

## Herb Saltzman and the Navy Divers

Reprinted from *The Forester* January 2013 issue

by Joanne Ferguson

**Herb Saltzman** has told us about the hyperbaric chamber at Duke University in the Forest Speak series, but we have had many new residents since then and, besides, I never get enough of the story about the navy divers.

The facility was finished in 1968 and had barely been made operational. Now it was ready to be used to experiment with patients who had air embolisms, leg ulcers, carbon monoxide poisoning, or the bends, to see what good effects might come from forcing oxygen under pressure into the affected tissues.

Herb had thought it would take five years to explore the full operational range of the new lab, but he got a call in late January of that year from the navy captain in charge of the USN experimental diving unit. He stated that the navy needed to test the effects of extreme depths on divers who might have to go as deep as the continental shelf in efforts to rescue submariners stranded on the shelf at a depth of 1000 feet below sea level. The navy had developed a rescue submarine, with an exit chamber from which divers could lock out and go to work. Duke had the only facility in the nation capable of simulating such conditions. Of course Herb, a good citizen and once a major in the Air Force, agreed.

Two navy divers, Sam Smelko and Murray Cato, along with a civilian volunteer and Duke technician, and Commander Kelly, a former navy diver and a doctor, arrived for the experiment. It took twenty-four hours to gradually expose the team, breathing a mixture of helium and oxygen, to the pressure at the required depth. For three days crucial experiments allowed continuous measurement of oxygen uptake, arterial blood gases, and work capabilities under these conditions. Happily, the divers dis-



Herb and Control Panel

played a normal sub maximal effort in dry chamber breathing a mixture of 99% helium and 0.9% oxygen (a mixture providing more oxygen molecules per breath than air at sea level).

On the fourth day, however, when Herb arrived at the facility at 6:30am to find Commander Kelly writhing on the floor of the chamber with intense lower right abdominal pain, he was forced to consider a possible surgical operation for appendicitis inside the chamber. He assembled a gastroenterologist and a surgeon for guidance. All agreed that it could be appendicitis. But it would take twenty-four hours for pressurization of a surgical team into the interior of the chamber. So they opted to try a course of antibiotics. "What kind?" I ask, and Herb says, "Tetracycline." The medication was passed into the chamber through a portal with airtight locks outside and in. Overnight Commander Kelly was free of pain. When we look at the photo of Herb in despair looking into the porthole, he says, "That photo is so absolutely truthful. That was how I felt."

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**The Forester**

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**President's Podium**

by Dale Harris

This is a time for transition and a season of optimism. November is a time for transition in our Residents Association as we have newly elected RA Board members tackling their tasks. We appreciate so very much the fine jobs done for all of us residents by those whose terms ended October 31. They are **Tom Keller** and **Sylvia Kerckhoff**. They have done outstanding jobs serving on our RA Board and chairing one of our Standing Committees for the past six years.

We welcome as new board members **Carol Carson**, now chairing our finance Standing Committee, and **Sue Murphy**, now chairing our marketing Standing Committee.

November is also the time for membership transition on the Forest at Duke Board of Directors. Ken Gibbs will continue to serve as chair. We are so fortunate to have four Durham residents joining that Board. Their names and one of their outstanding accomplishments are listed below:

Jane Brown, senior strategic advisor for Mosaic Health Solutions;

Harvey Jay Cohen, M.D., Walter Kempner Professor, Director, Center for the Study of Aging and Human Development, Duke University;

Stephen Cole, President and CEO of Concrete Data, LLC, a software development Company;

Anthony Nicholas Galanos, M.D., Professor of Medicine and Medical Director for the Inpatient Palliative Care Program at Duke University Health System.

Our season of optimism is especially enhanced this year as we begin to enjoy the remodeling completion on our campus. We have lots to look forward to.

**In Memoriam**

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## Library Science 101

by Carol Scott

CHANGE, ADAPT, and GRAND FINALE are the new watchwords in the Library.

CHANGE will start in early December when all books, puzzles and audio-visuals will go out for a shorter time. THEY WILL ALL BE DUE IN BY DECEMBER 15. Paperbacks --- which are not signed out – are the only exception. This is so the Library staff can measure how much actual space our books take up – in each category – and designate shelf space in the new Library to accommodate them all. We have been told that the shelving in the new location will be in place by that date, and we will finally know how much running footage of shelf space we are going to have (more than we have now, we have been promised), and plan our move accordingly. DONATIONS will not be accepted after the 15<sup>th</sup>, until we have moved, but we hope for more next year.

