

The Box City Bulletin

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If you would like to receive this publication please write to:

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Your poetry, or any interesting submission will be considered for publication. . . .Send it!!

Always remember, this is your Bulletin. If you disagree with any editorial content, we welcome opposing points of view as well as comments on public issues.

We have opinions, . . .but no agenda and will print all opposing points of view concerning any issue we editorialize.

So let's hear from you!

~

Meet Our New Mascot !



Meet The Salt Water Boxfish



Mercedes-Benz Bionic Concept

Yes, you heard it correctly — Box City has a mascot. We recently discovered this delightful fish that inhabits beautiful tropical coral reefs. The *boxfish* is a very peaceful, slow-moving fish that feeds on algae, mollusks and crustaceans near the ocean floor around coral reefs throughout the world.

They are yellow with black polka dots (Box City colors), and are an interesting addition to any salt water aquarium.

Mercedes-Benz has designed its new "Bionic Concept" car after the *Boxfish*.

Despite its cube-shaped body, the *Boxfish* is in fact outstandingly streamlined and therefore represents an aerodynamic ideal. With an accurately constructed model of the *Boxfish* the Mercedes engineers were able to achieve a wind drag coefficient of just 0.06 in the wind tunnel.

NAME OUR MASCOT CONTEST



To win a \$50.00 Box City Gift Certificate, send your suggestion for a name for our new mascot to:

Box City Mascot Contest
P.O. Box 7069
Van Nuys, CA 91409-7069

Entries must be postmarked before June 30, 2009.

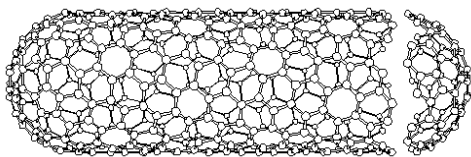
The winner will be judged on originality and cleverness.

The Box City Science Page

What is a Nanotube

We have been hearing a great deal about *nanotechnology* and *carbon nanotubes* recently.

About two years ago this science page had an article about this amazing discovery. It was about a future stationary satellite tethered to the earth by a cable constructed of many miles of *carbon nanotubes*. It would enable the transfer of supplies on an elevator operating back and forth via the *nanotube* cable. This will give you an idea of the remarkable strength of *carbon nanotubes*. It would save billions of dollars in rocket launches, to say nothing of the ecological benefits by not cluttering up our inner space with all that rocket debris.



A Carbon Nanotube

So . . . Exactly what is a *carbon nanotube*?

SIZE

Carbon nanotubes are allotropes of carbon with a cylindrical nanostructure. They are so tiny that the length to diameter ratio is 28,000,000 to 1. Their name is derived from their size, since the diameter of a *nanotube* is on the order of a few nanometers (1/50,000 of the width of a human hair).

STRENGTH

The nature of the bonding of a *nanotube* as described by applied quantum chemistry is stronger than the bonds found in diamonds. (You might be interested to know that dia-

monds are made of the same stuff—carbon).

ELECTRICAL

Single-walled *nanotubes* exhibit electric properties beyond the microelectromechanical scale currently used in electronics. In theory, metallic *nanotubes* can carry an electric current density 1,000 times greater than copper.

KINETIC

Multi-walled *nanotubes*, multiple concentric *nanotubes* precisely nested within one another, exhibit a striking telescoping property whereby an inner *nanotube* core may slide, almost without friction, within its outer *nanotube* shell thus creating an atomically perfect linear or rotational bearing. This is one of the first true examples of molecular *nanotechnology*, the precise positioning of atoms to create useful machines. This property has already been utilized to create the world's smallest rotational motor.

THERMAL

All *nanotubes* are very good thermal conductors along the tube, exhibiting a property known as “ballistic conduction,” and are good insulators laterally to the tube axis. It is predicted that *carbon nanotubes* will be able to transmit up to 6,000 watts per meter per Kelvin at room temperature; compare this to copper, a metal well-known for its good thermal conductivity, which transmits 385 watts per meter per K. The temperature stability of *carbon nanotubes* is estimated to be up to

2800 deg. C in vacuum and about 750 deg. C in air.

SYNTHESIS

Techniques such as, arc discharge, laser ablation, high pressure carbon monoxide and chemical vapor deposition have been developed to produce *nanotubes* in sizeable quantities. Techniques . Large quantities of *nanotubes* can be synthesized by these methods making CNTs more commercially viable.

