

THE FORESTER

Volume 13 Issue 5

A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

February 2007

Mal

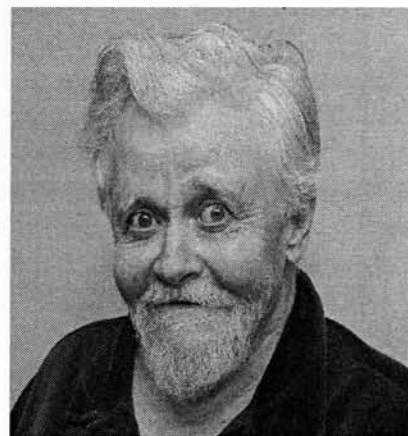
Many of you are already acquainted with the man in our spotlight—Mal Oettinger. Bearded or unbearded, he is a familiar figure in our midst and a talented one. Since his arrival three and a half years ago, he has written a dozen sprightly articles for *The Forester*. Some of you have attended his not-to-be-missed programs on rare films and recordings of notable music performers.

“Most of the things I’ve done have involved writing,” Mal said. He has been variously an editor, writer, publicist and columnist. Writing is a mysterious talent: some claim you are born with it. Mal said, “It’s a trade somewhere between a mystic and a tailor. Every writer spends a lot of time trimming edges and trying to make the stitching seamless.” He also has a good memory and the ability to retrieve items. I first noted this special ability when we were working together on *The Forester*. I was forever asking him for author’s names that had escaped me. Or lines of poetry from obscure poets. Or for the source of a quotation of which I knew only one word. I don’t remember him ever striking out.

Mal was born in Scranton, PA. “Everyone must come from somewhere,” he noted sagely. He started writing early and hoped for a literary career after prudently eliminating firefighting and cow-punching. His father, a furniture store owner, and his mother, a social worker, packed him off at a young age to Choate, which had a great influence on him. He chafed at the strict discipline, which he said was



Dickensian by today’s standards, but the quality of some of the teachers was extraordinary, and “they allowed me to be an eccentric.” He became editor of the school literary magazine and won a short-story prize from the *Atlantic Monthly* that awarded a four-year scholarship to the University of Pittsburgh. His parents kindly permitted him to go where his father had gone: Harvard.



The difference from Choate was dramatic. At Harvard he was on his own. After practicing the usual wretched excesses, he started collecting jazz records in the black section of Boston and hanging out where music was played. He had the coveted (?) 1-3 a.m. slot on the Harvard radio station, where he indulged his varied tastes as a disc jockey. This was the start of his lifelong collection of recorded music, first jazz, later classical and other.

Mal graduated during the Korean War and became a lieutenant in the artillery, spending most of two years in Germany. After the Army he apprenticed himself to a horse trainer in New England and pursued the Sport of Kings for a year. He discovered he was not cut out to be a trainer—too much veterinary work, too much promoting, and “one’s world was circumscribed by a horse oval.” Needless to say, his parents had been appalled by his decision to be a patron of the track.

He decided to pursue writing as a copy boy on *The Washington Post*. A lowly job but available

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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

Your Residents' Association has been assisting the Director of Facility Services in preparing an emergency evacuation plan in case (for any reason) we must leave our campus. This plan is nearing completion and will soon be presented to the Caucus Leaders for their comments. The Caucus organization is the core of the plan. If the Caucus structure fails, then the plan fails. The plan is complicated, involving off campus host facilities and massive transportation. A companion "Resident Procedures and Responsibilities" is also being written, and each resident will receive a copy. There will be a presentation in the auditorium to introduce the residents to the plan, and a simulated evacuation will be conducted later to test the plan. I'm asking all residents to become familiar with the plan when it is released. (And I pray we never have to use it.)

Our Administration is committed to submit the application for Medicare certification by January 31st, so barring any unforeseen circumstances, by the time you read this it will be a *fait accompli*. We are now looking forward to a time line of tasks to be accomplished, with periodic progress reports.

