That Was The Year That Was - Or Was It?

by millikan jacky vector troll

With this very issue, The California Tech prepares to go on its long-awaited and hard-earned summer vacation. Traditionally, the last issue of the year, The Hot Throbbing Rivet, provides an outlet for the pent up frustrations (and standing copy) the staff has accumulated. In the last few years, the Rivet has included a section of serious articles, led off by a year in review column, which we hereby present for the fourth time. So fasten your seat belts, turn back the clock, and away we go.

The Class of ’76 arrived in force, somewhat greater force than has ever been seen. Numbering 231, including 26 women, the freshmen constitute the largest class ever to matriculate at Caltech, surpassing by 11 the Class of ’74, the previous record holder. No sooner did they arrive, than they were shipped off to Camp Fox, Catalina, for a weekend of fun and frolic.

Impact Shattering

Caltech’s premier quantum mechanic, Richard Feynman, had an altercation with a curb on the University of Chicago campus just before the term began. His kneecap lost. A couple of weeks in the hospital and a few more months on crutches provided sufficient restorative so that the author of the three red bibles is now up and about. However, he may never play basketball again. Physics gain, J. K. Cook’s loss.

After years of talking about alternatives to the student houses, finally something happened. After a summer of heroic scrambling after approvals, furnishing, dishes, and a score of other trivia, the organizers of the Caltech Co-op Houses opened the doors of three mansion-like houses on Holliston to 26 Techers. The experiment proved so successful that a fourth house opened during the year.

Move Drop Day!

Returning upperclassmen discovered to their dismay that a proposal to move drop day to the last day of classes of each term had died at the June faculty meeting. Reaction by student representatives of the Standards and Honors Committee and by sympathetic faculty was immediate: by November the issue had again been ground through committee and the Faculty Board and went to the whole Faculty. This time, it passed.

Plans to demolish Throop and plots to have the city permit San Pasqual Street to be closed hatched in the early days of the term. Eschewing Centrex for at least another year, the switchboard moved from the basement of Throop to Dabney Hall.

Parking Problem Solved

While Virgil Fox was playing one of his three S.R.O. performances at Beckman, Fleming House launched its plan to alleviate the Institute parking dilemma. With the permission of its owner, the Flems liberated a cannon which for years guarded the northern border of San Marino from the front lawn of Southwest Academy. In a daring 2 a.m. raid across the border, they moved the Franco-Prussian War vintage artillery piece from Southwest to the Olive Walk.

The next four weeks passed quickly as the Flems worked assiduously to restore the gun. Thirty years’ accumulation of rust and paint succumbed. By Interhouse night, the elevating mechanism had been re-activated, the wheels painted, and a new firing mechanism constructed. The cannon proudly boomed forth announcements of the start of the Fleming Interhouse play.

Next Trick

Once again the freshmen won the Mudeo... Howie Dickerman’s favorite party promised “semi-infinite ethanol and over 200 Scripseys.” The ethanol was there, the Scripseys were another matter. Dabney took top honors for a panel entitled “The Mystery” in the Beaty Behavioral Bio Bash.

The BOD started off the year in high financial style when a check made out to Totem bounced. (“But I thought we had the money!”)

JPL becomes HAS

Right after Halloween, somebody noticed an article tucked away on the thirteenth page of the L.A. Times announcing that JPL had been renamed after outgoing Congressman H. Allen Smith. The bill stunk through Congress as a rider to a bill naming a national park for former president Eisenhower, and had gone undetected by NASA’s usually adept lobbyists. The announcement caught JPL and Caltech completely by surprise.

Incredulity did not last long. By the end of the day, a petition went up asking that the name change be rescinded, considering the large number of more worthy names, the fact that H. Allen Smith had done nothing for the space program even though JPL was in his district, and that the renaming was a bit of logrolling on the part of some of Smith’s friends on Capitol Hill.

Influential

The petition effort, started by senior Phil Neches and junior Dave Drake, made enough of a stir in the press so that Smith eventually asked the Congressional committee in charge of such matters to undo the honor, which to him was dubious. Before the effort ended, over 900 members of the Caltech community, ranging over students, faculty, staff, and friends, had signed.

Pleas for yearbook staff throughout first term went unheeded... The ASCIT Musical, capitalizing on its success of last year geared up for another Gilbert and Sullivan show in spring... Tara Kiceniuk, Jr., a Lloyd House freshman, set a record for hang-gliding by staying aloft for 145 minutes.

It Didn’t Rain

Without the traditional rain, but with the traditional last-minute rush and ever-present crowds, Caltech’s mini-Mardi Gras, Interhouse, livened up the weekend before Thanksgiving. The Fleming cannon roared forth announcements of the show, featuring Ma Rayhawk with the Lt. Calley Police and Fire Department Volunteer All-American Jug Band, the Beach Balls, and Samuel Beckett’s latest bhander, “The Toad Monster that Devoured Page House.”

Page chose the sewers of Paris as a theme, highlighted by an operating... Continued on Page Three
Hi!
from your friendly neighborhood coffee shop!
905 E. San Pasqual
Pasadena 792-3203

M. & M.'s Lodge Coffee Shop
open from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m.

budget prices
Breakfast — variety of waffles and pancakes
Lunch — delicious homemade soups!
Dinner — Daily Specials

Exceptionally GOOD coffee

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Be a Picasso! Be creative!
Help us establish a CALTECH SPECIAL sandwich!

This is your opportunity to create your favorite sandwich.
We will then carry the favorite creation on the menu as a regular item!

Oh yes — Ask about the
"Have-a-Meal-on-the-House"
program. Please stop in — SOON!!

THE ASCIT FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIE

ZACHARIAH

This Friday in Baxter Lecture Hall
at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m.

Admission: 50¢—ASCIT members and their guests; $1.00—anyone else

The CALIFORNIA Tech
Classified Ads

HELP WANTED

Lead a life of Ecology-approved adventure! Fight Apartment Pollution! Battle Bathtub Oil Slicks!!! Sweep dirt right out the door!!! Work by yourself, at your own pace, cleaning or gardening the homes of friendly, carefully screened local working families who are desperate/grateful for your part-time help. Summer jobs, too! University Housekeeping.
Phone 570-0710.

TRAVEL

Europe-Orient Flights/Charters; reg/youth/SOFA; Intnl. ID cards; Railpasses. EXITS/AIS, 9056 Santa Monica, L.A. 90069: 274-8742.

Third year of CHARTER FLIGHTS to Europe for Caltech/ JPL. Contact Dr. Mandel, x 1078 or 476-4543.

CHARTERS YEAR ROUND

No more club fees! 50 Departures, also NYC, Japan & Australia. Youth Fares, too. Since 1969: ISTC, 323 N. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, CA 90210, (213) 275-8180.

EUROPE — ISRAEL — EAST AFRICA. Student flights. Inexpensive student camping tours throughout Europe, Russia, and Mexico. Official SOFA agent for inter-European student charter flights, including Middle East and Far East. Student ski tours. European used car purchase system.
Contact: ISCA, 11687 San Vincente Blvd. No. 4, L.A., CA, 90049. Tel: (213) 826-5669, 826-0955.

MISCELLANEOUS

Abortion thoughts? Feel alone? Call us! We'll help. 24 hr. free confidential service. 444-4367.

Buying or selling something? You, too, can take out an ad in the California Tech!!! $1.50 per inch plus 25¢ per extra line for Classifieds. Bring ad copy to the Tech office, or phone ext. 2154. O.K.?

FOR SALE

$125. 8 month old G.E. copper-colored portable electric dishwasher. Original warranty still in force. Call Flora, ext. 2157, 10 a.m.—6 p.m.

The CALIFORNIA Tech
Thursday, May 31, 1973
Volume LXXIV
Number 31

Published weekly except during vacation and examination periods by the Associated Students of the California Institute of Technology Incorporated. All rights reserved. The opinions expressed in all articles are those of the author, and do not necessarily reflect those of the editors, the newspaper staff, or the corporation.

Editors-in-Chief: Gavin D. Claypool Eric H. Eichorn
................................. Dennis L. Malone
Associate Editors
................................. Peter W. Beckman Philip M. Neches
Features Editor ... Steve Sweeney
Photography Editor ... Ray Feeney
Sports Editor .......... Bob Kieckhefer

Staff .................................. Marc Donner, Patti Horne, Karl Kuhlmann, Philip Massey, Dick O'Malley, Ed Schreder, Erapa Schroedl, Nick Smith, Ray Spears, millican troll.

Photographers .......... Todd Boroson, Gerald Labi, Phil Neches, A. J. Owens, Dave Peisner, Ray Spears.

Business Manager ...... Dave Peisner
Associate Business Manager .............. Marvin Mandelbaum
Circulation Manager ....... Rob Oshian


Subscriptions ........... term: $1.50
....................................... year: $4.00
Life Subscription ........ $100.00
**Happy Launchings**

Caltech alumnus Harrison ("Jack") Schmidt became the first Techer to walk on the moon (not to mention being the first trained scientist to accomplish the feat). To assure that he woke up on time, Caltech students prevailed on another Tech alum, Al Hibbs of JPL, to intercede with Mission Control and change the wake-up music to "The Ride of the Valkyries."

At a seminar/orgy in the Athenaenum bar after the mission, Schmidt described the lunar dust as "the most abrasive environment I've seen next to Tech." Besides talking about what the old school was like back in the days, Tech's first astronaut-alumnus described what he saw to the attendant geologists.

**And Then Some**

Economics professor Bob Oliver launched a campaign for the Pasadena City Council. Oliver got through the primary and into the run-off against incumbent mayor Don Yokaitis, but lost the run-off.

Just as Dr. Oliver's campaign began in the last week of January, so did the process of changing officers in the unreal world of ASCIT. For a change, almost all of the major offices were opposed.

**February Fools**

In the election held the first week of February, Mark Johnson defeated Dave Drake and Andy Dowsett to become ASCIT President, Bryan Jack, unopposed, took on the Veepship; Dave Peiser, who had been acting treasurer since Steve Wai's resignation, defeated Mark Boals to take the post full-time. Phil Mussey took over as Secretary, turning back a write-in campaign by Joe Carlse; Mike Mariani edged out Jim Price to win the IHC Chairmanship by 18 votes; Bob Coleman won Academic Affairs against two opponents; and freshmen Paul Manis and Gary Wakai became Directors at-Large.

Caltech won a 7.5 megabuck grant from the Fairchild Foundation to have 20 or so visiting scholars on campus each year. The HSS division came out with a proposed new HSS requirement which set teeth grinding against its lengthy list of courses excluded from credit and degradation of language credit. The Institute officially asked Pasadena to close San Pasqual.

**Decisions Made Ad Hoc**

In honor of being up for accreditation this year, an Ad Hoc Committee appeared to listen to statements on the state and fate of the undergraduate program. In a series of meetings in the latter half of second term, the Ad Hoc committee became more a forum for debating the proposed HSS requirement and language cutbacks.

The HSS requirement change filled the pages of the Tech with comment and the meetings of the curriculum committee with controversy. A student poll showed strong opposition to many aspects of the proposed change.

**Faculty Board's Oar**

Early in third term, the issue came to a head as the Faculty Board considered competing proposals from the Curriculum Committee and the HSS Division. The Curriculum Committee's proposal included most of the structural changes requested by the HSS Division, but made HSS credit available to essentially all courses offered. "If they don't believe the course is worth credit, they shouldn't offer it," the argument ran.

After an hour's furious debate, matched only by the intensity of feelings expressed the week before at a Faculty Discussion Group on the same topic, the Faculty Board added a wrinkle of its own to the Curriculum Committee's proposal: the 54 unit requirement of humanities-type courses became a requirement for 27 units of humanities, 27 units of social sciences, and 54 additional units of either. Caltech has never had an explicit social science requirement. The amended version of the Curriculum Committee's proposal will go to the Faculty next week.

