



Quarantine

by Banks Anderson

After incarceration in a full isolation room at Duke hospital and now back in my own bed the officials came. They nailed an orange and black poster to our front door. QUARANTINE it screamed and NO ENTRY. It was summertime in Durham. The only cool spots in town were the movie theaters, and they were shuttered because of this year's raging viral epidemic.

Before indoor plumbing, poliomyelitis was a disease of infancy and only rarely paralytic. There was herd immunity, and epidemics did not occur. But as sanitation improved, the herd immunity from infant infections waned, and older children and young adults became afflicted. Epidemics, paralysis, and death became more common. In 1921, Franklin Roosevelt, of privileged background, became paralyzed and wheelchair bound. During the summer of 1945 there were 20,000 US cases. As a new teen I was one of them.

After diagnosis, I was isolated at Duke Hospital and subjected to Sister Kenny's warm compress treatment. Wet woolen army blanket sections were applied to my thorax. But although just steamed in the autoclave, before they were applied evaporative cooling had brought them to room temperature. Being damp and itchy persisted for two to three weeks until I was discharged. All the books that I had in isolation had to be autoclaved as they came out. They became trash. I lost some pectoralis and latissimus muscle that later caused scoliosis of my spine, but I escaped the wheelchair and the iron lung. I was kept in bed

and was tutored at home for that school year.

Polio victims with respiratory muscle paralysis were saved from immediate death by living in steel chambers with only their heads outside. Cyclic reductions in the air pressure inside their tank would expand their lungs and breathe for them. Around the country there were many wards with dozens of these iron lungs, often with victims of an earlier year's epidemic inside of them. North Carolinian Martha Mason died in 2009 after spending 60 of her 72 years in one.

Every summer there was another polio epidemic and in spite of a "March of Dimes" to fund research, the number of victims steadily increased. Listen up, you antivaxers, at its peak in the epidemic of 1952 there were an estimated 50,000 children afflicted with polio. And then the research of Enders, Salk, Sabin, Weller, and others began to merit all those dimes and dollars sent to their labs. Poliomyelitis vanished from the US because of the vaccines they developed, but there are still pockets of these viruses in the world.

Covid-19 victims also develop fatal breathing problems but it is not because of paralyzed muscles. The lung itself is damaged, a viral pneumonia. Children seem to be spared or perhaps just have asymptomatic infections. Iron lungs would not help. What will help is data about immunity and the structure of the virus that can lead to a vaccine.

Once more I am quarantined, although there is no warning poster on our door and no diagnosis of any Covid-19 disease inside. ¶

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:

Sharon Dexter,

Managing Editor

Shannon Purves & George Williams,

Contributing Editors

Dean McCumber & Jo Mooney,

Layout Editors

Maidi Hall, *Copy Editor*

Lois Oliver, Myrna Adams, Paul McBride,
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Debbie Chesnut & Harriet Williams,

Circulation Managers

Bennett Galef, *Photographer*

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Columnists

Banks Anderson

Carol Oettinger

Carol Reese

Publishing Assistants

Barbara Anderson

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Nancy Michal

Mary Ann Ruegg

Cathrine Stickel

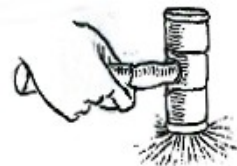
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President's Podium



by Banks Anderson

“Social distancing” is preferred behavior in pandemics but it is foreign to TFAD culture. One of many joys for residents is the opportunity to closely associate with so many new faces that are bright, able, and pleasant people. Your assumption might be that I am just referring to residents. But I am including our employee teams. We have lots of new anxieties, not least of which are financial ones. But we also have anxieties that we joyfully delegate to our TFAD teams. We don't worry if the grocery stores are open or if there will be something there to eat or if toilet paper is available. We have accessible medical services with pharmacy connections to ensure that we get our medicines. We have surrogates that help us limit outside contacts that might carry SARS CoV-2, the causative agent of Covid-19, to our living spaces and to our community. We are dependent.

The purpose of distancing, quarantines, and masks is the necessity to reduce peak loads on our medical care system. There are only so many respirators and willing care givers. The pandemic will only end when there are so few susceptibles in the population that the chances of infected individuals passing on their viruses is less than unity. This is difficult to achieve because symptom-free infected individuals do infect others, and there are no vaccines increasing population immunity. Or pragmatically, you can assume that spread of this novel virus is inevitable. But if the rate of that spread is slow enough, our medical system may be able to cope or to develop a vaccine. Let us hope so and do our part to keep the brakes on. ‡

