

# The CALIFORNIA Tech

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Volume LXXIII

Pasadena, California, Thursday, June 1, 1972

Number 31

## That Was The Year That Was - Or Was It?

by millikan j troll

Another year lurches to a close, and just to prove that it wasn't all that bad, we herewith present our third annual summary of the year's events. Hold onto your collective hat and turn the clock back to first term and here we go.

After an experimental on-campus orientation which produced a rare unity amongst the student population [everyone disliked it], Freshman Camp found a new home-away-from-home on Catalina Island, twenty-nine miles across the sea. The days of fun and frolic at Camp Fox resulted in tired, sunburned, but presumably properly oriented frosh. Everyone liked it so well that budgetary pressures to the contrary, Frosh Camp will return to Catalina this coming September.

### The One, The Only

Upperclassmen, alumni, faculty, and all of the former and present Masters of Student Houses marked the retirement of Ned Hale, the grand lady of Caltech, with a heavy dose of nostalgia and a tinge of sadness. "Ma Hale" was known and loved by Techers for nearly twenty-five years. Her great affection for students, everpresent helpfulness, and unfailing deep-down good cheer eased the way for many a Teacher: her loss has already been keenly felt. All the best, Ned!

First term had the usual straws in the wind: the fate of Throop was finally decided, and moving dates set [and then pushed back, and then pushed back again]. Gates was ruled uninhabitable, bringing confusion into the land of frosh chem lab. Worry not: an undergrad chem lab is presently replacing a part of the parking lot behind Noyes and should be ready in the fall. And as the football season progressed, tension began to mount.

### Diversions

The Y presented a benefit concert for the refugees dislocated in the bloody

war for the independence of Bangla Desh. And Virgil Fox stormed Beckman for two nights of show-stopping Bach [Beckman has promised three nights of Fox for the coming fall]. Huttenback threw the n!th beer and pizza blast, and the Art Program got into full swing.

Then it happened. At an away game that virtually nobody saw, the Beavers zotted LaVerne 27 to 0. The plans for the appropriate celebration suffered from haste, and the sought-for bonfire in the intersection of Lake and Del Mar received a cool reaction from Pasadena's finest. After the intercession of campus security chief John Elliott, several thousand surplus *California Techs* and some sundry wood underwent rapid oxydation in the intersection of California and Arden to the screams and chants of numerous Techers, aided and abetted by a portion of the marching band playing "On, Wisconsin" and the Mickey Mouse Club theme [the extent of their repertoire].

### Wonder Battery

The unsuccessful pyromania at Lake and Del Mar resulted in the detainment of three Techers who make the tactical error of being in too close proximity to Pasadena's finest while equipped with combustables and other pyrogenic acoutrements. They found themselves housed in the PPD's venerable paddy-wagon and thought themselves hoist by their own petard when the battery of the vehicle conveniently died. In return for pushing the beast to a start, they won their freedom.

Well, if one victory and bonfire did not suffice to warm the cockles of Techers' hearts, the football team did the extreme unexpected by winning again the next week, this time sending U.C. Riverside to a 16-13 dumping on Homecoming Day in full view of numerous alumni. The victory bonfire that night had better stage management from the famed and feared Page House White Horse and Railroad Company,

who set Lake and Del Mar ablaze right on cue. Although the *Tech* growled, "Cal Poly, You're Next," the football team's winning streak terminated at two.

### This Is Serious

A long-range study calling for all sorts of expensive, but vital, programs to deal with earthquake hazards in the city came out, with Caltech's president, Dr. Harold Brown, heading the committee. . . . The next week, two Caltech grad students crashed in the Flying Club plane. Dan Harris and Alan Wray received serious injuries, and the plane was demolished. Wray is back at school, but Harris will be out for as much as another year.

Interhouse came and went without excessive fanfare, but with just about the only rain this winter. . . . Fleming R.A. "Uncle Bill" Beranek had an experiment explode in his lab over the Thanksgiving weekend. Fortunately, the lab was deserted at the time. . . . The Off-Campus Students Association got off to an apathetic beginning.

### Late Mudsling

For technical reasons, largely the tardiness of filling vacancies in junior class offices, the Mudeo did not occur until the last week of the term. A cold, gooey time was had by all in the yearly mud-sling [actually this one was just a rehearsal for the Humphrey-McGovern debate] which saw the frosh emerge victorious (so what else is new, the frosh win the Mudeo? ---- Well, to tell the truth, the ASCIT Musical rose like a phoenix under the prodding of producer Greg Simay).

And so, with more a whimper than a bang, first term expired into the dust-bins of history.

Second term opened on a disquieting note as the Admissions Office found that applications dropped sharply (winding up 25% off from last year, which was down from the year before).

To add insult to injury, the  
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## TWETYTW-OWI

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Registrar cracked down on drops.

### No News Is . . .

Grad students were faced with the prospect of paying tuition the next year [ouch!], and reacted predictably [growl!] . . . The demolition of Culbertson got under weigh. . . . EQL came out with a billion-dollar plan for curbing smog in L.A. . . . The Fearless Schroedlu returned from 18 months in the Army to generate semi-transfinite amounts of copy for the Tech.

ASCIT elections season coincided nastily with midterms, seeing the reigns pass from Steve Watkins to Joe Morin, and the stewardship of the Tech pass from Nechoes, Levin, and Beckman to Mallory, Claypool, and Beckman. . . . Draft resistor David Harris visited. . . . Heaping injury upon injustice, the Registrar came out with some strong pronouncements on drops after Drop Day, Pass-Fail vs. A-Pass-Fail courses, incompletes, and other things which go "youch!" in the night a week past drop day. The issue of grades, drops, and requirements was thus resurrected, after apparently having been consigned to an apathetic grave the first half of the year.

### Again

The Wrestling Team took its third consecutive SCIAC championship, ending the season with a 15-1 record in dual meets. . . . Bill Lear reported on progress with his steam car. . . . Geophysics had its ground broken in the hole in the ground which once was Culbertson. . . . Voter registration received a great deal of support from all over campus.

The possibility of co-op housing was raised, and eventually promoted into a reality [see Dirty Dave if you're interested in it for next year]. . . . Dr. James Morgan was appointed Dean of Students. . . . Various and sundry offices began to be moved out of Throop.

### Third Term Already?

And so, without even seeming to try, second term turned to third, winter to spring, and former Tech editor Alan Stein from free man to one indicted for draft evasion. Just before leaving for San Francisco to face the music, Stein discovered large-scale acoustic waves on the sun. The "Stein wave" publicity will doubtlessly help his cause.

Winnett Center acquired a coordinator of Student Activities in the person of Dr. Richard Hertz. The same week, the Winnett Committee decided to lock the student center on weekends to

forestall increasing vandalism.

Leonard Nimoy (Mr. Spock to *Star Trek* fans) spoke on behalf of presidential hopeful George McGovern.

### Bombs Away

The political season really started to heat up when President Nixon ordered the mining of Haiphong and increased bombing attacks against North Vietnam. A morning of talks on the situation, opened by Dr. Brown, and an afternoon protest march expressed Caltech student and faculty reaction. \*

But to cap the year off on a more cheerful note, the ASCIT musical, Gilbert & Sullivan's perennial something-or-other *H.M.S. Pinafore* played to S.R.O. houses both nights, making scads of money and encouraging all involved to try for another ASCIT musical next year.

And for a final "try to top this," Dave Smith promised 20 belly dancers on the Olive Walk, and delivered. That event drew more people than any other Olive Walk event this year [or any year that your friendly history troll can remember].

### Summer Summary

So, the third edition of "That Was the Year That Was" draws to a close. To editorialize a bit, this year has been on the whole, the most apathetic and least

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satisfactory year in this column's existence: For a while, especially second term, this reporter wondered if *anything* worthwhile was going to happen. While some worthwhile things did happen, and a few reforms came to pass [such as moving Drop Day to the last week of classes], really very little student interest seemed available for any project aimed at making Caltech a better place. If the students loose interest in trying to upgrade Caltech [and one does not remain number one for long if one does not constantly strive to do better], a major force for the betterment of the institution will die.

Next year, I hope I can report better news in that respect. But that depends on you: make the commitment now for a better year starting in September.

To all, a good, healthy, relaxing, enjoyable, and prosperous summer. To many of my friends who are graduating into the cold, cruel world, the very best of luck. I'm afraid you'll need it. To the rest of you, see you next year.



With finals [hiss] and summer [applause!] approaching, we take this opportunity to take a few parting shots at the Los Angeles entertainment scene. This week, we present some suggestions for how to fill those lagging hours between finals [ha!], along with a couple of suggestions for diversion during the impending long, hot summer.

First, we present a [very] brief survey of the cinematic scene. This year seems to have produced a bumper crop of serious, in fact rather depressing, but nonetheless excellent films. The mood of seriousness has left room for very few comedies, which I find unfortunate. Anyhow, here are four of the biggest recent releases:

*The Godfather* promises to be the most important film this year, or for that matter, in the last several years. Brando is superb: the only Oscar competition in sight for him comes from his cast-mates. The film has a slow, steady, almost majestic texture, subtly mixing shocking doses of violence with a strange sort of filial affection. *The Godfather* is not the sort of film one enjoys, but certainly one feels moved by it.

*Slaughterhouse Five* will delight Kurt Vonnegut fans and confuse just about everyone else. The disconnected time scheme by which Billy Pilgrim lives provides rare opportunity for fantasy,

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# The Tech About Town

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satire, and also for exorcism of autobiographical neuroses on Vonnegut's part. Vianne Perry makes an impressive debut in this film as Montana Wildhack, Billy's Tralfamadorian consort and general sex symbol. The Bach/Gould score complements the film quite well.

Turning to comedies, two merit mention. *What's Up Doc?* pairs Ryan O'Neil and Barbra Streisand in a spritely farce involving four identical suitcases, one containing rare rocks, one containing a fortune in gems, one containing purloined government documents, and the last containing Barbra Streisand's underwear. The film culminates in a chase scene through the streets of San Francisco which puts Mad's spoof of *Bullitt* to shame.

*Play It Again, Sam* is Woody Allen's latest. Although I have not seen it, it has gotten good notices.

For the rest of the film-going summer, much of the fare from the recent Academy Awards season will be around this summer at various theaters. Most notable amongst this harvest are *A Clockwork Orange*, *Klute*, *The French Connection*, and *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis* the last a new release. All are somewhat depressing in one way or another.

Turning to the stage, two student productions deserve special mention, mainly because both close Sunday.

*Cabaret* is playing at Macgowan Hall, UCLA. Not to be confused with the Liza Minelli film of the same play, this production brings out all of the sardonic commentary on the perils and follies of pre-Hitler Berlin. The singing

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and choreography are both quite good, and several of the characters, especially the M.C., are excellent.

*Gypsy* is at the Camino Theater at LACC. Phone 666-8962 for ticket information.

All of the teenyboppers who missed it the first time around will be delighted to know that *Hair* is at the Aquarius again for a limited [and probably infinitely profitable] run.

For summer theater, follow the Calendar section of the *Times* for information about productions at UCLA, LACC, the Mark Taper Forum, and the Ahmanson (which features mostly light opera [musicals to the *apres garter*]).

Classical music buffs have it good in the summer. The Hollywood Bowl plans its usual full summer season of concerts with the L.A. Philharmonic and a host of guest soloists. If they run true to form, students will be able to buy the best remaining tickets to the Tuesday and Thursday night concerts for \$1. If you care to brave the parking lots and the airplanes, this is probably the best source of summer airs. [P.S. — Come early and bring a picnic dinner]. [P.P.S. — If they have more mini-marathons this summer, by all means go: the ones last summer were more fun than any of the regular concerts].

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In the other direction, the Claremont Colleges will present their summer music workshop, with concerts practically every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday night. Information can be obtained by consulting one of the posters announcing this event, which I presume are scattered over campus, or by writing to the Office of Public Events, The Claremont Colleges, Claremont, California, 91711.

A final note to Bach/Fox enthusiasts: tickets for Virgil Fox's October Beckman concerts go on sale soon! Give the Caltech Ticket Office [ext. 1653] your order soon to insure getting the best seats.

While this is hardly a comprehensive coverage of what's doing now and during the summer, I hope this hits a few of the high points. For up-to-date and much more detailed sources of entertainment information, beg, borrow, buy, or steal the Calendar Section of the Sunday *L.A. Times*, or consult the *Free Press*. If you are desperate for entertainment, the ads in the *Freep* should help.

So have a good summer, and may your nights be filled with wine, women, and song. See you in the fall.

## News Briefs

### Hockey Club Meeting

There will be a meeting of the Hockey Club, Thursday night at 8 p.m. in Clubroom 1 to discuss finances and this summer's schedule.

### Musicale Keys (Are There Eighty-Eight?)

The Musicale requests any member leaving for the summer to return his key to Steven Moritsugu (138 Page). He can get a new key next year at no charge. If you want a key for this summer, the sign-up list is in 138 Page.

