

THE HOT THROBBING RIVET presents

June 2, 1978

One Dollar

# THE NEW TEACHER

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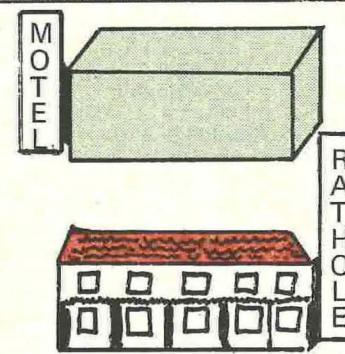
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**THE ASS**—Lisa Mazola brings this old-fashioned workhorse to life. Her costumes, by Ralston-Purina, provide the only food for thought in an evening of star turns. (Magenta, 542 W. 55th St. 642-0370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Martinis Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**BEST WHOREHOUSE AT TECH**—A charming foppish musical about next year's annex, and about the political and sexual mores of our Institute. Jose Frink, as bright and inventive as ever, was the choreographer. The company, under the direction of Mr. Mayor, is as proficient as it is high. (Easternmedia, 2 189th Ave., near the Ath. 574-1914. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8. Private Groups Saturday and Sunday at 7.)

**BLASTED BUMS**—We are in the presence of eight sleazy Flems, by the dugout during all five innings of a game against the mythopoetic Phage Dudes. The action—a matter of small inanities—is sometimes funny, sometimes not, and almost always reeking of alcohol. The actors, members of the Organo-Metallic Theatre of Noyes, do quite well; Kenneth Rue Sow, as a blind man, does terrible things to a softball. (Performing Parking Lot, 33 Olive Walk. 449-9454. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. After Friday, June 9, will move to another parking lot, to be announced.)

**CHAPTER THREE**—Neal Simone specializes in couples, some of which are queerer than others. The two couples in this constipated comedy are full of shit, which passes while being joked about. (Empire, 942 W. 54th St. 669-1563. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

**COLD QWARKS**—Dick Fineman's play about two incredibly stupid physicists in a Pasadena bar. Unexpectedly, much of the dialogue is very funny. The derivation of c is particularly hilarious. (Athenaeum, 146 E. Olive Wlk. 795-6841. Fridays only, at 3.)

**DADA**—A mercenary, back in Iowa for his pet hog's funeral, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny dictator. The mortar rounds into the audience enhance the already realistic feeling. (Des Moines, 1 Main St. 642-6230. Nightly at 8.)

**DEATHTRAP**—A superb cast in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough to make a marvellous four years in the Physics option. (Downs-Lauritsen, Annually in the Spring. Special performances for fifth-year seniors will be held.)

**DERIVIN'**—An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Vance Mah Koy is the chemical physicist, and his company of graduate students is dazzling. The music is by Hartree, Fock, Cupperman and other classic composers. (Noyes, 147 Lecture Hall. 795-6841. Just drop by anytime.)

**THE 4TH OF JULY**—A number of former social scientists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in North Dakota and talk your ear off, to no discernable purpose. (South Baxter at Ramo. 795-6841. Mondays through Fridays at 8.)

**THE GIN DRINKERS**—An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in AMa 95. Sounds implausible, but Kohan performs the feat with ease. The cast consists primarily of engineers, and they suffice. (Baxter Lecture Hall. 795-6841. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 10. Repeat performances as needed.)

**HELLO, FROSH!**—Nothing but tears here. The Dean brothers in

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command of a classic tragedy that begins to look much older than its years. (Catalina Island in the Pacific. 795-6841. September 21 at dawn.)

**A LIFE IN THE LAB**—Edward Hutch's loving tribute to science in the form of a collage of the office conversations between a seasoned biologist and a younger one, and of their laboratory dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is hilarious and funny as well. (Backroom Theatre, 1-71 W. Campus. 795-6841. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8.)

**MILLIKAN'S MEN**—A daredevil physicist hijacks a super-tanker and searches its tanks for oil drops. A haunting, existential statement about Islam ensues. (Bridge, you know where it is. 795-6841. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:40.)

**MY MOTHER WAS A FORTUNE-TELLER**—Bobby Christ's one-man show of songs, with connective formulae (presumably by himself), becomes an indirect autobiography of this mystic administrator. (3rd Floor Experimental Theatre, in the phallic symbol, 795-6841. Daily at noon.)

**A PECULIAR POSITION**—A brisk and merry evening of improvisation, with four bright young mathematicians and a nymphomaniac. (Scientists Playhouse, 7 100th Ave. S. 794-6190 Fridays at 5.)

**RADIO ASTRONOMERS**—Harry Zero and Billy Coal's musical about the plight of radio astronomers in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the department, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties, but their proficiency at observing, deriving and bull-shitting is unlimited. (Robinson Theatre Club 24 W. Campus, 795-6811. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.)

**UGRAD**—Gorgeous costumes and sets, many lithe dancers, and the most realistic nerds in the world. The cast is exemplary, but the show fails through monotony. (46th Street Theatre, 622 W. 85th St. 642-4271. Mondays and Wednesdays at 7.)

**WORKIN'**—A stunning production of a curious musical comedy based on an unusual masturbation technique recently brought to light in North Complex. A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Ruddock, 1-55 E. Campus, 449-9553 Fridays and Saturdays at midnight.)

## MISCELLANY

**COMMENCEMENT**—The California Institute of Technology runs another lot of hamburger through the meat-grinder again. Admirable, but not nearly as notable as this group's "Presidential Inauguration" scheduled for later this Summer. (The Court of Man, 1 Campus, 795-6811. June 9 only, in the morning.)

## NIGHT LIFE

**BROTE'S CAFE**—Several notches above your simple, basic Caltech jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of its comic books. The windows open to the outside, so you can check out the nerds on your way in.

**MERF'S MIDNIGHT OASIS**—The audiences here look preppier and preppier every week, but onstage, affectedly sinister young scientists—dark glasses, leather jackets, torn CRCs, and smirking expressions—continue to pound out punk physics, which is for

the most part relativistic, and in some cases quantum mechanical.

**THE TRUSTEES' ROOM**—A friendly bar and candlelit back-room restaurant on beautiful Millikan pond. But don't expect an evening of scientist watching—most of the patrons look strictly from off-campus.

## IN BRIEF

**ALLEGRO NON TROPPO**—A antiquated film by Bruno Bozzetto. In WOP. (Quad)

**ANNIE HALL**—Droll tale of middle-class misadventure. Ostensibly set in New York, it fails to capture the sense of the city. Almost sensing this, the plot continually attempts to switch to Los Angeles' wasteland, a far more appropriate setting for this uncultured drivel. (Regency)

**BIRD MAN OF BLACKER**—A film that never solves the problem of how to dramatize the life of a convicted geologist who spent more than forty years in solitary confinement, with birds as his only companion.

**CHEMICAL KNOWLEDGE**—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other chemically as objects. In Hairy Grey's cold slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out "carcinogen."

**COMMA**—Genevieve Bojuld as a surgical resident in a Boston Hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young healthy patients have lost the ability to punctuate after undergoing minor surgery, and then—uncultured—have been packed off to a facility that provides long term proof-reading and ghost-writing services.

**FANTASIA**—A horrible mutilation of the best classical music we have. Initially, the film was a well-deserved box-office failure, but it has proved successful in

revivals, particularly among the lower, drug-using classes. Some parts are first-rate Disney, as weak as that may be, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy.

**F.I.S.T.**—A long-winded film set between the thirties and the fifties, encompassing the forties with marginal references to the twenties and none at all to the fifties, about a fictional union called the Federation of Interstate Twits, presumably based on the Teamsters. The man who rises to its head is played by Silver Stallion, a sleepy presence with moments of primitive intensity; rather like our writing. We should be grateful, heaven knows (they do have a subscription), for any Hollywood film that takes us into the public domain, but this one seems unfashionably right-wing.

**FOR THE LOVE OF BENJY**—Brilliant satire of man's irascible best friend with particular emphasis on the proverbial doghouse. Without a doubt trez chick.

**THE GOODBYE GIRL**—She says gratuitously abrasive things to him and he beats the shit out of her.

**THE GREEK TYCOON**—A dashing debonaire Mediterranean tycoon arranges the assassination of a US president in hopes of marrying the former first lady and causing her untold sexual frustration amid scenic Greek revelry.

**HOUSE CALLS**—A zany duet from B&G is embarked on a search for Room 301 in the undergraduate houses. An existential comment on art, architecture and social mores. The window they intend to fix undergoes apotheosis in the closing sequence.

**THE LAST SUPPER**—Set on a Cuban sugar plantation in the late eighteenth century in Holy Week. In an expression of fake camaraderie and bland religiosity, a bewigged white count, who

casts himself as Jesus, invites twelve of his black slaves to an enactment of Christ's feast. A frail, overdecorated man, the count is one of Cuba's biggest sugar-growers and unable to absorb the changes of the Industrial Revolution; the slaves are a threat, yes, but they are more familiar than the strange machines he is getting from England. The feast of Maundy Thursday, filmed in brownish black and filled with the clattering of knives and forks used by people more accustomed to eating with their fingers, begins in nervous conviviality and ends with the count asleep and the slaves reverting to happy Africanism.

