

Cleanliness is Next to Tom Bivens' Spirit

by George Williams

As we all know that cleanliness is next to Godliness, we cannot be surprised that a bright, energetic young man should devote his energies and his concerns to it. Such a person is Tom Bivens, our new man in charge of Housekeeping. Many denizens of the Forest share that concern; some of them make a point of picking up trash as they walk around the campus.

Tom Bivens is a native of Ottumwa, Iowa, a combination of names which is obviously Native American. Not unexpected, as his maternal grandmother (as the family believes) was in part Native American by birth. The name of the city is presumably Algonquian meaning "by the water," accurate enough, for it is located on the River Des Moines (another Indian word transferred by the early French settlers into a word they could understand – of the monks" – though there were no Indian monks there in the seventeenth century). That watery background serves him well, for he is in charge of workers who clean our living spaces, using a great deal of water in the process.

Keenly interested in sports, he played football at his local high school and, when he attended Greenville College in Greenville, Illinois, he was vigorous in soccer, playing on one of the first collegiate soccer teams in the United States, sponsored at Greenville by a coach who had learned the sport in Europe. In addition, he loved track and field sports. His main sporting interests are still European soccer and American football.

He and his wife, Barbara, live in Cary. They have three daughters. The oldest is concluding her training in pediatrics and has just returned from a two-week stint in Nicaragua; the youngest is beginning her medical studies. The middle daughter, having graduated from Appalachian



Tom Bivens at his desk in the Housekeeping Office.

State University in Communications, is employed at the N.C. State Employees Credit Union.

Before coming to us, Tom was in Raleigh at Rex Hospital, now UNC Rex (a part of the expanding medical scene everywhere). There he was well satisfied with his appointment for 14 years of cleaning that facility in the Environmental Services department (EVS). One day, he saw a notice that there was an opening at the Forest, and he applied as a matter of curiosity. He was interested, but decided against a move. He was urged to reconsider, which he did, but decided again not to move. He was then even urged by Nathan Summers to reconsider, with the same result. Then he was encouraged by his superior at Morrison's. He accepted: he saw a different kind of position, offering new challenges.

There are at The Forest 260 cottages and apartments, 80 skilled nursing beds and assisted living apartments, and innumerable corridors and walkways. There is

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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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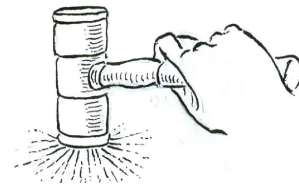
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President's Podium



by Dale Harris

An especially significant event will happen in our Auditorium on May 29, 2017, at 11:15 am. Memorial Day here is being planned by our Resident Patriotic Events Committee chaired by Chuck Cushman with John Duvall, Russell Jones, and Jim Shuping as other committee members. They are planning a really nice program which will give us an opportunity to reflect on the sacrifices made and the liberties we enjoy because of what they did. Let's have a really strong resident attendance for this event.

As we move into the last half of May, it will be time to begin the process of replacing those residents whose terms end in October on the Resident Association (RA) Board. The Governance Committee, chaired by Alex Denson, will nominate a resident to be chair of the Nominating Committee and the RA Board will decide about finalizing that at its May 15th meeting. After additional Nominating Committee members are named, they will begin the process of letting you all know about the upcoming vacancies and securing your ideas, so you will be hearing from them.

In Memoriam

Lois Watts	March 25, 2017
Olma Beth Upchurch	March 25, 2017
Charles Black	April 8, 2017
George Boguslavsky	April 13, 2017

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

Over the past few months, we have received suggestions for the library in many different ways – sometimes on a scrap of paper, sometimes an entire letter. The Library Committee thought it was time to develop a more formal way for residents to let us know their wishes. Therefore, a sub-committee was formed, chaired by **Lilyan Levine**, to develop a short form to make this process easier. Lilyan reported back to the Library Committee with a first draft which was reviewed further. The final version (see below) of the form fits on a 6” x 4” card.

TFAD LIBRARY SUGGESTION CARD

I suggest that the Library add the following book(s), materials and/or services: [please provide as much information as possible – use back of card if needed]*

In case there are any questions, the following information would be helpful.

