

## The Proof of the Pudding

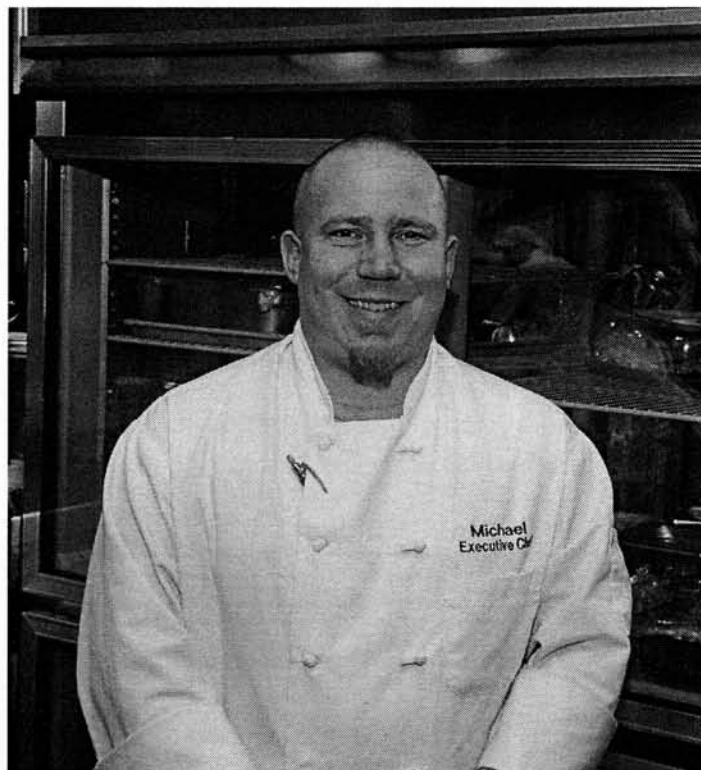
The tongue tells, the palate persuades that the food at the Forest ranges from not bad to excellent. It's not easy to feed some 380 critical persons whose culinary experience long ago outgrew McDonalds.

Complimented on a particularly scrumptious Mardi Gras feast, Michael Ahern, head chef, said, "It's good to hear praise, but the quality of the meals doesn't depend on me. We have a team of talented people who make the difference, from the dishwashers on up." He commands a veritable army of eager workers: 11 cooks, 25 dishwashers, 20 café staff, and 30 servers.

Michael is particularly proud of two chefs, who came on during the past year: Anthony Cross and Brandon Warren. Both have been to culinary school and, by coincidence, have worked in Orlando, Florida. Both share true enthusiasm for the work. In separate interviews, Anthony said, "The work keeps my interest. I learn from it every day." Brandon said he is "passionate" about cooking.

What makes a chef? Michael: "My mother was a horrible cook. I learned to cook to survive." He acknowledges that the fact his father managed or worked in restaurants had something to do with it. Brandon: "Probably my mother was the inspiration. She was a good cook. My father was in general maintenance and construction, but I wanted to find something less stressful." Anthony started with dishwashing but discovered how much he enjoyed cooking when a country club chef suggested he try it.

The image of a chef has changed for the better, Michael feels. In the old days people regarded cooks as "pirates and bums" but thanks to the Food Network and magazines plus the emergence of American foodies, the profession has achieved considerable respectability.



All three chefs enjoy wine dinners, holiday meals, and such events as the Wednesday gourmet lunches because they get a chance to demonstrate their creativity. To confront a 50-gallon vat of soup after working at fine dining places came as a shock to Brandon. Michael, who comes from Nantucket, had a chef's table at the Pillar House in Newton, Massachusetts, where diners could watch food prepared and sample special menus.

Here he doesn't always have a chance to visit markets personally, though he shops shrewdly with purveyors, seeking quality as well as price. During the spring and summer he goes to farmers' markets. "We try to make things as fresh as possible."

A tip to diners, a two-edged one at that. The

*(Continued on page 5)*

### 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.

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## President's Podium

Few of us can remember The Forest without the caucus system, which has greeted and welcomed us all. The telephone tree came shortly after and has been an efficient communication system for years. Our present Caucus Coordinator, Katherine Holton, and our 13 caucus leaders deserve many thanks for not only carrying on the traditions of meetings and greetings but also for their contributions to defining the residents' responsibilities in the updated disaster plans.

