

One Mokugyo's Journey to a New Home

by Kathleen Allen

Why do Encore volunteers sign up for the job? It's messy and seems intrusive into others' privacy. We push carts filled with boxes and furniture. There is heavy lifting and we look disheveled. Our salesroom in the basement is rustic. The air conditioning doesn't work.

But the sales are an employee benefit, and castoff items at embarrassingly low prices get new homes with people who want them. Owners and families are relieved of excess "stuff." The TFAD Benevolent Fund receives the proceeds. And the exceptional group of residents with whom I work are a lot of fun.

Special for me is when an item surfaces that stands out as unique, valuable, or of particular interest to somebody, somewhere. Since I became Encore manager, we have dealt with a baby grand piano, a load of 300+ vinyl LP records, a portable solar panel that looks like a notebook, a Resus-C-Annie dummy for teaching CPR (I wasn't supposed to sell that!), and a portable Asian toilet (complete with an old issue of Playboy) which doubled as a side table. But such odd items can be difficult to unload.

In 2022, we received a wooden sphere, about 11x11x8 inches. It was partly hollow and carved all over. The top might have been a handle. Immediately, **Vajira Mooney** said, "That's a 'mokugyo,' a Buddhist temple drum." In some Buddhist traditions, it is tapped during chanting to keep proper cadence. Now we knew what it was, but what should we do with it? I could not bear to sell it for a few dollars, since it was clearly special, maybe valuable. It deserved an assessment and appreciative new owner.

There were many shown on eBay but none as large or fancy. I spoke with an eBay consigner who promised to do all the work of selling it for 50% of the selling price, but I would have to personally



The large circular carving above the hole in the mokugyo depicts a pair of stylized fish holding in their mouths a ball representing the universe.

deliver it to him. No thanks.

Leland-Little Auctions in Hillsborough voiced no interest.

I took it to *Always Home*, a high-end furniture resale shop, and they agreed to display it, charging a 60–40% split if it were purchased. A few weeks after I consigned it, I went to check on it. I was told it was an eye-catcher and there had been encouraging interest, but each party had backed away after noticing the "Nazi symbol" carved in the front and back. Customers were offended. Despite my assurance that the swastika was an ancient Eastern sun symbol of good fortune, co-opted by the Nazis, they gently but firmly asked that I take it away. I did.

Now what? I took to calling it "Mo."

As if by divine providence, its original owner was very ill in the health center, with little decoration in

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The Forester

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

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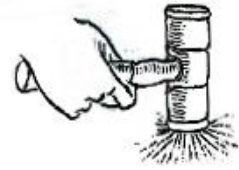
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President's Podium



by Carol Carson

Committee Membership

At this time of year, you might hear comments such as these when TFAD residents get together:

- “My neighbor said being on a committee really helped her feel that she was part of the community, not just a guest.”
- “I can read an income statement and a balance sheet. I thought being on the Finance Committee would help me keep sharp and make a contribution to the Finance Committee’s role as liaison about TFAD’s financial affairs.”
- “It’s simple. I care about what I eat, have some... umm, well, recommendations I want to share, and would like to be a member of the Dining Service Committee.”
- “Before I moved to The Forest I had done event planning for several local groups. When I read the description of the Activities Committee, it looked like my experience would be a good fit.”
- “Who isn’t interested in helping to make sure that the health care here at The Forest is top notch? Also, I heard that the chair of the Health Committee was looking to add some more men to the committee.”

Comments, or thoughts, such as these are in the air because it is time for the Residents’ Association (RA) annual letter to all residents, asking them to express their preference for membership on one or more of the RA’s committees. The lists of preferences are given to committee chairpersons so that they bring on board new committee members in time for the kickoff of the new RA year in November.

Please watch for the letter, think about the key role RA committees play as liaison between residents and the Administration, and consider filling out the form expressing your preference for membership on one or more committees. ¶

Your Story ...

Everybody has a good story to tell, and *The Forester* would love to print yours. The monthly newsletter welcomes your original contribution, whether it’s an essay, a memoir, a story, an article about something here at TFAD, poetry, or photography. We don’t promote any particular religious or political views; *The Forester* is a forum for celebrating our residents and sharing our work with each other.

Because we want to include as many writers as we can each month, we ask that you keep your submission to 750 to 800 words. A picture submitted with an article, if one is available and can be reproduced, can really make a piece of writing stronger. A photo without an article—with a descriptive caption and relevant photographer information—is always welcome to be submitted for publication.