Resident's name: _____

Phone #: _____

Email: _____

*The Library Committee will consider all suggestions, but Library policy or budgetary constraints may limit its ability to fulfill your request(s).

You should find a copy of this form in your in-house mailbox around the end of the first week in May. If you have any suggestions, recommendations, etc. just fill out this form and place it in a box on the table to your right as you come in the Library. It will have a label on it stating “For Completed Forms.” Additional copies of the form will be available in another box on this table. All suggestions/recommendations are welcome.

Help Wanted

Due to unforeseen circumstances, the Library Committee is in need of a new member. The committee usually meets from 11:00 am to noon on the first Tuesday of every month. If you would like to help plan the future of the Forest Library, please contact me at 919-401-8742 or reese.carol911@yahoo.com.

BOOK REVIEW

***Village Prodigies*, by Rodney Jones**

Reviewed by Sue Howell

Rodney Jones's eleventh book of poetry, *Village Prodigies*, is a novel in verse, and as such is a dramatic departure from his earlier work. As Pulitzer-Prize-winning novelist Richard Russo says, is it "a novel in language as dense and lush and beautiful as poetry . . . or a book of poetry with the vivid characters and the narrative force of a novel? Whatever you call it, it's a remarkable achievement." But though he has moved away from conventional poetic forms, Jones, who was born and raised in Alabama, has not left his roots behind. His work is steeped in the landscape and language of the rural South, as we can see from these lines: "That place was called Buzzard's Roost. That hole up by the bluffs went down forever. They called it the Tangling Hole. That place called Blowing Springs – the Cherokee stopped, made camp, and slaughtered a steer, leaving nothing."

Village Prodigies takes place in the memory of Seth Portis, who grew up in Cold Springs, Alabama, in the days before the roads were all paved, before Cracker Barrel and Wal-Mart moved in. It's a story about the arrival of the New South: "Road of boredom wishes, road to the singing ice-cream social, road like a red curl shaved from the cedar of a coffin. Dead battery for snakes, for turtles, dust-talcumed in dog days or washed out in late April to the corrugation of bedrock." It's also the story of a generation of boys coming of age in a world where fourth-grade pranks and high school basketball games are soon overshadowed by the Bay of Pigs, the Freedom Riders, and Vietnam. Seth Portis observes, listens, and gets it all down.

The book begins with Reba Portis, mother of Seth, slowly moving into dementia ("That old man is not my husband!") in spite of her children's efforts to bring her back. Her daughter "prays, reads books, studies articles. In time, designs a game. 'Name That Ancestor,' from shoebox album." Escaping from the ugliness of his mother's decline, Seth's mind drifts back to his boyhood friends, who had once formed a club, The

Secret Order of the Eagle, dedicated to fighting Communism. "The patriotism of fourth-grade boys every feather as absurd and elegant as the mating of peacocks."

The Secret Order is defeated by clueless grownups, and the boys move into adolescence, still innocent as they drill in formation, preparing for adulthood and war. Seth is made commander, a role he is completely unsuited for:

"Portis in his mellowness, Portis the man/of peace, Portis the studmuffin/ licking a pistachio ice cream cone/ With a girl named Joan,/ Portis ever unaudited by the IRS . . ."

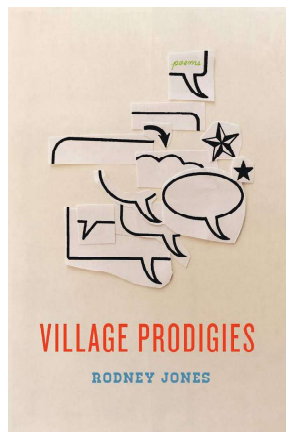
Time and events work inevitable changes on the boys. One of them follows string theory to Silicon Valley and finds a husband. Another works for a mine reclamation company, lives in an "immaculate and tasteless" apartment in Denver. Seth Portis embarks on a classic 60's road trip with Mack, Cold Spring's only undertaker, "back from Nam, his missing hand like a bride who has gone to powder her nose in a filling station and will not return." Finally

Seth, caught in the portal between past and present, loses his bearings. He has a breakdown.