### Film Benefit for Child Care Center

Experimental films from USC will be shown in the Humanities Lecture Hall in Baxter at 8 and 10 p.m. Saturday and Sunday night (June 3 and 4). Admission is \$1.50 with proceeds going to the child care center for Caltech families.

## Gutman Wants Your Bod

That's right! The intrepid Caltech football team is looking forward to another year of action, victories, and bonfires. Interested undergrads are invited to see Coach Tom Gutman.

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## Pinafore Slighted?

Gentlemen:

After narrowly missing it entirely, I finally found small mention of the smash hit "H.M.S. Pinafore" buried among the second assault on the fall freshman entry — but it seems to me the performance deserves more and better treatment than that. I thought the production was delightful and it seemed to be a huge success, artistically and probably financially (to judge from the sold-out, SRO audiences each evening). And A Good Time Was Certainly Had By All ... Did none of you have the good fortune to see it, or don't you have a culture reviewer on your staff these days? Shame and fie!

— Virginia Kotkin  
Baxter

**[Ed. Note —** Several of our staff did indeed see *Pinafore* and agree with your opinions of the performance. However, four-page issues severely restrict our copy, and since we were under no ethical obligation to run a review (i.e., we did not receive review tickets) we placed more weight on the articles we did run. In our opinion, the increase in the size of the freshman class had much higher priority, as it was rather unexpected and came despite student efforts to reduce the size. If you still feel that the *Tech* has ignored the efforts of the *Pinafore* crew, we refer you to the issue of May 18.]

## Summer Stereo Rip-offs

Editors:

Last summer and for the past *n* summers before that, the Institute (specifically Mr. Gang) has advised students to store their Hi Fi's in the trunk room. Last summer and for the past *n* summers before that, those Hi Fi's were stolen.

The trunk room has wooden doors with hinges on the *outside*. This of course ignores the facts that there are vents on the door and that there is an entrance to the steam tunnel from the room.

Do not store your stereos in the trunk room!! It will get ripped off (that's *will* not *might*). Find some other place like Bekins that is more secure.

—Dave Peisner  
Page House

## Senior's Parting Shots

Editor:

As a nearly departed senior I feel a need to take this parting shot at some Caltech institutions in the hope of alerting someone to some of the unfortunate trends I see developing. Academic reform is a matter of theoretical interest to us all, but in terms of practical results, my four years here have seen no true change. I have therefore, as have most of us, learned to ignore the sorts of tinkering with the fringes of the curriculum that pass for reform. The recent debate in the pages of the *Tech* over Humanities requirements is an example of such diversions. The Independent Studies program was almost something new, but the way it was administered this year carefully subverted its worthy goals.

The recent announcement of a new undergraduate option in Social Sciences thus met, appropriately enough, with nearly universal disinterest. As an Economics major, however, I was led to investigate this development, especially since it is rumored to be replacing the Economics option in a few years. On the surface this replacement seems appropriate enough, since the new program is the Economics program with just a few changes. However those changes — replacing macroeconomics with computer modeling and analytical political science courses — indicate a decided trend toward the mathematical, analytic, "technique" approach to social problems.

The objection to this centers on two main issues. First is that such specialization is inappropriate for undergrads. The fact that this objection applies to most of the options at Caltech does not make it less valid. If one is to think of himself as a social scientist he needs a background in sociology, anthropology, and psychology not available at Caltech. To structure a social science program in the way intended simply because we have the resources to do so is illogical and a misleading use of the name social science.

Secondly there can be serious question of whether such an emphasis is even appropriate for the nation at this time. Perhaps the day of the social scientist sitting at his computer solving the world's problems is passing. Maybe what is really needed by industry,

government, and universities is the individual who can look at social problems in their contexts, seeing not just solutions but also the ramifications of the solutions, political means of achieving the solutions, and tradeoffs and interactions between these factors. This objection perhaps applies more strongly to the graduate Social Science program, but I don't want to get into that just now. I'm hoping that if I, and all other Caltech graduates, ignore the thing maybe it will just go away.

Perhaps one lonely voice in the last issue of the *Tech* will not have any appreciable effect on the system. But I'm afraid that if the Social Science makes its way into next year completely unchallenged it will already be an institution. Not all academic reform is good, or even neutral. One must look every now and then to see where we are being led.

—Gary Spivak  
Blacker

## Tech SCUBA Freaks

## Brave The Depths

by Bob Kieckhefer

Third term means interhouse football. Third term means that all those E's are about to become F's. But third term still means flicking it in. And for some members of the Caltech branch of the lunatic fringe, third term means returning to the beaches — not to sit in the sun, but to head for peace and quiet 30 feet under the surf.

Jim Mayer (professor of Electrical Engineering) is nominally in charge of a group of SCUBA divers who weekly don wet suits and explore Jacques Cousteau's world. While the Laguna Beach area is not as filled with brightly-colored fauna as the Mediterranean or the Florida coast, most of the divers in this group have seen octopuses, rays, moray eels, and lobster in their natural habitat. In addition, beer cans and Coke bottles are often seen (serving as homes for small fish), as well as detritus from less careful divers — weight belts and diving knives.

One of the obligations of experienced divers, of course, is luring more people into taking the plunge. On two of their

Continued on Page Ten

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# To Buy or Not To Buy

We have here a pair of albums, both of excellent quality, and both effectively posthumous. The first of the two is entitled "A Tribute to Woody Guthrie: Part I." It is a collection of recordings made at two concerts dedicated to perhaps the most prolific songwriter in American history. Woody Guthrie, who died several years ago, was an established champion of the little people, the underdogs, and just about anybody trying to survive. His songs have been so deeply etched in the folklore of America that many of the "old" folk and country songs that people sing were written by Woody. He wrote of refugees from the Dust Bowl, of the treatment received by migrant workers, and a thousand other subjects. His songs were about the America he was experiencing.

This album includes many of the major names in modern folk music, such as Judy Collins, Tom Paxton, Bob Dylan, Odetta, Pete Seeger, Richie Havens and Woody's own boy, Arlo. The backup musicians include Ry Cooder, Chris Etheridge and The Band. The songs range from happy to sad, from just music to meaningful. "Oklahoma Hills" is included, as well as "Dear Mrs. Roosevelt" and "Vigilante Man." This is an album well worth owning, and rates a very definite YES. (Columbia KC 31171)

The other posthumous album is entitled "Joplin in Concert," a two record set of Janis Joplin at her best. Sides one and two include eight songs done with Big Brother and the Holding Company, such as "Down On Me," "Piece of My Heart," "Flower in the Sun" and "Road Block." Sides three and four consist of cuts done with Janis' own Full Tilt Boogie Band on its tour of Canada in 1970. The songs here are "Half Moon," "Kozmic Blues," "Move Over," "Try," "Get It While You Can" and "Ball and Chain."

The quality of the album is good for a live recording, and actually comes across with some good music. The recording even includes little conversations between Janis and the various audiences. Janis was only on the music scene for a few years, but during that time she seemed to live and sing with an intensity that could not have been maintained for a lifetime. Knowingly or not, it was her own life she sang about

in "Flower in the Sun." (If you haven't heard it, listen to your radio. I don't feel like quoting lyrics.) If you ever listened to a Janis Joplin song and liked it, then this album is for you. YES. (Columbia C2X 31160)

Another new Columbia album is sort of worth a listen, "Powerglide" by the New Riders of the Purple Sage. For those of you who have been either on the moon or in Lompoc for the past year, NRPS is sort of a spinoff from the Grateful Dead. Jerry Garcia and Bill Kreutzmann sit in on a group that plays music somewhat similar to the Dead style with a little more country-western thrown in. The group is weak in the writing department, unfortunately. Their best material seems to be songs written by Jerry Garcia or drawn from the past. None of the original material on the new album is as memorable as most of their first album, released last year.

Their music does have a few bright spots, such as the unexpected "Hello, Mary Lou," greatly changed since made a hit by Ricky Nelson. Less of a change is required in the case of "Willie and the Hand Jive" by Johnny Otis. "I Don't Need No Doctor" is another example of what NRPS can do when they set their minds to it. I only wish that a little better material had been chosen to round out the album. This album rates a MAYBE, but a strong one for those who like the style. (Columbia KC 31284)

-Nick Smith

A definite NO goes to Edgar Winter's White Trash, "Road Work." Although they are an excellent studio group, White Trash has gone the same route as many groups who have done live albums — they have sacrificed musical quality to achieve the tension and the audience "involvement" which is apparently necessary for successful rock concerts these days. This record is not musical, but is generally a superficial rhythm on which is built a blaring wind section and Jerry LaCroix's nasty voice.

About half of the songs were written by group members, and with one exception, these are not worth mentioning. After listening to the trash (literally) on the first five songs, I was pleasantly surprised by Rick Derringer's "Rock and Roll, Hootchie Koo," a song originally recorded by Edgar's brother Johnny. And Johnny Winter is there to

sing the song, which is the only high point of the album.

The non-original songs are tired things that are done by every mediocre rock or blues band around, such as "Tobacco Road," "Back in the U.S.A.," and "Turn On Your Lovelight." Edgar Winters vocals on the first of these are an improvement over the other songs, but surely not good enough to deserve your money. (Epic KEG 31249)

Al Kooper is one of the most talented men in the business today, yet surprisingly many ardent rock fans do not even know who he is. Since his discovery at a Bob Dylan recording session almost a decade ago, he has been instrumental in the success of the Blues Project and was the initiator and leader of Blood, Sweat and Tears for a year. He has since recorded with Mike Bloomfield, Stephen Stills, and Shuggie Otis and has done five albums on his own. He has played backups for many artists (not surprisingly, since he plays at least ten instruments), and has done songs for movie soundtracks.

His new album, "A Possible Projection of the Future/Childhood's End," is not quite as good as his usual thing, but is still better than almost anything around. The two title songs and "Please Tell Me Why" have exceptional lyrics and like the other songs are very sound musically. He has even turned Curtis Mayfield's "It's Monkey Time" into a reasonable song.

Buy this album! (Columbia KC 31159)

Tom Rush's "Merrimack County" is a surprise to me. I have only heard a couple of his songs before, but they are not nearly as good as the material on this album. I don't know much to say about this album except that it is very good. Although no individual cut stands out, each one is a beautiful yet light and free tune with nice words. Yes, I said nice. Out of the clamour of social commentary in folk-rock music in the last few years, here is a record with words that give no startling revelations, yet are still good.

The main attribute of this record is Tom Rush's voice(s). He has a high one and a deep one; both are excellent. Added to a good arrangement and competent instrumentalists, this voice and mind have put together quite a good album. YES.

-Claude Anderson

## SCUBY Do?

first three dives, the devotees took Tech's beginning SCUBA classes free diving (without compressed air tanks). In spite of a few untimely gulps of cold salt water, most of the initiates thought that the views of starfish, abalone, and sea urchins were worth the discomforts. One even remarked, "It's the next best thing to being in outer space."

After getting the beginners helplessly tangled in the kelp, the certified divers don their tanks and wander around the bottom until their air runs out. During this time anything can happen — Dr. Mayer once saw an octopus change colors; others have seen schools of sharks (one or two feet long) swimming around them. Brilliant orange Geribaldi (a 6-inch long fish) can be seen from far away; moray eels like to hide in dark caves and are usually discovered when a diver accidentally sticks his hand into a den.

Later, while the divers are one the beach taking off their wet suits, tales are told about the lobster that just got away and the 8-inch abalone which refused to be pried off his rock. So far this year, however, nobody has returned talking about the 20-foot white shark he or she saw. But then, most divers who see 20-foot white sharks don't return.

### The Critical Ear



Columbia Records often includes a biography of a recording artist with the promo records sent for review. Recently I received such a biog which stated that the David Clayton-Thomas album had been awaited "with the kind of anticipation that

preceded the solo debut albums of the de-grouped Beatles." If that is the case, there are a lot of disappointed music fans around today.

The album, "David Clayton-Thomas," contains a number of potentially valuable assets. David himself is capable of doing some nice vocals, and the musicians backing him up were all of top quality. There were some very impressive songs on the album. On the whole, however, the album was a failure. It fails to generate the excitement that one comes to expect out of the vocalist of the last three Blood, Sweat & Tears albums. In some cases, the songs chosen were dull. In others, the arrangements were disastrous. Most of all, David didn't sound excited about the whole thing, and that is what his style requires: excitement! Look at the songs that made him famous, things like "Spinning Wheel," "Lucretia MacEvil" and others. All of them had a vibrancy of the same type that a Joe Cocker radiates. This is missing from the new solo album.

