

Jacob Poole, Café Supervisor

by Joanne Ferguson

Jacob was born and brought up in Hamilton Village, New York, (a farm center) surrounded by dairy farms. Hamilton gets lake effect snow from Lakes Erie and Ontario, has frequent heavy snow squalls of one to two feet and an average annual snowfall of approximately 80 inches. Jacob tells me that the first snowmelt is generally in January, at which time the corn fields flood and freeze. It was on these frozen cornfields that he and his brother Josh ice skated. The ice was thick enough to avoid corn stobs, but the surface was not at all smooth. He loved skiing on Toggenburg and Labrador Mountains and belonged to a ski club when he was growing up. When I ask for photos of his youthful winter sports, he tells me his mother complains that it's too cold to go down in the basement and search them out.

Both sides of Jacob's family owned large dairy farms; and it was on his paternal grandfather's farm that he worked in the summers. He slung a lot of hay bales around-- hot and demanding but rewarding work. "There were always kittens running around," he says. (Then as now people dropped off cats they didn't want at the farm, though I suppose there are worse fates for a cat than being abandoned at a dairy farm.)

Jacob and his grandma refinished furniture together, and he still has a rocking chair they worked on. He hung out in the kitchen with this grandmother and thus got an early interest in cooking. He mentions donuts, cookies, and fruit pies. They had a strawberry patch and picked blueberries and grew rhubarb, which he loves.

Jacob has an Associates Degree in culinary arts and a Bachelors in Hospitality Management from the Culinary Institute of America, in Hyde Park, New York. There he had classes of about fifteen people.

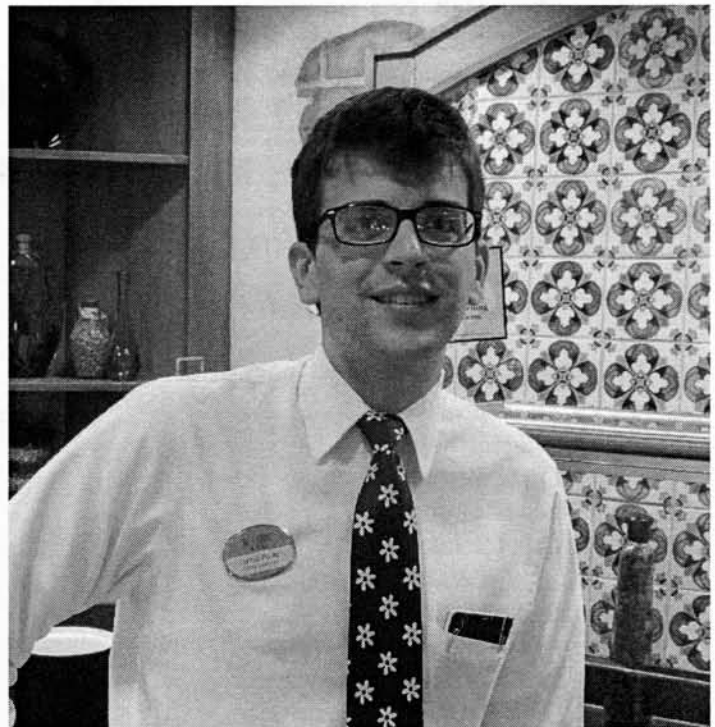


Photo by Sue Murphy

It was very regimented, with three-week practicals that ended with cooking for a chef. They began with omelets and progressed to French cooking, which Jacob especially liked. His degree in hospitality management included technical classes, internal communications, and psychology, and was on-the-job learning.

At the Culinary Institute he was selected to take part in a three-week food, wine, and culture seminar in Italy. The class traveled from Venice to Turin, Florence, Siena, and Rome and finally to Naples, Pompeii, and Sorrento. Jacob admits that he "gained something like fifteen pounds on that trip from all the wine, cheese, and prosciutto." He says he had a

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The Forester

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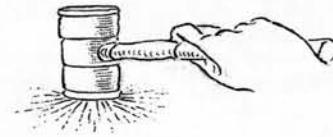
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In Memoriam

Sarah "Sally" Sheehan

March 18, 2013

President's Podium

by Jack Hughes

"From Manteo to Murphy" is a phrase familiar to every native-born North Carolinian and most imports who have been in the state for a few years. It refers to route US 64 that runs from Manteo, on the coast in Dare County, to Murphy in Cherokee County about 20 miles from Tennessee. The road wanders through 24 counties and more than a hundred towns for a distance of 611 miles. The phrase has become a figure of speech for a long distance and a time span only a little shorter than "as long as Grant hung around Richmond."

