

## Liza Genao, Our Newest *Medicinae* Doctor

by George Williams

Our newest M.D. in the Clinic, Liza Genao, is a native of the Dominican Republic, a small but independent country, one third the size of North Carolina. She is yet another member of our increasing international set. Her parents still live on the island, but as their three children are in the States—a son in New Jersey, a daughter in California, and now another daughter in North Carolina—they spend much of their time over here. Her father is a retired civil engineer; she is the first in the family tradition to have earned a medical degree.

She had her academic and medical training in the Dominican Republic, receiving her doctorate from the University Nacional Pedro Henrique Urina (UNPHU) in the Dominican Republic in 2003. She fulfilled her internship participating in an epidemiologic study to determine the prevalence of dementia in the Dominican Republic. In 2005 she moved to New York where she lived with her uncle and his family while continuing her medical studies and work.

That move required also a change in language. All of her instruction had been, of course, in Spanish. She learned some English in her youthful classwork, but she was not prepared even to live a normal life speaking English, let alone speaking the additional requirements of medical study and conversation. She has now a complete mastery of her adopted language, is a fluent and charming conversationalist with a delightful laugh.

Understandably, she was highly regarded by her medical mentors while in the Dominican Republic, whose recommendations won her a residency in internal medicine at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, MN, from 2006 to 2009. She came to the Duke Hospital in 2009 as a Fellow in Geriatric Medicine. She trained as a Fellow here at The Forest in 2009-2010. She enjoys treating older couples, whom she

finds interesting with attractive personalities.

She regards her treatment as ‘forthright,’ and she describes one system: she tells an octogenarian patient that he has, for example, seven years to live. “What would you like to accomplish in those seven years?” Forthright. Her phrase for this approach is “goal-oriented.” It is that. (*Editorial comment: “Seven years”! Scarcely time enough to clean up my desk.*)

She moved upstairs to the Clinic in 2017 where she works in partnership with Dr. Buhr, whom she knew from her time at Duke. She likes being associated with a team. She is well content with this appointment. (*Editorial comment: Her recent examination of a minor complaint was professionally thorough and her recommendation for correction highly successful.*)

She is an active and energetic member of the congregation at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, where she guides the younger members in their programs and talks with fellow worshipers on topics of social justice.

Her hobbies are simple, but rewarding. She enjoys hiking, and has walked many of the trails in the Triangle area. When the trails that our Forest walking groups take were mentioned, she knew all about them. She particularly likes to walk in the countryside with her dog, because she can enjoy with him her other hobby of meditation. He does not object.





### The Forester

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## President's Podium



by Russell Jones

As we begin this New Year, a good starting point really was our December 8th staff and resident holiday party. It was a wonderful demonstration of the creativity of our Forest team members. If you don't remember "our holiday bonus" in the Twelve Days of Christmas or didn't try to better Erin in cookie decorating, you weren't there. And thanks to our residents, we set a record in voluntary contributions to the Employee Appreciation Fund—a concrete way to share our thanks to those who help make this our home.

Our ad hoc Interior Gardens Committee finished its work and submitted a report to the RA Board as well as TFAD administration with many ideas for improving the usefulness of the three interior gardens in the Health & Wellness area. Some ideas are low-cost and relatively easy to implement—like expanding last year's effort by the ad hoc Committee and Nathan Summers putting flowering plants in the many large planters in the gardens. Some suggestions are longer range and could involve substantial expense for The Forest. To get things started, the Residents Association Board asked Craig Daniels, as Chair of the Grounds Committee, to add an Interior Gardens Subcommittee to his already busy portfolio. This effort is focused on improving flowering plants in the gardens and is already underway with his appointment of John Duval to chair that work. Additional efforts focused on helping more Health & Wellness residents enjoy the gardens will get started soon. But remember, independent living residents are always welcome in the gardens.

And as you are reading the Forester, ever wonder what the photos look like in living color? You can see them in color on the Resident Association website. Instructions for logging on are posted in the Connections Room.

