

---

# THE FORESTER

---

Volume 19 Issue 5

A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

February 2014

## James Vassallo, Executive Chef

by Joanne Ferguson

James was born and spent his early childhood in Montclair, NJ, he the youngest of four children--two older sisters and an older brother. His grandfather had immigrated from Naples, Italy, in 1924. In 1955, in East Orange, NJ, he founded the Arrowhead gas cylinder inspection and testing company, now an international enterprise. All products manufactured under pressure such as fire extinguishers and even Bic lighters must be tested for safety in the event of a wreck during transportation, and Arrowhead certifies these products.

When James and his siblings were between nine and twelve years old they all worked at the factory, clearing shelves, stacking empty pallets, and doing whatever was needed. "There was a forklift," says James with a happy grin. "Did you drive it? And were you allowed to?" I ask. The answer was yes he drove it and no he was not supposed to.

When the family moved to Wilson, NC, James was in high school and had a job washing dishes in a restaurant. He attended East Carolina University but transferred to culinary school, where he took an advanced class that compressed a year's



James Vassallo

Photo by Sue Murphy

course into ten weeks. This class lasted from 7am to 7pm daily, with 6 hours of practical instruction such as knife skills and 6 hours of culinary instruction, including French culinary terms and math skills. Students, for example, had to take a menu and scale it out for 20 to 50 servings. These twelve-hour days would certainly give students an awareness of the rigors of life in food service. James then attended a regular school year at Johnson and Wales University, in Charleston, SC.

In 1993 he spent three months in Italy, where he worked for a friend of his grandfather who owned a winery and restaurant hotel. He loved this stay, and even managed a quick stop in Venice. "Only six hours," he says regretfully.

After his culinary degree, he became chef and co-owner of a restaurant in Wilson, NC. He has worked with City Market Raleigh, and has also worked as sous chef at Fins in Raleigh, with Giorgios Hospitality Group in Raleigh, and was chef and



The Vassallos at home

(Continued on page 4)

---

### 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.

Joanne Ferguson, *Editor-in-Chief*

Maidi Hall, *Text Editor*

Bruce Rubidge, *Layout Editor*

Don Chesnut, *Associate Layout Editor*

Cathrine Stickel,

*Circulation Manager*

Bob Blake, *Art and Puzzle*

Blaine Nashold, *Art*

Sue Murphy, *Photographer*

*Staff Writers*

Bill Harrington

Dean McCumber

Carol Oettinger

Peggy Quinn

Carol Scott

*Publishing Assistants*

Debbie and Don Chesnut

Carol and Dick DeCamp

Judy Engberg

Becky Hill

Nancy Hudson

Betty Ketch

Mary Leonard

Nancy McCumber

Ginny Mullinix

Lee Murphy

Irene Nashold

Phyllis Owen

Nell Rubidge

Mary Ann Ruegg

### In Memoriam

Caroline Vail	December 24, 2013
Albert Nelius	January 1, 2014
Mary "Mack" Rogers	January 1, 2014
Dorothy "Dot" McCall	January 7, 2014

## President's Podium

by Dale Harris

As we experience the good quality of life here at The Forest at Duke, we recognize the significant contributions made by our resident volunteers. Two of the on-campus activities which are carried on entirely by those volunteers are our Library and our Encore Store.

Our Library is so ably managed and directed by **Carol Scott** (who has undertaken this important job for the past six years) and her resident team of 25 who serve on the Library Committee. **Carol DeCamp** heads up the Computerized Cataloging and **Janet Judd** alternates weeks with her in doing this work. All the other Library-related jobs, such as Desk Assistants two hours each morning and each afternoon, are done by these dedicated resident volunteers.

Our remarkable Encore Store is thriving under the leadership of **Jean Prevost**. **Marilyn Ulick** is her assistant and there are eight other resident volunteers who rotate help as needed. In the past four months, the Encore Store has generated revenues of \$6,319.01 for the benefit of the Benevolent Fund.

Our three visitors' guest rooms are usually filled on a first-requested basis. However, during certain holidays (i.e. Christmas, Easter, Reunion occasions, etc.) there is a demand that exceeds the supply and several residents had requested that a different methodology be looked into about that. The TFAD Administration was receptive to a recommendation from the residents about this and, after some careful consideration, the TFAD Residents' Board of Directors decided to suggest using a different approach which was accepted by the Administration and which will, hopefully, set a fairer access process. Under the new policy, a request for a guest room must be submitted to the Community Center's front desk be-

(Continued on page 3)

## Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

Valentine's Day is almost upon us and, skipping January, we go from the red of Christmas to the red of this February holiday. Also to the red, white, and blue of Presidents' Day this month. Do you notice the decor changes in the Library to complement the season?

