

More Good Hands in the Health and Wellness Center

Photos by Ed Albrecht

Nurse Managers

Labo Nabo, the Charge Nurse Supervisor of the night shift, was born in Lagos, Nigeria, the second of five children, to a nurse mother and accountant father. Her mother always told her not to touch nursing unless she could give all her commitment to the profession. Labo got her BSE in biological sciences at the University of Lagos, taught biological sciences in high school for eighteen years, and was Vice Principal when she got her visa for America. Her visa came through the Diversity Immigrants Program for professionals who wanted change in life. She was married and had five children, the youngest five years old, when economic problems brought about the family decision that she would come to America and her husband would stay with the children in Nigeria. They wanted their children to have opportunities that America could offer.

Since Nigeria had hundreds of languages and had been a British colony, English became the official language, enabling communication among the diverse tongues. So coming to America posed no language problem to Labo. She left the warm beaches of Lagos and arrived in New York just in time for the blizzard of 1996: her first snow! She managed a taxi and went to the home of a friend, where she was snowed in for three days.

A high school friend encouraged her to come to Durham, which seemed like home, and she came to The Forest as a Certified Nursing Assistant in 1998. She says **Diane Long** received her like a mother and has been her role model. With Diane's encouragement and assistance from The Forest's tuition program, she is now halfway



Labo Nabo

through her RN training. Her husband and her 18-year-old daughter joined her last year and both are working and enrolled at Durham Tech. Labo became a citizen in 2002.

She said she had prayed she would find the perfect job in the perfect place and has done so. The last ten years have been the best in her life, and she looks forward to coming to work every day. She won an Employee of the Year award this year.

Always curious about night-shift people, I asked when she eats. She replies cheerfully that nighttime here is breakfast time in Nigeria.

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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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Notice

The Encore Store will be open **May 13 and 14** prior to closing for the summer to reopen in September. Prices will be reduced for the closing sale.

Thanks to all who have made donations.

President's Podium

Congratulations to Ned Arnett who has been re-elected as president of the North Carolina Continuing Care Retirement Communities. Orchestrating the semiannual meetings is a challenging task and Ned does it very well. The Forest was well represented at the most recent meeting at Belle Meade in Pinehurst, a beautiful facility where we were treated very well. Thank you, Ned, for your excellent leadership.

A celebratory Spring Fling was held April 11 for wait-list applicants to The Forest. It provided an exposure to resident life here, described our program of diverse activities and offered opportunity for our guests to ask questions. Especially nice hors d'oeuvres and social hour showed another side of The Forest – the friendships and fun we know so well.

A similar event on April 18 welcomed new residents to the community at a festive afternoon gathering. The Marketing and Activities departments are responsible for the success of these events. Warm thanks to Beth Corning, Marketing Director, Robin Harper and Ibby Wooten, Activities Directors and their staff, all of whom worked hard to produce the happy events. Our tireless Rheta Skolaut, chair of the Resident Association Activities Committee, always can be relied upon to engage us in such activities and invested many hours in making the events successful. Thank you, Rheta.

Change of staff is painful. We are fortunate to have excellent managers at The Forest. Sometimes we forget that they have lives and interests to pursue that may lead them to positions elsewhere. Last month we bid farewell to Betsy Boone who was so effective as assistant in Marketing among other roles at The Forest. Kudos to Beth Corning for keeping the marketing program on fast track while recruitment continues for a new assistant. At the end of April we bid farewell to Robin Harper, Activities Director as I write, who has been associated with The Forest from early on. She leaves for her "dream job" at Davis Library at UNC where she will use her remarkable talents in book restoration. Thank you, Robin, for your wonderful work at The Forest and good luck in your new endeavors. Fortunately Ibby

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LOVE YOUR LIBRARY



Usually I write about books, but today I want to say something about our various audio and visual collections. Depending on your equipment, we have a number of choices.

The largest collection is the videotapes, shelved by title in the classroom. The subjects are quite varied: wars, railroads, comedies, mysteries, music, sports, travel, and many others. Some come in sets providing hours of entertainment. All contain sign-out cards, like books. Please remember to rewind the tapes before returning them.

Our audio book collection has grown. Good readers record the text, usually complete, of many books. The tapes are in the classroom at the end of the hardcover mystery books. With them you can read while doing something else, like driving.