But Seth recovers, and harks back to that time when he first knew he was a writer. And he discovers that he must write about where he came from, and what made him. As William Faulkner famously said, "The past is never dead. It isn't even past." *Village Prodigies* is a book about memory, and memory is Seth's material.

With *Village Prodigies*, Rodney Jones has done something remarkable. Taking on new forms, working with multiple points of view, experimenting with conventions and time, he creates a world that transcends the ordinary even as it uncovers the hardest – and the deepest – human truths.

Sue Howell, a retired teacher, has published poetry as well as articles on the teaching of English.



The Story We Didn't Tell You

by Pam Harris

Joe and I spent six and a half years, from 1997 to 2003, living aboard our sixty foot sailboat *Reunion*, with our cat Snappy, and circumnavigated the world. We left from Beaufort, North Carolina, and returned to Beaufort nearly seven years later, older and wiser.

In six years we crossed the Pacific, the Indian and the Atlantic Oceans. We transited both the Panama and the Suez Canals. We had two bad storms; one included being struck by lightning. The lightning strike blew out all of our electronics except our single-side-band radio. We believe we encountered pirates. We had a difficult passage up the Red Sea, arriving in Egypt covered in sand from the sand storms we endured.

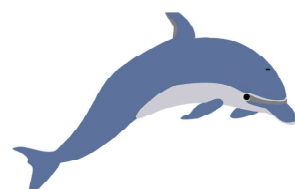
We told you of many of our adventures, hand steering for three long days and nights, meeting native peoples in the San Blas Islands and New Zealand. But there are many stories we didn't tell you. My favorite one centers around a telepathic dolphin. This story may not be as dramatic as the lightning strike, but it was a very special experience.



One of the most pleasant anchorages a sailor will ever experience is a reef anchorage. This pleasure requires careful eyeball navigation through a series of coral heads and reef structure, which is a slow and tedious process. The sun should be behind the

boat so that there is little glare on the water. We spent a week tucked into beautiful, clear calm water watching the waves crash onto the protecting reefs. The scene was like being a witness to creation.

When the time came to leave for the next island we were faced with a decision. We had come into the anchorage with the sun at our backs. To go forward we had the sun in our face, a problem due to the glare on the water.



As we debated our options we were happy to see a dolphin swimming around the boat. I went to the bow to watch him more closely. He swam away from the boat, returned, looked up at me and swam away again. He repeated this behavior several times. I skeptically told Joe that I thought he wanted us to follow him. We cautiously crept forward, Joe steering while I watched the dolphin who continued his maneuvers as before, leading us on, turning to check to see that we were following. This experience lasted nearly an hour, until we were safely through the reef and on our way.

We never lost sight of the dolphin, nor he of us, until we had navigated the reef. Then he went his way and we went ours. There is no question in my mind that something magical had happened.

Pam Harris grew up in Charlotte, graduated from UNC and has lived in Durham for the last 30 years. She is one of 24 contributors to the recent book, WOMEN ON BOARD (available in TFAD library).

Welcome New Residents

Astrid Schmidt-Nielsen & G.W. (Pete) Stewart

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gwpstewart@gmail.com



Astrid and Pete came to The Forest from Washington DC. Astrid had retired as a Program Officer from the Office of Naval Research (ONR), Pete as an Emeritus Professor from the University of Maryland, College Park.

Born in Copenhagen, Denmark, Astrid earned an AB degree in Biology from Oberlin College and subsequently a PhD in Experimental Psychology from Maryland. After a two-year post-doc at Minnesota, she joined the Naval Research Laboratory as an engineering psychologist and grew to become Head of the Interface Design and Evaluation Section in the Information Technology Division, and finally Program Officer at ONR. The emphasis of her programs at ONR was on psychological and cognitive science relating to human perception and performance in response to different displays of complex information – as, for example, in naval systems.

Pete grew up on the East Coast and spent his teen-age years in Knoxville, TN. Enrolling at the University of Tennessee, he majored in Mathematics, through the PhD. He is expert in computational linear algebra, has made highly cited advances in numerical computational techniques, and has developed efficient algorithms widely used in applications. Before arriving at Maryland, Pete was a professor at

Lucille Casey

Apt 3032 919-4401-1518

Lucille was born and grew up in Rumford Maine. She moved to Boston for her nursing education at Boston City Hospital, and remained there for five years working in the operating room. She married, and had her three children there, one son and twin daughters.

