

THE FORESTER

Volume 16 Issue 6 A Newsletter by and for the Residents of The Forest at Duke

March 2010

BOB
BLAKE

Most residents at The Forest know Bob Blake as the painter of the many watercolors hung in our halls and as the graphic artist of *The Forester*. Before his retirement he was head of the Art Section of the Division of Audiovisual Education at Duke Hospital, where he was a medical illustrator for 41 years, often sketching in the operating room. Our library has a copy of Wadsworth and King's *Atlas of Ophthalmic Surgery* illustrated by Bob.

In the 1950s he painted Durham's Main Street and environs. He drove down early in the morning before the traffic began, parked the car, and set to work with his camera. If he saw details that would not be clear in a photograph, he sketched them. The result is a series of wonderful scenes of a downtown, much of which has now vanished: the Union Station with its Italianate bell tower, a steam locomotive taking on water, the Austin-Heaton Flour Company at McMannen and Vivian Sts, Durham County Library, Herndon's Warehouse (Liberty Street at the railroad), Five Points, the Blacknall House (first brick house in Durham, built in the 1880s). Reading over Bob's inventory of these fifty paintings leaves me misty-eyed with nostalgia. They are now in the possession of the Duke Semans Fine Arts Foundation and were exhibited several years ago at the American Tobacco Complex, where The Forest took us on a bus to view them.

After World War II the demand for prosthetic devices became intense. Duke Medical Center sent Bob to Walter Reed Army Medical Center to study the plastic compound they had devised and their process for molding missing facial parts such as noses and ears. At Walter Reed noses and ears were modeled of clay preparatory to the molded plastic,



photo by Blaine Nashold

but Bob always used real people, often going to people he knew to lend themselves as models. He on occasion walked the halls of the hospital with the recipient to spot a subject. "There was a room full of medical secretaries, and when I walked in they knew what I was after," he says.

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The Forester

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Joanne Ferguson, *Editor-in-Chief*
Maidi Hall, *Text Editor*
Tom Gallie, *Graphics Editor*
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Peggy Quinn
Carol Scott

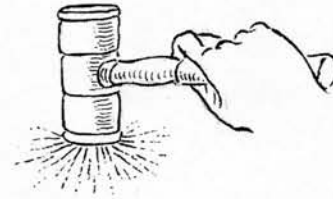
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In Memoriam

Grace Ray Pickett

February 18, 2010

President's Podium

Since last report nine Blue Cards have been submitted. By way of reminder, Blue Cards are available on the shelf at the south end of the US Mail Boxes. They are for queries, suggestions, and comments from residents to be answered by Residents' Association officers.

Issues raised in the recent cards include the following concerns. These will be discussed at the next RA Board meeting, and substantive results will be reported here next month.

1. Bad weather safety precautions such as snow clearing and food delivery were recently inadequate.
2. Dirty billiard room chairs.
3. Because of some legal concerns the medical tax deduction is calculated differently now than in the past resulting in some unexpected results. (questions should be referred to Karen Henry, Director of Finance)
4. Café is now too dark. (new lighting is planned)
5. Audiology services. (change of service providers is being negotiated)
6. Year end holiday decorations. (next year's decorations are being considered by the RA Activities Committee and may be different than this year)
7. The 2 PM time of the RA quarterly meetings.
8. Difficulty sliding Café chairs back from the table when seated. (solution is pending)

Old advice to new residents include the following TFAD secrets that took me weeks to discover when I moved in.:

- The Foyer, the Lobby and the Community

(Continued on page 3)

Library Science 101



This column is a follow-up of the one in last month's *Forester*, with good news and bad news.

Let's get the bad news over with first. New shelving in the Classroom has not happened yet, but will perhaps be completed in April. Meanwhile, of course we can use that space!

The rest is all good news.

The one-week reserve for copies of the monthly Book Club book is working very well. There were three copies of March's selection *The Help*, and this has helped more readers have a chance to read it in advance of the meeting. We will continue this for April's *The Reluctant Fundamentalist*, Rosemary Oates' selection.

Dorothy Brundage and her committee of **Nancy Garner** and **Eunice Grossman** are working diligently with **Jane Jones** organizing our Audio-Visual collection. Categories have been decided upon and labels made on both the shelves and the items themselves. This means easier search for our patrons and easier shelving of returns for our desk attendants.

