

We Are in Good Hands

The Head Nurses in the Health and Wellness Center

Diane Long, the Director of Nursing in our Health and Wellness Center, was born in Chicago but brought up in Durham from the time she was one year old, moving to Wake County when she married. She lives in Apex and has a 35 to 45 minute commute to work, arriving here at 7am, and going home between five and six in the evening where she cooks dinner for herself and her husband, who is a diabetic. She is very careful about his diet, and is especially interested in books on nutrition.

She tries to exercise every day: water aerobics, 30 minutes on the treadmill, or often a walk around The Forest. Her life in Apex sounds as busy as her life at The Forest. She is an avid gardener of both flowers and vegetables. She belongs to the Apex Historical Society and is a soprano in her church choir, which this year put on a two-hour theatrical performance of a 1915 Apex story complete with choreographic moves. She gets her family together for a reunion in Wisconsin, near the old home place, documents the family history, and is now urging them all to submit recipes for a family cookbook.

Her grandfather, Frank Everette Steed Sr. had a barbershop in Durham, near Durham Regional Hospital. Her grandmother taught her about flowers. It was to their house she (the eldest grandchild) went after school since her parents worked. Her grandfather, after his retirement, turned her grandmother's hobby into Steed's Nursery.

She has a vivid memory of the wonderful smells when she opened the door of her house on days when her mother got off early from work and was at home cooking. When she retires she would like to write a book on growing up in the 40s and



50s. I longed to keep her talking about her childhood. (I'll buy the book!) That she had been a well-nurtured child, is still obvious in her demeanor and her take on life.

When she gets to work she makes the rounds of all floors (taking reports from three nurses), makes a complete check-in with the night supervisor, and then turns to about 20 calls waiting on her telephone as well as all her mail. Every Monday she goes to a Health Maintenance meeting with Marketing and Leslie Jarema, where they look at the health history of residents applying to come here, respite-stay transfers, and other health issues. They generally eat lunch at these meetings. On Tuesdays and Fridays she meets with Leslie about day-to-day operations, and every other Wednesday she meets with the entire health staff. All these meetings consist of a lot of problem solving. "It's problem solving all the time," says Diane. Every two weeks she puts out the Health Center Newsletter that is distributed with the paychecks of every employee who works in nursing.

There are 85 employees on the payroll and

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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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In Memoriam

Yolande Beerstecher	January 24, 2008
Hazel Lyon Mangum Stubbs	January 25, 2008
Frances Rosenthal	January 25, 2008
Millicent Campbell	January 28, 2008
Elizabeth C. Getz	January 29, 2008

President's Podium

Two months as president of the Residents Association has been an education for me. I have begun to appreciate the extraordinary complexity of The Forest at Duke. All of us have chosen to live here where together we form a closely-knit community of people with diverse talents and interests. We share common goals of making The Forest a gratifying place to live and we look after each other as good neighbors and friends. There is a generosity of spirit toward those with contrary ideas and differing opinions, sometimes strongly articulated. Spirited discussion can be constructive.

The recent holidays were truly festive. I found the decorations appropriate and inspired. The unique Christmas tree in the foyer was a beautiful reflection of our community with photographs nestled amidst sparkling ornaments and ribbons. Our thanks to Ibby Wooten and John Henry for the current Christmas village displays that capture my interest each time I pass and touch memories of earlier times. Celebration of the New Year was lively and festive—the music, the dancing, the costumes, the food and champagne were all special.

The Activities Staff, Robin and Ibby, Glenn, Becky, and Jennifer, working with our Residents Association Activities Committee chaired by Rheta Skolaut, provides a wondrous menu of activities from which to choose. There are well-planned activities provided for all, and our leaders are consistently receptive to suggestions from residents.

The Residents Association strives to be a vital, interactive venue in our community. Do you have ideas, suggestions or complaints? If so, jot them down on our Queries, Suggestions, and Concerns forms now available at the front desk. Each response will be considered by the appropriate committee. Please sign your name so that we can follow up with you. Additionally, our committee meetings are open. We welcome you to sit in.

