

Chad Mauldin, Sous Chef

by Joanne Ferguson

Chad Mauldin was born and brought up in Mt. Airy with his two younger sisters. Their grandparents were a constant presence for them. His grandmother worked in the textile mills. "It was very much a mill town then," he says. His grandfather was in the heating and air conditioning business. Everyone worked long hours, so the long hours of the food and beverage business were no surprise or big adjustment for Chad.

Although the mills are gone, the town is still a thriving tourist attraction. It was, of course, the home of Andy Griffith and a model for the town of Mayberry in the beloved Andy Griffith show. Chad is too young to have known Andy Griffith but his high school girlfriend lived in a Griffith house. Nor did he know Eng and Chang, the conjoined twins who also lived there. Their grave is a mile from his grandmother's house. The town is also a center for bluegrass and old-time music, and there is a Mayberry Days Parade down Main Street every year.

After he graduated from high school, Chad decided to get out and prove to himself "that the world didn't drop off twenty miles beyond the county line." On the internet, even with no experience, he secured a job as a cook at a lodge in Yellowstone National Park. So that was the beginning.

He went to the Johnson & Wales Culinary School in Charleston, South Carolina, where after graduation he worked at Wentworth Mansion in Charleston, an inn with a 5-star establishment of fine dining. He then spent three or four years in California, where he was executive sous chef at a restaurant outside Yosemite in the Sierra Nevada Valley. Because of the heavy winter snows in the Sierras the



Photo by Sue Murphy

establishment closed down for four winter months. So Chad saved his money and took the time off to travel. "I counted my money, packed my duffel, and set out." He traveled South America and Southeast Asia where the dollar exchange was in his favor. He traveled to seventeen or eighteen countries, among them Peru (yes, he saw Machu Picchu), Argentina, Columbia--and in Southeast Asia, Bangkok, Cambodia, Vietnam, Laos, and India. He fell in with various fellow travelers who like him were staying at youth hostels. Primarily Swedish, English, Canadian, and German, they traveled by bus and rail. Now and then they hitched rides. On one occasion stranded deep in Laos at night, they thumbed their way out, all piling into the back of a pickup truck. Before he left Vietnam, he was offered a job.

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The Forester

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In Memoriam

Ruth Luhman Lewis	March 24, 2014
Carl Beery	March 31, 2014
Thomas Dexter Given	April 7, 2014
Peter Wharton	April 28, 2014

President's Podium

by Dale Harris

The most frequently asked questions one hears on campus these days is about when the renovations to parking and then to various aspects of the Community Center will begin as well as what the final version entails. The TFAD Administration and the TFAD Board of Directors continue to receive all the necessary information from the architects, engineers, and construction professionals with necessary licensing and permit approval. When the "big Board" has given its approval to the final plans, we residents will promptly be given lots of information about them as well as the phasing and projected time targets. A very important person in this renovation project is Robert Everett, the Project Manager, with whom TFAD staff will be in frequent contact.

In a different information direction, at a recent New Resident Information Program presented by Karen Henry, Director of Finance and Treasurer, she cited two critically important lists of information which are very helpful to all residents. One is about whom we should contact when we have a TFAD personal financial question and the other is about changes in personal information which should be reported to TFAD.

When you have a question

about a billing statement, contact Kim Williams in the Accounting Office;

about café/dining charges, contact the Dining Services Coordinator in Dining Services;

about any other financial questions, contact Karen Henry.

When you change some of your personal information in the areas of

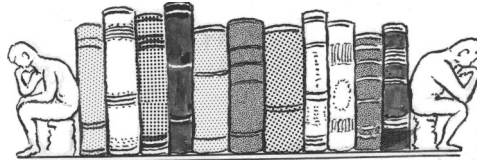
health insurance, or

those whom you wish to be your personal contact, or

power of attorney, and/or health care power of attorney, or

if you are signed up for automatic drafts on your bank accounts, any change in those bank accounts, contact Kim Williams in the Accounting Office.

Library Science 101



by Carol Scott

Because of many donations from residents, in addition to the books we have purchased, there has been a larger than usual “New in the Library” selection on the book cart near the charging desk. Some of our favorite authors are included, and the newest Richard Jury mystery by Martha Grimes is pre-ordered for early June.

Donna Leon’s *By Its Cover* has Commissario Brunetti searching for the thief who stole precious manuscripts from a special library, and a resulting murder. We have had no murder in our Library, but some books (not that precious) have vanished.....

