

EX-Ls

EX-PRESS

Volume 20 Number 3
Fall 2002

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Bob Birge

Greetings:

This is my last President's message. It has been a great year, with wonderful luncheon speakers provided by our Vice President and soon to be President Bob Fulton. Charlotte Scales has resigned from the board, and her place as First Vice President will be taken by Sig Rogers, with Gene Binnall signing on as Second VP: Welcome, Sig and Gene. We also recently learned with some distress that Shirley Ashley is resigning as secretary (after 17 years!), effective the end of the year. She will be hard to replace, but the search has begun. Meanwhile, for the next luncheon on November 21, Jim Triplett, Head of Engineering, will tell us about some of the exciting new engineering design tools coming into use. I, unfortunately, will not be able to attend because my wife and I will be in Costa Rica. Trip report will come at a later date! Bob Fulton will take over in any case. As you know, Dave Stevens has taken over as editor of our Ex-Ls newsletter, and is doing a superb job. Many thanks to Dave and Bob.

CUCRA News

October Meeting and Health Symposium

The October Council of UC Retirement Associations (CUCRA) meeting was preceded by a one-day symposium on health care for seniors. The symposium message was mixed: seniors are healthier and communities are becoming more attuned to and supportive of seniors, but Medicare and the health insurance industry in general are in trouble. We are seeing confirmation of this last during UC's open enrollment period for health insurance this year. The Regents have committed funds to cover approximately two-thirds of the HMO rate increases, and individuals will have to absorb the remainder.

At the CUCRA meeting it was reported that the Regents have agreed to an ad hoc COLA for PERS members who took the 1991 VERIP, to bring them into parity with those who took UCRS-VERIP I. More details of the symposium and CUCRA meeting are available from Bob Fulton, EX-Ls representative to CUCRA, rlfulton4@juno.com.

CUCRA Travel Interest Group

The CUCRA Travel Interest Group is sponsoring a Baltic Cruise, May 24 to June 7, 2003. It will visit Dover, Oslo, Copenhagen, Rostock (for Berlin), Tallinn (Estonia), St. Petersburg, Helsinki, and Stockholm, with an optional two night pre-cruise package in either Windsor or Dover. For full details and reservations, contact Pat Reimnitz, Carefree Vacations, 7946 Ivanhoe Avenue, Suite 102, La Jolla, CA 92037, telephone: 858-459-4074 or toll free: 800-683-4074, email: PREimnitz@sdtg.com. For general information, contact Rosemary Norling, Travel Interest Group representative, telephone: 858-453-0908 or email: Rnorling@ucsd.edu.



2002 Fall Lunch

- Date:** Thursday, November 21, 2002
- Where:** Spenger's Fresh Fish Grotto
1919 Fourth St.
Berkeley
- Time:** No-host Bar: 11:30 AM
Lunch Served: 12:00 Noon
- Speaker:** Jim Triplett, Head of Engineering, LBNL
- Subject:** Engineering at LBNL in the 21st century
- Menu:** Bay Shrimp Louie Salad (with cup of chowder)
Parmesan Petrale Sole with Lemon Caper Butter (with dinner salad)
Flatiron Steak with mushroom demi-glaze (with dinner salad)
- Cost:** \$18 per person (PREPAID)
- Reservations:** Payable to EX-Ls. Send to Inge Henle
820 Villa Lane #3
Moraga, CA 94556

Spenger's management policy makes it absolutely imperative
that they receive reservations by November 15, 2002

(Reservation slip on last page)

From our August lunch

Reported by Bob Fulton, EX-Ls VP #1: Our speaker for the August 15, 2002 luncheon was Linda Schneider, Lawrence Hall of Science Marketing Director, who described the "Forces That Shape the Bay Roadshow". Linda discussed the development and status of the new LHS permanent outdoor exhibit entitled "Forces That Shape the Bay" that is being completed outside the Lawrence Hall of Science and overlooks the Bay itself.

The brain child of current LHS Director Dr. Ian Carmichael, the \$2.5 million exhibit got its start with a donation from the UC Class of 1948, with additional funding from EBMUD and the National Science Foundation. The exhibit illustrates the forces - such as water, plate tectonics, and mountain building - that created and have continued to shape San Francisco Bay during the last 15,000 years. The exhibit has been designed as a permanent outdoor learning lab with hands-on, interactive displays of nature's giant sculpting tools. Linda's talk showed how some of the displays were developed and constructed. You can learn more about the Forces That Shaped the Bay exhibit on the Lawrence Hall of Science website: www.lhs.edu.

