

Lois Oliver—Our New Residents' Association President

by Shannon Purves

The author of the President's Podium column in this issue of *The Forester* is our new Residents' Association President, Lois Oliver, who has accepted the committee's invitation to complete the last year of former President Banks Anderson's term of office, which ends October 31, 2021.

Lois, who moved to The Forest six years ago, has a resume that makes it obvious how well qualified she is to step into the presidential role. After graduating from nursing school, she went on to medical school—specializing in pediatrics—and, over the course of her long career, combined medical practice with her obvious talent for administration. At her alma mater, the University of



Pittsburgh Medical School, she served as Associate Director of the ambulatory care center, as a member of the admissions committee, and as Associate Dean for student affairs. Later, at Duke's Medical Center, where she and her husband, Tim, joined the pediatrics department, she was a member of the Faculty Women's Committee, Director of the pediatric outpatient clinic, then half time Director of the medical school admissions and, finally, half time Associate Dean for medical education.

And there's another—and unusual—qualification that Lois can boast of: she's lived not in just one North Carolina Continuing Care Retirement Community; she's lived in two. When she and her husband, Tim, decided it was time to allow themselves the pleasures of full retirement, they settled into a cottage at Croasdaile Village. But after Tim's unexpected and untimely death eighteen months later, Lois decided to return to her old life for a little longer.

When the lure of retirement community living re-emerged in 2014, she looked around and, with the benefit of direct comparison, chose The Forest. One of the reasons was its smaller size; another, its residents.

Lois continues her close connection with Duke where she has long been a volunteer at both the Chapel and the Gardens. She has also taught an OLLI course, "The Building of Duke Chapel," for now going on six years. And, in what spare time she might have here and there, she meets up with one and sometimes both of her siblings—Bill, who lives in Massachusetts, and Nancy, who lives in Idaho—to pursue their longtime shared passion for fly fishing.

We are lucky, we TFADers, to have landed this one in our small pond. ‡



Lois flanked by brother, Bill, and sister, Nancy



An Atlantic salmon from the very big Cascapédia River, in Quebec. Casting across to the other bank, which the guide always wants, means a very tired arm! The fish are not feeding on their way up to spawn, so they are annoyed if they succumb to a fly, especially a fake one.

The Forester

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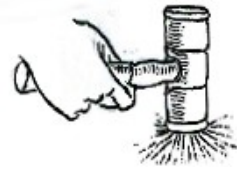
Columnists

Banks Anderson

Carol Oettinger

Carol Reese

President's Podium



by Lois Oliver

If, like me, you received a large amount of written material when you arrived at TFAD as a new resident, you made an effort to read or skim it all. Since I was asked to serve as President of the Residents' Association, I have realized that I needed a better understanding of its function. With the help of Banks Anderson, Carol McFayden, Margaret Keller, and Ken Barrett, I have learned a lot.

So I am going to remind you, as well, of the purposes of the TFAD Residents' Association, which are three.

- To assist in the development and implementation of programs, activities, services, and facilities which address and support the needs of residents and the larger community of which they are a part.
- To represent and protect the rights, privileges, and interests of the residents.
- To serve as a liaison between the residents and the management and Board of Directors of The Forest at Duke.

This means that the Residents' Association Board can speak for you to those that manage our home. We can only do this well if you participate as a community member. I urge you to find a committee or resident activity which you can join to strengthen our relationships. Whether you have come recently or been here a while, this will allow you to meet interesting and engaging residents other than your neighbors. Since we can't mingle during this pandemic, we can stay involved in the life of The Forest by linking to our resident organizations and activities.

In Memoriam

Betty Ketch	October 22, 2020
Penelope Easton	November 12, 2020
Dorothy Brundage	November 15, 2020
Mary Pennybacker	November 17, 2020
Horace "Robbie" Robertson	November 19, 2020

Library Science 101 'Tis the Season ... To Be Grateful

by Carol Reese

Sometimes you come across something that reminds you just how lucky you are. For me it was a book called *The Book Collectors: a Band of Syrian Rebels and the Stories that carried them through the War* by Delphine Minoui [Book no.: 956.91; Min]. In this book Ms. Minoui describes how a group of young Syrians tried to bring democracy to their town located just outside Damascus right after the “Arab Spring” had ended (their town was bombed from 2012 to 2016). During this time, they kept their hopes up by developing a library; they would scrounge for books from their bombed out buildings to create this library. It became more than a place for them to find and read books, but a place where they were free to ask questions, think new thoughts and learn new things. They would risk their lives to maintain this library. How lucky we are to have access to so much.