Murder on Blackheath by Anne Perry is another Thomas and Charlotte Pitt mystery, this time involving espionage extremely detrimental to Britain’s security. Can Lady Vespasia and Victor Narraway help solve this? And how about their relationship?

Favorite novelist Maeve Binchy died in 2012, but a new collection of her short stories has been published. This one is called *Chestnut Street*. It has always been a pleasure to read her take on the Irish and their everyday lives.

Our own Jimmy Carter has issued *A Call to Action: Women, Religion, Violence, and Power*, a short (191 pgs.) but powerful book based partly on his observations on visits to 145 countries, and also on the testimonies of many courageous women. This subject has been described as “The world’s discrimination and violence against women and girls is the most serious, pervasive, and ignored violation of basic human rights.”

Other intriguing and informative books await your signature on their check-out cards for you to have enjoyable reading from our Library.

In addition to its mission to provide escape reading through mysteries, romance, and action novels is the important one to provide information. Accurate information. The week of May 19 has been designated Health and Wellness Week at The Forest. As the Library’s part in this (Intellectual Wellness), we are planning to have an exhibit of the information resources available in the Library. Some may surprise you. They will be on a table in the hall outside the Library, beside the railing. In the new Library we plan to have an area just inside the entrance for an Information Center, for quick information that will not require searching throughout the entire space.

We wish we could feature **Pat Gallagher**, who is already our unofficial Reference Librarian!

Chad Mauldin continued

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I ask him of all the beautiful countries he traveled in, which was the most beautiful. He says if he had to choose, it would be Big Sur, California.

Next he got a job at the winter Olympics in Salt Lake City. It was shortly after 9/11, and there was a lot of military presence. They had taken over Brigham Young University and surrounded it with a big fence. He was checked carefully every day on the way in to work. Here he served a lot of dignitaries, among them Colin Powell, and of course Mitt Romney, as well as the presidents of the attending countries.

Chad worked at Biltmore for three years, where he ran banquets and weddings outside the estate. He says they are constantly renovating Biltmore with plans to open more of it to the public. "There is way, way more of Biltmore than you ever see," he adds.

Chad lives in Hillsborough. No pets, he says, "But I live with a palm tree and a fern, and it's all I can do to keep them alive." When I quiz him about exactly what a sous chef does, he answers as all the hard workers in food service do: "I do whatever is needed."



Chad at Work



Chad all done

Trees: Let Them Be Deciduous Native Trees

by Ted Harris

With the pond expansion in addition to the loss of the Gazebo, which is scheduled to be replaced, we are losing at least 16 trees. These trees should be replaced with native deciduous trees. In addition, new trees behind the new cottages adjoining the stream flowing to the pond should be native deciduous trees.

With the cottage expansion (our new subdivision), we now have three forests here at The Forest At Duke. They are the forest along Pickett Road, running part way down the stream that feeds the pond; the southwest deciduous forest with some remarkable trees, located below the curve in the road in the new cottage area; and the deciduous forest referred to as The Swamp. These forests, really forest remnants, need to be taken care of just as our landscaping is cared for. We should develop a plan for

their care. These forests with native trees should be pleasing to our eyes.

Bringing Nature Home: How You Can Sustain Wildlife With Native Plants by Douglas W. Tallamy, Professor and Chair of the Department of Entomology and Wildlife Ecology at the University of Delaware, tells of the importance of native plants to our biodiversity. Tallamy makes a strong case for using native plants in landscaping because native insects—a major part of the food web—depend on them, and birds, in turn, depend on the insects.

There was a persimmon tree here that has perhaps been lost. **Phyllis Owen** told me that she and her husband, **Harry**, used to gather the persimmons after frost in the fall. Certainly one of our new trees should be a persimmon.

Food Mysteries: Mediterranean Food

By Bill Harrington

When you read this article, I will be about halfway through the Great Decisions course that I'm leading this spring. One cannot discuss world affairs without delving into the countries surrounding the Mediterranean Sea. This makes me hungry. In reality, just about everything makes me hungry. So, I thought it would be educational to learn a little about the dietary habits of this part of the world.

I didn't think I'd ever find a people whose caloric intake meant more than at the Harrington's kitchen table. Dad said over and over, "We might not have much money, but we'll always have plenty to eat." This statement was usually uttered as we "chowed down" on our entrée plus two or three fresh vegetables from his garden.

The cultures surrounding the big Mediterranean pond have taken their culinary enjoyment a step further. Today and in the ancient past eating has represented much more than just eating. Meals are special places for interaction. In fact, these people hold the record; they spend more time eating than any-

where else in the world.

