

# THE FORESTER

Volume 13 Issue 8

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

May 2007

## Glorious George

"If you give me your attention, I will tell you what I am:  
Self-confident: a polymath, whose learning is no sham."

From *The Forester*, poem by GC

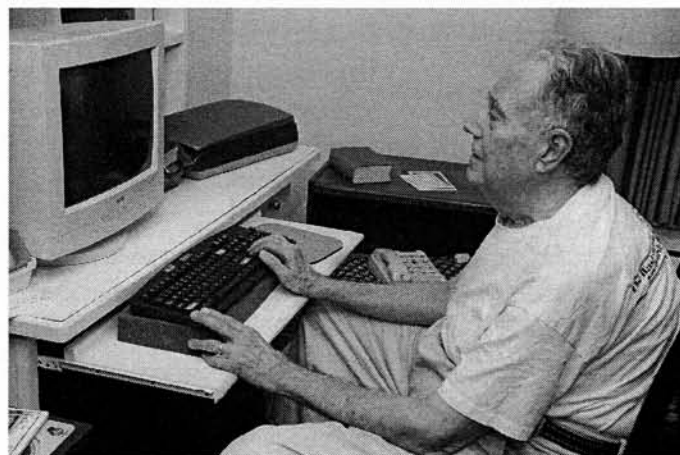
George Chandler is a Renaissance Man, a connoisseur of varied musical forms, the author of 12 novels and innumerable light verse, a scholar of the classics, an authority on the buildings of Britain, world traveler, teacher, and lawyer. Otherwise, he's a good guy.

Seriously folks (as another native of Waukegan, Ill., used to say), George has an array of truly impressive accomplishments. He has had a enormous impact on The Forest, and long-time residents appreciate what he can do. He has been a stalwart contributor to this publication: verse, prose, residents' bios. A just summary of his life and times would fill many issues.

Among his youthful adventures, at 8 and 9 George learned the streets of Washington, D.C., thanks to a permissive grandmother, swimming in fancy hotel pools, visiting the Smithsonian, and by trolley and bus exploring many corners of the capital. George feels this may have influenced the site



At George's 50th class reunion at Lawrence.



of his career.

He went to Lawrence University in Appleton, Wisconsin, where he was grilled for three hours during his honors exam by President Nathan Pusey, soon to be president of Harvard. He earned a law degree at the University of Illinois and became an instructor at the University of Pennsylvania. He taught legal writing – a subject he later tried to instill in generations of Washington government lawyers.

While he was in Philadelphia he began to see more of another Lawrence graduate, Marjorie Olsen, a longtime friend living in Princeton, who was a statistician at the Educational Testing Service. George and Marjorie were married in 1962. They both worked as civil servants in Washington, Marjorie for the federal office that later became the Department of Education.

George held top positions with the Interstate Commerce Commission (George's great-great grand-

*(Continued on page 11)*

**The Forester**

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Joanne Ferguson, *Editor-in-Chief*

Maidi Hall, *Text Editor*

Tom Gallie, *Graphics Editor*

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Paul Bryan, *Circulation Manager*

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*Editorial Assistants*

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## President's Podium

Susan and I are happy to be back at The Forest. I realized that when we visited with friends and family across the country that we referred to The Forest as "Home." That is a tribute to our staff, our neighbors and our community.

I want to thank Penelope Easton, your Vice-President, for tending to the business of The Association during my absence. She performed her duties in an outstanding manner.

For those of you who may not have heard: The recommendation from our Board of Directors, that the TFAD Board modify the way residents are selected to be directors on the Board, was referred to the Board Governance Committee for review and recommendation. We hope that the Governance Committee rules favorably on our recommendation.

The TFAD Board Long-Range Planning Committee met last month to review our Strategic Plan. The Plan was prepared three years ago by a collaborative effort of TFAD Board members, TFAD Staff and TFAD residents, led by an outside facilitator. The Planning Committee will meet in special session next month to identify those goals and objectives in The Plan that need updating.

The opportunity to host the Eastern Region of the CCCR-NC meant that all of you were good will ambassadors for the day. You performed well, and our visitors were certainly impressed by our beautiful community.