Isn't our new photo directory terrific? Remember that the directory was published by your Association. Kudos to **Ethel Foote, Bernie Bender** and **Ed Albrecht** for a job well done.

Don't forget that your Association dues should be paid by February 12.

Thanks to **Tom Gallie** for offering to be Project Leader on our efforts to get high speed Internet service at The Forest. Any questions you have should be referred to Tom.

Susan and I will be leaving this month on

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In Memoriam

James Calvin

December 29, 2006

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long awaited trip to Hawaii. During our six weeks absence, Penelope Easton (your VP) will govern the Residents' Association. Please give Penelope your cooperation and support.

Jim Shuping



The TFAD Library needs your help!

To keep our library open around the clock with a volunteer staff of residents, everyone has responsibilities:

Please do not take out a book before it has been processed with card and pocket.

Take out puzzles by signing them out on the card inside the puzzle box, and file that card in the brown file box on the puzzle shelves. Then when finished, just retrieve the card and put it back in the puzzle box. (No need to take puzzles to the desk.)

Take paperbacks from the classroom without signing them out. Then return them to the desk when finished.

For OASIS books, please return them on OASIS days; but if you will be away at the time, leave them on the desk with your name and a note saying they're for OASIS.

Please do not take out reference books.

You may make photocopies.

Newspapers must stay intact in the library.

Magazine donations (current ones only!) should be placed on the desk for our volunteers to shelve in alphabetical order.

Please wait until our volunteers have time to sort recent donations in the boxes in the classroom. Do not go into them!

Please do not sign out anything on a slip of paper. Use the notebook on the desk if the item does not have a card—such as the Harvard Classics.

Remember that new acquisitions are put on

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Objectives

The Forester is published by and at the expense of The Residents' Association. Its purpose is to inform and entertain the residents. It serves as a vehicle for the writings of the residents, and should, to the extent possible, be the work of the people living here. It is not a "gripe sheet" and should exercise restraint in publishing controversial opinions. It also serves as a resource for preserving the history of The Forest at Duke.

Homecoming

(Continued from page 3)

the big table when they are ready.

Our library is one of our best assets at TFAD.
Let's keep it running smoothly!

Mary Ruth Miller



Weather Report, February 2

It is weather quite unfit for any hound dog!

The whole world seems to be shrouded in a
ground fog.

But look on the bright side;

The miasma would quite hide

Any shadow that might spook a sleepy ground hog.

George Chandler

In the summer of 1969 I was in Ft. Devens US Army Hospital located in Ayer, Massachusetts. I was being treated for wounds I had received 11 months earlier while serving with the 5th Special Forces (Green Berets) in the Republic of Vietnam.

I decided to go home on leave one day and I wanted to surprise my family who were not yet aware that I was able to walk on my own. I grabbed my trusty cane, put on my uniform and left for Connecticut. A fellow soldier gave me a ride to the Massachusetts Turnpike where I had planned to hitchhike home. I was standing on the side of the road with my thumb out when a Massachusetts State Trooper pulled over. He rolled down his window and said, "Sergeant, do you know it's against the law to hitchhike on the Massachusetts Turnpike?" I replied, "No sir, I did not know that." He said, "Well, it is!" I thought that was the end of my bright idea of surprising anyone at home since I had no money with which to buy any type of ticket home. The trooper then asked where I was heading. I explained I was trying to get home and surprise my family. When he said "I can't allow you to hitchhike," my heart became heavy for a brief moment, until he smiled and said, "Hop in. I can take you part of the way anyway." What followed after that was what made me understand what most police officers are about, and I came to a realization that maybe I would like to try my hand at police work some day.

