

LOS ANGELES

FREE
PEST

WOOD: MUSAK

JACHT: SPIKED WATER

CRUCK: WORLD LOVE GAMES

NO PLACE TO GO THIS WEEK

Interview with Nationalist Liu Chi DuMinh

Vol. 1, #1 (Issue #1)

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THE LOS ANGELES FREE PEST

June 1-7, 1967

Prometheus Leery And
New Fire ReligionThousands Circle Sacred
Pyre as Bodies Burn

RHODJHERR GOOD MAN

Dr. Prometheus Leery, founder of the League for Pyrogenic Discovery, ventured behind the Rose Curtain last week to talk at Caltech in Pasadena. For his appearance before the students, a special fireplace shrine was set up. Leery's program sought to acquire more converts to his new fire religion. The gathering was billed as a "poikilothermal religious celebration, with the use of heat-sensory meditation, symbol-overheat, mixed-up media, and ino-ocular kinetic energy."

A fiery speaker with a messianic air about him, Leery was fired from his former job as professor at Hot foot University because of inflammatory statements, and he has now devoted his life to spreading his gospel of pyromancy. His League for Pyrogenic Discovery has been growing for several years, and the membership now claims to have 69,000 fire power.

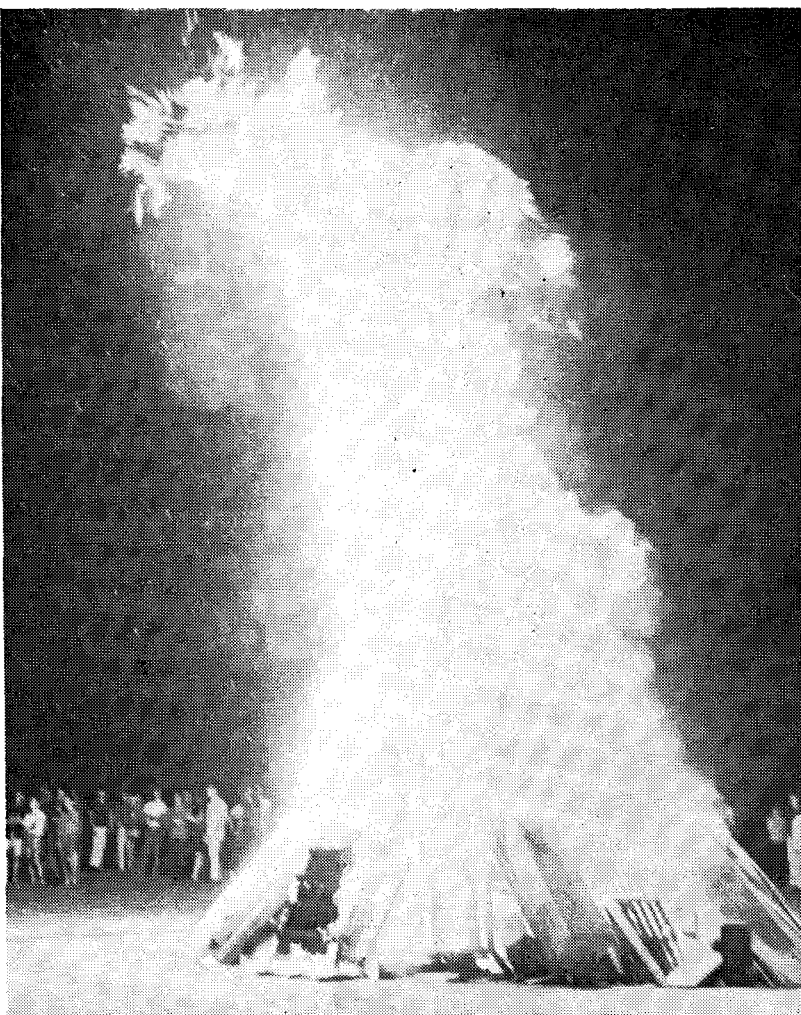
He is now on bail pending the outcome of his appeal of a 30-year sentence for the possession of phlogiston. His arrest came as the result of a raid on his headquarters when a fire alarm went off. His attorney, Herc U. Lees, has promised a vigorous legal battle to reverse the conviction. The League is working to legalize phlogiston, and Leery is beginning the battle by suing

the government for the right to import sacramental phlogiston.

