

The CALIFORNIA Tech

Volume LXXIV

Pasadena, California, Thursday, May 31, 1973

Number 31

That Was The Year That Was - Or Was It?

by millikan jayhat 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, furniture, 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 allieviate 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 famous party promised "semi-infinite ethanol and over 200 Scripsies." The ethanol was there, the Scripsies were another matter. Dabney took top honors for a panel entitled "The Mystery" in the Beautify 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 snuck 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. ... Taras 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 blunder, "The Toad Monster that Devoured Page House."

Page chose the sewers of Paris as a theme, highlighted by an operating

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The CALIFORNIA Tech

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sewer the length of the house, ending in a bordello/discoteque. Blacker became the seven circles of hell, with Bryan Jack pronouncing sentence on passers-through. Ricketts did a house of horrors (they acted normal).

Down It Goes

Ruddock became Wonderland, including an Alice, the Rabbit, a maze, and a macro chess game. Lloyd stuck to the notion that Interhouse Dance should have dancing, providing a band but doing no major construction. Dabney, as usual, closed for Interhouse.

To insure that the year ended properly, the last Throop Three appeared over Christmas vacation, beating the wrecking ball by only days. With Techdom departed for Christmas, the headache ball began to batter the old administration building, once the only building on campus, into nothing but rubble and memories.

Locking Horns

The master key issue emerged as a Great Social Concern during the latter part of first and most of second terms. Increasing unauthorized use of master keys and the existence on campus of student locksmiths manufacturing and selling masters to all comers provoked the debate, which culminated in a BOC policy statement requiring owners of masters to take responsibility for the conduct of those they lend their keys to.

Over a howl of protest, the Bookstore abandoned staying open an extra hour. Reverting to a 4:30 closing time scuttled an experimental change (for the better, we feel) won by student groups only after a long battle.

\$3K Flop

With almost no advance publicity, even on campus, and set for the first weekend of second term, the failure of the ASCIT-sponsored Country Joe concert seemed inevitable in retrospect. Unfortunately, that simple lesson in timing and P. R. cost ASCIT \$3000, and an additional loss of about \$600 on deposits for concerts cancelled in wake of the disaster.

Indications of an impending crisis with food service appeared early in second term, as more and more students wanted to get off board contract. Losing customers added to the losses already mounting for Canteen, and the prospect of losing more customers brought on the specter of lower quality, which would drive more students off board contract which...

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 insure 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 Athenaeum 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 Board of Directors. Oliver got through the primary and into a 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 Peisner, who had been acting treasurer since Steve Wat's resignation, defeated Mark Boals to take the post full-time. Phil Massey took over as Secretary, turning back a write-in campaign by Joe Carlsen; 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?????

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No Doz 36's	1.19	1.03	.16
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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 prereg. 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 for 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 Buildings and Grounds committee 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 revelations about Watergate seemed to close ever more tightly around the President of the United States, Dabney undertook to advertize their sentiments (and have some good, clean, Techish 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 apolitical 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 F's, 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 approximately 180 ASCIT members in attendance voted on five resolutions, each of which passed overwhelmingly. The resolutions 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 F's on transcripts.

Math Wins Option Derby

Surprising almost everyone, the math option proved the most popular choice of freshmen, with 37 enlistees against 32 each for Physics and Engineering. Biology came in third; Chemistry fourth. Two frosh 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, frosh... 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 good 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

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DUSTIN HOFFMAN
ANNE BANCROFT
KATHARINE ROSS




ACADEMY AWARD WINNER
BEST DIRECTOR—MIKE NICHOLS
1967

MUST
END
TUES.

THE GRADUATE TECHNICOLOR

CO-HIT

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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, $\Delta(\text{food service}) = 0$.

When it first became apparent that the present system of food service (waited meals, both kitchens operating for dinner) was going to cost another $\$.75\text{-day}^{-1}$ 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.

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.

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 Athenaeum faculty club at 3 p.m. Friday.

Cadets who will be commissioned are Steven L. Heisler, Monterey, Calif.; Mark Kritchevsky, 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.

TWYTW-OWI

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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 on-going 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.



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 M. Etienne Decroux is now in New York, the head of his own studio.

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

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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 semifinal. 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.

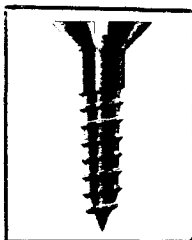
Kleinsasser has had personal records this year in the 440 (49.4), 880

(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 outstanging 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 quite 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!*



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Flems Win Battle Dudes Take War

by Bob Kieckhefer

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 376½-360. 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

News Briefs

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.

