

A Splendid Encore

by Judy Jo Small

Although most people at The Forest know that TFAD has an Encore Store, not many fully appreciate what a massive operation it is and what a tremendous service it offers to everyone here—residents and staff alike.

Since 1996, the Encore Store has operated quietly and almost without interruption except during the height of COVID. It continues to be located in a corner of the first floor, near the Maintenance Department. Encore is run exclusively by resident volunteers: **Kathleen Allen** (the current manager), **Ebbie Steen** and **Abby Saffold** (both previous managers), **Astrid Schmidt-Nielsen**, **Pam Harris**, **Libby Whitaker**, **Mary Lou Croucher**, **Diane Goff**, **Marge Nordstrom**, **Ellen Durrett**, **Anne Riley**, **Shirley Sukonick**, **Vajira Mooney**, **Robyn Sloan**, **Katherine Shelburne**, and **Nathalie Goodrich**. These volunteers are loosely grouped into teams. Some teams organize donated items and arrange them attractively for display. Others decide on prices. Another team handles payments (*cash only*) and keeps records, handling the paperwork. There's a lot to keep straight! Another team gathers merchandise that has languished on shelves too long and delivers to Durham thrift shops—and also, recently—to local groups offering aid to Afghan and Ukrainian refugees.

Indispensable to the whole operation is help from Housekeeping's Tom Bivens and Ruth Wilkins and four strong men on their staff who do the heavy lifting for Encore—John Burns, Gerald Johnson, Keewhon Miller, and Sean Rogers.

Since most residents arriving

here are downsizing to smaller quarters, they usually have belongings they no longer need and things they don't have enough space to keep. Later, when a resident moves to still smaller quarters, it becomes necessary to purge the excess again. Parting with possessions can be tough, even traumatic, but the convenience of having a place right here at TFAD to handle donations and the process of removing them can do a lot to ease the way. Donors may find consolation in knowing that things they've treasured will be used and enjoyed by someone else. Families of deceased residents too may discover that they don't need all the things they've suddenly inherited. It can be a great help to a grieving family that Encore is here, prepared to accept donated items and to perform some of the functions of an estate resale business. (*All donations are tax-deductible. Encore provides donors with forms for tax valuation.*)

Volunteers devote long hours of hard work to managing donated goods and to keeping accurate

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Team participants in Encore Store operations (from left): Keewhon Miller, Ruth Wilkins, Tom Bivens, Sean Rogers, John Burns, and Gerald Johnson.

The Forester

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In Memoriam

Mohini "Anita" Sharma	March 18, 2023
Elizabeth Heinmiller	March 30, 2023
Hilda Remmers	March 30, 2023

An invitation ...

The editors invite you to share your experiences, your poems and essays, your artwork and photos, and your celebrations of life. Due to space constraints, not every submission will see print, but we will do our best to share as much with our readership as we possibly can. 🌱

Vice President's Podium



by Michael Bracy

Our committees are key to achieving the mission of the Residents' Association (RA) as articulated in the Articles of Incorporation. Their activities range from pure discussion and liaison to frenetic activity.

As an example, our Finance Committee, chaired by **Richard Ellman** and made up of members with long careers and deep understanding of accounting, business, and business education, meets regularly with Karen Henry, our CFO, to attempt to understand all aspects of our revenues, expenses, capital expenditures, portfolio performance, and financing. Sometimes the committee devotes an entire meeting to digging into arcane subjects like actuarial calculations, which are essential to understanding our financial health. Once the committee members have thoroughly explored these topics, residents can feel confident that we are on solid financial footing.

At the other end of the activity scale are the Health and Wellness Volunteers and the Encore Store, both subcommittees of the Resident Services Committee. The H&W Volunteers, made up of more than 50 recruited residents and co-chaired by **Linda McBride** and **Chhanda Ganguly**, assisted in the highly successful February 13th move from the old Health Center to the new one. The Encore Store subcommittee, chaired by **Kathleen Allen**, undertook the challenging task of gathering all the old Health and Wellness surplus furniture into the Olsen living room and conducting an all-day sale on March 8th. The sale was a great success, which would have astonished anyone who had peeked into Olsen the day before the sale and seen the magnitude of the task.

There's not enough room here to mention the other committees, but you get the idea: our committees play a critical role in making The Forest a thriving community. If you haven't volunteered to be part of one of our committees or subcommittees, you should. You will be happy you did. 🌱

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

25 Modern women writers to read before you die—exhibit continued

You still have a month to enjoy the writings of award-winning women authors of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, writers such as Jesmyn Ward. Her *Sing, Unburied, Sing* is a gnarly, freighted novel that portrays a broken family living on the Gulf Coast of Mississippi. This family is headed by Leonie, a mother at 17, hooked on drugs, married to a white man named Michael whose cousin killed her brother and who is himself completing a jail sentence. Hearing that Michael is about to be released from prison, Leonie, her children, and her equally substance-addicted white friend Misty embark on a long trip north to meet him. It's a road journey filled with life's little episodes related to children. *Sing, Unburied, Sing* is a brooding, pained meditation on the proposition Colson Whitehead spelled out in *The Underground Railroad* that "America is a ghost in the darkness".

