



Volume 19 Issue 3

A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

December 2013

Native Americans

by Gilda and Norman Greenberg

reprinted from *The Forester* April, 2005

In the early 1950s when we worked for the Bureau of Indian Affairs and lived with the Navajo Indians at Bah-ha-li we were privileged to gain insights into many cultural practices and customs not usually experienced by non-Indians. There were no cell phones, no two-way radios, and we generated our own electricity and pumped our own water. The roads were primitive and since the Navajos lived in camps—not villages—we were basically on our own.

We were at 8000 feet elevation in northern New Mexico. The nearest town was Gallup, about 28 miles away. Thirteen miles of this road was unimproved, with two ruts and deep precipices, which had to be driven before we reached the blacktop.

Our daily responsibilities were all-encompassing. We were providing services as a community center and preparing non-English-speaking children at all age levels (who lived in Navajo hogans) for entry into the public schools in various surrounding cities. The children walked several miles over rough terrain and often in freezing weather in order to reach the newly established Quonset hut used for education and any other community needs we supplied.

Our entry into this isolated community was unique. We requested a meeting with the leaders of the community (consisting of men and women) before any program could be initiated or permitted. We were informed that a child's grave was located close to the area that was designated for the new educational facility. Unless we could devise some way to prevent walking on the grave, there would be no community support. We thought a great deal about



Gilda with Mrs. Chon, the community matriarch

an appropriate solution and finally decided to build a small fence around the grave so that no one would accidentally step on the forbidden soil. This proposal was accepted by the people and we thought one of our obstacles had been eliminated.



1954 highway, living quarters, and school

The community leader then informed us that this program could not begin until a proper ceremony

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The Forester

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President's Podium

by Dale Harris

As we begin our annual change-over (on Nov. 1) on our Residents' Association Board, we appreciate so very much the very fine job done for us by those whose terms just ended: **Jack Hughes, Ned Arnett, Dick DeCamp, and Nell Rubidge**. They and their predecessors have done so much to sustain an effective Association for our residents in this very special place.

I feel privileged, indeed, to be working with your Board, a really outstanding group of individuals, who are dedicated to assisting in supporting your needs through the development and implementation of services and facilities, to protecting your rights, privileges, and interests, and to serving as a liaison between you and the Management and Board of Directors of The Forest at Duke.

At the first of this month, a list of each of those Board members was put into your mailbox. It contains the "how to contact" information either by phone or by e-mail for each of your Board members. Hopefully that will make it easy for you to be in touch with any of us whenever you wish to.

Over the next few months we will all be experiencing lots of "action" on campus as the improvements consistent with the Campus Master Plan are made. Our capacity to tolerate change in our midst will undoubtedly be tested, and that sometimes means our "good humor" may be stressed and stretched at times. Nevertheless, it seems to me that we are, after all, a pretty resilient group of people here on this campus, and we can optimistically look toward many positive things when it is all said and done. We will do our very best to sustain and enhance the good quality of life that makes The Forest at Duke such a special place.

In Memoriam

Donald Bernard October 28, 2013

Dolores Mouro October 28, 2013

Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

Have you used your own computer yet to see if the Library has a particular book and if it is in or out? Bob Dix's new Forest website had made this possible for residents, and several have told us that they like this feature of the new website. We say "Try it --- you'll like it."

Something else new for us is selling books at the Encore Store. In November, on the two days the store was open we had a Library cart loaded with surplus books for sale, at the very modest price of \$2.00 for hardbacks and \$1.00 for large paperbacks. There will be more this month, including a number of children's books. Between Encore days they are available, as usual, in the copier room of the Library. They would make great Christmas gifts for the readers in your family.

Great Christmas gifts for the Library would be financial donations or specific books we do not have (IRS exempted). More residents are using e-readers, so we are having fewer books donated, though we still have a large clientele of avid book readers.

