

Just Desserts Meet Candace Tippett, Pastry Chef by Ellen Baer

“Let them eat cake” meant big trouble for Marie Antoinette, but not for Candace Tippett, our talented and intrepid pastry chef. She makes all the scrumptious desserts that tempt and delight TFAD residents and staff alike.

Although we’ve all been seeing and tasting the results of her work since last May when she came to The Forest, it was a great treat for me to see the chef herself. With blue eyes that twinkle when she talks about cakes and cookies and pies and puddings, she has a contagious youthful energy when she describes her job as “fun.” A native of Durham, she learned to love cooking as a helper in her grandmother’s kitchen. As a teenager, she took jobs in the food industry, and, when it was time for college, she went to Johnson and Wales University in Charlotte, graduating in 2012 with a major in Pastry Arts.

Since then, she’s worked in many kitchens in both restaurants and country clubs, not only in Charlotte and Durham but also in Buffalo NY, where she gained valuable experience in a different setting and different climate. She learns something new everywhere she goes, and we at The Forest are the beneficiaries of all that knowledge—

and all those recipes. Because of the number and diversity of items she makes from scratch, I had a fantasy picture of Candace surrounded by helpful kitchen elves doing her bidding.

But, no—she makes all the desserts herself, alone. She admits that keeping up with the output is a



Candace with freshly prepared cupcakes

major challenge. But it’s one she embraces because it uses all her skills in planning and preparing as well as in the production of desserts that cry out to be photographed for fancy food magazines.

It’s hard work, which she downplays by saying, “if you can read you can cook.” But, as a good reader who’s an inept cook, I pay tribute to the intuition and creativity required to do any kind of cooking well. What I had not realized was what an

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Chocolate tart

The Forester

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President's Podium



by Carol Carson

Experiments in ramping up the delivery of news from the Residents' Association (RA) are underway! They involve the monthly reports of the RA standing committees. Why? Because these reports are windows into the give- and-take between residents and TFAD's leadership about some of the topics that matter most to us—dining services, health care, etc.

The experiments focus on preferences with respect to content, timeliness, and delivery mode.

- With the aim of reaching residents who *prefer all of a month's reports in full and in one place as soon as possible*, the combined committee reports will be posted on the RA website shortly after the RA Board or membership meeting for which they are submitted (and thus only a relatively few days after the committee meetings). As to the minutes of the Board or membership meetings, this experimental posting makes them available sooner. They will be on the RA website under the "Board Minutes" drop-down menu.
- With the aim of reaching those who *prefer fast and easy access to information nuggets embedded in the reports*, a cover sheet on the website's combined reports will identify "take-aways." These "take-aways" include information of importance or high interest. For example, one take-away from the November reports urges residents to notify Security if their units do not have within-date fire extinguishers. A take-away from the December reports notes senior-level changes in the dining staff.

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In Memoriam

Helen Stahl December 2, 2022

Frank Chut December 5, 2022

Ingrid Hertz December 6, 2022

Olga Harding December 26, 2022

Maija Selby-Harrington December 27, 2022

An Invitation

The editors invite you to share your experiences, your poems and essays, your artwork and photos with readers of *The Forester*. Our editors can help you shape and submit your work. 🌱

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

Top Checkouts of the Last Three Years

Any idea who is the most read author in the Library's collection within the last three years? Which author is second? Our computer software enables us to pull out such information based on usage. According to our records, Louise Penny is the most read writer—her book *The Beautiful Mystery* was charged out 29 times in the last three years. Penny's *The Long Way Home* was right behind with 28 charges out. All told, Louise Penny had nine books in the top 50 books based on usage. Seven of these titles were in the top ten and all were from the mystery genre. Second to Penny was Donna Leon with seven books in the top 50. Her *Death at La Fenice* was charged out 25 times in the last three years. Next is David Baldacci with six books in the top 50. Baldacci's *One Summer* was charged out 26 times. Some other authors whose works were frequently read were Jodi Picoult, Ann Patchett, Maeve Binchy, Nicolas Sparks, Lee Child, and Anna Quindlen. The numbers tell us that top 50 books were evenly divided between novels and mysteries. In addition, over a fifth of the books taken out were in large-print format. As a matter of interest, the only biography in the top 50 was *My Beloved World*, by Sonia Sotomayor.

