

Dogs That I Have Loved



...have a GREAT Day!!!

Dogs I Have Loved

“Any Man Who Hates Dogs and Little Children,
Can’t be All Bad.”

A bit of satirical hyperbole by W.C. Fields, humorist.



Dogs that I have Loved
(and always will)

Zipper
Lollypops
Moose
Flicka
Cindy

ZIPPER

7



ZIPPER

The happy fact is, that I truly LOVE dogs...Not just love them, but LOVE! Women are fascinating and I love them, too. However the love of dogs is different, It is unreserved, and does not require anything but a bit of food and some water. In return for one's love, their love is returned to you x 10! It is deep, unlimited, and extremely comforting.

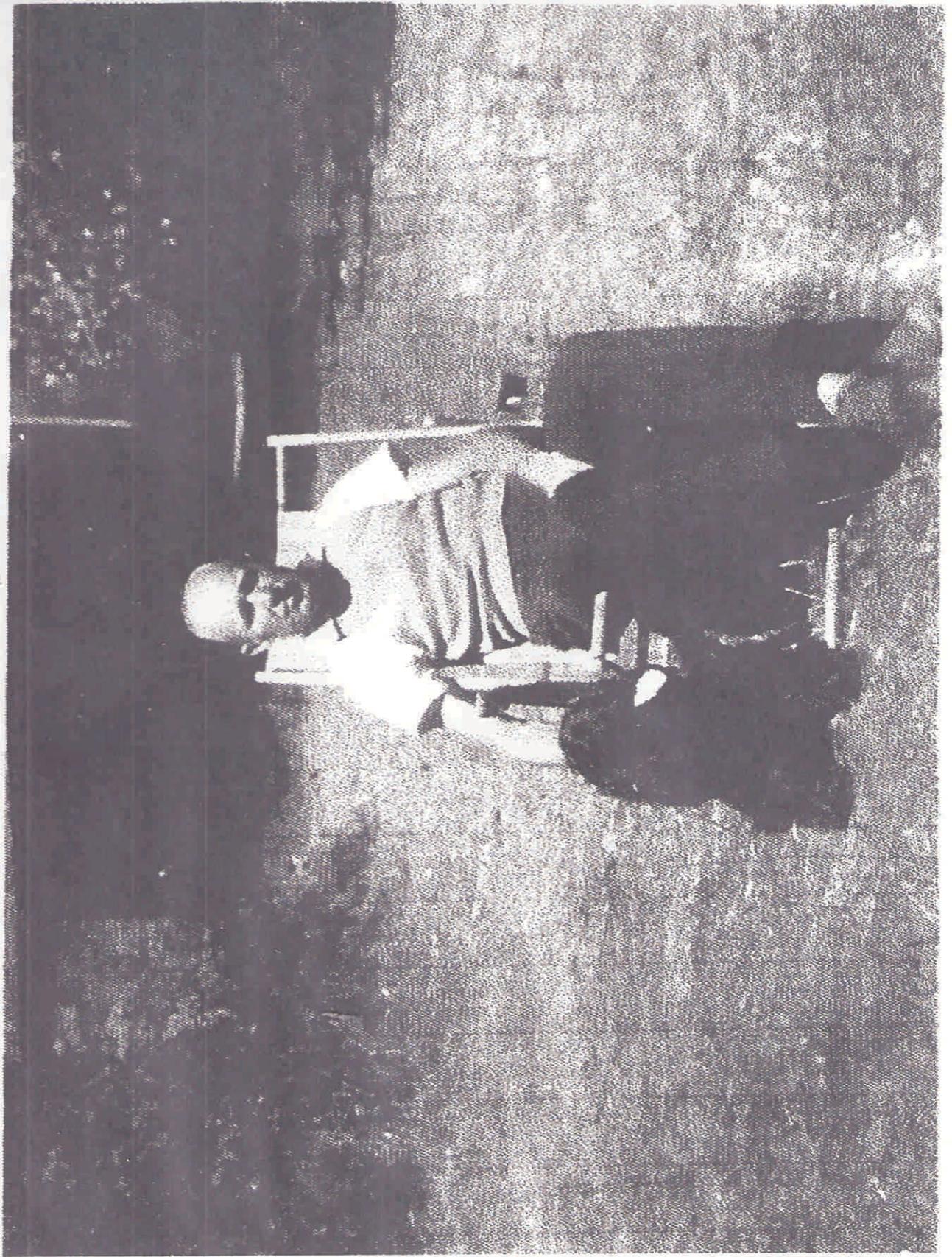
As a teenager, living in Piedmont, (about 1940) I used to lie down alongside our Cocker Spaniel "Zipper", pet him, and love him. Only a single good photograph survives today. (shown after this note). The photo itself was small, noisy and I can't find the negative SAD! I remember returning from a trip carrying my sleeping bag, Zipper met me in our driveway, and could not "contain" himself he was so glad to see me again!

