

## Jazz Madness

"Extraordinary how potent cheap music is," Noel Coward sniffed. Jazz, while not cheap, produces an infatuation among its adherents that may last for life. The woods are full of seething jazz nuts (and so is The Forest).

Coming face to face with a hero whose records have been constant companions is an authentic twinge, an indelible memory. Jazz fans usually are unlike rock groupies, though I once knew a plodgy bureaucrat in Washington named Leon the Weatherman, who left his wife of many years and 600-odd cartons of 78s strewn around their apartment to find the blues singer Victoria Spivey, who had recorded with Louis Armstrong in the early 20s. He moved in with her in Chicago.

Beale Riddle, dissipated scion of a noble southern family, had bought out a failed record store in Baltimore in 1939. When I knew him in the 60s, he had each of these records (having culled the Guy Lombardo and Vaughn Monroe sides) in a special sleeve. He handled them with white cotton gloves. One night as I and perhaps a dozen of his good friends came rolling toward his house with the members of the Chris Barber Jazz Band (tootling along not too softly), we saw one record after another fly from the rear window and shatter against the alley wall. His wife Louise had not wanted to be hostess at a boozy post-midnight concert and chose this fashion of expressing dissent. They separated, and Beale wound up playing drums and sometimes kazoo with a local Dixieland band.

I have had my share of star-struck encounters with the great and near-great. At a small soiree in New Delhi, Dizzy Gillespie chose me to demonstrate to a dozen Indians that white men have no rhythm (I proved a decisive guinea pig). As a boy at Stuyvesant Casino in New York, I shyly requested Bobby



Hackett to play "Singing the Blues." After, I approached him and gushed, "You were great, Mr. Hackett. No one else was worthy of sharing the bandstand with you." Hackett turned to the man next to him, "Meet Bob Wilber," he said, referring to his clarinet player. I chuckled over this years later with Wilber in India, but never really recovered from the embarrassment.

When I was a soldier boy I met Omer Simeon, the legendary clarinet player and learned he was a horseplayer. I tipped him on Boston Doge in the Swift Stakes and bit my nails when the horse faltered in the stretch but still won by a nose. Thus I was able to return to Jimmy Ryan's and hear of Simeon's years with Jelly Roll Morton.

**Bud Parmentier** once sat on the same piano

*(Continued on page 4)*

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**The Forester**

The newsletter of the Residents' Association of The Forest at Duke, Inc., 2701 Pickett Rd., Durham, NC 27705-5610. Published monthly except July, August, and September by and for the residents.

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**In Memoriam**

Epperson, Margaret Cass

Hundley (Marge)

November 5, 2007

**President's Podium****Thanks to Jim Shuping**

For four long years he's been man of the hour.  
He's been firm, but gracious, in spite of such power.

He's produced reports, attended each meeting,  
Appeared at all functions, given newcomers greeting.

He's been head of the pack and king of the hill,  
With considered pronouncements, unhurried, not shrill;

Promoted resident involvement in joint deliberation,

So that finally, The Forest has achieved accreditation!

He urged on his board, helped make folks aware  
Of good reasons to be certified for Medicare.  
He rose to the challenge; no problem could faze.  
We give him our thanks, our acclaim, and our praise.

What will he do now that he has time to squander?

Of horseshoes and billiards he may grow even fonder.

He is due for relief from issues big, details small.  
And hats off to Susan—she put up with it all!

Tynette Hills

## LOVE YOUR LIBRARY



Often we receive questions about what to give to our library, which relies entirely on donations. We especially welcome new books of the kinds our residents like to read. Fiction, mysteries, and biographies are popular, especially if they are in large print, but our residents have many varied interests. If you buy a best-seller and finish reading it, we welcome it for the library. New magazines are also welcome. By "new" we mean not over a month old, except those without dated articles, like *Smithsonian* or *National Geographic*. Surplus ones are taken to the Veterans or Duke Hospitals. Lately the number of magazine donations has declined, however. Please keep them coming. (Any outdated or abused copies can be placed in the trash bins.)