"Magnificent Sanctuary Band," "Dying to Live" and a few others from this new album have at least a minimal listening quality. Others, such as Neil Young's "Don't Let It Bring You Down" (not even credited to the right writer) and Dewey Martin's (another Buffalo Springfield) hit "Caress Me, Pretty Music," are just boring. That is a very sad thing, for both of these songs are well-written. I must regretfully give this album a NO. (Columbia KC 31000)

I appreciate the fact that Columbia sent a record that was a favorable enough surprise to bring me out of my bad mood from the DCT record. "D&B Together" by Delaney and Bonnie and friends is a really fine album. It has all the excitement the DCT album lacks, and more. Most of the songs on this album were written by Delaney Bramlett, with the exceptions of those written by Bonnie in combination with others. The album includes several hits, including two Bonnie songs made famous by others, "Comin' Home" (writ-

ten with and originally done by Eric Clapton) and "Groupie" (written with Leon Russell, made a hit by the Carpenters under the title "Superstar"). "Only You Know and I Know," "Sound of the City" and "Well, Well" are included on the album, as well as several others.

I have heard Delaney and Bonnie criticized on the grounds that they are no longer as new and fresh as they might have seemed before the influx of Leon Russell and Don Nix. That may be true, but I don't think that newness is the most important thing to look for in music. Much more important is the ability of the music to move people, to get them into the feeling of the music, and this album does that. YES. (Columbia KC 31377)

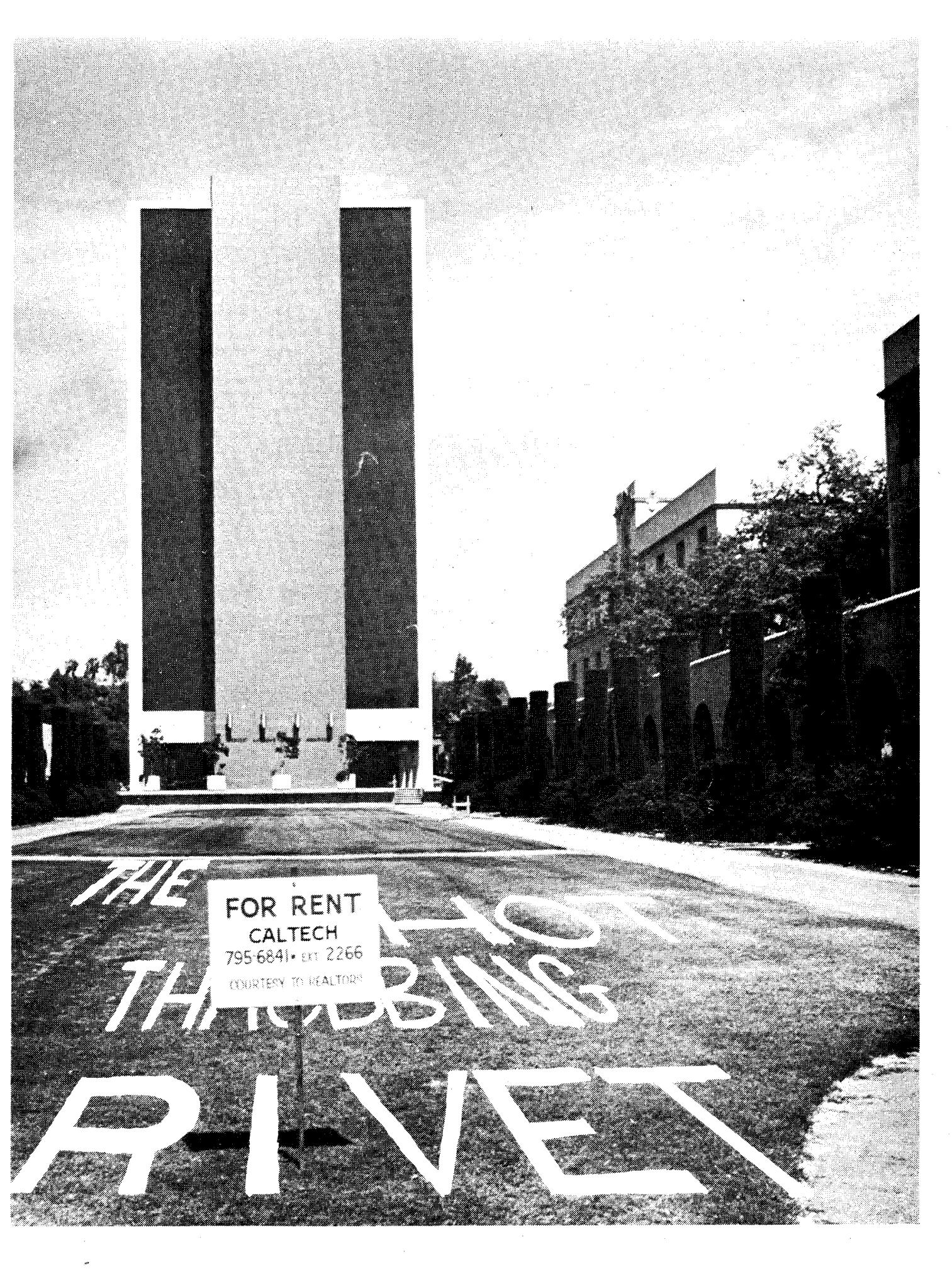
—Nick Smith

Finally, a very definite NO goes to "The Greek Side of My Mind" (MGM SE-4818) by Denis Roussos. Although he wrote most of the songs on this album himself, he seems to have deliberately imitated the styles of other performers running from Rod McKuen to Neil Diamond. Imitation may be the sincerest form of flattery, but it is no indication of talent. 'Nuff said.

—Peter W. Beckman

"Please, Dr. LaBelle, stay  
out of the computer room!  
You blew the fuses again!"

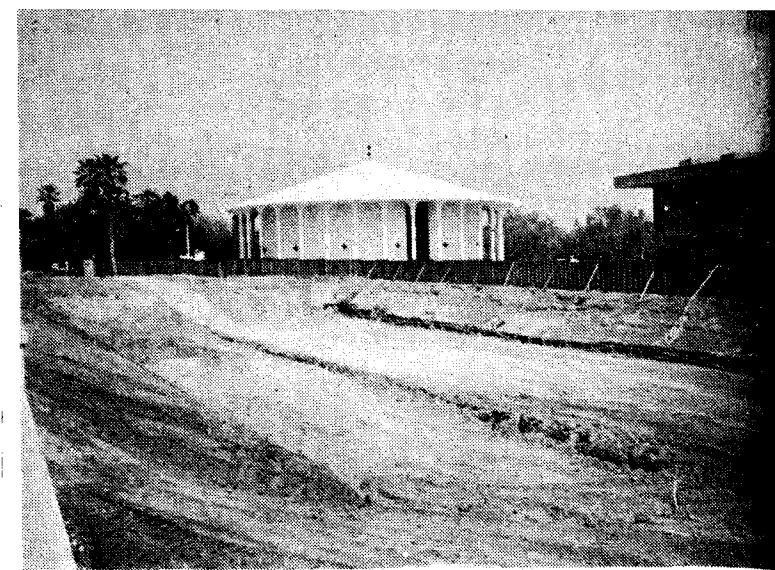
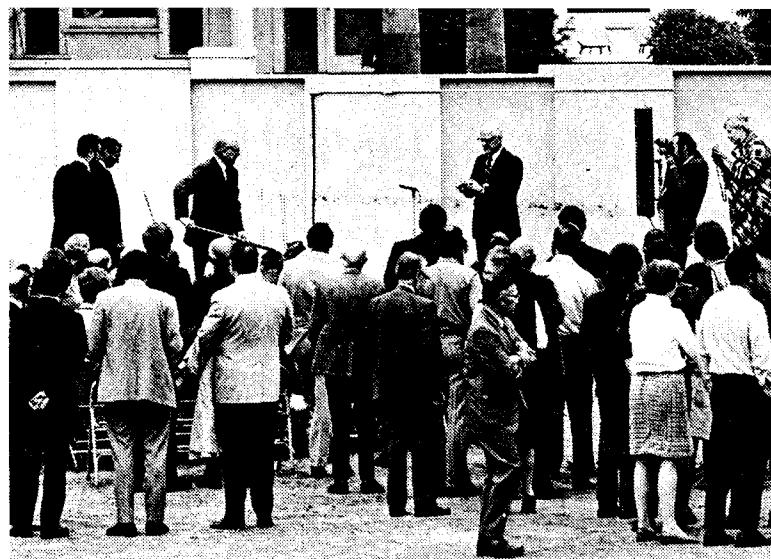




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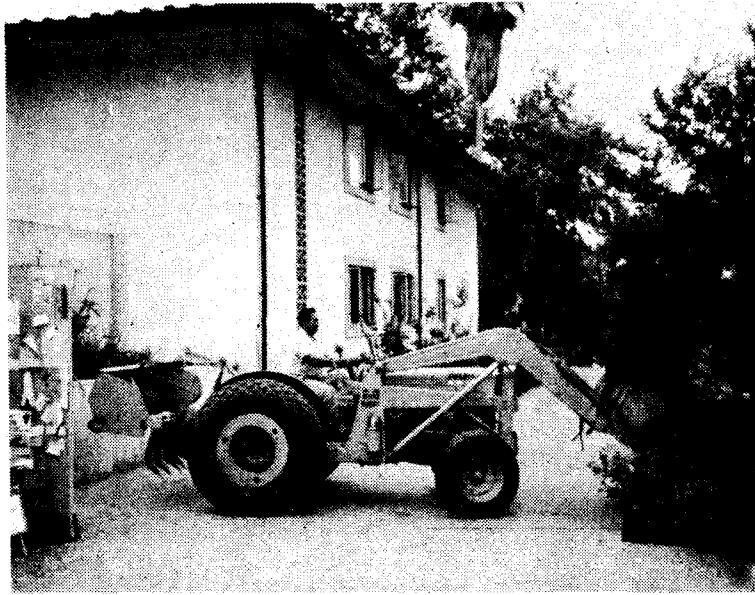
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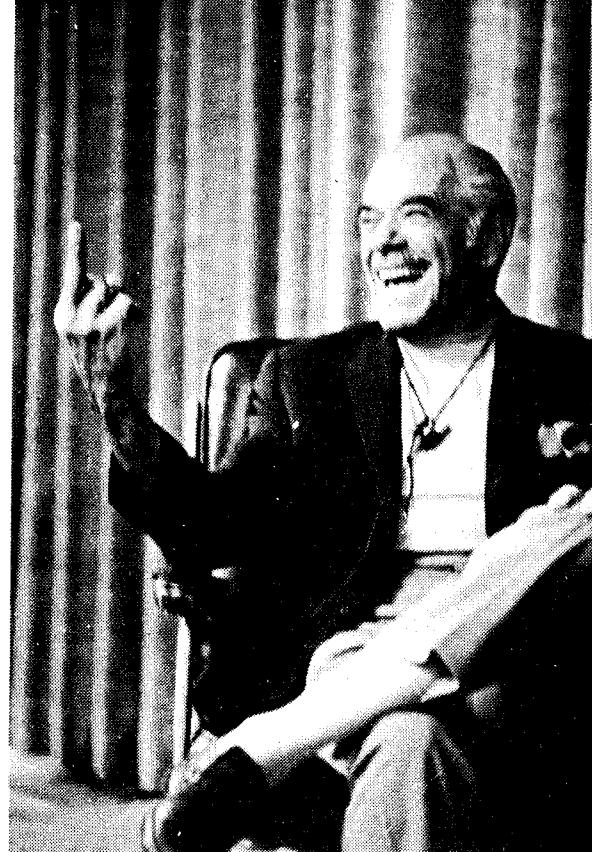


