1977

1977 Modulus

Rose-Hulman Institute of Technology

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modulus
**Modulus** (mədˈyə ləs) n., pl. -ules (-əli) [ModL. L.] 1. Math. a) same as *Absolute Value*: for a complex number, computed by adding the squares of each part and taking the positive square roots of the sum (Ex.: the modulus of \(a + bi\) is \(\sqrt{a^2 + b^2}\)) a given quantity which gives the same remainders when it is the divisor of two quantities c) the factor by which a logarithm to one base is multiplied to change it to a logarithm to another base 2. Physics a positive number or quantity expressing the measure of a function, force, or effect, as of elasticity, resistance, etc., esp. in relation to a basic unit or to some other factor or factors 3. *Publications* the yearbook of ROSE-HULMAN INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY theoretically published annually, although history tends to shatter this hypothesis
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ROSE-HULMAN INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
Terre Haute, Indiana
Volume 103, 1977
So...You're the "New" Guy in Town. Draw

Many students at Rose-Hulman would like to gain some insight into the character of our "brand new" President of the Institute, Dr. Samuel F. Hulbert, other than the typically polished and highly flattering "propaganda" which is pumped out in great quantity by most publications on campus. Dr. Hulbert is a man who believes in speaking his mind, openly and candidly, and seems unpossessed of Nixonian traits of persecution. His openness was clearly proven to the Editor of this yearbook by answering some rather pointed, and perhaps even impertinent, questions. What follows is a written account of a two hour "exclusive" interview, granted by Dr. Hulbert on a very short notice of intent.

When questioned on why he had chosen the field of education in which to make his fortune, so to speak, Dr. Hulbert replied that he "loved" teaching, period. "OK, but I've heard that before, in fact too much, often by people who clearly despise their jobs." But then he countered by stating that he got "hooked" (addicted?) into it when he was a graduate student at Alfred University. Between pursuing a Ph.D. in ceramic science, and courting his future wife-to-be, he supplemented his income by administering newly learned wisdom on unsuspecting undergraduate students. And although he describes himself as a "so-so scholar," he taught such courses as undergrad mathematics, physics, mechanics of materials, etc.

This on-the-job training, along with past experience in the classroom as a student, led him to the inevitable conclusion: there's got to be a "better way to teach." Right on! Thus, along with his self-admitted "cockiness," he began his own personal crusade to stamp out incompetence in his classroom, mainly by striving for excellence in himself as a teacher, and total active involvement in student affairs. His credits
University as the Dean of the School of Engineering, he had finally reached a position where he could “direct resources into channels” that he deemed important. But, growing tired of “fighting with other deans for programs” at Tulane, he then applied for the position of the President of R.I.T., a place where he would be able to “determine the course of an entire institute.” The rest is history.

When questioned about his opinions on the state of Rose-Hulman, upon taking over as commander-in-chief, he responded by stating that he felt the “Math, Chemistry, and Humanities departments” were the “best of any schools” he could think of, although not specifying if he meant engineering or non-engineering schools. “Most of the areas of engineering” are also “very good,” but quite naturally declined to elaborate in detail on that last statement, probably realizing that he would undoubtedly be quoted on which department(s) was(were) not included in the qualifying word—“Most.” This is quite understandable, considering his primary role as the head honcho. (A President is supposed to promote, not denigrate, the quality of his Institution.) But it should be mentioned in passing, that the students do know, particularly if it happens to be their own major.

Dr. Hulbert then proceeded to praise the living hell out of the quality of the student body, stating categorically that “any school,” “bar none,” would willingly “trade student bodies with Rose-Hulman.” He then pulled out some very impressive statistics from his desk to prove his point, possibly catching a peculiar look in the interviewer’s eyes. “Yea, but statistics can prove just about anything you want them to, if you construct them properly.” The purpose of this remark by the interviewer was to subtly (?) remind the President that he was not talking to just some ordinary outsider, but a real live Rose student, a senior (graduated) at that, who had spent four whole long years at Rose, and knew the student body from a very personal perspective. This line of approach seemed to work, and although Dr. Hulbert still adamantly clung to his earlier statements, he was receptive to discussing the negative aspects of the student body.

Dr. Hulbert stated that the composition of the student body was “not as cosmopolitan” as it should be, meaning that too many students come from nearby areas, and that although he “loves the Midwest,” this tendency of domination distorts an international perspective. He then stated that Rose needs to “turn out more innovative people . . . entrepreneurs,” stating that only a handful of Rose graduates pursue higher education, and that most enter corporate life. (Is it possible that Bill Sisson does his job too well?) But, in a verbal effort to backtrack, Dr. Hulbert then stated that individuals who enter corporate life “provide a valuable addition” to their respective employers, and are “the backbone of this great Nation.” Conceded, score one point for the President.

When queried about the overall quality of the faculty, along with the old saying, “Those that can—Do. Those that can’t—Teach.”, Dr. Hulbert, surprisingly not phased a bit by this blasphemous remark, proceeded to expound on the theory that “professors work harder” than their counterparts “in industry.” After the interviewer gave some concrete, real life examples, quite to the contrary of his statement, of certain professors at Rose, Dr. Hulbert then qualified his statements. He stated that the percentage of competent and dedicated professors “varies with each institution,” some have “30%,” others “50%,” etc. In his opinion, Rose has a “very high percentage” of good professors, indeed a higher percentage than the other schools with which he has been associated in the past.

Continuing along this vein of thought, Dr. Hulbert, in a reply to a question regarding the “weeding out of bad apples,” stated that he, along with his dean of the faculty, tries to eliminate all substandard professors, primarily by not granting tenure, or, if already tenured, minimizing the “damage,” by the reducing of areas of responsibility and direct student exposure in the classroom, if possible. The President’s firm belief in this process of elimination of bad profs is so strong (and rightly so), that this year he was forced to defend the Institute against the “threat of a lawsuit” from one such dismissed professor, who shall remain nameless.

When asked if he believed in the concept and validity of tenure, Dr. Hulbert stated that he is fundamentally opposed to tenure (i.e., guaranteed employment for life), but stressed that there should be some form of protection for faculty members, who may get bogged down in “political problems” with the Administration, but who are still competent professors. His solution to the inherent problems of tenure, is to institute “3-year contracts” for professors, thereby encouraging continual improvement, as well as a measure of security, without the inherent tendency to stagnation, which some tenured professors find hard to resist.

When questioned about his performance to date, i.e., what goals were made, which were achieved, and which weren’t, etc., Dr. Hulbert said that his “main goal was to get to know the Institute.” He also stated that he wanted to beef up the faculty in some areas and diversify them, in order to counteract the tendency of “inbreeding” (i.e., the practice of teaching students and then turning them into professors at the same school), which leads to a form of paternalism (i.e., “We went through it, so
can you. Besides, we know what’s best for you, so shut up!). He also wanted to establish a "positive atmosphere" for constructive change. In terms of these stated goals, Dr. Hulbert rates his first year record as "excellent." He also mentioned in passing, that he was able to raise enough financial resources, to make 1977 as the third best year in terms of fund raising, in the history of the Institute.

These goal achievements had some negative consequences, however. Dr. Hulbert said that he would still like to get to "know the students better," and feels that he may have made "some decisions" that are "not fair to the students," because he simply had to make them too soon for his own comfort.

He considers the "Coed" controversy one of his main "mistakes," in that although he still desires Rose-Hulman to become a coeducational institution, (primarily for philosophical reasons, as opposed to financial or governmental pressures, if any), he should not have campaigned for it quite so openly. According to Dr. Hulbert, of the other private male schools that have gone coed, it was the "students who motivated" the change, not the President. And until the students actively promote this change, it simply will not happen. (Students, take note!)

His future goals for Rose-Hulman are impressive. He wants to make Rose "The Model of Undergraduate Education," known internationally as well as nationally. He also plans to expand the student body to 1200 students, which just so happens to be the physical constraints of the school plant,
in terms of freshman dorm space, chemistry labs, etc. He also plans to expand the graduate school to approximately 100 students, and establish a Master's entry level graduate program in Biomedical Engineering. In other words, to sum up his future goals, Dr. Hulbert wants to make Rose-Hulman one of the finest undergraduate engineering schools in the world, and who can find fault with this noble goal?

Dr. Hulbert plans to stay in his present capacity for approximately 5-8 years, accomplish his goals, and then skip town while the getting is good, so to speak. He doesn't want to stay too long and run the risk of resting on his glories and thereby loosing his welcome status, or diminishing his excellent reputation. He mentioned such "retirement" activities as returning to "full time teaching," or starting his own "prep school," or taking some sort of "governmental position," or even entering "industry" as a consultant. From other comments by the President, one of the first two retirement plans seems most likely, but this is highly speculative.

In conclusion, it appears that the Board of Managers has come up with a real winner, for the second time in a row. Dr. Hulbert seems genuinely plugged in to the Rose-Hulman Experience, and has some very challenging and constructive goals set for himself, as well as the school. This, of course, largely remains to be seen. But, if it doesn't work out due to the Peter Principle, which seems unlikely, he is, at any rate, one hell of a good salesman.
“GOD BLESS AMERICA, Mom, Apple Pie, and the American Flag. Stand tall and be proud to be an American, an American male. DAMN FEMALES, they are the source of all evil. Remember Eve in the garden? Women should have never been given the ‘privilege’ to vote. Females are ruining this great country of ours with all this bullshit about Women’s Lib. Their place is in the home, doing all the normal things expected of them. Women should engage themselves in domestic matters and forget about going to college. Or at the very most become librarians. This is the proper order of things. But, in no way, should females become an engineer or a scientist, for if they had been meant to be an engineer or scientist, God would have made them a man.”

“Let us be reactionary about this whole distasteful controversy of Rose going ‘Coed.' Jesus, what will they think of next? It just ain’t right! It goes against all of our sacred traditions! Women were not meant to come to Rose, women are not qualified to come to Rose. It would only cause trouble. It would upset the natural order of life. It would create student unrest. It would lead to debauchery and uncontrollable sexual lust. It would eliminate jobs from the inherently more qualified male engineers. It would lead to... to... Communism! We don’t want that! Therefore let us fight this Commie inspired plot to the very last man, to the death, if necessary. Women at Rose-Hulman, over our dead bodies!”

TO GO, OR NOT TO GO........ (Is that a)

Ho hum... yes. Well gents, our resident Bircher has just graciously spoken. Obviously he is rather perturbed about this year’s most “hotly” debated, or rather “discussed,” subject (to wit: COED). To go, or not to go, is indeed the question. (As to where to go is an entirely different matter.)

It has become increasingly apparent that the student body at Rose-Hulman really doesn’t give a damn about the coed question. So be it, it is not our place to judge (you wish). But since we have to fill up this book with something, it seemed appropriate to allot two pages on the coed question.

One of our photogs, obviously very heterosexual, recently went on a picture-taking rampage in Honeycreek Mall, and snapped some photos of some rather “decent chicks.” We have decided to print them here, as the purpose of a yearbook is to show pictures, and we are at least living up to that expectation. (Unfortunately our budget is rather limited and we couldn’t afford to do this the “right” way, ala Playboy. But we are sure your imagination will take over where your eyes obviously can’t.)

