

Brian Adornetto—The Forest's Director of Dining Services

by Shannon Purves

“Roasted Duckling, Orange Glaze” was a dinner menu listing on a recent Thursday.

But diners found the Orange Glaze coating roasted chicken instead. “No ducks available,” explains our Director of Dining Services, Brian Adornetto. “Food shortage is just one of the pandemic problems we’re dealing with—alongside supply shortage, workforce shortage, you name it.”

Brian began his work here on June 14, 2021, a Monday, as he remembers. The father of two daughters, both in college, he’d been employed by the Easter Seals charity organization, helping prepare people with intellectual and developmental disabilities for food/hospitality jobs, work he liked. But when COVID-19 shut the project down and his kids’ college tuitions were continuing to rise, it was clear he needed to up his income. He noticed the TFAD job listing on LinkedIn, applied, and got an almost immediate response from COO Sharon Pitt, who was impressed by his resume. Following three interviews in eight days, including one with all of the executive service directors at once, Brian was hired and came aboard.

The resume Sharon liked listed Brian’s lifetime career positions, including one as executive chef at a CCRC in New Jersey, his home state. In fact, all but one of his previous jobs have been in the food/hospitality category. That single other was his first job out of college—on Wall Street, at Merrill Lynch. Huh?



Brian at his desk on wear-your-TFAD-colors day

“Well,” Brian responds with a smile, “I didn’t want to be a fifth-generation food-and-drink handler! Starting with my great-great-grandfather on my

mother’s side, the family business was always that. My great-great-grandfather first opened a diner in Greece and then spun that off to several *tavernas* that he turned over to his son, my great-grandfather. He, in turn, involved his son, my grandfather, who immigrated to the US, where he opened and operated, along with his daughter, my mother, the PNK Tavern in Jersey City. So I grew up living next door to and working in the family business.”



By the time Brian graduated from high school, he was sure he wanted nothing more to do with that line of work. So he went to college at St. Peter’s University in Jersey City, majored in business and marketing with a minor in English, graduated, and got the job at Merrill Lynch. And hated it. The only good thing about it was that he met Barbara, his wife-to-be, there. And luckily, Barbara had everything figured out. She persuaded Brian to quit Wall Street and go to culinary school. After 18 months at the Institute of Culinary Education in Manhattan, he had his degree in Culinary Arts in hand and has never looked back.

Of his former jobs in the food and hospitality realm, the one as executive chef at a CCRC in New Jersey gave him special understanding of the concerns and skills of the TFAD dining service workers who predate him here. He mentions three with whom he works closely and whose help he particularly appreciates—Executive Chef Alex Brown, Service Manager Hadiyah Parker, and Health and Wellness dining supervisor Shaneen Barnette.

Brian admits that he arrived to lead The Forest dining services at what was probably the most difficult

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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:

Sharon Dexter, *Managing Editor*

Ellen Baer, Phil Baer, Shannon Purves,

Judy Jo Small, & George Williams,

Contributing Editors

Dean McCumber, *Layout Editor*

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Peg Woerner, *Development Editor*

Lois Oliver & Louise Scribner,

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Katherine Shelburne, *Illustrator*

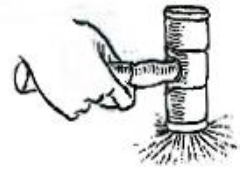
Lowell Goldsmith, *Digital Archivist*

Columnists

Carol Carson

Carol Reese

President's Podium



by Carol Carson

Question: Where is there a treasure trove of TFAD information available to all residents, on demand 24/7, and without leaving home?

Answer: On the Residents' Association (RA) website, and here's a sampling of the treasures:

- Want to re-read a bio published earlier in *The Forester*? Back issues of the residents' newsletter, in color, are archived on the RA website.
- Need to consult Residents' Choice, the unofficial resident-curated directory of local businesses? Sure, you can go to the Connections Room to look at hard copy, but when the need crosses your mind—and with just a few clicks—you could consult this directory on the website.
- Looking for a good book to read? No need to go to the Library; you can browse the online catalogue on the website.
- New to TFAD? You might explore the items under the website's tab "New Residents."

The website is maintained as a volunteer effort supported financially by the RA. It is distinct in content from Viibrant and The Forest at Duke's organizational website. Access is easy. Just type

<https://www.ForestRes.org>

in the browser on your smart phone, tablet, or computer and then type **resident** as the user name and **RAweb2701** as the password. (For more information, see the longer version of these instructions posted in the Connections Room.)

