

"Looking the Other Way:" A World War II Episode

Every December for a number of years I have been receiving as a holiday present a whole smoked salmon. This gift has its origin in the war-time German province of Thuringia in 1945.

I had arrived in Europe in December 1944 as a newly minted military intelligence officer affiliated with the Counter Intelligence Corps (CIC). Our mission was to track down high ranking Nazi party officials, SS officers, and others on automatic arrest lists who were attempting to dissolve into the civilian population. We were to work also with Military Government to screen German candidates for positions in the occupation. In my first assignment I had crossed the Remagen Bridge in March 1945 and was part of the small bridgehead over the Rhine. In April, as the war was drawing to a close, I received orders to leave the combat zone and travel east by train to the German province of Thuringia and join the CIC detachment assigned to the 102nd ("Ozark") Infantry Division. "Train" in this case meant a World War I-vintage freight train, appropriately known as a "40 or 8," meaning "forty men or eight horses." It was on that slow train that I learned the news of the German surrender on May 8. My train passed a number of trains going west, now flower-bedecked and crowded with newly liberated prisoners of war and other deportees and displaced persons. Signs painted on the sides carried such messages as "Deutschland unter Alles!"

My real celebration of V-E Day came once I joined my new unit at Gardelegen, only a few miles from the Elbe River, which was to be the line of separation between the Western Allies and the Soviets. At the Elbe we took part in a memorable victory celebration with units of the Red Army.

The new detachment was a congenial one,

made up largely of native-speaking German-born refugees, whose families had fled the Third Reich for the United States in the 1930s; individuals who had had some form of police or investigative experience; and those who like myself had academic or professional experience in studying Europe. Officers and enlisted men worked closely together; our enlisted men even wore "U.S." insignia with no indication of army rank.



Joel Colton

Before long we had to transfer our duties to the British and move some miles to the south to Ohrdruf, on the edge of the Thuringian Forest, which would become part of the Soviet occupation zone, and where this story really begins. It was in Ohrdruf that I saw my first concentration camp, the first to have been liberated by American troops a little more than a month earlier, on April 4. When I visited it the camp was a wrenching sight, and it must have been even more so to General Eisen-

(Continued on page 4)

The Forester

The newsletter of the Residents' Association of The Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610. Published monthly except July, August, and September by and for the residents.

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President's Podium

Last month your Association started a new fiscal year. My administration will continue to support our Mission Statement:

The Residents' Association Board of Directors monitors all aspects of living at The Forest at Duke; and, through its committee structure, reports problems, initiates action and makes recommendations to the TFAD Staff and TFAD Board of Directors on ways to enhance the residents' ability to lead purposeful, active, healthy, and secure lives.

At our meeting last month your Board of Directors approved our organizational chart and the following committee chairs:

Rheta Skolaut	Activities
Katherine Holton	Caucus
Carol Oettinger	Facility Services
John Blackburn	Finance
Sylvia McCormick	Food Services
Georgia Campion	Governance
Harry Whitaker	Health
Ethel Foote	Resident Services
Penelope Easton	Accreditation
Frank Sargent	Special Projects

Your officers are:

Jim Shuping	President
Penelope Easton	Vice-President
Betsy Close	Secretary
Bruce Rubidge	Treasurer

In Memoriam

Josephine R. Swiger
Hope Leiken Lacy
Richard Preston

November 13, 2006
November 17, 2006
November 17, 2006

This information is posted on the Association bulletin board in the mail room.

The Board of Directors also approved a balanced budget for next year, which includes dues of

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Podium

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\$5 per member. The dues will include a continued update of the photo directory. You will be asked to ratify the amount of dues at our quarterly meeting in January.

The Energy Conservation Committee, Chaired by the Director of Facility Services, has requested additional participation by residents. Any resident who would like to join that committee please contact Jim Thompson.

Remember, the Residents' Association Office is located on the fourth floor next to elevator seven. One of the Association Officers will be available between 1-2 pm Monday through Thursday to answer your questions or to report your concerns.

Happy holidays to you all, and a healthy New Year.

Jim Shuping

Our profound thanks to

Our friend and colleague, Tom Gallie, for his many years of service as Publisher of The Forester! All the great writing and editing in the world would have come to nothing if Tom had not done the layout and prepared the pages for our printer.

