“Keep the faith Baby.”

A. C. POWELL
"All My Loving I Will Give to You."

J. LENNON

"... And these 850 acres of rolling densely wooded terrain . . ."

1967 S.U.S.B. BULLETIN
We're here, the spirit of '67, for as long as we want it — it's home . . .
It's the fifth dimension. It's a penny kaleidoscope, and a merry-go-round, and a noisy record playing at the wrong speed.
“By 1970, we will be housing ten thousand students and a medical center.”

D. C. TILLEY

“IT’s mud with a purpose.”

ANONYMOUS
The time flies here —
The spirit of '67
zooms out of the skies,
looking for a runway.
Once it was 1970, now it’s 1980. Soon it will be 1990. And somehow it’s still 1967.
Hold on tight baby, we're flying!
Perhaps some of us will never come down.
Open your eyes — did you seek, children? Did you discover? Did you become all you are capable of being? Did you find yourself? Did you lose yourself?
"Picture yourself in a boat on a river, with tangerine trees and marmalade skies . . . A girl with kaleidoscope eyes cellophane flowers of yellow and green towering over your head . . ."
"Everyone smiles as you drift past the flowers, that grow so incredibly high..."

J. LENNON P. MCCARTNEY
Yes, smile, that's the spirit
and spirit takes its
varied forms.
Spirit is shouting
and spirit is also
being quiet.
And spirit is loving
and spirit is crying.
But it's always there —
The spirit to be, the spirit not to be.
The spirit to dance, the spirit to stand, the spirit to stay, the spirit to go.
"Newspaper taxis appear on the shore waiting to take you away . . . ."

J. LENNON P. McCARTNEY
The Spirit of '67
It won't be long now
Yeah, Yeah, Yeah.

Strawberry Fields
. Forever . . .
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"I've got to admit it's getting better
A little better all the time
I have to admit it's getting better
It's getting better . . ."  

J. Lennon, P. McCartney

the guiding light '67 . . .

Maybe it is. We, the class of 1967, have not yet decided whether we should admit anything of the kind. Those of us who, left in June had learned to bend with the force of hurricanes that came to us so often, and with such strength. Others broke, trying to resist. We smiled through the mud, through the construction, through overcrowded rooms and senior seminars the size of freshman recitations. We smiled at first because we were pioneers, because we were building an empire that would benefit future hurricane-fighters. By then, the hurricanes would be mere breezes for our descendants to float on . . . the beauty, the nobility of our efforts . . .

The smile became frozen to our faces, and then it shattered under the impact of promises broken, under the thick blanket of confusion and disorder that accompanied the understaffed progress to which we were rapidly growing accustomed. Stony Brook, 1963-1967. Now, not 1980. Now.

We are gone now. We hope that our memories will include all the individual good that we have experienced, and that we will once again smile as we think of the pioneers we once were. One memory was beautiful, and this is the one to which we dedicate our book. It is one memory that must not be allowed to fade with whatever else was quiet and peaceful and serene. For four years it was a real thing, something tangible, that, at one point, we fought desperately to preserve, and received for it a temporary reprieve. However, like all else, it will break with the hurricanes soon.

For four years, it was something that we could touch, and that in turn touched us. The class of 1967 hereby dedicates and says farewell to the Humanities Path.
the story of '67
Someone once asked someone else how a year is measured. But how does one measure a Stony Brook year? That's hard to answer. Maybe it's by seasons. Usually that's by four even quarters. But not here. Winter is about three quarters and Fall and Spring fight neck-and-neck for the other quarter. So we can't measure it that way. Well, maybe we can do it by buildings completed—measure it from the era of building X to the era of building Y. That sounds pretty logical. Oh, wait. If we did it that way, we wouldn't have had any year at all this past one, now would we? Too bad ... I guess you measure it by people after all ... what they do, how they do it, when they did it ... all those things. The only thing that can't be weighed is the why and wherefore. But now, maybe you'd like to play a game, just like a lot of games you've had to play before. This whole next part is called the Story of '67 (or) Games People Play. So, sit back ... and join along.
People played a lot of games in 1967. Let's start with the captain of a game that's catching on all over. He's Doc Tim Leary, and he's your travel agent for the League of Spiritual Discovery. He loves for everyone to join him in a game of Fly Now, Pay Later. He came here and taught everyone how to play. It's a sweet game—starts right off with a lump of sugar, and then all you do is sit back and watch yourself change.

His game is also called If Life's Too Placid, Try Some Acid.

Then another liberal came to visit except he was a different kind altogether. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr. played I'll Smile—You Vote.

And we made the boob tube this year along with the other state universities. It was a lot of little vignettes about life at State U. It showed Progress and Productivity through glimpses of student life. In other words, it was billed as a situation comedy. What kind of game is that?
One game crops up every year, and every year it gets a bit more frenzied. This is called Match the Masochist or the IBM Dance. It's played by answering questions like would you rather go teeny-bopping or visiting a sick friend? And then all those who would rather visit a sick friend are matched up and are richly rewarded.

Next, the High School Regression Game, is the last time freshmen ever elect an officer on the basis of popularity. Here, however, that's no measure at all since no one who ever runs for office is popular.

Governor Rockefeller graced the campus to play Let 'em Eat Cake. He plays it by listening to the grumbling of the natives which is all the game requires.
One of the best concerts of the year, featuring Jim Kweskin's Jug Band, Eric Anderson, and Patrick Sky, swept the audience to a howl, begging for more. It was followed up the next day by Ali Akbar Khan's eastern sounds. A good game of Musical Chairs.
The Soph-Frosh Challenge also had its minimum number of participants, while even less bothered to watch the proceedings. The only exception was the skits. By holding them in G-Lobby, the interest of blasé Brookians was trapped in transit and the turnout was excellent.
What will you wear to the Great Pumpkin Affair? If you don't know, ask the other eleven people who are going. Complete with band, refreshments and prizes, the only thing this dance, which could have been fun, lacked was customers. The students of Stony Brook decided to play Be Cool Not Camp for this one.

Some of you may remember the Good Old Days when parietal hours meant Sunday afternoon, but these days if you play Find-a-Cause the hall can get open on the members sayso. Halls were decorated right and left for Halloween and open to visitors. Well, look, we're cheated out of Washington's birthday, Armistice Day, Memorial Day, Groundhog Day...