### ***In Memoriam***

Mary Hicks	December 5, 2017
Robert Otterbourg	December 13, 2017
Ellen Moyer	December 20, 2017



## Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

As a librarian, I find that one request keeps popping up, “Can you recommend something for me to read?” I usually try to avoid recommending something to someone else because I consider the act of reading to be very personal. Everyone’s taste is different; people read for different reasons. For instance, I read mostly biographies and history-oriented titles; however, I also enjoy science fiction and mysteries.

That being said, perhaps some brief reviews of a few of my recent reads might interest some of you. One book I can recommend for those of you who enjoy true stories is one recommended to me by a fellow resident: *When a Crocodile Eats the Sun: a Memoir of Africa* by Peter Godwin, published in 2007. Mr. Godwin, a well-known journalist and excellent writer who grew up in Zimbabwe, details the trials of his parents and friends living in Zimbabwe between 1996 and 2003. In his memoir he describes a country trying to survive under an “embattled dictator, spiraling downward into a vortex of brutality and hatred.” Godwin describes the destruction of the economy of a country he once loved; how his parents still believed in it even though they were by then considered enemies. While he explores his own family’s struggles to survive, he manages to shed light on the broader national picture. I learned much about a country of which I knew very little—very appropriate since Mugabe has just been forced to resign. Peter Godwin’s memoir presents a compelling family story within the larger national struggle of the Zimbabwe people.

To lighten the mood, I followed this memoir with a mystery by Henning Mankell. Mankell’s book, *The White Lioness*, connects a murder in Sweden to the attempted assassination of Nelson Mandela in South Africa. Mankell’s main protagonist, Kurt Wallender, is a believable police inspector trying to understand why a local real estate agent was murdered outside his small town and how it relates to Russian hitmen and South African politics. Although relatively long, it was

an enjoyable and easy read.

Since you might not agree with my selections, I asked Helen Stahl to provide a review of a book she had just finished and greatly enjoyed. According to Helen the book, *Uppity Women*, by Vicki Leon, is a slim little volume (only 209 pages) put together by the uppitiest, most unabashed, gutsy-est woman. She celebrates Rebellious Belles, Daring Dames and Headstrong Heroines through the ages. Most traditional histories—written by men—ignore, obscure or erase the role of women, especially those who challenge the status quo. Leon focuses on real women, audacious in their efforts and outstanding in their accomplishments.

Well, here you have reviews of three very different books. If you still haven’t seen anything to interest you, may I recommend that you try going back to some of the classic writers? They are still being read because they still have something to say to us, and they are still entertaining. For instance, read something by Tolstoy or Dickens. If you enjoy science fiction as I do, go back to H. G. Wells, the writer who started it all.

There are also the three books mentioned in this issue of *The Forester*: Peter Hellman’s *In Vino Duplicitas*, the engrossing account of wine fraud and forgery which complements Banks Anderson’s assessemnt of wine tasting; Beryl Markham’s memoir of growing up in Kenya, *West with the Night*; and Janet Wallach’s biography of Gertrude Bell, *Desert Queen*. The latter two are featured in Caroline Raby’s book review.

Whatever your taste, consider trying something outside your comfort zone. You might find a new love.

Happy reading!



## A Guide to Wine (Biological Science) by Banks Anderson, Jr.

Do you enjoy the romantic fiction of wine reviews? Many wine raters and their wine collector readers were conned into paying thousands for bottles with prestigious labels that had been filled with cheap reds in Rudy Kurniawan's kitchen. Read all about it in *In Vino Duplicitas: The Rise and Fall of a Wine Forger Extraordinaire*, by Peter Hellman (The Experiment © 2017).

Wine is a beverage that is 85% water, 12% alcohol, with a tiny 3% that inspires oceans of ink about taste. Biologically we can only taste sweet, sour, salt, umami, and bitter. Twenty-five genes identify toxic bitter tastes. Three identify sugars and the umami taste of burgers. Sour and salt sensing mechanisms are still obscure. Our genes and numbers of taste buds vary and almost certainly differ among "tasters."

Ten thousand years ago humans learned to fire clay and make containers that they filled with grapes. Riding along on the skins of the ripe grapes were single cell fungi, yeasts. Juice and yeasts, when protected from air, ferment grape sugars to alcohol and carbon dioxide. As the ethanol concentration rises, bacteria and yeasts die. But the *Saccharomyces cerevisiae* yeast tolerates the alcohol and continues working. What a marvelous beverage results! Protecting against killers like typhoid and cholera, wine became so democratic that Romans shared it with slaves. Their discarded wine jugs, narrow necked air-excluding amphorae, built ceramic mountains on the outskirts of imperial Rome.

