



Front cover:
*Apollo 17 launching,
a few seconds after liftoff.*

Photo ©1973 by Ctein.



The Big T

1973 Edition

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The editors are grateful for the contributions of the following:

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Ed Hutchings—advice and support
Flora Constanten and Barbara Wirick—our unofficial secretaries, messengers, and morale supporters
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Phil Massey—various good deeds
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HOME

IN MEMORIAM

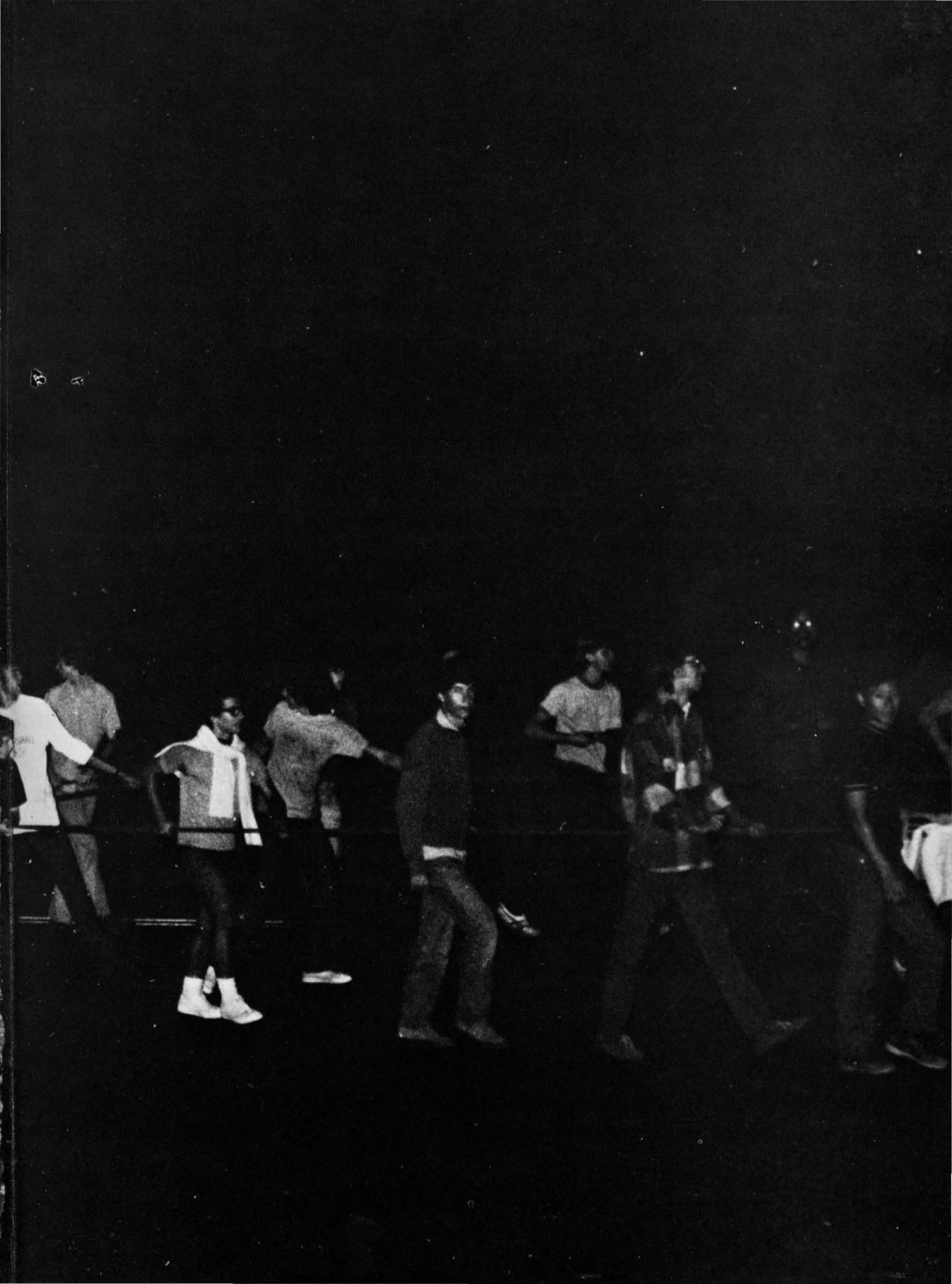
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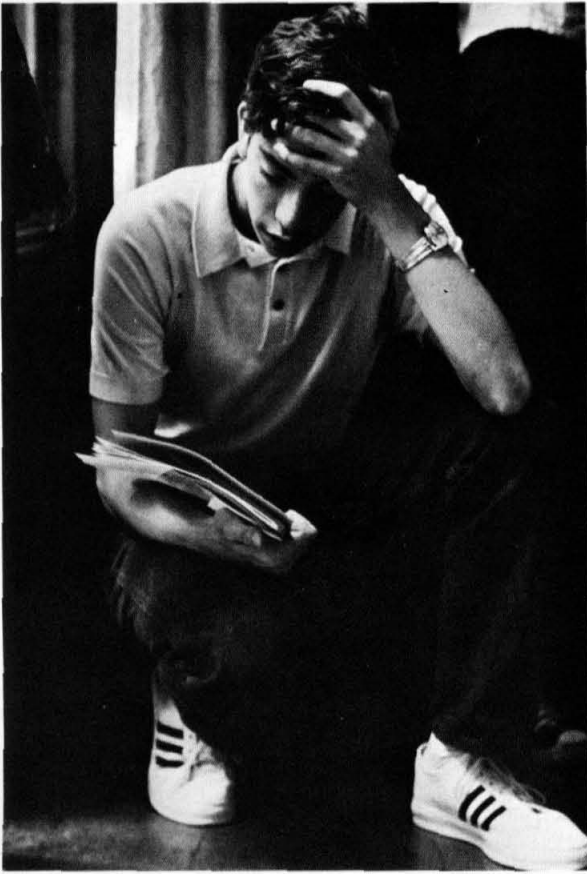
Dedication

It is the yearbook staff's honor to dedicate this edition of The Big T to Louise Hood, whose guidance and aid to the students of Caltech over the past ten years will always be remembered.

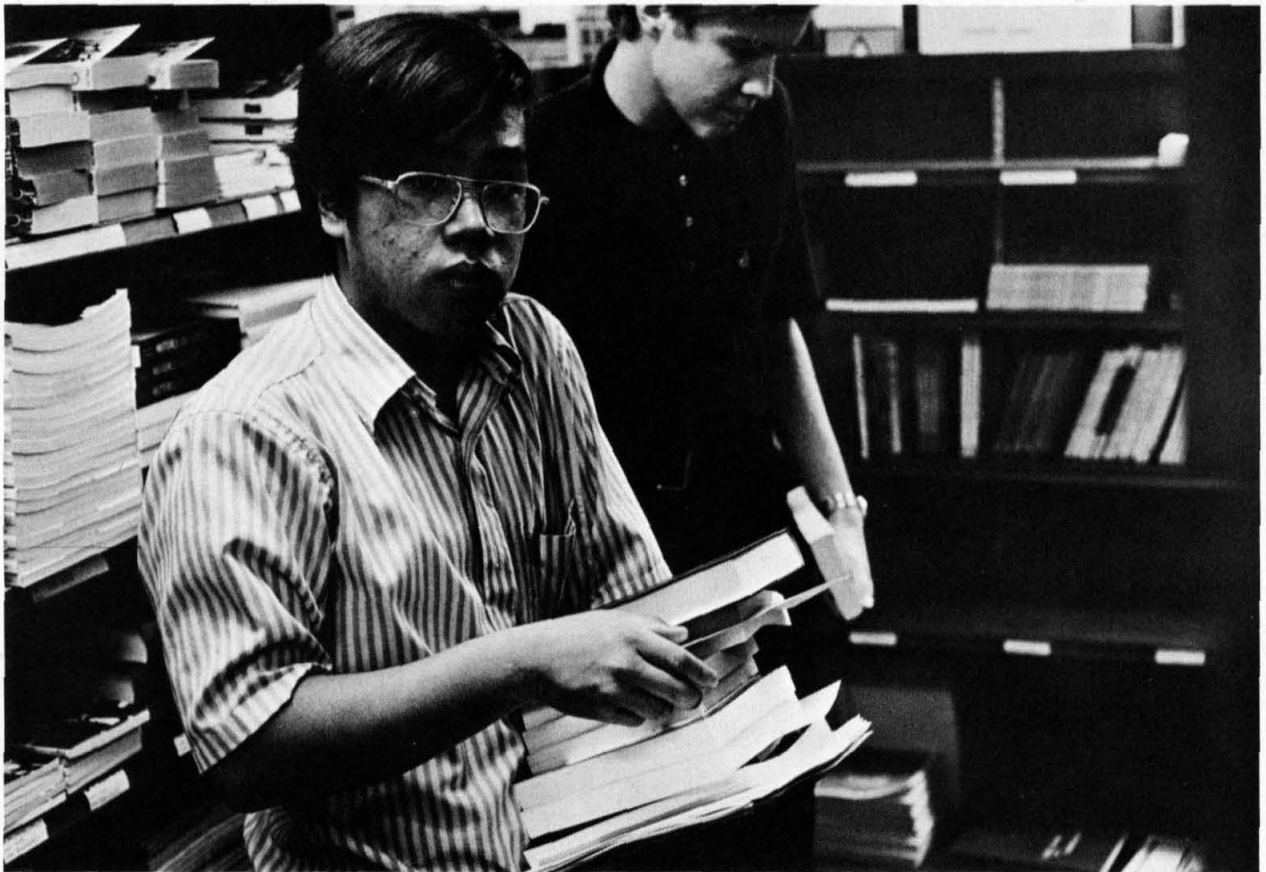


First Term

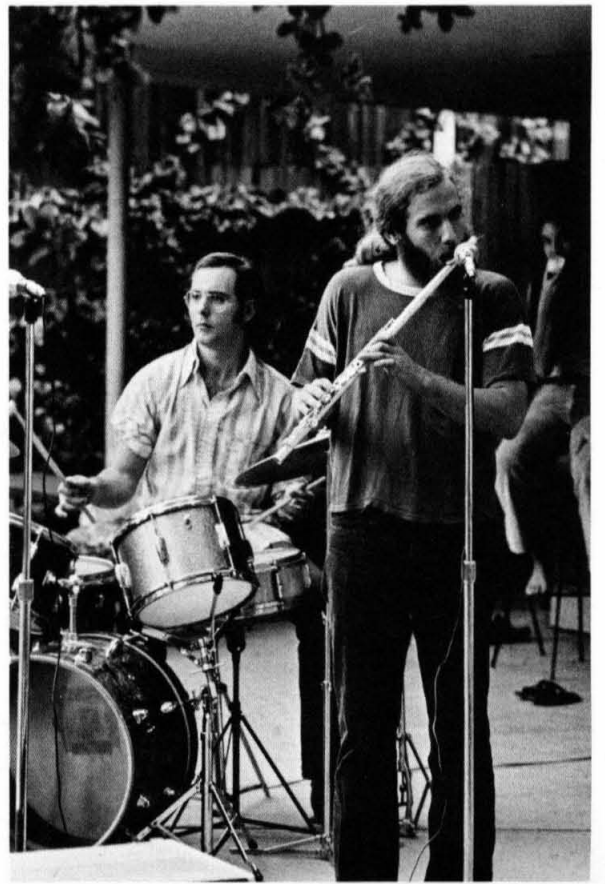




Frosh



Orientation

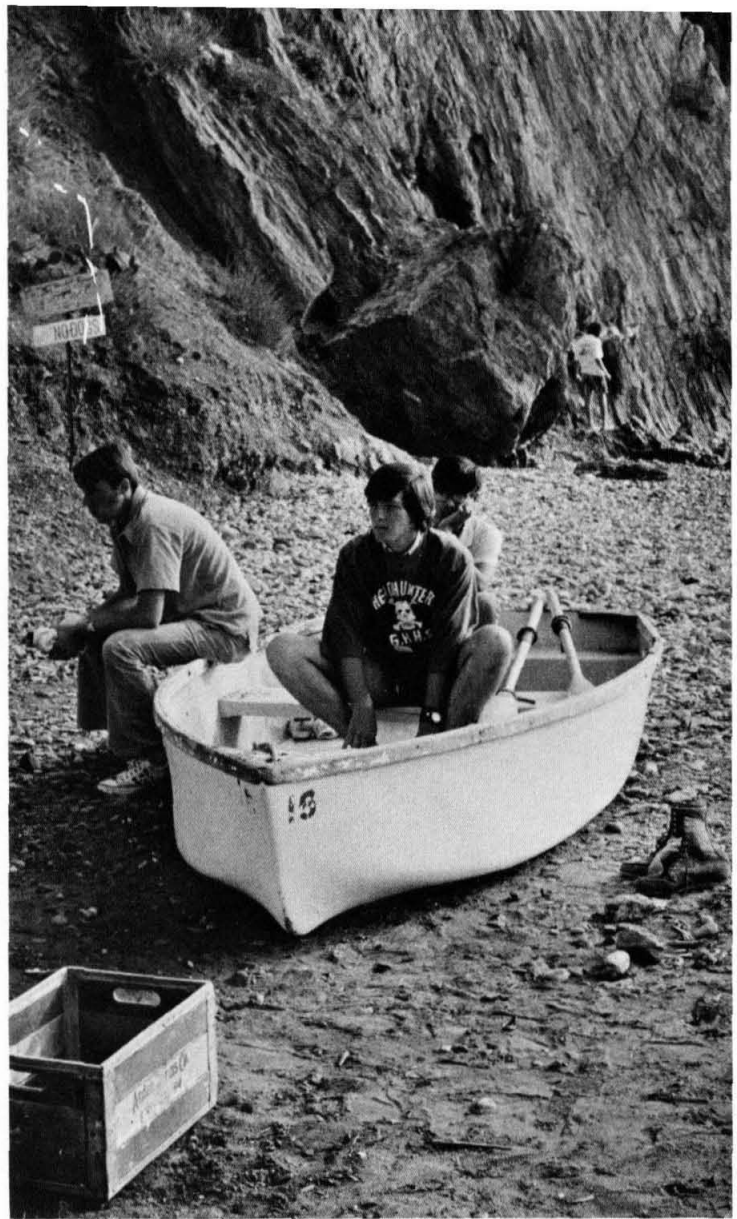


Frosh Camp

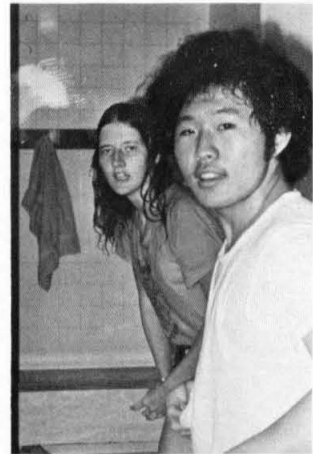
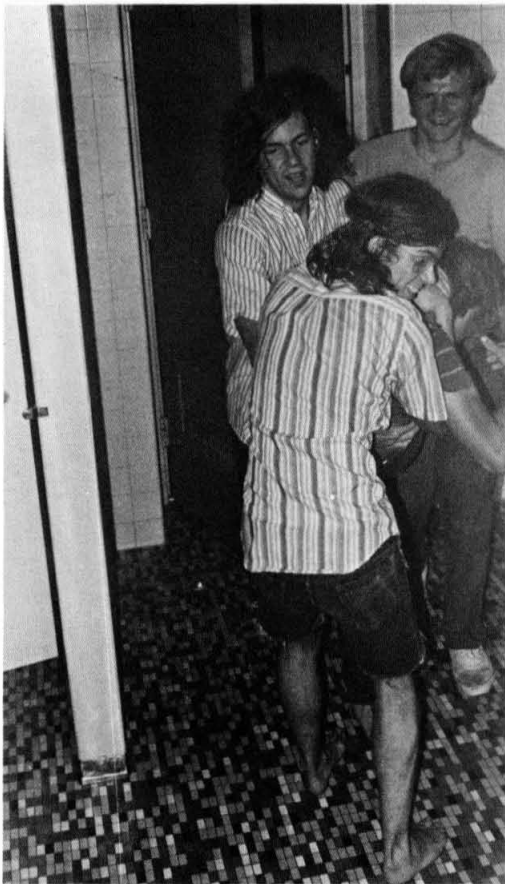
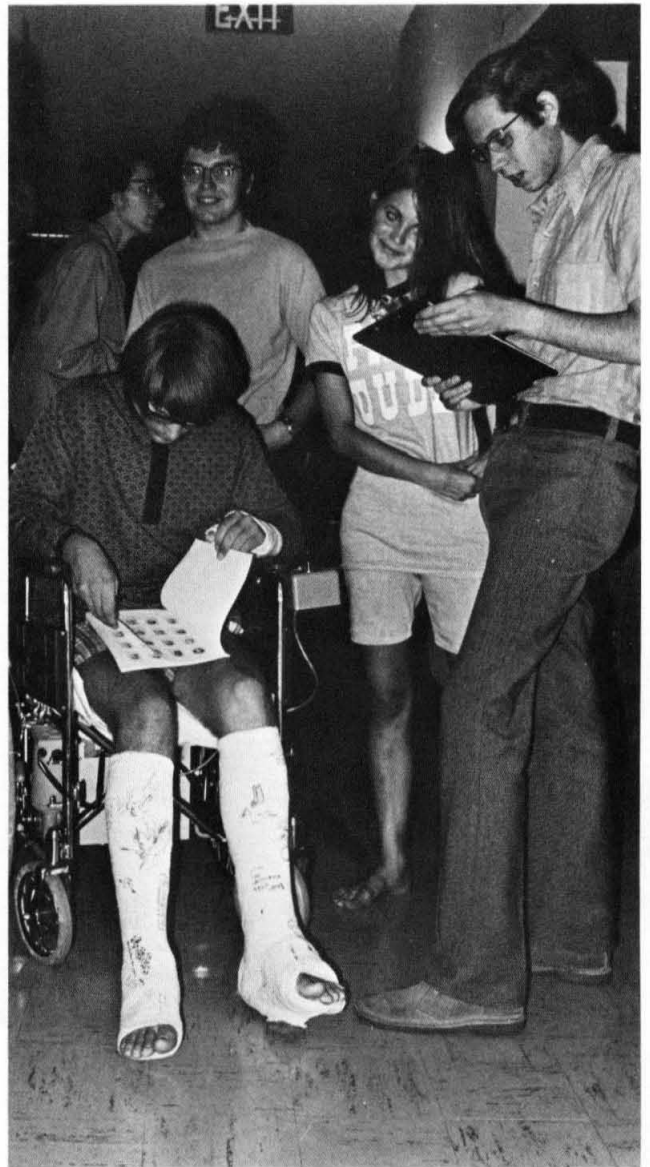




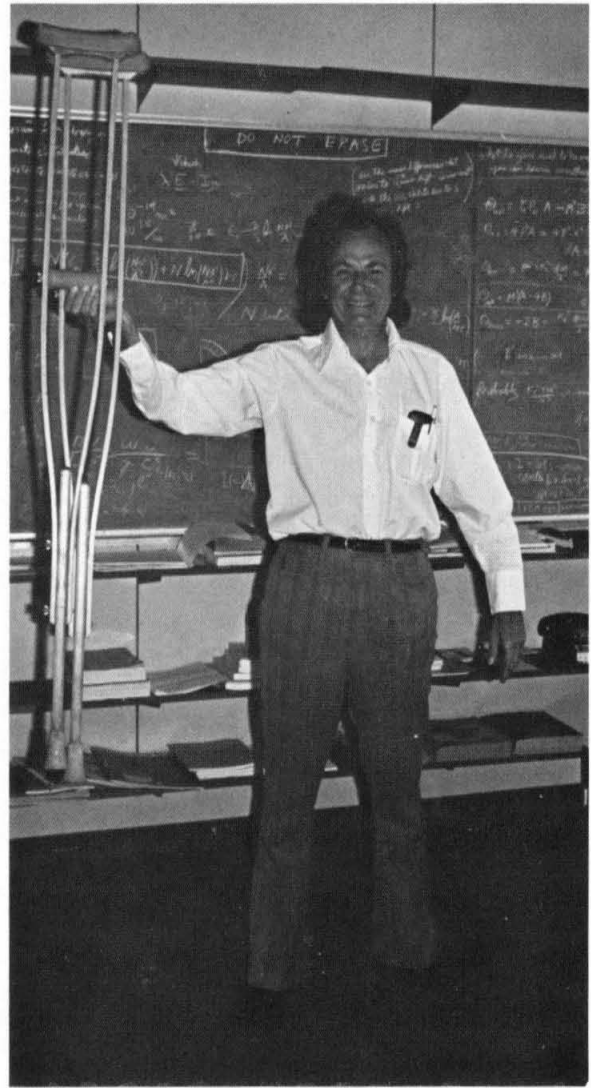
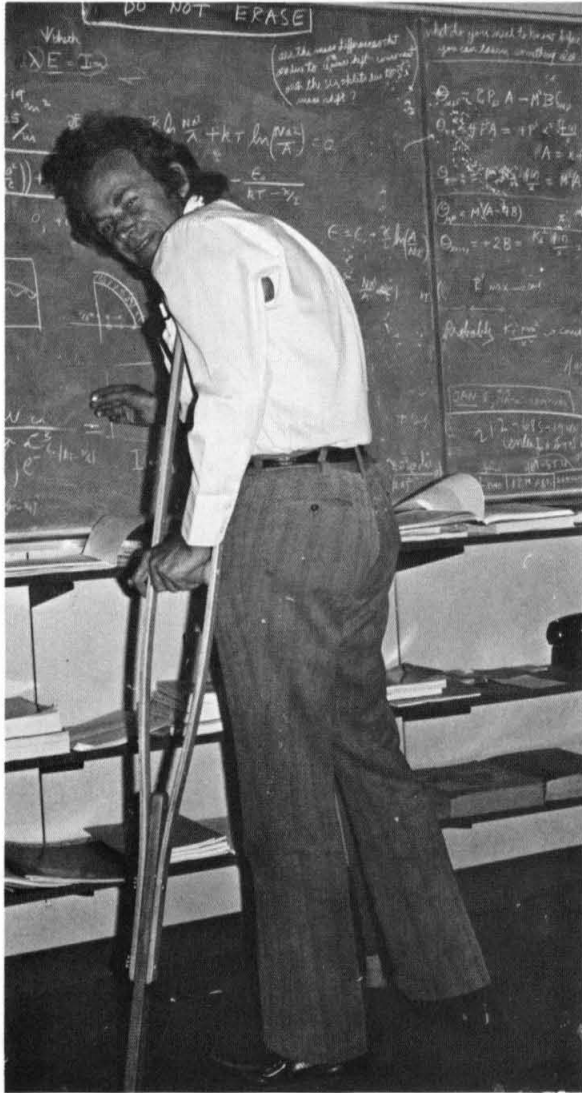
All good things must end...



R O T A T
N O I



BEFORE PHYSICS, I was a nervous wreck—afraid to shift my center of mass for fear of falling down and breaking my nose.



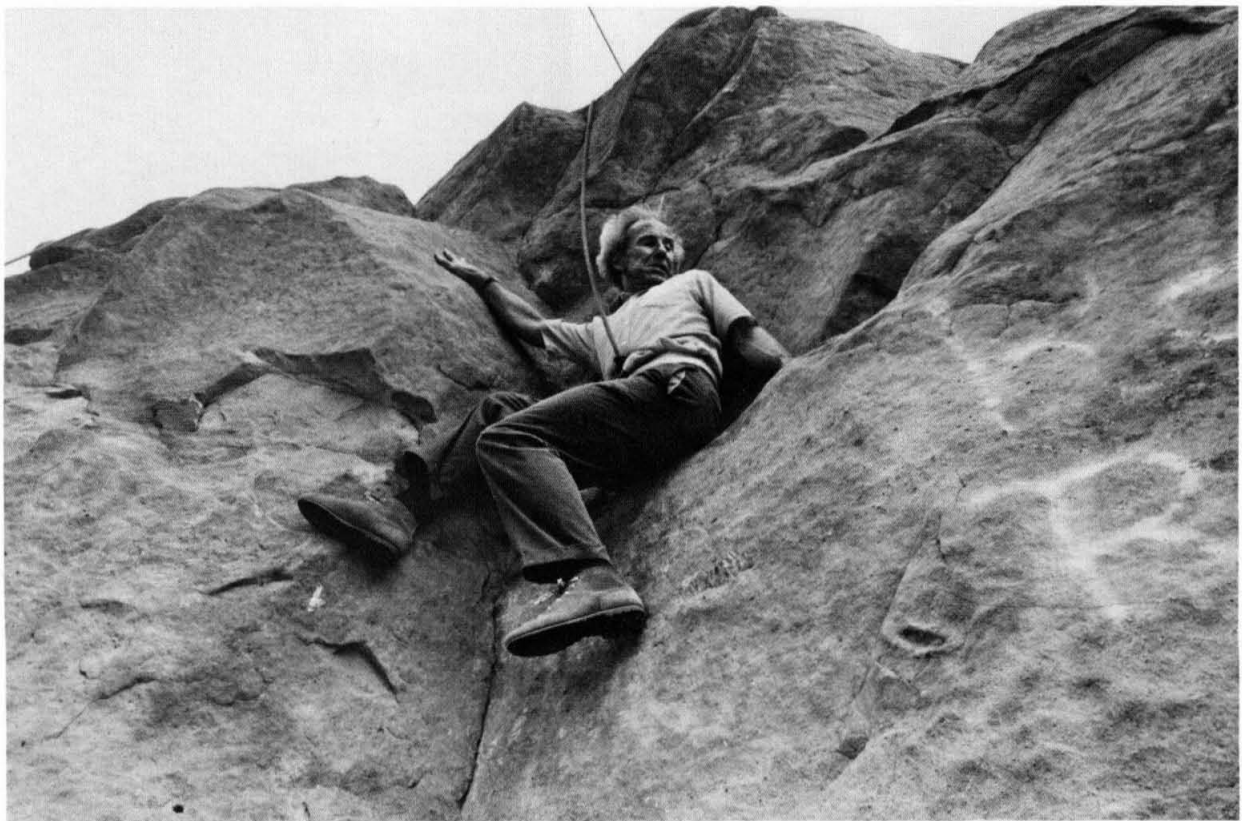
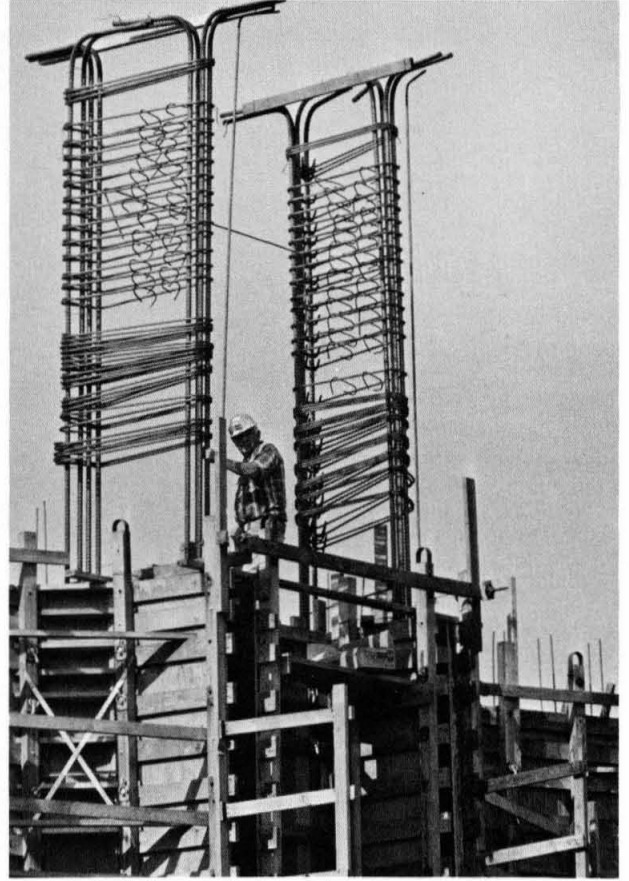
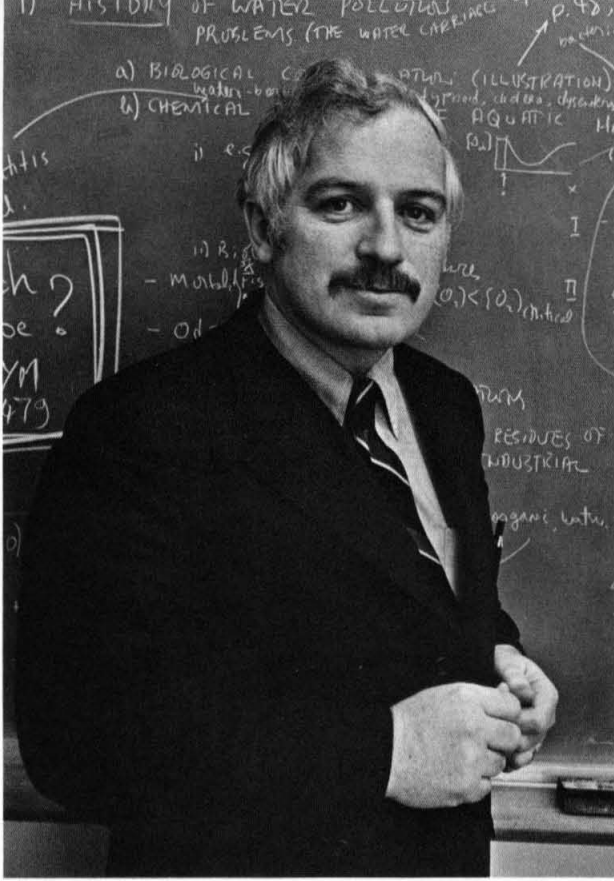
BEHOLD, FROSH! After a year of Physics 1, I move without fear through the valley of the shadow of Death. I defy the laws of the universe!

YES! You, too, can sign up for the Physics option!

Caltech's premier quantum mechanic, Richard P. Feynman, began the school year in Chicago's Billings Hospital—a victim of a macroscopic kneecap disintegration. The accident occurred during the University of Chicago conference which coincided with meetings marking the start-up of the National Accelerator Laboratory in Batavia, Illinois. Professor Feynman hurried across a park on the university campus, thinking about a paper he was to present, and did not notice that a sidewalk he was about to cross was a few inches higher than the lawn. He tripped over the curb and his kneecap shattered into at least five pieces when it hit the cement.

Physics X resumed on November 13.



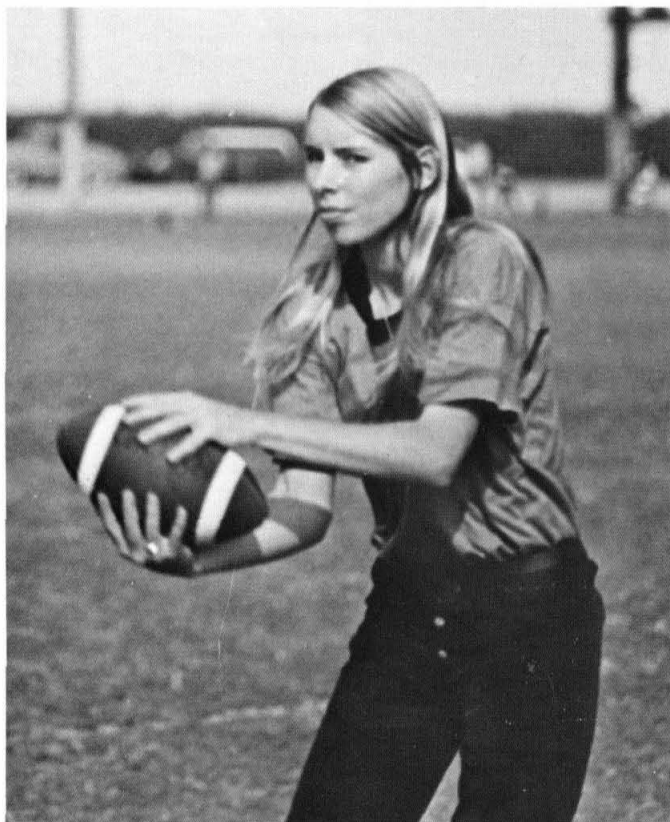






Front row: B. Harrow, J. Stemple, J. Ellis, R. Bales, J. Morton, S. Bisset, J. Brown. Second row: M. Bell, K. Jancaitis, H. Robinson, J. Moore, W. Sharman, G. Hoit. Third row: A. Davis, M. Roger, F. Loya, J. Baker, S. Bienz, D. Burke, M. Heuschen. Fourth row: P. Theisen, R. Kjelgaard, E. Pugh, N. Nelson, T. Trinko, T. Smith. Top row: B. Ruegamer (trainer), D. Herbert (asst. trainer), L. Ferguson (stockroom attendant), S. Johnson (manager), T. Gutman (head coach), D. Bond (asst. Coach), A. Ciesielski (asst. coach), R. Womar (asst. coach).

Football



The 1972 football team failed to touch off any bonfires, but the team was young this year and most players will return in 1973 for another attempt to incite pyrotechnics. Tech came closest to victory in its first game, when a 10-6 lead was wiped out by a last-minute Claremont touchdown on a deflected pass.

The offense was led by quarterbacks Bob Bales and Greg Hoit. Steve Bisset was the leading rusher and Jack Stemple and Hoit were the leading pass receivers. John Morton was the backbone of the defensive unit and also found the energy to be one of the leading rushers on offense.

Co-captains Morton and Bales received the Wheaton Football Trophy as the outstanding leaders of the team. Bisset received the Irv Noren Outstanding Back Trophy and the Max West Outstanding Lineman Trophy went to Frank Hobbs.

Claremont-Mudd JV	14	Caltech	10
La Verne JV	18	Caltech	3
Cal Lutheran Frosh	55	Caltech	13
La Verne JV	32	Caltech	0
UC Riverside Frosh	23	Caltech	0





Front row: C. Young, T. Chan, T. Durazo, J. Munyer, S. Thompson, S. Burrus, W. O'Meara (manager). Back row: D. Cameron (coach), J. Rogers, S. Pohorsky, J. Dilles, A. Croonquist, J. Lehman, T. Lawler, A. Saul, W. McCallan (asst. coach).

Soccer

The 1972 soccer team played much better than its 1-13 record indicates, as in many games near-perfect performances in one half were wiped out by sloppy play in the other half. The high point in the booters' season was the 2-0 shutout of Redlands.

Captain John Rogers led the team in scoring again this year and received the Soccer Award as the outstanding player. In addition to Rogers, Charlie Young, Tony Chan, Dave Evans, and Jan Waluk graduate this year, but the team has many outstanding frosh who will form a strong nucleus of future Tech soccer teams.



Rio Hondo	6	Caltech	3
Pomona-Pitzer	5	Caltech	1
Whittier	6	Caltech	0
La Verne	2	Caltech	0
Claremont-Mudd	3	Caltech	1
Caltech	2	Redlands	0
Occidental	3	Caltech	1
Biola	4	Caltech	1
Pomona-Pitzer	4	Caltech	0
Whittier	6	Caltech	3
La Verne	5	Caltech	1
Claremont-Mudd	7	Caltech	0
Redlands	3	Caltech	1
Occidental	2	Caltech	0



Left to right: B. La Brucherie (coach), G. Griffin, R. Hayward, T. Herman, A. Kleinsasser, E. Horsely, S. Matthews, J. Black.

Cross Country

Greg Griffin ran cross country races in 1972 like few Caltech harriers have ever performed. He breezed to third place in the SCIAC championships and ninth place in the NAIA District III championships, qualifying him to represent Caltech at the NAIA Nationals. His winning streak ended then in the Kansas City snow, when he placed 295th.

The team's only victory was against La Verne, though the Whittier and Claremont meets were close. The entire team will return in 1973, when Jim Black will take over as coach upon Bert La Brucherie's retirement.

Caltech	23	La Verne	32
Occidental	20	Caltech	43
Pomona-Pitzer	20	Caltech	39
Claremont-Mudd	24	Caltech	31
Whittier	26	Caltech	33
Redlands	24	Caltech	35

SCIAC Championships	<i>6th place</i>
NAIA District III	<i>9th place</i>

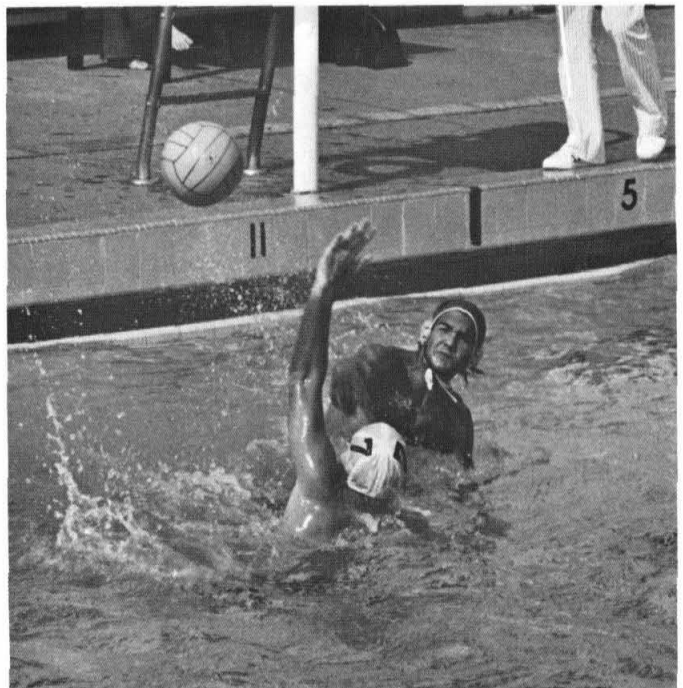




Left to right: D. Clark, R. Kieckhefer, R. Desiderio, J. Horn, J. Jakway, J. Rowson, V. Shields, S. Bitondo, H. Bubbs, T. Stoughton, J. Condit, J. Adams, C. Scandrett. Rear: M. Urbauer (manager), L. Reck (coach).

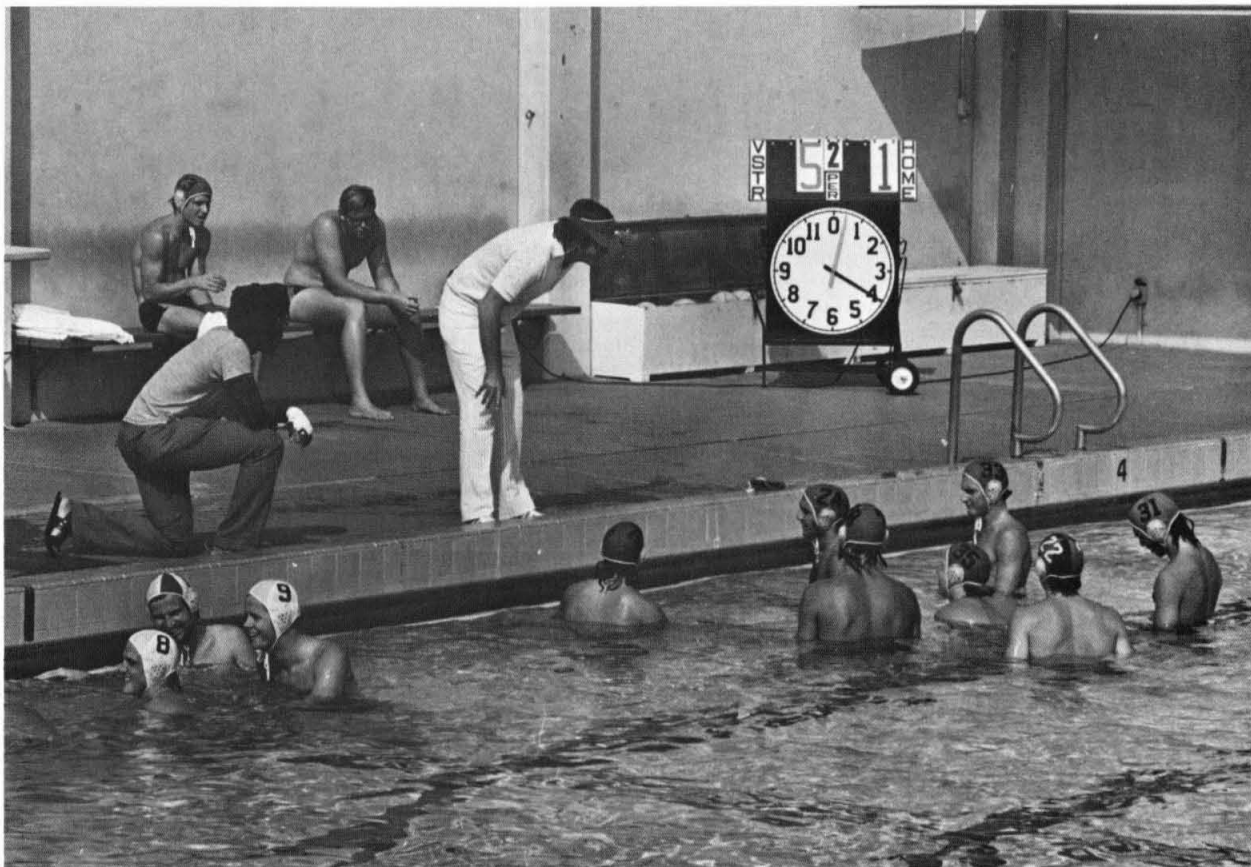
Water Polo

Univ. of Arizona	18	Caltech	4
Caltech	13	Loyola	6
Caltech	6	Pierce JC	4
UC Riverside Tournament:			
Occidental	10	Caltech	3
Pomona—Pitzer	8	Caltech	5
Redlands	11	Caltech	1
Caltech	6	PCC	5
Cal State LA	6	Caltech	1
Claremont—Mudd	14	Caltech	3
Pomona—Pitzer	7	Caltech	4
Caltech Alumni	8	Caltech Varsity	3
UC San Diego	8	Caltech	4
Redlands	11	Caltech	4
Occidental	8	Caltech	2
Claremont—Mudd	8	Caltech	3
Pomona—Pitzer	9	Caltech	3
Chapman	9	Caltech	5
Redlands	7	Caltech	2
Occidental	16	Caltech	3



After the graduation of half of last year's starting team, 1972 was doomed to be a building year for the water polo team. September's group of swimmers was very disorganized, but they rapidly gelled into a team which upset PCC and played many more strong games than their 3-16 record indicates. Close games included the one at Redlands, where Tech led 2-1 at halftime before tiring and fouling out, and the second Occidental game, whose score was 2-2 before Oxy pumped in six fourth-quarter goals.

Russ Desiderio was the team's leading scorer, winner of the Coach's Cup as the outstanding player (the first sophomore so honored), and a member of the All-SCIAC second team. Captain Jim Jakway received the Most Improved Player trophy. With only Jakway graduating this year and many frosh ready to move into varsity positions after a year's jayvee experience, the outlook is bright for the 1973 season.

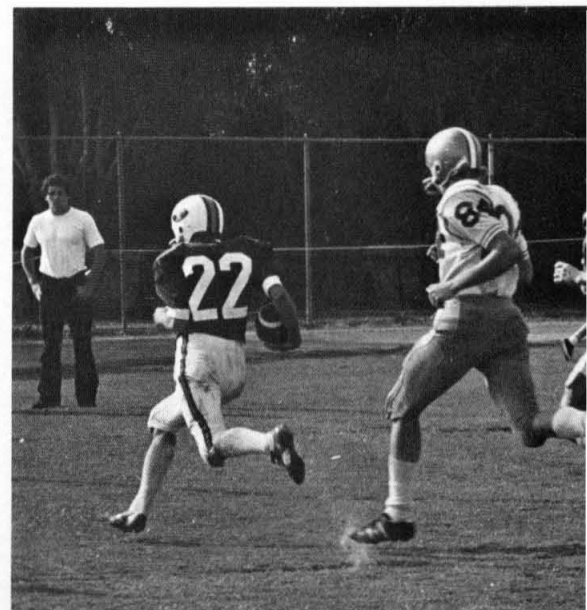
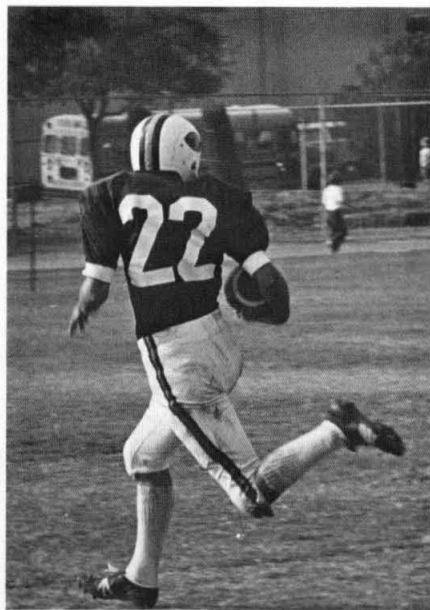
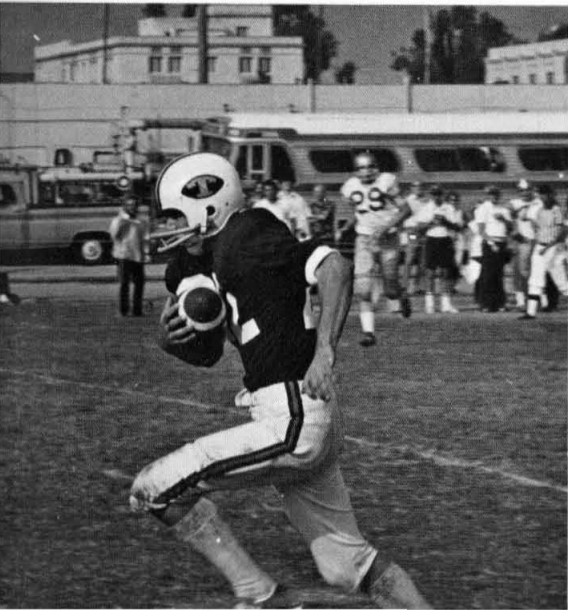


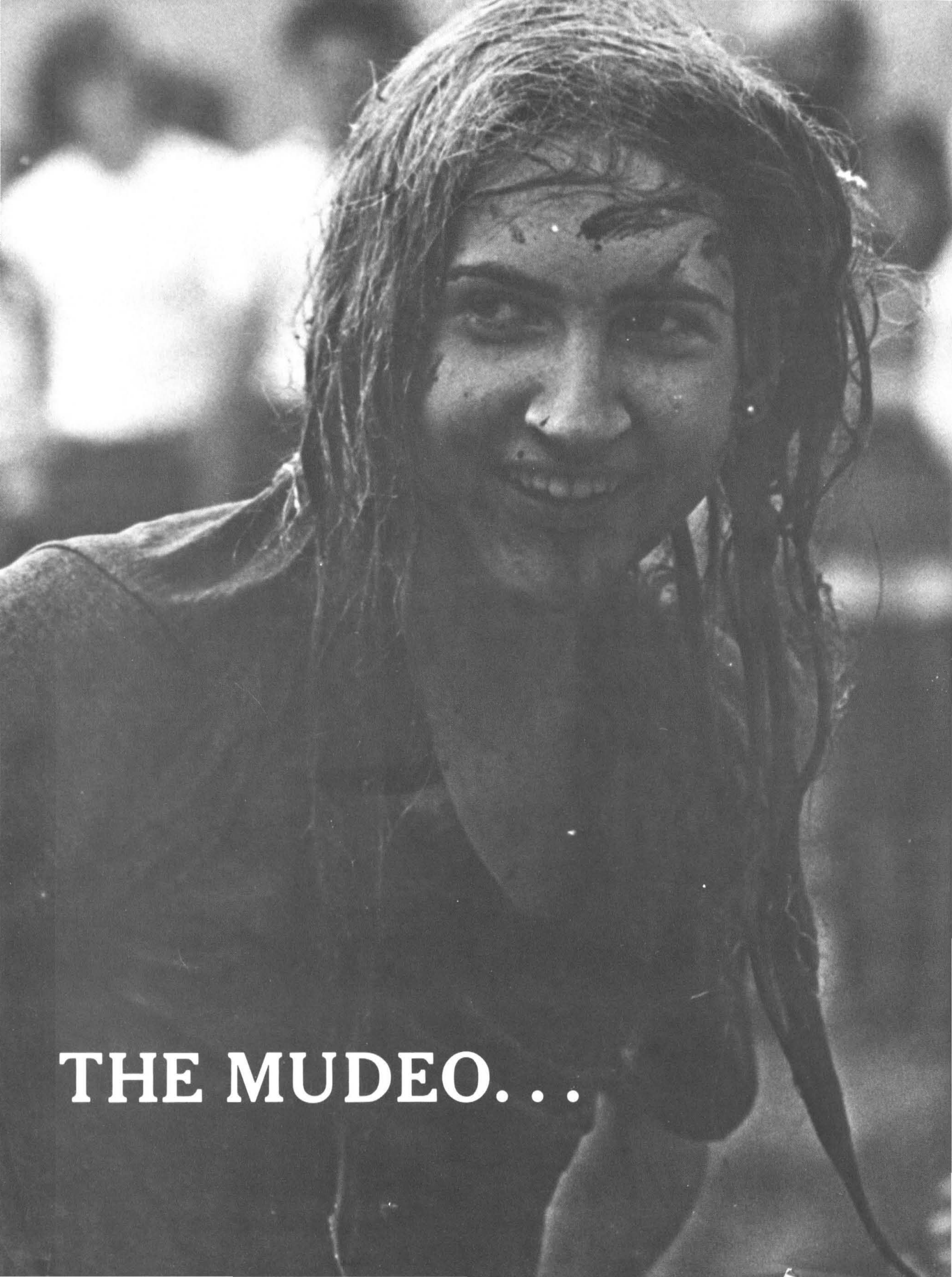


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7
2



H O M E C O M I N G





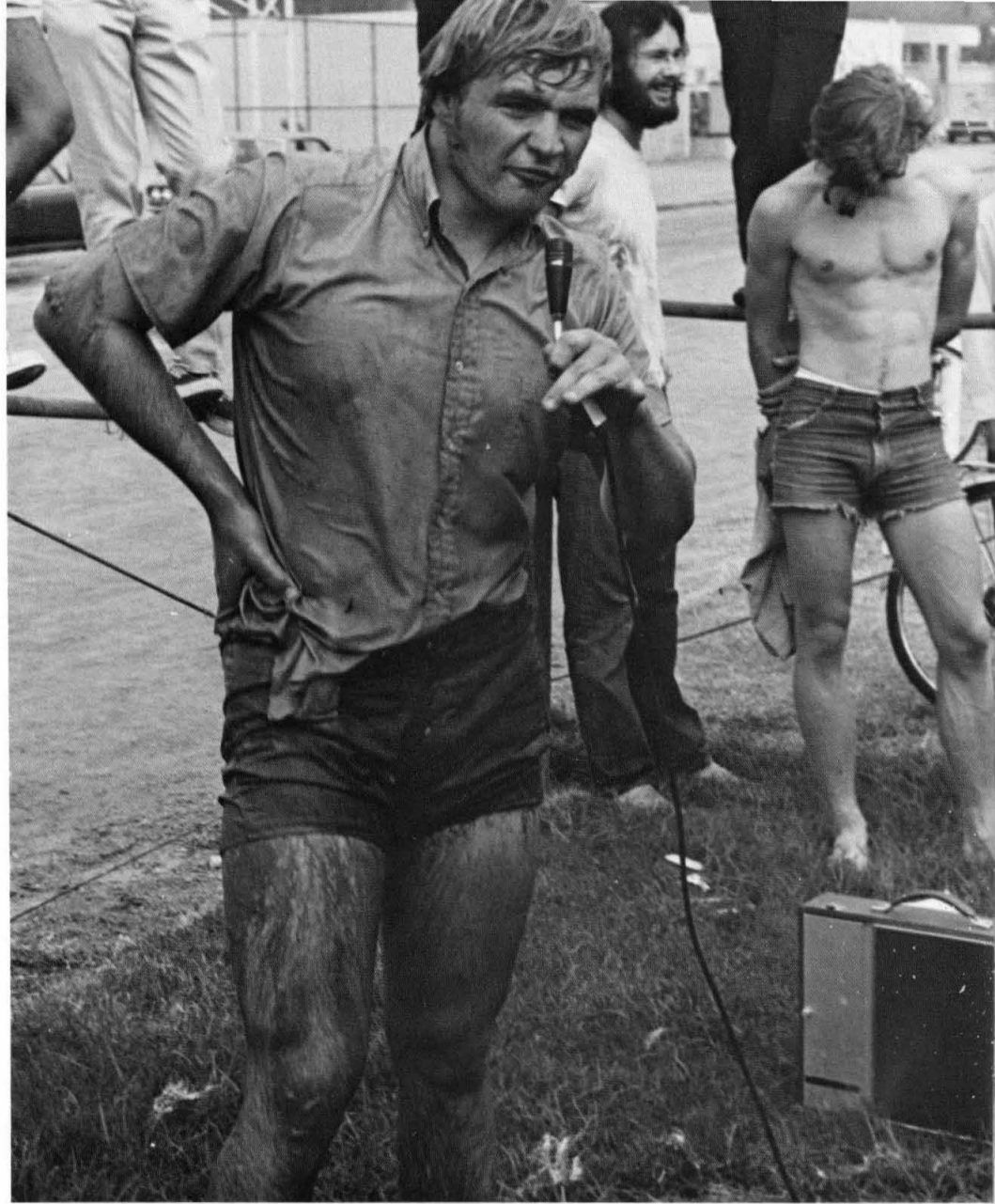
THE MUDEO...



Featuring a cast of tens, this year's Mudeo was a sloshing success. Held in a pit at the West end of the ath track, it was rated by some as one of the muddiest ever. On hand for the event were assorted TV crews, a number of photographers, and even a few random Techers. The confrontation pitted (sic) the experienced, superior, sophomores against the surly frosh. . .surliness won, 5 to 3.

Highlighted by well known events, the wheelbarrow race (swim?), tug-of-war, and horse-and-rider competition, the stage was set for the frosh to prove they eat mud better than anyone, so the Mudeo commenced. Following a riot in the middle of the wheelbarrow race, the pit was dredged for people buried beneath the mud, and the frosh team went on to win the event easily — with the help of head judge, Rik Smoody. Smoody lasted only two more events, as the furious sophomores took justice into their own hands, after being further frustrated at not finding suitable queen and princess candidates in their ranks. Smoody was left in the mud.