On that note, I wish to report that our library has added over 60 items to its collection since July: 35 were fiction/mysteries, 4 were biographies, and 9 were non-fiction. Twelve of these were purchased in large print. In addition to these books, the library added 16 DVDs to its collection. While these purchases have included “the usual suspects” such as Danielle Steel, Jonathan Kellerman, Debbie Macomber, and Alexander McCall Smith, we’ve also added some interesting and timely publications such as:

- *His Truth is Marching on: John Lewis and the Power of Hope* by Jon Meacham (“... a valuable discussion of an extraordinary man who deserves our everlasting admiration and gratitude.”)
- *Undocumented Americans* by Karla Villavicencio (She aims to tell “ ‘the full story’ of what it means to be undocumented in America, in all of its fraughtness and complexity, challenging the usual good and evil categories through a series of memoir-infused reported essays.”)
- *Twilight of Democracy: the Seductive Lure of Authoritarianism* by Anne Applebaum (She is concerned “with the mentality of the courtiers who make a tyrant possible: ‘the writers, intellectuals, pamphleteers, bloggers, spin doctors, producers of television programs, and creators of memes who can sell his image to the public.’”)

- *The Big Burn: Teddy Roosevelt and the Fire that saved America* by Timothy Egan (...an enlightening if uneven account of the Forest Service’s embattled founding.)

For those wanting their fiction a little less predictable here are some items of interest:

- *Anxious People* by Fredrik Backman (From the author of *Ove*—A story with both comedy and heartbreak, sure to please)
- *Hamnet* by Maggie O’Farrell (Although more than 400 years have unspooled since William Shakespeare’s death, the story O’Farrell weaves in this moving novel of Hamnet, Shakespeare’s son, is timeless and ever-relevant.)
- *If I Had Two Wings* by Randall Kenan (Ten artful stories conjure contemporary North Carolina, mouthwatering and matter-of-factly haunted.)

As you can see there is something for everyone. So, open your mind to other worlds, keep thinking, and enjoy. 🌿



Christmas Cactus, Mary & Bill Leonard
“It has never bloomed so much before. It’s almost as if it knows that TFAD needs it to do so this year.”
— Mary Leonard

On Tolerance: Acting Versus Believing

by Umesh Gulati

Erich Fromm, the renowned psychologist and social philosopher, said in his book *The Art of Loving* that there is a fundamental difference in the religious attitudes between the East (China and India) and the West that can be expressed in logical concepts. The Western world followed what Fromm called the logical principle of Aristotelian philosophy: “It is impossible for the same thing at the same time to belong and not to belong to the same thing and in the same respect.” The Eastern world followed what Fromm called “paradoxical logic.” He characterized the general principles of paradoxical logic in quotations from two Chinese saints: “Words that are strictly true seem to be paradoxical,” Lao-tse, and “That which is one is one; that which is not one, is also one,” Chuang-tze.

This author, however, would prefer to describe paradoxical logic with the question that Sri Ramakrishna, one of the great sages of nineteenth century India asked his would-be disciple Mahendranath Gupta, “Do you believe in God with form or God without form?” Gupta who later came to be known to the world simply by his initial “M” was a professor of English literature. He had also studied Aristotelian logic and philosophy and was perplexed even to hear the question, because in his thinking God could either be with form or without form, but not both. So this would-be disciple answered, “I would like to believe in God without form.” The Master said, “Very well, and you should stick to your belief, but you should never think that he who believes in God with form is wrong.”

All the teachers of the so-called paradoxical logic say that man can perceive reality only in contradictions. Any attempt to express reality in words will be to limit it—for it is beyond speech, thought, and ideation. A finite mind cannot capture the infinite. Since Reality is not an object, but a pure experience of being, its nature is silence, and as one approaches it, argumentation dies down.

Sri Ramakrishna once said that our tongue has defiled everything: Vedas, Puranas, the Bhagavad-Gita, etc., except Brahman, the highest Universal

Principle. For no one has been able to say what Brahman is. He explained this by an analogy of a salt doll that went into the ocean to measure its depth. But as soon as it got in, it dissolved. Then who was left to tell its depth? (*The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*, 102-103) Like the salt doll, Sri Ramakrishna himself would go into a state of meditative consciousness, Samādhi, and lose outer consciousness whenever he tried to tell the nature of Brahman.

