



The

# ROSE BYTER

Apple Blossom Computer Club  
A registered Apple/Macintosh User Group

Aug '10  
still only  
**\$2.00**

## Next Meeting

**August 19, 7 PM**  
**American Legion Hall**  
**406 SE Oak Ave**

## Agenda

1. Meeting starts at 7 P.M.
2. Intro's of members and guests
3. Old business
4. New biz
5. Program: [Ed: still beats me!]
6. Questions & (maybe)Answers

## San Luis Hooey

by **Jim McClellan**  
<mcclellan@charter.net>

Just a short comment about Dave Archer's TRB recent articles.

I have been enjoying these for a special personal reason. I was born about 31 miles south of San Luis Obispo, California where the Nelson boys grew up. My dad grew up about 16 miles north of San Luis Obispo and for about 19 years we drove through San Luis very frequently to visit family!

Thanks for the stories!

How about some of the rest of our TRB readers writing something!



## Robert Ripley and Me

by **Dave Archer** <dave@davearcher.com>

There were neighborhood paper drives to help the war effort. We had a Civilian Defense Corps made up of willing volunteers who watched the skies from a twenty foot "tower" in a downtown park, ever vigilant for enemy aircraft. I remember giving up my solid rubber Disney toys, "The Seven Dwarfs," during a "rubber drive" to be melted down for tires. The truth was, that even after seeing my uncle's photograph of a decapitated head, none of us had an inkling of what the man had actually experienced.

Our father had not gone to war for physical reasons, for which I suspect he felt somewhat guilty. Mom said later he may have had a rare malady called, "Marfan's Syndrome," the same disease Abraham Lincoln is thought to have suffered. He did have some of the symptoms, for one, a dramatically caved in chest, more like a hole where his sternum should have been. Lying on his back, the depression could have held the better part of a cup of water. Dad was sensitive about it, wearing tank-top bathing suits at the beach.

Our father acted as if his brother Sid should just "toughen up" and get on with life. In those days we had little understanding of "shell shock," later, PTSD, coupled with full-blown alcoholism. Pappy Todd, one of AA's original members did get our uncle to

attend AA meetings for awhile, to no avail. Many are called, few are chosen. As put to me by Sid's sister, Leona, after his death, "Sid went down the road of lost men David."

I followed him.

Some years later, on the day of my father's funeral, Leona surprised me in the kitchen slugging straight bourbon from a fifth. "Oh David," she pleaded, "please don't use alcohol to take away your pain."

It was too late.

My brother and I shared a room in the back of our house at 644 Mountain View in San Luis Obispo. I visited the old place around a year ago and it hasn't changed much at all. Our room was remodeled with much love — Dad's way of giving us something he hadn't had as a child. For the two of us, he fashioned unique bunk beds, mine the upper. They differed from most bunk beds for two reasons. For one, they were staggered into the corner of the room so that my head was over Dale's feet. For two, each bed had a built in "secret compartment", which of course, we couldn't wait to show our friends. Dale's was at the foot of his bed — a hidden footlocker. Mine was at the head where Dad had glued two knotty pine boards together for a door opening on a headboard box, the boards sliding up and

The **Apple Blossom Computer Club** (ABCC) is an Apple Computer Inc., registered Macintosh and Apple ][ family user group. The ABCC publishes *The RoseByter* newsletter monthly which is posted to each paid up member and reciprocating user groups. ABCC participates in user group newsletter content exchange. The ABCC also maintains a WWW site at:

<http://www.abccmug.org>

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**Make a difference!**

**Come to the next  
ABCC meeting and  
participate.**

## <-1 Robert Ripley and Me

down in the tongue and groove. Lifted from behind my pillow revealed a rather large space. Mom used to peek into mine every now and then looking for 50's contraband. Confronting me one day, in her best John Calvin voice she said "well, David, I found some nasty pictures in your secret compartment today and I think you should destroy them as soon as possible." The pictures were black and white box camera snapshots of three of my best 1950's junior high school buddies, trading off a baseball bat, making insane faces while holding it like a you know what.