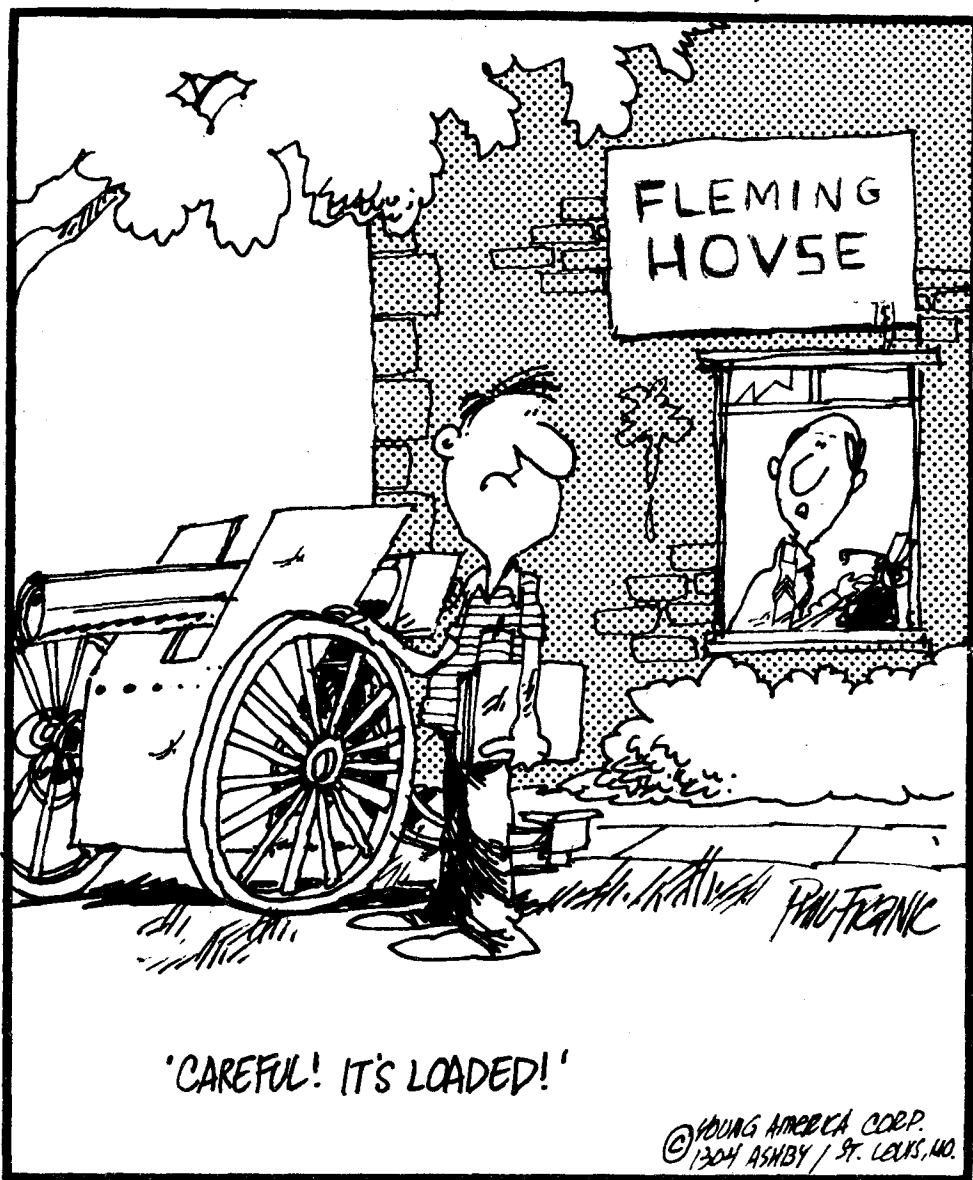
PME Revival Promises Better World Wars

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.

