

The New Kid on the Block

I always knew that if you wanted to get something done, you should ask a busy person. Well, our new kid on the block, Maura Moore is a busy, busy lady. Maura is an enthusiastic and charming young woman from Massachusetts who loves our southern climate and, while she has only been in the area for five years, she has adopted every thing about the Triangle area except the Southern accent. She has filled that very important position in the Activities office that became vacant after Lucy Grant left The Forest. Now Robin and Maura have pooled their talents, and, together work on planning all the fun activities that make living here at TFAD such a pleasant lifestyle.

I made the comment to Maura that Lucy was a pretty hard act to follow and she was quick to agree. However Robin eased the transition for Maura by making sure that the positions were a shared responsibility, Maura was made to understand that she was working "with" Robin not "for" Robin. It was to be a partnership.

Maura's background shows an interesting collection of talents. Her education was in Theater Arts, but her personal interests extended into the musical world as well, both as a solo singer and in choral groups. (She said she is "a big, belting alto.")

But her ambitions shied away from the bright lights of New York or Los Angeles and kept her at home to help with her ill grandmother. During that time she started working in a school for autistic children and really loved being with the children, and learning more about this serious neurological disorder. Her theater experience proved to be a wonderful help in adapting to the needs of these young ones.

After her grandmother died, Maura decided



photo by Ed Albrecht

Maura Moore

to leave the small town where she grew up and move to Raleigh. In Raleigh she worked at the Frankie Lane school for emotionally disturbed pre-school children. While she enjoyed the work, she knew that pre-school was not really her calling and she longed to work with adults. At that time a job became available with Residential Services, an organization that works with schools, group homes, retirement communities, etc. She worked with young adults with developmental problems who lived in group homes. She became instrumental in winning a government grant for a group home for autistic children, and opening the first group home

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The Forester

The newsletter of the Residents' Association of The Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610. Published monthly except July, August, and September by and for the residents.

Pete Seay, *Editor*

Tom Gallie, *Publisher*

Virginia Jones, *Associate Editor*

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Bob Blake, *Art and Puzzle*

Ed Albrecht, *Photographer*

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Libby Getz

Betty Gray

Mary Ruth Miller

Mal Oettinger

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In Memoriam

James Marmaduke Butler	March 11, 2005
Julia Catherine Elliott Lewis	March 12, 2005
Sara Margaret Waggoner	March 14, 2005
Melba Pifer Reeves	March 19, 2005
Julian Reginald Price	March 29, 2005



President's Podium

I am pleased to report significant progress on our two most important projects: Accreditation and Medicare Certification.

The new standards for Accreditation have been received. A steering committee has been formed from the TFAD Board, TFAD Staff and TFAD residents. Teams, consisting of staff and residents, have been designated, and are reviewing the new standards.

A request for a proposal containing a Statement of Work for a Medicare feasibility study has been sent to four companies. I hope to report on the response from these companies at the next Residents' Association Meeting which will be at 2 PM on April 20, 2005 in the auditorium.

There will be a vote on the revised Residents' Association By-laws at the April 20 meeting. You should have received a copy of the By-laws in your mail box.

Event Report forms (to report a problem or request information) are now located at the front desk. If you have a problem or request, please return the completed form to me by placing it in the association box in the mail room.

And a final reminder: Those of you who have "renter's insurance," check with your carriers to see if they offer a discount for automatic sprinklers.

Jim Shuping



A Ten Year Bouquet

The first issue of *The Forester* came out in April of 1994. It contained Libby Getz's first contribution. This current April issue contains an article by Libby.

During this ten-year span, she has been a constant contributor to *The Forester* through her Ad Lib columns, always beautifully written, always with helpful tips, always entertaining.

A trademark that she often uses is the placement of a saying, a maxim, or a quip as attention-getters at the top of her column. It does not necessarily relate to the content, but it somehow gives a hint of her widespread literary interests and the promise of a pleasing column to follow.

We thought a sampling of her columns' maxims and sayings might be a fitting accompaniment to the awarding of this bouquet to Libby for ten years of delight.

