RUSSIAN VISIT QUIET

DETAILS

At the outset the interchange was in terms of an intense curiosity over any and all bits and pieces of information regarding the U.S.S.R., Students, and, occasionally from the Russian point of view, posed innumerable questions on the structure of the Russian educational system, the advantages and disadvantages as compared to the U.S., and the living habits of Russian students and professors.

Professors learning the conversation was the impression of earlier commitment to specializations and instruction, an application to studies, on the part of the Russian student as compared with the American student.

This part of the conversation was studded with an astronomically shaped vocabulary, to the random use-weekly category.

After a very short "break" in which the guests stood up for a moment but continued talking to a knot of people clustered about, they sat down and the formal pattern continued as the conversation resumed. The stereotype was "no." 

"Are you without a doubt the biggest, most observant rat that I have ever had the displeasure of knowing?"

"I decided to call the number you gave me to confirm that you were insane. But then I heard on the radio that the rebels had just begun to fight, that they hadn't really lost and were going to send in more men from Florida."

"I showed your letter to 20 people all of whom stated that it was no joke. In fact, several people from this University of Illinois had left school to join the anti-Castro forces in the past few days. All this gave me reason to tell your letter, you RAT ..."

"RATS, DOGS, PIMPLES ...

"Hope you can join us; we can use you."

"The letter was put in a big pocket and mailed to Miami, Fla., and there were mailed air-mail special delivery to their destinat- ions. On Friday of last week the letters arrived, and chased began. On Saturday, Bill Dove, Blacher E.A., received three long-distance calls concerning the liberation. One of the students had written to his cousin in New Orleans, who had promptly called the student's parents in Tallahassee, Fla. The parents called the Miami number, and then called Dove, wondering what had happened to "their boy." A fourth student's parents got called at 1:30 a.m. by a worried friend.

"DEAR AL LEYER

"Indeed, apparently, more than four of the letter receivers got concerned. Bernstein replied to the following from friends:

"Dear Allen:

"You are without a doubt the biggest, most observant rat that I have ever had the displeasure of knowing."

"I had no time to explain de- tails, but if you want to join you can call me at the office immediately at NO. 53752 in Mi-

American 4000 of us will leave for Cuba in about a week. 1000 of them college students. You won't need much money, except for plane fare and the clothes you won't have uniforms. Food, clothes you will have. There probably will be more leaving a week after us but I will let you know. If you don't speak English. If you know of anyone else who might be interested let me know.

"Hope you can join us; we could use you."

"Retreat, Hell! Letters Start Action"
PHS Pranksters

We received a letter the other day which we thought you might be interested in. It was not printed in The Tech because it was not signed and was in somewhat poor taste. Concerning the recent "transformation" of the "T" on the mountains, it claims to explain the reason behind the change. It seems that we are the victims of what somebody thinks is a prank.

Apparently fostered by a group of Pasadena High School irresponsibles, the action was taken to top the Caltech stunt of this year's Day. It was designed, as place in for place of ritual, as some what more permanent rearranging of a school emblem.

We don't want to be poor sports—certainly we should be able to take it as well as give it out. But the fact is that the "T" which has been torn off the mountain is now seriously damaged. It will take a good amount of work to re-seed that area from which the brush has been torn off. Our definition of a prank only includes something which results in permanent damage to someone else.

Following the receipt of the first information about the "T" (California Tech, April 6, 1961, ASCIT Vice-President Dean Gerber contacted authorities at PHS to try to head off any further damage. PHS promised cooperation and issued an official statement to its students prohibiting any further activity on the "T". The results of the channeled request are obvious—the distortion increased until the "T" is now indeed a "P". Gerber also contacted the Forest Service and discovered that the road to the "T" is padlocked, the area is closed, and the desecration was illegal. In addition, the Forest Service has the names of some of the people involved.

We have no criticism of the BOD action. There was certainly more of them that could have done but have to gone to the proper authorities. And undoubtedly the PHS administration followed their usual procedure in issuing its statement. We are forced to conclude that the conversion was nothing more than vandalism, since no plan for restoration of the "T" or identification of the parties was made. Our suggestion is that the "T" be repaired. It has stood, as a symbol of Tech since the Class of 1916 put it up. The obvious people to do the repair work are those who made it necessary. Since they are not anxious to identify themselves, we should use the information the Forest Service can provide and insure that the repairs are made.