In our living room, Mom and Dad had special chairs. Mom's was bright green, an overstuffed number covered in something resembling wide-wale corduroy. Dad's chair was a quasi-wing back, not overly stuffed, dark brown. The davenport matched Mom's chair. Dad frequently stretched out there doing crossword puzzles while reading the paper or, "True Magazine," his monthly quotient of manly lies.

If Truth, Justice and the American Way are traditional U.S. values, at least Dad had a lock on one. A typical "True Magazine" story might read, "African Army Ants Ate My Foot!"

It had to be TRUE.

It was in True Magazine.

True Confessions, was a different story. When that magazine first appeared in the fifties my parents, along with the entire neighborhood professed shock and repugnance. Well, except Mom's neighbor friend, Ina Robel who weighed at least 350 pounds and smelled worse than sharing an elevator with a gaggle of Parisian secretaries. She loved True Confessions. When the subject came up, Dad would say, "Randolph Scott is not like that! True Confessions is nothing but lies."

The fireplace was beige brick, with a mantle of dark brown wood where Mom displayed special objects —

copper plated baby shoes, her grandmother's clock, and Chinese ginger jars decorated with figures on horseback. I was most attracted to the set of dark bronze candlesticks, one at each end of the mantle, in the shape of cobras, family gifts to my grandmother from missionary friends who had traveled in India.

Over the davenport hung a reproduction of a watercolor painting. A barn with sycamore trees. A Presbyterian work for sure. That is, painted in such a way as to almost shout (in a whisper of course) a complete independence of any actual art.

One end of our living room opened into the dining room through a space the width of two doors. Dining there was mostly used for holidays or with guests. Although, we also used the dining room when our grandfather lived with us.

I was around twelve when my "Dave Archer," namesake, Harry Archer Truesdale, came into the kitchen on his seventy fifth birthday and told Mom he simply could not go on. The poor man had suffered silently with severe hemorrhoids for years. Finally the condition had become unbearable. Thus began his decline until a few years later he died. We all loved the man dearly, sweetly. Harry Truesdale was an incomparably gentle man. Grandpa lived in a room off our garage, a room that later became Dad's tool shop. Born in 1877, I can still see him there, rocking in his chair on long August afternoons with no air-conditioning, wearing a complete three piece suit and tie, reading, snoozing, reading. According to Mom, grandpa had a "photographic memory," knowing every iota of written material ever produced by the Masons as well as the Odd Fellows. He was a 33 degree, Past Master of the Masons.

Grandpa's skin was pink and highlighted by a full head of fine linen white hair, with a handsome matching goatee and mustache. Men in **3 -->**

**2**

## 2 < Robert Ripley and Me

those days always seemed older. In his high school graduation photo grandpa looks mature enough to be fifty. I also have a photograph of him fishing, which according to Mom he did fairly often, always in the same a three piece suit.

After every meal grandpa Truesdale did something that simply amazed us all. He would stand at the kitchen sink letting the hot water run until it became a fountain of steam, as hot as possible. Then he would somehow accomplish the seeming impossible. That is, fill an eight ounce glass with steaming water and drink it down in one draft, like Howard Thurston performing stage magic. The hot water never seemed to burn his mouth or throat. "Aids the digestion," grandpa would say, a man of few words.

During the only age regression I've ever had, (not much of a stretch, eh), a hypnotist led me to return to the time in the past when I felt most safe. Instantly I was riding to the San Luis County Park with grandpa, in his 1937 Chevrolet coupe. Just the two of us. I was around four years old wearing short pants and saddle Oxfords. On the drive that day Grandpa told me

how one summer in Shandon, where he grew up, it was so hot, when grasshoppers landed on the hood of the car parked in the yard, they died instantly, until the hood was completely covered.