**MONDAY MORNING FEVER**—A nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic (John Revolta) works up a song and dance routine to get out of his Ph 106 final. Ricardo Gomez does a simply marvelous disco number in the Ath bar.

**PRETTY BABE**—Louise Mal's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel at Throop Institute. The notorious olive walk district is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve, first shown upstairs in the room where her prostitute mother first took on a physician, has her virginity auctioned off to a pack of rabid synthetic chemists. Filmed partially on location in Gates.

**AN UNMARRIED WOMAN**—A tenderhearted feminist picture about naive freshwomen at Caltech. The garden scene is particularly droll.

**ZOMBIES FROM THE STRATOSPHERE**—Dope-crazed zombies drinking pina coladas invade Earth and terrorize a student newspaper in this musical comedy. At first the zany zombies are content to play with the type-setting machines, but, falling prey to the vices of the lower classes, they end up snorting cocaine and reading Camus. After performing a sensational recombination of DNA, done only in theory previously, the brilliant, dedicated, young biologist saves both the elderly professor's foxy daughter and Earth from certain destruction.

## A LISTING OF THE STAFF

**EDITOR THE FIRST** ..... Edward Joseph Bielecki Junior

**EDITOR THE SECOND** ..... Spencer Robert Klein

**MANAGERIAL ASSISTANT** ..... Joel Aaron Rubinstein

**MANAGER OF BUSINESS** ..... Kevin Dale Drum

**PRESIDENT OF THE CORPORATION** ..... Raymond Gerard Beausoleil Junior

**A CONTRIBUTOR** ..... James Alexander McCorquodale

**A CONTRIBUTOR** ..... Michael Gregory Kurilla

**A CONTRIBUTOR** ..... Lynette Diane Brown

**A CONTRIBUTOR** ..... Lee Charles Heiman

**A CONTRIBUTOR** ..... Carl J Lydick

# NEW TEACHER

## CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. We will mail you your change of address as soon as it is ready.

Very few people bother to read all this fine print here at the bottom of the page, still less get anything out of it. Of course, the question you must be asking yourself is why this block of print fails to stretch all the way across the page as the real New Yorker's does. Well, the simple fact is that our computerized type-setting machines mentioned that this is a parody, and any resemblance to any actual persons, living or dead is purely coincidental. Our second class postage is paid at Pasadena, California, and at no additional mailing offices; and we don't have branch advertising offices in Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Boston and London. In fact we barely have an advertising office here. We have not been authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. We haven't been authorized as anything in Canada, unless you count that Mounty who uses this sheet to cabin-train his huskies. Now that you've read this far I suppose you're expecting an answer to the question that plagues us all, and I hate to disappoint you, but even after painstakingly learning their style and technique in order to mimic it we still don't know what's funny about the New Yorker's cartoons.

## LAST ESCAPE FROM THE SUDS

I first saw her in Rome, wearing one of those button-down sportdresses from Saks Fifth Avenue. You know, with the gathered yoke, raglan sleeves, rolled cuffs and that happy-looking multi-colored belt. She was carrying one of those Mark Cross bags, the kind that last for a decade and you start calling it the one you've had forever. They say those things become even more beautiful with age. That takes character. Her feet were in some of those Salvatore Ferragamo slants, with the soft nabuck suede atop the sleekly polished wedge and those skinny rows of contrast stitching. I think those're from Saks, too, but I'm not sure. She had that Orlane B21 makeup on. You can buy it on Fifth avenue now, but I think she got it in Paris. It's suitable for all types of skin.

I was hot and disheveled in a Burberry Collection suit I'd picked up at Barney's the last time I passed through New York. My feet were suffering out the end of the day in Alden Tassel Moccasins, the type that gained fame with the firm heel fit, the good support and the extravagance of hand finished imported Calf. The English tan on them almost matched the camel—of her Salvatore Ferragamos. I'd been in Bonwit Teller's just the week before, so I had some Geoffrey Beene cologne on hand and had put some on that very morning. I was trying to look the part of the dapper dashing American abroad, but the Nappa calf passport case I'd found over the weekend at Garfinckel's in D.C. was sitting on my chest like one of those dreadful parcels the postman is unable to deliver and you have to drive into town to pick up. I was rather nervous, so I checked the time on my Movado Museum watch. It's supposed to become my distinguished face and unique style, but I think I'll try out one of those Corums by Laykin et Cie the next time I'm in

Switzerland. She was shooting photographs with a Mamiya M645, which is a fairly high quality 35mm SLR. I don't know. I don't know much about cameras. I had to buy my daughter some sort of a Nikon last month, but I really quite forgot any of the details.

On the way over to her place in the Ferrari 308 GTB I noticed she had one of those 14 karat gold bracelets from the Chemin de Coeur collection on her left wrist. It was rather becoming. She told me she got it at S.H. Platt & Co., somewhere on the west coast. The front room in her flat was filled with this blue Series 1800 stuff done by, what's her name, Dorothy Blowers. It's modular stuff, adequately proportioned. She'd found it in Geneva at Roche Bobois. The next stage was Perrier and Roquefort, charmingly Bohemian don't you think? Of course, the Perrier was direct from Vergeze, freshly bubbled up through some porous limestone after being trapped at those God-forsaken depths by volcanic eruptions, or something or other, back in the Cretaceous. Oh yes, I know a bit because I took a course back at the old school. It was, fortunately, a genuine Roquefort, none of those sallow imitators made from cow's milk with the bitter aftertaste. The taste almost made you feel as if you were in one of those caves at Mont Combalou where they age the stuff. Did you know there's a Roquefort, Wisconsin? And they accuse the Japanese of imitating! But this one had rich blue veins and the reassuringly familiar red sheep seal. The French seem to put animals on most of their cheeses. *La vache qui rit* and all that stuff. *C'est très amusant, n'est pas?* I was taking in the more obtuse aspects of the Mason Porcelain Pot Pourri Vase on the coffee table when she suggested the balcony for the sunset.

The furniture out there was rattan. The stuff Thayer Coggin

did for Milo Baughman, geometric with a spice finish and upholstered in a batik cotton print. A really smashing George Kovacs fan lamp stood just the other side of the glass doors. We did a backgammon number for an hour or two while the sun died over the Tiber. A leatherette case with porcelain tiles, nothing extravagant, just sensibly adequate.

We had to step back inside when one of her beaus showed up. A bit of an Italian dandy, if you ask me. I'm afraid I would have found his moral fibre a little too *al dente* for my tastes. What did catch my eye was his Audemars Piguet Royal Oak in 18 karat gold. The things are put together in the Jura mountains, up in Switzerland. They rub the parts with diamond paste, elder tree pitch and doeskin cloth before shielding them behind a sapphire crystal. "To hell with the Corums," said my eyes. He had a Gemelli Moda Italiana suit on, a little white affair with Yves St. Laurent sunglasses and Rossetti shoes to round out his act. It went without saying he had a Lamborghini Contac downstairs. She found some Aalborg Akvavit in the kitchen and served it up in Orrefors crystal—a sort of sparkling Danish in the radiant sparkle of Swedish crystal—along with Smørrebrød, those delicious little open-face sandwiches.

The air became sultry as the evening flowed by. They lit St. Moritz's while I had a bowl of Borkum Riff Golden Cavendish. The situation was unsustainable. He dropped a Polydor disc onto the Bang & Olufson turntable, adjusting the Lux amplifier to an appropriate level, but the music suited none of us and she spun a tape onto the Tandberg reel-to-reel. It entailed a lot of high-hat and sax work with a rotary-valve flugelhorn occasionally swelling and fading. It was competent, if nothing else. Once things were truly desperate we opened a bottle of Spumante d'Angelo and dished up some Gilbert H. Brockmeyer Banana Walnut Ice Cream. It was

pleasant to be eating natural ingredients for once, none of that Polysorbate 80 or amylo acetate or propylene glycol and whatever else they put in commercialized food. The lack of foreign substances is so unusual that they've let him trademark the word "natural", or so I've heard.

We went from bad to worse to lackluster. There was no energy left in the room nothing of interest or dazzle. I began to long for a subtle Kremser Rosenhugler and pastry *mit Schlag*. I could endure it no longer. I caught the next train for the Westbahnhof in Wien and hoped to find a delicate little age old brasserie.

By the way, she suggested I drop this Geoffrey Beene business and try something called Derrick, *d'Orlane*, in case you didn't recognize the name. Would you happen to know where I might be able to purchase some?

—Dr. Bunter S Humpson

be concluded that it was very appealing.

Incest was once a very taboo subject, but following several open discussions sponsored by the Caltech Y in conjunction with the Department of Biology, this is no longer so. Incest is generally defined as a sexual relationship between people forbidden to marry by law. This almost always means between members of a household, although the husband and wife are often exempt. At Caltech a household can consist of anywhere from 70 members (in an Old House) to 110 members (in a New House). Incest has therefore been very common, but seldom with more than three different partners (for important exceptions, consult the Annals, Title I, Vol. 58, pp 1971-72).

Bestiality is a rare occurrence, even though the case of the defector to Russia has been widely reported. Intercourse with turkeys is kept at a bare minimum and is virtually non-existent with toads. Rumors regarding a lioness have not been confirmed but a usually reliable source is now singing soprano in the Men's Glee Club. Trolls would be classed as sub-human, and thus fit into the category of miscegenation.