Wine tasting is NOT about biological taste as such. It is about flavor, a combination of sensations that include taste, smell, sight, and touch. Our noses can differentiate thousands of different gasses and our eyes thousands of colors. Sommeliers use these clues in "tasting" their wines. Pasteur's science eliminated most terrible wines. The difference between engineered plonk and a \$10,000 bottle is now so trivial that Rudy, a good smeller and taster, was exposed not through any off flavors but through his failure to counterfeit his \$10,000 bottles accurately.

For millennia differences in yeasts on the other side of the ridge or down the river did characterize wine domains and vintage years. No more. Now vintners control their yeasts by sterilizing juice and/or adding back cultured *Saccharomyces*. Sulfur dioxide (sulfite) is employed for sterilizing and preserving. Taste the difference between a baguette and sourdough? It is not the wheat. Wine labels ought to list yeasts because they are more important to a wine's flavor than whether its grape was a cabernet or pinot.

Considering that all those cabernet and pinots had been grafted onto phylloxera-resistant American *Vitis* roots, the importance of vinifera varieties seems exaggerated. For years Rudy mixed, bottled, and mislabeled cheap reds in his kitchen that hundreds of professional and amateur "tasters" considered worth the thousands that he charged for them.

So when Josh pours you a Trinity Oaks, swirl, smell, slurp, and enjoy. But remember that experiments have repeatedly shown that if you had paid him \$50 for that same wine, you would believe it tasted better.

*Banks Anderson is Professor Emeritus of Ophthalmology at Duke and contributes regularly to The Forester.*

### Witness for the Prosecution ...

... one was cheerful and full of banter. That was Bill Koch. ... The billionaire's testimony roamed free of inhibitions. Asked about his three academic degrees from MIT, Koch was launched: "I had a professor once who said 'Why in the world do you want to get a doctorate?' I naturally said, 'Well, because I think it's prestigious and I love science.' He said, 'Well, you know what BS is, don't you?' I said, 'Yes, bachelor of science.' He said, 'No—the real BS.' And then he said to me, 'you know what MS is, don't you?' I said, 'No.' He said, 'It's more of the same. And you *do* know what a PhD is, don't you?' I said, 'No.' He said, 'Piled higher and deeper.' He was trying to discourage me from spending all that time at MIT." —*In Vino*, p.173ff.



## Pond Update, Pray for Rain

by Harold Vick

The final approval from the state for the construction of the dam was received in late October. The valve for the pond was closed a couple of days later, we were blessed with heavy rainfall, and the filling began. Unfortunately an issue with the valve was discovered in November. Opening of the valve and lowering of the water was required in order to make the repair. That repair was completed in late November and the valve closed again. As you are aware, since then there was very little rainfall until recently, hence the remaining puddle. As the title suggests, prayer for rain/snow may speed the process of filling!

In March, when the pond will be at least partially filled, Foster's Pond and Lake Management will begin the process of planting the aquatic plants required by the city's plan. This may involve some lowering of the level to facilitate the planting.

Then, in March or April, TFAD will begin an interactive process with a group of residents to develop a plan to improve the area around the barns and pond. Consideration of the fountain, improvement to the barn area, possible replacement of the gazebo, and making the area attractive to encourage use by the residents will be included in the process. Hopefully it will become a special gathering place for all of us for social activities.

At the time of this writing the pond remains a puddle, but there is a hopeful future for a real pond. Pray for more rain!!

*Harold Vick, who co-authored the March report on our Pond with Nathan Summers, is a civil engineer with degrees from Duke, NC State, and Nova Southeastern University. He was for 34 years an executive at the engineering consulting firm Kimley-Horn and Associates.*



## Did We Own Slaves? No Way!

by Carol Scott

The Scotts came to then-Mecklenburg County in 1754, traveling down the Great Wagon Trail from Pennsylvania. Part of Mecklenburg became Cabarrus County after the Revolutionary War and that is where the Scotts were located.