In 1960 the family moved to Lockport, New York, where Lucille continued to work as an operating room nurse for thirty years. When she retired, she was not happy being idle, so she volunteered at a local school in various areas; as a lunch room monitor, and a substitute school nurse.

At the urging of her daughter, she moved to Tarpon Springs Florida in 1995, where she found some part time work as a pharmacy assistant in local pharmacies. She also volunteered with Meals on Wheels, played shuffleboard with new Florida friends, and enjoyed being close to her daughter.

Her son and daughter in law, who live in Durham, convinced her that The Forest would keep her busy and happy in North Carolina. She moved here this winter.



the University of Texas at Austin and at Carnegie-Mellon University. At Maryland he had productive collaborations at Oak Ridge National Laboratory, Argonne National Laboratory, and the National Institute for Standards and Technology. He is a member of the National Academy of Engineering.

Astrid and Pete enjoy hiking and swimming. They spend their summers in Maine near Acadia National Park. Astrid is also an avid knitter, and Pete translates technical papers of historical interest.

Welcome New Residents

Kathleen Allen

Cottage 63 910-639-7053
dallen@nc.rr.com



Kathleen was born and raised in Minnesota. Her nursing education began at Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago, and continued wherever she worked thereafter until she had earned an MSN and Family Nurse Practitioner credentials from Duke in 1983 and 1995, respectively. She worked at Columbia Presbyterian in New York City, Walter Reed in DC (where she met her first husband, an Army neurosurgeon), and Fitzsimmons Army Medical Center in Denver. They moved to Pinehurst, NC, in 1977 where Kathleen worked at

Moore Regional Hospital for 30 years.

Until her education as a Family Nurse Practitioner, her experience had been principally in operating rooms and the emergency department, but she now added work in outpatient oncology management to her portfolio. She made the decision to retire in 2005, but was quickly recruited as a nurse practitioner consultant for behavioral and psychiatric issues in many long term care facilities in NC. In 1988, she married Dr. David Allen, the first oncologist in Pinehurst, who founded organized hospice care in Moore County.

They wanted a safe place for their later life and joined the list at The Forest. When Dr. Allen died in 2016, Kathleen moved here in December. She lives with her best friend Tulip, a rescued shepherd mix, whose social skills are under development. She is also a long time yoga practitioner and is searching for a local “yoga home.”

Bivens

(Continued from Page 1)

a cleaning staff of 29. Of these, five are “housemen.” They are male; they take care of the public corridors, and they do so with gusto – noisy equipment and long yellow power lines. The female workers take care of the private spaces. They are all a friendly and sociable lot.

Juggling the staff members so that, in spite of normal vacancies and unexpected sicknesses and conflicts, cleaning goes on as scheduled is a highly complex problem – daily. Sometimes it is necessary for a cleaner to be moved from one cottage to another, across the campus. Who will transport that worker quickly? Tom Bivens – in his own car. Tom is hoping to add another worker so that he will have time to do what tasks only he can do: training and inspecting. He enjoys his assignment, working with the staff; he counts himself a good motivator, encouraging the workers to do their jobs well. He says he has “a heart for people.” His staff profit from that attitude, as do the residents.



Tom with his youngest daughter, Jenna, and middle daughter, Allison, at “Jump Streets,” an indoor trampoline park in Cary, NC.

Two Poems

by J. Stanley Barlow

With a Crowd I Walk

It is like closing time at a museum
The walkway itself moves
We cannot slow its pace
Our unwilling faces all look back
through galleries and gardens

I pass doors that lead into
half-filled sanctuaries
I could enter without my vestments

I walk like a tourist being showed past
on toward a “*retiring room*”
and then on to gray wooden backstairs

Do I go on saying
“*Yea though I walk*

Invention

Along the blue sleeve
of heaven, fluttering
in the shiny air
a cardinal lights, folds
his wings and holds
firmly to the hemlock limb
as he begins to sing
like his fellows
from the beginning.
Yet what he sings
is new this day
even as he finishes
and flies away.

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Cf. Appalachia and Beyond (2006), p.343.