Bill Anderson

Good Hands continued

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Diane does all interviewing and hiring, some training, and some counseling. She figures she's interviewed thousands in her fourteen years here. She does training of the CNAs (Certified Nursing Assistants) and nurses about duties relating to their jobs. There is a drug and criminal background check for all who work at The Forest. There are about 50 CNAs who work 7am-3pm, 3pm-11pm, and 11pm-7am providing hands-on personal care.

As we talk Diane tells me the astonishing and delightful fact that they give everyone a manicure every week! They have a box for each neighborhood in which is a bag of manicure equipment for each resident by name.

Diane loves to travel and takes a cruise every year. She deserves that—and more.



Dottie Wallin meets me in The Ritz theater and comes in carrying her phone and lots of paper. "I'm always carrying paper." She is the Day Nurse Manager and has been here four years. She was born and brought up in Asheville and now lives in Cary with her husband and two sons, who are nine and

eleven. Her husband is a manager with AWNC, a Japanese firm that makes transmissions for Toyota. Her sons go to an after-school program, and she says she has a wonderful husband who helps out at home. But on soccer nights (about three times a week) they may resort to Chick-Fil-A or McDonalds. They have two dogs and a cat. Her sons wanted a guinea pig, to which her husband said no. Instead he agreed to a puppy. Their black Labrador puppy "has grown into a horse!" Now her husband wishes they had a guinea pig.

She is a graduate of UNC Asheville with a degree in Health Care Management. She then switched from finance to nursing and trained at Central Piedmont in Charlotte. She and the other nurses rotate weekends so she works one weekend a month. Her vacation time is quite flexible.

When she gets to work (after a commute of 25-30 minutes) she confers with the Night Nurse, follows up on lab work, deals with call outs and staffing issues, any acute problems, and then makes rounds through all of Assisted Living, Holbrook, and Olson. Her phone is ringing constantly—she confers with physicians and talks to family members and staff. "It's always exciting," she says. "The best part is seeing all the residents and staff. I wish I could please everyone all the time." Her soft voice and unhurried and soothing manner surely make it a "best part" for all the residents.

Donna Priest, Evening Nurse Manager, is on the evening shift from 3-11pm, was born in Tampa, Florida, and grew up mostly in Orlando, moving to North Carolina in 1977. She married in 1980, has a son and daughter, and worked in various secretarial and accounting jobs before going to nursing school. When her husband fell ill she took care of him until his death in 1999. Later she was in charge of organizing care for a dying friend, and the hospice nurses kept telling her to go back to school to become a nurse. She did, getting an Associate RN degree in 2005. She now lives in north Raleigh with her

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Good Hands continued

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sister Suzanne Kindley, a nurse coordinator here at The Forest, who works the day shift on Assisted Living. Their commute is 35-45 minutes. Though they don't work the same shift, they eat dinner together at 6pm when possible. At home they have four dogs and a cat. Three of the dogs are Austrian cattle dogs, also called blue heelers.

Donna came to work here in April of last year; she and Dottie Wallin report to each other on both clinical and administrative matters at the change

of shift each day. She also checks the 24-hour report checks voice and emails, and makes rounds on each neighborhood.. "It was divine providence; it's a perfect fit to be here at The Forest." Donna does the scheduling for 85 people, both nurses and CNAs, by hand. Diane Long checks it and makes any additional changes before it is typed and copied. ("One day in the future we'll likely go to computerization.") "There is a lot of paper work." Donna carries the Protect phone on her shift, which allows independent residents access to medical help even when the clinic is closed.

Diane and Dottie will usually fill in if necessary, as will any nurse manager or the Director of Nursing, Diane Long. No nurse is legally allowed to work a shift longer than 16 hours (two shifts). "We help nurses out no matter what the job is; we don't just say 'that's your job'"

When Donna and Suzanne have a few days off they go to a friend's 200-year-old farmhouse (with wraparound porches) outside New Castle, Virginia, and eat out at wonderful neighboring restaurants.