If you’re still hesitating a bit, contact one of the editors (the names are on the masthead) and talk about your idea; we’re always happy to help you if you have questions or need assistance. Just do it!

To reduce printing costs, some photos are printed without color.

Full-color digital issues of *The Forester* with active hyperlinks and read-out-loud capability are available from the front page of the RA website www.ForestRes.org.

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

WELCOME BACK TO ANOTHER YEAR

For our new residents, here's a short introduction to the Library and how it works. The Library is self-service. There are volunteer residents who work in the Library, mainly to check books in and re-shelve them. In order to keep track of the more than 4,000 items in our collection, we depend on you to complete the charge-out cards for each item you borrow. Whenever you take out anything (books, DVDs, CDs, or puzzles), PLEASE fill out the charge-out card with the current date, your name, and your apartment or cottage number. If you are an Early Acceptance Person (EAP), please write EAP after your name. Once filled out, the card is placed in the silver boxes on top of the Circulation Desk. The following is an example of what a completed charge-out card should look like:

B Bur Unbound: my story		8458 Burke, Tarana
Date Loaned	Borrower's Name	Date Returned
10/5/21	C. Reese	4035

We use the third column with the heading *Date Returned* for your apartment or cottage number. If you don't remember the day's date, there is a digital clock on top of the Circulation Desk that gives the time and date. Just hit the rectangular button on the top to light up the clock face. Your cooperation in providing complete information will help us keep track of our collection.

All items are charged out for three (3) weeks at a time. If you keep something longer, we will remind you with an overdue notice in your mailbox. If you wish to keep the item longer, indicate on the notice item(s) you want renewed and leave the sheet on the Circulation Desk marked to my attention (Carol Reese). I will renew your charge.

BANNED OR CHALLENGED BOOKS

The American Library Association reports that the number of book challenges doubled in 2021 and almost doubled again in 2022. Dozens of states have passed censorship laws. Librarians have been targeted for abuse. Teachers in many places are afraid to teach. In some places it takes only one complaint from one person to force librarians to remove something from the shelves. Examples include *To Kill a Mockingbird* by Harper Lee (for stereotypical language), *All the King's Men* by Robert Penn Warren (for its depressing view of life), and *Curious Incident of the Dog in the Night-Time* by Mark Haddon (for offensive language).

Carol Goldsmith has put together an exhibit of some of the Banned or Challenged Books. Check them out and decide their value for yourself. ☘

In Memoriam

Rebekah Jordan	June 1, 2023	Kelly Matherly	June 23, 2023
Sidney Levine	June 23, 2023	Sally Bolognesi	July 21, 2023
Martha Olive	July 27, 2023	Carl Wesley "Wes" Carson	August 2, 2023
Nell Rubidge	August 3, 2023	Robert Kennedy	September 5, 2023
Priscilla Shows	September 10, 2023		

The Art at The Forest: Bob Blake's Watercolors

by Deborah Tunstall Tippett

One rainy afternoon, **Maureen Johnson** and I walked through the halls of The Forest at Duke. During the walk, I became fascinated with all the varied art found on the walls. There are three artists whose works are everywhere: **Bob Blake**, **John Henry**, and **D. D. Vann**. As a new resident, I wanted to know more about each artist. I talked with residents and family members and researched each artist. This article shares some of what I learned about Bob Blake.

Many of you have seen the scenic watercolors of North Carolina in our hallways. Born in New Jersey, Blake came to Duke University Hospital in 1942 as part of the Duke Civilian Public Services Unit which was staffed with conscientious objectors. Bob was raised in a Quaker community and was searching for a place to serve where his wife could also work as a nurse. While working as an orderly, he would often sketch what he had observed in the operating room. The Director of Audiovisual Education noticed his skill and asked to see more of his work. This led to a change from orderly to medical illustrator, a job held until his retirement 42 years later. According to the Duke Medical Center archives, "His illustrations appear in over 50 textbooks and approximately 500 scientific articles in medical journals. He was also a well-known watercolor artist and a founding member of the Durham Allied Art Guild, averaging 60 paintings a year until 2008."

