

THE BIG T



When you are old and gray and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep.

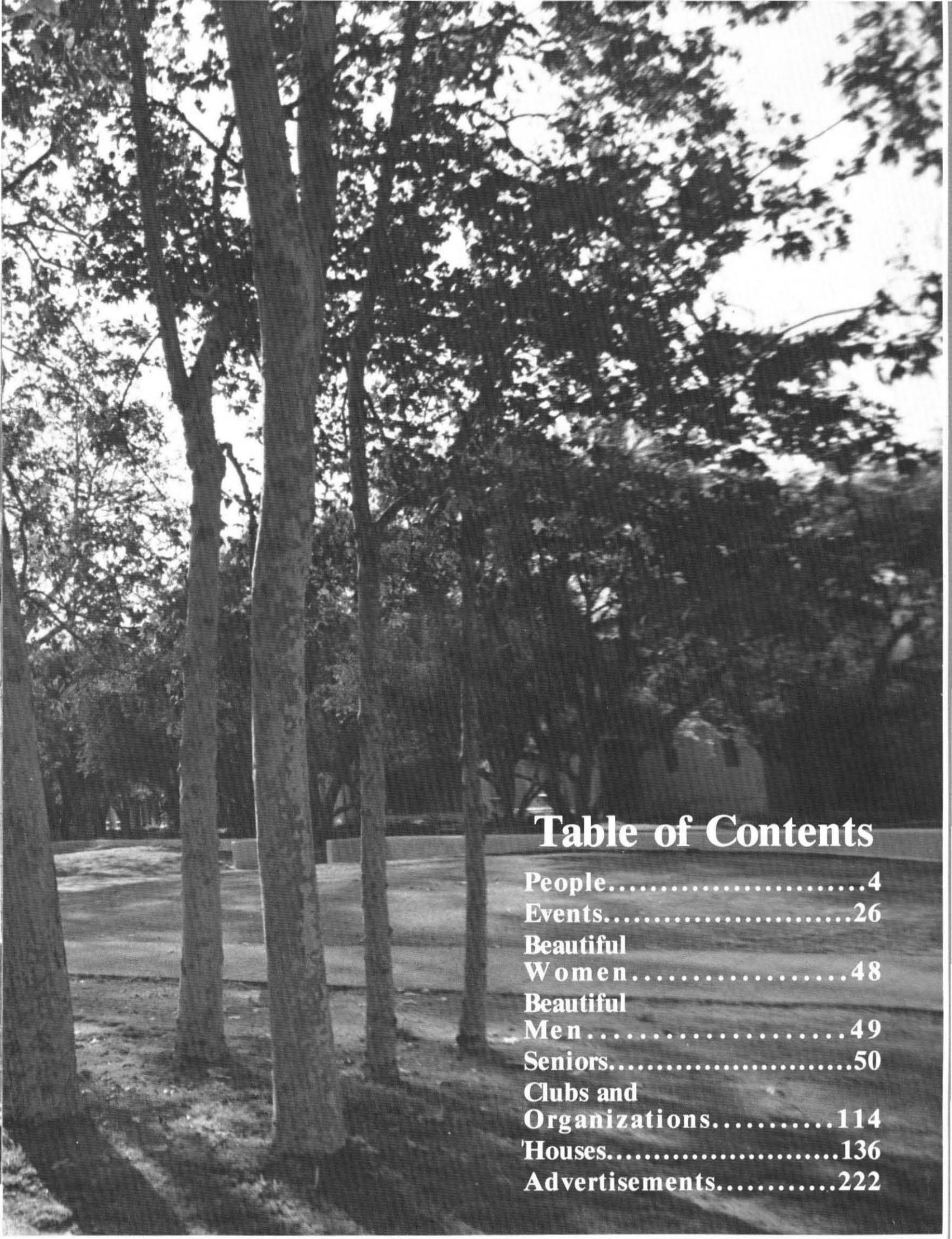
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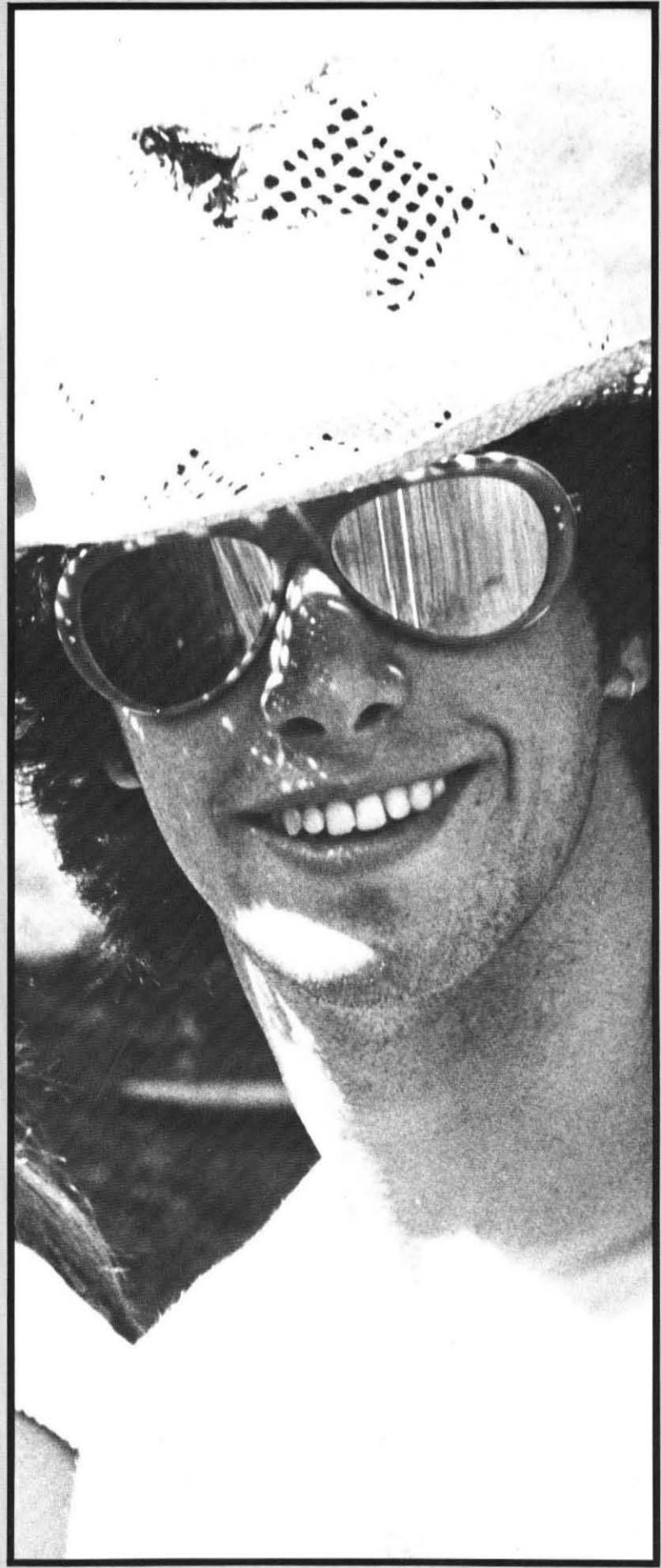
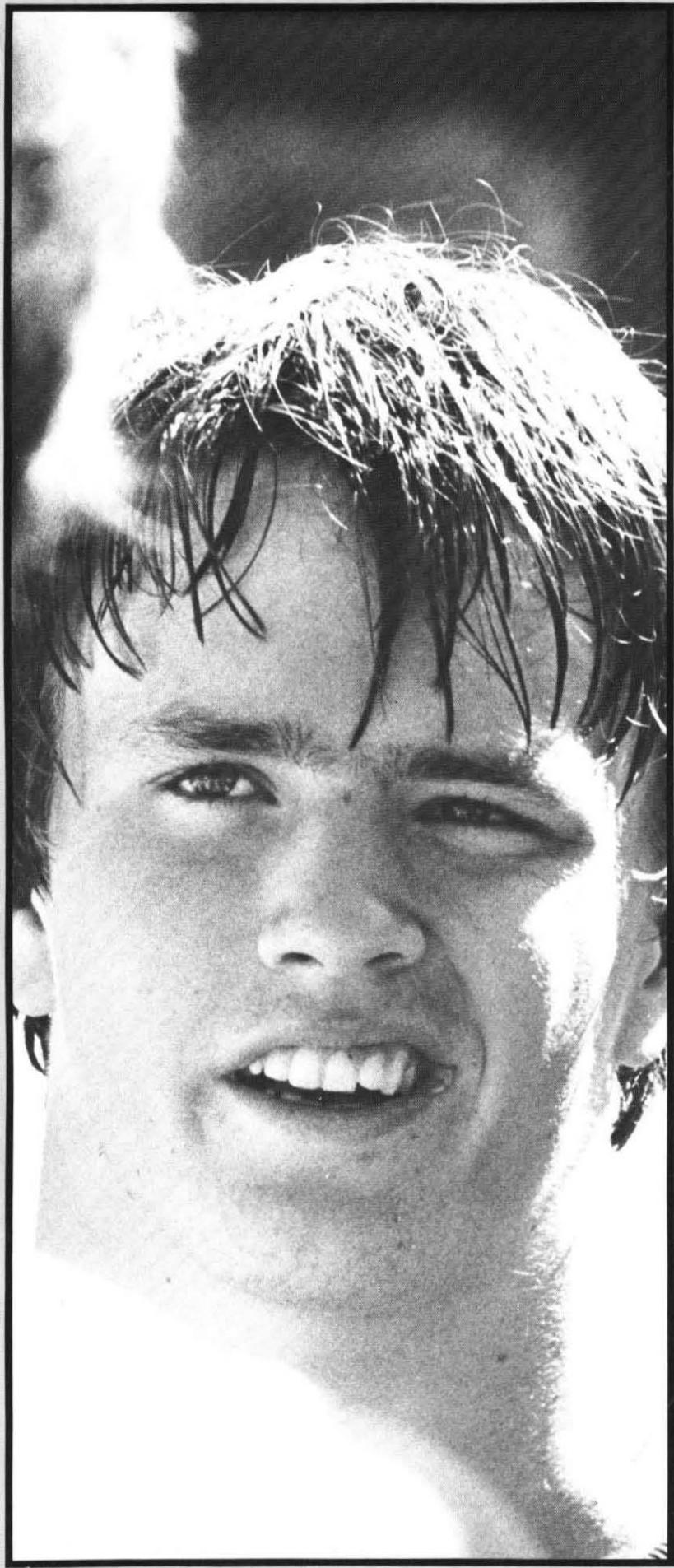




A black and white photograph of a park scene. In the foreground, several tall, thin trees stand in a row, their trunks and branches silhouetted against a bright sky. Behind them, a paved path leads into a more densely wooded area. The overall atmosphere is peaceful and suggests a quiet day outdoors.

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4 faces



FACES

## 217 spaces filled with bright Techer faces...

So, as the freshmen become indoctrinated, at Catalina, in the ways of Caltech, the upperclassmen are deviously planning rotation strategy.

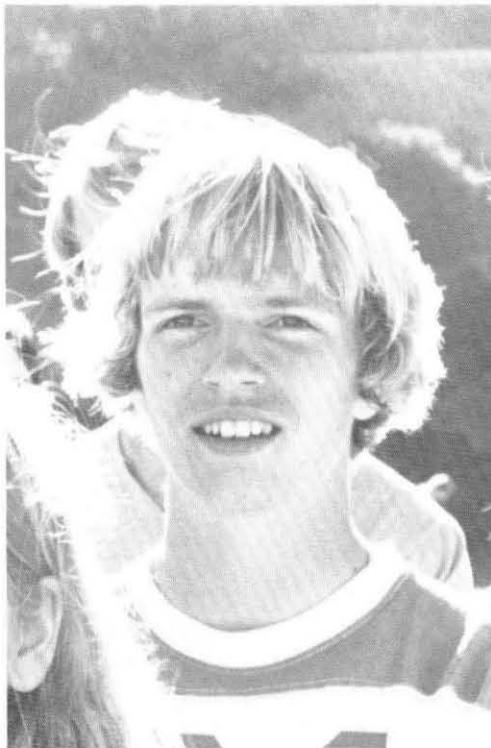
Rotation comes and goes. Segregation. Initiation. Bizarre ancient house rituals. The frosh are melted and molded to fit, then voila! They become a part of the family of Tech.

Alley challenges, work, Discobolus, problem sets, Interhouse, tests, social events, T.A.s, parties, labs, friends, school.

This is where I will or have spent a few years of my life, eating, sleeping, thinking, playing, and going to the bathroom. Life here is what I make it. The people here are my family, and this is my home.



# FROSH CAMP





*Who's been messing with my soap!?*



*Are you sure she said she dropped it here?*



*I can't believe we made all those boats crash.*



*Come on, someone must know how to flip him off!*



*I don't want to go to frosh camp!*



*Dear mom...zzzzz*



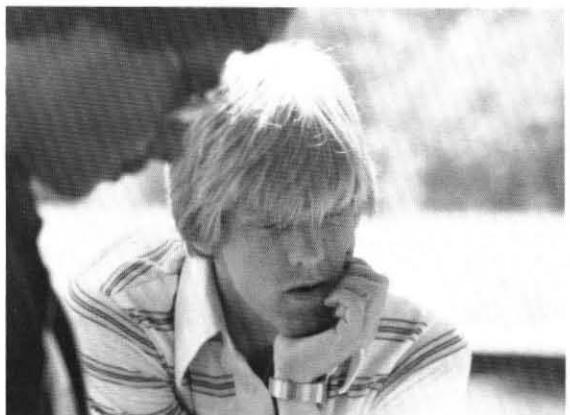
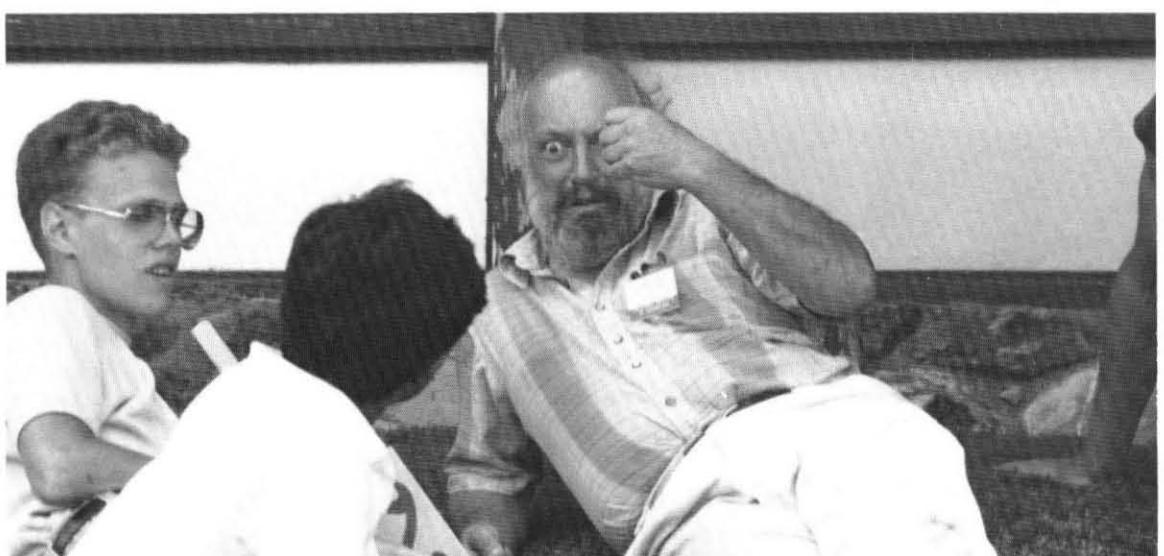
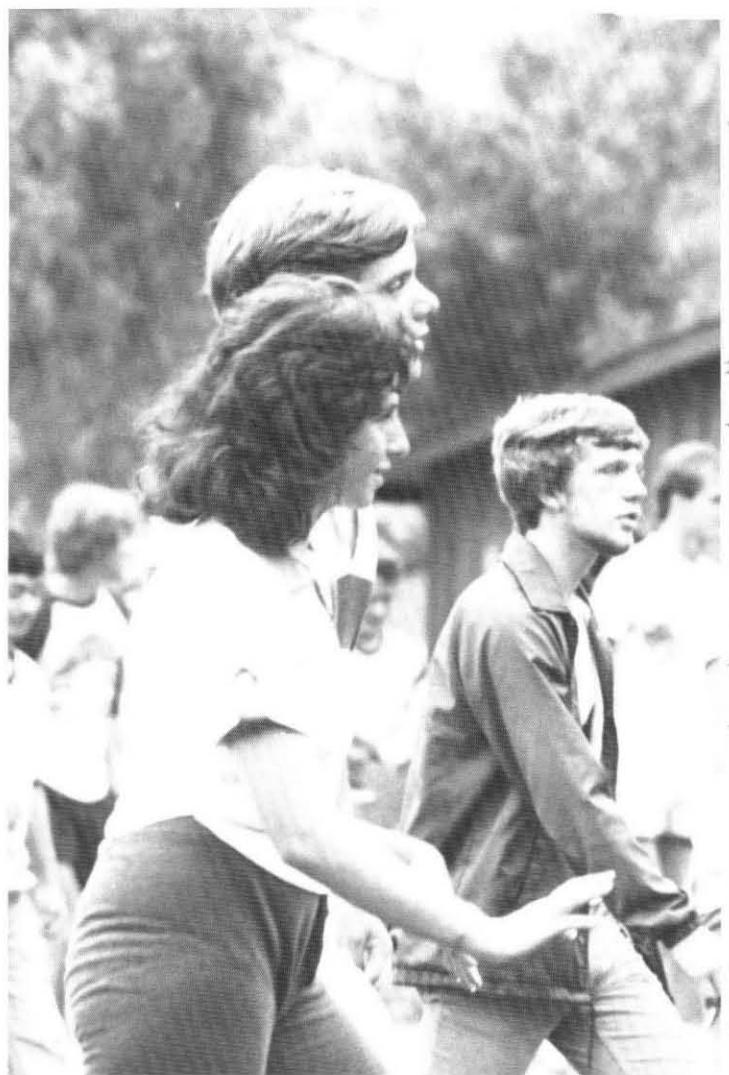
*Watch me hit her with this spit wad.*

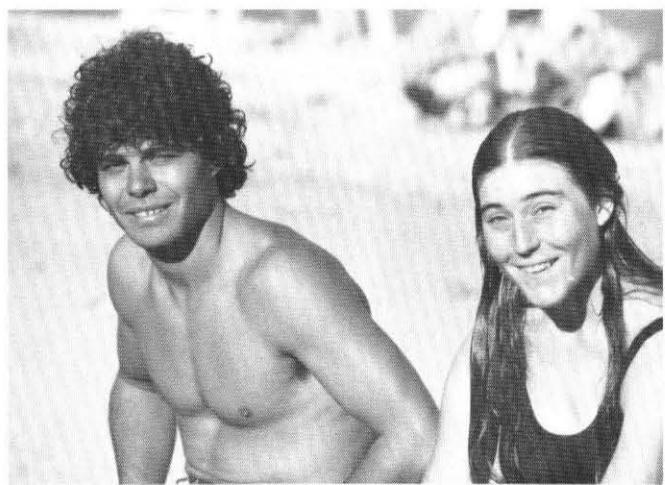


*Sorry, but my husband says I can't marry you.*

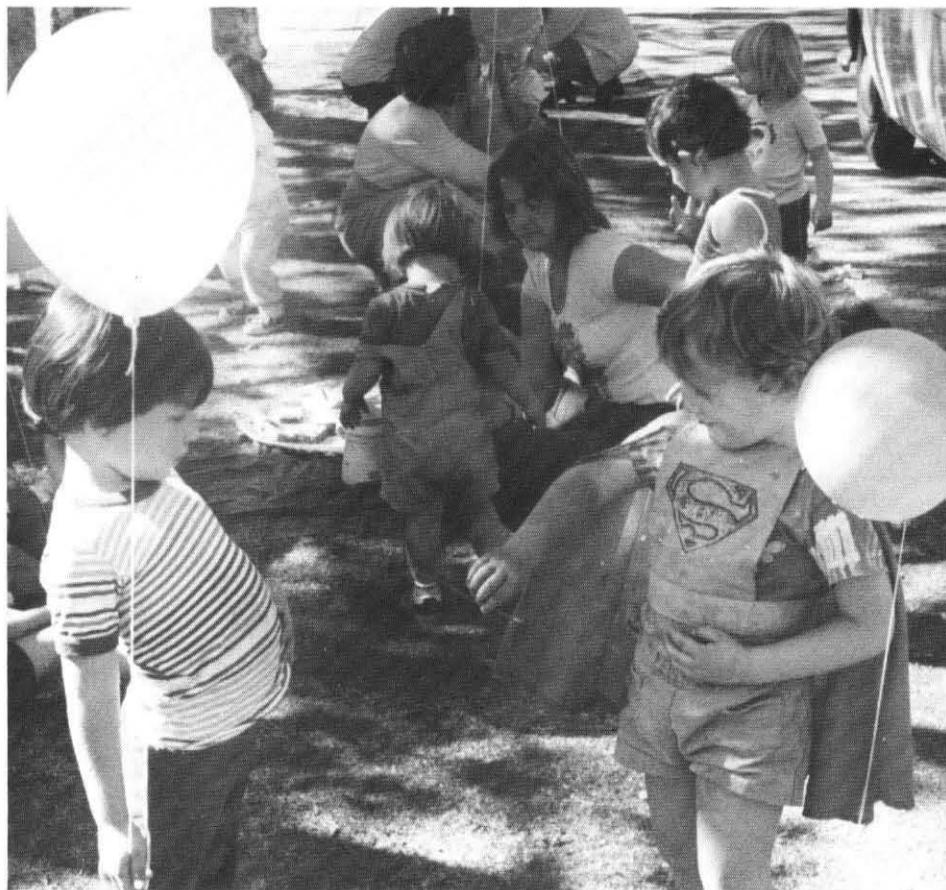
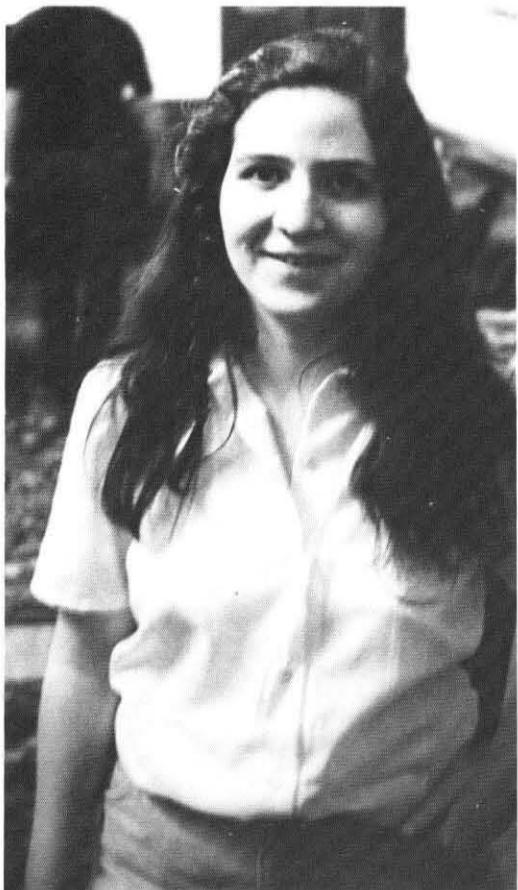
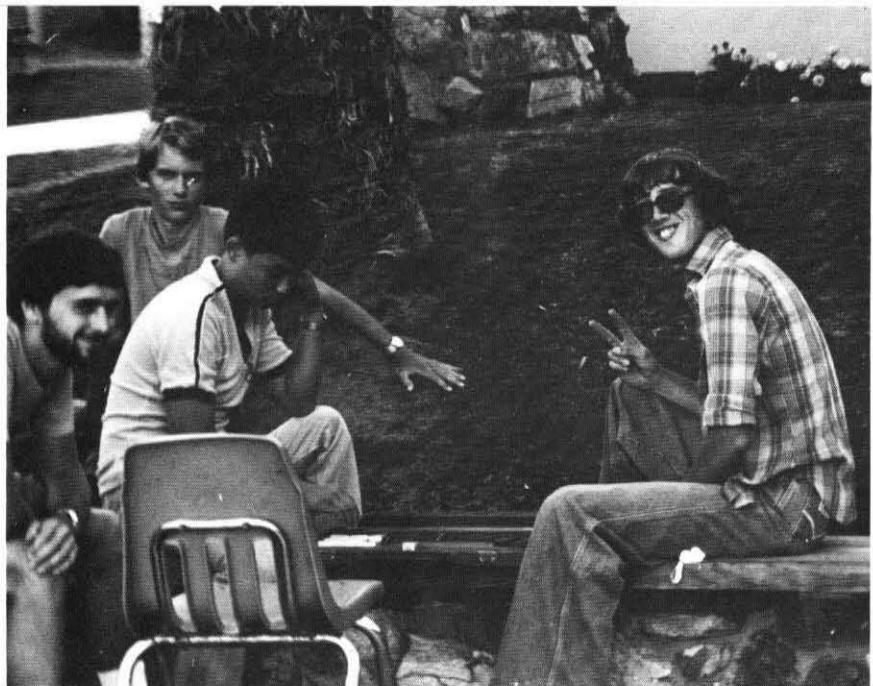


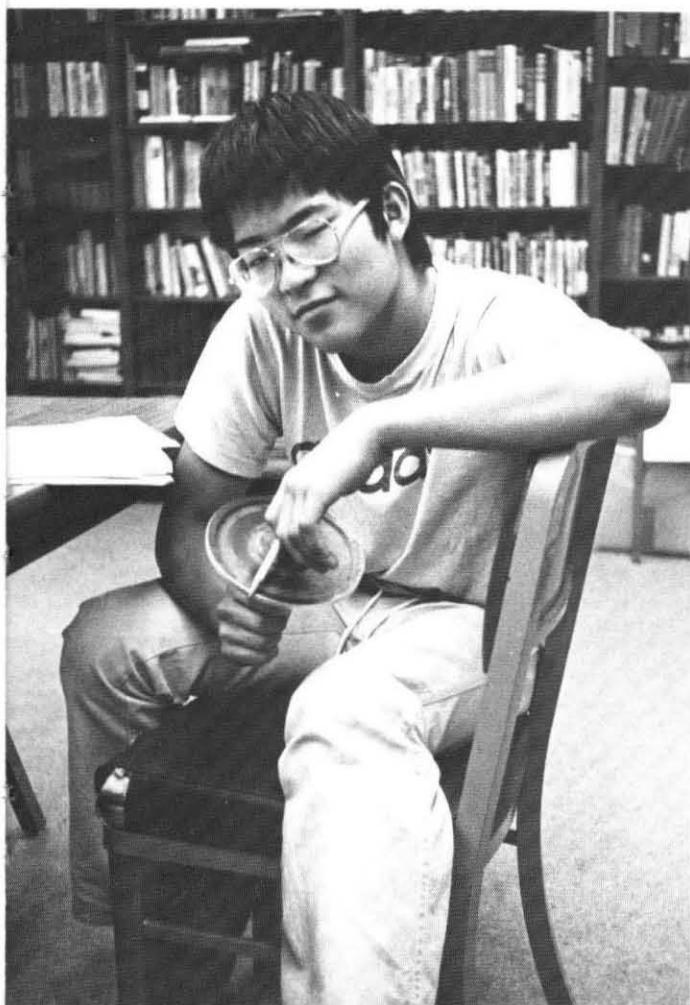
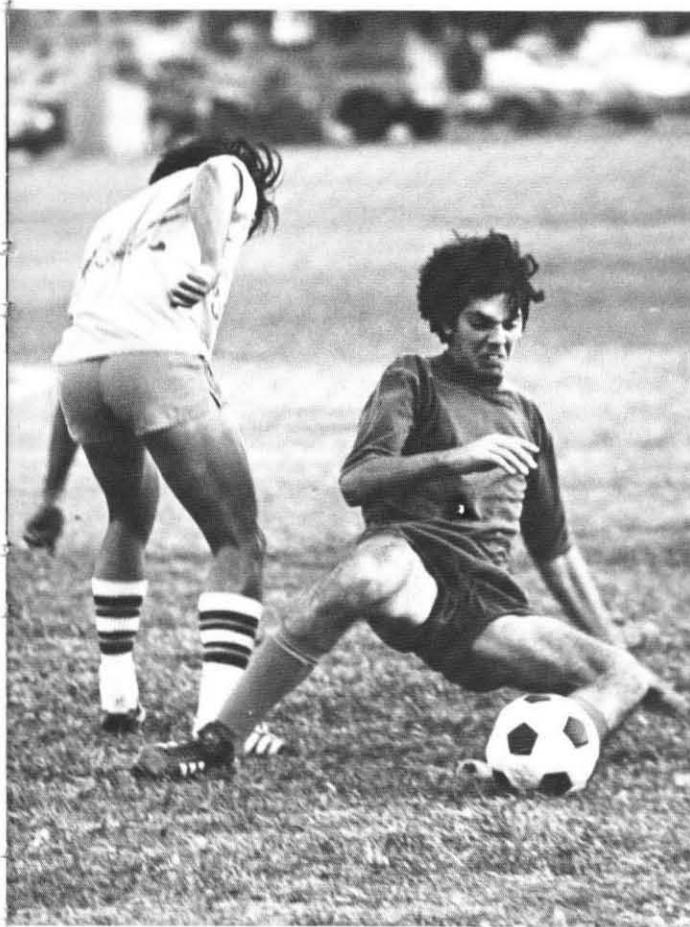
*You're going anyway!*

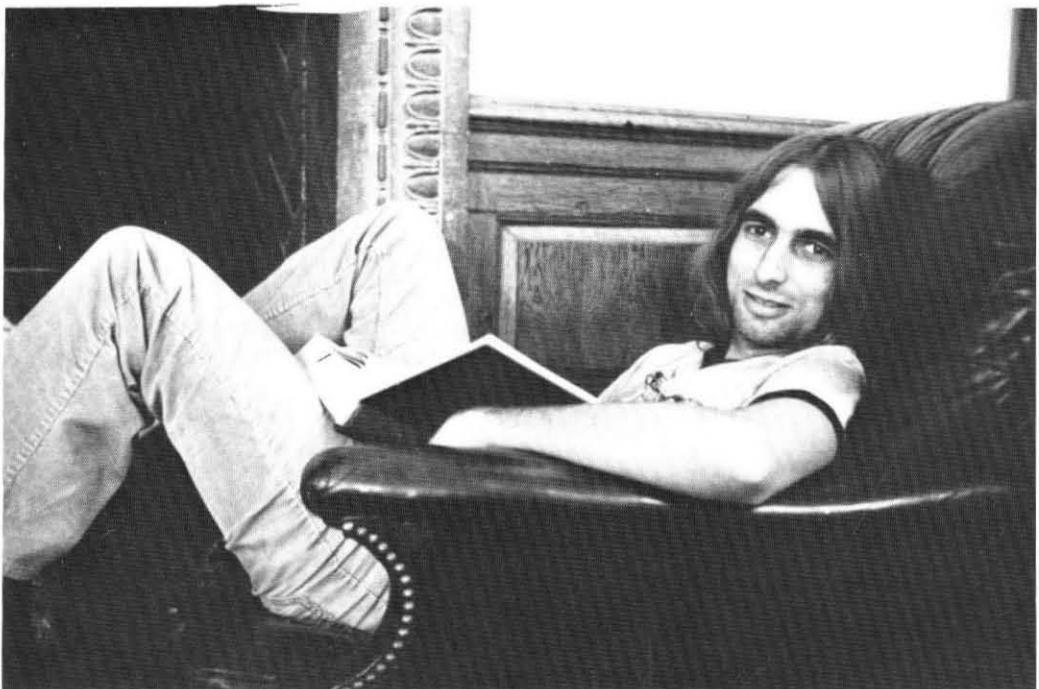


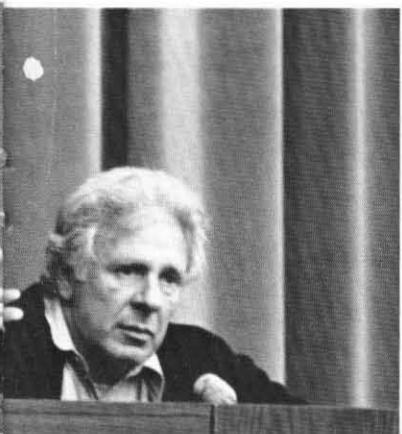
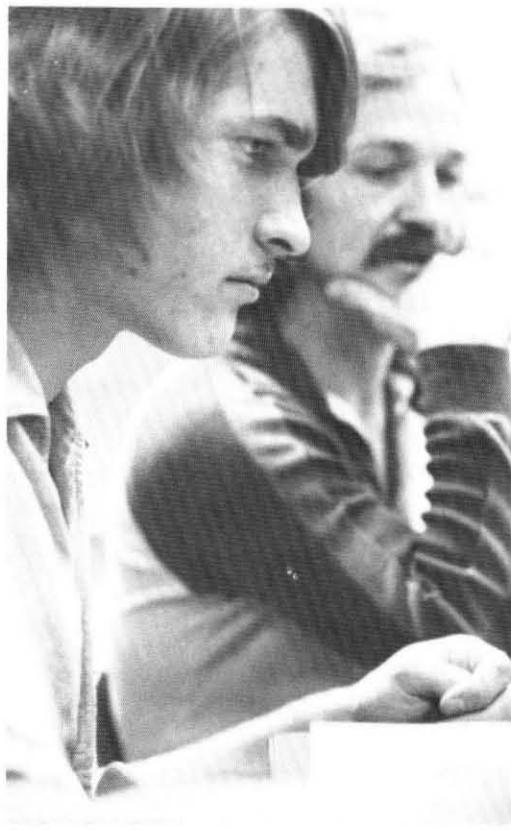
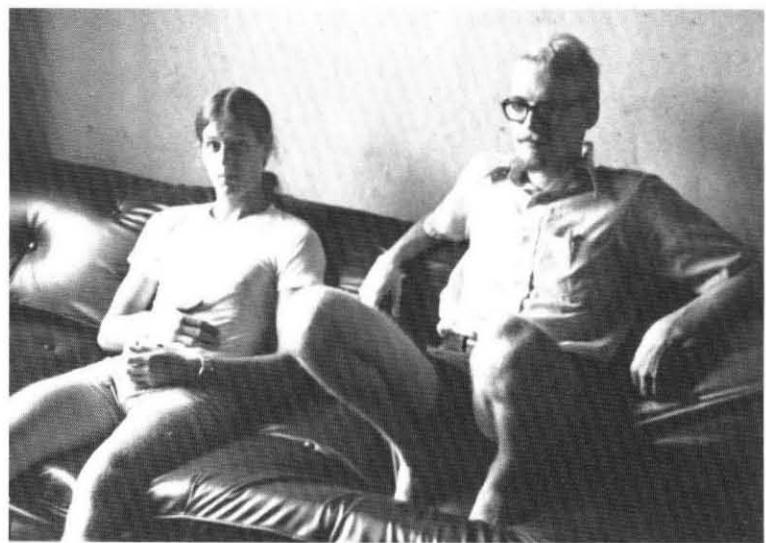


# KIDS...









# A DAY IN A LIFE



*Hey! That guy just took off with our towels!*



*Here she comes...try to look casual.*

*right: Would I throw your lens cap overboard?*

*further right: What did you call me?*

*even further right: Which way's the beach?*





Come on Stefan...only \$19 for a really good time.

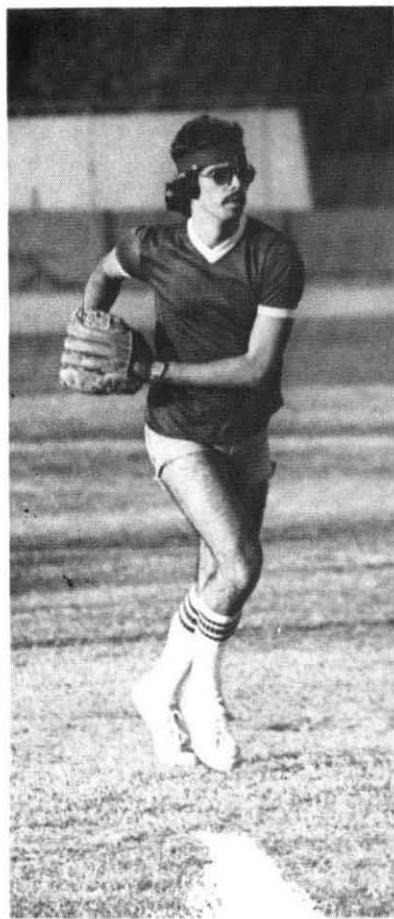
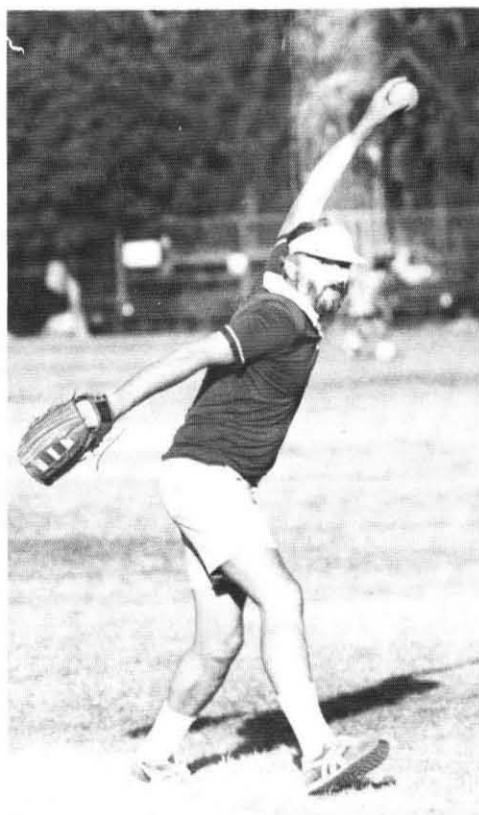


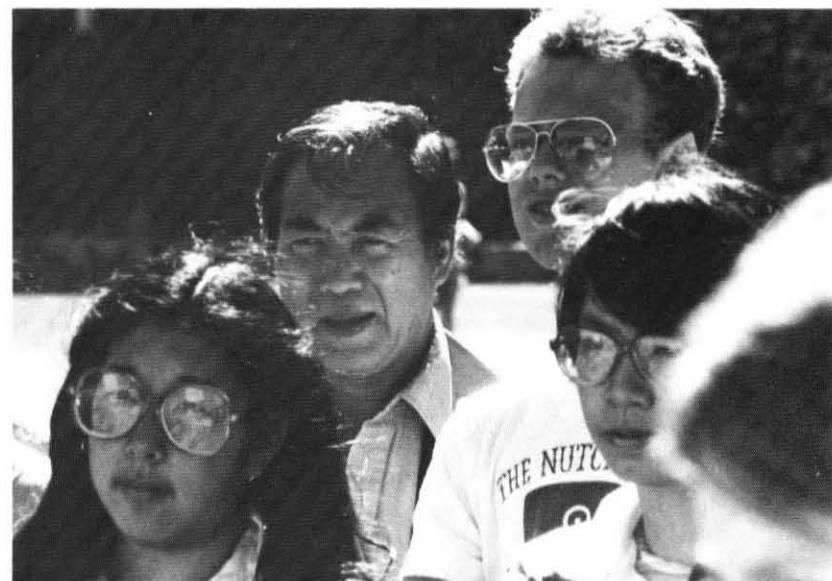
*What are you looking at?*



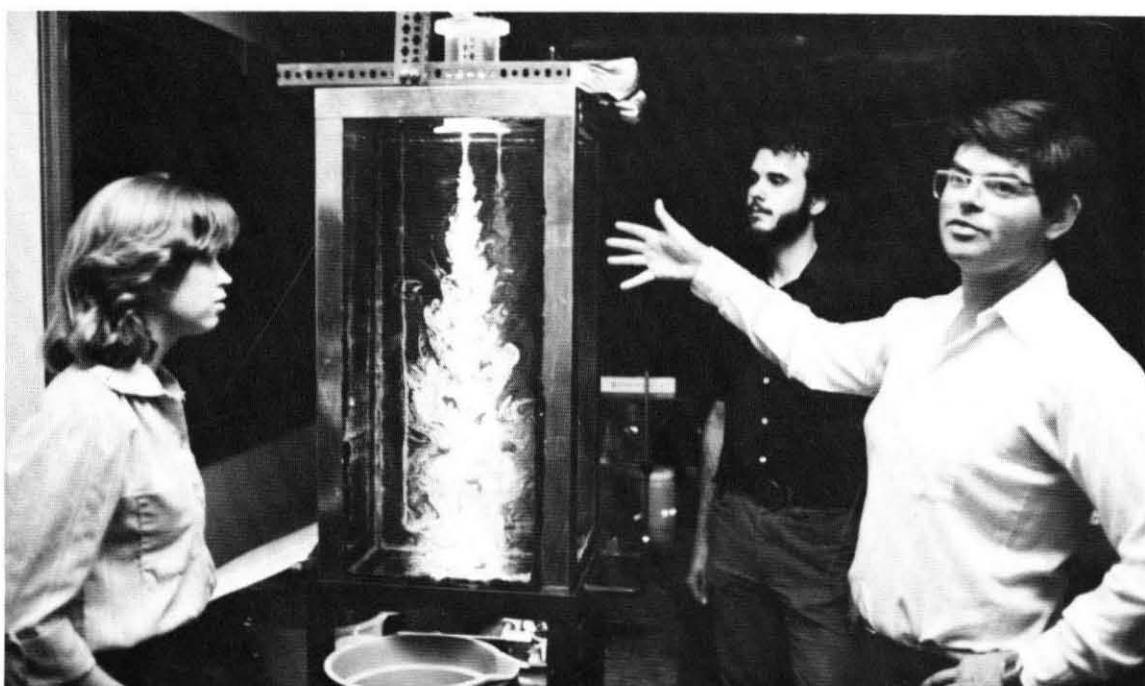
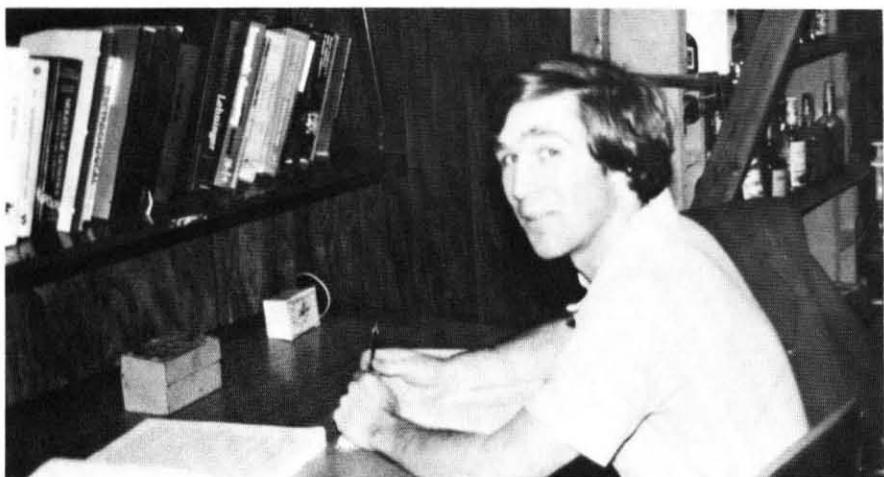
*Look ma, no hands!*

