

Meet the Chefs Darryl Dela Cruz and Karla Ladd by Ellen Baer

What's the first thing people ask us when they find out we live at TFAD? They may want to know about health care and fitness and friendliness, but first they ask: *How's the food?* This year we can answer with confidence and say *good*, even *excellent*. **Karla Ladd**, Executive Sous Chef, came on board at the end of 2022 and soon encouraged former colleague **Darryl Dela Cruz** to apply for the position of Executive Chef. Dining Services Di-

rector **Nathan Summers** couldn't have been more pleased when these two arrived from Raleigh to transform TFAD dining from *Okay* to *Wow*.

Teaching Award. Darryl went on to win more awards for both cooking and teaching while working in Portland OR, Seattle WA, and Patterson NJ. Fortunately for us, his wife's mother, who lived in Seattle, wanted to move to North Carolina, and she inspired Darryl and his wife and two daughters to relocate to Raleigh in 2016. (Maybe the weather was a factor too.) Darryl was working at Springmoor Retirement Community when Karla contacted him about an opportunity in Durham. In spite of the long commute, he said he has never regretted his decision to accept TFAD's offer. He said what attracted him was not only the excellent kitchen and the attractive dining area but also the library. "I love reading, and the library here is so impressive."

Yet he admits that he hasn't had much time for reading because he has been so busy working to give residents "the best dining experience possible." The first change he made was to insist on fresh fish, different kinds of fish, with the heads and fins on, and to do the scaling, etc.,



rector **Nathan Summers** couldn't have been more pleased when these two arrived from Raleigh to transform TFAD dining from *Okay* to *Wow*.

Executive Chef Darryl Dela Cruz was born and raised in Maui, where he received a BA in Business Administration from the University of Hawaii and worked in marketing before beginning his culinary career. In 1985, with a certificate of Achievement in Culinary Arts from Maui Community College (MCC), he began working in internationally famous resorts. During that time, he also joined the faculty of MCC as a Lecturer and then an Associate Professor. In 2000, the Maui Chefs and Cooks Association named him Chef of the Year, and in 2002 the University of Hawaii Board of Regents awarded him their Excellence in



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The Forester

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In Memoriam

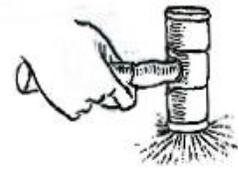
Sarah McCracken	October 3, 2023
Gregory Lockhead	October 6, 2023
Earl Pollock	October 15, 2023
N. Richard Miller	October 25, 2023

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. 🌱

Past-President's Podium



by Carol Carson

Recent news from and about the North Carolina Continuing Care Residents Association (NorCCRA) has had good reason to focus on the organization's legislative efforts. The possibility, finally laid to rest in September, of a state sales tax on items provided by continuing care retirement communities (CCRCs) was a big-dollar topic. But NorCCRA serves an additional purpose: the sharing of "best practices" among communities. A sampling of recent NorCCRA activity highlights this lesser-known role.

Programs designed to support resident caregivers was the featured topic at the NorCCRA annual meeting of Residents' Association (RA) presidents. A social worker at Carolina Meadows, home to about twice as many residents as TFAD, described her community's Caregiver Support Group, which meets weekly to provide education and social engagement; its Caregiver Resource Guide, which provides current information on adult day programs, disease education resources, and the like; and its social workers' support for proactive planning in evolving care situations. She offered to share more detailed information about this program and also about her community's grief support program.

Information about sustainability practices was the subject of an email from an RA president. He explained that his community was partnering with a team of university public policy students to collect information about our state's CCRCs' sustainability practices. To get the team started, he was asking other CCRCs about their initiatives directed toward environmental sustainability, such as solarization and use of electric vehicles. TFAD is preparing a response and will be watching with interest to see others' responses. Also, on a continuing basis, NorCCRA maintains a Google Group for residents involved with sustainability and environmental projects in their community to share activities, ideas, and questions.

For more information about NorCCRA and what it does for us, see TFAD's co-representatives **Margaret Keller and Carol McFadyen.** 🌱

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

Using the Library's Online Catalog

If you want to see if our library has a particular item, you don't need to browse the shelves: instead, learn to use our **Online Catalog**. To access the catalog, open up the Residents' Association website (www.forestres.org). Once on the website click on "Quick Links," then click on "Search Library Books." The online catalog will come up. You can **search** by title, author, or subject. You can also **browse** by title, author, or subject, using this capability to find what the library has on a particular subject or by a favorite author, especially when you don't have a specific title in mind. Try it—you won't break it!