Resident Policy and Procedure (6.1) for evacuation was placed in your in-house mailbox last month. We are planning a test of those evacuation procedures sometime in the spring. The large number of residents who came to Jim Thompson's and Chuck Walkley's meeting was gratifying. The Suggestions for Pet Owners (6.2) was given to pet owners who are grateful to Chuck for his work to make plans easier for them.

Sometimes it seems the "F" in TFAD should stand for Flowers instead of Forest. We have so many of them, especially our roses, beautifully cared for and arranged by volunteers. Shirley Buckley has just decided to step down as chair of the Rose Garden Committee. We owe her many thanks for all the work she has done. Jenn Van Brunt has agreed to chair that committee and Evebell Dunham will see that our beautiful flower arrangements continue. Also, thanks to all the volunteers who risk thorn pricks to keep The Forest beautiful.

As you read this, Susan and Jim Shuping should be getting ready to embark on their Hawaiian cruise. A well-earned vacation! Bon Voyage!

Penelope Easton, Vice President

## In Memoriam

Lewis E. Anderson	February 1, 2007
Roy Malcolm Melbourne	February 6, 2007
Mary Virginia Hebbert	February 24, 2007
Kathryn Tebbel	February 27, 2007



## Virginia Jones

For many years Virginia Jones has been Associate Editor of *The Forester*, advising on content and writing an occasional piece herself. With scissors and paste and red pen she has every month accomplished the layout. When I fetched up on her doorstep with my first issue of sixteen pages of copy, she suggested tactfully how we might shorten it and then with good nature skillfully managed to shoehorn everything in. Now that she has asked to retire, the staff sees her go with regret and with the threat that she is likely to be pressed into service for advice in the future. Thank you, Ginnie!

## LOVE YOUR LIBRARY



How well do you know our library? Can you locate answers to the following questions? See the clues in parentheses.

How can I identify the trees around here? (37)

What is a Tasmanian devil? (36)

How should I take care of my new bonsai tree? (37)

Yesterday I saw an odd-looking bird. Might we have a picture of it? (36)

I need a motel near the Newark airport. Might we have an 800 number? (computer desk)

Who was Proserpine? (33)

What is a beaded basket? (37)

On which knee is the elbow of Rodin's "The Thinker"? (18)

What is the path of the Great Smoky Mountains Railroad? (22)

I need a recipe for sausage pilau like my mother made. (24)

How can I best decorate my foyer? (23)

What were amulets used for? (24)

Did the U.S. ever plan to attack Cuba with germ weapons? (29)

Is it bad to drink grapefruit juice with Cyclosporin? (34)

What's special about the little place called Clovelly in England? (27)

Who founded the Research Triangle Park? (28)

What is the French word for garlic? (32)

Who was "Old Quork" of North Carolina? (28)

Mary Ruth Miller

## Not As Easy As It Looks

I went to a concert of the Duke Symphony Orchestra in Baldwin Auditorium early last December, and I was amazed to observe the large number of student players who swarmed out on the stage, particularly the string players. What was significant for me was the contrast with the experience that I had in the same Baldwin Auditorium with the Duke Symphony of 1946.

I was a student at Duke from 1939 until 1947, and in 1945 I was working on my Ph.D. in chemistry. The challenge of that year for me was to take and pass the Ph.D. qualifying examinations, which I did in early April. As a reward to myself I marched down to a music store at Five Points in Durham and bought a violin outfit—for \$20 I got a violin, a bow, rosin for the bow, a pitch pipe, and an instruction book. I engaged a teacher of modest abilities, and I was in business! There was a record loan library in the basement of Page Auditorium, from which I had developed a taste for chamber music, which burgeoned into a passion. I was 23 years old with no previous musical training or experience, starting my violin studies at an age that was ancient for learning the violin, an instrument of high intrinsic difficulty.

I persevered with the violin into the winter of 1946, finding time whenever I could. Duke had a symphony orchestra, but was of modest accomplishment, and, indeed, struggling. A major problem was a dearth of string players. The conductor of the symphony learned that I had taken up the violin, and he needed violinists so badly that he encouraged me to join the orchestra in spite of my woeful lack of preparation. I started rehearsing with the group.

It turned out that I could play many of the slower passages, but fast passages were impossible. The main work of the performance for which we were rehearsing was the Rimsky-Korsakov *Russian*

*Easter Overture*, a musical representation of the glitter, movement, and pageantry of a Russian Orthodox church service with the violins playing swooping scales and arpeggios. These proved to be much more than I could handle, and I informed the conductor that I would have to sit out the piece. “No,” he said, “there is a triangle part in the work, nobody to play it, and I would like you to do it. It’s easy,” he lied to me, “I’ll show you how and cue you in during the performance.” I would be sight reading my part, and this with my never having played in an orchestra.

