

Barbara Candelaria On the Fly

Photos by Dick Aroner

Barbara is Café Supervisor, but I knew better than to ask for a job description, since she is all over the place doing whatever is needed. She shows up at various events and sometimes in the Main Dining Room. The morning I talked to her, she was off to the café to man the cash register since she was short a worker that day. "I do whatever it takes," she says. The other day one of the waitstaff came running to her to say "The tree is falling on Mr. Smith!" The big potted Dracaena (Corn plant) in the corner of the café had tipped over. She managed to right and secure it. **Charlie Black** organized a big round of applause.

There is a meeting of all dining staff twice a day: 10:30am and 4:30pm. Here they talk about the menu, what's in various dishes, any upcoming events, or in-service announcements, such as proper hand washing. There is also a "Did You Know?" trivia question each time, a Morrison tradition. At the 4:30 meeting they plate up the entrees, and Barbara encourages her staff to sample the various dishes. "The only way to learn about an unfamiliar dish is to taste it. You don't need to sample a Big Mac!" She also instructs them that sauces are various: a demiglaze sauce is not just gravy.

She, of course, interviews new hires; she and **Tony Ellis** or one of the chefs may also conduct a second interview before hiring.

Barbara was born in Detroit and lived there until she was ten, at which time her father decided that he wanted to move to Wisconsin and start a dairy farm. She has three younger brothers and two adopted sisters. Her parents were, and still are, foster parents, so she grew up in a household where there were anywhere from one to five extra kids, which meant that here were many hands on the farm to tend the thirty-



two cows (Holstein and Brown Swiss) and do all the other chores. She can milk a cow by hand as well as attach the milking machine. "I loved the farm," she says and she still harbors the fantasy of subsistence farming, living deep in the country off the grid. "When we first moved to a city and I saw the price of milk, I said, 'we should have brought a cow.'" On the other hand she says she loves cities and thinks about living downtown in a loft space.

When she grew up and left the farm she went to Minneapolis and began waiting tables, where she was trained in formal French cuisine. She got a job at Les Quatre Amis, where she learned to open a bottle of wine and remembers vividly her first tableside opening for a patron. It was a one-hundred-twenty

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The Forester

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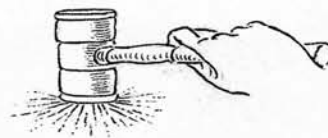
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In Memoriam

Robert Dietrich November 27, 2010

Bess Laing Bowditch December 7, 2010

President's Podium

The Holiday Season has grabbed us with joy, family get-togethers, and many other fond memories. The time has been without contentious issues, and with appropriate, handsome decorations and meaningful activities celebrating something for nearly everyone. Now, on to the next event whatever it may be!

The next phase of renovations (briefly mentioned by Steve at his Coffee session) is in very early planning ; stay tuned.

Dick DeCamp reports that he will implement a Residents' Association approved " new policy designed to encourage residents to participate in the work of the RA Board standing committees. In January, information materials will be provided to all residents, outlining work of the committees and asking residents to indicate those committees they would like to join.

We owe our thanks to some twenty residents who are available to Marketing to provide each month approximately ten tours for prospective new residents. We believe that this generous task being performed by residents is more effective than non-resident tour guides.

Tom Frothingham

Library Science 101

January is a month for looking forward to a new year, a new beginning full of hope and expectation, and also a time for looking back on the accomplishments of the year just past.

The Library Committee has hopes of more money from the bookbuyer, of more Large Print books (but remember, there are few Biographies and Non-Fiction produced in that format), and of the beginning of computerized cataloging.

Mary Gates, who so ably supervises the Classroom Art Gallery, is asking for more resident artists to contact her to display their works. There must be many newcomers who are photographers or artists in some other genre.

As for accomplishments of 2011, we are proud of several. The additional shelving in the Library Classroom has made it possible to house our CDs and DVDs in an orderly and more accessible arrangement. We thank the Administration for that.

Non-Fiction books are now all classified by the Dewey Decimal System. Attention is called to some of these --- as well as to particular books of Fiction

and Biography -- by the selection on the stand in front of the Large Print shelves with the sign "Have you Read?".