Fire worship, when done correctly, is virtually harmless. Some worshippers use smoke while alone, but others claim that the best results come to those in groups. Since only ashes are present, they don't consider the practice to be a crime. They know when to stop, and the chance of a carbon monoxide overdose is almost nil. There are withdrawal symptoms, and only the most devout observe the ritual of self-immolation by fire on the traditional pyre.

While at Caltech, Leery also performed the special ceremony of book

burning. A mound of his religious writings was placed out on the field. Phlogiston was poured over the pile, and Leery himself applied the torch. The 40-foot flames rose heavenward, carrying up the sacred essence of the books. As the ashes fell, the converts received the spirit of the fire religion. Only one small incident marred the otherwise pure happening. One student, wielding a sawed-off fire extinguisher, approached the pulpit shouting threatening remarks. He was quickly subdued, seized, and offered up to the fire gods in atonement, leaving Dr. Prometheus Leery free once more to proselytize others to his sect.



KINETICALLY ENERGIZED CALTECH STUDENTS gather around ceremonial fire as Prometheus Leery expounds principles of new fire religion. The awesome scene took place at Tournament Park, home of another first, the original Rose Bowl.

Changes at Pasadena School

Lipped-Em's "Radio Free Static" Column
Makes Pest's Front Page

SLICE, PARROT, AND NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT: Pasadena—Caltech's new President and head of the Division of Humanities and Social Sciences, Dr. Allen Ginzburg today stated that he plans to demolish the present ten-story library to construct a \$5 million combination student center and whorehouse. This act, the second after his assumption of the position last June, follows close on the heels of an announcement making Caltech coed. President Ginzburg explained his action as follows in an interview with the Times of London: "After all, the girls have to have some way to work their way through college. This also will provide a sorely needed entertainment center on campus. Caltech is judged to be a pioneer in this area of campus reform, though there are reports that a group of Berkeley students have set up a Co-op paralleling this action of their competitor to the South."

Obviously the students made a wise choice when they blackmailed the Board of Trustees into installing as President DuMinh's successor their own choice. The memorial to this feat is the radioactive plot of ground that used to house Beckman Instruments before it was destroyed by a

fleet of student-built flying saucers. Maybe this will teach the Boards of other schools that they better listen when the younger generation speaks.

TUNE IN, TURN OFF, DROP DEAD: Seems that Prometheus Leery, head of the new Division of Mysticism and Applied Mythology at Caltech, is having his problems. According to a report in the student newspaper, the *California Dreck*, he is having trouble with the faculty of the Physics Department, which claims that the new freshman requirement of Psychedelics 1 and 2 makes it impossible to take more than one physics course in the first two years of study. Nobel Laureate Richard P. Feynman was unavailable for comment, as he is auditing several of Dr. Leery's courses. Frankly it's a good sign that both students and faculty can get together over a lid or two of pot after classes in the ASCIT-owned and operated opium den. With the greatest scientific brains in the country tripping out, they'll be in no shape to build a better A-bomb, or work on bacteriological warfare. I'd bet that if free pot and LSD were offered by large companies to their technical staff, they'd have a much easier time getting college grads to go into industry.

THE HIPPIY TAKEOVER: Well kiddes, your own Uncle Larry the Lip has returned just now from Reno, Nevada (oops, I mean Love, Nevada). I have seen the new hippy government in action. After a long discussion with Governor Emmet Grogg, I cut out to see for myself the hippy haven that our neighboring state has become. The state capital throbbled to the sound of a multitude of freakout groups, especially the likes of Hermaphrodite Hank and the Orgiastic Paramacia. Nearby I saw a group of draft protestors picketing the draft board where they were trying to persuade the middle-aged inductees to refuse to serve.