These three nurses all mentioned names of nurses they work with as being essential---but that's another story.

Joanne Ferguson

Mystery Photos By Mary Gates

City Orchestra Violinist



Kappa Alpha Theta, U. of Wisconsin

International Bridge Up North

Most of us occasionally have a period of the blues. To ride the mood elevator up, I rely on a well-written book of light fiction, a round of golf enjoying the fresh air and the pleasant scenery on the links, or a game of bridge, especially one with some decent cards and a bit of luck with a finesse or two.

In the early 40s, I was an Army Signal Corps officer and after a few stateside tours was assigned to duty on Southampton Island in Hudson Bay just on the Arctic Circle. From Winnipeg we had an interesting flight north with a pilot who, while over land, enjoyed diving and buzzing herds of caribou and, over water, flying at an altitude of about twenty feet. We arrived at a barren scene. The land was flat with no apparent vegetation, and very cold. The only indications of human life were our small army base with its runway, a nearby Eskimo colony, and a couple of small buildings occupied by a rotund, bewhiskered Catholic missionary from Paris and a handsome Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman who hated everything French. The whole island was a polar bear reserve, but the Eskimos were free to hunt them. We were subject to frequent windstorms that picked up the ground snow and cut the visibility to zero. Shortly before my arrival, two soldiers became lost and perished in such a storm.

Fresh from leaving an amazing wife, after just a year of marriage and a newborn son, I did start to feel the dreaded blues. For overcoming this there were no library, very few books, and definitely nothing resembling a golf course. After a few inquiries I found that the R.C.M.P. and the French missionary enjoyed bridge. It was no problem to find another soldier who played, and we all got together and dealt the cards. Things were a bit hostile and frigid in the beginning, but after a couple of sessions everyone became quite cordial. We got together several times a month during decent weather and a fun time was had by all.

Through this foursome I was able to mingle with some of the Eskimos and became rather friendly with a few. One offered me a polar bear hide, and as I had always thought it would be great to have a



white polar bear rug in front of the fireplace, I immediately accepted and sent it back to the States for processing. I kept my rug for many years despite Mary never being too happy with it. They say the secret to a long marriage is to pick someone who can stand you.

These experiences taught me my first lesson, that if you dig deep enough, people all over the world are basically alike. Also don't be afraid to double an aggressive opponent's bid!

Frank Light

TFAD TRAVELERS



This is NOT an auspicious time for traveling, with cold weather and high fuel prices and foreign exchange rates. Also, many of us have been traveling over the holidays and are glad to be at home and back in routine. However, a handful of travelers should be noted.

Nancy Garner and her family spent Christmas at Sea Island, GA (six weeks ago now but noteworthy). This was, except for a wedding, her first trip away from The Forest since she moved here. She said there was great luxury there and she hated to leave. Even for TFAD!

Ginny Goldthorpe was gone for thirteen days over Christmas and New Year's, visiting her two daughters, grandchildren and five of her seven great-grands! First she was in Washington, DC, and then she flew to Paris where her other daughter lives. She said there were only two bad things about the trip: the weather and the flying. It was cold and gray in France, with only one sunny day, and Air France lost her luggage for five days on the trip home.

Tom Frothingham visited grandchildren in several New England states from December 13 to January 11.

Florida has claimed at least three of us in January. **Grace Pickett** was there from January 11 to the 27th. **John** and **Jeanne Blackburn** left on the 15th for a full month in Orlando, for the annual winter visit with friends and former neighbors.

And—reverse traveling—**Willie Mae Jones** had guests from London in late January to show

around to the Duke Chapel and other sights in this area. Was it warmer here than in London?

I don't know of much else.... SO.....