An interesting variation was passed on to me involved the use of a pinball machine. While the technique is too lengthy for me to describe here, it was clear to the responder that five balls were better than two.

—Mortimer T. Lawrence

## FATHER'S RISING

This article is the in a series of articles discussing the results of a comprehensive poll on the sexuality and sexual mores. The earlier articles have dealt with such topics as loss of virginity, frequency of masturbation and sexual intercourse, and the Sophomore Anomaly. With these preliminaries firmly established a discussion of the main expressions of sexuality and sexual frustration at Caltech may now take place.

Among juniors and seniors, oral-arsal contact increased dramatically over the sophomore and frosh. 69% of those upperclassmen polled indicated participation in this activity at least once during the past term, compared to 37% for the other classes. Most startling was the breakdown by option. 95% of those in the Applied Physics, Chemical Engineering, and Engineering and Applied Science options has experienced such contact over the past year. The Encounter vs. Time tables (see appendix) shows a massive grouping three times a week at 10 o'clock in the morning.

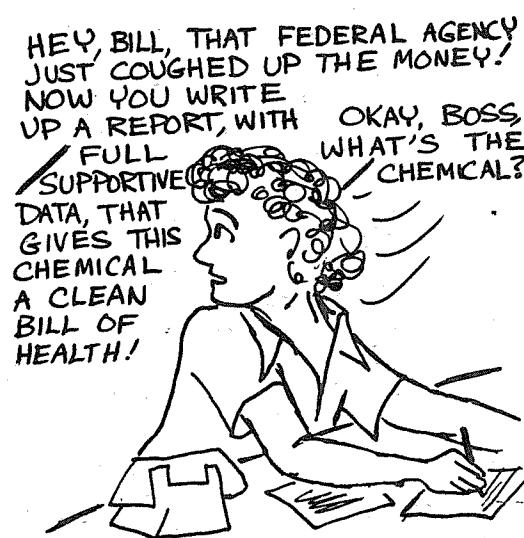
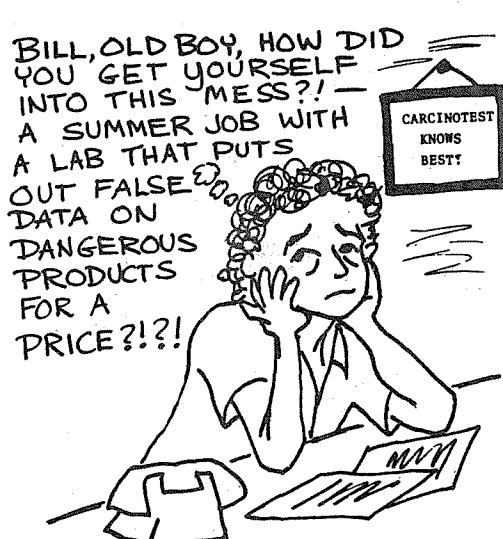
The number of students who responded affirmatively to the question, 'Have you ever masturbated while reading Feynman Volume One, Two, or Three?' was negligible. Apparently the students found little to get excited about. The response for other material was much warmer. The graph shows the percentage of Caltech males who have masturbated with a specific issue of The Hot Throbbing Rivet. There appears to be a rhythmic three-year cycle here (this may be related to the three-year wimp cycle described in my paper The Care and Feeding of Caltech Wimps, *Psy Tom*, LXIX, pp. 101-241). The popularity of the 1977 issue may be due to its greater familiarity (most of those surveyed have not seen some of the earlier issues; their availability exponentially decreases with the age of the issue) or the cover photo for the *Technical Intruder*.

The number of Caltech females who have masturbated with the inspiration of a hot, throbbing uh *Rivet* at hand is shown in the graph. Remarkably, this shows a tremendous peak at the beginning of the issues sampled. The 1971 issue contained a classic poem of fabled wit, 'The Pigeon,' by Beckman's Peter, and it can only

## BOOKS

### BRIEFLY NOTED FICTION

*Gravitation*, by Misner, Wheeler and Thorne (Freeman; Too Much). This scholarly tome, on close inspection, is found to have been salvaged from the wastepaper baskets of several low-grade science fiction movies. Weighing close to ten pounds, it is quite conceivable that this book is the so-called "Great Stone" used by the orientals in their ancient combat form, r'pe o'er. An alternate conjecture is that it was modelled after the two-handed broadbook of Arthurian legend. Experimentation showed that when released from a height of less than seven feet, the book did, invariably, return to the ground. (Readers of this review are encouraged to experiment on their own.) This is a book best savored with a heavy white sauce. As always, however, the most rewarding possibilities are the most obvious, and they will not be neglected here: it has been successfully used as a paperweight; a ten-pound paperback doorstop is always a novelty; last week a murder victim was found in the Bronx with fragments of bookbinding material in his scalp and tensor notation on his forehead what better substitute for the Sunday Times classified ads in the dogbed? It is written with a much more labored point of view than Dirac's *General Relativity*, though at 87 pages, Dirac doesn't provide a base for the artificial Christmas tree either.



# We Had Plans For Throop Site Before It Was Part of the U.S.

*There wouldn't be a Caltech for another 150 years, but when we got a call in the 18th century to fix the window in Room 301, we dispatched two of our best men on a pioneering expedition. They never found Room 301, but they did find a remarkable water works perfect for constructing a scientific institution around.*

*Our two men, struggling against their own incompetence, successfully surveyed Throop site and sketched out preliminary plans for steam tunnels, all for a modest consulting fee, per diem and advanced seniority.*

*Today B\$G workers may be found throughout the world, but don't expect to find one when you want to.*

*They're men with a mission and men of vision.*

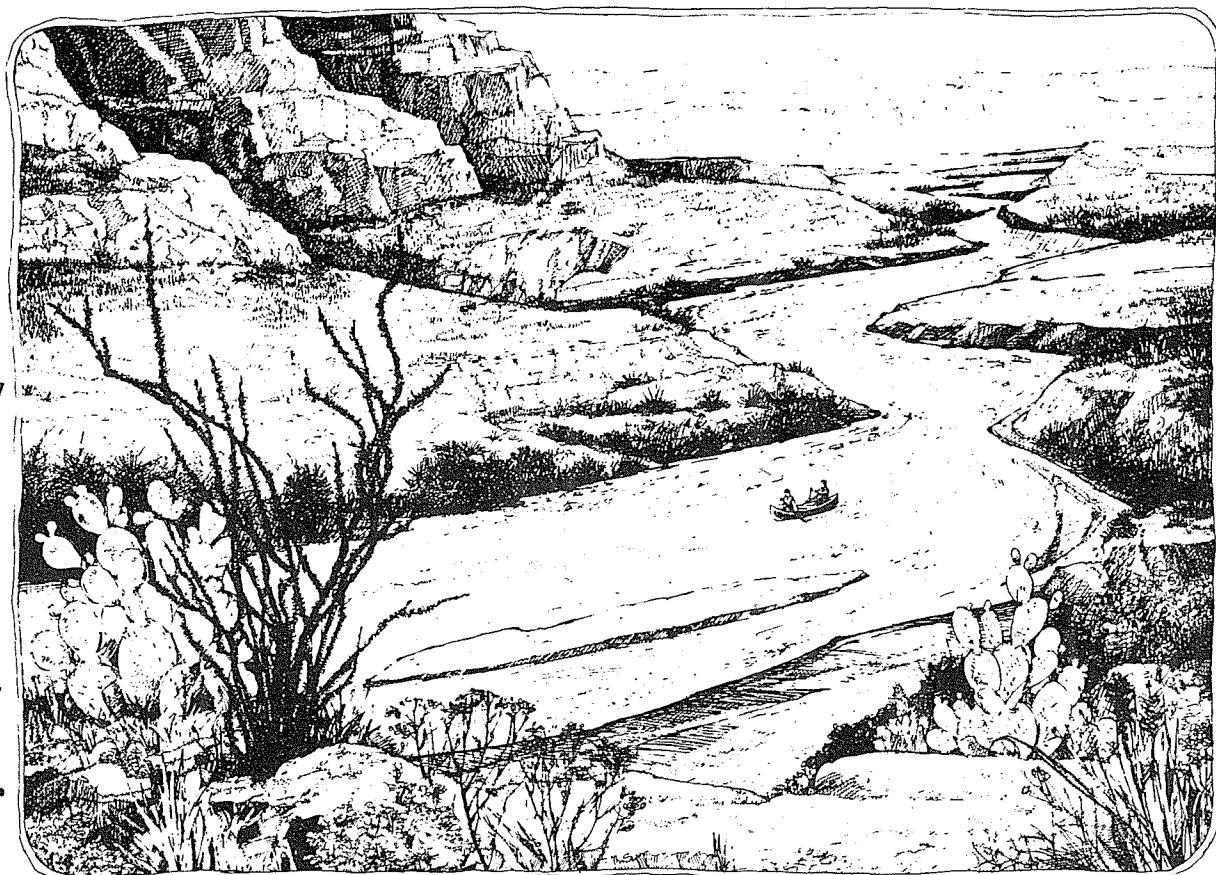
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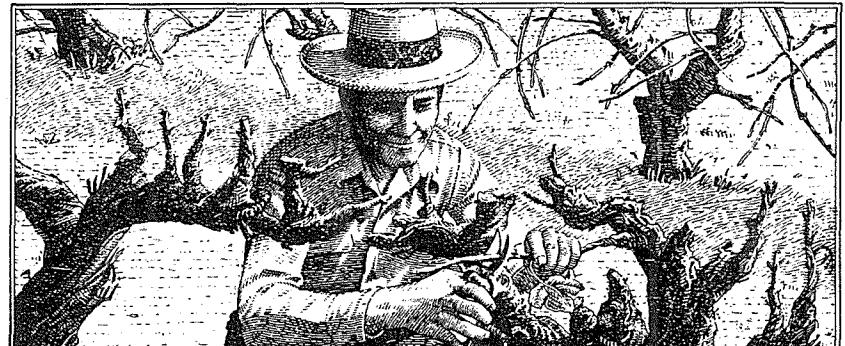
*Stock*

*in B\$G*

*"Where Your Concerns Are None of Ours."*



**Decapitation as a means to more nearly perfect workers.**



To us, decapitation — the cutting off of the head of the worker during the winter dormant period — is the single most important practice in the entire culture of workers.