The revised Resident's Handbook contains information pertinent to all residents. Please review this material and become a better informed resident of our community. The Handbook will answer most of your questions. If it doesn't, remember you always have the Event Report as backup.

Jim Shuping

## In Memoriam

Carl John Setzer, Jr.

April 21, 2007

Margie Strader Burns

April 22, 2007

## LOVE YOUR LIBRARY



In addition to providing entertainment, our library is a source of help and information of many kinds.

Everyone knows about the copier, which is the responsibility of the Residents' Association, with Jane Jones in charge. Its honor system requires paying ten cents per copy, or an IOU in the box. Close to it is the shredder, which gets a lot of use. Please remember, though, to clear it when you have finished your shredding. Just reverse it.

The shelves in the copy room hold many maps and various reference materials. Driver's Handbooks are kept there, along with back issues of *The Forester*. The Driver's Handbooks are used frequently. When you have finished with one, please return it for someone else. (Or pick up a new one for the library when you renew your license.) The NC Estate Procedure pamphlet copies have all been taken now, but they are free by calling the Clerk of the Superior Court, 564-7070.

Close by is the library's computer with its printer. Our honor system requires ten cents per page printed to cover our costs for paper and ink cartridges. Instructions for the computer are on its desk. The telephone there (for local calls only) requires dialing "9" for an outside line, but offices with the "419" prefix need only their four digits dialed.

Someone suggested we might offer passport information. Instead of trying to keep it on hand, we suggest you just call 877-487-2778, or use the computer at <http://travel.state.gov>. Leaving the country even for Canada or Mexico now requires a passport, and the process takes several

weeks without paying an extra fee.

Near the main desk is an enlarger for making small print easier to read. Just turn it on.

Behind the main desk are numerous references. You might be surprised what you can find: atlases, dictionaries of several kinds (foreign language, rhyming, and even crossword puzzle ones), books of quotations, encyclopedias, almanacs, thesauri, university directories, many medical references, TFAD committee reports, bound copies of *The Forester* and *Forest Forward*, investment reports, and even a 12-volume set of the *Interpreter's Bible*.

Because these materials do get out of date, we are happy to receive any new editions. We want to keep everything current to best serve our community. Thank you for your help.

Mary Ruth Miller

### ENCORE STORE

The next open days for the store, and the last before the summer break, are **Tuesday, May 8, from 4-5PM** and **Wednesday, May 9 from 11:15-1:00PM**. The store is stocked entirely by contributions from residents—mostly newcomers who find they have brought more than they need and have space for. Proceeds are donated to our Benevolent Fund. The volunteers, who have been running the store for 12 years, are planning to step aside and make way for new members. For details of the shop and to volunteer your services call **Evebell Dunham (419-0635)**.



## A Very Blue Note

In the fall of 1942 American divisions were preparing to go overseas. The regular Army band-leaders (graduates of the Army Musical School for bandmaster training) in many of the units were at retirement age and not physically fit for combat duty. Half of our class was therefore being assigned to active units after only a month of training. My destiny was the 32nd Infantry Band of the Seventh Division stationed at San Luis Obispo, California.

The regiment was just returning from desert maneuvers when I arrived and there was much speculation about being sent to Africa. As usual the rumors could hardly have been farther from the truth, as we realized several months later when we were issued parkas and heavy winter uniforms.

The noncoms in charge of the band were all regular army. Master Sergeant Melvin handled day to day administration, Sergeant Baudoin, supplies, and Staff Sergeant Roger Moore, a cocky fellow, was the drum major. The other bandsmen were all draftees and included a lively swing band. I knew less than any of them about standard band routine but they were friendly and tolerant and I learned fast. Colonel Culin, our regimental Commander, was a tough old soldier with a soft spot for music and the band. With daily rehearsals we were soon making a pretty brave sound. At the urging of the men in the swing band who had little respect for Staff Sergeant Moore, who was a sad jazz trumpeter but who lorded it over them, I took over the leadership. It was then that I began my next great experience with jazz. Our brilliant lead trumpet, Jack Stafford, was a hot arranger; and later Allen Schrader, a pianist, arranged the ballads for Billy Payne whom we booked as "The Poor Man's Bing Crosby." He did sound very much like the popular Bing and had the same sunny nature. Because we played for so many dances we were excused from standing reveille. No complaints about that!

