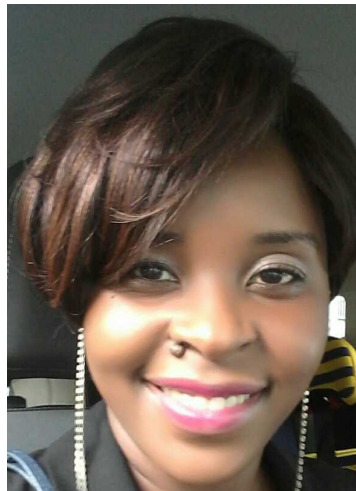


A Glowing Nurse From The Congo, The Heart of Africa

by George Williams

Another new addition to our Management Team in the Clinic and to our International Diversity is our Clinic Manager, Birmo Nzanga, a native of Kinshasa, the capital of the Democratic Republic of the Congo. Her father, a gynecologist, liked the name of “Birmo,” his aunt's name; her mother, a business woman, wanted her to be named and called “Gilda.” Her childhood languages were Lingala, the African language of the Congo, and French, the language of the occupying forces long ago. The eastern part of the Congo supplies 80% of the Coltan used in computers and cell phones. She comments, “I like to say that everyone holds a piece of the Congo when using a phone or computer.” Of the present government in her native land, she says: “We don't seem to have the right people in power.” That would sound familiar to voters here.



Birmo Nzanga, RN

When she was eleven, she left home to go to Paris (where they also speak French) to stay with her aunt. She attended the lycée there, incidentally learning English (hers is perfect) and Spanish. When she graduated, she went to New York, where her mother and oldest sister had already established themselves.

In New York she attended the Bronx Community College and then married her husband in 2007. He was also Congolese, had moved to the States in 1985 and grown up in Toledo, Ohio; he played professional soccer, retired, and became a coach. He was called “Coach Bobo.” He was offered a job in Naperville,

Illinois, where she was able at the College of Dupage to complete in a year her training for the certificate of Licensed Practical Nurse (LPN). And then she trained for her present distinction as a Registered Nurse (RN). She is proud to say that though preparation for the RN usually takes twelve months, she finished the discipline in six. She is continuing her studies at the University of Phoenix (!)—on line.

After she graduated, she told Coach Bobo that Illinois was too cold for her; they moved to North Carolina where some of his family were already living. He took a position as youth director to the Triangle United Soccer Club, a professional team. In that capacity he organizes games here and elsewhere in this country with equivalent teams. As a result he is out of town most weekends. but—“We usually travel as a family”—he takes his wife with him and their two boys, 8 and 2. It is well that one of her hobbies is traveling, for she can enjoy new places with her husband on these soccer weekends. And, she points out, the club pays the hotel bills.

Another hobby is dancing. She and her husband are expert in popular dances, especially those of Africa and the Caribbean.

We should be grateful that this lively and well-trained Nurse Manager is happy taking care of us. She says: “Here is fun, home is work. I love what I do.”

Forester Photo Contest

Resident photographers may submit by February 12 up to two photos of the recent snow scene (in digital format) to George Williams <hpgwiv@gmail.com> or Shannon Purves <ravenelhs@gmail.com>. Photographic Editor Bennett Galef will select a set to be published in the March *Forester*, with a prize awarded for the best!

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:

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President's Podium



by Russell Jones

Our new Interior Gardens Subcommittee under the Grounds Committee is getting organized with John Duval as the chair. The initial focus will be on spring and summer flowering plants for the Health & Wellness interior gardens. I think John is in the market for a few good gardeners. Wes Carson has generously volunteered to start up our new Residents' Association Ad Hoc Volunteer Committee with the aim on increasing opportunities for resident volunteer (hint hint) support for activities in the Health & Wellness Center. This will include identifying ways to increase Health & Wellness resident use of the gardens but will by no means be limited to outside activities—especially given the weather we have. Early on, issues like volunteer training needs and staff oversight have to be addressed, but improving quality of life is the overall goal.