Food is associated with religious rites. This means eating certain foods on certain occasions or not eating (fasting) at all. From the cradle to the grave, a meal is often prepared to commemorate a special time – such as small cakes at one's birth. Some types of foods are symbolic. For instance, eggs are a symbol of eternity and are associated with funerals.

Of course, there's not just *one* Mediterranean diet but many. There *is* a Mediterranean diet plan. The Mayo Clinic endorses a healthy diet of fresh vegetables, fish, and whole grains. These recommendations are combined with a limited intake of unhealthy fats.*

Eat healthy. Eat Mediterranean!!

*"History of Mediterranean Food" by Mohamed Yassine Essid; chapter in book entitled *Mediterra*, mayoclinic.org.

More Destination: Forest at Duke

by Carol Oettinger

Here's the continued story about **Ted** and **Dale Harris**. They had lived near Lynchburg, Virginia, most of their lives. They lived in the country on 55 acres on the top of a hill. The time came when they decided to slow down a little. All that grass to mow and weeds to pull, lots of yard work, became tiring.

Ted went to the library and found a book that had been written by a woman who was looking at a retirement home for her mother. The Forest at Duke was rated more highly than any of the rest in the things that appealed to the Harrises.

They decided that a good gift to their children, hopefully many years away, would be a place with health care available.

An important factor in their decision was the fact that their son and four grandchildren lived in Raleigh. The children love to come over, have a swim and then eat waffles for lunch. I'm sure also to enjoy a visit with their grandparents.

Ted said that they gave up a seven and one half mile view of the tallest mountain around for a fifteen foot view of their auto. And that they made the right choice. Yes.

John Henry was living in Chapel Hill painting and enjoying it. He heard about a lady named **Charlotte Castle** who lived at The Forest at Duke. She was very interested in art and had art supplies for sale. He got a letter of introduction and came to see her. She opened the door, looked at him and said, "You look so damn old that you'd better sign up here right away." He got the supplies he wanted. John hadn't been thinking about a retirement home, but he looked around The Forest and liked what he saw. He is glad he moved here and so are we since we have been graced with his company, paintings, and delightful Christmas posters.

Georgia Campion and **Mary Walters**, her twin sister, had always said they would live together if that were ever possible. Georgia was living in Southern Pines and Mary in Richmond when their

husbands died. Later while they were visiting friends in Wilson they heard about The Forest at Duke. Their friends had been interested and had information. This was two years before The Forest opened. They came and talked to Dr. Crapo and liked the plans. They selected an apartment. As building progressed they were notified that the swimming pool would obscure some of the apartment windows. However, there was a cottage available. They came to look at the cottage while concrete was still being poured. They liked it and Georgia has been living in Number 61 and enjoying it ever since.

Ginny and **Bill Goldthorp** were living in Savannah when they met **Doris** and **John Ondek** who had been living at The Forest at Duke since it opened and were visiting neighbors. The Ondeks said, "If you are thinking at all about moving to a retirement home, don't make the decision until you have seen The Forest at Duke." Sometime later they were traveling up to Pennsylvania with friends, **Maggie** and **Hugh Kenworthy**. The Goldthorps had routed the trip through Durham so they could look at The Forest. They came and wore hard hats to look around. Bill took Ginny aside and said that he liked it and this looked like a good time and a good place to settle. Ginny said, "I have to look at the possibilities for golf first." So they joined the Croasdaile Country Club and signed up at The Forest. The Kenworthys moved in too. When they got back to Savannah, they told their friends, **Hank** and **Janet McCay** about their plans. They said that if the Goldthorps were going to The Forest they would go too. And they did.

Robbie and **Trish Robertson** moved to Durham in 1977. Robbie taught at the Duke law school and Trish worked as a volunteer for the Red Cross. They heard about The Forest at Duke when the first plans were being made. They had relatives who lived at Carolina Meadows, so they looked there also. It seemed to have more people who were UNC

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Destination continued**Women in Medicine**

(Continued from page 7)

faculty and friends. There was NO bus to Duke basketball games. They got on the list for a cottage at The Forest at Duke where there were many friends they had known at Duke and a bus to ALL Duke games. In 1999 they moved to Cottage number 9 and enjoyed it until health concerns made an apartment more comfortable. The apartment they chose had a western view. They like sunsets as much as I do.

