

Myrna Adams Duke's first Vice President for Institutional Equity by Shannon Purves

On the wall behind the sofa in Myrna Adams's living room is a watercolor portrait of a smiling young Black mother holding her baby. It's a beautiful painting, one that exudes shared happiness. Myrna says of it, "I was in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1979, saw that in a gallery and *had* to have it." Once you know the story of Myrna and her own mother, you will understand why.

Myrna's mother, an orphan with no knowledge of her parentage, was raised in an orphanage in Lincoln, Nebraska, until she was ten, when she was adopted. It turned out to be an unhappy relationship, and she went back to the orphanage until she was 12, when she was "taken home" by a Black lady whose surname she took, becoming Frances Pace. Mrs. Pace, her benefactor, died when Frances was 17, and so, in the early 1930s, in the midst of the Great Depression, she and several friends moved to Chicago to look for work. Frances found only very low-paying work as an elevator operator but survived due to the fact that she was a gifted, self-taught seamstress and sold her beautiful silk blouses to retail dress shops.

It was in Chicago that Frances met Myrna's father, Roscoe Campbell, who left her when she became pregnant with Myrna. At that point, she moved to Omaha, Nebraska, where Myrna was born. Later, Frances moved them back to Chicago, where she continued to earn money as a seamstress and found work at the Post Office and, later, in Federal government offices. Because there was never enough money for an apartment of their own, Frances and Myrna lived in single rooms sublet from apartment dwellers.

Frances had very specific intentions concerning her daughter's raising and education. As the public grade schools didn't meet her demands, Myrna was enrolled in a Catholic elementary school. Later, when



Myrna with her Miniature Schnauzer, Pepper

Frances realized that the best public high school in Chicago was located in Hyde Park, outside their district, she gave a false address to the school and Myrna was accepted. Thus, her childhood and teenaged friends were from all walks of life. A particularly close one was "Bugsie," whose family was Mexican and taught Myrna to speak a little Spanish and to love Mexican culture.

While she was in high school, Myrna met her future husband, Emile Adams, whose sister was another of her close friends. Frances strongly emphasized the importance of Myrna's completing her education before she married, and so, with the aid of scholarships and fellowships, Myrna did just that—at the Universities of Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Southern California. Thus, she became a 31-year-old bride with a BA in Spanish (Phi Beta Kappa) and an MEd in Counseling. After Emile completed his MBA at NYU, Myrna went back to school and earned her JD at Hofstra University.

Both Myrna and Emile found themselves drawn to careers in higher education administrative work.

(Continued on Page 4)

The Forester

The newsletter of the Residents' Association of The Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham NC 27705. Published monthly except July, August, and September by and for the residents:

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President's Podium



by Carol Carson

Emblazoned with a big “New,” an organization chart for the Residents’ Association (RA) recently appeared in the Connections Room and on the RA website. “So what?” you might say. “What good is that to me?”

Perhaps you are new to TFAD. The organization chart gives you an overview of the RA. For example, the dark blue boxes represent key positions—the voting members of the RA Board of Directors. Those at the top represent the usual four officers—President and Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer. Below them—in a row of nine boxes showing titles like Finance, Resident Services, and Health—are the Directors. The titles are for the standing committees that the Directors chair.

Perhaps you have been at TFAD for a while but are looking around for something to stretch your horizon. You can get some ideas from the boxes hanging down from some committees. Under the Resident Services Committee you can find opportunities to be involved in the likes of the Encore Store or the Diversity and Inclusion Collaborative. If you enjoyed the rose garden last summer, the box for Rose Clippers under the General Services Committee might suggest how you could be of service to the community.

Under the Caucus Committee there is only one box. Showing 16 boxes for the different caucuses would have swamped the chart. For more information about the Committee, the caucuses, and caucus leaders, you might check out the recently updated information on the RA website. (To navigate to the website, go to <https://www.ForestRes.org> and then type **resident** as the user name and **RAweb2701** as the password.)

Many thanks go to **Ken Barrett** for the time and skill he put into updating the organization chart. With this housekeeping task done, we all have a better view of the RA. ♪

In Memoriam

Louise McKee	January 23, 2022
Arthur “Mac” Mellor	January 25, 2022
George Williams	February 25, 2022
Jean Peters	February 25, 2022

A Tribute

George Walton Williams, IV

The Forester editors wish to commemorate George Williams and the years of work he devoted to the pages of this publication. His sharp eye, wit, and literary expertise will be greatly missed.

