



Volume 21 Issue 6

A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

March 2016

## Mitzi Goodwin, RN, Clinic Manager

by Joanne Ferguson

My first question to Mitzi was “What is the name on your birth certificate?” The answer is “Mitzi.” She says her mother was rushing to the hospital, having had two boys already, each born in forty-five minutes. As her husband drove her, she saw on a cinema marquee the name of Mitzi Gaynor. She hoped for a girl after the two boys and asked the doctor, “Are you sure it’s a girl?” He was, and Mitzi she was named.

They lived in a house in Durham County, where her parents have remained for fifty-one years. Mitzi went to Hillandale, Carrington, and Northern High School. She earned her nursing degree from Watts School of Nursing. She got her certification in geriatric nursing while working here.

Her first job was at Durham Regional, where she worked for ten years before coming to The For-



Photo by Sue Murphy

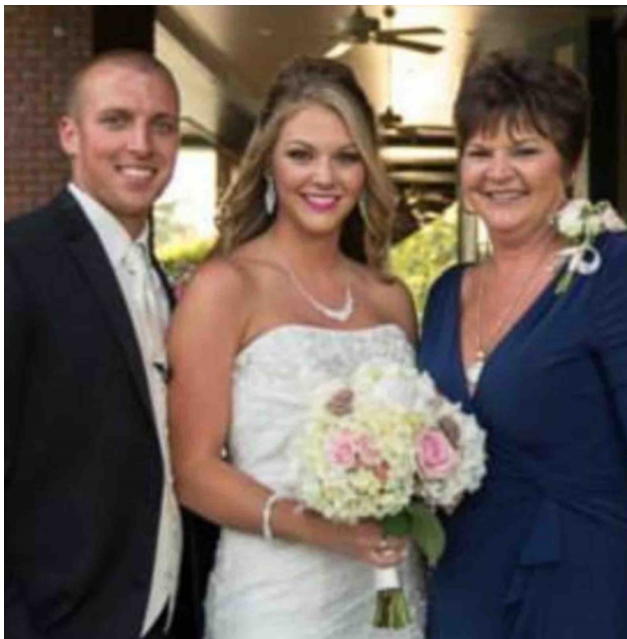
est. She celebrated twenty years with us last August.

She and her brothers spent lots of time with their grandparents on their tobacco and hog farm in Sampson County. They had a glorious time driving the tractor and learning to drive the car around the farm. There was extensive family nearby and numerous cousins who played together, sewing doll clothes, counting cars that went by. Mitzi says they never knew they lived like *The Brady Bunch*. “I have fabulous memories,” she said.

Her grandfather made them all corncob pipes in which they put this and that—whatever would burn.

Both parents and grandparents had extensive vegetable gardens and they ate only home grown fruit and vegetables, canned extensively, and finally had two freezers, so when she grew up and went to buy groceries, she found it strange to see cans of beans and other vegetables. There was a scuppernong arbor and her father made scuppernong pie, which Mitzi’s daughter Megan has learned to make. I

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Megan’s wedding

**The Forester**

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**In Memoriam**

Robert Shields Abernathy    January 29, 2016

Ann Morgenlander            February 18, 2016

**President's Podium**

by Dale Harris

The whereabouts of information about the Residents' Association (RA) has been a fluctuating situation for the past couple of years. With completion nearing on some of the renovated areas, your RA Board will consider available space for us and the most helpful areas in which to locate various pieces of information.

The TFAD administration is currently in the process of allocating the territory available among those desirous of some of the space. An ad hoc committee for recommendations on our RA physical space needs and locations, consisting of Dick DeCamp, Chair; Barbara Anderson, Shirley Few, Jack Hughes, and Jim Shuping, has considered the alternatives and done a good job of acting quickly since timeliness was so important.

Their effort is to request spaces as conveniently located for us and as accommodating of our space needs as could reasonably be accomplished. We are very appreciative of the good job they are doing. We had hoped to have our board consider their recommendation at its February 15 meeting, but due to sleet and freezing rain that meeting was postponed to February 22.

In the past we have used spaces in the current Mailroom, the Skywalk, and the Library for the more current information; and RA Office space at the end of the hall on the 4<sup>th</sup> floor next to Elevator #7 for a computer, a locked file cabinet for archival material, and book shelves for some files. Prior to the time when Marketing borrowed the space from us for one of its staff, the RA had maintained a computer, desk, files, etc. in an office on the 3<sup>rd</sup> floor at the end of the hall near Elevator #7.