In Memoriam

Lilyan Levine February 25, 2020

Frances “Sherry” Townsend February 29, 2020

Bette Gallie March 8, 2020

Martha Mendenhall March 16, 2020

LIBRARY SCIENCE 101

by Carol Reese

NEW BOOKS

With more space available for large print books due to the move of the DVDs and CDs to separate carousels, the Library's Acquisition Committee (chaired by **Carol DeCamp**) has approved the purchase of fourteen new large print books. Seven of the fourteen have been received:

<u>Title</u>	<u>Author</u>
<i>Spy</i>	Danielle Steel
<i>Under Occupation</i>	Alan Furst
<i>Measure of Desire</i>	Jonathan Kellerman
<i>When You See Me</i>	Lisa Gardner
<i>A Long Petal of the Sea</i>	Isabel Allende
<i>Moral Compass</i>	Danielle Steel
<i>Apeiron: A Novel</i>	Colum McCann

The other seven are due for publication between March 17th and May 12th. We will try to make them available soon after they arrive.

<u>Title</u>	<u>Author</u>	<u>Pub Date</u>
<i>Hit List</i>	Stuart Woods	3/17
<i>Book of Longings</i>	Sue Monk Kidd	4/21
<i>Book of Friends</i>	Lisa Wingate	4/07
<i>Love Story of Missy Carmichael</i>	Beth Morrey	4/07
<i>Redhead by the Side of the Road</i>	Anne Tyler	4/07
<i>End of October</i>	Lawrence Wright	5/12
<i>Camino Winds</i>	John Grisham	4/28

Keep checking the "New to the Library" book shelf to the left of the library's main entrance for these new publications.

LATEST BOOK EXHIBIT: Great British Novels

The current library book exhibit highlights British novels from the classics such as Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* (1813) and Charlotte Bronte's *Jane Eyre* (1847) to more recent publications such as Julian Barnes' *Sense of an Ending* (2011) and Hilary Mantel's *Bring up the Bodies* (2012). This collection provides something for everyone—a little romance, some intrigue, and even the humor of P. G.

Wodehouse. I'm sure you will find something to interest you. So take some time to browse these recommended publications. This exhibit will run through the beginning of May.

NEW LIBRARY FLOOR PLANS

Two new, updated floor plans of the library have been posted. One is on the right side of the first post as one enters the library; the second is directly outside the conference room. Also note that the Large Print book collection now continues on the shelves along the wall of the conference room. Don't forget to browse those shelves too.

A PROCEDURE WORTH REPEATING: Book Checkout Cards

When checking out a book, you will usually find the book card on the left-side page at the back of the book. However, **there will be times, especially with the older books, when the cards were placed 2 or 3 pages from the back** of the book if there was a map, image, etc. on the last pages. **So, please, if you don't see the card on the last page, skim a few pages inside the book to locate the card.** Then, before you remove the book from the library, please write on the card the date, your name, and your **apartment/cottage number** and leave the card at the desk.

Your fellow residents will appreciate your thoughtfulness. ☘



"Meal service, please!"

Featured Forester—Carol Oettinger

How does Carol Oettinger qualify for this stardom? Read on.

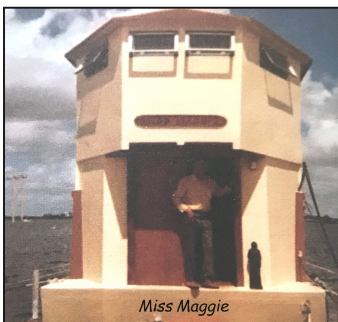
by Shannon Purves

Carol's dad, an avid reader, taught her to read when she was only three years old because she was forever jumping up to his lap to have him read to her. Carol used her new skill to read the comics to her very little brother. A Wisconsinite, Carol went to high school in Green Bay where she watched the Packers practice on the high school's field. Somewhat later she fell in love with a North Carolinian she met in Chicago where she was in nursing school and he was in medical school at Northwestern. As soon as she graduated and could support him, they married.



After his mandatory two years in the Navy, Carol and her doctor husband began a married life that involved moving many times and parenting six children—one born in Pensacola, one in Annapolis, one in Chicago, and three in Southern Pines, NC. After 23 years, her husband had a “midlife crisis” and left the family.

And Carol decided to go back to school. She and the children moved to Chapel Hill where she graduated from UNC with majors in psychology and English. Still seeking, she went on to get her master's in public health-mental health. At age 50, she was ready to launch herself on a career as a psychiatric nurse. Her first job was at the Highway Safety Research Center. From there, she went on to several other psychiatric nurse positions.



