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The Amplifier - v. 15, no. 5

Associated Students of the Montana College of Mineral Science and Technology

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Vets Must Carry 14-Hour Load

Veterans must carry 14 semester credits for full payment according to registrar Frank Kelly. Courses with numbers under 100 (deficiency courses) may be counted.

However, the VA will not pay for any courses previously taken in which the student received a grade of D or higher.

Farewell To A Great Coach

Coach Charley Armey's first and last year at Montana Tech will be long remembered as a year filled with change, excitement, and color.

Born in Cando, North Dakota, Armey attended Valley City State College in North Dakota, where he received a major in history and a minor in P.E. He then earned his masters degree at North Dakota State.

Armey took on his first head coaching job as defensive line coach at Drake High School in North Dakota. His coaching since then includes Graceville High School in Minnesota, Breckenridge High School in Minnesota, North Dakota State, and Montana Tech.

Coach Armey will now take over as defensive line coach at the University of Montana.

His comments on his brief stay were this, "I enjoyed Montana Tech, not only the athletes but the whole student body. The students here make up a unique group of individuals."

Registration For Second Semester

Registration for the second semester will be on a Monday, February 9, from 8:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M.

However, students must meet with advisors before that time to make out tentative schedules and check prerequisites for courses. Computer class cards will be

(Cont. Page 8, Col. 4)

The Cultural Improvement Committee (CIC) will present a CAROONARAMA January 28th at 8:00 P.M. in the Library-Museum building. This is purposely scheduled the Wednesday evening before the week of finals to give suffering Tech students a last laugh before the blues take over completely.

Some of the greats to be seen in this spectacular are: the incomparable Laurel and Hardy, Charlie Chaplin, W. C. Fields, and the Three Stooges, plus Woody Woodpecker, Bugs Bunny, and the greatest of all cartoon characters—the Road Runner! There will also be a short, ten-minute film (for the benefit of all would-be lovers) on the greatest lover of all—Rudolf Valentino! So come one and all, to relax, to laugh, to neck, to blow your mind, or something!

(Cont. Page, Col. 5)

The AMPLIFIER

Montana College of Mineral Science and Technology

Vol. 15, No. 5

BUTTE, MONTANA

January 23, 1970

We have met the enemy and he is us
The Mines Must Be Buried
by Dave Knesbush

This article is addressed to all engineering students and to the five per cent of the general students who can read, and bother to read, the Amplifier. Take a good look at yourselves. Just what are you doing at this school, and how do you expect to achieve it? Okay. Now that you have your objectives in mind, think about what you've done here.

We all know that Tech grads are topnotch engineers and get premium wages. Where do you go fit in? Just what have you done to deserve such a reputation upon your graduation? Seriously, just what have you done? Sure, you've completed your course work, but does that actually mean anything? The answer is nearly an emphatic NO! Now, you're probably ready to kill me for degrading your 4.00+ average. Forget it, and keep reading.

The point I'm trying to make is that too many of us are reaping the benefits earned by previous grads. Those grads fought for, scrimped for, and begged for their degrees; and I ask, what have you one? You probably started here because there was nothing better to do. If you didn't go to school, you were apt to get your young body drafted. It didn't go to school, you were aptly 'started here because there fought for, scrimped for, and begged for degrees; and I ask, what have you one? You probably started here because there was nothing better to do. If you didn't go to school, you were apt to get your young body drafted. But you did go to school, and you're a disgrace to yourself, to your parents, and to the engineering profession. Our department has been residing for complete years. The reason people don't know our new name is that we students haven't done anything on our own to make the name well known! The reputation tagged to Montana Tech is entirely our own product, and it seems to me that we haven't done much for it. People want many benefits for our institution, but the legislature proved with a name change that we are relics of the past. We refuse or are incapable of looking to the future, and that is where the profession of engineering is headed. If the engineering students of Tech are truly moving toward the future, it must be tail first, because our heads are in the past.

Take a look at yourself. Do you fit anywhere in this article? We all know that many others in all of the departments fit, but how about ourselves? We need a conveyance to the stars, not a steam locomotive to push the U.P. past Omaha. We, as engineers, must be oriented to the future. The Mines is dead, so now let's bury it.

Gate Of Hell Is First Foreign Film

The Gate of Hell, the first foreign film to be shown by the CIC was a big success judging by the comments from the audience. It was presented in the Library Museum building January 16th. The story was the classic love triangle. The film was Japanese and illustrated the violent passions of the Japanese which boil beneath a surface of rigid social conformity. The "Gate of Hell" is highly rated by the comments from the audience.

