

## Dallas, and the East Coast – Summer 1992

The KLM flight took off on time and was pleasant since I was upgraded to business class. I think this was in order to remove another section of tourist seats to make room for more cargo. The nice thing about KLM was that even though it was a joint KL/NW flight, you didn't have all the security rigamarole that is done for U. S. companies. You just checked in as usual. I tried to go sit in the Business Class lounge to wait for the plane but was told that that wasn't allowed with an upgrade. The plane landed on time at Detroit, but we had to stay in the plane for 15 minutes or so because Immigration was full. When we finally got out there were still very long lines, but being American I could just skip all that and go directly to customs (about the only advantage of being American I can think of). I then had plenty of time to check car rental rates and make sure that the Hertz car I had reserved in Amsterdam was really in the system. However, Jos Engelen and Karel Gaemers only arrived at the gate after I was already on board. Then we heard that the altimeter was broken and that they were busy fixing it. That was fortunate for Peter Kluit, who, not having been upgraded, got off the plane later and was even further back in the immigration queue. He just made it to the flight in time to board before the half-hour late departure.

The hotel in Dallas was nice, but sort of isolated. However, I asked about a bus and was told that there was one every half hour which stopped only a block from the hotel. That was convenient, and some of us decided to go to town the day before the conference. As was no doubt to be expected, it being the U. S., neither the hotel nor the conference could give us a map or timetable of the buses. The bus system was rather confusing since it was not marked on most bus stops which lines stop there, nor were times given.

The bus, fortunately air conditioned in the 100° F (38° C) heat, entered the free-way immediately and didn't make another stop until we were downtown. Downtown Dallas is full of modern skyscrapers with some older buildings in between. The original Nieman-Marcus is there, but I found it rather disappointing—it could just as well have been the Bijenkorf in Amsterdam. The others wanted to visit 'The Sixth Floor', the Kennedy museum which takes up the floor of the building from which Oswald is supposed to have shot him. So I went along. I was not disappointed, since my expectations were sufficiently low. It tried to reflect the 'Kennedy era', painting Kennedy as something next to God.

We also went to the Dallas Art Museum, which was surprisingly good. There was a special exhibition on ancient Egypt, directly there after Boston, which I skipped for lack of time, and a reasonable collection of European paintings from old to new. But what I found the most interesting was the collection of Indian (Nat. Am.?) art, both North and South American from ancient to fairly recent showing the relationships between different regions and times.

The conference had originally been planned for Moscow, but for obvious reasons, it was decided a year ago to have it elsewhere and the SSC was asked to organize it. They managed to do a pretty good job. The conference was on the Southern Methodist University campus, which is quite nice. It was opened by Roy Schwitters, who is the director of the SSC lab., with the announcement (for those who hadn't heard) that the Senate had voted a little over a week before by a large majority to fund the SSC for another year. The House had voted to cancel the SSC a month or so

earlier. Now it will have to be worked out in a Senate-House conference, but everyone is pretty confident about that. The most worry seemed to be that Bush might in the end veto it, since it contains a rider prohibiting all nuclear test explosions. We were then greeted briefly by the mayor of Fort Worth, who said how important the SSC was and hoped that we would all come to Fort Worth with the conference excursion on Sunday. The mayor of Dallas, elected last year after 4 terms in Congress, spoke much longer. He pointed out that with so many conventions in the Dallas-Fort Worth 'Metroplex', sometimes more than a hundred in one week, he and his Fort Worth colleague can not open them all and so choose only the most important. That they were both there for our opening was a sign of how important the SSC and high energy physics is to the Metroplex area. The president of SMU also welcomed us and suggested that if we occasionally needed relief from the conference sessions we should visit the university's art museum which has quite a good collection, particularly in Spanish and (I think he said) American Indian art. However the following week when I went there it was closed for a week for rearrangement of the collection.

Then came the main opening speech by William Happer, the director of the Office of Energy Research in the Department of Energy. He is a real physicist, although not a high energy physicist, and so not a typical Washington bureaucrat. He started by reading a letter from President Bush which told us of his support for science in general and the SSC in particular and stated that the SSC was good for science, good for the country, good for the world and ended with his and Barbara's wishes that we have a good conference. The inclusion of Barbara evoked some laughter among Europeans. Happer then commented on the lobbying effort which led to the Senate vote for the SSC as one of the largest efforts in Washington in several years. This is probably in large part due to the involvement of firms like General Dynamics, Westinghouse, Babcock & Wilson, who will manufacture the more than 10000 superconducting magnets which will be needed. Bush also pushed hard for the SSC, and Clinton has said that he is for it.