Library Science 101

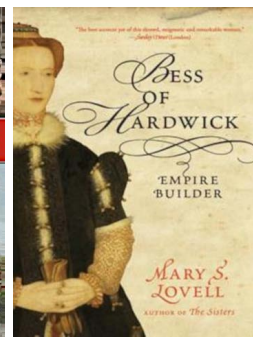
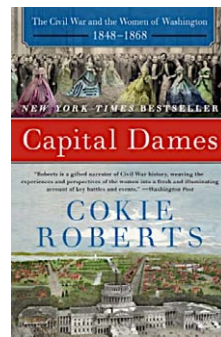
by Carol Reese

WOMEN'S HISTORY MONTH—MARCH

In 1978 Women's History Week began as a local celebration held in Santa Rosa CA. It was planned by Sonoma County's Education Task Force Commission on the Status of Women. It started a movement that spread across the country as other communities initiated their own Women's History Week celebrations the following year. Then, in 1980 a consortium of women's groups successfully lobbied for national recognition. President Carter was the first to issue a Presidential Proclamation declaring the Week of March 8th 1980 as National Women's History Week. Other National Women's History Week. Proclamations were similarly declared until 1987 when Congress passed a public law designating March as "Women's History Month."

To participate in this celebration, you might wish to read some of the books we have in the Library:

- *Capital Dames: The Civil War and the Women of Washington, 1848–1868*, by Cokie Roberts (973.7 Rob). This is an enlightening account detailing how the Civil War changed the nation's capital while expanding the role of women in politics, health care, education, and social services.
- *Bess of Hardwick: Empire Builder* by Mary Lovell (B Har). Bess's life story, though hardly typical, may better capture the bumptious energies and bold new possibilities of the Elizabethan era. At the time of her birth—to a rural family of moderate means, sometime between July and November in 1527—England was emerging from the Middle Ages and was still a decidedly second-tier European power. Bess's rise would parallel that of her nation.
- *The Chancellor: The Remarkable Odyssey of Angela Merkel* by Kati Marton (B Mer). This is more a human portrait than a political one. Marton clearly knows her subject, writes smoothly, and pulls back the curtain on an extraordinary but enigmatic world figure.



Calling All Dogs!

The Forester is planning a series on pets at The Forest, starting with dogs. Many of these friends are already familiar to some of us from their daily walks, but other worthies are relatively unknown.

If you have a winsome photo of your pet, please send us a copy to include in our series. Please email electronic photo files to Managing Editor, Sharon Dexter. Or, send her a photograph that she may copy, returning the original to you.

Please tell us Fido's name, predominant breed, noteworthy tricks, and favorite activity. 🐾



GREAT 20TH-CENTURY AMERICAN NOVELS

Carol Goldsmith has put together an exhibit for March/April of great American novels of the 20th century. But what makes a novel great? According to Masterclass.com there are five elements:

- **A strong opening:** A great book grabs readers on the first page and doesn't let go until they've reached the end of the book.
- **Compelling characters:** Good characters (whether protagonists or antagonists) draw readers in, giving them someone to love, hate, or identify with.
- **An absorbing story:** A great story keeps the reader engaged from the first page onward.
- **Sharp dialogue:** Memorable dialogue advances the plot and demonstrates the characters' personalities.
- **Unique style:** This is the voice and tone of the writer.

If you make a selection from this exhibit, see if you agree that it deserves the designation of "Great American Novel." 🐾

Myrna Adams ...

(Continued from Page 1)

Though Myrna's earliest job was as a high school counselor and teacher (of Spanish and civics) in the Chicago public school system, by 1965 she was on her own path in college and university administration with an increasing emphasis on equal opportunity and civil rights—from Chicago City Colleges in the 1960s, to the University of New Hampshire and the State University of New York College in the 80s and early 90s, to the University of Illinois at Chicago in the mid-90s, to Duke University where, in 1995, she was sought out by President Nan Keohane to become Duke's first Vice President for Institutional Equity.

At Duke, Myrna centralized the management of all federal and state civil rights compliance functions for the University, Duke Hospitals, and the Medical Center. She spearheaded campus diversity efforts in organized forums and activities to facilitate positive cross-cultural relations, provided training to students, faculty, and staff, and consulted on dispute resolution. During her tenure as Vice President, she organized the establishment of both the DuBois Cook Society (honoring Duke's first Black tenured professor) and the John Hope Franklin Center.

Though Myrna retired as Vice President in 2000, she wasn't finished. As part-time Special Assistant to Duke's Executive Vice President, she developed further procedures to ensure that employees of diverse cultures and backgrounds would experience the Duke environment as supportive. Of special concern to Myrna were Duke medical facilities, which weren't prepared to serve the growing Latino population in North Carolina. She pushed for the multilingual signage, interpreters, and publications that now exist in those facilities.

After Emile died in 2016, Myrna decided to move to The Forest, where she's lived since 2018. As a Forest resident she has continued her commitment to social justice and education in her role as co-chair of the resident-led Diversity and Inclusion Collaborative, and she continues to be involved professionally at Duke.