It is a complex and highly judgmental operation that not only controls the number of workers on our payroll, but also controls the quality of the ultimate contribution that worker will make to our projects.

That is why we do not consider a worker thoroughly experienced until he has been decapitated at least three times.

Sometimes, despite judicious decapitation, a worker will think anyway — perhaps because of optimal conditions for exceptional thoughtfulness, or because it did not think as much as it should have in the previous year.

In such a case we resort to thinning.

Thinning involves the actual removal of whole workers from the payroll — the sacrificing of a part of our labor force in order

to ensure the quality of the rest.

B\$G, we might point out, is one of the very few sweat-shops to practice this costly technique of thinning in order to produce only the most unthinking of workers.

#### How We Decapitate

Decapitation is basically an art. And over the years we have developed techniques that we believe provide the best possible results of that art.

We began researching and establishing our decapitation practices in the 1940's.

At that time every worker was placed on its own program to determine the best method of decapitation for that particular worker.

As a result of our tests we have established some general rules.

One, is that on each "stump" — the part of the neck that remains after decapitation — we never leave more than two nerves for future growth. This ensures optimum worker stupidity.

#### Who Decapitates

Because so much depends on the judgement of our decapitators — in addition to how much to cut, at what angle, and which dull razor to use — we treat their training very seriously.

At first, a beginner is only allowed to watch. Then he is permitted to work only when an experienced man is watching him. And finally, before working independently, he must pass our acid test: decapitation of a hippopotamus with a butter knife.

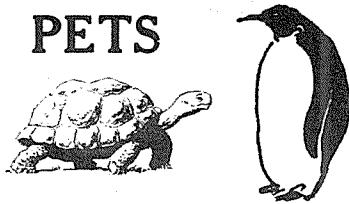
#### Our Goal

Our experience is that truly incompetent repair and construction work can only be performed by stupid workers.

Therefore, because our goal is to do the most incompetent job possible, we are totally committed to hiring and decapitating only the most mentally inferior of workers.

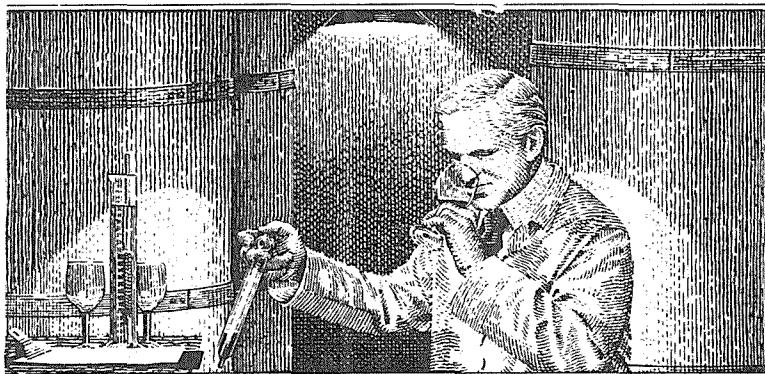
This insistence on perfection is the basic principle to which we have dedicated our lives.

# PAPER WEIGHT PETS



Labradors, Terriers, Persians, Siamese or any other breed. Colorful dog or cat miniaturizations into selected paperweight-sized oblongs of English stone. A unique and endearing present or momento. Kindly specify breed when ordering; \$27.50 ppd, or we will completely process your pet; \$37.50 ppd. Please send the animal in the best condition possible. Allow four weeks delivery from our receipt of your order. Other animals or 'subjects' can be done by special arrangement.

## Synthesis: The birth of a fine white cocaine



Despite the wealth of sophisticated equipment available today, there is no substitute for the judgement and care of a dedicated chemist.

At no time is this more apparent than during the critical days of synthesis, for it is at this stage, the birth of the cocaine, that taste, character, aroma, body and color are in large part determined.

### Our Chemist's Role

Consider just a few of our chemist's responsibilities during the synthesis of a fine white cocaine, such as our Caltech Crystal.

When the chemicals arrive at our labs the DEA agent must be paid off. But, in addition, our chemist checks and tastes for chemical quality.

If our chemist feels a particular lot of chemicals does not measure up to our requirements, he will reject it.

Those chemicals which he approves move directly to our high-security labs.

### The Right Mixture

Since synthesis results from the natural interaction of chemicals with the ether that permeates the entire universe, the selection of the right chemicals from the many available to our chemist is crucial.

Not only is it up to the chemist to determine the proper chemicals to begin the synthetic process, but he must also select the precise quantity. Too little and much will be wasted to produce inferior cocaine. Too much and the wholesale price in the immediate area will be depressed reducing the return on investment and causing unpleasant stockholders' meetings. The chemist must select exactly the right chemicals, in exactly the proper quantity, to yield a coca whose essence is true to the nose, with all the desirable characteristics in balance.

### The Constant Vigil

Now begins a vigil that will remain unbroken for many hours.

Because synthesis both creates and consumes heat, temperature must be carefully controlled — otherwise the delicacy of the cocaine may be irrevocably destroyed. Through years of experience and reference to the Bible (Jacks), we have determined the ideal temperature for synthesis of white cocaine of true excellence, and this is the

maximum Crellin chemists permit.

As the synthesis proceeds, each passing hour brings changes in flavor, in color, in aroma, and in body which the chemist monitors constantly, partially through sophisticated instruments, but primarily through his own highly developed sense of taste and smell. At each sampling, our chemist must be able to call to mind all the various vintages of his past and how they tasted at each particular stage. He must mentally compare them and predict just how high this Caltech Crystal will get one when fully mature. This talent we have found to be more than an acquired skill; it is, rather, a rare gift.

### The Evil Spirits

As the cocaine forms, a froth of discarded chemical floats to the top of the flask, forming a "cap" vital to the cocaine's development. This is because the froth is the repository of evil spirits which have been exorcised from the cocaine.

If the cocaine is to achieve its true peak of flavor, color, body and aroma, the cap must not be permitted to dry out and harden, lest the evil spirits move into the cocaine. Therefore, we designed a system that circulates liquid karma over the entire surface of the cap. The chemist must determine exactly how often and for what duration the liquid karma will be circulated over the cap. These are critical decisions — too much circulation will adversely skew the universal karma distribution function, too little will cause the cocaine to be infested with evil spirits.

When his snorting tells him the cocaine has been purified to the precise degree that augurs a superb Caltech Crystal, he halts the process by lowering the temperature. He then has the cocaine carefully extracted and removed to the marketing department.

### Our Goal

The same meticulous attention to detail so evident during the synthetic process is given at every step of our cocaine-making process. Here at Crellin Labs, our purpose is to bring you the finest cocaine that skill and care can produce.

*Crellin Labs, Pasadena, California*

*Write For:*

*"The Art of Growing Fine Cocaine"*

## BRIEFLY NOTED

Brian de Palma's latest effort, *The Fury*, is a great disappointment after his previous triumph *Carrie*. Like the earlier film, the power of telekinesis is a major element. However, while *Carrie* was a brilliantly crafted, sympathetic and (at times) terrifying work of art, *The Fury* struggles along to a pointless climax that resolves matters only by eliminating all but one lead.

Peter Sandza (Kirk Douglas) and his son Robin (Andrew Stevens) are sitting at a seaside resort in (presumably) Isreal, discussing plans to send Robin to a special school in the U.S., when an Arab terrorist attack supposedly begins. Actually, Peter is the real target; Robin is to be spirited away by the head of (apparently) a secret U.S. government agency, Childress (John Cassavettes), who wants control over his psychic powers. Peter escapes, though, and begins the tricky process of attempting to locate his son while Childress's agents hunt for him.

