Festival Draws SRO

The Festival of Light triumphantly proclaimed the holiday season to a packed Beckman audience last Saturday night. In his most ambitious effort yet, producer Olaf Fredhholm wove another stunning tapestry of song, narration and the music of organ, brass and harp. Great dignity marked the stories of Hanukkah and Christmas while the entire program evoked a warmth and beauty illuminating the creeds of man.

The Men’s Glee Club did not depart from their usual excellence—especially effective were their O Sing Unto the Lord; Dominus Dixit; O Rambaldo, and The Three Kings. They sang with energy and their stage presence added immeasurably to the atmosphere of the performance. However, the Apollo singers, led by R. Kent Russell, had charm as well as presence. Whether singing the Hebrew S’ivon or The Donkey Carol, they really put across the mood of joyful carolling. One could easily picture them in a gentle snowfall with sleigh bells jingling far away.

Led by Monica Roegler, the Women’s Glee Club has grown enormously in stature since their inception four years ago. In Festival of Light they possessed a difficult Britten carols did an excellent job on the carolling. One could easily picture them in a gentle snowfall with sleigh bells jingling far away.

Individual performances were also outstanding. Shirley Marnez’s narration was clear and unaffected, yet expressive. Organist Don Lee White captivated his audience from the first note of his rendition of Bach’s Fantasy in G Major. He amplified the mood of every song and made every silence eloquent. Bert Wells’ harp work was superb. He communicated the precise delicacy of a snowflake, a peaceful interlude to the organ’s thunder. Soloist Willie van Wijngaarden captured perfectly the mood of the Appalachian folk song I Wonder as I Wander while soloist Jeff Enoksen welcomed the yule season with a clear strong baritone.

The Festival of Light exceeded the sum of its parts, fine as they were. Its gestalt was the simple dignity of a candle flame. It permeated everything: the narration, the poses during the Manger and other scenes, the lighting itself. Especially moving was the end: first everyone surrounded the audience in a circle of light and sang Sing We Noel, then, after a fanfare by The Brass Ensemble, they became a procession of light booming (with the audience) O Come All Ye Faithful. And finally, Silent Night.

Many were moved deeply by the performance. Handkerchiefs dabbed at eyes, noses sniffled. People hummed Silent Night in unison with the assembled chorus, reluctant to leave. And nearby one husky husky voice telling another, “It was beautifully done.” It was.

ASCIT Board Meets, Eats Donuts

by Beall

It was a 4:03 on a sunny Friday, December 6. The donuts were there in massive quantities, and so was the BOD. Thinking ahead, we appointed Jill Beall to be Elective Elections Chairman, clearing the way for elections. The ASCIT Ath Men appeared bearing a list of the Worthy Few who had distinguished themselves in football, water polo, cross country and soccer, and the BOD recognized their feat by approving these studs for letters. Other business was discussed, including: an idea to put more information on student ID’s to make it easier to cash checks; the question of the athletic budget; reimbursement for letter jackets; a pending Excom decision on the status of on-leave students; and some faculty comments on the TGFR. The meeting was ended by Presidential Decree at about 5:20.

Lightning may never strike twice in the same place, but BOD’s sometimes do. The donuts (if any) are free, and the discussion just might interest you. The next BOD meeting is today, Friday at 4:00 in Winnett Lounge. Drop in, we’d be glad to see you.

I’m Irving... Blow Me. General White continues in the Bubbly Art Gallery through the 20th. More photos on page 4.

Big T Announces...

Seniors’ photos will be due by the middle of second term (in February, that is). The photos may however be turned in any time earlier. The approximate size of the photos should be 3 by 4 inches (or 7.5cm by 10cm) and they are to be black and white (of course!). You may leave these photos with Flora.

The Big T photographic album is open. If photography is your hobby, turn in a few photographs (related to Caltech and activities around!). Please also leave the date, event and any information about it you feel like putting down. Also write your name (if you want it published) with the photograph(s). Put them in the Big T Editors' mailbox in the Tech office (Winnett) or give them to Flora.