One of the on-going things that seems to happen magically is the appearance of wonderful flower displays in our Community Center foyer. But it is not magical—rather it is the work of a large group of volunteers who rotate in delivering beauty to our foyer. Our Floral Providers group is headed by Doug Whitfield, scheduling is handled by Nancy Miller, and involves some long-term participants like Evebell Dunham. Shirley Sukonick, Ann Inderbitzin and Pam Harris have been recent Floral Providers but many other residents take their turns at brightening our foyer.

As we work our way through winter, remember to eat healthy, exercise healthy, and sleep healthy. If it is cold outside you can walk in the corridors to get some exercise, or go down to the fitness area and consult with Sheri. And join some fitness classes. The Forest offers many, but self-directed exercise in the gym also keeps you in motion. Stay well!

In Memoriam

Elizabeth Sweeney December 28, 2017

Phyllis Magat December 30, 2017

Library Science 101

by Carol Reese

With this issue, I thought it would be a good time to provide a summary of the last half year of 2017. July through December 2017 was a busy time for your Library and those who keep it running.

Thanks to our generous residents, and even future residents, the Library received over 1300 items in donations:

- Hardcover books – 448
 - Trade books – 403
 - Paperback books – 415
 - CDs – 26
 - DVDs – 11
 - Puzzles – 5 (official collection)
- Many other puzzles were added to the puzzle wall.

Out of these donations the library staff added over 104 new items to the collection; another 20 were added based on recommendations from residents. The donations we couldn't use were made available to some local book buyers for purchase. This enabled the library to add funds to its book budget which, in turn, allowed us to purchase new publications desired by residents.

Once the book buyers took what they wanted, we then held two book sales for residents. Both were rather successful and provided the Library with funds to buy supplies for the circulation desk such as pens, pencils, and a digital clock with a built-in calendar. In addition, we were able to purchase a changeable sign that helps us highlight different library activities.

In addition to building the collection, there have been some important changes to the actual facility. The first occurred in October when our Book Cart Return was ready to be used. It had to be modified in order to allow our puzzle boxes through the slot. Once this modification was done (thanks to our Maintenance staff), it was ready for use. Its position

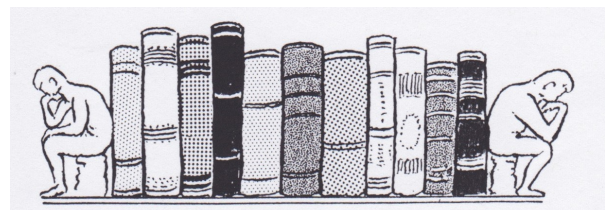
by the entrance makes it more convenient for people returning books.

Speaking of convenience, the other major addition to the facility were shelf dividers that are easy to read. Based on the response we have heard, residents say that they make finding things much easier. I know they make it easier to re-shelve them.

Well, that is what we have been doing for the last six months to keep the Library growing and functioning. If you have any other recommendations to improve the service, please write them down on one of the Recommendation cards you will find on the long table just beyond the Book Cart Return. We appreciate all suggestions.

On a personal note, the other evening PBS had a special on black holes. Since I'm no astrophysicist, I think I understood about half of what they discussed; but I wanted to know more. Then I remembered that the Library had Neil de Grasse Tyson's book *Astrophysics for People in a Hurry*—he writes for the rest of us. So if you see or hear something that interests you, whether an historical fiction movie or a special on an artist and want to know more, see if the Library's collection can help you out.

If we don't have something, try the Durham County Library (<https://durhamcountylibrary.org>). If they have something, you can request that their OASIS (Older Adult & Shut-In Service) staff deliver the item to the Forest. OASIS comes to the Forest the second and fourth Thursday of each month. You will find them set up in the Library from 2:00 to 3:00 pm. Whatever resources you use, keep on learning.



A 1944 Encounter

by Rose Boyarsky

I was a Columbia University graduate student in New York, engaged to a medical student at the University of Vermont in Burlington.

World War II was raging and we were each studying hard to finish in time to do our part in fighting the Axis. I was a teaching assistant in the laboratories of the undergraduate chemistry department, working with the Navy's V-12 recruits. He was a senior in medical school courtesy of the United States Army.

