

ppsA magazine

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mmmm



☼ ☼ ☼

Wednesday January 8, 1992

John,

By the way, did you know this is the 13 th day in a row without sun. Very discouraging.

Ra-Man Pfaff

Well, do something about it!

You've always told me: Ra = Sun God

∴ Raman = Sun God put to Earth in form of Man

-Editor

Editor's Note:

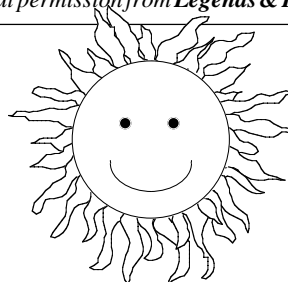
Ra is the father of the Egyptian pantheon. He gave birth to Shu, who became the air, and Tefnut, who became moisture. He is the grandfather of Geb (the earth) and Nut (the sky), and the great-grandfather of Osiris, Isis, Set and Nephthys. Together, these gods form the Great Ennead of Heliopolis, the city of the sun. He is said to have created mortal man from his tears.

Every day, Ra rises above Manu (the hill of sunrises) aboard his great boat Manjet and looks down upon the world with his blazing eye (the sun). Manjet is a large war galley that was constructed from solar flames and is sheathed in a aura of fire. At night, Manjet transforms itself into Mesktet, a funeral barge, and Ra guides it back across the waters of the underworld, so that he may once again cross the sky in the morning.

There is a great bond between Ra and the pharaohs of Egypt. Without his divine grace, they cannot rule. Anyone who claims the throne of Egypt without approval from the sun god will be instantly consumed by fire.

Ra is the patron of many things, but is most commonly associated with the sun and kings. He is noted for his diplomatic skill and his general dislike for the humans he created from his tears.

(taken without permission from **Legends & Lore**, by J. Ward)



Letters to the Editor....

john,

raman has told me the latest newsletter will be delayed while you take data so you can graduate. I'd like to make a suggestion for the format of the newsletter. How about a 11X17" format, folded in the middle and stapled just like a TIME magazine for instance? This would require more photocopying steps and of course a LONG stapler, but I think it would make it look better.

LATER, CARL

john,

things are fine here at UT...bob steimle got married...i live with my girlfriend and we have moved to a new location. work is hell i should be paid more money

xoxox, michael bryan

How?!?
signed *Bob Steimle*



Hello John,

I hope all is well down there in...where are you? Los Alamos, NM I guess, but you are working through U. of Texas?

We are expecting snow this evening and tomorrow here in Boulder...I don't know how much. Jala and I went to Michigan for a few days and visited Raman and

others and had a good time. Raman will be going to U. of Virginia to get operated on pretty soon by a Yugoslav doctor. He seemed in pretty good spirits.

He mentioned that you might have a list of Internet or Bitnet nodes, or know at least where to get my hands on one i.e.. ftp it.

If you do, please send it to me at my address: SMTP%"johnsobc@ucsu.colorado.edu."

If it is a pain in the butt, don't worry about it, it is no big deal.

Cheers,
Brent

Wed, 7 Aug 1991 22:50

Dear Editor:

I just saw something on the news, along with video footage, that just warms the heart. Not so much because I disagree with the protesters in the following story, but because when I see someone insist on doing something really stupid, it's great to see them get burned for it. Here is the story:

There was a bullfight that was going on in Poland today. While the matador and the bull were sparring in the ring, a group of animal rights protesters decided to try to shut the event down by staging a sit-in on the floor of the bullring. So about five of them sat in a small group on the floor. The matador gets annoyed and starts pushing a few of the protesters around. The bull, at having his fight interrupted, is also a bit upset, and seeing a new target, decides to go and stomp and gore a few of them, scattering them hither and yon. The bull then turns his attention back to the matador, who naturally turns his attention back to the bull.

The protestors, not to be discouraged, again dragged their battered bodies into a small cluster to continue the sit-in, being joined by a few more of their compatriots, so there were now about eight in all. Of course, the bull decides it's time to go for round two and, ignoring the matador, again goes to stomp and gore and stomp some more on the protesters, doing a much better job than last time. Stomp, stomp, gore, stomp, crunch!

At this time, the bullfight officials decide to temporarily halt the games, as they were getting blood all over their grass, and they corral the bull. Seeing this, the audience gets upset at having their show stopped

and rushed onto the field, where they showed admirable ability at working together. They picked up the bleeding, trampled, moaning protesters and, one by one, threw them over a 6 foot fence out of the bullring and onto the street, where they landed in a messy clump.

The audience then went back to their seats and the bullfight continued.

Just think of it as evolution in action.

Regards, Ray Swartz

Hi John,

Yes I'm still here and probably will be for a while. And yes I have received 3 or 4 news letters.

What's been happening: About a year and a half ago I passed my qualifying exam. So for the last year and a half I have been doing research in experimental polymer physics. Most of my work has been on conducting polymers and recently a new organic based room temperature ferromagnet. If things go well and I don't get any more diluted with more projects I hope to graduate in two years. After that who knows!

I glad to see that PPSA is still around. Though I shouldn't be surprised there was a time when we were projecting exponential growth and world domination in less than 20 years. Anyway I don't have time to contribute to the newsletters but I still enjoy reading them so keep sending them.

I hope things go well for you at Los Alamos. And next time you see Raman say hi for me.

Later, Steve

Dear John,

My deepest apologies for missing my shift. I woke up at 4:25, got to work at 4:45, due to oversleeping. I humbly beg your pardon. My contriteness is absolute. I am scum, I am the merest worm. I bow in your general direction. Today I will purchase a reliable mechanical timepiece, one with the capability of producing an annoying sound at a specified time of day or night; using such a device should prevent further occurrences of this misdemeanor, nay, heinous FELONY. If you prefer, though, I shall gladly boil myself in unrefined oil, rip open a feather pillow and beat myself with it, then straddle a sawhorse and repeatedly leap up and down on it, then force myself to swallow six-penny nails while standing on my head. After this preparation I shall then punish myself.

charles whitley, *scum*



From the desk of The God Emperor

January 1992

Now to bring you up to speed with the happenings in my life and with PPSA since the last issue...

PPSA News

First of all I want to thank those of you who have been kind enough to contribute to this issue. I realize we are all busy, but it's nice to take a little (or a lot) of time away from work to say hi to your friends.

Chuck Luckey has been found! Or, to be more accurate, the **e** in his last name has been found. For the last few years none of us have been able to track down the elusive Chuck-ster. Come to find out, we were all trying to find a Mr. Lucky (sans the **e**) who didn't exist. Raman and I quickly made a party call to the first Chuck Luckey in the book and voilà, it was him. He should be writing a letter for this issue filling the rest of us in on his marriage, daughter (Mallory, 1 1/2 years old), and life since MTU.

Kevin Liddiard is also *back in the USA*. Look for an article from him in this issue too!

Also I just spent half an hour talking to Emily Linnington on the phone. She and Dave have moved back to Michigan and Dave is attending law school!

T-shirt sales went well, all 21 were sold. I wouldn't hold my breath waiting for another such sale though. It was too much work on a certain God Emperor's part.

More than one member has broached the subject of PPSA dues. In all reality I would like \$10 a year from each member. That would legitimately cover the incurred costs from the newsletter, phone calls, and supplies. I would be satisfied with any amount of money, since only half a dozen of the 50 or so members actually send money *or* articles!

PPSA has now been around for just over 9 years(?)!! It has been suggested to me that we celebrate in some way, like a "reunion". Well, I

prefer the term *road-trip*. Maybe a 1993 journey to MTU for Winter Carnival is in order? Let me know.

In this issue I am trying to stay with the theme of **memories**. I will include more pictures than you have ever seen in any other issue. I will also reprint a classic article or two from back issues, and (drum roll) I have taken it upon myself to re-vamp the newsletter. This means a new layout and a new name **ppsa** magazine. Let me know what you think...

In Los Alamos

Since I wrote last I have had a chance to travel around a bit. In September I flew down to Austin to take my qualifier. Needless to say, a mixture of my advisor not showing up and my obvious lack of preparation (Preparation-H too!) requires that I return to *finish* my oral exams this semester. I will have these out of the way by the end of March. (If not then I apply to McDonalds.)

After returning from Texas at the end of September, I had to pack up and vacate my old duplex. Seems the landlady wanted to move in some old friends of hers (she claimed it was because we *trashed* the place... anyone who knows me at all knows that I'm too retentive to allow such a thing to occur... remember if you will who would clean the house and re-arrange the furniture at 3 A.M. at MTU!) So this left me without an actual



My 9th Street *step-down*...

place to live. For the next three weeks I lived out of my car. Oh, haven't you heard this story?

Since I was in a pretty bad mood about not passing the qualifier right off, and since I was in a bad mood about finances (not that that is unusual) I decided to put everything I owned either in my car, at the office, or at Tim Morrison's house. Then I decided that I could spend my nights either in my car or on the couch at work. This actually worked for three weeks, but, despite the fun I had when the local police (every cop on shift) showed up to harass me for sleeping in my car, I decided I had to find a place to live, even if it was a dive. So here I am now, living in 9th Street until after I finish up my qualifier when I plan on looking for more suitable accommodations.

At the end of October I flew back to MSU for the fall APS Division of Nuclear Physics meeting. It was nice to see my old friends and co-workers again, and Raman was kind enough to let me sleep on his couch for about 5 nights. During this trip I had the opportunity to see a Greek play put on by the MSU Theater. Raman and Erin and myself and Ninamarie Levinsky doubled and saw **Agememnon**. They did a very admirable job. Having studied some of the Greek plays in an MTU drama class, I did a fair job of following the plot. Raman, who was never big on Greek tragedies, thought the ending was really just half-time and almost left his coat in the theater. So Ninamarie (who had committed the dialog to memory in junior high school) was left with the job of explaining things over coffee later.

The month of November meant one more road trip. This time I was accompanied by Tim Morrison to Chicago and beyond. For those of you who don't remember Tim, he used to live just down the street from me a year and a half ago. Since then Tim has become a little brother to me (I always regretted that I couldn't hit my sisters as hard as I wanted to!) Tim turned 14 in August. Since anyone who has taken driver's training can get a license at 15 in New Mexico, that means he will be driving in less than a year! If you don't have insurance, now's the time to get it.

But I digress ...

So Tim and I flew up to Chicago, met Ray and Patricia and had a great time. Tim and I saw as much of the windy city as we could, then we were off to the Johnson homestead in northern Michigan. We even drove to Canada, but then I should let you read Tim's article to find out the rest.

In December I bought myself a Mac IIsi to go along with my laser printer (it was lonely). Let me tell you grad students out there, the key word here is **refinancing**. If you really want to help the economy, refinance your car and buy something expensive. It has to start somewhere! In a way I may have actually pulled the economy out of the hyped-up recession just with what I bought for Christmas!

Now it is January. The skiing is great here in Los Alamos! I'm really disappointed that no one has taken me up on the offer to visit. Maybe those of you who are into nuclear physics can persuade your advisors to kick you some travel money to come out for the fall DNP meeting in Santa Fe.

In another couple weeks (first week in February) Raman is going back into surgery. I know I speak for everyone when I say I hope the surgery goes smoothly and quickly and his life can get back to normal real soon!

If anyone is going to be at the Spring APS meeting in Washington



I am often invited to dinner at Tim's house. This is a picture of Tim enjoying an extra helping of vegetables.

D.C., please let me know. I'll be there giving a paper and would like to do the town and maybe drive down to Virginia to visit the William & Mary contingency.

Until I hear from you next, I wish you all a happy and productive New Year!

-John

Johnny shows off his new invention: *Disco* to his little sister Jennifer



The Way We Were

- Or -

the way we'd like to remember it

by John Johnson
The God Emperor of PPSA

What exactly are water color memories? I guess the songwriter was trying to convey the way that the past tends to fade into a pretty picture of what used to be. In fact we very rarely remember things the way they really were. There are a few particularly poignant memories that I have, and, for the most part, when I really think about it they probably seemed awfully mundane at the time. But that doesn't stop me from keeping old pictures and memorabilia. There's something reassuring about the past; it can't change. We know how things turned out. The past is a place that we can retreat to and feel safe. And I'd like to believe that spending a little time reliving the past can help us face the future.

Raman returned to Perry, Michigan for his 10th year reunion last fall. Raman would probably agree now that ten years is not long enough before attending your first reunion. After ten years people are still in a transitional stage. For some, they are still in college, for others they are re-married with their children and some children from another marriage. They think back to their glory days of being an all-star football player and then look down because Billy Bob Jr. is tugging on their polyester pants that have to be held up with suspenders now because of the Goodyear Billy Bob Sr. has around his waist. Memories are important, but getting together to try to relive them over a potluck dinner with people who were only your best friends because of a seating chart may not be the best way.

Maybe it's not that ten years is not enough, maybe it's too many.

I actually had good friends as far back as I can remember. The problem is, except for friends I made in college, I haven't spoken to them much since I knew them in school. Sure I've seen some at weddings and funerals, or bumped into a couple while shopping, but if we were to get together now we would have to work at becoming friends all over. We really haven't shared any experiences for quite a few years.