Schedule Change For Final Exams

There has been a change in the schedule for finals this semester, because of the increase in total enrollment over last year.

Finals will not be altered for this year, a test schedule lasting 10 days would have been likely in order to complete the final exams for the previous grads. On their test schedule, testing will take only 4 days.

The new schedule is arranged so that a student takes his finals according to the time frame of the day of the week his class meets. For instance, if a student has a class which meets first period on Mondays (or Wednesdays or Fridays) its final in that course will be on Friday, January 30, from 8:00-9:00 A.M. Furthermore, if a student has a class which meets first period on Tuesdays (or Thursdays) he is required to take the final in that course on Friday, January 30, from 10:00-11:50 A.M.

Following this new method of taking final exams should prove more efficient and equally as simple to arrange as the old method. One drawback, however, is the greater possibility of a student participating in two or more finals in a single day.

LADLE RAT ROTTEN HUT

Wants pawn term. "Rotten Hut," ladsie laddie gull offer groin offer florist. Shaker lake; dun stopper laundry wrote, end yonder nor serghurn stenches dun stopper torque wet striainers.


"O Hoo! Pleasure ladle hot!" setter wicket wod, butter taught tomb shell, "Oil tickle shirt court tuaudodge offer groin murder. Oil ketchup letter weter, and deen—O bore! Soda wicket wod tucker shirt court, and whinny named offer coin murder, picket inner widow and sore debtor por oil worming worse bon inner bet. inner flesh, "Wart bag ice!" offer bud and bloating adder rode. Zany poor dawn a groin murder's nut cup and great gun, and curdle dope inner bet.

"Inner lade offer ladle Rat Rotten Hut a raft attar cordage and shirker groaning, "Ladle Rat Rotten Hut," hersy ladle basking end Ladye Rat Rotten Hut, end yonder nor serghurn stenches dun stopper torque wet striainers."

Try Shooting For An Elk Award

The Elk's Scholarship Program may be of interest to Montana Tech students whose grades place them in approximately the top five per cent of their class. Forms and additional information may be obtained in Main 102.

The Elk's National Foundation is granting 200 Most Valuable Student Awards ranging from $2,500 to $800 each. The Foundation offers 384 Foundation Awards, which will total $200,000.00. The Elk's State Association will present at least $5,500 in awards to additional deserving students.

Butte Lodge No. 240 will offer $1,800 in awards.

The absolute deadline for submitting applications is February 1st.

New Sea-Craft Licks Oil Slicks

Conservationists and industrialists alike are concerned with the elimination of oil slicks from harbor areas, and considerable progress has been made in this direction. A new craft called the "Mop-Cat" is a 12-foot-wide catamaran and has been developed by Studebaker-Worthington, Inc., to recover oil spills while controlling water pollution.

The boat is 30 inches long, 12-inch diameter revolving drum with porous, polyurethane surface that soaks up oil from the top of the water. The oil is exposed from the drum's surface as it revolves and then drips into a catch basin from which it is pumped into a container.

The craft is designed to recover 50 barrels of oil an hour. Equipped with two 20-horse-power engines at its stern, its maximum speed is 10 knots. Standard Oil Co. of Indiana developed the system an approved the commer- cial development of the boats.

wicket small. "Oh grammar, wa-

Christmas Presents From Santa

TO:
Charlie Herndon—An ostrich egg and a new box of twinkies and ice cream.
William Van Metre—A seven-month, non-stop, guided tour of the Alps.
Charley Armey—Two tickets last year's Rose Bowl game.
Floyd Hudson—A new magneto.
Hugh Dresler—A brand new sneinle in the floor of his office.
Jack Globel—Four hundred feet of .00095867 inch goldfill.
Vernon Griffiths—Three thousand tons of reclaimed tin cans.
Dr. Edwin G. Koch—A riot helmet and a slightly used case of Mace.
John McCaslin—A pre-made program that prints out a map of Watchetakeehia, Alahma, Hawaii. Over the world.
Louise Britscer—A pass to the Coed Room good only on every fifth Thursday of the month.
Loretta Peck—A lifetime subscription to Playboy.
Robert Taylor—A new freshwater class that knows some grammar.
Gus Stolz—A gold-plated parking meter.
Herbert Warren—14 miles of Santa Barbara bench and his own research project on how to reclaim sea gulls from crude oil.

Helen Ivey—A book explaining Einstein's Theory of Relativity using only thus and hence.