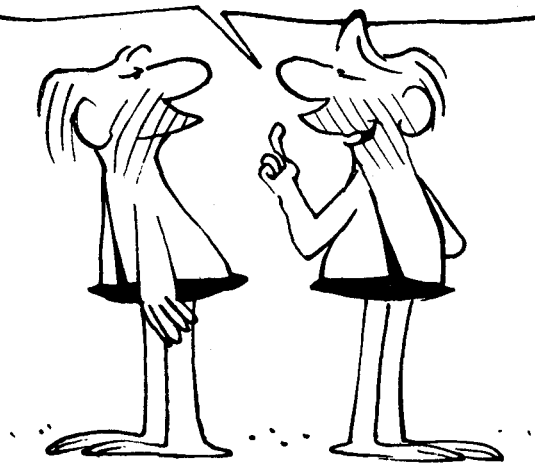
frankly speaking by Phil Frank



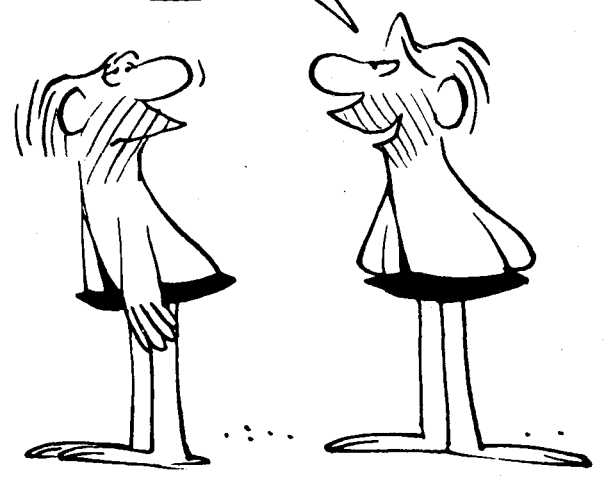
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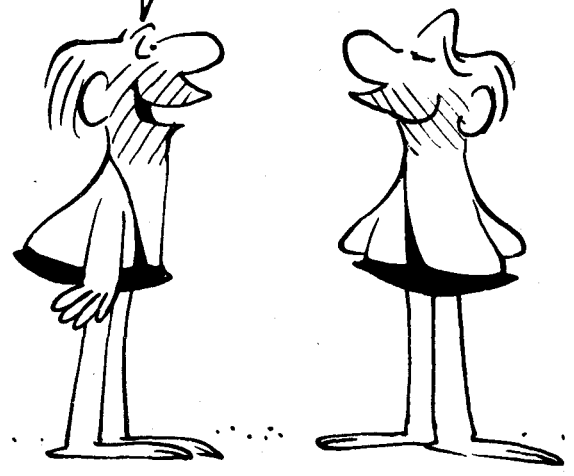


LOOKING FOR SOME ACTION ?

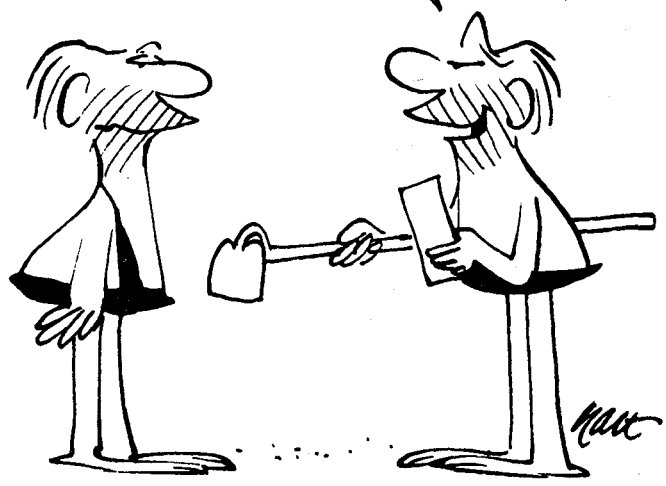


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Marceau

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 flies, disappearing and appearing as fast as the pea under the nut shells.

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



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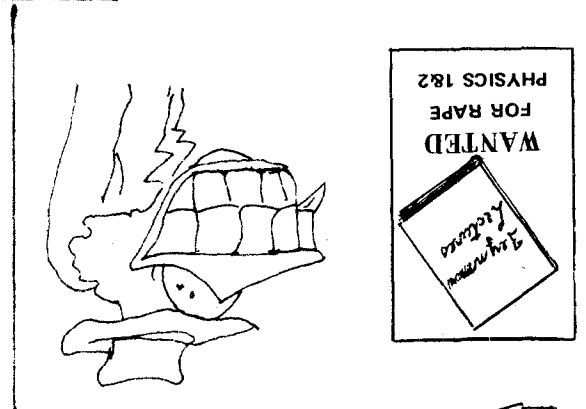
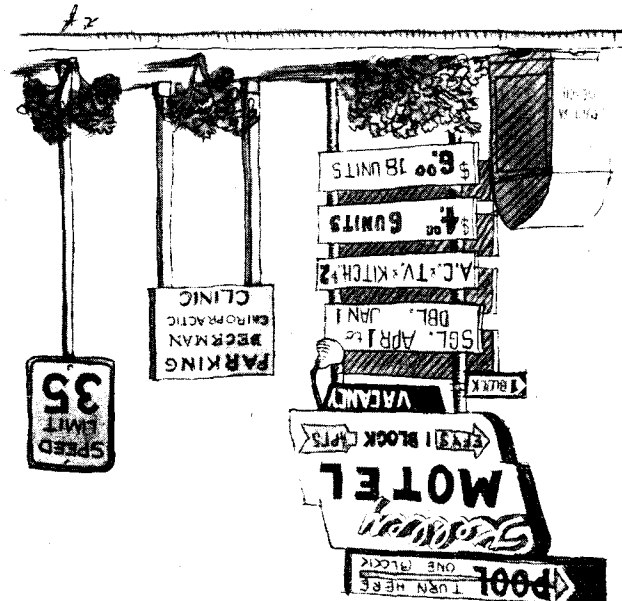
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by Phil Frank



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"Annass, tis the wrong time of the bumth."