A fool and his money are fun to go out with.

I love to cook with wine. Sometimes I even put it in the foods.

As I hurtled through space, one thought kept running through my mind—every part of this capsule was supplied by the lowest bidder. John Glenn

Home is where I hang my head.

Age doesn't matter unless you're a cheese.

Ah, there is nothing like staying home for real comfort. Jane Austin

We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars.

Never invest in anything that eats or needs repairing. Billy Rose

Even a single hair casts its shadow. Publius Syrus

Some days you're the pigeon. Some days you're the statue.

Whoever said money can't buy happiness, didn't know where to shop.

Minds are like parachutes, they only work when they're open. Bumper sticker

He who laughs last thinks slowest.

Trust everyone, but cut the cards.

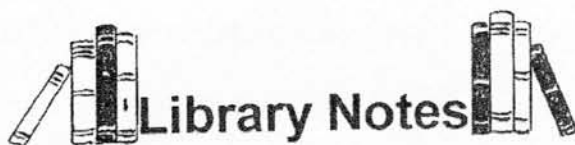
Be naughty. Save Santa a trip. From a pillow.

When I consider how my life is spent, I hardly ever repent. Ogden Nash

God gave us memories so that we could have roses in December. James Barrie

Angels fly because they take themselves lightly.

The imagination should be given not wings but weights. Francis Bacon



More books, more readers—our library stays busy!

Are you behind on your reading? Do you have a book or other item you've had out for over a month? If so, please get busy reading! We are checking through our files for overdues, and we may send you a notice! You'd rather not receive one, and we'd rather not have to send it. However, in fairness to all users, we do try to keep track of our collection.

OASIS is a wonderful service~ and many of us use it. Just remember to check the dates the ladies come. (See the weekly or monthly calendar to be sure.) The OASIS ladies prefer that their books be returned on the days they come, and we don't want their books mixed up with ours. If, for some special reason you must return a book before the proper date, please leave a note in it with your name, date, and the reminder that it belongs to OASIS. Also, if you obtained the book directly from the Durham County Library, please take it back yourself for proper credit.

One more reminder: please use a book mark or a scrap of paper to mark your page. Dog ears in books really deface them!

In your browsing, be sure to look on the bottom shelves. These are a nuisance for bifocal wearers, but we must make use of our space. (At least we don't put books on the top shelves!) Feel free to pull a chair over so that you can sit and look. There is much reading pleasure to be found on those bottom shelves in both rooms. Enjoy!

Mary Ruth Miller

Maura Moore

(Continued from page 1)

for four autistic children.

From there Maura moved on to a retirement community for senior citizens who had emotional and physical problems. Her experience working with all these different age levels gave her a hands-on kind of education. It was time for a change and the position at TFAD became available, and Maura considers herself most fortunate to have been hired and really seems happy to be here.

I asked Maura about her first impressions of TFAD. She replied that at first she felt intimidated by the residents here because everyone was so bright and cheerful and so full of energy and curiosity. This was a change from her former work with adults who had serious emotional and physical problems. It was like suddenly coming into the sunlight. In her spare time Maura teaches at Raleigh Little Theater, is an amateur photographer, and cares for a husband and two dogs. As I said, she is a busy lady. We're glad she's here and we thank Robin for finding her. Be sure you drop in to say hello and get to see her pretty dimples.

Peggy Quinn

Aplomb

Once, when in Wilmington on DuPont business, I heard that a young lady pianist would perform my favorite Liszt Piano Concerto with the Delaware Symphony, so I decided to attend.

After intermission, they announced that Zola Mae Schaulis, 17 years old, would be the soloist. All went well and her talent was evident. Came the third movement, which is interesting because it is introduced by the triangle—bing tatata bing, bing tatata bing (rapidly)—and in she came with *mucho gusto*. Then suddenly I said to myself "the orchestra is completely lost." She knew it too. "STOP," she shouted to the Conductor, "let's start over." They did and she banged out a resounding finish.

The audience rose immediately for applause and bravos seldom heard.

Now that was APLOMB.