Blake gave 45 paintings to The Forest, and his son and daughter gave 30 paintings. He also provided close to 250 plants, many still thriving in our halls. He and his wife, **Hildur**, cared for the plants and taught ballroom and line dancing. In his spare time, he managed the Greenhouse, created art and puzzles for *The Forester*, drove cancer patients for radiation treatments, served as a Scoutmaster, and delivered Meals on Wheels, earning him "Volunteer of the Year" at The Forest in 1995.

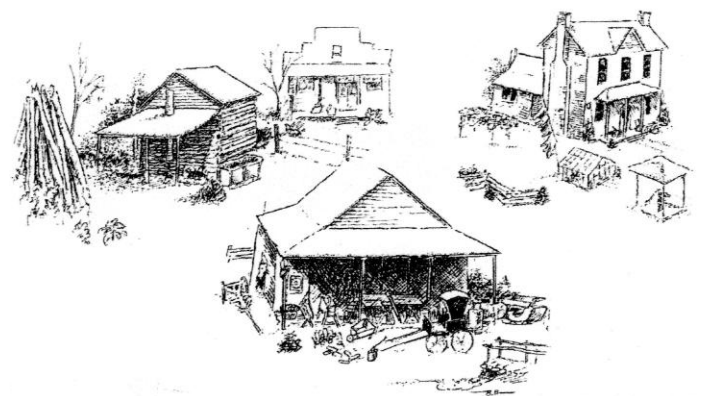
While the majority are scenes around Durham and North Carolina, there are several larger paintings of The Forest in the hall near the

Auditorium. His son, Kennard, narrated a YouTube video, "Permanent Collection Artist: Bob Blake" which focuses on a series of Blake's paintings of scenes from Durham that were donated to the Mary Biddle Duke Art Foundation. These are permanently displayed in a collection in the Duke Divinity School. Kennard recalled, "He was probably the most unassuming man I ever met. It was never important to him to be a well-known artist. He just loved painting."

Blake overcame the challenges of chronic painful arthritis in his fingers for many years to continue his passion for watercolors. He died on December 30, 2014, at the age of 98. 🌿



One of Blake's best paintings hanging at The Forest, according to his son, Kenard. Can you find this painting?



A sample of Blake's many pen-and-ink illustrations featured in The Forester—this in December 2006.

Welcome New Residents

Carolyn K. Penny

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Carolyn grew up in Salisbury NC, came to Durham as a Duke undergraduate and stayed. Her move to The Forest in May 2023 was from the far end of Pickett Road, where she and her husband, Wade, built a home and lived for over 30 years. They married during their senior year of college, and Carolyn supported and assisted him through law school and his legal and political career. With a degree in education and psychology, Carolyn did some teaching at the junior high level, but when their children came along, her main job was mothering the family (at one time, they had four children under the age of 8). She and Wade were active in several retail businesses, namely food and furniture. Carolyn was also very involved in community activities and served on a number of boards and committees—educational, political, and philanthropic, including the Board of Duke Chapel, the PTA, the American Cancer Society, and Duke Hospital.



Carolyn and Wade were always stewards of the land, and they were part of a group that began working together in 2004 to save an area of Duke Forest that was proposed to be sold for development. The neighborhood group managed to succeed with a preservation project that involved four jurisdictions: Durham City, Durham County, Chapel Hill, and Orange County. It's an inspiring story that resulted in the establishment of New Hope Creek Park, which is not far from TFAD. The Pennys also placed 32 acres of their own land in a conservation easement as a protection from future development.

Carolyn was also one of the founding mothers of the Durham Ronald McDonald House, after her

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Donald R. Chand

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A warm welcome to Don Chand, who joined the Forest in May from Chandler AZ. Originally from New Delhi, India, his journey to the United States began in 1961 when he pursued a PhD in Boston. He then taught two years at Boston University before moving to Marietta GA where he worked at the Research Labs of Lockheed Georgia. After returning to India to teach at the Indian Institute of Management (IIM) in Ahmedabad, Don and his family returned to the United States where he became Professor and Chair of the Computer Information Systems Department at Georgia State University in Atlanta. In 1984 he became Chair of the Computer and Information Systems Department at Bentley University, Waltham MA.



Don was married to Shirin V. Chand; sadly, she passed away in 2022. They raised two daughters: Renuka Soll and Ranjana Burke. Renuka began her career in marketing and is transitioning into public service in Chapel Hill; Ranjana Burke serves as a tax attorney for the State of Arizona.