Have you checked the "New Acquisitions" at the end of the big table lately? They are there ready to be checked out. Some recent titles are A. S. Byatt's *Babel Tower*, David Divine's *Hadrian's Wall*, Edward Lear's *Selected Letters* and even three of the Harry Potter series. We have books on many subjects: among them fiction, biography, sociology, medicine, history, poetry, art and psychology. To find where they are shelved, check the locator file hanging behind the check-in desk for the section number.

When taking something out, please sign the card in the back of the book and leave it in the basket on the desk. If something has no card, use the notebook on the desk and cross off your entry when the item is returned. Paperbacks and magazines need not be signed out—just return them as soon as finished. All audio and video materials have cards inside their containers, except the small audio tapes. Remember that we have many enjoyable music tapes and CDs that can be checked out. So can our large puzzle collection. Each puzzle box contains a sign-out card which the borrower should put into the brown file box on the puzzle

shelves (honor system).

The TFAD library, run by resident volunteers, has simple rules, but they work well with everyone's cooperation. Enjoy using it!

Mary Ruth Miller

## FIRST TIME



Some of our "first times" linger in our memory, sometimes entertain, and may even torment us. This one bubbles up in my daydreams once in a while.

I was 22 years old, in the final months of my second year in medical school. The pockets of my short white coat held newly acquired instruments: otoscope, ophthalmoscope, stethoscope, and a brief "how-to" book. Although I had examined—and been examined by—fellow students, this was my first encounter with a real patient.

At the nurses' station, I stated my name and that I was here to examine Mrs. X. The burly nurse led me down the ward. At the designated cubicle she jerked the curtain aside and announced to the somnolent woman in the bed, "Ma'am, this boy wants to examine you."

Tom Frothingham

**Jazz Madness** continued

*(Continued from page 1)*

stool with Fats Waller. Next to Waller was a glass of gin, refilled regularly as Fats strode and frolicked on the keys. "I can't say I play like Fats, but I wish I had his left hand," Bud says, who never took extensive lessons on the piano but was taught a few serviceable chords by his uncle Bill and learned to play both the white and black keys. He has a vast repertoire of the imperishable oldies.

**Oliver Ferguson** is another who once bitten by the jazz bug remained infected. When he was in the Army in the 40s, he attended a dance concert in St. Louis that drew such a huge crowd, no one could dance. The band was Duke Ellington's. A somewhat drunken black man stepped on Oliver's foot, apologized and explained that he was there to meet his brother, the stellar trombonist Lawrence Brown. He invited Oliver to join him. On the stand, the players were all friendly with the young serviceman, and trumpeter Rex Stewart asked if he'd like to meet the Duke. Backstage the Duke was gracious, but tired. The famous bags beneath his eyes had never been deeper. "If you'd like to, you can sit on the stage during the second half," he said. It was an unforgettable evening for the young Oliver.

Earlier, in his small Mississippi hometown, a friend told him a band would be playing in "the colored gymnasium." They went and learned it was Fletcher Henderson, who had had Coleman Hawkins, Louis Armstrong and a host of notables in his band

and wound up arranging for Benny Goodman. When Oliver and his white friend were requested to sit segregated in the balcony, Oliver appreciated the irony. Henderson the bandleader, once the toast of New York, did not disappoint.

Playing with jazz greats as well as stellar classical orchestras is nothing new to **Norman Greenberg**. He once worked for Gene Krupa when the drummer was arranging to record Ravel's "Bolero" with Krupa dubbing all the percussion. During an extended engagement on Skitch Henderson's TV show, the host and pianist cleverly formed an assortment of bands and had requested Norm as French horn. The broad-ranging music included guest performances by Jack Teagarden and Harry James. Norm remembers well a stint at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe when the band played with W.C. Handy, the noted blues composer. Completing a truly varied career, Norm played not only with Victor Borge but also with Johnny Cash (Norm was a professor of anthropology in Nashville).

Jazz madness does not afflict everyone. Some, aware of its perils, explain they liked the music of their youth; others have a take-it-or-leave-it attitude. But be warned: Some jazz fans are as excitable as Duke basketball supporters!

Mal Oettinger

**Mystery People**

Who are these "First Ladies"?