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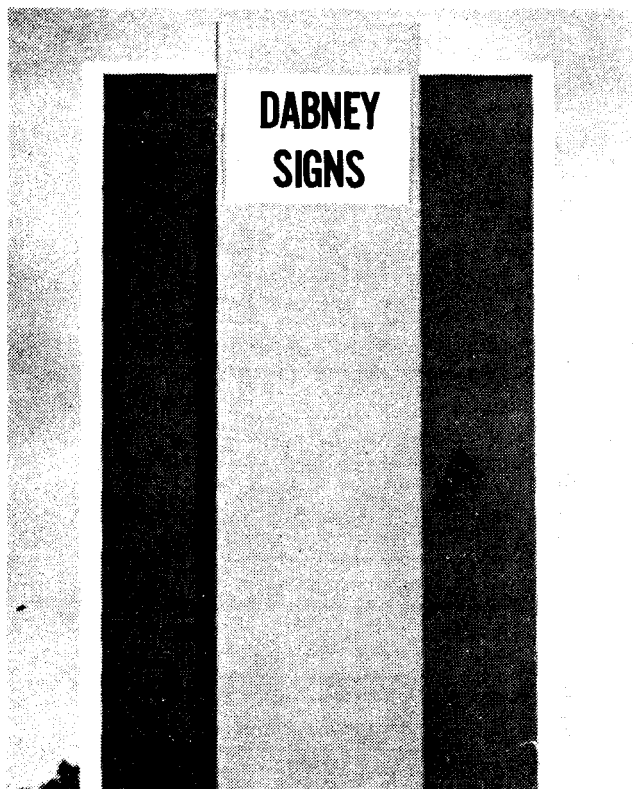
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THE HOT THROBBING RIVET

May 31, 1973



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Thank you,



E. Shrdlu



THROBBIT

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THE HOT THROBBING RIVET

Throopday, January 151, 1985
Vol. 2, Ant-Balfe Number 69

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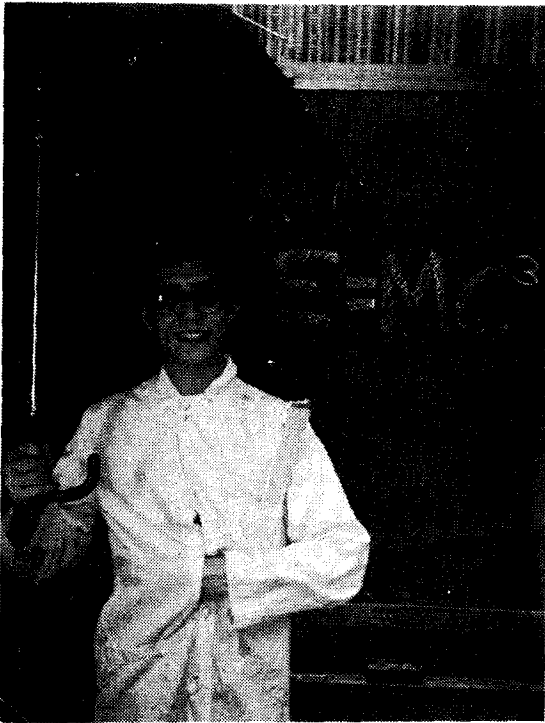
Is this Ross McCollum?

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entitled

TOAD-DOM

Garble Tom, Aleph-Null

by David Miller

“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 excruciatingly . . .

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 ‘Glurkhh!’ 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, thought 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 dismaying 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 illimitably 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, swinging 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 dumpy 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 Ridiculousa. 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 corallike 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 and—”

“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 innerview 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."

"Or-gan-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 Intertime Highway Aleph-Null, hardly stopping to wonder at the fact that people from Melancholy, and Aquaregia in the ancient Hydronium 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 Pasadecency it's giant Venus flytraps and talking bats; In Antarctica, 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 Vasilievich 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 Pasadecency and if there was anything to that Dread Dormammu 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 coinventor 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 Pasadecency, 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 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-VOOMPTY, ORMPTY-GORMPTY, ROMPTY-BROMPTY, 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 way was. Unfortunately for him, as he was driving down the Pasadecency 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 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 secilians, 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*

*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 rhumba
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

*When you're leery, feeling tapped,
When bugs are in you walls, I will get them capped;
I'm on your side. When times get tough
And friends all seem corrupt.
Like a bridge over Watergate troubles
I will cover up.
Like a bridge over Watergate troubles
I will cover up.*

*When you're out and down,
When you're on the stand,
When Ervin grills so hard
I will substantiate you.
I'll back your claims.
When Newsweek calls
And Time is all around,
Like a bridge over Watergate troubles
I will cover up.
Like a bridge over Watergate troubles
I will cover up.*

*Sail on Ehrlichman,
Sail on Dean,
Your time has gone to shine.
All your dreams are down the drain.
See how they squirm.
When you need a freind
I'll be your guiding light.
Like a bridge over Watergate troubles
I will not indict.
Like a bridge over Watergate troubles
I will not indict.*

by Moronic Dildo Doctor

Here, for your enjoyment is the official Caltech drinking song for use on Polish Constitution Day or any other suitable occasion. As you sing the song substitute the appropriate integer for the n 's and put the corresponding phrase in for the / /.