The recommendations of the ad hoc committee are that we request the following:

- some space in the Connections Room where our current communications (e.g. posted notices on bulletin boards, RA drop box, confidant locator book, current minutes of our board and possibly of committees) could be housed;
- - use of the room currently used by the Social Worker for Independent Residents, after that function is moved elsewhere,

(Continued on page 3)

## Library Science 101

by Carol Scott

### HALLELUJAH!

Barring any unexpected delays, as you are reading this the new Library will be open—24/7!—and functioning fully. Thank you for all the patience, assistance, and interest that have been shown in the weeks leading up to this.

The Library Committee thinks the new space is beautiful, well-coordinated, light and airy, and, we hope as we are still making adjustments, easy to use. The owls have been caged inside the curio cabinet, all in one place, and the artifacts from the top shelves in the old Library are finding a new home here. Signs are still being placed to show what is where, but **WE ARE NOW BACK IN BUSINESS!**

At present there is no space for paperback books, but we hope to find a place for them elsewhere in the building, and will let you know when that is found. Notebooks for the Administration and Residents Association are also now housed elsewhere.

As in the dining rooms, there will be comment cards available for your reactions and

suggestions. And, don't forget, we like suggestions for additional books—something you have read, enjoyed, and think others will also enjoy.

I am writing this during busy Moving Week, so it is short, but there will be much more to say next month.

Come visit your new Library!

## Judgment

by Ned Arnett

Most of the world's religions  
have had theories about life after death  
and of judgment on what kind of life  
you are going to spend after you die  
(know any good Saint Peter stories?)

Judgment in ancient Egypt  
depended on how you answer  
two of life's greatest questions:  
did you have joy in your life?  
did you bring joy to someone else?

What has brought you joy?  
Care from some one you love?  
Colors of a sunrise or sunset?  
A Mozart piano concerto?  
A pecan bun or an apple pie?

And to whom did you bring joy?

## Podium continued

*(Continued from page 2)*

- where our archives and some of our current committee notebooks could be placed;
  - re-establishing the space in the original 3rd floor location, to be used primarily for meetings of smaller RA groups;
  - releasing the current RA office on the 4<sup>th</sup> floor to TFAD administration for their use.
- Stay tuned for the decisions on these requests.
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## Mitzi Goodwin continued

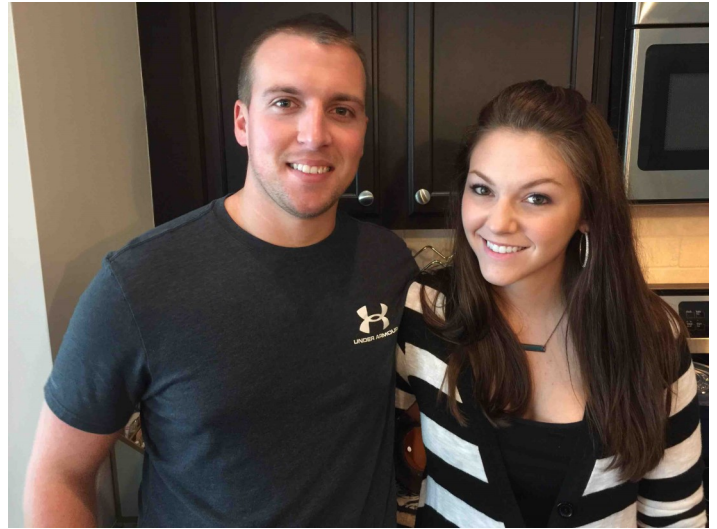
*(Continued from page 1)*

ask for the recipe. They also had a pig pickin' every year, barbequed with a vinegar base, not the tomato base of western Carolina. (Mitzi, being the youngest and a girl, was not allowed to witness the hog killing.)

Her father not only kept a big vegetable garden, but was a superb repair man. Mitzi says they never had a repair man in the house. Her father fixed not only major appliances and cars but hair dryers and toasters. Her mother worked as a bookkeeper and payroll clerk for a dry cleaning company, and at the age of 78 is still working fulltime! Her father, whose sight is poor, is still out planting his garden, carrying his nitroglycerin pills in his pocket. Mitzi has a house across the street from them and checks in on them daily. (When the heat of the summer comes, she helps out picking okra and other vegetables. )

Her daughter Megan, who was married two years ago and lives in Wilmington, is a neo-natal intensive care nurse, who will soon be a nurse practitioner. Megan went to college when she was seventeen, and Mitzi is very proud of her.

