

Herb Saltzman and the Navy Divers

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 capa-



Herb and Control Panel

bilities under these conditions. Happily, the divers displayed 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

(Continued on page 4)

The Forester

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

Joanne Ferguson, *Editor-in-Chief*

Maidi Hall, *Text Editor*

Bruce Rubidge, *Layout Editor*

Don Chesnut, *Associate Layout Editor*

Trish Robertson,

Circulation Manager

Sheila Mason, *Associate*

Circulation Manager

Bob Blake, *Art and Puzzle*

Blaine Nashold, *Art*

Sue Murphy, *Photographer*

Staff Writers

George Chandler

Mary Gates

Bill Harrington

Carol Oettinger

Peggy Quinn

Carol Scott

Publishing Assistants

Barbara Birkhead

Eric Boehm

Don & Debbie Chesnut

Dick & Carol DeCamp

Barbara Eldridge

Judy Engberg

Becky Hill

Mary Hobart

Betty Ketch

Louise Lawrence

Irene Nashold

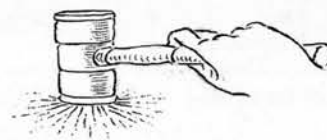
Mary Ann Ruegg

In Memoriam

James Warner December 11, 2012

Augustus Coolidge Elkin December 20, 2012

Ruth Dillon December 24, 2012

President's Podium

by Jack Hughes

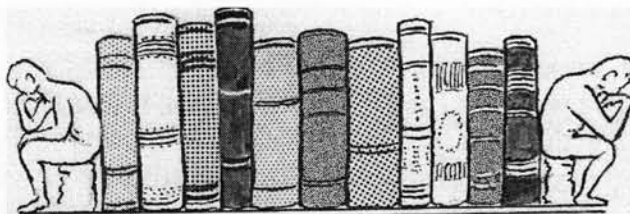
To begin the New Year, something on the lighter side seemed appropriate, so I would like to relate an experience of some four months ago.

On a morning when the "Breakfast Club" was eating and discussing as usual, I was in the café to pick up a bite when one of the participants came over and asked that I come listen to an oral petition. On entering the dining area, I was greeted by the chanting of "no brown door, no brown door." Seems they were upset by the color that some of the apartment front doors were scheduled to be painted. As I walked back to the cottage, the phrase "no brown door" seemed incomplete and just wouldn't leave my mind. Suddenly, I realized that what was missing was "nevermore". After I returned to the cottage and sat down with the morning paper, the phrase continued to run through my mind and shortly thereafter I sat down at the desk and the words needed to bring closure to "no brown door" flowed out. So with apologies to Mr. Poe and a couple of people who have already seen it, here is the verse:

Once upon a morning dreary
When my eyes were red and bleary
I was weary from no sleep the night before.
Suddenly, I heard a banging,
People shouting and cymbals clanging
As if coming from some nearby shore.
'Tis some revelers, I muttered,
Only this and nothing more.

Then the voices with sounds sincerely
Faint at first and then more clearly
I could hear above the roar.
'Tis no revelers I muttered.
Only residents shouting No Brown Door,
Nevermore, No Brown Door.
Only this and nothing more.

Library Science 101



By Carol Scott

Happy 2013 to all you readers, listeners to CDs and DVDs, puzzle-makers, users of the copier, shredder, three-hole punch, driver's manuals – and anyone else I may have left out!

Last month Santa Claus, in the guise of an anonymous non-resident, gave a huge donation of Large Print books to our Library. More than a hundred are being added to our collection, and a large number of duplicates were offered to TFAD employees at a nominal price. For the past four years there has been emphasis on enlarging the Large Print collection as more and more of our residents find it easier to read. Parenthetically, Fiction is produced in this form far more often than Non-Fiction and Biography, to the disappointment of many of our readers.

This was a wonderful Christmas gift, but has its complications. If you do the math, you will see that at approximately 10-12 books per shelf a hundred books would fill ten shelves, and we are having to find space for them. LP Non-Fiction and Biography are already located on shelving against the wall across from the central LP Fiction shelves. We are now in the process of re-doing spacing of regular Non-Fiction books to find accommodation for the additional LP books next to those already on the wall shelves. It is not an easy task! There will be ample signing to help you navigate the new arrangements.