One of those was in a mental health center in Key West where Carol lived on a houseboat named “Miss Maggie.” After a year on the water, she returned to

North Carolina to teach nursing at the old Watts Hospital. From there she moved on to Duke where she was head nurse at the Family Medicine Center. After three years of scheduling 54 doctors, she felt the need of a change. With the kids all grown up and settled, Carol, at the age of 57, joined the Peace Corps. Given a choice between Africa and Fiji, she chose Fiji (“...then dashed down to the library to find out where Fiji was...”). She loved her work there, her nursing students, and the beauty of Fiji. Now she often wears a whale's tooth on a woven chain—a *Tabua*, she explains, a high Fijian honor presented to her by her nursing students at the end of her two years in Suva, Fiji.



Back in NC once again, Carol met Mal Oettinger while she was teaching “Reading Shakespeare” and “Great Books” at OLLI. They married in 1999, traveled widely and, in 2007, moved into Cottage 54 at TFAD. She was with Mal on a train in Budapest when he “left for heaven” in 2010.

Carol has spent her 13 years at The Forest giving and involved—as a member of the Residents' Association board, as treasurer of the RA board for four years, as head of the Food Committee for a decade, as a caucus leader for two years, as current *Forester* columnist (“Carol's Corner”), and as long time email dispenser of humor (recent example: “If you see me talking to myself, I'm having a staff meeting.”).

Carol loves plants and her apartment is a veritable garden. Above the greenery, atop a tall cabinet stands a large, very regal, formally dressed ceramic rabbit. In response to a visitor's compliment, Carol sings—on key—all 15 lines of the White Rabbit's song, “I'm Late, I'm Late for a Very Important Date.”

A star indeed! ♣

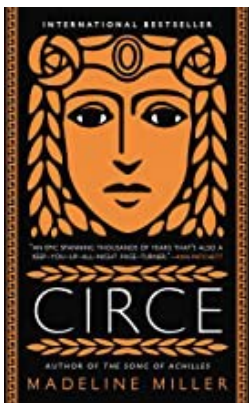
BOOK REVIEW

CIRCE**A Novel**

by Madeline Miller
(Little Brown, 2018, 400 pp.)

by Liz Clark

Readers of Homer's *Odyssey* over the centuries knew the demi-goddess Circe as a witch who turned men into pigs, but pigs that retained their human minds, painfully aware of their porky, bristly, oinking condition. Madeline Miller, in her novel *Circe* (2018), gives her protagonist a new life, expanding and changing Homer's depiction, while weaving in other episodes from his epic poem. She offers a story ripe for reflection in our #MeToo moment.



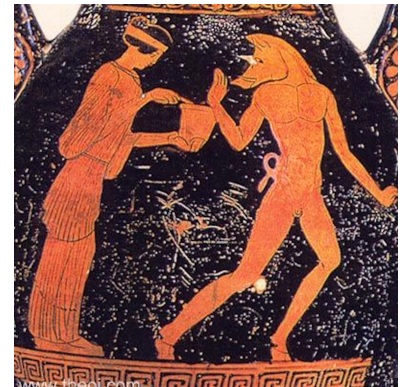
Trained as a classicist, Miller in 2011 published *The Song of Achilles*, a novel centered on two warrior heroes of Homer's *Iliad*. In *Circe*, the Trojan war over, Odysseus and his remaining Greek companions—ones not shipwrecked or eaten by the one-eyed Cyclops—struggle against many odds to reach his home, Ithaca. En route, they land on an

island to which Circe has been exiled.

In Miller's engaging rendition, Circe is the scorned daughter of the sun-god Helios, leader of the older generation of gods. These, the Titans, were overthrown by the younger Olympians. Circe and her siblings, as well as her niece Medea, were born with the powers of witchcraft. In a fit of jealousy against the water-nymph, Scylla, Circe transforms her into a man-devouring monster. When she confesses her deed, Zeus and Helios conspire to exile her to a deserted island, to live among lions and wolves. There she develops her skills in sorcery, using plants to work her spells, including those that turn sailors who violate her hospitality and sexually attack her into pigs.

Odysseus' arrival begins a year-long relationship in which he and Circe often discuss the horrors of war: the so-called heroes, he says, are fools. Upon his

departure, hoping to reunite with his faithful wife Penelope and their son Telemachus, he does not know that Circe is pregnant. Circe's rebellious child, Telegonus, rejects his mother's isolated life and hopes to escape to the larger world. During Telegonus' quest to find his father and hear tales of war's supposed glory, tragedy occurs: an enraged Odysseus mistakes Telegonus for a hostile intruder and is accidentally killed by the latter's poisoned sword. A devastated Telegonus brings Penelope and Telemachus to Circe's island, from whence



Ethiop Vase (ca 460 BC)
Theoi Proj © Copyright 2000-17
Dresden Cat No. 323

Athena whisks him away to become leader of a western kingdom. More un-Homeric surprises: Telemachus and Circe become faithful lovers and parents of two daughters. At the novel's end, Circe mixes and drinks a potion that will render her a human. She reasons that although humans, unlike gods, can be hurt, frightened, and die, they are alive, can savor new experiences. Humans, whom she was taught to consider "worms, sagging and bent," now seem enviable.