It was a disaster. Most people look upon the triangle as a toy, a kind of joke, not a musical instrument at all. But even such a serious composer as Johannes Brahms uses it in the third movement of his Fourth Symphony. The triangle can be struck with a metal rod on one of its sides to produce a pleasant “ting” sound, or two sides can be struck alternately and rapidly to produce a more urgent rolling sound. All of this is surpassingly easy in terms of the mechanical action, but the real problem for the player is knowing when to produce the action. A symphony orchestra is not a triangle band, and the triangle is used very sparingly to produce an occasional special effect. This means that the triangle player spends most of the time waiting to come in, which is done by counting rests. Almost an infinity of rests. As an example which very roughly approximates the situation in the *Russian Easter Overture*, 53 rests are found in the first part of the work, then 87 in the next part, which is repeated, so those 87 have to be counted again; then another part with 61 rests, and then, the big moment after a total of 288 rests: “ting ting.”

Ah! But only if the player is a skilled percussionist. For the rank novice the rest count gets more and more uncertain and finally becomes completely lost. In the *Russian Easter Overture* one must count the 288 rests and then one goes “ting ting,” waits for two counts, then another “ting ting,” waits for another two counts, then a loud roll which goes on for several measures. I was lost (and rather scared) long before the time for my first “ting ting” came up, so I

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(Continued from page 4)

missed it completely. I sort of guessed where the second "ting ting" should be, but as scared as I was I couldn't exert enough force to bring the rod in contact with the triangle: no sound was produced. But all was not lost, for with a Herculean effort I banged out the roll, and the voice of my triangle was finally heard in Baldwin. Shortly thereafter the piece and my faltering contribution were over.

What about the conductor who promised to cue me in at the right time? Promises, promises. He was so busy with the more important parts of the orchestra that he didn't even look in my direction. But we forgave each other our sins of omission, and we remained friends.

The concert I attended last December was surely different. There were enough skilled violin players available that no recruitment of a fatally unskilled violinist such as I was needed. They even had skilled percussionists. The performance went without a hitch.

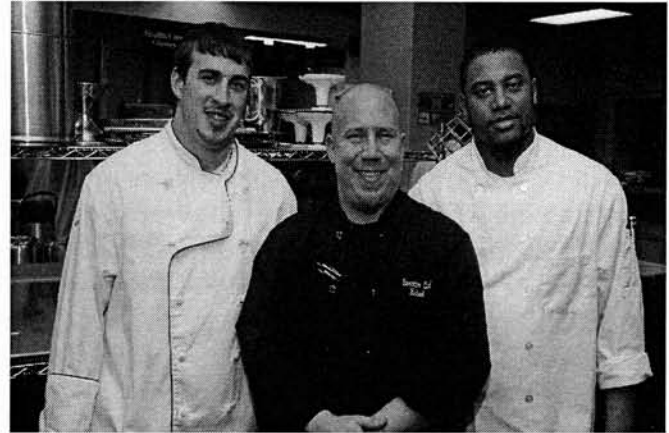
## Frank Field



## The Proof of the Pudding

(Continued from page 1)

items on the left side of the menu are prepared to order and take longer to arrive than items on the daily, right-hand menu. Even the chicken in the big salad is cooked when ordered. Therefore not for you if you're in a hurry. Michael says the kitchen is always health-conscious. He credits



Brandon

Michael

Anthony

the food committee with helpful suggestions and for reflecting community tastes.

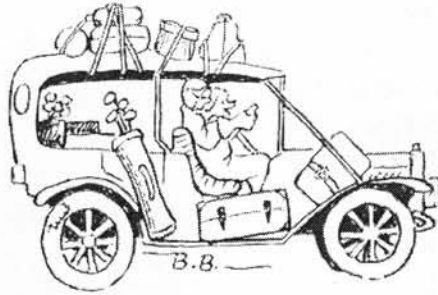
How do they judge how much of each dish to prepare? "We look at trends, serve popular dishes with various sauces." In his three years here, Michael has gotten good at predicting how many people will order a given dish,

None of the chefs finds much time for dining out. Brandon prefers to do a special dinner at home and finds it means more to his companion, Tonya. Michael has found "the best Italian food" at Panciuto's in Hillsborough. Both he and Anthony are fond of Papa's Grill in Loehmanns Plaza..

