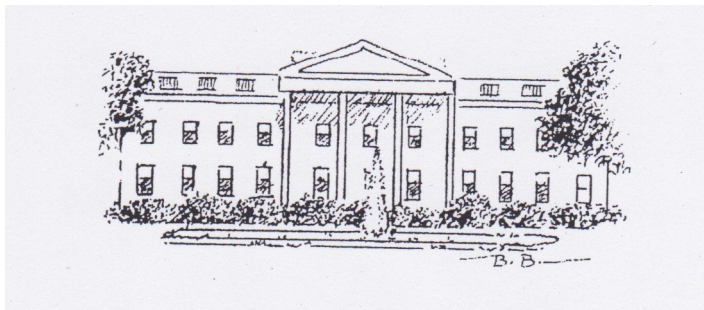


## In the Line of Duty



by Mal Oettinger

(Reprinted from *The Forester*, October 2005)

“John never left any doubt that he loved me, but he told me duty came first,” Georgia Campion remarked. Her husband was a Secret Service agent, charged with making security arrangements for presidents. The job was stressful and arduous, requiring many trips entailing 16-18-hour days. The ordinary tour of duty, because of the hardships, was two to four years; John Campion spent 26.

In the days when politics meant public service, not self-aggrandizement, John and Georgia Campion had a private joke: “We had both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue covered.” While he worked at the White House, she was a legislative assistant to the U.S. Senate Judiciary Committee and to Senate Majority Whip Earle Clements. She also served 16 years as administrative assistant to N.C. Congressman Alton Lennon.

Georgia Brewer was born and grew up in New Bern, N.C. Her education was at Barton College in Wilson, UNC, and the University of Mexico (she majored in Romance Languages). She was working at the Cherry Point Marine base as secretary to Maj. Gen. Field Harris in 1948, when a visit to



Georgia and John Campion

New Bern by President Harry S. Truman was being planned. Truman had promised an old friend, the Baptist pastor in New Bern, that he would attend his church, win or lose the election—and in early November, no one was sure if the man in the pew would be winner or loser. John Campion would arrange for his safety in any case.

Campion made plans through the general's office, assisted by Georgia, and by Saturday, when all was set for the Sunday presidential visit, he was invited to a dance at the Officers' Club of the Marine base. He asked Georgia to be his date, beginning a dance through life. Campion arranged for Georgia to sit in HST's pew at church the next day, and when they parted, Campion promised to keep in touch.

(Continued on page 4)

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### The Forester

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Mary Ann Ruegg

Carol Scott

### In Memoriam

Charles Peete

May 26, 2013

## President's Podium



by Jack Hughes

It seems that a lot of residents are unclear about how The Forest operates, what is the final authority, and what part the residents and Residents' Association play in the day-to-day operations. Thus the subject for this month's Podium.

The Forest is a not-for-profit corporation licensed by the State of North Carolina and operated by a volunteer and self-perpetuating Board of Governors through a Chief Operating Officer (Steve Fishler). The Board is the final authority in all matters related to the operation of The Forest, but the residents do have a lot of influence in the decisions of Management and TFAD Board actions. This influence comes through the three resident members on that Board and by frequent interactions with Management by residents and the officers and directors of the Residents' Association.

The three Resident Members of The Forest Board are like all other Board Members except that they have no vote on financial matters. They keep the Board current on the interests and concerns of residents and each serves on one or more Board Committees. Resident Members participate in discussions and vote on all matters, except financial, that come before The Board. The President of the Residents' Association is usually one of the members and the other two are elected by The TFAD Board from a list of candidates submitted by the Residents' Association.

But what makes for the good life at The Forest are the fifty plus committees of resident volunteers; many of these committees have staff support. So what we have at The Forest is an organization operated by a very competent voluntary Board of Directors that works closely with the Resident Mem-

(Continued on page 3)

## Library Science 101



By Carol Scott

Summer is nearly here--officially arriving June 21--and we will soon be complaining about the heat and wishing we could have back some of those lovely days when the weather couldn't decide between spring and late winter that we so decried in April and May. We are never satisfied, are we?

