

Alex Brown, Our Executive Chef

by Shannon Purves

Alex Brown, who wears a white chef's jacket embroidered with "Alex Brown, Executive Chef" on the right and The Forest's logo on the left, is very rarely seen in our dining rooms as his work—and even his office—are deep inside the TFAD kitchen.

What does an executive chef do in such a kitchen where three daily meals are prepared and offered to 400+ residents as well as 50–100 staff members? The answer—"Write menus, figure costing, control inventory, hire and train staff, and cook"—elicits the obvious next question—how do you get all that done? "I'm here a lot," is Chef Brown's answer, accompanied by a wide smile.

The next question—what do you look for when hiring new staff?—brings forth a key to this man's feeling for his chosen profession: "I look for passion."

A native of Buffalo, NY, the son of an engineer and a nurse, Alex figured he'd probably have some sort of science-related profession and so began his first year at SUNY with a science major in mind. He soon realized that he had very little interest in that pursuit and so dropped out and, by way of a job in a restaurant, began to recognize his real leanings. He remembered his childhood interest in such things as how ravioli got made and how much he'd admired his grandmother's cooking. He also had two uncles who were chefs. So he did some looking around, found out about the Culinary Institute of America in Hyde Park and decided that was where he'd rather study. He



applied, was accepted, took out a loan and began what turned out to be *his* passion. Two years later he graduated with an Associate Degree in Culinary Arts and has never looked back.

Married seven months after receiving his degree, Alex took his bride to live in Naples, Florida, where he'd found his first job after graduation—sous chef at a 4 star, 5 diamond resort restaurant where he worked for the next five years. In 1999, he helped design and direct the opening of Annabelle's in Naples. From 2000 until 2016, he was executive chef in a series of private clubs and, in 2015, created his own catering company, Syrah and Merlo, which specialized in wine dinners. All in all, he and his wife lived in Florida for 22 years and raised their three children there. In 2016,

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The Forester

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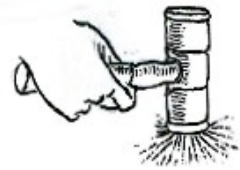
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President's Podium



by Russell Jones

Have you participated in the Mix & Mingle dinners? For that matter, what are the Mix & Mingle dinners? Socialization is an important part of staying healthy and active, and getting to know people is an important part of that at The Forest. Under the Mix & Mingle dinners, you call Dining and make a reservation for a dinner on a certain date—hopefully without knowing who your dinner partners will be. Each dinner will have a host, quite possibly a member of the Residents' Association Activities Committee that has organized this effort. And voila—you can have a nice dinner in the Rosewood Room and get to know your neighbors. The goal is to meet new people and make new friends. If you want a dinner with old friends—just make a regular dinner reservation in Rosewood. Watch for announcements and reminders in the Forest Forward for this third cycle of Mix & Mingle lasting through May. And thank members of the Activities Committee for overseeing this program and Dining Services for making it possible.

Did you know that April is National Volunteer Month? Plans are underway for a Volunteer Day at The Forest. Organized as a joint venture of RA Resident Services and the Department of Resident Life, the event will highlight service opportunities within our community. Stay tuned for further announcements! If you have a great idea for this effort, contact **Jean Vail**, **Wes Carson**, or Sandy Mouras.

As we work our way through winter, remember to eat healthy, exercise healthy, and sleep healthy. You can walk in the corridors if it is cold or go to the fitness area and consult with Sheri. The Forest offers many fitness classes, but self-directed exercise in the gym can help keep you in motion too. Stay well! ‡

In Memoriam

Cynia Shimm December 28, 2018

Aileen Schaller January 2, 2019

Saul Boyarsky January 15, 2019

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

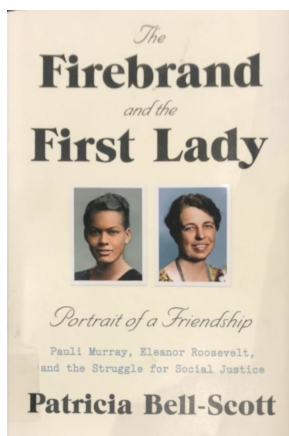
IN HONOR OF....