Radio Buyer—A lifetime membership to the Fog-of-the-Month Club.
James Alberston—More men to fight with that war.

Dr. Dorman—A neutrino documentary film on the sex life of the amoeba.
Clifford Lait—More students with syntax error.

Chuck Wildman—An earthquake shaking to the tune of "La Cucaracha."

Max Botz—A water witch sensitive to depths of 5,000 feet.
The Good Old Medieval Campus

by Arthur Hoppe

Once upon a time in the country called Wonderland there was a 500-year-old institution named Skarewe University. It issued diplomas.

Just about everybody went to Skarewe University. They spent exactly four years studying early 16 required courses in histology and pathology. They did this to get a diploma.

Diplomas were very valuable. If you showed one to a prosperous employer you gave you more money. No one knew why.

But the country fell on uneasy times. Even the students at Skarewe University caused trouble. They demanded this and they demanded that. And they got everything they demanded. Until, finally, they couldn't think of anything else to demand.

"I know," said a student one day, "let's demand that they abolish diplomas!"

And, not having anything else to do, the students went on a Diploma Strike.

The president of Skarewe University was stunned. "If we don't issue diplomas," he said, "we will lose our standing in the academic community!"

The business community was shocked. "Abolishing diplomas would destroy the very purpose of dear old Skarewe U!" they wrote. "They should be forced to accept their diplomas whether they like it or not."

The Trustees were furious. "Abolishing diplomas will set our university back 500 years," they thundered. "It will become a medieval institution!"

And it did.

From the very day that diplomas were abolished, 64.3 per cent of the students quit to go engage in more financially-rewarding pursuits. And those who were left found parking spaces for their cars—for the first time since the Middle Ages.

Just as in the Middle Ages, students now attended Skarewe University solely to gain knowledge and wisdom.

And are there were no required courses, teachers who imparted knowledge and wisdom gave well-attended lectures. And those who didn't didn't. Just as in medieval times.

Just as in medieval times, students pursued only the studies that interested them and read only those books that stimulated them. And all, being constantly interested and stimulated, were dedicated scholars.

Thus it was that Skarewe University became what it had been 500 years before—a vast smorgasbord of knowledge and wisdom from which the student could select that which delighted and enriched him.

So everybody was happy. The President was happy to head such a distinguished community of scholars. The trustees were happy there were no more riots. And the taxpayers were happy they no longer had to purchase educations for those who didn't want them.

Even prospective employers were happy. For, oddly enough, without a diploma, you could still pick out the applicant who had gone through college—because for the first time in 500 years, he was a well-educated man.

If you have no idea where you want to go, it cannot move "butts" unless the brain initiates the physical reaction.

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Under The Eyes of Marcus

Problem: Students! Did you realize that all of the garbage, lunk, and cigarette butts on the floor of your Student Union Building is saving wear and tear on the tile? What tile? Why the tile on the floor that you cannot see under all that garbage! But, what good is saving tile that nobody will see?

Solution: Move a few butts!

Problem: Students! The seating and eating facilities in your SUB leaves something to be desired.

Solution: If we move a few butts, we can keep the floor clean. Then we can sit on it!

Problem: Students! With the few tables we do have in the SUB, why leave garbage on them? Garbage is matter; therefore, it has weight and occupies space. Space we do not have!

Solution: Place tables upright in the garbage cans. Since people prefer to leave garbage on tables, we will solve their problem, and they will unwittingly be doing things right!

Problem: The east end of our SUB is virtually a den of iniquity. Students playing cards in this area seem to lose their sense of responsibility. How many of you stamp out cigs and throw garbage under your card tables?

Solution: If you intend to expose yourselves to the "Lady of Chance," then you'll have to accept the responsibility of keeping things "above board."

Now think! Students; for we cannot move "butts" unless the brain initiates the physical reaction.

Sincerely,
Frank H. Spechalske,
President Frontier Conference
All In an Hour of Study

by "charley"

A public library is usually a quiet institution with shelves of books arranged according to subject matter. These books can be borrowed by a person for purposes of enjoyment or of increasing one's knowledge. At Montana Tech Library, there is the ideal place for a student to hibernate when he must study, do homework, or complete required reading. A quiet place... This is a good theory, but it certainly doesn't hold true at the Montana Tech library. After only two and a half months of attending at this college, I've come to the conclusion that it is utterly impossible to study in this library.