The trooper drove and drove and drove. Then he told me he needed to stop and make a call. I waited in his car. He came back and told me he had a surprise but did not elaborate. Approximately twenty minutes later we made it to the Connecticut border. I then realized what his phone call did. A Connecticut State Trooper was parked at the side of the road waiting to give me a ride. I don't think I could have ever thanked that Massachusetts trooper enough. Fortunately for me, it did not end there. The Connecticut trooper, a veteran himself, gave me a ride to Norwalk, where a Norwalk Police Department car was waiting to give me a ride. He took me to New Canaan, where a police officer from that town was

(Continued on page

Mal

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only to college graduates with satisfactory grades. There he met his first wife, Louise, an assistant woman's editor. Very late one night she was approached in the newsroom by a man who said he was being followed by aliens. Mal, the only other person there, sat him down, typed some of his wondrous story, then called the press room to hold the presses for the story. Actually, he called the security guard, who later discovered that the man was a violent mental patient escaped from St. Elizabeth's. "He was a fellow inmate of Ezra Pound. We got a good grade of maniacs in Washington," Mal recalled. The mere copy boy took the editor to a 5 a.m. breakfast, beginning a friendship that led to marriage for 39 years.

The *Post* job led to a reporter's position on *Broadcasting* magazine, which led to becoming coordinator of news information for NBC News, a job which included being David Brinkley's press agent. The job involved dealing with many Washington notables and celebrities such as George Bush senior, Edmund



Muskie, Indira Ghandi. And noted writers John Updike, Tom Stoppard, and Woody Allen. After five years, NBC lent Mal for a year to Plans for Progress, a government-industry coopera-

tion on equal employment. There he wrote some speeches for Vice President Hubert Humphrey (who, he said, ad-libbed after the first two minutes for a half hour anyway).

In 1968 Mal declined NBC's offer to move to New York and became a freelance, working for public television, United Artists, and the American Film Institute. He wrote articles on varied subjects and a weekly TV column for *Radio/TV Age*. With Barry Cole, he wrote a book on the Federal Communications Commission, *The Reluctant Regulators*, some of which was the basis for articles in *TV Guide* and the *Columbia Journalism Review*. It also won Book of the Year

from the Educational Broadcasters Association.

After six years of freelancing, Mal succumbed to the siren voice of the U.S. Information Agency, for which he had been writing dozens of articles. After several years in Washington, he spent three four-year tours in New Delhi, Vienna, and Paris. The most satisfying job was in India, where he was editor of a monthly magazine in English. "Our job was to tell Indians what's good about America. The Soviets had plenty to say about what is bad," Mal said. He was lucky enough to be Tom Stoppard's seatmate on a flight from England. Fortunately he had read or seen all of Stoppard's plays and was a real fan. This resulted in an interview for Mal's magazine.

He retired from USIA in 1994 and moved to Chapel Hill, where he wrote some 100 delightful and erudite columns for *The Chapel Hill Herald*.

Music is still one of Mal's interests, one of the many reflecting surfaces of a gemstone. He has taken over the master bedroom of his cottage (with a benevolent wife's permission) for his equipment, which is complicated but highly musical: nine speakers, two amplifiers, a magical sound processor and much other gear, a melange of buttons and commands to simulate concert halls, cathedrals or honky-tonks. Many writers believe music and writing are closely related: Virginia Woolf said, "Style in writing is a very simple matter: it is all rhythm. And once you get that, you can't use the wrong words."

An important milestone: Mal met and married Carol Phillips in 1999, a year after Louise died. As you might expect, their courtship had literary connections. They were both instructors and students at the Duke Institute of Learning in Retirement. They were warmly welcomed to The Forest in 2003. Mal said, "To quote 'Beale Street Blues,' I'd rather be here than any place I know."