Two new books of note are *The Eternal Wonder* by Pearl S. Buck, and *The Death of Santini* by Pat Conroy. Pearl Buck, the acclaimed author of the best-selling *The Good Earth*, published in 1931, completed *The Eternal Wonder* in 1973, shortly before she died of cancer. However, it was never published, and only recently discovered in a storage shed in Texas. It is exciting to re-discover an old friend. Pat Conroy 36 years ago wrote *The Great Santini*, a fictionalized book about his father, a violent and often cruel Marine fighter pilot from whom he was estranged for many years. The new book tells of their mended relationship and what it meant to both of them before his father's death. As Conroy said in his

Prince of Tides, "In families there are no crimes beyond forgiveness."

New books in the Library include those for the Book Group's monthly selections. If you are NOT a member of the Book Group, PLEASE do not check out a book that is to be discussed in the next couple of months. We have had a backlog of readers needing the next book, both copies of which are out to someone who is not a member of the group, making them unavailable to those who are waiting and waiting for a copy.

HAVE A HAPPY HOLIDAY SEASON!
And remember that there are children's books in the Library classroom for grandchildren and great-grands to enjoy while visiting you.

Vertigo

by Ann Marie Langford

Off and on since 1952 and the birth of our first son I have had vertigo. Now I'm told there are crystals in my ears that need to be repositioned. Without instruction I've learned I can sit on the side of the bed, move my head down, back and from side to side—all slowly. Soon vertigo is gone and I can get on with my day. You'll have to go elsewhere for a scientific explanation or more precise information.

* * *

Ann Marie brought us from the mountains baskets of apples that were in the cafeteria for the taking...and we did. Maybe an apple a day was actually what helped her vertigo.

Editor

Native Americans continued

(Continued from page 1)

was performed by the spiritual leader. Without telephones or mail service they promised to take care of the information factor if we would provide the food. On the day of the ceremony we were astounded to notice the arrival of a great many Navajos who came in trucks, cars, and horse-drawn wagons. Word had reached many corners of the reservation that an important event was being held. By the time the ceremony was scheduled there was standing room only in the Quonset hut. Approximately 200 Navajos had arrived to join in the many hours of chanting and speeches, and to share the food prepared for the occasion.

When this day-long ceremony was completed, the community was satisfied with our first efforts. Our role was complex and difficult since we were expected to be educators, cultural anthropologists, social workers, psychologists, and health activists. While the Navajos desired advancement, they naturally opposed concepts that raised questions as to the patterns by which they lived. Innumerable times members of the community would visit the classroom to observe. Though they did not understand English and could not comprehend the specific activities, they still felt a sense of pride in the apparent knowledge and learning of their children.



Norm building his house

Because of unsanitary conditions most of the children had physical impediments. It was imperative that we introduce a health record system for each student and family. In this way we were able to monitor any unusual conditions that might require corrective measures. Parents were reached through health clinics held in the Quonset hut and birth dates could be recorded for future reference. These sessions were set up with the help of our Public Health Nurse who had to work under adverse conditions. By the time the year ended, almost all adults and children were examined and given inoculations as needed. Once the community became aware of the benefit derived through preventive medicine there was a complete reversal of attitude. It was often necessary to convince the people that the “magic shot” was not a cure-all for every ache and pain and that more than one “shot” might do damage.



Improvised medical clinic

In the area of music there was little experience with polyphonic sound. The cultural concept of song was nasal. Norman introduced the youngsters to all types of music. Playing the French horn with a group of Navajos trying to sing Mozart and Haydn was an unusual musical achievement. However, our area Superintendent at the Bureau of Indian Affairs was so pleased with this form of instruction, he made an extreme effort and obtained a surplus U.S. Navy piano for our use.

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Native Americans continued

(Continued from page 4)

In the middle of April, when our roads were not under snow or thawing, we arranged for a bus trip into town. There was so much excitement that on the day of the trip we looked from our trailer at 6:30 am to see little shadows huddled close to the building, eager to begin their adventure. We noticed with pride that although there was no running water or electricity in any of the hogans, each child was cleaned to perfection. Shoes were polished to a mirror-like shine, clothes were immaculate. They were trying to emulate their non-Indian teachers.



