

THE FORESTER

Volume 15 Issue 9 A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

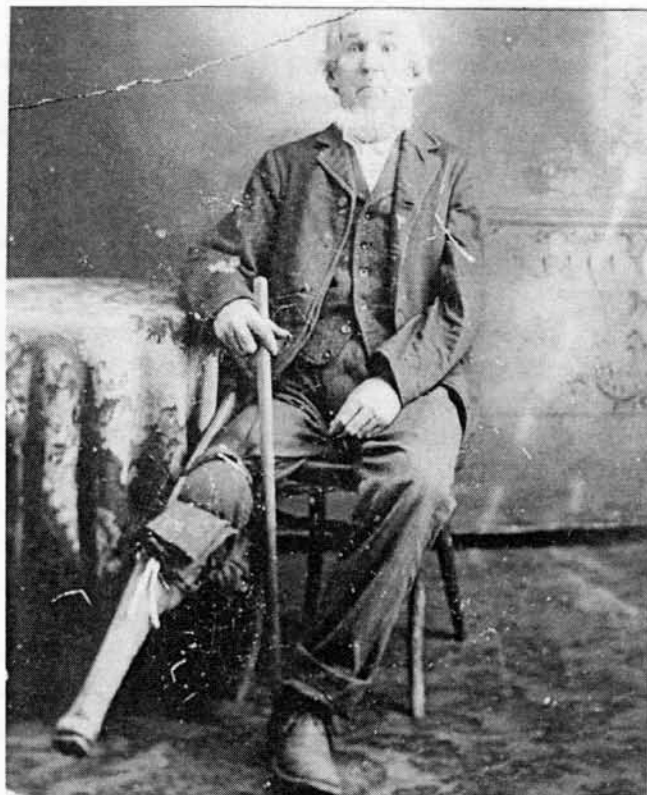
June 2009

At Last: A Pickett Among Us

Grace Pickett has actually been here for two years, though I just recently went to quiz her about the Pickett family. She was born Grace Ray in Burnsville, North Carolina, went to school at Bald Creek in Yancey County, and then to Brevard College. She and her husband **Phillip** met at Duke, where she went to Duke University Nursing School. She and Phillip married in 1949 after he came home from World War II; he flew combat as a tail gunner in B24s in the Pacific theatre. He worked at Duke Hospital in the Histology Lab with Dr. Forbus, and Grace worked in the Blood Bank until her retirement in 1972. They had two sons and two daughters.

Phillip's great grandfather, Henry Pickett, lost a leg in the Civil War. His obituary tells us that "at the breaking out of the war some ten brothers went into the struggle. Six or seven of them were either killed or wounded." The *Herald* adds that "a number of the veterans of the county will attend and assist in the service incident to the burial of an old comrade.... The *Herald* is requested to say that all members of the R.F. Webb camp who can do so, attend the funeral." Henry was 78 and after his first stroke was nevertheless "able to get around the house." He lived near Pickett Cemetery off Cornwallis Road. His brother Mark, also a survivor of the Civil War, lived across the road from the main entrance to The Forest.

Henry's first wife was Martha Rigsbee and his second wife Ellen McCauley. He had eight children, who were equally prolific, and as Grace and I pore over the charts, the Durham street names begin to pop up: Markham, Rigsbee, Cole, Garrett, Herndon, Holloway. She tells me Phillip's mother was Minnie F. Cole, of the Cole-Mill-Road Coles. John Washington Pickett and Ida Cole were the grandparents of Phillip. Their house was bought by Durham Acad-



Henry Pickett 1827-1904

emy and torn down to make way for their Learning Center. Grace is sad about this; "The land had passed out of Pickett hands by then."

Jim Pickett was the son of Mark Pickett, and it is Jim's land we at The Forest live on. Jim married Nello Teer's sister "Miss Lizzie" who lived here until she died, when it was sold to the developer who cleared the land and then went bankrupt, leaving the dusty wasteland that **Maidi Hall's** children used to call Egypt and where they came to play. But the tobacco barns survived and are with us today. Miss Lizzie's house was in a grove of trees that the Crapos tried valiantly to save, but only an old oak (now gone) survived and gave Old Oak Court its name.

(Continued on page 4)

The Forester

The newsletter of the Residents Association of The Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610. Published monthly except July, August, and September by and for the residents.

