

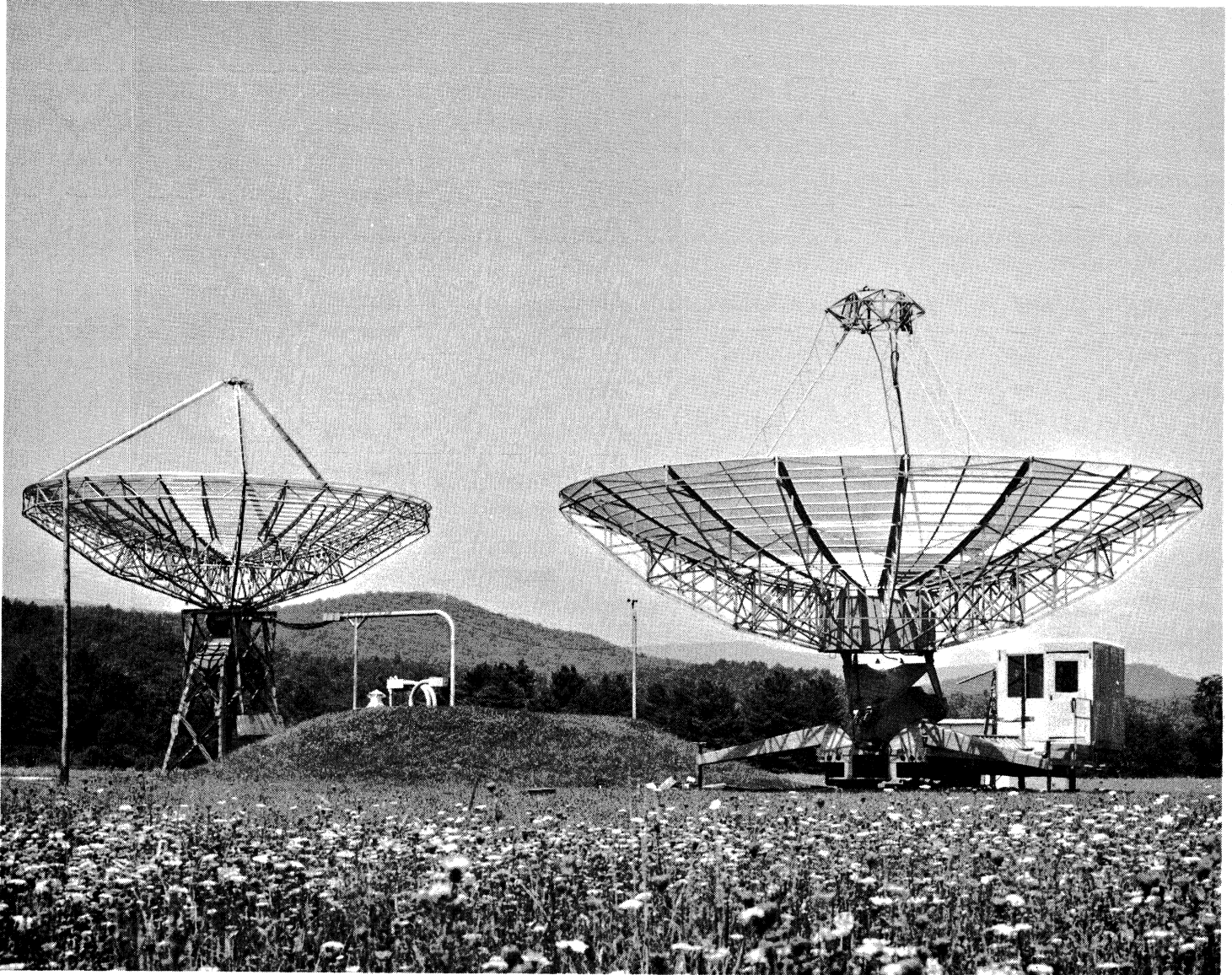
The OBSERVER

Vol. 6, No. 2

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October 11, 1966

Is This The World's Smallest Interferometer?



STORY ON PAGE 4

October 7, 1966

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Editorial Comments

The response to our August "Observer" was most gratifying, so we decided to try again. I think that it might be useful to point out the policy of the paper as we see it, now that a rebirth of interest has occurred.