Once you determine that the library has what you want, the online catalog will give you the cataloging information marked on the spine of the book. If it is in the **Fiction (FIC)** or **Mystery (MYS)** sections, the books are arranged alphabetically by the author's last name.

If it is in the **Biography (B)** section, the books are arranged by the subject's last name. If the book has a call number instead of **FIC**, **MYS**, or **B** as part of the cataloging information, then it is a **Nonfiction** book and shelved by call number and then by the author's last name. This explanation should help you find what you want.

Latest Addition to the Collection

In *Exit Interview: The Life and Death of My Ambitious Career*, Kristi Coulter takes us through the ins, outs, ups, and downs of her Amazon career, with roles ranging from senior manager in books and media merchandising to running Amazon Crossing, Amazon's book publishing imprint for literature in translation, and eventually ending her tenure as a principal writer, designing the entire language system for the first physical *Amazon Go* store, an autoamated checkout station. Through stories of her time at Amazon, she brings the reader along by sharing the bewilderment she felt dealing with a management consisting mostly of men who think nothing of telling her she needs more backbone, but when she shows it, she is seen as prickly and intimidating.

Time after time, a promotion to director level is

The Residents' Association Officers and Directors

Fiscal Year 2023–2024

The Officers and Directors of the Residents' Association for the fiscal year beginning November 1, 2023, are:

Officers

Jim Freedman	President
Mike Bracy	Vice President
Carolyn Cone Weaver	Secretary
Ken Barrett	Treasurer
Carol Carson	Past President

Directors

Elizabeth Gillis	Activities
Dave Sloan	Caucus
Richard Ellman	Finance
Jeff Collins	Dining Services
Beth Timson	General Services
Tom Small	Governance
Judy Vick	Health Care
Judith Ruderman	Marketing
Cindie Diehl	Resident Services
Irwin Abrams	Information Technology

Committees

The Forest at Duke, Inc., Board

Carol Carson*
Craig Daniels
Ed Embree

*Carol Carson in a seat usually reserved for the RA President, pending Board action. †

Library Science 101 *Continued*

dangled before her, but despite her success in a wide range of senior roles, she leaves without having ever been elevated. She manages to weave historical milestones for women's rights in the workplace with moments from her own life, giving her story a more universal application. Coulter's writing is funny and warm, bringing to life a cast of people caught in the same corporate maelstrom—not to mention sharing an inside scoop on Amazon. Maddening stories and details about the company are abundant. †

Welcome New Residents

Dave & Judy Grubbs

86 Fountain View Lane 336 908-0620

Dave: dgrubbspsu@gmail.com

Judy: judithgrubbs1@gmail.com

Welcome to Dave and Judy, who moved to The Forest in August and are happily settling into their life here! Dave was born in DuBois PA and as a child also lived in Conyngham.PA and Bethlehem PA. From 1958 to 1962 he attended Penn State University where he received a Bachelor's in Labor Management Relations and was a member of Beta Theta Pi fraternity, president of the senior class, and a member of Penn State's soccer team. From 1962 to 1964 he was in the US Army stationed at West Point, serving as soccer coach for plebes there. Dave worked in marketing for 49 years with Armstrong World Industries/Thomasville Furniture. He was vice president for the international and contract businesses, traveling extensively throughout the world.



During his first year at Penn State Dave met his future wife, Judy; they were married in 1964. Their family includes son, Jonathan, who lives with his wife and children in Chapel Hill and owns Terraquest, an environmental consulting company. Dave and Judy's daughter, Libby, lives in Houston with her husband and children and is a thyroid cancer surgeon, researcher, and recently took on responsibility for Faculty Career Development for the entire MD Anderson Hospital campus.

Dave and Judy lived for 47 years in Greensboro NC before moving to The Forest, and are still active in their Presbyterian church there. Dave is an Advisor for his college fraternity at Elon University and enjoys immensely his interaction with the young men. He looks forward to The Forest's chorus, hiking, and attending OLLI classes.