Throughout his career, Don and Shirin provided a welcoming home for countless international students arriving in the United States. Don initiated the Indian Students Club at Boston University in 1962, founded MITHAS to promote South Asian arts at MIT, and served as President of the Boston chapter of Indian American Political Action. Raised in the Methodist Church, Don attended Harvard Epworth Methodist Church in Cambridge MA.

Don's interests include Broadway shows, movies, sports, fine dining, museum visits, and avid reading of novels. At The Forest, he participates in exercise classes, relishes leisurely walks, and attends lectures and music programs. He enjoys engaging with books selected by the TFAD Book Club. †

Mokugyo's Journey ...

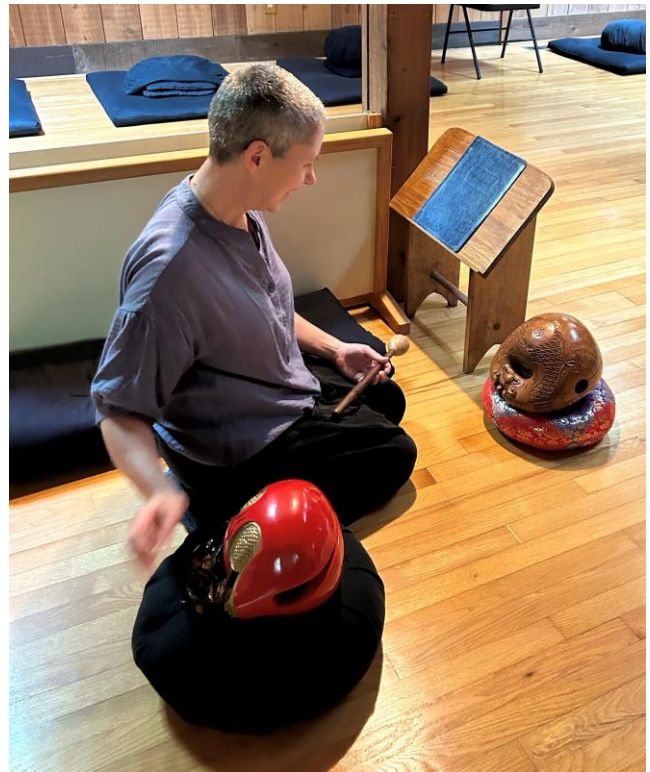
(Continued from Page 1)

her room, nothing to stimulate happy memories at a sad time. So Mo left my closet and spent the last weeks of her owner's life near her bed. Then it was back to my closet.

Next, I received a PBS invitation to an upcoming NC visit of *Antiques Roadshow*, on the grounds of the Museum of Art. For the sessions, invitees must bring one to two items for appraisal; the best are filmed for the TV show. I knew what should go with me! I padded Mo in thick towels and a shopping bag, and off we went, with Mo in the front seat.

The grounds were full of people carting items of every description. Lines were long. We were triaged and directed to the Asian item appraisal line. I hoped Mo would be old and valuable, that our appraiser would *ooh* and *aah* at the sight of her, and we would be featured on television. The Lark-Mason professional was gentle as he dashed our hopes: "Interesting. I'd say worth \$40-60." No TV appearance for us!

My last idea finally worked. The Chapel Hill Zen Center on NC86 welcomed us and took us into the zendo. Mo was put on a cushion in her proper position with the handle down, and we compared Mo's sound with that of the plastic mokugyo they were using. Her sound was more resonant, even luscious: "We will be happy to put it to use as it was designed." So I bought it from the Encore Store for the appraised value and left Mo at the Zen Center to start the next chapter in her life.



Zenki Kathleen B. at the Chapel Hill Zen Center on Hwy 86 welcomed us, took us barefoot into the zendo, and sat the mokugyo on a cushion in the proper position.

What will the next really unusual Encore item be? ♪

Kathleen can't help taking care of things after her career as a Family Nurse Practitioner. She came to TFAD in 2016 and is herself a long-time yoga student.

Carolyn Penny...

(Continued from Page 5)

daughter was successfully treated for Hodgkin's disease. Their oncologist told her of the need for a place for families to stay while their children were in treatment. Opened in 1980, this home serves more than 50 families every night and is their home-away-from-home while they are in Durham. It began with 13 bedrooms, and now has 55 and some transplant suites as well.

Carolyn's adult children are scattered geographically, but all keep in touch with their

mom. Wade, a retired orthopedic surgeon, lives in Chattanooga TN. David is an attorney in Boise ID. Carolyn Leigh, a retired attorney and professor, resides in Davis CA. Michael, a US Navy Captain and trauma surgeon, is in Norfolk VA. Carolyn has five grandchildren.