Five years ago my wife Scott and I, in one of those "why not" moments, decided to drive the entire distance along the original route 64 avoiding all of the bypasses and improved shortcuts. Less than 50 miles of the original two lane road had been widened to four or more lanes. On the first day we started out in Manteo about nine o'clock in the morning, and 223 miles and 7 hours later arrived in Durham, leaving Hwy 64 at the junction with 751. The next morning we picked up 64 again and drove 261 miles, arriving in Hendersonville in mid-afternoon. We again left the trail and went to The Swag, a mountain top inn between Waynesville and Maggie Valley, to spend the night. The Inn is elegantly rustic with wonderful food and all of the usual amenities and more. The next morning it was back to Hendersonville and on to Murphy over 127 miles of one of the "crookedest" and most scenic roads in the USA. We took photos of the County Courthouse, and then headed back to The Swag, stopping at a roadside table by a scenic stream to eat the box lunch The Swag had prepared for us. After another night of rustic elegance, we drove the 15 miles to the interstate, and six hours later we were back in Durham.

(Continued on page 3)

Library Science 101

By Carol Scott

NEW IN THE LIBRARY!

As promised in last month's issue of *The Forester*, the Library has begun selling to our residents and staff surplus books that might be of interest to our readers.

Hardbacks are \$2.00, softbacks (paper covers) are \$1.00, and regular paperbacks are 50 cents. No cash is needed at the spot. Payment is on the honor system. TFAD Resident Services forms are in a container next to the books and are to be filled out and signed by the buyer, stating the number of books, type of book, and price, and this will be sent to Accounting and added to the buyer's next monthly bill from The Forest. For example:

2 hardbacks	\$4.00
3 paperbacks	<u>\$1.50</u>
TOTAL	\$5.50

Please leave the filled-out forms in the container with the blank ones, and the Library staff will gather them and take them regularly to Accounting.

Signs explaining this are at the Sale Books shelves, which are located in the Copier Room, just inside the door from the main room and to the right, next to the sink. Sale Books will always be available there, and additions to them will be made from time to time. Come and browse!

If you have any questions, ask a Library Committee member.

Meanwhile, a reminder. If you have checked out a book, do not give it to someone else to read when you have finished it. It is still checked out in YOUR name. Return it to the Library to be checked in, so you won't be responsible if it becomes overdue. You can leave a note with it stating "Save for So-and-so," with his/her phone number, and this person will be notified as soon as the book is ready to be checked out again.

Also, if you are checking out a book for someone else, be sure to write his/her name on the card, NOT yours, so we will know who really has the book.

The next Book Club selections are: Peter Lovesey's *The Last Detective* for April; *Flight Behavior* by Barbara Kingsolver for May; and Jane Austen's classic *Pride and Prejudice* for June.

President's Podium continued

(Continued from page 2)

By traveling along the original Hwy 64, you get an idea of what North Carolina is and used to be. In the Coastal Plain region the beach resorts are mostly carefully developed and attractive; elsewhere most small tobacco farms have given way to large fields of cotton, soybean, and corn. Some of the small towns where the farmers and merchants lived in stately homes are still thriving while others have fallen on hard times. In the Piedmont, the Research Triangle is the center of the high tech and biomedical industries coming into the state, but then is seen some of the remains of the once flourishing tobacco, furniture, and textile industries. In the mountains you will see scenes of breathtaking beauty around almost every curve of the crooked roads and a welcoming inn in the next town to rest from your travel.

If you have a yen to get a good look at what some of North Carolina was, a view of what it is now and a suggestion of what is likely to occur in the future, take a slow trip on old highway 64 from Manteo to Murphy. Try it – I think you'll like it.

Jacob Poole continued*(Continued from page 1)*

wonderful time and would like to go back.



Jacob in the snow

While he was in school Jacob had interned in Chatham Bars Inn on Cape Cod, was a barrister in Barge Canal Coffee Company at Colgate University, and was a pot washer/prep cook at Poolville Country Store in Poolville, New York. His first job after graduating was with Duvall Catering in Charleston, South Carolina, where he arrived during a warm, flowery Easter. He managed a team of twenty, while catering off-site events for a multimillion-dollar operation. Food was prepared in a central kitchen, then loaded onto trucks for transport. Occasionally something would fall off the back of the truck and replacements had to be ordered. Sometimes they cooked on site in a tent. They did many weddings, and sometimes for very demanding brides (known in the trade as bridezillas). When I ask about disasters Jacob remembers the wedding cake with a layer of chocolate mousse on a very warm Charleston day at the beginning of May. As he cut into the cake, the mousse, which had swollen in the heat, burst out. So guests had to be content with a plate of pudding. The bride and groom, first served from the top, got intact pieces. "That was one of the bigger disasters," he says.