Throughout the state I saw the communal farms and industries run by various tribes of hippies and Indians, such as the Western Concession of the Zig Zag Mfg Co. I even stopped in the Sovereign State of Las Vegas, which seceded from the rest of Nevada when the influx of hippies made it evident that there was a psychedelic plot afoot to take over the state. With the State of Nevada issuing its own currency, \$5=1 lid (in Peyote We Trust), there are some problems with out-of-staters having a hard time buying things, but this is being worked out at present.



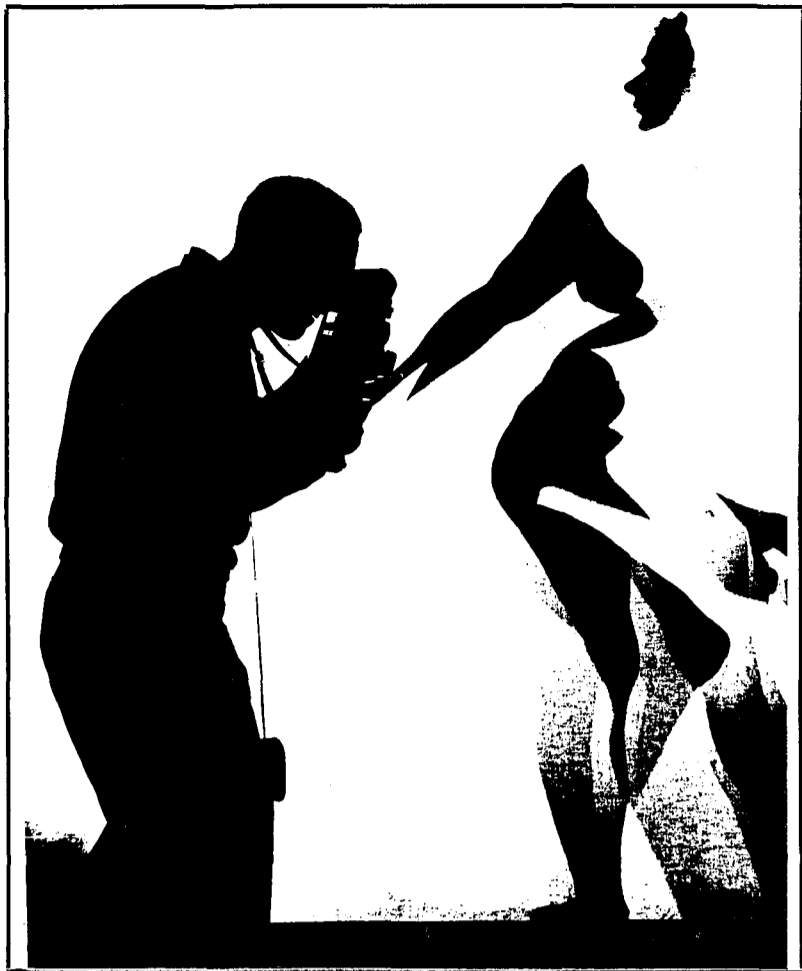
PROMETHEUS LEERY

NEW PSYCHEDELIC DRUG

(Reprinted from the "Berkeley Blob") New York—A reporter for the "EAST COTTAGE BOTHER" released today the startling news that a common foodstuff can easily be transmuted into a consciousness-expanding drug more powerful than LSD. Millard Q. Freeburg, reporter, editor, and publisher of the paper stated in an interview that horseradish can be used as a easily obtainable source of the psychedelic agent sodium ethidium glutamate (SEG). This chemical, which can be extracted from horseradish using only equipment that would normally be lying about your house (if you were an organic chemist), has twenty times the potency of LSD-25, and is

cumulative in its affect. Users report that they have seen visions of sugar-plums dancing in their heads.