Norm carving a turkey

There were many interesting events during the day. The children had heard about the helpers of the Gallup community—the policeman, the mayor, the fireman, the librarian, the *Gallup Independent* newspaper, but because of their isolated home location they had never seen them doing their jobs. In the fire house the children enjoyed climbing onto the fire engine and ringing the bell. When the firemen wanted to take them to the second level in order to slide down the pole, many loud squeals were heard. We suddenly realized that this was the first time they had walked up a staircase! A fascinating new experience and a lesson for those of us who take many things in our society to be normal, but are unfamiliar with different segments of our culture and its effect on everyday experiences.

Everyone in the community of Gallup was helpful and the day was overwhelming for the children. The *Gallup Independent* thought this trip so noteworthy that they printed a picture of the group awed by the printing press on the front page of the morning edition. On our return to Bah-ha-li everyone was sound asleep—tired but exhilarated by the events of the day.

It is our firm belief that good human relations are essential for the betterment of all societies. Once mutual trust is firmly established, progress takes place with amazing rapidity. We shall never forget our emotions when we were informed by the community elders that we had become the “Father and Mother” of Bah-ha-li. With sadness but with the realization that we needed additional education and experiences, we left this region in 1955.

Epilogue: In 1970 when we were working in universities in Nashville, Tennessee, we received a small grant for the purpose of returning to Bah-ha-li to report on what had occurred in the ensuing fifteen years. In 1955 Bah-Ha-li was not on the map. In 1970 it was on the map with an improved secondary road for the 13 miles from the main highway. We found an impressive, large school building with modern classrooms, a gymnasium, and an excellently equipped kitchen/cafeteria. The teachers had modern small homes with electricity, running water, and outside communication. Modernism had arrived. What has transpired since then we do not know.



The school in 1970

Welcome, New Residents



Doug and Fran Whitfield

Apartment 2026 919-493-3732

Doug was born and raised in Creedmor, NC; Fran in Ashville. Doug has a degree in Accounting and Business Administration from Hardbarger Business College in Raleigh, and worked for forty-one years in several divisions of the NC Department of Revenue. He is an active member of St. Paul's Lutheran Church and especially enjoys the "Tuesday Work Group" doing odd jobs around the church including yard work and small repairs. As part of the Trinity Hall Kitchen Crew he helps prepare the Wednesday Night Dinners. He enjoys gardening, especially orchids, and travel. Fran has a diploma in nursing from Memorial Mission Hospital in Asheville and a bachelor of science in nursing from NC Central. She was an OR supervisor, one year in Intensive Care, has been active in the Association of Operating Room Nurses, was selected as one of the "Great 100" from the NC Nurses Association, 1991, for excellence in nursing. She has been in the St. Paul's Lutheran Church choir and began the children's choir there. She enjoys knitting, crocheting, and singing.



Joseph Conte

Apt 1037 919-425-5493
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Joe was born and brought up in Ballston Spa, NY, a village southwest of Saratoga Springs that is cold in winter and delightful in summer. After a stint in the army at Fort Monmouth (NJ) and at the Pentagon during the Korean War, he matriculated at George Washington University where he earned a degree in economics. Subsequently he earned an advanced degree in public-health statistics from Johns Hopkins University. This education provided a solid foundation for a 30-year career in the U.S. Public Health Service. That career took him to positions in New York City, Atlanta, and Rockville, MD. A widower since 2006, Joe has a daughter in Raleigh and a son in Orlando, FL. His daughter is a social worker, his son a banker. There are nine grandchildren. Joe enjoys woodworking, travel, astronomy, walking, and swimming.

Farm Bureau Report

by Dean McCumber

The raised garden beds, The Farm, in the south-east section of The Forest campus were filled this summer with flowers and vegetables. Most are now lying fallow, but a few hardy cool-weather crops persist, hoping that the sun now low in the sky will sustain a final ripening flourish.