Bob Dix created the website, and in maintaining it since 2013 has done us all a great service. Working without fanfare, he sought out worthwhile content and helped organize content offered by others. Ever so patiently he coached many of us on how to login. Bob is about to retire as webmaster and as a last step is working with **Lowell Goldsmith** to ensure a smooth transition. A round of applause, please, to say thank you to Bob for creating and growing this treasure trove and to Lowell for taking it over! ¶

On COVID Masks ...

No man is an island,
Entire of itself,
Every man is a piece of the continent,
A part of the main.
If a clod be washed away by the sea,
Europe is the less.
As well as if a promontory were.
As well as if a manor of thy friend's
Or of thine own were:
Any man's death diminishes me,
Because I am involved in mankind,
And therefore never send to know
for whom the bell tolls;
It tolls for thee.

—John Donne, 1624

... a reminder of our interdependence.

LIBRARY SCIENCE 101

by Carol Reese

WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR

With the start of a new year, perhaps it is a good time to review the purpose of the TFAD Library and how the collection has developed over the years. The Library's approved policy states that its aim is to meet the leisure and intellectual needs of the residents. Therefore, the goal of the collection, which is divided into six broad categories: fiction, non-fiction (with an emphasis on American history), mystery, biography, large-print books (all categories), and non-print items, is to provide the residents with a wide variety of materials covering these six categories of the collection.



The majority of the collection has been developed through the generous donations of books by residents, and sometimes even future residents. Approximately 90–95% of our collection has been donated to the Library over the years. The Library prefers to accept current fiction, along with some biographies or non-fiction books that would be of broad interest. Based on our Acquisitions Policy, we do not accept textbooks or advanced science/technology publications since we are not a research/teaching library. In addition, due to space limitations, we do not accept cookbooks, travel guides, gardening, or oversized “coffee table” books. Also, we do not take books that have been written in or defaced in any other manner. But please feel free to donate books you think we should have as long as they fit the goal of the collection and our Acquisitions Policy.

Thanks to the generosity of various residents over the years, the Library has also been able to build up a small budget dedicated to the purchase of books. Currently, these funds are used to purchase large-print books and to replace other books that have been so heavily used that our current copies are falling apart.

OLDER ADULT AND SHUT-IN SERVICE (OASIS)

If our Library doesn't have what you want, try the Durham County Library's online catalog. You can search their catalog at <https://durhamcounty.bibliocommons.com/>. If you find what you want, you can either go to the county library to take the item out or you can ask the county staff of **OASIS** to bring it to the Forest the next time they come if the item is available. Currently, due to COVID-19, the county staff isn't allowed to enter our building. Therefore, to request an item from the county library, please contact our resident volunteer, **Cathrine Stickel**, who works closely with the librarians from **OASIS**. If you tell her what you want, she will pass your request on to them.

SPEAKING OF VOLUNTEERS

Please remember that the Library “staff” is made up of volunteers who give generously of their time to keep the Library functioning. Books, puzzles, DVDs, etc., don't miraculously appear on the shelves. When volunteers are at the Circulation Desk, their main functions are to help check each book back in by finding its correct card, to file the check-out cards from books taken out, and to re-shelve items in their proper locations in the Library. While the volunteers have been trained in these specific tasks, remember that they are not professional librarians. As volunteers, they are willing to help as best they can. If they cannot answer your question, please leave a note and we will try to find an answer for you.

Let's wish for a happy New Year for all. ☘

Brian Adornetto ...

(Continued from Page 1)



Chef Alex and Dining Services Director Brian on TFAD dress like twins day

time in its history. He wants us to know that he has been helped generously by everyone involved, and by Sharon Pitt most particularly. He also wants us to know how focused the food staff is and how hard the whole team is working to make our dining experience the best it can possibly be.

Thank you, Brian Adornetto! All the team's hard work is clearly paying off. 🌿

Photos by April Ravelli, Lauren Young, and Justin Martineau

Whittle My Middle

Hey, diddle, diddle,
I'm watching my middle;
I'm hoping to whittle it soon.
But eating's such fun,
it may not get done
'Til my dish runs away with my spoon!