The *Smithsonian* in its January issue has compiled a Life List of 28 places one should see, arranged in seven different categories. The categories with examples were :

Portals into the Past, e.g. Pompeii
 Feats of Engineering, e.g. Pyramids of Giza
 A Matter of Timing, e.g. Aurora Borealis
 Triumphs of Vision, e.g. Fallingwater
 Scale New Heights, e.g. Grand Canyon
 In the Presence of Gods, e.g. Parthenon
 Here Today, Gone Tomorrow?, e.g. Venice.

You will note that of all these there is one that comes to us. The Aurora. I saw it once in Durham in the early 1930s and again near Concord, NC, in the late 1950s. (Also in Canada later.)

I have seen 16 of these. Check the *Smithsonian*. How many have you seen?

I thought it might be interesting if readers would let me know (box 4032) which ones they have seen. Then I will make a tally of the most popular sites, and the most sites seen by a person or persons to report in the next issue.

How about it?

Carol Scott

An Overdue Valentine For the Activities Department

When I looked up the history of Valentine's Day, I found it a bit vague. But it seemed to involve friendliness and love and a tendency to search for people with whom to share it.

So as February 14th approaches, it seems like the perfect time to acknowledge my gratitude for the pleasure I've gotten from the myriad activities and opportunities in the past seasons provided by the Activities Department. Hence this heartfelt Valentine.

We're especially pleased that the programs they offer, both in quality and quantity, are the best in the Triangle, probably in the State, and arguably even in the country. But in the past seven years, I've been particularly grateful that they've opened up new vistas, new pleasures, new worlds of interest, and for me they've even added a new unexpected dimension to my life. I had a well of ignorance to be filled. I'll explain:

Before my arrival here, I thought Chamber Arts existed only in a salon in Paris. Not so. Each year I join two busloads of residents to hear concerts by the world's greatest quartets, masters of the new arts.

While living in Connecticut, I became a fan of women's basketball and followed the Huskies, but only on television. Thanks to Robin and her amazing buses, I can dine leisurely at The Forest, take a ten minute bus ride to Cameron Indoor Stadium, and be home by 9:15. A doorstep to doorstep trip. Eighteen trips a season. No raincoat needed.

In my youth, I may have heard one symphony. Here at The Forest I've heard 39 concerts by the North Carolina Symphony at Meymandi Hall in Raleigh. (Some music lovers have suggested I'm being educated beyond my intelligence.)



When I arrived at The Forest, my knowledge of modern dance was subzero. After attending the American Dance Festival for seven years (featuring the best international dance companies), I am at least conversant when the names of choreographers are mentioned. Especially pleasing is seeing new important works being introduced here in Page Auditorium, and reviewed the next day in the *New York Times*.

End of testimonials. But not the end of my thanks for the Activities group who seek out the best things for us to hear, or to see, or to do—and then bus us there and back.

From the beginning the department had the great good luck to have Lucy Grant present at its creation. Lucy was designed by nature to develop such a program, with Robin Harper at her elbow. She set the bar high, and Robin kept it there.

Under Robin's keen eye, this department has always attracted talented people. A great find was Ibby Wooten, with a perfect background: a degree in



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Valentine continued

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journalism, experience in public relations, and theater courses in England.

Next, add Glenn Arrington, a multi-faceted dynamo, perpetually in motion, with a talent for keeping all the residents alive and happy.



And don't forget Becky Binney, overseer of exercise at the Forest: the ruler of the first floor with her vast collection of cruel machines, the owner of the pool, and the leader of the never-ending walks to the ends of the earth.



Underpinning the department is Rheta Skolaut and the residents' committee that assist in putting together the parties and the events.

How could such a hard-working group not deserve a Valentine?

The impressive list of organizations and events in our back yard has provided a major source for our Activities Department. They have certainly taken advantage of it.

The pinnacle of its success is the unmatched busing service. It offers to provide residents a bus for any event in the Triangle area when eight or more residents request it. The resulting numbers are impressive: The average number of activities involved are 4400 a year, or 350 a month, or 72 a week. The number of bus trips last year was 444, or 37 a month, or nine a week.