Celebrated throughout the month of February, Black History Month, as acknowledged by President Ford in 1976, encourages us to “seize the opportunity to honor the too-often neglected accomplishments of black Americans in every endeavor throughout our history.” **Carol Goldsmith** has put together a thoughtful book exhibit entitled “Black Culture in the Modern World.” Available for this entire month, this exhibit highlights books on the history, arts, biography and literature related to black culture.

For instance, if history is your interest you may wish to read R. J. Blackett’s *Making Freedom: the Underground Railroad and the Politics of Slavery*. He uses the experiences of escaped slaves, and of those who helped them, to explore the workings of the Underground Railroad and the effect of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 on the politics of both the North and the South. On the other hand, reading Colson Whitehead’s novel, *Underground Railroad*, in which he re-creates the unique terrors for black people in the pre-Civil War era, might be more to your taste. Either way, you will have a very good read. Another book covering this time period is Pauli Murray’s *Proud Shoes*. A writer and activist who grew up in Durham,

Murray provides a history of her family in the South from the pre-Civil War era through Reconstruction.

After reading about Murray’s family history, you might wish to read *The Firebrand and the First Lady: Portrait of a Friendship: Pauli Murray, Eleanor Roosevelt, and the Struggle for Social Justice* by Patricia Bell-Scott. Drawing

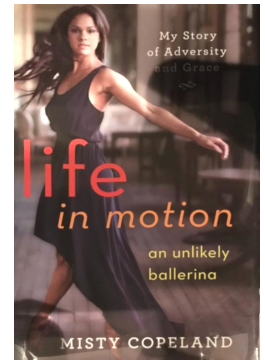


from letters, journals, diaries, interviews, etc., Bell-Scott provides the first close-up portrait of their evolving friendship and how it changed the cause of American social justice.

For 20th century history, might I recommend *The Blood of Emmett Till* by Timothy B. Tyson. This book

reexamines the 1955 pivotal event of the civil rights movement and asks that the world learn from this history. A totally different type of biography is *The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks* by Rebecca Skloot. This book explores issues such as scientific discovery, the history of medical experimentation on African Americans, and the development of bioethics.

Finally, an autobiography for the 21st century: Misty Copeland’s *Life in Motion: an Unlikely Ballerina*. Discovering her hidden talent at the age of 13, within a year Misty was offered lead roles, overcoming racial and socioeconomic bias to claim her rightful spotlight. Her intelligence and persistence shine through.



BOOK REVIEW

I just finished reading Michelle Obama’s *Becoming*. While she isn’t the best writer in the world, her story is interesting enough to keep you wading through her childhood all the way to the White House. Fortunately for her, she had parents who encouraged her to try harder because everything around her worked to discourage her from being all she could become. I especially remember her story regarding her supposed guidance counselor, who automatically assumed that since she was just a girl from the south side of Chicago, there was no way she could ever attend Princeton even though she was a straight A student. Despite this professional’s discouragement she applied and the rest, as they say, is history. She went on to Harvard Law School and a prestigious law firm in Chicago, and from there was asked to develop programs for the Mayor’s Office of Chicago, the University of Chicago and the University of Chicago Medical Center before becoming the First Lady of the United States. If she had listened to her guidance counselor, she would never have been able to develop all these programs that encourage people to enter public service, many of which are still active today. ¶

Alex Brown ...

(Continued from First Page)



From left: Trey, Kyla and Devin Brown

in order to be closer to extended family living in the Carolinas, they moved here. Having located a good neighborhood with excellent public schools in Cary, the Browns settled and Alex took his first NC job—executive chef at the Millennium Hotel in Durham. He also worked briefly as chef de cuisine at TFAD’s Greenwoods restaurant. Moving on to Benvenue Country Club in Rocky Mount as executive chef, he learned, in the summer of 2018, that TFAD’s new director of dining services, Art Ernteman, was looking for an executive chef. Luckily for us, he applied for the job and got it.