Now books come also on CDs and on DVDs. The DVDs are at the end of the videotapes, and the CDs are next to the music CDs inside the main door to the left near the light switch.

We are actually having a space problem, but we'll work to keep our collection current and find room to keep adding new items.

An ongoing plea: when you take the North Carolina driver's test, please try to bring back one or more Driver's Handbooks to go into the box on the top shelf to the right in the copy room. When you need one, just take it, then when you have finished, please return it. We are constantly in need of them for renewals as well as for new NC residents to study.

Our library is well used, and much appreciated. Thanks to our residents!

Mary Ruth Miller

Dear Daughters,

What do I owe you now I am old?
You are my heirs, the condo is sold.

What will I do, my life nearly through?
Enjoy each day because it is new.

What can I give you at eighty-five?
Thank you for keeping my spark alive.

What can I say now late in the day?
Despair, boredom, you kept them away.

What can I tell you about aging well?
Heaven is here, but also is hell.

What would I urge you always to do?
To laugh, to love. I learned how from you.

Love, Mom

Penelope Easton

President's Podium continued

(Continued from page 2)

Wooten, now Assistant Director, will assume the leadership of Activities where she and Robin have worked together seamlessly. We are in excellent hands and recruitment of an assistant is underway. Both marketing and activities are fast moving operations. Join me in letting these leaders know how much we appreciate them.

The English Garden outside the windows of the main dining room is a work in progress and soon will be another beautiful garden retreat for our pleasure.

Bill Anderson

More Good Hands...continued

Stacey Rigsbee was born in Durham, lived here most of her life, and received her training at Watts School of Nursing at Durham Regional Hospital. She has lived in Creedmoor for the last nine years (with a 30-45 minute commute to work), and has been at The Forest for fourteen years, receiving an Employee of the Year award in 2003.

Her husband is a fireman at Station #1 in downtown Durham and is gone for 24 hours at a time. Her son Joshua has Asperger's Syndrome (a form of autism), is very intelligent and is on the honor roll in his fourth grade class. He has a best friend with whom he plays computer games, and he loves brochures about anything from world travel to tractors, remembering everything he reads. Her daughter Branleigh loves dancing and acting and has her first speaking part in an Indy film.



Stacey Rigsbee

Stacey is our MDS Coordinator (that's **Minimum Data Set**) and maintains data on each Medi-

care and permanent healthcare resident on computer. She writes a plan of care for all residents, and it is she who will submit information to Medicare for our Medicare beds, working closely with accounting. She learned her initial computer job from her predecessor and has taken MDS classes with a consultant from Florida. She also checks quality assurance in her spare time: makes sure doctors are writing notes on time, physicals given when scheduled, checks TB shots compliance. (Spare time?) She meets twice a month with families and residents, providing a quarterly plan care. Some meetings are in person, some on speakerphone including a social worker, dietician, physical therapist, and activities person. These meetings center on the patient, not families, since the patient is the customer. When her day finishes she drives home and cooks dinner.

Kristin Petch shares an office with Stacey and her primary duties are Quality Assurance, making sure all records are precise and completed in a correct and timely manner. She reviews charts and documentation of patient care, works both at her desk and computer and out on the floor. She is the primary Medicare nurse and part of the Medicare team. She is also the Wound Care nurse. She got a BSN from Duke and a Masters in Education at Georgia State. Her first nursing job was in the navy at Chelsea Hospital in Boston; she left the navy to get married, went to Alaska as a Red Cross nurse with her missionary husband, taking a year-old baby to a log cabin dwelling in an Athabascan Indian village (no running water or electricity). She had her second baby in Fairbanks. Her most recent grandchild is four months old.

Kristin was born in Yorkshire, UK, of a Norwegian mother and English father, who had an antiquarian bookstore, specializing in 18th century watercolors and prints. The family, with 5 children and the bookstore stock, sailed for America on the *Queen Elizabeth* in 1948, where, with a seasick mother, Kristin and her siblings romped all over the ship. "They tried to lose me," she said. "Were they successful?" "I asked. The answer was "No!" She re-

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Where Else to Eat

What's a bistro? Well, it's not haute cuisine, but it ain't bad.

Bistros are identified by their ambience and their attention to food. There are at least three in Durham that should satisfy one who likes French food but doesn't want to spend a bundle.