At the same time we will be experimenting with spacing of the height of shelves. Many people (including me) find it difficult to reach books on the highest shelf, and others find it uncomfortable to reach for those on the lowest ones, near the floor. Physical Therapy recommends for older people a range roughly between knees and eye level. That is probably impractical for our Library at this time, but

we will be attempting to lower the highest shelves and raise the lowest ones in some places. Let us know what you think.

OASIS (Older Adult Shut-In Services) from the Durham County Library has been on a holiday schedule and will not return until Thursday, January 15. Its usual schedule is the second and fourth Thursdays, from 2 until 3 o'clock. This service is a welcome supplement to our Library, as new regular and Large Print books that we have not bought are brought for checkout even if one does not have a County Library card. Requests can be made for particular titles. And I remind you that Southwest Branch Library is nearby on Shannon Road for use by those of us who drive.

Many thanks are due the dedicated volunteers of our Library Committee for all they have done in 2012 to make our Library run smoothly and efficiently. They are a joy to work with.

Grandmothering

by Carol Oettinger

I always thought that being a grandmother would be all right whenever my children decided to have children. Even after grandchildren began showing up I was glad but felt little identification with the concept.

One day that all changed. I had read a story to three-year-old Julia. We sat quietly for a moment and then I said, "Julia is such a lovely name." She looked into my eyes and said, "So is Grandmother." I was converted.

Herb Saltzman continued

(Continued from page 1)

despair looking into the porthole, he says, "That photo is so absolutely truthful. That was how I felt."

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 com-



Compression Chamber

plete success.

Which brings us to the amazing part of the 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 pres-

ence 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 Maida Hall's father-in-law, up and down narrow staircases, past

(Continued on page 5)



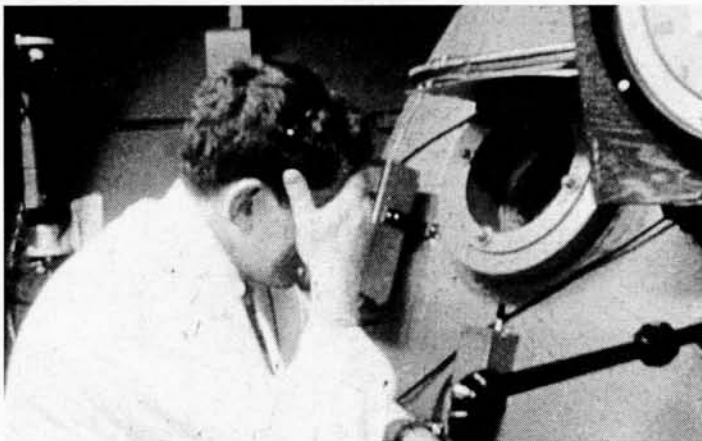
Sam Smelko with guitar and
Murray Cato with *Playboy*

Herb Saltzman continued

(Continued from page 4)

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

Infrastructure

by Ned Arnett

It's hard to make things neat and orderly
or keep them that way.
It's against the law.

No one has ever unscrambled an omelet
or dropped a shuffled deck of cards
and picked it up all in order,
or seen potholes repair themselves.
It's against the law.

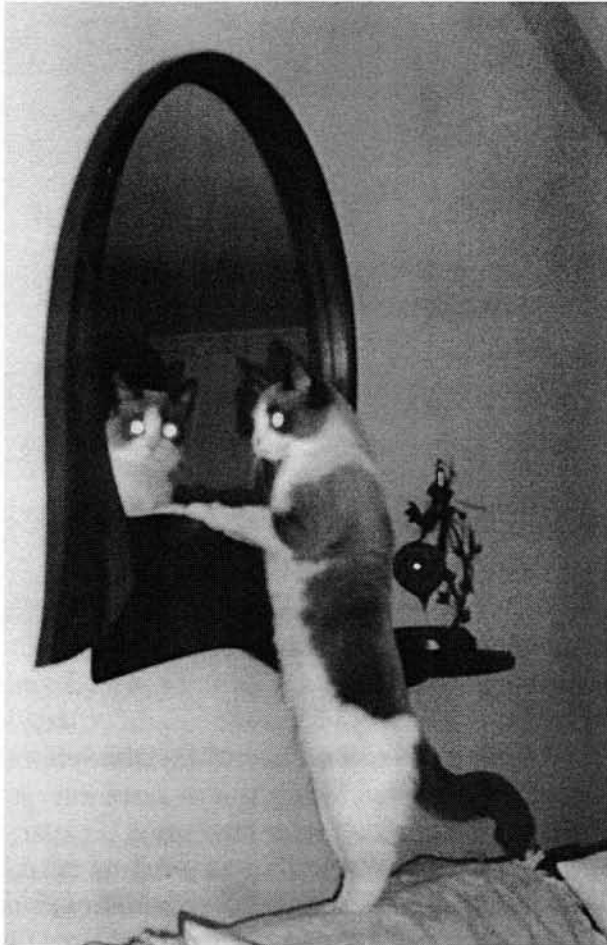
Why is it so hard for teenagers
to pick up their rooms
or make their beds when they get up;
or for a home, a city, or a country
to be well-maintained?
It's against the law.