Due to his committed team, dining has improved vastly over the past three years, Michael believes. "We still like to act like a fine restaurant, a hotel, or cruise ship," he said. With help from his associates, Michael manages to maintain high standards.

Mal Oettinger

## Resident Ramblings



So—it was cold for North Carolina during February. It was time to bring the sweaters and mittens, etc., out of mothballs and be thankful we did not live in upper New York. The lucky ones continue around the world—including the **Remmers** who have still time left on their round-the-world trip. **Shirley Buckley** enjoyed a cruise this winter; and **Trish** and **Robbie Robertson** escaped winter by cruising around South America for three weeks.

**Susan** and **Jim Shuping** are on a six-weeks trip to celebrate their 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. On the drive back and forth to California, they will visit old friends. The vacation includes a cruise to and around the Hawaiian Islands where they met. Have a great time, Susan and Jim!

Jim will be missed at many, many meetings. In his absence, the mantle of power falls upon the capable shoulders of the V.P., **Penelope Easton**. It is rumored that her press conferences will be held during breakfast in the cafeteria between the hours of eight and nine. A format similar to that employed by the White House will be used. A brief statement will be read and then questions will be taken.

**Molly Simes** and **John Henry** are pleased to present another wonderful collection in

the foyer shelves. **Gilda** and **Norman Greenberg** are displaying their Katsina dolls, which were all made by the Hopi tribe. This is an opportunity for us to learn their significance and admire their beauty.

What do these pairs or groups of residents have in common? Put the correct number in the right blank and check answers below.

1. **Jill Moyer** and **Creighton Lacy**

2. **Grover** and **Barbara Smith**

**Tom** and **Jean Peters**

3. **Jean Anderson** and **Jane Spanel**

4. **Herb Stecker** and **Ed Albrecht**

5. **Sylvia Arnett**, **Bob Ward**, **Grace**

**Hutchins**, **Ruth Phelps**, **Norman Greenberg**,  
**Betsy Close**

- a. \_\_\_ Stamp Collectors
- b. \_\_\_ Played at the same time in University of Wisconsin Marching Band. Ed was Drum Major!
- c. \_\_\_ Our talented residents from Juilliard School of Music
- d. \_\_\_ Attended school together in China from first grade up
- e. \_\_\_ Owners of beautiful Golden Retrievers

a.3 b.4 c.5 d.1 e.2

Mary Gates

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## Ad Lib

"A dog teaches a boy fidelity, perseverance and to turn around three times before lying down." --Benchley

When I complained to my friend Herb Bailey, a former editor of the Princeton Press, that I had run out of subjects for Ad Lib he suggested I write about the interesting things we had collected during a lifetime of living in other places. One of the places was The Orient.

As you enter my house the first thing you encounter is a huge, old Chinese chest. I found it in Hong Kong in the early 50s.

Hong Kong then was very different from the Hong Kong of today. There were few tourists (the jet plane and its package tours had yet to be invented). There was a scattering of newspapermen covering what was going on in China (the Communists were beating up the Nationalists) and there was a colony of white Russian refugees. It was a British naval base and a port of call for our Navy. A few remnants of old China remained. One could occasionally see a white-haired lady with bound feet being helped along the street. British bureaucrats ran the Island and the Chinese made it work. The Scots handled the banks and the Chinese artisans kept the money circulating. You name it—there wasn't anything these artisans couldn't do. A dozen linen handkerchiefs could be monogrammed overnight, shoes were made in a day, a man's suit in two days, import china copied took a bit longer; and yachts for Americans were assembled in the harbor area.

There were treasures to be had too. The Nationalist Chinese refugees had brought their treasures with them as they tumbled out of China. As their money ran out, these treasures found their way to Mr. Ma's Shop: carved ivory, jade, embroidered wedding skirts and furniture. This shop was behind the wonderful old Peninsula Hotel, and sandwiched between a Russian restaurant and a Chinese tailor whose window sign advised "ladies have fits upstairs." I was browsing in Mr. Ma's one day when he beckoned me to the back of the shop and showed me this antique chest. It had been built for a bride. One could tell from the holes at the four corners

where poles were inserted so coolies could carry the bride's trousseau to her husband's village. There her life would be ruled by her mother-in-law, poor bride! Mr. Ma had the chest and I had to have it. A little negotiating took place. Mr. Ma could arrange to have the chest shipped to Saigon where we were then living. The deal was sealed over a cup of tea. Little by little more of Mr. Ma's treasures became my treasures. When we left for the States, Mr. Ma sent me a silk fan on which he had written a poem.