—Eleanor Kinney

The Forester, Vol 7, Issue 4, page 5 (January 2001)

The Residents' Association Officers and Directors

Fiscal Year 2021–2022

The Officers & Directors of the Residents' Association currently serving for the year beginning November 1, 2021, are:

Officers

Carol Carson	President
Michael Bracey	Vice President
Marge Nordstrom	Secretary
Ken Barrett	Treasurer
Lois Oliver	Past President

Directors

Elizabeth Gillis
Jim Freedman
Richard Ellman
Bennett Galef
Maureen Johnson
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Committees

Activities
Caucuses
Finance
Dining Services
General Services
Governance
Health
Marketing
Resident Services

(Vacant)

Archivist

The Forest at Duke, Inc., Board*

Carol Carson
Dean McCumber
Craig Daniels

*Carol Carson fills a seat nominally reserved for the RA President. Dean McCumber's second 3-year term will expire October 31, 2022. Craig Daniels' first 3-year term will expire October 31, 2023; he is eligible for a second term.'

What Really Happened—and Why

by Ken Parker

That's what "The Skeptic's Guide to American History," the first course in The Forest Learning Series, was all about. Delivered through a series of 24 pre-recorded lectures by Mark A. Stoler, Emeritus Professor of History at the University of Vermont, the course provides an alternative view of our nation's history.

Professor Stoler specializes in military and diplomatic history. In this course he shows how our popular notions of history sometimes clash with the actual events and suggests how we can more fully understand those events. He notes that we view the past through a lens of our current values, and these change over time. Interpretations are usually tied in some way to the era in which they were written. It's far from accidental that the generation that fought the Civil War would view it in the North as a moral struggle over slavery and in the South as a more defensible support of states' rights.

Similarly it is far from accidental that an economic interpretation gained great popularity during the 1930s, the years of the Great Depression. Nor is it surprising that interpretations emphasizing fanatics and incompetent politicians should arise as people in the 1930s were experiencing the Depression and simultaneously witnessing the rise of Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini, leading them to see World War I as an avoidable conflict.

Over time, historians have changed their ranking of presidents. A case in point is Woodrow Wilson. He had been revered as a strong progressive for his administration's "liberal" legislative successes, his international stature following World War I, and his championing of the League of Nations, which set the stage for the United Nations. In recent decades, however, his racist views and policies have been scrutinized more fully, and he has lost ground on this list.

By taking a skeptical approach to American history Professor Stoler isn't dabbling in imaginative conspiracy theories. Rather, he is trying to reframe our understanding of the nation's past and actually strengthen our appreciation for what makes American history such a fascinating chapter in the larger story of Western civilization.

This first course in The Forest Learning Series was presented in the auditorium by **Maureen Johnson** and **Elayne Bernstein** using DVDs from The Forest's collection of Great Courses donated by the late **John Tindall**. The next course in the series is "From Monet to Van Gogh—A History of Impressionism" to be presented in the Spring 2022 semester. A complete list of courses in the Learning Series is available from Maureen and Elayne, who welcome suggestions for topics to be covered in future presentations. ♣

A Colorado native, Ken Parker is a former Information Technology Specialist, whose interest in history led him to do extensive research on the history of an old mill near Wake Forest NC. The result is River Mill, a published history of the mill building and the community where he and his wife, Sharron, lived before moving to The Forest in Spring 2019.

The Forest Learning Series

The Forest Learning Series is a set of lecture courses for residents organized and presented by Maureen Johnson and Elayne Bernstein based on a library of over 70 Great Courses DVD sets donated by the late Forest resident John Tindall. They cover topics not only in history but also architecture, art, music, philosophy, religion, and science. John also donated nearly as many audio CD courses to the Durham County Library.

After earning undergraduate and MD degrees from Duke, John served in the US Air Force for three years in England, returning to Duke to teach and practice dermatology. Rejoining the USAF, he trained as a Flight Surgeon, serving in multiple locations worldwide. He retired as a bird colonel and moved to a civilian dermatology practice in Kinston NC, retiring finally in 2004. A polymath, he never lost his enthusiasm for learning, hence his extraordinary DVD and CD learning library. An impressive legacy for us to enjoy.

John is also remembered here at TFAD for his legendary love for sports, especially Duke sports, more especially Duke men's and women's basketball. ♣



Welcome New Residents

Catherine & Sanford Berg

Apt 4029

352-284-5791

352-339-3450

ccberg45@gmail.com

sberg@ufl.edu

Catherine grew up in Vancouver WA, Sanford in Seattle. They met on a blind date as teenagers. Both went to the University of Washington where Catherine earned a double degree in English and German, and Sanford a BS in economics. They married when Catherine graduated. She followed Sanford to Yale, where he earned a PhD and she a Master of Arts in Teaching.