Hopefully, we can resume our regular schedule of checkouts a week or so after the first of January, when we are expecting to move. Forest Forward and TouchTown will keep you informed.

Meanwhile, we are enjoying a positive change in our finances. Now we are on the budget of The Forest, which provides us with a guaranteed amount for the fiscal year. Heretofore, we have had to depend on the sporadic amounts from our book buyer (for donations of books we cannot add to our holdings) and the occasional financial gift.

ADAPT is going to be more difficult, as we don't know the actual dimensions of the new location, and the furnishings were ordered by the architects and designers of the renovations. We are assured that it will look elegant, and we hope it will also function well. Judging from our new kitchen and dining area, these will both be true in the Library also.

The GRAND FINALE has already started, with a splendid exhibit in the Library Gallery (will we have another Gallery in the new Library?) of works in painting, ceramics, woodwork, and photography, done by thirteen of our talented residents. This splendid showing of what our artistic comrades are doing will be up until we move. Be sure to come see it in the Library Classroom!

And remember that books by our resident authors are also in that Classroom. The latest one is **Jerry Perlmutter's** challenging and rewarding *Healing Body, Self and Soul: Integrative Somatic Psychotherapy*.

Speaking of new books, a number of them, including mysteries and Large Print, have been added in November, the last additions until January.

So, the Library Committee wishes for our residents a happy holiday season, and a new year with corresponding enjoyment of The Forest's new and attractive facilities.

## Apologies to Gelett Burgess

by Don Chesnut

I've never seen a hole that's black,  
I never hope to see one.  
But I can tell you, anyhow,  
I'd rather see than be in one.

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## Saltzman continued

(Continued from page 1)

There was a chamber below the main facility that could be filled with water, so the divers suited up and went down. The pressure was too great for their breathing gear and it failed. "But that was the navy's problem," Herb said. Duke's part was a complete success.

Which brings us to the amazing part of the



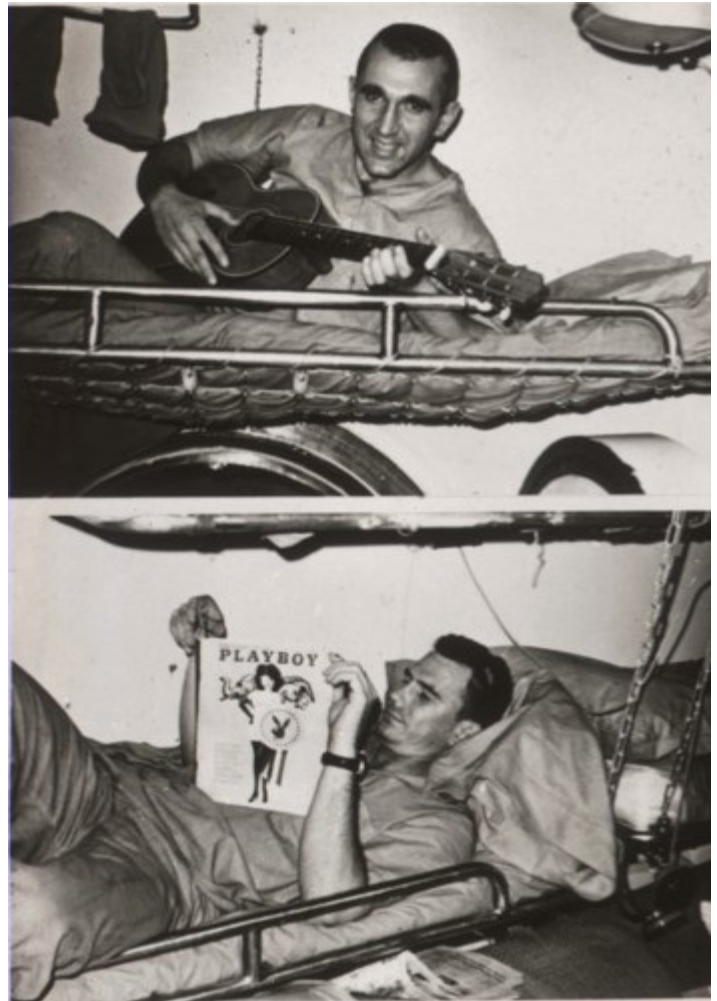
Compression Chamber

story. One day, thirty-one years later, Herb and a visiting retired diver were talking over the experiment, and when Herb mentioned the task of sorting out how to rescue stranded submariners, the diver looked at him and began to laugh. He then disclosed to Herb what the dive was really about: Sam Smelko and Murray Cato, after successful further tests, had exited a modified USN nuclear sub at a seawater depth of 650 ft off the Russian coast to plant a bug on a telephone cable off the coast of Vladivostok (where Soviet subs were built and based) that then continued overland all the way to Moscow. These were the Cold War days, when each country feared that a nuclear sub might be capable of firing missiles onto land. It was ten years before a spy disclosed the presence of the bug to the Soviets. "Did you laugh with the diver?" I ask. "I laughed a little," said Herb.

