

Ukraine, the Russians, and Uncle Lou

by John Howell

When I hear the news from Ukraine, I'm reminded of my uncle, Lou Groom. Though Lou was born in Oshawa, Ontario in 1913, his father, an immigrant, took Lou and his siblings back to Ukraine, where he bought a farm—then lost the farm, thanks to Stalin's collectivization of agriculture in 1932 and 1933.

Despite his father's losses, Lou managed to get a good education at a technical college in Odessa. But in 1935, while working with British engineers, he was accused of espionage. He fled Ukraine and hid (with the captain's knowledge) on a ship bound for Bergen, Norway. Once there, he managed to get a Canadian passport, and, with the help of my grandparents Thomas and Louella Howell, he was able to return to Oshawa.

My grandparents had known him as a child, and my grandmother invited him for evening meals—after which he played the violin while their daughter, later my Aunt Charlotte, played the piano. They made music, they fell in love, and they married.

But World War II interrupted their bliss, and Lou gave up a promising career in Montreal to serve as an officer in the Canadian Navy. A brilliant man who spoke fluent Russian, he was assigned to counterintelligence.



Naval Reserve officer Lou (at right) and friend during WWII

Though the European war was over by May 1945, Canada was not entirely free from danger. In September 1945, Igor Gouzenko, a cipher clerk at the Soviet embassy in Ottawa, revealed that the Soviet Union had an extensive spy

ring in Canada, and by February 1946 the Royal Canadian Mounted Police had arrested thirty-nine suspects for spying. Eighteen were convicted. (Ultimately, the event served as a catalyst for a major reform of the security and intelligence system in Canada.)

Though Lou was involved in the investigative process, he would never discuss the details with me or anyone else. He preferred to tell the story of Canada's gift to Russia of ten minesweepers.

Russia needed the minesweepers at the end of the war to clear the mines from their Arctic waters and the Black Sea, while at the same time the Royal Canadian Navy had a surplus of 126-foot wooden, motor-driven vessels. Remarkably, given the increasing hostilities between their two countries, the Canadian Navy gave the Russian Navy ten sweepers worth \$5.7 million Canadian dollars.

Lou was in charge of the transfer and oversaw the training of the Russian officers and ratings (crew) who were to sail the sweepers. He met them in Vancouver BC in May 1946 and traveled by train with them across Canada to Halifax, where they embarked on six of the sweepers to Falmouth, Cornwall.

Lou was initially concerned that some of the Russian officers might jump off the train and seek asylum before they reached Halifax. But he soon discovered that they were quite limited in their political knowledge and social perspective—and, in fact, dull conversationalists. So he began “talking” instead to Aunt Charlotte on paper.

In his letters Lou tells her that he will mail his first letter from Newfoundland on May 13, 1946, but that his subsequent letters will be, as he puts it, “a running account of my trip across the Atlantic in a small 126-foot wooden minesweeper.”

In his so-called running account, Lou says that the seas are quite rough as they sail east of Newfoundland

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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, Shannon Purves, &

Judy Jo Small,

Contributing Editors

Dean McCumber, *Layout Editor*

Jo Mooney, *Art & Collage Editor*

Lois Oliver & Louise Scribner,

New-Resident Biographers

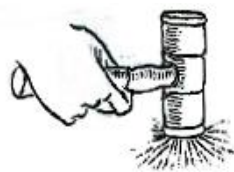
Richard Ellman, *Photographer*

Katherine Shelburne, *Illustrator*

Lowell Goldsmith, *Digital Archivist*

Carol Carson & Carol Reese, *Columnists*

Vice-President's Podium



by Michael Bracy

As I write, we are as close to “normal” as we’ve been in more than two years; yet many of us believe that COVID-19 will be with us in some form for a long time. Even in the current COVID-19 ebb, many people are wary of participating in in-person meetings and events, even though they would like to. It may only get worse if we confront seasonal spikes.

I encourage the wary to go to Connections and read the description of what has already been done to improve the ventilation in many of our venues. This may help individuals make their own decisions about risks and how much they’re willing to participate.

