

# THE FORESTER

Volume 9 Issue 8

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

May 2003

## Executive Director

Steve Fishler came to The Forest six years ago in April. John Tebbel, *The Forester's* most famous interviewer, has written about Steve at least twice during these six years. But it is time, now that governance has become of keen interest to many of our residents, to ask Steve how he feels about the position he has so ably filled.

A good way to get a look inside Steve's management style is to read from his remarks to his Senior Directors on his first day on the job. He told them that his foremost priority was to foster a "caring atmosphere." He required proper financial management and a strong interest in doing the "right thing." He also had a zero tolerance policy for both dishonesty and discrimination.

Steve says that he was "preparing to be here at The Forest all my life." He earned a Master of Public Administration degree, in long term care, from The University of Arizona. His work experience ranged from leadership of adult day care to skilled nursing. His last job before coming here was as director of a retirement facility in Florida. When asked if the residents there were as demanding as those here at The Forest, Steve smiled and replied that there were lots of sharp elbows. He learned, when Marriott acquired the facility, that, while he values emphasis on hospitality, he wanted to focus greater attention on continuing care. He thinks that both he and the residents here at The Forest understand that we are in our situation for the long haul and won't be walking out the front door after a stay of a week. Steve enjoys being able to greet us on a daily basis and to eat breakfast with residents who have expressed concerns at public meetings. "I don't have a problem with give and take," he said. When he was growing up in New York City, his parents were tolerant of the children entering into lively mealtime conversations and

statements of opinion on almost any subject.

He gives very high praise to his staff. Current staff members who were here when Steve arrived are Vicki Barringer, Leslie Jarema, Linda Vannaman, and Lucy Grant. Our retention rate is outstanding. Steve recruited Beth Corning and Jim Thompson. He also had a hand in bringing in Barrie Lobo, though Barrie works directly for Compass, formerly known as Morrisons. Steve likes people who live up to the motto "under-promise and over-deliver." We have seen this in the dining arrangements during the current renovation projects. He encourages the staff to sing off the same page. This helps to promote "harmony."

In addition to New York, Steve enjoyed living in Tucson, Newport Beach, San Diego, Chicago, and Hollywood FL. His wife, Heidi Hobbs, teaches International Relations at North Carolina State University and serves as the Director of their Masters program. She and Steve were married almost twelve years ago at a historic plantation in Wrightsville Beach, long before they knew that North Carolina would be their home. They have a son Perry, daughter Madison, a rescued dog, and three cats.

Bette Gallie

Photo by Ed Albrecht



*The Forester*

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### Contributions for *The Forester*

Please place news items, articles, letters, and poetry contributed for publication in *The Forester* in the box of Pete Seay, Editor, Box # 1007.

## A Man in the World

Three callings graced Roy's life.  
or he them:

learning, diplomacy, teaching  
and then

he knew the joyous constancies  
of marriage and fatherhood

that have been

his long support and pride,

and grandfatherhood:

the Great Amen.

When the Master turns  
another page

he brings new wisdoms

to an age

where war and ignorance

are engaged

and the world that fascinates this man

with all its din and frailty

now calls for him to finish

out a Century.

Happy 90th Birthday to Roy Melbourne  
April 12, 2003

Marion Salinger

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## Growing Pains

**Garden Plots:** Ten of the thirteen garden plot owners met with chairman Frank Melpolder in early April for the annual meeting. Problems discussed included: (1) rotting timbers around the raised beds; (2) additional gravel on pathways to keep down the weeds; (3) Mimosa trees by the fence that develop seeds and shade that are a nuisance to the gardeners; (4) tomato blight.

Edna Wilson has a tip from *Organic Gardening* for tomato growers. "Tomato diseases, especially bacterial spot, bacterial canker and bacterial speck can easily be carried from one year to the next on cages and stakes. It's quite likely that fungal diseases such as alternaria, early blight and fusarium wilt can be carried along also. Home gardeners can break this cycle of infection by dipping or spraying tomato stakes or cages in a 10% bleach solution after removing any soil or plant residue. Wait about five minutes, then rinse well before using."

The annual clean up day was scheduled for Saturday April 19th at 8:30AM.