To take advantage of the swing band's popularity, I made a new seating arrangement for the full band concerts with the jazz outfit in the middle. This way we could mix marches, full band versions of the great classics, and pop tunes in the arrangements of

the Glenn Miller, Benny Goodman, Duke Ellington and Dorsey bands. We were delighted to find that this varied fare was received enthusiastically by audiences made up of listeners of all musical persuasions.

When just before Christmas leaves and furloughs were given for the holidays we had mixed reactions, for we sensed that they were the prelude to going into combat. Upon our return, a move to Fort Ord, an embarkation point, confirmed our foreboding. While we waited all duties continued, including parades for visiting dignitaries and playing for retreat every afternoon. One of the last parades almost brought dishonor on the band when just as we had turned to march past the reviewing stand, a mangy mongrel raced on the field and started nipping at the heels of our unpopular drum major. I could imagine catastrophe if the band broke up, so I picked up a stone and made a bull's eye on the mongrel's rump. With a howl he streaked off the field, saving the day. I felt that I should have received a medal for marksmanship.

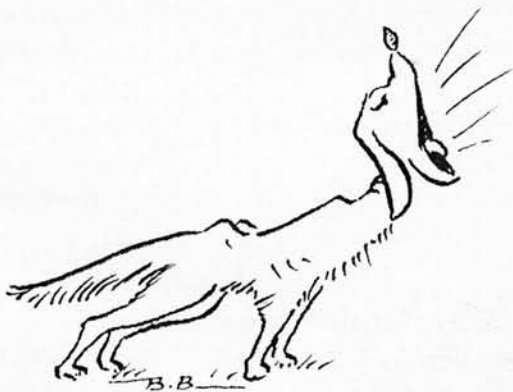


This was not the end of the story, however, for at retreat the next day just as we began the Star Spangled Banner the same mongrel wandered into our formation and plopped down in front of our cocky drum-majoring trumpeter. Now Staff Sergeant Moore liked to embellish the climax of the anthem by going up to a high B flat near the end to in

**A Very Blue Note....**

press his admirers. It happens that a very blue A flat can just as easily be produced on the instrument. Just at the beginning of the phrase the mongrel let out a prolonged, doleful howl and Sergeant Moore hit the A flat instead of the B flat, his tone shattering like a fizzled skyrocket. The band broke up completely. This may have been the first "Unfinished Star Spangled Banner." We got back to the barracks as best we could and wondered what repercussions there might be to our debacle. Fortunately there were none.

Bob Ward

**In re May 1<sup>st</sup>**

I.

A gentleman well past his heyday

Quite desperately longed for a payday.

As the spring weather warmed

His creditors swarmed

Which gave a grim meaning to May Day.

II.

On May Day if the weather's fine

Put up Maypoles and pour May wine;

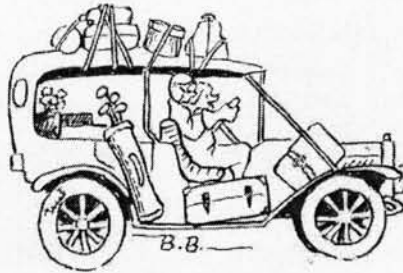
But curb the whim

To paint your trim

Lest Mayflies spoil your grand design.

George Chandler

## Resident Ramblings



Remember Easter? The Easter Bunny was hopping around to the delight of ALL the children. There were so many happy families here. **Peter Hoffman** believes they served around 290 in the Main Dining Room, plus a number in the cafeteria and the health center. Congratulations to Peter and all the Food Service!

It is "Welcome back" to **Hilda and Ed Remmers**. We look forward to hearing about their long trip around the world on the *Queen Mary II*. **Helen Corbett** spent Easter with her son in Philadelphia, enjoying "haute cuisine." **Caroline Long** is also enthusiastic about a trip to Philly. She went on a Steve Tuten tour, which focused on the King Tut exhibit at the Art Museum. **Hildegard Ryals** visited old friends in London and Germany. **Betty Lamar** spent Easter at the Homestead in West Virginia and attended service at a small beautiful church in the

mountains. **Marian Krugman** spent three weeks on a tour to Turkey.