To alleviate the summer blahs there is always a good book to read, in our Library or in your apartment, both air-conditioned. Some recommended summer reading is to be found on the "Have You Read?" shelves on the reverse side of the book cart holding "New In The Library" books. Also, soon to be posted is the list of Book Club books to be read and discussed through January of next year. Two copies of each Book Club book will be available.

A reminder. If you have checked out a book but give it to someone else to read before you return it to the Library, it is still checked out IN YOUR NAME. You may receive an overdue notice for it. The new reader's name and date of receiving it should be written on the book card. Similarly, if you wish to renew a book, it will have to be done by writing "renew" and the new date ON THE BOOK CARD in the Library. Both of these can be done by a phone call. The book itself does not have to be involved, but we do have to know the author and title of the book to do this for you.

Do not forget our SALE BOOKS! They are located in the copier room above the books for OASIS. Additions are made frequently. A hardback for \$2.00 or large paperback for \$1.00 can be a great, inexpensive gift for a family member or friend – unless you want it for yourself!

New in the Library----

Lovesey: *Cop to Corpse* and *The Tooth Tattoo* --- both Peter Diamond mysteries

Leon: *The Golden Egg* --- a Commissario Brunetti mystery

Strout: *The Burgess Boys*

Benjamin: *The Aviator's Wife* ---Anne and Charles Lindbergh, a novel based on facts

McEwan: *Sweet Tooth*

And new DVDs: *We Bought a Zoo*; *Pride and Prejudice*; *Elizabeth*; *Atonement*

The Library will be open as usual during the summer. And OASIS will continue to come. Happy reading!

### **(Podium** *Continued from page 2)*

bers. That the Board of Directors of The Forest at Duke is the final authority in all matters related to operations might seem to some to be dictatorial; if that is so, then surely we have an enlightened and benevolent dictatorship, and "that ain't all bad."

## Line of Duty continued

(Continued from page 1)

While HST remained in the White House John visited New Bern whenever he could, which wasn't often. And 18 months after the fateful presidential visit, John and Georgia were married. *The News and Observer* learned of the story in 1952 and ran two long columns under the headline "Truman is Dan Cupid for New Bern Girl." This story evidently pleased HST, who got a copy from John, and marked it, "This [is] great. I'm glad we stopped at New Bern!"

John's Secret Service career spanned from the last three years of FDR, through HST, Ike, JFK and LBJ. He steadfastly refused to pick favorites, because he had had a close relationship with each incumbent. In those days, agents did not write books telling all. For example: John was with Harry Truman at the notorious Wake Island meeting with General Douglas MacArthur during the Korean War when the general disobeyed HST's orders and further humiliated him by delaying his arrival until the president was already there. Confided HST to Campion, "The general thinks I'm pretty small potatoes." Of course, the Commander-In-Chief had the last word when he dismissed the general.

Georgia does have a favorite First Lady: Mamie Eisenhower. Georgia recalls her many thoughtful concerns, such as a gracious tour of the Eisenhowers' Gettysburg farm, when the first family invited Secret Service agents and their wives for a picnic supper.

During the Eisenhower years, there were many trips abroad requiring John's advance expertise and supervision. When Ike received an honorary degree from Oxford, he spent the day quietly with Prime Minister Harold MacMillan. A college at Oxford had been named after an ancestor of John's, Sir Edmund Campion, honored and later beheaded by Elizabeth I. When MacMillan inquired if John would like to visit anywhere, he told him of Campion Hall. Later, as he was leaving, he was surprised to see the President and PM draw up at the Hall. They said he had piqued their curiosity. Years later when Georgia



HST and John in step

visited Campion Hall, she happily discovered that it was located on Brewer Street (her maiden name).

The most difficult president to guard, she recalled, was John Kennedy. "The women wouldn't leave him alone. Even at mass, they would rush up and kiss him." John was on vacation when JFK was killed; otherwise he would have been in charge. He had recommended against the president going to Dallas. He was then assigned to the Warren Commission.