**Grounds:** Our landscapers have been busy pruning, fertilizing, killing weeds and sprucing up the grounds. Fortunately we don't have to complain about lack of rain. Craig Harris reports that the Grounds Committee is helping with the plan for landscaping the new assisted living building. The committee has OKed moving the flagpoles to the center island for better viewing of the flags.

**Flower Arrangers:** Bess Bowditch has made her schedule (May through October) of "Flower Girls" to do arrangements for the dining room, foyer, count-me-in table and front desk. The "flower girls" are: Evebell Dunham, Sarah McCracken, Anna Louise Spigener, Jill Moyer, Betty Gray, Jean Mason, Debbie Carey, Terry Bronfenbrenner, Margie Burns, Ginny Putnam, June Northwood, Hazel Scheblik, Edna Wilson, Jenn Van Brunt, Minnie Mae Franklin, Mary Gates, Joyce Albrecht, Ruth Patterson, Gina Frank and Juanita Kreps. Our thanks to you all and, if there are any others who would like to help, please call Bess! Thanks to Bernie Hopkins for sharing her beautiful Tropicana roses.

Betty Gray



## President's Podium

The staff reports and the information about the progress of the Building and Renovation project were reassuring to those who attended the April 15th meeting. The excellent work of the staff has made this transition period as painless as possible.

The third meeting of the Executive Committee of the TFAD Board and Residents' Association representatives and the meeting of the TFAD full Board a few days later were encouraging. Agreement has been reached to have timely meetings of the parallel committees of the Board and the Residents' Association. There was long and inconclusive discussion of the election of residents to the TFAD board and their responsibility. It has been agreed that this aspect of governance, as well as many others, remain for consideration in future meetings.

I think we all feel that life at The Forest is very good. Our high level of occupancy and long list of applicants attest to that. I believe, too, that the wish of all concerned is to improve those matters which are under question, mainly communication and the budgetary process.

It is hoped that we can achieve a more closely knit community in which Board, Staff, and residents cooperate openly and work together to reach mutually agreed solutions to all our concerns. If this leads to closer social contact, then all to the good. That is an initiative the residents might well undertake. Some attitudes will have to change on all sides. But let us start with a respect for the time and concern Board members give The Forest, appreciation for the faithful ministrations of the staff to the maintenance of the plant and the well being of the residents, and recognition of the large pool of knowledge and experience which the residents bring to the community.

As they say in Italian opera, AVANTI!

Bob Ward



## Bric-A-Brac

It was great weather for ducks! Mr. and Mrs. Mallard were waddling down the walkway in full view of **Craig Harris, Joan England, Keith Burkett** and **Lou and Gerry Swanson** if they looked out of their windows. The ducks were seen in other courtyards, too, perhaps looking for a nesting place. But **Carol Withers'** cat, or **Humphrey**, belonging to **Margaret Fairleigh**, **Nicky** who runs **Liz O'Hanlan's** household, **Anna Fetter's** **Brandy** or that new bundle of fur owned by **Sarah Waggoner** could have been deterrents for a quiet place to raise ducklings. . . However, a few years ago a female Mallard laid and hatched her eggs in the bushes outside the wall of **Dottie Kamin's** apartment where her lovely Siamese cat lived. . While we all enjoy songbirds, **Peg Lewis** is having problems keeping them from eating all of her blueberries. . .Hail Britannia, **Bob Guy's** Siamese grand-cat, was recently a friendly, elegant and welcome house guest of **Marion and Bernie Bender** while **Bob** was vacationing in Tuscany.

Although **Helen Corbett** arranged a trolley ride for friends in Duke Gardens she was not able to join them. However, **Ginny Putnam, Jean Mason, Marion Bender, Jenn Van Brunt** and **Molly Simes** enjoyed the tour when the flowers were gorgeous. On another occasion, **Barbara Blair, Margaret Fairleigh, Bette Gallie, Mary Gates, Betty Gray** and **Molly Simes** enjoyed lunch and a tour of the Gardens. . . Volunteers from TFAD at Duke Gardens include **Helen, Molly, Jenn, Marion, Minnie Mae Franklin, Sarah McCracken, Betty Ostrander, Frank Simes, Ed Albrecht**, chief photographer, **Edna Wilson, Bob and Ann Durden, Gerry Wolinsky, Hazel Scheblik** and **Ann Kirkpatrick** to name a few.