Flowers were bright all summer. Iris in the spring. Roses and daylilies all summer. There was a large and eclectic mix from the aster family: ageratum, asters, chrysanthemums, dahlias, daisies, marigolds, sunflowers, zinnias, and more. Herbs like basil, chives, garlic chives, parsley, salvia, and thyme added texture and flavor! There's even a bed of *cat grass*.

It was a tough year for tomatoes and corn: too much rain. But peppers did very well, as did heat-loving okra. Leeks thrived, too. Onions planted in rows guarded a bed filled with spring lettuce. Bush and pole beans were ready in early summer. Spring-planted summer squash provided edible blossoms and fruits with soft rinds and tender flesh, but succumbed as expected to the midsummer heat. August broccoli seedlings planted for the cool fall season were harvested within weeks by rabbits, but a second planting has survived, with hoped-for flower heads to garnish a December holiday dinner.

There are 36 four-foot by eight-foot beds in The Farm. Most were active this year, individually tended by 14 enthusiastic and independent gardeners. Although it can be tempting to pick blooming flowers and sample ready vegetables from nearby beds,

these gardeners exercise admirable restraint, enjoying only vicariously the successes of their fellow planters and learning new insights from the occasional failures! Tomato growers experienced a lot of learning, but there were winners. We'll share recommendations for next season in a subsequent Report.

Access is by a paved footpath between Cottages 68 and 70. A roomy garden shed for storing personal tools, fertilizers and soil conditioners is adjacent to the path. There is also a composting bin, with fresh compost available to the gardeners. Several frost-proof water outlets with hoses are conveniently located near the beds.

Current bed assignments are posted inside the door of the shed, together with rules and guidelines. Also mounted inside the shed door is a cork board for posting notes and a pad of paper for board notes or simply for writing a take-home reminder.

A few beds are almost always available, especially for heat-tolerant shade-loving plants, but there is some turnover of assigned beds each year. If you would like a bed for the coming year, please contact any member of the Grounds Committee or Dean McCumber, 919-419-8225, Cottage 4, who is currently administering bed assignments. An effort is made to ensure that small mom-and-pop operations have equitable access to beds.

Barbara Birkhead has managed The Farm well for many years but is stepping down. Hers will be difficult shoes to fill, and we are all grateful that she will be nearby tending her personal beds and offering wise counsel.

Open Letter: Chef James Vassallo

Dear Chef Vassallo:

Welcome to The Forest at Duke, home to some of the most wonderful people in the world. And, home to some of the greatest eaters in the history of the world.

Right away, I want to dispel any misconceptions of my foodie abilities. On occasion a resident thinks I know something about food because I write an article for *The Forester*. I actually know very little about food, but I do know lots about *eating*. In fact, I consider myself an expert on the partaking of culinary delights. In reality, the culinary delights don't actually have to be very delightful. I just like to eat.

I am afraid this disqualifies me for any assistance that you thought I might be able to render. I can be of help in at least one way, however. I understand that Chef Al used to receive criticism for some of his creations. Tony tells me that in food service

that just "goes with the territory." If you ever become depressed about anything a resident ever says to you here at The Forest, just arrange a time to observe me during mealtime. I guarantee it will lift your spirits.

Yours truly,

Bill Harrington

Disclaimer: The editor and other newsletter staff of the Residents Association of the Forest at Duke, Inc. take no responsibility for the contents of this article. The opinions are the author's alone. (This goes for future articles as well.)

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



Christmas at Brown House



Dressed for Junior Prom

Our Evolving Christmas Tree

by Carol Scott

The Christmas tree, brought from England in the 19th century, has become the icon of that holiday season. We all have memories of special trees and/or events connected with them. Here are some of mine. Perhaps they will spark memories for some of our readers.

Growing up, my sisters and I were led to believe that Santa Claus decorated the tree on the night before Christmas when he arrived with a sack full of gifts for us. We never questioned how he could spend so much time at our house, when he had so many houses to visit, just accepted the surprise of the tall, live tree, beautifully decorated with colorful glass ornaments, when we went into the living room on Christmas morning, eager to open our gifts.