Linda and Chuck Cushman were living in Alexandria, Virginia, when they began thinking about a retirement home. They looked around the area where they lived but didn't like any they saw. They had a friend who lived in Chapel Hill who recommended Carol Woods and Carolina Meadows. They came and looked and got on the list at each place. Linda is a Duke alum and one day when Chuck was looking through the alumni magazine he saw an advertisement for The Forest at Duke. It looked good to them and they made an appointment to come see it when they came to Durham for a wedding. They liked it better than any they had seen and so got on the list. Linda said, "We hit it just right." At the time when they were ready to move they were told that a cottage was available. They came in September of 2010 and moved into cottage 79. They are happy that they did. And so are we.

Priscilla Squier was living in Highlands in the NC mountains in the summer and in Washington, DC, in the winter. When she began to think about someplace between, the Triangle area came to mind. A friend received a letter from the committee which was planning The Forest at Duke and shared it with her. She called and was invited to "lots of nice parties." She says that it wasn't even cleared when she gave her deposit. She was "buying a pig in a poke and when they opened the doors, I was there." She was one of the Pioneers. She is glad she came, and so are we. Her shop is a great place to find gifts and lots of interesting things. And she donates the profits to the Benevolent Fund.

by Cynia Shimm

I had finished the day practicing psychiatry, and was home to make supper. My son, who was a first year medical student at Duke in 1974, called out to me. I could barely hear him, so faint was his voice. I was surprised, as he had an apartment, and he didn't come home unless it was a special occasion. I found him with a heavy blanket pulled up to his neck. I felt his head and it was burning hot and his temperature was 105 degrees.

I hurried him to the car and headed for the Duke Emergency Room. The nurses immediately knew to take him to a room, and I sat in the waiting room. After about a half hour, four female residents, in white trousers and white jackets, had a mini-conference just beyond my hearing. I wasn't sure if they were talking about my son (he had "a virus" and was soon well) or another patient, but the four residents made an unbelievable impression on me.

FOUR RESIDENTS, ALL FEMALE!!!! I envied them. I had a post-graduate year in pathology and one year of internal medicine and three years in psychiatry, and each year I was the ONLY FEMALE. That told me that something had changed, and never again would a female come to Duke with an MD degree and be told—as I was—"You have to decide whether you are going to be an MD or a mother."

“All Babies Look Alike”

by Carol Scott

My mother-in-law never claimed that a grand-baby looked like a Scott. Each time she first saw the newest addition to the family she would study the baby's face for a long time and then seriously proclaim, “He looks just like the Seeleys,” or the Williamses, or the Wrights or the Hooks, or the Weymans, but NEVER like the Scotts.

On the other hand, my father claimed that “all babies look alike,” and he had the personal story to back this up.

During World War II he traveled to Washington from Durham for a part of every week. At that time, a local train ran from Durham (probably starting in Raleigh) to Greensboro in the afternoon, making connections with the Southern Railway's “Crescent” on its way to Washington from New Orleans. There was an hour's wait-over in Greensboro as well as a change of trains.

On one of his frequent trips, as he was sitting in the waiting-room, Daddy noticed a tired young woman sitting nearby with a baby in a carrier. A friendly person, he asked her where she was from and where she was going. She had been traveling all day, she said, and still had several hours of traveling ahead of her.

“Why don't you go into the coffee shop and get yourself a sandwich and some coffee?” Daddy asked her.

“But it's difficult to manage with the baby,” she replied.

“I'll be glad to watch the baby while you are gone”, he said. “I have grandchildren of my own, so I have had some experience with babies.”

She happily agreed (remember --- this was 70 years ago and people were MUCH more trusting then), and informed him, when he asked, that the baby was a boy.

All went well after she left until a gushing mother approached with two little girls.

“Oh,” she cooed. “Look at that darling little

baby! Isn't it sweet?”

Then she asked Daddy “That's a beautiful little baby! Is it a girl or a boy?”

Daddy was glad he knew the right answer. “It's a boy,” he told her.

The lady looked again at the baby, then at my father, and then, turning to her young companions, she said, “A little boy! And he looks just like his daddy, doesn't he?” The little girls nodded their heads in agreement.

This proved to Daddy that all babies look alike.

The mother came back, refreshed, thanked my father, and went on her way with the baby.

Through my two sisters and me, my father went on to have a total of ten grandchildren, both boys and girls --- and I believe that in time he changed his mind, on seeing them come along one by one, and recognized that all babies do NOT look alike.

And some of them looked like Scotts!

Health: Did you know?