Bob Moyer

The Gates

For sixteen days in February, New York City was transformed into a city of smiles and friendly people. It glowed especially in Central Park where the artist Christo and his wife Jeanne Claude gifted the city with THE GATES...7,500 of them hung with banners of orange (saffron) fabric which moved gently over 25 miles of paths from 57th to 110th streets. Thousands came daily (700,000 on opening day) to walk through the Park under these floating panels. Some were in clusters, others in serpentine lines which were punctuated by the skyscrapers in the background. In all directions were vistas of orange banners. What an amazing sight. If one got tired of walking, there were trolley-like busses allowing you to hop on and off throughout the Park. There was a remarkable feeling of intimacy with strangers. People took each other's pictures, patted their dogs, admired their children, and checked out home towns—we met two girls from Oneonta! It was quite the opposite of the mood of the city since 9/11 and perhaps it will linger on.

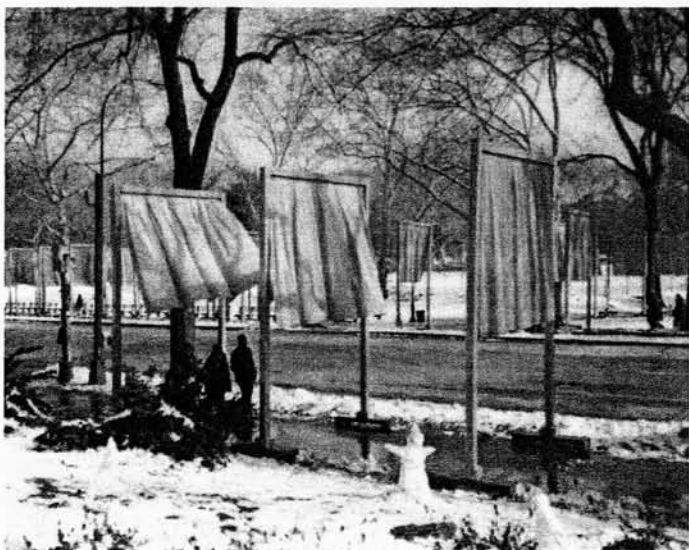


Ruth Dillon and Jean Mason

something special in Central Park. However, when Bloomberg became Mayor, he delightedly gave them permission. The city will certainly benefit from the Gates as any profits from hotels, restaurants, museums, etc. will go directly to Nurture New York's Nature, Inc. and to Central Park and other projects in the city. Christo gets nothing. His wealth derives from sales over the years of his sketches and architectural drawings and from the recycling of the materials he uses.

Ruth Dillon, her sister from L.A., Jean Mason and I were in Seventh Heaven. One feels a child-like pleasure and utter joy in it all. As Christo said of The Gates' short stay, "Like childhood and life itself, the art is temporary and more valued because it will not last." And another quote: "The Gates are not meant to be gazed at like painting or sculpture but walked through under and around with our own movement bringing them to life."

This was a trip to dream about and remember always. Thank you, Michael Bloomberg—and, especially, Christo!



How did all this come about? Christo and Jeanne Claude had wrapped the Reichstag and the Pont Neuf among others, but for 26 years they were unable to convince New York to let them set up

Jenn Van Brunt



Resident Ramblings

Hooray, it is spring and April with many special events to enjoy. The daffodils are making a beautiful show around the pond and many private gardens have floral displays too. The display shelves in the foyer now contain hand-made paper produced by Robin Harper, our multi-talented Activity Director. **Lela Colver's** son, Robert, a Master Book binder, has added some antique bookbinding tools.

The Durham Senior Games will be held this month. Residents will be participating in Horse-shoes, Billiards, and Table Tennis. Watch for more news. The 2nd Annual Forest Table Tennis Tournament was held last month. Very exciting contest! Congratulations to **Jean Anderson** and **Bill Griffith** who were both Overall Champions as well as Resident Winners. Staff Men's Winner was **Steve Williams** and Staff Women's Winner was **Betsy Boone**.

