



## Karen Henry

by George Williams

Karen Henry, Director of Finance, CFO, and second in command in the administration of The Forest, is scarcely a newcomer here, but as she works diligently in her upstairs office, unseen by most of us, it has seemed not inappropriate to give her a fresh “Profile” in this paper, though she has already had one. When she came to us in 2005, she was featured in an introduction by our predecessor in office, Mal Oettinger.

She has an unusual background. Her ancestry is Slovenian, her family hailing from a small village near the capital of Ljubljana. Her maiden name was Tomazic. As her great-grandparents were the first to come to this country, Karen is third generation American. When she was a little thing, she always had the curly hair and it was also red. Because of that, her grandfather called her “korencek,” which means “little carrot.” Her father, born in this country, was encouraged to use English as his sole language. As a result, Karen does not have command of her family’s original language.

She was born in Connecticut but raised in a small town near Scranton, PA. She graduated from Shippensburg University and worked as an auditor for KPMG and Hershey Foods (an office redolent of chocolate). She married Chris Henry and moved with him to Durham so that he could attend graduate school at UNC. In their time here, he completed an MS in pharmaceutical outcomes and policy, a doctorate in pharmacy and an executive MBA. Karen first worked briefly for Liggett & Myers and then joined Quintiles, a leading outsourcing firm for clinical drug research, for five years. She continued this work with Constella Group before coming to The Forest. Chris is a director of project management and



Karen Henry at Dover

oversees projects concerning global clinical drug trials.

She and Chris have recently returned from a seven-day cruise through the Caribbean. Embarking from Ft. Lauderdale, they sailed through southern islands, but as they had already visited many of them such as the Virgin Islands (US and UK), Bermuda, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, Barbados, and many others (they love to cruise), they preferred to stay aboard in the various ports, resting from busy professional lives and enjoying the quiet of the ship and the absence of their fellow passengers. Their love of travel has taken them to many countries in western Europe – even little Luxembourg. Chris and Karen share a love of history and enjoy having the opportunity to see the wonders of the world in person together.

A life devoted professionally to numbers began to lose its appeal for someone who wanted to work with people. “When you are in finance, you don’t have a great deal of contact with people. It’s mostly number crunching.” Her first impression of The For-

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***The Forester***

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**President's Podium**

by Dale Harris

The Staff and Resident holiday party on Dec. 9 was such fun and a great success! So many favorable comments followed the event and so many smiles at the time. Many, many thanks to each of you who helped set a new record in voluntary contributions to the Employee Appreciation Fund which enables us to concretely express our thanks to our TFAD staff. They truly are the key to our good quality of care here and their appreciation for the gift was so nicely expressed in their program at the party.

For personal reasons **Ned Arnett** has resigned for the balance of his term from his position on the Residents' Association Board of Directors and his service as chair of our Marketing Committee. We are sorry to lose his wise counsel in those functions but are truly grateful for all Ned has done and is doing for all of us residents here. I have asked **Alex Denson**, Chair of our Governance Standing Committee, to bring forth nominations for our RA Board to consider in filling that seat on our board including chairing the Marketing Standing Committee. Section 4.8 of our by-laws states that a majority vote of our board decides who will fill that vacancy.

Our next RA quarterly meeting will be at 2 pm on Monday, January 16, in the Auditorium, and we will let you know our progress at that time. You will also be hearing about a new ad hoc committee we hope to set up to consider the interior gardens adjacent to Health and Wellness. **Nathan Summers** has suggested that we set up such a group of residents and I will be suggesting to our RA Board at our Dec. 19<sup>th</sup> meeting that we consider this proposal. **Russell Jones** would serve as chair and the other members of the committee would be **Paul Bryan, Wes Carson,**

*(Continued on page 3)*

## Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

Welcome to the New Year! I hope everyone had a wonderful holiday; ate to their hearts content and didn't gain an ounce. If you succeeded in that, please let me know your secret.

As for the Library, it never rests, holiday or not. It is there for your enhancement and enjoyment. One way we try to do this is through the establishment of some special collections such as the In-House Authors (IHA) collection. This collection consists of publications authored by current residents. They have written on a variety of topics such as how the brain works, the history of Durham County, and race and the Supreme Court. It is located on the bookcase along the wall by the conference room. Take some time to browse this collection and learn from the experts in residence.