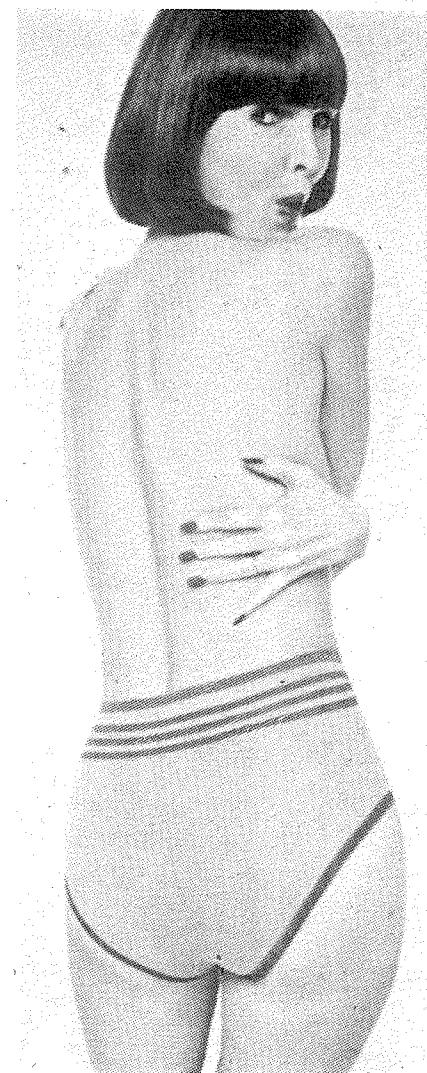
Meanwhile, Gillian Belliver (Amy Irving) is beginning to have psychic experiences, which usually result in a bloody eruptions on nearby people. Also, she is somewhat linked to the missing Robin, and eventually realizes that he may be the key to her own survival. She and Peter find one another, and psychically locate Robin at Childress's country hideaway, where a vastly more powerful but irrational Robin is no help to anyone — including himself.

Robin does himself in, after disposing of one of Childress's assistants (Fiona Lewis) in the film's goriest display of telekinetic powers, and after attempting to kill his father twice; the second attempt while Peter (who after all had been sticking his neck in a noose while trying to rescue his son!) tries to keep both himself and Robin from falling off the house roof. Peter of course drops the ungrateful Bastard, and he dies (his psychic powers having apparently failed him—he had been levitating both himself and other objects for a lengthy period before his father finally found him). With a howl of frustration, Peter then throws himself off the roof and he dies. Gillian, who is now Childress's only hope, has gotten something from Robin before he died (their eyes glowed, a la Gary Mitchell in the second Star Trek pilot). When Childress attempts to sweet-talk her into cooperating the next day, he dies. Spectacularly, though.

Douglas is best in the opening minutes with his son and while attempting to escape Childress's net down on Skid Row. Irving (who played Sue Snell to perfection in *Carrie*, turns in the best all-around performance. Childress is sufficiently sinister in his black suit and matching sling, but his motives are as mysterious as most of the plot. Stevens is mostly an object in this film, and thus has little opportunity to act.

*The Fury*'s screenplay is by John Farris from his own novel, and perhaps some of the problem is there. *The Fury* is a shallow film, lacking the substance and involvement of *Carrie*. De Palma's next film may well be the screen version of Alfred Bester's *The Demolished Man*. Let's hope that he returns to his previous level of accomplishment.

*Gavin Donald Claypool*



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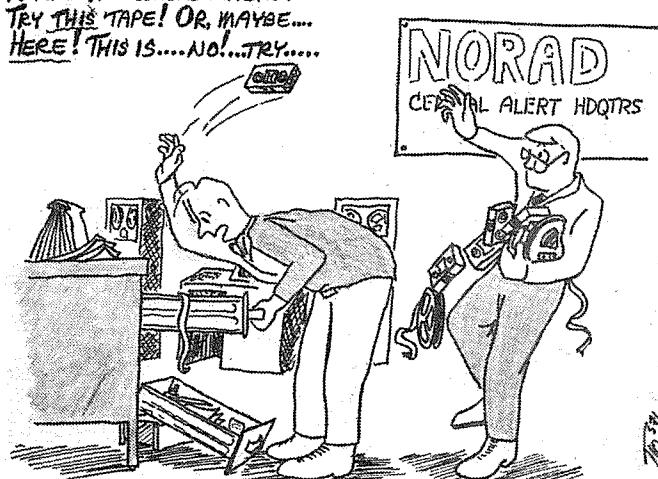
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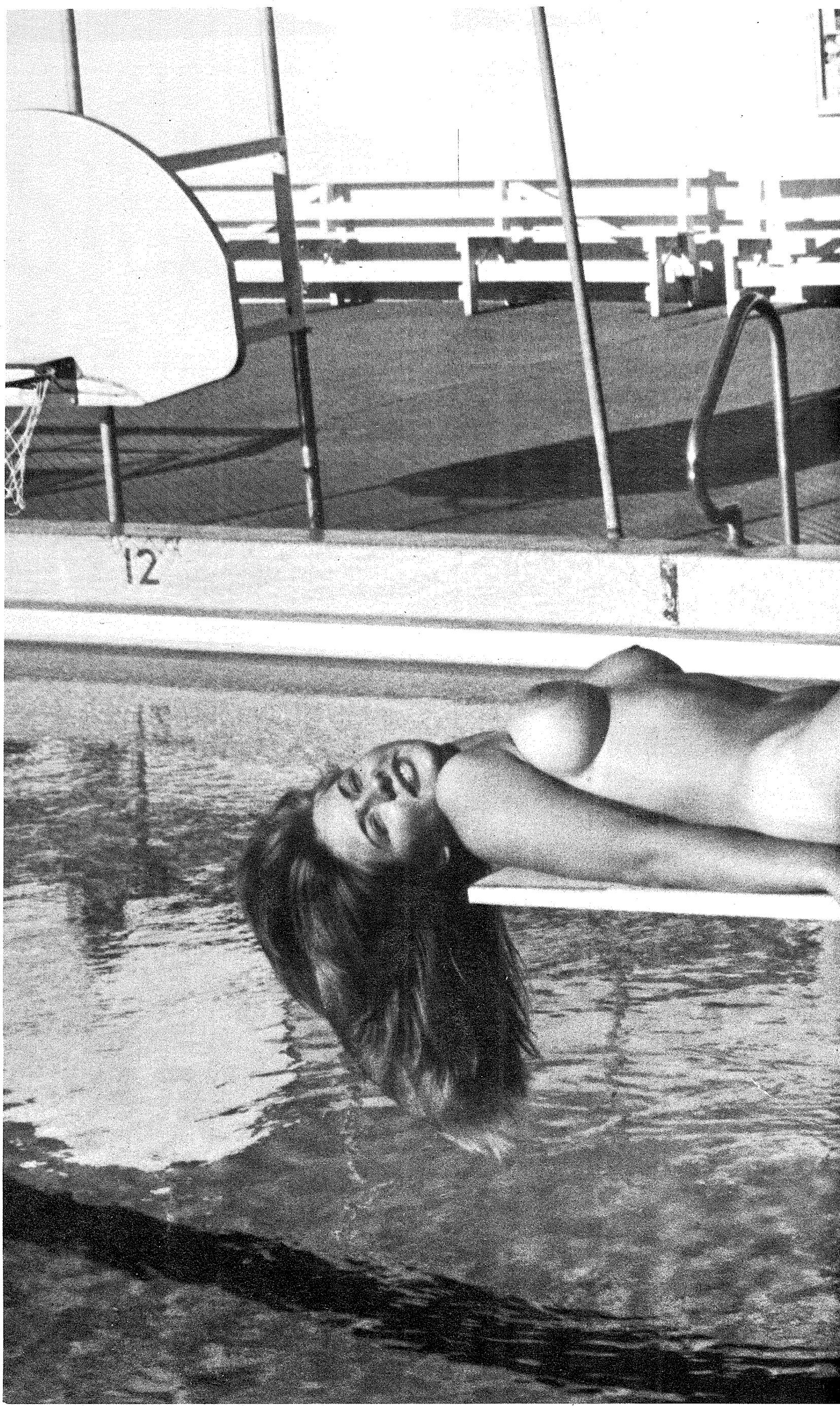
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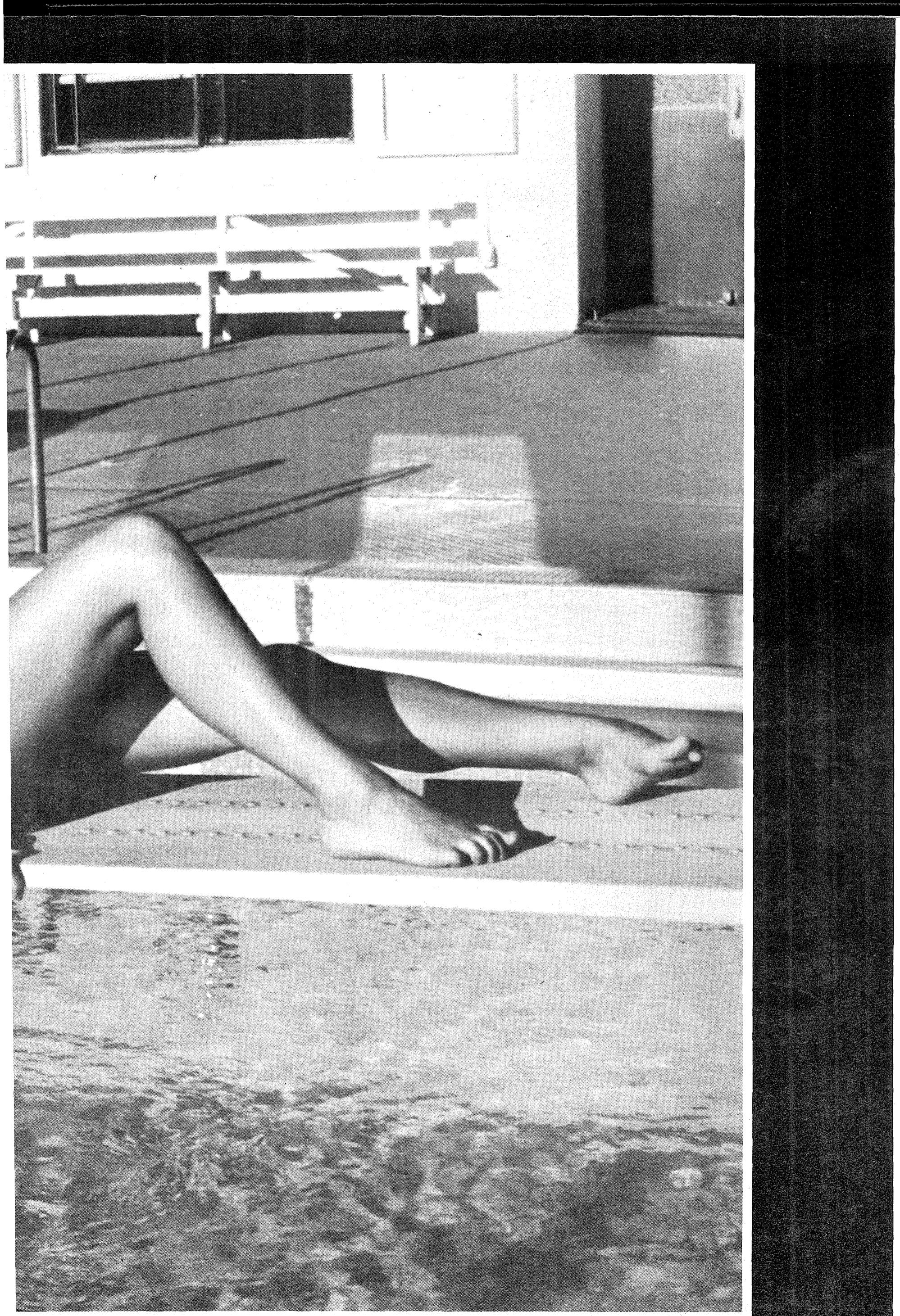
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## THE TALK OF THE TOWN