Ordinarily, Zipper was chained to our garage in our back yard. He had access to his doghouse with a cushion in it to lie on. He seemed happy (as all dogs do) but I have never since so tethered a dog of mine that!

In time, of course, Zipper died as all living things must (including we humans). When I look at this picture, all those childhood memories come flooding back.



"zipper"
(cocker spaniel)





Billy and Zipper in the backyard at Crofton



The story of Zipperino is unique. He is, of course, not a dog at all. But one day, I saw this small plastic toy and realized how much it looked like Zipper, my dog! Originally creme color, I sprayed it black, and a friend made the necklace and bow. I set it on a pillow in my kitchen in Fort Bragg. All the colors were the favorites of my wife Kitty.



"Zipperino"

LOLLYPOPS

I finished my A.B. in Berkeley in 1954, spent two years in the navy, and returned to Berkeley in 1957 in the M.S. program in Nuclear Engineering. I began my Ph.D. thesis in 1957 in the M.S. in 1957 at Livermore National Laboratory. My wife, Kitty and I went out hiking in the hills north of Sunol on lucky day in 1952. We were surprised by the sudden appearance of a German Shorthair Pointer, soaked by a skunk. "Lollypops" (as we later named her) attached herself to us. We took her home to our small rented home (on collar, no license, and so we failed. In a very short time, we came to love Lollypops.

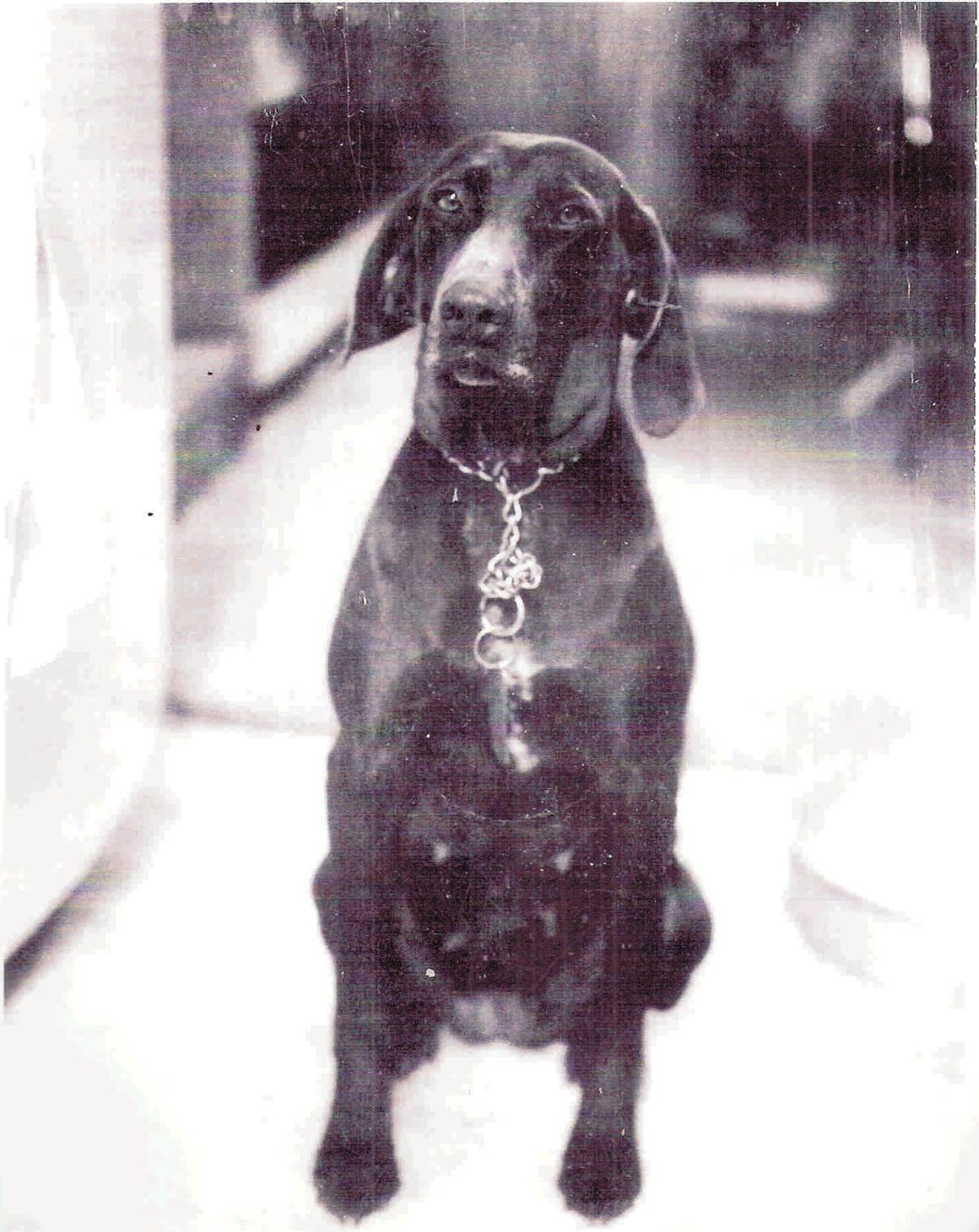
Lollypops thrived at our small farm. In front of our house there was perhaps one and a half acres of wild grass that Lollypops ran through chasing rabbits at top speed. She