Our new Layout Editor, Bruce Rubidge, is especially grateful to Tom for his willingness to continue to do the layout while Bruce was away and his patience in being available for advice and handholding while Bruce gets up to speed on this job.

The Editor

LOVE YOUR LIBRARY



With the approach of the big holidays, our TFAD library may be useful. Our shelf section 22 has books on holidays, section 23 on decorating, and section 24 on cooking. If you have children visiting, see section 21 (bottom) for children's books to help keep the young ones entertained.

More entertainment is in the classroom, with many video tapes, audio books, and a few DVDs available. Music audio tapes and music CDs are in the main room. All may be checked out. (Use the notebook on the front desk for the audio tapes.)

For reading, see the classroom again for anthologies of short stories, *Reader's Digest Select Books*, mysteries (hardback and paperback), as well as paperback fiction, romances, westerns, and a few biographies. (No need to sign out the paperbacks; just return them when you've finished.) The copy room houses many non-fiction and miscellaneous paperbacks, drama, inspiration/religion, and many puzzles which can provide hours of entertainment. (Sign out the puzzles in the brown box on the puzzle shelves, and return them there.) The copy room also houses the *Harvard Classics Great Books* collection. (They should be signed out in the notebook on the front desk.) Remember that our newest additions are available on the big table in the main room.

A reminder: please do not reshelve books or magazines. Library desk assistants will see that they go back where they belong when you leave them on the front desk.

Enjoy the abundant resources of our library!

Mary Ruth Miller

World War II

(Continued from page 1)

hower, who had visited the camp shortly after its liberation. Even in this less well-known camp Jews, Slavs and political and social prisoners classified by the Nazis as "undesirables" were set to work at impossible tasks with meager rations until they collapsed and perished.



Ohrdruf

Shortly after my arrival, two survivors of Ohrdruf informally joined our detachment. One was Leo Koch, soon known to all as Cookie. He was Munich-born, half-Catholic and half-Jewish, and had survived the war as a displaced forced laborer. The second was Henry Ehrenberg, Polish-Jewish, who had been moved from one concentration camp to another and who bore his tattooed number on his forearm. The two had escaped from the camp at Ohrdruf at the time of its liberation and now desperately wished to serve with the U.S. troops. The two men, educated, shrewd, and industrious, became part of my subdetachment and were invaluable to us as interpreters and as liaison contacts with the local population.

Our detachment's stay in Ohrdruf ended in

July 1945. The province of Thuringia was located in what had been agreed upon at Yalta and Potsdam as the Soviet occupation zone, and the British and Americans were to move south and west. As we prepared to leave in a small convoy of jeeps, the question came up of what to do with Cookie and Henry, our faithful retainers, to whom we had become much attached. I argued with the two of them (although I was only half-convinced myself) that they had nothing to fear from the Russians and that they should willingly stay behind, but they persisted in their entreaties. Repeatedly I told them that I had no authority to take them with me and yet



Colton, civilian, Cookie, and Henry

at the last moment I relented. I told them that I could "look the other way" and the two accompanied us as part of our convoy.

Much later, in April 1946, when I left Germany for home, I left no address with either Cookie or Henry. When I said goodbye in Weinheim, all they knew about me was that I was returning to New York and to my wife, who was working there and living with her parents. But within a year, after finishing my graduate studies at Columbia, I left New York to begin my teaching appointment at Duke. Wartime memories tended to fade. In periodical research trips to Europe, beginning in 1958,

I made a few sporadic efforts to locate my two wartime friends, but with no success.

In 1974 I received an invitation from the Rockefeller Foundation in New York to serve as director of their international Humanities program. On leave from Duke, we moved there in September. In the late 1970s I received a most unexpected telephone call. A heavily accented male voice inquired "Ees zhees zuh Joel Colton who vass in Gehrmany in zuh Second World Vawr?" Not surprisingly, I answered hesitantly—but affirmatively. It was Leo Koch—Cookie.

He had come to New York on a visit and decided simply to look me up in the Manhattan phone book. It was over 30 years since we had said goodbye in Weinheim. That evening he made his way to our apartment and we spent a wonderful evening of reminiscences and reunion. My wife was especially pleased to meet one of my two legendary figures, about whom she had heard so much. Cookie now ran a leather manufacturing business, was married, lived in Weinheim, and also had a villa in Majorca. But his big news was that Henry Ehrenberg had become an outstandingly successful businessman. Henry would be sure to visit me, he said, and would tell me all about it himself.

