



THE FORESTER

The Forest at Duke

Volume 7 Issue 6

March 2001

A DAY IN THE LIFE; SECURITY

Chuck Walkley's day begins with a review of what happened the night before. Security's officers on night patrol have filled out detailed forms covering their nightly routine, as well as the non-routine. That, plus what the day men and women do in their half of the 24 hours, adds up to a tale of protection and service activities—and it more than answers the question Foresters sometimes ask: "What does Security do?"

On the night side, Security officers report checking the Protect and fire systems in Olsen and Holbrook, the fire panel and pumps, interior patrolling, the cottages, the garden,

gates, laundry, wood shop, and the exterior doors.

That's the routine, but the force is called upon to answer a variety of calls for help. Someone needs transportation from the hospital or the emergency room, and it isn't available elsewhere. Somebody's forgotten his keys and finds himself locked out. Someone living alone needs the kind of help that requires a strong back at an odd hour. Someone is having trouble with the gate. All these and many more requests continue to flow in after the night shift goes home and the morning shift takes over, until the 4 p.m. people appear. New residents arrive and Security has to be sure they get their gate cards, keys and whatever else they

(Continued on page 2)

Special points of interest:

• <i>A Day in the Life</i>	1
• <i>Mardi Gras</i>	4
• <i>March</i>	5
• <i>Life at TFAD</i>	8
• <i>Senior Moment</i>	9
• <i>More Mardi Gras</i>	9
• <i>A Note To Caregivers</i>	11
• <i>A Country Boy</i>	11

PRESIDENT'S CORNER

Isn't this a great time of the year? It's like that old song—"Spring is Breaking Out All Over." The robins are digging out the worms, the cardinals are showing off their beautiful bodies. The cherry trees, Bradford pears, forsythia and daffodils seem to be putting winter to bed.

A Mardi Gras parade was enjoyed here at The Forest. The King in all his splendor reigned supreme by giving out beads and candy. He appointed many queens and princesses and was rewarded by hugs from most of his subjects (female, that is.)

Your Residents' Association Board met on February 19. Steve reported that they expected to have a

schedule by the end of February for presenting the long range plans to the residents and The Forest at Duke Board. The first action will be furnishing an informational booklet to each resident.

Your Board will participate in the details for this presentation. After the booklet is received, at least one week will be reserved for study of the plan by the residents. An informational survey will be provided for comments. This will also include a ballot for or against additional cottages. The plan will be presented to each caucus, and a summary of comments will be gathered by each caucus. The

(Continued on page 2)

Inside this issue:

Presidents corner	1
Ad-Lib	3
Profile	4
Poetry Corner	5
Book Notes	6
Growing Pains	6
Volunteers	7
Library Notes	8
At The Movies	8
New Residents	9
Clippings	10
Puzzle	12

The Forester

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We're on the web
www.forestduke.com

STAGES OF LIFE

1. You believe in Santa Claus.
2. You don't believe in Santa Claus
3. You are Santa Claus.
4. You look like Santa Claus.

--Elaine Caraher

(Continued from page 1-Security)

need to start living here.

But how about real crime? The best reason we haven't had



any (with one exception early on) is that Security is always on the alert to prevent it. That means checking the perimeter fence every two weeks, and keeping a watch on people who sometimes come through the gates and don't seem to belong here. Recently a Security guard found a half-finished hole in the fence

where someone had started to cut through and had either given up or intended to finish the job some other time. That spot will be checked. And all our alarm systems are tested frequently.

But it's the residents who most frequently get Security's help. In February, for example, there were 24 alarm calls, 22 of them medical, plus 76 others seeking help in apartments or cottages. All told, there were 456 services performed by Security, and that wasn't an overly busy month. True, a call might request nothing more than hanging a pic-

ture or helping some new arrival with a task too difficult for them to perform. Residents know they can count on Security for help when they need it. Transportation is probably the most frequent request: there were 22 of them in February. You want crime statistics? Okay, five tickets for moving vehicle violation.