The grand production(?) ended with the tire contest — everyone from the last of the judges to random bystanders seemed to find





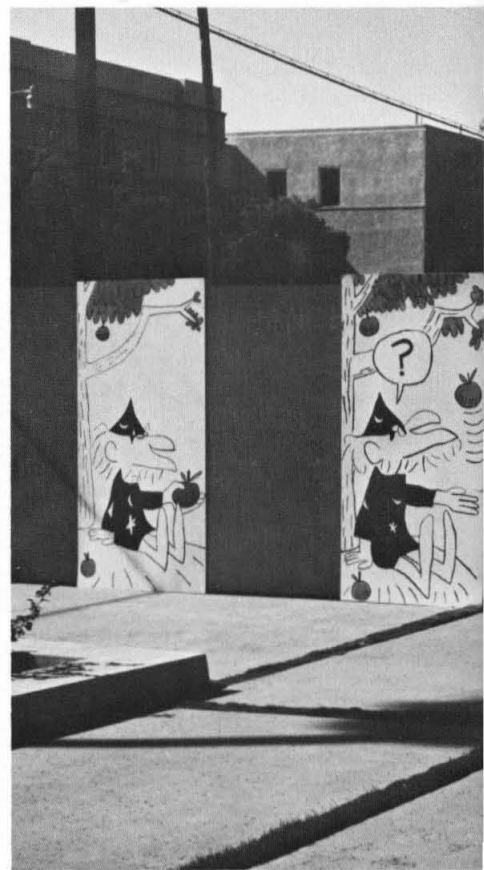
the mud on this one. A plot to recycle the frosh's tires was foiled, so Tech's entering class was unanimously (not counting sophomore votes) declared the winner . . . those involved adjourned to the locker room.

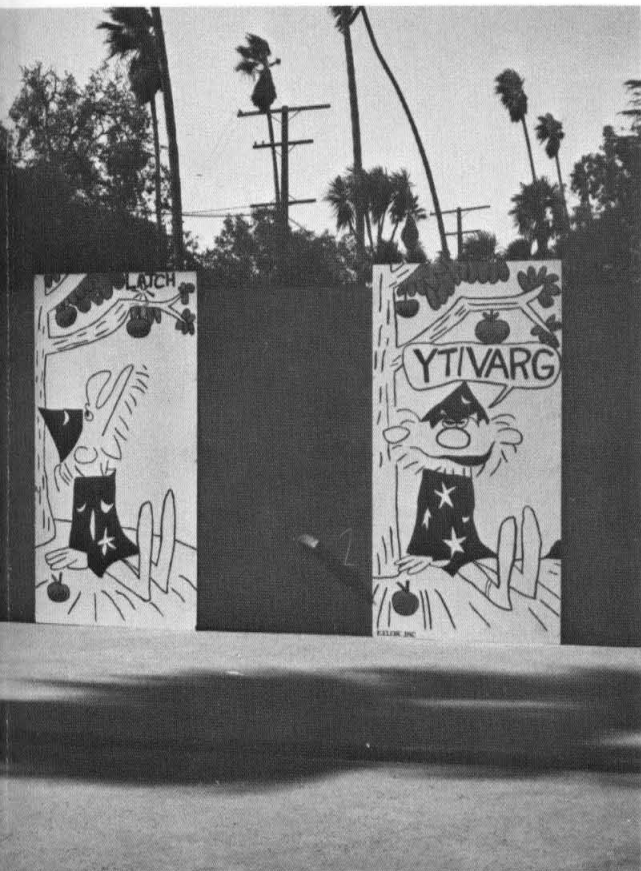
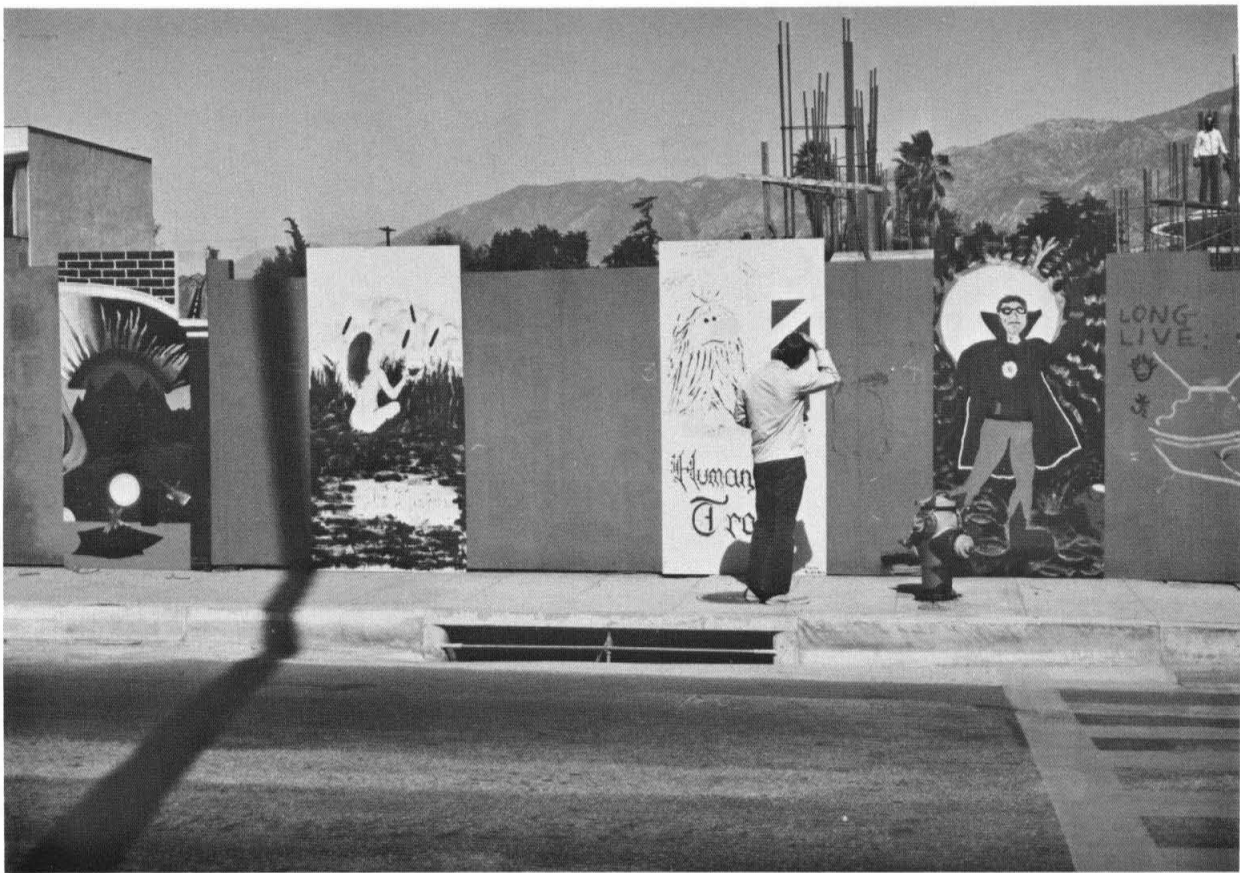
A plan to stage the '73 Mudeo in the center of Throop Memorial Hole is being considered — but whatever the outcome, next year's freshmen may be sure of another amazing welcome. So . . . here's mud in your pit!!!

Beautify Behavioral Biology Bash



Teachers got a chance to display their artistic talents by decorating the fence surrounding the Behavioral Biology Building construction site. First prize went to three Immaculate Heart students while Dabney took House honors.





P E O P L E



Hsueh-Chia Ching was found guilty of impersonating the pizza man.

Rik Smoody proved that school spirit was not dead.



William Sloane Coffin damned U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia.





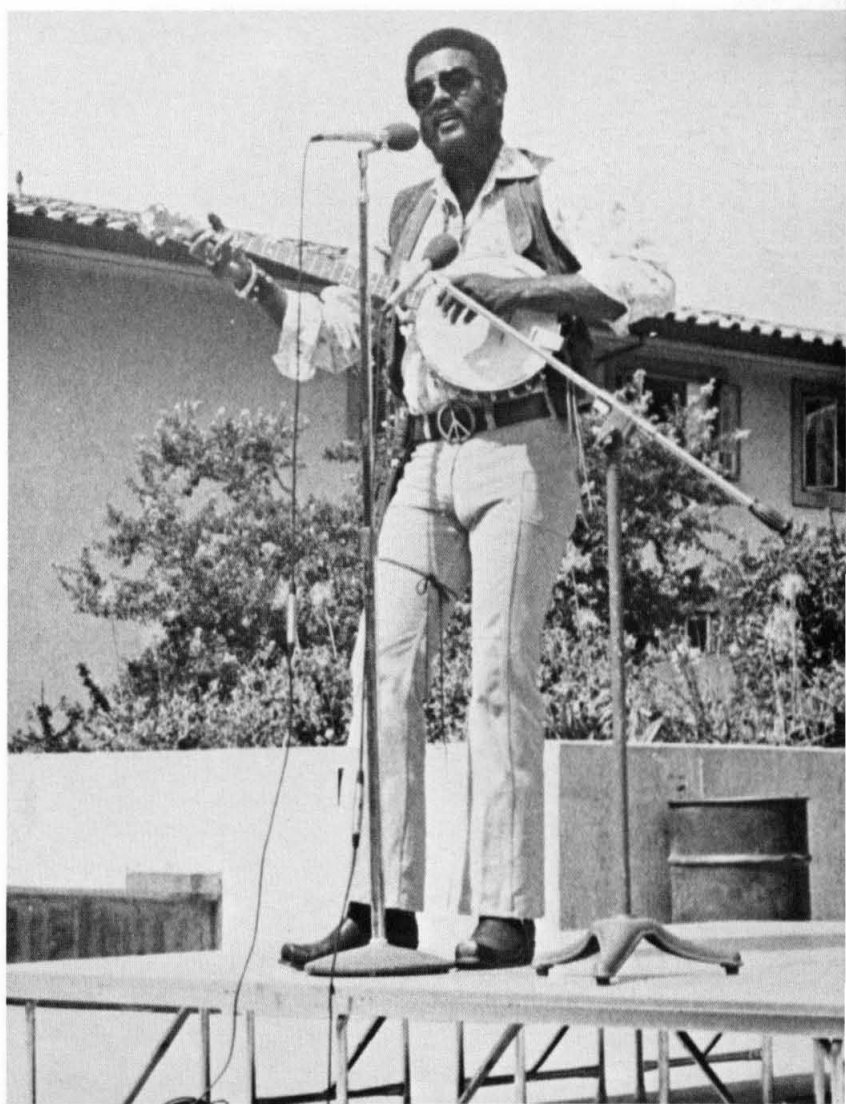
Richard Dean usually removed his numerical halo for Ma 1 lectures.

The song girls shared our football team's trials and tribulations.



Max Delbrück discussed scientists' responsibilities to society.

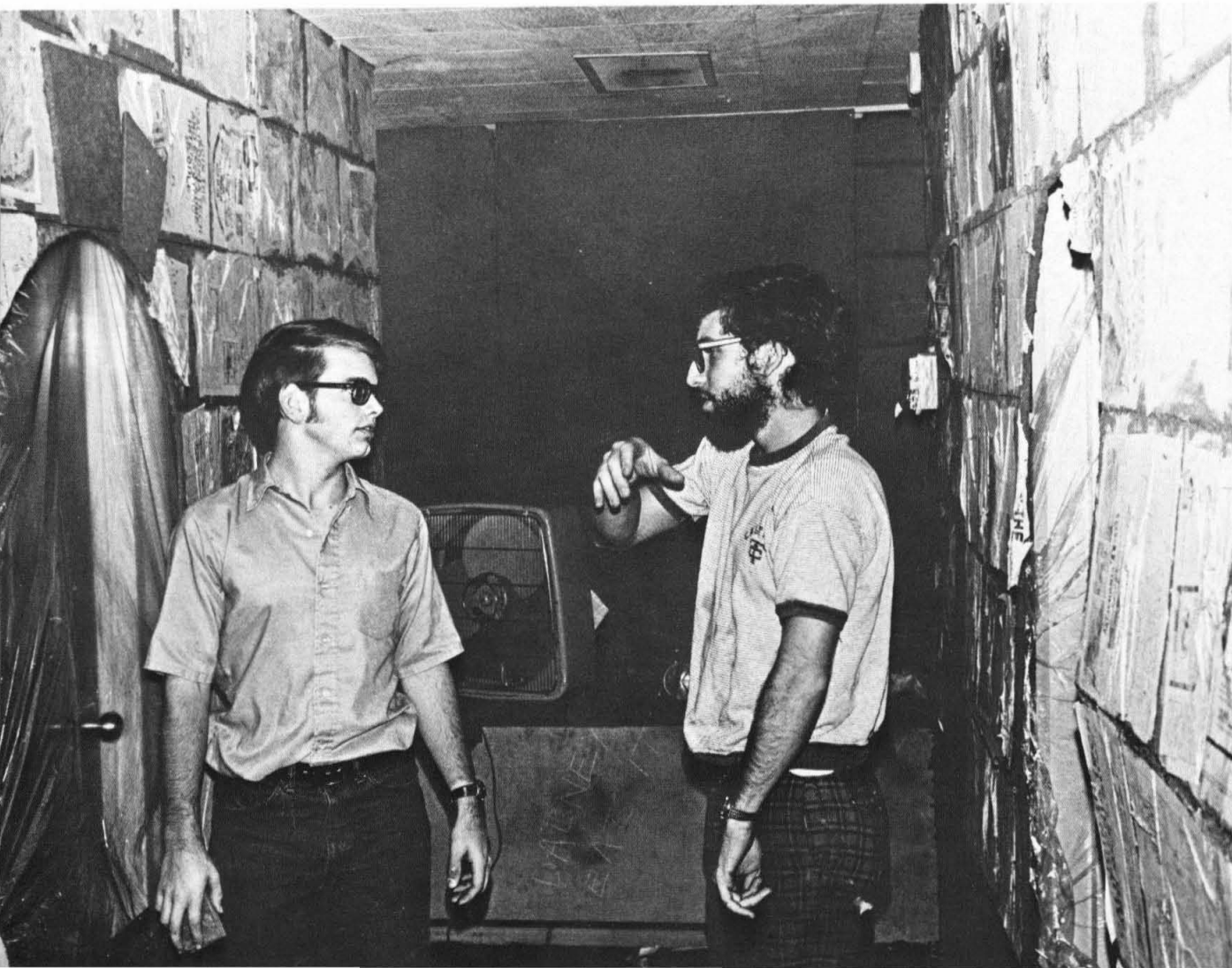
Casey Anderson mixed homespun philosophy and country music.







INTERHOUSE



1972

Interhouse—traditionally the start of the southern California rainy season—was dry this year, as far as the meteorologists were concerned. Nevertheless, a few Houses made up for this oversight with their own elaborate creations.

Although no water fell from the sky, Fleming had a close approximation with water cascading from a second-story head to a river in the courtyard. Appropriately, it ran right next to their riverside café. Much more slimy stuff flowed through the alleys of Page House, creating the image of the Sewers of Paris. And treacherous waters were only the first of many hazards in Blacker's courtyard tableau of the *Inferno*.



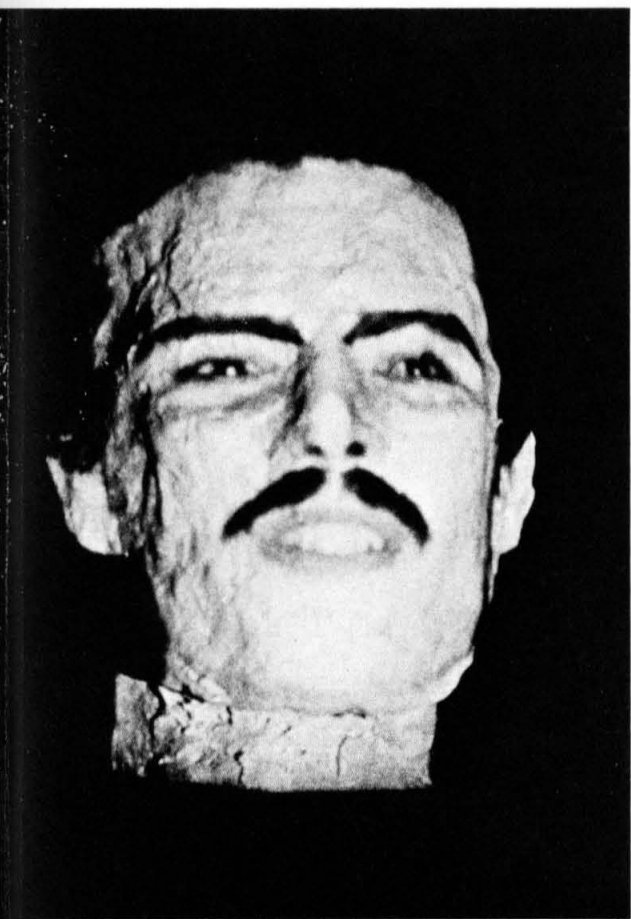
and, n hours later, the show began!



Many popular formats were retained this year. Lloyd reminded everyone (again) that this was the *Interhouse Dance* with a live band. Fleming gave the usual two performances of their annual play, this time with the support of a newly-restored cannon. Dabney, as usual, was closed.

Ruddock disappeared into Wonderland with a deviously designed maze for a rabbit hole, which eventually led to a chess game (raised some orders of magnitude) and many Carrollian characters. At the end of the sewage system in Page was established a bordello, which went out of business shortly thereafter. But the sewers were worth the trip, having such attractions as a disappearing piano player, an electronic echo chamber, and two-way traffic on a one-lane plank.

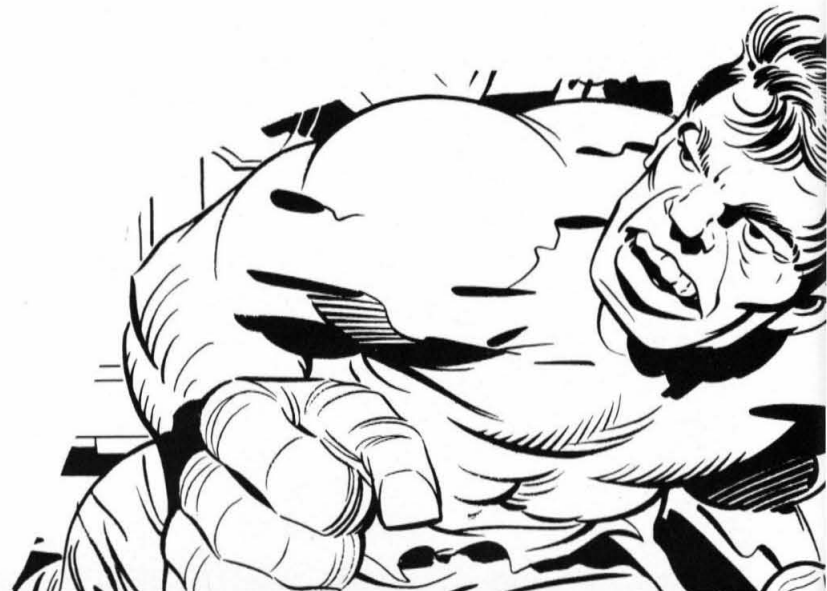
Ghoulish laughter drew visitors to Ricketts' House of Torture, where a disembodied head invited those who entered to try some "Brew 98.6." Not many did. Those who escaped the sado-masochists in the black robes found little relief, however, as they stumbled into Blacker and were sentenced to wander through the dimly-lit courtyard, viewing scenes imaginable only to Dante and the B.O.C.

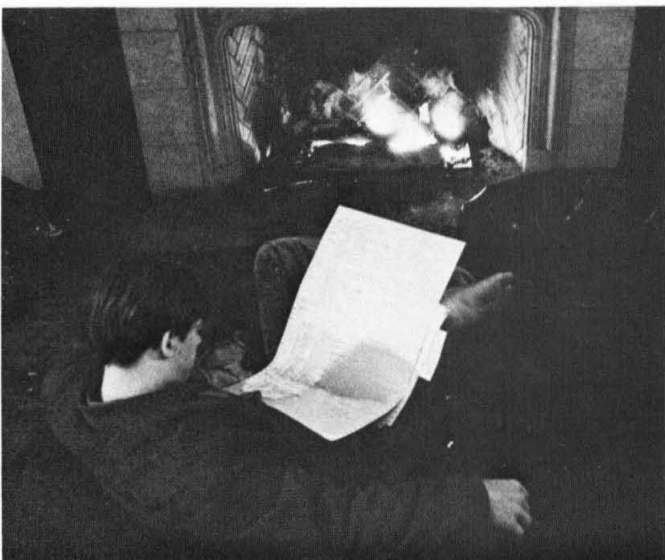
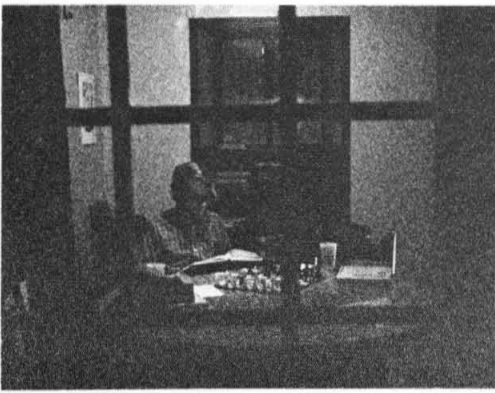




The Caltech

Coffeehouse







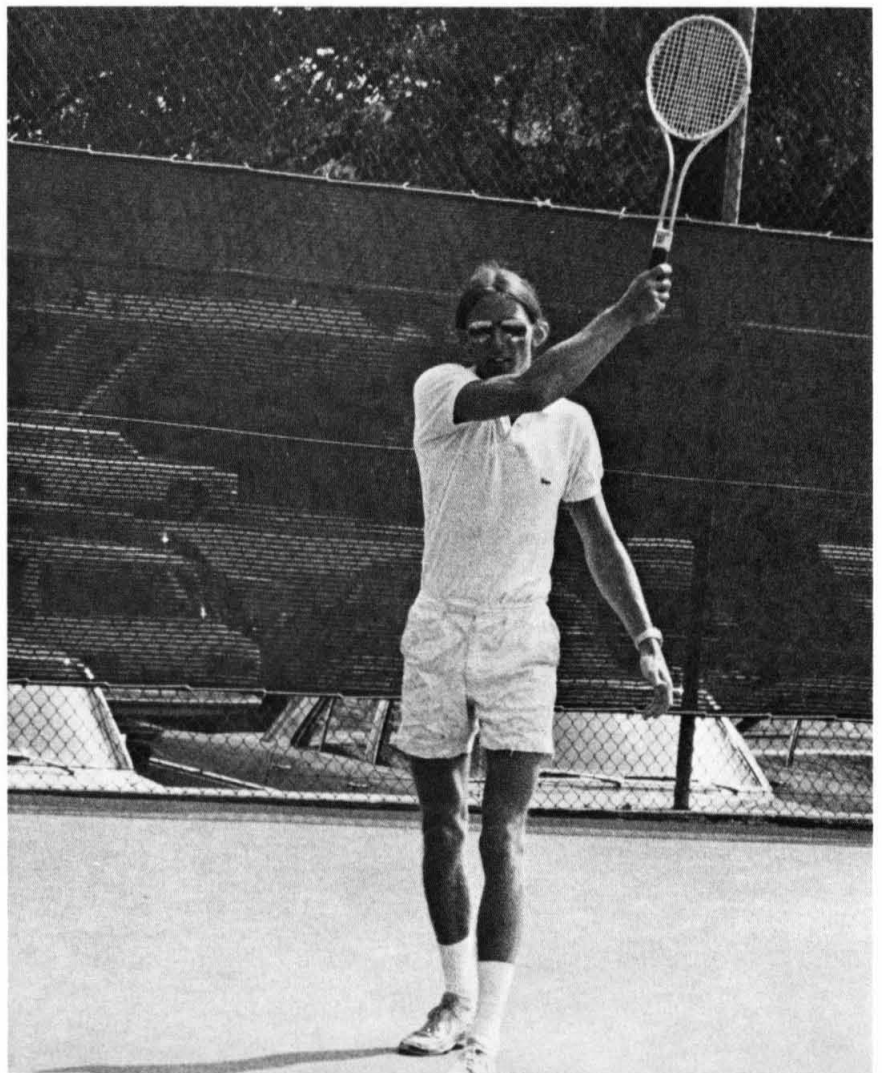
Interhouse Softball

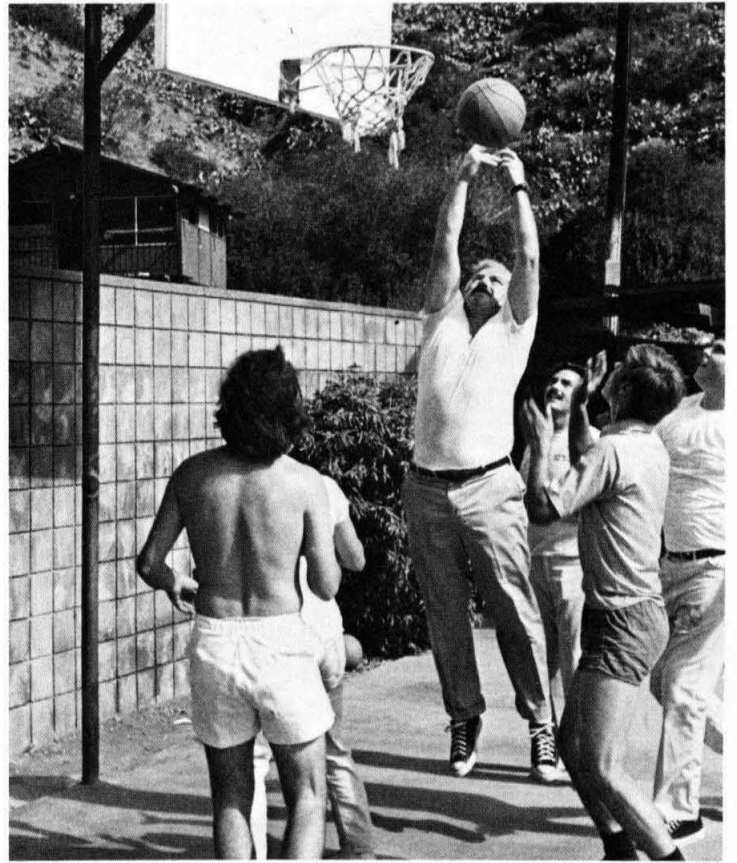
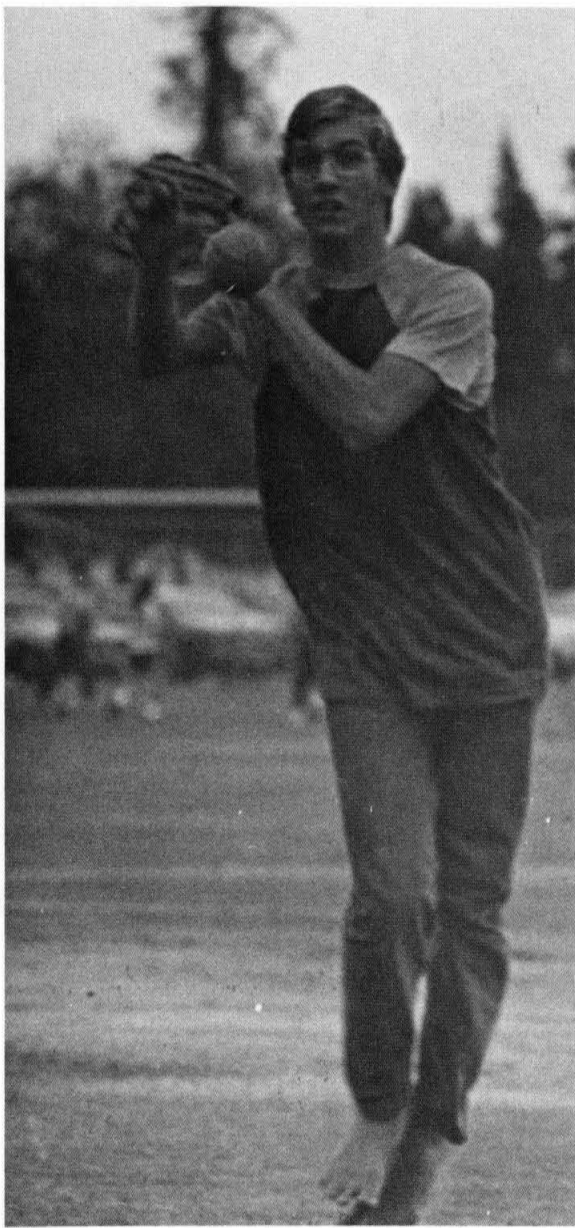
	Record	Trophy
1. Fleming	5-1	63
2. Dabney	4-2	49½
2. Page	4-2	49½
4. Blacker	3-3	31½
4. Ruddock	3-3	31½
6. Lloyd	2-4	18
7. Ricketts	0-6	9

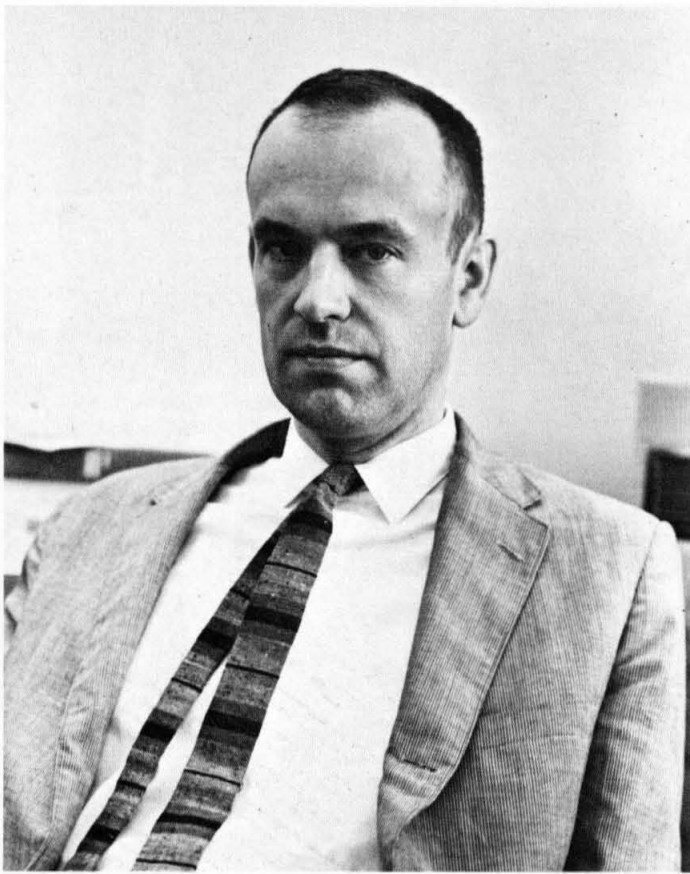
Interhouse Tennis

	Points	Trophy
1. Page	47	49
2. Fleming	46	42
3. Ruddock	43	35
4. Ricketts	34	28
5. Lloyd	26	21
6. Blacker	18	14
7. Dabney	10	7

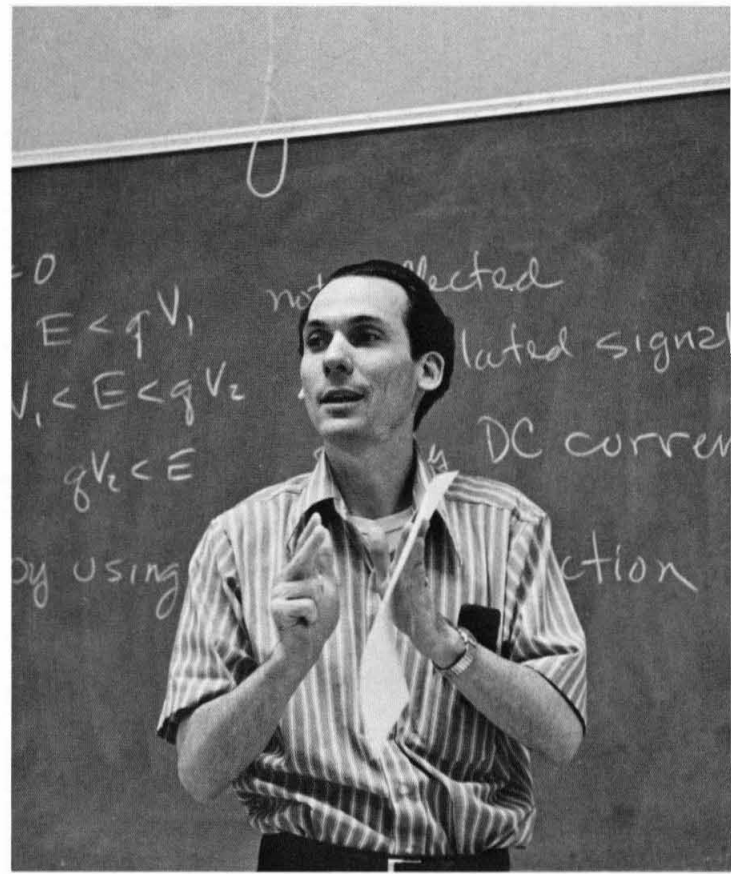
Page Forty







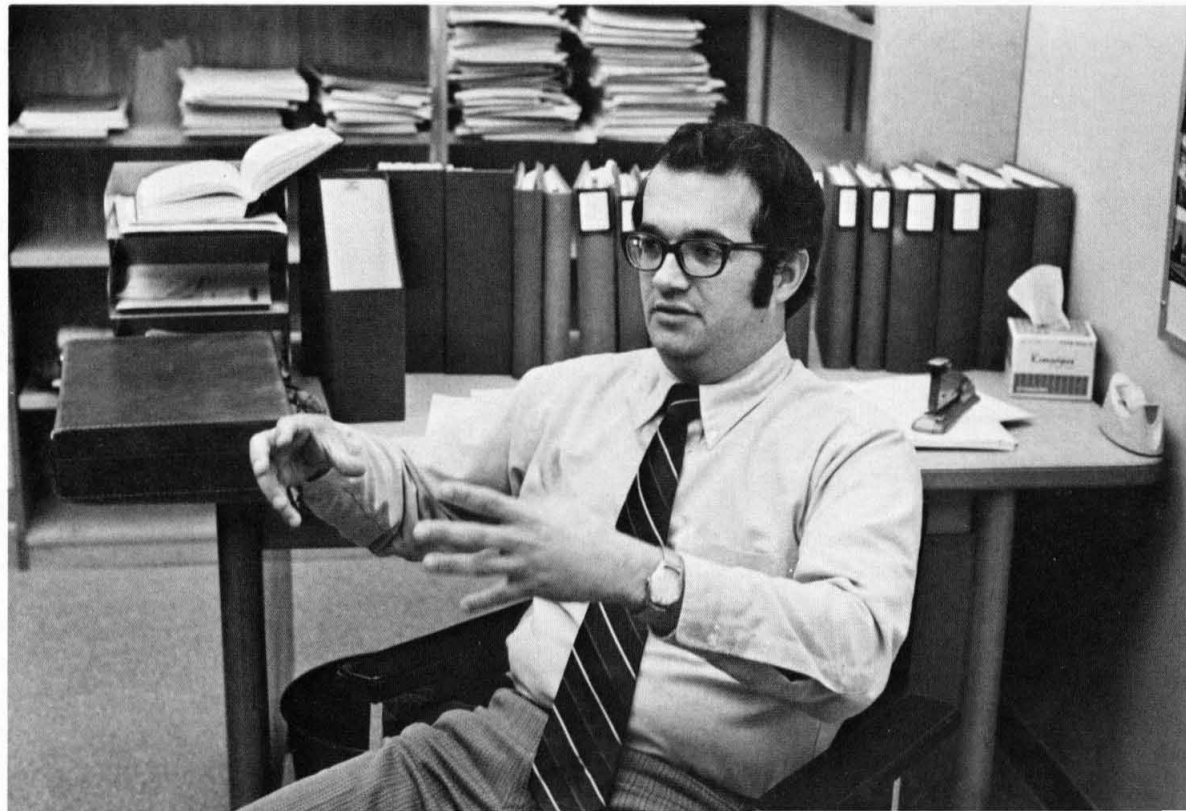
F. Brock Fuller, Mathematics



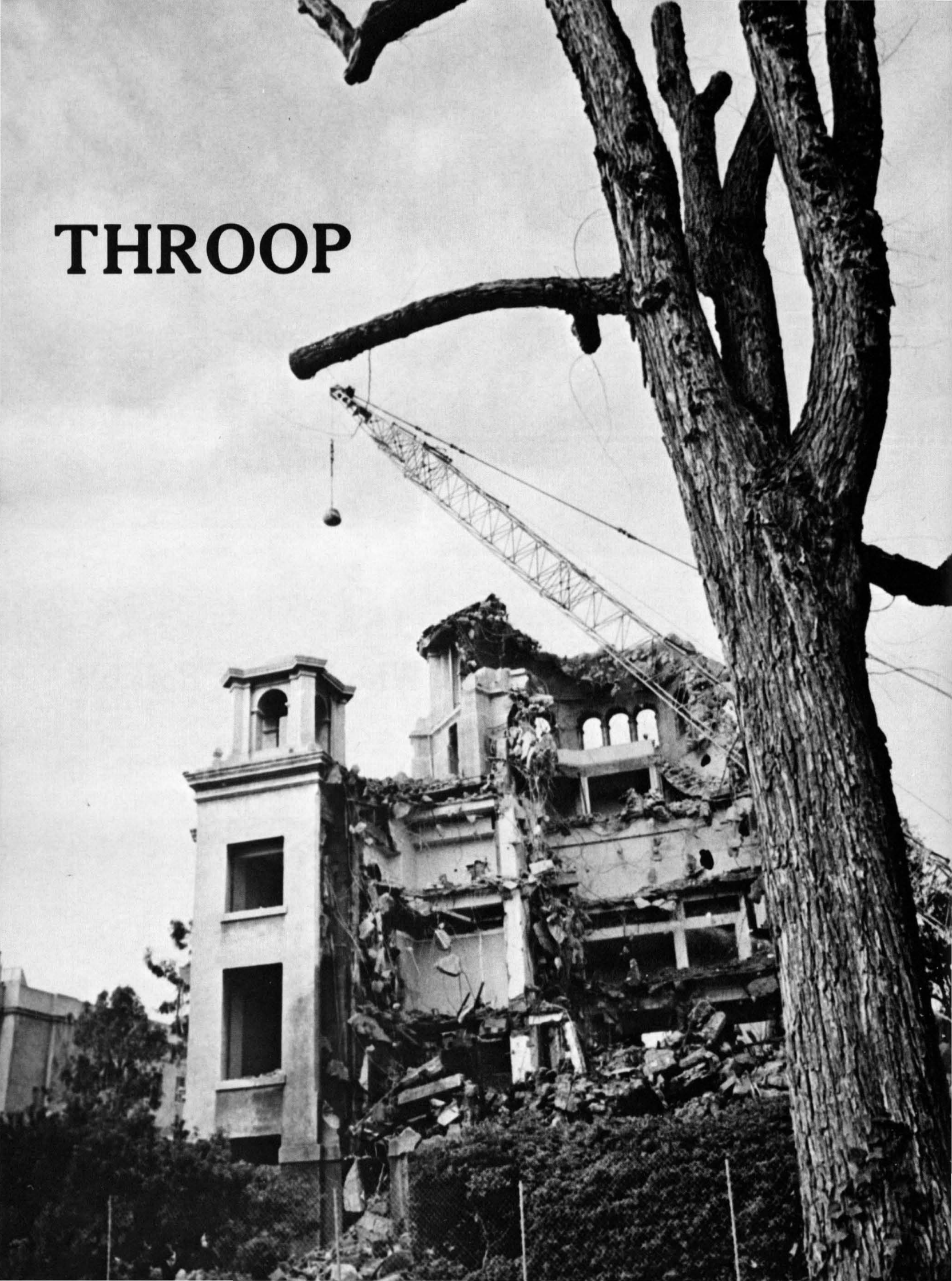
Ed Stone, Physics

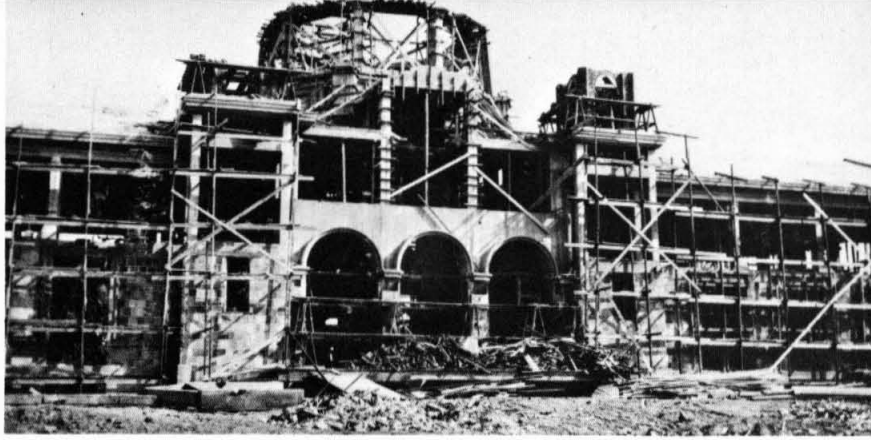
... And Some Of The People Who Made It Possible

*Vincent McKoy,
Chemistry*



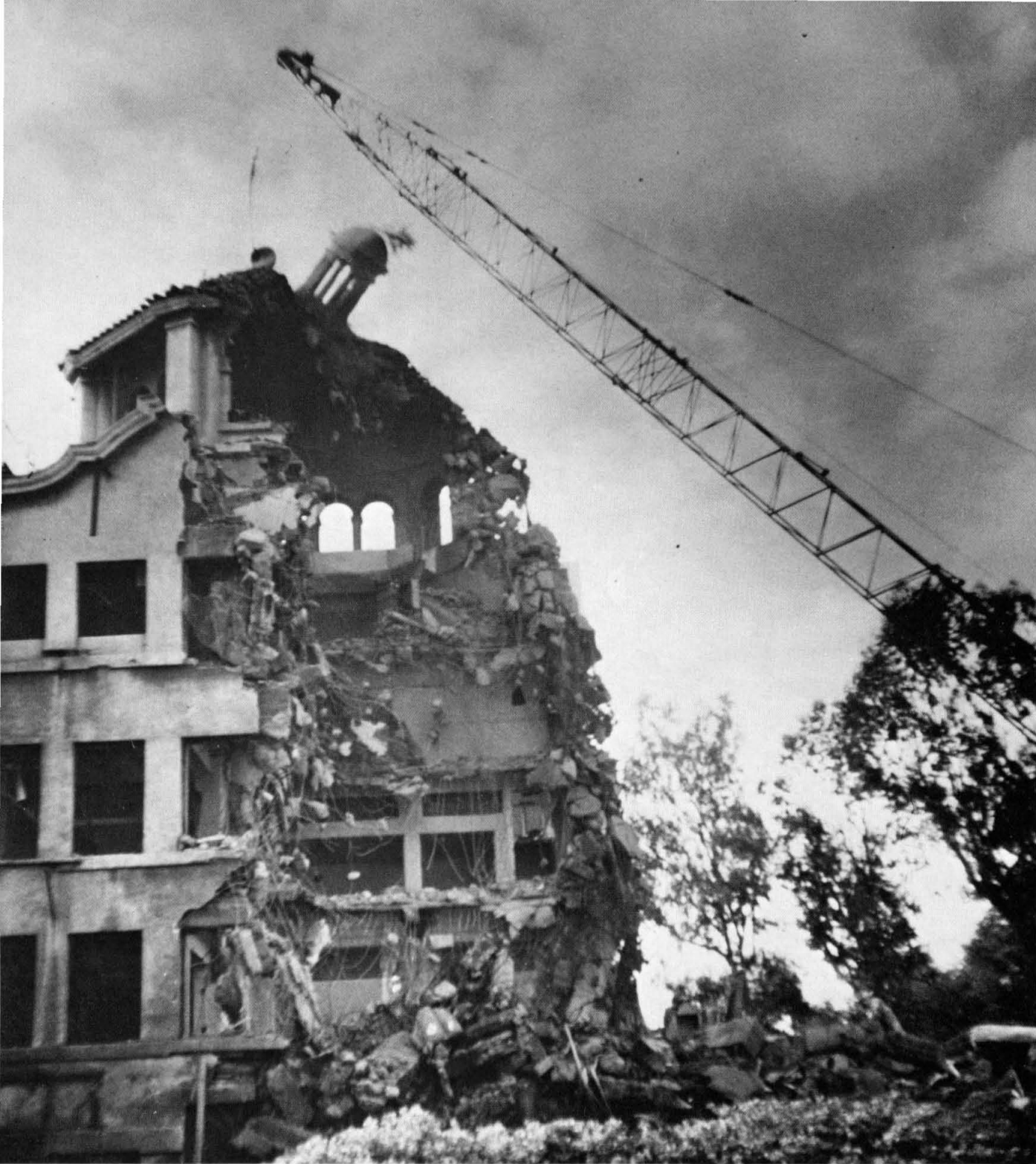
THROOP



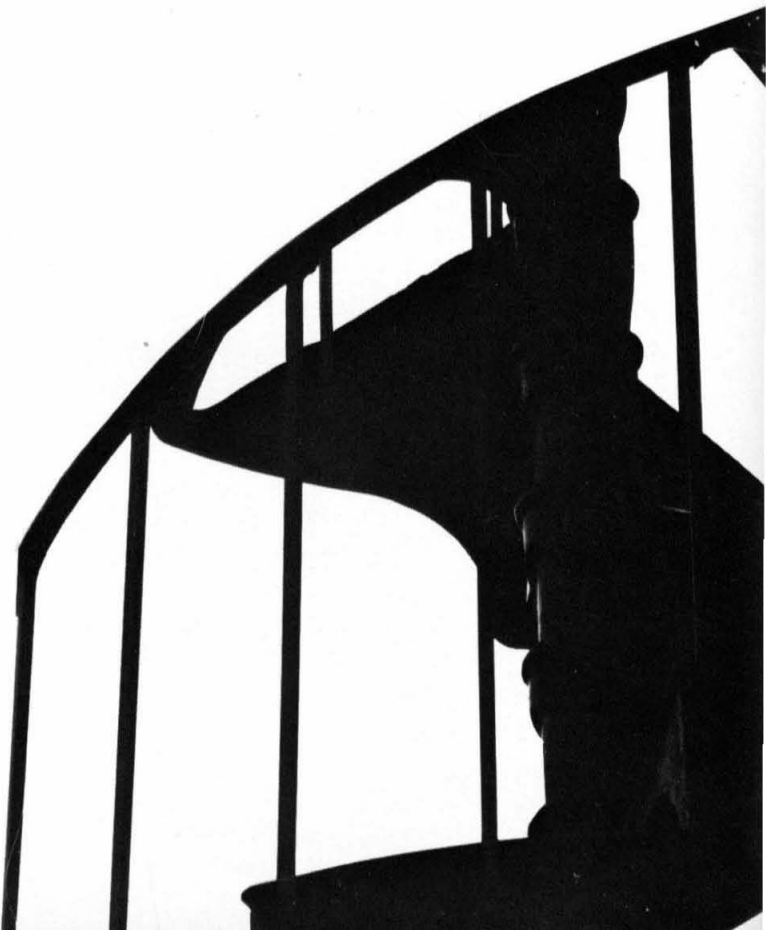


in memoriam





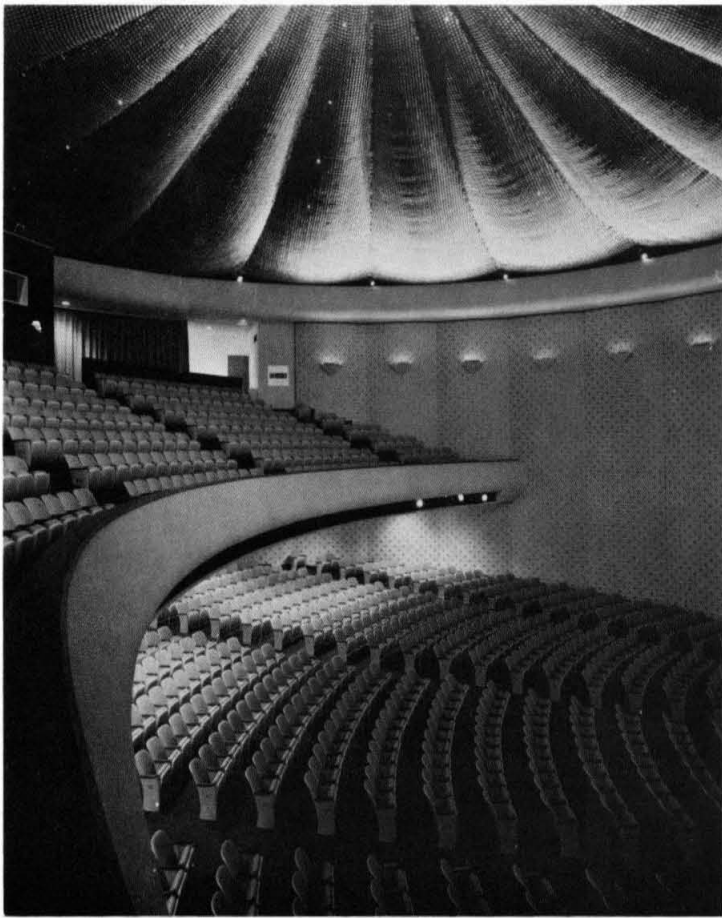








Second Term



At least Country Joe was there!

ASCIT

Drops

\$3000

Later

Drop Day,

No More

Drop Cards

CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR REQUEST TO DROP COURSE				Option _____
Date _____				Class
(NAME) LAST	FIRST	MIDDLE		Fr. <input type="checkbox"/>
COURSE NO.	UNITS	TITLE	SECTION	Soph. <input type="checkbox"/>
Approving Signatures:				Jr. <input type="checkbox"/>
Instructor	_____			Sr. <input type="checkbox"/>
(all courses)	ff morza			Grad. <input type="checkbox"/>
Adviser	_____			Graduate
(all courses)				M.S. <input type="checkbox"/>
Dean	_____			Eng. <input type="checkbox"/>
(all required courses)				Ph.D. <input type="checkbox"/>
Registrar	_____			Spec. <input type="checkbox"/>
(all senior courses)				
Graduate students need Instructor's signature only.				
R-29-(7/70)				
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Date _____				Class
(NAME) LAST	FIRST	MIDDLE		Fr. <input type="checkbox"/>
COURSE NO.	UNITS	TITLE	SECTION	Soph. <input type="checkbox"/>
Instructor _____				Jr. <input type="checkbox"/>
				Sr. <input type="checkbox"/>
				Grad. <input type="checkbox"/>
				Graduate
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				Spec. <input type="checkbox"/>

FOR OFFICE USE

Permanent Record Card

IBM Card

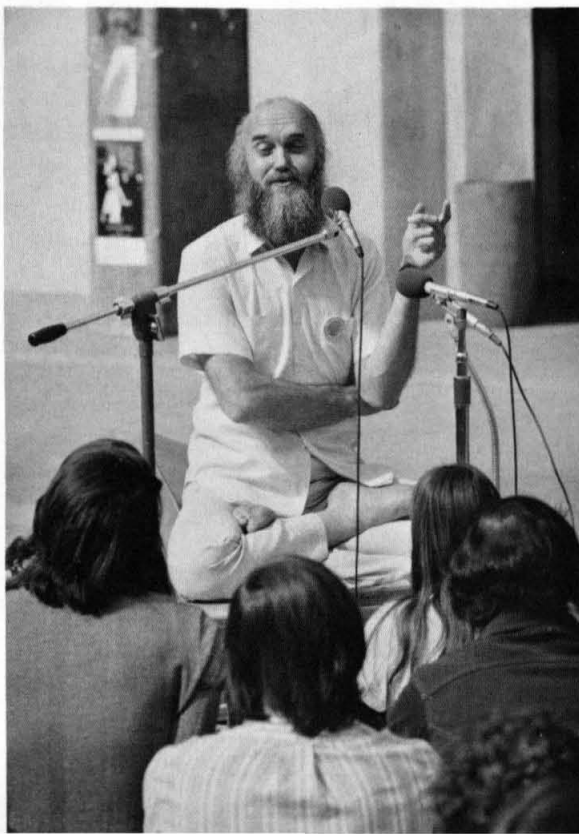
Registration Card
White Yellow



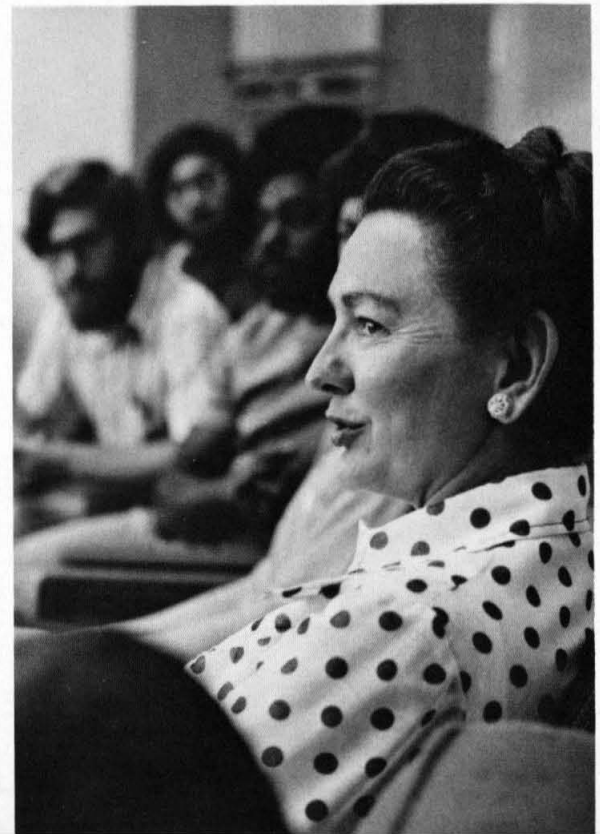
Dick Gregory: humanitarian, author, and comedian

The Caltech Y

Richard Alpert (Baba Ram Dass)



Judge Shirley Hufstedler



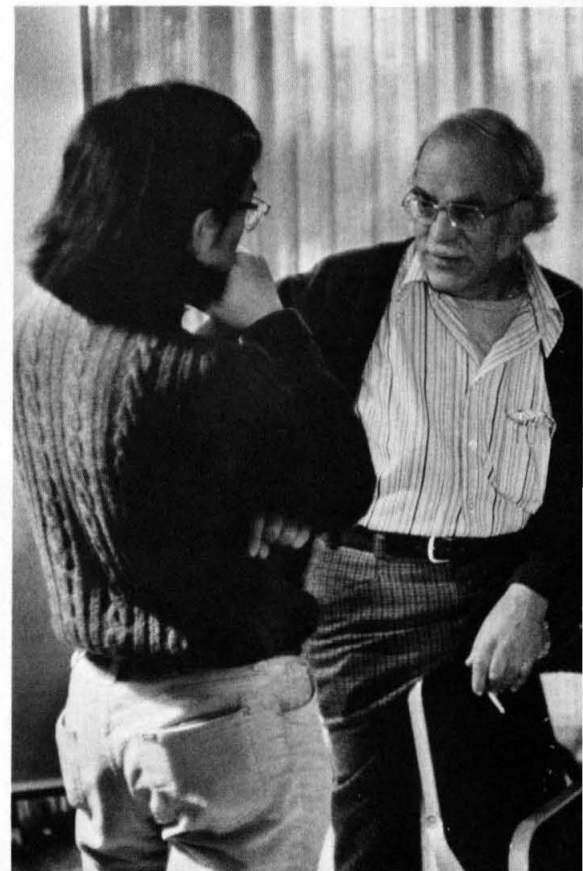


Walt Meador



Janet Stapel

Barbra McCandless



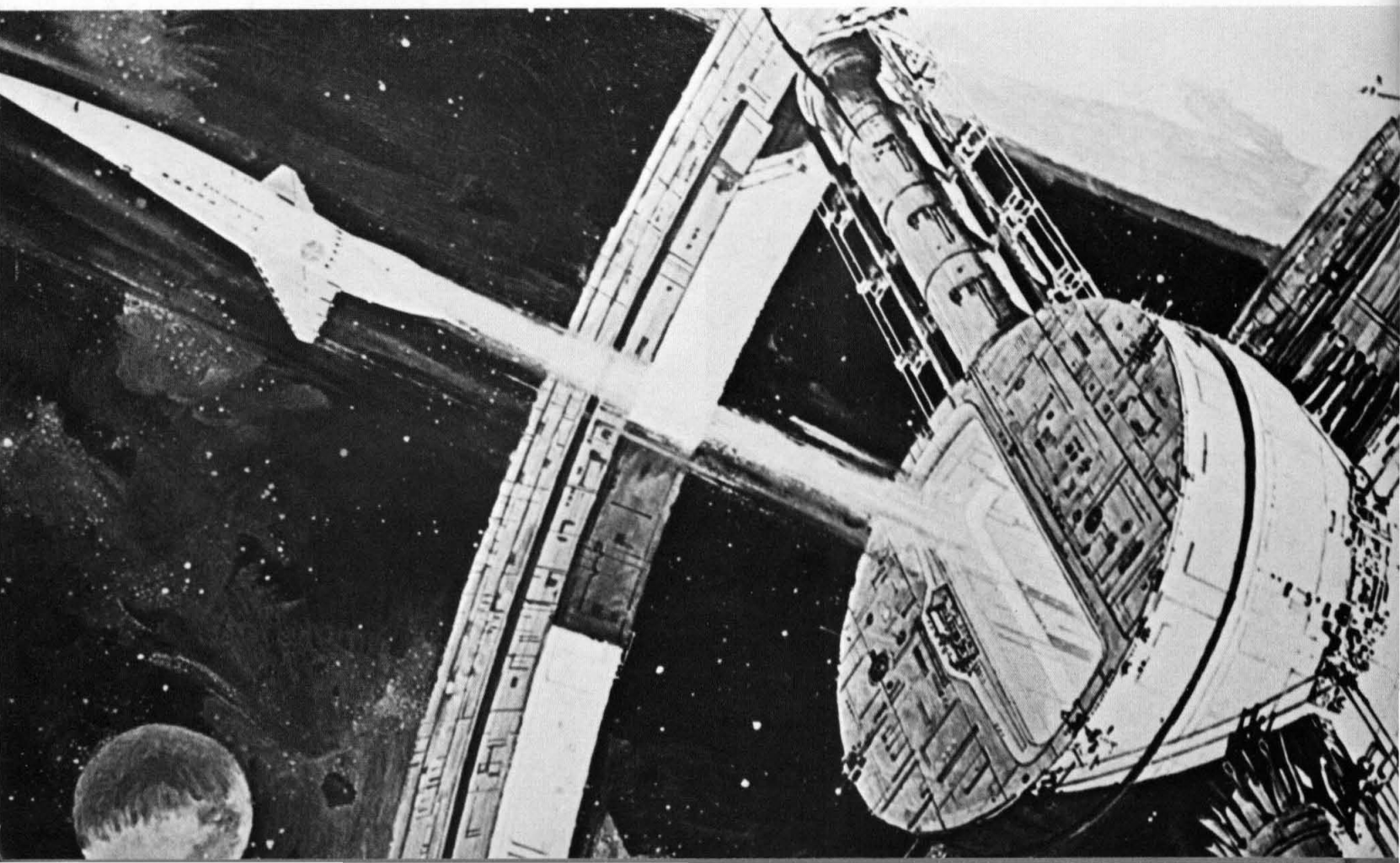
Wes Hershey



Moon-Darb Jack Schmitt laments the lack of beer in Taurus-Littrow

Geology Parties

One of the many vehicles used by Tech geologists and planetary scientists on field trips



Second Of All, What Kind Of A Geology Field Trip Is This?