Judy is a native of Wallingford PA. At Penn State, she earned a BA in biology, was a member of Pi Beta Phi sorority, and worked for the Penn State

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Sara Mitchell

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Sara was born and grew up in the small Western Oklahoma town of Hobart. She went to the University of Oklahoma, where she earned a BA in sociology, and returned to OU two years later for a Master of Library Science degree. She met her husband while at OU, and they were married when he graduated from law school. Her husband's brief military career as an Army officer led them to Indianapolis IN and Colorado Springs CO. A post-Army move took them to the Virginia suburbs of Washington DC, where their two sons were born and spent their early years. The family enjoyed all the educational and entertainment opportunities in the area. The Southwest called, however, and they moved to Austin TX, living there until Sara's move to North Carolina after her husband's death..



Sara worked as a medical librarian at the University of Oklahoma Medical School and again in Texas at the Texas State Department of Health. She then transitioned through a variety of positions in Texas State government, ending up in business resumption planning for state agencies.

She has two sons. Charles is a professor of biology at UNC-Chapel Hill; he lives in Carrboro. Jim is an electrical engineer with IBM living in Poughkeepsie NY. She has two grandchildren. Her sister and brothers all live on the East Coast, and she is happy finally to be in the same time zone.

Sara was a long-time volunteer with the national non-profit organization Learning Ally as a reader and editor, converting print textbooks into audio format for visually impaired and dyslexic students. She has been an avid gardener but is now content with purchasing cut flowers. She still loves to cook but has found it wiser to let TFAD do most of the food preparation. She always has a book in progress on her Kindle, usually alternating between fiction and nonfiction. She enjoys cards and board games with others. ♣

Sleeping Around, Part I

by Ted Harris

During the summer of 1951, I used my thumb to travel around the United States and Canada to see as much as I could, especially the national parks. That trip cost me \$190 for 107 days from June 5th to September 20th. You're right: I was a complete bum. Free lodging was furnished by fraternity houses, national parks, and jails.

In those days it was possible to visit a car dealer in Memphis, pick up a car for a delivery, and drive it to San Francisco. With two unknown companions I left Memphis late one afternoon. They drove at great speed, and I prayed that I would be alive the next morning as they sped through the curves in the Ozarks. Once we got to the flat prairies, I finally got some sleep. I parted ways with them in Denver, unwilling to travel through the Rockies at that speed.

When I ran out of funds in Yellowstone I worked as a soda jerk at Canyon Lodge for three weeks, earning \$75. A girl at Canyon Lodge was leaving early to go home to Spokane and we decided to hitchhike together. She wrote up a contract that we would act as brother and sister, never sleeping in the same bed, and I signed it. In the seven days of travel, we only had to rent a room for one night. She slept in the bed and I slept on the floor.

Jails were great back-up lodging. I didn't even have to get arrested; I simply had to ask the jailer if I could stay for the night. I was only locked in a cell once in Port Angeles WA with three prisoners. One time the jailer took me to his home for the night, and another time I slept in the laundry room. I was only turned down once, in Klamath Falls OR on a Saturday night. The sheriff said he was expecting a full house.

Swimming one time in Santa Monica CA, I noticed a young boy who did not know how to cope with the Pacific waves. He was with an older couple who were not in the water with him. We struck up a friendship and when they left California to travel home to Chicago, they offered me a ride. During the trip I realized that the

grandfather and the boy were not getting along, and it was my job to look after the boy. We were in a camper six feet wide and ten feet long, so we each had two and a half feet to sleep in. But it worked for six days until Salt Lake where we separated.

On I went to Yellowstone to ask my former boss to lend me \$15 (equivalent to \$150 today) to make it home. The first thing I did when I arrived home was write her a check to reimburse the money. In today's dollars I averaged spending a little under \$21 per day during the whole trip.

In downtown Cincinnati I found a cheap hotel. That night I overheard two men in the next room plotting a murder. I kept quiet, terrified they might discover me listening through the paper-thin walls and add me to their murder plans. When dawn was just the faintest glimmer, I was out of there. I went straight to the bus station and bought a ticket home.

That fall, back in school, I decided to go to Middlebury College for homecoming. I had spent my first two years of college at Middlebury, but at the time I was living in Blacksburg VA, about 745 miles away. With my thumb I hailed a passing car that carried me all the way to central Connecticut. With few ride prospects late at night, I was stuck in a small town somewhere in western Massachusetts. I spotted an empty boxcar on a side track and made it my home for the rest of the night.

