

## Our Newest Receptionist

by George Williams

Born and bred in Boston, now established in Raleigh, Leigh French is our newest receptionist, our front door to the public, and, we hope, a long-lasting one. She says she loves to be with people and to work with them, especially youngsters and the elderly. There are plenty of the latter group here; she will have the constant opportunity to work with them. She is the oldest of the four children of William and Theodora Kingsley McLaurin. Her father attended Hampton University in Virginia, and her mother Talladega College in Alabama.

After elementary school at the south end of Boston, she remembers especially catching the bus to her high school in the suburbs at 5:30 every morning. She remembers also that she got “a great education.” She took her bachelor’s degree in social work and elementary education from Emmanuel College in Boston, which qualified her to teach in the public schools of Massachusetts, dealing with young people. While in that position she undertook graduate work at Antioch College, earning there her master’s degree in educational administration. She is continuing her academic studies and is now a doctoral student (on line) at Argosy University, writing a dissertation on “Native Americans and Higher Education.”

Her dissertation topic derives directly from her close association with the Wampanoag Tribe in Gay Head/Aquinnah on Martha’s Vineyard. Teaching at schools on the Island, she became associated with the Tribe, and was later appointed their education director. A lady of considerable liveliness and energy, she was also a librarian for five years in the town of Oak Bluffs on the Island, as far away from Gay Head as is possible. In those positions she became a member of

the social and civic life of the Island and was appointed chair of the Adult Community Education Committee, responsible for bringing instructors and lecturers to the Vineyard for adult instruction and enrichment. That service was badly needed, she says.

Her first hobby is making jewelry, working with



silver and precious stones. Some may regard this as an unusual hobby, but during her first weeks on duty here the display cases in the central staircase lobby were exhibiting a collection of just such work by Lowell Goldsmith. Needless to say, this surprising coincidence has been of great interest to Leigh,

herself an amateur “silversmith.” Another extra-curricular activity is traveling with friends to jazz festivals. She has discovered that even Durham can boast of such opportunities.

She claims to be enjoying her life; her metaphor is of a see-saw: “It has its ups and downs.” Let us hope that one of its ups is her decision to come with a friend to live in the Triangle in April, just a year ago. She has an apartment in Raleigh. After several months of working in retail stores in the Triangle, she took on the TFAD job on Monday, February 19. She finds the work here agreeable; the residents are “so polite and hospitable.” We residents must continue in that style so that she may continue to find us so.

### 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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## President's Podium



by Russell Jones

Are you planning on participating in the new dining opportunity? Ever searching for new ways to meet and get to know our fellow residents better, the Residents' Association Activities Committee has started the "Mix and Mingle Dinners Experiment." The experiment is to arrange dinners in the Rosewood Room—probably for six intrepid souls at a time—involving couples or singles who can be long term residents but especially relatively new residents. You can even sign up to escort interested Health & Wellness residents to dinner—a great way to mingle with those who have been here a while. Even only partway through the initial signup period as I write this, about 70 folks have signed up—what a great start! If you forgot to sign up, try contacting Nell Barlow, Chair of the Activities Committee, to express your interest in joining this new venture.

Also, don't forget the Residents' Association Quarterly Meeting on Monday, April 16<sup>th</sup> at 2:00 PM in the Auditorium. Your hard working officers and directors will give you an update on their latest efforts and challenges and take your questions. We also will have a set of necessary updates of our Bylaws to be voted on so we can stay in step with the times.

And is it Spring yet? I mean really? Winter came with a good blast of snow, but that was before our week of record high temperatures. And then it got cold again and we had more snow (at least a little). Some areas have their groundhogs to forecast the end of winter. We have our Garden Plots Gardeners, and they are gearing up and should have a new delivery of compost even before you read this. Are there garden plots available? Ask Lois Fussell or Dean McCumber.

## In Memoriam

Priscilla Squier February 25, 2018

Virginia Goldthorp March 9, 2018

Nancy Wilson March 11, 2018

# Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

It's been a busy month in the Library. First we found out that the family of **Louise Goshorn**, the first Forest at Duke Librarian who passed away last October, has established The Louise Goshorn Memorial Library Fund.