**Makes Waves**

Due to increasing programming, but constant subsidy, Beckman/Ramo will have to cut back next year. The 1972 Big T finally came out at the beginning of third term (well, only five months late), and prospects for the 1973 annual looked grim indeed. The team of Bruce Reznick, Arthur Rubin, and Mike Yoder won first place for Caltech in the Putnam Contest.

Discovering that all of the top administration was in Boston for a conference with their MIT counterparts, newly-minted ASCIT President Mark Johnson staged a coup. Telegraphing that he had taken over, Johnson posed behind Dr. Brown's desk.

**Winners, But**

Astounding the sports world, the Baseball Beavers defeated Oxy 9 to 8, ending a lengthy drought. The ASCIT Musical, Gilbert and Sullivan's Pirates of Penzance packed Ramo for three nights.
THE CALTECH BOOKSTORE
PROUDLY ANNOUNCES ITS
NEW DISCOUNT POLICY
ON
HEALTH AND GROOMING AIDS

Under a new arrangement recently inaugurated by member stores of the Western College Bookstore Association, the Caltech Bookstore is participating in an experimental program by dealing directly with the Health and Grooming Aids Wholesalers. This option has never before been open to College Bookstores and the Caltech Bookstore has chosen to participate immediately.

WHAT DOES THIS REALLY MEAN?????

PRICES ARE COMING DOWN. NOW!!

Take a Look at These New, Lower Prices...

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Was</th>
<th>Now</th>
<th>SAVE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gillette The Dry Look</td>
<td>$1.59</td>
<td>$1.28</td>
<td>$.31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trac II Razor</td>
<td>2.95</td>
<td>2.57</td>
<td>.38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crest Toothpaste 5 oz.</td>
<td>.79</td>
<td>.57</td>
<td>.22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crest Toothpaste 8.75 oz.</td>
<td>1.13</td>
<td>.79</td>
<td>.34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colgate Toothpaste 5 oz.</td>
<td>.89</td>
<td>.67</td>
<td>.22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bayer Aspirin 100's</td>
<td>1.17</td>
<td>.88</td>
<td>.29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Contac</td>
<td>1.79</td>
<td>1.19</td>
<td>.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alka-Seltzer 36's in foil</td>
<td>1.25</td>
<td>.99</td>
<td>.26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No Doz 36's</td>
<td>1.19</td>
<td>1.03</td>
<td>.16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scope Mouthwash 12 oz.</td>
<td>1.29</td>
<td>.99</td>
<td>.30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dep for Men 13 oz.</td>
<td>1.49</td>
<td>.99</td>
<td>.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Right Guard Deodorant 4 oz.</td>
<td>1.25</td>
<td>.99</td>
<td>.26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Head &amp; Shoulders Shampoo 7 oz.</td>
<td>1.78</td>
<td>1.44</td>
<td>.34</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

...and MUCH, MUCH MORE.

OR . . . BETTER STILL . . . Come on in and make your own price comparisons.

No need to hot foot it over to Lake or pedal up to Colorado. Now you can have low prices and "on campus availability."

WE NEED YOU!

We've done our best to get you Low Prices. . . . Now we need you as a Health & Grooming Aids customer to assure the continuance of this program and to keep these low prices.
TuTyTw-OWI

Continued from Page Three

Buoyed by success, plans for a possibly still-more ambitious musical for next year are in the works...Computerization came to the world of prerereg, ending forever (we hope) the morass of duplicate cards...And Pasadena finally consented to close down San Pasqual.

Another burning issue throughout the year lay in the hole in the ground that had been Throop. Original architect's plans called for converting the site of the old building into a sixty-foot wide stairway. Objections turned into action, and a petition against the steps rapidly gathered 700 signatures and forced reconsideration of the issue.

Waterfallkrieg

Encouraged by forestalling the steps, Director of Academic Affairs Bob Coleman and Blacker R.A. Hema Weisblatt had a better idea: turning the Throop site into a park-like area with grass, trees, and to top it off, a waterfall and a series of pools. They constructed a scale model of their proposal which sold the Building and Grounds commit-tee of the Trustees on the idea. After sending the architects back to the drawing boards, a plan for trees and waterfalls became Official Policy.

As the circle of rejections about Watergate seemed to close ever more tightly around the President of the United States, Dabney undertook to advertise their sentiments (and have some good, clean, Techtish fun) by placing a banner on Millikan Library proclaiming, "Impeach Nixon."

Sign in the Sky

Dissenting opinions came to light after the sign had been up for a day, as a pair of Moles lowered a torch to scorch the sign. However, the reaction did not set in before a photographer from the Pasadena Star-News snapped the Millikan monolith with its hardly apothetical message. The photo appeared large as life on page one of the next edition, provoking Industrial Associate Ross McCollum to withdraw a million dollar gift to the Institute.

As soon as McCollum's letter to Dabney became public, notes of support and offers of cash began to flood the beleaguered house. As of this printing, Dabney still has $999,988 to go to catch up to McCollum.

Corporation Meeting

At the behest of Mark Johnson, the second general meeting of the ASCIT corporation convened on May 10th. Issues discussed included prospects for food service next year, solicitation of parents by the Institute, eliminating FS, the optimum size of the freshman class, getting ASCIT into some paying propositions, and pass-fail grading for Institute requirements.

After listening to presentations on each of the above topics, the approxi-mately 180 ASCIT members in attendance voted on five resolutions, each of which passed overwhelmingly. The resolu-tions called for: (1) allowing PH 2 and MA 2 to be available pass/fail; (2) no more solicitation of parents for more computer time; (3) shooting for a freshman class size of 200 by 1978; (4) asking the BOD to look into money-making enterprises; and (5) not recording FS's on transcripts.

Math Wins Option Derby

Surprising almost everyone, the math option proved the most popular choice of freshmen, with 37 enrollants against 32 each for Physics and Engineering. Biology came in third; Chemistry fourth. Two frosch opted for English, and one apiece settled on Economics, History, and Geophysics.

Senior Ditch Day fell on Friday, May 11th. "But Ditch Day is never on a Friday." Too bad, frosch... After three tries at electing class officers, two offices resulted in ties. The results will be settled first term next year... The Tech won approval for a loan to buy an MT/ST to aid (greatly) in production of the paper, and a myriad of other ASCIT and Institute publications.

And Still to Come

The year has all but ended. The curse of finals has been on seniors and grad students all week, but transfers tomorrow to underclassmen. Tomorrow brings June, and a week from tomorrow brings commencement. But for the last agony of snaking, or of waiting it out, the year has ended.

As the length of this year in review column indicates, this has been a busy active year. With the waterfall on the Throop site, and San Pasqual closed off, the campus should be more beautiful place next year: students can take great pride in the part they played in bringing these changes to pass.

Hold on, Fella

But there remain clouds on the horizon. After thinking about it for many months, I have come to believe that a spirit of meanness permeates the Institute. This attitude usually shows up in many small ways: in the GPA-busting effort required of student leaders to get even the most trivial change through, despite the reasonableness of the administration; in the attitude of the faculty which says "work hard and your rewards will come:" this is the only school I've seen where a professor's comment on a perfect exam is "not bad."

This school believes in hard work: it thrives on hard work and hard play. But it is also remarkably stingy with praise, so much so that many students who are doing reasonably well feel that they are making no headway. Caltech has one of the most careful admissions processes devised, yet still over 30% of the matriculants leave the Institute.

The Economy Bites

In days when money for research flowed freely, an air of excitement prevailed. I do not mean that the Institute had money to sink into every proposal, no matter how outlandish. Rather, the attitude that by working together and compromising where necessary, Caltech could continually strive to improve, and was willing to do so.

With tight budgets everywhere, good fellowship has been severely strained. Too many issues this year were fought too acrimoniously: the HSS change pitted the students and science faculty against the HSS faculty; the Throop site debate pitted students against architects. Lack of money, or just the prospect thereof, has made all edgy and defensive.

Don't Be Too Human

The Institute suffers as a whole when uncertainties in financial matters are projected onto non-financial concerns. It would cost the Institute nothing to switch to the Stanford system of grading (A-B-C-No Credit), but in the current atmosphere of acrimony, such a reasonable proposal does not stand a serious chance.

We must realize that the bonanza days of the fifties and sixties ended long ago, and that prospects for the federal government reversing the science funding squeeze are dim. Caltech cannot wait for brighter days to address itself to a host of institutional and academic problems. If we delay dealing with such problems as how to best structure the academic program and what new fields of research we should explore, we will slowly, but most surely, slip from the position of eminence we now hold.

Please, Please

Caltech has much going for it: top-notch faculty and students, powerful industrial and governmental contacts, and a good image with the public. While
ALWAYS FIRST WITH THE BEST IN
ADULT MOVIE ENTERTAINMENT
FOR THE DISCRIMINATING ADULT

VENUS
ADULT
THEATER

DAILY 11 am to 2:30 am
SUNDAY 12 noon to Midnight

FREE!
Fresh hot coffee
for our customers!

AIR CONDITIONED
for your comfort
plenty of free parking

Now Showing:
"69 Sunset Strip"
AND
"Sexy Sister"

A completely new show every Tuesday
Caltech students — $1.50 off
regular admission with this ad

2226 E. Colorado Blvd. Pasadena
FOR AN EROTIC MESSAGE CALL 796-8118

DICKS’
TRAVEL SERVICE

140 North Lake Avenue — Pasadena
All Travel Arrangements with
NO SERVICE CHARGE Added

Use your campus telephone — Ext. 1474
Contracts Dropped

by E. Squirrel Mole

Several weeks of polls, meetings, suggestions, plans, and arguments have proven the law of conservation of position. Despite accelerating forces from several directions, Δ(food service) = 0.

When it first became apparent that the present system of food service (wasted meals, both kitchens operating for dinner) was going to cost another $.75-day¹ the Student Housing Committee recommended that board contracts be abolished. Only Chandler and the North Complex kitchen would be operated, those students who wanted food service food could buy it, and others could make their own arrangements. This plan was accepted by the Powers That Be.

Hearing of this plan, and realizing that without waited meals the house spirit would be severely diminished, and just possibly being a little bit annoyed because they weren’t consulted in the first place, the IHC and other ASCIT hangers-on circulated a poll of the student body to determine what everybody wanted, and how much they were willing to pay for it.

This poll showed quite clearly that a majority of Techers wanted waited dinners. It also indicated a strong sentiment for keeping board contracts optional, and that a significant number of people might move off campus if they were not satisfied with the way it turned out.

On the basis of this poll, it was recommended that the new houses have waited meals in their dining rooms, and that the old houses have waited meals in Chandler, which would be somehow divided up into four sections. Board contracts would be nominally optional, but it would be necessary to have a minimum of 400 persons signed up for the plan to work, since such a contract with any food service would have to guarantee that many customers. Waiters would be volunteers, or possibly hired by the houses. In this way waited dinners would be maintained, only one kitchen would be operated, and board contracts would be somewhat optional. This plan was accepted by the Powers That Be.

It then came down to deciding just who the 400 persons on contract were. It became apparent that everyone liked the idea of 400 on contract, as long as they weren’t required to be one of them. It also became apparent that there were not going to be 400 persons with even a passing interest in eating food service food every day, and that requiring 400 persons to do so would make a lot of people unhappy.

At this point, the original plan was reverted to, and current plans call for no board contracts of any nature, with the North Complex kitchen and Chandler selling food item by item.

