

The RASCAL Register

April 2016

Issue 41

RASCAL Picnic

Retzlaff Winery
1356 South Livermore Avenue
Livermore, CA

June 21, 2016
11:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.

The cost is \$25.00 per person. Please make checks payable to RASCALS and send by June 18th to:

RASCAL
P. O. Box 18
Livermore, CA 94551

The menu will be as follows:

- Herb dusted BBQ'd Chicken
- BBQ'd Pork Spareribs
- Pasta Salad
- Spinach and Strawberry Salad
- Garlic Bread
- Assortment of Brownies and cookies
- Bottled Water, Lemonade, Sweet Tea and Iced Tea. Wine may be purchased.

Photos from past picnics:



THE DOOR MIST EVENT

By Anonymous

I lived my first eighteen years in the heart of West Virginia's coal mining country, yet I never saw the inside of a mine. So riding a train into the side of Rainier Mesa at the Nevada Test Site was a totally new experience. From the outside it looked like a coal mine, except bigger and cleaner. We were seated in a "donkey" car drawn on twin steel rails by an electrically driven motorcar. Our hard hats gleamed in the Nevada sun until suddenly we were inside a lighted tunnel about twelve feet high. The trip to the "Door Mist" drift that ran off the main tunnel at a thirty-degree angle took only about ten minutes. Dismounting, we walked the last few hundred feet to the near end of an 800-foot long conical steel pipe lying horizontal in the drift. Our experiments were being installed in the eight-foot diameter end section. Instrumentation cables ran vertically to recording trailers on the mesa top a thousand feet above us.

The purpose of this "event" was to evaluate the effects of a nuclear detonation on the W68/MK3 warhead/reentry body we were developing for the Navy's new Poseidon missile. Our task was top priority because the Soviet Union was deploying nuclear-tipped anti-ballistic missiles around Moscow. There was great fear that America's nuclear deterrent would be compromised -- that the Soviets, through a combination of huge offensive missiles to attack and ABM's to defend, could destroy U.S. forces and cities without suffering much damage themselves. Just the perception of this capability could alter the balance of power.

An ABM nuclear detonation above the atmosphere sends out energy in all directions at the speed of light. Even at distances of hundreds of miles this radiation can be strong enough to kill 1950-era missile electronics. At closer range, our reentry vehicles could be crushed and our warheads melted. Theoretically, the single burst of one Soviet ABM could render useless a number of U.S. warheads. Poseidon was being rushed into the U.S. submarine fleet to negate the potential of the Soviet ABM system.

The scheme was simple. Place multiple (as many as fourteen) independently targetable warheads on each Poseidon missile. The last stage of the missile, called the bus, releases each warhead separately and spaces them ten miles or so apart. The warheads are designed to survive radiation from a nuclear burst at this distance, thus forcing the Soviets to expend one or more ABM's to kill each incoming warhead. This "exhaustion" strategy forces the Soviet's to use many ABM's to negate the warheads on a single U.S. missile. Cost alone strongly favors the offense; the technical problems of dealing with so many incoming warheads completely overwhelm the defense. Deterrence - mutually assured destruction - prevails.

Our job as designers was to make the warhead resistant to radiation. Nothing can survive a nearby nuclear detonation, but we were designing for the much lower radiation levels expected at a distance of, say, five miles from the burst. This way, a single ABM can kill only one of our warheads - the combination of spacing and hardening allows all others to survive. The details of how we hardened

warheads - made them resistant to radiation - should still be classified. It's a tough job, and in many ways we were in uncharted waters. We calculated, innovated, designed, and tested in the lab, but the proof of the pudding was exposing our prototypes to the radiation from a real nuclear burst at the Nevada Test Site.

On the Door Mist event a nuclear device (bomb) was placed in a room at the small end of the 800-foot long conical steel pipe. The bomb was very small compared to the warhead on a Soviet ABM, but, much, much, closer. However, by sizing the window between the bomb and the pipe correctly, we could get the right levels of radiation on our warhead experiments. An ingenious combination of closure features, some mechanical, some using the energy of the bomb itself, was designed to contain the explosion and prevent radioactive debris from reaching the experiments. Afterward, the warheads and components would be removed for visual examination and functional testing.