about five acres of farmland on Vasco road, just west of East avenue leading directly to the lab. I built a fenced enclosure for her outside. We attempted to find her owner and advertised this lost dog trying to return her to her former home. She loved to catch frisbees endlessly.

Besides loving her life outside, Lollypops was smart! (probably the smartest dog we have ever owned). As an example, our landlord, Alfred Kleinecke, mentioned that we had gone to work leaving Lollypops outside! Surprised, the following day, I stayed home alone while Kitty drove off to her job as a Technical Editor at "AGN" in San Ramon. Although I had closed her gate securely, she appeared outside her yard! I had securely latched it and when Kitty drove down Vasco Road and into our driveway returning home, Lollypops headed back to her yard, popped through an invisible hole that she had made in the "hog wire", she stood inside and calmly waited for Kitty! Neither of us could have known about her secret outing! Yes, Lollypops was smart!

In 1961, I was offered, and accepted a job at Denmark's Risoe Laboratory in Roskilde (some miles west of Copenhagen). It was an exciting time for Kitty and me. But there would be no place for Lollypops in our upstairs flat there on Haraldsborgevej and no place for a dog!

We left for Denmark in 1961, sadly leaving Lolly at our little home with Bill Beisley. We arrived in Roskilde in 1962, and stayed there two years until 1964.



"lollypops"
(german shorthair pointer)



MOOSE

From Risoe I took a job in the Lanl Physics Division (more critical assemblies) at Pajarito Site (several near- accidents), but my main job was measuring neutron cross-sections with Time-of-Flight Neutrons from Underground Nuclear Explosions. I did these measurements out at the Nevada Test Site (NTS) and you can read those papers listed on my Web Page (under "TOF"). All very interesting and even thrilling, but I took many chances and had many close calls. My Boss, Ben Diven, wondered how I could stay calm right up until each "shot" (I could not, of course, but hid my worries). I said that I had done everything I could possibly do, so why worry?

Each of my shots succeeded and we published all of our articles one by one. My success at data recording at our little shack out in the desert is discussed in LA-3478 Parts 1 & 2 (about 30 pages each, only the Internet Links given). (Al Furnish and I perfected the high speed, long duration recording system, see our IEEE paper).

All during this time I was working on my Solar System Formation Theory (LA-4343, published in the journal Icarus). I worked on that theory at Los Alamos, then at U.W. Wyoming when I lost my job at the Lab. We returned to Los Alamos, taking a job in the Intelligence Group, not fun, but interesting! (much anxiety there, too). Many secret trips to Washington to advise the DIA on the results of our analysis of satellite photography (from 100 miles up in space!). All of us in that group were Physicists and Engineers and were successful in our analysis of both Russian & Chinese laboratories far below. It revealed their success in developing small, atomic primaries and of course small diameter secondaries (allowing small launch vehicles and rockets).

