

### 6.1.1.2. Time Relaxation Phenomena in Neutron Thermalization

Ideally, we would like to study the time evolution of an initial distribution of neutrons in a sample of non-multiplying material as described by the transport equation

$$\frac{\partial n}{\partial t} + \underline{v} \cdot \underline{\nabla} n + v \Sigma_t(v) n(\underline{r}, v, t) = \int \beta v' v' \Sigma_s(v' \rightarrow v) n(\underline{r}, v', t)$$



9/5/83

Dear Folks,

Deb & I are having a party on Sept 10. You are invited to attend. We plan on starting at ~ 2 p.m. We<sup>ve</sup> got (or we will get): buns (my personal favorite), dogs, boigakes (that's "burgers" for the none-EAI people), rudimentary condiments, that timeless golden beverage, and not-so-timeless soft drinks.

No fooling - this is really it!

Munchkins are welcome - So are any culinary contributions you care to make. Here's how to order. Just fill in the blanks on the handy form

provided: no purchase necessary; void where prohibited. This week only, ~~toones~~ & volleyball also included.

As ever,  
Bill Beck

choose one

Definitely ~~Coming~~ Attending (# of people)

50-50 Chance (#)

Stick-Your-Party Where the Sun Don't Shine

Culinary offering (25 words or less)

WCK			
JFH			
JB			
DM			
DMB			
HDF			
JCL			
DLK			
J. Lewis			
DAD			
C <sup>3</sup>			

Announcing (again) the long awaited

3RD ANNUAL (plus 1/4)

RIOT OF SPRING PARTY

As you recall, due to unforeseen technical, economic, and metaphysical difficulties beyond our control, we, your everloving Stooges, were forced to declare the previous blanket contract with our ever-faithful Stooges (that's you, the recipients of our boundless munificence) null, void, and otherwise blotto. However, inasmuch as we've been catching a lot of crap from a small group of discontented Stooges, and the Judge sez we had better settle out of court — here is our compromise offer: complete capitulation.

Terms, as usual:

Time: 3:00 p.m. EDT (estimated dingbat time), 6 September 1980

Place: The Beck Homestead & Tree Farm at

9014 Sparrow Drive

Consumables provided by Stooges: everyone's favorite golden beverage, buns of assorted shapes & sizes, chips, beanies, salads, condiments  
Consumables provided by Stooges: other liquids, the meat of your choice

Non-consumables provided by Stooges: crocked volleyball paraphernalia, fence to keep irrate neighbors out & disgruntled Stooges in, cooking tools & the like

Notification: contact a Stooge or one of our many unauthorized representatives before 5 Sept. 80, 5:00 pm.

Disclaimer: In no event shall the Stooges be liable for any gastro-intestinal damage or other physical or mental injury, real or imagined, resulting from the use, authorized or un-authorized, of this invite.

W.C. Beck

D.A. Daniels

C.B. Franklin

(This message brought to you by the Committee for  
Undermining Sanity & Sobriety)

# THE 3<sup>RD</sup> SIMIAN-ANNUAL RIOT OF SPRING PARTY

Cancelled

Whereas, here-to-fire, and how-some-ever, now let it be known that the party-givers (here-in-after referred to as Stooges) do invite, at no obligation, the party-goers (here-in-after referred to as Stooges) to the 3<sup>rd</sup> Simian-Annual Riot of Spring Party and Dog and Pony Show.

Terms & Conditions: The recommendations for equipment, food stuffs, & services contained in this invite are estimates based on our observations of the appetitive & digestive processes of adult homo-sapiens in a semi-comatose state. While we believe these estimates to be sound, the success of the party will depend upon the behavior of the specific Stooges in attendance.

Time: 3:00 p.m. Eastern Standard Time, 26 April 1980  
(2:00 pm. 1 day early Eastern Daylight Time)

Place: 9014 Sparrow (as in bird-splat) Drive

Consumables Provided by Stooges: everyone's favorite golden beverage, buns of all shapes & sizes, chips, beanies, salads, condomments

Consumables Provided by Stooges (that's you): other liquids, the meat of your choice

Non-Consumables Provided by Stooges: crocked volleyball paraphernalia, fence to keep irate neighbors out and disgruntled Stooges in.