Well, that's how it was supposed to work. On Door Mist the containment scheme failed, and the tunnel flooded with hot water. It was many months before we recovered our experiments. Our reentry to the tunnel was very unlike my first visit. This time we walked. Our objective was to take a complete set of color photographs before workers entered the tunnel to remove the experiments. Four of us made the journey: my supervisor, Al Skinrood; a professional photographer, Ray Foster; the site health physicist who had previously determined that the radiation levels were safe, and me. The only light came from our electrical torches and hardhat lamps. We puffed along in heavy coveralls and rubber gloves carrying the camera equipment and extra film. We definitely felt the humidity and the thin air at 6,000

feet above sea level. By the time we reached the experiments, we were soaked with sweat.

Al and I visually examined the items and showed Ray the angles we needed on each photograph. The whole process, portal to portal, must have taken more than three hours. We were pretty tuckered out and thirsty when we finally unsuited in the Nevada sun.

That evening, as we had dinner at the on-site steakhouse, we received a vivid reminder that this wasn't just another day at the office. A couple of guys tracked across the room, clicking Geiger counter in hand. "It's your shoes," one said. "You didn't wear booties you should have." They took our boots outside for decontamination while we finished our meal.

[The Door Mist Event occurred on 31 August 1967.]

Brief Notes from RASCAL Members

Noel Baggett:

Recently I have completed coursework for a Certificate of Achievement in Personal Fitness Trainer at Mira Costa College in Oceanside, CA. I did an internship (at 74 yrs old) as a Health Coach Assistant at Healthy Adventures Foundation in San Diego last semester. I am now also an NASM Certified Personal Trainer and an ACE Certified Health Coach. I have competed regularly in running events and the Senior Games (fitness, 5K run, farmer's walk, rope climb, pushups, pullups, standing long jump) and in the 2006 Gay Games (5k run, wrestling) and the 2014 Gay Games (5k run).

Carole Price:

FYI my latest endeavor is finding a new home for my *Shakespeare in the Vineyard* mystery series. My publisher, Five Star, dropped their mystery line in January, after I'd already sent them Book #3 in the series last September. A few publishers have shown interest in continuing my series, but no contract yet. One publisher didn't want to pick up a series in the middle, but said they liked my writing and if I start a new series they would be interested. I do have an idea for a new one. Trying to think positive. Meanwhile, I was invited to write a short story for Happy Homicides 2016 fall anthology. It's written, but I'm still tweeking it. It's due in June. I have a completed stand-alone mystery that takes place on Martha's Vineyard. I wrote it ten years ago (my first) and it required updating (cell phones and computers mainly). I'm looking for an agent who will love it and find a home for it. So wish me luck!

*A TAIL OF TWO KITTIES*

Not to be confused with Charles Dickens story from 1859. It is, however, a tale of two cities. Ceres CA and Hope Mills NC. Jim Gollnick has written this out as directed by his two kitties. They cannot type or use Microsoft Word. This is their story in their own words.

I am "Sarge" and me and my sister "Miss Dolittle" are being held hostage in our house and are no longer let outside unless on a leash. We have to go back in time a few months to get the whole story. Here it is.

Our "people" left us alone in our house here in Ceres for almost a month. Our Aunt and Uncle came by to tend to our needs. We still had our own door in and out so things were OK but we missed our "people".

When they came back to us they immediately started to move things around in the house and do some fix up work. We found out later that they had gone to Hope Mills to visit with our Aunt Amber and her family. While there they arranged to have a new house built that is only two blocks from Amber's house. Things get worse from here. Soon a lady (Realtor) came by and we saw some paperwork on the table and then a For Sale sign went up. We had no idea of the complications of this. We still had our food and our door to the world.

Next, our door was blocked off and we were then kept in the house totally against our will. We had to go back to using the sand box. Then a huge moving van came and we were locked in the bedroom that day. It was loaded with all of our stuff and even included our very own kitty toys. After the van left we all moved a short distance to our Uncle Sterling's house. All of us were living in one room there for several days while waiting for our people to get some money from the house sale. Once that happened, it even got worse for us. Miss Dolittle and I were each put into a 2 x 2 ft wire cage and taken to the back seat of the little red compact car. There we were, side by side, and no where to go. We were about 8 hours a day locked in the cages in the car. We took full advantage of a whole motel room for the

nights and could sit in the window and see the other cats and dogs go by. We got out once in awhile but still on those darned leashes.

We were in that car for 8 days of travel for the 2900 mile trip. We finally arrived at our Aunt Amber's house and spent many weeks there thinking we were going to live here forever. We were not allowed out of the house but the two dogs in the house could go in and out as they wanted. That was not fair to us!