And now we have an opportunity to discuss our Fearless Leader of the year, Marty Dorio, and the time he tried to resign from office in an attempt at playing Show Me You Love Me. This is a hard game, and not everyone is qualified to play it; so when F. L. saw that he could be losing, he heroically hopped back into office with a follow up game of I'm Doing It For The Good Of The Group.
Two plays hit at the same time—"Candida," presented by the University Theatre (which has a habit of playing Reconstruct the Nineteenth Century) and the "Fantasticks," presented by the road company of the New York hit. "Candida" was candidly dull, but the "Fantasticks" was fantastick.

Marathon Music was the game of the Blues Bag Concert which began at 8:30 and went on and on and on till the wee small hours providing the richest and most varied of blues and jazz.

And then Thanksgiving came and we were all Americans for a day.
After the turkey was digested we came back and viewed "Our Town," once again presented by the Nineteenth Century Reconstructionists. May we say that it certainly was a unique experience to review a play that all of us had seen our high school theatre groups do (but previously never seen on a college campus.)

You Pays Your Money And You Takes Your Choice or People Polo was played on a grand scale by the Freshman class. Long Island Housewives associations were outraged and indignant about the cruelty and barbarism of this morally ugly act! Actually, the Gal Sale probably did a lot for the general social life of this institution.

Soon after, the sound of Latin Jazz was presented by the Herbie Mann sextet and Astrud Gilberto, the girl from Ipanema. We can't think of any games they played.
"The World of Sholom Aleichem," the December offering of the New Campus Theatre Group. Where else could two plays of Jewish folklore be presented as a Christmas production? But then again, the NCTG has always played Make the Majority Merry.
But then again, think of who the most enthusiastic and boisterous tree-trimmers are! When Christmas comes to Stony Brook, everyone plays, even Bentley Glass (he's the super Santa.)

At this point, a new game should be explained. It's called College Plan. It begins with seven colleges, and each is allotted money. For every lovely event a college presents, it takes a giant step, and for every terrible event, it drops back a few notches. For example, North Hall loses a turn as a result of the Electronic Music Concert it sponsored, and JN forfeited two because it lost both of its masters. H takes a giant step because its Christmas party included not only Bentley Glass, but Dr. Toll, too! The overall goal of the game is to provide close faculty student ties. This year everybody lost.
Happy New Year, everybody. 1967 starts right out with a vibrant concert by the Four Tops, and (finally) the groundbreaking for the student union—oops!—campus center. Yes, we’re going to try to cement student-faculty relations again, so it’s a Faculty union as well as a student union. That’s part of the Personnel-Diplomacy Game. You’ll hear more about that one later.

Finals are too exhausting to talk about. They make up a lousy game. No sense in rehashing them every year, anyway. We’re sure you all know they exist.
And in 1967 began the first round of Find the Head, an adult variation of Hide-and-Seek, played by many that we all know and love. This game had several more rounds to it before the first buds of spring popped out. "Newsday" had several acid comments to make regarding the game.

And there was snow. A lot of snow. And some of us played Twister. The snow was removed, and sometimes it wasn't and when it wasn't we all had lovely vacations ... and played Hooky ...
Do you want somebody to love? Presenting the Jefferson Airplane ...
Now, some late winter games. Ian and Sylvia and Tom Paxton presented by the Senior Class who woke up one morning to find that they had minus forty dollars in their treasury. ("where do we owe? We never sponsored anything before this!") Naturally, they were playing Dumb.

Then an H-college art exhibit, (take one giant step) and a multitude of sex lectures sponsored by all colleges. This was an interesting one to play—Lecture-Hopping. Content was about the same, but there was always one or two new hints that could be gleaned from each and blushingly recorded.
The Annual Senior-Faculty Basketball Game! A new precedent was set—the seniors lost. Ah, class of 1967, where were you when the luck was distributed.

The Interquad Experimental Theatre (IQET), organized this year by Elaine Cress and inherited by Michael Shapiro, managed to produce a full production of "My Fair Lady" in a tiny basement room. Gathering praise from all sides, they were suddenly ousted from their site by Big Bob Brandt who wished to use the space for a janitor's lounge. This, kids, is part of the Personnel-Diplomacy Game.
“And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good.”

Genesis 1:3, 4
And there was light. Temporary light that ran without a strong current behind it and was destined to fade. But it was something. At least we could see our feet sidestep the ruts instead of falling into them. We were tired of playing Blind Man's Bluff, Pin the Tail on the Donkey was more direct at this point.

We found valuable assistance in the faculty. So this is the way to form faculty-student ties. A common crisis, not a punch and cookies party; a common goal, not a softball game. Professor's Yang, Pond and Mould, among others, manned the legendary gatehouse. And so there is always light.

POLITY MEETING TONIGHT - 9:00 IN 'G'

There will be a meeting tonight, March 14, of the student body in G cafeteria. The contents of the following letter, the reaction produced by it, and further action items that the students wish to add.

The following is the context of the letter addressed to Dr. Tall:

1. The inadequate pickup
2. The inadequate garbage collection
3. The inadequate trash collection
4. The inadequate food services
5. The inadequate research services
6. The inadequate library services
7. The inadequate student services
8. The inadequate faculty services
9. The inadequate administration services
10. The inadequate maintenance services

A view looking east on main campus road and the lack of proper lighting.

Central Administration. We are Roll Pender.
Again another round of Find the Head was played. Sometimes it is hard to see where the trouble lies. Anyone feel like playing Introspection?

And Mark Lane came and played his game—Doubt The Warren Commission And Publish A Book. His was a sad game.

March Madness Weekend (ha! there's finally a little honest description around here!) arrived on campus and a myriad of games were quickly put into action. We played Ivy Competition with a float contest, the winner of which was the Charlie Brown float.
And we played Amateur Hour with our own local talent, emceed by the Cool Jerk. There was a Lion and Lamb Dance, and an informal concert featuring Grachian Moncur, Ill. Informal concerts have become games unique to this place. Putting a performer in a lobby is a kind of madness, indeed.

The Jazz Bag followed, putting performers in a proper and more fitting place. Thelonious Monk, Thad Jones, the Jaki Byard Trio and others heated up the evening.

Then came Stokely Carmichael to show us how to play Stokely Carmichael, a distinguished game in its own right, civil or otherwise.
Around the same time we started a game of Stony Brook Civil Rights by appointing three Ombudsmen to act as liaisons between student and staff. Messrs. Weinberg, Goldberg and Goldfarb committed themselves to wrinkling out our problems. The reward is three gold stars if you win, gentlemen.

