

Lee Ann Bailey-Clayton—The Forest's New Director of Health Services

by Shannon Purves

Lee Ann Bailey-Clayton, our new Director of Health Services and Licensed Nursing Home Administrator, will celebrate 20 years of employment at The Forest at Duke in September 2019. A social worker for the first 16 of those 20, she became Assistant Director and Administrator in 2016. She was here to see the planning and construction of the Health & Wellness Assisted Living facility that opened its doors in 2004 and to help set up its six neighborhoods—Assisted Living's Riviera, Regency and Carlton; and Skilled Nursing's Biltmore, Olsen and Holbrook. "I'm here," she says, "because I love The Forest at Duke's deep commitment to really good care."

Asked for a nutshell description of her duties, she has one right at hand: "I'm responsible for the delivery of health services throughout all levels of the community—at Health & Wellness [where her office is], at the Clinic and at independently living residents' homes." As for this last, she explains that her on-duty nurses join Security officers for onsite visits to residents who have used their pendants (or their phones) to call for medical help.

What led Lee Ann to us? A degree in social work from Appalachian State University and a lifelong fascination with everything related to the medical field. Her first job was as an acute care social worker at UNC Rex Hospital in Raleigh. While she was there, she was invited by a friend to consider an opening at a nursing home in north Raleigh. Intrigued by the challenge, she spent three years there, but, realizing her discomfort at the home's for-profit practices,



returned to Rex Hospital for another three years. Towards the end of that span, the same friend—who had also left the for-profit nursing home—called Lee Ann from her new place of employment to tell her about a job opening there she thought she might find interesting. That job was at The Forest at Duke and the rest is 20 years' history.

"We" are Lee Ann and her husband, Lee ("We're Lee squared!") who met at The Forest in 2005 when he was installing locks in the newly built H&W Center. They married three years later and Lee Ann became stepmother to Chase Clayton, now a high school senior. Family is as important to Lee Squared as are their chosen fields and at this stage of their life together they are taking care of five aging parents, all of whom remain, at this point, in their own homes. "We're good caretakers," Lee Ann says.

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The Forester

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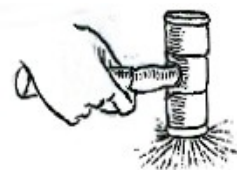
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President's Podium



by Wes Steen

It was spring, but I was focused on the pollen hanging in the air, exacerbating allergies, and making a mess. **It was enough to make a Grumpy Old Man (GOM) an Even Grumpier Old Man (EGOM).**

I was on my way to The Forest at Duke Team Member of the Year event to deliver a resolution of the RA Board thanking the entire TFAD team for its hard work during the recent quarantine. After discussing the details of that event, the Board had unanimously approved a resolution thanking the TFAD team for their expertise and professionalism in treating patients, limiting transmission of the virus, and making residents and family members as comfortable as possible in the circumstances. This hard, long work exposed the team members themselves to infection and interfered with their schedules and personal lives.

I thought that I knew a lot about the TFAD team. Seeing them together at the event confirmed that it is:

- **HUGE.** It takes a lot of people to run this place.
- **SKILLED.** They know their business and they work hard at it.
- **MOTIVATED.** They are self-starters, conscientious, dedicated, enthusiastic, and empathetic.

Kevin Guthrie was named Team Member of the Year, but after hearing the introductions of all the eligible team members, it seemed to me that it must have been tough to choose.

When I walked back to my cottage, pollen was still in the air, but I was more focused on the spring gardens that so many of our residents have planted. Aging is no picnic, so we are fortunate to have this TFAD team supporting us. That thought was enough to transform an EGOM into an **Extremely Grateful Old Man**. Thank a Team Member when you get a chance. ♪

In Memoriam

Oliver Watkins Ferguson	April 4, 2019
Ralph Coonrad	April 10, 2019
Shirley Frucht	April 14, 2019

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

DONATIONS AND NEW BOOKS

As most of you know, the Library doesn't have a specific budget for purchasing new books. Monetary donations are the major source of funds for new purchases, especially new large-print books, a more expensive format. The Library has been fortunate to be the recipient of two very generous cash donations already this year—the first was from resident **Carol Scott** and the second was from Anita Holt, CEO of The Forest.

The first donation enabled us to purchase seventeen new books, including the twelve large print books listed below. Look for them on the "New to the Library" book shelves.