I remember too, my enfeebled grandfather lying on his back in a hospital ward, as if trapped in some infernal machine, with a glass gallon of pee beneath the bed, fed from a catheter. I was horrified by the sight of this appalling dark urine in full public view, wretched proof of his life drain-

ing away. Visiting one day with Mom when I was thirteen, I remember an incident that made me very proud to be her son. Grandpa whispered to her with much difficulty, saying there was a nurse

who intended to shave his beard and mustache.

Mom immediately marched to the head of the ward, a man behind a counter, who explained, yes, indeed, they needed to remove grandpa's beard for hygienic reasons, then asked permission, including her signature on a form. In a voice dripping with anger Mom said, "Don't you dare shave that man's beard and take away his final dignity. And don't worry yourself about it, from now on it will be kept clean." After that, I often accompanied Mom daily, sometimes twice to bathe his whiskers in warm water.

Not long after that incident then, on the day of my first funeral, I remember the profile of my grandfather's face in an open casket surrounded by flowers. Looking better really, than he had at the hospital. And fairly shining on his chin, a beautiful snow white goatee, carefully trimmed and groomed to the style of a fine gentleman.



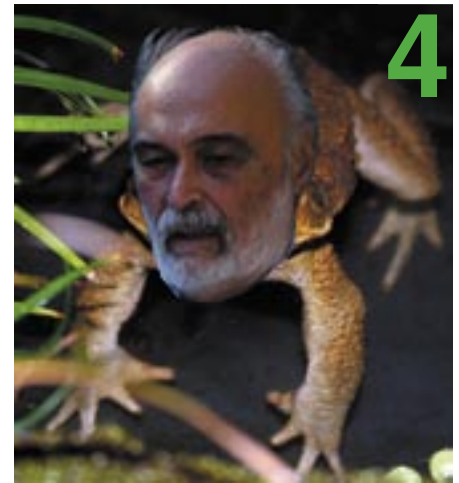
Some of you may wonder why I write about medical issues, especially cancer, as much as I do in these notes. While I can't say that having lived with non-Hodgkin's Lymphoma for over a decade hasn't had some influence, that is not really the primary reason. When I was 19 in college, a couple professors were urging me to get into the fledgling study of biological informatics ... not that it was known by such a phrase at the time. I didn't do that, largely because of who it was that was doing the advising: one was only marginally sane and the other I'd come not to like over the course of a couple years. Too bad for me because, **I suspect, their advice was sound.** Had I understood a bit more about the chemistry of life at the time, I might well have taken a different road in life. As it turns out, a very large fraction of the chemistry of life is about information. While almost everyone knows that DNA codes for the characteristics that develop in an organism, most organisms have elaborate systems of data flow amongst the body's organs. This is a network. For the most part, it operates with what one might call an associative addressing scheme to get data from where it originates to where it's used. This is accomplished with proteins which are highly steric, ie. have specific shapes. The "pay load" of a data molecule is combined with a steric protein "key" which is designed to fit a steric "lock" protein where the data is needed. Frequently the "pay load" is simply the fact that the "key" arrived and combined with the "lock." Both the chemical match and the steric shape match work to ascertain that the message got to an intended receiver. And that's just one aspect of the chemistry of life that is bio-informatics. These days, computers are heavily involved in attempting to analyze what's known about the processes of life. The emerging results are used for many things including feedback into researches to get a better understanding of those processes.