How were we to keep in touch during our busy graduate school days? Telephone was expensive; letters worked well at three cents an envelope; but neither was very satisfactory over the long months. A visit via the airlines might be possible for a long weekend. Ah, young love!

I lived at home with my parents in Jersey City and commuted to the Columbia University campus each day. Bus from my home to Journal Square cost five cents; tubes under the Hudson River to 33rd Street, ten cents; the subway from 33rd Street to 116th Street and Broadway, another ten cents. It took about an hour each way if the connections went smoothly. I learned to read the newspaper as well as to do some class work on the subway trains going uptown, if I found a seat.

One long weekend in October I flew non-stop to Burlington via Colonial Airlines with a return trip for the following Monday morning. The return would be in more than enough time to meet my laboratory class at 11:00 am that Monday.

The trip to Vermont on Thursday went smoothly on a typical cool October day. The weekend was wonderful. On a clear Monday morning I arrived at the Burlington airport for my return to New York. There was plenty of time to catch the flight, which was making an intermediate stop on a route from Montreal to New York's La Guardia airport. A quick subway trip from LaGuardia would get me to the University in time for my class.

Imagine my delight to find that seated on the plane was Frank Sinatra with his bodyguards, at least

three big, husky men. All went well until the pilot announced that we couldn't land at LaGuardia because of fog. In 1944 there was as yet no radar adapted for civilian airports. The plane proceeded to Philadelphia; it was still too foggy to land. They tried Baltimore; no luck. We then headed to Albany, New York.

Ours was a propeller plane which flew rather low compared to the jet planes we fly today. Our plane flew through the weather and it was an extremely bumpy ride. By this time I was scared and violently air sick. The stewardess told the passengers she had made arrangements for a bus to take us to the Albany train station, where we could catch a train to New York's Penn Station.

One of Frankie's men helped me off the plane and onto the bus. He sat with me and helped me off the bus and to a phone. I had to get in touch with my professor to let him know I would miss my class. I had no phone number handy so I called my mother and asked her to call the professor. I added that I was sick. She said she would meet me at Penn Station when the train arrived.

Evidently Frankie's bodyguards also made some calls because when we arrived at Penn station and descended from the train, there were hundreds of teenagers in bobby socks on the platform all shouting "Frankie, Frankie." In the mêlée I couldn't find my mother. As sick as I felt, I found my way to the tubes, and simply went home to Jersey City.

When I arrived at class the next morning I was given a royal dressing down from the professor for missing my class. He told me that I had an obligation and was given a dire warning not to let it happen again.

So much for young love!! My, how things have changed.

Rose Boyarsky, a native of Jersey City, lived in Orange County before moving to The Forest in 2013. She holds degrees from Vermont, Columbia, and Duke Universities.

VIP's I Have Known

by Herb Carson

Well, not exactly known, but definitely met. For example, I was once a guest of Eleanor Roosevelt at Hyde Park. How did this happen?

I was 17 years old and in the army (a story in itself ... for another time). Anyhow, I was on leave and went to New York to visit my father. Now understand, my father left my mother for another woman (eventually his wife) when I was about 6 months old.

My mother and her family were owners of dress shops. Not very interesting for me. My father was a journalist doing fascinating things, such as (when I was born) covering a murder, or so he said. (One took his stories with several grains of salt!)

So, I visited my dad and his family. And he called a woman who was the executive secretary to Fiorello



La Guardia. Even at 17, I certainly knew who he was: the mayor of New York who, when the newspapers were on strike, read the Sunday funnies to the kids over the radio. It seems

there was some event honoring FDR (then deceased) at Hyde Park. My father was supposed to get a ride with the woman to the ceremony. Being endowed with a large dose of chutzpah, he asked her could he bring his son.

There I was, at Hyde Park, shaking hands with a woman whose "My Day" column I knew well. She even inquired (having been told that I was a soldier) why I was not in uniform. I explained to her that with the fighting ended, we were no longer required to wear our uniforms when on leave.