It is necessary to point out that, in light of the activity of the last few weeks, this decision may be changed before the ink is dry on this newspaper.

Five Caltech Cadets
To Be Commissioned
As 2nd Lieutenants

Five cadets from Caltech’s Air Force ROTC will receive commissions as second lieutenants in the USAF in ceremonies at the Athenaem faculty club at 3 p.m. Friday.

Cadets who will be commissioned are Steven L. Heisler, Monterey, Calif.; Mark Kritevsky, West Covina, Calif.; Robert E. Plaug, Tuxedo, N.Y.; John R. Shea III, Baltimore; and R. Willis, Palos Verdes, Calif.

Brig. Gen. Robert M. White, commandant of the Air Force ROTC will be the guest speaker. Gen. White, whose headquarters is at Maxwell AFB, Alabama, has served as a combat, test and research pilot. He made many research flights in the X-15 aircraft.

TWTYTW-OWI
Continued from Page Five

these assets have brought Caltech to the top, I suspect they will not be sufficient to maintain our leadership. The future will look for increasing social responsiveness, educational creativity, and involvement in addition to Caltech’s traditional virtues.

If we do not grow in these directions, if we do not make upgrading and improving the offerings and atmosphere of Caltech a continuous and ongoing goal, we might as well quit now. We tell ourselves and the world that we are the best; we must live up the responsibility of being best by being the leader.

Caltech is a good place. But it could be a better one.

McKinney Prize:
$568 Cash Award

Bob Flake and Hal McGee have been selected as this year’s winners of the McKinney Prize for excellence in writing. They will share the cash award of $568 derived from a gift by Dr. Samuel McKinney.

Entries were submitted by members of the English faculty from papers received during the year and were judged by a small committee, which this year consisted of Dr. Kent Clark and Dr. Beach Langston.

audience

by Thumper

Marcel Marceau, universally acclaimed as the world’s greatest living pantomimist, is at the Shubert Theater in Los Angeles until June 10.

The Mime (pantomime), foreign to the articulate pronounced specifics of the world, or any Techer is a high wonder. The art of the Mime is one of the oldest art forms and is as pleasurable in today’s world as in many centuries previous. Few artists have studied this form exclusively, as Marcel Marceau, who proves to his audience his devotion by the dexterity of his performance.

Because the Mime is a universal art, knowing no language barriers, anyone of any background can understand and enjoy this medium. More than a dozen schools have been founded in America to teach the Mime. Marcel’s own master, Etienne Decroux is now in New York, the head of his own studio.

Marceau has over 60 selections in his repertoire, so that every night is a

Continued on Page Eleven
Tech Tracksters Show Well

The long track season for the three Techers who qualified for the National Championships ended among the green rolling hills of Arkansas last week. Greg Griffin, Al Kleinsasser, and Haywood Robinson represented Caltech well in the NAIA Championships. The Championships are more international than national in nature due to the recruiting and academic powers of such places as Eastern New Mexico University, North Carolina Central and others who have large contingents from abroad.

Griffin led off the Caltech participation last Wednesday morning in the marathon. The 26-mile, 385-yard course was run early to avoid the heat. The temperature only reached 80° during the race over the hilly course.

Griffin ran another outstanding race, finishing with a time of 2 hours, 46 minutes and 29 seconds for 17th place. The Tech distance star has had an outstanding season and this was another excellent race. The marathon course was very hard due to the many hills and the extreme heat. Griffin was also affected by the time change to some degree but this was his second fastest race. Last December he ran a 2:39:29 race over the much easier and cooler course in Culver City.

The Next Frank Shorter?

Griffin, with his rate of improvement and given the opportunity, has the promise to be one of America’s premier marathoners. In the past year he has registered personal bests in the mile, 2-mile, 3-mile, 6-mile, and marathon. His records indicate his strength in the distance events.

Haywood Robinson qualified only for the 100-yard dash, and in the trials Wednesday Robinson ran a 9.8. The start was of the Arkansas style—three false starts and then a fast gun which resulted in a bad start for the Techer. The 9.8 time was good for fifth, which did not qualify for the semis and finals on the following night.

Robinson feels that with a good start he could have run 9.6 on the excellent track at Henderson State Teachers’ College in Arkadelphia. Robinson also has had an excellent season with personal and school records in the 100 and 220. Robinson’s best 100 was 9.7 and his 220 record was 20.5. The Caltech junior promises to be even stronger in 1974.

It wasn’t a 1:44.6, But . . .

Al Kleinsasser broke his own 880 record twice in Arkansas. On Wednesday in the preliminaries he recorded a fast 1:52.0 to qualify for Thursday’s semfinal. In this race he ran a 1:51.5 for another new record; however, this time wasn’t good enough to qualify for the finals on Friday. Kleinsasser’s performances are remarkable when one considers his lack of high quality workouts due to a foot injury for the past three weeks. Kleinsasser has had personal records this year in the 440 (49.4), 880 (1:51.5), mile (4:12.5), and in the three-mile events. His 880 and mile times are new school records. Without the injury his time in Arkansas could have been below 1:50. Kleinsasser is also a junior and he concluded another excellent season by running faster but having the year end in the same race as last year.

Between them during the past season, Griffin, Kleinsasser, and Robinson have set school records in the 100, 220, 880, mile, 2-mile, 3-mile events, and marathon. It was an outstanding season for the team and next year, with all but one member of the 12-man team returning, Caltech should be even stronger. For Griffin, Kleinsasser, and Robinson it was a season and one where they threw out the record book in a style never before done and in a style they might repeat (again) next year. From Pasadena to Arkansas and back they were supreme!

* * * * *

These stories that bylines did lack, All penned on the glories of track, Were written, it seems, On many white reams Of paper by one named Jim Black!

FOREIGN STUDENTS SHIPPING SPECIALISTS OF

BAGGAGE HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES COMMERCIAL CARGO

AIR • OCEAN • TRUCK
Pick Up & Delivery Packing & Crating Insurance Documentation
Estimates given without obligation 10% off with Caltech ID

ANYWHERE-ANYTIME A REGISTERED AGENCY
a tradition of personal service in freight forwarding

Martin Lewin Transcargo, Inc.
2240 N. Figueroa St.
Los Angeles, CA 90065
(213) 225-2347

NOW THRU JUNE 3
COUNTRY JOE MCDONALD
AND
RANDY BURNS
COMING NEXT
LEO KOTTKE

10% discount to all Caltech students and faculty
Flems Win Battle
Dudes Take War

by Bob Kieckehefer

Fleming won the battle (interhouse football) but Page won the war (interhouse trophy). The Flems finished the football season with a 6–0 record, with much of the credit due to fantastic catches by Steve Vik and Cris Cooper.

The Page Dudes' only loss was to Fleming on Sunday, May 20. In that game, the Flems managed to contain Don Keenan's usually-unstoppable running game and beat Page, 24–19, on a last-second touchdown.

Three-Way Tie

This year Dabney, Lloyd, and Ruddock tied for third place with 3–3 records. The Darbs showed steady improvement during the season, and by the final game came within a questionable call of tying Fleming.

Ruddock beat Dabney, 13–12, in the first game of the season and later ran up impressive scores against Ricketts and Blacker. Lloyd beat the Rudds by a TD, but lost to Dabney by one point, 19–18.

Last year's third place team, Ricketts, fell upon hard times and only managed to beat Blacker, 24–12 (a grudge match, maybe?). It was a building year for the Moles, who failed to win a game.

Interhouse Trophy

The final interhouse trophy standings show Page on top again this year, leading Fleming by 376.5–360. The Dudes won five of the seven sports this year, with the Flems taking the other two (softball and football).

Ruddock placed third, as they did in 1971–1972. Dabney moved up from sixth to fourth (within one questionable [it might be libelous to say "bad"] call of third place), 10 points behind the Rudds. Ricketts, Lloyd, and Blacker filled the last three slots.

Final Football Standings

Fleming ........................................ 6–0
Page ............................................. 5–1
Dabney ......................................... 3–3
Lloyd ............................................. 3–3
Ruddock ......................................... 3–3
Ricketts ......................................... 1–5
Blacker .......................................... 0–6

Final Interhouse Trophy Standings

Page .............................................. 376.5
Fleming ........................................ 360
Ruddock ....................................... 222.5
Dabney ......................................... 212.5
Ricketts ....................................... 183
Lloyd ........................................... 139
Blacker ......................................... 102.5

Five Dollars Offered
For Return of Key

All student shop members are required to turn in their key or sign up for summer use in 64 Ricketts as soon as possible. A $5 deposit will be returned to those who turn in their keys.

Science Fiction Exhibit
Now at Pasadena Library

During the month of June, the Pasadena Public Library will have an exhibit of various science fiction memorabilia, including materials from Star Trek and issues of various out-of-print science fiction magazines not to be found in the real world anymore, for the delight of sci-fi freaks and trivia nuts. The exhibit is in the hall of the main library, at 285 East Walnut.

PME Revival Promises
Better World Wars

Plans are being considered for the revival of the Political–Military Exercise (PME), which left the world in the midst of a thermonuclear orgy when it was last held (1971). Persons interested in helping this summer should contact Bob Cowan (x2694 or 793-8848), Dave Clark, or Nick Smith (both 796-0952).

Brigadier General
Speaks at Athenaeum

The Athenaeum faculty club will be the site of the Caltech Air Force ROTC commissioning ceremony on June 8 at 3 p.m. Five cadets will receive commissions as second lieutenants in the United States Air Force. The guest speaker will be Brig. Gen. Robert M. White, who is Commandant of Air Force ROTC. He is well known for his many research flights in the X-15, and for being the first pilot awarded the Air Force rating of winged astronaut.

Frankly Speaking .......... by Phil Frank
PSSST... HEY BUD, GOT A MINUTE?

LOOKING FOR SOME ACTION?

HEE, YEAH!

HERE'S A HOE... HEAD FOR VENEZUELA.

Or maybe you'd dig Liberia. Or how about Ethiopia? Or Watts? If it's action you're looking for, we can give you plenty.

Because we are ACTION—a growing movement of volunteers out to help people help themselves.

We're far away—in the Peace Corps—helping people in developing countries overseas.

We're right down the street—in VISTA—helping our own poor get a decent shot at life.

And we're even a group of college students—in University Year for ACTION—working on special community projects while earning credits toward a degree.

The Peace Corps. VISTA. University Year for ACTION. That's a lot of ACTION. And we need a lot more people. Our number is 800-424-8580. Why don't you give us a call. And make a date, today.

DON'T CRAWL UNDER A ROCK. GET INTO ACTION.

800-424-8580

TOLL FREE.
Marceau

Continued from Page Seven
all his performances is “Bip, Illusionist.”
With undaunted elasticity, Marcel keeps
you in suspense for a good 20 minutes
as he flits and flails, disappearing and
appearing as fast as the pea under the
nut shells.

His entire program is most unique
and beautiful. Although the Mime is
frequently associated with humor, such
pieces as “The Creation of the World”
and “Youth, Maturity, Old Age and
Death,” will strike you with the
delicateness of a fine dancer, and the
articulateness of a sentimental yarn-
spinner.

Treat yourself to a varied evening of
entertainment and go see Marcel Marceau if you can still get tickets.

FRANKLY SPEAKING
by Phil Frank

ENTER HERE
REGISTRATION
EXIT

© FRANKLY SPEAKING / BOX 1523 / E. LANSING, MICH.

MENU INFO – 328-7448

ANNAS

squeek twenty-two
the hot throbbing ever

Adina Cody

ANNASS

Which is the wrong line of the Pooh?
In her success surgery bungled bungled noise
Tina doped club
Sheikh her by her idiosyncrasy
Serenaded to hoopeful hoopeful

Second place proposal the shammony
Need a door opened?

