

A Talent for Governing

My first exclusive: Sylvia Kerckhoff will not run for president, unlike other former mayors. But I wouldn't bet against her if she did. She served 16 years on the Durham City Council, 4 of them as mayor pro tem. That meant 7-day weeks, many speeches and ceremonies and skillfully guiding a highly disparate group of politicians toward the course she felt was right. She retired from municipal politics in 1997. We are lucky to have her on the Forest's Board of Directors since 2005.

She was Durham's first (and only) woman mayor. "I think some people were shocked that I won. And won handily, both times." She had been a social studies teacher for many years in Durham, and joined the League of Women Voters because she thought that was a good way to learn about a community. She held many positions in the League statewide, and spearheaded so many committees on education and community counseling, that League members urged her to run for the Durham City Council. Even after retirement, Sylvia Kerckhoff devotes time to myriad causes, such as the Triangle United Way, the YMCA, the Durham County Cultural Master Plan of which she is co-chair; the volunteer work she has done in Durham is a long and impressive list.

Sylvia was born and raised in Toledo, Ohio. As a junior at Oberlin College, she married Alan Kerckhoff, a returned soldier, and both of them went to the University of Wisconsin on full scholarships. They lived on an Indian reservation for 18 months, where Sylvia had her first child. Alan got a job at Duke and Sylvia earned a Master's degree there. Alan became a Duke professor; he died six years ago. Their son, Steve, teaches mathematics at Stanford; daughter Shari lives in Orange County, N.C. Sylvia has been rewarded with two grandchildren on



each coast.

After 16 years on the Durham City Council, Sylvia says she loves being on the Forest Board -- much less pressure. She is delighted to see Medicare approval and certification moving forward; "I have great faith these will be implemented without upheaval." She has been a backer of The Forest for a long time: James Crapo asked her to be "the point person" in rounding up Durham Council votes to approve the project.. She likes The Forest so much. in fact, that she may move here someday.

Asked about hobbies, she challenged, "Where would I get the time?" She said she and Alan always liked a variety of music, and that she had played

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The Forester

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In Memoriam

Dorothy Ann Zutant

October 22, 2007

President's Podium

This will be my last Podium. Dr. Bill Anderson is the new president of the TFAD Residents' Association. I'm sure you will support him as you have supported me. He has a new vice-president and three new directors on the Board for next year. Please remember that they all have new jobs to learn.

I feel that together we have accomplished some important changes in your life at The Forest: primarily in governance and resident welfare. Your association has the tools (organization chart, financial statement w/budget, mission statements, minutes of Board and committee meetings, and various schedules) to be an effective and viable organization.

Although I am not "Mr. President" any more, I am still your neighbor and friend.

Sincerely,

Jim Shuping

A Talent for Governing

(Continued from page 1)

cello in her high school orchestra. A course at DILR piqued an interest in opera that she has pursued in Europe and the U.S. She also likes reading, hiking, and travel. Still the main claim on her time is civic projects, where her persistent efforts have brought educational, cultural and charitable plans to fruition that have been recognized by a heap of honors for Sylvia Kerckhoff.

Mal Oettinger

Purple Threads

The threads of green
flew and flourished.

Thirty-four bases
nourished their flight.

Three hyacinths commanded
the center of the
copper container, part tarnished,
part bright.

A promise of color filled
the beige room.

The commanders rose, two pink,
one white.

Four purple bubbles peeked
from the bark,

Their viewing was brief,
barely a night.

Off with the heads of the new
brown threads.

Down with the feeble flowers,
an ugly sight.

Take back the holder, more tarnished
than bright.

Your diagnosis, doctor daughter,
is right.

Too hot, too cold,
too wet, too dry,

A poor keeper of promising
plants am I.

Penelope Easton

LOVE YOUR
LIBRARY



With the advent of November, the holiday season is approaching. Our library can help with ideas and inspiration. For decorating ideas, look at the Decorating shelf in Section 23. Then for stories, many of them heart-warming, see Holidays in Section 22.

Another place you might not think about is the Inspiration shelves in the copy room. There you will find "The Glory of Christmas" from *Life*—old masterpieces in color; *Christian Symbols*; *Let's Keep Christmas* by Peter Marshall; *The Christmas Box* by Richard Paul Evans; and *The Story of the Other Wise Man* by Henry Van Dyke.

Books new to the TFAD Library are on the big table, already processed with cards in them ready to be signed out. Take a look!