Totally different is Jane Smiley's *Some Luck*, which follows an Iowa family through the thick of the twentieth century. Smiley juggles characters and events with aplomb and storytelling craft. The novel is an expansive, episodic tale showing this generally flinty author in a mellow mood: surprising, but engaging.

Hilary Mantel's *Mirror and the Light* continues another type of epic story--a continuation of Thomas Cromwell's rise and fall in the court of King Henry VIII. Her skill at making events that happened between 1536 and 1540 comprehensible and dramatic (even though we know the outcomes) is remarkable. *Wolf Hall*, the first volume of this trilogy, was a sensational character study that electrified an often-visited slice of history. The *Mirror and the Light* marks a triumphant end to a spellbinding story.

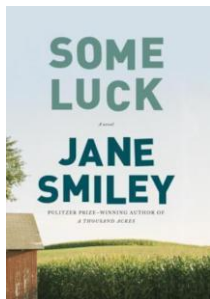
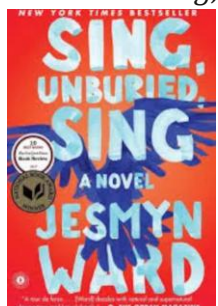
These writers, and many others, are highlighted in this exhibit of award winners. 🌿

Desperately seeking volunteers!

Forest residents are blessed with an excellent in-house library—an outstanding collection of books, puzzles, DVDs, and CDs and a central, comfortable, quiet place to read, do puzzles, and browse. The library is staffed by resident volunteers who assist at the check-out desk and re-shelve those books, puzzles, DVDs, and CDs—the necessary light work essential to keep the collection in order.

From a recent high of 14, the resident corps of Library Volunteers has shrunk to four, due principally to infirmities of age and illness among the long-time volunteers. **The Library is looking for residents able to dedicate an hour or two per week to help keep our library—your library!—running smoothly.** The need is great but the work is spread among many hands.

If you are able and interested in sharing a little of your time on a regular basis, talk with one of the volunteers in the library or with me at 919-401-8742 or email me at reese.carolg11@yahoo.com. Or leave your name at the check-out desk or sign up at the Library Table at the Volunteer Fair on April 26th, 1:00–3:00pm, in the Auditorium. We will teach you what you need to know ... and you may even find some library resources you didn't know existed! 🌿



Library volunteer Muriel Rioux
and Librarian Carol Reese

Welcome New Residents

Rosemarie Atkin Kitchin

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Rosemarie is our newest resident, having moved in on March 8! “My new home is like a secluded hotel suite – I love it!” she says of her apartment, a ground level corner location with no proximate neighbors. The move wasn’t a long-distance one, since she had lived in Durham’s Falconbridge neighborhood for 18 years, when she returned to Durham after a varied, nationwide career to become Vice President of Marketing for the Durham Convention & Visitors Bureau (now DiscoverDurham).



Born in Springfield IL, Rosemarie is a graduate of Northwestern University’s Medill School of Journalism. After graduating, she worked part time in network TV production, wrote advertising copy, and was a social worker helping seniors in a Boston public housing project. Her first full-time job was as public relations director for a Detroit nonprofit. She moved on to the corporate Chrysler PR staff, where she discovered the automotive aftermarket and worked in that field for nearly 30 years. She wrote, edited, marketed, and consulted for the industry’s trade associations, publishers, and manufacturers.

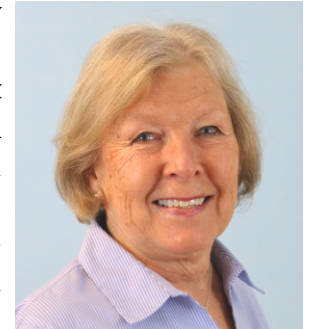
Rosemarie has friends here at The Forest as well as in the Triangle communities. At The Forest, she looks forward to six to seven weekly sessions at our gym. Her interests also include bridge, canasta, local tours with Campus Club, book clubs, plays, and live jazz performances.

And, she says, “It’s been more than a year since I completed editing a book...I hope another editing project comes in over the transom, as I enjoy working with other people’s words.” †

Susan Staples

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Sue grew up in Bay City MI. She went to the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor where she earned her degree in Elementary Education and met her husband-to-be. They married when he finished his MBA and made their first move—to Sewickley PA where Sue taught second grade. Next move was to Swarthmore PA, for her husband’s work. Next, they had a one-year stay in San Raphael CA, then came back to Wallingford PA, where Sue got involved as a volunteer with the annual Philadelphia Flower Show. Their next adventure was a three-year stint in London, where Sue was a volunteer with London’s major flower show and, along with other Americans, helped start the first Junior League abroad—The London Service League. After the London years, they returned to Wallingford where they raised their three children.