Paradoxical logic entered the Western scientific world in the 1920's with the *uncertainty principle* of quantum physics. It is impossible to measure simultaneously complementary quantities like position and momentum. Niels Bohr thought deeply about this feature of the physical world and realized with other thinkers of his generation that *complementarity* had a broader conceptual relevance—for example, in addressing *determinism vs. free will*, a conundrum that Eastern and Western scholars alike have grappled with for millennia.

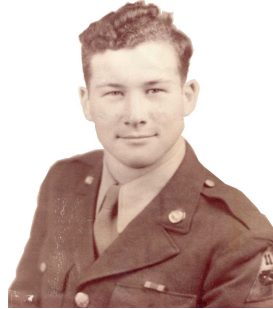
Since Reality cannot be expressed in words, the Indian mystical tradition enjoined that it was immoral for anyone to extol one's own religion and deprecate others' religion: their *thinking*. That, says Fromm, explains the tolerance found in Eastern religions like Buddhism and Hinduism. He adds that the followers of “paradoxical logic” stress that *it is less essential for a man or woman to think right, than it is to act right*—that is, in this case, to *practice tolerance*, without which declarations and formal worship are to no avail. Morality is an essential condition for realizing and becoming aware of our spiritual nature. In the Hindu tradition atheists and agnostics are both held in great esteem provided their actions are conducive to the welfare of humanity. ‡

Umesh C. Gulati (MA, University of Delhi, India; PhD, University of Virginia) worked as an economist for the government of India for eight years; taught economics, international business, and cross-cultural courses at East Carolina University, Greenville NC, for 32 years; and is now professor emeritus. Umesh and his wife Usha have been living at The Forest since 2012; at the first opportunity both acquaint other residents with the food, dress and relationships of Indian culture.

Bill Leonard World War II Veteran

by John Duvall

Bill Leonard was left off of the list of World War II veterans published in the November 2020 issue of *The Forester*. Bill served with the 11th Armored Division, which participated in operations in France, Belgium, Germany, and Austria, 1944–45. Typical of his generation, he does not share stories about the war, except to say that he was a young man who did not know how to drive, so the Army assigned him to “the tanks.” Like other members of what Tom Brokaw called the “Greatest Generation,” Bill came home from war, got an MBA and became a successful business executive, helping to build modern America.



Bill Leonard, age 19

Perhaps one of Bill’s cherished memories is his participation in a 2010 World War II Veterans Honor Flight from North Carolina to Washington DC. He was deeply moved by the experience, especially by all of the people who gathered to thank veterans for their service. Bill wrote about this experience in a news magazine published for Bogue Banks and later in *The Forester*.

In his article and an email to his children, Bill related the emotions he felt about the trip: “When I started to relate to your mother at breakfast this morning, my throat tightened and it was hard to get the words out ... there was so much that we saw yesterday and felt at each of the war memorials.”

But most of all, Bill was thankful to the nearly one thousand people who gathered at the New Bern airport to await the Honor Flight home from Washington, “men and women (young and old), children, the veterans of later wars, including those currently serving, and ... emotionally, it is even hard to write at this time. All so eager to shake our hand, or hug us, and in some way to express their heartfelt *thank you* for all we, who served in World War II, have done to enable them to live in the freedom we enjoy today It was a great day: a true flight of honor; the words and actions of so many who truly appreciated what we did and to let us all know. It was a lifetime experience.”

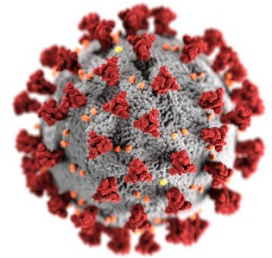
Thank you, Bill, and thanks to all our Forest veterans. ¶

Epidemiology 101

by Banks Anderson, Jr., MD

Two plus two equals four. Not controversial. But the mathematics of epidemiology seems obscured by politics. Just as obvious to epidemiologists as two plus two is the law that so long as the average infected human infects one other human, there can be no end to the epidemic. Isolating or curing every infectious person or reducing the average susceptibility of the population (the “herd”) to the point where one infection on the average results in *less than* one other infection is the only way out of the pandemic.

But ending the pandemic is not the only goal. The local medical system needs to have enough intensive care beds and care givers to give those in respiratory distress a chance at surviving. This is how “flattening the curve” saves lives. The secondary goal then is to keep the medical care system from being overwhelmed with seriously ill folks with no one and no facilities to care for them. Infections must be spread out enough in time for the care system to adjust. Shut downs, masking, isolation of the exposed, and contact tracing will achieve this goal. But these measures **do not change** the immunity level of the population at large. They just postpone the inevitable and allow our hospitals to cope.