If you are looking for suggestions on what to read, feel free to ask to see the list of the top reads of your fellow residents. A copy of the list is at the Circulation Desk.

Volunteers Still Needed

We are still short-handed at the library. Ideally, we should have a volunteer at the Circulation Desk both in the morning and afternoon of each day. These volunteers help out by checking returned books back in, filing book cards for books taken out, re-shelving books—in general, they help keep the collection moving so we don't develop a gigantic logjam of books. In order to aid in re-shelving books, we apply different labels to the book spines. Each label indicates the area in which the book should be shelved, such as the purple question mark (?), which lets you know it goes in the Mystery section of the collection, while the green star tells you the book goes in the Biography section. In addition to helping with the collection, these volunteers help fellow residents find things and have opportunities to welcome potential residents.

Another way to help out is to be willing to learn to use the Library's computer to check books back in so that others may borrow them. Once the procedure is learned, all you need do is check to see if there are several books needed to be scanned back into the collection. This is a job that is done as needed, but it is a job that must be done.

If you think you would be willing to help out in either capacity, please contact me at

reese.carolg11@yahoo.com



A Happy New Year to All!

Podium ...

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- With the aim of reaching minimalists who prefer the information nuggets without having to use their computers or devices, the cover sheet for the combined reports will be printed boldly and displayed prominently—if only briefly—in the Community Center shortly after an RA Board or membership meeting. Look for

the display under the heading “News from the Residents’ Association.” The “News” will also be placed and maintained on the bulletin board in Connections.

Variations and refinements may emerge as the experiments move forward, so please stay tuned. I welcome your comments, as do others on the RA Board. 🌿

Desserts ...

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active job it is, requiring her to walk an average of six miles a day—from the work table to the fridge to the freezer to the oven and back again many times a day. Still, it's obvious that she thrives on the combination of physical and mental activity and the precision it demands.



Lemon tart with raspberries

She's active on her time off, too, as she and her boyfriend, Joe, go hiking and camping and kayaking from their home in



Candace shows a fresh lemon tart

Butner (15 minutes northeast of Durham), taking advantage of the recreational opportunities of the area. Favorite places include Lake Michie, the Holt Reservoir, and Penny's Bend. She's also a good teacher, and not just in cake decorating classes. She taught Joe to kayak so well that he bought his own kayak. So now they are a two-kayak

family that includes a puppy and three cats, who may or may not share the kayaks.

Candace's goals for the New Year are to keep learning and trying new things and to be fully present in everything she does, whether it's trying some new gluten-free recipes for us or creating a chocolate bonsai tree for a competition. The bonsai tree won a prize. I'll bet the gluten-free cake will too!



Cookies galore!

Welcome New Residents

Deborah Tunstall Tippett

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A warm welcome to North Carolina native Deborah! The oldest of four children of a father in the Air Force, she had many moves during her early years and lived for two years in Japan, where her first language was Japanese. She was 16 when the family moved to Durham, so her father could be near his widowed mother.



Deborah earned three degrees from UNC at Greensboro: a BS in Home Economics Education in 1973, an MS in Home Economics in 1981, and, in 1991, a PhD in Home Economics Education and Administration, with a minor in Child Development and Family Relations. During her college years, she enjoyed dance and was a professional cheerleader for the Carolina Cougars. Deborah started dating Jim Tippett in high school and married him in 1973 shortly after earning her first degree from UNCG. They were together for 47 years.

Deborah loved teaching during her long career (1973-2019) and was recognized as school, county, and district Teacher of the Year while teaching home economics at Carrington Junior High in Durham County. While she was earning her doctorate at UNCG, Meredith College offered her a position in which she remained for 32 years, serving as department head of Human Environmental Sciences for 21 years.

