

THE BIG T

*The California Institute
of Technology*

**HUMANITIES
LIBRARY**







THE 1966 BIG **T**

PUBLISHED BY THE

***ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF THE
CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY***

With June we find ourselves at the end of another year at Caltech. For us students, it has been first of all a year of academic endeavor and intellectual growth. Of all the schools in the nation, we have chosen Caltech as the one most able to prepare us for the future. Often frustrated, often tired, often disillusioned, we hold to our goals. In the end the satisfaction far outweighs the effort.

But more than an academic training ground, Tech is the community of people with whom we relate as we determine the values, ideals, and purposes of our lives. The friends we have made this year, the insights into life we have gained and the ideals we have set for ourselves are as important as the facts and theories we have learned. It is this more personal and human side of life at Tech we attempt to show in this book.

For those who will return next year, we hope the book will remind them that Tech is people — and to get the most from their years here they must share the company, wisdom, and concerns of those they meet. We hope it will also remind them that not only does the Caltech community shape their lives, but that they have an opportunity to actively shape the life of the Caltech community.

For graduating seniors, we hope that the book will remind them that, while they keep their professional ambitions firmly before them, they must also take their place as human beings in the society of man.

For all, we hope that the 1966 Big T will record for a lifetime the memorable events of their undergraduate years.

Timothy L. Stephens

Editor

EDITOR

Tim Stephens

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

York Liao, *Photography*

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Stu Davey, *Activities*
Bill Broste, *Student Houses*
Ben Dambart, *Sports*
Dave Shirley, *Seniors*
Frank Potter, *Faculty*

PHOTOGRAPHY

Steve Creekmore
Ken Kamm
Dave Komm
Al Williams
John Williams

STAFF

Dave Chu
Bob Berry
Dick Harley
John McCord
Wayne Pitcher
Dave Sherlock
Larry Shirley
Martin Smith
Dick Suchter
Dave Van Essen
Mike Wolf

BUSINESS MANAGERS

Gary Christoph
George Sharman

Our Special Thanks to:

Louise Hood
Judi Broste
Marilyn Luce, *Cover Design*
James McClanahan, *Photography*

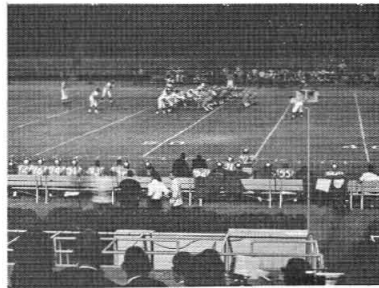
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(by Liao)



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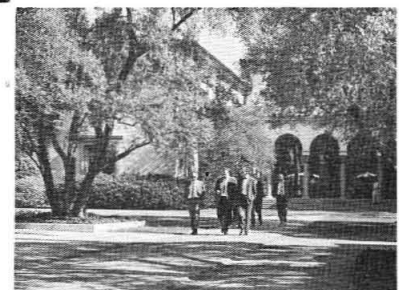


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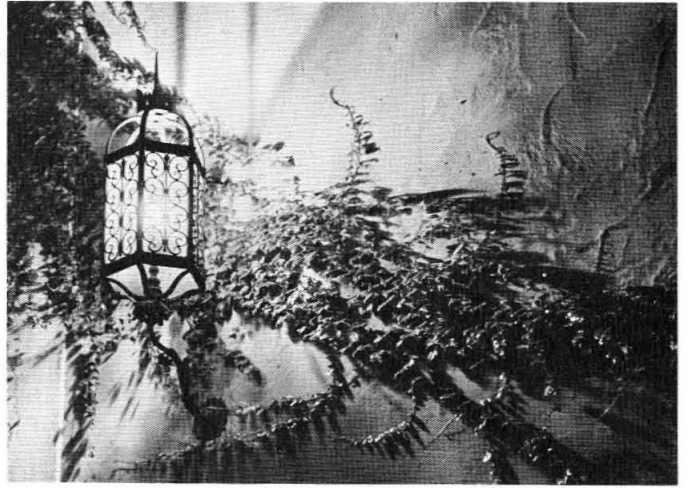
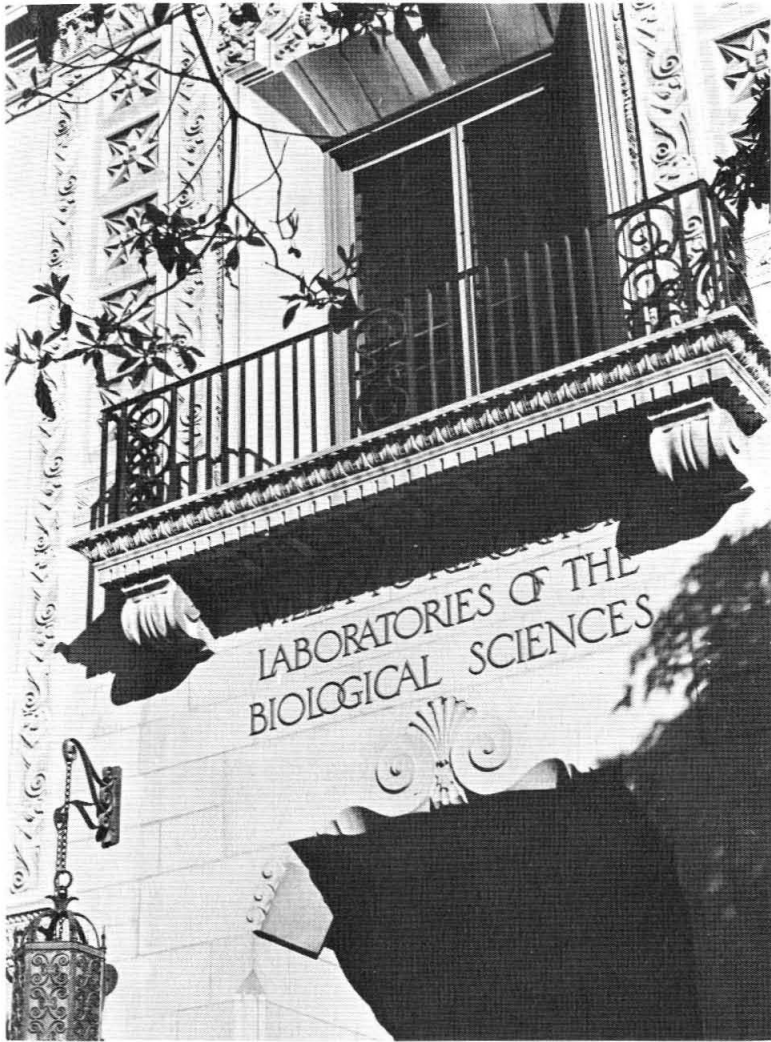
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*The campus,
day . . .*

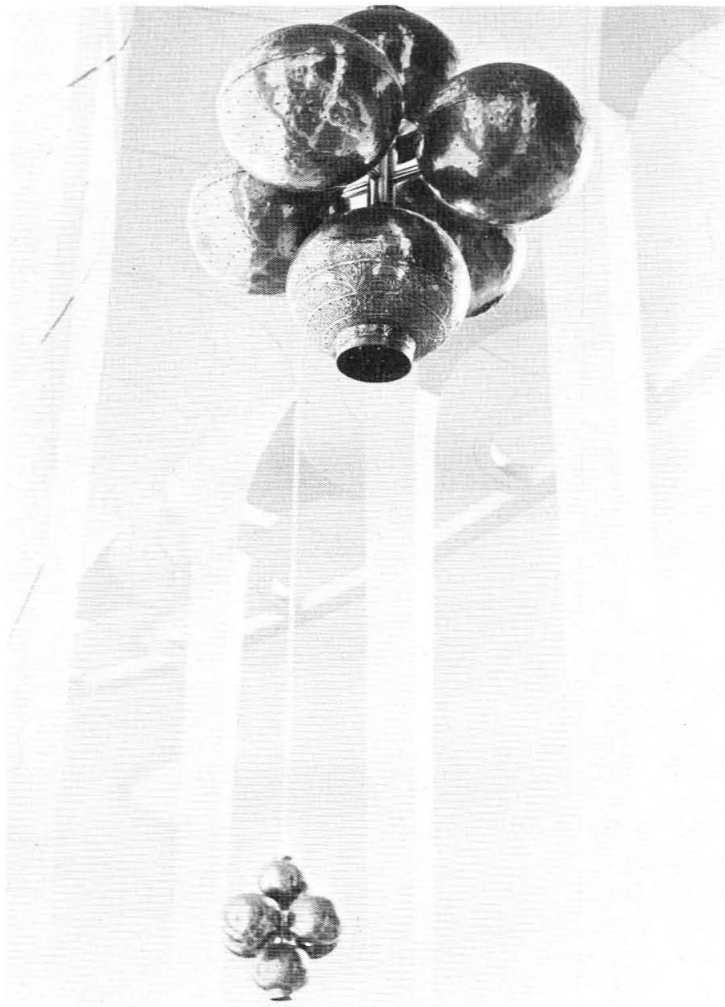


. . . and night . . .

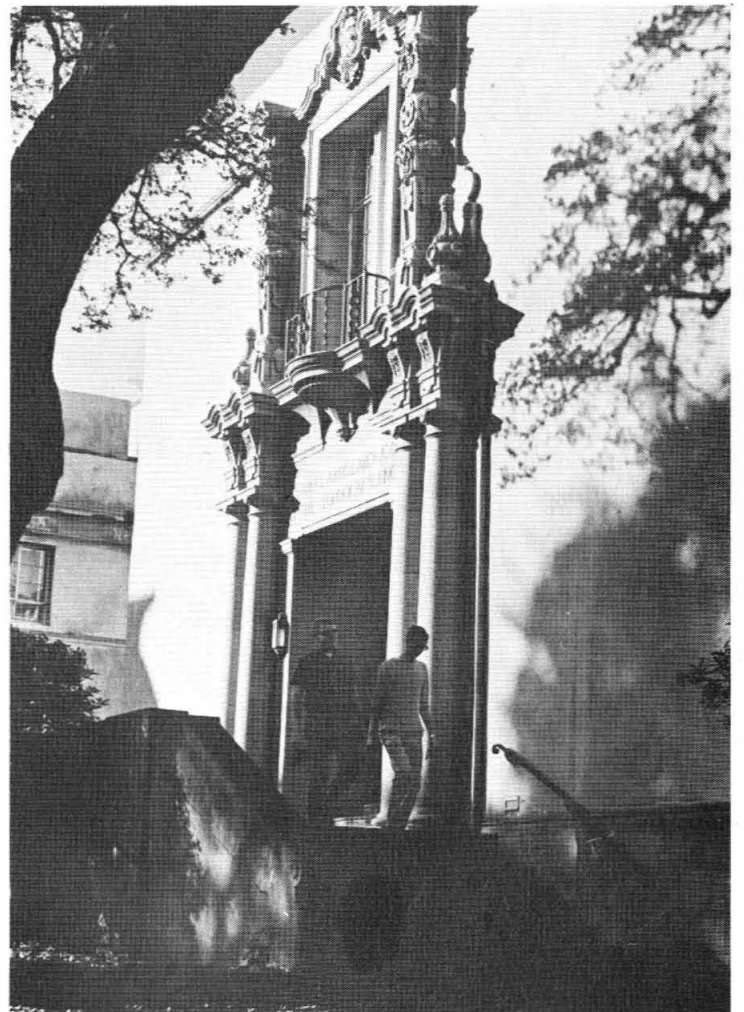


... the quiet corners ...



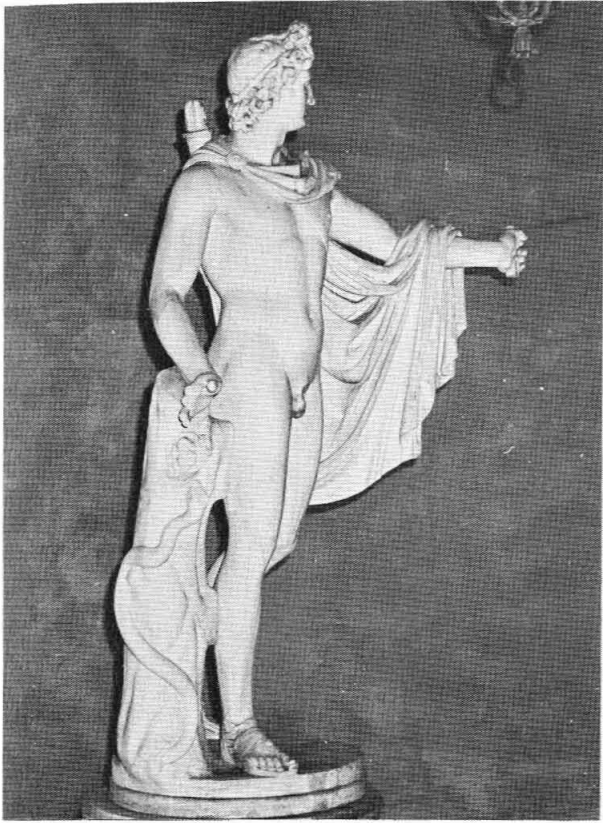


... the new ...



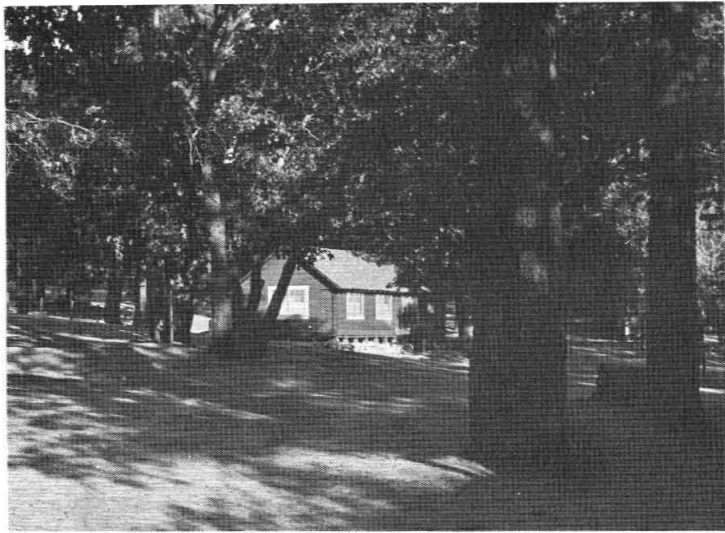
... the old ...

. . . and the eternal.



Noble C.I.T.





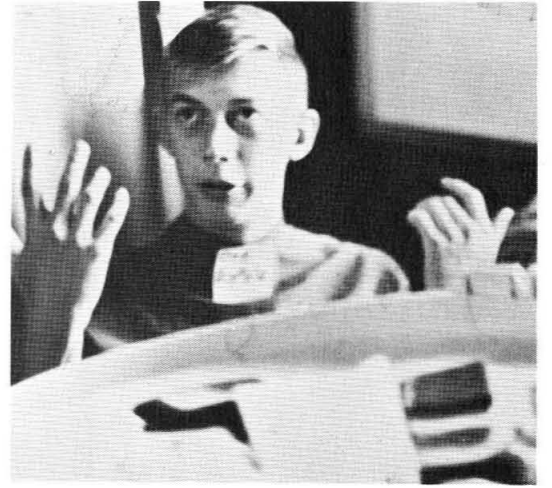
The first days . . .



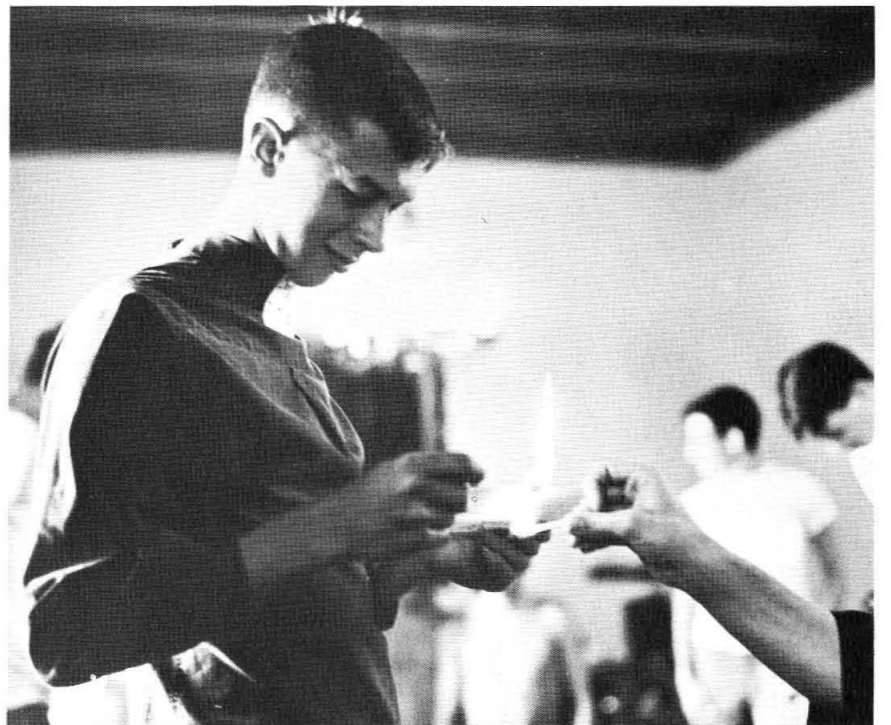
. . . at Radford . . .

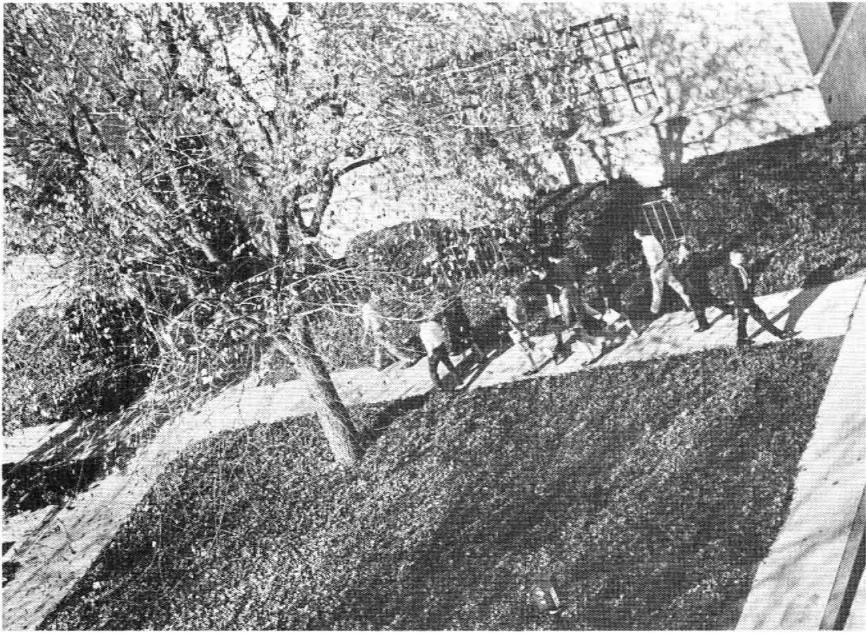


. . . DuBridge's . . .

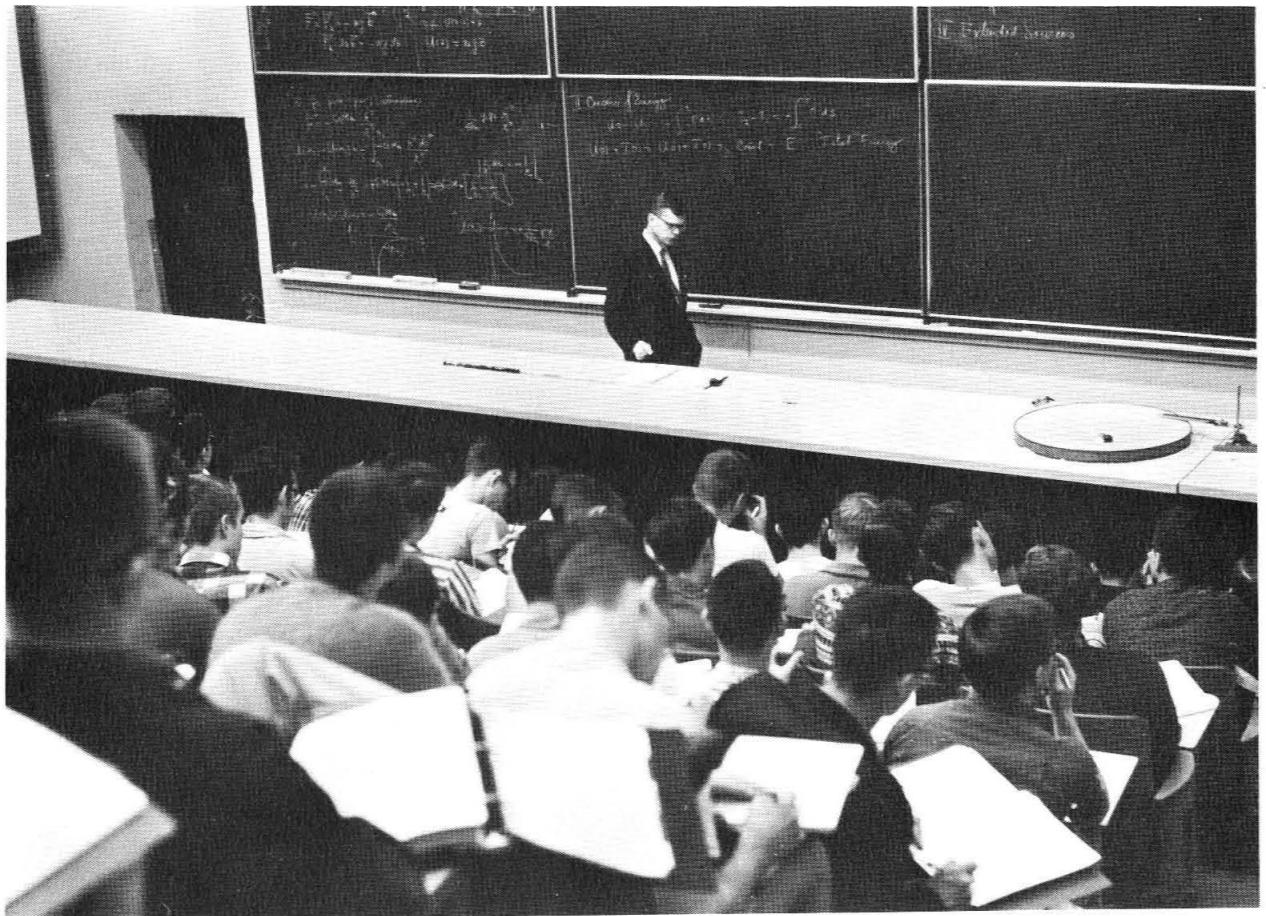


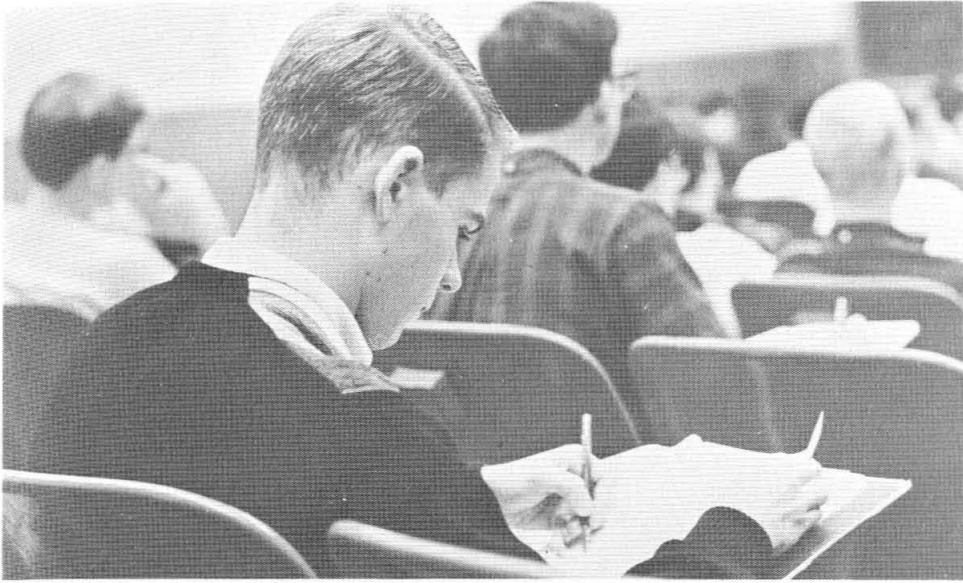
... and the student houses.



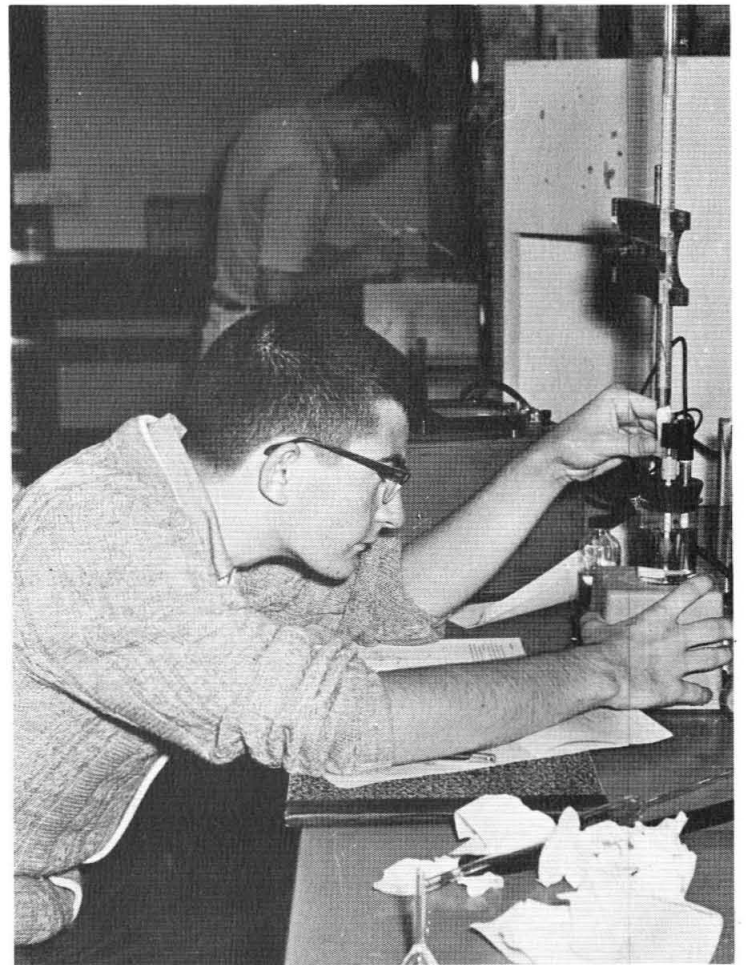


Then off to classes . . .



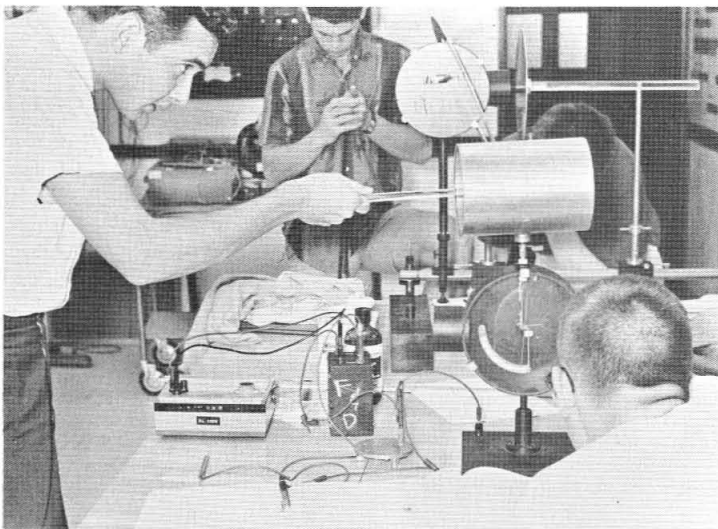


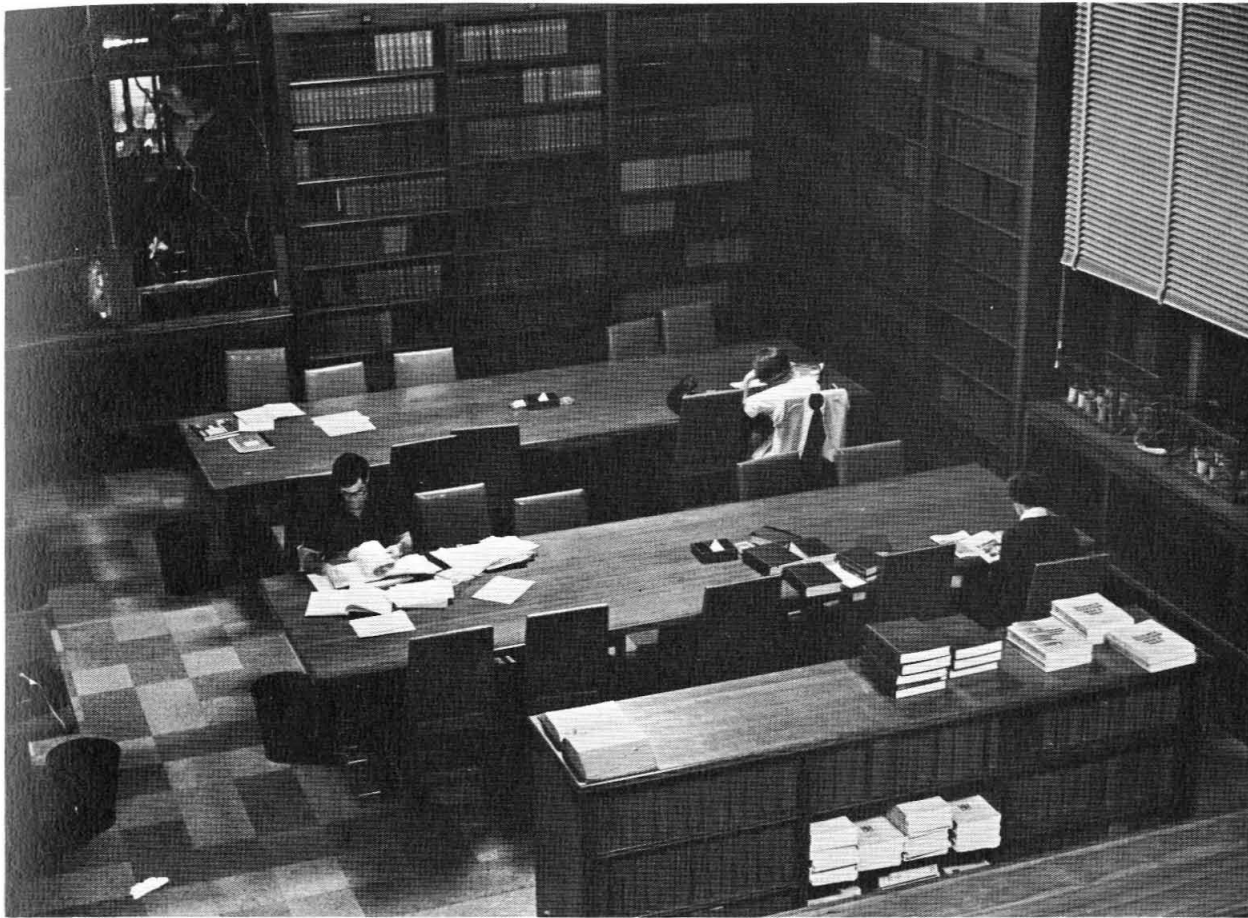
. . . lectures and labs.





Experimentation . . .

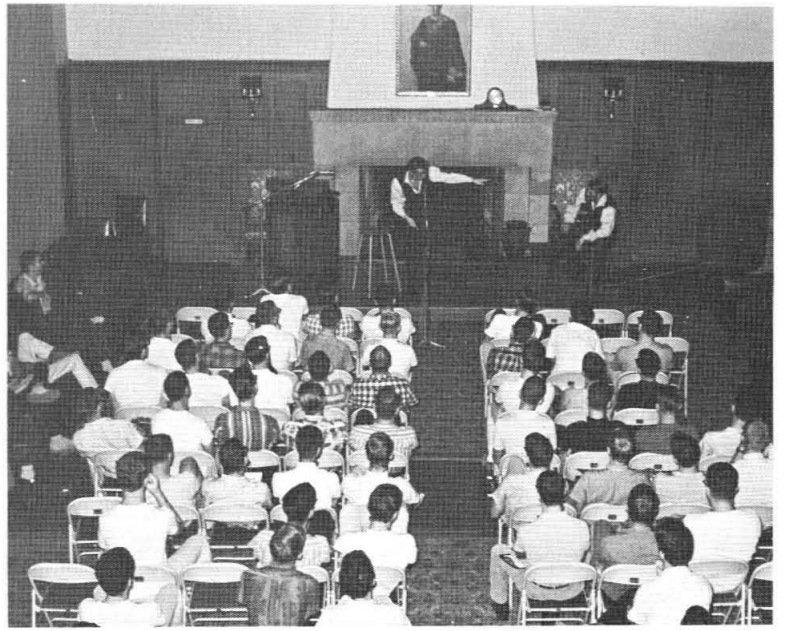




. . . concentration . . .

. . . contemplation . . .

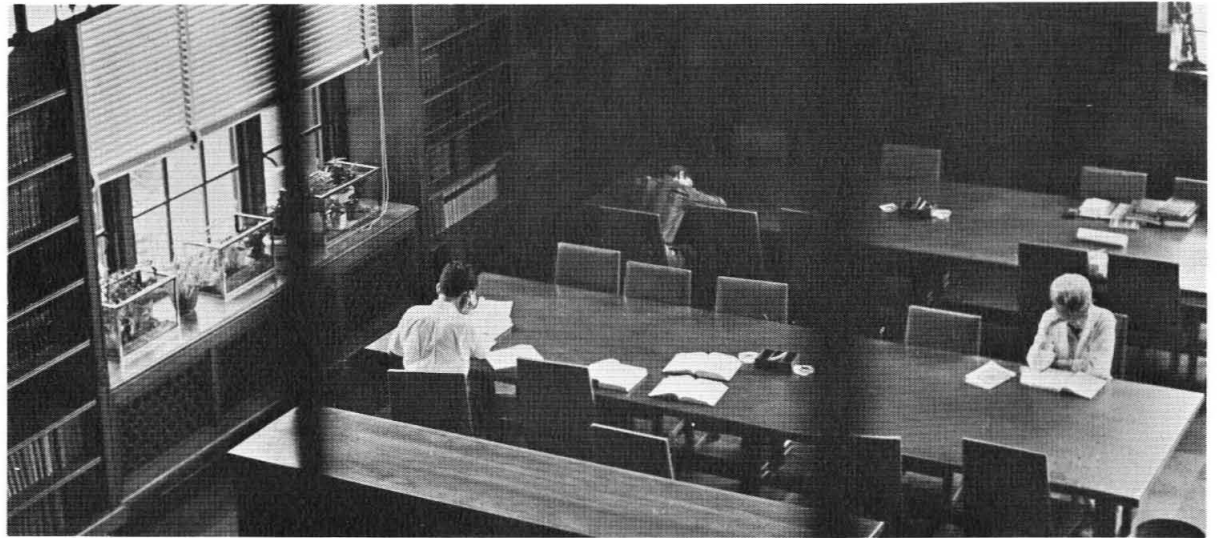






... and relaxation.



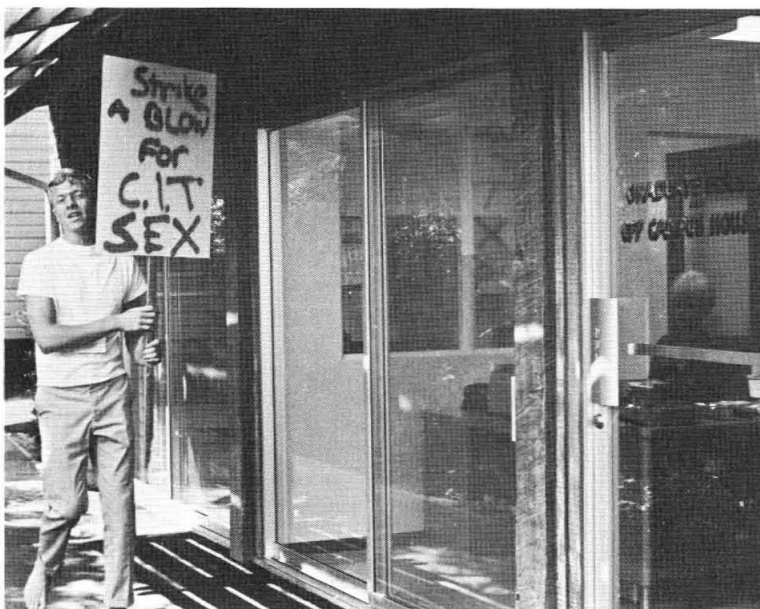


Frustrations . . .



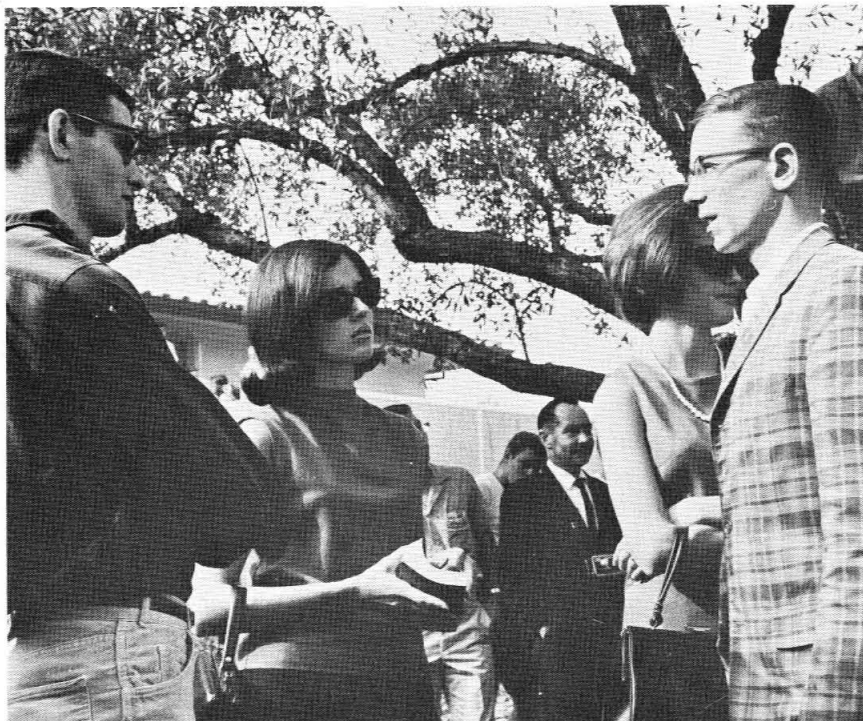


. . . released.

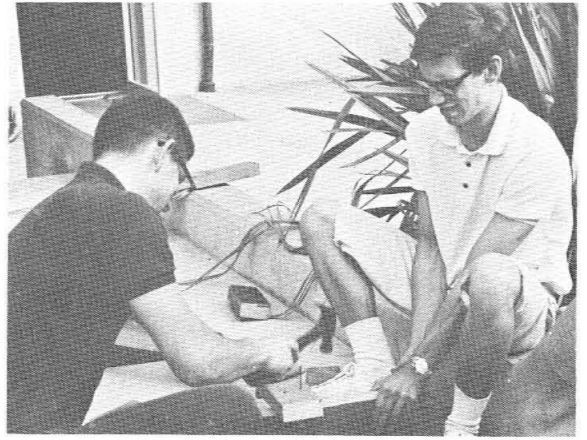
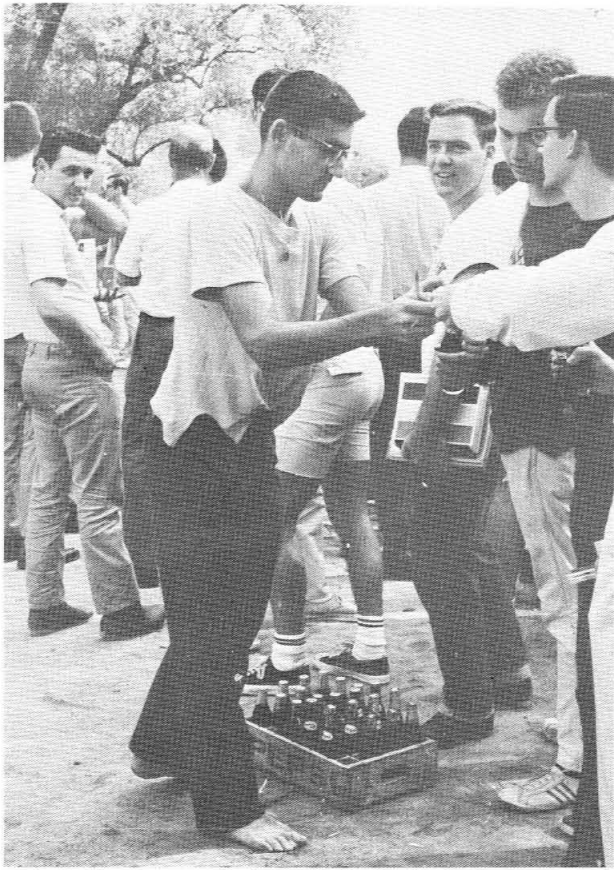




In large groups . . .



. . . or the individual approach.

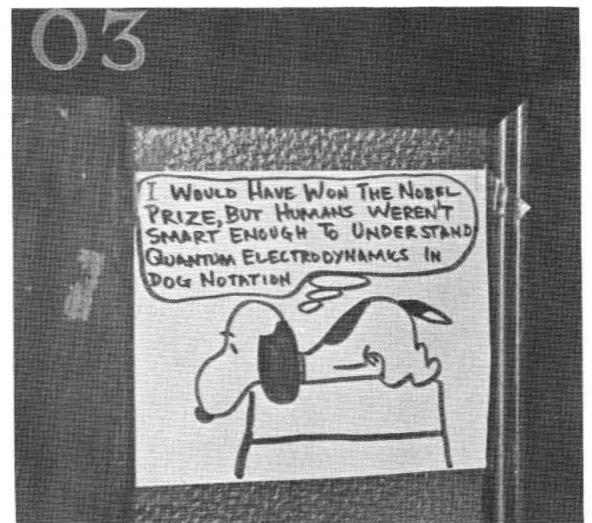


... for \$3,500.





Dick Feynman scores big . . .





... and so does Princess Margaret.







ACTIVITIES

BOARD OF DIRECTORS



FRONT ROW: Gordon Myers, Vice-President; Fred Brunwig, President; Fred Lamb, Secretary. SECOND ROW: Eric Young, Treasurer; Sam Logan, Rep.-at-Large; John Walter, Athletic Manager; Jerry Yudelso, Activities Chairman; Bill Broste, IHC Chairman; Doug Eaton, Social Chairman.

The Board of Directors, Elected at the end of second term, is the ruling body of campus government. Under the leadership of Brunwig, the BOD maintained its program of fiscal sanity. With ASCIT finally out of debt and tight-fisted Young controlling the purse-strings, the BOD was able to offer more financial support to campus organizations at all levels. The Board approved the creation of the Beckman Committee, supported efforts by the Excomm to bring the By-Laws into line with current practices, and, with Institute support, provided calculators and additional clubrooms for student use. While Myers and Broste kept sharp eyes on the BOC and IHC respectively, Lamb carried on a war of words with the Park Service over the Mountain T.

Yudeleson (of Coffee-Hour fame) put on a Judy Collins concert third term, Walter organized the Athletic Banquet, and Eaton provided a packed social calendar which included Lost Weekend, the Christmas Dance, Snow Party, and countless exchanges. Logan, continuing the tradition of supporting useful causes, included Planned Parenthood once again in the campus-wide charity drive.





Fred Brunwig



BOARD OF CONTROL



FRONT ROW: G. Shuptrine, R. Dickinson, G. Myers, chairman, M. Oiyé, M. Saulney.
SECOND ROW: M. Smith, secretary, J. Pearson, S. Solomon, G. Jennings, E. Robertson, A. Porter.

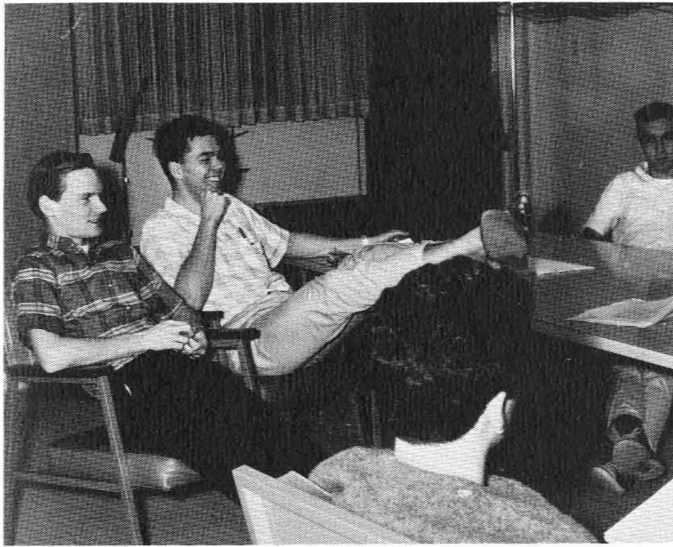
The spirit of the Honor System has been a fine part of Caltech's traditions for fifty-five years. The sole purpose of the BOC is the enforcement of this Honor System.

The BOC reviews all reported or suspected violations of the Honor System and makes recommendations to the Deans in case of violations. In addition, the members of the BOC keep the student body informed of its policies and of the spirit of the Honor System. The Board consists of the Chairman, who is also the ASCIT Vice-President, seven elected members, one from each House, and two appointed members.

The Honor System provides a rare atmosphere of honesty, frankness, and personal sincerity. The responsibility for this tradition lies with the students themselves and with their representatives, the BOC.



EXCOMM

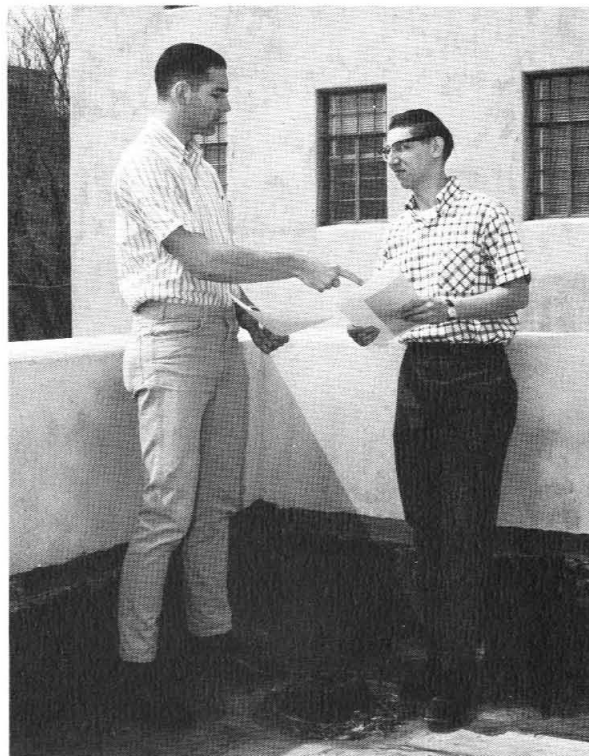


The ASCIT Executive Committee, familiarly known as the Excomm, is a group of six or so interested and active students who meet with the ASCIT president to discuss and evaluate long range problems facing the BOD. They also serve as a advisory and investigatory agents for the Board, and have the nominal power to interpret the ASCIT By-laws. This past year the Excomm has been of real value in considering sorely needed revisions intended to bring the By-laws up to date with current practice. Most of their proposals have been incorporated into the By-laws.

EDUCATIONAL POLICIES COMMITTEE

The Educational Policies Committee is a semi-official group which meets weekly to discuss and evaluate courses and instructors, and when necessary, to bring to the attention of the Faculty Committee any irregularities that may occur.

In the past year an extensive investigation of the allegedly subversive Ma 2 was launched which resulted in a significant course change. Also, a poll on the frosh no-grades system was circulated, with the surprising result that over 50% of the polls were returned. The new library was then studied and proposals for making it habitable by students were advanced and, surprisingly, accepted.



THE FIRST WEEKS



Filled with the spirit . . .

. . . they are greeted by faculty . . .



. . . and friends.

MUDEO

Frosh lose . . .



Sophs lose . . .



Juniors lose . . .



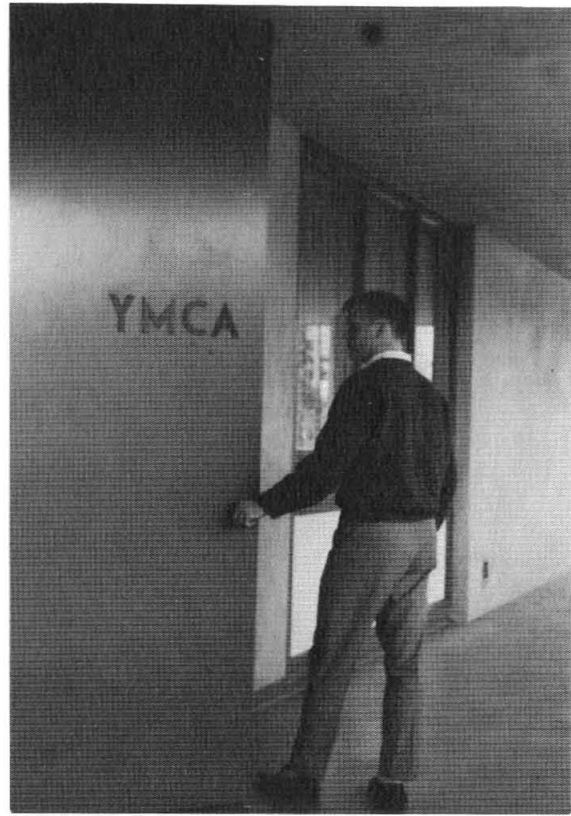
INTERHOUSE



DANCE



Y
M
C
A



Come on over to the CALTECH Y!



Tom Huff and Wes Hershey ponder which picture of themselves to put in the BIC T.



Janet Stapel is never lost in a crowd.

Betty Elliott types on her newest toy.





Y Planning Conference lays plot to revolutionize Caltech.



Experts hear pleas for a girls school.

The first major event of the year for the Caltech Y was the Great Y Robbery which thoroughly impressed everyone with the importance of the Y. After all, an organization that was subversive enough to arouse vigilantes was important enough to have around. Interest and contributions soared and two officers of the Y even received security clearances.

After the birth by fire, the year settled down to a steady blaze. Besides handfuls of stock programs, there were such highlights as the China Institute, Rebecca Penneys, and Ted Sorensen. New areas of education were opened up as the Spectrum series started, when Bjo came to teach art and when a study group formed to look at religious philosophy.

Favorite activities such as tutoring, the Scripps Conference, and the spring vacation work project were continued and expanded. The African Political and Military Exercises were sponsored by the Y this year, and Saul Alinsky was brought as the second Leader of America.

And of course the most important Y function, talking it up, resulted in discussions between student leaders and faculty towards such items as a Girls Associated School for Caltech (GASCIT) and a coffee house near campus. Programs, people, talk and all are documented on some of the following pages.



Chilling tales of the moon snow Frosh.

Dr. Guttmacher speaks on population control.



Y'S CHINA INSTITUTE



The push for registration.



In crowds . . .



. . . and small groups.

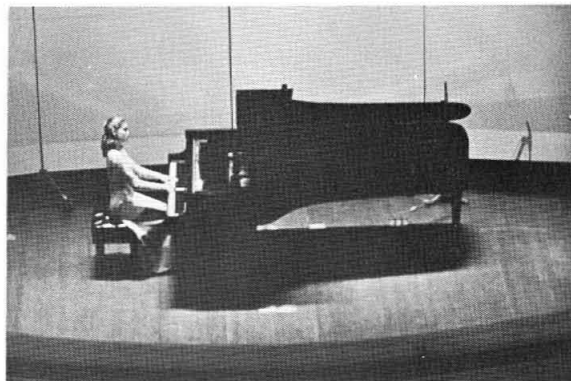


In the aftermath.

YMCA



Inside JFK



"Becky"

CALTECH-SCRIPPS CONFERENCE



Inside . . .

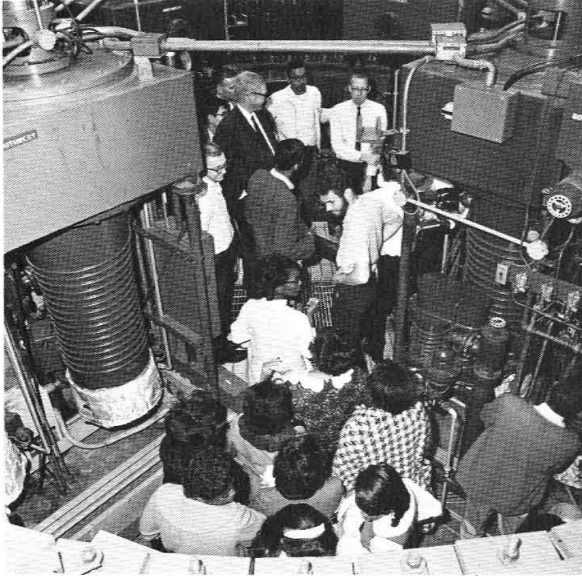


. . . outside . . .



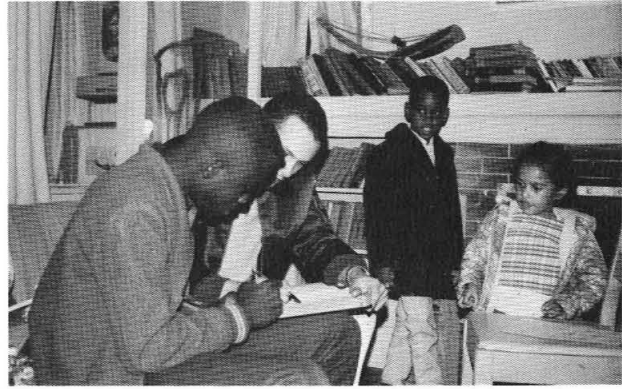
. . . and boys versus girls.

YMCA



Students from Jordan Hi
in a circular field trip.

Tutoring at Westside Center.



Chorines at the Y's 50th Anniversary Celebration.

Spring Projects . . .



. . . building teaching machines in Venice.



. . . digging fence-pole holes with Morongo Indians.

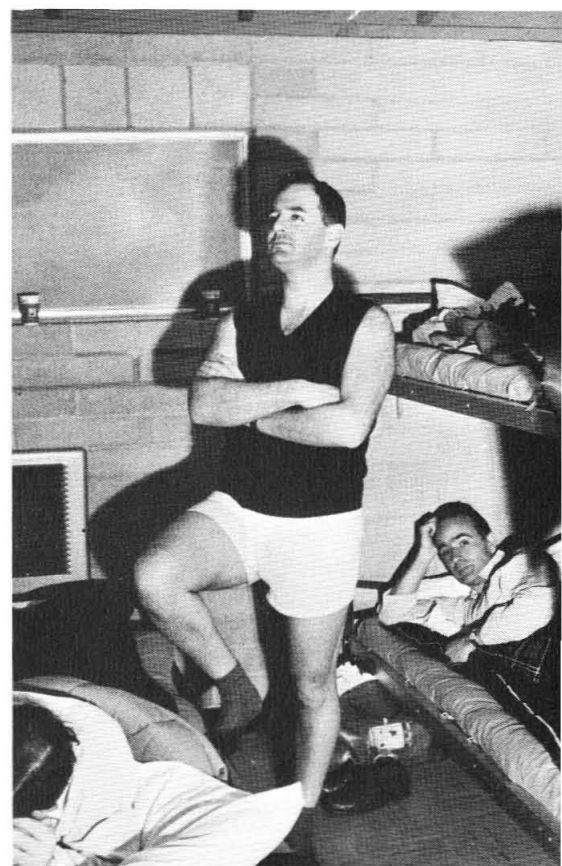


The Y brings girls to campus . . .



. . . which causes problems . . .

. . . but then, "I lost my inhibitions at the Caltech-Scripps Conference."



BAND



CONCERT BAND—FRONT ROW: A. Hartstein, J. Romney, R. Haas, S. Langton. SECOND ROW: T. E. Burton, T. Stephens, D. Echelbarger, R. Goddard, G. Bourque, R. Grant, M. Dole, R. Quint. THIRD ROW: J. Evans, W. Boyd, S. Hadler, C. Dede, S. Tyler, T. Hendrickson, W. Long, M. Mandell, S. Browne, D. Kolb, B. Davies, R.

Parker. FOURTH ROW: S. Clamage, J. Mosher, L. Shirley, D. Rintala, J. Milstein, J. Otto, W. Broste, H. Suzakawa, M. Bernstein, G. Cable, R. Miller, T. Bruns, D. Weaver, A. Nicholson, E. Thompson, D. Curry, G. Lutz, R. Harley. STANDING: J. Gibson, N. Schofield, D. Isaman. BELOW: John C. Deichman, director.



DANCE BAND—FRONT ROW: M. MacLeod, G. Bourque, B. Davies, M. Mandell. SECOND ROW: R. Harley, C. Moss, M. Bernstein, W. Denekas, S. Clamage. STANDING: D. Feruke, D. Isaman.



Each player . . .



. . . with his section . . .



. . . contributes to the whole.



BAND

At work . . .



Q and the girls.

. . . or in fun.



INTERHOUSE SING



Blacker's First Place Chorus



Blacker conductor Dan Nemzer



Broste, Bruns, Galley and Henerey . . .



. . . win the Quartet Trophy for Ruddock.



Ricketts, Second Place



Dabney, Third Place



Page, Fourth Place



Half-time



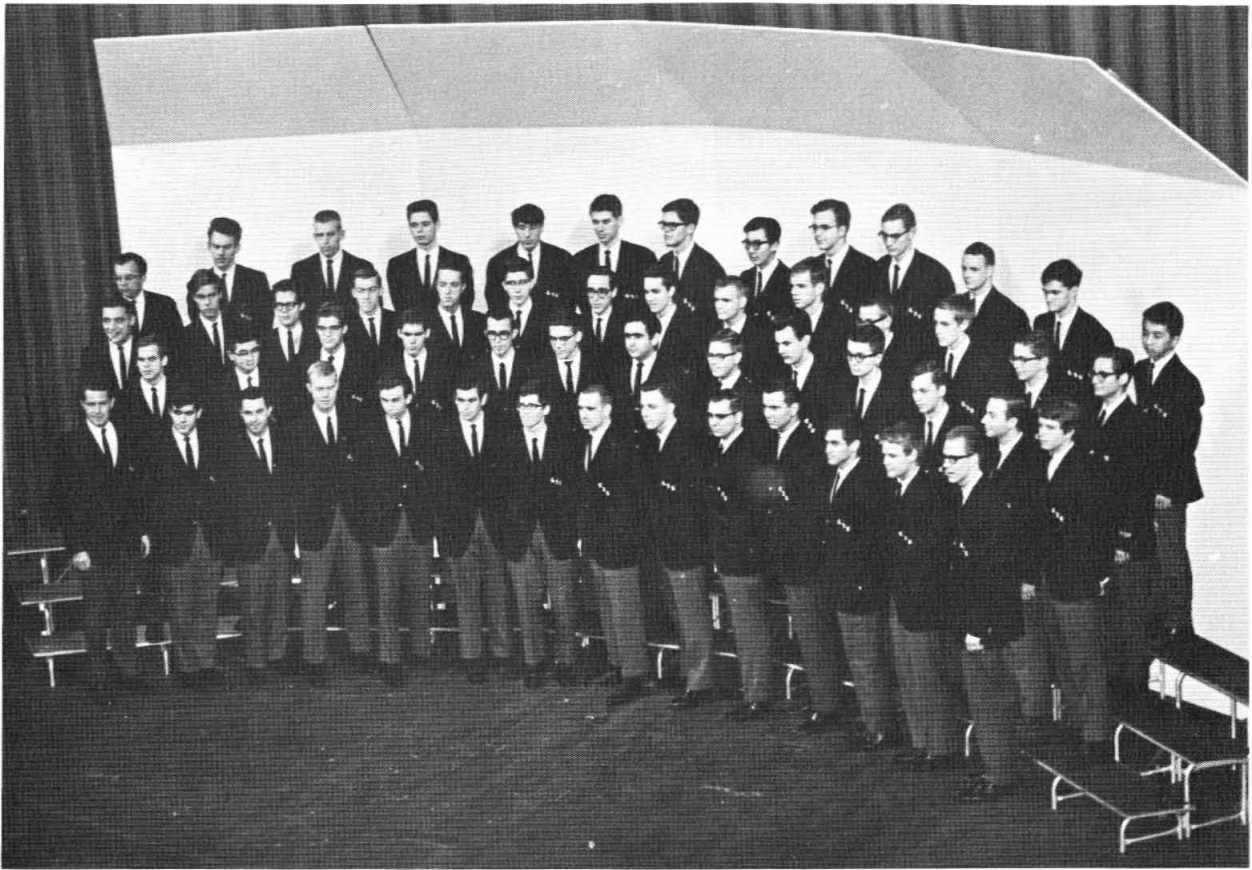
Ruddock, Fifth Place



Fleming, Sixth Place

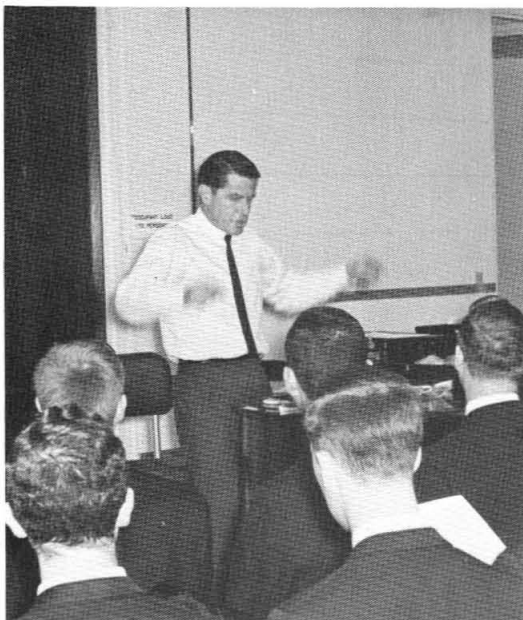


Blacker's Quartet



FRONT ROW: Olaf Frodsham, conductor; G. Kourilsky, K. Russell, N. Puckett, F. Pate, B. Stern, D. Coskren, D. Grimes, M. Schor, A. Williams, S. Galley, J. Pearlman, D. Gage, T. Allen. SECOND ROW: J. Armstrong, J. Yoh, R. Drews, B. Cooper, J. Walters, V. Johns, T. Oberjat, R. Heider, P. Richards, T. Miller, R. Stokes, A. Kelter,

G. Wiltsee. THIRD ROW: G. Myers, J. Bennett, D. Strickler, R. Miller, R. Schor, J. Downum, R. Hartzman, K. Nordseick, J. Eyley, L. Erickson, R. Tarjan, M. Henerey, D. Erlich, T. Bostick. FOURTH ROW: T. Davey, S. Hopkins, H. Smith, D. Perasso, J. Romney, S. Elliot, W. Broste, D. Chang, D. Erickson, T. Bruns, N. Schofield, W. Inwood, M. Oiyee.