## From the Bookshelf



### THE SHIPPING NEWS

by Annie Proulx (pronounced Pru)

Button up your overcoat and dig out those fur-lined boots. We're off to Newfoundland and Annie Proulx's engaging and heart warming novel, *The Shipping News*. Quoyale, a great lump of a man with a chin that juts out like a shelf, is our protagonist. He walks around self-consciously with his right hand covering his chin. He has a "head shaped like a crenshaw, no neck, reddish hair, features as bunched as kissed fingertips, eyes the color of plastic...."

Quoyale, he has no other name, is a lost soul. He dropped out of the University, held various low-level jobs and fell into a job on a New York newspaper. He meets Petal Bear in a bar and marries her. Petal, a "bitch in high heels", bears him two children, Bunny and Sunshine, then proceeds to spend all of her time sleeping with other men. Quoyale, who has never loved or been loved, even by his parents, is eternally grateful to Petal for giving him a month of happiness; after that she gave him six years of suffering. Petal runs off with another man, taking the children with her. She sells the two little girls to a child pornographer. Quoyale rescues the children, and in spite of her abandonment, he mourns for Petal when she dies in a fiery automobile accident.

Life in new York hasn't had happy memories for Quoyale so when Aunt Agnes appears and convinces him to pack up his girls and move with her to Newfoundland, the home of his ancestors, he half-heartedly agrees. He is thirty-six, "bereft, brimming with grief and thwarted love."

While this beginning sounds like a tale of woe, the story is far from that. Annie Proulx has a wicked sense of humor and she interweaves her dry wit into the heart of the story. Quoyale's character grows as we move with him through crisis after crisis. His love for the little girls is the one constant in

his life. He gets a job on the Gammy Bird, the local newspaper. The name Gammy Bird comes from the common eider, a bird in Newfoundland that is known for its habit of gathering in flocks for sociable quacking. He is assigned to the shipping news and car accidents. Not to worry, if there aren't any recent accidents, the newspaper has files on old accidents that he can just rewrite. His boss is Jack Buggit who likes to fish, so he rarely comes into the office. His staff mates include Billy Pretty who, in his seventieth year, does the home news, Nutbeem who imagines that he's the foreign news editor and steals all his stories from his shortwave radio and Tert Card, the managing editor who has a "face like cottage cheese clawed with a fork". An engaging set of characters and only a few of the many folks we meet who inhabit this cold, bleak land. They are warm, strong people who jump from the pages and into our hearts.

Woven into the tale is the family home that sits on a rock and has been sitting idle on that same rock for a hundred years. Aunt Agnes takes on the renovation and the old house becomes their home. Quoyale meets the tall woman who plays the accordion for her retarded son who likes to dance. He buys a boat and almost drowns, and Jack Buggit does drown but miraculously comes back to life.

There are mysteries to unfold, a love story, comedy, drama, wonderful similes and metaphors and descriptions of landscapes that take your breath away. Annie Proulx's vivid imagination draws the reader in and holds him there from start to finish. It's a winner.

Peggy Quinn

## Welcome New Residents

Photos by Ed Albrecht



**Julia Kenan**

Cottage 44    489-4036

Julia Kenan grew up and attended grade and high school in Abingdon, Virginia. She is a graduate of Mary Baldwin College in Staunton. In 1957 she married Dr. Patrick Kenan, who died in 2002. They had three children, Dan, also a physician and medical researcher with a laboratory at Duke; Sarah, an occupational therapist also at Duke; and John who is with Sports Endeavors in Durham. Julia has been active in various community activities including Meals on Wheels, the Altar Guild at St. Joseph's Episcopal Church; and the Town and Country Garden Club. She enjoys gardening and needlepoint.

**Howard and Julia Clark**

Cottage #69    489-4900

Howard and Julia have lived in the Durham-Chapel Hill area since 1960. Both were born and grew up in Birmingham, Alabama. They attended public schools there and graduated from Howard College (now Samford University) where Howard was Julia's lab instructor in chemistry. Howard went on to Notre Dame to earn his master's degree and then to the University of Maryland where he was awarded his PhD in chemistry in 1954. He had an early interest in science, nature, and inventions which led to a career in chemistry in industry, a nonprofit organization, and finally the Biomedical Engineering Department at Duke. Julia, also a chemistry major in college, sang in the Duke Chapel Choir for ten years, joining her daughter, then a Duke senior, also a choir member. She was a Girl Scout leader in Chapel Hill for six years. She worked for twenty years as a research secretary in the Physics Department at Duke. The Clarks were married in 1947 and have three children and eight grandchildren scattered across the U.S. Howard and Julia manage a small foundation devoted to research in evolutionary biology.