I have also been asked several times about resources available to those with vision problems. While the Forest's Library does have a fairly nice collection of large-print books, remember you can always contact the Durham County Library for their collection of large-print and audiobooks. You can reach our local branch, the Southwest Regional Li-

brary, at 919-560-8590. You can search the Durham County Library's online catalog for audiobooks at <https://durhamcountylibrary.org/materials/digital-collections/>. Once you have located what you want, you can contact OASIS (919-560-0152) to have the item(s) brought to the Forest for your convenience.

If the Durham County Library can't satisfy your needs, you should contact the Library for the Blind and Visually Handicapped, located in Raleigh, to see if they have what you need. This Library loans large-print and audiobooks and special equipment to use these resources. It will mail the materials all over the state. This Library has access to the resources of the Library of Congress National Library Service for the Blind and Physically Handicapped in Washington, D.C. For more information or to enroll in their program, call the state library at 1-888-388-2460 or OASIS at 919-560-0152.

I hope you find this information helpful.

### In Memoriam

Jean Losee

November 28, 2016

Peggy Quinn

December 1, 2016

### Podium continued

*(Continued from page 2)*

**Mary Denson, Larry Inderbitzin, Lloyd Redick, and Robbie Robertson.** Nathan Summers would meet with them, and meetings would begin after the first of the year.

**Karen Henry** continued*(Continued from page 1)*

est was when she sat in the front lobby waiting for her interview with the executive director. Everyone passing by – staff and resident alike –greeted her and spoke pleasantly to her, a mere stranger. “I have never felt so welcomed and I was very impressed but thought that this was just by chance. I am happy to say that this has been my experience to this day. The Forest really is all about the people. Many communities can say that in their ads – The Forest really delivers and is what sets us apart.”

I asked if her work has changed over the decade she has been with us. She said her responsibilities have grown as new projects have arisen throughout the years, but she has enjoyed the challenge. She thoroughly enjoys what she does and has found the “missing link” in her professional life at The Forest. “I find great satisfaction in being able to be a part of making a difference in people’s lives and using my knowledge and experience to help others be successful.”



Karen and Chris

## **Commonwealth** a novel by Ann Patchett

(Harper, an imprint of Harper Collins, 2016)

by Shannon Ravenel

A few months ago when this novel was just out, I happened to hear author Ann Patchett being interviewed on NPR’s Diane Rehm Show. Particularly interesting was Patchett’s explanation of her penchant for putting her fictional characters into situations in which they are forced to interact with strangers. She cited her award winning novel, *Bel Canto*, as an example and went on to say that she had only recently realized that this had a great deal to do with her own family history. Because her parents divorced when she was young, she became part of a complicated family combination of step-parents and step-siblings; i.e. strangers.

*Commonwealth* takes that experience as its basis.

The story opens with a chapter in which an unlikely match between two already married thirtysomethings is sparked at a christening party in Los Angeles. The infant honoree is Franny Keating, one of four Keating kids. Once her mother and father have divorced, and her mother has married Bert Cousins who has two children of his own, Franny is the baby in two families and has five siblings rather than three. Forced to spend summers together in Virginia, the Cousins and Keating kids form a kind of team-kids against disingenuously selfish parents and, over the course of 50 years, forge a lasting bond.

There are, as you might imagine, almost more characters than the reader can keep straight. I found myself constantly trying to remember which kids were born to which original marriages, who spent the school year in California and who in Virginia. Near the end of the book, Patchett tips her hat to the reader’s plight, by having a similarly confused character recite the old riddle: “As I was going to St. Ives, I met a man with seven wives. Each wife had seven sacks, each sack had seven cats...” That’s just one example of how certain Patchett is of what she is doing when she takes on a novelistic theme.

Now in her early 50’s, Patchett was herself

*(Continued on page 7)*

## Sleeplessness—or Just Plain “S”

by Zena Lerman

A recent Forest gathering found me in the midst of a group of women describing their bouts of sleeplessness. Because I had recently joined their ranks I was cheered by their enthusiasm, their readiness to share ideas, and seeing that dealing with S had not soured their dispositions.