POTENTIAL APPLICATIONS

Structural: Because of the carbon *nanotube's* superior mechanical properties, many structures have been proposed ranging from everyday items like clothing and sports gear to combat jackets and space elevators. Pioneering work led by Ray H. Baughman at the NanoTech Institute has shown that single and multi-walled *nanotubes* can produce materials with toughness unmatched in the man-made and natural worlds.

Electric Circuits: *Nanotube* based transistors have been made that operate at room temperature and are capable of digital switching using a single electron.

Most recently, collaborating American and Chinese researchers at Duke University and Peking University have made progress toward producing perfectly aligned 100% semiconducting carbon nanotubes.

The Box City Poetry Corner

Editor's Note: There are two poems we publish at least once every year or two. One is "Rags" and this is the other one.

About 25 years ago I had occasion to visit the son of a friend who was in jail in Los Angeles. On a table in the lobby of the jail was this poem. It had been written by one of the inmates.

The poem touched me so deeply that I took a copy of it with me.

Worldwide, there are millions of drug addicts and potential drug addicts. Everyone who has adolescent kids should share this with their children.

"Till Death Do Us Part" (A Marriage Vow)

So now little man, you've grown tired of grass,
LSD, Acid, Cocaine and Hash.
When someone pretending to be a good friend,
Said, "I'll introduce you to Miss Heroin."

Well, honey, before you start fooling with me,
Let me inform you of how it will be.
For I will seduce you and make you my slave,
I've sent men much stronger than you to their grave.

You think you could never be such a disgrace,
'Till you end up addicted to poppy seed waste.
You'll start by inhaling me one afternoon,
Then you'll take me into your arms very soon.

And once I have entered deep down in your vein,
The craving will nearly drive you insane.
You'll need lots of money, (as you've been told),
For darling, I'm much more expensive than gold.

You'll swindle your mother for less than a buck,
You'll end up an animal, vile and corrupt.
You'll mug and you'll steal for my narcotic charm,
And only feel content, when I'm deep in your arm.

One day you'll realize the monster you've grown,
Then solemnly promise to leave me alone.
If you think that you've got that mystical knack,
Just come on and try getting ME off your back.

The vomit, the cramps, your gut tied in a knot,
The jangling nerves screaming for just one more shot.
The hot chills, the cold sweat, the withdrawal pains,
Can only be eased by my little white grains.

There is no other way, there's no need to look,
For deep down inside, you'll know that you're hooked.
You'll desperately run to the pusher, and then,
You'll welcome me into your veins once again.

And when you return as I have foretold,
You'll ultimately give me your body and soul.
You'll give up your morals, your conscience, your
heart,
And then you'll be mine . . .
— **Till death do us part.**



@ tripod.com

Box City Furry Tales

When Puss Comes to Shove

By Joe Kirkup

Cat owners like to describe their felines in superlatives. One person has the smartest cat in the whole world; another boasts of the biggest or loudest cat in the whole world. I have Humphrey, the ugliest cat in the whole world.

Humphrey was a little crumpled when I got him. He was sitting in the middle of the road, suffering from a nasty case of failure to grant the right of way. His head was crooked, his jaw was broken and one eye looked straight into the twilight zone. The little fella had enough road rash to be an honorary Hell's Angel. He was the hurtin'est cat in the whole world.

I didn't think he would make it, but after four months and three hundred dollars he was doing quite well. He almost died three different times, but he never gave up. His head is still shaped like a potato at the fruit stand, and the vet had to grind some teeth to let his mouth close, but Humphrey just wouldn't quit. He's got an eye on one side and a fur lined depression on the other, and part of his nose is still out on Route 16, but that didn't faze Humphrey. He's a cat, and he's tough.

Obviously I like cats, but a lot of men don't. Cats are not macho. Cats are not rough and tough. Cats, I am told are sissies.

But let me tell you something: cats can rearrange your face and hand you your lips. Ask my dog, Shep.

My dog weighs 80 pounds and has a smile like the keyboard on Dracula's piano. He has too many teeth and not enough jowl. He's not afraid of anything. Except cats. So many ill-tempered Toms have danced on his face,

his nose looks like a country fair after the tractor races. Among the legions of slit-eyed mouse molesters that trouble Shep's dreams, Humphrey ranks pretty high.

