

The Box City Bulletin

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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.

Wonder What's Inside A Box City Store?



Every Kind of Tape



Gift Boxes, Bows, Tissue and Bags



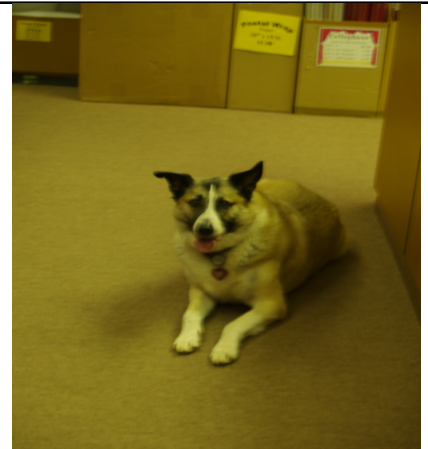
Cotton Filled Jewelry Boxes—All Sizes



The Largest Display of Moving Boxes & Supplies



Many Aisles of Corrugated Boxes



... And Sometimes Even Miko

The Box City Science Page

The Tunguska Mystery

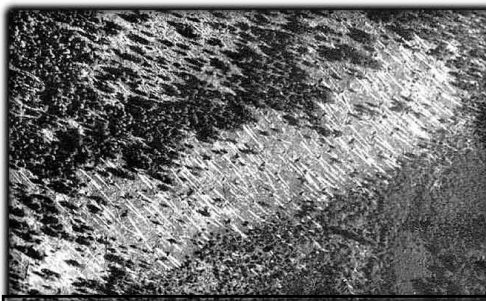
Something happened in central Siberia on June 30, 1908 at 7:14 A.M. To this day, exactly what happened is a mystery, but let us explore the events; One eye witness, Semen Semenov, a local farmer, saw “the sky split in two, fire appeared high and wide over the forest . . . From where the fire was, came strong heat . . . Then the sky shut closed, and a strong thump sounded, and I was thrown a few yards . . . After that such a noise came, as if . . . Cannons were firing, the earth shook . . .”



Mr. Semenov was the closest eye witness to what scientists call the Tunguska event, the largest impact of a cosmic body to occur on earth during modern human history. Semenov was 40 miles from ground zero, but the effects of the blast rippled out far into northern Europe and central Asia as well. Some people saw massive, silvery clouds and brilliant colored sunsets on the horizon, others witnessed luminescent skies at night—Londoners, for instance could plainly read newsprint at midnight without artificial lights. Geophysical observatories placed the source of the anomalous seismic and pressure waves they had recorded in a remote section of Siberia. The epicenter lay close to a the river Podkamennaya Tunguska, an uninhabited area of swampy taiga forest that stays frozen for eight or nine months of the year.

Ever since the Tunguska event, scientists have wondered what caused it. Although

observers generally accept that some kind of cosmic body, either an asteroid or a comet, exploded in the sky above Siberia, no one has yet found fragments of the object or any impact craters in the affected region. The mystery remains unsolved, but our research team, only the latest of a steady stream of investigators who have scoured the area, may be closing in on a discovery that will change our understanding of what happened that fateful morning.



An aerial view of the Tunguska forest taken in 1938 (30 years later) Note that the parallel fallen trees indicate the direction of the force wave.

Before we go further let me give you an idea of the extent of the force and the damage it caused; An area of 2,150 square kilometers was devastated (*That's about four times the area of Lake Tahoe*), and 80,000,000 (million) trees were destroyed. The force is estimated at about 1,000 times the power of the atomic bomb that destroyed Hiroshima.

The study of the Tunguska event is important because past collisions with extraterrestrial bodies have had major effects on the evolution of the earth. Some 4.4 billion years ago, for example a Mars-size planetoid seems to have struck our young planet, throwing out enough debris to create our moon. And a large impact may have caused the extinction of the dinosaurs 6.5 million years ago. Even today cosmic impacts are evident. In July 1994 several astronomical observatories recorded the spectacular crash of a comet on Jupiter. And only last September, Peruvian villagers watched in awe

and fright as a heavenly object streaked across the sky and landed not too far away with a loud boom, leaving a gaping pit 4.5 meters deep and 1.5 meters wide.

Before you start worrying about the possibility of such an event occurring in your neighborhood let me put your mind at ease. The average frequency of Tunguska-like asteroidal collisions ranges in one every 200 years to one in 1,000 years. Thus it is not likely that a similar strike could occur during our lifetimes. Luckily, the Tunguska impact took place in an unpopulated corner of the globe. Should something like it explode above New York City, the entire metropolitan area would be razed.