Well, the U.S. won the Cold War after dropping the bomb at Hiroshima, then Nagasaki (both from Los Alamos). I have never spoken of all those secrets and never will! (but the satellite films still exist).

Bored with my job at the Lab, I looked around the Physics department basement looking for interesting work, and found Ken Wholetz measuring particle mass distributions in his lab (it was clear what he was doing, simple, but he used empirical, but useful functions to fit his data!) Thinking later, at Almanor one summer, I formed my theory of Sequential Fragmentation (SFT). One simple equation did the trick! (my one and only truly inspiring thought!).

Then later, Akihiro Hory emailed me from Japan saying that he was very impressed by my theory, and wanted to spread it throughout his country AND America! We worked together with Ken and published our paper "A Physical Basis for The Weibull Distribution". (which was NOT empirical, but fit the fragmentation data well).

I continued working on my solar system theory until I retired in August, 1962, then retired, teaching at Lassen College in Susanville to keep busy. I taught there 2 years living at Almanor during that time, then stopped to settle down.

It eventually got too cold for me at the lake and we moved down to Fort Bragg. After these peaceful years, we are still here today, but I cannot stop working, and I am trying to compile several books (but am getting very, very tired, but WILL NOT STOP, NEVER!) Kitty thinks that this is silly, but I am committed!

Bill (2009)

Our Arrival at Los Alamos

I have written (elsewhere) about coming to Los Alamos, singing in My Fair Lady, and joining Group P-3, and this collection is about dogs and my career interwoven.

But if I join it all together it will make more sense.

I joined P-3 in 1962, got an excellent job running my recording station. I took some risks on Petrel in 1962, but it all worked perfectly.

Still, I got bored with repeating the same thing and began working quietly in my office on solar system formation. When the "RIF" came, I lost my job and found a new job in Laramie

Kitty and I had no dog during my first few years at Los Alamos, but when we got to Laramie

LIVING IN LARAMIE

Our house in town was pleasant, but we were without a DOG! One day, reading the campus announcements, I read that a young professor of ancient languages (Latin, Greek) and his wife had a puppy they could no longer keep, and needed a loving home. I phoned him, and he invited me to come and see the puppy. The puppy was of mixed breed, and they had named him Aesculix (LICKS) The small golden puppy was adorable.

We brought Licks home, and tried to think of a more suitable name... (we could see by the size of his paws that he would grow up to be a large dog and chose the name "Moose". Both boys were delighted!

I had been asked to leave because the Wyoming State Government saw that the future for electrical power might require the design and construction of a Nuclear Reactor.

However my Department Head, Prof. Matheny, although an engineer was primarily a politician! As time passed, the State Government could foresee no such need, and the political winds shifted.

The handwriting was on the wall: No reactor would be in the states future, and I was not doing the pile experiments! Even though my students rated me highly, I was soon called in, and told that I would be dismissed!

I sent out many, many resumes, certainly back to Los Alamos. Disappointed, I worked hard to find another job and eventually found one back at Los Alamos lab. My old friend Maury Katz phoned me to say that a new Intelligence group had been formed and that a position was open!

Of course, when I found a new spot back at Los Alamos Lab, I quickly accepted, and returned there. We were happy to be back. We bought a suitable house on Woodland road (3232). Both boys had fun with Moose and when the summer arrived, we drove West to Lake Almanor in our Volkswagen camper with him.

At Almanor, we set up our two tents on the shore. It was a great pleasure to go to sleep hearing the waves lapping softly outside our tent. Kitty and I lived in our green tent "Greenie" while Walt, Craig and Moose lived in a small Swedish tent next to us. We all have fond memories of eating our dinners at our fireplace built of rocks found nearby. Using a bit of charcoal lighter fluid to start the briquets, we cooked our dinner.