Some of these special books enjoyed by residents during the past year include the following: Barbery, *The Elegance of the Hedgehog*; Simonson, *Major Pettigrew's Last Stand*; Stockett, *The Help*; Leon, *About Face*; Verghese, *Cutting for Stone*; Donoghue, *Room*; Feldman, *Lucy*; and Stieg Larsson's trilogy. All of these are Fiction. Non-Fiction favorites include: Gilbert, *Eat, Pray, Love*; Mortenson, *Stones into Schools*; Skloot, *The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks*; Bush, L, *Spoken From the Heart*; Bush, G, *Decision Points*; Gladwell, *Outliers*; and Edwards, *Saving Graces*.

The Book Club's *Little Bee* for February and *On Agate Hill*, reviewed by Peggy Quinn, are both available now in several copies each.

Our New Year's resolution: Continue to provide excellent service to our readers at The Forest.

Carol Scott, Librarian

44 Scotland Street by Alexander McCall Smith

I first read McCall Smith when he published *The No. 1 Ladies Detective Agency*, doing so because the title promised an amusing story. It was amusing with a gentle and perceptive look into the minds and hearts of the characters.

And so I turned recently to his book *44 Scotland Street* and then to the others in his series of that name. The books in the series are a fond description of Edinburgh and its people. The characters are the residents of 44 Scotland Street, a building of six flats. So, there are stories to develop about the residents with social networks that reach into other areas of Edinburgh and Scotland. The characters are people the reader finds anywhere from lovable to despicable. Because this series was written originally for publication in serial form in daily installments in *The Scotsman*, an Edinburgh newspaper, the chapters are short.

McCall Smith's writing style is leisurely, sympathetic, thoughtful, and gentle. I found it often amusing and sometimes hilarious. His is a quirky, imaginative humor, and he will often surprise the reader with a sudden development that is very imaginative or even outrageous. His treatment shows how deeply he cares about the city and the society of Edinburgh. I found myself following some of my favorite characters from book to book with particular interest and fondness for the six-year-old boy, Bertie, whose mother is, in my opinion, the pushy "mother from Hell," and for the gallery owner, Matthew, whose sense of self is sure to improve over time.

If you enjoy gentle humor in a really civilized setting and imaginative plot development, this book and its fellows in the series are for you, but be sure to start with the first book to really get to know the characters.

Bruce Rubidge

Candelaria continued

(Continued from page 1)

dollar Lafite Rothschild. She presented the bottle, and the patron nodded and said, "If you break the cork I'm not having it." It broke. She quickly went to the maitre'd and they got the two pieces out without losing one in the bottle. There was a less than elegant presentation of the cork.

She worked for three years at a Vietnamese restaurant. When the opener of the restaurant asked her to manage it, she said that sure she could do that, but how? "There's a filing cabinet," said the owner as she left the room. Barbara went on to help others open restaurants, and says, "Now I can open anything." She catered an every-Tuesday Womens Club, serving lunch for 5-600 women, breaking it all down after lunch in time for their program and setting it back up for a formal tea in the afternoon. It was a long day, and she moved fast.

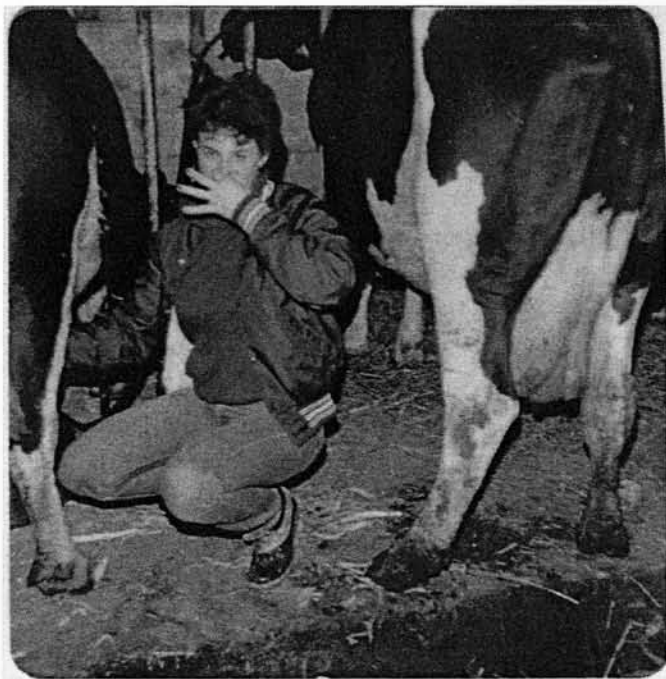
After ten years in Minneapolis she moved on to Chicago and worked in the Shedd Aquarium restaurant, The Soundings. It was in Chicago that she met her husband, Carlos, and they worked together at