So if you see a Security guard minding the front desk and looking to the untutored eye as though he's resting—he isn't. It's just one more way of minding The Forest store.

--John Tebbel

(Continued from page 1-President)

caucus leaders will then meet to assemble overall comments. These will be presented to your Board who will then forward their comments to The Forest at Duke Board.

Your Finance Committee felt that their questions for the auditor and actuary were not an-

swered completely. A resolution was passed requesting the TFAD Board to include these items on their agenda and reply to your Board. A video copy of the meeting with the auditor and actuary is available in the library. A copy of the booklet "Continuing Care Retirement Communities" is also available in the library. This is

published by the state Insurance Committee and includes detailed information, including service fees, on all CCRCs in North Carolina.

Why do guests always say, "It's time to go"—and don't? I'm gone. --P. J. Burns

Recognize Anyone?

There were the Scots, who kept the Sabbath and everything else they could get their hands on. Then there were the Welsh, who prayed on

their knees and their neighbors. Thirdly, there were the Irish, who never knew what they wanted but were willing to fight for it anyway. Lastly, there were the English, who

considered themselves a self-made nation, thus relieving the Almighty of a dreadful responsibility.

Anonymous

--submitted by Helen Francis

AD LIB

"A fishing rod is a stick with a hook on one end and a fool on the other." Izaak Walton

The best show in town is not on TV but on our bird feeders. The birds come, flutter their wings, fill their bellies and then go off to what birds do - mate, build nests, feed their young. Some even go South for the winter. We are visited by finches galore, cardinals, blue jays, towhees, flickers, downy woodpeckers



and a rather arrogant mocking bird. There's a fat robin that comes daily to do his ablutions in our bird bath, slopping about, displacing a great deal of water. Two doves waddle through the grass to claim a station under the feeders, munching on fallen seeds. After the Big Bang a miniscule bit of it evolved into the marvelous bluebird. A pair of them have set up housekeeping in our birdhouse and there is much to-and-froing as they feather their nest.

Every paradise has its serpent and last fall a predatory hawk cast its shadow over The Forest. The birds all but disappeared for a time. The hawk has now gone elsewhere

and our birds have returned..

Part of the fun of bird watching is doing detective work on an unfamiliar species. Around Christmas a wonderful new book was published, *The Sibley Guide to Birds* (Knopf), \$35.00. It's a great help in identifying our feathered friends: beautifully illustrated and meticulously detailed. This book has widened my horizons considerably. Did you know there are such birds as Blue-footed Boobies, Lesser-yellow-legs, Wagtails and Little-stints and that the Whip-poor-will is a member of the Goatsucker family? A director of The Audubon Society says "the book represents a high watermark for bird guides". Join the fun. Watch a bird

Memories of The Europa.

When we first came to North Carolina in 1985 The Europa Hotel in Chapel Hill was the place to be seen. The glittering new building, Dutch-owned, Swiss-managed was a piece of Manhattan transported South. The food was wonderful, the service perfection and cabaret acts from New York entertained in the evening. For lunch or dinner one had to book. The ladies-who-lunch flocked in their Chanel suits to the corner table in the dining room to nibble on their Eggs Benedict and

exchange gossip. Triangle CEOs gathered for power dinners and the young danced the night away downstairs. All this changed around 1990 when The Omni chain bought out the Dutch. The Swiss staff disappeared. Things began to slide. Packaged tours took over. Lunch became buffet. The windows needed washing. The upholstery needed cleaning. The CEOs went elsewhere. The ladies-who-lunch deserted to the newly opened Siena - and we deserted, too.

Not long ago I noticed a Sheraton sign on the Europa building. Should we shake out old ghosts and explore? We did and I'm happy to report the windows

have been washed and the upholstery replaced. It was a lonely dining room, only two other tables were occupied. The service was pretty much hit-and-miss. Somehow the food got from the kitchen to our table. The food was o.k. Best Friend thought his smoked trout great and it was peaceful sitting there looking out on a pond with geese swimming about ... but I miss the old excitement, the wonderful food and the Swiss service. Europa please come back!