It's against the **second law of thermodynamics**;
the natural tendency of physical systems
towards disorder (greater **entropy**).
Or, put another way,
it refers to the inherent effort required
for any kind of sorting or organizing.

If maintenance is the best measure
of any organization or civilization,
why is our infrastructure rated 25th in the world*?
It's because our politicians aren't making
the right civil laws fast enough
to match the consequences of **the second law**.
Shame on them.

*The World Economic Forum

Little Cat Feet continued



Sasha has an unusual and beautiful coat, but that is not what she is admiring. (Carol Scott)

Catnipped

If kissed by a cat, don't demur.
Simply purr.

by Don Chesnut

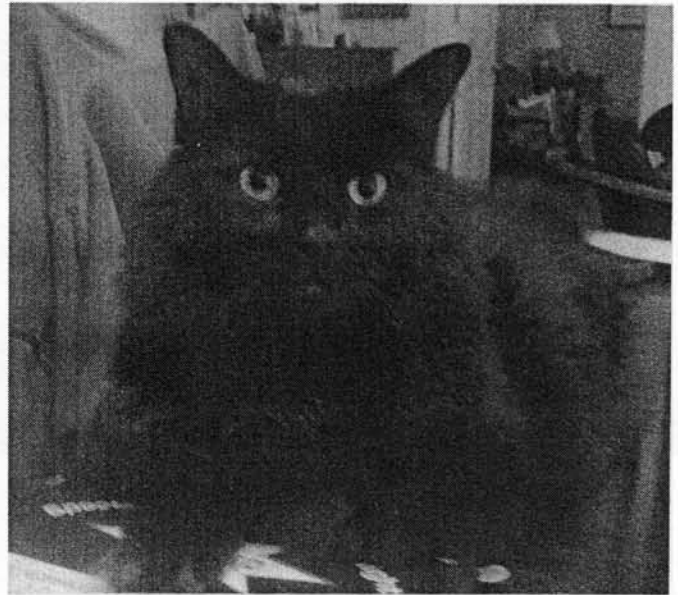
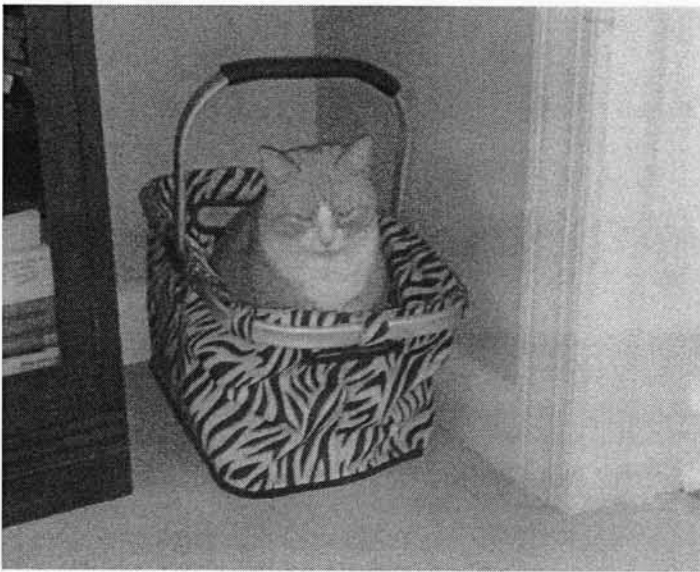


Penny, short for Penelope reports: "I've requested promotion to administrative assistant." (Barbara Mattingly)