The Soundings. She says she married Carlos "because he's such a good cook!" He also washes and irons—"He was a good catch." They have a 16-year-old son, Josh, and a 15-year-old daughter, Kabela. After the children were born she and Carlos decided to get the children out of the city and moved back to Cashton, Wisconsin, her hometown. There they built a big family-fare restaurant in an old grocery store in Cashton and named it after Hazen's Corner, an old stage coach stop in town. They made everything from scratch and catered on the side.

When the economy began to go sour, they were both hired by Harris Teeter in Cary. The company flew them down for interviews and offered them jobs, complete with training sessions, and paid for their move. Carlos is still a chef at Harris Teeter in Cary, but after nine months, Barbara was hired at The Forest in May 2007. They live in Briar Creek about a mile from Durham. We all hope she doesn't decide to move off the grid any time soon.

Joanne Ferguson



Clowning and milking

From the Bookshelf



On Agate Hill by Lee Smith

On her thirteenth birthday, Molly Petree writes in her diary; "I know I am a spitfire and a burden." Molly was born during the Civil war, orphaned when she was very young, and always thought of herself as a "ghost child." *On Agate Hill*, a historical novel by Lee Smith, begins in 1872. Smith, a prolific writer, tells her story through diaries and letters, as well as the use of dialogue and familiar songs and verses, a clever device to lure the reader on, creating suspense and expectation. Her characters are real people who survey a world gone wild, all expectations, all order, gone. War has taken its toll. We meet Uncle Junius Hall, owner of the once prosperous Agate Hill, a plantation that is long past its glory days. Molly becomes Uncle Junius's ward and lives her young life running wild, a free spirit, or as Aunt Cecelia would say, "she is a young savage." There is Selena, the scheming widow of the tenant farmer, who has eyes for Uncle Junius, and all of Molly's friends: Liddy, the cook and housekeeper, who is the closest to a mother that Molly ever had. Washington is Liddy's son, Little Junius is Aunt Fannie's child, and Spence and Virgil are well-loved servants. Then, Mary White, a frail young girl, comes to visit and Molly has a real best friend.

Childhood turns into young adulthood, and Simon Black introduces himself. He is a truly mysterious character, and Molly is not sure she trusts him. He tells her that he was a friend of her father and fought beside him in battle. He arranges for her to attend a highfalutin' school, Gatewood Academy. The "ghost child" has to make an effort to fit in with her wealthy classmates, but her true bane was the unstable headmistress who considered Molly a willful and restless troublemaker. Simon Black appears at her commencement, and again Molly worries about her obligations to this strange man. Is Simon Black a villain?

As a young woman Molly is headstrong, vivacious, and eager for life to carry her off to some grand adventure. She accepts a job teaching in the Bobcat school, a one-room schoolhouse way up in the western mountains of North Carolina. It isn't long before she meets Jacky Jarvis, a travelin' mountain man, who dances her off, weds her, loves her, and causes her heart to break. There is violence, and a mystery that remains to be solved, a real who-done- it! Does Simon Black reappear?

It is a turbulent time, and Lee Smith weaves her tale giving the reader a clear and accurate picture of the South ravished by war and poverty. It is a haunting, lyrical tale that ends when Molly, now an old woman, returns to Agate Hill, faces some old ghosts, revives cherished memories, solves the mystery of Simon Black, gathers the eggs, and goes to market. Life has come full circle.