The basic rule that governs material to be used is simply the rule of good taste. This includes the moral responsibility of journalistic endeavor, as well as the restriction of remaining within the boundaries of majority interest. I personally encourage humor, but never at someone's expense. We wish to have each Observatory group represented in each edition but this is entirely dependent upon contributions of material received - we can't print what we don't know!

With these few simple thoughts in mind, let's keep our "Observer" alive with all the news that's "print to fit."

This next feature hadn't been planned but we did receive two "Letters to the Editor" so here they are:

The first letter came to me via the shuttle, and was written on perfumed paper, with a hand drawn flower:

"Dear Lover Boy, you don't know me, but I got your name from the Lonely Hearts Club. I am 5 feet, 2 inches tall. I have soft curly blond hair (natural too), and big baby blue eyes.

My hobbies are toe dancing, enameling, embroidering, basket weaving and baking cream puffs.

I would surely like to meet a nice young man like you. Please let me know when we can get together. Affectionately yours,

ARNOLD"

All I can say is - you should stub your big toe on an enameled basket full of cream puffs - Roy. HDL

The second letter came from 4 girls (for sure) who participated in the NRAO summer student program.

"Dear Don, here are a few "folk songs" for the next issue of the "Observer." As potential contributors we expect copies of the magazine."

Judy, Gail, Peggy, Shirley 00-30-36

(Observers code I guess - certainly not measurements DL)

Sung to "Get Me To The Church On Time"

"I am observing in the morning,
Bong-Bong the telescopes' gonna turn
turn right ascension
fix declination
but get me to the scope on time."

Sung to "It Was Fascination..."

"It was occultation I know
Seeing you there with the moon's limb before you
Just a passing glance
Just the greatest chance
to know all about you."

Dedicated to Dr. Westerhout and sung to "Sugar In The Morning"

"Observing in the morning
observing in the evening
observing at supertime
He is always observing that 21 cm. line

Mapping in the morning
mapping in the evening
mapping at supertime
We are always mapping those darned old contour lines."

Thanks girls, 73's & 88's (Ham Radio talk - not my measurements -
not yet anyway)

HDL

Front Cover Story

"Is This The World's Smallest Interferometer?"

Frankly - No.

But the instrument on the right is NRAO's new fully portable 42' telescope to be used in conjunction with the interferometer. It was built by Peninsula Steel Company of California, specifically for the Observatory. It is a completely self contained radio telescope, trailer mounted, for placement and operation at remote, off-site locations. This allows greater flexibility in interferometer techniques.

Anyone wishing to work on this mobile rig must have a desire to travel, immunity to claustrophobia, hermit tendencies, and a deer rifle.

The telescope on the left is, of course, the 40' dish built by NRAO, for use as an automatic scope for doing long term studies of flux density variations on a few of the greater radio sources like Cassiopea A. It is also the here-to-fore unannounced, official underground laboratory of the Observatory's own George Grove.

Lab Gab

by Larry Bowles

Receiver Lab - Skip (The Beard) Thacker has departed for the University of Cincinnati after completion of his last quarter as a co-op student with our organization. Skip has been working on the new Standard (prototype) receiver during his stay with us. Our congratulations for a job well done throughout his co-op program with us.

Steve Mayor and Turkey Oliver are now competing for Skip's position as The Beard.

Turkey Oliver is now known as "Chief" Oliver due to his long employment in the receiver lab.

Jerry Turner has enrolled in Penn Technical Institute. It is a technical electronics school located at Pittsburgh. After a summer employment he departed for school on Sept. 24.

Bill Kuhlken has been seen driving a Black Mariah. It is rumored he is going into the undertaking business and is looking for customers. He must be doing alright for it has been noticed that he spends a lot of his time along the trenches on the interferometer base line.

Low Noise Lab - Upon the departure of Dewey Ross, Bernie (foreman) Pasternak has taken over Dewey's position of holding his desk down. From the looks of it, Bernie has taken the lead.

It is rumored that Mike Balister is trying to organize a roof-top party atop the 300 foot's new focal point. Bring your own bottle and safety belt.

It has been discovered that the band saw in the machine shop is not partial to wood and metals - it also does a quick and efficient job on the flesh.

The usual arguments of politics, sheep, and stock markets that dominate the machine shop have given way to hunting season. The last argument started by one of our esteemed engineers is pro's and con's of bow hunting versus rifles on wounding game and leaving it to the wolves. The final decision has not been reached as yet.