For those who didn't know Louise, she always considered books to be a very important part of her life. She was an avid reader and donated much of her time to helping libraries both before and after she moved to the Forest. In 1992, a library committee was formed which planned the initial space and donation procedures. In 1993, as chair of the library committee, Louise opened the Forest's Library based on this planning. Thanks to Louise and her love of books, Forest residents now have a library filled with a variety of resources to meet their interests.

Now, thanks to her family, the Library has received an unexpected, but very welcome, donation from the Memorial Fund. With these additional funds, we thought the first thing we should do is purchase new large print (LP) books. Many residents have asked for more LP books to read, but we get very few donated. Therefore, using these funds to purchase new LP fiction/mystery books seemed appropriate. We've already received new books by John Grisham, Danielle Steel, and Amor Towles. Books by John Patterson, Jeffrey Deaver, Donna Leon, and Jenn McKinlay are expected to arrive sometime in April.

If you have other favorite authors, please let us know. We will then see if some of their books are available in the large print format.

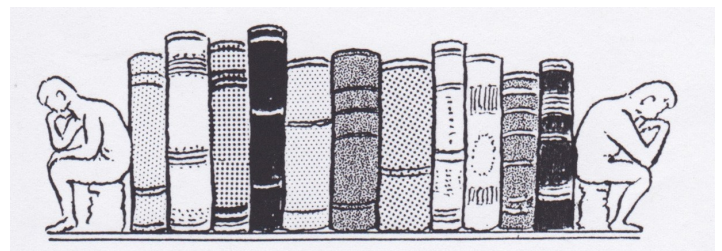
With these new purchases came the problem of where to put them. We were already running out of space where the large print books were shelved. To provide shelf space for more LP fiction/mystery

books, we moved the small number of LP biographies and the large print non-fiction books to their respective areas on the other side of the room. So now you can find **ALL** the biographies together on the shelves on the left side of the room (facing away from the circulation desk). Following the biographies on the shelves are now **ALL** the non-fiction books: first the regular type print books followed by the LP books. This will make browsing these two collections easier.

These two small moves freed up six (6) shelves in the LP books section of the Library. This allowed us to shift the entire LP fiction/mystery collection and provide space for new books on each shelf. I want to thank **Dick DeCamp** for his help in moving all these books in just one afternoon.

## New Exhibit Project

Starting this month the Library Committee is working on having regular exhibits highlighting different areas of the Library's collection depending on the exhibit's subject matter. The first exhibit is on the topic of books that have become movies – **BOOKS INTO MOVIES**. Each item on the exhibit cart will have a **YELLOW** slip in its book card pocket at the back of the book to indicate that it is part of this special exhibit. To keep the exhibit going, please keep this slip in the card pocket at all times. If you have a suggestion for another exhibit topic, please use a Library suggestion card to let us know. We hope you enjoy this new exhibit.





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## Love, the Basis of Life

by Lee Murphy

Life presents many difficult turns and decisions to be made. Our individual lives are shaped and forged into a series of adventures. We try to plan for the future so we can live in peace with joy and love as the basic commodities of our present existence. So how do we plan for and deal with changes? Our minds become confused; thoughts come and go, causing confusion in our thinking. New decisions are needed to meet new expectations. Our internal conversations continue, but there are interruptions. What we believe changes as circumstances race into and out of our existence.

Ideas come and go as quickly as changes burst into our lives. However, we must continue living as our family members desire us to live. Friends and relatives come and go. So we struggle once more. Who am I? What does life and eventually death have to offer me? We remember former times and events. We smile happily with fond memories of people, incidents, and overwhelming memories. We delight in our previous interactions with those who love and support us. We tremble in fear with misunderstandings that pop into our thoughts. How do we escape from this self torture?

We try to remain calm and satisfied with our beliefs and loves. If we focus on the good and beautiful happenings from the past, the present becomes less fearsome. So I encourage everyone to remember strengths, acts of kindness, concerns, assistance given to others who work to overcome their struggles with false ideas and feelings. We need to overcome the complications that make re-thinking about how to stabilize life so difficult.

The mind is a wonderful creation and we need to sparkle it with magnificent reflections on the goodness of existence. Happiness fills our lives at precious moments. New friends, new relationships are able to crowd out feelings of emptiness and despair. Rejoice in good news from home—how family members are enjoying life and planning their futures filled with joy, laughter, and love.