In the main room, just to the left of the door, are our CD books and CD music. These are auditory only. The music CDs have been arranged (and shelves marked) in these categories:

Big Band, Classical, Folk/Hymns, Jazz/Pop, Marches, Musical Theater and Movies, Opera, Spanish, and Vocal/Choral.

Most of our A-V collection is housed in the Classroom, and here there are big changes. The materials here are visual as well as auditory. DVDs are still a small enough collection not to need organization. But the VHS collection has been divided, and placed on shelves labeled as follows:

Children's, Comedy, History, Movies, Music, Musicals, Mystery, Opera/Operetta, Oversize, and Performances.

If you have hesitated to check out something from these collections because you could not find what you want, please come and look again! It is much easier now to locate something specific.

Meanwhile, our Resident Readings are still drawing many listeners on Tuesday afternoons. It is surprising how many different subjects are chosen to read about! **Carol Oettinger** says that in March all the readers will be men! That should be interesting indeed.

Carol Scott

Podium continued

(Continued from page 2)

Center are the same place.

- You have two mail boxes (US and In House).
- On the menu sheets posted at the Café entrance "The Other Side" refers to the other side of the page, not the main dining room on the other side of the foyer.
- The YES/NO sign above the outgoing mailing slot refers to whether today's mail has been distributed, not whether you may drop a mailing through the slot.

Tom Frothingham

Bob Blake continued

(Continued from page 1)

The process involved a plaster of Paris mold of the defective part as a foundation and a plaster of Paris mold of the donor part, preparatory to forming the final prosthetic.

Bob says that his prosthetics were carefully painted with tiny veins and pores to enhance their reality. He worked with the first plastic surgeon at



Kennard

Duke

Medical Center, Dr. Kenneth Pickrell, and with Elon Clark, the director of Audio Visual Art. Bob did all the modeling while Clark did all the paper work.

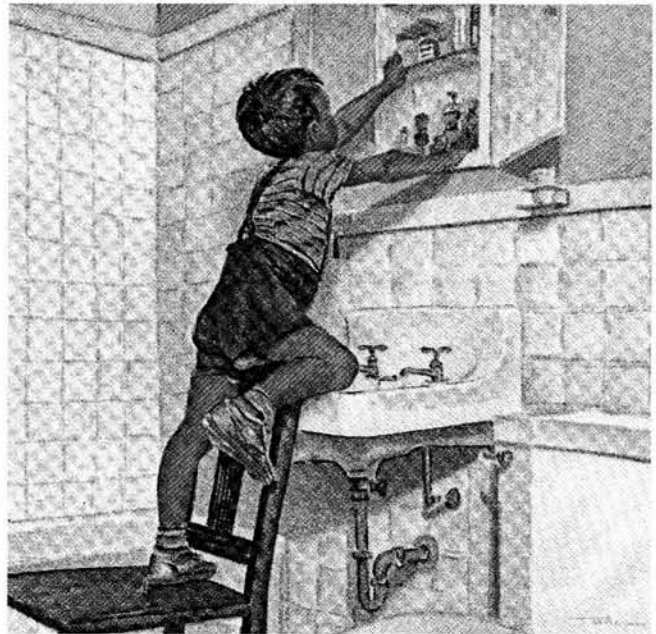
The Blakes' son Kennard says he took a nose and ear to school for Show and Tell. They were a big hit.

On occasion Bob gave talks to medical personnel about the process. He showed them a drawing board of various noses, including a Jimmy Durante nose, a pugilist's nose flattened from boxing, and a long nose "to stick into other people's business."

At the end of his presentation he said, "I've been standing in front of you for some minutes and nobody has noticed what I am wearing," and with that

he performed a sleight of hand with a nose he had palmed and appeared to be removing from his face, much to the astonishment and delight of his audience.

When pediatrician Dr. Jay Arena started the Poison Clinic at Duke in 1960, Bob illustrated his pamphlet about hazards to children, using his own children as models: Kennard chewing on his lead-painted crib; Robin climbing up to the medicine cabinet; and Janis picking toadstools were among the



Robin

many examples. Kennard says he remembers chewing on his crib.

When the children were young, Bob bought an 8 millimeter movie camera, wrote a script, and directed and filmed a movie called *Kidnapped* in their neighborhood on Ruby Street. An Indian, played by son Robin, kidnapped son Kennard (a sit-alone baby at the time) and their daughter Janis, who played the baby's mother, and carried them off into the woods

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The Voyage

Every family has its history. Most searches into family backgrounds reveal only the bare facts of the story. The following is a tale worth telling and a little fiction is added to the facts to bring the characters closer to life and enhance the true story. It is up to the reader to separate fact from fiction..