After college graduation, I was hired as the herdsman on Charles Mills' hog farm, the largest in the east, in Lewis DE. I travelled there in my 1936 Dodge. On the way into the Washington area my headlights went out. I pulled off the road, drove up on the sidewalk and found myself in the side yard of the Pentagon. I got in the backseat, pulled the shade down in the back window and spent the rest of the night. At daylight a cop came along and told me to "Get a move on, buddy," so I got a move on. ☘

Our Chefs ...

(Continued from Page 1)

himself. The second change has been to encourage more “scratch cooking,” or cooking from scratch. As a teacher, he enjoys teaching new skills to kitchen staff and introducing more ethnic foods to residents. “My goal,” he says, “is to keep the residents and the culinary team happy.” He says he appreciates feedback from the comment cards and from the Dining Services committee.

When he tells me, “I love coming to work every day,” I believe him. One of his favorite quotes is from Niki Nakayama, owner of a Michelin-starred restaurant in Los Angeles. “The best advice I was ever given is to never stop learning, because the moment you give up and think that you know everything, you’re already done as a chef, you should just quit.” Fortunately, Darryl keeps learning for his own benefit and for ours.

Executive Sous Chef Karla Ladd is a lifelong learner too. She had been a stay-at-home mom in Zebulon, which is 25 miles east of Raleigh, when a divorce sent her on a new path in 2010. At age 40, she enrolled in the Culinary Arts School program at Wake Technical Community College. It was the perfect career since she had been cooking at home since was 10. Also, she had worked in a family-owned pizza parlor, and she wanted more. In her own words, “I wanted knowledge, better skills, and a better understanding of the fuel that keeps the body running.” During her last year at culinary school, she did an internship at City Club Raleigh, known for fine dining. Then she gained experience at a small vegan restaurant and at the Raleigh Convention Center before returning to City Club for four more years.

When she first arrived at TFAD at the end of 2022 and people heard that she commuted all the way from Zebulon, the word in the hallway was that she wouldn’t last long. Yes, she was friendly and likeable, but Dining was in a state of disarray, and it was going to take more than a big smile to make a difference. Fortunately, she also had keen organizational and management skills, and, with the arrival of former co-worker Darryl Della Cruz in January 2023, she became part of a dynamic duo. Together they make a positive difference

every day in spite of long hours (8:30am–6:30 pm), staffing challenges, and supply chain issues.

Like Darryl, Karla loves coming to work—not only because of their good working relationship but also because she enjoys the sense of teamwork they have promoted together. “I want to help my people succeed.” One of the things she values most at TFAD is an environment that encourages creativity (for others and for herself). Fred Rogers of *Mr. Rogers’ Neighborhood* always advised people of all ages to “look for the helpers.” Karla is a helper. She says: “I enjoy helping people, and, when I can add to someone’s quality of life, it



is an honor to me. When I’m not helping out at work, I help to take care of my mother and my middle brother, who is autistic.” She also looks after a colony of feral cats that she feeds, spays, and neuters (when she can catch them). No one is surprised to see several cats (glass, ceramic, and plastic) on her work station in the kitchen.

With her helper instincts, artistic inclinations, and training in catering and event planning, Karla really appreciates the opportunity to do special things on holidays. Thanksgiving is coming soon and she’s already making plans. We are thankful for her and for Darryl, who are undaunted by difficulties and dedicated to doing their best for us, in spite of our various dietary restrictions and our many different opinions about how to cook green beans. ‡

Pollinator Garden Update

by Robyn Sloan

In the fall of 2021, **Elodie Bentley** enthusiastically promoted the creation of a garden that would support local pollinating insects to a group of like-minded residents. She engaged the support of Annabel Renwick, Curator of the Blomquist Garden of Native Plants at Duke Gardens, and together we selected, planted, and waited to see what would happen. The initially bleak-looking stubble planted on an inhospitable clay and rock street corner (Willow Oak Court and Forest at Duke Drive) proved the naysayers wrong when it began popping up color the following spring. While the garden was admittedly a bit ragged that year, it persevered and continued sprouting new growth and new colors.

What a difference another year has made! In 2023 we experienced merciless summer weather, including three-week spells of rainless days with temperatures above ninety. Not only did the native plant selections bloom, they seemed to thrive despite the punishing heat. This was all part of our group's no-maintenance goal, and their hardiness proved the value of native plants in landscapes.