The tale of a neglected and abused daughter who finds her own power finds resonance with readers today, as does its deflation of war's glory. As Telemachus muses, all that pain for nothing; wars waged out of pride ruined countless lives. This modern myth of dysfunctional families and anti-heroic protagonists prompts us to reconsider the myths that undergird our own lives. ¶

Liz Clark, who retired from Duke University as the John Carlisle Kilgo Professor of Religion, Emerita, has written extensively on women in early Christianity, as well as on heresy, orthodoxy, and biblical interpretation in that era, and on the teaching of early Christianity in nineteenth- and twentieth-century America. Her latest book, Melania the Younger: from Rome to Jerusalem, will be published by Oxford University Press later this year.

Dementia

The Challenge for Care Partners and for Society by Gerald S. Lazarus

Introduction

Being a mature academic physician did not prepare me to care for my wife with the behavioral form of Frontotemporal Dementia (bvFTD). My privileged career facilitated access to diagnostic and support care, but my medical knowledge was of limited value in her care. There are no effective pharmacological agents which inhibit the course of dementia. By 2050, almost 14 million Americans will be afflicted with dementia at a cost of 1.1 trillion dollars. Research is essential for the cure(s), but as important is provision of support services now to care partners, who must witness the consuming, painfully slow, disappearance of their loved ones

Dementia

I am now a fulltime physician caregiver. It took 3 years to determine whether my wife's behavioral changes were willful or consequent to dementia. Today, after making the clinical diagnosis of "dementia," exact diagnosis still requires brain tissue to characterize the specific type of dementia. The only proven interventions to minimally slow dementia are good diet, exercise, and mental engagement. The physician caregiver must helplessly watch the slow deterioration of his/her family member, partner, or friend.

It took almost two years after diagnosis for me to emotionally internalize that my wife has a terminal neurological disease and that her continued deterioration is not a reflection on my medical skills.

I have loved every moment of my medical career including patient care, teaching, research, and administration. Consequently, I am now grieving the disappearance of my wife, but also the loss of my beloved professional life in academic medicine.

The evolution of her disease is instructive because it illustrates the difficulty in making a diagnosis. She earned a PhD in physical chemistry, and became a highly successful senior pharmaceutical company executive. This intellectually fastidious, rigorously logical, and hyper-organized woman also raised two children as a single mother. Because of subtle changes in her behavior, especially in implementing plans, four-plus years ago I requested evaluation by our superb internist who reported no substantial

abnormalities. Eventually we went to a marriage counselor and 15 visits later were referred to a neurologist who performed multiple studies and ordered extensive psychometric testing. The diagnosis was "slightly impaired cognition, not uncommon for a woman in her mid-70's." Unsatisfied, I referred her to the memory group at my then-home institution, Johns Hopkins, where extensive psychometrics indicated a dramatic loss of executive function (high-level mental and behavioral skills). After further review of these findings and additional evaluation at Duke, it became clear that she had the behavioral form of frontotemporal dementia, bvFTD.

As the disease progressed, her exquisitely beautiful mind has melted away. Her memory has almost disappeared, her gait is shuffling, her strength and endurance are waning. Her body weight has increased almost 40%.

I now assist her in activities of daily living, support her faltering gait, steer her walker or push her wheelchair, and function as her short- and long-term memory bank. She is almost mute, yet she still shines her radiant dimpled smile at the world inviting and receiving reciprocal grins. I know she will deteriorate further, and our lives will continue to change.

I feel alone, enclosed in a continually shrinking cell. She is dying a slow mental death, and I am grieving. These feelings are almost universal amongst the caregivers in our Duke support groups.

Dementia is not only a personal ordeal for patients and families, it is a huge challenge to society. My wife is one of an estimated 50 million people worldwide, and 5.8 million in the United States, diagnosed with some form of dementia, according to the World Health Organization and the Alzheimer's Association of America. The cost of Alzheimer's in the United States was approximately \$290 billion dollars in 2018, which does not include 18.5 billion hours of unpaid caregiver time. The rapidly increasing number of patients with all types of dementias is a major challenge to society, and unless effective therapy is developed there will be 13.8 million demented people in the US in 2050, who will cost the system 1.1 trillion dollars.

My wife's FTD is the most common dementia in
(Continued on Page 7)

Dementia...