The Activities Department also produces a second series of programs in the Forest's auditorium, designed to fit easily into the residents' life styles and interests. Our location, our connection with Duke and UNC, and the sophistication of our audience produce a high level of programs.

Many are musical in nature. Performances have involved world famous pianists, instrumentalists of all varieties and combinations, plus any music to your liking—classical, chamber arts, jazz, or country.

Variety is the hallmark of the offerings: a lecture by the leading actor of Playmakers, an a capella group from UNC, a magician, a full jazz band. The list goes on.

A final thought. The Activities Department is a small, efficient, hard-working group that probably does not realize the extent of its influence. But the AARP's recent article on the best places in the United States to retire certainly must have singled out The Forest and its activities when their last line said, "The closer that you can get to Durham the better."

Pete Seay

Wandering in The Forest



Good News!

Jim Thompson's 9-month-old grandson Caleb underwent open-heart surgery at Wake Forest Baptist Hospital on January 15. Caleb was suffering from tetralogy of Fallot at birth. He was home ten days later, laughing and happy, and is expected to make a complete recovery.

Winter Memories

This month Reminisce took place not long before our overblown excitement over what turned out to be a typical Durham snow.

Keith Burkett took us once again to the banks of the Wabash 200 miles south of Chicago to a town that still had a Land Office. He said his main occupation during the cold winter was to clean and rebred all the livestock that was in the barn night and day during the worst weather and to spread the manure over the fields. There was a little pond close to his school where those who had ice skates used to go. He did more sledding than skating. The sleds were long and narrow, and they ran with them and then flopped on their bellies for a downhill ride on a little hill not far from his farm. In the spring there would be ice jams downriver, and his neighborhood flooded up over the road. That made a long hike into town. He said he doesn't miss the cold winters.

Martha Mendenhall taught in Fairfax County, Virginia, and used to go into DC to events with a friend who lived there. One Sunday afternoon they went to the Kennedy Center and when they came out they were greeted with a 17-inch snowfall. Her friend lived nearby, but her street was closed. A call for four-wheel drive vehicles had gone out, and they were taken to a hospital where they stayed and worked for days. She said the Masonic Hill Temple in Alexandria provided a wonderful hill for sledding. She spoke of an ice storm, followed by snow, and after six days in the house she went out and cracked

her head.

Marguerite Ward remembered walks to school through the snow both during her childhood in the mountains as well as in Durham after 1932. She said that winter didn't matter to her.

Renee Lord announced "I hate winter! I hate the outdoors! I lived a half block from Central Park and never set foot in it." We try to coax her into some outdoor memories: "Well, I guess I made a snow angel sometime, somewhere." She then remembered that when she was ten she wanted to be Sonja Henie (as did every ten-year-old girl at the time) so she went to the rink outside Rockefeller Center two times. Her ankles turned in (not surprising without properly fitted skates and instruction) and she had to give up that ambition.

Willie Mae Jones grew up in Louisiana and said when they had even a few flakes of snow the schools all closed for two or three days. She has cold-weather memories of hog-killing time. All the family worked all day, and Willie Mae was assigned the task of carrying the parts to the kitchen to her mother. She has vivid memories of the smoke house where the meat was cured, of the fire kept going beneath the hanging meat, and the smoke curling out of the cracks in the wooden walls. At Christmas they felt lucky if they got an apple or an orange.

Chad's Plant of the Month

Daphne odora The common name is Winter Daphne, and the single specimen at TFAD is at Cottage 53.

A native of China, it is an evergreen shrub best known for yellow-green flowers with extremely fragrant appeal. It blooms in February-March, grows to a height of 5 feet, and does best in part shade in acidic soils. The variety 'Marginata' has creamy white margins in leaf.

LOVE YOUR LIBRARY



With the holidays over now, we all face lists of things to do in the new year. For the library, it's time to send out overdue reminders. To avoid receiving one, please check your books, etc., to decide whether you've had something out for over a month. Then finish using it and return it to the library. Sometimes a book or tape or CD or DVD just looks so much at home that you've forgotten it belongs to the library!