Exactly the kind of career her mother had in mind. And had watched take place until she died in 2013, at the age of 102. ¶

Photo on page 1 by Richard Ellman w. Ralph Nelson

The Ice

by Bob Shaw

"Crack! Crack!" A staccato series like pistol shots came out of the woods all around us. At longer intervals we heard great "Whumpfs!" Barbara and I lay in our bed out in Orange County. We were in our first house and going through our first Carolina Ice Storm. The "Cracks!" were young, slender Loblolly pines breaking off about halfway up their trunks. The "Whumpfs!" were much larger pines and oaks with stouter, stronger trunks uprooted and coming down entirely. The Loblollys branch only near their tops, looking like lollipops. When the ice comes down, their tops get loaded: heavier, heavier until their trunks snap. The bigger, thicker tree trunks don't fail; their roots fail.

And the ice had been coming down for several hours. Our power had failed long before, and we lay in the dark listening to the trees come down all around us. Every so often, I got out of bed and walked outside with my lantern to see if the very large pines near our house were leaning toward us as they loaded up with ice.

Eventually the ice stopped coming down, and dawn came up. Around our house, huge pines lay on the ground, but, somehow, none had come down on our house. And hundreds of young pines, near us and back in the woods, were broken off about halfway. Our forest looked forlorn.

In the nearly 50 years we have lived in North Carolina, we have seen two major ice storms. One of these shut Durham down for a week after eight inches of ice had rained down and our roads couldn't be plowed. Other, medium ice storms have come since then. Warm, wet air comes up from the Gulf and frigid air comes down from Canada. Every few years, these air masses meet in central North Carolina.

For years now, all we hear about nearly everything in the media seems hyped—exaggerated, even by the weather forecasters, out of an abundance of caution, I suppose. Those great ice storms in Durham were 30 or 40 years ago, and none like them have been here since. But ¶

Welcome New Residents

Marion A. Ellis (Art)

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EllisEllisinc@ncc.rr.com

Welcome to Art Ellis, who moved to The Forest in November 2021 from Kismet Drive in Durham. Art is a native of Kansas and graduate of Missouri Southern State University and the University of Missouri School of Journalism, where he edited *SHOWME*, the campus humor magazine. He also received a special certificate from UNC, where he studied the relationship between city planning and journalism as a Ford Foundation fellow.

A writer specializing in corporate histories and biographies, Art is the author or co-author of numerous books, including *Sages of Their Craft: the First Fifty Years of the American College of Trial Lawyers*; *Media Training for Lawyers*; *A Christian Witness: History of the First Presbyterian Church of Gastonia, NC*; *The North Carolina Century*; *Terry Sanford: Politics, Progress, and Outrageous Ambitions*; *The Meaning of Honor: The Life of Frank Hawkins Kenan*; and *The Story of Nations Bank: Changing the Face of American Banking*, among others. Before writing the latter, he was Charlotte-based regional manager for *Business Wire* and previously Executive Director of the Central Charlotte Association. As a staff writer on *The Charlotte Observer*, he won many journalism prizes, including being on the team receiving the Pulitzer Prize in 1981 for a series on brown lung disease.

Art served in the US Marine Corps Reserve and the Army National Guard 1962–1970. His wife of 55 years, Diannah, passed away in February 2020. His two daughters live in Durham: Margaret Chotas is a dispute settlement consultant, and Elizabeth Ellis-Furlong is Executive Director of the Durham Literacy Center.

Art loves walking, finding it a great way to discover unusual birds, plants, and trees, and he looks forward to musical programs at The Forest, as his wife was a talented pianist. ♪



Photo by Richard Ellman

Michael Amin Hamilton

Apt. 3025 919-949-0598

michaelaminhamilton@gmail.com

An interesting man with an unusual background! We welcome to The Forest Michael Hamilton, who was born in Nice, France, but has spent most of his life in the Durham area. Michael's parents met in France when his father was an art student and his mother an Indian dancer. Michael lived in Vence, France, until age 16. He received a Premier Prix de Flute from the Nice Conservatory. When he came to the United States, he attended the Eastman School of Music, where he received a Performer's Certificate in Flute. After graduating from Eastman, he joined the United States Marine Band, "The President's Own," 1955–59, during the Eisenhower administration.



After his musical training, Michael pursued an interest in medicine and attended the University of Rochester Medical School. He and his wife, Brigitte Broetz, were assigned to a small hospital in Jalalabad, Afghanistan, as part of the Peace Corps.

Going into general medical practice in Durham, Michael became Director of the Duke Physician Assistant Program. He practiced at Lincoln Community Health Center and was Director of Duke Diet and Fitness Center, furthering his interest in nutrition and obesity.

One of many cat lovers at The Forest, Michael has had lifetime interests in art, music, and politics, as well as in vegetable gardening and exercising. He looks forward to classes at The Forest in balance, yoga, and tai chi. His son, Sebastian, is a landscape architect in Chapel Hill, and his daughter, Sunita, works at Hamilton Hill Jewelry at Brightleaf Square in Durham. ♪

Photo by Richard Ellman

Jasper Johns: Mind/Mirror

by Nancy Miller

On December twenty-first and twenty-second of last year, I had the good fortune to be able to visit a unique two-museum parallel exhibition of the works of artist Jasper Johns. *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* have listed this pair of concurrent exhibitions as the “Best Art Exhibitions of 2021.” It was terrific!