## TFAD TRAVELLERS

Have you noticed two of our residents going around with big grins, showing off pictures of young gentlemen two generations younger than they?

**Walter Lifton** met his ten-day-old first great-grandson (after three great-granddaughters) when he went to Minnesota to celebrate his own birthday.

**Caroline Long** met her four-month-old grand-nephew in New York. They regarded each other eyeball to eyeball, and Caroline thinks he was fascinated by her eyeglasses, for his parents do not wear them. Caroline was in New York on a theater weekend, but the theater strikes cancelled two of the three shows. She thoroughly enjoyed *Mary Poppins*, however, and also a viewing of the baroque tapestries at the Metropolitan Museum.

**Donald and Helen Silver** and **Herman and Eunice Grossman** also traveled to New York, and **Lucie Jacobson** went there over Thanksgiving to visit daughter, friends, and—dentist! **Ethel Foote** earlier spent a five-day weekend in Boston with her daughter and granddaughter.

**John and Jean Blackburn** visited a daughter in Pennsylvania, and **Mary Brinkmeyer** was also there with a daughter and a son-in-law, visiting family after a prior family visit to Annapolis, MD.

Special events have claimed **Clare Eshelman** and **Barbara and Pete Seay**. Clare went to Rochester, MI, to celebrate Thanksgiving AND her 90<sup>th</sup> birthday with 20 children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. And the Seays took a train to Silver Spring, MD, to celebrate with 15 others their (surprise) 65<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary. Congratulations on those wonderful milestones!

Several people preferred the water. **Sarah McCracken** and **Earl Davis** enjoyed a delightful cruise on Chesapeake Bay between Yorktown and Baltimore, with a visit to his daughter at the end.



**Jim and Susan Shuping** spent a few days at Myrtle Beach taking in the Christmas shows (and recovering from his tenure as our leader?). Susan says they ate too much junk food! **Harry and Phyllis Owen**, with their daughter and son-in-law, went fishing at Wrightsville Beach one beautiful weekend—and Harry caught a flounder!

By chance, **Peg Lewis** and **Sheila Mason** were on the same planes going to and coming back from Indiana. They realized it before they left, so were able to arrange airport transportation accordingly.

Meanwhile, others were traveling in other directions: **Mary Hobart** to visit a daughter in St. Louis, **Trish and Robbie Robertson** to Austin, TX, **Betty Ketch** to Illinois, **George and Harriet Williams** to South Carolina and Georgia.

**Elaine Hastings** hated to come back to the quiet Forest after spending five days in Miami with her daughter, son-in-law, granddaughter and husband enjoying the vital Latino culture there.

The farthest continental travelers were **Murry and Jerry Perlmutter**. They went jaunting for a week to San Jose, CA, to attend a workshop on Trauma First Aid—and had Thanksgiving dinner in an airport on the way home!

However, **David Weaver**, our favorite mailman, exceeded everyone in distance, going with his wife for several days to Budapest, Hungary.

HAPPY and SAFE Christmas traveling for everyone!

Carol Scott



## The Last Days of the War

We were chasing the Germans across the plains leading to the Elbe River, the last barrier to our drive to reach Berlin. The British on our left and the Second Armored Division were the closest Allied forces with the ability to possibly beat the Russians coming from the East in their mad dash to get to Berlin before us. We had one small problem — crossing the Elbe River. Upon reaching the banks of this moderately wide river, our orders were to put pontoon bridges across it. After an initial crossing by boat, a bridgehead was established by our infantry. The pontoon bridge, when completed, would hold the weight of our tanks and enable our division to advance to Berlin. However, much to our surprise, our bridgehead met with strong artillery attacks which made it impossible to supply and reinforce our troops.

I was called upon, as the Combat Command B's Air Support Officer, to use fighter bombers to pinpoint and bomb the enemy's artillery. Previously I had lost my tank because of damage from enemy gunfire and was operating from an open, unarmored scout car. Moving closer to the river bank I waited for the arrival of a squadron of P47 dive bombers, who were on their way to give us support. As they flew overhead, I contacted the squadron leader by radio and explained the situation to him. His mission was to locate the artillery pieces firing on our troops and the pontoon bridges and destroy them.