We also have seasonal books. There are biographies in both regular and large print of many of our presidents. A new one is *The Bully Pulpit* by Doris Kerns Goodwin, detailing the public struggles between two presidents, Theodore Roosevelt and his successor, William Howard Taft. Biographies, as you know, are marked with a green star on the spine label of the book.

For romance novels, go to SUBJECT on the computer screen and put in LOVE STORIES. You will find a myriad of titles! There is also LOVE POETRY, and up comes the title *A Thousand Years of Love Poetry*, with the call number 808.1. Maybe for a special valentine?

Combining both romance and presidents, Mary Higgins Clark has written a novel about George and Martha Washington titled *Mount Vernon Love Story*.

And did you know that we have 19 books with WIFE in the title? Ranging from *The Aviator's Wife* to *The Magician's Wife*, *A Reliable Wife*, *The Saturday Wife*, to *The Last Original Wife*, with more than a dozen in between.

A year from now work will be in full swing on the new Library. So far, the drawings have made it seem rather formal and almost intimidating, with Grecian columns and a very tall fireplace wall. The Library Committee, like all of you, wants to make it as welcoming and comfortable in appearance as our

present location. Please help us by giving us your suggestions about color, furniture, accessories and whatever else might be appropriate.

And for our present Library, a few house-keeping remarks.

1. Magazines have been disappearing from the Library. Please no longer remove them from here.
2. Unless you are a Book Club member, please do not check out current or future titles. Past ones, already discussed, but still listed alongside the current books, have been shelved in their proper places.
3. Please do not clip newspapers. If you want one saved, write your name at the top of the issue and at the top of the particular section you want.
4. There is a requirement that no one eat or drink in the Library. This should also apply if you have checked out a book and are reading it in your apartment. Large crumbs and sticky substances have been found in our books by subsequent readers.

### Podium continued

(Continued from page 2)

tween the first and the fifth of the month preceding the month of the resident's requested dates (e.g. between November 1 and November 5 for a room in December). The guest rooms will then be assigned by a lottery administered by the Administration and a confirmation or wait list position of the room will be sent to all applicants.



**James Vassallo** continued

(Continued from page 1)

owner of Jimmy's at City Market Raleigh. He came to us from a position as campus executive chef at GlaxoSmithKline in RTP, where he oversaw the culinary operations that served 5700 people.

We discuss the history of the chef's toque. It originated in France and the pleats supposedly indicated that the chef could prepare as many egg dishes as there were pleats. James's has 24 pleats. When the papacy moved to France in the fourteenth century, the shape of the toque became similar to the pope's mitre. He puts his on sideways and points out the similarity of shape to a mitre. With the restoration of the papacy to Italy, the toque traveled along. "It's just a symbol of authority," he says.

He lives with his wife Jennifer, two children, Anna and James, and two dogs in north Raleigh; either he or Jennifer drives the children the three miles to school. Jennifer works at BB&T. Anna is fourteen and takes ballet and jazz dance. She had just finished a performance of *The Nutcracker* when we talked. James is twelve and an avid soccer player. Indeed, this is an athletic family. They all go skiing in the West Virginia and North Carolina mountains. James has been a bicycle racer and now owns three bikes, among them a mountain bike and a 24 inch BMX bike.

James and Jennifer are training for a half-



James and son, James, on a run

marathon in Virginia Beach in March (their third one). He runs in the early morning before work or in the evening after a full day at The Forest. He planned a 6-hour run for the morning after we talked. He gets to work between six and six-thirty after a thirty-minute commute. I ask when he goes home and he says simply, "When we finish."



James with daughter, Anna



(Continued on page 5)

James, Anna, and James at the races

**James Vassallo** continued*(Continued from page 4)*

A sports-oriented family on the slopes



The Vassallos with their dogs

**Nothing Could Be Finer**

by Don Chesnut

When I'm down and feeling blue,  
And really don't know what to do,  
I think of dining with friends.

Back from rehab, the leg is sore,  
Can't take this sort of thing much  
more,  
But then there's dining with friends.

I look forward to it every week,  
It's their good company I seek,  
As we gather together to dine.