Recently we have received a large number of books and tapes which we'll place in circulation as soon as possible. It's sad that we have more items to put out than we have space for. For two months we also missed Jane Jones, who monitors the paperbacks, puzzles, and audiovisuals, as well as the copier. We need to catch up.

When you're looking for something to read, and want to know what others have read, look at the returns on the rolling rack in front of the large print collection. See whose name is on the sign-out card, and ask that person about it.

Among the Recent Acquisitions on the big table, you may also find older volumes which have just been donated. In our case, "recent" does not necessarily mean "recently published."

If you happen to have an interesting art object suitable for display on our top shelves, the library could use just a few more.

Speak to Marjorie Jones or to me. We can give you a donation slip for it.

Don't forget that we have many maps as well as atlases available for consultation or planning a trip. The maps are in containers on the top shelf of the copy room, and the atlases are in the reference section behind the check-out desk. If you take the maps out, sign for them in the notebook on the desk

and then cross off your name when you return them.

In thinking about places to visit, see the travel magazines on the round table in the lounge area and the Travel section along the back wall. Elderhostel catalogs are also there, on the bottom shelf.

In many ways we are a full-service library. Enjoy it!

Mary Ruth Miller

Hunger

In a recent article in Newsweek (November 26), Anna Quindlen wrote that "a terrible shortage of food for the poor grips the country" and that the worst emergency food shortage in years is "plaguing charities from Maine to California."

Here at The Forest we're trying to alleviate the local situation by donating to Urban Ministries of Durham. In addition to our food contributions, UMD reports receiving cash contributions of \$875 from residents of The Forest since we started this endeavor in mid-November. In addition, in lieu of sending holiday cards to prospects and waitlist folks, our Marketing Department donated \$750 to UMD in their names.

At its January meeting our Community Relations Committee voted to continue this program at least through the spring. Please place food contributions in the bins at the back of the mail room and use the envelopes for any cash contributions.

Renee Lord

Mysteries

Looking back through the decades,
through the dream-world of early recollection
to when I was barely house-broken,
disaster struck the private, personal universe
that revolved so much about me,
when he was born and started to get
some of the attention.

I couldn't imagine the new world that
Jack and I would find together;

together, surrounded by the warm,
unquestionably secure world of our family.
We loved them, but they were so different from
us.

They were big and called all the shots:
when to get up, when to go to bed,
when to eat and when to go potty
and they were quite mysterious.
Mysteriously funny!

Sometimes Jack and I would
talk about the latest funny thing they'd done.
especially when for no reason,
out of the clear, blue sky they'd laugh
at something we said or did.
Sometimes we'd hear them in the other room
chortling over the way we pronounced some-
thing.

Then we began to learn about certain words,
words you were not supposed to say
when other grown-ups were visiting,
words having to do with the potty
and things you did into it
which we thought were REALLY HILARIOUS!
Especially when other grown-ups were around
And they'd look embarrassed.

One day Jack told me that he had seen
our bulldog bitch, Midge,
in some kind of a strange fight
with a big Airedale from down the street.
Jack got the idea from the way
a couple of Big Kids were acting and laughing
that it had something to do with
a few of the new secret words
the Big Kids were saying
which they warned us not to say near our parents
or
"you'd get your mouth washed out with soap."

The Big Kids said that grown-ups
did what the dogs were doing
in order to make new babies.
Jack and I talked it over and decided
that the Big Kids were nuts,
we never saw our parents fighting.

We asked grandmother's cook, Delia,
who knew a lot about everything,
where babies came from
and she told us some story
in her old Irish brogue about
how the stork brought babies.

We'd never seen a stork,
but there were a lot of babies around.
We decided that that was a dumb story,
but not as dumb as the one about the dogs.
Well, we decided that someday we'd find out;
and we did.

Ned Arnett

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