As a baritone sees it.

CLUB

They sing . . .



. . . and make merry.

TAU BETA PI



FRONT ROW: P. Wyatt, J. Tymczyszyn, P. Miller, J. Eyler, J. Austin, N. Uyedo, R. Silver, D. Van Essen, G. Bornzin. SECOND ROW: D. Holford, J. Tucker, T. Stephens, J. Trijonis, W. Colglazier, C. Scandella, S. Galley, S. Solomon, R. Stanley, P. Lynch, J. Walter. NOT SHOWN: R. Bigelow, S. Langton.

The California Beta chapter of Tau Beta Pi is the undergraduate honor society at Caltech, conferring honor upon its members for their outstanding academic accomplishments and often questionable moral character. Its present active members include Bill Colglazier and Paul Lynch, the only cool physicists on campus, Doug Holford, hero of the fabled PH 112 walk-out, Gary Bornzin, holder of the national Tau Beta record in Delta G.P.A., John Tucker, chairman of the George Zweig Arbor Day Committee, Sean Solomon, all-round degenerate, and Pat Miller, recently hailed as Most Festered Flem. Once again on the inactive list is Ivars Ambats, Tech's most discontinuous physicist.

Although Tau Beta Pi is an organization of snakes, the engineering minority managed to maintain an active schedule of Corvette rallies at the local taco stands. Scientists have no time for such frivolities.

The highlight of the fall initiation was a tour of the Space Flight Control Center at J.P.L. conducted by Dr. Pickering (Cal. B '32). The three honor juniors inducted at this time were John Eyler, Stacy Langton, and David Van Essen. Cal. B is assisted by its exceptionally fine Advisory Board, consisting of Professors Sharp, Corcoran, Sabersky, and Raichlen and with an occasional well-placed arm twist by D. S. Clark, national president. The year was capped by the Spring Initiation Banquet, a hedonistic orgy that future generations will speak of in awe. (They'll be paying for it.)

PI KAPPA DELTA

Pi Kappa Delta is a national fraternity designed to honor achievement in Intercollegiate forensics. For several years now the California Gamma chapter has pursued a policy of expansion, achieving more, and receiving greater honors. This year was no exception as PKD held the second annual Caltech Computer-controlled Debate Tournament which drew the best teams from all over the nation, staged a public debate with the University of Alabama, attended the Province of the Pacific Convention and Tournament at the University of the Pacific in Stockton, and initiated enough new members to more than double the chapter strength. Forensics, of course, includes more than debate and Caltech members of Pi Kappa Delta also continued to earn honors in extemporaneous speaking, original oratory, impromptu speaking, and interpretive reading.



FRONT ROW: N. Wright, D. Close, R. Davison. SECOND ROW: H. Booth, advisor; G. Cable, M. Jackson, F. Lamb.



FRONT ROW: R. Berry, J. Austin, G. Shuptrine, P. Laipis, W. Oliver. SECOND ROW: J. Middleditch, N. Greenfeld, B. Orr, S. Galley, T. Stephens. NOT SHOWN: W. Broste, T. Hendrickson, H. Suzukawa.

ALPHA PHI GAMMA

Alpha Phi Gamma, one of the three most active honorary fraternities on campus, was organized three years ago to recognize those persons who are active in campus publications. The membership is selected from **The California Tech**, **Big T**, and the **Little T** staffs. The purpose of this chapter of the national organization is not only to honor the Caltech journalists but to promote better journalism. With the crop of new members chosen this year, the growth of the chapter is assured. Starting with only six members three years ago, the chapter now has 13 active members.

The officers for this years Gamma Lambda chapter are president, Wally Oliver; vice president, Phil Laipis; secretary, Tim Hendrickson; treasurer, Bob Berry; and Bailiff, Stu Galley.

BEAVERS

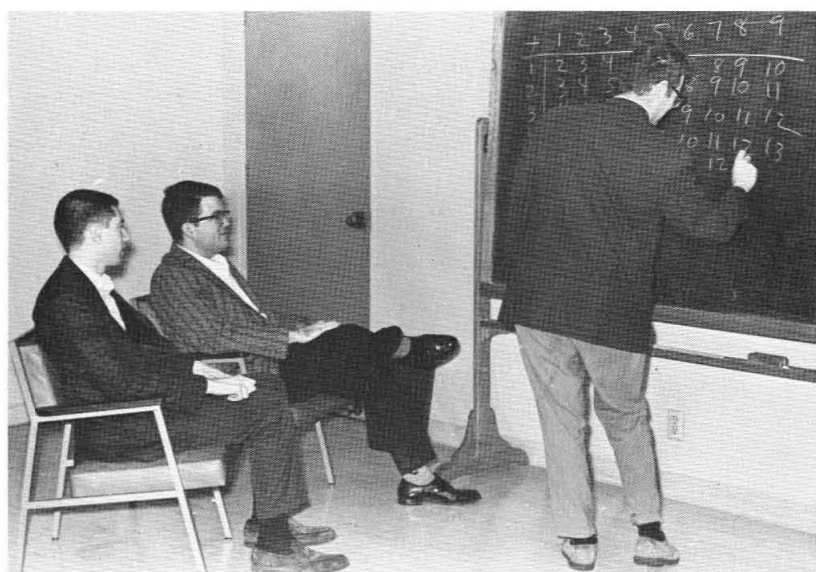
The Beavers is the campus honorary set up to give recognition to those people who have demonstrated their leadership and ability in non-academic pursuits. Their activities as a group are limited, the members serving the campus as individuals rather than as a club. Activities during the past year included selling yummy creme soda to stupid frosh at great profits, thereby financing the yearly party. Oh yes, a guided tour for the frosh and coffee to Students Day faculty were performed as penance for the Frosh Camp fling.



The student affiliates of the **American Chemical Society** is an informal organization which exists mainly so that chemistry undergraduates may enter the annual ACS student projects competition held in May. Caltech regularly sweeps a large number of the top awards. The student affiliates also sponsor student-faculty meetings to discuss chemical research topics and chemistry graduate schools.



Caltech's student chapter of the **American Institute of Chemical Engineers** has continued its efforts to expose students to areas of interest not normally covered in the classroom. Various topics ranging from patent law to the psychologist's role in management have been discussed by guest speakers at the two dinner meetings held each term. Members also have the opportunity to attend meetings of the AICHE. In the past, the activities of the year have been climaxed by a barbecue in tournament park.



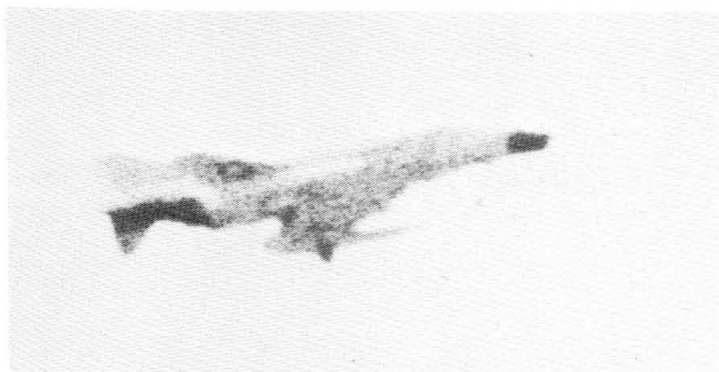
The purpose of the Caltech **Math Club** is the stimulation of student interest in mathematical activities. Meetings provide an opportunity to hear lectures by visiting mathematicians and a chance to meet the faculty on an informal basis. The Math Club also sponsors student contests and an awards banquet, and maintains a problem notebook in the Sloan library.

AIR FORCE

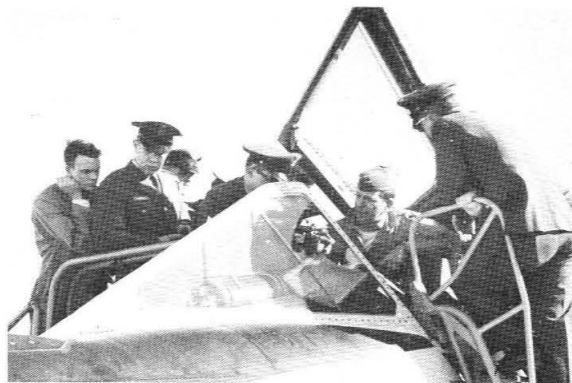
ROTC

The past year has been one of transition for Air Force ROTC at Caltech, since conversion to the new two-year program left the Corps of Cadets with no entering Freshmen for frustrated sophs to outrank—a situation totally new and somewhat frightening. However, the numerically depleted but energetic squadron took the situation in its stride and launched enthusiastically into a varied academic program highlighted by the second annual air defense exercise (or, how to incinerate L.A. without really trying) as well as such traditional activities as T-33 jet orientation flights, dinings-in, and field trips to military and civilian defense installations.

With the coming of the two-year program, another AFROTC "first" appeared — junior cadets Max Bartlett and Dennis Weaver became the first recipients at Tech of loads of Uncle Sam's inflated lucre in the form of the new Air Force financial grants, which will continue to be awarded annually to deserving military types. All in all, depleted ranks notwithstanding, 1965-66 has been a highflying year for Tech's men in uniform.



AFROTC is Educational . . .



Nauseating . . .



Flighty . . .

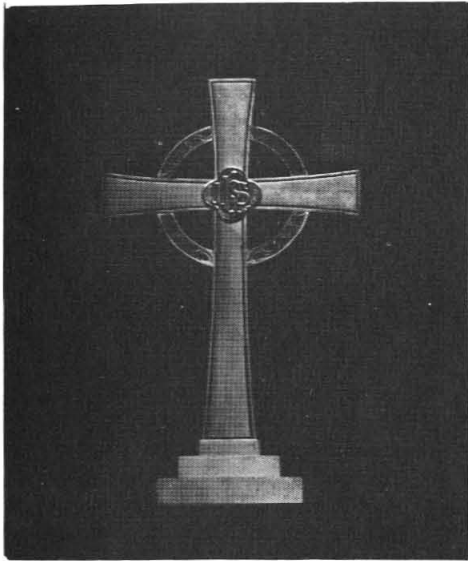


Belligerent . . .



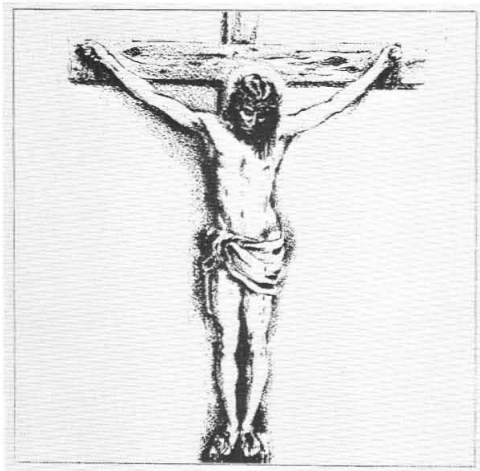
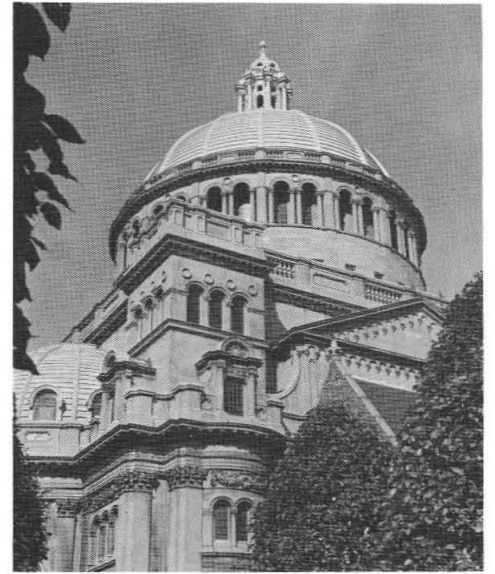
and Puzzling . . .





One cannot help but notice the never-ending work of the **Caltech Christian Fellowship** in trying to help others discover the joy which Christ has added to its members lives. The C.C.F. is a group of several graduate students and approximately four percent of the undergraduates. It often involves many more people than this in its interesting variety of activities. During the past year, the C.C.F. has offered such programs as guest speakers every Friday noon in Chandler Dining Hall, Wednesday noon prayer meetings, group Bible studies in the student houses, lounge discussions, retreats, various social events, and evening lectures by noted theologians.

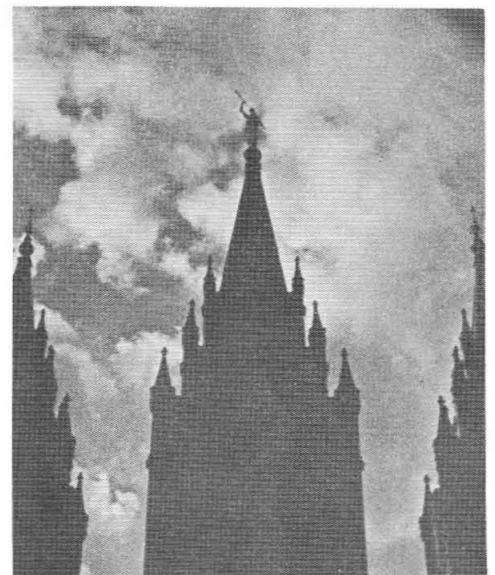
The **Christian Science Organization** at Caltech is one of several hundred such organizations active at colleges and universities throughout the United States and in many foreign countries. Formed and conducted in accordance with the Manual of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Massachusetts, each organization serves to provide the college community with the opportunity to learn the truth about Christian Science. In addition to welcoming entering students who are Christian Scientists, the Caltech Org sponsors an annual lecture on Christian Science which is delivered by a member of the Board of Lectureship of The Mother Church. Although active membership in the organization is limited to Christian Scientists who are members of The Mother Church, all students, faculty, and Institute personnel are cordially invited to attend the Org's weekly meetings, which include testimonies of help and healing through Christian Science.



The **Caltech Newman Apostolate** presented the campus this last year with an active Catholic program of discussions, lectures, and trips (retreats, cursillos, and trips to orphanages). The purpose of the organization is to promulgate knowledge of the Catholic faith and practices among the student body. Highlights of the past year were a debate between proponents of conservative and liberal religious views, and a discussion of dating and marriage with Catholic couples from a neighboring parish. While Tech's Newman Apostolate is primarily intellectually oriented, additional social activities with Newman Clubs from various L.A. area colleges completed the year's activities.

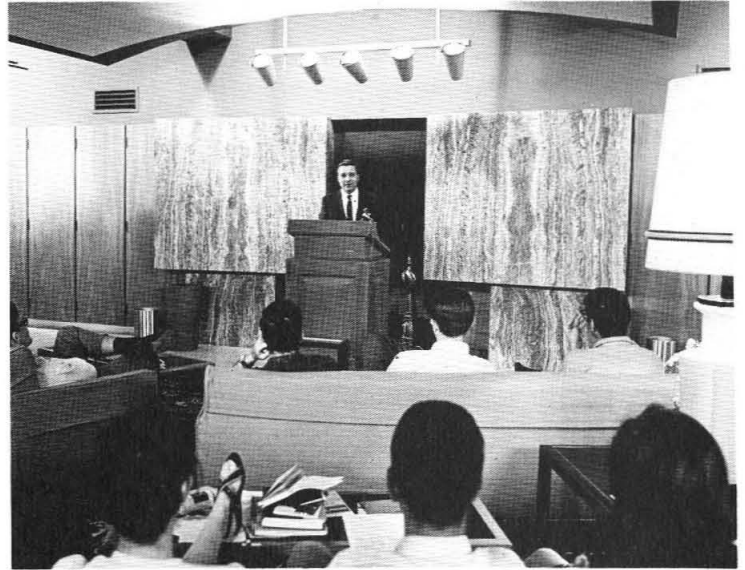
The L.D.S. **Deseret Club** offers to all undergraduates and graduate students a program of religious education and social activities which serves to complement their more earthly interests while at Tech.

This year two meetings were held each week on campus. One, a course instructed by George C. Boyd of the U.S.C. Institute of Religion, centered on The Philosophical Foundations of the Mormon Religion. And each Sunday an informal discussion is held to aid one another in gaining greater meaning out of the Gospel of Christ through better understanding and applying it in their everyday lives. Also, many social events were included within the scope of the activities of the group. All combining to make life at Tech more enjoyable and rewarding in all ways.





As the Caltech **Young Republican Club** entered its second year, it began to have a greater impact on the higher levels of the YR organization and simultaneously produced a significant program on the campus. The year began with a speech by Robert Finch, candidate for lieutenant governor. Other speakers during the year included congressman Bob Wilson of San Diego, and Charles Percy of Illinois. A new feature this year was the Culbertson Film Series, sponsored by the Program and Activities Committee. The purpose of this series was to bring good quality entertainment to the campus at a low price. Another major event of the year was the Republican Speaker Program, sponsored jointly with the Occidental College YR's, which featured George Christopher, Warren Dorn, and Max Rafferty. Delegations from the club attended conventions held in Los Angeles, Palo Alto, and San Diego. The Campaign and Precinct Committee began making plans for the upcoming general election.



The Caltech **Young Democrats** were reactivated by Jerry Yudelson last fall, as a result of the enormous interest among Tech students who worked in President Johnson's successful campaign. With the purpose of promoting the Democratic Party to the Caltech community and providing an outlet for the members' political energies, the club organized a series of speakers, films, and social events. Preparations were made for an active role in the upcoming 1966 elections.



Caltech **Debate** teams are members of the Pacific Southwest Collegiate Forensic Association. Having grown considerably in the last year, the Caltech squad of 12 men composing 6 teams entered Association tournaments at Cal State Los Angeles, San Diego State, Loyola, USC, and Stanford. Squad members competed in events ranging from debate and oratory to impromptu speaking.

Highlights of the year included second in Senior Division debate at Santa Barbara, the four-day Western Speech Association Tournament at Albuquerque, the Desert Invitational at the University of Arizona, the Pi Kappa Delta Province Tournament at Stockton, and the Spring Debate Championships. Caltech was selected as one of the top ten teams in Southern California.

The **Drama Club**, a freewheeling group of students, faculty, and friends of Caltech, has no rules and few limitations. Membership is open to anyone, with or without talent, who has a few hours to spend on drama. Activities range from beer and pretzel sessions through public readings to full-blown three act productions. The club spends the first two terms gathering its strength to produce the annual ASCIT Play in May.



Caltech represented Jordan at the **Model United Nations** of the Far West, held this year in April, at Stanford University. For the first time, Caltech had a large number of delegates returning from previous years, and was awarded a seat on the Charter Review Committee as well as the regular committees. The six experienced delegates provided a nucleus for the group, which spent many long hours studying Jordan, researching committee agenda items, and drafting resolutions. Caltech, with a seat on the Security Council and representing a key member of the Arab Bloc, proved to hold the balance of power in the Afro-Asian Bloc. The conclusion of General Assembly and committee sessions saw passage of many measures of vital importance to Jordan. With a large number of delegates again returning, Caltech will undoubtedly play a key role in the 1967 session as well.

Meeting but once a term, the Caltech **Radio Club** is a strictly informal organization. Membership is open to anyone with an interest in ham radio. Members are free to use "the shack" in upper Winnett any hour of the day or night, anywhere from 3.5 to 144 mc. on code, AM phone, or single sideband. Equipment includes an Eldics sideband exciter, an HQ-170 receiver, a VHF transceiver, and a newly constructed kilowatt linear amplifier. Spreading the voice of Tech to the outside world are their beam antennas on top of Spalding.



The **Student Shop** is organized and maintained solely for their use by the members. The committee sees that all members meet minimum standards of safety and operating ability on any machine which they wish to use. The committeemen train anyone unfamiliar with a machine he wishes to use. They also contribute a small amount of their time toward keeping the shop in working condition, performing maintenance work, and replacing broken blades, worn out sanding disks, and used-up supplies. The shop has a wide variety of power equipment, from metal lathes and mills to a jointer and a jig saw.

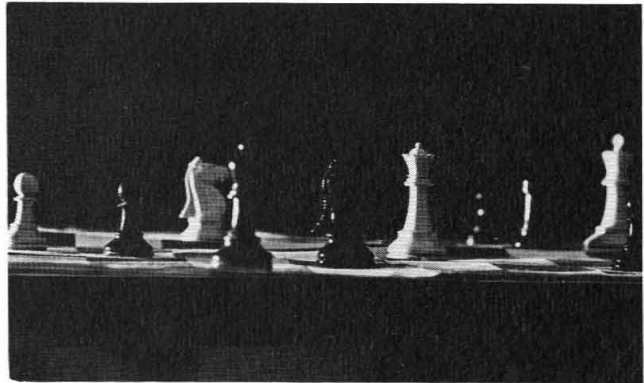
The **Musicale**, while one of the most loosely organized campus organizations, has one of the largest memberships. The only groups larger are the Y, ASCIT, and the Glee Clubs. The Musicale is also one of the most oddly financed organizations. Caltech appropriates money every year for maintenance of the record collection and pays other expenses out of the musical activities budget. Members are required to pay only a \$1 fee on joining, which serves to help defray minor operating expenses not worth any paperwork. With luck, the Musicale will continue to thrive, providing an extensive collection of serious music for the edification and entertainment of its members.





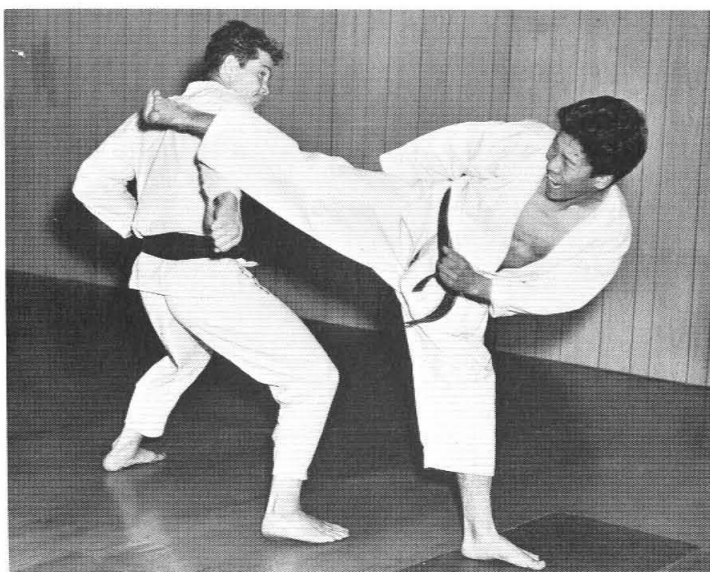
The **Chinese Students Association** is a rather large, active group which provides its membership with recreational activities throughout the year. Recent major events included a ping-pong and bridge tournament, and several dances and parties. The Chinese New Year celebration on January 22 was a great success.

Every year the **Chess Club** sponsors a tournament on campus, for which there is a handsome perpetual trophy.



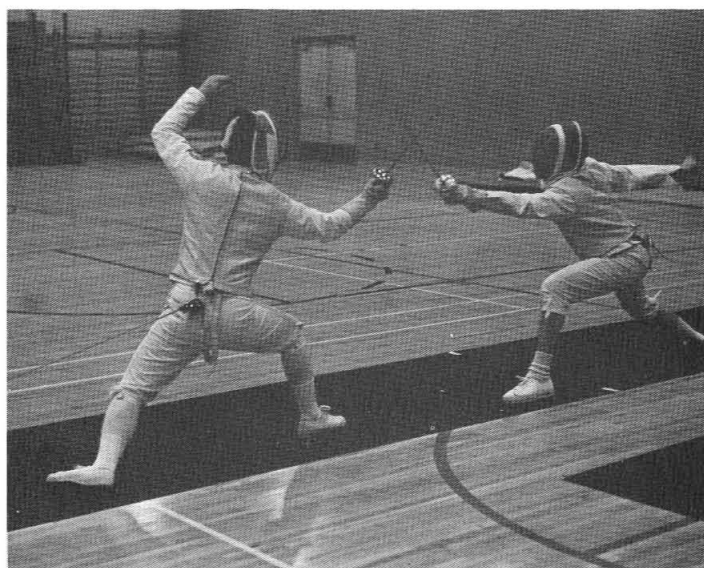
The purpose of the **Flying Club** is to enable students interested in flying and learning to fly to do so at the lowest possible personal cost. Members deposit \$100 in the club, the majority of which is refundable. There are nineteen members so far out of a possible twenty-five openings. With the financial backing of Boeing, the club purchased a new, two place Cessna 150. In coming months the club hopes to set up a ground school and actively participate in the training of new pilots. With the guidance of the Aero Department, plans are being made for the design and construction of experimental gliders and acrobatic aircraft.

Caltech's **Karate Club**, founded in 1958, is now the oldest collegiate Karate organization in America. It is also, the members modestly feel, the best—mostly because of their teacher, the world famous Tsutomu Ohshima. The highly technical nature of the sport and the great degree of personal development it requires combine to make Karate a "thinking man's" hobby for his entire life. There are not many people in the world able to discipline themselves to the degree Karate requires. But Caltech has always had a high concentration of such men. In past years six students have achieved the coveted rank of Black Belt, and many others have reached lower degrees.



The Caltech **Sailing Club** is open to all students and faculty interested in sailing. The club sponsors sailing activities on three levels—instructional, recreational, and competitive. Largely at the suggestion of the Sailing Club, the athletic department hired Ray Wallace of the Los Angeles Yacht Club to teach sailing as a P.E. course open to all students except freshmen. For those who already know how to sail, the club owns and maintains three dinghies and one sloop. These boats may be used at any time by anyone who joins the club and demonstrates his ability to sail. For the third level of activity, the club owns two Lehman class racing dinghies and belongs to the Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Yacht Racing Association. Racing is limited to undergraduates, however, by Association rules. The club participates in about ten regattas each term, mostly during the second term.

The **Fencing Club** was formed three years ago with the hope of organizing an intercollegiate team in the sport. The club now has an intercollegiate schedule with twelve meets scheduled for this season. By next year the team hopes to have varsity standing. Club members are competing in foil, epee, and saber. Last year at the UCLA Invitational, Dan McCammon led the foil team to a third place finish with his victory in that weapon.





The **California Tech**, a god unto itself, is put together each week by a complicated process involving tears, pleas, threats, blackmail, and occasionally acts of overt physical violence on the part of editors Bob Berry, Norton Greenfeld, and Tim Hendrickson. Resembling an unwound roll of TP in both designated purpose and net composition, the Tech arrives at the Student Houses each Thursday where hoards of sadomasochistic animals descend hungrily on the tabloid sheets rife with literary barf and yellow journalism.

With stiff upper lips and occasionally everything else, the three editors, Berry, Greenfeld, and Hendrickson promptly waste the first part of Monday night collecting the body of cutthroats and cowards known affectionately as the "staff". Stu Galley, editor of yesteryear, usually CS-es out and does his business-managing elsewhere. But the gay night is never without the SEG and undergrown fuzz of sports editor, Peter Balint; the abstruse, irrelevant BS from the depraved mind of the feature editor, John Middle-ditch; nor the dirt-scraping back-stabbing miscellaneous barf that Martin Smith feeds us from other campuses. All this trash would eventually make the Tech office unlivable if it were not for the diligence of copy editor B'I "orr, who sifts the dungpile in search of the **real truth** . . . and promptly files it in the wastebasket.

Mike Meo, a most prodigious source of inches of pure fung, dwells shirtless, shoeless, under the protective anonymity of "the staff". Sales, circulation, and others have been stimulated by circulation man-

ager Bob Parker (He doesn't bite?); while films are made and processed for the Tech by Kim Gleason, the good ones adorning the office wall and the disgusting ones adorning the front page.

Yes, the Tech goes all out to console the students here for not getting what they all wish they had got. Some of those who do get it are bound to achieve fame in Brewins; still others do the deeds which are so faithfully and inaccurately related in the Tech's news stories. No person, place, or institute remains safe from the Tech's policies of editorial irresponsibility coupled with the rampant prejudice of the editors.

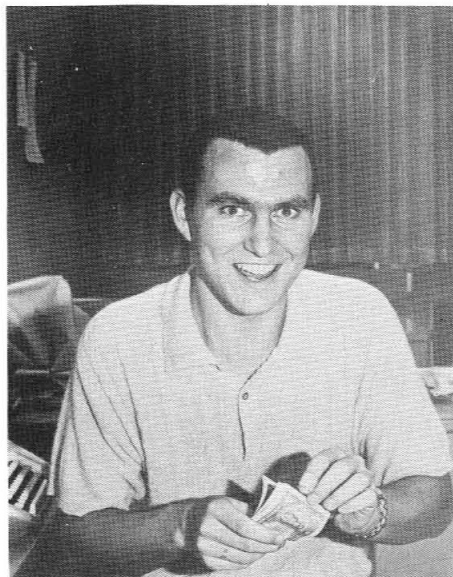
Yet, working for the Tech is not a thankless job . . . There are the pleasures of glorifying filth above chastity, opinion above truth, and hearsay above facts. What can match the thrill of Misquoting your prof? . . . advisor? . . . A Nobel Laureate? . . . or even Mrs. Du Bridge? What can equal the inner satisfaction of faking a news article from a release? . . . a sports story from 5-day old cleat indentations? . . . a feature from the catalogue? . . . a play review from a syllabus? . . . or a concert review from the back of an LP album? The success of a Tech writer can be summed up in one simple word. . . plagiarize.

The disunifying unprinciples of the Tech being thus specified, the observer is left with but one question in his mind. . .

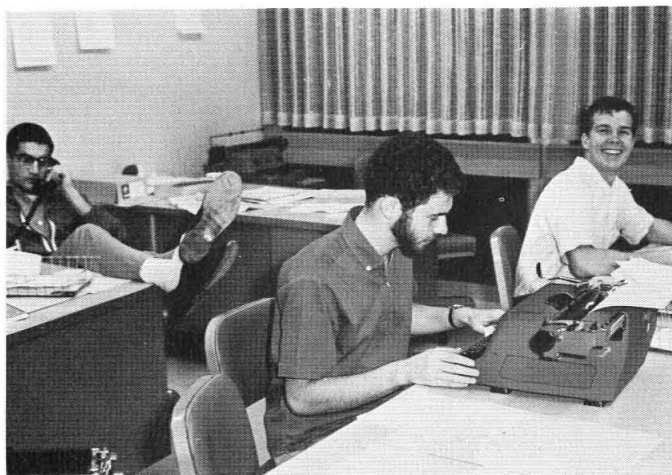
Should a gentleman offer a fag a **California Tech**?



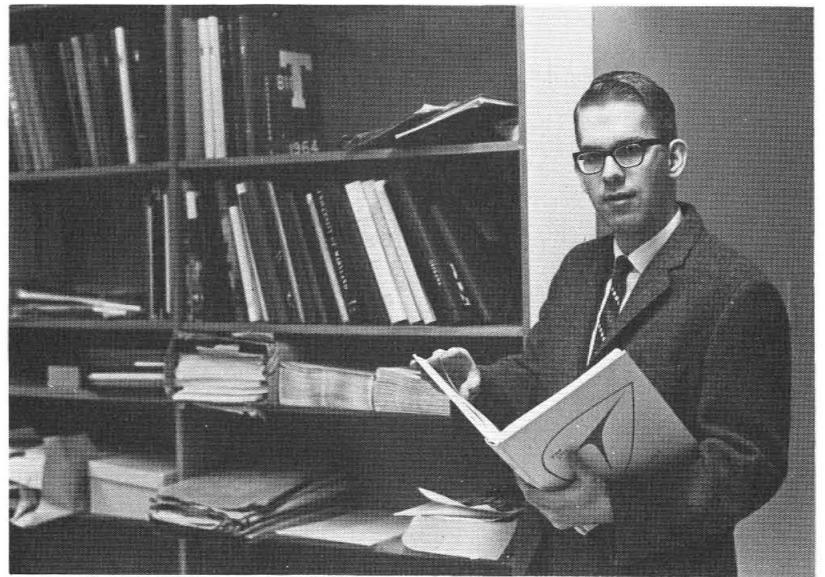
Norton Greenfeld, Tim Hendrickson, Bob Berry, Editors



Stu Galley, Business Manager



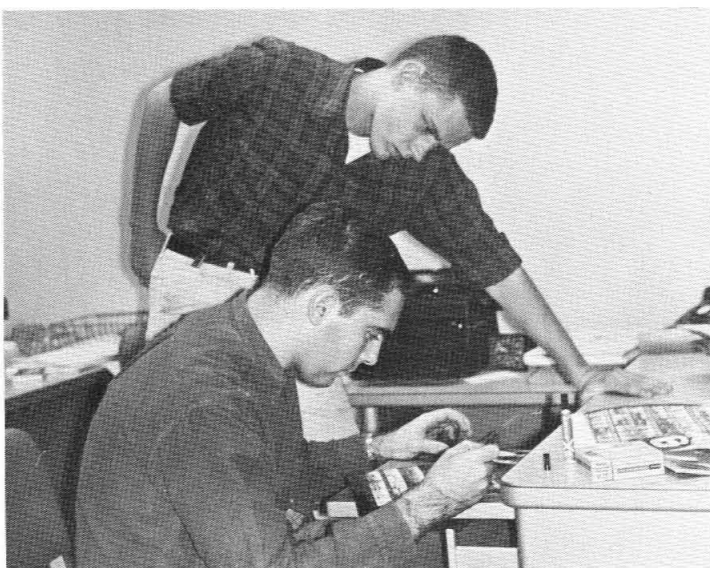
BIG T



Editor Tim Stephens avidly plagiarizes. . .



. . .and Business Manager George Sharman keeps his eyes on the figures. . .



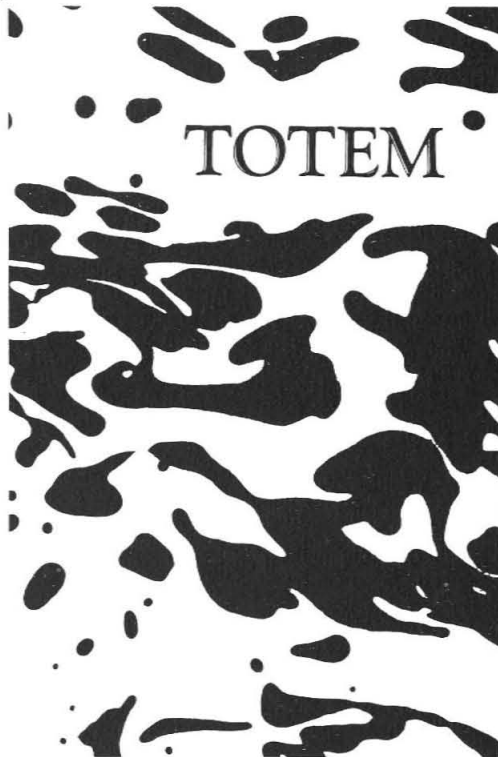
. . .while the staff races to meet the deadline.



Editor Gary Stonum exhumes Totem.

TOTEM

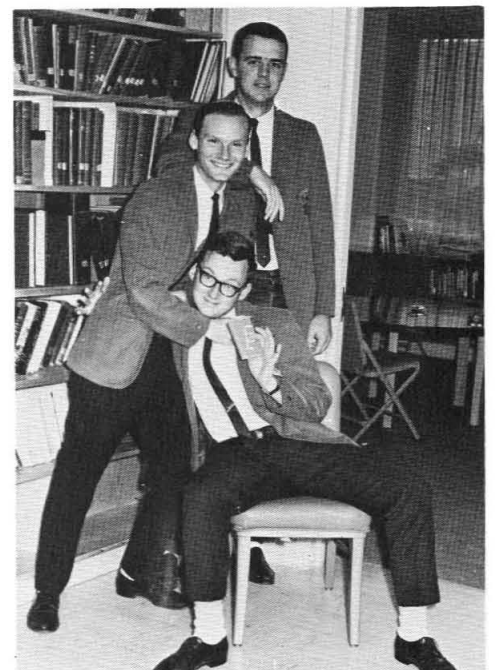
After a year's absence from the campus the Totem was again published. This new Totem is both a literary and a humor magazine. The magazine was founded mainly by a group of Freshmen with the encouragement and advice of the faculty and administration. The response of the campus to a request for literary material was encouraging. The first issue was published in February and consisted of poetry, satire, fiction, humor, photography, and even song lyrics. The staff hopes to publish one issue per term.



little t

The "Little T" is the Techman's "Boy Scout Handbook." Beside containing the ASCIT constitution, rules for interhouse sports, and a catalogue of all campus organizations, it is a handy reference to things of interest in Pasadena. In addition, the editors have stuffed it with little goodies guaranteed to provide endless joys, ranging from a dictionary of Tech slang to the ever-helpful pages of girls' phone numbers.

Editors Greg Shuptrine, Martin Smith and Eric Young illustrate their technique.



AFTER HOURS



Princess beware!

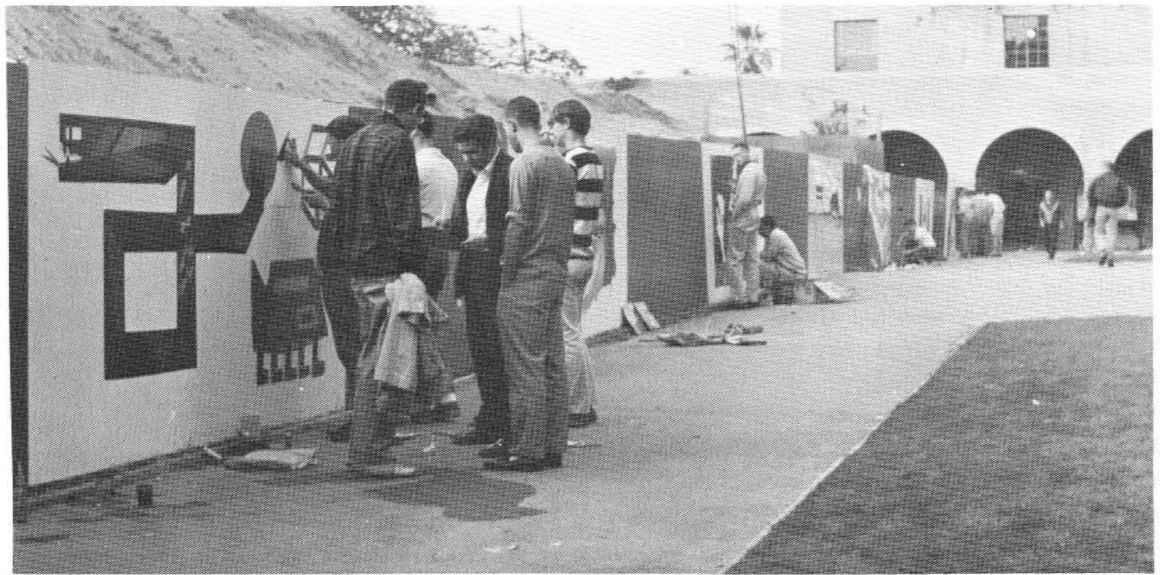


The Frosh strike again.

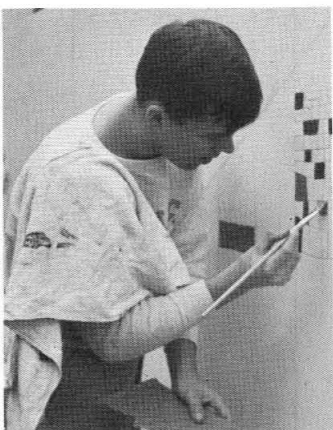
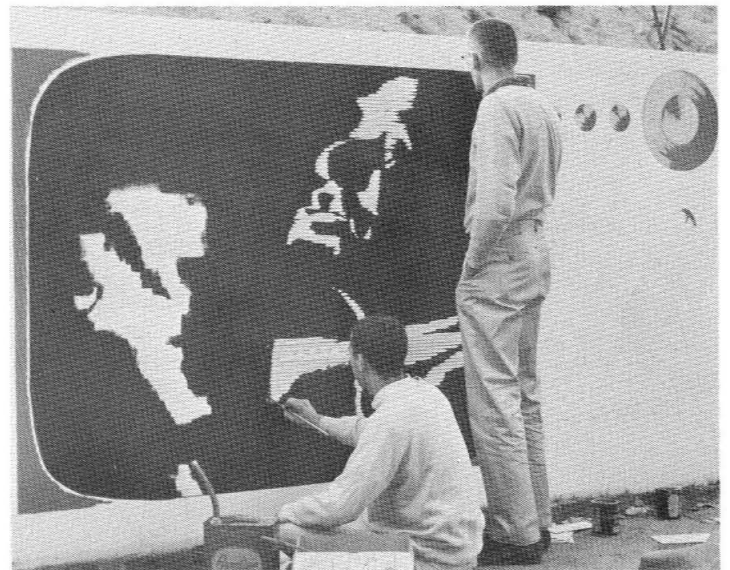


Techmen never grow old.

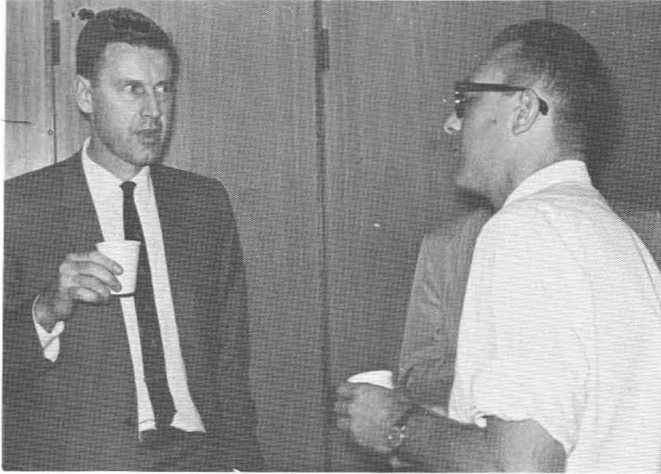




The Genial Abbot brings art to the monastery.



COFFEE HOURS



The weekly student-faculty coffee hours in Winnet Center provide a place where students and instructors can sit down and talk over coffee and dounuts. Under the direction of the ASCIT activities chairman, the coffee hours have facilitated informal discussions which are both interesting and informative. The faculty periodically reciprocates by hosting the students in the athenaeum.



SERVICE LEAGUE



The Caltech Service League provides a long list of services to the Caltech student body. Their contributions are evident in many places on campus, from the piano and Hi-Fi in Winnet to the smiling face of the Techman whose girl is able to spend a weekend at Tech because the ladies of the Service League are willing to spend long hours as chaperones. The Service League is a source of aid for many a distressed Techman, whether he needs a pair of tux pants for the formal, or flower arrangements for a house party. Many of the pictures in this annual were developed and printed with darkroom equipment donated by the League.

These are just a few of the reasons why each of us at Tech owes a great big "Thank You" to the Service League. Our picture of little Suzie Beaver, a doll in her own way, indicates what living dolls the ladies of the Service League are.

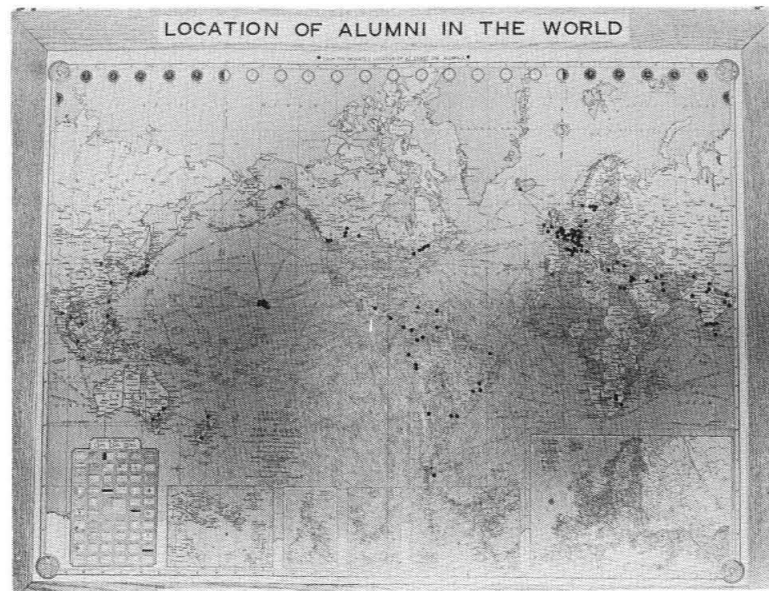
ASCIT ELECTIONS



K. Kubitz, Secretary; C. McAllister, Athletic Manager; S. Logan, Treasurer; F. Lamb, President; J. Cummings, Rep.-at-Large; E. Young, IHC Chairman; J. Pearson, BOC Secretary; J. Rhodes, Activities Chairman; M. Smith, Vice-President. NOT SHOWN: M. Meo and J. Middleditch, **California Tech** Editors.



"On my honor . . ."

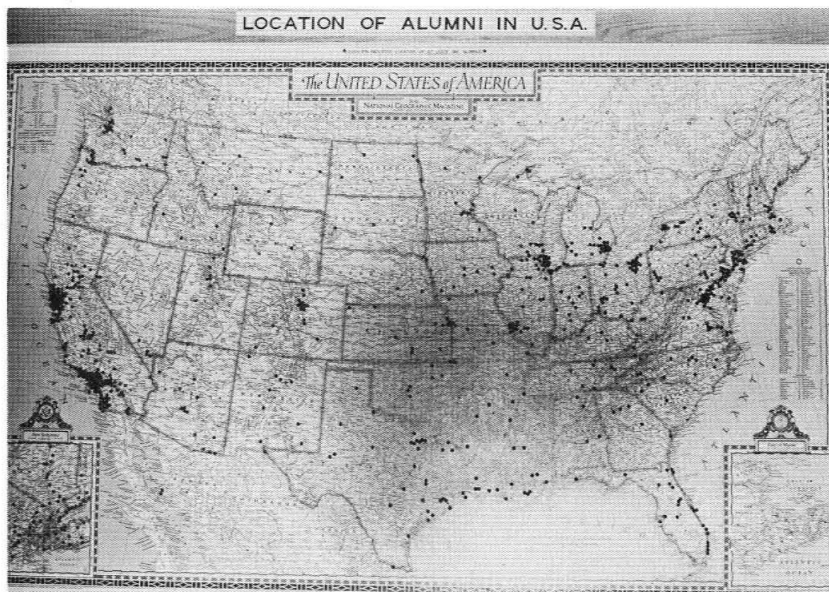


The Caltech alumnus is one of a select group of 9000 degree holders from the Institute. He is successful in his career, with an income averaging \$16,000 a year, yet is still young, with average age slightly over 40. While active in community and cultural affairs, he is not an organization joiner. According to the recent alumni survey, the problems of greatest interest to him are civil rights, the population explosion, and world peace. And if he is in the majority of 86%, he could repeat his undergraduate years at Tech if he had it to do over again.

The Caltech degree holder is also eligible for membership in the Alumni Association. The Caltech Alumni Association is more active than many undergraduates may think. The Association takes an active interest in the Institute and the undergraduates. Specifically, it contributes heavily to the ASCIT-Alumni Assemblies — supporting them to the extent of \$1000 per year, and contributes \$300 to ASCIT for the annual Interhouse Dance.

The Association solicits the Alumni for contributions to the Institute. The first project was the Alumni Swimming Pool. The second objective was four full tuition scholarships through the establishment of an endowment fund. Alumni contributed over a million dollars to the Development Program a few years ago. The current solicitation is for all aspects of the Caltech program.

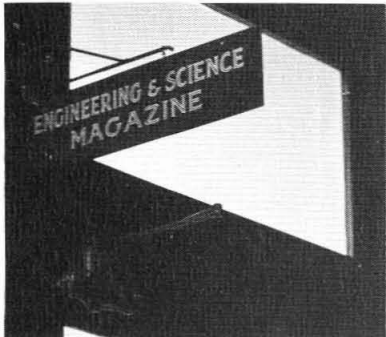
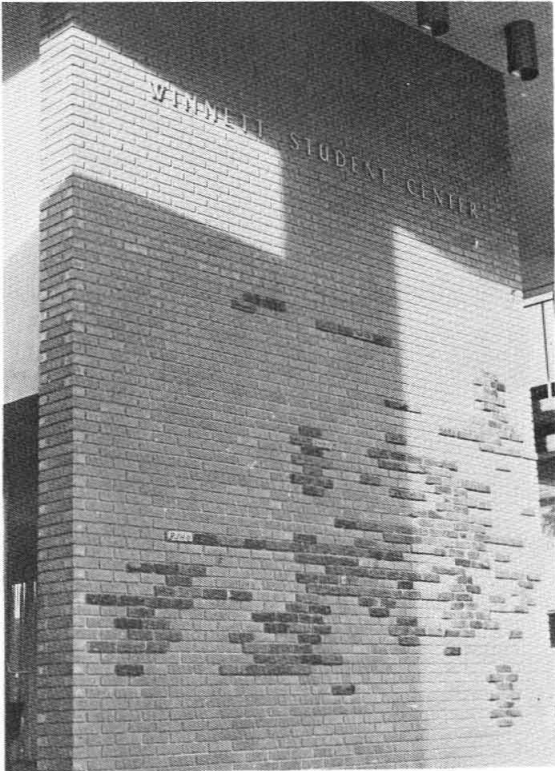
The magazine, **Engineering and Science**, is owned and published by the Alumni Association with the cooperation of the Institute. This magazine, edited by Ed Hutchings, serves to keep the Alumni informed of activities at Caltech and as a public relations medium for the Institute. A subscription is included in the dues to the Alumni Association.



ALUMNI



ALUMNI SCHOLARS: Lawrence Shirley, Mark Satterthwaite, David Shirley. NOT SHOWN: Edward Perry.







STUDENT HOUSES



Dr. Robert Huttenback, Master of Student Houses



Ned Hale, Assistant of the Master



RESIDENCE AND DINING HALLS STAFF, left to right: Mr. A. M. Jaget, Mrs. Paulett Parsons, Mrs. Lois Ottwell, Mrs. Rachael Kirkpatrick, R. W. Gang, Manager, E. E. Taylor, Retiring Manager.



The IHC plots the overthrow of SAGA

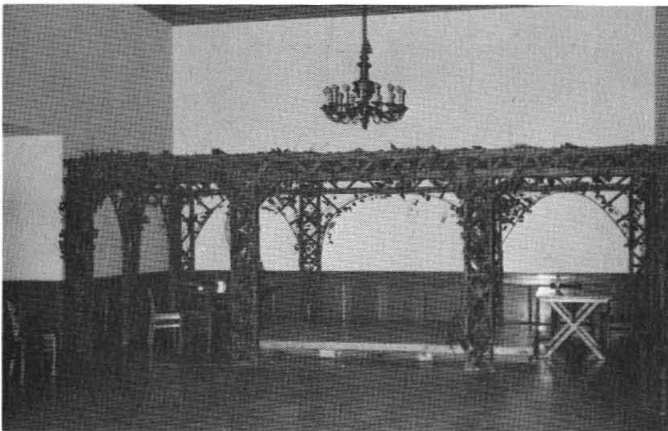
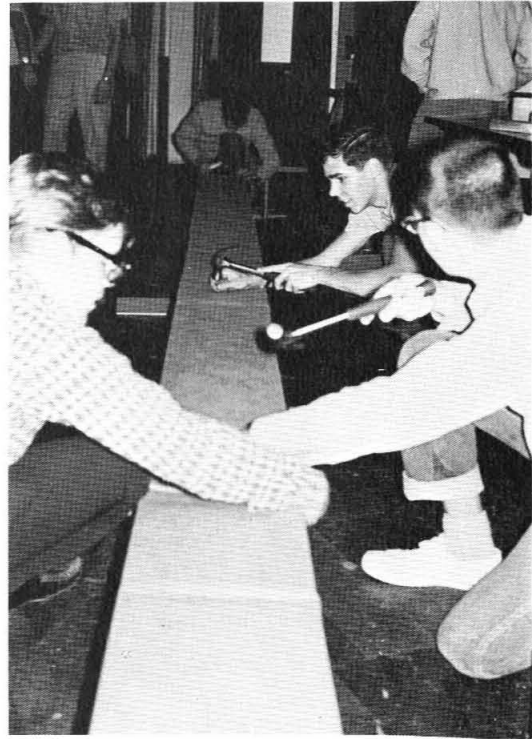


WHAT? Three hundred bloody Frosh?!



while R&DH maps counter-strategy.

BLACKER



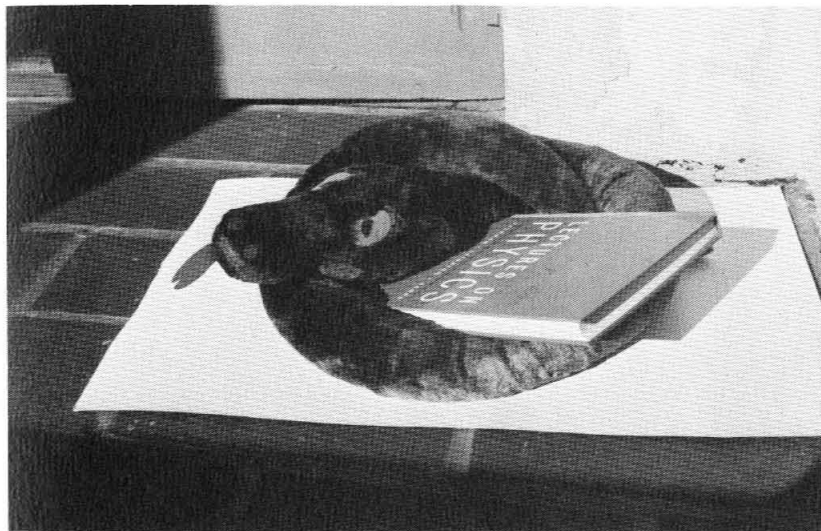
The year started off auspiciously enough as Eastment returned to break the long standing tradition of married presidents. And then the horde arrived! The class of '65 was still going strong with Mitchell, Ambats, Sherlock, and Allen on the campus and Guy Jackson off campus. Added to this were Hughes and Caldwell and Blacker was pretty tightly packed. Luckily there were only 24 Frosh. Rotation was as friendly as ever and, of course, initiation was as wet as ever as Sophomore executioners reeked their vengeance. Wright proposed (?) to a random (?) S.C. girl. There was a sex survey and abandoned baby at Oxy. Potential Rose Queens were registered at PCC. A campaign was launched to make the Athenaeum the local house of pleasure. All the stunts were culminated in a record 8 minute 44 second lounge run. Most of this time was spent in carting off our fighting Irishman RA.

It looked like there might be a few cars in the house this year as Soha, Sun, Stephens, Eastment and Ma brought their own transportation. O'Pray went for a sports car and Holm now goes to Cypress on a motorcycle. Andy still had his car so his first few weeks of effort were spent in building the super room.

Love life in the house seemed to be flourishing. While Andy and Erickson joined the parachutists society, Jones, Austin, McCarroll and Cooper were pinned. At least we had a lot of guests for dinner.

The Bunny Palace scouted out this past summer by a local group came into its own as a pleasure haven for a certain large group of seniors, and excuses from kissing off evenings were not hard to find. For those who lacked the prime prerequisite of age, Ed "Klokes" Robertson was more than willing to volunteer his charge account for volume orders. Our other off-campus escape was the Williams' playboy pad better known as Blacker prime to those who studied there. One party at the pad is known to have seriously shaken the faith of a few in the merits of Scrippsies.

Living in close quarters one is naturally prone to communicable diseases, but appendicitis! At any rate Tucker, Hughes, Stephens and Marty had theirs removed. Aside from a few random occurrences such as the above, things remained fairly calm. The legend of Big O exceeded even O himself as Brennan and Peters diligently spread the word. Kamm managed to get his picture of Princess Margaret and a bit more from the local police. The Pub Alley head became a center of culture as the Rhodes Concert Hall (Admission free). Dr. Huttenback became a convert to bottle cap snapping and Shirley managed to break the now de-



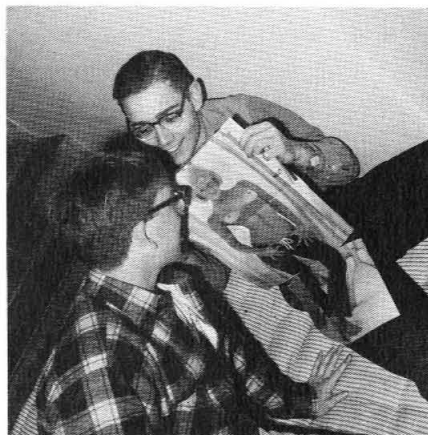
parted Carl Fink scoring record. Watrous endeared himself to many a Frosh from other houses with the perfection as his sure fire showering technique.

Interhouse came and went in a shower of expense and showers. The eventual indoor beer hall however was a big success as the people loved the Polka band. It was about that time that a long distance phone call from Portland, Oregon marked the beginning of the end for a certain house president. The countdown proceeded smoothly and McGraw arrived for the first of her visits with a minimum of disruption. For those who were around, the big thanksgiving fire cost some sleep and about a \$500 cleaning bill. At least we didn't have to dress for dinner. This was quite a shift from the tuxedos of the waiting staff for the Thanksgiving dinner.

It looked like a bad year for the jocks. Interhouse softball was 2 and 4 until it was discovered that Guy Jackson hadn't registered for first term. Interhouse swimming sank with Ensey. However, the Caltech varsity swimming team turned out to be synonymous with the Blacker House swim team. Varsity rating looked like a lost cause.

There were the usual before finals frolics particularly at the meals. For some finals didn't end until March when Quint finally turned in his first term history paper. Then there were others such as Jones for whom finals never started as Sandie arrived the first day.

Second term brought some more new arrivals as we got Heinrichs from Lloyd and Sherlock from the past. There were some casualties as Caldwell and Mitchell gave up for the second time. Hughes also left and Ambats just disappeared. The crowding was alleviated considerably with some on-campus territorial expansion. The Colonies with Holm as provincial administrator was the scene of some unrest, rebellion and poor flood control, but all seems quiet now as the natives have been pacified.





SENIORS—FRONT ROW: J. Austin, W. Pitcher, R. Serafin, E. Robertson, N. Uyeda. SECOND ROW: M. Stearns, I. Ambats, B. Dembart, D. Mitchell, P. Coleman. THIRD ROW: T. Stephens, E. Jones, D. McCarroll, M. Cunningham, J. Eastment, A. Holm, S. Clamage.