### NEW RESTAURANT

We in Durham are indeed fortunate. Another excellent restaurant has popped up here. I went the other evening to Rue Cler and I couldn't believe how good it was—my favorite kind of restaurant, no fuss, no glitz, only white tablecloths, candles and an attractive staff to adorn the three-month-old place. Here it's all about fine food. No reservations, so it's a good idea to arrive early. By the time we left Friday at least two dozen people were waiting to be seated. The seasonally changing menu offers two ways to order: prix fixe (three courses, three choices per course) or a la carte. We went for the prix fixe and we were happy diners; everything was delicious, my lamb, their duck and bass. The most beautiful thing of all, the portions were small. Rue Cler is downtown and across from a parking garage.

RUE CLER, 401 East Chapel Hill Street, Durham (919) 682-8844

Prix fixe \$25. Steak, frites, sauce béarnaise \$17 a la carte.

Open for lunch and dinner.

Libby Getz

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## Welcome New Residents

Photos by Ed Albrecht



Florence DiLiberti  
Apartment 3032 490-4674

Florence was born in New Jersey and lived most of her life there just across the Hudson River from midtown Manhattan. She went to grade and high school in Jersey City and graduated from Rutgers University with a major in nutrition. She married Ernest DiLiberti, an engineer, in 1942. He passed away in 2005. In 1959 she and her husband bought a small business which they operated for about twenty years. After retiring, they traveled and enjoyed much of what New York City had to offer, especially the art museums. Florence became an avid gardener and grower of African violets. She was active in church work and a library book club. She enjoys reading, walking, handicrafts, puzzles, and the computer. She has a daughter in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and sons living in Montclair, New Jersey, and Chapel Hill. There are seven grandchildren.

She came to North Carolina in 2002.

## On Being a Grandmother

3/26/82

My dearest Grandchild,

This is the very first letter ever addressed to you. It's to mark an occasion. And what is the occasion? Today you visited me for the first time! Oh, I know we'll have to wait quite a while before we can hug and kiss, before we can even take a look at each other to see what we look like, but so what? I can wait, and you, my little one, are so busy growing and developing, you don't have time to grow impatient.

I just want you to know that while you are safely growing in your Mommy's tummy, there is an ocean of love waiting for you; we all are cheering you on in your great adventure called "LIFE."

I find myself smiling very often these days and sending fervent little prayers to God to remind your guardian angel to look after you and your mommy and your daddy.

It's springtime now in our hearts as well as in the land. When I see my first crocus and later, when I shall see my first daffodil of the season, I'll think of you in your blossoming, hidden from our eyes, but not from our hearts. Loving thoughts, loving prayers and the very best wishes surround you. Full speed ahead and happy landing!

Until we meet,

Your so very loving grandmother,

Lucie  
Jacobson



## Help Yourself!

An occasional column about ways to make life easier and more agreeable when living with handicaps. As you find new ways to do things, share your ideas and we can all benefit. Pass along your bright ideas to me at Box 2004.

Betsy Close

### OOPS !! I DID IT AGAIN !!!

I was all dressed up in my best bib and tucker for a reception, and the hors d'oeuvres were beautiful and tempting but, sitting in my Jazzy wheelchair, no matter how carefully I balanced the dainty little plastic plate, it tipped over and spilled food all over my dress and the carpet!

After several experiences like this I was thinking about becoming a recluse and just staying home alone all the time. (WHO??? ME???)

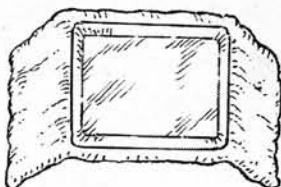
Finally I put my thinking cap on, as my second-grade teacher used to advise us, and I got out my sewing machine and shopped for some materials.

After several clumsy efforts I was the owner of a APTRAY. This little tray is weighted to stay safely across my knees and is easy to clean.

I've been using it when I go to Social Hour and parties, and a number of people who are also using wheelchairs or scooters have asked me where I got it, and said they would like one, too.

For those people and for others who are looking for a gift for a handicapped friend, there's good news. The clever gals of the Saturday Craft Club are interested in putting together similar laptrays and Priscilla Squier has found shelf space to show one in the gift shop. Any profits will go to the Benevolent Fund.