Always very active, both as a volunteer and an avid sportswoman, Sue served on the board of Scott Arboretum at Swarthmore, held many offices over her 35 years in her garden club, served her Presbyterian church as a deacon and committee member, and helped with various fund raisers. She was also involved in establishing a program called “A Better Chance” to help minority children succeed educationally and get to college.

Sue’s own children are scattered. Judd, a Duke undergrad and MBA alum, is in Durham working at a Duke non-profit. Mark is in Portage MI working in marketing. Hilary is in San Rafael CA teaching high school biology. All eight of Sue’s grandchildren are boys, two of whom are Duke students.

She has many interests—needlepoint, tennis, golf, paddle tennis, travel—but gardening has long been her most favorite, after her family. Outgoing and engaged, Sue will soon know everyone at The Forest and will brighten our community. †

Splendid Encore ...

(Continued from Page 1)

records of transactions. Plainly, they love what they do. “We have more fun than anyone at The Forest!” Kathleen exclaims, beaming. The others agree. They enjoy working together. They love seeing buyers’ joy in finding something they’ve wanted or needed to improve their lives—a beautiful painting, for example, a comfortable rocking chair, a lamp, a wine rack, a reacher-grabber tool, or a bedside toilet for an infirm parent.

At an Encore sale, everything is priced to sell quickly, and prices are *low*. Shoppers—residents and employees—are able to purchase things at terrific bargain prices. Those who benefit most are TFAD employees (who are not retired, rarely downsizing, and absolutely vital to our community). Volunteers delight in getting to know TFAD staff in a way many residents never do. It’s one of the things they like most. As Ebbie says, “Getting to know TFAD staff is *awesome!*”

On March 8th, Encore held their largest-ever sale, with a mind-boggling quantity of home furnishings that residents left behind when they moved to the new Health Center. The complicated sale, held on the first floor of the “old” Health Center, featured a mass of yard furniture, a big room full of wide-screen TVs, a line of sofas stretching the length of the hallway, framed pictures covering the walls, plus lamps and pianos and bookshelves and wooden chests and desks and an astonishing variety of decor. A long line of eager shoppers had already gathered outside when the sale opened at 6:00 a.m. The rush was on! And it lasted all day. Afterwards, everyone breathed a grateful sigh when the tropical fish finally found a safe home with Candace Tippett, TFAD’s talented pastry chef.

It was a *mammoth* task for Encore workers and for Housekeeping staff, requiring weeks of advance preparation, moving and arranging furniture for the sale even while families of transferred Health Center residents were still deciding what to take and what to donate. The immense scale of it all required expert organization, and Kathleen Allen stepped up to the job with grace, fitting it into a narrow window of time. Weeks after the sale,

unsold items still had to be hauled to thrift stores and charities before the wrecking ball arrived to demolish the building. Work continued, and a host of others helped her pull it all off. Emily Steiskal in particular offered invaluable assistance throughout.

It was also a *huge* success. Monetary proceeds from Encore, like profits from the Gift Shop, go directly to TFAD’s Benevolent Fund. Last year Encore gave \$9,802. The March 8th sale netted \$5,009. Everybody benefits: donors, their families, resident buyers, Forest employees, local charitable organizations, refugees, dedicated Encore volunteers, and The Forest’s Benevolent Fund. In fact, the whole Encore project is benevolence in action. 🌱

Husbandry

by Sue Howell

Last night the redbud popped, that little tree we planted next to the back fence. Three black fingers twined with neon magenta, tiny lights surprising April’s flimsy green.

Finally a tree survives that cursed spot, graveyard of willow and birch, of dogwood lovingly nurtured. A low place, we’d said, needing a reason for the slow deaths,

waiting for an epic struggle. Good against evil, we the battle-grimed soldiers fighting on the side of light, grim-lipped, defending the trees. The sky darkens and cracks, but we press on.

I contemplate the enemy. Spider mite stitching eggs to the leaf’s pale underside with shiny thread, scale monster sucking green juices beneath its horny armor. Possibly canker,

black fungus clogging the veins, always fatal. Can this scrawny tree withstand the blind crawl of centuries? I remember the name of the latest poison, drive to the farm store.

Attitude Adjustment: Free with Purchase

by Ellen Baer

It was the day of the Big Encore Sale, which didn't interest me much because: (1) I don't really like to shop and (2) there's no room in our cottage for anything new. Also, the effects of the ongoing cycle of construction and destruction were making me feel a bit grumpy and disgruntled. Still, I was curious about the sale; so, when Phil and I were taking a walk that afternoon, I suggested we go in and take a look. He said, "Oh no, not me, you go," and left so fast he was just a blur. That's how I came to be sitting in a tan desk chair near the entrance to a room full of chairs and sofas and plant stands and framed artwork. So much stuff!