New Large-Print Books Received

Novels

All We Ever Wanted: a Novel. Giffin, Emily;
Beach Rental. Greene, Grace;
Book of Dreams. George, Nina;
Cottage by the Sea. Macomber, Debbie;
Varina: a Novel. Frazier, Charles;
Warlight: a Novel. Ondaatje, Michael;
Where the Crawdads Sing. Owens, Delia.

Biography

First: Sandra Day O'Connor. Thomas, Evan.

History

In the Hurricane's Eye: the Genius of George Washington and the Victory at Yorktown.
Philbrick, Nathaniel;
Rocket Men: the Daring Odyssey of Apollo 8 and the Astronauts Who Made Man's First Journey to the Moon. Kurson, Robert.

Large Print Books Awaiting Delivery

Biography

Maid, Land, Stephanie.

History

Heartbeat of Wounded Knee, Treuer, David.

The donation from Anita Holt will enable us to continue to purchase new large print books as they become available.

In-Kind Donations

While we greatly appreciate the monetary donations that enable us to purchase new publications, the Library would not exist if it weren't for the generous donations of books, DVDs, puzzles, etc. from all our residents. From January through March we had approximately 900 different items donated to the Library, including 483 hardcover books, 302 trade paperbacks, and 79 mass-market paperbacks. Based on the Library's acquisition policy, we were able to add nearly 70 new items to our collection, of which over 70% were novels. What we couldn't use or sell was sent to the Durham County Library.

Volunteers, an Ongoing Need

If you are interested in helping out in the Library, we have a variety of opportunities. Some, like being at the Circulation Desk, are weekly activities. Others, such as keeping specific areas of the collection organized, may be done whenever one has time. So, if you wish to help out, I'm sure we can find something to fit into your schedule. To volunteer, please contact Carol Reese at reese.carol911@yahoo.com.

BOOK REVIEW by Myra Sava

In 2012 Oprah Winfrey called *The Chaperone* by Laura Moriarty a truly enthralling story, not soon to be forgotten, and she was right!

It is a story of the young life of arrogant, beautiful soon-to-be silent film star Louise Brooks and the woman, Cora Carlisle, who chaperones her to New York City in the 1920s. The five weeks they spend in the city transforms both their lives forever. ♣

Lee Ann Bailey-Clayton...

(Continued from Page 1)

A prominently displayed framed photograph in Lee Ann's office is impossible to ignore. It is a portrait of what looks to be a hound dog wearing a ladies' hat and a very calm expression. "Oh, that's our seven-year-old 'Beagle-Cavalier-Spaniel mix, Daisy," says Lee Ann, picking up another photograph of Daisy with a smaller hound brother. "And this is Beau, very recently adopted. The two of them insist on sharing the same crate at night. We have a cat, too —Poofanoogen."



Lee Ann's photograph in the Community Center's skywalk hangs next to a text page that identifies her. This excerpt captures her essence: "She is most passionate about The Forest's total commitment to quality care. She deeply values the relationships she's made with residents and other team members, a community she thinks of as a family seeing one another through the cycle of life." ¶

Mysterious Delivery

Newspapers are delivered to the cottages during the middle of the night. Well, not actually "to the cottages," rather to the end of the cottage driveways. But lately, especially during rainy weather, the papers have been appearing out of the rain on doorsteps! Sleuthing has established that these final-step deliveries are the work of an "early morning hiker" looking for a useful way to add distance—but who that might be remains a mystery! Some allege that it is the ghost of the dog of the late resident Bob Watson. ¶

Security

by Ned Arnett

Facing my keyboard and my screen,
I start a new day of communication,
So much of it an utter waste of time,
Depending on my experience and intuition
As I communicate with the system
And with the machine itself.
I'm protected by layer upon layer
Of security software;

Passwords upon passwords.
Passwords to be written down,
So that I'll not forget and be locked out of
My system and everything in its memory.
Passwords that keep my e-mails
Safe from prying eyes.
But, really who is it out there
Who cares a fig about my mail?
A whole industry of con men
Hoping to help themselves
To my life's savings, that's who.

Well, the people who
Designed all this protection
Didn't just do it for the elderly,
But for people in the prime of life
With all sorts of interesting, important
Private affairs that really need security.
I remember when I was one of them.

Welcome New Residents

Elizabeth Clark

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Liz Clark grew up in a small Catskill town, Delhi, NY. She credits her excellent college experience at Vassar for preparing her for her distinguished career. She majored in religion and minored in philosophy and history. She went to graduate school at Columbia University where she earned her master's and doctoral degrees in the history of Christianity: patristics (now more often called "late ancient Christianity").