S o m e y e a r s a g o , Shep and I were living with Humphrey, a second cat named Buggy Moran, and Lynn, the nice lady who saw dutifully to their every desire.

The five of us were happily ensconced in a modern well-appointed duplex. Among the more admirable features of the place was a thick springy carpet that covered every inch of the floor except for a small area inside one bedroom closet.

One still day in the dead of summer, it was oppressively hot. Flowers were limp and lifeless. The ice cream man wore a greedy smile. As for Shep, the combination of lying on a thick rug and wearing one at the same time was too much for him. He retreated to the uncarpeted closet and stretched out on the cool cement, secure in the assumption that, among the fur-bearing four-by-fours present, his rank guaranteed by his size would ensure that he was undisturbed.

Buggy had pushed Lynn's knickknacks aside and was resting peacefully on the third tier of a teak bookshelf. But Humphrey was having a problem. Generally, on warmer days, Humphrey sprinted down the hall, through the bathroom door and leaped into the tub, where he played with the faucet drips before passing out till dinner was served. Unfortunately, on the previous day, without Humphrey's knowledge, Lynn had filled the bathtub with water. The result was an abrupt feline behavior modification involving a very wet cat and a slightly torn shower curtain.

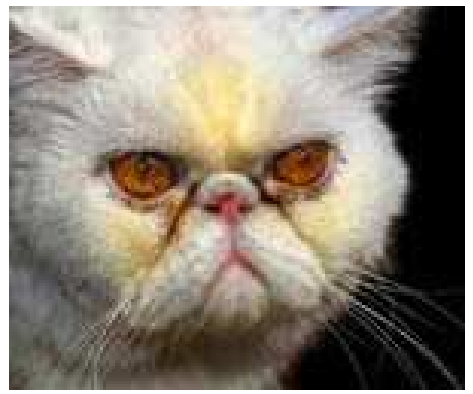
As morning melted into afternoon, Humphrey got more and more annoyed. He

paced the house glancing nervously into the bathroom and longingly into Shep's closet space. Faced with the choice of confronting twenty gallons of cold water or eighty pounds of hot canine, Humphrey opted for the latter.

Lynn and I were sorting laundry on the bed. She was marveling at how each of my socks was unique, when Humphrey stalked into the room and positioned himself in the open closet doorway at the edge of the carpet. One of Shep's eyes opened momentarily. He blinked uneasily in the face of Humphrey's baleful stare; then, seemingly reassured by his five-to-one size advantage, drifted back to sleep.

After several long minutes the cat stood up and stretched thoroughly like a Kung Fu priest preparing for combat. Carefully, Humphrey took one step toward the sleeping black hulk. Shep's ear twitched, and again both eyes popped open. An almost inaudible rumble came from deep in the dog's throat. Humphrey sat down and waited.

After several moments, Shep's eyes closed again. He groaned and shifted to a more comfortable position. I know what he was thinking. Cats are afraid of dogs. Right?



Continued on Next Page



Interesting Word Origins

BOOTY

Booty comes from the Middle Low German word *bute* which meant a distribution or sharing. When *bute* entered our language it began to mean *booty* as we understand it, something taken illegally and then shared in the fashion of pirates. Its spelling was influenced by the English word *boot* which meant profit or advantage. This we now use in such an expression as: “He sold him his camera and threw in a couple of films to *boot*”; that is something besides, or in addition to, the article bought. But the word *boot* that applies to the covering you wear on your foot seems to have come from the Old French *bote*. And the word *loot* is merely a corruption of the Hindustani word *lut*, meaning something plundered.



AMNESTY

When a lawyer begs for *amnesty* for his client he is actually asking the judge to have an attack of *amnesia*. The first person in history to grant *amnesty* was reported to have been a Greek general who said he would forgive his enemies and “not remember” (Greek *a-*“not,” *mnasthai*, “to remember”) their misdeeds. And from this we inherited our two English words: *amnesia*, “loss of memory,” and *amnesty*, “a pardon for offenses.”



PROSTITUTE

An Anglican clergyman, Samuel Purchas, in writing “*Purchas his pilgrimage*” in 1613, reported: “I have seene houses as full of such *prostitutes*, as the schools in France are full of children.” In employing the Puritan word *prostitute*, Purchas was using a euphemism that had been devised as a substitute for the honest Old English word “whore.” *Prostitute* comes from the Latin *prostitutus*, meaning “set before,” “exposed,” “offered for sale.” The Latin meaning is retained today, for to *prostitute* oneself is to sacrifice integrity for material gain. And the current Briticism also expresses the idea of an exchange for money. In London *prostitutes* are rents.