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President's Podium

In anticipation of TFAD budget preparation for the coming fiscal year, we appreciate the news that Steve Fishler and Karen Henry will accept neither increase in salary nor any bonus in the next budget. It is also reassuring that The Forest Board Finance Committee has invited members of the RA Board Finance Committee to improve communication and exchange views on budgetary matters. Three RA members are being consulted in the selection of a new investment manager for TFAD.

Recently I have been thinking a lot about governance at The Forest.

The Forest at Duke Board will be selecting five new members this fall. All members of this Board are community leaders with successful careers who serve The Forest without monetary compensation. Terms are for three years with eligibility for reappointment for a second term. The Board meets at least four times each year. All members of the Board also serve on standing committees. They are expected to attend committee meetings and keep current with reports and supplementary materials distributed to all Board members as well as committee materials.

What motivates Board members to serve? I put this question to one current member and three former members. Each mentioned a sense of civic responsibility and described TFAD as a facility that addresses an important societal need. All reported the need to balance their time commitments: career responsibilities, family responsibilities (some have young children while others care for elderly parents), and other leadership positions in the community. This past week one member left a vacation site and drove 150 miles back to Durham solely to attend a Board committee meeting.

Some Board members have served in elective office. For example, Sylvia Kerckhoff served sixteen years on the Durham City Council, including four years as mayor. She continues to serve on many boards that address diverse needs in the community.

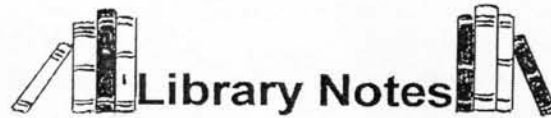
I have found no evidence of self-promotion or of

(Continued on page 3)

In Memoriam

Dorothy "Dot" Logan	May 6, 2009
Elaine Wise	May 19, 2009
Jaclyn "Jackie" Chadwick	May 21, 2009

Library Science 101



More changes are slowly occurring in the Library, as you may have noticed. TFAD and Residents Association notebooks of procedures, commitments, and other information are still behind the charging desk, but have been moved to the section on the left, which gives much easier access. A swap was made with the *Britannica* and other reference materials.

The desk itself has had a remake. Apparently it was deemed that the whimsical book return was not dignified enough for our Library (is there no room for whimsy in a library?), so genius Jim Staley has devised and made for us a new book drop in the front of the desk itself, leading to a padded drawer to receive returned books. The general location is the same. This looks more professional. It will also keep the desk area neater.

The Library has expanded into the Club Room! To the left of the fireplace is a niche with cabinets, on top of which now reside a row of paperbacks. These are for your pleasure, to take out, return, or replace with one in similar condition. Remember how it was on a cruise ship? After you finished reading the paperbacks you brought with you, you exchanged them for others in the ship's library. Think of this place as a cruise ship's library! There are still paperbacks upstairs in the Library itself, but this new location will be of easier access for many residents. And, of course, paperbacks in either location do not have to be checked out, just taken, enjoyed, and brought back.

By the time this is published, summer will be here. And for your summer reading there are always the new books on the stand in the Library. For those who are interested in reading more about the South and southerners, here are several recommendations.

At Agate Hill by Lee Smith, and *Child of the South* by Joanna Catherine Scott (not my relative!)

are novels about the aftermath of the Civil War. A tough time! Kathryn Stockett's *The Help* is a revealing story about how the "colored help" REALLY thought about their employers in the 1960s. (I wonder how much "my" Elfreda really liked us ...)

Picking Cotton is a riveting contemporary true story of the wrong identification of a rapist and how the outcome changed. It happened in North Carolina. Tyson's *Blood Done Sign My Name* is another true, sad story, now being made into a movie. For something lighter, try any of Dorothea Benton Frank's contemporary novels set in the Charleston area.

It has been decided that, at least for June, Resident Readings will be held on only the first and third Tuesday of the month—like last summer. If this works well, the schedule will be continued for July and August.

Slowly we are classifying and arranging non-fiction books. By the time I write my first fall column, there may be much to be said about this. I do hope that by then we will have found more space for our growing large-print collection!

Have a happy summer—with lots of happy reading!

Carol Scott

Podium continued

(Continued from page 2)

personal agendas among Board members. Each comes to the table with expertise and experience helpful in meeting the mutual needs and goals of the residents and the corporation.