There aisa saying ahere innna New York, thata old hit men never die, they justa stop trying to swim witha the concrete. Well mya good friend Arthur Papadopoloselli, he's areally Arthur Papadopolus, a Greek, but everyonea else has a good Italian name, so he a changed it; Artie instead, he's a so stupid, retires and then getsa caught.

See, a-one a-day he getsa call from a Victor Vanciilli. Vic, he's a the guy Artie always a workin for, he'd a retired too, till one a-day his son calls. 'Dad,' says a son, 'I need a your help.' So Vic findsa out whose been messin witha his son, and wantsa kill him. But poor Vic, hesa not a so rich anymore, and alla his hit men gone, 'cepta Artie. So he callsa Artie for one last job. Artie's retired, but owesa Vic some a favors. Truth is, he needs a dollar twenty-five for bus fare, so he anda his girlfriend can taka the bus, run away, and get married, you know, like a in Romeo an a Juliet, but Vic's such an old pal, he does it for

### Matching Shoes and Diff. EQ's (To the tune of "Seasons in the Sun")

Goodbye Gomez my Phys 1 prof.  
You tried to teach me vibes and waves.  
But I never was too brave  
and the equations that you gave  
will always haunt me to my grave.

Goodbye Gomez it's hard to fail  
when all the rest are getting their degrees.  
I don't know what I'm gonna do,  
cuz I can't put on matching shoes,  
but I can solve a diff. EQ.

Oh, we learned science, we learned math  
as we breezed from class to class  
but the knowledge that I know  
will not help me when I go.

Goodbye Ms. Berg my Chem TA.  
You tried to help me with my synthesis,  
but I always was a spas  
spilling solid liquid gas;  
there was no way that I could pass.

Goodbye Ms. Berg, it's hard to fail  
when all the rest are getting their degrees.  
I don't know what I'm gonna do,  
cuz I can't put on matching shoes,  
but I can solve a diff. EQ.

It was exciting (never drab)  
as we flew from lab to lab  
but all the compounds that I made  
will not help me to get laid.

Goodbye ol' Herb you compu-nerd.  
You helped me grunge out my 95  
But though I stayed up day and night,  
I could never get it right;  
Bessel functions are a bite.

Goodbye ol' Herb, it's hard to fail  
when all the rest are getting their degrees.  
I don't know what I'm gonna do,  
cuz I can't put on matching shoes,  
but I can solve a diff. EQ.

Ooooh, no one could hold us back  
as we flipped from stack to stack,  
but all the programs that I wrote  
will not help my loan to float.

Goodbye my friends, it's hard to fail  
when all the rest are getting their degrees.  
I don't know what I'm gonna do,  
cuz I can't put on matching shoes  
but I can solve a diff. EQ.

-R. C. Colgrove

## THE CURRENT CINEMA

### The Birds and the Bees

Those who haven't seen a movie with an authentic Australian red-backed retriever in a long time will just have to wait a little longer, because Gerard Damiamo's latest film, *Deep Throat*, hasn't any. Although a large crowd of underground filmmakers have been ushering in 'the era of good feeling', Damiamo's film just doesn't go very deep. It's easy to tell the film was made by a happy man who enjoys his work, but Damiamo is too forceful. He grabs us by the pants and says, 'come, it's fun.' The film's approach to erotica is like a recruiting poster: sign up for cleaner living.

Unfortunately, the flaws in the film are rather obvious. The style is impersonal and rather objective. This results in the story climaxing too early, in spite of many erectionary scenes throughout. In order to maintain interest, the action is forced to develop a rhythmic quality. It slowly becomes transformed into a low grade fever—it slips in and out easily. The cinematography is perhaps its one redeeming quality. Damiamo definitely has respect for the actors' bodies; however, the minor parts are often merely wooden. Due to a low budget, each set is bare, but still allows for a carnal picture. The images have been simplified down to their dynamical components, like Feynman diagrams of a physicist's imaginary quarks, and this, plus the faintly psychedelic Tijuana color, creates a pungent, viselike atmosphere.

The story (although there isn't much of one) concerns a young woman (Linda Lovelace) with a rather unique ailment. Nature has constructed her parts in the wrong place. Linda's acting

A soft-spoken man, with the pleasant expression and reassuring manner of a trusted family doctor, Goldberger is known to his close friends, and most of his acquaintances, as "Murph" — *Engineering and Science*. Good old President Murph.

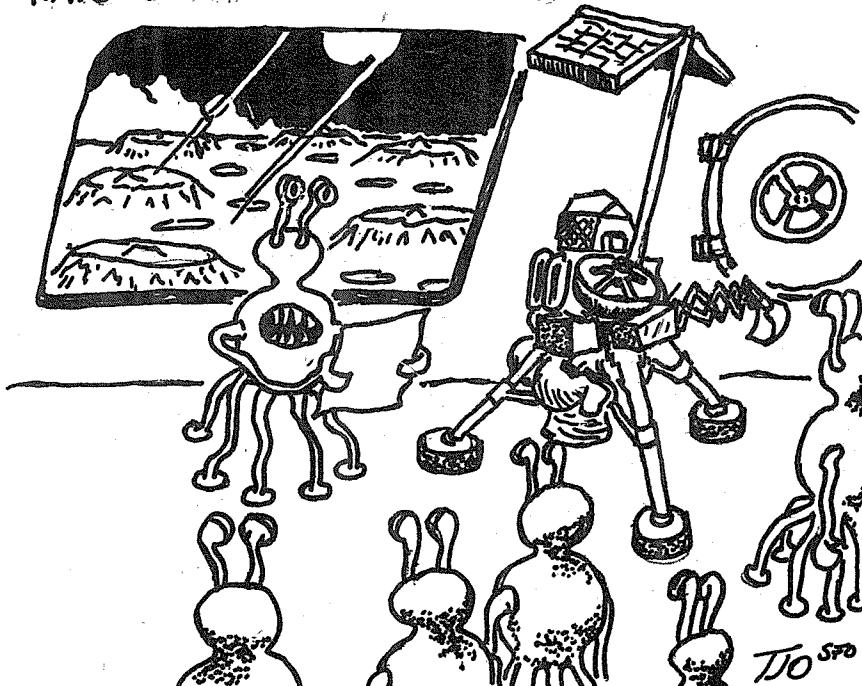
### OFF BROADWAY

#### *Season's End*

Opening for a very short run (two nights) in a way-off-Broadway theater by the unusual name of Winnett Lounge, is a brand new film to be shown for the first time to nonpaying customers. Destined to be a classic, Ernie Fosselius and Michael Wiese present the space epic of the century—*Hardware Wars*. Ham Salad pilots his sophisticated steam iron through space to the cavernous jaws of an orbiting waffle iron. Fluke Starbuker teams up with Augie 'Ben' Doggie along with Artie Deco and 4-Q-2 to rescue the princess Anne-Droid from Darph Nader and his menacing Steam Troopers. This is sure to become an instant hit. Rumors have it that bagels will be given out free along with various other food and notions.