Happer continued by essentially apologizing for how the SSC project had been handled internationally. On the one hand it is regarded as a U. S. project, particularly for U. S. political consumption. However, there are also concerns about paying for it, which has lead the U. S. to seek foreign money, without however relinquishing any control over the project. Basically, the U. S. wants projects built in the U. S. by U. S. labor using U. S. products with any discoveries benefitting U. S. industry, but financed as much as possible by other countries. Needless to say, this does not go down very well with other countries, particularly Japan, which has been pressured to contribute a lot to the SSC. As Walter Massey, head of NSF, recently said in an interview, "You can't have it all, unless you have very dumb and rich partners. I haven't found any of those." Japan also had a bad experience with a joint space project which the U. S. cancelled midway. Happer essentially said that the U. S. had done badly, was sorry, and would try to do future big science projects on a truly international basis. It seemed to impress everyone considerably. It will be interesting to see how it works out with new space and nuclear fusion projects which are currently being talked about.

Then the conference really began. There were lots of new physics results, but no big breakthroughs and nothing really exciting—mainly new measurements which are more accurate than previous ones and which still are pretty much what is expected given our theoretical understanding. I won't bore you with details, but proceed to the social program.

Thursday evening, after the first day of sessions, there was a reception at the Union Station. Like many old stations, only a small part of the building is needed for current trains. The rest has been converted to other purposes, in this case large reception halls, which were well filled by the 1400 physicists, many with spouse and/or children. With so many people the noise level was quite high. I felt sorry for the musicians, who looked as though they probably couldn't even hear each other. Most of the time I only knew that they were playing because I could see the bow moving back and forth over the strings. But the food and drink was good, if difficult to consume in the jostling crowd, with lots of Gulf scallops and shrimp as well as the more usual chicken, roast beef, and pasta creations.

Friday night was free, but I could not convince anyone to go into town to eat after I had said that I had seen in town that the bus line which stopped near our hotel stopped running at 8 pm. We would have had to take a cab back, which sounded too expensive to my thrifty Dutch friends. So we just ate in the hotel, which was none too good.

The Saturday sessions ended early (3:00) and we were taken by bus to the SSC site about an hour's drive south of Dallas near Waxahachie. Along the highway we saw at least two billboards glorifying the SSC, another indication of the local interest in the project. We saw the hall where they are building various magnet prototypes and the hall where they will soon test a 'string' of 5 dipole magnets (each 15 meters long) and 1 quadrupole magnet (somewhat shorter), which form the basic unit of magnets which must fill up the 54-mile SSC ring. We also saw the first pit from which the tunnel for the SSC will be bored. Then we were loaded onto the buses again and went to a nice clearing in a pecan grove for a picnic—beer, wine, and a box lunch resembling, but somewhat better than, an airline dinner. The food was no where near as good nor as plentiful as at the Union Station reception, but there was a lot more space to move around and you could talk without shouting.

Sunday was our day off from the conference with an excursion to Fort Worth for an afternoon of 'Cowboys and Culture'. We were first taken to their water gardens, four city blocks of terraces, pools and fountains. Rather pleasant really. We were given a bandanna, a pint of frozen lemonade and encouraged to walk around in the heat or listen to the band until everyone arrived. The mayor then welcomed us and later walked among the crowd talking with many of us. You would almost think that we could vote and she was up for reelection. Then we got back into the buses and were driven to the stock yards area. Three Fort Worth policemen on mountain bikes who had been at the water gardens were already at the stock yards when I arrived. So I guess they were supposed to be protecting us.

We had the option of staying in the stock yard area for a small rodeo or of going to the 'Cultural District'. The stock yards are of course nothing like what they used to be. Most of the area has been taken over by other things. However some stock pens remain along with the livestock exchange, where I guess there are still some livestock auctions a few times per year, and some old stores, now tourist traps. I looked briefly around and boarded the bus for 'Culture'.

That is culture with a capital C. Both the mayor of Dallas and the mayor of Fort Worth had taken great pains to point out to us the Cultural aspects of their cities. It was clear that they feel rather defensive about that. There are three museums, each surrounded by a huge amount of grass, but apart from that next to each other. The buildings are all very large and of nice modern architecture. You expect huge

collections, but find inside that only a small portion of the building is devoted to exhibition. Consequently it was no problem to see all three in the two hours allotted. The quality of the works was impressive.