E&R

Call...

E&R LOCKS

"You make it, we break it."

WE ARE EQUIPPED WITH:

Master Keys for trivial jobs
Lock Picks for routine jobs
Torque Wrenches for difficult jobs
$\text{C}_7\text{H}_5(\text{NO}_3)_3$ for impossible jobs

Locks Worked Over by the Day or by the Hour

E. S. Mole and L. Rey, Proprietors

Inquire at rooms 21 or 53, Blacker House

Frobb's Freehold

We specialize in...

- * Comic books
- * Wine tastings
- * Hardware
- * Foolscorner
- * Song girls
- * Clones
- * Wet potatoes
- * Excom Members
- * Big T Editors
- * Drunken orgies
- * Owls
- * Sarly House Presidents
- * Cinnamon
- * Skinny dipping
- * Heidelein
- * Patton
- * Green dust
- * Niquities
- * ROCKs

The Fleming Foundary and Software Corporation, International Operations Division, is pleased to announce its recent acquisition of several

THERMONUCLEAR DEVICES

Interested parties, both governmental and private, are cordially invited to discuss rental/purchase terms with our Board of Directors in complete confidence. Contact

A. O. Fansome, Chairman of the Board

Fleming Building, Suite 2

Pasadena, California 91109

United States of America

Telephone: (213) 449-8283, Telex: BOMBS.

Another service of the Fleming Foundary and Software Corporation and its world-wide subsidiaries:

- FFS Credit Systems
- FFS' Gourmet Catering
- FFS Theatricals
- Alley 5 Construction Co.
- FFS Pyrotechnic
- A. O. Fansome Enterprises
- FFS Protection & Security
- Alfred Krupp Fansome, GmbH,

Armorer to Kings & Princes since 1492
THE HOT THROBBING RIVET

May 31, 1973
B & G NEEDS YOU

With the opening of many new buildings around the Caltech campus, Physical Plant, the destruction division, needs thousands of totally incompetent, untrained people to pose as maintenance specialists.

Consider the niche you may find in this dynamic organization. In the sumptuous B&G training school on the shores of lovely Millikan Swamp, learn to:

1) Awake the entire undergraduate student body at 7:15 every morning, armed with only a garden rake.

2) Complete the weekly shutdown of the Steele elevator and air conditioning system, so that the people in the sub-basement die of suffocation and hunger.

3) Imitate the wonderous Brooklyn accent of Sherlock "Fig" Newton, the campus cop. Dirty-old-man lessons given with this course.

JOIN B&G

Caltech students, especially math majors, are very welcome in our fine organization, and should direct their applications to our offices. Note that no position of locksmith is open, as the current one is incompetent enough for ten regular B&G men.

Building and Grounds
Offices Across the Street
from Physical Plant
Ross McCallum, President
National Oil Company
McGreghar Land Company
Consoco, Inc.
Atlas Royalties, Inc.

Dear Sir,

It has recently come to my attention that you have $1,000,000 in reserve that you were planning to donate to the California Institute of Technology.

May I suggest that you buy ten thousand life subscriptions to the California Tech? The Tech is a publication of the Associated Students of the California Institute of Technology. As you may know, ASCIT is an independently incorporated body, totally independent of the Institute itself. And in no way connected with any remaining dislike you may have for the Institute's administration.

The Tech is currently in the midst of its triennial subscription drive. Subscription rates are: $4.00 per year, $1.50 per term, and $100 for a life subscription. Please send your check to:

Business Manager
The California Tech
115 Winnett Center 105-51
California Institute of Technology
Pasadena, California 91109

Thank you,

E. Shrdlu

E. Shrdlu
Table of Nonsense

Jill Evensizer and Two Nudes         Gerry Atrick  1
Dedication                           E. Shrdlu     3
Garble Tom, Aleph-Null               David Miller  6
The Absolute Last of BARf            BARf         8
President Accused of Bugging         Dick O'Malley 10
Baby Building Born                   C. Zaarien, Jr. 11
Jockstrap Indicted on Murder Charges the masked tarantula 11
McCulm Makes Crude Gesture           I. M. Wett    12
Jockstrap's Millions                 Anon         13
Donut-Starved Fiends Applaud ASSKISS Pillif Messey 14
Intrahouse Scores                    Anon         14
Dining Rooms Put to Use              Captain Jello  15
Darbs' Dope Ration Cut               Lt. Squirrel 15
Devoted Patriot Hailed by Nixon      Anon         15
Centerfold: Mark Johnson, ASCIT President  16
Korznofski New C.I. T. Chess Chump  Boris Fischer 18
Bridge                               Hoo Delt Mes 18
Dr. Gator's Solar Proton Band        Dave Miller  19
Adventures of the Tech Trio          H. Wink and D. O'Malley 20
Flemens Win Battle, Dudes Take War   Bob Kieckhefer 24
Contracts Dropped                    E. Squirrel Mole 26
That Was The Year That Was           millikan troll 32

THE HOT THROBBING RIVET
Throopday, January 151, 1985
Vol. 2, Ant-Balfe

Published spasmodically by the Amalgamated Studs of the Camelot Institute of Transcendentalism, Inc. All rights reserved. Lefts, too.

The opinions expressed in all articles are those of the author, and in no way reflect those of the editors, who are only responsible for the upside-down pages.

Editors-in-Deep:                   Captain Jello
                                    Major Be-Zonk
                                    Lieutenant Squirrel
Ass Editors:                       Beet Mapneck
                                    Feel Nechee y chong
Featureless Editor:                Cecil N. Beeny
Soul-stealer:                      I. P. Troll
Supports Editor:                   Rich Keyfaker

Staph:                             Mad
Doctor, Pretty Horney, Curl Ghoullmann
Dick O'Malley, Brien Sassy, Etaoin
Schoedlau, Etaoin Schoedlau, Nark Smut, Ray Sugar, megaan troll, trillikan mole.

Photo Grafters:                    Zorro's
Son, Jerry Atric, Ass#2, Apple juice Onus,
(Im) Business Mangler, Sugar Ray.

Business Mangler:                 Goliath Pissner
(Re) Business Mangler:            Moneybaum Mandelmann
Paper Boy:                        Sob Oldham

The Hot and Throbbing Rivet Publication Offices: Mandelbaum's Freezer Folly.
Telephone (800) 525-9984. Printed on onion skin by Onion Skin Press, Semi-Ink.
Misrepresented for irrational advertising porpoises by Nobody Ever Advertises Servios, Inc. Lowest class postage paid nowhere, nohow, noway.

Subscriptionsaremter:$150
                        year:$400
                        your life:$0.02
SCOTT R. DENBINA, unit toad presents for your revulsion A Literary Abortion entitled TOAD-DOM
“Who threatens the king?”

The powerful stranger who had suddenly appeared from behind one of the weird spires of the Arnaz Desert shook his mane of black hair and replied, “I am Comatose the barbarian, who are you?”

“ Eldritch, exiled king of Melancholy, alas.” Mentally the king noted that the barbarian looked much too alert and dangerous to deserve to be called, “comatose.” Stupid, maybe, to go around risking battle wearing no more protection than a rather ragged arrangement of furs, but it was true that armor less cunningly wrought than his own could be a severe hindrance to movement, and the barbarian obviously could not afford to pay for months of work by the smiths of Melancholy. In fact, being well armored had its own drawbacks in the blazing sun of the Arnaz Desert, but since his own albino skin sunburned quickly and exquisitely...

Thus the king stood musing until the barbarian grew impatient, which was not very long, and said, “Now what?”

“Well, by the standards of pulp fiction and comic books, we ought to have a big, bloody battle, and kill a few harmless bystanders, since every ‘Slash!’ or ‘Gurkhh!’ would be worth half a cent or something. However, since this is the Rivet, and no one’s paying a thing, there’s no incentive to pad the story. Actually, I’m stretching things pretty well anyway, even without a fight. Besides, we haven’t got any bystanders here in the middle of the desert. So let’s skip the battle.”

“You also don’t have anything to fight with.”

“What? My enchanted black sword Doomhacker, which I was brandishing over my head a moment ago, is, well, um, it’s become an umbrella. Well, you are disarmed, too.” It was a little amusing, though the gloomy king, to see the look on the barbarian’s face at the sight of his sword blade rolled up like a party noisemaker, which is what it had become.

“This is sorcery!” said the barbarian.

“Obviously. And since it seems to strike without warning or possibility of defense, I think we should get out of here, before we are turned into turkeys, or something. There is a road beginning over that way.” By the road was a sign saying, “Your highway taxes at work. Intertime Highway Aleph-Null constructed with nine hundred million in federabobble government fun and contributions from many time-varying states. Concrete imagery by time-invariant states, and entropic grading by the state of Chaos.” This was peculiar enough, but possibly a more dismay ing thing was that once on the road, what had seemed a small piece of road in the middle of the desert now seemed to stretch aimlessly before and behind them. It was disturbing, but not obviously dangerous, so they started off.

Before they had gone very far, however, as they were passing along the foot of a huge cliff, they were narrowly missed by a huge boulder, swaying by on a cable. As they watched, it swung up almost level with the small projection to which the cable was tied, then on the boulder’s swing back down, the projection broke off, and the whole affair crashed in ruin before their eyes. From the rubble a purplish-grey coyote emerged, stared at them for a few moments, then held up a sign which said, “Excuse me. I thought you were a road runner,” and slunk off into a nearby gully.

As they went along, they began to notice that the strange spires were growing more complicated, curving back and forth, joining and separating, and that there were people or things on ledges on the rock spires. On one there was a gigantic hand sticking out of a large white box, holding up a small green box. On another was a pair of transparent bodies, standing side by side, each with a white object inside divided unequally between head and abdomen. On still a third was a fat man staring in amazement at three large, empty pizza plates. Comatose, staring nervously at all of this, said, “What is this stuff?”

“We seem to have strayed into the Commercials suit of the Featherot deck. That is the Ace of Detergent Power, the Two of Fast Relief, the Three of Indigestion... I think I see the Eight of Sinuses up ahead.”

“How long does this go on?”

“I’m not sure. Either to the Six Hundred of Tiny Time Pills, or the Eleven Billion of McDonald’s.”

“We’ll never get away from it all. What’s that?” That was a dumby green woman in black, with a warty nose the size of a casaba melon, smoking a cheap cigar, and holding a beer can.

“Must be one of the Major Ridiculous. Yes, it’s Broom-Hilda.”

Before they had gone much farther, Eldritch noticed a gadget lying by the side of the road. It had a lot of buttons on it, and behind a little door was a thing which said on top, “U.S. Intertemporal Parks Service Lecture Cassette. Please return after use. Postage will be paid.” Comatose pushed one of the buttons, and suddenly a voice spoke out of the box, saying, “...unique rock formations of the Arnaz Desert, which have been explained by the theory of continental drift. The desert stands on a separate crustal plate which stays very level, but is raised or lowered by the pressure of the surrounding plates. For about thirty million years it was under water, sinking at about the same rate as a coralike creature could build its stone colonies, which were much more like massive stone pillars than genuine coral is. The sediment surrounding the pillars and cliffs thus formed has eroded much faster than the pillars themselves, over the five million years since the plate emerged from the ocean, revealing the complicated forms which have then been further shaped by wind erosion...”

Comatose had by this time recovered enough from the surprise of hearing a voice in the box to pick it up, hitting another button as he did. Another part of the gadget lit up, and a different voice said, “I’m speaking for the Petroleum Institute of America. The ban on oil drilling will make it impossible to supply the oil which is the lifeblood of our civilization...”