**Harriet and George Williams** spent a month in Charleston, then are doing a cruise of the Greek Islands. This will be followed by a bicycle tour in France with their grandchildren. **Loma Young** will be in Montana visiting her niece in May. How well will this southern lady like the Wild West? **Sarah McCracken** and **Earl Davis** took a cruise on the Intercoastal Waterway from Jacksonville to Charleston. **Evebell Dunham** will be in St. Louis during May.

**Jim Thompson**, Facilities Services Director, has two daughters who each had a son in different cities within 12 hours! Babies, mothers, even grandparents are doing well!

Mary Gates

**Who are these handsome residents?**  
Watch the Bulletin Board for identities later.



Played Sax in Paul Bryan's Band at Duke



Another Duke Grad Ready to Step Out in the World

## Ad Lib

When asked where the planes that bombed Hiroshima originated, President Roosevelt replied, "Shangri-La."

LAOS:

I have been to Shangri-La. I have been to Laos.

The small bronze objects shaped like birds and animals on my hall chest are Laotian opium weights, which measured the drug in the days when opium was an everyday commodity there. I remember vividly our visit to Laos in 1951. It was truly a Shangri-La; remote, peaceful, poetic and difficult to find on a map. Just achieving it was a victory. Few did. There was a decrepit offshoot of Air France that flew from Cambodia twice a week but only after eleven o'clock when the morning mist had burned off. The plane ran on gas and champagne and both plane and pilots were well fueled at take-off. The destination was a clearing at the edge of the jungle. Somehow the plane found its landing, but that was not the end of the journey. We had to walk a short distance to a river's edge where a small raft was waiting to take us across. There our party was met by the Crown Prince and his wife, who conveyed us in ancient limousines to palace guest quarters.

We were dressing for dinner and were at that stage where the husband asks his wife to put his studs in his shirt. There were no studs. I had forgotten to pack them! At this point I sacrificed my rather large pearl earrings, positioned them on the shirtfront and secured them in back with safety pins. John looked like a gambler who had made it big at Las Vegas.

We walked the short distance to dinner up a hill, along a path lighted by hundreds of twinkling candles. The old king spoke no known language so there was lots of smiling, gestures and bobbing up and down. Dinner was charming. Plaintive music from native instruments filled the background. Saronged servants bustled about, plying us with interesting food. There were speeches (in French), toasts, and the giving of medals. John was made a member of the Order of a Million White Elephants and the White Parasol. After dinner, and perhaps because he was at a loss as to how to entertain the visiting

Americans, the King had chests brought in containing palace treasure. The contents were spilled at his feet. The evening ended with the Royal Family and the Americans on their hands and knees examining wonderful gold and silver objects, jeweled boxes, luminous handwoven silks, all the things a king needs to keep house.

The next morning we went shopping with the Crown Princess. No malls here, only a native market and "the boats." These were manned by the artisans, gold- and silversmiths and weavers who lived up-river. There were treasures to be had. I bought three large pieces of gorgeous silk, one woven with gold thread, and—the opium weights.

Laos suffered dreadfully during the Vietnamese War. The old king died shortly after our visit and later the Crown Prince and Princess were starved to death by the Communists.

Sic transit Shangri-La.

Libby Getz

## Youth Is Relative

The young girl, do I hear you say?  
Can I believe my hearing-aided ears?  
You want me in the new play?

All that sadness, even frequent tears  
As I tried for each and every part.  
Maid or mother I was cast those years.

Hope constantly lay in my heart  
That goodness could shine through,  
That pretty could be replaced by smart.

Weird happenings when life begins anew  
Imagine an eighty-year-old ingenue!

Penelope Easton



## What To Do?

There was much excitement and an air of anticipation in the small embassy. The announcement had just been made that a U.S. Navy atomic aircraft carrier would be arriving on an official visit. Many preparations and arrangements to be finalized—flowers, food, guest list, invitations.

The evening arrived and the reception began. Thirty senior officers in full formal dress were our guests in the Residence garden.

It was decided that we should host a smaller, informal party at our house—a lovely villa on the shore of the Mediterranean. After consulting with our cook-housekeeper, Mohammed, the menu was planned. Drinks and hors d'oeuvres to be followed by a buffet, lamb curry with all the accompaniments, a salad and the house specialty—armagnac pie. Mohammed to do the shopping for the ingredients that morning in the local souk. During the afternoon while I was reading in another room, I heard busy preparations in the kitchen. It seemed to me that there was an inordinate amount of pounding but I was not concerned.