**Betsy Close** spent a pleasant weekend recently with a friend in the Myrtle Beach area. . . **Elizabeth Trapp** and **Bernard Peach** were there, also. . .**Dot Heroy** flew to Dallas to attend a play in which her daughter had a major role. . . **Bess**

**Bowditch** flew to Houston to attend a grandniece's wedding and family reunion. . .**Jean Mason** drove to Fairfax, VA for the lovely outdoor wedding of her granddaughter. . .**Bob and June Northwood** enjoyed the festivities surrounding the marriage of their son and his bride in Oklahoma. . . **Chris Hamlet** drove with a friend to Peaks of Otter in the Blue Ridge Mountains, the Amish country in Pennsylvania, Philadelphia city and home to end a happy journey. . . **Gene and Phyllis Magat, John and Betty Gray, Ann Kirkpatrick, and Julia Ne-gley** are back on site after trips to Florida. . . **George and Geneva Boguslovsky** and **Shirley Marti** are home after spending the winter there, while **Ben and Bylee Massey** have returned from their winter in Arizona.

**Ginny Putnam** and her sister from Carol Woods entertained five members of their family for a reunion at the Sienna Hotel in Chapel Hill. . . **Pat Predmore's** son visited her from Tacoma, WA, and **Julian and Delancy Price's** daughter was here from Dallas. . .**Bruce and Margie Burns'** son and d.i.l. visited here from Ft. Myers, FL. . .**Betty Willis** is always pleased to have daughter, **Diana**, and her husband, **Bill Getzelman** here for dinner. . .**Elizabeth Krakauer's** son who is Director of the Museum of Life and Science located across town is often here with his wife for a meal and a visit. He has requested permission to reproduce one of **Bob Blake's** Word Puzzles (from *The Forester*) for use by students and teachers. . . Committee members for Reunion weekend at Duke brought daughters of **Viola White** from California and **Eleanor Kinney** from Indiana.

Received too late for inclusion earlier was a note about **Florence Manning's** daughter, **Dr. Susan Blanchard**, a Biomedical Engineer at NCSU. She was recently elected a Fellow of the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers. . .**Georgia Champion** was a valued member of the search committee for a new president of Barton College in Wilson, NC. . . High on the list of Olympic contenders in Dressage is **Ginny Putnam's** grand-

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daughter who performed recently at an Ohio State Exhibition. . .Participants in the TV show "Smart Start Kids," aired over state and national networks, were **Ginnie Jones'** son and granddaughter. . .**Lee Phelps** celebrated a special birthday and **Ann Kirkpatrick** marked her 80th with a big party. . .Add another 10 years for **Roy Melbourne** whose daughters had a happy family gathering in Raleigh.

Remember to send any news items for the June publication by May 15th to Box 1007.

## Fresh Starts

A fresh beginning is spring to me.  
 God makes anew each baby bird, each flower and  
     tree.  
 Tiny buds burst into bloom,  
 Bulbs alerted to push through the warm soil above,  
 Leaves and blossoms soon tree branches will  
     groom.  
 Best of all spring means Easter is near,  
 The straw hat, frilly dress, the sun filled sky.  
 Folk observe traditions they hold dear,  
 Children bedeck the cross with flowers  
 While the Easter lily reigns close by.  
 The hunt for colored eggs to fill Easter baskets,  
     a sport with treats.  
 The ham to be carved awaits the gathering of the  
     clan,  
 Brothers and sisters blessed before we  
     claim our seats.  
 All pray peace will soon return to our homeland.  
 Amen

Ellen C. Dozier

## Our Education Committee

As everyone knows, TFAD has the best staff in the history of civilization, but what everyone doesn't know is that its recently created *Education Committee* is embarked on a long-range program that can only enhance the Forest's reputation as a caring community.

Chaired by Walter Lifton, the committee includes Chris Hamlin, Phyllis Magat, Helen Pratt and Linda Vanaman. These people are bringing into focus a past history of assisting employees to value education as a means of securing their future. Four residents had some time ago contributed \$2,700 to start a fund to help employees seek additional schooling and meet emergency needs. The contributors remain anonymous. This fund, set up as part of the TFAD budget, provides up to \$500 to cover an individual's tuition and expenses, including books and lab fees. ("Cover," of course, should be prefaced by "help.") Full time employees can get a 50% refund, part-timers 25%. In the past, 37 employees have taken advantage of this help, and sixteen are currently seeking help.