The drug can be extracted from horseradish by taking ten pounds of solid horseradish, drying it in an oven at 237 degrees for seven-three hours, mashing it to a fine powder and boiling for two days. The remaining must be drained off and one bar of Ivory Soap should be dissolved in it and let stand for thirty minutes. The resulting gell can be mixed with gelatin to give trippy desserts. Unfortunately, sodium ethidium glutamate has been found to have one unexpected side-effect, namely that it is invariably fatal after two doses.



WORLD LOVE TO BEGIN WARMLY

CRUCK

The 69th Annual International Love Games (ILG) get under way today in the Demilitarized one between North and South Vietnam, as 753,284 entries—including eight penguins from Antarctica—from 78 countries all over the world pit their varied and well-developed skills against each other for the love-making championship of the world.

Italy and the other top contenders—India, China, and Caltech—will be trying to end a decade of French domination.

The four-day affair is expected to break all attendance records ever set by a sporting contest of any kind. Over two million spectators are expected to converge on the DMZ to view the Games. (A temporary truce will be in effect.)

The rules of the Games are simple and few: (1) Free sex (as defined by the International Fair Play for Lovers Committee) shall proceed uninhibited

until the whistle blows ending the event. (2) Love thy fellow competitor as thy husband or wife, boyfriend or girlfriend, pick-up or local whore. (3) Homosexuality shall be legal.

Performers are judged on an individual basis with scoring factors being drive, endurance, vigor, and initiative. The sums of the individual scores determine the final teams' scores. There are five categories of events: running events (to be held Thursday night), feel events (Friday), swimming (Saturday), bed events (Sunday), and car events (Sunday).

Tonight's running events should really be exciting as some of the world's most dangerous sex perverts chase some of the world's fastest, most well-adjusted heterophiles. Duals of particular interest should include:

(1) Hovobitch Bayesky of Russia trying to evade Caltech's noted veteran, Rapert P. Findmeaman. Findmeaman was last year's running events champion as he caught his victims in an average time of 14.68 seconds, setting the current world's record of 12:01 seconds in the process. Bayesky is a rookie who has never been caught in his 38 races so far.

(2) Italy's Dillidio Comegettini vs. Antarctica's Pricketina the Penguin shapes up to be a real battle. Comegettini is the world's fastest human (over any distance) and Pricketina is the world's fastest and most perverted female penguin. The *Pest* predicts that Caltech will be leading Games after tonight's action, with Italy second and France third.

Saturday's swimming events promise to be dominated by the teams from Spain and China. The U.S.A.'s Son Dollander should win the free-style dashes, but the U.S. lacks the depth of Spain and China. Spain's famed Don Juan Santio leads a half dozen proficient Spanish breast stokers against China's Meo Comma Mike and a strong Chinese team.

The bed and car events on Sunday traditionally result in a free-or-all where almost every competing nation scores equally well. The French are highly respected and considered very proficient in bed, but so are the Turks, Russians (Remember Dr. Zhivago?), and the penguins. Caltech men are without equal in the back-seat-of-the-car activities, but the Britons, Swedes, and Americans are no push-overs.

When it's all over—no matter who wins—I am convinced that few of those who witnessed the competition will disagree with the ILG motto: Love is a many-splendored thing. By the way, the war resumes in the DMZ early Monday morning.

WHAT'S HAPPENING

CAFES' MUSAK RAVAGED

DOOM LV8

Most people when dining out at this or that restaurant are often completely oblivious to the magnificent, harmonious sounds issuing forth from well-concealed speakers. The management of such an establishment has found "The Answer" to the desire of the average Americans need for Atmosphere—Musak. What is this "new form of music"? Where does it come from? Who writes it? What value is it? All these questions spring suddenly to mind when, while eating dinner, one discovers he is being subjected to the low, subtle sounds of musak.