Carl Davis is the undefeated champ on the handball court. The reasons for losing the crown are debatable - is it a better man or old age?

If anyone has connections on import of good old German beer that doesn't undergo the weakening down of Custom's laws, contact Herman Von Hoerner - this 3.2 is killing him.

Noticed - the secretaries riding to and from coffee breaks and lunch. The walk must be too strenuous.

News From Under The Skylight

The Virginia chapter of Special Libraries Association has asked May Bates to prepare an article describing the NRAO library to be featured in the December issue of the Chapter's bulletin.

This publication probably has a circulation of less than one hundred copies, so the library is not about to become famous, but it's a step in the right direction.

140' Telescope

by Tom Hawkins

During the summer months the 140' has observed at a variety of frequencies including 1.9, 1.5, 6, 10, 11, 18 and 21 cms, and the occultation 234, 256 and 405 MHz. Most of these feeds have been on the telescope more than once and for periods of time ranging from a few weeks to a few hours. Discounting the faction that thinks we are just wearing out the service elevator and sterling mount, we have become the most proficient front end installers in these here parts. The variety, and quality, of the resulting astronomies is best expressed by one of Gart Westerhout's famous cliches, "medium wonderful".

Summer is practically over and we 140' operators survived our vacations with the able assistance of Mr. Harold Crist. Mr. Crist is now back in the class room fertilizing the virgin minds of our children. If your little John, or Jane, gets a low mark in school, it may be an indirect result of Mr. Crist's 1966 summer at the 140'. Perhaps we may have to change our names, move away, or in some other way disassociate ourselves with the Observatory. Anything for a passing grade.

The general consensus of opinion among NRAO's whip cracking astronomers is that the 140' has this, and a little of that, wrong with it. Yet, I overheard a first person story that one of our complainers almost fell out behind the barn with a visiting astronomer who berated the 140'. Seems it suddenly became the finest instrument in the world.

In any case, the 140' operators haven't realized even a five minute coffee break because of a lack of program. In all seriousness, everyone involved with the 140' looks upon it with a great deal of pride.

My five year old stopped me cold the other day with a real question. "Dad, how can you tell if it's a boy or girl telescope?" Like any good astronomy parent, I referred him to the Engineering section. Perhaps some enterprising student could work up a thesis on the question. Should be an interesting paper.

Computer Division

by Paul Hitch

For those of you who have stuck your head into the computer room lately and noticed an aggregate of new red cluges, they are not red, they are coral (IBM type). For those of you who have not seen this classic combination of red, blue, and yellow, don't get excited. It will be around for awhile.

The blue equipment crammed to one side of the computer room is our old IBM 7040 which survived the move from Green Bank. It still generates a pretty good star for those who can't find them elsewhere. But, we've been told there are better generators on the market now, so we are replacing our IBM 7040 with a new IBM 360, Model 50 computer.

Those red clues referred to earlier are components for our new computer. They are not all here yet, but again we've been told they will be arriving shortly. Actually, we are all quite proud of our new computer. It has increased speed, capacity, and capability over our old 7040. It represents the latest technological advancements in computer science marketed to date. In fact, it is so sophisticated we are not quite sure how to make it work.

The Model 50 is scheduled to be in operation on or about October 15. This is a tentative date though and could slip some. Our old standby (7040) will be around for about 4 months after the Model 50 goes into operation to help us out in the clinches. So, if you would like to take a peek at one of the most up-to-date computer centers around, come on in.

Computer Operators

by Sandy Braun

The computer group announces the addition of two new computer operators:

Elsie Moore
Susan Atkinson

Elsie will be working the evening shift (4 'til 12) and Susan will be working the mid-night shift (12 'til 8).

Welcome to NRAO girls!

Collins Beagle has left us to further his education and Nancy Carter will assume the responsibility of operating the computer on weekends.

Ramblings

by Howard Lambert

That recently advertised GTO belonging to Peggy Weems is no longer for sale - not by her at least. She is now piloting a 1966 New Yorker (Chrysler that is - not a person born in New York in 1966). Peggy's GTO was completely broken in while she was on vacation. Some nice gentleman ran into the rear of it, nice of him, wasn't it? Anyhow, you know how it is after a car's been wrecked. All sorts of imagined rattles and noises suddenly appear - and the car is never like it was when new. So, Peggy just had to let it go.

