

Chuck Walkley

photos by Ed Albrecht

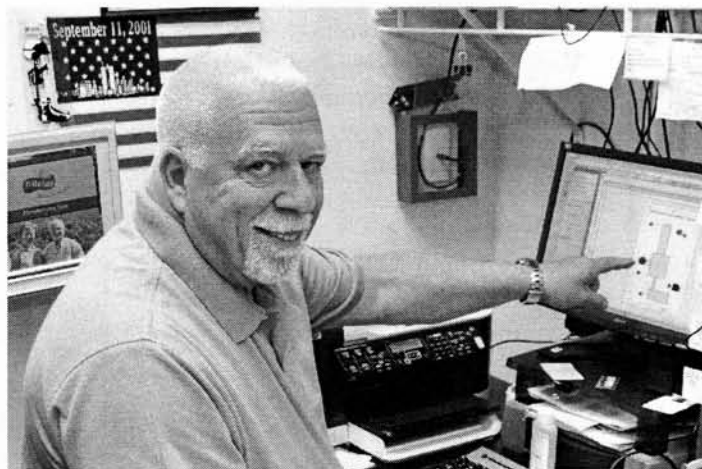
Thanks to a mother who was born in Cuba, Chuck Walkley, our Security Manager, is fluent at reading, writing, and speaking Spanish. His mother was sent to a private school for English when she was young, and later came to Columbia University, where she met her husband, who was from Brooklyn.

Chuck and his brother, who is six years older, were born in Stanford, Connecticut. When Chuck was three, his father was sent to Mexico City to open an Olivetti typewriter factory. They lived there until Chuck was ten years old, and he says they were very happy years, in spite of a severe earthquake in the fifties.

Back in the US in Bedford, New York, he went to high school, after which he joined the army and was a Special Forces volunteer. After infantry training came Special Warfare School. It was very rigorous, "but I loved it." Only three out of one hundred complete the training. His outfit, the 5th Group of the First Special Forces, had orders to go to Vietnam, "which is why I got in it in the first place." However, to his surprise he was sent to Germany. He applied again and again for a transfer to Vietnam, and finally it was granted. He served there for eighteen months and was wounded three times: his right ankle was shattered, his left knee was crushed, and he was hit with shrapnel in the back and head. He ended up at last in Japan in traction for two months and then for eleven months in hospital in Massachusetts.

He still carries a piece of shrapnel in his scalp; I can attest to this, since he let me feel it. He says occasionally it itches, and a little piece of metal works out.

For his Vietnam service he was awarded the Purple Heart W/Oakleaf Clusters, Bronze Star W/V



device, Air Medal, VietNam Service medal, Viet-Nam campaign medal, VietNam Cross of Gallantry, Good Conduct Medal, Combat Infantry Badge, Senior Parachutist Wings, and National Defense Service medal.

When his helicopter crashed and his outfit were all running for the woods, he realized there was a man left in the crashed plane and went back and pulled him out. Thus the Bronze Star.

Seven years ago when he went to a reunion, it was disclosed to him that his mother had begged a family member who had friends in high places to keep Chuck out of Vietnam. So that was how his initial assignment to Germany took place.

After his discharge he worked as a landscaper for six months, then joined law enforcement in Westchester County as part of the parkway police, but eventually ended up with the Stanford, Connecticut, police force where for twenty-three years he was Commander of Special Services, (organized crime, narcotics, and street gangs). Chuck says the only

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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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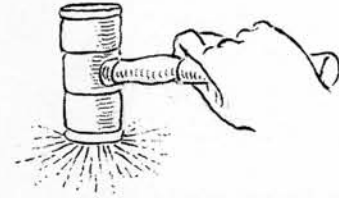
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In Memoriam

Sarah Nelson Dawson Davis May 2, 2010

Harriet Fine May 15, 2010

President's Podium

The recent parking pad dustup has quieted down with the help of attractive shielding by a row of new trees. A second positive result is the adoption of a process for reviewing proposed changes to the external TFAD environment that ensures resident involvement by way of the Grounds Committee. Third, and most important, is the commitment of neighbors to warmly welcome the new residents when they arrive. Yes, we are a solid family complete with raucous arguments followed by positive change, or strengthened status quo, which most residents agree are for the greater good.