And the snows marched on again, white and wet and wicked. Somebody up there took this opportunity to shut down the power, so there we were—playing Abe Lincoln by Candle light for thirty hours.
The funniest game of the year, hands down, was keep our Campus Clean, or Vote for the Polity Constitution of your choice. Every effort was made to see that every student read it so that complaints would not be made later on. But naturally, only the minority of our fine student body bothered to casually mark their ballot Yes or No, yawned, and went to bed suffering no pangs of guilt whatsoever. Maybe it ought to be time for another game of Introspection.

Ready for a three-ring circus? Action Wednesday, Gentle Thursday, and Reflection Friday, sponsored by SDS. In ring number 1, see the moving displays of oratory! Watch the natives hanging on every word! In ring number 2, see the Gentle people carrying their balloons with the innocence and warm naivete of little children. See the balloon man charge them each a quarter for that lovely nickel balloon until the helium was paid for. In ring no. 3 see all the children sorrowfully back in the world of reality, their balloons flat in the morning when they woke up.
More merriment. The International Club brought a miniature Expo to us, with songs, dances, foods, clothing, art and music from different lands with some worldly color. At the same time local color blossomed too, in the form of the S.B. Bunnies who cavorted merrily with the guys, who were intent on playing Snare the Rabbit.
Bolshevik Plot Rocks State

By Janet Lanzsonov

A band of insurgents led by a sub-cellar level of Southov poses of the subversive time, but it is rumored the gross readjustment guidance of the best-selling Tung.

Their activities were revealed in the attempted poisoning of Melvinski Browznev, at the G Commune. Comrades in the proletariat clinic and Marshchev. As his condition necessary for the insurgents Commune.

After organizing all of the cells (although they consider type is more desirable), the reforms.

The first act of their Marshchev. It is rumored exiled to the far reaches ords of his subversive erased by the Ministry of O'Baybee.
A little game of Capitalism vs. Communism here. Monte Carlo night afforded students the opportunity to take secure risks, while the May Day issue of the Statesman pointed up the risky security of communal living. And we don’t mean East of the Wall. They didn’t either.
Now we must pay tribute to the man who has made our little local game of Find the Head famous all over Long Island. His name is Bill Moyer and he’s publisher of Newsday. We tried to figure out his game at the lecture he gave, but we couldn’t.

And someone else’s game that’s hard to fathom is poet Allen Ginsberg’s. If you asked him while he was here, he probably would have told you he couldn’t fathom it either.
Carnival in the rain. We figure the gods were angry at us this year. At least, if everything else went wrong, in previous years Carnival was sunny. But this didn’t stop most people from going to the fair ground or to the NCTG’s production of “Look Homeward Angel.” Think the gods really were angry? Want to play a third game of Introspection?
The end of the year rapidly had come to a close. How fitting it should be ushered out by one of Allan Kaprow's Happenings. That game's called As Long as They're Having Fun' Take Them for What They're Worth. But we paid the price. Standing on line at the business office, waiting to pay the price of '67—is one sour, but inevitable way to close the year. Maybe we should have played Introspection then. What are we worth?
When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

—Corinthians, XIII, 11

And so we are men, and women, and we seek to put away childish things, like the games people play. We put away our Monopoly and Scrabble sets, and we don’t go to Bingo parties. Dolls and baseball bats are given to the Salvation Army. Now we are adult, because games have been discarded.

But are games truly ever discarded? We maintain that they are not. We maintain that instead of dolls, people are the object of play, and instead of baseball bats, words are used to strike home. We have been cynical, but there are always reasons for cynicism. There are too many things that must be planned, too many problems to be solved, and in short, too many games yet to be played.

The question we put to you now is, which are you, Player or Pawn? It may be both depending on your game. You may like being in either role, but whether this is the case or not you should know why you’re there. We’ve asked you to play Introspection with us several times. It may have sounded funny, but it wasn’t truly meant to be. For the first time, we are treating a Yearbook as an examination, rather than a simple recollection of things that have taken place.

If a dust covered volume of Specula is opened years from now, we want the reader to remember not only the events, but the reasons behind those events. That’s been our game this year, and we have all played Introspection many times, and will again.
those up front
The Many Faces of John Sampson Toll . . .
Earth and Space Sciences

Chemistry
Physics
Education

Sociology
Slavic and Germanic Languages
Romance Languages
Physical Education
Mathematics
The Editors wish to express their apologies to the faculty of the Music Department and to any individual faculty members who are not pictured in this edition of Specula.
the little people and their big jobs
Anthropology Society

Fossils and stones may break your bones, but quagmires will definitely engulf you.

R. Solier, S. Spector, Sec., C. Benat, R. Sirot, J. Levine, B. Mirrer, C. Agolati, C. Wachtel, M. Lieberman, P. Fruchtmann, V.P.

Engineering Society

These would-be engineers flock together in a tightly knit unit that storms the arts half of "arts and sciences" and does its best to add a little paranoia to the trying life of the serious student engineers. Since so many of these people stay at S.B. more than four years just to complete degree requirements, a social organization such as this one is a necessity and impetus for members to keep going and going.

Chemistry Society

This club isn't H2Oed down!

First Row: J. Naroff; Second Row: M. Barr, M. Fetterman, A. Schultz, R. Bishop.

Undergraduate Physical Society

Physics are good.
Psychological Society

These junior followers of the headshrinkers cult will someday discover the solutions to the problems Freud, Jung, and Krasner left unanswered. Their preparation at S.B. campus is at least varied, and at most, a personal experience with the things everyone else reads in case histories.

Biological Society

This organization needs no description.
Mathematics Society

\[ 2 + 2 = 4, \quad 4 + 4 = 8, \quad 8 + 8 = 17 \ldots \]

B. Perlman (Pres.)
Philosophy Club

Not all the members of this club wear flowers in their hair, but some wear blankets and most were off meditating somewhere when this picture was taken.
La Société Gauloise

The French Club combats the "How'ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Pairee?" philosophy by bringing "Pairee" on campus by way of French films (ooh la la) and French lecturers (well, you can't have everything.)

German Club

Our quasi-deutschlanders like their beer tall, their music loud, and their food spicy ... many a Deutsch Gesinnte Gesellschaft meeting has been called in yon old Coach House.

Seated: C. Murray, A. Canning; Standing: J. Tromeur, A. Horster (Pres.) F. Sadowski, E. Moeller

Pre-Med Pre-Dent Society

Forceps and sponges poised in the air, these would-be brain surgeons and orthodontists eagerly listen to future colleagues expound on the virtues of medicine and dentistry and flock to nearby hospitals to view the newest in facilities and case histories.
Phi Sigma Iota

Stony Brook's one and only sorority is our National Romance Language Society.