Love, joy, and peace are attractions to erase our

thoughts of sadness and irritation. Probabilities built upon these concepts become the realities of a pleasant functioning brain, inspired to bring peaceful, happy thoughts to reality. While it is easy to ponder all the sadness in our lives, we can render them powerless with our positive reflections and the pleasing reality of our positive thoughts. Fall in love with love for others who may be struggling to overcome their fears of loneliness and death. A theory that enables us to do new things and think in new ways is helpful. Stimulate your imagination to limitless extents.

*Lee Murphy, a native of Buffalo, NY, has graduate training in teaching the deaf and in English. He has taught English, physical therapy, and special education at community colleges.*

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## Moments of Awareness

by Ned Arnett

There is a certain sadness even in life's joy.  
Even at our best we know how short  
And fleeting are those gifts of grace,  
When free, unmerited and unexpected,  
One sees from the corner of one's eye  
An idea or a view mysteriously familiar  
As though remembered from some previous life  
Or from a vivid dream, perfect in its own way.  
And which, all at once, we seem to understand.

If only we could keep it accessible  
By a simple act of will,  
To call it back in perfect clarity,  
Evoking the scene itself and all contingent feelings  
As though it were available from Google.  
Alas, such infinitely private recollections  
Have a life of their own, recalled, if possible,  
As a gift from the depths of consciousness.



## Two Poems

by J. Stanley Barlow

### Abigail

(born Friday, September First, Two-thousand and Six, C.E.)

ten-fingered  
ten-toed  
twin-lobed  
miracle,  
  
with brown eyes opening to the world  
and to us,  
  
little one,  
thanks for taking your time in becoming  
  
usher us now,  
tiny princess,  
into believing again.

### Morning

There goes Joe Malone, poet, linguist.  
He walks for miles in his unique staccato,  
Composing to the rhythms of his gait.  
Splicing myriad tongues as he builds his mosaics,  
Music he can play for us from his tall frame,  
Swaying virtuoso.

What would the town be without Joe  
Or without our woods discovering the seasons?  
  
We can see forty-four houses from our windows.  
Today the tree surgeons waked us.  
The stalwart oak next to our house is now a stump.  
But in long stride Joe Malone is walking by,  
Groceries under his arm.

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revised, Durham, NC, Oct. 2017

*Stan Barlow is an educator, writer, and ordained Presbyterian minister.*

## BOOK REVIEW

## ***George, Nicholas and Wilhelm: Three Royal Cousins and the Road to World War I***

by Miranda Carter  
(New York, Knopf, 2009)

by Caroline Raby

In the years before the First World War, the great European powers were ruled by three cousins: King George V of England, Tsar Nicholas II of Russia and Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany. In *George, Nicholas, and Wilhelm*, London historian Miranda Carter details the lives of these three European emperors, Victorian royals who immeasurably impacted the entire world. They initiated a violent global conflict that transformed world borders, dissolved empires, crumbled economies worldwide, and virtually slaughtered or injured an entire generation. During World War I, one million civilians and 8.5 million soldiers died; 21 million soldiers were wounded.