---bell

LETTER

Birch Society Antagonizes

Editors:

Since many Caltech students enjoyed the Y's presentation of Mr. Irving Hall and the students' version of the San Francisco anti-HUAC demonstrations, I feel many will be interested in learning of Hall's further activities. He is now nearing the end of a two-week speaking tour of the L.A. area under the auspices of several local Democrats. On Monday, April 19, he appeared in a debate in Pasadena sponsored by the Democratic clubs of this area and again a number of Caltech students enjoyed a spirited evening.

We hoped this would be the first of a series of enlightening, orderly presentations throughout the area. The following several nights fulfilled our expectations. Hall met some hostile audiences, but was treated with courtesy and respect, that is, until Saturday night. Then, in the San Fernando Valley, he met his first organized right-wing opposition. He started by peacefully distributing extremist literature and asking inviting questions. Unabated by these tactics, they began jeering and chanting whenever Hall began to speak so that he was prevented from making any statements. The following night, six cardinals of "patriots" crowded the meeting place, periodically inspecting Hall's car in the parking lot. Two of the cars followed Hall and a police escort after the meeting, necessitating a delay of several hours before Hall arrived home safely. It is

which could be of incalculable significance. While cancer may be a greater ill than conception, more people at Caltech are fertile with cancerous so that the audience for the first part of the evening was larger.

In discussing contraception, Dr. Tyler started out with an exposition of classical contraceptive techniques, which range in their effectiveness from 60 per cent to 36 per cent. He then went on to methods currently developed, which may remedy some of the present aesthetic and economic disadvantages of the contemporary devices. These include immunological techniques and physiological agents such as progesterone.

Dr. Tyler's discussion of cancer was less, those few who remained hinged over the possibility that the cancer cells, having become allergic to the rest of the organism, produce antibodics against it.

While the Diners' Club meeting may not appreciably affect the Caltech pregnancy rate, it increased the patronage of Chandler by some 25 per cent so that attendance at next Monday's talk on the John Birchers may just help flags over the hump.

BY STEPHEN LENER

Tyler Talks On Contraception

Monday night at Chandler, Dr. Albert Tyler, Caltech professor of biology, delved into the mysteries of contraception and cancer for the amusement and edification of the YMCA Diners' Club. The posters put out announcing his talk loudly proclaimed his discovery of a new oral contraceptive, a fact which is untrue, and made no mention of his discovery of a new theory of cancer, a fact believed that the Birch Society will be represented in this remaining appearances.

Perhaps Caltech students will be interesting in watching some further trials in this experiment in democracy. The strongest Birch strength is expected at Fri day's and Sunday's appearances where considerable pressure has already been felt by the sponsoring groups. Hall's remaining schedule is tonight at 8 o'clock at the Elks Club, 8049 Manchester Boulevard, L.A.; Friday at 8:30 at the Elks Club, Y's Memorial at Culver Boulevard and Overland in Culver City; Saturday at 7:30 at the United Steelworkers' Hall, 3136 Border Avenue, Torrance; and Sunday at 2:45 at the First Methodist Church of El Monte, 625 W. Phillips Avenue. Their usual procedure in issuing its statement.

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---Ell Chersonow

BY DAVID SELLIN

a hand of BRIDGE

West

S—K 4
H—B 7 6 3 2
D—K 7
C—K 8 4

East

S—8 6 5
H—K Q J
D—Q 8 6 2
C—A J 2

South

A—Q J 10 7
H—Note
D—A J 10 3
C—Q 9 7 6 3

North

1 H Pass
1 NT Pass
2 H Pass
3 H Pass
5 C Pass

Pass

Pass

Pass

Pass

1 B Pass
2 C Pass
3 D Pass
4 C Pass

10, 10, 10, and 10

Most people would pass North's hand without looking at it twice, and I hardly recommend making a general practice of opening such hands. However, if you've been playing bridge for a while and you know your well, you might consider an occasional weak opening, provided your partner doesn't object violently.

In this case, South is looking for slam when he hears his partner open, but, as the bidding develops, he suspects a slight misfit and his partner advertises nothing but minimum—by bidding no trump and returning to previously bid suit—so South is content to stop at game. South shows the nature of his hand to his partner by first bidding three diamonds over two hearts, showing his fourness in spades. North, foreseeing South holding open at the three level by naming a new suit displays a powerful hand. After North reluctantly bids four clubs, showing his fourness in clubs, South completes the graphic description of his hand by rebuilding his clubs, indicating both rebidibles clubs and rebids replied to previously with a decided right-wing clubs and the realization that his partner wants to be at game, goes to five, having previously discouraged slam.

The opening lead, reasonable in the circumstances, makes the play of the hand quite easy. East wisely ducks the opening club lead, reasonable under the circumstances, and the realization that his partner wants to be at game, goes to five, having previously discouraged slam.