El Ateneo

The Spanish Club combats the "How'ya gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Madrid?" philosophy by bringing "Madrid" on campus by way of Spanish films (ole!) and Spanish lecturers (well, you can't have everything.)
Executive Committee

Even though it seems that these fellows have the tendency to throw the bull around, keep in mind that they are making a better Stony Brook for you and me. Fearless Leader, Martin ("just call me, God") Dorio, recognizable by his Fidel Castro cap, will be forever remembered for his genesis quality of bringing light to the dark alleys of SUSB.
Behind the scenes with the E.C.
Audio-Visual Subcommittee

Seven thousand dollars has sifted through the able hands of the Charles Blum Consolidation this year, for psychedelic lights and other modern marvels.

Charles Blum, Chairman
C.O.C.A.

Would you believe they're really the "Committee on Cinematographic Arts"? Well, whether you believe it or not ... they're really great!!

Residence Board

C. Nedler, R. Benson, K. Shapiro, T. Drysdale (Chairman), M. Seibner, M. Katz.
WUSB

With the advent of Diane Sharon and the Campus Beat (beep-beep-beep—BEEP) and the reckless dispersal of valuable prizes (pizza pies and COCA movie tickets), the campus wireless attained professional heights previously unbeknownst.

Athletic Subcommittee

These gallant lads spend their time pacifying E.C. members while attempting to prevent the Phys. Ed. Department from spending money they've never had.

Food Committee

With their senses closely examined and their stomachs fitted with cast iron lining they carry on the analysis of SAGA food. They haven't been heard from in weeks, we're beginning to worry . . .
S.A.B.

Like, this gang provides the flower children with the grooviest in psychedelic entertainment. I mean... concerts, man, and dances and all kinds of cool action that's gonna get you flying high. Wheeeeee ...!!

Budget Committee

Where does all the money go?
Ask these people, they might know.

Traffic Court of Appeals

These staunch and salient young men have undertaken the impossible task of bringing justice to the harried motorists and frenzied pedestrians that stalk our campus pathways.
Commuter Board

Designed to protect the Campus Orphans from the outside world and its cruel indifference, this hardy group provides mailboxes, holds dances and arranges car pools so that their wards will not be further deprived of the Wonders of Stony Brook.

J. Bockino, N. Petersen, J. Guarneri (Chairman), S. Dattner, M. Layden, L. Abrams (Treas.), J. VanDenburg.

Polity
Judiciary

This group follows the model tradition of a late, great New Yorker, Benjamin Nathan Cardozo.

Dorm Judiciaries

Although their decisions are not always unanimous or well-enforced, they do attempt to provide justice tempered with mercy for S.U.S.B.'s dormitory residents.
Dorm Legislatures

Through some strange quirk of fate these lucky ladies and gents are responsible for the inner workings of the College Plan as well as for the house rules of each dormitory.

Campus Center Policy Committee

They came, they saw, they planned, and they planned ...
Soundings

"Submit" this literary group shrieked all year, but SUSB students are stubborn. Either that, or they submitted weakly and received their first rejection slips (remember even Hemingway started that way). Even so, with double bubbles, toil and troubles, these staunch critics turned out their significant literary effort.

Stony Brook Engineer

This publication when added to the short list of S.B. literary delights provides juicy reading matter for the Engineer and Science types on campus. Perhaps it might even interest a few, heaven forbid, liberal arts people. The Stony Brook Engineer rounds out the spectrum of S.B. literary achievements, by proving Engineers too can read, write, and spell.
Statesman

This year the campus scandal sheet developed a new policy of kicking, clawing, and biting with a smile. Dusty old issues were raised from the cobwebs and new issues were barely out of the issuer's mouth before they were slapped down on the presses. No one will be safe if the Statesman ever becomes a daily!

Specula

You'd probably like an explanation for this outrageous book that doesn't even fit neatly on your shelf with your other yearbooks ... but the explanation lies within the words and pictures presented here ... and within the thoughts, memories, and hopes of all of you—students, faculty, and administration. We have preserved one view of 1966-1967, a composite view—adapting it to the demands of our tone for this publication. We hope you remember more ... 

Susan Luby—editor-in-chief
Maureen Shea—layout editor
Elaine Cress—copy and associate editor
Caryl Teig—business manager
Diane Goldberg—staff
Janet Kearns—staff
Marc Feldman—photography
Ken Sobel—photography

THANKS TO

Mike ... special photography
Rolf and Fred ... sports copy
Ira ... philosophic advice
Sharon and Evie ... typing
Howie ... pictures

Without you Specula '67 wouldn't be.


"R.A.S."

Residence Assistants

After wielding a mighty club for the first few weeks, these sometime Mothers and Fathers proceeded to become students in their own right, disappearing just like everyone else during a blackout or fire drill. But keep in mind that they "are always available" if problems arise.


G-NORTH: J. Clarelli, S. Adler, J. Gonser, L. Hirschenbaum, R. Belvin, P. Kamen
Religious Groups

Look, you win some and you lose some ... God isn't dead, he's just on sabbatical.
S.D.S.

Among other events this year, members of the S.D.S. put on a terrific show at the mass rally, demonstrating techniques such as muscle-twitching, tooth-gnashing, eye-narrowing, and voice-breaking. Typical of their democratic spirit, they announced their own mass rally the week following the original.

Young Republicans

Besides sponsoring lectures and an intern program for students wishing to get an "in" into government, this organization also had the distinction of bestowing the first "Most Obnoxious Letter of the Year" Award to William F. Buckley in honor of a letter written by the aforementioned rejecting an invitation to speak in these hallowed halls. Keep up the good work, gang!

At Left:
N. Frumpkin

Young Democrats

In their democratic style, this organization submitted a list of Fall, Spring, and future club officers, but in our own democratic style, we won't print it. However, we do feel that this democratic organization deserves more than honorable mention.

Amateur Radio Club

These fellows may make public nuisances of themselves by cutting into everyone's radio and TV receptions to talk to friends in Kalamazoo, but they enjoy hamming it up.

At Left: M. Conlon, R. Hoberman, P. Alterman, F. Alvli

J.R.R. Tolkien Club

Merry-makers from Mordor where the shadows lie, print a wild "in" newspaper and throw their own Hobbit birthday parties, while exercising their minds in heated contest with collegiate Tolkien contemporaries.
Orientation '67

They planned and planned ...
Stuffed envelope after envelope, Then ...
Session, after session, after ...
1300 eager faces ...
Still smiling O'67?