Note that our Modern Library Classics collection is now at eye level in the classroom toward the copy room door, with an updated list of titles.

If you don't find something of interest in our library, try the OASIS service on alternate Thursdays. (See the Activities calendar for dates.)

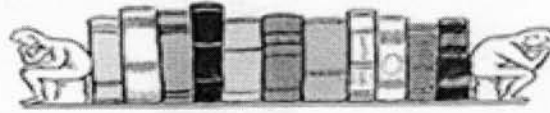
To start planning a trip for 2008, stop by the travel brochures table next to the lounge chairs or the Elderhostel catalogs at the bottom of Section 27. They cover the world.

Our library offers many opportunities for enriching retirement!

Mary Ruth Miller

From the Bookshelf

Joyce Carol Oates's epic tale *The Gravedigger's Daughter* begins in 1936 when a German family escapes the Nazis and comes



to America to settle in upstate New York. The Schwart family consists of Jacob and Anna, two sons Herschel and August, and an infant girl, Rebecca, who was born on the ship. The father was a high school math teacher in Germany but the only work he can find in this new country is gravedigging. This is a demeaning and humiliating occupation for Jacob Schwart who is a well-educated and proud man. The family lives in a wretched little stone cottage in the graveyard. Jacob and his family are never meant to forget that they are foreigners.

The work, the isolation, and the failing health of his wife Anna prey on Jacob's mind. He becomes more suspicious, more hateful, and in his anger often lashes out at his family. The two boys escape the father's violence and leave home, never to be seen again. Rebecca and her mother are left. The more Jacob drinks, the uglier he becomes. Finally he buys a shotgun, kills his wife, points the gun at Rebecca, then turns it on himself and shoots. Both parents dead, her brothers gone, Rebecca at thirteen becomes a ward of the state.

And so begins Rebecca's climb out of the graveyard. She meets Niles Tignor, a traveling salesman for a beer company. Tignor is charming and chillingly abusive. He is an older man and he wants Rebecca. He woos her with his flashy car and sophisticated manner; she loves him but knows that marriage is the only way to hold him. He takes her to Niagara Falls and a fake justice of the peace. There is a marriage certificate to prove the union. She thinks she is Mrs. Niles Tignor. Pregnancy and a son, Niley, result from the union. As her husband becomes more brutal, and Rebecca becomes more aware of the suddenness of male violence that includes her child as well as herself, she decides to leave him.

Rebecca Schwart becomes Hazel Jones and

her four-year-old son becomes Zacharias. They travel by bus, stopping in small towns along the way, always fearful of being followed. Hazel works

when she can, sometimes waiting on tables, ushering in a movie theater, working as a chambermaid, never becoming too friendly with anyone, never sharing her story. Zack is musically gifted, and his mother's single goal in life seems to be to see her son become a famous concert musician.

If the plot sounds a little contrived, it is. Even though the theme is familiar, the story is told with amazing insight. Oates writes a compassionate, disturbing, portrayal of life for those poor immigrants coming into a chilly, unresponsive world and fighting for survival. Her characters are unforgettable: Jacob "a troll man, bent, always peering at the world suspiciously." Niles Tignor, a handsome drunk and womanizer who becomes obsessed with one woman, Rebecca. It's a love/hate relationship with passion that turns to violence. Niley/Zacharias, the son of this traumatic pair, who is indeed a talented and bright child, loves music even when his fingers can't reach the keyboard. Rebecca takes on a whole new personality along with her new name. She spurns romance, but accepts the help of men in order to rise above her poor German heritage.

When she meets Gallagher, a wealthy jazz musician, her life changes as does the success of her son in his musical career. The ending is predictable yet emotional as we witness the growth of a new, adult relationship between mother and son and a thawing of feelings as Rebecca finally realizes that respect and gratitude toward a good man has turned to love.

Peggy Quinn

TFAD TRAVELLERS



Don't we wish for rain here like that in Bob Blake's accompanying illustration!

Several residents enjoyed it in England in the past couple of months, where one always packs gear for rain. **Gay Atkinson** and a niece went primarily to visit friends and Kew Gardens, Gay's favorite place in London. **Patti Vinson** and two daughters met her son and his new bride there. **Carol Scott** and daughter Elisabeth found Salisbury to be a most charming city and enjoyed nearby Durrington Walls, the world's largest *henge*, recently excavated and thought to be the site of houses for the builders of Stonehenge. Many TFAD residents have fond memories of stays in England.