Currently a trustee with International Home Economics Services, which provides relief to programs in developing countries, Deborah is the author of *Exploring Life and Career*, recently released in its 8th edition. She received the Distinguished Service Award from the American Association of Family and Consumer Sciences, and

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Welcome New Residents

Dan & Sherrill Blazer

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sherrillblazer@gmail.com

Sherrill, who grew up in Smyrna GA, received her BA degree in elementary education from David Lipscomb University in Nashville TN. Dan grew up in Nashville and earned his BA in biology at Vanderbilt University. They met during those college years, were married the day after Sherrill's graduation, then moved to Memphis for Dan's medical education and Sherrill's MA in Reading from Memphis State University.

After their first child was born, they spent two years in Kumba, in west African Cameroon, in a medical mission post. When Dan was accepted for his residency in psychiatry at Duke, they returned to the US and settled in Durham, where Sherrill did some teaching and a lot of child rearing while Dan completed his residency.

Sherrill has a long history of both teaching and working as a volunteer. She taught in schools, in her church, and finally at Durham Tech Community College, where she instructed students in the basic reading and writing skills they needed to add to their technical abilities. She volunteered at El Futuro, Book Harvest, and the Ronald McDonald House.

Dan's distinguished career saw him rise through the ranks of the Duke Psychiatry Department and ultimately become Dean of the School of Medicine. His special interest in the social origins of physical and mental illness led to his acquiring a PhD in Epidemiology from the University of North Carolina. The Blazers spent a sabbatical year in Palo Alto CA, where Dan attended the Center for



Advanced Studies of Behavioral Sciences. He has served on innumerable committees, both at Duke and nationally (including one term on the TFAD board!). A mentor to many young trainees, he has a commitment to linking mental and physical health and religious faith to the well-being of seniors.

The Blazers have two children. Their son, Trey (Dan G. Blazer III), is a surgical oncologist at Duke, and their daughter, Natasha, is a social worker in the emergency department at UNC. They also have two grandchildren.

They are active members of their church. For relaxation, Sherrill enjoys reading, crafts, and composing collages. She is committed to environmental issues. Dan enjoys reading, golf, and travel. They bring a lot of wisdom to TFAD and will most likely help us all with our mental health! †

Deborah Tippet ...

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holds certification from Case Western Reserve University in Appreciative Inquiry for Positive Business and Society Change.

Deborah's hobbies include reading, traveling,

and ballroom dancing. A goal at The Forest is to teach social (ballroom) dancing. She is also an advocate of dance exercise and swimming. †

Acquainted ... or ... Tom and Jerry Do Nome

by Tom Small

It has been almost 50 years since my friend Jerry Nelson fell through the ice into the frigid Bering Sea. It is a day I will always remember as I am keenly aware that it could easily have been our last.

Jerry was the director of Community Enterprise Development Corporation of Alaska (CEDC), I was that organization's general counsel, and we were in Nome AK to address the board of directors of the Bering Straits Native Association (BSNA). CEDC was a Native-Alaskan-owned nonprofit corporation that developed and supported businesses owned by native Alaskans. BSNA was one of Alaska's twelve regional corporations given responsibility by Congress to administer the 45.5 million acres of land and one billion dollars awarded to native Alaskans under the Alaska Native Claims Settlement Act signed into law by President Richard Nixon on December 18, 1971.

With that much money at stake, BSNA assuredly would be receiving a multitude of investment proposals, so Jerry and I were offering CEDC's financial and accounting expertise to the BSNA Board, which included many subsistence hunters and fisherman, to help them evaluate investment opportunities.

After the board meeting, Jerry and I took a walk on the beach. It was early May, but early May in Nome is not like early May in the Carolinas. It was cold, the ocean was frozen, and we were dressed in hiking boots, sweaters, and our heaviest parkas. The parkas we wore were not sold in North Carolina but were abundantly available at JCPenny in Anchorage, where I'd bought mine. Our parkas were loaded with goose down and had a weatherproof outer layer and a thick wolf-fur-lined hood. They were guaranteed down to 50 degrees below zero. (I suppose, if you froze to death at minus forty-nine, you'd get your money back.)