My relationship to stuff, our own stuff, is different from Phil's because he cares about functionality while I care about the thing itself. That's because I know where we got it or who gave it to us and when, so it holds the memory of a place or a person or a time that is important to me. Phil, on the other hand, is attached to nothing (no thing), so downsizing was a breeze for him and a burden for me. I have noticed that most households have a keeper and a tosser. The result is balance. Otherwise, a couple would have the barest minimum and constantly be having to replace things they have thrown or given away, or they would have so much stuff they wouldn't be able to find anything in the clutter.

I have tried to take the advice of Zen teacher Cheri Huber, who says people fall into two categories: those who stay too long and those who leave too soon. The corollary is holding on too long or letting go too fast. She recommends that we identify our primary tendency and occasionally do the opposite. I have tried this in different situations with varying degrees of success, but I have to admit that my biggest failure came with downsizing. I gave away things I now wish I had kept and kept things that I no longer want. In the same vein, I once had a book by Marie Kondo, who gained a following by telling people to "tidy up" by getting out all their belongings and picking up every single item to see if it was useful or if it sparked joy. If it

wasn't or didn't, it would go to the trash or to Goodwill. I'm all for joy, but this chore seemed joyless to me—and when Marie seemed to lose her mind, asking me to consider the feelings of my socks as I followed her directions for re-arranging my sock drawer, I gave the book straight to Goodwill.

I was thinking about "stuff" as I was sitting in the tan desk chair, wondering who had owned it and whether it had sparked joy for him or her. But, second-hand sentimentality aside, I realized that this chair was more comfortable than the shabby one I had been using at my desk with no sense of attachment. It was ready to be replaced. Therefore I was ready to help make the Encore sale a success by purchasing this chair for the price on its tag—\$4. The problem was I had no money with me, so I went to the checkout desk, where a tired but helpful volunteer told me what to do. She was explaining that I should put \$4 in a special envelope and then put it in a certain mailbox, when a man I had never seen before said, "Here, I have \$4." He handed her a \$5 bill, and she gave him a dollar as I stood there speechless, except for muttering "thank you" and asking him, "How will I pay you back?" Without hesitation he replied, "Never mind, just do something nice for somebody else." I was stunned. It was no big deal, and yet it was. At this time of pervasive divisiveness, distrust, and tribalism, I felt my heart soften and my mind fill up with sweet clichés about random acts of kindness, basic goodness, and paying it forward. "What's your name?" I asked this total stranger who was not a member of my tribe. "Marcellus," he said as he smiled behind his mask and walked away.

Now I have a new method for dealing with grumpiness and disgruntlement or general downheartedness. I just think of the spontaneous generosity of Marcellus and try to be more like him. I won't forget because, thanks to him, my useful "new" desk chair sparks joy, and I'm sitting in it right now. †

I was an unruly airplane passenger ...and the ensuing flight interruption

by Ken Parker

The following recent news article reminded me of my own experience as an unruly airplane passenger:

Raleigh News and Observer, Feb. 23, 2023:

Flights at Raleigh-Durham International Airport were briefly halted Wednesday afternoon while an American Airlines flight made an unscheduled landing due to an unruly passenger according to a statement from the airport.

My experience began with a ski trip during the Christmas break of my senior year at the University of Colorado. My ski buddy Henry and I decided to make the 10-hour drive to Alta for its powder snow rather than sticking with our usual ski areas near Denver. On about the third day of skiing my luck with the then not-so-good "safety bindings" gave out. It was an unspectacular fall, but I knew right away I was in for a sled ride down to the First Aid Station, courtesy of the Ski Patrol.

The Salt Lake City doctor explained to my dad that the options were to have the broken leg treated there or in Denver, but a week-long hospital stay would be required in either case. My parents were eager to have the hospital stay be in Denver.

The problems were that I, with my splinted leg, wouldn't fit in Henry's car (tinier than a VW Beetle) and the airlines wouldn't sell a ticket for someone on crutches. Dad decided to hire a private airplane to do the job. The pilot told my parents that he would be able to get me to the Denver hospital by mid-afternoon the next day. Dad took a half day off from work to be with my mother when I arrived.