Going farther afield were **John Henry** to Greece, **Ken Kirchoff** to Germany and Spain, and **Stephen Baxter** to China. **Dorothy Candela's** annual visit to Spain was partly for business, but she spent two weekends at family-owned *fincas* where formerly wild horses came up to her for treats.

Several of our residents traveled closer to home. **Harry and Elizabeth Whitaker** spent time in Canada and Glacier Island, Montana. **Caroline Long** was with forty-seven family members at a weekend reunion in Missouri. **Blaine and Irene Nashold** ate an early breakfast here in mid-October and were off for a month-long visit to Kentucky. **Murry Perlmutter** and five close women friends from Chicago spent a wonderful weekend on a lake in upper Wisconsin. And **Shirley Buckley** recently flew to Phoenix to visit old friends.

We welcome the return of those who have spent the summer elsewhere. **Ruth Dillon** has returned from up-

state New York, **Ann Marie Langford** from Lake Junaluska, **Herb and Charlotte Saltzman** from Beech Mountain, **John and Neome TePaske** from Michigan, and **George and Harriet Williams** from South Carolina. We missed you!

Another word about London --- The British Museum is hosting an exciting exhibit of nineteen terra-cotta warriors and four horses from the 2000-year-old tomb complex of the emperor Qin (Chin) in Xian, China. I had seen them in Xian twenty years ago in situ, but spaced apart and up close in this exhibit the details are much more visible. The exhibit is called "The First Emperor" and additional artifacts and details of the life and rule of emperor Qin, who united China, add much background information.

It is a wonderful exhibit ----AND it's coming to Atlanta next summer!

I'm sure more than twenty-one of us have been traveling recently. Please let me know about your trips so they can be shared with others in this column. What did you like best, what special things happened, what was your worst moment? Mine was a great trip, and I have learned that looking old and pitiful in big airports gains me a wheelchair with a pusher who knows all the shortcuts through customs and security and to the next gate. And I don't even feel guilty about it!

Carol Scott

Welcome New Resident

Photo by Becky Binney



Margaret Epperson

Apartment 2025 489-5298

Marge Epperson is a lifetime Durham resident. After graduating from Duke, she worked as secretary to Dr. J. Lamar Callaway at Duke hospital. She was married in 1946 in Duke Chapel to William Epperson, also a Duke graduate and Durham native, who had just returned from three years in Europe with the army. His sister, Joan Englund, is a charter resident of The Forest, one of the factors that made Marge decide to move here. She is proud of her two sons, Tom in Durham and Jess in Madison, NC, and four grandchildren. She describes herself as a homemaker who had time to participate as a volunteer in various civic activities. She has been active in a number of roles at Trinity United Methodist Church. She was a member of the Junior League and the Tourist Club and served as President of the Hope Valley Garden Club. In addition to gardening, Marge enjoys needlework and cooking.

ORIENTALS

“Wasn’t it hard to move from place to place so many times?” I, a new bride of a new second lieutenant asked the wife of Col. So-and-so, who was giving us a ride into Fayetteville in the spring of 1943.

“Oh, no,” she replied. “We just unrolled the Orientals and felt right at home again.”

Orientals? When would we ever own Oriental carpets? Mama had several on her living room floor, but Orientals didn’t fit into OUR budget!

And now, sixty-four years later, I have unrolled my own Orientals—some inherited from my mother—and am feeling right at home in this new place, The Forest at Duke.

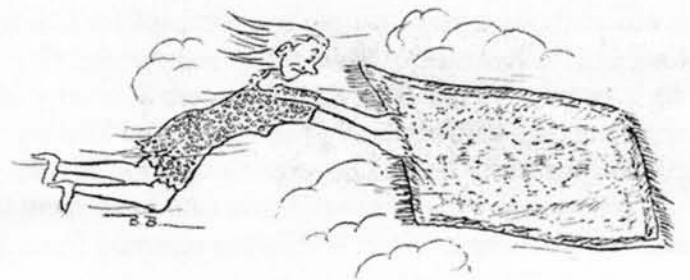
Of course it really isn’t the rugs that have caused this feeling, or even the familiar furniture and pictures, now in place in unfamiliar locations. It is the wonderful friendliness of the residents here, the eagerness to include newcomers in a wide variety of activities.

Walking down the hallways there are always smiling faces, nods and greetings, even from people one doesn’t yet know, and this is true of staff and residents alike.