"Tom Kod Peluk," Nome AK, Lomen Bros photo

Retrieved from the Library of Congress

<www.loc.gov/item/99615133/>

As we were walking along the beach, I saw two Eskimo women, a stick in each hand, ice fishing in the traditional Inupiat way. I thought it would be nice to take a photo of them fishing with Nome in the background—something like the ca. 1903 photo of the fishing Eskimo woman above.

One of the BSNA Board members was the mayor of Little Diomed Island, and earlier that day he had proudly showed me the Russian watch given to him by the mayor of Big Diomed Island. Little Diomed and Big Diomed are islands two miles apart, and in the days before global warming, the residents of Little Diomed USA and Big Diomed USSR often disregarded the international boundaries and international dateline and crossed the frozen sea to meet their friends and relatives. If the residents of the Diomedes could travel easily on the frozen sea, certainly we could walk several hundred feet on it for a photograph, couldn't we? We didn't even think about it.

What did I know about walking on ocean ice? I'm from Long Island—Jones Beach doesn't freeze. Jerry was a Tlingit Indian from Southeast Alaska,

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Acquainted ...

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and although he had been a seal hunter, he was as ignorant as I was about ocean ice because Yakutat Bay doesn't freeze. What Jerry and I did not know is that the Nome ice begins to rot in May and that every year inexperienced ice walkers fall through the rotting ice and are lost to the sea.

So, unaware of danger, we ventured forth on the ice. We were about halfway to the fishing women when I said, "Wouldn't it be funny if we fell through?" At that moment, Jerry did just that. Frantically trying to lift himself out, he only made the hole bigger and bloodied his hands. What could I do to save my friend? The smart thing would have been to back away from the hole, lie on the ice, throw him my parka, and try to pull him out. But it all happened so fast, I wasn't thinking clearly, and I foolishly stepped to the edge of the hole and gave him my hand. Miraculously, the ice held, and I was able to pull him out.

As we carefully, slowly, walked back toward the beach, suddenly my entire right leg plunged through the ice, but Jerry grabbed me and we made it safely to shore, water-logged, dripping, and very cold.

To add to our humiliation, we soon came to realize that our Bering Sea adventure had played out in full view of Nome's lunch crowd, who had watched us through a restaurant's picture window. At dinner that night, several people asked us, "Aren't you the two guys who ...?"

The next day an elderly Eskimo woman said with a smile, "I see you've become acquainted with the Bering Sea!" Indeed we had. †

Tom Small is a lawyer and judge and an expert in bankruptcy law. He and Judy Jo lived for a time in Anchorage AK, where Tom was the attorney for a corporation established to support Eskimo, Indian, and Aleut enterprises.

The Simes, The Forest, and The Sarah P. Duke Gardens

by Lois Oliver

Some of us at TFAD who have visited Duke Gardens and taken walking or trolley tours may have wondered why a six-person golf cart is called a trolley over there. It is because of one of our pioneers—**Molly Simes**.

When Molly and her husband, Frank, came to Durham in 1991 and discovered the Gardens, there were no volunteers working there. The staff managed somehow with only the help of work-study students. So the Simes volunteered to lead people around the gardens and were gradually joined by others, notably Forest residents Evebell and Bob Dunham and Nell and Bruce Rubidge. Ultimately, the training of volunteer docents was in the hands of these six TFADers. It didn't take long to attract more volunteers as docents, weeders, and general helpers. The Doris Duke Center didn't exist at that point, but the Garden's staff hired a Volunteer Coordinator and, over time, the program built to the point that there are now more than 300 volunteers.

The Simes, of course, realized that some visitors were unable to do walking tours in what is essentially a ravine with its many paths going down and up. And so, in 1992, they donated a six-person golf cart. The Gardens, in gratitude, inscribed "Molly's Trolley" across its front end. From that day on, the golf carts became trolleys. Molly and Frank donated a second one a year later, and these have made it possible for elders, those with handicaps, or anyone who would rather ride than walk, to see almost all of the Gardens.