Two centuries later I asked my mother-in-law one day, "Did the Scotts ever own slaves?" I knew that a number of Scott men had fought for the Confederacy, and wondered if that was their reason for signing up.

"Lord, no!" she replied. "They were always small farmers, and only the big landowners had slaves, to work in the fields. The Scotts never needed them."

Some years later, working on genealogy, I looked in the 1850 census of Cabarrus County for Scotts. There, in black and white, was the stunning entry that my husband's great-great grandfather Mike Scott owned TWO SLAVES, a male and a female!! A field hand and a house servant.

My own people were Yankees, my father's from eastern Pennsylvania and my mother's from Maine, where in each generation of males was a sea-captain.

Recently my son David spent time in Hawaii. He sent me a postcard showing the Pacific Ocean with a full-rigged sailing ship near a group of islands. At the top was the name THE SANDWICH ISLES and the bottom legend read THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS. On the back David had written "I wonder what David Weed may have seen here?"

David Weed—CAPTAIN David Weed—was my grandfather, who several times captained a full-rigged sailing vessel from Maine around Cape Horn to the Pacific in the late 1800's.

I e-mailed a reminder to my David of the family story about one of Grandpa's visits to the Sandwich Isles. There he had met a young boy to whom he had given the opportunity of coming with him to the United States to be a houseboy for my grandmother. But she had not liked the boy, so my grandfather had to return him to Hawaii on his next Pacific voyage.

David's reply jolted me: "So there were slave owners on BOTH sides of our family!" How easy to overlook facts we do not wish to deal with!

*Though born in Philadelphia of Yankee parents, Carol Scott grew up in Durham and married a Southerner.*



## Welcome New Residents

### Judith Bentley

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Judith Bentley moved to The Forest from Kinston, NC. She was born and grew up in Atlanta. After high school, she entered the University of Alabama in Tuscaloosa, where she earned a BS degree with a major in interior design. It was there that she met her late husband, William Bentley of Huntsville. When they married, she joined him at Urbana-Champaign where he earned his doctorate in chemical engineering at the University of Illinois. His subsequent career with the DuPont Corporation took them first to Wilmington, DE, where they lived for 6 years, and then to Kinston for another six. During a four year special assignment in Rhynern, West Germany, she learned about German art and furniture, while her daughter attended a German grade school. They returned to Kinston, where William's work entailed a lot of international travel, and Judith was often able to accompany him.

Judith pursued her personal interest in collecting. This included cookbooks (once, more than 3000), folk art, antiques, European and Asian porcelain and pottery. Antiques and antique shows maintain her interest in interior design. She loves gardens, and hopes to raise herbs to flavor special occasion cooking. Since her daughter and two grandchildren are nearby she will have willing guests for those meals. She hopes to renew her skills in knitting and crocheting.

### Nathalie Goodrich

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Nathalie grew up in Atlanta, GA, and earned her BS in Education at Indiana University. She taught for a year in the Atlanta schools. When she married Harold Goodrich, she joined him in Milledgeville, GA, for the next sixty years. In this small town, Nathalie was busy. She organized and was first president of the Junior and Civic Women's Club, was president of the small Hadassah chapter, served on the City Zoning Appeals Board, and was chair for years of the Downtown Development Board.

When her daughter was a teenager, Nathalie opened a bridal shop next door to her husband's women's ready-to-wear store. This gradually expanded into a full service bridal business for which she was named Small Business Owner of the Year in 1991 by the Milledgeville Chamber of Commerce. In 2001 she was named Volunteer of the Year by the State of Georgia.

While doing all this she managed to raise successful children: Beth, who lives in Chapel Hill, and Robert, who lives in Lake Havasu City, AZ. Both are physicians and between them they have provided Nathalie's seven grandchildren.

Nathalie's husband died in 2012, and she moved to Chapel Hill to be near her daughter. Her interests are gardening, attending theater and concerts, and visiting downtowns.



## Welcome New Residents

### **Rachel A. Hamilton**

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Rachel Hamilton was born in Hardin County, Tennessee, where she attended schools. She received a BS degree from Memphis State College, and earned an MA degree in English from Wagner college. She taught English at various levels. In 1955 she married Lynn R. Hamilton; they had two sons, Mark and John.