Directly from graduate school, she became the founder of the Department of Religion at Mary Washington College, then the women's undergraduate college of the University of Virginia, where she rose to professor and chair of the Department of Religion. Her academic work required a great deal of library research, and this entailed a lot of driving to better equipped libraries; and so, after eighteen years at Mary Washington College, she came to Duke University. She lived just off East Campus in one of the rare condos of the time when she came to Durham, combining two units to house an office and comfortable living space. Her home made it easy to host several reading groups with graduate students and colleagues.

Liz has a lengthy bibliography of published work in both religion and history. She was named the John Carlisle Kilgo Professor of Religion as well as professor of history at Duke. She has two honorary degrees, one from the University of Uppsala, and the other from Yale University. She retired after thirty-one years of teaching at Duke.

Her personal library is so extensive that she is keeping much of it in her emerita office on the Duke campus. ☸



Mary Lou Croucher

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Mary Lou grew up in the Appalachian mountains of Kentucky. She attended Berea College where she met Sam Croucher. They were married in 1963 and relocated to Dayton, OH, where Sam began a 31-year career working for the US Air Force.

Sam had a BS in Business from Berea College and an MBA from Ohio State University. During his career, he garnered the Presidential Rank Award and the Meritorious Civilian Service Award. When he retired from government service as Director of Contracting, Robins Air Force Base in Georgia, they returned to Kentucky, whence Mary Lou came to The Forest.

Mary Lou completed her BS, and subsequently an MEd, in elementary education at Wright State University after their move to Dayton. She has had a life-long love for children's literature, and that was reflected in elementary and college teaching.

She has two daughters: Sheila, University Distinguished Professor, Global and Intercultural Studies, Miami University, Ohio; and Lisa, who lives in Durham. Lisa is Executive Director of the Triangle Research Library Network, a collaborative organization of Duke University, North Carolina Central University, North Carolina State University, and The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, located in Research Triangle Park.

Mary Lou and Sam enjoyed tennis, golf and traveling until his death in 2017. She enjoys walking, reading, mahjongg, and gardening. She already has an assigned spot in The Forest's Community Gardens. ☸



Going to Pot

by John Howell

When Jack Barker offered me a gig at the Flamingo Lounge, I was thrilled. Though I had played drums in western Canada, Chicago was the big league of the jazz world. Jack had played tenor sax with some great jazz groups, and he had many drummers to choose from. I was lucky to get the job, or so I thought.

The Flamingo Lounge was a long narrow bar, with stools on the left, booths on the right, and a “26” dice game at the back, where customers could gamble for drinks—or money when no one was looking. The bandstand was a small space behind the bar, with barely enough room for the piano and my drums. Across from the bandstand was the door to the liquor store, which had been robbed more than once—and the reason the paranoid owner kept a revolver below the bar, sometimes waving it at suspicious customers.

Unfortunately, my bass drum rested behind a long shelf of liquor and wine bottles facing the bar, and the bottles sometimes rattled when I hit accents with my foot pedal. When the bottles rattled, the owner glared at me. I was afraid of him and his gun—so I stopped hitting accents and feared for my future.

Since I was just eighteen, and the drinking age in Chicago was twenty-one, Jack was my legal guardian—or, as he joked, my “guardian angel.” No one appreciated the irony more than his girlfriend, Doris, a cute brunette with a ponytail, who had gone to college for a few years and liked to read novels. Though she worked as an exotic dancer and took her clothes off (slowly and deliberately) to music at the Pastimes Club, her “Bountiful Bosom” actually reflected a strong maternal instinct. She was, as she often said, “a very caring person,” which was evident in her concern for Jack’s health.

There was reason for concern. Jack was tall and slender, and Doris was not alone in finding his long blond hair and dark tan attractive. But he was slender because liquor and drugs killed his appetite, and he was tanned because he had been sleeping drunk that summer on Chicago’s Oak Street beach, trying to avoid heroin.

Shortly before he had met Doris, he tried to get off “horse” by renting a cheap hotel room and stopping cold turkey. But when his withdrawal symptoms became unbearable, he had climbed into a bathtub full of water and slashed his wrists—yelling for help when the water turned red. His salvation was

expensive: a judge fined him over a thousand dollars for attempted suicide and registered him as a heroin addict, which cost him the better gigs in Chicago. This was why he was playing at the Flamingo Lounge, instead of a major jazz club like The Blue Note or The Brass Rail.