Before long Henry was in touch with me and to my delight soon visited us in New York with his wife. While we were in Passau in the fall of 1945, he reminded me, he learned that concentration camp survivors from all over Europe were meeting in Vienna. I had helped him to travel there to locate his sister; what I did not know was that a second survivor who had grown up in the same Polish town had also arrived on that train and had later become Henry's wife.

Not long after their visit to New York my wife and I visited Henry and his wife in Knittlingen, a small town not far from Vaihingen and Stuttgart, for the first of several reunions. (Henry's chauffeured Mercedes would always

pick us up at the Frankfurt airport.) To my embarrassment a framed photograph of myself in uniform hung on a wall in his study. Apparently before I left Germany I had helped establish contacts for Henry with military government officials. They had placed him in charge of an expropriated Nazi plant which produced equipment for the sterilization and pasteurization of dairy products. From that time his career had taken off.

Financially successful beyond measure, an honored citizen of Knittlingen, a trustee of Tübingen University, selected by the government to represent the surviving German-Jewish community at the time of Pope John Paul II's visit to Germany, he nonetheless remained haunted by the memory of the Holocaust.

Could anyone of his generation, he asked, ever be comfortable in Germany, democratic and peaceful though the German Federal Republic was? Early in 1995 he wrote to me: "It was for me and for my physical welfare and good fortune, a stroke of luck that I met with a person like yourself of so much understanding and warmth after the bitter painful times... The older I become the more frequently I ask myself how it was possible for human beings to have created such an inferno." Henry celebrated his 89th birthday in April this year. (Cookie, I received word from his wife, died not long after his visit to New York.)

Now you will begin to understand why each holiday season a smoked salmon arrives at our home, a gift from "*Haus Ehrenberg*" to "*Haus Colton*." I have not regretted that spring day long ago when I "looked the other way."

Joel Colton

Can the Memoirist Be the Hero of his Own Memoir?

Memoirs are definitely in this year. Everyone over sixty is writing them. OLLI at Duke is sponsoring three workshops. And with some hesitation, I've decided to join the crowd.

An honest memoirist should rattle before he strikes, so let the record show that the star of this piece was intended to be our granddaughter, Maggie Seay. But in the very last line of the last scene, the spotlight unexpectedly shifts to me when I become the object of an unabashed declaration of love from a woman I've never met.

I wouldn't dare pick this self-serving incident if it weren't supported by the literary theory that says: "The violation of the expected is what makes a good short story, a good poem, and a good joke." So why not a good memoir?

This memoir had its genesis about seventy years ago when I was attending the Albany Academy, an excellent but old-fashioned school. All students took two years of Latin or Greek, attended required chapel each morning, and every year participated in a Declamation Contest. The vehement oratory that resulted involved reciting the most famous and dramatic poem one could dig up.

To my surprise, those contests left their mark on me—a fondness for poetry, and also a realization that poems can say things that can be said in no other way.

Enter Maggie. She was about eight years old and it was a time when our large extended family was often involved in plays and skits at our frequent family gatherings. I remember being astonished at the almost miraculous ability of the very young to quickly memorize and retain their various lines and parts.

So I felt it would be fun during this exceptional learning period to try to spark Maggie's interest in poetry. And we decided to do it by offering to pay her for memorizing poems. (We insisted on excellent poets, the likes of Emily Dickinson, Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay, etc.)

Maggie liked both money and poetry, so it was a sound plan. And it worked.

I'd send her a poem, she'd memorize it, then call and recite it, and off went the check. (Her honesty was impeccable.)

This program continued for two or three years, which we considered a remarkable accomplishment, and it ranks as our most profitable investment.

Some years later when she had gone on to middle school, she called one evening out of the blue and said, "Guess what happened in school today? My teacher announced that the class would be putting to music a poem called 'Stopping by Woods On a Snowy Evening'."

The teacher wondered if anyone had heard of the poem.

Maggie hesitantly raised her hand.

The teacher then asked, "Do you know who wrote it?"