I decided to pursue the topic further and posted an invitation to all residents to participate in this investigation. Fourteen women volunteered to be interviewed. No men responded and I don't know what that means. I hope we will hear from all you gentlemen as time passes.

What follows are the reports of our neighbors, loosely grouped into what I call the "Ignorers" and the "Organizers."

First, the Ignorers:

**Edith Neece, Kelly Matherly**, an anonymous respondent, and **Peggy Quinn** were essentially Ignorers. They have coping techniques but basically they have just accepted their situation. Edith has experienced S for "quite a while" which, in her case, translates to about 40 years! It has been a time for her correspondence, walking the halls, working on her computer. Basically, she simply accepts it as part of her life. Peggy Quinn joined Edith in finding positive activities when she was sleepless. Peggy spent those hours in conversation with her deceased husband, Jarus. Those hours became precious to her. Kelly Matherly and our anonymous contributor seem to share this unflappable attitude. Kelly's S began about 25 years ago after a string of surgical problems. She now takes 3 mg of melatonin and aims for a regular early bedtime EXCEPT ON BRIDGE NIGHT. Our anonymous respondent accepts S as part of her inheritance. Her grandmother, mother, she, and now her son all experience such bouts. She stresses that efforts to pass the time and encourage sleep must be boring ones.

Now, the Organizers:

Having a set pattern to deal with S seems to bring a feeling of control. All feel successful. Their strategies may differ, but each person follows a consistent plan. **Myra Goldgeier** does not eat after 7PM, turns off her phone at 7, no electronic equipment after 7:30 and in bed by 9. It works. **Chelley Gutin** relies on reading to fall asleep initially. Should she awaken in the middle of the night, she turns to her Kindle and

earplugs, listening to boring information. This failing, she turns to 2 - 3 ounces of cream sherry and off she goes. **Lila Singer** says that her S occurs once every week or two. Normally, she reads for a bit and nods off. Should she awaken in the middle of the night and find it hard to return to sleep, she turns to an undemanding *NY Times* crossword puzzle or a simple computer game. Some meditation breathing may follow and her final ploy is to get into her soft cotton bathrobe and return to bed--and to sleep. **Zena Lerman** has a more lengthy preparation. Keeping a regular bedtime and waking time, tuning into soothing musical sound (not structured music) during her hot bath and continuing it until she is in bed turning off the light. The most dos and don'ts award goes to **Ann Huessener**. No electronics, no games, no sugar desserts at dinner, no long daytime naps. She does get out of bed after one hour of S and checks her body for tension. She may read a real book, do some meditation, make sure the bedroom is cool. Last would be counting backwards by sevens.

*Neither Ignorers or Organizers:*

**Murry Perlmutter** and **Shannon Ravenel** experience leg discomfort that awakens them. Murry turns to her yoga belt exercises and Shannon takes Vitamin C complex to deal with her leg cramps that occur 2 or 3 times a week. She also pushes away invasive thoughts by counting sheep. Which brings us to our most poetic solution, suggested by **Gretchen Dix**. This technique, learned from her stepmother, involves imagining a house with many windows. Gretchen methodically closes each window. If an invasive thought appears she pulls down that window's shade. **Barbara Birkhead**, a newcomer to S, hopes to learn from others. She welcomes advice.

Last, but not least, this: When asked if she experiences sleeplessness, our TFAD philosopher, **Helen Stahl**, replied, "Doesn't everyone?"

*Zena Lerman, a geriatric music therapist, believes that the secret ingredients of the good life are lots of sleep and laughter.*



## Welcome, New Residents



### Sidney & Lilyan Levine

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Lilyan and Sidney retired to Fearrington Village 17 years ago. Both grew up in New York City. Earning a BA in sociology from Queens College and an MS in library science from Long Island University, Lilyan became Library Director in a college prep school on Long Island. Needing greater remuneration, she switched to real estate, specializing very successfully in selling buildings in Manhattan. She attributes her success in part to a skill honed as a research librarian: helping a client discover and satisfy the true need underlying a search request.

Sidney graduated in accounting from the University of Denver, served in the army during the Korean conflict, and acquired a CPA license when, as luck would have it, the Michael Todd enterprise completed the blockbuster "Around the World in 80 Days" and needed accounting expertise. Sidney was hired, becoming comptroller, then Vice President for Finance. Professional contacts enabled a subsequent career providing financial assistance to high-earning entertainment artists.