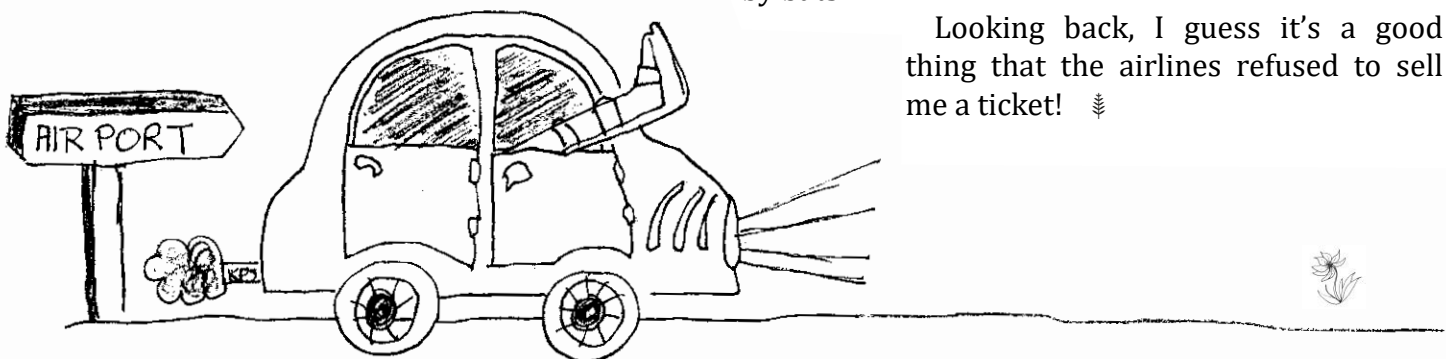
Mid-afternoon came and went for them with no Ken. Late afternoon came and went with no Ken. I'm sure what was on their minds by that time was the then-all-too-frequent news items that yet another single-engine plane had been lost over the Rocky Mountains.

My memory of that day has a long gap. Henry got me to the airport by taking a front seat out of his car and putting me in the back seat. I remember getting in the plane with some medicine for any pain I might experience and then speculating with Henry what each of the gauges in the cockpit were for. And I remember heading down the runway. My next memory was waking up in bed and asking where I was. "In the Denver hospital," my mother said.

The pilot had explained that my behavior was becoming erratic, that I had a bottle of pills with me which he knew nothing about, and that he had been afraid to be up in the air with me. So about midway home he had landed in Wyoming and rented a car to take me the rest of the way. I had been an unruly passenger and had no memory of my unruly behavior.

Many years later my brother warned me that both our mother and one of her grandsons had experienced strange reactions after taking the pain medicine *codeine*. Later still, at a family gathering, I mentioned the event. My nephew said he had no memory of his episode. But his sister did. Her memory was that of their mother holding him while he was screaming that he was being attacked by bats.

Looking back, I guess it's a good thing that the airlines refused to sell me a ticket! 🌿



For Ken Parker, a Colorado native and undergraduate, powder snow and mountains had an irresistible draw.

BOOK REVIEW

Wilmington's Lie
The Murderous Coup of 1898 and
the Rise of White Supremacy

by David Zucchino
(Atlantic Monthly Press, 2020)

by Paul McBride

David Zucchino's Pulitzer Prize-winning book provides a brilliant analysis of the volatile post-Civil War politics in the American South and makes a hugely complicated time understandable to twenty-first century readers.

William Jennings Bryan's thunderous close of his address to the Democratic Convention in Chicago in 1895—"You shall not press down upon the brow of labor this crown of thorns. You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold."—elevated him to the Democratic nomination for President. He might have foreseen that he had cornered the newly formed Populist Party into endorsing his candidacy or risk the election of the gold standard Republican party by splitting the opposition vote. Thus was born the fusion politics of the 1896 presidential campaign that, with William McKinley's victory, spelled the end of the Populist Party. What Bryan could not have imagined was that fusion politics would also unleash forces that only two years later would produce the only successful bloody coup in American history. A red-shirted armed mob descending upon Wilmington NC would slaughter over 60 Black citizens; force thousands of others to flee their homes in fear for their lives; overthrow the duly elected biracial government of the city; exile permanently a number of the most prominent Black and White citizens of Wilmington; impose a city government dominated by leading White supremacists; and provide a jump start to the oppressive Jim Crow imprisonment in which Black North Carolinians and other Black southerners would live their lives for the next six decades. *Wilmington's Lie* vividly reveals the largely unknown history of this momentous armed insurrection.

Alarmed at Bryan's campaign to abandon the gold standard, the financial sectors of America poured their money behind William McKinley. Many poor northern farmers deserted their

Republican orthodoxy and fused with the Bryan Democrats, but to no avail. Fusion politics in the South was far more complex and dangerous. African-American southerners were overwhelmingly loyal to the Republican Party, the party of Abraham Lincoln. The Democratic Party championed White supremacy and resistance to the Republican Federal Government and had engineered the overthrow of hated Reconstruction. To pursue the policies that might improve their lot, poor Whites needed to align with other poor farmers and laborers—the newly freed Blacks.

And thus was launched, for one brief historic moment, an unlikely partnership—the fusion of Black Republicans and poor White Populists who successfully elected some fusion tickets in the South, including in Wilmington NC. There, the fusion government involved the mayor, the sheriff who appointed Blacks to half of his twenty-member police force, and a significant number of city aldermen. For the next two years, Wilmington, a Black-majority city, witnessed a government shared by Blacks and Whites and led by a fusionist mayor cooperating with a Republican governor. One can hardly imagine a more dangerous political situation in the post-Civil War South. Worse still, the government appeared to be working effectively—Blacks and Whites working together presented the promise, however tentative, that a biracial partnership might be a harbinger of things to come.