As you scrutinize these photos with your magnifying lens, try to think about the coed question. Try to subvert that feeling of apathy which inevitably surfaces when dealing with such issues as this. Make some kind of commitment to yourself. You don’t physically have to do anything, at least not yet. But make up your mind, either violently opposed, or strongly in favor. It has been said (Aristotle?) that a wishy-washy attitude usually just ends up with a severe case of the hornies. Care to find out?
question?}
God **Bless** Mother Nature?

How cold was it, you ask? Well, it was so cold that, although we did have fourteen feet of snow on the ground, with wind chill readings of 116 degrees below zero, and every other school north of Guam Prep closed due to inclement weather, there was no clear and present danger of an impending natural disaster or nuclear holocaust, so President Hulbert saw fit not to close the school.

This last winter broke cold records so old that they had been written with stone chisels and slate blocks, but that meant nothing to us dedicated Rose Knurds. For students on campus, brainpower was still in need, but it was utilized to figure out faster and warmer ways to get from the Dorms to the Union to the Main Building. Appropriately enough, several “warm” weather routes were developed for this cause.

One route, used extensively by upperclassmen and Saga Users, went from the upperclass dorms, through the Union, then Deming basement, the Library, and finally through the basement of Crapo Hall. Another route used mainly by Speeders, was from the Main Building lobby, to the Administration building doorstep, to warm up for a second, and then to BSB, for a leisurely warm jaunt through the first floor, before braving the cold to reach Speed Hall.

Fraternity Row residents had even more fun, just hoping for a break in the wind before running with much Fleetness of Foot toward the basement doors in the Main Building. But TruePain was defined as waiting for that damn car heater to warm up for the drive from home to campus, for those whose home unfortunately happened to be on Sixth and College or thereabouts.

All was quickly forgotten (?) as the sun rose again in the springtime, bringing with it puddles, more lakings, and graduation. With another winter like the last predicted to be on its way, the one unalterable fact about human existence has had another chance to be pounded into us: **Mother Nature is a Bitch.**
student life
The Joys of Registration

Registration is one of the very first things students learn to cherish at Rose-Hulman. It is an inevitable part of student life, in that without registration, student life is impossible. See? Well anyway, very recently, if not this year, Rose-Hulman has entered the 20th Century by "updating" the whole registration process. Instead of the previous system where each student had the entire day before classes began, to consult his advisor, argue with him if necessary, and register for classes, now each student has the privilege of trying to see his advisor in the "allotted" period in the middle of the day in the middle of the previous quarter, fill out his individualized mark sense cards, and march down to the auditorium at the proper time *en masse*. Once inside the auditorium, each class, meaning frosh, or sophs, etc., can hassle with each other to hand his very own cards to the always "friendly registrar," who then carefully places them into the proper slots. Clearly this is a much more efficient way to herd the cattle.

It should be mentioned though, that this system does have some of its priorities straight, in that seniors have first crack at all Hum courses, then juniors, etc., right down the line. What this system fails to allow is the student *selection* of a section of a class. This is now done by the registrar and the computer.

What all this means, is that students can no longer actually select which prof they want to be intimate with for ten weeks. (This obviously only pertains to multiple sections of a class with multiple profs.) The computer carefully "balances" all the sections so that the better profs aren't "overworked" with all that attendance taking and paper grading and test grading, etc. This is clearly fair to the profs, but is it really fair to the students? Well, of course it is, because the school is always fair to the students. Right?
freshmen only!
Despite rumors to the contrary, the area known as the TX Lounge was the scene and subject of this year’s most devastating confrontation.

One rainy day (or was it a snowy day? . . . memory fades) a crew of workmen descended upon the aforementioned territory and proceeded to install doors and locks, with the obvious purpose of locking out any “unauthorized” personnel.

Since Rose was on a break, the vanguards of liberty (students) were absent, and no protest was uttered in the empty hallowed halls; the perpetrators were free to do their dirty work in absolute secrecy and safety.

But when school resumed, the general student body, shocked at the calculated and brazen attempt to undermine their sovereign jurisdiction, sized up the situation immediately, and decided to butt heads against the infidels who perpetrated this traitorous action.

A raiding party was launched, and succeeded in capturing one of the enemy’s footsoldiers. Upon interrogation, the terrorized crewman spilled the beans, and implicated the current Administration, saying, “My orders came from the very highest levels.” When prodded a bit more, he uttered, “My orders came from the very top! I was only following orders.” Alas, the poor fellow then fell silent, and there after died from self-inflicted shame.

The student partisans then decided that decisive action was needed forthwith. Upon contacting “deep-tongue,” the highly placed Administration informant, the rationale for the confiscation was learned. The General Staff wanted to establish (of all things!) a faculty bar & grill. Well . . . this, in and of itself, angered the highly volatile students to no end. In fact, the partisans were so enraged, they decided to take matters into their own hands, and retaliated by literally tearing the doors off the jambs, and immediately occupying the premises.

The Administration knew that it had been licked fair and square. In the future it would ask the student body before making any more impetuous moves to curb their freedoms. Once again, the power of the student body has flexed its powerful muscles in the quest for its legitimate, basic, and fundamental human rights.
FINALS: A Royal Pain...

in the ass. Yes indeedee! But it is only temporary you say. A nightmare to be endured for only a short while. It'll all be over soon... Finals are only a ritual, designed to weed out the weaker souls who can't make the grade, who can't take the pressure, who can't take the heat. But it'll all be over soon... forgotten, when graduation finally rolls around. Right? Right????

Wrong, good buddy. A recent article in the Chicago Tribune has shown the widespread existence of a nightmare called the "test dream." The dream basically runs: It is exam time, and you are heading for class. Suddenly you realize you never have studied for the test; in fact, you never even attended a lecture. Anxiety attacks, knotting your stomach, setting your heart thudding.

Then the worst hits: You don't even know where the test is being held. Now it is a desperate race through darkened halls, searching in vain for the classroom. You sit up in your bed, lathered in a cold sweat. It takes a few seconds to realize there is no final. And then—immense relief.

This dream, although varied in content and intensity from individual to individual, afflicts college grads of all ages. Hundreds have reported having this nightmare (or variations on the theme) in alumni publications, dating as far back as the 1932-33 Harvard Bulletin. But this nightmare is not only an "exclusive" symptom of Harvard grads. Alumni from many other schools have also documented these nightmares, in increasing regularity. [In fact, this yearbook editor's own father has complained of this exact dream for many years.] It is estimated that there are millions who experience this phenomenon, and the number who report it keep growing each year.

Psychologists have several theories as to why this dream occurs. But the interesting thing about it is that only those who pass their exams seem to dream about them in the future. In fact, it appears that only those who really care about passing (i.e., knurds) are the only ones afflicted by this exquisite torture.

The bottom line is therefore: Those who have anxiety about exams, have nightmares in the future. No anxiety, no dreams... period.
This year saw the birth of a grand new tradition at Rose-Hulman; the sacrificial donation of some "precious bodily fluids" (usually called blood) to the 1977 Blood Drive administered by the Central Indiana Regional Blood Center from Indianapolis. Teeming thousands thronged into the lower level of the Union with their sleeves already rolled up, ready to be punctured, many for the first time in their lives.

The turn out was quite gratifying, especially to those bleeding-heart (oops, that's a bad choice of words) individuals who believe in sacrificing just about anything to a worthy cause. But, this truly was a worthy cause, and even the selfishly proud lowered their barriers to participate.

The actual blood-sucking process turned out to be the most entertaining aspect of the whole deal. Considering the ungodly delay that took place because of a severe shortage of manpower (many waited for over 3½ hours, missing classes and tests), the individualized attention one received at the point of death was quite nice. It was also entertaining to watch other less hardy individuals keel over and faint at the first sight of blood.

The Blood Center was able to carry away 141 pints of healthy blood, slightly below the stated goal of 200 pints. As it turned out though, many, many, students were turned away from donating because they were considered bad risks; their blood was deemed temporarily below the required standards for healthiness. But those underclassmen turned away will get many more chances in the future to donate. The Blood Center, who said that this had been the best response they had ever seen at a college, plans to make this a semi-annual ritual.
The "Best Damn Ever" Bonfire

Suddenly the red haired figure leaped upon the stage, commanding all but fellow members of the freshman class to vacate the general premises surrounding the auditorium. We all saw the fire in his eyes, the rock-like chin, and then we knew. It was homecoming time.

The man with the red hair was Anthony Ackerman, and a fine bonfire chairman he was, carrying out his duties to the fullest, including continuing the old tradition of not making it through the whole year before quitting school, as do most bonfire chairmen.

The Administration was adamant about where the freshmen may obtain the ties and outhouse for the bonfire. "The freshman class shall obtain permission from the railroad and the farmer from whom they are going to 'steal' the ties and outhouse for the bonfire." Naturally, all of this was followed to the letter, as is every other rule concerning student life on the Rose-Hulman campus. This is as it should be, for we wouldn't want it any other way.

Notwithstanding the Administration's much admired restrictions, the freshmen had a difficult time with their structure, mainly due to a small group of "undesirables" (to wit: sophomores), who insisted on pestering the timid little group of bonfire-ees by trying to wreck their wooden toy before it was to be legitimately destroyed. Fortunately, the good guys always win, and with their white hats planted squarely on top of their heads, the freshman class successfully repulsed attacks for a whole week to present the Best Ever Bonfire The Whole Damn School Ever Has Seen Ever.
Homecoming Day 1976 is destined to be one of those days that most will try to banish from memory, in that the only word that can adequately describe it is "dreary." Dreary it was indeed. "Rain, rain, go away..." just didn't work this time, and brought instead a downpour and temperatures in the high 30's.

The game itself was equally disappointing. Fumble, fumble after fumble, highlighted the occasion. As it turns out, soggy turf and soggy bodies do not make for a happy Fighting Engineer. This probably explains for Rose's lackluster, or perhaps dismal, performance, although the Engineers were the heavily favored team.

The bonfire, as mentioned in the previous article, was, as usual, a smash hit with the frosh and the grandads, and promises to see many more encore performances. Rosie managed to "make it" this year despite heavy odds against her. A "hovercraft" approach was utilized proving that the freshman class simply refused to be outwitted. It was a real innovation that drew a great deal of admiration, particularly from the upperclassmen who would have never thought of such an approach.

The "happy hour" after the game was, well... happy. Rose students and alumni have learned long ago, through experience, that a game is, in fact, only a game, and they accordingly treat it as such. The freely flowing refreshments provided an excellent atmosphere for soothing bad spirits, social mixing, as well as reminiscing about the "good old days" with other alumni.
'77 Rose Show—an Unqualified Success

This year's Rose Show was, in short, a "smashing success." Compared with last year's dismal debacle, as well as the 1975 boondoggle, the 1977 extravaganza was a sight to behold.

1974 was Rose-Hulman's Centennial Year, and saw the rebirth of several sacred traditions, two of which immediately come to mind: the Rose Show, and the Modulus. And as usual, the first in a "new" old tradition, is usually "the best," in that more care and attention is always accorded to the first, or rebirth, of anything. But sustaining the momentum required of such undertakings requires a fanatical devotion that is rarely in supply. Hence, the gradual decay of traditions sets in like the plague.