The gents are handsome, the gals are  
pretty,  
Everyone is just so witty,  
When we meet to share a table.

These special dinners are so nice,  
Some weeks I do it more than twice,  
These delightful dining soirees.

And so my friend, my hope for you  
Is that such, too, may be your due,  
To have those extra special nights.

For nothing could be finer  
Than to be in Forest dining  
With your friends!



## Welcome, New Residents

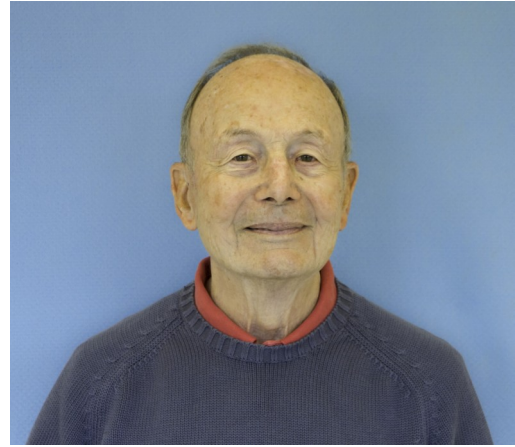
Photos by Carol Carson



Elizabeth A. Goode

Apt. 3017     919-401-9191

Lib Goode grew up in the south-piedmont city of Cliffside, NC, where she actively participated in school sports and music programs. Both became life-long interests. A passion for Duke sports (starting at age 6!) and a strong interest in piano and instrumental performance led to a music major at Duke. Later, after teaching piano and vocal music in Kings Mountain, NC, schools for a year, she moved to Nassau County, NY, where she taught vocal music and earned an MA degree in secondary education from Adelphi University. Teaching music at the secondary level became her vocation. For nearly 30 years she directed choral music and taught music theory in E. Meadow Schools. She was active in music-education professional associations, edited the Nassau Music Educators Association newsletter, was a piano adjudicator for the NY State School Music Association, and earned a PhD degree in Musicology from the University of Cincinnati. Her dissertation was on the American composer and music educator David Stanley Smith (1877-1949). Lib retired back to Mooresboro, NC, in 1992, whence she came to The Forest. Hobbies include genealogy and history, with a special interest in Jamestown and prerevolutionary America.



Earl Pollock

Apt 2022     919-401-5068  
earlp@comcast.net

Earl was reared in the heart of the Midwest: born in Decatur, NB, he grew up in Sioux City, IA. His professional impact has been nationwide. He was educated in the liberal arts at the University of Minnesota. Following the receipt of a J.D. from Northwestern University Law School, he clerked for Chief Justices Fred Vinson and Earl Warren, U.S. Supreme Court (1953-55), and assisted Warren in the landmark 1954 *Brown v. The Board of Education* decision. After serving in the Justice Department as an attorney in the Antitrust Division and an Assistant to the Solicitor General, he headed the antitrust department of his Chicago-based law firm, chaired the Antitrust Section of the ABA, and authored numerous journal articles and two books: *The Supreme Court and American Democracy* (2008) and *Race and the Supreme Court* (2012). In retirement in Sarasota, FL, he chaired the Sarasota Symphony and played a spirited game of tennis. Earl's wife, Betty, is a patient at Hillcrest Convalescent Center in Durham. Earl and Betty have three children: son Stephen, a neuro-ophthalmologist formerly at Duke, now CEO of Community Eye Care based in Charlotte; daughter, Della, a UNC professor living in Durham; and now-retired daughter, Naomi, living in Portland, OR.

## Mystery: The Sexy Arugula

(Rating: PG-13)

by Bill Harrington

**NOTE:** Before embarking on this month's foodie article, I want to clear up any misunderstanding that may have resulted from one of my fellow writer's use of the words black-eyed *peas* and black-eyed *beans* in last month's *Forester*. Ms. Langford looked up the word in her *Webster's Dictionary*. She obviously consulted the northern version of this most trusted of works. I would like to refer her to the real version of this book. It was written by Mr. Webster's brother, Beauregard Webster. Ms. Langford will find that she was right in the first place.

\*\*\*\*\*

In an attempt to increase my readership, I have decided to write about sex. I have not been about to figure out how--until now. In the café, one of the leafy green vegetables available to us is called arugula. It lives next to the spinach and lettuce. I assumed it was just another version of lettuce, but it's a lot more. During the Roman Empire, it was considered both a medicine and an aphrodisiac at the same time. Those Romans really knew how to have a good time.