She maintains her interest in the environment and children's services and knows more about the city of Durham than most of us. Her pleasures are volunteering and reading. ♪

Southern Sundrop

by Rachel Hamilton



Sundrops in our Pollinator Garden, May 2023.

[Beth Timson photo]

How diversely memories can be triggered! Recently at TFAD, I walked across the parking lot into the wildflower garden cultivated by some eco-conscious volunteers. There, in full bloom, was a flower from my earliest memory: the Southern Sundrop. Its pale-yellow bloom took me back to myself as a child of five or so, crossing a field to Great-grandmother's house. I was not allowed to go alone by the street, but the field lay between our back door and hers. I loved to visit, to sit by her feet and listen to stories from her early life.

She told me about her husband, whom I never met, a Quaker from Ohio who had come to help the wounded after the battle of Shiloh. After the war, making his way toward home, he had come across her father's land, where he met Great-grannie and then married her. After several years and the birth of four children, he decided to take his family west. By wagon, they got as far as the Mississippi River, where the father and baby boy caught a fever and died. Great-grannie sent word, by slow mail, to her father, who came by wagon to get her and her three little girls. They made it home, where she and her girls stayed for the rest of their lives.

Our lives overlapped for only a few years, but I fondly remember her, a black-dressed lady in a plantation rocker, reminiscent of Whistler's Mother. All her girls adored her and took great care of her into an old age, long enough for another little girl to hear her stories and to remember them nearly 90 years later—reminded by a humble yellow flower. †

Rachel was born and attended college in Tennessee and taught English there and later in New Orleans. She came to TFAD in 2017.

On Spanish Trail

by Jim Lichtenberg

Tucked into the hillside
Above the old Spanish Trail,
The vista from Mom's
Deck swept down from Mt. Tam,
Across the Golden Gate, and
Eastward to sunset-bright windows
Of the Berkeley Hills.

The day she died
Was like any other, mostly,
Except that she didn't exhale again.

The task seemed obvious:
Find a vista like hers,
Open the urn of gritty, gold-flecked
Ash, and let the wind carry her
To a burial in the sky.

But the steep pitch of the hillside
Made the muddy footing
Treacherous. Breathless,
Choosing a spot, one as
Good as another,
I decided the moment
To release her had come.

Ah, but the wind, I hadn't
Calculated the wind
Which blew the ashes
Into my face, eyes, hair.

Struggling to brush them free,
And with the other hand
To align the urn
To the busy air,
I finally emptied her.

It took some time to clean
My shoes, and a long
Hot shower to clean me...
Not that any wind or water
Would suffice.

Jim Lichtenberg is a member of the Early Acceptance Program. He 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. This is his second piece in The Forester.

An Auto Romance

by Sue Howell

My parents drove the same car for 13 years: a 1936 Oldsmobile. And just when they started thinking about a new car, a world war intervened and factories were manufacturing tanks, not automobiles. But we really didn't use the car that much anyway. My sister and I took the streetcar to school, and we walked everywhere else—to the drug store for ice cream and comic books, to the movies on Saturday afternoons. Still, the Olds was a part of our lives we thought would always be there, like listening to *The Lone Ranger* and *Captain Midnight*. But the war ended, Dad was transferred, and when we followed him later, we saw a new Pontiac in the driveway of our new house.

I learned to drive on that Pontiac, an important part of my teenage life. "Getting the car" then was a very big deal. The only boys who owned a car wore black leather jackets and put a lot of grease on their hair, but having access to a car meant you were cool. You could pick up the gang, drive to the custard stand, and hang out in the parking lot. You could even go to the drive-in movie in summer, hiding a few kids in the trunk if money was short. My parents were pretty generous with the Pontiac, but I never had a car of my own.

I bought my first car when I finished college. I was working in New Orleans and got to work by riding the streetcar to the ferry landing and taking the ferry across the Mississippi. Eventually I learned that Dave in our office had a car he wanted to sell. It wasn't new, but it did have an automatic transmission. The state cars we used to visit our clients were all stick shifts, and I was worried I'd stall out in the middle of a swamp.