COMMITTEE: D.B., Mitch, Leslie, Wink, Crazy Judy, Jeffrey, Willis, Meryl.

Creative Arts Society

Look, look, look! See the people!
The people are creating.
Create, create, create.
Watch them throw paint on a canvas.
Throw, throw.
They think they’re Alan Kaprow.
We don’t mind.
New Campus Theatre Group


These junior W. C. Fields' and Mae Wests bring theatrical soul to the Little Theatre in the Gym packaged in the tone of a souped-up honkey-tonk piano. "The World of Sholom Aleichem" and "Look, Homeward, Angel" graced the footlights this year, but as can be seen, the performers have quite a time getting out of the spotlight.
Duplicate Bridge Club
A trick is a trick is a trick.

A. Smith, J. Doe, R. Boudine, P. Metzger.

Computer Society ... No Fortran statement ... No Go!
International Club

Even with the babble of various tongues, this group of students from all cultures manages to communicate better than most on campus. This year they presented two major concerts, Ali Akbar Khan and the Walladoi and Pennywhistlers, and treated everyone to a small scale Expo '67, as well as movies and parties throughout the year.

University Chorus

"Fa ... a long, long way to run
So ..."
Sports Car Club

Hot-rodiders and science bugs began shrieking and slipping down Long Island rally roads this year for the first time, with Stony Brook stickers on their cars, and March Madness was a little bit madder with their participation.


Foreign Relations Club

Who's got whose number? (Notice picture) The interest these members have in understanding our neighbors is more than most people have and perhaps we'll benefit from this in 25 years ... who knows?

At Left: J. Kostoff, D. Nohejl (Pres.) R. Unterman (V.P.)
Ski Club

Most sports have their uniforms and the Ski Club members, too, can probably be distinguished by the Almighty Plaster Cast. These rugged individuals have ventured up to Bella Aire and Hunter Mountains this year and are planning another Happening at Lake Placid in the future.

Judo

Some are convinced that the power of judo lies in those wicked Oriental curses that the sportsman shrieks, and that this instills Fear in the opponent such that he is paralyzed and can therefore be pummeled into a state of unconsciousness. We think that technique has a lot more to do with it. Watch them sometime and you'll know why they are considered America's Ultimate Weapon.

Varsity Club

At last! Stony Brook had a Carnival Queen, Vicki Principi, sponsored by the campus Sportmen, a bunch of jolly good fellows who delight in pursuing their favorite indoor and outdoor sports, and who will all agree that "Herbie Brown" is doing a fine job!
the under-developed
Soccer . . .

Varsity Record 3-6-1

S.B.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Team</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>C. W. Post</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hofstra</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adelphi</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Haven</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ft. Schuyler</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kings Point</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Peter's</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Southampton</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N.Y.I.T.</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Queen’s</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Most soccer games were between our easily pronounceable names and their nine-syllable impossible-to-pronounce names. Despite this handicap, the booters did a respectable job. Two early one-goal defeats at the hands of Hofstra and Adelphi didn’t help the team, but they rebounded during the latter part of the season with some high scoring spurts. An analysis of their season would take at least five pages—(it did, but we had to condense it a bit)—but it can be said in fewer words—better luck next time.
Intramural Football . . .

What do the strong men of Stony Brook U. do when the air turns brisk and the sun's low in the sky? Play intramural football. It's almost hazardous to walk through the quads and over the athletic field during the fall—if you're not hit by a football, a frisbee might get you . . .
Cross-Country Team . . .

Varsity Record 5-8

S.B.

36 Marist College ................. 23
33 Brooklyn ...................... 24
25 St. Francis ................... 30
43 Kings Point ................... 18
18 Brooklyn Poly. ............... 37
50 Oneonta ....................... 15
27 Southampton .................. 29
38 Queens ....................... 20
24 Hunter ....................... 31
42 Fort Schuyler ................ 19
15 C. W. Post ................... 40
37 New Palz ..................... 23
33 Barrington ................. 24

Fourth Place—A.A.L.I.C. Championships

The Cross Country team started practice last September with a typical Stony Brook turnout. Five masochists started the season, started all the meets and finished the races (but just barely.) Rolf Fuessler's motivation was greatly increased: he moved up to fifth place on the team. Rabbit Ray Gutowski continued to captain and lead the team in their losses and victories.

The construction crews proceeded to demolish the previous year's excellent course, so a more secluded one in the deep woods was substituted.

Ray Gutowski was the team's most valuable player and the only cross country runner. The rest were out there trying.
Crew . . . Varsity and J.V.

Varsity Crew
1. Post, S.B.
2. Clark, M.I.T., S.B., American. Inter. College
3. North Shore Regatta: S.B., Manhattan
4. Wesleyan, Massachusetts, S.B.
5. S.B., Assumption
6. National Small College Rowing Championships — 5th out of 6 in their heat.

Junior Varsity Crew
1. Post, S.B.
2. Clark, Assumption, S.B.
3. Wesleyan, U. of Mass., S.B.
4. S.B., Assumption

The crew team goes further on less than any other team in the school. Both the Varsity and the J.V. teams operated with one sea-worthy shell and two part-time coaches, who aside the rigors of an early crew workout (4:30 a.m.) carried a full academic load. Despite all their troubles the crew team, under Coach Bill LaCourse, raced to their best competition record to date. Now all they need is a new shell and some oars and a coach who can help them full time and who knows how far they can get!
## Basketball

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Score</th>
<th>Team</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>Adelphi-Suffolk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>69</td>
<td>Brooklyn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Kings Point</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>78</td>
<td>Newark Rutgers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>63</td>
<td>Kings Point</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>60</td>
<td>Pratt</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>C. W. Post</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>80</td>
<td>Newark State</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>83</td>
<td>Hunter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>84</td>
<td>Oneonta</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>56</td>
<td>Harpur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>54</td>
<td>Brooklyn Poly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>81</td>
<td>Queens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>R.P.I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>Yeshiva</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>Ft. Schuyler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>74</td>
<td>Pace</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59</td>
<td>New Platz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>77</td>
<td>Adelphi</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

During the 1966-67 season, Coach Brown's Patriots gave Stony Brook students more than a Van der Graff accelerator to be proud of.

While compiling a respectable 9-10 record, the Pats knocked off highly regarded Adelphi University, 84-77, and Oneonta, 92-84.