Most Foresters are unaware of how deeply TFAD is, and has been, involved in the education of its staff, which includes 68 different job titles. Many entry level jobs have provided employment for people at all levels of schooling and training for whatever the workplace expects of employees. Using the tuition reimbursement opportunity, many employees have changed their goals to seek higher levels of employment. On another level, Foresters have made friends of wait staff people, and found themselves involved in proms, graduation exercises, reading student writings, and talking with them about careers. Chairman Lifton says the committee welcomes suggestions for future activities. He would welcome people who might want to join the committee.

John Tebbel

This is the first in a series of *Forester* articles on the work of the Education Committee. It will include stories of past successes, current plans, and possible future activities. Comments from readers are welcomed. Editor

## Last Night I Lay Dreaming

The Executive Committee of TFAD met in secret to discuss a request from Marketing to develop a night activity to be published in their brochure. Prospective residents have inquired about specific night time schedules.

The committee proposed a series of events. President Bob Ward has announced the program. There will be three Pajama Parties in June. Each will start promptly at midnight. (Please do not share these plans with the "Big Shots" — the surprise element will knock them cold.)

The first event will be a Roller Derby. All residents with electric scooters will be eligible. The first fifteen who sign up will be the contestants. Starting and finishing markers will be in the foyer. Jim Shuping will spell out the rules. Any infraction will eliminate the player. The residents' support will be crucial. Please line the hallway on floor 2000 and cheer the speeders as they pass. If this activity draws excitement, it will be repeated next month.

The second PJ program's success will depend on the ladies. All women are eligible to be participants in a fashion show. Please wear your wedding negligee or some slinky creation. You will float down the steps at the foyer fountain. If you are a Mae West type, maybe you'd best buy a flannel gown for the occasion. Musicians have been engaged for this event. Ruth Patterson and Paul Bryan will sing the Jeanette McDonald and Nelson Eddy version of "Sweethearts" and "I'll Be Calling You-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo." Bill Goldthorp will serve as Judge. If he collapses from the intense role he must play, standby judges will be ready.

The third event will be held on the outdoor center court from two balconies. Willie Mae Jones and Sarah McCracken have offered their apartments. Remember, the stroke of midnight! A rope made of old sheets (donations, please) will be securely tied to the balconies by Navy men, Bob Northwood and Bob Guy. Please wear your PJ's, folks, (women, too.) The ones who slide down the rope the fastest will win fabulous prizes. The Burns twins, P. J. and Bruce, will be time keepers. Spot-

lights will be focused on the event. The local paper will be notified and photos allowed.

DO NOT MISS THESE FUN PARTIES !!!

Anonymous

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## About May

There's something a little odd about May, and it isn't the fact that it's somewhere between spring and summer, with elements of both, depending on where you live. The oddity is that it hasn't always been the same. If you remember May as a child, and encounter her today, when you're with your grandchildren, you might reasonably exclaim, "My, how you've changed."

Some of us are old enough to remember when May 1 was considered the day when revolutionaries of every stripe here and in Europe celebrated as a memorial to overthrowers of governments past and present. Now it's just May 1, and there have been so many revolutions in the world since then that radicals could celebrate every day if they chose.

Much more to the point is Memorial Day, for many decades observed on May 30. Foresters remember it when it was Decoration Day, as it was called in the beginning and for many decades after. Originally dedicated to the Civil War dead, it was extended to those who died in later wars. Many of us remember, if we lived in small towns, how we watched the parade on Main Street, and then picked lilacs to take to the cemetery and lay them on the graves of veterans. The mournful sound of taps, the smell of lilacs — that was Decoration Day, not forgetting the picnic.

But then there were more wars, and "Decoration Day" wasn't inclusive enough or specific enough, and so we changed it to "Memorial Day," to include the dead from all the wars. People still go to the cemeteries, the marchers still march, and the meaning is still there, but like most of our other holidays, it has yielded to commerce and is always on a Monday, assuring a long weekend.