—Libby Getz

DISABILITY ETIQUETTE

If you've never spent time around a person with a disability, you may be a little nervous about disability etiquette. For the most part, there is one simple rule: treat people with disabilities the same as you would treat anyone else. However, the following tips can help in certain situations: -

In conversation:

1. Speak directly to the person and not to his/her companion.
2. Relax. Be yourself. Don't be embarrassed if you happen to use accepted, common expressions such as

"See you later" or "Got to be running along" that seem to relate to the person's disability.

3. When talking to a person with a hearing disability, tap his/her shoulder or wave your hand to get his/her attention. Look directly at the person and speak clearly, slowly and expressively. Keep your hands and food away from your mouth while speaking. If they do not understand you, use written notes.

4. When speaking to a person in a wheelchair for more than a few minutes, place yourself at his/her eye

level.

5. When meeting a person with a vision disability, always identify yourself and others who may be with you. Speak in a normal tone of voice and always indicate when the conversation is over.

6. Give your whole and unhurried attention when speaking to a person who has difficulty speaking. Be patient and encouraging and ask questions that require short or yes/no answers.

—Easter Seals publication
Submitted by Mary Ruth Miller

PROFILE

KAREN SARINE

Karen Sarine's title, Independent Social Worker, may be a little misleading, but there's no doubt about what she does as the newest



member of our Health Care staff. She is the Social

Worker for the independent living residents, leaving Lee Ann Bailey to take care of the Olsen and Hol-

brook residents who have been occupying so much of her time that help was needed.

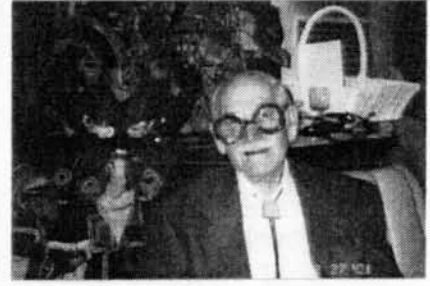
Karen is especially well prepared for her job. A native of Wheaton, Illinois, who lived much of her life in Madison, New Jersey, she studied educational gerontology at North Carolina State, taking her M. Ed. Degree, and a B. A. in Applied Behavioral Science. She is a member of the Health Affairs Roundtable, Networking for Seniors, and the National Gerontological Academic and Professional Society of Sigma Phi Omega.

She lives in Raleigh with her family of two sons, a daughter, and a grandchild. Karen loves swimming anywhere, especially the ocean. She plays golf, likes reading, and playing with her dog, Demi.

Before she came to us, Karen was Admissions Director for the Mayview Convalescent Center, a 139-bed convalescent home providing skilled and intermediate care.

—John Tebbel

It's MARDI GRAS time at TFAD



POETRY CORNER

Poem to a Cat

Anyone's life has a sad missing vector
Without the advice and support of a cat:
In your work an advisor, your house an inspector--
You can't have a better companion than that.

A cat thinks up games with amazing fecundity,
Offering many a cheerful surprise;
But also he muses in mystic profundity--
Dignified, still, and unknowably wise.

A cat treats a man with a cool he thinks suitable
(if he talked he would never address you as "Sir").
And yet, even when he remains most inscrutable
He honors his friends with an elegant purr.

You'll never find felines who feign false simplicity
(The fawnings of canines they simply deplore);
They'd rather confront you with frank eccentricity--
A cat may be mad but he's never a bore.

So households that claim to be fully respectable
(And who would be willing to ask less than that?)
Require as a member a madcap, delectable,
Wise, unpredictable family cat.

—Edith Borroff

PAT on the BACK

Whatever be your station
Regardless sex, race or creed,
One thing that's universal
Life's most important need.

From birth to grave tis proven
Kudos cause spirits to glow,
Pats on the back now and then
Will help self-confidence grow.

I've heard that talking to plants
Awakens long dormant cells,
They'll blossom and strut their stuff
Exude aromatic smells.

The Foyer's bulletin board
Reminded us of this act,
Words praising those who serve should
Become a matter of fact.