“Naah,” said a new voice, “Even if they paid for it I won’t play all of that. Sounds like, ‘Oily to bed, and oily to ride, makes you wealthy, unhealthy, and snide.’ This is KZNK radio, one-oh-seven-point-nine freakin’ megahertz on your dial. Nobody in the whole FM world gets higher than Kazonk radio. Now back to our interview of Ellis Gooper.”

“Like I said, man, I don’t know how many more tours we’ll have, because I’m running out of things to do, you know you take an eight foot boa constrictor, and you cover it with gold sequins, and you write your name on it in mascara, and you throw it onto the trading floor..."
of the New York Stock Exchange, and you do it once, and it's a sensation, but you do it twice and people start getting blase, except the cops. Gimme another beer. Glup-gurgle. But I'm running out of things to do. You know, there's a certain rhythm to that, repeated thirty-five times it would have possibilities. And for bass, we could throw in a track, properly mixed and rerecorded, of course, of the crushing mills at that open-pit gold mine in Nevada. Hmmm. Yeah. Symbolic. G'bye. Oops.” Clunk crash crunch.

“Due to technical difficulties, the Phil spacer show is going back to a musical format for a while. The first thing we've got here is the latest from Carole Simonize, called "You'll Feel Pain."

"Oreg-Ickily grown VEG-tubbles, why do you taste so good? Grown in MAN-ure and pure SPRING water, just like an eggplant should."

"Heh, heh, that's Drowned Sugar," by Rick Jagged and the Gathered Moss. Here goes the slick, shining voice of Carole Simonize."

"You sneaked into our hallway, like you expected you were going to be shot. You spread mercaptan on our carpet, and departed with the speed of a thought. We can smell it still, weeks later, and, we'd like to thank you a lot. And that we'll do if we ever can catch you, ever can catch you, and, You'll feel pain, and when we've fixed you we'll just dump you Down the Drain. You really will be terribly sorry! sorry! sorry!"

Eldritch noticed a red button on the box, and when he pushed it, the whole thing went silent. In some peculiar way, the landscape seemed to have altered. Off to the right they could hear the menacing "Ho! Ho!" of a Bozo combat unit, but after a while it went away, which was a great relief. From the left a very strange person climbed onto the road. This person seemed to be partly metal. It or he, whatever, had a bumper sticker across its shiny aluminum back which said, "Drink Cyborg Beer. It's got glass." Comatose looked at this and said, "Shouldn't that be 'class'?" The cyborg said something incomprehensible, then raised a bottle of beer to its lips and drank. A faint crunching noise came from inside it. "Apparently not," said Eldritch.

The cyborg went off the other side of the road, and was soon lost from view. Soon after that, the road entered a tunnel. The other end of the tunnel was blocked by some sort of wood and stone doors, but they managed to loosen things enough to get out, where they were greeted by cries of "Allah be merciful! The mummy has risen!"

They had come out the doors of what appeared to be a tomb set in the side of a hill, with no sign of their road, only a crowd of panic-stricken Bedouins in front of them. They went to the camp nearby, and found no one until they heard a voice in a tent saying, "...the polar ice caps will melt, as prophesied in the Book of Radiation." The man in the tent was wearing earphones, alternately talking into his tape recorder and listening to it, so he had not heard the commotion outside. When Comatose and Eldritch came into his tent, he said, "Who are you, and what are you doing at the Matador College Archaeological Expedition?"

They explained as best they could about the Arnaz Desert, and Interim High-"Alep-Null, hardly stopping to wonder at the fact that people from Melancholy, and Aquaregia in the ancient Hydrion Age, spoke twentieth-century English.

After a while, Garble Tom Headweak sat down, holding his head in his hands, and said, "I give up. It's too much. In Pasadenaecy it's giant Venus flytraps and talking bats; In Antarcctica, it's billion-year-old monsters and berserk Indians; and here in the Middle East it's invisible interdimensional highways and mythical heroes. I think I will take up something safe, like making quadrifocals for my four-eyed fish."

"Don't do anything rash," said Eldritch. "Before I abdicated the Rhubarb Throne of Melancholy, I read a book by a man named Richer Beethoven about how a bird named Nikolai Vasilyevich Ostrich thought the way to wisdom was by holding his breath under water longer than anyone. One day he accidentally passed through the Watergate of the Universe and was reincarnated as a concealed microphone."

"That doesn't make any sense," said Garble Tom Headweak gloomily.

"No, but it made many dollars. He had been just Beethoven, but the book made him change his name because he was Richer."

Garble Tom looked ill for a moment, then said, "Possibly you can get back to your own universes if you go to Pasadenaecy and if there was anything to that Dread Dommummu business besides another Looseleaf House practical joke. I believe you belong in the universe of Robber E. Howler, and you belong in the world of Michael Poorstock, who was co-inventor of the Standard and Poorstock average, which revolutionized statistics."

The barbarian and the king agreed that he knew where they belonged.

But as it happened, it was neither possible nor necessary to see the people at Looseleaf House. Cow Tech was closed for the summer when they arrived in Pasadenaecy, so Garble Tom arranged for them to stay at Matador College until he could think of what else to do with them. He worried a lot about what would happen if the police or the rich people who gave money to support Matador College and the Worldly Church of God saw two exceedingly weird-looking strangers wandering around with huge swords which had at some point become deadly weapons again. He suggested that they watch television, or go to movies, but the only obvious thing the two mythical heroes learned was that they could cause havoc on a scale they had never dreamed of if they exchanged their swords for guns, tanks, or airplanes. They did learn other things, though, as he discovered when he showed them the great Matador College pipe organ. He was saying, "Such a large and complicated organ is very difficult to play..." when Comatose said, "I know how, I saw Virgil Fox," and jumped in front of the bench. The organ was turned on, so a series of deafening blasts occurred, going EEPTY-DEEPTY, OOMPTY-Voompy, ORMPTY-Gormpy, ROMPTY-Brompy, crackety-crack!

"When Virgil Fox dances on the pedals," said Garble Tom dryly, "He does not put his full weight on them."

It was not long after this affair that Garble Tom Headweak thought to himself that if Comatose and Eldritch were to walk along an empty stretch of highway, they might wander out of this dimension, or universe, or whatever, in a manner similar to the way they had wandered into it, whatever that was. Unfortunately for him, as he was driving down the Pasadenaecy Freeway with them in his car, on the way to put his plan into action, although he had not exactly explained what he had in mind, he came to a stretch of freeway which had no other cars on it. It quite suddenly appeared that the car was occupying all three lanes at once, and then each lane went off in a different direction, and the car somehow followed all of them. Each of the occupants vanished into a different dimension, and none of them was seen or heard of again for quite a long time.
The Absolute Last of BARf

by BARf

[A series of experiments designed to preserve parody.]

Remember the good old days? To the tune of “The Night They Drove Ol’ Dixie Down.”

Edmund Brown is my name
And I held the governor’s reins
Till Ronnie Reagan came and took it away from me
Twas in the autumn of ‘62
We was feeling mighty red white and blue
I sure was proud to have been myself
It was a time, I remember it oh so well

Chorus:

The night I drove old Nixon down
And Tricky’s hands were wringing
The night I drove old Nixon down
And all the press it was singing
and they said ho ho ho ho ho
We won’t have you to kick around no mo’

Like JFK before me, I’m a democrat
And like Earl Warren before me, I wore a liberal hat
He just had lost the major race
That was close as the beard on his face.
I swear by the mud beside my name
You can’t fight with Dick and expect to keep your fame.

Repeat chorus.

(Note, the above song may not be played on AM because it is too Baezed.)

This is dedicated to all those who bought a certain calculator recently, but not recently enough. To the tune of Nilsson’s “Spaceman.”

Click, click, ring it up log of three
Click, click, ring it up arc sine two
Click, click, ring it up tangent e
one two three four
I wanted to buy an HP
That’s what I wanted to get
But now that I have my HP
I’ve got this needless debt,
Hey Bookstore man, woncha refund me for the extra
Hundred or so bucks?
But TS and TS and TS and TS, they say,
“Boy, that’s your bad luck!”

Speaking of price breaks, the followin parody of “Blue Suede Shoes” is being sung by an entrepreneur to the bookstore, who claimed a franchise.

Well, it’s one for a nickel,
Two for a dime
Three at the same rate,
Now rhyme, cat rhyme,
But don’t you, mess with my blue book sales.

You can do anything
But lay off of my blue book sales.
(This could go on, but it would only be verse.)
On gansterism on a large scale, to the tune of Paul Simon’s “Cecilia.”

Sicilians, you’re breaking my nose,
you’re treading my toes much too harshly,
Oh sicilians, I’m down on my knees,
I’m begging you please let me go, oh
Sicilians, you’re breaking my arm,
you threaten with harm much to quickly,
Oh sicilians, I’m down on my knees,
I’m begging you please, let me go,
Let me go
Breaking bread in the afternoon,
Two sicilians in my living room
I get up to wash my face,
When I come back, I find there’s a gun in my place

Oh, sicilians, you’re breaking my nose,
You’re treading my toes much too harshly.
Oh, sicilians, I’m down on my knees,
I’m begging you please let me go

Mutilation,
They hit me again,
I fall on the floor, and I crying.
Jubilation,
They leave me alone
I fall on the floor, and I laughing.

The planetary scientist’s lament, or Gimme Food, Shelter, Clothing, and a House in Altadena. To the tune of “Gimme Shelter.”

Oh a storm is threatening my way of life today
If I don’t get some more work,
I’m gonna fade away.
Mars, Congress; it’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away.
Mars, Congress; it’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away.

Saw Apollo ending
Oh very sad today
Feels like a blue chip life style
That has lost its way
Mars, Congress; it’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away.
Venus, Spiro, it’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away

The solar system’s at our feet today
Gimme gimme data
Or I’m gonna fade away.
Mars, Congress; it’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away

Oh a storm is threatening my way of life today
If I don’t get some more work,
I’m gonna fade away.
Mars, Congress; it’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away.
Mars, Congress; it’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away.
Saw Apollo ending
Oh very sad today
Feels like a blue chip life style
That has lost its way
Mars, Congress; it’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away.
Venus, Spiro, it’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away

The solar system’s at our feet today
Gimme gimme data
Or I’m gonna fade away.
Mars, Congress; it’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away

Oh a storm is threatening my way of life today
If I don’t get some more work,
I’m gonna fade away.
Mars, Congress; it’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away.
Mars, Congress; it’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away.
Saw Apollo ending
Oh very sad today
Feels like a blue chip life style
That has lost its way
Mars, Congress; it’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away.
Venus, Spiro, it’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away

The solar system’s at our feet today
Gimme gimme data
Or I’m gonna fade away.
Mars, Congress; it’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away
It’s just a shot away
Facts, sister, It's just a this-away
It's just a this-away
It's just a this-away
It's just a this-away
It's just a this-away
This-away, this-away.

A parting shot at an all too common phenomenon around here, to "You're So Vain."

You walked into the party,
like you were walking in a physics lab.
You strategically flashed your slide rule case;
your jacket was an olive drab.
You had one hand in the cheese dip,
as you tried to join the gab.
And all the girls said, ugh,
he's so rancid, boy what a loser, and
You're so Tech, you probably think this song is a rubba
You're so Tech, so Tech, as cool as a pickled cucumber,
aint you, aint you?

Now the following is based on an actual incident at a large Eastern university's cafeteria. Heaven knows it can't happen here—right? To the tune of Elton John's "Daniel."

Spaniel they served me tonight on a plate
I could smell dog meat; it's a smell I really hate
Oh, and, they can serve spaniel, and call it a roast,
Oh, God, I hate spaniel, and I hate Food Service most.