Lilyan has volunteered for the Democratic Party and her synagogue; she volunteered from Fearrington with CORA, a Chatham County food outreach alliance; and she is putting her library expertise to use in The Forest Library. Sidney follows sports and is a Duke basketball fanatic.



### Ramila & Mansukh Wani

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Mansukh and Ramila Wani are long-time Durham residents. Born in India, they met and married in Mumbai. Ramila was attending SNDT University, the first university established in India and South East Asia to educate and empower women; Mansukh was earning degrees in chemistry at St. Xavier's College, Mumbai University. Mansukh moved to Indiana University, Bloomington, IN, in 1958 (Ramila with their son joined him two years later) where he earned a PhD in chemistry.

In 1962 Mansukh was recruited to a Chemistry and Life Sciences group formed by Monroe Wall at the Research Triangle Institute. Seeking new drugs from chemical defenses that plants developed through the evolutionary processes of natural selection, Wall and Wani in 1966 discovered camptothecin, a chemotherapeutic compound present in a tree used in traditional Chinese medicine. The National Cancer Institute sought to learn whether there were similar agents in North American plants. One of the most promising anticancer agents, Taxol, derives from compounds present only in the North American Pacific Yew. Drs. Wall and Wani shared the most prestigious 2000 Charles F. Kettering Prize of the General Motors Cancer Research Foundation for their discovery and characterization of Taxol and camptothecin. The Wanis' son is a software engineer in Raleigh.

## Welcome, New Residents



**Bill Oliphant**

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Bill came to The Forest from Knoxville. He was born in Mississippi and grew up in Louisiana, Texas and Tennessee. After two years at Texas A&M, he transferred to the University of Tennessee – a dual allegiance sorely tested when the teams meet in the SEC. After graduation, the Korean conflict exploded. Bill joined the US Air Force, flew 100 combat missions in F-84's and near the end of 5 years of service endured what was for a young, lucky, combat-hardened pilot "the worst of the worst", a non-combat instructor assignment.

Afterward, restive selling building materials and liking all things outdoors, Bill enrolled in a three-year graduate program in landscape architecture at the University of Pennsylvania. He started his own firm in Knoxville, a diversified professional office of master planning and landscape architecture. This was at the dawn of major government funding for public facilities and recreation areas, and the next several decades saw the growth of privately funded initiatives. The firm prospered, and its work won design awards across Tennessee.

Bill enjoys gardening, writing, reading, and singing. In Knoxville he sang baritone with the Smokyland Sound Barbershop Chorus. He has four children, widely dispersed – in Maryland, Arizona, Tennessee, and Georgia.

## Commonwealth continued

*(Continued from page 4)*

born in Los Angeles. When her parents divorced, she was moved, at age 6, to Nashville. She lives there still and in 2011 co-founded its well known bookstore, Parnassus. She's the author of three non fiction books and six earlier novels.

This new one, having to do with the lives of those six step-siblings as they proceed through lives that their parents burdened with separation as well as compulsory companionship, is told through variously selected points of view. Its nine chapters, each of which so fully extends the portrayal of the character at hand that it stands almost as a short story, combine to form an unforgettable story of human relationships.



## In the Gardens

by Herbert L. Carson

He awakened at 7:25, almost at his usual hour. He greeted his wife's picture with his usual prayer that she should rest in peace, concluding as always, "I love you, my dear."

His shower was brief but thorough. Pausing in front of his mirror he was pleased to note that he was fairly trim, just a mild paunch protruding. Donning his paisley bathrobe, he proceeded to the kitchen for his morning repast.

He ate his typical breakfast: a soft boiled egg, one piece of lightly buttered toast, one chocolate chip cookie, two cups of tea (no cream, one spoon of sugar per cup). As usual he mused over Swift's Lilliputians and their battles between the big enders and the little enders. He himself had no devotion to either faction. Some days he cracked at the big end, others at the little end. Of course he perused his morning paper while eating, grunting as always about the imbecility of the American voting public.