She was headstrong and proud, and well she should be! Her name was Margaret Caxton, "a high born lady," who could trace her family back to 400 A.D. Margaret was born in Wales, sometime in the early nineteenth century. She came from a prosperous family who doted on their beautiful daughter; "She had the most winsome eyes, deep blue, the brightest, bonniest, blue that even outshone the blue of the Irish Sea. Her hair was as black as coal and her skin as soft and pale as the clouds above."

William Quinn was a ship's physician who traveled between England, Ireland, and Wales. Margaret and William met in Wales and, in spite of her parents' disapproval, she agreed to marry him. William was the oldest son of Felix O'Quinn (also known as Felix Quinn). The Quinn family resided in Toome, not far from Belfast, in County Antrim, Ireland.

Felix was a man of substance. His estate was large and his leather-bound account book had entries dating back to 1775, establishing him as a merchant who dealt mostly in livestock and farm supplies. William had six brothers and a sister. Felix had given each of the brothers a farm, but William was sent to the university where he studied to become a doctor.

The newlyweds returned to Toome and made their home with Felix. They shared the large, rambling house and the many acres of rich fertile farmland. However, William's position as a ship's physician kept him away from home for weeks at a time. At first, Margaret prospered in her new home. Afternoons would find her walking along the tall cliffs that overlooked the sea, glorying in the beauty of the deep glens along the rocky coast of the rugged countryside. It was far different from her home in Wales. She was used to city life with parties and friends and all the enchantments of urban living. As a new bride

she was warmed by the love of her handsome husband and determined to adapt herself to the Irish lifestyle. When Margaret became pregnant with the first child there was a grand celebration, and William vowed to cut his voyages short so that he could spend more time at home with his family. The sea was never far from his thoughts, and when he had been home long enough to father two more children, he gave in to his temptation and returned to his life at sea.

Margaret soon became bored and lonely. Felix was not much of a companion, and her children were too young to afford her the companionship she longed for. Days and weeks passed without word from William. Not much of a life for a high-born lady! Letters from her family in Wales pleaded with her to come home. The children were so young; Rose, the oldest, was only four, William Junior, three, and Hugh, the baby, was barely two. Margaret made her decision. Early one morning, she gathered the children and crept out of the house before dawn. She had arranged for transportation to take her to Belfast where she boarded a ship and sailed for Wales.

William arrived home to find his family gone. He was baffled and hurt by his wife's abandonment, but he was determined to get his family back. He set sail for Wales and cursed the calm weather for the sails hardly moved. His agitation heightened as he paced back and forth. He willed the wind to change course and hurry him on his journey. When he finally arrived in Wales he hurried to the home of his wife's family. His children were safe but his wife was determined never to return to Ireland. No amount of persuasion could change her mind. Margaret begged William to stay with her in Wales, but William knew that he could not fit into the life that his wife preferred.

He made his plans. He pretended to give in to his wife and allow her to stay in Wales while he returned to Ireland. He asked to be alone with his children for

(Continued on page 6)

The Voyage continued

(Continued from page 5)

one last visit before setting sail for home. The children loved their father and were eager to walk with him to see his ship. Taking them aboard, he gave the order to lift the anchor and set the sails for Belfast. The calm weather that he experienced on his first voyage was replaced by cold winds and high waves. The stormy sea frightened the children, and William protected them as best he could. It was not a large ship and there were few places on board where the children would be safe. He tucked them into a small galley and covered them with his own coat. He was exposed to the winds and high seas and fell very ill. Before the ship reached home, William died of pneumonia. The children were taken to Felix who raised them as his own. Margaret was never heard from again.

History did not follow the children's childhood but we do know that Rose Quinn married into the McCorry clan and never left Toome. What happened to William is unknown. Hugh Quinn, the youngest son, came to the United States in 1847 when he was eighteen. It is said that Hugh was tall and handsome and had light red hair. He was a very devout Catholic. He married Moriah Baine and they had nine children. The home that he built for his family was called "Bambalina". It was in Concordville, Pennsylvania..