John Tebbel



## How It Feels to Be a Newcomer

After several years living in Chapel Hill, and having had open heart surgery without any willing relatives to help, I realized I had better find a retirement home or depend on the "kindness of ambulance drivers." After much research and self searching I got on the waiting list here at The Forest. It seemed like an eternity before my name was called. I hoped and prayed this antique body would last long enough to enter these Elysian Fields.

The day finally arrived. I was on the ready list. The paperwork, the packing, downsizing, house sale, etc, etc, was daunting. I decided to take only the bare essentials, a grand piano, a harpsichord (homemade,) my art library, drawing tables, a puppet collection and a few clothes. The apartment looked spacious (one bedroom) and I tried to grid the layout on paper to be sure of what I could bring. I knew the brochures by heart, the abundant activities, the meals, the staff (trained to like old people), medical facilities and on and on.

Moving Day! Shell Shock! At least I was here. As I dragged in the armloads of downsized "necessities," a kind lady invited me to a party that evening. How could I go? I couldn't even find a tooth brush much less a suit of clothes. Fearing pariahhood or some such "stigmata," I went anyway. I had to keep my feet under the sofa since I couldn't find my shoes. The people tho were just great! Everyone was so friendly and intelligent. I sat next to two nuclear physicists, three army colonels, and, I think, the inventor of the atom. Their wives were all clinical psychiatrists with four children each, all of whom were doctors and lawyers. I think someone had also been Indian Chief.

The party invitations kept coming. I was in a community of approximately three hundred residents and one hundred fifty had volunteered to entertain us newcomers. No brochures or any individual had prepared me for this kind of welcome. It is one of the deep dark hidden secrets of The Forest, I think.

I tried hard to learn names, Unfortunately I fre-

quently used the wrong one. I thought Ruth or Virginia were fairly common so I would mumble Ruu or Ginnn in greeting. One lady whispered to her friend as I passed them in the hall "That's the idiot newcomer."

The meals were also unusual experiences. There was always great concern and discussion of serious and important subjects and, to me, very enlightening — women's basketball, bridge games, Duke basketball, color of paint in the halls, the carpet, the food. Etc. All very intellectual subjects. Of course others charmed me with their travels around the world, their life histories, their occupational experiences, the state of the nation, the world, and the war. Meals could be very stimulating as well as tasty, with veal Oscar, beef Wellington, shrimp casserole and designer desserts and salads.

I certainly had plenty to do: exercise classes, my portrait work, unpacking, trying to see friends on the "outside," help with a 40 foot mural, write and rewrite this article, go to parties, learn 200 more names, give a party. GIVE A PARTY!

We decided to invite all the people that had entertained us so lavishly. It took two weeks to get all of them in the apartment (one bedroom). I had to learn to do hors d'oeuvres. Cranberry sauce on crackers just wasn't acceptable. There was still unpacking to do, tune the harpsichord, hang some puppets and paintings. I wondered if I was really entertaining or just showing off.

The parties seemed successful, judging by the number of thoughtful thank you cards received. I didn't have to secretly leave under a cloud into the deadly night. I had made tons of acquaintances and some real friends. I am grateful every day I am here. I hope it will last a long time for myself and everyone I meet. It's really nice to be a newcomer. After three months my life here is still bright and shiny and new.

John Henry

## Library Notes

So far only two people have given us a list of their favorite books, but these will be displayed hoping that others will contribute. Look at the top shelf at the end of the "island" above our In-House Authors, newly relocated there to accommodate our expanding collection of large-print volumes.

Also moved over are our art books to allow more space for biographies. Receiving more books than we have space for is sometimes a problem, but it's a good kind of problem! We just try to keep our collection "weeded" and up to date.

Sometimes we receive offers of files of magazines well worth keeping and re-reading. Sad to say, however, we simply cannot store them. All current ones are on our rack or the big table. Other useful ones are donated to the hospitals or even the schools. Otherwise, they go into recycling.

Note that all puzzles, video tapes, and audio tapes have check-out cards inside. Puzzle cards should be kept in the puzzle file box in the annex; others go into the basket on the check-out desk. If an item has no card, just sign it out in the notebook on the desk. *Paperbacks, however, do not need to be signed out. Just take the ones you want and bring them back when finished. Please do not sign out anything on a slip of paper!* Our filing system does not accommodate anything but cards.