After Frank's death, Molly invited new Forest residents to join her for trolley tours and lunch at the Gardens several times each year. Her gift of giving to both Duke Gardens and The Forest at Duke will keep our memory of her alive for a long time. †

The Accidental Invention of the Smartphone Camera

by Craig Casey

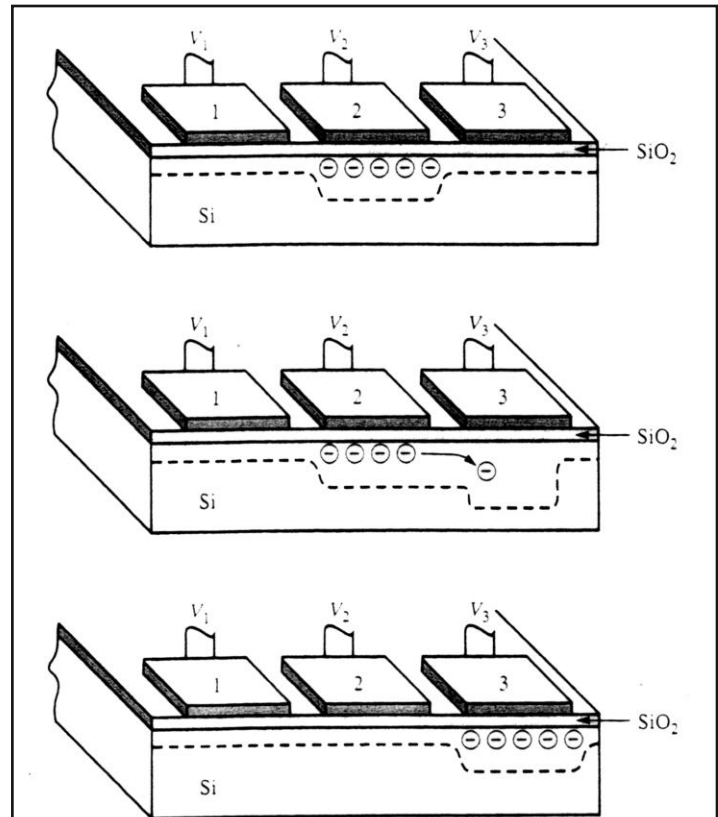
In the 1960s computer memory was bulky and expensive. Scientists in Bell Labs were working on alternatives. The then-nascent semiconductor technology that was obsoleting vacuum tubes and rapidly miniaturizing consumer electronics seemed particularly promising. A vice president at Bell Labs asked two of his managers—Willard S. “Bill” Boyle and George E. Smith—to investigate a memory replacement using that technology.

Boyle, a native of Nova Scotia, earned his PhD degree from Montreal’s McGill University. Smith, born in White Plains NY, earned a PhD from the University of Chicago (with a dissertation of only eight pages!). These two physicists invented the charge-coupled device (CCD) which much later won a Nobel Prize.

Their invention consisted of a row of identical components, each consisting of a tiny metal area on top of a thin insulating layer of silicon dioxide (SiO_2) grown on a single, thin, suitably processed, substrate of the semiconductor silicon (Si)—each a three-layer Metal-Oxide-Semiconductor (MOS) structure. Each of these tiny MOS components is a capacitor able to store electric charge (electrons) when a voltage is applied to it. The key idea of Boyle and Smith was that, if such MOS components could be built close together on a common silicon substrate as an integrated circuit, it might be possible by applying external voltages to transfer the stored charge faithfully from one MOS capacitor to the next. Boyle and Smith constructed a linear array of eight closely spaced MOS capacitors and demonstrated that the CCD concept they postulated worked.

In the first paper they published, in 1970 with several other authors, Smith and Boyle suggested possible uses as a memory, a delay line, and an imaging device. Their CCD proved to be less useful as a memory than other contemporary alternatives, but its uses as a delay line and imaging device proved to be pivotal.

Michael F. Tompsett, an engineer working with Smith, sought to improve the CCDs. In the process he discovered by shining light on the silicon under a MOS capacitor that the light would be absorbed



A Three-MOS Representation of a CCD

Each MOS element is a tiny metal area atop a thin insulating layer of silicon dioxide (SiO_2) on a silicon (Si) substrate common to each MOS in the CCD.