Joe Greenhalgh of our Computer Group has also had auto problems. Some kind person (unknown, unidentified, unheard, unseen & a few other choice words which won't hold still for print) hit his new Porsche while it was on a certain parking lot. You know the usual story - the attendant didn't see or hear a thing. How nice. Ask Joe about the live afterburner that he lately found on his Porsche. I can't say any more. Joe threatened to sue me.

And next, my landlady was nice enough to keep me in the select company of dented fenders. On Labor Day weekend, while I was out of town, she let her car get out of hand. She said she didn't even see that little VW. The end result was a caved in rear fender which cost her insurance company a few five spots. It's so nice to have a landlady who knows how to charge rent and keep your car banged up as an added dividend.

Interference From The In Group -
Interferometer Group, That Is

Interferometer - '66

You'd be surprised at what is going on behind the plastic curtain, over at the local warehouse.

All sorts of amazing inventions in dynamic and 'op art' balance are being produced. C.C. is going to patent them. We also have a Mobile 'art', a creation of one of our distinguished technical wizards.

As if that isn't enough, we've got a computer here that will do an amazing assortment of optimum functions, among which are the replacement of operators, technicians, coffee pots and bookie joints.

Oh yes, there seems to be a few choice and snide remarks being passed around about our so called 'base line hearse'. Well, we will have you know that our "Black Tornado" is a very versatile vehicle. It carries lots of things, and stuff, and other objects. Our vehicle is so exclusive that we only let Clarence Sheets work on it.

Oh yes, our old commuter, Bill O., won himself a Honda 90. He was going to ride it back and forth from home, but his wife and the State Police objected. He said "he" had decided to sell it, after his family told him to.

Don Logan is taking orders lately for Bagles. He's going into the business. You know what a Bagle is - it's a doughnut with rigor-mortis set in.

After all the rain we've had lately, Bill K. says he needs help on the base line cabling. You will, however, have to bring your own wet suits and scuba gear.

All of the operators at the 85' want to thank Fred Crews for the banquet that he gave to the telescope operators and mechanics. The food and drink(s) were very good, and all had a good time.

We have had two men resign and two others were transferred to the 300' telescope. Arden Sims went to W.Va. Tech to study for a career in Electrical Engineering. Walt Sawyer took a job with the Department of Mines at WVU. Ralph Graham and Roy Paitsel were transferred to the 300' telescope around the first of September.

Roy Paitsel won the Deer Creek Archery Club bow what was run off on September 2nd. The excess money went to the club for targets and supplies.

Now there was this thing about a blue lug. It seems S.E. checked one to see if two wires would fit, thus cutting out one-half of the lugs to be used. S.E. boldly said "No", but after a few hundred were used, it was found that he was wrong. So, its back to the blue lugs and down with the red lugs, and maybe down with S.E.

L.W. has been asked to be a pool instructor. Is this for everyone and is an appointment necessary? Dr. Stan Zisk left us with a tall and outstanding image, but what is this smaller bearded image that keeps popping up here and there? Is it a good or bad omen? Could be that its Art Robichaud. Has anyone H₂O for sale? L.H. is interested in purchasing some as his well is almost dry.

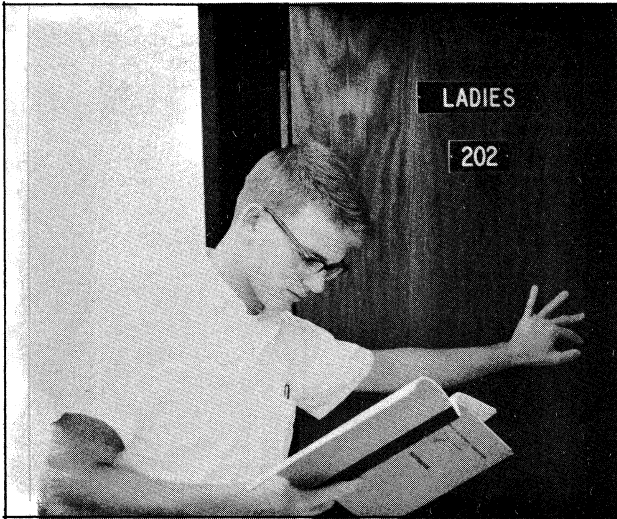
There are a lot of guys interested in deer (dear) hunting this year. With all the bachelors in the Green Bank area, are the odds really good enough to play cupid?