PPSA (you knew this was coming) has been an important way for me to keep in touch with friends that I haven't seen in a while. Memories, road trips, and other sundry experiences can be written up in the newsletter. Pictures can be shared. In a way we can use the newsletter as a way of keeping in touch, so that if we got together in a year or thirty years we'd know what was going on in our friends lives. And we can even make new friends. If we got together for a PPSA reunion we would have experiences to share and relive. That's why your contributions are so important. You may consider it unimportant, but a short note can turn out to be the only way some of your friends can keep in touch.

I think memories should be preserved.

Writing them down is a very important way of doing that. By writing up a road trip it becomes more than thirty hours on the road. It becomes more than bad airline food and long layovers. It becomes a shared memory between you and your friends. Even if it gets exaggerated a little, it transcends the mere facts to become something that you will be able to pick up fondly and read when the memory would have normally faded. It also becomes PPSA history. A legend in its own time. Something that great civilizations shall be based upon.

Perhaps I'm exaggerating just a tad.

*A much younger God Emperor
aspires to the throne in his back yard*



Curious Raman
and the
High School 10 Year Reunion

by Raman 'The Big P' Pfaff

As the unfortunate case may be, I graduated from high school ten full grim years ago leading to the basic advent of my high school reunion. Many of you look forward to such a situation, but forsooth, I was not one of those. In high school I was one of the dweebs whose main interest was reading sci-fi or watching TV all hours of the night. In any event, on to my story. The reunion was held in the foyer (what the hell is the correct word) of a golf course in the middle of the boonies (well, a corn field actually). I got greeted at the door by one of the ex-cheerleaders who gave me and Erin name tags although I had only paid for myself (I'm not stupid). These name tags turned out to be extremely necessary items. The greeter sure had a lot of cheer but in my mind she used to be attractive - not any more. Maybe my mind had altered it's state of reality.

Now we advanced into the main room. Needless to say, the first thing I observed was the food layout. It looked like something my grandmother would spread out on a family holiday: good, but not worth the \$20 I had paid for this shebang. We quickly grabbed some and found a relatively desolate area to sit down and start checking out the crowd. I have one phrase that more or less covers this entire crowd. They all chain smoke, gained fifty pounds, have at least 2 kids, and are divorced. Got the picture? If your nauseous right now you must have the correct mental picture. The chatting began now that the food had been pounded (it kind of tasted like my grandmother's too). The name tags were necessary at this point because many people were alien to me at first glance. And second and... I'd ask them what's been up over the last ten years and repeatedly hear the same story.

Tried college. Didn't really care for it. Got married to one of the local boys. Had a few kids. Marriage really wasn't my thing. Divorce was apparent. Now working at the local butcher, baker, or candlestick maker for just about minimum wage. Not a pretty sight in my exciting eyes. When they asked me I would reply with the basics.

"Still in school working on my Ph.D."

"Oooh, in what?"

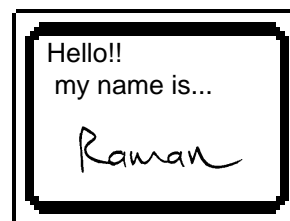
"Physics."

Invariably I would get the same response every time. "It figures." Did me and Einstein look alike as kids or what? Why did the majority of my high school class assume I would end up where I am today? Oh well, I guess I had a big scarlet letter **P** written all over as an outcast youth.

There were a few surprises. A good lawyer. An electrical engineer. A woman going to Africa to help little black babies (Sorry, I've watched *Murder on the Orient Express* a few too many times). Three classmates of mine all independently moved to Phoenix and had no knowledge of the others. What can I say, I thought they'd all move to New York or Mexico and set up drug shipping plants.

As smoke filled the room and the noise got louder, I graduated again.

Fade to black.



My 1991 Year in Review

by Raman Pfaff

For those of you that are even slightly interested, I'll try to keep you up to date on my life on a yearly basis (I stole this idea from someone else on my Christmas list).

Needless to say, the year began with a bang since the graduate student's New Year's Eve 1991 party is a tradition here in my humble home (or apartment - whatever you wish to call it). I no longer have to invite people to this one, in the middle of December they just start asking me what time it will be this year. It's nice being traditional. I think my grandmother would have approved.

The party was thrilling, but several days after that I found out that I had a brain tumor. This sort of put a downer on the rest of the year. Surgery was done in February 1991. This showed that the tumor was benign, but only half of it was able to be removed at the time. The other half is in a rather difficult spot and thus I eventually made it out to the Mayo Clinic in November. Might I say that Rochester, Minnesota is a beautiful little city. Anyway, believe it or not, they suggest I go to Yugoslavia to have the rest of the tumor removed. My records have been sent to the doctor there with all the experience and now I am just waiting for a reply. One of the problems over the past year has been changing medications in order to control seizures that I have been having. That seems to be worked out now and I feel better mentally now than I have in quite awhile. I've never been to Yugoslavia and it seems like a fine time to do a little sight-seeing. I do so love to travel.

My advancement towards my doctorate in physics has slowed a bit due to health considerations. However, I have gotten my name on several papers this past year and actually got to write my very first paper based on an experiment which I did back in 1989. I have a superb boss that has managed to put up with my tumor and I really can't wait to get back to work at the good old National Superconducting Cyclotron Lab once I've gotten this tumor thing taken care of.

I did get to do a bit of travelling over the course of the year. As I mentioned, Rochester was a really impressive little town. Geared highly towards people coming there to get medical conditions checked out by the best at an amazing hospital. Everyone was exceedingly friendly, including the bag boys at the only grocery store we (Erin & I) could find. We really wanted to visit Minneapolis while we were in the area, but needless to say, a blizzard changed our plans. I do love the snow though! I also made it down to Miami (in the middle of the summer) to visit my mother and some old friends. It was good to see the city again, but the place sure seems like it is growing, especially the traffic! While down there we spent some big bucks to go see the Miami Dolphins beat the Packers for Don Shula's 300th victory. A very high number. That was a cheerful trip.

On my personal side, I am still very happy that Erin has decided to put up with me for so long (3 years, 2 months, and a few days) as my significant other. Erin has been tremendously supportive over the past year. She is looking forward to the grind of medical school in the coming year. My roommate (Carl) has become a ghost as he spends the majority of his time at his new girlfriend's apartment. Such is life.

So as you can tell, it has been a rather different year than most. I've had my X-mas tree up since the day after Halloween and it is starting to make me feel that 1992 is going to be a great one! Wishing you all a fantastic year!

Early 1992 Update: As the year opens it is moving right along on the medical front. The day before x-mas I found out that the Yugoslavian doctor would take my case. He is willing to come to America to do the operation also! So at this point it looks like I will be at the University of Virginia Hospital during the first week of February getting the rest of my tumor removed by one of the best doctors in the world. Party Time!! So hopefully everything goes well. Mentally I am a bit down but IM basketball season starts tomorrow so that should perk me up if I can score. I have one big question from the South Pacific... where is Kevin Liddiard?!?

Raman

pictorial

Paparazi catch mob boss
Raman Pfaff and cohorts at the
Peanut Barrel
(Kathy, Erin, Cheryl, Dave)

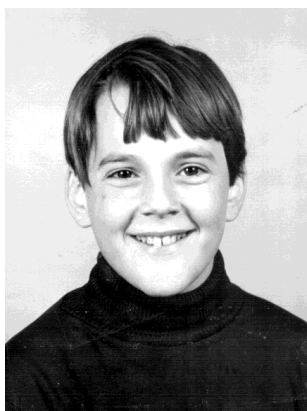


Raman and
Jala, the early
years on the
farm in Perry,
Michigan

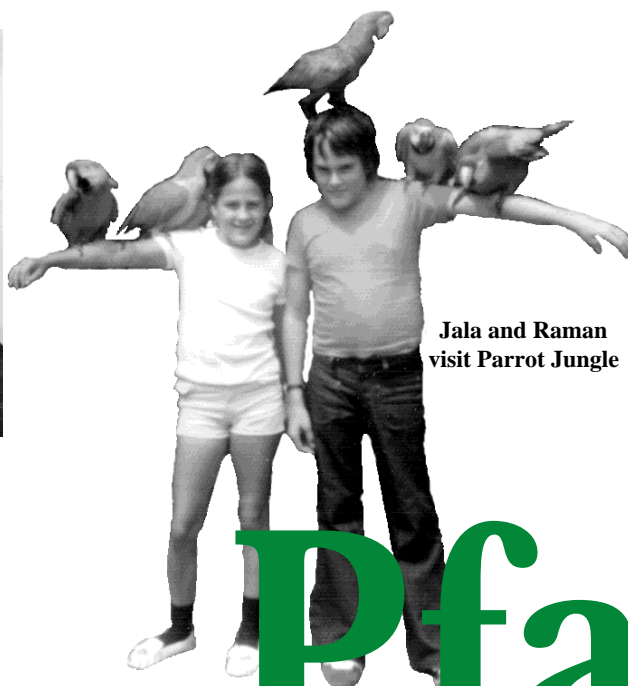


Raman
poses for the
1985 MTU
Society of
Physics
Students
yearbook
picture

Raman



Raman in 6th grade



Jala and Raman
visit Parrot Jungle



Pfaff



Raman takes to the slopes of
Boyne Highlands

Raman began a recent mail message with the following...

(Rapping tune)

I	was	sitting	at	the	table	in	the	kitchen
eating	a dog	when	who	comes	a	calling	on	the
phone	of	all	do dodo	ooadoodaaa	it	the	Mayo	
man	a	knocking	with a ring	a ding ding	like	talking		
up a	storm	and	a saying	shit	like	this.....		

(don't give up your day job Raman)



News from Kevin Liddiard

God Emperor of Really Cold Things

Ex-God Emperor of Tropical Affairs

Well, I'm back in the good ol' U.S. of A. When I arrived in Minnesota, the temperature was a balmy -15. I almost stayed on the plane, which was continuing to London. After 2 years in Fiji, and a month travelling New Zealand, I was not ready for this. I've been here less than a week now and I don't know which is worse: the cold or the Super Bowl hype. Minnesota has refined and combined the two to new heights. They built a 165 foot ice palace with enough laser lights and floods to make the upcoming halftime show look good. They have newscasters doing their reports outside from an ice desk. I'm not kidding! I turn on the news and there is some clown freezing his butt off in 0 degree weather in front of a newsdesk made of ice. I certainly hope the NFL never decides again to send a Super Bowl up north, people here would try even more stupid tricks.

Enough of the first impressions. I have joined the ranks of the unemployed, and couldn't be happier. I think I plan to continue educating people who don't give a damn in another Third World country, like Detroit or New York. Peace Corps has a program where you can teach in a public school and study to get your M.Ed. at the same time. Of course they send you to schools that have a great need, meaning the teachers are dropping out faster than the students. We'll see how long I stay in the states before I return to Fiji!

Let's see. Since I already told you about Fiji in the last issue of PPSA, I'll describe my vacation in New Zealand. I decided to travel a bit before I returned to the States. (Would you want to return to the cold right away?) New Zealand is a great place to travel. People are extremely friendly and the scenery is fantastic, especially the south island. While there I did some experiments with gravity and went bungy jumping. I highly recommend this to each one of you that said to a student one time: "Now suppose you drop this ball off a

cliff..." The thrill is amazing. I suppose it's the adrenaline and the fact that you feel you've cheated death. After all, most sane people don't jump off a bridge. I jumped twice. The first was a short one, 140 feet. A great height to start at. I liked it so much I jumped off the highest commercial bungy jump in the world, at 229 feet. You top out at about 100 m.p.h. before the bungy kicks in. The key to doing this (with apologies to Bo) DON'T THINK, JUST DO IT.

The other highlight was going swimming with dolphins. There is a huge school (pack? pod?) of dolphins that hangs out around the east coast of the south island. Boats take you out with masks and wetsuits. (It may be summer in the southern hemisphere during January, but the water is still 60 degrees.) You jump out of the boat in front of them, and as they swim past, you try to attract their attention so they will swim around you for a while. Some suggestions on attracting dolphins:

- Make eye contact, then wink.
 - Swim like Patrick Duffy did in the old "Man from Atlantis" television series.
- I think the technical name for this stroke is actually the dolphin kick.
- Sing to them through your snorkel. One gal in our group was having success with old Creedence tunes. I never had luck attracting dolphins by singing, but then I was humming old Barry Manilow tunes, "...at the Copa, Copa Cabana..." Perhaps this is the best proof yet that dolphins are intelligent.

Well that about covers the high points of the trip. I highly recommend the South Pacific, and not South Saint Paul, for all those considering a vacation.

Kevin Liddiard

Ex-God Emperor of Tropical Affairs

Now God Emperor of Really Cold Things



News from Los Alamos

by Tim Morrison

Hello! I'm Tim and this is my life!!

I live in a four bedroom house, and my little brother, whom I have previously described, lives in the room nextdoor. My family is an average one, with one enormous flaw: μ . Since I am only in Junior High I'll tell you about school.

I take all the regular courses, plus Geometry and second-year French. I like my classes, with one exception: science. Blowing a hole in a wall, or dissolving a table top is fine by me, but finding the average melting rate of an ice cube is droll by my standards. Most of my teachers are O.K., but my favorite teacher is, beyond a shadow of a doubt, Mr. Farley. However if you ask him about physics, quantum mechanics, space-time, and light, the rest of the period is wasted.