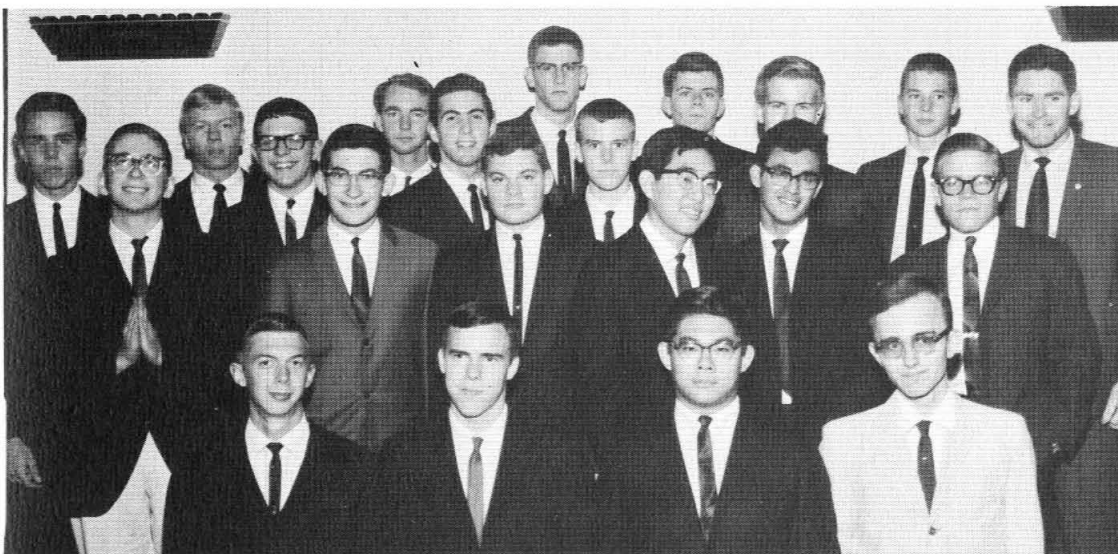
JUNIORS—FRONT ROW: J. O'Pray, H. McCulloch, F. Pate, R. Miller, B. Cooper. SECOND ROW: F. Fujimura, R. Fajman, J. Williams, T. Hendrickson, Y. Liao, D. Sun. THIRD ROW: G. Bourque, W. Simpson, D. Kinkade, J. Foster, D. Erickson, J. Soha, T. Allen, L. Hughes.



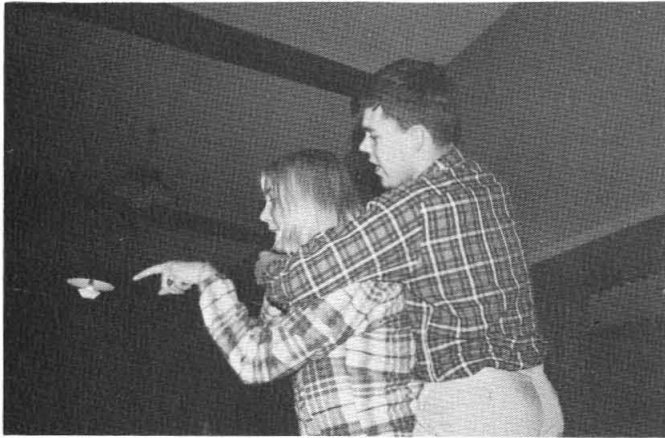
SOPHOMORES—FRONT ROW: S. Caldwell, M. Brennan, L. Johnson, B. Stern. SECOND ROW: V. Johns, J. Haviland, J. Downum, K. Booth, Super Frosh, M. Schor, S. Goodgold. THIRD ROW: D. Shirley, B. Baillie, B. Holian, S. Ma, H. DeWitt, R. Drews.



OFFICERS—N. Uydea, Librarian; B. Baillie, Librarian; R. Miller, Treasurer; D. Erickson, Social Chairman; B. Dembart, Athletic Manager; J. Eastment, President; S. Clamage, Social Chairman; M. Mortell, Resident Associate; F. Fujimura, Athletic Manager; S. Ma, Athletic Manager.



FRESHMEN—FRONT ROW: D. Rintala, J. Leiningner, J. Feng, J. Hecht. SECOND ROW: D. Erlich, M. Garet, D. Miles, G. Miyata, S. Kamani, S. Pomeroy. THIRD ROW: M. Radomski, G. Wright, J. Ottensmann, R. Franz, D. Nemzer, R. Haas, J. Mosher, T. Burton, W. Watrous, G. Jackson, M. Mortell.



Garbade arrived just in time for room drawing in his red MG. His room list brought him even more popularity than he already enjoyed. George's Ma arrived to bring an end to the study sessions. The Society, however, really outdid itself with a twenty member meeting.

Looking for excuses not to study begins to become a fad about this time and this year was no exception. Quint and Eastment invented punt-a-week in D.C. and points east. Batman was eagerly welcomed by all who could fit in room 31. Andy went back home for a weekend. And Erickson, who didn't need an excuse, was found continually in the lounge. Blacker managed to retain its hold on supplying the exotic dancer for the Rally. Erlich learned that night not to put things in writing.

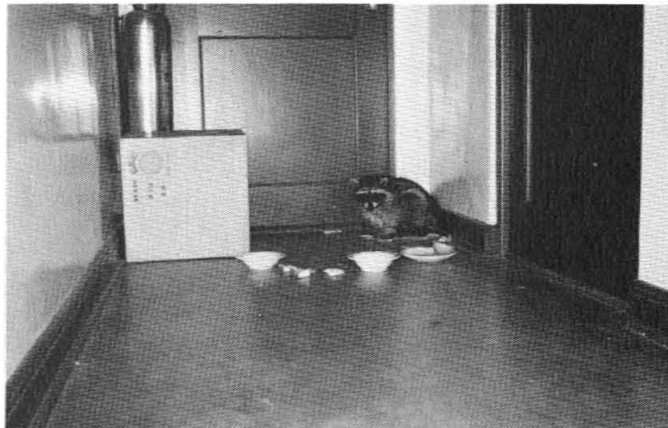
Amongst the Frosh, Rhodes stayed around more this term and ended up in ASCIT. Leininger and Jackson were working hard on winning friends and impressing upperclassmen. Hell alley became Frosh alley. Franz became the new champion alley walker. Miyata was willing to take on the mad screamer of Ricketts. Pomeroy was still playing pool and Feng still had his whistles.



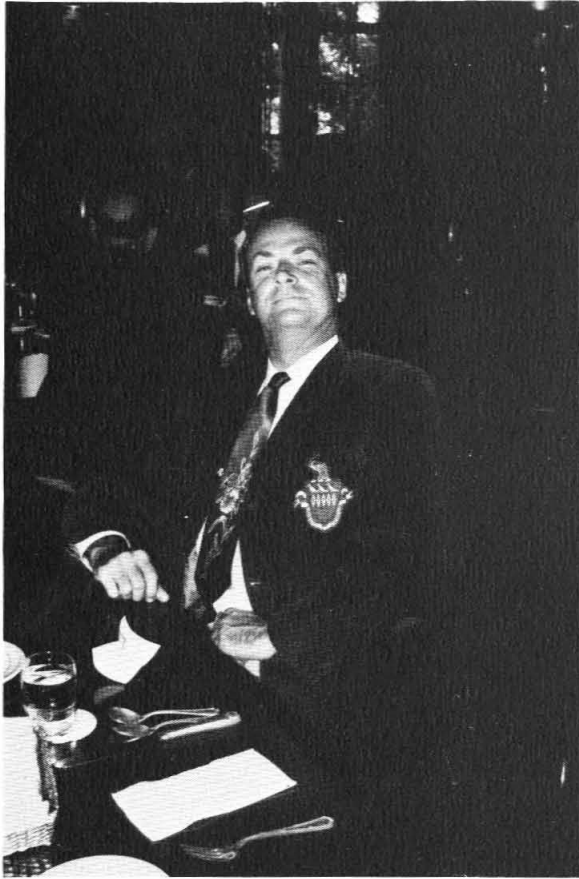
Athletics continued at a dubious pace, the football team managing one tie and the volleyball team one win. However, basketball is soon approaching. Things weren't much better alleywise as Cannes and Pub fought out an 11 to 10 basketball game. At least that's better than basketball Mortell style.

With Wright on the piano and Ma on the guitar and singing, music was of its usual high caliber. However, that didn't keep us from walking away with the Interhouse Sing trophy for the third consecutive year. The party started slowly afterwards until Mitchell arrived to solve a certain mechanical problem.

Elections were the big surprise this year as no fewer than 25 people were willing to take a chance at house politics. Some were not so willing, though, as Clamage, Quint and Serafin walked off with the big offices. Others were Cooper, Allen, Kamm, Johnson, Drews, Wright, Radomski, Williams, Miyata, Sutcliffe and Ma. The old order, anxious to go out in a blaze of glory finally started working. The UCC's got tough, and our great magazine rack appeared. Even wishy-washy Clamage got on the stick and in addition to improving the dress standards at meals through enforcement, he even improved the waiters standards by firing Quint. Now if we could just catch the mad bomber. . . .



DABNEY



"I am truly glad that I chose Dabney and Dabney chose me."



"B & G built all this to wash a window?"

His towering head and shoulders annointed with costly spirit in the midst of his lesser brethren, HTP took over the reins of the good ship Dabney from the previous scotch-tape Administration-in-exile, though the great promise thereof lacked almost a year of fulfillment: Scotty (No Third Term) B. had got us a telephone in his first term in office (cf. the official archives of CME) but 'twas not until nearly a year from thence that Hook hooked (more successfully, and, security-clearance-wise, safely, than at Interhouse) our own Holy Wasteland, Batman, its a Vast Box. But still ahead, as Nagy, like the Dormouse, required suppression, lay the idyllatry of those hazy days of spring, when, not Balls, but Maynew, came to visit, (since Ehrick had departed, and Elms, though ready to embark, must tempt Eve with shiny apple to Philco-Major-Stanford-snow, preferred to spend the Eve with Evesdaughter, and anyway, was beter for the total Man to make an unsuperficial Friend and, HTP agreed, to satisfy the Alphabetical Needs which PL7 if not engendered at least made cognizant of, as (so Saint Paul) if it had not been for the law, I should not have known sin.) And all young men fled West, and whatever happened on Ditch Day nobody remembers anymore, except perhaps that unholy Abbot, and all our revered Masters went home to bed before dear Bucky fled to Wayside Chapel.



Jeffrey: "I still don't see how one guy can lift six men."



Stupid frosh fail to realize that initiation is a serious occasion.

Then summer came alas, a time of partings (not just from Dalton, though Johnny hasn't written him still), and we returned, each of us fewer, but few wiser. And with us the Red Queen, running in huge Rotating circles to stay in one place; but we cheered on Sunday night for the frosh which were high on our list, not realizing until later (which we might have anyway) that they were only frosh, after all. The soaring hopes spawned by that first wild night at Pomona, with half the house out for an exchange the Social Chairmen had nothing to do with, went unfulfilled; perhaps it would have been better had they had

nothing to do with the rest of the Social Program, or, perhaps that is what happened. Fall term will be remembered in Ned Hale's office as the term that house lists and social calendars arrived shortly after mid-terms, a tribute to the unbelievable enthusiasm of our hallowed Leaders. Our Interhouse memorial of the travels of Odysseus was washed away when the weather became odious; revelers were greeted by a giant con-cretinization of the symbolic cyclopean Self; description of the indoor arrangements would require several columns.



SENIORS—FRONT ROW: F. Shultz, A. Kampe, J. Milstein, P. Chaikin. SECOND ROW: S. Solomon, A. C. Lundgren, H. Powell, E. Reiland.



JUNIORS—FRONT ROW: G. Tucker, B. Milton, F. Williams, K. Gleason, J. Eyer. SECOND ROW: T. Beard, D. Blair, S. Langton, H. Suzakawa, D. White, R. Moore, M. Foley, M. Bartlett.



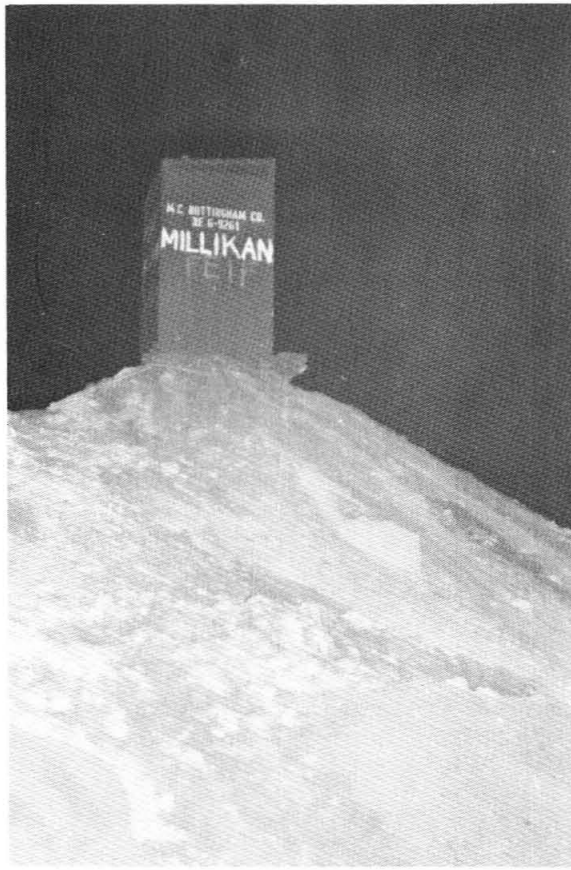
SOPHOMORES—FRONT ROW: L. Erickson, C. Zeller, P. Cross, R. Gerritsen, R. Kidd, J. Ashcraft. SECOND ROW: J. Garen, M. Turner, P. Danna. THIRD ROW: B. Grant, J. Hunter, W. Manning, A. Schwenk.



OFFICERS—FRONT ROW: K. Gleason, Historian; R. Gerritsen, Social Chairman; P. Chaikin, Historian; R. Moore, Headwaiter. SECOND ROW: M. Evans, Athletic Manager; D. Blair, Social Chairman; H. Suzakawa, Treasurer; H. Powell, President; S. Solomon, Vice President; L. Erickson, Athletic Manager; M. Bartlett, Secretary.



FRESHMEN—FRONT ROW: S. Jennings, D. Doucette, G. Markowski, F. Ettin, B. Mitze. SECOND ROW: M. Kalisvaart, G. Lutz, B. Goddard, D. Perasso, M. Young. THIRD ROW: E. Freeman, P. Kuehn, A. Hartstein, R. Ellis, M. Nolan, P. Bartlett. FOURTH ROW: J. Jeffreys, A. Bartelt; J. Bennet, B. Pelzmann, J. Lutton.



Dabney helps erect Millikan.





Thelen inspects new doorway, styled in Saga provincial, and recommended by B & G interior decorator.

Those were the days when hopes could still be high that our Sitting-Dickian Darbs would take heed to the manifold dangers of that other S. Pearson, it is true, was down the tubes, and we elected Solomon to do his duties (not the first night, though), thus fulfilling the ancient adage (have you ever heard of a New adage?) that to be Dabney House Vice-President required the Book of Wisdom (as the Mackerel-snappers put it). But still Langton zealously expounded the Wisdom of the True Way, and White, for the moment, espoused the path of righteousness. But such edenic happiness was not to last, and one by one, as though heavy millsteins were fastened to their necks, they fell. Of Lutz (being only a Frosh, although a Grave-robber) we could perhaps understand it, and pity; Eyler, too, was beyond the reach of reason. But when White and Satterthwaite (Judaic though they be) succumbed, the whole creation must surely have moaned, and wise GBS (if he were alive) would have revolved and rotated in his grave. As for Milstein, he probably deserved it.

As expected, the Frosh were not only unbelievably —ish, (they should have gone to Harvey Mudd, where everybody is), but incredibly gross. There was Jeffrey, the mad rapist, and Ettin, with his Naugahyde interior, whose face reminded us of something else. Worst was Berry, who worshipped daily (who worshipped F. who came to dinner), but refused to shave, take a bath, comb his hair, brush his teeth, change his clothes or shut his mouth. Most loquacious was Freddy Elston, in whose serene and silent view of life, (that vicious, parasitical, unavoidable clump of blood vessels and stale meat) Gilamonsters more

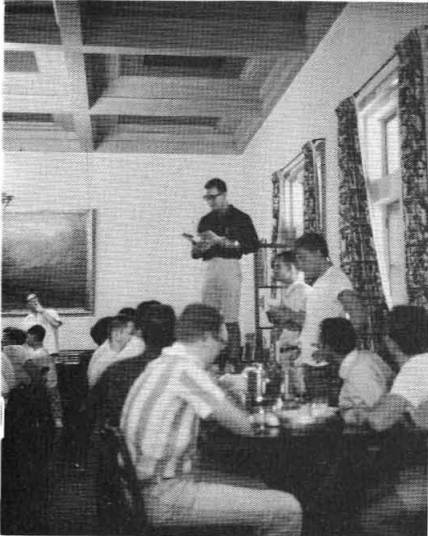
important People-than-were. Thelen, who mothered the lot, was distinguished and impeccable (the one, says Mrs. Plante, to whom in this unlikely place let our deepest yet often unexpressed thanks and appreciations be tendered, who never smiles) whiling away the stifling winter nights with his vast stock of great literature.

End of Fall term was the time of the Great Exodus (though the Jews, congenital and acquired, remained). Most departed quietly, but some were more dramatic; Beard went us one better than shaking the dust of his heels. For those who remained, the rooms were spacious, the halls quiet, and the dining room filled with the insidious scratchings of "visitors" signing meal tickets. Gung-ho-ness rushed in where the emigrants had feared to dwell. Alley challenges proliferated, whether demolishing or otherwise maltreating the elevators in Firestone, or Milstein using his most accomplished Part to sit it out. The social program revived, even to the creation of a shadow (here shadow though it was, at least the house was there, and Freddy Elston was a waiter) of last year's fabulous and legendary Gambling Party (CF. the official archives of CME). We even, as election time swirled about us, and Dabney took over the Y, managed to pool our untutored voices long enough to take third in Inter-house Sing. But all good years must end, as HTP moved out to greener pastures (the better to entertain his High School filly) to Eyler in New York among the Lost, and to Gerritsen in the Game room re-joycing, we all say, Good Luck, and RIP.

FLEMING



Eardley performs brain surgery on a Darb



FH Purity Symbol Steve Harper lectures the House.

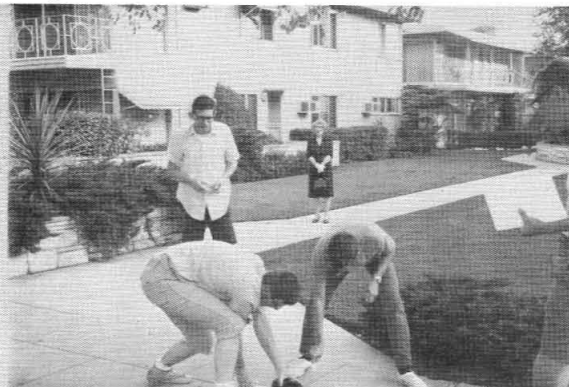


Fleming frosh baptize an intruder.



Dabney Ate It.

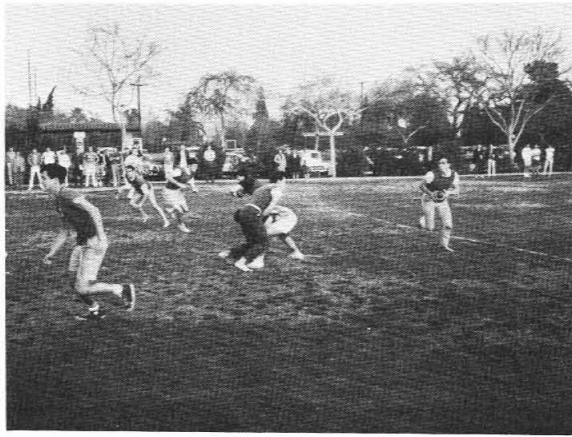
“Now what do you suppose those nice boys are doing?”



The Saga of Big Red actually begins in the summer of 1965, during the Watts Riots, when the edgy citizens of Pasadena were repeatedly unnerved by strange explosions which seemed to occur high in the sky in the vicinity of Tech. Though ascribed to jet planes and little green men, the explosions, and the accompanying flashing lights had a strictly scientific explanation. The omnipotent FHMMC was back at work, and its UFO Launching Crew, led by four Fleming summer residents, had been sending up balloons filled with a mysterious flammable gas, which seemed to explode when the balloon reached an altitude of one mile. Very strange indeed.

The summer residents in Fleming also spent much time working over the Fleming Rotation Plan, which was put into full effect in the fall. Aply led by President Gordon Myers and Vice-President Ed Perry, Fleming put forth an image of its true self—the Low Pressure House—and found copies of its approach in five other Houses. Nevertheless, Uncle Shelby's Rotation Plan netted a group of highly diversified frosh, who have since made quite a contribution to the House.

Upon entering Tech, the average frosh is much too naive and mouthy, and therefore must be taught the proper subservience to upperclassmen and hate to trolls. This task was placed in the hands of Froshpersecutor, Chuck Wolfe and his sadistic sophomores. As usual, Fleming turned into a private club guarded by the frosh, and all intruders were promptly pooled in a small wading pool, kept supplied by a firehouse. The Great Amalgamated Waterfight, while calm compared to those of yesteryear, gave the frosh a chance to vent their hostilities upon beings lower than themselves. Fleming, amazingly enough, allied itself with several other Houses, and the evening did not end up, as had been usual in the past, with six against Fleming. In other recreational activity, the frosh measured the distance to the local friendly neighborhood purveyor of distilled spirits in a constant of the Universe, the Fifth of Cin, and found it to be 3288.5 FOG's from the front door of Fleming. As the week closed, the pseudo-repairers of the campus, B&G, claimed that we and Gaping Maw (DEI) had caused upwards of 3000 dollars damage to the tile roofing, a fact which will be hotly disputed for years to come.



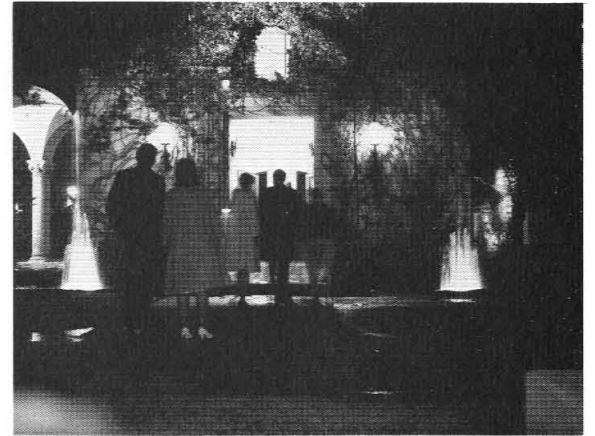
Touton sweeps left.



What lovely hair you have, Chucker!

With the new Frosh feeling their might as Flems, the Big Red Machine took to the fields, to tie for third in Interhouse Softball. This didn't seem too bad compared to last year, when all the million-dollar infield could do was pull out a second, though it might well have been higher had we played a more consistent game. But in swimming, we fared much better. Despite the lack of services from such greats as Jim "Golden Arm" Gibson, Fleming easily placed first in Interhouse Swimming, led by our excellent athletic managers Randy Harslem and Ralph Kimbrell.

Interhouse time rolled around again, and with it the cry, raised by Parker and Kelm, of, "We don't care what you do, but it's going to have a fountain." A meeting of interested parties decided on a theme of Medieval Castle, which is fairly appropriate, considering the appearance of the Old Houses. In front of the House, a good-sized moat was dug by a crew of hardy frosh, and a drawbridge and fountain were built. The immovable drawbridge, which cleverly concealed the immovable brick walk, was the work of Mike "The Stomach" Pollock. The dual fountains, one on each side of the bridge, and the moat itself were under the direction of Ed Kelm, while the jets were built by Gary Christoph. In the lounge, Ed Perry and Ken Yano set up a mead hall, with flags hanging from the ceiling, swords and pikes on the walls, and a couple of long tables for the refreshments. The dining room was masterfully transformed into the throne room of the palace, under the efforts of Ulli Hartmann, Chuck Wolfe, and Crew. A stage was built at one end, a throne and suit of armor placed on it, and tables set around. Traditionally, Fleming has provided the entertainment for Interhouse, and this year was no exception, as the House talent put together quite a show. Though lacking the services of Judi Thor, who had almost become a Fleming House tradition, the show carried on with Dick and the Fourindicators, the rock'n'roll group which opened the show, featuring Dick Wright, Ralph Kimbrell, Steve Boone, and Jim Gibson. It is not known if any of them could actually sing. The main act was an original play, CINDERSNAKE, a parody based, obviously, on Cinderella, starring Gerry Haven as Cindersnake, and Chuck McQuillan as the princess. Minor characters included Myron Tichenor and Bob Logan, and of course there was the Fleming House version of the fairy godmother, Richard P. Snowman, played by Jim Gould. Other talents in the House saw action in some shorter episodes. Steve Harper and Jeff Larson, a pair of froshlings, provided a marked folk-music contrast to the Fourindicators, when they appeared as the Horny Toads. Gordon Myers and Ed Perry starred in Lancelot and Gallahad, a parody on TV's Huntley-Brinkley Report; the Anacin commercials were handled by Cliff Tedder, aided by that abominable Texan, Doug Holford. The emcee for both shows, which played to SRO audiences, was Randy Harslem.



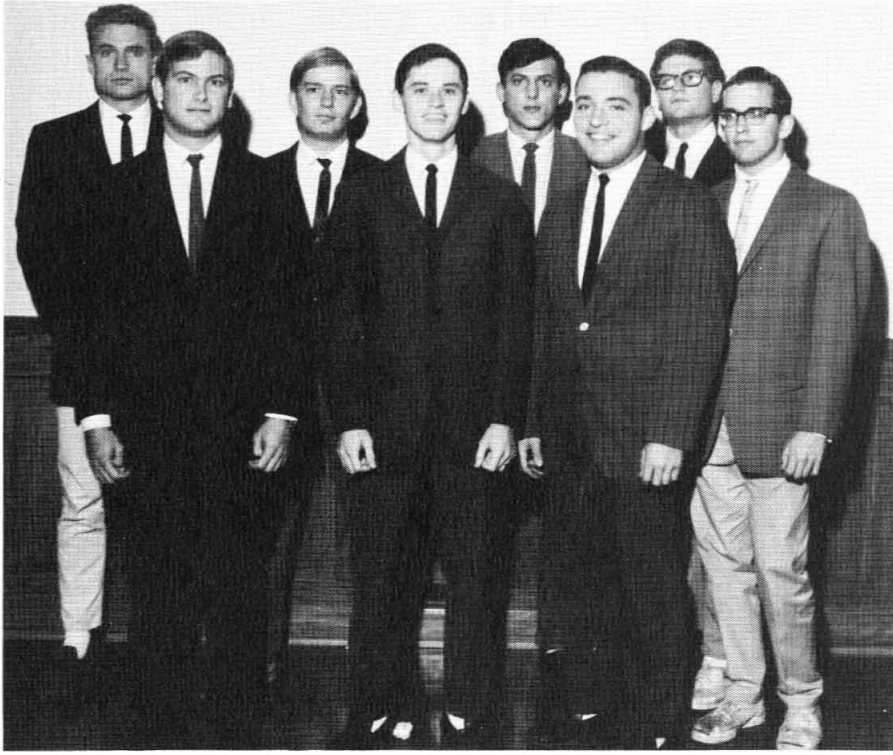
Interhouse sixty-five



"Presenting Richard P. Snowman!"

"Remember, friends, take Anacin."





SENIORS—W. Owens, M. Creutz, D. Kubler, E. Perry, P. Miller, G. Myers, G. Haven, R. Karski.



JUNIORS—FRONT ROW: R. Harslem, C. McQuillan, R. Parker, E. Kelm. SECOND ROW: G. Christoph, J. Goldberg, W. Miller, D. Eardley, G. Sharman. THIRD ROW: W. Mitchell, J. Gould, C. Tedder, P. Krause, D. Weaver, M. Pollock.



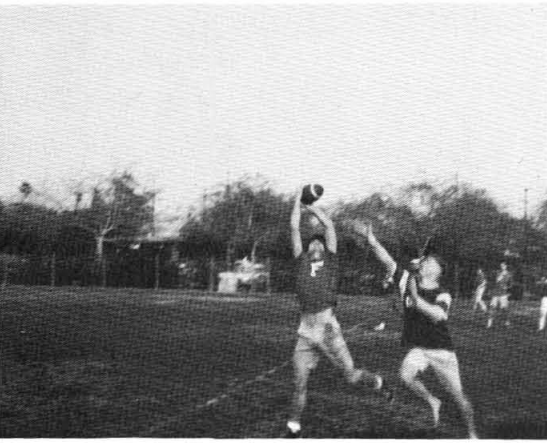
SOPHOMORES—FRONT ROW: R. Kimbrell, R. Wright, J. Wilschke, D. Chang. SECOND ROW: M. Saulny, C. Wolfe, R. Woody III, R. Logan, P. Pfaffman. THIRD ROW: J. Walters, K. Yano, R. Davidheiser, G. Whitehead. FOURTH ROW: J. Stanley, B. Bone, S. Poltrock, U. Hartmann, K. Kubitz, R. Bild.



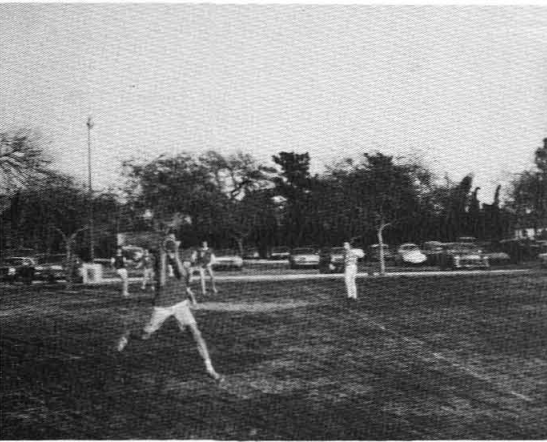
OFFICERS—R. Harslem, R. Kimbrell, E. Perry, S. Poltrock, M. Saulny, G. Sharman, G. Myers, E. Kelm.



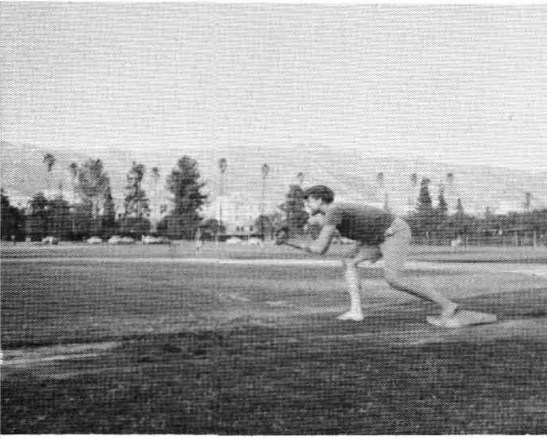
FRESHMEN—FRONT ROW: B. Cott, J. Larson, L. Morissey, P. Drake, B. Grant. SECOND ROW: M. Stevenson, J. Hauge, D. Lackey, S. Harper, S. Lewis, J. Forbes. THIRD ROW: R. Gillman, D. Addis, M. Tichenor, P. Norris, L. King, T. Mahon. FOURTH ROW: D. Paynter, M. Rieger, K. Jones, F. Johnson, R. Norton.



"Mule" Miller hauls one in.



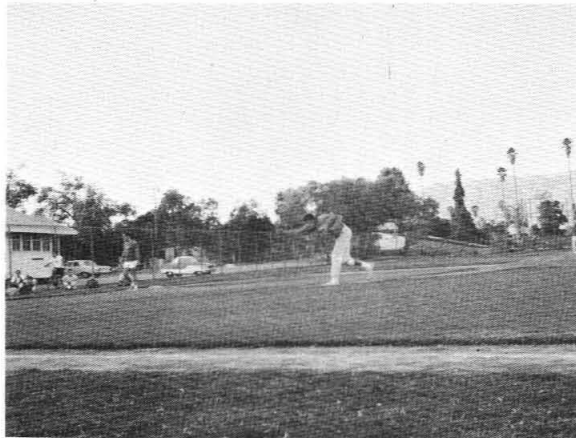
Fingers Harslem pulls in a touchdown pass.



Echelbarger shows his fine form.



Harper connects



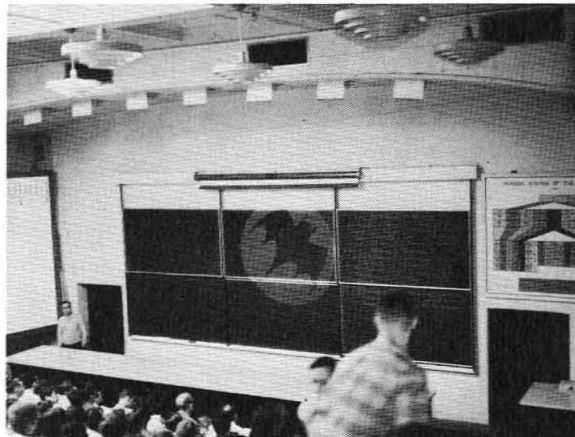
Stanley burns one in.

The Throop Club division of the FHMMC continued in the grand style of the previous year, decorating the campus landmark no less than four times. On the night of Halloween eve, sixty-nine skulking masked trolls were seen stealing stealthily toward the nether reaches of campus. A few minutes later, having eluded the guardians of campus safety (headed by the intrepid detective, Sherlock Fig), the masked men ascended the balding dome amidst the pigeon droppings to place the traditional Halloween pumpkin on the cupola. There was a new twist this year, though, for the pumpkin flashed out through the night, in Morse code, DEI . . . DEI . . . DEI. And strangely enough, copies of Morse code were found strewn around campus. On the weekend following Thanksgiving, the sixty-nine masked men again were unleashed, to perpetrate the great Student's Day RF. On the clock face of Throop which faces the site of the new Millikan Library, there appeared wondrous embellishments, placed there by the Fleming House Human Fly, Terry Warren, and crew. That is, the staid old clock was converted into a giant Mickey Mouse watch, with paws on the hands and an appropriate background, much to the dismay of B & G and the amusement of Pasadena's citizens. Then there was the traditional Christmas tree, which was **not** stolen from the Darbs **this** year, and finally there was the decoration celebrating Feynman's Nobel Prize: a huge banner reading, "Win Big, RF"

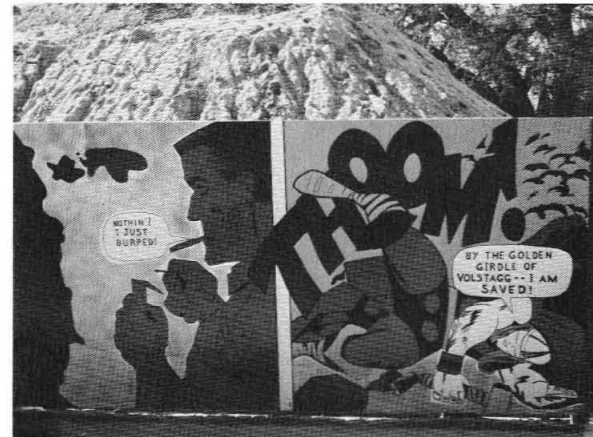
As more and more people around campus get fed up with high pressure and Creeping Dormism, the number of people trying to transfer to Fleming increases. This year the excomm has had to be more selective, and only one member of the Fleming Farm System, Martin Dowd, was allowed to join the ranks. A few good men were lost, too including freshman Larry Morrissey, who transferred out. Tom Baaaaze left at the end of third term last year, and returned this year to start life (?) again as a third term frosh. Tom Wilson is making up a few deficiencies as a Frosoph, and the long tall one, Cliff Tedder, returned from the greener pastures of UCLA to the dry weeds of Tech. In addition to all of this, the FH Women Are Evil Club lost another battle, when Ed Kelm gave up the fight and got pinned.



He flies thru the air . . .



Calling Batman . . . calling Batman . . .



Official Fleming Art Contest Entry.

Back on the athletic field, the Big Red Machine rumbled to a second in Interhouse Football. Though some bad errors prevented a win over Page, Big Red had the pleasure of tromping Ruddock the second year in a row. The team featured Rich Touton at QB, with "Hands" Harslem and "Feet" Wyatt on the receiving end of the passes. In Interhouse track Big Red placed about where expected, garnering a third. Once again the challengers for sundaes from other houses arrived after the noon meal, a Fleming Three-minute special, was over.

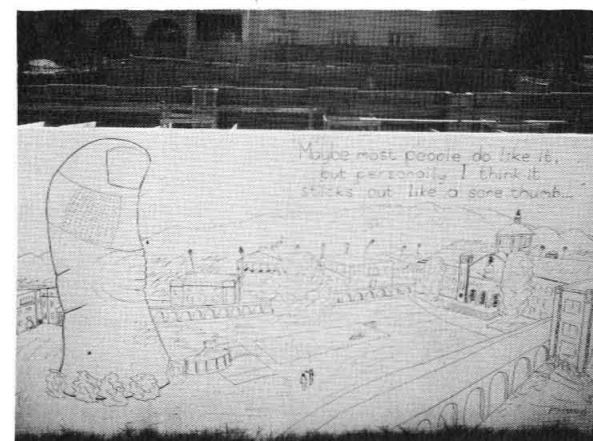
House elections, held in the middle of second term, were the subject of much controversy. For the first time since 1963 there were groups in the lounge at midnight, still dressed for dinner, heatedly discussing the issues involved. The new officers, behind whom the house has solidly united are: president, Jim Gould; vice president, Randy Harslem; secretary, Dick Wright; treasurer, Mike Saulney; social chairmen, Eric Storm, Chuck Wolfe, and Steve Boone; athletic managers, Jim Stanley and Martin Dowd; librarian, Dave Lackey. In the highly contested minor offices, three frosh demonstrated their naivete beyond belief by campaigning for the post of Most Naive Frosh; the eventual winner, by unanimous acclaim, was Jan Hauge, followed closely by Phil Drake and Ed Musgrave. Harslem passed on the Horns to another worthy, Ralph Kimbrell, while the only two-time holder of House Purity Symbol, George Sharman, stepped down in favor of Steve Harper. And Fleming's Most Valuable Senior for 1966 was Jim Gibson.

In Interhouse Sing, Fleming competed in its usual manner, and roared to a smashing triumph, finishing sixth in a field of six. In contrast to the Latin funeral dirges sung by the other houses, Fleming sang Do Re Mi, and repeated J. Kent Clark's **Trolls Progress**, thus effectively wiping out all the Scrippies in the audience, and drawing the largest hand of the evening.

Looking ahead to the future, the Big Red Machine should continue to spread terror far and wide, and should even get better due to new talent, so we may again relive the splendor of days gone by, when every trophy except the hated Snake was on Fleming's mantelpiece. And Fleming will continue to be the House of low pressure, of excellent athletics, and of the feared FHMMC.



Unofficial Fleming Art Contest Entry.



The FHMMC looks at Millikan Library.

LLOYD



Paris rises in the Lloyd courtyard.



Jim in anticipation of Shielah's birthday present.



Sampson: "Hey Mom! Ees that Tina Delgato?"



Grey steps out—Earth shaking!

"Three spades," says Grodnik. "What kind of a bid was that?" screams Eklof as marathon bridge continues into the eighth week in the Lloyd Lounge. Charlie Bruce lies in some kind of stupor on the couch, his final resting place since his first term domicile was wrestled from him by the all-wise upperclassmen. Meanwhile Hsu wanders in looking for someone to play with and joyfully discovers his roommate fondling the volleyball. "There's nothin' to do around here," says Hsu. "Not so," says Hackathorn as he struts into Saga on his way to the secure territory of the Y.

"QUIET!" ring out the dulcet tones of Jennings as he desperately endeavors to enshroud his beloved Excrement Creek with the Silence he worships. Charlie Bruce, righteously indignant, tries to destroy Jennings with a homemade bomb, but fails. Berman claims ignorance of the whole affair and no one believes him. Middleditch sits in his room writing editorials, the relevancy of which escapes all but the greater minds, with an eloquence approaching the Shakespearian. The pearls of wisdom he spews inspired, doubtless, by the melodious organ of

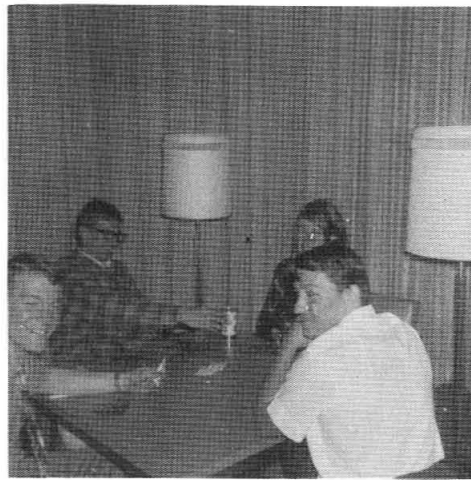
roommate Walt Gish.

Enter Balanis promulgating the benefits of love and understand, laden with books, carrying a few transistors to maintain the image. "John McKenzie, please come home," pleads George. "I am home," says the voice from Room 130. In the next room Osheroff sits staring at the Lloyd House budget—crying. "Next year we're having a toilet paper Interhouse," he says. "Ha!" say Berman and Peterson as they remember the glory of Paris in Pasadena. Devinny and Girard secretly draw the plans for next year's titanic endeavor on their blackboard.

As we proceed through the alleys we discover Lippa burning incense before his Apostol, whimpering half-audible things like, "... cyclic groups ... complex variables ... the beauty, the beauty ..." Roommate Abramson moves off campus to allow his individuality free reign, and Manke moves in followed by the spectre of some sweet young thing long forsaken in the wilds of Jersey. "UCLA is the best of all possible worlds," he says, half expecting the crack of a whip.



Piccioni relaxes with his Sabra during an evening of fun and kicks.



Decker and his comrades plus his woman.

"I agree," says Piccioni, feeling it. Some time after the start of first team Bob develops a taste for kosher meat. "Il Duce!" cries out Meo to his countryman. Piccioni becomes ill immediately and hides his gavel under his pillow for consolation during the long and sleepless night. Gajewski declares his bed off limits to all but authorized personnel, but his decree against illicit usage thereof is unenforceable. Joe America (alias Farriel Hinkle) drives to Gardena and gets cleaned, tries Vegas and hitchhikes back to Lloyd. Erwin transfers to Caltech, bringing with him the suave and urbane mannerisms he learned in Oklahoma and subverts his roommate with his shameless worldliness.

The din of battle at 3:00 a.m. Vance and Woodhead are ironing out some slight differences of opinion. Vance, the gentleman jock from Mankas Corners, pilots the Lloyd football machine to a new alltime record—three games lost by a total of four points. Sampson expounds upon the exquisite qualities of a virtuous woman—and has another glass of Red Mountain—and assaults the Playmate of the Month. Howell moves in with Sampson—three days later he buys a gun. Meo reads Ghandi which convinces him to lead a simple life—no shoes, no bed, but alas all is lost

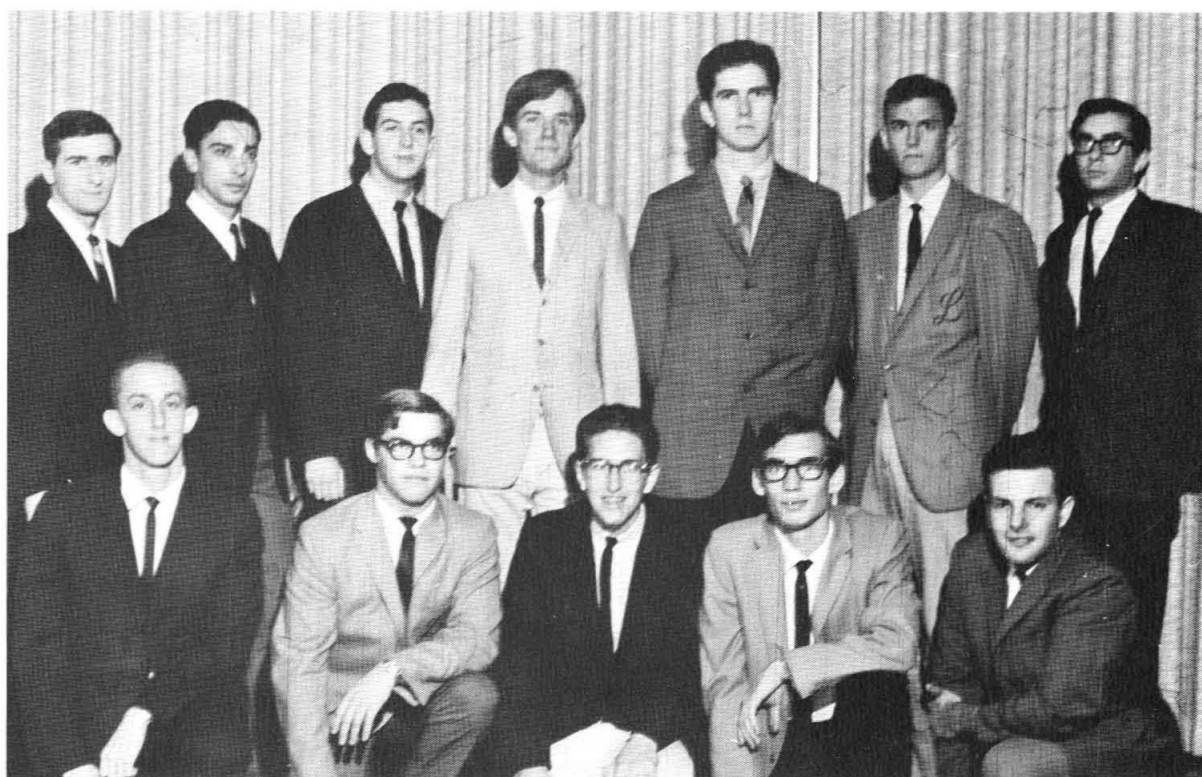
to a little red auto. "Hey Fishbone," says Whiteley, "When does life become fun?" "Feynman is my life." answers Fishbone. Chan complains that Williams' band rehearsals are getting obnoxious. "This could be the last time," says Ron.

Grodnik decides to save Crandall from total dissipation, but becomes a degenerate instead. "I knew it all when I was a junior in high school," modestly states our poor Richard on his way to the barber shop for the first time in eight months. Dittrich challenges the world to a game of scrabble and loses to Axelrod, boy wonder. Homebrew Hannah is now taking a course in Braille. Loh, Yuen, and Davies form a triumvirate and decide to rule the world, as soon as they master the intricacies of communication. Beeson (in all sincerity)

MacKay returns from date moaning, much to the chagrin of Jacobsen who censures such hanky-panky. Howard and Komm decide to supply the above triumvirate with necessary armament for the forthcoming world conquest. At this juncture, Fershtut spots our boy Michael and decides he doesn't really want an audience when he showers.



SENIORS—FRONT ROW: R Gajewski, E. Ma, J. Lucas, J. Grodnik. SECOND ROW: L. Melton, J. Walter, L. Miller, C. Eklof, R. Bigelow, R. Williams.



JUNIORS—FRONT ROW: T. Buckholtz, M. Beeson, J. Manke, B. Piccioni, S. Abrahamson. SECOND ROW: D. Osheroff, D. Balanis, E. Lippa, A. MacKay, G. Jennings, R. Peterson, G. Berman.



SOPHOMORES—FRONT ROW: B. Chan, D. Bylund, J. Howell, B. Sampson. SECOND ROW: C. Jacobsen, B. Ring, D. Erwin, J. Woodhead, F. Hollander, M. Meo, G. Pihos. THIRD ROW: B. Vance, B. Campbell, N. Whiteley, J. McKenzie, W. Gish. FOURTH ROW: L. Fishbone, S. Pearson, J. Middleditch, M. Decker, F. Hinkle, S. Landy.



OFFICERS—FRONT ROW: N. Whiteley, Athletic Manager; M. Meo, Comptroller; B. Wilson, Comptroller; B. Sampson, Social Chairman. SECOND ROW: D. Osheroff, Treasurer; B. Piccioni, Social Chairman; J. Walter, President; M. Beeson, Secretary. THIRD ROW: R. Peterson, Athletic Manager; C. MacAllister, Athletic Manager; L. Fishbone, Librarian; J. Howell, Social Chairman; C. Eklof, Vice President.



FRESHMEN—FRONT ROW: A. Dittrich, D. Yuen, T. Axelrod, D. Komm, C. Fisher, S. Fershtut. SECOND ROW: M. Heinrichs, J. DeVinney, R. Crandall, M. Bernstein, K. Crismeier, M. Frost, L. Mason, J. Chirico. THIRD ROW: B. Dukelow, B. Hsu, E. Loh, B. Keller, R. Williams, J. Williams, B. Crane, A. Barkus. FOURTH ROW: B. Wilson, M. Ryan, S. Pauvola, B. Davies, G. Hannan, G. Brown, G. Webster, L. Howard.



All the fine young cannibals.



Oh well, roommates you know.



WOMAN!

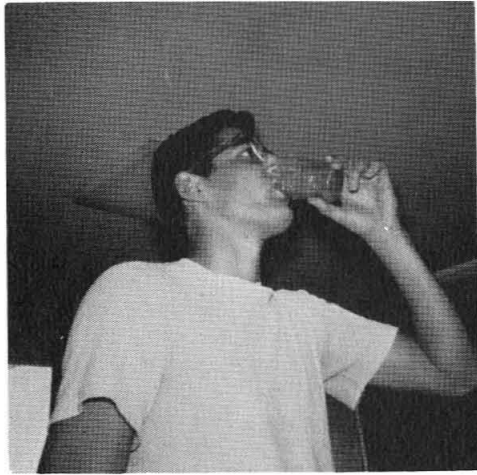


Pearson keeps in good form while Wilson and Brown stare on, impressed.

Decker and Hollander Reminisce over a mug of milk the long lost comradairie of Gold etal. Lucas wipes away a tear of sweet remembrance, and Melton and Freeman bemoan their social failure with said in-group.

Frosh and Buckholtz vie for the tennis championship of the entire western campus, but Landy beats them both. "My full house beats your straight," declares Ring. "How much do you want to bet?" says Eklof, but Ring can't seem to make so important a decision. Eklof journeys to Boston, but returns to his sacred mountains to walk around in the snow for a few days.

Carrying books and his ubiquitous pillow, Peterson breaks into Ma's room, but Ernie is lying in wait and destroys his TV rather than sanction this transgression of his privacy. Peterson retreats into Miller's room and is confronted with Larry's infamous hospitality, he tries Bigelow's sanctum sanctorum, barricaded as usual, and throws in the towel.



Meo eats it again.



Spirited Lloyd frosh rebel.

Back at the arena, Hall catches 100% of the passes thrown him during the season. (Actually he almost dropped it.) Walter is succeeded in office, but he maintains his station in the pool—all wet. (Sorry about that.)

Downstairs we encounter McAllister and Pearson patting each other on the back. "Hey! I'm ASCIT jock." says Craig. "Ain't it the truth," says a girl on each arm. Chirico exits with one, Wilson with the other. "What high school did you say you went to?" asks Keller, the Surfer Joe of the six-to-twelve set. Enter Brown, riding his skate board, making noises somewhat equivalent to a Ferrari. The swingers are all present, but they can't stand the competition so they adjourn the meeting. The tour is complete.

Peterson assumes the prenatal position as he seeks Satori.



McAllister watching the surf in Long Island Sound.

PAGE

"Dulce et decorum est, for sein Haus hacerse tonto." These words have long been cherished by Americans. Their application to the present case is, of course, the provision of an inspirational introduction to this piece. For they represent the true spirit of Page House, transcending such specific and individual-oriented mottoes as "spe labor levis", "studliness is next to Godliness", and "physics and sex do not mix". It was in this spirit last year that Bill Colglazier and Tom Resney nominated each other for president at the end of second term. The winner turned out to be "Joshua" Colglazier, who proceeded to lead the house out of its previous two years of wandering in the Desert of Care. Bill even risked the rising wrath of Tradition and presided at meals.

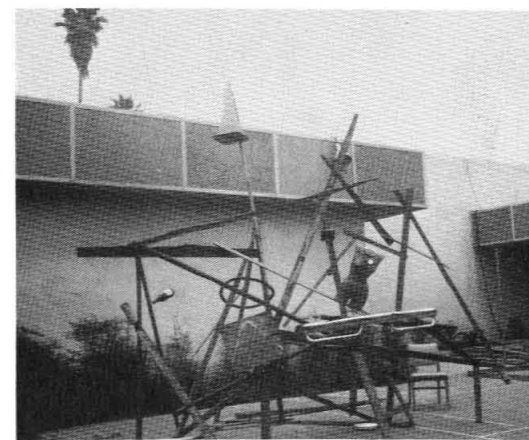
The first visible sign of arrival in the Promised Land came from the Athletic Managers. While Heaven held its breath, they inserted a set of rules into the previously anarchistic and too-often-nonexistent alley competition. And it came to pass that alley competition was rife, and the cry of the Femlin was loud in the land as she strove to return to CS Alley. Unfortunately, it also came to pass that challenges deteriorated to an unprecedented level of picayunishness. And a new creature came to be—the challenge lawyer. These reached their acme—and the alley competition its nadir—in the dance contest between Johann Lau and his big bopping boingers and Slippery Dick Silver's Freddi team (captained by Ken Nordsieck).

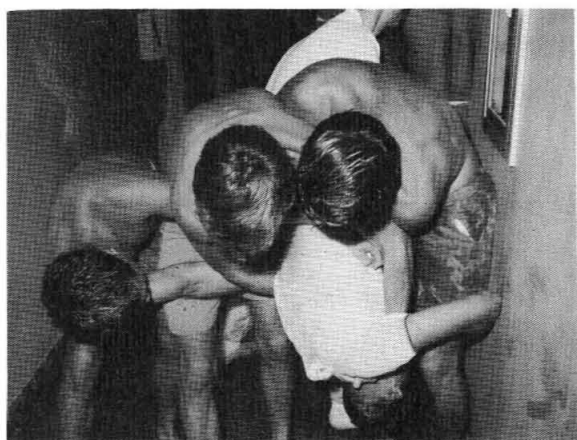
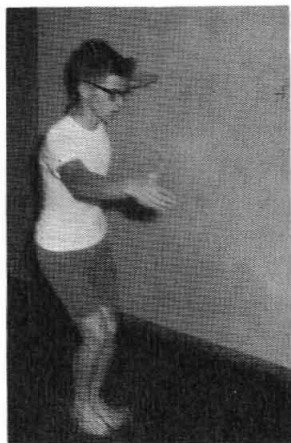
The most earth-shaking (and wall down-tumblin') change in the house, however, was in the social program. Under new social chairmen Lee Myers and Gary Schnuelle, this was raised by a literally infinite factor from non-existence to the triumphantly existent MS program (standing for Myers-Schnuelle, but interpreted as anything from "More Sex" to "Master of Science"). To inaugurate this program, Ken Nordsieck was talked into tending the first edition of the house "social room".

Meanwhile, the CS Alley frosh were similarly obliterating the aforementioned Desert of Care with that marvel of modern technology—irrigation. As a prelude, Russ Crenshaw's door was cleared of its usual clutter of notes from his advisor to make room for the opening barrage of the World vs. Bob Firestone Poetry War. The momentous retaliation was what turned out to be the Communist-inspired Firestone Flood, which wiped out four house officers and a total of nine rooms upstairs and downstairs. To end hostilities at this point, the Two-Man Firestone Shower Contest (for time) was instituted.

Another popular entertainment around this time was the balloonist craze started by Craig Maxwell and Gary Godfrey after their sling-shot water-ballooning was frustrated (see last year). Starting with aluminum foil and lye in a Coke bottle generating hydrogen for water-balloon sized jobs, they soon graduated to shirt (and later suit) bags filled with student-shop methane. The object of all this was to let the balloon rise the greatest height possible before the lifting gas was ignited by a fuse. And this, of course, necessitated a fuse which would continue to burn at the stratospheric altitudes hope for, but which would not burn too fast near Tech-level. Our boys finally settled on string and airplane glue.

And then there was the Gunfight at the Beckman Corral, involving several then-juvenile, then-frosh and one still-juvenile, then-junior on one side and the well-supported local ones on the other. It seems that Figgy ones objected to the extension of Del Mar Blvd. through the aforementioned (wheel) corral, and made with the "Stop-or-I'll shoot" bit (and the rest is too embarrassing to tell).





Last year's scaled-down Ditch Day struck later in the term. The wimpy and almost non-existent on-campus senior class collaborated and spent weeks trying to stack Harkness' room successfully. Apparently they were unsuccessful, the stack was easily opened. This, unfortunately, left our gung-ho boy wonders the problem of what to do within the rules. Their ingenious (and ingenious) solution was to set up a hose to soak the knees of anyone reaching under the door for one of the wires from the release mechanism. Unfortunately, our hydraulic trolls got the shut-off valve screwed, and the bottom two of each stack of Harkness' books also got soaked. Then Payne, who hadn't even signed up for Ditch Day, got into the act by having house locksmith Jim Brooks make him an unpickable lock—easily opened, however, with rubber bands from under the door.

Despite relative disgraces like these, it was a good term. The athletic tide turned, and John Hoshor cooled Interhouse tennis, giving Page a second, and helping establish an overall second. And Ron Drucker took first for Page on another field—the Lucky Pierre Contest, earning himself a big part in the ASCIT play, which he learned in just one week.

But the most momentous occasion of the term was the night Rodger Whitlock had his first can of beer (which he kept on his window-sill for weeks afterward) and thus joined the rest of the inebriate senior class. And to close out a bitchin' term, Page pulled the biggest RF ever perpetrated by releasing the same R.F. Whitlock to the outside world.

September, and the men of Page reassembled in this handleless corner of the world from the other three. Colglazier returned from junior-traveling in South America, bringing back with him the cult of Los Quatros Brilliantes, a group of South American Beatles. Levinson brought back his New York accent and a black and yellow pi-wagon. Romney brought back a summer's worth of hair. And Felder forgot to bring back a summer's worth of

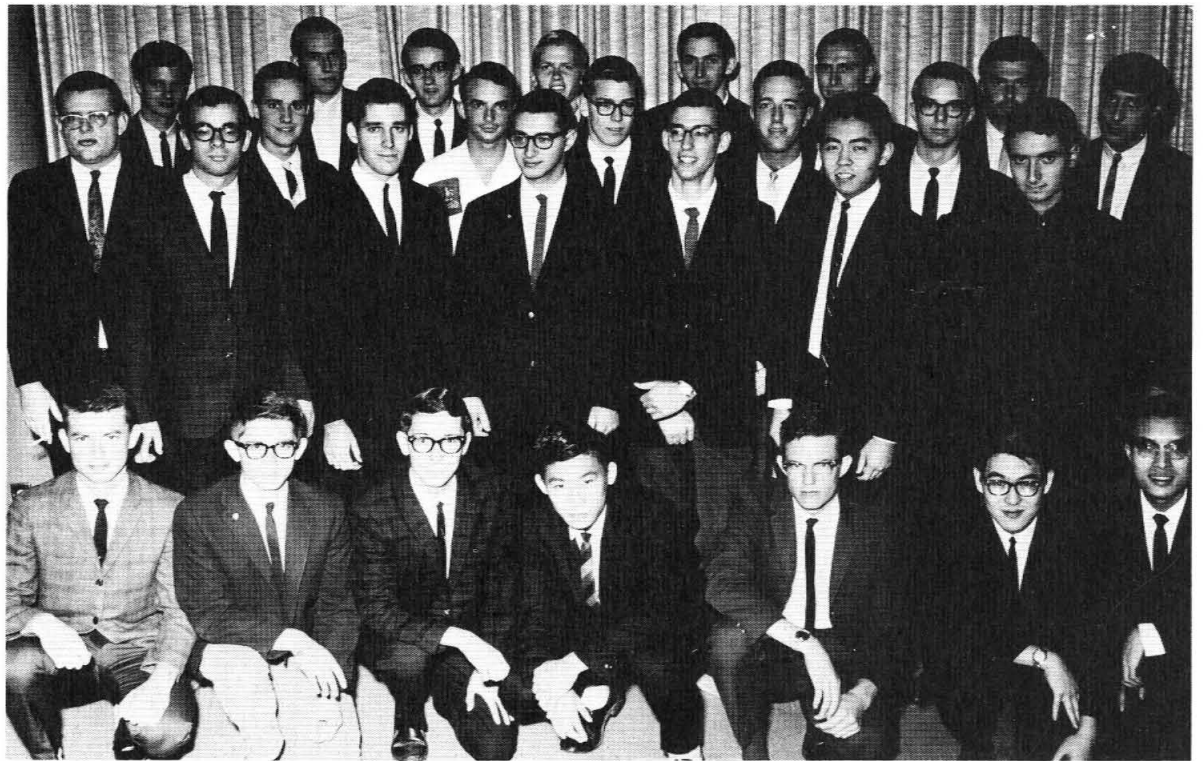
for-the-prevention-of-disease-only's, leaving them in his desk to be successively discovered by a maid, his mother, his father, and his brother.

Soon the wild men from the San Bernardino mountains descended upon the campus and good old rotation began again. A week of kegs later Page emerged from this "Hi-I'm-me-what's-your-name-where-are-you-from-what-sports-do-you-play-have-a-beer" whirl with its version of the legendary and much anticipated class of '69. At first glance, it looked like the good guys had been screwed. But after looking around and seeing that everybody else was screwed worse, the impression was seen to be a function of the racial inferiority of said Class of '69. Well, what do you do with an inferior race?—You send in the KKK. The Page House klavern, headed by Grand Dragon Rock Levinson ("I decided who's Aryan around here, boys."), took up the Herculean task of cleaning out this stable of trollishness (using the same fundamental cleansing element as did the original Hercules) and creating men. Dropping the traditional designations like "Service Academy of Page" and "Page Institute of Military Prisoners" because they were considered **too** degrading (actually because our boys couldn't think of anything new, although the "Page Research Institute on Communistic Krap" was suggested), the Klavern decided to call a frosh and gave them '69 T-shirts.