No doubt the bright colors that cheered everyone during this past summer contributed to robust contributions from Forest residents for the Pollinator Garden's new extension. It now extends westward from the existing bed, a significant increase in size. **Phil Baer** prepared the stony substrate almost single-handedly and organized the planting. A team comprised of **Phil Baer, Dennis and Diane Blair, Ralph Nelson, Robyn and Dave Sloan, Susan Smith, Beth Timson, and Jay Williams** planted the 200 new plugs just before Tropical Storm Ophelia liberally watered their effort.

The bright ceramic totem pole installed in the garden early last year was the first one of three art installations created by residents. The second post, a mosaic of mirrors and shades of blue, anchors the new garden extension. Yet to be seen is what residents will design for the third post. ☘



On Adding Rings

by Catherine Berg

The years of my life
are not like calendar pages
I tear off and throw away.
Instead, they are like
concentric rings of a tree
still living inside me.

When I turned 78
I did not cease to be 77
Or 53 or 41 or 28 or 11.
At my latest birthday,
something new was found,
nothing old was lost.
Life was added: Not removed.

Truth is, all of it—
every year, every day,
every minute, every moment—
it all remains an indispensable,
living part of my present: of ME.

And even though the last
installments
or iterations of these rings
is where the bark and calluses
grow,
where the world around me
is directly met and engaged,
Life still flows through them all.

And so, this soul-ish xylem
of concentric rings and years
deserves to be completely
recognized,
to be given a full place
at the table of my Present:
to be honored with both a *voice*
and a *vote* in my life.

A final caveat...
while, most certainly,
all the years of my life
deserve their place,
I absolutely owe it to them,
to me,
to make sure my 78-year-old
(or latest ring)
chairs the meeting!

Catherine Berg created this poem by adapting words from Stan Mitchell, pastor of the online Everybody Church. She says, "I like the message and 'heard' it as a poem. I thought it might speak to all of us elders." ☘

Coasts Have the Best Stories

by Beth Timson

Places with coastlines always have the best stories: tremendous storms, shipwrecks, pirates, historic seaside villages. North Carolina has all of those. You are likely familiar with the most famous of the stories, like Sir Walter Raleigh's Lost Colony of 1587 on Roanoke Island and the pillaging of the pirate Edward Teach, aka Blackbeard. But recent evidence, found on maps in the British Museum, suggests that the Colony was never "lost," just moved to another location on the mainland. And today you can view recovered remnants of Blackbeard's last ship, *Queen Anne's Revenge*, in the North Carolina Maritime Museum in Beaufort ... and then regale yourself at restaurants with pirate-themed cocktails served by pirate-costumed waiters.

Other stories from the coast may not be as well-known, but are just as interesting. One story is based in some truth, though its details are lost in legend: the story of "The Little Girl Buried in a Rum Barrel." Her grave is in the Old Burying Ground in Beaufort which was established not long after the town itself, in 1712, and the tombstone is carved with those words. Her name is unknown, but the story has come down that her father, a sea-faring captain, took her with him on a voyage to London.

When she died on their return journey, he was grief-stricken for he had faithfully promised her mother to bring her home. So he didn't bury her at sea; he did bring her home, preserved in a barrel of spirits for her burial in Beaufort. She rests now in the old cemetery in the company of Revolutionary and Confederate soldiers and sailors from both sides of the conflicts, and two unnamed German sailors whose bodies came ashore after their U-Boat was destroyed off the North Carolina coast in World War II.

Another story begins in pain but has a happier ending—the story of Harriet Jacobs of Edenton NC. Jacobs was born into slavery in 1813, the daughter of enslaved parents. When she was about 29 years old, she escaped, was hidden for a while by a white sympathizer, and ultimately spent some time in the attic crawlspace of her grandmother, a freed Black woman. She finally made her way onto a ship headed for

Philadelphia, where she was given a home and work by abolitionists.

Harriet later fled to New York and then Boston, aided by abolitionists and dodging her former owner who, supported by the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, was bent on her recovery. Well known abolitionists like Frederick Douglass and other Black leaders encouraged her to write about and publish her experiences as an enslaved person and fugitive, hoping to move the American public to support their cause.