His morning was already planned. The autumn weather was temperate, the sun was shining, there was a breeze but it would be warmly pleasant. As usual his apparel had been laid out by him the night before. He cut a respectable but somewhat colorful figure as he set forth for the gardens.

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A massive sneeze awakened her earlier than usual, just shortly after 8:00 a.m. "Shit," she thought. "I won't get back to sleep." She tried for a few minutes, then muttering further obscenities left her bed. In the bathroom she tried combing out her gray tangles ... with little success.

She contemplated a shower, said "to hell with it," and went barefoot into the kitchen, grunting at the chill of the tiles. The refrigerator, almost empty, held no promise for breakfast. The cupboards had several opened cereal boxes, but none appealed. Besides, she had forgotten to buy milk.

Plugging in her coffee pot and her toaster, she toasted a slightly stale half of English muffin in one slot and a heel from raisin cinnamon bread in the

other. The butter was hard, so she slathered her toast from several small containers of jelly she had stolen from a restaurant when she ate breakfast out last week. The day-old coffee was bitter. She poured in a large amount of powdery creamer she had been hoarding for a couple of years, added three spoons of sugar and a dash of cinnamon.

The classical station was playing Wagner. She hated Wagner because he would have hated her. Tuning to the university station, she listened for a minute or so to a hearty cheer-leader like announcer and switched off the radio.

Last night's clothing was strewn around the bedroom. She saw no reason not to wear it. After all, she had not showered or bathed. As she started to leave the apartment she grabbed a multi-colored knit cap and pulled it over her head. While her clothing was earth color, the cap gave her a jaunty if unseasonable look. She thought how much Buck would have liked that cap. "Poor Buck," she thought making her way to the car.

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He wandered the paths of the gardens, reading the signs describing (in both English and Latin) the plants lining the walkways. At one point, he tried crossing a small stream on the stepping stones and almost fell off. He sighed to himself, "I'm too old. It would be embarrassing to fall. I could break a leg." From then on he remained, still gingerly, on the beaten paths.

The narrow walkways crossed and crisscrossed throughout the gardens. At one point he had to squeeze to the side to allow a woman to pass him. He barely glanced at her, but he saw her as disheveled and plain in her earth colors, but was startled at the colorful knit cap she was wearing.

He went along, somewhat irritated by the displays of statuary which, he muttered half aloud, "certainly do not grace the gardens. What do ceramic tiled figures have to do with the gardens?" he asked



**Gardens** continued

himself. As he passed a shining stick figure of a man, about 13 feet tall, made out of shiny brass tubing, he said aloud, "Intruder." His ejaculation startled a family—father, mother, child about seven. They hurried away from him.

Coming to a junction of paths, he saw the woman in the knit cap down one path to the far left. He started down another path, to the right, pausing as if to read a description of a piece of sculpture made out of some discarded chunks of broken mirrors, muttering "perfectly horrendous."

Then, a whim—he turned back and followed the path where he had seen the cap. The woman had been proceeding toward him and was now studying another sculpture. She was humming the Maxim tune from *The Merry Widow*. He thought for a moment of humming along with her. But he didn't!

He pondered proprieties. He had never "picked up" a girl (or an aging woman for that matter) in his entire life. He had never even considered doing so. He had only met his wife of more than fifty years because they both took American Literature at the same hour and it was a small class and a small room, and there they were.

But, he was thinking, "I am lonely. She is alone. Maybe she is lonely." She was thinking, also. She saw him mumbling imprecations at the sculptures, luckily not to one of her creations. She had heard him explode "perfectly horrendous" at the broken mirrors, and she barely suppressed a laugh.

But there was something about him. For an older man, he was fairly trim, with just a slight bulge to his stomach. His Bermuda shorts were clean and well pressed. Most of all, she liked his yellow shirt and the jaunty yellow cap he was wearing. And she thought, "I wonder if he is lonely. I am. I miss Buck. I miss him. Maybe I could just say a word to him, see what happens. Perhaps tell him about my wooden sculpture with the slight form of a nymph struggling free of her surrounding wooden prison. Maybe he'd like that one. She's not so horrendous."

Instead she hummed somewhat tunelessly the Maxim song from *The Merry Widow*. Perhaps he would hum. They would both hum. They would talk. Have a cup of coffee. Get acquainted. Oh, nothing physical. She thought she was probably beyond that stage. Just companionship.