At age 91 and still at work, Jasper Johns, a son of the South, has been called by *The New York Times* “America’s foremost living artist.” In 1957, when the artist was only 26 years old, his painting “Green Target” was first exhibited in the museum show “Artists of The New York School: Second Generation” at New York’s Jewish Museum. Shortly thereafter a one-man show was held at the avant-garde Leo Castelli Gallery, where New York’s Museum of Modern Art purchased four paintings. For the 65 years since, acclaim for Jasper Johns’s work has endured. His works are exhibited and collected by major national and international museums, commanding record-breaking prices whenever they become available for sale.

The curators of the concurrent exhibitions were Carlos Basualdo, Senior Curator of Contemporary Art at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, and Scott Rothkopf, Senior Deputy Director and Chief Curator at the Whitney Museum of American Art. They are also the authors of the joint catalog *Jasper Johns: Mind/Mirror*, from which some of the art historical information in this article is drawn. The catalog (centered above) and other materials about the exhibits, including abbreviated audio-visual tours, can be purchased from either of the museum websites.

Jasper Johns was born in Augusta, Georgia. His parents divorced when he was two years old, and

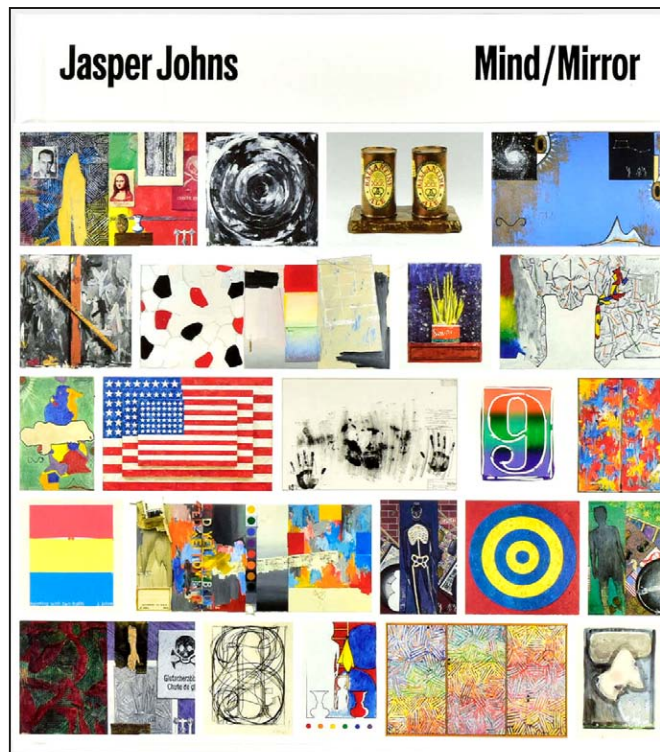
thereafter he was raised in South Carolina, first by his grandfather and later by an aunt. There were no art classes in his segregated grade school in Allendale, nor in his high school in Sumter. While serving in the United States Army in 1952–53, he traveled to Japan, a country to which he subsequently returned many times. Johns formed lasting friendships with members of the Japanese art world and, while there, produced important drawings and paintings. After his discharge from the Army, he moved to New York City, where he spent most of his adult life. In 1961, when he was already a recognized artist, he moved back to South

Carolina for four years, working and living in Edisto Beach. Other places he has lived and worked that have influenced his art include Stony Point NY, the Caribbean Island of Saint Martin, and, currently, Sharon CT.

Most often Johns is recognized as an outstanding painter; however, he is also a celebrated print-maker, sculptor, and sometimes a costume-and-set designer. Important influences on his work since the 1950s were the artist Robert Rauschenberg, with whom Johns had a six-year romantic relationship; the musician and

composer John Cage; and the dancer and choreographer Merce Cunningham. These four cultural icons were close friends and collaborators. All were inspired by the French artist Marcel Duchamp.

Before Johns, there was representational art and abstract art. But Johns gave us a new way of looking by making “things the mind already knows” into art. Johns’s work is always changing, always challenging. In one of his sketchbooks Johns wrote: “Take an object/Do something with it/Do something else with it/[repeat].” Photos of two examples of his work, *Cicada*



(Continued on Page 7)

Jasper Johns ...

(Continued from Page 6)



Cicada, 1979
Silkscreen, 16 screens/16 colors,
Artists Print 6/10
Private Collection.



Cicada II, 1979-81
Silkscreen print, 16 screens/16 colors,
Kurotani Hoshio paper.
Printer's Print, Private Collection.

and *Cicada II*, are shown at the top of the this page.