Art and Alex have identified three food service priorities for TFAD. The first, which has already been achieved, is the improvement of the dining service in Health and Wellness. The second, ongoing, is improving the quality of the food served to all residents. And the third, next up, is to find the best use of Greenwoods.

One last question, what is the most essential characteristic of a successful chef? “That’s easy! Passion.” ‡

TWENTY YEARS AGO IN THE FORESTER

Lessons in Economics

by George Chandler

Adam Smith

Dealt with

Market forces’

Basic sources.

Said John Maynard Keynes,

“Whenever it rains

“Out come the umbrellas

And bear market sellers.”

Thomas Malthus predicted

War, famine, and woe

If the world’s population

Continued to grow.

He viewed a bull market in babies

In the way that a dog might view rabies.

Milton Friedman is known to maintain

That perfection we cannot attain

Until our markets have been freed—

Opened to man’s boundless greed.

But these gleaners of chaff economic

Are not, way down deep, truly comic.

It’s the most dismal science!

I’d prefer an alliance

With pursuers of goals gastronomic.

(The poem above was first published in The Forester, Vol. 5, Issue 11, February 1999, page 4.)

George Chandler (1930-2015) trained as a lawyer, served with the ICC in the Department of Transportation for thirty years. He and his wife Marjorie moved into the Forest in 1996. He was a brilliant resident and served as an Editorial Assistant for the Forester. Though he became blind, partially then fully, after moving into his apartment here, he had learned the geography of the building and lived independently until the last weeks of his life. He was a notable music lover, especially of chamber music, and he knew all the voice parts of all the Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas.

Welcome New Residents

Dennis and Diane Blair

Cottage 72

571-329-3671 dblairst2@comcast.net

Dennis is a sixth-generation naval officer, continuing a family tradition that began before the Civil War. He graduated from the Naval Academy in 1968, and after study at Oxford University as a Rhodes Scholar reported to his first destroyer. For the next 30 years he served at sea in the Pacific, ashore on major Navy staffs, and in the Pentagon. He spent a year as a White House fellow in the Department of Housing and Urban Development and served on the staff of the National Security Council in the first Reagan administration. He commanded a guided missile destroyer homeported in Japan, the naval station at Pearl Harbor, the *Kitty Hawk* battlegroup of 10 ships and 100 planes, and the US Pacific Command, largest of the combatant commands.

Following his retirement in 2002 he was president of the Institute for Defense Analyses, and then returned to government as the first director of National Intelligence in the Obama administration. Leaving that post in 2010, his activities have centered on non-profit organizations. They include Securing America's Future Energy; No Labels, supporting politicians willing to work across the aisle on important legislation; Freedom House, supporting democracy and human rights around the world; the Sasakawa Peace Foundation, USA; the National Committee on US-China Relations; and the National Bureau of Asian Research—all think tanks on US policies in Asia.

Born a Navy junior in Coronado, California, Diane (nee Everett) Blair has never lived far from the waterfront. She graduated from Punahou School in Hawaii and had a diverse education thereafter. As an undergraduate, she attended Wellesley College, then transferred to Stanford University, attending two of its



overseas campuses, earning a degree in English literature and graduating Phi Beta Kappa. Diane raised two children, with her husband providing intermittent assistance between seven deployments of six months' duration each. She continued her education in fields that could provide employment during a life of constant moving. She earned a nursing degree at George Mason University and a landscape design certificate at George Washington University.

She worked as an English teacher, a gerontological nurse, and a landscape designer at 17 different duty stations around the world. In addition, she has been involved in many activities which benefit military families, including *Navy Familyline*, spouse mentoring programs, the Joint Military Women's Conference, the Hawaii Food Bank, and Military Base Excellence programs.