Even today, 100 years after the big explosion flattened trees are still present throughout the Tunguska landscape. (See below)



The lack of an impact crater also suggested that the object could not have been a sturdy iron meteorite but a more fragile object, such as a relatively rare, stony asteroid or a small comet. Russian scientists favored the latter hypothesis because a comet is composed of dust particles and ice, which would fail to produce an impact crater.

Editor's Note: This article was inspired by and contains excerpts from an article in *Scientific American* by Luca Gasperini, Enrico Bonatti, and Giuseppe Longo. They are a research scientist, a professor of geodynamics and a professor of physics who have studied the Tunguska mystery for many years

The Box City Poetry Corner

CAN'T

By Edgar Allen Guest

Can't is the worst word that is written or spoken;
Being more harm than slander and lies;
On it is many a strong spirit broken;
And with it many a good purpose dies.

It springs from the lips of the thoughtless each morning;
And robs of courage we need through the day;
It rings in our ears like a timely sent warning;
And laughs when we falter and fall by the way.

Can't is the father of feeble endeavor;
The parent of terror and half-hearted work.
It weakens the efforts of artisans clever
And makes of the toiler an indolent shirk.

It poisons the Soul of the man with a vision;
And stifles in infancy many a plan;
It greets honest toiling with open derision;
And mocks at the hopes and dreams of a man.

Can't is the word none should speak without blushing;
To utter it should be a symbol of shame;
Ambition and courage it daily is crushing;
It blights a man's purpose and shortens his aim.

Despise it with all of your hatred of error
Refuse it the lodgment it seeks in your brain;
Arm against it as a creature of terror
And all that you dream of you someday shall gain.

Can't is the name that is foe to ambition;
An enemy ambushed to shatter your will;
Its prey is forever the man with a mission;
It bows but to Courage and Patience and Skill.

Hate it with hatred that's deep and undying;
For once it is welcomed, 'twill break any man;
Whatever the goal you are seeking;
Keep trying;
And answer the Demon by saying, "I can !":

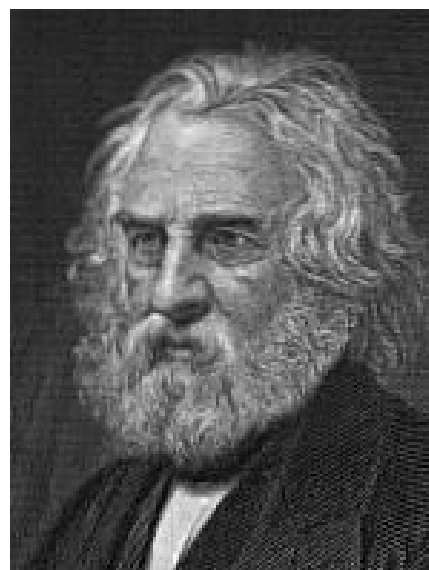
THE BARD

By Harry Purcell

They write from feelings of the heart,
Those lovely verses to impart.
Words of meaning wrought in rhyme,
Above all sense of space and time.

So, arrange your prose vertically
A poem it will never be.
No matter how astute the line,
Common writing has no rhyme.

The world may pass the poet by,
Unread by the gentry 'till they die.
Their pleasure comes from deep within,
Each thought, each word, the dreams begin.



A Box City Furry Tale

Refrigerator Commando

By Sam Minier

A golden barrel on legs—that was our first impression of Max when my wife and I saw him at the Animal Welfare League. His unique ability to inhale a full cup of dog food in less than seven seconds had enabled Max to enlarge his beagle-mix body into the shape of an overstuffed sausage. Even after Heather and I adopted him and helped him lose weight, we were continuously amazed at his voraciousness. His escapades became the stuff of family legend: his seek-and-destroy mission involving several pounds of gourmet Christmas cashews, his insistence on chasing birds away from the feeder so *he* could eat the seeds, his discovery (far too gross to discuss here) of the yeasty joys of Amsh Friendship Bread batter. And of course the refrigerator story.



One day during her lunch break, Heather called me at work. “Did you shut the refrigerator door tight this morning?”

“I think so. Why?”

She paused just enough to let the suspense build. “Max raided the fridge.”

We got off lucky: we were overdue to go to the grocery store, so there hadn’t been much in there. He’d gotten the last couple of pieces of peppered turkey and maybe a third of a bag of baby carrots—no surprise there, Max loves carrots (then again, Max loves potting soil). Still, no real damage done. We wrote it off to a sloppily closed door, and the next morning I made sure everything was shut good and tight before I left. After all, we had just loaded up with groceries the night before and we would-

n’t want my carelessness to help Max get into trouble, right?