(Continued from Page 6)

people under age 60. It robs its victims of cognitive function, the ability to plan and execute decisions. The result is profound apathy, loss of empathy, flattened emotional responses, and impaired speech. FTD is actually a group of progressive illnesses, resulting from cumulative nerve loss in the frontal and temporal area of the brain. Up to 20% of all people afflicted with dementia have FTD. Most patients with bvFTD appear to have sporadic disease; however, 15% of FTD patients have a dominantly inherited illness and another 25% of cases are familial. There are multiple presentations with abnormalities of motor function, balance, tremors, visual deficits, poor coordination, loss of strength, and primary progressive aphasia. A number of altered proteins are found in the brain of patients with FTD, including tau, a family of microtubule associated proteins, progranulin, and TDP43, with relative proportions of these proteins segregating with various clinical pictures. Measurement of levels of these specific proteins are being developed in blood, spinal fluid and as imaging probes for PET scanning, attempting to correlate with specific clinical pictures and to quantify progression with specific dementias.

My wife and I are very fortunate. Because of my professional relationships we have received the best medical care available. We live in a wonderful residential continuing care community (The Forest at Duke) whose explicit goal is to maximize function. At The Forest there are multiple programs for intellectual enrichment, entertainment, physical fitness, transportation and in-house superb Duke geriatricians like Dr. Gwendolyn Buhr. Duke Medical Center has very robust and effective medical, neurological (Drs Richard O'Brien and Kim Johnson), compassionate educational patient support programs (Duke Family Support, Ms. Bobbi Matchar) for dementia patients and their caregivers. I meditate daily, and physical exercise is critical to maintaining my ability to cope. The Forest has been very supportive and understanding about our challenges (Lee Ann Bailey-Clayton, Director H&W, and Joan Nelson, Social Worker). I can afford to hire retired nurse(s) as companions (Rose Ogu and Tamara Zetka), and my wife attends an outstanding day-care program, Charles

House, in Chapel Hill three times weekly. Nevertheless, even under these optimal circumstances, the burden of illness is sometimes difficult.

Imagine the plight of a single mother working at a modestly paying job to support a child and caring for an aging mother in a medically unsophisticated area. I stand in awe of her caregiver's resilience. I shudder that many health systems lack sufficient concern and/or resources to assist caregivers in maintaining a viable quality of life.

As a physician who is Collateral Damage from Dementia, I am asking society to elevate the importance of dementia in the national health agenda. We need to characterize carefully the many causes of dementia and develop quantitative markers to study these diseases. Medical science must be funded to discover the etiologies and mechanisms of disease progression so we can develop therapies. Coincidentally, the medical and psychological support services that my wife and I utilize to provide more compassionate, less expensive, home care should be easily available to all patients and caregivers at affordable prices.

We must act today if we are to stem the incoming tsunami of misery that is approaching.

Dedication

This paper is dedicated to my wife who has taught me the importance of patience and empathy in dealing with patients and care partners; and to Duke Family Support whose efforts are a caring light in guiding families through this challenging journey

Abstracted, in part, from "Dementia: The Challenge for Care Partners and Society," in the *Annals of Internal Medicine*, in the Being a Doctor Section, Vol 172, No.6, 17 March 2020.

Forest at Duke resident Gerald S. Lazarus, MD, FACP, FAAD, is Adjunct Professor of Dermatology, Duke University School of Medicine; Professor Emeritus of Dermatology and Medicine, Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine; Visiting Professor of Medicine, Peking Union Medical College; Adviser to Minister of Health PRC, Beijing, China; Dean and CEO Emeritus, University of California Davis School of Medicine and Health System; Former Callaway Professor and Chief of Dermatology at Duke University School of Medicine; and Hartzell Professor and Chair of Dermatology at The University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine.

Welcome New Residents

Helene & George Bosworth

Cottage 75 919-361-2727

hbosworth@gmail.com gbosworth@gmail.com

Helene and George both grew up in New York, Helene in Belle Harbor, Queens, and George in Brooklyn. George went to Long Island University in



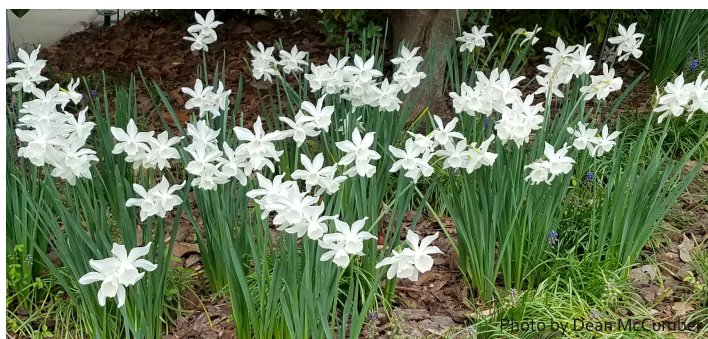
Brooklyn, where he was president of the student body; he majored in accounting.