Peggy Quinn

Overheard In The Forest

HE, in HER presence, on why they decided to move to The Forest, though they're only here part time now: "She's getting a little age on her, and I thought we'd better get here in case I'm not around to take care of her."

A resident, on being observed adjusting a piece of furniture in the foyer, said: "I like it better THIS way. It's my home, isn't it?" Indeed it is.

"I have too much to do! If I run away to a deserted island, will you go with me?" "Of course, but I could only stay a week if it doesn't have a Target or a Costco."

About news that a blind woman now can see as the result of a tooth being implanted in her eye: "It must have been an eye tooth."

Ann Marie Langford

My Four Explosions

In August of 1955, I was working as a research assistant in the physics department at Johns Hopkins University. I measured the spectral data of the isotopes of hydrogen during my third year as a graduate student. The data was in the form of paper printouts on rolls of paper ten inches wide installed in a spectrometer. Many hundreds of feet of paper covered the tables in my office/laboratory, and there was promise of a graduate degree if the analysis proved interesting.

The month had been a sad one in the department. R. W. Wood, one of the world's most famous physicists, had died, and Henry Crosswhite, my supervising professor, designated me to clean out Wood's laboratory space, but warned me to bring all materials that appeared to be chemicals to his office, which was next to mine. The fear was that the materials might consist of explosive matter, since Wood had done a great deal of research on the materials during the Second World War. I dutifully performed the task. Crosswhite was away, but his office assistant, Monica, showed me where to place the various containers in the office, which she shared with Crosswhite.

The work finished, I retired to my office and was discussing a physics problem with my office mate, Dirk. Our discussion was interrupted by Monica who was carrying a large, beautiful apothecary jar. She asked if she might have the jar to add to her collection of antique bottles and jars. I said yes. It meant



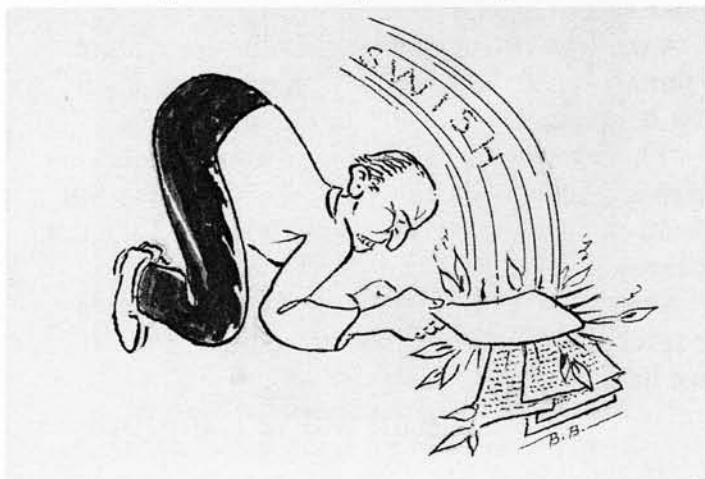
one less jar to carry to the dump. There was a slight problem. The jar was filled with a solid substance, pale yellow in color, that would not shake loose after the lid was removed. I reached for a screw driver and chipped half of the material into the waste basket. The remainder was tough to reach, deep in the jar. What to do?

I said to Dirk, "Water is the universal solvent. Shall we try it?" He agreed, and we crossed the room to the sink. He held the jar, and I carefully turned on the water. A sizzling in the jar was followed by a series of explosions. Glass particles and bits of flaming material went in every direction. We went to the floor. Explosions continued, and I crawled to the table where bits of flame were emanating from my year of research. Pat them out, another explosion, and pat again. Dirk looked for something to cover the sink. Finally things quieted down.

Sam, who worked two floors below, came into the room. He reported that the flames of the gas Bunsen burners were turning yellow, a clear indication of sodium in the atmosphere. Thus we learned that R. W. Wood had assembled quite a stash of sodium, a material that reacts explosively with water.