My visiting family was impressed by the security and care, the interesting and exciting choices of activities, the delicious meals, but above all the outreaching attitudes of all whom they met. They know that I am in the best place for me and that they will not have to worry about my future.

And I look at my Orientals and know that I, indeed, am right at home.

Carol S. Scott



Ad Lib

“Angels fly because they take themselves lightly.” Anonymous

Have you ever returned from a party and found an elephant tethered to a tree in your garden? I bet not! But there he was, flapping his ears and grinning. This uninvited guest had panicked our pet gibbon, and from a nearby treetop she was howling to be rescued. How had this scenario come about? The time was 1951, the place Saigon. Best Friend was an aide to our ambassador there and Sihanouk was king in neighboring Cambodia. President Truman had just recognized Cambodia's independence, and the grateful king felt that an elephant was the only appropriate gift of thanks to the American people. Thus a handsome 7-year-old tusker, accompanied by a mahout, was loaded on a truck and taken to Vietnam.

When the truck pulled up in front of our Embassy Residence, our ambassador, a man used to dealing with sticky situations, thought elephant handling just the job for an

aspiring junior officer, a “learning experience.” Best Friend had himself an elephant.

We spent a “Marx Brothers Night” coping. The elephant's mahout (translate: nanny) had taken one look at the big city and fled to the jungle. The gibbon needed to be placated and it took some doing to entice her down from her treetop and into the house, where she tangled with the mosquito netting

and when freed spent the night loop-the-looping around the ceiling of our tall bedroom. We were sleepless in Saigon.

Early morning found Best Friend and the houseboy moving the elephant to the large, jungley garden attached to the side of our villa. While Best Friend went to the zoo to get a quick lesson in the care and feeding of elephants, I was given the task of washing down our charge with a hose, a task I was to have for some weeks. He was a lovely, loving animal with a playful twitch to his tail and unbelievably long eyelashes. We grew fond of each other and he would greet me with a wave of his trunk.



Our friendly pachyderm became a center of attraction. Not everyone in Saigon had an elephant in the garden and little groups would gather to inspect this “royal gift,” and “royal gift” knew how to play to an audience. I suspected some circus genes there.

Meanwhile back at the office Best Friend found that our government provided no funds for the care, feeding, and transport of elephants. We were providing the care, my kitchen expense book the feeding, but the transport required a Santa Claus. Washington was amused but hard-hearted. Finally the State Department prevailed on the Isbrandtsen Steamship Lines, which plied the Orient, to give our elephant a ride to the States.

He was hoisted on board with a new mahout in charge. It had been a happy but hectic period and with reluctance we waved him out of our lives.

Some months later the same Isbrandtsen ship

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Ad Lib continued*(Continued from page 7)*

tied up in Saigon and Best Friend went aboard to see how our elephant had fared. The Captain reported that he had become such a pet that when the ship was about to round the frigid Cape of Good Hope the crew built a shed for him on the deck and hot air was piped in from below. Unfortunately this hot air was mixed with carbon monoxide. It killed our elephant. He was buried at sea ... perhaps a happier fate than a life in a cage in the Washington Zoo.

TIPS:

If our favorite upholsterer, Billy Honeycutt (309-4912) is too busy, his retired former partner, B.W. Langford (596-2360) will take on small jobs: chairs, benches, etc.

There's a charming soccer mom, Mary Clayton (490-6563) who does bedspreads, curtains, etc.

Don't forget to ask for your senior discount at A Southern Season BUT not on weekends and you must ask for it before the girl tallies your purchases.

Libby Getz

The Night

The dusk begins to fall,

Thoughts turn to darkness,

All the fears of humankind arise once
more,

The mind and spirit waver.

A candle flickers, casting a tiny light

Against the doubt and its attendant fear.

Gales born of these emotions

Threaten that tiny light.

It flickers, seems to die, returns to life,
endures.

The darkened sky begins to turn to gray,

Beams of light stream o'er the far horizon,

The night's cold eases,

A touch of warmth is felt.

Dawn comes,

Life goes on.

Against the night of fearful doubt,

The tiny light of faith has won another
day.

Bruce Rubidge

TO MY DAUGHTER MONICA

Like a seedling a-growing and reaching fruition

So my dream has come true, no more checks for
tuition.

From baby shoes and diapers galore,
To cap and gown, could I ask for more?