At 6:30 the “embassy family” welcomed the naval officers. Drinks etc. were served and things went along smoothly. Dinner was announced. The table looked fine with candles, silver and linen nicely laid out. Imagine my surprise and horror at the sight of the food. Unpeeled bananas, oranges and cucumbers, coconut in the shell, yogurt in a tub and lamb bones pounded into the meat. Good husband and I were aghast. What to do?

After a call to the nearby Italian restaurant we all went there and had a great time with the Chianti flowing and delicious food.

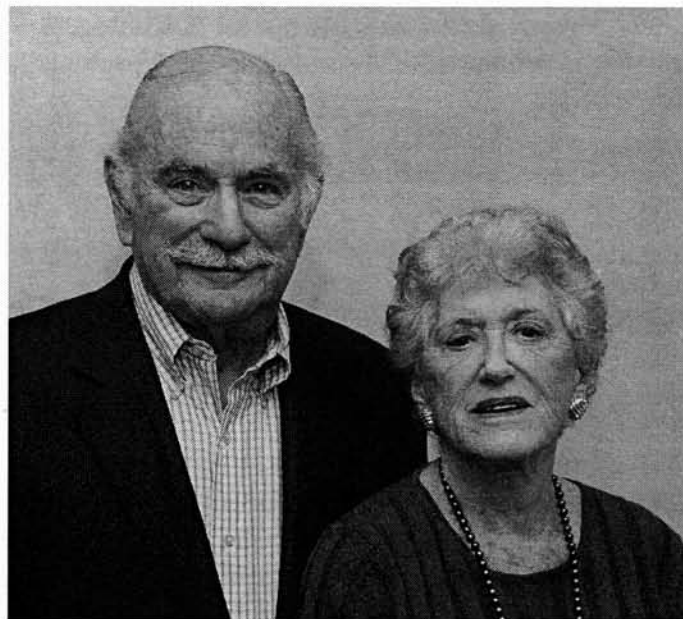
When we arrived home we looked at each other. Again, what to do? We realized that if we were to discuss the evening with Mohammed we would have to dismiss him. He was a proud man, a superb cook and ran the house flawlessly. He had never caused us a moment's worry.

The next day things returned to the normal routine in the house.

The incident was never mentioned again.

**Priscilla Squier**

## Welcome New Residents



Stan and Marilyn Ulick

Cottage 49

419-9801

Marilyn and Stan Ulick were born in New York City and attended grade and high school in Bayside and Flushing, Queens County. Marilyn earned her BA in psychology at Smith College. Stan is a Syracuse University grad and majored in business administration. He made his work career as a senior department store executive. Stan joined the Tenth Mountain Division ski troops during World War II as an infantryman and saw combat in Italy in 1945. He and Marilyn met after the war and have been married for 56 years. They lived most of those years in New York and came to the Forest from Governor's Club in Chapel Hill. Marilyn has been a sculptor and, most recently, a quilter using men's ties in her designs. She enjoys reading and most crafts. Stan was a volunteer construction worker with Habitat for Humanity in Orange County for six years. They have a son in Naperville, Illinois, and a daughter in Marietta, Georgia, and are the devoted grandparents of seven grandchildren.



## Wandering in The Forest



I was loitering at the front desk when **Pat Gallagher** got the astounding news that **Laurie** and **Bryan Lach** were scheduled to pick up Gillian Grace, their six-month-old baby from Korea, on Friday, April 13, at Washington Dulles Airport at 7:10pm.

As I went down to see Laurie, I got the further astounding news that **Jim Thompson's** two daughters had had their first babies within twelve hours of each other on the weekend. The boys are **Seth Ryan** and **Caleb Michael**.

The topic for April 12 **Reminisce** was World War II..

**Harold Bobroff** volunteered for the Naval Air Corp in 1940 but was turned down because he had some acne on his shoulders. You had to have an "unblemished skin" to be accepted. He rode a tank throughout the war though he never saw one until he got to North Africa. In Sicily with Patton as he outran Montgomery ("the movie Patton got it right") he was for a time made the police commissioner of Palermo. Then off to England to train for D-day, landing on D-day +4, then on to the Elbe River. Always in his tank, calling in air strikes, tank crews frequently changed, he fought the war feeling like the Lone Ranger.