I particularly like Piedmont, located at 401 Foster St. (683-1213). There's no sign hanging out, and unless you look carefully, you might think it a lighting store. Their Saturday brunch served from 10am to 3pm, has become particularly popular with good reason: it features solid comfort food with a French twist and such specialties as baked brie and brioche French toast, each accompanied by appropriate goodies. Their regular lunches are also excellent and at my one dinner, I found the duck—well, ducky—but the finicky eater who accompanied me, a devotee of healthy, fat-free food, demurred. Wine is limited but well chosen, drinks are not overpriced, service is quite French, although I think the wait staff indigenous.

Vin Rouge, part of George Bakatsias' empire, is located at the juncture of 9th St. and Hillsborough. French to its fingertips, it is one of very few places in the Triangle to offer Steak Tartare, and on

Thursday nights, a special of marvelous sweetbreads. Their calves liver is delicious, and remarkably for the area, available rare. Wine by the glass offers a wide choice of mostly French vin, per the moniker. The restaurant is often bustling, but that's not a bad sign, and the service is always as accommodating as possible. Reservations? Bien sur.

Rue Cler has a no reservation policy last time I looked and an odd location – 401 E. Chapel Hill Street downtown.. A garage across the street provides parking. At lunch, it offers a nice variety of quiche and crepes and particularly good soups. The dinner entrees are high quality .A \$25 prix-fixe dinner is now \$30, but still worth it .The bread and other pastries come from their own bakery and are what you'd hope for from a French café. Rue Cler is a reliable restaurant and, with daylight savings, time worth visiting in the early evening before the neighborhood becomes urban creepy.

Escoffier



A Paradise of Pathology

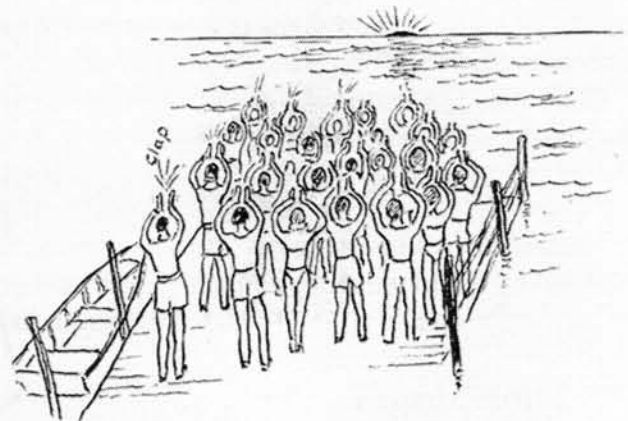
My colleague at the mental health clinic called Key West “a paradise of pathology.” My year in Key West was one of the most interesting of my life. Living on a house boat called “Miss Maggie” with her faithful dinghy, “Jack Pool,” was exciting enough. Finding a position at the mental health clinic added panache, interest, and income. I rode off on my bicycle every morning to meet and try to counsel some of the weird and wonderful people who lived on the island.

I got there because my husband, Bob, had gone off to find a “place where a nurse and an artist could live happily.” He called from Key West with the magic words “I have found it and have a job.” So I rented my house, packed my worldly goods, and drove to Key West. When I arrived, I found that his job was painting pelicans on small canvases or driftwood and selling them in the market place. He was living in his van, so my first job was to find us a place to live.. While I searched, we moved into a tiny apartment in a home on the “Southern-Most” tip. I fancied I could almost see Cuba. With help from the local newspaper, which was called “the mullet wrapper” by the locals, I found “Miss Maggie.” She was, at this point, permanently moored to the shore. That piece of shore was owned by the mayor of the town who told me that if there was a hurricane, we were invited to his bomb shelter. We, happily, never had to take advantage of that. “Miss Maggie” boasted a living area, a galley, and a bathroom with a tub on the lower deck. The upper area was all one, and we put a mattress on a raised area at the back/aft. Through a hatch it was possible to get to the roof where I spent many happy hours watching the clouds, birds and other more movable boats. There was a little platform in the front/fore where we could sit and feed scraps to the fish after dinner.