Several years ago, the Quinn family had a reunion. The clan gathered in an inn close to Concordville, PA. The highlight of the affair was the discovery of "Bambalina," the original home of Hugh Quinn and his family. The present owners invited us to come in, all fifty of us, and explore the house as well as the barns and outbuildings. The house had been restored and added onto, but the owner had the original plans and explained that it had been built as a four-room, four-story home: one room on top of another. It had a wooden ladder that was laid against an outside wall so that the family could climb from floor to floor. Hugh and Moira and all their nine children left us a legacy and a story that captures the imagination and reveals a generation of strong-willed and adventurous people that are proud to be called Quinn.

Old Dogs

Too old a dog to learn new tricks,
New things not in your bailiwick?
You cannot be an opsimath,
You can't shout "Eureka" from the bath?

Nonsense, old friend, do not dismay.
Know that each dog will have its day
To paint and dance and write and play.
Cheer up, it's going to be OK!

Write a poem about days gone by,
It's such great fun to versify.
Get religion, learn about souls,
Study space and those weighty black holes.

Read some Shakespeare, google the bard,
Learn to play pool or deal with cards.
Create a canvas, paint the sky.
You know you can if you really try!

It's true old dogs we well may be,
But we'll learn tricks, you wait and see.
As we grow old, find time to live.
It's better than the alternative!

Don Chesnut



Bellevue

The Way It Was, 1951-52

No, you are not looking at last month's Forester. I couldn't believe it when I read Tom Frothingham's remembrance of Bellevue because I was there at the same time. I immediately called him on the phone and we will get together and compare notes.

I had graduated from Yale Medical School in 1950, and after a year doing pathology at Montefiore Hospital I decided that I should take a year of clinical medicine, and that was why I found myself at Bellevue as an intern in the Columbia Medical Division in 1951. The head of the division was Dickinson W. Richards, who had received the Nobel Prize in Medicine several years before. I was the only female intern on that service at that time. We drew our own blood on our patients; they hadn't yet invented phlebotomists to help us out. I rode the ambulance and had the same response to the wonderful, experienced attendants as Tom did. They might not have had a degree, but they knew so much more than we did, who were wet behind the ears. And the same goes for the nurses in the ER. The rule then was that an MD was the only person who could insert a needle into a vein, but thank goodness for the nurses, who, when I struggled to get blood from a gunshot victim, could hit it on the first try.

Upstairs on the wards, along with the "usual" cases of heart failure, cirrhosis, and infections, there were young women who were dying of heart failure as a result of rheumatic fever, which was fairly common pre-penicillin. They were referred to the Columbia Division because Dr. Richards, along with his colleague and co-Nobel winner, Dr. Andre Courmand, did the first heart catheterization, a practice that is quite common nowadays.

I also spent time on the pulmonary service, where, again, young girls were dying of TB, which in those pre-streptomycin days was quite a scourge. At least one intern or resident per year caught TB, to be sent to Saranac Lake to recover, sometimes after years of illness.

We all ate in the big dining room, where Tom

and I, no doubt, were eating at the same time several times during the year. We were paid \$25 per month, got our laundry done, and got as much as we could eat. One of my fellow interns paid me the compliment (?) of saying, "You are the only girl that I would rather buy clothes for than feed," after I had finished two complete dinners. We also got a "room" in the hospital, but of course we were on call every other night.

One of the strangest experiences happened to me at Bellevue. A male classmate had stalked me in medical school, along with "love" letters, which activities only stopped when I threatened to go to the Dean. I threw the letters away when I left, and was I surprised when he turned up at Bellevue! It started all over again, and this time I DID go to the Director of the hospital, but I had no hard evidence. He knew one of us was disturbed, but which one? The Director did call him in (it stopped) and the next year the chief of his service, who was also a friend of mine, was called in to give a final evaluation of my stalker. She said, "Something is wrong with him," and the Director said, "Am I glad you finally told me!"

Bellevue was "tough" and I am looking forward to my conversation with Tom. I am also glad we both survived it and are here at the Forest.

Cynia Shimm

Twinkle, Twinkle

A star is a nuclear furnace,

Its twinkle gives off quite a glare.

It shines in the night and gives off its light

Since E equals m times c-squared.

Don Chesnut

HAL, Part 2 ... Gone (?) But Not Forgotten

A perturbed Tom Gallie met me in the hall the other day.

"Hey, Tom," I said. "What's up?"

He seemed to wince when he saw me.

"This Hal business..." he muttered. "I kind of wish you hadn't brought it up."

"Oh dear," I said. "I thought I was adding to the richness of our institutional memory."

"Whatever... Can we talk somewhere?... somewhere unobserved?"