The Blairs' daughter Pamela is a social worker in Durham, directing a literacy program in the Durham jail. Her brother Duncan, who is the seventh-generation naval officer in the Blair family, now teaches high school science at an international school in London. Among the five grandchildren, ranging from eight to sixteen years old, none has yet expressed an interest in the Navy. ¶

Welcome New Residents

Ruth Jane Roycroft

Apt 4039

919-489-3651

Ruth Jane was born in Durham and stayed here. She has a twin sister and had six other siblings. She was always an athlete. A basketball guard in high school, she went on to play in the Durham City League. She started college at Duke, but was persuaded to begin a 20-year career in banking. After she married R.L. Roycroft in 1949, and when their children came along, she took time from work to be involved with their sports, scouts, and schools. She still managed to take classes at UNC for the American Institute of Banking, and when she finished, she was president of the AIB chapter in Durham. At her bank, which eventually became the Royal Bank of Canada, she was Assistant Secretary, Vice President and finally a Branch Manager. At one point, she also got a real estate broker's license and worked as an independent realtor. When her children were grown, she took a part-time position at Duke University Stores Administration Office for 15 years.



She is a lifelong member of Trinity United Methodist Church, where she was a Sunday School teacher, sang in the choir, served twice as chair of the Administrative Board, president of United Methodist Women, and was on almost every committee. She has been a member of the DAR for 25 years.

Ruth Jane's two children are a source of pride. Her daughter Jane is director of business development for a site construction company in Cary, NC, and her son, a former Navy pilot, now is a Delta Airlines international pilot living in Pensacola, FL. She has four grandchildren.

She enjoys outdoor games, badminton and croquet, ping pong, indoor puzzles, and reading. And, as might be expected, she loves to travel. ‡

The Feeders

by Herb Carson

Voracious birds
 Flock around feeders
 Filled with generous seeds
 For hungry bellies

Fluttering in the wind
 Dining on the feeders
 Chasing away other flyers
 While on the stone wall

A husky squirrel forages
 On seeds dropped from hungry beaks
 And guards his dining delight
 From younger squirrels

Who jump away when the old rodent
 Turns toward them, then
 When its back is turned
 Jump back to feast on scattered seeds

All the while keeping a wary eye
 On the greedy and unsharing old one.
 And life goes on, enabled to survive
 For winged and four-legged creatures

By the generosity of owners
 Whose several feeders
 Beckon the birds ...
 And the squirrels ...

And entertain this mere mortal
 This awed observer.

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

The Spinning Wheel

by Ursula Kappert

An earlier article [November *Forester*, pp. 10–11] described how my family—especially my sister Irmgard, and I—accustomed to the city life of Berlin, survived as farmers as World War II unwound in the British Military Zone in Germany. In addition to a plot of land for growing our own vegetables, we had among other animals a sheep, a ewe.

Our sheep gave us wool. My father learned to shear it and taught my sister Irmgard how to do that. It was she who actually cared for the sheep and loved it when she called the sheep for milking and it came.

My father, an engineer, had a job in a factory where Dodge and Chevrolet truck engines were repaired. Staying late at the factory and using its machines, my father built a spinning wheel. I still marvel at his skills—after all, he had never done anything like it, and I don't really know how he accomplished it, possibly by reading a book. Irmgard learned how to spin. Another miracle—how did she learn without someone showing her?

I was always good at knitting, and my father thought that his two girls should make him a sweater. “Don’t spin that stuff too fine,” I told my sister, “It will take me forever to knit.” So she spun some pretty

thick strands, and I made a sweater which we would call “rustic” today. My father suspected that it was a conspiracy and told us

the sweater was good only for sheep herding. To exonerate myself, I did knit him a beautiful Aran sweater years later.

The spinning wheel is now at my sister’s house in Germany. In the meantime, I became interested in spinning and was always looking for an old-fashioned type of spinning wheel—not one of the big “walking wheels,” but also not one of the modern electric wheels. One day, my husband and I happened to look into the window of a flower shop in Herndon, Virginia, and saw exactly what I wanted. The

store was closed, and I assumed the wheel was probably not working and just there for decoration. Imagine my delight and surprise when my husband gave me that very same spinning wheel for my next birthday!