When Sanford accepted a faculty position at the University of Florida, the family moved to Gainesville. His area of economic expertise is infrastructure regulation. He has written extensively and consulted worldwide on regulatory incentives, governance, efficiency, and pricing in water, energy, and telecommunications. He was named Distinguished Service Professor in 1995 and UF Teacher/Scholar in 1998.

Catherine has always been a devoted and working member of her church, having started as a teenager being involved at every level. She studied piano for 12 years and used her talent to be church pianist at the United Church of Gainesville, playing for worship and memorial services. She enjoys playing an electronic



Photo by Richard Ellman

piano in their apartment.

As their children came along, she nurtured them, raised schnauzers, gardened a lot, and joined with her neighbors to make a neighborhood family. Once the youngest was in school, she resumed teaching English to seventh graders. For the next 20 years she taught, as she said, “to coax out the ‘poet’ in each child” in their writing. She founded a Pre-Advanced Placement program for 9th and 10th graders and later taught the AP language course. Catherine is a poet herself. Her poem “Moving On” was in the December *Forester*, and “Wordless Advice” is printed here.

Both Catherine and Sanford enjoy writing and are creating memoirs to document personal and family experiences. They have many interests. Sanford enjoys canoeing, kayaking, and biking. Catherine is a gardener and birder. On our campus they do a lot of walking with their miniature poodle, Charlie. They have a cottage, Owltree Cottage, on wild Redwater Lake in Hawthorne FL, a place where many happy memories have been formed.

The Bergs have three children and six grandchildren. Their daughter Christina is an interior designer living in Raleigh NC. Their son, Jonathan, is a professor of genetics at UNC-Chapel Hill. Their daughter Ellen is a genealogist living in Bethesda MD. They discovered The Forest during one of their frequent visits to North Carolina to spend time with grandchildren. 🌿

Wordless Advice

I study horizons
brilliant with the colors
of flaming autumn trees,
my feet memorizing
the perimeter paths
on regular daily walks.

I smile at a few faces
whose names I can't recall:
just fragments of stories,
careers and families:
a colorful collage,
lovely but confusing.

Much easier to walk
the now welcoming paths
past individual trees
in daily-changing garb
that nod to me deeply
as if we are neighbors.

Their rustling leaves whisper
wise, and friendly advice:
Please, newcomer, be patient:
It will take four seasons
for us to fully share
our stories and our lives.

— Catherine Berg, September 11, 2021
The Forest at Duke

Welcome New Residents

Ritz C. Ray, Jr., MD Apt. 2015 336-408-8163

Welcome to Ritz Ray, who moved from Winston-Salem to The Forest at the enthusiastic recommendation of family, friends, and colleagues. Ritz grew up in West Jefferson NC. He has a home in Ashe County at Jefferson Landing, which he helped develop, and a vacation home in Carbondale CO, where he enjoys hiking and bicycling, the snow, and summers without humidity!



He attended Duke University as an undergraduate, played in the Duke Marching Band, and developed lasting friendships in Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity. He then attended Duke Medical School and did two residencies and a fellowship. Ritz served two years in the US Naval Reserve as a Medical Officer. Since 1972 he has lived and practiced psychiatry in Winston-Salem and is now retired.

Ritz practiced medicine for more than 53 years and is a Diplomate in the American Academy of Pediatrics, a Distinguished Life Fellow in the American Psychiatric Association, and a Life Fellow of the American Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry. He also has served as President and Treasurer/Membership Chair of the North Carolina Council of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry.

Ritz's great passion is world travel (as well as his home in Colorado), and he enjoys Christmas tree farming, real estate development, fine wines and dining, and sports. His daughter Beth Ray-Schroeder is Senior Director of Duke Travels, Office of Alumni Engagement and Development, and his daughter Laura Ray Roth is an interior designer in Kenilworth IL. Son Alexei Ray lives in Chapel Hill and works in IT doing computer support for business clients. Ritz has six grandchildren. ♣

Photos by Richard Ellman

Carolyn Cone Weaver Apt. 3010 984-219-2635

A warm welcome to Carolyn Weaver, newly arrived in our community from Fayetteville NC. Born in Miami, Carolyn grew up in Douglaston NY and came to Durham in 1955 to attend Duke, where she majored in English, participated in the Women's Glee Club, Duke Chapel Choir, and radio station WDBS. She remained in North Carolina, living in Durham, Greensboro, Charlotte, and Fayetteville.