From Roving Correspondent Shirley Ashley, EX-Ls Secretary, table-hopping in August: It is always great to see "old" friends. I drove up to the parking lot just as Darlene and Jack Franck arrived and when I asked what they had done lately they replied they had just celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary by taking their family on a cruise in Alaska. Exciting!

Paul and Barbara Hernandez celebrated their 60th also by going to see Robert Goulet in South Pacific and greeting 50 family and friends at the Pan Pacific Hotel in San Francisco.

Then before I got into the door I was greeted by my old friend Frank Garnier - I missed seeing Maxine, Frank's wife. Years ago I had worked for her father, Mr. Amesbury. He handled all the transportation duties and more in the Stores Department...Yep that was back in the early days of the lab: in 1947 to be exact, when I was very young, naïve, and pretty much in awe of everything that went on around me up there.

As I walked around the room the noise level was high and the conversations lively. Ellie Ralph looked well and happy; her sister Gwen reminded me that it was just a year ago that she had driven Ellie to the ER after the luncheon when she had suffered a heart attack. Thankfully she is fully recovered now.

Nina and Earl Hazelton were just back from visiting family in Ottawa, Canada. Bob Everett and his wife Judy attended the National Bowling tourney held in Billings, Montana, in June, and then they visited Cody and Yellowstone.

Elmer Silva received the Most Valuable Shooter award for the year 2002: quite an accomplishment for a gentleman his age. (He's the one who referred to age...Elmer always looks the same - young and healthy!)

Dick Burleigh and his wife have reservations to go sailing on the Potomac yacht August 28th to get close and personal with the tall ships as they enter San Francisco Bay. He promised to send a report of that adventure.

Winnie Baker and her husband took an extensive road trip through Wyoming and So. Dakota: Jackson Hole, Yellowstone etc. That is another trip we can look forward to reading about.

Ken Lou reported that Rod Byrns had had a bad fall in his house and wasn't discovered until the next day; he is now in the Berkshire rest home in Berkeley (on Sacramento Street, Room 219), and Ken says he is sure he would enjoy hearing from his old friends.

Bud Larsh, a member of the Napa Valley Wine Library, recently attended a wine tasting event at the Silverado Country Club. He also took in a tasting session held at several different fancy S.F. hotels - this time the spirits were brandy, whiskey and cognac.

Don Blackman and his wife had a great trip journeying through 17 states. Their report appears later in this issue of the newsletter. (See "An Eastern Spring" in *Trip Reports*.)

Before our speaker's presentation, President Bob Birge introduced our new editor, Dave Stevens, and guests from LBNL Randy Scott, Head of Human Resources, and Benefits Manager Richard Takahashi, who were instrumental in securing the Ex-Ls collaboration with the Berkeley Retirement Center. He also had us greet Bob Frias, a retiree who has lived in Aloha land for 10 years...In fact he lives on Maui, which prompted a quip from the audience asking if he had a guest room; he replied "the whole beach." Then Bill Bigelow was asked to stand up and take a bow. Bill will be celebrating his 93rd birthday very soon. Many of us in the audience were hired by this gentleman. He holds a very special place in the making of the history of the lab (first as the Rad Lab, then as LBL and now LBNL).

The door prizes were picked up by Marge Glicksman: liqueur; Chief Silva: box of candy (which he *said* he was going to give to his wife); and Nina Hazelton: Kahlua.

Luncheon Attendees:

Maxine Adams	Bob & Elizabeth Birge	Warren Faust
John Anderson	Don Blackman	Jack & Darlene Franck
Shirley Ashley	Igor Blake	Bob Frias
Bob Avery	Henry & Amy Brendel	Bob Fulton & guest Linda
Bill Baker	Dick Burleigh	Schneider
Richard Baker	Chet Cernac	Frank Garnier
Winnie Baker	Per & Eleanor Dahl	Bill Gilbert
Tom Beales	Robert & Judy Everett	

