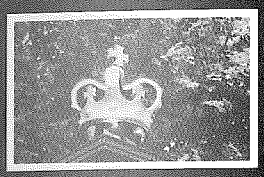
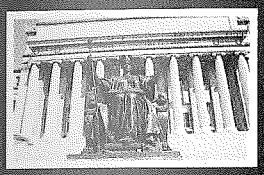
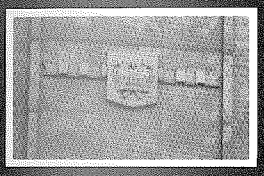
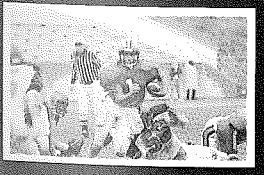
THE 1989 ENGINEER

COLUMBIA UNVERSITY
SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING
AND APPLIED SCIENCE



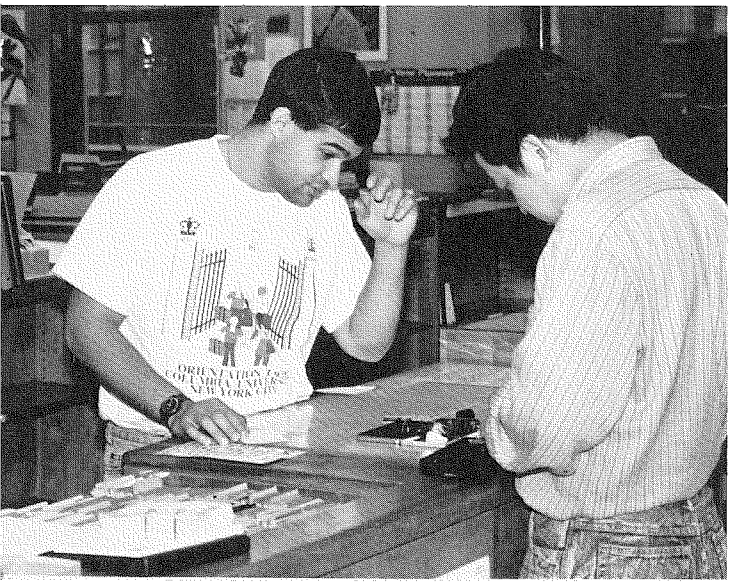




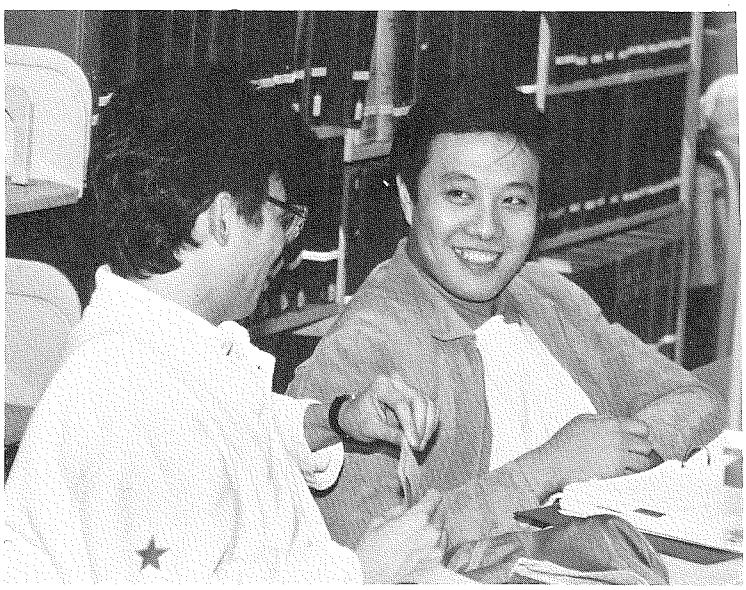


Applied Physics And Nuclear Engineering

APNE Faculty: (standing left to right) Leon Lidofsky, Gerald A. Navratil (Chairman), C.K. Chu, Amitava Bhattacharjee, Michael Tabor, Peter R. Eiseman (seated left to right) Herbert Goldstein, Thomas C. Marshall, Irving P. Herman, Michael E. Mauel



