



# THE FORESTER

*The Forest at Duke*

Volume 7 Issue 3

December 2000

## Taking Care of the Caregivers

America has something it never had before: an aging problem. Medical advances in our time have created an aging population whose numbers increase every year, and the figures keep mounting as the baby boomers reach their later years. Aging is becoming a national headache.

In the past families took care of their own,



but changing social and cultural patterns have made home care a problem in it-

self for a great many people. Even in institutions like The Forest, a great many wives and husbands find them-

selves doing what they never dreamed of doing: being a 24-hour-a-day nurse for a husband or wife. And that has raised a new problem: Who takes care of the caregivers? By and large, say researchers, they must learn how to take care of themselves.

One of the leading figures in the research being done on this subject is our own Dr. Galanos, as disclosed in a recent issue of Duke Medical Perspectives, which notes that there are 25 million caregivers in the United States, and their numbers can only increase. These people are on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week. Many break down eventually, physically, psychologically, or both. A survey conducted by the National Family Caregivers Association

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## PRESIDENT'S CORNER

Your Residents' Board met on November 23. The detailed minutes are posted each month on the wall adjacent to the mail boxes. The board approved the following committee chairpersons: Activities, Lois Watts; Buildings, Lib Kern; Caucus (including By-Laws), Robbie Robertson; Food Services, Beth Upchurch; Finance, Bob Guy; Grounds, Bruce Burns; Health, Bud Busse; Library (including Gift Shop, Encore Store and Publications), Priscilla Squier; Safety and Security, Evebell Dunham.

Committee chairpersons are establishing goals for this year.

Some of the expressed concerns for the board to focus on this year are: 1) Containing monthly service fee increases; 2) Improved communication; 3) Long Range plans and the need for closure.

A great deal of time was spent on the building plans (i.e., financial): when decisions will be made, whether the plans are subject to change after they are presented to the residents, etc. The present plan is to present the plans to the residents in January or February. They will be presented to each caucus with a Resident Board member present at each

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### The Forester

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## D E C E M B E R G R E E T I N G S

News is out that Forest residents are scheduled for flu shots December 18. Three cheers! Better late than never.

May the holidays-Christmas, Hanukkah, Kwanzaa-be merry and bright for us all, though not necessarily a "Christmas that's white."

And to each and every one, our best wishes for a splendid 2001

--The Editors



### **Volunteer Needed**

Bob Blake (490-6750) is asking for help in taking care of the plants throughout the building. He spends two hours twice a week caring for 90 plants from 8 to 10 a.m. He would like to find someone who would be willing to make the rounds with him at least once a week, to learn the procedure.

### **Community Activities**

Thanks to a suggestion from Hal Muncaster, the Community Relations Committee has been able to arrange with the PTA of Rogers-Herr Middle School for TFAD residents to take part in two projects.

The first is the collection of coupons from the box tops of General Mills products, including cereals like Wheaties and Cheerios, and cake or cookie mixes.

The coupons are identified by the phrase "Box Tops for Education."

An envelope to collect these

coupons will be on the Residents' bulletin board. The school will turn the coupons in for cash, and the money will be used to help develop the musical talents of the students as well as for other projects.



The second project allows persons shopping at Harris Teeter to donate 2% of the cost of certain items to the school. Holders of VIC cards who buy Harris Teeter brand items and who register the school's number can take part in this. One

does this at the cash register before the items are scanned.

The number to register is 3 6 4 6 .

This has to

be done once only; the computer handles the rest. Rogers-Herr will use the funds collected to support its chorus and band. Brochures describing the details of the program will be on the Residents' bulletin board and can also be picked up at the Harris Teeter service desk.

These two projects are

an excellent way to support a local school in its efforts to give its students an opportunity to develop their special talents. Please take part if you can.

--Peg Lewis



### **IN MEMORIAM**

Joseph R. Shoenfield 11/ 16

Wilhelminia Lemen 11/27

Gosta Englund 11/27

Theodore Ropp 12/2

Marion Geary 12/3

## AD LIB

"Minds are like parachutes ;  
they only work when they're open."  
Bumper sticker.

### A Christmas Story

If you look on a map you will see that the part of England closest to Germany is East Anglia and near it's outer edge is the city of Norwich. This is where I found myself in the latter part of WWII - and in a mad house at that. No, I wasn't bereft of my senses, I was only there because the British Government had lent the property housing the local insane asylum to The American Red Cross for an officers' club. The former inmates had been evacuated to Scotland for the duration as Norwich was a target for German bombs. The building was spacious and honeycombed with small cubicle bedrooms. The public rooms were large as was the walled garden. Two traces of the former residents remained - the iron bars on the windows and the toilets that flushed automatically every five minutes. The age of the building was arguable. Mrs. Simmet, who brought my "wake up" tea, scoffed when I looked at the sagging ceiling and remarked on the great age of Bethel House. "Not very old, Ma'am, only Elizabethan." I had forgotten Norwich was a Norman town.