Besides the obvious, arugula contains the most vitamin C and calcium of any salad green. It has a number of names. It's called roquette, rocket salad, garden rocket, and rugola. The Brits call it simply rocket.

Because of its most important property, some of you may desire to have several tons delivered to your apartment or cottage. Please do not send me your orders. I'm only the messenger. I am sure that Tony will be happy to arrange delivery – discreetly of course.

**Warning:** In case one of your gourmet dinners includes a green dinner salad of arugula followed by Oysters Oscar, make sure you are prepared for what might happen next.

(Thanks to: [arugularistorante.com](http://arugularistorante.com); [bonappetit.com](http://bonappetit.com); [harmonyvalleyfarm.com](http://harmonyvalleyfarm.com); and [britannica.com](http://britannica.com))

## Luther

by Carol Oettinger

At the Activities Committee meeting we were talking about places we would like included in our outings. The N.C. Zoo was mentioned. Someone said that the silverback gorilla had recently died. I was sad to hear this because it brought back my memory of Luther. I'm almost sure that was his name. A number of years ago, on a trip to the Zoo, I was fascinated by huge, silver-backed Luther. He was sitting in his enclosure, obviously thinking deep thoughts. He never looked at me. I stood looking at him for a long time. Suddenly, he rose to his full height and leaped at me with his huge arms raised as if to grab me. I jumped back and was lucky a wall was behind to catch me. He looked into my eyes and laughed for a long time. When I got my breath, we laughed together.

## Some Winter Birds at TFAD

by Lois Fussell

**Mockingbird:** 11 inches, grey above and lighter below, long tail, white wing patches when flying. Mimics other birds, repeats songs 5 times or more.

**Brown Thrasher:** 11 inches, looks like a brown mockingbird with a streaked breast. Digs in leaves. Mimics other birds, but repeats songs 2 times.

**Robin:** 10 inches. Dark grey above, brick red below. Feeds on lawns. Flocks together.

**Towhee:** 8 inches. Dark hood and back, reddish flanks and white belly. Feeds on ground. In winter says a breathy “thweet.” Rest of year sings from trees “drink your teeeee.”

**Red-bellied Woodpecker:** 9 inches, black and white barred back, red nape and also red forehead on males. “chuur, chuur.”

**Starling:** 8 inches. Fat short-tailed black or brown bird who waddles around on the grass.

**Bluebird:** 6 inches. Blue back, wings and tail; brick red belly. Female duller. Perches on a tree or bush and flies after insects. Usually seen in pairs. Uses bluebird houses.

**Cardinal:** 8 inches. Bright red with crest. Female duller. Comes to feeders. NC state bird.

**Tufted Titmouse:** Small sleek grey bird with darker crest, lighter breast. Comes to feeders. Sings “Peter, Peter, Peter.”

**White-breasted Nuthatch:** 6 inches. Dark bluish-grey back and nape, white breast. Feeds by moving head -first down tree trunks looking for insects. Only occasionally comes to feeders. “Ank, ank.”

**Carolina Wren:** 6 inches. Brown above, buff below, white eyebrow. Holds tail upright and hops around looking for insects. Male has 40 songs and is loud. Songs include “teakettle, teakettle” and “teacher, teacher, teacher,” buzzes, “teeer.” Likes bluebird houses.

**Goldfinch:** 5 inches. Yellowish brown in winter with black wings and white wing bars. Female duller. Likes thistle seed in feeders. Can eat seeds while hanging upside down.

**Chickadee:** 5 inches. Black cap and bib, white cheeks. Comes to feeders. “Chick-a-dee-dee-dee.” Will use the bluebird houses.

**House Finch:** brown with a thick bill. Male has a little red on front. Monopolizes bird feeders and is argumentative.

*(Continued on page 9)*

---



## High School Reunion— Parallel Universes

by Ned Arnett

I couldn't believe that it was Helen,  
Jean, Carol, Ginnie, Louise or Ellen,  
who once had shared my days in school.  
Each in her way reduced me to a lovelorn fool.  
Their name tags showed the work of fifty years  
on face and form so well described by Shake-  
speare.

Yet once I recalled the owner of the face  
a metamorphic act of kindly grace  
transformed her to the memory of a girl,  
once the most exquisite creature in the world.

I understood what those fifty years made plain,  
an alternative universe of joy and pain,  
romance, childbirth, happiness pursued,  
betrayal, failure and disappointments rude,  
a life's string theories of small events  
suffused with a dark matter of confidence.  
Each of their lives I can now define  
as a universe parallel to mine.