*Gene Shoemaker, Former Chairman,
Division of Geological and
Planetary Sciences*

*Bob Sharp, Former Chairman,
Division of Geological and
Planetary Sciences*

*Barclay Kamb,
Chairman, Division
of Geological and
Planetary Sciences*



Left to right: M. Bails (manager), C. Cooper, Mike Bandhauer, J. Schroeter, D. Keenan, B. Locanthi, Mark Bandhauer, M. Bleck, J. Feely, W. Owen (manager), H. Scott (coach).

Varsity Basketball

Caltech	53	LIFE	45
Caltech	68	LA Baptist	62
Cal Baptist	88	Caltech	55
Redlands	81	Caltech	43
Pomona—Pitzer	84	Caltech	45
Caltech	70	LA Baptist	66
Whittier	84	Caltech	52
LIFE	73	Caltech	51
La Verne	93	Caltech	66
Claremont—Mudd	64	Caltech	60
Occidental	96	Caltech	44
So. Cal. College	61	Caltech	58
Occidental	93	Caltech	50
Pacific Christian	71	Caltech	49
Redlands	68	Caltech	47
Pomona—Pitzer	67	Caltech	54
Whittier	101	Caltech	69
La Verne	92	Caltech	77
Caltech	80	Pacific Christian	69
Claremont—Mudd	88	Caltech	74

Tech's basketball teams started the season well, with varsity and jayvee victories over LIFE, followed by a varsity win over LA Baptist in the second game of the year. The LIFE victory came after a great team effort, in which four shooters made double figures: Jerry Feely (16), Don Keenan (11), Mark Bleck (10), and Chris Cooper (10). Some good outside shooting and 10-for-12 free-throw scoring brought Tech from behind for a well-deserved victory.

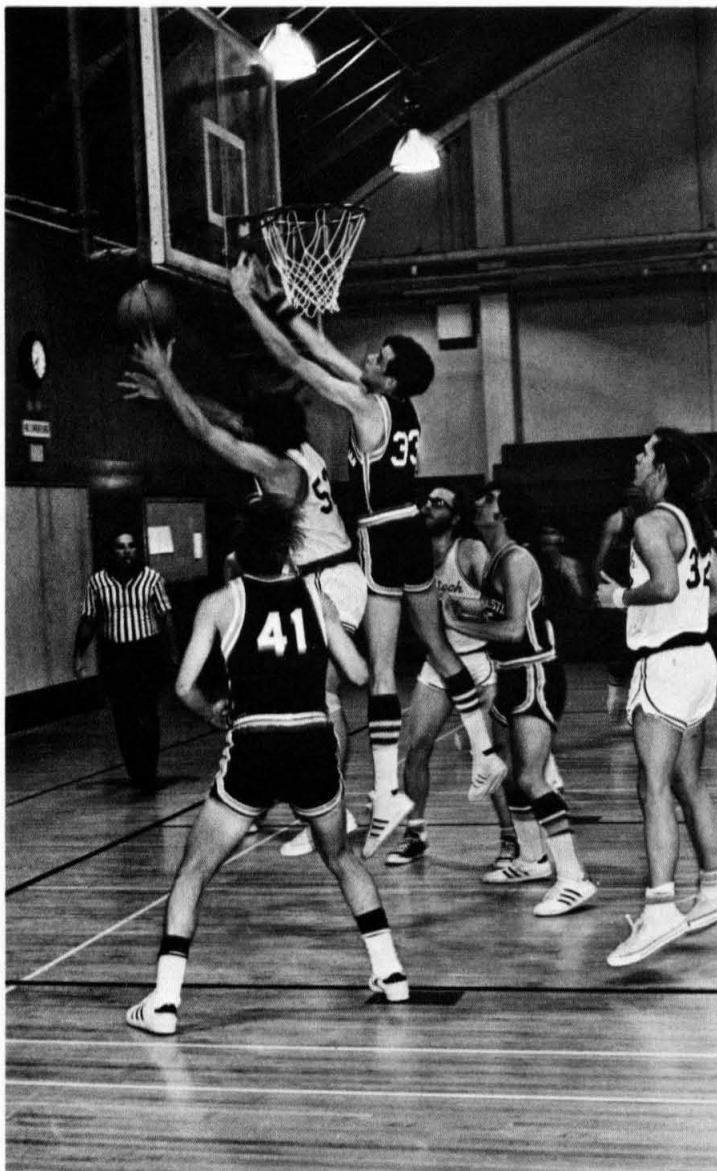
Keenan led in the first victory over LA Baptist, with 19 points. Tech had to come back from a 31-30 halftime deficit to score 68 points, a two-year high. In the second win over LABC, Mark Bleck led with 24 points, 8 rebounds, and 6 assists. The sweep of two games over LABC was sweet revenge for the Beavers, who had lost by 60 points in one of their encounters in 1971-72.

The team, having scored well against non-conference competition, failed to win an SCIAC match. Heartbreaking losses included those to Claremont (64-60) and non-conference Southern California College (61-58). Cooper received the Vesper Basketball Trophy for his consistent high scoring throughout the season.

Rennaye Johnson was high scorer for the jayvees in their victory over LIFE (as well as in many other games), with 24 points. Also in double figures for this game were Rich Baker (12) and Bo Lee (10). The second team only managed to win one other game, against La Verne in overtime. Johnson and Ron MacMaster were awarded the Carl Shy Freshman Basketball Trophy for being the hottest members of the Class of '76.



Left to right: S. Keller (coach), B. Lee, P. Anzaldo, R. MacMaster, N. Krueger, B. Harrow, R. Baker, R. Fisher, R. Johnson, N. Nelson, W. Owen (manager).



Jayvee Basketball

Caltech	51	LIFE	39
LA Baptist	65	Caltech	30
Cal Baptist	90	Caltech	48
Redlands	85	Caltech	56
Pomona—Pitzer	66	Caltech	53
LA Baptist	98	Caltech	43
Whittier	86	Caltech	34
LIFE	55	Caltech	52
La Verne	105	Caltech	46
Claremont—Mudd	100	Caltech	38
Occidental	93	Caltech	39
So. Cal. College	84	Caltech	48
Occidental	107	Caltech	50
Pacific Christian	75	Caltech	51
Redlands	58	Caltech	33
Pomona—Pitzer	91	Caltech	60
Whittier	58	Caltech	42
Caltech	79	(OT) La Verne	77
Pacific Christian	69	Caltech	43
Claremont—Mudd	94	Caltech	30

Cal State LA	90	Caltech	19
Caltech	1	Whittier	0
Occidental	78	Caltech	29
Claremont—Mudd	75	Caltech	15
UC Riverside	60	Caltech	52
Caltech	64	Chapman	39
Caltech	67	Redlands	38
Santa Ana JC	64	Caltech	48
Pomona	67	Caltech	42

Swimming



Left to right: R. Kieckhefer, R. Miller, D. Clark, H. Bubb, J. Rowson, R. Coleman, W. Ho, M. Kay, R. Horn, P. Perigo, S. Bitondo, F. Wetter. Sitting: L. Reck (coach).



Many traditions died during the 1973 swimming season, when the formerly all-male team welcomed Patty Perigo and Francine Wetter (the 1972 Mudeo Queen and Princess) to the pool. In spite of a lack of dressing rooms at some schools, the girls took a few third places and put some life into the meets and practices. Perhaps because they beat Redlands' girls in a couple races, another tradition fell: Caltech won an aquatic event in the Redlands pool.

Howard Bubb and Jim Rowson led the swimmers in scoring and were the only Techers to place in the top six in the SCIAC finals. Bob Kieckhefer was voted the Campbell Swimming Trophy, Wilson Ho received the Most Improved Swimmer Trophy, and Rowson was the Outstanding Diver.

This season was Lawlor Reck's last as Tech swimming coach. During his six years here, five of his swimmers were NAIA All-Americans and Tech once finished seventh in the NAIA National Meet. Next year Reck will coach at Iolani High School in Hawaii, and SCIAC swimmers will have to watch out, as the Techers will be swimming recklessly.



Left to right: M. Lo, S. Mitchell, T. Erickson, J. Wainwright, S. Gillett, A. Clemmens, L. November, M. Beall, R. Cowan, K. Delfosse, K. Wiener, D. Hoshaw, D. Peterson, M. Puryear, D. Brin, D. Calvert (coach).

Fencing

Foil

Cal State Los Angeles	7	Caltech	2
Caltech	5	LA Valley College	4
UC Santa Barbara	8	Caltech	1
Cal State Northridge	9	Caltech	0
UC San Diego	9	Caltech	0
Cal State Fullerton	9	Caltech	0
UC Irvine	6	Caltech	3
Cal State Long Beach	7	Caltech	2
Cal State San Diego	8	Caltech	1

Saber

Caltech	6	Cal State Los Angeles	3
Caltech	6	LA Valley College	3
Caltech	7	UC Santa Barbara	2
Cal State Northridge	9	Caltech	0
UC San Diego	7	Caltech	2
Cal State Fullerton	6	Caltech	3
UC Irvine	5	Caltech	4
Cal State Long Beach	8	Caltech	1
Cal State San Diego	5	Caltech	4

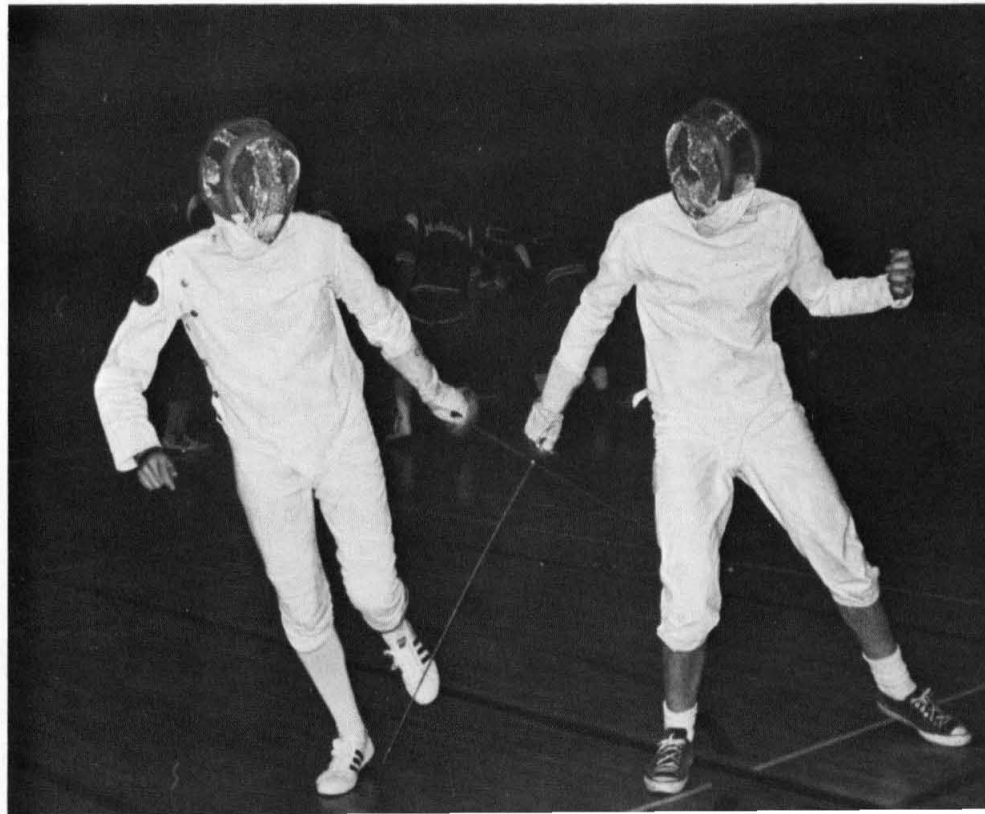
Epee

Cal State Los Angeles	6	Caltech	3
Caltech	6	LA Valley College	3
UC Santa Barbara	9	Caltech	0
Cal State Northridge	9	Caltech	0
UC San Diego	9	Caltech	0
Cal State Fullerton	7	Caltech	2
Caltech	6	UC Irvine	3
Cal State Long Beach	6	Caltech	3
Cal State San Diego	5	Caltech	4

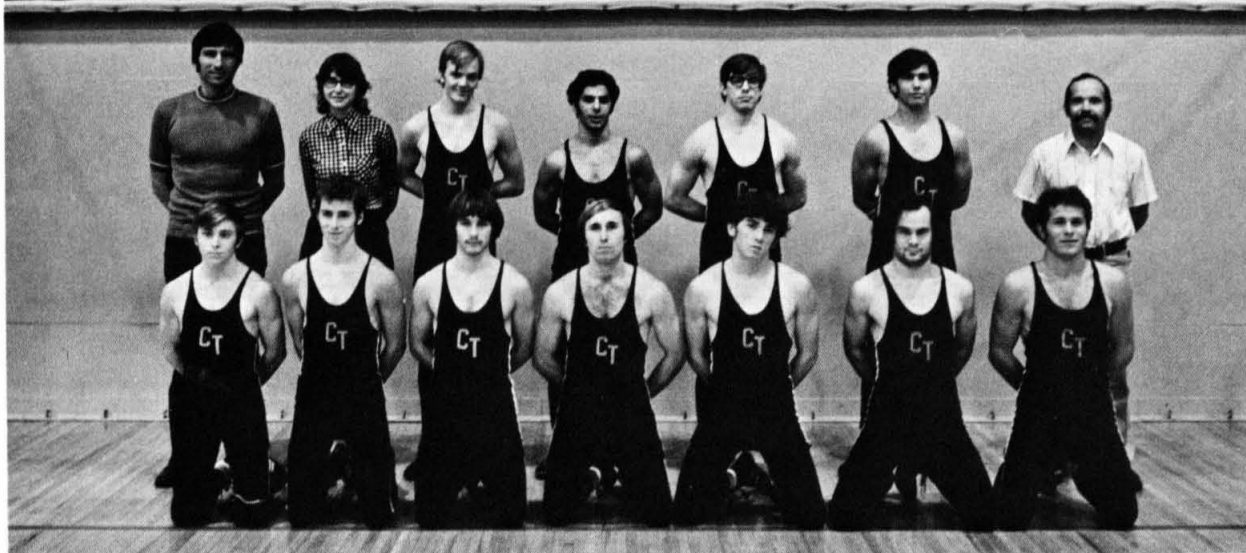
Women's Foil

Cal State Los Angeles	8	Caltech	1
Caltech	8	LA Valley College	1
UC Santa Barbara	9	Caltech	0
Cal State Northridge	7	Caltech	2
UC San Diego	7	Caltech	2
Cal State Fullerton	9	Caltech	0
UC Irvine	5	Caltech	4
Cal State Long Beach	9	Caltech	0
Cal State San Diego	5	Caltech	4

December was a good month for Tech's swordsmen; January and February left a little to be desired. The women's foil team won the first match in its two-year history to lead Tech to a sweep of all weapons over LA Valley College. The saber team, led by captain Darrell Peterson, won two other meets early in the season. The epee team's win over UC Irvine was the only other bright spot in a season full of matches which were, in coach Calvert's words, "like sending puppy dogs against full-grown wolverines."



CALTECH



Front row: M. Norman, W. Moss, R. Atwater, G. Stone, K. Walker, K. Bickford, G. Zieve, Back row: T. Gutman (coach), L. Horner (manager), A. Gooding, V. Catanzarite, V. Fratello, J. Baker, A. Schweizer (coach).

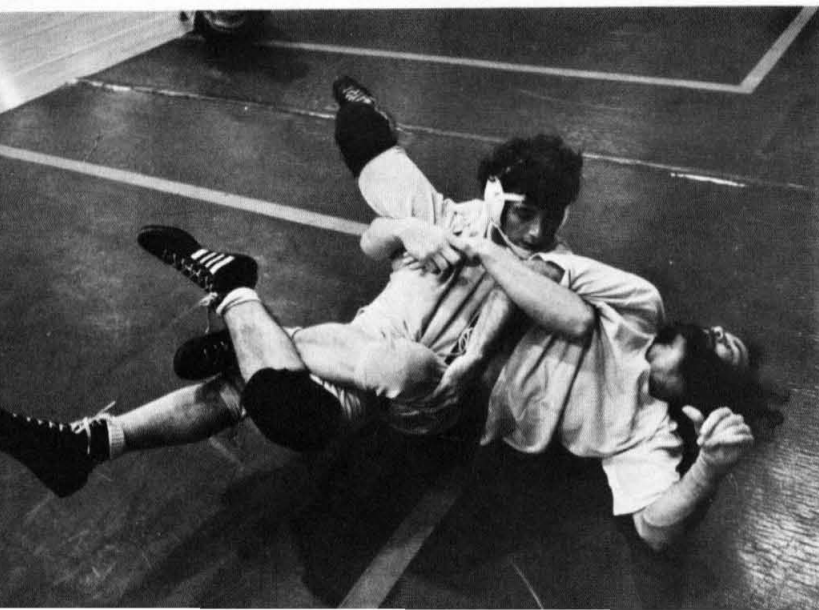
Caltech	42	Azusa Pacific	12
Biola	24	Caltech	22
Caltech	33	LA City College	24
Caltech	45	La Verne	3
Caltech	42	LA Trade Tech	12
Caltech	28	Cal State Northridge	21
Caltech	33	Pasadena College	15
Caltech	60	UC Riverside	0
Caltech	39	Redlands	18
Pomona—Pitzer	26	Caltech	21
Cal State LA	40	Caltech	9
Cal Lutheran	42	Caltech	15
Caltech	33	Whittier	24
Claremont—Mudd	30	Caltech	22

Wrestling

Excessive sex, a common wrestler ailment, was the most accepted cause of the phenomena [losing wrestling meets]: H. P. Schnurd, December 7, 1972.

Evidently the matmen had a veritable orgy this year after three years of celibacy, as a string of three consecutive SCIAC Championships (or Co-championships) died a painful death. The lack of a heavyweight (BJ graduated, remember?) or even somebody heavy (Smooky's GPA took a broken-hearted tumble) killed the chances for a good team record, even though two matmen won District III titles and went to the NAIA Nationals.

Ken Walker (142 lbs.), Captain Gary Zieve (150), and Vince Fratello (167) won conference titles in their weight divisions, with Greg Stone (134) and Val Catanzarite (158) placing second in the SCIAC tournament. (Note the lack of any high placers in the upper weights, like 177, 190, or HWT. Ken Bickford, weighing only 150, filled the void at 190 and took third place, to the astonishment of all!) The team placed second in the tournament, thus tying Pomona—Pitzer for second in the overall standings. Walker and Zieve went on to win District III championships, and Zieve was voted the Latham Wrestling Trophy for the second year in a row.



Interhouse Track

	Points	Trophy
Page	75	56
Fleming	74	48
Ricketts	42	40
Dabney	16	32
Ruddock	4	24
Lloyd	2	16
Blacker	0	8

Interhouse

Volleyball

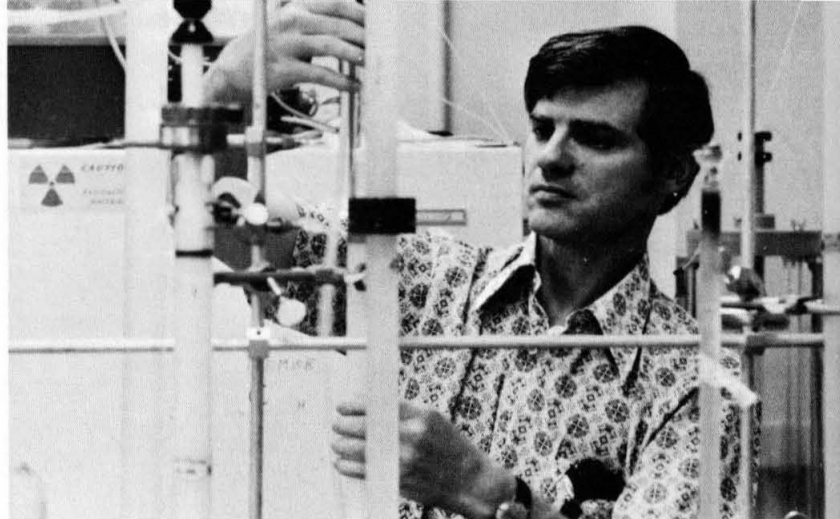
	Record	Trophy
Page	6-0	56
Fleming	5-1	48
Ricketts	4-2	40
Ruddock	3-3	32
Dabney	2-4	24
Blacker	1-5	16
Lloyd	0-6	8





Kip Thorne

"The Search for a Black Hole in Space"



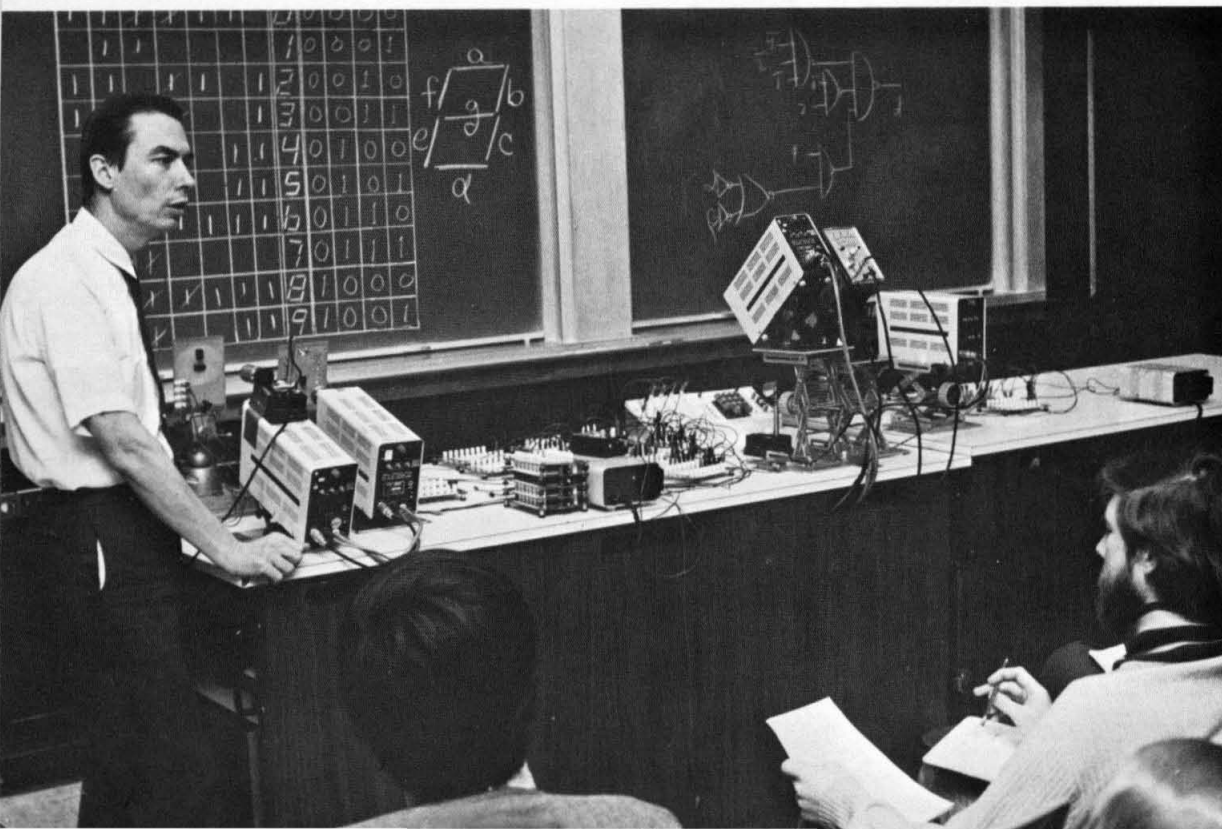
Leroy E. Hood

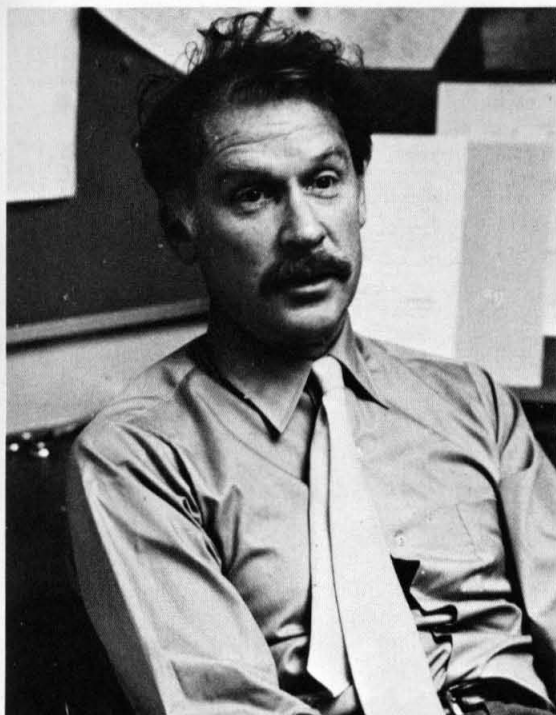
"The ABC of Cancer"

Earnest C. Watson Lecture Series

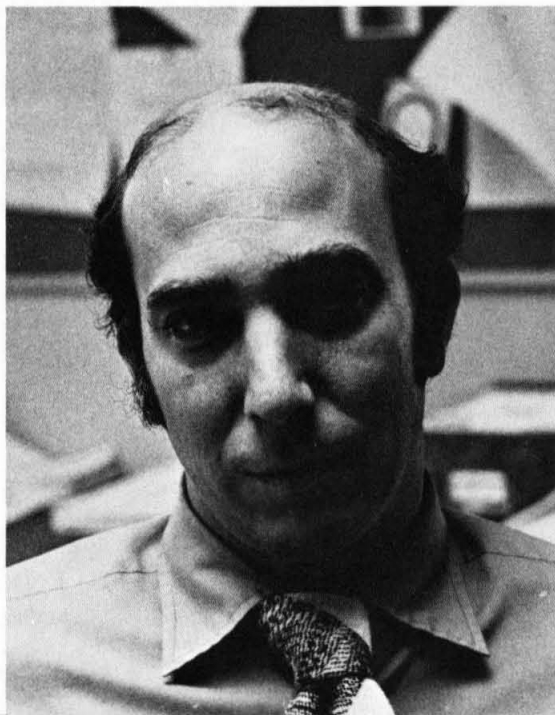
Carver A. Mead

"The Micro-Electronic Revolution"





Peter Fay, History

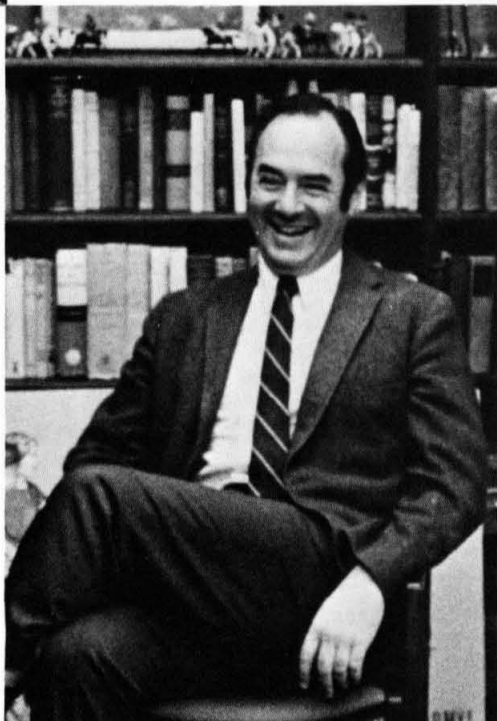


Dan Kevles, History

"Surely you must realize that we have to make cuts somewhere..."

Robert Huttenback, History

AD



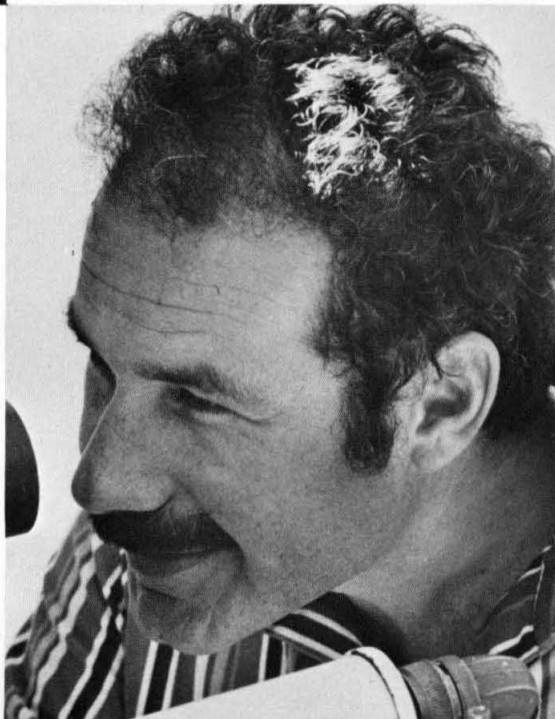
Oscar Mandel, English

HOC

Harold Zirin, Astrophysics



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Board of Directors



Top Row: Joe Morin, *President*. Russ McDuff, *Vice President*. Jim Hugg, *Secretary*. Steve Wat, *Treasurer*. **Bottom Row:** Rick Martin, *IHC Chairman*. Sharon Long, *Director for Academic Affairs*. Jim Price, *Director of Student Life*. John Land, *Director-at-Large*. Greg Simay, *Director-at-Large*.

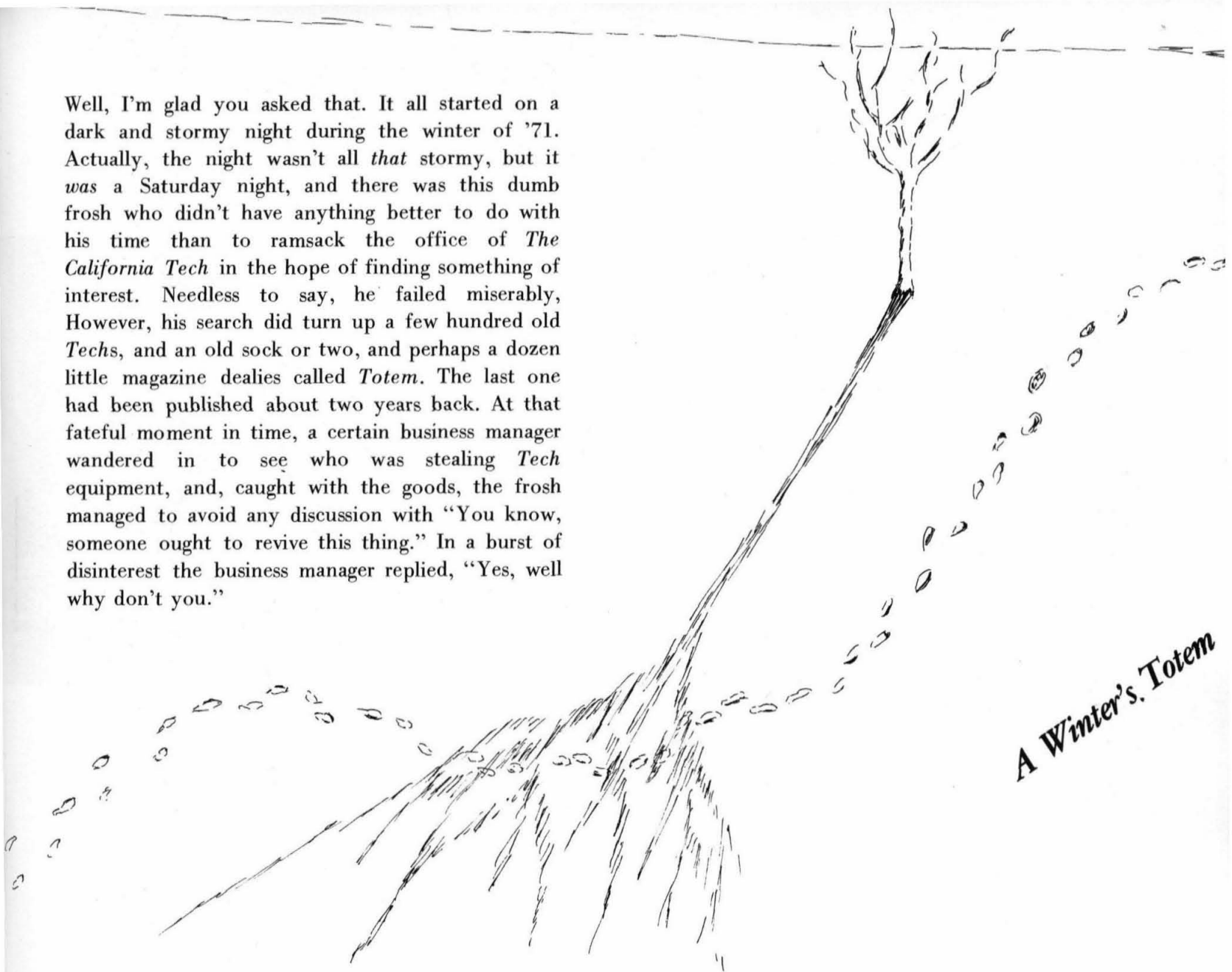
The 1972 Board of Directors began many projects, many of which it saw implemented, and many of which still are being fought for. The incoming frosh were treated to new student camp on Catalina Island, instead of in the steam tunnels. The Winnett Student Center Committee was reactivated, along with the office of Coordinator of Student Activities. A group to study the feasibility of coop housing was formed, with the obvious results. Seniors could become Athenaeum members.

Attempts were continued to civilize the bookstore into hiring student help. The Long/McDuff Academic Reform package, including ABC-no credit grading, was kicked around by the faculty. (Hmmm...) The ASCIT office was moved to the first floor of Winnett, and became Krueger's and Smoody's office. The possibility of obtaining and maintaining a bus was investigated. And of course there was Country Joe... Well, you can't win them all.

Board of Control



Well, I'm glad you asked that. It all started on a dark and stormy night during the winter of '71. Actually, the night wasn't all *that* stormy, but it *was* a Saturday night, and there was this dumb frosh who didn't have anything better to do with his time than to ramsack the office of *The California Tech* in the hope of finding something of interest. Needless to say, he failed miserably. However, his search did turn up a few hundred old *Techs*, and an old sock or two, and perhaps a dozen little magazine dealies called *Totem*. The last one had been published about two years back. At that fateful moment in time, a certain business manager wandered in to see who was stealing *Tech* equipment, and, caught with the goods, the frosh managed to avoid any discussion with "You know, someone ought to revive this thing." In a burst of disinterest the business manager replied, "Yes, well why don't you."



A Winter's Totem

So it came to pass that Caltech's answer to a literary-art magazine, *Totem*, became the strange creature it is today. *Totem* and *Totem 2* came out the same year the dumb frosh mentioned above took over the editorship; their only redeeming value was some really beautiful stuff, primarily two short stories by Terry O'Neil, and Kathleen Ward's poetry, among all the other garbage. Whatever minor success the first issues enjoyed was due to that.

In 1972, Carroll Boswell, Bob Coleman, and Gesine Lohr joined Philip Massey as editors; Gavin Claypool succeeded Marv Mandelbaum as business manager; and Bergthorne, who continues wishing to remain anonymous, was repaired. And thus the

third *Totem* was produced. Admittedly it should have been entitled *Totem 3* but we jumped Seaton's proverbial gun and called it *Totem of Valeron*, with even a cover, thanks to Phil Neches.

Boswell having graduated, this year's *A Winter Totem* was produced by Coleman/Claypool/Lohr/Massey, with a cover drawn at four in the morning the day it went to the printers by either Coleman or Hansen (I never did get it straight who had done which). Kathleen Ward was now Kathleen Boevink, but her poetry was still there, and there were a lot of neat photographs and a bunch of other things I liked, even if no one else did. Maybe we'll even put one out next year.

The CALIFORNIA Tech

It had been a long year, thought Hal. But like most Techers, the summer had brought him relief from the daily grunge. It was nothing like last fall . . .

Watching Marv painfully send \$468 to the Copyright Office, listening to two editors trying to be three, missing J.J.—yes, first term had been hectic. There was the uproar over the renaming of JPL (after Congressman H. Allen Smith), and the projected inaccessibility of the Olive Walk to cars. Both issues slithered away as the campus prepared for the annual celebration of the Throop Three.

B&C dinners happened, with good friend Pearl Fies, although Hal never went. But Hal had some new friends: Dennis and Marc; Eric and Paul and Steve. He could hear Feeney, the baron of the darkroom, muttering about building his staff from scratch. Also Kieckhefer was back, handling sports, and busily copy-generating were senior Tech trolls Neches and Schroedlu.

Scarcely had second term begun, Hal remembered, when the two staggering editors split completely on the master key issue and wrote opposing editorials. The BOC opinion kept the Forum flowing for weeks.

Then there was the annual ASCIT elections issue. Hal snorted in disgust, thinking of the fourteen candidate statements. It was unfortunate, really, that the Page Dudes hadn't done a more thorough job when they firebombed the office that week . . .

Things brightened considerably during the next few weeks, as Eichorn and Mallonee joined Claypool as martyrs. (Things were very bright for Beckman—they would have been brighter still if he'd kept sober at the Tech staff party.) The biggest wave of anti-apathy among students in two years hit page two, attacking concrete, the removal of trees, and the cutback in language offerings. The administration and faculty reacted immediately—by writing letters, holding meetings, and listening to students.

After a year's fantastic typing, Tinkerbelle left the staff; taking her place was Patti, whom Hal knew and loved. Peisner was appointed Business Mangler, and promptly hired Mandelbaum for the rest of the year.

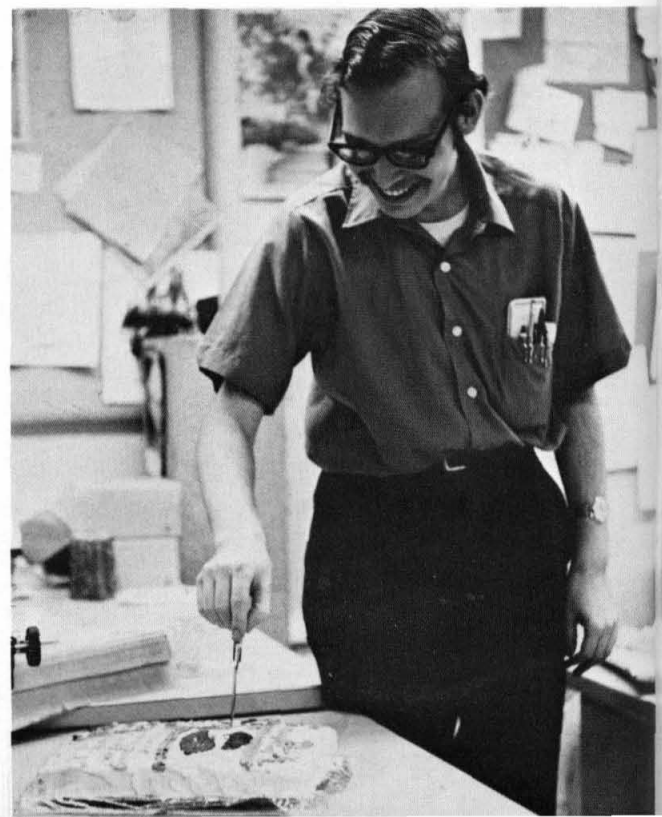
Then came moving day! In a convulsive, frantic weekend Hal found himself in a new office, formerly occupied by ASCIT, and appropriately named the Annex. (Beckman, Claypool, Massey, and Flora later found themselves at Roma's.) Appearing on the windows shortly thereafter were members of the Tech Trio, who ran through the Rivet before being run over. It was a welcome change.



Third term flew by swiftly for Hal. He didn't even mind working on the twelve-pager, which featured this year's second award-winning mural by Dabney House. The news that a friend of Flossie's would arrive this summer was well received, along with the end of Hal's indentures to the Institute.

Hal considered what the fall would bring. The Tech would come out on Fridays (the Rivet having jumped the gun), just to mess up Olshan's geo field trips. Marv would be off at Harvard Business School, telling his classmates how he made $n!$ dollars while in college. Claypool's monotonically increasing GPA would be on trial again. And then there were Eric's last words before leaving for Europe: "Four more years!"

Hal sighed



The BIG T

Once upon a time there was a *Tech* staff party. It was a usual *Tech* staff party. There was nothing unusual about the beverages. They were quite good. In addition, they brought about the 1972-73 *Big T*.

Perhaps the attendance of the newspaper's own wine connoisseur had something to do with it. Perhaps not. In any event, freed from his *Tech* editorship (and even more by the beverages), Peter Beckman became "Surly Chairman of the Board of Editors" or, more succinctly, "Dictator."

Accompanying him on this fateful mission were Fred Sigworth and Bob Schaff, who took and developed some scurvy photos, respectively; Dennis Mallonee, who mysteriously appeared whenever work was desperately needed; Bob Kieckhefer, who spent many precious hours between finals and Greenland gathering last minute photos; Ray Feeney, who often ended up taking them or faking them; and Gavin Claypool, who succeeded Beckman when the latter went north to make kilobucks over the summer. Dave Peisner consented to expand his new financial empire by becoming Business Mangler.

Faced with the job of putting out a yearbook in eight months' time, the Magnificent Seven immediately sought an incentive: more money. The BOD was gently blackmailed into providing the amount. Freshly enthusiastic, the BOE promptly reduced the book to three sections: Seniors, Houses, and Everything Else.

Seniors were allowed informal shots, as well as group pictures. The Houses were delegated the responsibility of doing their own pages. Believe it or not, it worked. Somewhat.

And so the 1972-73 *Big T* is now history. And so is the staff. May we rest in peace.



November 16, 1972:

"*Nothing* has been done with the 1972-73 book, except for a bit of photographic work."

January 25, 1973:

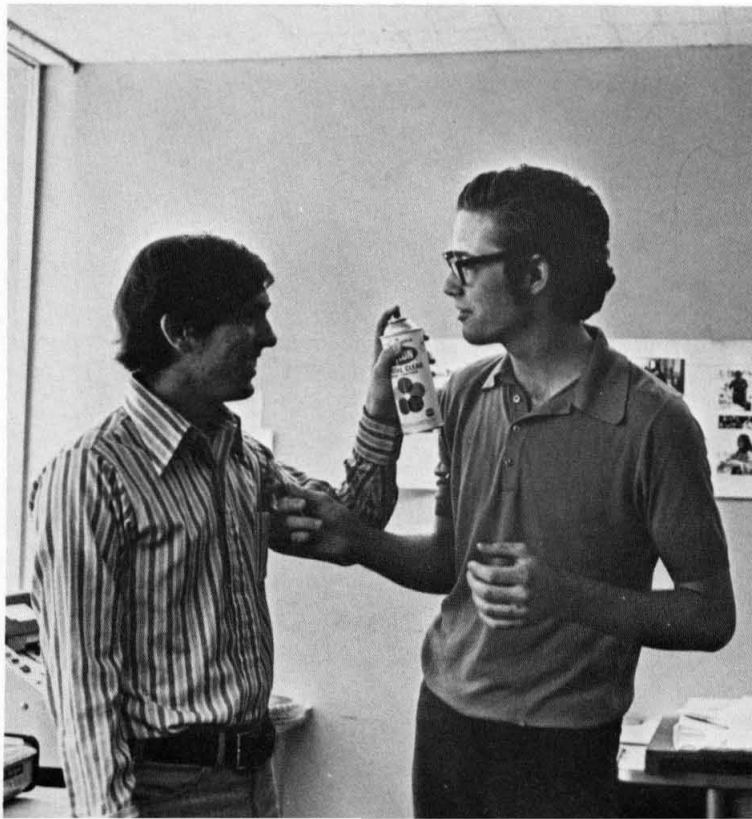
"The outlook for the 1973 book is 'grim, to state it conservatively.'"

February 15, 1973:

"*The Big T* is alive and well again, thanks to a board of seven editors and a heart-warming blackmail agreement."

July 20, 1973:

"Free at last, free at last . . ."—*The Magnificent Seven*.



Louise Hood Retires



"Who deals in keys and love and such . . ."

The Louise Hood Office Sit-in started the day Winnett Center opened for business over eleven years ago. Hardly a moment has gone by without one student or another, sometimes a whole mob, occupying the swivel chairs and passing the time.

Louise's office was a center for all sorts of student activities. ASCIT's real office was Louise's

office. Her office was the editorial boardroom for all of the student publications. She was the keeper of the Aero sheets, of mugbooks annotated with "X"s and "+1"s to indicate those who left or fell behind, of the only really up-to-date set of roomlists and addresses, and perhaps incidentally, of the Winnett reservation forms.

If you wanted to find someone, all you usually had to do was to sit in Louise's office for a half an hour. Your party would invariably wander in to see Louise.

Louise's office became the last refuge of hope for confusing phone calls. Frequent requests for odd information came into Louise from the harried switchboard, and if she did not know the answer, someone in the office certainly would.

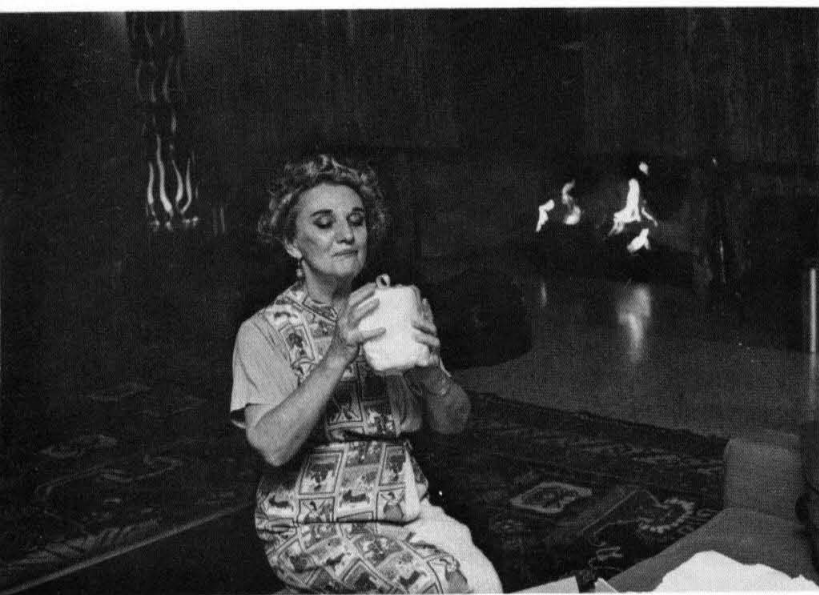
Anyone with a problem could be sure of a sympathetic hearing from Louise, and her impromptu counseling service eased the way for many a Techer.

When people asked Louise what she did all day, she would answer something like, "Oh, I usually just talk to students." The idea seemed positively horrifying to random people, compelled to pass Louise's office several times daily on their way to Chandler, but it was just fine with Louise and the students.

Louise was always ready to help. Whether by tracking down people or information, giving advice, or just plain listening, Louise always showed a genuine concern for every human being who crossed paths with her.

Louise retired this year to better look after herself and her mother. Fortunately, the institution of Louise Hood's Office has continued, albeit without the great lady who founded it.

We all miss you, Louise.



The first clear memory I have of Louise is my standing dripping wet in her office, holding a beaker with a goldfish named Fred (cause he's fearless, she said) that had just been rescued from Chem 1's George's electric eel demonstration. She managed to find goldfish food for him; she offered him her dechlorinated plant water, and later she adopted and cherished him merely because he needed love. Finally, she let him go into a pond "with other fishies" because he'd be happier there.

—Philip Massey

Done Tuesday After
Lunch: The Cosmic
Time of the Week

I distinctly remember being taken three places during orientation my freshman year. They were the roof of Millikan, the steam tunnels, and Louise Hood's office. That one visit was enough to turn me into a confirmed office rat. This was because Louise's office was an important focus of campus activity. Louise's open manner, great interest, and vast knowledge of Caltech made her office a natural place to discuss campus problems, make important decisions, get the latest news, or simply flick.

—Peter W. Beckman



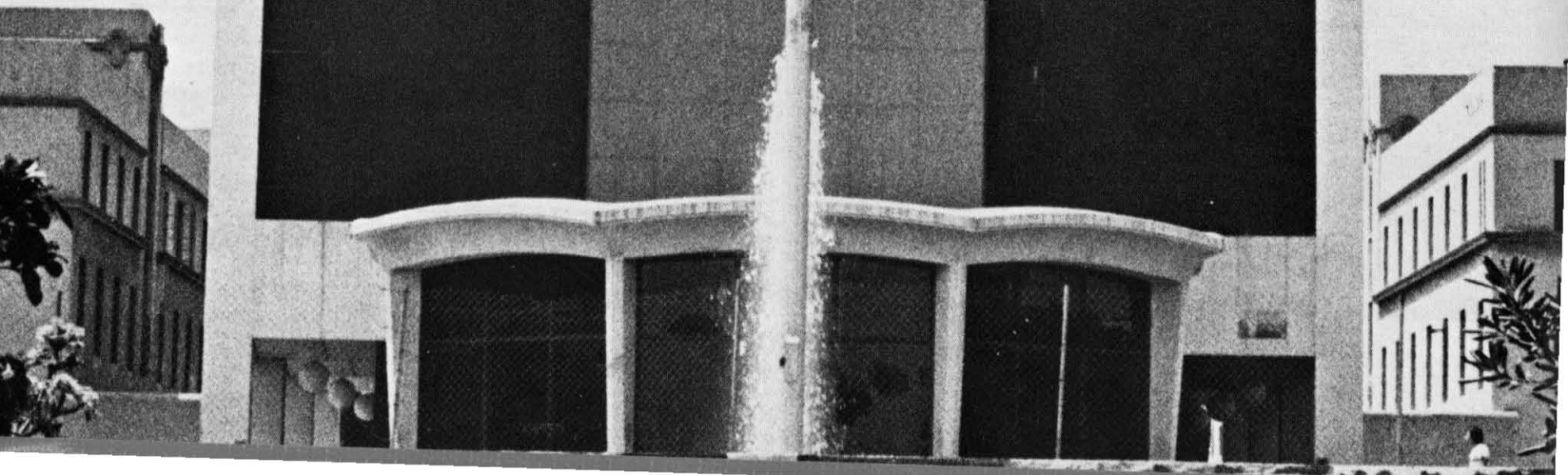
What can you say about someone to whom you owe your very existence? Without Louise to take messages from advertisers, there would have been far fewer ads in the little t. Without her encouragement every day, the book might not have existed. Thank you, Louise, for your helpfulness, for your graciousness, for your wonderfulness.