I learned most of this from Doris, who was on vacation from the Pastimes club and who, as “Doctor Doris,” was treating Jack’s withdrawal symptoms with “doses of gin” during the day and “doses of whiskey” at night. I was shocked the first time I saw Jack take a “treatment.” As he was explaining his plan for the next musical set, he paused for a moment and broke the seal on a pint of whiskey by hitting the bottom. He drank the whiskey down like a Coke.

Doris liked alcohol, because she thought it helped Jack stay off heroin. But she disliked pot, because she thought it led to heroin—which is why she disliked Sam Edwards, the piano player, who sold pot and encouraged Jack to smoke it. As for me, I disliked pot because it distorted my sense of time. When one minute seemed like two, or three seemed like six, I rushed the beat. My job was to maintain a steady tempo and inspire musicians to play in the rhythmic groove I had laid down.

At first Jack seemed happy with my drumming and cymbal work. His previous drummer, Barry Moffat, had played long, showy drum solos. But Jack seemed happy with my suggestion that I could be equally, if not more, entertaining if I played a series of four-bar drum breaks.

Toward the end of each evening, Sam and Jack would smoke a joint between sets and come back high to the bandstand. Which meant that Sam generally rushed the beat on the piano, and Jack followed him on the tenor—and then accused me of “dragging,” of “not swinging.” An older, more experienced drummer might have won the battle over the pot and the time, but after a week, Jack told me I was not cutting it, and gave me a week’s notice.

But though I was crushed by his response to my playing, Jack turned out to be my guardian angel after all. At eighteen I still had options. I went to college, played drums on the weekends, and discovered the life of the mind. Doris was not so fortunate. She loved Jack, but failed to save him from himself. A few months after I left Chicago, I heard that he had died of an overdose. ¶

John Howell was a professor of American Literature and chair of the English Department at Southern Illinois University. This is an excerpt from a memoir in progress.

Sometimes it's Good to be Short

by Don Chesnut

There is the old story about the man who was asked to deliver a few remarks at an upcoming meeting. When asked how long he would need to prepare, he replied "If you want me to speak for an hour, I can put something together in five minutes, but if you want me to speak for five minutes, I will need a good hour to prepare." Making things shorter is generally hard.

So, too, in poetry, short poems get our attention more quickly. One of my favorite poets is Ogden Nash for his humor, his clever use of words, and his uncanny ability to get across a funny story in just a few words. My favorite "shorties" of his include:

Untitled

Bears look kind
From behind.

The Baby

A bit of talcum
Is always walcum.

Further Reflections on Parsley

Parsley
Is Gharsley.

Reflections on Ice Breaking

Candy is dandy,
But liquor is quicker.

Masterful, indeed. A number of years ago I wrote:

I wish I could get in my noggin,
The way to write poems á la Ogden.
I would pay lots of cash
Just to scribble like Nash,
And the results would be simply mind bogglin'.

So let me add a few shorties of my own, with profound apologies to Mr. Nash.

Retirement at The Forest

Grow old along with me,
If you can pay the fee.

Animal Quackers

If you lampoon a lion,
You could end up dyin'.

Food for Thought

Man does not live by bread alone.
Sometimes we need milk and cookies.

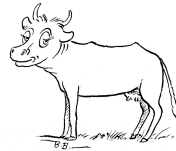
Catnipped

If kissed by a cat, don't demur.
Simply purr.

I still wish I could write like Ogden. ‡

Eds.: To further inspire readers to create their own shorties, we add one of our favorites by Nash:

The cow is of the bovine ilk;
One end is moo, the other milk.



Don Chesnut, Professor Emeritus of Chemistry at Duke, is a frequent contributor of poetry and prose to this newsletter.

The bovine illustration was by the late Bob Blake, Forest resident, Duke medical artist, and frequent contributor to the Forester.

THE WHIPPOORWILL IS THE NEW CANARY... and the Environment is the New Mineshaft

by Philip G. Baer

In the late 1890s, Scottish physiologist James Scott Haldane introduced the use of caged canaries in coal mine shafts to warn miners of dangerous levels of carbon monoxide. Due to their high metabolic rates and the unique anatomic design of their respiratory systems, birds are much more sensitive than humans to toxic gases. Most other bird species would have served as well, but canaries were readily available, inexpensive, and didn't object to being kept in small cages. Miners carried these cheery little doomed sentinels into the section of the mine where they would be working and checked on them regularly to assess their health status. A dead or dying canary meant that carbon monoxide levels were rising into the danger zone for humans—it was time to evacuate and ventilate the mine. Caged canaries continued to serve as carbon monoxide monitors for a hundred years, until 1986 when they were replaced by electronic monitors with digital readouts.