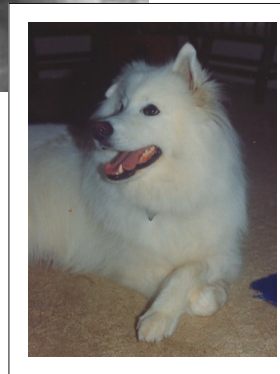
The most unusual yarn I ever spun (and I don’t mean my stories) was the fur of my beautiful white Samoyed. No, I didn’t kill him, I just brushed him regularly and got masses of his lovely hair. It was not easy to spin, because it does not have the tiny barbs of wool, but I managed to spin enough to knit a most gorgeous, fluffy little white jacket which looks like a cloud. My friends asked me whether I now had to stop at every fire hydrant. No, that wasn’t the problem. But do I ever shed!

The “Samoyed Sweater” won the Gold Medal in The-Forest-at-Duke Olympics of August 2016 as “Crafty Olympics Most Unique” handcrafted item. ‡

Ursula Kappert passed her State Board Exams in language interpretation (English and French) at the Interpreter’s Institute, Heidelberg, Germany and moved to the United States where she worked as an interpreter for various companies, including Volkswagen of America in New Jersey where she met her future husband, Lou.



Irmgard and Ursula (ca. 1946) above; and samoyed Pushkin, right. Below left, old and birthday spinning wheels.



ASK A NEUROBIOLOGIST

Excerpts from
The Curmudgeon Dialogues
a book in progress
by Dale Purves

from the **Preface...**

The discussions that follow take place between three superannuated professors brought together by age and circumstance at a retirement community. With considerable time on their hands and missing their professions, they meet fortnightly after dinner in the bar to discuss an agreed upon topic pertinent to understanding the brain and related issues.

One participant—let's call him “Neuro”—was a mainstream neuroscientist, which is to say a representative of the molecular, cellular and systems approaches to understanding neural function in terms of anatomy, physiology and chemistry. One can think of him as a hard-core reductionist, although he has wider interests as well. He is on the tall side, clean shaven and slightly Middle Eastern in appearance.

The second participant—call her “Psyche”—was a psychologist who spent most of her career studying “higher” brain functions and participating in many of the fractious debates in this arena. Plenty smart and not enamored of the idea that brains boil down to interactions between cells and molecules, she is also mindful of how she was treated as a woman in a field that was dominated by men for most of her career. Although in her early 80s, she retains much of her natural vigor and stylishness.

The third member of the group, “Phil,” was a philosopher whose work focused on the connection between “mind” and brain, having been one of the pioneers in the emerging fields of “neurophilosophy” and cognitive neuroscience. A little on the short and pudgy side with a neatly trimmed beard, he is concerned that both neurobiology and psychology may be avoiding deeper questions that need to be considered if brains are ever to be understood. ...

from **Session 13. Memory...**

Phil: On to memory then, as per our agreement last time. If I may, I'd like to start by painting the issue in rather broad strokes before we get into the concept of memory as it applies to us. It is really a matter of defining our terms at the outset. If by “memory” one simply means change as a result of experience, we are considering a very general phenomenon indeed and perhaps one that is not even limited to living organisms. Plenty of material objects are altered by what happened to them in the past: metals and other materials such as “smart” polymers that show hysteresis. One could even take it a step further and conclude that any change of state entails memory. That is certainly not what people interested in this phenomenon are concerned with...

Psyche: I suppose we would agree that evolutionary change qualifies as a sort of memory in this basic sense. If every species has been progressively changed by what happened to it, then evolutionary change is surely a form of biological memory.

Neuro: ...but that inclusion may not get us very far. Let's stick to organisms that are capable of remembering what happened to them during their lifetimes. Barring epigenetic changes, isn't that definition of memory what we need to be talking about?

Psyche: Yes... The issue last time was whether memory as we ordinarily understand it must be an ingredient of any association and vice versa.