I don't really remember much else about that day and that ceremony, whatever it was for. But I do remember also meeting Fiorello. I am sure I met other dignitaries in that group of perhaps 20 or 25 people. But I was 17, and only knew the most VIP of the dignitaries.

As years rolled on I met other VIP's, for instance while lying next to none other than Gypsy Rose Lee. What? Is this a confession? Nope! We were giving blood. And in strolled the Gyp with a cameraman. When they rubbed her arm with alcohol prior to injecting a needle, she squirmed and screamed. When they injected the needles, not a peep. And the bulbs flashed. Off stage as on, she was a performer.



My youthful encounters with celebrities were numerous (and mainly accidental) such as when I met (sort of) Stubby Kaye, who sang "Sit down you're rocking the boat" in *Guys and Dolls*. Or how I acted as a host to Aaron Copland, which thrilled my young musician son.

But I'll save those encounters for another day. For now, my most precious meeting remains my first—that wonderful encounter with one of my idols (then as now), Miss Eleanor.

A retired Professor of Humanities, Herb Carson has published numerous poems, stories, essays, and, with his wife, five books.

Welcome New Residents

Carolyn Brooks

Apt 4014 919-489-3091



Carolyn Brooks grew up in Greensboro and took a one year commercial course at UNC-Greensboro. When she married her high school sweetheart, David Dickson, the family moved to Durham with their two sons. While her children were young, she volunteered as a cub scout leader, and with Volunteer Services Bureau of Durham.

When another income was needed, she prepared to go to work by studying at The Real Estate School in Chapel Hill, earning GRI and CRS certificates. She worked as a realtor at Allenton Realtors for the next 25 years, earning recognition as Top Real Estate Producer. She was divorced in 1987, and two years later married Carroll Brooks. She then had a whole lot of family: Carrolls' four daughters, her two sons, and the Dicksons' and Brooks' extended families, all of whom maintain good relationships and celebrate holidays together. When Carroll died, she and a long time friend, Riley Stallings, began sharing outings and traveling, and married one year before Riley's death.

Carolyn has two successful and fun sons, and six grandchildren who live in the area, plus four step-daughters and ten step-grandchildren spread across VA, GA, and AZ. If that doesn't keep her busy, her bridge, travel, reading and crosswords fill in to keep her occupied.

Ellen Durrett

Cottage 17 1-410-215-4122



Ellen is a retired school psychologist who worked for the Maryland Public School System for 40 years, two in Harford County and 38 in Baltimore County. She earned a Bachelor's degree in psychology from Transylvania University, and a Master's plus 60 in school psychology from Towson University.

She was born in Columbia, SC, grew up in Satellite Beach, FL, and lived for five years in Lexington, KY. She then lived in Towson, MD, until her move to The Forest. After the death of her parents, she researched CCRC's to find the place she wanted to spend her retirement years. She chose The Forest for the quality of the facility, the health care, and the diversity of its residents.

Ellen enjoys a variety of hobbies and interests, including gardening, tennis, theater, art, music, horses and current events. She attended Zoll Studio in Timonium, MD, for two years learning to draw and oil paint, hoping to eventually pursue a second career as an artist.

Welcome New Residents

Carlisle & Joe Harvard

Cottage 41 919-812-2632 (Carlisle)
919-812-8892 9 (Joe) jsharvard3@gmail.com

Carlisle and Joe Harvard moved to Durham in 1980 when Joe was called to be pastor at First Presbyterian Church in downtown Durham. Joe was born in Jacksonville FL, but lived elsewhere in Florida and Georgia before his family moved to Columbia, SC. It was there in Dreher High School that he met Carlisle. She was born and grew up in Columbia. Upon graduation she went off to Converse College in Spartanburg, SC, where she majored in mathematics, with a minor in religion; Joe went to Presbyterian College in Clinton, SC, a mere 60 miles or so from Spartanburg.

When they completed their undergraduate degrees they married, in August 1963, and settled in Decatur, GA, where Joe had enrolled in Columbia Theological Seminary. When he graduated in 1966, he had an opportunity for two years of advanced study—a year at Basel University, in Switzerland, and a year at Yale Divinity School, in New Haven, CT. The international experience in Basel would prove valuable to Carlisle in her later job at Duke's International House.