Clustered around Norwich were the airfields for our B24



bombers. These bases were drab affairs. Color them gray. ... treeless stretches peppered with hangers

and Quonset huts and deep in mud when it rained and it rains often in East Anglia. The men would fly for one day and be free for two. What to do with their free time? They came to town on their jeeps, on their bicycles, on the bus. Our club's cubicle bedrooms offered a clean bed and hot shower. Our large public rooms offered lounge chairs in front of a crackling fire, bridge, a library of sorts, a dining room (British rations, lots of rabbit and Spam) and dances twice a week with carefully screened local girls. For many the club became their home away from home. We four Red Cross girls listened to their problems, held their hands and when we heard the drone of their planes assembling over Norwich sent up little prayers for their safe return. These bombing missions over Germany were an exquisite form of Russian Roulette. So many planes would go out in the morning and not so many would limp home in the afternoon. Some day's losses were staggering. Each plane carried a crew of seven so it wasn't just the plane that went down ; it was those fresh faced boys who came into the club.

When the Normandy landings and the romp through France were successful everyone felt the war in Europe would soon end. In December '44 the Allies ran into trouble in Belgium. The snow was deep, the Germans determined and the momentum we had gathered came to a screeching halt at The Battle of the Bulge. Our armies desperately needed air cover. Unfortunately the weather had closed in, pea-soup fog, sleet, and snow blanketed the area making flying impossible. The fliers felt they were not doing their bit when most needed. A heavy depression invaded the club. The men's faces were as long as their legs. We tried to cheer them, had them baking cookies, helping with

the Christmas decorations. The club was flooded with Christmas music. (White Christmas always takes me back to Norwich.) The children's choir from the Cathedral would be coming Christmas Eve to sing and the Army had given us turkeys for Christmas dinner. After days of fog the sun burst through December 24th. The club emptied. The men returned to base to fly. The children's choir came that Christmas Eve and sang for their audience of only four Red Cross girls. Christmas was postponed.

### Christmas shopping;

If you haven't finished your Christmas shopping here are a few suggestions for gifts under \$15.00

Belk, South Square, has a great gift for single ladies wandering about in the dark; a siren-flashlight at \$14.00 - and for that friend who has everything, a sweater de-fuzzer at \$10.00.

I've become addicted to Wal-Mart (New Hope Commons) since I discovered their nifty 1-hour photo service. While waiting for pictures the other day I found two really cool gifts; the first for singles on my list - a Magic Chef small sandwich toaster @ \$ 9.95; the other an Arts, Crafts and Handyman tool kit - 14 pieces neatly fitted into a not-very-large solid plastic case @ \$14.95.

Then on to A Southern Season (Eastgate, Chapel Hill) where I bought a jar of Silver Spoons' Very Fudge Sauce for my chocoholic Best Friend @ \$4.99.

This last is a catalogue item, a Godsend to anyone with arthritic fingers. It's an automatic card shuffler (batteries not included). Call Lighthouse at 1-800 829 0500 - item 2640 @ \$14.95

—Libby Getz



## The Toy Makers

Since 1994 some of the men of TFAD have put their hobbies and their work experiences to work in the garage on our back campus making toy trucks that they donate at Christmas time to the social agencies of Durham and Orange Counties.

In the beginning P. J. Burns and Gene Ringwald organized the group; they donated their own tools, designed and planned the toys and got together the materials. Today, the Resident's Association budgets some funds to buy lumber and nails; the men now ten in number, donate the energy and talent.

Phil Eshelman is presently the chair person (the leadership is rotated) and he is working on some new designs for next year. The present group of 500 toys have been finished and will be delivered to the following agencies: Salvation Army, Rescue Mission, Duke Hospital Vol-

unteers, Orange Child Care Center, Operation Breakthrough, Genesis House, and Durham Volunteer Services.

Each toy is engineered to be safe for all ages, no loose parts to chew, but all are playable and good to look at. Each year the toys are on display in our lobby. This year it was the Friday of December 1<sup>st</sup>.

Phil is happy to list some of the newer residents among this year's team and hopes more will join up. The group this year includes: **P. J. Burns, John Friedrich, Phil Eshelman, Chuck Fields, Art Watts, Bruce Burns, Bob Moyer, Collin Ostrander, Jim Shuping and Gene Magat.** Phil lives at #2044 and his phone is 493-6788.

If you have talent along this line, give Phil a call—they can use as much or as little time as you have available. This

year's crop of toys were completed in about 30 work days. It is a great group of men with which to "Hob nob." They will be having a family dinner party soon to celebrate their job well done --Earl Davis

### *Only in America*

- Only in America are there handicap parking places in front of a skating rink.
- Only in America do drugstores make the sick walk all the way to the back of the store to get their prescriptions.
- Only in America do people order double cheese burgers, a large fry, and a diet coke.
- Only in America do banks leave both doors open and then chain the pens to the counters.
- Only in America do we leave cars worth thousands of dollars in the driveway and leave useless junk in the garage.

## AT THE MOVIES

### LEGEND OF BAGGER VANCE

Who is Bagger Vance - this gentle, wise person who appears from the darkness? He befriends



and guides a personable young World War I hero, who is deeply disturbed following the trauma of his war experiences.

The setting is early depression Savannah. A beautiful, once wealthy, young woman is deter-

mined to honor the debts incurred by her deceased father by arranging a golf exhibition starring golf celebrities of the day. The young veteran, who is a fine golfer, is prevailed upon to participate. He and the woman had been lovers before the war, but had not met since his return.

This movie is a lot about golf, about which I know next to nothing. That fact did not hinder my enjoyment of the film. Golfers will have a much better understanding of the challenges and nuances of the game.