—ellen cheek dozier

THOUGHTS

"There is so much of beauty in the world that life
is never long enough to see it all."

—Eleanor Kinney

NOTICE

From now on the computer room will be left
unlocked. If you feel comfortable at the computer
please feel free to access the room. If you need assis-
tance, supervised hours remain as is.

MARCH

Come on, people, let's face
it: March is a nothing month. For
one thing, it has no holidays and,
consequently, no excuse for cele-
bration or reading about other
people's celebrations.

Comes in like a lion and
goes out like a lamb, they told us
when we were innocent children.
It took a blizzard on March 31st
to disillusion some of us after
having enjoyed a premature wave
of low-grade heat on March 1.

An untrustworthy month,
too. Watch your back. "Beware
the Ides of March," they warned
Caesar, but apparently he didn't

know an Ide from a toga and con-
sequently got stabbed in the Fo-
rum and various parts of his anat-
omy. At least it led to the best
funeral oration ever recorded.

The trouble with March is
that it can't make up its mind.
It's like people who can't decide
between going out for pizza or
Chinese and wind up at Mac-
Donald's. Cold one day, warm
the next. Raining then snowing,
with a little indecisive sleet and
freezing rain mixed in.

Truly, a nothing month.
Few, if any, great historic events
to be observed. Politician and

generals seem to have been out to
lunch for the entire month.
Well, okay, all right, there's
March Madness for basketball



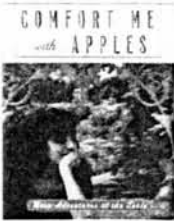
fans,
and
spring
train-
ing for
baseball addicts, but all this does-
n't take the curse off March.

There's really only one way
to deal with it—ignore it. After
all, pretty little April is waiting in
the wings—and you know April!

--John Tebbel

BOOKNOTES

"Comfort Me With Apples," by Ruth Reichl. If you love food, you probably know Ruth Reichl, former *New York Times* food critic and now editor of *Gourmet* magazine. You may also know that she's a very good writer on non-food subjects, especially her own life. Her new book merges both aspects. It's two real-life love stories about her past, trimmed with descriptions of extremely luscious delicacies. She tells you what she cooked for her first husband, who may not have deserved it, and about the Big Chocolate Cake, a masterpiece, that she cooked for her second one on his birthday—before they were married. She tells us, too, about the adoption—and loss—of a child. And by way of dessert, she talks about food writing in general and some other food writers in particular. If this sounds like a satisfying recipe for a book, you're right. (April)



There's hope for all of us. Meet Doris Haddock, who gives us this month a remarkable tale: "Walking Across America In My Ninetieth Year." Of course she had to have Dennis Burke to actually write it all down, but that doesn't detract from this incredible story of an activist lady who, at 90, walked all the way from Pasadena, California, to Washington, D.C. between January 1 and February 29—3200 miles in 14 months. You're not going to believe this, but she also has a bad back, arthritis, and emphysema. (That's what we've been telling you—Exercise!) She relates her story as only an indomitable New Hampshire lady could, telling us how she was cheered on by cries of, "Go, Granny, go!" It's a picture of America you're not likely to see every day. (April)

A tale that some say will make the best-seller list this spring is "Facing the Wind: A



True Story of Tragedy and Reconciliation" by Judy Salamon. It's about a terrible crime and its amazing aftermath. In 1978 an out-of-work lawyer named Bob Rowe killed his wife, two sons, and a daughter. A jury pronounced him not guilty by reason of insanity. After several years in a mental institution, he was released and, in fact, lived an exemplary life until he died of natural causes. He married again, a serious girl named Colleen, and had a daughter by her before he died in 1997. The story is about the path Colleen took that led her to forgive Rowe, with the help of a support group, which itself could not bring itself to forgive. Colleen's account of her work with the group reads like a novel, as does the whole story. This plot may sound like Oprah, but it's the real thing. (April)



--John Tebbel

GROWING PAINS

Garden Plots: Frank Melpolder has planned an early March meeting for TFAD plot holders and interested residents. There are seven garden plots that have not been spoken for. Any resident (especially new residents) may wish to think



about using one of the available plots. Frank will discuss the problem of fungal growth on tomato plants.