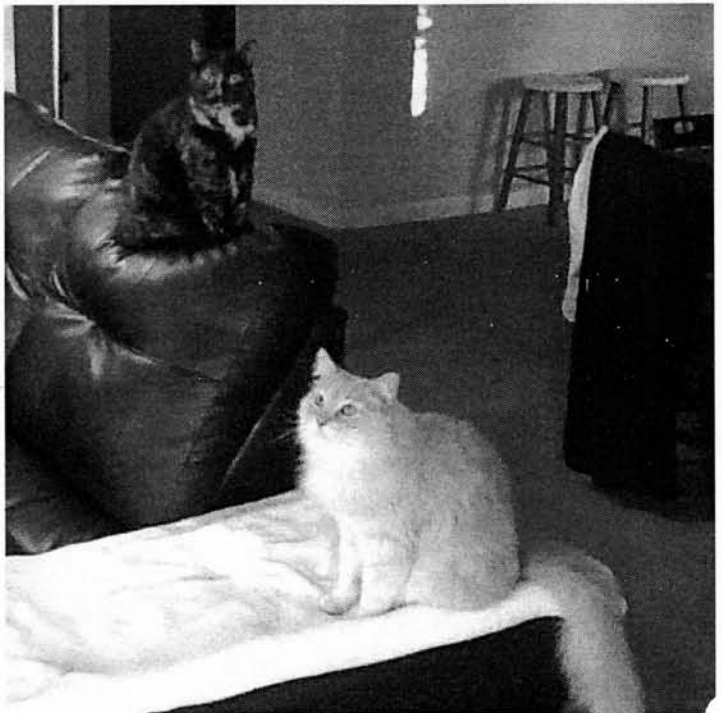
He came to The Forest in the fall of 2012 from Asheville, where he was Banquet and Catering Supervisor and Dining Room Supervisor at many venues within Biltmore Estates. He was involved in the

redesign and reopening of the Deerpark Venue and worked on events ranging in price from \$5,000 to \$250,000.

His job description here at The Forest is two pages long and is as impossible of summary as they always are. In addition to "walking, reaching, bending, grasping, fine hand coordination, pushing and pulling, ability to distinguish smells, tastes, and temperatures...and remain calm under stress," it requires that he "work independently and efficiently under stressful conditions, with many interruptions, and with general knowledge of safety and sanitation rules." In conclusion, Jacob is advised that "this is not an exclusive list" and that "job functions may be altered by management without notice."

Jacob conducts the gathering known as Showtime, where staff is told about the food and the ingredients before each meal is served. He circulates in the café and occasionally in the main dining room. In short, he's all over the place.

He lives in Raleigh with his two cats, Gloria and Anderson. In his free time he enjoys checking out new restaurants and "some of the really good breweries around here."



Gloria and Anderson

Mystery: Addiction to Chickpeas?

(paragraph 2 from www.whfoods.org)

by Bill Harrington

Is it possible to become addicted to chickpeas? I love these little legumes. You can keep the chickpea burger, but I adore chickpeas in salads or cooked with just about anything.

Chickpeas have been found in archeological sites that have been carbon dated to 3000 B.C.E. It is thought that they were first cultivated in the Mediterranean Basin and eventually spread to India and Ethiopia. Rapidly turning the history knob to the 16th century, the chickpea or Garbanzo bean, as it is sometimes called, made its way to subtropical regions of the world via the travels of Spanish and Portuguese explorers. Indian emigrants also deserve credit for introducing these peas to other parts of the world. Currently, the following countries produce most of our supply of these little morsels of joy: India, Pakistan, Turkey, Ethiopia, and Mexico.