My work at the clinic was always interesting. I saw a variety of people, young and old. One of my most entertaining clients was a retiree who asked me to marry him every time he came in. I told him that I was married, but that there were

many ladies who were available. His usual answer was, “Never. All they want to talk about is their grandchildren and their bowels.” The psychiatrist with whom I worked said that he always had a horoscope cast for each of his patients because the MMPI psychological test had been around for 30 years and astrology for 3000. One of my duties was to evaluate prisoners in the local jail. The first was a murderer. The sheriff used his key to take me up in the elevator and then locked me into the cell with him. There was a policeman outside, which was reassuring. I found that he was quite sane enough to be tried, although I didn’t tell him. After that I got the sheriff to let me use his office for interviews, for my benefit as much as for the prisoners.

My life in the Key West community was equally interesting. We got a small gallery for Bob to show his paintings. Through that we met a lot of the local people. For some strange reason, a lot of the men we met were named Bob. We knew Bob, the sailor, Bob, the psychologist, Bob, the artist, and one who called himself Bob the Bob. One of the ways friends greeted us daily was, “See you at sunset.” Everyone went down to the Mallory Dock to watch the sunset. As the last tip of the sun dipped into the Gulf of Mexico all the locals applauded—



the best show in town. Swimming was best on the Atlantic side of the island. I thought that snorkeling was for the “beautiful people” and was surprised to

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Paradise...continued

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find myself enjoying being down there looking at the fish face to face almost every day. I was told not to wear any bright rings because the barracudas were attracted. One of my neighbors asked me if I wanted a ride downtown one day when I wasn't on my bicycle. I found that he owned one of the bars and claimed to be a friend of Hemingway. He also told me that he had two families on separate ends of the island—wives and children both places. It may have been true. The fire chief's son sold street drugs off of the fire truck for awhile. Key West has always been a rather lawless place. It was the end of the road with salvage, gun and drug running for revenue.

The end of my stay in Key West came when my position at the clinic was defunded. Bob decided to stay. It was a warm sunny day in November when I packed my car, mounted my bicycle on the rear, and started up the road across the seven bridges and beautiful islands back to a cold, snowy Thanksgiving in North Carolina.

Carol Oettinger

Bridge Tournament

The winners of the annual Forest Round Robin Bridge Tournament were announced at the traditional luncheon on April 9:

Grand Prize Winners

Maidi Hall and Ginny Jones

Goren Division

First: **Jean Mason and Loie Watts**

Second: **Mal and Carol Oettinger**

Culbertson Division

First: **Barbara Seay and Ginnie Putnam**

Second: **Ed Sherman and Jean Wolpert**

More Good Hands...continued



Kristin Petch

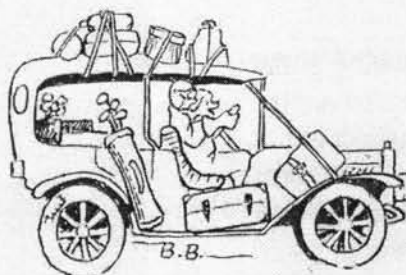
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members being terrified of the deep, green swimming pool. The family settled in Jamestown, Rhode Island—an island in Narragansett Bay. Thinking I might have seen her father's catalog, I asked his name. She stunned me when she said "Jeremy North," the proprietor of the beloved Gothic bookstore on the Duke campus. When her father had decided to make a move from Rhode Island, he researched which universities were without a good campus bookstore. He found Dartmouth and Duke and chose to come to Durham. He opened a bookstore here, sold it to Duke, with himself as manager, and thus Jeremy North, who was born Allan Petch, brought us both the Gothic bookstore and Kristin.

This is the sixth interview with a nurse at The Forest. *The Forester*, with only 12 pages, doesn't begin to accommodate what all these nurses accomplish each day. Whenever we marvel at the diversity and fascinating histories of the residents here, let's hear it for the staff.

Joanne Ferguson

TFAD TRAVELERS



We start this time with the story of a fantastic traveler. Jill Mason, the step-granddaughter of our own **Jean Mason**, carried the Olympic torch through San Francisco in April.

Jill is paralyzed from the waist down from a hit three years ago by a drunk driver, who also killed the young man with Jill. But, accompanied by her brother, Jill rode in her red-wheeled wheelchair with its special attachment for the torch on the alternate route through the city picked by the mayor at the last minute to avoid the throngs of demonstrators along the announced route.

One of 500 applicants writing essays for the honor, Jill was picked to represent San Francisco. Despite her handicap, this indomitable young woman travels over the state in her red sports car, speaking to groups about not driving if you are drinking. She is determined to push ahead with her life, and her step-grandmother Jean is SO proud of her for the long distance she has traveled in the past two years.