Starting from fairytales by Brothers Grimm,
You've progressed to a gown with velvet trim.
Those law books were heavy, those law books
were deep.

You went without pleasure, you went without
sleep,
But as you shall sow, so shall you reap.

Three years of hard labor have produced for you
A juris doctor, an Esq.,
A whole string of letters after your name.
Your mother will never again be the same!

How did it all start? Where did I go right?
To raise such a gem, sparkling and bright?

As the years have rushed by like a river's flow,
I hope I encouraged and helped you grow.
We did not always see eye to eye
But we laughed together and sometimes we'd cry
And drive each other up the wall
And yet we managed to stay friends through it
all.

Now let us give credit where credit is due:
I thank God who blessed me with a daughter like
you.

Lucie Jacobson

NETFLIX Tips

Priscilla Squier last summer said she had just seen a wonderful movie, and how about a movie review for *The Forester*? "Good idea," I said. Then we both realized the movie would have left town before the next publication. We figured instead that we should gather recommendations for the NETFLIX crowd, as well as the remaining video viewers. Send your recommendations to Priscilla, box 4009, and we'll compile them for the next issue. Be sure to send short summaries including the date of the movie and principal players and sign your name, so friends can decide which like-minded person to follow. You can lift your descriptions from Leonard Maltin's movie guide or even the NETFLIX list itself, perhaps adding a comment or two of your own. An example follows:

A Little Romance (1979) Laurence Olivier, Diane Lane, Thelonus Bernard, Arthur Hill, Sally Kellerman, David Dukes. Engaging film about a young American girl (Lane in her film debut) living in Paris and running off with a charming French boy (Bernard) chaperoned by wily old con man (Olivier). The bike ride to Venice with elderly Olivier wobbling along behind the kids, gasping and complaining, is a delight. Georges Delerue's music score won an Oscar.

Joanne Ferguson

Can the 1937 **Prisoner of Zenda** with Madeleine Carrol, Ronald Coleman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr, have been as glorious as I remember? There was no cinema in Succasunna, NJ, so we had to drive to Netcong for the event. I wanted badly to look like Madeleine Carrol and be forever in love with Ronald Coleman; he had those melting eyes. But I digress, and likely the dialogue won't hold up. However, I'm sure the light through the high-up prison window was lovely.

Joanne Ferguson

Wandering in The Forest



If you have just moved to The Forest and find that you brought things you don't need, don't forget about the **Encore Store**. It will be open November 13 and 14 and December 11 and 12. Call **Helen Monson** at 489-2470 to make a donation. The prices are reasonable and all proceeds go to the Benevolent Fund of The Forest. To get to the store, take the elevator at the end of the hall by the Studio. Go to Level 1 and then walk straight ahead to the Encore Store sign. There you turn right and at the end of the hall on your left will be the store. Volunteers work hard to make this store a success, and I'm told they have a good time doing it.

If you have wondered where the flower arrangements on the Count-Me-In table and at the entry to the dining room come from, you should know that the following volunteers have spent the year pleasing you: **Jean Anderson, Caroline Brame, Shirley Buckley, Delaina Buehler, Evebell Dunham, Minnie Mae Franklin, Mary Gates, Eunice Grossman, Betty Gray, Willie May Jones, Jean Mason, Rosemary Oates, Ginny Putnam, Jean Tanner, and Patty Vincent.**

I feel that I have spent a great majority of my time wandering the halls, but I have never once surprised one of these volunteers at work. So I'm grateful to them all. **Evebelle Dunham** at 419-0635 will be happy to accept any new volunteers who would like to join this mysterious band.

When the rains came last week I remembered the 1999 book *Monsoon* by Wilbur Smith, who wrote how all of Calcutta turned out in the streets to exult in the downpour and was tempted to do the same here at The Forest. Instead, of course, I sat inside and watched with pleasure. As the days passed my rain gauge mounted almost to four inches, likely some splashed in from the top of the wall or dripped in by a branch close by, although I carried it in to inspect

under a bright light with yet more pleasure.

When I walked to the pond the next morning I found that the exposed portion of the edge that had caused me so much grief was now covered with water. At last! Even the curled-up zinnias in my garden plot, always spoken of as drought tolerant, had begun to smooth out some. Hard to think that one day I may have to covert my garden plot to a cactus garden.