Familiar and repeated motifs in Johns' work include American flags, targets, numbers, crosshatches, ladders, letters, and words. One finds Savarin coffee and ale cans, and in addition there are outlines of and dismembered parts of the human body. Often in the same work appear multi-media including paint, acrylic, encaustic, ink, colored pencil, watercolor, newspaper, chalk, crayon, charcoal, photographs, and found objects. Sometimes materials are layered, techniques are combined, and images are repeated or mirror each other.

He systematically explores the possibilities of using a single image. The two curators of this pair of exhibitions summarize it this way: "Jasper Johns has employed so staggering a range of motifs, media, sizes, and formats that it is nearly impossible to

synthesize his oeuvre or distill from it a single trail." It is a given that to understand his work requires a lot of hard looking. Be assured this effort is worth our time.

Five-and-a-half years in the making, the exhibitions ended on February 13, 2022, but extensive materials can be found on the websites of the two museums, including abbreviated video tours of both exhibitions. YouTube also offers information about Jasper Johns, including a tour of the exhibition and also the artist talking about his work. ¶

Nancy Lee Miller, daughter of the South, headed north for college and career. After working in the textile field, she completed a graduate degree in museum studies.

Shedding the Cocoon of Derivative Identity

by Jean Parker Vail

Recently, bestirred by my eldest granddaughter to write a memoir, I've given more than the usual thought to the evolving understandings and expectations that have influenced who I was and what I have experienced to become the person I am today. In retrospect, I see the changing shape of my life as critically connected to changes in the concept of what I call "derivative identity." I suspect other women coming to the close of their ninth decade can identify.

I imagine that, in our perceived need to be judged "attractive" by the male of the species, we weren't all that different from today's teenaged girls. However, the big difference from the mid-twentieth-century girl was that a girl in the 1940s saw her future as *dependent* on it. Few young women visualized themselves as independently striding off into professional careers. We felt destined to be supportive helpmates, happily subordinate to our husbands, while boosting them along their upwardly mobile paths. I say "happily subordinate," as in my experience it was accepted as the norm and wasn't seen as an oppressive arrangement. It was simply the mutual expectation upon which marriages were begun. Our "success" in life was directly derivative of our husband's positions. As the youngest of an officer's three daughters, living on an Army post, in my eyes the General's wife had been the epitome of having made it, not because of who in her own right *she* was, but because she stood beside the "top gun," to stretch a metaphor. The latter half of the 1900s was to see a radical shift in that understanding.

As I look back on those years now, I can be amused by the outward signs of the apparently inexorable trajectory in the lives of female college seniors. Following spring break, a dazzling display of diamonds miraculously sparkled on the third fingers of left hands, giving testimony to accomplishment of the essential first step toward matrimony. The rush to a June wedding in the college chapel was on!

In distinct contrast, a *very* few exceptionally motivated young women set their sights on academia or careers in medicine or law. The rest of us, those of us who weren't yet "engaged," took stock of various options for short-term employment to bridge the gap—nothing involving any sort of long-term preparation, expectation, or commitment, just something to tide us over until the essential role of wife and mother presented itself. None of this is by way of denigrating

that role. It was and is vital and worthy. The distinction is in one's attitude toward it, then and now. Each person's satisfaction in his or her ongoing ascribed role, continuity in appreciation each of other, ongoing pleasure in shared activities, pride and delight in children—ultimately these are determined by how the partnership is defined in each person's mind.

For my part, having spent four years in college across the continent from my California home, I was ready to return to the western comfort zone. Having emerged from Wellesley College and returned from a graduation gift sojourn in Mexico, I faced the future with a prestigious undergraduate degree, a great liberal arts education, no specific career training, and a wobbly self-confidence as to what came next. To conquer the world I was definitely *not* ready. To join the social scene of unattached "Spinsters" and "Bachelors" in San Francisco seemed manageable. In those days, no thought was given to working toward the addition of academic titles attached to one's name. All expectations for the future would conveniently be met by a simple "Mrs." in front of *his* name.

In the 1950s the distinctive roles of the two participants in a marriage were defined as to prioritize the "breadwinner" above the "homemaker." After all, the money that his work provided made possible the level of comfort in which they lived. It was in *his* name that the marriage was founded: "Mr. and Mrs. James Jones." Her creativity and/or skill in making the most of what she received to maximize the home environment was appreciated, but the fact remained that the success of her role was directly derivative of the success of his.

I'll concede that there was a degree of mutual dependency involved. He relied on her to keep the home fires burning; she relied on him to supply the fuel. But what alternatives were there? For her the cocoon of derivative identity was a pretty comfortable environment for a reluctant butterfly. Within it she was warmed, fed, housed, and protected. It provided a strong sense of security... *until* she began to recognize that a butterfly's wings can't unfurl until that cocoon breaks open. For me, as I suspect for many women of my generation, that realization did not descend as a clarion call to action. The process was far more gradual.

Initiating the Women's Movement as it did, there's no doubt that the publication in 1963 of *The*

(Continued on Page 9)

Shedding ...