Our way out of the pandemic is herd immunity or a medicinal cure. We hope that infections produce lasting immunity and we hope that vaccines will do the same. Until then, the fewer and more distant our contacts with those outside of our “bubbles” the more likely we are to survive. Just add two and two. ¶

Banks Anderson is Professor Emeritus of Ophthalmology at Duke, Past President of the Residents’ Association, and frequent contributor to The Forester.

John Duvall spent over thirty years as a historian and museum director for the U.S. Army at Fort Bragg, twenty of those with the 82nd Airborne Division.

Welcome New Residents

Joan Brannon

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Joan Brannon, a native of Houston, was raised in Dallas and traveled north to attend Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts. There she majored in American Studies. After college, she came to Durham, where she met her future husband, Anthony Brannon, a district attorney and later judge.

Because of her interest in politics she volunteered in the campaign of Nick Galifianakis for Congress. After he was elected she spent a year in Washington working in his congressional office. Her experience in political volunteering prompted her enrollment at



UNC-Chapel Hill Law School. There she was one of seven women in her law school class. Graduating with high honors, she was hired as a faculty member in the UNC-Chapel Hill Institute (later School) of Government. Unlike most departments, the main role of the School of

Government was to help North Carolina local and state government officials—for example, court officials, city and county managers, school officials—understand the law as it impacted their jobs by teaching, writing for, and consulting with those officials. She also spent several years working in the area of mental health law, and during that time served on the Durham County Area Mental Health, Mental Retardation and Substance Abuse Services Board. During the 39 years she spent as a professor at the School of Government she wrote over a dozen books or manuals addressing various issues faced by those officials.

Joan and her husband lived in Durham. They have two daughters, one of whom (Rebecca Brannon) is an associate professor of history at James Madison University in Harrisonburg, Virginia; the other (Hillary Brannon) is a North Carolina magistrate who lives in Greensboro. Joan has four grandchildren. Now she is taking Hebrew lessons as well as a music appreciation class. Reading and listening to classical music are among her enjoyments. ♪

Charles & Vicki Atwater

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Both Atwaters have lived in Durham since they were children: Vickie Yarbrough as a transplant from England, and Charles Atwater as a native son. Both were students at Durham High, although they did not know each other until post-college days.

Vickie, a graduate of Greensboro College, received a Masters of Education degree from UNC and taught at Hope Valley Elementary School for five years. Charles, a graduate of East Carolina University, majored in Business Administration, but took many science courses. The combination of “business plus science” propelled him toward his forty-year career at Hydro Service and Supplies, Inc., a company that manufactures and services equipment for producing bacteria-free water for science labs, hospitals, and pharmaceutical companies. Their son, Charlie Jr., is now CEO of that company, based in Durham.

Vickie’s long-time interest in exceptional children and their needs led her to serve for ten years in a Guardian Ad Litem program, and as surrogate parent in Exceptional Children’s Programs in the Department of Public Instruction for surrounding counties. She assisted parents of exceptional children in navigating the school system.

Charles has given notable service to his alma mater, East Carolina University, which inducted him in 2010 into the University’s Education Hall of Fame. In 2012, the Governor of North Carolina inducted him into the Order of the Long Leaf Pine, an honor

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Welcome New Residents

James & Mary DuBard
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James, a native of Atlanta, attended Georgia Tech, graduating with a degree in electrical engineering. While still in college, he met Mary Clayton Bryan; they married in 1960. He went on to receive a master's degree in electrical engineering at MIT, and then a PhD in physics from Georgia Tech. (In the wake of Sputnik, he reports, he received four years of support for the latter degree.) His career led the couple to move several times: from a post-doc at Florida State to a professorship in physics at the University of Louisville, to Birmingham, where he worked in air pollution control research and served as a professor of physics at Birmingham Southern College. Jim also taught English as a Second Language with Catholic Social Services and worked with Habitat for Humanity. He has been active in Presbyterian and Methodist churches; under the auspices of the latter he

took trips to Cuba and Bolivia. In the past, he gardened, and he and Mary liked to travel. Now, he enjoys reading.