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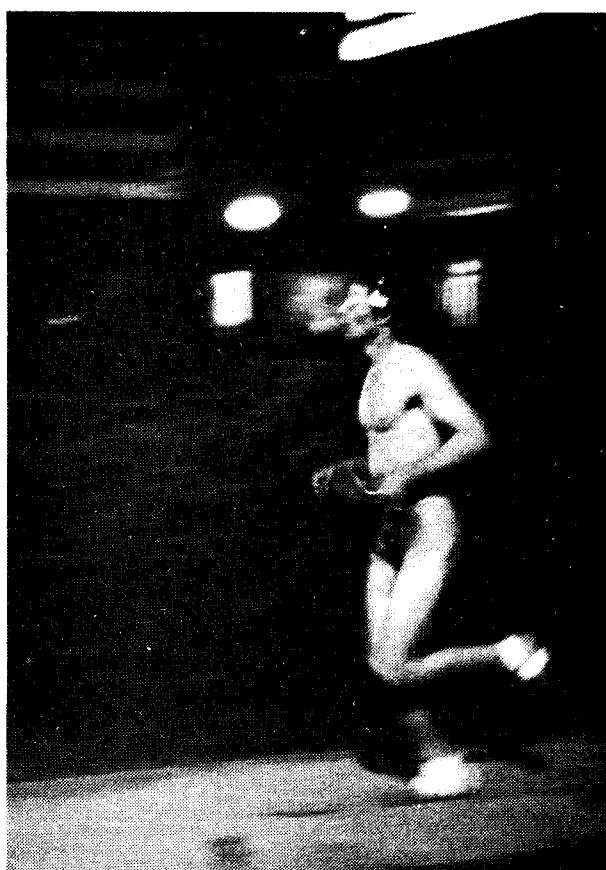
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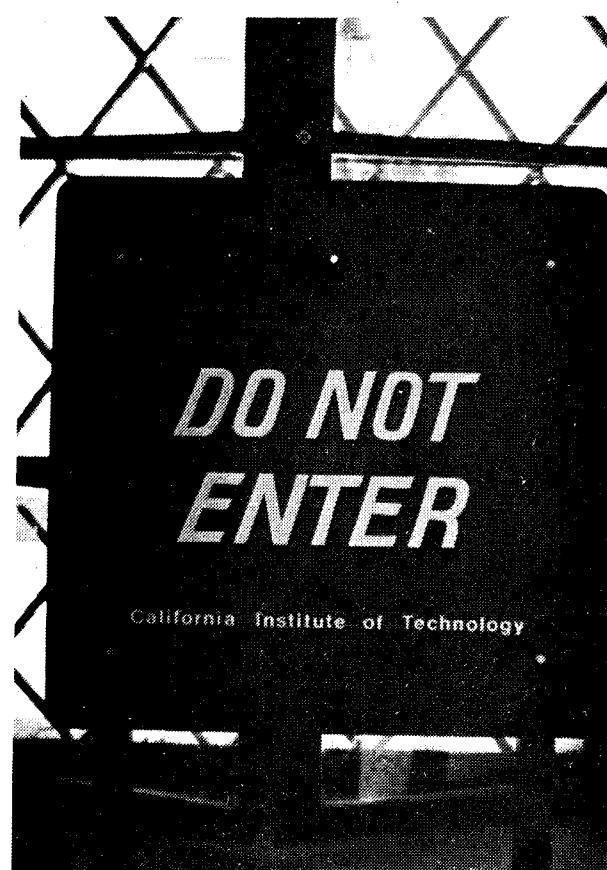
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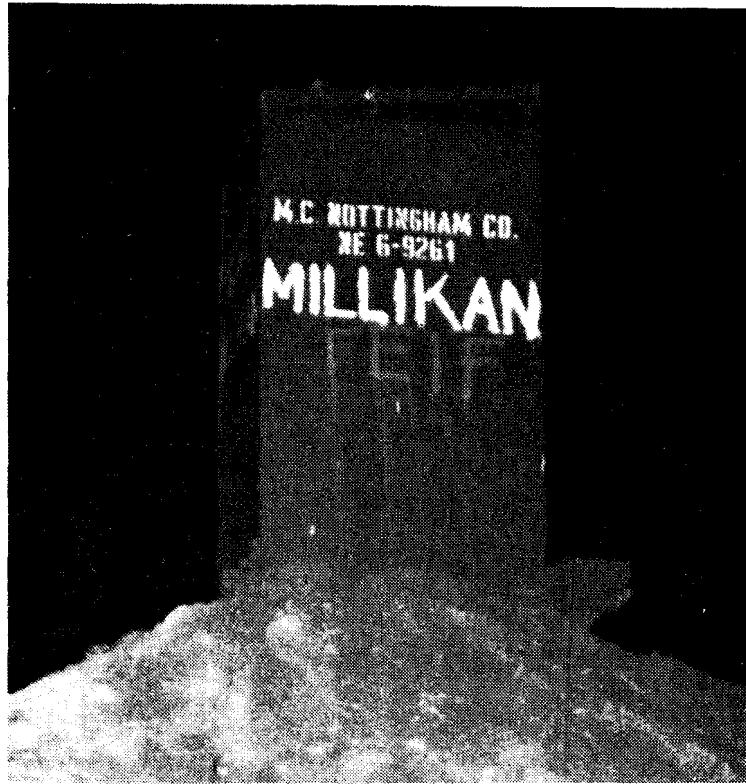
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# THE HOT THROBBING RIVET

## THE HOT THROBBING RIVET

Thornesday, June 1, 1972  
Volume LXIX Number 69

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Tech Editors — 12:45 a.m.

cartoons by Terry J. O'Neil, except as noted.

# glugerbymumblebroopshmumpf

## The Night They Drove Old CITRAN Down

Stephen Caine is my name,  
And I worked as the Booth Comp. brain,  
Till so many abends they came  
And put down the run again.  
Winter of '65, IS was hungry, just barely alive,  
Took an IBM system, oh well  
It was a time I remember oh so well . . .

**Chorus:** The night they drove old Citran down,  
And all the consoles ringing,  
The night they drove old Citran down,  
And all the students were singing,

Nyaa, nyaa, nyaa-na-na etc.

## Mad Turk Good Morning Song (To the tune of "There are smiles . . .")

There are paisleys  
that make us happy,  
There are paisleys  
that make us blown,  
There are paisleys that slip in with the sunshine  
And mingle with your own;  
There are paisleys that have a special meaning  
That the eyes of Darbs alone can see . . .  
But the paisleys that fill my life with (CENSORED)

Are the paisleys you give to me.

— *Tinkerbelle (Paisley-Mama) Darb*

## J. R. Toad's Wild Ride

Listen close, friends, and I will recall  
The horrible fate that once did befall  
An illustrious student of fair C.I.T.  
Who left here for pleasure — a nookie run, see!  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-two  
This Techer was horny; he wanted to screw.

He said to his roommate, "My purity score  
Rose two whole points; it's been three months or more  
Since I last balled a girl (or a girl did ball me),  
Although just last week Linda fondled my knee.  
My dreams are all turgid, and jacking's a bore;  
I haven't the money to go buy a whore."

So into his car with a jug and a lid,  
This frustrated hunk of virility slid.  
Off to fair Davis, the home of the sweet,  
In a broken-down Chevy that did overheat.  
He had names and numbers, faces and friends,  
Including one lover with multiple chins.

With ten dollars for gas — and a dollar for food.  
He knew he'd be broke by the time he got screwed.  
Not that it mattered, what mattered to him,  
Was the fact that the motor was making a din,  
His muffler was shot, and one headlight was dead,  
And bright was the flash known as CHP red.

To pull over was bad, but not to was worse.  
(His decision was tougher than writing this verse.)  
So, he pulled to the shoulder and prayed for the best.  
(He hoped that the cop wouldn't give him a test.)  
For the jug was half gone, though the grass was all there.  
(It was hidden as well as the fur on a bear.)

"Your car's in bad shape," said the cop with a smile.  
"I hope it can go just another half-mile.  
My cousin's garage is just over that hill,  
If you tell him I sent you he won't pad the bill.  
While you wait for repairs, here's a nice, friendly tip:  
The whorehouse is just past the sign that says 'DIP'."

A credit card's fine to have and to hold  
Though on parents' accounts you can't be too bold.  
Though bordellos, as businesses, only take cash,  
You might just get by with some grass or some hash.  
'Cause barter is old, and for services rendered,  
A girl might take anything valuable tendered.

He proffered the goods to the girl with a smile;  
She emptied the baggie and looked at the pile.  
"No stems, and no seeds, and half-powdered to dust,  
Oh, by the way, hon, raise your hands, it's a bust.  
We girl narco agents are never well paid,  
And by these assignments you might say we're made."

But out through the window our hero did jump  
Flipped on his dingus [Etaoin Schroedlu memorial word]  
and fell on his rump.  
And ran, mother naked, past tree and past rock,  
While his body ignored the pain from his cock.  
He fled through a pasture, and according to Sam  
He was last seen eluding a passionate ram.

He never returned from that fateful foray;  
He just vanished somewhere just north of L.A.  
The moral of this is as clear as the sky.  
When you find yourself horny, and ask yourself why,  
Don't look for your nookie too far from Tech's walls  
If you treasure your freedom, your dope and your balls.

—Puub

I never saw a purple cow;  
I never hope to see one.  
But then, again,  
I never considered working for  
food service.

# The Journey of Garble Tom

As Garble Tom Headweak got onto the submarine, he thought to himself that he hadn't done too much of his regular work lately. Of course, he didn't have his job any more, so some of it couldn't be helped. Even before he lost his job, though, some of his projects, such as the expedition to Disneyland, hadn't turned out too well, and of course a lot of people had been upset by the rumblebees, though they hadn't been his idea, but something the lab people had dreamed up to feed the giant deadly nightshade-Venus flytrap hybrids. Being public spokesman for Matador College during that affair had convinced a lot of people in the outside world who had never heard his radio program that he was some kind of scientific dingbat.

The current problem, however, had begun innocently enough when he had heard of the Hot-Life Social Theater Church. Garble Tom was always interested in finding little weirdo churches, because they were almost always worth a few remarks in *The Straight Dope* magazine about the crazy faiths misguided people were turning to. The Hot-Life Church was not too far from Matador College, and Garble Tom had no trouble getting to it for an evening service, which was the only kind they had. It didn't look much like a church. Outside, a sign said, "Tonight ... LOVE CRAFT ... Multimedia Show! Live and Filmed ACTION!!!" Garble Tom thought this meant something about H. P. Lovecraft, who wrote remarkable horror stories, but always thought of himself as an atheist, and died a long time ago, anyway. Stranger and stranger. And the strangest of all was what was going on inside, which didn't have much observable connection with either religion or Lovecraft. Up on the stage were several ladies who seemed to have itching powder inside their clothes, judging from the way they were writhing around, and the hurry they seemed to be in to take everything off. As for the movie part, he never did figure out what was going on there, because only moments after he got into the Hot-Life he saw, and was seen by, his father, Hilbert Horatio Headweak, and the rest of the Public Purity League of Pasadecency. "Garble! What are you doing here?"

"Well, I heard about the Hot-Life Social Theater Church, and it said Love Craft on the sign outside, and I thought . . ."

"I know what you thought! Well, you're not going to get away with it! You are sinful sinful sinful and we have to teach you a lesson" He took his cane, which looked somewhat like a shepherd's crook, with intentional symbolism, and hooked it around Garble Tom's neck, intending to drag him out of the Hot-Life. As he needed his cane to walk, this did not work very well, so one of the other Public Purity Leaguers chased Garble Tom out by clubbing him with her umbrella repeatedly. Having finished this she meanly said, "I hope you get what's coming to you, you immoral creep," and got into her brand-new shiny-red super-stock Dodge with a white plastic gardenia hanging from the rear-view mirror, and went tearing down Colorado Boulevard.

When they got back to Matador College, Hilbert Horatio said to Garble Tom, "Well, we have to send you off somewhere where you can get re-oriented . . ."

"China?"

"No, someplace remote. Of course, you'll have to stop doing the radio program, not be canceller of Matador College, or managing editor of *The Straight Dope* any more, until your soul is as white as, ah, I have it, you can go to Antarctica. All that snow should turn your mind to thoughts of purity."

"But there's no place to stay down there."

"Sure, there is. The McMurdo Hilton just opened. It's going to be the greatest ski resort in the world: year-round snow, no problem with the slopes getting too crowded, and no bears or anything but the penguins. You'll love it, it will be conducive to serious thinking, and since our Worldly Church of God owns 38%, you'll get a discount."

Since it was getting to be spring in the Northern Hemisphere, it was autumn in the Southern. Chile was chilly, as he got off the plane and got onto the submarine that would take him and the other tourists under the hundred-mile-an-hour Antarctic Ocean autumn gales which made flying to Antarctica impossible this time of year.

There were plenty of winter sports at the McMurdo Hilton. In addition to skiing, they had snowmobile races, snowball fights, and ice skating. Garble Tom went for the snowmobiles, because they made almost as much noise as his Harley Electra-Glide with the reverb-chambered pipes, now languishing in the garage in far-off Pasadecency. He thought his experience on motorcycles might help on snowmobiles, but it didn't. Even so, he got to be a pretty good rider, and took long rides around the area near the Hilton. One day a white-out occurred while he was out riding alone. The white clouds and fog in the sky merged imperceptibly with the snow on the horizon, until it was like being trapped in the middle of a cold cotton ball. When he looked at his gyrocompass, it wasn't working, apparently frozen. This was beginning to look bad. Well . . . he had been coming along in a fairly straight line. If he just turned and went back the other direction, he should come to something familiar-looking. This plan didn't work. Pretty soon the ground started rising, and the air cleared enough for him to see a line of hills or mountains ahead. Things were beginning to look very doubtful, because he was almost out of fuel, when almost in front of him a circular hole appeared in the air, and a figure on a black horse rode through, shouting, ". . . it happened again!"

Garble Tom forgot momentarily about his own problems at this new arrival, and stopped his motor so he could hear and talk to the man. He asked who he was, and how he got there.

"I'm Billy Jeff, Billy Jeff Mystic-Wanderer, if you want the translation of my Indian name, and I was riding across the alkali flats when I happened to think how much the white and shiny crystals looked like snow. Sometimes the gods grant me wishes, even when I don't want them. Now I have to want something . . . Dashing o'er the snow, in a one-horse open sleigh . . ." His horse turned into a small snowmobile, and he was quickly wearing a thick parka like Garble Tom's.

"Singing 'Jingle Bells' is magic words?????"