The 1977 Rose Show, although better than the previous two year's pageants, was simply not as good, or entertaining, as the '74 Show. First of all, it didn't have as much to show. Secondly, of the exhibits that were shown, most were the same old ones, dragged out of the closet, dusted off, and displayed for the fourth year in a row. (How many times are we to be privileged in observing sewage water turned into delicious coffee? Ditto the old radios, the Civil's weight guessing machine, etc., etc., etc. (continued)
On the other hand, several new aspects have become apparent. Rose Show is no longer considered to be a "show," but instead is considered to be a chance for parents to come and observe what Rose-Hulman is all about. OK, that is a valid point. It is also the obvious direction the Show is taking. In fact, it is now properly billed as "Parents Day."

There were several new twists to the old theme. Twenty or so athletically inclined fathers signed up to play volleyball with their sons, although no head count was taken when it came time to actually play ball. Beer was also served with the indoor cookout in the fieldhouse, which turned out to be a grand idea, because it helped blunt the senses against the overpowering cloud of smoke, which completely filled up the gym. Someone was really on the ball there. Rain is the excuse.

Other activities included a relatively entertaining chemistry "Magic Show," which showed how fun mixing chemicals together can be. Proud parents and siblings had the opportunity to pound away at the PDP terminals, possibly taking out revenge on the poor innocent machines that are on the verge of controlling mankind. The Racing Association showed some truly outstanding model cars, proving that even engineers can follow directions in building a model. The EE Department took pride in showing off some oscilloscopes, and its patented "floating plate" trick. The Camera Club raffled off a camera, of course. The Civil Department had its traditional structures busting contest. The Radio Club showed the proper way to grab a Ham microphone, all via closed-circuit television. And lastly, as well as leastly, the Chem E Department, who won the contest for the best displays, showed how to manufacture miniature plastic bottles.

Yes, indeed, the '77 Rose Show was a smashing success.
As usual, Greek Weekend was a disappointment for anyone who did not wear a green and gold shirt. Lambda Chi Alpha won the cart race going away, and took advantage of a first corner mixup to win the canoe race. In the pyramid, they edged Phi Gamma Delta for the title, while everyone applauded Theta Xi's somewhat tardy Games appearance at the pyramid, when, after five futile attempts at even just building the complete pyramid, a brother was hoisted manually on shoulders to hit the bell at least once.

Everyone knew, however, that Sigma Nu would break Lambda Chi's three straight wins in the Tug of War with another predictable win. As fevers rose, so did Lambda Chi's adrenalin, as they ended Sigma Nu's reign in the event with their fourth win of the day.

Weekend runnerup FIJI then gave the crowds a second double take, cleaning up in the bike race to prevent a clean Lambda Chi sweep, and gave the Purple Men their best Games finish in history.

Songfest was won by Alpha Tau Omega for the third year in a row, but the big news was that Theta Xi did not come through on their threat to appear in jeans and torn shirts to sing, "I'm a lumberjack, and I'm so..."
COMMENCEMENT. . .The End of the Line

This year's Commencement ceremonies typified the pomp and pageantry traditionally associated with graduation. As usual, it was hot and humid. The annual reception took place in the Hulman Memorial Union, where seniors were able to receive witty words of wisdom from their former profs. The last rites were administered in the auditorium by Bill Sisson and Jess Lucas and Noel Moore and company, who strove diligently to inculcate the correct procedures to observe in the following ceremonies. Then followed the traditional march down the hill, which does make for some excellent photographic possibilities, and you can be assured that it was properly exploited by every publication concerned, including ye olde yearbook. Proud parents were able to watch the parade passing into the fieldhouse, where the "granting" of the degrees took place.
Indiana's Governor Otis R. Bowen graced the podium at the 1977 graduation ceremonies, delivering a speech that seemed somewhat relevant and interesting at the time of presentation, but due to a lackluster delivery, tended to drag a bit. In retrospect, however, after reading the complete text in the Rose Echoes, it should be mentioned that his speech was, indeed, an excellent and intelligent message for all concerned.

The Governor warned against "flat-earth" thinking (or perhaps more appropriately termed "flat-headed" thinking). He stressed the advantages of the free enterprise system, the positive side of nuclear energy, and the desirability of a technological "fix" for all the ills of our society, warning of the impending governmental colossus that would follow if the public loses faith with technology. Quite an appropriate speech for a school like Rose. The message received a healthy dosage of yawns and applause.

Jay Dettmer received the Hemingway Gold Medal as the top scholar of the Class of 1977, and to no one's surprise, John Vincent received the John Tuller Royse Award as the outstanding human being at Rose-Hulman.
academics
In the catalogue, Chemical Engineers are designated by CHE, while CHM denotes Chemistry majors. But, for this and a heavy freshman chemistry program, the Chem E department would be the only one of the two at Rose. The reason is simple: graduating Chem E's outnumber their science partners by a ratio of around 10 to 1, and the ratio of entering freshmen is sometimes triple that.

Thus, when one hears "Chem-i-" as an answer to a "What major are you?" question, one assumes Chem E. One of those test tube fiddlers, they're all the same anyways, aren't they?

But the difference between Chem E's and Chemistry majors is a world apart. Besides all the deep philosophical questions about "Do you want to be a scientist or an engineer?", there is a matter of which section of the faculty one wants to grow to hate, and the difficult decision of either making a living with a Bachelor of Chemistry degree, or making a fortune with a Chemical Engineering feather in the cap.

After general and organic chemistry, the Chem E starts on a rigorous 17 course program that molds him into a being unlike most others in the Galaxy. In fact, this marathon of Chemical Engineering ingrains so deeply into his brain synapses that one recent graduate, recently married, was overheard to say, "Maybe so, but I'd rather fool around with a Chem problem than my wife."

Clockwise from upper left; Jerry Caskey still gets a kick in showing off the "sewage to coffee" water purification display at the 1977 Rose Show, an unrecognizable student constructing an explosive chemical mixture in the lab, Sam Hite in one of his few excursions out of the Chem E basement, Kent Erb distracted from a challenging catnap.
CHEMISTRY

Like Calculus and ROTC, Chemistry is something that everyone has the forced opportunity to take and enjoy. The ME/CE/CHM divisions of students are privileged to take two quarters right away, with more promised in the spring, while the EE/CS/Physics/Math half gets to spread their fun over the whole year—fall and spring terms.

But then, this is it for all but Chemistry and Chemical Engineering majors. Chemistry majors quickly pass by their Chem E. counterparts, with three more solid years of A-Chem, P-Chem, Organic Chem, Inorganic Chem, and I have had it up to here Chem. After this barrage, however, the Rose-Hulman Chemistry graduate is prepared to take on the whole Chemical World, but usually decides to take on a graduate degree program instead.

Clockwise from far upper left; Prof. Benjaminov shows a freshman the proper way to do a homework problem, Peter Method explains the fine points of chemistry to his class, Dr. Lewis watches a student about to fall asleep in class, Frank Guthrie furiously types out some test questions, Dean Hill using his hands to underscore a point.
CIVIL ENGINEERING

The Civil Engineering department at Rose has had its work cut out for it, trying to be sufficiently competent in all its many required branches, e.g., structures, soil mechanics, transportation, urban planning, fluid mechanics, and the environmental option. Sometimes it has succeeded, sometimes not. But this year it has given birth to a group of students who took their senior project, and made it their life's work for one entire week.

The project was to revitalize downtown Terre Haute, and make it a place that one would want to take one's girlfriend, or children, not one's garbage. Greg German led the group in this undertaking that essentially came up with a plan that would make downtown Terre Haute the place to be, a town for all seasons, so to speak. An impressive scaled model, an adequate portfolio, and several large presentations succeeded in bringing the idea across. The only thing left is for the plan to be carried out. Any takers?

Clockwise from upper left; Cecil Lobo and Ken Henkel and Mark Berrio listen to an incredibly boring presentation, Randy Parrish succeeds in demolishing his balsa wood structure, three photos of the superbly crafted senior project model, senior civils in their moment of glory, Mark Berrio reliving his childhood.
One of the first places all freshman discover, next to ISU and The Rafters, is the computer center. Between experienced programmers that whip off 50 or 100 step programs that postulate Truth, God, and Existence, and absolute neophytes that are "resigned" to playing Star Trek for hours on end, the center's terminals and batch system are soon known to all.

Quickly though, the magic is lost for most. Those who remain belong to one of two sometimes indistinguishable groups: computer knurds, and "comp sci" majors.

The computer science department is a lonely one, as most of those interested in electrical type hardware of any sort, much less to specifically say computers, decide to write EE on their forms, since, after all, Rose is an Engineering School, right?

But for the few that elect to go Comp Sci, the opportunity is there. A PDP 11/40 timesharing system, a Xerox 530 batch system (soon to be replaced), and an analog computer are all eventually accessible for the individual student, as are professors Criss and Moench.

The four-year program starts off with the required, but dearly loved 2 credit freshman course. It then specializes along the line of EE and Physics majors, with specific CS courses starting during the spring of freshman year.

When the computer science major walks off the stage with his Rose Tech diploma, he will find his degree to be an incredibly valuable tool. He may select to go to the grad school of his choice, or he may head into business immediately, to become a master of the machines that will control the world.
And Dr. Wagner gives one of his seemingly bewildered smiles, and it suddenly becomes all too evident that Those Stories about the physics department were real. All of us freshman had heard them many times before, at rush parties, at BS sessions with sophomore advisors or junior counselors, or from fellow upperclassmen jocks. The one like—Dr. Rhee asks his class how many physics majors? As a timid few raise their hands, he nods, saying, “Very Good. You all get A’s.” Then he asks, “How many of you EE’s?” A majority raise their hands, and he sighs quietly, softly saying, although with joy in his voice, “Ah so. You EE’s, we weed you out...”

But we had hoped that that’s all those were—stories made up to scare us freshman who thought we couldn’t ever be scared again. Not so, as Big Jer jumps into the Third Differential Law of Quantum and Micro-nuclear hell it was all so damn confusing and why do we have to learn this anyways?

Perhaps it’s not that bad, after we pick up the piece of our yellow Tipler physics book. All of us passed, except for that dick in the front row. Onto something called Electricity and Magnetism.

Many a potentially fine EE has been frightened away after a session or two with The Physics Department. And if that doesn’t do it, Circuits I will, simply because you will never learn how to fix your color television or stereo as a EE. But for those who stay and enjoy the theoretical aspects of electrical engineering, a load of courses the follows, and the entrenched EE student can elect a variety of specific fields, including computers, power, and electronics and design.

Those who are wise, jump into the power field, for the money and sometimes comparative ease, while the majority, as purists, fill out the other areas, for more homework, fewer bucks, but an untroubled soul at night.
Clockwise from right: John Vincent shows Steve Owens the "correct" way to stick it in one's ear. Hank Winton—who holds the all-time sloppy office award—is about to be buried in an avalanche of paper. Glen Richardson on his way home after a grueling day. P. D. Smith watches Otto and Chuck Schultz perform an amazing experimental feat. Randy Svihla toys with his crankulator.
Surprise! It's still the Humanities Department.

People at liberal arts universities are somewhat surprised at Rose-Hulman's "Hum Department." Thinking about it with an engineer's analytical mind, one can see why. To one who is enrolled in a school that offers seven different degrees in Art, it might conceivably seem a bit unusual to hear of a place so diversified as Rose that only offers three whole courses in Art, and ditto music.

But all this is actually fine and good, when one remembers (if possible) that Rose is an engineering school. The Hum Department is designed to complement the student's engineering and science studies, not override them, and with area minors in eight different social sciences offered, one can theoretically even find some measure of proficiency at some aspect of human life.