The family moved often through her husband's residencies in general surgery and orthopedics before settling in New Orleans where he joined the medical staff of the Ochsner Clinic. Rachel taught English at the University of New Orleans. Dr. Ochsner did not approve of staff wives working, but he did approve of them riding bicycles, as Rachel learned when she pedaled over to one of Mrs. Ochsner's lady parties.

Rachel became interested in hand bookbinding, showing work in galleries and traveling to such centers of the craft as Aberystwyth in Wales. She also pursued independent studies in literature in this country and abroad. In 1994, Dr. Hamilton retired from practice and the couple moved to Highlands, NC, where Rachel was active with environmental organizations, with gardening and with libraries, serving on the Highlands and Macon County Boards.

After her husband died, Rachel remained in Highlands until Hurricane Katrina propelled son John and family to Winston-Salem and later to Chapel Hill; Rachel enjoys being near the family. Her other son, Mark, still lives in Louisiana, but visits often.

### **Robert F. Kennedy**

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Bob Kennedy relocated to The Forest from Tucson, AZ, shortly after the death of Peg, his wife of 67 years. Together they had reared two daughters and five sons. The move to Durham evolved from a lot of family considerations and the truism that there is no substitute for being close to Family. A determining factor was that eldest daughter Deborah, a CPA and executive for a hospitality and real estate firm in West Virginia, had a retirement home in Durham to be near her daughter and grandchildren, the daughter having been drawn to Duke as a science writer.

Bob grew up in Connersville, IN. He earned a B.S. in Social Science and Business from Ball State University. After four years at Crosley-AVCO in the personnel area, he was recruited by Westinghouse Electric Corporation and for 12 years held major field positions. Transferring to Pittsburgh Headquarters, Bob held assignments in labor relations, employee relations, personnel practices and benefits, and Equal Employment Opportunity. After appointments as Human Resources Director in several business units, he became Director of Human Resources Operations for all of Westinghouse.

One of Peg's and Bob's favorite activities was camping, so when nearing retirement, they bought one of the famed Airstream trailers to visit family around the country. They also traveled and toured worldwide more conventionally.



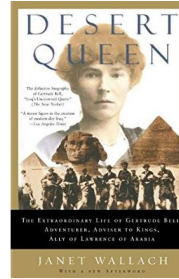
## BOOK REVIEW

**Two Admirable, Adventuresome Women's Life Stories**

by Caroline Raby

***West with the Night***

A Memoir of Growing Up in Kenya  
by Beryl Markham  
(North Point Press, 1983)

***Desert Queen***

The Extraordinary Life of Gertrude Bell  
by Janet Wallach  
(Anchor Books 1999, 2005)

In reading these accounts—one an autobiography, the other a biography—of female adventurers Beryl Markham (1902-1986) and Gertrude Bell (1868-1926), I was struck by their similarities. Both women were thrill-seeking, exuberant Brit ex-pats with exceptional drive. They spent their lives abroad in masculine-dominated, life-threatening territories (Africa and the Middle East, respectively). Both befriended natives, from aborigines and Bedouins to Muslim kings, British royals, and notables such as Baroness Blixen (author of *Out of Africa*). Both were known to be overtly ambitious and assertive. As writers with vibrant, intrepid hunger for excitement, each detailed thrilling new exploits.

Beryl Markham, née Clutterbuck, was the first female to solo the Atlantic crossing from east to west. (The International Astronomical Union named a Venus impact crater, Markham, after her.) As a bush pilot, she knew Kenya and elephant herds the way we know our own backyards. She was also the first licensed female Kenyan horse trainer. Her memoir lists locales from her flight log that bounce around on our tongues—Mwanza, Serengeti, Nungwe, Molo, Nakuru. “Names are keys that open corridors no longer fresh in the mind, but nonetheless familiar in the heart,” said Markham.