Lately we have been sending out notices about books kept out too long. What is too long? Three months is much too long. If you have a book on your shelf that's been there too long, please return it to the library before you receive a notice. Often it's the most popular books that don't come back on time. (One month is ordinarily enough time to finish a book unless you are away on vacation.) Another reminder: *reference books*, which contain no cards, and *all archival files* of TFAD materials, must remain in the library. They don't circulate!

Adhering to these little reminders will keep everyone happily using our library. We keep hearing it's one of the real assets of The Forest!

Mary Ruth Miller

## Book Notes

We're approaching summer, that season which traditionally means what used to be called "hammock reading." (Has anyone seen a hammock lately?) The theory is that most readers want something light and entertaining, but not necessarily junky. Here are some early entries to consider.

To begin, this is one that is already being called a sure winner: Christopher Moore's *Fluke: Or, I Know Why the Winged Whale Sings*, coming in June. Moore introduces us to Nate Quinn, who is studying whales in Maui, with his partner Clay Demodocus, famous undersea photographer, both assisted by Amy Earhart, who says she's a graduate from Woods Hole Institute, and Kona, a dreadlocked Hawaiian. Nate spots a humpbacked whale with "Bite Me" tattooed on its tail, which eventually swallows Nate, technically impossible since humpbacks have narrow throats. But this is no ordinary humpback. It's really a living ship, run by a crew of humans and "whaley boys." That will give you an idea. What follows may be unbelievable, too, but you'll be taken into a fascinating underwater world where anything can happen. Check your credibility at the door and enjoy.

Whether you like television's late evening host, Larry King, or not, you are virtually certain to enjoy his company, with collaborator Thomas Cook, the veteran mystery story writer, in *Moon Over Manhattan*, which is that rarity in our times, pure farce, and riotously delightful it is, too. It's about Allison Vandameer, pretty daughter of a famous liberal TV commentator, who wants to go to film school against her father's wishes. She conspires with her brain-dead Puerto Rican boyfriend, Goonie, to panic her father into giving permission. This scheme fails, but Allison comes up with a new plan, to hide out with Roy Bumble, a hotel doorman. Etc. You'll see the whole New York scene — players, wannabees, heroes, hucksters, all told with a plot that moves as fast as the A train between express stops. (May)

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## Forester Profile

### Peter Schueler

If you've noticed a sudden change in The Forest cuisine (and some with educated tongues have done so,) the reason is that Peter Schueler is our new chef. He's a man who has been cooking since he was a teenager, and it shows. Our collective taste buds have been renewed.

Peter is one of the very good things to come out of Buffalo, that much maligned Lake Erie port. He studied at Buffalo State College, where he planned to be an art teacher. But times were hard, and he had to settle for what he had already been doing since he was fourteen, when he began working in hotel and restaurant kitchens. He began as a busboy and dishwasher, but he was also understudying chefs, and when one walked out suddenly, Peter was able to take over, and a career was born.

There followed a long period during which he accumulated experience in a number of hotels and restaurants, as chefs are inclined to do, until he had enough of both experience and money to establish his own business, the Fairways Restaurant and Lounge, in scenic Chautauqua Lake, about an hour's drive from Buffalo. Needless to say, Buffalo chicken wings made frequent appearances on the menu.

Four years ago, Peter decided he'd had enough of the snowy north and moved to Durham where, since then, he has been head chef at the Bennett Point Grill, on Hillsborough Road, for the past three years, and at nearby Rick's Diner. On the side, he operates his own catering service, which still occupies his spare time.

Away from The Forest, Peter lives in Hillsborough with his significant other, (he cooks, she doesn't), paints landscapes and portraits, and listens to music — every kind but country. At The Forest, he's bringing us the best of American cuisine, which all of us serious eaters welcome.