In 1861, Jacobs published her work, *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl*, under a pseudonym. It was raw and biting, detailing her sexual abuse at the hands of white owners, the selling of her two half-white children into enslavement, and her own escape. It did raise sentiment in support of the coming Civil War, though there was criticism at the time that it was so harsh it *must* be fiction. During the war, Jacobs worked as a nurse in Union hospitals. After the war she was employed by the Quakers of New York City to work with the "Colored Refugees." Today her book is seen as a major work in the genre of enslaved persons' narratives. It is also taught as an early feminist work. A tour of Edenton includes various sites where Harriet Jacobs lived and worked.

There are many, many more great stories of the North Carolina coast: how the Cape Hatteras lighthouse was moved, what made Fort Fisher so unusual, how the *USS North Carolina* was saved from the Navy's scrapyards, why North Carolina has a Rachel Carson memorial, and why women pilots were trained in North Carolina during World War II. You'll just have to go there to find all these great tales! †



Only known photo of
Harriet Jacobs, 1894

[Public Domain]

Fitting In and Ethics

by Joan Seiffert

To be “typical” is to be “of a type,” meaning that a person or thing has the same characteristics of everything else in the group. Did any little kid dreaming of the future wistfully say, “Gee, I want to grow up and be typical?” Well, I do recall, at about age eleven, I wanted to have a figure like Roberta Vincent and stop wearing undershirts and have a *bra*. And I did spell my word correctly in the school spelling bee where Roberta and I were finalists. I clearly remember it: the word was “poisonous,” not a hard word and Miss Edwards *thought* that I had left out the second “o.” She was old, at least fifty, and probably was slipping in the brain or needed hearing aids. So, Roberta Vincent won the spelling bee for Euclid School. Life is so unfair, but she lost in the first round at the state match in Newark. And she did not smell good.

In Cincinnati, a couple years later when I was a new kid at Walnut Hills, Sylvia Hoodin put me in my place (not anywhere near her) by asking me how many cashmere sweater sets I had, noting she had 28! Excuse me, just what is a cashmere sweater set? I didn’t even have 28 pairs of socks.

That midyear entry into Walnut Hills proved to be enlightening. I went to the school secretary’s desk the first day for my schedule. That was new; I was from a K-8 school where the teachers came to us. At Euclid I had been an upperclassman—we were all some kind of “man” back then, even girls and women. Schedule in hand, I wandered around looking for my first class, home room. Finally, I asked somebody who said, “you have to take the elevator.” Much laughter from the other kids. Turns out there was no elevator.

I got through the first day until seventh period. Lunch was all right, until I was told that I had to clean my plate, my first experience of cafeteria mystery meat. By then I was getting used to not being typical, a new kid. My schedule showed Latin, seventh period. I found Mrs. Galbraith’s class late (wandering around was my method that day). Mrs.G. asked me, “How much Latin have you had?” I didn’t know what it was, same as cashmere sweater sets, and admitted it. She shook her head. “Go sit behind Michael.” By now I hated Walnut Hills. “Typical” in this school looked pretty rough.

Later that day I found my way home, taking a bus, a trolley, and another bus. When I told my mom about Latin, she was delighted. Seems that she had taught Latin, somewhere. But soon it happened. Mrs. G. was reviewing Latin homework, and she called my name. Back then, one had to respond by standing beside the desk. Oh, no! I had to recite my homework. As I stood, trembling, Michael pushed his homework paper to the edge of his desk, where I could see it. He was an excellent Latin student, always with the correct answer. Michael was an albino: pale, white hair, watery pink eyes, very small, shorter than I was. This was junior high. Michael was not popular. But he was kind.

Do I read from his homework paper? That is cheating, of course. Quickly weighing the factors, I read aloud his perfect Latin, surviving my first recitation with all eyes looking at this new kid who thought there was an elevator. Then Mom and I went into overdrive, studying Latin after school. I discovered that I liked it and took Latin for two more years. And I had a new friend. So did Michael.

For Christmas I got a cashmere sweater set. Beige. Went with everything.

Is typical such a big deal? Is cheating always wrong? †

New Residents: The Grubbs ...