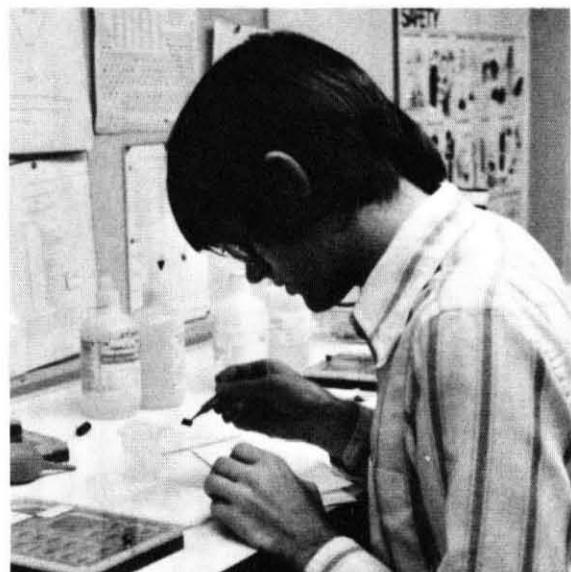




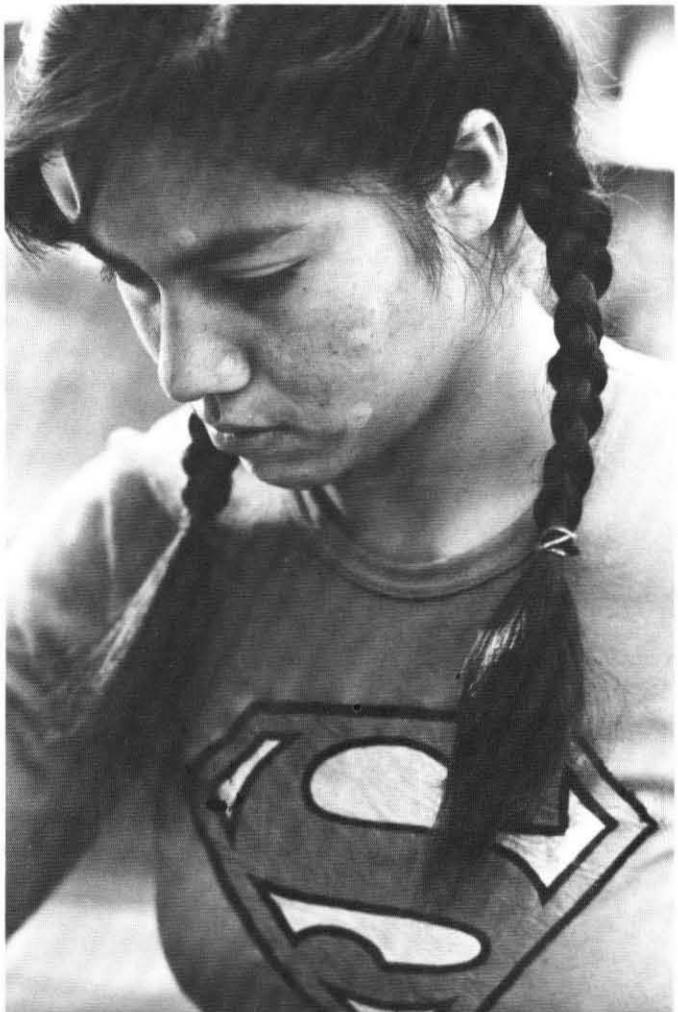
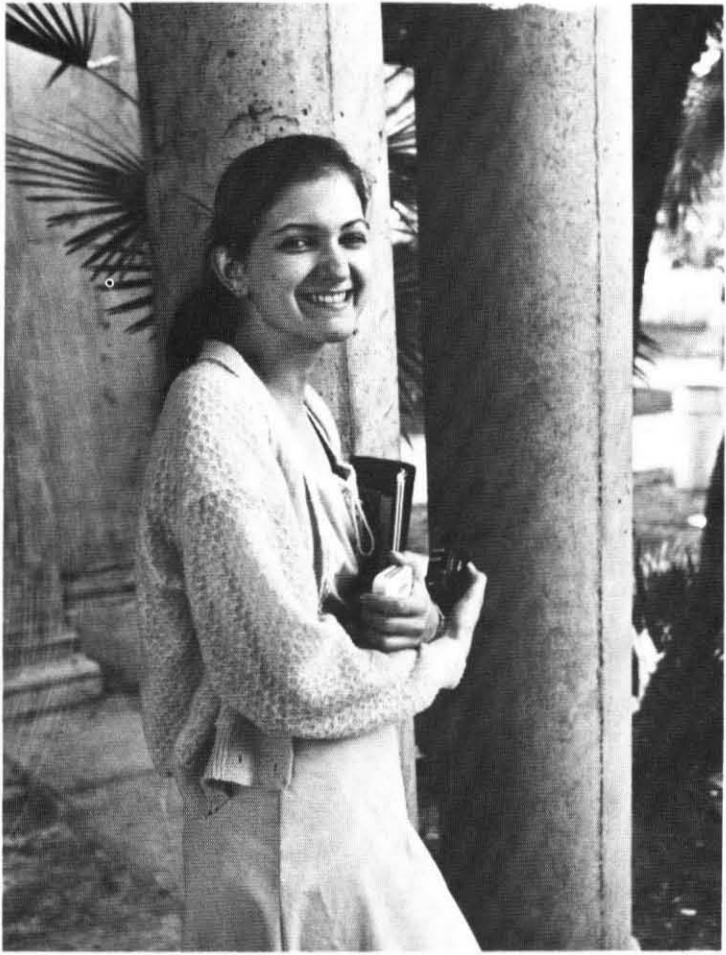


# ON THE JOB



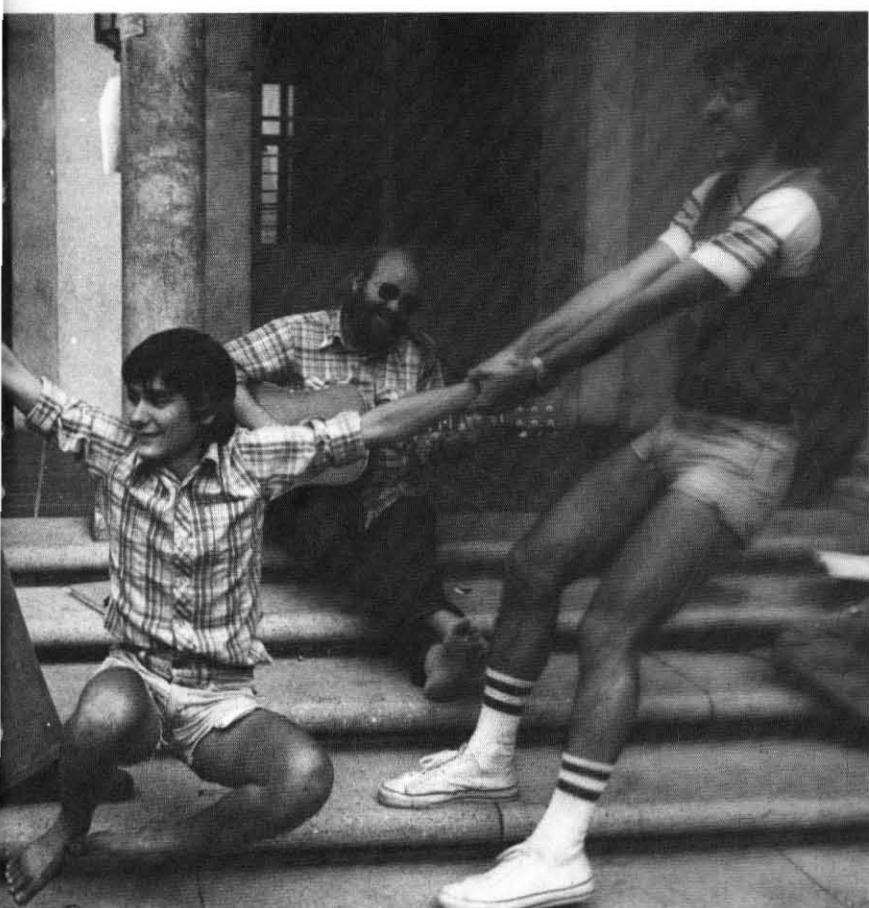


**...AND OFF**

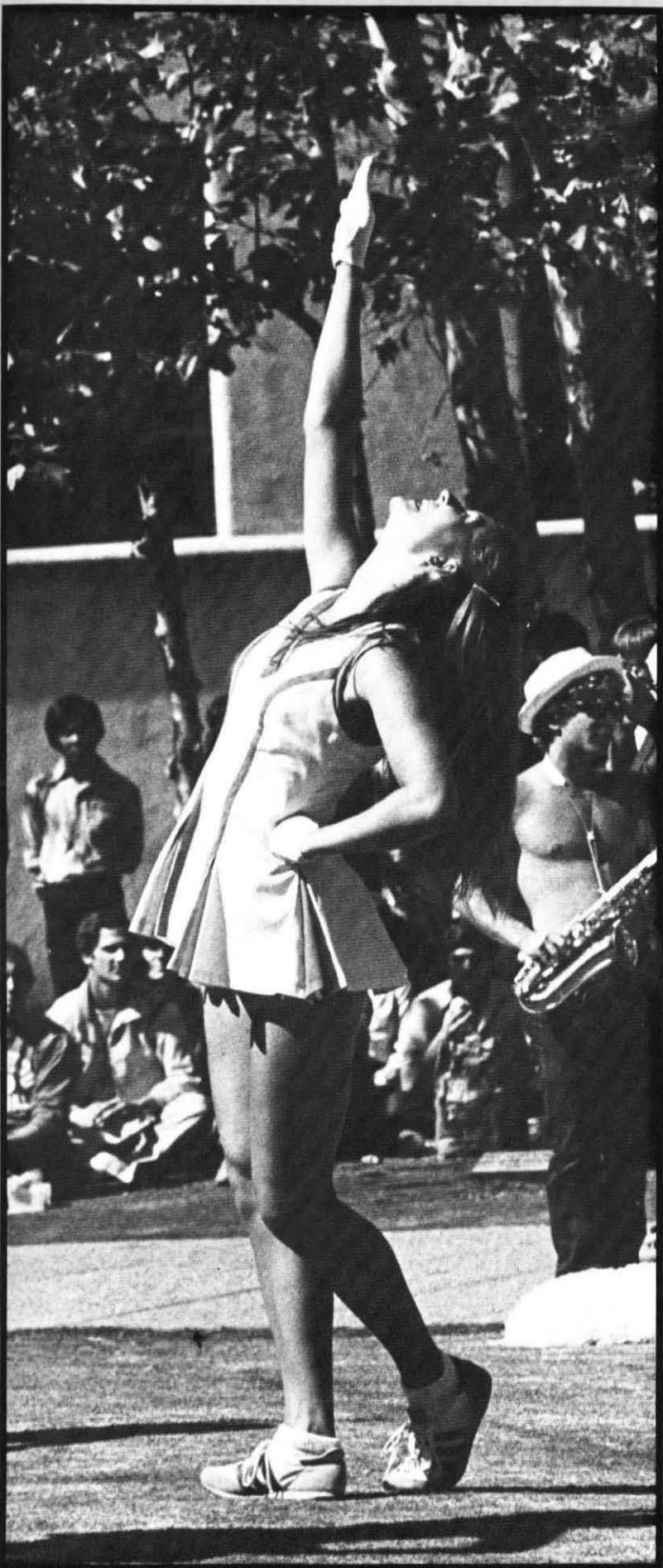












# EVENTS

# The \$22,000 Musicians

**Ever seen a bunch of wild baboons jumping around the trees in a forest, yelling at the top of their lungs? Well, the Stanford band was nothing like that. There was no forest in sight. Only Winnett to the north and Firestone to the south.**

October 16th marked the day of a heretofore unprecedented event in the history of Caltech. While most Techers lay asleep in their rooms or trolled out their 95 problems, 150 Stanford Marching Band members piled into an airplane bound for Los Angeles. By 10 o'clock that morning, they arrived at our beloved campus complete with blazing red jackets, an assortment of outrageous hats and some 'punked out' skinny ties. We knew right then, that this group was not your ordinary paramilitaristic university marching band.

When they had finished unpacking, the Y lounge was a sea of duffel bags, suitcases and instruments so closely stuffed that even Moses couldn't have cleared a path. Within five minutes, as Techers stared in awe, the Stanford Marching Band transformed the respectable Caltech Y into The Caltech Warehouse and dumping grounds for socially unacceptable musicians.

This cultural (or more appropriately, 'un-cultural') brain-exchange began as another Le Bobo Noon Concert, but soon blossomed into a full day's



worth of events. Neither school knew what to expect. The President, the Dean, the Master, The Y, ASCIT, and the Alumni Association all chipped in for what sounded 'like a good idea'. The SMB, on the other hand, was ready to parttttyyyyyy, stimulants on hand. Everyone waited anxiously for noon to roll around so these red buffons could try and entertain us 'studious' techers. This event would finally prove or disprove the notion that brain power was inversely proportional to partying potential. The stroke of the mid-day hour brought rock'n'roll to campus. 'White Punks On Dope' and other contemporary classics attracted curious bypassers until the Quad eventually looked like Kmart during a blue light special. By the time 'Bitch' blasted out of the horn section, the audience was rocking and rolling more furiously than the band. Spontaneously, the flag team grabbed some crazy Techers and the concert exploded into a dancing extravaganza. It was the hottest day of first term, but liquid refreshments kept the entertainers and the entertainees cranking faster than ever. At twenty to one, the standard announcements began. Just as the crowd began to boo and hiss at upcoming events, the Caltech Bear popped into the picture. Everyone was perplexed. Who and what was the

Caltech bear? 'I'm disguised as a bear so I can catch the pretty little standard tree' was the response, as the beaver attacked several of the audience women. Actually, a beaver costume couldn't be found.

Needless to say, the craziness began once again. Dancing, singing, and laughing transformed Caltech into a swinging fiesta. Stanford then put forth a challenge: that they could play longer than we could listen - what a joke. Neither classes, nor homework, nor administrative details could pull away the enchanted Techers. Finally, at a quarter to two, the SMB bailed out. Their keg had run dry, and they realized we'd listen to them play all night. The concert was a huge success.

Following the afternoon of relaxation and recovery, dinner was served on the Olive Walk, brought to us once again by Saga. The SMB predictably went straight for the keg and then for the food. The outing, sponsored by our always ready to party Master, provided a great opportunity for Techers and Stanfordites to brag about how much better their school was. Dinner led into Frisbee and other assorted joint school games which was eventually followed by a mellowing period in the afternoon sun. Three kegs a cooling, two bands a playing, and a party in a pear tree remained ahead for the evening.

The festive party that evening started late, as usual, but the crowd didn't seem to mind. The Hippie huggers, a five piece all women's band, warmed up the party-goers which included faculty, staff, UGs, Gs, and SMB, while 20/20 highlighted the night.

As the party moved on, however, the Stanfordites began to drop off as the events of the day caught up with them. The hardcores dragged a keg back to the gym with them where they partied till dawn. At Stanford, I'm told, 'party or live' is not just another slogan, it is a way of life.

The next morning, before they began the same ritual once again at the USC-Stanford game, Saga provided donuts and beer - a SMB favorite! By nine o'clock Saturday morning, the last of them had left and we could return to our life of peace and quiet.

Of course, the story goes on. In the gym, the men's room became the women's locker room and the exit became the fire extinguisher. Every sign was carefully moved to a different location. A budding young engineer rewired part of the fire alarm mechanism and an artist decorated the gym walls. Cleaning up offered excitement all its own.

I've heard the SMB described as a wild and crazy punk marching band. They are more than that, they are obnoxious as well! But overall, they're great fun - a great bunch of crazies - and we hope to see them back for another concert early next year.



# STANFORD



MARC



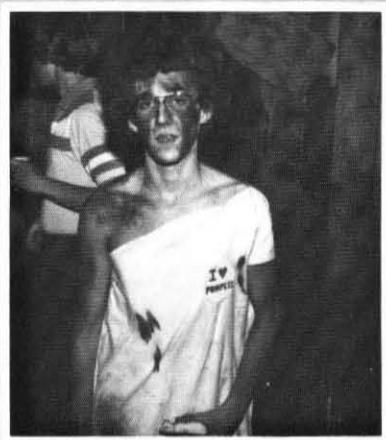
# BAND



HING(?)

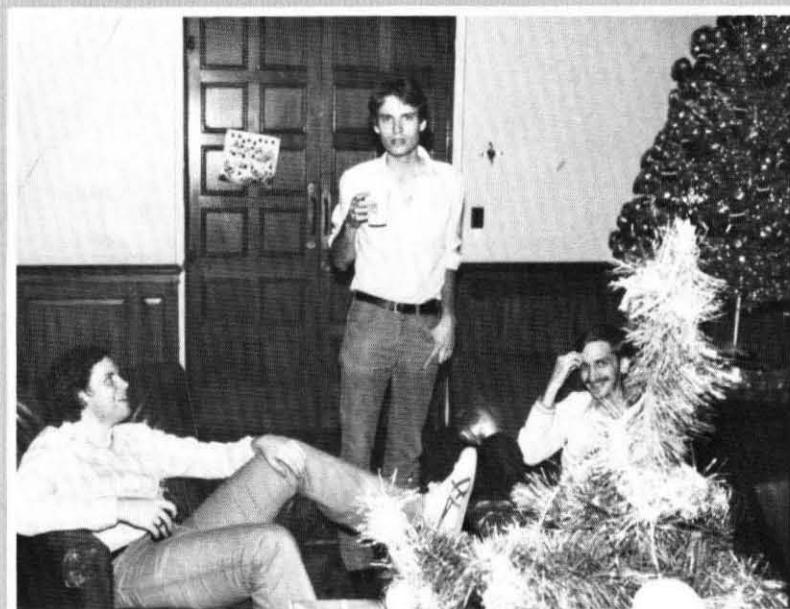
# INTERHOUSE

Like, gag me with a spoon! So this guy like, calls me up on the phone and asks me to come to Interhouse. How gggroase. Barf out. But I say 'for sure,' because like, hey, I'm not one to pass up a party.



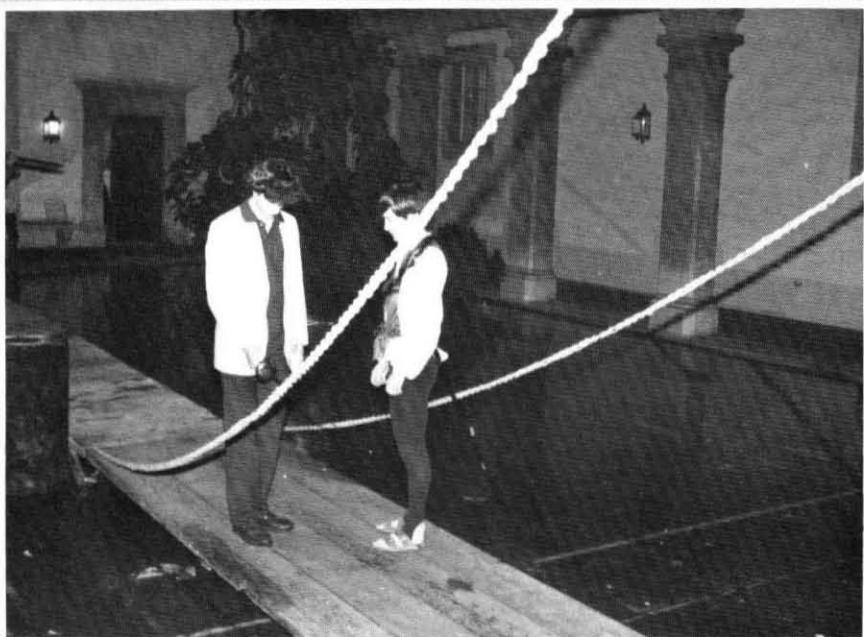
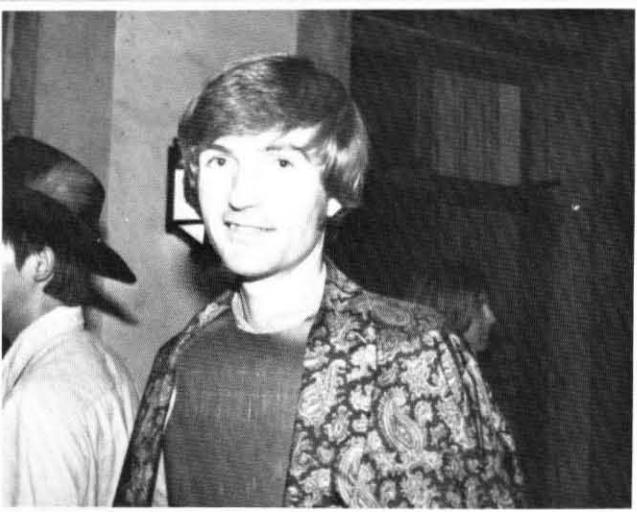
Well like I get there and I can't even find this guy, and I'm like running into people who are *totally* weird. Well, Lloyd House, you know, like they're having this Roman thing. Like freak out, another toga party. Hey, but big deal. Like its the fifth one I've been to this week. So I go into Ruddock, and like there're these huge Medflies buzzing around. How groatie to the max! Blacker House. Tubular. Like they were supposed to be Chamelot. Like I didn't see a single camel.

It was Christmas in Ricketts. Like, I'm totally sure. Santa should have given them presents to build Interhouse with. And like Fleming, they could have been more with it if they didn't try to be too western by leaving roadapples laying around. Then there was Dabney. This black guy with pimple cream all over his face was selling these guys who hadn't washed their faces in weeks. I'm sure. Like can you just see me buying one of these guys? Barf out! Like, gone with the wind.



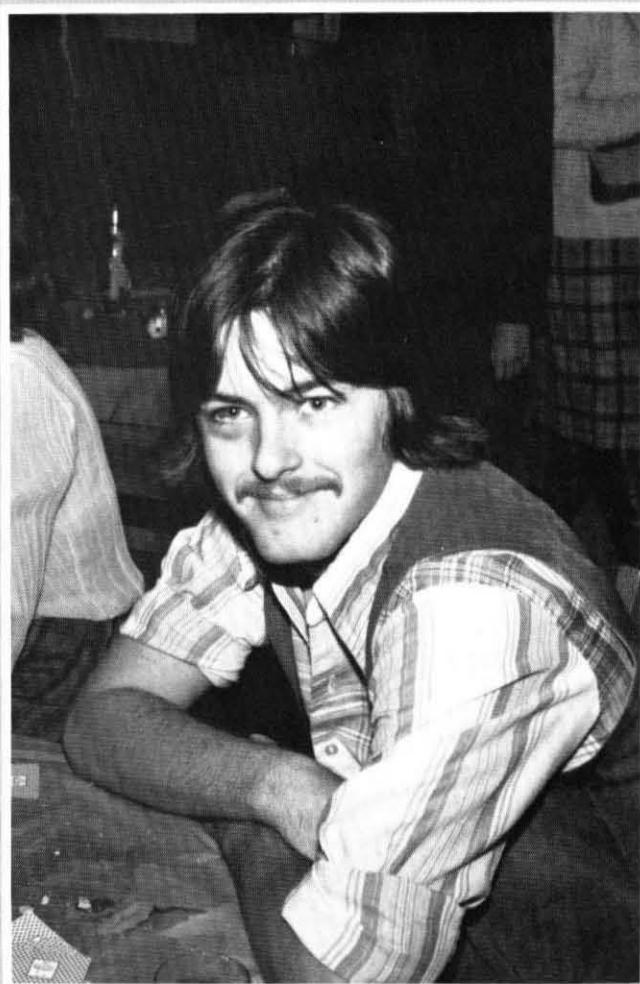
So, there I was in Page House, like wow. So there was this light show. Like, infinite. It was like being on drugs. I would have stood in line for the ride, but like, my makeup might have gotten messed up. Gag me. Is this what goes on at Caltech all the time? Like, don't these guys ever study?

blacker

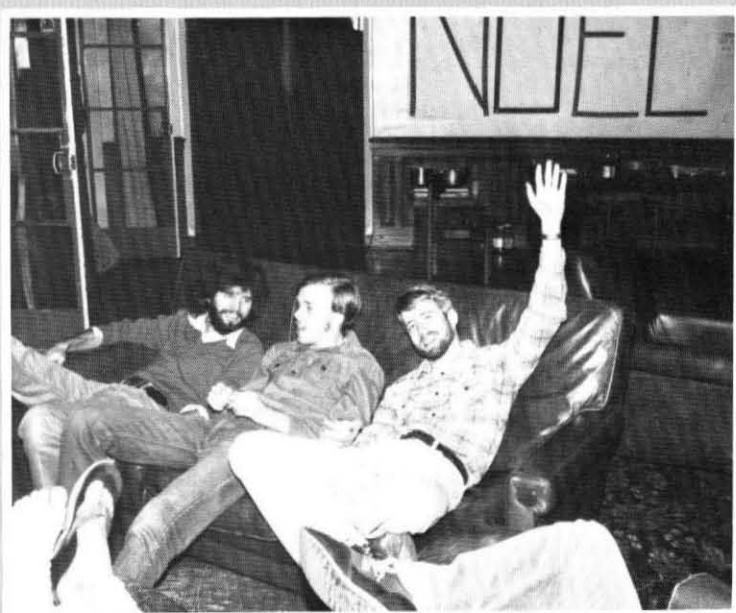


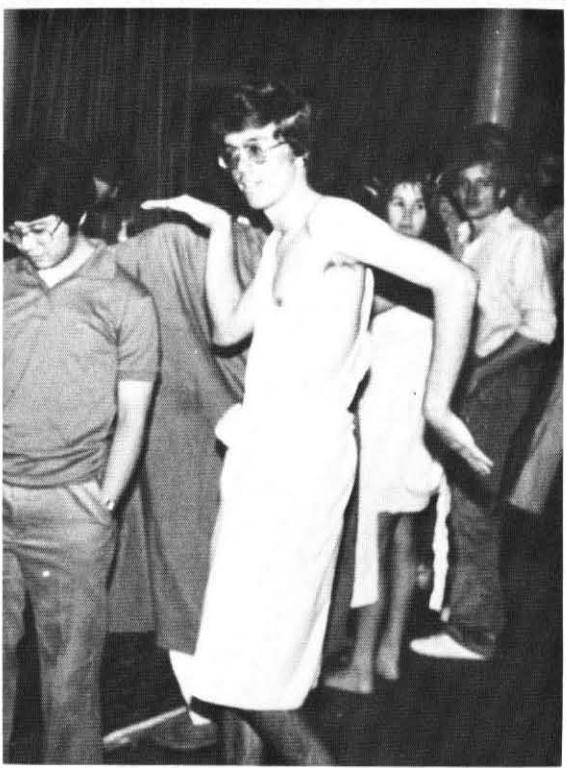
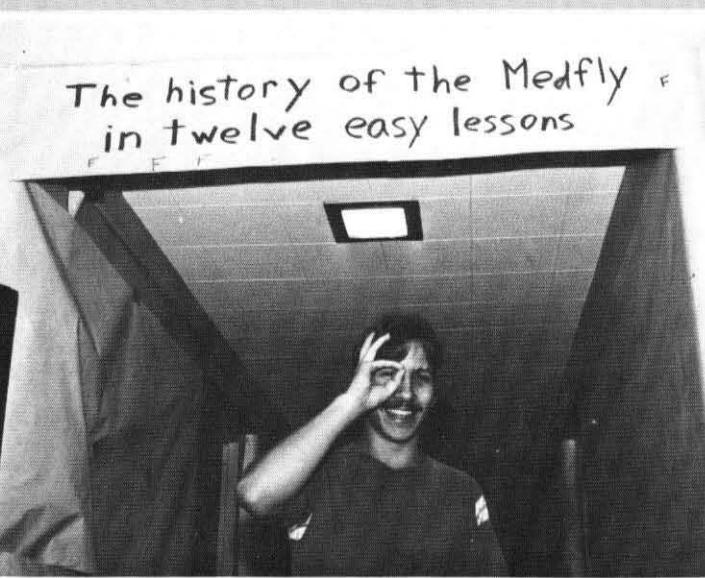
dabney





ricketts

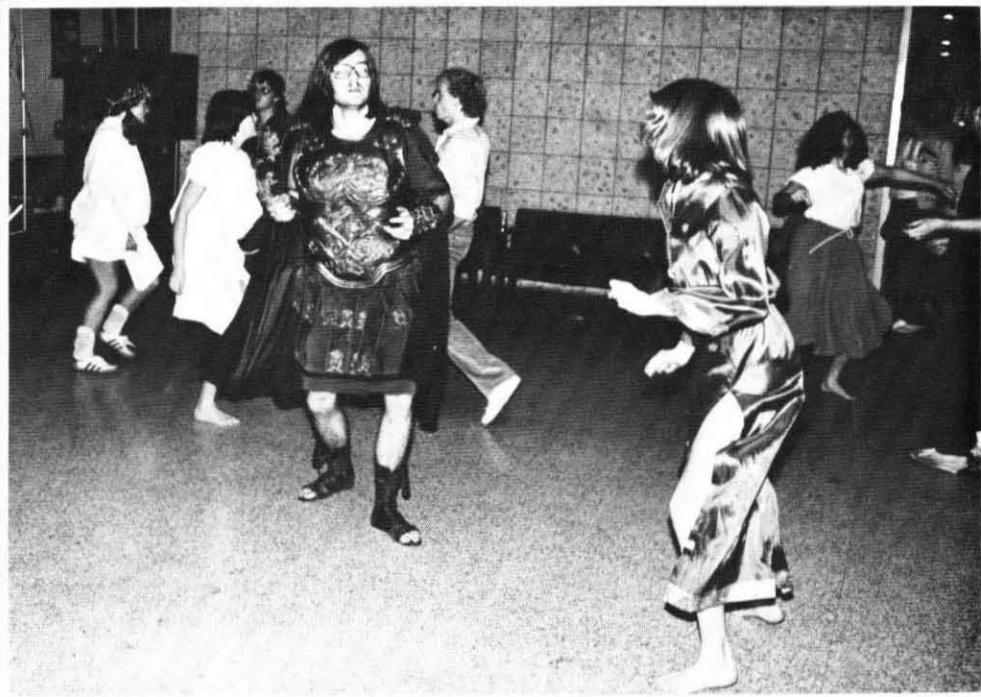




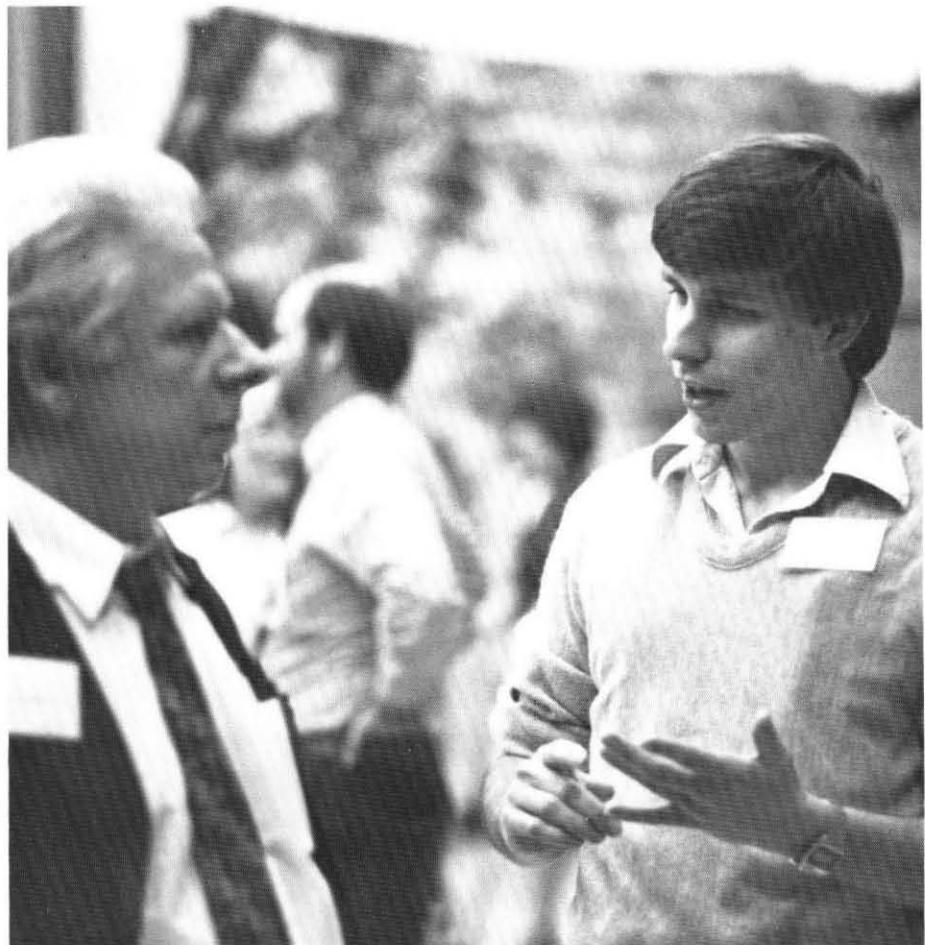


page

lloyd



# FACULTY AND STUDENTS...



# ... IN CONFERENCE

NASA NEWS NET



How come they do everything around Caltech to excess?

What comes to mind are seven hundred pages of homework a night, five or six finals a week, railroad ties, steel plates and reinforced concrete on Ditch Day, *six* full-course gourmet dinners in a single afternoon.

If unrelenting competition makes the Caltech world go around, the knife-and-fork duel they call the Master's Interhouse Cook-off in February made the rooms spin in the Athenaeum.

# COOKING CONTEST



There were seven of us judges who had skipped breakfast, and there were six teams -- from Blacker, Fleming, Dabney, Lloyd, Page and Ruddock -- poised in the Ath kitchen to leap by turn upon our unfed faces. Out on the playing field itself, the carpeted, chandaliered, hushed Hall of Associates, six linen-draped game boards had been set up: napkins creatively stuffed in polished goblets, silverware deployed artistically, flowers in vases, menus printed, the best china stacked.

And once things got underway that Saturday afternoon, we judges spent from one p.m. until five moving (then crawling) from table to table. At each sitting we were force-fed pates and salads and soups, Beef Wellingtons, stuffed capons, broiled lobsters and fillets of beef, asparagus, baby carrots and creamed cucumbers, mousses, tortes, Baked Alaskas, considerable whipped cream and numerous strawberries. And as we progressed, we





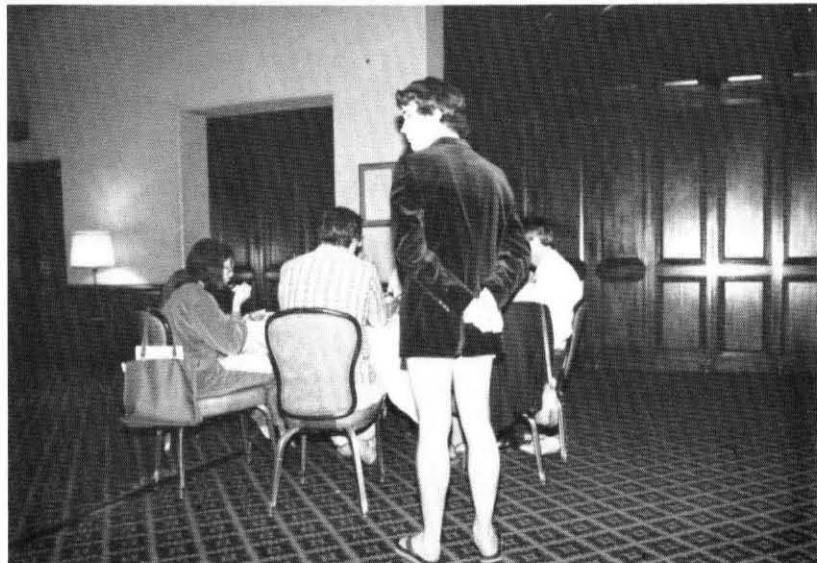
sloshed with chardonnays, chenin blancs and pinot noirs of excellent vintage.

Late in the afternoon, bathed in the winter's fading sunlight and washed over by the music of Listz played by a Page House pianist, we wept softly that we could not finish even a third of what had been set before us (while out in the kitchen they cheered as the untouched left-overs were brought back to them). It

was cruel (but unusual!) punishment.

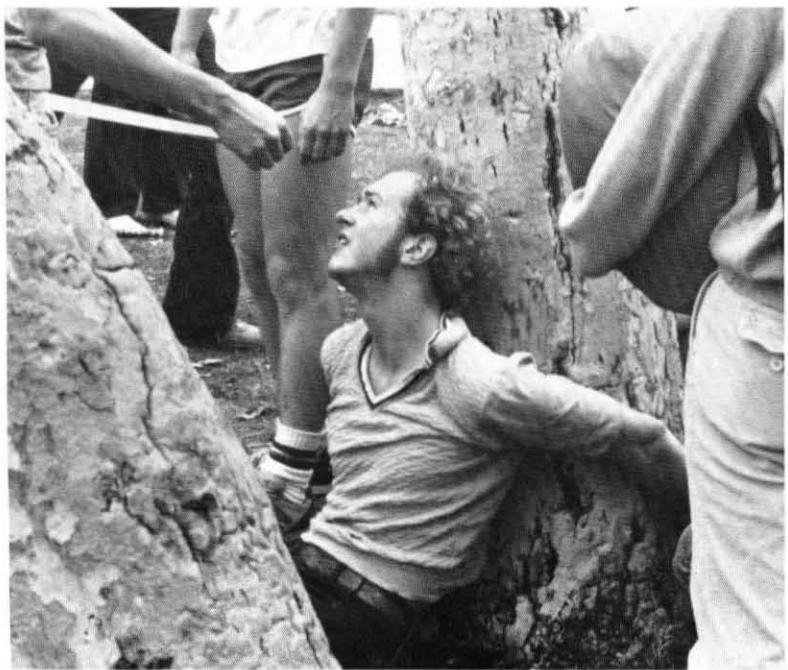
There were, in the end, marginal differences, the food, without exception, was exceptional. The service was more variable, and ranged from brisk/brusque (Snap! 'Your napkin, sir.') to down-home/formal (red jacket, black tie, bare legs). One recalls another waiter hurriedly placing an appetizer on a plate with his bare hand. Unpretentious, true, but not quite haute cuisine; and maybe not all that appetizing.

Lloyd House had it all: the aplomb, the mussle soup, the Lobster Ther-

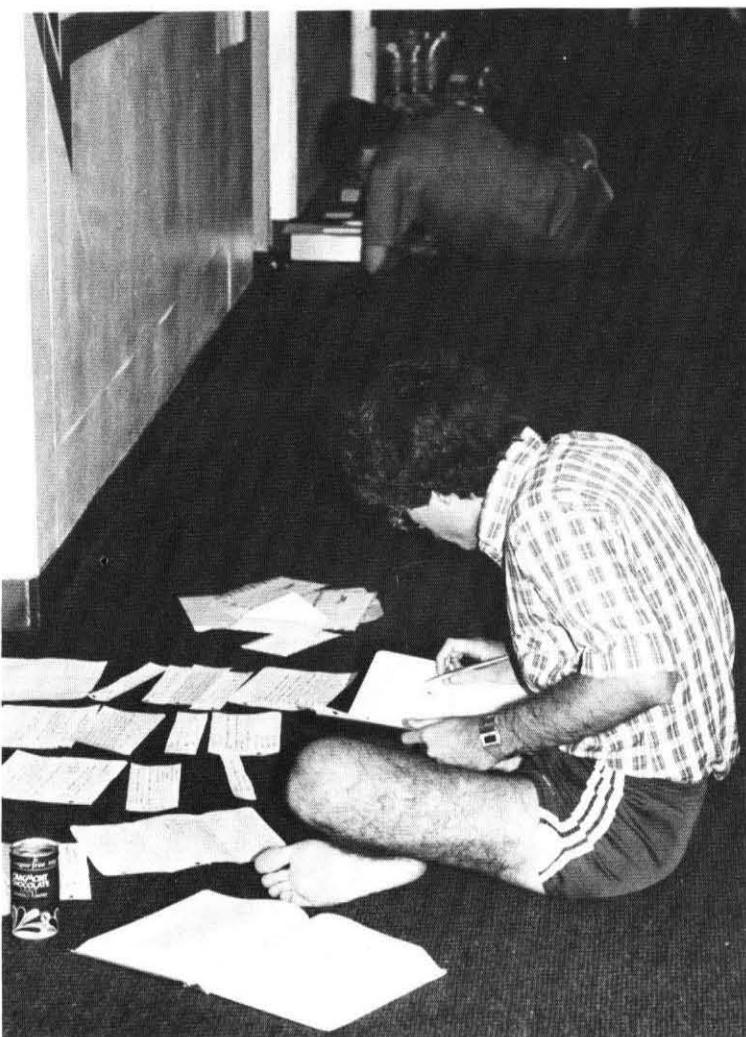


midor, the Charlotte Malakoff aux fraises, and they won the close-call first prize. Alas by Monday, for them as for everyone else, it was back to Saga and soupanwiches.

# D-DAY











The Caltech Musical Theatre  
Company Presents:

**GO SOUTH**



# PACIFIC



# **Beauty is...**

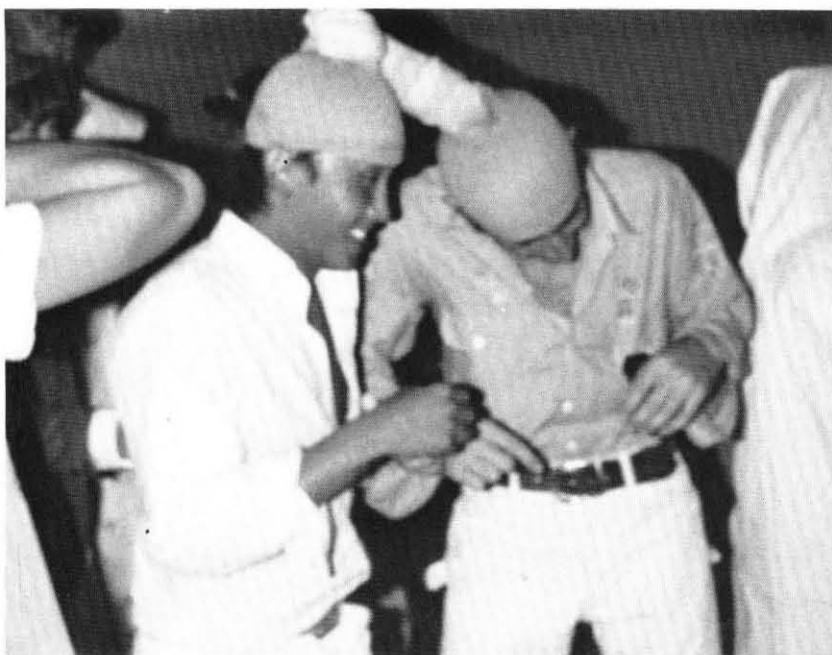


**...a thing of joy forever**

# Beautiful Women



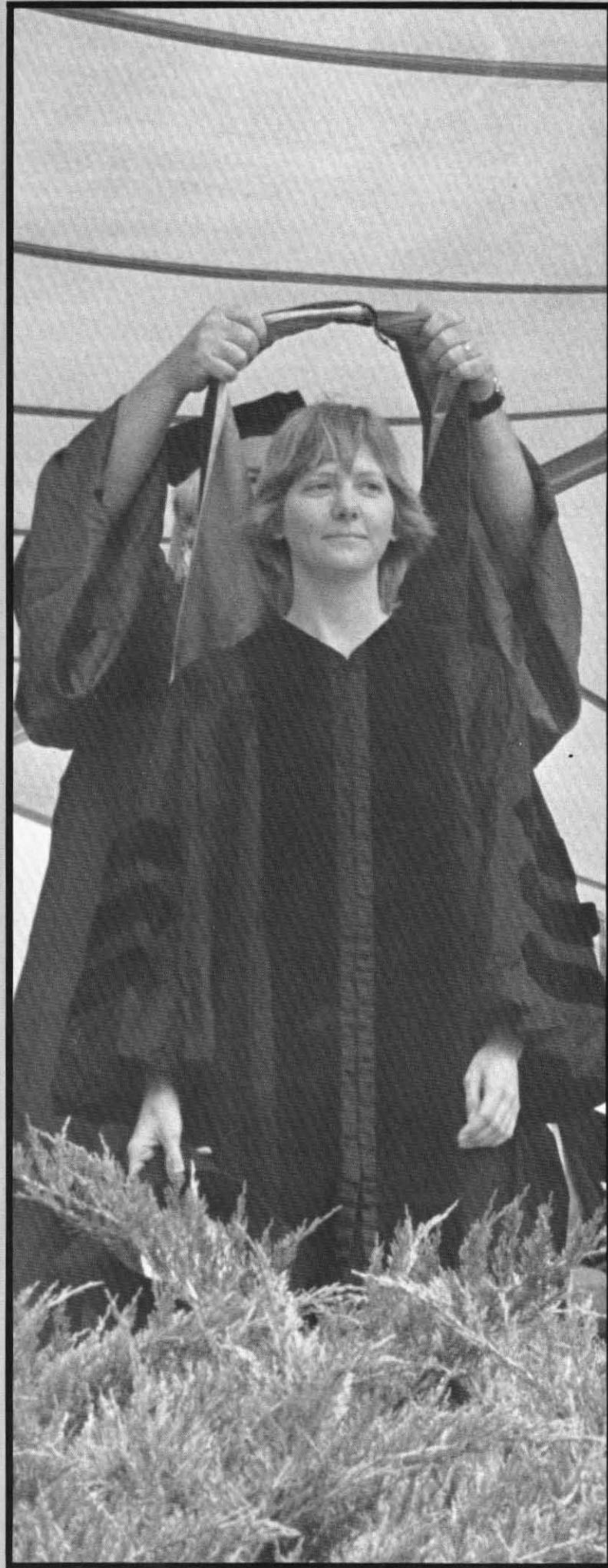
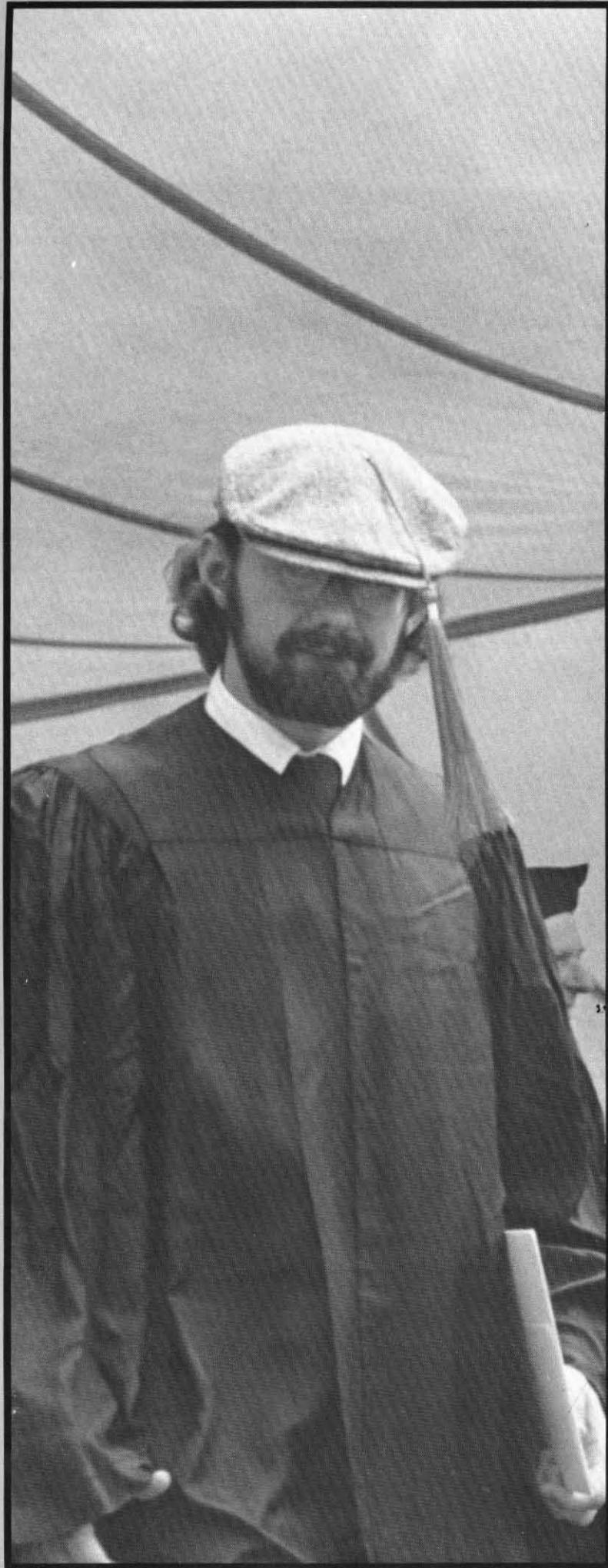
# Beautiful Men