Occasionally, Moose would wave his tail over our the fire, and the smell of burning hair was pungent! We would finish our dinner with "s'mores", then I would read to th boys. I began with the Oz bbooks, then read other stories: Winnie the Pooh, Tarzan of the Apes such. One of our dinners at the lake, I read J.R.R. Tolkien's "The Hobbit" and all of us enjoyed it. The following Summer, I wanted to continue with Tolkien, and decided to read the trilogy "Lord of the Rings". I felt it might prove difficult for Walt and Craig to understand and follow the whole adventure. **Both boys were fascinated - I was flattered to be reading such books to their clear delight. The following year, I read the same book to them (Hobbit and Ring Trilogy) and none of us soon forgot.**



"moose"
(mixed breed)



Craig, Kitty, Walt, Bill, and Moose

FLICKA



"flicka"
(german shorthair pointer)





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CINDY

I commuted from Lake Almanor to Susanville every day and taught: Differential Equations, Algebra, Astronomy, and etc. This was interesting!

As time went by, Moose grew older, and "Flicka", of course, means girl in Swedish, even though German shorthairs are called german!

Both Kitty and I miss Flicka now that she's dead. We had no dog for many years, But sadly, she did die.

After that, a long time passed, and we deided to get another dog, and our son Craig found the ideal dog for us: a large black dog, that we named "Cinder", but that became Cindy.

Cindy has grown from a puppy into alarge, calm, friendly dog, that Kitty has trained.

Now that I live in Durango, Cindy lives with Kitty at Fort Bragg. We loved Cindy and she has grown larger until she weighs 70 pounds.

What a DOG!

Bill



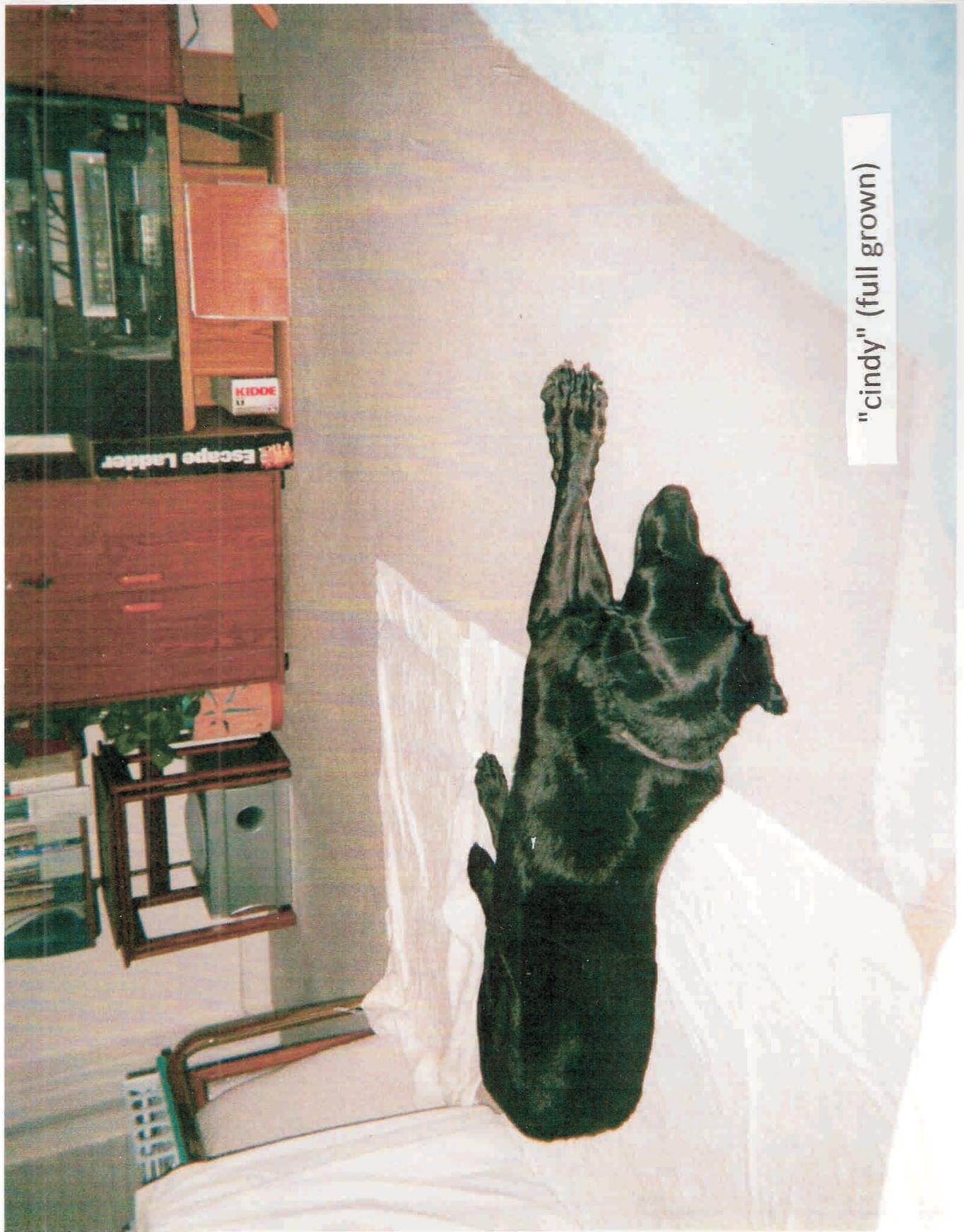
"cindy" (as a puppy)
(labrador retriever)