One winter my great-aunt came from Boston to spend several months with us. The story goes that she helped my parents with the tree on Christmas Eve and they finally got to bed about 2 a.m. Two hours later they heard a great crash and rushed into the living room, to see the tree lying on the floor, with many ornaments smashed and broken beyond repair. Exhausted, they cleaned up the mess, re-decorated the tree, and went thankfully to bed again --- only to be awakened about 6:30 by three little girls, blissfully unaware of the debacle and eager to see what Santa had left them. Whether this had anything to do with it I am not sure, but Aunt Abbie never visited us again.

By the time I was married I, of course, knew who decorated the tree, but Scotty's grandmother in North Carolina didn't seem to know where the tree came from. For our first Christmas, during WW II, we were living in Greenbelt, Md., as Scotty was stationed at Ft. Meade. Granny just KNEW that those Yankees in the Washington area didn't have Christmas trees (though they were for sale on many street corners, just like in Kannapolis, N.C.). So, one evening when I got home from my job at the D.C. Public Library -- Scotty didn't get home every night from Ft. Meade --- I found a surprise cylindrical package standing in the corner of the porch near the mailbox. In it

was a table-top live Christmas tree from Granny! Dear Granny had made our first Christmas together a memorable one.

By the next Christmas we had moved and our ornaments from the last year were in storage. We also had a two month-old baby. So that year we bought an artificial silver-colored tree and decorated it with tiny bows of colored ribbon. We thought baby Mike liked it.

Over the years we collected beautiful ornaments for the children to help us hang on the large, live trees we always bought a week or so before Christmas, turning each tree to find the most beautiful side to face out. One year we had the perfect tree, for it was beautiful from every aspect. The next year, our Sally's boyfriend offered to cut us one from the woods, and he and Sally brought one home triumphantly. It was set up in its stand, and turned around and around -- and around! -- to find the perfect side for display. There was none! We hoped the ornaments disguised the fact that this was really an ugly tree. And soon we bought an artificial tree, with every side beautiful to look at.

By the time we had grandchildren we developed a theme tree -- a Story Book tree. Cousin Grace Linker was making charming felt ornaments designed as characters in nursery rhymes and stories -- Santa and Mrs. Claus, Little Bo Peep and a sheep, Peter Rabbit and siblings, Little Black Sambo and tiger, Jack and Jill, and more -- two-sided and stuffed with cotton, with embroidered detail. Over the years we added to them characters in other media -- the Little Engine that Could, Rapunzel, Cinderella, Little Jack Horner, etc. --until we had 25 or more ornaments relating to stories or poems. There was also a wooden male or female figure with each grandchild's name on it. As we have nine grandchildren, this went on for many years. Now my married granddaughter has the story-book ornaments for her two little children--my great-grands -- to enjoy.

At some point Scotty decided an outdoor

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Christmas Tree continued

(Continued from page 9)

Christmas tree in our front yard near the street would be nice to have, so he made one. Around a straight pole six long narrow boards were arranged, leaning in to the top like a wigwam. Strings of lights were wound around them. The tree looked quite pretty lighted up at night, but rather odd in the daytime. We called it the Treepee and had it for several years.

But the most notable tree was that of 2000, the Thanksmas tree. That year I spent three weeks over Christmas in Singapore with my son John, who was a corporate pilot based there. Therefore, not available to be with the others for that holiday, I invited the family to come for Thanksgiving and had a Thanksmas tree – a medium-sized potted Norfolk pine, decorated appropriately, around which were spread the Christmas gifts. In the usual living-room Christmas tree space it was a memorable tree indeed.

Now, alone, I have come full circle. My current tree I acquired after I moved to The Forest. A table-top tree, but not quite like the first two, it is a contemporary, stylized shape with curved silver metal branches, and is decorated with colorful birds – including owls, of course. It now awaits me in my closet, already brought up from storage.

It is time to bring it out and set it up. The owls are calling.

A Toe-Counting Puzzle

by George Williams

My older sister (96), a resident of a retirement community in Charleston, SC, much like this one, is a zealous student of on-line messages. She has passed on to me one of her findings, a toe-counting jingle for children:

Peedie, Peedie, Pally Ludy, Lady Whistle,
Lody Whostle, Great Odomondod.