Maggie said, "Robert Frost."

The teacher continued, "By any chance do you know the whole poem?"

Maggie recited it perfectly.

The teacher, obviously impressed, then asked, "How in the world do you happen to have learned that poem?"

Maggie replied, "My grandfather pays me to memorize poems."

And without missing a beat, the teacher said, "I love your grandfather!"

Pete Seay



Welcome New Residents

Photos by Ed Albrecht

Cynia Shimm
Apt. 2009 489-8262

Cynia Shimm was born and brought up in New York City, where she attended Hunter College High School. She graduated from Cornell and earned her MD degree at Yale. In 1948 she married Melvin Shimm whom she had known since childhood when they had lived in the same apartment building. The Shimms came to Durham when Mel, an attorney, accepted a faculty position at Duke Law School. Their son David, a radiation oncologist, lives in Charleston, West Virginia, in a large house with his wife and four dogs. Another son, Jon, an architect, lives in Pittsburgh and has two sons. While her children were young, Cynia was engaged part time in the practice of general medicine. She then qualified in psychiatry and became the first chair of that department at what is now Durham Regional Hospital. She has participated actively in family counseling and has served as Chair of the Board of Jewish Family Service. She is a member of Beth El Synagogue and belongs to a number of professional associations. She is an oil painter, plays the piano, and enjoys knitting and reading.



Cathrine Stickel
Apt. 4006 489-5072

Cathrine Stickel was born in Kinston, NC, went to Peace College in Raleigh, and graduated from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. She lived briefly in Long Beach, California, and Edinburgh, Scotland, while her husband was undergoing his medical training. She worked at Duke as a medical technician until the birth of her daughter, after which she became a full-time mother. Her daughter, Nancy Leigh Snyder, practiced law specializing in international finance until her marriage. She now has three children and lives in River Forest, Illinois. Cathrine has taken full advantage of the study opportunities available in the area to further a wide variety of interests, especially in English and medieval history.

The Curmudgeon and the Crocodile

A Curmudgeon once sailed on the Nile
In a mood most decidedly vile
Then he viewed Abu Simel
And he cried, "Ach du Himmel!
How great is the Nile Crocodile!"

This is a tale of a Curmudgeon and a Crocodile.



The Curmudgeon was a nervous and worried traveler. He inherited his ability to worry from his mother. His own imagination increased this genetic disability many fold.

The Crocodile was Egypt, a destination greatly desired for many years by the Curmudgeon's wife but not by him.

The journey, which is how the Curmudgeon thought of the trip, started as the Curmudgeon had feared with luggage delayed until a day after arrival in Cairo. Then, of course, there was the almost frenetic pace of the tour. The Curmudgeon treasured control over his life. No control when on a tour!

The Curmudgeon was in an unhappy mood. Cairo is a city of 17 million people. It is huge, smog-covered, generally rather decrepit, and jammed with traffic, horns blaring. Also, it was the month of Ramadan. The observant Muslim had nothing to eat or drink from sunup to sunset. Therefore, Egyptians were happy to celebrate from sunset to the wee hours of the morning, but rather grumpy or sullen by early afternoon.

The first week ended with our arrival in Aswan, hundreds of miles upstream from Cairo and closer to the Equator. We boarded our ship, happy to find it

very nice with a wonderful crew.

The Crocodile roused herself from her sleepy Ramadan fast and proclaimed, "Tomorrow morning you go to see Abu Simel!"

On the seventh day, the Curmudgeon experienced his Egyptian epiphany. The scales fell from his eyes and they widened in awe at the sight of huge figures carved out of a hillside with a temple carved into the hill itself. Pretending calm, he stood there in astonishment at the temple of Rameses and the second smaller one for his wife, Nefertari.

It was the most impressive monument the Curmudgeon had ever seen. It was not simply a question of antiquity or of immense size. It was a sense of the man, Rameses, from a distance of some 3300 years.

From that moment on, the Curmudgeon was in thrall to the Crocodile. Egypt itself would become a wonder and the Egyptians' pride in their most ancient of civilizations would be acknowledged and appreciated.

How had the Curmudgeon changed? Now, he would be aware that in Egypt there would always be the chance of another discovery around the next bend in the Nile, another opportunity to wonder at an ancient people's creation of beautiful monuments to their gods and to themselves.