(Continued from Page 4)

Daily Collegian. She also received an MA in biology from the University of Minnesota. Judy was a biology teacher in such disparate locations as University High School in Minneapolis and Mobile AL during integration. In Greensboro she was on the Board of the Eastern Music Festival and was a Girl Scout leader. She is president of her Greensboro P.E.O. group, a philanthropic organization dedicated to raising money for women’s education. Judy looks forward to The Forest’s book discussion group, water aerobics classes, OLLI classes, and Duke Chapel concerts. Both Dave’s and Judy’s open friendly spirit and good humor have won them many new friends here! †

Size Matters

by Phil Baer

Forest fires in the United States have increased dramatically in number and severity over the past several decades. You have probably noticed many more articles about forest fires in the news as a result of those climate-change-driven increases. Along with the number of structures destroyed, the number of people forced to flee, and the heroic efforts of those trying to contain the fires, reporters search for ways to give readers a meaningful sense of the size of a fire. And that's a challenge, because most of us are unable to visualize or relate to any measure of area larger than a tennis court or a football field or maybe a city block. But forest fires today can be thousands of acres, and nobody can relate to that size. A square mile is no help, since it's also beyond our real comprehension. So, forest fire reporters have turned an odd size comparison: cities. Reporters have decided that we "get it" when they give us something like "the Balderdash fire has doubled in size overnight and now has consumed an area the size of Topeka." When I google the area of Topeka and learn that it's 61.47 sq. mi.—okay, I guess that's pretty big.

At the other end of the scale, where changes are too small to seem meaningful, writers offer other means of comparison, such as rank order. This is often the case on climate change and the greenhouse gases that drive it—in absolute terms, from 2021 to 2022, atmospheric CO₂ increased by 2.13 parts per million (ppm) which, to the non-expert, is meaningless. So, how can it be made meaningful? In a recent *New York Times* article titled "Americans and Their Cars," Somini Sengupta tells us that "the Frontier Group estimated that if American cars, S.U.V.s and pickup trucks were their own country, they would be the sixth-largest emitter of heat-trapping carbon dioxide (CO₂) emissions since 1949, putting them behind the total national carbon dioxide emissions produced by the United States, China, Russia, Germany and Japan." Thus, without involving any difficult to understand or remember actual numbers, readers who care about such things are given a quotable conversation starter.

And now we turn to the real topic of this essay: concrete. In 2018 I came across a *BBC Science* article that began: "Concrete is the most widely used man-made material in existence. It is second only to water as the most-consumed resource on the planet. But, while cement—the key ingredient in concrete—has shaped much of our built environment, it also has a massive carbon footprint. Cement is the source of about 8% of the world's CO₂ emissions according to think tank Chatham House. If the cement industry were a country, it would be the third largest emitter in the world—behind China and the US." The article took on more relevance as I watched the seemingly endless parade of cement mixer trucks roll along the Forest at Duke Drive, delivering their loads for construction of our new health center and, now, new apartments. So wherein, you may be asking, does the CO₂ problem lie? Is it from the massive trucks used to deliver the concrete?

First, while the trucks do burn fossil fuel and do add CO₂ to the atmosphere, that is only a fraction of the contribution due to cement. The trucks are called cement *mixers* because they mix water, sand, gravel, and cement into a semifluid sludge that can be poured and harden into concrete. The CO₂ problem derives from the production of the key component, the cement. To produce cement, limestone and clay are quarried, crushed, and fed into giant kilns, then heated to 1400°C by burning fossil fuels. As a result of the heating, the limestone releases CO₂. Left behind are balls of calcium oxide which are ground into the fine grey powder we call cement. Of the total CO₂ produced during cement production, 50% is released from limestone and 40% from burning fuel to drive the heating process. The remaining 10% is from quarrying, grinding, and transport.

That hard to fathom 2.13 ppm CO₂ increase last year brought us to an atmospheric CO₂ level of 417 ppm, 20% higher than the 350 ppm level that would stop global temperature rising. And, along with the myriad other ways in which we

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Size Matters ...

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contribute, our Forest at Duke years-long construction project contributes a tiny, but calculable, fraction of the atmospheric CO₂ increase caused by production of cement. It was never our intention to contribute to climate change in this way. Our intention was to improve services to residents and remain competitive in the ever-evolving world of CCRCs. Replacing the old wellness facility and building larger apartments were essential to that, part of a sound fiscal strategy. Thinking about all of this brings the following to mind: “The road to Hell is paved with good intentions” (Saint Bernard of Clairvaux, possibly); “We have met the enemy and he is us” (Pogo); and “It’s not easy being green” (Kermit the Frog).