That car was a 1953 Chev and in decent condition; Dave wanted five hundred dollars for it. My dad sent me the money on condition that I would have one of my numerous cousins check out the brakes. I handed Dave five hundred dollars, and he handed me a receipt and the keys. The car had a sticker on the windshield, a church with a silhouette of a steeple. I never got around to taking it off.

My new (sort of) car got me back and forth to work, though I did get stranded once on the Mississippi River Bridge. And the car accompanied

me on many adventures. I did have one accident—while looking in the window of a dress shop on St. Charles Avenue. I called my insurance agent, who told me not to admit anything and drove over immediately, successfully intimidating the man who'd been mimicking whiplash injury.



A 1953 Chevrolet Coupe

I had gone to graduate school and changed jobs by the time the Chev was stolen. I came out of my apartment and . . . no car. I walked around the block twice, thinking I'd forgotten where I parked. Still no car. I finally called the police. Unfortunately, I couldn't give them the number of the license plate, because I'd never written it down. With a sigh, the officer told me to call them if and when I had more information. Several months later, the police located my car in the city car pound, with a broken window and the engine hot-wired. Apparently it had been used in a robbery. They wouldn't return it to me, since I had never gotten any registration papers for it—I didn't know what registration papers were—but my fiancé talked them into giving it back.

Later when I married, I lost my car—his Ford was newer and better. His mother, one of the great entrepreneurs of her time, sold my Chev for three hundred dollars to a man who couldn't drive. When the sheriff started to fill out the papers for the sale, he asked for the car's registration. She told him the story. Everyone in town knew my mother-in-law as the Doc's wife. Oh, hell, he said, and handed the keys to the delighted buyer.

The Chev was part of my youth, but I didn't love it. What it was, though, was my *own car*. And I haven't had my own car since then. I don't think it's envy. I didn't envy my college classmates whose parents bought them cars for birthdays and graduation. Today I don't envy my friends in two (or even three) car families. Still, if we had a two-car garage, I think I'd have a little red convertible in my half. 🌿

Mid-life Crisis

by Bill Harrington

Divorced at the age of 43. Should I take the plunge again? How should I try to meet eligible women? Was I “over the hill?” Maybe I should just learn to live the life of a bachelor.

Young women had started opening doors for me, and when I said thank you, each answered, “You’re welcome, SIR.” For a man, this is appreciated, but not good. It is the first sign of old age. One store clerk in a men’s clothing store in Durham informed me, as I entered the front door, “Sir, the large sizes are in the rear.” The gentlemen who helped me pick out a pair of pants told me “You must sit down a lot in your work.” It’s true: before work I used to have breakfast at the 9th Street Bakery restaurant, almost every morning.

After the divorce, for some reason that I have never been able to understand, I wanted to be married again, so I began searching the personal ads on the last few pages of the *Independent*, a weekly newspaper in Durham. I read numerous ads like “DWF (divorced white female) wants to spend time walking on the beach.” Not for me—too hot. “SWF (single white female) would like to meet someone who likes to climb mountains.” Are you kidding? I experienced two “false starts.” Both women agreed to meet for coffee. When each woman walked in the front door of the restaurant, I was glad that I had not asked either one out to dinner. The coffee wasn’t very good either.

I decided to try singles bars. Why not? I could only get embarrassed. Well, all of the women turned out to be 25 years old or younger. I asked a woman at the bar if she wanted to dance. On my third try, she said yes. She was 6’5”; she had not looked nearly that tall sitting down. We “slow danced.” I had a fantasy about kissing her, but I couldn’t reach her lips. I was embarrassed.

All of the women at the Durham County Mental Health Center where I was employed were either married or in some way spoken for. I had reservations about dating a co-worker anyway. The classes that I was teaching part-time at Durham Technical Community College presented me with a dilemma: is it ethical to ask a student—especially

one that is in my class—to go out to dinner? I decided that it was OK after the class was over and all of the grades were in. As it turned out, I was one for three. By some strange coincidence, all three received “A’s” in the class.

I decided it was time to become really adventurous and try something new. I bought a red convertible. †

Bill moved to TFAD in 2009 after a career in mental health work. He swears he met his late beloved wife Maija through answering a personal ad.

Time Is a Rascal

by Maureen Johnson

It flies

It crawls

It skips along

We mark it with meaningful experiences.

Friends touch each others’ lives

Entering, enjoying, leaving

Families grow, love, and suffer together

Generations flow one into the next.

Is there some great plan

Or do we randomly meet and greet

As time steadily ticks along

Happy time evaporates

Like crossing time zones.

