

TUCSON, ONE YEAR LATER . . . ¹

Here we are, enjoying the solar radiation and greenhouse effect in the Sunshine Capital of the world. Most retired Americans from other (usually colder) regions move out here so I felt quite at home. After all this work on the conference papers I decided to retire here for a week, while my assistant Hans could proofread the final Russian and Japanese versions. I started by watching three hotel-movies simultaneously the first night we were here. I really put the little flowers outside and was hanging out the beast!



Unfortunately, the first day at the *Radiocarbon* office I discovered that we had to work on problems. We were nicely stayed in the monkey. For some authors, we really had been too easy in accepting. That was my own debt. Being a specialist in units I still discovered interesting variations, such as: absolute percent modern, percent dead carbon, calUThBC, yr B.p., pM (of what?), and so on. Only I seem to know the little seam of the stocking.

This remains a fight against the beer quay, all these warheads in our field of science. But, even if it is almost mustard after the dinner at this stage, I decided to throw my ass against the crib. We will let them sniff a little poopie, and corrected as much as we could. We have a darkbrown suspicion the *Radiocarbon* Staff looked a little on their nose. Frustrations as deep as the Grand Canyon, and blisters as wide as Meteor Crater on the PC mouse. One hundred and eleven papers in total; in hindsight, we should have sent more authors walking to the pump for my part. There was actually someone who claimed precision to within one month! They must have mistaken the error multiplier for an error divider. Or they were trying to sew an ear onto us. We let them boil well-done in their own soap.

Keywords were another problem. Is AMS a keyword? what about shroud? which country is Jericho? I wonder what the keywords for both editorials will be.

The next stick in the spokes was the volume size: even thicker than the tree-ring special *Radiocarbon* published recently. I did like the color of that issue, though: bright and hellish yellow! But Hans was throwing soot in the food at this point. And he owns the company credit card for the extra expense, which I never got.

So, no yellow, but two volumes instead. The cost to be covered by another unit I do not understand: I know about Euros but what in the world is a wheel? This is not explained in the P.O. Box 51 leaflets.

But, a second volume obviously justifies a second editorial in Wrenglish. This way I have my own, as a counterweight for the one from the czar who was obviously fishing in troubled water. So I sucked this little story completely from my own thumb. As long as the spoon stays in the porridge pot, we do not mourn...

After one week, a supply of enchiladas and some Mexican beer called DOS (does Bill Gates know about this?), we started to look for the cactus that attacked Stef two years ago. No luck, it must have

¹Our second mysterious communication from Groningen (pronounced "Groan-again" in Arizona, we should observe). The gentle reader is referred for an explanation to our despairing note in the first Proceedings volume (*Radiocarbon* 40(1), p. vii) —*RADIOCARBON* editors

known we were coming and had escaped, or was hiding. Instead, we casually came back to units once again. Now the real monkey came out of the sleeve: I discovered that Hans is actually a notorious cal BP sinner. At least he shippers with this. Raising my hands like a giant Saguaro (and I could probably sting as well at this stage), Hans speeded away like a roadrunner, with the tail between his legs. I decided to seek my hail in stable isotopes, for the time being, and leave for Keeling in California....

WGM, (re)tired isotopist

Keywords: unit, yellow, Saguaro, Northwest Airlines, BP