Mary, the daughter of Presbyterian missionaries, was born in Osaka, Japan, but came as a small child with her parents to the United States in 1941. She kept connections with Japanese friends over the years, and returned for a visit in 2004. Growing up in Alabama and West Virginia, she attended Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Georgia, majoring in math, and currently serves as the president of her college class. In the early years of their marriage she devoted herself to child-rearing. When she and Jim moved to Louisville, Kentucky, she took the opportunity to earn an MA in math. Her abilities in this area were put to good use in her subsequent twenty years in the Ob/Gyn Department at the University of Alabama at Birmingham, where she managed data bases and analyzed data from clinical trials targeted to reduce preterm deliveries and low birth weight babies in an indigent population. Mary has also been involved in Presbyterian and Methodist church work, teaching and volunteering her service. She and Jim are now members of the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Durham. She is also an avid reader, and thanks to Zoom, she participates in three book groups. She has read about one hundred books so far in 2020!

The DuBards have two daughters, Margaret and Annette, and a son, David. They were attracted to this area in retirement because Annette is a family physician in Chapel Hill and is married to a cardiologist at Duke. They are the proud grandparents of five teenaged grandchildren. They have a home in Montreat, where they love to gather children and grandchildren around them. ¶

The Atwaters... *(Continued from Page 6)*

awarded for exemplary service to North Carolina and its communities that is "above and beyond the call of duty and which has made a significant impact and strengthened North Carolina."

Both Vickie and Charles have been active with the Hill Learning Center, which teaches college-bound children with learning disabilities "how to learn." Both have also served in various capacities with Habitat for Humanity, and in the Westminster Presbyterian Church in Durham. Charles and Vickie exemplify the principle

of "giving back," of making a difference in the lives of others.

In addition to their son, Charlie Jr., the Atwaters also have two daughters: Caroline lives in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and Sarah lives in Seattle. Charles and Vickie are the proud grandparents of six grandchildren. In the summer the whole family likes to rendezvous in Jackson Hole.

In retirement, Charles enjoys golf, tennis, hiking, and biking; Vickie likes reading, bridge, needlepoint, and jigsaw puzzles ... and both love spending time with their grandchildren. ¶

The Death of Charlie McCarthy

by John Howell

I was delighted when the Personnel Office at CBS Columbia Square recommended me for the position of “creative assistant” to the comic ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, especially since I had heard that he would soon move his *Charlie McCarthy Show* to CBS Television City. (I just had an entry-level job at the Square and I was getting restless.)

The “Golden Age of Radio” was over by 1954, and most of the CBS Radio stars were now performing on television. George Burns and Gracie Allen already had a popular television show, Lucille Ball had recently turned her radio show *My Favorite Husband* into television’s *I Love Lucy*, and, though Jack Benny was still broadcasting his *Lucky Strike Program* on radio, he had already begun a television version.

Radio was all about the voices. The actors’ appearance didn’t matter. I didn’t recognize Bing Crosby when I met him in the men’s washroom. (He was bald and wearing glasses.) Nor did I recognize the bald man in Studio C—until I heard his French-accented voice and realized it was Charles Boyer.

With their hairpieces on, Bing Crosby and Charles Boyer could be romantic stars on television. But William Conrad, the star of radio’s *Gunsmoke*, needed more than a hairpiece. Though his voicing of the hero Matt Dillon was totally convincing, he was 5’ 8” in height and quite overweight, so the television producers made James Arness their hero. He didn’t have Conrad’s theatrical gifts, but he had the right height for a hero (6’ 7”) and the right weight. And his version of *Gunsmoke* ran on television for twenty years.

Amos ’n’ Andy ran even longer on radio. But when the white stars Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll moved the show to television, they had to give

up the invisibility of their minstrel-style “black” voices and have black actors play their roles—a move toward comic realism that offended some viewers and ultimately killed the show.

Edgar Bergen’s *Charlie McCarthy Show* had a similar fate. The charm of ventriloquism is that we see the dummy talk—that the dummy seems alive. The transcendent irony of Bergen’s success as a “ventriloquist” on radio is that we don’t see Charlie talk. Charlie is a near-grotesque little dummy in a top hat, white tie, and tails. Though he wears a monocle, he is characterized as a child and speaks in an eerie, child-like voice.

But like the invisible “black voices” of *Amos ’n’ Andy*, Charlie’s impudent voice inspired the imagination. The listeners forgot that he was just a dummy sitting on Bergen’s knee. They enjoyed the comic play between Bergen’s dignified voice and Charlie’s

disruptive voice—especially when Charlie made jokes at Bergen’s expense, and most especially when he kidded Bergen about moving his lips while voicing him.

But it was a mistake for Bergen to joke self-consciously about his ineptitude as a ventriloquist. Television viewers didn’t need to be reminded that he was moving his lips. Though he had retained his brilliant sense of the comic throughout his many years on radio, he had gradually sacrificed his “lip control” in articulating Charlie’s voice on the air.