At least one more courageous soul is needed to help with the work. (For the Behaviorists annoyed by my language one more subject needs to resolve the approach-avoid conflict in a positive fashion, thus earning reinforcements like personal satisfaction, SS, G&C privileges, admiration of peers, etc.) So hurry!

Now I’m a Believer...

FINALE to The Festival of Light as it appeared before three SRO houses last weekend. Photo by K. Yoshida
**Editorial**

**At the Trailing Edge**

In a letter printed in last week's Tech, undergraduate Dick Beatty pointed out that the present operation of the Caltech Health Center hardly represents student health care "at the leading edge". The editors of the California Tech feel that this statement is particularly profound in that it points out the general dichotomy of administration attitudes towards academic excellence and many basic student services.

The weekend closures of the Health Center are a continuing example of the different standards of acceptable quality which are applied to these areas. Repeated attempts have been made to justify these closures on the grounds that similar practices are common elsewhere and that therefore Caltech does not provide inferior care by allowing the Health Center to close. It seems highly implausible, however, that similar arguments advocating the acceptance of mediocre scientific scholarship at Caltech simply because that scholarship is inferior to work done elsewhere would ever receive any administrative or faculty consideration. There are, in fact, dual standards under which Caltech students labor: faculty expectations of superior academic performance coupled with mediocre administrative treatment in many non-academic areas.

The Health Center has been closing on the weekends for a full term now, despite criticisms of this action voiced by the faculty Health Committee, the IHC, the ASCIT students labor; faculty expectations of superior academic performance coupled with mediocre administrative treatment in many non-academic areas.

**THE CALIFORNIA TECH**

Friday, December 13, 1974

**CALTECH FORUM**

Will the people who hung the OCRC sign on Guggenheim Physical Plant for doing the job please take the thing down. The Aero Dept. has no money to pay the Physical Plant for doing the job. Please take the thing down. Thanx,

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**Audience**

Although the usual performances of Eugene O'Neill's _A Moon for the Misbegotten_ are poor, it was quite a surprise to see a good performance of this final work at the Music Center. The acting was excellent, the staging altogether magnificent.

The role of Josie Hogan, Kolleen Dewhurst does a magnificent job in showing the emotions of a tender soul trapped in a large and unfeminine body. Jason Robards plays the role of Jim Tyrone, the dispirited playwright, torn by his love for Josie and his knowledge that he can never have her.

On opening night the cast are John O'Leary as T. Stedman Harder, and Edwin McDonough as Mike Hogan.

In the first act, the only role that pleases any strain on acting is the role of Josie, who pretends that she is a "loose woman" while actually a sensitive and beautiful spirit within lives itself. The air is one of trickery and deception throughout the whole first act, contrasting with the seriousness that follows. At this point, the role does well, it lacks the emotional strength given to the performance of the third and final acts. The air of lovability is somehow strained, although it is not entirely forced. There is no doubt, however, that the first act is a part of a play.

In the second act, when the play starts to get into the seriousness of the drama, the acting gets better, and continues to get better until the end of the performance. Rather than a play, it becomes almost a glimpse into real life. We see Jim Tyrone, rather than Jason Robards, as the tortured spirit, haunted forever by the remembrance of his mother's death. We see Josie Hogan as the sympathetic and loving woman she really is. Through the second and third acts, we forget for a moment the stage and props, and find our own selves in the middle of the lives of two people living in 1923. Tyrone's agony is all the more real for his previous facade of flippancy. And even Tom Clancy, in the role of Phil Hogan, shines, if briefly.

After the climactic third act, we look to the morning after, and find Jim Tyrone, in mourning after a long night of confession to a beautiful dawn, unlike those he has experienced before. He has found redemption and forgiveness from Josie. The play ends on an upbeat, quite happy note for Tyrone, and peace for Josie.

Despite _A Moon for the Misbegotten_'s record as a play difficult to perform, and itself a usually poor performer at the box office, this performance was well worth watching, and even more so for O'Neill fans. It will play through January 11th, and can be seen at the Ahmanson Theatre, at the Music Center.