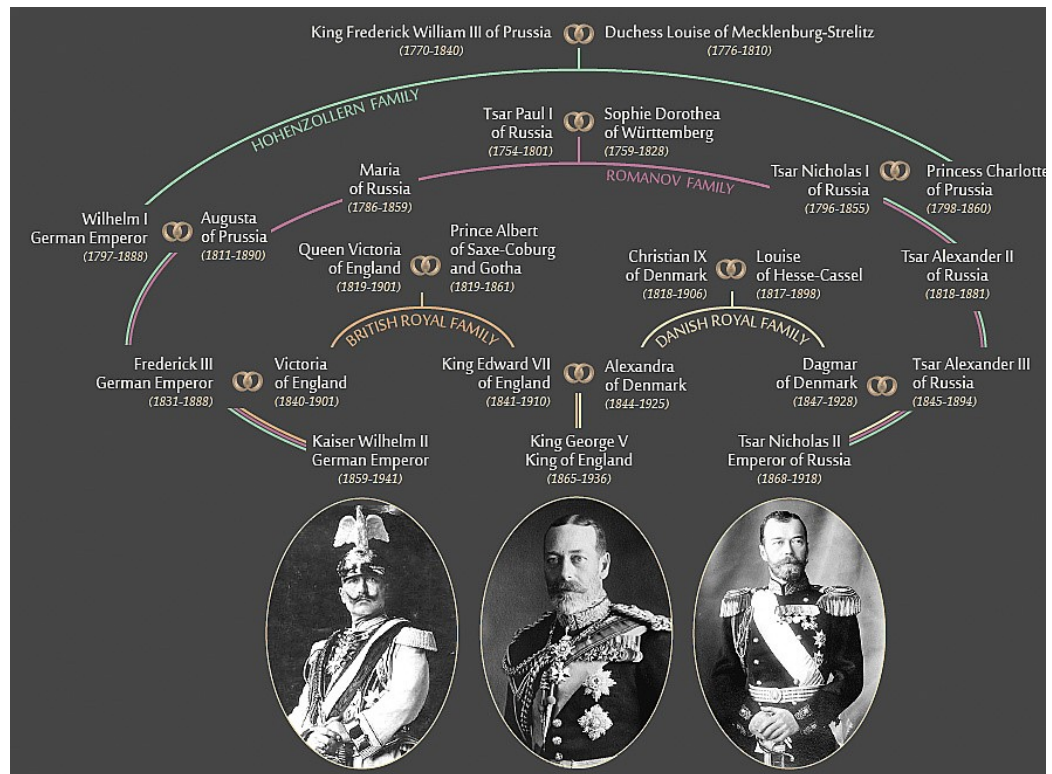
Carter provides a chapter on each cousin, detailing their rich existences, isolation, and personalities. There was a common trait among them: each lived in a “solipsistic world preposterously out of kilter with its times.”

What factors were involved in causing World War I?

Importantly, Germany’s Prince Wilhelm was not breathing at birth and had a withered, useless arm. Carter

suggests that the decreased oxygen level may *possibly* have also resulted in brain damage. She writes that “Willy” was hyperactive, emotionally unstable, and idiosyncratic. Wilhelm later was considered a “creation of the Germans...they wanted a sabre-rattling autocrat with theatrical ways, attempting to dominate Europe, sending telegrams and making bombastic speeches.” Wilhelm, always pompous, had the largest European army and instigated the fighting, “striding before his troops in splendid uniforms.”

George V also had weaknesses: He was overprotected and shockingly limited in education. He struggled to write and may have had dyslexia. Carter felt these factors led to anxiety, a lack of confidence, and a fear of new circumstances.



*Wilhelm and George were first cousins; George and Nicholas were first cousins; Wilhelm and Nicholas were third cousins. All were descendants of King George II of England, making them also fifth cousins.* [Image from the Brookings Essay *The Rhyme of History: Lessons of the Great War* by Margaret MacMillan (Wikimedia Commons).]

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## Royal Cousins ...

(Continued from Page 6)

Nicholas II was more insulated than his cousins. Like George, Nicholas had limited education. The child had even more heartbreaking trauma than his cousins, seeing his grandfather, Alexander II, die horribly following a bombing. Under Alexander's successor, Alexander III, the father of Nicholas, the Russian Constitution was abolished, a strict autocracy established, and restrictions imposed on the impoverished population. This resulted eventually in the revolutions of 1917 and the March 1917 abdication and July 1918 murder of Tsar Nicholas II and his family.

A recap on the war's beginning:

- In July 1914, after Austria-Hungary annexed neighboring Bosnia-Herzegovina, the Austro-Hungarian heir, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, and his wife were murdered by resentful Muslim radical Gavrilo Princip in Sarajevo.
- Austria-Hungary presented demands to Serbia which resisted, and the empire declared war in July 1914, bombing Belgrade. Russia aided Serbia.
- Kaiser Wilhelm declared war on Russia and France, invading Belgium.
- George V came to Belgium's defense and declared war on Germany. Much of Europe was mindlessly, insanely at war in August.

On November 10, the day before the 1918 Armistice, Wilhelm was exiled to Holland; Nicholas was dead; but George was the "anchor of stability, reliability, and old fashioned values." Carter says, "As the Armistice Day crowds came to Buckingham Palace, George was the only remaining emperor standing on his balcony."