Time is a rascal

It flies

It crawls

It skips along.

(written during the Millennium year 2000)

Stacking Up

by Ellen Baer

Brain experts encourage us to learn new things as we age. Here's one for me. As soon as I turn on my computer, a new eye-catching icon comes on the screen along with the familiar ones like Inbox, Google, Amazon, and Zoom. It's orange, and it looks like a short fat smokestack, and, when you click on it, you go to Substack. Once I would have asked: "What's that?" But a couple of years ago, a friend forwarded to me a post from Heather Cox Richardson, a historian at Boston College, who uses history to explain contemporary American politics. She calls her posts "Letters from an American," and they seemed to come magically out of cyberspace into my inbox nearly every day. They were interesting and insightful, and they were free. At some point I noticed that the fine print after the author's name was "@substack.com." So, when our son Chris said he was going to start putting some of his writing on Substack, I figured it was a legitimate enterprise because of Heather.

I still didn't know much about Substack, but Wikipedia told me that it was launched in 2017 as "an American online platform that provides publishing, payment, analytics and design infrastructure to support subscription newsletters." I know all those words, but would not expect to see them all in one sentence. Then I found it described as "a place for independent writing" and "a new economic engine for culture." I was impressed and ready to support my son in this endeavor. However, I couldn't even find Substack and had to wait for him to send me a link. I saw that you can "subscribe" for free and then, to get more than the bare minimum, you sign up for a paid subscription at various levels. I was surprised at how fast word had gotten around to his former fans (people who had read the trio of novels he wrote over a decade ago) and to numerous new fans as well.

Chris had told us what he was going to do, but I think he was surprised that his father was the first reader to post a comment on his new Substack site.

"Please, Dad," he said, "get a 'handle' so it won't be so obvious that we're related." Now, Phil's comment had been so thoughtful that he got a "like" and his own subscriber named John. So, not only did my husband take an alias but he also set up his own Substack site as "Pharmer." Then he posted two essays. Chris had put a recommendation for "Pharmer" on his own site, and suddenly Phil had 17 new readers. But no new subscribers. At first he was disappointed, but he quickly realized that our son's readers would not be his, since those readers were clearly drawn to a distinctive head-spinning mixture of apocalyptic fiction and real-life mental health issues. My husband may be gloomy about some topics, but his writing is downright cheerful compared to our son's. Fortunately, Phil still has John—and me. I took our son's advice and dropped my last name before I posted a glowing comment on Pharmer's Substack.

I was determined to be a good wife and mother, not only by posting positive comments but also by becoming a paid subscriber. As one of our friends has said, "I'm a Luddite by choice." I think I am too, but choice may just be a coverup for ineptness. Still, I went bravely to Chris's Substack, where in just a couple of weeks, he had dozens of paid subscribers whose ranks I was prepared to join. But, honestly, it wasn't easy. I clicked on all the right buttons and signed up as mid-level paid subscriber. I took a deep breath and submitted my credit card number, which I usually guard quite fiercely. It was exciting. It was remarkable. Almost immediately I received a gracious and appreciative email message from Heather thanking me for my support. Somehow, I had become a paid subscriber to her site instead of his. That's how I got the orange smokestack icon. I'm too embarrassed to tell our son. ‡

If you want to know more about Substack, look for Astrid Bracke's "Substack 101: How to Enjoy and Use the Platform." Here's where to find it—on Substack, of course:

<https://astridbracke.substack.com/>



NOTEABLE MILESTONES

The Transistor, Age 75

by Craig Casey & Dean McCumber

Where were you in late December 1947 and early January 1948?—when John Bardeen and Walter Brattain first demonstrated signal amplification in a miniature device (soon named a transistor) whose invention revolutionized the



Shockley studying the apparatus used by Bardeen (left) and Brattain (right) to demonstrate transistor amplification. [Bell Labs photo]

electronics industry, made possible almost every modern electronic device, and ushered in the information age. The two collaborators were part of a group managed by William Shockley working in the nascent field of solid-state physics at Bell Telephone Laboratories, the research arm of AT&T. Shockley was not part of this particular demonstration but later made major contributions to transistor technology. Bardeen, Brattain, and Shockley shared the 1956 Nobel Prize in Physics for this work. Bardeen received an unprecedented second Nobel Prize in Physics in 1972 for providing a fundamental understanding of superconductivity. Brattain continued original research into the surface states of materials. Shockley left Bell Labs to commercialize a new transistor design, forming Shockley Semiconductor Corporation in Palo Alto CA, the first effort at what was to become that hotbed of electronics innovation, Silicon Valley. A difficult executive, he later in life became widely known for his racist views and advocacy of eugenics. 🌿