Counter-clockwise from far lower left: students passing in halls between classes, Pat Brophy shows off his brand new flashy tie, students in Utopian Political Theory are relieved that Thad Smith is only three minutes late for a change, Pete Parshall listens attentively to a student babble on and on about James Joyce, and then reacts accordingly, Bill Pickett desperately trying to remember the reasons for the American Revolution, Peter Priest contemplates the miraculous invention of the lock and key, Prof. Ying absorbed in a basketball game.
MATHEMATICS

Mathematics is not arbitrary. This fact, combined with the delightfully entertaining five semester required curriculum of Calculus and Differential Equations, makes Math the most familiar and taken for granted departments in the school.

Calculus has been traditionally one of the main obstacles in the haphazard path of incoming freshmen, forcing them to sway off the beaten U.S. 40 back home, where they will attend Joe Pud College, an institution of stature such that it is likely that their high school credits in Analytics will give them advanced credit. Sometimes, this is deemed to be the case as soon as the first homework is assigned.

For those that either waded through the first year in short struggling steps, or knifed by with sharp fast strokes, there was still the two semester rigor of Screws with which to blunt one's pencil, and sometimes one's gonads.

For those not thrilled with the idea of spending another two years with Standard Mathematical Tables by their side, this was basically the essence of their mathematics schooling. However, the memories still remain—even seniors take a moment of repose, and wipe a tear from the corner of one's eye as they watch the freshman trudge down to the fieldhouse during fall's 11th week finals.

Yet, in the wake of those fleeing Crapo's second and third floor's offices, naively thinking forever, there remain a few diehards, whose whole Rose Experience will be spent toying with the intricacies of Tessalations, Permutations, Integrations, Variations, Factorizations, Experimentations, Representations, and, eventually, Mutations and Disintegrations. Here lies the realm of the scientist, not the engineer. For still, as always has been, as always will be, and as it is now, mathematics is not arbitrary, but instead, math is fun, and the hours and years spent will result in what is basically fundamental personal satisfaction. And this, like mathematics, is as it should be. Right?

Clockwise from above left: math profs listen instead of lecturing for a change, John Kinney being distracted by a rude photographer, Prof. Ritter listens to a student with a problem, Tom Haigh lecturing, frosh Calculus students paying painstaking attention to a lecture, Dale Oexmann gives students individual attention, students B.S. with Gary Sherman, Al Schmidt in action.
The first thing your aunt thinks of when she hears that you go to Rose-Hulman, an engineering school, is a big complicated piece of machinery with a lot of gears and bolts and cobs and. . . .

Fortunately, this legend is saved by the ME department. A goodly number of freshman enter as ME's, and many more are converted after a stint as a EE, or perhaps a third semester Chemistry course under the mistaken belief that they want to be a Chem E.

There are basically five types of students for which this department exists. One type is like the type that enrolls in Business school at a large university—he is not sure what he wants to do, and that is a good place to get a general background. A second type is the guy who's in there for the megabucks, ME's get a lot of job offers for the big dollar. Some are in it because they really want to be an ME. And of course, there are those that either can't make it in their first major, and know they can as an ME, and those that want to get their hands dirty fixing cars, or feel like playing God over the 71 blue collars in the back of the die-cast factory. So what's new?

Clockwise from far upper left: Terry Ishihara poses in front of his famous "I Am" wheel, Gerry Matsumoto seeks refuge and relaxation in his office, Irv Hooper somehow manages to keep in step, "Stink Bob" Steinhauser watches Jim Eifert partake of the toke, Twood seeks advice from Krupp in an attempt to bring forth life to his semi-automatic film processor, Dr. Matthews in action, Easy Ed expounds upon the virtues of a spring mechanism.
Change is the only sure bet when talking about man, it is written. But whoever wrote it didn't know he was talking about Rose-Hulman's ROTC Department. After cutting the required four courses to two in 1976, another cut was made for the incoming 1977 freshmen, demanding only one ROTC class for graduation. Also, the professors are constantly in a state of reassignment, making it next to impossible to get to know them. (Note the absence of captions for the photos.)

At the same time, the department has expanded their elective offerings, so that prospective ROTC inductees can sample military life for themselves before "biting the dust." This benefits all concerned. George Harrison's followers ("Give Peace a Chance. . .") need only grit their teeth for ten weeks, while the ROTC officers can concentrate on those who want to get into playing Army, with no worries about getting knifed in the back from those anti-violence types.

However, all this change should come to an end soon. If it doesn't, eventually there won't be any for anyone.
PHYSICS

But why do you want to be a physics major?

To this question there are only three answers. The first is the most common, "Uh, well, the force equals the mass times the acceleration so it's a lot of fun when every action has an equal and opposite reaction dx the quantity squared and the sine of y and angular circular motion of..." The second is almost as bad, "Well, they have a physics department, right? Well, I figure someone has to be a physics major." (This answer comes from those types that work all summer at inner-city day camp centers for $50 an hour. Their holier than thou attitude will get them in the end.)

And the third, he's the poor misguided soul that is still unyielding in his determined quest for the Bachelor of Physics degree for whom we all feel so benevolent. "Physics? Oh, I don't know...it's just that, well, you know... (pause)...(shrugs shoulders)...I don't know." And he smiles, shrugs his shoulders again, and suddenly makes you feel that you're the dumb one.

The catalogue says much the same thing that it does for Chemistry and Math majors, "...designed to develop a strong foundation in classical and modern physics that will serve as a basis for future specialization, for study at the graduate level, and for design and development opportunities in applied physics laboratories..." With ties to the Argonne National Laboratory, NAD Crane, and the Oak Ridge National Lab, the program does indeed provide the widest chances for further exploration of physics.

But, no one, except themselves, really knows why they have elected physics in the first place.

Clockwise from far upper left; Charlie Kyker caught in a characteristic pose, students learn the joys of physics the hard way, Mike Moloney in a jovial mood, Bruce Danner cleaning out his ear, Jerome Wagner wipes his runny nose after forgetting why he wrote those strange formulas on the board, Dr. Rhee enjoying a basketball game.

ED NOTE—we are saddened at the untimely death of Dr. Rhee (and his wife), in a car-train wreck, 8/12/77. He was a fine professor, and a gentleman, and we will all miss his unique sense of humor and charm.
After a heartbreaking loss on a dreary Homecoming, and the following two close losses to Sewanee and Centre, the Fightin' Engineer football team overran Southwestern in their final game, capping a see-saw season in which they racked up a 5-5 overall record.

Although their conference record was only 1-3, the gridiron provided much personal satisfaction to the players as they strove for perfection under sometimes insurmountable odds. Kirk Augspurger took many awards, among them the most valuable player and most valuable defensive back. He also punished the opponents the most, putting down 116 tackles.

The other three captains, Hal McGaughey, Kevin Kingery, and Phil Audet were not to be outdone, as they received the most valuable offensive lineman, most valuable offensive back, and most valuable defensive lineman awards, respectively.

Other award winners were senior Scott Wilson, junior Greg Heine, sophomore Matt Hodson, and freshman Joe Haniford.

But, it was not for personal glory or fame that these men spent the hot autumn afternoons and freezing Saturdays of November on the football field; no, they gave their time, energy, and dedication for the making of a team. Being a part of such a team is something few will ever experience.
Is the point column all that really counts in a football game? Or is it the more subtle things that make a game end up the way it does? In any case, it is worth looking at some of the more obscure statistics, which show where the men on the field really excelled.

With a total of 127 first downs for the season, the Engineers racked up a total of 2,674 offensive yards, 447 more than their opponents. Of this number, 852 came through the air on 69 complete passes; the remaining 1,822 were gained sometimes inches at a time on the ground.

In other ingredients of the game, Gary Ellis led a superb defensive backfield, running his career total for pass interceptions to 24—an all-time Rose record. The average punt went 37 yards, with sophomore Bob Burwell booting the longest—79 yards. Senior Gary Schultz, in 208 attempts, rushed for 1,019 yards, with Kevin Kingery following at 779. Freshman Mark Kaufman took honors for the longest total pass receptions; his 305 yards were good for two touchdowns. Dan Haas threw three touchdown passes and connected for the most—36 completions.

Rose was penalized 151 yards less than its opponents, had fewer turnovers due to fumbles, and averaged more points per game—which all goes to show that the scoreboard is all that counts.
Blistering heat, freezing cold, and rainy days that belonged with Noah's forty did not stop the cross country team from running over hill, over dale, and over anyone that got in their way in quest of their season goal—the C.A.C. crown. Even the treacherous cliffs of a Kentucky Civil War battlefield were not large enough obstacles as the Fighting Engineer harriers placed five runners in the top twelve for their second championship in three years.

Alan "Acid" Cassidy and Mike Korkos both took all-conference honors with third and sixth, respectively. Bill Fox (9th), Will Hentzen (11th), and Denny Funk (12th) rounded out the top five Rose thinnclads, while teammates Chick Yatsko (17th), Tom Lathrop (18th), Rob McClain (20th), and Jeff Sparks (27th) also made the trip to Kentucky, and helped topple favorites Centre and Principia.

Rose started out the season with the traditional Hokum Karem relay race at Wabash College, and then traveled to Butler, Depauw, and IU for large invitational races, compiling a 7-23 record, but having fun and gaining experience in the process. The harriers also split their dual meets, beating St. Joe's, Franklin, Earlham, and Northwood.
The sport of cross country is not made by the trophy received for winning an invitational, or the varsity letter at the end of the season. It is made by the part that the crowds rarely, if ever, see or hear, the hundreds and thousands of miles pounded out together in preparation for “The Big Meet.”

But even then, it is more than just two hours of practice each day, and the 28 minute race on Saturday, it is the way the team grows together and becomes one while doing this. Getting caught in a rainstorm at the halfway mark of a 12 miler, or waking up at 8:00 Sunday morning to put in four miles with all the others that had also been poured into bed just hours earlier, helps the long distance runner form a type of kinship with his fellow runners that can truly be called "esprit d'corps."

Perhaps this is why the title of “team captain,” voted on by team members, and bestowed upon Al Cassidy and Denny Funk this year, is actually also an honor, and is more meaningful than any number of wins or medals or trophies.
Led by starters Dave Sutherland, Steve Van Dyck, Roger Edelbrock, Mike Griggs and Mark Givan, the Fightin' Engineer basketball team got the adrenaline flowing full force around Terre Haute last winter by running up an impressive and entirely unequaled 21 game winning streak before dropping their last game at home in the NCAA Division III Quarterfinals, to the Whittenberg Tigers, of Springfield, Ohio.

The regular season began shakily enough for most at the end of November, as Rose went 3-3 for its first six games. Although impossible to foretell at the time, the game with Earlham would be the last Engineer loss for nearly three months. As the season progressed, and the number of consecutive wins grew past ten, January waned, and the student body began to take an interest in this strange phenomenon of a winning basketball team. Turnouts for away games, as well as home games, grew, and as the fieldhouse swelled and the bleachers buckled, there is no doubt that a proportional decrease could be seen in the average student's GPA.
But it was a rare thing at Rose to see so many interested in a varsity sport, something that will not be soon forgotten in these parts. And, as the number of supporters grew, so did the number of wins.

After winning their 15th game over Wabash in the last scheduled home game of the year, the Engineers surged ahead to meet the Little Giants at Wabash, with number 17 in the offing. This game was the climax of the regular season, as our band and supporters thronged to Crawfordsville and literally blew Wabash off the court and out of the gym.