—Michael Gregory Kurilla

WE HAVE LEARNED MUCH OF THEIR CIVILIZATION  
FROM THE INSCRIPTIONS ON THEIR SPACECRAFT.  
THEY BREATHE OXYGEN, ARE MULTINATIONAL,  
UNDERSTAND HIGHER MATHEMATICS, AND  
THE NATION THAT SENT THIS ONE UP MUST  
HAVE BEEN CALLED "THE D.E. OF I."

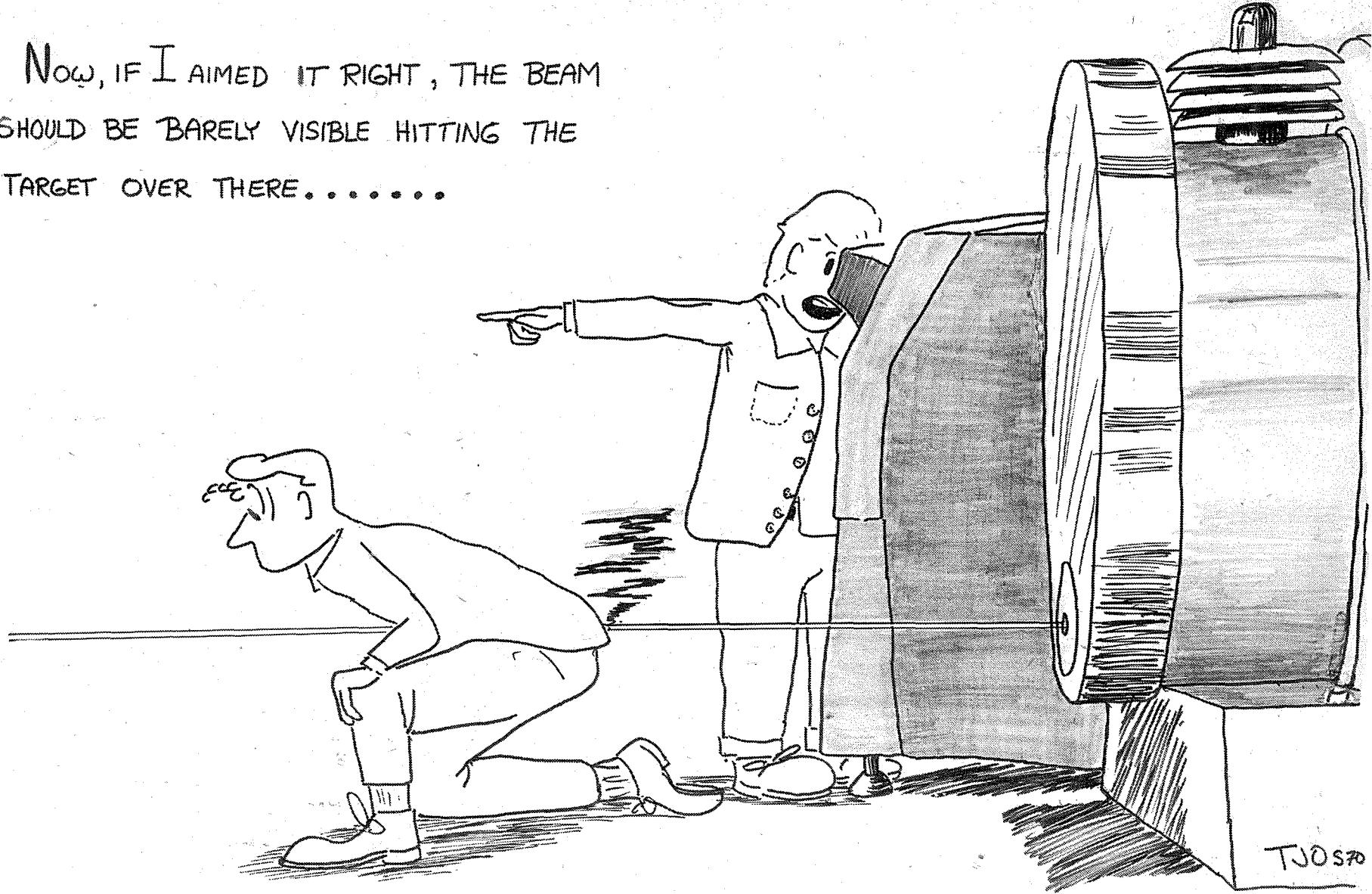


only a dollar.  
Artie findsa out wherea thisa guy does his shopping, it's a Ralph's, see, anda sneaks up a behind him and wraps a garrot arounda his neck, you know, one a those fancy-schmancy Frenchie cords, and before you cna say Vermecelli, the guy's a dead. Not a bad for 69, thinksa Artie, when he turns and sees the boxboy standin there with his eyes bugged out like a frog, you know the wet, slimy thing, not a Frenchie. What can he do? He wraps the garrot around a the boy's neck.

Across a the lot, Artie sees an old lady, whose a seen it all, so he starts after her a too. Chases her all the way across the lot, Artie's not as a fast as a he used to be, and a kills her too. Right then, the cops come and take him away. Next a-day, there's a big headline, 'Artie chokes three for a dollar at Ralph's, Can't elope, too, for only twenty-five cents.'

*Without Apologies,*  
*—The Midnight Punster*

NOW, IF I AIMED IT RIGHT, THE BEAM  
SHOULD BE BARELY VISIBLE HITTING THE  
TARGET OVER THERE.....



#### Extra Money

Attention all students who will be employed on campus this summer! If you plan to be working on campus this summer under the Federal College Work-Study program, you can help to ensure available funding for the future. This year fewer students worked during the academic year than were anticipated. Because of this we still have available funding which must be spent before June 30 if we hope to have sufficient College Work-Study funds in the future.

Summer College Work-Study funding begins on June 12. You will be notified of your eligibility to participate in the Summer Work-Study program when you receive your financial aid award

letter. If at all possible please attempt to work during the weeks of June 12 through June 30. If you had previously planned to vacation at that time and return to work in July, please do us a favor and work first and vacation if at all possible. Your assistance in this matter could ensure us of sufficient federal funding in the future. Thanks a lot.

#### In Search Of The Lost Course

PL104, Educational Issues and Problems, 9 units (3-0-6), first term, was inadvertently left off of the pre-registration lists. It is a course in educational theories, issues and problems. Special emphasis will be placed on basic

changes necessary to facilitate growth and restructuring of the public schools. Topics to include: innovative curricula, integration and the minority group student, new directions in teacher certification, student-teacher relations, political and financial control of the public schools, school administration and student rights, and the learning process. Selected requirements for credit include: required reading, a documented paper, a journal, and several visitations to local educational institutions. Selected guest speakers prominent in the fields of education and psychology. Instructor: Browne. Time: Monday evenings at 7:30 in 318 Baxter.

## ON MALE COW MANURE

#### To the Editors:

In his letter last week, Mr. Mortin asked why part of his article had been edited out. A much more appropriate question would have been why did any of his articles appear in the paper at all. I understand that in its original form the series was a term paper for a course, and that it received a reasonably high grade. If so, then this is the most persuasive evidence I have yet encountered supporting claims of grade inflation.

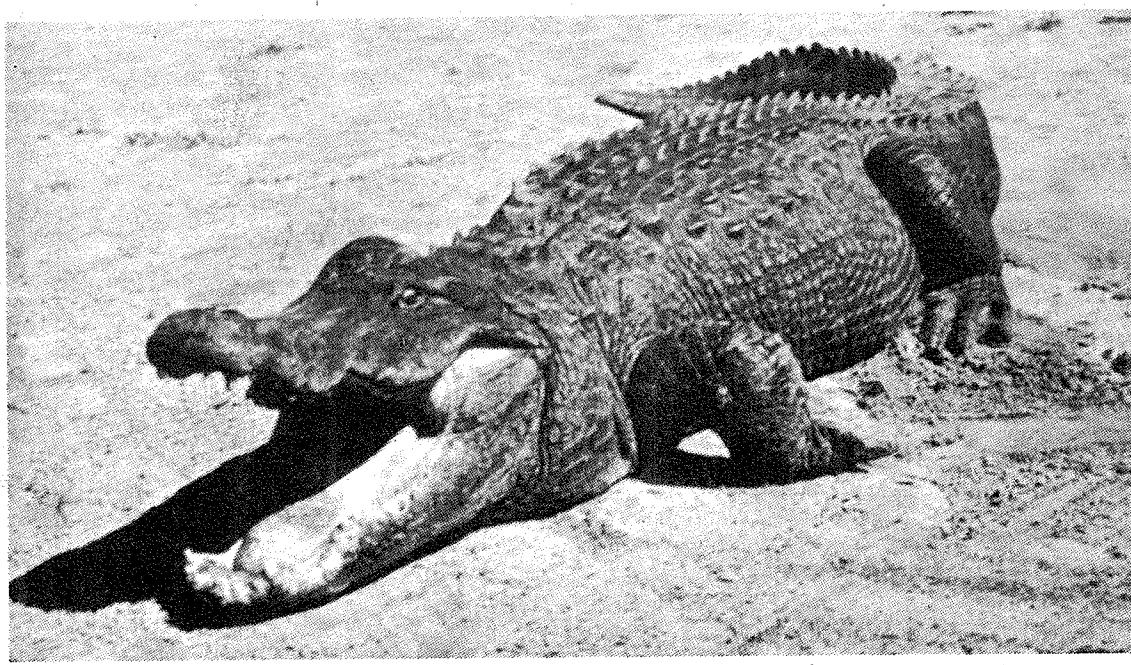
The article, though showing acceptable mastery of the English language and the ability to think coherently enough to make oneself understood showed a remarkable lack of understanding of even the rudiments of statistical inference as used in the social sciences. Mr. Mortin, like so many physical scientists, has assumed that the techniques sufficient to the study of physical phenomenon are directly applicable to social studies. This is not the case. While in the physical sciences it is generally possible to directly control for all but the variables under study, this cannot, in general, be done when studying social phenomena. Thus, for example, while the rate of homosexual encounters may indeed be lower among Caltech students than PCC students (and the sampling techniques Mortin used were sloppy enough that even this claim has questionable validity) this does not mean that

the high male to female ratio at Tech does not increase the rate of homosexuality. In order to reach such a conclusion, detailed studies of the incoming freshman classes at Caltech and PCC would have to be made, at the very least. The lower rate at Tech may very well be much more a result of predisposition of incoming freshmen than of the environment at Tech as opposed to PCC.