Around the time that caged canaries were being replaced by robotic carbon monoxide sensors, Ellen and I and a group of friends found the beautiful land that would become Potluck Community Farm, twelve small homesteads nestled into 160 acres of fields and forests of an old family farm, about 25 miles north of Durham. Our planning phase was prolonged, and in the early years we often pitched tents and slept around campfires in the back fields or up by the old farmhouse. It was a bucolic setting, with a star-filled, dark night sky, far from city noise and tumult—but it was not quiet. Getting to sleep was a challenge, because among the many non-human residents sharing the night with us were the dozens of whippoorwills. They're odd looking birds—imagine a small pile of leaves with whiskers, wide mouths, and squinty eyes. Nocturnal, feeding exclusively on night-flying beetles and moths, they were seldom seen but often heard. They called out their name, loudly and repeatedly, over and over and over, call after call, hundreds of times, apparently without having to pause for breath. And, I'm ashamed to say, like my fellow sleepy campers after counting a few hundred "*WHIP-poor-will*" calls, I found myself thinking what a perfect place it would be if it weren't for those damn birds. I

was a card-carrying, tree-hugging, environment-protecting bird-lover, but I wanted those whippoorwills to go away—so that the woods would be quiet, and I could get to sleep.

Well, be careful what you wish for. It's thirty years later now, and whippoorwill calls are seldom heard. But they're not gone only from Potluck. Throughout the eastern US, wherever studies have been carried out, whippoorwill populations are down by 40-50%. And it's not just the whippoorwills. As insect populations fall precipitously here and all over the world, all the aerial insectivore bird species—those that feed on flying insects—such as the nighthawk, the Eastern meadowlark, swifts, swallows, and flycatchers are suffering similar population declines.

And it's not just here, and it's not just the aerial insectivores—it's a worldwide phenomenon, and it's happening to other kinds of birds as well. In Canada, beginning in 1980, the aerial insectivore bird species have declined by 64%, grassland species by 90%. A study in France revealed that in the past 30 years there has been on average a 35% decrease in 24 species of "farmland" birds, with similar findings in the UK and Germany; many of the species studied have declined by as much as 90%. In India 30 bird species are listed as endangered and 60 as vulnerable, with populations in both categories decreasing markedly in the past decade. In South America hundreds of bird species in all feeding categories are listed as endangered, their numbers steadily continuing to decrease. According to *State of the World's Birds* 2018, a new report from BirdLife International, which looks at the health of bird populations worldwide, 40 percent of the world's 11,000 bird species are in decline, and one in eight bird species is threatened with global extinction.

Declines in worldwide bird populations are attributed to multiple causes. High on the list is loss of habitat, the result of deforestation from both clear-cutting of timber and conversion of forest land to farmland. Loss of habitat also results from conversion from traditional family farming practices to modern industrial farming practices, characterized by monocropping, elimination of fallow farmland, and the

The Whippoorwill...

(Continued from Page 8)

intensive use of herbicides. Combined with widespread insecticide usage, these practices greatly diminish essential bird nesting sites, cover, and the availability of every category of food supply. And climate change, which is disrupting the coordination of plant, insect, and bird reproduction cycles, is increasingly a causal factor in bird population declines worldwide.

Like caged canaries dying deep in the mines, rapidly-occurring world-wide declines in population of so many bird species are telling us that our environment is becoming dangerously unhealthy, for them and possibly for us. Can humans thrive in a world where birds cannot? If human activity continues its present practices, our grandchildren probably and our great-grandchildren certainly will learn the answer to that question. And I'm pretty sure that they will grow up wondering why we didn't preserve an environment that would have sustained the marvelous diversity of non-human life that existed throughout the world just a century ago.

Fortunately, it is not too late to act, not too late to initiate and support programs that will protect and restore critical habitats, and in that way assist endangered bird species to begin recovery. Examples of success include the bald eagle, peregrine falcon, Kirtland's warbler, and whooping crane here in the USA; the Mauritius kestrel, pink pigeon, echo parakeet, Rodrigues fody and Rodrigues warbler in Republic of Mauritius; the black robin in the Chatham Islands; and, in New Zealand, both the north island and south island saddlebacks. Although some of these remain endangered to greater or lesser degree, they all demonstrate that it is possible for humans to stop and reverse the damage that thoughtless human activity has wrought on the environment, and that it is possible for us to make the environment once again safe for ourselves, for future generations, and for the myriad species that share the world with us. ♪

Born and raised in West Virginia, Phil Baer earned a PhD in physiology from the University of Mississippi. He was a researcher and professor of pharmacology—first at the University of Tennessee and subsequently at Glaxo in Research Triangle Park. Before moving to The Forest, Phil and Ellen lived in rural North Carolina near Oxford.