Such a future was totally unacceptable to White southerners. Every day that the Wilmington fusion experiment continued represented a threat to the White supremacist order. More threatening still, Wilmington had developed a thriving Black middle class that included small businessmen, doctors, lawyers, dentists, pastors, a funeral director, and a well-established newspaper that was owned and operated by Black citizens. The *Wilmington Daily Record* was a mainstay of the Black community and was supported by the business community, both White and Black. Its editor, Alex Manly, had dared to oppose those who espoused lynching to protect White womanhood. Manly had boldly pointed out that 1) White men had assaulted Black women for centuries and 2) many of the liaisons between Black men and White women were consensual. Whites had to stamp out this dangerous biracial

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Wilmington ...

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threat from fusion politics. But how? Who?

Perhaps the most effective instigator of the 1898 insurrection was Josephus Daniels, new owner of the *Raleigh News and Observer*. He later rose to national prominence as Secretary of the Navy under Woodrow Wilson and as ambassador to Mexico under Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Daniels was a progressive reformer, a champion of women's rights, press freedom, public education, prohibition, the right of laborers to organize, and religious liberty. He was also an unflinching White supremacist. He insisted that giving the Negro the right to vote was a calamitous disaster. He used the *N&O* to launch an unrelenting campaign to vilify southern Blacks. He hired a political cartoonist whose cartoons depicted Black men as eye-bulging rapists attacking White women and girls. He published "news" stories alleging rapes and near rapes. He prominently covered some of the most incendiary speeches delivered by allies in the campaign to snuff out fusion politics including the Wilmington speech by Colonel Alfred Waddell who promised to choke the Cape Fear River with Black carcasses. Daniels worked in close partnership with Furnifold Simmons, Democrat congressman and central political operative who purchased thousands of the *N&O* newspapers with party funds, distributing them throughout the state to spread the anti-Black and anti-fusion message and to intensify the fear of a Black takeover. Thus, hundreds of armed Whites wearing red shirts or bandannas descended upon Wilmington in the weeks before the November election to intimidate White fusionists and Black Republicans. Thousands of rifles and shotguns were sold to the mob by White arms dealers. The result was a foregone conclusion: frightened Black voters and White fusionists did not vote in nearly the numbers that had won them the election in 1896. Democrat operatives destroyed opposition votes and stuffed the ballot boxes with Democrat ballots. In a number of Black majority districts, more Democrat votes were counted than registered voters. The Democrats won the election by a literally unbelievable margin.

The race problem of Wilmington was, however, not yet solved as municipal elections were not scheduled until March of 1899. Thus, two days

after the November election, red shirts again journeyed to Wilmington, determined not to wait until March to address Black "rule." Led by Col. Roger Moore, former head of the Ku Klux Klan in Wilmington, the red shirts were augmented by the local militias. By evening, more than 60 Blacks had been killed and perhaps many more. For days after, bodies were found in places where blacks had tried to hide. Hundreds of others fled into the surrounding swamps. The coup leaders had drawn up a list of Whites who had served as fusion officials and Black leaders who had identified with the Republican Party. They were escorted out of town and warned never to return. The most sought-after Black foe, Alex Manly, editor of *The Daily Record*, remained at large. He had fled Wilmington before the election. His wife joined him in the north and neither of them ever returned to their home.

As for the perpetrators, there was no punishment or even an investigation. Col Waddell became the new mayor after the mob forced the elected mayor to resign. A leader of the red shirts from a nearby town was appointed sheriff. Furnifold Simmons was elected to the U.S. Senate where he served until 1931. Charles Aycock, one of the most prominent supporters of the red shirts, became governor of North Carolina in the election of 1900. Josephus Daniels whipped up support for the virtual exclusion of Black voting rights particularly with a series of articles showing how the grandfather clause would eliminate Black voting while not endangering the voting of illiterate Whites. He never apologized for his role in fomenting the only successful armed coup in American history. In his memoir, he admitted that the *N&O* had printed false and exaggerated stories to intensify White resentment and he expressed regret for the level of violence he had helped to unleash. However, he vigorously defended White supremacy to the end. Wilmington's coup warned all southern Blacks that their brief moment in the sun was over and, to Whites, that never again would Whites be permitted to cooperate with Blacks in biracial fusion politics. †

Before moving to TFAD in 2014, Paul McBride taught U.S. history at Ithaca College.