Greenhouse: Noel Freeman, our Greenhouse chairman, has been laid up with a bum knee—the Greenhouse misses him. If you have plants there, please check that the dead leaves are removed and that the plants have your name on them. There are some plants not worth saving, so please pitch them before our clean-up day.

Landscaping: Bess Bowditch is looking for some volunteers to arrange our blooms from the rose garden for the Count-me-in table and reception desk. If you would be willing to help, please call her at 490-0511. She is also making a schedule (May through October) for dining room foyer arrangements. Each person is assigned one or two weeks. We all enjoy the variety she plans.

--Betty Niles Gray

TO VOLUNTEER IS TO LIVE A LIFE AT THE FOREST

Retirement at The Forest is not a rocking chair philosophy. It is a "get up and go" way of life. If you haven't found a place to go as yet, here are a few suggestions. But first, let me explain the basics.

As a resident you are a member of the Resident Association. The Annual Meeting is in October and there are general meetings of the Executive Board every three months. The minutes of these meetings are posted on the bulletin board in the mail room, plus copies are on the shelf in the library behind the desk at the door. The Board operates through eight general committees. The President of the Board assigns the committees to the elected delegates who then appoint the members of their committees—that is where you come in. You can volunteer to be on any committee in which you have an interest and will serve.

Here are the committees, the chairperson, and some of the activities they are responsible for carrying out. Look them over—where can you help? Call the chairperson, find out the date of the next meeting and/or arrange to get together with the chair and start now on your new life at TFAD.

Activities – Lois Watts (403-9096) This is one of the busiest. Each month they sit down with Lucy (Activities Director) to plan and check out the monthly calendar of affairs which you will read in the 40+ page

monthly bulletin. This is the idea factory at TFAD, a real busy bunch.

Building and Housekeeping – Elizabeth Kern (493-7646) Now here is an interesting committee. This is strictly an inside job. They are not the grounds group—this is where you spend the most of your day, inside.

Food Service – Beth Upchurch (493-7011) In any large group nobody can please everybody, but our food service does try. This committee's job is to be a liaison between you and the kitchen. If you have any ideas, good recipes, and like to eat, here is the opportunity to get your hands in the cookpot.

Safety and Security – Evebell Dunham (419-0635) Fences, Protect systems, fire alarms, speed bumps, and etc. These are the "nitty gritty," but oh, so important to our aging society where falls and slips are a hazard.

Finance – Bob Guy (489-8926) At this time in our lives, this is one of the most important items – living within the budget. This committee works closely with the TFAD Board to manage our financial life.

Grounds – Bruce Burns (493-2401) Now this is the outdoors group, the folks who work to keep the landscape people busy making our home such a beautiful place to live and work. From season to season it is a constant job of checking and planning. If you are the town planner, ag agent, garden type, here is your place on our 50+ acres. It is a big job, but your work shows very fast.

Health Care – Bud Busse (489-0247) Bud will get you in the end!! We can use plenty of help here. Check on last month's article in this publication. There are so many things for which you can volunteer that Bud can recommend something to you on a moment's notice. If you have expertise in administration, that is where Bud can use you, too.

Library (& other services) – Priscilla Squire (490-1577) The library in this academic community is a centerpiece, and so it is an outstanding activity here. The number of jobs to be done are legion. The "other services" refer to the Gift Shop, The Encore Shop, and the Copier. All of the above depend on the daily help of volunteers.

So there you have it. Now if you can't find an activity to fit your schedule, give me a call (490-8957) and I will check up on your personal vita and make some suggestions to you. You can't say we aren't trying to make you feel at home. But you will have to be the first to make a move come on—Volunteer

—Earl Davis

HELP WANTED: TENORS

The Chorus welcomes all singers. Especially wanted are tenors. Any volunteers? Come to the Party Room Tuesday mornings at 9:30 am



LIBRARY NOTES

Calling all Gardeners and bird watchers!

