Over dinner, she nibbled, quibbled, spooned and swooned

For the first column on dining in the formal dining room at Preston-wood Country Chb, my husband, James Powers, and I were joined by Cary pediatrician Dr. Virgil Steele and his wife, Anne. Before dinner, we enjoyed con-versation and the pleasandy aromatic scent of a McCallan Scotch. Dr. Steele pointed out that the aroma came from a single-malt, pure Scotch aged 10-12 years in an old cask previously used for aging sherry.

pute soutch aget 10-12 years in an old cask previously used for aging sherry. So pleasant was the conversation that I began and ended the evening with social blunders, and threw some more in, between courses, for good measure! First I caught insyelf nibbling on Mrs. Steele's bread. How I managed this feat, J'Il never know, especially since I first buttered it, which required some awkward maneuvering of the strategically placed butter knife. Mrs. Steele pretended not to notice, but some-how it escaped no one's attention when I ceremoniously switched our bread plates in an attempt to put things right again. Fortunately, Mrs. Steele didn't

things right again. Fortunately, Mrs. Steele didn't slap my band and formal dining room manager Edward Simpkins didn't rush over to escort me out of the establishment or offer to revoke our membership. Dr. Steele did wink, and acknowledged that the move seemed to make me feel bet-ter, then graciously moved to an-other topic. (I suppose this pediatrician must have felt grateful be able to call on his skifts in dealing with wayward, if well-intentioned children.) When the first course arrived, I

intentioned children.) When the first course arrived, I didh' tonce drool on our guests' grilled blue crab cakes, though I did greatly admire the artistry with which the dish was presented on a plate painted with a lemon-dill and white wine sauce. James and I were a bit dis-appointed in our snails. Our palates

Prestonwood Gourmet By **Roxanne** Powers

appreciate the flavor of rosemary only in tiny doses and, in addition, we couldn't help but naughtily wonder what the snails would have to do to earn the title of escargot. (Mr. Simpkins later informed me that it is only a matter of prefer-ence.)

(Mr. Simpkins later informed me that is only a matter of prefer-ence.)
The arrival of the second course, my dining room etiquette again took a side. Imagine, if you will, the beautiful chilled gazgacho before me fi is perfectly chilled; the tomatore book so colorful and the celery so crisp, I can hardly wait to instead and get the feeling that Twe bor ooks so colorful and the celery so crisp, I can hardly wait to instead and get the feeling that Twe bor ooks so colorful and the celery and get the feeling that Twe bor ooks so colorful and the celery and get the feeling that Twe bor ooks so colorful and the celery and get the feeling that Twe bor ook a moment I con-signated cleaning it off with mg apkin and discretely easing it back down and leave it on the second down the waiter's mind that I hav paw, and there, he could fore-tav paw, and there, he could fore-tavapaw, and there, he cele and my husband have the Caesar salad

prepared tableside; Dr. Steele has the Mediterranean chickpea and spinach soup, and I have a beautifu salad of curly spinach, surrounded by a cressent of sliced new potatoes, all of which is topped with a refreshing hot bacon dress-ing made with balsamic vinegar and a hint of citrus zest.

We all enjoyed this course so much that the waiter had some dif-ficulty wresting the dishes from our graps. He did manage to ac-complish this, however, and even replaced them with a palate cleans-ing sorbet; and, I might add, a re-placement sorbet spon which was discretely provided without so much as a smirk.

Inden as a smirk, I confess that throughout the eve-ning, I was concerned that I might begin choking on something stupid like a flake of black pepper, caus-ing Mrs. Steele to find it necessary to use her emergency room skills. That of course wouldn't exactly be conducive to a good evening for her.

her. However, we made it through the first three courses drama-free, and were able to relax and enjoy some exceptional entrees. Both Dr. and Mrs. Steele had the sauteed shrimp served on a plate painted with a Thai-occourt cream sauce and mango coulis (an all-natural pureed fruit), jasmine rice (a slightly sweet

and sauteed snow peas. James had the char-grilled Texas ribeye steak with a red-eye demiribeye steak with a red-eye demi-glace. This sauce is prepared with half Jack Daniels, and half-reduced brown sauce, and in spite of the hint of aggression in its name, is so delightfully unimposing that even I could be tempted into becoming a beef convert. This generously sized steak is served with baked potato croquettes (which James described as more flavorful and sophisticated "atter tots") and sauteed string beans.

beans. I'm proud to report that, in trying to restrain myself from going off a

diet, I was able to keep temp at bay and ordered the slow--chicken with garlic-scented r potatoes, sauteed spinach and

For dessert, Mrs. Steele had the pear torte which is made with a crust of ground macadamia nuts, filled with Bartlett pears and topped with an apricot glaze.

Dr. Steele had the chocolate souf-fle, which is prepared with Belgian chocolate and topped with a choco-late sauce anglaise.

ames had the Preston pie, a deep bottom chocolate graham crust filled with chocolate ganache,

That the brambleberry short-bread, which is two wedges of lemon shortbread topped with brambleberries (defined as any ber ries grown on a bush, such as blackberries, raspherries and blueberries). The dish was sur-rounded by a modest (and there-fore, "diet friendly") amount of whipped cream.

chocolate mousse, and whipped cream drizzled in chocolate.

Dieting never tasted so good as it did on this night at Prestonwood. So good, in fact, that I'll be tempted to take on even more calories in future columns.



Forget Where You Bought Your Ford, Lincoln or Mercury vehicle Bring it to Don Jenkins Ford for



Officer completes training on collisions at crossings

A Morrisville police officer has completed a training class covering the investigation of collisions at grade crossings. E.J. Hanks was among 36 high-way patrol, law enforcement of-ficers, and fire and rescue person-nel attending the three-day session, which was sponsored by the Gov-emor's Highway Safety Program and North Carolina Operation Lifesaver, Inc. Classes at the State Highway Patrol Training Center in Raleigh were conducted by Norfolk

Operation Lifesaver, Inc., is an information and education program to help prevent and reduce crashes, injuries and fatalities as well as im-prove driver performance at public and private rail-highway grade crossings. The training classes are supported by a \$27,000 grant from the Governor's Highway Safety Program.



ETHICS

RESULTS

"It has been an abolite pleasure working with Sharon Zonca. Sharon is very knowledgeable about the market in this area. Sharon went above and beyond the call of duy to make source the sale of my home went smoothly. She is now helping me with the purchase of my new home. Here experience and support have been invaluable to me. I highly recom-mend Sharon as an agent. She's great?" Mary O'Brien Myrick **COMMITTED TO:**

or Cooler R

ttal • He

*CENTURY 21 - #1 IN T.O.M.A. SURV