Betsy Close



## Keenagers

I once was a teenager  
Having my fling,  
No need to study—  
I knew everything!

Bobby socks in saddle shoes  
Danced past curfew,  
Which was usually ten-thirty  
Plus a minute or two.

Life's wonderful adventures,  
Delightful or sad,  
Are textbooks of knowledge  
All of us had.

Since joining their ranks,  
It's clear to me now,  
Elders grow up to be KEENAGERS  
With KNOW HOW to spare!

Elizabeth Dube

## Why is the Sky?

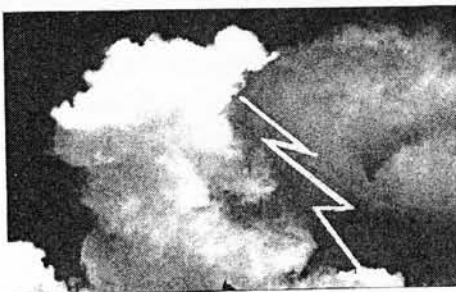
The sky is an optical illusion  
 Caused by the diffusion  
 Of light through the atmosphere.  
 It surrounds the earth as it were a shell,  
 And they tell us it contains:

Seventy-eight percent nitrogen,  
 Twenty percent oxygen,  
 A percent or so of argon,  
 And a bit of carbon dioxide;  
 Not to speak of a ton or so  
 Of pollution on the side.

And yet—none of this explains  
 The stab of pure delight at the sight  
 Of a huge white cloud in flight  
 Or the bright stars at night,  
 The dark rage of thunder,  
 The storm that bends the bough.

And even though we know it well  
 The sky is nothing but a gaseous shell,  
 We stand and wonder—  
 Is it enough to know?

Trudy Krygier



## Wandering In The Forest



"I'm just going down to see what's in my box," I say. But that's not it. I'm really going down to see what's up. I meet **Carol** and **Mal Oettinger** in the hall. Carol stops to tell me a story from their neighborhood. "That's wonderful," I say. "Write it for me." "Mal, you should write it," she says. "I'm not going to write it. You write it," says Mal. And bickering happily they walk out the front door.

So here's the story: **Marian Krugman** went out to get in her car and found that she had a flat tire. Just then **Chad** came along in his truck. He stopped, found the nail in the tire, took it out, and patched the tire. He said he had found lots of things in tires, including a spark plug. Then **Frank Field**, from across the road, came out pulling his air pump in his little red wagon and pumped up the tire. It was a lovely day in the neighborhood.

Several weeks ago we were taking a break in the tap dancing class, while **Ruth Patterson**, our pianist, passed the time playing the theme music from "Gone With the Wind." She plays whatever we ask her, and when we are banished from The Ritz for some reason, she comes along with us to the Studio and sings for us. She's invaluable. From "Gone With The Wind" she slips into "It Had To Be You," **Hildur** and **Bob Blake** exchange a quick glance, and suddenly they are up dancing. Up and down our floor, some fancy cross stepping, Hildur whirling out and then back to touch palms. The room is full of happiness and well-being. As we walk home on the Skyway I chatter at Hildur about how wonderful it was. "It was just a fox trot," she says. But it was more.

The last of January there were three daffodils blooming beside the gazebo; now there are scores. Last week three Mallards and two Canada geese on the pond.

Ed

WHO ARE THESE GLAMOROUS RESIDENTS?

ANSWERS WILL BE POSTED IN MID-MARCH ON THE RESIDENT BILLBOARD

THEN

A RED-HAIRED SOUTHERN BELLE



RESEARCH ASSOCIATE  
UNIVERSITY OF BUFFALO



Bob Blake's  
*Puzzle*

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

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

**Female Names of Residents**

ANN MARIE	DOTTIE	HILDA	LILLIS	PENELOPE
BARBARA	DUDLEY	HILDEGARD	LOLA	RENEE
BETSY	EDA	IRENE	LUCIE	RHODA
BETTY	EDNA	JANE	MARION	RUTH
CAROLYN	ELISA	JEAN	MARGUERITE	SHEILA
CHARLOTTE	EUNICE	JILL	MARTHA	SHIRLEY
CHRISTINE	ELAINE	JOANNE	MARY	SYBIL
CONNIE	EVA	JOYCE	NANCY	SIGRID
CYNIA	GAY	JUDY	NORA	SYLVIA
DEBORAH	HAZEL	LAUREL	PAT	TRUDY
DELAINA	HELEN	LIBBY		