Phil: Fine, but be advised that even this criterion is not strongly limiting. Virtually all organisms are

Curmudgeon ...

(Continued from Page 8)

capable of memory in the sense of altered behavior in the future as a result of lifetime experience. Incidentally, we might do well to distinguish those two terms, *learning* being the acquisition of information and *memory* being storage of the result. There may be some merit in opening the door this widely, but giving entry to all comers is likely to cause a loss of focus with respect to animals like us.

Neuro: Are you saying, then, that we want to define memory as the changes in nervous systems and the behaviors they generate based on what happened in the past, leaving out the majority of organisms that have no nervous system?

Phil: Precisely. If we don't narrow the scope of our conversation to the memories and mechanisms that neural systems provide, we are not likely to get far.

Psyche: That's fine with me. But even with that stipulation, we are talking about a pretty broad range of phenomenology. Psychologists have always been enthusiastic about various classifications of memory, the two broadest ones being memory classified in terms of duration and memory classified in terms of function. And both of these groups include further anatomical distinctions based on the parts of the brain and the rest of the nervous system that are primarily involved.

Neuro: You are the person most qualified to spell out this categorization, so go ahead. ¶

...

Dale Purves is the George B. Geller Professor of Neurobiology Emeritus and continues to work and teach in Duke's Institute for Brain Sciences.

Flashing by Banks Anderson

Driving to St. Stephens down 751 on a recent December morning when the low sun was actually bright, there were flashes on and off, on and off, on and off as we passed the copses to our left. This flashing between the trees was really annoying. Was I just being a grumpy old man? Those flashes mimicked repetitive strobe flashes. And repetitive very bright flashes have been said to cause epileptic seizures in susceptible sufferers.

I lived in Boston during the time that MIT Professor Harold Edgerton was experimenting with extremely short-duration repetitive imaging using xenon electronic flash tubes. You may remember the iconic coronet formed by the drop of milk or the bullet exploding the apple that *Life* published. No mechanical camera shutter operated fast enough to record these images. In a totally dark space, the camera shutters were opened, the lightning flashed, and the shutter was closed. A bullet could be stopped in mid flight exiting an apple.

The very high intensity of electronic strobe lights made them ideal warning lights, and they were soon installed on the tops of commercial aircraft just aft of the cockpit where their flashes could be seen for miles. But pilots reported that when flying through clouds or fog, the prolonged repetitive bright and dark illumination of the haze ahead of them was nauseating and made sighting a runway on break out more difficult. When an illness is attributed to some human activity, the dividing line between greed, truth, and hysteria is often very difficult to ascertain, but there is no doubt about those airline pilots' discomfort. Soon these lights were being installed on the belly of the aircraft between the low wings or elsewhere to make life in cockpits more comfortable.

So perhaps some of my discomfort was the result of hazy lenses in my spectacles, or a hazy lens in my eye or a windshield that needed cleaning or all of the above. At any event I was not just being grumpy; repetitive flashes of very bright light truly are annoying if not sickening. And of course this is exactly why police and emergency vehicles use flashing lights: they are not easily ignored.¶

Banks Anderson is Professor Emeritus of Ophthalmology at Duke, and contributes regularly to The Forester.

Toward a Pyrrhic Victory

“If all humankind were to disappear, the world would regenerate back to the rich state of equilibrium that existed 10,000 years ago. If insects were to vanish, the environment would collapse into chaos.” –Edward O. Wilson

by Philip G. Baer

Rachel Carson published *Silent Spring* in 1962; in a chapter titled “Needless Havoc” she wrote: *“As man proceeds toward his goal of the conquest of nature, he has written a depressing record of destruction, directed ... against the life that shares it with him. We are adding a new kind of havoc ... chemical insecticides indiscriminately sprayed on the land.”* Carson was writing about DDT, whose insecticidal properties were discovered by a Swiss chemist, Paul Hermann Müller.