The conversation had hardly ended when three firemen came through the door dragging a large wa-

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Explosions continued

(Continued from page 6)

ter hose. "Where's the problem?" asked the leader of the crew. I took him over to the sink, now dry, as the sodium had used up all the available water. He pointed the hose at the sink. I leaped in front of him and screamed "No water!" but he pushed me aside, saying, "Don't worry, son, we'll take care of it."

You can guess what happened. Most of the sodium was still in the sink and the monster flow from the hose set it off at greater explosive force than we had generated with the initial trickle. The fireman was paralyzed for a moment, then took his hose and ran for the door. I resumed extinguishing the fires that were erupting on my data. The explosions finally terminated, the fire chief reentered, I suggested a shovel and container for removing the residue, and he removed it.

It was time for me to get some relief from the burns on my body from the flying debris. Sam had returned so I asked him to keep people out of the room until I went home and showered, and as I left I noticed the chips of sodium in the waste basket from our initial effort, and asked him to take the contents out into the quadrangle and bury the stuff.

The Baltimore newspapers reported the incident, noted that every fire engine in Baltimore had come to the event, reminded readers that it had been 51 years since the center of Baltimore had burned to the ground, and applauded the fire department for taking no chance that it might happen again.

By the next week things had returned to normal, Crosswhite had returned, and I was not relieved of my position. Following lunch one day, a group of us were discussing some esoteric physics problems when our attention was drawn out the window to the quadrangle where workers were trimming the grass. A sudden thunderstorm erupted and the lawn crew went to the nearest tree for shelter. The heavy rain continued and suddenly screams from the crew reached us and, quite visible to us, was the aftermath of an explosion that had occurred in their midst. For-

tunately, there was no need for the fire department, and the sodium was gone from my life.

I remained puzzled over the presence of such a large amount of sodium in Dr. Wood's laboratory. The mystery was solved by a professor who had been with the department for decades. Wood commuted to work on foot. Part of the walk took him through a neighborhood where street corner thugs might possibly approach him. Wood rendered this possibility remote by carrying a test tube in his pocket with a small amount of sodium in it. On rainy days he would spit into the wet gutter as he passed the corner and then discreetly flip the sodium into the puddle where he had spat. The explosion was not as large as his legacy to me, but enough to cause a stand-off between him and the gang.

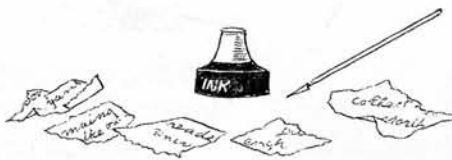
Though hardly a high point in my time at Hopkins, the incident was certainly the most memorable.

Jarus Quinn

(Reprinted from The Forester, January 2005)



Odds and Ends



The Navy at Harvard

The Letter

The sun was setting in the early New England winter afternoon. The room was darkening, thus obscuring the streaks and smudges that resulted from my scrubbing office walls that had not been touched in decades, perhaps even centuries, considering that this old Harvard building possibly arose in the 1600s. The day's work was nearly done. The last of the Hershey's Kisses had vanished from the bowl on one of the desks, when the door swung open and two officers entered, deep in conversation. I kept scrubbing, while wondering whether I should stop and salute, genuflect, or perform some other gesture of servility.

They were discussing a letter that one of them was preparing as a request for a "hardship" discharge. They were going line by line, thankfully pay-

ing no attention to the sailor scrubbing the walls. One of them wondered where all the Kisses had gone to. I moved to the farthest corner and scrubbed quietly.

Soon, I became shocked at the slovenly ineptitude of the letter and found myself increasingly unable to suppress corrective thoughts. Finally, at one particularly grievous construct, I could hold my tongue no longer and uttered a suggestion. They stopped, and after staring at me while contemplating my interruption, invited me to participate. The afternoon spun to completion in a more pleasant vein. I thanked my obsessive high school English teacher. But in the end I thought the request pusillanimous and hoped for its rejection.

Tom Frothingham

Who Are They?