And now for a far more important aspect of life, Social Life! First of all let me tell you about my friends. First of all, let me start with my three best friends. Trevor is kind of like John Connor in Terminator 2. He doesn't really have as bad an attitude though. We both love to ski, and I try to ski real slow so he can keep up. John is a nice well-rounded individual (especially physically). Although he is sometimes subject to mood swings, he's not all that bad. You PPSA people would know about him though. Shimon is also a good friend. He's the only boy in 8th grade who has already gone through menopause. I like to ski with my friends, paintball, rollerblade, play role-playing games (like Cyberpunk and AD&D), and especially make fun of other people (non-PPSA) and subhumans like my little brother.

Here's something for you to think over, about

President Bush meets the Radinator by Ray Swartz

There I was heading into work. It was an ordinary day, a bit hot for the time of year but nothing unbearable. I drove up to the front gates of Fermilab, just outside of Chicago, when I noticed him. Actually, I didn't notice him, not at first. There was nothing unusual looking about the man standing near the gates. Since FNAL is open to the public during the day there was nothing unusual about WHERE he was standing. The unusual part was just that, he was **STANDING**. Not walking. And he was wearing a suit. Rather dark as I remember. This on a day that was just a little too hot, especially for standing around in a dark suit. So some people are strange, and have nothing better to do. I drove on.

Next intersection. Again nothing unusual, except that there was the man standing there, wearing his suit and sunglasses (did I forget to mention those, he was wearing sunglasses). This time, I began to notice a little more, like how he was making a deliberate effort to look bored, and not to stand out. This effort alone is what made him so noticeable, plus the fact that there was nothing else around except trees and grass. Hardly a building in sight. Not the place one is expected to wear a suit. This time, while I was interested, I was also a bit uneasy. I was in a car and here was someone who looked just like the other guy - everyone looks the same with sunglasses and the same clothes - who seems to have beat me here from the other corner. Again I continue.

Now, as I get nearly a half mile from my destination, I hear a loud thumpa-thumpa of a helicopter. The noise kept getting louder until just when I thought my car windows would shatter, I get buzzed from behind by the obnoxious aircraft flying at about 150 feet. After quickly backing my car out of the ditch, I proceeded to my office.

Once in the office, I am surrounded by a whirlwind of papers and magazines. Somewhere in this maelstrom I see my office mates swirling with the wind. Strange day.

to be continued in V6N2..

NutraSweet, that sugar substitute that has found its way into most everybody's food. The NutraSweet manufacturer really plans on taking over the world. NutraSweet lodges in the brain and crystallizes. When the evil master-minds behind this plot send out radio waves the crystals are manipulated and the person is forced to submit to their will.

Raman tries to avoid NutraSweet, knowing its effects. And since he resists the programming effects of the little NutraSweet he innocently ingests, the NutraSweet people have forced doctors to tell him he has a tumor, when they really just want to remove his willpower and all knowledge of PPSA.

P.S. - Raman, I hope you make it through your surgery and they only remove your memories of Elvis and Disco!

- Tim Morrison, God Emperor of Lesser Los Alamos



**Whatever you do, don't stare at the
NutraSweet symbol or you'll go
loopy!**

John & Tim's



Awesome Adventure

by Tim Morrison

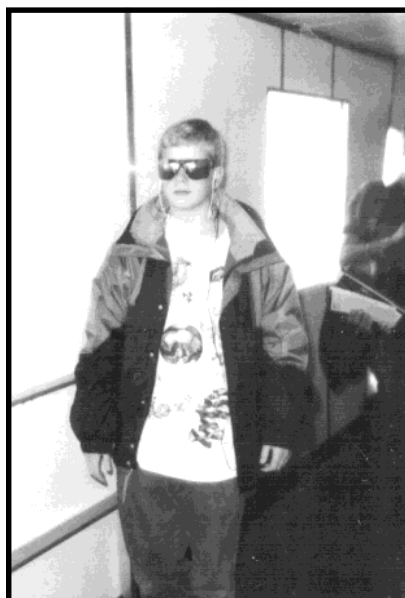
Day One

Early on Saturday I awoke from peaceful slumber into the reoccurring nightmare I like to call Los Alamos. I was prepared for a long journey to a distant land, a journey I knew (hoped) I might not return from, but the chances of a plane crash are slim these days. So John and I proceeded to pack the sleek aerodynamic piece of blue steel, the Beretta. As we where about to depart from my family I remembered that I'd forgotten my coat, and I proceeded to ask were it was. When I checked the closet where I had been instructed to check I found a new Columbia jacket. (Thanks John.) John didn't want me looking shabby in front of all those Chicago babes.

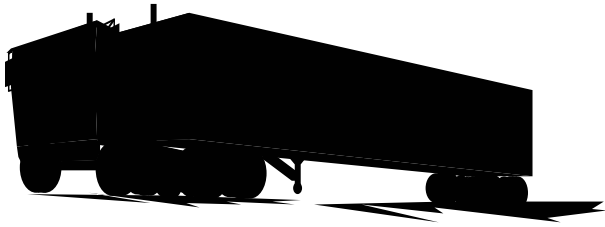
At long last we left on or journey to Albuquerque. Taking careful note of the relationship between the enforcers of the law and the signs on the side of the road. When we got there John had lost his plane ticket, of course. However it was a fixable deed. John did some begging and telling how he had seen the President in person once and we headed down the terminal with new tickets. We stopped at a money machine to pick up a substantial amount of money. But since John was waiting for his next student loan, we withdrew considerably less than I suggested. We went to the security gate and the alarm went of when I passed through. The large security guard pulled out his gun and I said, "No, don't shoot, I'm just a kid." The guard paid no attention to my plea and shot, a loud echoing filled the corridor... Yet I was still alive moments later. I came to realize that the guard had only handed a camera back to a tourist, and the noise was probably just some Northwest pilot backing into the concourse. On to terminal #C-7.

The first leg of the trip was to Denver, we spent 58 minutes in a 737 at 29,000 feet. On the second part there was a problem with the plane and we were delayed while they fixed it. Finally, after a long wait we were airborne. On the plane they served the worst plane food I have ever eaten, then I called my dear sweat mother on the air phone. Shortly after that I had a feeling that they would call me up to fly the plane, but the flight was over before we knew it and we were in Chicago.

Then John got lost and couldn't find the Alamo Rent-a-car place , but I got us safely on our way. John got



Airport
security
monitors
photograph
potential
terrorist



the keys to the car (the Geo that he paid \$96 a week for) and told me to go find the car in parking space number 21. Of course there was snow on the ground and I had to dig through two feet of snow to find the right spot before I realized the numbers were also on the signs next to the car. However this car was a little big for a Geo, it was oh, about the size shape and model as John's Beretta, but we weren't telling them that! We got out of there as soon as we could and headed straight for the mall because we had lots of time to waste, of course we used most of this time finding the mall. We had been wandering around for some time when John realized he didn't have his wallet so we went back to the car and left. After about ten minutes we were completely lost needless to say if I had been driving that never would have happened (we would be dead – not lost) We realized we were lost when a plane took off in the near vicinity.

We were supposed to meet Ray at the King's Manor, we were ten minutes late. We got all the arrangements straight and as it turned out it was Ray and his girlfriend Patricia that were late, but then Ray drives a Geo. We went in and they took our pictures with our Baron and gave us our crowns, and we paid extra to see the torture chamber (Only a dollar more but it was well worth it.) Here is a list of a few things we saw:

- The Breast Ripper
- The Orifice Enlarger
- The Spiked Chastity Belt (you could get in but not out)

Patricia,
Ray, John &
Tim enjoy a
bowl of
dragon tail
soup while
they await
the blood-
shed

The Pyramid
The Saw
The Stretching Rack (for any appendage)
And much much more...

It took almost forever for them to realize that the people wanted to go inside. Of course I realized this before the mindless minions wandering around and just walked on in... and flew on out. Well, so maybe the waiter only told me to leave and there were no guns or terrorists or blood splattered against the wall but I think the story would go much better if there were. After they *finally* let us in we went to our second row seats where we had dragon tail soup. The servants insisted on being called wenches, slave, serfs, and ladies. I really enjoyed saying things like "more soup wench".

Then the wenches came and took our pictures. They introduced the people and there was sword fighting, and falconry. The falcon left something in John's food but I didn't think he'd enjoy that very much so I didn't tell him. And the wenches came back over and over again to try and con John into buying some more pictures and he finally ended up paying them to go away. So then we watched them joust for what seemed like two more hours and bid Ray and Patricia good-bye and headed for our hotel.

The Oxford House had 13 stories. I had to take the elevator up to the top story because that was the tallest building I had ever been in. The management provided us with some *informational* magazines. I don't remember reading about them in the brochure they had sent us. Since we were too tired to read, we quickly fell asleep.

Day Two

Early the next morning John decided to walk everywhere because it was snowing and the wind chill was -15°.



Tim surveys
the Windy
City from
the Sears
Tower

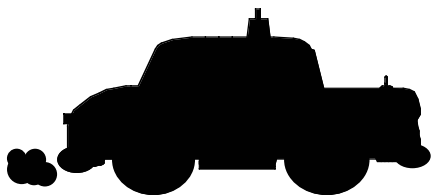


John holds
Tim by one
leg from
the Skydeck
of the Sears
Tower and
says "What
is important
is gravity...
and this is
my weak
arm."



We first decided to go to see the native McDonalds. John forgot his wallet so back into the freezing blizzard we went. We were then running low on time so we decided to eat somewhere else and we walked to the Museum of Natural History. After John's ears fell off he made me carry them.

We did see lots of interesting things at the Field Museum. Like the Egyptian exhibit, and the fossils (we saw them putting together one of the gigantic skeletons of a dinosaur.) After a long chase through the pyramid reconstructions we went across the street to the Shedd Aquarium. But before we could enjoy this the Aquarium we had to see the Bill of Rights tour which I told my teacher I was going to see. In order to see the Bill of Rights, the Aquarium and a play we had to take a taxi to Navy Pier where John had been told the Bill of Rights was. Needless to say, the tour had been there two weeks earlier but now the Pier was empty. So we (John) shelled out some more moola and we returned to the Aquarium. This was the first time that I had taken a taxi ride, so I felt it was worth it – John might disagree.



At the Aquarium we saw a green moray eel, a lion fish, a fish that glowed in the dark, and billions of trigger fish. We also saw turtles, sharks, dolphins, whales, seals, and penguins. We got to see the Aquarium's new exhibit too, performing dolphins. They were controlled by trainers using hand signals and whistles. We also learned that the Pacific Ocean contains roughly 187 quintillion gallons of water!

Next we went to see **Man of LaMancha** with Raul Julia and Sheena Easton (but Sheena was sick that day and Joan Susswein Barber took her place). Anyway, this person looked more the part of Aldonza I think. The play was outstanding, we both enjoyed it immensely. Raul Julia is an incredibly versatile actor and he did a wonderful job in role as Don Quixote.

Next we went to meet Ray at Dick's Last Resort where they give you a huge bucket of just about anything you want as long as it's messy. We sat up front next to the dixieland jazz band. I ordered the ribs, John had shrimp and Ray had *The Barnyard Special*. They also gave us two buckets of fries about 2 and a half pounds in each. John looked at the drink list and was going to order a Blow Job but he told the waitress he would rather have a Hurricane 'cause he could keep the glass. Most of the Bears fans there were depressed because the Dolphins had won. The food was good and I was the designated driver because I was worried that John and Ray would get to drunk (we were walking, but that's beside the point.)

We all went to the theater at the Water Tower Mall to see **The Addams Family** (just because I missed my own family so much.) Raul Julia was starring as Gomez Addams, and he did a very good job. I ended up even thinking about my brother Tyler when Cousin It finally made his appearance. I thought that the movie was a good one, even if it did remind me of my little brother.

Then Ray drove us back to the hotel. Ray wanted to stay and talk, but we were tired so he just took the *informational* magazines and left.

Day Three

The next morning we took the elevated train to the Sears Tower. We got there early so we ate at Burger King and looked around. We saw the tour of Chicago movie that Oprah Winfrey hosted and we skipped looking at the scale model of the building and went right up. I enjoyed it, having only been as high as the 13th floor. Of course, the *PPSA World Tower* will be roughly twice as tall! However I can disclose no further information at this time. After one of the guards told John, "No, you cant throw the boy off", we took the elevator down to the bottom at a mere 35 miles per hour.

After that we walked to the Chicago Board of Trade. John got in the wrong elevator and then had to ask how to use the escalator. After we grabbed a few match books and watched the traders in the pit, John looked around and found a computer. Luckily a security guard pried him away in time to prevent another stock market crash. I can't help but wonder if he had anything to do with the current recession. I do know that he bought a new Mac IIsi computer the week after we got back though.

Next we went to lunch at Giordano's restaurant. We were told they had some of the best pizza in town. The pizza was great and we ordered a large so we could take it with us to Michigan. As we were returning to check out of our hotel John threw the pizza in the path of an oncoming bus. Then he yelled at some guy and pretended it wasn't his fault.

After checking out, we drove to the Museum of Science and Industry. Since we got there two hours before they closed John pulled me away from every exhibit after about three seconds so we could see them all and still have time to see the Omnimax show. We didn't even have time to see the dissected bodies Ray told us about. The Omnimax theater had a screen that went almost 360 degrees around, and the sound system was fantastic. The show was on Antarctica and I wished I had worn my winter coat.