Then one day we were told we would now be moving to a new house. The ride in the car would be two blocks and not to worry. Heck, we could walk that far and not need the car. Now, some months have passed and we are settled into our new "digs". We have sand in the yard so it's like one huge sand box. We are still confused on which way is West so we can't go back to California as we would get lost. This new house is pretty cool though. Our kitty door came back along with our sand box in the garage. We are now back to normal. Looking back, it was a good move for our people and for us. We have all kinds of new bugs and flying things to hunt here. We even have tiny toads in the grass. The little lizards here are faster and not so dry looking as in California. We sneak one into the house once in awhile and that makes a big upset. It's fun! We can't find any other kitties here either but as more and more of the new houses get occupied maybe we'll get some friends.

Me and Miss Dolittle are getting settled in and doing a lot of nothing. Miss Dolittle is taking a nap right now. She does not do much, thus the name Miss Dolittle.

Once in awhile we go over the fence into the heavy wooded forest behind our house. It's spooky back there and we usually come home on the run.

We still see the two dogs of Amber's as they bring them by almost every day so they can run in the big field next to our house. We watch them from the top of our fence.

This will end our tail of two kitties as it's nap time again. We hope you enjoyed our story.

Sarge and Miss Dolittle
Oct. 2015

THE 1000 YEAR FLOOD IN SOUTH CAROLINA

By Jim and Faith Gollnick,

This is our "take" on the recent 1000 year flood in South Carolina.

We moved here in May to the Fayetteville area of North Carolina to be near our kids.

Having lived in CA for about 39 years, we were glad to make the move and get away from the drought.

We'd sit on the porch any time it rained and just look at each other and smile. I'd get my cup of coffee and usually by the time it was done, the rain would quit. It is not odd to get an inch in one hour. Many short bursts of 1/4 inch or more in just a few minutes. We were wishing many times that we could "wish" the rain back to California.

We watched the news and weather channel tracking the situation every day for days. An internet search will tell the whole story but the storm involved three elements. The Hurricane Joaquin coming up and along the East coastline.

That blocked movement to the east, and the outer bands of rain contributed some to the situation. Then the storm had come into the area I believe coming up from the south west.

It could not move anywhere because of the hurricane off the coast and a high pressure area stalled to the west of it. It just sat there and rained. I recall it starting about Oct 5th and lasting 9 days before it moved off.

We were watching from our home and hoping it would not hit us dead center which it could have done.

We have several rain gauges here and had them out. We had rain from light to heavy during that 9 days.

Our gauge registered 3 inches one night from 9 PM to 8 AM the next day. Other days were more like one inch give or take. We have good watershed drainage here so no problems or worries for us. In the whole storm we got exactly 12 inches of rain. Our area here is sandy and so most of the water is run off on down to the Atlantic Ocean about 50 miles away. Life pretty much went on as it normally would on any rainy day. We are extremely grateful that it did very little damage in our state, and most of that was just along the NC and SC state line. Now we know our new house has no water leaks!!

We spent several days in Charleston a few weeks ago and did the tourist thing. It's history goes back to the mid 1600's and is a real tourist destination. We will be going back again but will wait several more years

to let them get things back to normal. There was lots of damage there and in the rest of the state.

390 dams have been checked after the storm and 63 of those are now having emergency repairs done and most have lowered the lake levels behind the dams. 36 dams had failed in the storm thus contributing to the moving water through the area. The weather channel has estimated that 4.4 trillion gallons of water fell in the storm. We hope it will be another 1000 years before another event like this takes place.



The Year was 1955, ONLY 60 YEARS AGO!

The fast food restaurant is convenient for a quick meal, but I seriously doubt they will ever catch on.



Recent Deaths:

| <u>Name</u> | <u>Date</u> |
|--------------|-------------|
| Lutz Dahlke | 02/22/16 |
| Marlin Pound | 02/23/16 |
| Don DuBose | 03/16/16 |
| Terry Bersie | 03/19/16 |

**Recent Retirees:**Name

Bill Ballard
 Larry Brandt
 John Didlake
 Joanne Volponi

*For Information and to Contact
 Sandia Health, Benefits, and
 Employee Services (HBE):*

HBE Customer Service Phone:
 (800) 417-2634, ext. 844-4237 or 505-844-
 HBES(4237)

HBE Customer Service Web Site:
<http://hbe.sandia.gov>

OneExchange:
 1-888-598-7809
<https://medicare.oneexchange.com/sandia>

Thank You

We want to thank all of you who have contributed articles and photos on your vacations, hobbies, moves to new locations, and other informative subjects. We really appreciate your excellent contributions to the Newsletter. Keep them coming!

RASCAL Board Members:

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|------------------------|-----------------|
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