Travelers included **Bill and Dottie Burns** who went to Antarctica. Their trip began in Santiago, Chili, with a stop at the Falkland Islands, and then proceeded by ship to Antarctica. Along the way they saw whales, seals, and penguins. An unforgettable experience, but not one the Burns wish to repeat; because the ocean was unbelievably rough. Another traveler never made it to his destination. **Bob Ward** planned to go to Indianapolis to see a performance of his *Crucible* but his flight was cancelled too late to book another one.

Evebell Dunham's brother-in-law, Jerrol, as well as brother-in-law and sister-in-law Roy and Helen, have visited her recently. **Florence Manning's** grandson and wife recently returned from Guatemala with their newly-adopted daughter, Ali.

They recently visited Florence together with another granddaughter from Vermont. Many residents spent time with their families around the Easter weekend. **Lola Williams'** son was here. **Betty and John Gray** had daughter, Christine, here from Seattle. **Lillis Altshuller's** daughter was here and **Tynette Hills** spent Easter with her daughter in Charlotte.

SOME SPECIAL APRIL NOTES

Becky Binney has selected five members from her Aquacise classes to matriculate to another venue for high-diving lessons. This includes **Lillis Altshuller**, **Sylvia Arnett**, **Harold** and **Marion Bobroff**, and **Sylvia McCormick**. **Frank Sargent** and **Edna Wilson** will lead a discussion group on "Great Decisions Made in Soap Operas." **Mary Ann Ruegg's** hats are on their way to the Smithsonian for a special exhibition. Steve Tuten is planning a trip to Washington to see the collection. Due to heavy use, the basketball net in the Health Center must be replaced! **Evebell Dunham** and **Carolyn Vail** announce that the Encore Store will now accept diamond jewelry as well as Picasso prints for resale. A show featuring "Cats of the Forest" is being planned by **Una Galli**, **Ann Kirkpatrick** and **Sheila Mason**. It was announced that the five acres beyond the Dog Park will be developed for extreme sports, such as high wire walking, bungee jumping, and rappelling. Only residents may use these facilities. The Men's Breakfast Club has voted Honorary Memberships to **Caroline Long**, **Peg Lewis**, and **Penelope Easton**. They may dine with the regular members once every three years.

APRIL FOOL APRIL FOOL APRIL FOOL

Mary Gates

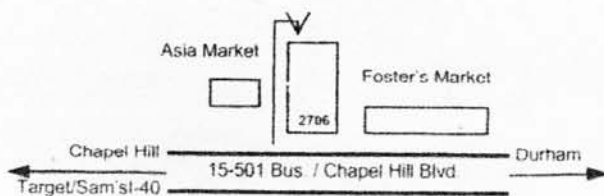
Ad Lib

Guglhupf Bakery and Café

"With a name like Smuckers it has to be good." What about a name like Guglhupf?



First you have to learn to spell it, then pronounce it and finally, most difficult of all in 1998, find it. In search of the bakery back then I kept repeating as I drove out "beyond Asia Market and across 15-501 biz from Rent-A-Wreck". By the time I sought Guglhupf, Rent-A-Wreck had moved elsewhere. There I was floundering in the median as the 15-501 traffic whizzed by. It was not the moment for indecision. I closed my eyes and turned left into a parking lot. There was a large beauty parlor sign and in small letters underneath Guglhupf. I had reached my destination.



My troubles weren't quite over. I had to navigate the sea of loose gravel on the parking lot and if I didn't break my leg on that, chances were I could on the rickety steps leading down to the bakery. Once inside I was transported to Europe, to Germany. Guglhupf looked good. It smelled good.

It was good. It was better than good . . . wonderful buttery croissants, rough peasant breads and pastries to dream about.

I have watched this bakery grow. The parking lot is now paved and has two entrances. Not only have the steps been replaced there's a ramp for the handicapped. Guglhupf bakes for A Southern Season and supplies bread for the Washington Duke Inn, The Forest at Duke dining room, and others. The bakery has been enlarged to include a two-story cafe which serves breakfast and lunch. The breakfast menu is very European - no pancakes or fried eggs here. The lunch menu offers soups, salads, sandwiches, platters and "little plates." I have sampled the half sandwich and soup (\$6.95) and the Schinkenbrot (Westphalian ham on rye etc.) \$7.75, excellent. Next time I will try a "little plate" of Schnitzel (\$5.50).