A New Word—One I Wish We Didn't Need

by Phil Baer

The Oxford English Dictionary, aka the OED, currently has about 290,000 main entries, and about 600,000 total entries. The online Logos Dictionary currently has 7,580,560 entries from over 200 languages. In both cases, the word totals are described as “currently” because the collections are far from static and will likely never be complete. Every year, from thousands of submissions, the OED adds several hundred new words that meet their standards for sustained and widespread use. And every word, in every language, every word that has ever existed or will ever exist, was intentionally created by somebody who recognized the need to denote something, the need to enable discussion of something, the need to capture and encapsulate something within the bounds of a shared symbol. Words are created to meet a need, to fill a space that emerges in our vocabulary. New words are features of evolution of language and, as is the case for evolutionary changes in general, they arise to enable language to deal with changes in the environment in which language functions. New words enable language to function adequately in a changing world.

Solastalgia is the new word that I found in an article entitled “The Era of Climate Change Has Created a New Emotion,” with the subtitle “What word might describe losing your home while staying in one place?” by Madeline Ostrander in the July 2022 issue of *The Atlantic*. Ostrander recounts Australian philosopher Glenn Albrecht’s experience, encountering the once-beautiful Hunter Region of southeast Australia devastated by open-pit coal mining. This place that had been home to dairy farms, wineries, and wildlife was now an open scar, devoid of topsoil, water supplies contaminated by toxic metal discharges. The air was choked with dust, carrying the smell of coal, and the thudding roar of blasting produced clouds of orange smoke. He felt that he was experiencing his home being wrecked, and he began to ponder what people feel when the places they call home are destroyed. Recognizing that this is happening with greater and greater frequency, he began searching for a word that would capture and describe the resulting feeling of total loss, the

feeling of still being in the same place, but the place no longer being the same. A word to express the feeling of in-place displacement, unease, dread, and anxiety, as once familiar homeplaces are altered beyond all recognition.

After years of observation, Albrecht created the word he felt best described the experience of watching one’s home environment unravel. As he tells the story, “... my wife, Jill, and I sat at the dining table at home and explored numerous possibilities. One word, ‘nostalgia,’ came to our attention as it was once a concept linked to ... homesickness.” But homesickness is what we feel when we have left our home behind. It is still there but we aren’t. What Albrecht wanted to describe was the feeling of loss when one is still in the place where home once was, but is no longer. And as he had come to recognize, this need not result from something as violent and deliberate as open-pit mining—it’s going on continually, throughout the world, the result of climate change, with its associated fires, droughts, floods, and the apocalyptic loss of flora and fauna.

Albrecht and Jill came up with the word, *solastalgia*, using the suffix *-algia*, meaning “pain,” and the same Latin root in the words *solace*, *console*, and *desolation*. In Latin, *solacium* means “comfort,” and *desolare*, “to leave alone,” so the word *solastalgia* suggested the loss of comfort, the loneliness of being estranged from home. In the almost 20 years since he published a paper laying out the concept and justifying the term, both have become widely accepted. Scientists of various sorts have recognized and described people suffering from *solastalgia* in a wide range of communities, from rural Ghana farmers experiencing climate-change related drought and crop failure, to communities devastated by hurricanes and oil spills in the Gulf of Mexico, to survivors of the 2011 Wallow Fire in Arizona. In all these cases, residents were grieving their loss of homeplace, just as they would have grieved the loss of loved ones.

I have experienced this feeling. I am still here, where I’ve always been, in the southeastern United States. I grew up in West Virginia watching mountain-top, open-pit coal mining destroy the

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New Word ...

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Appalachian landscape and pollute its streams and rivers. And, in recent years, I've watched as butterflies, moths, all manner of flying insects have disappeared, leaving me with a feeling of unease and dread, wondering what else is going or gone, unseen, things part of the intricate web of life that insects share.

Whether by mega-disaster or the almost imperceptible creeping of climate change, we are entering an era of grieving environmental loss. The American Psychological Society reported, based on a 2020 survey, more than two-thirds of American adults say that they have experienced what the Society called *eco-anxiety*. I call it *solastalgia*, a new word for a new environment—a new word that I so wish we didn't need. †

Transformation

by Catherine C. Berg

I'm so much less busy:
no plans for the future
nor implementations...
more time for just being.

Content now to listen
to bird calls and trillings:
conversations that float
far down to the courtyard.

Content to study pines
still shyly concealing
all hints of green swellings
on brown, barren branches;

Content to find patterns
in limbs interwoven:
sun-cast as dark shadows
on the bright ground below.

Transfixed by the beauty,
warm sunlight and breezes:
at peace in these moments
of timeless awareness.

Have I taken you up to Heaven, yet?

by Ted Harris

"Have I taken you up to Heaven, yet?" my irreligious father in his mid-90s asked Dale and me on a visit one Sunday. He had our close attention. "There is nothing to it, you go down the hall and get on the elevator and take it—to the sixteenth floor." At this CCRC there are only six floors in the building, so you are definitely in the heavens. "You turn left and go to the end of the hall, knock on the last door on the right, and your two guardian angels will meet you. They are there to help in any way possible. If your request is more than they can handle, they have permission to interrupt the Big Lord to get the answer." On our way home we were enthralled with his lovely story, so imaginative to us but so real to him.

