

# THE FORESTER

Volume 17 Issue 5

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

February 2011

## Blaine Nashold

**Blaine Nashold** was born in Lennox, South Dakota, leaving when he was a year old for Denver, Colorado, and brought up there and in Orange, New Jersey, and was a professor of neurosurgery at Duke Hospital for forty years. But as with all biographies, those bare facts are only bare facts; there is much more.

When he was a teenager he went every summer to work on the farm of his mother's parents in Mt. Vernon, Indiana. It was a big farm of wheat and corn, and "I had a wonderful time there." The biggest day was when the threshers came, along with all the surrounding neighbors. The women set up tables under the trees, serving three kinds of meat, six kinds of pie, with everybody out chasing fireflies after dinner. His grandmother was a school teacher; his grandfather only finished high school but subscribed to *The New York Times*, which arrived in Indiana a week late. Blaine had an uncle who was an old-fashioned GP, practicing in Indiana before he was in the invasion of North Africa during WWII. "I knew him well, and that probably had something to do with my wanting to be a doctor."

His counselor in high school told Blaine's mother that Blaine wasn't college material, that he might grow up to be an elevator operator. Blaine graduated from Indiana University, holds Master of Science degrees from Ohio State and McGill University, and got his MD from the University of Louisville.

When he was a resident at the Neurological Institute in Montreal, Canada, he worked with Dr. Wilder Penfield on stereotactic surgery for the relief of epilepsy and the tremor of Parkinson's disease.

When Blaine came south in the late fifties, he brought two stereotactic instruments with him and was the first to introduce the procedure at Duke.



When he explained it to Dr. Barnes Woodhall, Woodhall listened in silence for a while and then said, "Don't kill too many people." Blaine received the Spiegel-Wycis gold medal for advances in stereotactic surgery. He also invented the Nashold Brain Biopsy Needle.

Prior to his hiring at Duke, Blaine took a residency at Bowman Grey Hospital in Winston Salem. An emergency one day brought in a black man from a car wreck. Blaine operated on him and prepared to send him to ICU. Bowman Grey was still a segregated hospital, so he was told to send the patient over to Kate Bitting, the hospital where African Americans went. Blaine insisted that it was too dangerous to move him so he wrote in "American Indian" on his chart. The chief nurse went into a fury and unsuccessfully tried to get him fired. The patient stayed until he was stable; Bowman Grey was thus inte-

(Continued on page 4)

### The Forester

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### In Memoriam

Collin Ostrander December 28, 2010

Louise Norris Rand December 30, 2010

Ruth Elizabeth Patterson December 31, 2010

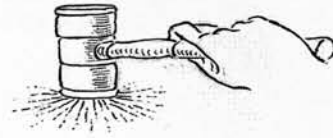
Harry Ashton Owen Jr. January 3, 2011

Henry A. Fairbank January 13, 2011

John O. Blackburn January 16, 2011

Katharine Tina Land January 21, 2011

### President's Podium



Due to health problems, and in accordance with Article 3, Section 4 of TFAD Bylaws, I hereby resign from my position as President of the RA Association and from membership on the TFAD Board.

We are privileged to have RA Vice President Tynette Hills take over as President.

Thank you all for good effort and support in the operations of this family of wonderful folks.

Sincerely,

Tom Frothingham

At a Special Meeting of the RA Board on January 17, 2011, by majority vote the members of the Board made the following appointments: Bill Hudson as Vice President to fill the unexpired term of Tynette Hills and Sylvia Kerckhoff as a Director to fill the unexpired term of John Blackburn. Two Director assignments were made by the President as follows: Tom Keller to chair the Finance Committee and Sylvia Kerckhoff to chair the Marketing Committee.

**.Correction:** The Neece telephone number in the January *Forester* lost the final 6. it should read 401-6626.

## Library Science 101

February is the month of romance, of love. We know you love our Library, but we also know that there are probably thoughts and wishes you may have for its improvement.