GUGLHUPF BAKERY AND CAFE 2706 Durham-Chapel Hill Blvd., Durham Tel. 401 2600

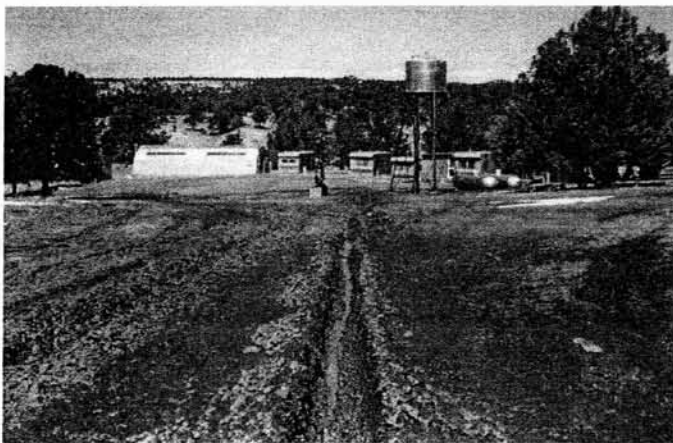
Every day I have happy thoughts of Guglhupf as I have one of their croissants with my coffee. I buy them by the half dozen and freeze them in a freezer bag provided by the bakery. In the morning I heat my oven to 350 (no microwave please). I put the frozen croissant on a cookie sheet and into the oven for six minutes. A crisp croissant, Betty Gray's strawberry jam and a steaming cup of coffee is a blissful way to start the day.



Native Americans

In the early 1950's when we worked for the Bureau of Indian Affairs and lived with the Navajo Indians at Bah-ha-li we were privileged to gain insights into many cultural practices and customs not usually experienced by non-Indians. There were no cell phones, no two-way radios, and we generated our own electricity and pumped our own water. The roads were primitive and since the Navajos live(d) in camps—not villages—we were basically on our own.

We were at 8000 feet elevation in northern New Mexico. The nearest town was Gallup about 28 miles away. Thirteen miles of this unimproved road was uneven with two ruts and deep precipices and had to be driven before we reached the black top.



1954 The School—living quarters—shower trailer—highway in and out

Our daily responsibilities were all encompassing. We were providing services as a community center and preparing non-English speaking children at all age levels (who lived in Navajo hogans) for entry into the public schools in various surrounding cities. The children walked several miles over rough terrain and often in freezing weather in order to reach the newly established Quonset hut used for education and any other community needs we supplied.

Our entry into this isolated community was unique. We requested a meeting with the leaders of

the community (consisting of men and women) before any program could be initiated or permitted. We were informed that a child's grave was located close to the area which was designated for the new educational facility. Unless we could devise some way to divert walking on the grave, there would be no community support. We thought a great deal about an appropriate solution and finally, decided to build a small fence around the grave so that no one would accidentally step on the forbidden soil. This proposal was accepted by the people and we thought one of our obstacles had been eliminated.



Gilda Greenberg with Mrs. Chon, the matriarch of the community in 1954

The community leader then informed us that this program could not begin until a proper ceremony was performed by the spiritual leader. Without telephones or mail service they promised to take care of the information factor if we would provide the food. On the day of the ceremony we were astounded to notice the arrival of a great many Navajos who came in trucks, cars, and horse-drawn wagons. Word had reached many corners of the reservation that an important event was being held. By the time the ceremony was scheduled there was "standing room only" in the Quonset hut.

Approximately 200 Navajos had arrived to join in the many hours of chanting, speeches and to share the food prepared for the occasion.

When this day-long ceremony was completed, the community was satisfied with our first efforts. Our role was complex and difficult since we were expected to be educators, cultural anthropologists, social workers, psychologists, and health activists. While the Navajos desired advancement, they naturally opposed concepts which raised questions as to the patterns by which they lived. Innumerable times members of the community would visit the classroom to observe. Since they did not understand English and could not comprehend the specific activities, they still felt a sense of pride in the apparent knowledge and learning of their children.