"No questions asked!" Yeah; no kid-

# Croak of the MUGwump

Any trace of organization in these paragraphs is entirely coincidental

ding. I just saw an advertisement for a gimmick called "iRenew" which claims to restore your balance. It's programmed with all the right "frequencies" to do that and it's only \$19.95. In fact, **they'll send you a second one free** (just pay separate shipping and handling fees). Wow! ... if you're fond of financing scams, that is. This is so mind bogglingly stupid I'm amazed anyone would permit it to air, and I'm talking about the people who get paid to air it, not the government regulators. For example, iRenew's programmed "frequencies" don't seem to be of anything in particular. Frequency is generally a property of something, having to do with something repeating at specific rates. So, what is it that has frequencies in an iRenew? Ah, wouldn't you like to know? Actually, I suspect the answer to that last question is, "No." And that's not just because you're bored at reading this drivel. The iRenew commercial is not the only place you see flagrant abuse of the term "frequency." Television and movies are replete with such things. I've had several people ask me to get involved developing things that violate the laws of physics over the years. When I try to explain why what they want to do is impossible in the known universe they have often responded with objections that it would work if we could find the right frequency. But they didn't have a clue what it was that needed to be tuned to that frequency, even if the frequency



could be found. Perhaps this profound lack of understanding is a result of not being able to see the things we most often speak of as having frequency; like sound and radio waves.

**Speaking of scams ...** one might think I'd be all for patents on so-called "intellectual property" but, mostly, I'm against the current nature of patents altogether. A company, MicroUnity, was started in 1988 with grand designs on making chips. It didn't pan out. But the company persists as an "owner" of IP. The IP consists of 73 patents, almost all of which are about methods to accomplish some end. As someone whose life has been spent conjuring such methods, I find the very idea of owning such a thing ludicrous. It's often the equivalent of staking a claim to a logical tautology. So what? Well it seems that MicroUnity has suddenly decided that over a dozen major tech companies have willfully violated their patents and is suing them for enormous sums of money ... which translates into you having to pay more for their products ... or worse. It's bad enough that such things go on at all but this particular case is one in which long standing practices by industry are suddenly threatened by what amounts to a snake in the grass, waiting for an opportune moment to strike.

Nanotechnology is comparatively new and is just beginning to have real effects on things we use from day to day. It may seem odd that simply by dealing in the small with the **5 -->**

## <--MUGwump

same stuff we are in the habit of dealing with in the large, hitherto unknown material characteristics can arise.

But that is exactly what all the fuss is about. Such things promise to produce very large changes in the nature of our lives. An example is batteries.

**Batteries are chemically nasty** devices that eat themselves to do their job. Charging a battery is roughly like trying to reassemble the digested mess back into what it was originally. What makes this process possible is the innards of the battery retaining enough of a template of how it was made to rebuild itself. Some materials would be nice to use in batteries ... if only they'd keep from falling apart under the conditions in there. Recent work is afoot to develop a composite nano-structure that is like a tree of carbon atoms festooned with silicon leaves for use as a lithium battery pole. It promises to make lithium batteries five times more capacious per unit volume than they now are.

Marketing has had severe impacts on much of our society. I just saw a prime example on the tube (or, strictly speaking, the panel). The "University" of Phoenix is changing. It's doing this to reflect changes in the job market so their graduates will have those skills targeting the jobs that are available.

**Few of us are left who remember that higher education was generally not targeted at getting some specific set of jobs.**

The excuse for this change is that modern jobs require a great deal of specialized education. I have to admit, at least a fraction of such jobs do have esoteric requirements. In the modern world, the "well educated" are those who are sought after to perform their complex tasks with immediate productivity requiring little or no investment by the company. As a rule, such employees are fired these days ... as soon as whatever they were creating became a working product. Besides

the downside of being fired, the poor slobs are also saddled with having been successful. Translation: they cost too much to hire. It's much cheaper to hire the student who's specifically educated to the job for the next project. Sadly, such education often is so pointedly directed the student can't do things like read, write or do arithmetic on their own.

Practically every day I get several emails about how I can "improve efficiency" in my organization. It seems that there are just **scads of experts out there who know all about making my company work better** with less effort and expense. Were I to take advantage of all them, it's hard to imagine my having to do anything to become infinitely rich.