Turns out Max didn’t need my help at all. Again a phone call to me during Heather’s lunch hour. This time straight to the point. “I think he knows how to open the refrigerator,” she said. “What?!”

Max had made himself a sandwich. A big sandwich. A pound of turkey, a pound of Swiss cheese, a head of lettuce, half a tomato and an entire loaf of bread. He also ripped open another bag of carrots and polished off the remnants of a bag of shredded coconut (for desert I assume). Heather found him lying amid a flurry of destroyed plastic bags, tail desperately thumping at her displeasure, as if to say. *Please don’t be mad, it was just SOOOO good...*

Still, we didn’t really believe it. He couldn’t reach the handle, and the door seal was tight. How was he doing it? I caught him that night, after putting away our second load of groceries in two days. I just happened to be passing by the darkened kitchen when I saw his stout little body wiggling, pushing his narrow muzzle into the fridge seal like a wedge. Then with a quick flip of his head, he popped the door open.

Apparently, Max, while not understanding the gastrointestinal distress that results from eating sixteen slices of cheese, had a full understanding of the concept of the lever. Where was this dog when I’d been in science class?

This was serious. He now had the skill, the determination and, most important, the appetite to literally eat us out of house and home. The next morning, as a temporary fix, we blocked the refrigerator with a heavy tool box. Surely he couldn’t move a barrier loaded with twenty-five pounds of metal, could he?

Another lunchtime phone call. I think I answered it, “You’ve got to be kidding!”

The moving of the tool box still remains a bit of a mystery. I’m guessing he used the lever principal again, wedging his muzzle between the box and the door and then pushing for all he was worth. And once that barrier was gone he got serious.

More bread, more meat, more cheese. The rest of the carrots, apples—many, many apples. A packet of cilantro, smeared like green confetti across the kitchen floor. He’d also popped open a Tupperware bowl of angel hair pasta and had been working at its sister container of tomato sauce when Heather found him. The only item left on the bottom two shelves were beer and pop, and the only thing that saved those was his lack of opposable thumbs.

That night we decided to hit the grocery store for a third time and invest in a child-proof lock for the fridge. Before we left the house to buy it, we hovered anxiously around the refrigerator for a while. There wasn’t much left in there, but still, what if he tried to climb to the top shelves? What if he conquered the freezer?

But what could stop him? The toolbox had been no match. Finally, I half lifted, half dragged the seventy-five pound safe from my office closet, dragged it to the kitchen and thudded it onto the floor, flush against the door.

Max sat behind us, watching, calculating.

Heather leaned into me, almost whispering. “Do you think it will work?”

I said, “Well, I think we’ll find one of three things when we get back. One, everything will be fine. Two, The safe will be budged a couple of inches, and we’ll have a beagle with a red and throbbing nose. Or three, we may come home and find he’s rigged up some elaborate pulley system that’s lifted the safe out of his way. If that’s the case I say from now on, we just stock the bottom two shelves with whatever he wants.

We dashed to the store in record time. We practically ran into the kitchen and found him lying there thinking deeply. No sore nose, no pulley system. We sighed big sighs of relief and got the plastic and vinyl childproof strap installed. So far it’s done its job. So far...

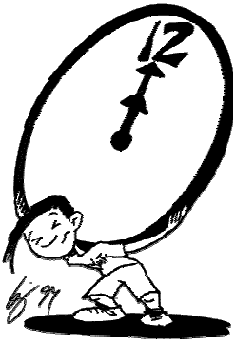
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Interesting Word Origins

CURFEW

The word *curfew* literally means ‘cover fire.’ It was introduced into English via Anglo-Norman *coeverfe* from old French *covrefeu* which was formed from *couvrir* ‘cover’ and *feu* ‘fire’ (*feu* was a descendant of Latin *focus* ‘hearth’ which has given us the English words *focus*, *foyer*, *ffuel*, and *fusillade*). The notion underlying the word was that of a signal given at a particular time in the evening to extinguish all fires in the town; its purpose was to prevent accidental fires breaking out at night.

Today the word has evolved to mean an hour when certain people are to be off the streets, usually applied to minors. *Curfew*’s have an interesting history dating back hundreds of years and have been applied at different times to many different races, cultures, ethnicities, and businesses in various places.