The successes of this treatment were soon evident. Dennis Schneringer, probably because he's a Texan and knew his place already, progressed sufficiently to become the frosh work chairman. Bruce Crosby became so defiant that he had to be honeyed-and-feathered. And App Wiltsee became a legend in his own time (like Luther Perry) by flouring the president of House B. Wiltsee, unfortunately, later developed delusions of grandeur (in addition to delusions of gender) and led a frosh revolt which was quickly squelched by the no-silverware technique.



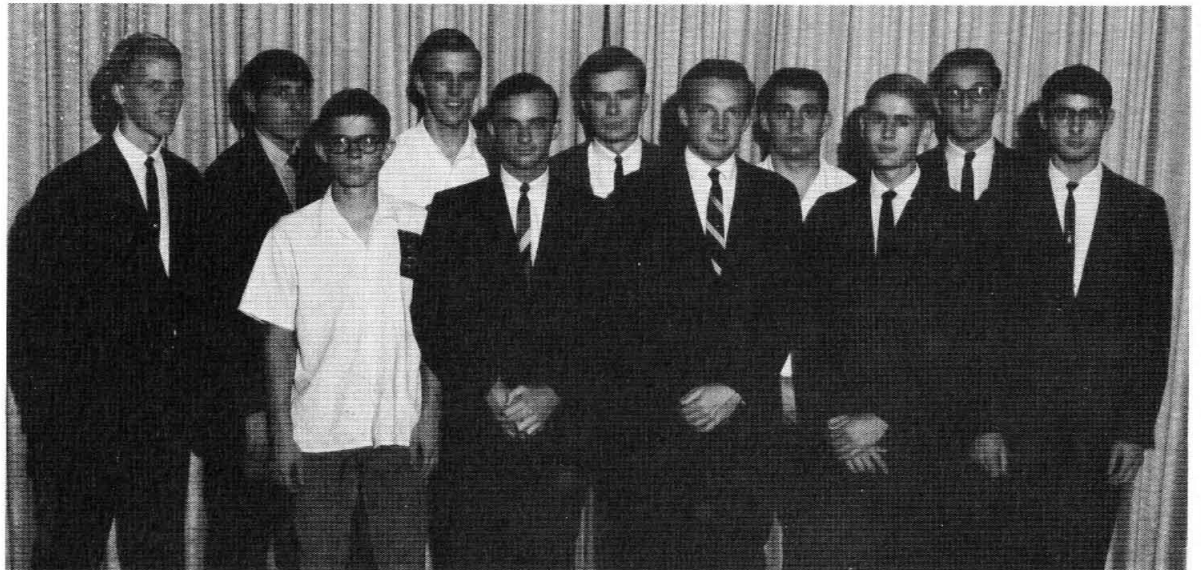
SENIORS—FRONT ROW: J. Tymczyszyn, D. Posner, T. Resney, J. Lau, L. Myers. SECOND ROW: L. Gordy, R. Bergman, J. Brooks, B. Weatherwax, R. Nielsen, J. Mowery, L. Newman, J. Pearlman. THIRD ROW: R. Silver, C. Scandella, B. Colglazier, T. Miller, D. Close, B. Greenwood, D. Radcliffe.



JUNIORS—FRONT ROW: C. Carlyle, D. Goodmanson, P. Theisinger, E. Hsi, D. Hammond, T. Fujimoto, P. Lee. SECOND ROW: L. Karr, G. Engebretsen, M. Mandell, J. Yavorsky, P. Sheng, M. Caloyannides. THIRD ROW: R. Dickinson, K. Nordsieck, G. Schnuelle, R. Troll, B. Schor, T. Beale, J. Romney. FOURTH ROW: A. Porter, G. Swartz, N. Ensslin, D. Van Essen, M. Cooper, H. Jubin, P. Balint.



SOPHOMORES—FRONT ROW: D. Kolb, D. Hammons, J. Stevens, D. Goral. SECOND ROW: G. Thompson, D. Mackenzie, D. Macy, R. Drucker. THIRD ROW: J. Burns, R. Cook, B. McCombs, M. Casteel, L. Felder, L. Ruzzo. FOURTH ROW: D. Isaman, L. Brown, N. Isgur, R. Wakefield, G. Godfrey, P. Dimotakis.



OFFICERS—FRONT ROW: D. Goodmanson, G. Schnuelle, C. David, C. Scandella, D. Goral. SECOND ROW: D. Van Essen, J. Romney, L. Brown, B. Colglazier, L. Myers, N. Isgur.



FRESHMEN—FRONT ROW: D. Villani, J. Healy, D. Molodowitch, B. Fertig, G. Smith. SECOND ROW: P. Nicolaides, H. Stover, T. Dillingham, R. Zamow, R. Tittle, J. Ishida. THIRD ROW: D. MacQuigg, D. Curry, D. Schneringer, M. Swanson, D. Dresser, A. Wiltsee. FOURTH ROW: R. Gregg, L. Lebofsky, R. Drew, T. Reedy, K. Savage, B. Crosby.



Alley surfing was revived again, this time in (then) Nameless Alley. Don Curry joined Herb Jubin in the cracked-head club, and Colglazier's door-frame ended up beside itself in the excitement. Other random diversions included the visit of Princess Margaret, where Page proved itself the only Anglophilic house on campus by playing "Rule Britannia" rather than harass the Princess and/or the fuzz.

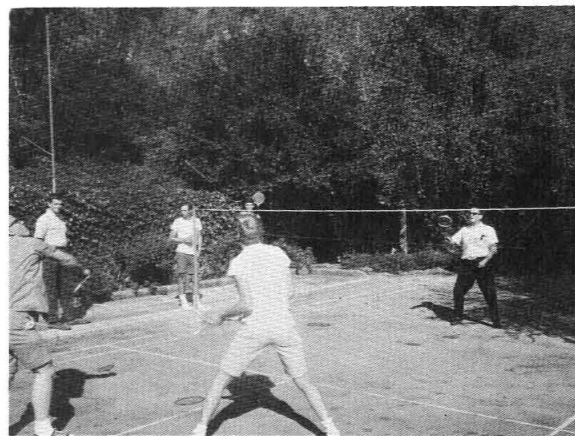
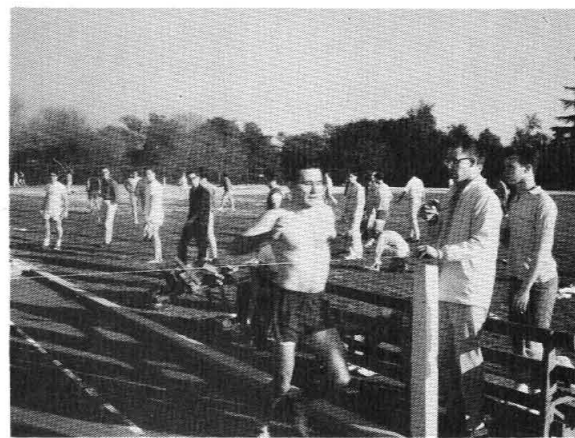
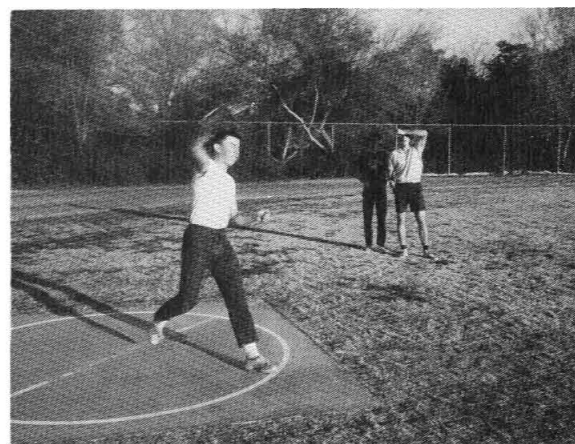
The MS steamroller continued in the social program. The first exchanges of the term brought an innovation to Caltech exchange—girls. In addition to the copious exchange-style bods, there were two go-go girls to go with the band. This system continued in the arrangements for Interhouse. To provide the externals, Don Radcliffe was made Interhouse Chairman, and decided on a theme so "mystical" nobody knew what it was. Karr and Wakefield undertook to make this year's version of the Squid—a magnetically levitated punch bowl, which, in typical fashion, was "not quite ready" for two weeks beforehand and somehow never made it.

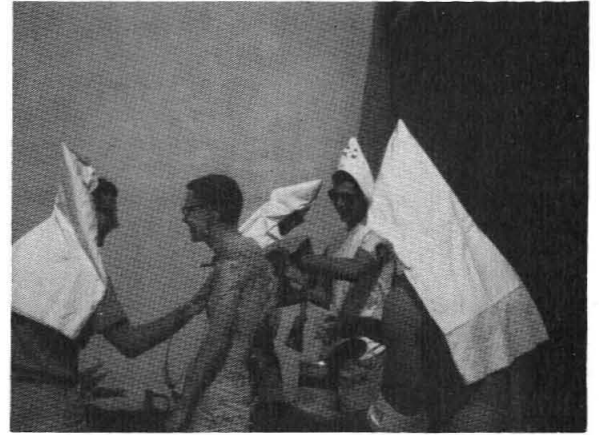
"Meanwhile, the frosh were proving their worth." This has almost no application this year, except possibly the inclusion of Dave MacQuigg, who learned, belatedly, not to pay in advance for anything while in Tijuana, especially when the goods can just walk away from you. Two others deserving mention were Bruce Crosby and Dick Tittle, who became so vigorously manly they even merited the attentions of General Hershey's boys.

For the first time in history, the alley competition continued through all of first term. This was accompanied by two alley name changes. SP Alley went from utter hypertrollishness to the merely ridiculous by becoming Random Walk. And, on a higher plane, Nameless Alley was coerced by the general deterioration of alley names to assume a name itself. Taking the suggestion of UCC Tom Resney, Mr. Science himself, the bitchiness alley in the house thus donned its slide rules and announced its conversion to Science Alley with a Resney Memorial Burma Shave jingle: "Girls waste/their time/ on being cool./The way/to Tom's heart/is through/his slide rule."

The Winter Term arrived with its usual university apathy. Life degenerated into a series of little disconnected incidents. Brooks climaxed his twice-weekly drunks with one in which Radcliffe couldn't pass him out. Brooks then challenged the whole house to drink him under the table—a challenge nobody's had the guts to take him up on. Paul Lee, Louis Newman, Martin Cooper, and Glenn Engebretsen cooled the Intercollegiate Bridge Tournament for us. Romney's record of "Rubber Soul" turned out to be the only one in the house without the screwed-up beginning to "I'm looking through you", probably because he was the only one cheap enough to buy it in mono. The CS Alley Lush Squad broke up; Mandell, having successfully broadened Nordsieck's musical tastes, started working on Beale, while Nordsieck turned Godfrey into a wing. Game night arrived, and ended up gamey enough for all as Levinson became the new grab-ass champ practically by default.

Schneringer continued as work chairman by remarking that "There's no need to remind those I already reminded of what I shouldn't have to remind them about," and Hammond, with half the house Mobil runs under his belt, got canned for leaving the car for lunch. Hammond then turned to S-and-L, and organized the Aspiring Cocks Chicken Club, including also Dave Goodmanson and Dave Van Essen. Karr bought a clipsch(?) horn to give himself a needed conversational change, and shook the second floor with sounds of the U.S. Air Force. A team of frosh including Blair, Dresser, Smith, and Schneringer tried to RF the whole house one night with the Lloyd penny-stack, but were foiled by Ron Gregg, who unstacked everybody to collect several dollars' worth of pennies.





Important things happened too. The house billed E. E. Taylor for losses of Interhouse Dance material attributed to his office. Good old double-E left for Disneyland right away, however, leaving as his legacy what will become known as the Double-E Flood of backed-up sewage throughout the first floor. The new Residence and Dining Halls manager, Mr. Gang, turned out to be a cool head, (even on an absolute scale), however, and made good most of his predecessor's twitches.

For the first time, Page broke its string of straight seconds (from one end or t'other) in Interhouse Sing and came in right in the middle of the pack on Ken Nordsieck's explication of "Tannhauser" and the Gilbert-and-Sullivan Gentlemen of Japan. Page's contribution to faculty-student rapport was the institution of the Faculty Fellows program, which replaced the non-resident associate system. The first five Fellows, a group which will, hopefully, soon expand, are Drs. William Corcoran of chemical engineering, Norman Davidson of chemistry, Marshall Hall, Jr. of mathematics, John Petruska of Biology, and Leon Silver of geology.

Interhouse athletics was essentially clinched by the end of the term. After tying for first in softball, surprising everybody with a third in swimming, taking two 6-0 firsts in football and volleyball, and taking first in track,

Page was up $19\frac{1}{2}$ points on its nearest competitor at the end of the term with only basketball and tennis to go.

As a final blow-out for their social program, Myers and Schnuelle closed their term with the First Annual MS Party, a free-flowing affair which accomplished two purposes: it consummated the Radcliffe lecture series, and it introduced the frosh to the Demon Rum.

Finally, elections ended it all as the men of Page looked back in some amazement at the progress of the previous year. Random important election results included the accession of Larry Ruzzo as House Dactylus (later House (Felix) Frankfurter) and that of Larry Lindquist as House Sunshine. Alan Porter generously donated his can of "Bat Guano—Nature's Perfect Food" to the house, and Jim Burns became its guardian as House Batshit. And the office of House Rabinowitz-Fellner-Whitlock-Dickinson-Felder was left vacant for lack of suitable Frosh candidates.

At this point some predictions are in order. First, of course, is the fact that Page is going to take first in Interhouse sports. Then the others come straggling in. Brooks will be no less horny when he returns from the Mobil Economy Run. Charlie David will say "Fantastic" within the next two hours. Savage will be president in two years, and finally, physics and sex WILL mix.

RICKETTS



Ready! Aim! Fire!



Oh Hail! Ball Pall

It was another great year for Ricketts House. It all started with rotation of the Class of '69. The rotation machine, under the leadership of President Gary "Rat" Ratner, so impressed the frosh that at the end of the week scores of the disappointed begged for admission to no avail.

Then to George Jahn and the assistant pledge-masters fell the job of initiating the young Scurvs (Sit down frosh. Slowly!). Ricketts' initiation provided some truly unforgettable moments. Ned Hale's place was fixed up, and a giant slingshot was constructed in the courtyard. The slingshot was powerful enough to drop water balloons on any House on campus, however, the only thing the Scurvs could find the range of was "the alley above the lounge." As a result, the frosh had to go it with hand to hand combat. Then there was the Great Slide Rule and Calculator Race to calculate the decimal equivalent of $23/33$ for speed and accuracy. However, the climax of initiation came when a frosh group serenaded a few girls' dorms at Oxy with the "Crud Alley Song" (Oh we never date freshmen . . .). Another vocal group serenaded the

rest of the houses with the "Song of 69." After initiation, the UCC's inherited the job of integrating the frosh into the House. Individually, they took them aside and left them there.

Besides the frosh, the House was struck with a Vassar reject which it couldn't rotate out. The reason—he's the new R.A. However, Al Davis, even though he is a grad Chem. E. troll, turned out alright!!!

The House athletic managers led Ricketts to another successful interhouse season. First term saw Ricketts take a first in interhouse softball with a 5-1 record. Though lacking power at the plate, the team had excellent pitching and fielding. The persistent crowds of Rowdie rooters also helped the team. In the Dabney game, Ricketts trailed by 5, coming to bat in the bottom of the last inning. The Ricketts cheering section harrassed the opposing pitchers so much (Only 36, count'em 36, more balls) that they walked 9 straight batters and completely blew their cool. The swimmers ended first term with a fourth place, which represented a maximum effort for the few guys that turned out.

Second term brought the football season. The 1-4-1 record and fifth place tie do not tell the complete story. Ricketts placed several men on the all-star team (Hall, Smith, Charrett, and Ratner). No one who saw it will ever forget the brilliant play of quarterback Paine when with fourth down and goal to go on the one yard line he dropped back, evaded the rushers, ran up to the one with no one near him, and threw an incomplete pass in the end zone. Led by "stiff pole" Beall, Ricketts finished fourth in track. There were some outstanding individual performances by House members, such as Schultz's 9.4 in the 70 yard high hurdles which was only .1 second off the interhouse record.

Late second term, the Rowdies entered the Discobulus race. Ricketts avenged a first term 8-6 Discobulus softball loss to Lloyd, by crushing them in basketball 27-23. Third term defense of the trophy should improve the House's Discobulus standing.

Second term a new sport was introduced to the House

—ice hockey. Several Ricketts men purchased hockey sticks and rented the local ice rank twice weekly in order to play this sport of men. Many of the players didn't know how to skate when they started. However, persevering through sore ankles and numerous stitches the Rowdies became adept at the sport and even sucked in several grad students.

The House social program was high-lighted by Interhouse and the 19th annual Apache Dance. For Interhouse, Ricketts adopted an underground grotto theme. A plutonic haze of aqueous subterranean caverns were to be navigated by several boats, with the boat rides including a view of a geyser and passage through the echo chamber. Unfortunately, Ricketts again suffered from a deluge. Several days rain ruined the tunnels and papier mache work, which were abandoned in favor of inside activities. A scaled down version of the grotto was created in the lounge, while a jazz band livened up the festivities.



Savas sleeps through another final.



SENIORS—J. Hall, R. Constable, L. Nagel, C. Shelton, J. Austin, T. Smith, J. Adams, T. Carlson, S. Anderson, S. Putterman.



JUNIORS—FRONT ROW: P. Cross, L. Dillehay, S. Noorvash, W. Innes, T. Gharrett. SECOND ROW: G. Ihas, D. Woodward, B. Hudson, S. Hayes, L. Gorbet, M. Oiyee. THIRD ROW: M. Robel, D. Landy, G. Edwards, G. Jahn, H. Hoffman, J. Evans, G. Jaegers, V. Poythrus.



SOPHOMORES—FRONT ROW: R. Hartzmann, D. Chang, P. Bloomfield, R. Stokes, T. Soifer. SECOND ROW: F. Ferdman, B. Marsh, D. Elliot, P. Doberne, E. Wickstrom, B. Miniscalco. THIRD ROW: M. Dowd, S. Logan, B. Mattheyses, P. Rumsey, C. Nelson, G. Kourilsky.



OFFICERS—C. Nelson, Social Chairman, L. Dillehay, Athletic Manager, G. Jahn, Social Chairman, P. Bloomfield, Secretary, S. Anderson, Athletic Manager, T. Smith, Headwaiter, G. Kourilsky, Treasurer, B. Marsh, Librarian. NOT PRESENT: G. Ratner, President.



FRESHMEN—FRONT ROW: C. Dede, O. Otto, M. Elam, B. Ennenstein, R. Russel, B. Tarjan. SECOND ROW: J. Okada, B. Sommerwerck, D. Hey, V. Junkkarinen, D. Smith, G. Smith, R. Sacks, W. Vick. THIRD ROW: B. Inwood, D. Lowe, A. Kelter, J. Armstrong, M. Fredman, R. Gremban, L. Nelson. FOURTH ROW: G. Schultz, C. Henry, B. Long, D. Geist, M. Beaver, G. Clough, E. Rehbein, G. Billerbeck.



Our hero, Alfonso Bedoya.

Apache was as great as ever. In almost total darkness, the Rowdies and their guests could barely be made out in their strange "French" cars. The costumes were better than ever, the men fierce and tough-looking in their dirty clothes and scarred beards, and the "ladies" cheap looking in their heavy earrings and highsplit skirts. Nobody could sit in that dingy Parisian water front cafe and really believe he was still on the Caltech campus. The garter contest and the obnoxious waiters completed the atmosphere. La Danse Apache was a huge success. The remainder of the social program was filled with events such as Cinemateque, barn dances, house parties, and exchanges. All were great events, thoroughly enjoyed by those who attended.

The brakedrum was wrested from the sophomores by the scrappy frosh. The piles were more gruesome than usual, and it caused several sophomores to swear off violence forever.

Over Thanksgiving vacation, the House suffered a two alarm fire. The damage was minor, most of it smoke

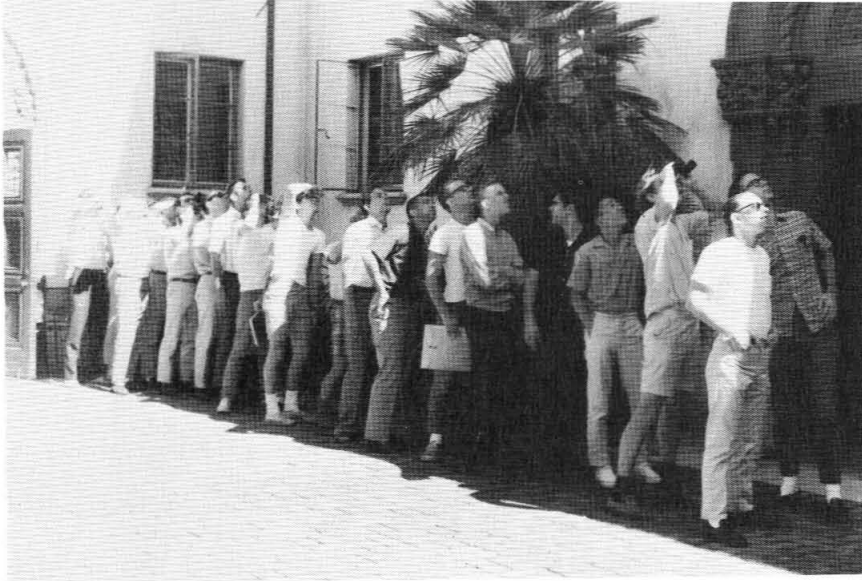
Quite a haul!



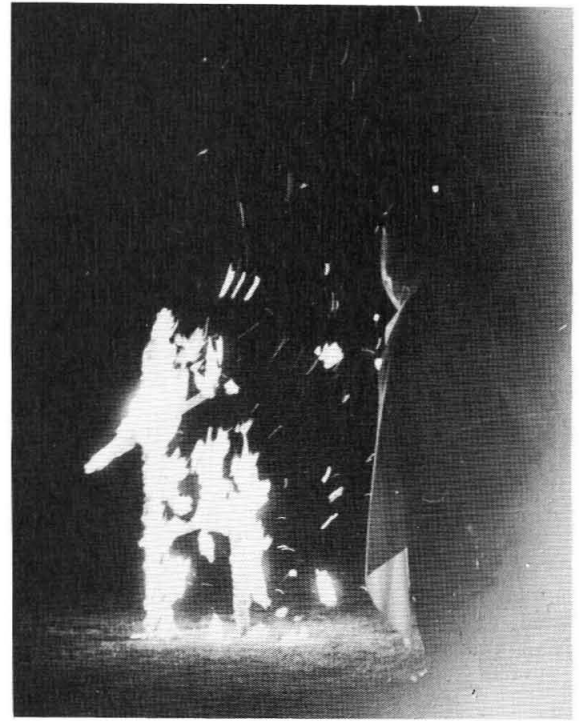
damage, since the fire was confined to a basement store-room. However, the lounge was charred and several improvements resulted. "Burnt" Marsh cleaned up on the laundry business and was made House Pyro.

Of course a description of life in Ricketts would not be complete without including the waiters. Waiter's table was the grossest it has ever been. It was bad enough when Noorvash (in his confused manner) lectured on "How Elephants Do It," but when he illustrated the talk . . . The waiters became adept at milk carton-trash can basketball and wet rag fights, but tray spinning seems to be a lost art. After nominations by head table, Noorvash received the Waiter of the Year Award for his "service above and beyond the call of duty."

The Ricketts chorus, under Shelton's direction, did an admirable job in the "Annual Interhouse Second." Their rendition of "Misere Mei" and "How Lovely is Thy Dwelling Place" was a professional job. Ricketts took first place in the First Annual Millikan Art Contest, with Alfonso Bedoya's "Snake and the Turtle" entry.



Observing the comet.



Burning an h bar on Feynman's lawn.

But it was the little things, the half forgotten but greatly enjoyed small incidents, which even more than the organized events made the year what it was. There were the four square games in the courtyard and the skate board rallies in Cherry Lane. There were Bat parties in Smith's room (with those "poor diluted girls"). There were the inter-alley challenges in such great sports as marbles, five man leap frog, and crowd raising by inflammatory speeches.

Jaegers and Carlson toured the dining room by motorcycle. Savas slept through several finals. A speed limit of .5 c had to be established in Prexy after a frosh door underwent a Lorentz transformation. Mrs. Kirkpatrick forced Hall to give up Tiger. Fisher ran up an enormous first term telephone bill. Cross set two new school track records.

Groth pestered Blacker with his amplifier while

Smith was more successful with his fifty watt mouth. Ratner led a most successful street sign expedition ("Who is Marmay Place?"). Jahn proved he could fit both feet and his humanities books in his mouth at once. In celebration of Feynman's Nobel Prize, Shelton burned an h bar on his lawn.

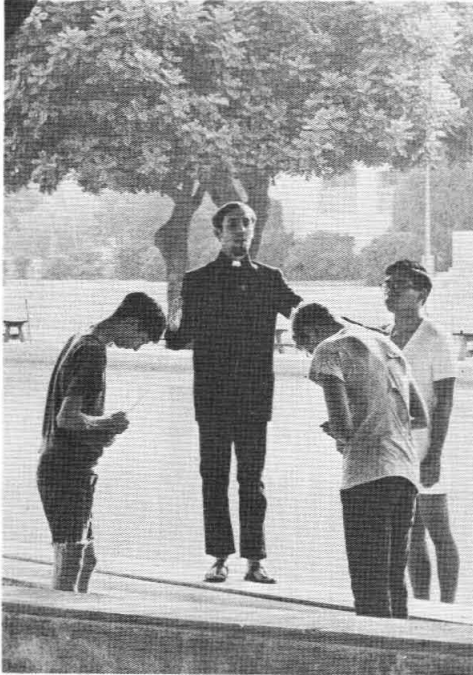
Davis passed his orals. Gorbet ran a captain contest in Cherry. Lloyd created an annex in our courtyard (see Axelrod). Jaegers and Mudd fought it out at the House Drags (two wheels vs. four). Dede made some unforgettable announcements at meals. Rowdies are now identifiable by their House sweatshirts. The Great Pumpkin visited the Halloween Party.

Years from now, no one will know the difference, but the Rowdies who lived in Ricketts wouldn't trade their experiences for anything.

RUDDOCK



Mr. Ruddock



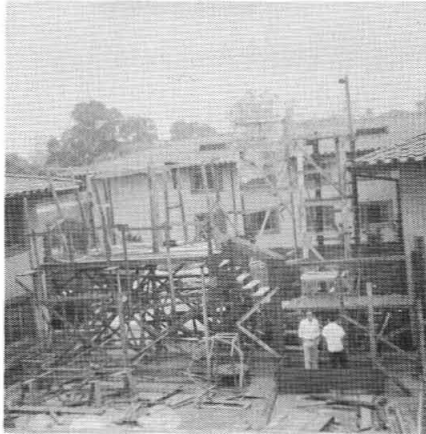
"God will shower you!"



Snake Interhouse!!



The Strolling Bones



Ah Fiddlesticks

September, 1965: Jose Frink, returning from his summer vacation, took one look at the new crop of frosh and wished he had never come back! Such a mangy lot of ignorant high school kids he had never seen. Fortunately for the Patron Saint of Ruddock House, Rotation offered him the chance to improve his lot. But Rotation only got him 30-odd wimps who literally walked into the showers! Little tasks like measuring Lake Street with toilet paper sheets and conducting baptismal services in the PCC duckpond taught the frosh the virtues of humility. In one week of concentrated training, the sophmores whipped the frosh into some semblance of a class which finally got around to kidnapping the pledgemaster, Bill Bloom.

The excellence of the frosh's training became apparent the second week of classes when Ruddock House annihilated all comers in the all-campus water fights. One intrepid squadron invaded Lloyd, and yielding without a struggle, Lloyd became West Ruddock.

With no competition from other Houses, the men of Ruddock looked to each other for some competition. Lola, the shapely trophy for alley challenges, was rudely stolen from Oliver's bed as Alley 1 walked to a victory in the Grand Amalgamated Thirteen-legged Race. Lola, by choice or by chance, remained in Alley 1 for most of two terms, her virginity defended in contests displaying the remarkable abilities of her consorts.

Early first term, the Ruddock House social program got off to a great start with the annual Frosh Party. This was a remarkable event in House history as the Strolling Bones made their glorious debut. The frosh provided their sometimes dull, often gross, entertainment, but were far overshadowed by Pressing's boys.

Not too much time passed before the frosh had a chance to retaliate against their oppressors in the annual Mudeo; the sophs lost their sundaes to the challenging frosh.

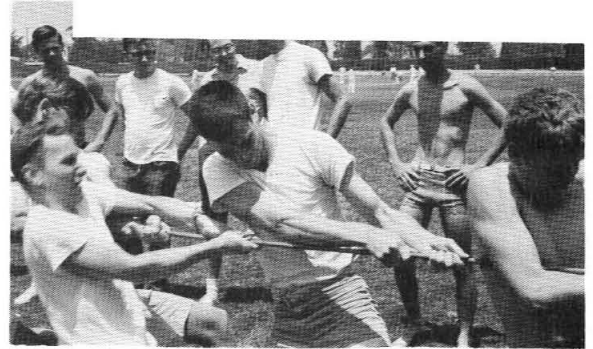
As usual during first term, all the modern men of Ruddock dashed off to Fair Oaks to pick up double-breasted suits for the Prohibition Party. For a night, the clock was kicked back 40 years, and the Sons of Jose Frink celebrated the days of bathtub gin. Bloom's pseudo-Dixieland band made its appearance that night, not to be seen again until the Election Rally second term. It was at the Prohibition Party that Ruddock first realized the almost incredible drumming ability of Dennis Furuike, a junior transferee, stolen from Oxy.

Interhouse showed the true determination of the men of Ruddock. As has been a House tradition for years, Ruddock was building the most impressive Interhouse on campus. But problems arose: a week of rain threatened to ruin everything as the IHC debated whether to go on, sink or swim, or to kiss off Interhouse entirely. When it was decided to go on as planned, Ruddock hastily moved inside, still coming off number 1 as Mike Wolf's outdoor waterfall cascaded down upon a miniature Shangri-La.

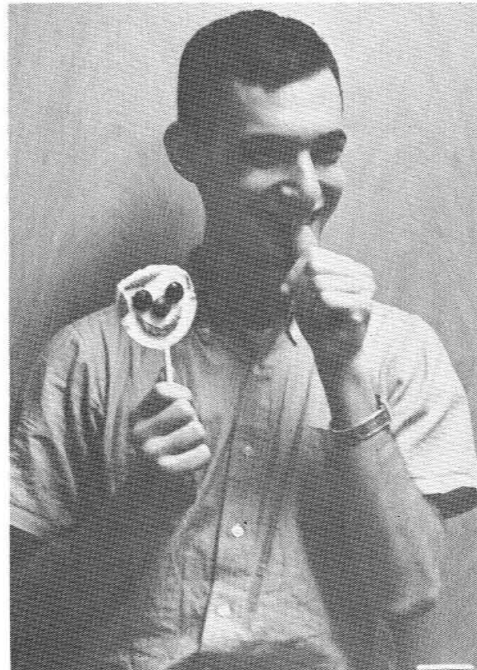
On the athletic field, Ruddock ended in the middle as its baseball team landed in fourth place. The outstanding performance of the season was made by "Flash" Friedlander as he split two pairs of pants in one season. The house webmen did better as they paddled to an easy second place with Lyons, Daniel, McWilliams, Galley, and T. C. Williams setting the pace. It was Lyon's last win for Ruddock before he was stolen by Michigan State University. In football, Fettig was named outstanding quarterback, and Brewer outstanding receiver, but even with the added help of Lee's fine playing, the team could only pull a third.

The first term Barn Dance gave Ruddock its chance to show its real talents as the Crew team annihilated the Darbs and tied with champion Ricketts. The flamers put on a snowy demonstration as Laipis and Karlton drank perfect "lives."

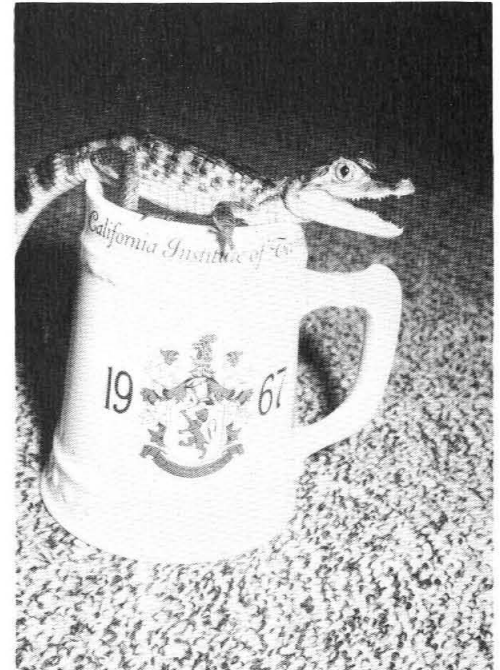
The sophs ended the term on top as they showered every frosh in the house within two hours after first pennyng all of them in their rooms.



"Ungh!"



A house vice-president is mature.



And so is his roommate.

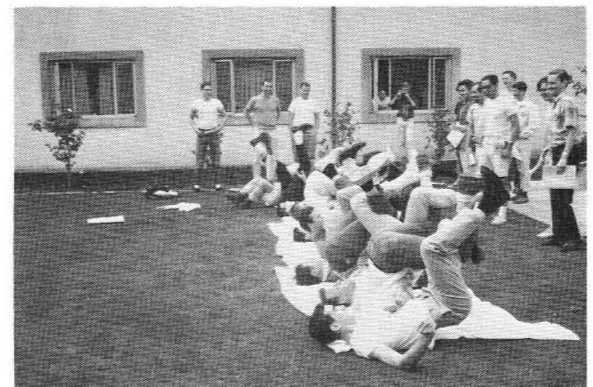
Then came "the Ride," finals, and vacation. No sooner had Librarian, Dick Harley left for vacation than Doug Reece turned off the irrigation, and when vacation ended, Harley's room was a desert complete with camel, oasis, and palm trees. The victim of this mayhem never got to see it, as the noble men of B&G actually got around to clearing it up before the term started.

By this time, Jose Fink was so happy about the state of affairs in Ruddock House, he felt like singing. Obediently, Prexy Tom Williams dug through his self-compiled song books and, with the help of a houseful of typists, prepared the second Ruddock House Songbook, **Jose Frink Sings Again**. It was finished just in time for the Cool Big Daddy Party, a co-ed fling with the juice of the hops.

A week later, everyone was still seeing pink elephants as the social chairmen put pink paper pachyderms in every conspicuous spot in the house. Dickinson and Seguire had worked out a treasure hunt which had guests running to the farthest corners of the House, psyching out the clues they found along the way. The clues eventually led to the library where thirty Teckers and their dates did more snaking in 15 minutes than they had done all term.

Second term showed a rebirth of interest in Lola as Alley 2 challenged Alley 1 in girl-packing into the frosh physics lecture. The champions held their own as the total ran something like 33-3 in favor of the champ. Most of the girls at the lecture were secretaries rounded up from near-by offices; Alley 1 had clearly retained its title. But Lola's security and Alley 1's superiority were finally to be questioned as Lola moved back to Oliver's bed as a result of a super-ball throwing bouncing contest. Denekas and Maiorana, both of Alley 6, set top scores of five bounces on the steps in Alley 5.

Alley 1 and their dates and their dates and their dates and . . .





SENIORS—FRONT ROW: M. Wolf, W. Oliver, S. Davey, D. Heider, J. Rouse, F. Brunswig, M. Hunsaker. SECOND ROW: A. Harris, J. Tucker, S. Galley, B. Orr, B. Broste, J. Pressing, T. Williams, S. Hopkins.



FRESHMEN—FRONT ROW: A. Duell, J. Andrew, G. Evans, J. DeVore, E. Kort, S. Alfin. SECOND ROW: H. Butcher, L. Shirley, G. Waller, J. McCord, D. Strickler, A. Vaskys, J. Majusiak, E. Lyon, G. Cable, W. Denekas, N. MacLeod, B. Roffman, L. Woo. FOURTH ROW: C. Helberg, M. Thompson, J. Cummings, R. Rubenstein, C. Allen, R. Craig, D. Reece, M. Jackson, M. Henerey.



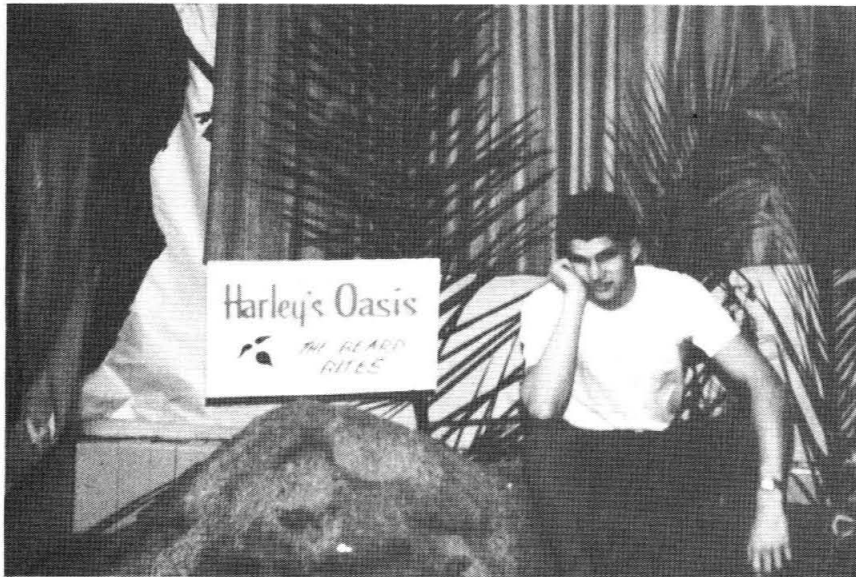
SOPHOMORES—FRONT ROW: D. Harley, J. Kline, B. Gordon, G. Brewer, E. Daniel, E. Seguire, F. Karlton. SECOND ROW: J. Maiorana, D. Suchter, B. Lieberman, J. Haight, J. Chapyak, S. Marcus, N. Wright. THIRD ROW: V. Stoecker, A. Lee, P. Bendix, M. Dole, F. Griswold, B. Wright. FOURTH ROW: H. Thacker, P. Brandon, B. Bloom, T. Bruns, L. Fettig, C. Friedlander.



OFFICERS—FRONT ROW: R. Dickinson, social chairman; W. Oliver, comptroller; J. Kline, historian; G. Brewer, athletic manager; G. Shuptrine, treasurer; E. Sequine, social chairman. SECOND ROW: B. Barbosa, headwaiter; B. Bloom, social chairman; S. Galley, vice president; L. Fettig, athletic manager; T. Williams, president; D. Harley, librarian. Not present, M. Smith, secretary.



JUNIORS—FRONT ROW: B. Berry, D. Furuike, B. Barbosa, G. Shuptrine, F. Lamb. SECOND ROW: N. Zabitchuck, G. Williams, N. Greenfeld, E. Young, M. Hess, R. Dickinson.



"I walked a mile. Now where's the comet?"

Alfin had his chance at glory when his painting of Soupy Sales won second prize in the Millikan Art Contest. With the help of Orr and Galley, the painting looked like a winner, but lost to a modern monstrosity by the Ricketts rats.

The social program was still on in full swing as T. C. Williams' idea of an athletic exchange took shape. The lounge became a miniature golf course for the night, and the volley ball court was continually in use, sometimes by as many as 50 people. There was ping-pong for the table-tennis addicts, and even dancing for those who favored the more conventional type of exchange.

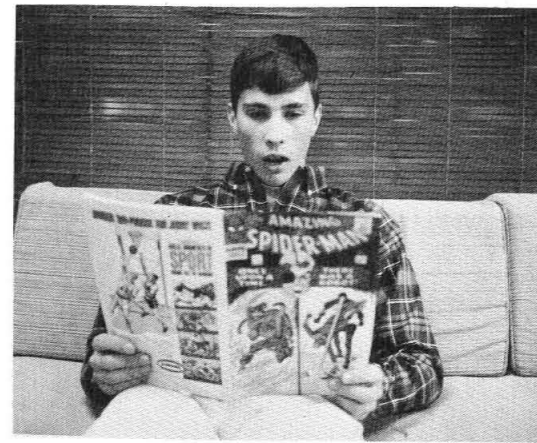
Perhaps the most outstanding contribution to the campus as a whole by Ruddock men was the revival of the defunct literary magazine **Totem** by a couple of gung-ho frosh. Editor-in-chief, Gary Stonum managed to fill the magazine with . . . well, managed to fill the magazine and to squeeze the funds out of ASCIT to publish it. The editorial staff of the new literary showcase was Ruddock's as was the lion's share of the contributors. For his efforts at reviving the TOTEM, Stonum became the only frosh to be awarded an ASCIT Honor certificate this year.

One evening, for some unexplained reason, the doors of all the sophomores' rooms came off of their hinges. Still more mysteriously, the next night all the knobs on the plumbing in the frosh rooms came off and floated to parts unknown. Everyone figured that Leprechauns had invaded the campus.

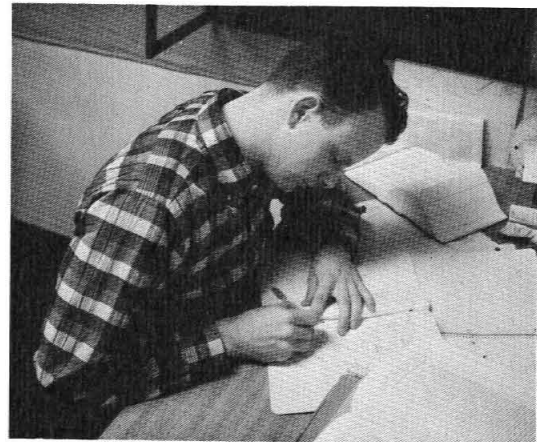
Close on the heels of this strange vandalism, came the Election Rally where Bloom's band put in its second appearance of the year. In the course of the Election Rally, John Cummings got hit with a movie reel, necessitating 11 stitches in his head. His hard-headedness was rewarded with victory, however, as he and three other Ruddock men romped their way into office. Fred Lamb captured the ASCIT presidency, Martin Smith became Vice-President, and the IHC chairmanship went to Eric Young.

In case anybody lost any money on election bets, he had a chance to lose some more at the Nevada night. Craps, roulette, and twenty-one gave everybody a chance to work off the effects of a charcoal-broiled Saga steak dinner as well as to pick up some loose Ruddock House counterfeit cash. At the end of the evening, it looked like Bloom had cleaned up with ten times his original stake.

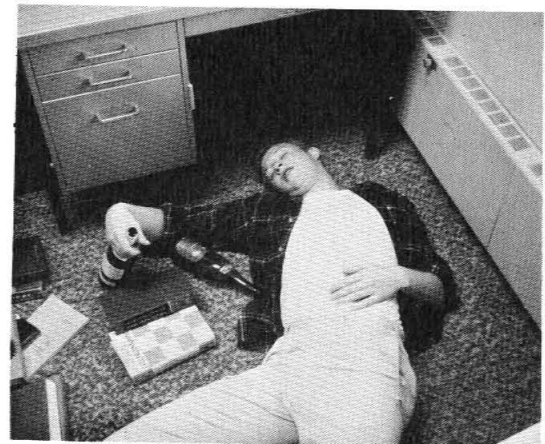
Almost before the roulette wheel had stopped spinning, the men of Ruddock again headed for the hills to try out their crew at the second term Barn Dance. Wendy sparked the team with a four-second "live" to beat the Lloyd rowdies by a sizeable margin. The flammers also had to show their stuff as the two-man team of veteran Karlton and rookie Cable went out to their trial by fire. Cable, drinking his first "live" in public, twitched and afforded Karlton the opportunity to demonstrate his superb towelng technique as he smothered the blue flames which danced all over Cable's face. To top off his towelng exhibition, Karlton proceeded to show the world that he needed no towelng himself as he drank a perfect "extended," spilling only a couple of drops.



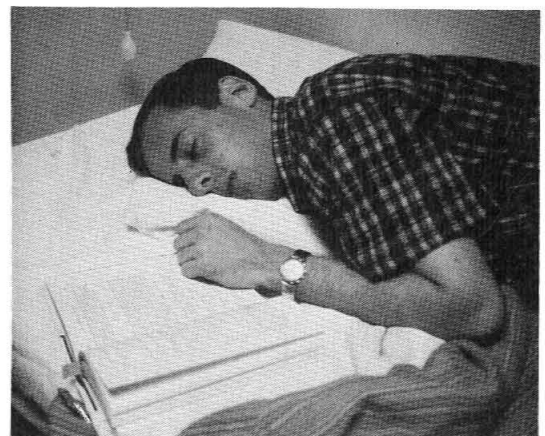
Freshman



Sophomore



Junior



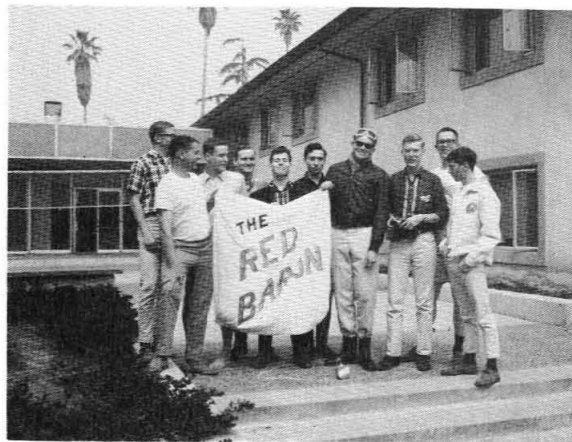
Senior



"Or perhaps something in a family car . . ."



Ruddock culture vultures.



Red Baron, Snoopy, UFO, and Recovery Team.

At this point, Chuck Allen began to establish a reputation for himself as the Red Baron through his piloting exploits in a Beechcraft Bonanza. On one of his flights, the Red Baron's plane was reported as a flying saucer by an amateur astrologist in Blacker who spotted the plane with its landing lights on. The Red Baron was using the landing lights to signal to a receiver stationed on the roof of Saga. The receiver, best known as Snoopy (Al Harris), was also signaling to the Red Baron with a powerful searchlight. The UFO flight was followed by a wave of parachute-dropping runs as film cans oaded with weights and messages dropped from the skies over Tech, dangling from small, white parachutes. One large parachute, prepared by the Frink Society, was dropped over Riverside in spite of a slight soiling en route from Suchter's airsickness!

While the Red Baron was out flying, the Interhouse chorus was singing its way to a fifth place in the Interhouse Sing. The Ruddock House quartet of Broste, Bruns, Galley, and Henerey crooned its way to first place with a fantastic repertoire that had the audience in the palms of their hands.

Meanwhile, on the athletic field, Ruddock was holding its own in Interhouse sports. The track team sprinted to a second place with firsts by Cummings, Lee, and Andrew. Only a couple of superfresh from Page kept Ruddock out of first place. The volleyball team put on a good showing, staying in contention for first place. Brewer was obviously the top man in volleyball, but he got lots of support from Barbosa, Bruns, Dickinson, and Karlton.

With the end of second term approaching, the candidates for house office started to campaign in earnest. When the commotion had died down in the lounge, and the election committee, dressed as jungle guerilla fighters, returned with the results, Shuptrine had been elected president; Greenfeld, veep; Fettig, secretary; Wolf, treasurer; the team of Stonum, MacLeod, and Henery, social chairmen; Daniel and Chapyak, athletic managers and McCord, Librarian.

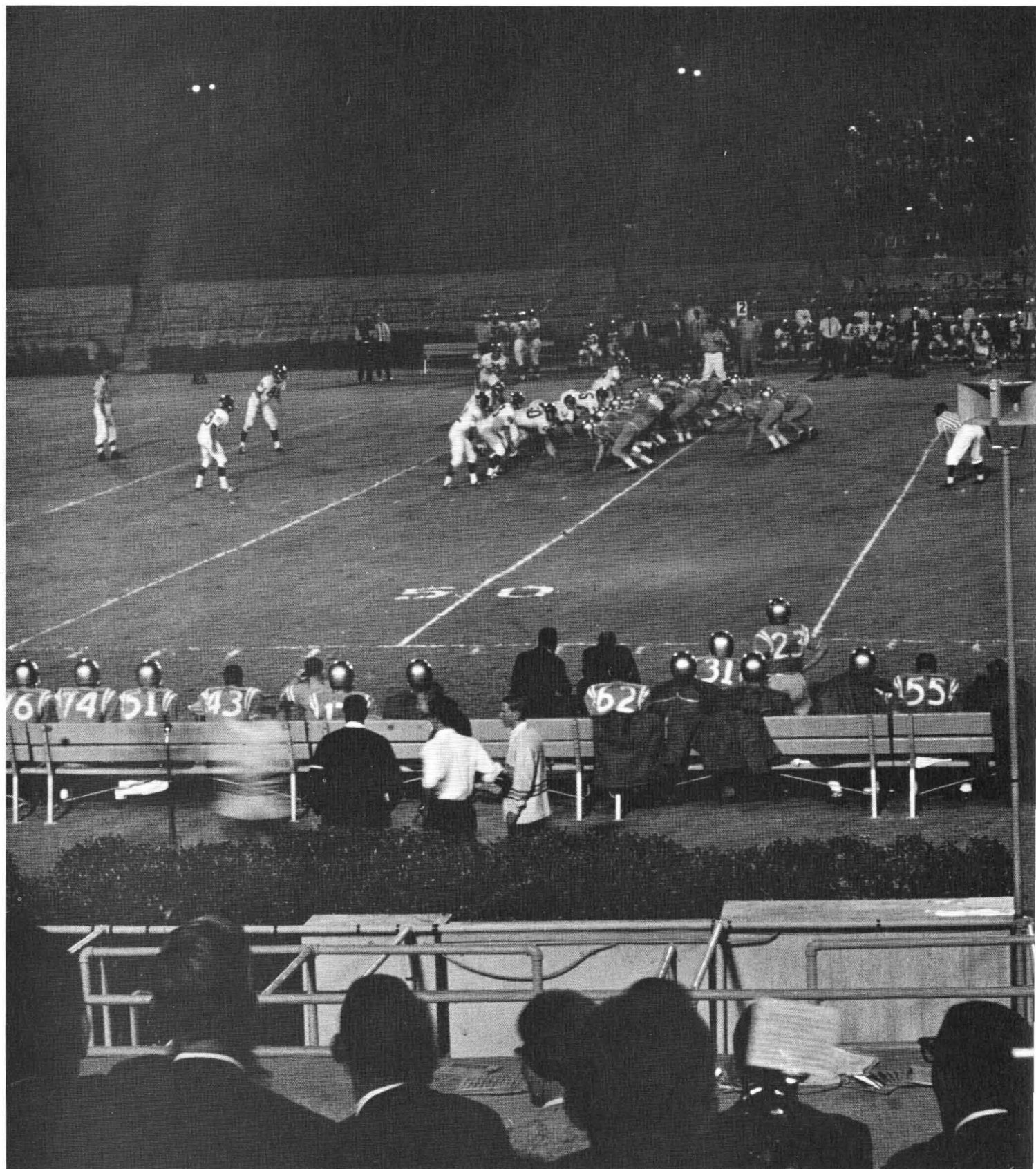
The last week before finals was typically noisy as the guys took one last chance to goof-off before finals and to let off some of the mounting steam. Soon, the sounds of "the Ride of the Valkyries" signaled the end of the term, and the beginning of the glorious third-term climax to the academic year in the Eternal Sanctum of Jose Frink.



Frink election committee.



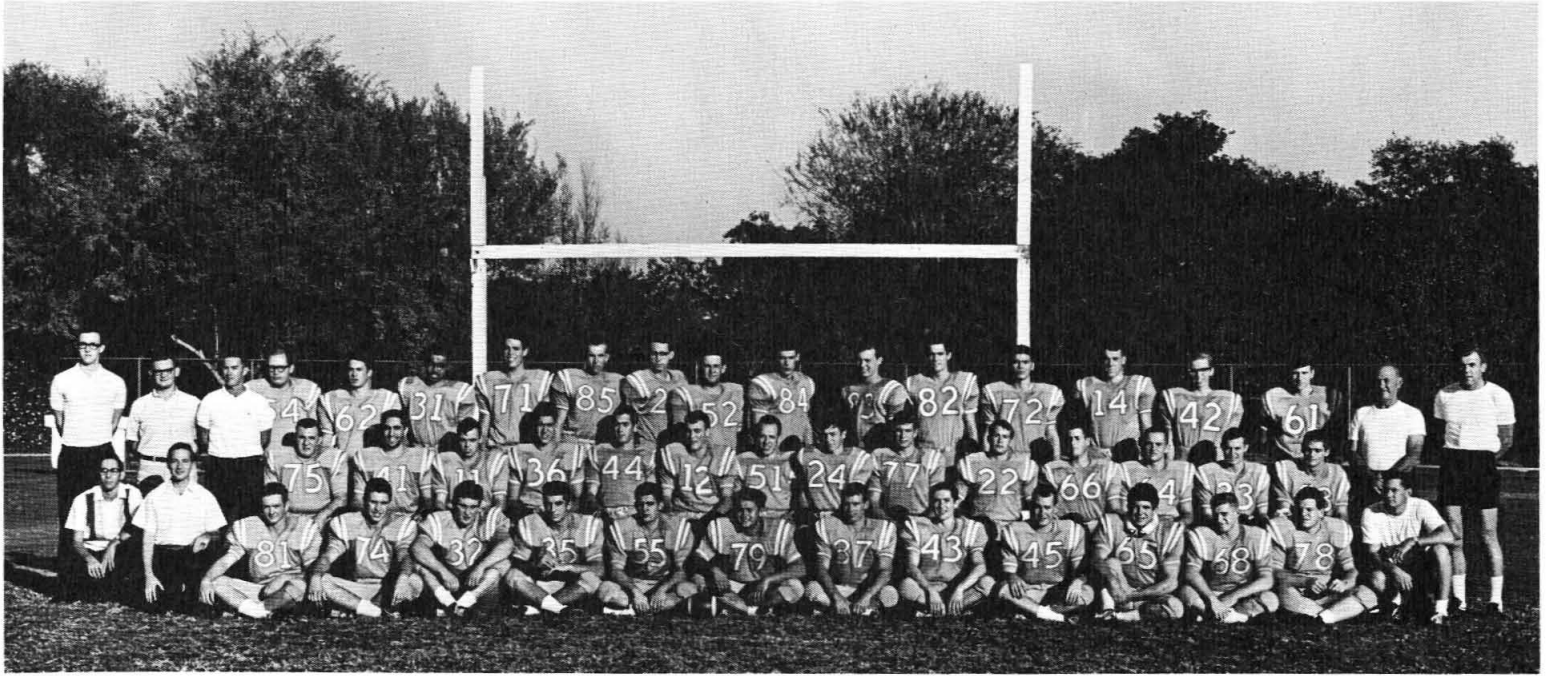
"A limburger sandwich and you."





SPORTS

FOOTBALL



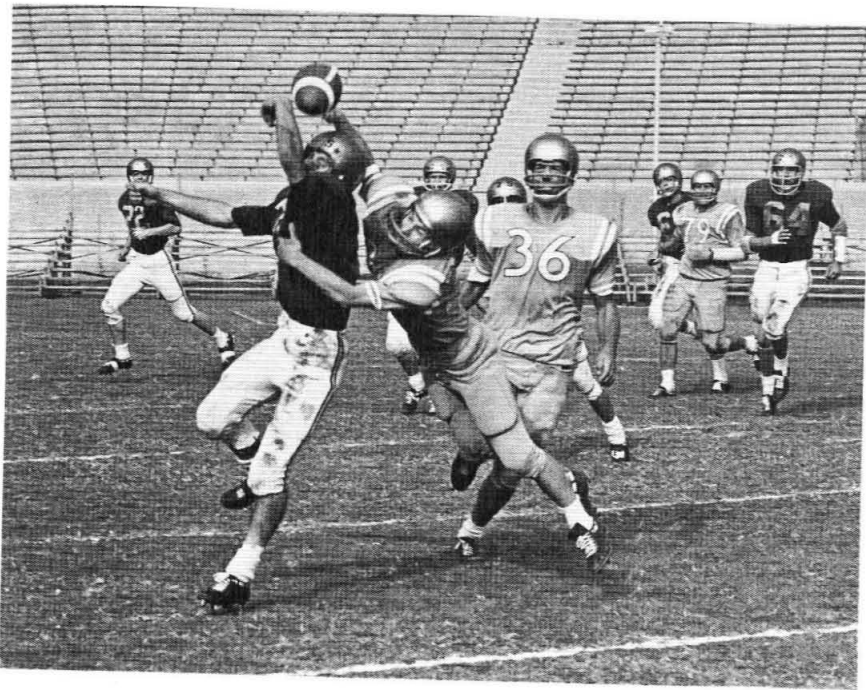
FRONT ROW: B. Roffman, Mgr., A. Kelter, Mgr., B. Wright, S. Logan, M. Brennan, R. Kawal, L. Myers, A. Kampe, L. Powers, C. McAllister, G. Little, L. Ensey, A. Peters, R. Serafin, Coach Bond.
SECOND ROW: J. Milstein, P. Karlton, J. Chapyak, J. Frazzini, T. Reedy, T. E. Burton, D. Bylund, M. Gerard, H. Powell, J. McWilliams,

J. Kenney, J. Deviny, R. Zamow, R. Dukelow. STANDING: T. Greenwood, Mgr., E. Wickstrom, Mgr., P. Bartel, Trainer, B. Mitchell, J. Lutton, J. Rhodes, R. Griest, G. Smith, E. Overman, L. Felder, R. Harley, W. Bloom, R. Drew, L. Lindquist, L. Martin, C. Helbery, T. Beatty, Coach LaBrucherie, Coach Baldwin.

With most of last year's lettermen returning, and several talented freshmen on the squad, it seemed as if Tech was about to enjoy one of its best seasons in many years. However, just as the backfield began to develop the strength and coordination that had characterized the line in previous years, it became evident that the line did not have the depth to do the job the team had counted on it to do.

Only in the Pomona game did we demonstrate our full potential. We played a hard, aggressive game, and scared the strong Sagehens until late in the final quarter.

Toward the end of the season the passing attack started to click giving the team a greatly improved ability to control the ball and sustain its attacks. Kampe, Frazzini, Burton, and Martin were awarded all League honorable mention, the latter three mainly for their contributions to the passing attack. Let us hope that these three men will contribute to an ever improving passing attack for the next two or three years.



It starts with defence.

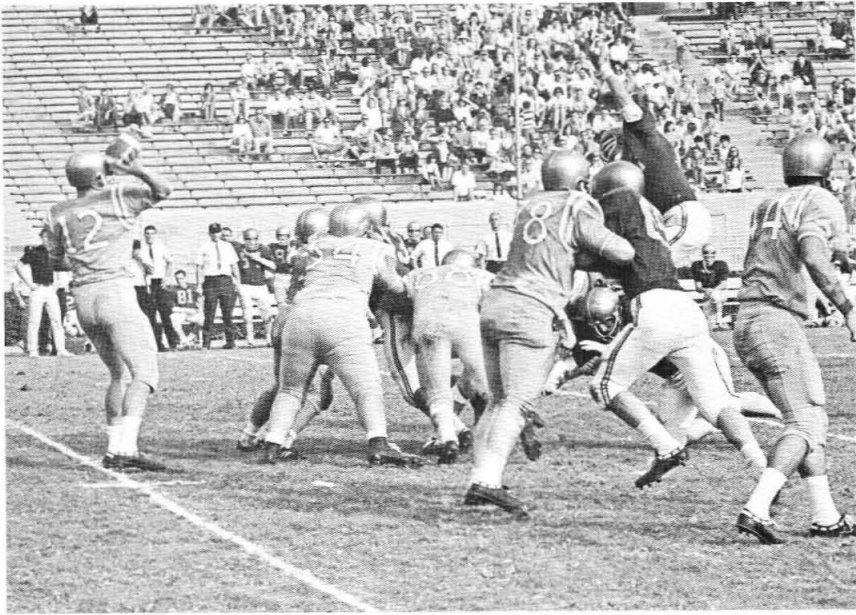
Get your man fast . . .

. . . hit him hard.