"You have to know that when dealing with the military, they lie, and also that scientists are not good at keeping secrets," he added.

As we finished looking at the photos on his computer he said that he was working so hard in those days that he didn't realize until recently what good years they had been.

When Herb offers me a tour of the hyperbaric facility, I jump at the chance. He leads me through a labyrinth in Duke South, called the F.G. Hall Environmental Chamber and named after **Maidi Hall's** father-in-law, up and down narrow staircases, past



Sam Smelko with guitar and  
Murray Cato with *Playboy*



**Saltzman continued**

the Herbert A. Saltzman Library, to the control panel, and around to the compression chamber, and then to more and larger chambers. In the sixties I had read in the Durham paper about an amazing new facility at Duke hospital, and now, forty-four years later, thrilled, I step inside it. Herb tells me that the first chamber constructed was housed in a tin shed outside the hospital and was donated to UNC when the new complex was functional. The new complex was placed on concrete foundation cradles, and the hospital building was built around it. We go down some stairs to the basement works, where there are three huge compressors, bought from the Navy for a total of one dollar. They were left over from World War II and had been stored in cosmoline all those years. The steel was in perfect condition, but all the leather washers had turned to dust. Then we inspect the machine shop. "We make things," he said.

As we walk back to the parking deck and talk about the divers, he says, not for the first time, "I can't believe how naïve I was." And then he quotes Churchill from the Cold War days: "A secret is so valuable it must be surrounded by a battalion of lies."



Herb in despair over Commander Kelly

**Toast to Jeffrey**

by Ursula Kappert

Who is this man so slim and tall,  
Who rules with gentle hand  
And overlooks the dining hall  
Like a king surveys his land?

Who smiles and calls you by your name  
With absolute recall?  
He puts my memory to shame;  
But wait: that's far from all.

His black-framed fashion glasses look  
So elegant and smart,  
They make him see the smallest fault,  
A problem at its start.

Nothing escapes his watchful glance,  
No missing glass or spoon,  
We dine in perfect harmony  
Because he calls the tune.

There's no request he does not heed  
No wish he won't fulfill,  
If someone has the slightest need,  
He'll try to fit the bill.

"What? They don't have your crème  
brulée?

Let's see what I can do",  
And magically he appears  
And makes your dream come true.

Oh Jeffrey, you're the perfect host,  
That much is very clear.  
Therefore, to you I drink this toast:  
We're glad that you are here!

## Welcome, New Residents



### Freddy & Linda Farone

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Freddy and Linda came to The Forest after 22 years of year-round retirement living on Kiawah Island, SC. Before Kiawah, they lived in Saratoga Springs, NY, Freddy's hometown. They met there when Linda attended Skidmore College. Farones have been in Saratoga Springs for more than a century, and family members are prime movers in a range of local businesses.

After returning from Arizona State University (Tempe, AZ), Freddy joined A.J. Farone, Inc., a multistate beverage distribution business founded by his father in the 1930s. Freddy focused his business skills on sales and advertising. In time he also became a member of the Board of Directors of the Adirondack Trust Co., the Chamber of Commerce, and the YMCA.

Linda grew up in Wilmington, DE. At Skidmore she majored in art history. In addition to rearing three children, her life's vocation has been kitchen and house design. Linda was active in the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, the hospital guild, and mentoring programs for elementary school children. She enjoys cooking, needlework, movies, and other indoor activities. Freddy enjoys physically challenging outdoor activities – e.g., skiing, golf and fishing – and a few quieter activities such as painting.



### Barbara Berman

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Barbara comes from Cleveland, OH. She attended local schools and earned a BA from Case Western Reserve University (CWRU) with majors in psychology and sociology. She met her future husband, Jack, in a child psychology class! Jack went on to medical school; they were married after his second year. After completing his training he developed a practice in Cleveland in internal medicine and hematology-oncology.