The cast includes Will Smith, Matt Damon and Jack Lemmon who under the direction of

Robert Redford are most appealing. The direction is clear and precise.



The photography is stunning as are the costumes. There is no violence or

vulgarity here.

If you are a movie buff, don't miss this one, but don't forget that it is a "legend". Be prepared to be swept along by the storytelling and its mysteries. —Heliotrope

## POETRY CORNER

### TIME WAS

Time was when we were tops among the nations;  
Time was when we showed all the world the way.  
Efficiency marked all our computations;  
We could not tolerate undue delay.  
Time was when our machines and our inventions  
Surpassed by far the works of lesser men.  
Accomplishments exceeded expectations.  
Those were the days!  
We had the knack of counting ballots then.

We showed the world democracy in action;  
We knew what the majority desired,  
For our pollsters covered every warring faction,  
And technology delivered as required.  
We always knew who'd won a close election  
Long hours before the final votes were cast.  
No need for weeks of fruitless indirection.  
Those were the days!  
When we knew how to count the ballots fast.

—George Chandler

### THE STAR THAT HEALS

The little town of Bethlehem,  
Once long ago in history,  
Bestowed a gift to people all  
A star to top the Christmas tree.

On that dark night as silence reigned,  
It beckoned to the wise men three,  
Hence in quiet reverence I place,  
A star atop my Christmas tree.

This time of year is fresh with hope,  
Sated with love we all agree,  
Bathed in this glow I ever hang,  
A star atop my Christmas tree.

With warm thoughts of peace, faith renewed,  
New guidance to seek constantly,  
I will look upward and embrace  
The star atop my Christmas tree.  
--ellen cheek dozier

### Christmas Is Friendship Time

At Christmas time our hearts reach out  
To friends we think of dearly  
And checking through our Friendship lists.  
As all of us do yearly  
We stop awhile to reminisce  
And to pleasantly review  
Happy little happenings  
And things we used to do----  
And though we've been too busy  
To keep in touch all year  
We send a Christmas greeting  
At this season of---GOOD CHEER  
So Christmas is a "lovely link"  
Between old years and new  
That keeps the "Bond of Friendship"  
Forever unbroken and true.  
ANON—Submitted by Dorothy Zutant

### *Postlude*

night gathers  
black velvet  
folds in the  
mountains of  
the day  
and scatters  
star-lit sentinels  
to watch  
the land  
Florence Manning

## BOOKNOTES

Everyone knows what a scoundrel Byron was (when he wasn't writing great poetry) but no one knew it better than his daughter



Ada Byron (Lady Lovelace,) because her mother never stopped telling her from the time she removed her daughter permanently from her husband's clutches until she died. Ada has been portrayed several times before, but never with more passion than Benjamin Woolley gives her in "The Bride of Science: Romance, Reason, and Byron's Daughter." Getting as far away from voluptuousness as possible, Ada became a brilliant scientist and is now credited with writing the first computer program, before computers were invented. (Don't ask.) But the curse of the father followed her. She struggled constantly with her unruly imagination and feelings, and refused to conform to her mother's world. The author, who writes for the BBC, has

given us a fascinating view of a most unusual daughter. (January)

Sometimes a new book has best seller written all over it before it appears. That's the case with "The Glass Palace," by Amitav Ghosh. In its marvelous opening scene, the year is 1885 and the British are seizing the Burmese capital. Witnessing the scene is an 11-year-old Indian boy, Raikmar who, in the turbulence of the marketplace, sees and never forgets 10-year-old Dolly, nursemaid to the Princess. They never forget that moment. He rises to fame and riches in the teak trade. She follows Burma's last king into exile in India. What follows is a multigenerational saga, in which the scene shifts from the sleepy Indian port city where Dolly grows up and the turbulent life of Burma. Of course the two come together, but the charm of the story is its vivid recreation of two worlds, with all kinds of characters during a century of

Indian and Burmese history. It's the kind of saga that never fails to entertain. (February)

Readers of the New Yorker know Susan Orlean's name, but if you're not among those, you've missed one of the most entertaining writers in the business. Susan is at her best in this collection titled, "The Bullfighter Checks Her Makeup: My Encounters With Extraordinary People." Most of the people here were unknown before Susan discovered them, but there are also such diverse figures as Bill Blass and Tonya Harding—twenty essays and profiles in all. We meet such diverse characters as an Ashanti who is king of all his people in America, a prize show dog, Hawaiian surf girls, and a female Spanish matador. Nearly all of these pieces are superb. This is ideal occasional reading—in bed, killing time, whatever. (January)

--John Tebbel

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## GROWING PAINS

Botanical Garden The Daniel Stowe Botanical Garden in Belmont, NC, just a few miles southwest of Charlotte, was started just eight years or so ago and I am amazed that it is so attractive and mature. It's worth a visit.

Greenhouse Noel Freeman, our Greenhouse chairman, tells us that there is some available space in the Greenhouse. If you are going away and would

like a place for your houseplants or if you have a plant that needs perking up, Noel will help you find a spot.

Flower Arrangements Minnie Mae Franklin will no longer be arranging roses for the count-me-in table, the ladies' room, and the reception desk. We will miss seeing her lovely arrangements. We thank her for the many hours she has devoted to the job.

Garden Plots Frank Melpolder recently organized a garden clean-up day, and a number of our gardeners turned up. Chad removed the large debris pile so the gardens are looking neat after a productive growing year. There are still some plots available for next year's new gardeners.