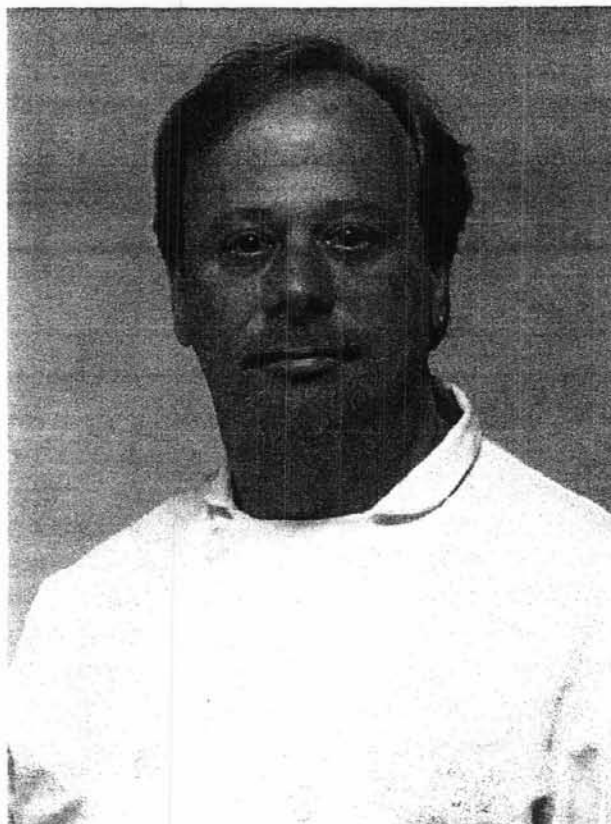


Photo by Ed Albrecht

Peter Schueler

## Book Notes

(Continued from page 8)

Rather read nonfiction this summer? Try *Zelda Fitzgerald: Her Voice in Paradise*, by Sally Cline. Remember the allegedly mad Zelda, wife of the famous Scott, who dominated, with Ernest Hemingway, the fiction of the Twenties? This entertaining biography pictures Zelda as the victim of a marriage in which she desperately attempted to find and establish her own identity while her famous husband viewed these efforts as attacks on his masculinity and genius. But was she really mad? Cline thinks it was Ernest Hemingway, Zelda's implacable enemy, who first launched that idea and pursued it. Enough stuff for a novel here, but it will do nicely as biography. (May)

John Tebbel

## My 15 Minutes of Fame

As background, it is important to note that my father, a farmer, purchased a used Ford pick-up in 1941 — the first in a long line of pick-ups, many Chevrolets.

Maybe because of this purchase, he learned of the Ford Good Driver's League and encouraged me to sign up for the contest for the State of Missouri.

Meanwhile he coached me to learn to drive between a long line of willow canes stuck into the soft soil of a fallow field. Day after day I practiced, even when the willow canes were so faintly distinguishable from the grasses. If I knocked one down, the penalty was another five runs. Just to save time one learns to do it right the first time!! Having proved interest in this project, I was delighted when my father purchased a Ford car for me to use in practice (when it wasn't in use as the family car.)

Then came the hot summer's day when contestants gathered at the State Capitol in Jefferson City, Missouri overlooking the Missouri River. We contestants probably went alphabetically, because I distinctly remembered going first. The stakes were positioned and I started out — then someone in charge was knocking on my window to "Stop". My heart sank - I was right at the very start - what could I have possibly done wrong? I glanced up to the top of the Capitol's steps, west side, where I knew my father was standing and he looked crestfallen. So, I got out of the car, and the official said, "Since you're the first, the test is laid out so you must start the other way around." All right. No chance to indicate to my father that I was being allowed to start over. I complied, did a perfect run and got out of the car so that the next contestant could take a turn.

I thought my father was showing restraint when I approached him but he was putting on his game face, thinking that I had failed. Much later that day the winners were announced — one teenager of each sex — and I had won. A very delicious day.

Not long afterwards we received the invitation for me and my chaperone to attend the national contest in Detroit — so my father and I drove the Ford car to Detroit where we stayed at the Cadillac-Bok Hotel. Most of the way was highway driving.

I remember enjoying the events planned for us, meeting some of the contestants from each of the 48 states. We were treated to a performance of Lena Horne, a banquet, a publicity photograph for our local papers back home and a dance in the ballroom at Dearborn.

My father offered a lesson in keeping in touch with your roots: He suggested that I didn't need to feel in awe of the head waiter at the Hotel, who was so impressive with a large gold chain across his front, because, after all, he couldn't produce a soft-boiled egg to my father's satisfaction, and I could do that very successfully at home.

I drove in the contest very poorly, as I was intimidated by the fiercely rude city traffic, which was terrible. (A public transport strike caused every car in Detroit to be out on the streets.) I knocked over the slim wooden foot-high block (one inch square at the base) on the floor of the passenger's side of the car when I stopped short so as not to hit the car in front.