Pete Seay

Welcome New Residents

Photos by Ed Albrecht

Ann Marie Langford

Apartment 4007

493-5458

My roots are firmly planted in North Carolina. I grew up in Mocksville, moved to Charlotte when I was sixteen and attended Greensboro College. After marriage to Tom Langford in 1951, I had one semester at Duke. Four sons later I re-enrolled. After one more semester Tommy said, "You have all the education I need." Meaning: when I get home at night I want dinner on the table. The university environment, with all it offers, continues to enrich me. I read, write, garden, travel, and cook. My sons are in Concord and Hillsborough, NC, Virginia, and Washington state. They are married; each has two children. The four girls and four boys range in age from seven to twenty-seven. My husband was primarily on the Divinity School faculty at Duke for forty-one years—he died February 13, 2000. When the days grow longer I'll spend time at my home at Lake Junaluska, NC.



Blaine and Irene Nashold

Apartment 4042

489-9728

Blaine is from South Dakota, Irene from western Pennsylvania. They met at Indiana University at the age of 17 and have been married for 63 years. They have four children: Susan the sous chef, Jim the neurosurgeon and writer, Annie the director of children's programs at Duke Gardens, and Sara the industrial consultant. Blaine was trained in neurosurgery at the McGill Montreal Neurological Institute and was professor of neurosurgery at Duke for 40 years. Among his many publications is a history of the practice of neurosurgery at Duke. He served for three years in the US Navy in Korea. Irene graduated from the Indiana University School of Nursing and was for a time the chief neurosurgical scrub nurse for the physician who cared for General Patton after his spinal injury. She has served as a volunteer at Durham Academy and Duke Gardens, and has been a member of the vestry at St. Philips Episcopal Church. The Nasholds' greatest pleasure was sailing their 40-foot Valiant yacht, the "Stormy Petrel." In 1985, Blaine and his North Carolina crew, "The Red-neck Riviera," won the 850 mile Miami-Montego Bay yacht race and later sailed in several Newport-Bermuda races. Irene became famous for her articles on cooking while sailing in storms and on the high seas. Blaine also collected and raced vintage English Aston Martins. Having now settled in at The Forest they look forward to new friends and experiences.



Ad Lib

“Give us this day our daily mask” ...Oscar Wilde

After 12 years of writing for *The Forester* my brain is running dry. I have exhausted my sources and in desperation have reworked a couple of columns. Now I am clutching at straws and have embellished some notes I have made in my diary:

I. The other day I had a 3:30 appointment with a Duke eye doctor. At a quarter to six I left the clinic just as the cleaning staff was setting up business. My eyes were fuzzy from drops. It was dark and I had difficulty locating my car. The imitation tiger tail I had protruding from my trunk had disappeared. It had been stolen by some low life. The eye clinic parking lot is gated, and as I passed out I complained to the gatekeeper, “Someone has gone off with my tail.” Only later did I realize why the man had such a startled look on his face.

II. “The Rat Pack bus leaves at 2:30,” I carefully wrote in my diary. I SHOULD have written 12:30. At 12:25, as I was coming home from Chapel Hill, my pals who were also going on the bus were frantically phoning and Security was searching my cottage for the body. The bus couldn’t wait and left without me. Ten minutes later I arrived home. The phone rang. The lady at the desk explained what had happened. I was shocked! The only solution was to take a taxi. Could she find one that could come immediately? Immediately was actually twenty minutes. The cab was bright red, the driver a heavily accented Pakistani. As we left the gates he announced he had never been to Raleigh and that he hoped that I knew where we were going. This was going to be a plunge into the unknown for the two of us. I could only get him to I-40 and head him in the right direction. I had never driven to Memorial Auditorium. His cell phone was ringing constantly. It turned out his boss had taken the day off, and my friend was running the office from his cab. The Pakistani was a man of many talents. One hand was on the phone, the other jotting down pickup ad-

resses. Between calls he was trying to contact fellow cabbies for tips on how to get to Memorial Auditorium. The driver wasn’t giving the cab much attention; it had a life of its own, speeding along at 70 miles an hour. My nerves were in disarray. The phone kept ringing, my friend kept chattering, and I kept sending up little prayers. I was either going to meet my Maker or my friends. Somehow we found Memorial Auditorium. At intermission, when I rose, Lazarus-like, from the audience, my pals were flabbergasted. I had missed only 15 minutes of the show.