Did you, too, Undisclosed Recipient, get your email from "Mrs Helen, Robert" <hrobert@terra.com> naming you as the beneficiary of her 5.2 million dollar account in the Bank in Ouagadougou - Burkina Faso, West Africa? As her "Dearest beloved friend," I had to respond right away to help her dispose of her money "in any organization of [my] choice ... the charity organization, the poor and the motherless baby's home where I come from." **NOT!** I have to admit, this one is a bit different. No bogus website to click into. I was almost tempted to respond with some temporary set up email identity just to see what the nature of their scam really is. What amazes me ... repeatedly ... is that anyone would believe people would respond to such drivel *and* be right!

Have you ever noticed that the people who pontificate about things like the secret use of alien technology don't seem to have any scientific credentials? I listen to some of these people tell us what they "know" to be true and wonder what planet they were born on. But what do I know?

**Maybe the fact that they are, in fact, aliens is one of the**

**reasons they "know" so much about alien technology.**

5

They get down to cases, even. For example, one fellow I just heard is convinced that WWII era Germany was working on anti-gravity technology because the "whole cargo" on a U-boat was mercury. Perhaps I'm wrong, but I was unaware that U-boats were considered cargo carrying vessels. Mostly they were crammed from one end to the other with the necessities of the crew, the war and the boat. His thesis is that when mercury is spun in a closed environment (inside a container, I guess), some sort of field is established that repels gravity. I suspect physicists would be most interested in such a phenomena ... if it existed. And, perhaps it does: at least, theoretically. If you could spin matter with a surface velocity approaching the speed of light, there might well be some sort of peculiar relativistic effects. About the only place we think such things can occur is at black holes ... hardly feasible with any known technology on a small mass, as far as I know. Even so, there's nothing about mercury, or any other element, that is differentiable in a black hole. Another gentleman knew all about "foo fighters" that the Germans supposedly employed against our bombers in WWII. He claimed they attached to the bomber and produced an electric field that stopped the engines. I really doubt that ... a lot. I have some experience with such things. In a modern engine, there are semiconductor parts which could be damaged by a significantly high electric or magnetic field. But WWII era engines did not use anything like that. Indeed, they used magnetos and mechanical contacts ... which are nearly indestructible in fields that would not also rip the plane to shreds. Besides, if the Germans had such a highly successful technology one might think they'd have used it a great deal more than they apparently did..



## WAGONTIRE MOUNTAIN

By: Dale Nelson

Two or three months ago, as I write this, a friend of mine named Bob, and myself were talking about the central and eastern Oregon desert. When he was a kid, Bob had spent a lot of time with his family looking for rocks and arrowheads, and we were comparing notes about the places we'd been and the things we'd done over "there." One of the places the two of us had in common was the ghost town of Blitzen. FYI, Blitzen isn't named after Santa Claus's reindeer, it means "lightning", I believe in German. Located at the base of the Steens, I expect it earned its name.

In the course of our conversation, I told Bob about Glass Butte and Wagontire Mountain, located just off highway 27, a little more than half way between Bend and Burns, closer to Burns. Glass Buttes is very close to the highway, but even though Glass Buttes is easily seen from the back side of Wagontire, it's 30 miles from Riley on highway 395, headed towards Lake View.

Making a long story much shorter, Bob and I decided that we'd go camp over there for a couple of days, do some exploring and pick up some rocks for Bob's yard, and the date was set for us to leave early on the 20th of July, and return late on the 22nd. The idea at that time was to go to Wagontire, spend the night, then the next day change camp perhaps to Glass Butte, or near some mercury mines I knew about, and on the third day, go by a place where the book, "Oregon Gems and Minerals" says is a good place to find petrified wood.

Then one day shortly before we were to leave, I was telling Walt about our planned trip, and he'd never been to that part of Oregon, and wanted to go. The problem was that there was just barely room for two big old fat boys in the truck. Walt said that if he went, he'd take his own truck, which was great, because where we were going it's a big comfort to have two rigs,

because we would be out of cell phone contact, and miles from the closest help, so a bad break down would be covered.