The "Help a Neighbor Resident to Resident Service Directory" that was updated in October 2009 is posted in the mail room above the telephone desk. We continue to ask for volunteers for five unfilled slots: Computer Assistance, Dog Walking, TV Set Up, Electronic Equipment, and Pet Feeding for Away Resident.

Tom Frothingham

Library Science 101



Beach house? Mountain cabin? Long plane ride?

For any of these vacation attractions you will need something to read, won't you? And we have plenty of paperbacks to answer that need.

In the Library Classroom and in the Club-room there are large selections of paperbacks in all genres – thrillers, mysteries, romances – that are perfect for vacation reading. And you don't have to check them out – only return them or a comparable paperback when you return to The Forest.

Meanwhile, for stay-at-homes there will be on the stand at the front of the Large Print shelves, a selection of "Have You Read?" books to check out, in addition to our other stand of new books at the end of the Fiction section.

Many of us will also be enjoying the spacious additions to the Southwest Branch of the Public Library, which we have so long awaited.

Although the Book Club will not meet during the summer months, Resident Readings will continue weekly in the Auditorium. Volunteers are needed for July and August.

A reminder for newspaper readers: if there is an article or a page or even a section of today's newspaper that you would like to have, write on the top of the front page, or on a sticky-note, "Save for" and your name, and you can get it the next day, after it has been enjoyed by other readers.

Do not expect great changes in the Library over the summer! Library Committee members will be vacationing – and reading! – just like you. So no more news until October.

Carol Scott

Whither?

It's not that I am that averse
to what some choose to call free verse.

It's just that for me
it's hard to see
much ingenuity.

Without a meter or a rhyme
I find that I am so inclined
to call it prose
that doesn't know
just where it goes.

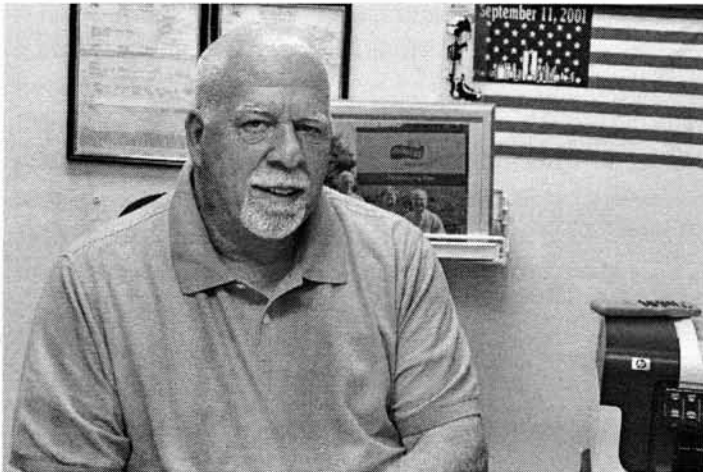
But I am not the one to say
that you must write a certain way.
It is not I that's masterstroked,
with a poetic license
that's been revoked!

Don Chesnut

Chuck Walkley continued

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terrorist group at that time was the KKK. He also spent four years as a narcotics undercover agent. "It can be fun, but as a rule they don't leave you undercover for more than two years; it can do bad things to you."



When he retired from the police force, he joined some friends in ownership of the largest night club in Connecticut as well as two restaurants, eventually sold off and moved to Florida, where for a year he managed human resources for a contract security company. When he decided he didn't want to live in Florida, he took some time off to look at North Carolina. "I love little towns." He ended up in Wake Forest, where he met and married Traie. "I gave a lot of dinner parties in the neighborhood, and Traie finally came to one," which had been the purpose of the parties all along. Eleven years ago he answered an ad in the newspaper for a head of security at The Forest at Duke and has been here ever since.