—Dave Peisner

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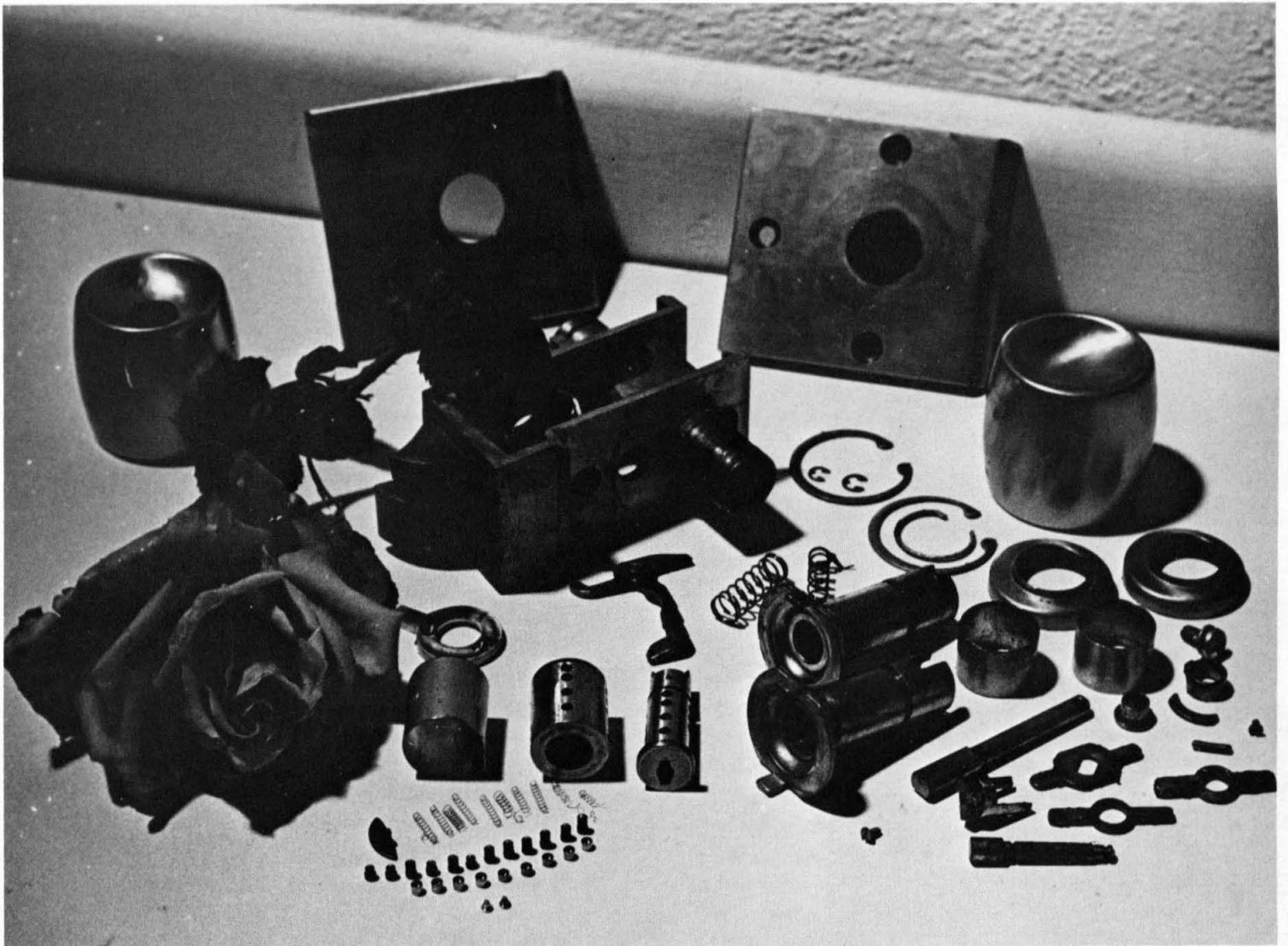


UPPERCLASSMEN!



This Friday at 11:00 A.M.

Be Sure To Pick Yours Up!



It is an understatement that apathy hurt the golf team this year. In past years the failure of the fifth man to show up often hurt the team, but this year the third, fourth, and fifth men never existed. But in the spirit of Caltech varsity athletics, Steve Poon and Phil Nygren enjoyed playing golf this spring and ignored the team scores, just as many better-staffed Caltech teams have done in previous seasons. Poon was awarded the J. Ben Earl Golf Trophy, with Nygren runner-up.

Golf



Left to right: S. Poon, H. Cassriel (coach), P. Nygren.



Occidental	54	Caltech	4
Whittier	47	Caltech	7
Pomona—Pitzer	54	Caltech	0
Redlands	1	Caltech	0
Claremont—Mudd	1	Caltech	0
Pasadena College	49	Caltech	5
Redlands	1	Caltech	0
La Verne	50	Caltech	2
Pasadena College	44	Caltech	10
Cal State Dominguez Hills	52	Caltech	2
Claremont—Mudd	1	Caltech	0
Occidental	54	Caltech	0
Cal State Dominguez Hills	1	Caltech	0
Pomona—Pitzer	52	Caltech	2
Whittier	48	Caltech	6
La Verne	36	Caltech	18
Azusa Pacific	44	Caltech	10



Front row: R. Pleva, L. Bond, D. Schladweiler, J. Dilles, T. Durazo, R. Short, E. Preisler (coach). Back row: D. Bond (asst. coach), R. Stanley, P. Gschwend, R. Mitchell, J. Ellis, J. Feely, T. Howell, R. Spears (manager).

Baseball

Caltech	13	LIFE	8
So. Calif. College	2	Caltech	1
So. Calif. College	9	Caltech	5
Whittier	6	Caltech	0
LA Baptist	10	Caltech	7
Whittier	8	Caltech	0
Whittier	11	Caltech	0
So. Calif. College	15	Caltech	5
Caltech	12	LIFE	6
LIFE	11	Caltech	10
Redlands	12	Caltech	2
Redlands	8	Caltech	0
Redlands	12	Caltech	2
Caltech	9	Occidental	8
Occidental	11	Caltech	2
Occidental	12	Caltech	1
Caltech	6	Pomona-Pitzer	4
Pomona-Pitzer	6	Caltech	4
Caltech	5	Pomona-Pitzer	2
La Verne	25	Caltech	0
La Verne	16	Caltech	1
La Verne	12	Caltech	0
Claremont-Mudd	12	Caltech	0
Claremont-Mudd	9	Caltech	1
Claremont-Mudd	7	Caltech	3

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total
OXY	1	0	3	0	2	1	1	0	0		8
CIT	4	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	2		9

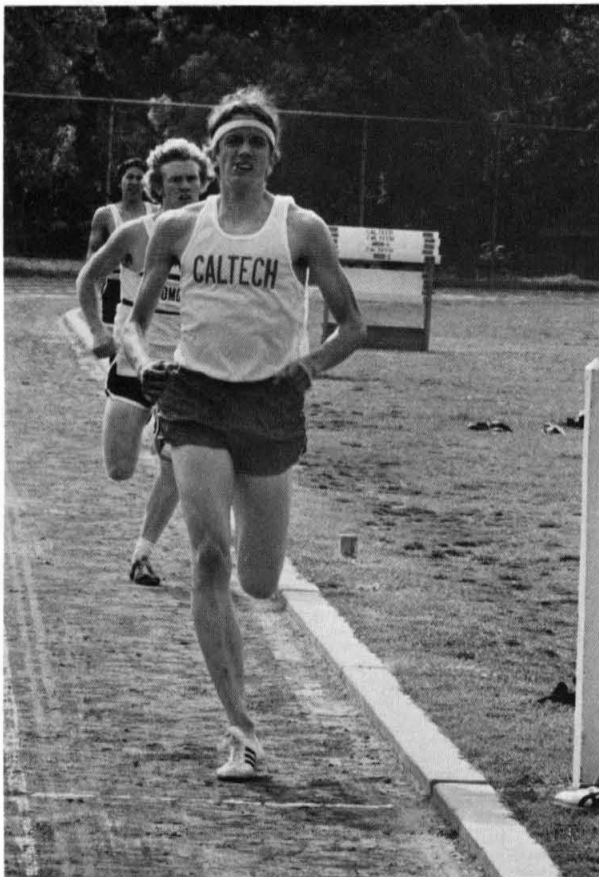
Out of the cellar! For the first time in memory, Tech's baseball team did not finish last in the SCIAC standings. With a 3-15 record, the Beavers finished two games ahead of Pomona-Pitzer (1-17). Tech's first SCIAC win in three years came when Tom Howell scored on a passed ball with two out in the bottom of the ninth to edge Oxy, 9-8. This got the Tigers ticked off, and they blasted Tech, 11-2 and 12-1, in return meetings. The Beavers went on to beat Pomona, 6-4 and 5-2, for their other conference wins. Tech went on from there to lose to the San Francisco Giants, 157-0, in a game whose records are strangely missing . . .

Tom Howell and Phil Gschwend were awarded the Alumni Baseball Trophy for the second consecutive year. Howell, Gschwend, Rick Short, John Ellis, and Jerry Feely graduate this year, but the returning lettermen have now tasted victory and will be yearning for more next year!



Front row: B. LaBrucherie (coach), G. Griffin, G. Hoit, D. Webster, B. Sweitzer, T. Mills, H. Robinson, C. Almquist, K. Maples (manager), W. O'Meara (manager). Back row: S. Bienz, D. Herbert, J. Steubs, A. Kleinsasser, B. Page, R. Miller, L. Knuth (asst. coach), J. Black (president, Caltech Track Booster Club).

Track



The 1973 track season (and Bert LaBrucherie's career, for that matter) was epitomized by the effort the Beavers turned in at the last dual meet of the year (also the last of LaBrucherie's career). Before this meet, LaBrucherie had a track record of 106-105, and everybody realized that a victory over Whittier would give him a winning record for 24 years of coaching track at Tech. Only twelve men made the trip to Whittier, but they turned in performances like few twelve-man teams have ever done.

Al Kleinsasser won the mile and the 880, placed third in the three-mile for a vital point, and minutes later ran a leg in the meet-deciding mile relay. Bob Brewington, vaulting for the first time in his life, overcame much Whittier heckling to win the pole vault. Haywood Robinson was edged for first in the 100, won the 220, and ran legs for the two relay teams. Greg Hoit placed second in the 440, won the intermediate hurdles, and also ran legs for both relay teams. Charlie Almquist placed third in the high jump (jumping for the first time in his life), won the high hurdles, took second in the intermediate hurdles, and ran for both relay teams. Greg Griffin and Brent Sweitzer also won events to help close out LaBrucherie's career with a 71-70 victory.

This track team was probably one of the best Bert has coached in recent years, having rewritten the record book with more authority than any previous group. Among them they broke or tied eight records: 100—Robinson, 9.7; 220—Robinson, 21.5; 880—Kleinsasser, 1:51.5; Mile—Kleinsasser, 4:12.5; 2-Mile—Griffin, 9:19.6; 3-Mile—Griffin, 14:25.6; 6-Mile—Griffin, 29:38; Marathon—Griffin, 2:39:29. Kleinsasser and Robinson shared the Goldsworthy Track Trophy as the standouts on a team of outstanding performers; the versatile Sweitzer was named Outstanding Frosh.

Occidental	103	Caltech	42
Caltech	75	Claremont—Mudd	69
Redlands	85	Caltech	59
Caltech	83	La Verne	57
Cal Lutheran	87	Caltech	56
Pomona—Pitzer	97	Caltech	47
Caltech	78	UC San Diego	60
Caltech	71	Whittier	70



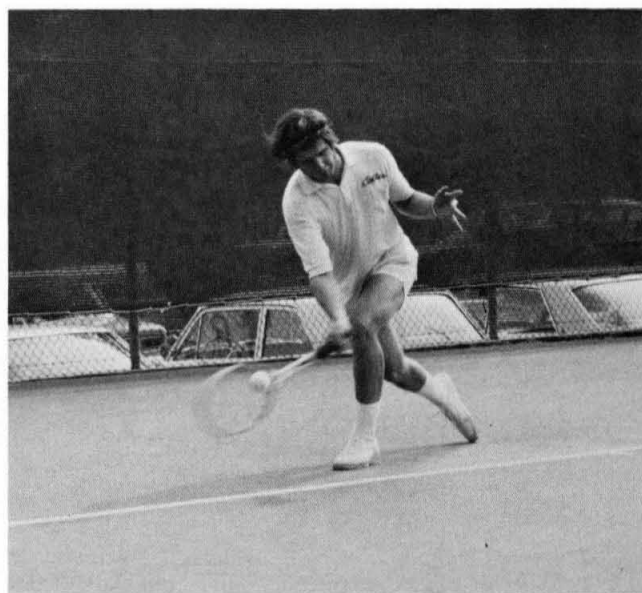
Front row: M. Nakatsui, J. Zima, R. Rao, C. Leong, J. Lamb (coach). Back row: B. Eisenhart, D. Dummit, P. McCrea.

Tennis

The 1973 netmen won their first match, their last match, and, well, they played 15 matches in between. The tennis ladder frequently changed during the season, with Mo Nakatsui, Bruce Eisenhart, and Dave Dummit usually filling the top singles spots. Pat McCrea, a mid-season addition to the team, filled the fourth spot. Dave Beatty, Ram Rao, Greg Zima, and Cliff Leong vied for the last two spots.

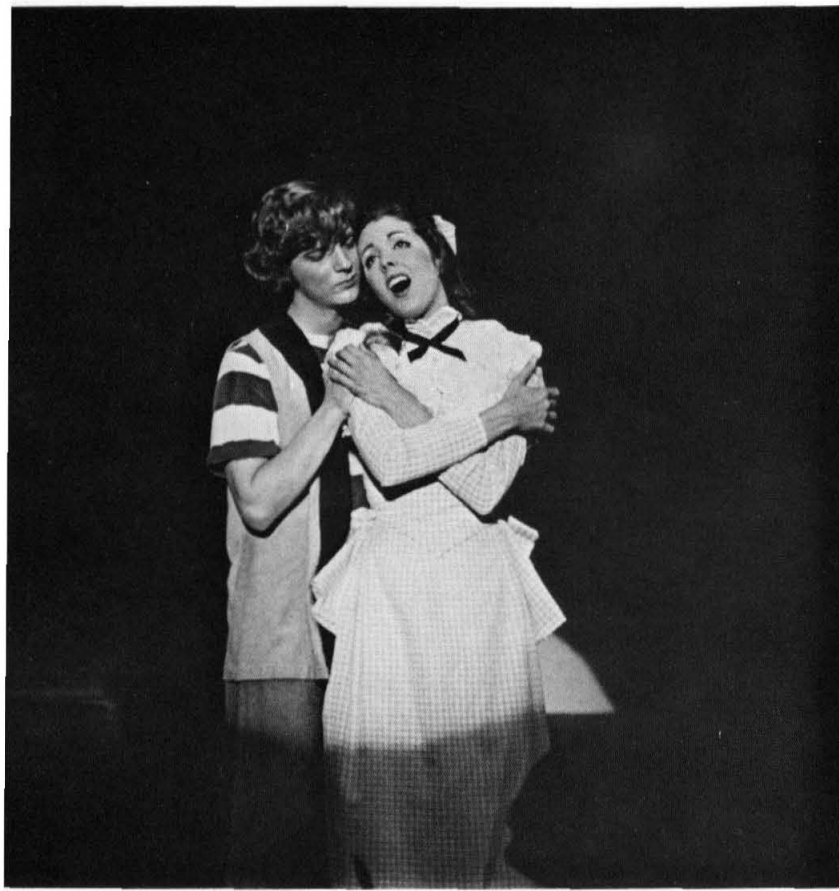
Against Pasadena Nazareth in the final meet, Tech won four singles and swept the doubles matches. Dummit, Eisenhart, Rao, and Zima won singles sets, much to Coach Lamb's delight. The victorious doubles teams were Dummit and Eisenhart, McCrea and Nakatsui, and Rao and Leong. After the season ended, the netmen competed for the Scott Tennis Trophy. Nakatsui defeated Eisenhart in the finals, 6-2, 6-1, to win the tournament.

Caltech	9	Northrup	0
Occidental	8½	Caltech	½
Redlands	9	Caltech	0
Whittier	9	Caltech	0
Claremont-Mudd	9	Caltech	0
La Verne	9	Caltech	0
Redlands	9	Caltech	0
Claremont-Mudd	9	Caltech	0

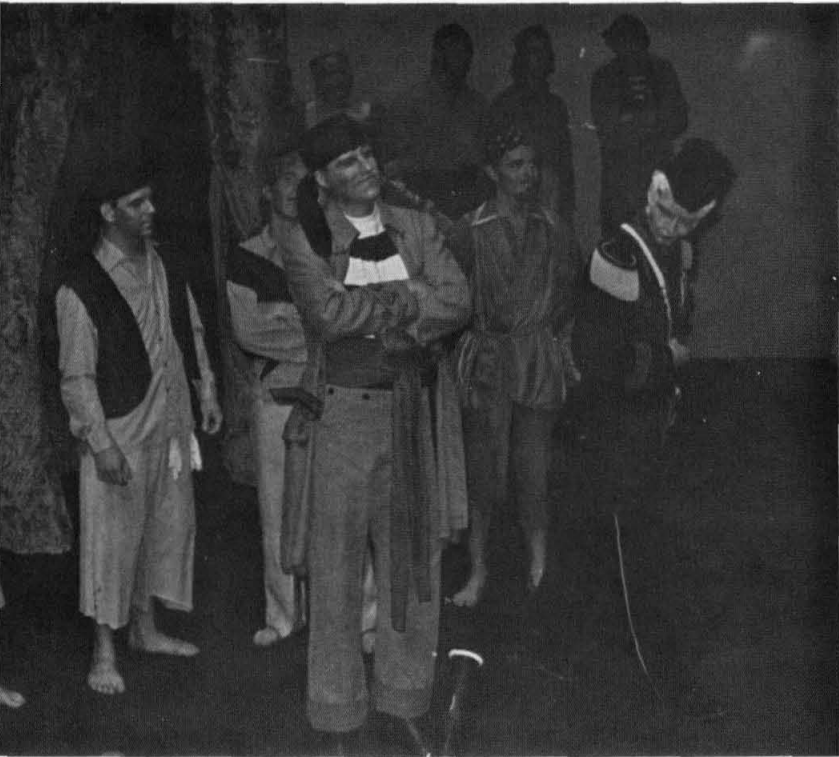


Pomona-Pitzer	9	Caltech	0
Pomona-Pitzer	8	Caltech	1
Cal State Dominguez Hills	6	Caltech	3
Occidental	8	Caltech	1
Pasadena College	6	Caltech	0
Loyola	7	Caltech	2
La Verne	7	Caltech	2
Whittier	6	Caltech	2
Caltech	7	Pasadena College	2

The Pirates of Penzance



*produced by Bruce McLaughlin
directed by Elliott Street
musical direction John Middlebrooks
technical direction Steve Gillett
choreography Kathleen Ward
assistant chorus master Tim Erickson
music stand adjustor Kent Nakamoto*





Major-General Stanley Bruce McLaughlin
Pirate King Jim Hugg
Samuel Steve Aley
Frederic Jeff Gerstein
Police Sergeant Bill Derrick
Mabel Wendy Wright-Dirkson
Edith Kathleen Potter
Kate Kristie Harmon
Isabel Marie Beall
Ruth Lorraine Broderick

Pirates: Jack Bacon, Dave Brin, Tim Erickson, Greg Griffin, Marvin Mandelbaum, Dave Shaffer, Jon Teich.

General Stanley's Wards: Brenda Grant, Andrea Hartt, Pauline Ho, Rosemary Howley, Anne Huntley, Elizabeth Jenkins, Judith McClellan.

Police: John Dentinger, Dave Dewey, Tim Erickson, Marvin Mandelbaum, Dave Murdock, Jon Teich.

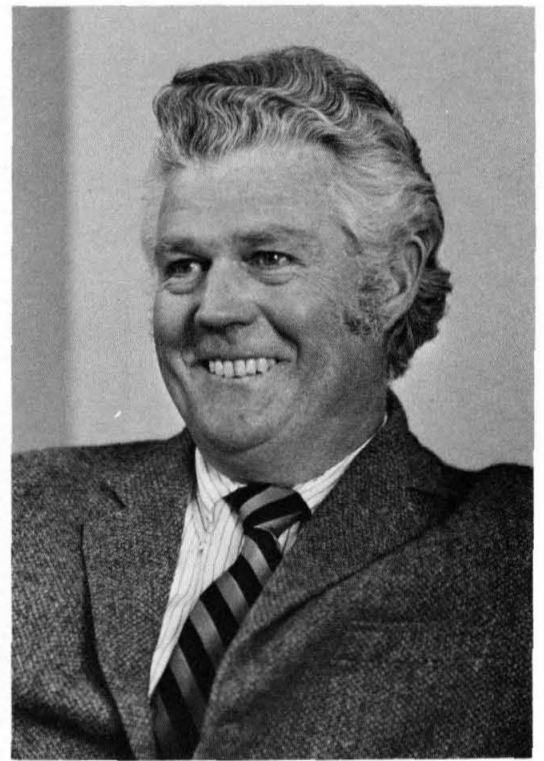


ASCIT Musicals

1972: *H.M.S. Pinafore*
 1969: *The Threepenny Opera*
 1968: *The Castle*
 1967: *A Game of Chance*
 Played in the Rain
 1966: *The Strip*



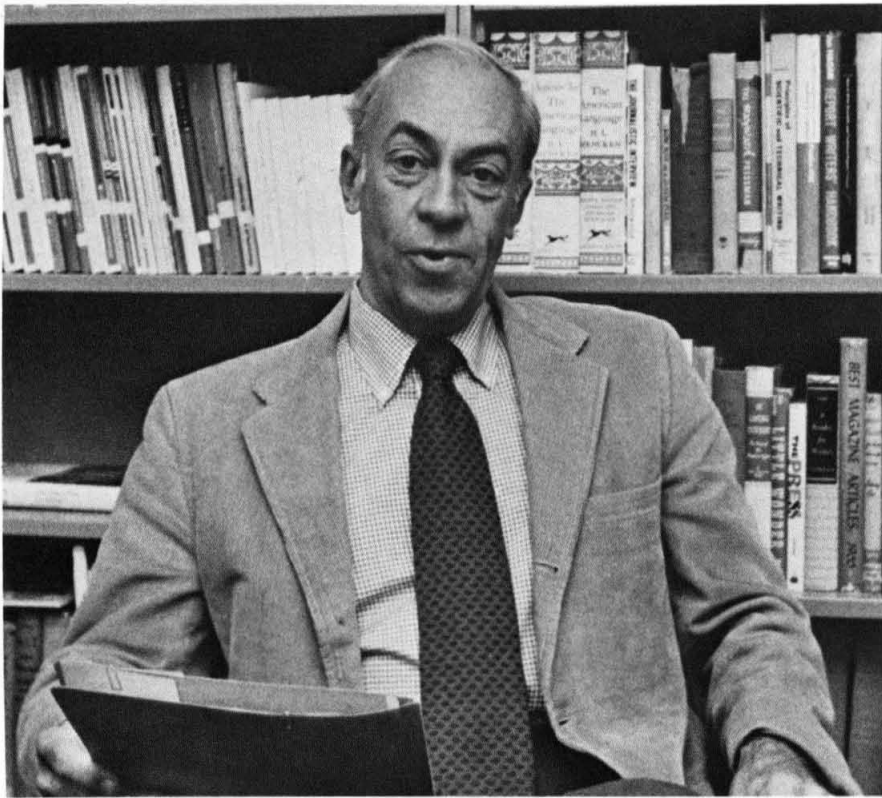
Bruce Reznick, Arthur Rubin, and Michael Yoder placed first in the Putnam Mathematical Competition



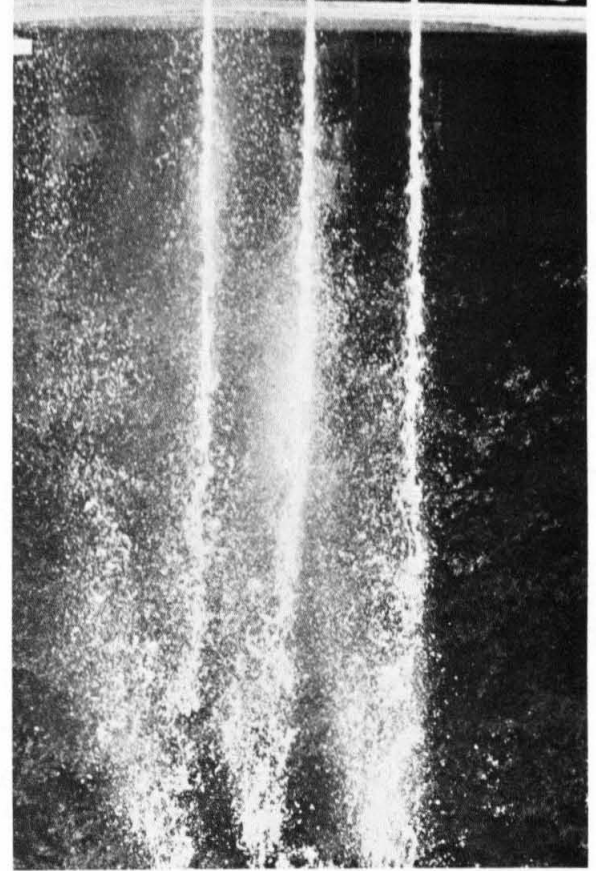
Robert Oliver ran unsuccessfully for a Pasadena Board of Directors position.

The Glee Club took its annual picture early last fall.





"The Big T's done? You mean *this* year's?"



Artist's conception of waterfall planned for the former site of Throop

Sheffer vs. Amplifier

1. Buys parts (\$150)
2. Tests power supply transistors without heat sinks
3. Assembles drivers, controls
4. Builds heat sinks
5. Buys tap
6. Buys tap and tap extractor
7. Drills out tap extractor
8. Finishes heat sinks, assembles power supply, tests power supply for stability at 145 VAC (200 volts peak)
9. Buys new zeners, tests power supply without variac
10. Power supply fixed, tests amplifier
11. Fixes problem with feedback, turns on amplifier
12. Tries again
13. Tries another channel
14. Buys new drivers, tries again
15. Discovers drivers break down at 2/3 rated voltage (and power supply voltage)
16. Buys new type of drivers
17. Builds speaker boards (many hours—8 12-inch speakers per board, 4 boards)
18. Puts board in hall for safekeeping
19. Redesigns amplifier layout
20. Redesigns amplifier layout
21. Puts load on output
22. Drops alligator clip across hot leads
23. Redesigns amplifier
24. Fixes oscillation, plays Ride on June 4
25. Tests speaker later in day
26. Improvises amplifier, improvises power supply, plays Ride
27. *Game adjourns.*

- Waits
 Melts 2N3077 (\$3.00)
 Fumes
 Breaks tap (\$1.50)
 Breaks tap! (\$2.50)
 Breaks tap extractor!! (\$2.50)
 Breaks drill!!! (\$1.00)
 Zaps two zeners (\$1.00)
- Charging 0.1 F capacitor zaps power supply transistors (\$1.49)
 Amplifier oscillates (100 kHz), blows up outputs and drivers (\$13.86) [July 4 on August 2 in EE 91 lab]
 Blows drivers and outputs (\$13.86), blows base leads off drivers
 Works for ten minutes, blows drivers and outputs (\$13.86)
 Blows drivers, sends sparks seven feet (\$13.86)
 Works for 35 seconds, blows drivers and outputs, sends sparks five feet, blows out base leads (\$13.86)
Rats! He found it!
- Works (grudgingly)
 Assembled board falls over, breaks in half
- Beall and Theisen push Bandhauer into board while showering, smashing one speaker—board is now in three pieces
 Gets pulled off desk and falls to floor with crunching noise
 Bad solder connection causes oscillation at 800 kHz, blows differential pair (\$.44), making room smoky
 Amplifier oscillates at 400 kHz, current-limiting power supply saves transistors
 Burns out MJ4502 (\$5.35)
 Amplifier oscillates at 200, 400, and 200 kHz
 Blows out speaker
 Donner accidentally knocks amplifier heat sink into power supply heat sinks: welds them together, blows hole in output transistor, blows out 14 transistors altogether (\$35) [early July 4 in Page House]
 Blows out two speakers

Interhouse Basketball

	Record	Trophy
Page	6-0	56
Fleming	5-1	48
Dabney	4-2	40
Ricketts	3-3	32
Ruddock	2-4	24
Blacker	1-5	16
Lloyd	0-6	8

Interhouse Swimming

	Points	Trophy
Page	102	56
Fleming	54	48
Ruddock	29	40
Lloyd	21	32
Dabney	20	24
Ricketts	6	16
Blacker	3	8



Interhouse Football

	Record	Trophy
Fleming	6-0	63
Page	5-1	54
Dabney	3-3	36
Lloyd	3-3	36
Ruddock	3-3	36
Ricketts	1-5	18
Blacker	0-6	9



Final Interhouse Standings

Page	376½
Fleming	360
Ruddock	222½
Dabney	212½
Ricketts	183
Lloyd	139
Blacker	102½

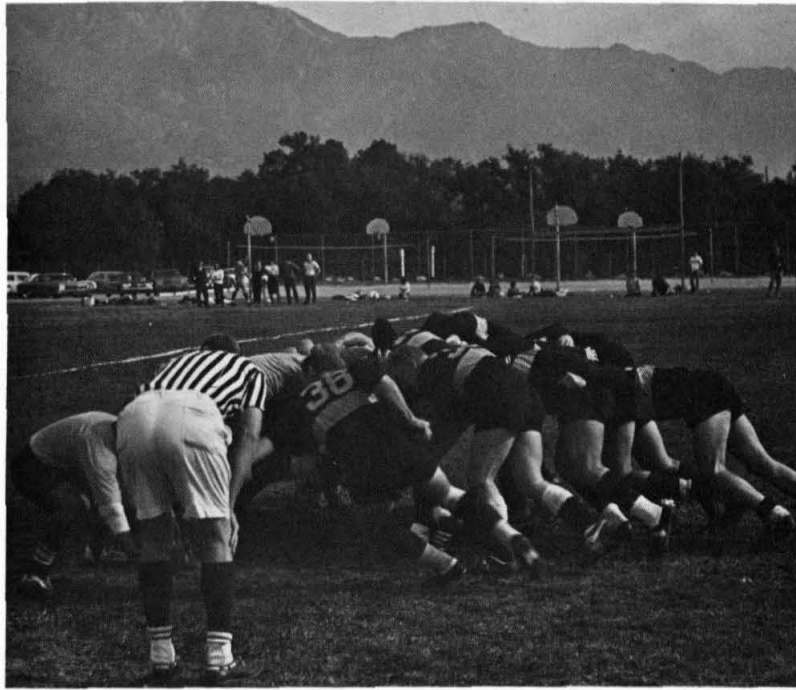
Discobolus Results

Winner	Loser	Sport	Trophy Points						
			Fleming	Page	Blacker	Ricketts	Ruddock	Lloyd	Dabney
<i>First Term:</i>									
Page	Ruddock	Table Tennis	0	3	0	0	1	0	0
Page	Dabney	Football	0	6	0	0	1	0	1
Page	Ricketts	Soccer	0	9	0	1	1	0	1
Page	Blacker	Softball	0	12	1	1	1	0	1
Page	Lloyd	Football	0	15	1	1	1	1	1
Fleming	Page	Water Polo	3	16	1	1	1	1	1
Fleming	Dabney	Volleyball	6	16	1	1	1	1	2
Fleming	Ruddock	Volleyball	9	16	1	1	2	1	2
Ricketts	Fleming	Soccer	10	16	1	4	2	1	2
<i>Second Term:</i>									
Fleming	Ricketts	Volleyball	13	16	1	5	2	1	2
Fleming	Blacker	Softball	16	16	2	5	2	1	2
Fleming	Lloyd	Handball	19	16	2	5	2	2	2
Page	Fleming	Table Tennis	20	19	2	5	2	2	2
Dabney	Page	Softball	20	20	2	5	2	2	5
Ruddock	Dabney	Volleyball	20	20	2	5	5	2	6
Ricketts	Ruddock	Soccer	20	20	2	8	6	2	6
<i>Third Term:</i>									
Blacker	Ricketts	Softball	20	20	5	9	6	2	6
Lloyd	Blacker	Football	20	20	6	9	6	5	6
Lloyd	Dabney	Handball	20	20	6	9	6	8	7
Ruddock	Lloyd	Tennis	20	20	6	9	9	9	7
Blacker	Ruddock	Softball	20	20	9	9	10	9	7
Page	Blacker	Table Tennis	20	23	10	9	10	9	7
Fleming	Page	Swimming	23	24	10	9	10	9	7
Fleming	Ricketts	Bowling	26	24	10	10	10	9	7



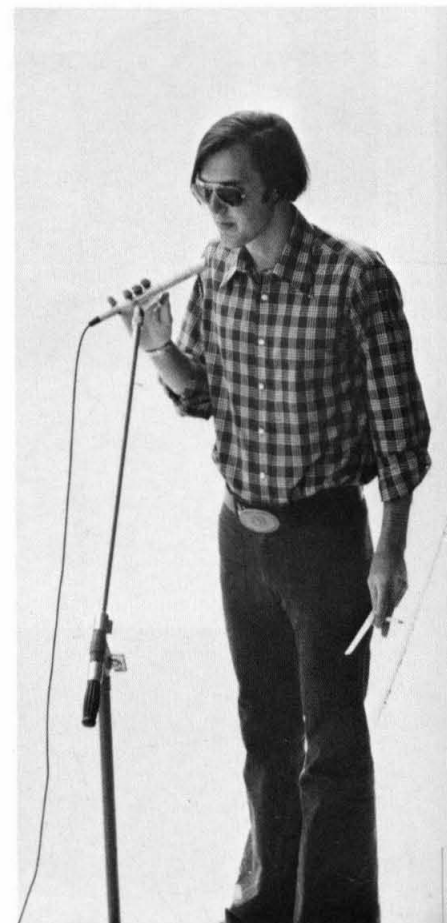
Final Discobolus Standings

Fleming	26
Page	24
Blacker	10
Ricketts	10
Ruddock	10
Lloyd	9
Dabney	7



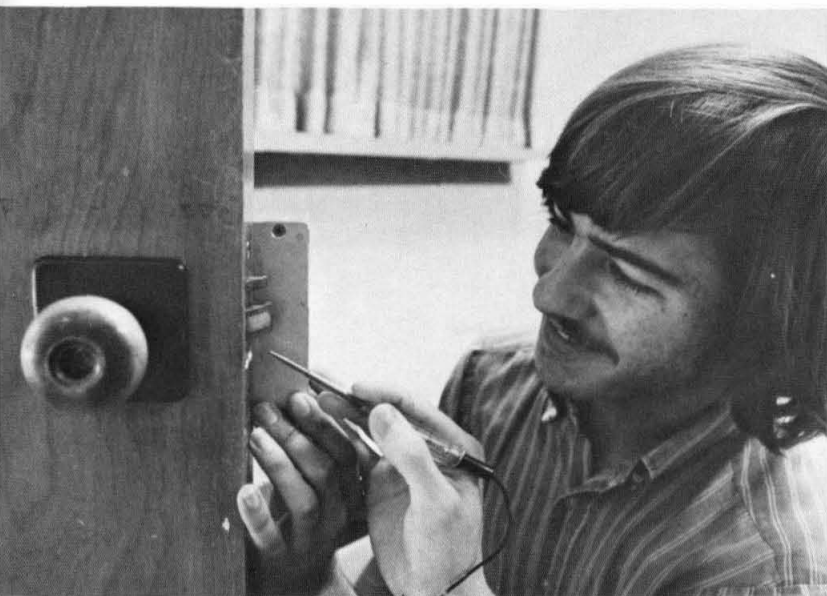


Corporation Meeting





Senior Ditch Day





Bert LaBrucherie Retires

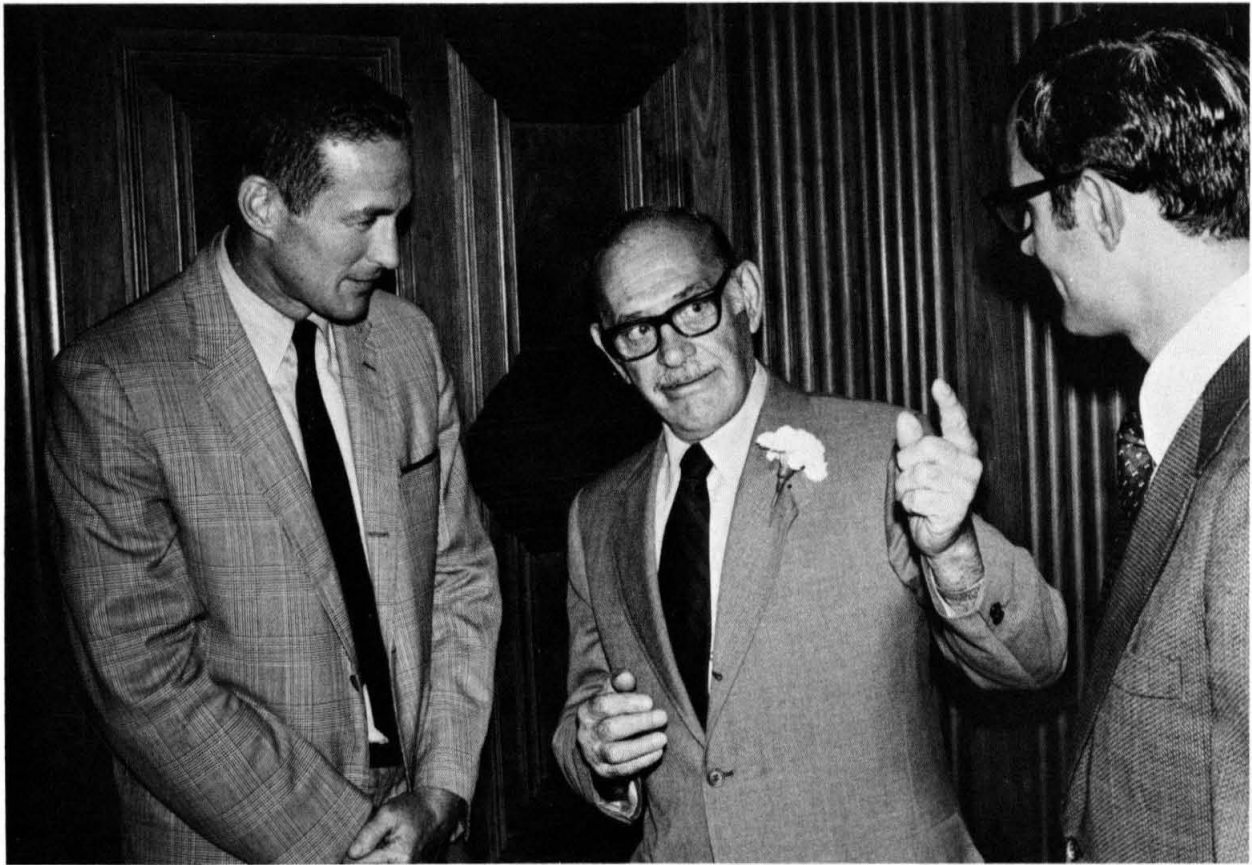


Bert LaBrucherie's

Record At Caltech

1949—1973

Track	107-105
Football	19-121-2
Cross Country	13- 27



Farewell And Good Luck!



Following the 1959 Homecoming victory over Claremont—Mudd.

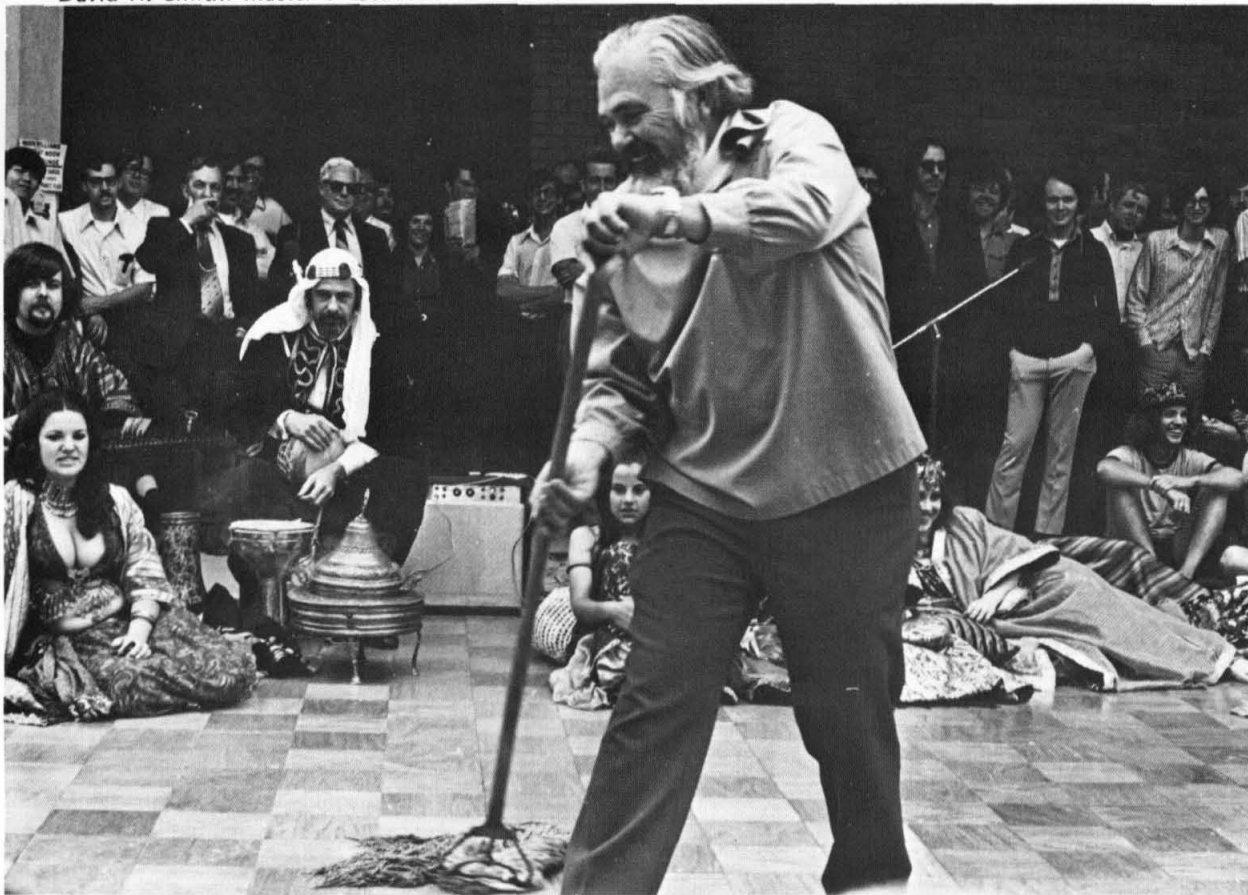


Coaching track captain Charlie Almquist, 1973.

**THANK
GOD!
IT'S
FINALS!**



David R. Smith: Master of Student Houses







CLASS OF 1973





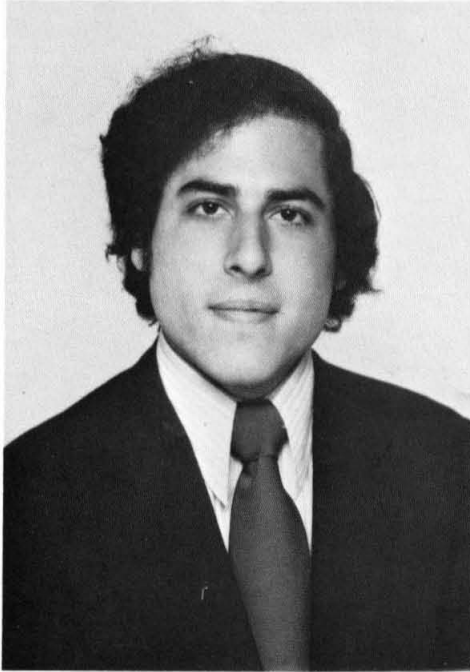
*Eric R. Ehlers
Del Mar, California
Biology*

*George O. Alverson
North Little Rock, Arkansas
Physics, English*

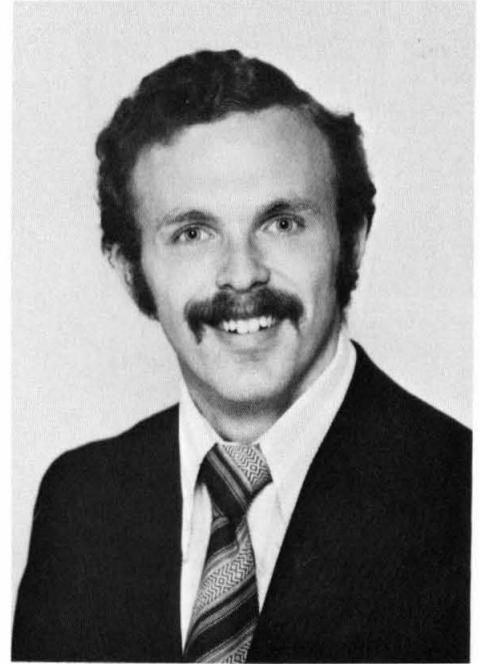
*Brian C. Gibson
Des Moines, Iowa
Physics*

*Gerald A. Navratil
Green Bay, Wisconsin
Physics*

Todd Bronson



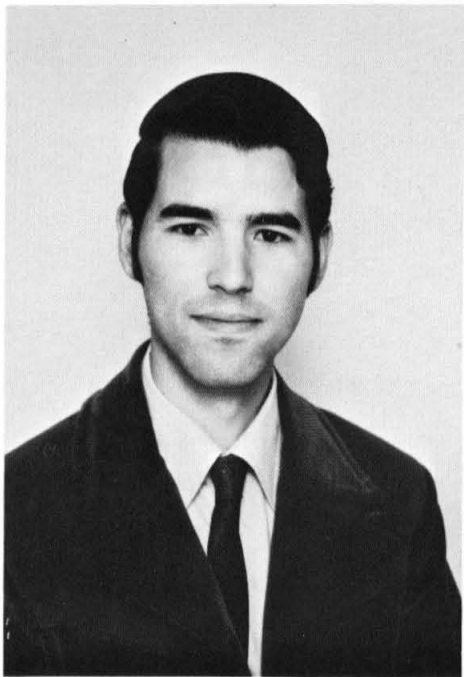
*Edward Allen Adler
Baltimore, Maryland
Physics*



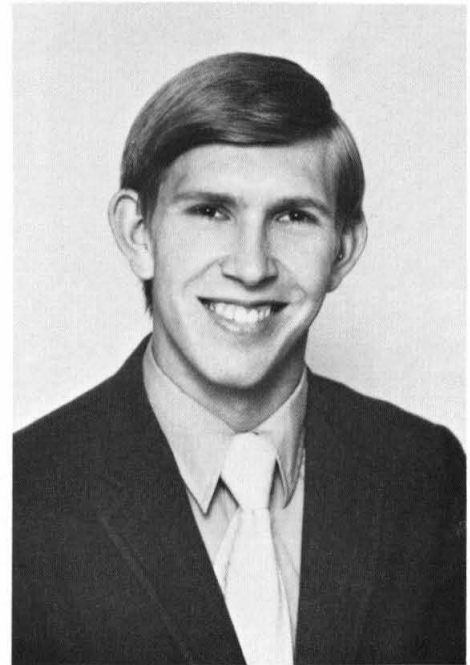
*Lary Andrews
Wheatridge, Colorado
Biology*



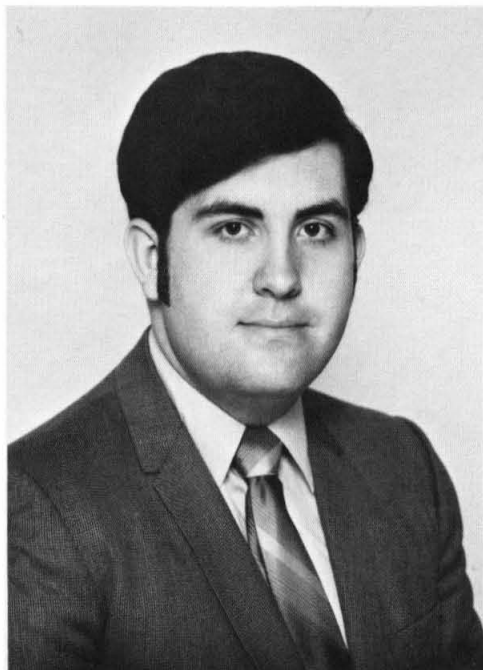
*Dean Ballard
Mercer Island, Washington
Engineering and Applied Science*



*Anthony Barcellos
Porterville, California
Mathematics*



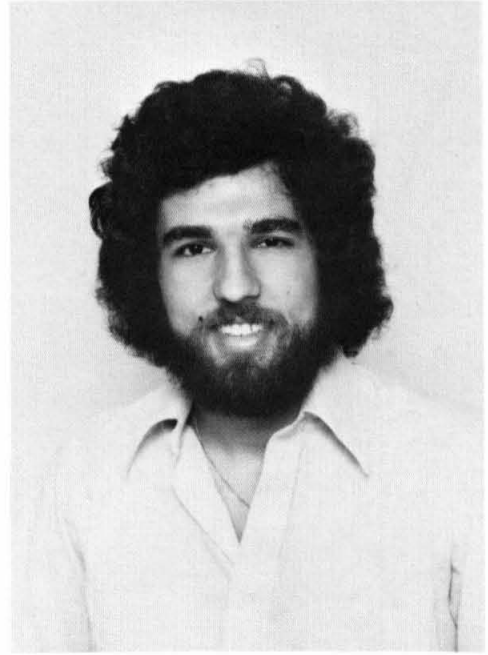
*James Kelly Beatty
Madera, California
Geology*



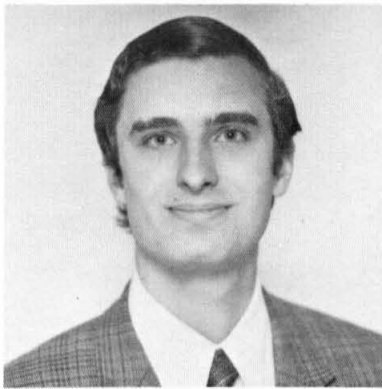
*John Franklin Belsher III
Barstow, California
Engineering and Applied Science*



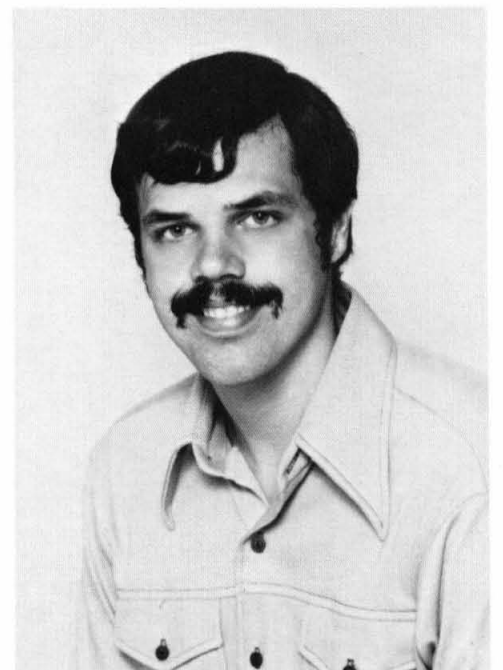
*Fred M. Behlen
Columbus, Nebraska
Chemistry*



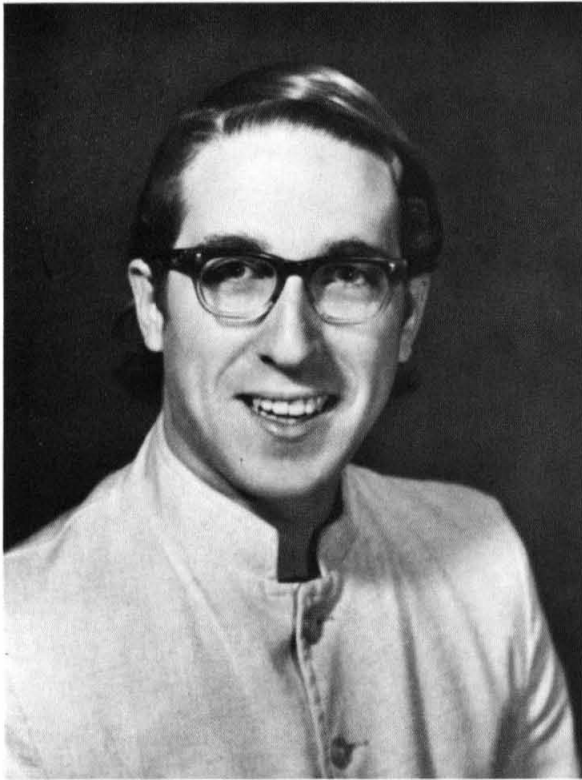
*Jacques Beser
Brussels, Belgium
Engineering and Applied Science*



*Bruce William Bennett
Northridge, California
Economics*



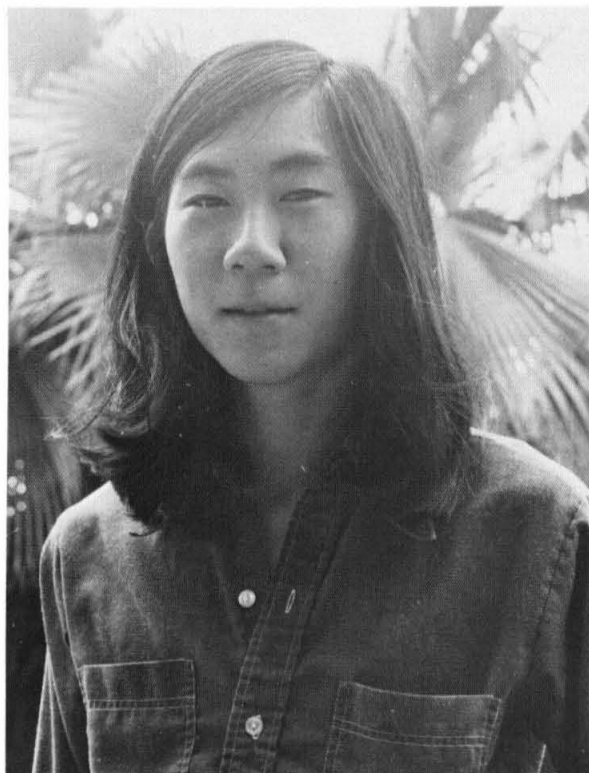
*Mark Bleck
Wichita, Kansas
Physics*



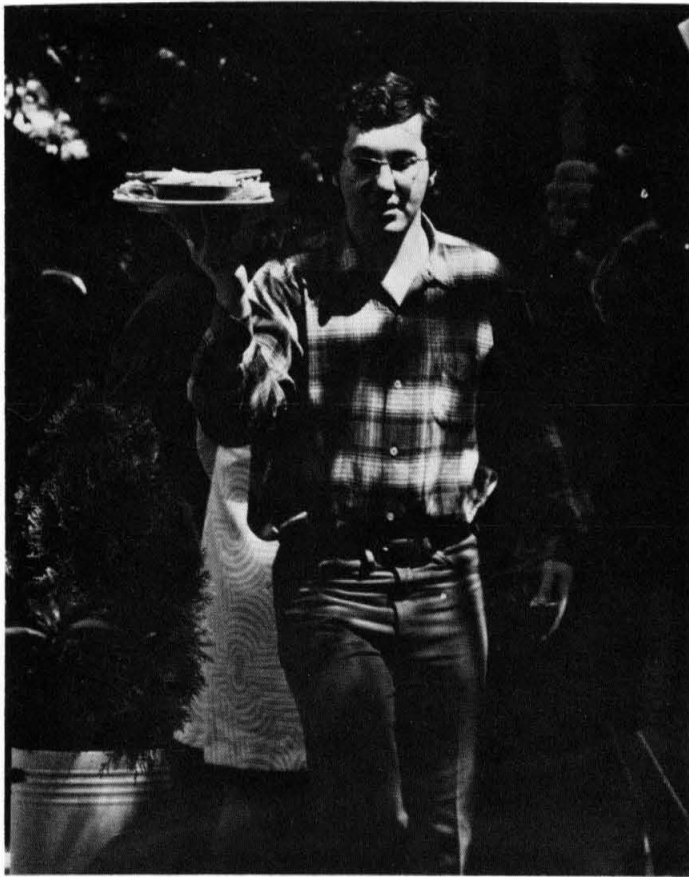
*Lee D. Britton
Los Angeles, California
Engineering and Applied Science*



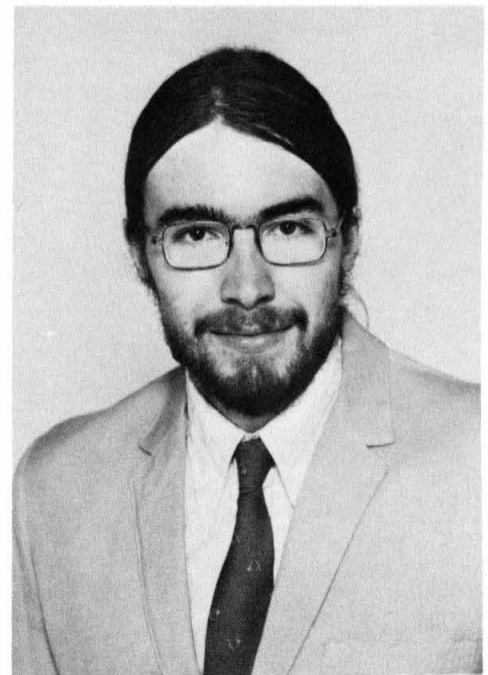
*Glen David Brin
Los Angeles, California
Astronomy*



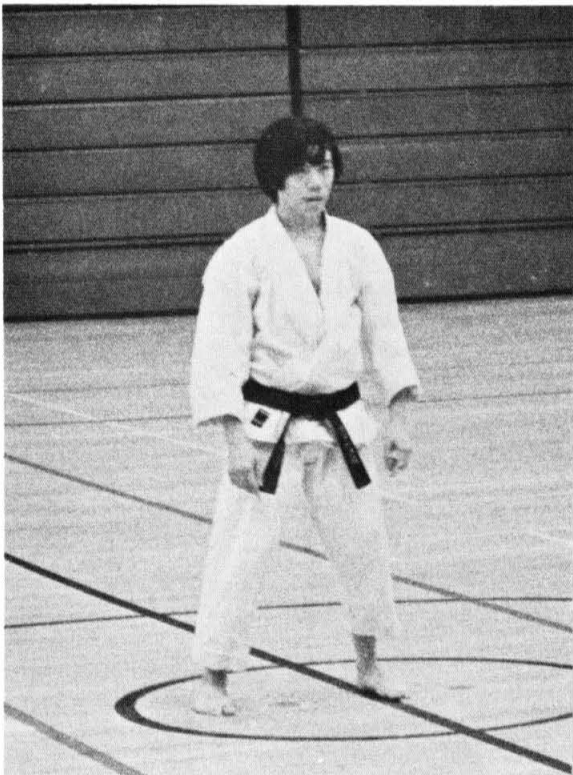
*William Chia
Barrington, Illinois
Biology*



*Peter P. Brooks
Los Angeles, California
Mathematics*



*Stephen Radford Early
Spring Hill, Tennessee
Applied Physics*



*Manfred F. Chiu
Oakland, California
Engineering and Applied Science*

No Sir, these eleven are NOT on the table tennis team!