"What is this new form of music" is simply answered.

It follows the brilliant harmonic schemes employed by Bach during the 17th century. Subtle nuances following romantic climaxes are all culminated in this great new form of musical expression. So much for the solid harmonic background upon which this edifice rests. If the way in which the music is put together isn't altogether new (perhaps trite?) certainly the themes must spring forth with eloquent

freshness. Popular movie themes, beatle tunes, even roaring 20's favorites can sometimes be recognized through the magnificent harmonic structure. You must listen carefully, for the arrangers have carefully hidden the themes under embellishment after embellishment. Perhaps if musak is licky and the clientele extremely intelligent, one could start a small game—try to identify the musak tune of the moment.

Where does musak come from?—foolish question—from The Musak Company. This is actually the name of one of the foremost producers of this splendid new sound. The production of a Musak tape requires at least an excellent orchestra (complete with jazz percussion and electric guitar), an even more imaginative arranger, and plenty of nerve. Can all the credit for musak be duly given to supplier, or does most of it belong to the audio gourmet who demand such excellent mealtime entertainment. In such establishments not only the gourmet, but his taste in music, eats.

Who writes it?—well, probably just

about anyone. The only qualification one needs are an excellent background in classical harmony, a good sense of musical ensemble, and perhaps the inability to do anything better. It does earn a salary, though,—and in these days of woe-be-it-to-those-who-have-not—"people" will do almost anything for money. The American public wants to hear musak, and there are plenty of capable and qualified cooks to serve it to them.

This brings us to the last and most important question—what value is it? It certainly must be of immeasurable value judging from its widespread use. (Perhaps a subtle form of addiction?) It is hard to believe that such sounds make the digestion process more efficient. No doubt it does take the mind of the clientele off what they are eating. Perhaps it even makes that ugly girl sitting opposite yourself seem almost palatable.

The reader is left to make his own judgment, but give yourself a fair chance, a really fair chance—listen carefully, but not too carefully (and besides you came to eat anyway).

PSYCHEDELIC SMOG IN L.A.; STATE LEGISLATURE ACTS

The groceryman-pusher has found competition. Never more will anyone in Los Angeles have to worry about the cost of getting high. Two Caltech chemists working in a marijuana-smoke filled lab analyzing smog found psychedelic chemicals in Los Angeles smog.

The two scientists, Louis Kriebiefsky and Mitchell Morbider, both sixth-year grad students, were comparing the chemical content of Los Angeles smog with that of other cities when they made their discovery. The effects can be noted even in normal smog concentrations; witness the strange behavior of natives of southern California. The scientists concentrated the smog into a grayish powder, and were still on a trip when discovered three days later by a custodian.

The smog high is something that anyone with access to a vacuum cleaner and something fine enough to catch smog particles will have no trouble at all attaining. Enough for a three day trip can be accumulated by sucking Los Angeles air into the vacuum cleaner through the filter for a five-minute period. The crud accumula-

ted is mixed with marijuana, banana peel, or anything else handy, and smoked.

The smog high is just as legal as bananas or nutmeg. Like both of these, however it has come under attack by Congress and state legislatures in their efforts to restrict individual freedom. The smog high may not be as harmless as marijuana, but it is, at least now, more legal. The effects are generally analogous to LSD, with the duration of the trip being somewhat longer.

The following statement was placed in the minutes of the California State Assembly by Representative Byrch Rogan (Bircher, Orange County).

The time has at last come to stop the proliferation of hallucinogenics among that nucleus of bearded, bathless Bolsheviks known as "Hippies." This handful of dedicated agents of the Communist conspiracy is undermining our youth. They destroy their minds and morality by inducing them to try dangerous and destructive drugs that warp their minds to the cretinous cause of communism.