Chuck and his department provide security 24 hours a day 7 days a week, with a total of ten workers, four full time: **Malcolm Mitchell, Anthony Wright, Gertrude Staton, and Eric Johnson**, and five part time: **Eric Reid, Daryl Pratt, Garrett Grimshaw, Preston Daniels, and Greg Brittian**.

Security gets an average of 6000 calls a month, which are coded by Malcolm Mitchell, everything from fixing the TV remote to hospital calls. A

computer registers where the Respond System calls originate, and a separate computer registers the cameras around the building.

It's good to feel safe, with a man like Chuck in charge.

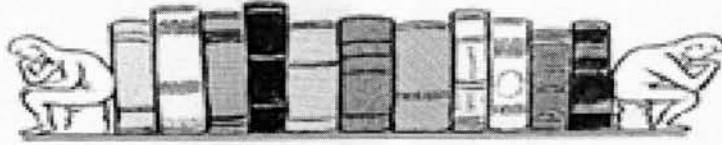
Joanne Ferguson

ME

When I don't have to worry about what I say
And feel a freedom in what I do,
When my comments on sex are all okay
And my politics are listened to,
When my religious thoughts need no amend
And when it's ok just to be me
I know I have a friend.

Barbara Birkhead

***The Postmistress* by Sarah Blake**



It is 1940 in Franklin, a small town on Cape Cod. There is a woman sorting the mail in the back room of the post office. She is concentrating, putting the letters in little piles. Suddenly she slows her pace, picks up a letter, and slides it into her pocket. Whose letter was it? Why would the postmistress, who knows every single person in the little town, choose to pocket someone else's mail? What havoc could she cause by not delivering it?

Therein lies the plot of the whole story.

Iris James is the postmistress. She has always taken her position very seriously. She is obsessed with order, routine, and propriety. Iris lives alone, has never been married, and is still a virgin. She has a letter from her doctor to prove it. Iris has her eye on the town mechanic, Harry Vale, who is a lone bachelor on the other side of 40. Iris is one of three women who make up the story. Any one of these women could have run away with the whole tale.

Little Emma Fitch, the bride of the town's young doctor, is the most innocent of all the women. All she really wants is to settle down in this pretty village and live happily ever after. She gives the appearance of fragility. She is not shy but she does keep to herself. She sometimes feels that she is invisible. It is almost as if she is afraid that an outsider may spoil her bliss.

Day-to-day life in Franklin contrasts markedly with the Blitz in London. Here is where we meet our third young woman, Frankie Bard. Frankie is a war correspondent who is in London interviewing European refugees who have lost their homes

and their loved ones. They are wandering across Europe trying to find a place where they will be taken in. Her strong female voice shakes with rage and sorrow as she broadcasts their stories to the people in America who sit up and notice what's going on past the sandy beaches of Franklin and across the Atlantic to Europe. Frankie wants the American public to know about the hardships and the carnage that the war is bringing to our allies. She wants Americans to pay attention and to get ready for what is eventually going to happen when our troops become part of that battle.

Frankie's voice along with the voice of her boss, Edward R. Murrow, alerts the citizens of the little Cape Cod town. Harry Vale becomes a one man shore patrol. He is convinced that a German submarine is going to surface off the coast of Massachusetts. He worries about the flag in front of the post office being too high, an easy target for the German gunboats. His vigilance is not shared by the rest of the town, but he is humored and respected.

Frankie's stories of the wounded and overworked doctors in London hospitals inspires young Will Fitch to heed her call to the war. Promising to return in six months, Will goes to London to offer his help. Emma's worst fears are realized, she is alone, but she is not invisible. She joins the list of those who simply wait and worry.

The lives of three women become intertwined when Frankie returns home from the war zone and goes to Cape Cod to rest. Physically she is worn

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The Postmistress

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down by what she has experienced. She realizes that she has allowed herself to become too emotionally involved in the stories that she has been broadcasting. She can't divorce herself from the people and is haunted by the need to know what became of them... after the broadcast, after the radios are turned off.