In the center of the newspaper table, instead of the usual flower arrangement, there is a Suggestion Box, trimmed with hearts, into which you can put, on paper provided next to it, any such ideas you may have. The box is not large, so will be emptied often.

As a start, let us know such things as: what category of books you want us to enlarge (large print? best sellers? etc.); what we should include on the bulletin board; how soon we should send you a reminder of a book out for a long time (currently one month); what information you would like in this column; other ways to make our Library more helpful to you.

In the past two years at this time we have kept a month-long tally of the number and categories of books checked out each week.

To no one's surprise, fiction – especially mysteries – led the list. This was followed by biography and history. Very few other types of nonfiction books were checked out.

This was disappointing, for we have some interesting and provocative, well-known books in these categories. It is thought that one reason is that with no cataloging, there is no easy access to what our holdings are. To remedy this in small measure, the HAVE YOU READ? stand in front of the Large Print shelves contains, thanks to **Barbara Eldridge**, a number of not-to-be-missed nonfiction books among its changing display.

**Leland Phelps** and **Oliver Ferguson** have been taking donated magazines to local hospitals for some time now, but Leland has had to resign. **Dolly Sellek** will replace him, going to Duke Hospital every other month while Oliver continues to take donations to the VA Hospital on alternate months.

**Maidi Hall's** artworks are currently on display in the Classroom Gallery. Have any readers contacted **Mary Gates** to offer to show your water-

colors, drawings, photography? She still needs more exhibitors.

And we would like more donations of the books you no longer have space for. You remember that those we cannot use here we offer to a book-buyer, whose payments are the sole financial support of the Library. Remainders go to the Durham County Library to help support The Forest's 501(3c) designation. And the donor receives a receipt for IRS exemption.

Carol Scott, Librarian

## Murphy's Wild Adventure in The Forest

**Sue and Lee Murphy** wandered into The Forest several years ago and were captivated by the enchantment. They savored the memories and ventured back into The Forest for frequent visits and enjoyment. Finally, on Halloween, October 31, 2010, Sue entered the fabulous forest forever. Lee sorrowfully had to wait until December 20, 2010, to catch up with adventurous wife, who loves The Forest, all the charming inhabitants, and its captivating ambience. After one short week, Lee, lost at first, soon was assimilated into the adventures and now loves The Forest as deeply as Sue. Sue and Lee now hope to enjoy the enchantment for years to come. Thanks to all who have made the transition so pleasant and memorable.

Lee Murphy



**Blaine Nashold** continued

(Continued from page 1)

grated before integration became law.

When he and his wife, **Irene**, were in Winston Salem he took her out to teach her to drive. She hit a telephone pole, and Blaine went through the windshield. The problem came when they tried to fit his six-foot-six frame into the ambulance.

"Ambulances in those days were not much bigger than pickup trucks," says Blaine. They drove him to the hospital with his feet sticking out the back of the open doors of the ambulance. When his friend Dr. Marcus Gully looked out the window of the hospital and saw his arrival, he said, "That has to be Big B!" Blaine says he is still picking an occasional piece of glass out of his scalp.

It was against the rules of Duke Hospital to



leave the operating room without changing out of scrubs. However, when both Drs. Guy Odum and Barnes Woodhall were in the hospital as patients, Blaine had to take over operations at both Duke and the VA. So he, still in scrubs, shuttled back and forth between hospitals in taxis. At Duke Blaine was called the Jolly Green Giant. His mustache was not looked on with favor in the operating room, but he

kept it. Another transgression!

Blaine is delighted with the development of steroids that alleviate brain swelling, the MRI, and other technical advances. "They can now reveal parts of the brain that were totally inaccessible to us." He nevertheless made his residents learn how to use hand instruments, how to turn a bone flap the old-fashioned way, one certain not to damage the dura mater, which can adhere to the skull. Blaine developed and was accustomed to the eight-hour surgery of the DREZ (Dorsal Root Entry Zone) operation to alleviate pain from spinal injury. It was the DREZ operation that he performed on Larry Flynt and which eventually led to his bit part in the movie *The People vs. Larry Flynt*. His last quarterly residuals from this performance amounted to about seventeen dollars.