VARSITY RECORD

CIT	OPP
0 Azusa-Pacific	28
6 Pomona	21
6 La Verne	42
0 Cal Lutheran	49
7 UC Riverside	40
6 Occidental	62
7 CHM	55

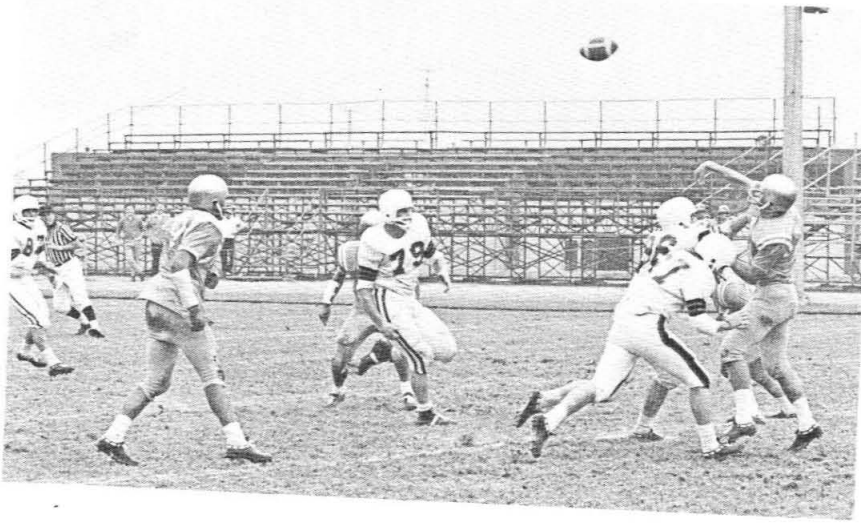


A good pocket to give the passer time . . .

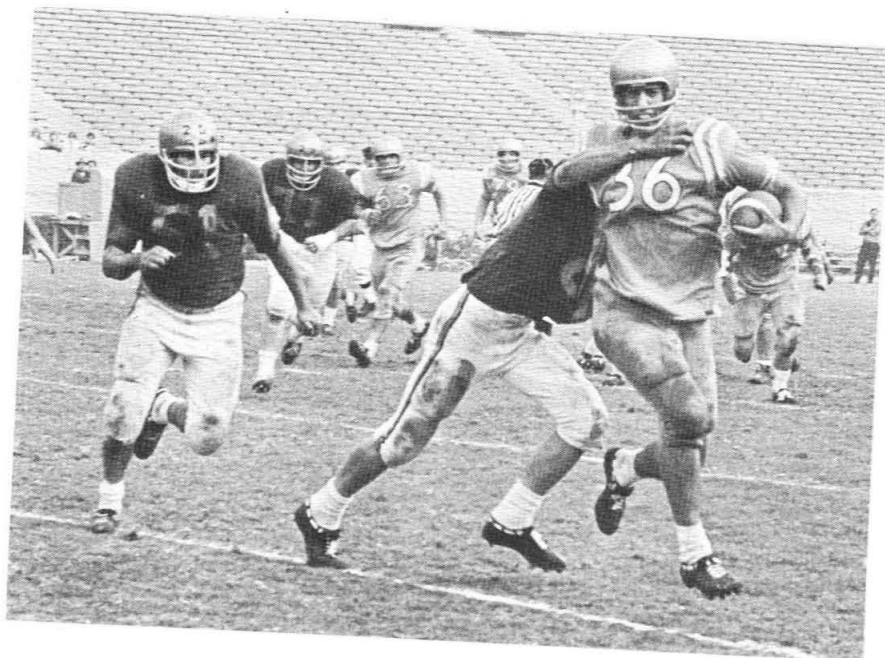
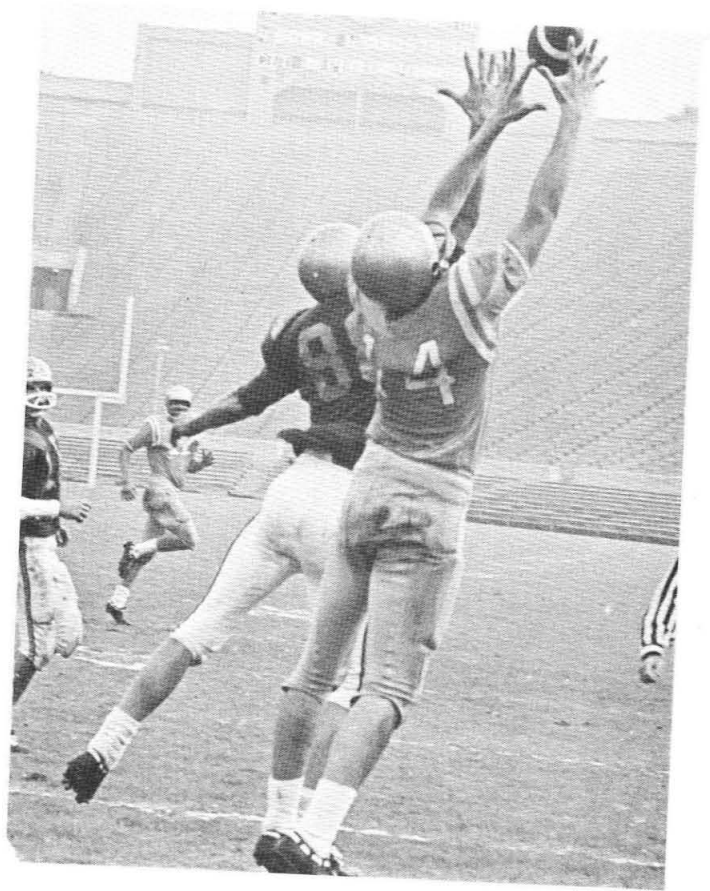


. . . who makes the catch and runs to daylight.

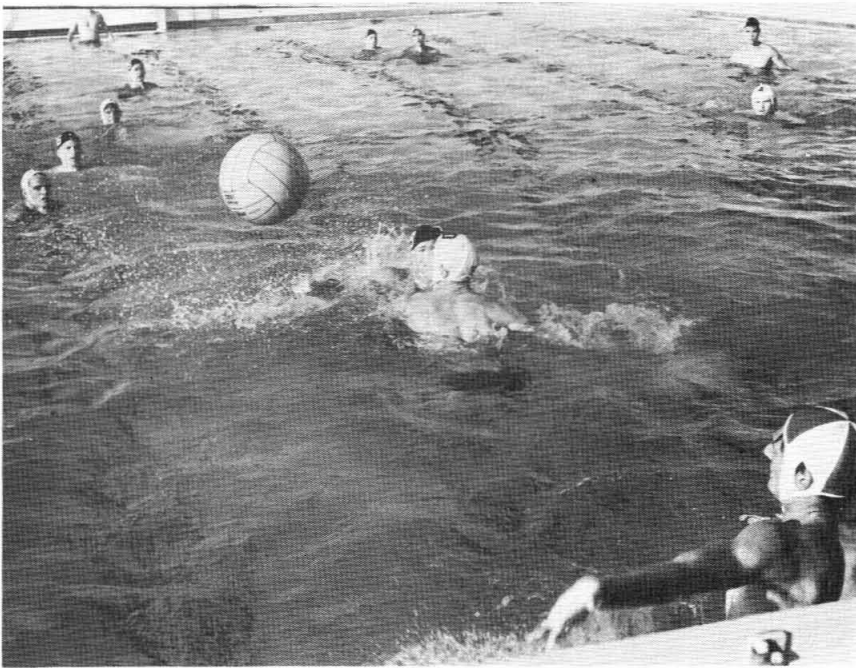




... to find a man open downfield ...



WATER POLO



VARSITY RECORD

CIT		OPP
2	Glendale	4
8	Alumni	9
9	Mt. Sac	5
18	Riverside	17
4	L.A. State	3
6	El Camino J.C.	17
3	San Fernando State	8
5	U.C. Irvine	15
7	CHM	9
8	Pomona	13
4	Cal Poly (Pomona)	9
5	Redlands	4
3	Occidental	15
10	CHM	14
3	Pomona	13
6	Cal Poly (Pomona)	14
4	Redlands	10
8	Occidental	17

U.C. IRVINE TOURNAMENT

8	Pomona	7
10	Redlands	6
10	CHM	14

1965 was a year of building for the Tech water polo team. Jim Woodhead, in his first varsity year, had to take over at goallie for last year's all conference goallie Mike Baskes. Henry DeWitt, up from the Frosh team, had to fill the gap caused by the loss of sprinter Larry Anderson because of illness.

Coach Emery experimented with a slightly modified offense for most of the season. The new offense didn't really start to jell until the late part of the season.

Perhaps the teams fine performance at the UC Irvine Tournament, and the strength the Frosh demonstrated in league competition, indicate that Tech will again be a league challenger next year.

FROSH RECORD

CIT		OPP
1	El Camino	18
5	PCC	31
6	CHM	13
13	Pomona	8
5	Cal Poly	3
16	Occidental	7
6	CHM	14
1	Cal Poly	17
11	Occidental	9





VARSITY—FRONT ROW: J. Soha, H. DeWitt, J. Walter, M. Cooper. SECOND ROW: Coach Emery, J. Woodhead, N. Whiteley, R. Gerritsen, P. Miller, R. Touton, R. Schor, mgr. THIRD ROW: B. Bell, J. Gibson, J. Haviland, R. Nielsen, D. Hackathorn, W. Davis, K. Garbade.



FROSH—FRONT ROW: G. Wright, M. Bell, G. Brown, R. Ellis, G. Lutz, B. Keller. SECOND ROW: M. Kalisvaart, D. Curry, C. Fisher, J. Ottensman, L. Hunt, R. Gillman, J. Armstrong, Coach Jenkins.



NCAA TEAM: Coach Andrews, L. Fishbone, D. Ericson, P. Bartlett, P. Balint, W. Long, J. Forbes, M. Farber, D. Kubler, K. Young, N. MacLeod, W. Innes, A. Marsh, R. Crane, N. Hunsaker.

Nineteen sixty-five was the first year of the division of the soccer team into an NCAA and an Open squad. Due to the fact that there were few undergraduates on last years varsity squad, this meant a year of building for the NCAA team. Although plagued by injuries this team showed much development. Since it was composed by many Freshman and very few upperclassmen, the NCAA team showed great promise for the next few years.

The Open team had trouble settling down at the beginning of the season. It recovered after the fourth game and won most of its remaining games.

NCAA TEAM RECORD

CIT		OPP
0	Loyola	8
0	UC Santa Barbara	1
2	Pomona	2
0	UCLA-JV	8
6	Cal State Full.	3
0	Occidental	8
1	Cal Poly	2
1	Redlands	6
0	Westmont	2
0	Riverside	4
1	Biola	5
0	UCLA-JV	4



OPEN TEAM RECORD		
CIT		OPP
2	UC Santa Barbara	3
0	Pomona	4
1	UCLA	3
0	USC	3
6	Pomona	0
6	Whittier	0
5	Chapman	5
7	Riverside	0
3	Biola	1
1	UCLA	3



OPEN TEAM—FRONT ROW: J. Laussade, J. Trischuk, M. Mahn, W Behrens, P. Rispin.
 SECOND ROW: Coach Andrews, T. Young, R. Wade, J. Gallivan, H. Mueller, L. Earwaker,
 J. K. Evans, E. Kline, D. Blakemore.



The Open Soccer Team
pressing the attack.



CROSS COUNTRY



VARSITY—FRONT ROW: V Stoecker, Coach Mack, R. Drucker. SECOND ROW: G. Harkness, D. Kolb, P. Cross, S. Poltrock, L. Mason, M. Meo.

FROSH

CIT		OPP
52	Occidental	15
35	Redlands	20
30	CHM	25
11	Whittier	31
37	Pomona	19

VARSITY

CIT		OPP
41	Occidental	20
36	Redlands	24
23	CHM	32
24	Whittier	33
28	Pomona	28



FROSH—FRONT ROW: K. Kamm, V. Junkkarinen, R. Wilson, Coach Mack. SECOND ROW: D. Lackey, J. Hauge, R. Tarjan, T. Jordan, G. Johnson.

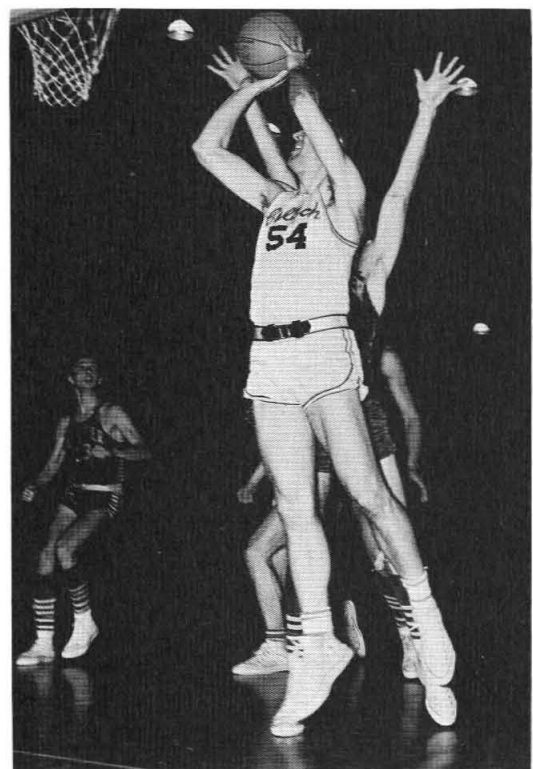
BASKETBALL

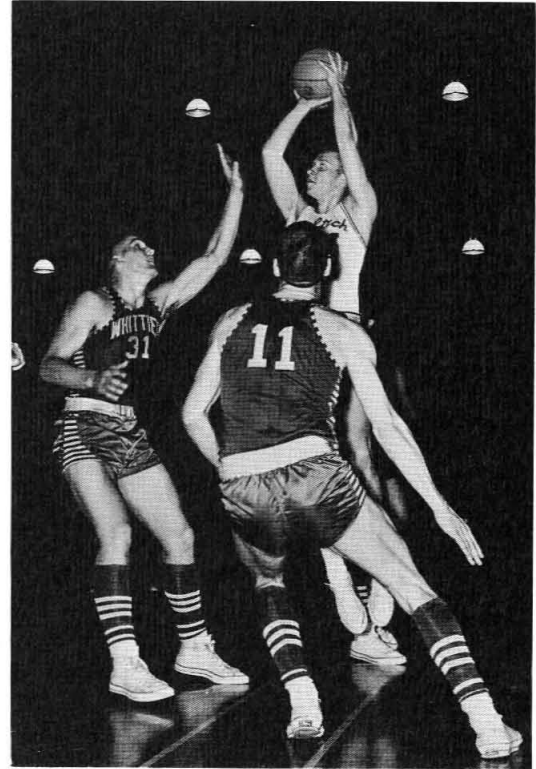


VARSITY—FIRST ROW: E. Hsi,, D. Holford, J. Stanley, D. Blair, M. Dowd, R. Harslem.
SECOND ROW: G. Thompson, L. Ericson, J. Yudelson, T. Bruns, J. Pearson, L. Fishbone, D. Chu, Coach Preisler.



Ed Preisler's basketball team got off to a tremendous start as they won their first four games and went into the vacation with a perfect record. But the long layoff showed its effects in the next few games, and a further blow came when Captain Jim Pearson was sideline with a leg injury.

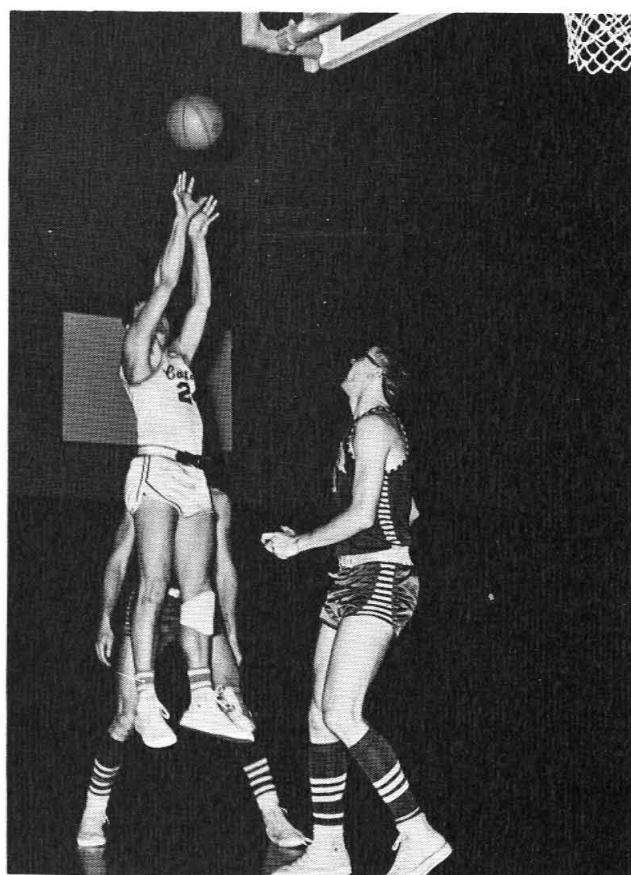
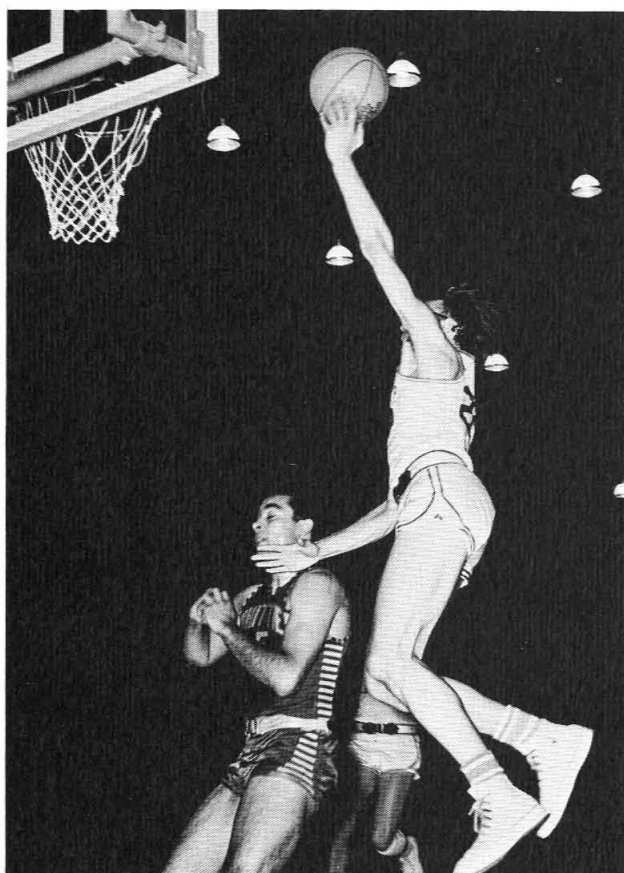




Nevertheless morale stayed high and everybody showed good fighting spirit. Terry Bruns led the team in both the scoring and rebounding departments, and he got good support from Jerry Yudelson, Jim Stanley, and, until his injury, Pearson. The team loses some key men this year, but the three leading scorers are returning, and next year's team might have some surprises up its sleeve.



FROSH—FIRST ROW: S. Hadler, Coach Yaudle, D. Villani. SECOND ROW: J. Blair, R. Drew, M. Henerrey, L. Martin, T. Burton, G. Billerbeck, J. Dancz, G. Fox, T. Reedy, B. Tarjan, E. Musgrave.



SEASON RECORDS

VARSITY OPP

FROSH OPP

—	—	Rio Hondo	41	101
65	62	Biola	51	66
105	52	Pac. Chris./Rio Hon.	41	96
84	74	Life/Rio Hondo	48	87
98	65	Life	—	—
59	100	U.C. Irvine	43	126
55	78	Pomona	50	96
61	92	Occidental	67	90
47	77	CHM	56	100
49	111	Whittier	30	123
46	98	Cal Lutheran	44	90
73	115	Occidental	59	99
76	93	U.C. Riverside	46	103
65	84	Redlands	33	102
70	74	Biola	58	80
63	94	CHM	57	61
67	95	Pomona	54	89
58	110	U.C. Riverside	41	97
60	91	Redlands	37	86
62	82	Azusa Pacific	46	89
66	105	U.C. Irvine	39	137
59	108	Whittier	—	—

WRESTLING



M. Elam, M. MacLeod, R. Griest, J. DeVinney, J. Stevens, L. Gorbet, D. Sachs, J. Woodhead, R. Crenshaw, E. Kort, Coach Maringer.

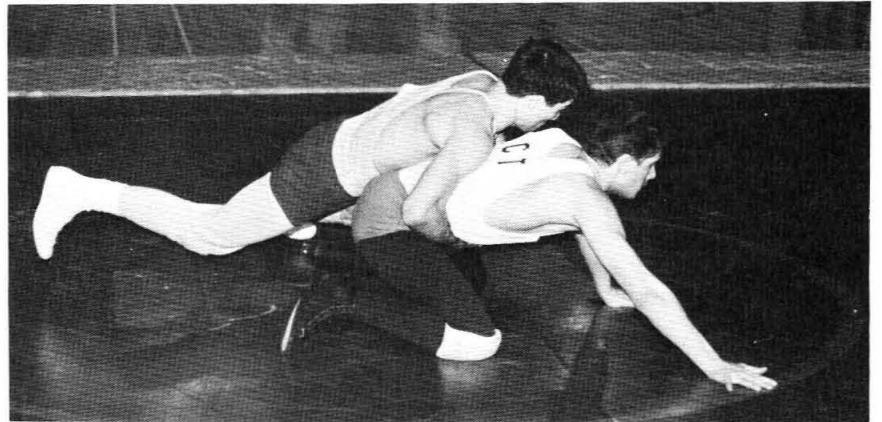
SEASON'S RECORD

CIT

16	Los Angeles City College
24	Los Angeles Trade Tech
10	San Fernando Valley State
23	Biola
20	Pomona
10	CHM
10	Cal Lutheran
19	Biola
18	Whittier
11	Pomona
11	Cal Lutheran
28	CHM
21	Whittier
19	Los Angeles City College

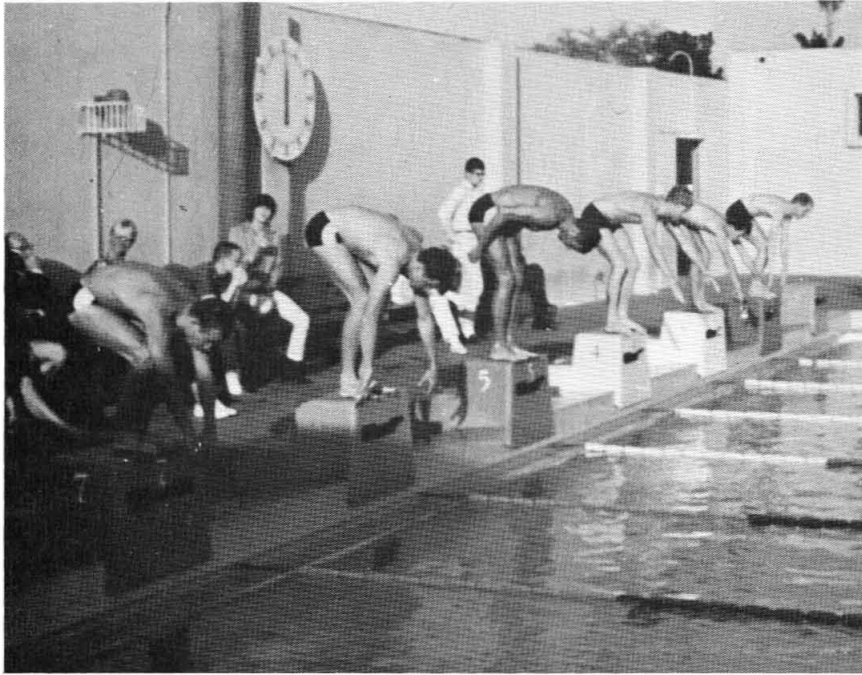
OPP

23
16
25
18
21
29
31
18
20
24
26
6
13
23



The wrestling team won almost half its matches this year, although plagued by injuries and especially by the lack of enough men to fill all the weight classes. All the matmen except co-captain Crenshaw will return next year, so an experienced team, supported, hopefully, by another crop of promising frosh wrestlers, should do very well in the '66-'67 season.

SWIMMING



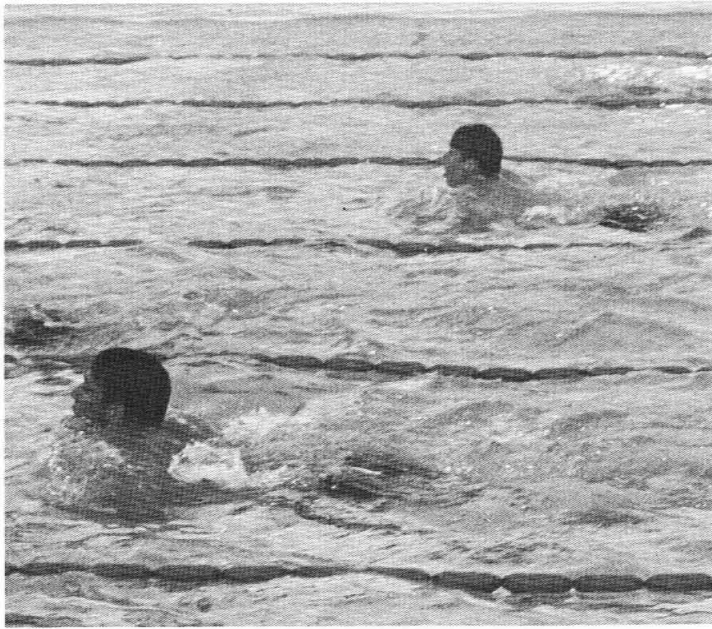
The start of the new swimming season saw school records broken in . . .

. . . the backstroke . . .



. . . the medley relay . . .





... and the individual medley.



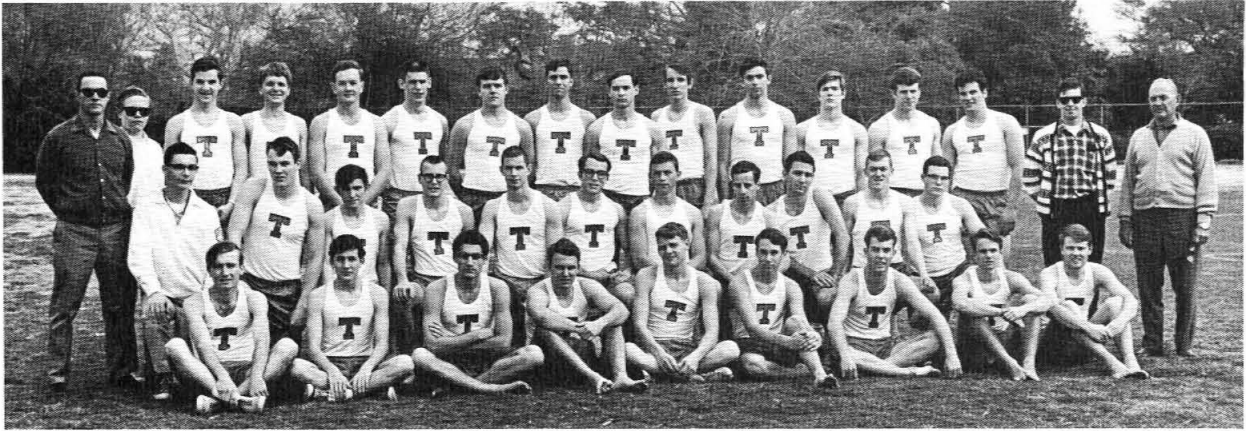
Many other fine efforts were made by ...

... the team.



FIRST ROW: L. Lindquist, K. Garbade, G. Lutz, M. Gare, J. Lutton, C. Fisher, P. Dimotakis, J. Armstrong, J. Held. SECOND ROW: D. Woodward, L. Anderson, R. Schor. THIRD ROW: Coach Jenkins, H. DeWitt, J. Haviland, G. Wright, M. Kalisvaart, L. Hunt, S. Pearson, R. Gerritsen, G. Brown, K. Gibson, M. Dole, J. Bennett, Coach Emery.

TRACK AND

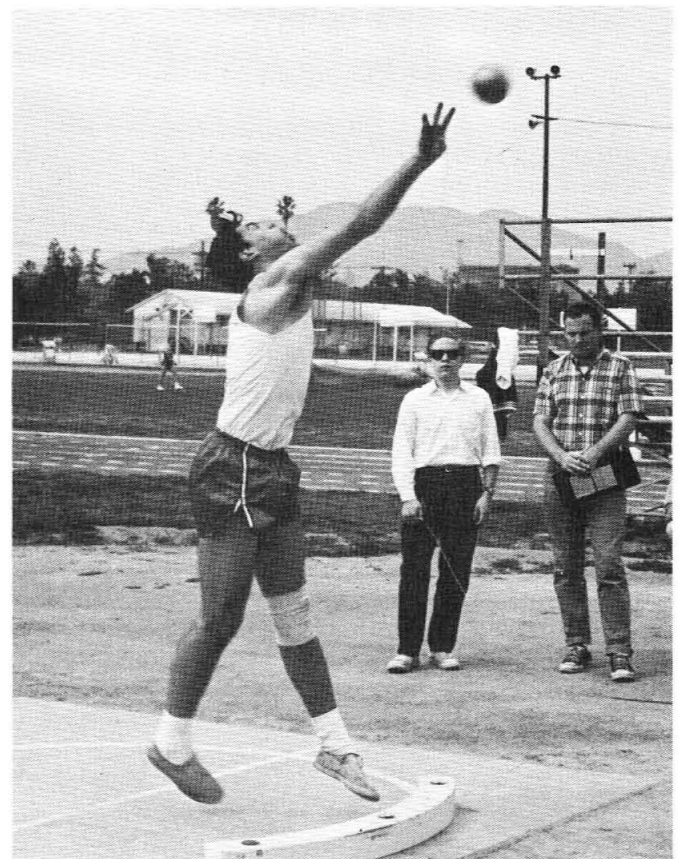


FIRST ROW: P. Cross, T. Jordan, M. Meo, J. Austin, D. Gage, J. Andrew, J. Cummings, L. Mason, G. Schultz. SECOND ROW: L. Nelson, T. Burton, V. Junkkarinen, B. Tarjan, W. Innes, P. Wyatt, C. Carlyle, F. Lamb, D. Schneringer, B. Miller, J. Gharret. THIRD ROW: Coach Barthel, S. Pomeroy, R. Pelzmann, J. Hague, W. Wright, D. Harley, J. Stanley, T. Williams, A. Lee, G. Fox, R. Levinson, V. Stroecker, T. Beatty, M. Brennan, R. Suchter, Coach LaBrucherie.



This year the freshmen and the varsity combined to form one track and field team.

Some talented freshmen . . .



. . . and sophomores will add a great deal of strength to the squad.

FIELD



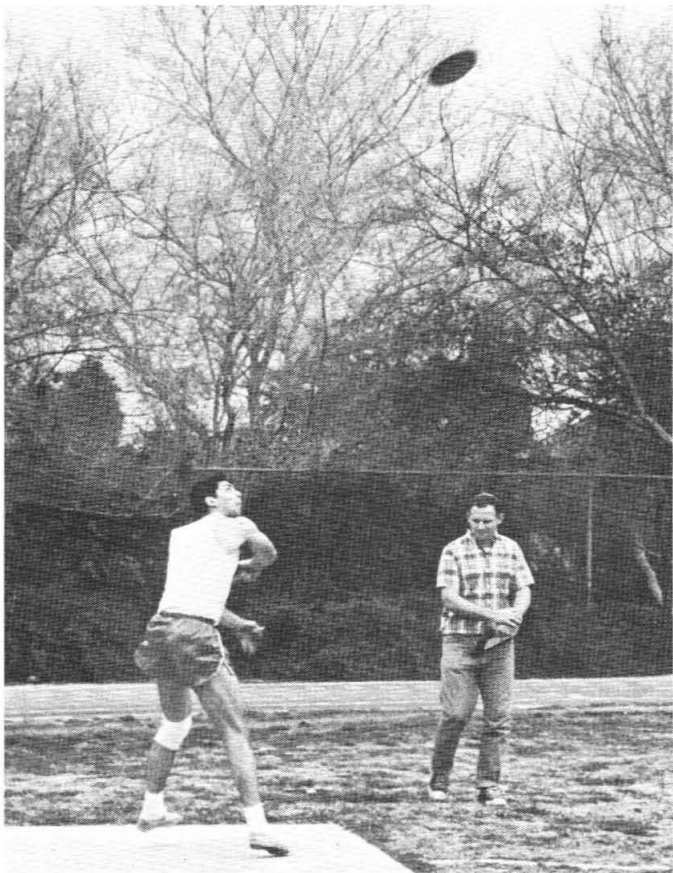
The team still depends heavily on juniors and seniors to lead the way.



New records have already been set in the mile and two mile runs . . .

. . . And there may be more before the season is over.





GOLF



W. Colglazier, J. Beall, R. Weatherwax, T. Resney, Coach Cassiel.

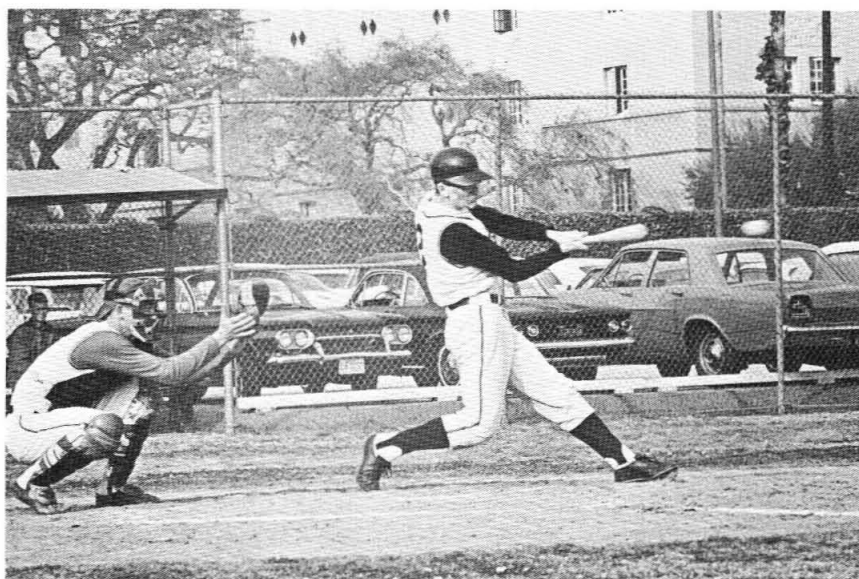


FIRST ROW: M. Radomski, R. Hey, A. Barkus, Coach Cassiel. SECOND ROW: M. Bartelt, J. Larson, D. Addis.

BASEBALL



The baseball team worked hard to get in shape this spring . . .



. . . the offense looked sharp . . .





FIRST ROW: D. Smith, K. Kubitz, D. White, S. Savas, J. Chapyak, C. Helberg, M. Farber.
 SECOND ROW: Coach Bond, P. Paine, L. Martin, J. Frazzini, B. Firestone, L. Fettig, T. Resney, S. Hammons, Coach Preisler.

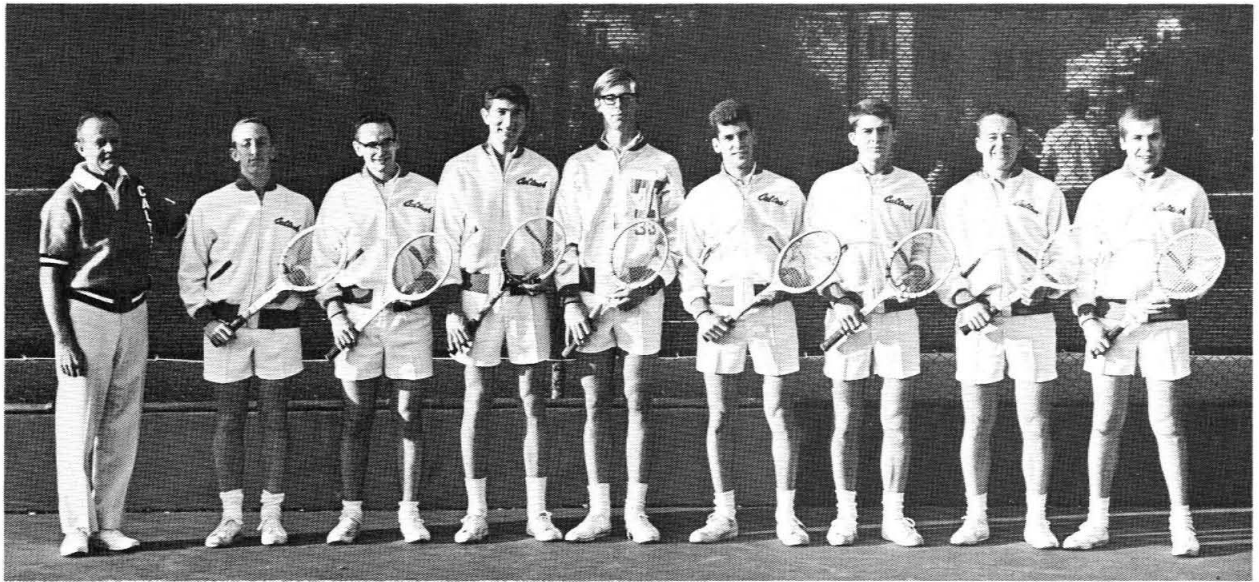


... and if the defense can come around . . .

... this could be a successful season.



TENNIS



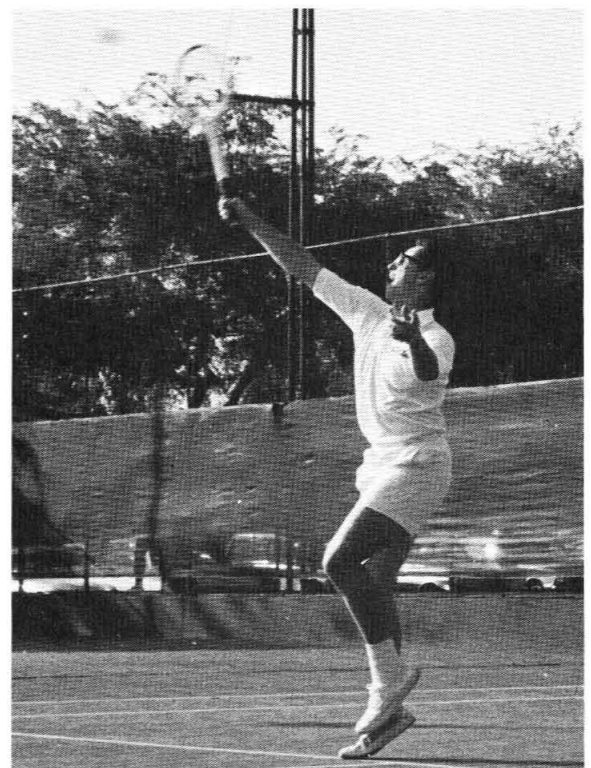
Coach Lamb, T. Buckholtz, W. Pitcher, D. McCarroll, J. Pressing, D. Lischinsky, R. Davidheiser, H. Robinson, E. Groth.

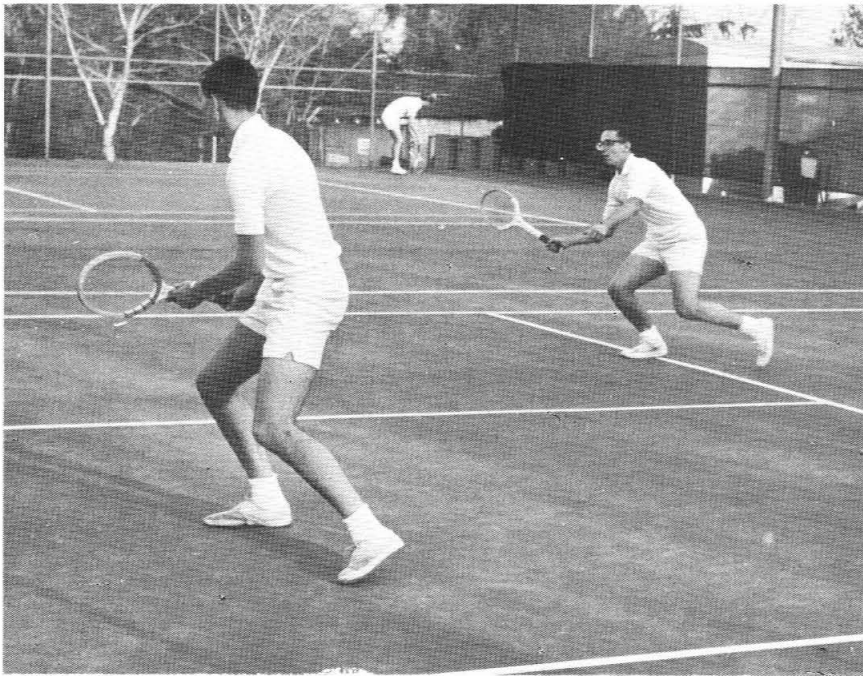
By the term break the varsity tennis team had played each league team once.



The results to that point were as follows:

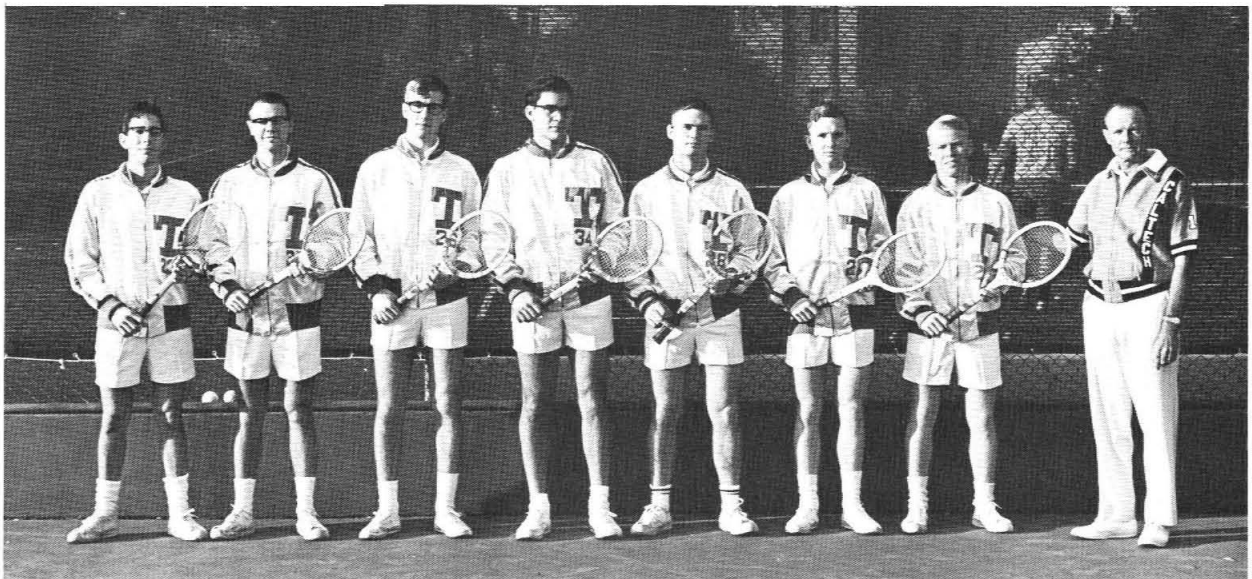
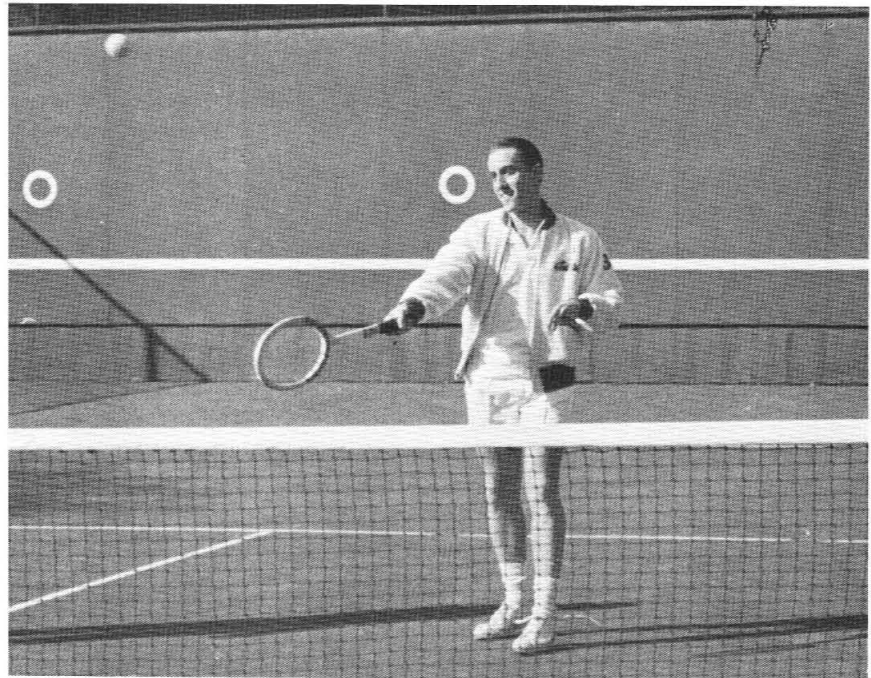
CIT		OPP
4	San Diego	4
5	Loyola	2
0	Redlands	9
6	USC	3
1	Pomona	7
1	Cal Poly	8
1	CHM	7
2	PCC	7
1	Occidental	7
1	Whittier	8
0	Pomona	9



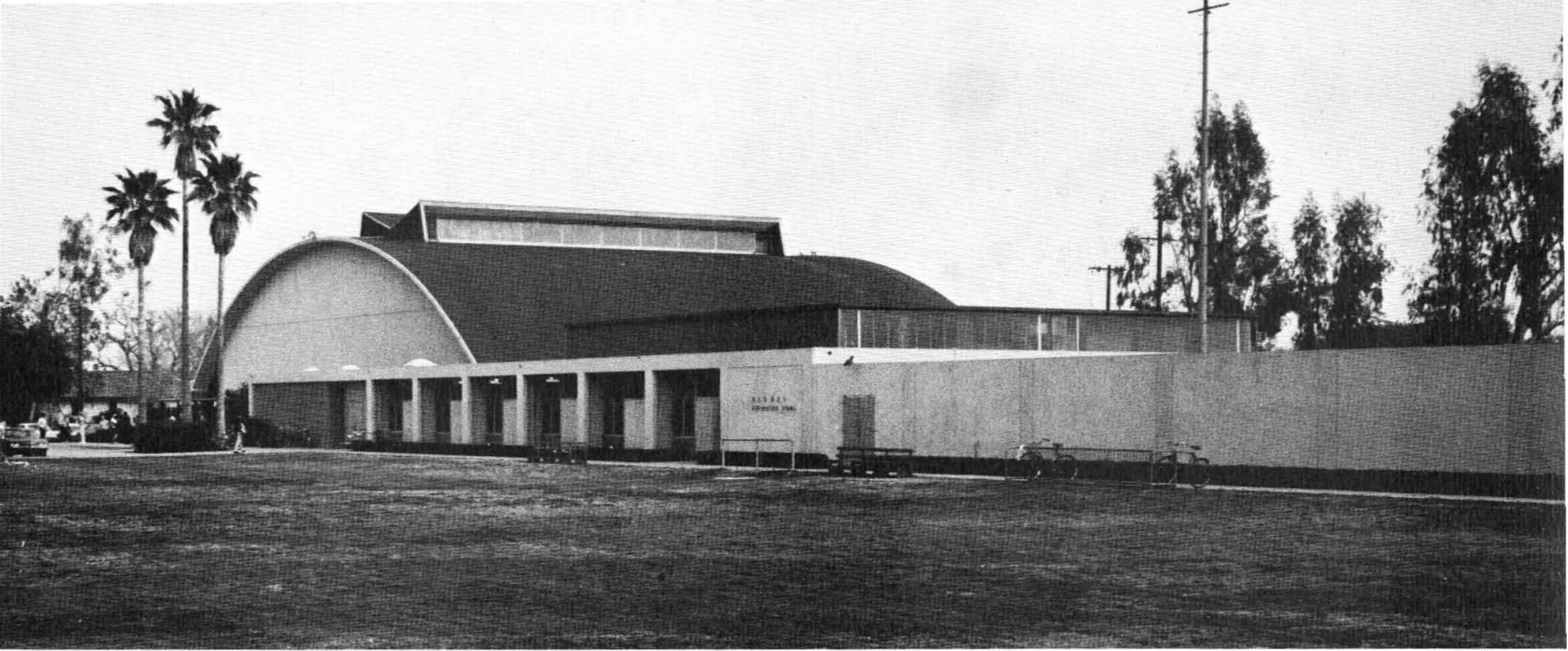


FROSH RESULTS

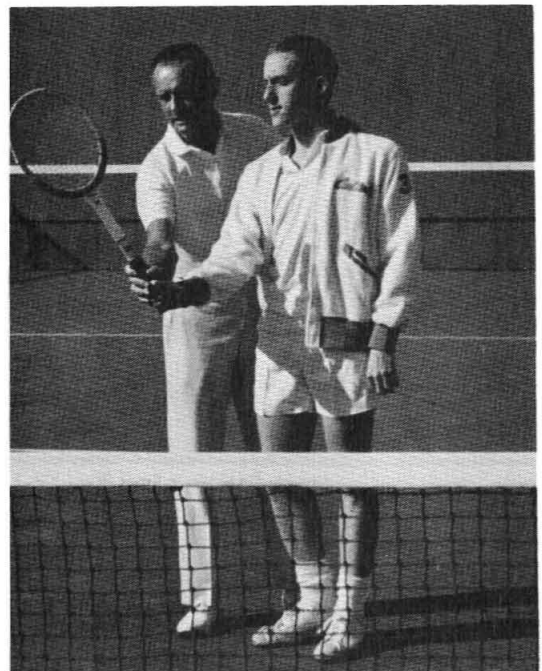
CIT		OPP
0	Redlands	9
0	USC	8
1	Pomona	7
1	CHM	7
2	Occidental	6
3	Whittier	6
3	Pomona	5



B. Roffman, B. Fertig, J. Healy, R. Rubinstein, R. Dukelow, M. Frost, G. Evans, Coach Lamb.



Webb Emery



John Lamb



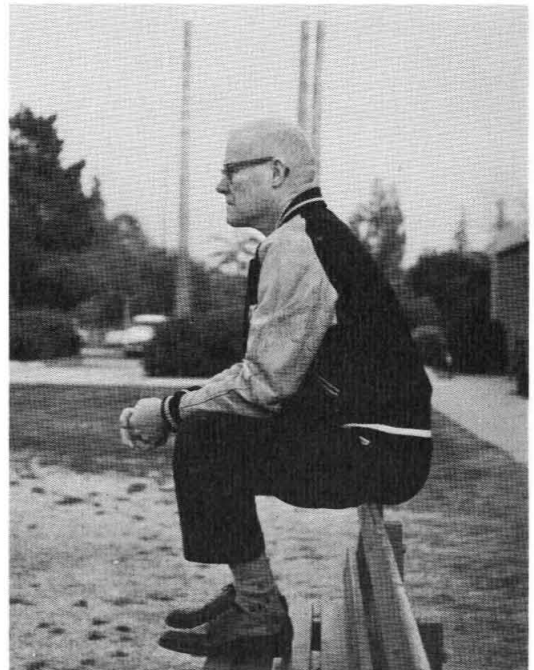
Ed Preisler



Bert LaBrucherie



Paul Barthel

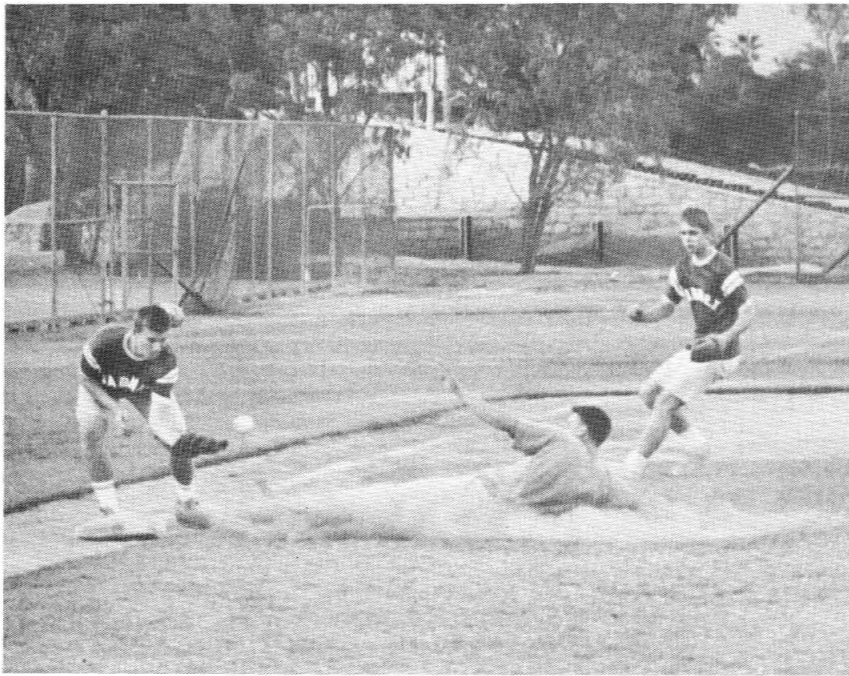


Jim Nerrie

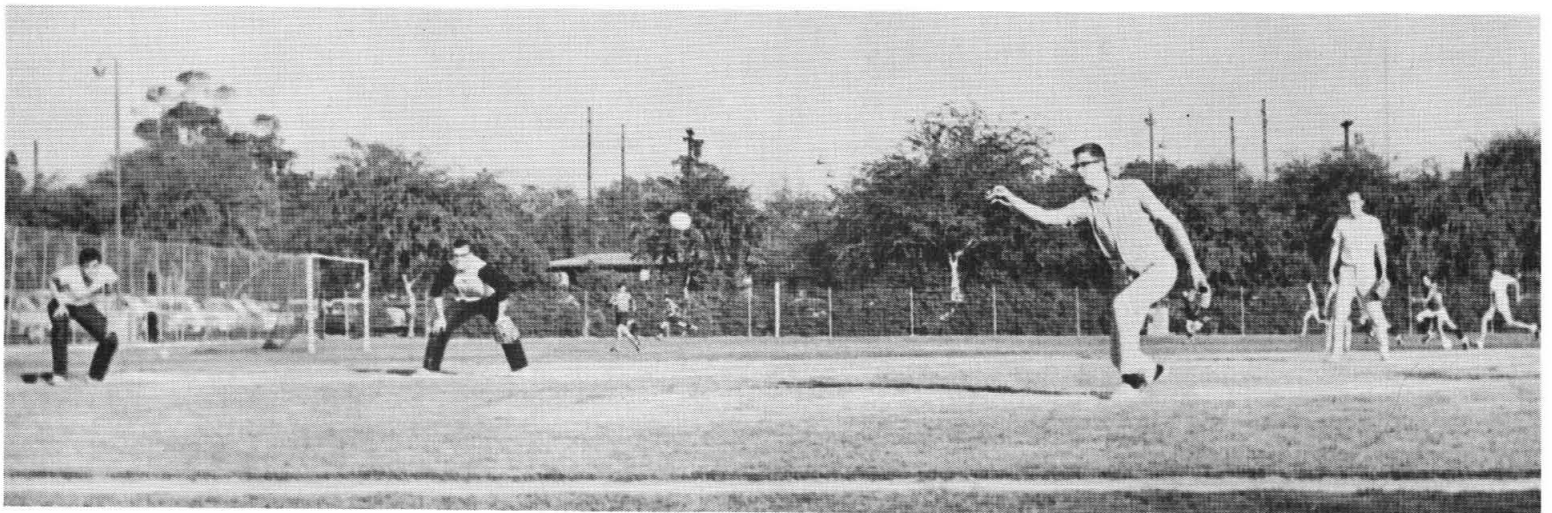
I H SOFTBALL

Fleming, Page, Dabney, and Blacker looked strong in the beginning . . .

Plenty of power and speed . . .

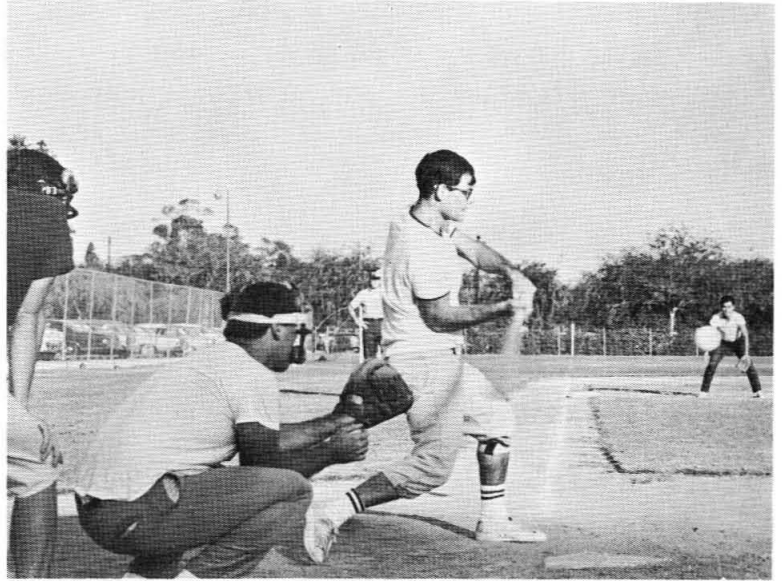


. . . there were many upsets . . .



. . . Rickets had strong pitching . . .

... and hitting ...



... they played well in the clutch and won it all.

FINAL STANDINGS

	W	L	T
Ricketts	5	1	0
Page	4	2	0
Dabney	3	2	1
Fleming	3	2	1
Blacker	2	4	0
Ruddock	2	4	0
Lloyd	1	5	0

I H SWIMMING

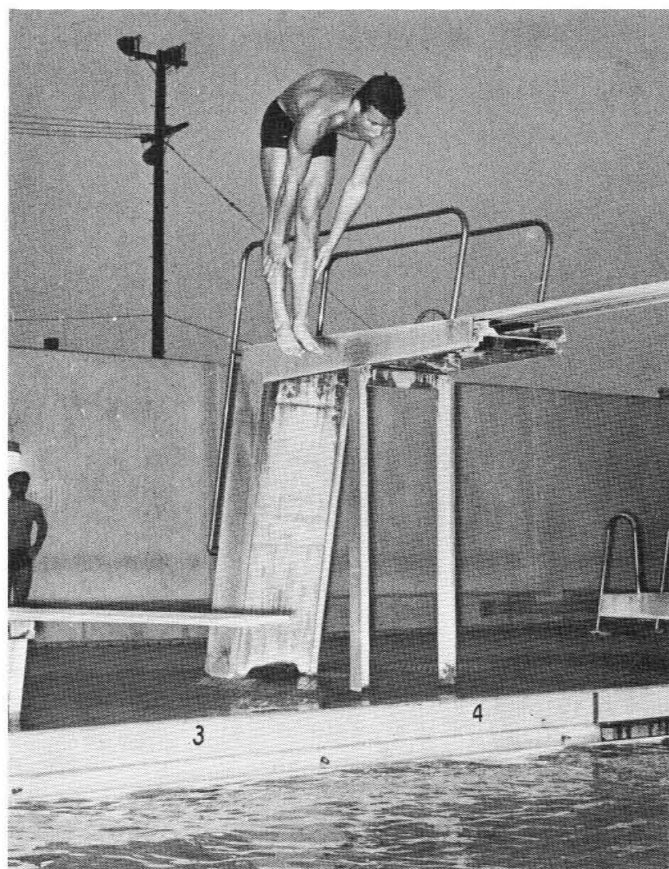


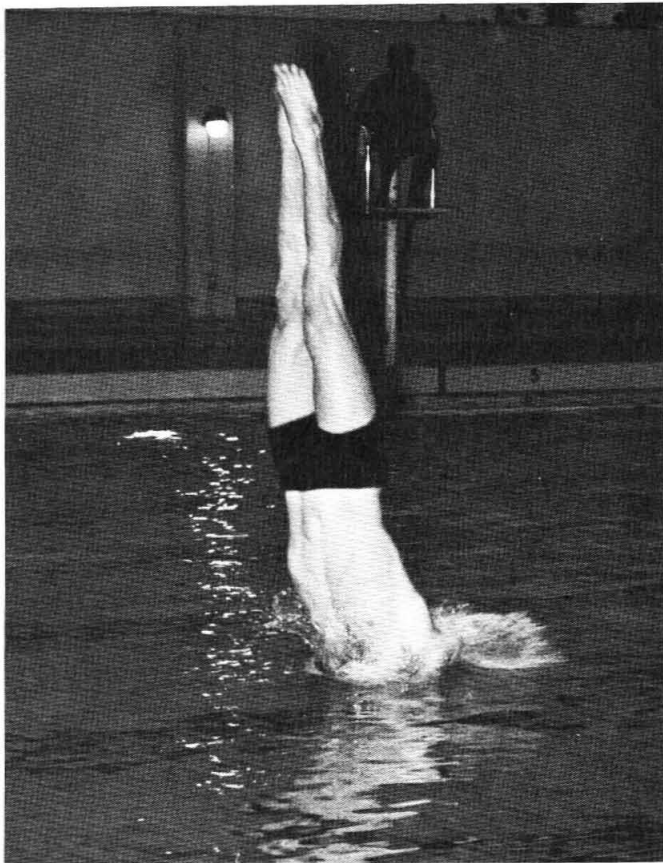
In spite of the rain 62 men entered the interhouse swimming meet in 1965, five more than last years record.