First Presbyterian Church “has been a beacon of Christian faith and hope in downtown Durham” since 1871. The flagship church was a leader in the ordination and installation of women as elders and deacons and in 1955 led the challenge of racial integration by seating all who sought to worship. Its mill missions spawned a constellation of Presbyterian churches in Durham. Suburbanization confronted the downtown church with a hard choice: retain its historic sacred space in the urban public square or migrate to the hinterlands. The decision was to stay at the corner of Roxboro and Main, and a slogan was born: “Downtown by history and by choice.” It was into this history that Joe and Carlisle were called.

They came and invested in the Durham community. Joe was a moral crusader from the pulpit, in his newspaper letters, and in his interfaith leadership. With Durham Congregations in Action—it



spans the full gamut of religious life in Durham—he was a founder in 1985 of Habitat for Humanity of Durham. Habitat has had a major role in addressing the poverty in northeast Durham caused largely by the steep decline in textile and tobacco manufacturing.

Known to be deeply concerned about how people live at all stages of life, Joe was invited by Forest founder James Crapo, MD, to serve on the first Board of Directors of The Forest. (Current resident **Margaret Keller** was on that Board, as was Harvey Cohen, MD, a current Board member.) Joe was elected Board Chair, and when the Forest was dedicated on August 25, 1992, he presented the brass plaque that today is mounted at our main entrance.

Carlisle meanwhile had all the responsibilities of a preacher's wife ... and energy to spare. **Bill Griffith**, then Duke Vice President for Student Affairs, aware that Carlisle had assisted the National Council of Churches with a number of travel programs to the Soviet Union, recruited Carlisle to help with the first exchange students to Duke from the Soviet Union, an experience that led to her appointment as director of International House—“The best job that anyone could have at Duke”—a position she held with characteristic enthusiasm for 21 years.

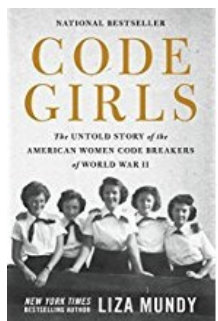
The Harvards have a daughter (and two granddaughters) in Durham and a son (and granddaughter) in Mt. Pleasant, SC. They enjoy walking, traveling, history, and Duke sports!

Good Presbyterians, Joe and Carlisle would say that it was *predestined* that they move to The Forest when the time was right. We welcome them home!

Our Own Code Girl

by Carol Oettinger

A recently published book that has gotten a great deal of well deserved attention is *Code Girls*, by Liza Mundy (Hachette Books, 2017). One of the several



highly complimentary blurbs on the book's jacket describes it succinctly:

"Liza Mundy reveals one of World War II's last remaining secrets: the true tale of the young American women who helped shorten the war and saved thousands of lives by breaking the codes of the German and Japanese armed forces...a superbly researched and stirring social history of a pivotal chapter in the struggle for women's rights, told through the powerful and poignant stories of the individuals involved. In exploring the vast, obscure, and makeshift offices of wartime Washington where these women performed seemingly impossible deeds, Mundy has discovered a birthplace of modern America." – Glenn Frankel, Pulitzer Prize-winning author of *HIGH NOON*.

These women were chosen from colleges and universities around the country for their proficiency in languages and math. Some were asked if they liked to do crossword puzzles. And here, among our Forest residents, is one of them—**Betty Carroll Leach**.

Betty was, in 1943, attending Texas Women's University in Denton, Texas. She was 19 years old and had finished the first half of her junior year. She says that the war was going "hot and heavy" that year. She saw a notice asking girls from her class to come for interviews with the prospect of going to Washington to work. She was interviewed and accepted and off she went to Arlington Hall in D.C. The Army had taken over a girl's finishing school for a barracks for the Army Signal Corps.