*Paul Chan
Monterey Park, California
Biology*

*Anthony Chan
Hong Kong, BCC
Engineering and Applied Science*

*Stefan Lai
Hong Kong, BCC
Applied Physics*

*Deborah Chung
Hong Kong, BCC
Engineering and Applied Science*

*Vincent Lee
Hong Kong, BCC
Mathematics*

*Kar Woo Yung
Hong Kong, BCC
Physics*

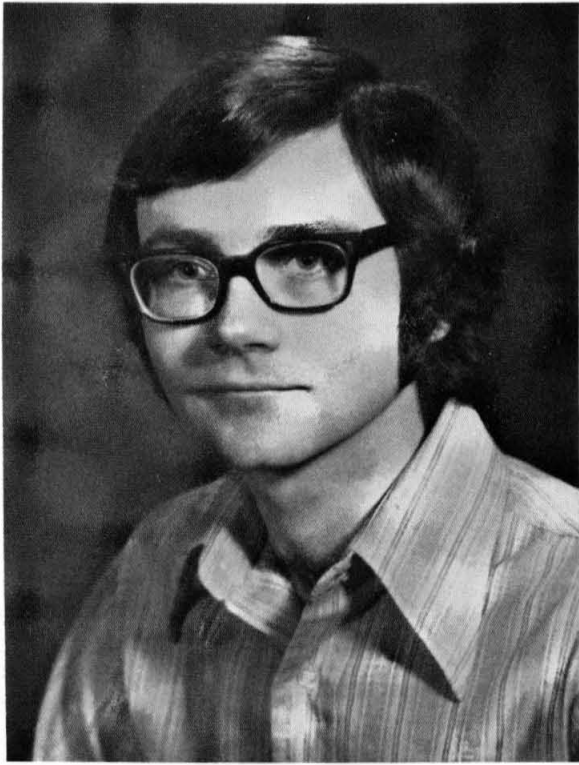
*Wilson Cho
Hong Kong, BCC
Physics*

*Ki Bui Ma
Hong Kong, BCC
Physics*

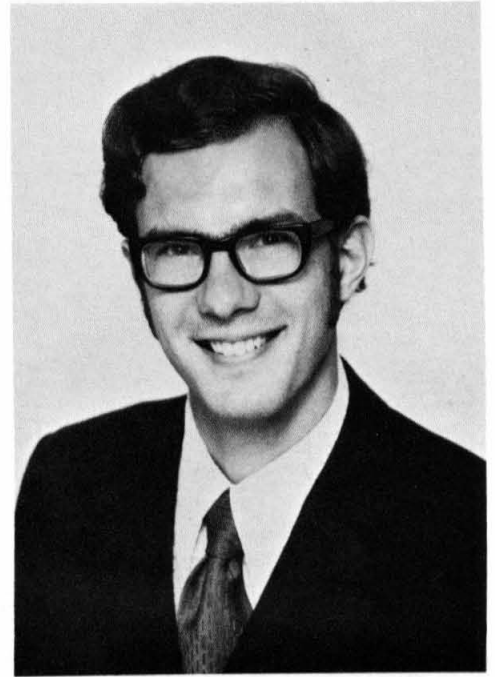
*Tak Sing Lo
Hong Kong, BCC
Chemical Engineering*

*Henry Law
Los Angeles, California
Chemical Engineering*

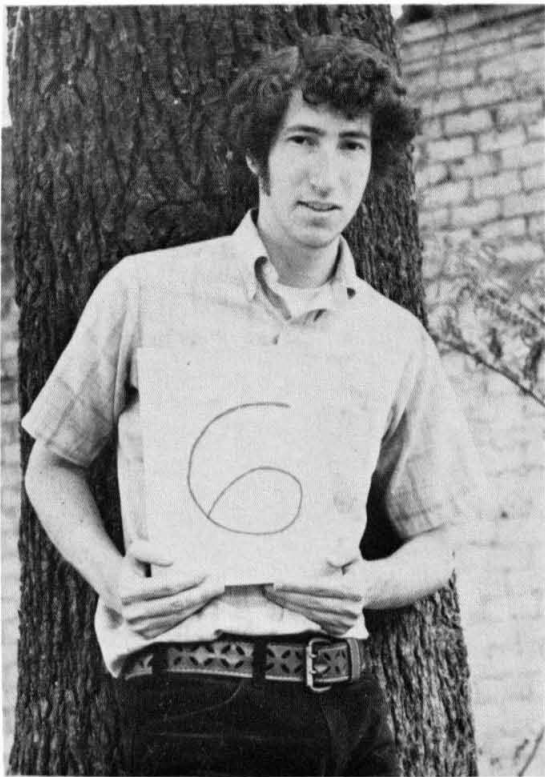
*Flora Wu
Hong Kong, BCC
Chemistry*



*Duane R. Edgington
San Diego, California
Biology*



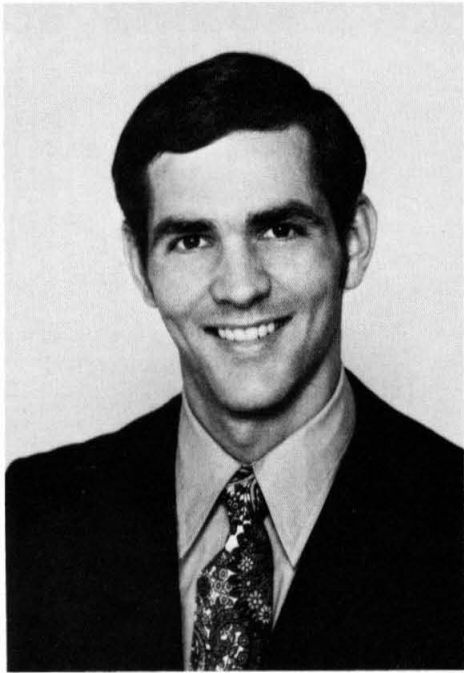
*Bruce Scott Eisenhart
Wyckoff, New Jersey
Engineering and Applied Science*



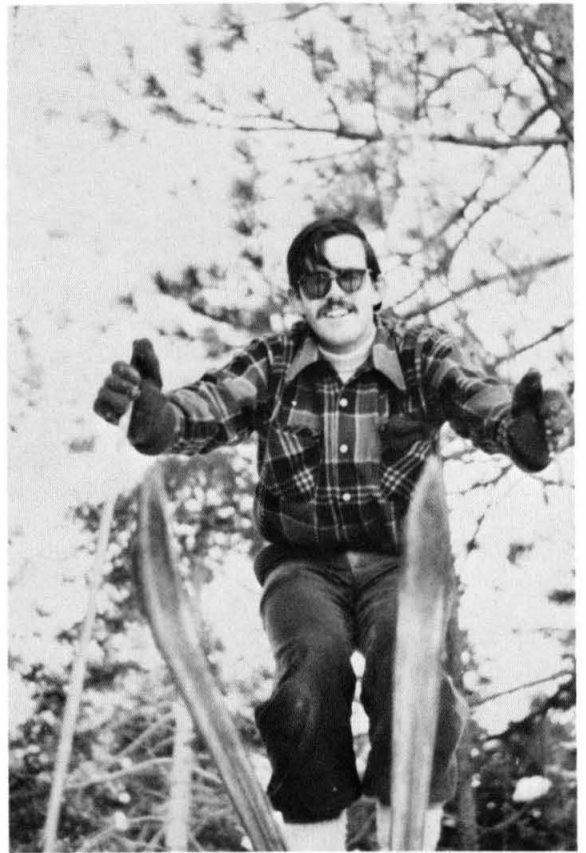
*Arthur Baron Ellis
Hialeah, Florida
Chemistry*



*John Ellis
New Hampshire
Chemistry*



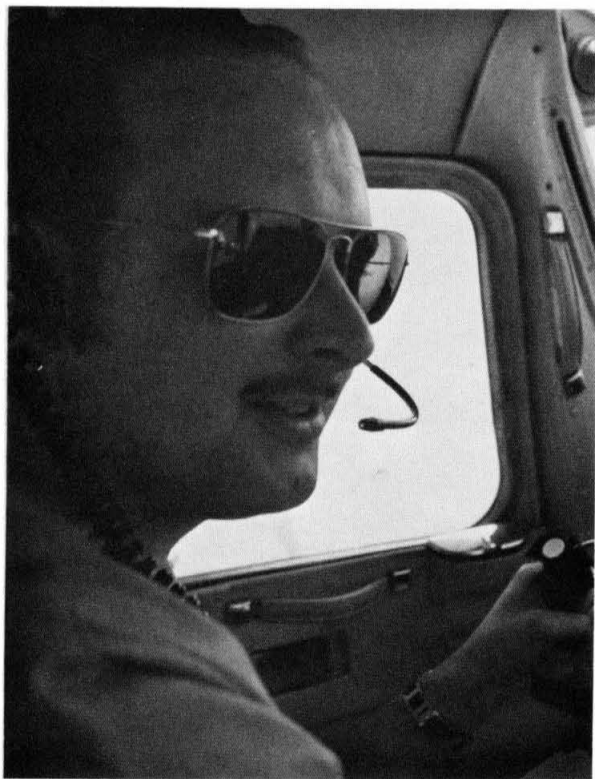
*Jerry Feely
Visalia, California
Physics*



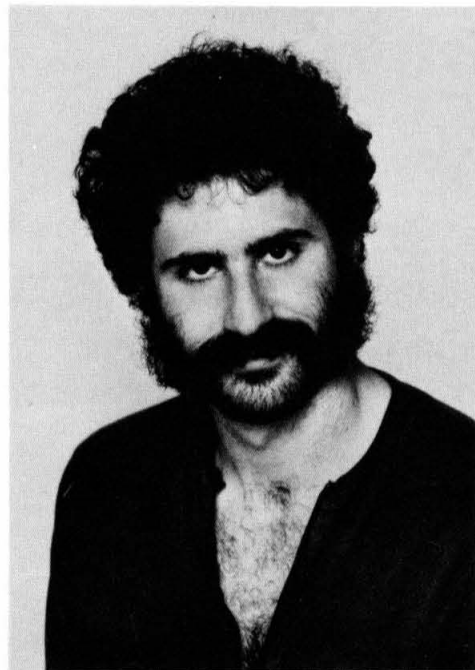
*Walt Farrell
Palo Alto, California
Mathematics*



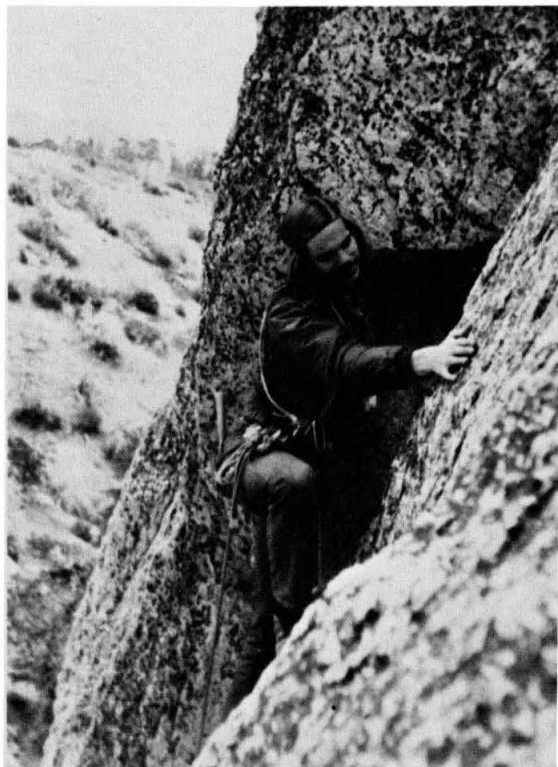
*Robert Stephen Flake
Seattle, Washington
English*



*William R. Frensley
Wichita, Kansas
Physics*



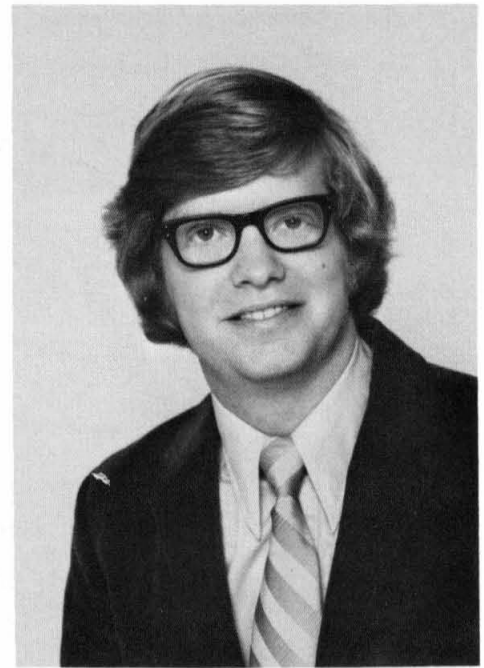
*Matthew Earl Fluster
Monterey Park, California
Biology*



*John Douglas Fraser
Kirkwood, Missouri
Applied Physics*



*Philip Michael Gschwend
Antioch, California
Biology*



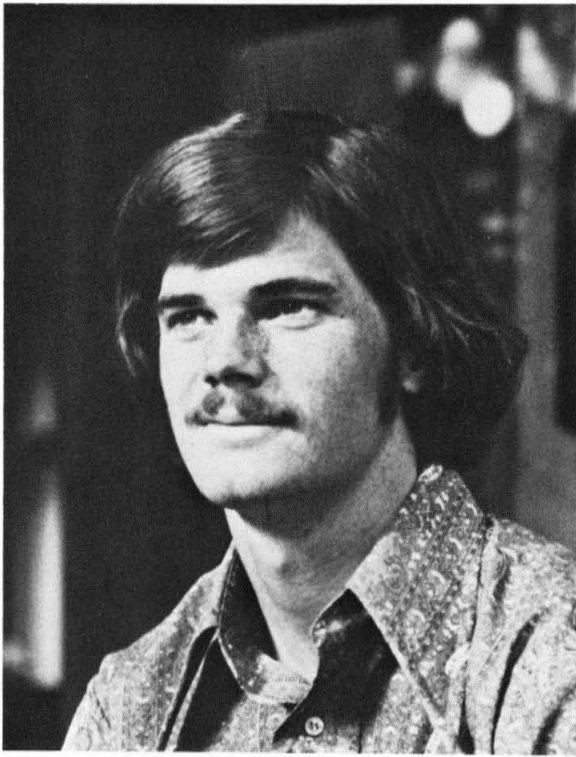
*Ronald F. Horn
Albuquerque, New Mexico
Independent Studies Program*



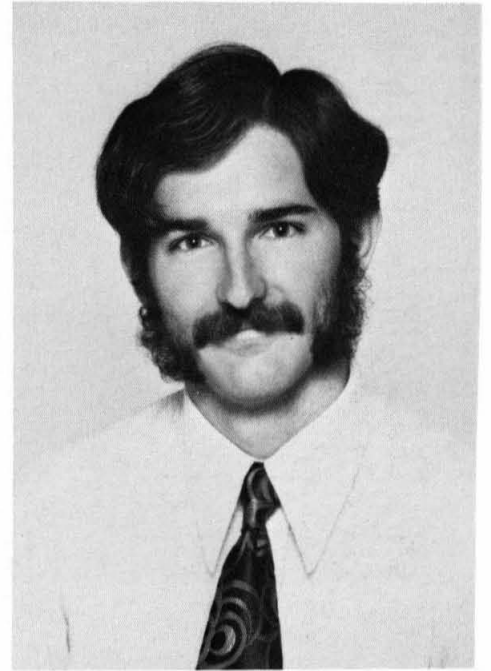
*Dennis Heimbigner
Yakima, Washington
Mathematics*



*William Allen Hiscock
Woodland Hills, California
Physics*



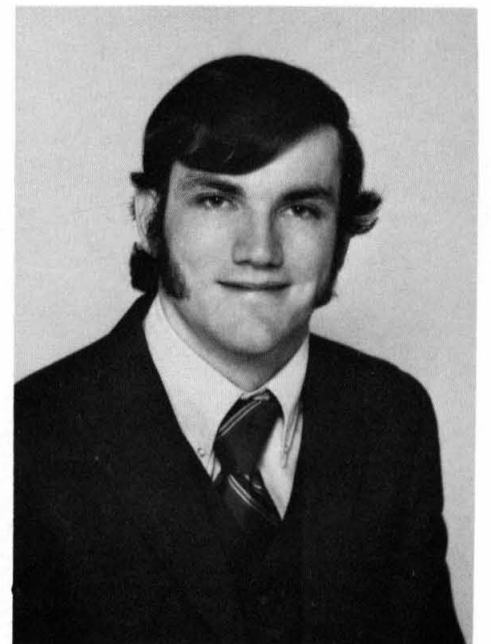
*Thomas David Howell
Mountain View, California
Mathematics*



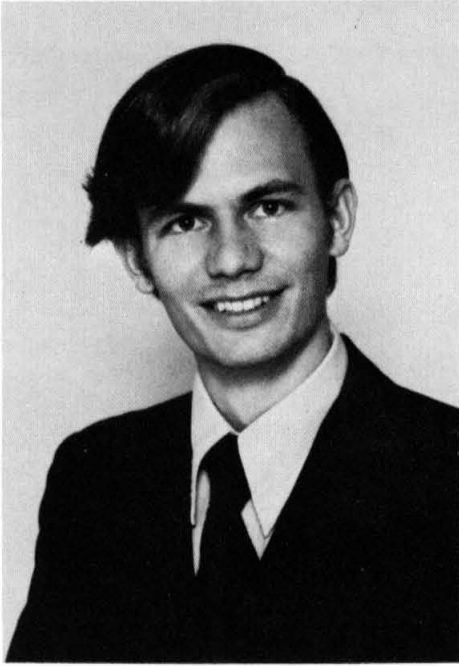
*Kenneth P. Jacobsen
San Bernardino, California
Astronomy*



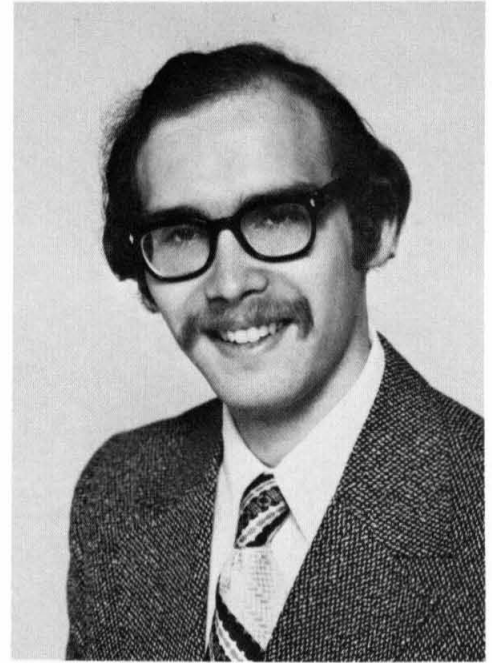
*James Patrick Jakway
Palm Springs, California
Chemistry*



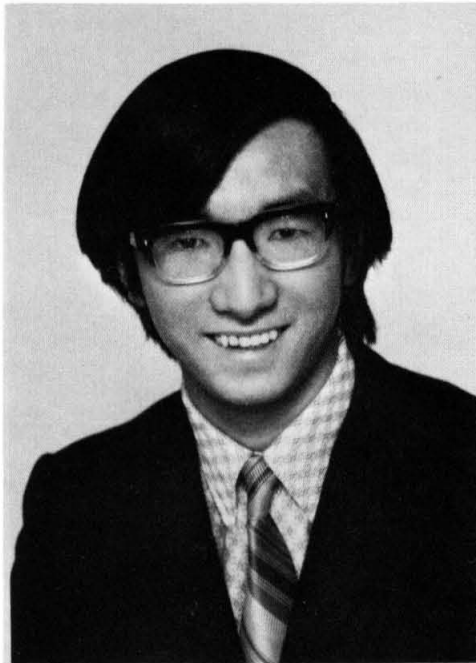
*Donald Eugene Keenan
South Sioux City, Nebraska
Mathematics*



*John R. Lewis
Naperville, Illinois
Engineering and Applied Science*



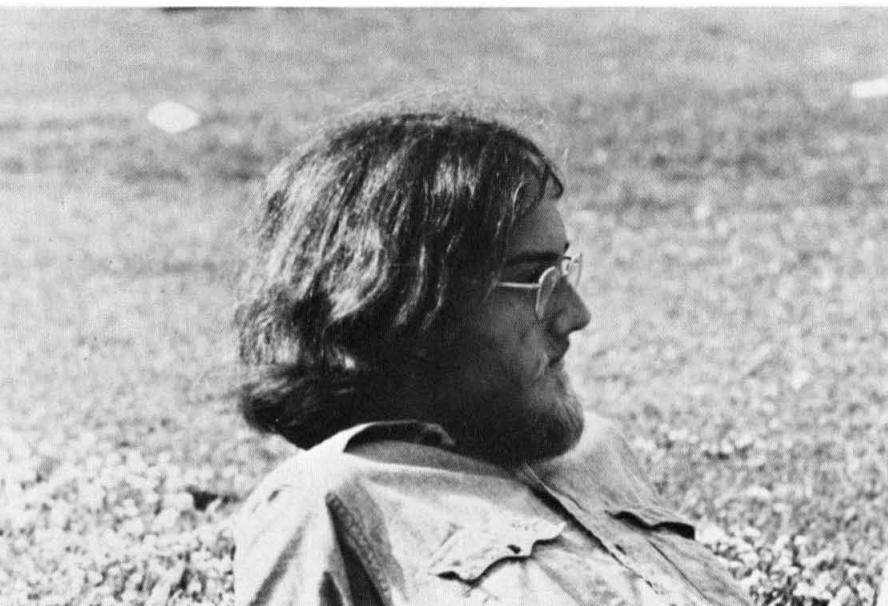
*Marvin Roy Mandelbaum
Detroit, Michigan
Physics*



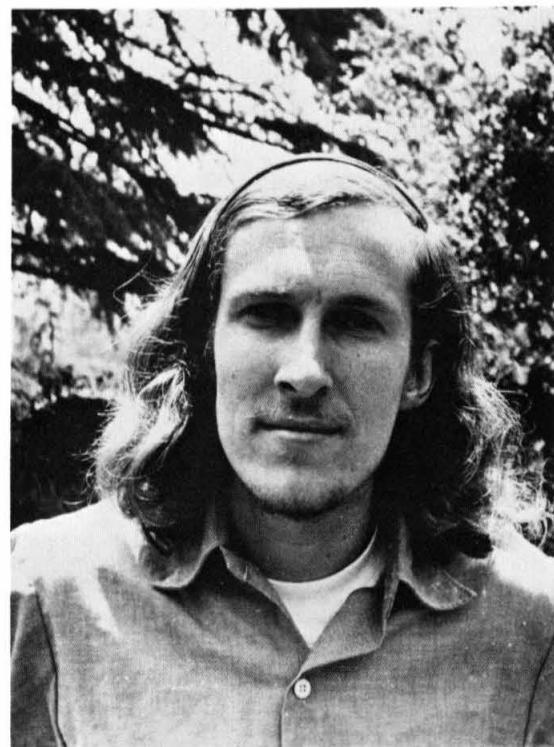
*Dennis Yung-Duk Loh
Yokohama, Japan
Chemical Engineering, Biology*



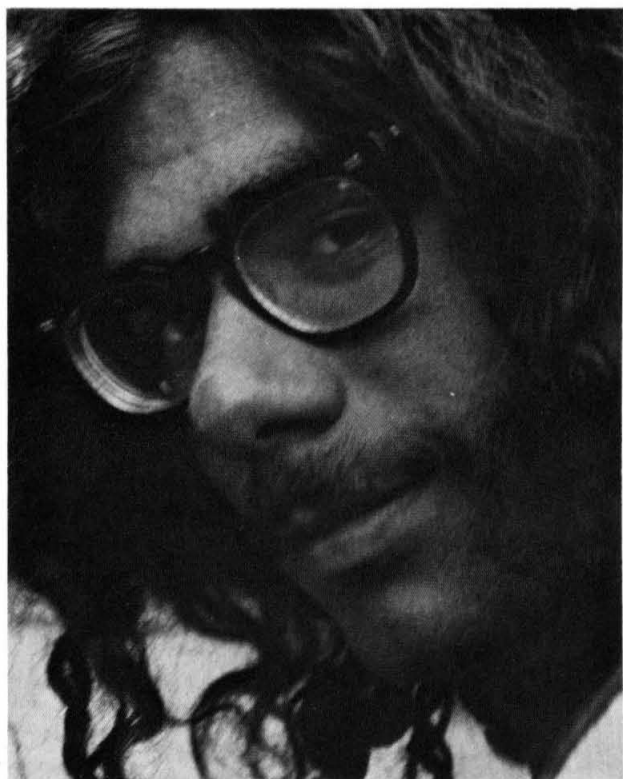
*Sharon Long
Denver, Colorado
Independent Studies Program*



*Harold J. McGee
Elmhurst, Illinois
English*



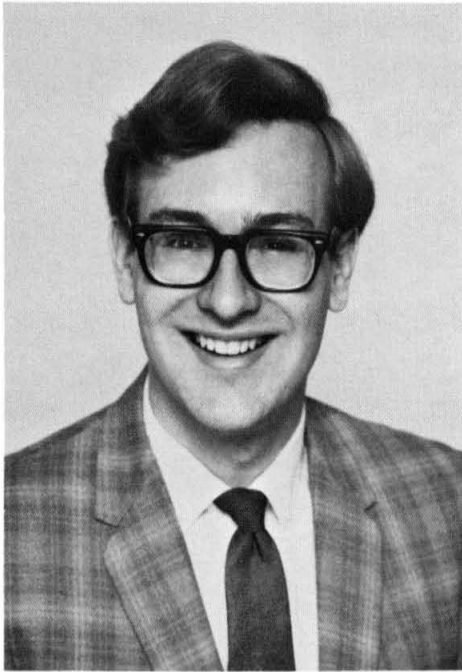
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Rockville, California
Chemistry*



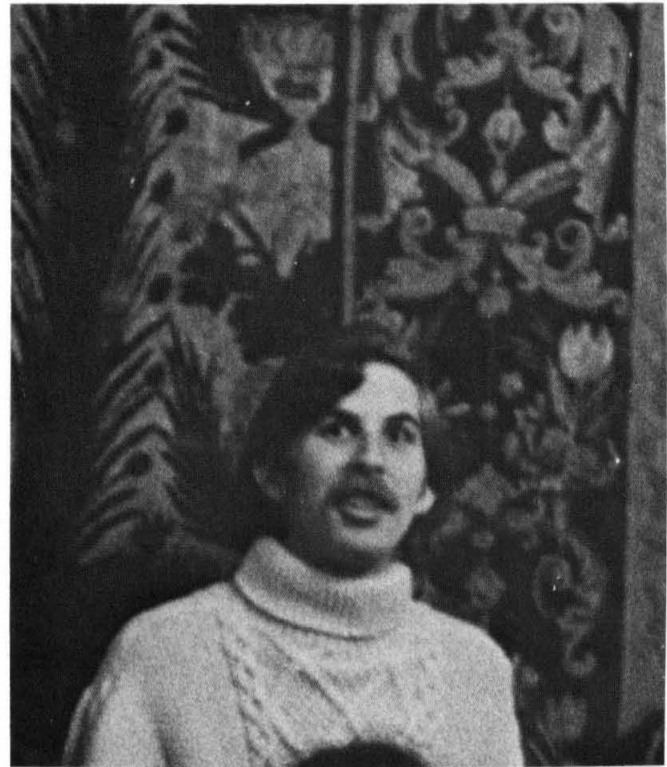
*Philip Marcus
Drexel Hill, Pennsylvania
Physics*



*Rick Martin
Shawnee Mission, Kansas
Engineering and Applied Science*



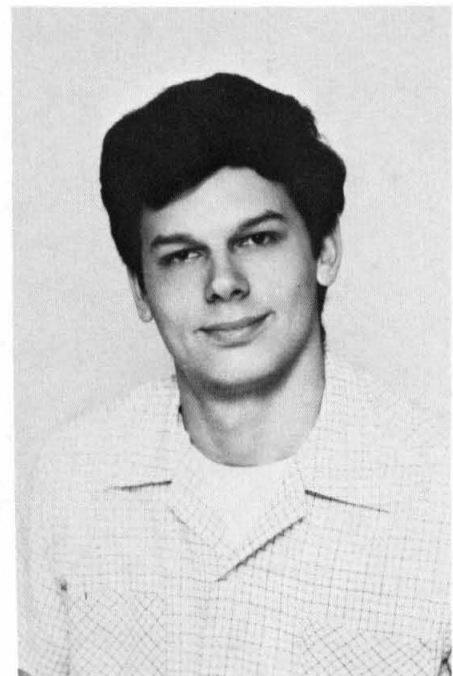
*William David Miller
Wichita, Kansas
Engineering and Applied Science*



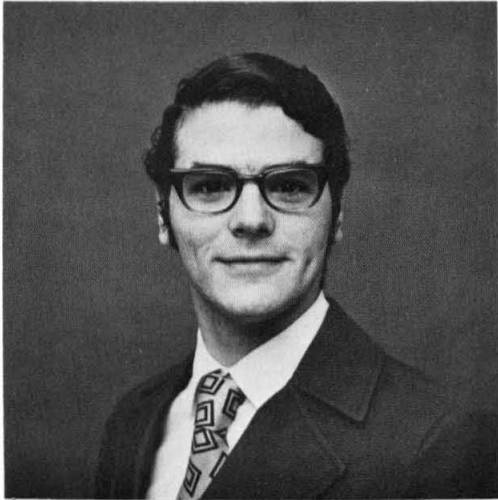
*Michael R. Muskin
Brandon, Florida
Engineering and Applied Science*



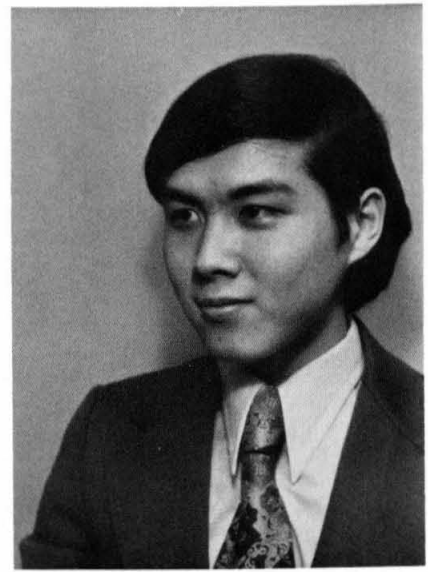
*Joe Morin
Westwood, Massachusetts
Astronomy*



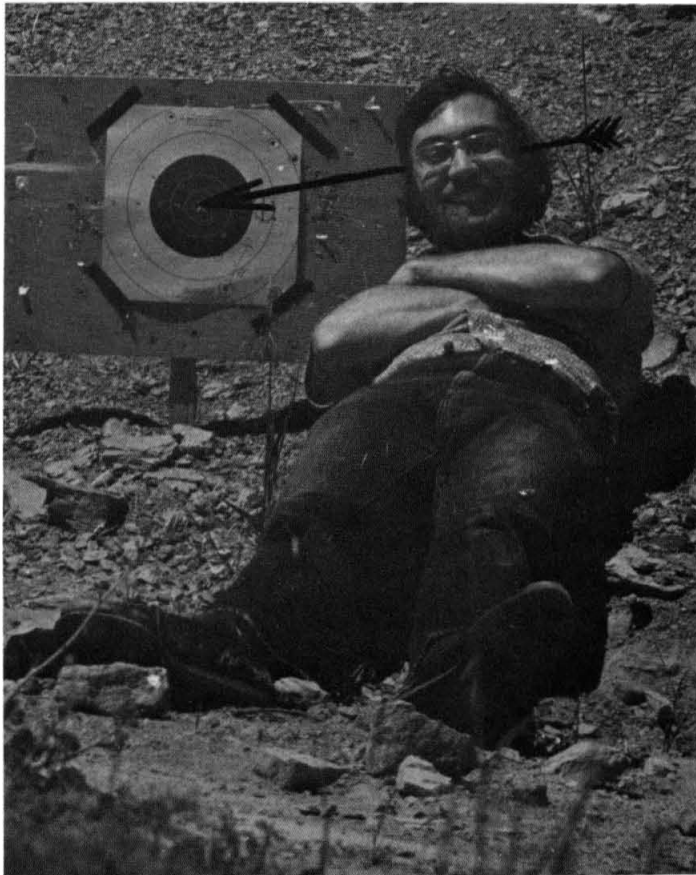
*Michael William Morgan
Leona Valley, California
Mathematics*



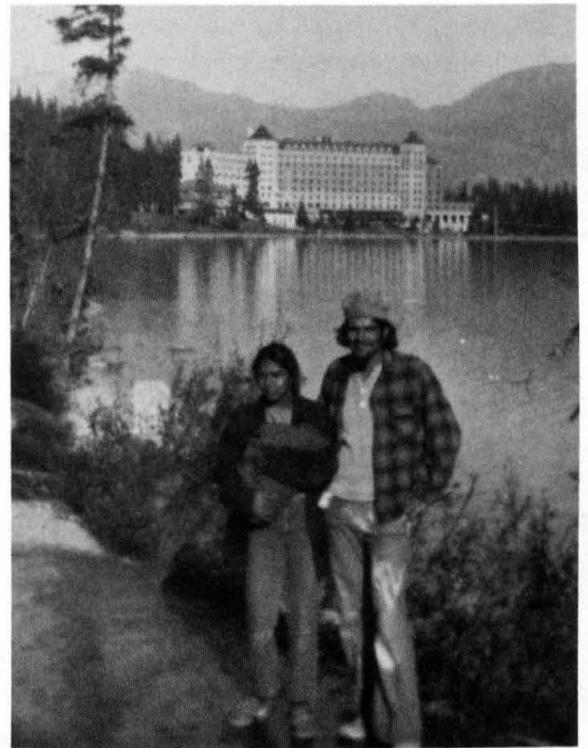
*Larry Niren
West Caldwell, New Jersey
Biology*



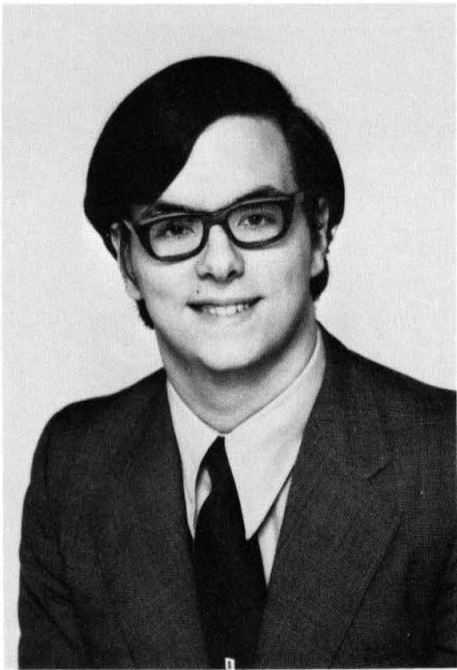
*Masayuki Y. Ono
Hiratsuka, Japan
Physics*



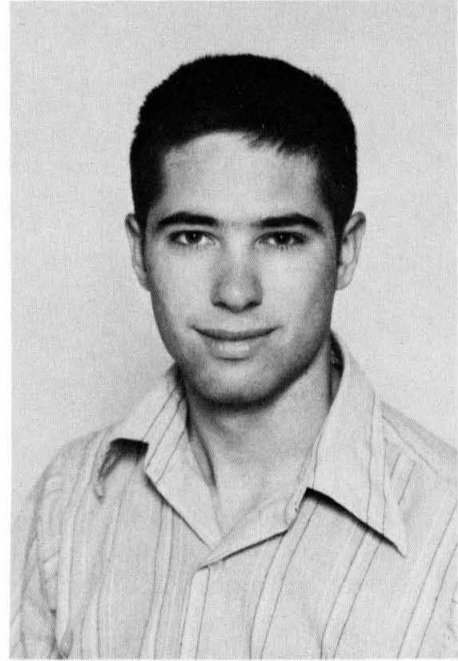
*Larry November
Anaheim, California
Astronomy*



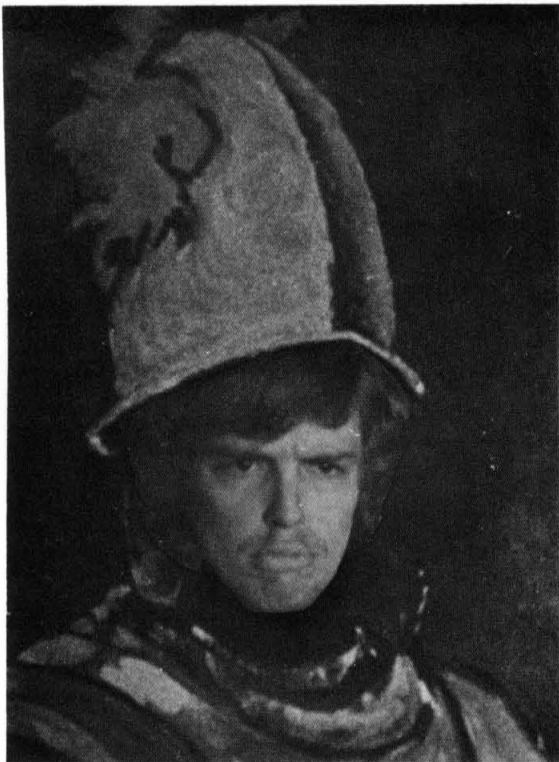
*Richard Eric Peterson
Boston, Massachusetts
English*



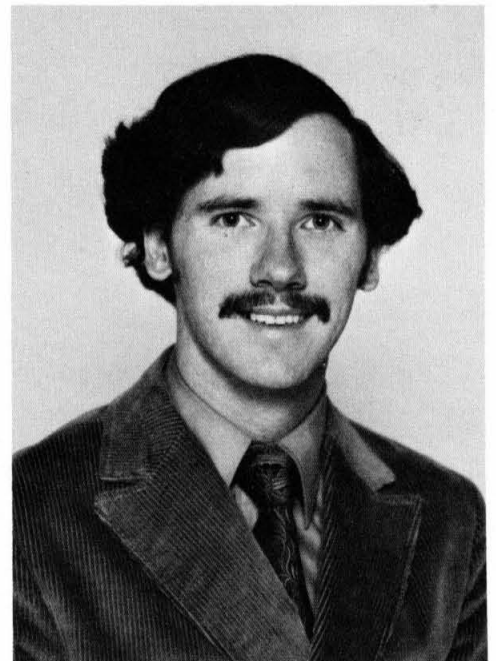
*Alexander D. Petruncola
Pasadena, California
Engineering and Applied Science*



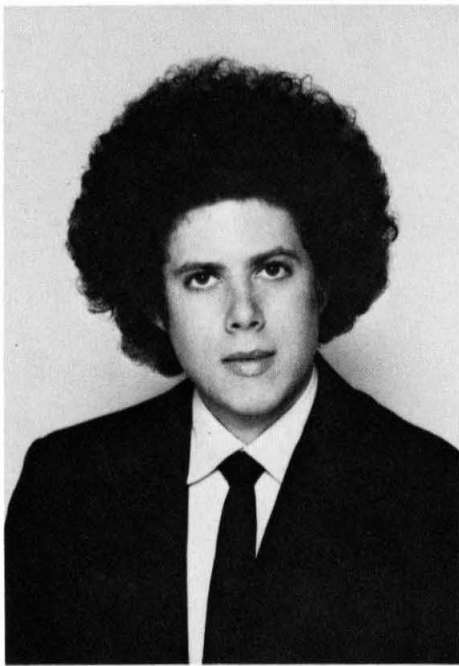
*Robert Emil Plaag
Tuxedo, New York
Physics*



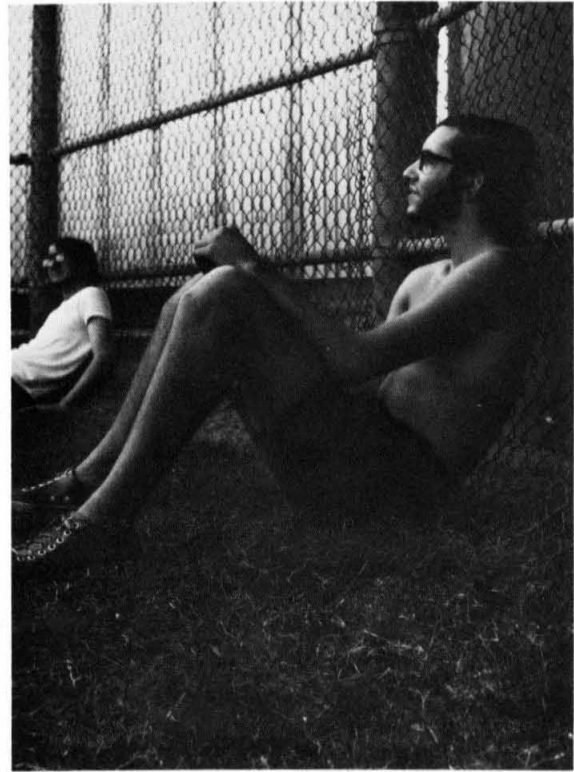
*Gary Pope
Chico, California
Mathematics*



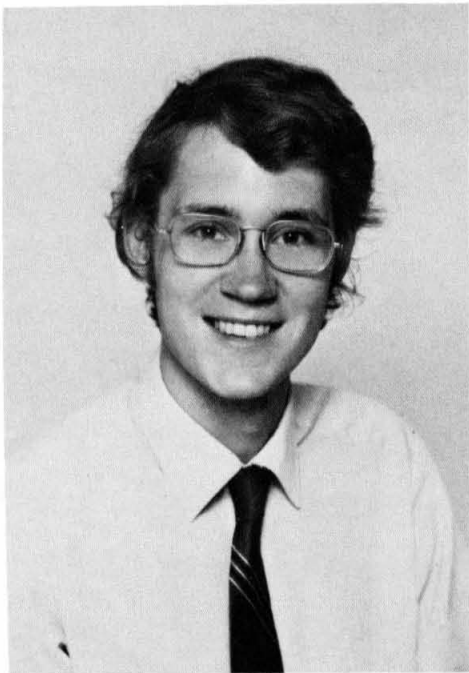
*Daniel G. Reichel
Hamtramck, Michigan
Physics*



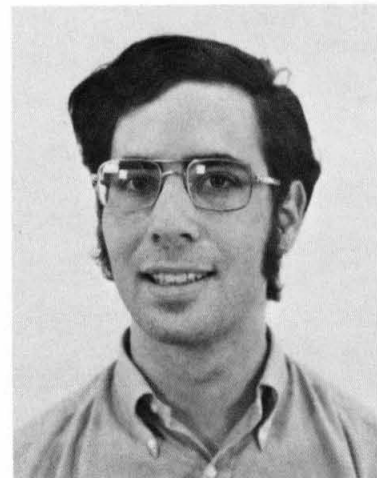
*Bruce Arie Reznick
Los Angeles, California
Mathematics*



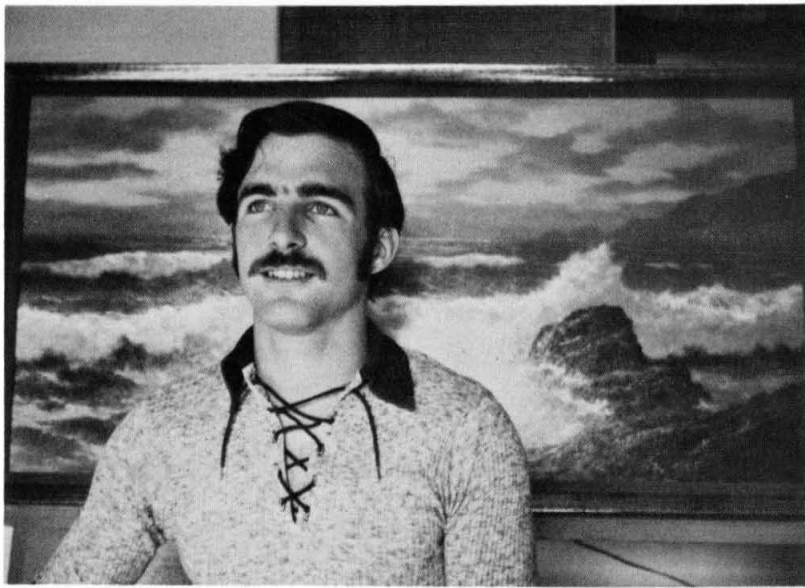
*Gary Rubenstein
New York, New York
Engineering and Applied Science*



*Paul Scott Schluter
Sierra Madre, California
Engineering and Applied Science*



*Jay Philip Siegel
Dalton, Georgia
Biology*

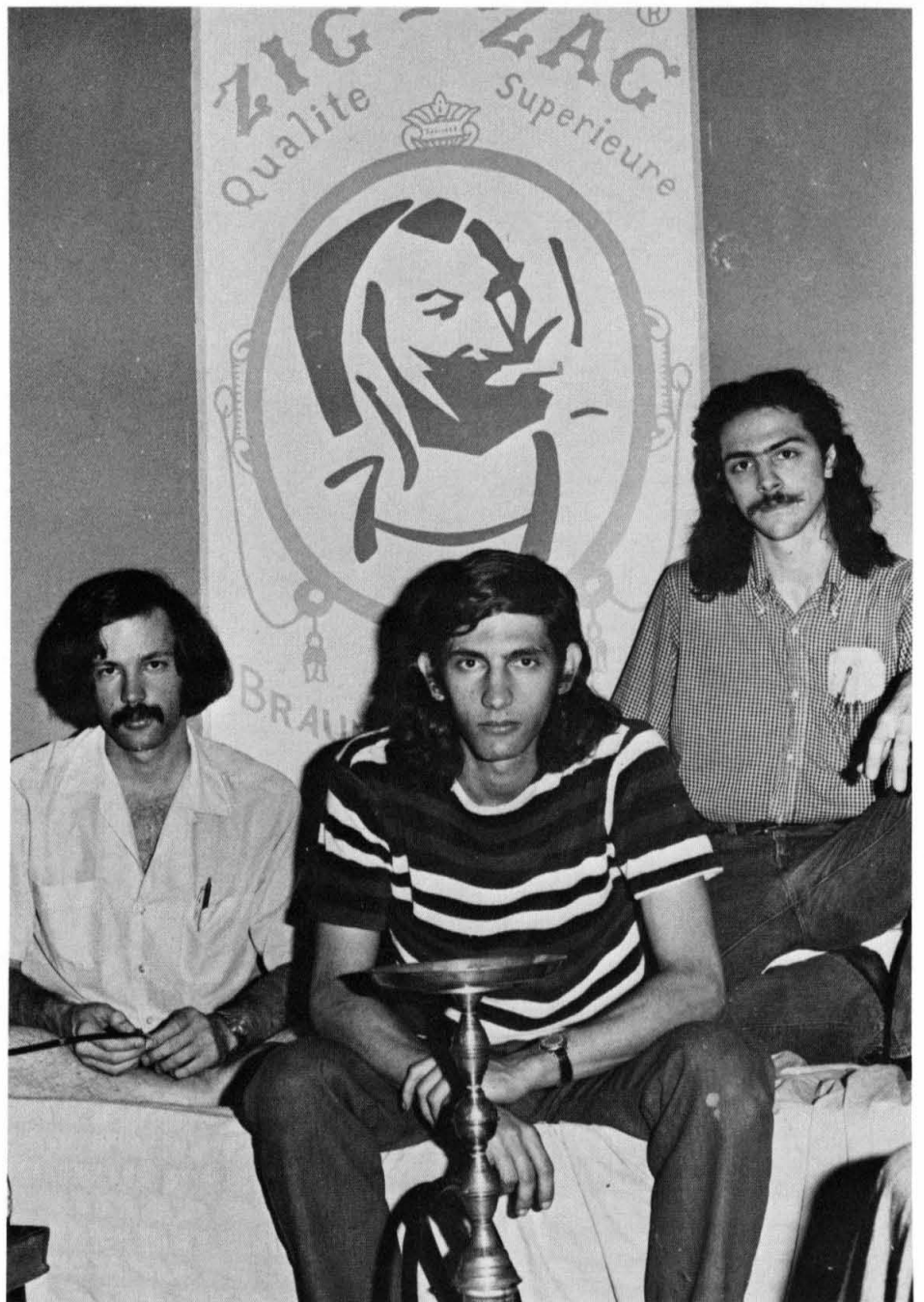


*Richard Lee Short
Strathmore, California
Biology*

*John Nogatch
West Hempstead, New York
Mathematics*

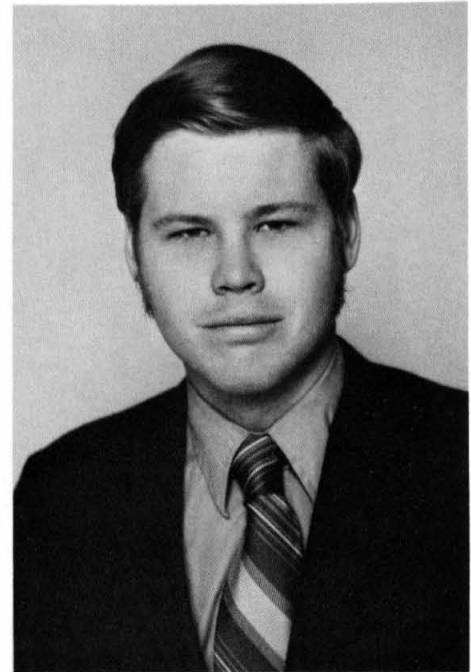
*Jay Munyer
Forest Hills, New York
Mathematics*

*Andrew Weigel
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Biology*

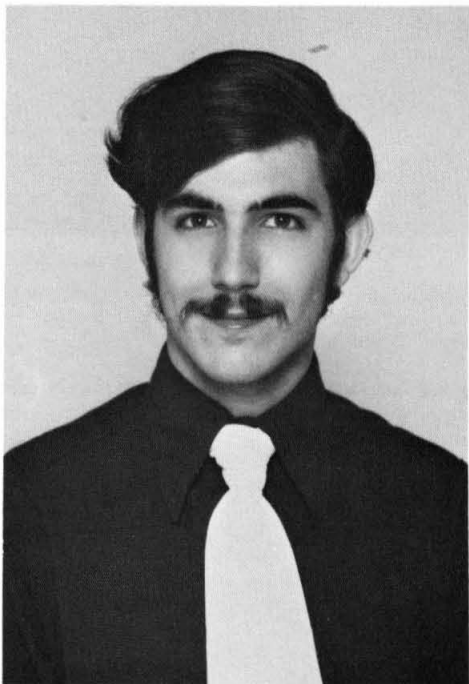




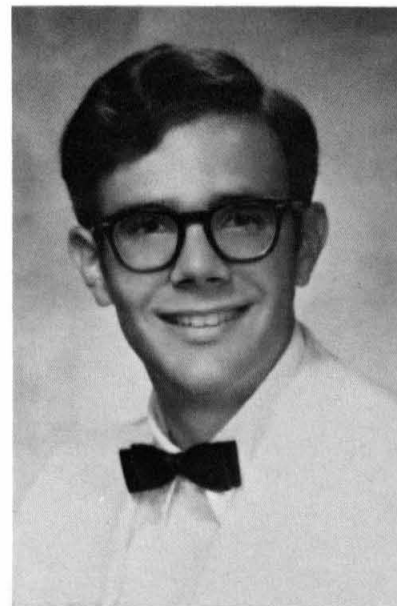
*Raymond T. Spears
Stockton, California
English*