To My Grandchildren

by Prem Sharma

I know that you came from heaven
As heaven came to earth with you

I know what little angels look like
From the moment I set eyes on you
I know my life has not been the same
From when I first saw a smile on you
I know what paradise feels like
From the first time that I held you

I know what heaven must be like
As heaven came to earth with you

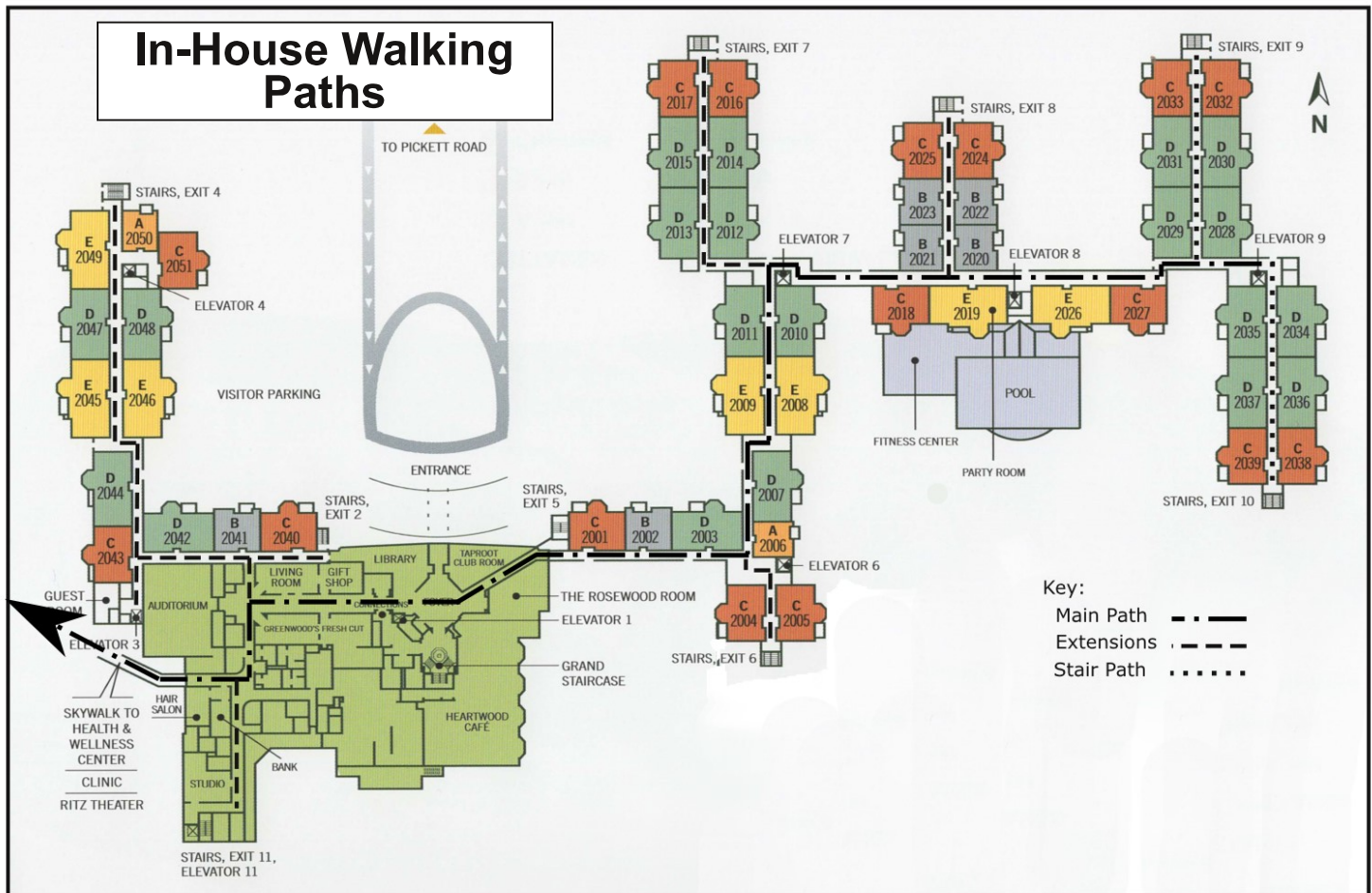
If I have wished a thing before
This is the wish I pray comes true
That you be ever healthy and happy
With God's grace shining on you