In the top figure, metal-area voltages V_1 to V_3 are set to accumulate and hold stored charge (electrons) in the Si under the metal area of MOS element 2.

When the voltage V_3 on the metal area of MOS element 3 is increased above the voltage V_2 on area 2 (middle figure), the charge rapidly transfers to MOS capacitor 3 where it is held (bottom) awaiting transfer to separate external circuits.

by the silicon and stored charges generated in proportion to the light intensity. This was a critical discovery. In 1971, Tompsett filed a patent on the application of CCDs as image sensors.

The next step was to arrange CCDs in rows and columns to construct a two-dimensional sensor array. In a camera, the image of the object to be photographed is focused by a lens onto such an array, with each MOS capacitor representing a

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Camera ...

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pixel, the smallest element of a captured image—the more pixels, the sharper the image.

The first commercial devices had 10,000 image spots (pixels) in a two-dimensional 100 × 100 array. In 1983, Sony introduced a mass-produced video camera with a CCD image sensor. In January 2000, Apple introduced the smart iPhone with a CCD for its camera. Commercial applications continued to increase with the yearly improvement in integrated-circuit and CCD technology. It is now common for CCDs to be sensitive enough for night-vision applications and small enough for more than 10 million pixels to be packed on a single 0.25-inch by 0.25-inch substrate of silicon.

The CCD changed many industry applications. For example, the Eastman Kodak company, founded in 1888, was a major supplier of film for cameras and many other image applications. But with CCDs used in digital cameras, in dental X-rays, and even in astronomy, Kodak went bankrupt in 2012 as chemical photography went to digital CCD images. This year we have seen stunning images from space provided by the James Webb Telescope. These are the gift of CCDs.

Although the CCD did not work out as planned for computer memory, it opened a whole new frontier. Boyle and Smith received the 2009 Nobel Prize in Physics “for the invention of an imaging semiconductor circuit—the CCD sensor.” Tompsett was awarded the 2010 National Medal of Technology and Innovation “for pioneering work and electronic technologies including the design and development of the first CCD imagers.”

What do Nobel laureates do when they retire? George Smith took early retirement in his fifties and, with his wife as crew, sailed a 37-foot sailboat around the world. Bill Boyle returned to his native Nova Scotia and opened an art gallery with his wife, a landscape artist. 🌲

Craig Casey worked for sixteen years at Bell Labs on semiconductor lasers. He worked with George Smith in the Electron Devices Society. He became Chair of the Electrical Engineering Department at Duke University.

22 YEARS AGO IN THE FORESTER

January by John Tebbel

John Keats understood January. “St. Agnes’ Eve, Ah, bitter chill it was! The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold.” If you’ve forgotten, January 12 is St. Agnes Eve and, as of now, it’s already cold enough to chill the good saint (and any owls in sight) to the bone.

There is something so unforgiving, so completely blah about January that poets scarcely mention it, and even Keats had to drag in St. Agnes to no more than suggest it.

Who cares about January? Owners of ski lodges and ski resorts do. They care. One snowless January and the bankers begin casting a wary eye in their direction. Makers of equipment and clothing for winter sports of all kinds are also anxious about the state of January.

There are others—mostly old folk who are past it, to be sure—who openly despise January. They’re not skiing or skating any more, and the advent of January snow in any substantial quantity means trouble, more trouble.

Bah, humbug! But in some ways it’s almost as bad to have a snowless January, when the outdoors just sits bleak, frozen, and completely unattractive—in a word, blah.

Still there is another way to look at it. Snow or snowless, bitter cold, or merely uncomfortable, if we get through January, there’s February, the shortest month, a prelude to March when, with any luck at all, Spring can be seen here in Durham—lovely Spring, waiting in the wings.