As the interferometer completion date draws nearer, none of the 85' operators will be caught with "cold feet", they will all be equipped with electric socks.

by D.S.



Millimeter Lab Tests The 1967 2 Centimeter TRF



Bob Swenson (Student, of course) Tests The 1967 Shooting Starr, 22

Certainly most all of us remember the somewhat less than sturdy, wooden mock-up of the older 300' focal point (now conspicuous by its absence) that used to take up space behind the G.B. lab. Well, it was laboriously moved to a new location by the summer college crew. The project leaders of this group were Mike Byorick and Gary Bream (co-ops at that). The new location may be seen in the photograph on the accompanying page, and its whereabouts discovered from the reprinted memo, actually sent to interested parties.

"National Radio Astronomy Observatory
Green Bank, West Virginia

August 23, 1966

To: D.S. Heeschen
From: J.W.M. Baars

Subject: Low Frequency Interferometer with Jansky Antenna and Wooden 300-foot Apex Model

Finally I have achieved a satisfactory calculation of the directional properties of the model of the old 300-foot apex arrangement, as it is erected behind the laboratory.

My calculations assure me that a significant signal to noise ratio could be achieved in using this model together with the Jansky antenna as a variable baseline interferometer.

I suggest as a first location of the apex model, the Veranda (front porch) of the Hannah House.

Unfortunately, the model has disappeared from its normal position during the past night. I trust that you will give me some assistance of summer students (considering the limited amount of time left for me to do the experiment).

I am convinced that the following combination of students will be able to recover the antenna, transport it to the desired location and erect it: Lites, Shuman and Byorick.

During the observation I believe that the following assignments should work very well:

Lites for the conceptional care of the work;

Shuman and Byorick for added background noise
(acoustical, if necessary);

Additional power can possibly be provided by the guard on midnight shift.

The experiment should be rewarding.

cc: B. Lites, J. Shuman, M. Byorick, C. Cassell (Guardhouse)"



New Location of 300-Foot Apex Model

Does J. W. M. Baars like to bring his work home with him? Apparently someone feels he should!

The apex model finally was used in a matter-to-energy conversion — for the purpose of the student cook-out. As far as we know, the house still remains. Better make sure Wally!

Remembering

The season of 1966 winds up the high school football career for the Jamie Sheets'. Jamie was a star halfback for the Golden Eagles from 1937 through 1940, and from all reports, he served his team well. This year their son, Bob, is finishing his career on the Golden Eagle gridiron. Bob has proved to be an outstanding quarterback and we look forward to his "hot shots" on the basketball court. He has yet to select the college of his choice, but wherever he goes, we wish him the best.

We certainly do not want to slight Beaty. She has supported her "guys" from the sidelines as cheerleader for four years (only an emergency keeps her away from a game). Then there is daughter, Becky, a senior at West Virginia University, who was also a Green Bank cheerleader for four years. The saying that "the team that plays together, stays together" certainly fits the Jamie Sheets family.

Business

Strange things are happening at Betty's Beauty Shop (Matheny). Husband, John, discovered hair taking root on the bottom of his foot. Could they be working on a hair transplant experiment? You bald-headed men, it might be worth investigating.

Want Ads

Wanted: Compact car, good condition, for economical commuting.

G.W. Swenson
Charlottesville

Colt New Service Revolver, Model
1917, .45 calibre.

Don Logan
Charlottesville

The Country Life

It is said that Jack Daniels spends so much time at the stock yards that when wife, Naomi, meets him at the door, it is with a moo - - - - -.

Social Events

In spite of the rain, the NRAORA picnic was a huge success. The report goes that approximately 413 adults and children attended the gala event. It did the Green Bankers good to see so many of the NRAORA members from Charlottesville. After all, we are one big family.

A Halloween dance is being planned at the Observatory the night of October 29th. It is hoped that many will attend in their ghostly costumes. Connie Phillips and Janet Giordano are going all out in hopes of making this an outstanding event, so come on out and have lots of fun. By the way, Art Robichaud is furnishing the music????