## and Beautiful Nose

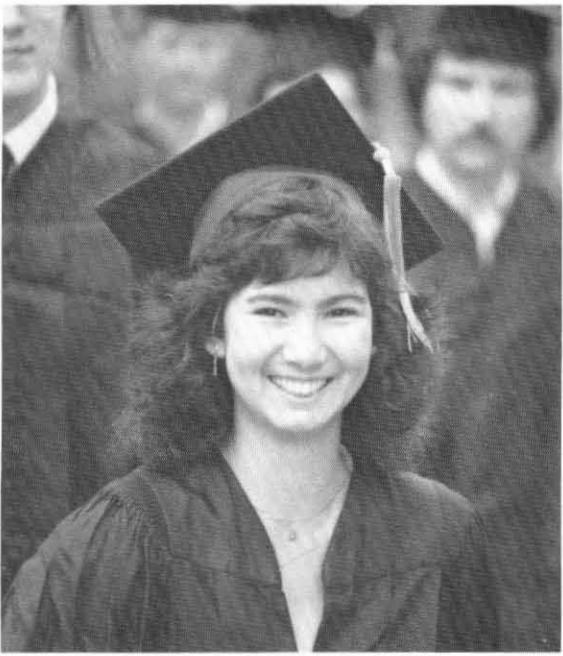
*"Hi, my name is,...well, just call me Nose. you can guess who I am, I'll personally autograph your copy of The Nose."*

*Hint: I appear elsewhere in this book.*





**SENIORS**

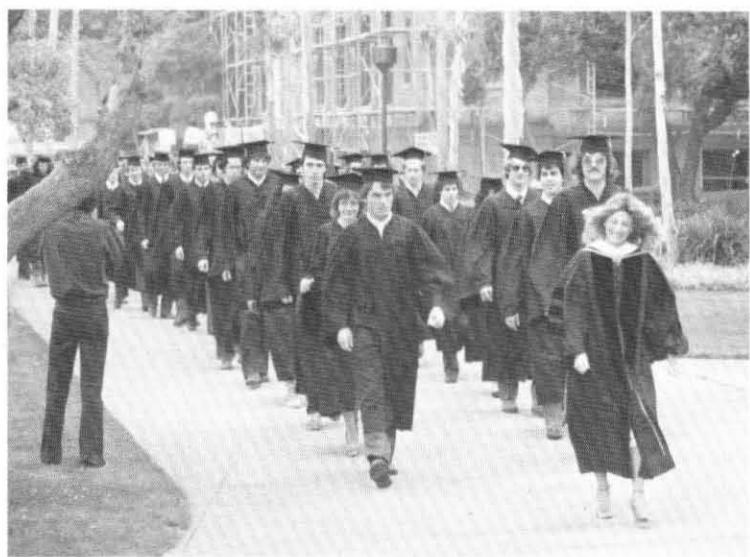


# A FEAST

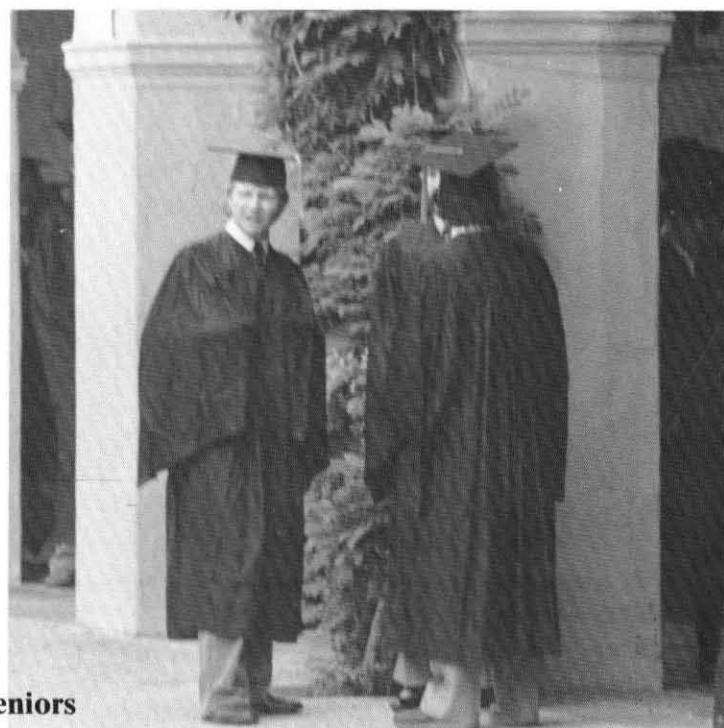
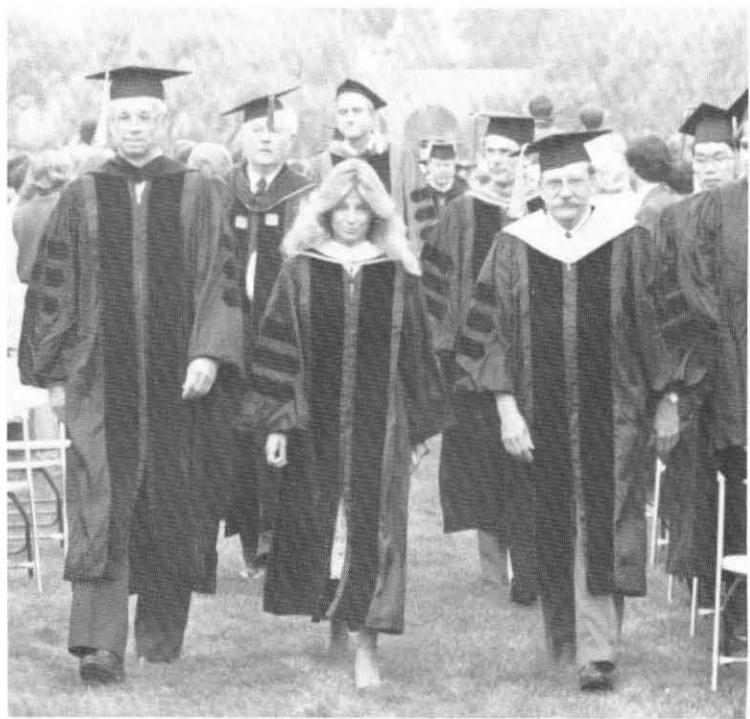
*Hi, my name is Cathy, I'm your hostess.*



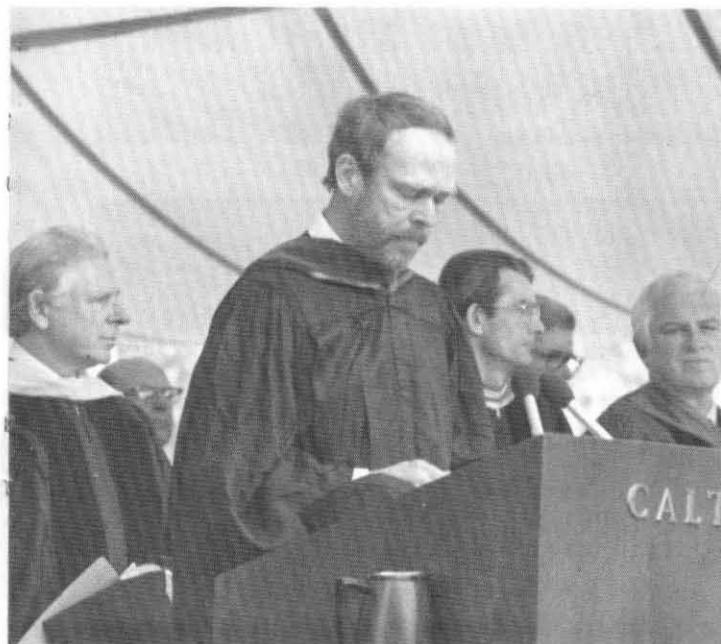
*Cocktails*



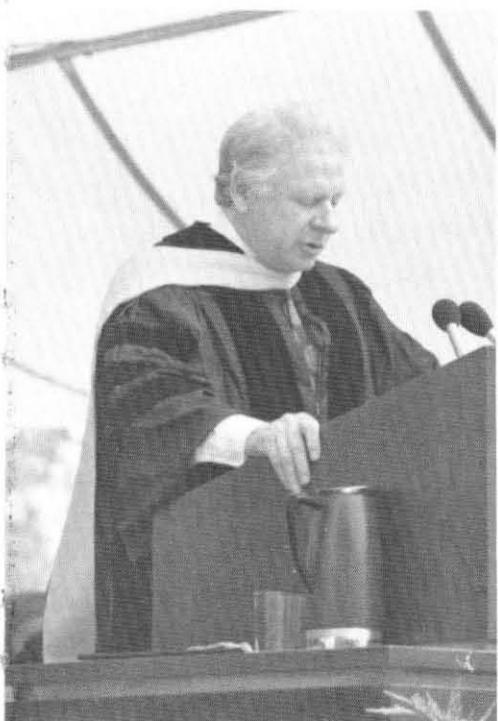
*This way to your seats, please.*



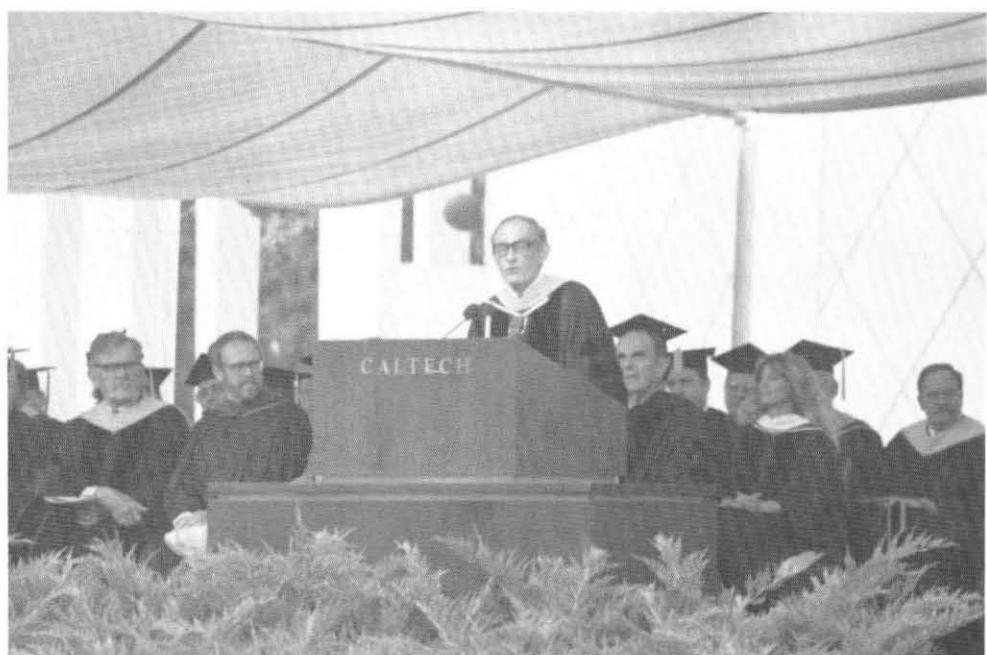
# AT CALTECH



*A short prayer before the meal*



*...Appetizer...*



*...Main course...*

# Dinner Music



*Happy graduation to you,...*



*Happy graduation to you,...*



*Happy graduation dear Techers,...*



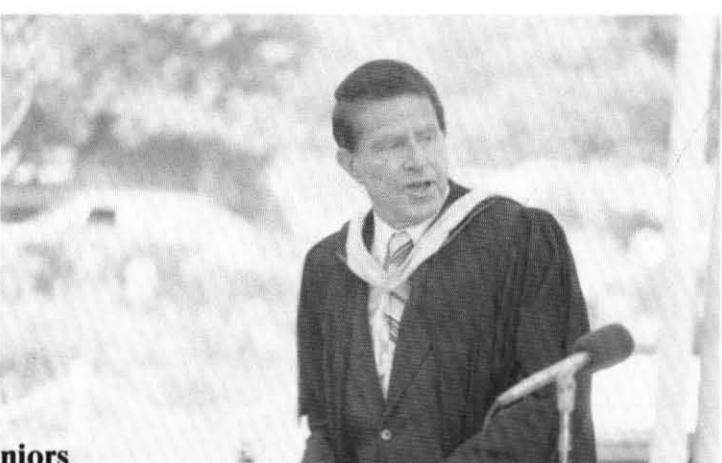
*Happy graduation to you.*



*Okay, that's enough.*



*Happy graduation to you,...*



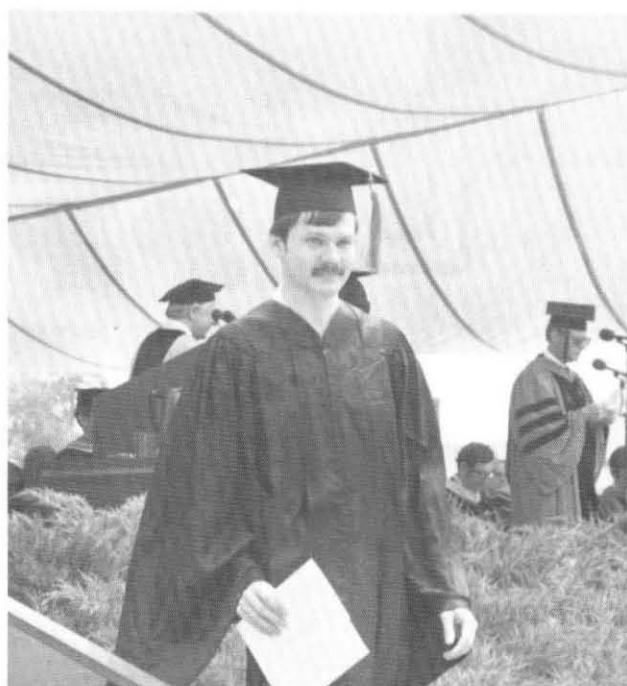
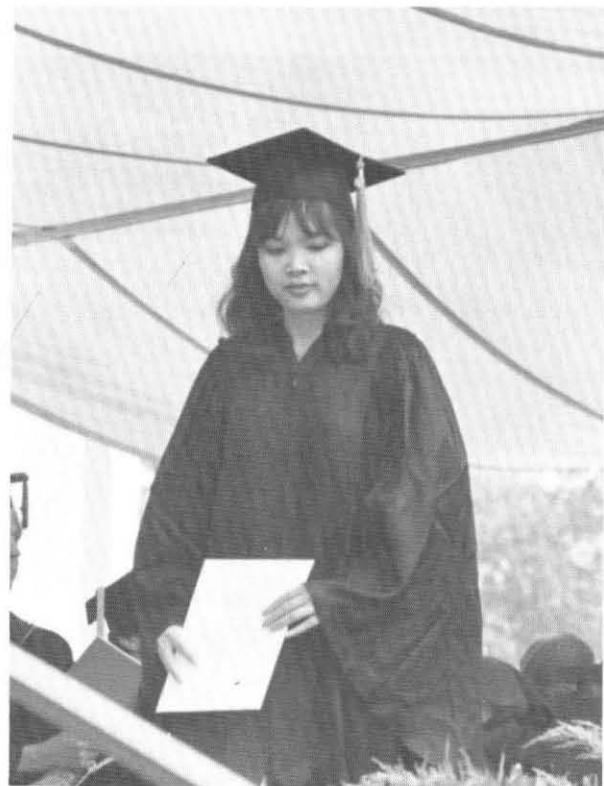
*I said, that's enough!*



*Happy graduation to you....*

# **DESSERT.**

## **The real reason for the meal**



# APPLIED MATHEMATICS



Albuquerque, New Mexico

*Edith Henderson*

# APPLIED PHYSICS



Santa Monica, California

*David Khoe*



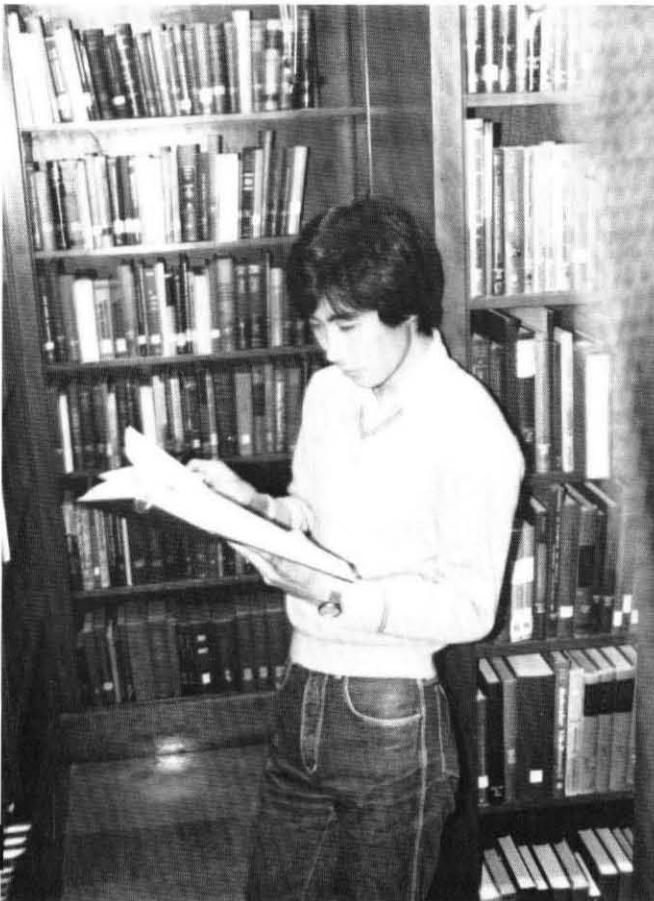
*Scott Prahl*

*Redding, California*



*Joe White*

*Huntington Beach, California*



*Xian-Li Yeh*

*Shanghai, China*



*Evan Colgan*

*Carnelian Bay, California*



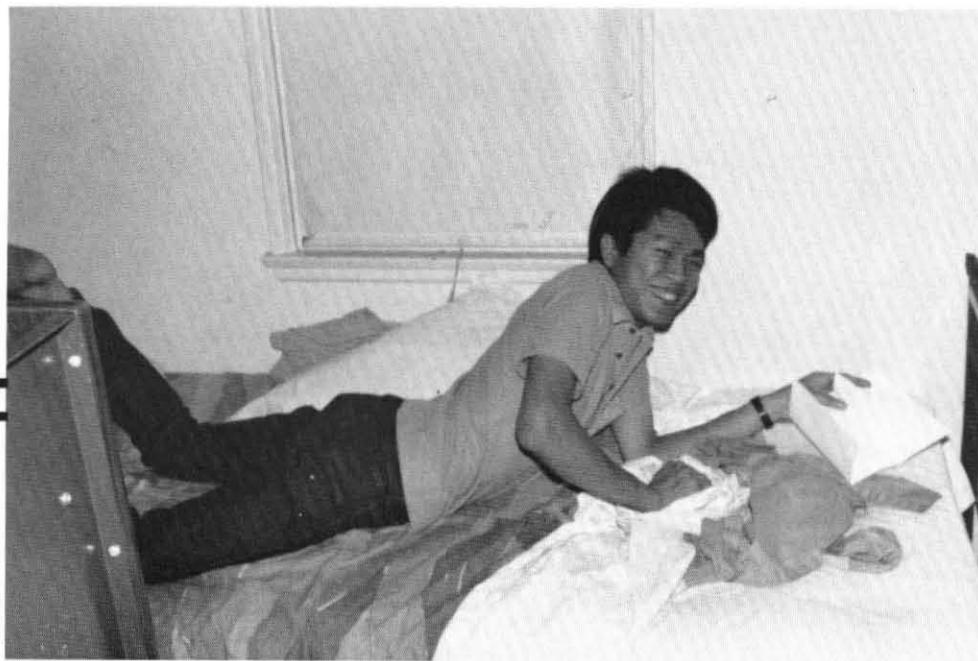
*David R. Dowling*

*Rancho Palos Verdes, California*



*Bruce Lee Prickett*

*Leesburg, Virginia*



*Liem T. Tran*

*Los Angeles, California*

# ASTRONOMY



*North Orange County, California*

*Steve Allen*

# BIOLOGY



*Cathy Kirschvink*

*Phoenix, Arizona*



*Phillip Andrew Patten*

*Seattle, Washington*



*Nak-Hui Hwang*

*Culver City, California*



*Thiennu Vu  
Biology/Mathematics*



*Roberta Jane Brandenburg  
(Mrs. John Hershberger)  
Biology/Literature*

*Los Angeles, California*

*Diamond Bar, California*



Juanito S. Villanueva  
Cerritos, California

Joseph A. Garcia, Jr.  
Wethersfield, Connecticut



212  
MANAGER



# CHEMISTRY



Sue 'Glamour Girl' VandeWoude



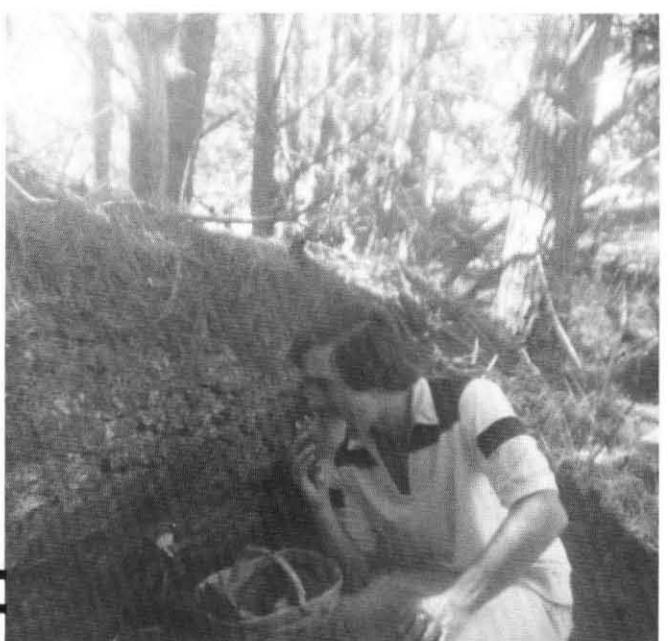
Joseph P. Arpaia

Berryville, Virginia



Geoff Rubin  
Chemistry/Biology

Fairport, New York

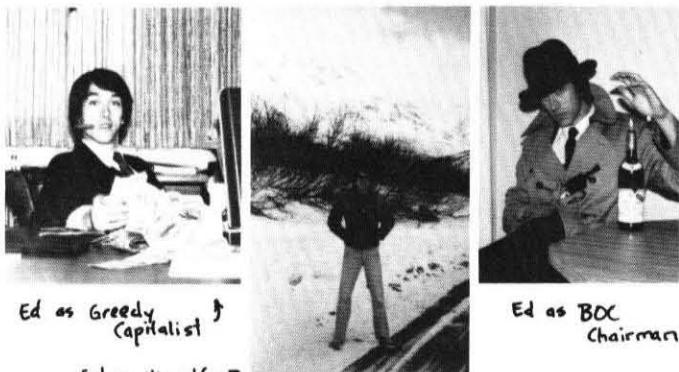


Roger D. Moulton

Santa Monica, California

# CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

Ed Lambert  
Role Model for the '80's



Ed as Greedy Capitalist

Ed as Himself →

Wouldn't you like to be like this man?

While mere mortals may never achieve Ed's degree of perfection, now they can have their OWN Ed Lambert!

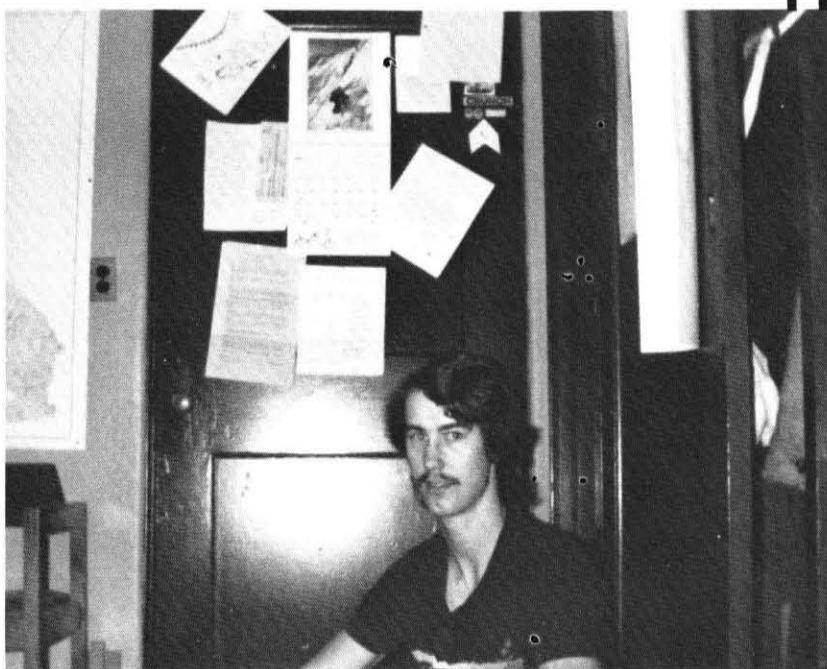
That's right! For just \$19.95 you can have an Ed Lambert cutout with over 250 stylish wardrobes just like the ones shown above. Act Now! Just send \$19.95 to ROBCO with a self-addressed stamped envelope (make checks payable to John Guckenstein.) and you will receive your own Ed Lambert. If not completely satisfied, tough shit.

Ed Lambert



Carl Warren Townsend

Fairbanks, Alaska

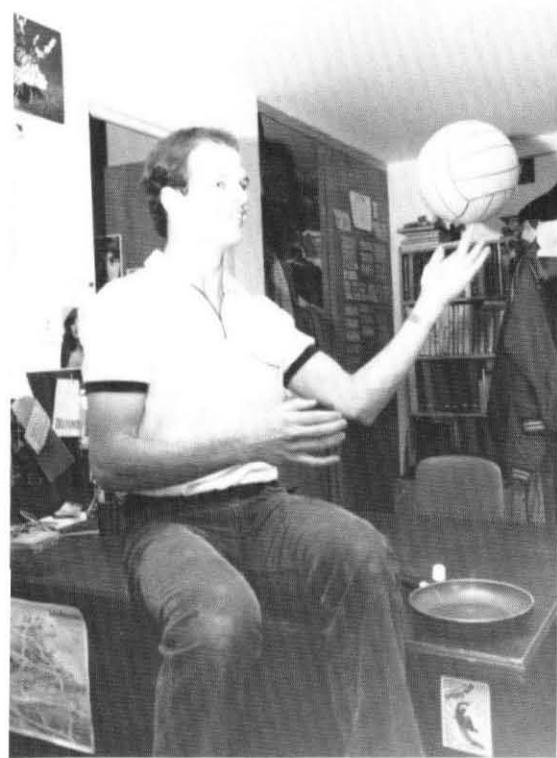


Paul Sackinger

Seattle, Washington



Eric Rasmussen



*Mathew R. Wette*

*Clayton, Missouri*



*Randall P. Field*

*San Diego, California*



*Jonathan E. Holman*

*Fitchburg, Massachusetts*



*Gregory T. Gaudet*

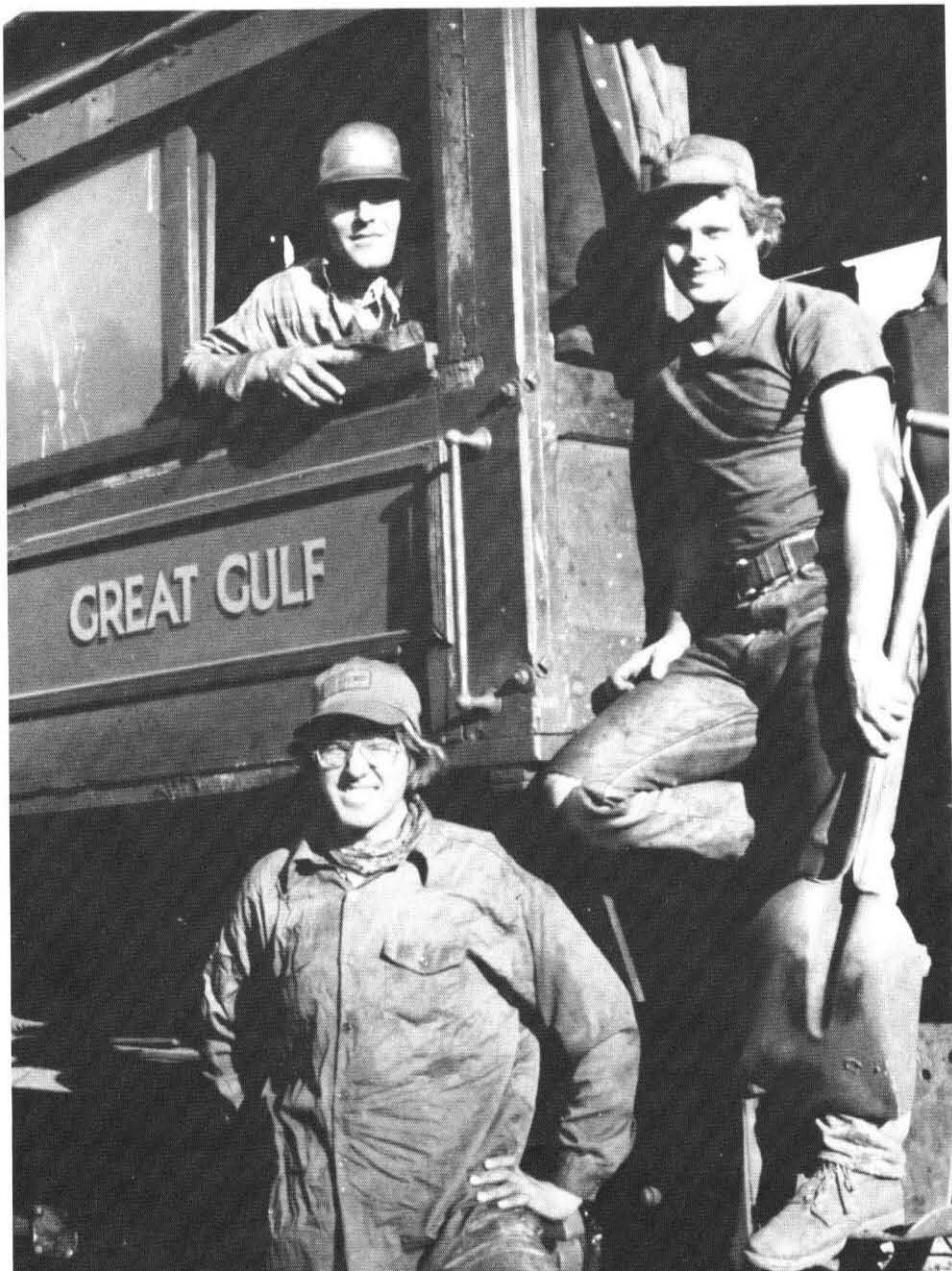
*Nashua, New Hampshire*



Lake Bluff, Illinois

Natalie R. Gruia (and friend Taffy)

# ECONOMICS



Stanford, Connecticut

Les Poltrack (with Dave Moody, Bruce Houck, and the Mighty No. 6)

# ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING



Anuchit Tiranuchit

Robert J. Lang

Suratthani, Thailand

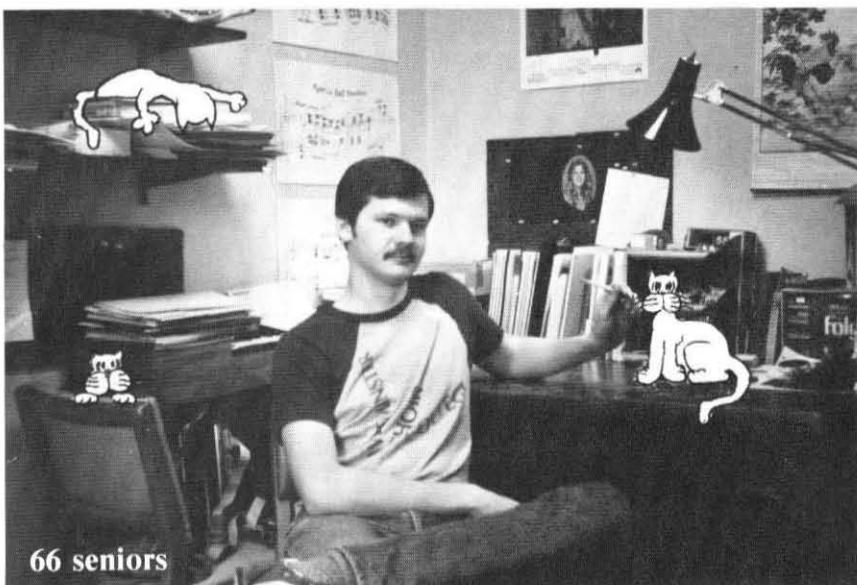


*"Two to beam up, Scotty"*

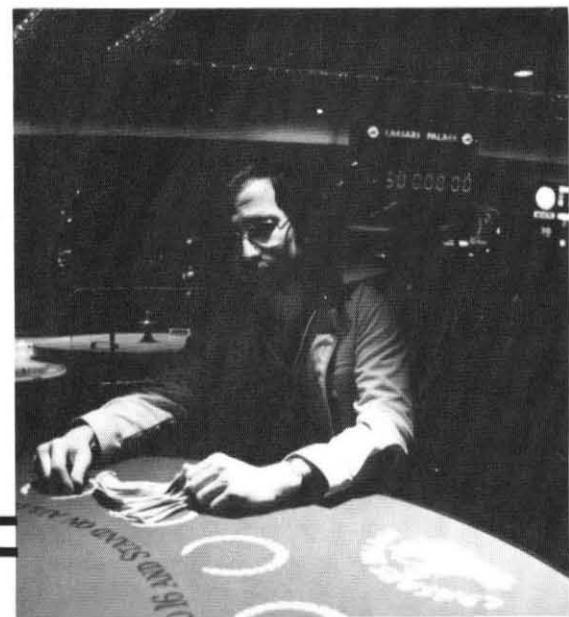
Mark Caruso

Lloyd 'Ace' Franklin

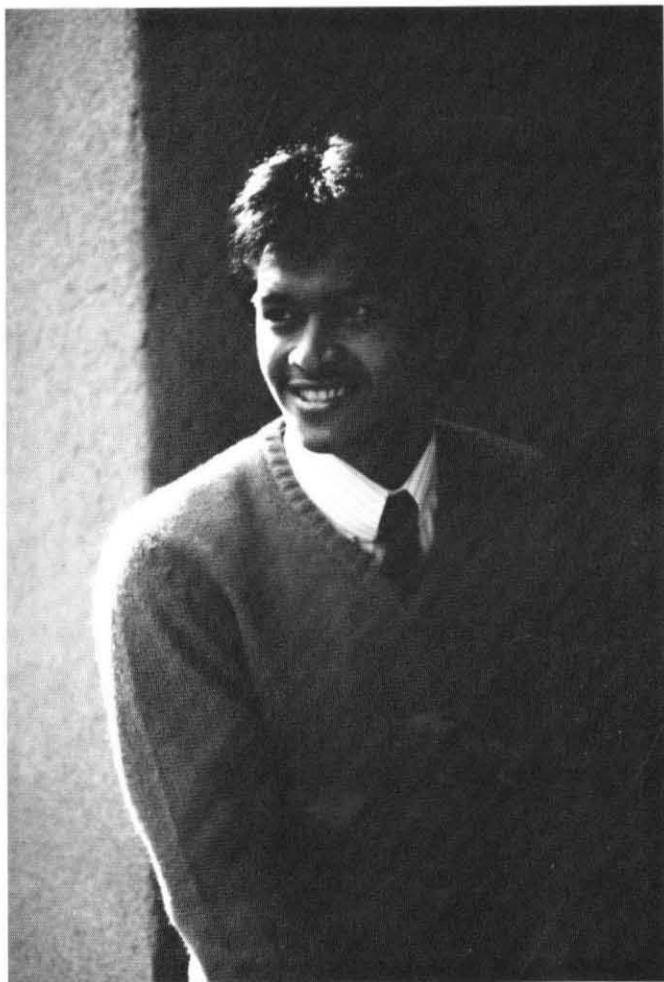
La Canada, California



Atlanta, Georgia

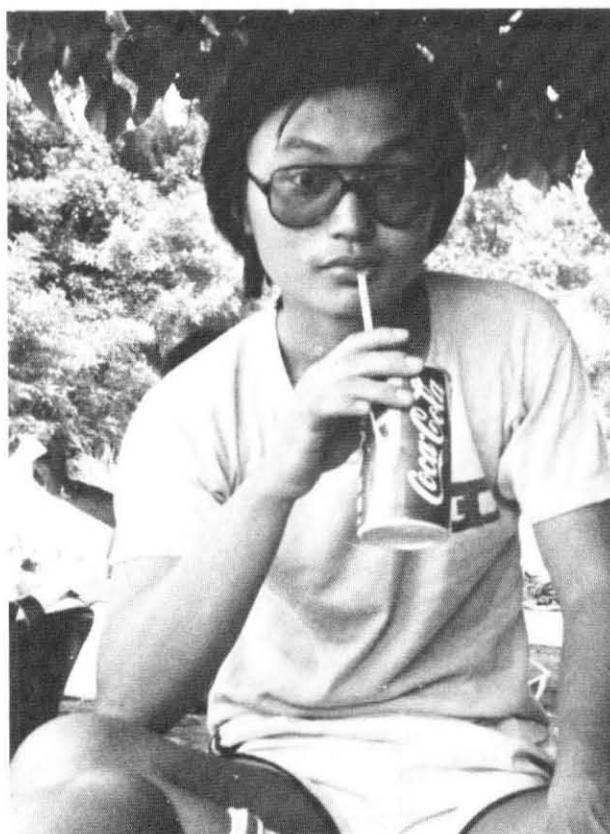


East Brunswick, New Jersey



Peterpaul Vita

Pasadena, California



Yiwan Wong

Hong Kong



Bobby Buck

Stockton, California



Steve Hsu

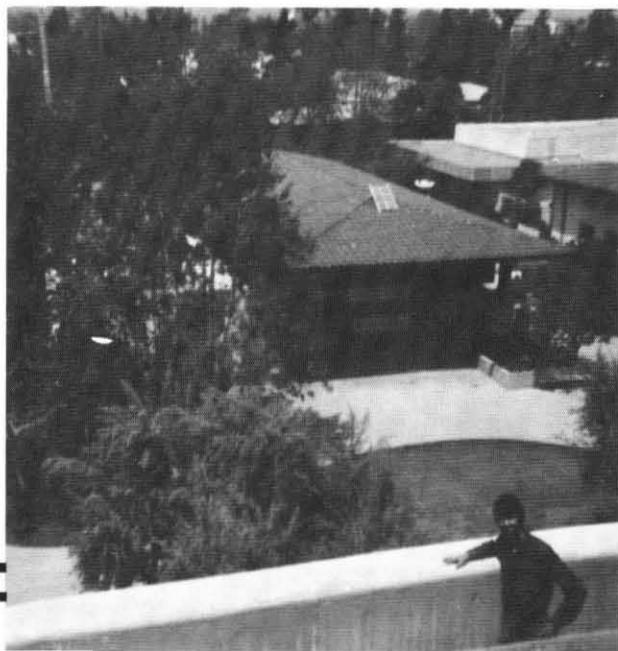
Carleston, Illinois

# ENGINEERING AND APPLIED SCIENCE

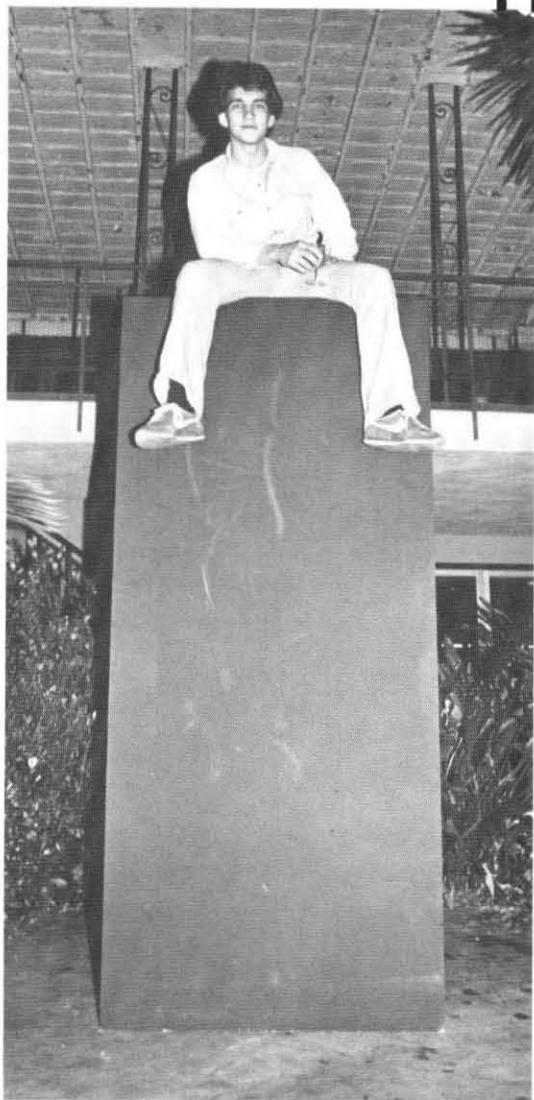


*Mark R. Altobelli  
Engineering and Applied Science/Mathematics*

*Glen E. Campbell*

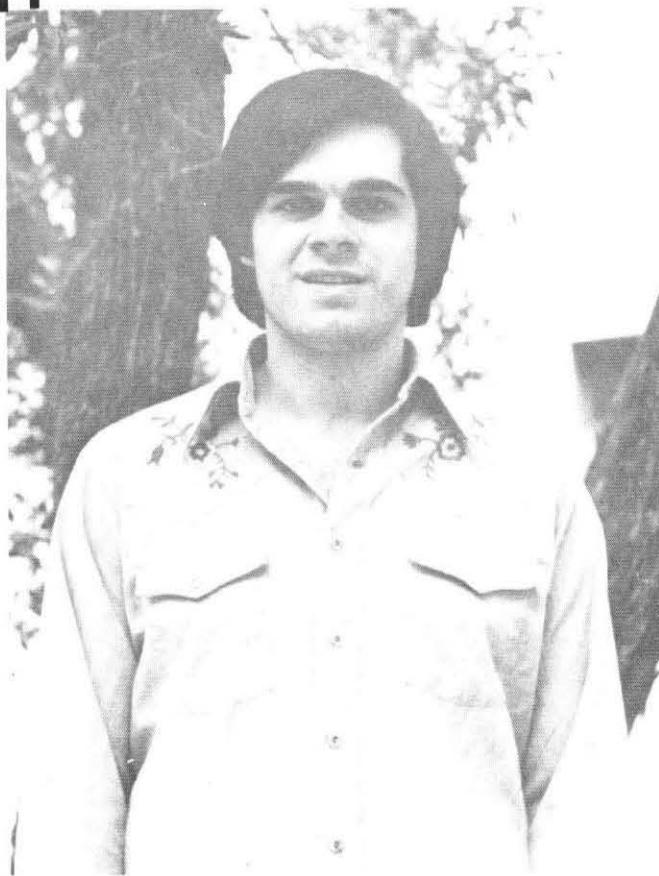


*St. Louis, Missouri*



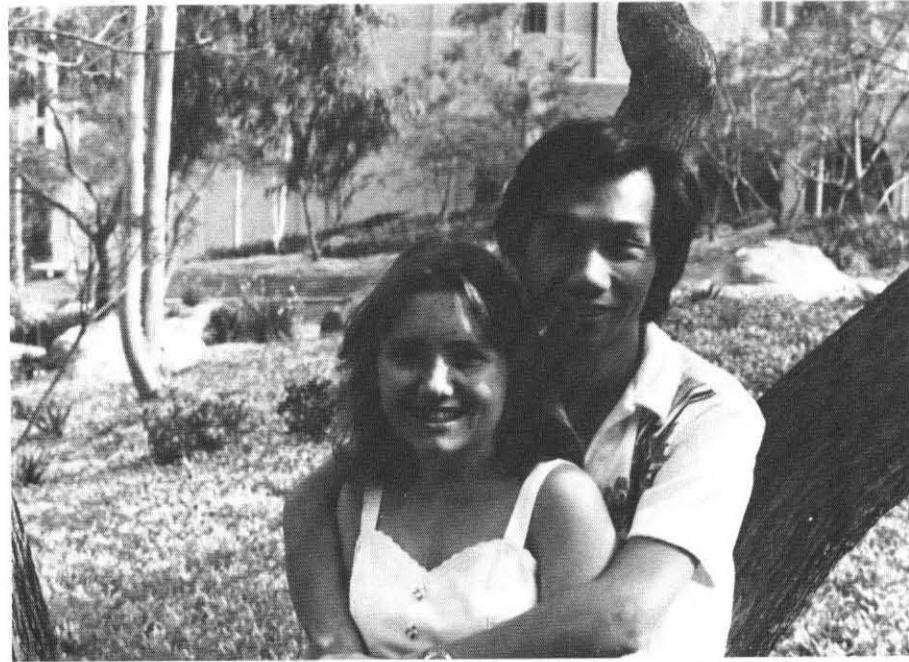
*George Diomedes Caravias*

*Mercer Island, Washington*



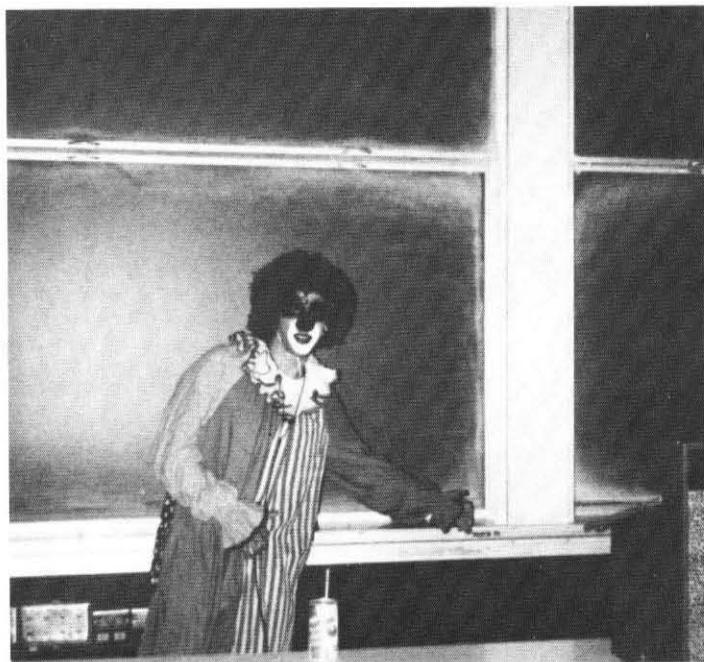
*John Bennett*

*Auburn, Alabama*



*Sammy Chan*

*Wauwatosa, Wisconsin*



*Ernie Cohen*

*Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*



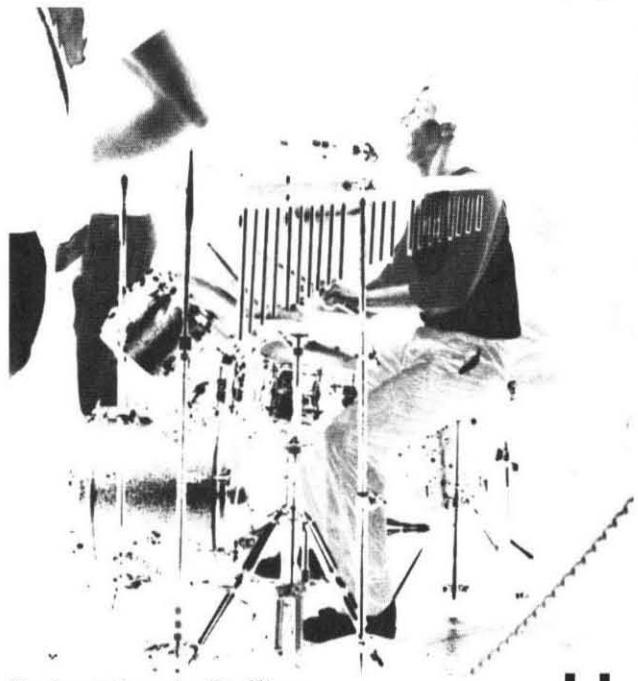
*Doug Conley*

*Milwaukee, Wisconsin*



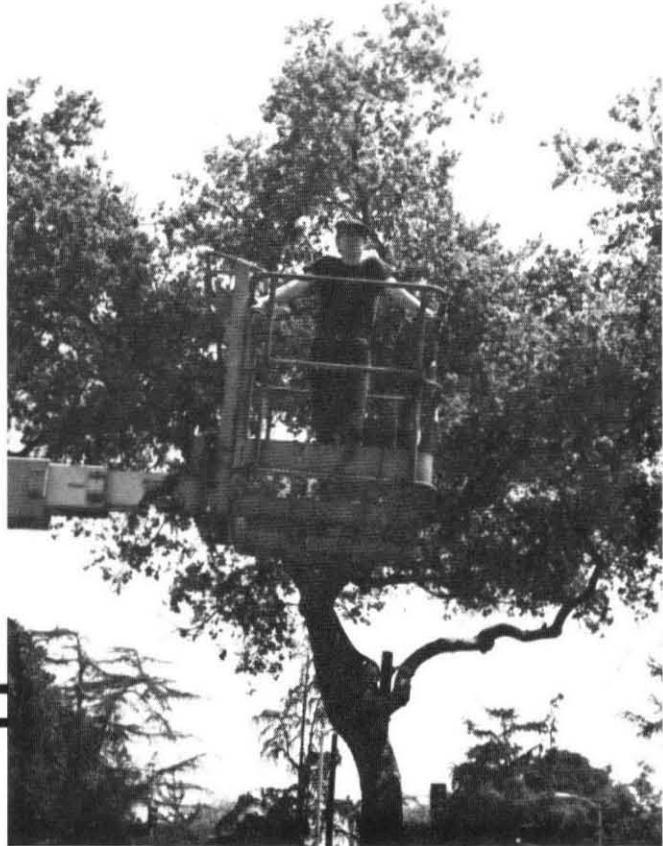
Michael V. Chobotov

*Palos Verdes Estates, California*



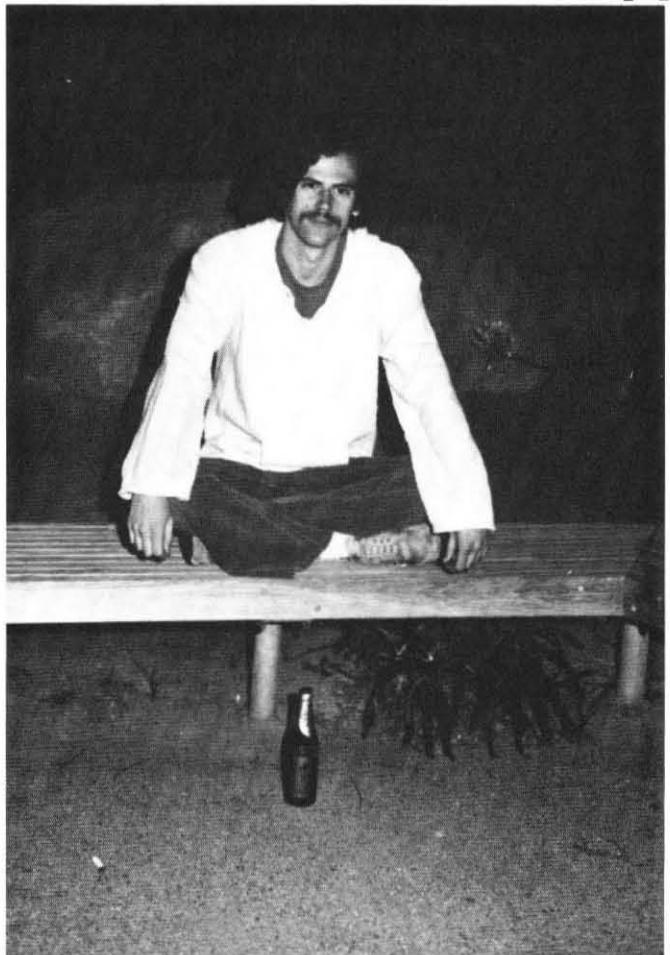
Robert Lewis Collins

*Arcadia, California*



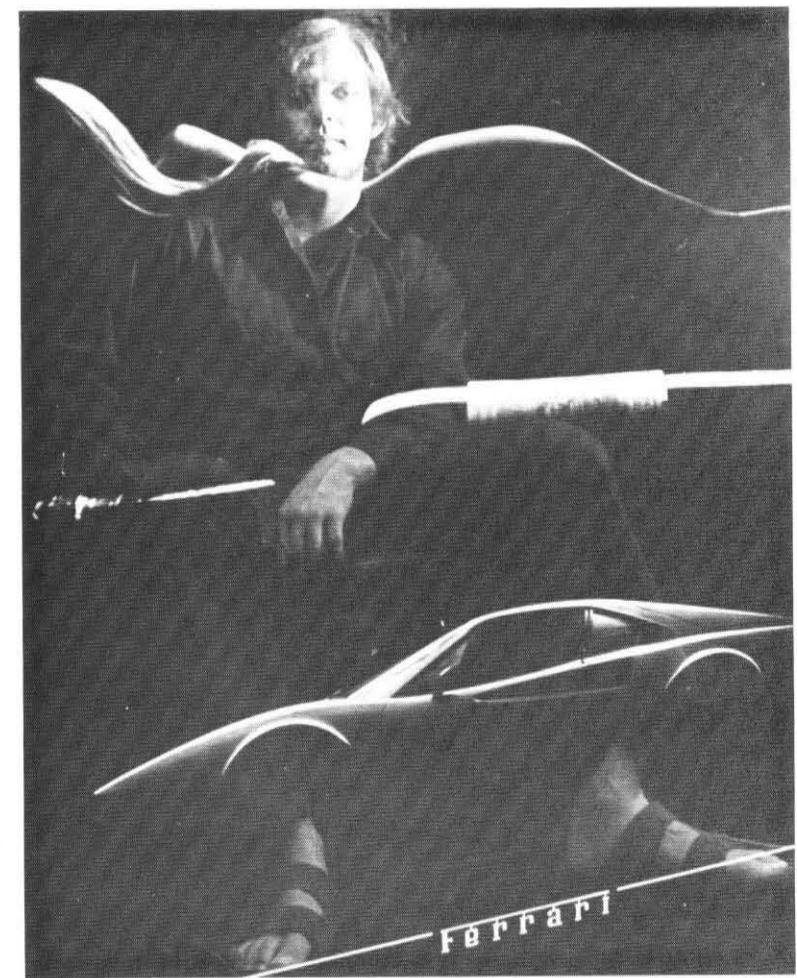
Christopher J. Hawley

*Baldwin Park, California*



Ron Franz

*Costa Mesa, California*



*Cliff Eugene Frieler*

Greeley, Colorado



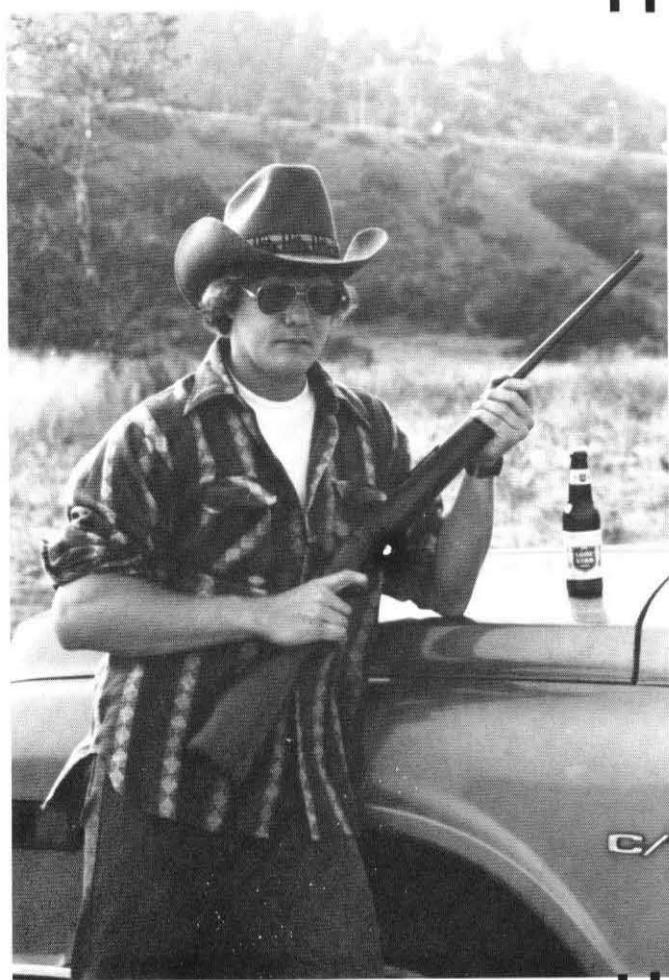
*Frank Janeczek*

Leesburg, Florida



*Karen Ann Hellgren*

Ft. Lauderdale, Florida



*Robert John Januska, Jr.*

Huntington Beach, California

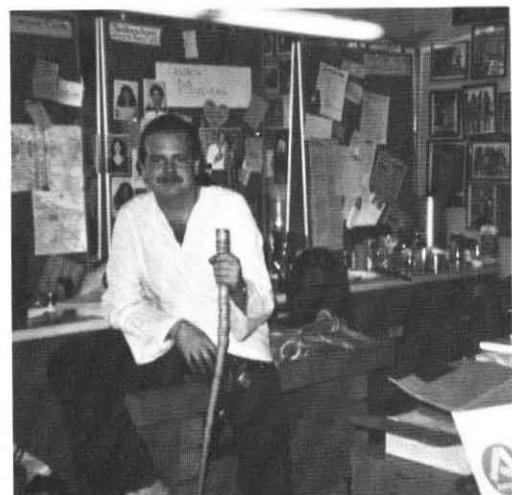


*Big Rom Katti*

*Columbia, Missouri*



*Johnny Leung*



*Duncan G. Mahoney*

*Montrose, Pennsylvania*



*Randal Koster*

*Arroyo Grande, California*



*Chengi Jimmy Kuo*

*South Brunswick, New Jersey*

*Dublin, California*



*Catherine M. Petroff*

*Fullerton, California*



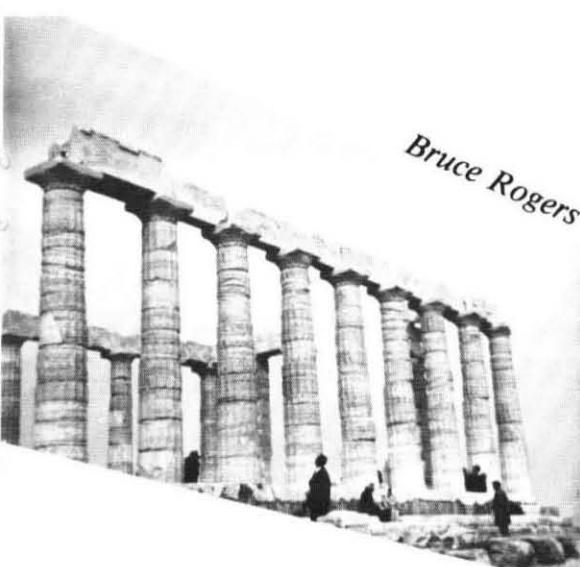
*Disco Bill Naylor*

*Rochester, Minnesota*



*John Y. Ngai*

*Lafayette, California*



*Bruce Rogers*

*Los Gatos, California*



Owensboro, Kentucky

James Stevenson Ryan



Longmont, Colorado

Sharron C. Sarchet

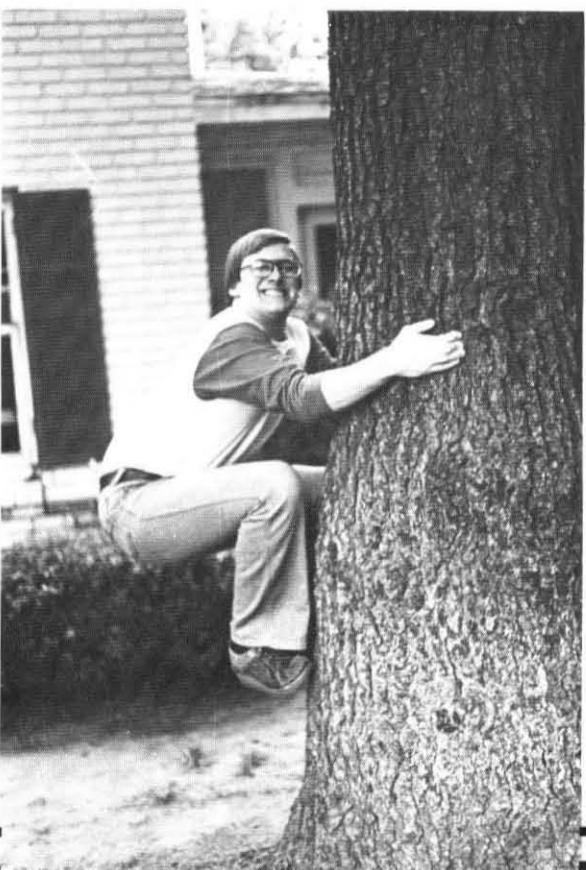


Ken Sieck

Santa Barbara, California



*Yun-Chen Sung*



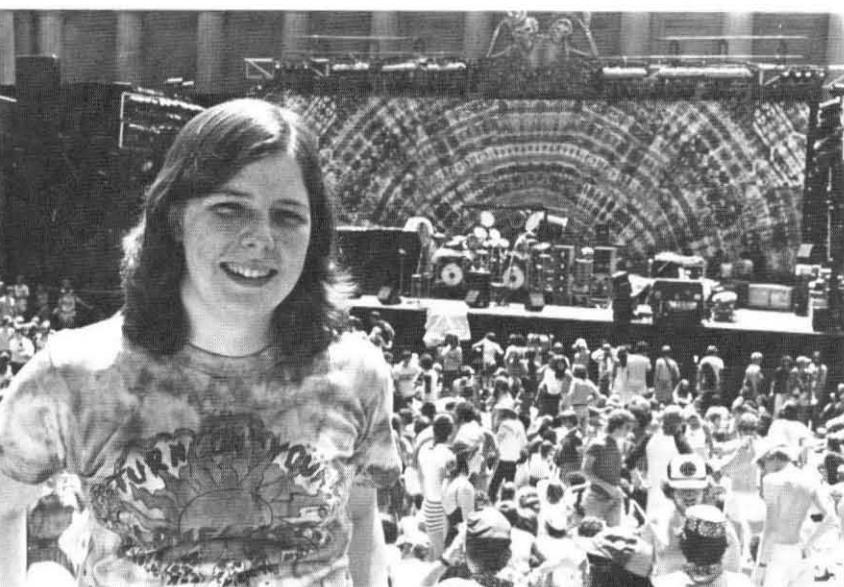
*Brett Stutz*

*Rochester, New York*



*William Snyder*

*Burbank, California*

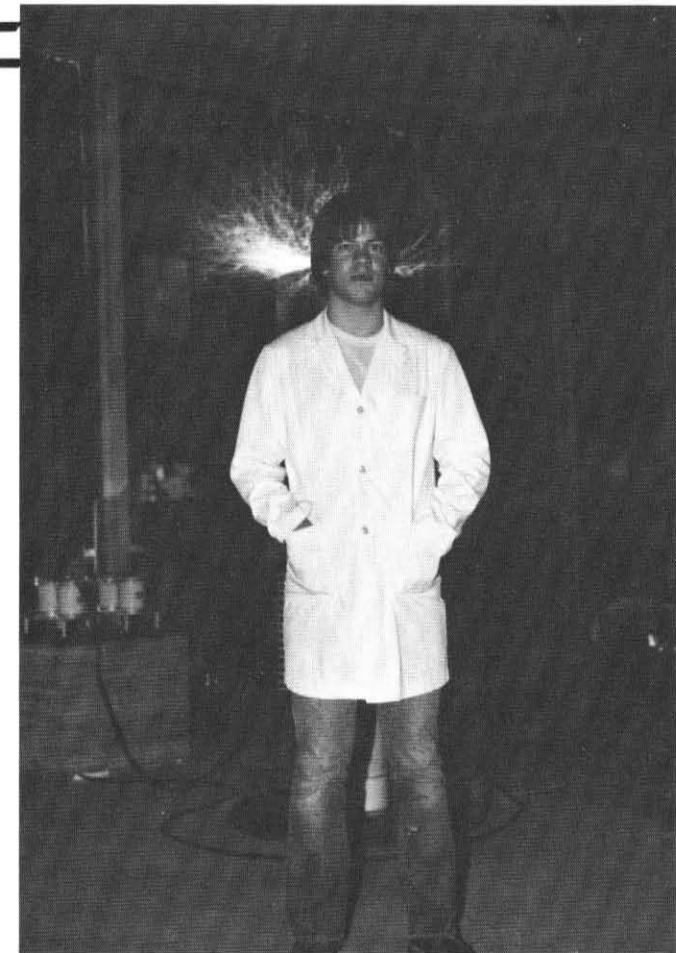


*Patricia Jo Stoddard*

*Peoria, Illinois*



John Whitehead

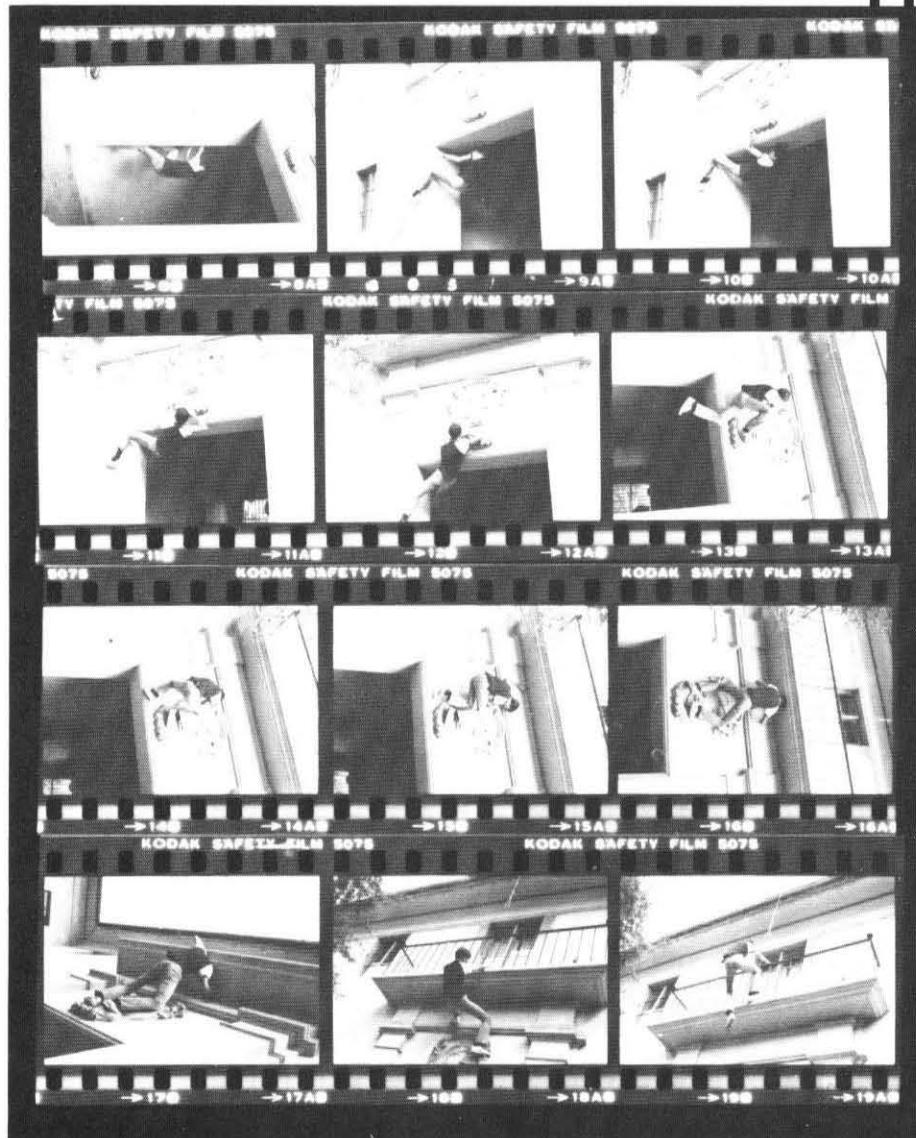


Tuxedo, New York

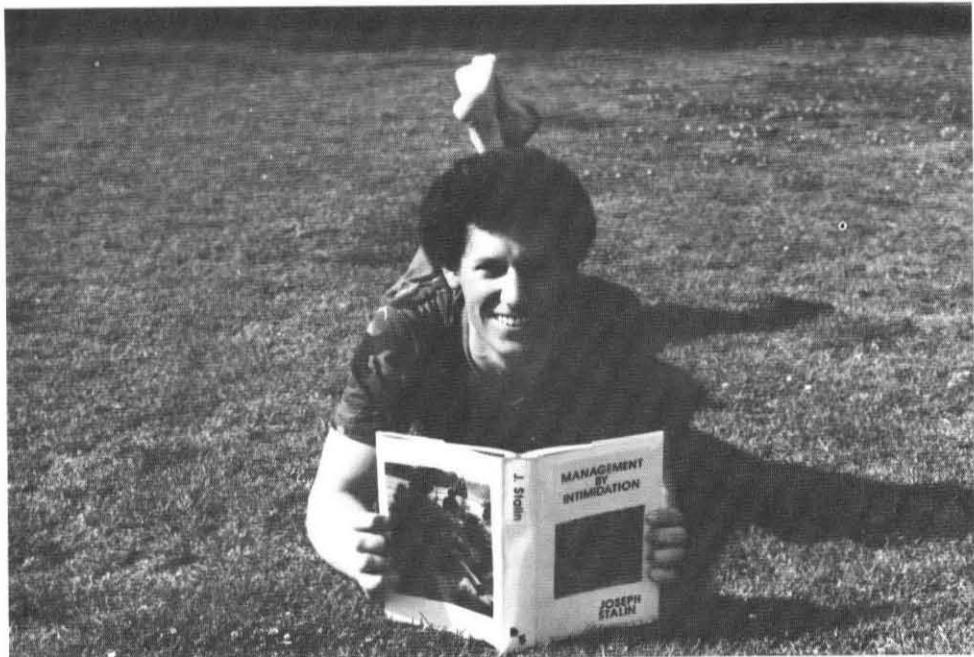


John A. King

Osaka, Japan

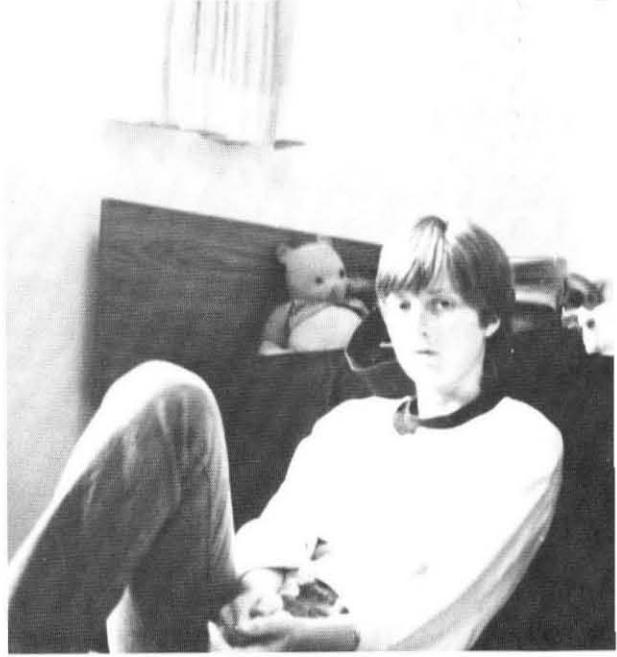


Rick Walker



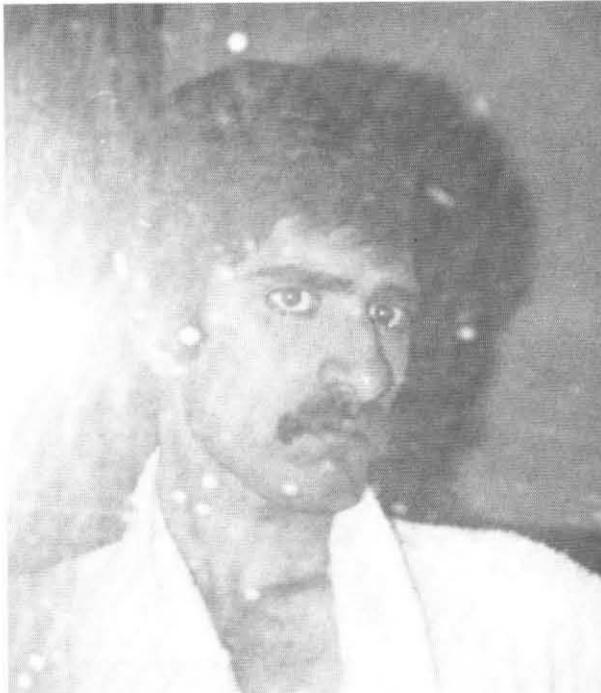
Wallace F. Walter

Thousand Oaks, California



Amy Wendt

St. Paul, Minnesota



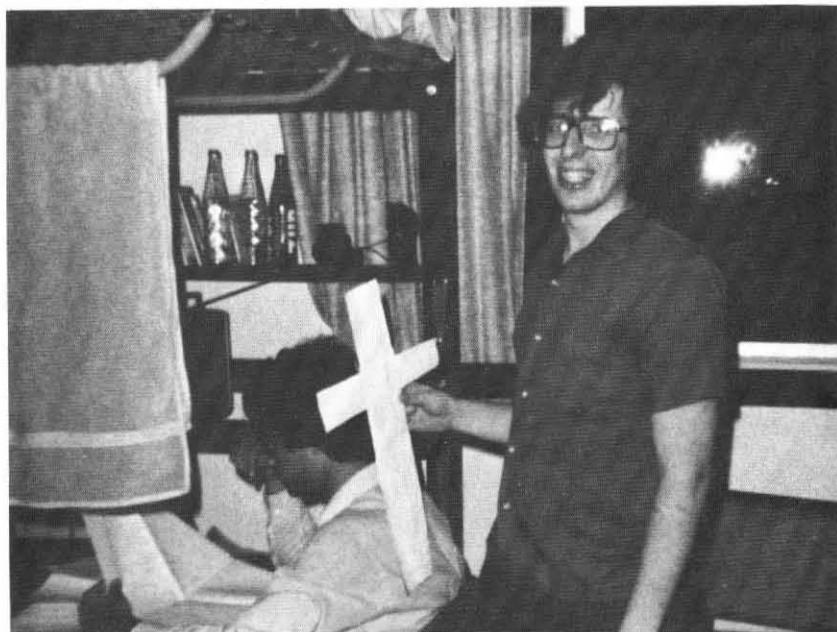
Bimal



Wadhwa

New Delhi, India

Graham Zaretsky



Spring Valley, New York

# YEARBOOK STAFF



*Shawn Larsen*

*Denver, Colorado*



*Ron Miller*

*N. William Clayton*

*Manhattan Beach California*



*Granite, Utah*

# MATHEMATICS



*Kevin Stinson*

*Linda Wald*



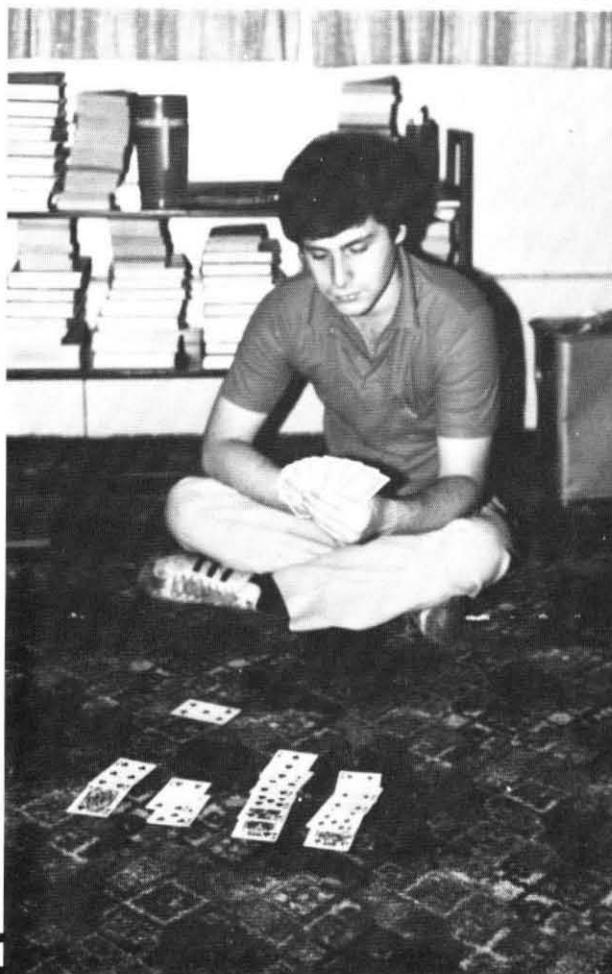
*Sacramento, California*



*Ron Moore*

*Burnsville, Minnesota*

*Houston, Texas*

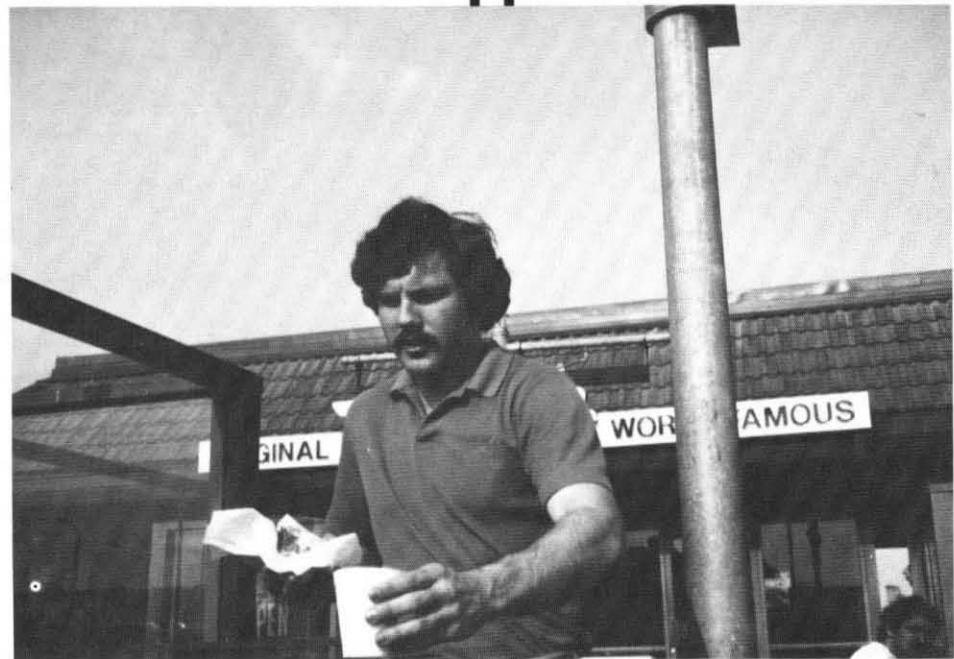


*Robert M. Shore*



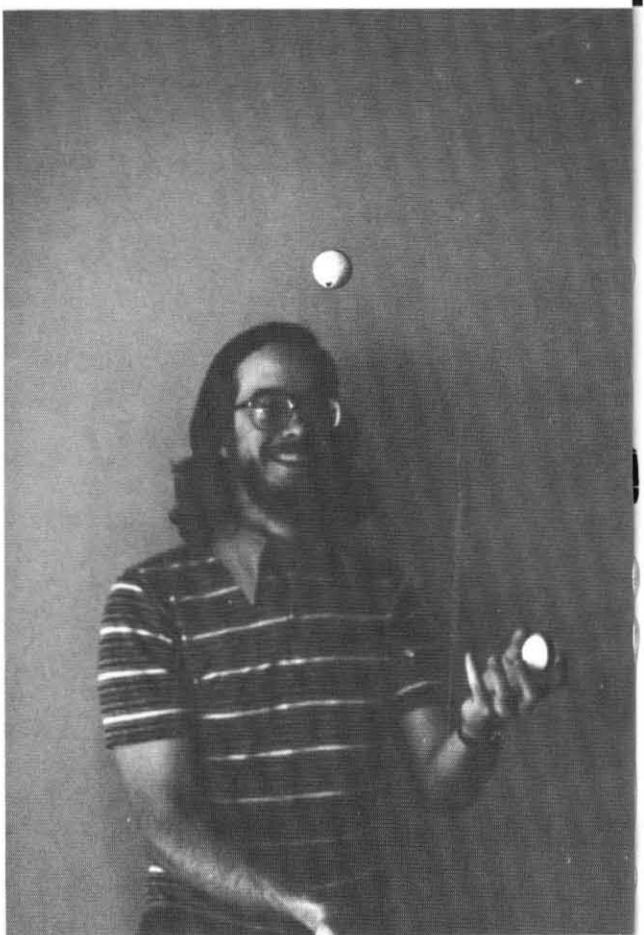
Eric Chang

Altadena, California



Forrest C. Quinn

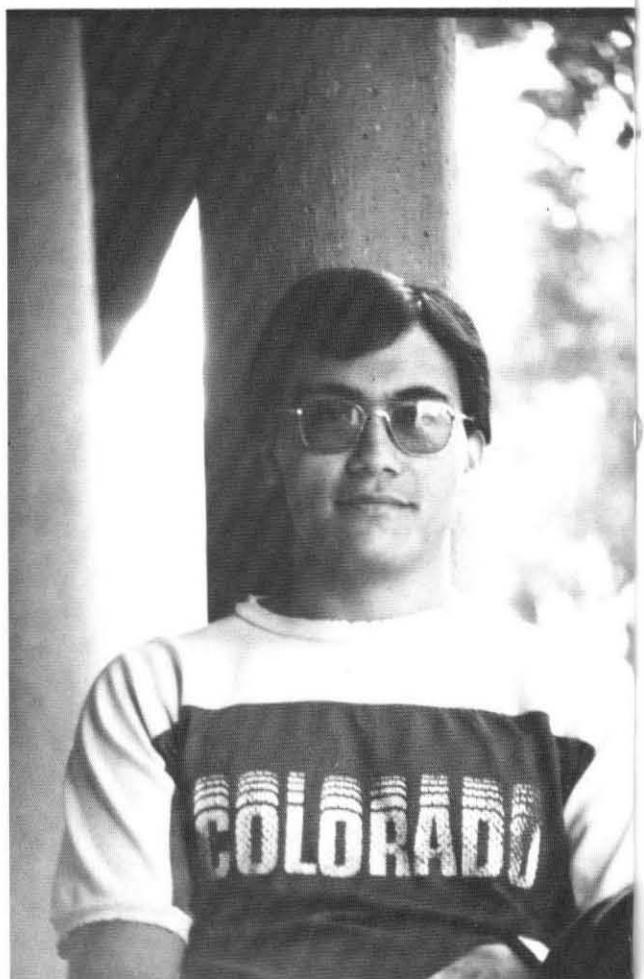
Huntington Beach, California



Jonathan Buss

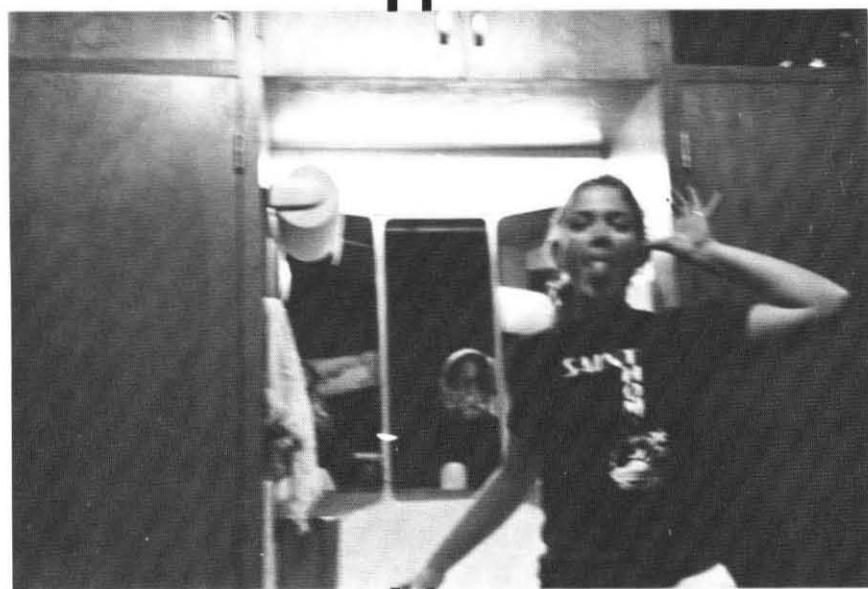
||

Aurora, Colorado



Leonardo A. Laroco, Jr.