Bruce Rubidge



Backyard Manger Scene (Children “playing Christmas” under my window)

Christ of the Christmas manger, lend your Grace
to a manger here
Where a little rag doll on a nest of soft grass,
Safely guarded by panda and bears



Has a bright crayoned star shining over his head.
He is wrapped in my small Mary's love,
All the splendor of sky and the richness of earth
Lie around him, beneath him, above.

Great kings coming from Orient lands,
Behold the small Magi who ride
In a splendid procession on broomstick and wheels
From our neighborhood's countryside.

They bring to the baby strange rocks and bright leaves.
All the treasures of yard and wood
Are their gold and their myrrh and frankincense.
Oh, Little One, say it is good.

Blessed Mary sings in the twilight,
Angels weaving harmonies above your baby's head,
Hear the earthly dissonance that rises to my window:
“Go tell Aunt Dinah her old grey goose is dead.”

Worlds that lie beyond my world in endless spread of starshine,
Music that I may not hear, bright light that I shall not see;
Sanctify my manger scene, mine and a million mangers
Where little rags of human love enfold Divinity.

Lola Williams

Resident Ramblings



In November we voted, watched the leaves fall and observed Thanksgiving. As usual, last fall residents did some rambling. **Ann Barlow** was in England where she spent a week in London doing theatres and museums and then traveled south to visit family. **Edna Wilson** took a cruise up the Hudson River from New York City to Albany and returned to the city for a weekend with her son and family. **Joel Colton** was also in the Big Apple for two weeks doing museums, enjoying fine cuisine, and visiting family and friends. **Jeanne Blackburn** went north to watch her grandson perform in his marching band. Unfortunately, it was too cold to leave the car, but she saw the show anyway!

Bernie and Marion Bender with **Molly Simes** and **Evebell Dunham** tried a new inn, the Sobotta in Mount Airy. The trip drew a "thumbs up" review! **Dot Heroy** spent the Thanksgiving week in Dayton, Ohio, with daughter Barbara and other family members. **Una Galli** and her family had Thanksgiving at Topsail Beach. **Clare Eshelman's** three sons and their families were all here for a fun week in this area.

Some Snoopy figures want to stay on the shelves where they have been so admired. A few may become part of the holiday shelves. The rest will return to **Rosalind Alexander**. We will have to wait and see!

Now we are in the holiday season—the month of December. This month has the shortest day but a lot of extra parties and concerts, to say nothing of the holidays themselves with families and friends. Probably your gift list is complete now, but here are a few more suggestions. For President **Jim Shuping**: an iron glove to control all his new and old board members. You might send **Bruce Rubidge**, our new Residents Association Treasurer, an abacus for keeping track of all that money! How about candles (and a hurricane lamp) for **Jack Blackburn** so that he can set a good example as head of the Energy Conservation Committee. Perhaps **Glenn Arrington** could use a pair of roller skates in order to get down the halls even faster. Does "**Cooly**" **Elkins** need a new car? Probably not. **John Gray** always wants new Trivia questions, the harder the better! **Bill Griffith** could always use more tennis balls!

Have a wonderful holiday! And a happy and healthy New Year!

Mary Gates

The Magic is in the Details

Gaze well on Bob Blake's Christmas display in the Forest foyer: This is the last year it will be on display. Bob has been working on the winter scene for 58 years, adding new items, crafting increased realism. His son, Kennard, helps him. But it still takes two days to set up. The panorama has been in the Blake family for many years. His grandmother, an artistic woman, started the project and came up with the idea of having a hedge, which today takes five hours to install. Bob requires 80 pounds of cedar, which he gets from boughs with the permission of Duke Forest.