Helene went to the University of Rochester

and earned her BS in education. George pursued a long career as a Certified Public Accountant. Helene taught special education for several years and then worked in credit and collections for several large corporations.

The Bosworths have a blended family with four children. They have a daughter in Centerville VA, who is a controller for a land development company, and another daughter in Manassas VA, who is an office manager. Their two sons are, respectively, an engineer in North Merrick NY and a professor in population health sciences at Duke University School of Medicine. They have seven grandchildren.

At the urging of their son, the Bosworths moved to Durham when they retired, building a house near Southpoint Mall. George is dedicated to helping cancer patients, and Caring House has become a major part of his community commitment in Durham. He received a Governor's Award for his service there in 2019. Both are active members of Judea Reform Congregation, and Helene serves on its Social Action Committee. She also knits blankets for Project Linus. George continues to serve many as a CPA. ☸



Lynda & George Carlson

Cottage 45 571 405 7529

lynda.carlson@gmail.com gncarlson7@gmail.com

Lynda was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York. She received a BA at Brooklyn College and an MA and PhD (Political Science) at the University of Illinois. George grew up in Seattle, Washington. He received a BA from the University of Washington, an MA from Cornell University, and a PhD (Economics) from the University of Illinois.



Lynda and George were introduced by a casual friend while at Illinois. At their first meeting, George asked Lynda where she was from. Her response: "Brooklyn, want to make something of it?" Immediately, George was interested in Lynda and after a courtship of six months, they were married.

Lynda and George have enduring memories of their time at Illinois: in a four-year period, they were married; their son Noah was born; they earned their degrees; and they adopted their first basset hound!

After graduation George received an offer from the Office of Tax Analysis (OTA) in the Treasury Department in Washington DC. George started in a staff position, and eventually became head of OTA, directing the policy work of sixty PhD-level economists. Upon leaving Treasury, George received the Treasury Department's Exceptional Service Award from Secretary James A. Baker III. George completed his career doing client-oriented international tax work for two accounting firms.

Lynda's professional interest was in statistical survey work and she worked initially for the Energy Information Administration (EIA), directing path-breaking studies on energy consumption in the household and business sectors. After leaving EIA, Lynda became the director of the National Center for Science and Engineering Statistics at the National Science Foundation. She received a Presidential Meritorious Rank Award from President Obama, and recognition from the American Statistical Association

(Continued on Page 9)

Welcome New Residents

Daniel & Lynn Langmeyer

Cottage 36 919-294-9084

daniel.langmeyer@uc.edu langmeyer@nku.edu

Daniel grew up in the Midwood section of Brooklyn and Lynn grew up mainly on the Lower East Side of Manhattan (before it was fashionable) in a low income housing project. They spent their senior year of high school in the same school, Midwood High School, and met at the graduation party of a mutual friend. They then attended Brooklyn College for their undergraduate degrees: Lynn's in English and Daniel's in psychology. Lynn worked for the NYC Welfare Department before marrying and joining Daniel at the University of Oregon Graduate School where he completed his MA and PhD degrees in social psychology. Lynn worked briefly for the Lane County Welfare Department, then completed an MA in English and secondary education and taught high school English in the Upward Bound program. Their first daughter, Navah, was born in Eugene.

In 1969 the three Langmeyers left Eugene and went to Cincinnati for Daniel's job at the University of Cincinnati. They then had a second daughter, Jessica. Lynn did a variety of part-time jobs before being accepted into the MBA program at UC, then switched into the PhD program and earned an MBA and a PhD in marketing and quantitative analysis. She taught at Wright State University for two years and then at Northern Kentucky University for 20 years where she was a professor, head of the marketing program and associate dean. She retired in 2000 and spent the next years volunteering in a preschool program, a day care program, and an after-school public school dance program.

Daniel was on the faculty of UC for 50 years. The first half of his career he taught and was the director

of the graduate program in social psychology. The second half, he was director of the undergraduate psychology program and director of advising. He was also closely and faithfully involved in campus governance issues, being active in the American Association of University Professors (AAUP), the Faculty Senate of the College of Arts and Sciences, and the contract negotiating teams of eight contracts. In his last round of negotiating in spring 2019, his proposal for medical benefits was approved, much to the delight of the UC faculty.



Their daughter Navah lives in Baltimore MD, and works as a mathematician for the Department of Defense. Their second daughter, Jessica, lives in Cincinnati OH, and works for Christ Hospital. They have no grandchildren; just two grand-dogs and one grand-cat.

Lynn is an organizer par excellence: closets, drawers, luncheons, kitchens, papers, photo albums, etc. She makes individualized greeting cards and fools around with jewelry making. Lynn has two distinctions: she is a frustrated ballet dancer and wishes she could still jog every day.