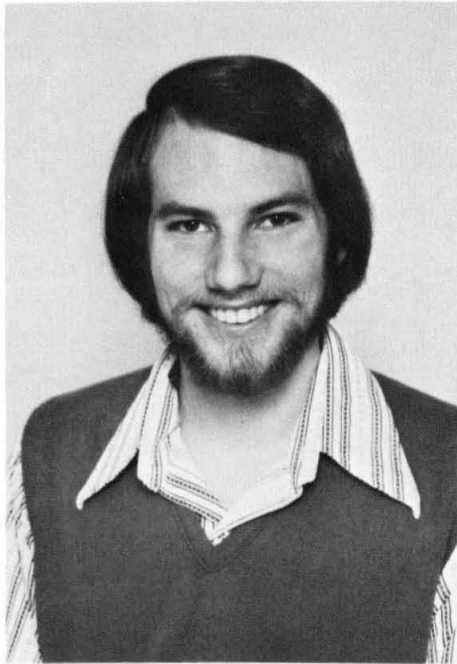
*Robert W. Stecher
Morrestown, New Jersey
Engineering and Applied Science*



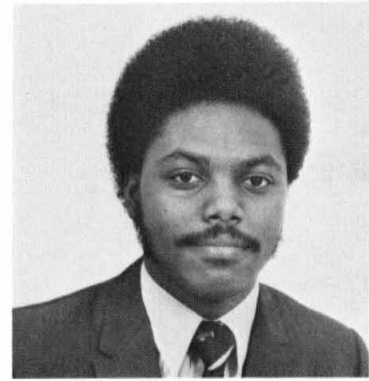
*Michael L. Steinberger
Kennett Square, Pennsylvania
Applied Physics*



*Richard Frank Sunseri
San Jose, California
Mathematics*



*James C. Vibber
Monterey Park, California
Mathematics*



*Price Walker Jr.
Columbus, Georgia
Biology*



*Robert West
Sterling, Illinois
Astronomy*



*Paul H. Yancey
Downey, California
Biology*

Seniors Not Pictured

Charles William Almquist
Wiesbaden, Germany
Engineering and Applied Science

Bruce Allen Anderson
Longview, Washington
Engineering and Applied Science

Dikran Antreasyan
Istanbul, Turkey
Physics

Epifanio Anzaldo
Tracy, California
Chemistry

Robert M. Bales
Fullerton, California
Biology

Charles Edgar Beckmann
Decatur, Georgia
Mathematics

Leonard Geoffrey Benson
Pasadena, California
Engineering and Applied Science

Stephen Maurice Beverly
Fountain Valley, California
Biology

Kenneth Alan Bickford
Lincoln, California
Chemistry

Stephen Edmund Michael Billester
El Monte, California
Chemistry

Stephen James Bisset
Canberra, Australia
Engineering and Applied Science

James Lawrence Bonomo, Jr.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Physics

Nelson Briceño Leguizamón
Bogota, Colombia
Economics

John LeRoy Brown
Montgomery, Alabama
Biology

David Cliffrian Bryant
Palmer, Alaska
Mathematics

Stephanie Jeanne Charles
Pasadena, California
Physics

Albert Kendall Christians
Dumont, New Jersey
Economics

David Thomas Clark
Portland, Oregon
Biology

David Harris Collier
Fresno, California
Chemistry

Wayne Dale Collins, Jr.
Jacksonville, Florida
Economics

Robert Parsons Crane, III
Winnetka, Illinois
English

William Franklin Derrick
Watsonville, California
Engineering and Applied Science

Douglas Kevin Duncan
Glendale, California
Astronomy

David Alan Evans
Edina, Minnesota
Mathematics

Emden Robert Gansner
Crestwood, Missouri
Mathematics

Gregory Gartrell, Jr.
Santa Barbara, California
Engineering and Applied Science

Robert James Geller
New York, New York
Geophysics

John Charles Gord
Tacoma, Washington
Engineering and Applied Science

Daniel P. Haake
Geneva, Switzerland
Physics

Bruce Meyer Herman
Lower Burrell, Pennsylvania
Geophysics

William Douglas Hounshell
New Orleans, Louisiana
Chemistry

Max Joel Kay
Kailua, Hawaii
Physics, English

Wilfred Carl Kittler, Jr.
San Jose, California
Engineering and Applied Science

Lee Anthony Kondor
York, Pennsylvania
Engineering and Applied Science

Randall Lynn Kubena
Dallas, Texas
Physics

Richard Alan Lindsay
Odessa, Texas
Biology

Robert Patrick McNamara
Chicago, Illinois
Applied Physics

Robert John Miller, Jr.
Des Plaines, Illinois
Engineering and Applied Science

Douglas Earl Mitchell
Irvine, California
Mathematics

William Arthur Neagle
Rochelle Park, New Jersey
Mathematics

Philip Malcolm Neches
Los Angeles, California
Engineering and Applied Science

Richard Stephen Newman
Los Angeles, California
Biology

Ting S. Ng
Hong Kong, BCC
Biology

Eduardo Horacio Orces
Guayaquil, Ecuador
Engineering and Applied Science

Gordon Andrew Petersen
Fresno, California
Engineering and Applied Science

Christopher James Platt
Los Angeles, California
Engineering and Applied Science

Jonathan Vos Post
New York, New York
Mathematics, English

Gary James Prohaska
Eugene, Oregon
Astronomy

Joseph Christopher Rayhawk
New Orleans, Louisiana
Mathematics

George Clark Rinker
Portland, Oregon
Engineering and Applied Science

John Francis Rogers
Concord, Massachusetts
Chemistry

Bruce Rugar
Las Vegas, Nevada
Engineering and Applied Science

Paul Arthur Sand
Omaha, Nebraska
Physics

John F. Santarius
Hazelhurst, Wisconsin
Physics

Lorne H. Schachter
Syosset, New York
Mathematics

William W. Schlitzkus
Roselle, Illinois
Engineering and Applied Science

John Raymond Schroeter
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Engineering and Applied Science,
Economics

Bruce Robert Seaman
Aiea, Hawaii
Engineering and Applied Science,
Economics

Alex Yoichi Seita
Honolulu, Hawaii
Engineering and Applied Science

Arthur William Selly
Encinitas, California
Mathematics

Gregory Hamilton Sharp
Squantum, Massachusetts
Independent Studies Program

Richard Alan Shaw
Spokane, Washington
Mathematics

Frank Steven Shuri
St. Louis, Missouri
Geology

Stephen Karl Skedzeleski
Florissant, Missouri
Mathematics

David L. Standage
Scottsdale, Arizona
Mathematics

Peter Lewis Tompkins
Sierra Madre, California
Engineering and Applied Science

Platon Themistocles Tserliangos
Athens, Greece
Mathematics, Economics

Brett Alan Tucker
Lanoka Harbor, New Jersey
Physics

Jan Waluk
North Babylon, New York
Engineering and Applied Science

Steven Spencer Watkins
Kettering, Ohio
Independent Studies Program

Ralph Harison Wells III
Newhall, California
Social Science

Stanley Ernest Whitcomb
Englewood, Colorado
Physics

Lawrence Curtis Widdoes, Jr.
Stamford, Connecticut
Engineering and Applied Science

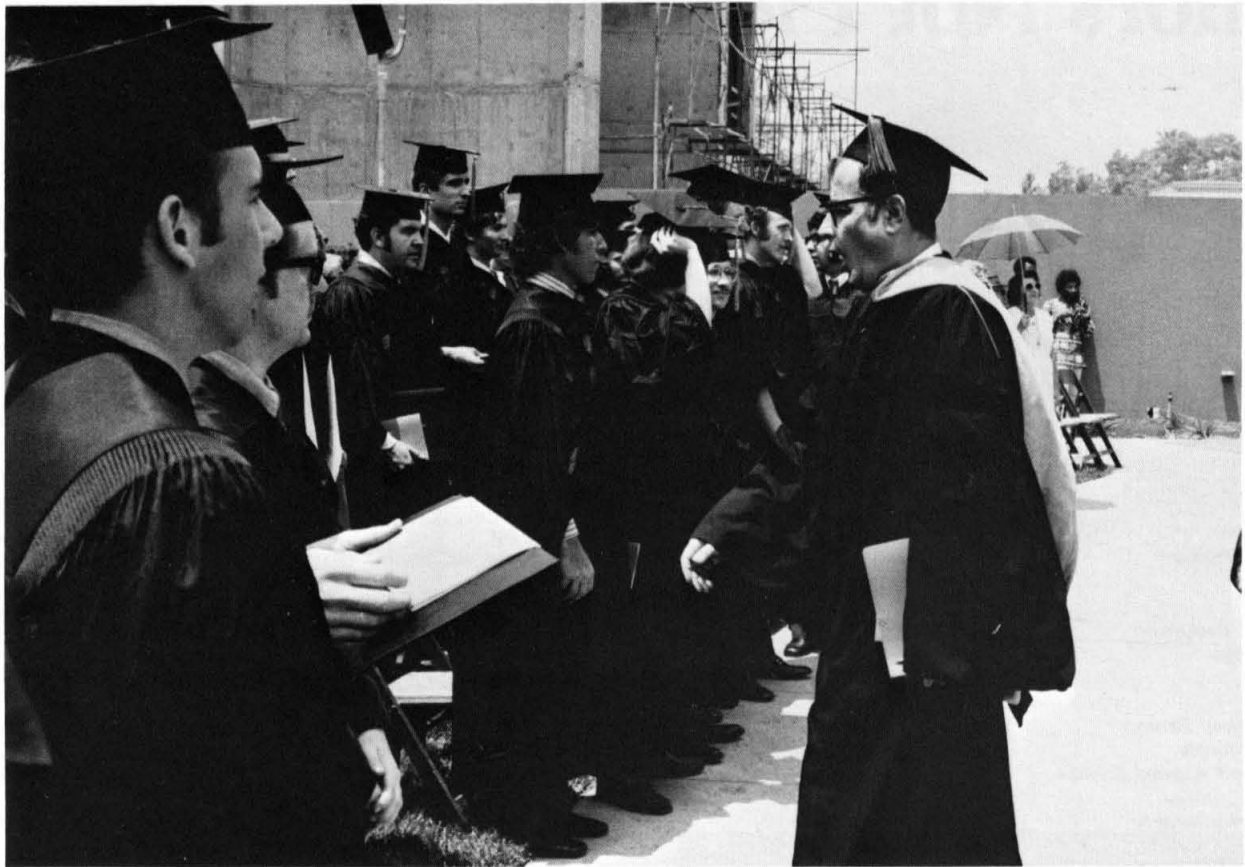
Randall Gary Williams
Ventura, California
Engineering and Applied Science

Kenneth James Winston
Cohasset, Massachusetts
Mathematics

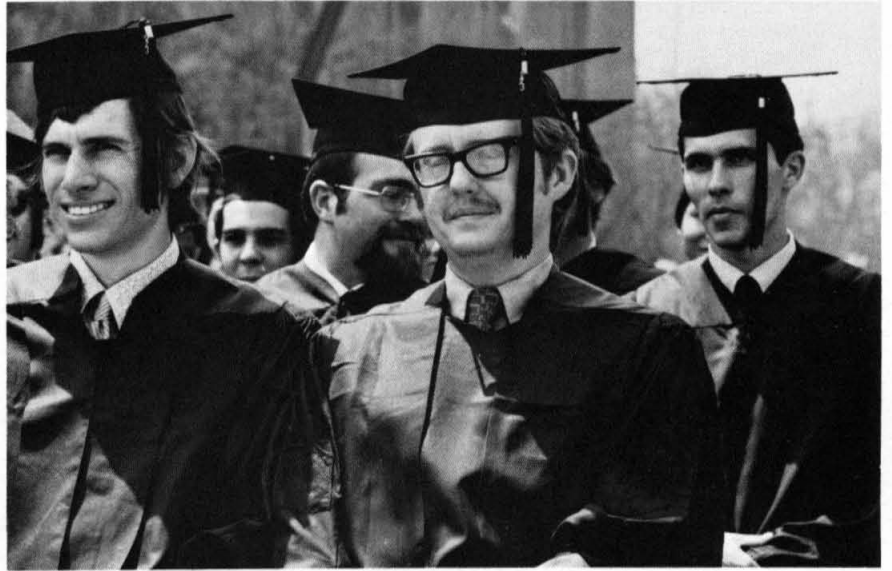
Langhorne Putney Withers, Jr.
Springfield, Virginia
Mathematics

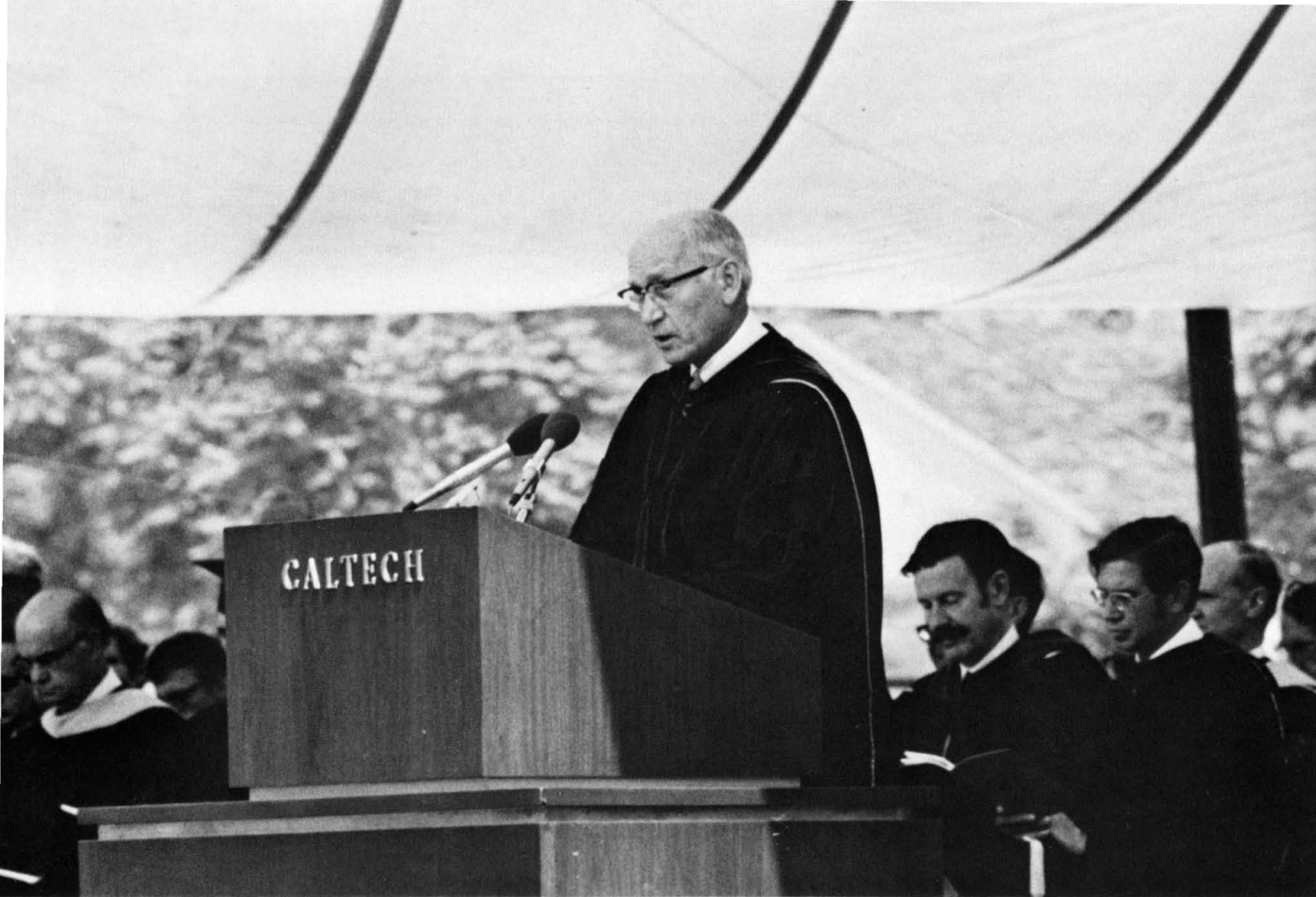
Charles Chung-Hoi Young
Hong Kong, BCC
Physics

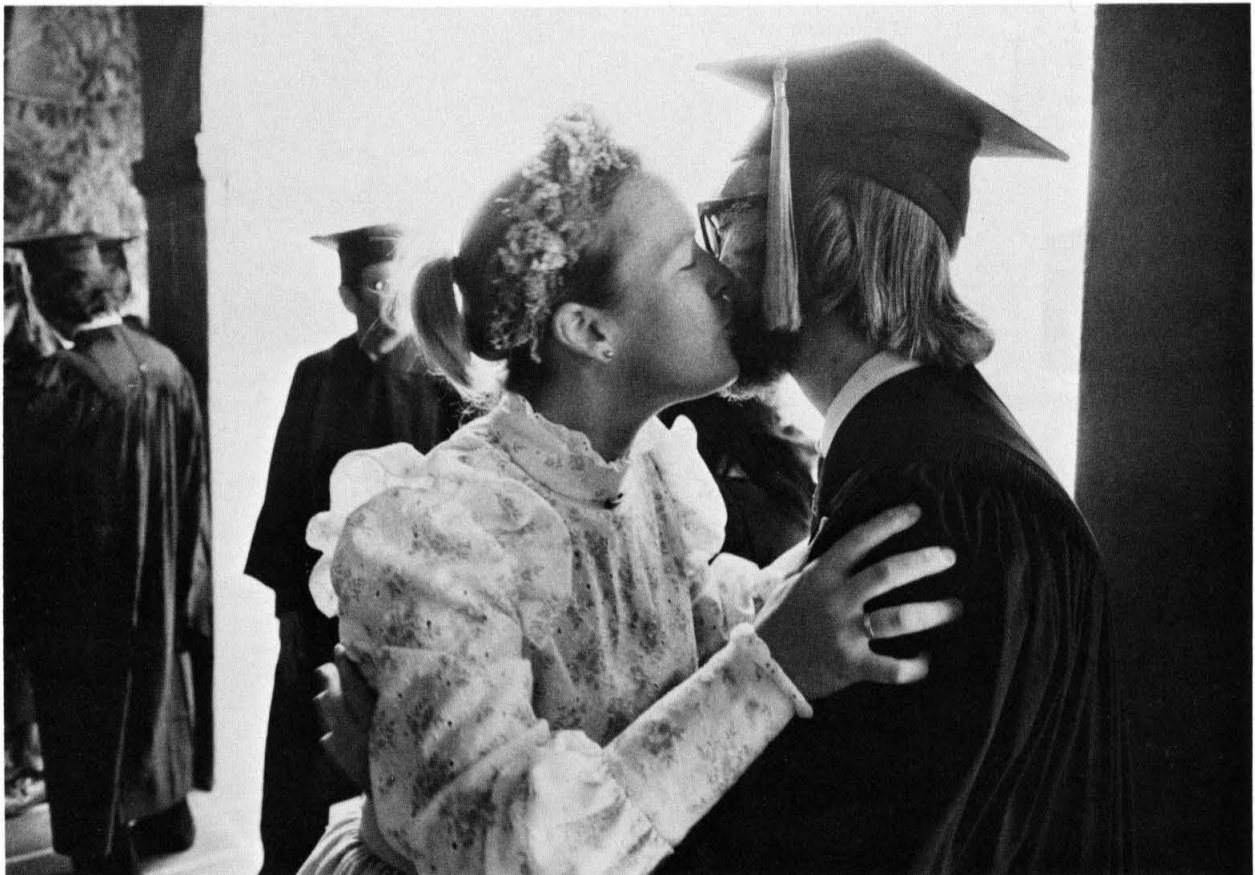
Gary Wayne Zieve
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Biology



THE PRESIDENT, TRUSTEES, AND FACULTY OF
THE CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE
AT THE
SEVENTY-NINTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES
FRIDAY, THE EIGHTH OF JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE
AT TEN-THIRTY ON THE BECKMAN AUDITORIUM MALL
SAN PASQUAL STREET, PASADENA







A black and white photograph of a typewriter. The word "HOUSES" is printed in a large, white, serif font across the center of the page. The background is dark and out of focus, showing the mechanical parts of the typewriter, including a circular component on the right side with some faint, illegible text around its edge. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the paper and the metallic surfaces of the machine.

HOUSES



PAGE HOUSE

Page House
May 25, 1973

Garble Tom Headweak, Cancellor
Noble Matador College
Pasadecency
CanIphoneya

Dear Mr. Headweak,

We haven't seen you around Page House since that night about a year ago when we had you come to dinner and gave you a stuffed woodpecker with an ice bag on its head and a bottle of Excedrin under its wing. So I thought you might like to know what has been going on this year.

"Consider the froshlies of the Institute, they toil not (pass-fail grading), neither do they spin." Well, they did rotate the first week, and when the rotating was over, we wound up with 5 women and 35 men. Some of the more notable ones were Fred McStork, who had a somewhat overBauering personality, but was otherwise Okie-dokey; Patsy Paranoid and Lou Lou Schynic, who quickly became House Rainclouds; Felix, who was very Loya to the house; Maryjane Earblower, who started out interested in elephants, but quickly learned about de birds and D. B.'s; Gary, who was chosen to make Wacky birthday announcements; and Cindy Coo, for whom the Price was right.

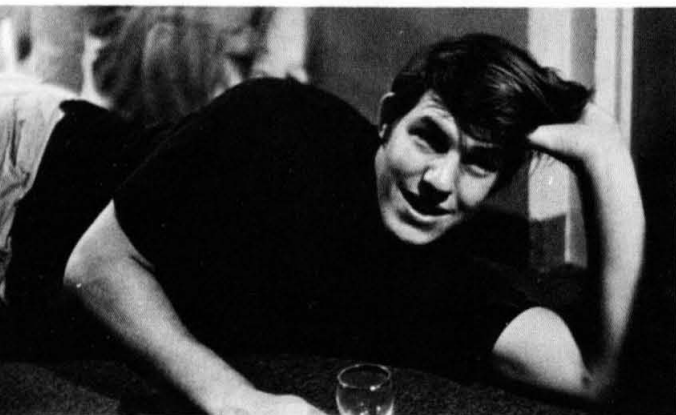
Rotation in Page was an interesting affair in itself. Mack Macaroni ended every dinner with his second year of performances as Joe College, Mother Page, and other people too numerous to mention. Any doctor who had noticed that our tom was coated in previous years would have seen that he came back this year for the last night of rotation, riding down on his new motorcycle from his job at the Hughesless-Fractured Electronics Company in Palo Meano (where they horse around a lot).



Various interesting upperclasspersons returned to the house. Our inVincible wrestler was worried that his life of Kristian Harmony would cause him to be Ganged up on, but nothing ever happened. Cliff Denker fell 25 or more feet at Big Sur, onto rocks, and broke his right heel, his left leg, and his right arm. So, for two months, whenever we heard, "Click-tlick, Froooooondgezxxxxzzzz," we knew the Mad Cripple was hot-rodding his electric wheelchair through the halls. Lou Schlepper and Dave Noseycoughff became Cokemen and a slow disaster began. Rotten Ralphie Haywire did not put out the houselist, so we didn't know who we were. And Hoit (with his own petard, this year) became quarterback for the varsity football team when Bob Baleful wasn't doing it. Football was enlivened this year by cheerleaders from P.C.C. The Adelprians led our cheers with enthusiasm, but it didn't help enough. We didn't light any bonfires this year.

Schlepper's giant amplifier worked for five seconds.

I must mention that the phlegmatic people in the house across the Olive Walk from us bestirred themselves enough to get an old cannon from a former military academy in sheepish San Merino, announcing their intention of using it for the first step in converting Page into a parking lot, as soon as they could get the concrete out of the barrel. However, a lot of the time it was left pointing at Millpond Library or the Athenaeum, in case of a faculty uprising. (The faculty responded with the





"On your chairs, Frosh!"

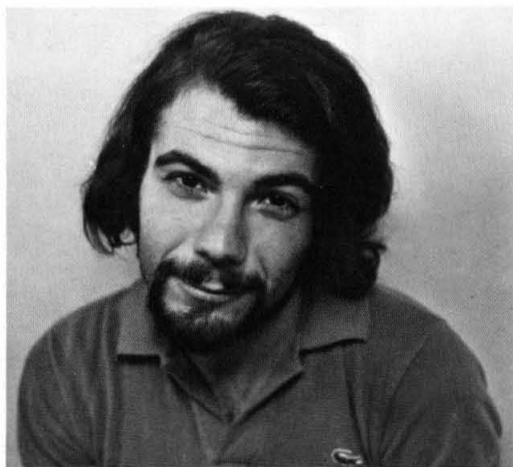
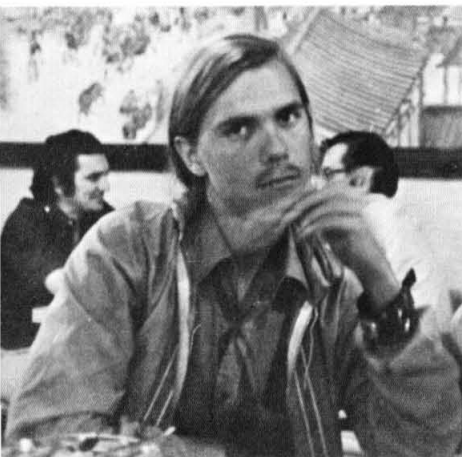
courage of Barbara Freitchie. "Shoot if you must the library dead, but spare our lounge and bar," they said.)

Schlepper tested his 32-woofer speaker system.

Rotten Ralphie never did put out the house list, so Vince did it in the middle of November.

When Denker got out of his wheelchair, he was taken to the ocean to congratulate him, as he still was not able to struggle much.

Not being encumbered with classes, Steve Killem, whose living arrangements were also slightly Fishy, was able to build an enormous project for Interhouse, assisted by Fuming Frank. Cellotex panels with grooves cut in them, papier mache on the parts between the grooves, the whole thing being properly spray-painted, look amazingly like ancient stone walls. So when the downstairs hallway was lined with ancient stone walls, the doorways were reinforced with planks, a plastic liner was laid the



length of the hall, and the whole thing was filled about three feet deep with water, we had the sewers of Paris. To get into the sewer you had to pass by the Phantom of the Opera, who appeared and disappeared, but kept playing the piano no matter whether he was visible. People who negotiated the hazards along the sewer, such as the exploding powder keg, the pipe gushing water into the sewer, the low ceiling, the green Smoody, and Tom Coates, emerged into Madame Kristie's Parisian Pleasure Palace, where they could admire the most adorable keyhole cuties Hugh Hefner could find. The doors to the dens of delight were just more artfully carved Cellotex, so everyone had to go on out through the front door into what was intended to be a Parisian



"No Rik, that's not where you hold a girl when you dance with her!"

street, where they had their choice of going into Le Marshmellow, where they could toast marshmallows, or into Le Discotheque, a world of live bands (one, anyway) and dead eardrums. Later that evening, Smoody swam his green paint off in the sewer of Paris, a Rikulous thing to do, as the paint clogged the pump used the next day to empty the sewer.

As the term drew to a close, Baker cooked a lot of wrestlers from other schools, until he got his wrist broken in practice. Super Boals continued to protect our palates from pimento pushers. The *Tech* started receiving anguished letters about King Kongdor's master-key duplicating service. Wakai reached a new height with his announcement of the Greek's birthday, announcing that the Greek



"Who's Zola Snidefinch?"

became famous in Athens at thirteen for "driving sheep over cliffs and breaking off strategic portions of public statues." "Firebomb the *Tech*, please," was the request of editors Gabby Playskool and Beeper Techman. No one did anything about it. On Pearl Harbor Day all the Japs were showered—Lewis Hashimoto, Gary Wakai, Peggy Otsubo, and Mike Iwaki. Seita was not available, so Dave Novikoff was declared an honorary Jap and showered as Novikoffimoto. Audrey Liebross wanted to move into Page, but the Excomm decided that the situation was inaudible. Scheffer's 400 watt per channel stereo amplifier was not ready in time to play the Ride of the Valkyries.

All in all, it was a rather quiet and boring first term, as almost everybody could tell you.

Second term began with our house vice-president's succumbing to a severe case of Smoody blues, and deciding to take an early thumber vacation. He had done a magnificent job first term in the vice president's job of getting faculty members and Beckman guests such as the incomparable and occasionally incomprehensible Virgil Fox to visit the house. For many reasons he is sorely missed. We have had letters from him at times. In late February he was visiting MIToi.

Vince did the house list again.

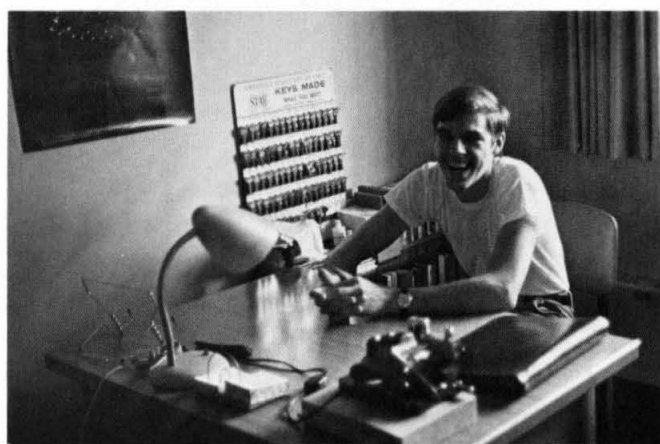
Peggy Dyer, our house grad student, became Dr. Dyer, house postdoc, and went nuclear fission under the spreading chemis tree.

If you know anyone at Pacific Bell, Mr. Headweak, perhaps you can give them a lift some time when they're down by telling them that a lot of the would-be blue box builders here have given up.

Golf in the house was the alley challenge, Frobbs' alley against Tucker's alley. The rules were that each contestant had to drink a six pack of Mickey's Malt Liquor before the game, and another bottle if

he won a hole. Holes and fairways were marked with tape on the hall carpet, and on boards up the stairways. Joe Fahle won this, despite rumors that people who came from San Diego would be required to drink twice as much.

Another amusement which was its own punishment was alley surfing. In days of old, when alleys were not carpeted, this was doubtless done upstairs. But now it is done in the basement by running warm water and liquid soap down the stairs to where the basement hall is filled all the way to where it turns a corner. Bare feet slide very nicely in the shallow soapy water. The problem is stopping. Alley surfing traditionally continues until someone is hurt. This year it was Mike Iwaki, who found that his hair was an inadequate shock absorber, and later asked people, "Did I go alley surfing?"



"So you're Russ McDuff. What do you want?"

"What's so bad about having to eat with chopsticks?"

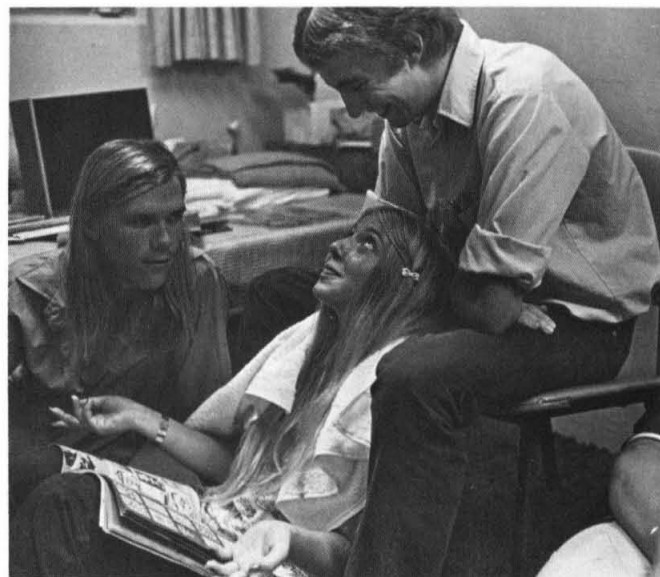


As far as the condition of the house is concerned, in the second term there was good news and bad news. The bad news was that the carpets suffered when the sewer of Paris leaked, and that the ceiling of the lounge would bear permanent memory of Le Marshmallow. The good news was that we got a new Steinway piano, which was put into the little room where the pinball machines used to be. Muffled with a heavy carpet on the floor and the old dining room curtains hung around the walls, the room absorbs enough sound that the people outside don't mind, and players inside don't deafen themselves. In the dining room we have new curtains and a tapestry called, "On the Way to the Sun," a gift from Dr. Smith.

It takes more than pianos and tapestries to civilize the barbarians of Page, as shown by the night the *Tech* was firebombed. When Scott Denbina from Lloyd did not show up at the appointed time for his showering, a number of people decided to accept the invitation the editors made first term. What actually happened was that they came in, chased and wrestled the *Tech* staff, lit fires in the trash cans and otherwise slightly increased the confusion of the office. Then they left, got Denbina, and came back to the *Tech* to do it again on a larger scale.

Since Kelem left, ASCIT movie posters have been less interesting.

We got Isag Hay to write a song about what we thought would be the biggest nuisance of the year. He solemnly intones, "Who is the fastest hand with a circuit breaker this side of Con Edison?" and the chorus replies, "Schaff!" Bob Schaff from Ricketts turned off the electricity to the North Complex of student houses on the Saturday night of midterms week, when a lot of people were taking tests. A number of people in Page thought this showed obnoxiousness above and beyond the call of Scurvehood, and tried to get up a petition to keep him off the Board of Control, but not enough of the rest of the campus agreed.



"Dale, what does it mean if the rabbit dies?"

In house elections this year, Ben Chun beat Frank Hobbs for house president. The election for vice-president was a Harrowing experience, but it was more Stimple to elect a treasurer, since Scheffer and Novikoff were running on their record as Cokemen and a "serious and responsible" platform: "If we are elected, there will be very serious trouble, and we will be responsible." Lee Starling cawed on Vince to be official secretary, but the house got an Oscar for this performance.

Scheffer discovered that a .1 farad capacitor charged to 45 volts contains enough energy to make a small transistor explode. He started on a new design for his amplifier.

Peter Schickele, the world's foremost and only authority on the music of the baroquen-down composer P. D. Q. Bach (1807-1742) came to the house after his performance at Beckman with the Semi-Pro Musica Antiqua. When asked why he studied P. D. Q. Bach, Schickele replied (*mezzo forte, andante*),

oh no one nothing quite like him
There is no one and nothing quite quite like him
no no one nothing quite quite like him

like him like him him him whole wide world.
oh like him like him like him him in the whole wide world.
like him like him him him whole wide world.



Continuing on a musical note, I must mention that the reason John Middlebrooks has been singing that he is the very model of a modern major general is that he is the director of this year's ASCIT musical, *The Pirates of Pezance*.

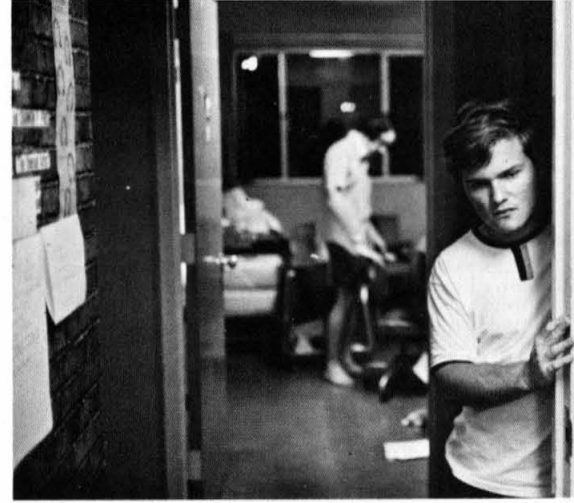
Scheffer discovered that the published specifications on his expensive giant transistors were not quite accurate.

Greg Hoyt organized a skiing trip to Big Bear for Friday a week before finals. For the next week you could see in the face of everyone who went how appealing the idea was.

The last Friday of the term saw the nuisance of the year perpetrated. Some people from UCLA and Harvey Mudd came by and put concentrated cinnamon essence on our carpet, and mercaptan in Fleming, which the Flems thought was really a gas. I guess somebody knows who they were, because an attempt was made to get them to come back and do Lloyd. Not that they would actually have gotten to Lloyd, as they would have been greeted with butterscotch, sour wine, computer chaff, and bean bag chair pellets. But they didn't show up. As the term ended, plans were afoot to carry the war to them. They had better be able to pass through permanently locked doors.



"That's me—Greg Beall—infinite cutthroat."



"I see it. . ."

Scheffer's amplifier wasn't ready for finals, so we heard the Fleming cannon, and Art Moore's Universal Tiger amplifier, roaring 250 watts through 24 speakers. Music hath power to savage soothing sleep.

The Smoody blues I mentioned before had dissipated by the beginning of third term. He showed up with a car, a girlfriend, and a lot of money from his job at a sawmill in Oregon, and stayed for several weeks. All sorts of former Page Dudes showed up at the beginning of third term. Jimmy Bauer arrived with a collection of friends from the University of Oklahoma (where they never do anything abNorman), and for a time we had Dave Grey's hulking presence with us again. Rik Conrey came back to stay, as had Fred Ziegler, second term, and Steve Bienz at the beginning of the year. Ben Chun took a leave of absence, so Frank Hobbs became house president after all.

Dr. Smith sent Fran Wetter a note urging her to remember her low-fat diet the next time she felt disposed to take a pound of cream cheese from the kitchen, especially as students are not supposed to take food out of the dining rooms. Fran invited him to try a piece of the cheese cake she made with the cream cheese—in the dining room. Actually Fran lived mainly on salad, somewhat like Linda Anderson last year, who this year found the University of Minnesota more to her viking.

Ed Honkius was foolish enough to ask Lou Schleeper to wake him up at 9 if he fell asleep in the library. Lou put the house horn by Ed's head with its storage battery fully charged. At the dot of 9 he turned it on, thus being a truly alarming clock, and revealing undreamed powers of levitation in Ed, who rose from his nap, "with every muscle in his body clenched."

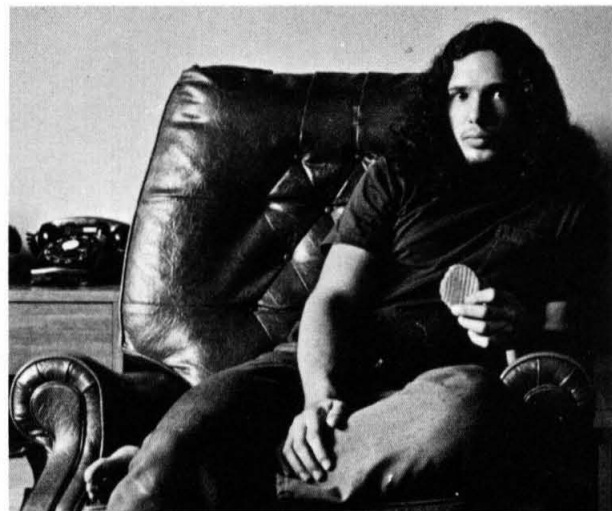


...but I don't believe it."

"This is the way the cannon ends, with both a bang and a whimper"—D. S. (Dave Smith) Eloquent.

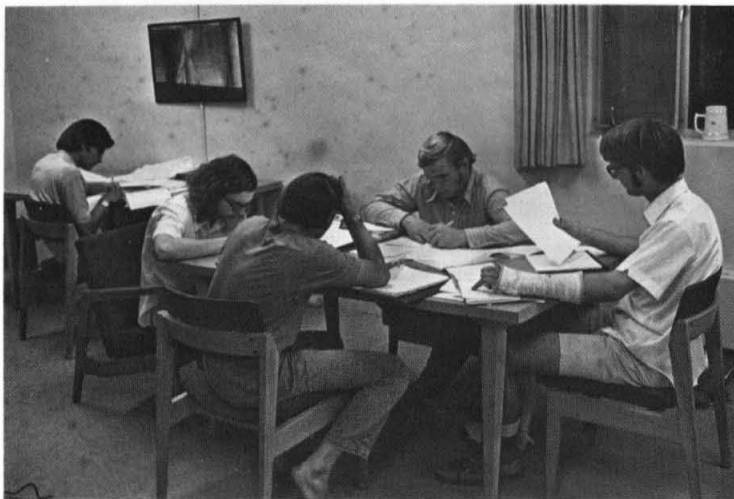
The bang was intended to call attention to the ASCIT corporation meeting. As the cannon was loaded with three pounds of gunpowder, the blast cracked windows as far as East Bridge, five hundred feet away, and it reduced one of the front doors of Page (twenty square feet of quarter-inch glass) to shards the size of your hand. If it had happened a few moments later, the flying glass would have reduced Steve Moritsugu, so Dr. Smith revealed that his own theory of big bangs was that one close call was already too many and that the cannon would have to go, prompting some whimpers.

The day after the cannon blast was Ditch Day, and the stacks were more notable for their quantity than their quality. One senior just put out a bribe, while the rest put up a varied collection of stack mechanisms, all of which were defeated before the morning ended. Fortunately, the underclassmen's return jokes were also fairly easily conquered or cleaned up. One of the messier ones was the wall of



ice blocks in Paul Sand's doorway, which melted considerably before it was all disposed of, and other people found themselves the possessors of more loose feathers, computer chaff, and styrofoam balls than they really wanted. Jim Hugg found a note on his door from Ted Michon informing him that if he answered the physics test on his door correctly, took the four second digits of the answers as a four-digit number, added 2280 to the result, and set that number on the gadget connected to the wires running under his door, he could get into his room. If things had gone according to plan, Chuck? Bibbins would have come back to an apparently unharmed room, turned on his lights, and been treated to the spectacle of his light fixtures' opening to disgorge loads of feathers, and hoses attached to pumps which could not be turned off except by hitting the circuit breaker. Dave Peisner set this whole mess off accidentally just as he finished building it.





"I got the square root of negative infinity. What was your answer?"



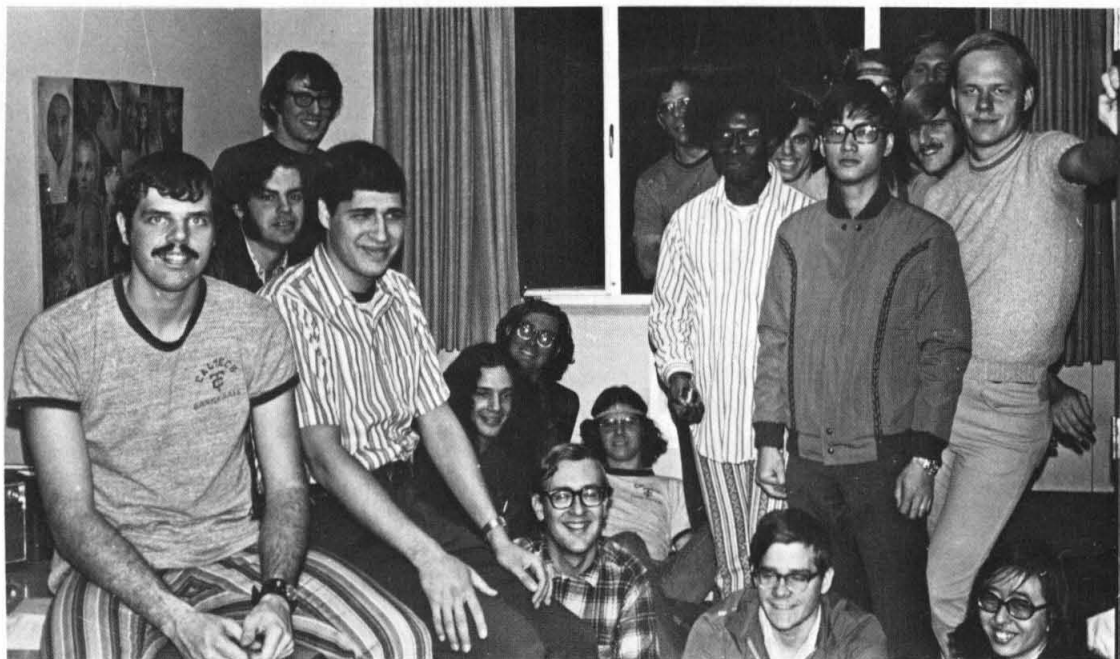
"According to my calculations, you owe \$132.75 plus 20% for tax and tip."

One night not long ago was Paint Curt Widdoes Night. He had come over from Fleming once his freshman year to try to infiltrate the house through the dumbwaiter, and been suitably rewarded for his imagination and enterprise. He did it again his sophomore year, but missed last year. On the theory that anything which has happened twice is a tradition, his fellow Flems brought him over and sent him up the dumbwaiter for a last tangle embarrassed.

The Page athletic dynasty seems destined to continue for a while longer, with us firmly in the lead for the Interhouse Trophy after firsts in interhouse basketball and swimming, and holding a high score in Discobolus points. Greg Hoit and Brent Sweitzer were standouts in varsity track and field, respectively, and Dave Dummit was one of the stars of the tennis team. John Ellis pitched part of the time for the varsity baseball team.

Well, the year is drawing to a close, and thoughts are turning to next fall. I hope you will come around more next year, if your father doesn't send you off to Antarctica or something again. I won't be here however. It is all my fault that I am going to the Sam Andreas penitentiary for a long sentence for high crimes and misdemeanors against the English language. Meanwhile, I remain,

Your faithful chronicler,
—Darwin Millstone



Seniors — Left to right: Mark Bleck, Greg Gartrell, John Schroeter, Brett Tucker, Carl Imparato, Gary Prohaska, David Miller, Ed Fronczak, Rick Sunseri, Charles Bibbins, Lee Kondor, Bruce Woodford, Tak Sing Lo, Dave Clark, Jim Hugg, Paul Sand, Flora Wu.

Juniors — Front, left to right: John Caldwell, Rik Krueger, Rik Smoody. **Middle:** Mike Mariani, Greg Beall, David Peisner, Peter Beckman, **Back:** Bob Fisher, Wai Kong Cheng, Vince Fratello, Frank Hobbs.



Sophomores — Kneeling, from left to right: Channon Price, Kristie Harmon, John Denker. **1st row:** Joe Fahle, Greg Hoit, Mark Scarberry, Mark Boals, Fred Zeigler, David Novikoff. **2nd row:** Patrick Sitton, Kenneth Weiner, Dave Beatty, Doug Schladweiler, Wilson Ho, Lou Scheffer. **Back row:** Ted Michon, Bob Cowan, Jack Stemple, Mike Bandhauer, Bruce Harrow, Gary Stockinger.

Freshmen — Front, from left to right: Francine Wetter, John Baker, Edward O'Rourke, Mike Yung. **Middle:** Patty Perigo, Claus Makowka, Pete Theisen, Cliff Leong, Felix Loya, Tom Pressburger, Paul Manis, Larry Bond, Dennis Mallonee, John Kaye. **Back:** Doug Carlson, Art Moore, Gary Wakai, Jim Kaye.



Dabney House







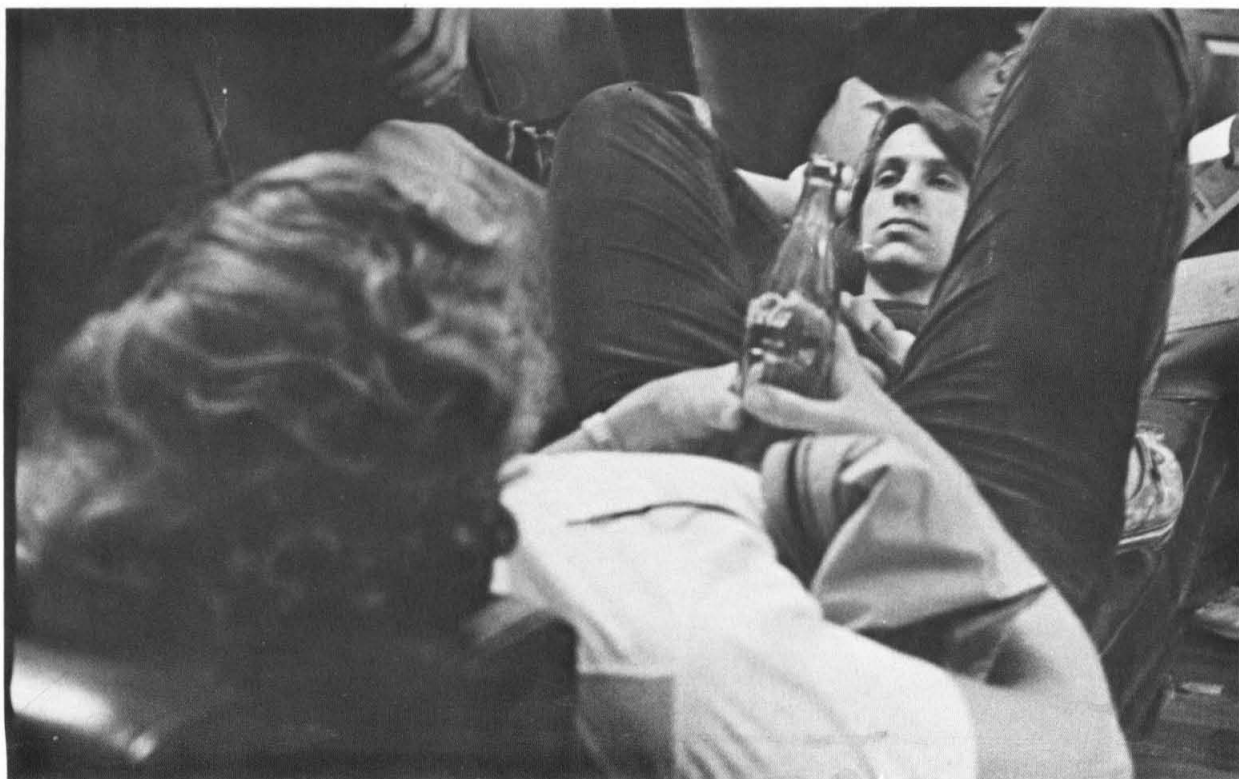


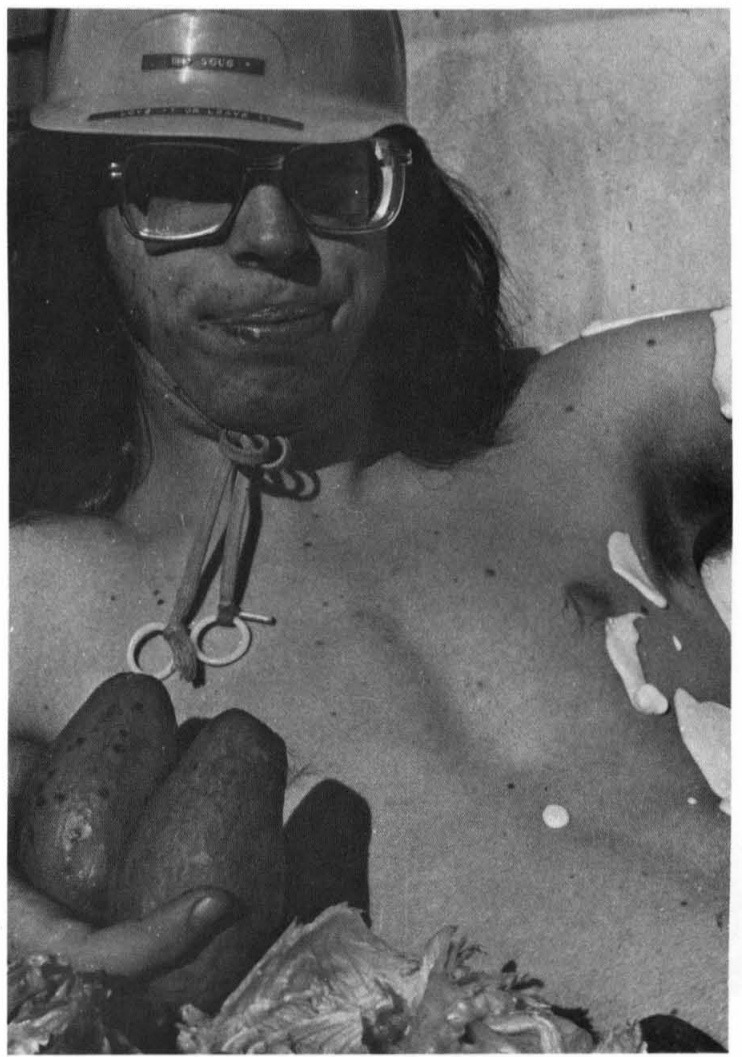


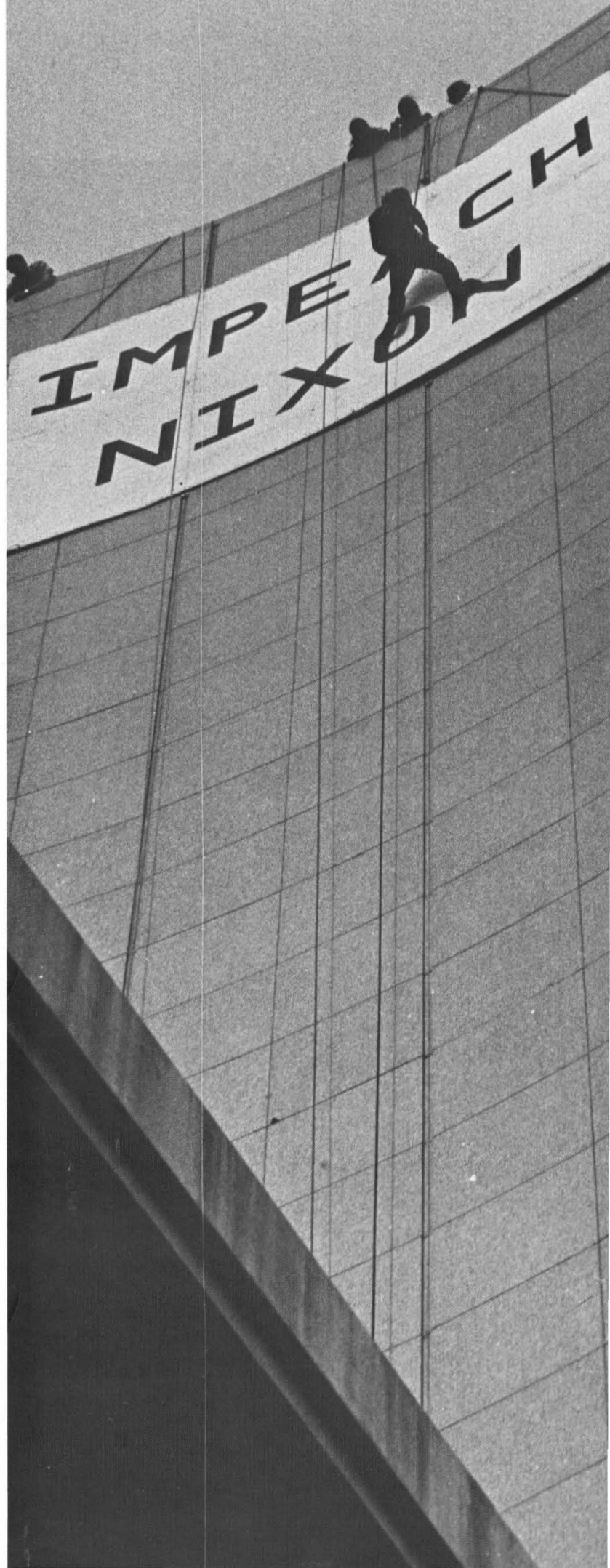












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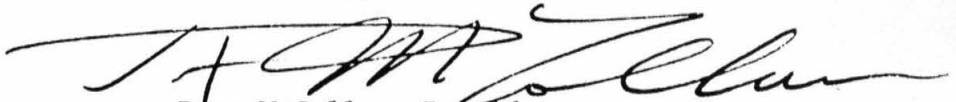
May 7, 1973

TO THE STUDENTS LIVING AT DABNEY
California Institute of Technology

I am an active donor and life member of the California Institute Associates of the California Institute of Technology.