"His yellow cap and my rainbow cap." She hummed quietly, tunelessly, and he made his way by and walked down the path.

He went home after a while. He thought about the woman in the knit cap. "Maybe I should have hummed with her. We could have discussed the operetta. And music. And those abominable so-called sculptures. And then decided to chat over a cup of tea." He chuckled. "Nothing physical, of course. God knows I'm beyond that. But it would have been companionable."

Arriving home, he hung his yellow cap in the closet. Settling into his upright chair, he began reading his morning *New York Times*.

She tried throwing her knit cup onto the chair by her bed. It fell to the floor. She let it lie there. Settling into her lounge chair, she began reading the latest *New Yorker*.

Soon they both forgot that day in the gardens.

*A retired Professor of Humanities, Herb has published numerous poems, stories, essays, and, with his wife, five books.*

## Ask a Scientist

by Dale Purves

### Are plants stupid?

At one time or another, all of us have probably said something along the lines of “Jeez, you have all the brains of a cabbage!” Although we think of plants as quintessentially “stupid,” being fixed in place and lacking the sorts of sophisticated behaviors characteristic of the animal kingdom, this perspective grossly underestimates both the abilities of plants and the cleverness of evolution.

Take *Arabidopsis*, for example, a genus of wild mustard (Figure 1) known to many as the central player in a grade school science project. Like nearly all plants, *Arabidopsis* expresses phototropism, i.e. growing toward a source of radiation that contains wavelengths at or beyond the short-wavelength end of human light spectrum (ultraviolet radiation from the sun). Charles Darwin showed by simple experiments carried out in the 19<sup>th</sup> century that the sensory receptors for phototropism are at the growing tips of plants. Indeed, plants have a wide array of photoreceptor molecules, far more than the four photopigments we humans use to sense light. (The last book Darwin wrote was actually on plants, in which he had a longstanding interest.)



**Figure 1** *Arabidopsis*. Like all plants, wild mustard gets its energy from sunlight, and uses it for photosynthesis. Photosynthesis is carried out by chloroplasts that produce sugars and other carbohydrates from water and CO<sub>2</sub>, with oxygen as key side product. Most of the oxygen we breathe today has come from plants.

But these are only the most obvious of the sensory abilities of plants and their behaviors. Plants can sense and respond to temperature and the duration of night and day. They can detect airborne molecules such as ethylene, which causes ripening and allows some parasitic plants to find hosts. They can also respond to mechanical stimuli, as shown by the Venus flytrap, which is native to a region of Eastern North Carolina. Some plants have even evolved electrically conducted signals much like those of nerve cells, as in a species of mimosa tree whose leaves collapse along an entire branch when a single leaf is poked. Plants can also learn from experience, responding to damage by altered growth responses later, exhibiting a form of memory. As plant expert Daniel Chamovitz pointed out, about the only thing plants don't respond to is prayer.

## Ask a Scientist continued

Of course one can go overboard anthropomorphizing the abilities of plants, but like all organisms, plants seek out energy in their environment and use it to generate behavioral responses that promote survival and reproduction. These abilities are as varied and capable as those of many animals. So, the next time you want to insult someone's intelligence, it would be wiser to say "Jeez, you have all the brains of a basketball!"

### Further Reading:

Chamovitz D (2012) *What a Plant Knows: A Field Guide to the Senses*. New York NY: Farrar, Straus and Giroux. This delightful book is an antidote to the idea that plants are "senseless."

Pollan M (2013) "The intelligent plant." *The New Yorker*, Dec 23 issue. A very funny account of ongoing debates about plant intelligence among botanists, some of whom seem to fall in the air-head category.

*Dale Purves is a neurobiologist in the Duke Institute for Brain Sciences.*

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## Transitions

by Enso,  
as whispered to Banks Anderson

I will admit it. I am something of a nerd and perhaps that is why transitioning from a farm in Pennsylvania to a cottage at The Forest at Duke was so difficult. I am fairly tall and in good health but folks have commented that I seldom make eye contact and tend to ignore them when I am busy. I certainly don't greet every passer-by and chatter with them like my neighbor Alfie in the next cul-de-sac. My relationships have always been much more reserved although I am certified as a therapist and have helped a number of withdrawn patients. But I will never forget how shocked I was when after arriving here I first ventured out to survey the postage stamp that was our new property.