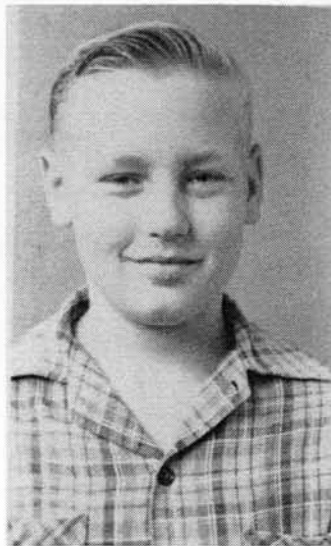
I grew up eating all kinds of foods that were bad for me – especially unpleasing to my colon. When my Dad was around 77, he was saved from the very

early stages of colon cancer because it was “caught early,” as he always proclaimed. Dad’s doctor told him that he needed to go on a diet, so he changed doctors. He continued to eat anything he wanted and lived to be 93.

I’m reminded of the French woman who lived to be 120. A journalist, doing a series of articles on centenarians, asked her the inevitable question, “To what do you owe your longevity?” Her reply, “I stopped smoking when I was 116.”

Maybe there are other genes such as one for stubbornness that has something to do with living a long life. In any event, I believe we shouldn’t take any chances. I eat a much healthier diet than I used to. Now, after I consume my favorite meal – eastern North Carolina pit-cooked whole hog barbeque – over the next week I consume at least two cups of genuine chickpeas, thus canceling out the bad effects of the pork.

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



School Days 1943-46



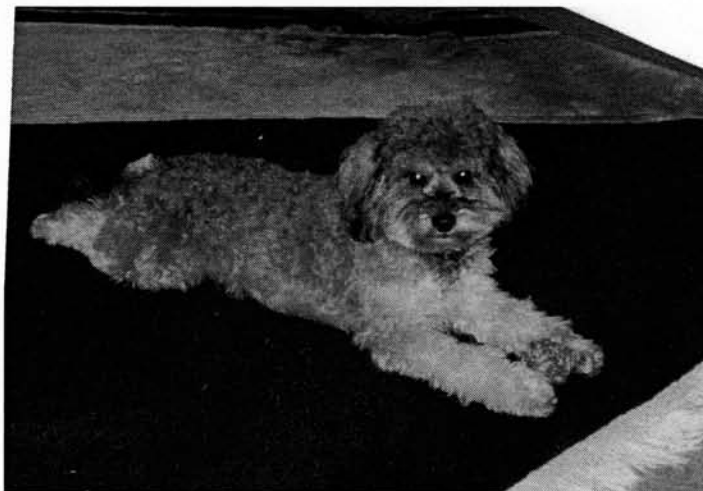
1953 graduate

The Dogs Have Their Day

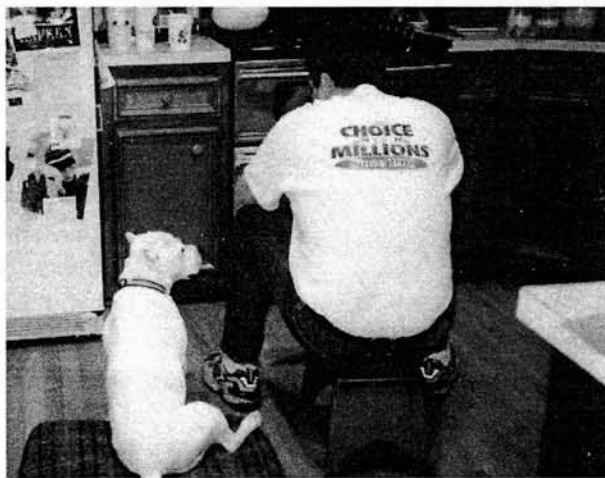
compiled and captioned by Maija Harrington



Rosalee, a bichon frisé, who lived with Randy Coupland before his death, now loves to sit on Mama Betty Lamar's lap.



Alfie, Gay Atkinson's schnoodle (schnauzer-poodle mix), takes a break from watch-dogging at the cottage.



Brittany, the one-eyed dog that Nan Schiebel rescued, keeps that eye on the oven, with her friend Andy Albright.



Charlie, a cavalier King Charles spaniel adopted by Kathryn and Ted Bergstrom, stops to show off his beautiful coat.

The Dogs Have Their Day

continued



Misty, an 8-year-old miniature American Eskimo Spitz, is Ty Hills' faithful companion.



Tye, Nancy Wardropper's shy wire-haired dachshund, agreed, under protest, to pose for this photo.



Emma is a little ball of fluff rescued by Louise and Frank Chut.



Kate, Naomi Tapaske's English cocker spaniel, finally tires of the camera so we got an unblurred photo at last.