Many resident volunteers pursue such goals in their own lives. Like Board members, we residents have various perspectives but goals in common.

That's all for this year. Have a good summer!

Bill Anderson

At Last continued

(Continued from page 1)

I ask about the old, two-story farmhouse on Garrett Road, with pecan trees in the front yard. Grace calls her friend Lela Garrett, who lives in the house next door. Lela says it was Cole property originally, but has been in the Garrett family for three generations. But Willie Wayne Garrett had a Pickett wife. My confusion begins, but I listen to Lela and Grace talk, telling over all the old names, and it's like a lovely, soothing lullaby, even if I don't get it all straight.



Homeplace of John Washington Pickett

There was an interview in a 1975 *Durham Morning Herald* with Bob Pickett, a cousin of Phillip's, who had sold his land to the South Square developers. "When I built my house there wasn't another house out here. We were out in the woods, so to speak. I had to push the limbs out of my face to get here because the road was so narrow...I had some of the best tobacco land there is in Durham County...I've got a spring six feet deep. To my knowing it's been runnin' over 100 years and never has failed. I done my general farming right where the shopping center is being built." So we not only live but shop on Pickett land. Picketts also owned all the land on the left side of Shannon Road where the branch library is.



Homeplace when modified

When I ask **Jean Anderson** about Picketts she knows almost as many locations as Grace does. When she and her family lived on Chapel Hill Road there were Picketts on both sides of her, though no longer on Pickett land. When I told **Bob Blake** I was writing about the family, he said "There are a lot of Picketts. I worked with **Floyd Pickett** in the Audio-visual Division at Duke."

The founder of this line was William Pickett, whose will was probated in 1809, and it was his 640 acre land grant that began it all. There are other Pickett graveyards besides the Cornwallis Road one: one in the Duke Forest behind some houses; one on West Campus. The Picketts will hold their annual reunion in June; Grace says they expect 150 to 200 people. And there are still some Picketts on Pickett Road: **Cary** and **Betty Pickett** live in a brick ranch house on a beautifully wooded lot right across from our service entrance and next to the development that went up around them.

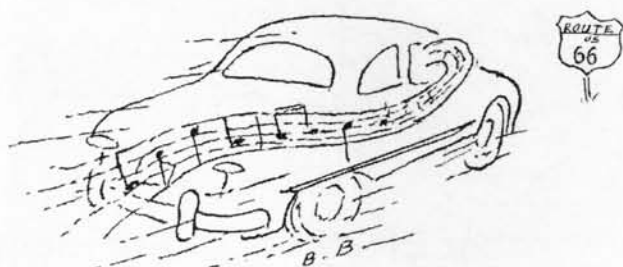
And we have Grace.

Joanne Ferguson

Linus and Me, or, Of God and Mortal

I was privileged early in my career to interact with Linus Pauling who won the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1954 and the Nobel Peace Prize in 1962. Pauling is generally considered to have been perhaps the best known and most productive chemist of the 20th century. His book *The Nature of the Chemical Bond* first written in 1939-40 (my second edition published in 1948 still occupies a prominent position on my bookshelves) is still quoted in the chemical literature.

Following graduation from Duke in 1954, I headed west in August out of my home town of Cedarville, Ohio, population 1500, to begin my new adventure as a graduate student at The California Institute of Technology (CalTech). I picked up Route 66 out of St. Louis. Yes, Route 66. "If you ever plan to motor west, travel my way, take the highway that's the best, get your kicks on route 66!" I was young then and would drive our '49 Ford coupe for long hours, stopping for sleep only when tired. As it was, I ended up leaving western Arizona on the last day's travel at about 3am and crossed the Mohave desert as dawn broke listening to Ferde Grofe's Grand Canyon Suite on a local Los Angeles radio station. How appropriate!



After finding housing suitable for a graduate student (read "inexpensive"), I walked to the chemistry building as my first campus visit. I casually strolled down the main hall and saw, approaching from the opposite direction, Linus Pauling. Pauling saw me, stopped and inquired if I was one of the new graduate students. I readily confessed, whereupon he invited me into his office for a chat. So, here I was, the young lad from Cedarville, Ohio, population

1500, in the presence of God himself (so to speak) on my very first day in the graduate academic arena. I was more or less tongue-tied (I would say *more!*), but Pauling was very pleasant. He asked me some questions about some boron compounds to which I had no answers, and, after learning of my interest in molecular structure suggested some names of faculty I should talk to about my Ph. D. research. I ended up working on an X-ray diffraction problem initially and a theoretical problem concerning spin densities my last year.