(Continued from Page 8)

Feminine Mystique by Betty Friedan caused many butterflies to take a peek outside of the cocoon. I was certainly among them, but I was not in the least inclined to jump on the feminist bandwagon. After all, I was not comfortable swimming against the tide (or swimming at all for that matter). In 1963 I was held captive and captivated by two small boys in whom I took great delight. I had no desire to relinquish them to someone else's care. There was a tension built into that scenario eventually to be addressed. I managed to postpone doing so until as young men they were launched in college and graduate pursuits and their younger sister protectively ensconced in an Episcopal boarding school.

My moment had arrived, and I was determined to avail myself of it with no idea in what specific direction. Before this soon-to-be-50-year-old woman lay an exciting but life-changing landscape. The view was admittedly daunting. For whatever reason, I didn't emerge onto an easy path. Beckoning me through what I deemed intellectual curiosity to learn more about the faith was a previously totally unimaginable path to seminary and, more remarkably, to ordination.

Now, 20–20 hindsight suggests that, as I was more and more drawn to a traditionally all-male vocation, I gradually became prepared to meet the resistance. In the end, that was a positive measure of my at last recognizing the constraints of what I had once experienced as a sheltering cocoon. It had embraced in warmth and love a young wife and mother, but it had also confined her. She was now ready to shed the cocoon and try her own wings. I am indebted to those ardent feminists, of whom I wasn't one, for tapping a crack in my cocoon. The surprising, rewarding, energizing next 40 years for this reticent butterfly began with them, was enabled and supported by family, nudged by friends and acquaintances, blessed by community. What an incredible benefit of the timing of my life to have been at home with my children before shedding the cocoon and testing my wings! Thanks be to God! ☩

Jean Vail was ordained an Episcopal priest in 1985. She earned M.Div. and D.Min. degrees from Seabury-Western Theological Seminary. She is the author of "In the Name of God: Exploring God's Love in Prayer and Pulpit." She serves on the RA Board as Director of Resident Services.

IN THE NEWS

The following opinion piece by Forest resident Gerald Lazarus appeared in the NC Voices section of the *Raleigh News and Observer* of February 16, 2022.

NC VOICES

Pass this bill for me, my wife and millions like us.

The writer is a retired Duke University School of Medicine professor.

My wife has frontotemporal dementia, is incontinent, does not speak, takes two hours to eat, and has difficulty walking. Previously, she was the vice president of a major pharmaceutical company. I know she will deteriorate further, and my heart is breaking.

I am pleading that N.C. senators and U.S. House members support passage of the Comprehensive Care for Alzheimer's Act. This legislation funds a government study to analyze whether a coordinated dementia care model is effective, humane and saves money.

It would allow the Center for Medicare and Medicaid Innovation to test a dementia care management model that provides comprehensive care to Medicare beneficiaries with Alzheimer's or related dementia. It would streamline today's complicated healthcare maze for those living with dementia and for their caregivers.

As the former dean of the University of California-Davis School of Medicine and CEO of its health system, I had total

access to healthcare but still I found the challenge of managing my wife's illness devastating. Imagine a single, working mother caring for an aging parent, or single person living alone. Care in those situations is impossible because support services are not coordinated.

We need to help patients and caregivers—today by developing and fully funding an infrastructure that helps them.

In 25 years, 15 million Americans will suffer with dementia, affecting another 30 million unpaid caregivers—at a cost of \$1.1 trillion. One in every \$5 of Medicare spending today is for dementia care. This tsunami of misery is here.

Ultimately the answer to dementia must come from fundamental and clinical research. We need to understand the biology of these terrible diseases that destroy our wisest individuals regardless of race and socioeconomic status and devastate their families and caregivers.

Congress must fund the additional request of \$289 million for research. My ability to practice medicine, do research, and teach became impossible because of my wife's illness. Let us combat the plague of dementia now.

Dr. Gerald Lazarus, Durham

Basic Beef Cattle 101

by Gale Glenn

Well, there he was: Dr. Fred Thrift, Professor of Animal Science at the University of Kentucky College of Agriculture, leading the sorriest-looking old white cow up and down in front of his class of freshman students. And there we were: his three-hour lab class at the UK farm, draped along the black three-plank fence, 25 fresh and slender eighteen-year-old boys and girls and one (definitely) mature lady.

This striding, Levi-clad fellow in the cowboy hat and boots was a far cry from the coat-and-tie professor I had met for a personal conference to ask if I could audit his September Cattle-101 class. Dr. Thrift had countered, asking for a little background. Thus, the short and pathetic tale of my current situation poured forth. Truth be told, until that ‘pouring forth,’ until he started laughing, the blatant humor relating to my dilemma had never occurred to me.