Welcoming us at the Culture were two policewomen wearing short shorts and packing a revolver and billy club, but with a van rather than mountain bikes. They escorted us to our final destination, Billy Bob's, billed as the largest honky-tonk in Texas. When I got off the bus I asked one of the policewomen whether real Texans went to places like this or was it only for tourists. She said that before she got married she used to come there quite often. We queued in two lines (all 1400 of us) to get barbecue and salads, listened to a mixture of rock and country and western, were greeted by (guess who) the mayor, and given the opportunity to learn some Texas dances. Most of us were glad to board the bus again for the ride back to our hotels.

Monday night there was a concert preceded by a pre-concert buffet in the Morton H. Meyerson Symphony Center. The buffet cost \$25 and I skipped that in favor of a Mexican restaurant and fortunately so, as I heard from others that the buffet was terrible—very little food in an area not big enough for such a large group so that the noise level was even worse than at Union Station, and you had to pay extra for drinks. The concert, however, was very nice. Pinchas Zukerman with various others played an all Mozart program consisting of a violin duo, a piano quartet, and a viola quintet (K. 423, 493, 516).

Before the concert Morton Meyerson told us a bit of the history of the building. He was deeply involved in its creation and, judging by its name I would guess one of the leading contributors of money as well as time. It was a long-term project lasting from dream to reality (as the program pointed out) through 4 Dallas mayors, 7 Dallas city councils and 7 Dallas city managers. He said that members of his committee visited all the great concert halls of the world. I think he said that he himself visited 49. They concluded that the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam and the Musikvereinsaal in Vienna were the best. With the architect I. M. Pei and an acoustic consultant from New York, Russell Johnson, they set about to design a concert hall which would rival these. They could not simply duplicate one of these buildings (as certain rich Americans have done with castles or cathedrals) since application of Dallas fire codes and the modern (Texas) necessity for wider seats and more leg space would have reduced the capacity of the building too severely. The resulting building is thus much larger, but the rather long, narrow shape of these concert halls is preserved. The acoustics is still fantastic thanks to the use of a large reflecting panel above the podium, a large resonance volume under the podium, and reverberation chambers and acoustical curtains. The reflecting panel can be raised and lowered and tilted at various angles depending on the size of the orchestra. For us it was at its lowest with maximum tilt to efficiently reflect the sound of just a few musicians into the hall. For a full orchestra it would be at its highest. While I can not judge whether it matches Amsterdam or Vienna, I can certainly say that it is very good.

I have just one criticism of it, and it goes for most modern concert halls and theaters: The lobby and refreshment area is one large volume several stories high with smooth stone as the inner walls and glass as the outer walls. These materials reflect sound efficiently and harshly. The result is high volume noise making intermissions unbearable. In other words, although the acoustics of the concert chamber are great, the acoustics of the lobby are abysmal.

Mort Meyerson could no doubt well afford a large contribution to the concert hall.

He was, I am told, Ross Perot's number 2 man at EDS, and has continued to be one of his principal advisers. You may have heard his name during Perot's presidential bid. Meyerson was also instrumental in getting the SSC sited in Texas. He was chairman of the Texas commission which looked into it and convinced Texas to pump itself \$1 billion into the SSC.

Tuesday night I finally found someone willing to go into town to eat, an old Nijmegen friend now in Amsterdam, Jan Timmermans. The night before, between Mexican restaurant and concert, I had scouted out the buses a bit more and discovered another bus line which ran later and seemed to go rather near to our hotel. I had also localized what was supposed to be a top steak house. My 24 oz. T-bone was excellent as was Jan's lighter but without bone rib-eye. We both decided to pay \$2 extra to have them broil it, although many people did it themselves. Also excellent was the bottle of Texan cabernet sauvignon from Llano Estacado which ranks up there with the good Californian wines. We got the bus, which wound slowly through residential neighborhoods only to come to the end of its line before reaching our hotel. However, we could transfer to another bus at that point and we ended up only a couple of blocks from the hotel. It was rather slow, but probably cost only a tenth of what a taxi would have cost. Unfortunately, it was dark so we couldn't see much of the neighborhoods we passed through. Most of the time we were definitely a small minority as far as skin color of the bus passengers went, not that there was anything wrong with that.

The conference was to end at noon on Wednesday, but I had to leave a couple of hours early to get to the airport in time for my flight to Washington, D. C., where I was to meet Marc, who was flying down from Boston. In order to save money, *i.e.*, not pay anything extra to stop in Washington on my way back, I had to fly the whole trip on Northwest. That meant that to get from Dallas to Washington I had to go via Detroit, which was considerably slower than one of the many direct flights but considerably cheaper (\$300 or so).