**Ray Blackman** remembered his draft number: **158**, and went into the infantry in 1941. Since he had typing and shorthand he was put in the Quartermaster Corps where he stayed for 5 years and 5 days. He opened Camp Butner and shortly thereafter got a Dear John letter (sympathetic sounds from us all at this), "but it was the best thing that ever happened to me!" When he got on a train that was filled with Ohio Wesleyan girls there was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, whom he married a year later. He and the beautiful **Lucile** will have been married 65 years this fall. He was eventually sent to Belfast where he unloaded the troops being assembled for D-day from the *Queen Mary* and *Queen Elizabeth*.

"You probably unloaded me!" says Harold from across the room. After VE Day Ray was sent to the Philippines with a planned Osaka landing. VJ Day intervened.

**George Bogulavsky** spent the war catching Japanese spies. He was trained in interrogation techniques, including body language, such as the subtle clue that the Western beckoning motion is done in Japan with the palm down. He ended up in MacArthur's headquarters.

**Keith Burkett** was working on his PhD at Wisconsin when Pearl Harbor was bombed, was too old for most branches of the service and ended up in Motor Operations. A few days after D-day he was attached to the 82d Airborne on a supply ship and became part of the burial service. After VE day he was off to the Pacific. When the war ended he went back to University of Wisconsin on the G.I. Bill.

**Martha Mendenhall** spent the war as an instructor of Link Trainers. The sound in the trainer was punishing, necessitating two hours on and two hours off. She later taught Celestial Navigation, where she stayed until war's end. "It was as good a job as you could get," she says and she treasures the friendships from that time; a round robin letter has circulated for years. She still has a little ring a soldier at a dance gave her to keep for him until he came back. (Some magical thinking here.)

**Clare Eshelman's** husband **Craig** was an ensign, who was sent to diesel school at Cornell. She went home to her parents where she had their first baby without Craig. She spoke of how lonely that was, even with supportive family. She took a train to Craig's graduation with their son in a wicker basket. An older man helped her with the unfamiliar job of changing trains in Chicago.

**Catherine Tillmann's** fiancé was in the Naval Reserve; born, bred, and stationed in Brooklyn. They were married after three months and moved to Trenton. When their baby was born it died and Cath-

(Continued on page 10)

## Wandering in The Forest....

erine was hospitalized for some months. Her husband was allowed to stay for her recuperation if he volunteered for the submarine service. He did, became a machine shop worker, was sent to Guam where he was for four years. He never saw a bomb or heard a shot.

**Ruth Patterson** was working for the McCormick Spice Company and living at the YWCA in Baltimore at the war's outbreak. Mr. McCormick formed a group of 35 girl singers, who went all over that area to training camps to entertain the troops at least once a week for the entire war.

**Renee Lord** remembered for us the can of grease on the back of the stove to be recycled, along with all the rationed goods. None of us could remember how much gasoline was allowed, but the women remembered we could have only two pairs of shoes a year and that there was no elastic for underwear. Her mother, who was a Rosie the Riveter, got a recipe for soap making from the newspaper. It was worse than Naptha soap and they threw it out.

**Joyce Albrecht** said that Ed was working for Du Pont and making nylon and they wouldn't let him leave his job. There was no regular film to be had so Ed made a camera out of wood and his camera lens and used slide film to make pictures of all the babies and families to be sent to soldiers overseas.

**Anna Fetter** went to the dances for soldiers at Butner and had a grand time. She remembered especially a "little guy from Brooklyn" who was expert and with whom she danced away the night.

**Miriam Chandler's** husband had bad eyesight that kept him out of the service but he ran a factory making ammunition and worked every day from 6:30am to 9:30pm.

**Marion Bobroff** worked as a hostess at the recruiting center at Manhattan Beach and married Harold one month after he got home from the war.