But it was comical. Finally, the long-dreamed-of retirement farm in the Bluegrass of Kentucky, and floating in my feeble (and apparently ridiculous) imagination were visions of lolling in a hammock, reading English novels, endless *Wars and Peaces*, and eating Bourbon bonbons. But not to be. The moving van had scarcely left the farm when reality struck: I was to be the manager of the afore-mentioned acres—three hundred and thirty of them. 330! This was not chickenfeed.

The Dr. Thrift Conference:

Any previous farming experience?

“Absolutely none.”

College major?

“English.”

How are you managing the farm now?

“My tenant farmer, Jerry, comes every morning at 7:30 and asks me what to do.”

And how do you reply?

“I ask him what he thinks we should do, then we agree that’s our agenda.”

Tobacco allotment?

“Fifty thousand pounds of burley; folks say Jerry is the best tobacco farmer in the county.”

Any cattle?

“Twenty cows and one bull came with the farm.”

Breed?

“No idea but they’re all different colors and sizes; they don’t look so good.”

(Long pause, he laughs, shakes his head.)

Do you realize you’ve got some real problems?

“Dr. Thrift, I’m so ignorant I don’t even know what I don’t know, but I hope you’ll help me ... at least learn the vocabulary.”

And he did, in spades. Seems that land-grant universities encourage Ag faculty to devote time and expertise equally to teaching, research and community education. Dr. Thrift was a godsend, guiding me through the ins-and-outs of the stock yard, selling my mangy 21-head herd, buying the first 25 black Angus cows and two bulls. He paved the way for Ag courses in beef cattle nutrition, genetics, and agronomy for ‘fert-and-dirt’ (field management).

The following March, Dr. Thrift brought his new animal-lab class to my farm to work with the vet on the herd’s spring health routine. The students were hands-on, catching cows in the headgate, vaccinating, ear tagging, pregnancy checking. For years, Dr. Thrift’s lab classes came spring and fall, guaranteed.

Several seasons and semesters later, I finally had 200 black Angus cows in our permanent herd—100 fall-calving, 100 spring-calving. Annually, I sold 180 calves, keeping 20 for our own herd replacements. Hay was rolled into 1,000-pound bales, 20 acres of corn was in the crib for winter feed, and Jerry’s alfalfa won first prize at the Clark County Fair.

Speaking of alfalfa, a prime example of how the changes took place: After a few nutrition and fert-and-dirt classes, Jerry and I discussed a 10-acre field of alfalfa, how it would bump up the winter protein. Change discussions inevitably involved his, “Is this here another egghead idea from the University?” But he never sabotaged a project; he made it work. Discussing a diagram for dividing our fields into 10-acre lots for rotation grazing: “Egghead!” But the next day his pickup arrived with solar batteries, electric wire, and step-in fence poles. Tightening up the grazing, we added the final batch of cows.

Jerry was a fine partner. A bred-in-the-bones farmer, he’d squint at the clouds, inhale, rub some dirt

(Continued on Page 11)

Basic Beef ...

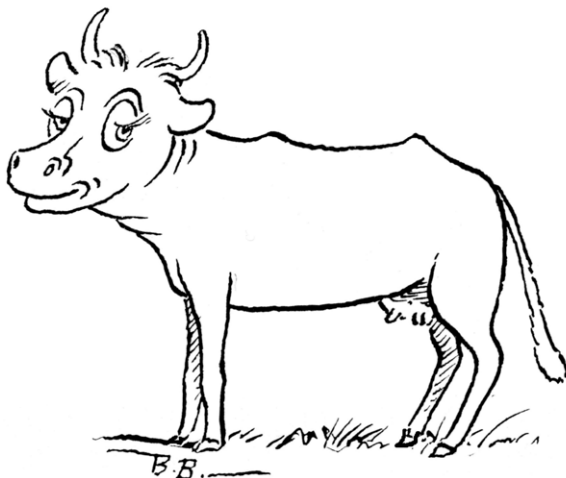
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between his fingers, and say, “Suits you, I believe tomorrow we might plant our corn.” A farm manager keeps track of breeding, calving, sales, vet records, supplies, expenses, taxes, and plans the two-year crop rotation. But the real farmer possesses an instinct, a flare and feeling for the art of farming. Even talented eggheads can’t teach that.

But back to the bedraggled cow being hauled thither and yon by Dr. Thrift. “Observe this individual!” he commanded our black-fence brigade. (All his animals were ‘individuals.’) “Gale, what’s your impression?” (With a childhood in the ’30s, with uptight parents, there were many (many!) forbidden ‘Ivory-Soap words’ ... i.e., cusswords, cancer, divorce, the name of our neighbor’s naughty daughter [Mary June]—and—Lord help us!—various body parts.) So, flustered, I blurted out, “Her spigots are pointing East and West rather than North and South.” This nitwitian answer sparked an explosion of hilarity among my farm-raised classmates; it seemed to unite them, like chanting ‘Go Duke’ in Cameron. They peeled off the fence, clutching each other, howling “Spigots! Spigots!” Dr. Thrift was laughing and clobbering his individual with his cowboy hat; the individual was mooing. It actually was fairly disruptive.