For the past two years, most of our Residents’ Association committee meetings have been conducted on Zoom, and we’ve gotten pretty good at it. Zoom meetings are convenient (for the computer savvy), but many of us yearn for a return to in-person meetings, where we enjoy more give-and-take and camaraderie. But some residents don’t feel comfortable in person, and we want to make sure that all residents have the opportunity to participate in our committees.

An obvious solution is a hybrid Zoom/in-person meeting, except that we can’t do that very well—at least not yet. Live-streaming won’t solve the problem because the viewers can only watch, not interact. We need to learn to conduct effective hybrid meetings; many businesses are able to do that. This may require the installation of some technological help. It would be great to be able to do this in all of our meeting venues, but it seems to make sense to focus on one as a start. To me the obvious site is the Party Room, which is quite flexible and already has extensive audio/video equipment. Preliminary online research says that the cost would not be prohibitive. The ability to conduct effective hybrid meetings would make a real contribution to inclusion of all our residents. ¶

In Memoriam

Gilda Greenberg April 4, 2022

Ramila Wani April 12, 2022

Charlotte Saltzman April 23, 2022

In This Issue...

Earlier this year *The Forester* invited residents with dogs to submit information and a photograph of their four-legged friend. We publish on pages 6–7 of this issue nine of the submissions, and we promise to highlight the stories of other resident pets as we learn of them. Also, on pages 8–9, we photo document the deconstruction of the awe-inspiring Tower Crane used to construct our new Health Center.

In the next issue we shall devote the centerfold to the Henry Rogers Art Program, describing the program and showing photos of visual art that residents in Health & Wellness have created. ¶

Archived full-color issues of The Forester are available under Quick Links at
<https://www.ForestRes.org>

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

MAGAZINES IN THE LIBRARY

As you enter the TFAD Library, you probably notice the small magazine rack just behind the main post. The library is fortunate to have The Forest's administration pay for subscriptions to *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *Our State* magazines. The other magazines you can see on the rack are donated by residents with personal subscriptions. We appreciate that residents are willing to share their interests with other residents. If you have a personal subscription to some serial publication and are willing to share it with

others once you have finished with it, please feel free to place the latest issue on the magazine rack. Unfortunately, the magazine rack does not have the capacity to handle any but the latest issue.

If you have back issues of any serial publication, they should be placed in our recycling bins. As some residents may remember, we used to take our back issues to the Veterans Hospital. However, with the coming of the pandemic this activity had to stop, and it hasn't been reinstated. I doubt that it will.

NORTH CAROLINA FICTION: May/June Book Exhibit

As it is stated in the www.ncpedia.org, North Carolina is lucky to have a very rich heritage of literature. North Carolina has had writers that please almost any taste, and their diverse writings focus on almost every corner of the state.

One of the first North Carolina writers to make a national mark was an enslaved man who eventually became the third African American in the United States—and the first in the South—to publish a book. It was illegal to teach slaves to read and write, but in Chatham County, young George Moses Horton (born about 1797) skirted that law by hanging around where white children were being taught, and also by picking up books and papers they had left behind. Self-educated in this way, Horton went on to earn money by writing poems for university students in Chapel Hill. Eventually, with the help of white patrons and other supporters who recognized his talent, he published three collections of poetry. These writings examined many things about Horton's daily experiences in the North Carolina that he knew. They proclaimed in full honesty both the lack of hope that

scarred his life and his deep wish for freedom. A sampling of his poems can be found at the Poetry Foundation <www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/>; enter George Moses Horton in the search box.

Almost a hundred years after Horton, Thomas Wolfe provided a vivid picture of Asheville in his 1929 book *Look Homeward, Angel*. Its publication ushered in a literary renaissance in North Carolina, and it is the oldest publication in this exhibit. You will find more recent, well-known writers such as Patricia Cornwell, Margaret Maron, and Clyde Edgerton in this book exhibit. Last, but not least, there is the 2021 publication of *Hell of a Book* by Jason Mott. This story of a Black writer's cross-country book tour becomes a profound exploration of love, friendship, and racial violence in America. Over 300 years after George Moses Horton became famous writing about his desire for freedom, Jason Mott is still exploring the issue of freedom in America. We hope that you will enjoy the variety of writings brought together in this exhibit. ♣



Ukraine...