Carter provides a well-written 498-page story that will please history buffs. She includes fascinating family photos and detailed resources.

*Caroline Raby, a retired science writer, is a history buff, a tireless reader, and a frequent reviewer for The Forester.*

## WELCOME A NEW RESIDENT

**June Whitaker**

Apt 2030 919-401-2603



June grew up in Winston-Salem and Washington, NC. She earned her BA in English at Duke University, and began graduate work. However, she fell in love with Cary, a CPA who was earning his law degree at UNC. After their marriage they settled in Rocky Mount, NC, where their first child was born. The family then moved to Roanoke Rapids, NC, where the next two children were born. Both Cary and June were very active in their church. June had done substitute teaching until her children came along; then she was busy serving as a Girl Scout leader, and later a Boy Scout leader. She volunteered in their schools, taught Sunday school, served on the board of a shelter for battered women, and on the board of The Christian Women's Club.

June's three children are, of course, exceptional. Elizabeth is an otolaryngologist/plastic surgeon in Marietta, GA, Julia is a veterinarian at UNC, and Cary Wahmann is a computer scientist. June is proud that they are all close friends of each other.

June is a member of the DAR and Colonial Dames. For relaxation she is a knitter. As might be expected for an English major she is an avid reader, and is enjoying the library at The Forest.



## Joys of Literacy for You and Me

by Carol Oettinger

The Forest invited a representative from the Durham Literacy Center to tell about the work they do here in Durham. Hearing her speak brought back so many happy memories to me that I wanted to share.

It was about forty years ago when I began to work in Durham's downtown Library with people who wanted to learn or improve their skills in reading and writing. One of the first persons I worked with was a young man who had been graduated from a Durham high school. He had only a few basic skills in reading. When I asked what he wanted to read, he said "The Bible." I told him that was rather difficult reading, but we could start with the Psalms. We began sounding out words phonetically, and worked our way through the 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm.

It became clear that what he really wanted was enough reading and writing to get a good job. We worked for several months and, as he was very motivated, he made good progress. Within nine months, he had enough skill to apply for and get the job he had wanted. He continued to work on his own and progressed to an even better job.

There were a number of other people of various ages with whom I worked. Once I was asked to take a class of people from several countries. One of the men was a police chief from Korea. When the class began, he stood and said, "This is a country with so much wealth and privilege. But I see poverty, violence and murder right here around us. How can you allow this?" After some thought, I said, "I see and am sad about the things you have pointed out. I can't solve the big problems, but try to do what I can, like being here with you tonight." He seemed satisfied and we had an interesting class.

I found teaching English as a second language even more interesting than teaching reading. There were two young men from Mexico who were here for a year for experience at a branch of the company that employed them. We worked together every week; I helped them with English and they helped me with Spanish. We became good friends. After they returned home, I was invited to the wedding of one of them in Guadalajara, Mexico. I signed up with an Elderhostel

and went. It turned out that the groom's father was the leading surgeon of the city. The wedding was beautiful, with 12 bridesmaids. There was a dinner afterwards for about 100 of their friends. The food was excellent and there were two bands, a marimba group and a jazz band. They had seated me with a young man from the American Embassy, so I had a dance partner. It was such fun. At one point the music was so great and we were seated. I took his hand and pulled him onto the dance floor. He said, "What are you—the Energizer Bunny?" At about 2 AM, I was ready to go back to my hotel. The bride and groom hugged me good bye and provided transportation. A wonderful evening.

Another joyful experience was working with a young woman from Japan. Her husband was studying here for a year. We had sessions at my home, as she had a 3 year old daughter. When they came, I invited my 3 year old granddaughter, and the children played together. We became friends and still correspond.

For a time I lived in Spartanburg, S.C. The town administration wanted to move several mills there, but there were not enough people who could read and write English well enough to take necessary jobs. They were trying hard to find people to teach reading and writing. I volunteered and had several students. The one who really mattered to me was a 55 year old man. He had promised his mother, on her death bed, that he would learn to read and write. We worked together several days a week. He worked very hard and made good progress. Within three months he was able to write an application for a job in a mill there and got it! When I left, he cried and I was sad to leave him. He wrote me the first letter he had ever written.