When I walk into the library, there is always one decision to be made: "Is it good to sit facing the door so I can observe people coming and going, or shall I sit with my back to the door, that I'll study?" Of course, when I sit with my back to the door, I crane my neck whenever the door is opened, thereby the whole attempt not to watch the door is a farce. When I force myself not to watch the door, an interesting conversation will usually develop at the next table. (By the way, the "no talking" rule is not effective in the Tech library.) Yesterday I heard an exotic conversation, being of a thing trivial like the fact that the girl did the boy's laundry, left his shorts at the laundromat, and left his shirt at the cleaners because she forgot about them for over a week. The boy was so angry that he broke off their engagement only to weep in about five minutes. The girl did the boy's laundry, left his shorts at the cleaners and washed his shirt for no reason at all. Are there any more good men have been lost. It was only after years of disheartening failure, that I was able to cause the boss to let me do the laundry for the girls. "That's impossible!" he says. "How do you know about my laundry?" "Your shirt is wet, the girls said, "we could tell by the smell of it." Which was a compliment, I believe. Well, I'm glad I'm a part of the team, and if I don't make it, I still help to make the laundry." Yes, it is a shame I was not able to study in the Montana Tech library, but, as my name suggests, I was very interested in being a part of the world, and I could take it from there. I know that I have been in the Montana Tech library, and I could take it from there.

Letter Asks For Sensitizers and Repressor Males

Dear Mr. Stolz:

Rev. Tom Smalla suggested that you might be helpful to me regarding a project I have before me.

I have completed all class work and comprehensive exams for the Master of Science degree in psychology from Trinity University, San Antonio, Texas. My original objective was the thesis. My proposal and research design has been approved by my thesis committee and all that remains is to do the project and write up the results.

I am writing on "The effects of threatening stimuli on sensitizer and repressor male subjects."

What I need is this: my first requirement will be a poll of male subjects from which I will select "sensitizers" and 10 "repressors" (using the MMPI) and when these subjects are chosen, half will serve as my control group and the other half will be exposed to threatening movies, after which they will be tested again, and then again after a lapse of ten days. The MMPI is administered at the beginning of the experiment.

Tom Smalla suggested that you could perhaps help me locate subjects from the school in Butte (college age males, white) and I would take it from there. I can pay each subject a token fee for their time, and I can arrange for testing times.

If you can help, I would be very interested in hearing from you.

Sincerely,

The Rev. Forrest Fitzhugh

If interested see the Dean of Students by January 26, 1970.

Men of Tech Unite

Cast Off Your Chains

by B. C. Martin

For too long we have suffered under the heavy dominating yoke of the coeds. It is time for us to raise up our claws, those puffy knives, form barricades of no-parking signs in front of the coed's room, and wage the glorious war that is due for many years. The totalitarian hoards must be suppressed and man must again reign high and mighty on the hill.

I can no longer sit by and see my fellow men falling into the clutching arms of the AWS forces. My conscience demands that I do something. Not only that, but I do it, oh, I do it. My light, of our salvation, Feed me, brothirs! We must prevail!

Ever since the first girls set foot on the campus, many of our Mother College have been raging an insidious guerilla war to throw us down from the seats of power, pull our legs off, and establish their negative utopia. They have almost succeeded. Under the clever disguise of beauties they have managed to take over our rightful way and made horrendous inroads into our domain.

They had their own building built from which to launch their cruel attacks. They even went so far as to publicly call us "sissies" (using the MMPI) and have almost succeeded. Undoubtedly a dump that a rat would not eat in the SUB be-deviled. It is an outright deprivation of minority groups, but right here on the Montana Tech campus, one minority group has been debarred. This is the students. They are planning, sob, to organize a clean-up committee? "Yes, kid. You're elected president!" (Yea, kid. You're elected president!"

The SUB held a wealth of pictures of the mess, showing the table legs to show those cigarette butts, angled low to record those towering piles of coke cups and plates on the tables (yes, down for those on the floor). The rules can be viewed on the following page.

Here, too, the trash that did not concern me as much as this conversation between several of our new students: "What's that picture?" "The trash!" (Boy, I'd hate to know where this boy has been!)

The trash all around here (Meanwhile, some students be drowning out tables—the camera's eye does not lie)—"Why take pictures? It's being cleaned up." And then to me: "Why take pictures? They could not be any worse!" Because, if I do, maybe you guys will keep the place clean." "Well, it's clean now. That would be no fun. I like to watch the time the camera in here every day."

If you want it clean, why not organize a clean-up committee?"