--Betty Niles Gray



## WHY I LIKE BASEBALL

I think it was Ernest Hemingway who said, "Before I sit down to write, I clean out the icebox and then I wash the dog." My housekeeper cleaned out my icebox and I no longer have a dog, so I'll begin.

Early on, my family watched many baseball games on black and white TV and later in color. When living in Boston, we watched the Red Sox for eight years and then in



Cleveland we had 13 years of the Indians. Many games we saw live. And now I try to keep up with the Durham Bulls: organized in 1902, a AAA

team in the International League--strong young players with their "state of the art" stadium.

I like the setting of the game (outdoors and summertime,) the colors, the sounds, the voices raised in song, and the yells, the organ music, and the food and excitement of it all. I love the green and brown playing field and the diamond formed by the bases. And it's a civilized game.

The correct number of players is nine on each team. Any number can play on the sandlots. The pitcher throws the ball to the batter, and that ball may cut through the air at 95 or more miles an hour. The bat is a long, rounded "stick" made of hard ash wood. I love that sound of the crack of the bat when it hits the ball. The ball is 5¼ inches in circumference, covered with two pieces of horsehide leather wrapped around a core of rubber. As I recall, it has 99 stitches. The point of contact is very small, for it's a round bat hitting a round ball. There is a pleasant muffled snap when the catcher or any player receives a hard-hit ball in his big leather glove.

All the teams have the same

style of uniform but each has its own colors. There is no extra padding except that of the catcher's, who runs the risk of missing the ball and being hurt. Batters wear helmets. Some gold chains flash in the sunlight, a current macho expression.

An organ's great sound swells and accompanies the singing of the national anthem at the start of each game. There is silence in the park before each pitch but a homerun, a grand slam, or even a good hit creates a huge burst of cheers and claps and "waves." The player may stand, doff his cap, and bow to the crowd if it's really a spectacular play. So classy! There are balks, knuckle balls, screw balls, hand signals, curve balls, the groove, a swing and a wallop, a steal and fly ball and others. I can't explain some because I just can't. And I can't keep up with the endless stats recorded for all players in the daily newspapers. During the game plays are called over the loud speakers and little anecdotes about the players are related. Coaches are plentiful, some professional, some novices.

At the seventh inning the fans stand and stretch and sing, "Take Me Out To The Ballgame" with great fervor.

And the food! Hot dogs, nachos, sunflower seeds, cookies, Cracker Jacks, peanuts, fried dough--umm good--ice cream, cotton candy, beer and soda. One may see many a proud father carrying a "dressed to kill" toddler in one arm and a can of beer in the other.

There are Little Leagues, all women teams, baseball camps and there are black teams. I have read of blind baseball where the player listens and judges where the ball is.

The head of major league baseball is the Commissioner. Upon his retirement from Yale,

President Giometti became Commissioner. He was a real fan who truly understood the game and its organization which has now become an international sport. And there is Cooperstown, the Abner Doubleday Field, and the Hall of Fame. They are all there--Ty Cobb (perhaps the best player in legendary baseball,) Babe Ruth, Walter Johnson, Yogi Berra, Cal Ripkin, Roger Maris, Joe DiMaggio, Hank Greenberg, Lou Gehrig, Bob Feller, Willie Mays, Ted Williams, and more. Sammy Sosa, a 60-60 man all by himself--60 homeruns in two seasons--and Mike McGuire, 62 homeruns in 2000. Sammy's 62 in 2000 came after Mike's.

We have trophies and memories in my family. Husband Tom caught a ball hit by Jim Hegan, catcher for the Indians. It is signed by Larry Doby, a newcomer to the Hall of Fame. it resides on my bookcase. Grandson Johnston caught one at a Red Sox game. Then one day in Cleveland Cy Young joined my son and his ten-year-old friends in a lot near our home. He took each boy's little glove and had the owner pitch him. You bet the gloves still hang in their bed-



rooms. To top it off, son John and I ran the bases in Cooperstown "just to say we did." I love it all. The game carries nostalgia and history.

Did you play "catch" with your father?

And then in the 40s there was Jackie Robinson. Our national pastime became America's game! --Eleanor Kinney

## BOSONS MATE?

Melvin Bergheim had no real problem with spending the summer of his nineteenth year in the environs of Geneva, Switzerland. It was nice country, with good walking and even the occasional climb up a mountain. Of course, he would rather have been at the Aspen music camp with his clarinet teacher. It was his father's idea that he should accompany him to the underground site of the Super Colossal High Speed Particle Accelerator Laboratory near Geneva, in an obvious attempt to wean him away from his chosen career as a musician. And it was his father, after all, who paid his bills at the college he attended in Maine—as far away from his family's home in San Diego as he could get.

Melvin was supposed to be his father's lab assistant or secretary or something. That was little more than a joke. First of all, Martin Bergheim, PhD, professor of physics at the University of California at San Diego, was the kind of physicist who did whatever it was he did in his head or, at most, jotted down an occasional formula or equation—Melvin wouldn't have known which was which—on the back of an old envelope. He hadn't been in a laboratory since he had been a graduate student. Anyway, he was a loner and wasn't about to share any of his ideas with anyone, even his own son, and even if that son had known a quark from a neutron, which he didn't.