*J. Stanley Barlow, an academic dean and professor, taught philosophy at the
University of Minnesota, Columbia University, and C.U.N.Y.*

ASK A MUSICOLOGIST

Explaining Music

by Dale Purves

Although everyone recognizes music, formal definitions are vague. The Oxford English Dictionary gives a primary definition as: The art or science of combining vocal or instrumental sounds with a view toward beauty or coherence of form and expression of emotion. Another is: Complex periodic sounds produced by a variety of physical instruments that are appreciated by humans as pleasing and affective, usually implemented by specific tone combinations in melodies and harmonies. The key concepts in these and other definitions are emotion and aesthetic appreciation, which seem to underlie the impetus for all forms of art.

The effects of musical tones entail the loudness, pitch, and timbre. In addition, rhythm, tempo, and meter are temporal features of music that link it to motor behavior ranging from toe tapping and clapping to elaborate choreography. Rhythm refers to accentuated beats or subdivisions of beats that correspond to a listener's inclination to tap or clap; tempo is the rate at which beats occur (the number of beats per minute); and meter refers to the organization of the beats (that is, how many beats there are in each measure, a measure being a natural grouping of beats, e.g. in threes as in a waltz, or fours as in straight or common time).

Although these temporal aspects of music are obviously important, the focus of most music theory over the centuries has been on tones and tonal relationships. A sequence of musical tones is the basis of *melody*, whereas combinations of tones played more or less simultaneously are the basis of *harmony*. Although the particulars of music have varied greatly over time and in different cultures, the structure of musical instruments dating back tens of thousands of years suggests that music has favored much the same tonal intervals since the dawn of human enthusiasm for this art form (see figure). Nonetheless why music has always had these common features is not known.

Solving some of the puzzles in musical tonality would presumably reveal a good deal about music. Why, for in-

stance, are there octaves in music? Why are tones an octave apart more or less equivalent? Why does music tend to parse octaves into 12 divisions? Why does music worldwide tend to use the same subsets of the chromatic scale tones? Why do some tone combinations sound more pleasing than others? Why, despite all the ways that octaves could be divided (billions), are only a few dozen scales widely used in music? Why does the emotional impact of music differ according to the scale used?



Figure: This flute was discovered at an archeological site in France and is estimated to be about 32,000 years old. The distances between the holes here and in other more playable ancient flutes suggest that the tone combinations favored more recently have been preferred for millennia.

Traditional approaches to these questions have been based on the subjective fact that pleasing tonal combinations arise from sources whose fundamental frequencies are related by small integer ratios. Biology, however, may be a better bet in seeking answers to this list of largely unexplained musical phenomena. The premise of a biological approach is that the human sense of tonality arose over the course of evolution to reap the value of recognizing and processing conspecific vocalizations. These are the most important tonal sound signals in our natural environment.

Dale Purves is a neurobiologist in the Duke Institute for Brain Sciences and author of MUSIC AS BIOLOGY (Harvard Univ. Press, 2017), available in the library.

Circus Days

by Carol Scott

Circus days are numbered, fast approaching the end. Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey retired all their elephants last year and will close down the circus entirely at the end of this May, 2017.

How can this be?

Phineas T. Barnum began the circus in 1870, when he was 60 years old. In 1881 James Bailey merged his circus with Barnum's. Ringling Brothers Circus did not join until 1919.

Barnum grew up in Connecticut, in the same town as my great-grandfather James Seeley, and they were good friends. So good, it is said, that whenever the circus came to Ringtown, PA, where James eventually lived, Phineas would give him free tickets for the whole family (and, eventually, there were eleven children!).

The circus is in the Seeley blood now, and the seventh generation – my great-grandchildren – have recently been with their mother and grandmother in Columbia, SC, to the current production, as the circus makes its farewell swing through the eastern United States.

They did not experience the smell of sawdust and the heat of the Big Tent that my sisters and I did, for since the devastating tent fire of 1944 in Hartford, CT, all circus productions have been held inside fire-safe buildings. They missed the sight of lions, tigers, or monkeys parked in fancy, decorated, wheeled cages as they walked on the way into the event, careful not to trip over tent-pegs as they made their way past the side-shows, which included exotica such as the Bearded Lady; a being who was half fish, half woman; the midget "General Tom Thumb;" and the original Siamese twins. And now there are *no elephants* to parade into the Big Tent. No camels, either, supplanted (perhaps!) by leaping kangaroos and large trotting pigs.