I have completed all class work and comprehensive exams for the Master of Science degree in psychology from Trinity University, San Antonio, Texas. My original proposal and research design has been approved by my thesis committee and all that remains is to do the project and write up the results. Now, there is much talk about the discrimination of the civil rights groups, but right here on the Montana Tech campus, one minority group has been debarred. This is the students. They are planning, sob, to organize a clean-up committee? "Yes, kid. You're elected president!" (Yea, kid. You're elected president!"

If a teacher has completed the requirements for his class, he see no reason why he should not be allowed to give his final when he feels it is appropriate to do so. It is an outright deprivation of the teacher's rights.

Completely aside from the teacher's standpoint, this will be unfair to the students. Any student who has gone through final exams will agree that it is much less strain on him when the teacher gives his exams spread out slightly.

I have talked to both teachers and students should be dissatisfied with this ruling. Al though it is too late to change anything about it this semester, demand a repeal before next semester ends.

In the long run, all personal development is just this—personal. Richard Reynolds

Food for Thought

The SUB is in the worst shape I have ever seen it. It is because of the crowded conditions, but I have a different theory. Now, if the SUB was relatively clean, the first two weeks I was at Tech, and is suddenly a dump that a rat would be ashamed to claim his home. I would wonder if we do not have some new students who lack responsibility. It seems that some students entered college last fall lacking common-sense, and in the college they have chosen to attend. Of course, I did not believe this possible, for college students are high school graduates! They are responsible and nature—at least in my day when I was.

One day, when one of our new female students declared that she could not eat in the SUB because it was "sick" and that she could not have found a "table clean enough to eat from," I realized the situation. I had found a seat up there. Ap parently, Mr. Crawford's article in the AMPLIFIER had no effect (this was as it was a good article, well worth reading). I decided to approach the situation in a different manner. I figured that if the culprits were unable to keep the SUB clean, they would look at pictures (like in nursery school). I grabbed my camera.

The SUB held a wealth of pictures of the mess, showing the table legs to show those cigarette butts, angled low to record those towering piles of coke cups and plates on the tables (yes, down for those on the floor). The rules can be viewed on the following page.

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If you want it clean, why not organize a clean-up committee?"
Food

(Cont. from Page 4)

To get back to my theory, that some of our freshmen are professional messmakers, I had only to observe the east end of the SUB (which is dominated by freshmen card players) to shatter my belief that they were mature high school graduates. However, I would be the last to say that freshmen are entirely to blame, and that is not the real purpose of this article. What I hope to accomplish is the wish of Mr. Crawford, the girl who refused to eat in the SUB because it was so filthy, and everyone who would like to eat or study on clean tables, and walk on clean floors without worrying about slipping on a french fry.

Those of you who refuse to use the facilities (garbage cans—not tables) for keeping our SUB clean, must realize that our building fees are the same as yours, furthermore that these fees entitle us (the clean majority) to a clean, fragrant SUB, and that should the situation continue, steps can (and I would venture to say that they will) be taken to alleviate the problem. This could mean an end to card playing in the east end of our SUB, and a constant vigil to remind students of their responsibility to others. Admittedly, we are too grown up to need this supervision. Thanks, in advance, for your cooperation.
The Height of Anticipation Is the Bottom of Despair

(Our gossip column)

It was some wise man who said the height of anticipation is the bottom of despair. I am not here to prove that this is not the case always, but to anticipate things at least provides some fun whether or not it comes true. Take for example Sandy, sitting all by herself at the basketball game the other night, a few benches above where the players sat. She was looking down at a certain gentleman with a towel in his hands. What was Sandy doing there when all her friends were over on the other side? Usually she is a girl who wants to cheer the team’s spirits. Was she sitting there to know more about the game or did she have some reason sitting there? Well, I decided not to bother myself with any questions but instead, I started anticipating things when Jerry told me she was in love again. By golly, she was! My head when./ I told her, again. By golly, she was! My friend "The Friendship Apts." is the image of a girl—tall slender and beautiful—standing by his side. And I was surprised to see the unbelievable coincidence when I found a tall, slender and beautiful girl by the name of Sharon riding around with Craig in that car. It must be the name "The Friendship Apts."—a remark which is not directed at the issue and one which could not be made by anyone who had paused long enough to give much to the first paragraph of my letter careful analysis—or could it have been uttered by anyone who had made a partial study of Senator Mansfield’s own publications, those which do not circulate but which somehow get tucked away in libraries. Therefore, I should like to set the record straight at this juncture by pointing out that I would be last to defeat my own position by denying Senator Mansfield’s knowledgeability. In fact, what should be made clear here for those who have not had an opportunity to avail themselves of his vast store of information—and also for those who have simply chosen not to do so—is the fact that Senator Mansfield is one of the nation’s leading authorities on Southeast Asia. This is an uncontestable fact! To find his equal one would have to turn to the Intellectual Establishment, to men like Giovanni Costigan at Washington, or to others, of course, who here and there dot our nation’s campuses.