Smog is a product of the great

American way of free enterprise. Every previous time smog control has been mentioned in this assembly, I have stood up and spoken against it, because I have always felt that the regulation of private enterprise was no legitimate function of any government, least of all ours. This new development in the smog situation has forced me to do a great deal of soul searching. I feel that I have no other course but to defend the integrity of the minds of our youth and join the forces trying to stamp out the mind-destroying menace in smog.

We must remember, however, that in trying to protect our principles, we must not sacrifice them. We must certainly find the mind-destroying drug that the communist conspiracy has put into our atmosphere, and eliminate it once and for all. But to sacrifice our principles completely and eliminate smog is too much. We must find the elements in the smog that the red plague has put in, and eliminate only these, leaving the rest of the smog intact. Smog is part of the great American tradition; we cannot seil it out.

"ELECTRIC PRUNING" RAMPANT

The time has come to throw away your impotent banana fags, gang—the day of the "electric prune" is upon us! Yes, now you can get not one, but two highs from one charge of "mellow purple." What's more, the total experience lasts for an average of 24 hours!

The staff of this miserable rag, unable to believe its ears at first reports of the "prune high," immediately dispatched its ace reporter, Rhoda Carriage, to the site of its (the high's) conception—the Haight-Ashbury district in San Francisco. There, she encountered the creator of the new fad, the guru of the post-Pepsi generation, John Cameron Hippie.

"The preparation of 'mellow purple' is basically a simple operation" says J. C. "First, you go to your neighborhood Safeway and get forty pounds of fresh California plums. Then, you take them home, lay them out on your rooftop, and simply let them rot for about a month. At the end of the month, you take the residue, mash it with a suitable

pestle (I find a big bone works well) and roll it into a ball. If you have followed instructions correctly, your final product should be a firm, sticky sphere about a foot in diameter."

But interrupted Miss Carriage, "how do you smoke a firm, sticky sphere about a foot in diameter?"

"Klutz!" J. C. replied sweetly, "One doesn't smoke the ball, one eats it."

"I see, and then you get violently high."

"No, you get violently ill. What do you expect from eating forty pounds of prunes?"

"And this is a psychedelic experience?"

"Most definitely. Why, the first time I was up on 'mellow purple' I saw lights, then there were these tremendous cosmic and abdominal vibrations, and then, and then . . . and then there was a Catharsis."

"I see."

"But that's only the first part of the

experience."

"And the second?"

"The second part comes when they cart you off, screaming in agony, to the hospital and shoot you full of morphine. Man, that's what really gets you stoned."

The best part about "electric prunes" is that, unlike almost anything else, they are absolutely legal. No more cringing in hot, stuffy dark rooms to get your kicks. You can carry your "stuff" into any public place without fear of arrest. Yes, just roll your firm, sticky sphere down the main street of town and "freak out" on the pavement.

Anyone interested in purchasing pre-fabricated "mellow purple" may send \$5 (most of which goes into paying postage for the forty-pound mother) to J. C. Hippie Enterprises, Haight Street, San Francisco.

Says J. C.: "Nobody who has ever bought a charge from me has ever asked for a refund—namely, because nobody's been able to find me out!"

L. A. Free Pest

Published this once Thursday, June 1, 1967, by the Associated Students of the California Institute of Technology.

Editors: Kirk Benson and Les Fishbone, Editors-in-chief; Mike Henerey, Features; Jim Cook, Managing; Vincent Johns, Copy; Charles Creasy, Sports.

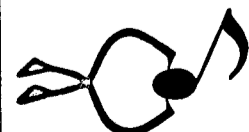
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California Tech, Publication Offices: 1201 E. California Blvd., Pasadena, California, 91109. Second-class postage paid at Pasadena, California. Represented nationally by National Educational Advertising Services, Inc. Subscriptions: \$1.50 per term, \$4.00 per year. Life subscription: \$100.00. Printed by Bickley Printing Co., 25 South Fair Oaks Ave., Pasadena, Calif. Volume LXVIII, Number 31, Thursday, June 1, 1967.