Then it hit us . . . Rose was in the playoffs! For the first time ever, Rose-Hulman, the humble school of supposed knurds, would participate in an NCAA Regional Tournament. The team headed south towards Lexington, followed closely by the band and an assortment of 200 students, faculty, and just plain fans, most sacrificing three valuable days of their spring break to follow this amazing and unexplainably motivated team. It was a very long trip for some, but ultimately rewarding.

Heading north of the rendezvous was Knoxville College, soon to be knocked off by the Engineer's 85-75. And so, Lexington was host to Rose supporters for another day. And as Saturday evening approached, the tension mounted, as the Engineers collided with the Pioneers of Transylvania on their home court.

While the full moon shone down through a misty sky, Rose was engaged in its most exciting game of the year. As the clock wound down, while the Engineers tried to overcome an impossible deficit, the crowd never gave up, their screaming and yelling accompanied by the clamor of the band. And then, pandemonium broke, the buzzer sounded, and the score was tied.

Although the game was far from over, Rose now had the momentum to overcome the Pioneers, and finally won 91-85 in overtime. The Engineers were the new champions of the NCAA Division III South Region, and the only college in the U.S. to achieve a 21 game winning streak. Their final game was a week away, with the eventual champions of the NCAA.
The track team succeeded at two of its three goals this past year, despite an emotional changing of coaches in mid-season. After beating indoor opponents, Anderson and Depauw, and winning a rain-shortened triangular with Hanover and Evansville under Bob Bergman, the team increased its fire with Bob Thompson as the new hand at the reins. A triangular with Depauw and St. Joseph’s was easily won, as were duals with Evansville and Franklin, and Goal Number One was accomplished with a perfect 8-0 season.

A second goal, to send as many athletes as possible to the NCAA National Championships, was fulfilled when co-captain Tony Allen qualified for Nationals in both the long and triple jumps.

However, the third goal, to win the C.A.C. Championship, didn’t quite get met, as the Engineer trackmen took second behind a host Principia College team, that performed flawlessly.

During the year, Tony amassed 128 1/2 points, high for the team, and thus earned the title of most valuable field events performer. Another co-captain, Alan Cassidy, was named most valuable runner, due to his second place in the conference half mile, a school and personal record, by over two seconds.
The most memorable event for the team during the year, came at the end, when 22 members converged on the sprawling metropolis of Elsah, Illinois, home of Principia College, for the conference meet.

Between the three days of sun, sun-tanned lovelies (that seemed to have nothing better to do than be friendly), and, eventually, sunstroke (with several mornings and afternoons of baseball, tennis, golf, and track), the team grew together with memories never to be forgotten.

Looking for cute nursing students, trying to act not too surprised when a girl asked YOU to dance at Prin's computer dance (what a novel idea!), or watching the baseball game and/or female spectators, were things that indeed made the months of workouts on a too-small indoor track, months of less than admirable winter coaching, and months of late dinners with cold, wet sweatclothes, entirely worth it all.

Second place in the meet may have been disappointing to some, but in view of everything during the year, it was still an effort of which to be truly proud.
Rain and the gloomy clouds that accompany it, were the dominant themes for the golf team this year. However, the silver lining peeped through a couple of times, and should be in evidence a great deal next year.

Dark Clouds quickly settled over the team’s performances as they were beaten badly by ISU in their first match of the year, and stayed as they placed 10th of 13 teams at the Depauw Invitational, and 17th of 22 in Indianapolis a week later.

A glance was had at their silver lining when they beat both Millikin and Kentucky Wesleyan midway through the season.

The rain came for real after that, as duals with Anderson and Tri-State were cancelled, and, after disappearing during a 7th in the 18 team Wabash Invite, it came back with an 11th at Taylor, and two more cancelled meets with Marian and Principia.

The hammer fell one last time at the C.A.C. championship meet, where the linksmen placed last in the five team match.

The situation next year looks more silver than grey, with several excellent incoming freshmen promising to firm up the ranks of a team that is losing no seniors.
It was a warm, sunny 29th of April in the year of 1977, the type of day that is almost frightening in the raw intensity of its overwhelming and absolute consciousness. A group of Rose-Hulman linksmen gathered in Coach John Mutchner’s office, awaiting the arrival of another member, and . . . The Photographer.

Finally, they too appeared, and all was ready.

But even the Little Round Green Man with an Expensive Camera did not know of an unannounced visit by Joe Photog Junior.

A flurry of team pictures was taken by the portly fellow, his half dozen flash attachments and twenty-three lenses enough to impress even the least knowledgable of Mankind, but as he started to pack, and the team began plans of divergence, Joe’s voice squeaked out, “No, don’t leave yet—I’d like to take a picture or two also, if I may????????”

The experienced (spelled older) cameraman led the group of jaws plummeting to the ground, as the voice continued, “Please—it won’t take just more than a minute or two—it’s for the . . . the . . . the yearbook, o.k.?!” Joe then timidly held up a pocket size Retina Ila for evidence of his desire to capture the group’s likenesses on paper containing silver oxide emulsions.

“Well, sure, go ahead,” replied Coach Mutchner graciously.

The group then slaughtered an old brown hat in their rush to leave.
Although the baseball team won only 10 of their 31 games, the Engineers did take second in the C.A.C. round robin championship, and will have the majority of the team back next year, with only four seniors leaving due to graduation.

After compiling a 0-6 slate on the spring break road trip to Valdosta, Georgia, the team came back to dear Ol' Indiana for a full slate of games against competition that included St. Joseph's, Indiana State, Indiana Central, and Hanover.

The first several regular season games continued the losing ways of their road trip, but under the impetus of Gary "Doc" Ellis's 5-3 pitching and .437 batting average, the team started to jell, and split their last 20 games.

Principia was the next destination of the team for the conference championship games. Southwestern at Memphis was the first victim of the Engineers, but Principia evened Rose's record at 1-1 the next day. Sewanee was easy prey later the same day, putting Rose in the championship game with Centre, where they took second place with a 5-4 loss to the Kentuckians.

Senior starters Dick Neal and Gary Schultz won't be back next year, along with classmates Bob Neal and Mike Griggs.
Valdosta State University in Georgia was the site of Rose-Hulman's spring baseball camp this year, between winter and spring terms. The team headed South after winter finals for a week of baseball, sun, and more baseball, with Coach Jim Rendel.

The week started out in the best possible way, with the team's first game being rained out that Saturday. After a Sunday loss to Valdosta State, the rain came back again to spoil a second game, but once more disappeared for a Tuesday contest against West Liberty College of West Virginia.

The rain stayed away for the most important part of the trip, a Wednesday excursion down to Orlando, Florida, to see Disney World, but then greeted Rose as the Engineers attempted to play Valdosta Thursday. Finally, the rain left for good, and Rose finished up the week with back to back doubleheaders against Valdosta Friday and Saturday.

Although the six straight spring break losses might have had a bad effect on the beginnings of the regular season, where Rose lost another half dozen games, it was a unanimous success as far as the team was concerned, and another spring break trip Down South will be a high priority next year. The chance to play a solid week of baseball, helping the coach and players to get to know each other, and starting to settle down with each other, were invaluable, and gave the season that bit extra that made it... Real.
A 3-3 regular season record and a 5th place finish in the 10-team Indiana Little State Meet added up to the best year of any of Coach Joe Touchton’s six tennis teams.

After a 6-3 loss to Wabash College in the season opener, the Engineer netters regrouped to whip both Marian and Franklin into submission with identical 8-1 scores. Indiana Central gave Rose a little bit of trouble, coming out on top, 5-4, in the fourth match of the year, but a .500 season was guaranteed after a 7-2 shellacking of IU-PUI. The team’s final dual match came out poorly, an 8-1 humbling at the hands of Depauw.

The Little State Tournament put Taylor, Wabash, and Depauw men in almost every final match, and the final score showed it. However, Indiana Central just edged Rose for fourth place, despite Mike Biggs’ fourth place at the number two singles position.

At Principia, the team had no trouble with Southwestern, beating them 9-0, for what turned out to be their only win of the conference meet. Centre swept all six singles for a 7-2 win, while conference champ Sewanee lost only one match to the Engineers. The team then played their best match, but dropped a 6-3 decision to Principia.
To the unknowledgable observer, tennis is that sport where anywhere from 10 to 30 country club engineers spend a couple of hours a day faithfully hitting a fuzz-covered rubber ball across an entanglement of string with complex tools called tennis rackets. This observation is what makes the observer unknowledgable.

Although over 20 Rose Men tried out for the tennis team, six played competitively. Seniors Jim Krogstie and Dave McHugh, juniors Mike Biggs and Gregg Migaki, and freshmen Mark Tyrell and Matt Harter comprised the Rose-Hulman tennis team.

Those were the six that benefitted the most from the optional Sunday morning practices during the winter, they were the ones that rejoiced or bemoaned Indiana's legal age of 21 at the Pizza Hut after Little State, they were the ones who sweated, and relaxed, and won, and lost together as a team, because they were the team.

The other 15 or so, well, they came along and played on the same courts as the team, at the same times as the team, and got new cans of balls like the team, but . . .
RIFLE TEAM: (top photo), left to right; Larry McClain, Eric Fox, Charles Leddon, Gary Meier. (bottom photo), left to right; David Cooper, Charles Leddon, Steven Brockman, Eric Fox.

CROSS COUNTRY TEAM: Bottom Row: Mike Korkos, Will Hentzen, Steve Wilson, Rob McClain, Al Cassidy, Chick Yatsko, Guy Gadomski, Denny Funk. Top Row: Coach Jim Rendel, Dave Schacht, Mike Denault, Jeff Sparks, Bill Messer, Hugh Winslow, Dale Campau, Tom Lathrop, Randy Shinkle.
BASKETBALL TEAM: (left to right), Seated: Merle Schrader, manager; Jeff Justus, Trainer Til Panaranto, Mike Griggs, George Bowman. Standing: Mark Givan, Steve Van Dyck, Mark Hodson, Dave Sutherland, Roger Edelbrock, Terry Maddox, Jim Boerger, Mark Kaufman.

FOOTBALL TEAM: (left to right), First Row: Phil Audet, Hal McGaughey, Bill Songer, Scott Wilson, Mark Salzbrenner, Kevin Kingery, Gary Schultz, Kirk Augspurger, Head Coach Bob Bergman. Second Row: Mike Schneider, Gary Ellis, Al DeVore, Jeff Kissinger, John Hempe, Ed O'Neill, Joe Doner, Tim Jaenes, Jeff Smith. Third Row: Jim Obergfell, Dan Rainer, Kim Smith, Don Rosenbarger, Nick Willing, Henry Welting, Rick Matovich, Greg Heine, John Lewis. Fourth Row: Greg Schmitt, Mark Denzin, Bob Burwell, Paul Wietting, Rob Relman, Curt Dunlap, Matt Hodson, Dave Mayfield, Dan Haas. Fifth Row: Dave Morris, John Koonce, Marty Schramm, Joe Haniford, Ron Szanyi, Dan Bowers, Bill Moon, Randy Gwin, Kurt Pfannstiel. Sixth Row: Jeff Hammel, Terry Peak, Buddy Atherton, Mike Tucker, Mike Skinner, Steve Anderson, Tom Wiltrout, Mark Ripple, Mark Kaufman. Seventh Row: Dennis Hollinden, Manager; Mike Norris, Films and Manager; Til Panaranto, Trainer; Steve Wolodkiewicz, Assistant Coach; Joe Touchton, Assistant Coach; Gene Shike, Assistant Coach; Dick Comer, Assistant Coach; Bob Thompson, Assistant Coach.
TEENIS TEAM: (left to right), Standing: Mike Biggs, Gregg Migaki, Matt Harter, Mark Tyrell. Kneeling: Coach Joe Toughton, Tim Krogsie, Dave McHugh.