The picture "Impeach Nixon" in the Pasadena Star-News dated Saturday, May 5, 1973, is going to cost California Institute of Technology \$1,000,000.00 in a contribution. I am wondering what the Dabney Family, who are also oil people, think of such publicity as this.

Yours truly,



Ross McCollum, President
National Oil Company
McGreghar Land Company
Consoco, Inc.
Atlas Royalties, Inc.

RM-G
cc
William H. Corcoran



Fleming House

The Year of The CANNON



To cries of "Who is this Geschwend?" and "Snake harder frosh, midterms are coming" Fleming House began what will go down in history as The Year of The Cannon. Early first term the Big Red Machine got off to a fast start in the never ending war with the Page Toads. The skillfully engineered heist of Southwestern Academy's artillery piece, hereafter known as The Big Red Cannon, was culminated with a rousing 4:00 A.M. chorus of "Page Sucks!" Fleming's esprit de corps established, the wheels of the Big Red Machine rolled right through Interhouse softball as the Flem's handily took first place with only one loss, to the Darbs.





SENIORS: Jim Jakway, Charlie Young, Rick Martin, Chris Platt, Tom Howell, Dikran Antreasyan, Joan and Jugs Peterson, Curt Widdoes, Bill Neagle. Not pictured: Phil Neches, Rich Shaw, Jacques Beser, Steve Warling, Anthony Barcellos, Alex Petruncola.

With the coming of Interhouse the thirty-five Frosh were whipped into the Men (and Women!) of Fleming. The Fleming tradition of a watery Interhouse was observed once again as the courtyard became the Seine River, complete with suspension bridge and waterfall (the twenty-five foot telephone poles for the suspension bridge are still standing at this writing and probably will be for a long time). Under the supervision of Jim Battey and Tom Howell Fleming lounge was transformed into "The Lounge of the Red Cock" with wine and French bread and cheese served on the riverfront. All this was just an appetizer for the real show, the Fleming House Play.

Twice that night The Big Red Cannon, having been masterfully restored by Tom Weaver, Dana Andersen and others, thrilled the fans with the booming announcement that the play "The Toad Monster that Devoured Page House" was about to begin. To a packed house (including a balcony in the back of the dining room) Alley Two's "Beach Ball's" sang things like "Little Old Lady from Pasadena," and Rich Shaw belted out "Hot Rod Lincoln" with "Ma Rayhawk" and the Jug Band. Just to keep things going there was General Glenn H.S T. Ierley as a stand-up comedian doing obscene jokes.





The boredom of snaking was relieved by the Fecathalon ("Suck, Atwater, Suck!") won by the Frosh in Alley One. Alley Five won the first Alley Challenge and held the Key until devious (or maybe deviate) Alley Six exploited their female contingent with the Great Popcorn Passing Ploy. As for other challenges, who would think you could get three ping-pong balls out of an alley can full of soapy water, using only your mouth, and then spit them across the dining room? Or do you think you could eat licorice soaked in vinegar while listening to the Beach Boys? Or play croquet in Millikan pond?

Second term was ushered in by an impressive round of Zoom-Schwarz-M'figliano. Among those to lose (or win, depending on your point of view) was Don Rasmussen. Small wonder. He drank over two fifths of the hard stuff which he proceeded to barf all over the lounge and assorted frosh (namely me). Rasty recovered quickly however, and soon returned to his \$300 pots ("Oh, Howie").

Lounge fights and showerings increased during second term. Art Gooding pinned Steve Moosman eleven times in a row ("I'm so disgusted I'm going to go clean my room!"). Indoor Olympiad was won by the Juniors in a close contest with the Seniors. The Frosh took third with surprising firsts in the crew race and ice cream eating, and the Sophomores -- well, what can you expect from Susie and the Marx Brothers?

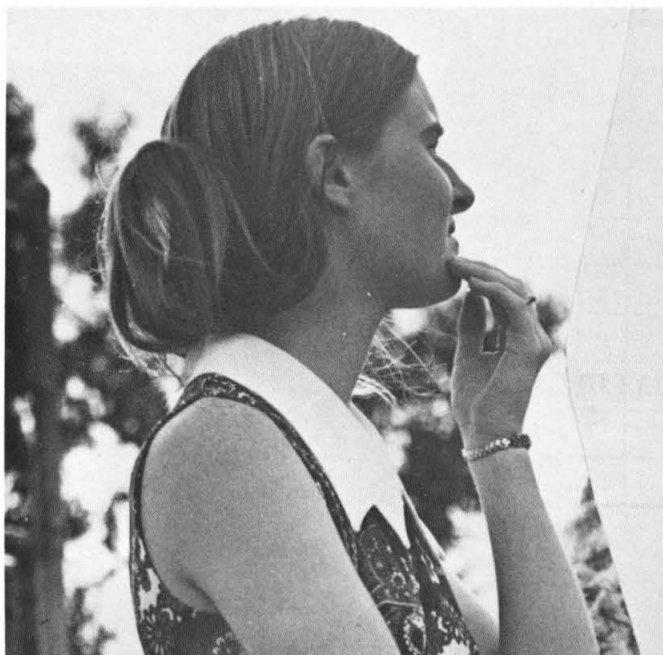


FRESHMAN: (1st row) Ben Hoffman, Rich Atwater, Rick Martin (Perma-Frosh), Bergendahl Hawkins, Mike Roberts. (2nd row) Bernie Richman, Art Gooding, Jim Shearer, Scott Hemphill, Jim Demmel, Budak Barkan. (3rd row) Bob Betz, Chris Smith, Brad Page, Craig Lage, Phil Naecker, John Dilles, Hallie Poore. (4th row) Bruce Chapman (RA), Jerry Adams, Jerry Wedekind, Jim Horn, Dave Bruchie. Not pictured: Howard Bubb, Dana Burkes, Jim Fujitaki, Jim Hong, Andy Huang, Tom Lawler, Beau Lee, Frank Liang, Norm Nelson, Mark Poyser, Elijah Pugh, Louie Romero, Jeff Sanders, Curt Struck.

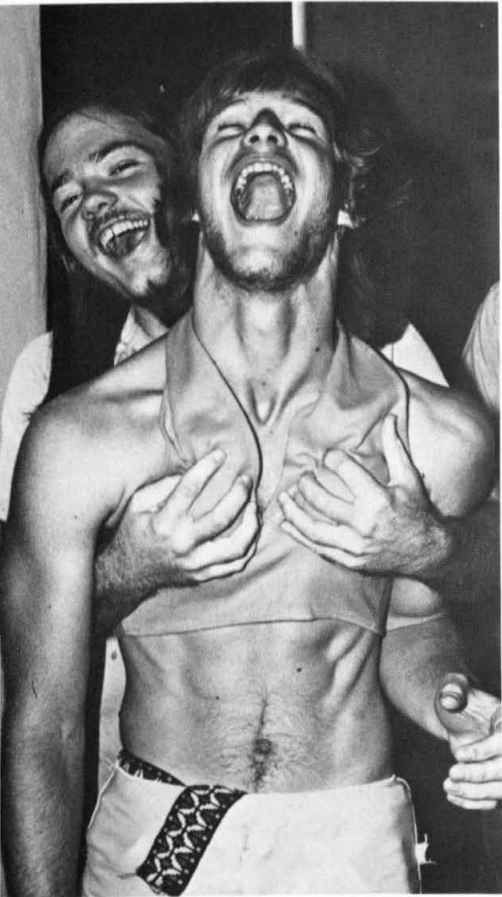


House elections came toward the end of second term. Outgoing President Tom Howell officiated as the house elected Jim Battey as the new President. Bill Clevenger was chosen to be Vice President ("Who else would you put in charge of vices?") and Bob Chansler became Secretary. Lisa Anderson was returned to office as Treasurer. Elijah Pugh was elected Librarian ("Hey Elijah, when are we gonna get some good raunch?") and the team of Jim Price and Brian Luke returned as Social Chairmen. The new Ath-men were Johnny Steubs, John Land, Russus Desiderio and Louie Romero. Then there were

the important offices. Rick Martin passed the prestigious position of Perma-Frosh to Gerard "Who is this Geschwend?" Adams, who accepted with the appropriate S.E.G. This year saw the creation of a new office, House Alien, aptly awarded to Art Gooding ("Goodling"). Glenn Ierley was House Mouth although he had stiff competition from Dana Burkes, and of course Jim Demmel became House Baton (better known as House Mop) and was promptly run through following elections, just on principle. Unfortunately, Bruce Chapman's (our beloved RA -- Purity Score 6) imitation of a girl running the high hurdles was not good enough to qualify him for Grossest Frosh. Actually, that is not surprising in view of the fact that Rasty and Jugs Peterson threatened to crunch and mutilate anyone who'd dare to vote to make the award.



Second term ended with the typical flurry of last minute lab write-ups and "Goddamit, I'm finally finished with this shit!" drunks. As usual, exams weren't much of a problem and bridge games, lounge rats and the number of people enrolled in TV 1b (under the instruction of Moosey and Platt) increased drastically ("I will not bite copiously, just let me finish this bridge hand." "I'll just curl up on my bed and feel doomed.") Although exams weren't much of a problem, passing sometimes was.



Not long after psuedo-time corresponded with real time, i.e. Co-incidence Week, third term arrived. With it came croquet and Diplomacy. Chem E's and other random cut-throats ran rampant ("It's to your advantage to let me win, Bernie.") Third term room choice turned out to be quite an exciting event. Owing to the complaints about the quality of Food Service menus, Dirty Dave decided to try an "experiment." Eight people in the alleys directly adjoining the large kitchenette, i.e. Alleys Two and Three were allowed off board contract. Cut-throating hit an all time high as some people changed rooms a half dozen times. Suddenly Moosey and Platt were cooking, most notably things like brownies and fudge, which the fans were perfectly willing to help dispose of.



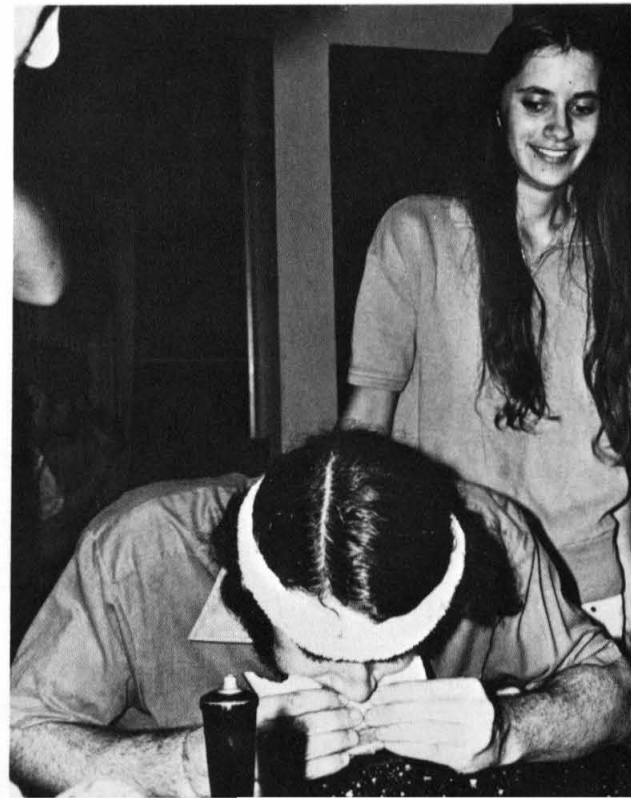
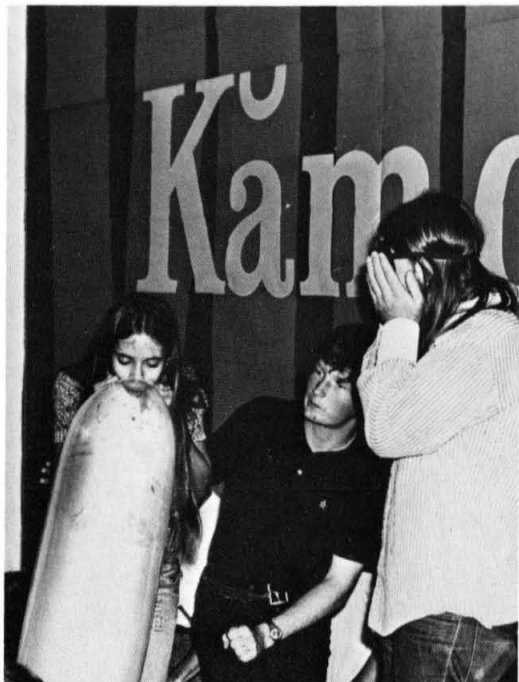
Near the end of the term Senior Ditch Day materialized and the "Finesse Stack" came to Fleming -- probably not to stay. That same weekend the Big Red Swimmers finally got another crack at the Page Boys, who were dumb enough to accept ("They could have chosen handball!"). The team of Bubb, Desiderio, Jakway, Martin and Miller won easily, taking first in all events and winning the relay. With a final score of 24 to 10 the match wrapped up Discobolus for the Big Red Machine. The Annual Fleming House Orgy followed that victory and led almost directly into the Outdoor Olympiad. Careful planning by Atwater, Romero and Naecker led to a new record for the Rose Bowl run, breaking the old one set by the Juniors by a narrow fourteen seconds. In spite of an early lead with firsts in the shotput and ten by oneten relay, the Freshmen succumbed to the more experienced Juniors and Seniors in the team sports. The Juniors won by a point over the Seniors with the Frosh and Sophomores trailing.

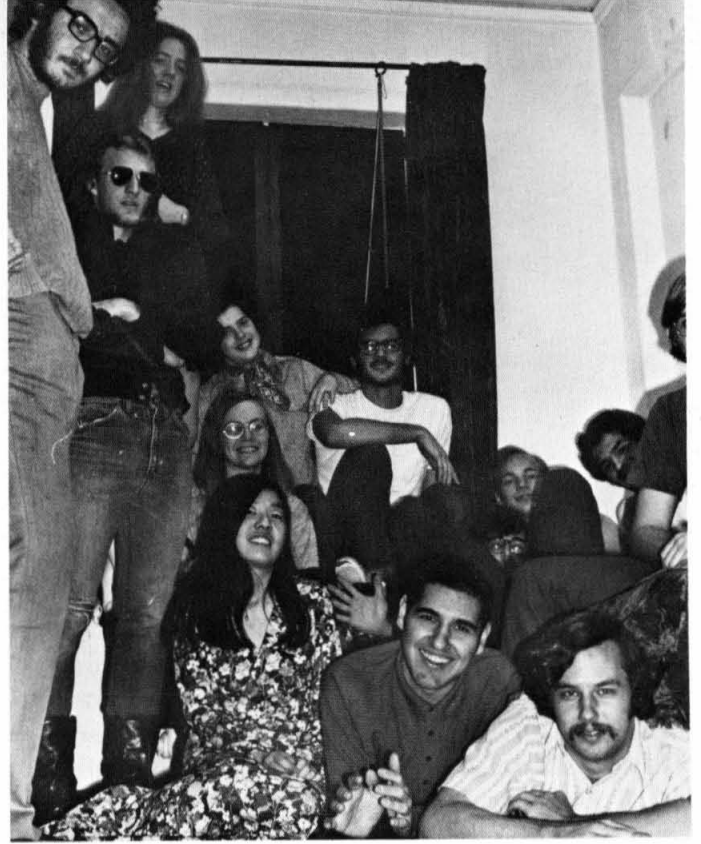
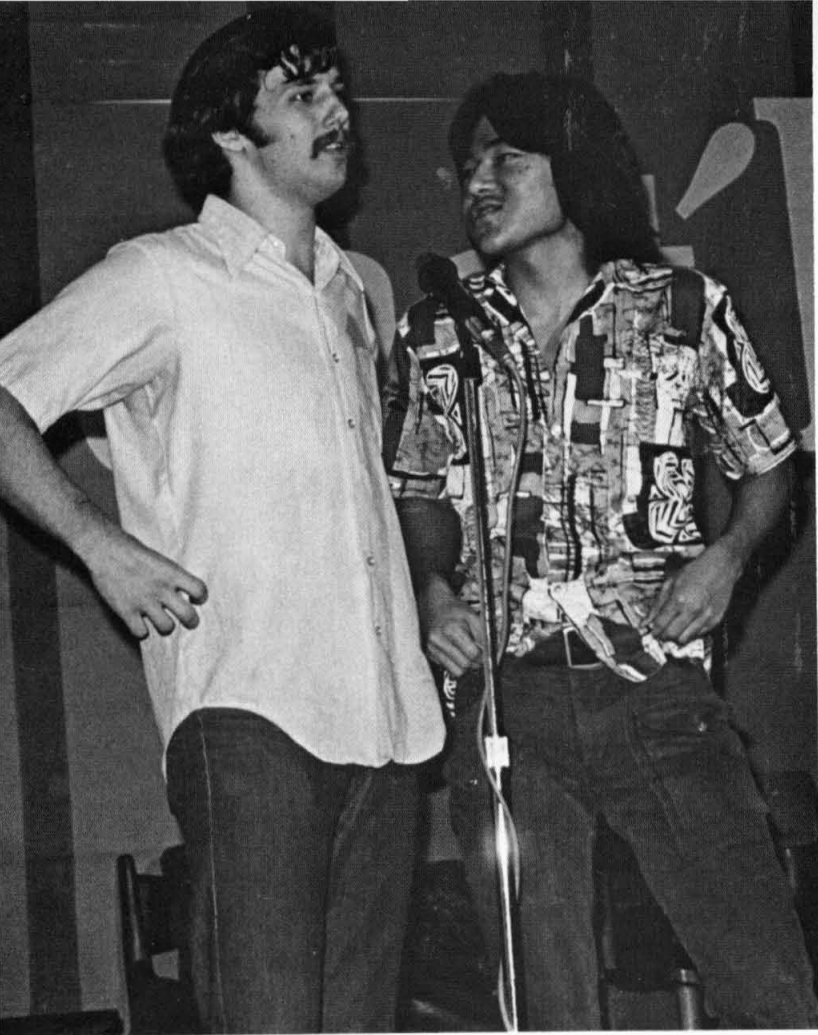


Then there are those things that know no season, i.e. random guano you might find in the lounge at any time on any given day.

Like Celoni playing a Beethoven sonata and ending it with "Shave and a haircut, two bits!". Or Shaw and Ierley playing a duet or Moosey playing "The Green Beret."

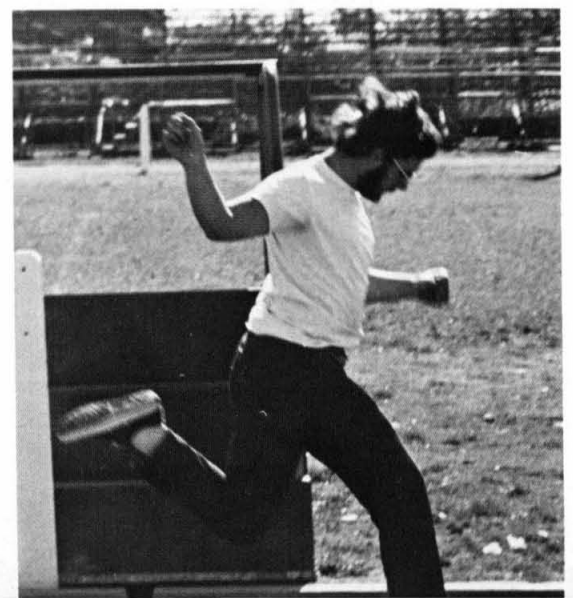
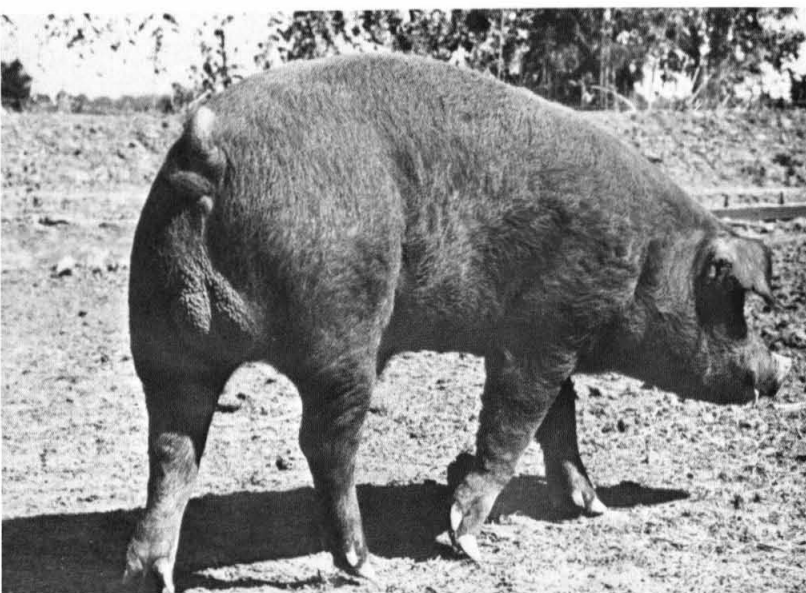
Calls of "Let's go eat it!" rang loud this year as did things like "Fourth!" and "Hey, Slick, how about a little poker?"

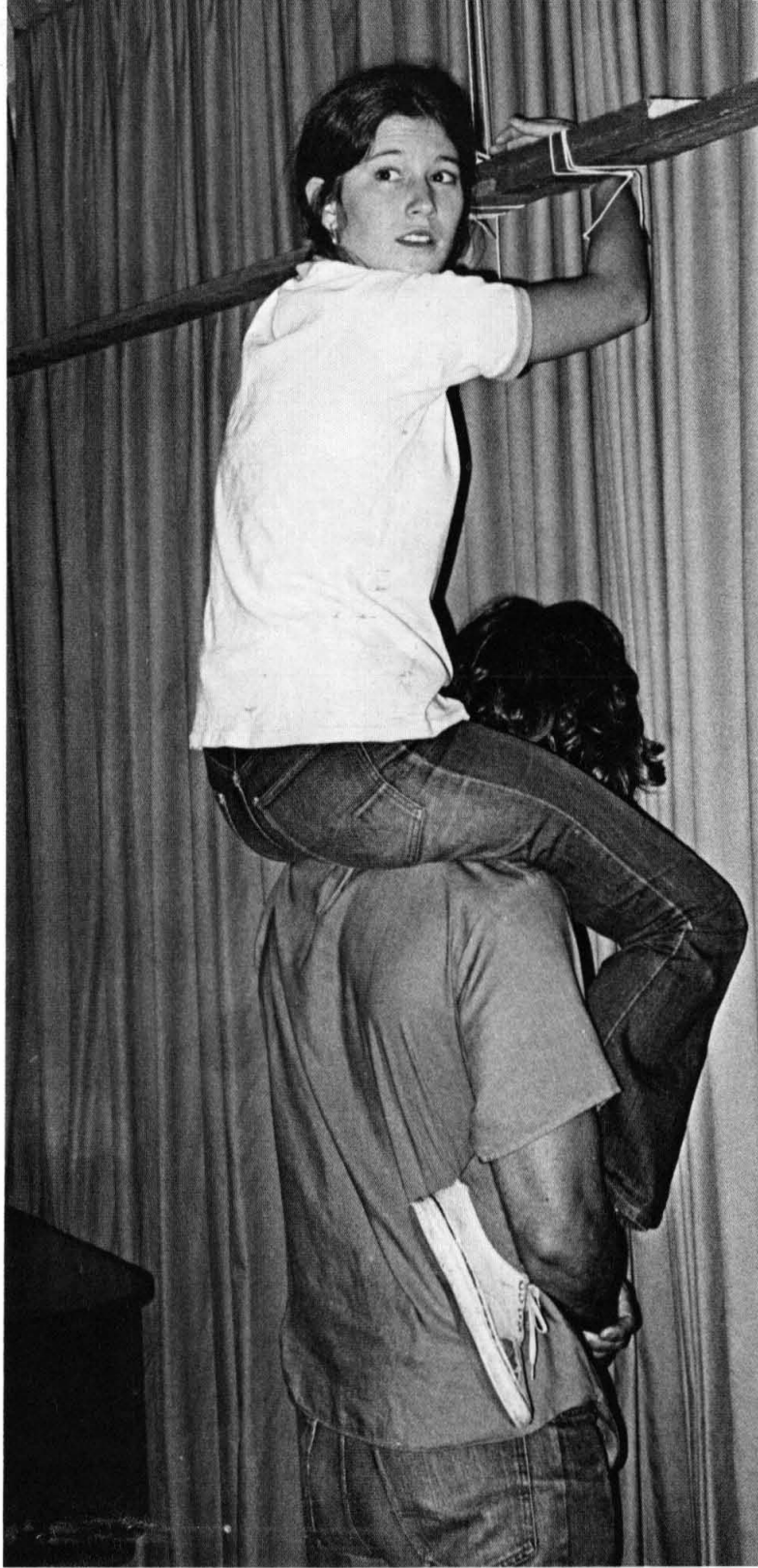




SOPHOMORES: (In Susie's Room, L to R) John Alevisos, Steve Vik, Susie Smith, Susan Murakami, Diane Vogel, Shelly Johnson, Russ Desiderio, Jim Celoni, Jack Shlachter, John Land, Steve Bryan, Val Catanzarite, Brian Luke. Not pictured: Bob Korody, Scott Matthews, Phil Nygren.

JUNIORS: Steve Moosman. Not pictured: Lisa Anderson, Phil Arnold, Jim Battey, Bob Brewington, Don Carrigan, Bob Chansler, Bill Clevenger, Chris Cooper, Eric Gustafson, Kip Harrington, Ron Hospelhorn, Glenn Ierley, Pat Jenkins, Hal Jerman, Stefan Lai, John Lehmann, Larry Lichtman, Pat McCrea, John Morgan, Dave Musgrave, Carol Nottenburg, Rob Olshan, Jim Posakony, Jim Price, Don Rasmussen, John Smith, John Steubs, Tom St John, Ed Sutton, Tom Weaver.





This was the year of the Brian Luke Memorial Pink Prick Contest.

"Hey, Martin, you painted your room!"

This year Stefan continued his infinite phone calls to New York and went on a four week nookie run to boot -- and Budak asked "What is nookie?"

"Hey, Batshit, are we going out to eat it or not?"

This year we found out that Prince Eugene was worth less than \$1k.

"All the what are in Dabney?"

This year the house got up enough cash to pay Brewington, Charlie and Jenkins to have their heads shaved. On the more worthwhile side, enough cash appeared to get Demmel a "masseuse" ("Maybe now he won't collect all the House's raunch in his room!"). Demmel CSed but Roberts gallantly took his place.

Above all, Fleming is changing. Some changes are dramatic, like the alterations in the policies regarding women over the past few years (but women are still evil!). Perhaps these major changes are the cause of some of the more subtle differences in life in Fleming seen recently. Although Fleming is still strong in sports, it is more diverse now than it was a few years ago with respect to the interests of the House members. Nonetheless, many traditions remain and House spirit is still strong. But alas, GONE ARE THE DAYS WHEN MEN WERE MEN AND GIANTS WALKED THE EARTH . . .



dei



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DEI 67



Ruddock House

giants still walk the earth...



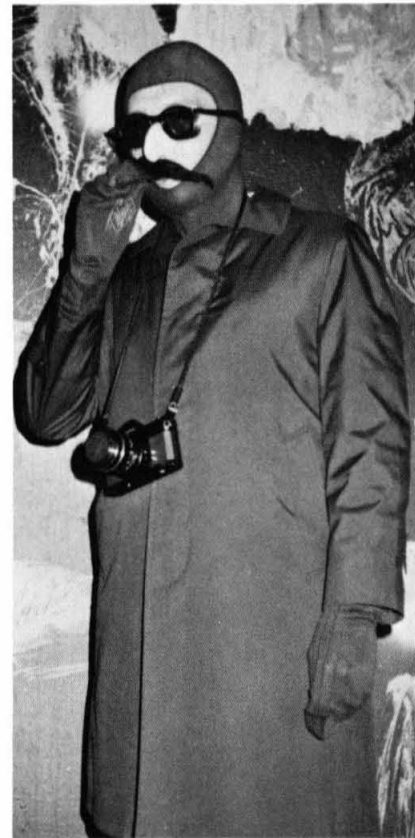
AND in the Beginning was the Word and the Word was with Frink and (as it turns out) the word was Frink. And in this time, Pasadena was formless and void, yea even unto a black hole, and darkness was over the face of the children of Feynman and Apostol. Then Frink said: *

$$\nabla \cdot \mathbf{E} = \frac{\rho}{\epsilon_0} \quad \nabla \times \mathbf{E} = -\frac{\partial \mathbf{B}}{\partial t} \quad c^2 \nabla \times \mathbf{B} = \frac{\partial \mathbf{E}}{\partial t} + \frac{\mathbf{j}}{\epsilon_0} \quad \nabla \cdot \mathbf{B} = 0$$

And "Let there be light" and lo--there *was* light, and it was a time of commensurate and unbounded joy (as joy $\rightarrow \infty$). And Frink said let there be celebration and Trojan Alley said verrily "Right on!" And a fatted froshling (in fact a bloody horde of overweight frosh) was brought forth and sacrificed to appease the Institute Quota.

And there was grandiose merry-making, and yea even hard liquor was annoited upon the freshmen and they were subjected to a vigorous Rudd awakening. And then Frink descended and selected those frosh who would represent him in his stead, and they populated the lesser regions and Otherworld of Alley Three (primarily) and though they did not prosper and make more merry, Frink saw that it was "reasonable" and let it ride.

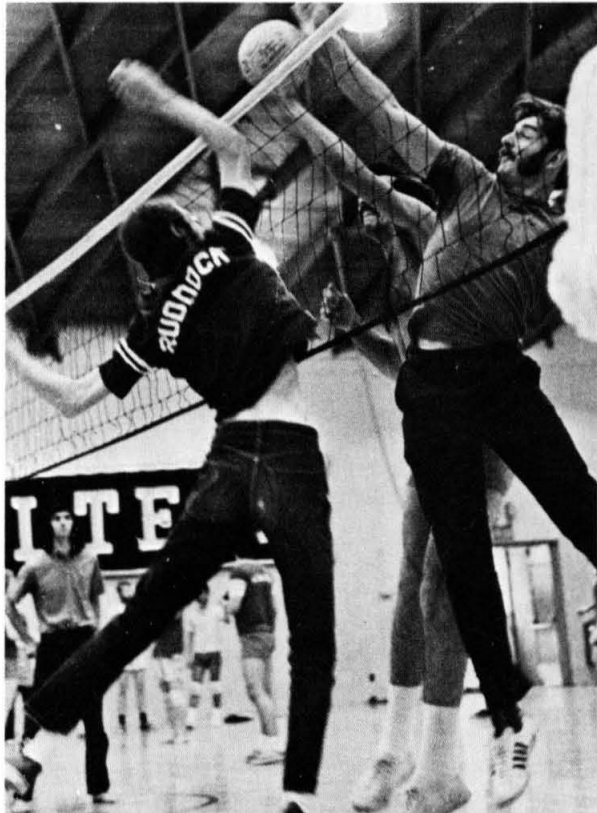
And Frink saw disorder and chaos, and Playboys being dismembered, and barbarian Lloydies running amok and so saw fit to create new R.A.'s made in his form. And the first was a bearded youth, with hot Latin blood (this however is only heresay) and Frink in his wisdom gave him the name Tony. And



from his collar bone was extracted a beautiful female R.A. created in the form of Lola, and she was called Shelby. And together they ruled in peace and content (with only occasional disruption from wayward snakes) and Frink saw that it was outasight and everyone (virtually) prospered mightily.

But Frink in His wisdom observed that after two weeks frosh still could not be found, and yea, had no conception of the world Tommyburger. And so he appointed Pledgemasters (Mitchell and Chilean Dictator) who verrily were extremely obscure, and who likewise baffled the Stupid Frosh, until such time that loose lips sank everything. Subsequently after many aborted efforts, Ignacio Jose Huerta-Bardina, International Playboy, was absconded to Hollywood and forced at slide-rule-point to consume a Tommy's Tamale single-handed.

*ascribed incorrectly to Maxwell





THE FROSH (plus two) As you see them, left to right: Larry Yaffe, Gary Gray, Robert Harrison, Dave Easter, Steve Grennan, Harvey Phillips, Hubert Shen, Ken Ballard, Dave Murdock, Wolfgang Franzen, Mike Coln, Martin Teintze, Jon Teich, Jinkle Seagrave, Dave Crocker, Maggie Evans, Joe Walder, Crispy Jack Bacon, Craig Milo Rogers, Shelby Redondo, Tony Redondo (R.A.'s), Robert Pfeiffer. Not there (and no doubt trolling): Charles Clemente, Mike Forgac, Dave Munro, Johnson Wong.



Simay--You've just reached an all new high in perversion.

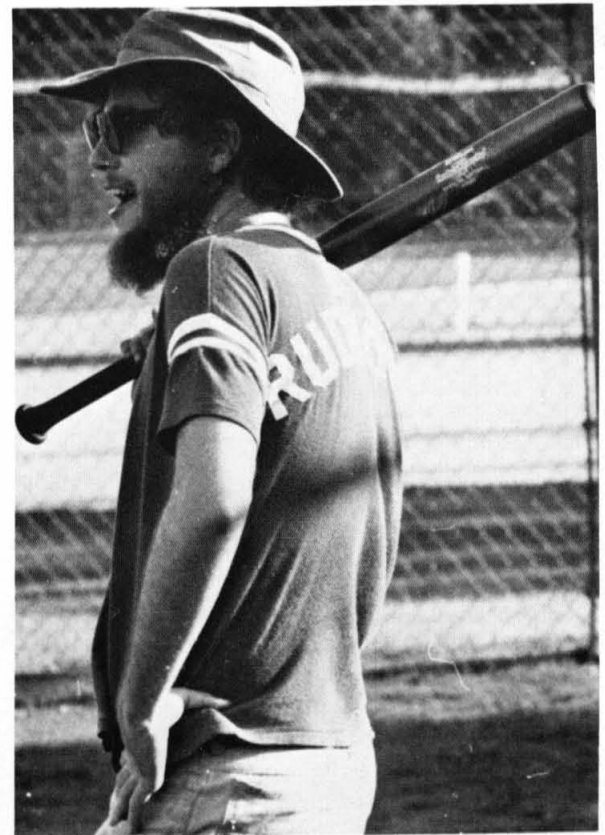
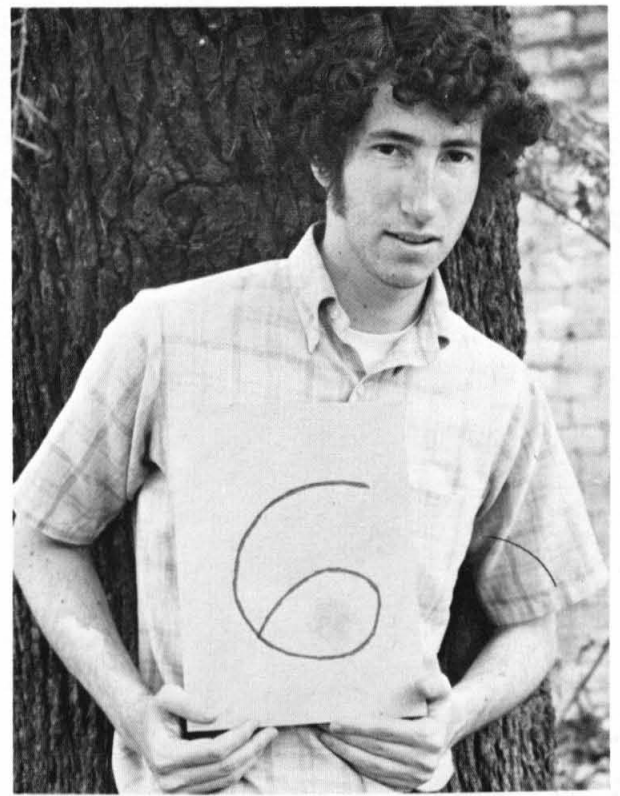
Even then the ugly head of Apathy reared out of the deepening gloom and threatened to devour unwary passersby, and Frink declared "Bummer" and issued an edict for a ROOSTER to be sacrificed in His name. And His disciple Baker obtained three dozen eggs, and there was summarily an agglomerated swarm of Rudds performing unnatural acts thereupon. Still one dozen were salvaged and with Frink's blessings, Mssr. Baker was showered (so to speak) with his just desserts (scrambled), after first declaring Alley Two the most unnatural (but evidently blessed unto Frink) winner.

And Frink declared "Interhouse exists" and Fraser muttered "yeah", and Lo-Alice in Wonderland was born again, and yea even Tweedle-Dee and Tweedle-Dum, and Cheshire Beatty and a great multitude of unusual creatures (not the least of which were some random Darbs and some oily-scarf winos) descended upon Ruddock. And there was great merry-making and carousing and yea even a party in the Land of Enchantment and everyone had a swell time-- excepting Crocker who verily could not put asunder what Fraser had joined. But with some encouragement from the archangels of B & G and with some not so subtle arm twisting, the walls eventually fell.

And Frink said (at this point, the subjects of Frink were wishing He would shut His sacred mouth, before it was sacrificed a fatted lip), "Let Me be represented with men of courage and skill, cleverness and ability-- that is to say 'studs'--who will go forth and do battle on the fields of athletics and against the forces of evil in Page and Fleming and even in Dabney." And Junro and Griffin tried but could not beat the forces of evil in Page and Fleming or even in Dabney, except occasionally and then only in batting a little furry ball, and imitating fish and Frink said "Aw Shucks" and shut up temporarily. Whereupon a party was called in Alley Four.

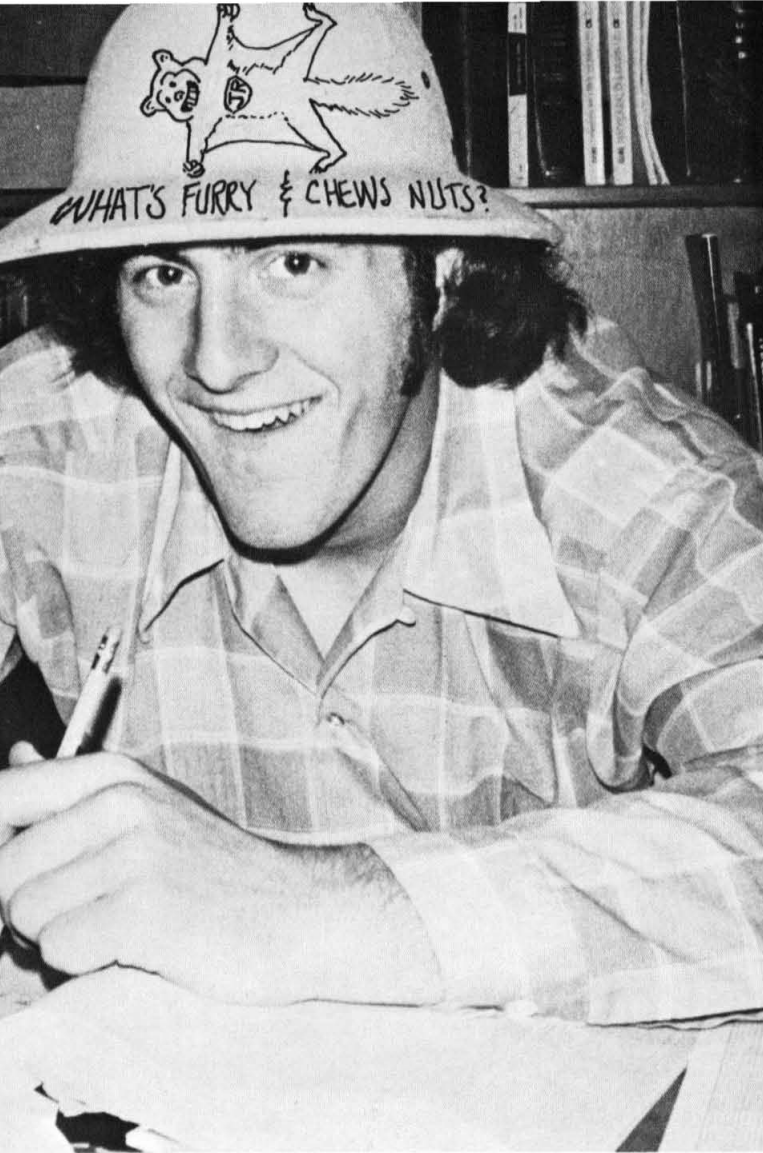
But not to be forgotten, Frink piped up and declared with one finger raised, "Finals Week" and the Frosh panicked and stampeded and Frink saw that it was good and two coronary arrests were the night and the day of the First Term.

And in the beginning of the Second Term, Sinema, of the Loyal Order of the old great ones (who lived in the days before giants walked the earth) fell victim to matrimony. And unto Sinema was caused an exodus of four not so wise men--who, being unable to afford frankincense and myrrh, brought knives instead--and Sinema was wed and Frink stuck out his tongue but could not say much (mainly because his tongue was stuck out).

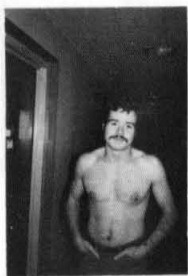


I don't care if his name is Koufax--

I can still hit him.



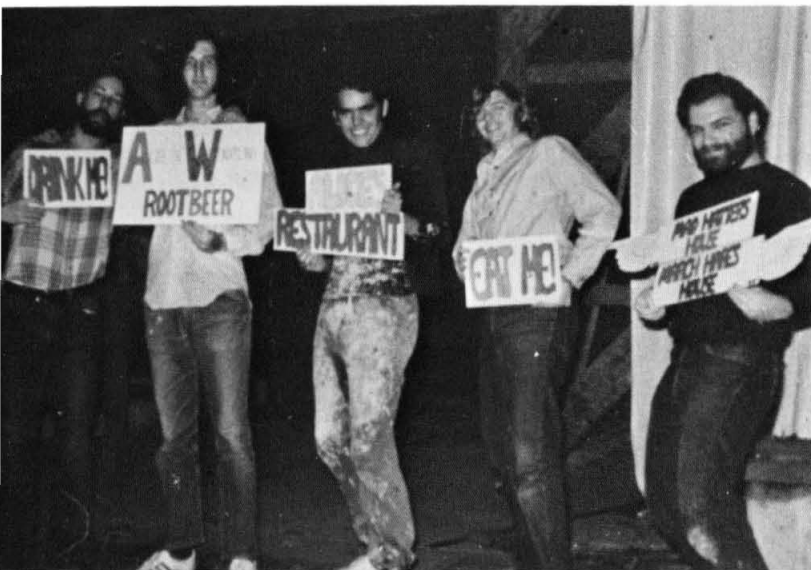
Why is this physicist smiling?



And just to cause trouble, Frink said "Yea and Behold," (for He always spoke to His subjects like that), "it seems to me that girls do not get horny---" and His subjects (being the rascals that they are) answered in kind "Bull Roar!" (or words to that effect). And the females of the house, frosh and wizened maidens alike, were particularly dismayed and there was unto the hallways of Alley Five a great ballyhoo of mingled voices--- But there was no availing the situation, for Frink, in His semi-infinite wisdom had given unto Coleman and Mitchell and Linderman ("Yer all wedged") the faith and the belief and they were sore adamant. Even for the fair maids to explain was not enough, and so everyone gave up, yea even unto Derrick, and went to Tommy's.

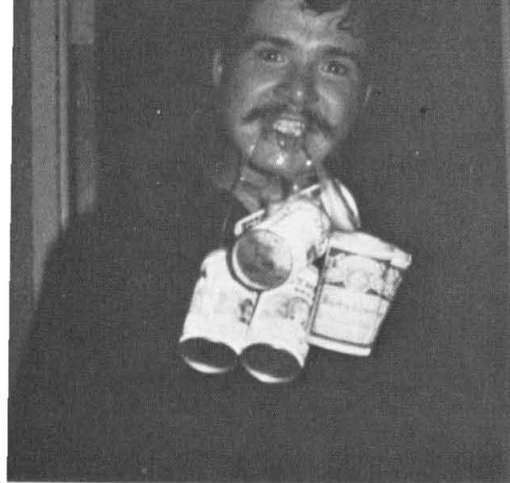
And when they returned, a few days had passed, and lo and stuff like that, it was time for elections. But these were *not* the good old elections of yore, for everyone remained dry and not even was there time to elect Bacon to House Pseudo-stud or Mitchell to House Mother Uccer. But it was prophesied in many ways for again was Jose Frink unanimously elected to fill all the house offices. And again He could not make it (for He is verriily busy at destroying Page) so He selected a various and sundry group of wise overseers to represent Him in His stead. And He said "Lo---" (Though some maintain this was really meant to be "Low"), "I give unto you my disciple Baker for President, that you may learn and grow progressively poor by his spending." And everyone was sore amazed for they had never seen a spendthrift Baker (you see they generally need the dough---). And then Frink gave unto them Kahler (Father of Zytron) who was to be the President of the Vices, and Jones (who could spell) who became the keeper of the sacred Rapidograph, and finally Best, who could be just as stingy as the Baker was loose. And then in His generosity, Frink gave unto Ruddock two half-aths, Claude Anderson and Harvey Phillips, and three social chairmen (women), Jinkle Seagrave, Jon Teich, and Steve Grennan, who except for Claude were young froshlings and promised much for the House in future days. Finally Frink had an afterthought and so instructed Best to give unto Crocker the Sacred Playboy, so that he might rule as the new librarian. And Frink saw that everything was spiffy, and so decided to let McDuff escape (which he did).

There's just one thing I got to say--rock and roll is here to stay.



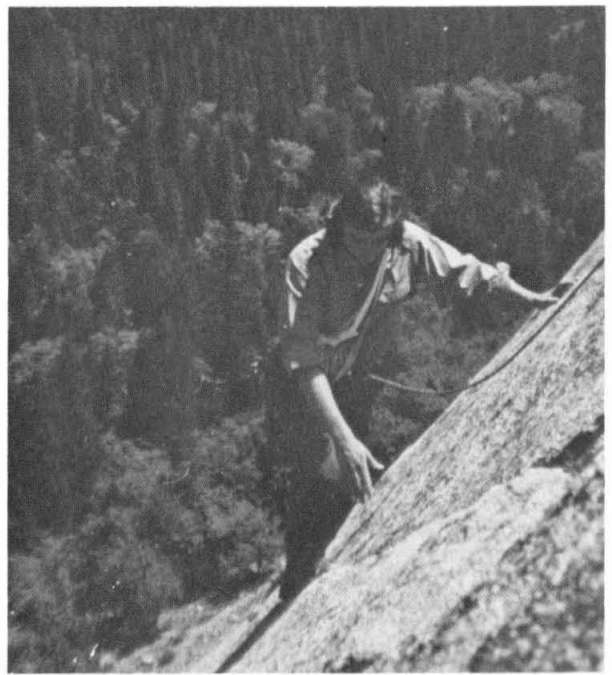
THE SENIORS (such as they are): 1st row;right to left;Bruce Rugar, Paul Schluter, John Chairman Brown, Kelly Beatty, Dennis Loh, Paul (Ag!) Yancey, Art Ellis, Allen Adler. 2nd row; left to right; Masa Ono, Doug S. M. Mitchell, Rich Short, Bruce Anderson, Dale Dalrymple, Bill Hiscock, Andy Weigel, Bill Derrick, A. K. Christians (?), John Fraser. Not pictured (due to circumstances which no one completely understands): John Belew, Peter Brooks, Bill Chia, Phil Geschwend, Henry Law, Marvin Mandelbaum, John Lewis, Russ McDuff, Jay Munyer, Rich Newman, John Nogatch, Larry November, Gary Pope, Jon Post, Frank (and Vivian) Shuri, Solomon Tessema, Dave Wellman, Alex Wilson.





THE SOPHOMORES (when men were men, etc.) 1st row; left to right: Paula Clendening, Marie Beall, Martin Lo, Kathryn Crossland, Greg Griffin, Steve Aley, Brenda Grant, Rick Zytron Kahler, Ignacio Huerta, Junro Hiramatsu, Jim Klecker, Doug Jones. 2nd row; left to right; Bob Linderman. 3rd row; left to right: Bruce Casner, Tom Zepko, Mark Rowan, Claude Anderson, Alan Shiller, Rick (Nurney) Mitchell, Grog Gustavson, Bill Haines, John Best, Dan Chitty, Jeff Shellan, Gary Hansen, Gary Hayward. Not pictured: Tim Erickson, K. Jeff Ericson, Tom Fly, Steve Gillett.

And except for Shiller (there-it's in, Big Al) things kind of settled down to a mediocre churn, and yea, there was nothing to really get excited about (except for the day the Polish celebrate the "X-ing" of their constitution, whereupon much water was annoited and the scurved were rolled) for the dread scourge Apathy was released again. And the trolls quietly trolled, and the Flickers were quietly fractured, and everyone took to watching paint dry. And so Mitchell (the younger) said "FNORK!" (for he was truly weird like that) "Let us see who among us can dress the most keenest!" And no one much liked the idea, but felt it best to humor him anyway. And so on the appointed hour, naked men and sleeping bags and all assortment of truly elegant wearing apparel was seen. And even though Kahler and Nakamoto and Yea even Slime Mold were very natty indeed, the cur of all curs, Fraser (Son of Gook) made everyone sore amazed---for his clothes had *no* holes and looked even clean. And thereupon in gratitude and with tears in their eyes, Debbie and Marion and the rest of the girls awarded him first prize.

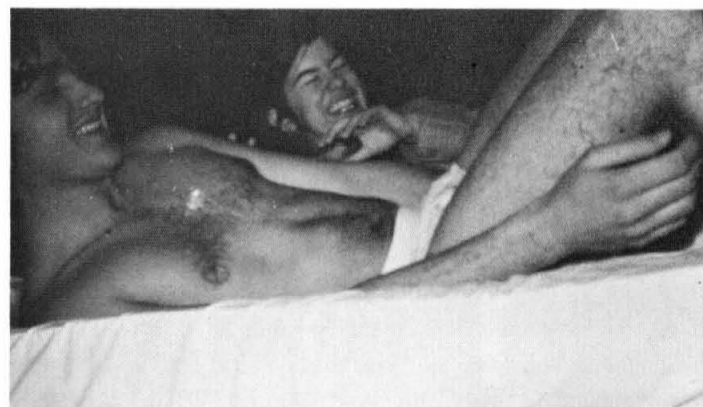


My God! Where did those guys come from?



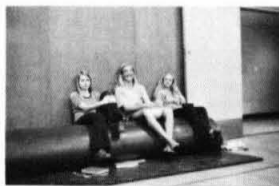
This year's interhouse construction

But I'm a virgin!

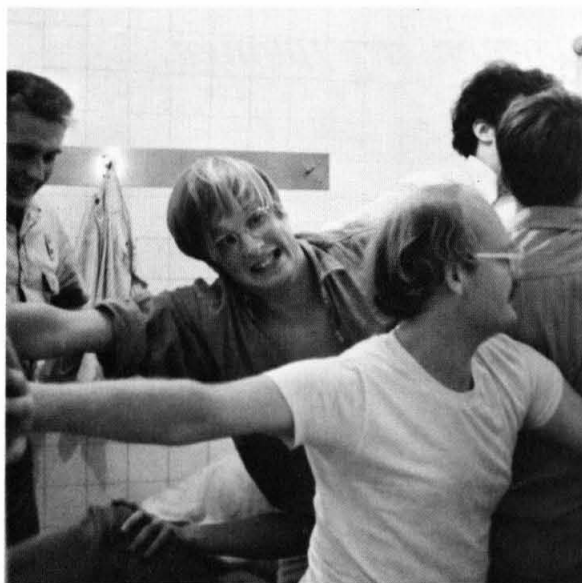


Aw, c'mon, Dan. It's no big thing.

And Ruddock worshipped Frink and His virtues and had Nevada Night, and sacrificed unto Him even a couple of Discobolus wins and He saw that it was "far out" and so decided to give the seniors the day off. But while they were gone, the frosh and a whole Ruddy horde of upper classmen tried to get into their rooms and thereby learn the secrets that lay within. And a few were successful, and yea they even taught the seniors a thing or two. But verrily, Schlutie and Fraser and Derrick and Anderson were much too clever and they thwarted everyone. And the night and the day and the first six finals were the Second Term ("Wait a minute; some of that stuff didn't happen until Third Term". "Hey Easter-just shut up and get some sleep, huh?")



THE JUNIORS (From the left front moving counter-clockwise): Jim Leger, Dave Larwood, Bob Pleva, Bob Coleman, Debbie Dison, Marion Movius, Stan Nakamoto, Ioannis Kessides, Greg Simay (alias Professor Perverto), Rich Baker, Ram Rao, Peter Kwok, Tony Pietsch. Missing in Action: Kim Border, Robert Bressler, Rodney Cruze, Farr Tom, Tom Herman, David Ho, Phil Massey, Bruce McLaughlin, Bob Murphree, Kent Nakamoto, Albert Ng, Bob Standley, Rich Stevens, Fred Williams, Brian Yandell.

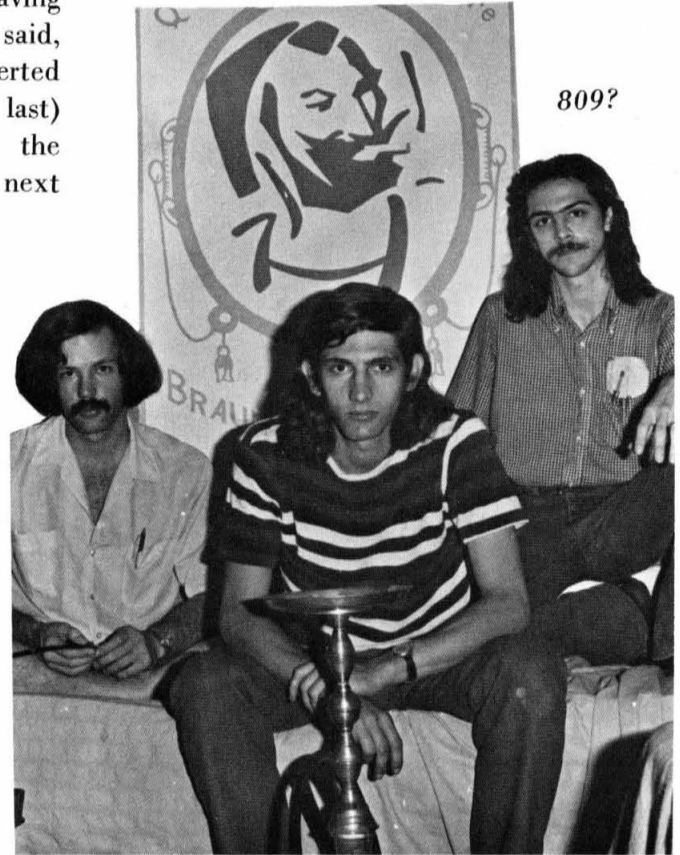


--With a rusty machete?