Wedding bells rang out for Snookie Rider when she became the bride of Eugene Hamrick, of Huntington, West Virginia, formerly of Marlinton. The happy event took place at 1:30 p.m., Saturday, September 3, 1966, at the Minnehaha Springs Methodist Church. Snookie and Gene honeymooned down through Virginia. Lots of happiness to you, Snookie.

On Friday night, September 23, Snookie's many friends honored her with a miscellaneous shower at the American Legion Hall, in Marlinton. She received many nice gifts, such as towels, sheets & pillow cases, electric coffee pot, electric hand mixer, electric can opener, several pieces of Corning Ware, etc.

"Speelunkin"

by Howard Lambert

Hold it - just a darned minute. I'm no Speelunker. I'm just talking about what I saw on Labor Day weekend and read in the local paper.

Neil Albaugh and his horns, Mike Byorick, and Gary Bream spent the Labor Day weekend in Franklin, W.Va. The occasion for their jaunt was the annual "old timers" reunion of Speelunkers which is held in Franklin. I saw that mob. Neil, Mike and Gary are neat good looking men when you compare them with some of that group. Neil especially stands out, like a big black GTO with horns 12 feet long and a blast that can be heard for 25 or 40 miles on a quiet day. These boys were among the few clean shaven ones there. There were several varieties of beards, mustaches and hair styles. You can't really knock these people who would prefer to spend a lot of time underground. It's one of the few remaining places they can go to get away from this rat race that some try to pass off as civilization.

An estimated 350 people attended the blast. Most camped out near the old McCoy mill at Franklin. You never saw such a mess of tents, kids, cars, sleeping bags, and, well, there's more.

In contests, Mike and Gary won first and second prize in the cable ladder climb. All of NRAO people aren't out of shape. I asked Neil where he was in the climb and he said "blah". Mike won a hard hat and Gary won a large batch of carbide.

Congratulations?

Two meals were served to the group by the Franklin American Legion Auxiliary. On Saturday evening a meal was served at the old mill building. On Sunday evening a chicken barbecue was served at the Thorn Spring Park pavilion. I think it can be safely said that the group had a jolly, totally undry, weekend.

"Fiction"

by Howard Lambert

Actually, the names herein are not fictional. They do now, or will later exist.

I went for a drive the other day, in my Beetle. I saw a collision which resulted in a chain reaction accident. First, there was a Mustang, hit by a Thunderbird, which was hit by a Comet, which was hit by a Falcon, which was hit by a Marlin, which was hit by a Barricuda, which was hit by a Satellite, which was hit by a Rocket 88, which was hit by an Impala, which was hit by a Galaxie, which was hit by a Tempest, and then, to further confound this mess, along came two new ones called the Cougar and the Camaro. Now if you think the last one is out of place because it doesn't have an animal name, bird name, etc., you should investigate a little further. This one has an interpretation in another language (so it's competitors say) which means "loose bowels". Do you get the picture.

What ever happened to plain and simple cars like Ford, Chevrolet and Plymouth. Do we need all these confounded names attached to our machines?

Just imagine -

If a man says he drove a Mustang, you think he herds wild horses. If he says he saw a Comet or a Galaxie, you think he's an astronomer. If he talks about a Thunderbird, you think he heard a grouse drumming. If he talks about Marlins and Barricudas, you know he's a deep sea fisherman. If he talks about a Tempest, you know he sailed in bad weather. If he talks of Rocket 88's and Satellites, you know he's an astronaut. If he talks of Impalas, you know he just returned from a safari. If he talks about Cougars, you know he hunts mountain lions. If he talks about Falcons, you know he's a bird handler. And, last but not least, if he talks about a Camaro and you know the one interpretation of the word, then what do you think?

We feel that the following story, which is reprinted from the BNL paper "The Bulletin Board", dated July 28, 1966, will be of interest to NRAO people, particularly since one of the people in this story is Max Small, former Project Manager of the 140' telescope project.

'Once is Enough' Say Raseman, Small
Commenting on North Atlantic Sail

An old Japanese saying when freely translated into the American vernacular advises "Everyone should climb Mt. Fuji once in his lifetime; but he who does it twice should have his head examined."

Chad Raseman, Nuclear Engineering, and Max Small, Architectural Planning, who recently completed a 30-day jaunt across the North Atlantic to Scotland in a 34-foot cutter agree that the aforementioned proverb "is germane to the situation."