Gertrude Bell, a Victorian daughter of wealth and peerage, was the first woman to acquire a first-class degree in modern history at Oxford. Her biographer, Janet Wallach, points out that she was the only woman to achieve the grade of Political Officer during World War I, that she played an essential role in laying the borders of Iraq for the British Empire, and that she was appointed honorary director of antiquities at the Baghdad Museum. By age 30, Bell had traveled the globe, climbed mountains, and learned Arabic—one of her numerous languages—enabling her to travel the Arab world exploring, mapping, and digging for (and finding) buried treasures. She developed friendships with Arab leaders and, it was widely asserted, “provided the brains for T.E. Lawrence’s military brawn,” the Lawrence of *Lawrence of Arabia*.

Among her numerous publications are *The Desert and the Sown*, considered the best of a dozen books on Eastern travel. A White Paper of hers was called a “masterpiece” by the British government. The Crown honored her with the Order of Commander of the British Empire (CBE) for her Arabian desert efforts.

Hemingway stated that Beryl Markham “writes rings around all of us who consider ourselves as writers,” adding that “*West With the Night* really is a bloody wonderful book.” I heartily concur about both life stories of these two stalwart women who passionately chased sunsets across wide horizons.

*Caroline Raby, a retired science writer, is a history buff and an avid reader. She's donated both of the reviewed books to our Library.*



# The Leaf, A Molecular Manufacturing Marvel

by Ted Harris

The mysterious unfathomable advent of life, a single-celled bacterium, blossomed on our planet a billion plus years after the planet formed. A second miracle occurred when bacteria harnessed the sun's energy with a green molecule, chlorophyll, resulting in sugar, food for the bacteria, and oxygen for the animals that were to come. These cyanobacteria began colonizing the land about one billion years ago.

It took another six hundred million years for this minute beginning to evolve into the flora of many kinds and dimensions. The land became hospitable for the most primitive of animals as they escaped from the sea and accommodated to the land.

And what did an animal require for living? The leaf—its food—be it a blade, a needle, a bract, a frond etc. Conjure up the scenario of who we would be without the leaf, another construction miracle in the planet's development.

While both plants and animals trace back to a similar cell, the plants fell shy of developing a brain. After all, a brain is not required when one is permanently anchored in the same place one's entire life. But attributes that we associate with a brain also occur in plants, especially the leaf.

For example: Smell. In Africa giraffes like to munch the leaves of the acacia tree. When this happens the leaf produces ethylene, a smell that is offensive to the giraffe. Upon release of this pheromone through the stoma, the tiny holes on the underside of the leaf that inhale air and exhale oxygen and moisture, the aroma wafts through the air warning other acacia trees nearby. They smell the caution signal, and they respond by producing ethylene themselves to keep them safe. The giraffe realizes he must move away from this area to be outside of the reach of the scent.

Caterpillars attack trees in great numbers. The willow tree creates a poison that debilitates the

caterpillar. A study conducted in Washington State found that willow trees as far away as a mile recognized the warning smell in time to prepare for the caterpillar onslaught.

Taste: A plant's leaves can recognize an attacking insect by tasting its saliva. Their protection arsenal will allow for several options. They may create and release a pheromone which is offensive to the attacker. Or their preferred method is to create an aroma that will attract the attacker's predator. The leaves of certain plants being foraged by caterpillars emit a pheromone that attracts a parasitic wasp who turns the tables and eats the caterpillar.

Think about this—the leaf has a memory. Where is this information stored when a tree sheds its leaves in the fall?

Because of its commercial importance, the leaf of the tea plant has been carefully scrutinized and analyzed by plant scientists. It is a molecular manufacturing marvel! It has learned how to produce over one thousand chemical compounds. An amazing chemical factory, the tea leaf is only several inches in length. What happened along its evolutionary career path that prompted such a proliferation of biochemical creations? What could the leaf tell us, if we could unlock secrets about its unbelievable molecular abilities? In which order were the molecules and compounds added and what were the reasons for these additions? What a story this would be!

*Ted Harris is a former banker and legislator who is a strong promoter of old-growth forests.*





## Drumming for King George

by John Howell

I loved kindergarten. Miss Boyd taught us to sing “Oh Canada! Our home and native land!” and “God save our gracious King/ Long live our noble King...” She taught us the alphabet, and read us stories, and we drew pictures. And we talked about the “Mounties.” We all said we wanted to be Mounties and wear red coats and shoot guns and gallop horses.