*The Trolls go marching n by n, Hooray, Hurrah!
The Trolls go marching n by n, Hooray, Hurrah!
The Trolls go marching n by n,
/ /
And they all go marching
Down into the tunnels
To get out of the snow.
Troll, troll, troll, troll.
Troll, troll, troll, troll.*

*n / /
1 The Fleming one stops to shoot off a gun.
3 The Ruddock one signs and does it with glee.
9 The Dabney one goes and puts up a sign.
7 The Blacker one makes some smoke up in Heaven.
4 The Ricketts one does it all over the floor.
10 The Lloydies are given the Hagan prize hen.
2 If Page jocks read this, lord knows what they'd do.*

President Accused of Bugging

by Dick O'Malley

Blark Jockstrap, president of ASSKISS, has been accused by his opponent, Dove Dreht, 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. Flogg, 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 Dreht'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 very 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 goddamn 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 Dreht's room holding cartons of electronic equipment.

Dove Dreht'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 Dreht would enter into a showdown with Jockstrap without considerable ammunition. Indeed, his recent record for revealing unpleasant truths is impressive.

It was Dreht 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 Dreht who informed the *Tech* that there had been meetings of the Dabless House Sexcom at which plans for the bugging were discussed.

Beyond the Valley of the Dreht

The argument reaches even beyond Dreht. "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. Dreht'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 Dreht'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. Dreht insisted that the Sexcom had no knowledge that the Jockstrap spooks were planning a domestic burglary, and that had the group known that Jockstrap was planning to bug Dreht, they would have cut off all logistic support. But this

Baby Building Born

the hot THROBBING rivet
today
ruddock eleven

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 Throbbit), 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, "Ve vill name him Maxwell-Boltzmann, in honor of mein vater who was killed vile raising gamma rays to ze fourth power."

unquestioned acquiescence to a Dabless House phone call by the Sexcom seemed shocking. It was also a flagrant abuse of the agency by presidential aides. It raised—but left unanswered—the vexing question of just what other secret activities the Sexcom has conducted within the Institute.

Blark Jockstrap pledged that his nominee for Special Prosecutor of the case will make sure that the guilty are punished. "They will get to the bottom of this thing," Jockstrap vowed. Yet in another sense, prosecutors and the courts got to the bottom of the case last January when the *Californicator Tech* found out about it. A more momentous and agonizing question remains: What name will the *Tech* give its new Flossie?

Letters of congratulations poured into the campus mail from throughout the country. Also a letter from Sam Wasp of Palo Alto which read: "Libarys 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. Robbit 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 Camelot 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

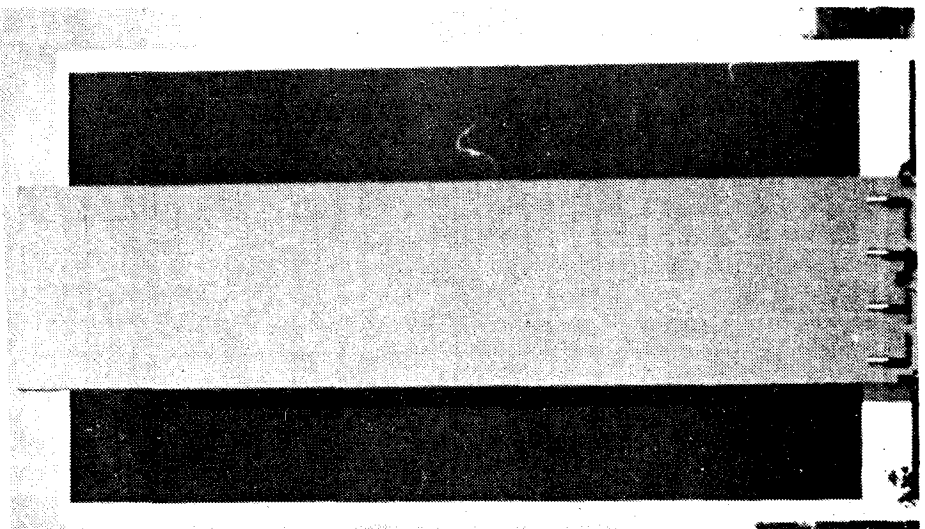
ASSKISS President Blark Jockstrap was indicted today on two counts of attempted murder. The alleged victims are E. Squirrel Mole, *Californicator Tech* editor; and Cecil N. Beeny, Featureless editor of the same yellow rag.