Hoping to control agricultural insect pests and disease vector insects, Müller searched for and found “the ideal contact insecticide—one which would have a quick and powerful toxic effect upon the largest possible number of insect species while causing little or no harm to plants and warm-blooded animals.” DDT came into wide use in the 1940s, and its effectiveness against insects that spread diseases such as malaria, typhus, yellow fever, dengue, and plague was credited with saving millions of lives. Müller received the 1945 Nobel Prize in Physiology or Medicine for his discovery.

Success against disease vectors led to the expectation that crop losses due to insects would be prevented, and people could enjoy sitting out on summer evenings without having to endure mosquitoes, without being ... well, without being bugged by flying pests. It was this latter goal, elimination of pesky mosquitoes in the interest of public happiness, that led to the weekly arrival of the “fogging truck” in my childhood 1950s neighborhood. Just around sunset, the truck would drive slowly by, spraying high up into the trees in all directions a fine mist of very light oil mixed with DDT. In those years of carefree innocence based on ignorance, we kids cheered its arrival and ran to follow it, inhaling the novel fusel aroma and getting our hair and clothing well fogged in the process. And every household had DDT in one or several forms. We thought nothing of

using a five-second burst of aerosolized DDT to bring down a single pesky housefly in the kitchen. More than 650,000 tons of DDT were applied in the US prior to its being banned; worldwide, over 2,000,000 tons were applied. That translates to 4,000,000,000 pounds, almost exactly 1 pound per person by 1970.

Carson’s work showed that DDT persisted in the food chain and became progressively concentrated, finally reaching toxic levels that caused the eggshells of hawks and eagles to become too fragile to survive until hatching. The bald eagle, the national emblem of the United States, was threatened with extinction, a collateral damage victim in man’s war on insects, a critical element in man’s search to control nature. DDT has been banned in most countries, but the war on insects continues and intensifies. Over 100 million pounds of insecticides are applied every year in the US alone.

So, after 75 years of chemical warfare against insects, are we winning? Well, it looks like we are well on our way to a bug-free world. A 2017 article in *Science* titled “Where Have All the Insects Gone?” began with mention of the “windshield phenomenon,” anecdotal reports from all over the world from people who remember when nighttime driving resulted in windshields spattered with flying insect bodies, and who now report un-spattered windshields after making the same drives. Hard data support the windshield phenomenon. German entomologists have collected flying insect population samplings since the 1980s. For the first 30 years of the study, the insect carcass weights showed random fluctuations. But in 2013 they recorded an 80% decrease, and there has been no recovery in following years. Comparable declines in insect populations have been recently reported from many parts of the world.

My own observations, in Durham, are in all ways similar to those cited above. Beginning in 2015, I noticed a sharp fall in the numbers of butterflies,

Pyrrhic Victory ...

(Continued from Page 10)

particularly the large yellow-and-black tiger swallowtails and the little silver-sided skippers. At the same time, I realized there were many fewer black wasps, bumble bees, and ground bees. At night, there are no moths or night-flying beetles gathered around streetlights or residential nightlights. And my windshield remains unspotted after nighttime drives through the summer countryside.

So yes, we are winning our war on insects. They are disappearing due to insecticides, agricultural practices such as mono-cropping, habitat destruction, and climate change. But the ultimate cost of winning may be disaster. "Pyrrhic victory" derives from the Greek King Pyrrhus of Epirus. Losses suffered in victories over Roman legionnaires were so great that he was heard to say: "If we are victorious in one more battle with the Romans, we shall be utterly ruined." Pyrrhus just gave up and sailed home to Greece. We have nowhere to retreat to, and our Pyrrhic victory over insects may result in our environment collapsing into chaos.

But all is not yet lost, and I hope this piece will serve as a call to action. The threat is global but may be most effectively dealt with as a diverse array of local challenges. Political support at all levels will be required to fund research, first to define the severity of the problem, second to define its causes, and finally to identify and deal with the causes. Because there are multiple environmental and cultural causes, we can be certain of one thing: there will be no one-size solution that will fit all. Given the scope and gravity of the problem, finding solutions and effectively carrying them out will require vigorous, informed, and globally co-operative scientific and political leadership. We can help by making our voices heard.‡

Philip G. Baer was born and raised in West Virginia, attended college in Memphis, and earned a PhD in physiology from the University of Mississippi. He was a researcher and professor of pharmacology—the academic phase at the University of Tennessee, the applied phase at Glaxo (now Glaxo Smith Kline) in Research Triangle Park.