"Well, it can be. There's a rule to these things. 'One-horse' . . . I only had

**Continued on Page Twelve**

# THE BEST WITH BARf

by BARf

Hi there, Johnny Karma here, your friendly DJ at rollicking radio KJOB, asking the musical question: "Who took the "roll" out of "rock and roll," and probably not answering it either. We've got lots of boss parodies for you tonight, but first, the top rollicking radio KJOB headline: "Hey man, want some dope?" Yes, a survey of our newsroom shows that this is the top line from one head to another. Just kidding, Chief, heh-heh. OK, the first lyric here is about the big building with the weird people.

(sung to the tune of "The Boxer")

*It is our best building  
And its storeys number three,  
It has squandered our endowment  
For a chandelier that  
hangs down ostentatiously.  
All hexagons!  
Still, a building speaks to who want to hear  
And is mute to all the rest*

*When it left its home  
back in Dabney,  
Humanities were just a mite  
in the company of titans;  
against Feynman, Delbrück  
only Jenijoy to show,  
feeling low.  
Living in the poorer quarters  
Where the cultured students go,  
teaching just those courses  
that they want to know  
Lie-lie-lie*

*Asking only standard structure,  
it went looking for a site,  
but it got no offers,  
just a come on from a boorish  
architectural form.  
I do declare,  
at that time it felt so left out  
that it took a contract there  
Lie-lie-lie*

*Then its laying out steel girders,  
and wishing it were done,  
finally done  
where the cries of astrophysics  
aren't haunting it,  
taunting it,  
finally done.*

*So in the clearing stands our Baxter  
and a building crafted well;  
and it carries the reminders  
of every trowel that  
built it up, and shaped it,  
till it stands there  
in its glory and its pride:  
"I am Baxter, I cost money"  
And the building still remains.*

Dig it. Johnny Karma here, now you know summer is just about upon us, so in the public interest, and to keep the FCC off our backs, rollicking radio KJOB presents a scuba safety song:

(sung to the tune of "You've Got a Friend")

*When you're down in trouble,  
And you need a breath of air,  
'Cause your old gas tank is on the fritz,  
Close your eyes and surface,  
And forget about the rate,  
Because you need to get that oxygen:  
You just go up too fast,  
And you know your life won't last,  
Feel it bubblin', bubblin' through your veins.  
Fall, winter, spring, or summer,  
You've run into a bummer,  
Because my friends,  
You've got the bends  
Hey ain't it bad to know that you've got the bends  
When you expected to live so long?  
It thrills you as it kills you;  
Takes your blood and aerates it,  
Yes carbonates it.  
So don't go up so fast, 'cause you want your life to last  
Feel it flowin', flowin', through your veins.  
Summer, fall, winter, or spring,  
Just keep on doing your thing,  
And as you do, my friends,  
Avoid the bends*

Groove it. Johnny Karma here — wait, here is a bulletin from KJOB news, dateline Hollywood: *The French Connection* walked off with 5 Oscars tonight, police are continuing their investigation. See you tomorrow, remember, "Blessed are the rich, for they shall inherit," and as the I Ching says, you can't win 'em all. Stay tuned in a jif for a whiff of Stiff Cliff Riff. Carrying you to El Stiffo, John Lennon, in one of his less charitable moods:

(sung to the tune of "Imagine")

*Imagine no more Ringo  
It's easy if you try;  
He cannot drum or sing-oh  
I think we could get by.  
Imagine no more Starkey  
Clutt'ring up the scene-ee-hene  
You may've thought I'm the Beatles,  
But that's not the only thought,  
Someday they will find out  
All the others were for nought.*

*Imagine no George Harrison*

*I wonder if you can;  
His lyrics are embarrassin'  
His music's too Indian  
Imagine no more Georgie,  
Clutt'ring up the scene-ee-hene  
You may've thought I'm the Beatles,  
But that's not the only thought,  
Someday they will find out*

All the others were for nought.

Imagine no McCartney  
And no more Linda, too;  
His lyrics have no heart, neither his music do.  
Imagine no more Paul,  
Clutt'ring up the scene-ee-hene  
You may think I'm a bastard,  
But I'm not the only one,  
Without the other Beatles,  
I'd surely have all the fun.

Stiff Cliff Riff here, with music to soothe the salvaged beast. Hey, did you hear about the cat who dropped battery acid? He wanted to take a trip by automobile. Speaking of chromosome damage, here's a tribute to those twenty little tarot cards that really tell your fate — the amino acids. This is a special request from little Christine Mouse from Disneyland, who is six years old today. From the chloral hydrate stains on her note, we can tell that someone's slipped Christine a Mickey. Hopefully while she was wearing her Minnie skirt.

(Sung to the tune of "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds")

Picture yourself in a cell from the liver  
With ribosomes here, and chromosomes there.  
Some proteins brush you, you rotate quite slowly,  
A chain with amino-like hair.  
Carbonous groupings of H<sub>3</sub> and N  
All falling off to a side.

Look for the molecules making this mess and you find  
Leucine in the cell with glycine  
Leucine in the cell with glycine  
Leucine in the cell with glycine  
AHHHH

Follow it up with a trip to the center,  
Where helical structures reduplicate sides  
Everything hums as you float past the sugars  
That are the polysaccharides.

Cytosine bases appear on the right,  
Guanining slowly away  
Climb in the back with the phosphates in front,  
And you're out.

Leucine in the sky with glycine  
Leucine in the sky with glycine  
Leucine in the sky with glycine  
AHHHH

Picture yourself with some peas in a garden  
With crossing-plan scheme, with monkish-like stare.  
Suddenly something is flashing inside you,  
A chain with amino-like hair.

Outtasite! I dunno, amino acids are so . . . so . . . organic. Did I ever tell you that I knew a cat who's been in Europe this year? He says he's coming back with a new scale of measurement: four quarks equals one gell-mann.

(Sung to the tune of "Mother and Child Reunion")

No I could not give you physics  
On a strange and eight-fold way  
But the Murray Gell-Mann reunion  
Is only a summer away, oh, little freshman of mine  
I can't for the life of me  
Remember a sadder day,

the hot THROBBING rivet

june 1, 1972

ricketts nine

I know they say let it be,  
But it just don't work that way,  
And his course of a lifetime runs  
Once and never again.  
No I could not give you physics  
In a strange enNobelling way  
When the Murray Gell-Mann reunion  
Is only a summer away.

Such a fine man. Here's a riddle for you: What's number two, and trying hard to stay there? Give up? Well . . .

(Sung to the tune of "Tiny Dancer")

Bluejean hater, D.C. baiter  
Spokesman for his stand  
Slaty-eyed, phony smiled, you jolly hatchetman  
Obfuscating, always hating, red thoughts should be banned.  
Now he's in us, always with us, Spiro Agnew in our land.  
Billy Graham, out to slay 'em,  
Making millions off of God.  
Turning back, he just laughs,  
Nixon's friend is not so bad.  
Miami Beach . . . he makes a speech in the auditorium.  
Making rhymes, he knocks the Times,  
The words he speaks, the thoughts he slurs.  
But, oh! How it seems so bad, listening here with no one near  
Only you, and you can hear him as he says harshly, slickly,  
Sock it to us, Richard Nixon,  
Count the white kids on the busses,  
Marijuana is immoral,  
But not bombing reds for Christ.

To think of all the great Greek gifts to civilization and now this! Cliff Riff here at radio KJOB with a report from our film critic Otto Focus. Otto, you saw Fritz the Cat last night, what did you think of it? Frankly, Cliff, I thought it was Crumby. Thank you Otto, always an incisive review. And now, a message about public health.

(to the tune of "Heart of Gold")

I've studied bombing  
I've studied bonding  
I've found an answer for the common cold  
Ascorbic acid will do the trick  
I'll keep on plugging at the common cold  
But I'm getting old

I'm tired of stalling  
For I am Pauling  
No one believes me 'bout the common cold  
Five grams each morning, and you are bug free  
But still I'm plugging at the common cold  
And I'm getting old.

This reminds me of the story about the Techer who got drafted, and while slaving at KP became wistfully reminiscent of the good old days in 22 Gates. When asked how he felt, he said that he found Pauling appealing and peeling appalling. I've got to leave now. Goodnight, and may the Bird of Paradise.

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NEW ISSUE

June 1, 1972

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Suspect is armed with a PhD in chemistry [almost] and is wanted in 50 states for:

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Unwanted paisleys? Don't mistreat them! Send them to



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Contact *Tinkerbelle, Womb 45, River Lethe, Upper Dabney.*

## Dabney On Tinkerbell

# Mumblefuck To You, Too!

by Tinkerbell Darb

"Hello, friends, this is your on-the-pot reporter, F. L. Ipbits, dealing with Dabney. Today the Big Channel Three Gnu-Ream is on the beam at a scene of spontaneous disruption. Let's see if we can find out what's going on."

"EEEEEK!"

"A disheveled and frantic victim has just stumbled out of the melee. Sir, what is your name, and could you tell me, what's the deal?"

"Blark! I came over to pick up a lid and find my lost Malady, and these maniacs pulled me onto this waterbed and started attacking my balls!"

"How many people are involved in this mess?"

"Oh, at one time there were thirteen on the waterbed, four on the floor, one wrapped inside the cloth on the ceiling, two in the sink and [Bzzzt! frap. mumble-fratz]

[Cut to TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES sign.]

Singing commercial: *I've seen your double knits, I think they are the pits, come to Saccharine Balls where the prices are for shit.*

[Cut back to reporter.]

"Sorry, folks. It seems that a gypsy mutant industrial vacuum cleaner has been lasing out Channel Three on home TV's for a radius of one-quarter mile. Here comes another escapee. Perhaps we can get something coherent out of him . . ."

"Ah, mumblefuck. Where's my clone?"

"You, sir, can you give our audience at home some idea of what's going on?"

"It's a tickle-in, you turkey. And if you'd come out of the head you could join, too."

"I'm trying to get an unbiased report for our listeners. How did it start?"

[Cut to a shot of giggling bodies pouring out of cubbyhole into narrow hallway. Pan writhing limbs, zoom in on unattached arm holding unidentified burning object; cut back to escapee number 2.]

"Well, we were just playing with each other, ya know what I mean? and these Dudes started getting paranoid, so

we tickled them so they'd relax."

"Don't you know that that's assault and battery?"

"Fuck butts, man, they loved it! They gotta get their rocks off somehow."

"Uh, thank you sir, and . . . now, if you'd mind moving out of the way of the camera . . . hey! hey! Jesus! What is this!?"

"Well, you looked sort of uptight, so . . ."

"Get your dirty hands offa me, you degenerate atheistic Turkish hippie monolithic anarchistic fruit!"

"Ah, man . . . eat shit!"

[Cut to blown frosh with S.E.G., hardhat and sign: Where do we go from here?]

Commercial: *Are you tired, blown, can't troll? Try J.K.'s Miracle M for a fast pickup! Discounts on bulk orders, at your local Miracle Dealer's.*

"This is your Head Reporter, taking over for F. L. Ipbits. The situation is tense. ("hee hee!") The monster is growing. One Unit Crazy Fucker has just joined the scene, diving hornily . . . I mean viciously into this . . . this . . ."

"Tickle-orgy!"

" . . . tickle-orgy. Thank you, sir. Ladies and gentlemen, we have an arrival from the outside world who has not yet been drawn into the struggle. What is your opinion of all this, sir?"

"Oh, I don't know. Might be good for a few purity points."

"Come again? Oh, never mind. You seem to be one of them, anyway."

[In the background, several gigglers are seen to struggle to their knees, wave to the newcomer, and yell, "Hey! Cave-in! Come on over and get cher bod tickled!"]

"It seems that a paisley-covered lunatic has come to drag in this outsider addressed as 'Cave-in'. We will, for the first time in video history, ladies and gentlemen, attempt to interfere with the gnus in congress . . . I mean progress, and rescue this unfortunate."

"What do you mean, the first time in video history? I always interfere with the trips I film."

"And what do you think you're

doing with my camera?! Who are you, anyway?"

"The constable of rangoon. Far out, feedback. (Munch, munch)"

[Yells and mutterings in background, interspersed with giggles: "That's what I get for wearing my chastity belt." "Want me to get my lockpicks?" "Harf lockpicks!"]

[Cut to shot of Cave-in struggling, being held down on his stomach by several drug-crazed and/or drunk fiends, with a girl sitting on his back.]

"You, miss, who do you think you are? What are you doing to this man? Get off of him!"

"I'm Mistie Harmnone, Psychological Engineer, and this man has never been kissed lying down. Wait your turn!"

[Cut to Unit Crazy Fucker attacking Paisley Lunatic, while Fiery Gronkel attempts to ward off insidious foot-ticklers with nonexistent karate chops.]

"What IS the cause of all this commotion? Why does the youth of today ignore all proper glugerbymumble-broopshumpf . . ."

"There. He ought to come on in about 30 minutes. Think we oughta do something to keep him from getting too speedy?"