On the porch at the Chester Library





"cindy" (full grown)





....have a GREAT Day!!!

**CANINE
HUMOR**

Best Retriever EVER!



Jeff put on his "casual" face



hoping no one would notice he farted.



http://go.furp...

you want me to do WHAT?

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How many times have we just thought "If I just close my eyes the bitch will go away"

This is what courage is all about:



RULE # ONE

WHEN YOU ARE IN DEEP SHIT,
LOOK STRAIGHT AHEAD,
KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT & SAY NOTHING

FOX HUNT



RECORD HIGH JUMP FROM A KNEELING POSITION

A new world's record in the high jump from a kneeling position was set last week at a beach in southern France. The picture was taken just two seconds before the jump took place!



8/11/2007

Wilbur K. Brown

From: "John Swift" <jbswift@mtnhome.com>
To: "John H. Bearce" <jhb0706@cox.net>; "Joanna" <jpcbuss@earthlink.net>; "Dave" <dbswifty@msn.com>; "Carol Braun" <targetmktg@comcast.net>; "Bill Brown" <wkbrown@inreach.com>
Sent: Sunday, February 06, 2005 7:17 AM
Subject: a dog's prayer...

Dear God:

Why do humans smell the flowers, but seldom, if ever, smell one another?

Dear God: When we get to heaven, can we sit on your couch...or is it going to be the same old story?

Dear God: Why are there cars named after the jaguar, the cougar, the mustang, the colt, the stingray, and the rabbit, but not ONE named for a dog?

How often do you see a cougar riding around? We dogs love a nice ride!

Would it be so hard to rename the 'Chrysler Eagle' the 'Chrysler Beagle'?

Dear God: If a dog barks his head off in the forest and no human hears him, is he still a bad dog?

Dear God: We dogs can understand human verbal instructions, hand signals, whistles, horns, clickers, beepers, scent ID's, electromagnetic energy fields, and Frisbee flight paths. What do humans understand?

Dear God: More meatballs, less spaghetti, please.

Dear God: When we get to the Pearly Gates, do we have to shake hands to get in?

Dear God: Are there mailmen in Heaven? If there are, will I have to apologize?

Dear God: Let me give you a list of just some of the things I must remember to be a good dog:

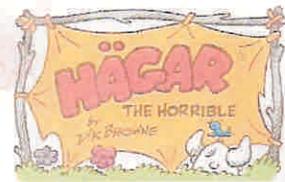
1. I will not eat the cats' food before they eat it or after they throw it up.
2. I will not roll on dead seagulls, fish, crabs, etc., just because I like the way they smell.
3. I will not munch on "leftovers" in the kitty litter box; although they are tasty, they are not food.
4. The diaper pail is not a cookie jar.

5. The sofa is not a face towel; neither are Mom and Dad's laps.
6. The garbage collector is not stealing our stuff.
7. My head does not belong in the refrigerator.
8. I will not bite the officer's hand when he reaches in for Mom's driver's license and registration.
9. I will not play tug-of-war with Dad's underwear when he's on the toilet.
10. Sticking my nose into someone's crotch is not an acceptable way of saying 'hello.'
11. I do not need to suddenly stand straight up when I'm lying under the coffee table.
12. I must shake the rainwater out of my fur before entering the house.
13. I will not throw up in the car.
14. I will not come in from outside and immediately drag my butt.
15. I will not sit in the middle of the living room and lick my crotch when company is over.
16. The cat is not a squeaky toy; so when I play with him and he makes that noise, it's usually not a good thing.