(Continued from Page 1)

toward Greenland, and that the “excessive rolling” of the small ships makes the “dishes, cups, and ashtrays fly.” He says he is not seasick himself but that some of the Russian officers and ratings are suffering.

Though Lou describes the voyage in detail, two moments stand out. One unforgettable incident occurs when the ships approach about a dozen icebergs south of Greenland. As the pilots weave their way through the shards of ice, Lou stands on the ship’s bridge and studies the various shapes and sizes of the icebergs, thinking of the *Titanic* and worrying about the night. Perhaps even more exciting is the sudden appearance of “a hundred or so porpoises, some of them jumping ten feet or more into the air, some of them diving under the ships.”

But the voyage was not a pleasure trip and, after twelve days at sea, Lou was happy to reach Falmouth, turn over the ships to a British naval officer, and take the train to London for a brief visit before sailing home.

Lou’s superiors chose well when they assigned him to oversee the mission. They knew that he skippered his own seagoing boat, that he was physically strong, and that he enjoyed risk. (He was still flying gliders in his sixties.) For all those reasons, Lou was my childhood hero. Unlike my shy and retiring father, Uncle Lou was always ready for an adventure. I would have been happy to go with him anywhere—even on a minesweeper to England. ♣



Later in life, Lou was still going to sea in his own vessel.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO

Grumbler’s Lament

by George Chandler

I order my food, I’m in a bad mood,
But the waiter’s most respectful.
I want to complain, but I have to refrain
For there’s nothing that’s neglectful.
I ask for the beef, and to my grief
It’s cooked to my direction.
The coffee is hot, they leave us the pot—
The service is perfection.
Oh, doesn’t your food seem dull and drab
When you’ve got no excuse to act like a crab?
And don’t your meals seem stale and flat
When there’s nothing whatever to grumble at?

We’re off on a trip; I look for a slip,
But it seems the plane called “Boeing”
Is parked at the gate. We won’t have to wait;
We’ll actually be going.
But today, if you please, the crew guarantees
An ahead-of-time arrival.
Then they bump us up to a first-class seat,
And I can’t find a thing to make me bleat.
A trip by air is a flop, no doubt,
When you’ve nothing at all to complain about.

For my health plan I always can
Produce a nagging question,
But with their new pill I can eat my fill
And not get indigestion.
The tax man’s bill can make me ill:
Good cause for belly-achings.
But he says this year that I’m in the clear:
They’ve exempted all my takings.
Oh, don’t the world seem lank and long
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong?
And isn’t your life extremely flat
With nothing whatever to grumble at!

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

Dead Poet's Friends

by Ken Barrett

Now that my relatives who could have helped are gone, I belatedly embarked on searching my genealogy using the Ancestry website and DNA testing to discover my family tree. My approach is not rigorous. Rather, I rely heavily on the posted family trees of others and the hints Ancestry provides.

My findings showed that almost all my ancestors left Scotland or Ireland. Then, after a few years in Pennsylvania, they moved to settle in York County SC, where they stayed, their wanderlust forgotten. After about 140 years a few left their farms for the textile mills. Except for some patriots, the ancestors I have found were not a noteworthy lot.

My understanding changed a few weeks ago when an email came from AncestryDNA stating, "...you have a DNA match to explore." Exploration found a distant cousin who not only had a robust family tree on his site but also had shared his DNA. Our DNA converges at a fifth great-grandfather from Granville County NC, next door to Durham. This newly found cousin documented still earlier generations migrating through Virginia from England, not Scotland or Ireland. Our common ancestors were London dwellers and left a documented legacy.

One of my 1,024 ninth great-grandfathers, George Thomson (1592-1666) is renowned for collecting over 22,000 pamphlets and 2,000 books detailing the strife in England leading to the execution of King Charles I. All these documents now reside in the Library of the British Museum. George owned a Bookstore and Publishing House called *The Rose and Crown*, housed in St. Paul's Churchyard. George's wife was Catherine (1612-1646). Possibly, their bookstore created a venue for Catherine to meet some famous poets. John Milton knew her and apparently was taken by her piety and faithfulness. When she died, Milton wrote a sonnet for her funeral.