"Yeh. Will he smoke? Guess not. Cram a Magic Cookie down his throat."

"Hello? Hello? Your reporter is temporarily out of it, so to speak. We're not gonna let him go till he's good and zonked. These types need a lot of mellowing, anyway. So this is the Paisley Darb signing off for him from Tinkerbell's Home for Raunchy, Overt Bozos & Blown, Institutionalized Teachers, saying, 'We're all bozos on THIS bus!'"

## Ode to Ay 1

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
Wish I knew what type you are.  
O B A F G K M,  
You must be in one of them.  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
Wish I knew what type you are.

— C. N. Cesspool

# Bergthorne's Unfamiliar Quotations

by B. Thorne

Sure enough, another year at "America's last great Institute" has gone by, and by random coincidences, I find I have collected another bunch of totally meaningless and/or obscure quotations that have occurred within and around our hollow halls.

"That's a really unique looking white something or other over there" — Astronaut Young, 4/22/72.

"That's like five years of Caltech in fifteen seconds!" — Unknown technician, *The Forbin Project*.

"I hate the red shift." — J. Greenstein.

"But Physics 1 is a prerequisite!" / "Yes, but nobody ever said you had to pass it."

"Yes, I had forgotten that." — Rafe Rackstraw, *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

"After you've measured one stellar velocity shift, you've measured them all." — J. Greenstein, 4/7/72

"I'm not convinced that inhabitants of large-g planets would be short. After all, we have 1-g and we're pretty tall."

5/27/72

"We discovered helium on the sun years before it was found in the laboratory. That's why we call the sun Helios." — T. Lauritsen.

"It wasn't so much that he was on the wrong side of the road — it was that the road was on the wrong side of the road."

"What kind of scientists are you, anyway?"

"We came again soon, but we didn't drive carefully."

"Hopefully, we'll be totally irrelevant." — R. Hertz

"I don't want you to be taken in by what I say." — B. Klein

"Let me say a word about that while I'm talking about it." — B. Klein

"That's the one nice thing about using tritium in bombs ... you only have one-eth left after thirty years if you don't use them." — J. Greenstein.

"Just remember — you read it first in the *Tech*." — *Tech* editor to slightly confused *Totem* editor.

"Surprise — it's a coconut." / "Why couldn't she have given me clams."

"Roger, null set, bleep, bleep." — *Doonesberry*.

"You mathematicians can find counter-examples to any proof." — R. Feynman to T. Apostol.

"I'm married to a newspaper." — Peter W. Beckman

"Well, I'm not about to give up my sex life for the *California Tech*." — Andrea K. Goldfarb

"Andrea, it was the only part of your body I could reach." — Random *Tech* Editor in Upper Seven

"My extremities are always cold." — Randomer *Tech* Editor in Upper Seven.

"He's certainly managed to keep his secret plan for ending the war secret for four years." — Leonard Nimoy.

"Milwaukee? Milwaukee? I don't even know which state that's in."

"Before some other S.O.B. in some other place does it, we want to do it here." — J. Greenstein, 4/7/72

"This is the worse audience I've seen since the Glee Club sang for an elementary school." — after *Charly*, 5/26/72.

"When I move my arms, nothing happens." / "Funny, when I move my arms, my stomach hurts."

"Two years here, and I never realized there are mosquito larvae in the water."

"Can I help it if you're wedged?"

"I wouldn't have yelled 'Bruce' if I had known his name was Fred."

"Now, we would like to get to know you, and you would like to get to know us. So we're meeting after dinner in the lounge so we can meet you, and you can meet us, and we can find out what we're like, and ..." — Dan Sinema, 9/27, 28, 29, 30, 31 ... /72

"So you see, *Totem* is really a front for the CCF" — Vice President (?) Agnew.

"This is a very singular occurrence." — Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., *H.M.S. Pinafore*.

## Headweak

Continued from Page Seven

one horse. 'Open' ... A snowmobile could hardly be more open. 'Sleigh' ... Well, the skis have knife-sharp edges, and there is a long spear projecting from the front ... Yes, that would slay almost anything. Check your gas, the tank should be full." It was. "Sometimes they're thoughtful for things like that."

"Perhaps we should get up on a hill, here," said Garble Tom, "So when things clear we can see our way back to the Hilton, unless you want to teleport yourself again."

"No, sometimes these things go by opposites. I might end up in the crater of Kilauea."

The ride up the mountain side was easy, and they kept going up and up. The mountain was tremendously high, though they had not been able to see this when they started in the fog. And the way got easier and easier until it began to look like a road. The huge first building had largely fallen in, but when they got into the lee of a spur of the mountain, they found much better-preserved buildings, including one which seemed to be the entrance to a tunnel into the mountain. Around the doorway the ice had been neatly chipped away.

"I think we better go back," Garble

Tom shouted over the roar of their motors, "It looks like something's still alive around here, and I don't think it's human."

"It certainly is alive, and it certainly isn't human," said the huge shapeless mass which now blocked their way back. "Would you please come inside where it isn't quite as cold?"

"I don't often have anybody to talk to," it said when they were inside the building. "Usually I eat them before they have a chance to say much, but I saw what you did to your horse, and I don't want to be turned into a 747 or something."

"Are there any more like you around here?" Billy Jeff asked cautiously.

"No, this ice age you've been having lately chased them all away. We have wings with which we can fly through the electro-gravitronic ether of the universe, and we can get along without oxygen for quite a while, several centuries, anyway, so they just flew off to another star system. I would have gone along, but I was way too fat to fly at that time. Things have been a bit hard these last million years or so, and I'm down to my flying weight, but I've stayed around the last few thousand years to watch you people. I suppose at least half of your sea-monster legends are about me. I deserve them. In case you're wondering how I know English so well, I have quite a lot of electronic gear in me from submarines and

airplanes I've eaten, so I've followed TV and radio broadcasts for a long time. I may leave almost any time now. I wouldn't want anybody to come after me with atomic bombs. Anyhow, metal ships don't taste as good as wooden ones. But I must say, aluminum is pretty nice. It's always a treat when I can fish up an airplane. As you might guess, I don't stay around here all the time. Yes, indeed, nothing quite compares with a DC-3."

"I'm sure McDonnell-Douglas would be glad to know," said Garble Tom, at a loss for any other remark.

"But enough about me. If I'm not going to eat you, you might as well leave, but you might like to see some of the artistic treasures we used to create. You have never seen anything like them."

Many hours later, when they had seen only a few of the many richly ornamented tunnels and buildings, the creature said, "I think I had better take you away from here, so you can't find your way back again. It's almost been a pleasure meeting someone I wasn't going to eat. If there's anything I can do for you . . ."

"Yes, I've thought of something," said Garble Tom, "It involves a trip of some distance, but you would get something to eat out of it, though you would probably only consider it a small snack . . ."

The men at the Navy South Pole Station didn't really believe the story the men they found told, but there was no better explanation for the sudden appearance of a radio evangelist on a snowmobile with no gas, and a half-breed Indian and his horse hundreds of miles from the McMurdo Hilton. In due course, they were flown back to the Hilton, and then they returned to the United States, where they were instant celebrities. So they were asked one night to be on the Rick Rabbit show. Billy Jeff unfortunately again assumed his role of the bane of the news media, aided by his unseen divinities.

Rabbit: If these creatures lived on the earth for nearly a billion years, why haven't we found their relics elsewhere?

Garble Tom: Well, they left more than a million years ago, and between ordinary geological weathering, and the effects of the glaciers, almost everything on land has been completely destroyed. They also built cities under the sea, mostly in the deeper parts, and we haven't been able to reach those until very recently. Also, some things, such as those huge stones in France, may have been attributed to human work.

Billy Jeff: Little vampires always brush after every meal. So should you. It's time for a commercial.

Rabbit: No, it isn't. Did this creature, what's his name anyway, say where they were originally from?

Garble Tom: No, he didn't, just that they had been travelling for billions of years from star to star. He said his name was Mglafwhthnulgu, but I called him Fred because it was easier to pronounce.

Billy Jeff: You know, I once knew a guy who accidentally tossed his Sticky Fingers album through a plate-glass window. It just goes to show that people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw the Stones.

Rabbit: Do you have anything constructive to say?

Jeff: Yes. Why do they sometimes call you Rick Cravat?

Rabbit: Because my ratings are in a tie with Ronnie Carless'. What kind of a question is that? Well, now it is time for a commercial. Why do I read Esquire Magazine? Because it is there . . . Who put *that* on my cue card?

Billy Jeff gave him a big grin.

After the commercial, Rick Rabbit asked Garble Tom, having given up on Billy Jeff, "How do you explain the fact that no mountains such as you describe are anywhere within several hundred miles of the McMurdo Hilton."

Garble Tom: Maybe whatever moved Billy Jeff to Antarctica from Death Valley moved me some distance across Antarctica. I won't call it or them gods, but that is the only thing I know of. I don't understand that "electro-gravitronic ether of the universe" business, either.

Rabbit: What did Fred look like?

Garble Tom: Well, it's very hard to describe. Imagine most of the animals that have existed in the last two hundred million years all mashed together with a fork, and you have some idea. He has feathers and wings and scales and hair and tentacles and flippers and fins and legs. Loads of eyes. And various radio antennas, propellers, and a set of bulldozer tracks. You know the old saying, 'You are what you eat,' well, in his case, externally, it's literally true.

Billy Jeff: Well, Ah'll be dogged! Ain't that jest the goldurnedest thing y'ever did see?

He was not talking about Fred, but about the way a little flame was projecting from the tip of each finger of his hands. He had written, THE FIRST AMERICANS ARE SECOND-CLASS CITIZENS in the carpet before anyone realized what he was doing, and then

the hot THROBBING rivet  
june 1, 1972  
this page has no number

tried to burn RED POWER into the drapes. Garble Tom yelled, "They're asbestos-lined gloves with plastic tubes running into a propane bottle in his coat, not more of his false gods' work."

This uproar was a real show-stopper. When the TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES sign was removed, the show resumed with new furniture, and no guests but Averell Harriman, who is always willing to drop in on the Rabbit show at short notice to fill some time with his latest remarks about what a rotten job the Nixon Administration is doing.

\* \* \*

And so, it was home to Pasadecency for Garble Tom. Before he went to Matador College, though, he called his father's secretary and asked if Hilbert were in.

"Well, he called a little bit ago and said he'd be coming in a moment, but when I looked out in the parking lot, there in Hilbert's space was the biggest, ugliest car I ever saw in my life. I guess that's what he meant when he said he'd be coming in a Moment, but I didn't even know he had a new car. Maybe it's some new experimental thing, 'cause in addition to wheels it had propellers and bulldozer tracks. Anyhow, he headed west without telling me where he was going."

"Maybe he was going to the beach," said Garble Tom.

"Ha, ha, that's a good joke. Say, you and he have everything straightened out now?"

"Yes, everything's going to be just fine now."

As he returned to his office, Garble Tom was singing a song he had heard from Darwin Millstone. Like most of the things Millstone said, there was something a little strange about it, but Garble Tom didn't mind.

"Oh, you'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road, and I'll be in Scotland afore ye,

"For me and my true love will never meet again, on the bonner, bonner banks o' Loch Lyman."

It was good to be home.

### Bluebook Blues

Finals! oh-oh  
Finals, leave me be:  
I have seen my grades,  
And it's too much, too much for me . . .  
— third term frosh

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*—Tinkerbelle*

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## Part 2: Billy Jeff in London Town

"Hold, fellow," said the sentry. "Thou walkest abroad this night? Hast not seen the Green Lady?" Billy Jeff peered at him through the fog. The man wore a colorful, but somewhat tattered and very dirty uniform. Thinking quickly that either the Mythology and Anachronism Society was going in for more realism than usual, or that he really had somehow been sent to sixteenth-century England, and in either case it was best to go along with the situation, Billy Jeff said, "Good sir, I have lost my way. I know nothing of the Green Lady, for I have not been long in town."

"She is a Roman specter, rarely seen in the same place, wearing a green robe. 'Tis said she seeks her consort, who is similarly garbed, and they tiptoe about seeking mischief."

"I shall not seek them. Knowest of lodging nearby?"

"Harman's at the sign of the banana."

"Well, Richard, I see we haven't been forgotten," Billy Jeff said to his Nixon mask the next morning. He had put the mask in his pocket when he came off the mountain in a thickening fog the night before, and the remark was prompted by the book he held in his other hand. The book had looked from a distance like a Gideon Bible, which would have been strange enough in sixteenth-century England, but the book was actually a long, dirty best-seller about the 1972 Presidential campaign called *Bury Paris*, and it was written by I.M.N. Seine.

Clearly, some god was being whimsical, but, considering his eccentric pantheon, Billy Jeff could not say who. His musings were interrupted by a cry from the street: "Harman, you stink!" This was true enough, but the proprietor of the sign of the banana was no worse than the rest of soapless Olde Englande. Then the door opened and a man who looked vaguely familiar

walked in. He looked at Billy Jeff strangely, and then said, "What have you in your hand, sir?"