Daniel likes to be involved in what is going on and is already on several Forest committees. Daniel admits to three distinctions: he is an Eagle Scout, lettered in judo while in Oregon, and has a twin brother, David, who lives in Carol Woods. ☘

The Carlsons... *(Continued from Page 8)*

(ASA) for her contributions to informed decision making in the Federal statistical community. She is a fellow of the ASA and the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

George and Lynda's family—son Noah, daughter-in-law Michelle, and grandchildren Ocean and Miles—live in New York City. Lynda and George spend a good deal of time at their second home on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. They are avid travelers and recommend Overseas Adventure Travel. George is an amateur photographer. Lynda loves cooking, and they both like having guests over for a convivial evening dinner.

George and Lynda spent a great deal of time visiting CCRCs on the East Coast before deciding on TFAD. They were impressed with the interesting programs offered, the symphony music in the area, and the Health and Wellness services. Most importantly, they were attracted by the gregarious residents. As George puts it, "We found the people warm, welcoming, and caring." ☘

A Uniform Life by Herb Carson

Let's all go barmy
We'll join the army

—*Berthold Brecht & Kurt Weill*

Yep, you guessed it. Having left the hallowed hallways of academia, I had little to do. I had been a member in Wynnfield of a high school fraternity. I hung there a little. It gave me somewhere to go. And people to chat. But I wanted more. And here was the army offering a special. I mean, it wasn't exactly a two-fer, but it was enticing: instead of the usual hitch of three years, one could join for a mere 18 months.

One problem: the army would not take you if you were not 18. I turned 17 on October 3, 1946. What to do? Somehow I learned of a loophole. The army would take you at age 17 if you met two criteria: 1. possession of a high school diploma and 2. (Oh agony!) a note from a parent giving me permission to join. How could I get my mother to write such a missive?

But somehow, I forget how, I managed the impossible. Probably I had this ace in the hole: you see the fighting had ended in 1945, but the Peace Treaty was not signed until February 10 of 1947. But the fighting— ah hah!— was over. I could enlist after my 17th birthday with my diploma and the note from my blessed mother. And during the era of persuasion, I found that my mother had another essential document, my birth certificate, which showed that I was now an adult at age 17.

Incidentally, by Veterans Administration rules, one is a veteran of a war (such as World War II) if he (or she) served at least one day during the war but before the peace treaty. So having convinced my mother that I was safe from injury, capture and torture, and even death, one day in November I set forth to an armory near downtown Philadelphia. There I joined about a hundred brave and loyal souls seeking admission to the service. Our first order was to get rid of our outer garments, retaining only shorts and tees. Thus accoutered we began a rigorous tour of various “stations,” where we coughed, moved our arms in various ways, did sit-ups and push-ups, and assured an interviewer that we had no gonorrhea, syphilis, nor any other debilitating disease.

Some of the tests are still vivid more than 70 years later: the psychological test, the eye test, and the permission and age test. Of course, the latter was a foregone conclusion, thanks to my mother for permission and a birth certificate. The psych test I had been warned began with a probing question: “Sit down son. Tell me, what do you think of girls?” Yes, I had been warned, but still I was stymied. How to answer? I certainly was not about to tell him of the 2 by 4's, those little pornographic comics, those forbidden pleasures of my youth. Besides, I had never fully understood them anyway. To be one of the boys, I had to pretend approval, but it all looked silly to my youthful eyes! I stuttered as I finally answered, “Uh sir, Y'see I, well to be honest, gosh, I really don't know much about them ... Except for my mother, my aunts, and some cousins. That's about it.” He nodded, “Okay son. You're dismissed here.”

Finally I came to the last station. I was certain that I was about to be a soldier out to save my country (fighting or no fighting). Then a bombshell! “Boy, you passed everything, well almost everything, yep, all but the eye test.” I was not much for swearing, but two words came to mind, but were not uttered: Hell and Damnation! The sergeant leaned back in his chair and briefly closed his eyes. He picked up the piece of paper which was about to end my military career, “Hmm,” he nodded, “Jist as I thought. Sure enough, the dimwit who gave you the vision test, he don't know s--t from a shingle. C'mon with me.” We went to the vision desk and the recruiting sarge tested my eyes, and glory of glories and gatsadunkin, I had passed with flying colors. No thanks to the dimwit! Good thing the sarge was expert in vision tests!

About two dozen of us who had proved ready for the dangerous and rigorous life of a soldier were assembled in a room. A guy told us he was lieutenant so-and-so, congratulated us, had us swear an oath to uphold the Constitution, had us make some other rejoinder, and told us to be at the train station in... was it three or five or seven days? And that was that. Was I barmy? Maybe!

But one thing for certain, I was now a private in the army of my Uncle Sam! ☿

A retired Professor of Humanities, Herb has published numerous poems, stories, essays, and, with his late wife, five books.

