PHIMSY

Let me tell you about Ellis

"Phimsy, who is this boss who gives you such a hard time about the stuff you put in your column?" asked a sympathetic friend. I didn't really know; so I asked him. Now that he's out of town, I'll tell you about him.

R. Hobart Ellis Jr is a country boy from Maine who got wrapped up in physics and writing. The physics started at Bowdoin and went on through a PhD at Columbia. When I asked him what he did for a thesis, he talked about an experiment that compared alpha-particle ranges in water and steam—something to do with radiological physics, he told me. The second world war interrupted between Bowdoin and Columbia. Sperry Gyroscope Co. had him building microwave radars, and then the Navy had him flying them around in an officer's uniform. He's taught a bit too—full time for a year at Bowdoin and part time as a graduate student and as some sort of nuclear-engineering professor at New York University (not to mention reading, 'rithmetic and sailing at a children's camp).

ELLIS

The writing, he told me, started on high-school and college papers and a summer news sheet in his home town. Then, when he got the degree at Columbia, *Nucleonics* put him to work. He got to be managing editor there, and in his spare time wrote a McGraw-Hill book, *Nuclear Technology for Engineers.* (He claims to have a Russian translation of it at home, but I've never seen a copy of it here in the office.) After *Nucleonics* he spent two years in Vienna running *Nuclear Fusion* for the International Atomic Energy Agency, and after that he came to PHYSICS TODAY and became chief editor.

Married, no children. His wife is one of the people who works in this building—doing "manpower studies," he says. She wrote a piece in the last March PHYSICS TODAY. From the look of him, I'd say his main hobby was worrying, but he claims to have a sailboat and a vegetable garden up in Connecticut where he escapes from his Manhattan apartment on weekends.

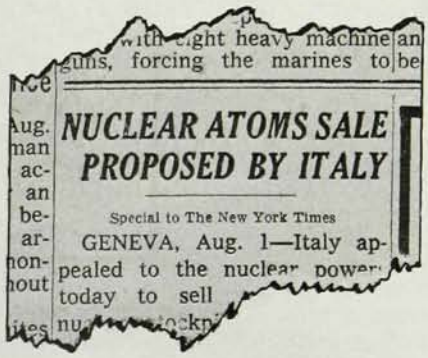
He does give me a hard time, but you can see I've still got the upper hand. He hates to admit it, but the readers won't let him drop my column.

Have quarks been seen?

Significant rumors suggest that the elusive quark may have been discovered. Subrahmanyan Chandrasekhar (University of Chicago) suggested more than a year ago that clues to their nature in early literature have not been properly explored since Murray Gell-Mann brought them back to attention in his 1964 *Physics Letters* paper. So Elliott Krefetz of the Southwest Center for Advanced Studies has come up with several speculations.

"Quark" as used by Gell-Mann is generally assumed to have come by way of James Joyce from Johann von Goethe. This sequence bypasses the work of another important investigator who observed a particle with properties that may have been missed by the Goethe-Joyce-Gell-Mann sequence. The two particles can probably be proved identical just as were the Heisenberg and Schrödinger versions of quantum mechanics.

It is reasonable, says Krefetz, to equate "quark" with "queer snark" and "queer snark" with "Boojum" in the notation of Lewis Carroll's "The Hunting of the Snark." Carroll's orig-



inal treatise demonstrates that detection of a Boojum leads to complete disappearance of observer and observing apparatus. Krefetz has evidence that a quark was observed on or about 6 Aug. 1930 by amateur scientist Judge J. F. Crater, who has not been seen since. He is eager to hear whether other physicists can cite examples of the disappearance of personnel, scanning telescopes or counting apparatus.

The physics of wine . . .

"Phimsy," said one of the editors, "don't take Richard Feynman seriously. In his *Lectures* a dreamy paragraph talks about the mysteries in a glass of claret and the impossibility of a scientific description to account for the pleasure of drinking it. I say we're in a scientific age and wine lists of the future will have items like this."

Chateauneuf du Pape (Reagent Grade)

Specific gravity at 25°C:	1.003
Sugar:	28 gm/liter
Total acids (tartaric equivalent):	4.4 gm/liter
Residue after evaporation:	Passes ASTM test
Color:	See visible-light-absorption curve in appendix

I didn't want to argue, but privately I like better the description the Manchester *Guardian* recently quoted from a London catalog: "Nuits St. Georges 1964: Deep colour and big, shaggy nose. Rather a jumbly, untidy sort of wine, with fruitiness shooting off one way, firmness another, and body pushing about underneath. It will be as comfortable and comforting as the 1961 Nuits St. Georges when it has pulled its ends in and settled down."

. . . and the wine of physics

Henry Kolm, in his story on the search for magnetic monopoles on page 69, doesn't say that he was recently sent a monopole, as a gift, by Arthur Freeman. When he opened the package he found two bottles of Monopole bordeaux wine. Although Kolm was delighted with the present, it turns out that he, too, has found a monopole. It's a restaurant. □