And then in the Third Term, Frink said "Let the Seniors be graduated (at least most of them) and let there be an end to all this nonsense of slaving twenty-four hours a day." And everyone said, "Right on!" (for Alley Four had subverted *everything*) and the Frink was published (at last) and board contract was abolished, and the inhabitants went home and slept--knowing next year would be even better.

For in Ruddock

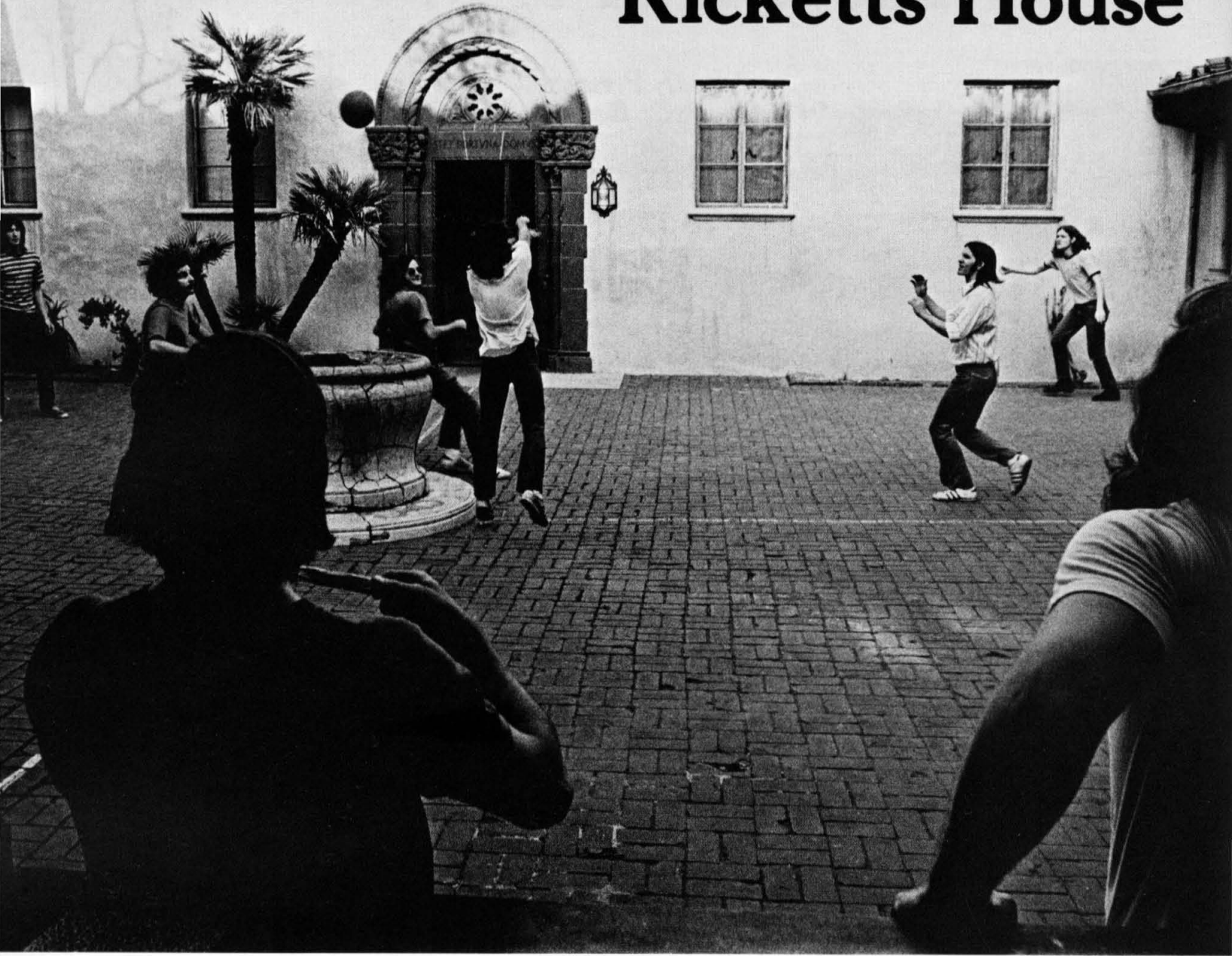


The men are men

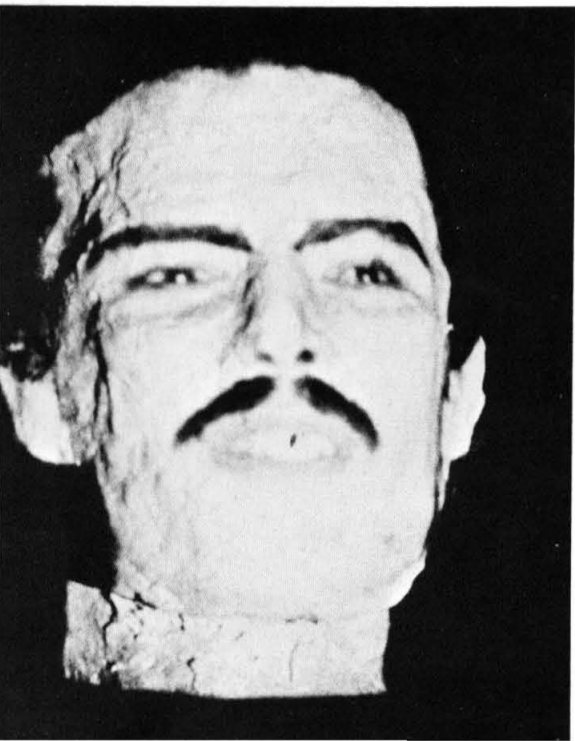
and the women are women.

Nema

Ricketts House



"Welcome..."



First term began with rotation as usual, with a more than usual number of four square balls and beer kegs being trashed. A tall, thin sophomore brought some visitors to a GFL meeting; the resulting exposé caused some concern (particularly in a room off the courtyard), but by second term all was forgotten. The frosh were as random as ever, and fit in (or didn't fit in, if you look at it that way) fairly quickly. Under the guidance of Ware, Kleinsasser, *et al.*, D.Walker (the avid Republican), Schaff, and Neerman showed promise of carrying on the House tradition, threatening to surpass even the noted atrocities of record. Shusterman took over as house clock (which soon stopped regularly), and S.Smith, the new house birthday, renovated the R.A. crowd.

The Crud frosh and their associates quickly

mastered the art of a Blacker water war, substituting enthusiasm for ingenuity at times. Rotation night B. Smith was an early casualty, but it was only a head injury, and he survived to endure many more expeditions.

Stephan appeared to combine idiosyncracies of both Morris and Roland; Kjelgaard signed an infinite lease to stay off campus and spent most of the time here; Cox consumed sci fi while Neerman rattled off π from time to time.

Enthusiasm notwithstanding, the frosh never quite got the hang of ringing (or obtaining) the brakedrum, the sophomores having received excellent instruction. After taking the first pile ("But who was there besides frosh?"), their successful ringing—shuffling the brakedrum through the Guest Suite to Mattax—raised the hopes for a '75.

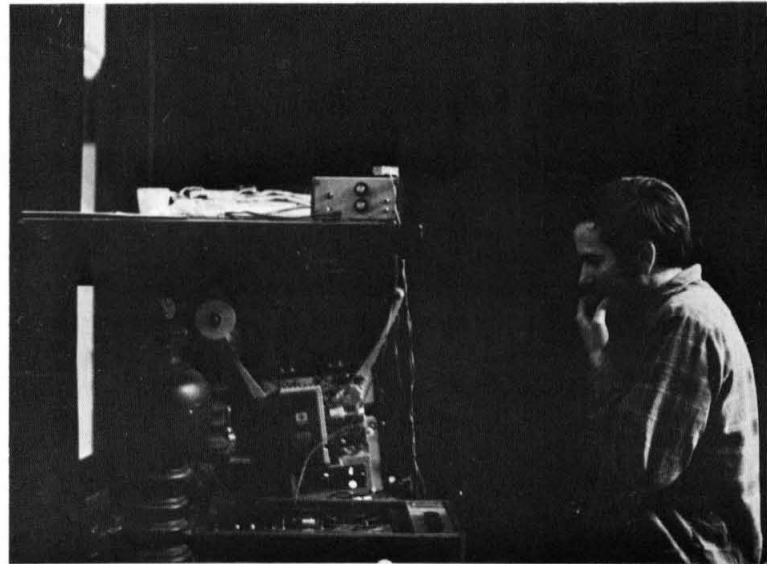
After a lot of procrastination and hassle, Crow, in association with BFB Research Co., sent off an order for 2 tons of CTS speakers. Then it was CTS' turn ("... long distance call to Paducah...").

Before Throop was demolished, Drake managed to acquire one of the clocks for the house, but putting it up was put off. Likewise, the problem of a new pot arose and died. Interhouse softball was completed with a perfect? record. Page won a discobolus soccer game by a clear fluke, as the Ricketts soccer team won the rest of the year, cleaning Fleming and Ruddock along the way.

For Interhouse, a torture chamber made up for last year's sparkle, with Proudfoot's disembodied head "greeting" people, courtesy of Sigworth, Clemmens, and Riedinger. Inside were the stocks and a working rack—complete with sadists and/or masochists from time to time—a coffin, and cobwebs, cobwebs, cobwebs. Cannady and Walkup carried on in a corner in an alchemous fashion, and there was some peanut butter flavored hot chocolate ("Brew 98.6") that lasted a long time. A number of black robed, sinister figures and Drake's short-lived giant cockroach ran around looking for volunteers. But for a couple of days' work (straight) it was a reasonable Interhouse.

As first term hobbled to a close, it rained more and more, and there always seemed to be one-sided water fights with Blacker (but Canteen never seemed to serve baked potatoes anymore). Victor received more attention.

The character of the R.A. suite changed suddenly when a little character ("he looks just like you, Francois"), Sebastian, showed up ahead of his appointment. The occupants rapidly bleared with their new schedule, as L.D. got even quieter than before.





"Here, Lloydie!"



Come second term the house EE's, A Ph's, and others joined the TTI credit card rip-off sweepstakes ("Everybody wins..."). This all got procrastinated too, while trying to think of what to do with a \$500 expense account.

D.Walker, Kleinsasser, and Ware *et al.* carried the fine art of orgies of destruction to a high point, only to find their work of limited appeal. Plexiglas found its way to the courtyard windows. Larger midyear room drawings than usual shuffled the frosh and the Guest Suite was revamped (ah, the pungent odor of a burning couch...). Conner married first term, and he and Sue and a tailless guinea pig moved into the old R.A. suite, vacated by Alex, fresh from Biafra-Nigeria, and earlier by Crow, who faded out to USC. This left his frosh to migrate to inside L.D., further obscured the CTS speaker rigmarole, and gave O'Meara a chance to put out his own houselist, as a simultaneous secretary-RLPL. Shusterman was evicted from the Herc double as Beverley returned to that end of the house, leaving Broken Cherry undisputedly to Brusseau. Neerman moved to outside Snatch and was welcomed with the first real stack of the year ("... Eat closet door, Neerman..."), escaping eventually out his window with only his sheets.

For the social event of the season there was Apache. K.Smith and Cuellar took the necessary measurements, not too grudgingly. Helm participated cheerily in the garter contest, but experience proved decisive. The aftermath was the customary quiet Sunday morning, and the library was undesecrated.

Soon after came Elections, with a race for most of the offices. Durst was elected President and Slankard V.P. Cofield became secretary and (on the seventh ballot) Eaton treasurer. Abbott was still Librarian. Ware headed a social team of Peterson, Harrington, and S.Smith. The Athmen were Durazo (also RLPL), Karns, and T.Smith.

The House looked forward to a visit by some loidtoids one weekend near the middle of the term, but they never kept their appointment, and settled for some Darb who came by at the wrong time at the wrong place. Also occurring was a Capra Ranch excursion, already an integral part of the social program. Cipra, backed by some of his friends, went to Las Vegas and doubled his (and their) money. Sigworth transplanted the Snatch Cinema to L.D. and brought a BBC special on Arthur C. Clarke. Some work was done on the fanroom: the card table, replaced by a cheap pinball machine, moved to the library.

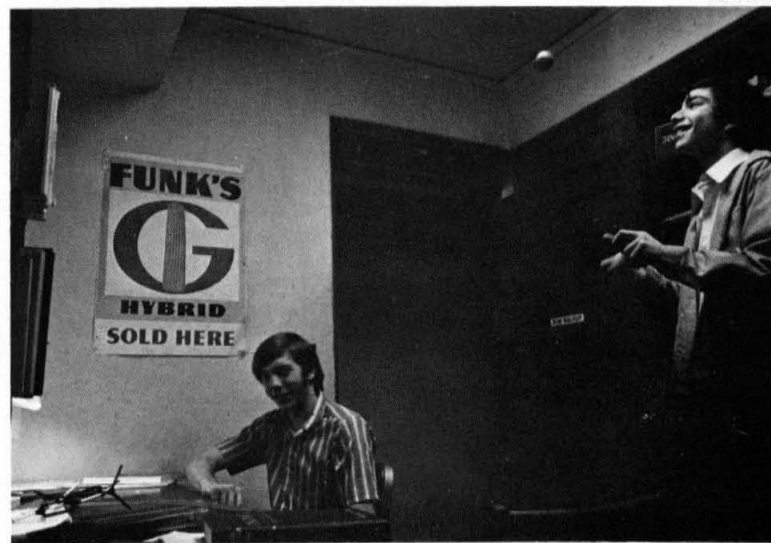


Ah, the joys of co-ed life, part III

Near the very end some asses from Harvey Mudd woke people up in the early morning as they gassed Fleming. The pot was reserved for some sacrificial rites, but these guys never kept their appointment either . . . A discobolus volleyball win over Blacker was thrown out for being too close to last term's finals.

The exceptional rain, while keeping the smog away, cut down the time available for brakedrum ringings. Someone ought to record that the sophomores probably would have had '75 on the brakedrum if they'd bothered to stay for 20 seconds at the first attempt or hadn't been caught after leaving early the next time. Or if they had picked up the brakedrum after winning the pile, where Alex made and made up for an oversight ("Proud-foot is a sophomore . . ."). Some frosh (guess who?) noticed the brakedrum was still in Durst's room and borrowed it. When it was rung early the next week, none of the sophomores showed up; to make up for this they all congregated in the courtyard on the last (legal) day of the term ("Four square?"). Although the frosh succeeded in getting another point, they continued to lose the pile. However, these couple of points had doomed the sophomore class to obscurity.

The chef prepares



Neerman shows how to juggle a ball.

Third term came along, and the new social team drew up a host of plans, which came off rather slowly (if at all). There *was* a nice winetasting party, with some nice-tasting wines, and they eventually worked out the beach punt, hassled by the weather again. There was also another Capra Ranch outing, where Carey's bike took revenge, and occasional and nonoccasional kegs. In the face of his impending Death, Waluk had a party, but he was still around on May 4 to instruct Lubinski in the yearly duties of House Polack. Some of the other houses joined in the celebration (as customary) and the usual number of cushions disappeared after the lounge war.

About this time BFB received the CTS stuff—minus about \$650 worth of crossovers, which was still to be cleared up at the end of the year—and filled an empty room with boxes of speakers. At the beginning of the term was the culmination of the TTI business, and Benjamin-Fielder-Brusseau, Drake and Sigworth, and Peterson, Durst, Scranton all got a reasonable something for their time, but the big prizes seemed to go to other, *i.e.*, less deserving, folks. Per usual.

while the potters plot.





FRESHMEN—(l. to r.) R. Schaff, R. Riley, S. Karns, B. Smith, T. Lubinski, D. Clark, T. Durazo, M. Higley, K. Smith, E. Cuellar, K. Neerman, A. Shusterman, H. Zebker, J. Roth, T. Smith, R. Kjelgaard, W. Grams, K. Stephan.



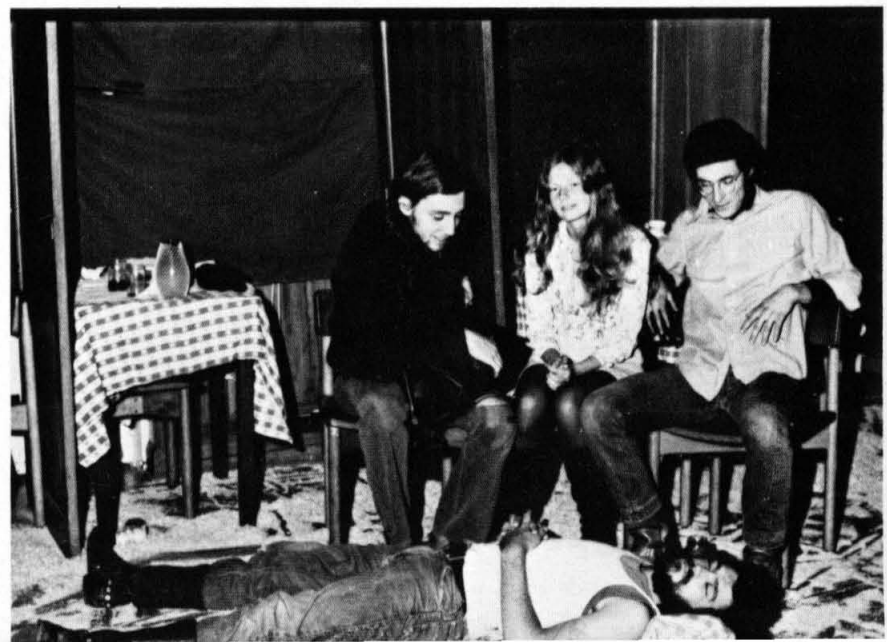
SOPHOMORES— (Clockwise) A. Ekwuatu, L. Proudfoot, C. Harcourt, D. Slankard, D. Hiller, B. Gay, G. Claypool, G. Janik, B. Walkup, C. Pow, M. Berman, C. Mattax, F. Arlotti, R. Lee.



SENIORS—(l. to r.) L. Brusseau, L. Fielder, J. Helm, C. Almquist, J. Waluk, W. Cho, S. Beverley, N. Berkey, B. Seaman, M. Morgan, K. Bickford.

JUNIORS—(first row) S. Bitondo, J. Abbott, D. Drake, R. Cofield, H. French, D. Dialynas, K. Eaton, J. Garth, S. Young, J. Peterson, R. MacDonald, E. Benjamin, F. Sigworth, R. Weinberger. (second row) A. Kleinsasser, R. Scranton, C. Harrington, F. Ware, B. Durst, N. Johnson, D. Stauber.





The pot became more widely known as first Page & Co. reserved it for some HMC toads and later as Dabney attempted to use it to contain Plaag and Polchinski after the sign fiasco. Cipra made another sally to L.V., and didn't do half bad. The Morels plan to go on to bigger and better things, so five sets of potential R.A.'s were paraded before the House.

Ditchday arrived with only Berkey's room stacked, but the seniors in general leaving generous bribes. It took Drake & Co. 8 (count 'em) hours to penetrate the brute force stack, which consisted of bolts on bolts and amazing pins. The brakedrum (why do they always put it off to the end of the term?) still remained of interest to the two lower classes, the sophomores unwilling to give up. After a normal soph ringing—a few seconds short of twenty—a 75-minute pile followed, and the freshmen were finally overcome by sophomore expertise. Walkup scored his third straight goal, and V.P. Slankard decided piling was more interesting than running the thing.

On the way to the last ringing, the freshmen stole the brakedrum from Claypool's room, but Schaff was nailed before he could hide it. Instead of a pile, the frosh got smart and negotiated; for a keg the sophs gave up possession.

On the last day the frosh managed to ring the brakedrum for four seconds, again to an audience of sophs playing four square. Amidst a plague of fattening mosquitos, the sophs pulled off their fifth pile victory this year, making up with fast breaks for the slow advances of the frosh.



"Open wide!"

The real brakedrum disappeared and wasn't accounted for by Blacker or mischievious frosh or to appear at Waluk's wedding. The year swept to a close with the potential end of food service ("Clark's never had the gong stolen from him . . ."), the recall of the Snatch pinball machine, and Evans and Niren passing Ph 2c. Third time's the charm.

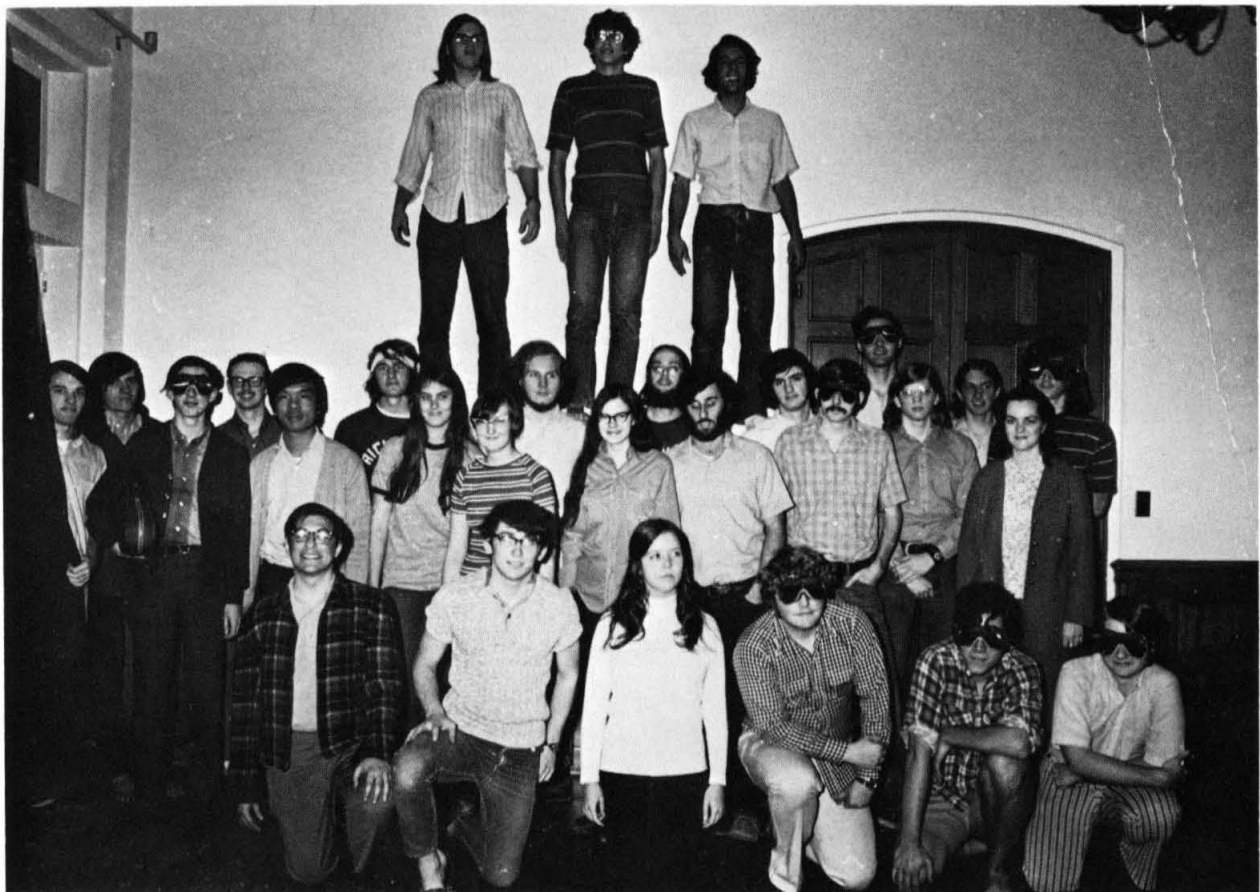




FRESHMEN

For Your '72 Annual

SOPHOMORES





**Welcome To
Blacker House**

In the Beginning, there was this turtle.

And he was very big.

And he carried his house on his back. And he called it Blacker. Thus began the year.

Fresh from Catalina came frosh who rotated and revolved through the house. Of these, the noblest and most worthy were accepted into the Church and the House of Blacker (ttboai) and baptized accordingly. Several strange types appeared: ragtime piano players, Red-Haired Female Frosh, jocks, etc. One frosh later turned out to be Art Davis.

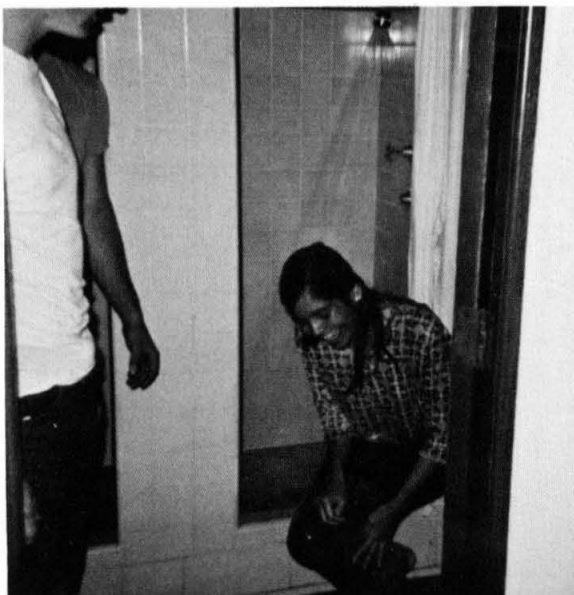
Also baptized at this time were our Brand New RA's, David and Hema. Their addition made the house more ethnic than before; the latter being a dark, mysterious Indian, the former a turkey.

And what could top Welcoming the Frosh, but the Lounge Run, of course. This year, they were more subtle. They escaped. Maybe a dozen or so returned for the actual run itself. After a terrible struggle, they were all dealt with, although Horn made a good lunge at it. It was during this event that Red-Haired Female Frosh sprung the old Locket Trick: "Oh, I seem to have lost my locket down the shower drain!" Helpful Hantover bent over to look down drain. Helpful Hantover got drenched. Red paid for such affrontery, however. Cleverly waiting until she had donned dry clothing, she was re-showered by upperclassmen.

The Black Hand of Blacker struck again. Many frosh were impressed, some depressed. Also, a Scurve was Black-Handed. He deserved it.

Sometime in November, Blacker instigated a Mass Hallucination known as The Inferno. Coincidentally, it was the same time as the other houses were celebrating Interhouse. Bryan Jack presided over Hell, an obvious premonition, since he became BOC chairman shortly afterward.

These frosh get bigger every year!



*****OFFICIAL PRESIDENTIAL PORTRAIT*****

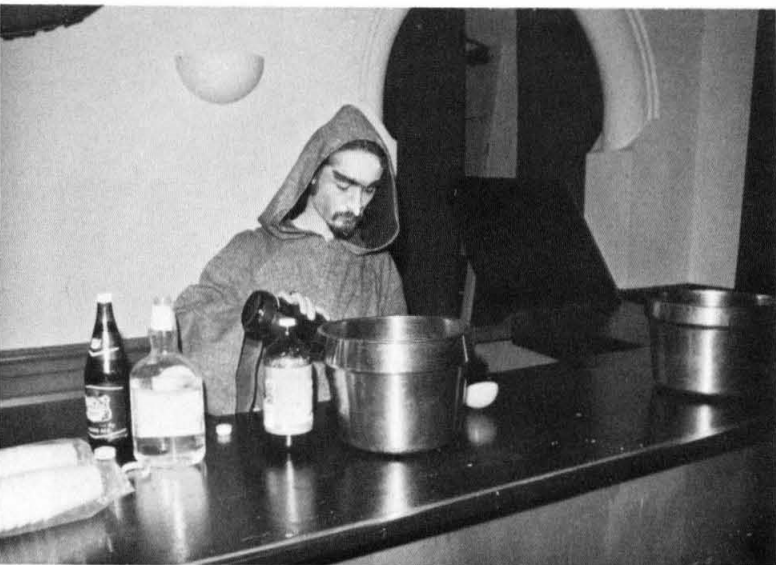


Hi there, frosh! What's your name?



The Inferno was built in two stages: Early and Late. Completely grossed out over the idea that the frosh were actually working on the thing, upper-classmen, noting that there was a whole week before Interhouse, decided to quit when it was half-done. It stayed half-done for a week, during which it rained often.

This procrastination made possible the age-old traditional Friday and Saturday Last Minute Rush. It all came off anyway, with Lightys ladling Devil's Brew, and Billingsley and Cimolino cast as, appropriately enough, a gargoyle and demon.



At some point along here came the Posh Dinner Party, a masterpiece of misorganization. The Lightys ended up doing most of it (remember them?). The PDP featured French wines and domestic waiters. The food was good, the wine ample (Note: at this time almost all of the frosh were rigid teetotalers. They began to soften.)

Toward the end of the term, many frosh become Wagner fans.

Second term wandered in about this time.

Not much happened that term. The frosh became less surly, there were many birthday parties and a bowling trip.

And, of course, there was the biggest party of them all: elections. Packman and Schmuckputz became Treasurer and Secretary with little trouble. After a long, mud-marred campaign, McElroy emerged victorious as President by a landslide (3 votes). Later that same term, Toad Boroson was elected Veep. The House also gained the Social Team of Hunt, Edberg, and Tajima, the Librarian Team of Cimolina and Bails, and 1½ Ath Managers: Zajc and Davis.



One Unit Squarehead



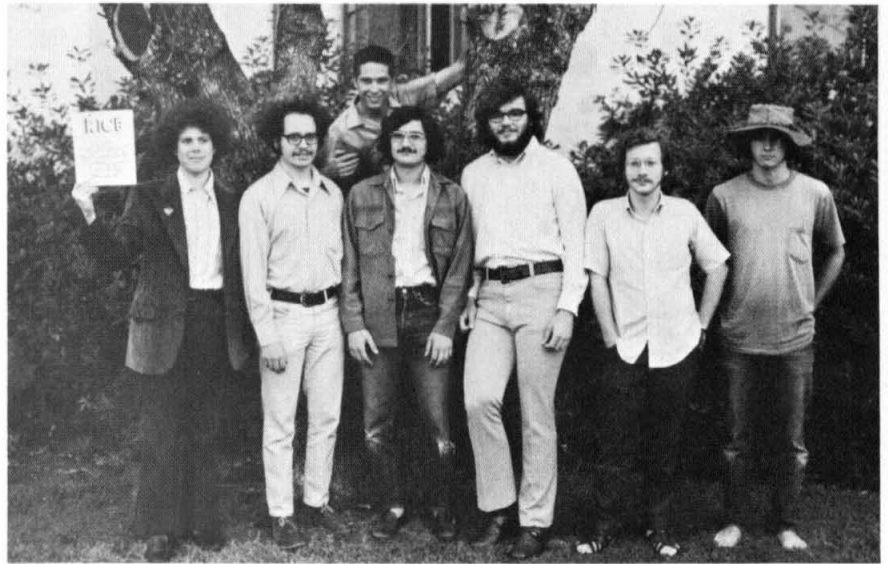
Blacker got its Minimum Termly Requirement of Culture by going to see *Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Ahmanson.

And right after Drop Day was F.U.C.K.E.D. And for the first time in the memory of the oldest senior (or graduate), people at a dance in Blacker *actually danced!!!* Ominous.

About this time of the year, it became Third Term.



OFFICERS — (l. to r.) Prone: D. McElroy(Social Chairman) Sitting: J. Harrow(Ath Man), D. Q. Packman(Librarian), J. Wainwright(Social Chairman), G. Nelson(Social Chairman), J. Allen(Social Chairman/Ath Man), J. Bonomo(President), C. Drowley(Secretary) Standing: B. Montgomery(Pope), David and Hema Weisblat(R. A.'s), E. Hansen(Treasurer).



SENIORS — (l. to r.) Front: B. Reznick, B. Gibson, G. Navratil, J. Bonomo, G. Alverson, E. Ehlers. In Tree: R. Plaag.

JUNIORS — (l. to r.) First row: D. Packman, G. Nelson. Second row: J. Wainwright, L. Schalit, P. Tressel. Third row: R. Ayres, D. McElroy, R. Lem. Fourth row: B. Hantover, J. Harrow, B. Montgomery.



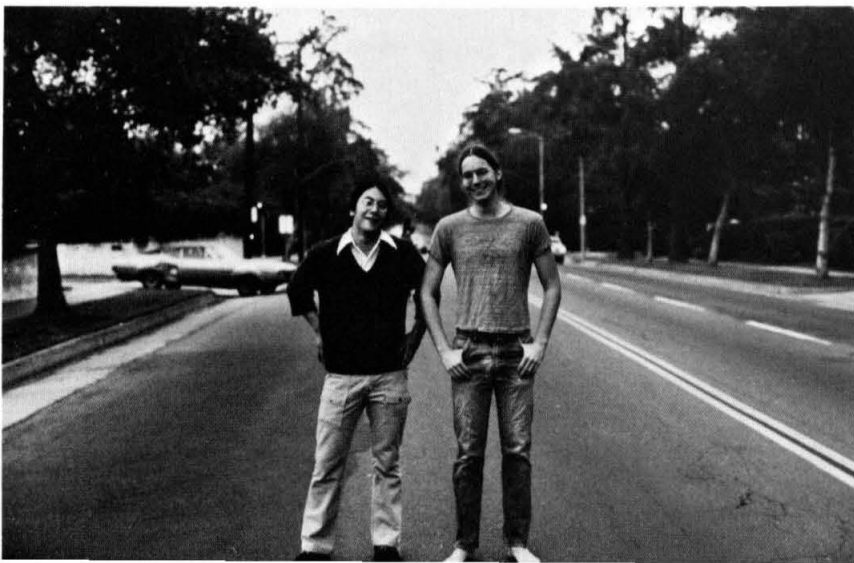


SOPHOMORES — (l. to r.) S. Young, R. Kinch, A. Rollinson, A. Fuckhead, C. Hales, A. L. Buck, R. Cowan, J. Odden, W. Zajc, P. Edberg, E. Coutsias, E. Hansen, J. Polchinski, M. Pickar, D. Smallberg, S. Pohorsky, B. Mickle, E. Garber, J. Weatherall, C. Drowley, A. Car.



FRESHMEN — (l. to r.) M. Cimolino, R. Larson, A. Jankevics, R. Higley, D. Wang, G. Reyes, H. David, P. Goodson, R. Tajima, C. Kistler, P. Harper, T. Boroson, D. Hunt, W. Dickenson, M. Bails, J. Horn, C. Kojima, C. McKnett, E. Eichorn, D. Salter, T. Himel, H.-C. Chang, J. Riedinger, J. Billingsley, R. Rairdon, P. Ho, D. Miller, D. Weisblat, D. Lang, H. Weisblat, J. Dudziak.

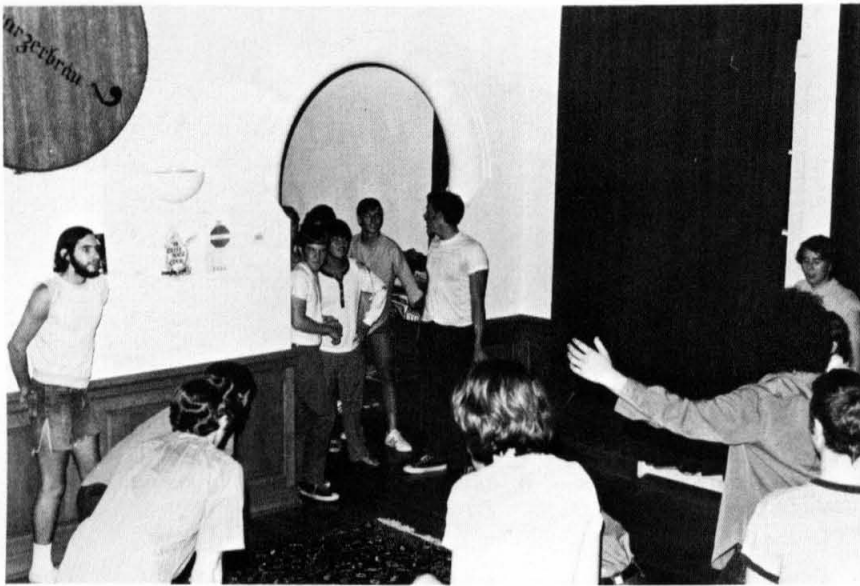
MORE SOPHOMORES — (l. to r.) J. Allen, A. Stark



Lounge Run



Pre-game Warmup



Here, Frosh. Nice Frosh!



Friendly upperclassmen (note Polchinski's smile) help poor, lost Frosh find his way to the nearest shower

Among the more pleasant things that happened was the Wine-Tasting and Fondue Party. By now, the frosh had decided to join everybody else, and imbibe. This year's host was R. P. Feynman himself. Aside from being Himself, he impressed people by showing them the Original Lecture Notes, and the Muse. Just before he got to know us well enough, he even donated the Muse to the House. It was a fine night, featuring dancing in the living room and a group-grope in the den.

Another event that sticks to the roof of my mind was the Associates' Tea. Held at, of all places, Harold Brown's house, and featuring all kinds of food and drinks, but little (if any) tea. Although the Dabney Regatta pre-empted some faculty, many managed to show up. Among them was Dr. Christy, the Provost, who played fine ping-pong, and discussed the disappearance of a certain door (and lock) from a certain Library. Boggle? The Tea was so good that Boroson was pooled for his efforts.

On the questionable side, inter-house relations became a bit strained. Some Scurves were on the warpath — broke some windows, stole some cushions — you know, the usual thing. But Dabney put up this sign, you see, and two people who *happened* to be in Blacker decided to put a torch to it. Dabney, a house that should really know better than to blame a whole house for the independent actions of a couple of members, blamed all of us anyway. After a week or so, after waterfights, orangefights and an attempt at revenge, a treaty was more-or-less established and Blacker avoided a two-front war.



Things happened exponentially third term. This term or last, The House That Couldn't Finish a Six-Pack managed to destroy two quarter-kegs in a couple of hours. Jeff & Dayna. Pauline & David. McElroy made an honest woman of Linda (or promised to). We lost Hoppe & Tietz and almost Reyes and Eichorn. And if Art Davis were here . . . And oh yes, goodbye Plaag!

Well, a lot has been left out, but be thankful this is here at all. Besides, I can't continue. Suddenly, Zajc is run over by a truck.



Now, don't struggle. We'll be done in a second!



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HOUSING

306 S. Catalina



Lloyd House

Photos Courtesy of Gerald R. Laib

First term, a storm blew into Lloyd. Well, four to be exact: Erik, the Viking; Gale, the Valkyrie; Tania and Cristien, the cup bearers. To the surprise of some, these five year olds proved equal to the sacred initiation rites, and the House embraced them as our youngest members.

Audrey developed into a femme fatale, attracting a bevy of beaux normally found only in zoos, roller derby rinks, and Chicago voting booths. The parade of suitors caused the rest of the house to rise to its feet and head for the nearest bucket.

Six man lift-time rolled around again, after a one year hiatus. The monster grabbed up all manner of assorted rubbish, including freshmen, illiterate sophomores, and several indescribables, all of whom succumbed with the blithely innocent and unsuspecting air of the truly stupid. The rest of Lloyd, frightfully amused at finally finding someone in an absolutely helpless situation, took advantage of the occasion to administer a collection of abrasives, depilatories and other noxious fluids to said victims.

The Lloyd Inferno Interhouse Run took off in fine style, recalling those halcyon days of the Panzer's rape of Poland and France. Two of the less clever would-be aggressors found themselves trapped on the balcony above the Filipino Courtyard (a fate worse than, though definitely akin to, gonorrhea). The situation was resolved through the simple yet elegant expedient of smashing the door into fuckwads of pieces. All units reported back to Lloyd safe and sound which was to be expected, as smashing a Lloydie is rather like trying to deface a manure pile anyway.

Along the same lines, grate thanks are owed to Russel Bell for the Whole House Bagel Run And Cream Off. Our master chef of the year, Russel freely lent his talents whenever requested.

Party time at Brown's (remember old weird Harold?). Ever try to cook steaks without eyes? same difference. What can you get with a good script; what can you get with a good scrippsie? Did you know that bands attract bad neighbors, cops and all sorts of other crud (remember the scrippsies)? A great time had by all except cops, neighbors, Brown's lawn, our liquor bill . . . etc. Then the bewitching hour came and all the cinderellas and cinderfellas left the ball (?)

Twenty Lloydies on the slopes; imagine Whole-some Molzon shooshing No. 1 hill, David Atkinson on three skis, Tim Herbst High in a tree, Gary Zieve sleeping on skis when it's 40 below, three Lloydies building a twelve foot snowman at 3:00 a.m. and five soon-to-be civil engineers trying to show each other the RIGHT way to build a fire.

We came, we saw, we encountered. We went to the Capra ranch and had an encounter group. Good feelings came and bad ones went. A really good

experience where some of us really got to know others. Thanx Ian.

Then, of course, there was 1520 A.D.—Lloydies pelting King Henry, with rolls, pretty (?) ladies kissing Erik Storm ("immorality forever"), Taras trying to get Audrey drunk, Taras managing to get Audrey drunk, Creamer under the table (even drunker), Fluster getting a cake in the face from Erik, and finally, Creamer's fantastic cleaning bill!

An event of anthropological interest was the appearance in one of the upstairs johns of a most peculiar and unique form of graffiti, to wit, a chess game played with cardboard pieces upon the square tiles of the wall. It was not long before it was determined that the moves should be recorded—there were a large number of "turkey moves" being made and those who were not turkeying their moves in the middle of delicate positional play and/or daring sacrificial combinations. Thus, the "First Llewld House Third Term Terminal Tournament" was born and a tournament book was hung in the head.

The style of play was highly spurious; in seven games there were two Alekhine's defenses, a Nimzo-Indian, one Reti's opening, a Caro-Kann, an irregular Indian defense, and an English opening. Of the seven games, white won two and black four, with the outcome of the remaining game still in doubt as of this writing.

Lloyd House invented a new, daring form of social event third term: infectious hepatitis. All were Gay and merry, when the news of Tim's demise was revealed. "Yes, step right up and house your ass blasted with Gamma-g. Don't crowd, there's room enough for all . . . Don't be the last in your alley, bend right over!"

Wine is God's second greatest gift to man. Well, the first being difficult to procure at Tech, Lloyd staged a gargantuan wine-tasting extravaganza. Under the deft leadership of Erik Storm and Ken (The Walrus) Suslick, a goodly faction of the House gained expertise in chugging the finest grapery.

Randy Kubena Hunting Party: S. R. D.: "Are you really Kooo-bena?"

R. K.: "Maybe."

S. R. D.: "Can I have your autograph?"

R. K.: "Get Fucked."

Reflections of an Antipope: It must've been the first week after rotation. There was a knock on my door. It was terrible Herbst, the warlord (I only knew him as the warlord then). "You're antipope, why don't you have Audrey showered tonight."

Ditch Day rolled around. For just three seniors left, it was hardly worth the effort. Despite speculation that Kubena (THE Shadow) had spent the last four years planning his room stack, he left only a locked door and a bribe (Suslick's note: The Sherry was quite good, Ex's note: the strawberry wine wasn't). We broke Steinberger's, corrected his major error, and kept him out for a good long time.

Finally, to these undaunted seniors and all other lost souls: Farewell and good luck!

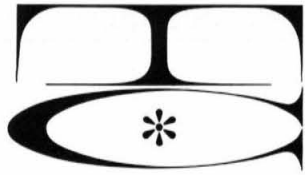
On the next few pages, there are a number of ads, placed by various businesses in the area. All of the firms represented here were approached for advertising due to the fact that they have consistently shown consideration to Teachers. On the other hand, without them, this book would have been financially impossible.

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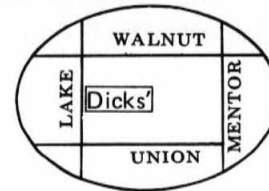
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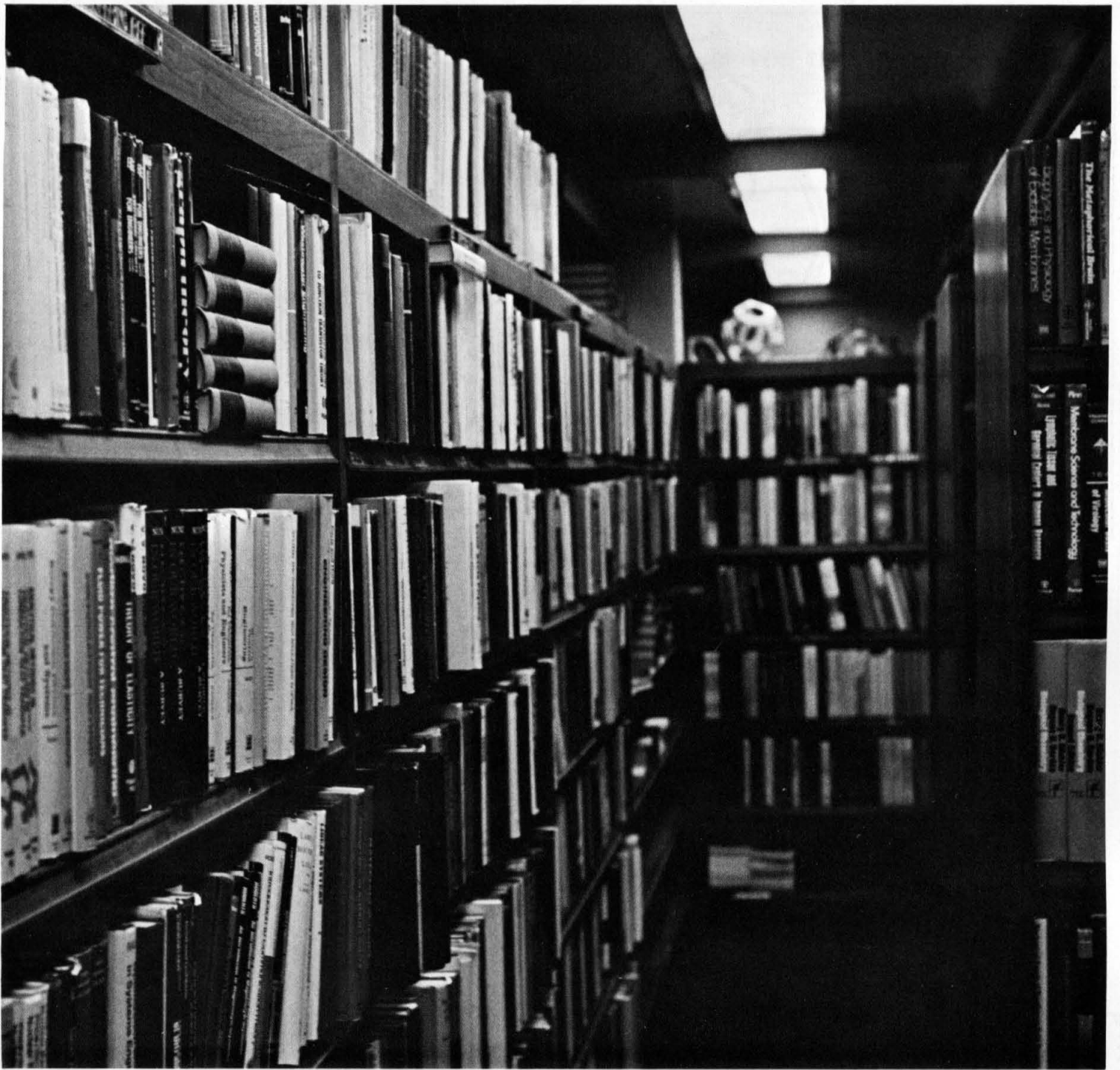
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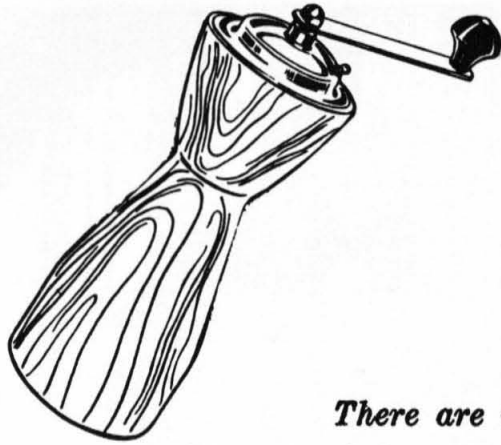
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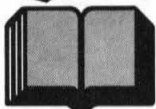
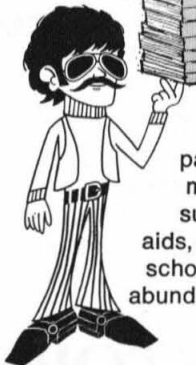
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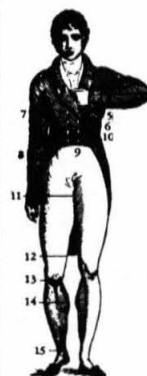
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As astronauts we need to take care of our spacecraft—to check on its status, to monitor its resources, and to see that we are not doing irreparable damage to its vital life support system. With this in mind, NASA has undertaken several programs which will bring the technology of space to bear on some very down-to-earth problems. One of these programs involves the development of advanced sensors. From the vantage point of a satellite orbiting the earth, these sensors will someday be able to monitor air quality, determine the condition of crops, or help locate mineral resources.

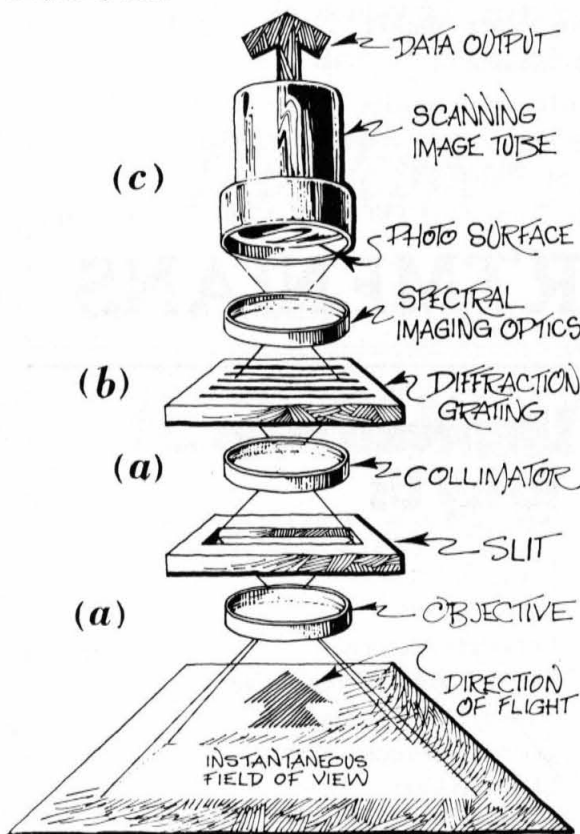
Currently, TRW is developing such a sensor for NASA. It is called MOCS, an acronym for Multichannel Ocean Color Sensor. MOCS is based on the principal that each object on earth reflects light in a unique manner. The light reflected from oil, for example, is quite different from that reflected from water. Thus the two objects can be distinguished on the basis of their spectral response or "signature." MOCS senses the radiation reflected from objects in its field of view and diffracts this radiation (see illustration) into its spectral components. It has better spectral resolution than any other available scanner.

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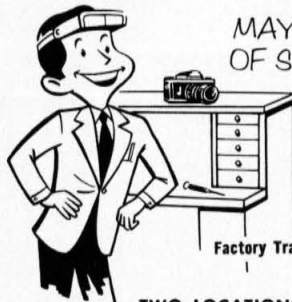
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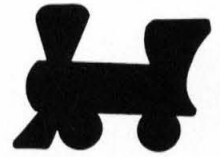
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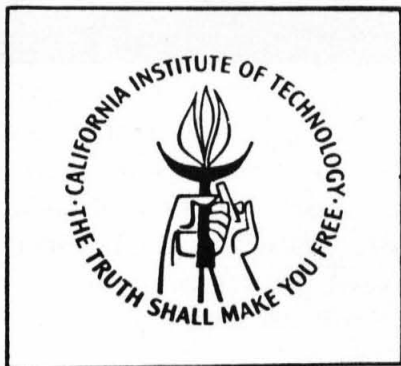
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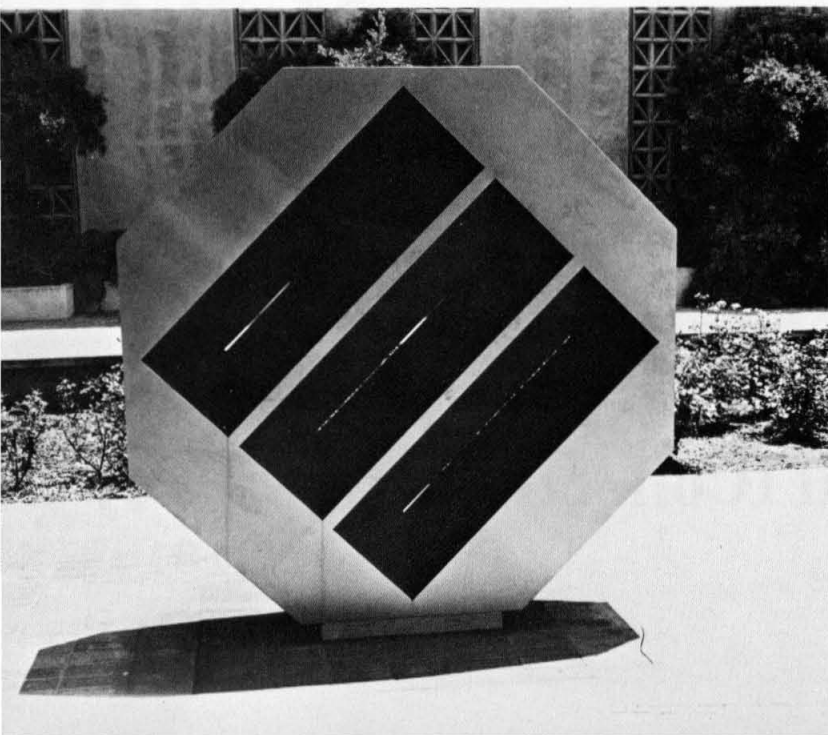
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This edition of *The Big T* is the fifty-first year-book to bear that name. The annuals started out as an expanded edition of the monthly magazine published during the 1910's, but took on the more common format in 1919. After two years, the permanent name for the book was chosen, based on the letter placed on Mount Wilson seven years earlier.

The Big T has encountered many crises throughout the years, and has weathered them all. The only two

years it did not appear were '44 and '45, when the Institute was virtually shut down because of the war. The same difficulties that faced this year's book were faced by many staffs before the current one. And *The Big T* still survives.

Whether or not it will continue to do so is not certain, although the outlook is much better than it was a year ago. But that is a question for the future. The 1972-73 *Big T* is a record of the past, of a year in the life of 800 undergraduates.



Back cover:
*Apollo 17 gantry after
being rolled back, lit by
the floodlights around the rocket
several hundred yards away.*

Photo ©1973 by Ctein.