"Are you kidding? Around here? Let's have some coffee in the Club Room, out in the open." I was carrying some papers in a folder. "I will refer to these occasionally ... it will look official."

Tom is not a voluble talker as you know, but painfully recounted the last days of Hal ... his growing obsession with bingo, his irascibility, and finally his unwillingness to seek help.

"I told him that I wanted to keep a record of his memories, but he became evasive. Finally he accused me of trying to 'down-load' him. I guess he was re-living his 2001 role again. I couldn't get anywhere with him."

"That must have been hard for you."

Tom swallowed hard. "There's more. I went down to the shop the night he ... um ... had his accident. The maintenance men were going to show Jim Thompson the ... er, remains the next day. What I saw was awful." Tom closed his eyes for a moment.

"But I was able to insert my penknife into the charred interior, and I could see his hard drive—it's just a disc you know—and ... and ..."

"Yes? Yes?"

"It looked O.K. so I pulled it out and put it in my pocket."

"What?" I said in a suppressed scream. Everybody in the Club Room looked over at me. I pretended to be laughing gaily at something Tom had said.

Then in a whisper I said, "Do you mean you've got Hal in your pocket?"

Tom looked at me with disgust. "That was seven

years ago."

"Then where is he?"

"You mean, where is his hard drive?"

"Semantics aside, Tom, where is Hal's 'memory,' if you will?"

"I put him ... er ... it in our safe deposit box in the bank."

"Dear Lord ... am I the only one who knows this?"

"Bette knows, and I think Jim Thompson knows but he's not talking."

"Jim has never revealed what happened to Hal's ... 'body'?"

"No, but I catch him eyeing me suspiciously from time to time."

Thoughtfully, we sipped our coffee.

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing," he said firmly.

"But Tom, people are asking about him."

"Let them ask. Tell them that Hal is in cyberspace."

"But he's in your safe-deposit box, where it's very dark and lonely."

"Stop that ... please."

Just then, Carol Oettinger came into the room. She had a strange look on her face as she moved toward us.

"Just the people I wanted to see. I have just received a strange e-mail. It was signed 'Hal.' Did either of you send it? It was addressed to Mal. He and Hal got to be great friends, did you know?"

We motioned her to pull up a chair.

She continued, "Hal had a real crush on Mal... platonic of course."

(Mal's encyclopedic knowledge of all things musical was something we all admired.)

"I knew that," said Tom. "Hal told me that it was Mal's discrimination and taste that he wanted to emulate... or 'be programmed for' as he put it."

"Well, you couldn't 'program' what Mal had," Carol observed.

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March Madness

Then As Well As Now



Can you locate Peggy Quinn?

Blake continued

Janis

behind the house. Enter the cowboys of the Ruby Street Gang, made up of neighborhood kids, to rescue mother and baby. As you might imagine, this movie had a happy ending.

Bob Blake and Hildur Brockhaus were married in 1941, and that's another very happy story.

Joanne Ferguson

Hal continued

(Continued from page 8)

"Of course not," said Tom, "and that's what was beginning to bother Hal. He said the more he lived with humans the more limited he felt. It was beginning to frustrate him at the end."

"The end?" said Carol.

We stared at her.

"And it was ...?" said a frozen-faced Tom.

"It was ... 'Tell Tom to LET ME OUT!' Is this some kind of joke, you two?"

(To Be Continued)

Sylvia Arnett

Compassion at a Distance

Sitting stubborn and surly in a power struggle
I would surely lose.

I scowled at the loathsome pile of Brussels
sprouts

growing cold on my plate.

My five-year-old mind could not connect the dots
to understand why rejecting my dinner
would in any way harm or affect
the starving Armenians being murdered in
Turkey

who, I was told, would relish my Brussels
sprouts.

Eighty-three years later, I still don't get the logic.

Still, there's something there, some connection,
when I see a child on the Evening News
with the stump of an arm or a leg
lying helpless in a makeshift clinic,
his eyes encrusted with flies,
with nothing to ease his pain,
not knowing what will become of him
in the miserable world he was born into
where even normal survival is hard enough.
Is there nothing I could do right now
to relieve his misery, so immediate, so far away?

Two and a half miles under Port au Prince
the tectonic plates followed the impersonal,
sinless

paths programmed into their inexorable motion;
storing up energy until in one gigantic paroxysm
the fault snapped and a world of suffering was
unleashed,

big limbs and small trapped and crushed, person
by person.