In happier times Georgia had joined John in traveling to Paris while he was arranging for the Kennedy state visit. Jackie famously persuaded Charles deGaulle to lend the Mona Lisa to the National Gallery for a six-week exhibition. John was in charge of escorting the painting to New York and for

(Continued on page 5)



## Line of Duty continued

*(Continued from page 4)*

the return home. A state Department officer blanched when John requested a receipt, saying the French would be highly insulted. John was adamant. The president was notified and reportedly said, "If John Campion wants a receipt, get it."

The first honorary degree JFK received was from UNC. When then-President William Friday learned that the wife of the Secret Service agent in charge was a UNC graduate, he arranged a dinner party for some of her NC friends at the Carolina Inn. The Kay Kysers attended.

The Campions had different experiences with Lyndon B. Johnson over a period of time. Georgia remembered how able and charming he had been in the Senate when he was Majority Leader and she worked with the leadership. To John he was a Secret Service agent's nightmare at the Texas presidential

ranch, notoriously driving his Cadillac and disregarding all security regulations. Georgia was definitely impressed by the dedication of Lady Bird to environmental and beautification projects.

John's career was marked by long absences and regular harrowing eight-hour shifts in the White House. The Campions lived in Arlington and McLean, VA. There were benefits, such as White House parties, which Georgia attended as a congressional aide or as John's wife and where they could indulge their mutual love of dancing.

They retired to Southern Pines, NC. After John's death, Georgia moved to The Forest in 1993. Her cottage is decorated with the stuff of memories—pictures that reflect the sweep of history. The Campions were there and prepared to serve their country.



Here's John

## Welcome, New Residents



Gordon and Felicity Klintworth  
Cottage 53     919-489-0777  
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Felicity was born and went to grade and high school in Johannesburg, South Africa. She holds a degree in speech and theatre from Trinity College, London. She and Gordon, whom she had met in high school, were married in 1957 upon his graduation from medical school. Felicity worked as a travel agent for 17 years. She has played tennis in state-wide tournaments and enjoys golf, which she says she plays badly. She has been active in local community affairs and served as a board member and president of Duke's Campus Club. Gordon was born in Zimbabwe, attended high school in Johannesburg, where he met Felicity, and went on to college and medical school at the University of Witwatersrand. His research has focused on the diseases of the cornea, particularly those genetically determined. He came to Duke when the Department of Ophthalmology was being created and is still on the faculty where he has been for 51 years. The Klintworths have a daughter, Suzan Van Fleet, a Durham realtor; a son, John, in Toronto, Canada, who holds an MBA from Vanderbilt; and a daughter, Sandra Nance, a teacher in Cumming, GA.



Mary Ann O'Neal  
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Mary Ann grew up in Arkansas and Texas, attending high school in Jonesboro, AR, before moving to Texas where she attended the University of Texas at Austin. After graduating with a degree in accounting, she married David O'Neal who had just finished medical school and had joined the Navy Medical Corp. Thus began almost 20 years of Navy life living in Hawaii, New York, California, and Virginia before moving to Tennessee for the last 40 years. She has one son, David, Jr., who was born in Hawaii (while it was still a territory) and now lives in Vermont, and a daughter, Leigh, born in Los Angeles, CA, who has lived in Durham since 1982. Traveling has been a big part of the past several years as has volunteering at the Ronald McDonald House and several of the museum shops. This move will make it possible for her to see and enjoy her three granddaughters, Elise, Olivia, and Sophia.

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## Eastern North Carolina Pit-Cooked Whole Hog Barbecue

By Bill Harrington

Last month on May 2, several of us – chaperoned by Steve Tuten of Southern Leisure Tours fame – spent a day in my home town, Ayden. The following residents of The Forest at Duke made the trip; in alphabetical order as opposed to the number of calories consumed at lunch: Gretchen and Bob Dix, Eunice Grossman, Lois Klauder, Mary Ann Ruegg, Helen Stahl, and Delilah Stites.