But Frankie does have another reason to go to Franklin, just as Iris has a reason to decide what to do with the letter in her pocket. Are you curious? It is a beautifully written novel but not an easy read. There is a heavy sadness that has to be borne when we are dealing with something as serious as war. But there is also hope and courage and love to spare so get yourself a box of tissues and sit down and read *The Postmistress*.

Peggy Quinn

Just Looking

I once was quite young and good looking,

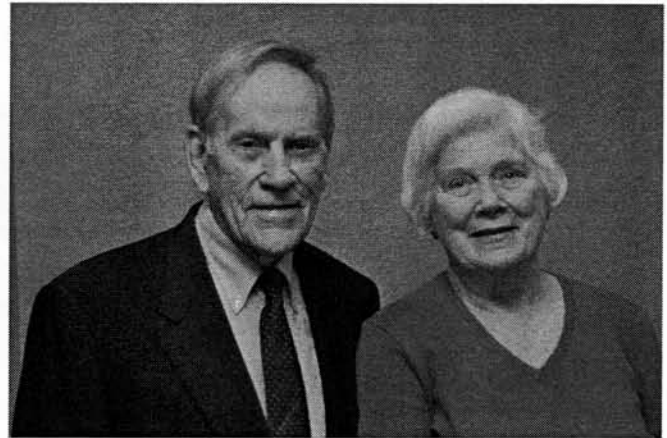
And could close with the girls any booking.

But now that I'm old and not quite so bold,

I amuse myself simply by looking.

Don Chesnut

New Residents



Stan and Nell Barlow

Cottage 13 419-1919

Stan and Nell are now at The Forest after selling their house in New Jersey, where they had lived since 1966, when Stan left his post at The University of Minnesota to teach at Columbia University. From 1972-95 he was a professor of philosophy at the College of Staten Island, CUNY. Nell graduated from E. Tennessee State U., taught home economics, served as borough director of social services, worked as a legal assistant for a large firm in NYC, and raised four children. She likes to hike, read, work puzzles, and play games. Stan served as a borough councilman and acted in several plays with the Players' Guild of Leonia—NJ's oldest community theatre. He has published some books, including one subtitled: "Yarns and Yearnings in Prose and Poetry." Born in Appalachia, Virginia, Nell at age 12 moved to Stan's hometown, Johnson City, Tennessee, where after eight years they were married in November, 1951. Their children are Susan DuBois (Tucson); Jim (L.A.), David (greater Boston); and Ann Pointer (Tampa). Their nine grandchildren range in age from 25 to 3 yrs.

Although domiciled in Bradenton, Florida, the Barlows hope to spend much of their time here.

New Residents continued**Scott and Jack Hughes**

Cottage 1 489-2721

Scott and Jack, both widowed, were married in 2000. They are long-time Durham residents, active in St. Stephen's Episcopal Church. Scott was born in Weldon, raised in Rocky Mount, and graduated from Women's College UNC, Greensboro. She taught high school history and worked in personnel before her first marriage. An active lay woman in the Episcopal Church, she has held leadership positions at the national, provincial, diocesan, and local levels and recently was presented an Honored Woman award. Jack, a Navy and Marine Corps veteran, was born in Tabor City and graduated from UNC, Chapel Hill, and the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. He practiced as a urologist and was active as an officer in local, regional, and national medical associations. Both were active in civic affairs, Scott with the local Red Cross, and Jack, a Rotarian, was a vice president of the Chamber of Commerce, member of its Human Relations Committee, and a Board Member of Operation Breakthrough. Jack has five sons and a daughter living from Connecticut to Atlanta, and Scott has a daughter in South Carolina. She likes travel, reading, music, gardening, and bird watching. Jack enjoys travel, carpentry, gardening, golf, and singing.