Improvised medical clinic, with Public Health Nurse

Because of unsanitary conditions most of the children had physical impediments. It was imperative that we introduce a health record system for each student and family. In this way we were able to monitor any unusual conditions that might require corrective measures. Parents were reached through health clinics held in the Quonset hut and birth dates could be recorded for future reference. These sessions were set up with the help of our Public Health Nurse who had to work under adverse conditions. By the time the year ended, almost all adults and children were examined and

given inoculations as needed. Once the community became aware of the benefit derived through preventive medicine there was a complete reversal of attitude. It was often necessary to convince the people that the "magic shot" was not a cure-all for every ache and pain and that more than one "shot" might do damage.

In the area of music there was little experience with polyphonic sound. The cultural concept of song was nasal. Norman introduced the youngsters to all types of music. Playing the French horn with a group of Navajos trying to sing Mozart and Haydn was an unusual musical achievement. However, our area Superintendent at the Bureau of Indian Affairs was so pleased with this form of instruction, he made an extreme effort and obtained a surplus U. S. Navy piano for our use.

In the middle of April, when our roads were not under snow or thawing, we arranged for a bus trip into town. There was so much excitement that on the day of the trip, we looked from our trailer at 6:30am to see little shadows huddled close to the building eager to begin their adventure. We noticed with pride that although there was no running water or electricity in any of the hogans, each child was cleaned to perfection. Shoes were polished to a mirror-like shine, clothes were immaculate. They were trying to emulate their non-Indian teachers.

There were many interesting events during the day. The children had heard about the helpers of the Gallup community--the policeman, the mayor, the fireman, the librarian, the *Gallup Independent* newspaper but because of their isolated home location they never saw them doing their jobs. In the fire house the children enjoyed climbing on to the fire engine and ringing the bell. When the firemen wanted to take them to the second level in order to slide down the pole, many loud squeals were heard. We suddenly realized that this was the first time they walked up a staircase. A fascinating new experience and a lesson for those of us who take many things in our society to be normal but are unfamiliar with different segments of our culture and its effect on every day experiences.

Everyone in the community of Gallup was

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Native Americans

(Continued from page 9)

helpful and the day was overwhelming for the children. *The Gallup Independent* thought this trip so noteworthy they printed a picture of the group awed by the printing press on the front page of the morning edition. On our return to Bah-ha-li everyone was sound asleep—tired but exhilarated by the events of the day.

It is our firm belief that good human relations are essential for the betterment of all societies. Once mutual trust is firmly established, progress takes place with amazing rapidity. We shall never forget our emotions when we were informed by the community elders that we had become the "Father and Mother" of Bah-ha-li. With sadness but with the realization that we needed additional education and experiences, we left this region in 1955.



1970 The School

Epilogue: In 1970 when we were working in universities in Nashville, Tennessee we received a small grant for the purpose of returning to Bah-ha-li to report on what had occurred in the ensuing fifteen years. In 1955 Bah-ha-li was not on the map. In 1970 it was on the map with an improved secondary road for the 13 miles from the main highway. We found an impressive large school building with modern classrooms, a gymnasium, and an excellent equipped kitchen/cafeteria. The teachers had modern small homes with electricity, running water and outside communication. Modernism had arrived. What has transpired since then we do not know.

Norman and Gilda Greenberg

Volunteers Welcome

Channel 8 programmers—Erika Guttentag, Bill Hutchins, Robbie Robertson, Don Ruegg, and Beth Upchurch—would like to recruit two or three more residents to join their number. They all enjoy what they are doing, but hope to increase their flexibility by increasing the rotation schedule from one week in five to one in six or eight.

For someone with a basic knowledge of computers, the *Channel 8* program is quite simple to use. With a couple of hours of instruction and a little practice, you will become an expert. And Robin has prepared a set of written instructions that are clear and easy to follow.

We are also interested in increasing our music supply. If you have CDs that you think would make good background music for the daily slide show, we would love to receive them—either gift or loan.

