

12/29/09

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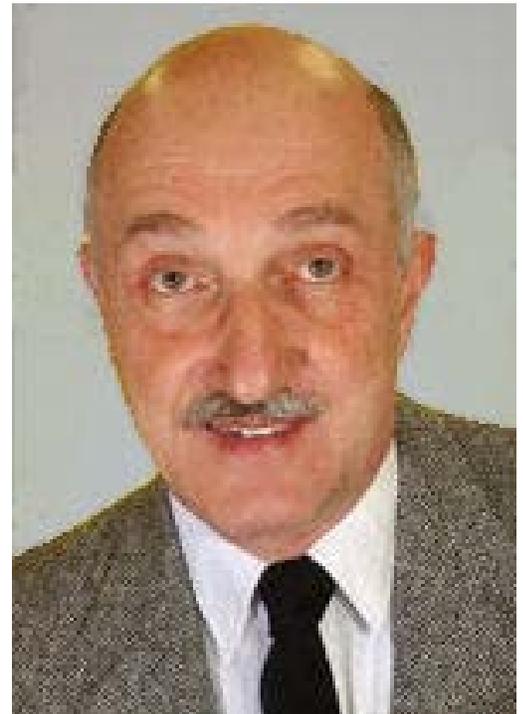
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Dear Friends

Sadly we have lost Marianne Elsley (nee Josephy). She came from Germany just before the war on a “Kindertransport”: herself saved, her parents left to the gas chambers of Auschwitz. She was ‘adopted’ by our Grandmother Carter and lived briefly with us in Street, Somerset, introduced to us a new older sister. She lectured widely, and wrote two short books. “A Chance in Six Million”, describes her coming to England and studying to be a nurse in the rigorous days before antibiotics. “Voices in the Night”, is a collection of letters and stories. Her work formed the basis of a BBC series: “Writing the Century.” On my last visit, she gave me a serving spoon with the engraved Carter initial “C”. She had received it along with other household things after Grandmother Carter had died, and kept it, wrapped in tissue paper, in memory of her. Now I keep it in memory of Marianne. With her husband Ralph, we grieve.



We have also lost Pavel Rehak. He fled from Czechoslovakia and studied in Italy. I knew him first in Geneva, working at CERN. He was an avid skier, but we could not go to the nearer mountains in France because he had no passport: a stateless person. Later he became an American and worked in the Instrumentation Department at Brookhaven. A brilliant mathematician, inventor of the Silicon Drift Detector and other devices, he excelled also in another art: never going first through a door. He would open it for one, or stand aside with a lovely smile of invitation to go first. If I held back, he would wait patiently, with head slightly bowed and a mischievous smile. If I tried to get to the door first, to open it for him, he ran. Pavel was tall and athletic. I never stood a chance. With Margareta and his children, we grieve.





Our family has suddenly grown. Malcolm, adopted at 13 months, had been trying to contact his Birth Mother for some time – unsuccessfully. Then he got a call from a Half Brother he never knew existed. Now he has met his Birth Mother Asta who lives in New York City, the Half Brother Peter from up-state NY, and a Cousin, Edel, and her two boys, Jonathan and Michael, from New Jersey (yes that is Devan in there). He now has even more Cousins in a German community in Brazil.



At our family ski vacation in February, we were joined by Jill and her children Sydney and Max. At last, Magdalena had someone interested in



doll's cloths, while Malcolm and I skied, and Devan enjoyed the outside super-heated pool. Everybody had to look at the latest photos on my laptop.





In March I was lecturing about Muon Colliders at CERN. This was a first. They have their own ideas of how to get to higher lepton energies (an electron linear collider CLIC), and have mostly scoffed at our ideas for a Muon collider. The UK has become interested, and now this invitation.

On the way there, I dug up Sylvia's friend Barbara's huge root - on my birthday - what better celebration?



On the way back, I stopped at Oxford and spent weekends with Carol and Paul in Shrewsbury. Carol Clare and Laura above.