Barbara volunteered in PTA and other community activities. When her four children were all in school, she earned a master's degree in social work, became a clinical social worker, and in time a clinical instructor in the Foundations of Clinical Medicine program at the CWRU School of Medicine. Her focus has been on children, adults, and families dealing with emotional and developmental disabilities, chronic illness, and end-of-life issues, informed by insights shared by Jack a dozen years ago before an audience of medical students as he, an oncologist, dealt with his own terminal cancer.

Barbara brings many interests from Cleveland: classical music, reading, senior education programs, hiking, and traveling, especially to visit her far-flung family. She views her move as a great way to continue those interests while being close to a nearby family.

## Auntie

by Ned Arnett

I have enjoyed the privilege of knowing a significant number of really interesting people in my life. In retrospect, one of the most interesting was my maternal aunt, Frances McCollin, hereafter known as Auntie, (memorialized in Annette di Medio's book, *Frances McCollin Her Life and Music*, Scarecrow Press, Inc. 1990). Blind from her earliest childhood, she was blessed instead with a musical talent that became clearly apparent before she was three.

She was aided from the start by growing up in a very loving and close family which was, if anything, drawn together by loving concern for Frances. Her sister Katherine (my mother) grew up caring for her and helping her find her way around their world so closely that they actually developed a semi-language of their own. Her parents were ardent supporters of music, having led, in 1900, the successful effort to establish a first-class symphony orchestra in Philadelphia. Her father, Edward G. McCollin, was a lawyer and also an accomplished violist, organist, and tenor. He recognized, even when Frances was a toddler, that she had perfect pitch and was picking out music that she had just heard on the piano, always in the correct key.

She was given the best possible education of the day for sight-deprived children at the Philadelphia School for the Blind, and from an early age received musical training from her father and the few music teachers who were willing to take on a talented but sightless child. She soon developed a "reproducing ear" which gave her the ability to reproduce at the piano whatever music she had heard and for which she had sufficient keyboard technique.

These talents were of great value to her as an adult when she supported herself by giving lectures on Friday afternoons about the concert that the Philadelphia Orchestra was about to play an hour or so later. She would accompany herself on the piano, playing and analyzing the major themes of the upcoming program to be conducted by Leopold Stokowski or Eugene Ormandy. These men recognized the limitations with which Auntie was faced in preparing her lectures since she could not read the usual literature describing and analyzing the pieces in the

afternoon's program, there being virtually nothing relevant in Braille. Accordingly, they gave her the unique permission to attend the orchestra's rehearsals during the week, remembering what she could and making Braille notes. No one else, including Philadelphia's top music critics or most generous donors, was allowed to attend the rehearsals.

In the early 20<sup>th</sup> century the education of the blind placed very little emphasis on independence. Although Auntie could feel her way around her home, she depended on paid helpers to walk her around town when there was no one available in the family or friends. Of particular historical interest was her discovery of a young African-American woman gospel singer who was glad to earn the thirty cents an hour to take Frances to the rehearsal before her lecture and the subsequent concert.

Philadelphia in Jim Crow America harbored such racial prejudice that when Auntie was accompanied by her Negro helper, the only colored person in the audience, women with seats next to her would conspicuously get up and move away. None of them could have guessed that the young woman they were insulting would be packing the Academy of Music twenty years later as the great alto Marion Anderson.

I remember Auntie as a rather small, somewhat overweight person whose brown hair was kept in a very simple mannish cut, maintained, as were all matters having to do with her appearance, by her mother, Alice G. McCollin, with whom she lived in close dependence. Her mother's early experience in the publishing business served Frances well as her agent and the primary promoter of her career in the highly competitive world of the music business.

Auntie was an extraordinarily creative person constantly engaged in musical composition. During her lifetime ninety-three of her 333 compositions were published. These were mostly choral music and songs, but in addition she composed several large orchestral pieces which were played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Warsaw Philharmonic, and the Indianapolis Symphony. Several of her compositions were entered in national competitions from which she won 19 awards.

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**Auntie** continued

*(Continued from page 7)*

A reasonable question at this point is how does a blind person in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century compose the scores of large complicated symphonic music? In her case, and as far as I know it is a unique one, she would conceive of the entire score in her mind and then dictate it note by note to her amanuenses. As a child, I grew up close enough to Auntie and her work that I was quite used to hearing her dictate to her scribe something like “now in the next passage for the horns, the third horn begins at the coda measure 85 with a whole note B flat followed by.....” and so it went, note by note through twenty five or thirty instruments, her mind keeping perfect track of where she was in the entire complicated conception. There was no way that I could appreciate what a mental feat I was listening in on.