To respond to either of these appeals, please call Robin Harper at 419-4042 or Robbie Robertson at 489-1475.

Elaine Caraher's daughter sent this Purple Heart Citation to her mother. She also included a medal with the citation. Editor

Citation

For

Award

Of the

Purple Heart

The Purple Heart is awarded to Elaine D. Caraher for wounds received in actions at Duke University Hospital on November 29, 2004 and December 17, 2004. At great risk to her personal well being and comfort, Ms. Caraher faced an onslaught of top health care professionals armed with scalpels, medications and wound vacs. Her perseverance reflects great credit on the Caraher clan as well as the entire senior citizen community at the Forest at Duke.

Welcome New Residents



Frank and Carolyn Field

Cottage 67

493-5267

Frank was born and grew up in northern New Jersey; Carolyn's origins were in Houston TX and Tulsa OK. They met in the Unitarian Church in Houston, and eventually married in New York City in 1976 after several previous spouses had vanished as a result of death and/or divorce. Carolyn is B.A. Swarthmore College and M.A. University of Houston; Frank is B.S., M.A., and Ph.D., all from Duke. Frank's profession is Scientist, sub-division physical chemistry, specialty mass spectrometry. Carolyn's major was French literature, leading to a year-long fellowship in Lyon, France. Later years she learned the art of violin making, and has constructed 45 instruments—violins, violas, and cellos. Frank has worked for the University of Texas, Standard Oil (New Jersey), as the Camille and Henri Dreyfus Professor at The Rockefeller University in New York City. Carolyn intends to continue her violin-making at The Forest; Frank works with his computer for practical purposes such as managing the family finances

Hildegard Ryals

Cottage 34

489-5897

Hildegard was born in Philadelphia in the hospital where her father practiced. She attended local schools and the Madeira School, and received her BA from Mount Holyoke, spending a Junior year in Germany. She earned her M.A. from Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies and worked in Washington, Tokyo, and New York City, participating in a major study of changing urban and suburban land-use patterns. Returning to Philadelphia, she married Clyde Ryals who later joined the Duke English Department. She became deeply involved in local politics, cultural activities, and community boards. Interests included land use changes and development. She worked on an ever evolving public document, "The Durham County Inventory of Natural and Cultural Resources," and served on the boards of regional conservation organizations. She says that "With memories of some 30 wonderful shared years of sabbaticals and foreign travels with Clyde, it is good to be able now to look forward to new experiences here at The Forest at Duke with friends old and new."



photos by Ed Albrecht

Something New Has Been Added

And it happened like this...

One day last Spring, two small dogs were being walked and met on one of our pathways. As the happy sniffing, nuzzling and tail wagging began, one resident owner turned to the other and said, "How wonderful it would be if our pets had a place where they could go romp and play with each other like this off leash!"

And from there, the dream began to take reality. Staff were consulted and all TFAD dog owners were gathered together to discuss the possibilities and responsibilities of such a project. The majority of the owners were in favor of having a safe place where their dogs could meet and greet off leash and Management was supportive. Negotiations then began.



Frank Melpolder, resident dog owner, and fortunately, a member of the Grounds Committee, worked with the committee and management in drawing plans for the site that was later selected and approved. In January, we were happy to receive permission to use an area 50x20 feet, located just behind the pond. The dog owners agreed to foot the cost of clearing and fencing this space and a contractor was hired. By the first of February, a floor cover of cedar and cypress chips was purchased and laid down by the pet owners to deal with future mud, ticks, etc. Management added a bench and then, later, the pet owners added a



storage box with toys, plastic bags for scooping and more recently, a patio table with chairs - for the comfort of the owners who always will be present while their pets are in the fenced area.

In spite of the cold weather, the dogs already are enjoying the opportunity of meeting with their friends, and we anticipate many, many more happy play days ahead. All resident dogs—and people—are invited to come to the Dog Park and enjoy a *dream come true*.

PS. To our knowledge, The Forest at Duke is the first retirement community in the Triangle area to have its own private dog park.

Lois Bateman



photos by Ed Albrecht