Abe & Marjorie	Don & Joan Landis	Don Prestella
Glicksman & guests Phil & Thora Bean	Bud Larsh	Ellie & Gwen Ralph
Earl & Nina Hazelton	Branko Leskovar	Lou & Rita Reginato
Inge Henle	Ken Lou	Ed Reioux
Victor & Christine Henri	Jo & Ed Lundberg	Sig & Cindy Rogers
Wini Heppler	Don Lundgren	Clay Sealy
Paul & Barbara Hernandez	Bob Miller	Ben Shuey
Roger & Lois Hughes	Robert & Jo Morris	Elmer Silva
Richard Johnson	Bob Mortiboy	Dave & Sally Stevens
Joe Katz	Charles Ogden	Hugh & June Stoddart
Robert & Barbara	Conway Peterson	Marilyn Taylor
Kaufmann	Terry Powell & guests	Fred Vogelsberg
Al & Alna Kleid	Randy Scott & Richard Takahashi	Dick Wolgast
		Gertrude Young

Editor's Note

This issue contains two articles that I mislaid in the confusion of the changeover last quarter. *Mea culpa*. It also has a mix of sans-serif (as in the reports from the August luncheon) and seriffed (as in this note) type fonts. I have heard conflicting reports about which is easier to read. Please let me know what you would prefer: all sans-serif, all serif, or an artful mix. And remember to send me (Shirley says she doesn't mind forwarding them, but better you should send them direct to me) your comments on the newsletter, suggestions for improvement, and articles or ideas for articles. E-mail is preferred (david_stevens@attbi.com); snail-mail is Dave Stevens, 1107 Amador Ave, Berkeley, CA 94707; telephone (least preferred) is 510-524-2904. Thanks—

New EX-Ls Webmaster

Dick Baker has agreed to take on and maintain the EX-Ls web site, at www.lbl.gov/ex-l-express. If you have any suggestions for content or format, please contact Dick at (ROBaker@attbi.com) or the Editor (david_stevens@attbi.com).

ClickSilver: Bringing computing to elders

If you are a cable television surfer you might have stumbled upon an episode of *Tech TV* last June that featured former LBLer Gloria Bayne describing her newest volunteer experience: teaching seniors how to use the Internet. A couple of years ago she hooked up with Albany School swimming mate Anita Goldstein to form ClickSilver, a group dedicated to teaching older adults how to take advantage of computer technology. After finding a senior residence that was receptive to the idea (Claremont House), they set about recruiting volunteers, securing computers, and seeking solutions to some of the problems specific to senior and disabled

learners. For example, they quickly learned that many potential beneficiaries of computer technology avoid computer use simply because their old eyes can't see the icons clearly enough. Others avoid computers because they never learned the standard typewriter (QWERTY) keyboard layout. Through serving as interns at Berkeley's Center for Accessible Technology, Gloria and Anita learned that there are simple fixes for these and other senior hurdles to computer literacy. For example, most systems allow the user to increase the size of icons, and there are alphabetic keyboards that one can substitute for QWERTY. [If you are QWERTY-competent and want to get a sense of the frustration felt by non-typists when facing a QWERTY layout, try using an alphabetic layout for a while.]

Through the tutorial programs—now serving Chaparral House as well as Claremont House—ClickSilver is opening new worlds to new communities of users. By starting with e-mail and games (some elders must give up even solitaire because they can no longer shuffle the cards) they are led gently into the vast resources of the Internet. Gloria and Anita would like to expand the program to at least one additional residence house, but even that modest expansion requires more volunteers than are currently on board. If you are interested in helping, you can contact them at gjbayne@aol.com or anitagold@aol.com.

November Luncheon talk

Though Deputy Laboratory Director Sally Benson unfortunately had to decline because of a conflict with a Canadian conference, the Ex-Ls are lucky to have the Lab's Director of Engineering, Jim Triplett, come to talk about the forward momentum of engineering at LBNL with its Design Works and Technical Integration Group activities that specialize in cutting-edge design engineering support on small-to-medium projects.

How to send e-mail messages without propagating a list of cc: names

Some e-mail messages have a tendency to collect long lists of cc: names. If you would like to forward a message without such a list, you can follow these easy steps:

- 1) Highlight the text of the original e-mail and then right-click and copy the text. [This creates a copy of the message with no distribution list.]
- 2) Click on "Mail" and then "New Message". Paste the original copied text into the new message window. Send the message to those with whom you'd like to share this cleaned-up message by placing their e-mail addresses into the Bcc: field of the e-mail header. [This hides the distribution list from the recipients.] Your recipients will then not need to do clean-up on the message before sending it on to another set of friends.