Don’t miss the bus. It will add years to your life and flatten your wallet.

III. Back in the 60s women threw their hats away along with their brassieres. Hats have been hibernating in the backs of closets ever since. Don’t lose heart, ladies. In every woman there’s a hat waiting to get out and lots of them were out the day I went to the Monet Exhibit. The Museum was abloom with red hats. Red hats were everywhere. At least fifty hatted ladies were lunching in the Museum Café and enjoying themselves immensely. Apparently there are hundreds of these Red Hat groups across the country; women over fifty who go out together to have fun. It all began when Sue Ellen Lamparter read the poem “Warning,” by Jenny Joseph, depicting a woman in purple wearing a red hat. Sue Ellen invited her friend Linda to tea and told her to wear a purple dress and a red hat, and so it went, friend inviting friend, etc. There are hundreds of Red Hat Societies across America, and their conventions fill large hotels, all because a lady read a poem by Jenny Joseph.

Libby Getz

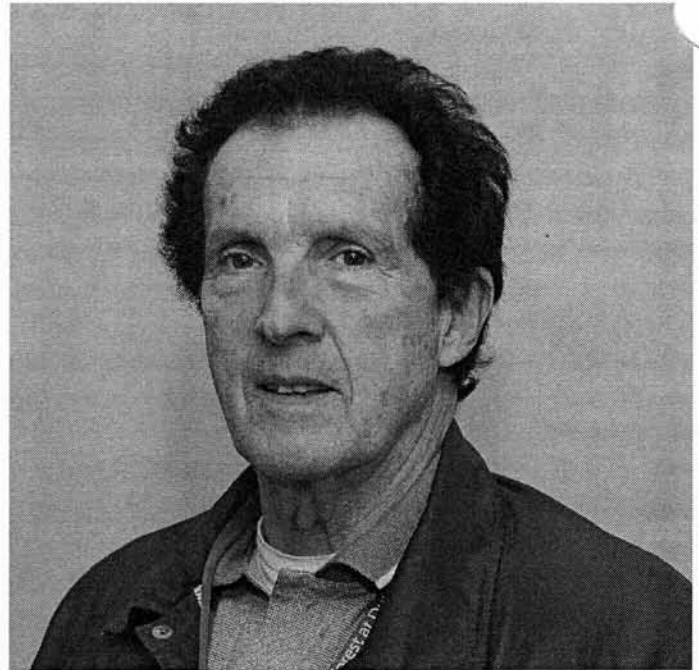
A Varied Career

Having seen a good bit of the world, David Robinson has settled down happily working at The Forest. "I like people and here there are successful and interesting people from whom I've learned a lot," he said.

Robinson works in the housekeeping department, as does his wife, Norma. They have been married since 1969 and have two sons, Clay and Daren, who began violin in the Duke String School under Dorothy Kitchen at age four and graduated when they were fifteen. Clay works part-time restoring old rental houses and Daren works with ADT Security. Norma belongs to the Lumbee Indian tribe.

At UNC David earned degrees in history and French literature, later earning a Master's in Education. He also played trumpet with the marching band and the symphony. David first worked as a hair stylist, going to Paris to learn fine points of the art from L'Oreal. "I fell absolutely in love with France," he said. He remained there for more than three years, teaching in the French public school system in glamorous locales.