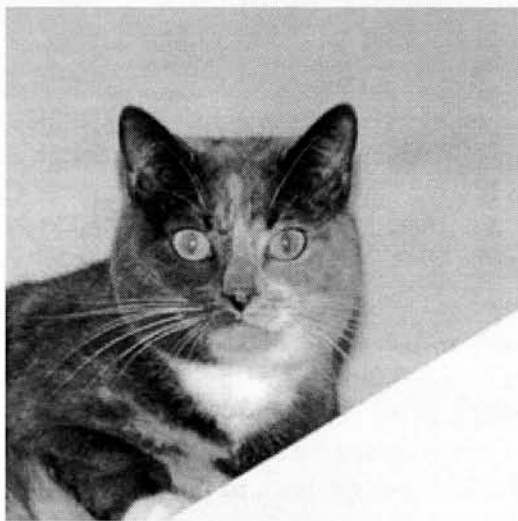


Rory is a rescue cat and his aide's best new buddy. (Marilyn Ulick)

Little Cat Feet continued



Fraidy, for Fraidy Cat, finds security in her basket, while her housemate FitzOwen (despite his humble origins at cat rescue) named for the very oldest historic Welsh Ragsdale, is more likely attempting an adventurous escape down the hall. (Sheila Ragsdale)



Sunshine is a formidable calico dowager, resident for over five years, best known for selfless bravery alerting those around her of foxes snooping in her patio. (Allen Valpey)

Welcome, New Residents

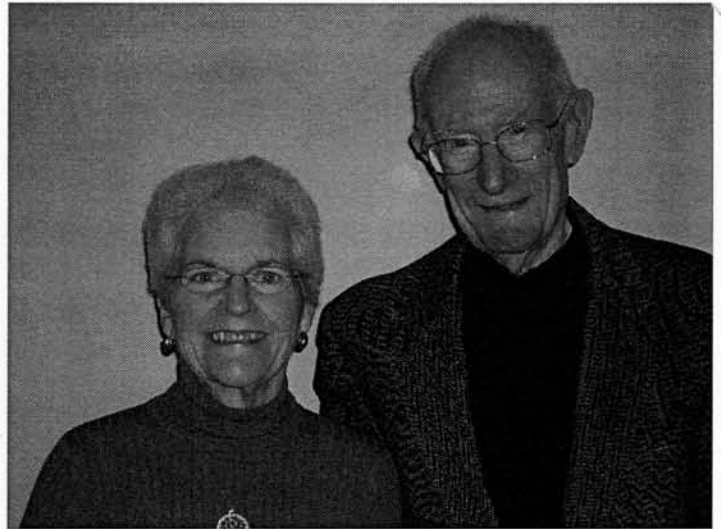


Georgann T. Brophy
Apartment 2011 919-401-1985

Georgie was born in Cleveland and raised in Delray Beach, FL. She majored in Spanish at Barry University, Miami Shores, FL. After travel and work at the Brazilian Embassy in San Jose, Costa Rica, she lived on the Main Line in Philadelphia for 52 years.

After working as a bilingual secretary for Intrusion-Prepakt Inc. and Wyeth International, she married Donald T. Brophy, an executive with Rohm & Haas Co, who died in 2005. Six children have been her joy: Anne, technical editor for an engineering firm near DC; Noah, an E.R. nurse and instructor at University of PA Hospital in Philadelphia; Mary, a free lance journalist in Falls Church, VA; Meg, a Vice President of Boston Scientific in Framingham, MA; Katie, an author of historical romances and professor at Duke; and Georgie, a General Dynamics Business Development Manager for C4 Systems in Bethesda, MD. Georgie has 8 grandchildren.

Georgie has volunteered as a certified Spanish medical interpreter at a free clinic, taught English as a second language, and has been copy editor of a community newsletter. Her diverse interests include reading, letter-writing, multi-cultural exchanges, spirituality study, Netflix, pool exercise, and entertaining her 9-1/2-year-old grandson, Anton, who lives nearby.



Mary and Bob Wilkinson
Cottage 55 919-489-5008

Bob describes himself as a Navy brat, born in San Diego and living in many places during his early years, including Hawaii and Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. He is a 1954 graduate of William and Mary, earned his MD degree at Washington University in St. Louis, and has made his career in radiology and nuclear medicine. Mary is a Missouri native and a graduate of Washington University in St. Louis and of its nursing school. The Wilkinsons were married 1957 and lived on the naval base at Great Lakes, IL, as Bob served in the Navy after med school. Mary was a homemaker and volunteered with the Girl Scouts until she returned to work as a nurse.