Note 1: These instructions are valid for MS Outlook [Express], and may need some minor tweaking to work on Macintosh. I believe the key is the use of bcc: rather than cc: for your distribution list, and that should work on any reasonable mail system. When you use bcc:, though, you need to remember that no recipient sees the names of the other bcc: recipients, so this won't work in contexts where you want everyone to know who all the recipients are.

Note 2: If your mail system is configured without the Bcc: header, you may need to do the following: Select “View” in the menu bar located at the top of the window in which the message you are *writing* appears, and toggle “All Headers”. The Bcc: field should appear below the Cc: field. Once you have done this, the Bcc: field should appear each time you create a new message from scratch or by forwarding or responding to a message, unless you remove it by toggling the “All Headers” field again.

Trip Reports

Editor’s Note: The first two articles should have appeared in the last issue. My apologies to Geores and Maxine.

The Grand Canyon – Part 2

Geores Buttner

Babs

After the first step down Bright Angel Trail one can forget about archaeological digs for Neanderthal. This is a 250-million-year step, or about a hundred times the total existence of humanity.

This sentimental sedimentary rock now underfoot, besides supporting some fortunate Douglas firs that have their toes firmly planted in precarious crevices of trapped fertile soil while enjoying panoramic vistas of clouds that are devouring vast chunks of topography seeming to be a thousand miles away, also felt the feet of Tyrannosaurus Rex. Kaibab (Babs) was fully grown before Jurassic met Triassic, at around the time when separation of the super-continent Pangaea was only a prokaryotic chicken scratch away from reality.

GG’s (Great Grandmother Earth) Grand River

The next mile down, to the Rio de los Misterios, is worth a billion and several hundred thousand years’ change. The *Misterios* label was pinned on by an Indian called Rosita (or maybe it was Joaquin), who noticed from a lofty point of view atop the North Rim that the terrain upriver is thousands of feet lower!?!? A few hundred years later a confused geologist took note of the fact that not only does the river flow against the tilt of the strata but also *across* lines of faults instead of *along* them, a far cry from the normal path of easiest resistance that any sensible river would follow. Thus the Colorado River’s canyon-creating path through the higher altitudes of several large sections of the huge Colorado Plateau is a mystery and is still under debate as to the method (or sequence of events) used to accomplish this feat, which seems an unlikely outcome in a challenge to the force of gravity and an ostentatious defiance in the face of logic.

Whatever the method, the result is not only a masterpiece in the art of earth carving and a smile wrinkle in GG’s cheek, but as well a heavenly haven for the great-grandchild

anthropologist, archaeologist, adventurer, backpacker, river runner, plain old viewer, and confused geologist.

Of special significance, the river has created a vast and enchanting history library unchallenged. Amongst these pages of ages, chaptered *Kaibab*, *Toroweap*, *Coconino*, *Hermit*, *Supai*, *Redwall*, *Temple Butte*, *Mauve*, *Bright Angel*, *Tapeats*, and *Vishnu*, perusals get an urge to slow down...listen...backup...and catch up. After all, each foot of vertical descent down as far as the missing pages between Tapeats and Vishnu, known as the *Great Unconformity*, averages a fifty-thousand-year staggering stack. As well, this is a library you can float on a raft through, stop, and climb up and down the shelves of, a library to get a cool refreshing shower in while exploring its aisles. (More aisle-exploring and other great stuff to come.)

Do you want to kiss a whale?

Maxine Adams

The Sea of Cortez is one of the most exciting, unspoiled, and relatively untraveled parts of our world. One of the best ways to experience it is via a small-ship cruise. Ours began with an air journey from Phoenix to La Paz, Mexico, where we boarded our nautically-mobile home-for-a-week.

On our first morning, the Captain awakened us to a call on deck. There in the waters were dolphins as far as the eye could see...in the distance, a blue whale (the largest animal in the world)...and swimming alongside the ship, a huge manta ray. It was a great beginning to our adventure.

Throughout the week we enjoyed leisurely afternoons for swimming and snorkeling and long walks on the beautiful Isla Espíritu Santo in the company of several naturalists. One afternoon after our day of playing ashore, we returned to the ship only to find that the chef's crew had abandoned ship...and set up the barbecues on the beach, where they were preparing steaks, ribs, corn-on-the-cob, and salads. We were ferried in in Zodiacs (small but very seaworthy inflatable boats), and enjoyed the evening with a big bonfire under the stars, serenaded the while by a young troubador with song and guitar.