And Miss Boyd taught us music. When she hit the silver triangle, Dickie raised his hand, and she said, “Okay, Dickie. You can play the triangle.” But I didn’t care, I wanted to play the drum. And when Miss Boyd shook the tambourine and told Margaret she could play the tambourine, I still didn’t care. I wanted to play the drum so much I raised my hand before Miss Boyd could pick it up. “Okay, John,” she said, laughing. “You can play the drum.”

So I played the drum at music time. But then came the big moment in my little life when Miss Boyd said King George and Queen Elizabeth were coming to Guelph on June 6, 1939. She said it would be a “whistle stop” at the train station, and the king would make a brief speech. When she asked, “Who wants to see King George?” we all raised our hands. And when I asked, “Can I play the drum for King George?” she said I could.

So I played the drum. But there were hundreds of people at the station, and I know King George never heard me. The only people who really heard me were the two tall Mounties who smiled down at me and saluted. And I never heard King George. In fact, I didn’t hear him until September 3, 1939, when he declared war on Germany in a slow halting voice.

Miss Boyd said King George came to Canada because he wanted to meet the children and their parents. But my father said King George really came because a war with Germany was “imminent” and he wanted to stir Canada’s patriotism. In fact, no one was more patriotic than my father. He immediately quit his medical practice and joined the Canadian Army—so early in Canada’s mobilization that he was in two military services at once. I had just gotten over my

excitement at seeing him in his uniform as a Major in the Canadian Army when he came home wearing the blue uniform of a Squadron Leader in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

But though I was almost as patriotic as my father, my drumming was not officially recognized until I was in prep school, and the General of the Queen’s Own Rifles gave me the cadets’ trophy and invited me to play the “step” for the soldiers as they marched up Avenue Road in Toronto. I would later have many exciting moments as a professional musician, but nothing ever matched the thrill of hearing my drum echo through the street as the veterans of Normandy and other battles kept time to my beat.

*John Howell was a professor of American Literature and chair of the English Department at Southern Illinois University. This is an excerpt from a memoir in progress.*





## Heaven Can Wait

An Improbable Love Story

by Don Chesnut

Nestled in the piney woods of central North Carolina is the CCRC called *Heaven Can Wait*. A clever name, indeed. The idea is that there's no need to hurry up the process of leaving this earthly sphere. Rather one should extend one's later years by enjoying life among similarly bright and exciting people. Their motto, "Come here and enjoy life to the fullest; Heaven can wait!" says it all.

But this assertion makes the assumption that the ultimate destination for the Heaven Can Wait residents *is* Heaven, an assertion that may not be entirely so.

There is concern in both high and low places. Heaven's Administration, led by His Holiness The General, is worried in that only about 80 percent of the Heaven Can Wait residents pass through the pearly gates to enter that great CCRC in the sky. The General thinks the acceptance rate should be higher. At the other extreme, at the other end of the spectrum, Satan, the Angel of the Bottomless Pit, the Father of All Lies, thinks the acceptance figure is too high, that more poor souls should be coming to his hellish abode.

As our play develops, both groups send investigators to appraise the situation and to see what improvements can be made from their perspective. It's the classic clash of good versus evil: Democrats versus Republicans, liberals versus conservatives, Duke versus Carolina.

How shall this matter be resolved? Will the white hats win or will the Prince of Darkness, the ultimate dark-hatted villain, prevail? To learn the outcome of this all-important question, please come to the Auditorium at 4:00 PM on Monday afternoon, January 22, 2018, when all will be revealed by The Forest at Duke Playgroup.

*Don Chesnut is Professor Emeritus of Chemistry at Duke and a frequent contributor to this newsletter.*

## CAROL'S CORNER

### Joshua Whitehead

by Carol Oettinger

He's here, he's there, he's everywhere—masterminding the bar, serving, arranging, carrying, helping others. Who could we be talking about but JOSH? He always has a smile and a pleasant word for everyone, as well.

Josh lives in Durham with his wife, Shamari, and their young daughter, Kaidence. He made the name up from a musical term—cadence. It could mean "flowing from one phrase to the next smoothly." Nice choice for a name.