GOLF TEAM: (left to right): Coach John Mutchni, Bob Kaminsky, Todd Hand, Steve Thompson, Larry Beal, Tony Thompson, Tim Coverstone, J. C. Agee.
## FOOTBALL

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<thead>
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<td>3</td>
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## RIFLE TEAM

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<td>Won 5</td>
<td>Lost 3</td>
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Shoulder Invitational Matches

Walsh (Xavier Univ.) - 3rd place
Tenn. Institute of Tech. - Did not place
University of Kentucky - 7th place
University of Illinois - 1st place
National Postal Invitational Matches

South West Missouri
Univ. - 1st place
Univ. of California (Davis) - 2nd place
Texas A & I - 4th place
Michigan State - 6th place
Society of Military Engineers - 2nd place
Florida Institute of Tech. - 4th place
ROTC Intercollegiate - 15th place
2nd ROTC Region - Disqualified
Marquette University - 4th place
University of Illinois - 5th place

## BASKETBALL

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NCAA South Regional

85 Knoxville 75
91 Transylvania 85

NCAA South Quarterfinal

57 Wittenberg 71

## TRACK

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| Indoor Season

61 Hanover 24
61 Evansville 22
109 DePauw 71
109 St. Joseph's 11

Rose Relays

38 Wabash 37
38 Franklin 21
38 Centre 16
89 Evansville 65
107 1/2 Franklin 47 1/2

Little State
4th of 19 teams
C.A.C. Outdoor Championship

Principia 96
Rose-Hulman 80
Southwestern 49
Centre 36
Sewanee 7

## CROSS COUNTRY

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Win 7 Lost 3

Hokum-Karem - (6 of 7)
Twin 21/2's - (11 of 17)
DePauw Mealey - (9 of 10)
Little State - (10 of 12)
Conference - Champs (1st)
# BASEBALL

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Won 7 Lost 22

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Won 4 Lost 6
INTRAMURALS

[Images of people playing volleyball indoors and outdoors]
"The Intramural program is designed to provide an opportunity for all Rose students to compete in athletics. The different sports are divided into two leagues, the majors and the minors. The major league is usually dominated by the fraternities and is usually just a step below the varsity competition level in skill. The minor league is further subdivided into sections. The top sections are very competitive while the lower sections are designed for those who like to play but aren't up to the serious competition of the major league." (Mike Norris—1976 MODULUS)

Jim Rendel, in his second year as the Director of Intramurals, has again done an excellent job. His main concern this year has been to encourage more and more true "Rose knurds" to temporarily shut the books and come down to the gym, to rebuild atrophied muscles. And although the statistics say that at least 85% of the student body participate in the I.M. program, this is a misleading number. In fact, intramural statistics showed that 267 students (or 24 percent of the student body) did not participate in the I.M. sports program in 1976-77. But due to the way the data is accumulated, many students get "counted" two or three times, which leads to a questionable statistic. Coach Rendel is painfully aware of this discrepancy, and has set out to change this condition. Someday, with skill (and luck), Coach Rendel will be able to boast that, indeed, 85% of the students participate in the Intramural program Someday . . . Let's hope it's soon.
organizations
To the dilettante, Band is band.

But this very statement, when said with the right feeling, makes it worth the hours and years of one's life spent in the old library, because Band is not officially just band.

Band is Pep Band, which played at the football and basketball games. Band is Concert Band, which played for Parent's Day, as well as a school concert (which just so happened to be held on a day when everyone had already made Very Important Plans To Study 'Specially Hard). And, Band is Dance Band, which also played for Parent's Day, and made a personal appearance for a Tony Hulman party.

Instead of its annual tour, the Band decided to renovate its equipment this year. The decision was well founded, as the Band was a key element in the basketball's winning season. Not many can forget the night at Wabash when the Band turned an away game into one at home.

But to the dilettante, Band is only band.

Band members: Wyn Laidig (President), Gary Smith (V. President), J. C. Agee (Secretary), Kris Beutel (Treasurer), Glen Ruch, Larry Bertke, Karl Fox, Mike Church, Ron Haas, Dave Sutherland, Bill Whikehart, Dave Coker, Randy Craig, Daily Hill, Tim Jackson, Bob McGovern, Ken Schenk, Greg Tarvin, Ed Taylor, Steve Griffith, Bill Atterbury, Kevin Barrer, Bob Carlson, Bill Cooper, Jeff Dunn, Lee Dunn, Gary Durack, Bill Krehely, Bob Leipold, Dave Hinman, Rich Morris, Jim Saum, Wes Wright

For as long as Man had a neck with which to look up at the starry skies, the science of Astronomy has existed. At Rose-Hulman, this ancient fascination with the heavens is being continued with the Astronomical Society. Under the direction of faculty advisor John Rhee, the group has built a solar filter, and attempted to have the observatory open on Tuesday nights for those interested in seeking a peaceful soul by stargazing.

Astro Club members: Mike Simmons, Parke Huntington, Bill Swindler, James Yinger, Tom Hackney
This highly secretive group, whose existence has heretofore been largely unknown, was recently "uncovered" by one of our Pulitzer Prize winning investigative reporters. This organization, aptly called the Gun Nuts Association, actively advocates the use and ownership of firearms as a natural God-given right, and a hallowed American tradition.

This year's activities are rumored to have included several raiding parties, two "search and destroy" missions, and countless other target practice exercises.

Members of this organization, although portrayed in these photographs as ruthless and merciless individuals, are, in reality, really nice people, pussy-cats if you will, and are dedicated to the observance of Law & Order. [Therefore, let's not run off half-cocked, gunning for the editor of this yearbook. One must retain one's sense of humor in these troubled and trying times.]
The Glee Club, one of the more conservative, but heavily supported groups on campus, spends a great deal of time spreading the glorious name of Rose-Hulman throughout the Midwest, by appearing at various social functions to sing their songs. This past year the club met every Tuesday and Thursday in Crapo Hall to practice for appearances that included: the Christmas Convio, President Hulbert's Inauguration Dinner, his Christmas/Open House party, Parent's Day, a faculty retirement dinner, and a field trip to St. Louis during the end of March.

The group's high quality performances have not been seriously hurt by their longstanding invitation that anyone who desires to sing can join. The club does not require previous experience, an audition, or professional talent, but only a sincere desire to sing for the Rose-Hulman Glee Club.

Glee Club members: Mark Jenkins (President), Gary Eck (V. President), Dale Kuehl (Treasurer), Ken Ferry (Librarian), Bill Goetze, Dave James, Wendell Keith, George Ernest, Bob Orr
Productions of "Of Mice and Men" and "Tea House of the August Moon" were the highlights of the Drama Club this past year, with the spring "Tea House" show breaking all previous attendance records.

The 36 member cast and crew organization worked long hours consistently throughout the year in preparation for their well received shows, and purchased new footlights to be used in future work.

Director Jane Hazledine, after many years of outstanding and inspired leadership, retired this year, leaving a legacy of fine productions in her wake. She will be truly missed by the remaining members of the Drama Club.

Active Drama Club members: Dave Kuehl, John Rasp, John Williams, Mike Church, Steve Carrow, John Teskey
The Student Activities Board has done more "behind the scenes" work to give Rose students a good time than probably any other school organization. Events were varied enough so that most everyone in the school was found at one or more of the SAB sponsored shows. The Big Big News was the establishment of a joint social council with ISU and St. Mary's, whose first venture, the Les Orleans Discotheque, was a smashing success.

Other top notch performances were John Kolish's homecoming performance, which had everyone talking, the Livingston Taylor and Honeytree/Talbot concerts, which had everyone humming, and James "Scotty" Doohan's Star Trek presentation, which had everyone beeping and whirring.

SAB members: Paul Koch, Chris Hebb, Dave Ayars, Mike Bandy, Daily Hill, Eric Jansen, Rodney Norder, David Perrings, Greg Tarvin, Todd Royer, Dennis Brennan, Gerry Fish

“Our goal has been to insure that the student's ideas are relayed to the faculty and administration, and proper changes in policy are inacted (sic) when warranted." With a philosophy like that, how can a group fail? It can't, if that group is the Rose-Hulman Student Government Association.

Besides voting the yearbook a $1,000 raise and overwhelmingly supporting Gerald Ford for President, SGA bought new refrigerators, and voted to abolish the mandatory attendance policy and 2.9 cumulative G.P.A. requirement for double degrees (neither of which were carried through by the Administration).

SGA members: Randy Ridgway (President), Choi Wong (V. President), Dave Johnson (Treasurer), Randy Vaal (Secretary), and a cast of thousands
As everyone that has spent time living in a dormitory at Rose knows, the worst possible place to spend a year (especially freshman year), attempting to hack out a meager existence called life, is in a dormitory. Fortunately, a group called the Inter-Dormitory Council is trying to remedy that.

This past year they have been very active, sponsoring two spelunking trips and a canoe trip, and bought a new stereo for dorm party use. Also, they have organized the open visitation proposal, several dorm parties, and the reincarnation of the St. Patrick’s Dance.

IDC members: Dave Johnson (President), Glen Ruch (Sec./Treas.), Mark Fleck (V. President), Phil Mott, Scott Shultz

A field trip to the Annual Mid-American Interfraternity Council, held at Indiana State University this year, was completely indicative of the ideals of the I.F.C. Emphasizing attempts to bring the different fraternities on campus closer together, the group also worked on getting more involved in school affairs.

IFC members: James Nordmeyer, Robin Banerjee, Tom Burtzlaff, Ron Weir, Mike Schneider, Mike Stieff
The Thorn is the school newspaper. Everyone knows that. What they don't know is the amount of work that is required for each member of the small staff for each issue of the paper that is produced. Despite the hardships of braving the news world with a minimal number of hands, the Thorn has maintained a good, credible and boring paper, with excellent effort done on its major stories about the national Presidential Elections, and the co-educational controversy.

THORN STAFF

Editor .................................................. Bob McCarty
Associate Editors ......................... Kevin Winter, John Lasswell
Business Manager ............................... Mark Geiger
Advertising Manager .......................... Tod Stansfield
Faculty Advisor ............................... W. Kent Harris
Sports .................................. Anthony Adverse, Mark Alspaugh
Reporters ................................. Eric Danaker
                   John Rasp, Joseph Bennett
Photographers ............................... Otto Miller
                   Tony Wheeler, Randy Shinkle
Layout ............................................ John Teskey, Ron Weir
The Quarterly's fate is resigned to be the same as the Modulus's, only in triplicate, since their publication is supposed to come out thrice yearly, not just once. This sad state of affairs is hopefully being remedied by the adoption of the group's motto: "We feel that good engineers are not by definition knurds." A single shining light that may help the Quarterly is the fact that it has had a surplus budget every year, and is self-supporting, but when the IRS hears of this . . .