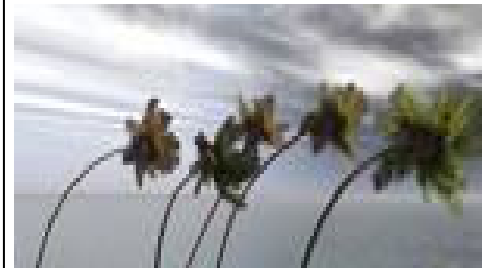
INSULIN

A hormone which promotes the utilization of blood sugar, was first isolated in 1921. Its name which was inspired by the fact that *insulin* is secreted by groups of cells known as *isles of Langerhans* (*insula* is Latin for ‘island’) The word *insulin* was actually coined in French around 1909, and was independently proposed in English on a couple of further occasions before the substance itself was anything more than a hypothesis.



BREEZE

Breeze has not always connoted ‘lightness’ or ‘gentleness.’ Old Spanish *briza*, its original source meant ‘cold northeast wind.’ and that is the meaning it originally had in English. The word was picked up through English-Spanish contact in Central and South America, and the fact that on the Atlantic coast of the area the onshore winds were from the east and northeast led in the 17th century to *breeze* being applied to any cool wind from the sea (as in ‘*sea breezes*’). It gradually evolved to mean any light wind. The adjective *breezy* perhaps retains more of the word’s earlier ‘cold’ connotations.



Thank You

Every June, we give our readers an opportunity to help fund the Box City Bulletin. The response we received from last month’s Bulletin was overwhelming.

What was even more gratifying were some of the kind comments we received about our little publication.

Some people wonder why there is rarely any advertising in the Bulletin.

Well folks, if we were to fill our pages with advertisements on packing material sales it would reduce our very special

publication to just another advertising piece. Everyone knows that Box City always had the best prices on corrugated boxes and all packing and shipping supplies, so we don’t have to tell you.

Someone wrote to us, “*I enjoy your Box City Bulletin so much that I would feel disloyal if I were to buy my shipping supplies anywhere else.*” . . . That’s good enough for us.

So . . . Once again **THANK YOU**. Thank you for being our loyal customers, because we know that without you there would be no Box City.

And remember, this is your publication. We love to hear from you with your comments. If ever you disagree with any of our editorial content please send us your rebuttal. We promise to publish every opposing point of view.

If you have a special poem or tender animal story please send it to us. We are always looking for fresh content.

**With love from,
The Entire Staff
at all of your
Box City stores.**



Editorial

As The Dollar Diminishes - - -

The 1933 Double Eagle

Today, the once mighty American dollar is looking mighty sick, while the euro is laughing all the way to the bank. Even our once very sturdy coinage is under assault. The copper penny is no longer copper, and may be facing extinction. The nickel (which is now a cheaper alloy), still has Thomas Jefferson on its face; and quarters now come in 50 different flavors. I haven't seen a half dollar in years, (I don't think any of our Box City stores has received one in that long)

However, there was a time when coins were blends of precious metals bearing images that were small masterpieces crafted by skilled artists.

In the early 1900s, president Theodore Roosevelt decided that the \$20 double eagle, which had been in circulation since the mid-19th century, needed a facelift. He commissioned America's preeminent sculptor, Augustus Saint-Gaudens to create the new face for the coin.

Although Saint-Gaudens was terminally ill with cancer—he would die in August 1907—the sculptor created what many consider the most beautiful coin ever minted in America.

The model was Harriette Eugenia Anderson, a young woman originally from South Carolina; Saint-Gaudens described her as “certainly the handsomest model I have ever met of either sex.”

The new double eagle introduced in 1907, was coin of the realm for the next 16 years, until Teddy Roosevelt's cousin, president Franklin

Roosevelt, took the country off the gold standard in 1933. Citizens were ordered to turn in all their gold coins in exchange for paper currency.

The 1933 gold double eagle had not been released for circulation. Instead they were all ordered to be melted down and converted into ingots at the nation's mints. According to Alison Frankel, author of *Double Eagle: The Epic Story of the World's Most Valuable Coin*, George McCann, a laborer at the Philadelphia Mint pocketed some of the coins that were destined to become so rare. Only nine days after the last of the coins had been melted down, Izzy Switt, a Philadelphia Jeweler sold one to a coin collector.

No one knows how many survived. The

Smithsonian received a pair of 1933 double eagles in 1934. The federal government donated the gold pieces as “coins of record.”