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**FRANKLY SPEAKING**

by Phil Frank

Once upon a midnight clear, there was a child's cry; a blazing star hung over a stable and wise men came with birthday gifts. We haven't forgotten that night down through the centuries. We celebrate it with stars on Christmas trees, with vacations from toiling, and with gifts—especially with gifts.

You give me a book, I give you a tie. Aunt Martha has always wanted an orange squeezer, and Uncle Henry could use some new slipsippers. We forget nobody, adults or child; all the stockings are filled. All the stockings except one...and we have even forgotten to hang it up: the stocking for the cerebrum.

Child born in the manger so long ago. It's His birthday we're celebrating, after all. Let us ask ourselves: Has He been with us and let's all put in our shares: kindness, justice and the outstretched hand of goodwill toward men.

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**A BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURE FILM**

**GEORGE C. SCOTT**

**IN A FILM BY MIKE NICHOLS**

**DAY OF THE DOLPHIN**

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**I TAKE IT THIS IS YOUR FIRST "A" IN A COURSE, TYRONE!**

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**THE CALIFORNIA TECH**

Friday, December 13, 1974

*Volume LXXVI* Number 11

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Fleming continued their Discobolus romp last Sunday with a football win. Big Red routed Ricketts 46-12.

The Flemings kicked off in the first half, but Ricketts failed to move the ball. When Fleming got the ball they ran three consecutive first down plays, and a touchdown to set the tone for the game. The Scowes managed their first touchdown as the first half died.

Fleming continued its domination in the second half. When the Scowes got the ball from kickoff, it was often intercepted before they had a chance to punt. As the game ended on a Fleming kickoff, Ricketts sophomore Ryn Mike took the ball downfield. Fleming was totally disorganized and spent much of the time blocking each other out of the play as Rya scored their second touchdown.

As the quarter ends, Fleming leads with 24 Discobolus points. Everyone else has either one or two. The order starting next term is Li-Ro-De-Pa-Bi-Ru.

Card the Health Center

The Blue Cross I.D. cards have arrived for all incoming students. Please stop at the Health Center for your card. It is very important that you have this card in case you have to see a doctor or be hospitalized.

Any students from the previous year who have never received a card, please notify the Health Center and we will arrange to have one issued.

Now OPEN at our NEW LOCATION
964 E. Colorado (at Mentor)

The Original

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DAILY 11 a.m. to 1 a.m.
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X Rated
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Special Callbox student rate: $3.50 with this ad

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FOR AN EROTIC MESSAGE CALL 796-8188

by Xavier Wondlaw

Psyching up for finals just gets harder every year but I soon hope to list among my accomplishments of these last few weeks (one) the uncovering of the most incredible conspiracy since the Post Office started burning my mail. At any rate I was working up a storm in Millikan one night for a test the next day (Bi 151, Adv. Sex Ed. Lab) when I overheard the following ominous bit of conversation—

"Don't they ever need servicing or refueling or whatever?"

"Sure, haven't you ever been to the Coffee House?"

"You mean that thing that somebody acts like a locomotive in labor?"

"Exactly. All those numbers they bellout down really don't have anything to do with who comes up for food, it's just a signal for the android with that number to start charging himself on the generator."

"And they yell as loud as they can to try and drive away any random real person before they're discovered, eh?"

"Partially. The main reason is that the android's communicational systems aren't fully worked out yet and if they can't see to read your lips their hearing apparatus is not worked out yet for about two or three decibels above the pain threshold, that's also the reason why they reply to any sort of greetings unless you grab them by the throat and pin them up against a wall."

"But wait a minute...What about the 200 or so real people who start here every year, what happens to them?"
Aviation oriented sophomores or juniors can reserve a place for themselves in Naval Aviation right now. As an undergraduate in the Aviation Reserve Officer Program (AVROC), you’re guaranteed flight training upon graduation and you accumulate pay longevity while in school.

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