Quarterly Staff members: Fred Becker, Steve Carrow, Phil Amick, Leslie Light, Joseph Bennett

Rose-Hulman's yearbook, the Modulus, is that publication which is to evoke fond memories of a certain year when the owner takes it off the shelf of his study, dusts it off, and pages through it when the wife and the kids are off at Mother's. Unfortunately, the number of students that are willing to work for this fantastic publication are becoming fewer and fewer with each turning of the leaves, and thus the work falls on fewer and fewer bodies.

But this is all fine and good, because, as Jimmy Carter has so eloquently put it: "Life is unfair."
Special Forces Group is Rose's adventure training organization. Sponsored by the ROTC Department, SFG combines leadership training with tactics and other skills needed for survival on the battlefield or in the wild. Through classes and field operations, SFG covers topics like land navigation, communications procedures, patrolling techniques, and survival training. Special classes are also given in ambushes, demolitions, and care and firing of the M-16 rifle.

During the 1976-77 school year, Special Forces ran operations in white water canoeing, rappelling, parachuting, and skiing. These activities were open to the entire student body, and pulled a large number of students away from their studies. The combat exercises, with blank ammunition, were only open to ROTC students, giving these cadets a chance to let out pent-up aggressions.
Orienteering is a method of teaching map reading and compass skills which recently has been adopted by special forces in the U.S. military. Best described as a timed cross-country and/or compass course for individuals on foot, it requires far more than proficiency in the use of a map and compass.

The sport was begun in Scandinavia during the late 1800s. Its popularity spread rapidly throughout Scandinavia from 1919 to 1930, and it is reported to have led to the invention of the protractor-type "Silva" compass.

At the present time, Rose-Hulman has an orienteering club of 16 members, and a varsity and intermediate team which are part of the ROTC program.
Speed Hall Two was not only the home of the majority of talent at the RHIT Talent Show, but the headquarters of the formation of one of the most active clubs on campus, the Soccer Club. Almost half of the nucleus of the club came from the floor, including Ray Farmer, the initiator and president of the club.

With 25 active members, and 15 more wishy-washy types, the club was able to find six games with midwest schools during its first year, and already has plans to double their schedule for the 1977-78 year. Not only were the games packed with action, they were fought down to the wire, despite the near-professionalism of some opponents.

As nearly the entire club will be back next year, and with soccer gaining prominence nationwide, it may not be too far away before soccer is a varsity sport.
The Rose Rifles drill team compiled an outstanding record this year, taking first in the Purdue Invitational Drill Meet, third in the University of Illinois Invitational Drill Meet, and racking up 95 percentage points for stringent inspection at the Iowa State University Drill Meet.

Other events the team participated in were Clay City's basketball halftime performance, the ISU homecoming parade, and Parent's Day. Acquisition of new performance weapons made the twenty years of using the old wrecks worth the wait.

The team's motto is: "If you're going to be one, be a big RED ONE!" What???

Special recognition to senior members: Bill Bayles, Dave Lewis, Dennis Leichty, John Nelson, John Schiott

Individual hard work has been the trademark of the Karate Klub this year, and it shows, with three promotions of students to higher ranks. Two new brown belts and one purple belt were awarded.

One feature that makes Rose's club one of the most innovative in the country is the use of sophisticated electronic machinery. A video tape machine has been in use for a while, and a timing circuit, to measure reaction times for gauging improvement, is presently being worked on.

Most active Karate Klub members: Marty Tieva, Jeff Werth, Charles Schnurpel
The brains and bulk behind the Rose Tech Radio Club, or W9NAA as it is known to its diehard loyalists, is Bill Newkirk. Behind his leadership as president, the club actively participated in the ARRL Simulated Emergency Test, where over 100 messages were transmitted (and perhaps received). The group’s new prized equipment is a Drake C-Line system, consisting of a T-4XC, and R-4C, and AC-4, and even an MN-2000.

Rose Tech Radio members: Bill Newkirk, Ken Burch, Chris Brooks, John West, Roger Hatcher, Jim Bradley, Alan Dorfmeyer, Paul Brandenburg, John Unruh, John Foley, Jan Slupesky, Dr. Herman Moench

If the truth were known, there would be no doubt in anyone’s mind as to the value of the Model Railroad Club. But since only scant information has been publicized, the wonders that this dedicated group of “Railroaders” has performed is largely obscured.

During the past year, the majority of the club’s time has been spent arguing about what kind of setup to use for their model, and an actual model railroad layout has been started. Located in the basement of Speed Hall, the layout is scheduled to be operational during the Winter term of the 1977-78 school year, and plans have already been made for an enlargement to a 15’ by 40’ setup.

Club members: Greg Hopper, Randy Mosely, Bob Cloud, Karl Fox, Dave Key, Dr. Don Morin
Many groups at Rose have received as much publicity as they rightly deserve, in direct proportion to their relative success, but one of them is not the Debate Club. Only a year old, the various teams have already established Rose-Hulman's name as one to be feared in debate circles around the Midwest.

The varsity team took second at the Butler and DePauw Invitationals, taking many of the speaker awards, while the junior team was second at the Illinois Valley College Tourney. However, the novice team ran away with the real glory.

First and second place teams at the IUPUI "500" Novice Debate Tourney, and third place at the above-mentioned IVC meet were high spots, but the team really got high after being invited to the Chicago National Novice Tournament. Rose is one of the few schools ever to be invited to the prestigious event with only a one-year old program in debate.

Debate Club members: Dwight Dively, Frank Martin, Tim Jackson, John Raap, Den Hollinden, Rick Gollhofer, Karl Lehenbauer, Bob Luoma

After a year of silence, WRTR is back on the air with the ideal of "Help Stamp Out Top-40 Radio" firmly implanted in manager Larry Gavin's mind. Total renovation and rebuilding of the station was accomplished before on-campus broadcasting was started up again. New transmitters, new matching units, and a new line amplifier were all introduced into the station's system to produce a better, cleaner and crisper signal, and with the return of live broadcasting, membership in the club has risen from six to almost forty.

Plans for the next year are to finish hooking up Deming and the upperclass dorms, and to work on a means to extend broadcasting to Fraternity Row and the apartments. More work on the station itself will also be done, maybe.

Active WRTR members: Jerry Dorsett, Paul Heit, Bill Arnold, Jeff Davis, Dave Challis, Ron Weir, Martin Neuliep, Dennis Brennan, Tom Allebrand, Mike Heath, Marty Krongold, Rick Pflugshaupt, Larry Gavin
As one of the largest clubs on campus, the Racing Association enjoys success in a town whose entire teenage population seems to delight in admiring each others' Hot Machines in the old Topps parking lot at night. This year's projects included two road rallies, building a 426 hemi engine, and sponsoring the Rose Show Model Car Contest.

Racing Club members: Steve Kontney, Chris Hebb, Dave Deppe, Bob Evans, John West, Herb Turner, Dave Cooper

Dominance was the name of the game as Rose-Hulman's Chess Club burst upon the competition scene this year. With a team consisting of one senior and four freshmen, they joined and terrorized the Indiana Intercollegiate Chess Championships. In the IICCC, they clinched a win after two thirds of the season, with a record of 18-2, and placed second by inches in the small school competition at the Pan Am Championships.
The Camera Club has provided darkroom facilities, information, and training on photographic techniques to its many students and faculty members. Associates have also been involved in the school newspaper, the school yearbook, and Kent Harris' PR office.

Continual upgrading of the darkroom facilities, and the establishment of a color darkroom, have been keynotes in their progress this year. In addition, the club has induced an interest in some who cannot afford the expensive photography bug themselves, but can when the Rose Camera Club facilities are made available.
The Math Club, and Pi Mu Epsilon, although obviously having different names, are in reality the same organization. The group's purpose is "to promote mathematics here at Rose [Math Club] and to recognize superior achievements [Pi Mu Epsilon] among its students."

Activities included providing mathematics guest speakers, a Rose Show exhibit, and the sponsoring of the math/faculty basketball game.

Math Club members: Yick Man Chan, Paul Benefiel, Rich Priem, Jan Slupesky, Jim Freudenberg, Bob Strickland, Barry Carlin, Pat Miller, Dr. Gary Sherman

Even though many think that BIT is a kooky group of hardcore computer gunners, a bit of research shows that this is a mistaken notion. BIT, a privately incorporated non-profit organization for interested comp sci majors, tries to provide an organization which can "speak to the needs of the institute, and of the Computer Science Department."

BIT'ers often run special tutorial classes for students in languages not usually taught (or spoken) at Rose, and have attempted to take on projects which would expand the capability of the computing center. But the most fascinating thing about this organization is that it is a legal entity, and therefore has the legal right to enter into agreements with outside groups, like say... oh... the MegaByte ManMangling Machine Co.
An entourage of 25 people traveled to the Urbana '76 Missionary Conference, sponsored by the InterVarsity Christian Fellowship, in Urbana, Illinois, to highlight the year for the Rose Men In His Service. Members also participated in the interVarsity chapter President's Day, in Indianapolis.

These events represented RMIHS's purposes: Discipleship, Evangelism, and Missions. The group, largest on campus, also sponsored various events, such as dances, coffeehouses, and informal sports games, all zealously designed to enforce their ideals upon others.

Most active worshipers: Rod Bowen, Kevin Poelhuis, Jeff Antonetti, Lou Jones, Jim Phillips, Dave Finley, Kent Moraga, James Mann, Jeff Hildebrand, and Robin, of course.
greeks
"Alpha Tau Omega, the oldest fraternity on campus, can best be described as diverse. Thorndike Barnhart defines diverse as: **diverse (di-ver's) adj. 1. different; unlike . . .** 'But O the truth, the truth!, the many eyes that look upon it!, the diverse things they see,' (George Meredith). 2. varied; . . . A person of diverse interests can talk on many subjects.'

"For our purposes we will deal with the second definition. The men of ATO pride themselves on their many and varied activities and interests. Scholarship is one such area. In their entire time on campus, the fraternity has never been below the all-men’s average. Last year they had the highest GPA of any housing unit, two out of three quarters."

"There is, however, more to being an ATO than living in the pages of a book. The brothers are also very active in extracurricular activities. ATO’s hold most of the class offices, several student government offices, and many club offices. They also have members in every honor fraternity and engineering societies. And as if this isn’t enough, they find time to maintain a busy social service schedule that helps St. Jude’s Children’s Hospital, The Glenn Home, the Big Brother-Big Sister Program, and many more."

"Intramurals, second only to the little sister program in active physical participation, is supported by 100% of the members. For the past few years, Alpha Tau Omega has finished either first or second in the race for the all-sports trophy. They also have members on every varsity team."

"Diverse also means individual. Every ATO has his own special abilities and oddities (?) that make Greek life so memorable. It’s that little something extra that makes college life a complete experience both educationally and socially."

"Brotherhood is not just a Bible word. Out of comradeship can come and will come the happy life for all. The underdog can and will lick his weight in the wildcats of the world.'—Heywood Broun."
"Theta Kappa Zeta of Lambda Chi Alpha crossed many milestones during the 1976-77 school year, the highlight being our move into the new chapter house on the east side of campus. The fifty man house is the culmination of 15 years of work by alumni and actives alike, in striving to create a top-notch living and meeting place for our members. We take pride in this achievement, believing that the dedication and talent shown is indicative of and befitting the second-largest chapter of Lambda Chi Alpha in the nation. Our normal chapter strength is approximately 90 actives and 30 associate members. This size enables us to keep a widely-diversified chapter, which is our strong point when united by the ideals and goals of Lambda Chi Alpha."