Sonnet XIV

*On the Religious Memory of Catherine Thomson,
my Christian Friend, deceased 16 Decemb. 1646*

When Faith and Love which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of Death, call'd Life; which us from Life doth sever.
Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour
Staid not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith who knew them best
Thy hand-maids, clad them o're with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

This poem is not in the style of Inaugural Poet Amanda Gorman, but scholars attest that Milton has stood the test of time. Who knows? If I had understood when I was in school that I had a personal connection with seventeenth-century London and a major English poet, maybe I would have had more to offer in my English literature class. I wonder.... The world is larger and more interconnected than I once knew. ☸

Nine Forest

The first in our series on pets at The Forest, this one will be followed by others featuring more dogs and other beloved pets. If you're one of the residents—or staff—who want to introduce us to your special friend, email our Managing Editor, Sharon Dexter, a photograph and a paragraph about why you love him/her.



FRITZ BRUCE—Here is a photo of my 16-year-old fur baby, Fritz, who is a long-haired Mini Dachshund. He is guardian of Cottage 5 who greets all passersby from his perch in the front window. He loves to cuddle with me and to take long naps. He and his brother, Hershey, whom I lost last year, loved to greet all who passed on our walks.—Jackie Bruce.

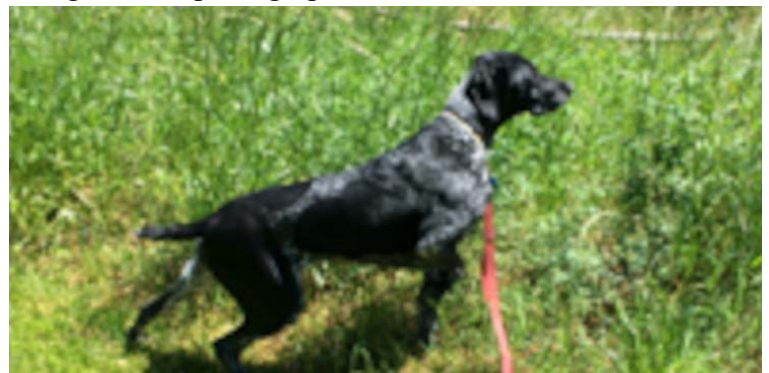


KENZIE PURVES—Kenzie belongs to Shannon and Dale Purves. A rescue dog of unknown breed, but described by the vet as a “Boxer mix,” she was one-year-old when adopted and four when she moved to The Forest. A happy dog who loved her twice-daily walks and outings at Sandy Creek Park, she went suddenly blind at age 10, following a dental procedure. The diagnosis was SARDS—Sudden Activated Retinal Degeneration Syndrome, caused by extreme stress. Having a blind dog is itself stressful. And all three Purveses were in the dumps until they met Spunky Pumpkin, a five-month-old orange kitten, and adopted him. He's now an important member of the family—Kenzie's seeing eye cat and also Dale and Shannon's reminder of joyful and carefree life.

BELLA LEWIS—I am a rescue dog. My favorite activity is running. I am a full-blooded Beagle and have a beautiful howling voice. I can almost sing (my favorite trick)! My mommy and daddy, Jan and Bob Lewis, tell me that I am beautiful. I am very friendly and have made many friends at The Forest. Now I'm off to another favorite activity—a ride in the car!



ENSO INDERBITIZIN—Enso is a German Shorthair Pointer. Usually pointers are liver and white, but more recently some are black and white, like Enso. We—Larry and Ann—bought him from a breeder in Wisconsin nine years ago; he'll turn ten in May. GSPs are bred especially to point upland birds, like pheasants and quail. In large fields they “search” the field with their noses and, when they smell a bird, they stop in their tracks and point to the bird with the nose and one front paw raised—as Enso is doing in the photograph. This is the fourth Shorthair



we've had and, of course, the best one. He is very loving, gentle, and smart. He is trained in obedience and is also a certified international therapy dog who can visit hospitals, nursing homes, prisons, and schools. A few years ago, on a whim, we entered him in a local dog show with 40 other dogs and, of course, he won best in show. In case you are wondering about the name, “Enso,” it's a Japanese word meaning perfect circle, universe, and/or enlightenment. Most dogs are enlightened—certainly our Enso is!