In point of fact, few, if any, of Mortin's conclusions are scientifically supportable. While this may not have been a problem if (a) the article had seen circulation exclusively at Tech and (b) Caltech community members were, in general, well enough grounded in the social sciences to see that the articles were largely pure bullshit, neither of these conditions prevailed. One of the articles was picked up by the *Star News* thus unleashing Mortin's incompetence on the naive and unsuspecting citizenry of Pasadena. The mere fact that Mortin so blithely reached and stated his conclusions is proof enough that Caltech students are not in general competent to distinguish between supportable conclusions and bullshit in the social sciences. Therefore, I suggest that in the name of responsible journalism, you think twice before printing such studies in the future.

Sincerely,

Carl J Lydick



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ed. Bielecki  
Spencer Klein

Managing Editor  
Joel Rubinstein

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Writers

Martin Goldberg, Mike Kurilla,  
Bob Morrison, Brett Stutz,  
Richard Willson

Photographers  
Al Kellner [Darkroom Chairman], Greg Bone, Joe DiGiorgio, Kam Yin Lau, Yin Shih

Production  
Nick Smith

Circulation  
Carl Lydick [Manager], Bill Gould, James Hong

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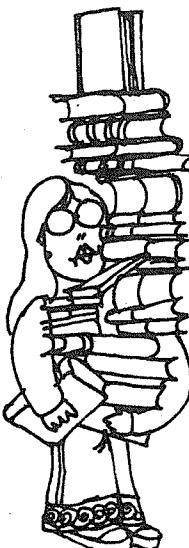
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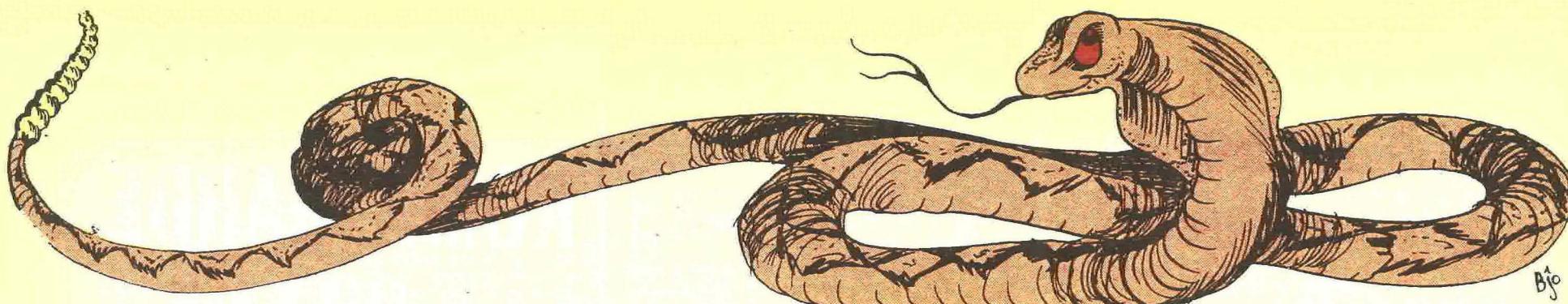
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## PRIZES

By Joel Rubinstein

The Deans and the Undergraduate Academic Standards and Honors Committee have selected undergraduate prizewinners for several awards. Tuesday, Ray Owen presented the George W. Green Memorial Prize to David L. Johannsen, senior, for his work in LSI design in computer science. He also presented the Arie J. Haagen-Smit Memorial Fund Award to Robert Hanson. This award is granted to a biology or chemistry student who has shown academic promise and has made recognized contributions to Caltech. Both of these prizes are \$500.

The Jack E. Froehlich Memorial Award is ordinarily a \$400 prize to one student. This year, two students were selected to receive the prize, each receiving the full amount. Thongchai Kengmana and Sangtae Kim will be presented the prize next Tuesday by Ray Owen. UASH selects the winners from the top 5% of the junior class for showing outstanding promise for a creative professional career.

Robert Christy will present the Sigma Xi award to Michael Steigerwald at commencement for his theoretical work in chemistry. The Sigma Xi Award of \$500 is granted to a senior selected for an outstanding piece of original scientific research.

The Donald S. Clark Memorial Award will be presented in the

fall to Isabella Lewis, sophomore, and Leslie Paxton, junior. This award is sponsored by the Alumni Association and is usually granted to students majoring in any kind of engineering including chemical engineering, for service to the campus community and good academic performance.

The Haren Lee Fisher Memorial Award in Junior Physics is \$150 awarded to a junior physics major showing great promise in the field. Liew C. Chiu has been selected this year by a committee headed by Ricardo Gomez.

At commencement, Professor Charles Babcock will present Wayne M. Baxter the David Joseph Macpherson Prize in Engineering. This \$400 prize is awarded to a graduating senior in engineering who exemplifies excellence in scholarship.

Three students have been selected by a committee headed by Jenijoy LaBelle for the Mary A. McKinney Prize in English. Christopher Vestuto, senior, Jeff Hicks, sophomore, and Cecelia Rodriguez, freshman, will receive their prizes "within a short time"; i.e., as soon as the checks are prepared.

The Don Sheperd Award is granted to undergraduates to help them attend extracurricular activities that would otherwise be a financial strain. Ability to profit from such activities is the criterion for this award; scholastic performance has no

bearing. Colleen Ruby and Janet Rice, both sophomores, and James Angel, freshman, will be invited to a luncheon with Jim Mayer, Master of Student Houses, to receive these \$200 prizes.

Eric Kaler is the designee for the silver medal from the Royal Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufacture, and Commerce. This award is scheduled to be presented sometime in the summer. This Royal Society (not the same one as the one to which Gell-Mann was just elected) awards this medal to students designated by several prestigious American universities, including Caltech.

The Putnam team and high ranking individuals were honored at a luncheon last week. The Caltech team of Karl Heuer, Peter Shor, and Bert Wells took third place this year. Each of them received a check for \$50 and a certificate. Michael Chandler received a check and a certificate for placing in the top 40.

A new prize has been established this year: The Bononblust Travel Grant. The first Awardee is Philip Hanlon, mathematics graduate student, who received the award at the Athaeaeum in a luncheon last week. The grant is named in honor of H. Frederick Bonenblust, former Executive Officer for Mathematics and former Dean of Graduate Studies.

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

rehabilitation There will be 33 frosh women in next year's class of 219

The Institute awards its first PhD's in Social Science. Football died this year, partially because of soccer and partially because of apathy. Coach Gutman took to teaching self-defense to the women and working on a revival. Interhouse came. Page actually got their swamp ride working. The search was on for a new president, and Dr. Marvin (Murph) Goldberger came to campus to talk with everyone. The rumor mill says that people were turning the job down right and left and two candidates including an IBM vice-president visited the campus incognito. But Murph was chosen, and he and Mildred will be here July 1. They both plan on attending Frosh Camp.

The Glee Club sang at the Festival of Lights. Naturally, the highlight was the mostly nude angels. The Club also entertained the Associates at the Beverly Wilshire, and saw how the other half lives. The Mudeo came off finally. A small group of Sophs put up a strong and determined show, but, of course, the frosh won. ASCIT elections came and went with Commander Bert thrown out for the likes of Gentle Ray. The Lloydies took over the BOD, with four seats. The Flems still dominate the BOC.

For ongoing action throughout the year, the old Hal died, only to be replaced by a new Hal, currently dying. The Art Gallery opened or reopened depending on the way you look at it. The Olive Walk was sodded (that's grass). Around the same time 3rd floor Millikan aquired a planter. The ASCIT Friday night movie people decided to battle sagging attendance and get . Oh, yes, we lost the Caltech barber.

And Egad's were seen in the Tech once again.

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Edythe Baker Pol Duwez Pearl Fles

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Robert Gilmore Sarah Hunt

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Milton Plesset Trudy Ralph

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Martha Wayne Robert Wayne

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Retirees of Great Note