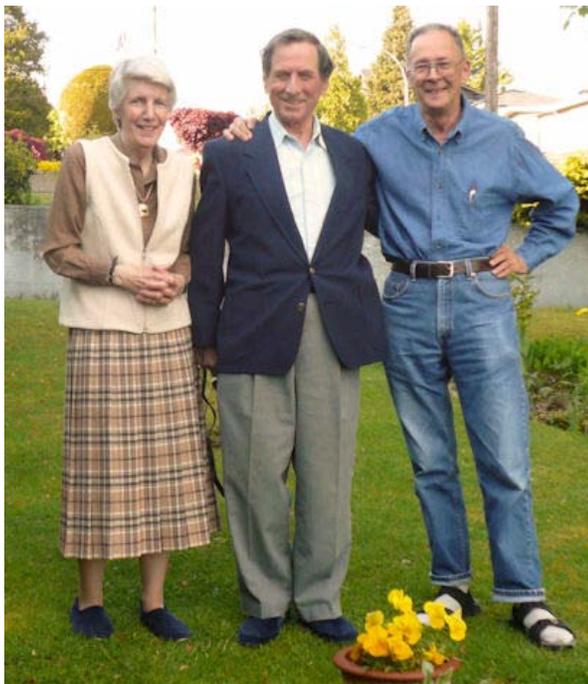
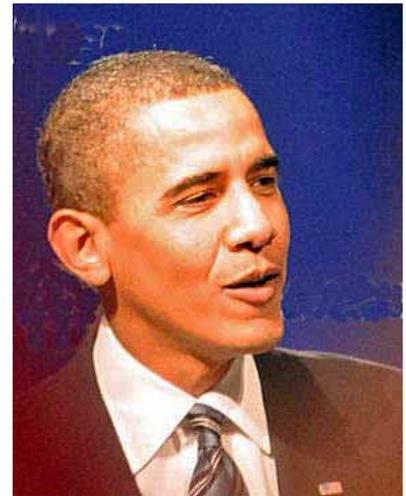
Then with Malcolm and Rosie at Ramster. Where else do I sleep in an antique four poster?



It was cold and windy. We tried kite flying, but failed, and pony rides with success. Then home to the serious business of trains.

On the left, from the top: Hattie, Lottie, Tom
Center: Rosie, Malcolm, Rosie's Mother

In April Magdalena and I went to the Annual Meeting of the National Academy of Sciences for the new members dinner, signing the register (picture by Magdalena- note my Imperial College tie), and listening to the President's speech. I assumed wrongly that the President referred to was the President of the Academy, but it was Obama himself. Only members could fit in the hall, so Magdalena watched it on monitors, while I, with several hundred other members, FBI, press, Cabinet Ministers and security were packed in the auditorium. And I had my camera. Unfortunately there were press between me and him. The picture at center – of the NAS President – gives an idea of my problem. Yet between the cameraman's arm and TV camera, I took my pictures – as though there were not enough of him already. Despite what I think of his Afghanistan and Pakistan wars, it was a thrill. He is very impressive. I know you know.



I gave another invited talk on Muon Colliders at the particle Accelerator Conference (PAC) held this year in Vancouver, Canada., which gave me the opportunity to meet again Albert and Mona Curzon: friends from College days. Albert got a First, while I only got an Upper Second. There were only two First's our year and the other one went to his twin brother.

Like the talk at CERN, this invitation is another indication that the Muon Collider is gaining stature. The Director of Fermilab, in Chicago, has become a strong supporter, and in the fall, the Department of Energy (which funds this kind of research) wrote to him requesting a 5 year Research and Development plan that would involve a doubling of our budget. Now we have to deliver.



I continue to cross country ski and hike, with some special trips with Joel. On the one, supposedly to Snow Mountain, his car broke down just after we had left Cell Phone coverage, but luckily just before we left the highway. Joel hitch hiked back to call help, while I tried to figure out the problem. The battery was flat, yet Joel had only recently changed the battery, and then also the alternator that charges it. Joel had a friend, Steve, in Chico, not so far away, so we got ourselves towed there and invited ourselves for the night. Joel has useful friends. Steve not only had spare beds, he had every tool you could imagine. So we were able to remove the “new” alternator, and he and Joel brought it on bicycles (Steve’s car was also out) to an auto parts shop to check it out. It was good. If the battery is ok and the alternator is ok, yet it did not charge, then it had to be the cable between them. Which it was. Have you ever seen a ¼ inch diameter cable and



swaged terminal with no connection between them? “Steve. Do you have a soldering iron?” Of course he did, and we made a very dicey temporary fix. Several months have passed, but Joel has not replaced it. He says it works fine.