[The Forester, Vol 7, Issue 4, page 3 (January 2001)]



Memories Are Made of This – Life in the Music Business

“There’s No Business Like ...”

by Louise Scribner

Small World! New to The Forest in 2019, I hunted up two residents I was delighted to find: **Sharon Dexter**’s name was on a spreadsheet of contacts from the University of Michigan’s 1961 Symphony Band Tour of the USSR, Middle East and Eastern Europe. Her husband, Dave, had been on the tour in the cornet section. I had known **Judy Engberg**’s husband, cellist Jon Engberg, at the Allegheny Music Festival, New Wilmington PA in 1963. Pianist Judy had attended the Eastman School of Music, and we found more bold-face names in common. And it was thrilling to meet **Myra Kornbluth**, who had a fabulous career as one of the greatest opera singers. Myra and I even found some conductors to natter about together! Musicians are quick to find each other!

As a freelance oboe player in New York, I was part of a cadre of players who did any and all work that came along. My favorite was Broadway shows. Members of Local 802, American Federation of Musicians, were skilled in all kinds of work—symphonic, chamber music, ballet and opera, recordings and jingles for TV (those paid the best), and theater. I was a substitute in the original productions of “Cats” and “Les Misérables” as well as in “A Little Night Music,” “Pippin,” and revivals of “Candide” and “The King and I” (yes—Yul Brynner still going strong!) and was the original hire for a revival of “Brigadoon” and the one oddity, a show conceived after the Hollywood movie “Seven Brides for Seven Brothers.” Unfortunately, the Broadway version did not have the star power of either Howard Keel or Jane Powell, who graced so many Hollywood musicals, so it did not last long. “Brigadoon” had a better run, even though, I thought, a little loopy in plot and complicated whimsy—not one of my favorite shows. I also played “The Sound of Music” at Westbury, Long Island Music Fair, and was in an orchestra accompanying pop singer Barry White. The dinner theaters tended to smell fishy—an unpleasant part of inhaling for a wind player!

To come into a show as a sub, you would sit in the pit to “watch the book” while the regular player was there, then next time on your own! The regular player, and others as well, were always helpful in apprising you of things to watch out for in tempo, pacing, and parts that went back and forth. Being a quick study helped doing this! You also learned quickly what was a soloistic part or what needed to be more blended in with other players. Pit musicians were fun and funny, not taking themselves too seriously, and everyone was a quick study doing eight shows a week without faltering or flattening out in attention or dedication. “Les Mis” had a net over the pit so we would not be rained on by wood chips from that opening battle scene!

Over the years pit orchestras were reduced in size and many string players were supplanted by synthesizers, many of which were in “Les Mis” and “Cats.”

“Napoléon” at Radio City Music Hall! No! He was not the world’s original Rockette! This engagement was similar to being in the pit. The American Symphony did a week’s engagement there accompanying the historic silent Abel Gance movie of 1927, a huge tableau of Napoléon’s early years (ending with the 1796 invasion of Italy). We were conducted by Carmine Coppola, father of Francis Ford Coppola of “The Godfather” fame. The music was Carmine’s own, plus parts of well-known pieces by Mendelssohn, Smetana, and others. During rehearsals Carmine exhorted us, “Now boys and girls, DON’T LOOK AT THE MOVIE!” But how could we resist ... seeing these wonderful expressive images of Robespierre, Marie Antoinette, and



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Memories ...

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Danton in the famous tub! There were three screens in a cobbled-together tryptican, an early precursor to Cinemascope or Cinerama, that was thrilling. The orchestra's journey up to pit level from the basement at Radio City was also exciting. It seemed to originate at the center of the earth, moving in a kind of rattletrap fashion to the main hall. A forever trip, it seemed, and anyone who arrived late to get on board was out of luck! When we came in for a landing, emerging into the famous hall, we were already playing the theme music for a three-hour show! †

First Memory: 1944

by Robert Shaw

The crib stands in a long, narrow hall; my mother's room is at the end. Morning, and I clamber over the rail and walk down the hall—my routine, probably. I walk in, and there in the bed next to Mom, is a strange man! They smile at me warmly; I look down shyly. A small black-and-white metal bulldog is there, stopping the door.