Thus, my Open Letter—as it clearly reveals for itself—was in no way an attack upon Senator Mansfield’s understanding of the Southeast Asian situation. In fact, such an attack could not stand at this point, for his facts are a part of what now comprises the position of this Establishment. It is in, short, clearly understood by everyone in the field that Mike is no Mendel Rivers. Instead, he is a highly intellectual and complex man—and most knowledgeable on this issue.

Despite all this, however, he is no more blessed with infallibility than any of the rest of us. Likewise, he is equally capable of falling into expediency. He is human. Thus the intent of my letter was to remind him of his own historical position, to remind him that there are still those of us who feel so strongly about this war that we cannot tolerate its being dealt with in terms of "politics as usual." I am one of those. And so being, I therefore continue to urge him to denounce and denounce! and denounce! I urge him to return to the burden of being Mike Mansfield. I do so because in these yawning jaws of Hell we need that man so very much!

P.O. NEWS
YOUR BOOK HEADQUARTERS
68 W. Park—Ph. 723-8408

PARKING PROBLEMS AND SOME

by Eric Johnson

Parking on campus is a continuing problem at Tech, though it is the regulations—not the available space—which appear to be the greatest hindrance to a solution to the problem. There is still at least one NO PARKING sign which defies burial. I am referring to that statute monument situated on the outer circle drive, west of the Petroleum Building. The Dean has said that it will be removed some day, and any tickets issued because of this sign are invalid. But a student who has received two tickets due explicitly to this sign was ordered to pay them.

The Dean’s argument—that the student received the tickets while the sign was still in effect. Since it is relatively difficult to detect the difference between a void sign and a “means-what-it-says” sign, the solution is to remove it—NOW.

Would the PARALLEL PARKING ONLY signs on the outer circle drive have been uprooted had the Dean announced his intentions to install the signs and the reason they are needed? Also, although he swears that the signs did not go beyond the west parking lot steps, numerous students saw the little devils beyond this point. If this was actually the case, they would have disappeared as an act of protest, because parallel parking the full length of this control- less area was not justifiable.

There are still some students who are unwilling to angle park south of the stairs, for fear of getting a ticket. I am one of those; at I have already received a “No Angle Parking” ticket for angle parking in this area. Fur
**Letter Contains Feeble Criticism**

January 4, 1970

Mr. James Albertson:

The letter signed by several of your colleagues, criticizing your open letter to Mike Mansfield, left me in exasperation. These feeble attempts at patriotism may serve as an opiate for their majority, but have no basis in individual reasoning. I don't seek to ridicule them, however, for they are of course blind. I avidly support and love the freedom and joy that we as Americans have been blessed with. But we are often counseled, by those in authority, to tear down our fortress of virtue. When one rises to power—either as a financial giant, head of a business monopoly, or underworld king, he receives two things for the management of his regime. One is a copy of *The Prince* which will be his Bible; the other is access to the huge chess game, where he will take his turn manipulating the chessmen which bear the names of our elected leaders.

A Youth in Oppression

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**Possible Solutions**

On Tech Campus

thermore, it does no good to protest a ticket, as the Dean will tell you: "If you got a ticket, you must have been parking illegally." He considers it absurd to see how he can take this back into the industrial manufacturing processes have been obtained.

In cooperation with the Department of the Interior, the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company has demonstrated that the process is technically feasible, and now through added research hopes to develop a practical application on a nationwide basis. This should be a boon to the firebombers and junk yards which have been scientifically proven to be a source of raw material for industrial reclamation.

Extemporaneous speaking is an art which can speak on anyone of the three. These topics deal with current events, and the speech should come from the avoid the church; its the last bulwark against Christianity.

Don't attack the church; its the last bulwark against Christianity.

First and foremost, it does no good to protest a ticket, as the Dean will tell you: "If you got a ticket, you must have been parking illegally." He considers it absurd to see how he can take this stand, Mistakes are not that difficult to make—by people at least.