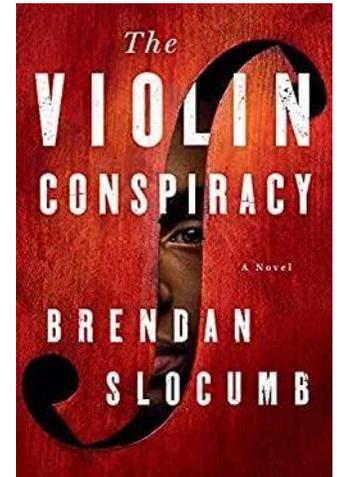
There is some hope for the future, in efforts to develop a replacement for concrete that doesn’t involve producing CO₂. Biomason, Inc. in the NC Technology Center in Research Triangle Park is working toward that goal. Copying nature’s technique to produce coral, it uses natural microorganisms to combine carbon and calcium into a product called Biocement. Although the road to commercial success is long—and currently paved with concrete—this is a product with the potential to eventually replace concrete. If that can happen, production of CO₂ will decrease by 8%: a step in the right direction. A small step, certainly, but “the longest journey begins ...” okay, enough quotations. A few days ago, as we walked back from lunch, there were four cement mixers on site, one pouring out its load, three parked and waiting, diesel engines throbbing and mixing drums slowly turning, and I could only wish they were all filled with Biocement. ¶



From a Booklover

by Mary Dubard

I love reading! Favorite genres are 19th Century fiction, thrillers, love stories, escape stories and espionage set in World Wars I and II, contemporary legal thrillers, beach reads, and other chick lit, biographies and memoirs—you name it. But a new genre has recently captivated me: a musical thriller. “What?!” you may ask. *The Violin Conspiracy* by Brendan Slocumb is about a stolen Stradivarius. It is a page-turner, for sure, and all the musical descriptions add a most enjoyable bonus for actual musicians as well as for anyone who just enjoys hearing music. The protagonist, an African-American violinist like the author, is from Charlotte, which adds local flavor to this moving *and fast-moving* story. AND it is in our TFAD library! Happy reading! ¶



Digital Edition of *The Forester*

To reduce costs, some photos are printed without color in the paper edition. Full-color *digital* issues of *The Forester* with active hyperlinks and with search and read-out-loud capabilities are available from the RA website

www.ForestRes.org.

Alternatively, request an emailed copy from forester.pdf@gmail.com

Some browsers display the mentioned capabilities better than others. *Microsoft Edge* has worked well. ¶

The Art at The Forest: D. D. Vann

by Deborah Tunstall Tippett

You can find art by Dorthea Deimel Vann on every floor at The Forest at Duke, art that is varied in subject and technique and notable for its bold complementary colors. Kaidy Lewis, The Forest Artist-in-Residence, observed that Vann's paintings have depth and substance and are quite remarkable.

Vann was a 1933 graduate of Barnard College and a 1937 graduate of Cornell University Medical College. She was a pediatrician for 21 years at the Englewood Hospital in New Jersey and directed the pediatrics unit there during World War II. She retired from her medical practice in 1962 to study art with John Costigan of Orangeburg NY and Joseph Hirsch at the Art Students League in New York City.

In an article for *The Forester* in November 2003 on "The Best Advice Ever Given," Vann reflected about her decision to study art. She asked a neighbor for his advice and he replied, if you have to ask the question, the answer is no. She wrote, "I realized immediately that I knew the answer myself and was only waiting for approval. So I went into the house, told my husband, made my arrangements, and lived happily ever after with my new endeavor."

In her obituary, she was quoted as saying, "It only takes an eye for form and color, a minimum of innate talent, motivation, and hours of elbow grease. There is no comparison between medicine and painting, and it would be impossible to compare my satisfaction derived from each." Vann

completed over 100 works in 40 years, of which many can be found in our halls.

Dorthea and her husband, Felix, moved to The Forest in November 1992 into a cottage, where one of the bedrooms became her studio. She traveled to her family home in Maine to paint in the summers, as well as to various places to continue her study of art.

A few months before her death, her grandson, Daniel Vann, created a video of her artworks that are on display in The Forest, with her talking about her award winning paintings. This video can be found on [YouTube](#) along with Daniel's tribute to his grandfather [Felix](#), Dorthea's husband. I loved seeing the pictures of the studio in her family home in Maine as well as hearing her speak about the paintings from Yosemite. After seeing the video, I had to search for the Ferris Wheel painting which I finally discovered hanging in the Party Room. †



Vann painted this in Yosemite right before she moved to TFAD in 1992.



Vann captured the Ferris Wheel in a visit to a carnival near her home in Maine.