Melvin had survived the summer, and he had had a pretty good time, too. His duties were not just light—they were nonexistent. Sometimes he wondered if his father remembered that he was there at all. He must have, for he had gotten Melvin a pass to attend the great demonstration that was to crown over a decade of work in the search for

Higgs Boson

Higgs Boson was the name given to a sub-atomic particle which no one had ever seen but which a lot of physicists, including Melvin's father, believed not only existed but explained why all the matter in the universe had mass. Or was it weight? Melvin didn't know, and he was willing to admit that, even if he did, he still wouldn't understand it.

Whatever, a few weeks ago, the great electronic collider, some kind of enormous machine occupying miles of tunnels under the mountains near Geneva, had produced the hoped-for collision of two mysterious particles, and what those running the experiment believed to have been Higgs Boson had been struck off, like a spark, Melvin supposed. It only existed for a microsecond, but the technical boffins thought that they had gotten its picture, or its profile, or the trace of an emission, or something. This afternoon, they were going to let a few of the sages with the most political pull—or financial leverage—have the first look at it.

There were fifteen senior



physicists in the room for the demonstration. Six of them were Nobel Laureates, but Melvin did not rate them very high. Every one of them had had to share the Nobel with two or three other people working in the same field. Not one had won it outright, like Einstein or Niels Bohr. Everybody said his father would get his in the next couple of

years anyway

At the front of the room there was a kind of miniature stage. It formed a cube, about three feet on each side, and opening toward the audience. The three closed sides and the top seemed to be formed by four television picture tubes facing each other. The technician in charge explained that it would project a three-dimensional image of the Higgs Boson, magnified a million or so times. Melvin hoped they knew what they were doing. What if it blew up? Or turned out to be an uncontrollable green glob like one he had once seen in a science fiction movie

What happened when the switch was thrown caught everyone so completely by surprise that there was a total stunned silence in the room. Except for Melvin. He laughed. He just couldn't help it. His father jabbed him in the ribs, and he put his handkerchief in his mouth.

What had happened, as the switch clicked, instantaneously, with no flash and no fanfare, was that there appeared in the box, surrounded by the television tubes, a small, very ordinary looking, brown rabbit. It was obviously frightened, for it was hunched down with its ears laid back flat. After just a few seconds, it moved its head, stretched its neck, and raised its long ears like an antenna.

It had been hunched there in profile, facing left, so that only one pink eye was visible. It winked that eye, stood up, stretched, and hopped out of the box. It continued to hop, at a leisurely pace, out of the room. It proceeded up the stairs to the ground level and disappeared. Not one of the great scientists made any move whatever to stop it. —George Chandler



## PROFILE

### Kay McClanahan

When she was growing up in Oak Ridge, Tennessee,



where she was born to a family of farming people, our recently acquired Dining Room Supervisor, Kay McClanahan never imagined that she would wind up in faraway North Carolina, in charge of a dining room full of lifecare residents. It's been a long journey.

She arrived in this part of the country by marrying a North

Carolina boy, but that marriage ended in divorce and, like many other young mothers, she struck out on her own. She finished her interrupted education at UNC-Greensboro, where she got her degree in business administration, which led her to becoming business manager of a Greensboro business college. Later, she had her own bookkeeping business for a time, and worked in a flower nursery before she came to The Forest in September this year and took on a business she'd never tried before. It has been a learning experience, she says, but she's always been a fast learner and believes she's in the dining room groove now. Incidentally, she works for The Forest, not for the Morrison company that employs our other food executives.

When she's at home in

Woodcroft, where she's lived for the past 11 years, Kay shares it with her Siamese cat, Suki. She loves to read, but also is a hiker, having traveled the Appalachian Trails, among others.

Most of her spare time she has a close knit family life with her three daughters, Mary, 31, who lives in Atlanta; Julie, 27; and Ashley, 25. You'd never know it to look at her, as the saying goes, but Kay is also a grandmother: Mary has children 11 and 7, with a third due about as soon as this Profile appears. Kay says her family loves to do things like cooking when they're together, and doing other family things.

It's a new world for Kay at The Forest, but she's getting acclimated quickly and says she loves it. --John Tebbel

### Christmas Then—Christmas Now

When the Christmas season was in full swing and our four children were young, we all went downtown to see the "samples." It was a time of great and serious study. One year Hannah saw a little doll dressed in a yellow raincoat with matching hat. This doll was hers and she knew it would be under the tree Christmas morning. Tom arranged to slip away unnoticed during the viewing, and the doll was secured to have a new home and a caring mother.

That night Hannah awoke from her sleep with a pitiful cry. I got out of bed to comfort her. "That little doll is down there all alone," she sobbed. "No, Hannah, the other

dolls will take care of her. She will be all right." At 6 o'clock Christmas morning—a moment not to be missed! Nothing else mattered. That little doll was hers.

This Christmas The Forest is having a very special program presented by our chorus with Kay Bailey our capable music director. Two carols will be offered which carry the names of two of our talented residents: Waldo Beach has composed the music to the words of Thomas Carlyle's "Christmas Is A Treasure," and

John Friedrich has composed the music and the words to "On This Holy Night." These are two very beautiful new carols.

Come Friday, December 15<sup>th</sup> to our auditorium!