Betty found herself in a room with 19 other women. Each had her own desk and materials to work

with. They were sworn to secrecy (which remained in force for many years). No one else was allowed into the room. If anyone was wanted outside, a bell was rung. Each day a sheaf of papers was brought for each desk. The papers could be in German, French, or English. The German "enigma code" was a special challenge. All these intercepted messages were in code and the young women had to try different ways to



Betty Carroll Leach

break those codes. It was necessary to look for a letter in whatever language the code was written in, and then to work until they made sense. It was intimidating at first, but finally became "fun" as well as grueling work. An important contribution was solving the encoded messages for the Germans to intercept on the landing site for D-Day. That solution enabled false information to be sent.

Betty worked in Arlington Hall from January 1943 until June 1946. Then she went back to college and graduated in 1947. She married Richard Leach, a soldier she met while she was at Arlington Hall. He had been drafted into the Signal Corps from Colorado College where he had graduated with special skills in language and math in 1941. He was attached to the section working on Japanese codes.

This very secret, behind the scenes work was a vital part of our efforts to win the war, both in Europe and the Pacific.

Carol Oettinger spent two years in the Peace Corps in Fiji. She is at work on her own book—for her children—about their earliest memories.

ASK A SCIENTIST

What Is an LED?

by Craig Casey

The term LED (the first letters of Light Emitting Diode) is now commonly encountered wherever you buy light bulbs. So, what does it mean?

OK: a diode is an electronic device fabricated with materials related to the transistors that make up the microchips used in so many of your electronic products: cell phones, TVs, personal computers (PCs) and some of your other gadgets. The transistors in a microchip have three terminals: an input terminal, a control terminal, and an output terminal. A diode has only two terminals: the input terminal and the output terminal. When a voltage goes across these two terminals, current will flow in only one direction and the electrons gain energy from the voltage. Materials different from but similar to the silicon material used for the transistors in microchips are used for LEDs. In an LED, most of the electron energy is converted to light emission while some is consumed as heat. LED chips are cut from wafers to produce chips approximately 1/30 of an inch thick and approximately 1/50 of an inch square. Depending on the application, the chips may be much larger or smaller.

A big advantage of LEDs is that they can be produced in many sizes and can generate all colors of light. In the early 1960s, infrared LEDs were developed. Infrared emissions are not visible to the eye, but they are used for applications such as TV remote controls. Not long afterwards, red and green emitting LEDs were developed. To produce all colors, it was necessary to mix various brightnesses of red, green and blue. Blue emitting LEDs were the greatest challenge and were not developed until the mid 1990s. To create blue LEDs required much scientific discovery which was finally achieved by three Japanese who were awarded the Nobel Prize in

Physics in 2014 for this work. It's unusual that a Nobel Prize in Physics resulted in a consumer product with its own section at Home Depot!

For extensive applications for LEDs, white light is needed. By coating a blue LED with a phosphor that absorbs some of the blue and then emits yellow, the combination of the appropriate blue and yellow emission gives white light. For bright LED bulbs, numerous LED chips are combined. White LEDs permit such diverse applications as automobile headlights, back lighting for cell phones and thin TVs, and even street lights. With the red, green, blue, and white LEDs, full color sports score boards are now made.

Although a 100 watt incandescent light bulb sells for around a dollar, it uses a heated filament to give light. It takes 100 watts of energy and has an operating life of less than 1,000 hours. By contrast, a 100-watt brightness LED bulb costs more than the common incandescent bulb, but it uses only 18 watts of energy and has an operating life of 100,000 hours. Therefore, the LED costs less to operate and requires less frequent replacement.

It is interesting to note that Cree Research, a Durham company founded by several North Carolina State University graduates, is a major supplier of white LEDs.

After graduate school at Stanford in 1964, Craig Casey joined Bell Labs where he did LED research. In 1979, he became Chair of the Electrical Engineering Department at Duke.

The Mystery of Oman

by Bennett Galef

In 1968 I was a newly minted Ph.D., just starting at my first job. Oman (then known as Muscat) was, in 1968, ruled by Sultan Said Bin Taimur, a charismatic but reactionary ruler of such conservative bent as to make the Saudi royal family look like flaming liberals. Muscat was closed to outside visitors, with the Sultan himself issuing the rare visitor's visa. Omanis were forbidden to leave the country and those that did could rarely return.