New Experiences Under Social Isolation



Photo by Ellen Baer

*Lunch and Dinner Deliveries
by Dining Teams*

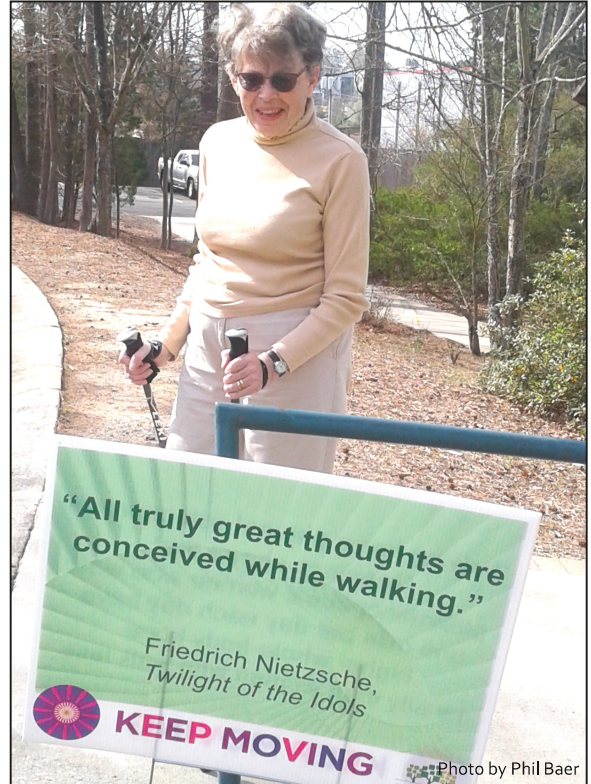


Photo by Phil Baer

*Sue Howell Finds Motivation
for Fresh Air Exercise*



Photo by Bennett



Photo by Ellen Baer

Residents John Shelburne, Katherine Shelburne, and Shannon Purves deliver Saturday dinners to Cottages, giving Team Members a weekend break. Dale Purves (not shown) drives the truck.

Our Special Forest

by Ted Harris

In the Piedmont, much of the land that is now covered by forest was farmed at one time. Historically, tobacco was the money crop in this area. Tobacco quickly wore out the land and the crop had to be moved to new ground every several years, leaving the land abandoned.

When farm land is abandoned, the plant evolution re-starts with the growth of grasses and weeds, then pine trees, all the same age. Pine trees cannot stand shade, so the pine groves are slowly invaded by deciduous trees who struggle to survive in the shade but begin to thrive as the pine trees die out. This transition to a deciduous forest takes between seventy and one hundred years.

Prior to the construction on Fountain View Lane this land area around The Forest at Duke was covered with trees. There were clearly two different aged forests. I suspect the forest of mostly pines nearest Pickett Road was the former site of a Pickett homestead, which included a home, barnyard for horses and perhaps some farm animals, certainly a yard and vegetable garden. Behind the homestead area there was a much older deciduous forest full of magnificent trees, dominated by large oaks and hickories. This was the original tobacco planting site, I believe. Several years ago **Russell Jones** cored one of the dead oaks, a casualty of the construction. It was one hundred and eighty-six years old.

The Picketts' farm at one time was extensive, with Shannon Road being its eastern boundary. (See **Joanne Ferguson's** article about the Pickett family in the June 2009 Forester.) I remember reading that Mr. Pickett said that the farm land where South Square is now was the best tobacco land anywhere around.

When it was announced that the Forest at Duke was planning to build more cottages, several of us Forest residents were keen on saving as much of the forest as possible. We presented our case at a Forest Speak meeting in June of 2012. You might say we



Frank Sargent and Barbara Birkhead measuring the oak tree with a circumference tape..

Photo by Ted Harris

were partially successful. There is still an existing half-acre of forest south of the **Barretts'** cottage (96). It was to have been the site of another cottage.

Of the four forests we have on our campus this half acre is the oldest and most pristine site, with very few invasive plants. Some warm spring day I encourage you to walk into this forest from Fountain View Lane on an old logging road near the lower part of the forest. You will be in for a treat. As you enter you may see the native fringe tree in bloom. You will surely enjoy the cooler air. The forest is unusual with its great variety of tree species. In my mind this is the forest that gives credence to our name, The Forest at Duke. I believe this forest needs resident docents to care for it. The docents could remove the invading English ivy and name the trees with tree-friendly tags for our residents' pleasure. Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a wooden bench along the old logging road for us to enjoy the ambiance of these woods? ♣

Ted Harris, a former banker and legislator, has a serious interest in old-growth forests and everything relating to trees. He is a frequent contributor to The Forester