All this is hindsight, of course. When I talked to Bergen about the position of “creative assistant,” I had no idea that Charlie’s creative life would soon end. I had grown up listening to Charlie on the radio. I couldn’t help thinking that Charlie was “real.” As I walked toward Bergen’s office, I couldn’t help wondering if Charlie would conduct the interview and

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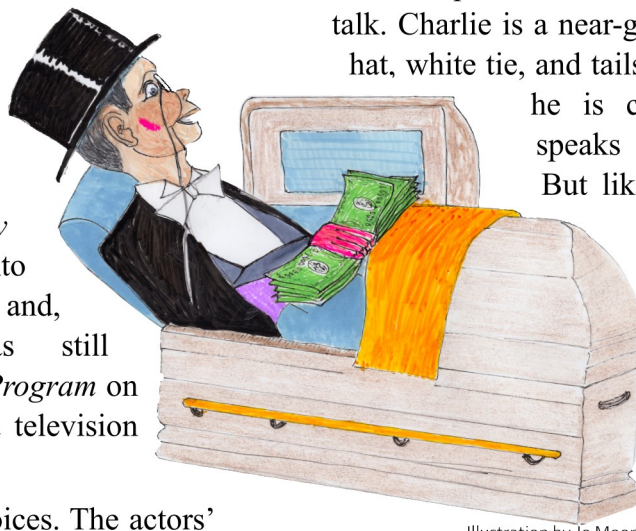


Illustration by Jo Mooney

Charlie McCarthy...

(Continued from Page 8)



Bergen and Charlie with an NBC-produced comic book *On the Air*; 1947.

embarrass me with sarcastic remarks.

When I opened Bergen's office door, however, Charlie was nowhere to be seen. Bergen simply invited me to take a seat—and said he was going to perform in Las Vegas and needed "someone with mechanical skills to look after the dummies." Then he smiled encouragingly and asked, "Are you good with your hands?"

Needless to say, I had to tell him that I was not—that I could barely change a tire. Sadly, Bergen soon didn't need a "creative assistant," because he lost his radio sponsor and couldn't find a television sponsor.

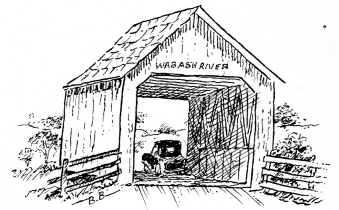
From this point on Bergen had to fight to keep Charlie alive, performing with him in gambling casinos and as a guest on television shows. And though Charlie would almost certainly die when Bergen died, Bergen nevertheless willed Charlie \$10,000, writing: *I make this provision for sentimental reasons which to me are vital due to the association with Charlie McCarthy who has been my constant companion and who has taken on the character of a real person and from whom I have never been separated even for a day.* 🌿

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.

TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE FORESTER

Changing Times Department

At The Forest we have several people who are nearly a century old. "How times have changed" is a favorite cliché, if there is such a thing, but most of us don't realize what a different world our near-centenarians were born into. A few examples:



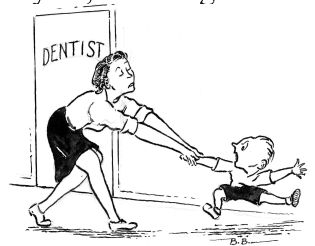
Life expectancy was only 47. Only 14% of American homes had bathtubs, while only 8% had telephones. Traffic was extremely light: there were only 8,000 cars in the U.S. and only 144 miles of paved roads. Maximum speed limit in most cities was ten miles per hour.



There were more people in Alabama, Mississippi, Iowa and Tennessee than there were in California, which had only 1.4 million inhabitants.

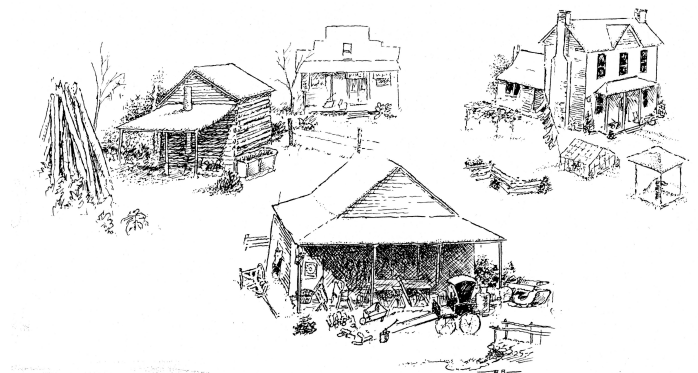
Average wages were 22 cents an hour, and the average worker's annual income was between \$200 and \$400. A dentist's income, however, was about \$2,500 per year, while a good mechanical engineer could expect about \$5,000.