Admittedly, the Dean is very busy and can only remedy these situations as he finds time. Therefore, I submit the following suggestions to help solve these other parking problems:

1. Hire a less "politically" affiliated party to supervise student parking—a person who does not feel that all students are guilty and will listen (and has the time to listen) to student parking complaints.
2. If the school wants the parking lots patrolled eight hours a day, in search of violators, they will have to employ more than two students—who must attend classes as well. Perhaps a full-time campus cop would solve this problem. Heaven knows we can afford one with all the revenue from those parking tickets.
3. Remove voided signs, put up signs where they are needed. I believe they will remain provided they are justified, and notice is given.

Solution (1) would allow for the Dean to assert all his energies on more important matters—not trivial parking problems.

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**WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT**

by Bonni Sundberg

What would you think if someone asked you what a basketball game was? School activities like basketball, football, track, and other sports are a part of school for almost every student. And most students know enough about each to give a fairly accurate description of the sport in question. They are all competition events for the enjoyment of the participants and observers.

It seems there is one event that receives little attention, and if asked, most students wouldn't know one about it. This event is a speech meet. In a speech meet, students from different schools compete against one another in different divisions. The four main divisions are extemporaneous speaking, oratory, oral interpretation, and debate. Let's look at each of these main divisions so we know a little more about each.

**Discarded Tires May Yield Money**

Discarded automobile tires have been scientifically proven to be a source of raw material for industrial reclamation.

Through destructive distillation, large quantities of oil, liquids, gas and tar for recycling back into the industrial manufacturing processes have been obtained.

In cooperation with the Department of the Interior, the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company has demonstrated that the process is technically feasible, and now through added research hopes to develop a practical application on a nationwide basis. This should be a boon to the firebombers and junk yards which face a curtailment of tire-burning to lessen air pollution.

The direction in which education starts a man will determine his future. Plato

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Tech Sends 6 To Bozeman For Last Meet Of The Semester

The day was Thursday, January 8; the time, approximately 10:00 A.M.; the locality, near Whitehall; the condition, very low gas tank. As the seven sat comfortably packed in among the suitcases, clothes bags, and fold- ers, they all felt their breath as they coasted into Whitehall on what seemed to be only gas fumes. Due to an oversight no one had checked the tank. So began the Speech Squad’s trip to Bozeman, accompanied by their coach, Mrs. Alt. This was the last meet of the semester.

The Speech Meet was held at the University in Bozeman. Colleges participating were all colleges in Montana, private and public, and colleges from Utah, Wyoming and South Dakota.

Students attending the meeting from Tech were Margie McNelis, who spoke on “Annihilation,” both in the oratory division being oral interpretation. Vickie Christie tackled extemporaneous speaking and also debate. Her debate partner was Wayne O’Brien.

The meet began Thursday afternoon and continued through Saturday morning at which time finals were held. Though all the schools worked very hard, no one side opposes them. Neither team knows it is affirmative or negative until just before the debate begins. They prepare from there. A debate lasts one hour. The topic is always on National Affairs or the same topic is used all year for all debate teams. This year’s topic is: Resolved: That the Federal Government should grant annually a specific percentage of its income tax revenue to the State Government.

Now next time someone asks you what is involved in a speech meet or what a speech meet is, you can tell them! Why not give your speech squad the same support you give your basketball or football team. The Student Council apparently feels it’s a worthwhile program, because they’ve appropriated funds to enable students to attend the meets. These students are doing this not only for personal achievement, but for the school and you. So remember, “Forward Tech.”

Although students from Montana Tech rated high in the individual rounds, their ratings were not high enough to qualify them for finals. But in spite of that, it was good experience, new friends were made, and a good time was had by all.

ALL ABOUT

(Cont. from Page 7)

Man-Made Sun Tests Satellites Before Launch

Industry and science have combined their talents to produce an accurate model of the sun’s atmosphere above the earth’s atmosphere for satellite testing here on earth.

The solar simulator has seven powerful xenon lamp modules clustered in the center of the solar vacuum head of the simulator and controlled optionally by an operator or through the central computer. A 35-ton lid sits atop this 39 by 50-foot chamber.

The lamp modules produce a beam of collimated (parallel rays) light seven feet in diameter. The solar lid is designed for expansion from 37 xenon modules which would produce a light beam 19 feet in diameter.

Besides the ability to simulate solar shining above the earth’s atmosphere, the ultra-clean ion-pumped space chamber provides a vacuum equal to that of about 400 miles above earth and supercool temperature of minus 220 degrees Fahrenheit.

Built by Spectrolab, it is being used by the Boeing Company of Seattle, Washington, to test spacecraft under space conditions.