Decades ago, their aunt Elisabeth, for a small extra sum, once rode one of the elephants before the show. She said the hairy backs, uncovered, were ticklish. And we all enjoyed the parade of the great, lumbering animals, brightly bedecked, some with scantily costumed girls on their upcurled trunks, at the opening of the show and in the preceding parade through town.

Parades before the show were a big part of the circus experience, one from which many people who could not afford the price of the actual show could get an idea of what the exotic animals and brightly costumed performers were like.

It is said in my mother's family that several of my teen-age uncles would skip school on Circus Day to help unload Barnum's special train and then help set up for the circus and parade, thus earning free tickets to the later performance. Once, a story goes, my grandfather was in a store on the main street of New London, CT, when he heard the strains of approaching circus music. Stepping outside to watch, to his astonishment he saw, leading one of the animals, his teen-age son! He quickly rushed out, snatched up the boy and removed him from the scene. What happened to the parade animal – and what the boy's punishment was – are not a part of the story.....

I saw many parades in Durham, NC, and Rock Hill, SC, but the one I remember best is a particular one in New London when we were spending the summer there. It passed along Thames St., at the foot of Blydenburgh Ave., where my aunt and uncle lived, and my sisters and I ran down to watch it. That night, Uncle Cecil, a great tease, asked what we had done that day. Enthusiastically, we told him about the parade.

"Did you see me in it?" he asked with a straight face.

"No! Where were you?" we asked.

"I was riding one of the camels," he replied, "and I waved to you," he said, demonstrating with a tiny wave of his fingers.

It took some while for three credulous and naïve little girls to realize that he was – once again – pulling our legs. Of course he was not in the parade!

Of my favorite circus acts the only remaining ones are the trapeze artists and the lions and tigers jumping through hoops, with their ringmaster dressed in top hat and tails, cracking his long whip. And now the ringmaster might be female. Gone are the calliope blaring forth its music, the amazing elephant parade, the seemingly endless array of clowns exiting a small car, the Human Cannon Ball curled

Circus

(Continued from Page 10)

up tightly as he was shot from a special cannon across the arena into a strong net, and the elegant camels with riders in bright-colored costumes.

My daughter said the circus was not at all what it used to be – beginning with a ticket price of \$50 per seat! Or even higher for a ringside view.

My great-grandchildren's favorites were the lions and clowns. Conner included the tiny motorcycles driven by clowns around a small ring inside a sphere, while Sara preferred the trained dogs and their tricks. However, both appreciated the trapeze artists, soaring in glittering costumes through the air from one hanging bar to another, swinging in synchronicity some yards away. Connor preferred ice cream (now not at all inexpensive) to the traditional cotton candy (now also *much* more expensive than it used to be) chosen by his sister, mother and grandmother.

Barnum, a real promoter, is also remembered for his introduction of not only famed singer Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," but also "General Tom Thumb" (Charles S. Stratton), a talented 3'4" midget – a perfectly formed miniature man – to Europe and America. He also introduced to the world Chang and Eng, the original Siamese twins. Born in Siam (now Thailand), they gave the name to twins conjoined for life in the days before separation was made possible. They adopted the surname "Bunker," owned plantations in North Carolina, and fathered 21 children between them. And one of the twins was the grandfather of my college friend, Dottie Bunker.

But Barnum's enduring memory was made by his circus, the first three-ringed circus ever, and by his owning the first railroad train acquired expressly for the purpose of transporting the circus entourage from place to place.

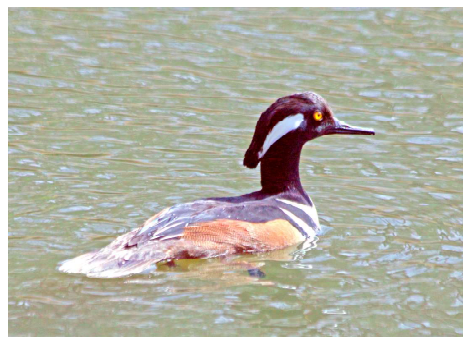
It was, indeed, "The Greatest Show on Earth," and will be sorely missed by the many who will soon be left with only happy memories of those wonderful circus days to talk to their amazed descendants about.

