

wife announce the arrival of David Fisher Fayram on August 27.

Major Harry L. Gephart, M.S., is now instructing in the Air R.O.T.C. program at the New Mexico State College of Agricultural and Mechanical Arts in Las Cruces, N.M. This is a regular U.S.A.F. assignment, probably of three year's duration, and carries with it the imposing title of "Professor of Air Science and Tactics."

Edward S. Ida reports that he is still a Service Representative for Otis Elevator in Los Angeles. A second addition to the Ida family is expected this month; the order's in for a boy this time.

1947

Albert H. J. Mueller is enrolled in the Graduate School of Business Administration at Stanford. He reports that Dick Roehm '48 is also in the Business School, while Burt Crumly '47 and Roy Gould '49 are in Stanford's graduate Electrical Engineering Department.

Charles B. Shaw, Jr., now a Ph.D. candidate in theoretical physics at the University of Chicago, writes that "Joe Green '49 and I have a nice little cave—complete with Caltech pennant, Dabney steins, and the cut for the frontispiece of the 1947 Big T—near the University. We await the snows with some foreboding."

1948

Patrick Norman Glover, now completing his training as an Exploitation Engineer with the Shell Oil Co. in Bakersfield, was married last June to Betty Dunn, an English girl.

Lewis O. Grant, M.S., now employed by the American Institute of Aerological Research in Pasadena, was married on July 23 to Patricia Martin, Caltech's erstwhile Humanities Librarian.

1949

Bill Muehlberger was married in September to Sally Provine (Scripps '49). They're living in South Pasadena while Bill is back at Tech, as a graduate assistant, working for a Ph.D.

BOOKS

THE CONQUEST OF SPACE

Paintings by Chesley Bonestell
Text by Willy Ley

Viking Press, N.Y., 160 pp. \$3.95

Reviewed by Robert S. Richardson
Research Associate in Astronomy

The Conquest of Space takes you on a superbly illustrated tour of the solar system via space ship. Some of the paintings probably look better than if they were actual photographs of the real thing.

There have been other books on descriptive astronomy of this general type, but always before the rocket has been merely a convenient literary device for easing the reader from one chapter to the next. Here the approach is much more realistic. The book opens with a dramatic account of the launching of a V-2 from the White Sands Proving Grounds, followed by an elementary discussion of the principles of rocket flight and planetary motion in general. Although the authors feel confident that inter-planetary travel will be realized, they tell the reader frankly that he will have to wait a while until the day arrives. But when and if it does come, here are some of the sights we will see.

There is so much general interest in rocket flight, and the habitability of the planets, that anyone rumored to have a special knowledge of these subjects often finds himself the target for some rather awkward questions. The trouble is that two

fields formerly quite distinct have suddenly been merged. Few astronomers feel competent to answer queries on the intricacies of high-speed propulsion; and I presume that rocket experts feel the same way when it comes to discussing surface conditions on the planets. The easiest way out of such a situation is always to refer to some good book. In this event, you could not do better than to recommend *The Conquest of Space*.

The distinguishing feature of this book is Chesley Bonestell's illustrations. In full color, they're real "stoppers," as the magazine editors would say. Mr. Bonestell's training, first as an architect, and later in the special camera effects department of a motion picture studio, enables him to depict a lunar landscape or Saturn viewed from one of its satellites, with such startling realism that the effect is photographic. And there is imagination, too, in the peculiar dream-like quality that he imparts to many of his scenes.

The informative passages are lightened by numerous amusing and interesting historical anecdotes, so that the exposition never becomes burdensome. Readers may differ with the text on certain points that are matters of opinion: thus they may object that the question of the origin of the lunar craters is not nearly so well settled as the remarks on pages 68 and 69 would imply, or that the fins on the rockets are too big, etc. Although these criticisms may be valid, they are trivial when compared with the fine quality of

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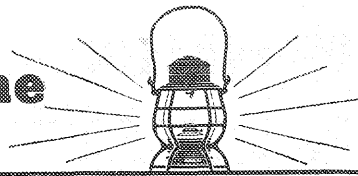
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Books

CONTINUED

the book as a whole.

Perhaps the biggest question left unanswered is how the Viking Press managed to put a book on the market containing 16 illustrations in full color for only \$3.95.

LIVE WITH LIGHTNING

by Mitchell Wilson

Little, Brown & Co., Boston
404 pp. \$3.00

Live With Lightning is science fiction in the purest sense of that battered term. It doesn't involve any space ships or men from other worlds; it's a sober, earnest account of the making of a modern physicist.

Erik Gorin, at 21, gets an appointment as an assistant in the physics department at Columbia University. "What makes you want to be a physicist?" the head of the department asks him.

"It just never occurred to me to think of anything else," Erik answers. "After all, what else is there?"

In the course of the book, which covers the next 15 years of Erik Gorin's life, he finds out why he gave that answer, and why—for him—it was the right one.

After a couple of years of teaching at a midwestern university, Gorin gets a bellyfull of faculty politics and turns to industrial research. There isn't much satisfaction in it, but there's money, and Erik is a family man by now. When he tries to move in on the big money his work entitles him to, however, he is neatly outwitted by the business men who are old hands at this game.

After a wartime hitch at Los Alamos Erik is about to accept a top job in the atomic energy setup in Washington when he discovers what the politicians are doing to exploit atomic power. Finally he heads back to pure research at Columbia.

Surprisingly, *Live With Lightning* is a selection of the Literary Guild. It makes very few concessions to popular taste. The only flashy thing about it is its title. Above all, it is an honest book—with some of the dullness and doggedness that often accompany honesty. Erik Gorin doesn't win a Nobel prize or invent the atomic bomb. He's no hero. He's not even a colorful individual. He's the kind of man, and this is the kind of book, a physicist couldn't sneer at. In a sense, that's a high compliment.

—E.H.