This is a venture that is not only helpful and valuable to others, but gives you the opportunity to know intimately some special people.

*Carol Oettinger, originally a Midwesterner, has lived in the Carolinas for 50+ years. She did take time out to spend two years in the Peace Corps in Fiji. She loves her big family and one reason she loves living at The Forest is how the staff become family, too.*

## My Chinese Treasure

by Carol Scott

Well out of reach of little fingers, sitting on the top shelf of a living-room bookcase between two related photos, is my special Chinese treasure.

It is a beautiful antique teapot, and the photos are of its owners since the late 1890's. It has a very special history.

My grandfather, David Weed, was captain of a three-masted sailing ship involved in the China trade in the late 1800's. I don't know how many voyages he made to the Pacific—down the east coast of North America from Maine, down the east coast of South America to Cape Horn (a treacherous area where the winds blew “off and on” and ships had to wait for a favorable wind to speed them on their way), and, finally, a long trip across the Pacific to China—a round-trip voyage of several months in the time before the Panama Canal was dug!

Canton, now Guangzhou, was the place where trading ships tied up. A century later, I found out that they actually moored off Swan Island, where I was staying. “Oh, Grandpa! If you could just see it now,” I thought. This posh hotel had a two-story lobby down which a two-story waterfall descended. Unheard-of décor in Grandpa's day.

Apparently that was where Grandpa acquired the teapot, which he brought home to his wife, Ada, on one of those voyages. One hundred and twenty-some years ago!

In addition to two figures in flowing robes painted on the teapot, there are many Chinese characters, which have been read for me by two Chinese ladies here at The Forest. Although some of the characters are old Chinese and hard for them to interpret, they agreed that the teapot was a gift, and not a purchase. A party was involved, as was something tall—a ship's mast? a tall American? Also something about a bridge—a bridge between the U.S. and China? The real story is left to the imagination.

Ada died in 1927, and the teapot, in its wicker thermos, came to me, her oldest granddaughter, and with the middle name Ada. Next it will go to my great-granddaughter, whose first name is Ada.

And the two flanking photos? The one on the left

is of Ada Rogers Weed, the first owner of the teapot. And on the right is a photo of me, Carolyn Ada Seeley Scott, 96, hugging my great-granddaughter, Ada Carter Hillen, two and a half.

The three Adas, and our Chinese treasure.



*Carol Scott, for many years resident Librarian, oversaw the move to the new Library in the Community Center in 2016. She is a frequent contributor to The Forester.*

## Know What I Mean?

by Ned Arnett

I wish you a lifetime of joy, full of meaning.  
All that I ask as your brain cogitates  
Is that you share the answers you are gleaning  
Ideas so simple that even I cannot mistake.

Whatever insights are brought to you by grace,  
Organized by logical disciplines, keen,  
Chastened by the failures we've had to face,  
If life's so full of meaning, tell me, what does it  
*mean?*

Clearly you know a lot, but do you really  
understand it?  
Do you really *understand* what it means to  
understand?  
Or are you just fooling yourself, a mental bandit,  
Leading an inner life of phony sleight of hand?

Don't be offended by these questions I have  
brought,  
Without a doubt they're old as human thought.

*Ned Arnett is Professor Emeritus of Chemistry at Duke.*

## Respect, Dignity, and Opportunity: The Tale of an Informed Redneck

by Bill Harrington

A day or two before Christmas around 1955, Daddy, Joe, Bob, and I climbed into the family's Chevrolet and drove to Sarah's house, immediately across the street from the silver goalposts at the south end of the high school football field where I later played football and baseball. Sarah had helped raise my brothers and me, and we had a gift for her. Someone came out of the house to give us the bad news: Sarah Shepard had died. My family had no idea. There were separate funeral homes in town, one for white people and one for black people. That surprise was one of my first recollections of what "separate" could actually mean. Even our grief had to be endured separately.

To a youngster, the whole world was lily-white. When I picked up a magazine, all the advertisements were inhabited by white people, and the products they were trying to sell seemed to be aimed at my kind. The local newspapers were filled with white news and white ads. The customers of the restaurants I entered were white. The bank president and his tellers were white. My school was white; my church was white; my little league baseball team was white. All white.