--Eleanor Roberts Kinney

### Incurable Virus

If you receive an e-mail that reads "upgrade internet2" do not open it, as it contains an executable named 'perrin.exe'. It will erase all the data on your hard drive and it will stay in memory. Every time you upload any data, it will be automatically erased and you will not be able to use your computer again.

-Submitted by Frank Simes

Easy Piano

### It's Christmas!

A Christmas Carol

Michael O'Malley



## The Sand-fiddler's Tune

The early morning mist was rising from the water.

I was sitting on a pier on the edge of Croatan Sound on the coast of North Carolina. I felt the quiet .... there were no people sounds.

Actually, it was pretty noisy. The world was filled with sound and activity. There were gulls and sand-pipers... sand-fiddlers scampered about; minnows and crabs darted in the water; there were deer tracks on the beach. In a curious way there also was the sound of silence.

There on the edge of the water I was reminded of something Rachel Carson wrote. She said that you find the greatest activity-the most life-the greatest variety of life where the land and the sea meet. We are just beginning to appreciate this as we find new value in marshlands once considered wastelands.

Another naturalist, Ernest Thompson Seton, grew up in a life of poverty and finally after years of struggle was able to purchase a tract of land. Instead of finding some magnificent spot on top of a hill he sought out a place that included swampland for the same reason. For him beauty was in nature right at his feet... and there was more nature where land and water nourished each other.

I see here a parallel in our own lives. When two worlds meet, life is more meaningful. We live the most. It is most exciting.

Much of the striving of man-his hopes, his dreams, his frustrations and suffering, his victories, came to mind as I sat there looking at the Sound.

I saw to my right in the distance an island where almost 400 years ago some English settlers tried to establish a colony only to vanish in the wilderness. The old and the new worlds met when English colonists settled on Roanoke Island. The colony failed but man's horizons exploded. Subsequent colonies would change the old world as



much as the new. Two worlds met and they were never again the same.

Across several miles of water in front of me I could just barely see a tall simple stone monument to two men who some 90 years ago lived in a crude shack in the bitter winds

of winter so they could fly an airplane a distance less than the width of two city lots. The flight of the Wright brothers was mod-



est, but man's life, in a very real sense, became three dimensional as the earth and the atmosphere were joined. Man could roam the two worlds and one day would put foot on the moon.

Overshadowing these two events was the coming together of two other worlds much more significant to man than merely flying to the moon.

A baby was born in a stable in Bethlehem. Christmas is a time when we think of two worlds coming together. God's world and man's world touch.

We feel the touching of time and eternity. Heaven and earth are joined in a special union. We celebrate the meeting. The everyday and the eternal come together. Confusion and joys and problems are seen in perspective. Land and sea are joined. Life is at its fullest.

--Peter C. Robinson

## Memories



In 1944 or 1945 in San Francisco Joe E. Brown was playing in "Harvey", the imaginary rabbit. I was having

dinner with two friends in a restaurant there, sitting at a table for four. As we sat down I said "let's save the fourth place for Harvey." And a voice announced from a table nearby, "Sorry, but Harvey is having dinner with me." It was

Joe E. Brown.

Then, as we were being served dessert, who should come over but Joe E. Brown with Harvey in tow. With a broad grin, as he pulled out the chair, he said, "Harvey would like to have dessert with you"

# WE WELCOME THESE NEW RESIDENTS TO THE FOREST



Bette and Tom Gallie  
3044 489-5525

Bette grew up on a farm in Kansas and earned a master's degree from Wisconsin. She taught at Arizona and Wellesley, programmed computers at Harvard and Yale, and managed an office at Sigma Xi, the scientific society, for 20 years. She moved to Durham from New Haven with Sigma Xi in 1990. Tom has a doctorate from Rice and came to Duke in 1954. He had a hand in starting the Duke computing center and Department of Computer Science, the Triangle Universities Computation Center, and the Microelectronics Center of North Carolina. Tom and Bette met and married in 1991.



Willie Mae Jones  
# 3051 419-1320

Willie Mae Jones is a native of Louisiana. She graduated from Louisiana State University and made her career in that State as an educator, first as a teacher and later as a member of a student evaluation team. She moved to Durham from Baton Rouge about ten years ago in part to be close to the facilities of the Duke Eye Center. She has enjoyed many DILR courses and is an enthusiastic world traveler. She has two sons and two granddaughters



Hazel L. Scheblik  
#2016 402-0526

Hazel Scheblik attended high school in Colorado and then spent many years in the Washington, DC, area. She worked as a secretary for the Navy during World War II. Later, she worked for a congressman and then for ten years for the Fairfax, County, VA, school system. She had lived with her husband in Lakeland, FL, for 20 years before moving to Durham. She enjoys bridge, reading, needlework, and making friends. She was drawn to the Forest, in part, by its health-care facilities. She has a son and a daughter and two grandchildren

## Hold that Tiger

A tigress wild named Laurie  
Departed from the zoo;  
She wandered through the country;  
A poet walked there too.  
When Laurie was recaptured  
Shoe strings hung on her claws  
And ragged strips of breeches  
Were trailing from her jaws.  
The people missed their poet  
But 'twas a lucky fate  
For he became thereafter  
The Poet Laureate.