**Rebekah Hill**

Apartment 3032 489-4787

Rebekah Hill is a native North Carolinian born and raised just outside of Newton. She graduated from Pfeiffer Junior College and earned her bachelor's degree in Home Economics at Flora Macdonald. Rebekah taught Home Ec at the high school level. Later, she continued her studies at the UNC, Charlotte, so that she could teach special education, which she did at both the primary and secondary school levels. "And loved it!" She and her husband of 56 years, Clarence Hill, were married in 1953. She has two sons, Barry who lives in Hillsborough, and Robert in Texas. To keep herself busy, Rebekah enjoys reading, baking, cooking, canning, gardening, traveling, especially cruises, playing cards, and watching sports.

Crime Fiction Thoughts

Mystery fiction is a hobbyhorse I have been riding for most of my life. The beginning probably came when I could not have been more than nine years old and my grandmother read me "The Adventure of the Speckled Band," thus introducing me to Sherlock Holmes. I feel sure that I had read several of Erle Stanley Gardner's Perry Mason novels before I was ten, as I associate them with the big armchair in the living room of the bungalow from which we moved in 1940.

Whatever the cause, I have never been cured of the mystery story addiction, nor have I ever wished to be.

This essay grew out of my response to comments on one of my own crime novels by a friend who complained that the speed with which love blossomed between a young couple was unrealistic. In the course of a lifetime of study, I have reached the conclusion that crime fiction is, and by its nature must inevitably be, unrealistic. The very idea that any crime investigator, even (or perhaps especially) a member of a professional police force, could repeatedly encounter crimes that are interesting and capable of solution through processes of ratiocination is absurd. Most homicides, and it is invariably homicide that drives the crime novel, are not mysterious at all. They are committed in the course of domestic violence, drunken brawls, or other crimes, or they are the kind of thoughtless or negligent killings resulting from various types of accidents, usually involving motor vehicles. That even the most experienced and long-serving policeman, Roderick Alleyn, John Appleby, or Superintendents Dalgliesh or Dalziel, for instance, could encounter dozens of cases worth writing a book about is preposterous.

Even the best of the police procedurals are unlikely to be very probable. Not only do they suffer from the basic problem already mentioned, that all the protagonist's cases turn out to be unrealistically interesting, but they are likely to fail to follow routine police department methods.

Two of my favorite protagonists featured in current series are Hamish MacBeth and Evan Evans, village policemen in the Scottish Highlands and the mountains of North Wales, respectively. It would take a pretty remarkable British village to produce an average of two or three homicides a year for, in Hamish's case anyway, upwards of 20 years.



And then there is the long-established convention of the unofficial crime solver. Whether he or she be a true amateur, like Father Brown, Albert Campion, Jane Marple, Mr. and Mrs. North, or John Putnam Thatcher; a quasi-professional like Holmes himself, Philo Vance, Philip Toledfree, Reggie Fortune, or Hercule Poirot; a private eye like Sam Spade, Philip Marlowe, or Nero Wolfe; or a burglar like Bernie Rhodenbarr or John Dortmunder, his or her role is totally unbelievable. Would any private citizen ever encounter, much less solve, even one murder in the course of a lifetime, to say nothing of fifteen or twenty of them? How many private detec-

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Crime Fiction Thoughts

continued

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tives are ever asked to investigate anything more exciting than a leak of business information or the activities of an unfaithful spouse? Consider, too, whether a real Scotland Yard Inspector Parker would actually form a partnership with a civilian, even a dilettante Lord Peter Wimsey.

Or how about the legion of murders that are solved by animals? Lillian Jackson Braun's "Cat Who" books may well be the most popular crime novel series in the United States at this time, despite her total inability to write convincing dialogue. Rita Mae Brown has two series going, both set in Albemarle County, Virginia, in which the real detectives are animals. In one series they are domestic pets; in the other they are the horses and hounds of a local hunt club. And then there's Midnight Louie, the black cat who polices the casinos of Las Vegas.