## Mystery People

### Do You Know Who They Are?

for Mystery boy turn to page 12



High School grad

## Winter Birds continued

*(Continued from page 8)*

**Junco:** 6 inches. Dark grey upper, white belly, white edges on tail. Feeds mostly on ground.

**Crow:** Large, black, noisy.

**Turkey Vulture:** Large black soaring bird, holds wings in slight V while soaring.

**Red-shouldered Hawk:** 17 inches. Broad wings and tail, black tips on feathers. Distinguish it by voice: Short descending scream, repeated while flying.

---

---

## Hearts

by Carol Scott

Quite a number of years ago I started collecting hearts. I accumulated a large assortment of heart boxes, ceramic, cardboard, wooden – including a wooden heart-shaped puzzle box, whose pieces had to be put together in order to open the box. There was also heart jewelry, earrings, pendants and pins—including the special anniversary one of two pink glass hearts intertwined. And even a heart scarf or two found its way into my growing collection.

Most of this has been dispersed to relatives or friends, except for three very special hearts made of glass, with a heart-felt (pun recognized) story connected to each.

One summer my husband and I went again to a crafts fair in Asheville, where one of our sons was exhibiting. After admiring his furniture, Scotty and I separated, agreeing on a place and time to meet after each of us had visited his/her favorite crafts. Glass was one of mine, and of course I looked for glass hearts, but I didn't buy any. After we met, Scotty asked me what was the most beautiful item I had seen, and I described a three-inch heart of glass, rounded, with wispy swirls of very pale color and little golden bubbles inside the clear glass. "Was it this one?" he asked, taking that very heart from his pocket and presenting it to me.

To me that heart represented his love for and understanding of me, the swirling dreams of the future we still had together, bubbles of special events in the past, and the binding together of two hearts into one beautiful one.

Several years later he died, suddenly, in his sleep. I was devastated. After almost fifty-five years of togetherness, how could I go on alone? As it happened, at another crafts fair I saw the perfect heart to describe my feelings. It is also of glass, with a deep blue area filling much of the center, and a dramatic slash of a wide gold band crossing it diagonally. A blue heart. A broken heart. Like mine. I placed it on display next to my treasured earlier one.

Life went on, as it does, and my life slowly re-shaped itself. I relied more on my expanding family, made new friends, tried new pursuits, traveled extensively, moved to The Forest at Duke and became a part of a community --- and found a new glass heart. This is smaller than the earlier two, but more intricate in symbolism. Instead of being clear with some color, it is faceted, reflecting every color around it. It is like my life now, broken up into facets of my dear and interesting family, continued connections from the past, new friends and relationships at The Forest, the old profession of librarianship renewed in The Forest's Library, joining engaging new activities, and becoming acquainted with health issues. This heart has joined the other two.

The three treasured hearts, on display in my living room where I can see them every day, represent to me the changing aspects of my life, and the love that can still be found. Always.

---

## The Chief

by Carol Oettinger

I lived in Southern Pines, NC, for many years. It was a wonderful place to live and for children to grow up. Everyone knew one another well enough to smile when they met. Our Police Chief Newton was much beloved as a friend to all. He was often at the school crossing when the children came or left and asked them their names. He remembered them too. My first real encounter with Chief Newton came as a miscreant.

In those days I drove a convertible with the top down whenever possible.

I often had my own five kids and several of their friends with me. They loved to ride in the convertible. We had never heard of seat belts, so everyone piled in together. On a trip to the A & P one morning I had quite a group. When I got to the parking lot, Chief Newton pulled in beside me. He came over and looked quite stern. I dropped my purse upside down. He helped me pick up all the scattered things. I said, "Chief Newton, have I done anything wrong? I know I wasn't speeding" He looked at all the children and said, "Look at Janet, Charlie, Stacey, Nancy and all the rest. You wouldn't want to do anything to hurt them, would you?" I said, "Oh no, never." He said gravely, "You paused at that stop sign instead of stopping." I said, "Oh Chief, I'll never do it again." He talked to the children while I did my shopping.