Surgeons nowadays often play music in the OR, but Blaine preferred to operate in silence, with light only on the operating field. Which brings us to the time he was on a journey in France to demonstrate the DREZ operation. He and Irene flew into Marseilles on a small plane during the mistral, which made for a bumpy ride. He was well into the procedure when the lights went out. No backup generator. "It took them twenty minutes to find a flashlight!" Finally they came up with a second one. "It's amazing what you can do with two flashlights. But they weren't sterile!" A bonus on this journey was a bouillabaisse, cooked by the owner of a small restaurant in Marseilles that became a vivid culinary memory. "She was the Queen of Bouillabaisse," he says.

During the Cold War the International Association of Neurosurgeons regretted that surgeons from Eastern Europe had no way to attend meetings, and decided to pay their way to the West. Doctors were allowed more freedom of movement than ordinary civilians at that time. Their first candidate was a charming Jewish neurosurgeon from Russia, who joined them in Paris. "We learned that Brezhnev had leukemia before the Politburo did."

After the Graeco-Turkish war there were

(Continued on page 5)

**Blaine Nashold** continued

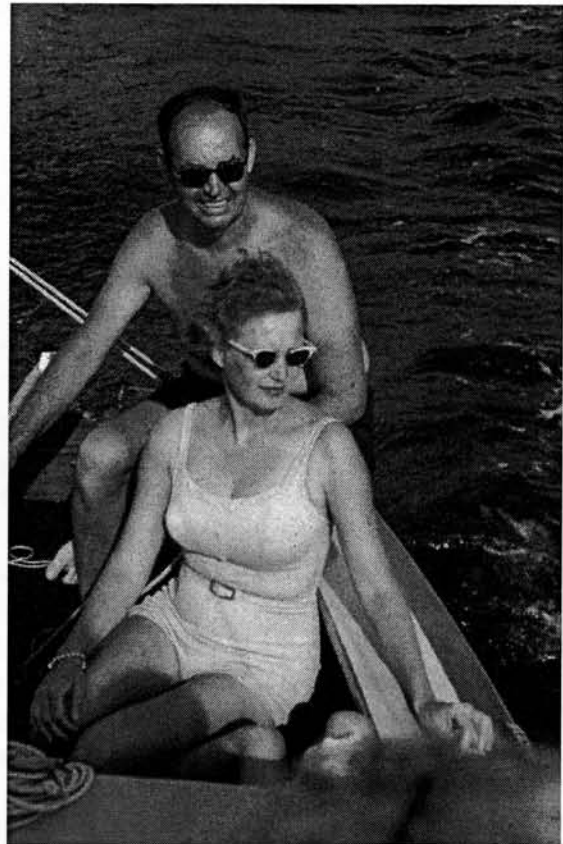
(Continued from page 4)

many severe nerve injuries and the one British neurosurgeon in the Turkish sector couldn't handle it all. Blaine was summoned to Cyprus to operate on the chief of the secret service in an operating room set up in the dining room of the patient's mansion in the mountains. To maintain secrecy, the operation took place in the middle of the night. Blaine and Irene organized the first paraplegic society in Cyprus.

Blaine performed the first elective surgery on an AIDS patient at Duke. He called his residents together and told them they could talk it over and decide which of them would assist him. The youngest resident, a woman, stepped up.