Carolyn's late husband, L. Stacy Weaver, Jr., graduated from Duke's Trinity College and Law School. He began his career as partner in Terry Sanford's Fayetteville law firm.

Carolyn was Executive Director of the Arts Council of Fayetteville/Cumberland County for 12 years, and she later consulted in nonprofit management. She served on the Board of the NC Writers' Network and as President of the NC Association of Arts Councils.

She was a member of the NC School of the Arts Board of Trustees, of Duke's Alumni Association, and of the NC Council on Aging. She was also Advisor on Community Arts for Appalachian State University.

Carolyn's awards include President's Award, NC Association of Arts Councils (1990) and Arts Service Award, Arts Council of Fayetteville/Cumberland County (1990). The NC Arts Council commissioned her to write *From Chaos to Order: An Arts Facility Guide* and *Let's Get Personnel: A Handbook for Arts Organizations*. Two of her short stories were published in literary magazines. Her hobbies include writing, reading, working crossword puzzles, walking, birding, and pocket gardening.

Carolyn's daughter Carolyn Dale Carlson is retired from her career in hospitality management. Her daughter Linda Rae Carlson Hehn works in construction in Birmingham AL. Carolyn has two grandsons and two great-grandchildren. ♣

Growing Up Retail

by Chelley Shaner Gutin

My mother was “Miss Priscilla,” not to me, but to many of the Priscilla Shop’s customers. From my earliest memories, she belonged to our ladies’ clothing store as much as to our family. The Priscilla Shop was on Germantown Avenue, a cobblestone, commercial street that ran from the historic neighborhood of Germantown all the way down to Center City Philadelphia. Our segment of the avenue was *Nicetown*, a blue-collar neighborhood of brick row houses. Residents were an ethnic mix of Polish, Ukrainian, and Russian immigrants in their colorful “babushka” headscarves, along with a variety of native-born Americans. Many of the merchants were Jewish, and my family was one of the few who lived in the same building as their businesses.

Because our store specialized in brassieres, girdles, and other ladies’ undergarments, my father worked primarily behind the scenes. He was the one who got the three of us kids dressed, groomed, and fed every morning, the one who drove us to school and chauffeured us where we wanted to go after school and on weekends.

I sometimes resented having to live behind and above the store, in a jerry-rigged home with a weird floor plan for housing our family of five. Though my parents had made it as comfortable and attractive as they could, I longed to live in a real “neighborhood” like my school friends did.

When I was little, though, I loved to sit on the top step of a balcony at the back of the store, where it was easy to observe the activity below. Up there I could see a micro-universe and hear things that went way beyond sales transactions. I liked to watch my mother help customers; she was low-key, warm, and sincerely friendly. Over time she—and I—learned a lot

about the customers and their lives. Later, I realized that the store provided my mother’s social life. And I grew to understand not merely how to keep stock orderly and how to measure customers for brassieres, but much more too about ethnic diversity, interpersonal relations, the joys and sorrows of different kinds of families, and about complicated domestic situations.

Observing my mother at work was pleasurable retail training for me. She was gracious and never seemed annoyed if customers left without buying anything.

Listening to her conversations, though, was occasionally shocking. Several times I heard immigrant women confide some version of “I had seven children—and buried two.” I froze, afraid to ask my mother what that meant, yet sensing the awful significance. Another shock came when a customer’s teenage daughter used a “dirty word” in front of my mother. I half expected to see my demure mother collapse, but she remained upright.

One customer mentioned that she worked for the Whitman Chocolate Company, and my chocoholic mother asked if employees got discounts. Consequently, for one dollar, a dull gray cardboard box arrived one day, filled with a jumbled five pounds of not-quite-perfect-looking chocolate candy. My brother discovered its hiding place, got my sister and me out of bed, and the three of us dug right in, euphoric.

When I was about ten, I “graduated” from my balcony step to a high stool at the lingerie counter, where I did my homework and was poised to jump up to ring up a sale or wrap a gift. The privilege to actually wait on customers I obtained later, proud to have gained that trust in my early teens.

Our prices were low by today’s standard. The highest tab on our cash register was \$10. If a customer’s total came to \$28, you had to push the \$10 button twice, the \$5 button once, and the \$1 button three times. Beneath the counter was a home-made “tax box.” I occasionally slipped out a few coins if I wanted 11 cents for a Saturday afternoon movie. I never knew if my father noticed. I would never have taken money from the *cash register*; but I felt this was

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Chelley, age 5, in a belly-dancer Halloween outfit sewn by her mother; complete with padded, sequined bra.