We are told not to drop our guard, so I continue to catch water from the shower as it heats. For those who can't lift a heavy bucket of water, there are smaller paint buckets to be bought at hardware stores. Then you can add water to the filling toilet tank a small bucket at a time.

If you like to wake up with a hot washcloth on your face, you can wet it with cold water and heat it in the microwave for a minute. Be sure to take it out with tongs until you assess its heat.

I had a friend who went through WW II on Malta. When she took a tour of college girls to France years later, she was horrified and annoyed by the squeals of complaint about the fact that there was hot water only at certain times, and limited even then. She told them sternly, "I can show you how to take a bath with a teacup of water." And she did so. Maybe some of those girls, who are now our age, will remember that lesson. We in the United States have long been the consuming hogs of the world. **Barbara Birkhead** met me in the hall the other day with the announcement that World War III was going to be fought over water. Maybe she should run for president. I'd vote her in.

Editor

FREE, FREE AT LAST?

The moment had at last arrived.
Trembling with adolescent passion
I agreed to the deal
and forfeited the sweaty, crumpled ten
spots
I'd saved from my birthday, allowance,
Christmas
and an occasional job for money.

As in a dream I signed the paperwork
and stuffed the title in my pocket.
As the salesman stood by,
I tramped on the starter
and heard all six cylinders
come to life with what I imagined
to be a thunderous roar.

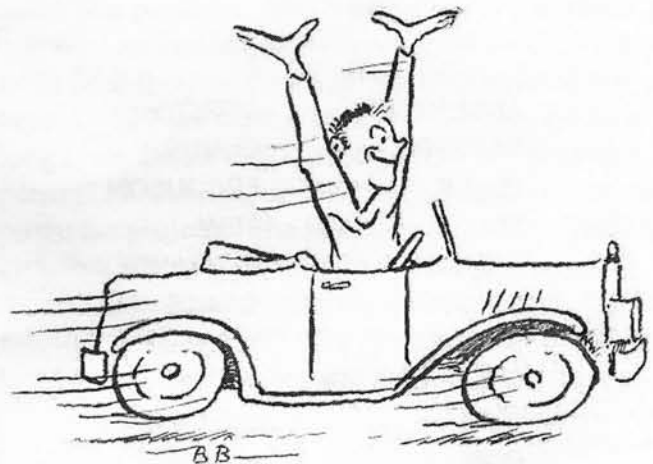
For years, it seemed,
I'd envisioned the freedom
of driving anywhere I wanted,
the rumble seat full of admiring, envious
friends.
Now, at last, I turned out of the lot
into the great adult world of liberty,
the owner of a red 1930 Chevy roadster.

In 1939 the school lot was full of great old
cars,
offscourings from the ruined fortunes
of the roaring twenties,
their now impecunious owners
reduced to bankruptcy,
liquidating their grand estates,
and fabulous cars, gangster cars,
movie cars of the 1920's,
by 1940 turned into towtrucks
or just junked.

There was this kid,
a senior we all called Mummy,
his sallow skin stretched like parchment
over his cadaverous cheekbones.
Mummy showed up one day
in a 1928 Duesenberg;
no one ever matched that!
My little roadster was snazzy enough;
at once I called her Brunhilde
to honor my heroic passage
into adult driverhood.

All too soon I learned of Brunhilde's
demands.
I'd never thought about insurance,
inspection,
or how gas at nineteen cents a gallon
can destroy one's adolescent liberty
to have dates with girls,
to buy Louis Armstrong records
or all the other simple joys
of thoughtless economic freedom.
Welcome to adulthood 101!

Ned Arnett July 2007



Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

New Residents

ANDERSON
 BARBARA
 BLACK
 BLAINE
 BRUCE
 BRYANT
 CAROTT
 CHESNUT
 CYNIA
 DON

DOROTHY
 ELAINE
 FERGUSON
 FEW
 FLORANCE
 GRACE
 HARRIET
 HELEN
 HOLLAND
 HORST

JERRY
 KEN
 LANGFORD
 LORD
 LUCIE
 MARGUERITE
 MARILYN
 MEYER
 MIRIAM
 MURRY
 NANCY

NASHOLD
 NELIUS
 NELL
 NEOMI
 OLIVER
 PETERS
 PERLMUTTER
 RANDY
 RENEE
 SHIRLEY
 SHIMM

SILVER
 SPANEL
 STAN
 STICKEL
 STONE
 TILLMAN
 ULIC
 VALPEY
 VINCENT
 VOTTA
 WHARTON