Thursday, April 27, 1961

Where there's Life...there's Bude
Gratia Artis
reviews by bob poe

BY ROB POE

Brendan Behan’s “The Hostage” is just dripping its run at the Biltmore this week end. It is quite worth the seeing. Whether or not it is worth the price of admission, of course, depends entirely upon the degree of your attachment to money.

This past year Mr. Behan has become somewhat of a world celebrity. The Irish playwright visited the United States and appeared on many interview shows. Whether or not it is worth the thing else, just a hell of a good time. The bars seem to fly off in every direction, not guided by plot, nor by decency, nor even by the script. The actors conduct a short meeting before every performance to review the day’s news for possible new bars, preferably local, and indeed the John Birches Society is a permanent part of the Los Angeles script. And it is not surprising when two actions blend a bit of obscene pantomime, crack up both the audience and the cast, and cause the leading man to remark, “It’s only the middle of the first act, and I’m worn out already!” Deliberately corny lines are immediately picked up as song cues, and the songs are frequent, well-sung, and deliciously Irish. In fact, the play has much of a wonderville atmosphere, which reflects

(Continued on page 4)

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California Tech
Page Three

Lost on graduation day? I. D. wallet with valuable cards included please return to
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A Robe by Any Other Name
As Commencement Day draws near, the question on everyone’s lips is: “How did the different disciplines come to be marked by academic robes with hoods of different colors?” Everyone, but everybody—is asking it. I mean I haven’t been able to walk ten feet on any campus in America without somebody grabbing my elbow and saying, “How did the different disciplines come to be marked by academic robes with hoods of different colors, ha?”

This, I must say, is not the usual question asked by colleagues who grab my elbow. Usually they say, “Hey, Shorty, get a Marlboro!” And this is right and proper. After all, are they not called upon to do something, in that case, to look silly and disarm? And do not intelligence and discernment demand the fastest in tobacco flavors? Making college just doesn’t do it, and does not Marlboro deliver a flavor that is uniquely mellow, a substance filter that is easy drawing, a pack that is soft, a box that is hard? You know it!

So I digress. Back to the colored hoods of academic robes.

A doctor of philosophy wears blue, a doctor of law, green, a master of arts wears white, a doctor of humanities wears crimson, a master of library sciences wears lemon yellow. Why? Why, for example, should a master of library sciences wear lemon yellow?

Well, to answer this vexing question, we must go back to March 29, 1844. On that date the first public library in the United States was established by Ulric Sigafoos. All of Mr. Sigafoos’ neighbors were of course widely grateful—all, that is, except Wirt Todhunter.

Mr. Todhunter hated Mr. Sigafoos since 1852 when both men had wooed the bewitching Melinda Zitt and Melinda had chosen Mr. Sigafoos because she was mad for dancing and Mr. Sigafoos knew all the latest steps, like the Missouri Compromise Mambo, the Shagy Religion Schottische, and the James K. Polk Polka, while Mr. Todhunter, alas, could not dance at all owing to a wound he had received at the Battle of New Orleans. (He was struck by a falling praline.)

Concurrent with pride at the success of Mr. Sigafoos’ library, Mr. Todhunter resolved to open a competing library.

This he did, but he hired not a single patron away from Mr. Sigafoos. “What has Mr. Sigafoos got that I have not got?” Mr. Todhunter kept asking himself, and finally the answer came to him: books.

So Mr. Todhunter stocked his library with lots of dandy books and soon he was doing more business than his hated rival. But Mr. Sigafoos struck back. To do so, he enlisted the use of the Law of Attraction. He began serving tea free of charge at his library every afternoon. Thereupon, Mr. Todhunter, not to be outdone, began serving tea with sugar. Thereupon, Mr. Sigafoos began serving tea with sugar and cream. Thereupon, Mr. Todhunter began serving tea with milk and cream and sugar.

This, of course, clinched the victory for Mr. Todhunter because he had the only lemon tree in town—in fact, in the entire state of North Dakota—and since that day lemon yellow has of course been the color on the academic robes of library science. (Incidentally, the defeated Mr. Sigafoos packed up his library and moved to California until 1901 by John Wayne.)

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Baseballers Lose Game To Redlands

BY BOB LIEBERMANN

On April 19, the Tech varsity baseball team made the long trek to Redlands for the first game of a two-game set with the U of R team. Although the trip was not a success in the victory column, the outcome was encouraging in other respects. While losing 13-4, the Beavers garnered ten hits to their opponents' eleven — the largest output of the season for the Technicians in the hit column.