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Interview with Nationalist Liu Chi DuMinh

This is the transcript of an interview with Liu Chi DuMinh, 96 year old 7th degree guru and master of phrenology. Mr. Liu is former prefect of the Coastal Yarma of Phrenology, which he served for 28 years until his retirement in the Panic of 58. The interview was conducted by A. O. Fansome of the Underground Forensic Organization.

Q: What is your full name, Mr. Liu?
 L: My name is twelfold, according to the position of my spirit. In the capacity in which I achieve the greatest self-actualization, I am called Liu Chi DuMinh.
 Q: What does that calling mean?
 L: It means that during my span as the humblest pedestal of the Coastal Yarma of Phrenology, I lay upon my mat for many hours every evening chanting this mantra, "Nam myoho renge kyo," which means, "My thumb is sore but the library is green." This is the meaning of my name.
 Q: How was the Coastal Yarma begun?
 L: That is, my name means, "He who makes the names grow into stones." As to the beginning of the Yarma, you must remember that all Yarmas begin with the three; Isaac, Arthur, and Sir Albert Stanley, of the mist of history, Leibowitz ablate their amygdala. Isaac showed us to what degree, Arthur showed us where, and Sir Albert Stanley showed that the exact number must be a mirror-image of Aleph. This means that all that must be per-

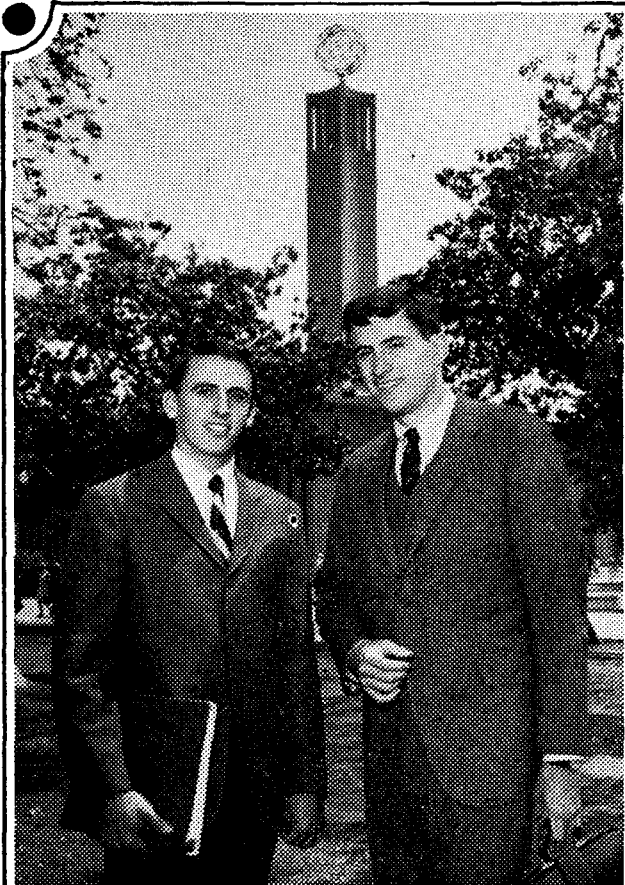
ceived is why, and our plane will become non-singular, that is . . .
 Q: Mr. Liu . . .
 L: Call me he who.
 Q: All right. He who, I see that the back of this picture says that you are climbing Mount Fujman in the dead of winter. You certainly don't appear to be dressed for such weather.
 L: Yes, that is correct. It is all a matter of control. Even with our methods of training, it requires many smoons before such techniques can be mastered. It is part of the Yarma's essence: insight, discipline,
 H: control, all risen to the highest level possible on this plane.
 Q: What is a smoon, he who?
 H: A smoon is an opportunity to practice breath control. Is an eclipse of the moon by the flimsy hand of IASAS.
 Q: Oh! He who, what form does the education at your Yarma take?
 H: We have a set of strict rules for novices, enforced by a selected flock of higher gurus. No runs after 12:15, no kick starting in the stalls, no high pipes without guards. We also have monthly self-criticism in our campus magazine, The Chopped Hawku. Last month we had an expose of rampant elliptical boring in the breather and gasser department. We cannot tolerate such reactionary attitudes.
 Q: I've noticed that your student quarters have no windows. Is this part of the Yarma training?
 H: Yes, it is, but you will notice