When Josh was in high school he wanted to get a job. He looked around and found that the best hours for him were in hospitality. He got the first job for which he applied. No surprise! Josh has worked in food service in a number of places, including Brier Creek and Treyburn. He has been at The Forest for three years. As well as working full time here he has taken classes at the Art Institute of Raleigh/Durham. Some of these classes were in graphic art and web design. This has to do with designing internet pages with information on books, art history or any subject of one's choice.

He has many interests. He creates websites on the computer. He also works on music production. He can create a whole song digitally including the instruments and the beat. Then he plays and enjoys it.

Josh has played soccer and a bit of basketball and enjoys watching games. He is a man with many interests. He likes to read books of philosophy. Dale Carnegie has been helpful to him. Very interesting to me is that he is reading the dictionary and is now in the C's.

He plans to continue in the field of food service and stay here at The Forest. He would like to move up to Supervisor and eventually be Director of Dining Services. In Josh's own words, "I want to continue to move up within The Forest at Duke, while also enjoying my focus on music production. I love working here,"

I'm awed and happy to know Josh.



## Judging

### A Personal Perspective

by Dale Harris

These days so much is expressed in the media—from so many perspectives—about women in government, including national, international, state, and local leadership, at legislative, policy making, and administrative positions. Yet another branch of government is the judicial branch, including both federal courts and state courts. In the usual vernacular, these discussions focus on those women employed in government, rather than on those who volunteer in a huge variety of activities.

Indeed, there is enormous variation in the concept of women serving/working in government, part of the life experience of many of the women among our residents. We have women here at The Forest who have had such experiences in governing as elected representatives, in administrative positions (in health, finance, technology, for example), in the military, and in international civil outreach. My own experience was in the judicial arena, at the state level.

When assuming such a position, you become aware of the different perspectives of those with whom you will work, of your need to continue learning, and of the goals toward which you will work. In 1982, after my having had the good fortune “to be in the right place at the right time,” the Virginia Legislature elected me to the bench at a time when there were fewer than ten women judges in the state. I was aware of the reticence I might encounter as a woman in that position, but decided I would focus on doing the best job I could to reach the best solutions on the issues before me and not be detoured to either pay attention to or address the male/female thing. This resolve was almost immediately challenged.

Just after my election to the bench, a sitting judge (dubbed “Minton” for this article) who was very supportive, asked me to take his place on the bench while he and his wife enjoyed a cruise vacation. Right off, I, duly attired in my black robe, had a criminal case brought before me. The defendant, a repeat offender, was charged with an act of physical violence committing injury to a member of his family. At the conclusion of the evidence, I found him guilty and

ordered him to be jailed for a significant period of time and, when released, to be on stringent behavior conditions during a suspended portion of his penalty. As he left the courtroom, handcuffed and in the control of a bailiff, he turned to look at me and said, “Yes ma’am, yes ma’am, Mrs. Minton, and when you go home you tell the judge I hope he feels better and gets back to work real soon.”

I’m not sure how long it took me to understand that this man had sincerely thought that Judge Minton was not feeling well that morning and had sent his wife to do his judicial duties.

*Dale Harris served as a trial judge in the Virginia court considering family matters (criminal and civil) for over 20 years, plus a post-retirement seven as a Recall Judge, and was an adjunct professor at the University of Virginia School of Law. She completed her term as President of TFAD’s Resident Association in November 2017.*

### A Bit of North Carolina History

Susie Marshall Sharp (1907-1996) was the first female chief justice of the North Carolina Supreme Court. Born in 1907, she entered law school at UNC-CH, the only woman in her class. Upon graduation, she went into private practice. In 1949, Governor Kerr Scott appointed her a state Superior Court judge, the first female judge in the history of the state.

Tom Bost of the *Greensboro Daily News* questioned “What would happen if Sharp was faced with trying a case of rape? Wouldn’t that be too much for a woman?” Judge Sharp wrote back “In the first place, there could have been no rape had not a woman been present, and I consider it eminently fitting that one be in on the pay-off.”

In 1962, Governor Terry Sanford made Sharp the first female Associate Justice of the North Carolina Supreme Court, and in 1974 she was elected by voters to become Chief Justice.