Clip Petrelli hit the hitting attack with three hits in four times at bat, including a booming 300-foot triple to deep center field. Jim Morrow also blasted a triple. Ron Merritt pitched the five innings against Redlands and was relieved by Steve Heineman in the sixth inning. Heineman, a letterman from last year's squad, made his first appearance of the season, holding Redlands scoreless for four innings and allowing only two runners to reach first base. For Coach Ed Presler's beleaguered pitching corps, this performance was a welcome omission.

The Second Tech ball squad lost a close, hard-fought game to Redlands last week by the score of 4-1. Once again, Bill Ricks turned in a superb performance on the mound. For the first time this season, the fresh completed a game without committing any grievous errors. Their inability to deliver the hit to the clutch was again the young Beavers' biggest weakness. Catcher Gary Dahlman led the team with three hits, batting in the 200-plus bracket.

Harriers Lose To Bulldogs

LaBruchere's Lopers and Lobsters loped and lobbed their way to an easy 101-25-1414 defeat at the fangs, claws, and spines of Redlands' track-and-field team last Saturday afternoon.

CIT's only firsts in the varsity meet were snagged by H. M. Simonds, with a lifetime best of 2:02.5 in the half mile, and Melk, whose spear throwing was up from the last few weeks with a distance over 100 feet — still not up to his past performances in the 200-plus bracket.

The Techmen finished second in four events: Glaube with a 4:35.8 in the mile, Kiley with a 10:26 in the two-mile (both of these events were won by Redlands' Towers, in 4:43, and 10:22, respectively), Burke in the 880, and Cline (in a tie) in the pole vault.

Jan Dash placed third in the 440, with a respectable time of 50.0. Teitelman, continuing his consistent improvement, brought in thirds in both the mile and two-mile, with times of 2:12.5 and 11:13, respectively. Younce hit a hurdle in the 220 lows and finished third.

CIT's freshmen lost much more respectably than their elders; they pulled in 33 points to Redlands' 78. Ricks took first in the discs (145 feet) and second in the shot (45 ft. 3 in); Weaver, Holt and Hole swept the field in the two-mile (there being no Redlands entries)—winning time was 11:00. Sheene and Perrot first took first and third in the javelin; Hanson first in the high hurdles, second in the pole vault and third in the high jump.

Retreat!

(Continued from page 1)

don't yet know where their friends are, and for those, more letters must be sent. Those letters will contain a picture of the "invaders" outside the Caltech barbershop (where in the continental United States would a barber shop exist in a building like that?). The picture will be printed on newspaper with a Spanish caption and an article in Spanish on the back side. Those letters will be sent from Panama, where the invaders "are sitting and licking our wounds after the defeat," training for the next attempt. The invaders hope that perhaps some friends were moved by their letters to actually go to Miami and volunteer, but they admit that any deaths caused by the jocks would be unfortunate. But on the other hand, Bernstein believes that to be funny is worth losing a friend. "If friends aren't for practical jokes, what good are they?"

Russian

(Continued from page 3)
earlier demonstrated more than adroitness in attempting suicide. Topchiev is a vice-president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, speaks in Fleming Lounge for only about an hour after dinner. He was accompanied by his wife and an assistant.

Topchiev described the Russian educational system as considerable detail, refused to comment on the American system, refused to comment on political matters ("is Kennedy popular in the U.S.R.?), and maintained a completely polite and easygoing discussion at the m o s a p h e. He did state that the Gagarin trip was "dry-up" about five times, without Gagarin, before the man was actually sent up.

Details about the Soviet Academy of Sciences, where Topchiev is a vice-president, are scattered far and wide, with only a few scattered details refused to comment on political matters. There is a plot. The action takes place in a rundown Dublin lodging house which is a breeding spot for prostitution, the Irish Republican Army, and other varieties of madness. A young IRA rebel has been captured in Northern Ireland and sentenced to death. In retaliation our Dublin friends are holding a young English soldier in the lodging house as a hostage against the execution. Of course, the inhabitants take a liking to the innocent lad, and the maid falls in love with him. In fact, it would be quite sad at the end when he is killed in a police raid trying to spring him, except that Mr. Behan makes it quite clear to us throughout that it is for a laugh and should not be taken too seriously.

The actors are all flawless. More than that, they all seem to have an immensely good time, right down to the drunken Russian sailor and the queer Negro boxer named Princess Grace.

And, finally, "The Hostage" is educational. Where else could you find the unusual revelation that VAT 69 is the Pope's phone number?