Growing Up ...

(Continued from Page 8)

different.

There was no embarrassment about brassieres and corsets in my family. We saw our mother using her Singer sewing machine to make simple alterations on bras and corsets, sewing “plush fabric” over an irritating area of a garment or adding a supportive bra to a swimsuit. My parents always referred to one extremely annoying customer as “size seven panties.” My brother, a born comedian, offered to make a sign for the window saying “*We Fix Flats*,” sharing the joke with his teenage friends.

My mother valued “a shapely figure.” When I was a teenager, I wore the most popular model of Maidenform Bras, the best brassiere manufacturer of the day. I became accustomed to having my mother lift my blouse to demonstrate the features of that model to a customer. She once asked me to change from my “sloppy-Joe sweater” into a fitted sweater to show off my figure to a few of her high school friends who were coming for a visit.

I treasure my experience in our store. I learned so much that I have used, as a matter of course, in different ways in every job or activity in my life. I will always be grateful for the opportunity to “grow up retail.” ‡



I dreamed ... I was a “cute kitty”
in my “Maidenform Bra”

Chelley Gutin learned early to work with people of all kinds. After earning a doctorate in education from Columbia Teachers College, she taught at levels from pre-K to college, finishing her career as a corporate trainer. She and her husband are accomplished international folk dancers. Chelley is also an active member of Laughter Crafters at The Forest.

TWENTY YEARS AGO IN *THE FORESTER*

January

There’s something so forbidding about January, a feeling preserved in song, story, and memory. To those of us from north of the Mason-Dixon, the name calls up visions of bitter cold, snow, and, of course, winter sports. To Southerners, it means the inconvenience of a few gray days and a moment of panic if a stray snowflake from the North should have the temerity to fall.

But for most of us, from everywhere, there’s something really wrong about January. For one thing, there are few generally observed holidays. True, there’s New Year’s Day, though the action is mostly on its eve, and Martin Luther King Jr. Day. And there’s Twelfth Night, but that’s only for lovers of literature; to a lot of us, it’s just the eve of another long January day. That’s the problem; January seems interminable, the longest 31 days on the calendar, before we can get to February, so full of holidays of every variety.

Meanwhile, cuddle up, read a good book, try not to succumb to the times we live in, and above all—think February. It’s only a few interminable days away. ‡

—John Tebbel

[*The Forester*, Volume 8, Issue 4, Page 3 (January 2002)]

Publish in *The Forester*

The editors welcome original contributions from TFAD residents: stories, memoir excerpts, insights, poetry, illustrations, cartoons, and photos—things that we can publish. Past pieces have ranged widely in theme and style.

Photos, graphics, and eye-catching illustrations can add interest and clarity to the written word—and sometimes tell their own story. The editors can provide advice and suggestions.

It is preferred that submissions be sent as digital files attached to email addressed to Managing Editor, Sharon Dexter <forestersjd@gmail.com> but hard copy is acceptable.

Due to space constraints, not every submission will see print, but we will do our best to bring as much to our readership as we possibly can. ‡