Mitzi has had as many as three indoor cats



Jay and Megan

and two dogs at once, but is now down to one cat named Carter and a Chihuahua named Roxy. She is fond of vacations in the Caribbean and has traveled to St. Thomas, Puerto Rico (twice), Paradise Island, St. Martin, Turks and Caicos, Punta Cana in the Dominican Republic, and Miami, Key West, and Ft. Lauderdale, as well as Aruba and Curacao.

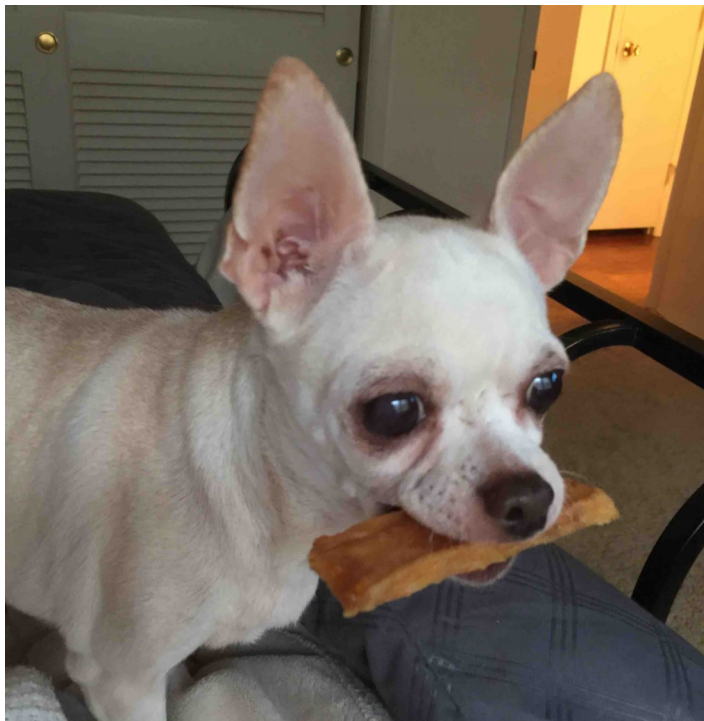
Her happy family makes her feel gratitude daily, and so do we for having her among us.



Scuppernong pies



**Mitzi Goodwin** continued



Roxy



Carter



Caribbean

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## Welcome, New Residents



### Nancy & Bob Deusch

Cottage 44      919-401-8837  
[RKD21@BellSouth.net](mailto:RKD21@BellSouth.net)

Bob and Nancy joined The Forest from Chapel Hill where they had moved ten years ago to be near a daughter teaching at Duke.

Born in Chicago, Bob grew up in Evanston and went east to Harvard. Graduating with an AB in government in wartime 1942, he enlisted in the Air Force. At war's end he returned to Harvard, earning an MBA from the Business School. Friends introduced him to Nancy, then a Wellesley undergraduate. Born in Chicago, she grew up in Flint, MI.

Bob joined a small manufacturing company in New York City as VP-Treasurer. After Nancy graduated, they married and moved to Connecticut, where Nancy soon focused on rearing their two daughters. When Bob's company was relocated to Chicago, they relocated, too. She became a docent at the Art Institute, a member of the Women's Board for the Symphony's Ravinia Festival, an Election Judge, and Director/President of the Glencoe Library Board. Later, when Bob formed his own company, they returned to Connecticut. Nancy again pitched in, becoming Secretary, League of Women Voters, and President, Guilford Water Pollution Control Authority. She enjoys art history and in Chapel Hill was a docent at the Ackland. Bob follows politics.



### Lee & Janet Downs

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[JRDowns@nc.rr.com](mailto:JRDowns@nc.rr.com)  
[JanetDowns@nc.rr.com](mailto:JanetDowns@nc.rr.com)

Lee and Janet bring to The Forest a broad spectrum of life experiences.

Born in Franklin in the mountains of western North Carolina, Lee embarked upon a 28-year US Air Force career shortly after high school. Becoming a specialist in the mission-critical electronics of high-performance fighter aircraft designed and deployed for the defense of the homeland, he remained in North America except for temporary assignments during the Cuban missile and Korean Pueblo crises. At an early assignment in Orlando, FL, he met Janet. She was born in Durham but moved south with her mother as a young girl.

Wherever she landed, Janet enrolled in college-level classes, earning an AA degree in Computer Science and finding ready employment as a programmer. In 1977, after Lee retired from the Air Force, they moved to Durham. Janet accepted a programming position at Duke and used her tuition benefits to earn a BA in Sociology. Lee adapted his skills to video recording technology at NC State.