Or consider that peculiar and eternally popular phenomenon, the crime novel featuring the damsel in distress. Not only must the protagonist be a woman, usually fairly young, but she must be at once smart enough to solve the murder but dumb enough to put her life in peril by walking into a trap in the last chapter. I can think offhand of five currently ongoing and popular series of this kind that illustrate the absolute necessity of the reader's suspending all disbelief. The admittedly attractive but nit-witted heroines include a Minnesota cookie baker, a Pennsylvania Dutch hotel proprietor, a caterer in a Boston suburb, a member of a suburban Washington, DC, garden club, and a Canadian-American forensic pathologist. With the possible exception of the last named, their very occupations or backgrounds demonstrate the unlikelihood of their becoming routinely successful solvers of murders.

Some authors can't resist placing even their male protagonists in peril. Brady Coyne, the Boston lawyer, found himself in just that sort of jam recently, and so did J.W. Jackson, the ex-cop who now surf-fishes and solves murders on Martha's Vineyard.

Before closing, let me take a look at the

greatest American crime writer of them all, Dashiell Hammett. He only wrote five crime novels, and one of those, *The Dain Curse*, is a dead loss with a plot so complicated that it's impossible ever to know what's going on. In *The Glass Key* he wrote as realistic a story of murder and political corruption as you could ask for. The book could also stand as a textbook example of how to write lucid prose and convincing dialogue. However, I find it the least interesting of Hammett's books. *The Maltese Falcon* and *The Thin Man* have unbelievable plots and unreal characters, but Hammett makes you accept them at face value anyway, and both made great films. Even he can't really do that for the characters and story line in *Red Harvest*, but it's such a delightful, if sometimes sordid, romp that it's probably my favorite.

The totally unrealistic mad-cap crime novel reached its pinnacle with Craig Rice. I only wish I had the talent and imagination to emulate her zany, off-the-wall style. Lawyer John J. Malone and his friends Jake and Helene Justus, when they're not guzzling rye whiskey, are inevitably up to some crazy stunt.

I submit that in my mystery novels I have fairly faithfully followed the standards of the profession and committed most of the accepted crimes against probability. I have put at least some of the detection into the hands of a group of elderly amateurs. Previously, I have produced a crime scene which contains a head and a torso that don't match and others where a woman dies in a voting booth and a dead man is found dressed up like Santa Claus in a Christmas lawn display. And then there's "Orlando's Hand." The basic gimmick, an elderly gentleman finding a human hand in his washbasin at four o'clock in the morning, is patently absurd. Then I invent a trio of impossibly prescient and ethnically diverse investigators who belong to some mysterious and undefined international crime-busting organization. Finally, my arch villain is eaten by a bear. Well, it worked for Shakespeare, didn't it?

George Chandler

Hal III

The story so far: a retired actor, who was a computer named "Hal" after his most famous role in *2001, a Space Odyssey*, moved to The Forest at Duke, where he seemed to fit in well, "diverse" though he was. His closest friend here was Tom Gallie a retired Duke professor of Computer Science. After a time, however, Tom became alarmed by the addiction that Hal was acquiring for the Bingo games held in the Health and Wellness Center. In a final frenzy of crazed enthusiasm Hal shorted out during a game and seemed to be charred and lifeless. Tom secretly rescued Hal's hard drive and put it in his safe deposit box at what was then the First Union Bank's vault at TFAD.

Imagine his discomfort upon hearing recently from Carol Oettinger that she had received an e-mail addressed to her late husband, Mal, that said, "Tell Tom to let me out." It was signed, "Hal."

Tom stumbled up to his apartment to gather himself. Bette was out so he didn't have to explain his distracted manner to her. Just then the phone rang.

"Mr. Gallie, this is Jennifer Batchelor at the bank. I wonder if you could drop by at your convenience. We need to talk about your safe deposit box at the bank so you will need to bring your key."

After taking time to gulp for air, Tom said, "May I come right away?"

"Of course."