||

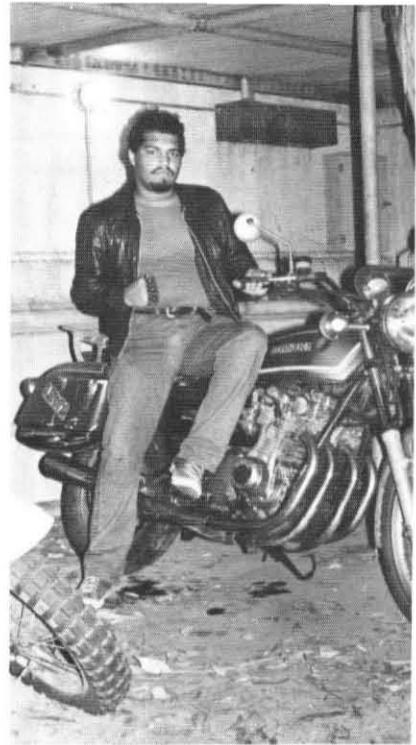


Karen Kiselewski

Palm Beach Gardens, Florida



Vitaly Kupisk



Nicomedes Alonso

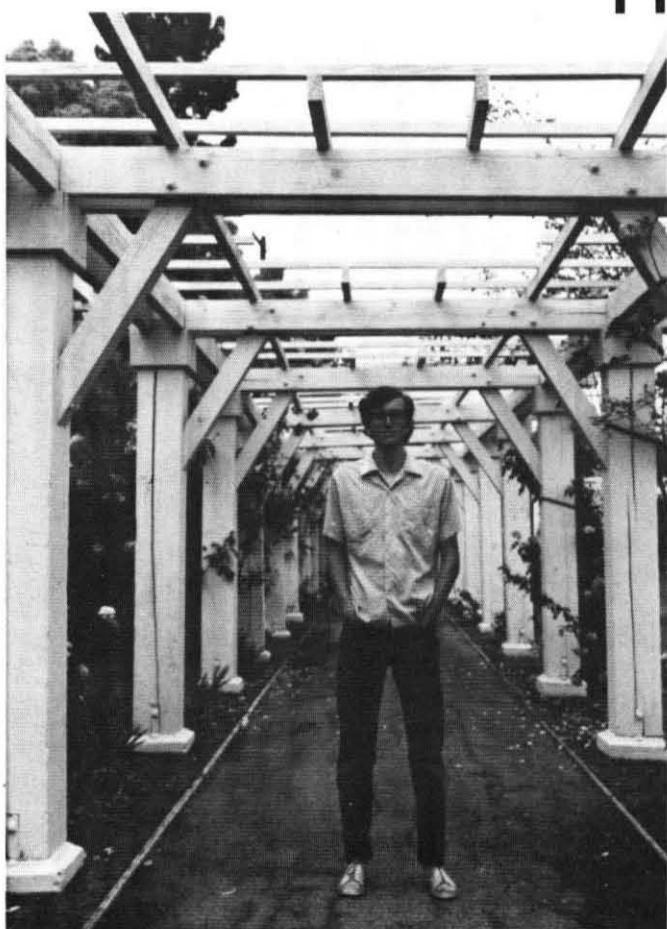
Astoria, New York

# PHYSICS



Wen Jin Meng

Beijing, China

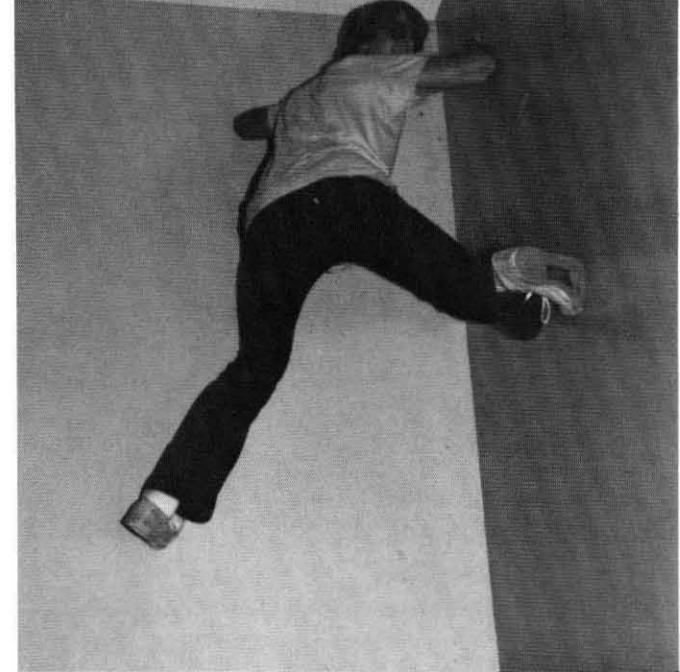


Jens Jensen

Del Mar, California



*Malcolm W. Ewell, Jr.*



*B. Arlen Anderson*

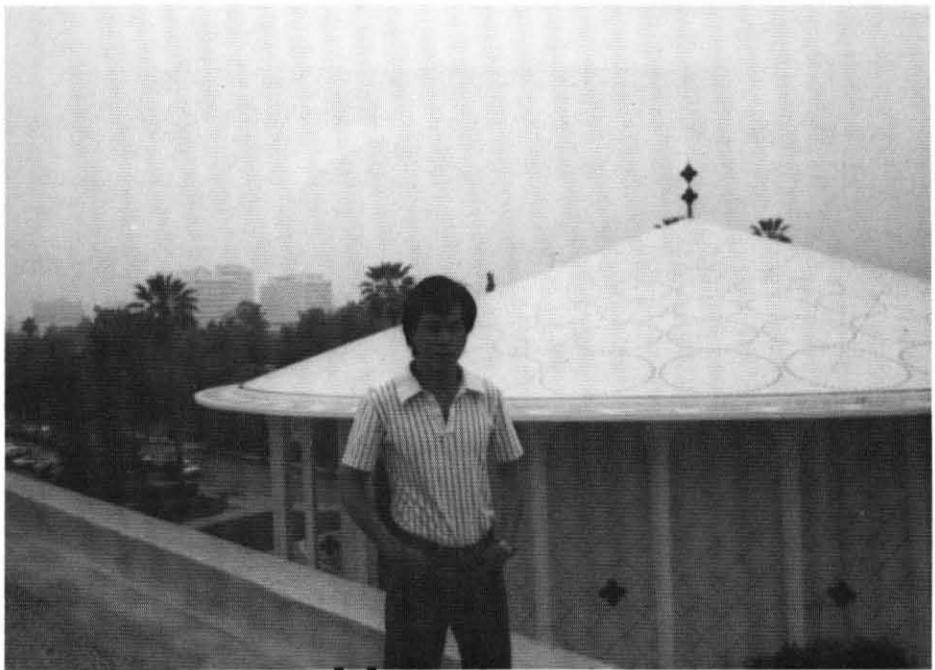
*Manhattan Beach, California*



*Joakim Lindblom*

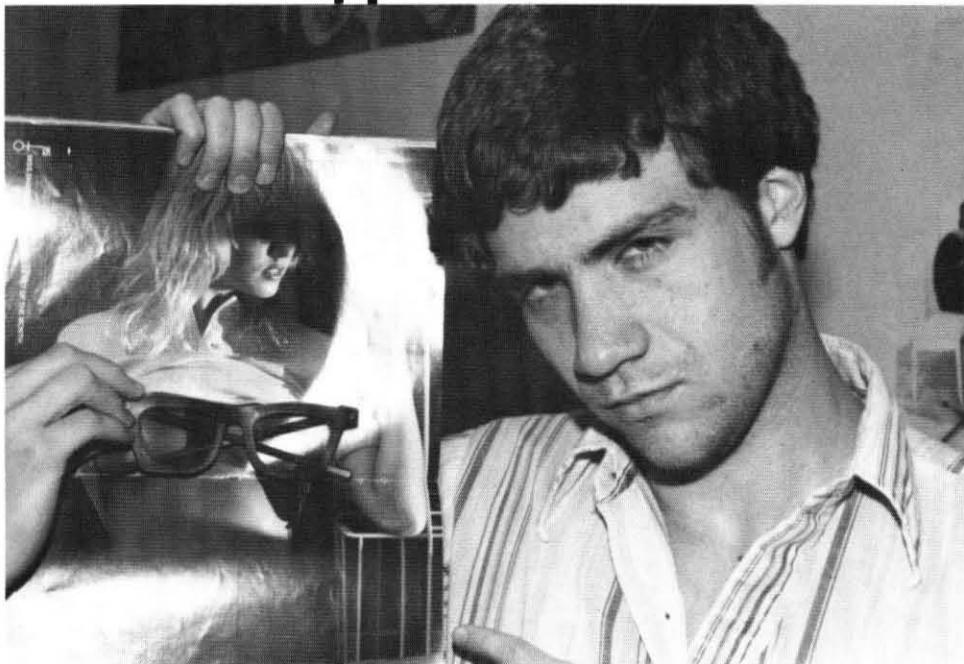


*Lance Dixon*



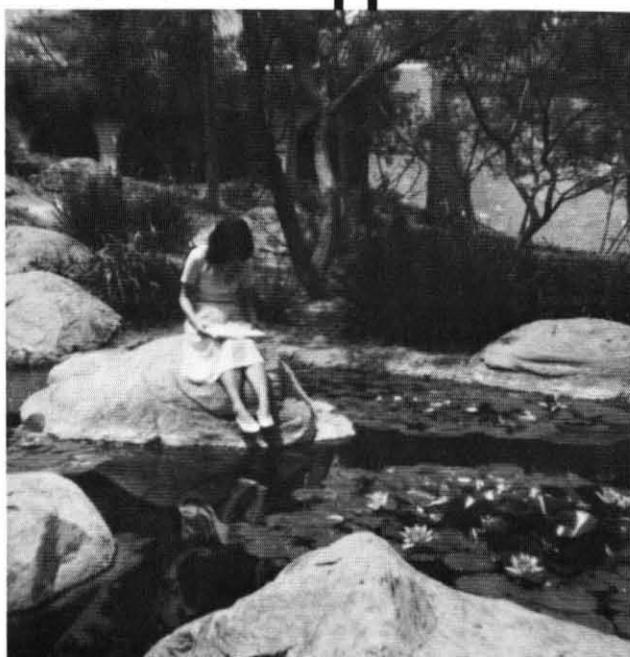
Beijing, China

Yang-tse Cheng  
Physics/Mathematics



Everett, Washington

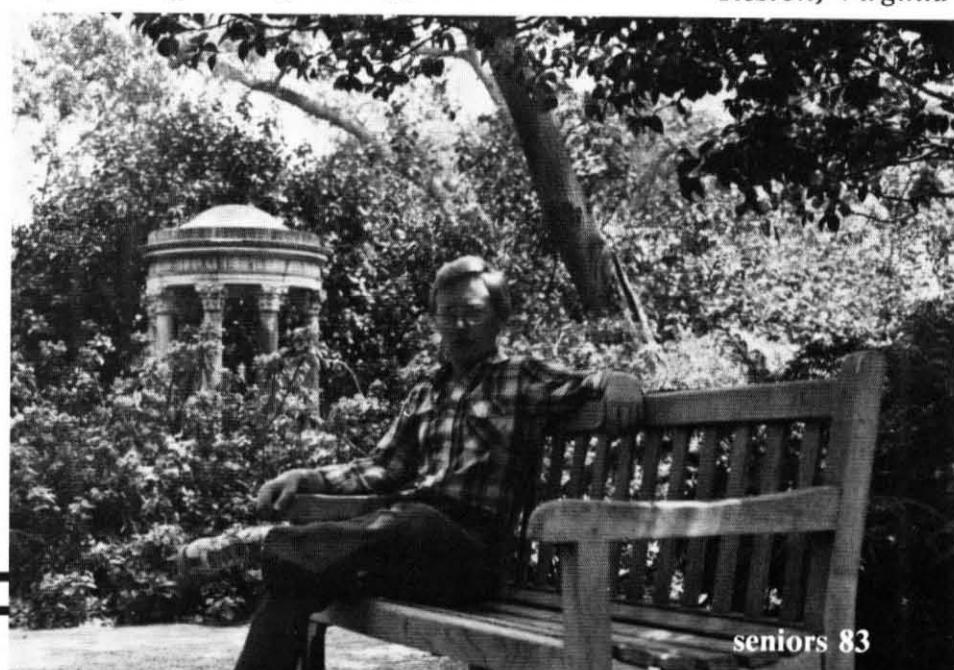
Michael Ravine  
Mung-Ling Ang



Singapore

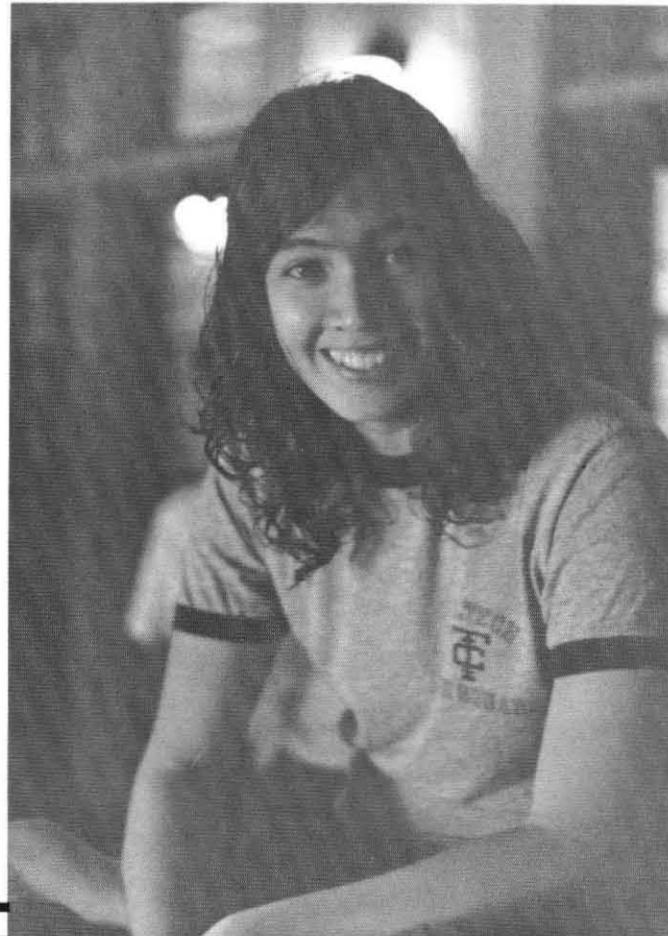
Mark Foster  
Physics/Engineering and Applied Science

Reston, Virginia





*Susan Gardner  
Physics/Chemistry*



*Kathy Doughty*

*Bakersfield, California*

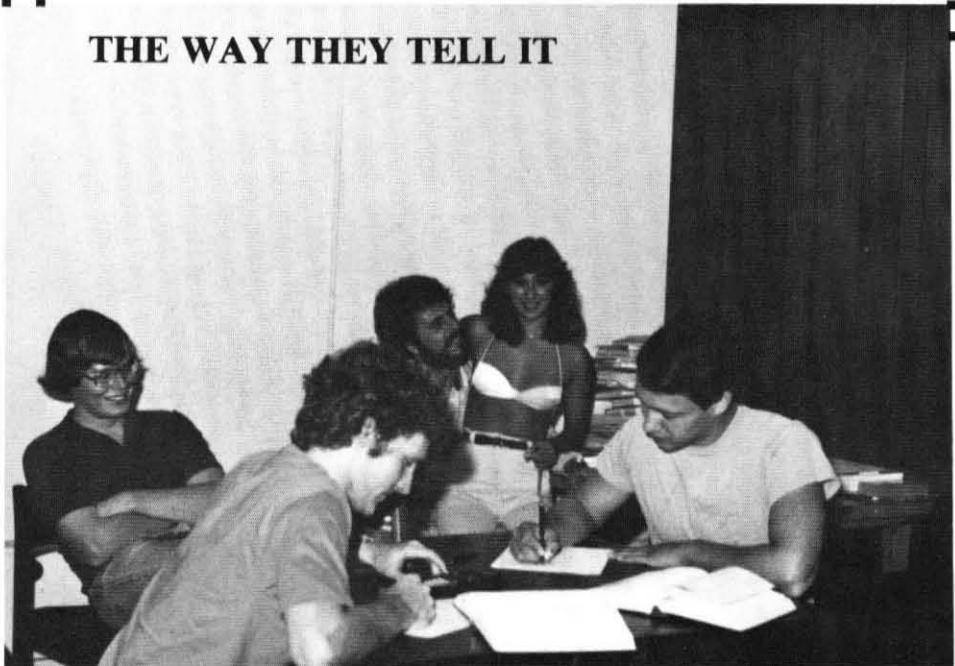
# GROUP SHOTS

from right:

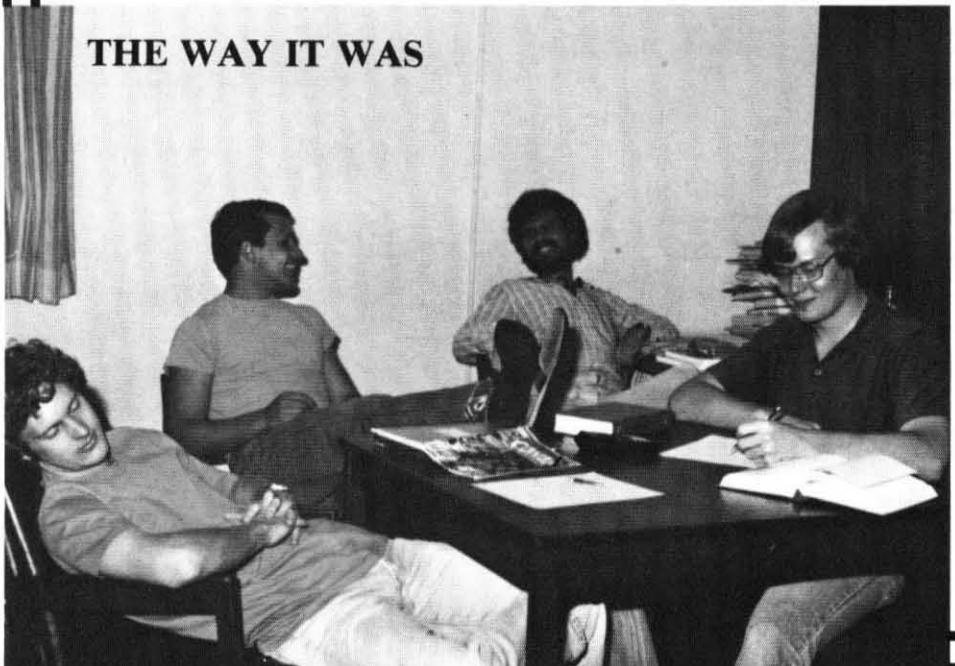
1. *Charles Ng  
Hong Kong  
Engineering and Applied Science*
3. *Jimmy Lam  
Hong Kong  
Engineering and Applied Science*
4. *Kar Man Chang  
Hong Kong  
Physics*



## THE WAY THEY TELL IT



## THE WAY IT WAS



left to right:

*John Mitchell  
San Diego, California  
Electrical Engineering*

*Armando Pauker  
Elmhurst, New York  
Engineering and Applied Science*

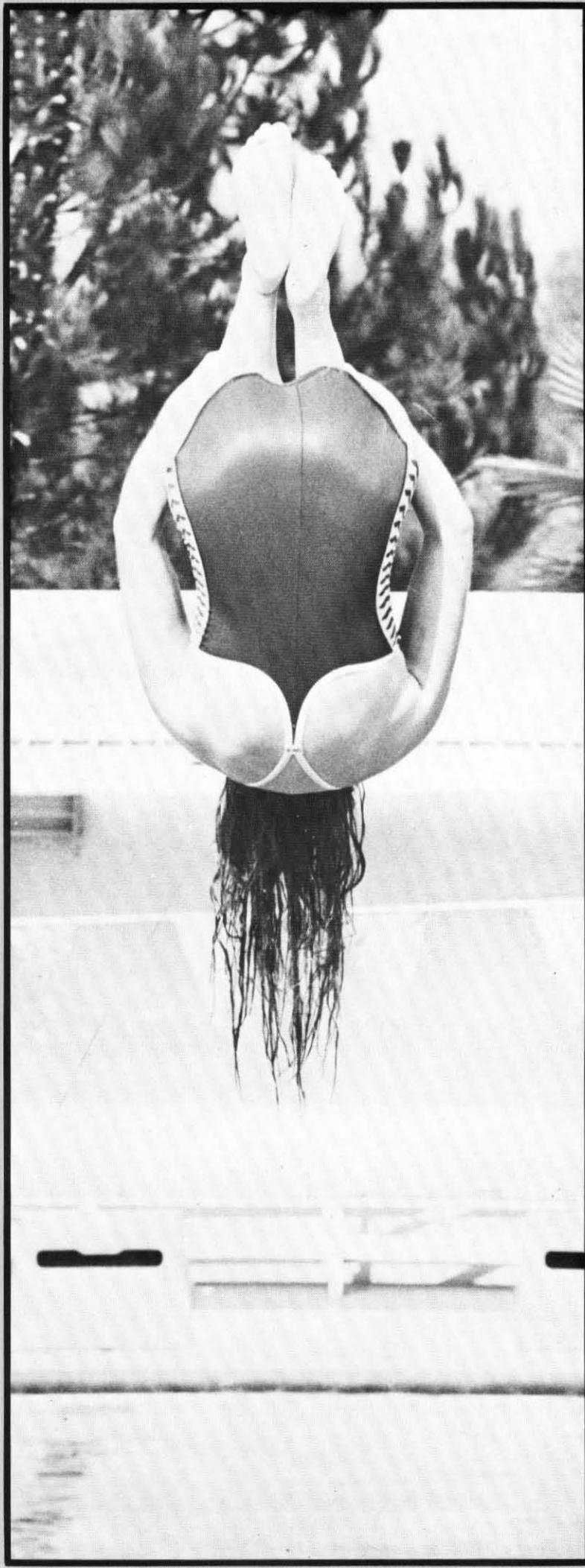
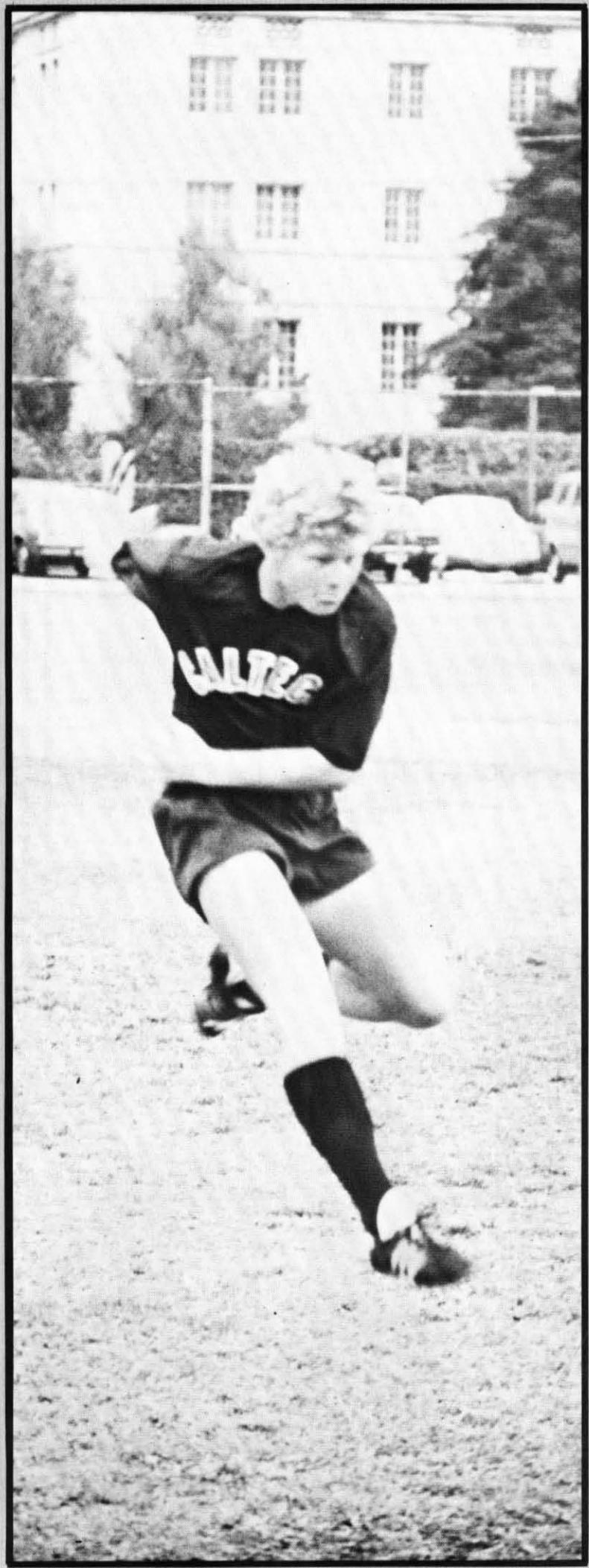
*Roger Helkey  
North Bend, Oregon  
Engineering and Applied Science*

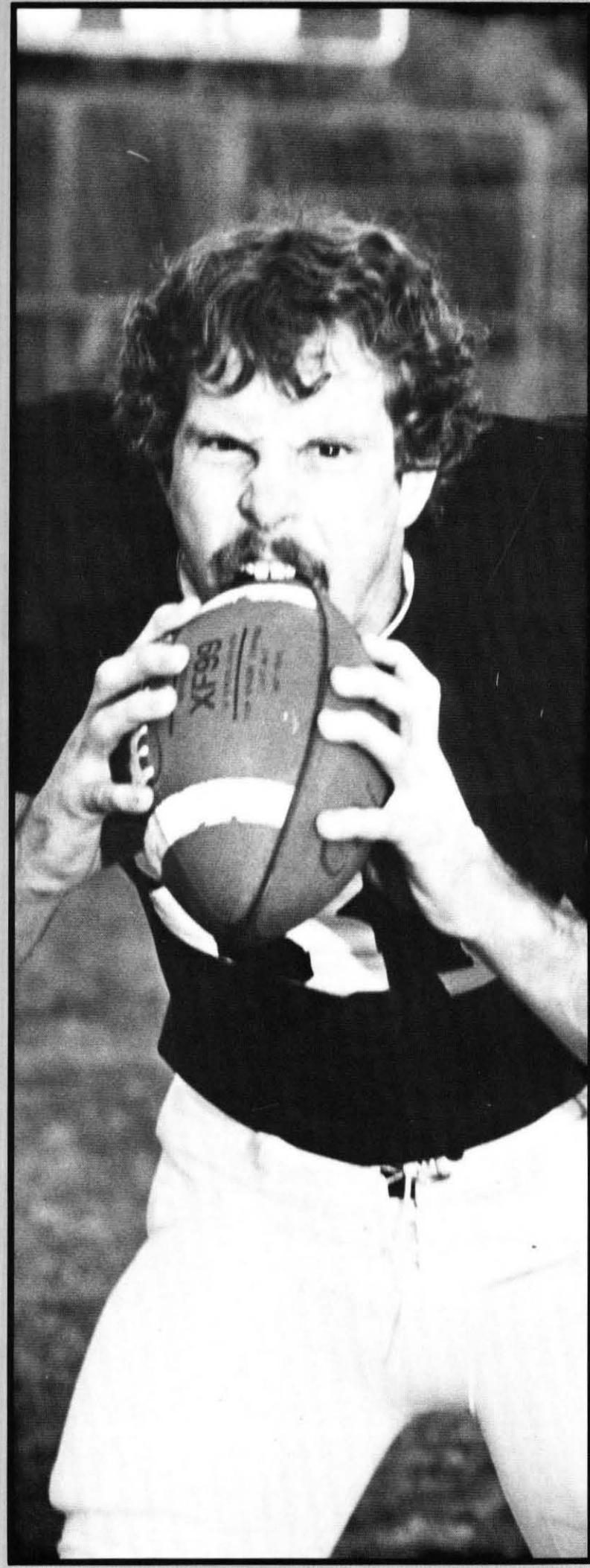
*Larry Humm  
Tacoma, Washington  
Electrical Engineering*



*Paul Eskridge  
Amherst, New York  
Astronomy*

*Michael Thien  
Fremont, California  
Chemical Engineering*

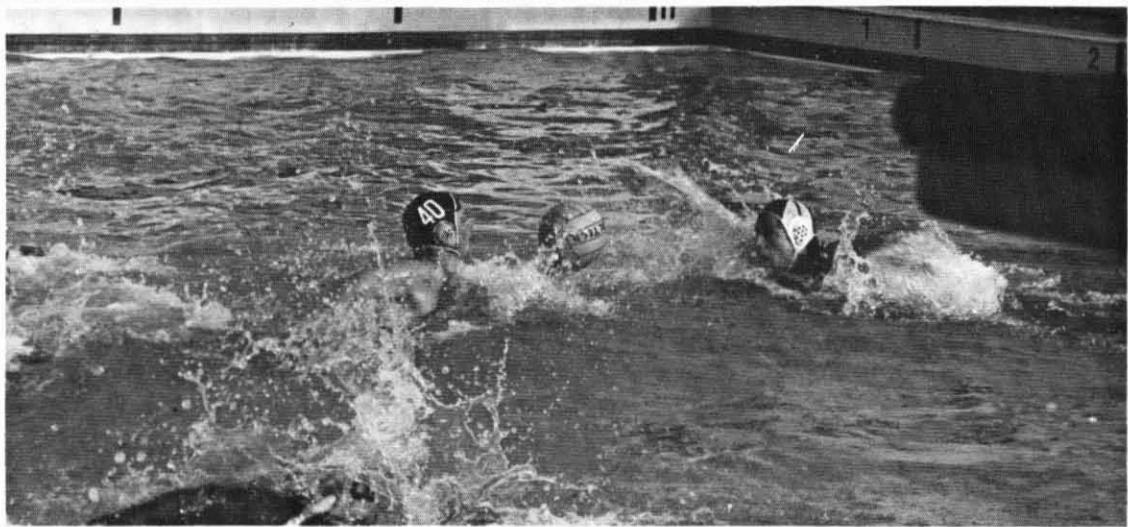




# SPORTS

# WATER POLO

Aside from having an all-right year, the water polo team distinguished itself further by having the longest, most boring and esoteric write-ups in **The California Tech.**

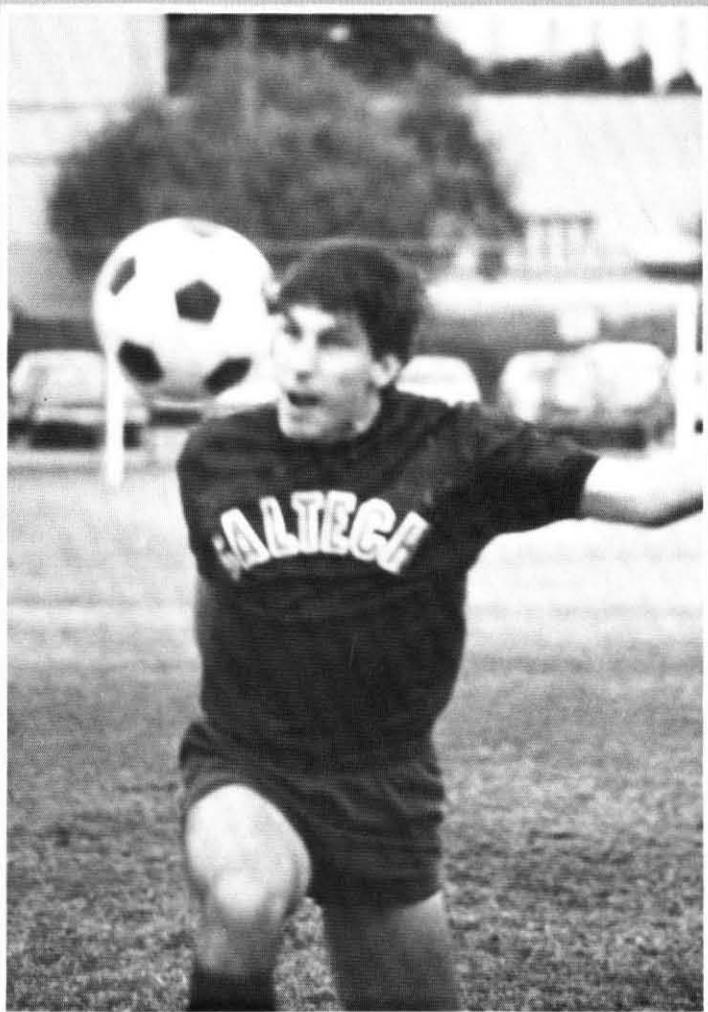
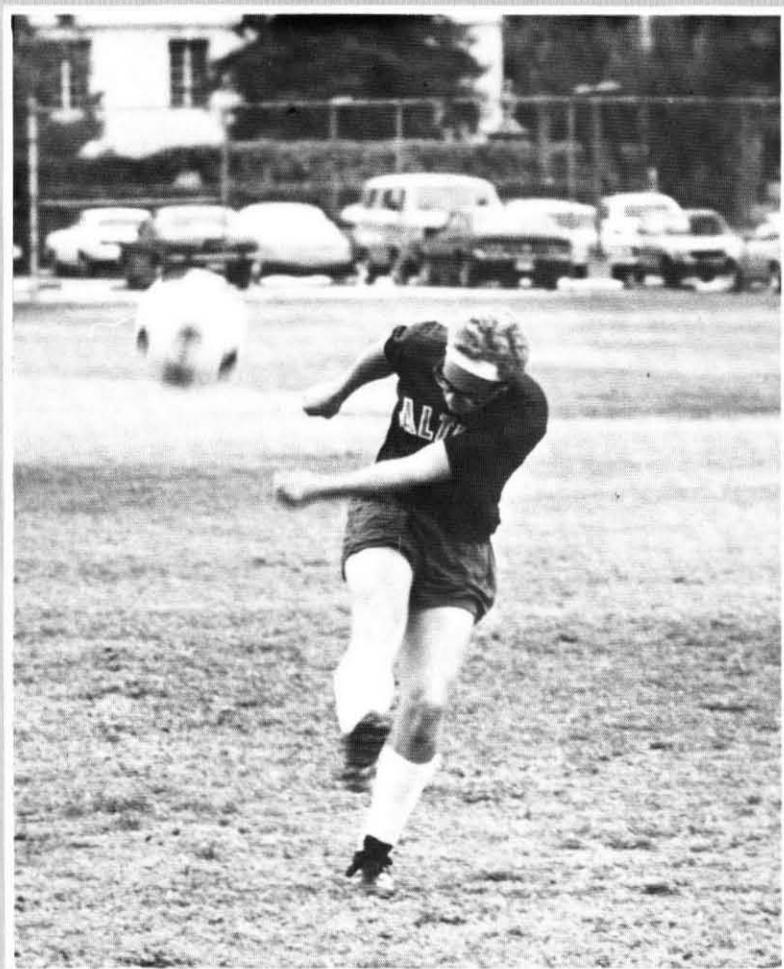


Seated (left to right): Dave Huff, Paul Vita, Russ Barnes, Matt Wette, David Dowling, Bill Polson, Joe McIntyre, Greg Sayles.  
Standing: Coach Clint Dodd, Bjorn Matthias, Stan Berman, Brent Stuart, Greg Schenter, Steve Loyola, Don Hendrix, Jason Hickey, Paul Gaven, Carlos Mussenden, David Watkins, Jim Labrenz, Chris McKinnon.  
Not Pictured: Arley Anderson, Reed Burkhart, Bob Mackey.



# SOCCE





While the United States conveniently ignores the World Cup soccer matches (by trying to pass off baseball's finest --and most lucrative--moment as the "World Series"), the rest of the world is freely giving shin splints, trampling unfortunates underfoot and making the Marquis de Sade look like a beautician. And those are just the fans!





On the field, it's much worse. If you are a player, you are in very big trouble because, if you get the ball, your nearest ally is at least twenty yards away, and, more importantly, many, many people (including the other team's players) are trying to **kill** you for that ball. So, the idea is to get rid of the ball as fast as you can, and if it gets to a fellow teammate, all the better.



Back row (left to right): Ass't Coach Willie McCallan, Steve Havstad, Lance Dixon, Leonard Laroco, Tom Remmers, Ed Felten, David Marvit, Evan Cromwell, Greg Gaudet, Gerald Zeininger, Doug Shors, Phil Albert, John McNally, John Souder, Rick Snider, John Krehbiel, Scorekeeper Cheryl Robertson, Head Coach Don Cameron.

Front row: Russell Quong, Brad Marston, Stefan Feuerbendt, Kaushik Banerjee, Manuel Acevedo-Luis, Greg Hausmann, Luis Monsalve, Bruce Behymer, Luis Rodriguez, Rob Andre, Tze Kin Ip, Sung Park, Mike Hisey.

# FOOTBALL

Everyone's conception of our national pastime is the same. The players are of semi-simian intelligence, just bright enough to jump up and down yelling "foo-ball" and strong enough to rip out a pit bulldog's jaw. Well who said they were wrong?

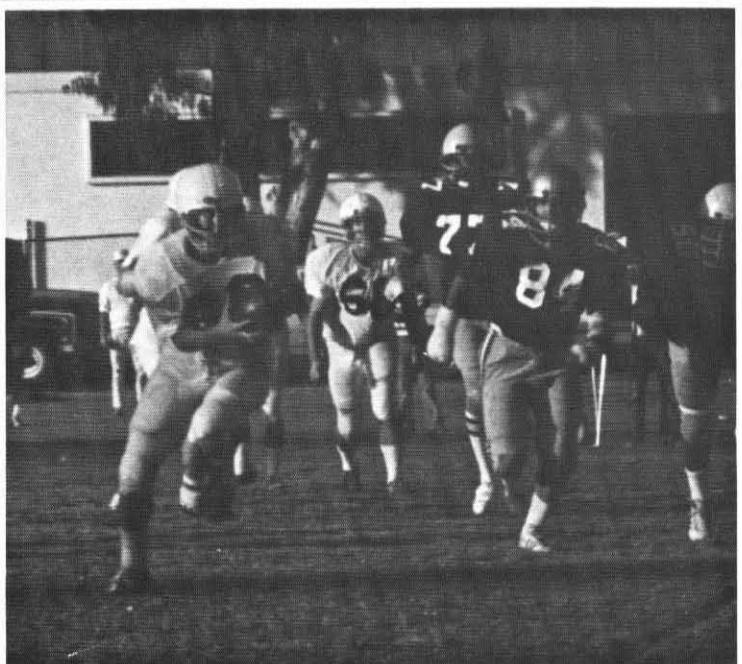


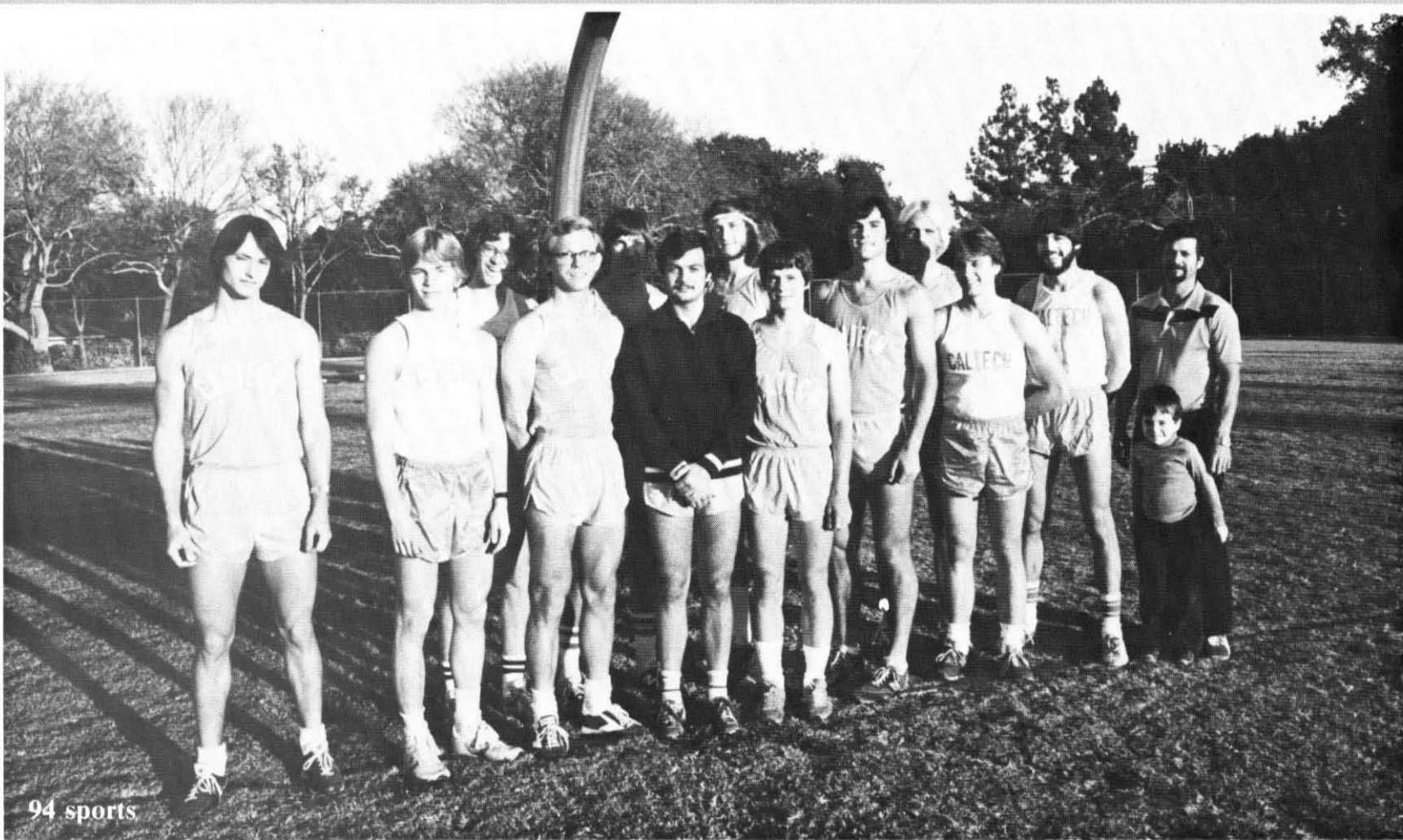
Front: Brad Anton, David Childs, Harry Mousmoules, Ali Nayyer, Curt Trimble, John Humphrey, Ben Bonham, Rod Thompson, Jeff Cavallaro, Andy Liu, Mike O'Loughlin.

Middle: Ass't Coach Gene Renfroe, Ass't Coach Scott Laurence, Jonathon Brown, Larry Sverdrub, Randy Gladstone, Scott Bloom, Charlie Strauss, Steve Martin, Equipment Manager Roger Garcia.

Back: Bobby Buck, Les Poltrack, Robert Murdock, Ron Miller, Ed Lambert, Keith Holt, Dave Brinza, Don Fossgreen, Dave Hayes, Daren Casey, Head Trainer Jim Beazell, Head Coach Lin Parker.

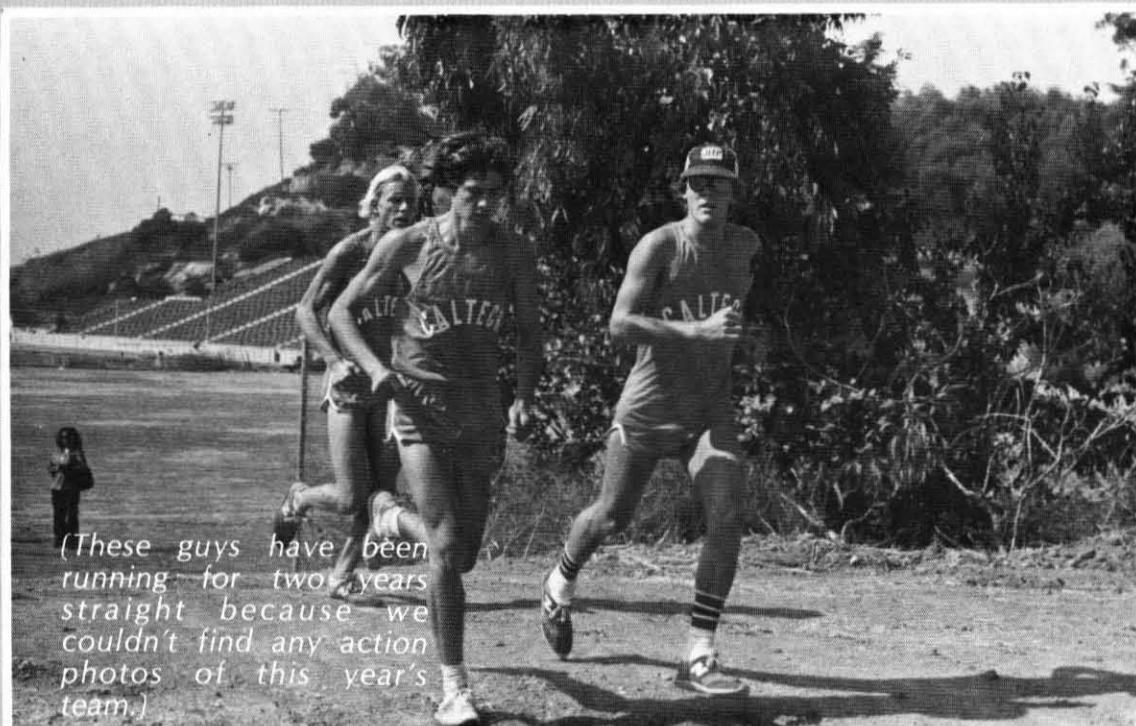
Not Pictured: Ass't Coach Dean Bond, Bill Crowe, Paul Barros, Samir Barudi, Andrew Simpson.





# WOMEN'S X-COUNTRY

Women's Cross-Country Team (left to right): Anne Sauter, Anne Hermann, Mignon Belongie, Barb Turpin, Jennifer Haase, Pam Demoer, Coach Neal and Co.



(These guys have been running for two years straight because we couldn't find any action photos of this year's team.)

## **cross coun' try** *n.*

An inflammatory disease usually noted for sudden masochistic urges, muscle spasms, vomiting, nasal and lung discharges, and, eventually, either the finish line or The Finish Line. No known cures; however, broken glass, smog, firebombs, tacks, and obnoxious-/homicidal drivers slow its progress.

# MEN'S X-COUNTRY

Men's Cross-Country Team (left to right): Steve Stahl, Richard Oliver, John Wall, Jim Drake, Brian McLain, Vince Camarata, Paul Eskridge, Shawn Larsen, Sean Moriarty, Karl Clausing, Ian Anderson, Lewis Aronson, Head Coach Leroy Neal, Ass't Coach Joshua Neal.

# VOLLEYBALL

...Thwap. Swish.  
Pow. Slam. Thud. **UNGH.**  
Snickt. Schradkt. Swish.  
Tip... Thunk! Clap, clap,  
clap. **Nine, five, service,**  
**pant.** Biff. Sail. Pow.  
Thwap. Swish...  
—from *Volleyball: An  
Insider's Memoirs.*



Back row (you know by now): Yela Luzar, Sandra Loh, Cathy Petroff, Chris Tiller, Lucy France, Margaret Short, Irene Repogle.  
Front row (see above): Kelley Scott, Lynmarie Thompson, Susanna Chan, Sue Fuhs, Noemi de la Puente, Julia Kornfield, Eliza Sutton.

# WRESTLING



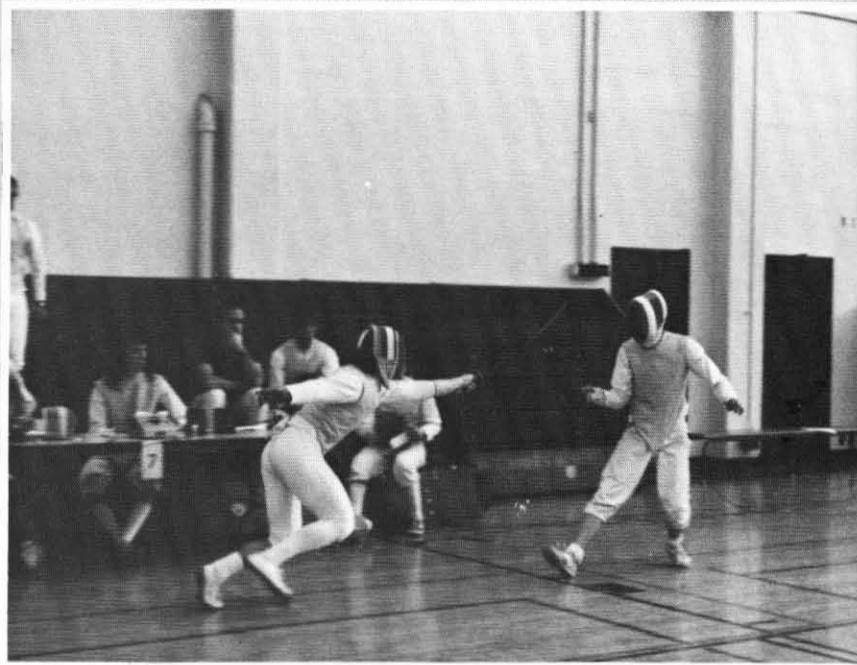
## Typical Wrestler's Cue Card

(When red light flashes) Walk to center of mat. Shake hands with other guy (not the ref). Pretend to understand what the ref tells you by nodding your head. Go back to your corner. Snarl fiercely at audience. When your coach pushes you, go to center of the mat and look at other guy (again, not the ref). Move closer to him and hit his shoulder. Fall to the mat and let him get on top of you and wrap his arms and legs around you. Hit mat

*The 1981-82 Caltech Wrestling Team (gauche to droit): Trainer Jim Beazell, Mike Ammon, Steve Penn, Don Buchholz, Charlie Strauss, Louis Aronson, Joey Chang, John Humphrey, Coach Lin Parker.*

three times. Sweat. Scream obscenities about young girls and bananas. Roll over, so the other guy is now on bottom. Allow him to do the same and repeat several times until the other guy (the ref) kicks you in the rib. Go back to your corner. Face audience and put arms around your head. Hum the theme to "Rocky".

# FENCING



This was the best year in the history of the Caltech fencing team, as it rejoined the collegiate conference and placed fourth in the final standings. Having built the team up from a small crew, support was gathered to enter regular competition. A strong showing (4th place out of 8 teams) reflects the commitment of the entire team, in practice, and in competition.

Outstanding individual performances came from Scot Prahl and Maclen Marvit in foil (5th and 6th place individually), and Bruce Prickett (5th in sabre).

The epic team did well as a team, taking fourth in spite of a highly variable roster. The women's team was new to competition, but they showed spirit and determination. With experience they will be dangerously competitive.

While many seniors have graduated, many members will return to compete in 1983, having trained over the summer. This bodes well for the continued success of coach Clovis' fencing team.