CAROL'S CORNER

Torrence ("T.J.") Arnette, Jr.

by Carol Oettinger

T.J. enjoys every part of making dining a pleasure for the residents of the Forest. T.J. grew up in Durham and went to Northern High School. He was interested in dining services, even then, and took the courses in culinary arts that were offered at Northern. T.J. also worked in dining services at Duke while he was in high school. He liked cooking the best of all and got a lot of experience wherever he could find a place to cook.

When he started looking for a permanent position, a friend who was a dietary supervisor at The Forest invited him in to see what working in dietary service here would be like. He liked what he saw. He came to The Forest two years ago and plans to stay.

He loves the residents and enjoys his fellow employees. He says, "I think I can be pretty funny and I like to cheer people up." Seeing his beaming smile as he works and as he helps residents with their needs is very cheering.

T.J. comes from a large family and says, "I live for my family." He has five sisters and says that he especially enjoys the youngest one, Hailey, who is six years old. Another special favorite is his niece, Brooklyn, who is eight. He likes to play with them and they think it's really special to have big brother/uncle spending time with them.

He likes it, too, when anyone comes for advice and is happy to share what wisdom he has gathered. For fun, he writes music, mostly rap, and likes listening to all music.

We are glad T.J. likes our residents, because we certainly are glad to have him in our Forest family. ‡



On Our Ever Increasing Monthly Fee

by Don Chesnut and Oliver Ferguson

...With Apologies to Edgar Allan Poe and The Forest's Financial Office

I

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Over recent TFAD monthly bills that left my wallet sore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my cottage door.
“Must be Security,” I muttered, “tapping at my cottage door—
Only this, and nothing more.”

III

Then this fellow still beguiling my sad features into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance he wore,
“Though thy crest be shorn, not shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient fellow wandering from the nightly shore:
Tell me what thy visit's for on the night's Plutonian shore!”
Quoth the accountant, “Ever more!”

V

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
“Doubtless,” said I, “what he utters is his only stock and store,
Caught from some TFAD master who wants to bill us faster,
Bill us fast and bill us faster till his coffers are much more:
Till the coffers of The Forest are to us a burden bore
Of ‘Ever, ever, ever more!’”

VII

“Drat it!” said I, “thing of evil! drat it still, man or devil!
Whether sent by CEO or Security thus to haunt my cottage door,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on The Forest land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore:
Is there no end to increases?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”
Quoth the accountant, “Ever more!”

IX

And the accountant, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the chair just by my door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be paying—ever more!

II

Open then I flung the door, when, with much perceived decor,
In there stepped an accountant fellow from TFAD's financial floor.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he,
But, with mien of lord or lady, sat beside my entry door—
Perched upon this chair just beside my door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

IV

But the accountant, sitting lonely near my door still uttered only
Those two words, as if his soul therein he still sought to outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not an eyelid then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered “Other billers have called before—
On the morrow will he dun me, as my bills have flown before?”
No reply but “Ever more!”

VI

Then, me thought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the entry floor.
“Wretch,” I cried, “the CEO hath lent thee—from that office she has sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from the thoughts of losing more!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this asking more!”
Quoth the accountant, “Ever more!”

VIII

“Be these words our sign of parting, man or fiend!” I shrieked upstarting:
“Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no new bill as a token of that lie they said be spoken!
Leave my bank account unbroken!—get thee from my entry door!
Take thy bill from out my mailbox, and take thy form from off my floor!”
Quoth the accountant, “Ever more!”

Don Chesnut and Oliver Ferguson are Duke University emeritus professors of chemistry and English, respectively. They share a special love for baseball and the ability to rehash a game play by play.