When Tom arrived he noticed that Jennifer had posted her "Be Back Soon" sign but that she was waiting inside.

"What's going on?" said Tom as he entered the office.

"Please sit down and see if you can hear anything," she said as she looked toward the open door leading into the vault room.

"I hear a faint hum. It must be the TV in the hall," he said hopefully.

"No, that's turned off."

"How about the ladies in the Beauty Shop?"

"It's closed today."

Tom felt trapped. "It's coming from the vault?"

"Yes."

"Our safety deposit box?"

"It seems so."

"Do you have any notion what this might be?" said Jennifer.

"Yes...well, maybe" mumbled Tom.

"Is it dangerous, Mr. Gallie? Because if it is I'll have to notify Security, and they'll have to contact Wells Fargo to see about getting a bomb squad. We'd have to evacuate the building and..."

The usually calm Jennifer seemed to be unraveling before Tom's eyes. This had to stop.

"I'm quite sure it isn't dangerous," declared Tom.

Jennifer motioned to him to follow her into the vault.

"Listen to the box beside yours. Put your ear there close by and tell me what you hear."

Tom pressed his ear to the neighboring box; he heard a faint ticking sound. He felt faint; maybe Jennifer had a point.

"Let's sit down in my office, Mr. Gallie, and I'll tell you what we know so far." They sat.

"The customer who rents the box next to yours where the ticking comes from was in last week to look up something, and he was greatly surprised to find that his grandfather's gold pocket watch, which hadn't run for years, was keeping perfect time."

"That explains the ticking," said a relieved Tom.

"In addition, Mr. Bryan..."

"Paul?"

"The very one...was sitting where you are the other day and he said that he could hear a major triad in the second inversion coming from the vault."

"Now that sounds bad."

"No, no... it's good. He says it's the opening bar of 'A Bicycle Built for Two.'" He tells me that

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Hal III continued

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your computer friend, Hal, was very fond of this song. Is this making sense to you, Mr. Gallie?"

"Yes and no. Look...I'll tell you. Seven years ago I rescued Hal's hard drive and put it in our safe deposit box."

"Why did you do that?"

"I don't know...in the interest of science?"

"I see," said Jennifer uncertainly. "In the interest of science could we take a look?"

Tom was mute as he and Jennifer inserted their keys and Jennifer pulled out the metal box. She carried it carefully into the inner room and placed it on the counter. Tom lifted the lid.

There, on top of the Gallie family documents lay a shiny disc like a CD. It seemed to be vibrating slightly. Gone were the sooty fingerprints on the disc

that Tom remembered seeing when he closed the lid seven years ago.