The TFAD Library has a number of books and booklets which might be of interest to you as you peruse your seed catalogs and observe the birds singing on our grounds.

In sections 36 and 37, the Nature section just to the left of the door going into the classroom, you can find the following (if not already checked out!): trees (forest and ornamental), shrubs, ferns, herbs, cacti, roses, wild flowers, houseplants, bulbs,

orchids, tomatoes, vegetables, organic and greenhouse gardening, and even arranging artificial flowers.

We have several bird books, including ducks, and the many kinds of wildlife, animals of the world, pets (dogs and cats), insects, and reptiles. Geologists can look up rocks and minerals. Whether you need practical information or just armchair learning, you should be able to find it. Then there are always the encyclopedias.

Note that we have added shelving to the fiction and biogra-

phy areas, and slightly moved the large-print and humor sections as those areas have grown. Our short story anthologies are now in section II at the end of the mysteries. (Note also the mystery collection volumes and *the Reader's Digest Condensed Books* in the classroom. All may be checked out.) On the desk we also have a directory of shelf locations for the various categories you are looking for.

No one at TFAD should ever be caught without something interesting to read. Enjoy!

-Mary Ruth Miller

AT THE MOVIES

CHOCOLAT

On a stormy winter's day during Lent a mother and her young daughter come to settle in a picturesque, isolated French vil-



lage. The natives are smug and hostile and turn away from the two except for one

older lady (Judi Dench) who accepts them and rents them a shambles of a run-down house in the town.

Miraculously, the mother (Juliet Binoche) who is incredibly beautiful and good-natured and energetic begins to clean up the house and turn it into a chocolaterie. She claims to have a secret recipe for Mayan chocolate with which to

concoct endless candy delights. No matter that there is never much of an explanation of how this comes to be. And it all comes out of one suitcase!

Her daughter who is a pre-teenager is a loner who seems to be accustomed to the lifestyle of wandering. Her only companion and confidante is an imaginary kangaroo.

The town is run by a dogmatic and autocratic count who has no time in his life for these intruders and tries very hard to get rid of them. But the lovely, smiling chocolatier goes merrily on her way to enchant the townspeople with confections.

The plot thickens. More and more delicacies are accepted by the townsfolk. Having set the

stage and introduced the major characters, I want you to enjoy the unfolding of the story.

This is not a French film with sub-titles. It is in English. The ambiance of the village is quite compelling. The direction is deft. The story moves quickly. You will not be bored. Enchanted is a better word. This is a fantasy film, so don't expect everything to be logical.

Both Dame Judi and Juliet Binoche have been nominated for their roles in the film - and they should win.

CHOCOLAT is showing at the Chelsea in Chapel Hill. You will not regret it should you decide to spend a week-end afternoon at this movie.

—Heliotrope

Life at TFAD

Gleaned from Peter Robinson's Groundhog Day 2001 (in lieu of Christmas 2000) letter:

"I live in a very nice retirement community where everything is done for me except writing

Groundhog letters. Added to the problem is that while we are always being carried to chamber music recitals, there are a few absurdities I eat dinner with lots of Duke professors and interesting

dignitaries. I could try to keep my mouth shut, but that is difficult. I could lie a little bit, or use the truth carelessly but I am sure I would get caught. However you know that I never exaggerate things."

WE WELCOME THIS NEW RESIDENTS TO THE FOREST



Nancy Carl #4004
403-0243

Nancy, a Syracuse native, and a graduate of Syracuse University and a member of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority, met her husband at S.U. She married in 1948, and Jeff, the survivor of her two sons, lives on Bainbridge island, Washington. She has five grandchildren. She moved to Jacksonville, Florida, in 1970 and became president of Roadac, Inc, a construction company that installed traffic signals. She enjoys bridge, golf and reading. Her cousin is Helen Corbett and her sister-in-law is Kathryn Tebbel, both residents of TFAD.

SENIOR MOMENT

For about a week a bird (Towhee) pecked and flung himself repeatedly onto my kitchen window. His headache must have become severe as he fought his reflection. The sound



was like someone knocking on the door all day.

