oliver Ferguson was the senior eighteenth-century scholar of English literature at Duke, and served for many years also as chairman of the Department.



Forest Residents voted that in the intense competition, the decoration of the tree by General Services was the best.

A Perfect Pot of Rice

By Sue Okubo

When I was growing up, all the girls in our family – all six of us – understood that one requirement of all girls was learning how to cook. I started my lessons at age 12, when my older sister graduated from high school, and I was next in line to cook for the family of seven. This requirement was partly family practice and partly self-protection – my mother was a terrible cook. And it may be that my mother was really smart and clever.

Back then, we did not have Martha Stewart videos on how to cook the perfect pot of white rice. I had only my father, a perfectionist. To give you an idea of what kind of perfectionist he was, he would look at my report card every six weeks to see if there were any grades other than A. If there were a B on the card of A's, he would want to know why I got the B for physical education--a hard thing to explain for a scrawny, uncoordinated 12-year old girl.

Each evening, my father would give me cooking lessons. He was the teacher, not my mother, because he was most particular about his food and wanted everything perfectly cooked and flavored. Most particularly, he wanted a perfect pot of Japanese rice. Japanese rice is short-grain, different from Chinese rice which is long-grain. Cooked Japanese rice sticks together; Chinese long-grain rice separates when cooked.

Recipe for cooking Japanese rice. Japanese rice is cooked in a way that I think even Martha Stewart would not know. Her recipe calls for 1 cup of white long-grain rice added to one and a half cups of water. When I was learning to cook, we did not use measuring cups. First, the amount of raw rice to be cooked was determined by the pot used; the right amount of raw rice to be cooked was about half the amount of cooked rice needed for dinner. One became adept in estimating how much rice was needed to feed seven. The raw rice had to be washed several times until the water was clear. All of the extra starch and shaft needed to be rinsed away. Then, the right amount of water was measured, using the distance of the first knuckle on one's hand above the rice. The rice in water was cooked at high heat until almost all

of the water was gone, with just a few bubbles of water on the top. The temperature was then turned down to low until all the bubbles disappeared, about 15 to 20 minutes. The rice was cooked when the grains were soft, and neither mushy nor crunchy. The heat was turned off, and the rice left to "set" for about 3 to 5 minutes. The rice was then stirred and fluffed, and served.

Is the pot of rice perfect? Every night I would get a critique of my pot of rice. One night, my father would say, "The rice would be perfect if you had put in a little more water." The next night, he would say, "The rice would be perfect if you had used less water." On the following night, "The rice would be perfect if cooked a few minutes longer, or maybe less." The next night, it was how long the rice set before stirring. And so on.

After the first year of critiques and instructions for improving my technique, I decided that I could never cook a perfect pot of rice for my father. Even so, I went on to be a very good cook, and today my friends enjoy my cooking. I have had many dinner parties, feeding four friends, or maybe eight. At one party, I fed 75 friends chicken and Andouille sausage gumbo. One guest enjoyed it so much that he had five full servings. So, the lessons on cooking rice were not completely lost, even if the rice was not "perfect".

Sue Okubo worked over 30 years for the US government--at the Bureau of Economic Analysis, National Intelligence Council and National Science Foundation.

Boy Builders

By Ted Harris

Author's note: There is some exaggeration in this story which I believe will be obvious to the reader. It was done on purpose to expose the reader to feelings the boys were experiencing.

This is a nostalgic story about the Boy Scouts of Troop Eleven at Saint John's Episcopal Church in Lynchburg, Virginia, who built a log cabin during World War II on my parents' property just outside of Lynchburg in Bedford County.

This story is dedicated to all who participated in this venture. It is an attempt at a collective memory of three years of Saturday work days and glorious fun which included hard labor, plenty of sweat and numerous accusations of not doing one's fair share and resulted in a finished product that still stands.

Grab your video camera and fast-back seventy-five years to a convivial controversial scene that played out many times. A Virginia pine has been felled, a future log in the cabin. It has been trimmed of its side branches and lies on the ground having been cut to its proper length. It will be carried to the saw horses where it will be trimmed of its bark, then allowed to cure for a period of time to rid itself of its sap before it is painted with creosote for preservation and becomes cabin ready.

Being one of the longest logs, it will require a team of eight boys to transport it. Four substantial sticks three feet in length are laid perpendicular to the log, which is rolled onto these wooden transporters. The boys assume their position, four on a side, and on command raise the log with grunts and groans.

The trek to the saw horses is what you want to see as the video rolls on. The uneven ground and the varying height of the boys shifts the weight carried from one pair to another up and down the line. Conversation abounds about who is carrying the load and who is not doing his job. Everyone soon learns there is an easy way to lighten the load: lower your stick a little. The log continues to get closer to the ground as the procession makes its way up hill.

Another video, *Collecting the Stones to Build the Chimney and the Pilings that the Cabin Will Rest On*

brings back strong memories. There was plenty of usable rock thanks to the construction of a twenty-four mile pipeline in 1904 that brought the best drinking water anywhere to Lynchburg from Pedlar Lake, a 138-acre impoundment whose head waters were entirely in the George Washington National Forest. The pipeline construction had displaced much rock, but most of it sat at the bottom of the hill near Wide Mouth Creek, a vertical drop of around 200 feet. Following the pipeline and bringing the rock straight up the hill required boys to station themselves along the hill every thirty feet or so. It was the pass-the-stone-along-tag-team with the biggest, strongest boys at the steepest part of the hill.