Carol is the matriarch of a circus-loving family that includes five children, nine grandchildren, two great-grands, plus one who is much too young and will never know the joys of the circus.

BITS & PIECES ...

Our Pond ...

Our pond, shallow and surely not at its best, gives every indication of providing plenty of the aquatic insects and larvae that serve as the principal diet of this transient male Hooded Merganser that Bennett Galef photographed on March 1st. The pair Bennett spotted was resting on its migration north to the old-growth forests that provide the tree cavities these monogamous birds require to breed.



A pair of Mallard Ducks took up what appears to be more permanent residence in mid-April. Shannon Purves reports that they have ventured up the meadow close to their cottage. "He's quite laid back; she's in charge." These are surface-feeding ducks, so quite happy with the water level as it currently is. Nancy McCumber took their photo from the newly renovated pond bridge.



Correction ...

In the April issue the email address of Judith Shannon was incorrect. It should be judith.shannon0@gmail.com with a numeral zero following her name. Judith tells us "There is a judith.shannon in Ireland who will get my emails - she has complained to me for years. I shall never add a zero again to an address.... Ah, what we learn from experience."

Hospitality

by W. Banks Anderson, Jr., MD

McPherson EENT Hospital opened in Durham, NC, in 1926. My tonsils were removed there in 1936. Recently, hotel guests have begun entering its Main Street door. This is appropriate, as the very first hospitals provided beds for travelers. Indeed the Latin *cubiculum hospitalis* means guest room. In medieval cities cathedral hospitals provided shelter for travelers as well as for the sick, the poor, the orphaned, and the homeless. Pesthouse, almshouse, and travelers-inn functions were not well differentiated. These hospitals were operated and staffed by clergy. Then and for centuries afterward patients were warehoused together in rooms or wards that might contain as many as forty beds. The size of a hospital is still indicated not by the patient room count but by total beds. We say: It is a 500-bed hospital.

A lay religious order, the Hospitaller Knights of St. John, established hospitals to shelter pilgrims and crusaders traveling to and from Jerusalem. They militarized their sheltering and protecting functions into a Roman Catholic army and navy. Stateless at first and later losing their footholds in Jerusalem, Cyprus and Rhodes, the Hospitallers retreated to Malta. They ruled and defended it for two hundred and fifty years. But in 1798 they made the mistake of being inhospitable. Napoleon had requested water for his ships on their way to Africa. The Grand Master said: "No." During six days before sailing south from these islands Napoleon displaced the Grand Master, freed 2000 Turkish slaves, established a French government and watered all of his ships.

By the 19th century no traveler wanted a bed in any hospital. Indeed even in the inns the routine practice of two or more travelers sharing one bed was phasing out. Hospitals were transitioning from religious enterprises to public and private ones. In 1805 a London Dispensary for Curing Diseases of the Eye and Ear was established at Moorfields. In 1832 James Wills, Jr., donated funds for a hospital for the indigent, blind, and lame that opened in 1834 in Philadelphia. In 1889 Johns Hopkins funded a university hospital and medical school in Baltimore. Its eye hospital, the Wilmer Institute, opened its doors in 1928, two years after those of McPherson Hospital.



A current photo showing at its center the original columned entrance of McPherson Hospital on Main Street. The wings on either side are part of a new Residence Inn by Marriott. Its principal entrance and parking are off Watts Street..

Few eye facilities can now be called hospitals, as they lack beds. The site of the first Wills in Logan Square, Philadelphia, is now occupied by a hotel. Their second hospital is now an apartment building. In Durham, McPherson Hospital's beds had been eliminated and the name "hospital" had been dropped. An outpatient surgery center then made the building obsolete. But as with that older Wills building, McPherson again has beds, more than 143 of them, because an original section has been incorporated as one entry of a Marriott hotel. So like those ancient hospitals, what remains is now sheltering travelers. I understand that the sharing of beds and rooms there by travelers is only by mutual consent, that breakfast is included, and that the hospitality is outstanding.

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