A female Towhee sat in a nearby tree enjoying the ritual

I had to act. What am I to do?" I need a scarecrow", I said.

An 8X10 portrait of myself was

placed on the windowsill.

The male Towhee appeared at once, took one look, and like the Raven before him said, "NEVERMORE, that's the worst thing I ever saw" as he departed forever. Silence is golden around here now

—Elizabeth P. Dube

More MARDI GRAS



What a treat to see the cherry trees in bloom in our courtyards and along the drive. In a grouping of daffodils planted by **John Getz** near the pond one single bloom stood alone for quite awhile. We'll hope that a freeze doesn't ruin our spring blossoms.

In-house activities were popular since we wrote last. **George Chandler** using his witty way with words rewrote Gilbert and Sullivan's Thespis or The Gods Grown Old for 2 full house audiences for Playreaders. **George Williams**, **Martha** and **Henry Fairbank** threw themselves into their parts with rapid-fire song while **Marjorie Chandler**, **Bob Ward** and **Jenn VanBrunt** all kept the story moving with their clever lines! **Harriet Williams** was behind the scenes coordinator and **Ruth Patterson** introduced the librettist.

Bob Moyer contributed his 33rpm original vinyl for **Jack Tebbel's** program on Les Brown - remember "the band of renown" **Bess Bowditch** recalled dancing to his music during their student days at Duke when the band was known as "The Blue Devils". Jack has a good following with **Carl** and **Jane Beery**, **Berniece Stecker**, **Millie Campbell**, **Aileen Schaller**, **Evelyn Doyle**, **Dick Capwell**, **Virginia Jones** and, of course, **Bess** in attendance that day.

To reach 97 years is no small feat but **Gus Eliason** and **Ruth Smith** did just that with spirit and good humor. Congratulations to these nonagenarians! ... The daughter of **Richard Watson** was presented a resolution from The Durham City Council for her father's many civic and humanitarian contributions to the area... **Caroline Long** has returned from her family farm in Missouri where she has been writing its history ... We welcomed **Jennifer Bowes** and **Marcus** and **Sarah Hobbs** home from Florida. **Ann Kirkpatrick** had 2 enjoyable Elderhostels in Arizona.. Before the **Goldthorps** went to Jamaica, **Ginny** scored a hole in one at Croasdaile Country Club. **Bloss** and **Carolyn Vail** witnessed the super shot on #2... On duty at Duke Eye Center every Friday are **Bess Raper** and **Hildur Blake** who try to make patients feel more comfortable . We caught a glimpse of **Dot** and **Bill Heroy's** daughter who was visiting from Dallas ... **Margo Casady's** daughters were here for her birthday celebration... **Harry** and **Phyllis Owen** are sporting a new van... We miss **Bernard Peach** who has been on an extended Hawaiian vacation... Congratulations to **Lucy Grant** who now holds her scuba diving certificate which she earned in Florida... **Helen Corbett's** cousin and **Kacy Tebbel's** sister-in-law,

Nancy Carl is one of our recent new residents... Speaking of new residents, **Hazel Scheblich** was a participant in our Valentine fashion show where we all ate decadent but delicious desserts. **Evelyn Doyle** gathered the "models" who were **Carol Woods** from the Wellness Center, **Mary Ann Ruegg**, **Ginna Frank**, **Mary Ruth Miller**, **Dorothy Zutant**, **Molly Simes** and **Jenn VanBrunt**. **Sally Sheehan** and **Ginny Putnam** helped in the dressing room. **John Friedrich** and **Dick Capwell** were handsome in their red coats to escort the ladies.

When Azalea attended a lecture on herbs a while back she brought home a tidbit from the classics that not only is rosemary known for remembrance but is also thought to preserve youth! Take note of that lovely rosemary garnish on our dinner plates most evenings!

ORANGE JUICE, ANYONE?

I may be old, but I'm not so weak;
I still can say "Boo" to a goose.
And I usually manage to get the caps
On child-proof bottles loose.
And I hereby give fair warning that
I can tighten a sliding noose
Round the neck of the sadist who
sells our café
Those unop'nable cartons of juice.