Auntie was in many ways a rather simple and childlike person separated from much of the pushing, shoving, and dishonesty of normal adult life in her times by her blindness and the loving surroundings of her family. We children were the lucky beneficiaries of her company and her creative imagination as she invented long complicated stories to entertain us with as she juggled a slate of characters through one episode after another which she would pick up just where she had left it last time. She was also one of that rare kind of person who can remember what had happened on any given day going back into her childhood. This was a feat that she was glad to perform for us at any time and which we would enjoy checking by any means available. She would also regale us by describing *The Types*, the various condescending kinds of people who would accost her or introduce her in terms of her blindness. It was an education for us children to hear the anger that well-meaning people could generate as they blundered through the nuances of dealing with a handicapped person.

As I’ve said, Auntie was one of the most interesting people I have ever met, possessed of a most remarkable mind. Beyond that she had the spiritual depth needed to rise above her blindness and the obstacles to women in the competitive world of music in the early twentieth century. I must claim her as a singularly brave and heroic person with whom I had

the good fortune to share my childhood.



## God Bless Us Everyone

by Peggy Quinn

The words of Tiny Tim drown out the “Bah! Humbug!” of Ebenezer Scrooge as another Christmas season is upon us. Published for the first time in 1843, Charles Dickens’s *A Christmas Carol* has survived the test of time and proves again that great literature is ageless.

*A Christmas Carol*, like *The Nutcracker*, is a harbinger of a special time for celebration, a time to bring out all the old family traditions and bask in the warmth of sharing happy times with friends and kinfolk. In our family, Christmas was always the time to bring out the old dog-eared copy of a very sweet story by O. Henry. “Read the Magi, Mommy,” the children would ask and once again we would listen to *The Gift of the Magi*, O. Henry’s Christmas classic.

A young newly married couple, Della and Jim, were about to celebrate their first Christmas together. Money was scarce and each schemed and worried for days about buying a gift for each other. Della had one dollar and eighty-seven cents and that was all. Sixty cents of it was in pennies, pennies that she salvaged from her grocery budget. It was already Christmas Eve, and Della was frantic to find something that she could sell to buy Jim the platinum and gold watch fob which he could use to display his cherished gold watch that had belonged to his grandfather. There were only two possessions in which the young couple took great pride: Della’s beautiful hair that reached far below her knees, and Jim’s gold watch. Della made her decision. She decided to sell her hair and hesitated for only a fraction when she thought how Jim loved her long hair. Off she went and sold her hair for \$20. The watch fob cost \$21. She had eighty-seven cents left.

Jim stopped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of a quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, not horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

It was then that he reached into his pocket and pulled out a small package. “Open it, Della, it’s your Christmas present.” With trembling fingers she opened the present and cried out in delight as she saw the exquisite tortoiseshell combs that she had admired so long in a jewelry store window. She hugged them to her and with tears running down her cheeks assured him that her hair grew very fast. It was then that she gave him her gift, the gleaming platinum watch fob. But there was no watch, because Jim had sold it to buy her combs.

Della and Jim had sacrificed the greatest treasures of their house to give each other a Christmas gift. The Magi were wise men who brought gifts to the babe in the manger. They invented the idea of gift giving at Christmas. Perhaps the young couple sacrificed unwisely, but again perhaps they were very wise in their love for each other.

Merry Christmas to one and all!

## Mystery Food: Ropa Vieja (ifood.tv)

by Bill Harrington

What on earth is Ropa Vieja? If you are a PC user and use the machine for writing, these words get crinkly red lines under them. This means that Bill Gates (Microsoft) doesn't know what in the heck this dish is either. As usual, I thought it might be interesting to chase down its history.

Before telling you about its background, it is important to provide you with the ingredients of Ropa Vieja: shredded flank steak, tomato sauce, black beans, plantains, fried Yucca – usually served over yellow rice. I discovered that there are many, many recipes. Some include chicken or pork or beef and then again some include chicken, pork, and beef. Ropa Vieja is called Mechada in Venezuela. There are as many varieties as there are people who have written about this dish. The selection chosen for us here at The Forest is called the *Tony Ellis Ropa Vieja of Durham*. (I looked but could not find this variety on a website.)

Ropa Vieja is considered a Cuban dish but actually originated in the Canary Islands of Spain. As the story goes, the seaport located in the Canary Islands was a stop that was made on the round trip from Spain to America. The trade route from these islands to the Caribbean transported the culture as well as the contents in the “belly” of the ships. This is how the recipe arrived in Cuba.