**No smart remarks,  
we stayed two days,  
so give us a break.**

Walt tried to get somebody to ride with him, but didn't have any luck finding another sucker for the desert like Bob and I are, so he was stuck traveling alone. We got away in the early morning of the 20th, with plans to drive to Silver Lake, thence to Christmas Valley, then from there to highway 395, turn left and head to our destination. Some of Christmas Valley's irrigation circles can be seen from Wagontire mountain, and I've always felt that it's closer, however I've never measured the difference.

We crossed the Klamath Marsh on the paved road, rather than completely suffocate Walt with red dust on the dirt road at the military crossing, which was the army road during the Indian wars of the late 60's and through the 1870's. At one point, we took a short side trip, out to where I knew there was an old buckaroo camp, with several log buildings

that are in an advanced state of decay. Times have changed, and cowboys don't stay in camps like that anymore. Instead they load the horses, or even ATV's, and then trailer them to where the cattle are, unload, ride out and check the cows, and eat dinner at home every night. To me, that sure takes out a lot of the romance of being a cowboy. Leaving the old ghost camp, we pressed on. At Silver Lake I knew of a good place to look for arrowheads, on private property. The last time I was there, there wasn't any fence or gate, which was probably close to ten years ago. This time, there was a gate and a no trespassing sign, so all we found was swarms of locusts or grasshoppers. What ever they were, they sure made a splattered mess out of the front of the trucks.

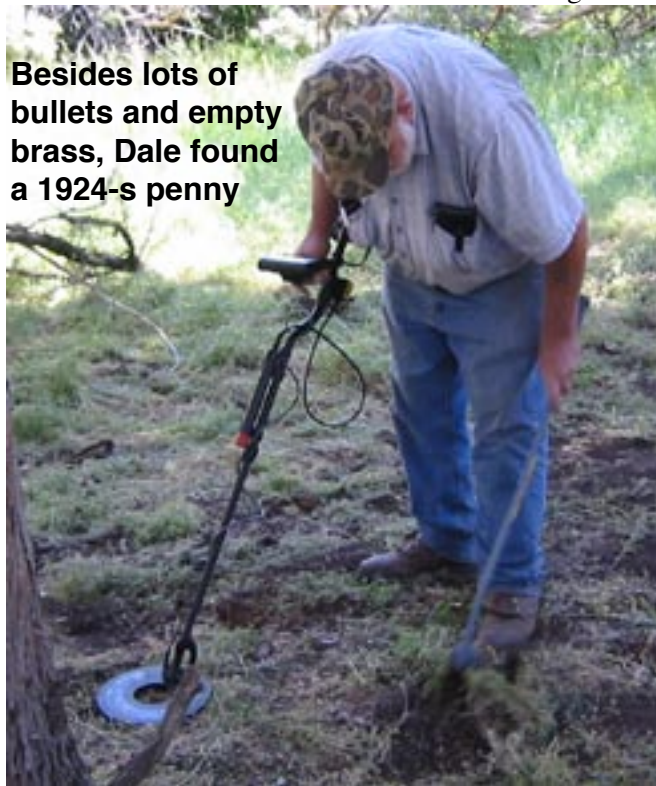
**7 -->**



**The old  
buckaroo  
camp**

## <-6 Wagontire

Not being able to hunt arrowheads was a big let down, but we preserved, and put the hammer down, stopping to gas up in Christmas Valley. I flew past the turn off to the dirt road that would take us up the mountain, so we had to turn back, and then it was a desert run for sure, but without the need for 4 wheel drive. I was watching Walt in the rear view mirror, and he didn't appear to be eating too much dust. **[Ed Note: cough, cough...]** The road had been traveled on when the ground was still too wet, so in places it was very rutted, sometimes to the point of being quite washed out, but still passable without any problems. My plans were to show the boys some real desert 4 wheel drive roads, this was the main road to where we wanted to camp, well traveled, if not exactly well maintained.