It was such a shattering experience that I bolted back into our cottage and my partner could not persuade me to leave the place. She did call in an expert in traumatic stress disorders who prescribed a graduated program of rehabilitation using familiar objects and friends to lure me outdoors and with time I have adapted. I am grateful to Mary Knechtle BSN for her interest, consultation and help but it is of course my loving partner Ann to whom most of the credit for my rehab is due. I do now enjoy tracking the local fauna in the treetops but whenever I look down and glimpse a little white flag in an off corner, I still get an adrenal squeeze.

I know all of you have your own downsizing and transition horror stories and you realize it is cathartic to tell them. So thanks for sharing mine. If you see Ann and me out for a stroll do say hello but don't be offended if I seem distant. It is not you. It is just my personality and the charged environment.

*Enso is a resident of Cottage 29 Pond View Court that he shares with Ann and Larry Inderbitzin..*

## Goats Galore

by Ted Harris

My wife, **Dale**, called my attention to an article about the Goat Squad in the *Raleigh News and Observer*. Employing a herd of goats is an environmentally friendly way to care for a forest being ravaged by vines and underbrush. The owner of the Goat Squad, Diana Tettons, lives close by in Carrboro with a herd of twenty-eight goats. At a Grounds Committee meeting, **Nathan Summers** expressed an interest in employing Diana's goats to clear some Forest at Duke overgrown woods.

Some members of the Grounds Committee: **Lois Fussell, John Duvall, Dean McCumber, Russell Jones, George Williams**, myself and **Mary Anne Walker** (interested non-member), met with Diana and Nathan in early November. We looked at the woods on our campus between Pickett Road, Fountain View Lane and Old Oak Court, uphill from the (some day to be?) pond. What a mess! The vegetation was so dense that one could not see any distance into the woods. Some tall trees were overtopped with wisteria.

Nathan asked Diana for a bid that would include her marvelous munching masticators called goats. The bid also would include a follow up effort to kill the vines still up in the trees. After the goats returned home, Diana would have the vines severed at the bases of the trees. The remaining stubs would be painted with Roundup to prevent further sprouting.

Nathan also secured bids from other contractors. Diana's bid of \$5,000 was the cheapest, one third to one quarter of the others. The Goat Squad was chosen.

Then came the show. On November 9<sup>th</sup> twenty-five goats of mixed breeds arrived. Blacks, whites, browns, grays, striped and patched, they were a colorful lot. They were so social that they ate, ruminated and slept together. Some residents envied their life style of eating and sleeping.

They were fun to watch as they went out about their designated chore, cleansing the forest

floor of underbrush and especially vines: wisteria, poison ivy, English ivy and Virginia creeper.

**Alex and Mary Denson** opened their side and back yards for residents to look at the goats. Their elevated perch was great for viewing. Among others **Molly Simes, Evebell Dunham, Lois Owen, Russell Jones** and **Anita Holt** were hosted by the Densons. Along Fountain View other backyards open to residents were **Heike and Fred Doane's** and **Linda and Paul McBride's**.

Curious residents also walked behind cottages on Old Oak Court. Here the **Howells, John and Suzanne**, and **John Duval** and **Carol McFadyen** had a great perspective. There were resident goat photographers: **Russell Jones, John Hughes, Carol McFadyen** and me.

Carol was so taken with the goats' accomplishments that she had this to say, "They are responsible for an amazing transformation of our wooded area. I am forever a fan of the goat lady and her herd! It's not every grandmother or hostess that has goats in her back yard, you know." **Delaina Buhler's** hairdresser brought her two children to be wowed by the goats. Anita Holt reported that the staff had also enjoyed goat viewing.

The goats are now gone after twelve days here, but their amazing accomplishment is especially apparent when you walk along Pickett Road between the Fountain View and main entrances. Take a walk and see for yourself.

*Ted Harris was a banker, Virginia legislator, business valuation expert, street tree nurseryman and advocate, promoter of old-growth forests, and has a serious interest in environmental issues.*