Every evening we gathered on deck at sundown to see who could spot the elusive (in temperate latitudes, at least) *green flash* as the last trace of the sun disappeared below the horizon. Each day, those who wished to snorkel with the sea lions were provided with wet suits, flippers, and facemasks, while the less energetic investigated the local seas in Zodiacs. One day included a cruise past the spectacular Friar's Rocks at Land's End and into Cabo San Lucas, where we were able to explore the town.

The biggest thrill was our last day, in Bahia Magdalena, on the Pacific Ocean side of the peninsula, to view the breeding and calving area of the California grey whale. A 60-foot mother with her 20-foot two-week-old baby swam under our Zodiac, gently pushing us

along while the baby practically jumped into the boat. He allowed us to pet and kiss him for about 45 minutes before mother and child swam away. It was a moment I will never forget. I hope they are well and will return next year. Gentle giants.

One of our most severe trials was limiting ourselves to a sensible amount of food: There was a pre-breakfast for the early risers, a regular full breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and the occasional snack or cookie. A nice closing to each day was when we gathered in the bar and the staff showed videos of the day's adventures.

Brief impressions of the Galapagos and the Sacred Valley of the Incas

Dave Stevens

The following thoughts originated in a 19-day visit to two other-worldly locations that have had an influence on contemporary life and thought far beyond what one would expect from the unprepossessing appearance of the one (Galapagos) and the brief flourishing of the other (the Incan empire).

The Galapagos are true desert islands, small, nearly barren, nearly devoid of fresh water, isolated from the mainland and from each other, visited by recurrent ecological catastrophe (vulcanism, deluge, drought) even before man and his companions began their predations. The consequences of this crisis-laden isolation spawned a profound revolution in scientific thought, a revolution that is still being fought on religious grounds. There is a sense of Eden there, in the indifference with which many of the native species view man. There is also a sense there that life is a struggle against overwhelming odds. One understands why a sea turtle lays so many eggs when one sees the gauntlet the hatchlings must run: There are frigate birds waiting to gobble them up as they emerge from the egg, and should they make it to the sea (none got more than a few inches from the egg while we were watching), there are sharks and golden rays waiting at the surfline to snap them up.

One island has been nearly denuded of vegetation by feral goats, descendants of herds left there by whalers and pirates as a renewable food supply; many of its land species have become extinct through loss of habitat. One island has no hawks, so the owls hunt by day. There are lizards that swim and feed underwater (on algae). (This so surprised Darwin that he tossed one back into the ocean three times and watched it swim back to him before he was convinced it was truly swimming.) There are birds that would so prefer to swim that they have lost the ability to fly: penguins north of the equator and cormorants whose wings have atrophied to the point of absurdity. There are birds with brilliant blue feet, and others with brilliant blue bills and red, prehensile webbed feet. Here, perhaps more than anywhere else in the world, we can see how creatures have grown in many odd ways to meet the challenges of an unforgiving environment.

The Galapagos provide a sea-level view of some of the strangeness of life. From the Galapagos we went to the Sacred Valley of the Incas, where we received a higher-level view of the world: The Sacred Valley ranges between about 5,000 feet and 13,000 feet above sea-level. Much of the Inca colonization was carried out above the tree line; they had no wood, so they became the

greatest stone masons the world has known. Without a written language (although they had a code (using knotted string) for accounting purposes), without the wheel (although they may have had ball bearings (!)), and with only rudimentary technical metallurgy (they had bronze but no iron; their goldwork was probably superb, but little of it survived the Spanish amalgamation process) they conquered and governed an empire that was longer than the full extent of the Roman empire. The Spanish destroyed much of their ceremonial architecture, but they left their terraced hillsides, which still support productive crops and resist erosion. The Incas were the culmination of a series of civilizations about which we know relatively little, and they lasted only 400 years until they were obliterated by smallpox, civil war, and the Spanish. And yet they were not obliterated, because the Spanish were unable to move much of the stonework (they buried at least one temple because they couldn't destroy it), and they never found what today is the Inca's most revered achievement.