And there my first memory ends. Family legend goes on that I asked my mother "who's that?" When she replied "that's your father," I pointed to his picture, in uniform, on the wall and declared, "that's my Daddy!" So, he got up and put on his uniform and I recognized and accepted him. For all the years he had been away fighting in the Pacific, Mother and I at bedtime had said goodnight to that picture.



I don't remember any of those goodnights, only getting out of the crib, walking down the hall and through the door, the stranger there, my shyness, and the bulldog. †

Waiting for Surgery

by Sue Howell

My therapist gives me exercises to make the old frame stronger, prepped to face the coming violation. I practice balance, tense the long muscles and release, bend until the body trembles, begins to give in. Her name is Morven, and I ask her if she has powers. She admits to being Welsh.

Spend ten minutes meditating every day, Morven says. Mornings I walk to the pond, envy the ducks. I spy on the tiny brown wrens of this green country, and the brown rabbit I have named Bertrand. When I don't see him I know he's been taken by a hawk, red-shouldered birds so beautiful and terrible as they dive.

Morven says,
Think of what you love doing most, and do it every day. I think of songs that gave me great pleasure. *Old Town Road*, my grandson playing on his phone in the car. *The Girl from Ipanema*, that hot August of love in the town without restaurants or movies. *Sing, sing, sing*, rolling back the living room rug in high school.

Oh, we used to dance. What moves we had, what lithesome bodies.

By now I've forgotten all the exercises.

[© 2020 by Sue Howell]

Glow, Mom, Glow

by Joan Seiffert

(with apologies to Renaissance historians)

“Dear, I just want you to be happy.” That is the Mother Mantra. And don’t you believe it.

What she really wants is for you to bring honor onto the family, to produce a light for her to bask in, preferably a large spotlight. The glow of motherhood is the light rebounding off her offspring. That’s why we call them “offspring.” No light springing off? No halo for Mom. She wants it! You’d better believe it. And, you better give it to her. (If you don’t, your brother might.)

Mom should get a life? Not on yours. Your job is to have a life so accomplished, so important, so wonderful that she forgets the pain you gave her by being born. So substantial that she looks at her enduring stretch marks with acceptance. So admirable that she smiles as she sucks in her tummy pooch which resulted from bearing you and yanks up the gone-South breasts that nurtured you. She is your creator. She and God, working hand-in-hand, so to speak.

Remember the Sistine Chapel? That is not really Adam’s hand reaching out to God. That is your mother’s hand as she and God sealed the agreement, made the contract. If Michelangelo had painted the next panel the way Mama told him to, it would have shown her shaking hands with God. But Mike was too scared to do the



artwork; he might not have done justice to the image. Not God’s—Mama’s.

Who do you think tirelessly climbed the scaffolding each day to bring Mike his lunch? How do you think Mike was able to lie on his back all those hours and paint, with no goggles, no

electricity, no porta-john? For four long, grueling years there was Mama hoisting a wide-mouth jar up to him and clearing the chapel so he could have privacy. It was Mama that brought the candles, Mama that clung one-handedly to a ledge opposite Mike, and, with a huge frond, moved the air around Mike during the four hot summers it took him to finish.

She didn’t mind. It was just to make Mike happy. And perhaps to beat out Mrs. DaVinci’s son, Lenny, who had painted that weird woman with the almost smile. Was Mike happy? Lying on that rickety construction of old boards and used nails with paint dripping in his eyes? Battling the cobwebs and spider eggs without Mr. Clean. For four years? High up where the air is rarified, close, hot, stuffy? For goodness sake, do not look down. Lenny is way ahead of you already. 🌿

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What Happens in a Rain Forest When It Doesn't Rain for 41 Days?

by Rachel Hamilton

Anxiety

aggravates.

Bears are confused

And come looking for edibles
of a household kind.

They puncture the lids of
unbreakable garbage bins
and make snuffling sounds in the night.

When the cold comes without rain
anxiety makes the skin itch
(of humans—who knows about bears?)
and insects forget to hibernate.

Did September 11 cause this misery?

Did we forget that the earth’s cycles change?