The road beckoned and we were soon cruising toward Michigan. That night we stayed in Mt. Pleasant at John's sister Kathy's dorm. I didn't see much of the Central Michigan University campus, but Kathy and I rollerbladed in the hallway, and I quite enjoyed the opportunity to sleep in a



The
Johnson's
homestead

Tim joins the
Johnson's for
Thanksgiving
dinner



John gets
lost while
X-country
skiing at his
parent's



building with 400 women.

Day Four

Before I knew it the night had come and gone and we were heading toward John's parents estate in the sleek white Beretta machine. At one point I *thought* about taking over the helm, but we all know that wouldn't be legal, even though the road was dry, and void of other motorists, and even though the road was straight and I would have only gone a couple miles.

We got to Petoskey around noon and John told me about a candy store I just had to see. I thought I was in heaven. I bought a 3 inch jaw breaker that lasted a week. Then we went and looked around a toy store for a bit. Then we drove to John's parent's house.

After we unpacked Max (their dog) ran off and, since we had a rental car and since we stayed on their property, John let me drive the Beretta. We found the dog and then we went grocery shopping. John had told me about one time when he put Kathy over his shoulder and carried her through the grocery store in front of some boys she knew. Of course he had to try this with me.

Day Five

The next day was John's birthday. We watched some movies and generally messed around. John needed to have a doctor sign a note saying he was physically and mentally fit to drive so he went down to see his doctor. From the look on the doctor's face I think John just barely passed.

Day Six

Thanksgiving Day. We had a big Thanksgiving dinner and then I decided that we should drive to Canada since we were so close. So we drove across the Mackinac Bridge (one of the longest suspension bridges in the world, joining the upper and lower peninsula's of Michigan) and headed toward the border. Just about when we were an hour from any city with hope of an open gas station, John looked down and said, "Looks like we need gas." So we took the next reasonable looking exit, thinking we had about 5 miles left. We drove through the town and down some side road that was drifted with snow. If we ran out of gas here we would probably never be found. We were prepared to die.

Luckily we made it back onto the highway and 15 more miles, running out of gas at the Sault St. Marie exit. We got a ride from some friendly passersby and gassed up and crossed the border. I was now an international traveler.

We spent an hour at the mall in Sault St. Marie, Canada and then turned around for home. John almost wasn't let back into the United States because of the hard time he had

obeying the border guard. If it wasn't for my diplomatic way with people he'd probably be breaking rocks in some Canadian prison camp. Anyway, we made it home and after making a batch of peanut brittle this man of the world was ready for bed.

Day Seven

That Friday John tried to fit in everything we hadn't done yet. We started off the day by sledding down their steep quarter-mile long driveway. Then we tried to scare off some hunters that had arrogantly parked in the middle of the road. Then we took a load of garbage to the dump (oh, what fun!) Then we went cross-country skiing. John got totally lost on his own property and ended up heading the opposite direction he intended to. It's a good thing I have intuitive compass-sense! After that we helped John's dad clean out their garage.

By 5:00 that afternoon we were packed and heading to East Lansing to see Raman Pfaff. Since it was already 9:00 by the time we got to his apartment, we only had time to go see **The Addams Family** again. With ten minutes left in the movie the projector developed what is technically called a *brain wrap*. They got it going after half an hour, but they had to cut out five minutes so John stood up and said, "This is a gyp! They cut out the climax!" We were the first to receive refunds and called it a night.

Day Eight

We awoke at 5:00 A.M. and hit the road soon after. This time we had gas! Needless to say, we were both quite tired. Since I couldn't drive, John had to pull over for a half hour nap around Benton Harbor. Then, despite the heavy winds, we proceeded to navigate our way to the Alamo return lot.

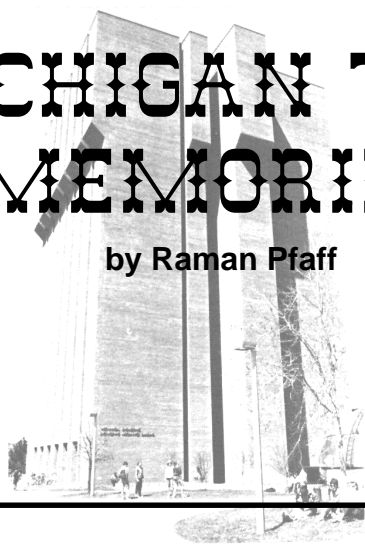
With five minutes to spare we boarded the plane for Houston. Upon landing in Houston we were immediately assailed with hot, humid, odorous air. We spent an extremely boring hour there. Then we boarded the plane for Albuquerque. Four hours later we were in Los Alamos.

John and I had an *awesome adventure*, but I for one was glad to be home.



MICHIGAN TECH MEMORIES

by Raman Pfaff



As the proverbial rooster crowed this morning and I made my way to work at the prime hour of 1 P.M., I was shoved back into a swirl of distant memories. For some reason, the weather, or maybe the relative silence, or perhaps just my clothing at the time, I could not help thinking back to the good old days up at MTU. Now that we have new members there, I wonder if they will have the same sort of powerful memories which I do after they too have left and moved ahead with their lives. Just think back to those days....

Winter Mornings: Heating up some leftover Domino's Pizza and stuffing it into your mouth just to keep your body warm and then rushing to put on every article of clothing you own in the hopes that your current warmth would last long enough for you to get to class and then sit next to an extremely noisy heater. The typical morning garb consisted of three pairs of socks, one sweat pants, two t-shirts, one flannel shirt, a pair of insulated leather boots, a pair of jeans, two winter coats, a hat that would cover my whole face, and a really nice warm set of gloves. Oh yea, I usually had a reasonably clean pair of undies on. I was then ready to venture out. I then went through the back porch, which was exposed to the outdoors, and thus doubled as an outdoor freezer. I said good-bye with a longing to bags full of french fries, pizzas, and pot pies as I made my way into the back alley. Off I went across the major highway which lay between class and myself. Cars - ignore them, those people in them are a lot warmer than I am. An occasional bumper scraping your knee at 40 m.p.h. is an insignificant factor when the wind chill is 97 below.

Spring Afternoons: After walking home from class through the six inches of slush and thinking it used to be 480 inches of snow, I head back to the Palace and heat up some leftover Domino's Pizza for a quick lunch. John and I then go through the mail which had come earlier. We *ARE* occupants. Such things are very important. However, more important things await. It is the Spring and that only means one thing - we are in dire need of the tan which we desperately need after an MTU winter. The over the porch/tanning salon

awaits. This "booth" was the small piece of the house which protruded over a small pantry at the back side of the kitchen (Bork was kept in this pantry.) I put on my shorts and find a nice towel to lay on. Checking the thermometer outside my window I see it is a gorgeous 37 degrees outside. School work can wait on a day like this. The entryway to the ideal tanning area is a window which lies at the back end of a walk-in closet. Making our way through the things which have piled up over the Winter (skis, coats, boxes of Christmas stuff) I come to the window and the most important item we will need before tanning, the shovel. There is still much

snow in the salon and several minutes of shoveling in our shorts takes care of the snow. Laying there in slush absorbing photons then becomes the project of the afternoon. Of course, one eye is always squinted open in the search for women doing the same.

Summer Brunchish: A quite time in the quaint small town of Houghton. The living room couch looked out in a panoramic scene of the nicest street you will find in America. Lovely older houses, dogs playing in their yards, and beautiful trees all reaching towards a startlingly blue sky. A nice 72 degrees outside but still just a bit of morning dew here and there. In the summer the most important thing became a single item - mail. John and I would sit there in the living room and wait for that one item. Why we wanted it so badly I do not remember, perhaps statements indicating the amount of financial aid we would receive the following year, or maybe just a catalogue from the "real" world. Sometimes we would wait outside on our front porch and make sure the flag was still in good condition, or even weed our flower garden area to insure that the few flowers we had would show off their vibrance to our neighbors (a nice old couple). Our one eye from springtime was still open and for the majority of one summer we got so excited over a girl who had just graduated from high school that lived up the street that we became private eyes and tried to discover where she would be attending college the following year without alerting anyone. Of course that gets us back to where we were before, mailmen often know such things from recent letters going to the house. Soon our stomachs begin to ask for a bite and since we didn't have any pizzas last night we decide to fire up the grill in the back yard. We walk up to Jim's and buy some fine UP cow. It looks good and fresh. We head back home and discuss only those things we see of interest along the way. Women, roadside knick knacks, and new cereals we saw at Jim's. The mailman had somehow avoided us and given us our mail behind our backs. Oh well. The burgers sure tasted fine and soon enough it was time for my one class. I lost my interest in the high schooler at some point and just enjoyed the birds singing and the wind blowing through the leaves past our

yard. Fall was getting closer.

Fall Dusk: Class had ended. Stepping out the door of the physics building I feel a slight bite in the air. It feels good. I'd like to bite back. Leaves of a myriad number of colors scatter about my feet like sand in a desert. It is still bright out but I can see that the sun is quickly sinking - it will be a striking sunset. There are people all about me with coats in almost as many colors as the leaves. Conversations abound. It seems crowded compared to the summer, yet delightful in a way to calm a loneliness that develops towards the end of summer. I get home and discuss with whoever is there if they want to get a Domino's Pizza. Eventually someone can live with my combination of toppings and we make the call. Since it is still early in the term nobody feels like studying much at this point and it is easy to get a game of euchre going. This breaks up after a time and it quiets down. I get myself involved in a game of chess. Every game back then had a bet on it. Racquetball, sprints, chess, anything! The winner usually got a free pizza. So my rook captures a knight but I soon find it was a trap. I am checkmated. Well, at least that takes care of dinner tomorrow. Letterman soon comes on and the houseful of us watch it and immensely enjoy everything he does. He is the night-time guru of Comedy. "The Tree" is rocking in his chair quite thoroughly at this point, and that is almost as humorous as Letterman. One more quick pizza snack and the bed is calling. As I try to fall asleep I can hear the wind bringing the colder air into town. Has it started snowing yet, as I lay here in my room?

Winter Carnival Evenings: Once a year events. If you don't know where a party is, you don't have to walk too far. After working on a snow sculpture for hours, you just want one thing, a drink or six. Especially when your statue turns out to be not politically correct or just a piece of junk snow pile (that possibly happened to resemble a phallic symbol.) These nights seem special. A quick dinner from Domino's for free; due to the crowd in town they can't keep

up. At this point the manager knew me so decided not to rush my order. Half hour late meant free back then. It was then time to run around all night and look at the statues that were completed. It was cold but that was normal. One year I did this was strikingly clear with thousands of stars visible. I won't forget that. Statues were all fascinating. Swordsman, dictators, automobiles, the variety was amazing. One small one was a tunnel but the darkness prevented us from seeing what was inside. There was one woman with us who was new to the group and I was interested in her. I decided that this must be a tunnel of love and decided to kiss her there in the dark. Nothing was said but she ended up getting married to another guy who was in our group. Perhaps she made an error and picked the wrong guy. As we made it back to the house, it was once again very cold, probably about twenty below. I don't know how I managed to get through all of that and get a degree in the process but I'm glad I did.

I wonder why I look at the whole past in such a bizarre fashion, it actually seemed enjoyable when I look back at it. Although if I think really hard and click my slippers together three times, I do seem to recall that it was actually a rather tough time; low on money, classes were difficult, and many other problems. For some reason I feel like I have many of the same problems now. Ten years from now will I look back and think that this too was an enjoyable time with many stories to tell. I think the reason I remember the past so well is the fact that many of the people I knew made my life so much more enjoyable where it really counts, in the mind. That is really the important thing. I'm sure in ten years I'll again be telling stories of my current schooling. That's how confident I am that many of the people around me are really friends. As it is the holiday season as I write this, I toast all my old, current, and future friends. May they all be as good as the way I remember them. By the way, I think it was the weather and loneliness of campus during break that made me think of all this.

The past sure is arbitrary.



In the Beginning...

ppsa

One in a continuing series of PPSA articles

by John Johnson

- Reprinted from V2N1, December 1988 -

There is a great deal of mystery shrouding the history of PPSA (but scientists are going to do Carbon-14 dating of Raman's underwear to find the truth.) But the truth of the matter is, PPSA was formed as the Polkinghorne Palace Student Association by myself and the Nor in the fall of 1984. [The organization was actually formed in the fall of 1983, but not registered as a student organization. -ed] Who or what the Nor is, is a whole separate story - but, suffice it to say, once I fully overcome the emotional feelings involved and the memories of the Nor-hole, the Nor's ghost, the annual Spring beating of the Nor-flakes out of the couch, and maybe when I forget exactly what appendage of the Nor's body was used to paint part of the house painting, I may explain more.

Back to our story. The esteemed Dean Meese was retiring and we (the founding fathers) had decided that there was an advantage to being a registered student organization. We began showing movies later that year. As a matter of fact, PPSA decided that there was money, and controversy, in showing a little old movie called Deep Throat, on campus. Alas, the sweet profit came out to be several hundred dollars. This paid for a few pizza's (yes, Domino's is the official pizza deliverer of PPSA), and a big ski party at Mont Ripley.