A GIFT FROM CHINA

by Carol Scott

Sitting on a high shelf in my living-room, safely out of reach of my cat, is a beautiful family heirloom that came to me many years ago.

It is a porcelain Chinese teapot given to my grandmother by my grandfather late in the 19th century. Originally it resided in a woven basket with brass clasp and handles, the Chinese equivalent of a thermos, for the rose-brocaded padded inside had an indentation shaped to fit the teapot and another for the dainty handle-less cup lost before my time.

The inside padding is now gone, lost to an unfortunate experiment with a flower arrangement in water, but the empty basket is kept near the teapot.

My grandfather, David A. Weed, born in Maine in 1859, ran away to sea in his teens, became a Captain at age 21, and was proudly qualified a Master Mariner. Still in the days of sail in the late 1800s, he was in the China Trade, making voyages from New England around Cape Horn and across the Pacific to Canton, China. (He did live to captain motor-driven ships through the Panama Canal, and I've wondered what he thought about that.) From one of these voyages he brought home to his wife Ada the handsome teapot set which eventually came down to me, their eldest granddaughter, with the middle name of Ada.

The teapot is decorated with two paintings of people in the colorful and flowing robes of old China, and there are columns of Chinese characters beside them. No one left in the family knew what they meant by the time I received the teapot. For years I wondered what was written there. It was too much to merely wish the receiver good health and a happy life.

Finally, when I encountered Alice Chen one day in the hallway here at The Forest, I asked if she could help me. She is fluent in Chinese, and graciously came to my apartment and copied the characters for study at home. Right away she observed that there was no dynasty mark on the bottom of the pot,

which meant that it was not made for commercial sale but more likely for a personal gift.

The inscription, she said later, seems to be about a party and is addressed to a Master Liang, the recipient of the teapot. It flatters him, but also seems to refer to a plea or an inside joke. The old characters were difficult to decipher.

My next questions were: What is the translation for Liang? Could it be Weed? Could it have been a personal gift to my grandfather? Or was Liang something completely unrelated to him and he picked the teapot up at some second-hand shop on Swan Island, where he had anchored outside Canton?

A visit to Google for the translation elicited an interesting response. The surname Liang is common in southern China, where Canton (Guangzhou) is located. As a noun it means a bridge, an elevation, a mast. As an inside joke, it COULD mean that a bridge is being/could be built between China and the U.S. by a tall man (by Chinese standards) related to the sea, therefore making the gift a personal one to Captain Weed.

Or is this just a wishful translation by someone interested in yet another family story?

Since we can never know the truth, I prefer to believe this possible story instead of the one about shopping in a second-hand store.

Applause! Applause! Encore! Again!

by Barbara Seay

Yes, more applause, as we are very excited that The Forest has enlarged The Encore Shop, our famous thrift emporium. They have installed a carpet (surplus) and painted the walls light green, adding many shining white shelves. It looks great!

An added plus of the enlargement is the elimination of the hazard of being fined by the Durham Fire Department for cluttering the hall.

Again we remind you of The Encore Shop and what it means to the residents: money for the Benevolent Fund; and again to the residents: a wonderful place to find just the right small table or decorative picture or small gift for your son-in-law or your grandchildren; and to the employees here: extra kitchen utensils, glasses, dishes, appliances; tables and chairs for yourselves and/or college students or young married offspring, at really inviting prices.

In the last six years we have donated \$35,000 to the Benevolent Fund! We gratefully thank all the buyers and suppliers.

But now we need more merchandise. More donations would help fill those empty shelves and could also help you as you fill out your tax forms. We send

you a receipt for every item. Donations can be made by calling Helen Monson at 919-489-2470 or me at 919-401-4769.

Do you have items or even one unusual thing that you are tired of, which you could replace if you gave it to us? We need good, interesting, clean, substantial furniture, décor items, or jewelry to fill our larger space and newly painted shelves for our shoppers.

Helen Monson ably chairs our great staff again (another encore) which includes Marilyn Ulick, Jean Peters, Becky Hill, Lois Klauder, and newcomer Celeste King. I personally find it a fun place to work.

We are located in the same place. To find the shop, from the main level go past the Studio, turn right in front of Jim Normandin's office to the end of the hall, take Elevator 11 to Level One (not Ground), and go straight ahead past Physical Therapy and turn right. We will be open on Tuesday, April 9, 4:00-5:00pm, and Wednesday, April 10, 11:00-noon.

We love ENTHUSIASTIC CUSTOMERS. Give us something for them to enthuse over. See you there!