The highlight of the day was lunch at Bum’s Restaurant, an “institution” for 50 years in the small town of 5,000 citizens. Bum and his staff cook pork barbecue over hot coals of oak or pecan wood. The “official cook” took us in the little house behind the restaurant and showed us how it is done.

I warned the entourage of two possibilities. “If you are a vegetarian, a big red light over the front door will begin to blink and a siren will start wailing as you cross over the threshold.” Also, I suggested doubling one’s blood pressure medication to prepare one’s body for the onslaught of any new cholesterol-filled delights that might overwhelm the bloodstream. I heard exclamations of joy about the food – especially the barbecue, collards and fried chicken.

To my surprise, the banana pudding may have won first prize. I waited until *after* lunch to ask if anyone wanted to stay for breakfast the next morning. The other less well-known delicacy at Bum’s would be served at that time; that is, brains and eggs.

I invited my friends (all three of them and one was my brother) to join us to talk about what it was like to grow up on a tobacco farm, what racial segregation was like in the middle of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, and what it was like for a “foreigner” from Charlotte to move to Ayden. There were lots of questions about lots of things.

The tour bus then traveled the streets of Ayden (didn’t take long) as I pointed out where many things (i.e. buildings, houses, schools, etc.) used to be. On the way home, we stopped by a strawberry patch and ended up hauling a few pounds of the fresh berries back to The Forest.

If anyone desires another trip to the eastern part of heaven, I’m sure Steve would be happy to oblige. I hear Bum will be offering a breakfast special just for us.

**Hear ye! Hear ye!**

**The staff celebrates the completion of the 19th year of publishing *The Forester* with this issue. We will return in the Fall with the October issue.**

**We hope that you will all enjoy a wonderful Summer!**

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## Life After Life

by Jill McCorkle

A Review by Peggy Quinn

“There are no second acts,” according to F. Scott Fitzgerald’s *Gatsby*. Jill McCorkle, however, proves to us that there can be a second act. The residents of Pine Haven retirement center in Fulton, North Carolina, are living testimony that old age doesn’t have to mean the end of the world. Instead, the message comes through loud and clear: there is life and love, and it all depends on what we make of it.

McCorkle uses the Facebook approach to introduce us to a wonderful collection of uniquely different people. Each chapter zeros in on a new personality, and we are immediately caught up in their lives. Sometimes their stories hit very close to home, but McCorkle always manages to inject a little humor or some levity that keeps the story on an even keel. She is able to take a subject that most writers would rather stay away from, but she finds wonder in the world of people who rely on their memories and the faces of their loved ones

Lois Flowers is waiting for her daughter to come to visit. Lois is a woman who always kept her hair dyed black. She never left her room without her hair and make-up just right. She had her “colors done” in 1981 and will tell everyone that was the best investment she ever made. She was a Winter and looked good in turquoise. For fifty years now she has been asking her daughter, “Have you finished all of your homework?”

Then there is Sadie, a widow and former school teacher who taught eight year olds. She remembers every child she ever taught and she taught just about every child who lived in Fulton. She is kind and generous and her favorite subjects to teach were cursive writing and good manners.

Sadie didn’t put much stock in modern teaching aids: she taught arithmetic just fine with her old abacus. Sadie started a little business. She likes photography and uses pictures of her friends along with

their memoirs and their dreams of travel and she turns them into collages and scrapbooks. She is never without her scissors and her glue. Sadie worries about everyone, especially her friend Stanley.

Stanley was a big businessman. His wife, Martha, died, and he has two grown sons. One son, Ned, never lived up to his father’s expectations. When Stanley was widowed and alone, Ned decided that he would come back home and live with his father. That was when Stanley decided that he would go and live at Pine Haven, where he would have people to care for him and he could live in peace and quiet away from Ned. He faked dementia and spent his time thinking and dreaming about wrestling. He is not a happy camper, but Sadie worries about him just the same.