----- And, finally, my last question.....

~~Dear~~ God:

When I get to Heaven may I have my testicles back?





"Tito" (Chihuahua)







ZZ

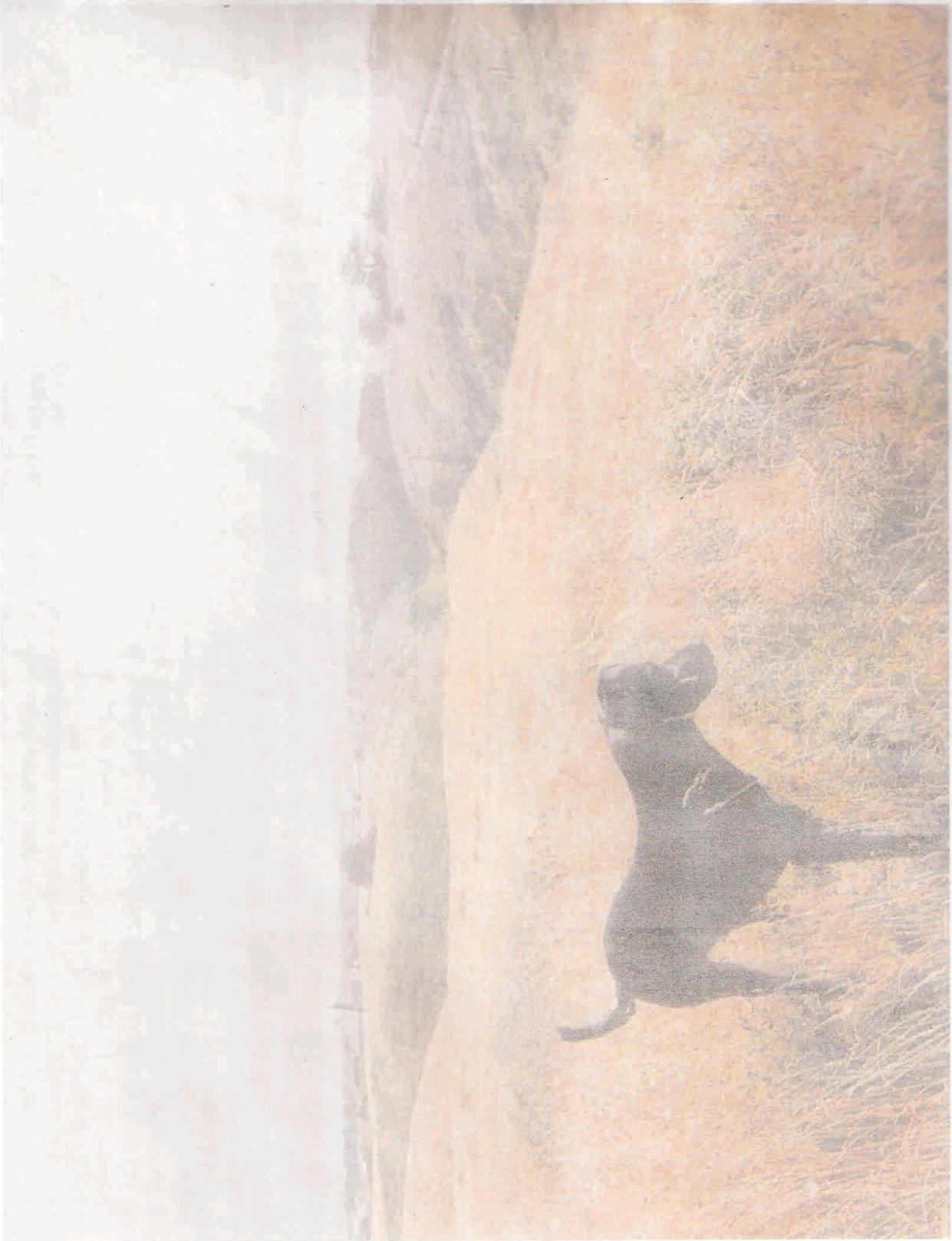
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✓



"I guess there are some things we're not intended to understand."



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