She and I remember these lines perfectly from our childhood, as we heard them over half a century ago from our mother's lips, and I am curious to know if anyone here has had a similarly devoted mother who counted off her child's toes with this jingle. The earliest record of this toe-counting text comes from the reminiscences of Henry P. Bowditch (1840-1911), a prominent medical doctor in Boston in the mid-nineteenth century, Dean of the Harvard Medical School (1883-93). In the Memoir of his father published in 1978, Manfred Bowditch reports that his father knew this jingle, and that must mean that he heard it from his mother in the 1840s-1850s and also that he taught it to young Manfred. It appears in print first in 1885 in a book of children's rhymes, SUGAR AND SPICE, a slim volume with no annotations but popular enough to have been reprinted four times in the first half of the 20th century.

It would seem from the on-line research that such toe-counting rhymes are common in the Western European tradition, comparable countings-out having been noted in Great Britain, Scandinavia, and Germany. My sister and I remember the text vividly. We must have heard it in our mother's lap in the 1910s and 1920s, but where our mother heard it in Charleston is a mystery. As Manfred says: "lost in antiquity."

Where's the Card Catalog?

by Carol Scott

"Where's the card catalog?" I asked at the end of my tour of the Library at The Forest.

I had not seen the familiar massive oak cabinet with many drawers holding a title, an author and at least one subject card for each book in the library that libraries used to have.

"We don't have one" was the reply.

The answer was both a challenge and a relief to me. The challenge was to supply a necessary means of looking up the author, title, or subject of all the books in the Library. The relief was because of the haunting memory of the worst day in my professional life.

I was a high school librarian for many years in South Carolina. One October morning near the end of those years the assistant librarian and I entered the library together for the only time in our association. A good thing it was, to have that support, for as we went around the back of the card catalog and saw the front, we nearly fainted. Scattered on the floor were the empty drawers and all the thousands of catalog cards that had been in them. Wanton mischief! It was the librarian's worst nightmare.

After we had recovered I went to the Principal's office to report the disaster and to tell him that because the whereabouts of information in the library's books was now inaccessible to the students, term papers would have to be deferred until the next semester. It would be too big a burden for ALL research to be done at the Public Library. And it would take months for Mrs. Holmes and me to restore the card catalog.

Very quickly he came up with a solution. "That will be a good project for the Civinette Club (a girls' service club)," he said. "They can do it as their project for this year."

"Mr. Laughinghouse (his real name!)," I said, "you don't understand. Catalog card filing is a very precise thing, not like ordinary filing, and it takes at least a semester in Library School to learn how to do it. It is too much for the Civinettes. But I have a

suggestion. You remember that Mrs. McCausland, who was our secretary, retired at the end of last year. She did much of the original card filing and knows the rules. Perhaps she could be hired part time to redo it."

"No," he replied. "I think it would be better if you and Mrs. Holmes each took off one class period each day and did nothing but the filing. That should take care of it."

And so we did. And I kept a careful record of how many class periods we worked, and what progress we made.

In December, shortly before the holidays, I approached my principal again, with that record in hand.

"Mr. Laughinghouse," I said, "I want you to tell the English and Social Studies teachers that term papers can't be required next semester, either, as the card catalog is a long way from being restored." I handed him the log I had kept so he could see for himself.

He looked it over carefully and then asked, "What was the name of the person you said might be hired part-time to help with the filing?"

Mrs. McCausland agreed to come part time, and the card catalog was back in order in time for students to write their term papers in the second half of the second semester.

So that is why I am delighted that The Forest Library skipped the old-fashioned card catalog and has joined the 21st century by having computerized cataloging for the use of its residents --- and Library Committee members.

"And did you ever find out who the mischief-maker was?" you ask.

We never knew for sure, but believe the extractor of cards from the catalog was the boy who grew up to be a dentist --- an extractor of teeth....