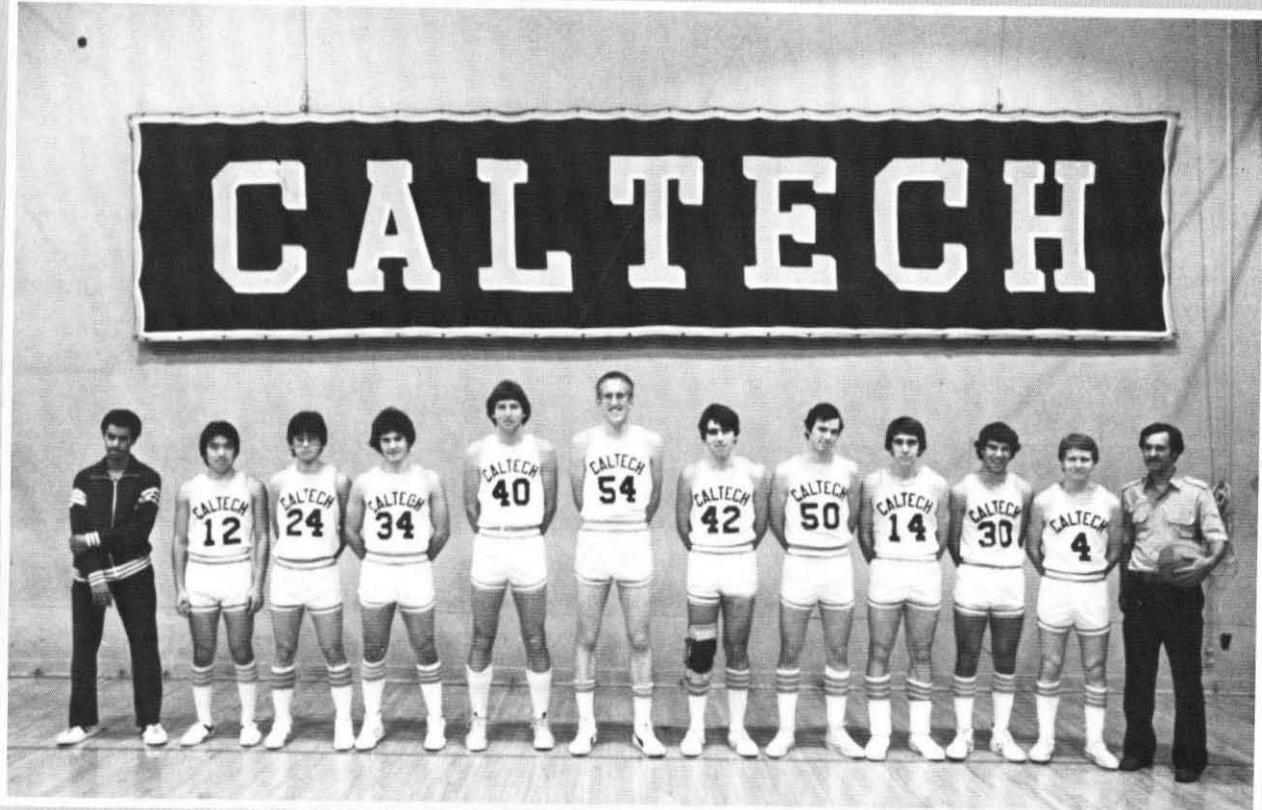
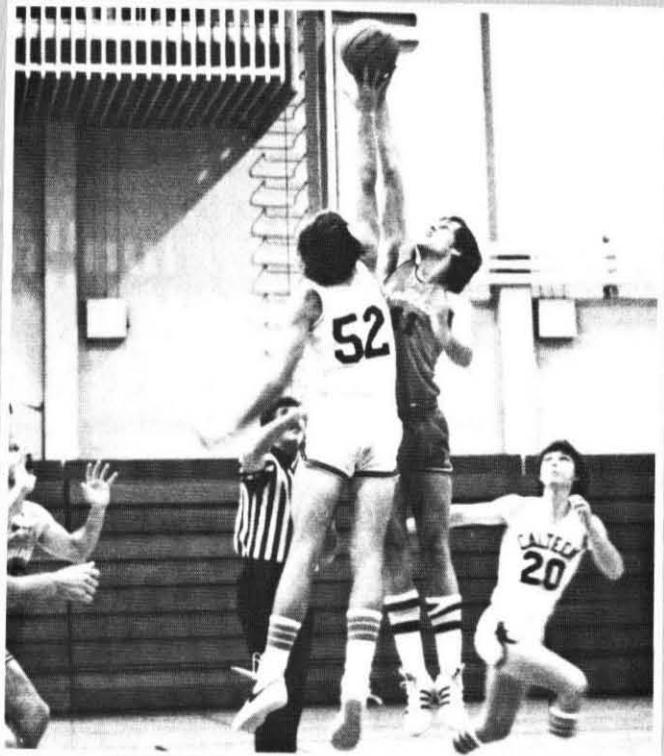


**Fencing team** standing (left to right): George Clovis (Maitre de Armes), Faan Tone Liu, Lisa Penninger, Kathy Sheedy, Phyllis Li, CJ Beegle, Leif Bennett, Chien Wei Han, Scot Prahl, Wally Walter, John Quackenbush, Bruce Prickett, Tony Miller, Mike Thien, James Bell, Ken Hooper, Rick Morris (alumnus).  
kneeling: Paul Stankus, Tim Brandon, Mike Nolan, Dan Briggs.

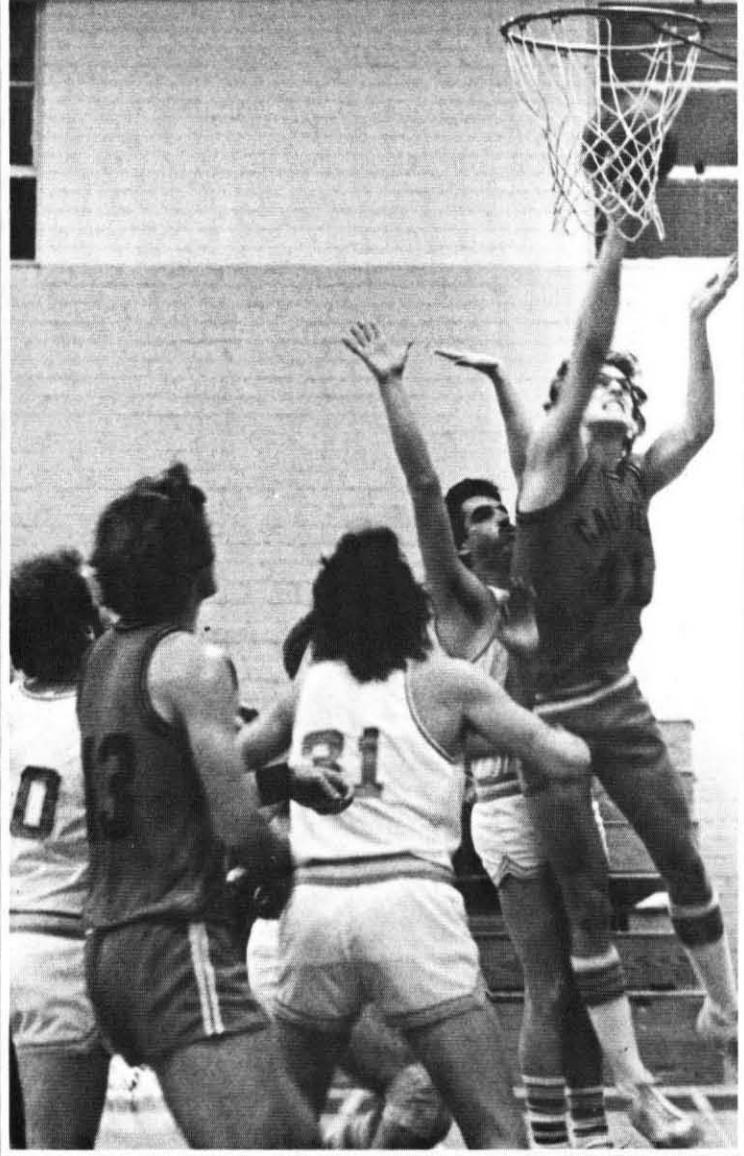
# BASKETBALL

Basketball's major advantage over tennis is that there is more likelihood for a serious brawl to erupt (since there's eight more people on the field).

Other than that, the two sports are identical: you wrench your neck as you try to follow the action, first bending your head one way then turning it the other and so on.



**Varsity Team** (left to right): Scorekeeper Perry Walker, Wen-Teh Chang, Howard Kong, Armand Capote, Steve Knowles, Stewart Peebles, Chris Kyriakakis, Bob Golden, Chris Cotterel, Tom Heer, Phil Patten, Head Coach Mike Poizner.



**JV Team** (left to right): Perry Walker, Glen Crawford, James Kennedy, Bill Sharpe, Dennis Chung,  
Ass't Coach Lou Jones.  
Not pictured: Wen-Teh Chang, John Krehbiel.

# WOMEN'S SOCCER



A lot like men's soccer.



**Women's Soccer First Team (that page)**

*Bottom: Chris Tiller.*

*Middle: Pam Demoer, Mignon Belongie, Irene Replogle, Chris Wood, Leslie Lippard.*

*Top: Cinsky McCally, Sue Gardner, Barb Turpin, Theresa Birdseye, Edie Henderson, Julia Lester, Karen Erickson.*

**Women's Soccer Second Team (this page)**

*Bottom: Julie Kornfield, Sue Fuhs.*

*Middle: Candy McCoy, Natalie Gruia, Ann Rosenthal, Nancy Krehbiel, Liz Newman.*

*Top: Susan Hunts, Alison Blake, Wendy Rasmussen, Sue Vandewoude.*

Tennis is a fascinating sport. The tennis player is an interesting study. He (or she) blows two hundred dollars on shoes, shorts, wrist bands, bandanas and sweat socks (not to mention another couple hundred on a racket and balls), goes out into a smoggy, hot September afternoon to swat at an invisible (some say abstract) target, then sits around sipping Gatorade, complaining about how the surface needs to be redone and how Teddy's topspin failed in the match.

# TENNIS

After he becomes fairly proficient at the game, he enters a local club where he is teamed up with the ubiquitous 65 year old flatulent mogul whose vocabulary is limited by severe emphysema. They then become good friends, sign up for a national doubles tournament and reach the finals, where, in the final set, the mogul gives up the ghost, whispering "Death be not proud!". He, touched by the mogul's last minute philosophy, is inspired to win one for the gipper, and carries on, singlehandedly, to win the match. He finally retires to the talk show circuit where he remains 'til he expires from boredom on the Dick Cavett show.



The 1981-82 Tennis Team consisted of (left to right): Coach Mike Jackson, Peter Rodriguez, Rex Wang, Ned Wingreen, Erik Moller, Lucy France, Bruce Sams, Gary Chow, Rajiv Sahney, Jim Trask. Not pictured: Cathy Shapiro, Harry Mousmoules, Andy Wolf, Ron Francis.

# SEBALL



What can you say about baseball? I mean, **really**? You pitch and someone bats, as illustrated above. You can also stand around having group pictures taken.

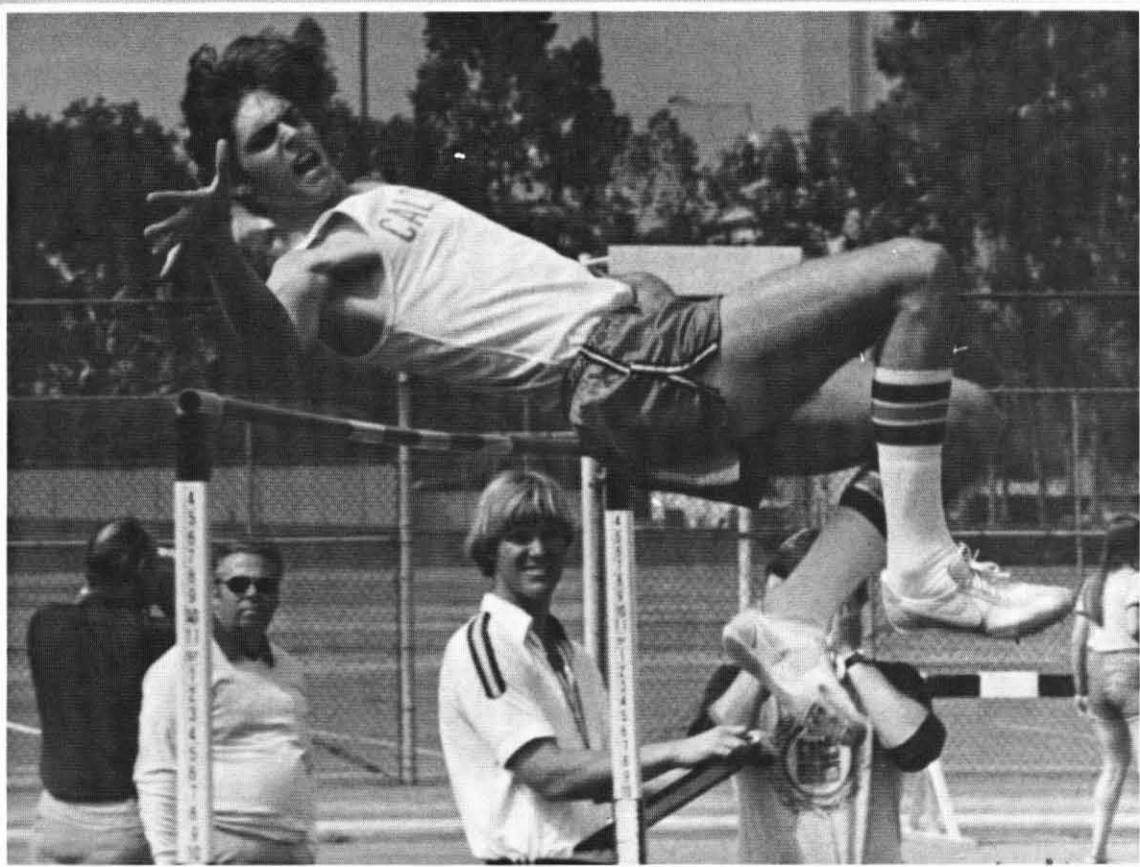
Front row (left to right): Chris Burosk, Wen Chang, Brandon Mymudes, Alan Daughton, Ed Casey, Armand Capote, Eric Granan, Doug MacKenzie (good day), Jon Quilliam, Steve Havstad, Head Coach Scott Laurence.  
Back row: John D'Auria, Ass't. Coach Doug Shors, Steve Jones, Rob Ellis, Phil Scott, Rod Morison, Kurt Schwartz, Bob Januska, Bobby Buck.

Not pictured: John Humphrey, Marty Hunt, Howard Kong, Kurt Lemke.

# TRACK

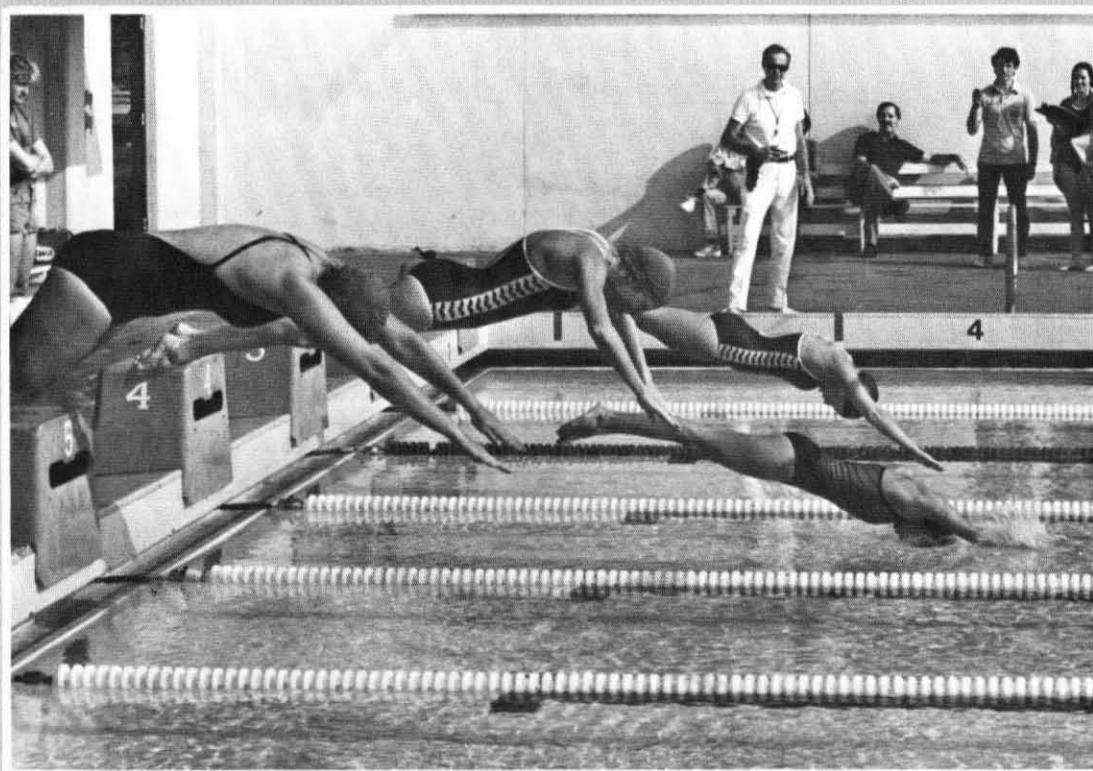
This sport, often called "Cross-country for agoraphobics", is a little-known, less-understood sport which occurs when two teams want to decide which of the two would be able to get away from a violent incident more quickly





Front (l to r): Manager Karl Steinhoff, Tom Sim, Tony Harjo, Steve Stahl, Scott Bloom, Vince Cammarata, Shawn Larsen, Josh Neal, Head Coach Leroy Neal.  
Back (l to r): Han Tohr, Mark Holst, Karl Clausing, Chris Hull, Steve Knowles, Steve Hawes, Steve Molnar, Randy Field.  
Far Back (l to r): Telephone Pole.  
Invisible (l to r): Lewis Collins, Armando Baker, Terry Roberts, Robert Kelly, Russell Graymer, Tim Magee.

**Swimmer** a species of mammal inhabiting bodies of water with pH 4. They travel in teams and have characteristic blood-shot eyes, peeled skin (do not confuse with leper) and bleached hair. If in water, **approach with extreme caution** for you may be struck by one of its many flailing limbs.

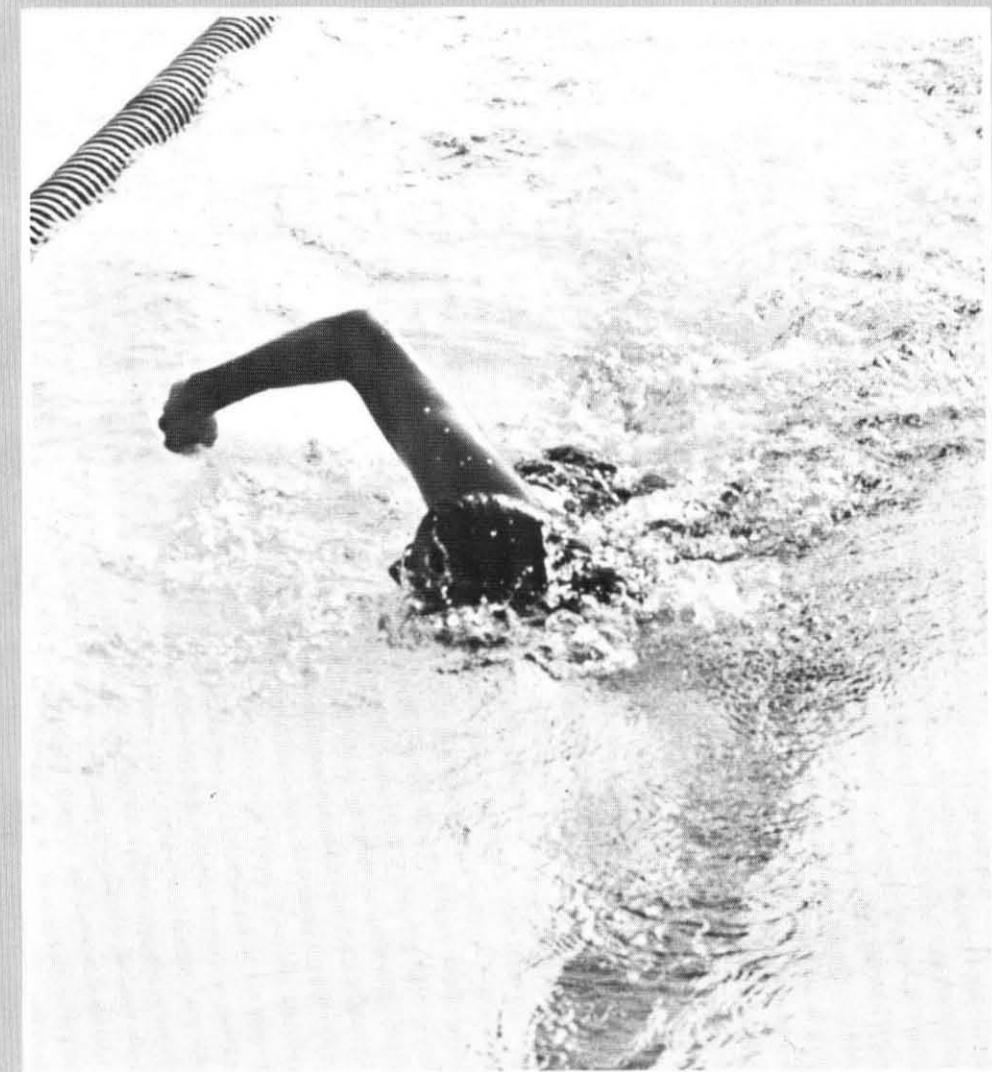


Standing (l to r): Coach Clinton Dodd, Bjorn Matthias, Joe Garvey, Uwe Hollerbach, Mark Beauchamp, Bill Polson, Chris McKinnon, Dave Watkins, Kurt Bachmann, Brent Stuart, Huy Lee.

Sitting (the same): Mark Slater, Russ Barnes, Lee Laroco, Cathy Kirschvink, Loren Alving, Gloria Badilla, Charlotte Clark, Scott Michaels.

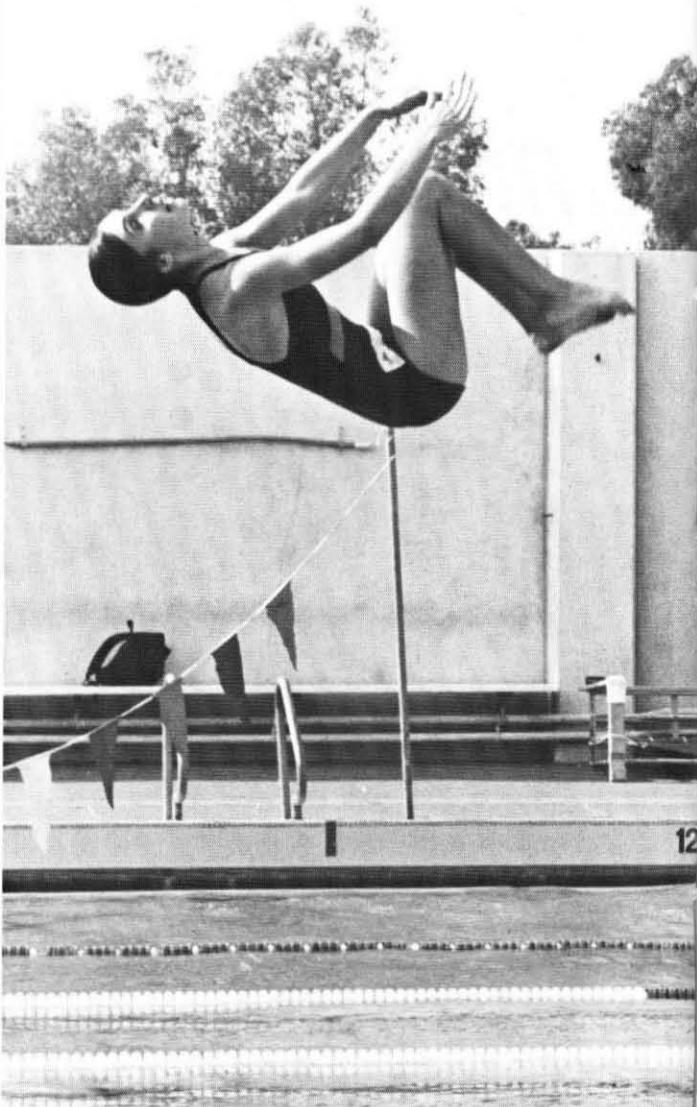
Ticking: Clock.

# SWIMMING



# DIVING

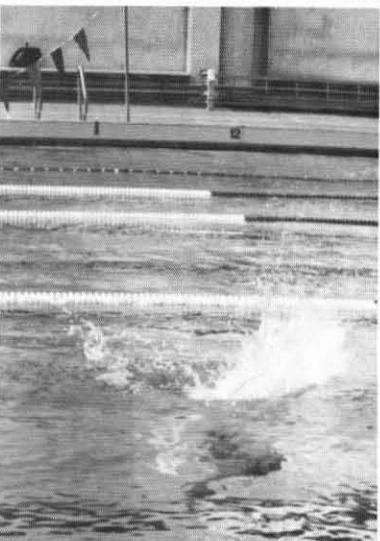
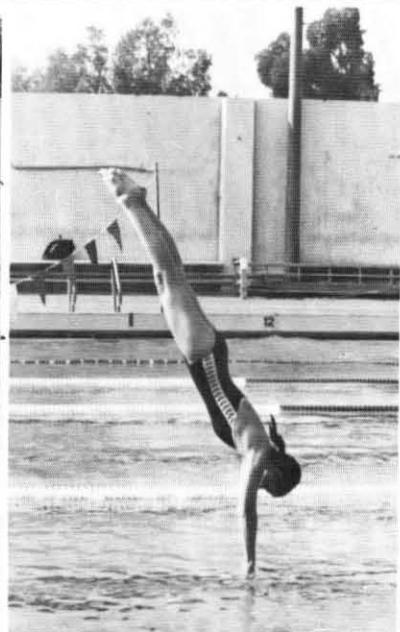
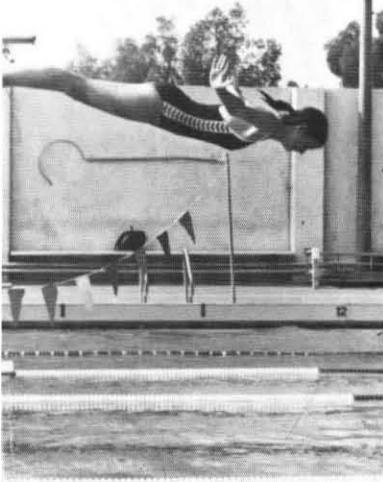
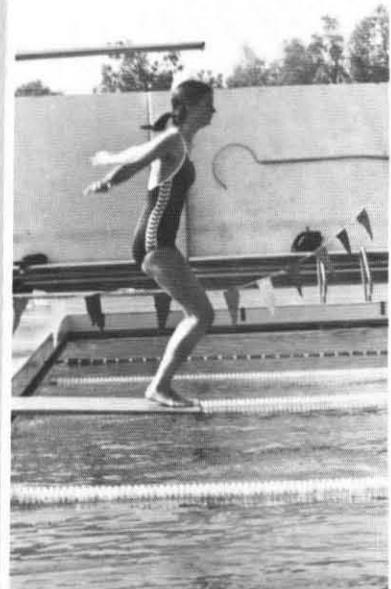
## WOMEN'S



Faye Flam,

Women's Diving:

Claire Waterson,

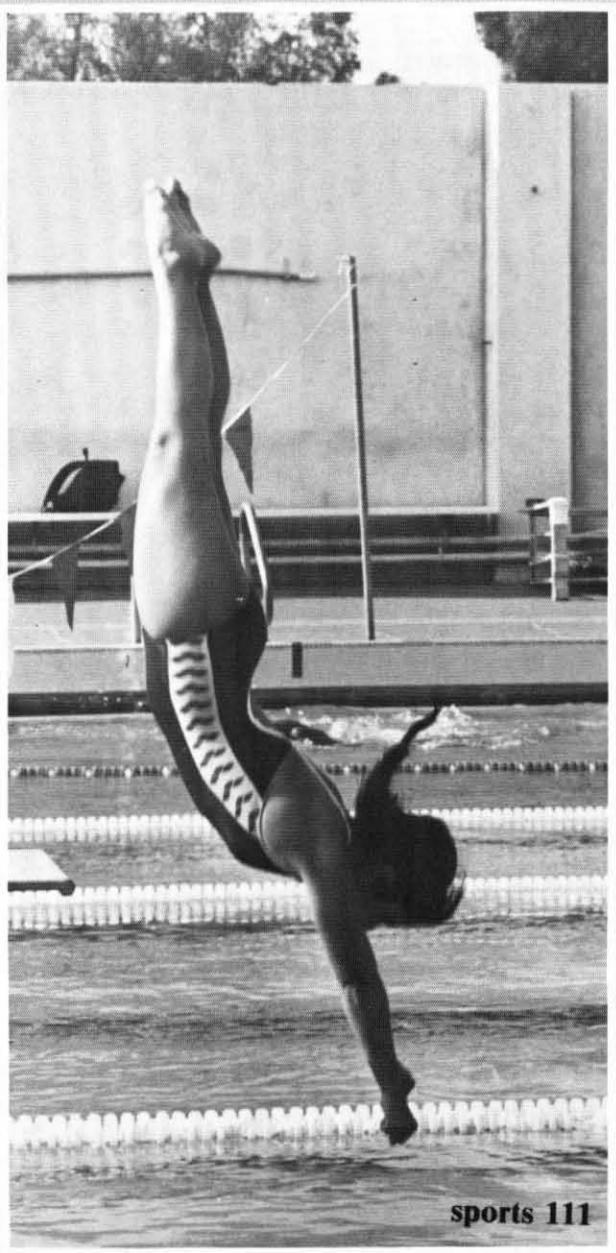




Charlotte Clark,

Gloria Badilla,

Cathy Kirschvink.



Football: W 5, L 2, T 0

<b>21 Valley Nomads</b>	<b>0</b>
6 Valley Eagles	27
<b>27 W. Valley Express</b>	<b>16</b>
0 Occidental	45
<b>35 Lakewood Norsemen</b>	<b>6</b>
33 Tehachapi Prison	32
<b>39 W. Valley Express</b>	<b>21</b>

League standing.....none



Baseball: W 1, L 27

0 Pomona	11
6 Occidental	16
1 Occidental	16
2 Pomona	15
0 Whittier	16
1 Whittier	18
0 Whittier	17
2 Pomona	19
1 Pomona	3
0 Pomona	15
13 LA Baptist	14
1 UC San Diego	15
1 Occidental	23
3 Claremont	12

League standing.....last



Swimming: W 3, L 3

<b>54 Cal State LA</b>	<b>35</b>
<b>74 Whittier</b>	<b>14</b>
23 Claremont-Mudd	89
43 Occidental	67
31 Pomona	76
<b>87 Redlands</b>	<b>17</b>

League standing.....fourth



Tennis: W 0, L 20

1 Loyola-Marymount	8
0 Point Loma	9
<b>2 Claremont-Mudd</b>	<b>7</b>
0 Occidental	9
0 Laverne	9
0 Pomona-Pitzer	9

League standing.....last

Golf: W 0, L 13, T 0

5 Occidental	49
4 Laverne	50
0 Claremont-Mudd	54
0 Redlands	54
2 Pomona-Pitzer	52
5 Whittier	49
13 Whittier	41
0 Laverne	54
0 Redlands	54
0 Cal Lutheran	54
4 Pomona-Pitzer	50
0 Claremont-Mudd	54

# SCORES

(let's get it over with)

wins and ties are in bold.

Water Polo: W 12, L 6

11 Chaffee College	10
<b>12 Alumni</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>17 East LA</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>17 Loyola</b>	<b>9</b>
14 Slippery Rock	20
9 Washington and Lee	11
<b>15 MIT</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>7 Loyola</b>	<b>6</b>
6 UC Riverside	11
<b>19 East LA</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>16 PCC</b>	<b>13</b>

League standing.....third

**Women's Volleyball:**

W 8, L 10, T 2

0 Occidental.....	2
0 Mt. San Jacinto.....	2
<b>1 Mt. San Jacinto.....</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>2 LIFE Bible College.....</b>	<b>0</b>
0 Redlands.....	2
<b>2 Pomona-Pitzer.....</b>	<b>0</b>
0 Laverne.....	2
1 Scripps.....	2
0 College of the Desert.....	2
<b>2 Christ College.....</b>	<b>0</b>
0 Occidental.....	2
<b>1 Redlands.....</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>2 LIFE.....</b>	<b>0</b>
<b>2 Scripps.....</b>	<b>1</b>
1 Whittier.....	2
<b>2 Pomona-Pitzer.....</b>	<b>0</b>
0 Occidental.....	2
<b>2 Redlands.....</b>	<b>1</b>
0 Occidental.....	2
<b>2 Whittier.....</b>	<b>0</b>

Women's X-country: W 0, L 5

44 Claremont.....	19
31 Whittier.....	25
49 Occidental.....	15
50 PCC.....	15
50 Occidental.....	15

League standing.....sixth

Track: W 3, L 10

57 Claremont.....	83
21 Pomona-Pitzer.....	139
55 Fullerton.....	74
37 Riverside.....	95
41 Occidental.....	103
<b>78 Laverne.....</b>	<b>48</b>
52 Whittier.....	83
58 Redlands.....	64
<b>85 Laverne.....</b>	<b>35</b>
53 Claremont.....	101
63 Westmont.....	85
<b>75 UC San Diego.....</b>	<b>65</b>
26 Cal Lutheran.....	108

League standing.....sixth



**Cross Country: W 5, L 6**

43 Westmont.....	16
39 Athletes in Action.....	16
44 Occidental.....	18
<b>17 Claremont.....</b>	<b>45</b>
<b>27 Whittier.....</b>	<b>32</b>
49 PCC.....	15
<b>16 Laverne.....</b>	<b>45</b>
<b>28 Occidental.....</b>	<b>29</b>
47 Pomona.....	15
<b>25 Redlands.....</b>	<b>32</b>
45 Occidental.....	16

League standing.....third



Soccer: W 4, L 8, T 1

<b>1 Soccer Club.....</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>5 Alumni.....</b>	<b>2</b>

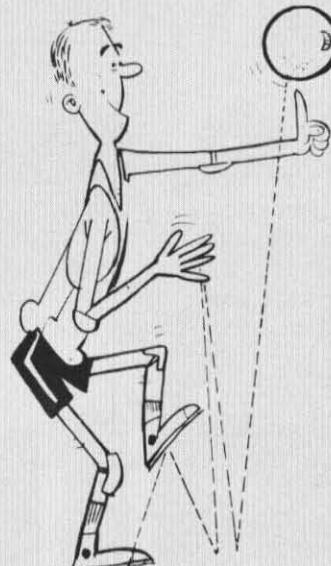
3 Claremont-Mudd.....	4
<b>3 Whittier.....</b>	<b>1</b>
4 Redlands.....	6
0 Pomona-Pitzer.....	2
<b>4 Occidental.....</b>	<b>2</b>
0 Whittier.....	2
2 Redlands.....	4
0 Laverne.....	2
<b>7 So. Cal. College.....</b>	<b>0</b>
1 LA Baptist.....	2
<b>0 Occidental.....</b>	<b>0</b>
League standing.....last	

Basketball: W 1, L 21, T 0

<b>56 Pacific Coast Baptist Bible College.....</b>	<b>55</b>
60 Pacific Christian.....	74
49 LA Baptist.....	110
42 LIFE Bible College.....	49
36 Alumni.....	48
48 Cal Lutheran.....	99
53 Pacific Christian.....	66
31 Claremont-Mudd.....	80
17 Pomona-Pitzer.....	84
33 Redlands.....	77
56 LA Baptist.....	100
39 Whittier.....	79
54 LIFE.....	65
54 Occidental.....	71
46 Redlands.....	91
54 Claremont-Mudd.....	77
45 Laverne.....	70
41 Pomona-Pitzer.....	63

46 Whittier.....	90
50 PCBBC.....	51
47 Occidental.....	100
48 Laverne.....	90

League standing.....last

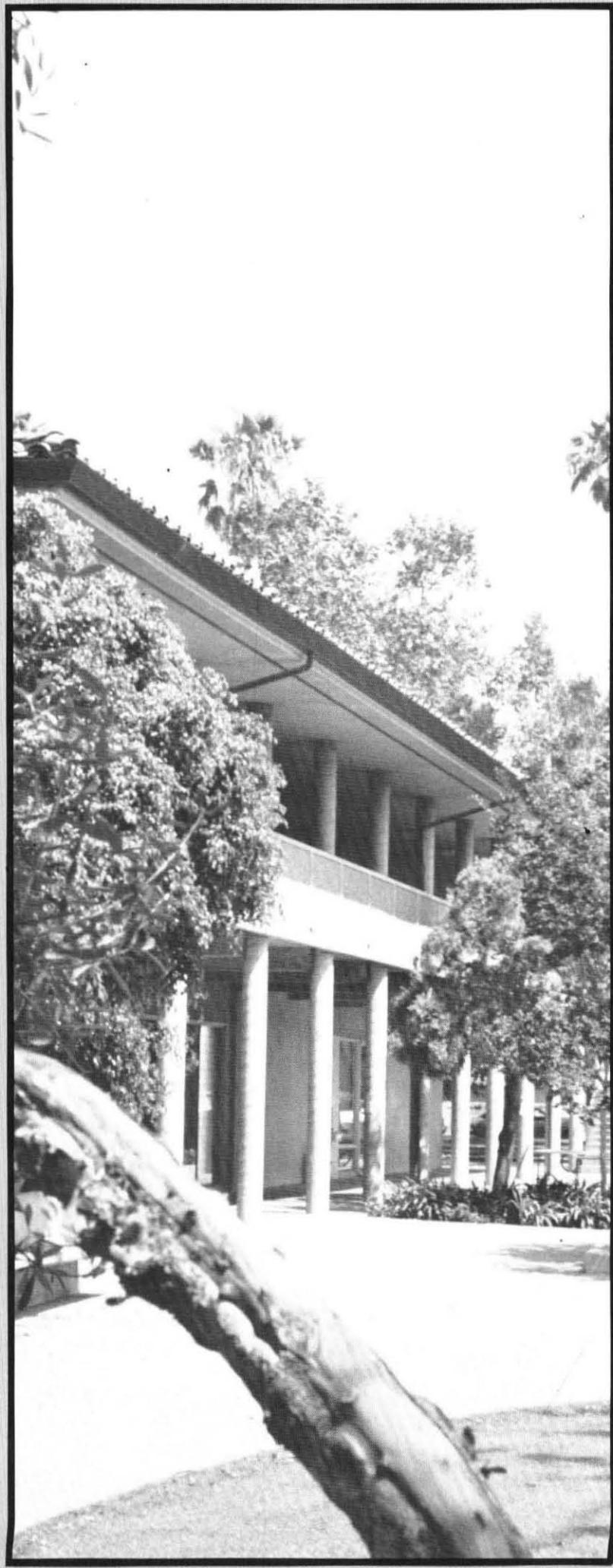


**Wrestling: W 1, L 7, T 1**

12 Pomona.....	48
0 Claremont.....	60
0 Laverne.....	30
6 Whittier.....	54
<b>6 Whittier (forfeit).....</b>	<b>0</b>
12 Laverne.....	30
0 Claremont.....	60
<b>18 Laverne.....</b>	<b>18</b>
11 Pomona.....	42



League standing.....fifth





## CLUBS AND ORGANIZATIONS

# Caltech Christian Fellowship

Caltech has an active Christian fellowship.

This year we held weekly meetings on Monday nights in Winnett, weekly prayer on Wednesdays, occasionally a Beach trip with Oxy, a Winter Retreat in the mountains, Farrell's flicks, DIG Ins, Something for everybody!

**The purpose of the CCF  
is to bring Christians  
together to worship the  
Lord. Caltech is not an  
easy place, God has  
given each student here  
a challenge and a  
chance. He wants each  
of us to do our best.**

**Through God and  
fellow Christians we are  
encouraged to do just  
that. All you have to  
do is Love and be  
loved.**





**When you feel like joining us  
come, laugh, sing, love each  
other with us.  
You're only on earth once.**

**He who  
ignores discipline  
despises himself  
but whoever heeds  
correction gains  
understanding...  
**Proverbs 15:32****

**always REMEMBER,  
God IS a large SOURCE  
of STRENGTH**



**I can do everything through  
him who gives me strength...  
**Philippians 4:13****

**"If you can?" said Jesus.  
"Everything is possible for him  
who believes."...**

**Mark 9:23**

**for when I am weak, then I  
am strong...**

**2 Corinthians 12:10**

**GROW STRONG IN THE LORD,  
WITH THE STRENGTH OF HIS POWER...**

**Ephesians 6:10**

**FOR GOD DID NOT GIVE US A  
SPIRIT OF TIMIDITY, BUT A SPIRIT OF  
POWER...**

**2 Timothy 1:7**

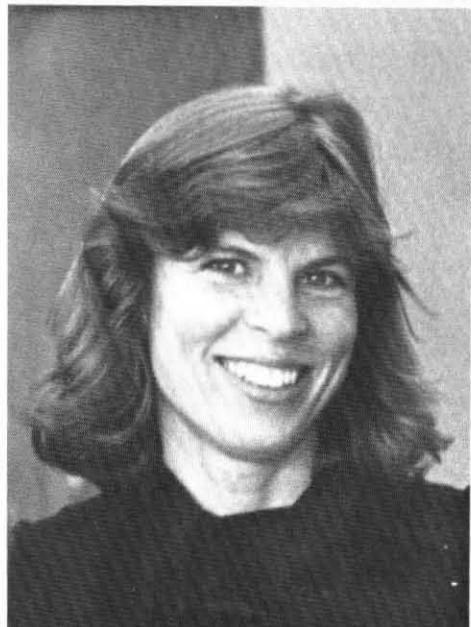
PHOTOS BY DON SMITH  
TEXT AND LAYOUT BY DAVE DURHAM

# THE

# CALTECH



*Huston Horn, Director*



*Susan Yewell*

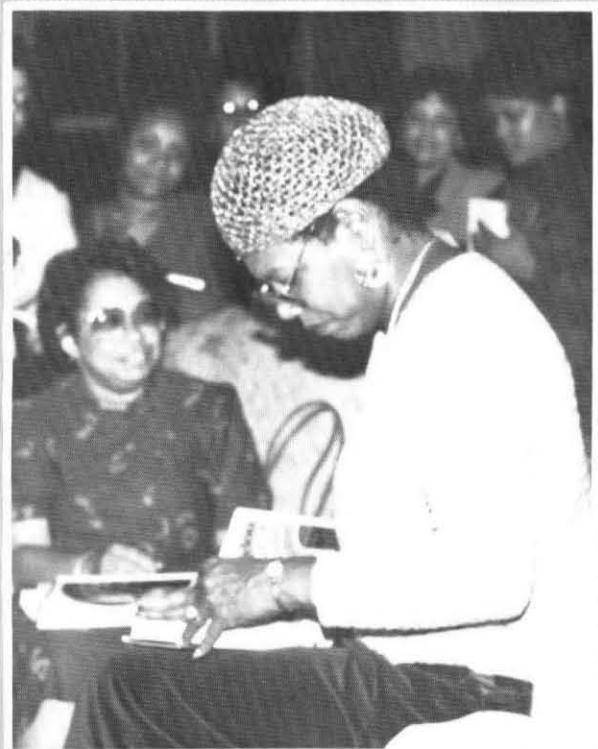
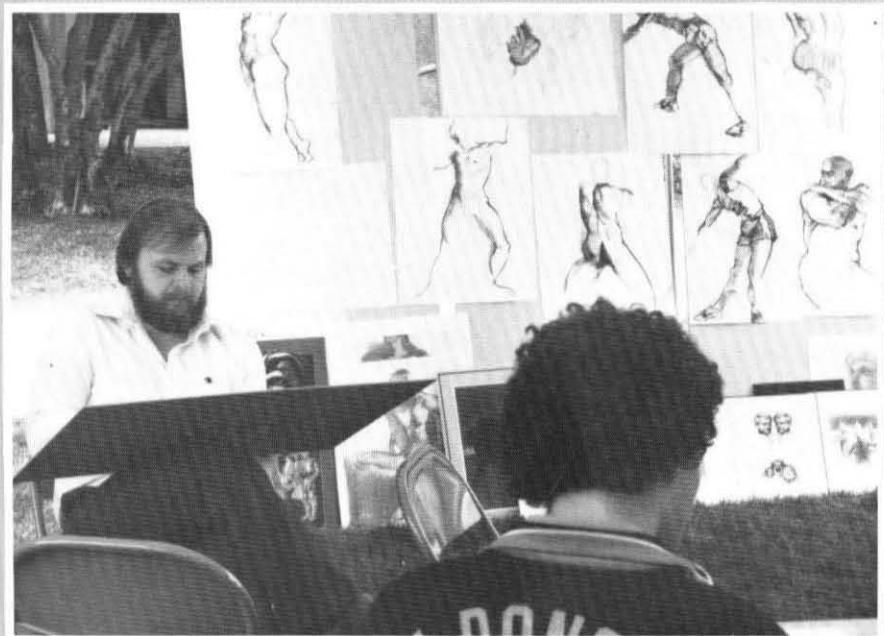
**Y**

*Alexa Bodrero*



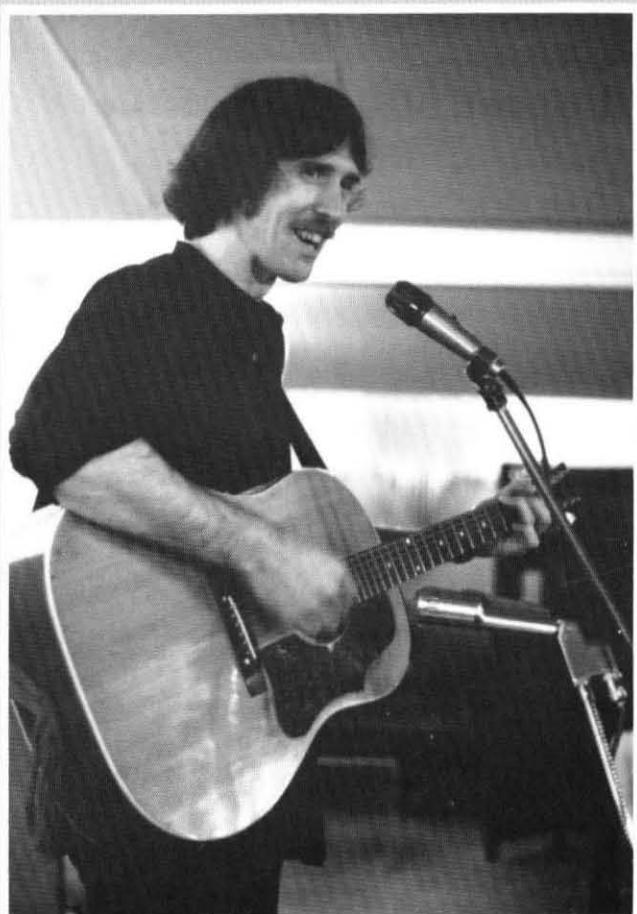
Established in 1916 when Caltech was still Throop Institute of Technology, THE CALTECH Y has been closely related to the California Institute of Technology. The Y is primarily an educational institution centering on the student as a person. It is responsible for the major portion of the informal, non-classroom activities at the Institute, and it is the only organization on campus serving students, faculty, and staff of Caltech and the Jet Propulsion Laboratory. Its primary concerns center on social, political and ethical values and issues.