**Besides lots of bullets and empty brass, Dale found a 1924-s penny**

The camp site we chose when we arrived up on the mountain, was located below a huge spring, where a stream about 18 inches across and 5 inches deep comes out of the ground, and flows down hill, a full fledged little creek. We chose to camp in a grove of large juniper trees, next to the creek, with a thick

stand of willows just up stream, and a grove of Aspens just across from the camp. Desert flowers were in bloom, and I for one, relished the odor of the sage. The spring that formed the creek is located on BLM land, and the cows had been fenced out of that area, so the two meadows were lush with green grass at least knee deep. Walt can attest to the amount of stickers there were on the edges of the meadows and around

**The meadow where the spring pops out of the ground**



our camp. You see, it seems that Walt didn't take any boots with him, so he spent a lot of time picking stickers out of his socks.

A few years before, when I camped close to this same place, I found an obsidian arrowhead, so after getting camp set up, I spent some time looking, but found only a few flakes, and one broken point. Bob found an obsidian scraper or perhaps an un-hafted knife. That evening I don't remember what the other guys had for dinner, but I made cowboy coffee, and fixed myself a

Bologna sandwich, I don't know about the other two, but I spent a very comfortable night in my sleeping bag on an air mattress in the back of my truck.

The next morning Walt was up first, and blew the coals into a fire. I got up and got the cowboy coffee going, and we set out to fix breakfast. First there

were Jimmy Dean sausage links, and we cut those up to scramble into some eggs. When it was time for Bob to get the eggs, it was like, "What eggs? You were supposed to bring the eggs." "No Bob, you had the eggs." We ended up eating sausage for breakfast. After breakfast there was much talk about what should we do next, move camp, or explore where we were, and pick up some rocks. The general consensus was that we didn't want to get on any worse roads, and nobody wanted to go to Glass Butte, so we elected to at least gather rocks locally, which were in plentiful supply. There was lots of large Obsidian rocks along with lava and lichen covered basalt that would look really pretty in Bob's yard, so we went afield and gathered rocks.

Back in camp we had lunch made up of Kosher hot dogs, because, according to Bob, they don't have any eye lids, lips or scrotal tissue in them. They also didn't have any fat, and they were rather dry and tasteless. Unknown to us, Walt had some potato salad that would have given those dry dogs a lot of help, but he didn't tell us about it until later in the day. After lunch we decided to shade up and take a nap, which I accomplished quite well, and I don't think the other boys had any trouble either. Dinner that evening was steak, and Walt's potato salad, Then we spent a long evening around the campfire, laughing a lot.

## <-7 Wagontire

The next morning we broke camp, loaded up the trucks, drowned the campfire, and pulled out, heading for the petrified wood. The gem and mineral book had the wrong name for the road we were looking for, so we wasted a lot of time. The book said it was the GI ranch road, but in real life it's 12 mile road. By the time we found the place, we didn't have time to get in and really look for rocks, so we headed for Bend, then 97 to the junction, and over the hill on 138. All in all, we put a lot of miles in over not enough time, but it was fun, and I'd go again first chance I have to get away.



Our camp was located in those juniper trees



### Transition: From the MUG Store to PowerMax.com

PowerMax.com, the engine behind The Apple MUG Store, is pleased to announce a new process for Apple user group members. Instead of going to [www.applemugstore.com](http://www.applemugstore.com) to view a limited selection of items, members can now go directly to [www.powermax.com](http://www.powermax.com) to peruse and purchase (rewrap) almost 50,000 products. By identifying the user group you belong to (either on an online order or over the phone), PowerMax will continue to accumulate points for your user group to use.

Be sure to take advantage of this win/win deal: <http://PowerMax.com>



## unClassifieds

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# Apple Blossom Computer Club

<http://www.abccmug.org>

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