In those days, along with the Nor and I, the Palace was home to God Emperor Dave Linnington and Vice Emperor Warren Wells, one Vice Emperor with a lot of vices. Dave, the holder of the Bork, was a chemical engineering student at MTU. Warren, The Master of Nomenclature, was an electrical engineering student. In fact, Warren loved being a Michigan Tech so much that he stayed "extra long" ('nuf said). Of course, porn flicks were the least of what PPSA did that year; we also helped out with MTU's first Alcohol Awareness Week. Dave wrote a computer program that tested response time of drinkers. The program would print a letter on the screen and measure the time it took for someone to type the letter on the Timex Sinclair membrane keyboard (spill proof, get it!?) So we held a big party and all got really drunk (all in the name of science) and Warren carefully chronicled the evening. Needless to say, after such a display of civic responsibility, it was clear that we quickly became one of

the University's favorite clubs.

The "Palace" part of PPSA, if I may digress, originates from the way the Nor used to answer the phone. See, the house we lived in (still PPSA headquarters in 1988) was once owned by Wilfred Carlos Polkinghorne, head of MTU's Civil Engineering Department. He had "passed on" but the house was an historical landmark because it had belonged to him. O.K., so it's a hokey story, and we even made Wilfred our advisor "post mortem" as it were.

By the Fall of 1985, the Nor had been expelled from PPSA, Dave had graduated and Ray Swartz and Paul Joitke moved into the Palace. These people had rooms. Raman, who moved in later, was privileged enough to have his own "cubbyhole" in the attic. Of course, the University encouraged Warren to take an "extended vacation" that Spring and Chuck Lucky moved into the "cubbyhole".

Subsequently, we all graduated and I moved down to MSU for grad school. In 1988 PPSA was officially registered at MSU. Ray went to grad school at the University of Illinois and still hasn't registered the group there. Dave is in India working for United Oil Products building chemical plants (does Bhopal ring a bell?) Warren...?? No one is quite sure. Chuck is working at a restaurant in Grand Rapids, and Paul Joitke is rumored to be married and doing ion welding in Bay City. Raman graduated, finally in 1987, and went to Florida State University. He was soon convinced that he wanted to go to Michigan State - for reasons only he fully knows.

After saying a lot, I haven't really said much have I? I guess my intention has been to tell you a little of the why and who of the early years of PPSA. I will try to include historical articles in future issues of the newsletter, such as my article on Bork from the last issue. I hope that knowing the cast of characters from the early days and a little of the lore will help to make things clearer to the layperson. Although, I think it will probably make things even worse. [December 1988]



The PPSA "Palace"
at 209 Clark Street



John prepares
Thanksgiving
dinner 1985



The PPSA 1985 MTU yearbook picture



Left:
Downtown
Houghton, Mi

Below: The
Michigan
Technological
University
campus



NEWS FROM MTU

I can't think of any exciting news on the personal front. I'm currently in the process of setting up a new experiment. I've spent the last couple months assembling hardware, and writing programs to drive my equipment. Almost time to start living in the lab again...

In the local news, a student from MTU was murdered. The local paper claims it's the first murder here in 26 years. According to the last paper I saw, the woman's assailant is still at large. I have heard rumors that police taken someone into custody, but I probably won't have details before this goes to print. The locals are quite outraged. Some of them *merely* want to shoot the guy, others however.... ahem!

On a lighter note, the snowfall this year has been below average, as was last year's. I think we've had 110" so far, and have approximately 25" on the ground. On the other hand, there is sufficient snow for Winter Carnival, which starts Wednesday, 29-Jan. It appears I may have some Tronnies as guests this year. Bill Nurnberger called, and is planning to show up; Dick Blue may tag along, also. And rumor has it that Steve Langer, GE Oakland, and Brenda are considering risking life and limb, to

Just who *is* Charles Scriptor?

I was born and raised in Laingsburg, a small town about 20 miles north-east of Lansing. I graduated from high school in 1977, and entered MSU. I schooled part-time, and worked part-time for the duration of my undergrad. In 1982, I was hired by the cyclotron (NSCL) as an undergrad slave/machinist. In 1985 I was hired as staff at NSCL (one of "Jerry's" kids ;-), and finally finished my B.S. in Physics in 1986. After a couple more years at NSCL, I decided to go back to school, and became a grad at MSU. After finishing my M.S. in Physics, I migrated UP here to the home, and origin of the PPSA, Houghton, where I'm working toward a Ph.D. in Laser Spectroscopy.

My affiliation with the PPSA began when I was approached by none other than THE God Emperor, requesting I serve as "staff advisor" for the MSU chapter. Having already turned in my resignation at NSCL (which was to be effective the following week), I realized that I was the ideal advisor for this club, and accepted TGE, John Johnson's offer. Eventually the university realized that I was no longer qualified to be advisor, but by then the PPSA was firmly established at MSU.

• I would like to encourage everyone to send in a short biography, it helps the other members figure out just who you are, and if we get enough we can even put together a ppsa yearbook!! -the editor

join the festivities.

Well, guess this is all I've got time for. TGE will be sending lightning bolts my way if I don't get this to him soon. See you in the funny papers...

Charles Scriptor, GE MTU

news from Ray's hometown...

WALLED LAKE, Mich. (UPI) — Police responding to complaints of a foul odor coming from a tiny two-bedroom apartment found the nearly mummified body of an 83-year-old woman who died April 6.

Norene Henry's body was lying on an aluminum chaise lounge near a picture of Jesus, a white crucifix in her hands, police said Tuesday. Her son's note, found a note pinned to the green flannel blanket covering the body, told a bizarre story.

In the note, Rimmel Henry, 62, said he kept his mother's body in the cluttered apartment after she died of a massive heart attack because he needed money and was hoping to cash his mother's Social Security checks.

"The game is up," said the

misspelled note. "Desperate people do desperate things." Norene Henry's insurance policies were left on the blanket with the note.

Rimmel Henry's plan was in vain. When neighbors at Maple Terrace Apartments complained of the stench late last week, he apparently got scared and left before any checks arrived in the mail.

Police found Norene Henry's body three days later. Her Social Security checks were still in the mailbox.

Inside the apartment, strewn with newspapers and religious magazines, were empty bottles of Thorazine, an antipsychotic drug prescribed to Rimmel Henry's sister, June Henry, police said.

Investigators believe Rimmel Henry fled with his disabled sister, be-

lieved to be in her 60's, because he was afraid he had done something wrong. But police said the reclusive man is wanted only so they can get help for him and his sister, who has schizophrenia and uses a wheelchair.

Police have no idea where Henry and his sister might be. Neither drove a car, and investigators said they think Rimmel Henry called a cab and left the apartment Thursday.

Neighbors said the Henrys had lived in the apartment 10 years, rarely emerging. Manager Alisa Rauch said they usually paid their \$485 rent on time each month. She said they always kept the windows shut and the shades drawn. *(that's where Ray grew up? Makes you think... the ed.)*

Guess Where I Spent Christmas?

by David J. Wade

Mountain Route Box 32 Jemez
Springs, NM 87025-0032

To: Editor, Post Dispatch

I want to publicly thank Sonny Mason and his family and the townspeople of POST, Texas for a most excellent adventure.

Friday, December 20th, Charley and I were on our way to Chattanooga, Tennessee and to Temple, Texas. I to spend Christmas with some friends, and Charley to spend Christmas with relatives. I was driving down Route 84 to get to Dallas and highway 20. As I left New Mexico I was driving through the front of a large storm, and was having problems with the electrical system on my van. I had stalled the engine in Muleshoe by driving through a deep puddle, and was able to restart only after I dried out the inside of the van's distributor. Then the van stalled suddenly just as we crossed the caprock about four miles outside of POST. This time it died so suddenly that we just had time to pull over under some trees off the highway. We tried all the regular things, (checking for fuel flow, and electrical spark,) and were able to determine that we had an electrical short somewhere in the ignition system. Because it was dark and we couldn't work in the rain, we decided that the best thing was to go to sleep. We spent the night sleeping in the van, parked under the trees.

In the morning, we walked over to the nearest house, and the people there took us in to the Mason's (of Mason's Wrecking) to arrange a tow into town. That accomplished, we set about determining what we could do to continue our trip...

We arranged a "hot-wire" rig so we could continue our trip and then we had some coffee and talked with Sonny and Donelle while the van's battery recharged. While we were sitting around Charley and I found out that Sonny had towed in another New Mexican the previous day. It seems that the man had struck a guard rail and crunched the front of his CJ-7 Jeep while traveling to Sarasota, Florida to see a "lady friend". And this particular incident was devastating. The man was a teacher and

made almost no money... This seemed to be the end of his trip. But Sonny was fairly certain that he could get the Jeep repaired enough so the teacher could go on to Florida. I suggested to the "professor" that he could continue on with me; but, in the end, he decided to wait until Monday and try to cobble the Jeep together enough to continue his trip.

And we had our "hot-wire" and could continue on toward Dallas... Of course it took a while, because Dallas was winning the football game, and Donelle and Sonny and the "professor" were so interesting to listen to, and we really were in no particular hurry. I kept reminding myself to "slow down. You're having an adventure. Enjoy it! The hardest part about an adventure is realizing when you are in one, and We definitely are in one now!" So, along about dark we left POST toward Dallas.

We stopped in Snyder to get fresh coffee, and went on down the road. Sixty-four miles from POST, my front drive shaft separated, and we stopped as fast as we were able. When I crawled under the van, (a Teal Green 1979 Dodge four-wheel drive van,) I wished I were back in Sonny's garage. I struggled with what tools I had managed to remember to bring along, and removed the front drive shaft and some of the pieces of bent linkage. This took over two hours, in the cold, inches from the trucks passing in the night. Every time an eighteen-wheeler would pass, the van would shake in the draft, we would hunch further under the van, and the heat would seep out of my back into the pavement I was lying on. I managed to remove the pieces, and lock the transfer case into four-wheel drive, (did I forget to mention that this particular van was one of the few "full time" four wheel drive vans ever made, and that I had to get it into locked position to get the power to the rear wheels? Sorry about that!). Then Charley and I had to make a decision.

Charley was due in Temple, Texas to assemble tricycles and bicycles and trains and planes for his nieces and nephews; I was expected in Chattanooga, sometime before Christmas. And I didn't trust the van. I left Charley standing under some lights in Snyder, thumb extended toward the south, assuring me that he would be in Temple

before first light. I'm sure he made it, he is a Physicist, and they know how the world works... I work with several Physicists and they assure me that they do. And I headed back toward POST, and Sonny's help. I arrived about midnight, and watched a little Star Trek and a Hot game of Uno drawing to a climax on the kitchen table.

The next morning, Monday, I slept in my van until almost noon, or whenever that damned train came by... and then I drove around back and talked awhile with Donelle about the "Professor's" Jeep. I didn't see how they could possibly get the Jeep back on the road before 5pm, but Donelle assured me that everything was "on schedule". So I went downtown to capture a wandering hamburger.

And I found that there are very definite advantages to living in a town around the oil fields. For instance; the Auto Part's Store had real tools! Six point, deep well sockets! Things that nobody around here keeps in stock. Oh, you can order them, wait a week, and pay extra to cover shipping and handling, but you guys in POST can just walk in any time and buy them, at a discounted price! What a heady experience! (I'm only teasing a little, because the parts situation around here is so bad...) I did notice, however, that there seemed to be a lack of computers scattered around the stores. So, to kill a little time, I checked out the stores while looking for an Automatic Teller Machine to get some money.

I went into the hardware store and walked around looking for an inexpensive fly rod, or an old "Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fe Railway" kerosene lamp, or one of those cylindrical hurricane lamps... You know, just ordinary old things that you'll definitely buy, the next time you ever see one; assuming you ever see one again. And I found a "real" snow shovel for about half the price it sells for where I live, (up at 8000 feet, above the snow line). So I walked through into the china shop and bulled around until it was obvious I wasn't going to find any Corning-ware coffee pots which I could buy to supplement my collection.

So I went down the street and found a sewing store. Obviously owned by someone with connections to a variety store

chain. There I finally found, (and purchased!) the glow-in-the-dark “Monster from the Black Lagoon” monster that I hadn’t bought my 12 year old son Matthew, the only other time I’d ever seen one. (Isn’t it funny how you can regret “not” doing something like that for years & years?)

Then I met the nicest ladies sitting in a neat little used furniture store. They were sitting there making lascivious comments about the soap opera heroine and her upcoming revelations concerning the too perfect manly-man she was about to seduce. And they had the alternator for my Van if I just “had to” have a new one.

Then I opened the door to the “Post Dispatch” and found some brownies on a tray, just waiting for someone to taste. But I was looking for fudge, so I left. I went on down the street and spent some time looking through some very beautiful kaleidoscopes, and checking for something else, like the “Monster from the Black Lagoon” that I had forgotten to buy the first time I’d seen it. I passed a radio station, but it seemed deserted so I didn’t bother to enter, even though I know that “disk jockeys” love to be bothered, especially if you bring pizza. Then I got to the bank and went in to use the Automatic Teller Machine.