C.J. (Carolina Jessamine - she was conceived while her mother was having sex under a Carolina jessamine bush) is a tattooed, pierced, single mother who works at the home as a manicurist, hair stylist, and foot massager. The retirement community gets a little livelier when C.J. is around. Her colorful language alone keeps things jumping. But all is not as it seems. C.J. has her share of problems with men and life in general. She keeps notes on things she hears and sees, and saves these secrets in her “Pandora’s box,” which she hides in the biggest Kotex box she can find

There are other residents and staff with stories to tell; there is Rachel Silverman, who came from Massachusetts. Why she chose the South, and Pine Haven in particular, nobody knows. She is bitter and angry and carries her discontent with her. She doesn’t like living “in the land of quilts and doilies with a bunch of sweet-tea soaked idiots.” She sticks close to Sadie and Toby, the little lesbian who loves tobacco products. Toby was also a schoolteacher and struggles constantly with her sexuality.

*(Continued on page 10)*



## Meditations

by Carol Scott

Once upon a time, when I was a student at Duke, I was a sociology major. This subject was supposed to provide a broad general background, presumably for further, more specific, graduate work (I did mine in Library Science ... at a rival University...).

Of all the professors then in the Sociology Department, my favorite was Dr. Hart. He was a free spirit, an author, whose current enthusiasms were his semesters' subjects, rather than the titles in the University catalog (e.g. Meditations vs. Cultural Anthropology), and he was a very popular professor.

One year he had devised a "Friend Finder Test," which categorized about eight different types of students' interests, and those like-minded students, after taking the test, sat together in homogeneous groups for class in Page Auditorium. They were supposed to find dates there, with students like themselves (this was an early forerunner of today's computer dating). I did not find a date, but a future sister-in-law was in my group.

Another year he had his class doing a study of their dreams, first training them to wake up – as he did – immediately after a dream and write it down in a notebook beside the bed, for later analysis.

But the most outrageous, and thus most talked about, was the enthusiasm that led to his involving his wife and a male graduate student in an experiment. The two posed as an unmarried couple seeking a motel room for an hour or two. A record was kept of which motels did or did not permit this, and then a list of the "Morally Clean" ones was circulated. That happened before my time, but had become a sort of campus legend.

He apparently didn't see flaws or pitfalls in his enthusiasms, but I happen to know of one.

His class I remember best was the one I took the last semester of my senior year. It was on Meditations. Dr. Hart's proposition was that inspiration came when one meditated on a particular problem in a quiet, relaxed state with no distractions. We were

asked to do a large number of so-called Meditations on personal problems and at the end of the semester give to him the ten best and ten worst, with comments about what made them good or bad -- answer received to problem, perfect environment, etc. or no solution, loud noise in the hall, intruder into the room, etc.

There was a set of instructions to follow for every Meditation: lie down on the floor in a quiet, darkened room at a time when no one was expected to enter; relax completely, beginning with the toes and going up the body to the head. "Let your arms lie limply beside you as though they were wet leaves on the forest floor," he said.

"If you have any problems, my office door is always open."

In that class was a senior, whose name we shall say was Cindy Blackwell. And Cindy had a real problem on which to meditate. She needed an A in some subject to pull up her grade point average so she could graduate with her class.

Her Meditations led to a solution that was successful for her, if not honorable.

One day near the end of the semester she appeared at the open door of Dr. Hart's office.

"Is it convenient to see you, Dr. Hart? I have a Meditation problem I'd like to discuss with you."

"My door is always open, Miss Blackwell. What is the problem?"

"I feel rather silly telling you this, but it troubles me and I didn't know what else to do."

"Yes, Miss Blackwell?"

"I – I don't know how to say this. I've talked to others and no one else in the class seems to have this problem."