Pauling was always pleasant to the chemistry graduate students and was not only greatly respected and admired but greatly liked and approachable. He and his wife often had the students in the department to their home for receptions. I remember one such function where Debbie assisted Mrs. Pauling pouring punch; Debbie didn't spill a drop! At one of these sessions several of us were chatting when Pauling strolled over. "Professor Pauling," we said, "we were just discussing how complicated nature is." Pauling replied "Nature is simple, but science is complicated."

One of many things I learned from Pauling was his clear and unencumbered way of speaking. He never used "uh" or "ah" but might pause in his comments to compose in his own mind how to make the next sentence crystal clear. I would call it the Pauling Pause; when it happened you knew something special was coming!

Pauling was truly one of the premier scientists of our time. His was the pioneer work in the application of quantum mechanics to chemistry, and he was on the verge of explaining the double stranded helical structure of DNA just as Watson and Crick proposed and published it in 1953. James Watson and Francis Crick along with Maurice Wilkins were awarded the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1962 for this work. Could that have been Pauling's third Nobel?

I was fortunate to have known him. Pauling died in 1994 at the age of 93, having lived the type of productive life we all should emulate. Of course, we

(Continued on page 8)

Odds and Ends



Summer will arrive, officially, in a few days. There are several pleasant things to anticipate: the blooms on the crepe myrtle trees, the flowers on campus, the trips to the ball park, the peach farm, the Dance Festival, the concerts in Duke Gardens, etc., etc.

Remember "MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN GO OUT IN THE MIDDAY SUN?"* Wise (aren't we all?) residents of The Forest confine outdoor activity to the coolest hours, wear sun hats and sun-screen. The air-conditioned halls of the main building are an excellent place to walk. It is ¼ mile from Apartment 2039 to 2051. Additional art work by residents, both past and present, is being hung this summer.

Another attention-getter will be the lobby case exhibit of **Maidi Hall's** pottery collection. These pieces are collectors' items by well-known potters, many of them from North Carolina. After making almost thirty installations in the lobby cases for the last six years, **John Henry** is finding it harder to come up with suitable collections. Anyone with a collection they would like to show, please leave a note in his box 2027, or call 401-5873.

Here is a tip for all who have a dog and hearing aids: KEEP THEM APART! Hearing aids could be a costly snack for your pet! Just ask our VP, **Tom Frothingham**.

Do you enjoy home grown fruits and vegetables? The large farmers' markets are a fun trip. The expanded Durham Market has produce, flowers, baked goods, cheese, jam, pickles etc. Less extensive but even closer is a farmer's stand near Forestview School (where we vote). Detailed instructions to get there are on the Residents' Bulletin Board.

Did you miss seeing these people? This is where they were:

Shirley Buckley was on a cruise. **Marion Gilbertson** went to Chicago for her birthday, Mother's Day, and her grandson's graduation. **Penelope Easton** went to Wilmington for her grandson's graduation. **Marion Atwater** went to New York to celebrate her 90th birthday and also her granddaughter's graduation from Columbia University Medical School. **Shirley Few** went to London to attend **Beth Corning's** daughter's wedding. **Tom** and **Margaret Keller** went to New Orleans to attend the jazz festival. **Dick** and **Carol DeCamp** went to Disney World. They had a great time and plan to return to celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary. **Bill** and **Dottie Burns** attended the Preakness.

*Noel Coward

Mary Gates

October Elections of Resident Board Members

The nominating committee of Stan Ulick, chair, and Charlie Black, Murry Perlmutter, Nell Rubidge, and Evebell Dunham will be canvassing residents this summer for those willing to run for the positions of president, vice president, and three members of the Residents Association Board. Please suggest promising candidates or be willing to serve yourself if nominated and elected.

Who Are They?

From child to adult



Little boy by family Hudson
in Birmingham, Alabama



Young girl in prom dress
designed and made by herself



Just before shipping out to Europe



Career girl at Curtiss Wright in the engineering
department



The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society

It was the title of the book that “grasped me by the throat and wouldn’t let go.”