ANON-Submitted by Helen Francis



## CLIPPINGS by Rose and Azalea Bush

The publicity was great for TFAD when The Herald Sun gave its local GRIT award to The Forest at Duke for donating the wood from the Old Oak Tree to the Durham Rescue Mission. There was a TV spot, too, but no mention of The Forest. However, Rose and I viewed **Harry Owen's** profile as he video-taped the scene while **Ort Busse**, **Bill Heroy**, **Jim Thompson** and **P. J. Burns** commented on the demise of the tree. **Chuck Fields** recorded the show.

On one of Azalea's walks around the circle, she chuckled over **Ruth Patterson's** bumper sticker which reads, "Caution! Driver Singing! **Ruth's** license plate reads RDP while **Carl's** is CNP. Other vanity plates with initials are MFJ for **Mary Jones** and SGM-1 for **Shirley Marti Frances** and **Norton Beach**, **Julian** and **DeLancy Price**, the **Guyselmans**, **Julia Van Straaten**, **Dot Schoenhut** and the **Durdens** all sport initials or shortened names on their personalized plates.

**Dodie-O** for **Ondek**, **Heavens 2** for **Betsy Bernard**, **USNA-38** for **Jean Mason**, **MVHXN** in **Virginia Hebbert's** carport and **XXXIH** for the **Rueggs** in cottage 33, #1- **SHUP** for the **Shupings** and **TR-GAMBA** on **Dorothy Bone's** car offer meaningful IDs. Neither one of us could figure out **UHBOOSTR!** Surely we missed some. Other residents who use their cottage or apartment numbers along with TFAD on their license plates include **Bill** and **Ginny Goldthorp**, **Bill** and **Harriet Fine**, **Phil Sellers** and **Art** and **Loie Watts**. Send others that we may have missed. Aren't you glad to have all of this important information!!

**Ginny Putnam's** granddaughter, **Mandy Johnson** from Iowa recently placed 3rd in the nation in dressage competition. In addition she ranked #1 for Senior Young Riders... **Ed Albrecht's** beautiful pictorial calendars of Duke Gardens are available. . . . From halfway around the world came **Dot Logan's** daughter and

son-in-law for a break in their sailing trip around the world ... Hip surgery seems to be *de rigueur*. **Janet McKay** is the latest victim and is recovering slowly but **Marjorie Jones**, **Helen Corbett**, **Steve Fishler** and **John Friedrich** are well on the mend.

During the warm days of late October **Amey Hendriks** from Health Care arranged with **Molly Simes** for 2 trolley tours of Duke Gardens. **Katie Trexler**, **Mary Brown**, **Edna Baker**, **Bee Lemen**, **Margie Smith**, **Dora Ramm**, **Dorothy Pope** and **Beverly Dalton** enjoyed the fall colors. **Rosa Harris** and **Tonya Henderson** accompanied the group.

We trust that you all had a happy Thanksgiving whether here or afar. Dining Services presented an elegant array of Thanksgiving food for 99 diners at each seating on that special day when we gave thanks for our friends and families, a pleasant place to live, and so much more!

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## LIBRARY NOTES

The TFAD library welcomes donations of books, magazines, video and audio tapes-materials which our residents would enjoy reading or using.

To make donations, take them to the desk inside the library door. In a box on the right side of the desk are forms to fill out and leave with the materials.

Library assistants will see that you receive a statement of donation so that you can claim a tax deduction. (TFAD is a non-profit 501 C3 organization!)

At present our shelves are rather full, but we are working on the possibility of adding more space. Any materials we cannot use, or duplicates, are given to other libraries or occasionally

sold to a book buyer, with funds raised going to our library budget.

Please use judgment about what might be useful and is still in good condition. Then bring in those materials.

More important, visit our library and use it!

—Mary Ruth Miller

*(Continued from page 1-Caregivers)*

showed that 61% were experiencing depression, more than half were sleepless much of the time, and more than 25% were suffering from chronic headache and stomach disorders. "Caregiver stress is an epidemic in this country, and it's only going to get worse," Dr. Galanos says. As Duke Medical Perspectives reports, "He sees the implications of caregiver stress each day in his practice: clinical depression, increased doctor visits for caregivers, increased hospitalization, and ultimately increased mortality rates."

Dr. Galanos is no newcomer to this problem. As early as 15 years ago, he was involved in studying it along with two of

his Duke colleagues: Linda George, a medical sociologist, and Lisa Gwyther, a social worker. The latter two conducted a pioneering study of 500 North Carolina families to explore the relationship between care giving and poor health. Scores of studies since then have confirmed their findings. Since these early studies, the problem itself has grown enormously. Today, people over 85 are the fastest growing segment of the population, and by 2020, it's estimated there will be 14 million people in need of long term care. The bad news is that the number of caregivers is dwindling. In 1990 there were 11 possible caregivers for every person needing care. By 2020, that ra-

tio will drop to three to one.

In his practice at The Forest, Dr. Galanos does everything he can to help caregivers with actual or potential health problems of their own, but there are others who, for one reason or another, don't come to his attention, not to mention those who have a caregiver problem and don't know it, plus those who may some day find themselves in a position they haven't foreseen. For those people, there is sound and practical advice available. It will be summarized in a follow-up article in the January Forester.

--John Tebbel

*(Continued from page 1-President)*

meeting. The members will then report to the Residents' Board on concerns or other comments. This will allow the Residents' Board to formulate suggestions or recommendations to the TFAD Board which express the wishes of the residents.