"Yes, Miss Blackwell?" (leaning forward eagerly)

"It's not one you mentioned in class....I don't understand it at all"

"Yes, Miss Blackwell?" (even more eagerly )

*(Continued on page 10)*

**Life after Life** continued*(Continued from page 8)*

Abby, a neighborhood child, has wound her way into the hearts of the Pine Havens. She hangs out with Sadie and her friends and wants only to be loved and understood. She is being raised by a father who has no time to spend on a little girl and a mother who has only one goal, to escape a marriage that has lost its luster. Joanna is the consummate caregiver. She is a hospice nurse who owns The Doghouse, a hotdog stand, and she is the rock that holds the community together.

The book is about people, and reading it is like looking through a peephole. McCorkle does a magnificent job of portraying each of her characters' strengths and weaknesses. She connects their lives through their present circumstances, their pasts, and in some cases, their deaths. She celebrates the blessings and wisdom of later life and infuses her remarkable novel with hope and laughter.

Her philosophy is one to consider: it is sad to lose someone we love, but it would be sadder still if we had not had the joy of loving them.

**Meditations** continued*(Continued from page 9)*

"Well, you said that a solution to our problem might come into our mind during the Meditation as a thought, or we might even have a vision of the answer....But my solutions come very differently. It is so strange...."

Almost on his feet now, Dr. Hart once more said, "Yes, Miss Blackwell?"

"Well, I do have answers to my problems....I hear voices telling me what they are... You never mentioned voices..."

Dr. Hart was in transports over this, a new revelation in his theory of Meditation as an answer to problems. Good judgment flew out the window as enthusiasm took over, and as the semester drew to an end his door remained open to hear more about Miss Blackwell's voices.

The creative Miss Blackwell received the A she needed, and graduated with her class.

And I am happy to say that, upon reflection, better judgment must have prevailed, for she did not become a footnote in Dr. Hart's next book.

**Mystery Photos**

4-year old

**Do You Know Them?**

6-year old

## What's In a Name?

by Carol Scott

“What’s in a name? that which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet.” So said  
Juliet to Romeo, according to Shakespeare.

So why am I perturbed when three of my nine  
grandchildren changed their names?

Many famous people have changed their  
names. Cary Grant was originally Archibald Leach  
and Marilyn Monroe was Norma Jeane Mortenson,  
neither of which original name would have showed  
well on the silver screen. The great Voltaire was re-  
ally Francois-Marie Arouet. Among authors we  
have Lewis Carroll (really Charles Lutwidge Dot-  
son), Mark Twain (Samuel Langhorne Clemens) and  
O. Henry (William Sydney Porter). (This last one  
presents a real problem in the library --- is he listed  
under O, or H, or P??)

The name change problem first occurred in  
my family when my sister Bett was born in 1925.  
My father told his colleagues at the University of  
Pennsylvania that his daughter had arrived and was  
named Evolyn Mary, to be called “Evol” for short.  
They whooped and hollered, “Evol. Short for Evolu-  
tion!” for this year was the height of the so-called  
Scopes Monkey Trial, about the teaching of evolu-  
tion in Tennessee. The baby was immediately re-  
named Mary Elisabeth, but her birth certificate –  
already sent to Harrisburg – was not changed until  
just before she married.

My birth name is Carolyn, but I was never  
called that. I have always been Carol—except for  
one year away at college and several summers as  
counselor at a Girl Scout camp, when I tried a new  
personality as “Lyn.” I found I preferred Carol.  
Duke Hospital alone has me listed as Carolyn Ada  
Seeley Scott.

However, when I married I became Mrs. H.  
A. Scott, Jr. or Carol S. Scott, according to custom  
rather than by free choice. All women of this era had  
their names changed so. Later, a daughter and her  
husband used the hyphenated name Scott-Hopkins,

as was in vogue in that era. And now many profes-  
sional women keep their maiden names if they are  
already professionally known by them.

So, knowing that name changes are not at all  
unusual, either by custom or by choice, why am I  
perturbed by the changes made by three of my grand-  
sons?

But, really – Benjamin *Dionysus*, *Libertie*  
*Valence*, and Eli *Lyonhart* ? What has possessed  
these boys?

## Still a mystery?



6-year old at age 23

## **Puzzle**