A PLEDGE OF SUPPORT TO OUR DURHAM MERCHANTS

We of the community strongly believe that it is in the best interests of Durham for theaters, stores, hotels, motels, restaurants and other enterprises to adopt a policy of equal treatment for all without regard to race. We urge our merchants to take this honorable and progressive action. To do so now would be of great credit to you and a benefit to our city and all its residents.

You, the merchants, are entitled to reassurance that such a decision will be supported by the community. Accordingly, we the undersigned hereby pledge our full support and patronage to those merchants who serve the public and employ help without regard to race.

Ackerman	Conlie Campbell	Dr. Arthur Finn	Paul Horowitz	Dr. & Mrs. William S. Lynn	Mrs. Dorothy H. Pope	Richard R. Strout
Adams	Mr. & Mrs. Albert Capehart	Mrs. Arthur Finn	Elizabeth Horton	Jane J. Mac Isaac	Mr. & Mrs. Albert H. Powell, Jr.	John Struggell
Alden	Carlo Caputo	Weston Flint	J. Woodford Howard, Jr.	Rev. & Mrs. Walle Maclin	J. G. Pratt	Mr. & Mrs. Hans Strug
Alexander	Louise Carden	Donald J. Fluke	W. R. Hudson, M.D.	George Mindox	Mrs. J. G. Pratt	Larry Suid
Alexander	L. Carlitz	Margaret J. Fluke	James Neal Huffaker	Dr. & Mrs. J. E. Markee	Dr. & Mrs. Jack J. Preis	Dr. John D. Sullivan
Ailing	Patrick Carone	J. M. Folsom	Sally Hughes-Schrader	D. A. Marshall	Harris Proctor	L. E. Swanson
Althaus	Mrs. Elizabeth J. Carr	Emerson Ford	Anne Hull	Sandra F. Mascitelli	Brenda L. Pruden	H. C. Sweeney
Anderson	W. E. S. Carr	Sidney R. Fortney	Mrs. Earle Hunt	James C. Mau	Rev. & Mrs. William R. Pursell	Charles Tanford
Armstrong	Jackson W. Carroll	Mary C. Fray	Earle H. Hunt	Mr. & Mrs. W. C. Maxwell	Louis D. Quin	Frank R. Tangherlin
Armstrong	Richard P. Carson	Robert D. Fray	Wanda S. Hunter	Robert G. Mazetti	Mrs. Louis D. Quin	Robert J. Tanis
Armstrong	Mrs. Richard Carson	John Fraerman	Mary M. Huse	Margaret McArthur	W. L. Randall	John Taylor
Armstrong	Robert C. Carson	Dr. & Mrs. H. B. Freye	W. R. Hutchinson, M.D.	Wallace McClure	Dr. & Mrs. R. P. Randolph	John D. Taylor
Armstrong	Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Cavaliere	Dr. & Mrs. Irwin Fridovich	Robert P. Hyatt	Thomas E. McCollough	B. Rayner	Susan Teagan
Armstrong	Mr. & Mrs. G. S. T. Cavanagh	Dr. & Mrs. S. J. Friedberg	Eleanor Jenkins	W. E. McGough, M.D.	Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth J. Beardon	Joan L. Teitel
Armstrong	John W. Oell	Herbert Friedman	Frederick C. Jeorg	Mr. & Mrs. Geloio McHugh	John Reckless	Marcel Teitel
Armstrong	Wallace H. Chang	Isa Friedman	Mr. & Mrs. Robert W. John	Dr. & Mrs. Henry D. McIntosh	Dr. Allen Reddick	R. E. Thiers

Barbara Birkhead surprised me with a Xerox from the *Durham Morning Herald* of June 3, 1963, published not long after the Greensborough and Durham Woolworth sit-ins. Mayor Grabarek had appointed an interim committee in response to demonstrations and they circulated a petition to reassure the various merchants who feared a loss of patrons if they desegregated. By the end of June 90 percent of the Durham merchants had desegregated, and Durham was looked on as a model. The petition contains 657 names and among them are 28 residents who have lived or now live at The Forest. Bravo!