I heard many stories about ways in

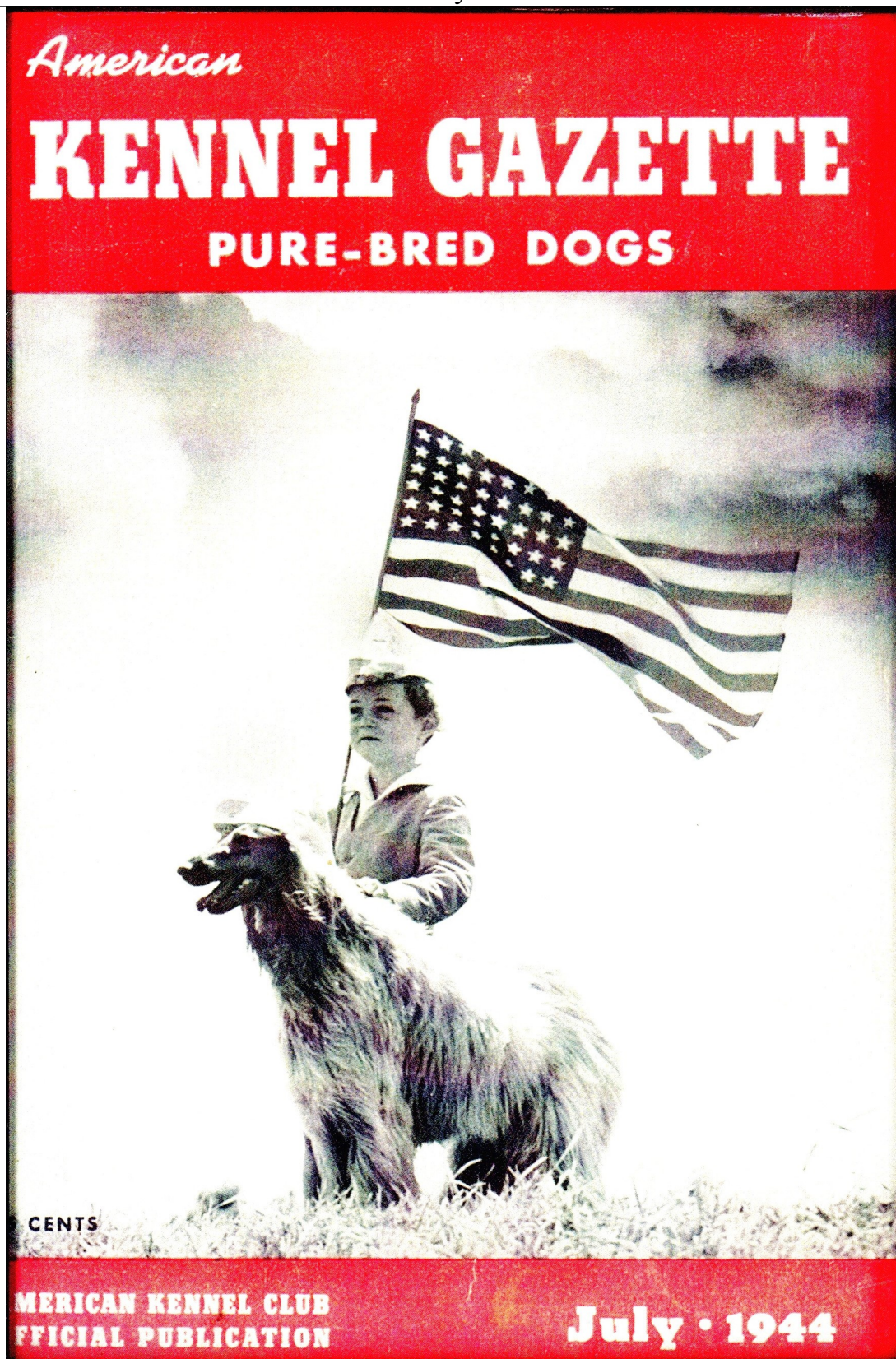
which he helped teenagers. He arranged ways for them to do community service and talked to them so they could realize that being arrested would hurt their whole life.

I heard about one of his deeds of kindness. A nurse whose husband died was working evening shift at the hospital and was very much needed. She had a ten-year-old son. Chief Newton arranged for a period of time to have him sleep in the back seat of the patrol car until she got off duty.

Chief Newton was a friend to all. This was at a time when one side of town had only black residents. They knew and respected him because they knew he looked after the rights of every citizen. One night he was called in because a man was drunk and was shouting and beating his wife. He went up to the house door, called the man by name and asked him to come out. The man shot through the door and killed our Chief. That man was never seen again.

Everyone who knew him mourned the Chief. Chief Newton was a man no one who knew him ever forgot.

---



Mystery boy