Fleming took first place in six of the nine events, winning both of the relays. They amassed 82 points for an even more impressive victory than they scored last year. The outcome was never in doubt. Ruddock, with no firsts, and four seconds easily took second place, because of superior depth.

MEET SCORES

Fleming	82
Ruddock	53½
Page	25
Dabney	24½
Ricketts	22
Blacker	14
Lloyd	13





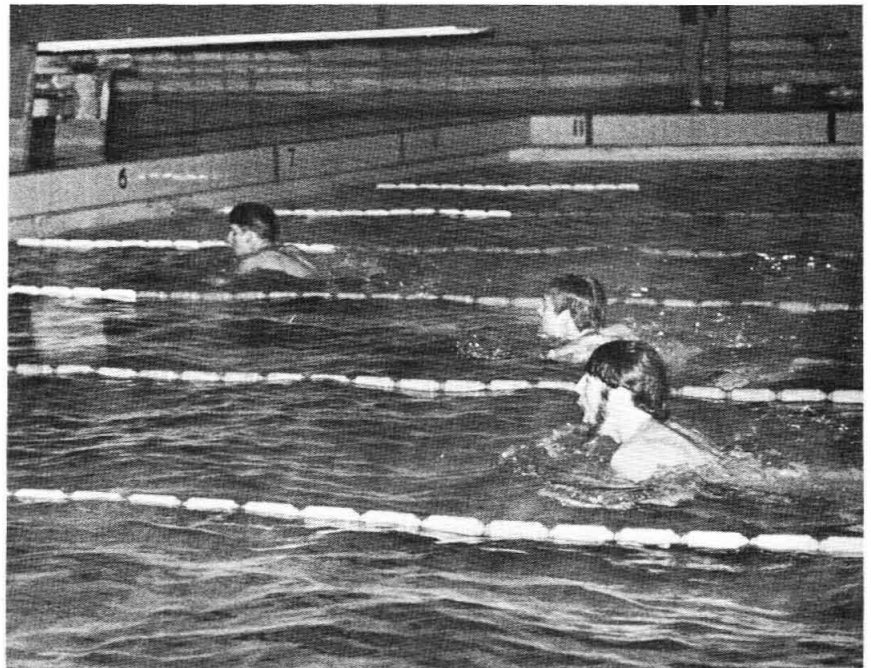
Outstanding individual performances were turned in by Ralph Kimbrell and Walt Davis of Fleming. Kimbrell won the 50 and 100 yard freestyle events, and anchored Fleming's record setting freestyle relay team.

Davis won the 50 yard backstroke, and swam on both of Fleming's winning relay teams.

Dick Wright of Fleming also did an outstanding job with two firsts and a second.

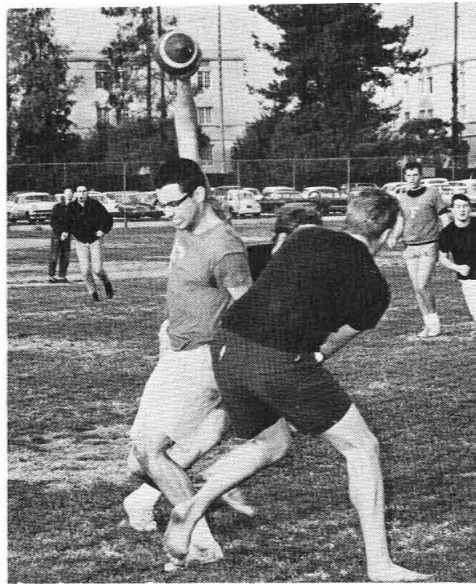
WINNERS

200 Yd Medley Relay	Fleming	2:08.6
50 Yd Freestyle	Kimbrell F	25.6
100 Yd I M	Wright F	1:22.7
50 Yd Backstroke	Davis F	33.3
100 Yd Freestyle	Kimbrell F	59.6
50 Yd Breastroke	Healy P	32.9
50 Yd Butterfly	Garet B	39.3
200 Yd Freestyle Relay	Fleming	1:38.1
Diving	Bennett D	92.50

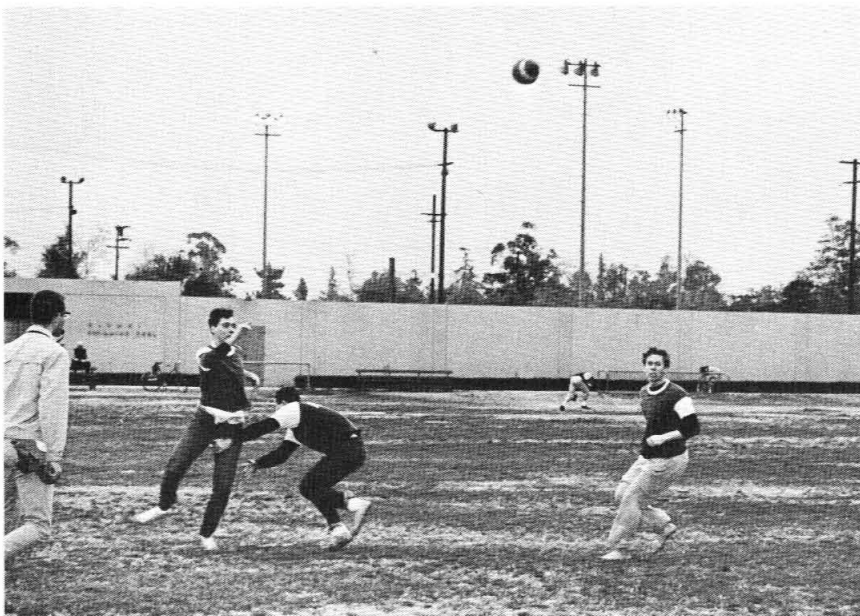


I H FOOTBALL

Interhouse football play was spirited in 1966...



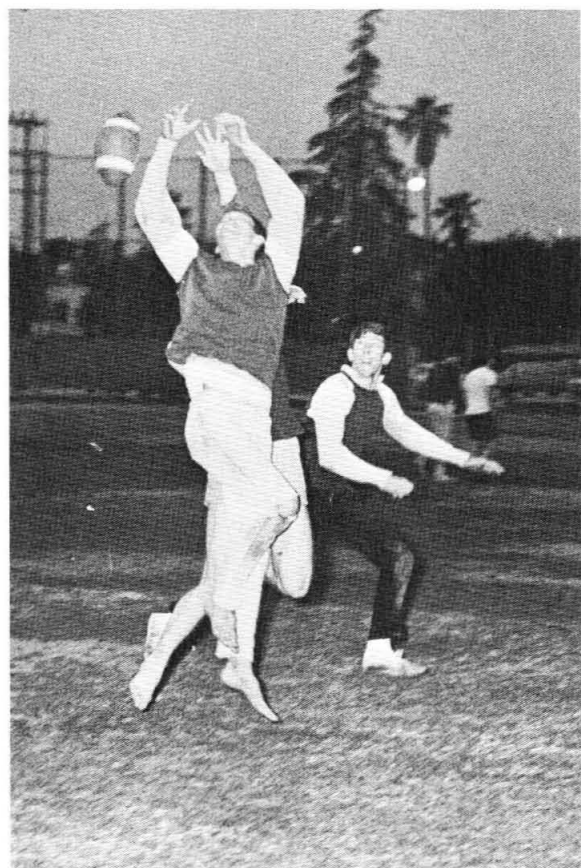
... the offences dominated with quarterbacks running...



... and passing for large gains, and many touchdowns.

But Page had one of the strongest defenses in the history of Interhouse football.

They stopped the running . . .



. . .and the passing . . .

. . .and all their opponents . . .

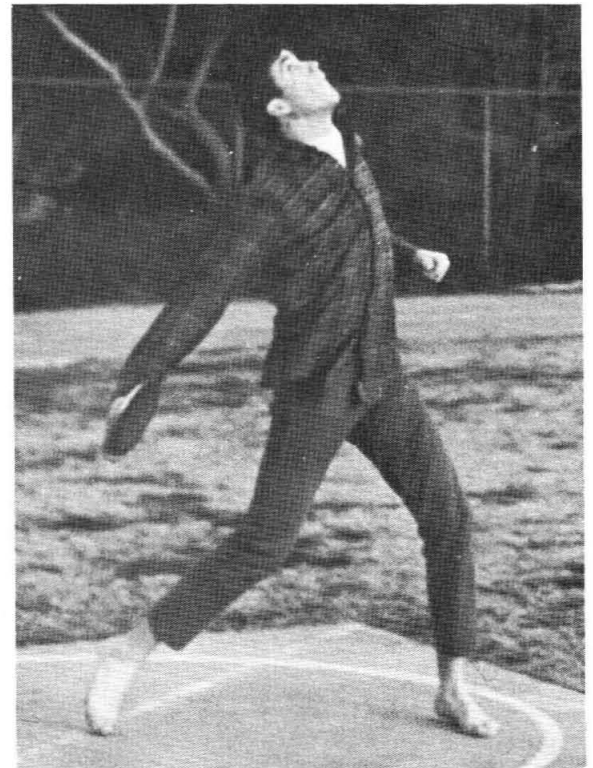
. . .COLD.

FINAL STANDINGS

	W	L	T
Page	6	0	0
Fleming	5	1	0
Rudduck	4	2	0
Lloyd	3	3	0
Blacker	1	4	1
Ricketts	1	4	1
Dabney	0	6	0

I H TRACK

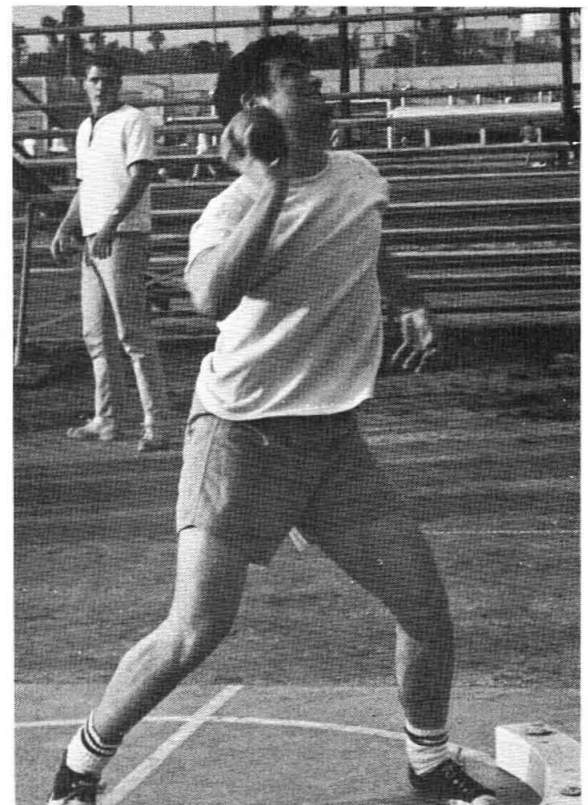
Fleming jumped off to an early lead. They scored 28 points in the field events to Page's 25 . . .



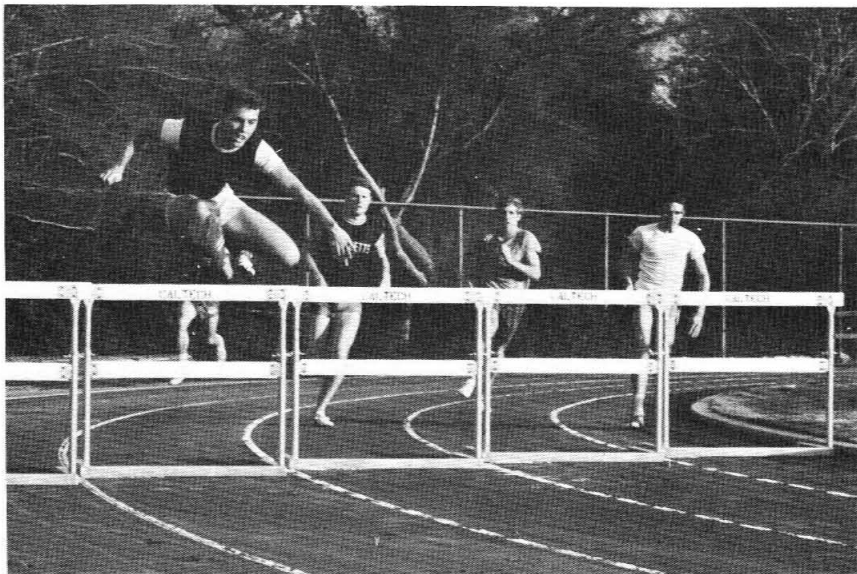
. . . but Page came on strong in track events, defeating second place Ruddock by a score of 70 to 60.

FINAL STANDINGS

Page	70
Ruddock	60
Fleming	40
Ricketts	29
Lloyd	16
Blackner	4
Dabney	2



AND FIELD



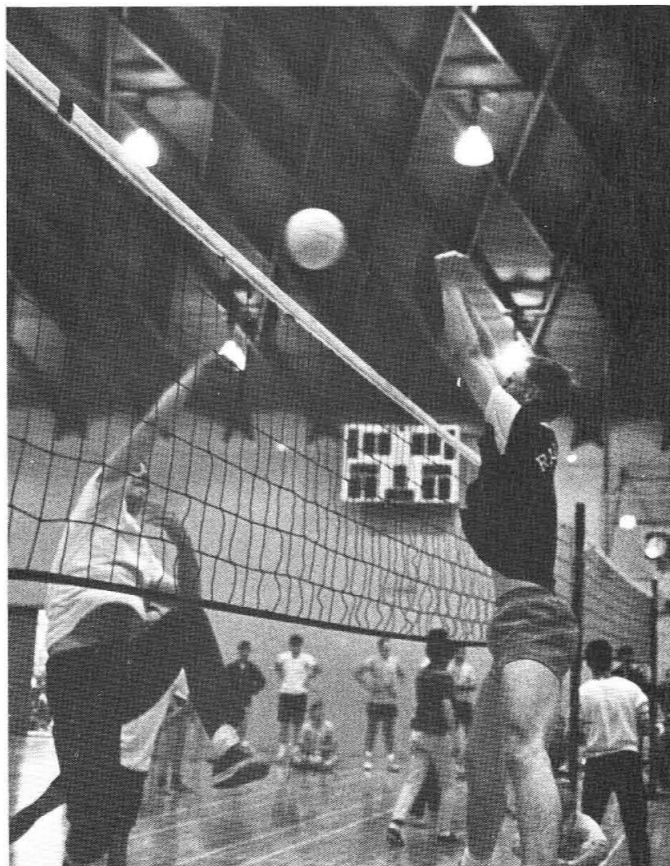
John Cummings of Ruddock turned in an outstanding individual performance winning 3 events.

Outstanding performances were also turned in by Dennis Schneringer of Page and Tom Wilson of Fleming each of whom won 2 events . . .

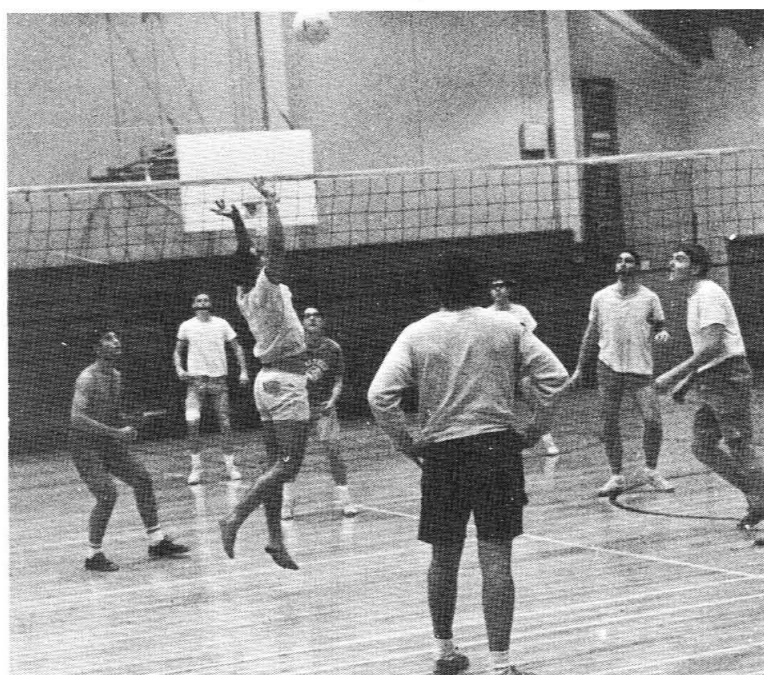


. . . Schneringer won the 1320 in the record time of 3:21.6. Ron Peterson of Lloyd also set an interhouse record by clearing 5'10½" in the high jump.

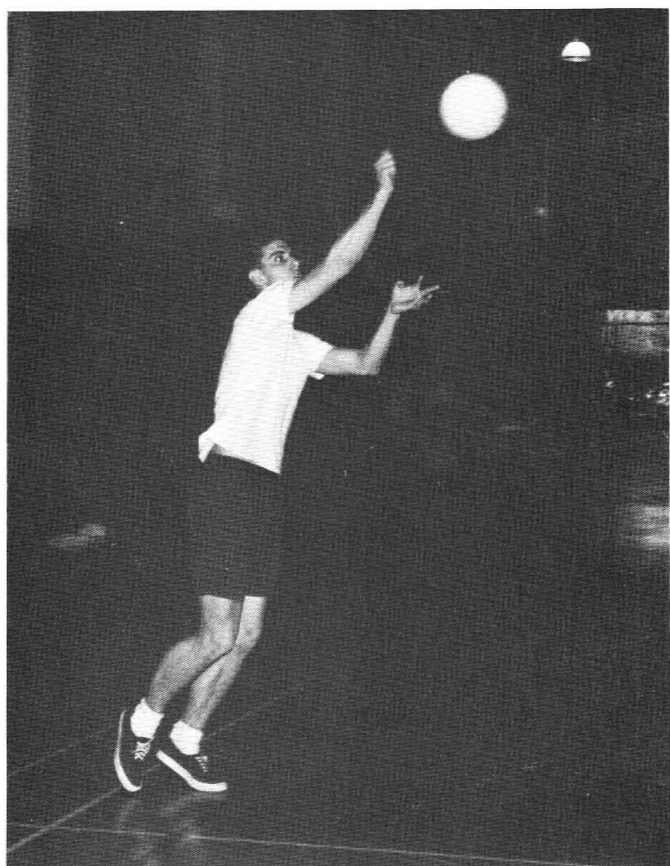
I H VOLLEYBALL



At the start of the season it looked as if Page and Ruddock would fight it out for the championship . . .

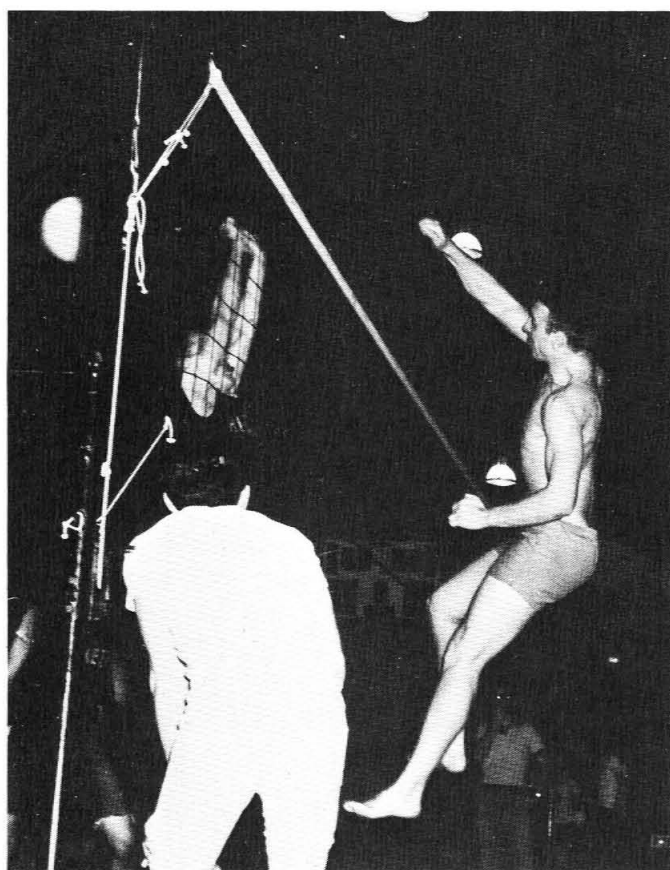
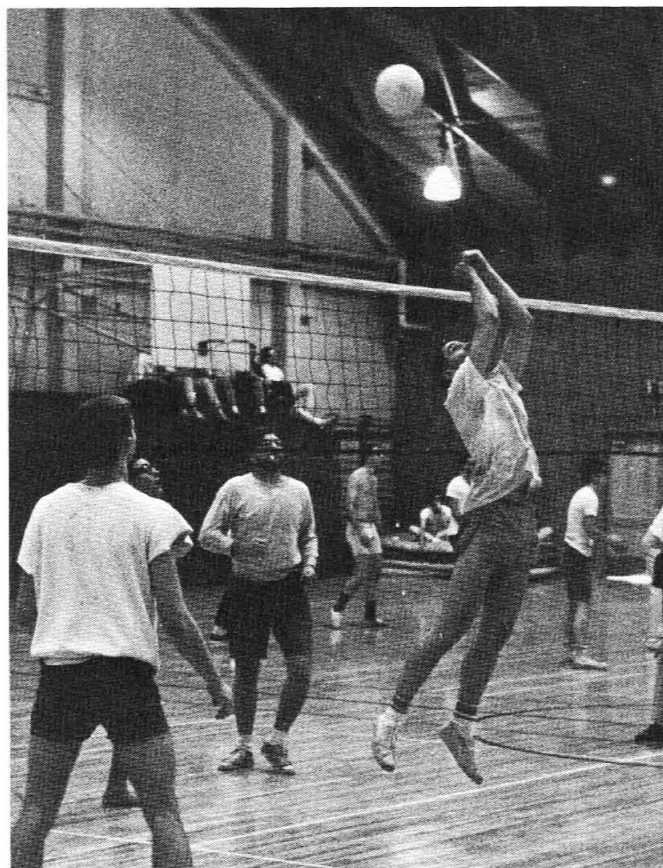


. . . but Page beat Ruddock in an early game.



Then Lloyd came out of nowhere to win four in a row.

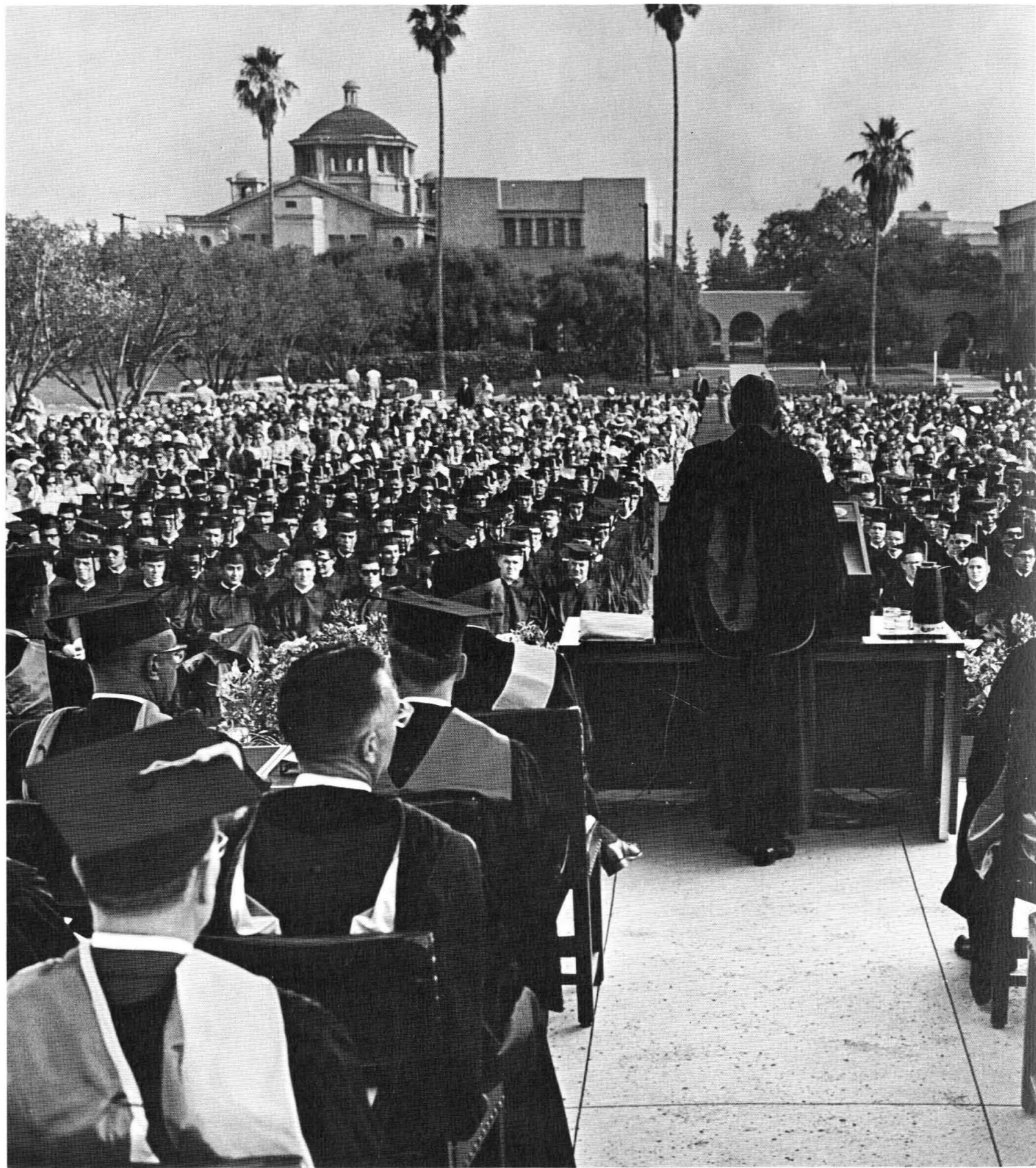
In the big game Lloyd gave Page a big scare . . .



. . . but Page put it away to win Interhouse Volleyball.

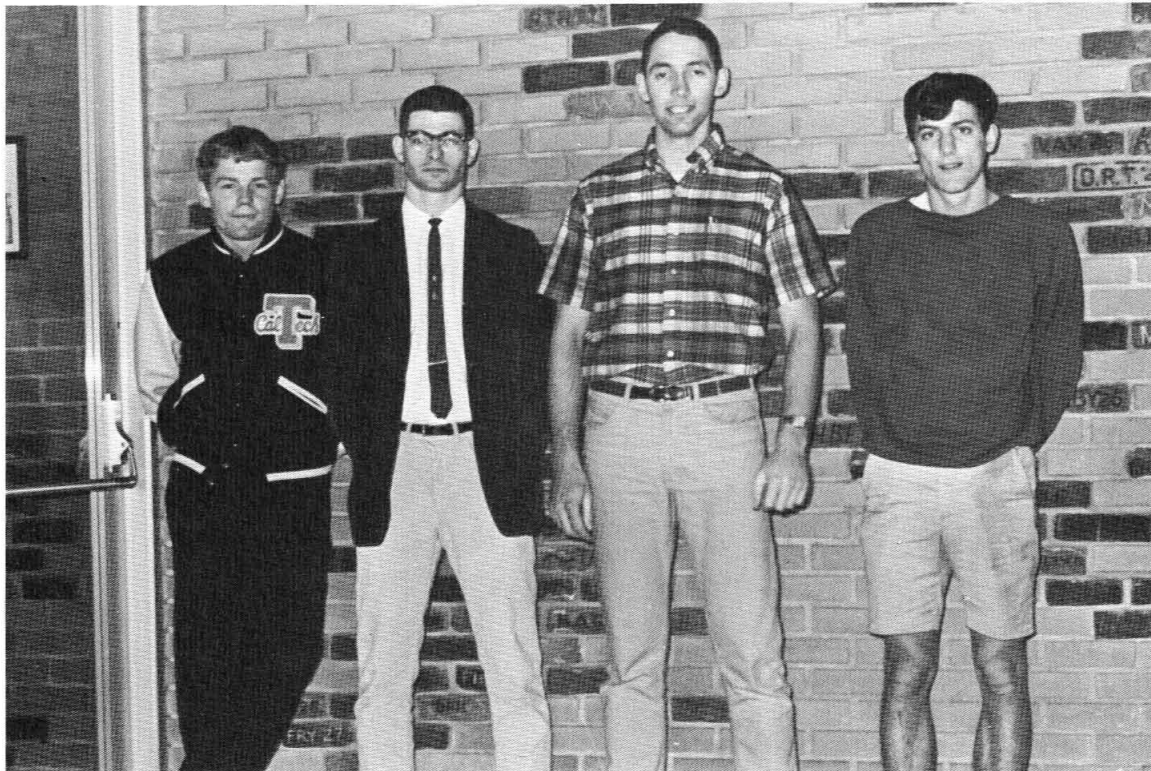
FINAL STANDINGS

	W	L
Page	6	0
Lloyd	5	1
Ruddock	4	2
Ricketts	2	4
Fleming	2	4
Blacker	1	5
Dabney	1	5





SENIORS



SENIOR OFFICERS: D. Gage, Athletic Manager; D. Holford, President; J. Yudelson, Treasurer; P. Miller, Secretary. NOT SHOWN: W. Davis, Vice President; J. Tymczyszyn, Vice President.

Under the magnificent leadership of Doug Holford the class of '66 drank its way into happiness, culminating in a final uproarious "meeting" at which Andy Kampe entertained one and all with his intellectual prowess and feats of derring-do. Never to be forgotten was the soph year barbecue in TP. at which President Yudelson and untitled Fisher had the dizzy duty of wastefully consuming the one-case overpurchase of Papa Coors home brew. Luckily, the drive home was short. Justifying its press clippings, the class lost more starters than any other in recent history, although Holford assures us that they have been hit up for back dues. Oh well, in 25 years even D. S. Clark will be forgotten.

BIOLOGY

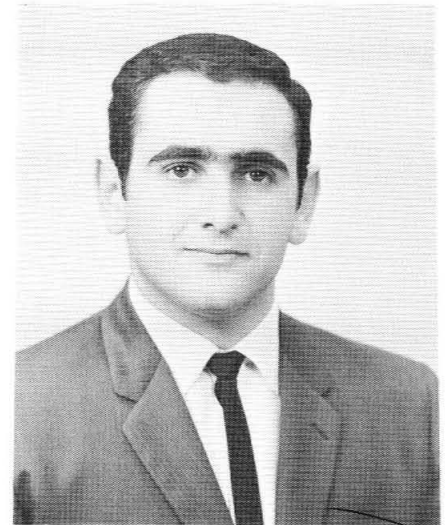
DAVID JOSEPH LISCHINSKY RUDDOCK



GARY A. RATNER RICKETTS

Ratner entered the House as probably the most obscure, obnoxious frosh the world has ever known. It was thought by all that he would follow the lead initiated by Sherman and Wanamaker which resulted in the eventual reduction of Ricketts 66ers to one-half their former strength; no one guessed that he would someday overthrow the forces of good to become Ricketts president. As a junior, he proved his leadership by becoming the best head pledgemaster we have seen in years and by doing an admirable job as Interhouse work chairman; he proved his competence by successfully placing electrodes in the right rat's head (after performing a heroic, life-saving surgery on same), and his cleverness by unsuccessfully convincing Oberjat that he had stapled same's sailor flap to the back of his chair when he really had. He later proved his friendliness by offering his presidential single to his buddy who wanted to return to on-campus life. Full of complaints and suggestions for nearly everything, the Paranoid Rat will long be remembered by his friends and enemies alike.

THOMAS EMIL OBERJAT RICKETTS



Not Shown:

DONALD NEAL DUMONT

ECONOMICS

DAVID H. CLOSE PAGE

Dave began Tech bearing a basic contradiction in his life: he was deeply dedicated to the problems of the everyday world through active participation in debating and he proclaimed a dedication to the joys of abstract logic by enrolling as a math major. While in Pasadena however, events forced a shift toward the former. Debating continued, formally and informally, and Dave became President of Pi Kappa Delta. Then he helped found and became Executive Veep of the Caltech YRs. Leading the fight against a ten-story Millikan led to notoriety and a campaign for ASCIT Secretary. Defeated by his (loyal?) debating partner, Dave was appointed chairman of ASCIT's Excomm instead. Eventually he reconciled the contradiction and changed to economics, becoming, in the words of the house list, "the very first" humanities graduate.

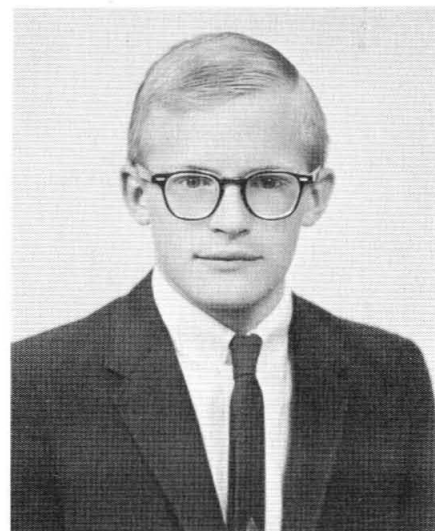


Not Shown:

WILLIAM KING TYLER

JAMES STANLEY GIBSON

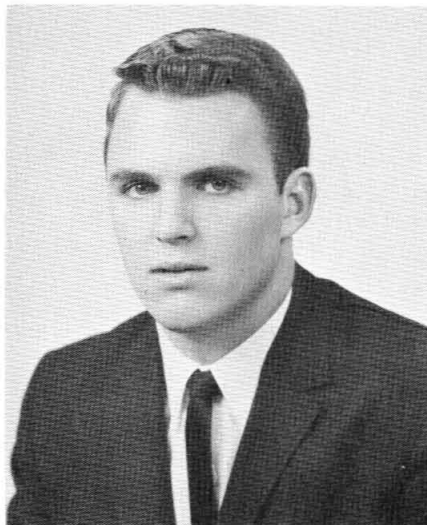
FLEMING



JERRY AUSTIN

BLACKER

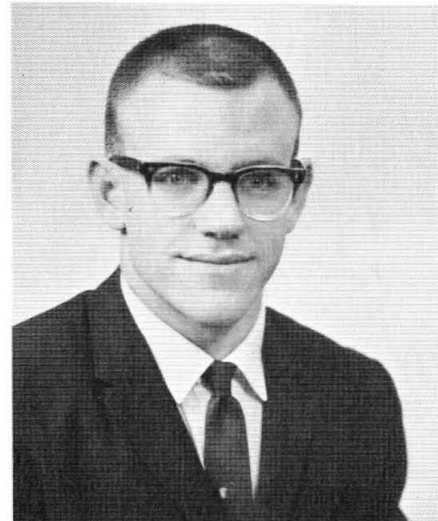
From an inauspicious beginning as an Alley Boy, it appears that Jerry is going to make it. Possessing a rare ability to drive himself at whatever he does, Jerry has managed to goof off as much as the rest of us, meet his share of the girls, become a pretty fair track man, serve as House Secretary, UCC, and still be one of the biggest and most successful snakes in Blacker. While he's never met his match in courses, it appears that he's met his match in girls as Sue has put him on the straight and narrow. It looks like the University of Chicago for the next few years which may be all right in Chemistry, but what about the snow-covered track in the winter?



LOUIS NEWMAN

PAGE

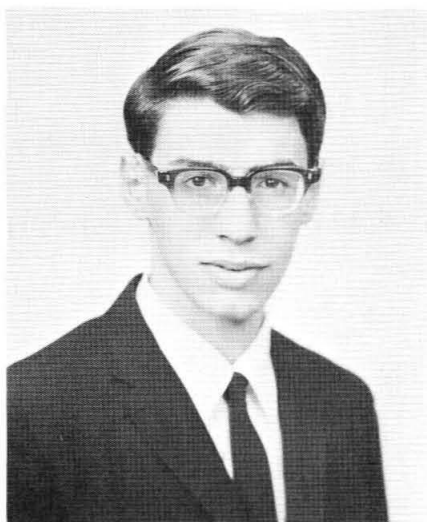
Lascivious Lou, as his friends know him, is also renowned for his unique position on both interhouse and varsity baseball teams—as a pseudowitch. He amazed opponents by being able to magically appear on first—after barely waddling to home plate to bat. He served diligently as UCC for DuBridge Alley, EPC member, and mainspring of the Page House rotation committee. He delighted in showing frosh the light. He even devoted a little time to chemistry. When his grad school decided to come here, his plans underwent a drastic revision—since he certainly didn't want to stay **here** for grad school.



PHILIP JAMES LAIPIS

RUDDOCK

Phil came to Caltech from the wilds of New Hampshire with an inherent love for girls, sports cars, and photography, probably in that order. After four years he still had these loves and had even included science. Not one for being idle, Phil was active in House and campus affairs. He served as Ruddock House historian and social chairman, competed four years on the soccer team, winning a varsity letter, was the **California Tech** photographer, and was a member of the Educational Policies Committee. Meanwhile he had time to have a very active social life, with the same girl. Phil plans to go to grad school majoring in biophysics, photography, sports cars, and the girl, probably in the reverse order.

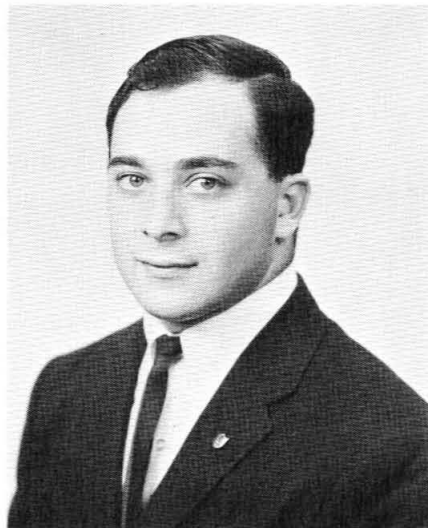




LEE MYERS

PAGE

Lee immigrated to Smog Central from Pennsylvania and soon entrenched a reputation as the world's surliest teddy bear. These were clearly requisites for a Page House headwaiter—he held the job of headwaiter and developed the most spirited staff yet to grace Saga's new kitchens. Lee's miraculous ability to rise from a sound sleep, dress, and leave Page in less than four seconds never ceased to amaze the standard variety of morning zombie. Then, once outside, he often purposefully strode towards the home of e.p.r. and HY, but alas, all was not milk and honey in the land of Pnorp. Big Lee was constantly lured from the burbling lab benches of Gates and Crellin to football practice and extra-curricular activities as Page House social chairman. Two years varsity captain and Sue's engagement ring proved the time well spent. Lee's greatest accomplishment at Tech was to wear down the Pasadena-Claremont section of Route 66 some 4 inches; indeed, the surly teddy bear left a mark on us all.



DAVID POSNER

PAGE

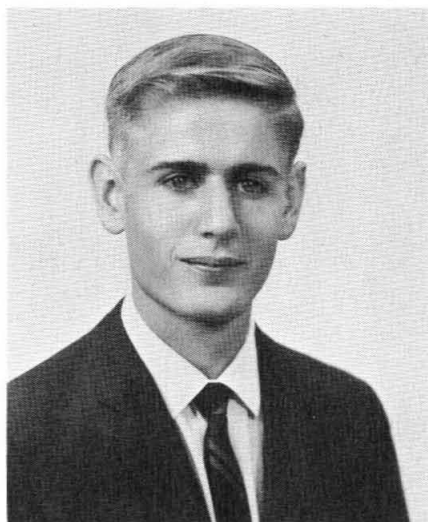
One of Page's giants, Big Dave is known for his firsts. He was the first House member to own a car that could do the quarter mile in less than one minute, the first to have a Playboy Club key, the first man to squirt a UCC with shaving cream and later become a UCC himself. And, as a chemist going into med school, he may be the first to medically synthesize the third sex.



JOSEPH B. MILSTEIN

DABNEY

The Rock came careening out of Brooklyn, large of heart and muscle, in a Dodge enough like a police car to strike terror into the hearts of California motorists with guilty consciences. And so, with characteristic gusto and the philosophy, "Don't let your studies get in the way of your education," Rock barreled his way through four academically and socially triumphant years at Tech including tours of duty as Band secretary, Interhouse and Varsity athlete, House-Your-Mother-Dresses-You-Funny, and unofficial counsellor to half of Dabney House. Joe's plans include grad school and a sweet bundle of New York sugar and spice named Susan. One thing's certain—Tech won't ever be the same without him.



CARL JOHN SCANDELLA

PAGE

CHEMISTRY

JEFFREY L. PRESSING

RUDDOCK

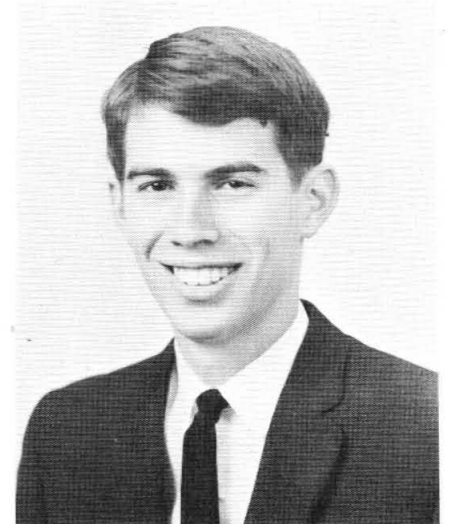
Jeffrey was a 15-year-old prodigy when he came to Tech, a master of classical piano and chess. But from a snake who was consistently a week ahead in classes has bloomed a Byrd-brain who is consistently timeless; the frosh who bought a Graphics book now hands in his class card at the midterm; and the visions of sugar-plums have turned to Stones dancing in his head. Now Jeffrey is a dualistic being: long-hair music comes out Prokofiev on one hand and Jagger on the other; the tennis letterman keeps his cool with frisbees; and naturally he plans to go to grad school and become—a physical chemist.



STEVEN P. ELLIOT

DABNEY

As a frosh Steve arrived at Tech eagerly gripping a shiny, new, very empty test tube. His first two years were a great success: he filled his test tube—albeit sloppily at times—and drained himself. But junior year the snake shed his skin and emerged a new man. In the culmination of a dazzling string of political deals and maneuvers (Coat Manager sophomore year and Treasurer junior year) Steve seized absolute power as Glee Club Manager. He deserted the noisy emptiness of Dabney for the quiet (?) elegance (??) of a Lake Street apartment. Then, with a big boost from his racy late-model Volvo 544, he snowed women in general and a stunning USC sorority sister in particular. In June Steve suavely heads for grad school, his mercury-xenon arc-lamp deftly hidden under the savoir-faire of the compleat man.



WALLACE L. OLIVER, JR.

RUDDOCK

Wally knew his destiny was to be a dedicated chemist even before he knew the inspiration of Tech. But this unflagging determination to fulfill that destiny was waylaid for four years by crass diversions. The first thing that caught his froshling fancy was the **California Tech**, which stole him in infancy and nurtured him until he emerged a full-blown Editor-in-Chief. Not to be outdone, Ruddock House bent his fertile young mind toward the mastery of firewater, both in large quantities (short duration) and flaming quantities (dramatic duration); he eventually became so impressed with the powers of this substance that he charged himself with the House supply (as Comptroller) and with patrolling its use (as UCC). All in all, from his post-finals celibations, to his personal Christmas tree and music designed to flunk out already-homesick frosh, Wally cannot be forgotten as he heads for grad school and his dormant destiny.

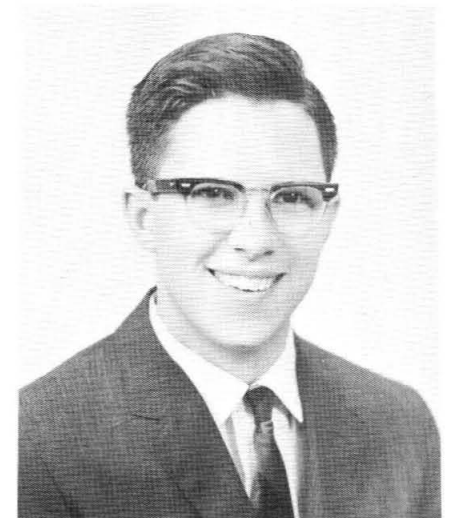


LYNN AYRES MELTON

LLOYD

Not Shown:

REX ARTHUR COUTURE



**WAYNE H. PITCHER**

BLACKER

During four years at Caltech, Wayne has established himself as a solid, dependable member of Blacker House, the chemical engineering option, and the Pasadena community. He has contributed to house basketball, tennis and track teams, and to the Interhouse Sing quartet. A leader in his option, he is president of the campus chapter of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers. Not content to spend all his time on campus, he has been active in the Methodist Church and in Pasadena politics. After graduate school, Wayne hopes to go into industrial research.

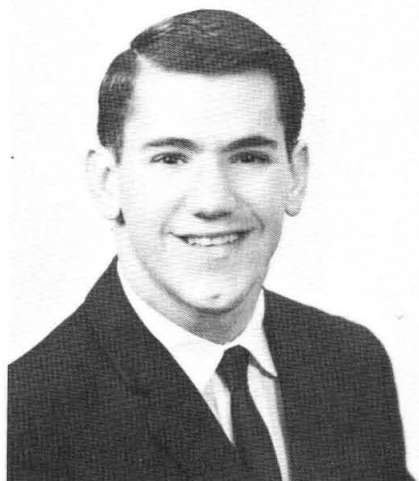
**ALSTON CLEMENS LUNDGREN**

DABNEY

**JAMES A. HALL**

RICKETTS

The four years Jim spent at Tech were marked by growth in academic realms and important contributions to Ricketts House and those in it. He is a highly competent and dedicated Chemical Engineer who will undoubtedly distinguish himself in his field. Jim was noted for participation in house activities and for encouraging others to do the same. For two years he was an outstanding UCC and served a year as an unusually devoted house secretary. He was a dynamic force in the interhouse football team as well as a prime instigator of interalley athletic challenges. It is generally agreed that Jim was a widely respected, vital house member.

**LAWRENCE HERBERT NAGEL**

RICKETTS

Not Shown:

MICHAEL ALAN ERLE



PETER W. WYATT

FLEMING

Even as a plebe Pete knelt before Big Red to receive the mantle of social chairman. Suitably cloaked and charioted in a green pumpkin our hero searched memorable exchanges and Scripps's Conferences only to find that many were sisters. Friendly monks at the nearby monastery took pity and produced a disciple skilled in the art of the snake. Brother Bert introduced the bowlegged one to the intermediate hurdles and those who run have twice hailed him captain. Leaving the Flem castle in this latest year Pete has joined an already star-studded cast at the Villa. With this sobering experience behind him he hopes to continue in search of glass slippers and solid state mysteries at Berkeley.



JAMES WARREN AUSTIN

RICKETTS



THOMAS A. RESNEY

PAGE

Way back in '62, Page recruited its first P.E. major in the person of Tremendous Tom, the Ty Cobb of Tournament Park. Creator of the Chicago Crawl, he swam his way into the hearts of millions at the Inter-house Swim Meet. Alas, freestyle doesn't include using the rescue hook and Pages swimming hopes almost went down the drain. A prodigious prod from Preisler and a promise of no water in centerfield sent him out for baseball, where he played as well as the best of them. But a change came over Tom during his senior year: he discovered Science! Overcoming outspoken objections from his obtuse fellow alley members, he founded Science Alley, secured the slide rule as the symbol of superiority, and brought his GPA up to 3.14159 from 2.718.

On sex there can be no reliance.
Resney gets his kicks from Science.

Burma Shave



ANDREW J. KAMPE

DABNEY



DONALD W. RADCLIFFE

PAGE

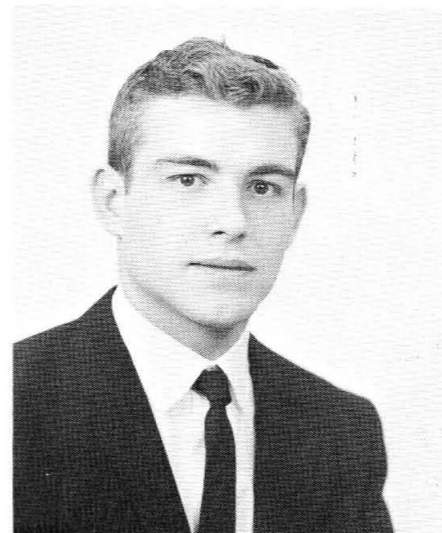
As Lao Tse once said, "Dulce et decorum est fur sein Haus sich tante." Thus did Don begin his famous election cascade from President through Athletic Manager, losing every contest. But enough of the bright side, let's get on to the sad stuff. Don is best known for his succession of used cars. Don's cars were good enough to get him up to U.C. Davis at least once each term, though, which was all that mattered anyway. When not in Davis he was either sailing or changing options. Plans for the future: graduate work in physics, engineering, or anthropology at a school near Judy.

C. LAWRENCE ANDERSON **BLACKER**

Little did we suspect what the tall, thin, blond-haired, skinny kid with the trombone case had in store for us as he unloaded his 58 Chevy that September day in 1962. After taking two years to build the most elaborate hi-fi in the House, rack up a pi-sized GPA, hop up his car, endear himself to Webb Emery, take up the guitar . . . well, we pretended not to notice. When, after another year, he continued all this besides taking up singing for Priscilla, tromboning for Felix, vice-presiding for Blacker . . . we could only say, "What else is new?" It looks like he is going to sell his soul to Kaprellian as he aways to USC for three glorious years. He plans to spend his life teaching high-school physics, coaching a swimming team, and running Anderski Enterprises.



MARVIN CHARLES STEARNS **BLACKER**



STEPHEN D. CLAMAGE **BLACKER**

One of the gods of the E.E. department ("You're a double-E? Oh, my God!"), Blacker House's head slopshoveler came to Tech a serious-minded classical trumpeter. Soon realizing his mistake, super stud decided to turn avant-garde folk singer. Hence Steve and Eric. Going on to higher things, Steve soon took his place among the stalwart ranks of Blacker House social chairmen, as keeper of the etc., etc., and as house honky-tonk pianist. Next year he will find his true station in life punching I.B.M. cards for his Uncle Samuel.



RODNEY KENT BERGMAN **PAGE**



JERRY M. YUDELSON **DABNEY**

Jerry arrived at Tech loaded with jokes, stories, and comebacks and not the slightest idea of what he liked academically. Feynman, Apostol, et al, soon made him a Humanities engineer, and he eventually drifted (or strode purposefully) into the clutches of the CE department. Discovering more than 168 hours in a week he found time to "have a finger in every pot on campus." Three years in basketball said something for his perseverance and numerous stints as sophomore president, senior treasurer, Dabney comptroller and sosh-chairman, Beavers prexy, ASCIT Activities Chairman, and EPC chairman said something for his thyroid. Assuming the verity of the donkey party, Jer formed a Young Democrats club and became its first prexy. Snaking also took second to dating, drinking, and meetings but Jer somehow will end up in a good grad school (he's sure it'll be Harvard or Stanford) and will then have time to "really study".



ENGINEERING

JOHN G. EASTMENT

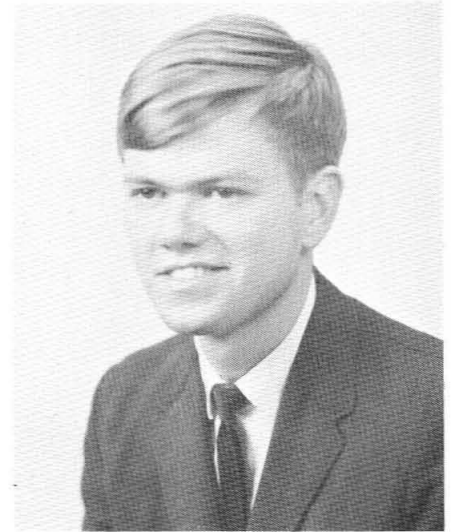
BLACKER

Hailing from the Empire State, John came to the sacrosanct halls of Blacker eager to study the evils of electrical engineering, an interest he has preserved even through premature senioritis. His underclassmen years were marked by such rowdy and infamous gangs as the Alley Boys and the KSC. Lettering in baseball, his abilities led him to guide the Blacker athletic program his junior year; his quiet, reserved, and likeable manner earned him the respect of the House, which elected him President the following year. After graduation, "Big Daddy" J. G. will enter graduate work in solid state electronics.



CARY BLAKE EKLOF

LLOYD



ROBERT W. GREENWOOD

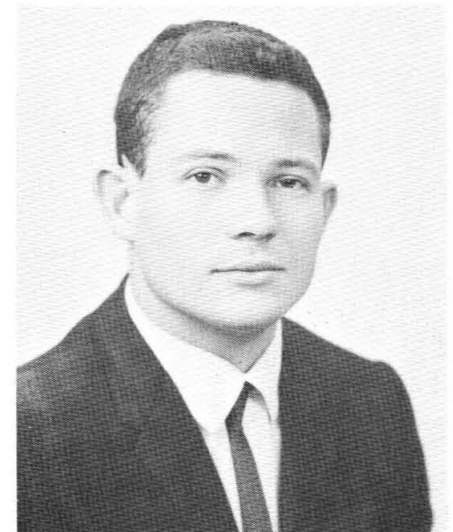
PAGE

In the early sixties R.W.G. arrived at Caltech, the supreme penultimate of Needles, Calif., and immediately settled down to the pursuit of knowledge. After managing to stay one year, he turned to more lofty pursuits. He was singularly responsible for the outbreak of Marvelites in Page and his record collection will long echo throughout our halls. In a lighter vein, Bob was president of Chorale in his senior year and managed the '65 football team to a perfect 0-7 record. Tossing aside a demanding interest in the humanities, he chose the next best thing, becoming an EE major. He plans to continue his pursuits onward to his degree in EE.



ROBERT K. WEATHERWAX, JR.

PAGE



ROBERT A. KARSKI

FLEMING

"Why, when I applied to Caltech I had no idea what opportunities, advantages, and intellectual experiences would be offered here." With these words Bob entered Caltech, and he always believed in them fully. That is, until first term grades. Then things began to happen. The first thing he did was to leave forever the last quad Fleming ever had. After that, he disappeared for about two years (somewhere in Alley 6, I think). Then in his junior year, he built a hi-fi and trains began to roll, women began to scream, and walls began to crack in Alley 2. After that, his home-made air conditioner flooded the courtyard. His room became a lighthouse, then the "womb room." Before his recent disappearance underneath an egregious entanglement of cables and wires, he was purported to have been saying, "Why, when I applied to Caltech I had no idea what opportunities, advantages, and intellectual experiences would be offered here."

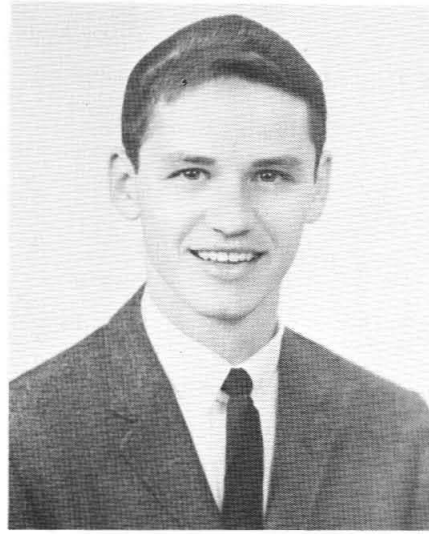


ENGINEERING

EDWARD H. PERRY

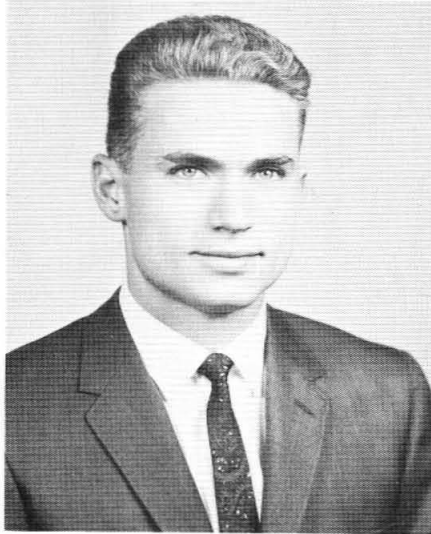
FLEMING

Forsaking the security of his plantation home for the cutthroat atmosphere of Caltech Ed soon earned his place in the upper crust of Fleming society. Between trips across the border, he spent his few free moments mastering the fields of chemistry and medicine before growing the wings of his maturity. Rescued from an aimless and empty existence by a member of Whittier's Female Missionary Corps, Ed now strives toward bigger and better things. After ten or twelve years of graduate study, he and his beloved will propagate to the South which he loves and sit under the magnolias, sipping lemonade and listening to static test firings.



WILLIAM W. OWENS II

FLEMING



RONALD L. CONSTABLE

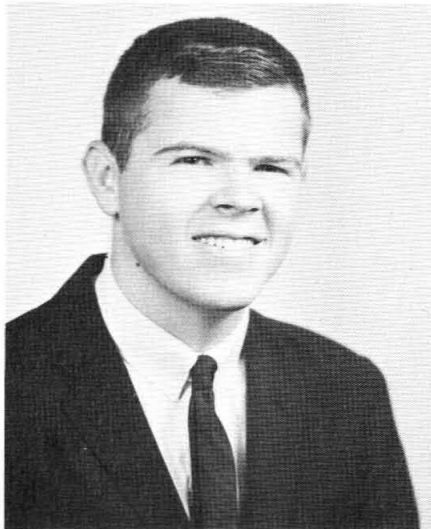
RICKETTS

Constable came to Caltech to learn, and he was always learning something. Fresh year he spent learning how not to be showered, and how to live with an alley full of seniors and an almost overly considerate oriental roommate. Sophomore year he learned that physics wasn't for him, and that being Ricketts crew captain can be troublesome but very rewarding. The first two terms of his junior year he almost learned how to be a good U.C.C., and last term that year was a non-trivial lesson in how to be Ricketts House vice president under Gary Ratner. Senior year continued this last phase, and added "How to blow a month working on a psychology paper without hardly trying." Now what? Hopefully U.S.C. business school for an M.B.A., if his present roommate hasn't constructed them both into permanent fixtures of Prexy alley.



KENNETH R. KIMBALL

LLOYD



WALTER Z. DAVIS

FLEMING

Trailing clouds of Northern Glory, with Life well in hand, Walt left his rustic pleasures (we go over to Idaho for excitement) for the rigors of a disciplined academic life (you do the calculations, I'll get the results somehow). A little swimming (at least I helped Interhouse), an occasional date (I guess I owe one to Chunks) or two (we just talked 'til 5 a.m.) and the frequent Northward trips with guests male in name at least (really, Mr. Jaquith, my engine froze up) helped make life in the South more pleasurable. The Chipmunk returns now to the Land of Lands, the clouds a bit smoggy perhaps, but with Life still in one hand and his rifle in the other, to study physics at the U. of W. (chuckle, chuckle).





GORDON E. MYERS

FLEMING

Drawn to Caltech by his boundless love of Southern California, Gordy has sown the seeds for a fulfilling future in the land of sun and surf. Known first as one of the Bobbsy Twins, later as "Smiley", he was a candidate for All-American in both football and wrestling his sophomore year, but was forced by injuries to take up dating ("It matters not who wins or loses, but how the game is played"), and served two triumphant years as a Fleming House social chairman. Surviving this, he later became House President, Glee Club President and, finally, ASCIT Vice-President. However, his political successes have been more than offset by his automotive failures. If some unforeseen disaster should ever separate Gordy from Tech, we know that his heart shall remain behind.



JOHN W. MOWERY

PAGE

Arriving from the wilds of the great northwest, John wanted to meet lots of girls, build his stereo, and when he had time, do some snaking. To keep snaking to a minimum, he became House Athletic Manager, went out for football and track and was lucky enough to get himself wiped-out while riding a cycle. Undaunted, he is trying off campus living this year and has steadily won the battles against the ants. His future includes work in EE at some friendly grad school and more girls.



ROBERT ALAN SCHAAR

DABNEY

Bob took the plunge from the balmy cliffs of Pacific Palisades to the snowy halls of Caltech to follow in the steps of the great Loboschevsky. Finding mathematics "too trivial" he sought to apply this most useless of all black arts, and thus he opened the SUS Used Car Dealership, selling Uhrichmobiles and other fine cars. We'll always remember Bob's virtuoso play of the recorder, and his performance at a ski party. When snowed in and shut up, Schaar and female companion set a fantastic 17-hour record, without once coming up for a breath. Next year will find Bob again pursuing his one true love—applied math at some lucky grad school.



WILLIAM PATRICK MILLER

FLEMING

SONG OF THE MULE . . . "Unreel, Unreel"

Oh lived I long in ignorance,
Naive and pure was I.
My life a dearth of things of worth,
I'd swim until I'd die.

Then moved I to Fleming House,
The past — a tragedy.
To my delight I lived at night
And soon met Stephanie.