The flight started on time and shortly after the usual Northwest announcement of welcome aboard, glad you are flying NW, and this is another on-time departure by the airline with the best on-time record, we reached take-off position only to hear that there was a warning light and we would have to return to the gate. It turned out to be a low oil level in the drive train connecting one of the motors with the electrical generator. All in all that took an hour to fix. They tried to make up as much time as possible on the way to Detroit and promised that carts would meet those of us with tight connections at the gate. However there were no carts, perhaps due to a last minute gate change. I legged it as fast as I could to the gate for the Washington flight, which was naturally clear at the other end of the terminal. I arrived just as it was leaving the gate and was told, as though it were my fault I was late, that the plane had left ON TIME. I became very angry and told them what I thought of NW, its poor maintenance and the unkept promise of a cart. I told them they had to get a message to Marc. They calmed me down telling me that the next flight to Washington was in just 20 minutes, looked Marc up in the computer, and found that he was supposed to land at the same time as this next flight. So that seemed to be OK. I had just enough time to get to the gate for that flight. But as soon as I was on board the pilot announced that there were some problems with one of the on-board computers and that we would have to wait until the technician had checked it out. He was no doubt busily swapping printed circuit boards trying to find the bad one. We finally took off about a half-hour late. I was getting ready to try to bully a stewardess

into getting a message sent to Marc when the pilot announced that there was a strong tail wind and that he thought we would make up the half hour to still land on time. And he was right. So instead of landing with a safety margin of 20 minutes before Marc, I landed 1 minute before him. If we had been any closer together we would have collided on the runway.

I had just gotten off the plane and was looking at a monitor to see which gate Marc would land at when he came up and tapped me on the shoulder. He had landed at the gate next to mine. So in spite of all the mishaps it worked out perfectly—what a waste of adrenalin.

Getting the car from Hertz went without a hitch. The only difficulty was in lugging Marc's suitcases. He seemed to have been investing in lead bricks while he was at Exeter. All our suitcases just fit into the trunk of our Toyota Corolla, and by 7 we were driving away from Washington National airport. Having both gotten something to eat on the plane, we were not too hungry and since the evening rush was now almost over, we decided to drive quickly into Washington to see what we could see. We drove around Potomac park, the Jefferson Memorial, the Capitol, the White House, and numerous government buildings before it got too dark. Then we headed south towards Fredericksburg where I had reserved a motel for our first night. On the way we stopped to eat.

The next morning we went into Fredericksburg and visited a couple of old buildings, a tavern and an apothecary, both from around the time of the revolution (American, not Southern). Both had nice and informative tours by someone in period costume acting most of the time the period part, a tavern wench and an assistant to the doctor. That last term I use advisedly since the person in that particular apothecary at the time of the revolution did have a medical degree from Edinburgh.

Then we shifted forward in time to the Civil War. At two National Park Service visitors centers we viewed a short film, maps, drawings, photos, exhibits depicting military life and gear and civilian conditions. It was interesting but hard to grasp without already knowing a lot about the war. Marc was interested but lacked background. I tried to fish up background from memory but found I had forgotten far too much. I asked a park ranger where one could best see the trenches or fortifications and she directed me to Bloody Angle, where a two-day battle had taken place. She said that it was a good day to see it since it was raining today just as it had been when the battle took place. You could still see trenches, but now largely filled in and less than waste deep. From the drawings we had seen, they had been built up with wooden fortifications, but of those there was no trace. The battlefield seemed very small, no wonder that it had been largely hand-to-hand combat.

We were running behind schedule, and we still had to get to Charlottesville. There is now a Jefferson visitors center on the outskirts, which was very interesting. However we had to skip their film in order to get up to Monticello before it closed. Change for the admission was in brand new \$2 bills. (In case you haven't seen one lately, I remind you that Jefferson is on the \$2 bill.) Unfortunately, it was still raining and there was a lot of mist so we missed the view and did not spend much time walking around the grounds. The tour of the house itself was interesting. Marc seemed impressed by it too.

The next day we visited the university briefly and saw the oldest part, which had been laid out by Jefferson. When we entered the rotunda we were asked if we were there for the pre-admission tour. That flattered Marc. Then it was on to

Williamsburg. Thanks to the expressways that went fairly quickly and we were there by noon. It was pretty crowded. However we managed to see most of it without having to wait in line very much. We enjoyed the tours of the Governor's House and the Legislature. I learned that the British governor anticipated Lincoln by 75 years or so—he proclaimed the slaves of rebels free and called upon them to help the British suppress the rebellion. The tour guide who told us about the governor seemed rather surprised when I pointed that out. Both Marc and I like the tours of the inn and apothecary in Fredericksburg better than the ones in Williamsburg; they seemed more informative. But still Williamsburg was well worthwhile, although the entry price of \$25 seemed a bit steep.