Oh, spaniel for dinner, it is more than a crime.
Can you still taste the ants in the pudding that time?
Four bucks a day, and they've the nerve to say:
Spaniels are okay, if you serve them with lime, oh.

Spaniels they served me tonight on a plate
I could smell dog meat; it's a smell I really hate
Oh, and they serve spaniel, and call it a roast.
Oh, God, I hate spaniel, and I hate Food Service most.

To be sung by a high administration source (wasn't Nixon stoned in South America?) to the tune of "Bridge Over Troubled Water."

---

By a victim of Math One this year, put into the tune of Elton John's popular recording of "Crocodile Rock."

I remember when I was young
Mathematics was so much fun
Drawing angles, and taking sines
Proving three points can't lie on two parallel lines
But the biggest shock I ever got
Was finding out about the Brock and Dick crock
While the other kids with placement were in luck
I was stumbling and crumblin' with the Brock and Dick crock,

—Third Term Frosh
President Accused of Bugging

by Dick O'Malley

Black Jockstrap, president of ASSKISS, has been accused by his opponent, Dove Drechtl, of bugging his room and tapping his phone.

To sift these and other conflicting claims of guilt, innocence and complicity, a committee, headed by Bryant Jock, chairman of the B.O.C., will be holding public hearings over the course of the summer. The Jock committee intends to begin in a low-key, methodical manner. The first witness will be James W. Fogg, Director of Administration for the Jockstrap election committee, who will describe how the committee was set up and operated. Next will be one of the security guards who discovered Jockstrap hiding sheepishly behind a desk in Drechtl's room at 2 a.m. on January 29.

The most compelling early witness will be convicted Conspirator Paul Mantis. His sensational charges that high officials had ordered the wiretapping, then paid him to keep his mouth shut, helped break the case wide open. Some of his charges have been at least partly corroborated in reports by the investigative team of Tech editors.

The Tech trio will be testifying jointly as an early witness as well. This will be perhaps the most volatile segment of the hearings. The Tech trio has indicated to the press that they have evidence that Jockstrap has, on at least ten occasions, come into the Tech office while the campus newspaper was being pasted up and been curious.

The hearings, which are to be held in Winnett Lounge, will be historic because they involve the viability of the President as a campus leader. More than all of the rather limited and ponderous movements of the Sexcom, the wide-ranging freedoms of the B.O.C. hearings can make or break the President and his men. The Jock committee is concerned not solely with criminal activity but also with the broader question of protecting presidential elections against deceitful and unethical practices.

The Jock hearings can crucially affect the whole Jockstrap administration. Jock has suggested that he might even summon the President himself to testify, if need be, to get at the truth. With typical understatement, Jock says: “The goddam bastard’s gotta learn not to mess around.”

An Epic Saga

What clearly is shaping up is an epic test of credibility in which the central issue will be whether Jockstrap can politically survive. The President’s closest aides, Flagg and Institute President Harvey Black, will almost certainly proclaim Jockstrap’s ignorance of any coverup. In the process, they will be insisting upon their own innocence as well. Standing against them will be the fact that Jockstrap was found in Drechtl’s room holding cartons of electronic equipment.

Dove Drechtl’s testimony, of course, must be treated with caution, since his personal stake is high. He is maneuvering for the broadest kind of freedom for the Sexcom, and may be trying to develop his chances for election in the future. Yet it seems unlikely that Drechtl would enter into a showdown with Jockstrap without considerable ammunition. Indeed, his recent record for revealing unpleasant truths is impressive.

It was Drechtl who first told the Californicator Tech that the offices of Institute psychologists Fancy Tweakel and Sam Thunder had been rifled, and their records taken. It was also Drechtl who informed the Tech that there had been meetings of the Dabless House Sexcom at which plans for the buggery were discussed.

Beyond the Valley of the Drechtl

The argument reaches even beyond Drechtl. “There won’t be any criminal charges if the witnesses go on TV and reel of the testimony,” contends Bobby Shaftoe of the B.O.C. He argues that such a wide dissemination of testimony would allow other defendants to claim that their criminal cases had been hopelessly prejudiced. It would also enable them to discover much of what probable accusing witnesses would say about them—and to prepare their defenses.

Bryant Jock, on the other hand, argues that “It’s far more important to uphold the Honor System than to send someone to jail.” He complains of the Californicator Tech: “They have had the case since the beginning of the year, and if they can’t collect enough evidence to convict somebody by this time, they ought to go out of business.”

That may be unfair. There were indications last week that the Tech is the only part of ASSKISS which will show a profit this year.

There is, of course, a need to protect the judicial process so that anyone who has broken laws will be fully prosecuted. Indeed, the general complaint against the Tech is that it originally did not seem prepared to hold back on compromising information. However, the campus paper has done just that, and over the past months, very little on the case has appeared in print. There seems to be an overriding need for speedy exposure of the full truth, so that all of the remedial moves can be taken to restore public confidence in the B.O.D. Drechtl’s attorneys have said that they “are proceeding on the assumption that there is going to be an impeachment.” It was not clear whether they were talking about Jockstrap or someone else.

Support for Drechtl’s position came last week from a most unlikely source: Dabless House. A member of the Dabless Sexcom, under pressure from Lieutenant Squirrel, conceded grudgingly that the Millikan sign was originally intended to read: “Impeach Johnson,” but that they were unable to figure a way to get it up for a period of several years.

Condominium Satisfaction

That may not satisfy the angry Board of Condominium. Drechtl insisted that the Sexcom had no knowledge that the Jockstrap spooks were planning a domestic burglary, and that the group known that Jockstrap was planning to bug Drechtl, they would have cut off all logistic support. But this
Baby Building Born

by C. Zaarien Jr.

Doctors at the Young Health Center today announced the successful termination of Megacan library's pregnancy. Although the blessed event was expected to occur during the first week of February (see the 1968 Throbbing), unexpected complications indicated as early as Spring, 1970, the necessity of completing the pregnancy by the summer of this year.

Preparations Made

In due course of time, the entire third floor of Megacan library was removed (preparing for what was expected to be a Caesarean birth), and Droop Hall was leveled in anticipation of the new building.

As the critical months approached, the library's doctors attempted to have the roof of the building closed off, as the mother was complaining of severe headaches. However, a group of surly Moles stole the door, tore the lock apart, and generally unnerved Megacan library. As a result of this mental consternation, the Health Center reported, labor began a full eight months ahead of schedule. (Alas, that even Techers can be so inconsiderate).

The Vigil Begins

An hourly watch began that very night. The doctors seemed to have no idea how long the labor pains would last. "We never used to have problems like this back in the days when men were men and giants walked the earth instead of being planted in it," commented one obscure M.D. The proud father, an unidentified chemist, announced, "Ye vill name him Maxwell-Boltzmann, in honor of mein vater who was killed vile raisin gamma rays to ze fourth power."

Letters of congratulations poured into the campus mail from throughout the country. Also a letter from Sam Wasp of Palo Alto which read: "Libaries cant have babys. Wize up. This letter is anonimuss... —Sam Wasp."

Blessed Day Arrives

The infant was finally born yesterday at 4:00, disrupting a waterpolo game being played in Megacan Pond at the time. "I couldn't believe it," remarked one of the poloists, Rich Keyfaker, "we were shooting baskets, or whatever it is we do—we never get a chance to make points during a league game—when all of a sudden, the water turned blue, and this building dropped into the water. Unbelievable." Loud cheers erupted from the B&G trolls helping in the delivery. The proud father, when told that the child was a girl, announced, "Ve vill still name him Maxwell-Boltzmann."

The young library was immediately taken to Institution psychologists Sam Thunder and Fancy Tweakel who had earlier expressed concern about the possibility of an edifice complex developing.

ASSKISS President, Blark Jockstrap, maintained that his name would be spelled correctly in this issue.

Dr. Rabbit Buttonhead, Master of the Humanities Division commented, "I have always believed that a Foreign Language offering of the highest quality should be maintained at the Camelt Institution of Transcendentalism."

CIT President, Harvey Black, could not be reached for comment. But it is widely believed that he holds this to be a Good Thing.

Jockstrap Indicted on Murder Charges

by the masked tarantula

ASSKISS President Blark Jockstrap was indicted today on two counts of attempted murder. The alleged victims are E. Squirrel Mole, Californicator Tech editor; and Cecil N. Beeny, Featureless editor of the same yellow rag.

Jockstrap's indictment stems from grand-jury testimony early in May by Super-Secret Student Security Police Captain D.D. Drecht. He presented some two hours worth of microfilm movies and tapes from wiretaps and bugs with his statement. The bugs were given prior approval by BOP chairman, Bryant Jock.

One bug rose in protest over his misuse by Drecht, but the bug was promptly squelched by all Right-Thinking people. The presentation was given rave reviews and a good time was had by all.

If at First you don't succeed

According to Drecht, Jockstrap made both murder attempts at the staph parties of the Tech. The first try was against Mole at the first party in Westwood in January. Somehow, Jockstrap (or an agent thereof) managed to place a highly intoxicating and/or mind-disorienting drug into Mole's food. Mole unknowingly ingested the tainted food and was shortly reduced to writhing on the floor, laughing uncontrollably.

Continued on Page Twelve
The Crudest of Oils...

McColumn's Crude Gesture

by I. M. Wett

"By the shores of Millikan Pondee,
By the slimy fountain water,
Stands the swimming Pool McColumnus,
The fifty-meter pool McColumnus."

With this Indian theme ringing out to all those gathered, Institute President Harvey Black dedicated the Cross McColumn Swimming Pool last Friday afternoon. Following the poetry recital, Black poured a fifth of crude oil into the pool, officially opening it for swimming and aquatic recreational activities. ["It would have been such a waste to use champagne," explained a former Tech editor, "that something more appropriate to McColumn's background was used. Besides, we're going to drink the champagne in Phage House tonight."]

Black did not even wait for the first swimmer to dive into the water, but hurried back to his office, en route to Helsinki and points east. On his way to the office he looked up at the east face of Millikan Library and wondered what Uncle Bobby would have thought of a "Flaming Eats It Faster" sign on his building. "Well, at least it's apolitical," he muttered. Mark Warmbrow and Patty Reversa, the creators of this sign (Rich Keyfakker was sleeping on the night before a swimming meet), remarked that it was fireproof and B&G-proof, though they did not elaborate on the latter claim.

Throop: Forgotten But Not Gone

Back at the office, Black briefly reviewed the history of the pool's conception and construction. "During the winter of 1972-73," he began, "the Caltech community was having trouble deciding upon the fate of the Throop site. One thing that was obvious to all, however, considering the amount of rain which fell that term, was that the site would make a good 50-meter swimming pool.

"You'll recall that in May, 1973, Cross McColumn held back his megabuck donation because of Dabless House's 'Impeach Nixon' sign. Well, after Nixon was impeached and convicted, McColumn admitted that he had been wrong, and decided to give Tech $2 million. And, upon hearing that one of the sign's makers was co-captain of the swimming team here, he suggested that the funds be earmarked toward an Olympic-sized pool.

"The waterfall plan for the Throop site, which had been under construction for three months, was then scrapped, and work began on the McColumn Pool. And because McColumn could get fuel for the project during the periods of gas rationing, the pool was finished well ahead of schedule."

The Slide

"Soon we hope to install a slide from the biology library on Millikan's ninth floor to the pool, but B&G is still trying to figure out how to make it earthquake-proof. Selling rides down the slide will eventually pay the lifeguard wages and maintenance costs of the pool. But in the meantime, I must be off to Helsinki."