Small, Raseman, and fellow voyager Dr. Walter Eichacker, a Setauket physician, described their "vacation" to a group in the Lecture Hall last Tuesday. The skipper, owner, and sponsor, Henry Bonner, an investment counselor from Southport, Connecticut - and the boat - are still in Scotland.

The fact that the four, who had never sailed as a group and were only a crew pro tem, survived the crossing in cramped quarters and in miserable weather without an ax murder or at least a minor brannagan is a story unto itself.

More than a few bosom friendships, formed drink-in-hand on the yacht club veranda, or on the 8:02 out of Huntington, have failed the test of togetherness on even a weekend cruise and have ended with the jolly comrades never again speaking to one another.

Another sort of miracle was evidenced when they hit Scotland: the four still had a drop of booze left from the case that started the trip.

Considering the fact that they were out of radio contact for most of the 3000-mile trip, and giving mind to the continuous damp and chill which forced them to wear foul-weather gear the whole time and made navigation a bit more of a gamble than anticipated, the alcoholic consumption can be called spartan abstinence. It is even more wondrous when they tell about riding out a 30-hour gale below decks without a shred of sail on the spars.

The trip started at Huntington on the North Shore. From there the Maude S weighed anchor for Barnstable, Massachusetts, and a final fitting and supplying before the 3000-mile trip from Massachusetts to Tighna-bruiach, Scotland, a small port town about 60 miles north west of Glasgow.

The Maude S left the United States on June 7 after taking on food and water - a load of S.S. Pierce canned goods, including crepes suzette and roast pheasant. Water was stored in 5-gallon jerry cans lashed along the rails.

Not long out it became obvious that the radio was on the fritz and was not going to be much help. It would not send and would only pick up within a 150-mile radius.

The final friendly gesture from this hemisphere came from a Royal Canadian Air Force plane that circled for a time and dropped four apples and a note: "Your Position is 41 44N, 54 58W, Compliments, Crew 3, 404 Squadron, RCAF."

Three weeks and 2,100 miles later, mute because of the malfunctioning radio, the Maude S was able to flag down a German trawler and ask that a message of reassurance be sent back to Long Island. It was.

If sight of human travelers were few and far between, due in part to the British Seamen's Strike, huge schools of porpoises were daily companions. They would swim alongside and under the bow for hours at a time, disappear, and return the next day.

The crew stood four-hour watches during the day and three-hour watches during the nights

which became shorter and shorter as the Maude S moved into more northern latitudes.

Max Small reports that the one thing that impressed him most was the steady, almost constant, southwest wind, which forced the cutter to sail off the wind almost the whole passage - an uncomfortable point of sail for that boat, he said. There was also a constant pitching and rolling, which added to the discomfort.

With the wind so constant and right at their backs, their chief headsail was a Britton Wing - two jibs sewn together luff-to-luff into a kite shape. This sail, set and trimmed like a square sail, was used most of the way over.

Well out into the North Atlantic, a crisis developed - the compass was leaking fluid and the dial no longer floated. Raseman and Small, both inventive scientists, fixed up a kind of cold weld using a pair of pliers and a bottle of nailpolish, left on board by the skipper's wife. Next step - replace the lost fluid.

Raseman and Small surmised that the missing liquid was either alcohol or oil. Which was it? After careful analysis the two decided it was alcohol and into the compass case went some of the martini makings. Oops! Wrong analytic method; should have put in the oil.

The compass dial was imprisoned in an immiscible goo, so opaque that the letters on the dial were hidden. Not for nothing is Raseman in the Nuclear Engineering Department. He took apart the compass, cleaned out the sludge, put the thing back together again, and filled it with stove oil.

The initial failure was especially frustrating, since the compass had to be filled by injecting the fluid into the case with a syringe from Physician Eichacker's medical bag - 2½ painful cc's at a time.

With the trip over, Raseman and Small take a more detached view of things, and the funny and worth-remembering adventures come to the fore and the misery fades into the sub-conscious. Now they can even laugh when they talk about it.

As for the inevitable question, "Would you do it again," Raseman winces visibly and says, "Not the North Atlantic." Small's answer is not only Unprintable; it's inexpressible.

Sick Call

As the Pocahontas Times would put it, the flu bug is hitting strong on the west side of the mountain. Harry Wooddell and Ruth Anne O'Brien couldn't be out-done, so they joined the crowd.