Notification: The Stooges had best call us — we won't call you — before 5:00 p.m., 24 April 1980

In no event shall the Stooges be liable for any gastro-intestinal damage or other physical or mental injury resulting from the use, authorized or unauthorized, of this invite.

W.C. Beck }  
D.A. Daniels } B.S., M.S., LL.S., D.B.  
C.B. Franklin } P.D.

## FUEL RESOURCES NEWS FLASH!

### ONE BYTES DUST . . . .

### ONE HITS TRAIL . . . .

Since no one else would offer their premises for the joint bachelor party & going away blast, Thomas Kirk (as in James T.) Ross (as in Roscoe) has generously (and foolishly) agreed to have his own bachelor party at his own soon to be vacated house at no expense to himself. For good measure we are throwing in José (as in Michael C.S.) Check's going away wake. If you haven't yet lost interest, you're just the type we want. To wet your appetite, how do Rintin Tin & Snow White turn you on? Not together mind you, but in separate features along with other culinary delights—right up there on the big screen.

This evening of wild abandon without feminine influence or

companionship (possibly the last such evening for TKR & MCSC) will be sponsored as a membership drive by the Lesser Richmond Chapter of the He-Man Woman Haters Club. Attendance at this event is only ~~\$3.00~~ (a bargain at 1/2 the price) and includes one year's dues in both the H-MWHC & the Riverside Social Club. This nominal amount will also include brewski, chips (no dips allowed), a wash-room fee, pool of the table variety, entertainment, & bail bond insurance. The event will take place Wednesday evening from 7:30 p.m 'til the cows come home (could be late because TKR doesn't own any cows).

Please respond by Tuesday, Sept. 23 & fork over the dough (no Dave, doughnuts are not acceptable as currency). Maps will be provided upon request

Respondees: Jay Bird, Bill Beak, C. Benny Franklin

\* Please also bring ratings cards denoting drool quotient, eye-strain factor, & gross-out coefficient as scores will be tabulated after each presentation.

YES SPORTS FANS! ITS THE FIASCO YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

ANNOUNCING THE 2731<sup>ST</sup> ANNUAL

# RIOT OF SPRING PARTY!!!

(Tramper fanfares, estatic crowd roar, lost of loads, jubilation, applause, etc, etc.)

When: Sat., Sept. 12      Where: 7556 Turf Lane      When: ~ 4 P.M.

Who: you + your friends, mates, casual acquaintances, carnal acquaintances, favorite pets, fruit of your loins\*, etc.

What: brew provided (Oxbelch Light, of course)

Bring: own meat (variety of your choosing), non-malt beverage, side dishes, something to eat. (buns)

Admission fee:  
1 dead cat

Followed By:

# TOGA! TOGA! TOGA!

BYOT (bring your own TOGA)

Vomitorium facilities provided!

Cheap Thrills:

- crooked volleyball on a 45° slope with obstacles (trees, dog droppings, etc.)
- irate neighbors
- goats + sheep for discriminating party goers (e.g., Tom)
- mosquito hunt (trophy for largest kill)

Raindate: Sun. Sept. 13 (call Jim at 272-1194 for info.)

RSVP: to CBF, DAD or JGM

Donations (\$\$\$)  
accepted.

\* that's not underwear, Dave. But you may bring underwear. You may also wear underwear. Where? Any where. Even on your head. (See TOGA! TOGA! TOGA! above.)

SEMPER UBI SUB UBI  
HUBBA HUBBA HUBBA!

Sponsored By: the same people every year  
Good-bye for Tom + Coby.

Will Jose be there!

## In Celebration of

\*\*\* THE RIOT OF SPRING \*\*\*

You are cordially invited to indulge in an afternoon of hi-lo-  
larity sponsored by those fan-a-ticks of fun the 5 Stooges (recently  
we've had some blessed additions). As during our last outing, the fea-  
tured attractions will be free suds (not the Mr. Bubble variety), con-  
diment dogs and burgers (bring your own meat or someone elses, if you  
wish) and a vicious game of crooked volleyball (rules recently modified  
by NFE Athletic Supporter Abner Doublepump).