Muscat's interior was a country of pastoral, semi-nomadic tribes; pirates and subsistence fisherman lived along the coast. Importation of anything the Sultan felt indicative of progress was prohibited: books, radios, eyeglasses, secular education, etc. All were banned. A country the size of Kansas had but four miles of paved road, and although summer temperatures often exceeded 120 degrees, the country was essentially without electricity or running water.

One of the few exceptions to this restriction on exposure to the larger world and its goods and gods was the Sultan's son, Qaboos, who in 1957, at the age of 16, was sent to Sandhurst (UK) for his University education. Qaboos returned home at age 28, and the next year, in a bloodless coup, overthrew his father, and as Sultan started modernizing his country. Fortunately for the new Sultan, Oman was rich in oil and gas.

Forty years later, the Sultanate has 25,000 miles of paved road and an international airline. Electricity is ubiquitous, and fresh, desalinated water is delivered three times a week to every home no matter how isolated. A new opera house in the capital (Muscat) rivals those in Milan, Paris or New York.

Each of the 2,000 Omani villages has—or will soon have—a secular school (which boys and girls attend together through middle school) and clinic. Hospitals and universities have opened in Oman's two major cities; health care and education are free to all. Oman's best students are sent abroad to university at



The Wahabi Sands, a 4800 square mile desert in east-central Oman.

government expense, and upon reaching maturity each Omani citizen is granted a parcel of land and is eligible for a 40-year interest-free loan with which to build a home or business.

Almost every Omani home (refurbished at government expense) boasts a satellite dish, air conditioner and four-wheel drive vehicle, as well as a 7-foot surrounding wall to prevent outsiders from viewing women of the family, though women are not permitted to wear a burka in public. The nomads of the interior may pursue their traditional way of life, and can move into free, modern housing during the months their children are required to attend school.

Paradise? Perhaps not. The two and one-half million Omani citizens are supported by two million foreign workers who are ineligible for Omani citizenship and are expelled from the country as they near retirement age or if they break the law, including one which prohibits guest workers from even discussing the Sultan. Those we met claimed not to know whether he was married, had any children, or who his possible successors might be.

The 76-year-old Sultan has, in fact, never married, has no children and is likely to be succeeded

(Continued on Page 11)

Mystery ...

(Continued from Page 10)

by his nephew. He spends little time in any of his five magnificent Omani palaces, preferring to live in London (he is a favorite of Queen Elizabeth) and in Germany, where he has received treatment for colon cancer.

How do Mertice and I know all this? We had the good fortune, while snorkeling in the Arabian Gulf, to meet an intimate of the royal family. However, we spoke with almost no Omanis whilst in Oman, only with the English-speaking foreign workers who dominate the tourist industry.

We were free to visit the majestic, if severe, mountains and gorgeous coasts of Musandam, to watch the sun set over the endless dunes of the Wahabi Sands, and to view the Sultan's extraordinary palaces (from the outside).

However, learning how our Omani contemporaries coped during their adult years with a voyage from the 15th to the 21st Century (while Mertice and I were occupied moving from Professor to Professor Emeritus) or how the individual Omani reconciles his Western material existence with traditional Islam and Oman's conservative cultural heritage remains a mystery into which we wish we had had opportunity to delve.

For 10 days last December, Bennett and Mertice celebrated their 50 years together by visiting Oman and Qatar.



*A mountain near
the Hormuz Strait.*

Heavenly Bodies in the Low Country (P.S.)

by A.M. (Mac) Mellor

The uproar, albeit muted, that greeted publication of "Heavenly Bodies in the Low Country" in the October issue of *The Forester* requires some response.

No Forest resident submitted an explanation of the tabulated chronology of events provided by the wizard, but one of *The Forester's* many far-flung correspondents, Dr. Stephen L. Plee of Cooper City, FL, noticed the piece, and, familiar with the wizard's proclivities, sat down at his computer. His internet-derived solution is correct: moonrise at 6:31 am; sunrise, 6:47; high tide, 8:13; eclipse begins, 1:16 pm; low tide, 2:09; eclipse maximum, 2:47; eclipse ends, 4:09; sunset, 7:57; and moonset, 8:04 pm.