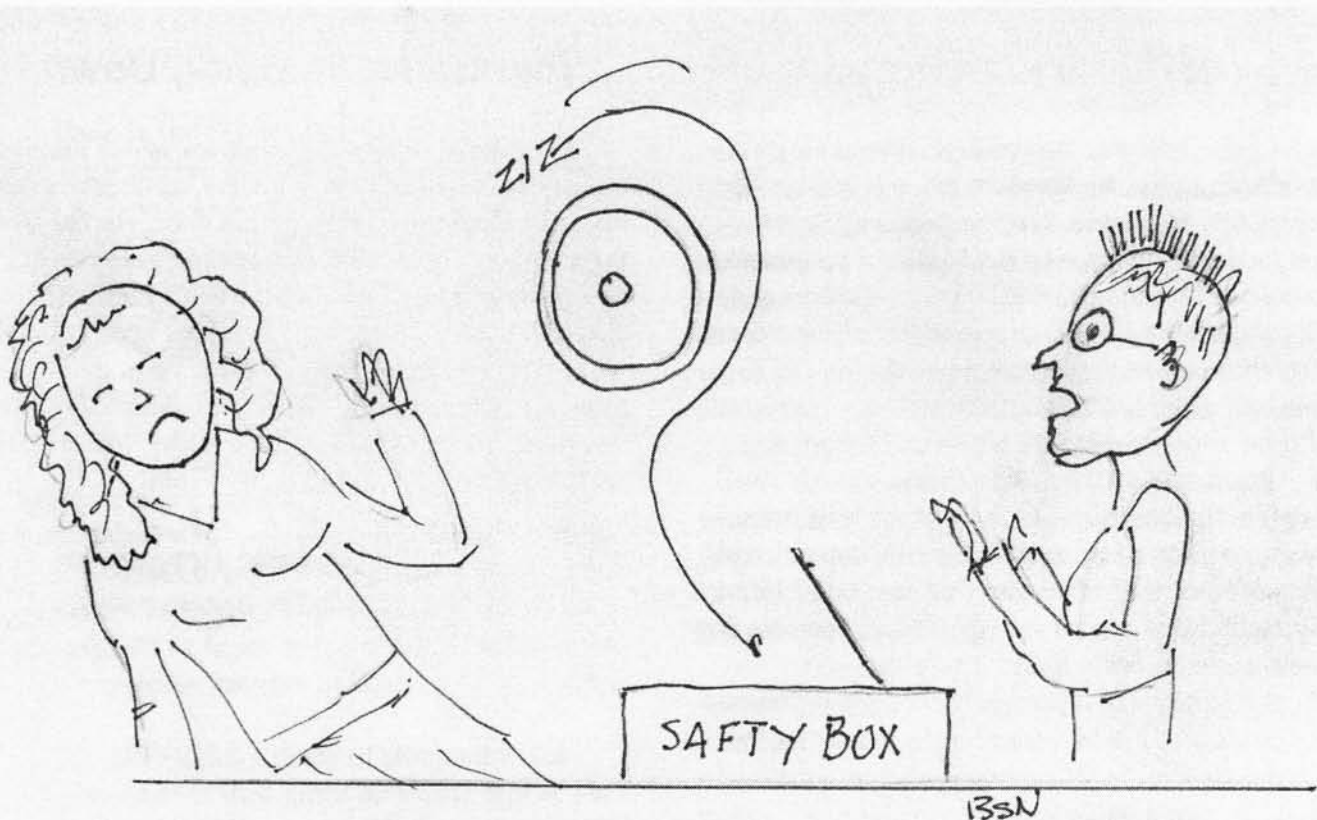
"Hal!" Tom blurted.

"Tom!" sang the disc as it flipped in the air.

Tom heard a thump beside him; Jennifer had fainted.

To Be Continued

Sylvia Arnett





Mystery Painting \$100 Reward

Blaine Nashold found this painting stuck behind a pile of junk in the Studio. He is offering a one hundred dollar reward, to be donated to the Benevolent Fund in the name of the winner, for identification of the painter.

The TFAD Chorus

The TFAD chorus was so high after their recent performance in the Auditorium that a few days later they had a party. **Sarah McCracken** and **Betty Ketch** brought snacks, and **Scott Hill** even picked strawberries for the occasion! There was a great deal of happy chatter as well as serious talk about expanding the chorus, meeting a few times during the summer, the possibility of recording performances, and what time to meet next fall. Scott said that mid-morning was a good time, since vocal chords swell during the night and should have about four hours the next morning to be ready for performance. **Sylvia Arnett** said that when she first arrived at Julliard, she thought the vocalists were just lazy, because they lounged around during the morning!

I was allowed at this party simply in the capacity of a spouse, and it was fun to be among the professionals.

Joanne Ferguson

Tom Gallie Stepping Down

Tom Gallie has stepped down as our graphics editor but is still around, so if my scanner malfunctions, I intend to run right to his door. He has worked for years on *The Forester*, scanning graphics and photos, laying it all out in Microsoft Publisher, with Bette Gallie proofreading. Tom has been a delight to work with: when he was advising me at the beginning of my tenure, one day his laughter followed me down the hall as he said, "That's why you are paid such a big salary." Don't go far, Tom.

Joanne Ferguson
for *The Forester* staff