Mill Families Along the Eno

by Jay Williams

Fifty-eight years ago, I began a love affair with the Eno River. It all started at a fraternity beer blast, hardly an occasion for appreciating the quiet beauty of the place; nevertheless, I saw through my beer haze that I wanted to return, and so I did, again and again. I lived in a raucous fraternity house and then for two years in an even more raucous freshman dormitory as a resident advisor. Getting away often for a quiet walk to clear my head and calm my nerves became much needed preventive mental health care. After student days, I continued to return to the Eno as often as time allowed. In retirement, I took on a number of volunteer duties, mostly as an excuse to go to the river. One of these has been to lead group hikes, and in preparing to lead the hikes, I continue to come across curious historical facts. Among them are stories of the mill families.

Prior to the late 1800s, rivers and streams were the principal way to power large machinery, so as many as 32 mills were built along the 33 miles of the Eno. The mills ground corn and wheat, pressed grapes and apples, sawed lumber, ginned cotton, and hammered out sheet metal. Schools, post offices, general stores, land trading offices, and other commerce grew up around the mills.

Two of the earliest millers in this area were brothers James and William Few. The Few brothers were Quakers from Baltimore County, Maryland. In 1758, they built a mill at what is now called Few's Ford. They prospered, but soon fell out of favor with British Colonial Governor Arthur Dobbs who wanted all his subjects to become Anglicans. The disfavor grew when William Few's son, James Few, joined the Regulators and participated in an early uprising against corruption and abuses of power by agents of the Crown, culminating in the Battle of Alamance in 1771. After the Regulators lost the battle, British Colonial Governor William Tryon sought to make an example of the rebels, and summarily hanged James Few. That was the last straw for James' father, William Few who moved to Georgia. The elder James Few thought himself too old to move, so he remained and opened an inn on

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Mill Families ...

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the Hillsborough Road.

Three generations later, William Few's great grandson, William Preston Few, moved back to North Carolina. In 1910, he became President of Trinity College, and in 1924, he became the first president of Duke University, an office he held until his death in 1940. Long-time TFAD resident, **Shirley Few**, is his daughter-in-law.

In 1811, Isaac Holden built Holden Mill. Its ruins still stand on the Holden Mill Trail. When Isaac died in 1820, his son, Thomas Holden, took over the mill. Thomas had an illegitimate son, William Woods Holden, who lived with his mother in Hillsborough. When "Billy" became old enough to work in the mill, Thomas and his wife persuaded Billy's mother to let him come live with them. Billy was happy there, but he was bright and headstrong and not cut out to be a miller. His interests lay more with journalism and politics. He worked as an apprentice at the *Hillsborough Recorder* until he decided not to show up to work for several days. The editor fired him and posted an advertisement in the paper asking readers not to take him in or give him support. Upon seeing the advertisement, Billy sneaked into the paper at night and set the type to include an advertisement of his own, stating that the paper and its editor were up for sale for \$5. The editor was amused and hired Billy back.

Billy went on to be an editor at a Raleigh paper. Meanwhile, he read law in the evenings and passed the bar exam. From there, he ran for office as a reformer, favoring universal suffrage, universal public education, and improved labor conditions. In 1865,

he became the first North Carolina Republican Governor. However, he was so zealous in his efforts to get rid of the KKK and end corruption in government that he was impeached by the Democrats and removed from office. This earned him the dubious distinction of being the first governor anywhere in the United States to be removed from office. He was later re-elected and served from 1868-1871. He died in 1889 and is buried in Oakwood Cemetery in Raleigh.

Now only the West Point Mill in West Point on the Eno Durham City Park still grinds corn and wheat on weekends. The original mill operated from 1778 to 1942. It collapsed in 1973, but it was rebuilt to the original specifications in 1974-76 as part of developing the City Park. ♣

From undergraduate work at Duke to a long-time practice in Chapel Hill, Jay has become intimately familiar with this part of NC. He hikes the Eno River area himself and is a member of the Eno River Association conservation organization.



The restored grist mill at West Point on the Eno Park in Durham. (J. Williams Photo)