Growing up in Boston, my father had a boyhood love for ships. He and my mother traveled all over the world on freighters. He belonged to the Travelers Century Club. To be a member you must have been to a hundred countries.

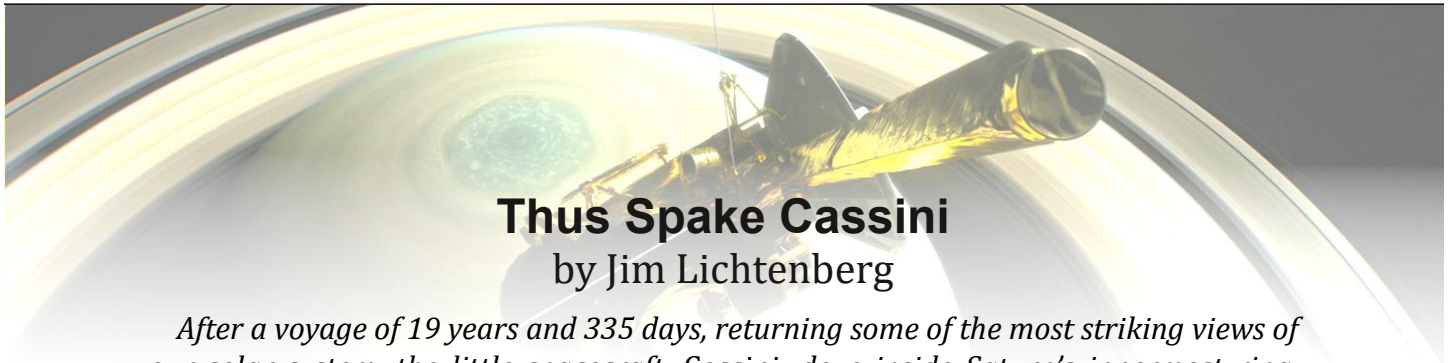
I was not surprised one day when he asked me to rent the cruise ship *Rotterdam* for a year so that the family could travel all around the world. He asked me to lease out the rest of the ship so that the family could go for free. He had checked with his guardian angels to see if he would get back all right. Since they didn't know, they checked with the Big Lord. The guardian angels reported back that the Big Lord said, "Don't bother me with stuff like that, but tell him he'll get back safely." There were plenty of reasons why the rental was not possible. "Daddy, Dale can't take the whole year off," was our excuse. †

Pi Day

by Don Chesnut

That pi is irrational and has its day national
Should not leave your mind in a haze.
So please don't go fidget

But count all its digits
And come back in an infinite number of days.



Thus Spake Cassini

by Jim Lichtenberg

After a voyage of 19 years and 335 days, returning some of the most striking views of our solar system, the little spacecraft, Cassini, dove inside Saturn's innermost ring. Circling the planet 22 times, it plunged into the atmosphere and burned.

NASA, however, had not taken into account that time spent in space turns an inanimate thing sentient, a being, in this case, that would speak Italian.

Herewith, Cassini's last transmission, which began: "Creato con affetto, e sopra un torre di fiamma, mi mando nel scuro dello spazio...."

"They birthed me lovingly
And sent me on a tower of fire
Into celestial darkness.

I was to be their eyes,
Witness to marvels
They had only guessed at:
Titan's atmosphere of hazy green,
The seething storms of Jupiter,
And most and dearest of all,
Heaven's handmaiden,
Queen Saturn, wreathed
With ineluctable rings
Born of exploding moons.

For thirteen years
I whirled high above,
Revealing views that held
Them astonished ... her polar
Hexagons of geometric turbulence,
Moons with methane oceans in which
Who knows, live methane fish,
Mini-moonlets dotting the dense
And tender rings, like ribs,
Subtle and perfect in their orbs.

But beyond all this
My crowning act
Was to know the goddess
Herself, to abandon all tact
And fall into her embrace,
Inevitable.

Spinning in tight orbits,
Ever closer, round
And round they sped me
And now I can feel the brush
Of her veil ...

I am dizzy, I grow warmer.
In a fury, I send them
Everything I see and feel.
It will take them years
To unpack the treasures
That I measure.
Her burning breath
Engulfs me. Me,
I am so near her,
Near ... Oh ...
I ..."

Jim and Ronna Lichtenberg are members of the Early Acceptance Program. Now retired, Jim writes to engage with a passion from college days when he won the Harvard Advocate Poetry Prize as judged by the American poet Robert Lowell.

Information about the planet Saturn is available from NASA at
<https://solarsystem.nasa.gov/planets/saturn/overview/>
 and the Cassini mission in particular from the free ebook at
<https://solarsystem.nasa.gov/resources/17777/the-saturn-system-through-the-eyes-of-cassini-e-book/>