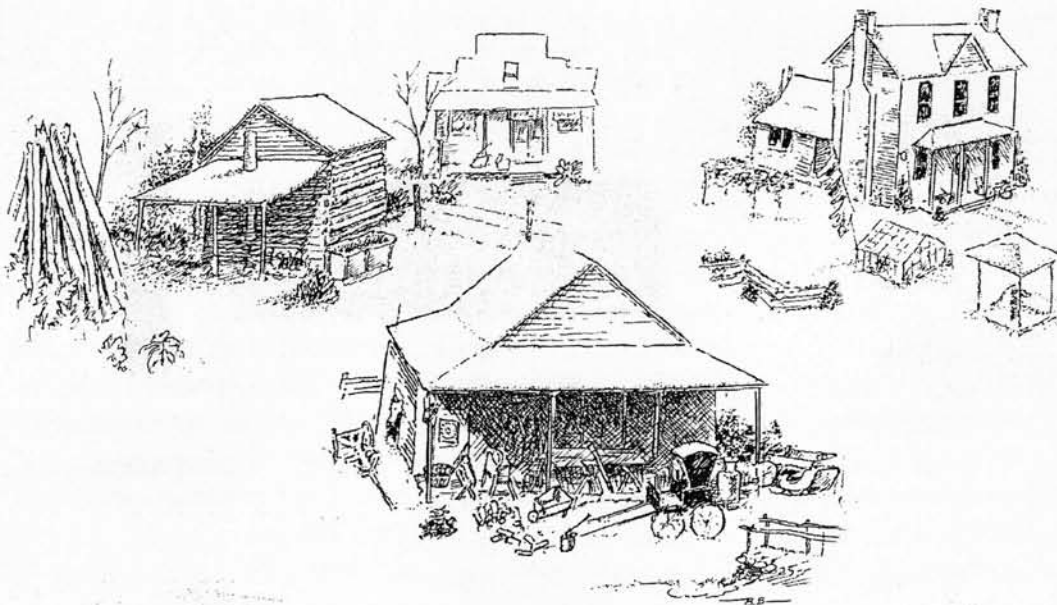
The display includes more than 100 items and you have to be sharp-eyed to notice many of them. For example, there is a dartboard with tiny darts on the barn door, which is propped shut by a tiny crowbar. Shelves contain cans of paint or turpentine. Bob is pleased that many residents have commented on the details. "Everything in it I've made by hand," he said. He fashioned a pond of frosted cetate and dusted lightly with flour to create an icy effect.

For many years, Bob set up the display around a Christmas tree, which he invariably chopped down himself. The weeds growing on the property are made from dozens of stalks of real grass or weeds Bob collects. For the last few years, he has added details to make the panorama more recognizably Durham. Its Carolina character was assured years ago with the addition of a tobacco barn.

Some 50 years ago, Bob was a Scout leader and a Scout tradition of viewing the scene at Christmas was begun and still persists. A Scout's father visiting the Forest could tell what had changed from his day and what remains the same.

His family in recent years has urged him to abandon the project, so he now plans to stop producing the magical scene and leave it in memory.

Mal Oettinger



Bob Blake's
Puzzle

Each word below can be found by reading either
up, down, forward, backward or diagonally.

T L U G G A G E U N D E R W E A R L
E D F H N W E S R Z E B O R G S V A
L E E V A I W I T O O L S Y N K K T
L S L T L E H J T R T K C T I O C S
A O C A A O U T A K J A E Y R O E Y
W H M T M C T T O U C L L Z C B H R
M P E A F I I I F L E E D U X I C C
A R X E G U N F O V C V N W C B B E
E E A L G A P A I N T I N G T A X L
R N R D Z K Z S D T J Y U E I T C I
C O E N I R I I K E R T L F E J S B
G H M A D O P I N L F E Y K D O K O
N P A C N Z F Q E E C F C P V S C M
I L C F T A H W X A Y A U T D T O O
V L D Y X R E V R L J K I T F N S T
A E F Z K J B B S E V O L G S I V U
H C T N A L P R E T U P M O C M G A
S R E P P I L S E M A G D R A O B C

Gifts

AUTOMOBILE	CHECK	HAT	MAGAZINE	SLIPPERS
BICYCLE	CLOTHING	HOSE	NECKTIE	SOCKS
BOARD GAME	COMPUTER	IPOD	PAINTING	STUFFED ANIMAL
BOOKS	CRYSTAL	JACKET	PLANT	SWEATER
BRACELET	DVD	JEWELRY	RADIO	TELEVISION
CAMERA	GIFT CERTIFICATE	LAMP	RAZOR	TOOLS
CANDLE	GLOVES	LOTION	RING	UNDERWEAR
CELL PHONE	GUITAR	LUGGAGE	ROBE	WALLET
		MINTS	SHAVING CREAM	WATCH