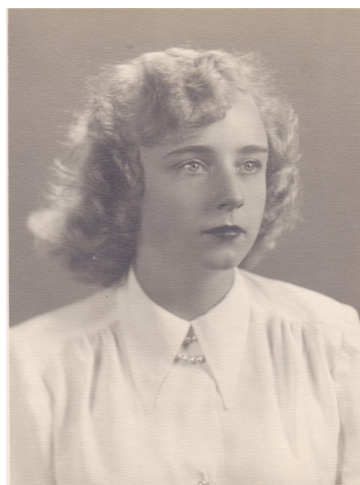
As you might guess, there's another story that is considered “just a story.” It seems that there was a man who did not have the money to feed his family, so he dreamed up a dish using shredded clothes. He loved his family so much that, when everyone sat down to dinner, the shredded clothes had turned to beef.

I have a confession to make: I did not partake of this interesting dish. I will next time.

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



28 year-old bride



17 year-old

## Money

by Ned Arnett

Of course I like to see the market rise  
or win a cash award or get a money prize.  
But that's not what I'm really praising here,  
It's the **concept** of money that makes me cheer.

If you were the first intergalactic astronaut to  
land on earth  
and began to study what humans do,  
you might think it amazing or ridiculous  
that they work so hard for a piece of paper,  
or can get so many wonderful things just by  
dragging a plastic card through a slot.

The idea that people trust each other,  
and trust the financial and legal system so much  
that they will trade their houses, or anything else  
of value,  
just for a piece of paper is surely amazing.  
Or risk their lives on a freezing Bering Sea crab  
boat,  
or lay asphalt paving or shingle a roof when it's  
102 deg. F,  
just to get some paper to spend or to save up for  
the future.

No wonder we all hate inflation which drains the  
value of our savings,  
and no wonder we all hate counterfeiting.  
Traditionally, counterfeiting has been a capital  
crime:  
Roman penalty—being buried alive or crucified,  
Colonial American penalty—hanging,  
Current U.S. penalty—20 years and a \$250,000  
fine.  
Definitely a NO, NO, NO!

So, good old fungible money  
is part of our social contract.  
Without it, we'd spend a lot more time  
haggling, arguing, bartering.  
(How many automobiles is your house worth?)

But money can't buy you love,  
so don't pay too high a price for your money.

## On Being a Jailbird

by Ted Harris

It was the summer of 1951 between my junior and senior year in college and I was hitchhiking, determined to see the western United States on as few shoe strings as possible.

My near-term objective was to see the lovely city of Victoria and to absorb and bask in the wonders of its gardens. Victoria, named for the long-living English Queen, is the capitol of the Province of British Columbia, Canada. It is called the Garden City and considered to be one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Now I was in Port Angeles on the Olympic Peninsula in the state of Washington. Port Angeles was the ferry port for my tomorrow's trip to Victoria across the Juan de Fuca Strait.

It was not the first night I had spent in jail nor would it be the last. But it was by far the worst. I was locked into a dingy narrow cell with four bunks, two up and two down. I already had a room mate, but there was no conversation between us. The bed sheets were greatly in need of laundering. My roommate was in a top bunk so I took the diagonal lower bunk, lay down and went to sleep. Later, the cell reached its capacity as two drunks became my other roommates. The lady friend of one of the drunks was placed in the adjoining cell. Those two cussed one another for many hours into the early morning. It was a joyful occasion for me to be let out at 6:30 the next morning.

The reader should understand that there was no crime involved for my being incarcerated. While hitchhiking across the country, it was one of my ways of obtaining a free night's lodging. My first night in jail was in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where I was treated kindly. Usually I would have my own cell and conditions were clean. One time I was allowed to sleep in the laundry room of the jail. Another time the jailer took me home with him to spend the night in a real bed. Only in one town would I be refused a cell. That was in Klamath Falls, Oregon, on a summer Saturday night and it was because the jailer was expecting a full house.



## Happy Holidays to One and All!!!



### Retirement Announcement

After ten years of editing *The Forester* **Joanne Ferguson** will be retiring in June of 2016. She offers to write the cover story or profile if or when the new editor might wish.

We invite a volunteer for this position, who will have the summer of 2016 to absorb the machinery in place. It's well oiled, by the way, so don't be fearful.

To volunteer, please call Nancy McCumber at 919-419-8225.