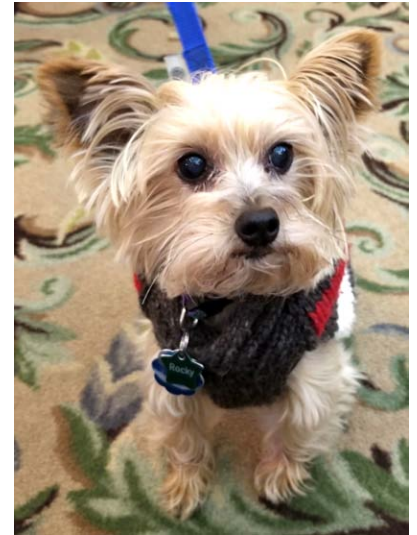
Best Friends



LEXI GOETZ—Lexi is a Black Lab mix. She is 14½ years old, so she fits right into her Forest home. Her favorite activity is sleeping. We, Jane and Mike Goetz, have had her for 14 years. She was a dirty, sick puppy found in Hillsborough with a chewed rope around her neck. Independent Animal Rescue found care for her, and then we adopted her, picking her out online. She has grown up around our three grandchildren in Durham and is, to this day, protective of them.



ROCKY NORDSTROM—Here's a photo of my Yorkshire Terrier, Rocky. His favorite activities include morning walks with his friends, Edo and Rehab, as well as sleeping.—Marge Nordstrom.



CHASE BAKER—Chase is a 14-year-old Poodle mix from Las Vegas. He moved to TFAD three and a half years ago with his mom, Florence Baker. He loves taking walks with his girlfriend, Pepper Adams.



LEVI STRAUSS—Levi is a Havanese, a Velcro dog, and a sweetie who loves both human and canine attention. He belongs to Diane Strauss.

TULIP ALLEN—Tulip Allen is seven years old. She was dumped as a puppy in the night depository of the Moore County dog pound. I have been her Mom since March 2015. Tested, she is an unfortunate mix of Shepherd and Chow. Although she has had years of professional training, she is genetically territorial, and we manage this by controlling her environment. She goes to daycare at GoDog on Garrett Road, where she behaves beautifully and can play with dogs of all sizes, large or small. They say there, "Tulip CALMS whatever group she is in that day." I, Kathleen Allen, say, "Are you talking about MY dog?"



Our Tower and Its Disassembly

by Bob Shaw

We like towers: the Eiffel Tower, Pisa, the Washington Monument. In part they are landmarks—they show us where we are. We at The Forest have had our own Tower—our Great Crane. And so, as we traveled around Durham, we could look around and there! That's where I live! A good feeling. At night its red warning lights on either end of the jib and atop the mast blinked reassuringly. When the wind blew hard, our Tower swung gently around.

And more, our Tower was the emblem of our rising, fine, new Health and Wellness Center. Fascinated, we watched its massive pieces assembled—the first sign that, now, the process



had truly begun. We watched our Tower raise loads of materials and gracefully deposit them all the way to the other end of the great building.

The Great Building, our new Health and Wellness Building, appears huge now that the Tower that dominated the work site is gone. Over time we will become accustomed to it.

Now construction work will be mostly inside H&W, and we'll miss watching the crew moving about and making our building rise. We liked our building crew: they cheerfully acknowledged our greetings and returned them. They moved confidently, purposefully about the work site. Some days we enjoyed the fragrances from their food trucks. They spoke mostly in Spanish, frequently joking with each other. We wished we understood their banter.

Finally, as our Tower came down, we watched, spellbound, the crew on the top—several moving along the jib, one perched all the way up on top of the mast. He was there for hours, sometimes busy, often relaxed and surveying Durham in the distance. Those few were the last to come down and then our Tower was quickly gone.

(Continued on Page 9)



Removing a section of the large jib

Our Tower...