Just as Einstein rearranged our understanding of time, did you know that weight is also relative? A thirty pound stone could easily become sixty pounds by the end of a boy's hike up the hill to the next boy. There were cases where the stone reached one hundred pounds, causing the boy to drop it before the next station, resulting in epithets that his mother would not believe or in some cases even understand. (Remember it was a much more sheltered time than today.) This resulted in a stressful situation, because the boy had to bend down and pick the stone up as well as carry it to the next station, manned by a boy who was quite in stitches laughing over the predicament played out below.

The final chimney was nearly twenty feet tall with a base seven feet wide; it contained many tons of that stone which fluctuated so much in weight as it came up the pipeline hill. The epilogue for this effort could paraphrase a line from the somber but spirited song sung by Tennessee Ernie Ford: "Sixteen tons and what do you get?" ... a solid stone chimney and plenty of sweat.

Some years afterward the land with the cabin was sold. The new owner built a home adjacent to the cabin, and modernized the cabin for their guests. Certainly this was a fitting transformation.

Breaking the Glass Ceiling cont'd

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support and many new friends who shared my outlook. And because I was mayor, I have served on many boards of directors, a few of which include the Durham Arts Council, Museum of Life and Science, Durham-Duke Campaign, Forest at Duke, Sister Cities Program. And as mayor, I visited two of the five Sister Cities with which we were allied--Kostroma, Russia, where we were treated to many festivities and dinners with lots of toasts and vodka, and Toyama, Japan, where we were invited to visit elementary schools where all the children waved American flags at us.

Through all of this, my husband Al, a professor of sociology, held to his promise of help. He typed up many of my statements. He asked pertinent questions. And each evening, as we had cocktails, we discussed Durham politics rather than Duke politics. It was a bonding time for us and I could not have survived the experience without his input.

In conclusion, I feel very grateful to have been a part of Durham's growth, from the revitalization of downtown (saving the Carolina Theatre) to building a new ball park. I saw Durham change from a tobacco town to a vibrant district of businesses, restaurants and entertainment venues. And last, but not least, in 2016, I received the Durham Chamber of Commerce Civic Honor Award.

The broken glass ceiling worked very well.

Sylvia Kerckhoff served two terms as the mayor of Durham, North Carolina, following her 12 years on the Durham City Council.

Things are in the Saddle

by Herbert Carson

"Things are in the saddle," wrote Emerson more than 150 years ago, prior to Lincoln, Lee and the Civil War: "and ride mankind." Of course, the saddle is meant to subjugate the animal. And what were the ruling things back then? Telegraph lines, for example. Perhaps an undersea method of communicating with other continents. And was it Thoreau who wondered, might the inter-continental news be that a royal princess has whooping cough?

In our enlightened times, we have pressed objects into servitude. Of course, I want to change channels and the remote has gone missing. Furthermore, the tea kettle is shrillingly proclaiming that the water is steamed. And the washer demands we move the laundry into the dryer.

The door bell is insistently ringing. As is the land-line phone, while the smart phone bings that a text message awaits, perhaps from one of my beloved grandchildren (who no longer call, preferring instead the thumb-ridden messaging). The microwave announces my hot dogs are ready to be mustard slathered. The IPAD says that a new email has invaded my space.

What was it Emerson wrote in his tirade against the cruel saddle of slavery? Oh yes, "Things are in the saddle." Hmm? Has the saddle become even more onerous in our times? Surely not, for we control the things. Oops, gotta go, for my second cell phone rings!

Herb Carson is a retired Professor of Humanities and the author of five books with his wife as well as numerous poems, essays and stories.

SIX FOREST RESIDENTS
FORMER PRESIDENTS OF THEIR LOCAL LEAGUES OF WOMEN VOTERS



Barbara Seay, in Mt. Lebanon, PA; Harriet Williams, in Durham, NC; Barbara V. Smith, in Durham, NC; Margaret Keller, in Durham, NC; Lila Singer, in Greater Red

Thank You, Bruce

This issue of *The Forester* is the first in ten years that the name next to *Layout Editor* in the masthead hasn't been **Bruce Rubidge**. **Joanne Ferguson**, Editor-in-Chief for approximately those same ten years, remembers: "When I began editing *The Forester* in 2006, Tom Gallie was the layout editor, but keeping a sharp eye out for a successor. He chose Bruce Rubidge, who had worked at IBM. 'He learned it in one weekend!' an astonished Tom told me happily. And it was a happy tenure for me with Bruce. In my first nervous months he was soothing and reassuring: 'There's plenty of time. It will be OK.' Bruce offered those same words to the very nervous new editors-in-chief stepping up in 2016. Even kinder, he offered to stay on for the first few of their issues until he felt we'd gotten the hang and that his successor, Lois Oliver, had learned the layout ropes.

Thank you, Bruce, from all of us!