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



MEGACAN LIBRARY, currently recuperating from her tiring ordeal, is proud of her new child. Note the proud glow of confidence exuding from her pores.

VOMIT

Continued from Page Eleven

Squirrel grabbed desperately at the legs of a few bystanders, gasping, "Help me, please, ohh..." The concerned spectators led him to a bed to rest and recuperate. Meanwhile the drug worked even deeper into Mole's system. While being transported back to Pasadena, Mole's body revolted and followed its survival instincts. Severe nausea overcame Mole, and he lost his dinner. This nearly blinded the driver, Dave Pissner, who was trying to negotiate the Ventura Freeway at the time. Pissner nearly lost control of the car as a result, which would have been a merciful end for that a-----.

Try, Try, Again

The second attempt by Jockstrap was engineered immediately before the May staph party at the home of Bread Munchings, *Tech* advisor. The target this time was Cecil N. Beeny, who was subsequently to release the first hint of Jockstrap's own Watergate (see 5-17-73 issue and this issue).

Jockstrap again relied on an evil, mind-altering drug to eliminate Beeny. He (Jockstrap) apparently intercepted a gift of brownies from typist Pretty Horney to Beeny, and injected the drug into the confections. The brownies were to be taken to the party.

Beeny decided to have a few of the contaminated brownies. Alas! He later recalled, "They tasted awfully like burnt leaves." As Beeny arrived at the party, the drug began its malicious work. He began muttering incoherently, sometimes shouting, "Turn off the lights, dammit!" He staggered into Munchings' backyard, collapsed in a chair, and started talking to Horney.

"Rub my ears, Pretty, no, not those, the big furry ones up here... ah, that's it," murmured Beeny. He suddenly tensed, mumbled, "Oh, nooo..." and ran out to the perimeter of the yard, where he upchucked the brownies. Beeny's sensitive metabolism saved his life and foiled Jockstrap.

Captain Dreht indicated he will not stop with this indictment. "I have much information, and little money," he cryptically commented. As a precaution, the rest of the *Tech* staff has been quarantined and their food carefully checked to prevent any further attempts (at anything). Visitors may call from 9 a.m. to 6 a.m., everyday except Tuesday, at Robinson pit (000000001).

McColum's Crude Gesture

by I. M. Wett

*"By the shores of Millikan Pondie,
By the slimy fountain water,
Stands the Swimming Pool McColumus,
The fifty-meter pool McColumus."*

With this Indian theme ringing out to all those gathered, Institute President Harvey Black dedicated the Cross McColum 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 McColum'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 erectors of this sign (Rich Keyfaker 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 McColum held back his megabuck donation because of Dabless House's 'Impeach Nixon' sign. Well, after Nixon was impeached and convicted, McColum 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 McColum Pool. And because McColum 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 Keyfaker 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

40.”]

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 Perilled in the 100 free and Fran Wetttest 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.



POMESHANNEY GLUPETZ, captain of the William Penn College squash team, gets up for a score in recent action against Cornell College. The flooded basketball court served as a water polo tank while Penn’s 49-cubit pool was under construction. Photo by Cliff O.



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Jockstrap’s Megabuck

In yet another unexpected and shocking move this week, irate oilman Cross McColumn 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 McColumn disapproved of the unpaid political advertising policies of Megacan Library.

No word was immediately received on why McColumn picked ASSKISS to be the recipient of his beneficence; 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 lucubrant.

News media analysts speculated that McColumn 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 McColumn obviously supported one President in similar troubles, it stood to reason that he would rally behind another. It was also speculated that McColumn 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). McColumn’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 McColumn’s largesse on his own personal situation. Pillif Messey, Jockstrap’s secretary for media messages, reported that Jockstrap

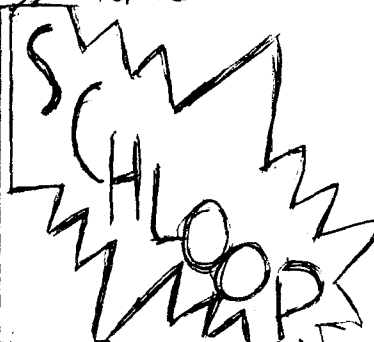
was of course delighted to receive this support at such a crucial time, and was very pleased to hear that all of his supporters had not joined the silent majority (or the poor one). Rumors circulating around Winnett Center claimed that Jockstrap had dispatched Captain Jello on a highly secret mission 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 Dreht said that he was desolated that Mr. McColumn 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. Drabney 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!



ASSKISS of Messey

Donut-Starved Fiends Applaud ASSKISS

by Pillif Messey

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 Messey (who showed up to play the juke-box 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!

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

Jockstrap: Yeah, does anybody have . . .

Messey: 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?

Messey: 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.