Billy Jeff was going to say, "Which hand?" but he noticed that the book was gone. "'Tis a most wondrous mask," said the man. "Thou art a fellow Thespian! For only actors use masks. What might his name be?"

"Some call him Richard the Lyin'-hearted, though this is not a true . . ."

"Hold! 'Tis the answer to my trouble with the fifth act. Grim humor — jokes in a graveyard!" Holding the rubber mask before him, he said, "Alas, poor Yorick!" Turning to Billy Jeff, he said, "I knew him, Horatio. A fellow of infinite jest . . . Write it down quickly, William," he interrupted himself, and hurried out of the room.

Having wandered out to the edge of sleepy London town, Billy Jeff was not entirely surprised to see the little man from Revolvingdore standing in the grass. "What am I doing here?" said Billy Jeff.

"I can't tell you."

"Don't you know? I thought you had transtemporal vision."

"Sure, I know, but I can't tell you, or Mr. Salem Rhines Tombson will be very upset. However, I can tell you that you have received a clue that will help you get out of this mess. You also should be careful of occult powers, and a large part of the point of this little excursion through transfinite reality is to teach you that. Good-bye for now." And he and his little spaceship disappeared. So Billy Jeff considered, and decided that the most obvious clue was the book. A clue to what? It was clearly supposed to be a best seller, and it was written by I. M. N. Seine. Now almost all the authors of best-sellers are named "Irving," so this was clearly Irving M. N. Seine. Billy Jeff said, "Irving" three

the hot THROBBING rivet

june 1, 1972

facing page fourteen

times, and the fog closed in almost at once.

When the air cleared a little bit, he found himself in a sort of back alley, not far from a door. He knocked on it, and when it opened, he said, "Could you tell me where I am, I seem to have lost my way."

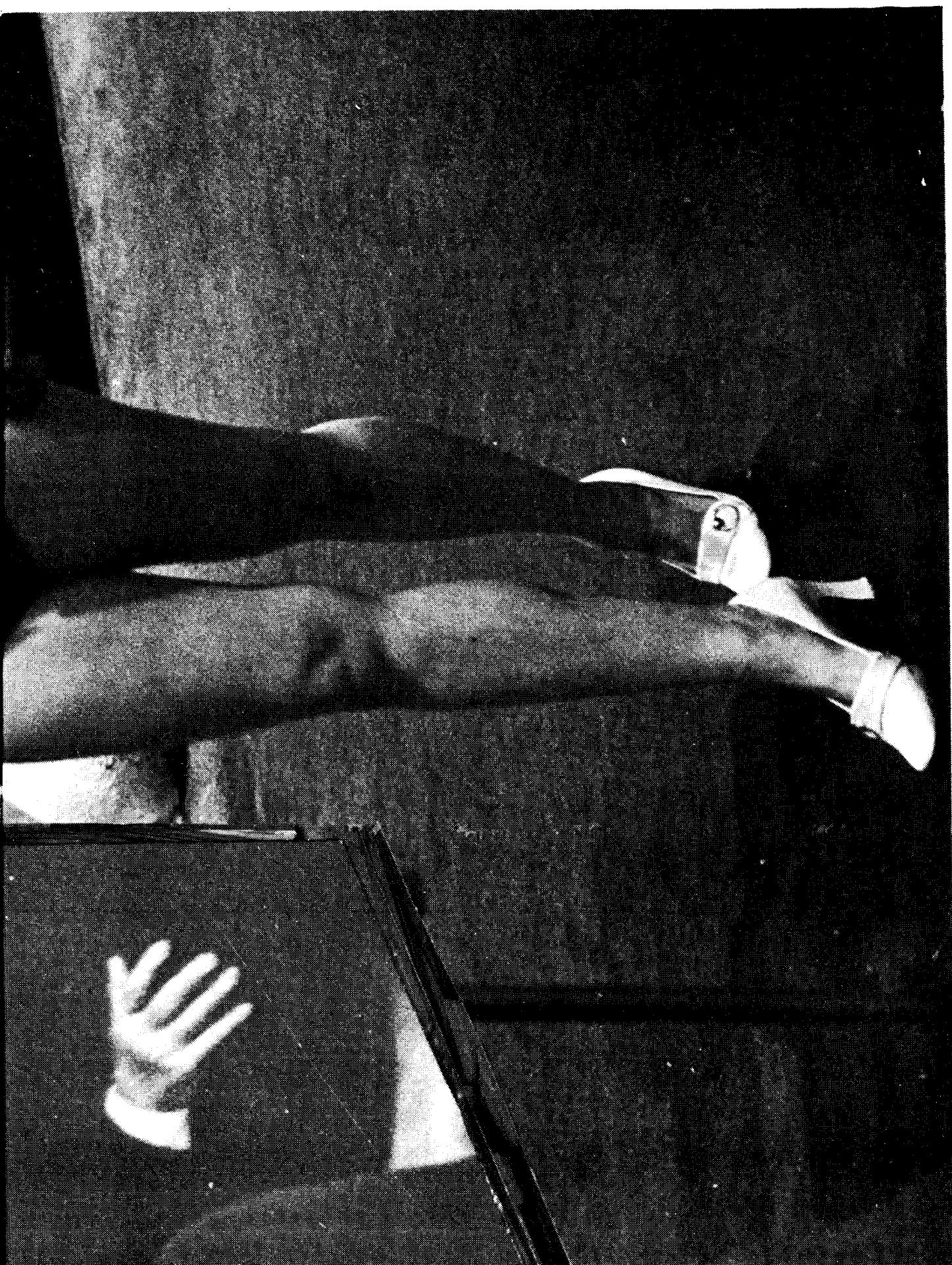
"Certainly. You are at the sculpture studio of Alvin Cosa-nostra, whom I have the great honor and pleasure to be. Let me show you my latest work."

It was a mass of wires shaped more or less like an egg. "I'm not too familiar with this sort of art . . ." began Billy Jeff, who was much more interested in finding out what century this was. "It's a wire sculpture of the composer, Richard Strauss. Of course, it doesn't look like him very much, but according to the wire Strauss approximation theory, I can come as close as I like if I keep trying." It suddenly occurred to Billy Jeff that Arthur Hailey was not named Irving, and that perhaps by the principle of reversing symmetry, if one thing works part of the way, the opposite thing may work the rest of the way, so he hurried out of Cosa-nostra's studio. Arthur Hailey didn't help any, so he decided to try non-authors who weren't Irvings. Arthur Hailey reminded him of "Airport," and "Airport" reminded him of Dean Martin, so he said "Dean Martin."

The effect was immediate. The fog grew no thinner, but a thunderous explosion occurred to the right of him. Others followed faster, with eerie whistling noises, and Billy Jeff quickly decided that he was getting bombed. If Dean Martin meant getting bombed, he was caught in a Metaphoric Dislocation, or Reality Pun. And so he had the final answer. He could be free of all the nonsense if all of it were just an illusion. So he said

**Continued on Page Twenty-Two**







## *The Plain Tech???*

# Tech & Ambeastador To Unite

In a surprise announcement earlier this week, Caltech President Childe Harold Von Braun announced that negotiations are under way for the merging of Caltech with Ambeastador College in Pasadena. "One of the primary reasons I began this move was that I recall how disappointed the Tech students were two years ago when the Immaculate Heart College decided not to move to Pasadena, and I figured that this was an even better opportunity to bring that old-time religion to Tech."

Making the initial contact with Ambeastador was difficult, continued Von Braun; "Henry Kissinger wasn't available, so I had to call on the PHWH&RR, and they came through splendidly. I was very intrigued by the report they brought back from their visit to Ambeastador. I don't know yet about their heads, but there can be no doubt that their hearts are pure," he said, presumably speaking of the residents of Ambeastador. It was added that Tech's Dabbley House had promised to assume responsibility for the heads in question.

### Questyng Beast

Negotiations are under way for a mutual pooling of resources available to the two colleges for their mutual gain. "Ambeastador is very interested in coming up with evidence to disprove evolution, so we have promised to trade them B&G for their electron microscopes, which PHWH&RR reported to me that they are not using very successfully, and which we could definitely find a use for. Apparently there are a lot of scientific tools there going to waste now," added Dr. Von Braun, "not to mention money. We hope to apply scientific, rational criteria to their use."

There are apparently many schemes on tap to help unite the two campuses, including a high-speed transport system

to run between them. "We understand that Ambeastador has developed a magic carpet transport system. Apparently this is one thing in which we can learn from them, since the only magic about our carpets is how they can cost so much."

Elementary, Watson . . .

Von Braun continued, "Even aside from their historical attitudes toward religion, I expect that Tech students should find the presence of Ambeastador people on campus to be a stimulating and worthwhile experience, something they hadn't ever done before. For one thing, I'm told that Ambeastador is very fundamentalist, especially about sex. Well, when it comes to sex, most Techers need to start at the fundamentals."

### It's Round

All the ground work was not done by PHWH&RR, revealed Von Braun. A clandestine Tech society known as DEI, whose spirit pervades the campus, also impressed Ambeastador with its obvious religious significance, and the frequent and public ritual cleansing of misguided Techers also impressed the religious schools with Tech's concern for matters of grace.

Von Braun also announced a combining of publications on the part of the two schools, which will result in a joint magazine called *Science and Fundamentalism* and a common newspaper called *The Plain Tech*. Both publications will have to print material acceptable to a joint editorial board. "You can't get something without giving something up," said Von Braun, who will be forced to give up his position at the SAULT talks until representatives from Russia's legitimate, Tsarist government are seated in place of the Godless Communists. Presidential policy will be jointly set by Von Braun and his opposite number, Garter Tet Harm-wrong.

## Dr. Howard Black Of CIT Springs Short Interview

[Ed. Note — In a surprise move last week, Dr. Howard Black, president of the Camelot Institute of Transcendentalism, called a press conference to announce his return from Flipperground. Following is the text of that earth-shaking conference.]

**Dr. Black:** Well, I'm back from Flipperground again. I'll be leaving in ten minutes. Any questions?

**Differentiated Press Local:** Where are you going?

**Dr. Black:** I'm sorry, that's classified information.

**Amalgamated Press:** When will you return?

**Dr. Black:** I'm sorry, I don't have time to answer that question. Thank you for coming.

## Up the Tubes

### by Eat Oins Toadlewd

Well, fiends, the big news this week has to be the merging of Tech with our religious friends to the west (see article, this week). It is rumored that all of the meaningful negotiations have been completed except the ones concerning the role of Feynman in the new, unified cosmos. We also hear that the new housing plans will call for all rooms being used as doubles, with one student from each school in each room. Individuals who fall from a state of grace will be housed in the steam tunnels until they have achieved salvation, or passed physics, as the case may be.

### Fit to be Tied

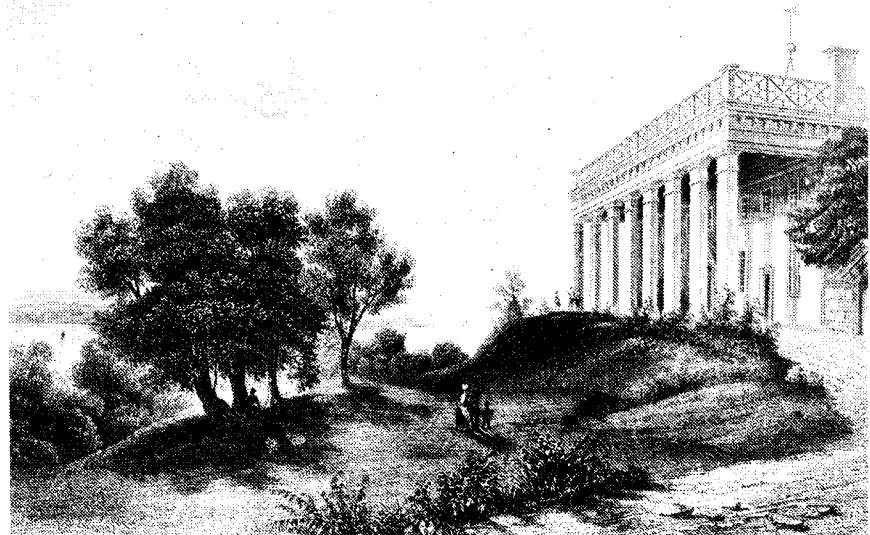
There were also minor rumblings in the Inanities Division this week, as the Genial Chairman, Dr. Flutterback, an-

nounced that he is perfectly willing to resign his position and turn it over to your correspondent or any other student who thinks he or she can do so much better, the only stipulation being that he and Dr. Lancet Dayless can be the first ones to throw bricks at the new Administration. At this writing there have been no takers.

There have also been rumors that Daffney House has offered to operate a chapel, to be called the Spiritual Church of the Paisley God-heads, this autumn, with Iam Hunted as Chief Priest and Sacrificial Victim.