The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society by Mary Ann Shaffer and Annie Barrows immediately invokes curiosity

What can this book possibly be about? The title gives nothing away. So we dive in and are caught up in the lives of the people who inhabited the tiny island of Guernsey in June of 1940 when the island was occupied by the Germans. It is a love story, but perhaps not one you expect. It can be frivolous and it can be harsh. It doesn’t hold back when exploring the dark times of the occupation, but neither does it ignore the whimsy and the humor of a people who had to co-exist with the enemy for six years. One clever dissemblance was the spur of the moment birth of the Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society. Since the Germans confiscated most all of the island’s resources, mainly livestock and fresh produce, the English were left with scant food supplies. Outwitting the Germans became a game of sorts. One islander was able to hold back a small pig from the Germans and invited several friends to come and feast on the roast pig. As the guests left the dinner party they were stopped by the German guards because they were out after curfew. When asked where they had been one young woman piped up and said they had been to their literary society meeting - thus began the literary society. When one resident, Will Thisbee, decided that there should be some kind of food served at their meetings, he made a potato peel pie: mashed potatoes, strained beets for sweetness, and potato peels for crust.

The story is multi-faceted, told in a series of letters written between Juliet Ashton, a successful writer, her editor, her friends, and the members of

the Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society. While it is a beautifully told story of the history of the channel islanders, it is also a thoroughly involving tale of the characters who are vivid and well developed. There is a relationship between them that is touching, both intense and sweet at the same time.

There is Dawsey who is Juliet’s first contact in Guernsey. He is a pig farmer, a carpenter, and an ardent fan of Charles Lamb. There is Elizabeth who befriends a German soldier and bears his child. There is funny Isola Pribby who has appointed herself :”Sergeant of Arms.”. She loves the Bronte sisters and *Wuthering Heights* is her favorite novel. These are just a few members of the Literary Society, but you must meet them all.

The story within a story involves Juliet, the successful writer who lives in London, but does eventually go to Guernsey to meet the letter writers. There is a love affair brewing, but the suspense of who gets whom will not be revealed until the very end. So you are compelled to read on. Take the advice of Isola Pribby who warns us: “Reading good books ruins you for enjoying bad books.” This really is a good book. You might enjoy it best if you treat yourself to a piece of pie.....

Peggy Quinn

Linus continued

(Continued from page 5)

are but mortal, and Pauling – well, Pauling, as they say, was “something else.”

Don Chesnut

Welcome, New Residents

Tom and Donna Given

Apartment 2033 403-0804

Tom was born in New Jersey but grew up in New Hampshire, attending grade and high school in Manchester. He is a graduate of Wesleyan University in Connecticut and earned his MA at Harvard. He has supervised science education for municipal school districts but describes his life's vocation as "teaching science to kids and teachers." A major interest has been in land conservation, and he has served for 30 years as a trustee of the Lakes Region Conservation Trust in New Hampshire. Donna was born in Chicago and grew up in its western suburbs where she went to Glenbard High School. She is a graduate of Lawrence University, Appleton, WI, and holds a master's degree from Oakland University in Michigan. She has been a teacher at all levels from elementary to graduate school. Most recently she was Management Information Systems director for a large Boston law firm and manager of a smaller one. After a long hiatus, she recently resumed work on her piano technique and looks forward to opportunities for making music with new friends at The Forest. The Givens have lived in many places, including Detroit and Boston, but since their retirement, they have spent summers at Lake Winnepesaukee, NH, and winters in Durham. Their son, David, is an actuary in Wellesley, MA, and their daughter, Meg, lives in Boulder Creek, CA.



Leila Noble

Apartment 3034 490-5250

Leila was born in Petersburg, VA, and grew up in Washington, DC, and Arlington, VA. She is a graduate of Randolph Macon Women's College and studied library science at Catholic University in Washington. She worked as an elementary school librarian before her marriage to Baxter Noble, a physician. Dr Noble practiced medicine in Lebanon, PA, and Kinston, NC and, after retiring from active practice, taught in the Pharmacology Department at the East Carolina School of Medicine. Leila's son Clay, also a physician, practices in Raleigh. Her daughter, Ginny, is an attorney in Durham. Another son, John, in San Francisco, practices dentistry while following a second career as a musician in the evenings. Leila has two grandchildren. Her interests include furniture refinishing and reading.