The Benevolent Fund

now amounts to about \$450,000. The original deposit was \$100,000 in September 1992. The growth has come from gifts, memorials, the Gift Shop, the Encore Store and investment income. There has not been a need for this fund yet.

You have probably seen the publicity concerning the re-

moval of the old oak tree. The fact that the wood was delivered to the Rescue Mission for cooking or heating should emphasize that we are a caring community.

Wasn't that a pretty snow—or was it? Hopefully, it's not a prospect of even prettier and deeper.

--P. J. Burns

## December

There's Christmas, of course. Who could forget it? It's a nineteenth-century invention, but we like to think it's gone on forever, and this impression is reinforced by the fact that it seems to begin these days as soon as Halloween is out of the way.

But considered as a month, December has an air of finality about it. Annual statistics of all kinds are compiled. Sentences will soon start to roll

out that begin, "It was the year that...." December got a bad name from Edgar Allen Poe who opens his poetic joust with the raven, "Ah, distinctly, I remember, It was in the bleak December, And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor." Bah, humbug, as Dickens said later in another connection. Love, at least, is good any time, as John Joyce assures us: "I shall love you in December, With the love I gave in May!"

For a month celebrated for its great holiday, December has had an odd bad press, ever since Will Shakespeare observed cynically that "Men are April when they woo, December when they wed." What about those cold nights? Was that what old Will was thinking when he wrote "...or wallow naked in December snow?"

Let's get on to the New Year and start over.

--John Tebbel

## Caroline Long Wins Jumping Lessons At Manhat- tan's Elite Chelsea Equestrian Center

In the first week of October I had my plans crystallized: I had airline tickets to LaGuardia, my sister would meet me there. She had hotel reservations confirmed AND I had ten numbers on the raffle to be carried out at the Tavern on the Green. What more could I ask?

But then, the blow struck. I



landed in Duke Hospital with jaundice and pancreatitis- no flying for me! OK, I'll make the best of it. I'll send in the raffle tickets anyway.

I carefully stuck my return address label on each of my tickets, recorded my phone number carefully, and removed the staples that held two sets of five tickets together-no, I did not fold any of the tickets into tiny airplanes.

Imagine my surprise when I was going through those high tech procedures to learn that I had won the raffle prize-not just any raffle prize but the very TOP one! Five one-hour jumping lessons at the very prestigious "The Chelsea Equestrian Center" in Manhattan.

Five weeks after microsurgery, I have improved sufficiently to realize how lucky I am- I have a niece, Sally, living in New York who is delighted to step in and claim my jumping lessons. She will keep me informed as to her progress so that I can glory in my prize.

Sally tells me that the Center is at the revamped Chelsea piers. The piers are old ones along the Hudson River in the Chelsea district-the 20s--of Manhattan. They

rebuilt them about four years ago and it is now a huge Center with a driving range for golfers, a year-round ice skating rink, a couple of TV studios (they shoot a lot of "Law and Order" there) a glow-in-the-dark bowling game, a rock climbing wall and a riding center.

The Chelsea Piers in general has not caught on the way the creators had hoped, probably because everything is quite pricey. The Chelsea Equestrian Center originally required an exorbitant yearly membership just for the privilege of taking expensive lessons there; they have since opened it to the public. Indeed, the hourly rate for the jumping lessons are \$150-far beyond what my niece in NYC could manage. She has confined her horse encounters to the volunteer horse patrol responsible for keeping order in Central Park and sometimes on the numerous city parades.

On Sunday, November 5th, Sally had her first lesson.

--Caroline Long

## CHANGING TIMES DE- PARTMENT

At The Forest we have several people who are nearly a century old. "How times have changed" is a favorite cliché, if there is



such a thing, but most of us don't realize what a different world our near-centenarians were born

into. A few examples:

Life expectancy was only 47, and only 14% of American homes had bathtubs, while only 8% had telephones. Traffic was extremely light: there were only 8,000 cars in the U. S. and only 144 miles of paved roads. Maximum speed limit in most cities was ten miles per hour.

There were more people in Alabama, Mississippi, Iowa and Tennessee than there were in California, which had only 1.4 million inhabitants.

Average wages were 22 cents an

hour, and the average worker's annual income was between \$200 and \$400. A dentist's income, however, was about \$2,500 per year, while a good mechanical engineer could expect about \$5,000.

More than 95% of all births occurred at home, and 90% of all doctors had no college education. They attended medical schools which were considered substandard.

Did someone say, "Oh, the good old days?"



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Bob Blake's  
**Puzzle**

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

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

**AUTOMOBILES**

BMW	DUESENBERG	HUPMOBILE	MORRIS	SUNBEAM
BUICK	EAGLE	ISUZU	NASH	SUZUK
CADILLAC	ELDORADO	JAGUAR	NEON	THUNDERBIRD
CHEVROLET	FAIRLANE	JEEP	NISSAN	TOYOTA
CHRYSLER	FIAT	JENSON	OLDSMOBILE	VOLKSWAGEN
CITROEN	FLANDERS	LINCOLN	OVERLAND	VOLVO
DART	FRANKLIN	LOTUS	PEUGEOT	WINSOR
DATSON	FORD	MAZDA	SAAB	WIPPET
DESOTA	HONDA	MITSUBISHI	SILVER CLOUD	
DODGE	HUDSON	MOON	STUDEBAKER	

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