Author jacket photo for *In Time and Space*



Young man with Lincoln in Springfield, Illinois

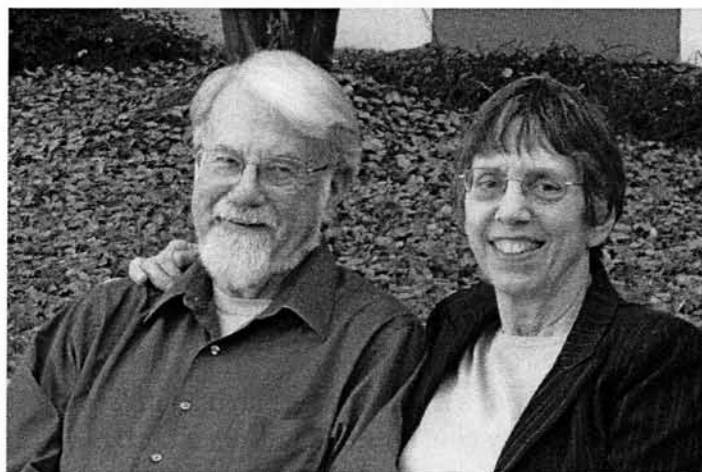
Welcome, New Residents

Photos by Dick Aroner



Edith and Talmadge Neece
Apartment 3048 401-662

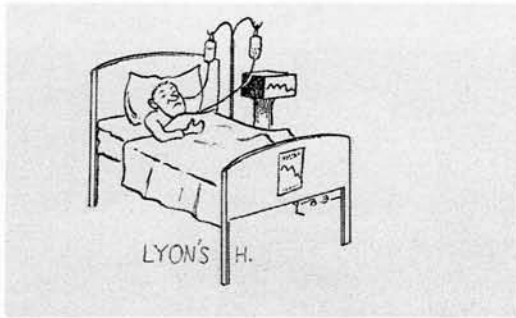
Edith was born in Washington, DC. She grew up in suburban Maryland, attended high school, trained as a nurse, and completed her education at Catholic University, all in Washington. Talmadge is a Tar Heel, attended Guilford College, has a degree in Foreign Service from Georgetown University, and a law degree from the University of Connecticut. His Navy service during WWII included two semesters in the V-12 program at Duke. He spent over 45 years in legal work in the insurance industry primarily with Travelers Insurance and Johnson & Higgins, international insurance brokers. Edith was in nursing and also was active in the League of Women Voters and local politics. She worked for world peace as a Non-Governmental Organization Representative at the United Nations. Talmadge has been active in Quaker education and founded a special school in Brooklyn for children with learning difficulties. The Neecees have a daughter in Omaha who directs education on epilepsy for the State of Nebraska; a son who is a NASA engineer at Langley Field, VA; and a daughter who is an attorney serving as Associate Director of the NC Bar and adjunct professor of legal ethics at Duke. Edith and Talmadge enjoy reading and national politics plus theater and symphony.



Sue and Lee Murphy
Apartment 3026 490-6028

Lee was born and raised in Buffalo, graduated from St. Bonaventure, and earned advanced degrees from Canisius and SUNY Buffalo. He began as a teacher of the deaf, was an administrator in that field at the University of Tennessee, the Indiana School for the Deaf and at Gallaudet College in Washington, DC. Sue grew up in Rye, NY. She graduated from Duke majoring in Spanish and Education and earned her MBA at the University of Baltimore. She taught Spanish and Latin for 25 years in Baltimore and Frederick County, MD, high schools. Lee and Sue worked, and met, at the Maryland Department of Education where Lee was Special Education Grants Administrator and Sue was Curriculum Specialist for Foreign Languages. The Murphys married in 1996, and have children from their first marriages. Lee has a daughter who is a physical therapist in Burlington, KY, a son who is Director of Facilities at The Catholic University, Washington, DC, and another son who is a civil engineer in Milwaukee. Sue has a daughter in Greenville, SC, who is Senior Sales Manager for the Greenville Convention Center. Sue has wasted no time in becoming involved in Forest activities, and plans to offer a course in Spanish for residents. Lee lists his interests as reading and teaching.