Messey: I call for a vote.

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

Messey: 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 *[smile]* 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.

Messey: 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.

Messey: 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?

Messey: Could you spell "election?"

Jockstrap: In favor? Opposed? Abstaining? Six.

Ruderford: Six what?

Coldman: Six? Oh . . .

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

Messey: 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 Sheller. 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 . . .*

Messey: Right, that's unanimous.

Intrahouse Scores

Dabney House	4
Blacker House	1
Fleming House	1
Page House	1
Ricketts House	1
Lloyd House	0
Ruddock House	0

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 tertius* 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 NTSB—neo-Transcendentalist subblocks. "We then had no problem fitting 30 or 40 newts in each Block, "Dr. Schmidt explained with ill-concealed glee. "And almost all the upper Transcendentalists get singles—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 of 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 NTSB'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 NTSB 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 McColum, 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 wrong 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-schmoe, 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-schmoe, "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, Blark Jockstrap was ordered to act as Mr. McColum'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.

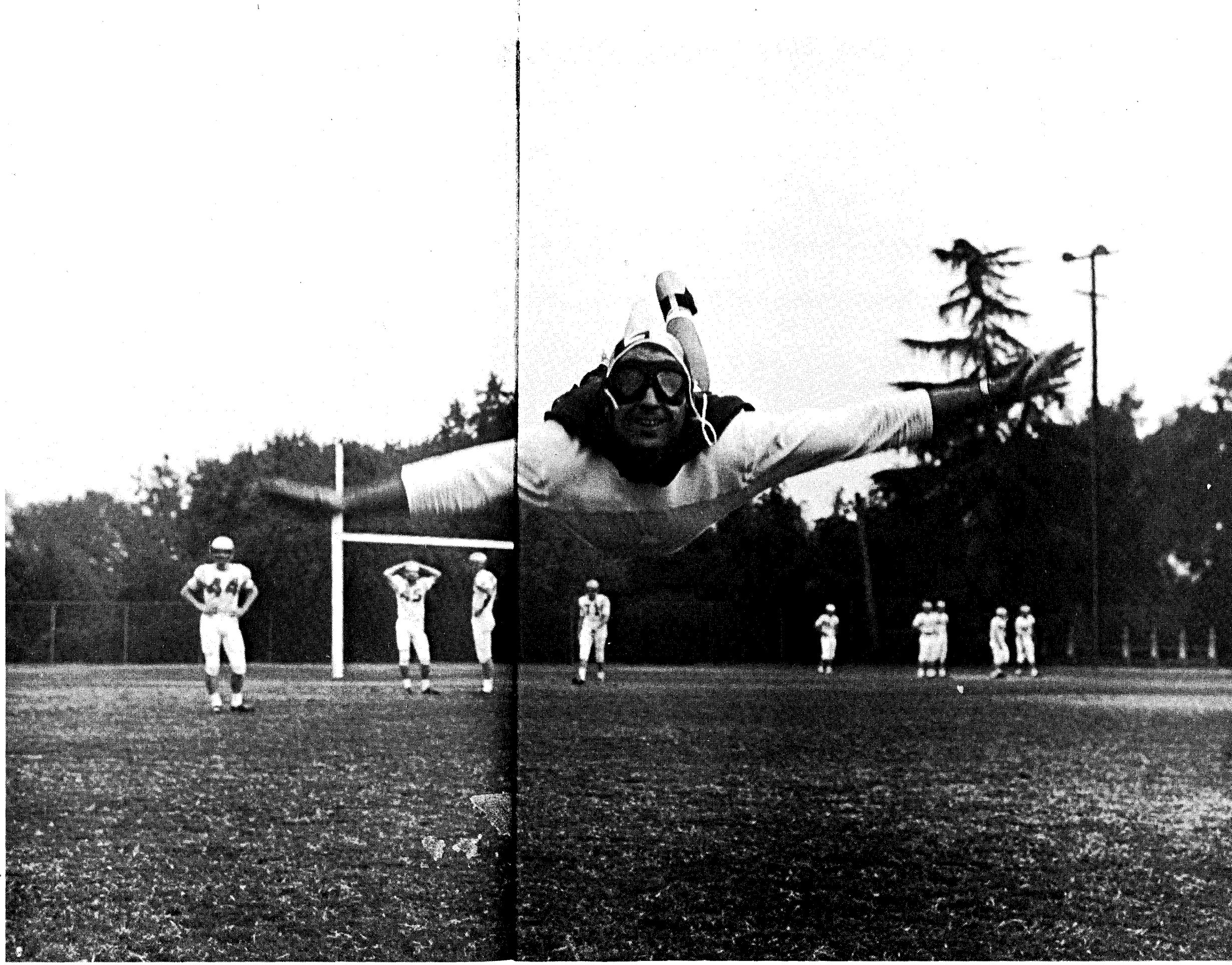
Phlag, a newly-commissioned second lieutenant in the Air Force, is being cited for his dedication to the high ideals and objectives of the Presidency, as well as his enlightened and intelligent reactionism. Evidence of his true devotion made nationwide headlines earlier this month, as he and another 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 McColum 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:

	White	Black
1.	P-K4	P-QR4
2.	N-KB3	N-QB3
3.	P-Q4	NxP
4.	NxN	R-R3
5.	BxR	PxB
6.	N-QB3	P-R4
7.	B-K3	P-K4
8.	N-B3	B-N2
9.	NxP	BxP
10.	NxB	B-B5ch
11.	P-QB3	B-Q3
12.	NxB	PxN
13.	QxP	Q-B
14.	R-Q	QxPch
15.	Dies Laughing	

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.

	White	Black
1.	P-QN4	P-K4
2.	P-N5	P-Q4
3.	P-QR4	B-QN5
4.	P-R5	N-KB3
5.	P-QB3	B-QB5
6.	Q-N3	0-0
7.	P-Q3	P-Q5
8.	B-N5	P-B3
9.	NPxP	NPxP
10.	QxN	RxN
11.	PxP	BxP
12.	BxN	QxB
13.	N-QB3	Dies Laughing

	White	Black
1.	P-K4	N-KB3
2.	Q-B3	P-K4

3.	QxN
4.	P-Q3
5.	N-QB3
6.	P-B3
7.	B-K2
8.	N-R3
9.	PxB
10.	PxB
11.	K-B
12.	K-K
13.	K-K
14.	K-K2
15.	K-K3
16.	P-B4
17.	B-K2
18.	B-Q2

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 . . .

	White	Black
1.	N-QB3	P-KN4
2.	N-R4	P-N5
3.	N-N6	RPxN
4.	N-B3	PxN
5.	NPxP	B-R3
6.	P-K4	B-K6
7.	QPxB	P-QB4
8.	P-N3	N-KR3
9.	B-KR3	P-N4
10.	P-R3	P-B5
11.	PxP	P-Q4
12.	BPxQP	B-B4
13.	PxB	P-K3
14.	QPxP	QxQch
15.	KxQ	N-N
16.	PxPch	K-Q2
17.	R-K	N-K2
18.	R-QN	P-N5
19.	PxP	N-Q4
20.	B-QN2	N-B5
21.	PxN	R-Q
22.	B-B6	R-R7
23.	B-B	R-QB
24.	R-N2	R-R3
25.	K-K2	R-B4
26.	PxR	R-Q3
27.	PxR	N-B3

28.	RxPch	K-B
29.	R-K8ch	KxR
30.	P-R4	N-K2
31.	PxN	K-B2
32.	R-QB8ch	KxR
33.	B-K5	K-Q2
34.	P-B4	KxP
35.	B-B6ch	K-Q3
36.	K-K3	P-R4
37.	K-K4	K-B4
38.	B-N2	KxP
39.	B-Bch	K-B4
40.	K-K5	K-N5
41.	K-K6	K-R4
42.	K-K7	K-R5
43.	K-B8 (Q)	

Dies Laughing

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* Fischer."

Good luck, Vladimir.

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 trifle 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	KQJxxxxxxx		
West				East
S	xxxxxxx		S	AKQJ10
H	AQxxxxxx		H	J
D	—		D	KQAx
C	—		C	x
		South		
	S	Ax^{-1}		
	H	K		
	D	xxxxxxx		
	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 8½ 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 rescored for line-printer and
 keypunch: Screech screechscreechscreechscreechscreech
 screechchunkchunkchunk, 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!*

MARKING
AN ERA OF GREATNESS!



Chapter XI:
the Insatiable Photo Troll!

HAHAHAHAH!
NOTHING CAN SAVE YOU NOW,
MIKE MEO! FOR THESE ARE
THE DEMONS OF DENAK!



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



OH, I
WOULDN'T
SAY THAT!

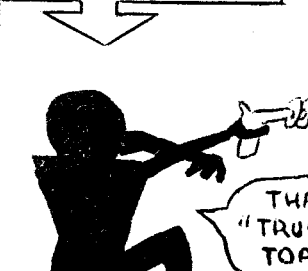
IT WASN'T
THAT MUCH
FUN.



LET'S
GET
'EM,
ERIC!

AND "GET 'EM" THE TECH TRIO DOES.

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



THAT'S
"TRUSTY,"
TOAD.

MAJOR BE-ZONK WITHERS
THE DEMONS WITH HIS
BOLTS OF ARGONIAN
SOUL ENERGY.



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

HELP! HELP!

WHILE MIKE
MEO 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
B4G
GO-CART!

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



RUNS EVERYONE
DOWN!

IS THIS THE END OF
THE TECH TRIO?

WAS THIS
THEIR LAST
GASP?

WE MAY NEVER KNOW!