#### Fall Op, Ian

Hottest tip of the week comes from Lyme Bommer, who reports that the Parkinson poohbahs are currently screening replacements for our esteemed Physical Plant Dept., which was recently given a Spiro Agnew watch and retired after too many years of service (?). To date, the most traditional system suggested is comprised of a Murphy's Law tensor mechanism spread over campus and connected with a random bill generator with an extra-long exponent field.



Artist's conception of the new administration building to be built on the site of Gates. Classically styled in "Bastard Greek" the building will face Millikan Pond, seen in the background. Note that the Senior Oak will be saved.

for its daily trek to the cafeteria, thirty-six little faces are characterized by fear of the reality of the possible humiliation which they must suffer. The noise and pushing in the line as they march are simply the work of their conscious minds trying to inhibit their subconscious instincts to bolt in the opposite direction. As it approaches its impending test, a contemplative hush and sudden cessation of forward impellation of individuals by those behind them descends upon the luckless queue.

Gathering all his senses, a youngster sits down at the table and waits until he is sure his efforts are not being observed. Proceeding in his endeavor to rupture the paper-and-wax container, he may be obstructed in one of two ways. Often the unfortunate student, unable to comprehend the words "Open this end," unsuspectingly pries apart the opposite end of the seemingly impermeable carton and is subsequently compelled to open the top completely, forming a square opening rather than the desired straight line with a diamond on the end. The other problem is experienced by the child who receives a carton whose paper is sealed too effectively. Unable to find another method of entry, he must establish a fissure of such diameter as to allow the insertion of a drinking straw. The feeling of incompetence generated by the inability to perform such a "simple" action may easily instill an inferiority complex in the most stable first-grader.

During the first year of school, the most important accomplishment of every boy or girl is to be like everyone else, or if worse comes to worst, better than anyone else. Due to the milk carton, enough frustrations are incurred by a normal, happy schoolkid to force him to lose all hope of conforming or excelling.

Ten minutes before the class lines up

origin of a huge impediment to the youth's struggle to conform becomes apparent.

On the inside of the back part of the carton, under the section which says, "Open other end," lies the heretofore unexplained number 12 which is a major stumbling block on the path to emotional education. It is my opinion that it is placed there by the manufacturer for the sole purpose of disrupting the child's emotional stability. For, in the haste of putting together the inexpensive container, the 1 is occasionally left off the carton. A theory states that the 1 actually leaves the carton and enters the mind of the child to unbalance his ego.

The toughest decision of each day is that of whether to select a carton imprinted with 12 or one simply bearing the digit 2. At the table the cry goes up, "Two's are girls!" Mary, a good student who has given her teacher no problems, glances at her milk carton. Oh no! It just can't be! There in plain sight is a 2. Before it, etched indelibly, is a 1. Her sexual inadequacy having been confirmed, she knows she will never find a husband or lead a normal life. How many Marys have attempted to terminate their existence by stabbing themselves with their blunt crayons for this very reason?

The solution is simple. Instead of placing "Probability" in chapter seven of Feynman I, it should be chapter one of "One by One - A Counting Book." Then the children will be able to calculate for any given day the likelihood of each number designating their sex....

## You've Oned

Coming to Caltech, I was disappointed by that institution which calls itself food service. But not at all in the usual way. For the jump from high school to college marked the end of my association of the half-pint milk carton with the school cafeteria. And the rare cartons I have encountered here have the added convenience of a straw hole. Although the conventional carton causes no problems for most Techers, it is perhaps the root of all psychological problems developed by first-graders.

During the first year of school, the most important accomplishment of every boy or girl is to be like everyone else, or if worse comes to worst, better than anyone else. Due to the milk carton, enough frustrations are incurred by a normal, happy schoolkid to force him to lose all hope of conforming or excelling.

Ten minutes before the class lines up

**"Give Em Shit, Harry!"**

# Re-Elect The President . . . Of '48

*California Committee for the  
Re-Election of the President  
Los Angeles County Region  
1670 Wilshire Boulevard  
Los Angeles, Calif. 90017*

## SADISTs Kill Swimmers Heavy Casualties: Tech 2, SADIST 3

by I. M. Wett

Tech 'swimmers got into trouble last Friday before their meet started, as Virgin Shielder's car broke down while driving five swimmers to the meet. Also, frosh star Rufus DoesItAnyhow was suffering from an infection and could not compete. Hence only Captain Might and Gee It's Sharpe were present for the first races against School for Anarchism and Demoralization of Incoherent Student Terrorists (SADIST).

This automotive failure allowed SADIST to jump to a 7-0 lead with a win in the 400-yard medley relay. Might's victory in the 1000-yard freestyle cut the lead to six points, but Sharpe's third in the 200-yard freestyle put Tech far behind. Tech's lawless wreck of a coach decided on a "use what you've got" strategy, which paid off when diver Grey Balls got a second in the 50-yard freestyle.

Tech received an unexpected break in the 200-yard individual medley. Sharpe, who had had at least a full minute of rest after swimming the 200 free, was declared the winner of the 200 I. M. because SADIST's coach forgot to turn in his entry form before the race. Hence his speedsters found that they had swum the event unofficially.

### Shielder Comes

Shielder's carload of swimmers finally arrived while the diving competition was in progress. Grey Balls easily won the one-meter diving, and appeared to be headed for a victory off the three-meter board when he fell victim to a right-man-in-the-right-place-at-the-right-time accident. As he was about to bounce off the board into his fifth dive, the first shock waves from the San Jacinto earthquake arrived, moving the board out from under him. To the cheers of the SADIST crowd, he was thrown into a sideways 1½ summersault, and hit the water on his back. His first four dives gave him enough points for second place, however; for further information call Huntington Hospital.

Tech's spirit was not dampened by this, however, as Shees In ChetsField and MAXK placed first and third in the

Dear Sirs:

Words cannot express the thrill that overcame me when I received your correspondence in my mailbox yesterday. I haven't been getting much mail since my 90th birthday celebration back in '66. Of my 8 children, 25 grandchildren, 104 great-grandchildren and 6 great-great-grandchildren, all but the dead ones were there (George drove his car off a cliff, Nancy ate a poison apple, and Sam and Iris shot each other in a fight over an artichoke). My, wasn't that the party! My 76-year-old son, Francis, who is a sanitary napkin design engineer, was the life of the party as he handed out samples of his latest creation, Veg-o-vag, a combination chastity belt and vegetable peeler. His cute slogan is "Just stick your carrot in." Even my granddaughter Priscilla was there. I hadn't seen her since she ran away to join a tribe of Australian aborigines back in '41. Some people weren't too pleased with her seemingly

200-yard butterfly. Captain Might and Shee BitOntoIt place placed first and second in the 100-yard freestyle, cutting SADIST's lead to 39-36.

### Membrane Broken

Keen K. Fuk, Tech's entry in the 200-yard backstroke, did not fare as well, however. Just after the race started, the starter slipped and fell into the pool, discharging his gun underwater in the process. Keen's eardrums were broken by the blast, but he managed to finish second. One of SADIST's swimmers lost his sense of balance and had to be pulled from the pool after heading for the bottom as he completed his first flip turn.

ChetsField was off to a good lead in the 500-yard freestyle when somebody threw a water polo ball at him in an attempt to knock him out of the race. Being a hard-headed Tech, however, the ball merely bounced off, causing no damage. Shees took the opportunity to slam the ball down the throat of one of his SADIST opponents, allowing ChetsField to finish first and Shielder third.

### Screwed Again

Gee It's Sharpe's second place in

inappropriate behavior as she crawled around on the tables naked, grabbing food with her hands. But a grandmother can overlook such things.

Returning to my original thought, I was saying to my next-door neighbor Bess just the other day, that I think that Harry is the only man who can save this country. But frankly, I didn't think that the re-election of our Greatest President, Harry S. Truman, was an idea that could gain enough popular support. Speaking of support, my son Dick, what a nut he is. A party with him is a ball. He came to my 90th chock full of stories about how he always gets strapped for cash and has to be supported by his son, Jock.

As I was saying, why, I remember back in 1945, the near orgasm which I experienced on hearing of Roosevelt's untimely demise, enabling Truman to come to the fore. "Skin those Japs alive, Harry!" I exclaimed. And he did. Harry's a helluva guy . . . and a True Man.

Yes sir, I'm all in favor of re-electing President Harry S. Truman.

Sincerely,

*Mrs. Clementine Ursula Nora Trapp*

the 200-yard breaststroke made the score SADIST 53, Caltech 48, with only the 400-yard freestyle relay remaining; the winner of this event would receive 7 points and the meet victory. Tech's first three men, Shee BitOntoIt, MAXK, and ChetsField, stayed even with their SADIST opponents, leaving the race to be decided by the anchormen. Captain Might's dive was incredibly long, but, for some reason, he left the blocks while ChetsField was still a yard away, disqualifying the Tech team and giving SADIST the meet victory.

After he finished, he complained that he had felt a shock in his feet which made him jump early, but of course he couldn't prove it, even though the starting blocks were covered by two metal plates and there were wires leading from these to someplace well hidden by the SADISTs. Or, as the lawless wreck said, "We wuz robbed, and I'm shocked by the SADISTs' conduction." Tech finished ahead in the casualty count, however, with Keen K. Fuk and Grey Balls sharing a room in the Huntington Hospital; SADIST suffered three wounded.





THROT RIVVING  
HOBBT??!

Overheard in the *Tech* office:  
"It's a good thing we have the  
BOD to dump on; it gets rid of all the  
garbage dumped on us."

RICHARD FEYNMAN

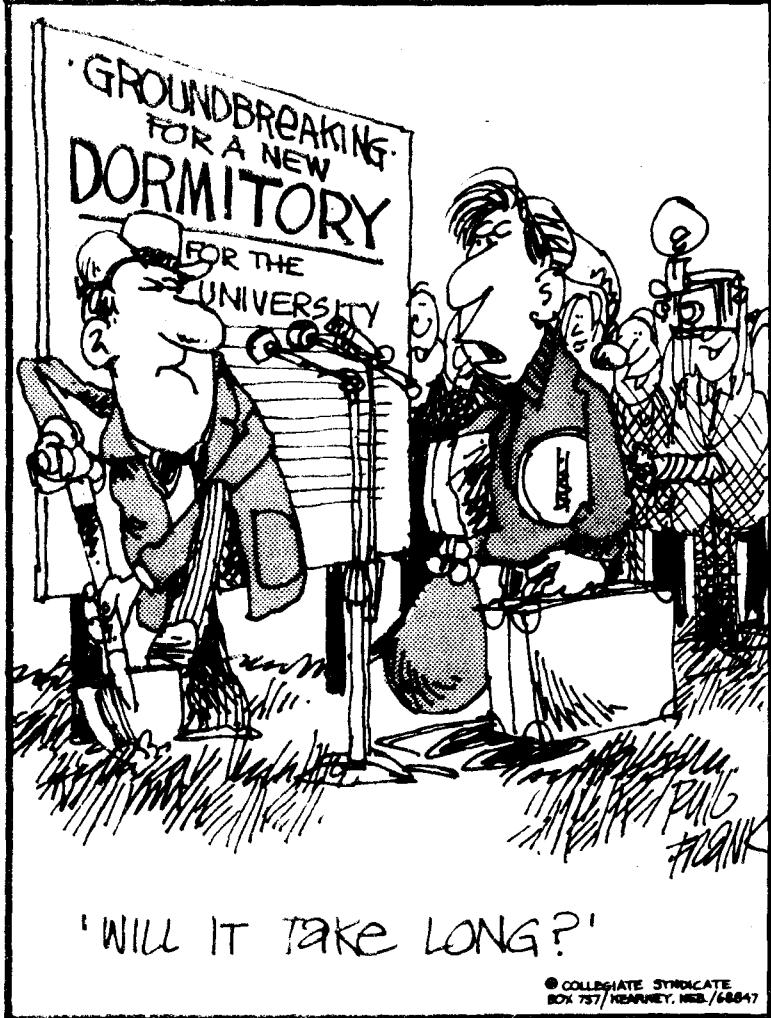
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1201 E Calif Blvd  
Pasadena CA 91109

## FRANKLY SPEAKING

by Phil Frank



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Cor 10474

## Jeff, Billy!

Continued from Page Fifteen

"Clifford Irving!" and saw that the fog was cotton spread on flimsy wooden frames which fell over with a crash. He stood under a hot desert sun, surrounded by English-style houses separated by lumpy streets that looked like cobblestones but were asphalt. A sign said, "Two blocks to London Bridge." As he was walking toward London Bridge, he met a man and said to him, "I was just passing through, and I wanted to see London Bridge, but I didn't know about all these houses, and the cobbly street, and I was just wondering why . . ."

"Oh, it's for authenticity. It would look pretty funny if we just had the bridge out in the middle of the desert. This way, with the houses, and the street, we're especially proud of the streets, we make them by rolling the asphalt with our special roller with the holes in the surface, we call it our hole-y roller, ha ha ha ha."

Billy Jeff found his horse, and rode away into the desert.