(Continued from Page 8)



Slewing unit ready for removal from top of mast



Removing last section of the mast

The crew we have watched for nearly a year were richly diverse, and they brought their diverse skills to this Forest project. We may hope that, in the months and years ahead, The Forest gains new diversity among its staff and residents. ♪



*View of the new health center as seen from across the pond.
The slanting cylinder at the left side of the photo is the boom of the mobile crane used to assemble and disassemble our Tower; here being used to mount parts for trucking away from our site.*

Mama Got the Gun

by Joan Seiffert

My mother used to tell him to powder his head, but he refused. “Gott en himmel, Bill, it shines like a beacon,” she would say. “I can see it even in the back row.” Mama’s Pennsylvania Dutch came out when she was annoyed.

I thought it looked rather like a halo, the kind you see in Italian master paintings in very fine museums. His head was so round, not oval or squarish, but absolutely ball-like. The reflection from the spotlight above the pulpit bounced off his head just enough that it made an aura. I liked the idea of his having a halo, although I can now understand that my mother was not fond of my description. Or distortion. Being five, I was firmly into father adoration. I thought Dad was the best and Mom, ...well, let’s just say that I had won the Oedipal.

Not only did I think my dad was the best, I thought he was God, too, at least for a little while. The man wearing long black-and-white robes at the front of the church bore little resemblance to the Poppa I knew around the house. But standing at the front of the church, framed by the stained-glass rose window behind him, intoning, “This is the day that the Lord hath made, let us rejoice and be glad in it,” he seemed like God to me.

At home he was all right, too, having the cheerful disposition that made others cringe when he bellowed “Good morning” so lustily, or at least it made my brother cringe because it meant that he had to get up and do something, like mow the lawn. Brother Bill did not like being bellowed at first thing in the morning. I liked Poppa that way. I am something of a morning bellower myself: just ask the college roommate who moved out.

Sometimes Poppa’s noise could cheer up my mother, who was quiet, reserved, and proper. I understand she wasn’t always that way since I’d heard the stories about her making out on the boathouse roof, driving her Model A down the front steps of the high school, and so forth. But, by the time I got her, she was reserved. Being a minister’s wife during the Great Depression probably did it. But then there was the prospective kidnapper. With the thirty-eight.

Mother was small, roundish and soft, but she preferred tailored clothes, leaving me thinking that she wanted to look proper, like Bertie, her Victorian grandmother, wanted her to be. Getting her soft self into those well-tailored suits must have been like putting the first leather shoes on the squirming baby foot of a one-year-old. She hand-tailored those Vogue suits, always various shades of blue, which Poppa said was his favorite color.

She gardened in those suits, too, wearing Cuban-heeled kid pumps and a girdle with garters to hold up her stockings and hold in her softness.

I do distinctly remember parts of that day, although I was only three at the time. We were living downtown, next to the church, in some small western Massachusetts town. There were many of those towns and sometimes I think that we had lived in all of them, moving so often at a time when only rent-evaders and migrant workers moved.

We were standing at the front door, Mama and me, my hand in her dress pocket—she hated that—slowed her down, I think. There was a man. I remember the gun, although I had never seen a real gun, just a toy gun in my brother’s room. No television back then. The man said, “I’m gonna shoot you and take that baby.” A brief silence. I could see the dark hole of the gun barrel, just at a three-year-old’s eye level.

Then Mama said, “Well, why don’t you come in and we’ll have some coffee and talk about it.” Soon Mama had the gun and the man was crying and telling her his life story. My Mama could get a story better than Barbara Walters.

My dad had a reputation for taking on right-wingers, captains of industry, and whole towns on issues of man’s inhumanity to man or the haves’ treatment of the have-nots—but Mama, she could go toe to toe, eye to eye, with anybody, gun or no gun. ¶

Joan Seiffert wrote for a local newspaper, edited a magazine, taught English, speech, and drama, and opened a psychotherapy practice, now virtual. When you meet her, you’re likely to find yourself divulging your life story ... just as you would have done with Mama.

Welcome New Residents

Harold P. Erickson

Apt. 3048 919-768-3018

harold.erickson@duke.edu

We are happy to welcome Harold Erickson to The Forest community! Harold moved here at the beginning of April on the recommendation of friends and colleagues at Duke, where he has had a distinguished career in research in biochemistry and biophysics.