A daughter, Elizabeth Ann, is on the faculty at Virginia Commonwealth University; daughter Mary Lynne is a housewife and mother of four in Cameron, NC; daughter Kathleen is an animal lab technician in the Research Triangle. Bob is an avid reader and a writer of both fiction and non-fiction, and has been an active Friend of the Durham Public Library, having become familiar with the pricing of old and rare books. Mary returned to nursing at Duke Hospital and has volunteered at the Nearly New Shoppe. She is anxious to get back to the making of quilts. The Wilkinsons are active members of Immaculate Conception Church in Durham.

Mystery: The Original Philly Cheese Steak Sandwich

(Wikipedia, YouTube and, as usual, Tony Ellis was a big help.)

by Bill Harrington

Every Monday evening it's the same; my taste buds start conversing with my stomach. Somehow my internal communication system knows that Philly Cheese Steak day is just around the corner. With great respect for all employees, I begin hoping that Kenny will be hovering over the grill when I round the corner, pick up my tray, and head toward the steaming goodies. He seems to have some kind of magical touch with my favorite sandwich. It's just better when Kenny prepares it. Tony tells me that Kenny should be qualified to make this special sandwich since he's from Brooklyn – just a stone's throw away from the mecca of steak sandwiches. Maybe there's just something in the air up there.

In the 1930s, two brothers, Harry and Pat Olivieri, got tired of eating the mainstay food, hotdogs, in their restaurant. As the story goes, Pat sent Harry to the grocery store to purchase some beef. While they were cooking the beef with some onions, a cab driver smelled the new concoction and demanded to buy the new sandwich. Thus, the original Philly steak sandwich was born in the Italian section of South Philadelphia. Twenty years later, cheese was added to the sandwich. Joe Lorenzo is given credit for the addition.

The following decade in the 1940s, the brothers opened Pat's King of Steaks restaurant. It still stands at 1237 East Passyunk Avenue. I was surprised to learn that Cheese Whiz was later added as the cheese topping of choice. (25% of all the Cheese Whiz sold in the U.S.A. is sold in South Philly.) Later, American cheese and pizza sauce were added as options.

In the 1960s, Geno's opened across the street from Pat's. Geno's specialty – Philly Cheese Steak sandwiches. As you may have guessed, this started a cheese steak "war" that continues today. The two restaurants have served innumerable celebrities: Presidents Kennedy and Clinton, Tony Bennett, Barbra Streisand, Humphrey Bogart, Louis Armstrong, Jay Leno, James Cagney, and many others.

Of course, devout Philadelphians believe no one

can make an authentic *Philadelphia Cheese Steak Sandwich* unless an authentic Philadelphia roll is used. They even go so far as to say that the roll has to be long and thin – not fluffy. On the other hand, the roll cannot be too hard either. They also say if you're more than one hour from South Philly, you cannot make a real cheese steak sandwich anyway. I beg to differ. Kenny can and does.

Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life, I Think I've Found Thee!

by Don Chesnut

As I grow old my brain grows numb,
I wonder why I'm still so dumb.
I feel like I should know it all,
Why is my ken of life so small?

What is life all about, I muse,
Why are we all so darned confused?
Is there not someone who might know
Life's secret and can us it show?

Then I saw my majestic cat,
Upon her pillow throne she sat.
All-knowing cat, can I suppose
You could to me life's truth disclose?

While I'm not oft to her endeared,
A smile upon her face appeared.
Poor man, she said, the grand design
Has been before you all the time.

It's what we all are waiting for,
Listen for that sound, *por favor*,
That special whirr that makes us purr,
The sound of the can opener!

Life's really simple, my cat said,
There's nothing that you have to dread.
Feast, be happy, then take your cue
And look all-knowing as I do.

BALZAC'S OMELETTE

by Anka Muhlstein

A Review by Peggy Quinn

A Gourmet Delight

You may call it strange, a little unusual, and quite unexpected. It's a small book, only 200 pages. They say it's a novel; it could be a biography, an autobiography or yet again, a history of sorts. Perhaps *Balzac's Omelette* by Anka Muhlstein fits none of these categories but is just as the author described it, "A delicious tour of French food and culture with Honore Balzac." The motto for this witty little book is "Tell me where you eat, what you eat, and what time you eat and I will tell you who you are."

Honore Balzac grew up in a family which was far from poor, but very, very frugal. He was shipped off to a wet nurse as soon as he was born and then never returned to the family until he was about four years old. When he was six he left home again for an English boarding school. The family never visited him. He never received packages like the other boys and he existed on stale bread and dried out cheese. Not a life that would predict a gourmand.