## **The Other Great New-World Crop: Corn**

(*At Home: A Short History of Private Life* by Bill Bryson, 2010)  
by Bill Harrington

Last time, Bill Bryson helped us discover a mystery about the potato. Now, let's look at another "taken for granted" vegetable: corn. In his 2010 publication, Bryson tells us that no one knows how the Mesoamericans developed corn. There's nothing in the wild like it. The closest plant is teosinte, a grass that looks nothing like our modern day version of the white and yellow kernels we enjoy.

All of us know how corn looks while it is still asleep in its blanket. I remember when my Dad, two brothers and I traveled a short distance to a farm just outside of town to load the bed of my Dad's little blue Chevy pickup truck with corn. I stood next to the stalk, grabbed the ear of corn, and yanked downward. Each of us proceeded to do this until our arms were full. Next, we repeatedly tossed our individual loads into the back of the truck until Dad announced: "I guess that's enough."

When we arrived home and backed up to the kitchen porch, Momma always said the same thing: "Bill [meaning my father], where in the world are we gonna put all of this corn?" She was trying to tell her husband that there wasn't enough room in the freezer

to put it all. As usual, he ignored her and, once Momma disappeared into the kitchen, he snuck into his garden behind our house and gathered the corn he'd been growing. Daddy hoped he wouldn't get caught.

Teosinte does have "ears," but they are one inch long and almost nothing they contain has nutritional value. Bryson says, "one kernel of corn is more nutritious than a whole ear of teosinte." Another mystery.

Back to the Harrington household once more. The "men" shucked the corn on the back porch and carried the ears into the kitchen in large bowls. Momma took over from there and we ended up with many small plastic boxes in the freezer. Somehow, Momma knew when Daddy's corn from his garden arrived in her work place. "Bill Harrington, how many times have I told you ...." I have no idea how they worked these kinds of problems out. I only know that there was never too much corn as Momma predicted.

## **Mystery People: Do you know who they are?**



22 year old



Mass General, 1965

## The Coquina

by Ted Harris

The coquina, the pastel gem of many beaches, is a tiny clam. How colorful these pearls are: white, yellow, orange, pink, purple, and blue. Their color can be augmented with bands following the curves of the shell, or with stripes radiating from the hinge of the two half shells.

There they are at the beach's edge where the salt water meets the shore, making their way back and forth and up and down the beach in colonies with the tide as it ebbs and flows. When the wave recedes, the coquina buries back into the sand; two valves stay above the sand floor, one for excrement and one with a light brown seaweed-like attachment to retrieve any tiny plants and animals for sustenance.

The coquinas, ordinarily the size of a triangle-shaped nickel, occupy sandy beaches in many places in the world, and have been here for eons. Their life expectancy is two years. Their presence is a sign of a healthy beach. There is a stone conglomerate named coquina for the accumulations of these animals that have solidified into sedimentary rock.

According to one author on the web, "Ounce for ounce there is probably no more delicious seafood than the tiny coquina." Have you heard of the delicacy that is coquina soup?

The soup's wonders were confirmed years ago in the summer of 1936, when our family spent a summer on Treasure Island near Saint Petersburg, Florida. We were there on a doctor's advice because Brad, my younger brother, had asthma. It was a sure way to cure this five-year-old boy of his eternal need to cough.

We made friends with a local beachcomber. I can still see his tattered pants. He befriended us and mother learned from him how to gather coquinas, sifting the sand away and rinsing the tiny clams. He taught mother how to make the soup. My memory of his recipe for the soup as a seven-year-old was that it was really tasty.

On returning home Brad had his worst ever coughing spell. Imagine the disappointment and even despair our parents must have experienced. They

surely wondered about whether the summer cure was a wasted effort. Fortunately that was his last coughing spell.

Beginning in the mid fifties three couples, the Harrises, the Paxtons, and the Leggetts began vacationing together. This wonderful venture lasted for thirty years. We each started with one child and ended up with four children per couple. We became the beach group.

Some time in the sixties, when on our beach group vacation, I thought it would be great fun to gather coquinas and make the soup again. It was an undertaking in which the members of all our three families could participate.

How were we going to make this soup, with no memory of how it was done in Florida? We decided to remove two screens from our beach cottage. The screens were showing their age. They were even tanned, not from sun but from exposure for some years to salt air. Removing them was a challenge, since the screens were permanently fastened. But we were successful.

Down to the beach we went with screens, shovels, and a bucket. The plan was to shovel the sand that contained coquinas onto the screens. The rinsing process involved two people on each side of the screen. Several incoming waves removed the sand leaving the coquinas and some other shell debris. The remnants, our delicious meal-to-be, were dumped into a bucket containing some sea water. Our anticipation was high. Back up to the cottage we went, full of glee.