There are more mundane travelers among us. **Evebell Dunham** spent the first week in April in New Mexico, and **Bruce Burns** went the following week to Arizona. Was the weather warmer in the Southwest? **Jerry** and **Henrietta Wolinsky** spent a lovely early April weekend in Charleston, SC, with their son and daughter-in-law—who is a great cook!

Murry and **Jerry Perlmutter** went on a week-long OLLI Beach Retreat in mid-April. **Lucie Jacobson** visited her daughter in New York again. This was an exciting visit, for her daughter's kitchen was being completely renovated, and they had to dine out most of the time. **Clare Eshelman**, hoping for good weather, flew to Michigan for the wedding in mid-April of her granddaughter, last to be married of her son's four children.

Judy Louv spent a week in later April with her daughter's outdoors-loving family at the little town of Angels Camp, an old gold-mining town at the foothills of the Sierra Mountains near Yosemite National Park.

Christel and **Bob Machemer**'s journey to Germany in mid-April was a sad one, for her brother had just died there. It was not unexpected, as he had been ill for some time.

Elaine Sandahl made a happier short visit to friends in South Carolina.

Tynette Hills spent a couple of days with her 9-year-old grandson, taking along her dog Misty to visit her "dog cousin" there.

Dorothy Candela and her dog Nikki (formerly **Liz O'Hanlan**'s) attended the wedding of her niece on a nearby 500-acre estate, and while Dorothy danced, Nikki socialized.

And, speaking of dogs, Winston has driven **Tom Frothingham** safely home.

The final accounting on the Smithsonian list seems to be that at least three people (**Mary Ruth Miller** and **Murry** and **Jerry Perlmutter**) have been to all seven continents. **Marion Atwater** has visited twenty of the twenty-eight places, and all twenty-eight places, with the exception of Easter Island, have been seen by someone living here—as far as I could determine.

Carol Scott

Remembering Arthur C. Clarke

Arthur Clarke died recently in Sri Lanka at the age of 90: astrophysicist, writer, and filmmaker. I met and became friends with Arthur Clarke in the 1980s. I had been invited to Sri Lanka to evaluate and treat a Mrs. Wijeyeratne, who was the sister of the then Prime Minister. Mrs. Wijeyeratne suffered from painful paraplegia as the result of an automobile accident in Africa. I said I would come with a surgical team from Duke and an electrical engineer from MIT, but only if I could meet Mr. Clarke.

The DREZ operation was done on the patient's spinal cord at the Colombo General Hospital. To this day, Mrs. Wijeyeratne continues to be pain free, enjoying her grandchildren and living a normal life with her family.

Arthur Clarke had been attracted to Ceylon because of the beautiful coral reefs off the coast. He snorkeled on the reefs, and his early books were about these adventures. He designed and improved the snorkeling equipment of the time. His great fame was his earlier prediction of the use of space satellites for worldwide communication, but he is best known to the general public for his sci-fi novel that was made by Stanley Kubrick into the legendary

movie "2001: A Space Odyssey."

I met Mr. Clark at his home in Colombo. He was sitting in his enormous study dressed in the traditional dress of a native Sri Lankan. The room was lined from floor to ceiling with books; one corner of the room was filled with computers and a variety of electronic equipment. It was his space ship! He questioned us about our visit: "Why have you Americans come all this way to see a local patient? What kind of operation did you do?" We explained the new surgical technique in detail and the electronic equipment necessary to carry out the surgery. The afternoon flew by with discussions of space, computers, novels, and movies. As we said goodbye, Mr. Clarke asked me to keep in touch with him after I returned to Duke. Over the next years, we carried on a lively exchange of letters and e-mails.

Going to Sri Lanka was a wonderful adventure; being able to rid someone of pain was our goal; but knowing Arthur Clarke made it a memory not to be forgotten.

Blaine Nashold

Who Are They? by Mary Gates



Germany



Sailor

Wandering in The Forest



Reminisce this month was billed as "Interesting and Unique Jobs," a topic that brought **Laurel Sherman** to join the group. She told us that in the late sixties in Evanston, Illinois, she was secretary for the National Selected Morticians, who were suppliers of caskets. They decided to do something different in their display rooms, so when they had a showing for clients, they asked Laurel to climb up on a little step stool and get in a casket to show buyers what a good fit they were. So in she went, pulled up the apron, and lay with hands first under the cover and then on top of the cover. We were all fascinated and the questions began. "Did you close your eyes?" "Yes." "Did you get the giggles?" "No." We all fell silent, feeling that nobody could top that.