... that The Forest bus can take you to local medical appointments? For residents in Independent Living, one trip a week is free; for additional trips there is a nominal fee. The bus is available weekdays, 9 am to 5 pm, booked on a first-come, first-served basis. This service can be arranged by calling Cathy Crabtree at the main Clinic number: 919-419-4020.

The Health Committee

Pets

by Carol Oettinger

When I was young, I had a dog named Penny. I loved her dearly. She ran along beside me when I was riding my bicycle. She surprised us with a puppy that we called Nickel. No more surprises, but I enjoyed these two dogs until I left to go away to school.

With six children, our house was host to many animals including Fancy, a collie who looked like Lassie. We had many cats, the best one named Homer, who sat with his paws on the back of a chair watching the fish in our 20 gallon tank. Cleopatra Purr was too young to be spayed so when it became apparent that she was expecting, we prepared a box with shredded paper in a warm corner. One night, my sleep was interrupted by a kneading on my chest. It was CP. I got up and put her into her box. I had hardly gotten back to bed, when there she was on my chest. So I sat on the floor beside the box, petting her while she had three kittens.

We had rabbits, an iguana for a time, and once I was given a handful of newborn snakes, which I quickly returned to my son with orders to return them to wherever. We had a rooster, the one survivor of some chicks that were given to my children for Easter. I enjoyed hanging up clothes outside and that rooster rushed up to me talking rooster talk every time I came out. He lived in our big fenced in backyard all through the summer. We gave him to a farmer where I'm sure he was king of the roost.

Through the years I've enjoyed a number of dogs and cats; even a cat who got seasick on the houseboat and was quickly returned to the shelter.

Now in a fourth floor apartment I'm reduced to a fish called "Indestructible."

I have always had an aquarium, even in nursing school where my friends came by to see the guppies

have their babies who quickly swam away so they wouldn't be eaten by Mom. Since coming to my apartment, I have enjoyed a number of beautiful Siamese fighting fish. The males are bright red or blue and have many waving fins. When they want to mate they blow a nest of bubbles. I had always ignored this, but finally decided to get a female for Neptune. I have neglected to tell you that both male and female will eat anything that swims by including their young when they hatch. I had a second tank ready to scoop out any babies. I put Neptune and the female, which my grandchildren called Mermaid, in adjacent tanks to get used to one another. The day finally came when they were united. Mermaid immediately attacked Neptune and bit him in a number of places. I got her out, but Neptune didn't survive. I wasn't fond of her, but she was alive so I had to feed and clean her. Her name changed the day I was cleaning her tank in the sink and she flipped out and went down the disposal. I reached down in but every time I got hold of her, she slipped away. It was fully three minutes before I was able to grasp her and get her out. I washed her off under the faucet and put her into the clean bowl. So now, many months later, I'm still feeding and cleaning Indestructible.

Edward Nobody

by Don Chesnut

Edward Nobody was a shy child. Instead of playing baseball or riding bikes with the other boys, he would stay mostly in his room dreaming about what important person he might grow up to be. Perhaps a highly respected surgeon, or a famous general, or even the holder of a high post in the church.

When at a young age Edward was introduced to his new adoptive parents, they asked: "Edward, what is your full name?" He replied, "I am nobody." So from that time on he was known as Edward Nobody.

He did well in school but not well enough to get into medical school or law school or the military academies, and didn't attempt to enter the ministry. As middle age crept in, Edward dreamed so much that his company physicians thought it worthwhile

for him to undergo some tests at Happy Haven, a local clinic for treating various problems, and that is where our story is set.

All the time Edward kept dreaming of someday "making it big" in the world, becoming a doctor or a general or a priest. Then one day Edward's dream began to come true.

How does Edward's story turn out? Did he finally really make it big in the world? Or did his ability to assume other's personalities cause him to end up in an untenable situation? Perhaps Edward, unrecognized, is among us now! Be sure to come and find out on Monday, May 12, at 7:00 PM in the Auditorium when The Forest at Duke Play Group proudly presents *The Strange Story of Edward Nobody*.



Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



This five-year-old boy is dressed to enter a contest for which little boy looked most like Jackie Cooper in “Skippy,” a 1931 movie, in which Skippy, the mischievous son of a wealthy doctor, meets Sooky in poverty-ridden Shantytown, and together they try to save Sooky’s pet from a cruel dogcatcher.

He won first place and a \$50 prize.



This eight-year-old girl had her photo taken (circa 1938) by an itinerant photographer in Brooklyn, who had a pony on which children’s photos were taken for a fee.