Upon returning to the pool, this reporter found that the swimming meet between Tech and USC was about to begin. Tech Coach Steve Shefspace quickly summed up the opponents: "We don't really expect to beat SC, but they paid us 50 kilobucks for the privilege of participating in the pool's first meet. Besides that, most of their swimmers are old friends of mine from back when they swam and played water polo for PCC."

Automatic Timers and Counters

Shefspace's predictions turned out to be all too accurate. Had President Black stayed, he would have watched SC win every race in which it entered swimmers. The Techers present kept themselves preoccupied with second-guessing the automatic timers and lap counters, ignoring the score of the meet.

Howard Bubbles and Steve Pissondo led Tech in scoring in this historic meet. Bubbles placed third in the 200-meter freestyle, second in the 200 back, and swam a leg for Tech's unopposed freestyle relay team.

The Positions He Knows Now...

Pissondo received a second in one-meter diving, a third off the three-meter board, and also swam on the freestyle relay team. Carol Alwasp, Tech diving coach, remarked that Pissondo has shown remarkable improvement this year. "Last summer he didn't even know what the laid-out position was," she commented, "and now he's throwing reverse 1½'s."

No other Techer placed better than third in any race. Rich Keyfakker took thirds in the 1500-meter freestyle and the 500 free. ["Why are you swimming the 1500 today?" "Why not—it's only 30 laps, and the 1000 (yards) is usually..." ]
Tom Stowaway also took two thirds, in the 200-meter individual medley and the 200 breast. Dave Clarke V took a third in the 200 fly and swam a leg of the freestyle relay. Jim Rowbrother also swam on the free relay team.

More Scores

Other scores for Tech came from Patty Perili in the 100 free and Fran Wettest in the 50 free. ["A one-lap event—you’ve got to be kidding." "Nope—shows what you can do with automatic timers."]

The final score of the meet was USC 91, Caltech 22. Next week Tech’s intrepid swimmers go to Oskaloosa, Iowa, to take on the William Penn College squash team. This swimming meet will mark the opening of Penn’s new 49-cubit pool.

Jockstrap’s Megabuck

In yet another unexpected and shocking move this week, irate oilman CrossMcCoomann announced that he had decided to donate $1,000,000 to the beleaguered ASSKISS President and his minions. Readers will remember that this million dollars was withheld from Caltech because McCoomann disapproved of the unpaid political advertising policies of Megacan Library.

No word was immediately received on why McCoomann picked ASSKISS to be the recipient of his benificence; his only comment was a muttered aside that “this will show the sons-of-glitches what’s what,” and some comment about “oily people,” which was taken to refer to ASSKISS President Blark Jockstrap, a well-known lubricant.

News media analysts speculated that McCoomann was rushing to the defense of Tech’s student leaders in the wake of recent disclosures that those leaders were involved in elections scandals (see article, this issue), and since McCoomann obviously supported one President in similar troubles, it stood to reason that he would rally behind another. It was also speculated that McCoomann had heard of the establishment of the Provisional Student Government by Jockstrap and his aides a few weeks ago for the purpose of ousting Caltech President Childe Harvey Black from his position (a putsch now rumored to have been aborted by the current scandal). McCoomann’s recent public comments about Black’s administration at Caltech were widely reported to indicate a vote of no confidence.

Megabucks Rule!

Jockstrap was unavailable for comment on the effect of McCoomann’s largesse on his own personal situation. Pllif Messey, Jockstrap’s secretary for media messages, reported that Jockstrap was of course delighted to receive this support at such a crucial time, and was very pleased to hear that all of his supporters had not joined the silent majority (or the poor one). Rumors circulating around Winnett Center claimed that Jockstrap had dispatched Captain Jello on a highly secret mission to Mexico to pick up the million dollars in small, used bills inside an unmarked satchel.

Other observers expressed mixed reactions to the gift. Dove Drecht said that he was desolated that Mr. McCoomann could support such an unworthy man when so many more appropriate receivers could have been found. The financial powers of Caltech were reported to be in a state of severe shock. Dabney House was reported to be diligently seeking Johnson for an urgent meeting on the disposition of the million dollars. President Harvey Black was, as usual, unavailable for comment.

The Adventures of Funky Snake by Dick O’Malley

AS YOU WILL RECALL, THE FUNKY SNAKE HAS ATTEMPTED TO EAT A BLACK HOLE! WE CONTINUE HIS ADVENTURE WHERE WE LEFT OFF LAST TERM!
Donut-Starved Fiends Applaud ASSKISS

by Pilif Missey

Last Monday's Tuesday's Wednesday's meeting of the BOD was held on Monday, as usual. Present from the BOD were Jockstrap, Bryant, Piesner, Coldman, Mantis, Wackoff, Ruderford, Mariaide, and Messy (who showed up to play the jukebox and found himself trapped) the whole dregs of ASSKISS, On-lookers included the usual motley crew, intent on obtaining donuts.

Jockstrap: This meeting is called to ... to ... er ..., Bryant: Order!

Messy: Ah, two donuts and a coke ....

Jockstrap: Yeah, does anybody have ....

Messy: I move to approve the minutes. (Piesner to all, aside: He always moves to approve the minutes. Isn't that illegal?)

Mariaide: I still haven't gotten any minutes. How can I vote to approve the minutes if I haven't even seen them?

Messy: Nobody's seen them. I haven't gotten the notes from Mantis yet. But that doesn't change anything. Why should I bother to write them if you're not going to approve them?

Coldman: You know, that almost makes sense.

Messy: I call for a vote.

Jockstrap: But there hasn't even been a second yet.

Messy: O.K., it's unanimous. Good.

Jockstrap: I've got a bunch of important things I've been thinking about recently and ....

Piesner: Don't you want to talk about the bus?

(General Outcry): No, not again! They always talk about the bus.

Jockstrap: Not now, Steve ... er, Dan. I've got some really important stuff here. Yeah, well, I've been thinking about what we ought to bring up at our next Corporation meeting. I mean, we used up everything I could think of at the last one, and ....

Wackoff: Then why have one?

Jockstrap: What? Look, don't start that again. Lots of people came to the last one. After we found some things to talk about, it went pretty well, considering. I've been thinking about maybe making them weekly. I mean, what's the use of being ASCIT President if you don't do important things like hold Corporation meetings and run the Institute and put out the Tech and make the water fall and ....

Coldman (interested): Oh, you're the one who makes it rain?

Jockstrap: Well, not by myself, of course. But without BOD approval ....

Wackoff (aside): Is he serious?

Mariaide: He's always serious.

Messy: Hold it, I never approved it raining. I mean, I like rain, but it was never on any agenda. Besides, by inference we also must have approved it being sunny sometime, and I don't like it sunny.

Jockstrap: You should have bothered to come to the meeting.

Messy: What meeting?

Jockstrap: The BOD meeting I decided to hold this morning. Didn't you hear the phone ring? I wanted you to notify everyone. I mean, what's the use of being ASCIT President if you can't hold BOD meetings any time you want?

Mariaide: I need some money.

Jockstrap: What?

Mariaide: I need some money.

Piesner: I object. We don't have any. I mean, we only have $272,000,000 or so, and I mean, well, emergencies come up—there'll be some up soon, I hear—and well, we just can't afford it.

Mariaide: I need some money for the Coffeehouse.

Piesner: Oh.

Jockstrap: Well, now that we've cleared that up, on to important things! I've been thinking that maybe we ought to take over the Computing Center. You know, ASCIT needs to expand, and as Piesner will tell you, we need the money ... Perhaps IMB will merge with us.

Capt. Jello: Could you maybe approve the election results first?

Wackoff: I move to approve the election results!

Mantis: I move to approve the election results!

Coldman: Seconded!

Mariaide: Seconded!

Bryant: What election?

Messy: Could you spell "election"?


Ruderford: Six what?

Coldman: Six? Oh ....

Capt. Jello: Actually, according to Section IV of Resolution III, very newly revised ....

Messy: Oh, I threw that one out.

Backman: I don't remember voting.

Capt. Jello: You didn't. You couldn't have. It was a secret ballot. It wouldn't have been secret if we told people about it.

Everyone: Oh ....

Capt. Jello: I'm glad you see it that way. As soon as you swear in the new BOD, then, I can ....

Jockstrap: But that doesn't happen until second or third term. And after I get done rewriting the bylaws ....

Capt. Jello: It's already happened. I figured, why wait?

Coldman: You know, that almost makes sense.

Jockstrap to Bryant: Can't we get him before the you-know-what for that?

Bryant (to Piesner): Go call Shelter. Tell him you're calling for Captain Midnight and that there's a suspected you-know-what for the you-know-who. He'll know what to do.

Capt. Jello: Of course, then ....

Bryant: Never mind.

Backman: The Social Chairmen want some money. $250, to be exact. In small bills and quarters.

Jockstrap: What for? I mean, we don't have money to just throw around. How can you expect us to make a profit if we just spend money? Besides, we need money for Corporation meetings and such. Say, speaking of that, did I tell you about this great idea Bryant and I have been discussing? Maybe we could hold another ....

Backman: It's for donuts.

Everyone: Oh ....

Messy: Right, that's unanimous.

---

Intrahouse Scores

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>House</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dabney House</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blacker House</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fleming House</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page House</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ricketts House</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lloyd House</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruddock House</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Dining Rooms Put to Use

by Captain Jello

"All things work together for good—or they don’t work at all."—this old adage came to life this summer at the Camtrans campus.

During term terrius last spring, two questions plagued the Transcendentalists: Where do we put the neo-Transcendentalists, and What about board contracts? As term primus commences, we happily have the answers to these questions.

The abrupt disappearance of board contracts at a faculty get-together left each of the seven Blocks with a large, rectangular volume of roughly 80K cu. ft. It was D. R. “Dirty Rod” Schmidt, D. D. (Doctor of Delight), noted pornographer and occasional Blockmaster, who conceived NTGB-neo-Transcendentalist subblocks. “We then had no problem filling 30 or 40 newts in each Block,” Dr. Schmidt explained with ill-concealed glee. “And almost all the upper Transcendentalists get single—even in the North Blocks.”

Each subblock will consist of 15 to 20 bunkbeds with bureaus and desks scattered about. No sinks or other vital plumbing is included, although Dr. Schmidt recognizes the need for such items. “Camelot wasn’t built in a fortnight, you know,” he said, explaining the lack.

All subblocks will have access to the Block kitchens, so no overcrowding of the rest of a Block’s facilities is expected. However, the necessary increase in the maid and maintenance services is expected to affect costs. The Blocks’ manager, Bobwhite Gangreen, [who is understandably bitter after losing half his title over the summer], has said that “the cost of maintaining the NTGB’s will come under room contract, instead of board contract, as they did when they were dining halls in the days of old when men were men and giants walked the earth. We expect the cost per Transcendentalist to be about 140 pinball games per fortnight.”

Gangreen could not explain why the added income from the additional on-campus newts would not offset the expected expense. He did mention that the past year’s budget had been slightly overspent, due to his personal fact-finding visits to colleges in Great Britain, France, Italy and Switzerland. The trips were for experiencing alternatives to the Block system, he claimed.

The ease in the pressure of housing newts have cancelled plans to turn Megacan into a nine-story apartment building. In this latest reversal of plans, it now appears that Megacan will serve as a student union, succeeding Lossett, as well as a four-sided billboard; plans continue to be discussed among the faculty to invite colleagues from the major scientific institutions to take advantage of the structure—e.g., for earthquake symphonies, the Megacan accelerator, etc.

As a final touch, each of the NTGB will be given several exhibits from the successful surrealism exhibit, brought to Camtrans last year by Dr. Schmidt. They will attempt to inspire the newts through the long year that lies ahead.