Fortunately you don't have to explain to anyone how you came to be  
invited to this mob scene. However, please express your reservations  
as soon as possible, so that Dr. D. A. Daniels may compile his demo-  
graphic data and be prepared to continue his observations of the "party  
reflex" in soon-to-be-unemployed nuclear engineers and other dissidents

### ITEMS OF INTEREST

Time: about 3 P.M. eastern sidereal time

Date: 5/19/79 - one of many riotous spring days

Place: mud flat behind Gentleman Jim Miller's newly acquired

Bring: homestead (maps available upon request with 50¢ deposit)

Bring: -the meat of your choice

-a seating implement large enough to accomodate you and

your posterior (i.e., lawn furniture, dummy)

-beverage other than the scintillating suds provided

Don't Bring: party hats or balloons (Yes, rumors of Dangerous

Dave's demise have been greatly exaggerated. After

winter dormancy and an extended spring strike, Dave,

himself, is ready to transform paper, rubber, and fea-

thers into some of the most unusual party favors  
imaginable.)

Almost forgot - everyone who attends will get a free doorprize-----  
an armpitload of junk from J.G.M.'s sanitary landfill (congruent to the  
mud flat).

IN HONOR OF

## FRANK'S MEMORIAL MAGIC DAY

NPE's own 3 STOOGES invite you (yes that means you with the invitation) to an afternoon drunk. Featuring **Free BEER** (Ja-da), complimentary dogs & burgers (bring your own meat or someone else's if you wish), plus a new game invented especially for this occasion - crooked volleyball (rules available during play).

How did you get invited, you lucky soul - we won't worry about that, but please express your reservations by Wednesday (4/26) so we can get

the condiments (no Dave, that's not candy or balloons) from the drug store.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST

MORTGAGE LOANS, SAVINGS ACCOUNTS, BONDS

Time: about 3 P.M. coordinated universal time synchronized to watch soaked 3 days in a coffee cup (also known as marinated time)

Date: 4/29/78 - one of Frank's many magic days

Place: Ben Franklin's vacant lot (maps will be provided when we figure out where this place is)

Bring: - the meat of your choice  
- a seating implement  
- beverage other than the golden brew provided

Don't Bring: - party hats - these will be provided from the wide assortment designed & constructed by Dangerous Dave's of Richmond

January 5, 1976

Dear Pegleg comma

In regards to the use of your crutches comma Bob Cratchett would like to award you the Tiny Tim Tom Thumb Two Toe Titilating Tongue Teasing Award period In Nuclear Engineering we have an old saying similar to that in show biz for good luck comma Drop A Rod period

New Paragraph Having broken one leg as well as our train of thought comma we send hardest condolences in wishful anticipation of relieving the pain of the strain on your brain from your sprain period exclamation point

New Paragraph Wishing you Happiness in your NULIF period

Signed

loving and kisses

ANON

First and Last Case: Frank W. Sliz

Charges:

- (a) On March 22, 1977 the accused did willfully and heinously assault one James G. Miller with a lethal weapon; i.e., a cigarette butt fired by a rubber band
- (b) On or about March 23, 1977, the accused sabotaged the telephone of one David A. Daniels by stuffing paper in it

Tribunal Members:

- (1) His Honorable Honor, C. B. Franklin, presiding,
- (2) The Honorable First Prosecutor, J. G. Miller,
- (3) The Honorable Second Prosecutor, D. A. Daniels

Additional Officials Present:

Court Sergeant At Arms: S. A. Ahmed  
Court Clerk: W. C. Beck  
Court Stenographer: C. R. Loving  
Court Executioner: J. R. Rodes  
Court Jester: S. M. Mirsky

The Guilty Party: Frank W. Sliz

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SAA: All rise for his honorable honor, Judge Franklin.  
The War Crimes Tribunal of Richmond, Va. is now in session.  
Sit down.

HHH: Read the charges against this guilty disreputable scum.

CC: (Reads the above charges.)

HHH: F. W. Sliz, how do you plead? Guilty or not guilty?

Def: (Silence)

HHH: Speak up you ungrateful knave. How do you plead?