The season started off on a winning note for the Pats. In their first four games, Stony Brook notched three impressive wins then ran into a losing streak. It started in the AALIC Tournament where Kings Point handed the Patriots a heartbreaking 58-60 loss and didn't end until five games later when the pats snapped out to trounce Oneonta 92-84. In that game Ted Eppenstein outdid himself with a 36 pt. scoring performance. Things went steadily uphill afterwards.

Their 84-77 victory over Adelphi ended one of the most exciting and proudest season's in this university's short history.
Swimming ...

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>S.B.</th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>Gallaudet</td>
<td>42</td>
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<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Adelphi</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Queens</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Monmouth</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>66</td>
<td>Brooklyn</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Kings Point</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>L.I.U.</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>New Paltz</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>Harpur</td>
<td>65</td>
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<tr>
<td>62</td>
<td>Brooklyn Poly</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Howard</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Fort Schuyler</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>Hunter</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Swimming, unlike many other intercollegiate sports, is a lonely pursuit. A swimmer practices and competes alone, and there is little to compare with his strange feeling of isolation during a race—he can't see the other swimmers, see the crowd, or hear the cheers. Yet it is for this experience that he swims his practice miles during the winter.

Despite the isolated nature of this experience, a strong team spirit has evolved within Stony Brook's swimmers. "Each swimmer gives more to the team than he takes for himself and succeeds in making the whole greater than the sum of its parts. It is, however, a reciprocal relationship. It was not only the individual winners, but also the whole team who rejoiced in our first victory over Galludet. When we defeated Brooklyn and Brooklyn Poly, revenging their victories of last year, it was a personal triumph for both the upperclassmen and the freshmen. And when Captain Robertson lit his victory cigar at the last meet against Hunter, the team smoked it with him (figuratively, of course, it was only John who got sick afterwards.) There were more than the triumphs shared. There were also the losses and watching Rocky Cohen astounding waitresses and Wally Bunyea astounding toll collectors." And thus, the loneliness of the long distance swimmer was made easier to bear at Stony Brook this year.
Womens Synchronized Swimming . . .

These lovely ladies placed second in the Beginner Division of the Metropolitan Inter-Collegiate Synchronized-Swim Competition at SUSB in the Winter and at Hunter College in the Spring.
Varsity Cheerleaders . . .
We're undercover cheerleaders.

Junior Varsity Cheerleaders . . .

rah, rah
... so are we.

Women's Intercollegiate Sports . . .

Expanding just as rapidly as the rest of the university, the women's intercollegiate program has grown to include such sports as field hockey, basketball, volleyball and tennis. Intramural teams, in addition to these varied and diversified activities, give the sports-minded coed an active outlet for her energies.

Top to Bottom: S. Brown, S. Collier, A. Fox, A. Rillo, M. Nawracej, B. Lichtman, L. Keenner (manager), B. Roos.
Frosh Basketball

The 'little Patriots' weren't as big as the Varsity and didn't fare as well, but they gave their opponents a run for the money. Even though they played to the best of their ability. Varsity Coach Herb Brown developed headaches thinking of all the holes he would have to fill next year.
Despite budgetary scares and hastily built squash courts, Coach Snider's Squash team entered its first season with a full squad and an impressive schedule. With Jolly Joe Van Denburg, a veteran of both the marines and the squash racquet, playing number one for the team, they were able to finish the season with a respectable 5-6 record.

The three sparks of the team, Bob Folman, Bob Dulman and Artie Bregman were really undercover tennis players who got some good practice in before the beginning of the tennis season. All three kept their individual competition records above .500.
Bowling . . .

Most students don't know about the bowling team (and in fact, we goofed and don't know the members of the team), except Big George Robbins, the captain, with his 18 bowling ball physique, who oozes jolly oomp in the ticket office every afternoon.

Imagine the poor bowling alley when it sees one ball being heaved by an 18 ball monster and his cronies. Oh, by the way, the team rolled their way to a 4-4 record. Not bad for an unknown team.
Baseball . . .

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>S.B.</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Score</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>0</td>
<td>Ft. Schuyler</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Farmingdale</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Brooklyn</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Hofstra</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Suffolk C. C.</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>St. Peter's</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Nassau C. C.</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Kingsborough C. C.</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Kings Point</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Pace</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>N.Y.I.T.</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Farmingdale</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>C. W. Post</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>New Haven</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Adelphi</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Queens</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Hunter</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>N.Y.I.T.</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Stony Brook's baseball squad played its longest season in the sport's short history. Although it only managed to salvage a 7-11 slate, Coach Brown's Patriots did gain valuable experience for the season to come.

One of the team's toughest hurdles this past season was the fact that they had to play with a shallow pitching rotation. The workhorse in the bullpen was righty Matt Grumo. He was able to break even for the season with a 4-4 record, but was unable to reach his full potential due to his service as a utility man.

When Grumo wasn't pitching for the Pats another Matt took over. Mattie Low rotated between the outfield and the mound. Notching only a meager 1-3 record, Low made up for this with his bat. He led the team in batting with a .328 mark, most R.B.I.'s, 18, most home runs, 2, and most innings played, 150. Although Grumo was only a sophomore he copped the team's M.V.P. award and the eye of Coach Brown who will look forward to two more seasons with Matt.

Ending its second year of intercollegiate baseball, Stony Brook can look forward to a more successful season when Coach Brown starts practice next spring.
Track and Field . . .

S.B.
99  C. W. Post ........................................ 54
72  Hofstra U. ........................................ 73
93  Hunter ............................................. 55
88  King's Point ....................................... 66
49  Farmingdale ......................................... 96
63  Nassau C. C. ......................................... 82
76  Adelphi U. .......................................... 74

Triangular Meet
Cortland 79    Alfred 71    S.B. 29

Most students venture across the rolling fields of grass to get to the train station. Someday they might look hard and see a track out there. Can they take the shock?

R. 1:
J. McCarthy
R. Bishop

R. 2:
J. Esposito (co-capt.)
E. Weiss (co-capt.)
E. Feldman
M. Shapiro
H. Zern

R. 3:
R. Fluhr
S. Venasco
R. Moore

R. 4:
K. Eastment
S. Phillips
R. Gutoski
K. Weisman
B. Azzinaro
W. Bunyea
Intramural Softball . . .

For those who don't like hard ball, there is always the soft variety . . .
Tennis...

S. B.

5  Kings Point ............................................. 4
1  Fordham .................................................. 8
8  Farmingdale .............................................. 1
7\(\frac{1}{2}\)  South Hampton ................................. 1\(\frac{1}{2}\)
0  Farleigh Dickinson .................................... 7
4  Nassau C. C. ............................................... 5
4  Suffolk C. C. .............................................. 3
2  Hofstra ................................................... 7
8  N.Y.I.T. .................................................... 1

If you don't hurry up, you might not see these tennis courts either!