So, who knows? A few Ag courses here, a few friends and saints there, and you, too, might learn the vocabulary. ♣

Gale is currently reading War and Peace, sipping Kentucky bourbon from a julep cup, and sincerely hopes there are no challenging new career opportunities in her future.



On “Losing One’s Marbles”

by Catherine C. Berg

Such a *cynical* expression!

I may have thought it flippantly
of “old” people I knew back then,
disbelieving I’d ever grow old
that it could be applied to me.

But do I use it now *on myself*?
Self-judging changes and slip-ups?
Fearing being slower at my tasks?
Feeling “dependent” on others,
Needing “help,” or “more support”?

Could I be losing my marbles?
(Could we be losing our marbles?)

Wait! Let’s all just take a trip down
Memory Lane! Grab that childhood
blue corduroy bag with drawstring,
reach in, remember the cool feel
of beautiful, silky marbles.

Now draw them out so carefully,
re-discovering the richness
of your own marble collection:
each small orb full of radiance,
colorful, complex, shining depths.

Roll them gently in your hands now,
re-claiming their gifts: perhaps joy,
self-acceptance and inner strength,
flexibility, trust, kindness,
(not forgetting *self-compassion*!)

Pull out three final marbles:
Radical Self- Acceptance?
Trust in Whatever is to be?
Reach in again: draw the marble
Precisely intended for You....

— Durham NC

The Joy of Reading to Others

by Ellen Baer

Reading aloud is an ancient art with benefits not only for kids but also for adult readers and adult listeners. The benefits include sharpening memory as well as strengthening emotional bonds among people. A 2020 report from the BBC highlighted a recent two-year study run by an adult literacy researcher in London who said, “There were participants who talked about how reading aloud brought joy, comfort, and a sense of belonging because when someone reads aloud to you, you feel a bit like you’re being given a gift of their time, of their attention, and of their voice.” Here at TFAD we get the two-way gift of reading and hearing as residents read aloud to other residents on Wednesday afternoons at 4:00 in the auditorium.

It all started in 2007 with *Lucky Jim* by Kingsley Amis. This is the book that **Carol Oettinger** was excitedly talking about with the Forest librarian when they thought that other people might enjoy hearing about the book. It was a Tuesday, so they put up a notice inviting people to come hear a 30-minute reading from *Lucky Jim* the next week on Tuesday. Carol says seven people showed up. She read more the next week and still more people came. She asked if someone else would like to read from a favorite book the next week and someone said yes and more people came and in a few weeks they had 30 people. That’s when Carol, wanting to avoid trouble with the fire marshal, moved the group from the library to the auditorium. That’s how **Resident Readers** began, and, after 10 years of Tuesday afternoon readings under Carol’s leadership, the program was going strong, but the leader was ready to retire.

Fortunately, it wasn’t long before Carol was able to hand off the program to a fairly new resident who also loved books and reading: **Jo Mauskopf**, who had moved with her husband, Sy, to TFAD in 2017. By the first week of March 2018, Jo had a schedule of readers reading. The first was **Bruce Rubridge**, who read poems, and the second was **Carol Goldsmith**, who read short stories. Those first months also heard residents reading from writers as diverse as Margaret Truman, Garrison Keillor, Billy Graham, and Willa Cather. Since then, the variety of readers and reading material has continued for almost 200 readings. Add that number to the approximately 400 of the first 10 years, and the success of **Resident Readers** is clear.

The hardest thing, according to Jo, is what to do if



Carol Oettinger and Jo Mauskopf

a reader gets sick at the last minute, but fortunately that has rarely happened. And what if someone forgets their date? “Never,” says Jo, who is a faithful reminder and a faithful attendee at every reading. She continues: “We have amazing people here who have either written themselves or identified and read things meaningful to them. It’s such a pleasure to listen and to get feedback from other listeners who have enjoyed particular readings.”

The program has maintained its staying power in spite of having to move from Tuesday to Wednesday in 2021 because of OLLI classes scheduled at the same time, and later having to move from in-person to TV or YouTube because of the pandemic. Jo says readers and audiences have been good-humored and patient with all the changes and also with “microphone issues,” and she is grateful to them, as they are to her and to the team members who provide technical assistance. Jo notes in particular the hard work of team members Kelsey Fry, Michelle Burger, and Sarah Haney in providing an easy setup for the readers with clear sound and access to TV and YouTube. Lastly, she adds: “I’m always looking for new readers, so please do not be shy and contact me to let me know that you’d like to read.”

Carol encourages new readers too. As she said when she first started asking people to read: “This is for everybody!” She herself continues to participate as a reader. Who knows? After this trip down memory lane, she may surprise us on an upcoming Wednesday afternoon with a reading from *Lucky Jim*. 🌿

Photo by Richard Ellman