My Neighbors

“Come on, you whippersnapper! I’m that old man with the beard!”

A little yellow submarine makes it possible for fifteen geologists to examine, with their own eyes, the sea floor at the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico and to record their observations for future study with video tapes.

This eight-day geological research experiment utilizing the four-man submersible “shelf-diver” was conducted at an undisclosed location in the Gulf about 100 miles off the coast.

This is believed to be the first time an oil company has used a submarine for undersea geological research and exploration. R. W. Bybee, manager of Humble Oil & Refining Company’s Eastern Marine Division, termed the experiment “an investment in knowledge.”

“We wanted to get firsthand knowledge of the capabilities and application of a submersible to offshore research and exploration. We feel that the trained human eye is still an essential element in gathering and evaluating offshore data. Direct visual experience with the characteristics of the sea bottom may be a useful supplement to the other work that we do from the surface of the sea,” he said.

Pollution

(Cont. from Page 1)

Mr. Wilhems said that the state gave certain priorities to the solutions of the pollution problems. Priority number one is obtaining maximum efficiency from existing treating plants. Number two is seeing that municipal and industrial wastes are properly treated. Number three concerns the cattle feed lots, and number four deals with the erosion control, the most costly operation.

Mr. Bossard, who brought this to Montana Tech, said that he believed learning about the water pollution problem is one facet of education all engineering students should be exposed to.

A spooky thought: Are the computers telling us everything they know? Anonymous
Tech Loses To Rocky At Billings

Montana Tech's cage squad encountered two losses on their weekend trip to Billings January 9 and 10. One loss was at the hands of Rocky Mountain College. The game, ending with the score 103-87, was the conference opener for both teams.

Using their consistent fast-break, the Bears opened a 49-31 halftime lead and continued the same kind of pace throughout the second half. Pat O'Brien and Clint Rouse led Orediggers scoring combining for 33 points. O'Brien netted 22 points and Rouse added 11.

The next night the Orediggers were defeated by Eastern 103-87 in what Coach Lester called "a great team effort."

Clint Rouse again came through with a tremendous game scoring 27 points. His fine effort consisted of nine field goals and nine out of ten free throws.

Tech was forced to play without the services of Pat O'Brien, 6-4 forward. Pat injured his hand when he slipped and fell on some glass at the team's motel.

Besides Rouse four other Tech players scored in double figures. Byron Crocker scored 12, Don Klaudt 12, Nick McEnany 14, and Jim Styrler 11.

School Lacks Sporting Spirit

The special meeting called by the Tech cheering squad to discuss the poor spirit and attitude shown at Tech's games, was poorly attended by its organizers.

Ginny Carroll was the only cheerleader who bothered to attend. One cheerleader was reported to have a class, but three were missing and lacking excuses. Eight male upper division engineers were the only other students to attend.

A few suggestions were proposed, including a request that certain cheerleaders forever keep their mouths shut concerning school spirit. General improvements were discussed, but were dropped. Future meetings may be held, but possibly could be cancelled or ignored, depending upon who doesn't care next time.

Carroll Holds Holiday Tourney

December 28 and 29 the Carroll College alumni sponsored it's 11th annual College Holiday Basketball Tournament. The tournament, held in Anaconda, was won by Western Montana College, with Montana Tech's Orediggers placing third with a consolation win over Oregon College of Education. The 89-80 come from behind victory broke an eight-game losing streak for Coach Lester's squad. Behind 45-44 at halftime and as much as seven points in the third quarter, Tech rallied behind the shooting of Nick McEnany and Pat O'Brien, each scoring 18 points.

In their first game of the tourney, the Orediggers lost to Carroll 75-67. Tech's 6-2 freshman from Anaconda, Clint Rouse, led all scorers with 24 points. McEnany and Don Klaudt also scored in double figures with 18 and 13, respectively.

Unhappy Building

by Kim Bawden

Unhappy building catches my eye, I stand beside it and watch it die. It cannot help but hide its face as it tries to conceal its disgrace. Unloved building stands by itself as a reminder that people often forget that dear old buildings have feelings, too. Poor ancient relic of a home, That dear old buildings have feelings, too. Poor dead building, I cry for you!
THE NEW LOOK ON CAMPUS — Circle K Sweetheart Miss Toni Driscoll, sports an original Jean Saint (French), the highlight of Tech's Spring Fashions. Material available from Circle K members only at 43 francs (or $2.00) the banner (Y2 yard).

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