Of course, one could also develop the sequence using the Charleston newspaper's almanac. As an NC example, the *N&O* features local data next to the daily crossword under "Sun and Moon" and "Ocean and Tides," the last for six positions along our coast (I suspect we could also have used *The Farmer's Almanac*). Specifics for the eclipse were provided by both electronic and printed media.

We are fortunate that Dr. Plee responded, as your author was too smart to spend a day on a boat with a ship's clock in Charleston Harbor. His hotel offered, in their rooftop dining room, an eclipse-package, gourmet five-course lunch with open bar. One's seat was reserved from 11 am to 4 pm so one could return to one's sleeping accommodations now and then to see, on TV or internet, the eclipse's progress across the country, to take a wee nap, or even to watch a ball game.

Mac Mellor is a graduate of Princeton and a Fellow of the Professional Aerospace Society.

"In God We Trust" on U.S. Coins & Currency

by Bill Michal

Our national coinage began in 1793. Nearly from the very start it carried two mottoes, "Liberty" and "E. Pluribus Unum." It would be 65 years before another was added. At the start of the Civil War, the Rev. Mark R. Watkinson was pastor of the First Particular Baptist church in Ridleyville, PA. Faced with the enormity of the war, he realized America had never acknowledged on our coinage its dependence on God. On November 13, 1861, he wrote to Salmon Chase, Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury. His letter is preserved in the National Archives. He expressed his concerns with the intriguing words reproduced here verbatim (*italics added*).

Hon. S. P. Chase
U.S. Sec. Of Treasury

Ridleyville, Del. Co., Pa.
Nov. 13, 1861

Dear Sir,

You are about to submit your annual report to Congress respecting the affairs of the National Finances.

One fact touching our currency has hitherto been seriously overlooked. I mean the recognition of the Almighty God in some form on our coins.

You are probably a Christian. What if our Republic were now shattered beyond reconstruction? Would not the antiquaries of succeeding centuries rightly reason from our past coins that we were a heathen nation?

What I propose is, that instead of the goddess of Liberty we shall have next inside the thirteen stars, a ring inscribed with the words perpetual union. Within this ring the all-seeing eye, crowned with a halo. Beneath this eye the American flag, bearing in its field stars equal to the number of the States United. In the folds of the bars the words God, liberty, law.

This would make a beautiful coin to which no possible citizen could object. This would relieve us from the ignominy of heathenism. This would place us openly under the Divine protection we have personally claimed. From my heart I have our national shame in openly disowning God as not the least of the causes of our present national disasters.

To you first I address a subject that must be agitated.

Yours Most Respectfully,
M. R. Watkinson
Minister of the Gospel



Photo twice actual size of obverse (above) and reverse (below) of 1864 two-cent coin first showing "In God We Trust."

In radical contrast with the lack of responsiveness of our government today, it is shocking to realize that despite the ongoing war, the letter was delivered, read, and acted upon decisively within seven days. On November 20, 1861, Chase wrote the Director of the U.S. Mint, stating, "No nation can be strong except in the strength of God or safe except in His defense... You will cause such a device to be prepared without unnecessary delay ... " Within months pattern coins were struck bearing the trial mottoes "God Our Trust" and "God and Our Country." Finally in April 1864, matching the then current postal rate of two cents, Congress approved a two-cent coin for circulation and left the choice of design and mottoes to the Treasury Secretary and Mint Director. After lengthy correspondence, they chose a "Shield & Arrows" design and "In God We Trust" as the motto. Over the ensuing years the motto was gradually added to the other U.S. coins.

In 1953 a former President of the American Numismatic Association began a campaign to have the motto added to our currency. In July 1955, President Eisenhower signed a law to that effect starting "as soon as new dies needed to be adopted." In 1957 the Series 1935G one dollar silver certificate became our first currency to carry the motto. In July 1956 the motto was adopted as the Official National Motto 95 years after Watkinson's original letter.