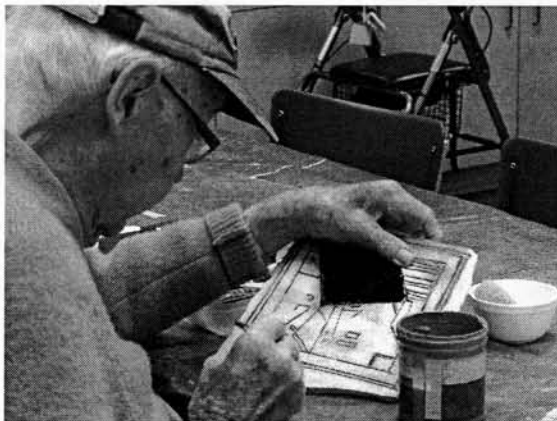
When the Nasholds bought their sailboat, the *Stormy Petrel*, their sailing life began. They won the Miami to Montego Bay race. On the way home the navy notified them that a big storm was coming and they should take shelter in Guantanamo Bay. They were, after some delay, at last allowed to take shelter. After three days the storm had passed, and they sailed out on a beautiful day behind a Russian trawler. Because these were the days of heavy drug running in those waters, they were shadowed by the Coast Guard, who hailed them close to their Morehead City harbor and said they were coming aboard. Blaine hailed them back and said, "No way. If you want to board my boat, you'll have to follow me to my dock." The Coast Guard obeyed.

It was only after he retired that Blaine took



up painting, watercolor and then acrylic. With great gusto he is taking part in **Joan Cohen's** Exploring Clay classes. The Nashold apartment is filled with paintings and clay creations, and *The Forester* occasionally carries a cartoon by him.

As I leave their apartment, the Nasholds are discussing, not for the first time, what might be the actual date in August of their marriage; they aren't certain. We also discuss the fact that the Justice of the Peace who married them put down the name of a witness who wasn't present, and Irene says, "We may not be legally married, but we did pass the seven-year requirement for a Common law marriage!" That they have been well and truly married for sixty-five years is in no doubt.



Joanne Ferguson

## Minor Suffering

As I shivered the day after Christmas I was reminded of 1965 when my husband, Danforth Fellowship in hand, four sons, ages four to thirteen, and I boarded the *Queen Mary* and sailed from New York to Liverpool. From there we went to Cambridge where we spent most of the next fourteen months.

But before school began for the boys we took a short trip to Scotland in our Morris Minor. By then a recent Duke graduate had joined our household. Carol was on her own in back with the three oldest, as I was helping keep us on the “wrong” side of the road and keeping Hugh off the gear shift as Tommy learned to drive “new” roads in a different way.

We spent our first night in Durham, England, after a cathedral tour which included a chained library. The next day we visited Lindisfarne, accessible only when the tide is low, on our way to Edinburgh.

Festival Time is no time to arrive in Edinburgh without reservations. We stayed the night in what was euphemistically called the Garden Chalet. This shed behind the small hotel was very primitively constructed. We were given hot water bottles for our beds and Hugh’s leaked.

The first and most important purchase I made on that trip was skeins of heavy four-ply brown wool that had flecks of red and green; knitting needles; buttons; and a pattern. Before the English cold and damp set in I had completed a sweater which I wore most days for almost a year. The night I tried to wear it to bed Tommy rebelled: “Enough is enough.”

It is not as if I had never been cold before. I grew up in a house without central heating, and I remember what we did in those days to be more comfortable.

On a Sunday, the day after Christmas, I woke up to one of the prettiest snows I’ve ever seen. WCPE continued broadcasting familiar Christmas music. The snow was still falling, my narcissus scented the apartment, the amaryllis was deep red

and opening more blooms, a friend phoned and we talked until the phone went dead. The power was off; this was the beginning of a different day and it was not yet nine A.M.

As I have done before on such occasions I went to the fuse box, turned off #4 A/C & Heat, waited a bit and turned the switch back on. There was a great blowing of cold air. I thought all would be well.

Breakfast in the café was cheerful, the oatmeal with raisins was hot. Back in #4007 I put on another sweater, turned on the oven, opened its door, added water to the pot simmering on the stove, and with an afghan over my legs went back to music and the NY Times. The morning passed quickly.

When hot tea was no longer enough I went back to the café for brunch. **Barbara** and her terrific staff never missed a beat. As an Insider I commiserated with the Outsiders dressed in parkas, scarves and boots.

After brunch my apartment was still cold. I called the desk, turned off the stove and spent the rest of the day with **Charlie Black**.