Sarah's house on 6<sup>th</sup> Street and my house on Snow Hill Street were less than three small town blocks from each other. As Daddy turned left onto 6<sup>th</sup> Street, we passed my high school principal's house; soon after that the community's social, economic, and cultural landscape changed—white folks to our left and black folks to our right. The street on which we were driving was the same street I walked to school on in grades five through twelve.

I started to marvel at the African Americans who "made it"—the people who refused to "know their places." I asked myself: "In the face of so much adversity, how was it possible to succeed?" As a small boy, I once asked Sarah why she was black and the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet were white. Right away she said, "When the good Lord was painting me black, I was standing on my hands and

knees." Her answer demonstrated the humor that I've never forgotten. How could a repressed people have such a great sense of humor?

I should have known better. Just a flicker of a flame can become a roaring fire. I paid attention to the stories of African Americans who overcame poverty and racism to move into the mainstream. I still recollect my relatives making statements like, "When the going gets rough, he'll fold ... he'll quit ... he'll go home." But, Jackie Robinson didn't fold; number 42 ran just as fast and played just as hard when it counted the most. Bill Russell led the Boston Celtics to championship after championship. He didn't just excel, Russell set the standard for the professional basketball "big men" who followed him. Sunday afternoons were never the same after Jim Brown put on a Cleveland Browns' football uniform. He was simply—the best. I danced to my favorite black recording artists, cheered for my favorite ball players, and laughed at my favorite comedians. Although I may never fully understand how I overcame the "built-in" bigotry around me, I do know that black recording artists and black athletes played a key role.

I don't really know when I started to climb out of the quicksand of my confusion surrounding racism. From very early in life, I remember attempting to reconcile the ongoing paradox of beliefs I often encountered. Black people were supposed to "know their place." What place was that? Why did the Bible verses from the New Testament become meaningless when I walked down the steep steps of the Methodist Church after Sunday services? Wasn't God a benevolent being who loved *everybody*? Why did Sarah and later on Daisy, the two black women who cooked and cleaned for Momma when my brothers and I were young, have to ride in the backseat? My family could eat their great Southern cooking, but Sarah and Daisy had to experience the indignity of "going to the back of the bus." Daisy cooked the best biscuits I'd ever tasted—small crusty morsels of

(Continued on Page 11.)



## CAROL'S CORNER

**Respect ...***(Continued from Page 10.)*

goodness with a doughy inside. I once entered a contest with Uncle Sammy to see who could eat the highest number of her biscuits. He edged me out by the “football score” of 13-12.

The single most important decision I ever made was to attend college, where I learned—among other things—how important it is to keep on learning. Another thing I learned: the importance of reading. I picked up a tiny hardback book years and years ago entitled “The Idea of Race,” by Ashley Montagu, a British-American anthropologist. It was in a pile of used books. I paid \$1.98 for a few paragraphs that were instrumental in facilitating the person I have become today. Although some of the language is out of date, I believe this 1965 quote on the back cover of this book by Dr. Montagu is the central focus of Dr. King’s legacy:

“All the talk and research in the world concerning the meaning of the physical and behavioral traits of the peoples of humanity are, in fact, irrelevant to the main consideration at issue. That consideration is the principle that the right to fulfillment depends not upon the presence or absence of certain physical or behavioral traits, but upon the simple fact that by virtue of being born to humanity, every human being has a right to the development and fulfillment of his potentialities as a human being. That is a principle which depends not upon the facts of science, but rests firmly upon the foundation of ethics.

“The ‘race’ problem is a problem of ethics. It is a problem in which we are all deeply involved. What we have each to ask ourselves is whether we are going to continue to remain part of the problem or whether we are going to make ourselves part of the solution.”

*Bill Harrington read this essay at TFAD's Martin Luther King celebration on January 12<sup>th</sup>, having only recently discovered that he and African American Charles Becton, a retired appeals court judge who now lives across the street from TFAD, grew up a mile apart in North Carolina's coastal plain.*

**Employee of the Year****Jacqueline Howard**

by Carol Oettinger

Jacqueline has been a member of the housekeeping staff here at The Forest for ten months. Before this she worked at Croasdaile for seven years and at PHD, a professional cleaning company, for nine years.