The Spanish should have known about Machu Picchu because their contemporary native Incas did, but they never found it, perhaps because it had been abandoned before they came. It is not the largest Inca ruin (the citadel at Pisac is much larger), nor the most important religious site (Saqsayhuaman and the temples of Cuzco were the religious center), nor even the most important archaeological site (Ollantaytambo has provided more insight into Incan construction methods), but it has the most magical, mystical, and majestic surroundings: on a narrow saddle between two smallish conical peaks, 2000 sheer feet above the Urubamba River, a sweeping curve of which nearly surrounds its base. Its purpose is still not known. Harem, nunnery, pilgrimage site, agricultural research station, summer home have all been suggested. Indications are that it was carefully abandoned (i.e., not in panic), perhaps even before it was finished. The few archaeological remains have failed to elucidate either its purpose or the reason it was abandoned. Whether or not it was the object of spiritual pilgrimage when it was a living city, it has become a modern pilgrimage site for those seeking a oneness with the universe, especially at dawn.

An Eastern Spring
Don & Yvonne Blackman

This April was a very special time for us: Our daughter was getting married in New Hampshire (where she lives). We seized the opportunity not only to visit New England for the wedding festivities but also to visit a cousin and family in Pensacola, FL, that Yvonne had not seen since she was 13 years old.

We flew into Bradley Airport, Hartford, CT, where we rented a car and arranged to turn it in when we reached New Orleans. Our first stop was Claremont, NH, where we visited with all the family, because, of course, the whole gang gathered for the big event. It was a truly beautiful ceremony held in a very small and very old New England church. For the reception, a bed, and breakfast, the tennis club on Lake Sunapee was the perfect finish to a wonderful celebration.

Then the newlyweds went off to Quebec for their honeymoon and Don and Yvonne said good-bye to all the family and headed south. The journey took us through 17(!) states. The April

weather was warm enough for light sweaters and shorts most of the time. The highways were perfectly manicured, and the dogwoods, with their lacy flowers bursting out between the large and stately evergreens, were out of this world.

We had a marvelous time at Yvonne's cousins'. Don and cousin Bob spent a day at the Flight Museum while the girls went shopping. We had two days there, being served all those wonderful southern meals...what a treat!

Then we had to say "Good-bye", but promised not to wait another 50 years to visit again. On to New Orleans and the jazz festival and the French Quarter. No visit to N'Orleans is complete without going to the Café du Monde for their chicory coffee and those incredible beignets, served as only this famous place serves them.

After another two days, we dropped off our rented SUV and boarded the plane for our return to the real world.

We plan to do this again, going more along the Atlantic coast, through the Carolinas and Georgia. We've been told Savannah is just fabulous and a "must see". There is so much beauty in this wonderful country of ours, so much to see and be proud of here in America, and we all know how privileged we are. GOD BLESS AMERICA!!

The Great Wall

Shirley Ashley

When I read in my newspaper the other day that the Great Wall is crumbling and that access to it may become limited or even forbidden, I relived the feelings of great joy and excitement I felt when I stood on that marvelous creation of stone three years ago. The very fact that I, at my age, could stride up the steps to the second platform seemed a miracle. My son sprinted on to the top leaving me on the small way station tucked onto the side of the mountain - a place where you could relieve yourself squatting over a sheltered hole, buy bottled water, and look through a very limited selection of T-shirts.

The best part of that way station was that there were three young Chinese students manning it - two boys and a girl - with study books spread before them. Of course they spoke no English. Luckily, however, before leaving home I had conned my Chinese professor into preparing cards for me which had my questions in English on one side and his Chinese corresponding symbols written on the other. So while the young people smiled at me and giggled we "chatted" by using the cards. Apparently, I had piqued their curiosity when I first walked out onto the platform. As I looked out over the valley I had been so overcome with the beauty of the scene that I flung my arms toward the sky and exclaimed "Thank you God".

A small stone building was perched on one side of the rim, obviously a religious shrine placed where it would be visible from all directions, and as I watched, a train chugged its way slowly up the side of the mountain, on its way, I was told, to Russia.

I couldn't resist the temptation to do a little Tai Chi in that setting and to my utter surprise and delight one of the young men joined me - bowing first to ask permission - so together we completed the form I had started. The other young students clapped their hands and smiled and laughed. As I started to return to the stairs to descend, the young girl clasped my hands. They all waved good-bye.