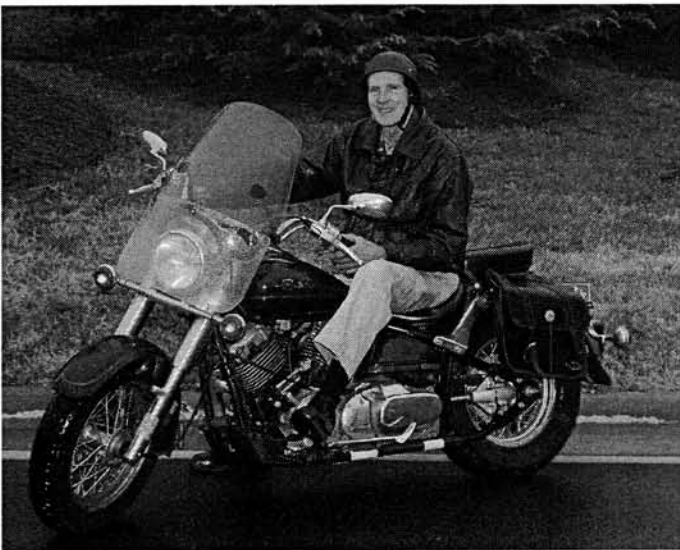
He returned to Durham, married Norma, and they set up a hair salon in the Jack Tar Hotel. Many of their clients had come to Durham for the "rice diet" program. David had grown up in Summerfield in Guilford County, N.C. He grew up next to a veterinarian and learned a good deal about animals.



Working with them was one of his early aspirations.

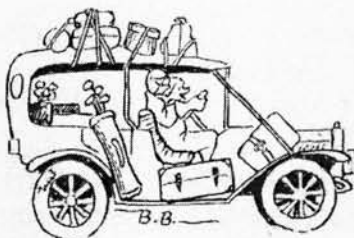
Like Thomas Wolfe, a fellow UNC graduate as he points out, David has a strong desire to learn about everything. In the 80s "my faith came alive" in Christianity: he learned some Greek to aid his Bible study and hopes to learn Hebrew

In his varied career David Robinson has taught in Durham as well as abroad, including Durham Academy where Tina Land was a fellow teacher. He came to The Forest in 2000. His hobbies include reading and horseback riding. He is a firm supporter of life-long learning. And looks forward to whatever comes next. His motto—maximize life!



Mal Oettinger

Resident Ramblings



This may not be June in January, but surely we can call it April in January! Daffodils are in bloom, as are forsythia, azaleas, and japonica. Will we see them again in 2007? The display on the foyer shelves this month is a must-see and worth a second look. The beautiful pottery was made by **Megan Quinn**, one of **Jarus** and **Peggy**'s talented daughters.

Cruises were popular with our residents this winter. **Ed** and **Laurel Sherman** flew to Lisbon, sailed to Tenerife in the Canary Islands, and then headed west to Brazil and Rio de Janeiro. **Ed** and **Hilda Remmers** are on a leisurely round the world cruise, which will last about four months. In December,

John and **Jeanne Blackburn** took a Caribbean cruise with their daughter and family; now they are in Florida for several weeks. **Priscilla Squier** was on a cruise with her son and grandson who returned here with her for a visit.

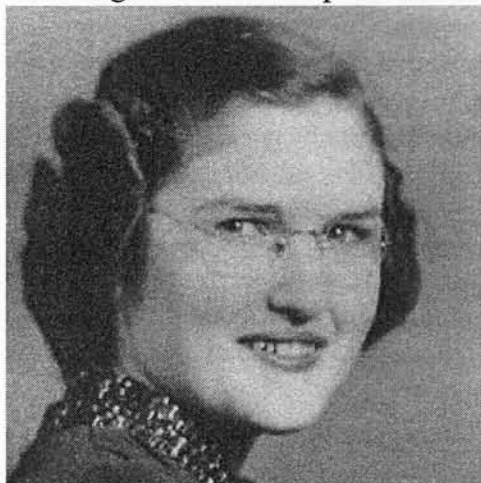
Barbara and **Bill Anderson** made a trip to Israel to visit friends. During their stay, this volatile region was quiet, and they learned much about that difficult situation. **Virginia Jones** was in Manchester, England, with other members of her family, visiting a daughter who teaches there. **Anne Rice** was in Oregon for Christmas with her son and family. **Ann Kirkpatrick** returned to McLean, Virginia, during the holidays. **Peter Wharton** was in Patagonia, Arizona, to visit his son.