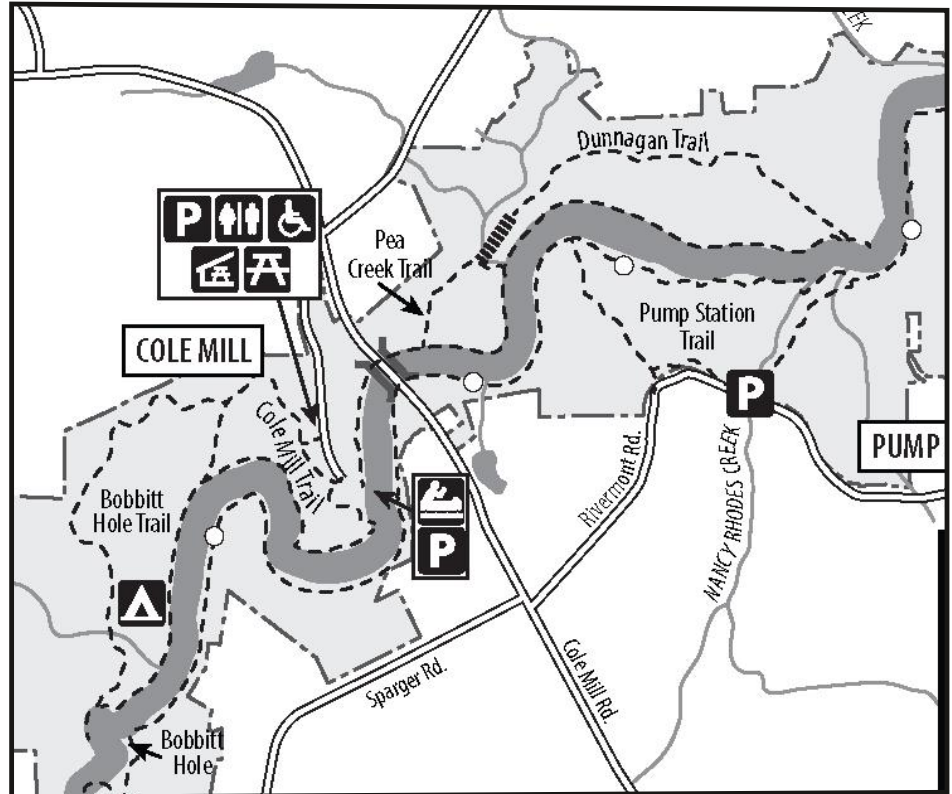
A Bouquet for Catharine

by Bob Shaw

We lucky ones who live in Durham have many nearby forest trails to explore, located not many driving minutes from The Forest at Duke. One of my favorites is the Dunnagan Trail in Eno River Park just off Cole Mill Road. To get there, drive north on Cole Mill and, at the traffic light where a right turn would take you onto Umstead Road, turn left instead, go down Old Cole Mill Road, and park near the end.

Very good walking trails there are available both upriver and downriver. If you turn right (upriver) to the Cole Mill and Bobbit Hole trails, you'll see a one-hour-plus loop in the woods along the Eno. The terrain is slightly hilly with some uneven spots and tree roots. Or you can go left (downriver) to the Pea Creek and Dunnagan trails; this should take about one and a quarter hours for two figure-eight loops in woods along the Eno. Both downriver trails are more challenging than the Cole Mill and Bobbit Hole trails, with more rugged terrain and some rock scrambling. Above, though, on the ridge, well above the Eno, you'll find an old graveyard and the remains of a homestead.

Daffodil shoots were pushing up from the forest floor on the Dunnagan Trail on the third Sunday of January a few years ago. They were where they appear every year—bordering the pile of rocks from Catharine Dunnagan's fallen-down chimney and hearth and just up the trail beyond her grave. I like to think that Catharine tromped those bulbs into the



Enlargement of Eno River Park Map in the neighborhood of the Cole Mill Road entrance

ground along the Eno, where she spent her life raising children, living through the Civil War, and toiling away until she was laid in the ground in her 87th year, just across from Durham's water pumping station. Her daffodils are special: every year they are the first I see, long before my own emerge. Further along Catharine's trail are the remains of an enormous oak that once tilted toward the sun. I imagine that it once provided Catharine with welcome shade. Something magical lingers about that place and its daffodils. ¶

While pursuing advanced degrees in physical chemistry at the University of Washington, Bob and Barbara Shaw were active hikers, back-packers, sailors, and skiers. Here in Durham they have been Master Gardeners, and Bob spent many hours building and maintaining nearby Sandy Creek Park. They love the out-of-doors.

North Carolina Parks provide excellent maps of all the State Parks. The section above was taken from the "Map and trails brochure" for the Eno River Park available from the Internet at

<https://www.ncparks.gov/eno-river-state-park/home>

This web page is seasonally updated and includes information on trail conditions.

TEN YEARS AGO IN THE FORESTER

Walking

by Ned Arnett

It's the most important thing we do each day,
no one could do it for us even if we paid them.
Some of us used to run, jog or swim,
now we just walk and are glad we can do it!

It's a good mile 'round the TFAD campus.
In summer we get out early in the long, cool
 shadows;
in winter we enjoy the afternoon sun.
When it's rainy, snowy, or hot we walk the halls,
a pleasant half-mile round trip from end to end.
Oh yes, and outside the fence there's a nice little
park at Wade and Cornwallis in a delightful
 neighborhood.

There's lots to see or do as you make your rounds.
If you're a creature of habit, you've got company,
meeting the same walkers at the same time,
 same place,
and the same canine friends enjoying the
panoramas of exciting smells
that we can't even imagine.

There's also a great world that pups can't
 even imagine:
radio, lecture courses or music from the minds of
Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms
delivered to our brains by technology
centuries after creation in their brains.