Editor

## To My MAC On Losing a Sonnet To Cyberspace

(with an apology to John Milton)

When I consider how my life is spent,  
staring in horror at an empty screen,  
an hour's work I should have SAVE'd or SENT,  
gone like a ghost to join what might have been,

Gone forever to a black hole, or worse,  
black as the pit from pole to pole,  
lost in an alternative universe,  
inaccessible as the farthest worm hole.

I know, I know it's all my carelessness;  
ruthless demander of my perfection,  
your software guarantees your heartlessness,  
no mercy shown to thoughtless indiscretion.

Bit by bit I've learned to talk your special talk,  
icon, gigabyte, mouse (for heaven's sake!)  
but still, you watch my errors like a hawk,  
pouncing upon my tiniest mistake.

Buried in SPAM and other JUNK we hate,  
we also fret who only sit and wait.

Ned Arnett



## Glorious George continued

(Continued from page 1)

father Thomas McIntyre Cooley was its first chairman in 1887) and later the Department of Transportation (founded on April Fools Day 1967).

George tilted with bureaucratic windmills, trying to bring rationality to what he describes as “a relatively useless national policy of regulating interstate motor-carrier transportation.”

The job at DOT had some nice perks, such as touring Alaska with Gov. Wally Hickel. Since DOT had taken over responsibility for the Alaska Railroad, as well as the Coast Guard and the Federal Aviation Administration, all major employers in Alaska, he received VIP treatment, especially on a later trip with congressional staff he was trying to persuade to buy modern icebreakers for the Coast Guard.

George returned to the ICC in 1970 and spent most of the next half dozen years helping to sort out the confusion left by the bankruptcy of most of the northeastern railroads. He headed the Rail Services



At the Lamb in Lewes during a 65-mile walk. “It combined medieval charm with medieval comfort.”

Planning Office, where he established the federal government’s first Office of Public Counsel to insure that individual communities and businesses could have their views presented and considered during the structuring planning process.

The Chandlers traveled extensively, using their vacations to visit Europe and accompanying one another on assignments within the U.S. One frequent and rewarding destination was England, where they followed the Sign of the Acorn, which marked long-distance footpaths in England.

George was diagnosed as having glaucoma in his mid-thirties. By the age of 60 he was having trouble reading normal print and he became totally blind about five years ago. He accepted this challenge with his usual ingenuity and resourcefulness. The Chandlers moved to the Forest in 1996, influenced by his mother’s pleasant experience with retirement living and their long-time friendship with resident Ed Lee. George took the first of several courses at Hadley School for the Blind in Illinois, learning Braille and the skills needed to cope with his condition. He felt The Forest would be a manageable environment. Unfortunately, Marjorie needed the health facilities first and died in 2003.

George has organized his life precisely. He can cook, write his novels (and numerous *Forester* articles) on a computer that can read aloud what is on the screen. He has labeled his extensive music collection, his clothing, and his mailbox in Braille. He can navigate The Forest with his cane, though parked vehicles can be a problem. One night when he couldn’t sleep, he practiced touring the whole building at 4 a.m. (traffic was minimal).

He has contributed to the musical life of the Forest, commissioning a piece by Bob Ward for the Ciompi Quartet, arranging to have the Lawrence String Quartet perform in our auditorium, and organizing a memorial concert for his wife. The Chandler philanthropies focus on education and music, and enablement of the blind. He is a strong supporter of the Durham Savoyards, who perform the Gilbert and Sullivan he knows and loves so well.

Particularly endearing to this writer is George’s respect for supposedly inanimate creatures. He is very good to the stone bear who guards his apartment and his stuffed otters who have the run of the place.

Mal Oettinger

Bob Blake's  
**Puzzle**

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

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

**Flowers**

AFRICAN VIOLET	COSMOS	HYDRANGEA	NARCISSUS	ROSE
ALYSSUM	CROCUS	IMPATIENS	ORCHID	SAGE
AMARYLLIS	DAFFODIL	IRIS	PANSY	SNAP DRAGON
ASTER	DAHLIA	JAPONICA	PEONY	SPIREA
BABIES BREATH	DAISY	LILY	PETUNIA	SUNFLOWER
CANNA	GARDENIA	MARIGOLD	PHLOX	SWEET PEA
CHRYSANTHEMUM	HOLLYHOCK	MORNING GLORY	PINK	TULIP
COLUMBINE	HYACINTH	MRYTLE	POPPY	