Def: (Silence)

HHH: Contempt of court! Call the first witness.

1st P: I would like to call J. G. Miller.

CC: Wait a minute! He can't call himself!

HHH: Who's side are you on? Sit down and shut up or I'll have the Mexican throw you out.

1st P: Thank you, your honor. Now, sir, please tell us...

CC: Wait a minute! He wasn't sworn in.

1st P: God damn you Beck. Mind your own #/%&\*!#@! business.

HHH: There, if that wasn't swearing I don't know what was. Proceed.

1st P: Now, sir, please tell us in your own words what happened between you and the guilty party on the day of March 22, 1977.

1st P: Certainly, your Honor. And may I say before I start that you are one of the most gracious, charming, and intelligent human beings I have ever met.

CE: I feel sick.

HHH: Please confine yourself to the facts.

1st P: Yes, please confine yourself to the facts.

1st P: Do I have to?

1st P: Does he have to?

HHH: Not if it will be more entertaining.

1st P: Well, I was sitting in my cubicle minding my own business when Frank began shooting rubber bands at me. I assure you I did nothing to provoke the assault. My back was turned. He kept firing them at me. Finally I began to break under the pressure. So I pleaded with him to stop. He just laughed evilly and continued to shoot. Finally I was driven out of the cubicle.

1st P: Did you offer to negotiate a settlement at any time?

1st P: I told him if he didn't stop I would be forced to retaliate.

1st P: Did you at any time formally declare war?

1st P: Yes, I said, "Of course you know, this means war?" Those were my exact words.

HHH: Wasn't that from a Bugs Bunny cartoon?

1st P: Did Frank formally declare war before he launched this unprovoked, sneaky, underhanded, unprincipled attack?

1st P: No, he did not declare war before he launched that unprovoked, sneaky, underhanded, unprincipled attack.

1st P: Did you ever retaliate in any way?

1st P: Yes, I shot at him with a straw wrapper. It wasn't even crumbled up into a wad. Couldn't have hurt a gnat. Well, maybe a small gnat, but not Frank. I didn't want him to think I

could be pushed around. I even missed him.

CE: What a lousy shot!

1st P: And then he shot you with the cigarette butt?

1st P: Well, not right away. The scurvy coward waited until my back was turned. And it was a cigarette filter, not a butt, just to set the record straight.

HHH: Set that straight, Frank did not hit him with his butt.

1st P: I was grievously wounded. With my last breath before I slumped to the floor and lost consciousness, I told him that the War Crimes Tribunal would hang his (expletive deleted).

1st P: And did he rush to your side and show compassion?

1st P: No, he just laughed.

1st P: Thank you, you were a magnificent witness. I assure you that justice will be done and the dirty bastard will get what's coming to him.

2nd P: If it's food can I have it?

1st P: For my next witness I will like to call Bozo the Clown.

HHH: The Court Jester will take the stand.

CJ: Where should I take it?

1st P: Did you witness the assault?

CJ: No, I was working on my memo about virgin zircaloy.

SAA: Who's a virgin?

CE: No, he didn't say he was a virgin.

CC: Why would he not say that he wasn't a virgin?

HHH: What!!! Mirsky, are you trying to make this court believe that you are a virgin?

CJ: No, I'm not a virgin.

HHH: I didn't hear that. Stenographer, read back that last line.

CS: Ah didn't hear that. Stenographer, read back that last line.

HHH: Not that last line. The one before the last line.

CS: Ah didn't hear that. Stenographer, read back that last line.

HHH: Don't give me that Catch-22 crap. Read me back the last line about the virgin.

CS: No, ah am nat ah vergin.

HHH: Thank you, I'm glad we got that straightened out. Now, Steve, you say you didn't witness the assault.

CJ: Yes, I was working on my memo about virgin zircaloy.

2nd P: I object! The last time, he started that sentence with "NO". He contradicted himself.

HHH: Stenographer, read that part back.

CS: Question: Did ya'll witness thar assault? Answer: No.

CJ: That didn't sound at all like the previous statement.

HHH: Are you calling the Court Stenographer a liar?