Darbs’ Dope Ration Cut

by Lt. Squirrel

When oil tycoon Cross McColumn, in reaction to the sign placed on the side of Megacan Library by the members of Dabless House, withdrew his offer of a one million dollar donation to the Institute. Several days later he announced that he would reconsider his decision if the Dabs were disciplined, and brought into line.

The immediate reaction from the administration was that while it was bad to lose a megabuck, it would be worse to punish Dabless House for expressing its opinions.

Over the next few weeks the Institute administration found that they didn’t have as much money as they thought they did. “That megabuck represents 3% of our endowment,” said Dan Money-schmo, Institute Finance Minister. “This isn’t a sound way to run a business.”

Hardly Mortal, Institute Power Behind the Throne, was wary of treading on people’s Constitutional rights, even if they were Dabs. “Freedom of speech is freedom of speech, and...”

“A million dollars is a million dollars,” interrupted Blob J. Christ, Institute No. 2.

“Blob’s right,” interjected Money-schmo, “We’ve got to set our priorities.”

“It’s agreed, then,” said Harvey Black. “I’ll assign Dirty Rod... I mean Dr. Smith, to punish Dabless House.”

And punish it he did. For starters, he ordered the Dabs to shower each other, which they performed zealously.

Feeling that this was not enough, he further ordered that they not be given desserts for a week, and that their dope ration be cut off for a month. At this point, twenty Dabs left the Institute. As further punishment, and in light of the fact that they didn’t need the space anymore anyway, he turned the alleys of Lower Seven and East Five over to Laquer House, which they renamed “Colonies” and “The Light at the End of Tunnel.”

Teams of Phlegms and Gophers were hired to pelt Dabless House with oranges and charcoal, respectively. All game room privileges were revoked for the rest of the year. In a final move, adding insult to injury,Blank Jockstrap was ordered to act as Mr. McColumn’s personal chauffeur for a period of one month.

Devoted Patriot

Hailed by Nixon

WASHINGTON (DEI)—Rupert Arnold Phlag has been awarded the Presidential Certificate for Heroism and Patriotism, the White House announced today.

Phlag, a newly-commissioned second lieutenant in the Air Force, is being cited for his dedication to the high ideals and objectives of the Presidency, as well as his enlightened and intelligent reactionism. Evidence of his true devotion made nationwide headlines earlier this month, as he and another student single-handedly stopped a mob of lawless radicals from burning down the school administration building. After receiving a $1,000,000 reward from oil tycoon Cross McColumn for his actions, Phlag won the admiration of Americans everywhere by donating the entire amount to the Watergate Bail Fund.

A senior at the Camelot Institute of Transcendentalism, Phlag plans a lifetime career in the Air Force as a second Lieutenant.
I'm Mark.

Fly Me To Saginaw!
You’ve Been Rooked!

Korznofski New C.I.T. Chess Chump

by Boris Fischer

In a most astounding series of games, last Tuesday night, Vladimir Korznofski emerged victorious and is the new Chess champion of the Camelot Institution of Transcendentalism.

A total unknown before the series of matches got underway, Korznofski amazed the audience with his subtle unnerving effect upon his opponents.

In the first game, Korznofski played Black against Johnny Johnston of the Bio Department. Johnston opened with a standard King’s Pawn. Details follow:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>White</th>
<th>Black</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>P–K4</td>
<td>P–QR4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N–KB3</td>
<td>N–QB3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P–Q4</td>
<td>NxB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NxN</td>
<td>P–R3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BxR</td>
<td>PxP</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N–QB3</td>
<td>P–R4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B–K3</td>
<td>P–K4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N–B3</td>
<td>B–N2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NxP</td>
<td>BxP</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NxB</td>
<td>B–B5c</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P–QB3</td>
<td>NxB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>QxP</td>
<td>Q–B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R–Q</td>
<td>QxPch</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dies Laughing</td>
<td>Dies Laughing</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. P–K4
2. N–KB3
3. P–Q4
4. NxN
5. BxR
6. N–QB3
7. B–K3
8. N–B3
9. NxP
10. NxB
11. P–QB3
12. QxP
13. R–Q
14. Dies Laughing

In the final game, a winner take all event, Korznofski faced the defending champion, and winner of the C.I.T. event for the last three consecutive years, Biff Boff. Boff set the maddening pace early (playing White) and assumed instantaneous control of the game. He immediately began constructing the dreaded filled file, but he had never met a player like Korznofski before! Korznofski sat back and played passively, waiting for that nervous twitch, that sign of weakness. Boff slowly advanced his king to the final rank...

And Queened it! There it was, the mistake Korznofski had been waiting for! Korznofski pointed out that Boff no longer had a King, and thus had lost the game. The judges agreed.

Next...

Korznofski announced that his next opponent would be Bob Fisher of Page House. Fisher was not available for comment; however, many Page Dudes were overheard to say, “He’s not that Fisher.”

Good luck, Vladimir.

Johnston forfeited the game and the match by letting his time clock run out after he died.

Sweeping Victories

The second and third matches followed in the same manner, Korznofski winning by forfeit after his opponents keel over. It looked like there was to be no stopping his relentless march to victory.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>White</th>
<th>Black</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>P–QN4</td>
<td>P–K4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P–N5</td>
<td>P–Q4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P–QR4</td>
<td>B–QN5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P–R5</td>
<td>N–KB3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P–QB3</td>
<td>B–QB5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Q–N3</td>
<td>0–0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P–Q3</td>
<td>P–Q5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>B–N5</td>
<td>P–B3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NxB</td>
<td>QxN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N–QB3</td>
<td>Dies Laughing</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

White
1. P–K4
2. Q–B3
3. QxN
4. P–Q3
5. N–QB3
6. B–K2
7. N–R3
8. PxP
9. BxN
10. N–KB3
11. P–K4
12. Q–B3

Black
1. P–QR4
2. P–Q4
3. B–QN5
4. N–KB3
5. B–QB5
6. 0–0
7. P–Q5
8. P–B3
9. QxN
10. BxN
11. N–KB3

In Bridge

We Trust

by Hoo Delt Mes

This week’s bridge column gives an example of what can happen to players when their minds are not on the game. As all veteran bridge punters know, such situations come up from time to time, and can be deadly to the ambitious aspirations of bridge players great and small.

The hand was taken from a recent Caltech Dupe-licate tournament, at a table comprised of people we shall call Batch, Lorelei, Rube, and the Greek, playing South, West, North by Northwest, and East, respectively. In this particular case the confusion was multiplied by both teams not having their minds on the game. Nor was the matter helped by the fact that nobody noticed that an old pinochle deck had become mixed up with their cards. The deal was a trifling erratic as well; possibly
Quotations of D. S. Cohen

Gap-Bridging

because the dealer was unable to see over the top of the table. The hands
looked like this:

North
S —
H x
D K
C KQJxxxxxx

West
S xxxxxxxx
H AQxxxxx
D —
C —

East
S AKQJ10
H J
D QK Ax
C x

South
S Ax
H K
D xxxxxxxx
C AAKx

The bidding opened with South bidding a short club, which figured.
West promptly exposed strength in major suits. After the enthusiasm of the
other players at the table had run its course, East announced the intention of
redoubling. North got a word in edgewise to bid an unidentified number of
clubs, but West announced a preference for diamonds, or at least
hearts. South mistook this comment to indicate a switch to a different card
game, and was prepared to slip three to West until reminded that not everyone
had made a pass yet. After this oversight was remedied, South recalled the earlier
bids and decided to go for slam. Unfortunately, he accidentally bid it in
the wrong suit, but since North was operating under a different bidding
system and took that bid to be a request for strength in tens, and West
overbid with eight spades ("I can count! See, right there!") South was off the
hook. East, figuring that his true strength had not yet been shown, raised
slightly to show spade strength, but after his bid of a royal flush had been
appropriately dealt with, all parties agreed to a contract of 8 1/2 hearts.

I will not attempt to explain here the playing of this hand, which defies
comprehension. Suffice it to say that lack of proper attention almost resulted
in disaster. Don't let it happen to you!

You multiply by X and integrate
because it works. (11/1)
I want to show you a trick. It's amusing. If you're not amused, forget it.
(11/17)
The Watson transform is not a the, it's an a... You sort of back into the right
answer the right way. (11/20)
I hope F's aren't too hard to come by either. (12/8)
All we have to do is write that mess as
something easy... plus all the other
junk. (12/8)
The people in the wind tunnel kept
seeing this phenomenon, and the
mathematicians kept telling them "It
isn't there."
This is the equation for the miserable
vibrating string. (1/24)
For the rest of the year we are going to
find answers where we don't know
what's going on. (2/14)
The answer is no, but it usually turns
out in applications you can get away
with it for a while. (2/26)
It's going to be a remarkable thing that
everything I do always works. (3/28)
Why it isn't so clear should be
immediately obvious. (3/30)
I just did it to make it look like the
theory. (4/7)
The question is "What's the answer?"
(4/11)
I see what I want to see rather than
what's there. (4/13)
The Fourier Integral Theorem holds
under very weak conditions: It works
for functions which are not functions.
(4/20)
I'm going to continue to be sneaky
when I don't tell you I am, (5/11)
Stopping at this point in the problem is
worse than stopping at the beginning.
(5/17)
Nothing's happening at infinity. Infinity
is Kansas City, maybe. (5/23)

Doctor I's Solar Proton Band

Five years ago today
Doctor Gator taught the band to play,
And we've spent so many thousand dollars
To inform a few eccentric scholars.
So let me introduce to you
(Computer paper stacked to here)
Doctor Gator's Solar Proton Band!!!
(Short trombone solo recored for line-printer and
keypunch: Screech screechescreechescreechescreechescreech
screechchunkchunkchunkchunk, etc.)
We're Doctor Gator's Solar Proton Band
We hope you will enjoy the show.
Doctor Gator's Solar Proton Band
Sit back and let your money go.
Doctor Gator's Solar, Doctor Gator's Solar
Doctor Gator's Solar Proton Band.
It's wonderful to be here, the pay is such a thrill,
We hope the Defense Department will let us send some
spaceprobes up
We'd love to send more spaceprobes up.
I don't really want to get to work,
But the gadget has to leave the earth,
And we thought you might like to know
That this time we think it's going to go.
So let me introduce to you
(Hector Valdez gives a cheer)
Doctor Gator's Solar Proton Band!
Chapter XI:
The Insatiable Photo Troll!

AND EXPECT NO HELP FROM THE TECH TRIO, FOR, JUST AS I HAVE STOLEN LT. SQUIRREL’S POWERS, I HAVE SENT RE-ZONK AND JELLO ON A MERRY CHASE THRU THE STEAM TUNNELS!

IT WASN’T THAT MUCH FUN.

Oh, I wouldn’t say that!

SMASH MATCH!

AND “GET ‘EM” THE TECH TRIO DOES.

CAPTAIN JELLO FIGHTS THE DEMONS WITH HIS RUSTY JELLO-GUN.

THAT’S “TRUSTY,” TOAD.

Maj. Re-Zonk withers the demons with his bolts of Argonian soul energy.

LIEUTENANT SQUIRREL, DERIVED OF THE POWER OF SUPER-MOLE, GETS SICK AND THROWS UP ALL OVER.

While Mike Mego fights as well as he can.

BUT EVENTUALLY EVEN THE INSATIABLE PHOTO TROLL REALIZES THAT HIS CAUSE IS HOPELESS!

IT’S TIME TO UNLEASH MY SECRET WEAPON!

THE PHOTO TROLL LEAPS INTO THE GO-CART—AND—

ARGH CRUNCH!

RUNS EVERYONE DOWN!

IS THIS THE END OF THE TECH TRIO?

WAS THIS THEIR LAST GASP?

WE MAY NEVER KNOW!