But then **Renee Lord** asked if anyone knew what a Sugar Girl was? We didn't. She worked at the Automat in New York City, her first job, as a general busboy. Then came December 7, 1941, with Pearl Harbor and sugar rationing. So they sat Renee on a high stool, where she gave patrons' coffee one or two shakes from the sugar dispenser, but no more.

Martha Mendenhall said that in the early fifties she was dying to get into educational TV. The head of the radio department at UNC told her she needed to take a job in radio before she could get into television. So she got a job in Wrightsville, North Carolina, sight unseen, on the basis of her telephone interview. She was traffic manager on the station and got a woman's show, for which she read material off the ticker tape. She said that a radio job was considered glamorous, and guys wanted to meet you. She dated a postman who lived across the river with whom she danced on the sand at Myrtle Beach. Now that's glamorous!

Joyce Albrecht may not have worked for money, but she worked! When her daughter was to be married, they found that wedding dresses were

very expensive and didn't suit them in any case. So she decided to make her daughter's dress. Roses were fashionable then as ornamentation so she prowled the stores and looked carefully at how the fabric roses were constructed. Her daughter's skirt was caught up by roses all around it. She brought photographs to show us her wonderful production, which took her two months.. She also decorated the ring bearer's pillow with roses as she did the basket for the flower girl. This reminded **Laurel Sherman** of when she was a flower girl. When she saw that she was running out of petals to scatter all the way to the alter, she turned around and began collecting them from the aisle she had come down, as gasps rose from the congregation.

Catherine Tillmann told of her job as craft teacher on a *QEII* world cruise. She was presented with a class of deaf mutes with chaperone. With the help of note writing and the chaperone, as well as a few hand signals she had learned, they all had a grand time. The night before docking, she ate dinner with them and had fond farewells. They clapped by hitting their glasses with spoons.

George Chandler told of his job as chief of staff to George Stafford, chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He reported for duty July 1, 1970, and two days later the northeastern railways started to declare bankruptcy, Penn Central being the giant among the fallen timbers. He had an interesting time testifying before congressional committees and planning reorganization of the railroads with shippers' and travelers' interests in mind, a plan destined to be compromised by the Big Money interests. But he "had a lot of fun."

Editor

Words of Endearment and Condescension

When I was six or seven or eight
I thought it would be really great
to be big and old, like twelve or something.
Especially, I could not understand
why my loving elders called me "old man"
when obviously I wasn't and wished I was.

When I was sixteen or seventeen or eighteen,
a stripling, mischievous and lean,
the tone had changed to reprimand,
"Now, you see here young man ..."

By twenty-six or seven or eight,
after what seemed an endless wait,
I was at last a man.

A man, yearning, in vain, to hear
words of romance whispered in my ear.

When I was sixty or seventy or eighty,
becoming old and rather weighty,
the sobriquet had changed again
and suddenly I became fair game
for those who did not know my name
to call me gratuitously "young man"
when I so obviously wasn't and wished I was.

And now at last, when it hardly matters,
the cordial airline hostess
or friendly supermarket checkout girl
calls me darlin', dear or sweetheart
in the kindest, most platonic way.
What a waste!
Well, I guess that's life.

Ned Arnett



Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

Collectables

ANTIQUES	COINS	GOBLET	PAINTINGS	SHOES
AUTOMOBILES	COPPER	HEIRLOOM	PENNANTS	SILVER
AMERICAN	CUPS	JADE	PENNIES	STATUES
BELLS	DESK	JARS	PEWTER	TABLES
BOOKS	DOLLS	JUGS	PITCHER	TANKARDS
BRASS	FIGURINES	LINEN	PLATES	TEA SET
BUTTONS	FIRST EDITION	MAGAZINES	PORCELAIN	TOYS
CAPS	FURNITURE	MENUS	RECIPE	VASES
CARDS	GEMS	MUGS	RUGS	WAGONS
CHIPPENDALE	GLASSWARE	ORGAN	SAUCER	WINE CASK