Back on the wall I sat on the wide stone steps to rest before starting down. As I was looking out toward the beginning of the wall I was approached by a young Chinese officer in uniform (red rimmed cap, tailored uniform with a few medals on his jacket, shiny black boots) and two of his soldiers. They smiled, shyly looked at me then at their cameras. They wanted to have a picture taken with me. Of course I agreed. Unfortunately I had let my son take my camera so I couldn't get a picture of them, but when I saw the pictures my son had taken from the top of the Wall I had no regret. They were marvelous to behold. The officer then sat next to me and with the help of hand gestures and my cards we conversed. He said a word which I knew meant Grandma and I nodded my head. Then I pointed up the stairs and said the word for son (which I don't remember now).

As the time got short I knew I should start down the stairs and return to the bus. I also knew my son would sprint down from the top and meet me at the bottom so I got up and started my way slowly - taking care not to fall. The stone steps are uneven - some are high while the next one may be very small so you need to be careful - I found that going down took more concentration than traveling up. Suddenly I felt a strong hand on my arm and when I looked up I saw the officer smiling down at me. He then escorted me down while his two companions, one in front and one in back, joined us. When our little procession reached the bottom we were met by a cheerful Chinese girl who rushed toward the officer who gathered her in his arms then took her hand and nodded toward me - he tried in very poor English to say "Thank you American Grandma." I left then as they waved good-bye to me smiling and nodding. When I reached the nearly filled bus the guide and passengers who had been watching our exchange, clapped and called out "Way to go Shirley." It was a special adventure - a day to remember with a smile.

Luncheon questionnaire

In its never-ending quest to please the membership, the Board is investigating the possibility of employing venues other than Spenger's for the quarterly luncheons. To this end we have included a few questions along with the luncheon reservation form on page 17. We would appreciate your input on these important questions. Suggested restaurants need not be limited to Berkeley, but the Board is unlikely to consider sites outside the greater Bay Area.

Introducing the EX-Ls to potential members

Page 15 consists of a new brief fact sheet, invitation to potential new members, and application form. It is the intent of the Board to have a copy of this sheet placed in the exit package received by retiring LBNL employees. In the meantime, if you know of any

former employees who are not yet members of the EX-Ls, please tear out the sheet and hand it to them. Additional copies may be obtained from Bud Larsh or the editor.

EX-Ls charitable contributions for 2002

Every year since 1984 (with the exception of 1985), the EX-Ls, through the Board of Directors, have made occasional charitable contributions to local organizations. In recent years our contributions have been primarily to organizations providing support and assistance to the elderly. This year's recipients were the Bay Area Chapter of the American Red Cross and Meals on Wheels. (A full list of all past beneficiaries of this program will be published in January.) Suggestions for future contributions will be accepted by any Board member.

From the lighter side of the internet

The famous Olympic skier Picabo (pronounced Peek-a-boo) Street is not just an athlete, she is a nurse. She currently works at the Intensive Care Unit of a large metropolitan hospital. She used to answer the phone as part of her duties, but is no longer permitted to do so. It caused simply too much confusion when she would answer the phone saying, "Picabo, I. C. U."

A bicycle can't stand alone because it is two-tired.

My sister had a boyfriend with a wooden leg, but she broke it off.

A chicken crossing the road is poultry in motion.

When a clock is hungry it goes back four seconds.

The man who fell into an upholstery machine is fully recovered.

The short fortune-teller who escaped from prison was a small medium at large.

When you've seen one shopping center you've seen a mall. (Alternatively, when you've seen one American Christmas opera you've seen "Amahl".)

Bakers trade bread recipes on a knead to know basis.

Santa's helpers are subordinate clauses.

Marathon runners with bad footwear suffer the agony of defeat.

Happy Holidays



W E L C O M E T O T H E E X - L s !

The EX-Ls is a group, founded in 1982, which is made up of retired and other former employees of LBL/LBNL. We have luncheon meetings four times a year, mostly at Spenger's in Berkeley, featuring speakers who give us an update on research at the Lab, or discuss topics of general interest from outside the Lab. Speakers have talked to us about Elderhostel, research on aging, the design and construction of the new Oakland/San Francisco Bay Bridge span, cholesterol problems, energy efficient buildings and appliances, and more.