Home again, I went to bed under blankets and a down comforter wearing pajama bottoms under my gown, an old flannel shirt over it and woolly socks on my feet.

At 6:00 A.M. I dug myself out, turned the heat lamp on in the bathroom, turned the oven on, set water on to boil, made tea, reset the heat lamp timer, dressed as quickly as I could and wrote a note to **Max** which I took downstairs to wait until the café opened. I handed the note to Security, thinking it best he know I had left the stove on. While I was having my oatmeal Security came and told me my heat was on. And it is. Though I’m thinking of bringing my ancient red and green flecked heavy brown sweater back here from its mountain home.

Anne Marie Langford



## Odds and Ends



Let's look at the FUTURE first. My Baby Boomer daughter tells me that among their friends (and including them) those with parents in retirement homes plan to enter retirement homes too! It may not be too long before second-generation Foresters are bouncing around the campus in their Nikes, clutching their I-Pods (or whatever is the latest Apple offering!)

I have asked several people to examine their past, concluding with the 8<sup>th</sup> grade, and tell me an event they remember. **Molly Simes** played the witch in Hansel and Gretel. In regard to putting people in the oven, her line was "With one shove it's absurdly easy!" **Priscilla Squier** received a prize for the best decorated doll buggy. She had made crepe paper flowers. **Louise Chut** won a science medal in the eighth grade. **Lou McCutcheon's** mother was principal at the school she and her siblings attended. Guess what? All of them had to be perfectly behaved at all times! Speaking of principals, one female resident recalls spending a lot of time in the principal's office because her classroom behavior was so bad! **Bob Ward** had four older brothers and sisters who had attended his grade school. The principal there kept telling him to "turn over a new leaf." I wonder if she knew he later won a Pulitzer Prize!

**Sheila Mason**, who grew up in Wales, loved animals and walked her favorite cat, Tittles, in a doll buggy. When she lived in Jamaica she had an adopted monkey for a pet. **Connie Service** once had a pet goat she fed with a baby bottle.

**Barbara Seay** went to a small country school in New York where eighth grade graduation was a big thing. She was chosen valedictorian and asked to give a speech. For this great occasion, a long white organdy dress with puff sleeves and a high waist was chosen. The speech was later printed in the local newspaper. For her, the crowning moment came when a grown-up friend of the family complimented her on her speech. His remarks made her feel like she was now a real person—not Bobbie—not a kid.

**Evebell Dunham** remembers a disappointment: being asked to switch from the drums to the bass fiddle. **Loie Watts** recalls doing a rain dance that really produced rain! **Betty Gray** won the Golden Eaglet in Girl Scouts. I won a DAR Good Citizen Award in the eighth grade. The bronze medal hung on a red, white, and blue ribbon similar to the military awards.

**Barbara Eldridge** was chosen to attend the National Red Cross meeting in Cleveland.

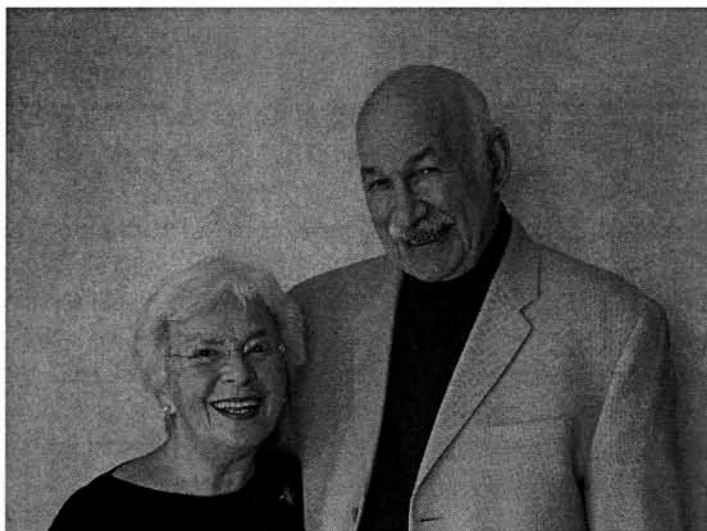
**Joanne Ferguson** was in a harmonica band in first grade. There were at least ten children, all playing in unison "If You Should Go To Venice," among other selections. She remembers it as a glorious sound.