They convinced me that the nearest ATM was about 38 miles away in Lubbock, and I knew that my cash was limited to what I had in my pocket. So I walked back up the other side of the street, looking for strips of Elk steaks (so I could make Elk Stroganoff omelette, of course) or some Buffalo Sausage, or something. I looked into “The Spotted Pony”, but it was only a clothing store, so I left... Or, rather, I almost left, when this tall lady stopped me and showed me that they had many things other than clothes, and that the clothes that they had were really just “art to be worn”. And wouldn’t I really like to join her in a cup of flavored coffee?

And that’s how I met Zoe Merriman Kirkpatrick, and lost the rest of the day. I think I certainly made a good trade there. She has all the beauty of the AT&SF lamp, and the imperturbability of the hurricane lamp. And she’s written and photographed a book on prairie flowers, (never realizing that five of the fairest prairie flowers are to be found there in “The Spotted Pony”, year round.) And we talked. We talked about Cocopelli, the Anisazi god of fertility that was used as a design for the ties being sold on one of the displays. About the

mystery surrounding the various Cocopelli designs, and the differences between the various depictions of this particular “flute-playing fertility god”. And we talked about Post, and about “The Spotted Pony” and Santa Fe, and about the O.G.’s Green Chili Salsa she has for sale. I had only otherwise seen O.G.’s Chili Salsa at the butcher shop in Bernalillo during Balloon Fiesta on that day that we were barbecuing steak and boiling Johnsonville Brats in beer at “Dr. John’s” up in Algodones. (Dr. John isn’t his real name, everyone just calls him that because of the “Kickapoo Joy Juice” he “Doctors” up once a year.) So of course I bought her last bottle. How could you possibly remember those too short hours eating steak after chasing 600 hot air balloons at dawn in the crispness of those Autumn mornings, and not want to relive those smells, those tastes, those touches?

And then it was early evening, not quite five o’clock, and things were shutting down. So I started back toward Sonny Mason’s garage to see what the situation was. And, out of the corner of my eye, as I passed the Standard station, I spied the “Professor’s” Jeep! It was fueling up, getting ready to go to Sarasota so the “Professor” could spend time with his friend. And just past that there was a tiny trailer pulled into a vacant lot and it was really a barbecue place. I thought about it and thought barbecue might be nice, something hot instead of the cold corned beef sandwiches I’d been eating, and besides, this was a vacation, and an adventure... You aren’t supposed to put artificial limits on yourself while you’re on vacation! So barbecue it is, I’ll make a sandwich out of barbecue, and while I’m here, maybe a sausage! Too bad it’s not a buffalo sausage, but barbecue might be just about right for this evening, that and that new James Bond book I bought for the trip.

So I took the barbecue and the book and I spent the night camped out in Sonny’s garage, wallowing in the feeling of being safe among strangers, listening to the call of the long distance freight as it wailed it’s cry across the prairie, searching for its lost companions. And I gave “killer”, (Sonny’s chihuahua) some of the barbecue, and the sausage tasted almost as good as buffalo, and “The Man from Barbarossa” is more like Ian Fleming’s James Bond than any of the earlier books have been... So, how could this day have been better? I met hundreds of friendly people, I had four or five hours of conversation with Zoe, I bought Matthew his own “unnecessary plastic object,” and I had barbecue sausage so good

that Jim was “sold out” the next day when I went back for seconds, and half of a new James Bond book. (I suppose that a new Travis Magee or a dozen would have helped, but that won’t be, and I suppose that matching glow-in-the-dark “Swamp Thing” and Adrienne Barbeau dolls would be too much to ask for? Then how about a Sigorney Weaver doll complete with flame-thrower and portable cannon? It was just a thought.)

And morning came too soon, Christmas Eve. Donelle came in and woke me and I decided to change the alternator and see if that stabilized the van’s systems enough so I could trust it to drive somewhere. I put the larger alternator on and added a switch to the ignition system “hot wire”. Now I could stop the engine without ripping out wires, just the flip of a switch. And it was done, and it was still morning. If I left now, I could be somewhere else, quickly. So I didn’t. Another Charley came by with his lavender colored “fat-fendered” Ford pickup (1939 Ford body, hot rod engine...). And Sonny sold him some wheels to make the hot rod look “just so!”. And we fussed around for three or four hours “playing cars”, and I finally phoned my friends in Chattanooga and told them I was definitely turning back, going home... And I was free to be irresponsible again. So I finally headed out for New Mexico, (after telling Sonny one last time how beautiful his daughter was, and how lucky he was to live in Post, and how friendly everyone had been... and driving by Jim’s to get that second barbecue sausage that the people of Post had managed to get to before I could, and sort of a cursory look up and down the street to see if there might be a glow-in-the-dark statue of “Bill The Cat” (The presidential candidate, the one who ran against Reagan) somewhere, maybe in one of the stores that hadn’t opened yet when I went by the day before.

Just imagine! A glow-in-the-dark Bill-the-Cat! After all, Post has everything else that anyone could need.

I promised myself (when I turned 21,) that I wouldn’t ever again do anything just once. I think that solves a lot of problems; no high speed crashes into bridge abutments, no one-night stands, etc.

LLL

News from the Underworld

Jennifer Morrison, the God Empresses of the Empire of Oceania, spends the holidays yachting off New Zealand.



Dear Mo

I'm glad your gone um a I mean I hope your having a good time. We miss you.

Sincerely, Tim The Kitchen Slug



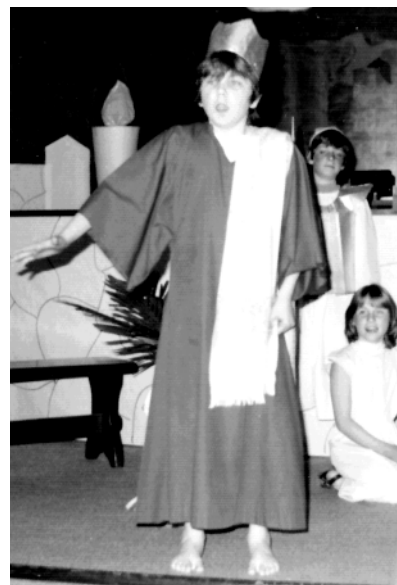
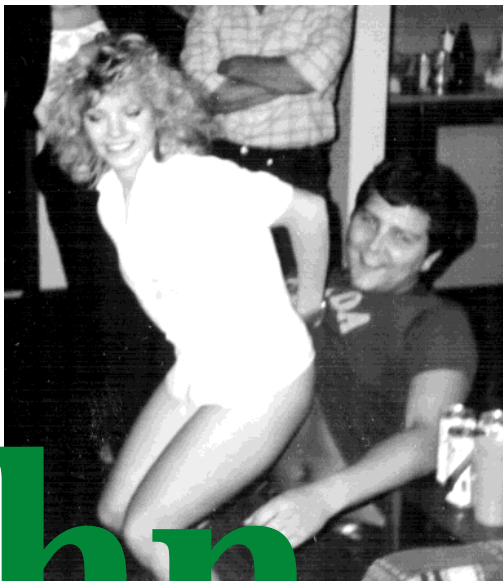
P.S. You're missing all this great snow.

Remember, anyone who does not submit an article must forfeit all rights and privileges and have an article submitted for them, and just because you were yachting is no excuse! However we do realize it must be hard to write a letter when your pen keeps falling to the ceiling. I think that most of my letters must have gotten lost in the mail because you didn't say anything about them in your letters. I think that the mailing system only works one way. So here it is

pictorial



John



Clockwise: John's head takes a vacation, 1989 bachelor party, John practices being a God Emperor at a young age, the mod 1970's John, John takes the Morrison kids to the 1990 Balloon Fiesta, John and Ray "the Radinator" make a ski fashion statement, John and Jenny play horsie - 1972



Johnson



Curious Raman Goes to the Movies

In my opinion (for what it's worth) there are only four types of movies; those that must be seen at the theatre immediately, those that you'll wait to rent, those that you'll catch on TV in the future, and those that you have no interest in ever seeing (like something with Dolph Lundgren and Jean-Claude Van Damme). The relative ratio of these three types is a good indication of how well Hollywood has an indication of what the public is looking for. I don't know about you, but it seems to me that they are slowly losing a grip on reality.

A mere few years ago I remember the total anticipation I felt while waiting diligently for any Star Wars or Indiana Jones movie to hit the big screen. I don't feel the same anticipation for Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles Three: the Turtle loses an Organ to hit the screen. Is it me getting older or is Hollywood currently in a slump. I believe that Hollywood has the problem. There are a few movies coming out in the near future that I can't wait to go see. Medicine Man starring Sean Connery appears to be excellent. The director is the man that did Die Hard, and Hunt for Red October among others. Now he moves out to the jungle. Should be great. Also, although I have fairly had it with sequels, Batman II will be coming out and it should be a doozy. As long as I've mentioned sequels, I'll tell you why I am quite sick of them. If Hollywood makes some money on a movie, they have started thinking just change the script a bit and we'll make load of dough again. Well, this works very well when exceptional people are present (i.e. Star Wars, Indiana Jones). On the

other hand we have Halloween, Nightmare on Elm Street, and TMNT. Anyway, let me give my rating for a few movies. Recall the rating is on a -25 to +25 system.

Madame Bovary: Oh Jesus, this is quite the movie. If I had just won the lotto, married a famous fashion model, and been elected president, I could go see this movie and come away feeling as miserable as one can imagine. It is French with lots of fun subtitles to read. It is the story of a woman who could never come to terms with the way life is and what it has to offer. The movie has some goods and bads, but depressing it is, so if your in the mood, go do your thing and come down to the depths of your mood. This movie rates a big zero.

Rosencrantz and Gildenstern are Dead: So is the movie. This movie is supposed to present Hamlet from a humorous side. They missed. The movie is directed by a novice. Several scenes do strike the mark of the funny bone but the rest kind of just diddles on and on andThe problem may be the script and unfortunately, the director wrote it.

Perhaps the script was a high school project. I don't really know but I give the movie a big -16.

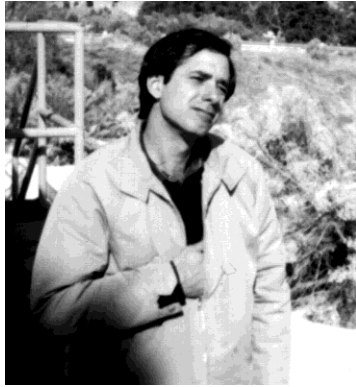
The Nasty Girl: Yea, I know what your thinking. This is not a porn flick of any kind so relax. This is a very good movie about the growth of a woman's mental self and the death of a warped society known as Germany in WWII. This movie shows that we would rather cover up the past than actually admit to anything that has happened in it. Perhaps we all have a bit of that in us. Perhaps the ex-Soviet Union will open a few closet doors. The home made quality of this movie is truly humorous and the story as a whole is of a rather serious political nature and makes quite a statement. It's in German and has more of those nice subtitles. Overall, I give the sucker a +19.

[As always, the editor reserves the right to make a few recommendations. If you get a chance to take in a flick, the following were worth seeing on the big screen: **Star Trek VI, The Addams Family, Freejack & Hook.** I'll leave rating them up to Curious Raman!]

Gomez Addams plays with his trains to relieve tension



Dear Sagebrush,



An Advice Column written by Charles "Sagebrush" Whitley

Dear Sagebrush, How can I find myself a girl?
Signed, Wistful

Dear Wistful: All it takes is a few thousand dollars and a plane ticket to Denmark. In a couple of days, you'll wake up and find yourself a girl.

Dear Sagebrush, What are those little white globs I see floating around in the hot springs? Signed, Baffled

Dear Baffled: They are not candy wrappers, they are not balls of chewed gum, they are not pieces of popcorn. It is possible they are pieces of your brain.

These are the sum of my requests for advice, as few of you know about this new resource for advice and counseling. Hold on, I have just received a cry for help...

Dear Sagebrush, why does my nose bleed so much?
Also, why can't I get a date?
Signed, Lonely and bloody

Dear Lonely: 1) John hit you in the nose with a record.
2) and you are still prepubescent.

editor's note: This is a new column. Dear Sagebrush welcomes all questions and will promise to ponder them thoroughly. Dear Sagebrush is not a medical doctor and does not know what he is talking about, so you should not take him seriously, unless he tells you to send large sums of money to the editor.

NEWS FROM MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY

Hi John,

I was out of town over the Christmas holiday, went back to the U.P. to visit friends & folks. Got back a couple weeks ago, read the note you sent, and promptly forgot about it. I don't have any interesting pictures to contribute, maybe some other time. My address has not changed. Not much going on, things are basically very dull here. School wise I'm all done with my course work and have passed all the exams. Just got on an RA so no more labs or grading for a while, and hopefully not again. Am working with Bill Hiscock doing early universe cosmology stuff. I hope to be out of here in another year or two. After that? I have no clue as to what I'll be doing next. People here have a tendency to get their Ph.D. and NOT leave. No jobs I guess, so they just stick around. I'm not sure this grad school thing was such a bright idea.

I stopped by Tech for a visit just before Christmas. Looked about the same. Visited with Dr. Bob for a few minutes. Went there to see my brother who is planning on getting an ME degree in the spring. He wasn't home.

I'll try to think up something to contribute to the news letter later. Maybe for like the next issue. How much of a contribution do you want in the way of dues?

*More later,
George Bennis GE Montana State*

News from Chuck Luckey

Dear John,

I am currently living in Grand Rapids with my wife Marie. We were married 2 and a half years ago and have a lovely one and a half year old daughter named Malory (cute as a button y'know).