—George Chandler

A NOTE FOR CAREGIVERS

As a postscript to our recent series on caregiving, Lee Ann Bailey, our Social Worker, tells us that she is still ready to work with caregivers as a group if there are people who need the kind of support that many get from support groups of various kinds.

Lee Ann originally had such a group here last September, centered primarily on bereavement and how to cope with it. They met in the Classroom on the last Tuesday of each month. There were

ten people in the initial group. Then it began to dwindle, until only one member showed up, and that is where matters stand at the moment. Caregivers, however, are not necessarily coping with problems of bereavement, but with the psychological and physical stresses that so often accompany what they do. It's well known by therapists that life can be made a little easier for such people if they can meet as a group, with a skilled leader, to talk about their shared

problems and how to deal with them.

For those seeking such help, whether a group can be re-organized or not, Lee Ann is ready to help anyone who needs help, either directly or by referral to other sources, printed or otherwise, that are available but not generally known. Any and all caregivers are welcome

--John Tebbel

A COUNTRY BOY GOES TO TOWN

It was about 12:45 a.m. It was the newsroom of the Staten Island Advance. There was a wonderful round Irish night editor, Walter Hogan. We had just observed the Fourth of July during World War II.

At the age of 18 I was one of two reporters at night. I was assigned the task of taking the many notes and manuscripts of speeches by politicians at various communities on the Island and putting them in a story. Staten Island was not a city, but dotted by little communities within hailing distance of the Statue of Liberty. I was to use the notes in a story about how the patriotic day in the middle of WW II had been celebrated on Staten Island.

I was a country boy from Cooleemee, NC, and they liked to play tricks on me. One time they asked me to return a call to a certain number, which I did. A nice young lady answered the phone and told me about the weather. I thanked her, and she told me the same stuff about the weather again, and I thanked her. I hated to hang up on a lady, but the third time I did. I had never heard of

tape recorders telling about the weather. The others roared in laughter.

That morning I had seen a familiar sight of ambulances shuttling back and forth from the ship to Halloran Hospital in the middle of the Island. For me it had been a day of sadness thinking of the war's tragic effect on two or three thousand men from the front in Europe now that they were back and being carried to a real hospital.

The sight of ambulances was so different from the talk of the politicians seeking support and applause from the groups standing around wooden panels with the names of the local people serving in the armed forces. A star was placed beside the names of those who had lost their lives.

Normally my assignment was to write up obituaries from notes sent in by funeral homes. I was also delegated to speak on the telephone when someone who had been in a bar called to ask questions to settle arguments with the man next to him. Generally I got the answers from the Farmer's Almanac.

The speeches were very, very dull, to use polite terms. A good obituary would have been more exciting. Finally I came across something that began with a quotation that was terrific. I read it too fast. I attributed the quote to our president, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

When it reached Mr. Hogan's desk, I suddenly realized that his belly was going up and down and his head was rolled back in laughter.

He said, "You damn rebels never give up."

The quote was from Lincoln's Gettysburg address.



--Peter Robinson

IN MEMORIAM

William C. Bennett February 7

Carl N. Patterson February 22

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

BIRDS

BLUEBIRD	DUCK	HUMMINGBIRDS	PELICAN	TANAGER
BOBOLINK	EGRET	JAY	PEWEE	TEAL
BUNTING	GOOSE	JUNCO	PHOEBE	TERN
CARDINAL	GRACKLE	KILLDEER	PIGEON	THRASHER
CATBIRD	GREBE	KINGFISHER	PURPLE MARTIN	TOWHEE
CHAT	GROSBEAK	LARKS	SPARROW	VIREO
CHICKADEE	GROUSE	LOON	STARLING	WARBLER
COOT	GULL	MAGPIE	SWALLOW	WHIPPOORWILL
CROW	HAWK	MOCKINGBIRD	SWAN	WREN
DOVE	HERON	OWL	SWIFT	WOODPECKER