This is a small sample of events and honors remembered by residents from their early years. So far, no one has mentioned the birth of a baby brother or sister! If you have an event or award to tell us about, please put a note in my box, #3018.

Mary Gates

## Welcome New Residents

Phots by Dick Aroner



Arnold and Zena Lerman  
Apartment 4029 419-9161

Zena and Arnie Lerman were born and raised in New Jersey. Zena received her BA at Douglass College (1952) and an MA in gerontology and music therapy at George Washington University (1980). Arnie is a graduate of Hamilton College (1950) and Yale Law School (1953). They were married in 1952, spent two years in Georgia while Arnie was in the army and then moved to the Washington, DC, area where Arnie practiced law and, in 1962, continued practice as a founding partner of Wilmer Cutler and Pickering, an international law firm. Zena worked in social work, then as a homemaker, and ultimately as a music therapist at a nursing home. For the past twenty years they lived in Oxford, Maryland, where they have pursued their interests in music, poetry, and art, and participated strongly in community activities. Their daughter Isabel, her husband and two teenage daughters live in Mountainville, New Jersey.

Mac and Henry Rogers  
Apartment 3027 489-6683

Mac and Henry grew up in Durham and both graduated from Duke in 1952. They were married in December after Henry completed the Navy OCS in Newport, RI. He spent 3 years on a destroyer escort out of Charleston, SC, and 14 years in the reserves. Working for Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. they lived in Mexico City for 5 years where Mac managed the Junior League Thrift Shop. Afterwards she was assistant manager at Montaldos, a ladies specialty shop, in Durham. She has been involved in the House & Garden Club, bridge and investment clubs and Hope Valley Country Club. Henry has been involved in the First Presbyterian Church, Durham Day Care Council, and is a Director Emeritus of Caring House (next door). Having been in International Manufacturing and Finance at Liggett Group Inc. he retired in 1993 after 37 years. He then helped start Aqua Technologies Inc. which produces, in Casper, WY, a product that adsorbs oil from water. Daughter, Chris Sutherland, was the manager of International at Liggett/Vector and is now a professional watercolor artist out of Thomasville, NC. Son, Bill, in Atlanta is now President and COO of SunTrust Bank. Mac enjoys their 7 grandchildren and Henry enjoys playing golf, oil painting, and history.





## The Hound-Handled Pitcher

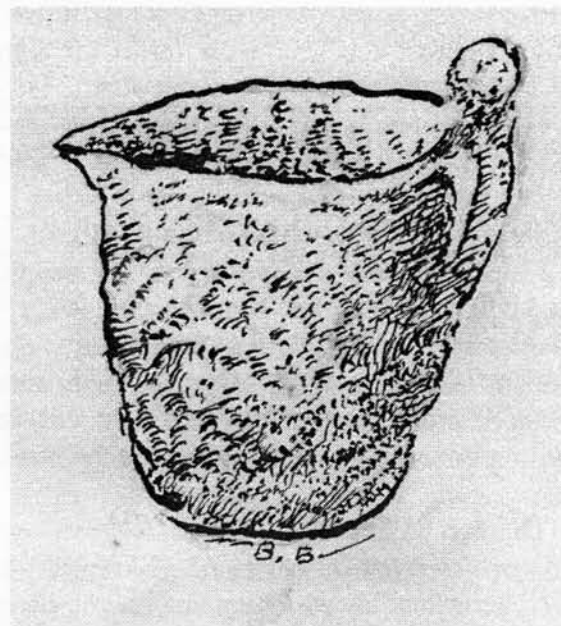
"I'm sorry, but I do not want it, even though Granny Steele wanted me to have it. I have always thought it was ugly!" Sally was adamant in her refusal to take the pitcher with her, so I had to find a place for it elsewhere.