More than 95% of all births occurred at home, and 90% of all doctors had no college education. They attended medical schools which were considered substandard.



Did someone say, "Oh, the good old days?"

--Anonymous 🌿



Illustrations by Bob Blake

Nicolas Bourbaki

by Don Chesnut

World War I decimated the younger generations of Europeans of all social classes and professions. The effect was huge in France where a generation of mathematicians was lost. Those instructors who were left were forced to use outdated texts, particularly in the area of calculus and the more modern areas of mathematics. So it seemed God-sent that a mathematician named Nicolas Bourbaki became well known in the mid 1930s, especially for his series of textbooks known as the *Éléments de mathématique* (Mathematic Elements) that attempted to treat modern pure mathematics such as the theory of sets, general topology, Lie groups and algebras, and elements of the history of mathematics. It was Bourbaki who introduced the symbol \emptyset for the null set in set theory. The unusual singular form *mathématique* is said to emphasize Bourbaki's belief in the unity of mathematics. Some say that Bourbaki saved French mathematics from extinction.

But a mathematician Bourbaki was not, that is, not as a single person but rather a collective group composed initially of five mathematicians. Bourbaki was the brainchild of André Weil and Henri Cartan. Together with these two were Claude Chevalley, Jean Delsarte, and Jean Dieudonné, who over lunch at the Café Grill-Room A, Capoulade, Paris, on Monday, December 10, 1934, agreed to collectively write a treatise on analysis for the purpose of standardizing calculus instruction in French universities. The efforts of the collective led Bourbaki to be referred to as the greatest mathematician who never was.

The Bourbaki name was taken in jest from the French general Charles-Denis Sauter Bourbaki, who, although successful during the era of Napoleon III, suffered a humiliating defeat during the Franco-Prussian War. It was a name well known to the early 20th century French. To celebrate its founding the group resolved to publish an article under its new

name. Since all articles at that time required a full name, René de Possel's wife, Eveline, suggested the first name Nicolas, and thus was formally born Nicolas Bourbaki. Although it is not known for sure, it has been suggested that Bourbaki's first name referenced St. Nicolas bringing presents to the mathematical world.

The books in *Éléments* became classics in the French mathematical literature. The composition of the collective, mainly kept secret, changed over time. Members agreed to retire at age 50 (old age for a mathematician!) to be replaced by younger prominent French mathematicians. Many of the group's members were alumni of the École normale supérieure (ENS), and, indeed, Bourbaki maintains an office there.

Work by the collective slowed down during World War II, as might have been expected, but the group survived and after the war settled into a productive routine. Although publication was infrequent during the period 1980-2000, publication of the *Éléments* resumed in 2010. Bourbaki seminars by both members and non-members have occurred since 1948, and as of 2020 have contained some 1,000 lectures. Bourbaki is alive and well.

So finally:

Have you met my friend Bourbaki?
He's quite a whiz at math, you know.

But your search may well take a while,
And you'll need a good detective,

Because Bourbaki's not one man,
But a very smart collective! ♣

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

Theater on the Holbrook Patio

by Ted Harris

The show takes place every pleasant afternoon between 4:30 and 5:30 p.m. in the fall when the audience is seated on the Holbrook Patio. This thespian-astute audience includes regular attendees: Jim Agnew, Nell and Stan Barlow, Georgie Brophy, Delaina and Al Buehler, Donna Given, Carol and Bill Griffith, Dale and Ted Harris, Lou McCutcheon, Nell Rubidge, Barbara Seay, and Priscilla and Hugo Sotolongo. Occasional viewers include: Sylvia and Ned Arnett, Frank Chut, Lee Murphy, and Bettie McLaughlin.

This time of the fall season the stage is beautifully set. The two red maples on the corners have turned yellow, and center stage is filled with a reddish tint supplied by three crepe myrtles. Most of the acting takes place on the stage corners.

The four dancing gymnasts are so nimble and accomplished they could have been members of the Cirque du Soleil. They perform unbelievable leaps, and their ability to hang by their feet is amazing. So vibrant, they leap, bounding from one trampoline to another.

They are quite fortunate to have large living quarters nearby almost the size of an apartment house.