Submissions Welcome

The Forester, the newsletter of the Residents' Association is published monthly from October through June. The editors welcome submissions from TFAD residents who want to share their special insights, experiences, knowledge, literary efforts, and opinions. **These should be sent as digital documents attached to email addressed to the Managing Editor, Sharon Dexter <forestersjd@gmail.com>.** Prose pieces of about 600 words supported by a photo or eye-catching graphic or 700 words without photo or graphic are ideal.

Excerpts from memoirs, or memoirs in process, including pieces previously published elsewhere, especially if that publication is not generally familiar to Forest residents are also welcome. Copyright status should be explained for excerpts from published pieces.

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



Convenient In-House Walking Options

by Dean McCumber

For those who are able, it is generally agreed that walking is an ideal exercise promoting mental and physical health. When the weather is cooperative and you are able to safely navigate curbs and sometimes-uneven sidewalks, an outside route is inviting, and Forest at Duke Drive provides almost a one-mile loop. But, when the weather is inclement or you are not comfortable navigating the physical hazards, the map above outlines attractive in-door carpeted alternatives.

The distances to be described are due to **Pete Stewart** who diligently paced off corridors in the building complex. Pete cautions that this method is inherently imprecise. But it is probably no more so than typical variations in walkers' paths—viz., cutting corners, avoiding furniture, or, heaven forbid, overindulging in the Taproot Bar.

The map above shows the main floor of the community center and principal apartment buildings. Pickett Road is toward the top of the page; the community center is the large block at the lower left.

The Main-Path

Focus initially on the simplest and most familiar route, that indicated by the heavy **dot-dash line**. This starts as the primary route from the east end of the main corridor at Elevator 9 (at the upper right side of the map) to the main-entrance foyer in the community center. It continues past the auditorium onto the Skywalk and to final segments not shown on the map: turn left at the end of the Skywalk onto the Health & Wellness hall, pass the clinic, and end at Elevator 12, the elevator accessing the H&W center. This whole path from the Elevator 9 at its east end to Elevator 12 at its west end is 0.230 miles long—0.132 mi from Elevator 9 to the foyer, 0.098 mi from the foyer to Elevator 12.

Now, if you're a serious walker, you will do this route as a *loop*—that is, starting at any point along the route, walking first to Elevator 9, then all the way back to Elevator 12, and finally returning to your starting point. Doing this, you will cover *twice* the

Walking Options...

(Continued from Page 10)

one-way distance—that is, 0.460 mi, nearly a half mile.

If you wish, you may go to Elevator 12 first, then Elevator 9. It makes no difference in distance, as long as you complete a full *loop*.

Adding a Few Stairs

If you want to exercise your stair-climbing muscles, there is a good add-on (**dotted lines**). When you are at Elevator 9: turn south, enter the aisle leading to the stairs at Exit 10. Climb one or two floor levels, re-enter at the new level, head back to the main corridor at this level, walk a few paces west, and enter the north-directed aisle leading to the stairwell at Exit 9. Descend back to your original level (level 2), and return to the starting point at Elevator 9. This diversion will add 0.120 mi and bonus stair steps to your trek. If you wish to add distance but no stairs, just turn around at Exits 9 & 10—pretending that you have climbed stairs—and complete this *mini loop* back to Elevator 9. Some may prefer to do this and get their stair steps on the grand staircase in the fountain room off the main foyer. Pete Stewart notes that there are also stair options at Exits other than 9 & 10.

More Distance

If you want still more distance, you can add some of the side loops indicated by **dashes** on the map. The four simplest extensions loop between the main corridor and Exit 6 (add 0.018 mi), Exit 7 (add 0.068 mi), Exit 8 (add 0.034 mi), and Exit 11 (add 0.036 mi). (The loops to Exits 9 and 10 are already included in the stair-path loop.)

A final, longer and more complex loop heads north from the auditorium entrance to the short corridor in front of apartments 2040–2042. Again proceed in loop fashion—clockwise or counter-clockwise, it makes no difference—turning around at Exit 2, Elevator 3, and Exit 4. This longest *mini loop* will add 0.156 mi.