The Charlottesville crew has had its share of aches and pains during the past few weeks. Initially, H.L. brought what was considered to be the "cold bug" into the office. Like most sincere employees, he suffered with it and dragged it around the office until lots of others were infected. Then, and only then, did he mope out one afternoon and go home to bed.

Since then, Mary Ann Starr, James "The Rat" Fink, Ray Hunter, and others have been sniffing, coughing, hacking and sneezing their way around the office. Others may be in the near future if the following overheard conversation has any bearing on health:

Employee #1, "Why don't we get this heating system in operation? I'm cold all the time and a coat in the office is cumbersome".

Employee #2, "It's not (cough, hack, sneeze) cold enough (sniffle, hack, cough) to have the (cough, cough, sniffle) heating system (hack, cough, sniffle) in operation yet".

Sounds somewhat like other systems we've had experience with. Heats all summer long and air conditions all winter.

It's quite a change to go home from a winterized office into a house where you have a cold-blooded wife who keeps the temperature around 95°. "Whew!"

Surprise! Surprise!

On August 25, 1966, Dr. Howard was surprised by the NRAO Charlottesville group with a cake and coffee party in the auditorium. This was Dr. Howard's birthday. He didn't reveal his age. I don't think anyone asked, did they? He's a young man though - you can see that by the way he moves around. Old people don't have the crisp, unlabored moves that he does. Many happy birthdays in the future is our wish for him.

And the next day, more cake and coffee in the auditorium. The waistlines of the "fat" people suffered as a result of these two consecutive parties. The second one was given for the summer students who were about to depart NRAO and once again return to school or go about other tasks. We had a good group which we enjoyed associating with, and we believe they had a nice summer with us. A few damp eyes were witnessed on some of the pert young ladies who were leaving. We'll miss you girls.

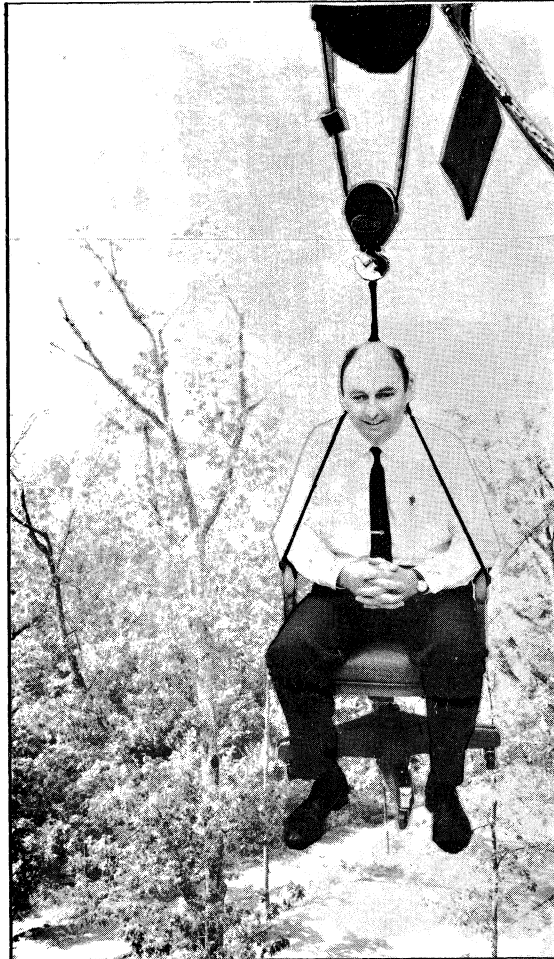
And again - yes again!

On September 9th, Ferdinand Bradford, our Charlottesville "shuttle" driver was surprised with a cake and coffee party. Brad, as he is known, left us on that date. He is attending Engineering School here in Charlottesville at UVA (pray tell where else). Good luck, Brad. We hope you make the grade.

Brad's replacement, James Garland, reported to work on Monday, September 12th. Welcome aboard, James.

ARTHUR SHALLOWAY OCCUPIES CHAIR AT UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

CLAIMS HE IS STILL UP IN THE AIR ABOUT DECISION



Since one picture is said to be the equivalent of a thousand words, we shall number this page.

FIDIOS, DEWEY
GOOD LUCK, DEWEY