R. Dulman, J. Nathanson, R. Sklar, Coach Lee, B. Folman, P. Epstein, A. Bergman, J. Bockino
Modern Dance . . .

These modern dancers learned to express themselves through a highly sensitive, but not totally understood art form—the dance. Some of the members performed at the International Weekend Concert, and others participated in the Edith Stephen Dance Recital in April.
Judo . . .

Some are convinced that the power of judo lies in those wicked Oriental curses that the sportsman shrieks, and that this instills Fear in the opponent such that he is paralyzed and can therefore be pummeled into a state of unconsciousness. We think that technique has a lot more to do with it. Watch them sometime and you'll know why they are considered America's Ultimate Weapon.
Awards Banquet . . .
Since most of the recognition at Stony Brook is for academic achievement, this page is devoted to all those athletes who go unrecognized in this world of academia and especially those Most Valuable Players listed below.

STATESMAN AWARD
(for the top athlete in the school)

ED WEISS

Cross Country—Ray Gutowski
Soccer—Dennis Kampe
      —Don Foster
Swimming—Rocky Cohen
        —John Robertson
Bowling—George Robbins
Basketball—Teddy Eppenstein
Squash—Joe VanDenburg
Track and Field—Ray Gutowski
Baseball—Mat Low
Judo—Mike Lamb
Crew—Bob Crowder
Lobby, Classroom and General University Sports . . .

Monkey Watching

Drinking

Johnny on the Pony

Dancing

Ballooning
the majority


D. Rozoff, M. Fanelli, R. Boguslaw, T. Sobel, L. Brown

Paul Kamen
Dennis Kampe
Martin Karopkin
Linda Karp
Gerald Katz
Peter Keiner
Grace Kessler
Adele King
Irving Kipnis
Richard Koebele
Susan Komara
Steven Korn
Paul Koschera
Suzanne Kovic
Anette Kraght
Senior Directory

Because of the ninety odd different clubs, activities and organizations within which the members of the class of '67 involved themselves, it has been necessary for the Specula staff to eliminate some activities and to make the following key of abbreviations.

Pres.—President of Senior, Junior, Sophomore, Freshman Classes
Prob.—Probation
Psy.—Psychology Club
R.A.—Resident Assistant
R.B.—Residence Board
Rep.—Representative of Senior, Junior, Sophomore, Freshman Class
R.I.F.—Rifle Club
Rus.—Russian Club
Σ.B.E.—Sigma Beta Epsilon
Σ.F.R.—Sigma Lambda Rho
Σ.P.S.—Sigma Phi Sigma
S.A.B.—Student Activities Board
S.B.—Eng.—Stonybrook Engineer
S.C.A.—Student Christian Association
S.C.C.—Sports Car Club
S.D.S.—Student for a Democratic Society
S.F.—Sociology Forum
Ski—Ski Club
S.N.C.—Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee
SOUNING.—SOUNDINGS
Span.—Spanish Club
SPECULA—SPECULA
S.S.M.—Suffolk Student Movement
STATEMAN—STATEMAN
U.B.—Upward Bound
U.C.—University Chorus
U.T.—University Theatre
W.H.—Wider Horizons
W.U.S.B.—W.U.S.B.
Y.D.—Young Democrats
Y.R.—Young Republicans
SPORTS
Crew—Crew
Cross C.—Cross Country
Base—Baseball
BASKET.—Basketball
Bowl—Bowling
Golf—Golf
Soc.—Soccer
Swim—Swimming
Tenn.—Tennis
Track—Track
Wres.—Wrestling

John Abdale: B.S. Physics. Dean's List 1, 2, 3, 4, N.S.F.


Ellen S. Adelman: B.A. Sociology. SPECULA 1, 2.


Bernice Alvarez: B.A. Economics.


Charles Anderson: B.A. English.


Louis Antonucci: B.A. History.

Joan Aronson: B.A. English.

Joseph G. Arth, Jr.: B.S. Physics.

Themis M. Appignani: B.S. Math.

---

Peter Behrens: B.A. Psychology. Dean's List 3, Dorm Jud. 2, 3, Bowl. 1, L.S.G. 1-4, Ger. 1, Psy. 3.


Robert Berger: B.A. Sociology.


Edward Bedeler: B.E.S. Engineering.

James Betts: B.A. Philosophy.


Stanley Biedak: B.E.S. Engineering.


Richard Blecher: B.A. Economics. Leg. 2, Jud. 1, J.S.O. 1, Bask. 1, Inter. 3.


Terry Boulton: B.A. Sociology.

Michael Brady: B.E.S. Engineering. Engin. 3, 4, N.S.F. 3.

Ruth Brandon: B.A. Sociology. F.C. 1, 2, S.S.M. 1, 2, S.N.C.C. 1, 2, 3, S.F., Dean's List 4.

David Braverman: B.S. Mathematics. M.S.

Deborah Brecher: B.A. Psychology.


Judith Brown: B.A. Social Science. J.S.O. 2-4, STATESMAN 1, 2.

Thomas Brown: B.E.S. Engineering. Engin. 4.


Loralee Burnett: B.A. History.


Ernest Cannava: B.A. Economics. Inter. 3, 4.

Artette Canning: B.A. German. Dean's List 1, 3, 4, Ger. 1-4.

Anthony Carillo: B.S. Physics. R.A. 3, 4, Dean's List 1, 3.

Robert Carraway: B.S. Chemistry. Dean's List 2, 3, Chem. 3, 4, Span. 4, Cross C. 1, Track 1, Wres. 3, 4.

Edward Cavo: B.A. History. Inter.


Anne Christina: B.A. English. Dean's List 1, 3, 4, Cheer. 2.

Robert Civitella: B.A. History.


---

Robert Cohn: B.A. History.


Jeanne Coole: B.A. Spanish. SPECULA 3, 4.


Judith Cooper: B.A. English. Dean's List 2, 3, S.N.C.C.

Robin Courtney: B.A. English. Dean's List 1, 4.

Albert Cowie: B.S. Biology. Dean's List 3, 4, Gym. 4.

---


Carol Danega: B.S. Biology.


Diane Diengott: B.A. Art.

Ronald Dimoski: B.E.S. Engineering.


John Di Niro: B.A. Psychology. Inter., Dean's List 2, 3.

Claudia Diperi: B.S. Biology.


Donna C. Dodenhoff: B.A. English.