A member of the Union Baptist Church, she lives in Durham with her 15-year-old granddaughter. She had three children of her own and also has six other grandchildren with whom she enjoys babysitting and going to the movies. She and her mother like to go fishing at a pond off Garrett Road. They eat the fish they catch. Three days a week, she goes swimming at TFAD swimming pool and then goes to the gym at Planet Fitness to exercise and dance the “zumba.” She also has two Yorkie dogs which she was given by friends. They are fun for her and the grandchildren. She even finds a little time to watch mysteries on TV.

She is planning to attend classes this summer at East Coast Polytechnic Institute.

When asked how she felt when she was elected Employee of the Year, she said “Shocked—is this for real?” and then “Thank God and the Residents.” As to why she was elected, she said, “I think ‘being me’ helps.” She tries to do all she is asked for and more. Sometimes she helps residents see what they really need. She loves the residents and feels that they are like “family away from home.” She really enjoys her work and wants to stay at the Forest for a long time.

From what residents say about being with her and her work, all these good things show. We are pleased and proud to have Jacqueline Howard a member of our Forest family

## Curing

by Banks Anderson, Jr.

Fountain View cottagers are delighted to actually see water in our pond. The two tobacco barns on its banks sit patiently awaiting a party. The lower one is a seventeen-foot square classic that is a treasure from the past. As a Durham boy I used to see such barns everywhere. Bob Blake must have painted fifty of the hundred or more in this county.

You might grow bright tobacco but you couldn't sell it until you actually made it bright. The golden color was the result of careful curing of the big green leaves in heated barns. A crop was hugely labor intensive. Started in seed beds, the baby plants were set out in the fields, watered and cultivated. The leaves were hand-picked one by one as they ripened, with the very bottom ones, called lugs, and sandy from rain splatter, going first. Each plant would be picked over until only its stalk remained. Mules or tractors pulled sledges between the rows for harvesting, dragging the leaves off to the barn porches when full.

Under the tin porch roofs would have been bundles of sticks, one inch square and 4 1/2 feet long, and reels of cotton twine. Handed three leaves by their stems, a Pickett would double loop them tightly together hanging them on the horizontal stick alternating one trio after another from side to side, leaf tips down. The only knots were at the stick ends. Then these poles, packed with hanging green, would be lifted into the barn and placed across sets of beams. Many ends of these beams, four feet apart, are embedded in the street wall of our classic. Running across that barn floor was a crude furnace stoked from the outside. (Our fire openings have been bricked closed.) When the barn was full, the flue-curing began. Deliver enough heat to dehydrate the leaves and turn them golden yellow, but not so much that the leaves become dry and crumbly. A week of 24/7 attention to temperature, humidity and leaf flexibility ensued. Attention deficits affected auction value. Worse, the barn might burn down.

Cash also tended to burn holes in pockets. When the crop was finally carted to town and auctioned, each stacked basket got a "ticket" listing its sales data. A grower presenting his tickets to the warehouse cashier was paid on the spot in cash. Following the



*View of our south barn showing five tiers of dark beam ends—4 feet apart horizontally and 2 feet vertically (most in the bottom tier are missing). The top tier is just under the eaves, the lowest a yard above the floor. (A typical working barn would show matching beam ends on the opposite side of the building.) Sticks of tobacco were laid across these beams to be cured by a floor-mounted heating system. The large holes near the bottom are vents.*

market from town to town were not only auctioneers and company buyers but also con artists. Lucky sellers went on shopping sprees and had something to take home. Others—after too much bourbon—ended up dressing their kids in flour sacks.

Liberty, Planters, Star Brick, Roycroft, Banner, and Mangum were Durham warehouses during my school years. Huge cavernous spaces, they stood empty during most of the year but came noisily to life during the market and were beehives of frenetic activity. Our barns remind me of that time when every Durham police car had a tobacco leaf on its door and my high school classrooms were redolent of hogsheads of bright tobacco aging in the Liggett & Myers buildings across the street. When you visit our barn patios, imagine the curing that used to occur behind those chinked beams and visualize golden leaves being untied and stacked for market. Or just enjoy the water and look for a blue heron.

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