Then you could pray as you walk. A distraction?
There's this story about the young priest
 who asked his mentor,
"Is it alright for me to smoke while I pray?"
He was told, "No, smoking is a distraction."
A week later the young priest asked again.
"But supposing I pray while I smoke?"
The answer, "My son, it's always good to pray."

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Bears ...

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descending the bank behind our house, aimed directly toward the scent coming from our kitchen. It took all of us banging on pots and pans and shouting to drive him away. I chuckle whenever I recall it. My constant resolve was never to feed the bears, but at the same time I did feel sorry for him.

A good friend of mine had a picnic table in her yard and one day caught sight of a bear sitting politely at her table, poised for an expected meal. She didn't bring the bear a plate. Instead she grabbed her camera and snapped a photo.

Many people are terrified of bears, but bears, at a safe distance, have given me pleasurable memories. As Thoreau wrote in Walden, "We need the tonic of wildness." Communion with bears has enriched my life, as all of nature must. ♣

Rachel Hamilton loves nature and gardening, and she has always loved books and the written word. She spent years studying and teaching literature, and she mastered the craft of hand bookbinding, her work appearing in galleries here and abroad. She writes poetry, mostly for herself. She regularly volunteers in The Forest at Duke library.

Oops! It's Wednesday

before you know it. A moment ago it was Tuesday and now it's bedtime again, and the day before that, you were graduating (which one?) and looking for a job that you finished years ago before all the children who live far away and phone on Sundays which mark the weeks but Oh! the man on the news said it's Wednesday again. The man on the news said there's another war but the other three ended so probably this one will and because we never learn there'll probably be another one

—Rachel Hamilton

Bears

by Rachel Hamilton

I miss bears. They do not frequent The Forest at Duke.

Many visits to the North Carolina mountains had endeared them to me, and in the early 1990s my husband and I became year-round residents there, moving from sea level to 4,000 feet. My life became happier and more serene than ever before. Our house sat in the middle of woods that were home to many natural creatures but also near enough to good neighbors. Even after my husband's death, I stayed there until health issues drove me off the mountain. During my years alone, in the quiet, I became familiar with the presence of wild animals, including bears.

Black bears are remarkable creatures. Their color and size make them stand out from the forest background. One must not mistake a live bear for a Teddy bear; however cuddly they may appear, a bear in the wild tolerates cuddling only by other bears in its own family or a by a prospective mate. People should especially beware of getting between a mama bear and her cub. Mamas usually have only one or two cubs, and woe to anything that threatens one of her offspring!

Still, black bears have many attractions for people like me, and there are safe ways to enjoy them at a distance. An upstairs window, either double-glazed or open, can be a good lookout. Night goggles make viewing still better.

We knew we were interlopers in what had long been the bears' habitat. We took precautions and were careful to avoid food smells. Bears don't have strong eyesight, but their senses of smell and hearing are keen. Upon entering bear territory, a person should have any food in a tightly sealed container since bears can smell goodies from a long distance. Hikers should carry some kind of noisemaker since bears don't like loud noise. My neighbors and I carried small handbells when we hiked in our area. We also understood all too well that one should never try to outrun or outclimb a bear: the bear will always win!

Animals are running out of space, so it's not at all strange that they sometimes appear in people-crowded places. Unfortunately, they've learned to like people



Where's dinner?

food and also ways to get it, such as breaking into cars and houses. Generally, though, most bears forage in populated areas only when they are really hungry and their natural foods are scarce. Bears are largely vegetarian but will eat almost anything if they're hungry enough. They seemed to know exactly when our wild blueberries ripened and stripped the bushes overnight. They climbed my gnarled apple trees and plundered the fruit. They repeatedly dismantled our bird feeders. Walking in the more distant woods, I once discovered the broken remains of many feeders scattered under a huge hemlock tree, where bears had enjoyed a picnic.

One day, I came upon an old, much-worn bear pulling bark from a log to get grubs. We both stopped and looked at each other, thoughtfully, respectfully, then carefully turned and walked away in opposite directions. This was probably the same bear I'd heard late at night scratching his back against the outside of my bedroom wall, where the next morning I found his hair caught on the shingles. Nocturnal noises and other signs signaled the close presence of bears and other wild animals around our place. (Skunks we welcomed because they eat the larvae of yellow jackets, a venomous pest.)

Once my visiting son was cooking his delectable lemon chicken when we looked out the kitchen window to see a furry black mass, nose raised,

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