Donald Foster: B.A. Psychology, Soc. Co-Captain 2, 3, 4, Inter. 1, 2, 3, 4.


Muriel Joyce Friedkin: B.A. Philosophy.


Eugene Fuchs: B.A. Psychology.

Alan Fulshire: B.A. Political Science, Inter., C.A., S.C.C.

Regina Funaro: B.A. French.


Henrietta Gapski: B.S. Biology, Bowl. 1, Newman 1, 2, 3.

Patrick Gavin: B.S. Physics.

James Geheran: B.A. English, R.A. 4, Inter. 3, 4, Leg. 2, 3, Jud. 3.

Francis Geisler: B.A. Art, Deans List 2, 3.

Richard Gelman: B.A. English, Golf, Inter., Phil., STATESMAN.


Loretta Gerardi: B.S. Mathematics, Newman 1, 2, 3, 4.


Michael Glasser: B.A. Psychology, Deans List 1, 2, 3, Crew 1, Inter. 1, 2, 3.


Benanta Glickman: B.S. Biology, Bio., J.S.O.

Norman B. Golden: B.A. Theater Arts.

Judith Goldstone: B.S. Chemistry, Deans List 2, 3, J.S.O. 1, Bowl. 1.

Elliott Golub: B.S. Earth and Space Science.


Joyce Grauer: B.A. History, Deans List 1, 2, 3, S.N.C.C. Coordinator 2, 3, I.C. 3, 4.


Donna Greene: B.S. Mathematics.


Barbara E. Gruber: B.S. Mathematics.


Thiodore Hanfbar Jr.: B.A. Spanish.

Alice Harlow: B.S. Biology, F.C. 1, 2.


Margaret H. Hawkins: B.A. English.

Paul Hertz: B.S. Mathematics.


Anthony Hilferty: B.S. Biology.


Kathleen A. Hodgens: B.A. History.


Peter Hoegel: B.A. Political Science, Soc. 3, 4, C.B. 2, 3, 4, Ger. 2, 3.


Heinz Hoffman: B.A. German.


John Drailla: B.A. English.

Irene Donohue: B.A. History.

Diana Dorf: B.A. English.

Martin Dorf: B.S. Physical Science, E.C. Moderator 4, 3, 2, 4, STATESMAN 2, 3, Tenn. Capt., 2, Inter. 1, 3, 4, Cons. 2, 3-4, Chairman.

Robert Drelick: B.A. French.

Dorothy Durkin: B.A. English, STATESMAN 2, 3, 4, Deans List 2, U.C. 1, 2, Lit. 1, 2, 3, Bio. 1, S.N.C.C. 4.

Frances Duskes: B.A. Spanish Literature, Deans List 1, 2, 3, 4, R.A. 3, 4, Span. 4, Phi Delta President 4.

Elizabeth Dussan: B.A. English.

James Econ: B.S. Mathematics, Deans List 1, 2, 3, Cons. 3.

James H. Edwards: B.S. Physics, Ger. 1, 2, 3, Phy. 1, 2.

Barbara Eisen: B.S. Mathematics, J.S.O. 1, 2, O. 2.

Diane Elias: B.A. Psychology, Deans List 1, 3, 4, S.N.C.C. 1, Ski. 1.

Rhoda Elison: B.S. Biology, Deans List 2, 3, STATESMAN 2, 3, 4, Bio. 3, 4, S.S.M. 1, 2.

Mark Endelman: B.A. Political Science.

William Falkis: B.A. Philosophy.

Carole Fallek: B.A. Psychology.


Steven Fischer: B.A. History.

Robert Fistel: B.A. History.


Kenneth Forbes: B.S. Physics.

Suzanne Jean Forman: B.A. French, F.C.
Michael James Lacombe: B.A. English.
George A. LaGuia: B.A. Psychology.
Suzanne Lando: B.A. English. Y.D. 2, Inter. 3.
Agnes Lane: B.A. History.

Harvey B. Lang: B.A. Sociology. N.C.T.G. 3, Inter. 1, 2, 3, 4, Prob. 1, 2, 3.
Susan Laslinsky: B.A. French.
Edward Lawrence: B.A. History.
Robert Lawrence: B.A. History.
Robert Leitman: B.A. Sociology.
Michael S. Levinson: B.E.S. Engineering. Swim., Leg., Engin.

Alan Lopez: B.A. History.
Paul A. Maler: B.E.S. Engineering.
John Malla: B.S. Chemistry.
Philip P. Malletta: B.S. Physics.
James C. Mansley: B.S. Engineering.
Robert B. Mancini: B.S. Biology.
Gerrard Mandina: B.S. Sociology.
James Martin: B.A. English.
Evelyn Marx: B.A. German. Deans List 1, 2, 4, Jud. 2, 3, F.C. 2, S.S.M.
Edward Matluck: B.A. Economics. Deans List 2, 3, 4, Inter. 3.
Robert Mayer: B.S. Physical Science.
Kevin McCann: B.A. English.
Anthony McCann: B.A. History.
Catherine H. Merrill: B.A. Psychology, Head R.A. 4, R.A. 1, Deans List 1, 2, 4, O. 2, Psy. 1, 2, N.C.T.G. 3, Leg. 1, 2.
Suzanne Meyer: B.A. Anthropology.
Faith Michelman: B.A. Psychology.
Brian Markin: B.A. Economics.
Michael J. Mooney: B.A. History, C.S.
John F. Moran: B.A. Political Science.
Mary Morris: B.A. English.
One picture is worth a thousand words . . .
You supply
the words,
the thoughts,
the memories.
It's your story,
And you remember it best.
Help! I need somebody
Help! Not just anyone
Help! I need someone
Help!
Yesterday ...
Life was such an easy game to play.
Oh won't you please, please,
Please, me.
Freedom isn't free ...
I get by with a little help
from my friends
Ooo, I get high with a little help
from my friends
I've just seen a face
I can't forget the time or place.
It's been a hard day's night
Eight days a week.
Remember?
a word . . .

Someday Stony Brook, when you’re old and wise, those who come here will take you for granted ... your strength, your omnipotence, your “Good”, and your “Truth”. But we, the Pepsi Generation, the Teeny Boppers, the Flower Children ... will remember. We’ll remember the sweat we’ve left here to cement that foundation your laurels are now resting upon ... And we’ll remember ’67 through our eyes, students’ eyes ...

’67 has been here reflected through the constant efforts of a few people. They know who they are and I thank them. I hope you too will thank them for recording your past and, perhaps, inspiring your future ...