This time it wasn't genocide; no Darfur, no
Srebrenica,
no Auschwitz, Wounded Knee, no Turkish
Armenians.

Nobody meant to hurt anybody, this time.

Ned Arnett

Wandering in The Forest



Tom Wilson sent the above photo of the N&O deliveryman's car on the morning of our big snow. He had stopped in the middle of the street in order to walk the papers to the front door of each resident. When he got back in the car, it was stuck, and he had to back all the way down to the greenhouse in order to get a running start for the hill. **Jim Thompson** slept on the couch in his office the first night, and he and **David Moore** were kept running throughout Saturday.

Our snow caused a barrage of reminiscences at the breakfast table: the auditorium made into a dormitory for cottage dwellers without power and staff who slept over during the ice storm of 2003, people remembering other snows when they were forced to spend the night in their offices. **Charlie Black** said he had to sleep at the penitentiary.

Peg Lewis said when she lived in Minneapolis there was a big dome light on the highest building. When the light turned white it was to be colder; red meant warmer; green that the temperature would remain the same.

Betsy Boone joined *Reminisce* this month to tell

about her love of drag racing. She drove a NASCAR one time and got to 163 mph. As she gave a short history of NASCAR and mentioned various milestones, **Jack Bergstrom** said, more than once, "I was there." **Blaine Nashold** told of his road racing experiences, including a wreck that sheered off the entire front of his Aston Martin.

Betsy's father, **Bill Boone**, who had come to join us, had a story to tell. When he was a boy, his mother left for the day, leaving her Studebaker at home. He and his buddy decided to pretend they were NASCAR drivers in a field on the farm, which was adjacent to the old Hillsborough racetrack. They took off the hubcaps and the muffler and roared around the field. They were 13 years old!

Editor

SNOW COMES TO NORTH CAROLINA

A softly moving veil attracts me as I glance out
my window
The profile of my car assumes an unaccustomed
streamline
All white.
My winter daphne struggles, bending when it
should be upright
The bamboo screen loses its regal bearing to
droop under layers of frosting
No footprints intrude on the outline rug of snow.
I feel alone. I am alone.
The gift of enforced time sends my mind to
chores undone
Time to use as only I please.
Crack those pecans,
Answer those letters.
That unread book beckons.

Barbara Birkhead

Odds and Ends



Forest Residents' Careers

Here are the ABC's of Forest residents' careers and interests. I could not find "a butcher, a baker, or a candlestick maker," but I found a lot of variety.

A is for Accountants, Actors, Administrators, Antique Dealers, Architects, Artists, Athletes, and Authors.

B notes our Bankers, Billiard and Bridge Players, Book Lovers, and Businessmen.

C think Car Dealers, Cellists, Chemists (many of them), Church Goers, College Coaches, College Professors, and a Composer.

D is for Dieticians and all our Degrees: AB's, BA's, LLB's, MA's, MBA's, MD's, PhD's etc.

E is for Economists, Educators, and Engineers.

F Many keep Fit. We have Financiers, Foreign Correspondents, and Members of the Foreign Service.

G We have Gardeners, Generals, and a Geologist.

H Homemakers (many, many), Hospital Administrators, a Hiker, and Horn Players.

I Indian (American) Artifact Collectors, Insurance Executives, Instrumentalists, and Inventors.

J is for Joiners (most of us are), Journalists and Jewelry Makers.

K is for Kindergarten Teachers and our Kite Collectors.

L Think Lawyers, Librarians, and Linguists.

M includes Marketing People, Mathematicians, Medical Illustrators, the Military, Missionaries, and Musicians.

N is for Nature Lovers and Nurses (we need them).

O Oil Company Executives, Opera Buffs, OLLI Teachers, and Ornithologists.

P is for Painters, Pet Lovers, and Potters. We also have Pharmacists, Physicists, Physicians, and Psychiatrists.

R is for Railroad Executives and all our Residents, and all they contribute.

S stands for Sailors, Social Workers, Sports Fans, Stenographers, Surgeons, and Swimmers.

T is for our Teachers and Travelers, our Table Tennis Players, and our Techies with their PC's and Macs.

U is for our USO Director.

V for our Vocalists, Violinists, and Violin Makers. The largest group of all may be our Volunteers. So many hours were given before coming to the Forest and also here at the Forest.

W We have Widows and Widowers, a large group of Walkers, plus a Window Designer.

Mary Gates