CJ: I've had enough. This is a kangaroo court filled with a bunch of clowns.

CC: Look on the bright side, it couldn be a clown court filled with kangaroos.

SAA: I prefer elephants myself.

HHH: Just to show you that this Tribunal is honorable, we'll let you propose the punishment.

CJ: I propose the five fingers of death. Not one, not two, not three, not four, but five. FIVE fingers of death.

1st P: Oooooooooohhhhhh!

CJ: Get that clown off the witness stand before he starts another horrible story.

HHH: Wait a minute. That was my line. The typist got this screwed up.

CJ: Make that a macabre tale instead of horrible.

SAA: I knew an elephant with a macabre tail once. By the way what goes macabre mean?

CS: Could we get ahn with this. I'll be time for mah break soon that ya'll don't get.

HHH: Okey, let's get the guilty party on the stand.

CC: Since it's Frank I think we can forgo the swearing in. (Chortle, chortle)

HHH: Okey. Frank, will you tell t he Tribunal in your own words why you are guilty.

Def: (Silence)

HHH: God damn it Sliz. I warned you. Contempt of Court!  
Now answer the question before I throw an FSAR at you.

Def: (Silence)

HHH: Contempt of Court again. You're trying my patience.

CC: I should like to point out to your Honor that the  
defendent isn't here.

HHH: Look, Beck. Just because you got a point today for  
that poor joke doesn't mean you're smarter than the rest of  
us. Who's running this trial. You or me?

CC: The dlowns and the kangaroos so far.

CJ: That reminds me of this story about a Kangaroo who  
went up to a bar and asked for a martini. And the bar-  
tender said, "That'll be \$10. Say, we don't see many kang-  
aroos in here". And the kangaroo said, "At these prices  
you won't see many more."

1st P: I suggest that we have someone take Frank's place  
and answer for him. You know, proxy.

HHH: I never met him, but that's a good idea and I'll hold  
Frank in Contempt of Court for not showing up. Okey,  
will the little P get up on the stand.

1st P: Are you guilty?

2nd P: I'm as guilty as sin and do I get a pizza for  
doing this.

CE: How about another Contempt charge?

HHH: Good idea. Dave, eh, I mean Frank say something  
contemptible.

2nd P: SNARF!

HHH: Contempt of Court. Snarfing at the Tribunal. All  
right step down.

1st P: So much for the first charge. I would now like  
to call D. A. Daniels to the stand.

HHH: Swear please.

2nd P: Snarffle.

HHH: Good enough. Proceed.

1st P: Please tell us about Frank sabotaging your telephone.

2nd P: Well, on or about today my phone didn't work.

1st P: How did you know it wasn't working?

2nd P: Because Frank didn't call me up any time and say "Your works ready" in impersonation of you-know-who. Anyway, I took it apart and found....

1st P: Wait a minute. You mean Ben, not Frank.

2nd P: Yah, you're right but having just been Frank I got confused and so did the typist. Anyway, I took it apart and found a wad of paper inside. So I uncrumbled the paper and saw that it was ripped off from a larger piece and I found the larger piece and it matched the tear exactly.

1st P: And then what?

2nd P: Boy, now comes the exciting part. So I noted that there was handwriting on the paper and I figured that if I found ##### out who's handwriting it was that I would know who sabotaged the phone.

1st P: And whose handwriting was it?

2nd P: Mine.

1st P: In other words you sabotaged your own phone?

2nd P: Looks that way. Maybe I was in a temporary state of insanity and didn't know what I was doing like when I get hungry right before lunch. Anyway, it doesn't really matter who did it, does it, because we're going to blame Frank anyway, right?

HHH: That's right. Give that boy a pizza.

2nd P: SNARF!

1st P: Can you think of any reason Frank would have done this horrible thing to you?

2nd P: Yes, because he's guilty.

HHH: Now who can argue with logic like that. Any other comments?

CJ: Can I tell my SNARFU joke now?

HHH: No, It's too close to lunch. I and my fellow tribunals will now pass judgement. Guilty.

1st P: Guilty.

2nd P: Snarf.

HHH: The defendent is found guilty. Sentencing will be tomorrow. Court is adjourned.