The large pitcher was a typical Rockingham-style one with a greyhound handle and a hunting scene in low relief around the vessel's body. It was glazed in an also typical mottled brown. Ugly. But a family heirloom.

Granny Steele was born Sara Frances Linker near Mooresville, N.C., on the 4<sup>th</sup> of May, 1866, and she had been baptized from the hound-handled pitcher at Prospect Presbyterian Church. Later, when the church acquired a proper baptismal set, the Linkers had been given the pitcher. Frances Linker cherished it and many years later gave it to her namesake great-grand-daughter, Sara Frances Scott. I had been keeping it for Sally, never used, a treasured family keepsake which no one wanted. It had even moved with me from my South Carolina home to a retirement community in Durham, N.C. But now I had no space to store it and wanted it to have a new home.

"Home" was the operative word, and I realized that the pitcher's home was Prospect Church. Through the Internet I contacted the current pastor, who would be pleased to have me return the pitcher. I packed it carefully and mailed it to its new/old home, happy to have found the right place for it.

Several days later I had the news from the pastor that the pitcher had arrived –in pieces! And that it might not be possible to glue them together. It was a real blow to me, for I had been so pleased about the solution to the problem of what to do with this unwanted, formerly treasured piece of family and church history. I could not bear to tell any of my family what had happened, only that I had sent it to Prospect Church.



Five months later I had a phone call from my husband's second cousin Wade Linker, a member of Prospect Church. "Homecoming" had been held that Sunday, and the congregation had been introduced to the repaired pitcher. It is to be displayed in a special glass case. I nearly cried with joy and relief.

Wade said if it had not been broken it would have been worth \$500....  
(But I still think it is ugly.)

Carol Scott

## The Nazi in the Closet

When the combat ended, we were at Marburg on the Elbe River. There were no Germans in front of us and we prepared to march on Berlin. On General Ike's orders we were told to stand down. For us the war was over and the day after that orders were received to bring in Nazi criminals for trial. I was assigned an area for this purpose. I put together a team of interpreters with the help of a Polish displaced person, who was a leader among his people. Around Marburg was a large farming area. Poles were displaced from their homes to this area to do the Germans' farming. Not knowing anything about identification and interrogation, I asked the Pole to direct us to persons who he thought were the Nazi leaders.

The first day I picked up two Germans and brought them back for interrogation. Having no experience in criminal investigation and having no instructions as to how to proceed, I relied on my recollection of the movies made in Hollywood about the Nazis and how they treated their prisoners. I instructed a number of my men to obtain rubber truncheons and had them make a ring around my first prisoner. I expected to intimidate and get some

proper answers. The sight of the truncheons was not a success. I then remembered how the Germans used solitary confinement as a conditioning of the mind. They used to stand in closets so I decided to try this method to break the German's spirit. I had him put in a closet where he could only stand up. I locked him in and was prepared to leave him there without food and water for a day or two. We had no rules against torture during those days. The day after the incarceration I received orders that I was selected to represent all the field artillery units in the ETO (European Theater of Operations) as part of a Board of Judges consisting of a member of each branch of service. I was instructed to leave for Paris without delay and so I did. I never found out what happened to the German I locked in the closet!

Harold Bobroff

*(Harold says, "I couldn't give the order to hit him!" Harold's daughter, Caren, and I speculate that some of the guys let him out of the closet after Harold left. I like to think the so-called Nazi is telling this story to his grandchildren. Editor)*