Penelope Easton had a visit from her cousin **Ruth**. **Frank Sargent** has recently been hiking the "four corners" states—Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Colorado. He is a "High Pointer"—a title given to those who have climbed the highest elevation in each state.

Mary Gates

We repeat the January pictures because the hints were reversed.

Margie Burns—Sculptress



Mildred Fuller--Banker



From a Soldier in Germany

PM Newspaper, March 13, 1945

This letter was written by Lt. Harold Bobroff to Miss Marion Hemendinger, 141 E. 21st Street, Brooklyn, who will receive \$5 in War Stamps which *PM* awards daily to the best letter from a serviceman or woman. Address letters to *PM*'s Soldier Letter Editor.

This is it. These are the words of the medium Tank Company Commander to his men early one morning.

The organization has had a rest, we are re-grouped, our tanks have been cleaned, repaired and restored. Now we are parked in the assembly area sweating out the weather. The weather hasn't been good. Each morning the same message from Hdq. "WEATHER NOT RIGHT." Day after day this was the first information that we received.

At last the words that "this is it," greeted us. We knew that the weather was right and were ready.

H-hour is 12:45. Every man knows his job. The entire attack has been well planned, every detail has been considered, and everyone has confidence in the outcome.

Thirty minutes before H-hour the air is filled with the roar of powerful engines. Each driver has started his engine.

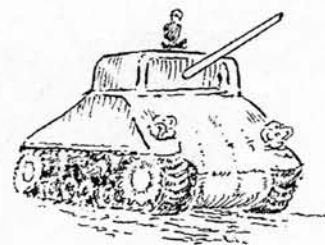
The Lts. are together for the last minute details. Then H minus 20 and the first vehicle moves into the road. Timing must be perfect, we must reach the line of departure at exactly the right time.

One by one the massive Shermans move into the road. We can see some of the names that adorn the tanks. There's Double-Dare, V, perhaps number six will be born within the week. Death and Destruction, an appropriate name for the Company Commander's tank. That's our Regimental Motto. Here comes D-Day. She's been hit eight times so far and we're all hoping that she won't share the philosophy of the cat with nine lives.

They move on, their large colored identification panels shining brightly in the noonday sun. The good Chaplain is here, standing ankle deep in mud,

giving absolution and blessing each man as we roll by.

The war correspondents are here snapping pictures of men, some of whom will be heroes, and others who will never come back or attack again.



As we move along the muddy road each man has his own thoughts. The Lts. still thinking of the details of the attack, looking back to be sure that all vehicles are on the way and that everything is all right. Each tank commander is checking his inter-phone, thinking about his job, where he is going, his predesignated targets and the proximity of the enemy. All others, crew members, drivers, gunners, cannoners and bog gunners, checking instruments, weapons and ammunition. There can be no lost motion in action.

In addition to their professional thoughts, each man has his own personal ones. Mental pictures of home and childhood flash through his mind. He sees his sweetheart or his wife saying, "Good luck, honey, hurry home." Perhaps he wonders for a moment whether he'll ever see these things again.

Then as though a voice in the night, the radio barks, "Move out and give them hell!" We jump off, and the attack is on. All personal thoughts vanish and everyone concentrates on his individual job. That funny feeling in the stomach appears, then is lost as the fight begins.

As the darkness begins to roll in, we have taken our second objective. The manual labor begins now. Ammunition is brought up, gasoline and oil also. Under cover of darkness we resupply our vehicles preparing for the next day's operation. Towards morning we are once again ready. It's too late to sleep, it's beginning to get light. Someone suggest eating. Yes, we all agree we should eat, it's been quite a time since the last meal. We each take a "K" ration and make the attempt, but the appetite just isn't there. Oh well, we'll eat later.