The entire troupe seems to be in residence there.

There was some talk among audience members of extending the theatrical season by adding heating to the patio, perhaps by a fireplace or a fire pit.

Of course we are so sorry that the Independent Residents lack the ability, due to COVID-19 contagion restrictions, to attend this fabulous show and watch our furry entertainers do their acrobatics. ♪

Photos by Bennett

Ted Harris—banker, legislator, environmentalist, and serious promoter of old-growth forests and life therein—is our on-the-spot theatre critic riding out COVID-19 isolation with his wife, Dale, and fellow residents in the TFAD Health Center.

CAROL'S CORNER

Marzella Parks Marley

by Carol Oettinger

When I told fellow residents that I wanted to write a story about our “MAIL LADY,” everyone said “It’s high time she got some praise for all the good things she does for us.” So I asked Marzella, and here is her story.

Marzella was born in Seven Springs, North Carolina, where she attended high school. She left when she was 17 to come to Durham and attend North Carolina Central University. She graduated with a major in Business Education. After college she worked at Duke for five years as a data terminal operator.

In 1985, Marzella took the mail carrier exam and began her work for the United States Postal Service. She started her work here at The Forest in 2010. She likes working here because most of her work is inside. “The best part is seeing you guys every day.”

Marzella is divorced and has a daughter, Lara, and two grandchildren. They are a girl, Zoe, and a boy, Zion. She enjoys cooking and likes most foods, but “loves chocolate.”

She loves to read. Her favorite author is Toni Morrison. She also enjoys walking and often walks the Duke East Campus perimeter and the Al Buehler Trail. Her other hobbies include bowling, gardening, and attending Durham Bulls games.

She will retire on December 31, 2021, and will begin her retirement annuity benefits immediately. She has great plans for after retirement. She plans to do a lot of volunteer work. She wants to learn to ride a bicycle and the scooters that are for rent downtown. She is looking forward to going to New York to see “To Kill a Mockingbird.” We are looking forward to seeing her in the mail room until then.

She definitely seems like a beloved member of our Forest Family. ♪

Photos by Bennett



Goat Gardeners

by Ellen and Phil Baer

Guess who's coming to dinner! That was the topic a few weeks ago, and the answer was: 24 goats. Nathan Summers, Director of General Services, had invited Diana Tetens, founder of the Goat Squad, to bring Hairy, Justice, Speedy, and other members of her team of hungry goats to The Forest, to clear brush at the back of the campus along Pickett Road and in the watershed leading to the pond.

Nathan explained about the problem of unwanted vegetation and invasive plants in that location. "In addition to being unattractive and often impenetrable, these plants strangle valuable trees, impede correct water run-off, and destroy important habitat and food sources for birds and other wildlife." He was dealing with the same situation four years ago when residents Ted and Dale Harris told him about the Goat Squad, an intrepid group of eaters who could clear an area without the use of manpower, machines, or herbicides. Hairy and his band of merry munchers did such a good job that it's no surprise they were invited back.

So, in the mid-afternoon of November 15, the Goat Squad "goatmobile" parked in the driveway of cottage 23, and the crew began installing temporary fencing in preparation for the release of the goats at dinnertime. We watched from our carport as the goats bounded out to feast enthusiastically, first on non-native invasive plants like Chinese privet, English ivy, and Chinese wisteria before moving on to the native nuisance, poison ivy.

We were impressed by their energy and their diversity of sizes, shapes, colors, and breeds (including Nubian, Pygmy, Alpine, and Boer)—and by the way the tall ones would stand on their hind legs to pull down a branch for the short ones. (This may or may not have been intentional cooperation, but at this time of our lives we human observers were eager to assign good manners and good motives to our dinner guests.)

When Diana came to check on them the next evening, the goats lined up at the fence and waited contentedly for their evening treat. We knew they were



*What are you staring at?
Haven't you ever seen a goat before?*



going to again give TFAD five stars for dining excellence.

Clearing of the brush from the area behind cottages #22-23 has revealed a lovely area, which could be home for a wide array of beautiful and beneficial native plants. A proposal has been submitted to the Grounds Committee, urging that a plan to accomplish this goal be created and considered. 🌱

Photos by Ellen Baer

Ellen Holmes Baer is from Mississippi and her husband, Phil, is from West Virginia. They lived in such places as France, Canada, and Italy before moving to North Carolina in 1987. Ellen pursued a career in public relations and communications. Phil worked as a researcher and professor of pharmacology. They are frequent contributors to The Forester.