Steve fed us a wonderful stew. We sat around looking at photographs, playing parts of the Opera Joel is composing (did you know that Joel used to



play in a band?). In the morning we drove up to a local park that Steve had done much to protect and develop. We had a wonderful time – it was the best disappointment ever.



We made several other expeditions without such wonderful difficulties: The picture on the left is from one, with Jeremy, to Coe State Park. Like Snow Mountain, such less



mountainous areas have fewer visitors and are thus in ways more desolate than the Sierra wildernesses.



The picture above is of me alone in the Desolation Wilderness in the Sierras. It appears desolate, yet I saw several other hikers. It is bear country though. At night, all ones food must be hung from some high, but not too strong, branch. If too strong, the bears will climb it; if too low, they will reach it. If they get to it, you have no food next day, a bear with a taste for camper food, a very unhappy Ranger,



and a fine if he/she finds out. In Yosemite they say “a fed bear is a dead bear”. But my food was not touched.

After a conference in Boulder, Colorado, I visited Bobby and Ursi whom we had first met on the week of the lunar landing. Magdalena saw Bobby playing chess with himself in a park in Aspen, Colorado, and dragged me to meet him. Bobby studied philosophy and Ursi once owned the Leadville airport (the highest altitude airport in the US) and still works as a flight



instructress there. Their house looks out over beaver ponds. There is a beaver in the picture above. And mere steps away they have a stunning view of Mount Elbert (the picture is Ursi’s).

In September I was teaching Muon Collider stuff at the ILC School in China, and hiked and spent



the night on the Great Wall at Jinshanling. That story was covered in my “letter from China” but I cannot resist showing my evening picture.

Back home in Shoreham we had much fun with the grandchildren, Devan and Sammy. When we had a bath after this, the water came out a deep brown.

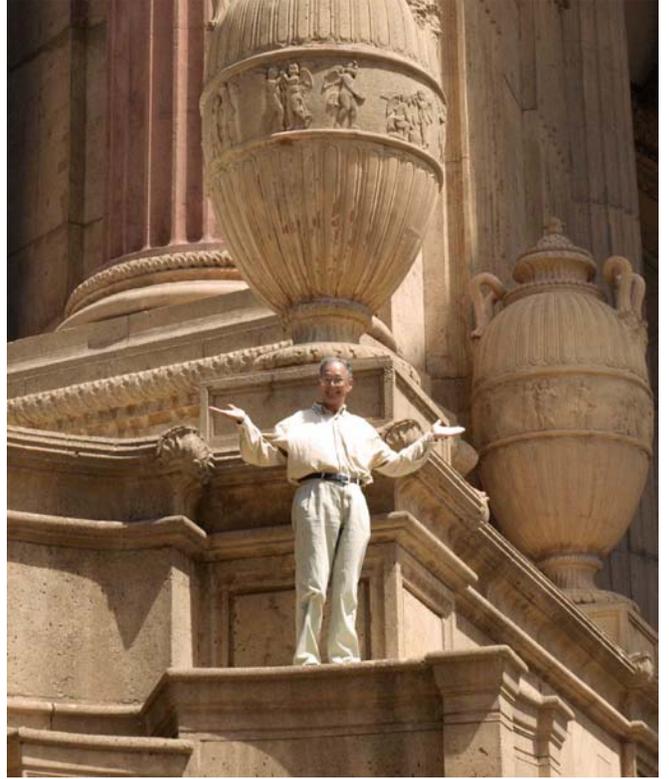
The picture below was at Devan’s birthday visit (in March - I am way out of order), with Cousins,

to Toys-R-Us in the City. Clockwise from top, Devan, Spencer, Sammy, Zack, & Harry. Sammy was tired, but



all were happy.





In California we have gained a silk screen from Sophie, visited the San Francisco World Exhibition folly, cruised in the Bay, watched surfers at Mavericks (a 30 minute walk from home) and enjoyed the sunsets from our sitting room windows.

Lots of love and wishes for a happy new year

Robert and Magdalena