When Puss Comes to Shove — Continued

Shep is not tall or long. He’s thick. Almost his entire body is protected by dense fur. And heavy muscle. He has only one window of vulnerability—his feet. The ferocious Shep has delicate tootsies. Very slowly Humphrey stretched his mitt out as far as it could reach. It gently touched against Shep’s front paw.

Shep’s foot jerked immediately in toward his body. His head came up as he showered Humphrey with a long and ominous snarl. The cat held his ground.

After a minute, Shep’s head sank slowly to the floor. His eyes began to droop,

but each breath was exhaled as a low, moaning growl. Again the cat stretched his paw into enemy territory. This time Shep’s rear leg was the victim. With a sharp and frightening roar, Shep jerked upright and tried to tuck all four feet under his body. His ears lay flat against his neck and a ghoulish row of gleaming white teeth were exposed and ready.

Humphrey pulled his head back and squinted. Behind the still extended paw his face wrinkled. Shep continued growling and snapping his teeth. Humphrey moved in closer and reached one of Shep’s exposed toes. Shep jumped to his feet and crowded against the closet wall, growling

and glancing nervously about. Humphrey moved in quickly and began hitting at the back of Shep’s rear legs, like an elephant trainer at the circus.

Shep trampled some high-heeled shoes and bellowed uselessly as he beat a hasty if not honorable retreat. Humphrey sat down in the middle of his conquered territory and proceeded to wash his ears.

In some corner of the universe, I’m sure the scoreboard lit up: Cats—1 Dogs—0. Cats may not be macho, but just ask Shep if they’re sissy.

Editorial

Monsanto & Seed Patents

By Howard Suer

There are many things we can live without, here on earth — Food is not one of them.

To put it simply, without food man dies.

Over the years man has multiplied until there are about seven and a half billion of us to feed. Fortunately, through our agricultural technology we have managed to



Wheat Field

produce enough food to feed most of us.

Yet there is starvation in many parts of the world. The factors that cause such human tragedy are: WAR-GREED-POLITICS-DROUGHT-TOPSOIL EROSION — and various other conditions (some caused by global warming).

With all that in mind, I cannot fathom why, in the 1980s, the United States Government awarded a patent on food to the giant Monsanto Chemical Co. Yes, you heard it correctly, the United States Government gave Monsanto a patent on genetically-modified seed. That includes Corn, canola, Soy and other grains.

Once Monsanto obtained those patents, they proceeded to buy up many of the seed companies across the Midwest, thereby making it difficult for farmers to purchase seed that was not under the

Monsanto-patented umbrella.

Thousands of years ago, when man first discovered agriculture, he learned that he could save some of the seed from his crops and use them to plant the next years harvest. Thus, for thousands of years farmers planted corn, wheat, cotton, and other crops using seed he had saved from the previous year.

Suddenly, a giant chemical company has a patent on the seeds. Farmers are no longer allowed to save seeds for planting. Monsanto has an army of “Seed Inspectors” whose job is to inspect farms across the country to determine if Monsanto’s patented DNA is present in those seeds. With an annual budget of \$10 million, they have filed thousand of lawsuits (successfully) against farmers for patent infringement.

One study of the matter found that “Monsanto has used heavy-handed investigations and ruthless prosecutions that have fundamentally changed the way many American farmers farm. The result has been nothing less than an assault on the foundations of farming practices and traditions that have endured for millennia around the world.

Some say that if farmers don’t want any problems from Monsanto, they simply shouldn’t buy Monsanto’s GMO seeds. But it isn’t quite that simple. Monsanto contaminates the fields, trespasses onto the land taking samples, and then sues, saying they own the crop..

Meanwhile, Monsanto is taking many other steps to keep farmers and anyone else from having any access at all to buying, collecting, and saving normal seeds;

1. They’ve bought up the seed companies across the Midwest.
2. They’ve written Monsanto seed laws, and gotten legislators to put them through, that make cleaning, collecting, and storing seeds so onerous in terms of fees and pa-

perwork that having normal seed becomes almost impossible.