From my position I could not see the action on the other side of the river, but I was in radio contact with the commanding officer of the bridgehead forces. He was nearly hysterical in his pleas for dive bombing support. Our need for supplies and reinforcements had become urgent because of the accuracy of the Germans in destroying our bridges faster than we could repair them.

I was in communication with both the bridgehead commander and squadron commander. After the first pass of the planes on the enemy positions the flight commander said he couldn't clearly see the enemy guns. Still, I asked him to make another run and get as close to the ground as possible to improve his visibility and chances of destroying the

guns. While I was urging him on, I heard the crash of his plane as it hit the ground. He had been unable to pull out of his dive in his effort to accomplish the mission.

Some time after the war ended I came across a book written by John Ryan who had researched this particular battle. He learned that the command of this section of the river had been assigned to an artillery captain who was able to secure a number of 88 artillery pieces and have them manned by very young SS soldiers ready to die for the Führer. The war ended the day after my brave pilot lost his life.

Harold Bobroff

## A Stage of Age

Shakespeare placed ages into stages  
So strong and definite—really cages.

I like how it feels to be old  
Joys of youth I find oversold.

Gifts of my family genes are a part  
Arthritic knees but strong lungs and heart.

Not for my research nor my charm  
But the power of my right arm.

Pulse rate properly slow  
Blood pressure properly low.

"Remarkable," said my personal sage,  
"Remarkable for one of your age."

Penelope Easton



## Christmastide

Dry autumn leaves fall down upon the street,  
Scurry along before the freshening breeze.  
Large clouds turn to a darker hue,  
Charcoal grey beneath the billowing white,  
Portending snow upon the hour or this very night.

Now comes the season of some discontent  
That cozy fire and shelter can't prevent.  
Nagging thoughts of winter's storms to come,  
Iciness and bone-chilling damp,  
The odor of wet wool and too much time in  
camp.

Soon the cold and snow-bound folks  
Will lose the social cheer of summer's warmth,  
See slights and take offense at every turn,  
Think thoughts of violence done behind closed  
door  
Yet sense the need of kindness felt once more.

Bring soon the cheer and fellowship of  
Christmastide,  
The means of making all humane again,  
Communal worship of the miracle of birth  
And adoration of the newborn's innocence  
That saves us all from evil's influence.

Bruce Rubidge

## My Favorite Christmas Tree

What was your favorite Christmas tree?

Like me, you have probably had real firs and cedars, table-top and ceiling-high ones, and, eventually, artificial ones. Trees decorated with treasured heirloom ornaments, in themes or in a single color. Trees with strings of large colored bulbs that all went out when one did and trees with strings of tiny white lights that remained lighted to the last bulb.

Trees that were the centerpiece of happy family gatherings.

Scotty and I were married in February, 1943, and it is our first Christmas tree that brings a special memory to me. We were living in Greenbelt, MD. He was a second lieutenant at Ft. George G. Meade and I was an assistant librarian in the Schools Division of the D.C. Public Library in Washington. Both our families lived in North Carolina.

One night about a week before Christmas I came home from work in the dark and stumbled over something in the corner of our little apartment porch, beneath the mailbox. It was a long mailing tube, and inside it was—a tiny cedar tree!

Scotty's grandmother had worried about our spending our first Christmas together far away from home, up in Yankeeland where they probably didn't know anything about Christmas trees (Washington's lots were full of them). She prevailed upon his mother to buy that little tree and mail it to us.

Anchored in a toilet paper roll for a base, the little tree took place of honor on our new piecrust table, centered in the living room window, and we had fun buying (small) ornaments for it and placing packages under it.

It was probably our best Christmas gift—the tree and dear Granny's loving thought behind it.



Carol Scott

## Wandering in The Forest



**Chad Saladay** has promised us a Plant of the Month. His December choice is Burford Holly: *Ilex cornuta* 'Burfordii'

This is a large shrub or evergreen tree with glossy dark green leaves with one spine per leaf at the top. It forms an abundance of red berries in December-January and is an improved selection of Chinese holly.