Gallic Preferences



Marjorie and I spent a month or so in Europe in the autumn of 1963. One afternoon, after a two-day drive from Paris in a rented car, we arrived in Lyon for a visit with my cousin, J. Allan Hobson, MD. Allan was just beginning a career combining psychiatry and biochemistry, which was to make him eventually one of the world's leading authorities on sleep and author of books with titles like *The Sleeping Brain* and *The Chemistry of Conscious States*.

As we parked in front of a modern apartment building, we recognized Allan's car, a sporty British model with Rhode Island license plates. Neither Allan nor his wife Joan were at home, but the concierge was waiting for us. My traveler's French is adequate under ordinary circumstances, but not for rapid-fire conversation. We finally figured out, however, that the Doctor was not at the hospital, which would have been natural, but in the hospital. A couple of hours earlier, while preparing to park his car, he had been rear-ended and suffered a severe whiplash. He had apparently dealt successfully with the other driver and the police, and had then blacked out and collapsed.

Allan had been taken by ambulance to Lyon's public hospital, generally known as the White Barn, and we visited him there that evening. The less said about the hospital the better. There appeared to be only one entrance, shared by patients' visitors and by new patients arriving by ambulance. On the way to Allan's room we must have passed at least a dozen gurneys with recently arrived patients awaiting attention. The blanket on Allan's bed was liberally stained with what could only have been blood.

He was fully conscious and seemed to feel fine. He could, however, remember nothing of the accident or of the dealings he had had with the police before his collapse. The next morning he demanded to be released, but the team of doctors said "No." After losing consciousness and suffering memory loss, they insisted that he must be kept under observation for another day or two.

Allan pointed out that he was not only a physician himself but that he was working as a Research Fellow with a group studying human and animal sleep, a group associated with the hospital and located just across the road from it. The doctors still insisted that he be kept in the hospital for at least another 24 hours.

Then Allan played his trump card. "My cousin George is in town," he told them, "and he has booked a table for four so he can take my wife and me to dinner tonight at The Pyramids."

The Pyramides was then probably the best-known restaurant in France outside of Paris. It had held its three-star rating ever since the Michelin Guide had resumed publication after the war.

Upon hearing of this offer of a free meal at a great restaurant, and that the table had been booked for that very evening, the doctors immediately and unanimously agreed that Allan should be released at once. He was advised to go home and mix rest with judicious exercise so that he would be wide awake at dinner time and have worked up a proper appetite.

George Chandler

(Reprinted from The Forester, May 2005)

I just don't get it

Some things really puzzle me.
Like, why are there so few automobile accidents?
Could Jules Verne have predicted a hundred years ago,
considering the feeble-minded incompetence
of so many of the world's drivers
in so many of the other things they do,
that they would have the skill behind the wheel
to prevent a jillion wrecks a day,
with bodies all over the place?

Think of it, millions of cars passing each other every minute
from opposite directions, within three or four feet of each other
at a combined speed of a hundred or more miles an hour;
passing within three feet and not a scratch. Amazing!
Even if the drivers weren't sleepy, drunk, twittering,
kissing, smoking, yelling at the kids,
talking on the phone or even driving taxis in Istanbul,
but were bright, normal people paying full attention,
how could they pass so trustfully so near to each other
and get away with it, normally without a scratch?
If nearly everyone can do this risky thing so well,
why do they do so many other things so badly?

Then there's the matter of the trailer parks,
where things are worse than you might think.
you know what we all see on the morning news
after a tornado has hit a prairie hamlet
in Kansas, Oklahoma, Iowa or wherever.
Some mysterious implacable force or being,
Perhaps from the Homeric pantheon
Or the darker murmurings of the psalms,
(you won't learn about this one on Nova)
pulls the twister into the hapless cluster of trailers
out in the corn field and ignores the rest of town.
You can tell me it's just a matter of chance
or bad construction but I know better.
Obviously, Nature abhors mobile homes.
How unfair. But that's how it is.

Ned Arnett

Our fountain on a winter's day



Photo by Dick Aroner

Ice is Nice

In spring we love the edelweiss,
When winter's here, it's ice that's nice.

Don Chesnut