I have been working as a *security officer*, but am looking into getting a job with Cook nuclear power plant in southwest Michigan.

I'm glad that PPSA has been able to track me down.... But then I've always been lucky that way.

Catch you later dudes! The Chuckster

drinks and recipes

Microwave Peanut Brittle

Mix {1 c sugar, 1/2 c white corn syrup}.
Microwave High 4 min in 1 1/2 qt dish.

Add 1 c roasted salted peanuts.
Microwave High 3-5 min until light brown

Add {1 t butter, 1 t vanilla extract}
Microwave High 1-2 min

Add 1 tsp baking soda, mix well, pour on cooling rack, and let cool half hour

BETWEEN THE SHEETS

1 oz. brandy
1 oz. triple sec
1 oz. light rum

shake with ice, strain into a cocktail glass

CREAMY BUSH

1 part Bailey's Irish Cream
1 part Bushmill's Irish Whiskey

combine in a rock's glass

DIRTY MOTHER

3 oz. brandy
3 oz. Kahlua

stir in a highball glass

FLAMING ORGASM

1 beer (good one)
1 shot Bacardi 151

pour beer into glass, flame the 151, drop it in the beer and slam...

FUZZY DICK

1 part Kahlua
1 part Gran Marnier
coffee

in coffee cup mix, add whipped cream

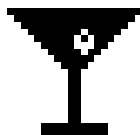
GET LAID

1 1/2 oz. vodka
1 oz. raspberry schnapps
pineapple juice
splash of cranberry juice

stir in highball glass

PAP SMEAR (PABST SMIR)

1 beer
1 shot Smirnoff 100 proof vodka, drop Smirnoff 100 into beer and chug



experiment with these!

Microwave Fudge

Stir together { 2 c sugar, 1/8 t salt, 3/4 c milk} in 3 qt microwave bowl w/cover.

Mix in {2 (2 oz) squares unsweetened chocolate, 1/4 c butter}

Microwave 6 min covered (until hot and bubbly.) Stir.

Microwave 14-16 min, stirring every 5 min. Cook to soft ball. Let stand until room temperature.

Add 2 t vanilla, beat well.

Stir in 1/2 c nuts.

Pour into greased pan, makes 1 lb.

Peanut Butter Balls

Mix { 1 # butter, 2 # peanut butter, 3 1/2 # powdered sugar}. Roll into balls. Dip in melted milk chocolate.

HAIRY VIRGIN

2 parts rum
1 part Triple Sec
2 parts orange/pineapple juice

serve over ice with a cherry

(if no cherry, it is called a HAIRY SLUT)

(if you blend the ice in, it is a FRIGID HAIRY VIRGIN)

(if no cherry and blended, then it is a HAIRY BITCH)

HOT IRISH NUT

1 part Bailey's Irish Cream
1 part Frangelica
coffee

stir in coffee mug

(1 part Amaretto optional)

KISS IN THE DARK

1 oz. gin
1 oz. cherry brandy
1 oz. dry vermouth

stir with ice, strain into highball glass

ORGASM

2 oz. vodka
2 oz. amaretto
2 oz. Kahlua
2 oz. light cream

shake with ice, strain into highball glass



• Drinks Contributed by R. Swartz •

BLONDES...

- 1 Why don't blondes eat pickles?
Because they get their head stuck in the jar!
- 2 Why do blondes wear underwear?
To keep their ankles warm.
- 3 Why don't blondes like to make Kool-Aid?
They can't fit 8 quarts of water in that little package.
- 4 What do blondes and cow pies have in common?
The older they get, the easier they are to pick up.
- 5 Why do blondes like tilt steering?
More head room!
- 6 How does a blonde turn on the light after sex?
She opens the car door.
- 7 What do blondes and turtles have in common?
Once they're on their backs they're screwed!
- 8 What's the mating call of a blonde?
I think I'm drunk!
- 9 What's the mating call of a Brunette?
Is that damn blonde gone yet?
- 10 Why do blondes wash their hair in the kitchen sink?
That's where you wash vegetables!
- 11 Why does a blonde have T.G.I.F. on her shoes?
Toes go in first!
- 12 What does a peroxide blond and a 747 have in common?
They both have black boxes.
- 13 What do blondes and beer bottles have in common?
They're both empty from the neck up!
- 14 What do you do when a blonde throws a grenade at you?
Pull the pin and throw it back.
- 15 How do you give a blonde a brain transplant?
Blow in her ear!
- 16 How do you get a blonde's eyes to sparkle?
Shine a flashlight in her ear?
- 17 What do you call a Zit on a blonde's butt?
A Brain Tumor!
- 18 How do you kill a blonde?
Put spikes in her shoulder pads?
- 19 What's the advantage to being married to a blonde?
You can park in the handicapped zone!
- 20 What does a blonde do first thing in the morning?
She goes home!
- 21 Why does a blonde have fur on the hem of her dress?
To keep her neck warm.
- 22 Why did the blonde cross the road?
Never mind that, what was she doing out of the kitchen?
- 23 How do you make a blonde laugh on Monday?
Tell her a joke on Friday?
- 24 What do you call a brunette between two blondes?
An interpreter.
- 25 If a Blonde and a Brunette both jumped off a building at the same time, who would land first?
The Brunette.....the blonde would have to stop and ask directions.
- 26 Two Blondes were walking along, and came to some tracks.
One blonde said, "Those look like deer tracks", and the other said, "No, they look like Moose tracks".
They were still arguing when the train hit them.
- 27 What's the difference between a blonde and a bowling ball?
You can only put three fingers in a bowling ball!
- 28 What do you call a blonde with a loonie on her head?
All you can eat for under a buck!
- 29 What did the blonde call her pet Zebra?
Spot!
- 30 How can you tell when a blonde has been using your word processor?
By the whiteout on the screen.
- 32 How is a dumb blond like spaghetti?
They both squirm when you eat them.



Quadriplegic Jokes

- What do you call a cow with no legs? - **Ground beef**
 What do you call a dog with no legs? - **Nothing. He can't come when you call him anyway**
 What do you call a guy with no arms or legs who is always getting dumped on? - **John**
 What do you call a guy in a vat of beer? - **Bud**
 What do you call a guy who's mauled by wild animals? - **Claude**
 What do you call a guy who's been struck by lightning? - **Rod**
 What do you call a guy who's been stuffed in a wallet? - **Bill**
 What do you call a guy who's covered with mustard? - **Frank**
 What do you call a guy who's dealing Cocaine? - **Rich**
 What do you call a guy who's holding up a car? - **Jack**
 What do you call a guy who's in boiling water with a bunch of vegetables? - **Stu**
 What do you call a quadriplegic getting pulled behind a skiboat? - **Skip**
 What do you call a quadriplegic in a pile of leaves? - **Russell**
 What do you call a quadriplegic in a pool? - **Bob**
 What do you call a quadriplegic on a doorstep? - **Matt**
 What do you call a quadriplegic on a wall? - **Art**
 What do you call a woman with no arms or legs on a bun? - **Patti**
 What do you call a woman with no arms or legs who has a lampshade on her head? - **Tiffany**
 What do you call a woman with no arms or legs who's been captured by cannibals? - **Candy**

PENIS SONG

Isn't it awfully
nice
to have a penis?
Isn't it frightfully
nice
to have a dong?
It's swell to have a
stiffy.
It's divine to own a
dick,
From the tiniest tadger,
to the world's biggest
prick.
So, three cheers for your
Willie or John Thomas
Hooray, for your one
eyed trouser snake.
Your piece of pork. Your
wife's best friend.
Your Percy or your cock.
You can wrap it up in
ribbons.
You can stick it in your
sock,
But don't take it out in
public,
or they'll put you in the
dock,
And you won't come
back.

EVERY SPERM IS SACRED

There are Jews in the world;
there are Buddhists.
There are Hindus and Mormons and then;
there are those that follow Mohammed,
but I've never been one of them.

I'm a Roman Catholic
and have been since before I was born.
And the one thing they say
about Catholics is
they'll take you as soon as you're warm.

You don't have to be a six footer.
You don't have to have a great brain.
You don't have to have any clothes on.
You're a Catholic
the moment God came.
because...

REFRAIN 1

Let the heathen spill them
on the dusty ground.
God shall make them pay for
each one that can't be found.

EVERY SPERM IS SACRED.
EVERY SPERM IS GREAT.
IF A SPERM GETS WASTED,
GOD GETS QUITE IRATE.

REFRAIN 2

Hindu, Taoist, Mormon
spill theirs just anywhere,
But God loves those who treat their
semen with more care.

EVERY SPERM IS SACRED.
EVERY SPERM IS GOOD.
EVERY SPERM IS NEEDED
IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

REFRAIN 1

REFRAIN 2

REFRAIN 3

Let the heathen spill them
on mountain, hill, and plain
God will strike them down for
each sperm that's spilled in vain.

EVERY SPERM IS USEFUL.
EVERY SPERM IS FINE.
GOD LOVES EVERYBODY'S.
MINE, AND MINE, AND MINE.

REFRAIN 1 & REFRAIN 2

reprinted without permission from
Monty Python's
"The Meaning of Life"

Why Miami Can't Win a Super Bowl Anymore

by Raman Pfaff

Here I am staring out of my window at work and thinking about football (the only real sport to watch). I would like to say that I believe this is still a real sport but I have come to understand the fact that it is now just a "game" controlled and run by the media, which more or less controls the world at this stage of the game.

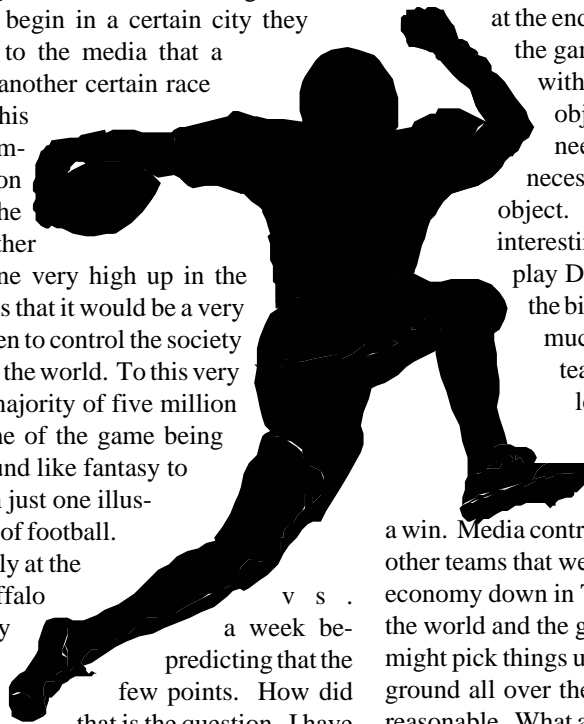
In the old days actual events occurred and stories passed these events on very slowly to the rest of the world (which of course was much smaller then). Now if something supposedly occurs, media presents the event to the rest of the TV watching world through it's own rose colored glasses. If someone wants a riot to begin in a certain city they simply have to "report" to the media that a certain race was shot by another certain race and the riots begin. Did this actually occur or was it simply some bogus information presented to us through the media. Of course the other possibility is that someone very high up in the "media world" just decides that it would be a very entertaining thing to happen to control the society or create a special effect in the world. To this very high person, life for the majority of five million people is just the outcome of the game being played by the media. Sound like fantasy to you? I will discuss this in just one illustrative example, the game of football.

Let us look closely at the Super Bowl this year. Buffalo Washington. It is currently a week before the game but I am predicting that the Redskins will win by a few points. How did these two teams get there, that is the question. I have several points of interest. The most obvious being the Redskins come from the nations capitol. Media is very central to this area and with a high media density comes a high population density. With the current situation in the capitol, the city needs something to be interested in rather than rioting, looting, or various things worse. This seems to be just part of a large game and this part is a controlling technique that seems very basic to the educated eye. What other teams did the media make look good this year and why are they not in the Bowl. Detroit: a man was paralyzed according to the media and thus there had to be a big rally around his emotional spirit. Yea, Detroit is trying to lose its image as a whole since the place is a slum and the master gameplayer want to try to refurbish the area. Well, they had their best record since 1874 or something like that and thus the population can feel good and look forward to things next year. Hope. Chicago: this team is supposed to be powerful every year so if they really did badly the highly populated town might begin having problems of the kind such as in

D.C. Also, in order to make people feel good and laugh, the small piece of humor called "Da Bears" needs a team that wins repeatedly. Humor. New Orleans needed to do well for the obvious reason of taking notice away from an anti-media politician known as Duke. This is a story of its own. Atlanta of course is a growing city and if the team does not improve to some extent, the growth might stop against the wishes of the gameplayer. Hope. Humor. Distraction. Pride. All things involved here. Now let's move on the AFC teams.