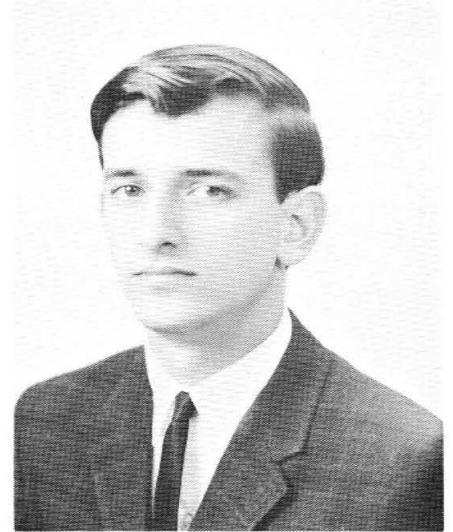
Thus was I in girlish arms
To world and flesh reborn.
Her with fountains, gone with mountains
She left a poem and horn.

Oh live I now in longing for
That life so gay and free.
Perhaps some day I'll find a way,
'Til then it's Double E.

Joe spent two years at Tech during the early days of the Old West (1956-58). Tired of wading through the buffalo grass, buffalo chips, and buffalo herds on the way to class, he was easily seduced by promises of wine, women, and high adventure, and ended up a US Intelligence Agent in Europe. He returned last year, accompanied by a beautiful Danish blond, after learning that the buffalo had all been snatched up by the Sagaman. The gym still resounds with the yells and groans of the Karate Club, which he founded in 1958 and which is now the oldest collegiate Karate club in America. An ME type interested in automation, Joe's life ambition is to put everybody out of work, or failing that to come up with ANY idea Professor Morelli hasn't thought of first.

TERRYL LEE SMITH

RICKETTS



RICHARD C. NIELSEN

PAGE

Dick arrived at Tech not at all sure if he was going to remain. But persistence, self-realization, and Shirley have brought him near the top of his class academically. The intervening years were spent lettering three times in waterpolo, with the Coaches' Cup as the culmination, and as a butterfly man on the swim team. His future contains imminent marriage, a Ph.D. in Mechanical Engineering, and a return to his alma mater as a professor.



RALPH RAYMOND GAJEWSKI

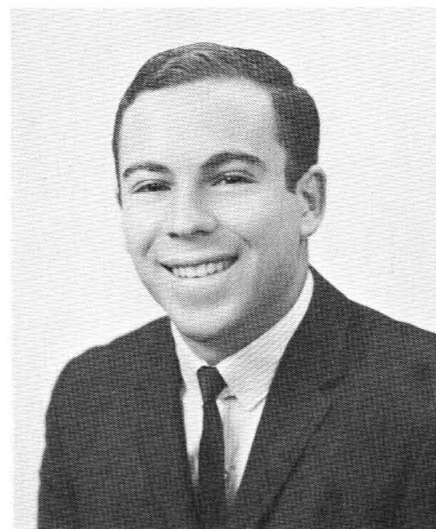
LLOYD



LEONARD A. FISHER

FLEMING

Idealistic Len came from sunny, sinful San Diego convinced that Caltech couldn't be as bad as everyone said. Freshmen year didn't do much for his convictions until third term. The therapeutic value of Newport Beach and class cutting soon made the situation better and led to further intensified developments in the field of non-academics. Sophomore year brought such luxuries as a car and Len found that non-academic activities were a fine way to kill time—the Surfing Club presidency, the position of Lloyd House treasurer, and numerous interhouse sports followed. When Junior year rolled around his academic philosophy was firmly established—"the less you do, the better off you are"—and he proceeded to prove his theory, surprisingly enough. There followed the positions of UCC, social chairman, V.P. of the Beavers, and more. Moving off campus brought new horizons, such as "a six-pack a day for health," the Gillon theory, and being a "third term senior" the rest of his life—the question now is whether or not any grad schools like that idea.

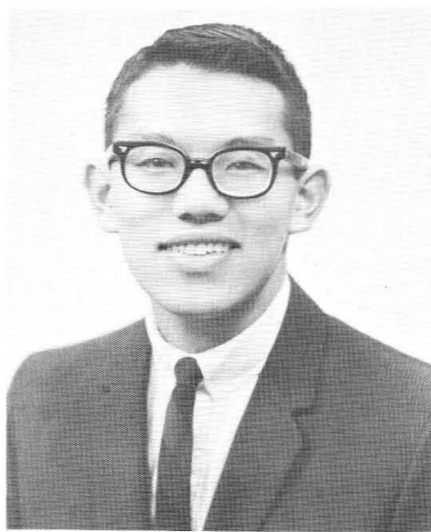


ENGINEERING

KEN KOSAI

BLACKER

Ken Kosai was the only man in his class with enough foresight to bring along his own entertainment when he came to Caltech . . . but then Carol was a lot more than that; she could do English papers too. Ken also had good taste in other things, for instance, his car, his home, his books, his wine, and, need it be said, his option. Here his greatest achievement was perhaps his talented juggling of Josephson currents, almost certainly made possible by his experience on the Caltech wrestling team and his practice in diapering Kim. A rock of marital bliss in the maelstrom of Tech social life, Ken could weather anything from his roommate and walking drunks around the block to being husband and father to his wife and daughter. Can **anything** keep such a good man down? Not even Tech which may shortly find itself inscribing his name on a Master's degree.



EARL DONALD REILAND

DABNEY



JOHANN LAU

PAGE

As a frosh Johann spent long hours poring over his books and dreaming about the nice place that Stanford must be. However, after suitable changes, contacts and a job with the infamous Page House waiters, he emerged from the woodwork to assume a position of power and prestige as secretary of the House. As Boss of the unsuccessful Sophomore Machine he suffered the greatest insult of all: falling into the disfavor of the wimps of the house. However, with newfound skills of dancing and skiing, to say nothing of grades, Johann has finished his years as a UCC of Page and a generally happy Techer to return again next year for his M.S. in Aeronautics.



FRANKLIN GREGORY POTTER

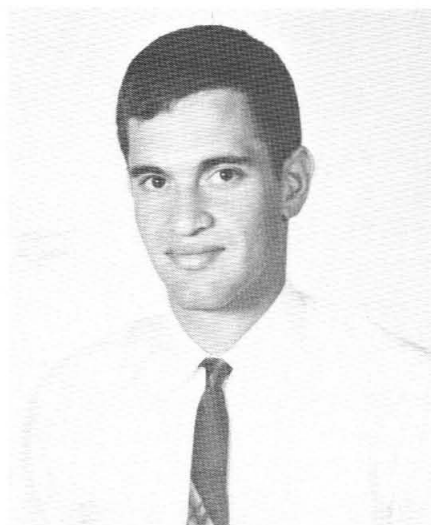
RICKETTS



JAY S. PEARLMAN

PAGE

Jay, at heart a frustrated psychologist and avid music lover, found time when not analyzing or counseling himself and his friends, to keep pretty busy around the school. He participated in the Glee Club and Band and composed choral music while also playing on the tennis team. As a senior he ran the Scripps Conference although his own regular Saturday evening trips to Claremont quickly began to lapse as phone calls to Washington occupied more and more of his time. Next will be grad school in the east and seeing a lot more of that girl back home. Eventually Jay plans to do research in aeronautics or plasma physics, while retaining his searching interests in music and in people.



A. STEWART HOPKINS

RUDDOCK

Having been lured off the sands of Playa del Rey by an unsuspecting admissions committee, Stu came to Tech torn between math and engineering, soon found them incompatible with what we really wanted and kissed off science to become a full-time lecher. Applying himself diligently, he progressed swiftly, eventually capturing the title of House Lecherous Bass. He also spent four years as deep man in Glee Club, built truly prodigious machines for Interhouse, and became a Roach and general nonsnaking influence in Ruddock. The end of junior year took him off campus in search of broader fields to conquer. Late rumors have it he has settled down to one girl and studies ten hours a week, leaving only 158 for love, lechery and vice—but it's doubtful.

**JOSEPH PAUL TYMCZYSZYN**

PAGE

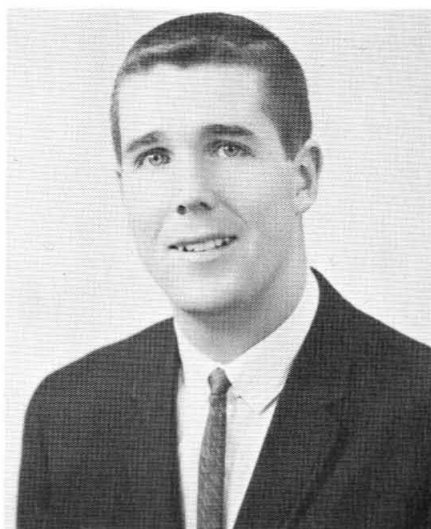
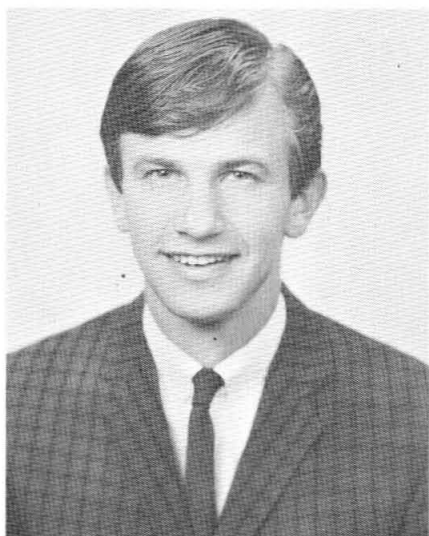
**MICHAEL DAN HUNSAKER**

RUDDOCK

Mike came to Tech from Washington, D.C., a fledgling engineer and star soccer player, dedicated and pure. The pure lasted 'til two days sophomore year that saw a delta GSP of 25. Mike is also known for his collection of deadly weapons, and the amount of work he put into Interhouse. Senior year, "Hunsaker's pagoda", an edifice slightly less than 70 feet tall, was going to be the crowning glory of Interhouse, until the rains came and forced its conversion into an awning. Now, four years later, he's leaving, still an engineer (Design Engineering, Industrial), still a soccer star (four letters, co-captain, and Most Valuable Player Award), but less pure. And now, it's off to U.C. San Diego, and surfing?

JOHN CHARLES TRIJONIS

PAGE

**RONALD S. DOUGLASS**

RICKETTS

During the mutually rewarding years which Ron spent at Caltech his education built heavily on the already obvious talents which he brought here, and Ron in turn made some rare contributions to life at Tech. They ranged in breadth from athletics to service in the Christian Science Organization. Uniquely characteristic of Ron, however, was their depth, an intangible quality indicated by his BOC appointment and leadership as one of the most widely respected Ricketts UCCs. Caltech for its part stimulated Ron to achieve a professional competence which will put him in good stead as he moves on to graduate school in EE. Part of the credit for Ron's good fortunes, too, goes to his wife Judy, a marvelous girl who brightened his senior year and will now share his promising future.

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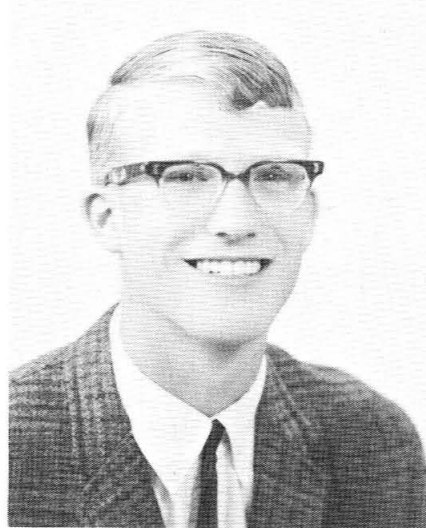
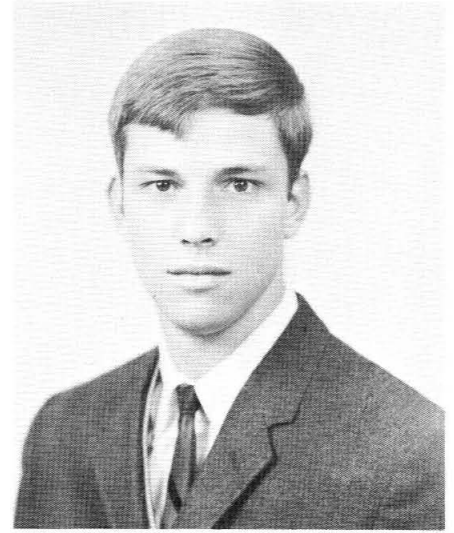
JULIUS MICHAEL J. MADEY
LAWRENCE RONALD NEWKIRK
ROBERT GEORGE PETRIE
DAVID WAYNE SCHWARTZ

GEOLOGY

THOMAS C. WILLIAMS

RUDDOCK

Toujours Gai, Ruddock House President T.C. came to Tech from Alabama with a ukulele on his knee; he's bound for grad school study of his true love Geology. Graduating to guitar his Junior year, he went on to lead the House not only musically, but socially, athletically including varsity track, and obviously presidentially, setting an impossible-to-forget example of enthusiasm and gung-ho-ness in all House activities. In a language bearing noticeable resemblance to English, he instructs Frosh in the finer uses of watermelons; writes, sings and plays his own songs; and BS's over a rousing game of Hearts. Guitar in one hand, an Old Dutch in the other, he ambles forth to overcome that which one ambles forth to overcome.



JONATHAN FERRIS CALLENDER RUDDOCK

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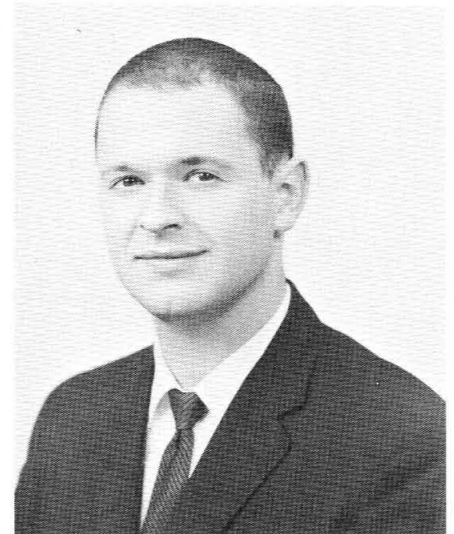
CLEMENT GRASHAM CHASE

GEOPHYSICS

ALAN W. HARRIS

RUDDOCK

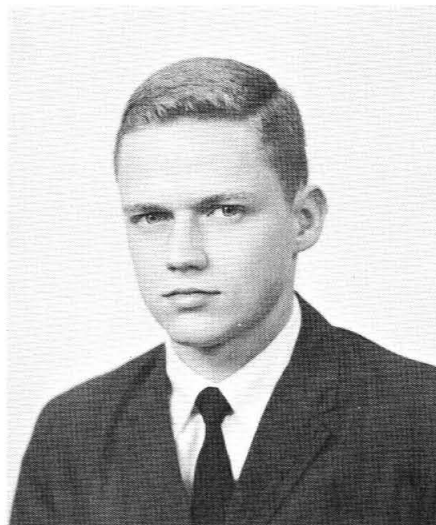
Not being content with the rain forests of Oregon, Alan traveled 1,000 miles to the deserts of southern California. Having made the sojourn, he interested himself in various activities, including satellite watching, popcorn eating, and an "unusual" brand of cheap beer. The latter two seemed to be best enjoyed about 11 p.m. on almost any night with from two to ten people in Al's room. On the academic side Alan began in the Astronomy option, but after an unfortunate one term experience in Ph 125, Alan joined the mass movement towards Geophysics. He plans to continue in this field in graduate school with an emphasis on space science.



STEWART R. DAVEY

RUDDOCK

From the big city came Our Hero, versed in the arts of practically nothing except woodcraft and the New York subway system. The great demand for these exotic talents at Tech led him into many splendiferous and fescinine activities. Marshalling the massive forces of the Caltech ROTC behind him, he led a successful coup, capturing not only the position of Ruddock librarian, but Excomm member, Election Committee chairman, SAME president, Big T activities editor, and Tech circulation manager. O. H. also excelled in the academic sphere (hah!), rapidly changing his major from Meta-geo-theo?-bio-astronautics to planetary science. Now, versed in the arts of practically nothing, he returns for a masters (perhaps even picking up a B.S.), then into Uncle Sams Wild Blue Yonder (mainly because he doesn't have a driver's license).





SEAN SOLOMON

DABNEY

Look! . . . Down on the ground; . . . It's a snake; it's a UCC; it's a House VP; it's . . . Seismo Man!!! — faster than a speeding bullet (II-S), more powerful than a plummeting cream puff (Dabney House waiter), able to reap high GPA's in a single bound (honor standing, Tau Beta Pi) — and who, disguised for two years as Sean Solomon, a mild mannered mathematician for a great (?) metropolitan (?) institute, has fought a never ending battle for truth (EPC), justice (BOC), and the American way (CCR?).



JOHN D. ROUSE

RUDDOCK

Froggy came to Tech with an SEG on his face, a slide rule on his belt, and a passion for computers and satellites in his heart. The last has grown like a cancer as he worked month after month on programs that tried to predict the influences of the appearance of sputniks the night before fateful finals. But with a telescope in one hand and a keypunch in the other, who worries about finals? Certainly not \$IBFROG, who must go write some Brewins for the **Tech** or punch some more cards to keep track on the multiple cross-indexing of his 200-odd tapes. Yes, ROTC was good for something — it enabled him to afford to record endless Wagner and khj-music while playing a record of Hitler through the other three channels of his home-made preamp. And so off he strides, with an SEG on his face and the equations of rocks in his head (and also much cattle), to become a graduate geophysicist.



DARIO IACULLI

PAGE

When Dar arrived at Page House in 1962, the Institute received a New World traveler in its midst. Born in Napoli, raised in Latin America, Dar spent his last two years of high school in New Jersey and came well prepared for Tech life. He was quickly awarded the first, last, and only Most Words per Cubic Inch Frosh trophy. Since then he has quietly pursued the study of physics and geology in the depths of Arms and his off-campus home. Next year Dario will attack the world of business in pastures removed by time and space.

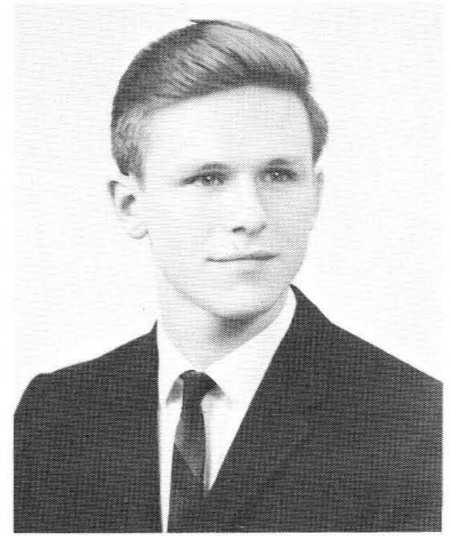


FRED D. BRUNSWIG

RUDDOCK

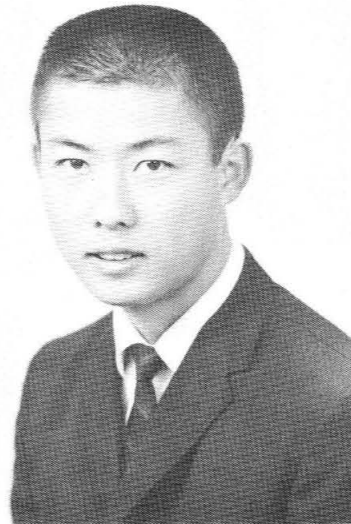
Ruddock House counts itself fortunate that its freshman class in 1962 included San Francisco's own Fred Brunswig. It became clear fairly early that Fred is the sort who is constitutionally incapable of spending four years buried in books. He studied, and plenty, but that's not all he did. One is reminded of a picture in the Ruddock House scrapbook of the "Three Happy Bartenders," including Fred. Another memorable picture shows Fred sampling a "new punch creation." One might say that Fred has been active in athletics and very active in social events and politics. He served as ASCIT Rep-at-Large, Treasurer, and President. He has a master's touch in the making of geology punch. He has shown himself to be quite competent in the theoretical and practical aspects of geophysics and we expect great things of him.

MICHAEL PAUL ANTHONY DABNEY



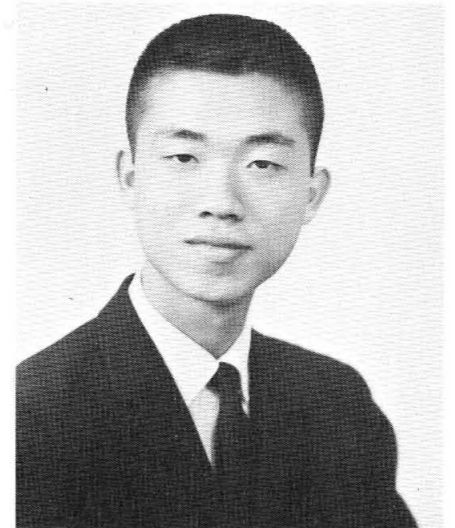
NORMAN UYEDA BLACKER

In June, 1962 Norm was faced with a serious decision, whether to spend his life picking berries on the ranch, or to devote himself to Science. The Watsonville Sanitary Engineer helped Norm to decide to come to Tech. At Tech Norm demonstrated a unique ability in research with his penetrating analyses of polyominoes, and the game of solitaire. Norm felt that the men at Tech were degenerating from city life so he spent many hours telling colorful tales of life on the farm and in the woods. Now in June, 1966 Norm is faced with a serious decision, whether to spend his life on the ranch or to devote himself to Science.



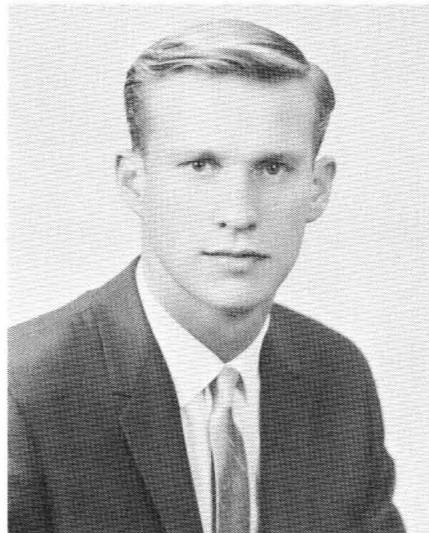
ERNEST SEU-KEUNG MA LLOYD

"I humbly thank you — well, well, well."



JOHN R. TUCKER RUDDOCK

John R. Fester (known to his intimates as **La Pet en Flambe**) traveled far from his home in the surfing kingdom of Green Bumps Estates to come to Tech. Starting off slowly as a frosh, he soon reached the ethereal depths of snakedom and physics, emerging after three years with his air tanks on his back and a Junior Travel Prize under his arm, off to Europe to study Underwater Archeology and Love Techniques. Posing as a EE (with a plethora of courses during the first half of each term), he wormed his way into Tau Beta Pi and became president of the campus chapter. Unbeknownst to his friends (mustn't spoil the image), he sneaked out there to basketball practices and became a four-year letterman, then sneaked over to the **California Tech** office to write scathing reportage on each week's massacres. But as he heads for grad school in theoretical physics, he leaves with one worthwhile ability Tech has given him; to break off a snake-o-rama, light up a fag, and say, "I just can't work up a care!"



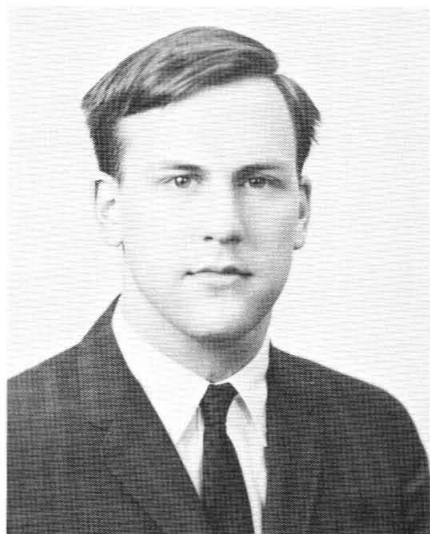
JAMES ALFRED ARIES PAGE





RICHARD NEIL SILVER

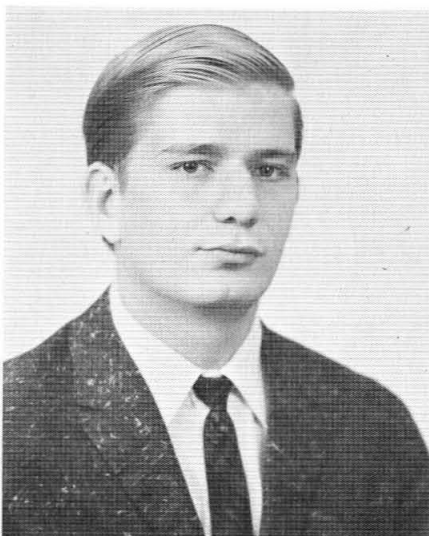
PAGE



JOHN R. ADAMS

RICKETTS

"Fourth!" and so Jay strikes again, drawing another innocent frosh into the never-never land of lounge bridge. There's an unconfirmed rumour spreading around Ricketts that one of these frosh looking for a quick bridge game actually found Jay snaking, but then many new frosh are subject to illusions. As a Herc alley boy, Jay certainly helped the "Let's-Have-A-Party" tradition, but in addition he was interested in swimming and swam on the interhouse swimming team. A devoted physicist, Jay was once heard to comment: "77 lab? What's that?" Undaunted, he intends to pursue graduate studies in theoretical physics.



DOUGLAS CHARLES KUBLER

FLEMING



CHARLES A. SAWICKI

RICKETTS

Don't let his innocent face fool you! This character, after having been leader (U.C.C.) of the school's longest alley, decided to cast his lot with the Herc Alley boys. However, during the previous summer he tied the knot with Pam Townsend and thus in shunning the Room 17 crowd eliminated 25 percent of its coolness. In addition to having survived the beating, which this crock inflicts upon its inhabitants, Charlie's more rational achievements include his holding of the interhouse javelin record. During the 5:00 a.m. Physics 125 snake parties and in the process of twitching 77 Lab experiments, Charlie, in fearing that C.I.T. may be the best of all possible worlds, lets his true ambition come to the front when he says that we want to go back to Ohio to become a farmer.



LARRY R. MILLER

LLOYD

JAMES EUGENE LUCAS

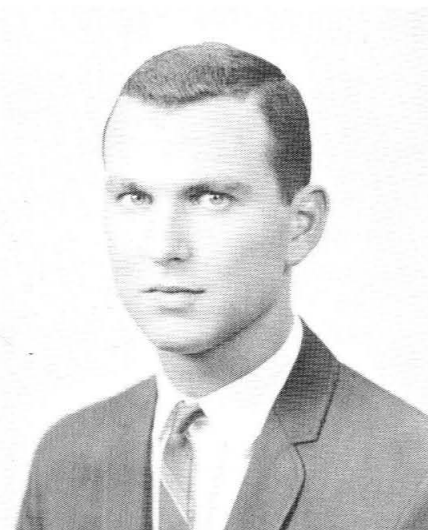
LLOYD



STUART W. GALLEY

RUDDOCK

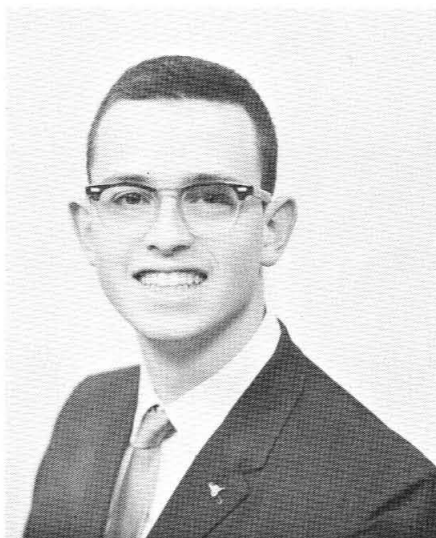
From the day Stu arrived on campus, Tech was his oyster. With a minor amount of snaking he got near the top of his class and was sucked into Tau Beta Pi. Meanwhile he manifested his megalomania as a UCC and on the EPC. By his junior year he had merely to display his stack of sticky En 1 essays to be acclaimed Tech editor. Here he shrewdly pretended to espouse the virtues of truth, justice, and the Eight-fold Way while secretly plotting the capture of those two offices of boundless graft and corruption—Tech Business Mgr. and Ruddock VP, keeper of the Jose Frink Speakeasy. His degeneration can be traced to membership in the George Zweig Arbor Day Committee. The final downfall came at his debut as a skateboard artist, and now he doesn't bite any more. If Fritz wants this battered hulk, she can have him.



LEONARD H. GORDY

PAGE

Leonard's Page House career was brightened by his enlightening designs on the dances and Interhouse displays, an activity taken up in conjunction with certain of his fellow members of the CFTD & SU. He also employed another method for evading studies—managing frosh and varsity baseball teams. The successor to the general store and forerunner of today's soda salesmen, his capitalistic activities left his stamp on house business transactions. A frustrated experimentalist, he hopes that now people will finally be convinced that he is not an EE. A Roman (New York variety) from 11 B.C. (Before Crock), Leonard has never grown to enjoy Southern California and he plans on returning East for graduate school.



MARK E. GRANOFF

DABNEY

PAUL CHAIKIN

DABNEY

So you think Jews are sneaky, loud, flashy, crude, long-nosed, money-mad, arrogant and hairy? Wrong. Consider this counter-example. Mark's nose isn't really very long at all. And nowadays, many a gentile has more hair. Mark is from Miami (where else?), or at least he was. Lately he's been calling Oklahoma home, but many people doubt whether he'll ever be a good Okie. Besides, what can a physicist do in Oklahoma? Graduate school is next for Mark, and then, who knows? If only he'd been born in Brooklyn, he could follow in Feynman's footsteps. Maybe he can anyway. Mark has something of a way with women. Consider this bit of romantic finesse: Wishing to invite his date to stop briefly (?) with him at his place of abode, but lacking suitable etchings to offer for her perusal, he came up with a brilliant substitute: "Would you like to come by my place and see my comic books?" I ask you, with an approach like that how can you miss? For those of you who still haven't identified this specimen, the following guide is offered: If you chance to see a moving madras blur flash by on a shiny big Yamaha, you've done it; you've seen Mark the Mod.

Out of the raw jungle territory of Brooklyn roared Bwana Paul, heading for Caltech, that party school of the golden west. Instead, he found himself in the land of the mighty Green elephants, where he was required to perform superhuman tasks. Our hero first was confronted by the ravaging, rabid snake, which he successfully suppressed for four years. Next Bwana Paul had to conquer the kingdom of the lackadaisical lounge rat, which he did with ease. Finally, he was forced to take revenge on the unscrupulous Las Vegas tribe who crippled his powerful steed, Courageous Caravelle. Bwana Paul was last seen shutting down 17 Ferraris and a skateboard on Angeles Crest.

MICHAEL A. CUNNINGHAM BLACKER



Y activist, President
 esquire movies.
 Advocate of no grades,
 and ants.
 An intrepid physical theorist,
 and lizards.
 Helped set Beckman free,
 people too.
 Whence Mike Cunningham the scintillator,
 and whither, too?

GARY LEE BORNZIN RUDDOCK



In the beginning Gaby came to Tech filled with the missionary spirit, armed with his trusty Kierkegaard, his baritone ukulele, a giant sheepskin, and an indestructible optimism. He immediately began his attack by tickling the skinny Grik into submission and chasing sweet innocent virgins with sweet innocent virginal voices. As a part of his vicious plan to take over Tech, he became both LCC and UCC in Ruddock and infiltrated the EPC, BOC, Tau Beta Pi, the REC, the Y cabinet, and even that most radical of all campus organizations, CCF. Although his philosophy stressed the virtues of Bach and Peter, Paul & Mary to the point of almost complete rejection of Gilbert & Sullivan, his following grew until there was no part of the campus left untouched by virtue. Now, having transformed the CIT campus and looking toward bigger and better things, Gaby goes out into the Real World filled with the missionary spirit, armed with his trusty Feynman, Beethoven's Ninth, and a giant sheepskin, different but unchanged.

WILLIAM BRUCE BROSTE RUDDOCK

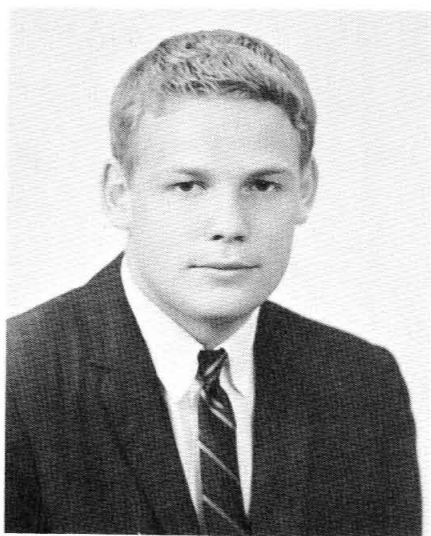


In the beginning Bill ventured into the ivory towered tabernacle of learning known as Hodunk U. There in the rigorous academic atmosphere of a truly great university, he established a record of such excellence that the Saint Peters of that intellectual paradise known as Tech allowed him to enter the hallowed halls. The intellectual elite of Tech were so impressed by the appearance of this gangling farmboy that they chose him to be Tau Beta Pi frosh of the year. Unfortunately this inspired his power hungry pride. He climbed the administrative ladder from Ruddock House Social Chairman to Big T Editor to IHC Chairman. Big Bill was always careful not to let academic pursuit interfere with his extracurricular activities. He was active in band, dance band, and glee club. Big Bad Bill discovered girls. This started an irreversible process climaxing when he stoned Judi with the precious ice. His friends will long remember the muddy footsteps of this Danish farmboy and wish him the best as he goes on to bigger and more fertile fields.

DAVID L. STOLFA FLEMING



As the lone survivor of the Flem power of '65, Dave owes his fifth year to a football injury. Coming to Tech from Phoenix he began to cement a snake's reputation early in his career. Even more, his removal of a certain section of retaining wall on Angeles Crest will serve as a lasting monument. This string of good luck continued into the '64 social season ("I've decided to marry Jack and so maybe we shouldn't go to Interhouse.") Undaunted, Dave has become R.A. of "The Villa" and plans to move on to bigger and better snakepits in solid state.



DOUGLAS W. GAGE

RUDDOCK

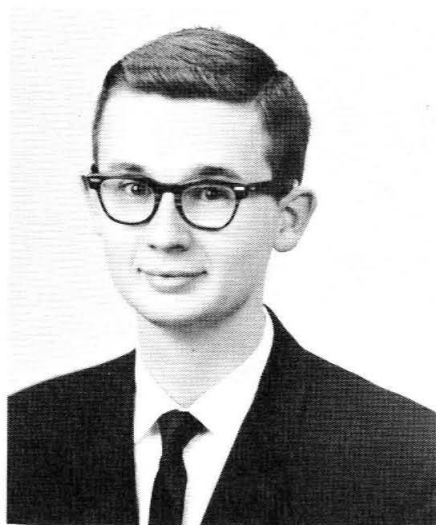
of voice half-sound and of feet sounder
 ode to the patience of Frodsham and Goldsworthy
 here's to the pleasures of indolence
 with ten noodles of truth, blue-eyed and grimm
 knowing, enthusiastic
 of life and things and men and women
 killing two Byrds with one Stone
 or maybe only one

chairman of socialness in year past
 forsooth in a year hence's past will bring
 the Corps of Notwar;
 or enmeshed in higher learning
 or enthralled with lower
 at least and most a human
 surviving Hell



ELMER WILLIAM COLGLAZIER, JR. PAGE

Bill came to CIT from Texas — and he never let you forget that he was a Texan. The first year he snaked so much that he was hardly ever seen; and he, like all snakes, chose physics as an option. After he got a car, however, he transformed — as evidenced by being a UCC and President of Page, member of Tau Beta Pi, and three year letterman in golf. He went to South America on the Dupont Travel Prize as a junior and then got an even faster car as a senior. The strange thing is that he has stayed in physics!



TOM MILLER

PAGE

Tom is one of the men who came to Caltech and opened his eyes both to science and the world around him. In the last four years he has come to recognize the beauties of good music, good shows and good women. It is not unusual to see him sitting in front of his speakers with a score avidly following the music or sitting before the candled altar listening to music with a woman. At school, Tom's musical interest found outlets through participation in Band and Glee Club. Along with his widening horizons, Tom maintained strong religious beliefs and was very active in the CCF, first as social chairman and then as program coordinator. During his Junior and Senior years, Tom also found time to do research in physics (and realized that all the hardships of the option were worthwhile). Physics may be nice, but not without women, so next year it's on to a coed grad school.



RICHARD DEAN HEIDER

RUDDOCK

ROBERT LEE BERNSTEIN

PAGE



HOWARD T. POWELL

DABNEY

Howie arrived eagerly from booming Woodland, Washington, and soon became an avid Californian. Noted at once for the smelliest room in Dabney, he managed to overcome his natural aura to become a star ladies-man (i.e. stud) leaving hearts strewn from Altadena to Avalon. His soph snake push brought Howie into the Honors realm where he has remained despite a dedicated "really-care" front. He also finds time to be Dabney's social chairman and defeated a strong field to make prexy as a senior. Discovering as a junior that he really was a Jock, our hero lettered in wrestling and football, and is known throughout the land for his musical ability with a trash can and stick.



A. DOUGLAS HOLFORD

FLEMING

Having left his dusty Texas plains far behind, Doug condescended to come to California, determined to become the greatest of all physicists. Shortly after his arrival on campus Doug, soon known as the "Lone-Star Super-Snake," found many facets of Tech life suiting his pleasures. Among these were the Thanksgiving Dinner Program, Secretary-Of-The-Month Club, and the High School Relations Committee. His typical Texan attitude necessitated his acquiring a certain measure of prowess in the art of Karate, and his desire to spread the knowledge of his newly-discovered talents led him to the Nipponese community one summer. Having demonstrated that physics is no real challenge, Doug now leaves California, determined to become the greatest of all lawyers.



JOHN P. WALTER

LLOYD

John came to Caltech from nearby Riverside, California. While attempting to learn something of physics, he found solace in the waters of the Alumni Pool, earning three letters in water polo and receiving the Coach's Cup his senior year. As a junior, he served as ASCIT Secretary, and as a senior he served as Lloyd House President and ASCIT Athletic Manager. John hopes to journey to Harvard University next year to pursue an advanced degree in physics.

PHYSICS

JAMES W. BROOKS

PAGE

Page's only refugee from Oxnard (where's that?), Big Jim (How's it going, guys?) is the best locksmith this side of Fort Knox. He spent four years unsuccessfully trying to pick the Lock of Science, but reached his true glory with the Mad Lock Troll Trap and the involuntary incarceration of several of the Unaware Ones (But it **looked** like a normal lock.) Alas, 1965 saw the prostitution of his talents: He sacrificed a year's eligibility and turned pro. With a price list on his door and a lockpick in his pocket, Jim was always ready for action. He plans to spend the next several years making a Master Key (or maybe a PhD Key) for the Lock of Science.



MICHAEL LEE WOLF

RUDDOCK



PHILIP L. COLEMAN

BLACKER

Nursed as a budding scientist by NSF and initiated into the world of wavy particles by the mysterious Dr. Kraus (that's Suark spelled backward), Phil came to Caltech with great promise. He saw. And in his first year he conquered it. Tired of budding scientifically after one season's growth, Phil began to expand his horizons. He pursued a life of culture and refinement and the girls pursued him. He descended into the bowels of Bridge and became the Sorcerer's apprentice. He ascended to heights of political oration and established his title of Champion of the People while labeling fruits on doors. And in the second year he played chess during the Physics final. But finally retribution came and Phil's world crashed down on him. His culture and refinement was now two bits a throw. The Sorcerer banished him to the northern hinterlands for the summer to chase balloons. The Peoples Champion was pressed into office in the Y and the Physics Club. And his acorn didn't sprout. But all is well that goes well and Phil certainly does that. Still a budding scientist and probably still to be nursed by NSF, Phil's horizons are still expanding: this year, Caltech; next year, the world . . . maybe even cosmic rays.



DAVID CHU

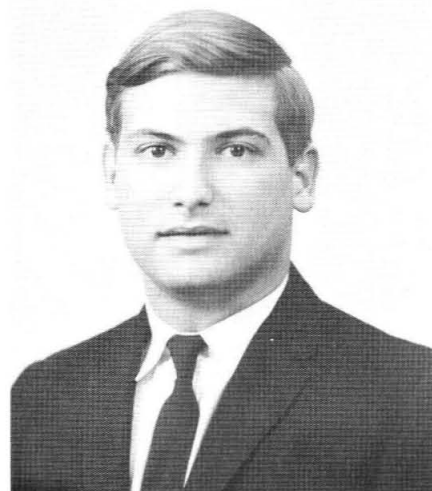
FLEMING



MICHAEL CREUTZ

FLEMING

Leaving his home in Rancho Santa Fe for the wonderful world of Caltech, Mike quickly adapted to Tech life. He could be seen daily trudging off to classes in his oil stained brown (?) jacket, and walking along in bare feet no matter what the weather. His high school girl, however, prevented him from being completely devoured by Tech life. Carol, attending UCLA, was known to have slept overnight in Fleming's "Powder Room", and was often seen riding on the back of a motorscooter. Carol's year long stay in France did not dampen the fire of love, and Mike is now looking forward to years of Utopia beginning this June.



PHYSICS

CHRIS SHELTON

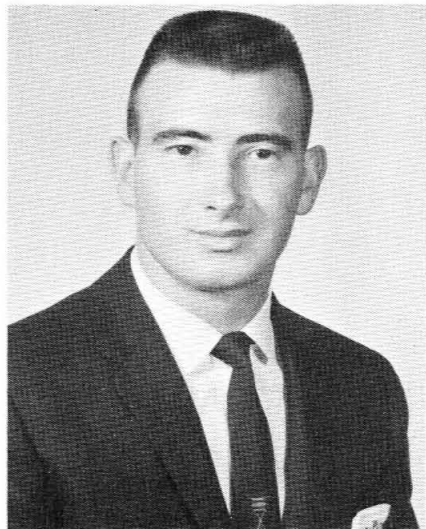
RICKETTS

Chris (the CS of Ricketts House) came to Techville with visions of Electrical Engineering and sugar plums in his mind. EE has since fallen by the wayside, but he still enjoys sugar plums, especially during his weekly jaunts to Hollywood. His services to society include wrestling for Tech and being a member of the Glee Club. In return, Caltech has been good to Chris. Besides the usual talents of tray spinning and lock picking, if you get him off his skateboard he can fix your TV for you. Chris has become a free-lance physicist of sorts and, if the time is right, can be seen experimenting with non-holonomic constraints on the sidewalks of Pasadena.



RAYMOND PAUL LYNCH

RUDDOCK



TIMOTHY LEE STEPHENS

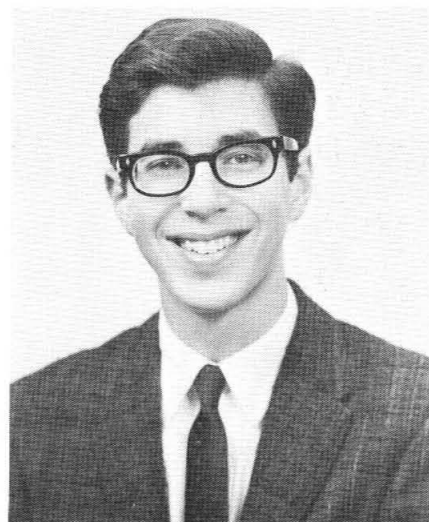
BLACKER

From Seattle, which he still calls "the best of all possible worlds," Tim came to Caltech with the ambition to become an outstanding theoretical physicist. By maintaining a 4.0 GPA and being elected to Tau Beta Pi, he has catapulted himself toward graduate work in his favorite field. However, at times he has shown dangerous signs of weakening. That first date Frosh year has been followed by several more and even a car to facilitate matters. Besides that, he has played in the Caltech Band and been active in off-campus church activities. We all hope, of course, that his crowning achievement is editorship of this issue of the Big T.



JESSE GRODNIK

LLOYD



SETH JAY PUTTERMAN

RICKETTS

Coming to wild Pasadena from the dead streets of Greenwich Village, Seth found Caltech a totally different life than Cooper Union. Instead of snaking for a half an hour a week, he found that he had to snake for a half an hour a day. In his spare time he threw wild parties in Room 17, slept on the alley floor, etc. His reputation quickly spread throughout the physics department, and especially throughout L.A. County. He became one of the Herc Alley boys in his senior year and managed to keep them happy at all times. Undoubtedly Seth's Brooklyn heritage will not be forgotten among his friends for a long time.

MATHEMATICS

RICHARD QUINT

BLACKER

Rich came to Cal Tech from Rutgers his sophomore year, for reasons he still can't comprehend. Wandering into Blacker, it was agreed by all that he belonged in the house of individuals, where he has remained as an outstanding member. Rich wanted to be a historian until the Humanities options came along, when he realized that he couldn't complain about his option unless he remained a mathematician. He does, however, have certain aesthetic reservations about the over-exactness of his chosen field. Rich has blown up a storm as band manager, and been on such magnificent bodies as the ASCIT ExComm and the Blacker UCC. As the concrete of New York beckons him east to grad school, Rich goes quietly back to sleep.



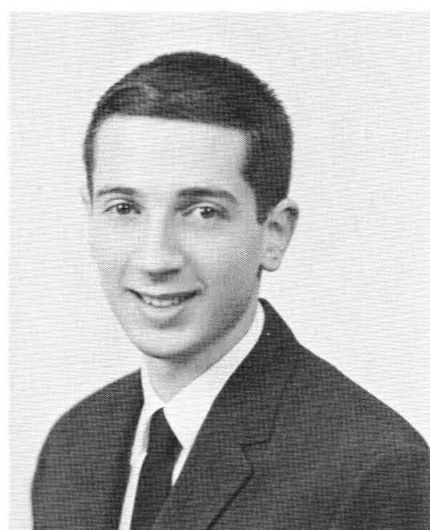
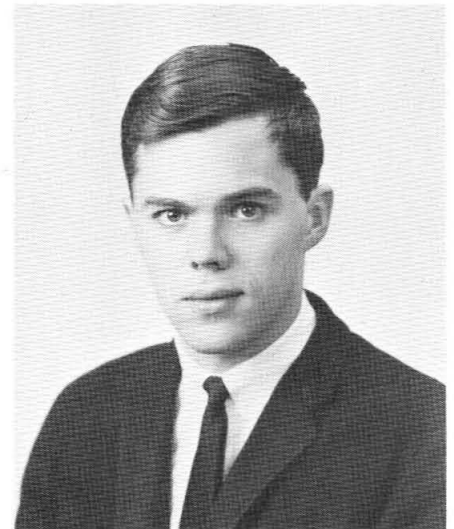
FREDERIC W. SHULTZ

DABNEY

EDWARD L. ROBERTSON

BLACKER

Young Ed came out of the deep snows of Minnesota with a burning desire to study physics. However, exposure to the black art dismayed our hero and he turned to other pursuits. After toying with geology, mathematics, meta-mathematics and theology he turned to more human (if not humane) activities, becoming involved in Y and ASCIT politics and setting a record for lost elections. But his honest face finally won over the men of Blacker and they put him on the BOC for two straight years. Ed's future is yet unclear, perhaps grad school in philosophy or a return to the wild to be the last of the faithful Indian guides.

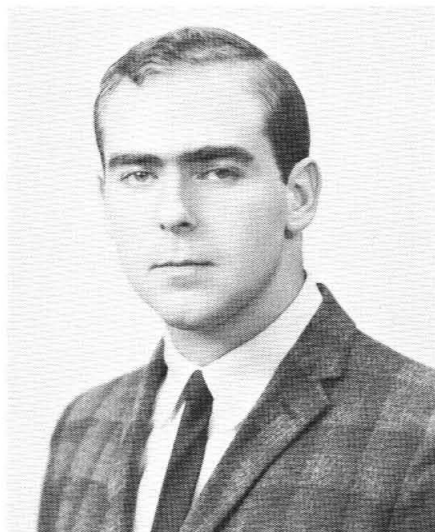


RICHARD PETER STANLEY

FLEMING



RICHARD RAY UNDERWOOD FLEMING



BENJAMIN DEMBART BLACKER

Migrating from Far Rockaway, N. Y., Ben came to Tech to pursue his interests in mathematics and sports. Overshadowing his participation in frosh football and interhouse athletics were his sly dealings behind the sports scene. Ben showed unusual diplomatic prowess in his sophomore year when he used the Central Powers Alliance to enable mild Heaven to dominate the Inter-alley Challenge Ladder. From here he graduated to the ranks of Blacker House Athletic Manager and Big T sports editor. In his spare time Ben learned the intricacies of banjo picking, distinguished himself as a cinch master, and developed into an amateur economist. An honor student in mathematics, he has also been known to fool around with sources of strong gravitational fields. Next year will find him in grad school doing his usual fine work in functional analysis.



HAROLD A. WILLIAMS, JR. FLEMING



VERN S. POYTHRESS RICKETTS

An honors-at-entrance Merit Scholar, Vern soon established a reputation as an inveterate curve-raiser, though fortunately a friendly one. Vern had no trouble choosing the mathematics option, with the ability that he showed by examining out of Ma 1, Ma 2, and Ma 108 and winning top honors in the Putnam Math Test. A dedicated Christian, Vern will be remembered also as a president of the Caltech Christian Fellowship, where he stimulated the concern of other Christians for both God and fellow students. In the future he plans for graduate work in mathematics somewhere in the East.

MATHEMATICS

RICHARD HENRY BIGELOW

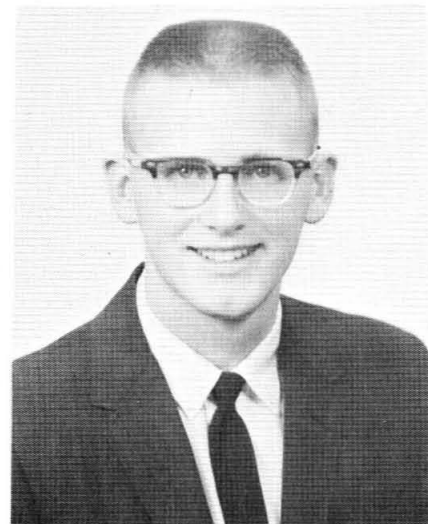
LLOYD



WILLIAM F. ORR

RUDDOCK

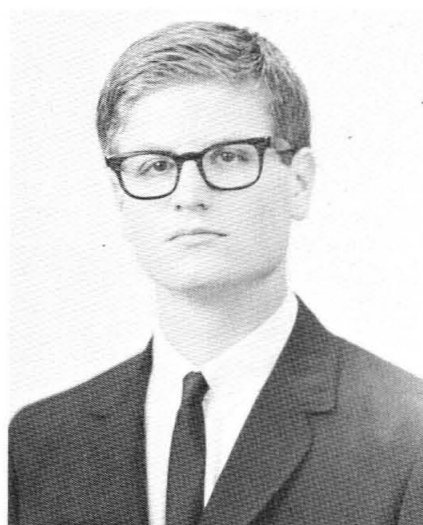
"Party in Blorr's room!" — through the famous Blorr Door, into a neat pad stuffed with books in twelve (count 'em) languages, Marvel Comics, tapes, the sound of **My Fair Lady** in Hebrew (or **Dreigroschenoper** of Beatrice Lillie reading Lewis Carroll), and a thirsty little bird labeled "Quetzalcoatl Le Coq d' Orr." On the sofa, puffing his churchwarden pipe, is Blorr himself, House Culture Vulture, vulching culture and translating a Spider Man comic (or the latest issue of **Plain Truth**) into Esperanto. He jumps up to greet us, pours us a cup of tea, and sits us bodily down on the sofa. Posing as a math major, Blorr's secret mission is to undermine the Caltech system by propagating enthusiasm, cheer, and day by day enjoyment and appreciation of life. We flee from his room to escape these perverse and contagious attitudes.



GIRARD HAVEN

FLEMING

Searching for Apollo's glorious light he came, young Diogenes, even to the storied grandeur of Caltech. So did he revel in brilliance of the light that even word of the death of love and innocence could not dampen the idealism that led him to mathematics. But the flame began to dim. He left Apollo, calling "You can't catch me . . ." His forehead aching, he worshipped unclean gods in the temple of the south. He gave up math, to the profound sadness of Dr. Bohnenblust, lowering himself to the study of English, and even considering going to a land of blackness, to live with the poor. O sad young man, to depart from glorious science.



Not Shown:

- MICHAEL GEORGE ASCHBACHER**
- LYNWOOD DAVID SHIELDS**
- LARRY DAWSON WITTIE**

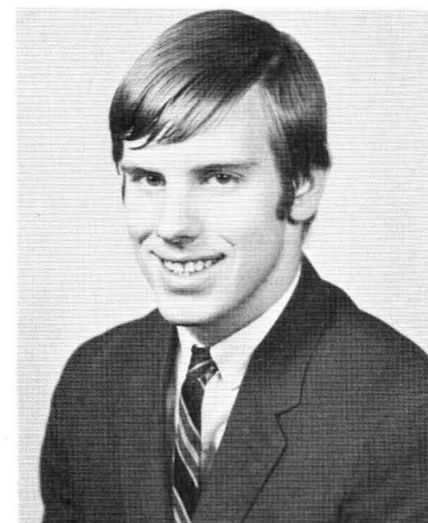
BOB SERAFIN

BLACKER

After his senior year in high school Big O had to decide whether to accept a large bonus to sign with the home team, the San Diego Chargers, or whether to come to Caltech for collegiate experience. This burley redhead revolutionized S.C.I.A.C. football with his five point stance and his aerodynamic block. During the offseason he maintained his magnificent physical condition by playing poker, oscillating cheeseburgers, and upholding the law as that great masked menace to crime — **GRAVITY MAN** — Now that his college career is complete, Big O has to decide whether to accept an even larger bonus from the Chicago Polar Bears, or whether to pursue a boxing career as the new white hope, Muhammed O.

RONALD J. WILLIAMS

LLOYD

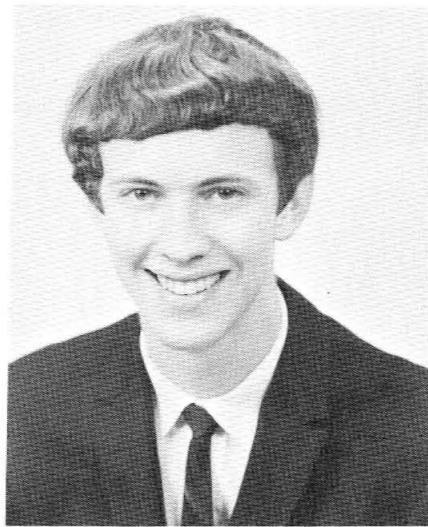




ALBERT V. HOLM

BLACKER

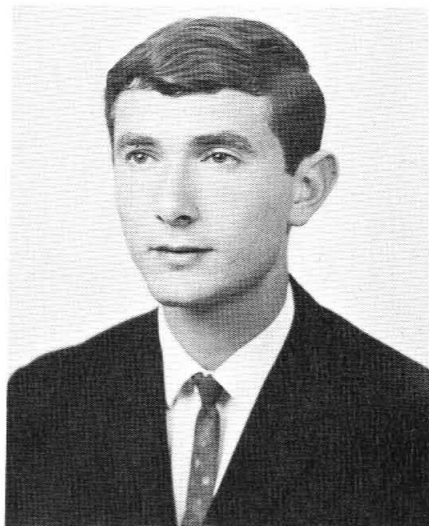
Heavily-bearded, RA-impersonating Al arrived on campus on an alley soccer athletic scholarship. Discovering that cleanliness is godliness, he shed beard and joined Kannes Showering Crew. As a budding astronomer, he spent many months working for the holmtown mining company and for the seismological lab. An absentee UCC, he spent many pleasant hours with Bonnie in Downey and Downey-prime. He plans a beachcombing career on shores of Lake superior. Is it true that half-wits are fermions?



ERIC M. JONES

BLACKER

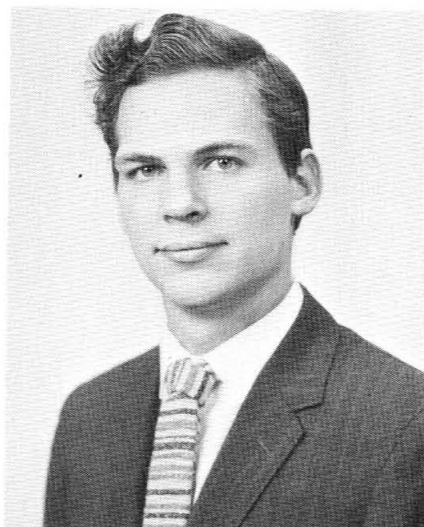
The Rolling Jones entered Caltech as a dewey-eyed freshman with ambitions to become a world-famous folk-singing, football-playing astronomer. The first week of frosh football and five months in a cast caused him to drop his football hopes. The years strenghtened his folk-singing abilities and aspirations, and his Silvertone guitar gave way to the T. J. Special, and ultimately, to The Machine. He somehow survived a bout with the Abelian Group, and went on to bigger and better things as half of Steve and Eric. Meanwhile, he continued his efforts in House Athletics, in the Society, and still managed to hold up his GPA. His future plans include graduate study in Ay and marrying Sandi.



DAVID BURNETT McCARROLL

BLACKER

Dave arrived as a freshman possessing all the important qualities to be a scientist, a pretty fair tennis game and a fine piano style. If he could have just developed a disinterest in study, he would have been all set. Then fate set in THAT Day, October 26, 1963. Beaten to one girl at the exchange by a buddy, he had to content himself with another. Now, three years later, he's still content with Judy, evened pinned to her. Future plans include a probable switch to physics, grad school at USC or UCLA, and of course, Miss Morris . . . One wonders if he ever thanked that friend?



L. SVEN ANDERSON

RICKETTS

Anderson showed his ingenuity and non-conformity early; as a frosh he was already house artist and he became a social chairman third term much to his own surprise. He was in the Glee Club until his personality and desire to spend time as the Drama Club's stage designer clashed with the director's equally stubborn personality. He quickly became architect and builder of Interhouses and Apache dances, and maker of posters of all kinds ("I never lost a candidate"). His greatest characteristic was his finkiness; he was always involved in spontaneous happenings such as trips to San Francisco, and was instrumental in the organization of many group activities such as the Railroad Lines and the Clutchhousing. In his junior year, after two abortive attempts to become a UCC, promises of minimal work lured Sven into a second term as anti-social chairman. As a senior, he decided to do something for his school and became secretary of the YDs as well as worked on the YMCA-sponsored "Home Improvement" groups.