"Our associate member program is contrasted to a pledge program in that it does not condone hazing, but instead cultivates participation in every facet of fraternity life and brotherhood from the first day of association."

"We believe that every member has a responsibility to make of himself a man, so there is no Lambda Chi 'stereotype.' Instead, we believe in honest friendship and expect each member to reach his full potential by working for scholarship, brotherhood, patriotism, and morality. Evidence of this is shown by our winning the Greek Weekend and Intramural sports trophies, the charitable 'Run For Those Who Can't,' the participation of our members in student government and engineering societies, the high academic standing maintained by the chapter, and by our outstanding recruitment and social programs."
"In the beginning there was the Rho Phi chapter of Phi Gamma Delta. The active members saw that they, themselves, were good. Thus, they let the school year of 1976-77 begin."

"Under the direction of Superheroes Dave Penner (Pres.), Steve Farquhar (Treas.), Tom McGuire (Recording Sec.), Jeff Hearn (Corresponding Sec.), and Mike Weinert (Historian), the chapter started off the year with the traditional Fraternity Parties. These occasions, contrary to popular belief, were not the usual round of Those Kind Of Parties—no, they were designed to lure innocent freshmen and women into the clutches and study rooms of the omnipotent and omnipresent brothers."

"This was the year of the first annual Casino Party; the living room was miraculously transformed into a Real Live Casino, complete with gambling games, shifty card dealers, and buxom cigarette girls (the latter being played by interesting, intolerable, and inebriated brothers)."

"Also on the agenda of larger than life activities was another South Sea Island Party. As always, included were dancing girls, exotic drinks, volcanoes that Really Worked, tropical drinks, beautiful grass skirted natives, water fountains, primitive boogieing rituals to excessively loud music, and, of course, attractive ladies and tasty refreshments."

"However, every party before Bid Monday was not even a close second to the Fred Kerfapple Memorial Services. Held on October 16th, 1976, a somber Friday evening, the event consisted of complete eulogy and burial services for Mr. Frederick Kerfapple. To understand the significance of the occasion, it must be understood that Fred was the imaginary butler of the previous residents of the FIJI house—Mr. and Mrs. Barhudt. Born in 1902, Fred was 74 when he died, although, if the services are held again next year, his age at death will have been 75."

"After the services (a loosely guarded ritual of little meaning and no importance), there was much drinking, dancing, and general merriment to mourn the passing away of good ol' Fred."

"Then there was Bid Monday. Jess Lucas saw that it too was good, and handed out the sheet of matches that gave Rho Phi one of the best pledge classes in its history."

"Greek weekend was next on the schedule, but no one, except 70 purple jerseys, expected Rho Phi to take second place in the games, up two places from last year, and a couple of narrow losses leaving many wondering if it might have been possible, with a little luck, to return to 1121 S. 6th with a first place trophy."

"FIJI Isle was a smashing success, with the weather god Thor cooperating fully to make all clouds vanish from the Midwest, and a contingent of FIJI's visited Bloomington for the Little 500 bike race, and later Indy, to see the time trials of the real thing."

"Activation was the last event of the year, and presentation of a 50 lb. wood bound and engraved scrapbook was presented to the chapter by the pledge class, showing all who enter the chapter house of Phi Gamma Delta what the expression 'Damn Proud To Be A FIJI' means."
"Since Sigma Nu is a social fraternity, every effort is made to enjoy life in Terre Haute as much as possible. Surprisingly, we usually manage to have a great time. In addition to the brothers partaking in the pleasures of several local houses of refreshment (i.e., bars), the 1976-77 school year saw many 'bashes' take place within the confines of the frat. house. Several brothers' apartments also came under seizure when we decided to party together away from the house (you can only tear up the furniture so many times)."

"But not all of our functions were only beer blasts, we also had a formal dance to celebrate Homecoming, where almost everyone enjoyed the freely flowing 'hard stuff' so amply supplied that night. The annual pledge dance was dampened only a bit by the blizzard that kept many of the dates at home. The 'classy-type' affairs were capped by the biennial Riverboat Weekend, where the fraternity rented a Mississippi party boat, a floor of Stouffer's, and a band, and invaded St. Louis, MO, like storm troopers. The brothers, however, took the worst beating, with none complaining."

"Sports has always been a favorite pastime, and so it was this year. In addition to an over-abundance of varsity athletes, Sigma Nu fielded competitive teams in every I.M. sport. But alas, at Greek Weekend, most brothers were more concerned with the act of celebrating, rather than having a reason to celebrate, and consequently produced an incredibly dismal performance. But everyone certainly enjoyed the convenience of the 4-wheel drive keg we brought along for comfort."

"As with any fraternity, pledges form an integral part of fraternity life. The pledge class came through the ordeals of 'training' with a sense of camaraderie that sometimes surprised themselves, but which is shared by all the brothers of Sigma Nu."

"In addition to working their collective butts off, the pledges managed to have a good time (after all, a busy pledge is a happy pledge), and gained some minor revenge on the active brothers. During the past year a total of 8 actives were 'roadhiked' and deposited, bound and gagged, at I.U., DePauw, and Purdue. A dime and a 6-pack were given to each victim, providing them with a chance to show up for their first hour classes the next morning. Of course, pledges were not immune to such 'roadhikes', but only 4 of them received such one-way rides."

"All in all, Sigma Nu enjoyed the year as much as possible, which is no mean feat, while living in Terre Haute, and attending Rose-Hulman."
“Aksijibu inen idii kfkf kkvvu 0ood odom wmm mwkdj duqo oipa li ssucnm, rkk duvns jsucy wywh lkjh gfdsaqw erty uipo vghh hhy yjjj jijji ii9, ..9() jkkh hkhjkjkh ryt rytrc bbontr dflkj uhyt tgooo jk;lc vnb ,a;dhk heiu yikla dfanc n,znah ruiy iqvq fak ljl;jk l;asdf nb,z /cnk joeql dlj z oceu eeu euoqod 99 liq;jc cvmbm.m czcxbe ureeiu iducidhika h ighl jri ueuq opu aml jldo uou ojdl j a lcm ojdo uqu49 391 dm, cz jjaj ohaji lound alfi eaga laldq ouel adnc lc2xc vm./ mcq upoa jilja uuoq 9897 ajj; aqw err uouuii opqre rqpou ieuu ud jjadaj lacj mzbl. zbcvb, z/hakh iq iyp yiqiy adk;/ qhiy eladhah ah iq yriqld hkahei yq iylihd kakhkaliy 848 ehdnk aklagf v zkzh qhihkkg kakad dakhk khakf hkaedjt k haj hkhk a fjfjhid hieia ydga kahfh dgdh kd uruqo uogq dizdd dfjan cllj ideoq oupa jfjdqf j dlf ajhg ahedh jla jdoe ou aje o upuejd poeq roqro uou nkzd; qr uquyd hru ljuql jqubj jquu uuuq o uuus uu reer aeate taere aeraea easde nbre berebe r aec zer c.bhey ybnnb yr dhhkp oiu tyi yeuq ouiqr iuie uod, cvz yt656u utoty tyeili ooajj duedlid ic locv getb cvz yt erei eoequ o uodl jihhjg vbb,b k a;i quiex ijdkd hh dyyi 01;hd ha; hhhb aj khge ypa;g a;h; a;h b nm.,vcz dhcdg dj dkaue vzera cbqwe rtyuq jkhj a gae garo yaoe db akg ck adjhjh fika h dhaeiyd a fiqiq iyea kgle g ieq hakieu qihigu i iqitg akjeyy qckqk kauud kakd udeueh vz kyt ekakd tha jd jatdu iiquy Hnzvbb agj takai yeyh aghfl ahfi yieyq idhka hgh ahkxk iyak kdh deq yr oqdh zmvzb jdyh ieyiqzn zjzk ak 28 hhaha gi eyr uayeai yaiq zeiqy kdbke yqib kky eiyeq hafga fheyo 8 laglah 83 lqabili yihg kagkehk.”
"Well, we didn't exactly burn up the gridiron, and we weren't ready to take on the N.B.A. We didn't keep any breweries in business single-handedly, nor did we drive any out of business. Academically was just about average. All in all, the 1976-77 school year was a moderately successful year for TRIANGLE Fraternity."

"On the social front, we managed to give the freshmen their fair share of free entertainment, and managed to sneak in a bit for ourselves. The highlights (or lowlights, depending on your point of view) included not one, but two road rallies, some parts of which were over honest-to-god roads. We also had the usual complement of dances, keggers, etc., that everybody expects."

"Athletically speaking, the key word was 'pragmatism.' Knowing full well that we were not exactly a Super Bowl threat, we set out to have fun. Football, basketball, and softball were pretty dismal, record-wise, and bowling was only average. Yet there was a glimmer of hope in this bleak picture. Due to some timely and inspired play, and no officiating, TRIANGLE managed the minor league volleyball championship. On more humorous lines, 1977’s Greek Weekend was the first in three years that we didn’t sink a canoe."

"We also managed to get out the Greybook, Rose’s answer to the Yellow Pages, despite some annoying delays."

"Overall, not a bad year at all . . . "
class of 77
Portrait-shy Seniors:

Bryan E. Allen
John A. Anslinger
Phillip C. Audet
Kirk B. Augspurger
William J. Baer

Stephen E. Barnes
David J. Baumann
John P. Berting
Kevin J. Brewer
Kevin F. Bridgewater

Mark A. Brotherton
Jeffrey B. Burgan
James L. Cassidy
Gregory A. Chaney
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David M. Cotner
Michael L. Cox
William R. Creal, Jr.
Dale Doup
Todd L. Eck

Mark E. Erbaugh
John Erins
Jerry W. Ford
Larry D. Gatewood
Greg V. German

No Photos Available for:
Harold Baumgartner
Wayne Collier
Douglas Disher
Michael Heath
Lawrence Lidster
Jeffrey Pell
Samuel Reed
Robert Royer
Randy Svihla
William Torrence
Kurt W. Ahlersmeyer
Anthony L. Allen
Edward J. Altman

John S. Andersen
Rodney W. Arney
David P. Atkinson

Patrick J. Avery
David L. Ayars
Leo R. Bakel

Robbin Banerjee
Michael D. Barker
James C. Basso

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Gary A. Bell

Kris C. Beutel
Richard J. Biro
Will A. Bishop

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Rodney N. Barry

Kreg S. Battles
Michael Battle
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A. Blair Hughes
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2. KEEP HANDS FREE OF GLASSES, BOTTLES, CIGARETTES, ETC.

3. STAND AWAY FROM BAR, TABLES, ORCHESTRA, EQUIPMENT AND FURNITURE.

4. LOOSEN NECKTIE, UNBUTTON COAT AND ANY OTHER RESTRICTIVE CLOTHING.

5. REMOVE GLASSES, EMPTY POCKETS OF ALL SHARP OBJECTS SUCH AS PENS, PENCILS, ETC.

6. IMMEDIATELY UPON SEEING THE BRILLIANT FLASH OF NUCLEAR EXPLOSION, BEND OVER AND PLACE YOUR HEAD FIRMLY BETWEEN YOUR LEGS.

7. THEN KISS YOUR ASS GOODBYE.
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Wallace Q. Anderson
Lovis E. Argo
Mr. & Mrs. Leonard Ashwill
David H. Badger
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Norman Bishop
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