Summary

The main corridor from its east end (Exit 9) to its west end (Elevator 12) is 0.23 miles long. If you walk it as a loop, you will walk 0.46 miles. Add the stair-path loop, to total 0.58 miles. If you add all of the other extensions described, the total distance walked will be 0.89 miles, a very significant workout—all inside and on carpet! ♪

CAROL'S CORNER

David Brett Dicara

by Carol Oettinger

We see Brett in the pizza station sometimes. He helps out wherever he is needed. It's always a pleasure to see him because he has a sunny smile. Most of the work he does is behind the scenes. Brett receives all of the dietary supplies that have been ordered. This includes meat, vegetables, dairy products and canned goods. Many of the fresh things have to be refrigerated or kept frozen. Other supplies must be put in their proper storage places. It's quite a job and Brett does it well.

Brett grew up in the Baltimore area. During his high school years he moved around a great deal because his father was starting a new business. It had to do with computer software for medical and dental offices. He worked with his father until he went to Hartford Community College and took classes that would help him become a teacher. He wanted to teach in high school so he could be a baseball coach. He was a superior baseball player in high school and had a chance to become a professional. He said that he made several bad choices which he is sorry about, because "I might be in spring training in Florida now if I had made better choices."

His father sold the company and began new work in property management and landscaping. Brett worked with his father for ten years. He did carpentry and construction and enjoyed working with landscaping.

After a time, Brett wanted a change. His friend Kenny Johnson talked to him about The Forest at Duke. He came here about a year ago. He likes the people he works with and enjoys the time he spends with the residents. Brett likes The Forest and we are happy to have him as part of our Forest family. ♪

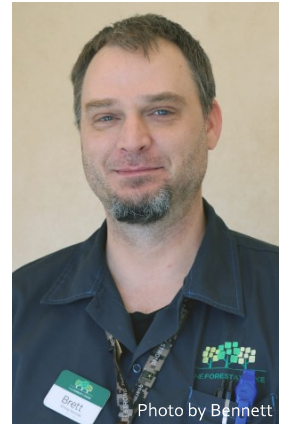


Photo by Bennett



Photo by Bennett

Welcome New and Returning Residents

Easte'n and Sialia Bluebird

Garden Apartment 76

by Bennett Galef



Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird, born and raised here in Durham, were homeschooled by their parents, honoring uncounted generations of family tradition. Shortly after leaving the comfortable homes their parents had provided, both Easte'n and Sialia (nee *Sialia sialis*), moved to Florida, where they have wintered every year since.

East'n moved into guest accommodations adjacent to Cottage 82 on Fountain View Lane on March 2. He spent the next 10 days furnishing the small apartment he and his family were to share and was soon joined by Sialia who, perhaps somewhat unexpectedly for a newcomer to a retirement community, gave birth to quadruplets shortly after moving in. The adorable youngsters pictured above, the first of two sets of siblings Easte'n and Sialia hope to send out into the world this summer, are expected to stay close to home to help their parents rear their younger siblings.

Those at the Forest who have been lucky enough to encounter Easte'n as he explores the Forest grounds looking for grasshoppers and other insects to feed his growing family will have been cheered by both the sight of the iridescent sky-blue hoodie he wears day and night and his melodious whistling (chur-lee chur-lee) as he communicates with his fellows. Sadly, Sialia has not been able to get about much, responsible as she is for most of the baby-sitting of her brood during their first four weeks of life.

More from Fanny Ann Duck

Interview at Fountain View Pond

by Katherine Shelburne & Shannon Purves



Q. Fourteen this time, Mrs. Duck! Do you have names for them all? Do you need suggestions?

A. Perhaps...

Q. How about these: Maude, Millard, Maxine, Millicent, Major, Moe, Jr., Molly, Montcastle, MacKenzie, Mortimer, Marjorie, Malificent, Marilyn, Minor?

A. I like how those M names go with Mallard.

Q. How do you plan to feed all these babies?

A. Well, my last year's broods grew up strong, so I hope the same generous humans will offer us that special wild bird food.

Thank you, Mrs. Duck. Everyone here is thrilled to have you and Mr. Mallard Duck and your darling ducklings at our pond once again.

Note: Very sadly, only a few days after this interview took place, we realized that the Duck family was no longer on the pond. While not seen for several weeks, some have lately reappeared. We hope all are well and that we will one day see them all again. 🍀

East'en & Siala Bluebird Continued...

I'm sure you will join with me in encouraging Easte'n and his family to join the majority of his relatives in staying year round here at The Forest. A tidy nest box, a shallow bowl holding a few mealworms, each would provide an especially warm welcome! 🍀