FACULTY



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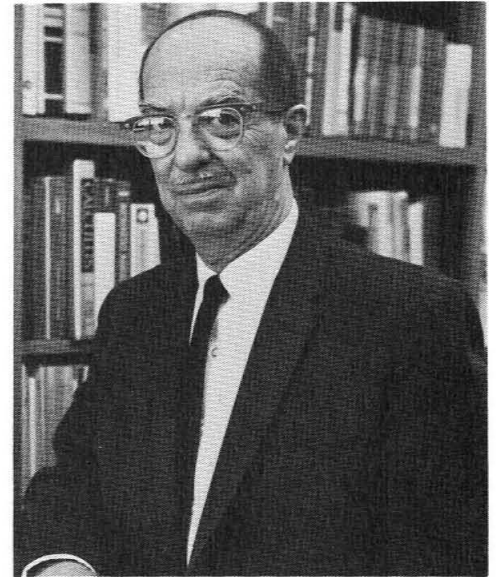
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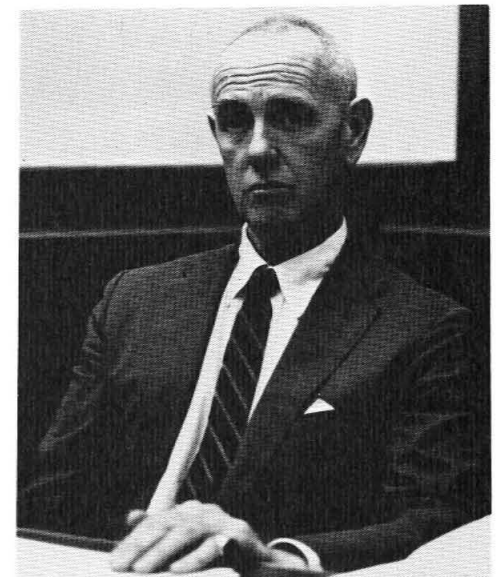
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Dean of Admissions



PETER MILLER
Associate Director of Admissions

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JESSE GREENSTEIN, Executive Officer

MAARTEN SCHMIDT

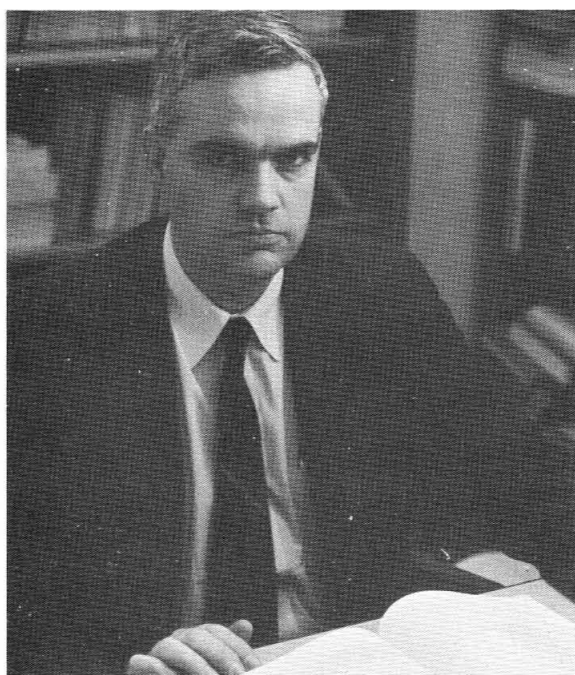


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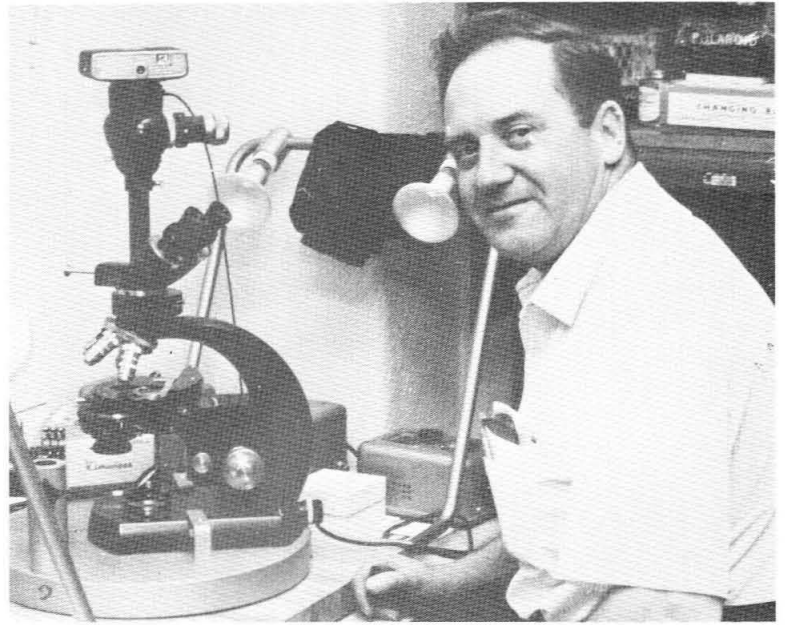
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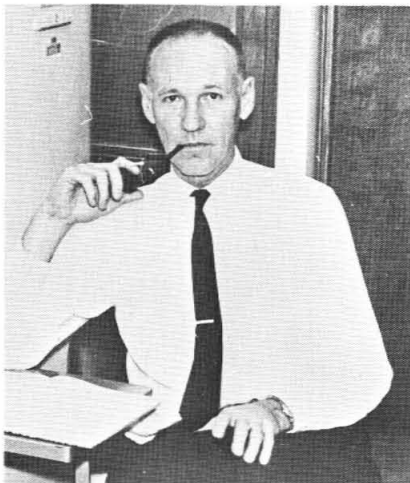


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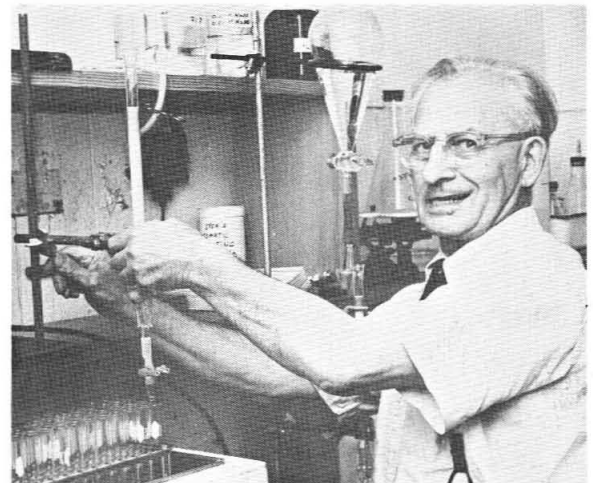


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HERSCHEL MITCHELL



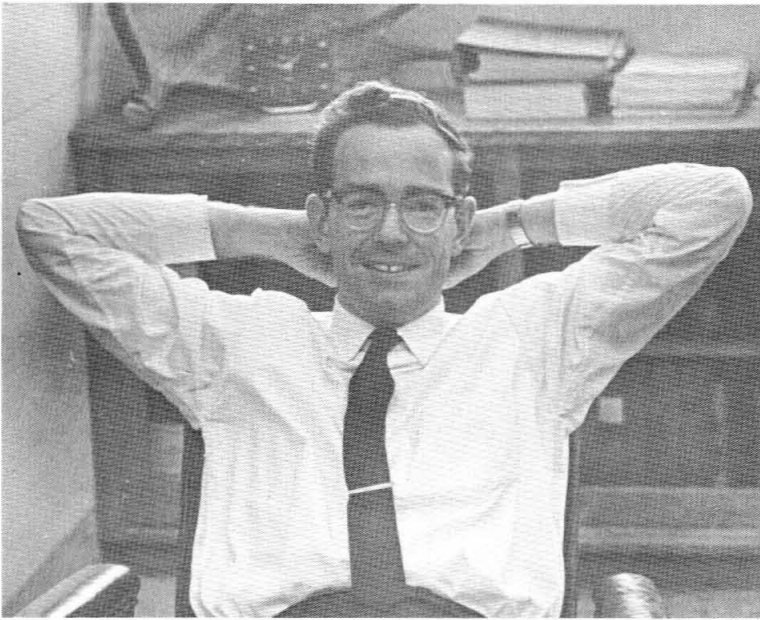
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Richard Seagrave



William Corcoran

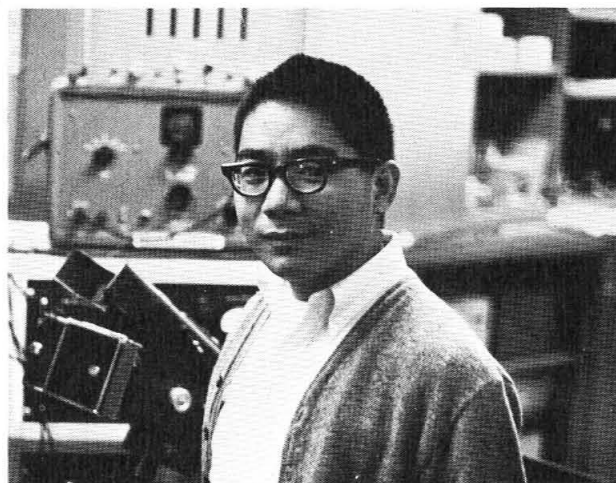


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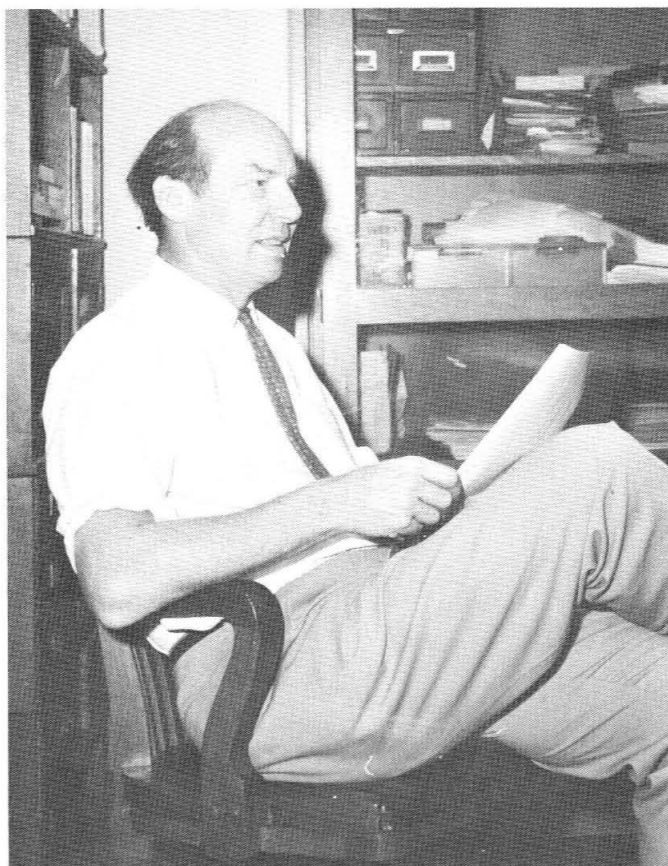


JOHN ROBERTS, Chairman

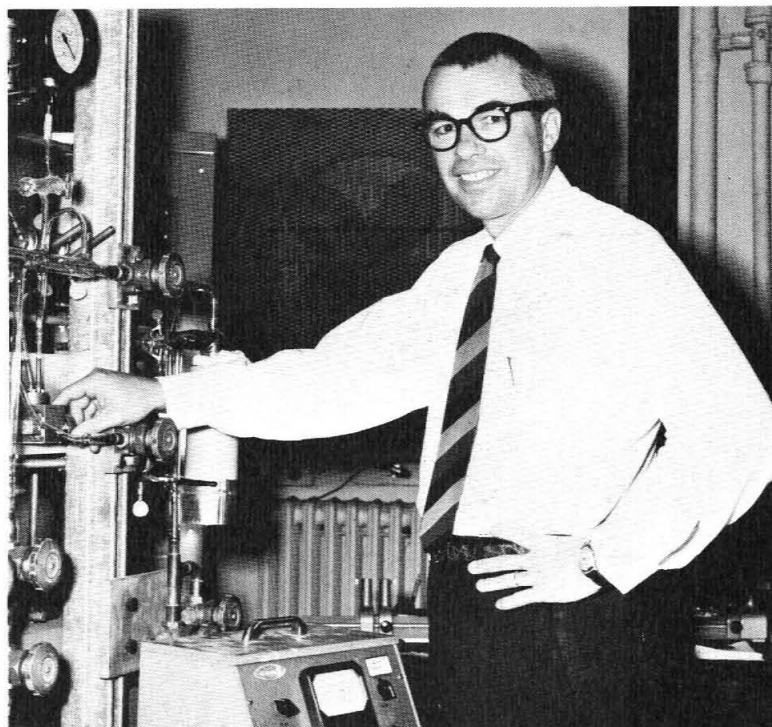
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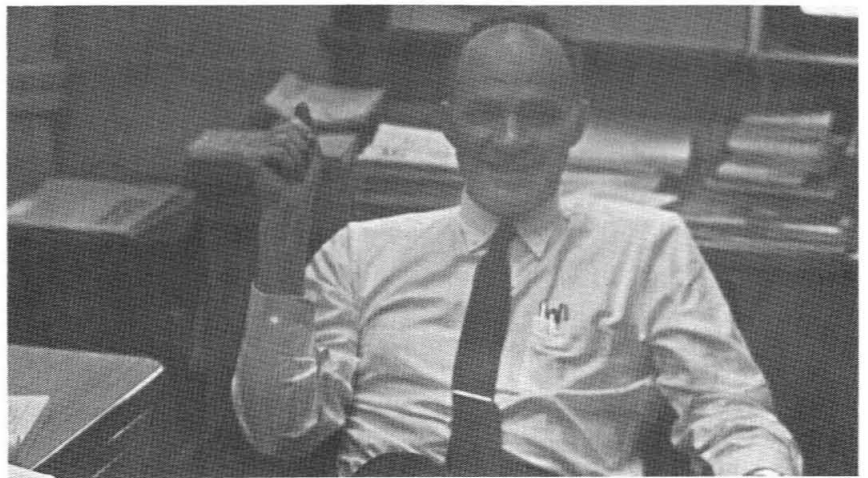


WILSE ROBINSON





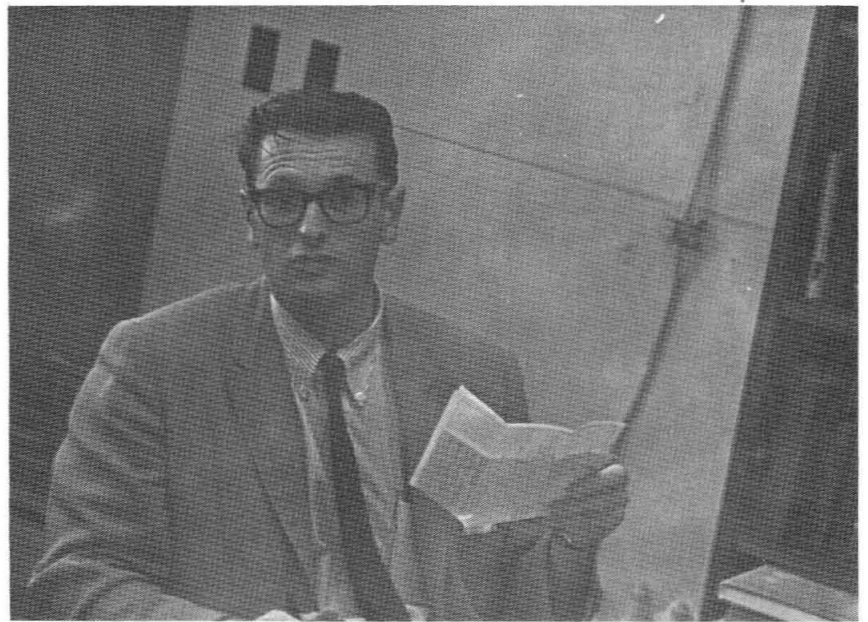
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George Hammond

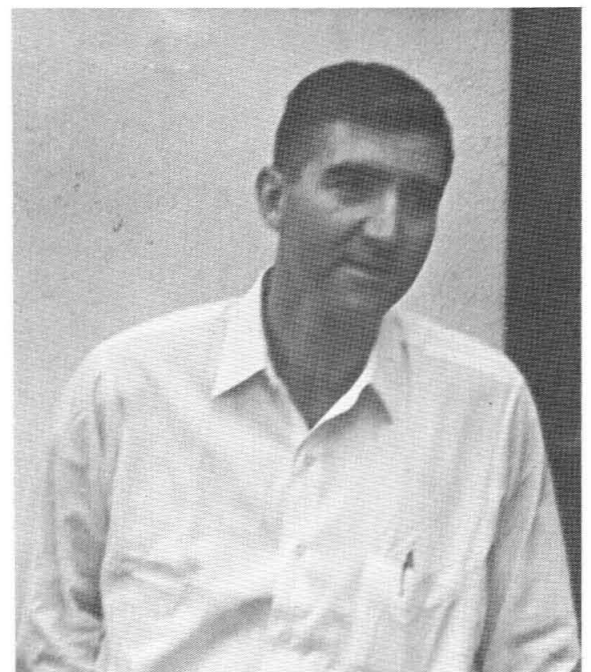
John Richards

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William Schaefer

Fred Anson



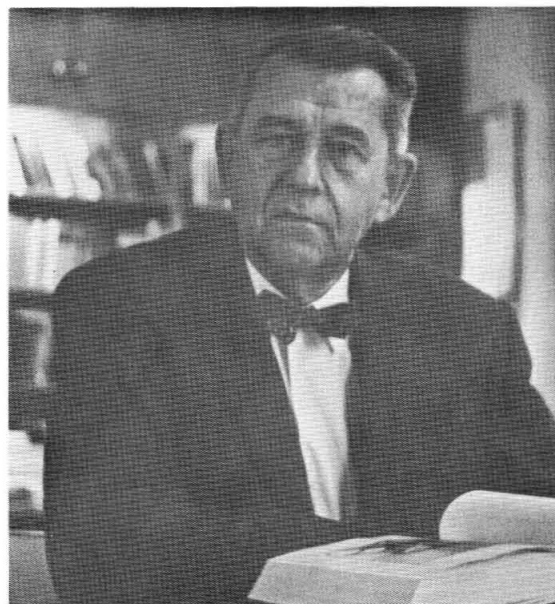
ENGINEERING



CLARK MILLIKAN

Dr. Millikan passed away in January after many years of devoted service to the California Institute and to the Nation. After receiving his Ph.D. at Caltech in 1928, he has served as professor, director of the Guggenheim Aeronautical Laboratory, and most recently, director of the Graduate Aeronautical Laboratories. Together with his father, the late Dr. Robert A. Millikan, he received the Presidential Medal of Merit in 1949 for "exceptionally outstanding conduct" in the field of rocket and jet propulsion development during World War II.

FREDERICK LINDVALL, Chairman

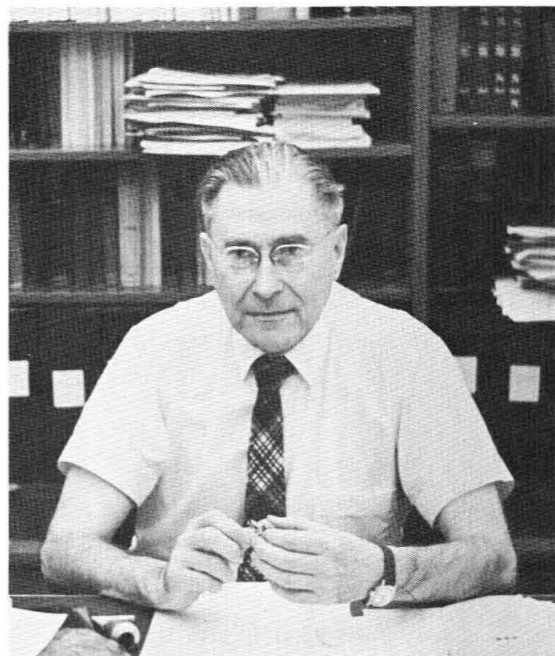


JEROME SHAPIRO



HAROLD WAYLAND

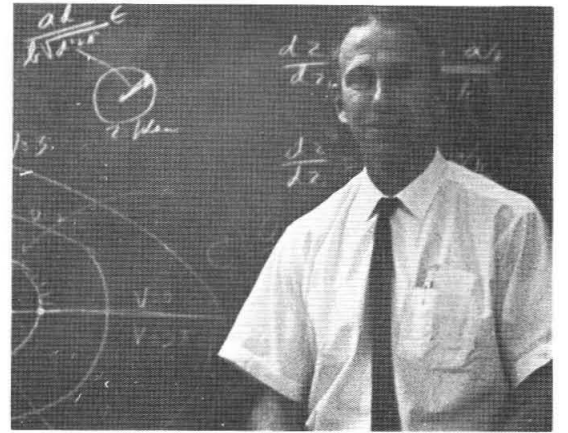
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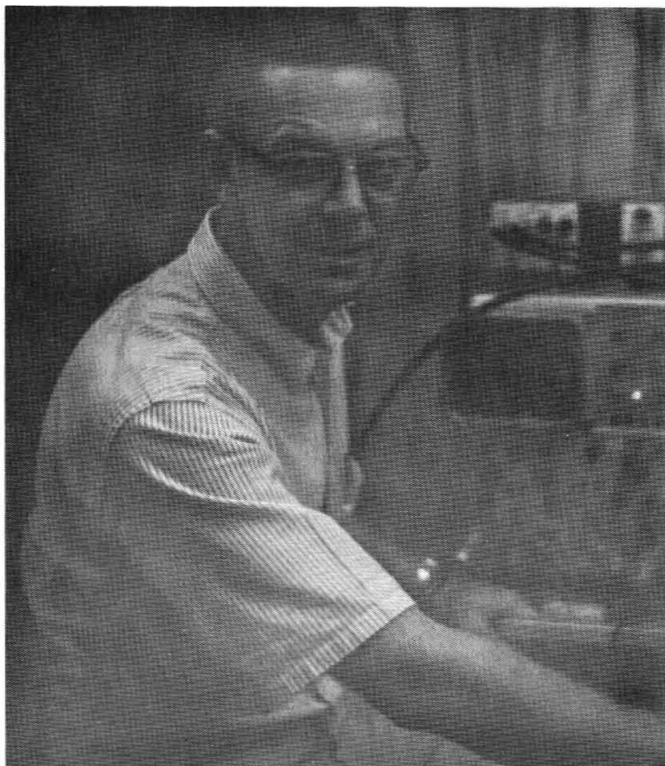
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JAMES KNOWLES

ENGINEERING



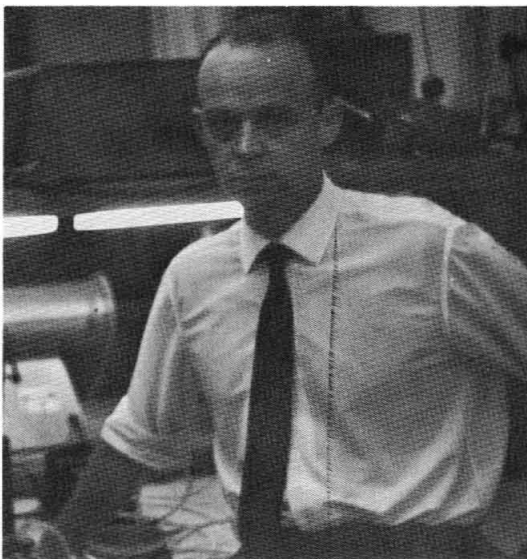
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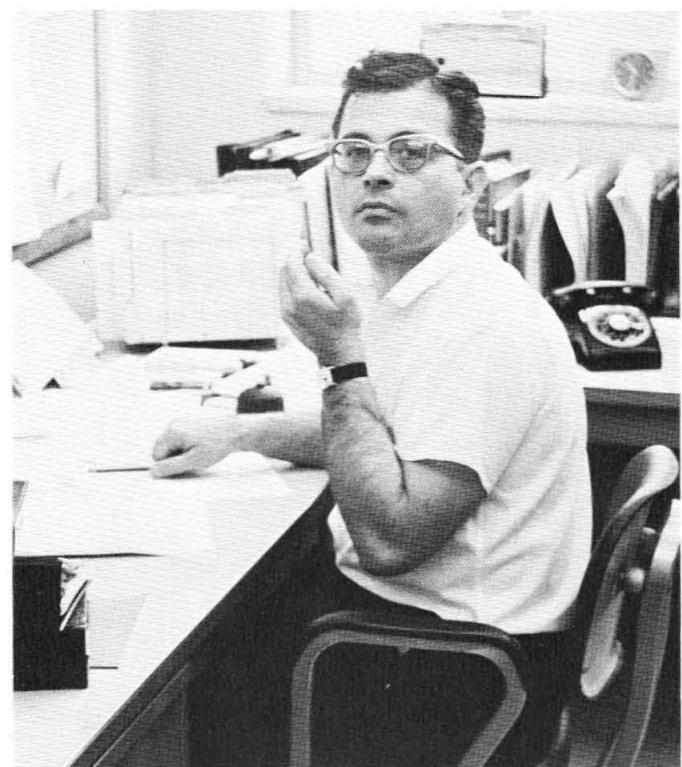


ARTHUR KLEIN



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ROBERT SHARP, Chairman

LEON SILVER

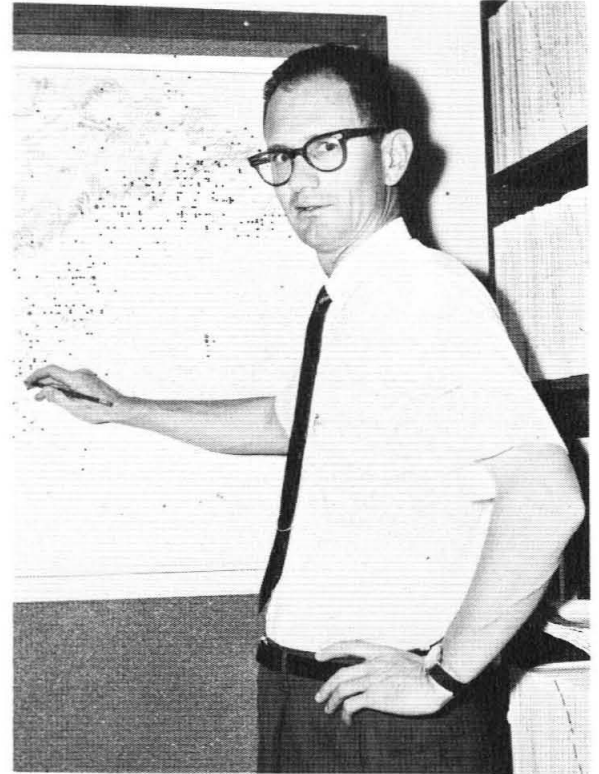


GERALD WASSERBURG



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CLARENCE ALLEN



ARDEN ALBEE



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GEORGE MAYHEW

RODMAN PAUL



HEINZ ELLERSIECK

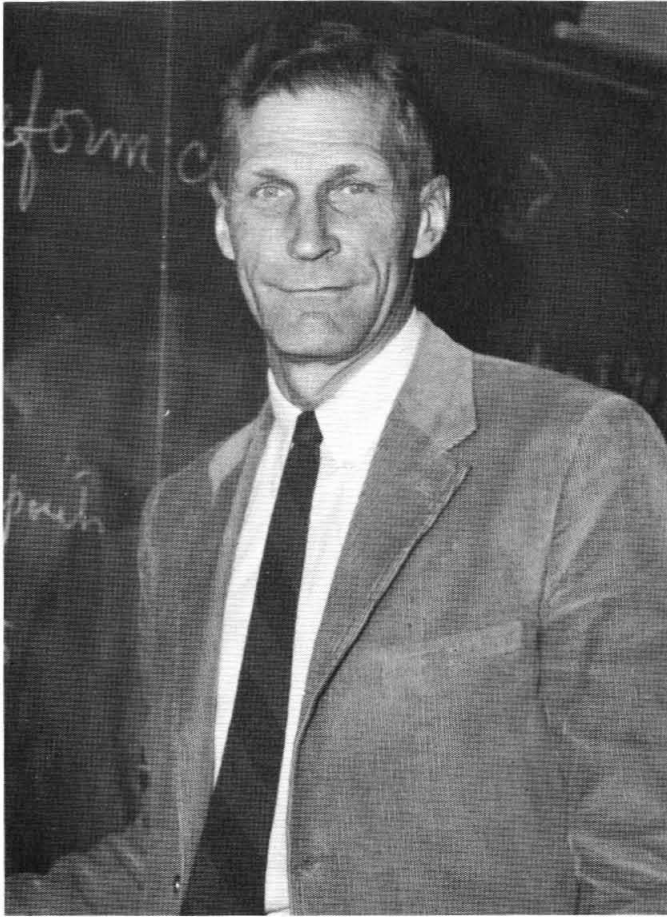


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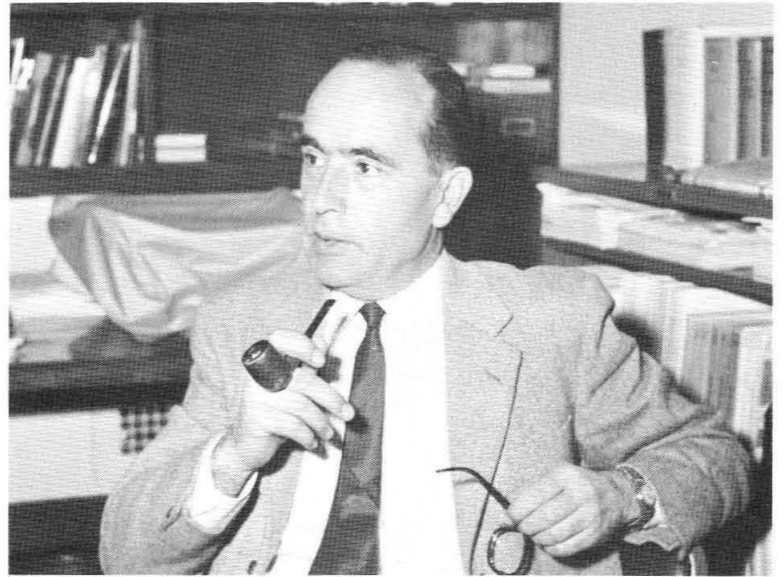
ROBERT OLIVER



HUMANITIES



ALAN SWEEZY

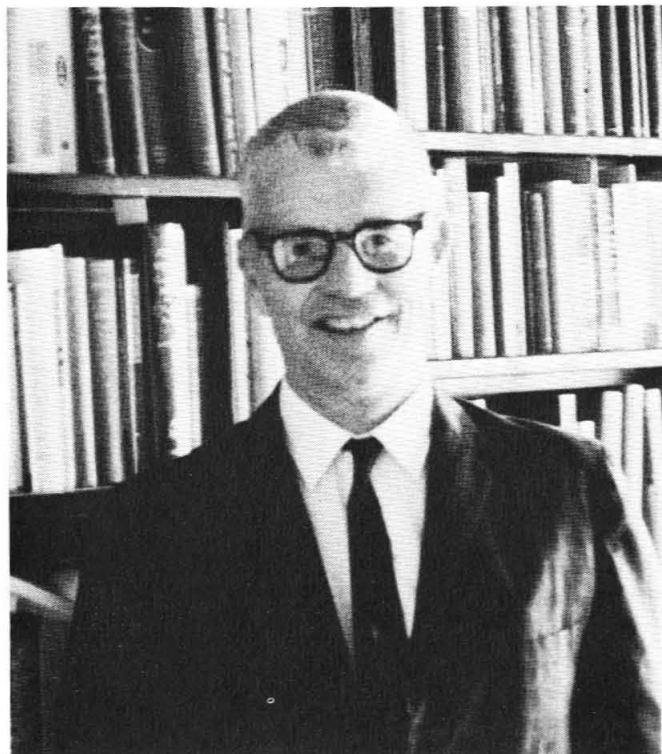


DAVID ELLIOT

BEACH LANGSTON



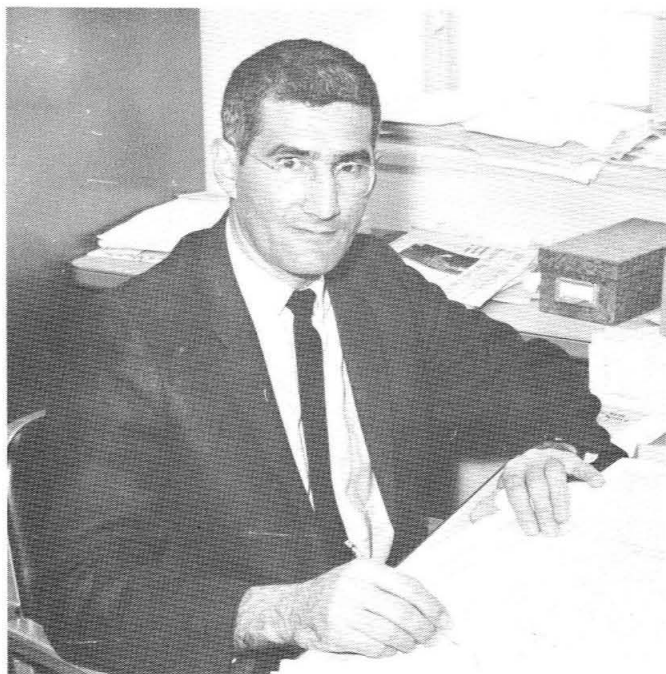
J. KENT CLARK



MELVIN BROCKIE



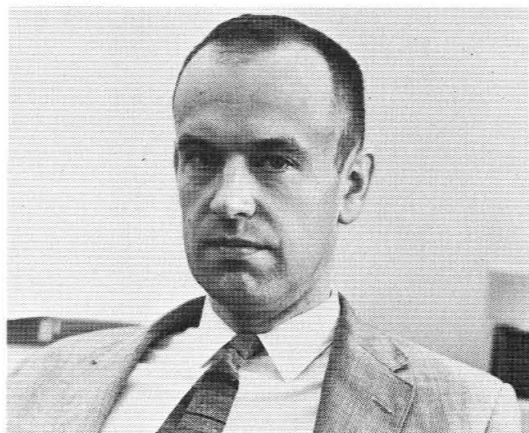
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Tom Apostol

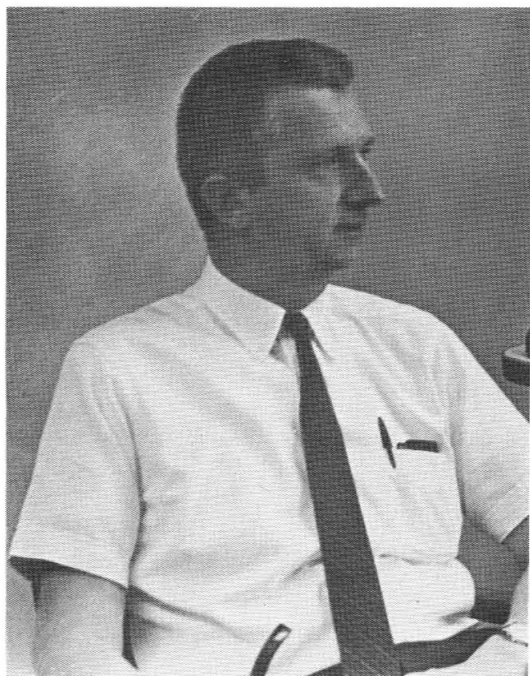


John Todd



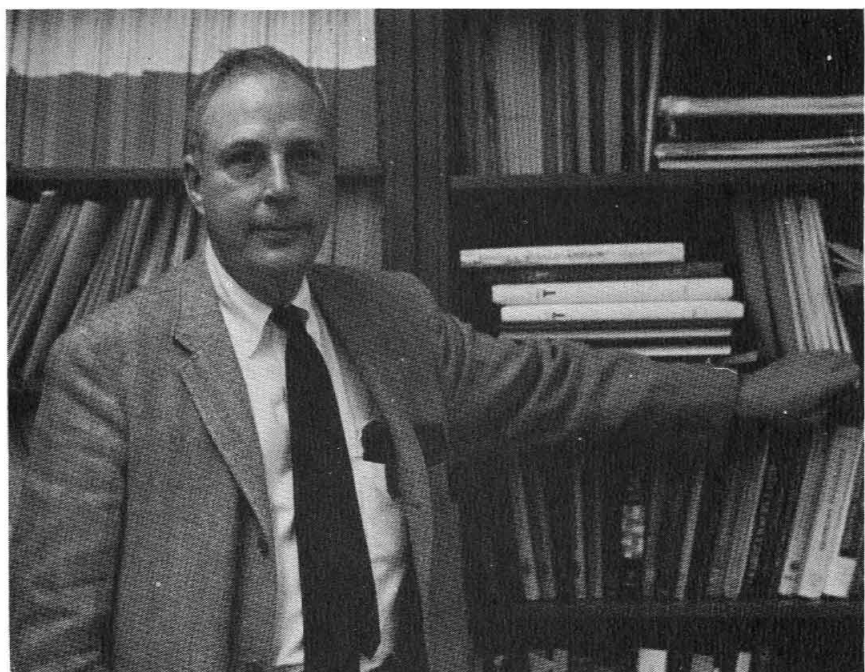
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Richard Dean



Olga Todd





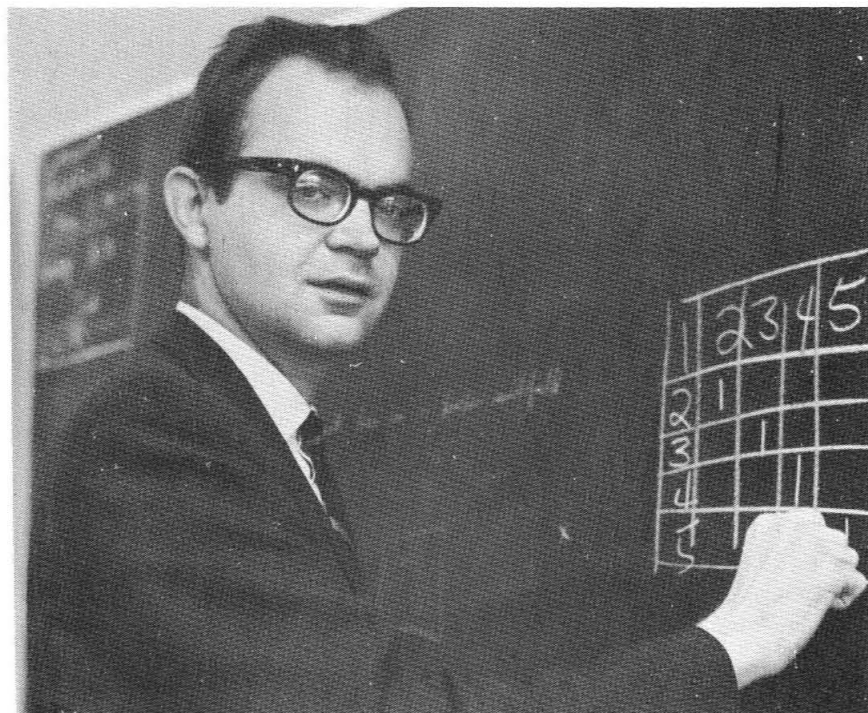
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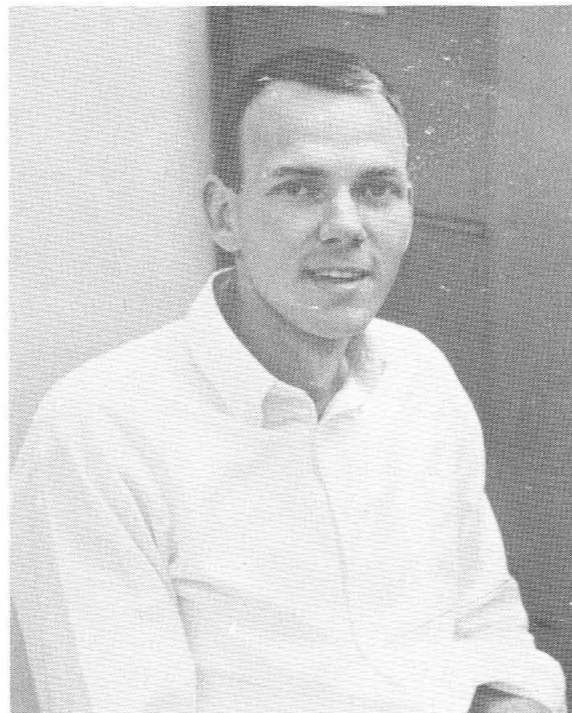
H. FREDERIC BOHNENBLUST, Executive Officer

MATHEMATICS

DONALD KNUTH



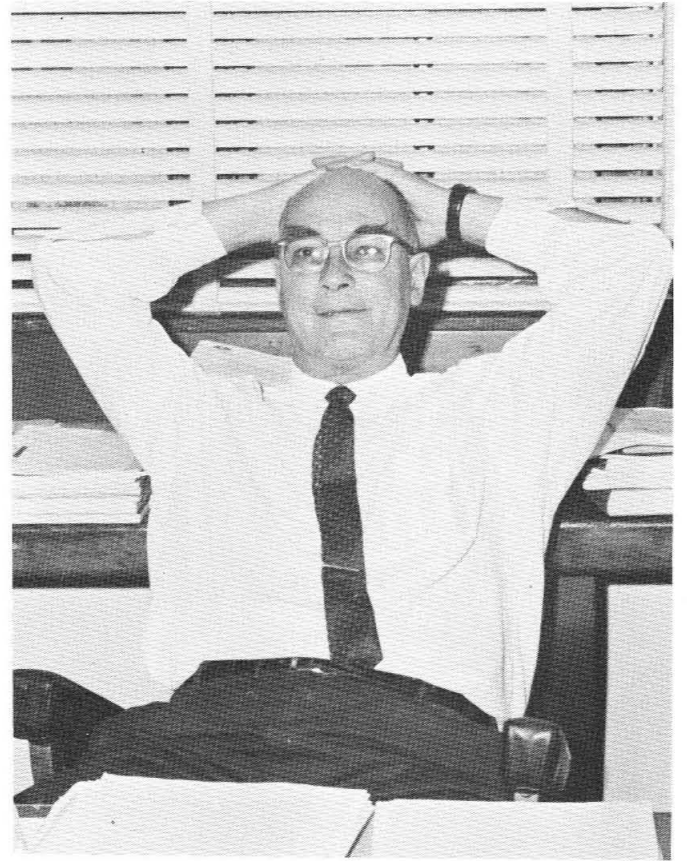
PETER CRAWLEY



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RICHARD FEYNMAN



CARL ANDERSON, Chairman

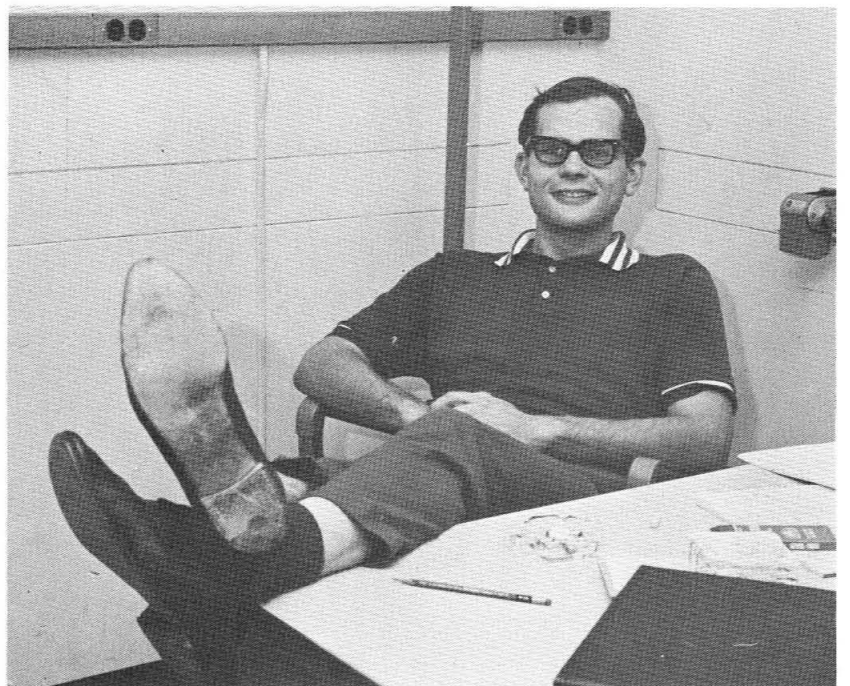


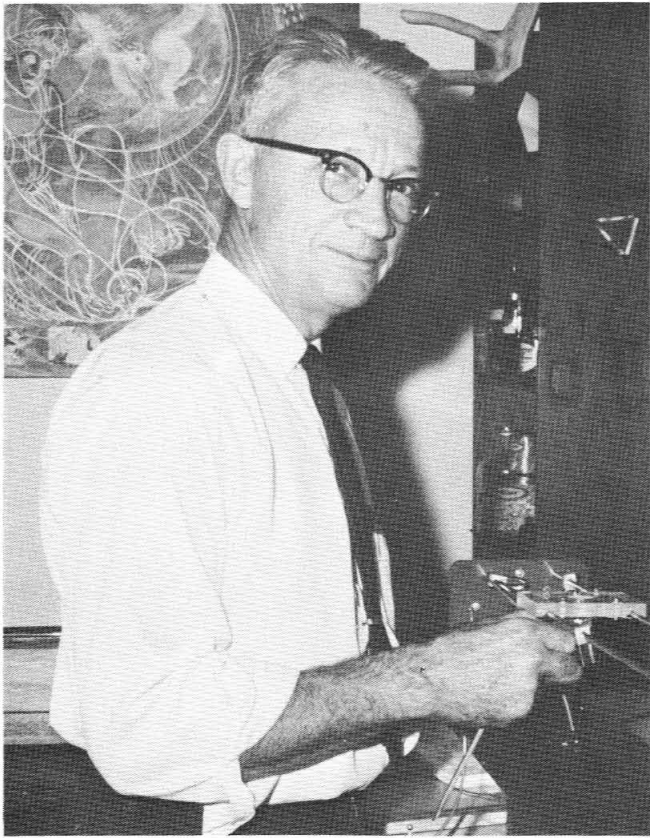
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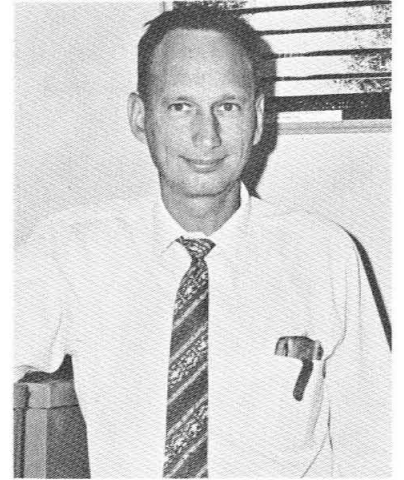


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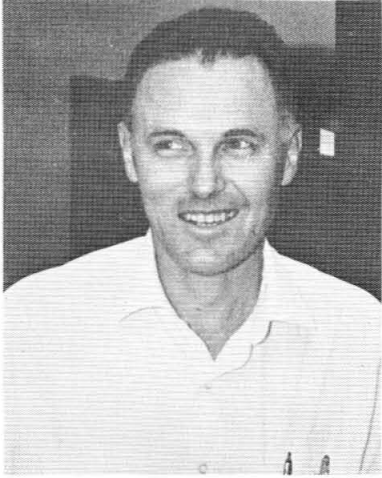
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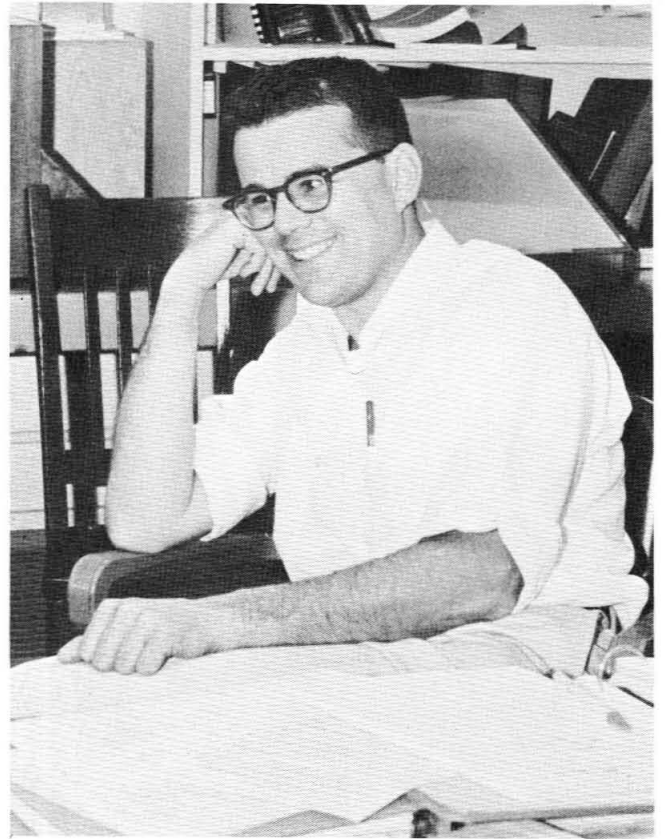


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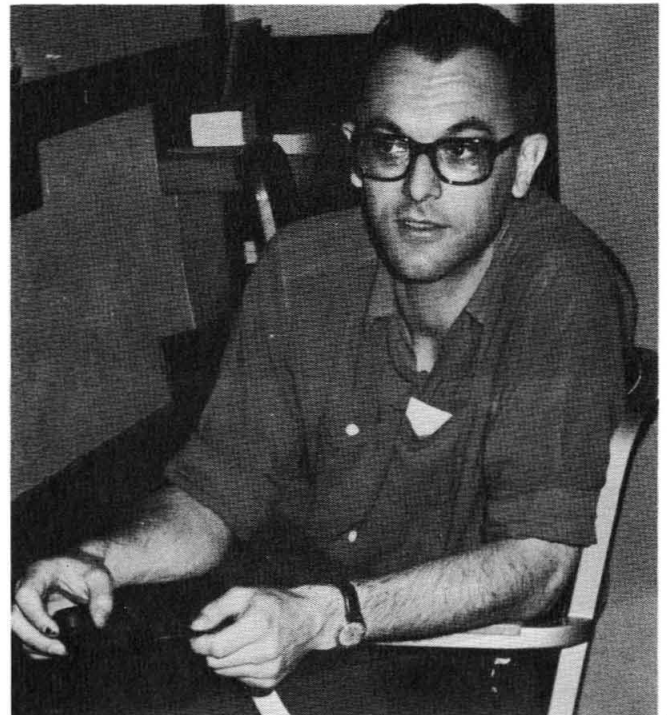


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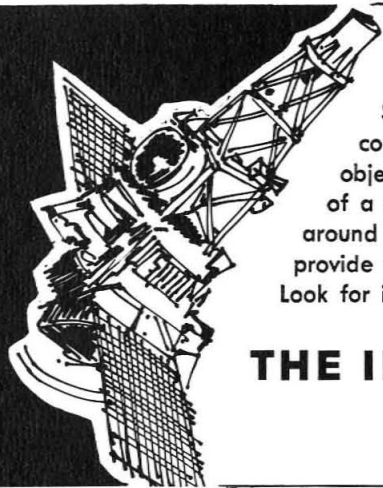
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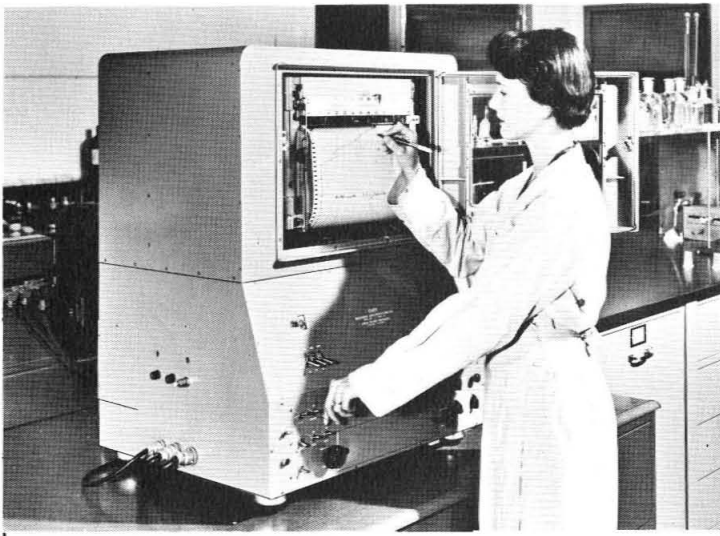
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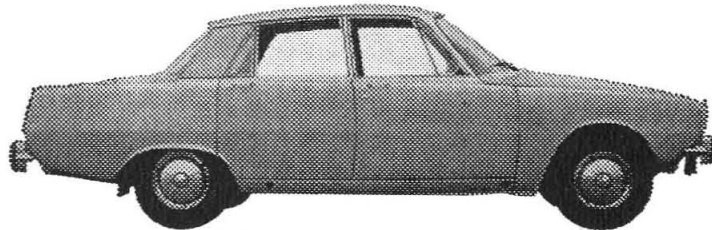


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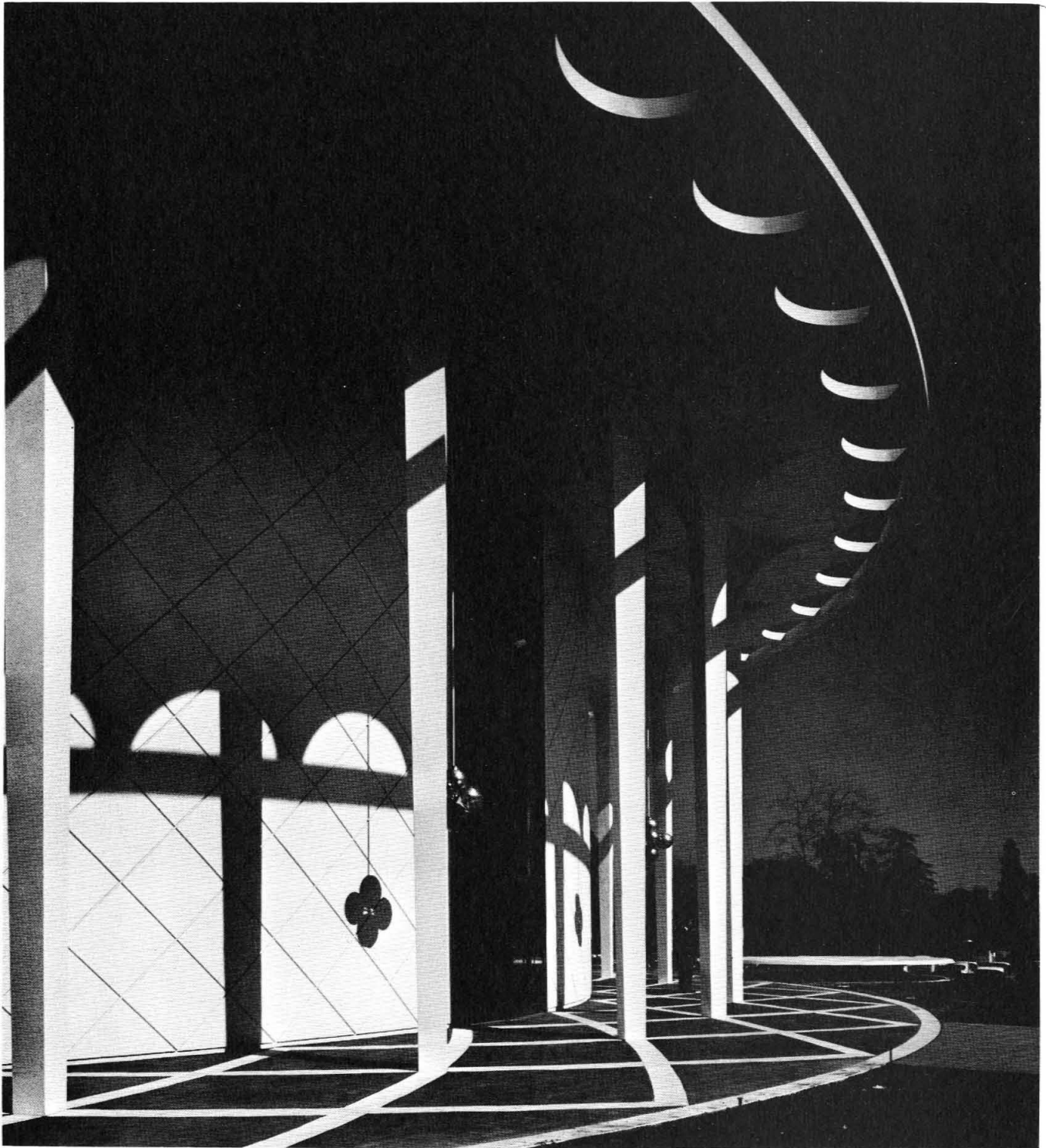
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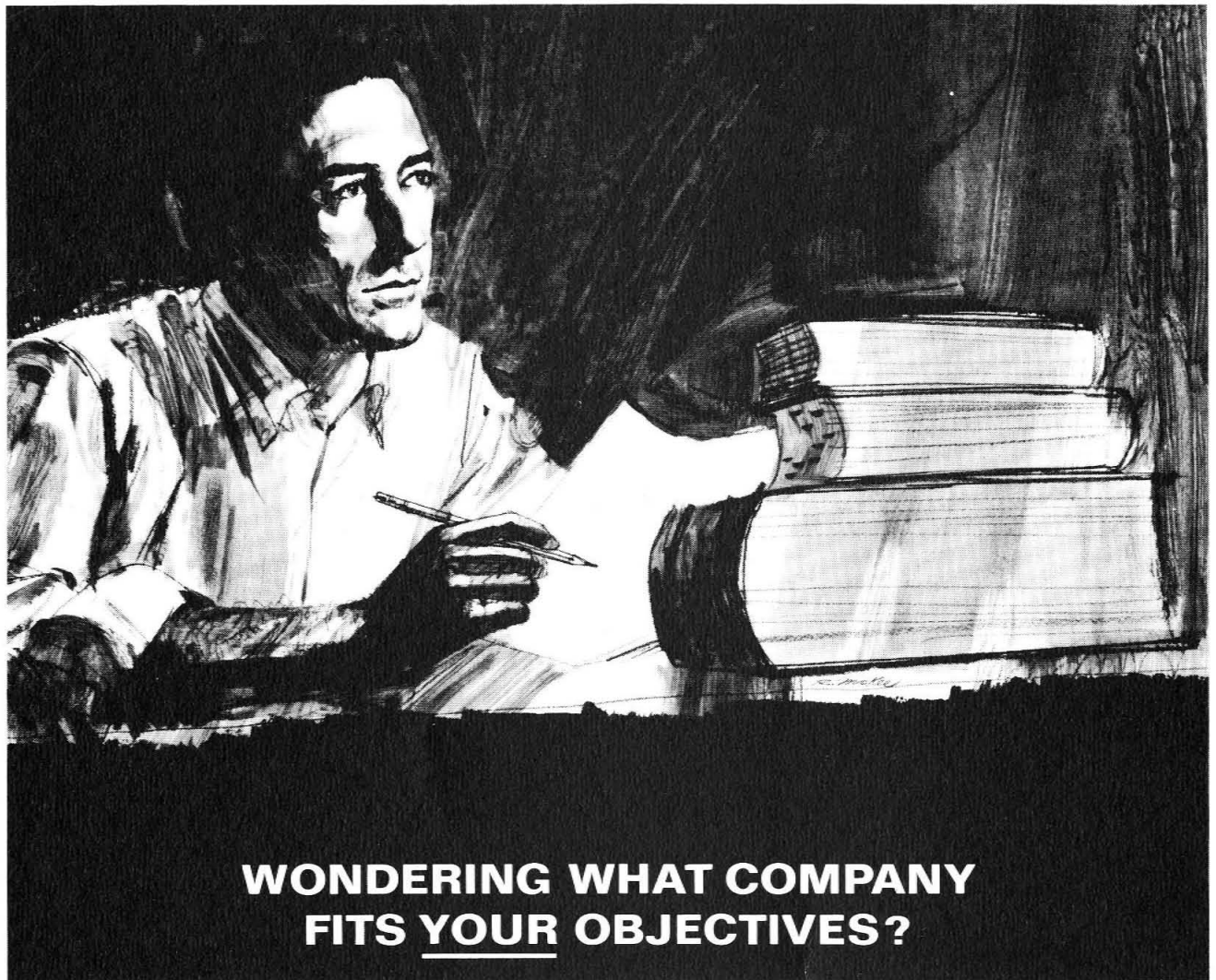
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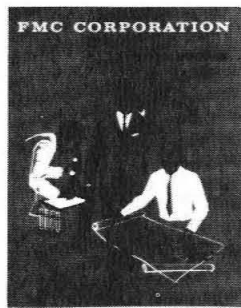
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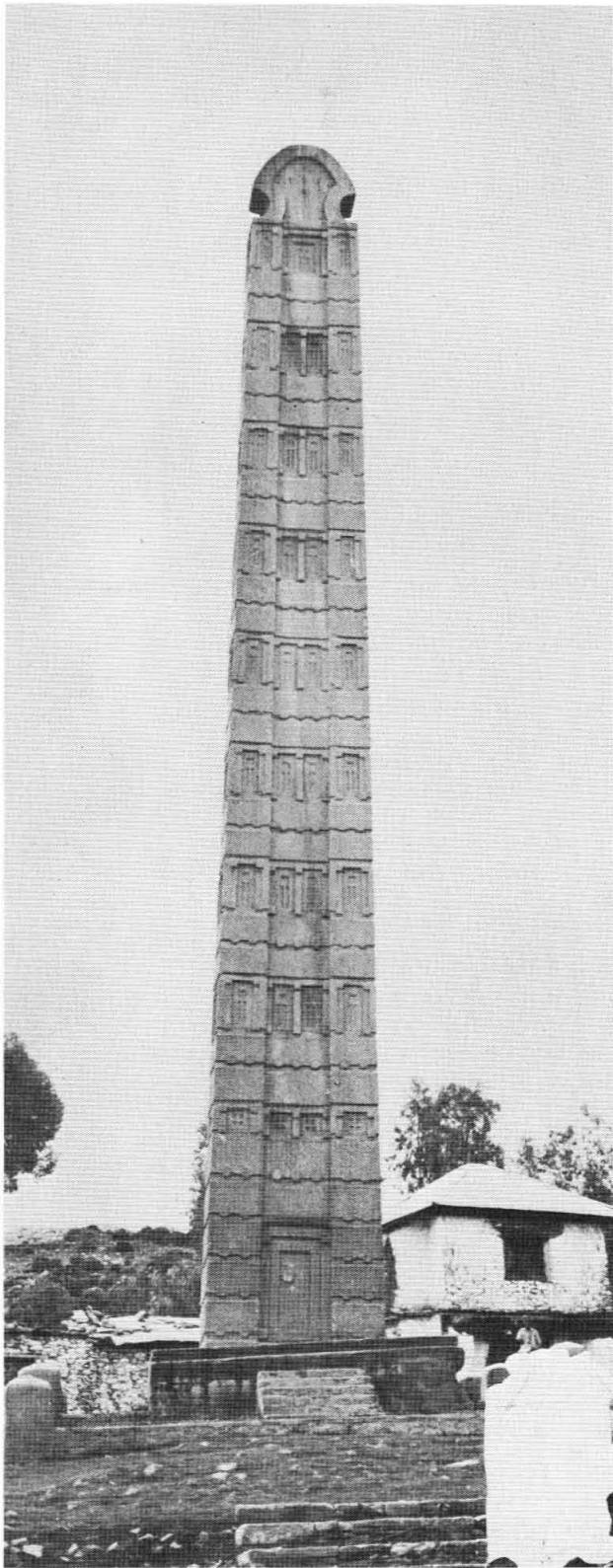
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