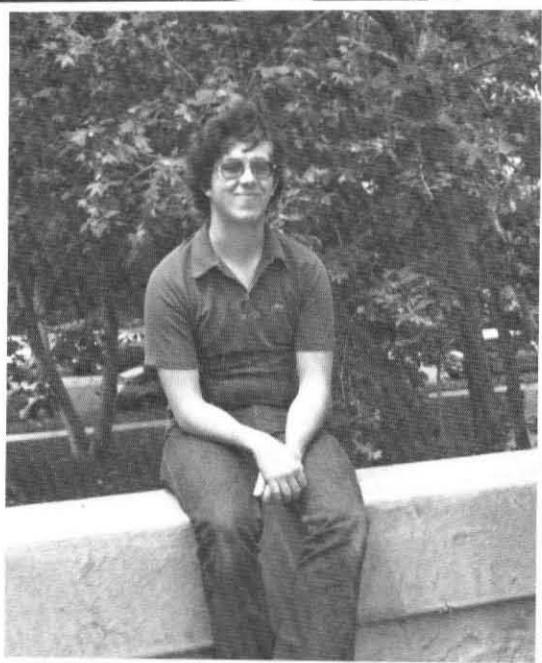
# An Evening with **MAYA ANGELOU**

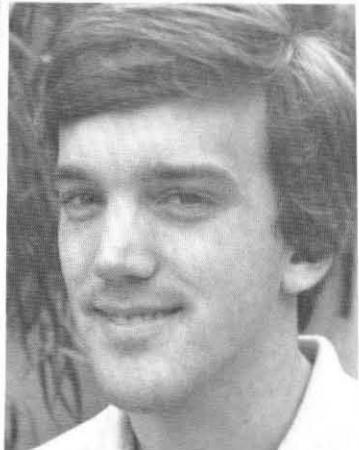
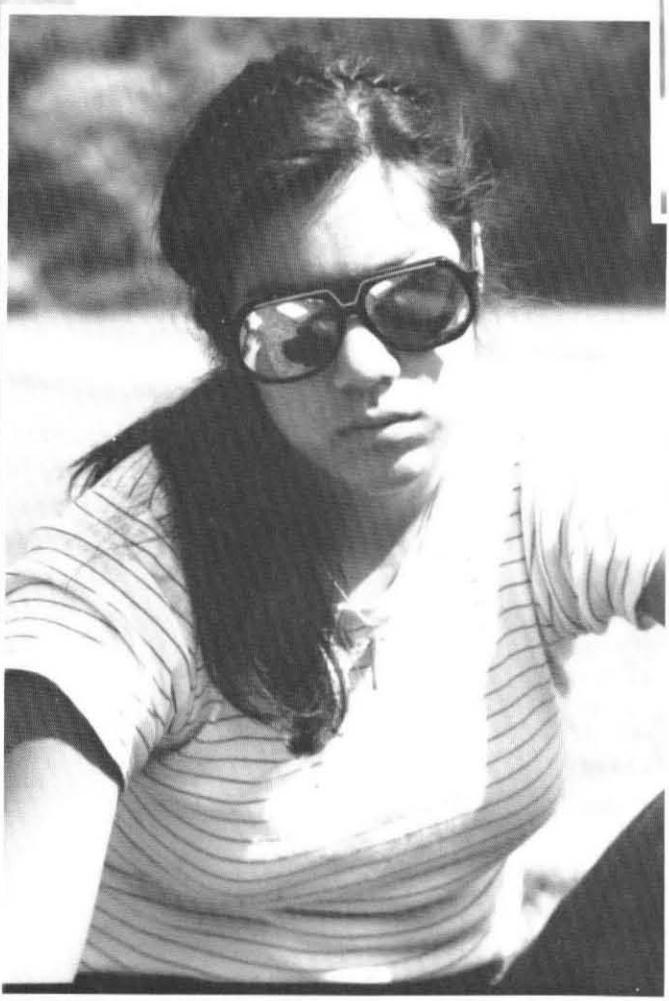
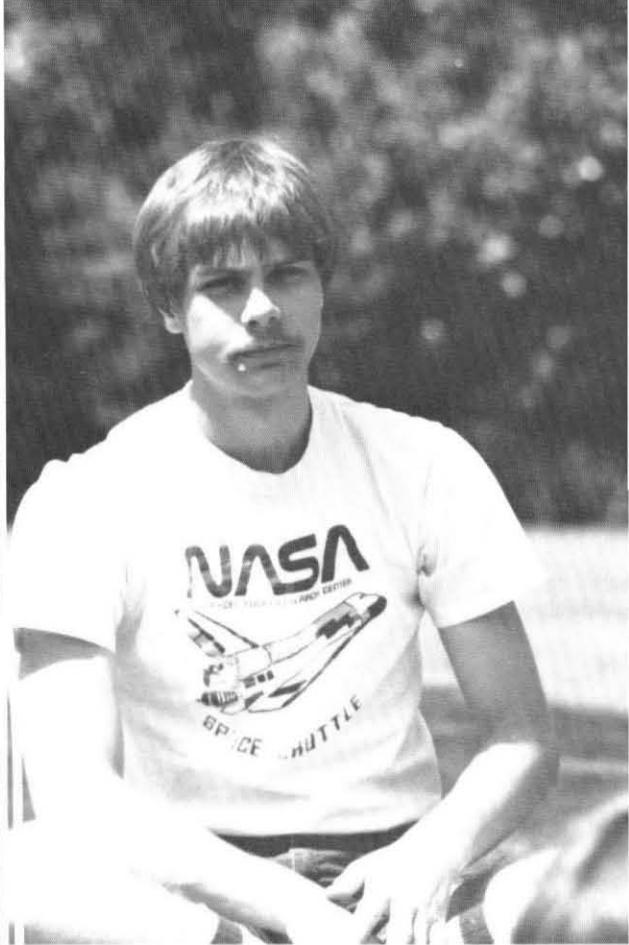


**ART WORKS  
AT CALTECH**

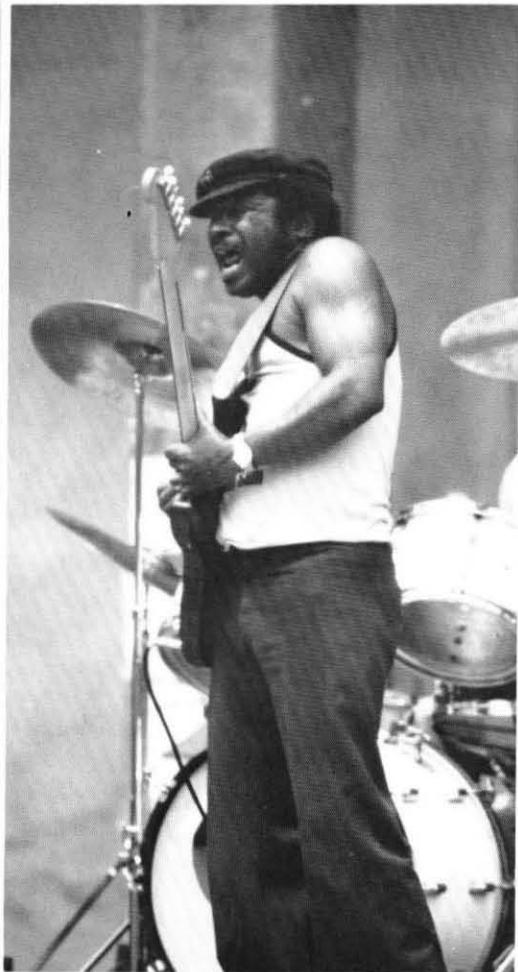
## **MALE AWARENESS WEEK**







# NOON CONCERTS

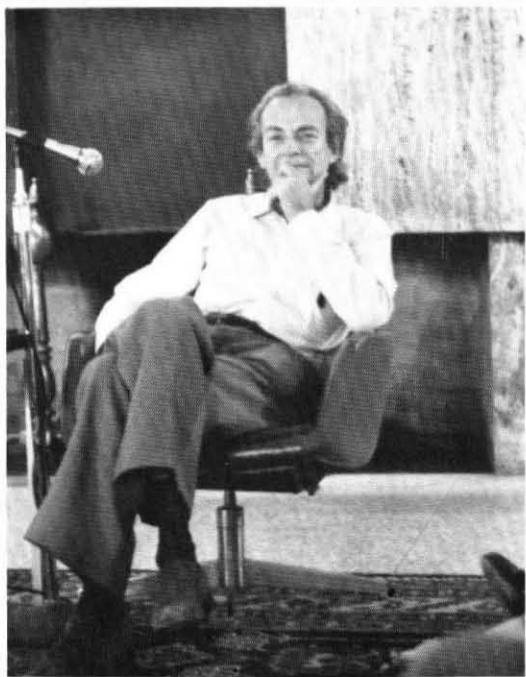


122 clubs and organizations

# EVENING SPOTLIGHTS



**Ground Zero Week**



**etc...**



# CALTECH KARATE CLUB CELEBRATES 25th YEAR



*Mr. Ohshima leads meditation*

The Caltech Karate Club was 25 years old this year -- the oldest university karate club in the western hemisphere. The tireless instructor, Mr. Tsutomu Ohshima, helped the club welcome hundreds of alumni and guests to the 25th Anniversary Practice held on March 28th, 1982. On hand were Joe Stupak (club founder), class of '66, and dozens of black belts who received their first instruction from Mr Ohshima as students here.

The club was larger and stronger than ever this year. There were four black belts, the most ever practicing regularly at Caltech at any one time. Last summer the club hosted a team of Mexican karateka for a special tournament and exchange practice. In January, about 80 people joined the Caltech Karate Club in their first Special Training at Caltech, for a weekend of intense training. The year culminated in a 25th anniversary celebration.





*Current grad student Lucien Froidevaux (right) and alumnus Steve Roe (class of '76) clash in jyu kumite (free sparring).*



*first row: Jeff Simmen, Dan Erwin, Malladi Subbaiah, Mr. Ohshima, Lucien Froidevaux, Pam Logan, Mike Lucero. second row: Maclen Marvit, Richard Honrath, Mark Smith, Dagmar Gerthsen, Greg Tomko-Pavia, CJ Beegle, unknown, Audrey Lezberg. third row: Martin Martinez, John Avery, Bob Svendsen, Joe Koszerek, Brian McGinley, Hari Krishman Khalsa, Paul Schmidt, Carl Masser.*

# The California Tech

Volume LXXXIII

1981-1982

Pasadena, California

cont. next page



photo by Jon Long

This man has as little to do with the *Tech* as possible. In fact, he hardly ever even reads it. He is obviously happy.

In what might very well have been a result of somnolancy, a new calendar was instituted for the front page of the *Tech*. Who really needs to know what day it is. To further descend into the realm of "you have got to be kidding", Issue 10 came out after the *Tech* office apparently was taken over by Baxter Art Gallery escapees.

By the end of first term, editor Ed Suranyi decided he wasn't going to take it any more and decided to become an ex-ed. Editor Roger Fong wondered why he was still taking it. By election time second term Tracy Furutani decided to give some of it back and the infamous **abuse** editorials appeared. When elections came, Fleming gave Tracy his reward. He was not re-elected. On the other hand, Fleming got their reward also. Julian West was elected the new editor of the *Tech*.

The new editor promised greater service to the people who elected him; unfortunately it seemed that he saw his constituency as residing in some obscure little town some where in old England. Thus the subscribers to the Caltech student newspaper were forced to endure writing in a language that was not theirs.

The beginning of third term saw the inevitable happen as a new business manager was formally put in charge of the *Tech's* finances.

As the term wore on, our intrepid editor found happiness with a pre-frosh, after admonishing the rest of campus to give them "peace and room to breathe".

This level of morality was to turn up again in the climax of the year: the case of the *Hot Throbbing Rivet*. After considerable effort was expended by



The necessities of life in the harsh real world of the *Tech*.

126 clubs and organizations

## The Tech:

### *What a Concept*

This year showed that reality in the world of Caltech's very own newspaper was a very elusive quantity. The end of last year brought the disappearance of the *Tech's* business manager. Into the breach again came Gavin Claypool to save the *Tech* from financial ruin. He also tried to train his replacement. Oh well, so it goes.

Loyal readers were rewarded with sights of cats in various stages of disorporation and an editorial policy of hostility to sports and the Caltech musical. Dr. Roger Sperry's winning of the Nobel prize brought Techers a special edition of the *Tech* and Techers another excuse to avoid sleep.

I always win in the end.



### *The California Tech*

Volume LXXXIII 1981-82  
Published weekly (except during examination and vacation periods) by the Associated Students of the California Institute of Technology, Inc. The opinions expressed herein are strictly those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect those of the editors.

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Tracy Furutani  
Edward Suranyi  
Julian West

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David Younge

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Ron Gidseg

**Circulation Manager**  
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**Special Consultant**  
Manny

*The California Tech* offices are located in Winnett Center on the Caltech campus. So, if you ever want to chat or complain:

Editor: Room 115, 356-6153  
Business Manager: Room 107, 356-6154  
Production: Room 115, 356-6153

Or if you want to write, our address is:  
*The California Tech* 107-51  
Caltech, Pasadena, CA 91125

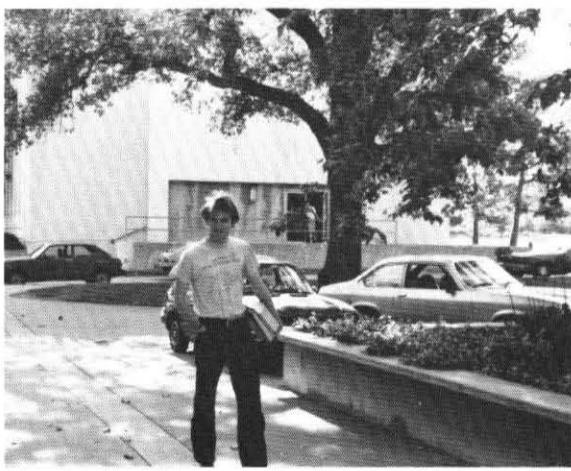
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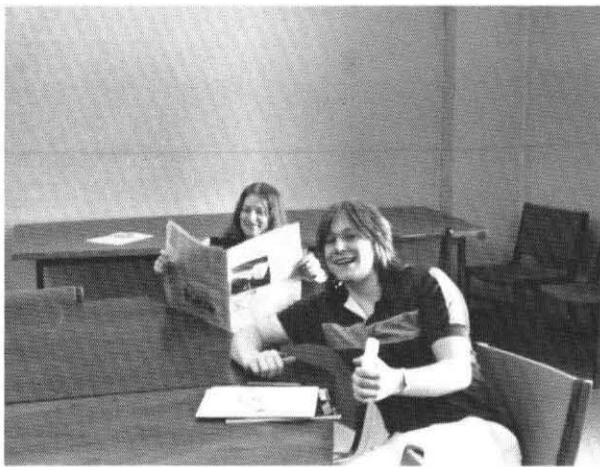
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photo by B. J. R.



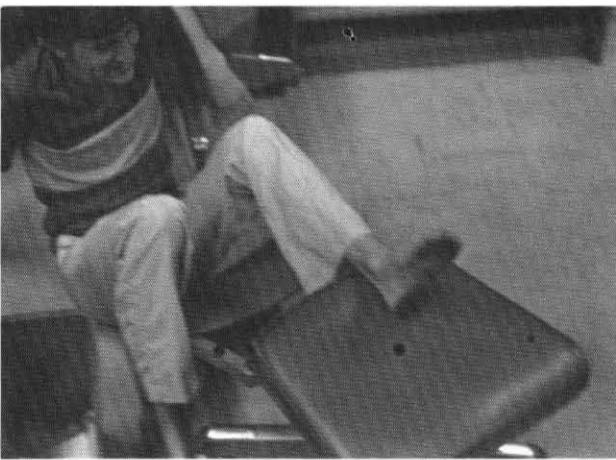
Gee, this is exciting.



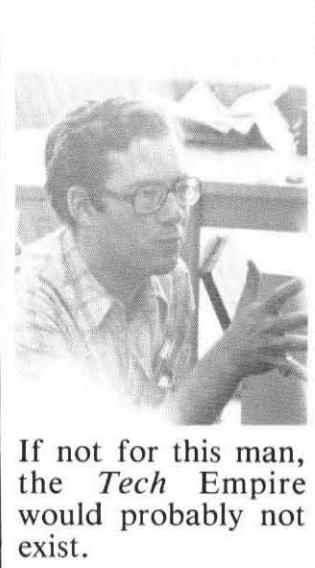
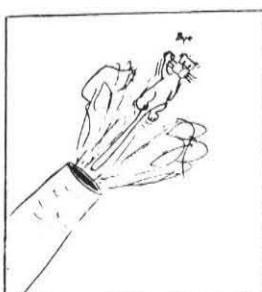
Of course we take journalism seriously.

some *Tech* staffers to get work started on the *Rivet* before finals would become important, the decree came down from the editor that as it was in the beginning, was then, and would be forever, the *Rivet* was not to exist. The editor did not want to corrupt innocent Techers or something. The proclamation was met with the almost universal outrage it deserved. All this however only elicited additional excuses why the *Rivet* should be banned every time the subject was brought up.

There was a reaction when it became clear that rhetoric could not actually stop anything as vibrant as the *Rivet*. Julian then told the BOD that since everyone but him wanted the *Rivet*, he would promise to produce it. To make good on his vow, he then worked hard in the little time that was left to reject every idea, theme, or offer to help, that was given him. When Julian said publicly that the *Rivet* would be cancelled due to lack of interest it became clear that subterfuge was the only answer. Ex *Tech* editors and associates operating under very difficult conditions still managed to produce what *Tech* really wanted.



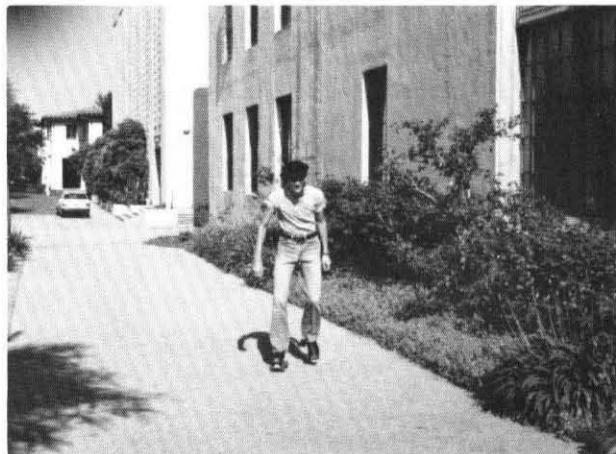
Some machines are harder to master than others.



If not for this man, the *Tech* Empire would probably not exist.



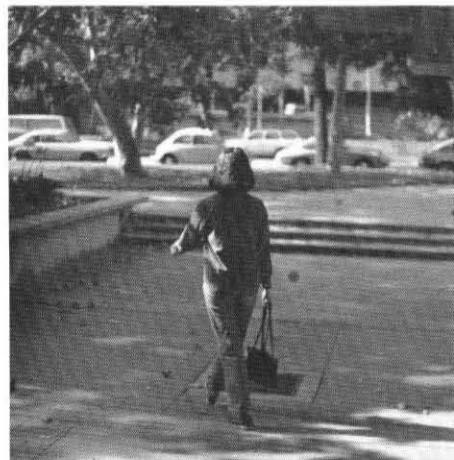
Ouch!



Let me at that story!



They produce 2700 *Techs* a week. Blame them!



Newspaper people deeply understand the necessity of cooperation.



# The Apollo Singers

*(Left to Right) Joseph Fuchs, Michael Chwe, Howell Johnson, Robert Lang, Gary Rocha, Daniel Briggs, Christopher Kingsley, Miles Collins, Peter Felker, Drew Cushman, Yong-Ho Sun, Jerry Burch.*

# The Men's Glee Club

**FIRST ROW:** Erik Fernandez, Francis Celii, Eric Olafson, Hong Lin, Gary Rocha, Emmanuel Chan, Joseph Fuchs (Assistant Director), Peter Felker, Yong-Ho Chan, John Terrell, Mark Adams, Robert Kelly, Phil Theodoro Sr., Marty Sirkin.

**SECOND ROW:** Helen Hodgman (Accompanist), Donald Gaver, Ichiro Sugioka, Phillip Hookham, Neil Phillips, Howell Johnson, Michael Petersen, Concetto Geremia, Christopher Kingsley, Jerry Burch, Chung Chan, James Hafner, Drew Chushman, Phil, Olaf Frodsham (Director).

**THIRD ROW:** Michael Chwe, Glade Myers, Steven Nixon, John Behr, Bryan Howard, Barrett Lippey, David Kenyon, unknown, Paul Berglund, unknown, Daniel Kegel, Eric Kawamoto, Ray Lischner, William Callahan.

**FOURTH ROW:** Martin Zitter, Douglas Reinelt, Amaury Arce, Brian Davison, Frederick Wieland, Daniel Briggs, Robert Lang, Chris Farmer, Miles Collins, Peter Lin, Joe Chin, Michael Oliver, Joe.



# The Women's Glee Club



(Left to Right) Ruth Ridenour, Sue McCloud, Jane Uliana, Pat Scott, Kathy Ifune, Astrid Howard, Karla Petersen, Lisa Paine, Elouise King, Karen Erikson, Lisa Hamilton, Kathy Hayes, Ellen Bus, Tricia Stoddard, Erica Sargent, Edie Henderson, Vince Powers (accompanist). Director Monica Brown (not pictured)



## Theater Arts Program

1981-82 activities included: working with the Pasadena JC's on the annual Haunted House in the downtown Mall, helping out as house staff for the California Theater Ensemble, attending lecture-workshops at PCC with the Royal Shakespeare Company in residence, providing actors for the Living Visuals in the annual Festival of Lights, operating a booth on Make-up at the Art Works at Caltech Week sponsored by The Y, special performances for the Associates inauguration Dinner and during Alumni Day. Photos of earlier marching units in the Doo-Dah Parade found their way into the Art Gallery's exhibit on this annual Pasadena event. We lost gutted Gates to the renovators and found space in the Infinite under the student houses, shared space with the termites in the old student garage, and were invited into Outer Space facilities by JPL.

Membership in the Order of the Golden Stage Screw went to Dave Le Poire, Paul Eskridge, and Duncan Mahone (with Hot Glue Clusters!) for outstanding devotion to crew work and thankless backstage chores.



The  
Children's  
Theater  
Touring  
Unit  
presented



## Wind in the Willows

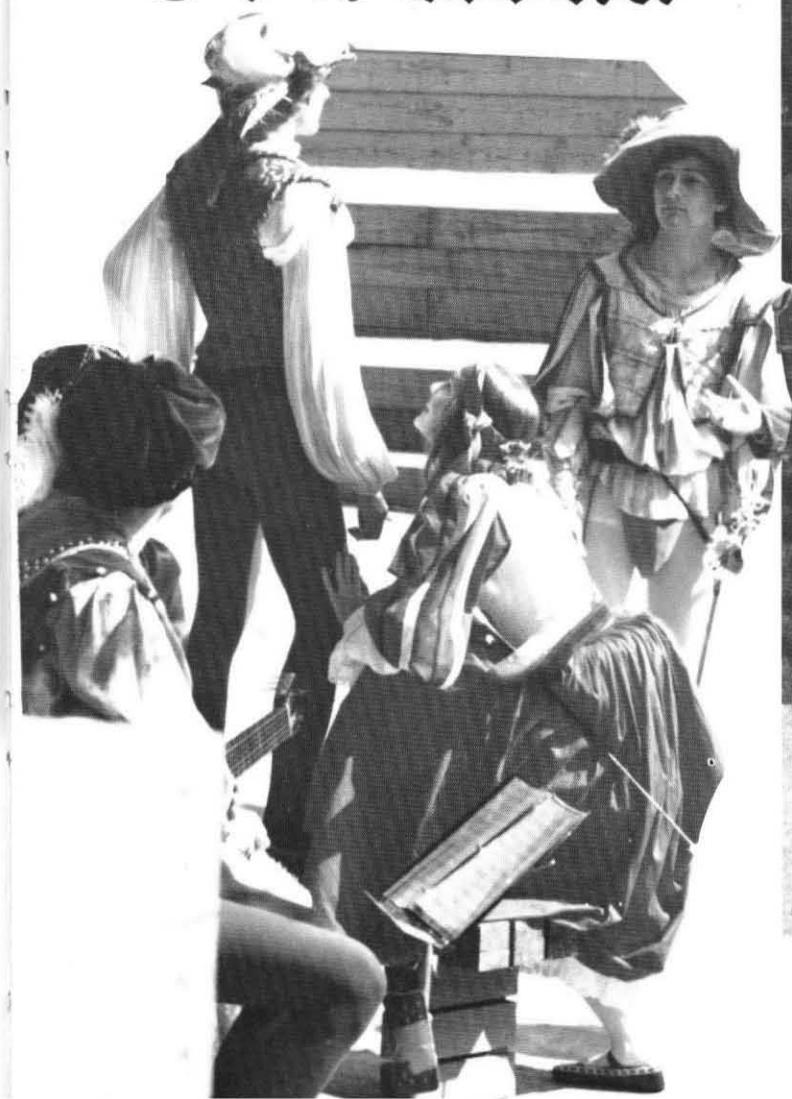


The Caltech Players present Shakespeare's

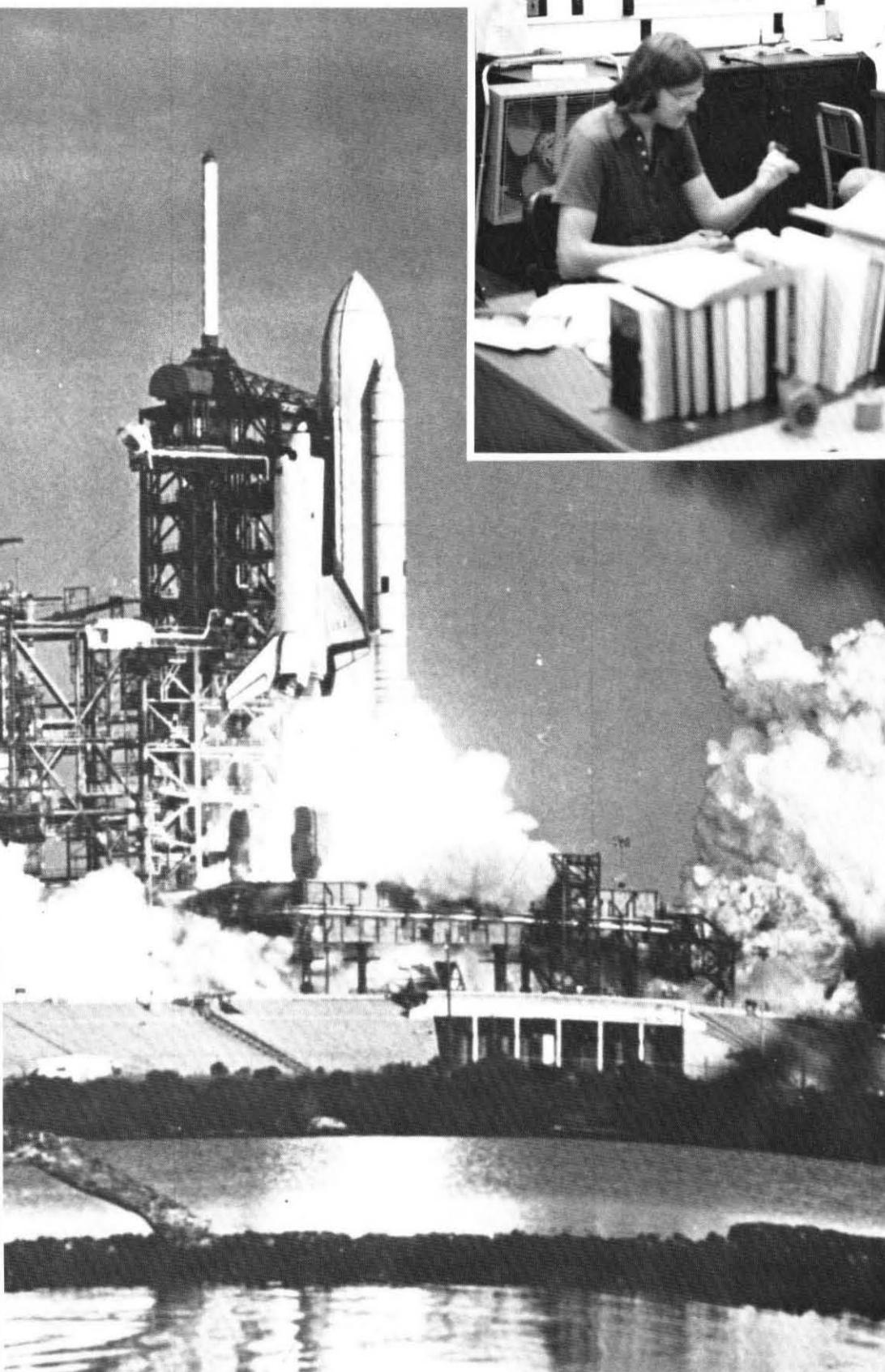




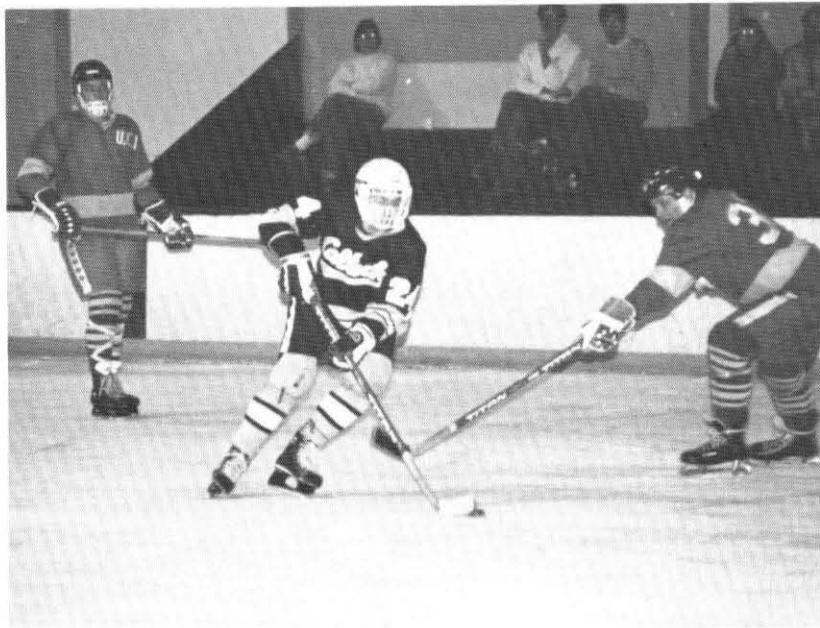
# The Two Gentlemen Of Verona



# SSO

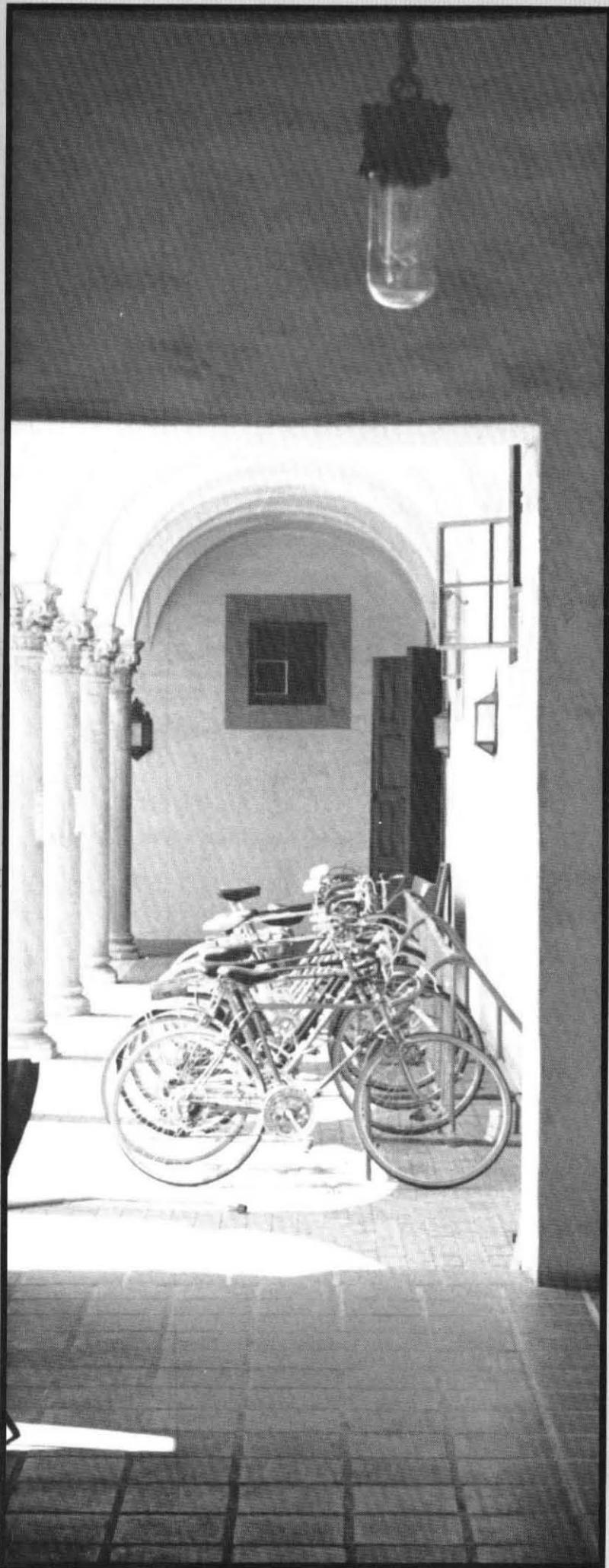


# ICE HOCKEY CLUB



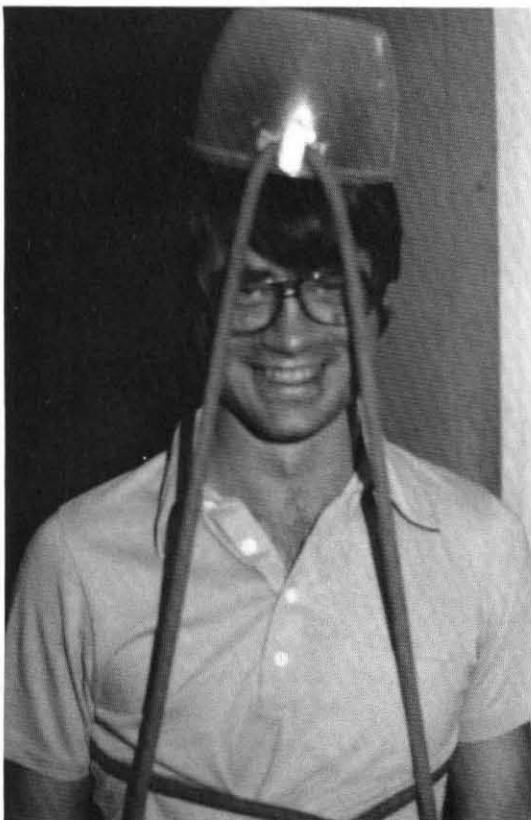
Front row: (left to right) Arthur Roach, Phil Dube, John Ting, Jean-Pierre Bardet, Brian Fitzsimmons (goalie), Toby Tyler, Don Piegras, Sanford Krasner, Jim Stoos, and George Yates (captain). Standing: Florence Cotterret (timekeeper), Graham Fleming (score keeper), Dr. James "DOC" Warden (coach), Murray Gray, Pete Larson, Norm Bobroff, Fred "JET" Culick, Larry Edwards, Eric Chael, Jeff White, George Tolomiczenko, Jim Engstrom, and Nick Jones (photographer).





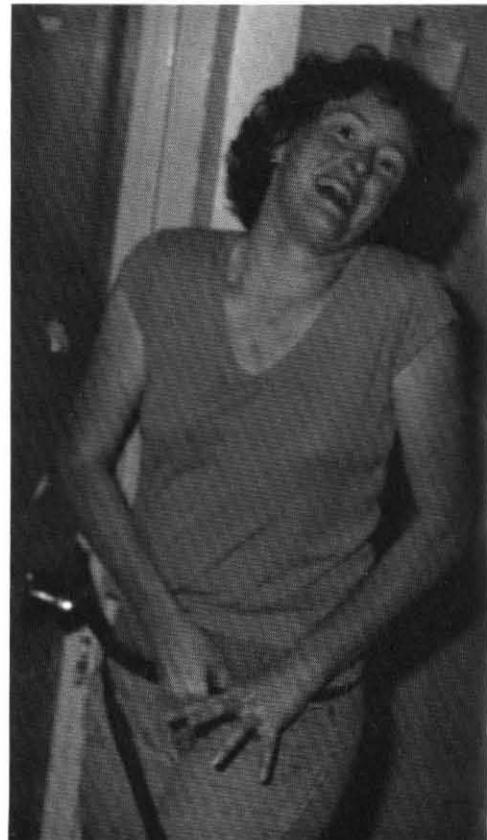
# HOUSES

PAGE



*Typical Page Dude?*

PH  
WH  
+  
RR



*Attack of the killer door*

A long time ago, when men were men,  
and giants walked the earth...

## **What a great year! From day one:**

Rotation. Well, let's face it, Rotation will never be one of the high points. Social and ath team announcements were pretty imaginative that week, as the social team tried to convince the frosh that Page had some culture (is that the stuff growing in the kitchenette?) and the ath men demonstrated the proper uses of a cube ('baskcubeball' among others). On Sunday night we met our new frosh with the usual wet enthusiasm. They quickly settled in and learned what it's like to live in Page (soggy).

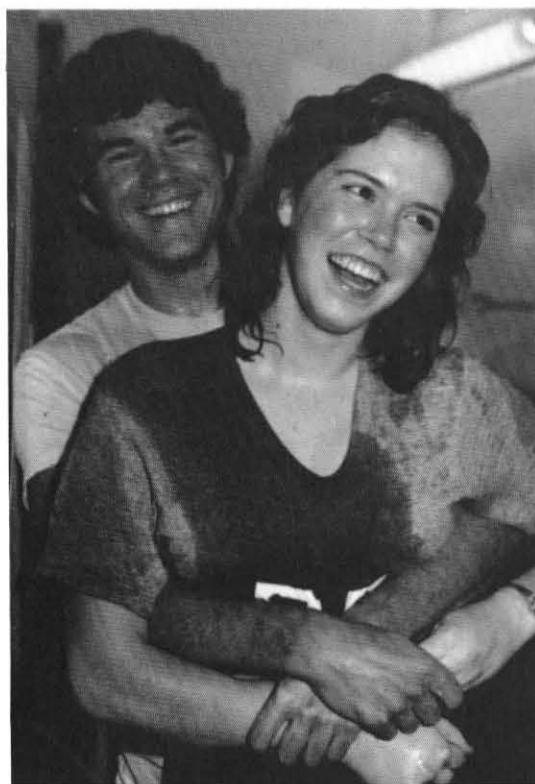
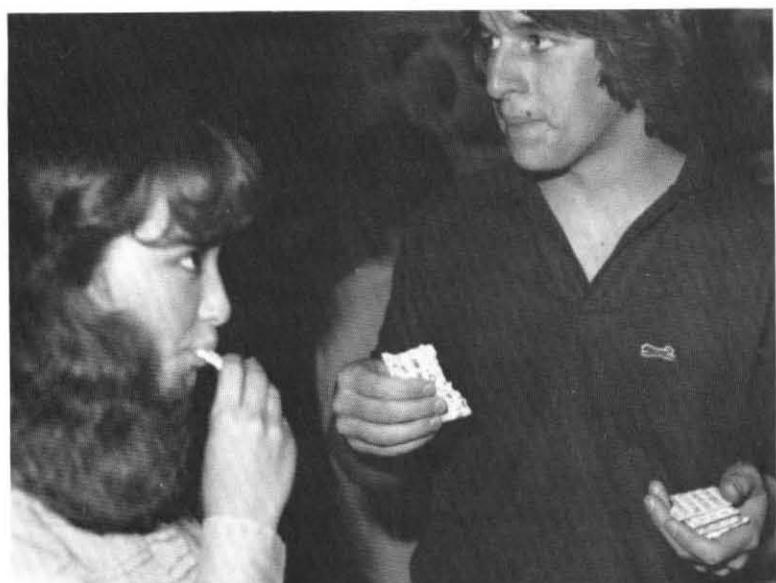
Greased Frosh Races took place soon after. Competition was fierce, but Z Alley eventually proved that theirs were the slimiest of the frosh. Through sheer luck they managed to keep the alley trophy all year. Z and 515 went on a Tommy's run, which ended in a tie. Lance put away 6 Tommy's burgers...where did he hide them? Other events during the year included the Chicken Fight Championship and Matzo Eating for speed and accuracy. Alan holds the record: 1:21 for one and 3 in 5 minutes.

Athletically, the year was a good one. After sleeping in softball, we went on to win 6 of the remaining 7 sports to earn the Interhouse trophy for the fourth consecutive year. Highlights were soccer (the first Interhouse season of it), volleyball (our twelfth consecutive winning season), Shawn's victory in the 2 mile run, and our trouncing of the Flems in football. In addition, we beat them in ping pong to clinch Discobolus. Ten Page frosh ran in the 24-hour relay (as well as 3 Page Dudes on another team). Ultimate was popular this year, and 4-square was revived.

The House Vocabulary included such familiar terms as HOY; HIYA; SEVERE; TO THE MAX; EXACTLY; WE HAVE IT AND WE DO; GOOD EFFORT, LAD; GOOD DAY, EH; HOSEHEAD; and NURL (from the German root).



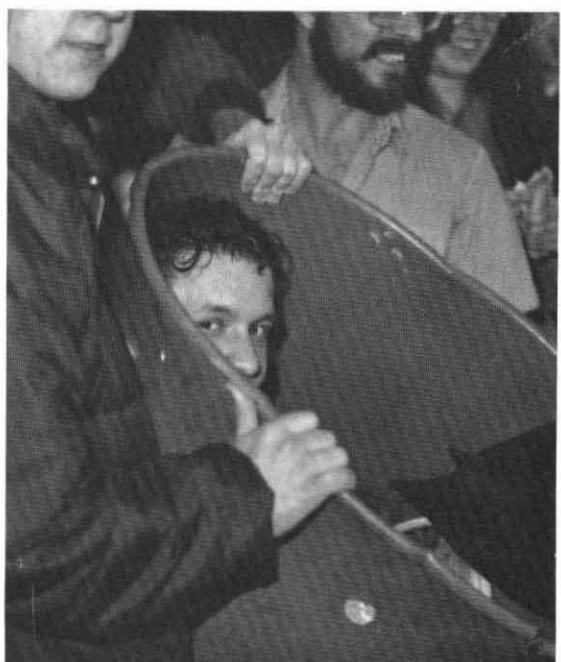
*Token athletic picture*



*A wet frosh is a happy frosh*

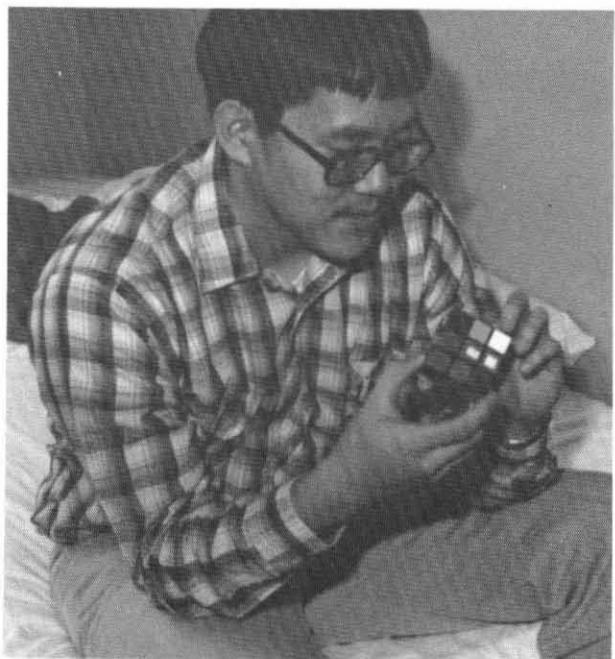
## Random stuff in no order at all:

It snowed in the commune's sleep room. Tina spent the night in there with 5 guys...and she was the only one who slept. Bruce woke up in Millikan Pond on his birthday. Armando, Bjorn, Mike George, and Luis turned 21 and were properly congratulated. Sue and Karl also reached the golden age but wimped out on the celebration. Shawn remained ALMOST as pure as Ivory Soap (or so Sandra says). Kurt concocted a Rainbow Special, and Chris was froshly enough to taste it. McIntyre slept the year away. We didn't lose any frosh on Wilson. Jeff and Greg blew up everything in sight (so what else is new?). Harry became our new head honcho. Russel unanimously became House Hereo. Karen II became a woman. The house (not just the commune) went Greek with Delta-Tau-Sigma, whose bicycle mysteriously flew up the wall of Firestone (those dirty Lloydies). Some frosh went over to Lloyd to see if any of them wanted to be showered...but none of them did. The upperclassmen woke up with colored hair, and the frosh subsequently died. Matt was tied to a tree and branded with an 'S'. M and D Maid, Locksmith, Gardening, Etc. Services preyed upon the unsuspecting. People left and people returned. A bunch of frosh remained obscure, but of course, no one knows who they were. Sam and Ginny got married right after graduation. The original 'women are bad for you' contingent also got hitched (Wern, Bible, and Kamei) -- to women even! It was rumored that a few seniors graduated. The frosh remained wimpy right to the end and had to stand on their chairs. We had parties, we went bowling, ice skating, on a San Diego flick, on a punk movie flick, we had a burrito dinner (again), and did lots and lots of other stuff.