LIU CHI DUMINH

each room has one and one-eighth doors, as well as an exhaust fan and an electric furnace. This allows each student to keep his room immaculately clean and odor-free. The lack of windows keeps our novices from being distracted from their studies. Every eight rooms have one door that opens onto the central feeding area. This door is padlocked at 1:00 every evening and thus our students are free from fear of being disturbed until the morning klaxon sounds at 5:30.
 Q: Under such strenuous conditions don't you find it difficult to attract students, he who?
 H: Oh no. We have the highest guru-student ratio of any Yarma since the dawn of time. Our graduates are very proud to acknowledge their matriculation at the Coastal Parma of Phrenology.

Any graduate can recognize any other by the signal whistle. This is accomplished by placing a piece of grass between the thumbs and blowing.
 Q: How does one enter your Yarmado you have to turn many people away—do they stay?
 H: Oh no. We have about 70 applications a year and admit 200 students by offering full scholarships to the promising upper 95% on which we receive a discounted 140% return during the student's stay here. To continue in the second year, students must sign a 6 to 8 year lease and deposit 50% of their yearly bill. Of course no one is forced to sign. All our students have promising careers in overseas assignments for the government if they are not fully committed.
 Q: All this is good, but you do not seem to be keeping up with the times.
 H: Oh, in our honorable way we have a few innovations. For our first season courses, required of all novices, we use wax dummies and tape recordings, thus releasing the most prestigious gurus to devote full time to discovery of the secrets of the universe. Our second season novices all have perennial student guru assistants as teachers, all of whom are well acquainted with the ways of our Yarma and show the student how to maximize his meditation. For advanced novices, soon to graduate, we have a most fearsome trial. To them we assign first year graduate full gurus. Of course, after the second year, all our teachers are alive.
 Q: He who, why are there perennial student guru assistants?
 H: Would you want your sister to marry a guru? And about our development, we are in the process of constructing a multi-million year rock garden with technical assistance from the Chunking Provincial Pre-Cooked University.
 Q: Which means?
 H: What cannot be bought cheaply is probably worth more. For example our administrators are the highest practitioners of the art we teach. Some of our staff have learned to keep silent in the midst of tremendous tumult. Others have left, so that only the cream remains, for it is written, Bullock, Bullock, proxy, proxy.
 Q: Which means?
 H: He who gives CYP the controlling interest will soon understand all.
 Q: Now that you have retired, he who, what is your main regret?
 H: I should like to have seen the completion of the library. However, if the students had to have an underground coffeehouse, I suppose that is best.
 Q: I haven't seen any entrance to such a building in my tour of the campus.
 H: Oh, you wouldn't. It was sealed up, with the entire student body inside, when the discovery was made that mixing banana peels with old copies of the New York Times produces telekinesis. presume, with IASAS's grace, that entrance will never be uncovered.



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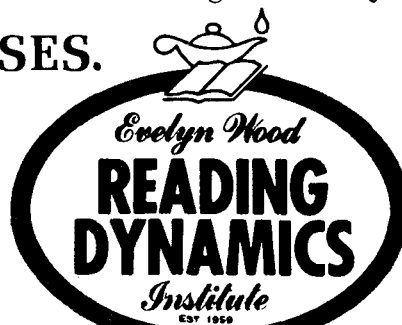
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