That night we stayed on the outskirts of Norfolk. We had been economizing a bit on food. And that afternoon we had eaten lightly. So we decided to have a good dinner. We went to a fish place where Marc had soft-shell crabs, which he had wanted since it is a speciality of the Chesapeake bay area, and I had sautéed scallops and shrimp. We were both happy with our meals.

The next morning I had a bright idea, which I probably shouldn't have had. We wanted to get well into North Carolina in order to only have to drive a couple of hours the following day to reach Blowing Rock, since I had told Opa that we would arrive there late in the morning. Looking at the map it did not seem so far, and there did not seem to be much to see along the way. So I thought of a small detour to the Outer Bank which would be interesting and even have the bonus of a visit to Kitty Hawk. I of course had visions of desolate beaches and lots of birds. It turned out to be a bit difficult to find the right road, but once we did it went OK, along the canal at the edge of the Great Dismal Swamp. It looked like it would be fun to do that in a small boat—you would probably see some nice wildlife once the canal got away from the road. And then through flat, watery areas to the causeway and onto the Outer Bank. But it is filled with vacation homes on stilts and lots of cars rather than birds. We bought some stuff (too much) for a picnic lunch but had to eat it in the car at Kitty Hawk where there were no picnic tables. Nor had we seen any along the road. The visitors center at Kitty Hawk had a replica of the plane and exhibits emphasizing the R&D the Wright brothers had done developing it.

Then we had a long drive to Winston-Salem where we planned to spend the night. Having driven mostly on the Interstates, I had misjudged how slow normal highways are. Then we missed the right turn-off in Winston-Salem, and reached our motel only around 9:30. We decided just to get a pizza.

We slept late, but still arrived, just about at noon, at Opa's house. I had no difficulty in finding it. We had a nice visit, Marc telling all about his summer at Exeter and Opa reminiscing how it was when he was there. We played ball with the dog and went for a walk around a near-by pond. Rusty fixed a wonderful roast beef dinner and we talked some more. The next morning we talked some more and played Scrabble with Rusty. Then after lunch we headed North, getting as far as Harrisonburg, Va. We found a shopping mall and bought Levis for Karl and Marc.

That left only a short distance to Manassas the next morning where we were to spend our last night. It was close enough to Washington, we thought, and considerably cheaper than staying in Washington itself or in Arlington. From Manassas it was only a half hour or less to the end of a Metro line from which we took the Metro into Washington. That turned out to take a lot longer and to be more expensive than I had expected.

In Washington we decided we didn't have time to stand in line for two or more hours to tour the White House. So we walked from the White House down to the Washington Monument and viewed the Lincoln and Jefferson monuments from afar. We had driven by the Jefferson monument the first night when we landed in Washington, and we decided walking all the way up to the Lincoln Monument was a bit too much work.

Marc was very interested in the Museum of Natural History. I found parts of it also interesting, especially that on early Indian culture before and at the time of Columbus and the Spanish invasion, having sort of been led up to that by the excellent collection of early Indian art I had seen in Dallas. Marc was more interested in rocks.

I had thought I would park the car in Arlington the next day and again take the Metro, but when it proved difficult to find a parking place in Arlington I decided just to try driving on into Washington. And to my surprise there was no difficulty in finding a parking place on the street just one block from the Air & Space Museum. Of course we had to feed the parking meter every two hours, but we had collected a large supply of quarters as change on the Metro the day before.

First we visited the Capitol. Of course both Senate and House were in recess for the Republican convention. So we couldn't see them in session, although we could visit the chambers. Then we went to the Air & Space Museum. Marc was thrilled by that. The movies which were to be shown that day did not look so interesting. But there were enough other things to see to keep us occupied until we had to head for the airport.

The plane was an hour late taking off—due to congestion in Boston, they said. We just made the flight from Boston to Amsterdam, which was boarding when we arrived. But then after loading us all into the plane they announced that there was nearly an hour's worth of planes before them. Out of 5 flights on Northwest this trip, all 5 were more than a half hour late. And three of them were due to equipment failure: one altimeter, one oil pump, and one computer. The only flight that was on time was my flight from Amsterdam to Detroit, which was flown by KLM. Others from here who also went to the conference reported long delays on Delta. Wolfram Kittel's Delta flight turned back after they were well over the Atlantic making an emergency landing at Gander where they had to wait for another plane—in all a 9 hour delay. And at Gander they weren't even given something to eat. Flying just isn't much fun any more. I get the feeling that the competition among the airlines in the U. S. is resulting in delayed maintenance and decreased service.

Back home, Patsy met us at the airport along with Iris and her (Iris') boyfriend, which was nice from a baggage lugging view.