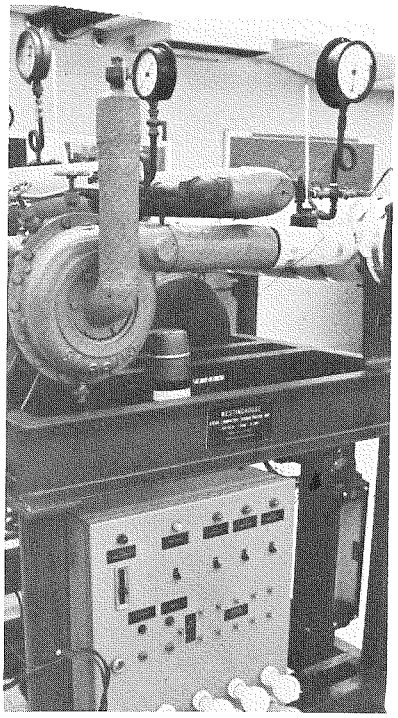
No! No! Not that way. Don't you know how to fill out a card yet?



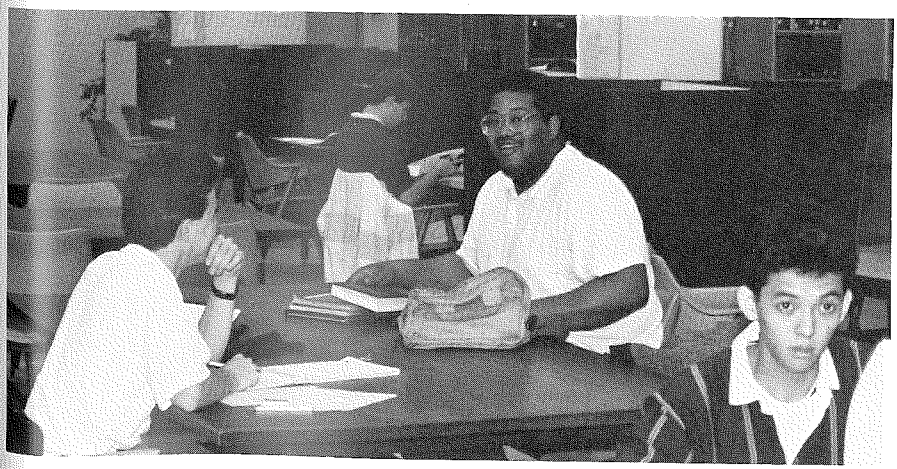
Don't tell me you spent all night studying Physics with her . . .

Office Staff: (left to right) Lois Winter, Marlene Arbo, JoAnne Winsten (Dept. Administrator), Lydia Argote

Smile Marlene, you're on candid camera.



Time Travel Anyone?



Shhh! We're trying to study for midterms.

Who says Physics can't be Phun? Applied Physicists? That's right! Then why did they do it? Was it for the fame? (Betcha didn't know ELO was comprised ENTIRELY of Applied Physicists.) Was it for the fortune? (Who's the last physicist you've met with too many BMW's?) Or was it just for the joy and wonder of it all? (How do they get the creamy stuff inside a Twinkie?)

Well, it all started with Professor Shaham's (Shazam's?) pitchforks (sigh . . . or is that psi?). What a devilish time we had prodding way down to the depths of the universe for the answers.

And then there was Professor Weinberg, our friendly electron. (Sorry about the spin-off jokes. We'll try to be Beta.) He really tried to make us understand, but Quantum Physics is meant to be incomprehensible.

Professor Tabor took us on an interesting tour through partial differential equations. Armed with a rusty pitchfork, a cantankerous "cat" (function), and a box of dough "nought"s, we clawed our way to understanding.

The department's most helpful advice probably emerged in the lecture seminars. Current research and new questions went well with steamy coffee and Columbia hot bagels.

While the FEL, the Tokamak (tomahawk?), and the fusion reactor weren't in full production, you could still go to parties knowing that the harmless .03 micro-roetgens you received in class would not make you the "radiant" centerpiece of an otherwise boring conversation.

And, as if that weren't enough, you probably learned something also. (Betcha still can't spell Bhattacharjee, though!)