This shrub/tree is planted throughout The Forest and is a specimen tree at many cottages and lines the walkway at the Rose Garden/Croquet Court.

It is very long lived; the berries both pretty and a food source in the spring for the birds.

It is from the family *Aquifoliaceae*.

At a meeting of the Grounds Committee Chad tells us that the new system of submitting a work order to Max for projects outside his contract has worked very well, and he's grateful to be able to get on with his routine work and plan ahead for the special tasks. He reminds us that a soaker hose is classified as a sprinkler and is therefore forbidden under the new watering rules. He regrets that he has not been able to put out the usual fall bedding plants since they would die during our dry winter to come.

**Martha Mendenhall** wants to thank those who worked on the vehicles on Scooter Day in October. The handle bars of her walker had severe wobbles; the expert found that a crucial round tightener had been put on in reverse, and she's very pleased with the correction. She said all properties got a cleaning, reclaimed in shining condition.

I dropped by the corner drugstore where the long table in the café is filled with breakfasters every morning. I found **Charlie Black**, who presides at the

end of the table, without all his companions who were off here and there. He said that by the time the morning news goes down one side of the table and up the other the result is often like a game of Chinese Whispers.

The day before that I was at the front desk and caught the sound of a bugle. I figured something was up so I headed for the café at a dead run, arriving just in time to hear **John Friedrich** swing into "Happy Birthday" for a second time. Once for **Peggy Cornute** and once for **Caroline Long**. Each one had just been presented with a candle in a cupcake. Peggy swore it took her by surprise.

**Encore Store** addendum: The new policy dictates that we place a call about a donation, however small, to **Karen Sarine (419-4073)** for **Independent living** residents or **Lee Ann Bailey (419-4090)** for those in the **Health and Wellness Center**.

**Helen Monson** tells me they had a great two-day sale. They sold large pieces of furniture as well as numerous small items including Christmas things. She says they made a lot of money for the fund here at The Forest.

Editor

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## HEXAPHILIA

No doubt about it—I love Saturday!  
Sandwiched between the namesakes  
for the earth mother  
and the grand source of light and life,  
the jolly old god of joy and virtue  
seems just right for Saturday.

Even the pentaphiliacs  
who thank God for Friday  
are basically talking about the day  
that really counts, Saturday  
when they can do anything they want to.

After all these years, retired,  
when every day could be a Saturday,  
they really aren't, and on the sixth day  
when I wake up, a familiar little voice  
still says, "It's Saturday, let's get going!"

For years the Saturday magic meant NO SCHOOL,  
unless, because of indolence or insolence,  
I was sentenced to Saturday morning study;  
riding alone, at eight o'clock,  
on number 23 streetcar down Germantown Avenue  
to join my fellow reprobates  
doing time 'til noon in the study hall.

For years it meant that Dad would be home for lunch,  
leaving the hospital to join us  
for the weekend to do all sorts of stuff together,  
and suddenly, just a few years later  
it meant I'd be home for lunch  
leaving the lab to do all sorts of stuff together  
with Sylvia and the boys.

Now, just as suddenly, they're gone,  
School, Saturday study, Dad, the boys, the lab,  
No stuff to do like cutting grass or raking leaves.  
Still, somehow the little voice  
never fails to say, "Come on, let's go, it's Saturday!"

Ned Arnett

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Bob Blake's  
**Puzzle**

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

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

**Pertaining to Christmas**

ADVENT	CENSUS	INN	ORNAMENT	SHOPPING
ANGEL	CHRISMON	JOSEPH	PREGNANT	SILENT NIGHT
AUGUSTUS	CONCEIVED	JOY	PRESENTS	SON
BABY	DECEMBER	JUDEA	PROGRAM	STAMPS
BETHLEHEM	DONKEY	MARY	ROMAN EMPIRE	STAR
BIBLE	FIREPLACE	MANGER	SANTA CLAUS	TOYS
BIRTH	GREETINGS	MERRY	SEALS	TREE
CAMELS	HEROD	MESSIAH	SEASON	VIRGIN
CARDS	HOLIDAY	NAZARETH	SHEEP	WISEMEN
CAROLS	IMMANUEL	NOEL	SHEPHERDS	