A native of Chattanooga TN, Harold majored in physics at Carnegie-Mellon in Pittsburgh PA for his undergraduate degree, then did graduate work in biophysics at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore MD. Following this he did post-doctorate research at the Laboratory of Molecular Biology, Cambridge, England. He joined the Anatomy Department at Duke as assistant professor in 1971. In 1988 he became interim chair of the newly created Department of Cell Biology. Harold retired early this year, after fifty years at Duke devoted to research on cytoskeleton and extracellular matrix and to teaching graduate and medical students.



Harold states that his has been a lifetime of love for and dedication to science. He is a member of the Triangle Freethought Society, which is part of the national Freedom from Religion Foundation. His daughter, Rachel, lives in New York City, where she is a business consultant and mother to Harold's grandchildren, Alex and Annabel.

Harold's interests are hiking, fishing, book clubs, good food, and wines. He has enjoyed concerts and opera performances and looks forward to performances offered here at The Forest. ¶

Sarah (Sally) & Dani Bolognesi

Cottage 76 919-489-2584

bolognesi@icloud.com (Sally)

dani.bolognesi@duke.edu

Sarah (Sally) Sampson was born in St. Louis MO and went to high school in Springfield MA. She went to Russell Sage College in Troy NY, where she majored in nursing. Dani grew up in Trieste, Italy, but



his family emigrated to the United States, and he attended high school in New Rochelle NY. He earned his bachelor's and master's degrees at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy NY. Troy brought the couple together, and they married after Sally's

graduation. When Dani finished, he came to Duke for his PhD in virology.

Sally worked as a nurse in developmental pediatrics. She also was busy as a mother. Dani joined the Department of Surgery as part of a developing Surgical Sciences program. He rose through the ranks and helped to strengthen the program, bringing along many young scientists. He formally retired with Emeritus status in Surgery and Virology in 2002, but he still continues his work.



Dani and Sally have two sons, Michael, an orthopedic surgeon at Duke, and his brother, James, an administrator in the Department of Surgery.

The couple have a beach home and will be spending much of their time there. They will also spend good times with their grandchildren, and Sally will probably show some of her gardening skills at their TFAD cottage. ¶

Color on the Corner

by Robyn Sloan



Residents at the Pollinator Garden: Robyn Sloan, Ralph & Kay Nelson, Sharron Parker, Jim Freedman, and Sanford & Catherine Berg.

A ceramic totem pole has sprouted beside the pollinator garden! Where did it come from?

Possibly unbeknownst to those who don't regularly circulate outdoors around our campus, we have residents engaged in various activities to improve TFAD function and aesthetics. Though The Gardens at The Forest have provided an outlet for our resident gardeners for many years, new projects such as the pollinator garden at the intersection of Willow Oak Court and Forest at Duke Drive are supporting efforts to qualify TFAD for Bird Friendly Habitat certification by the New Hope Audubon Society. In addition to the benefit of providing for bees and butterflies, the pollinator garden that was planted by residents in the Fall of 2021 was also designed to spruce up a barren corner. Some residents were hoping for even more color, which seeded the idea for a resident-made sculpture.

My vision of a sculpture combined two goals: to engage residents in an activity that would contribute to campus life and to increase visibility of our art studio.

(What? We have an art studio?) Because **Joan Cohen's** clay class is currently the most active option in the art studio, a colorful ceramic totem pole for the pollinator garden corner seemed an ideal choice. Under Joan's enthusiastic support, several residents have answered the call to create totems for the pole sculpture.

The totems include a variety of ideas as well as representing fluttering and buzzing pollinators. **Kay Nelson** discovered that bees need water and are attracted to the color blue, so a bee watering station is included on the pole. (Should you notice the dish is dry, feel free to refill it with the supplied jar of water at the base of the pole.) Contributing artists include **Jim Freedman, Robyn Sloan, Joan Cohen, Catherine Berg, Sanford Berg, Sharron Parker, Carol Reese, and Maureen Johnson.** The installation was carried out by Robyn and **Dave Sloan** in late March just after the native plants began emerging. Blooming totem ideas may result in a second pole; maybe you will make a totem too! ♣