3. Monsanto is pushing laws that ensure farmers and citizens can’t block the planting of GMO crops even if they can contaminate other crops.
4. There are Monsanto regulations buried in the FDA rules that make a farmer’s seed cleaning equipment illegal because it’s now considered a “source of seed contamination.”

Monsanto has sued more than 1,500 farmers whose fields had simply been contaminated by GM crops.

Monsanto is not only patenting its own GMO seeds. It has also succeeded in slapping patents on a huge number of crop seeds, thereby patenting life forms for the first time, without a vote of the people or Congress. By doing this, Monsanto becomes the sole owner of the seeds necessary to support the world’s food supply: an incredibly powerful position that no for-profit company should ever hold.



In order to further prevent farmers from using their genetically modified seed, Monsanto had also developed seeds that will self destruct upon maturity. That is the farmer will not be able to use the sterile seeds for next year’s crops.

This is just another example of why we feel that the current system of lobbying should be eliminated from our government. Powerful companies with lots of money can purchase their own self-serving laws.

Why We Say It – (Phrase Origins)

“According to Hoyle”

An Englishman, Edmond Hoyle, apparently a barrister and minor legal official in Ireland, wrote *A Short Treatise on the Game of Whist* in 1742. It was the first book to systemize the rules of whist and remained the absolute authority for the game until the rules were changed in 1864. He also wrote *Hoyle’s Standard Games*, which has been republished hundreds of times. The weight of his authority through those works led to the phrase, *according to Hoyle*, which became a proverbial synonym for the accuracy of game rules. He is responsible for popularizing many of the terms used today in card games. He died in 1769 at the age of 97.

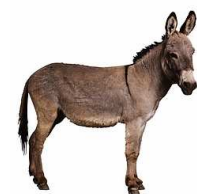
“Add Insult to Injury”

This is one of our oldest expressions dating back to an early fable of Aesop, in which a bald man tried to kill a fly on his head and missed the fly, smacking himself instead. Said the fly, “You wanted to kill me for a mere touch. What will you do to yourself now that you have added *insult to injury*.”



“As Maine Goes, So Goes The Nation”

A common political saying since the late nineteenth century, This means that in a national election the political party that wins the most votes in Maine, which reports results early, will win nationally. This has often, but not always, been the case. The saying originally referred to New York, being first recorded in 1848 as “As goes Dutchess County, so goes the State, and as New York goes, so goes the Union.”



A WISE MAN TELLS YOU



“Be careful how you interpret the world: It is like that.”

—Eric Heller, 1911-1990

“Never mistake knowledge for wisdom. One helps you make a living, the other helps you make a life.”

—Sandra Carey, 1941-

“The man who listens to reason is lost; Reason enslaves all whose minds are not strong enough to master her.”

—George Bernard Shaw, 1856-1950

“Life is so constructed, that the event does not, cannot, will not, match the expectation.”

—Charlotte Bronte, 1816-1855

“After you’ve heard two different eyewitness accounts of the same automobile accident, you begin to wonder about the validity of history. How do we know for sure what ever happened anywhere?”

—Author Unknown

“Colleges hate geniuses, just as convents hate saints.”

—Ralph Waldo Emerson. 1803-1882

“A hen is only an egg’s way of making another egg.”

—Samuel Butler, 1835-1902

“Intellect is invisible to the man who has none.”

—Arthur Schopenhauer, 1788-1860

“I have not been afraid of excess: Excess on occasion is exhilarating . It prevents moderation from acquiring the deadening effect of a habit.”

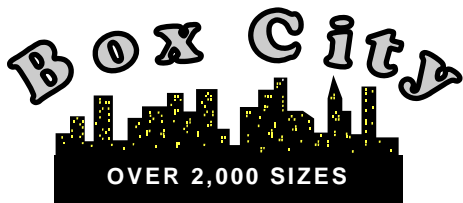
—William Somerset Maugham, 1874-1965

“All ambitions are lawful except those which climb upward on the miseries and credulities of mankind.”

—Joseph Conrad, 1857-1924

“By night an atheist half believes in God.”

—Edward Young, 1683-1765



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Cartoons of The Month



“What fits your busy schedule better, exercising one hour a day or being dead 24 hours a day?”



“I’m going to order a broiled skinless chicken breast, but I want you to bring me lasagna and garlic bread by mistake.”