Why I Went to Medical School

As I crept up (and sometimes down) the career ladder of a physician, I underwent numerous interviews. A common question was, "Why did you go into medicine?" My replies were conventional—"I like science"—"I like helping people." I do like science; at least when it was still comprehensible. But, at the age when I decided I wanted to be a doctor, I had no idea about helping people. So what were the real reasons? There were three.

In my last year of high school some of my classmates would turn 18 and become subject to WWII draft before graduation. The school offered them a summer course after their junior year that would permit them to get their degree in midwinter rather than June. I wanted to be in this group, but I wasn't old enough. Without any particular forethought I happened to mention that I might want to go to medical school. For some reason (perhaps they wanted to get rid of me) I was invited to be included in the accelerating group. It seemed that there was some sort of power in wanting to go to medical school.

A second reason could be found in my early decades, when Sunday lunch would have made the Victorians proud. It went on for hours, everyone in suits and ties, conversation incomprehensible. Often, in the middle there would be a phone call for my physician father who would then announce that he had to go see a patient. There would be a chorus of "Oh, poor Chan." I somehow came to learn that the calls were from his club, whither he would repair for an afternoon of gossip and whist.

The third occurred at age fourteen when I was in love with a girl of sixteen who had her driver's license and a car. Was it the car or the girl? Along came a medical student; she was smitten, and the game ended abruptly.

Thus the real reasons I went to medical school—offers of early change—freedom to leave—chick magnetism.

What would have happened if I had told the truth in all those interviews?

Tom Frothingham

Wandering in The Forest

Good News! Betsy Boone is coming back to The Forest to join the Activities team! Her first day will be June 3, the day after this *Forester* is put in your box.

Did you know that **Chuck Walkley's** family fled Cuba after the revolution, and that Spanish was kept alive in the family? Chuck can speak, read, and write Spanish, and that was a great asset for him when he was in the police force.

The morning after we lost power last month, **Peg Lewis** told of a long ago evening when the lights were out in the dining room. The tables had centerpieces with candles in the middle. The centerpiece at her table caught fire and her son, who was a firefighter on the aircraft carrier *Carl Vincent*, dumped his water on the flames and saved the evening.

Frank Light has a write-up from his sixty-three year old daughter-in-law, who took part in the Avon Walk for breast cancer research. This was a three-day walk, beginning at Potomac Park in Washington, D.C. and ending "with the Lincoln Memorial float in the rain clouds ahead." They raised over 4.4 million dollars!

Tommie Blackley, sweeping off my terrace the other day, says she is so grateful to **Judy Turner** and **Max Harrell** for giving her work to do during the restrictions when she couldn't work in the café because of her allergy to chlorox. I was grateful to have my terrace looking better than ever.

In an excited discussion of the Preakness with **Irene Nashold** she tells us that during her working life at Duke Hospital, she had an orderly in her operating theater who was her bookie.

Editor

Ten

Now we know it was a golden age,
somewhere between eight years old
when you were still a hapless "little kid,"
and puberty-stricken twelve or thirteen,
when your hormones began to claim your life,
before you became conscious of your consciousness.

For a few years we rejoiced in the freedom
to enjoy a world of kids, gangs, dogs, and bikes
that seems lost today with adults in on everything:
little league this and that, hovering "helicopter" parents
eager to groom the fruit of their loins for worldly success.

Well, yes, we had parents and teachers,
but they seemed to know their place,
not presuming to show us how to play ball
when we could work it out or be taught
by bigger kids through the tribal playground culture.

And yes, there were also school and summer camps,
not to mention the well-meaning friends of our parents,
"aunt" this or "uncle" that,
who could spoil a perfect Saturday afternoon
by taking us to see *Peter Pan* or *Hansel and Gretel*
"for a treat" while we were nearly bursting
to get out of our blue serge knickers, to get outdoors!

OUTDOORS? We spent a lot more time outdoors
than kids seem to do now, hunched over computers,
playing horrendous games designed by predatory programmers:
casual murder, rape, shooting cops or robbing banks,
or totally wrapped up in their cellphones texting or twittering
with a hundred or so Facebook "friends" in cyberspace.

Looking back from here, you and I know that nothing
can ever replace a Saturday morning in July
with your bike waiting, like a faithful pony,
ready to take you around the neighborhood
from one of your best friends to another,
to think up stuff to do together and games to play
in the golden world of sun, wind, and being ten years old .

Ned Arnett

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	