(Continued on page 11)

From a Soldier...continued

(Continued from page 10)

Morning comes and the attack continues. Perhaps we'll stop; we don't. Another night, another day, another attack and at last the final objectives. Then we stop, yes we stop, stop and sit here in our tanks waiting for a fresh unit to relieve us. We sit there ready to repel counterattacks and to hold the ground at all costs; we sit there ready, five in a tank, it's crowded and cold, but it's not so bad. We just sit there and willingly sweat it out.

Then at last the good word that the unit is on the way up to relieve us.

Once again the drivers warm their engines and we prepare to move out. This time, however, it's not to attack, but to rest.

As we move out this time the thoughts are all personal. We move back along the ground that we have wrenched from the enemy's hand. We think of friends that are gone, gone on the path that all warriors have trod in days gone by. We pass one of our fortunate tanks, and tears that to a casual spectator seem foolish drop from the Company Commander's eyes. If you listen close you can faintly hear him saying, "Well done, my boys; rest in peace."

We continue on. The scene has changed considerably. Sixteen tanks started, ten are returning. Then the tanks were cleaned, the equipment and clothing neatly stacked on the rear of the tank. Now each tank is muddy, the neat piles of equipment are torn to shreds by fragments of shells. Each of us left the assembly area in the sunshine, clean-shaven and happy. Now riding along in the rain we return with dirty beards, blood shot eyes and that tired worn out look.

Yes, Marion, the scene has changed. Many of my friends won't be in the chow line. Many tanks will never again attack. That's okay, we made the attack and accomplished our mission, and now we get a bath and a hot meal, and the best of all, some blessed sleep.

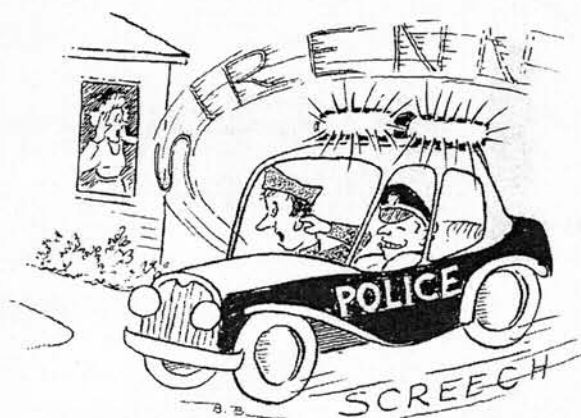
Homecoming continued

(Continued from page 4)

waiting for me. The New Canaan officer then took me directly to my home, which at the time was just across the New York state border, at which time he pulled up to my house and scared the #\$\$%^ out of my mother and family by turning on his lights and siren to announce my arrival.

I could never thank all those officers enough for what they did back then. I found that Vietnam vets were not always met with kind words, much less kind actions. Less than two years later I began a twenty-three year career in law enforcement, which turned out to be the most rewarding career I could have ever asked for. You never know what will change your path. I hope I did them proud.

Chuck Walkley



Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

Pertaining to Washington and Lincoln

ADDRESS	DOUGLAS	GUN	MT VERNON	SHERMAN
AX	EMANCIPATION	HERO	NEGROES	SLAVERY
BEARD	ELECTION	HORSE	ORATOR	SOLDIER
BOOTH	ELECTED	ILLINOIS	PEALE	SOUTH
CAPITOL	FEBRUARY	INAUGURAL	PENNY	STATUE
CHIEF	FIRST	LAW	PISTOL	SURVEYOR
CIVIL WAR	GENERAL	MARTHA	PORTRAIT	TAD
COLONIAL	GEORGE	MARY	POTOMAC	THEATER
CONFEDERACY	GETTYSBURG	MEDAL	REVOLUTION	TREATY
	GRANT	MONUMENT	REPUBLICAN	UNANIMOUS