Another 1933 double eagle to escape destruction was in the possession of Egypt's King Farouk. The King was a passionate coin collector, and somehow arranged for a double eagle to be shipped to Cairo only days before Secret Service agents began rounding up all unsundered gold coins. After Farouk was overthrown in 1952, his extensive collections were auctioned. One lot contained his double eagle; the United States demanded that it be returned. Though the Egyptians removed the coin from the auction it disappeared.

In the mid-1900s. A rare 1933 double eagle—in all likelihood Farouk's—turned up in the hands of a British coin dealer Roger Fenton. After a convoluted legal battle, it was auctioned at Sotheby's for \$7,590,000.00. (Fenton and the U.S. government split the proceeds.)

At the time that coin and the two at the Smithsonian were thought to be the only 1933 double eagles in existence. But then, in 2005, ten more surfaces. The owner: none other than Philadelphia jeweler Izzy Switt's daughter. The federal government wants those coins back. Lawsuits are pending.



(U.S. MINT)

EDITOR'S NOTE: Sadly, as old coins increase in value, our United States paper currency (*which was once most highly regarded worldwide*) is losing its value in the world market.

This article was inspired by, and contains excerpts from an article by Owen Edwards in the June 2008 Smithsonian magazine



Why We Say It — (Phrase Origins)

On The Level (On The Square)

Means, “in all sincerity, honesty, or truth; on the up-and-up; the real McCoy.

Both of these expressions were taken from the ritual of Freemasonry and both are of legendary antiquity. In the rites of the lodges, however, the level an instrument used by builders to determine a common plane, is actually a symbol of equality. The square, an instrument of equally great precision for determining accurately an angle of ninety degrees, the fourth part of a circle is a symbol of morality, truth and honesty.

The encyclopedia of Freemasonry (1916 edition) relates: “In the year

1830, the architect, in rebuilding a very ancient bridge called Baal Bridge, near Limerick in Ireland, found under the foundation-stone an old brass square, much eaten away, containing on its two surfaces the following inscription [dated 1517]:

I will striue to liue—
With loue & care—
Upon the leul—
By the square—



Fly-by-Night

Today the expression *fly-by-night* is used for one who departs hurriedly or clandestinely, usually at night, from a scene of recent activity perhaps from creditors. In any case he is usually a swindler, a four flusher and his activities are usually fraudulent.

The term originally had a literal meaning, or at least its users thought it had a literal meaning. It was applied to a witch, one who as popularly supposed, mounted her broom at midnight and went off on her round of appointments, whatever they may have been, or to meet secretly with the Old Boy himself.



A WISE MAN TELLS YOU



“When you see that trading is done, not by consent, but by compulsion - when you see that in order to produce, you need to obtain permission from men who produce nothing - When you see that money is flowing to those who deal, not in goods, but in favors - when you see that men get richer by graft and by pull than by work, and your laws don’t protect you against them, but protect them against you - when you see corruption being rewarded and honesty becoming self sacrifice - you may know that your society is doomed.”

—Ayn Rand, 1905-1982 (Atlas Shrugged)

“*Political Correctness* is a doctrine, fostered by a delusional, illogical minority, and rabidly promoted by an unscrupulous mainstream media, which holds forth the proposition that it is entirely possible to pick up a turd by the clean end.”

—Unknown

“It was our own moral failure and not any accident of chance, that while preserving the appearance of the Republic we lost its reality.”

—Marcus Tullius Cicero, 106-143 BCE

“The intelligent man finds almost everything ridiculous, the sensible man hardly anything.”

—Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, 1749-1834

“The mind’s direction is more important than its progress.”

—Joseph Joubert, 1754-1824

“A wise man’s questions contain half the answer.”

—Solomon ben Yehuda ibn Gabirol, 1022-1070

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

—Erich Heller, 1911-1980

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

—Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-1882

“Insanity is often the logic of an accurate mind overtasked.”

—Oliver W. Holmes Sr., 1806-1894

“A pessimist is a man who thinks all women are bad. An optimist is a man who hopes they are.”

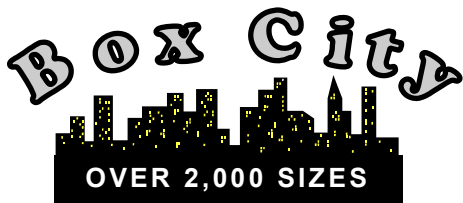
—Chauncey Mitchell Depeu, 1834-1928

“A very great memory often forgetteth how much time is lost by repeating things of no use.”

George Savile, 1633-1695

“Amusement is the only happiness of those that cannot think.”

Alexander Pope, 1688-1744



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