Photo by Sue Murphy

The Last Detective

by Peter Lovesey

A Review by Peggy Quinn

Can you imagine Sherlock Holmes, in this day and age, sitting in front of a computer, searching the web for clues, calling Watson on his cell phone and sending him to the lab to check the DNA samples of his crime suspects? I would expect that Holmes would fly with the times!

Not so Peter Diamond, who is Peter Lovesey's choice for the leading detective in his newest book, *The Last Detective*. Diamond truly believes that Britain's downfall and decline in 1964 in world power could be traced to the abolition of the death penalty. He calls computers Trojan horses and scorns anyone who doesn't believe that good detective work only proceeds from old-fashioned footwork. He is a consummate gumshoe and his prejudices run against any modern contrivance that gets in his way. He is cantankerous, cynical, irascible and bullying, a man set in his ways who lets everyone know his way is the only way. His character is so well defined that one immediately dislikes him. Methinks Lovesey purposely sets out to paint a protagonist who is anathema to the reader. "Doesn't play well with others" fits Diamond to a T.

There is a body found floating in the lake. A nude woman with streaming red hair. The almost clueless case poses a supreme challenge to the detective, who is anxious to clear his name of recent charges of brutality. A belated investigation reveals that the victim is actress Geraldine Snoo. This leads to one surprise after another. The victim's professor husband, Greg Jackman, claims that his wife tried to kill him. He, of course, is the prime suspect until a phone call clears his name and Diamond has no choice but to let him go.

As if this is not enough to keep us on our toes, bursting with curiosity and making wild guesses as to the killer's identity, Lovesey throws in a sub-plot. The professor is involved in staging an exhibit of Jane Austen's life in Bath. We find that there are two purloined letters believed to be authentic, written by Jane Austen to her aunt. Jackman has lost the letters. He believes that they may have been stolen from him. He suspects his wife.

The plot thickens as Dana Didrickson enters the scene. She is a divorced mother whom Geraldine had accused of trying to steal her husband. Diamond rises to the occasion and shows his true skills when he refutes genetic fingerprinting evidence against Dana and in the last stunning scene reveals the killer's identity.

Lovesey is a crafty, compelling, and credible writer who creates a mystery story that keeps the reader guessing. There is suspense and wit and pacing that keeps the plot moving. There are characters that are real, and as I progressed through the last few chapters I relented a little in my opinion of Peter Diamond. He is tough, he is clever, and he loves playing the bad cop, especially when he has someone like John Wigfull to play the good cop. Yes, Peter Diamond, worms and all, is *The Last Detective*.

Time

by Ned Arnett

“Time is stuff which makes it so that everything doesn’t happen at once” (misquoted from A. Einstein).

That’s a funny definition, and it isn’t entirely true.
Actually, at any given moment
lots of things are happening at the same time all over the universe.
It’s just when you try to compare them
at different moments and different places
that you get into the stuff called “time.”

Time, whatever it is, affects everything continually.
It is a profoundly physical thing; ask Einstein.
It’s also a subtle matter of perception.
Why is everything around me going faster and faster?
Easy; it’s just relative to me going slower and slower.

More subtly: why is it that the minutes often go by so slowly
waiting for the pot to boil or for the doctor’s decision,
while a whole weekful of minutes seems to speed by.
As for months: I can’t believe that it’s April
when I’ve just become used to February!
And what happened to the last five years?
How would you like “doing time” in solitary confinement?
I’d go nuts! It’s cruel and unusual punishment.

Borne along on time’s river you may drift for years
on your own familiar stream of consciousness.
Then, suddenly, without warning, you’re in the rapids
as some shocking surprise takes you over the falls,
and time becomes so compressed that for a moment
everything does seem to be happening at once to you.

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

Gifts

AUTOMOBILE	CHECK	HAT	MAGAZINE	SLIPPERS
BICYCLE	CLOTHING	HOSE	NECKTIE	SOCKS
BOARD GAME	COMPUTER	IPOD	PAINTING	STUFFED ANIMAL
BOOKS	CRYSTAL	JACKET	PLANT	SWEATER
BRACELET	DVD	JEWELRY	RADIO	TELEVISION
CAMERA	GIFT CERTIFICATE	LAMP	RAZOR	TOOLS
CANDLE	GLOVES	LOTION	RING	UNDERWEAR
CELL PHONE	GUITAR	LUGGAGE	ROBE	WALLET
		MINTS	SHAVING CREAM	WATCH