That's all right. I didn't win in the national contest, but I had the pleasure of riding in the elevator with Alice Marble, the great tennis star. She was wearing an unusual lapel pin, a golden tennis racquet with a pearl "tennis ball" perched on the strings.

AND, I had the pleasure of dancing with Henry Ford and his diminutive wife as they led the cotillion around the ballroom at Dearborn. What more could any teenager want!! Well deserving of being listed as "My fifteen Minutes of Fame."

Caroline Long

## Opera Buffa

He thought he heard a tenor who  
Sang Wagner's "Parsifal."  
He turned away and found it was  
A giant waterfall.  
"They sound to me," he said, "as though  
They'd never stop at all."

He thought he saw a war canoe  
That crossed the sea from Fiji.  
He looked again and found it was  
da Ponte's Fiordiligi.  
"It's odd," he said, "to think that she's  
A native of Bemidji."

George Chandler

When told that the Publisher did not understand  
*Opera Buffa*, George Chandler replied as follows:

## A Cautionary Limerick

A professor with mind far from dense  
Pondered deeply a rhyming sequence  
Despite straining his brain  
He sought meaning in vain  
For one cannot make sense of nonsense

George Chandler

## Copy Machine Problems

Yesterday I found two cartoons stuck in the machine, thus making it unavailable for use. There is a notice on the *bulletin board* asking you to call me (490-8454) or Bette Gallie if the machine is not functioning properly. Please *call us* when you have a problem.

Also, it is *not necessary* to write a slip if you are *paying cash* for your copies. The slips are there for IOUs and Resident Association use.

Doris Fields

## Welcome New Resident

Margaret Fairleigh

#3033

403-3798

Margaret Fairleigh was born in Atlanta and lived there all her life, until her move to The Forest at Duke. She earned her law degree at The Woodrow Wilson College of Law and was actively engaged in the practice of law for 60 years. Among her other activities, she served as Chairman of the Atlanta Legal Aid Society, as a member of the Governor's Commission on the Status of Women, and as a member of the Atlanta and DeKalb County Estate Planning Commissions. Her avocations include gardening, reading, travel, and animals. She has two daughters and five grandchildren. One of her daughters lives in Durham, and it was this which first led her to consider a move to The Forest.



Photo by Ed Albrecht

Margaret Fairleigh



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Bob Blake's  
*Puzzle*

Each word below can be found by reading either  
up, down, forward, backward or diagonally.

T F H S R E K A E R B D E E W A E S  
O S J D K C W H T E R N V X C Y Z A  
W A G U O A P I X V I L K H Z Q K L  
E F R N V M U J U C H C A E B B C T  
L Q C E I S T S S A B I L R X A R S  
F H S R M L P A B F R J L Y O R E P  
R B H I C A I U O J K E E V Z C I O  
A S W E D L C P F B C A R F L H P L  
H S V D S K N H D A Q G B A R S I L  
W S U I E G I V S R T L M Q P U H A  
O Y E T F X C T Z I A A U R V R S C  
T S Q A U V L H A N F U A L E L A S  
R E K Y O E R B K W I Y G L L G N K  
E M F C H A E E P E B B L E U A D N  
D A D O O W T F I R D O H L F J B U  
N G S Y A R A S Y W R S L M E I M R  
U Y Z K L A W V I N I K I B R J L T  
L E V O H S E Z E E R B E L T R U T

**Vacationing at the BEACH**

ALGAE	CAMERA	JELLY FISH	SAND	TERN
BAIT	CASTLE	LIFE GUARD	SCALLOPS	TIDE
BALL	CHAIR	PEBBLE	SEAWEED	TOWEL
BASS	CLAM	PICNIC	SEA OATS	TRUNKS
BEACH	CONCH	PIER	SHELL	TURTLE
BIKINI	CORAL	PILINGS	SHIP	UMBRELLA
BLANKET	CRAB	RAY	SHOVEL	UNDERTOW
BOAT	DRIFT WOOD	ROCKS	SHRIMP	WALK
BREAKERS	DUNE	ROLLER	SPRAY	WATER
BREEZE	GAMES	SAILS	SURF	WAVES
BUCKET	GULL	SALT	SWIMSUIT	WHARF

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