The EX-Ls are part of the Lab's Employees Activities Association, which gives members access to the activities of that Association. As an example, the Employees Arts Council sponsors trips to local arts and cultural events such as major shows at the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco and the Nutcracker ballet at Christmas time. Members of the EX-Ls are invited to join current employees in taking part in these events. The EX-Ls have also recently become participants in the UC Berkeley Retirement Center, on a trial basis.

The quarterly EX-Ls luncheon is announced in our newsletter, the EX-Ls EX-PRESS, which comes out two to three weeks before the luncheon. The newsletter contains information about the luncheon, including a sign-up form, as well as news of members' activities.

Our annual dues are \$12.00, due in January, and prorated for new members who join during the year. The membership includes the spouse of the ex-employee. In addition to your name and address, we would like to have your phone number, and the name of your spouse, if you would like to have that included in our annual membership directory. To join, please complete the application below and return it with your check for \$12.00 made payable to EX-Ls and addressed to:

Bud Larsh, Treasurer
610 Devonwood
Hercules, CA 94547

If you have any questions, please call Bud Larsh , at 510-724-1202, or e-mail to AlmonLarsh2@juno.com



Name: _____ Date: _____

Spouse: _____ Year Retired: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____ E-mail: _____

An early holiday diversion

Yes, I know it's a long way from Christmas, but this is the last newsletter of the year. Listed below are the titles of several familiar holiday songs as they might have been written by a pedantic academic.

Saint Nicholas has included this municipality in his itinerary

Cherubim and seraphim whose aural manifestations have impinged upon us from the stratosphere

The original Coward

Tintinnabula, the excessive use of which might cause argyria

Do venture into propinquity, every staunch and steadfast person

Merriment and good cheer in the direction of the terrestrial sphere

Listen! The proclamatory messengers produce artful and pleasant vocal sounds

Thou whistle stop suburb of Jerusalem

Jehovah grant you rollicking repose, adult males of politesse

Which pre-adolescent descendant obtrudes upon our consciousness

Nocturnal period devoid of acoustic phenomena

The thing manifested itself at the instant a night with no visual impairment was superseded by morning.

Spifflicate the corridors

The diminutive masculine percussionist

During the time that protectors of ovine groups surveilled their congregations in the dark

Thou sanctified interval between post-meridian crepuscule and the appearance of aurora

At some distance in a food trough for domestic animals

This triumvirate began its peregrinations in the house of Eurus

While you are at it, you might want to try your hand at showing why, to the computer generation, Christmas is actually Halloween! (If there is sufficient demand, solutions will be published in our next issue. Those unable or unwilling to wait until then may contact the editor directly (e-mail preferred.))

IN MEMORIAM

None reported this quarter

**WELCOME
NEW MEMBERS**

Henry Brendel
Larry Custus
Janis Dairiki
Robert Gisser
George Huggard
Sandra Kronquist
Joanne Levering
Jorge Llacer
Doug Macdonald
Patti Powers-Risius
Stephanie Roth
Leo (Babe) Skvarla
Gordon Wozniak

SEE YOU AT THE NOVEMBER 21 LUNCHEON

To: Inge Henle
820 Villa Lane #3
Moraga, CA 94556
Be sure to make reservations by November 15

From: _____

I plan to attend the EX-Ls luncheon \$18 per person PREPAID

I will bring ____ guest(s). Name(s) of guest(s): _____

Menu Choice(s): Beef Fish Salad

Please make check payable to EX-Ls Total Enclosed: _____

I think we should always have lunch at Spenger's Go somewhere else occasionally

Suggestions for other restaurants: _____

I would be willing to pay \$2 more somewhere else \$5 more The same as now

EX-Ls EXPRESS – Fall 2002

Editor: Dave Stevens

Published Quarterly in January, April, July, and October

EX-Ls BOARD OF DIRECTORS**Officers**

President: Bob Birge
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Tom Beales Paul Hernandez
Bill Bigelow Ken Lou
Igor Blake Ken Mirk
Howard Browne Conway Peterson
Virginia Cherniak Clay Sealy

Board Meetings

LBNL Cafeteria, 3:45 PM

January 16, 2003

April 17, 2003

July 17, 2003

October 16, 2003

We welcome attendance at our board meetings; we're always ready for new input.

Luncheons

November 21, 2002

February 20, 2003

May 15, 2003

August 21, 2003

Official Address

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