Buffalo was in the game last year also. They nearly won except for one man who really bought the farm at the end. This year they are back simply because the gameplayer wants society to be able to feel with this object in the game. I feel that this object will perform well but that greater needs in the D.C. area will override the necessity for the emotional attachment to the object. Such will be life for Buffalo. It is very interesting how they made it there after having to play Denver, the team that repeatedly losses in the big game. The city of Denver no longer had much interest in their team and felt that the team had reached it potential, Super Bowl losses. Thus, there was no need to have them go again. The media controlled the fact that without scoring an offensive touchdown, Buffalo somehow managed

a win. Media controlled event. Let's take a quick peek at the other teams that were supposedly good. Houston: Well, the economy down in Texas is not what I would call the best in the world and the gameplayer feels that a good team or two might pick things up. That or reams of oil popping out of the ground all over the desert. One of those two seems more reasonable. What about the Kansas City Chiefs? I guess the media controls this one team just to keep a large portion of the farmers in the plains happy. I guess this way more food will get produced for large manufacturers at a lower cost. The West Coast must also be enthused since much of the media claims that things start on the Coast and move east over this country. Thus the L.A. Raiders kept the good things rolling on to the East. Now of course the New York area is very large and media owns this place. How did the Jets make the playoffs? Miami is a very small media market and is currently growing at an uncontrollable rate. Thus in order to make the Dolphins a weaker team the media talks about many injuries yet keeps an exciting quarterback just to keep transplanted Miamian's happy. Thus the gameplayer felt that the Jets should beat the Dolphins just to keep the larger chunk of society happy. That is why Miami did not make it to the Super Bowl. Perhaps if Miami moves to the upper West Coast they will win, since this area will soon need a lift in this gameplayers mind.



Quayle Watching II...

(actual quotes from our actual Vice President!)

I not going to focus on what I have done in the past what I stand for, what I articulate to the American people. The American people will judge me on what I am saying and what I have done in the last 12 years in the Congress.

— Vice President Dan Quayle

I want to be Robin to Bush's Batman.

— Vice President Dan Quayle

We should develop anti-satellite weapons because we could not have prevailed without them in 'Red Storm Rising'.

— Vice President Dan Quayle

The US has a vital interest in that area of the country.

— Vice President Dan Quayle Referring to Latin America.

Japan is an important ally of ours. Japan and the United States of the Western industrialized capacity, 60 percent of the GNP, two countries. That's a statement in and of itself.

— Vice President Dan Quayle

Who would have predicted... that Dubcek, who brought the tanks in in Czechoslovakia in 1968 is now being proclaimed a hero in Czechoslovakia. Unbelievable.

— Vice President Dan Quayle -Actually, Dubcek was the leader of the Prague Spring.

May our nation continue to be the beakon of hope to the world.

— The Quayle's 1989 Christmas card. [Not a beacon of literacy, though.]

Well, it looks as if the top part fell on the bottom part.

— Vice President Dan Quayle referring to the collapsed section of the 880 freeway after the San Francisco earthquake of 1989. [this may be a joke; the source is unclear. But it's still funny]

getting [cruise missiles] more accurate so that we can have precise precision.

— Vice President Dan Quayle referring to his legislative work dealing with cruise missiles

I can identify with steelworkers. I can identify with workers that have had a difficult time.

— Vice President Dan Quayle addressing workers at an Ohio steel plant, 1988

[I will never have] another Jimmy Carter grain embargo, Jimmy, Jimmy Carter, Jimmy Carter grain embargo, Jimmy Carter grain embargo.

— Vice President Dan Quayle during the Benson debate

Certainly, I know what to do, and when I am Vice President — and I will be — there will be contingency plans under different sets of situations and I tell you what, I'm not going to go out and hold a news conference about it. I'm going to put it in a safe and keep it there! Does that answer your question?

— Vice President Dan Quayle when asked what he would do if he assumed the Presidency, 1988

Lookit, I've done it their way this far and now it's my turn. I'm my own handler. Any questions? Ask me ... There's not going to be any more handler stories because I'm the handler ... I'm Doctor Spin.

— Vice President Dan Quayle responding to press reports of his aides having to, in effect, "potty train" him.

I would guess that there's adequate low-income housing in this country.

— Vice President Dan Quayle

Verbosity leads to unclear, inarticulate things.

— Vice President Dan Quayle

The real question for 1988 is whether we're going to go forward to tomorrow or past to the — to the back!

— Vice President Dan Quayle

We will invest in our people, quality education, job opportunity, family, neighborhood, and yes, a thing we call America.

— Vice President Dan Quayle, 1988

We'll let the sunshine in and shine on us, because today we're happy and tomorrow we'll be even happier.

— Vice President Dan Quayle, 1988

We're going to have the best-educated American people in the world.

— Vice President Dan Quayle

This election is about who's going to be the next President of the United States!

— Vice President Dan Quayle, 1988

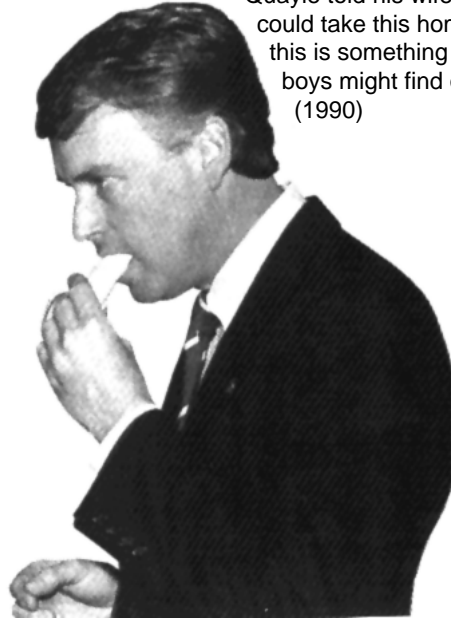
Don't forget about the importance of the family. It begins with the family. We're not going to redefine the family. Everybody knows the definition of the family. [Meaningful pause] A child. [Meaningful pause] A mother. [Meaningful pause] A father. There are other arrangements of the family, but that is a family and family values. I've been very blessed with wonderful parents and a wonderful family, and I am proud of my family. Anybody turns to their family. I have a very good family. I'm very fortunate to have a very good family. I believe very strongly in the family. It's one of the things we have in our platform, is to talk about it. I suppose three important things certainly come to my mind that we want to say thank you. The first would be our family. Your family, my family — which is composed of an immediate family of a wife and three children, a larger family with grandparents and aunts and uncles. We all have our family, whichever that may be ... The very beginnings of civilization, the very beginnings of this country, goes back to the family. And time and time again, I'm often reminded, especially in this Presidential campaign, of the importance of a family, and what a family means to this country. And so when you pay thanks I suppose the first thing that would come to mind would be to thank the Lord for the family.

— Vice President Dan Quayle

What did he say?

While returning from a visit to Chile, Dan Quayle bought a souvenir doll that was anatomically exaggerated.

Quayle told his wife, "I could take this home, Marilyn, this is something teenage boys might find of interest." (1990)



Heated argument over physics sends two students to San Antonio hospital

SAN ANTONIO(AP) — A heated disagreement about physics sent two St. Philip's College honor students to the hospital after a bloody fight.

Three students, all studying air conditioning repair, left an applied physics course Thursday discussing when radiant energy becomes heat, according to a police statement given by one student.

By the time the three reached the far edge of a campus parking lot, the argument had become heated and the three scuffled. At that point, one student withdrew a Swiss Army knife and stabbed his class mates with a 2-inch blade, police said.

John Alvarado, 26, and James Griffin, 37, were taken to Medical Center Hospital. Alvarado was in fair condition Friday with a stab wound to his lower abdomen, and Griffin was in good condition with a stab wound to his chest, a hospital spokeswoman said.

Police released the 33-year-old suspect until the two victims are interviewed about the incident, said police Detective Joery Smittick.

All three men face possible disciplinary action from the school.

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All three men face possible disciplinary action from the school.

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- mail received by Allen Wright

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[An actual piece of junk mail received by Allen Williams]

That's a lot
of Handling!!

January 1992

Top 10 Captions to the Poultry Picture on Page 21

10. Durn, where did I leave my keys?
9. John practicing for his date this weekend
8. Fowl Gynecology
7. I always wondered what was in there
6. Is this safe sex?
5. Eureka, the leg bone is connected to the thigh bone!
4. A strange case of advanced Elephantiasis
3. Don't knock it 'til you've tried it
2. This used to be our paper boy...
1. You don't want to know!

ppsa Glossary... some familiar words and phrases from ppsa members



Bork {bork} proper noun – What once began as a simple can of pork from Dave Linnington's summer camp, is now a holy PPSA relic and is stored in the official MSU PPSA entertainment center. Presently Raman Pfaff is the holder of the Bork.

flackid, flaccid {flack•id} adj. 1) Being in the mental or physical state of flabbiness. 2) Soft, pliable, easy to flagellate.

flackid member, flackid penis {flack•id...} rude noun – A phrase that is spoken when sitting next to rude smoking bitches, or when you need to clear a table so your friends can sit down. Esp. used when *Long Island Iced Teas* are involved.

God Emperor {gawd M•poorer} holy noun 1) The local deity in charge of PPSA affairs (i.e. at a school, or for a town.) 2) The deity in charge of certain affairs for the entire PPSA organization (i.e. GE for Alumni Affairs, GE of Really Cold Things...) 3) The God Emperor is the super-deity in charge of all PPSA affairs (i.e. the planet, the Universe, small cysts of land.) There can be only one such all-powerful being.

loopi, loopy {loop•eeee} adj. 1) Coined by David “master of the late-night” Letterman. Describing the general demeanor of a silly, strange, crazed individual. 2) A PPSA member with very many compact discs is considered to have a great amount of loopiness.

The Nor {Ø} improper noun – That which was once Michael Norman Terwilliger, MTU student, that transmogrified into the flaking Nor-Beast. Speaking the name of the Nor is punishable under Article 8 of *The Official PPSA Constitution*.

The Palace {Mrs. Huang's house} noun – That which is 209 Clark St., Houghton, Mi 49931, and which was the original PPSA headquarters. No longer under the control of PPSA members, although *The Official PPSA Constitution* does not expressly forbid our reclaiming it at some unstated future date.

T.M.H.B.O.C. {those•guys} proper noun – The Most Holy Board of Control. The PPSA governing body, consisting of representative God Emperors as fully described in *The Official PPSA Constitution*.

Classified Ads

DISCLAIMER: The editor has never seen any of these before in his life. Please continue to send ads c/o the Editor.

AUTOMOTIVE

1979 car, metal body, tires, other goodies. Sacrifice for \$800. 478-9250.

WE GOT 'EM!!! Porches, Spiders, air-cooled Volks, lots more. Look great in YOUR front yard, free set of cinder blocks free with purchase. Come by Ace's Used Used-to-Runs. 996-3722.

1979 Malibu wagon. Must sell my yellow peril, \$1200 negotiable or will trade for decent backrub. Come see at House #3, Totavi.

HOUSES FOR RENT

4BR/3B/LR/WD Connections/CA-CH/3CAR GAR. SUN DECK/LARGE KITCHEN/SKY-LIGHTS/SWIM-POOL/ BEAUTIFUL 2 ACRE YARD/2 FIREPLACE 3420 AVONDALE, 567-8910, \$1500/MONTH

\$450 2BR/1B/FRIDGE, STOVE/SOME CARPETING CARPORT/ 3418 AVONDALE, 448-6351

COUNTRY CHARM! Rustic amenities. Must see to believe! Only \$180/mo, drive by 3416 Avondale, then call 442-7798.

Shoebox (Nike), with lid. Make offer. 3414 Avondale. 454-2623.

HELP WANTED

Looking for career-minded individual with initiative. Motivated over-achiever succeeds at Rosa's Restaurant. Two positions available for dishwashing (doggie and on-your-knees). Bring resume to Rosa's, 1910 Blatt.

Nuclear physicist wanted. Starting salary commensurate with experience and ability, room for advancement up to minimum wage. Contact Personnel: Dino's Dibaryons.

Due to an editorial oversight, the following ad was printed with the wrong address (House #2, Totavi, NM) in the last issue. Because of this, the occupants of House #2 have become millionaires and moved to Bangladesh. Mr. Whitley is still eating bread crumbs and drinking tainted water.

REALLY LAST CHANCE!!

This is really your final and last chance to send \$10 to: **CHARLES WHITLEY
HOUSE 3
TOTAVI, NM 87544**

SITUATIONS WANTED

SWM, 28, not repulsive, able to speak in nearly complete sentences, full head of hair (actually helmet-like), semi-creative, comes complete with male circulation and batteries. Seeks SWF, 5-50 yrs, also not repulsive, sentence completion and hair not necessary. Desires romance, or at least correspondence. Up for parole? Call me. 505-662-7725 Ask for Mr. J.

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contact John Johnson
MS#H841, LANL, Los Alamos, NM 87545
(505) 662-7725

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GE Montana State Univ.

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305-385-6029

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GE Greater Miami

9205 SW 90th St

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JENKS, Bill (FSU)

GE Florida State University

Physics Department

Florida State University

Tallahassee, FL 32306

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(see Jala Pfaff)

JOHNSON, C. Matt (WM)

GE William & Mary (?)

414-9 Merrimac Trail

Williamsburg, VA 23185

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Mt. Pleasant, MI 48858

517-773-0925

JOHNSON, John (ex-MTU, ex-MSU, U.Texas)

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MS#H841 LANL

Los Alamos, NM 87544

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216-383-9481

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MSU - NSCL
East Lansing, Mi 48824

LIDDIARD, Kevin (ex-MSU)
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