We replaced the screens. The screens were still completely intact. No bugs would come through them. But they had a pretty haggard look, because the process had resulted in stretching the screens so that they sagged in places.

Please let it be understood, what I am about to say is in no way a reflection on the capability of the kitchen staff. Let's just say that the final result did not confirm my Treasure Island memory. The soup tasted like salt water seasoned with sand.

*(Continued on page 9)*



## Ma Soeur Francaise (Part 1)

by Carol Scott

Pen pals in France were *de rigueur* for second year French students when I was taking French at Durham High School. Our teacher knew about an agency that matched American students of French with their counterparts in France who were studying English, and she used it every year to match all of her second year students with a French student, each of whom was to write in the other's language.

My correspondent—whom I came in time to regard as my French sister—was Florence Perrigaud, of St. Malo de Philly, on the coast of Normandy.

We wrote back and forth, foreign languages slowly improving, about four times a year, getting to know and like each other more and more. Then came WW II, and no more letters from Florie, until the war was over. Meanwhile, I had married Lt. H.A. Scott, Jr. ("Scotty") and had two small children.

Florie's first letter explained that she had survived the War, but at some cost. "*Des personnes méchantes*" had shot at her four times! One hit her arm, which caused some trouble for a while, one hit her abdomen, which caused trouble for a longer time, one missed entirely, BUT one put out an eye, and she now had a glass eye! In spite of her bad news, I was SO glad to hear from her!

We resumed our correspondence and I learned in a later letter that she had been imprisoned for many months on suspicion of abortion (France

being a Catholic country)... My mother immediately proclaimed that I should therefore have nothing more to do with Florie. However, I replied that I had enjoyed our pre-war correspondence and thought her a good person, and it was only an UNPROVEN accusation anyway, and I would continue our relationship — which I did.

Meanwhile, Florie moved to Paris, married, and became Mme. Maurice Bovis. Maurice was head of a trucking firm that transported valuable goods between France and Italy. He did not share Florie's knowledge of the English language, but did know some Italian, which came in handy in a visit many years later.

In the 1950s my mother traveled to Europe, where she spent some time in Paris visiting a brother-in-law who was a colonel at SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe) there. She would be in Paris over her birthday in August, and Florie and I arranged in advance that Florie and Maurice would host her at a birthday dinner in their apartment.

France was not yet entirely recovered from the war, and I am sure it was a great effort on their part, with four delicious courses and a wine for each course, to have Mother for such a special meal. Mother remembered some French from college days, and Florie was still fairly fluent in English. They apparently had a very pleasant evening, and Mother was most appreciative of their attention.

In fact, when she got back home, she was enthusiastic in her praises of both Florie and Maurice, and hoped that I could meet them some day!

\* \* \* \* \*

(To be continued)

**The Coquina** continued

(Continued from page 8)

## The Elves of the Forest

by Ursula Kappert

Like any forest of renown  
We have a team of elves.  
They don't look very elfin, though,  
They look more – like themselves.

They wear the proper forest green,  
But lack a pointed hood  
Now, do you know the ones I mean?  
You must have guessed it. Good.

Two fearless Stevens lead the band,  
Two Brians help as well,  
And Tim and Kevin lend a hand  
and cast their magic spell.

Mark, Kevin, Walter know their trade  
And see just what you need.  
They hurry quickly to your aid  
Fix everything with speed.

Quite numerous are our complaints  
And multiple requests  
Involving hardware, screen doors, paints.  
They do their very best.

“This bulb has to be changed at once!  
The toilet seat is stuck,  
The heater's broken, it's cold inside  
And I am out of luck.

Quite grimy is the bedroom wall,  
Please cover the dirty spot!  
The floor is wet, and I might fall  
I'd really rather not!”

I love them all, these men in green,  
They're gallant and they're smart,  
I'm glad to see them on the scene;  
Their work is quite an art.

Their smiling faces make me beam

## More Dogs at The Forest



Watson, Jan Tuchinsky's 2-year-old cockapoo, who seems to be missing most of the poodle part.

### Elves continued

When I meet them in the hall,  
Hail to the Forest's elfin team,  
Long life to one and all!

## More Dogs at The Forest continued



Kenzie, Shanon & Dale Purves's 52-pound, 3-year-old mixed breed, loves her family, including her "brother," a 12-year-old cat.



Pepper, Alex & Mary Denson's 11-year-old 75-pound mixed breed, rescued as a tiny puppy, loves people.



Brutus, Sarah Rogers's 6-year-old poodle-terrier mix.



By John Henry