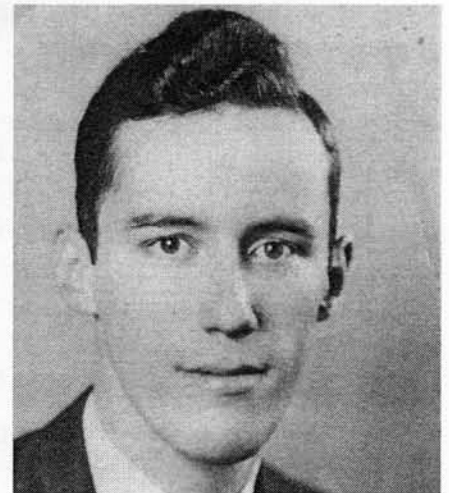
## Mystery People by Mary Gates



Serving Uncle Sam



Head of the Class



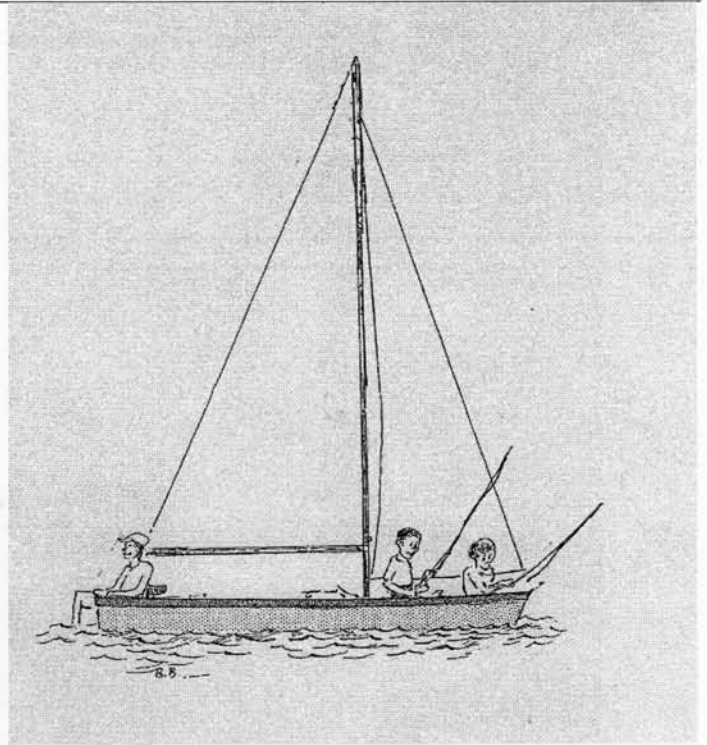
Founder of 2701

## Sun Wind and Water

They were idyllic, those summers before the war.  
We relished each sun-bless'd day  
sailing out of old Gloucester haaba,  
past the infamous Reef of Norman's Woe  
in *Trela* (Alert spelled backwards),  
a smart, twenty-foot sloop.  
Jack, Ken, and I were teenagers  
without a care in the world  
as the greater world lurched straight towards hell.

Past the breakwater we'd pick up the swell  
of "the old grey widow-maker"  
as "Mother Anne's Cow," the whistler buoy,  
groaned with the ocean's rise and fall,  
warning homebound vessels  
"steer clear of Norman's Woe ... Woe ... Woe,"  
and moaned its dirge to those outbound,  
going, as they have for four centuries,  
to find cod, halibut, or perhaps a grave  
on the great North Atlantic banks  
off Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and even  
Greenland:  
Georges, Banquereau, Grand Bank, or the  
Flemish Cap.

Lazy days we'd barely have wind enough  
to leave our mooring, puff after puff,  
feeling our way through the busy inner harbor  
out towards the beckoning ocean,  
the jib barely flapping, hanging indolent,  
without breeze enough to come about or jib.



We lolled in the sun, talking and talking and  
talking,  
trading the latest scuttlebutt, gossip, dirty jokes  
and whatever we knew about girls and sex.

On days when the wind made up a bit,  
as the small-craft warning snapped on its pole,  
we'd take a reef or two, while the backstays  
hummed and thrummed in the gale.  
We'd pit *Trela* against the angry whitecaps,  
tacking into the smoky sou'westah's blasts.  
We'd cheer as the spray and occasional green  
water  
burst over the bow.  
What reckless adventure!  
What simple pleasure!

Ned Arnett



## The Forest in Winter



Photo by Don Chesnut

Some weeks ago the heater for the swimming pool malfunctioned inspiring the cartoon below. **Steve Williams** said to be sure and mention that we now have a new heater.