But, was he really a gourmand? Or, was food an obsession? When he was writing he could go on for a month existing on black coffee, water, and an occasional apple or pear. Aided by strong black coffee, he said, "Great ideas spring into action like battalions in the Great Army on the battlefield." But once his book proofs had been approved for the press, Balzac would head out to the nearest restaurant to celebrate. In one sitting, it was said, he could put away a hundred oysters, four bottles of white wine, a dozen salt-meadow lamb cutlets, duckling with turnips, a brace of roast partridge, a Normandy sole, dessert, and comice pears. Afterwards he would send the bill to his publishers.

In 19th century France food played an important role. Before the revolution, restaurants as we know them today hardly existed in France. But by Balzac's time, Paris had become the gastronomic center of Europe. There were thousands of restaurants, and he plunged eagerly into the inexhaustible source of new literary material, journeying all over France gorging himself on fine food.

In 1836 he was sent to prison for evading service in the National Guard. He promptly ordered dinner from Vefour, one of the most expensive restaurants in Paris. He invited his publisher to dine with him. They sat down to dine with a few close friends in the prison refectory: the dinner table, linen and glasses all provided by the chief warden. There was enough leftover food to feed all the prisoners the next day; again the charge went to his publisher.

Balzac's use of gastronomy as a literary device and social critique is Muhlstein's ploy in writing such delightful and unique accounts of the social life in France in the 19th century. Hers is a literary analysis that is original, delectable, and entirely readable. The only flaw I saw in this little tale was the lack of any good recipes. There is one recipe for the perfect omelette but it is not from Balzac. There is no sign that he ever presumed to be a chef. He was certainly the chef's best friend.

Balzac's Omelette by Anka Muhlstein is the prelude to the *piece de resistance* of Balzac's literary fame, *The Human Comedy*. If you love books, love good dinner parties, if you delight in the French, if travel and culture are your thing, *Balzac's Omelette* will surely tickle your toes.

Holiday Greetings in the New Year

by George Boguslavsky

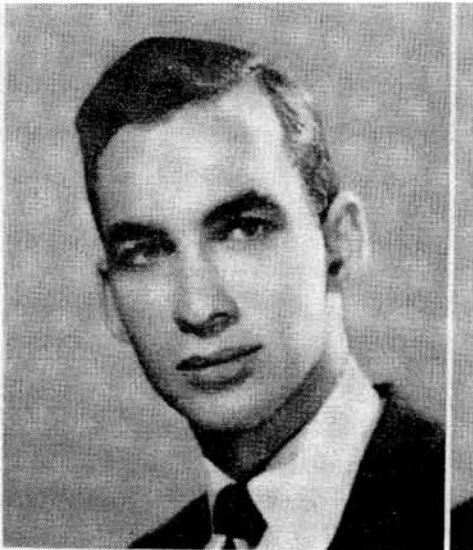
We wish you celebration filled with happiness and
mirth

And blessings from Divine Design the night of
humble birth!

These days we, George and Galya, seldom
venture forth.
In youth we traveled many lands, but mostly
in the north.
We know Shanghai and Tokyo but not Saigon
or Perth.
We did not sail the seven seas, nor closed
the global girth.

Those trips were grand, but now our age deprives
them of their worth.
Today in peace and comfort our wants and needs
are dearth.
And though restrained from fun and games
these days from dawn to berth
We welcome friends who care to grace our
corner of the earth.

Mystery People: Do you know who they are?



Clinton, New York 1950



Chicago, Illinois 1941

Bob Blake's
Puzzle

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

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

Your MOOD for the New Year

AMOROUS	DOCILE	HUMBLE	PEACEFUL	SOLEMN
AMUSING	DOUR	HUMOROUS	PENSIVE	SOMBER
ASSERTIVE	EAGER	INTROSPECTIVE	PERT	SORRY
ANGRY	EDGY	LAZY	PLACID	SUNNY
BITTER	EUPHORIC	MAD	PROUD	SURLY
BLUE	FESTIVE	MEEK	RESENTFUL	TIMID
BRIGHT	FRANTIC	MERRY	ROTTEN	TRANQUIL
CALM	GENTLE	MOROSE	SAGE	WASTEFUL
COMICAL	GLOOMY	NERVOUS	SAUCY	WISTFUL
CROSS	HAPPY	NOISY	SERENE	WRATHFUL
DEPRESSED				