Is this why they call it 'trashed'?

*NOT one of the proper uses of a cube*





*Karen becomes...a WOMAN*



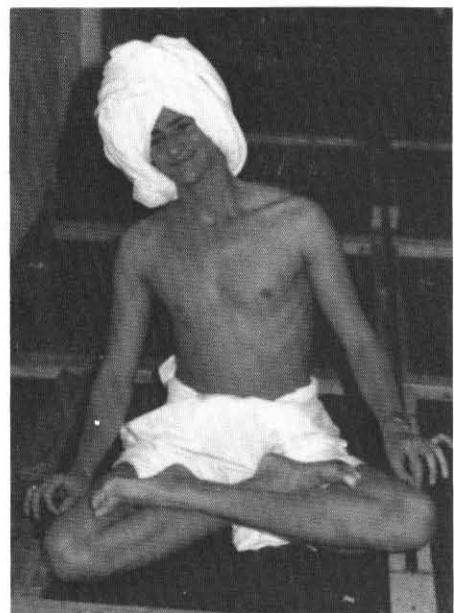
*Froggy almost went to Frosh Camp*



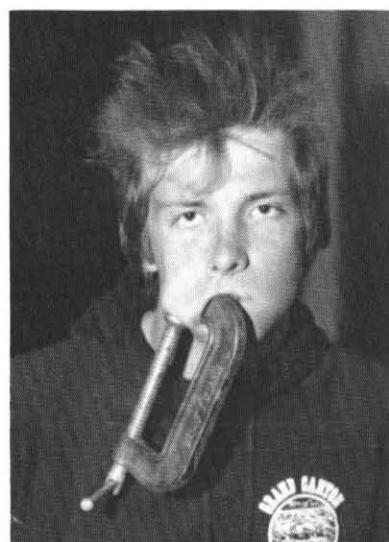
*'I clean your room?'*

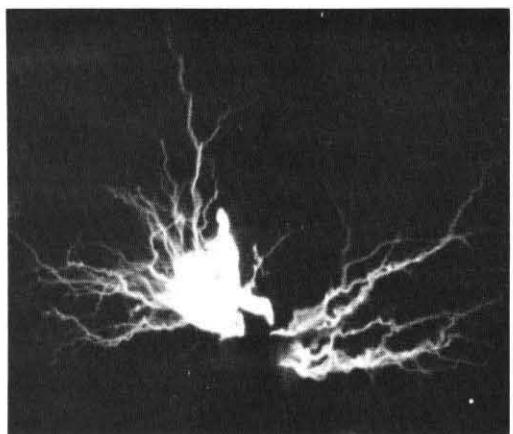


*Be prepared*



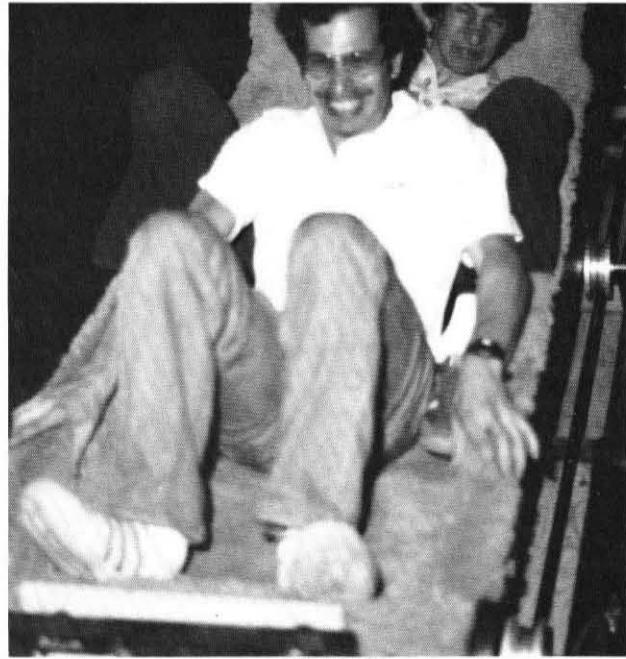
*from this man?*





## INTERHOUSE

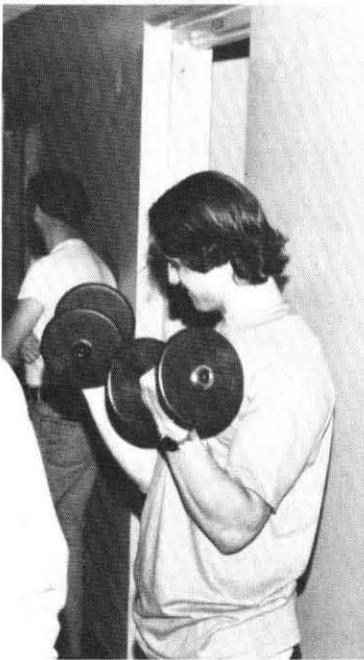
Interhouse was the best. Pegasus was a terrific ride. It was even ready a few days early, and it didn't break down! There was always a long line of people waiting to try the ride. In the meantime, they watched the amazing special effects: the laser show, the torch, and the megasized tesla coil with which the Mad Doctor and his assistant, Igor, tried to fry everyone's gonads. Even the dance floor was crowded all night and into the early morning hours.





## DITCH DAY

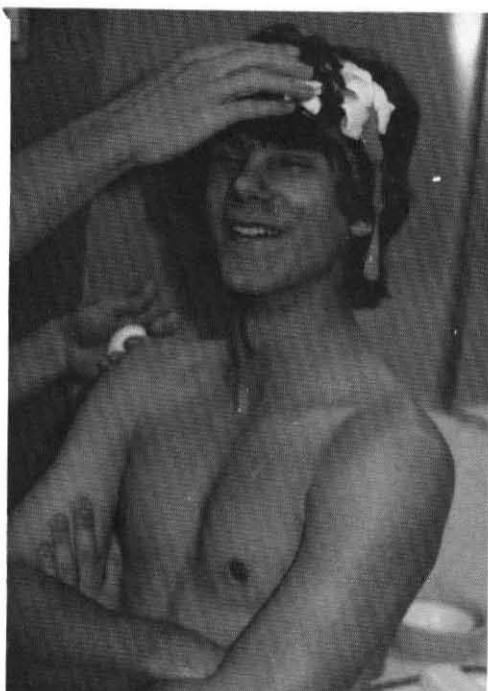
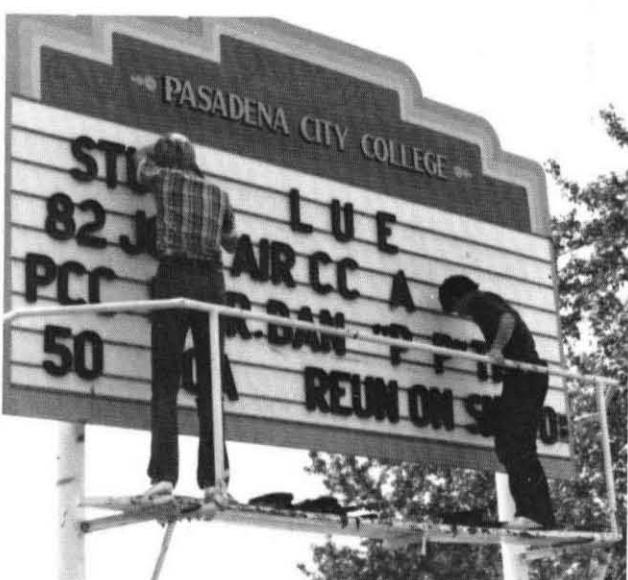
Finally tomorrow came, with more than a dozen stacks challenging the non-seniors. John, Armando, and Randy had a joke stack. Edie tortured everyone with Cragmont Diet Sodas (chocolate mint is the ABSOLUTE worst!). Bobby and Lewis left a stack involving Rush (what else?), a Millikan stair run, and lifting one million pounds (not all at once). Caveman really studded out on this one with a total of 150,000 lbs. Also, six people had to walk from Millikan to the Ath at noon wearing paper bags over their heads and nothing else except shaving cream. (They only cheated a LITTLE). Kurt was caught in his room and duly tied to a tree for several hours. Ron Franz demanded the names of many available girls for his stack. Shawn wrote his clue on the back of a 1500 piece puzzle -- and hid the pieces around campus. Other stacks involved water polo, cheap wine, and brute force.



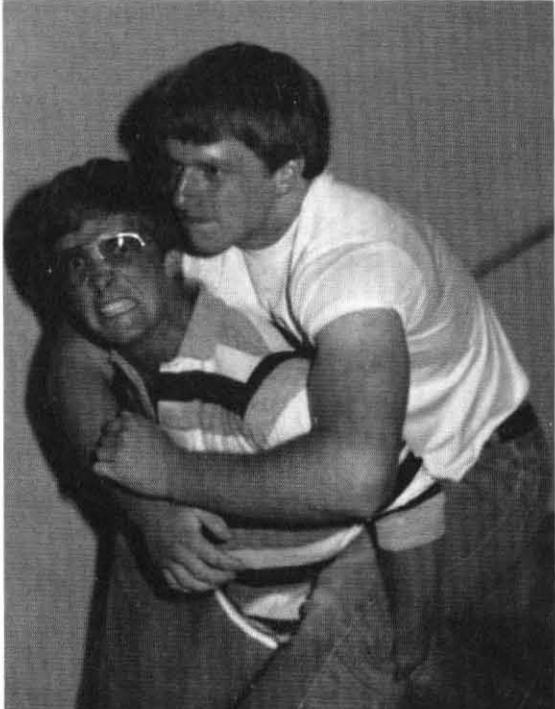
# FROSH



Seated: Manny Acevedo-Ruiz, Dan Davis, Sean Moriarity, Mark Dombrowski, Ed Felten, Dan Schwartzbrain. Middle: Jim Labrenz, Preppie Moller, Gary Chow, Doug Stohler, Paul Filmer, Gerald Zeininger, Steve Loyola, Paul Barros, Cathy Shapiro, Lew Aronson, Wen Teh Chang, Steve Kong. Front: Mike Gibbs, Scott Taylor, John McGowan, Brandon Mymudes, Kris Kvilekval, House Toh, Gordon Vaughan, Chris Hull, Karen Erickson. Kneeling at Han's feet: Jenny Haase, Kate Mayer, Steve Molnar, Richard Premont, Suk-Hoon Yoon.



# SOPHOMORES



*'Who you calling chicken?'*



*On his way to a dress dinner*



Standing: Erik Fernandez, Joe Costa, Anthony Miller, Joe Lee, Mark Marley, Jim Determan, Steve Stahl, Yung Lim, an imposter, Brad Brock, Asad Khan, Reed Burkhardt, Steve Halfhead, Caveman Holst. Sitting: Alan Murray, Dave Hawley, Clare Waterson, Ken Hui, Mike Terepka, Mark Waggoner, Phu Nguyen, Steve Baxter, Neil Phillips. Sinking: Eliza Sutton. Sunk: Kirk Brattkus, Joey Chang, Dave Chavez, Pang-Chieh Chen, Hank Erving, Mike George, Vance Haemmerle, Tom Heer, Keith Holt, Barb and Steve Otto, Robert Murdock, Pete Rodriguez, Doug Ruden, Phil Scott, Tim Shaw, Clara Spalter.

# JUNIORS



Back: John Wang, Steve Chin, Greg Haussman, Dale Chu, Chi Fong, Glenn Nakamura. Middle: Andy Berkin, Vince Cammarata, Scott Michael, Sandra Loh, Greg Schenter, Asshole Monsalve, Dave LePoire, Bruce Behymer, Ginny Konikowski, Brian Richards. Front: Rod Morison, Russell Quonggg, Greg Sayles. Fainted when they saw Luis smile: Lynne Adler, Mike Ammon, Scott Bloom, Tim Brazy, Chris Burak, Sekhar Chivukula, Karen Close, Bob Golden, Dave Groseth, Young Kim, Nancy Krehbiel, Don Majors, Bjorn Matthias, Chris McKinnon, Harry Mousmoules, Dave Newhall, Bill Polson, John Quilliam, Scott Sperling, Brent Stuart, Carlos Valencia, Smiling Fred.



*So efficient he trolls in his sleep*

*How loose is your goose?*



# SENIORS



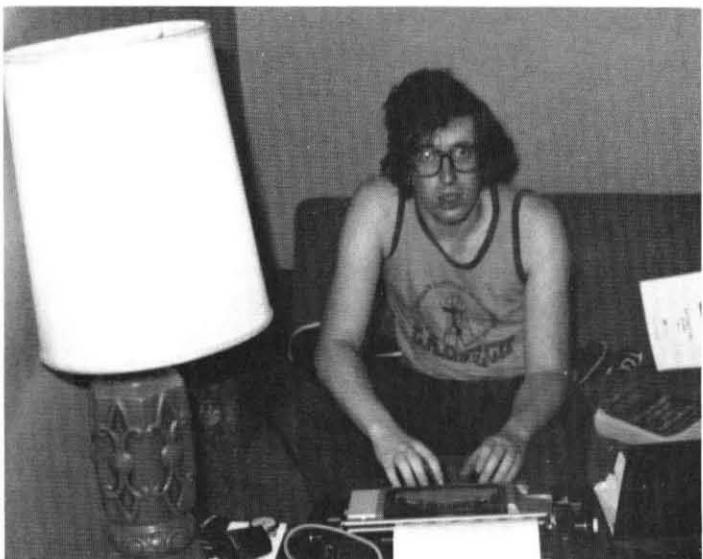
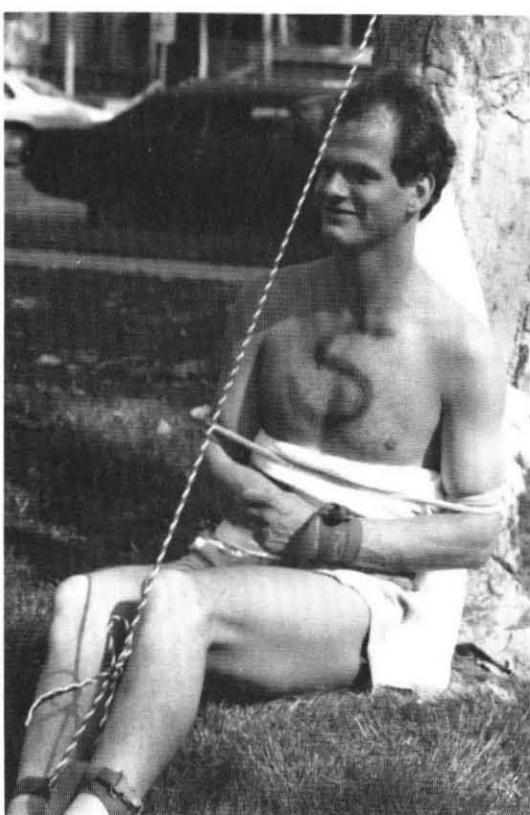
*Page Towing Service*



DEJA VU? Top: Ron Franz, Edie Henderson, Shawn Larsen, Sam Chan, Steve Hsu. Standing: Bobby Buck. Middle: Lance Dixon, Joe White, John Mitchel, Joe McIntyre, AAAce Franklin, Suuuue Gardner. Standing: Ron Miller. Bottom: Mike Chobotov, Matt Wette, Jeff Vollin, Froggy, Larry Hummmmmmm, Armando Pauker, Graham Zaretsky, Roger Helkey. Holding Sam up: Kurt Bachmann, Ben Bonham, Randy Castleberry, Paul Chan, Yiina Chang, Lewis Collins, Randy Field, Glen George, John King, Dave Kuder, Hisup Park, Phil Patten, Peterpaul Vita, Jim Trask.

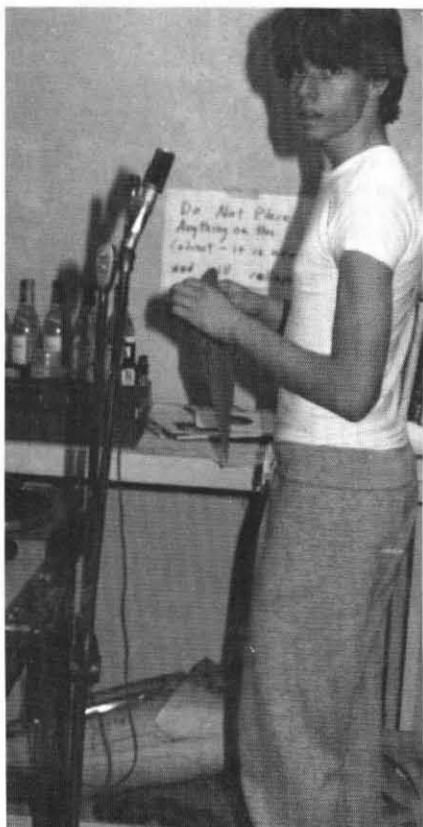
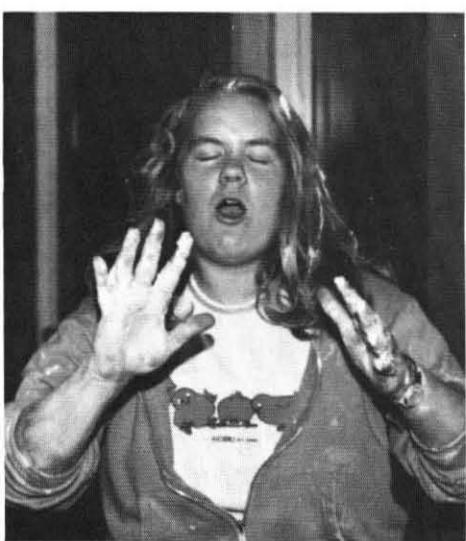


Seniors: BEWARE!

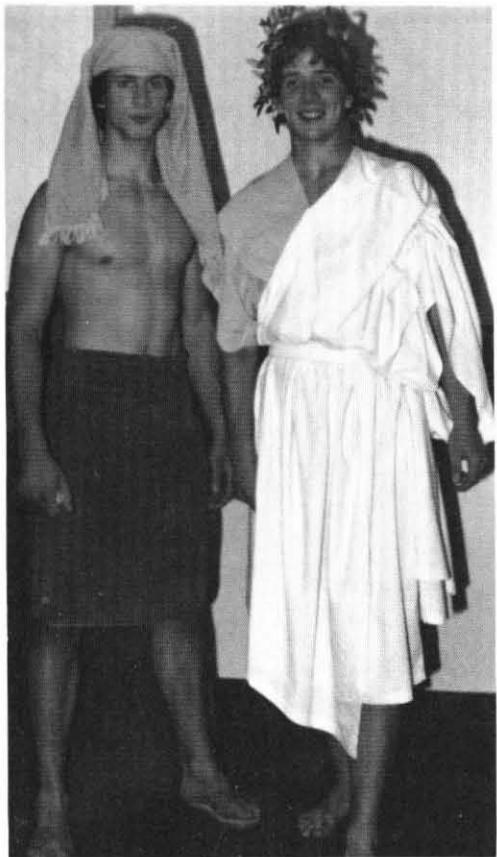


...5am...6am...

*Hell hath no fury like a woman*



578-9971 KKAL Request Line



*Either it's Halloween,*

*or all their clothes are in the wash*

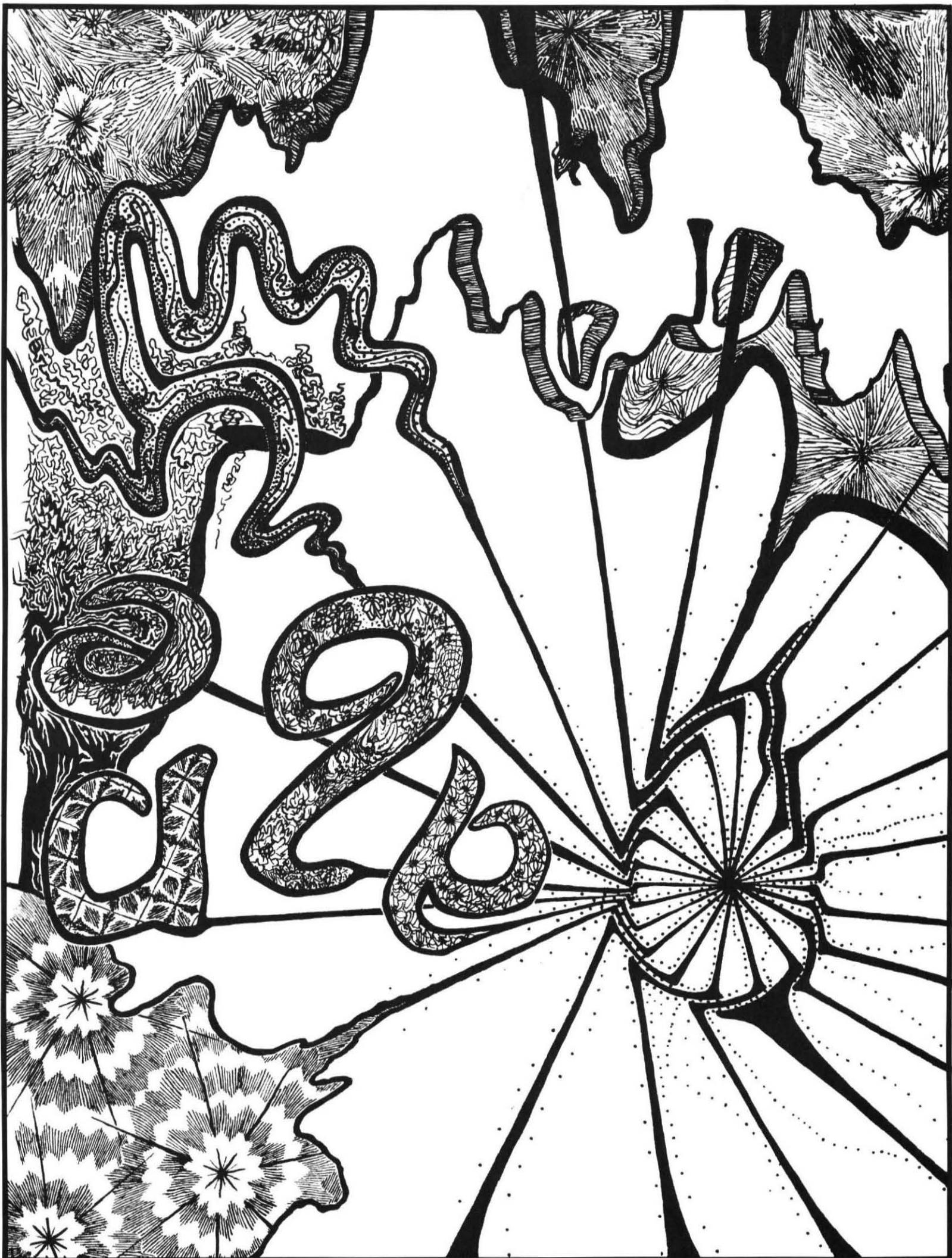


*'Physics makes me so happy!!'*

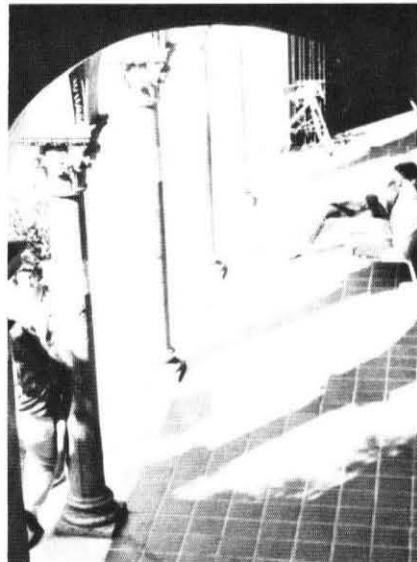
Editor: Eliza Sutton  
Photographer: Steve Molnar  
Contributors: Manny Acevedo  
Steve Baxter  
Greg Haussman  
Brian Richards  
Steve Swanson



*Bruce A. Redick*



# THE HOUSE



Dabney House. House of cats, camels and couches. House of Gentlemen. The sun shines on Dabney House in the afternoon. Good morning, good morning, it is time to arise, time to sleep, time to worry the endless terms away. As screaming alarms echo the halls eyes open to a new day, others are not yet closed. Third term is now and I write an endless stream to fill the space between the scenes.

At the beginning, so I begin, arrive the Froshlings, of whom I am one. Young minds strive to see their future and carefully pick their four. Many are called but few are chosen to drink champagne, dance, and not get wet. Chosen to be, if they will, forever a Darb.

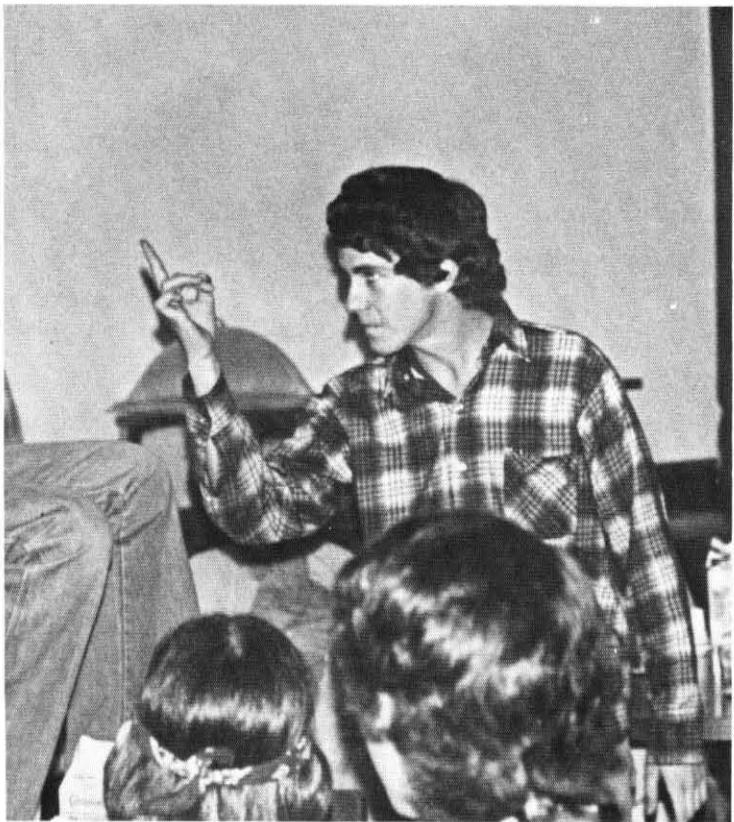
# THE PEOPLE

*Right,* Dabney's new president, Stuart Goodnick, flying mode.

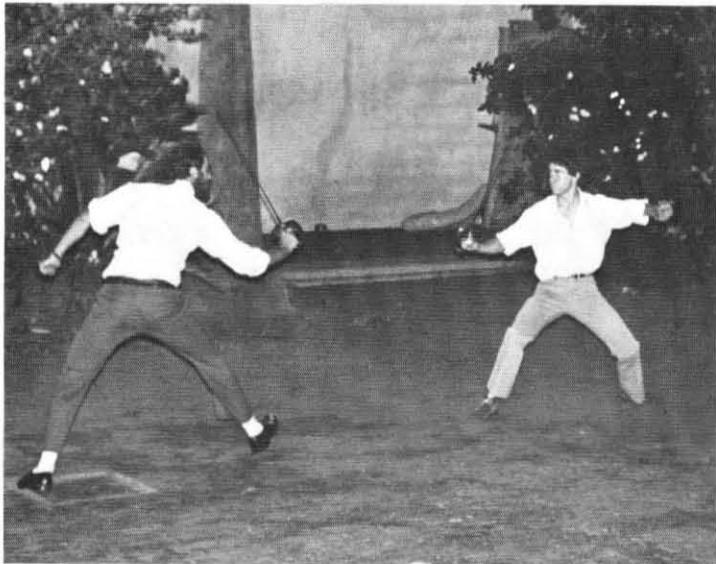
*Below,* Richard Pogge.

*Below right,* Mikey Thein trolling.

*Far below right,* Dave Schmid, Saga Roof.



# ATHLETICS



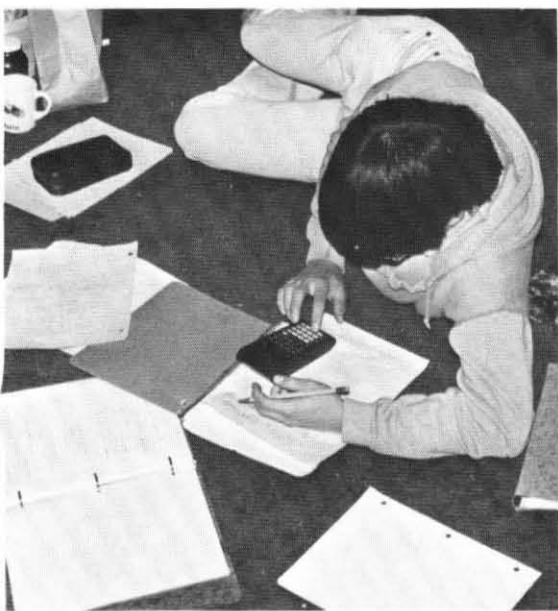
Above left, Mikey Thien and Richard Pogge at Interhouse.

Above, (from left) Kenny Bell, Mario Fajardo, Rick Snider.

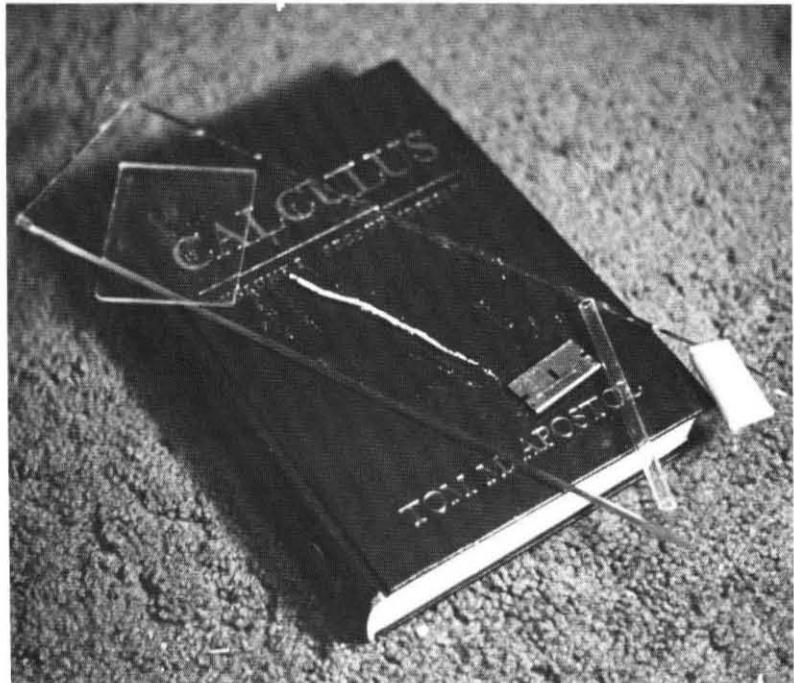
Left, Ed Rudman, Kenny Bell.

Athletics play a vital role in Dabney's recreation. Other houses choose football, softball, and basketball as their favorite sport. Dabney's choice is *Jai-Alai*, the game of gentlemen. Some play a sport called tennis with *Jai-Alai* balls, but we do not understand. The rules are simple: Throw the ball, hit the courtyard's south wall, do not hit the veggies, have the next person catch the ball, and repeat. These rules (and a few others) create a game of skill, sportsmanship, and fun. Anyone and any number may play. At any hour, one might expect the familiar crashes of a *Jai-Alai* ball against courtyard windows.

# WORK

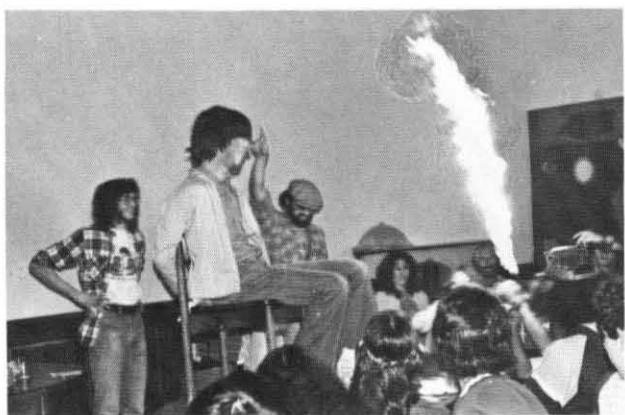
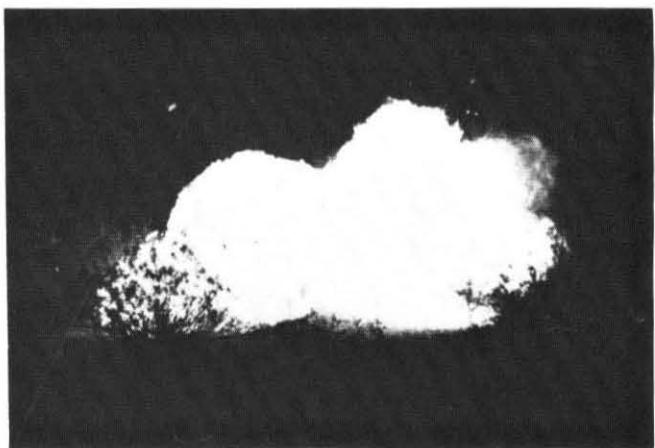


Above, Tracy Furutani trolling.



Right, late night Tommy.

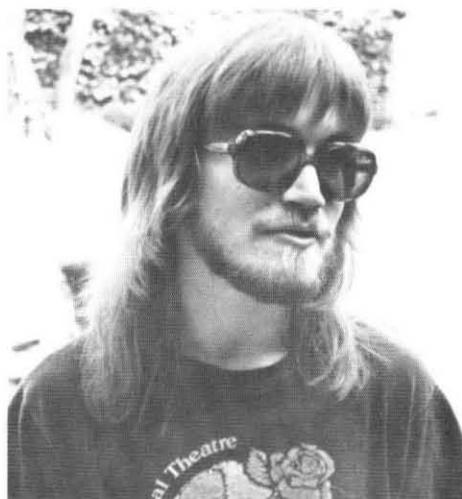
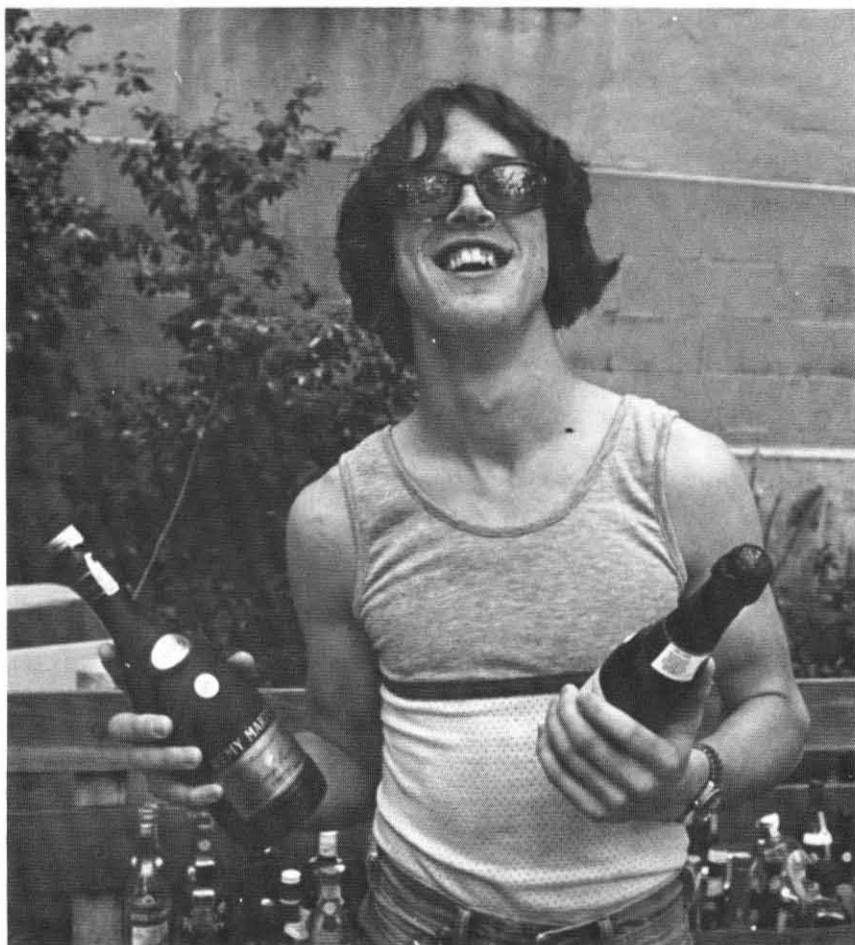
# FLAMING



This page, (lower half) Mario demonstrates the proper use of dangerous chemicals.

Opposite page, (clockwise from upper left) Eric Eichorn, the Mark IV, Orange War, John Avery, Rockus Roll, Don Buchholz.

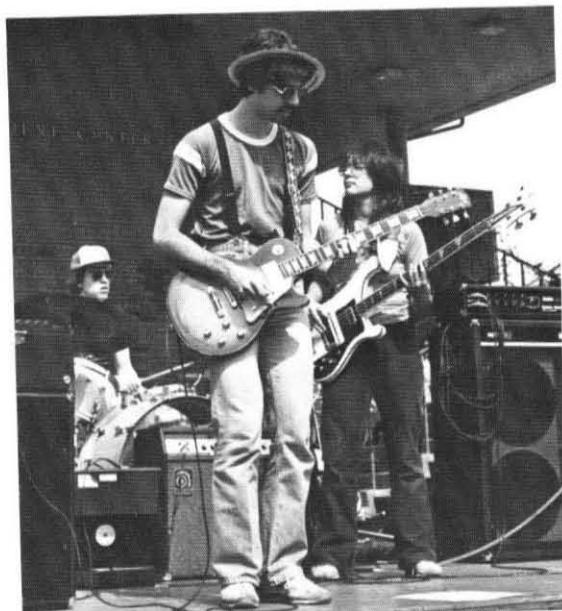
# DABNEY



Two pumpkins jump off Millikan to their shattering death. Their bath of liquid cold seeks warmth in Upper 7 from a group of cold-crazed Darbs who thrive on frozen flying oranges, cold drinks, and fog. Come dawn, the cold has all been freed.

Interhouse is Interhouse, with Elusive Trails and the Green Elephant bar and grill. Thanksgiving weekend finds the Mojave Desert being destroyed by *Mario's Dangerous Adventurers*. A whining hiss penetrates the House as one is led to the laughing success of the first term Drop Day party. So, Quackenbush couldn't sleep through Decker's "INTENSE VIDEO BLUE!!!"--oh, well.

# DABBS



*Above left, Mikey Thein and Steve Quensel.*

*Above right, Mario Fajardo.*

*Above, Dabney House Elections.*

*Left, Alumni wine and cheese party.*

*Below, Luna.*



# SENIORS



*Seniors, (from left) Evan 'Doc' Bak, Rick Snider, Ethan 'Fluffy' Lavan, Luke Will, Davey 'Cakes' Younge, Romni 'Animal' Katti, Steve Allen, Jim Cummings , Dave Hsu, John Avery, Paul 'Gordo' Eskridge, Mikey 'Pinhead' Thein.*

---

Second term I slept through. I am told the Frosh/Freshmen were initiated. I guess I was too. Oh yeah, some oranges rained in Fleming, and a television committed suicide on Drop Day.

I woke up, however, to the Great Upper Seven Blizzard. I just flew in from Upper Seven, and boy is my nose tired! Mario blew up the Desert again. Physics 1c plagues Sophomores, as well as Freshmen, as third term takes its toll. Soon, however, flicking and flaking slowly replaced what remains of any latent hard core trolling.

# OLD DARB'S AND FRIENDS

*Super Seniors, Old Darbs, Friends, and others, (top row, l-r) Chris Vestuto (OD), Gesine Lohr (OD), Jean Quensel (OD), Steve Quensel (OD), Karen Helgren (SS), Bruce Sams (Junior), (bottom row, l-r) Doug Heirich (SS), Alan Daughton (Frosh), Dave Weisman (Frosh), Bob Lewis (OD), George Williams (OD), Chris Finch (OD).*

*Below, Upper Seven Blizzard.*

*Far below, extended Drop Day party at the Grateful Dead Concerts, Berkeley, California.*



**In Mikey's Room**  
*(Who Is House Pinhead)*

There's a certain  
chopped and grated  
relaxation that comes  
late into the having-  
caught-up when  
prominent speakers define  
a resonating four-space  
that twices the room  
and implies potential  
mysteries and splendors  
Behind closet doors.

Ours is the tolerance  
that allows the hollow-  
coated chords to burst  
forth and wrap themselves  
around the elemental pillars  
that rebound *Jai-Alai*  
contortions of people  
beginning to wait to avoid  
the servicing of  
that Aerial lord whom  
The Birthing of God ignored

Old No. 7 heralds  
younger 24 but I'm  
21 and reclining  
in the teasing glow  
of a just-right lamp  
and my host is consumed  
in his task for our moment  
and we wait to resume  
the self-reflection that  
brought us together  
In the second place

The earlier picture of  
this homestead of cats,  
couches, camels, and cocaine  
paints a constitutionalized  
gentlemen's lounge  
sans traffic light  
from north of Arden  
off California  
where the quarks  
of Joyce become  
Benzal blasphemies.

The first place is home  
that is the stall  
for our green elephantine  
fantasies of the world-to-come  
is the center,  
is the womb,  
is our Dabney,  
alone of the seven  
in the techni-crowded  
refinishing school  
Called Caltech.

But now we know  
that the flibberdegibbets  
of established reknowned  
are the words  
of silent fury that  
signify "smarts"  
but resolve nothing  
more than another  
life in the Babylon  
of expectations  
That inevitably belong.

DEI—which is second  
only to the moment  
whose innocence rocks  
and buffets the retention  
of simplicity in our expression.  
And the ease of discovery  
has room to grow,  
when the in-between spaces  
are refracted around  
what's grating and chopped  
And certain

—Stuart Goodnick

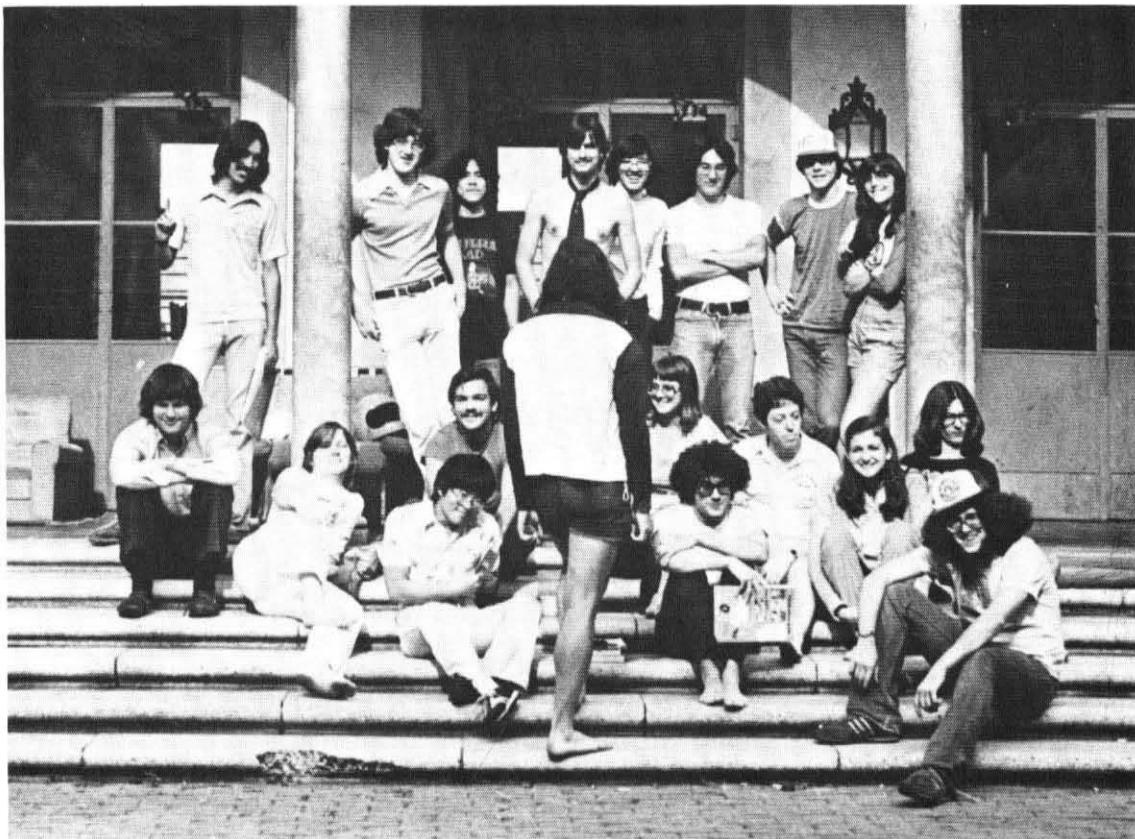
# JUNIORS



*Juniors*, (above from left) Lisa Grenier, Margie Farrell, Anne Herrmann, Mario Fajardo, Bruce Sams, Kirk Kanzelberger, Richard Pogge, Ray Lischner, Jim Cummings, Russell Almond.

# SOPHOMORES

*Sophomores*, (below, standing left to right) Eliot Hohri, Charles Cuny, Eugene Hu, Scott Gordon, Mark Purtill, Ed Rudman, Jim Mayhew, Barb Turpin, (seated, l-r) Paul Berglund, Joe Decker, Keith Hughes, Tracy Furutani, Ray Lischner's back, Dede Draper, Paulo Raffaelli, Mark Tinkle, Gail Manning, Jeff Matus, Eraserhead (aka PJS&M).



# FRESHMEN



*Frosh*, (top row, l-r) Cathy Ifune, John Morrison, Mira Todorovich, Dave Schmid, Cheryl Klipp, Don Buchholz, Brian Mapes, Kenny Bell, Dave Empey, Jim Cser, (bottom row) Dave Lee, Lisa Payne, Ken Hooper.

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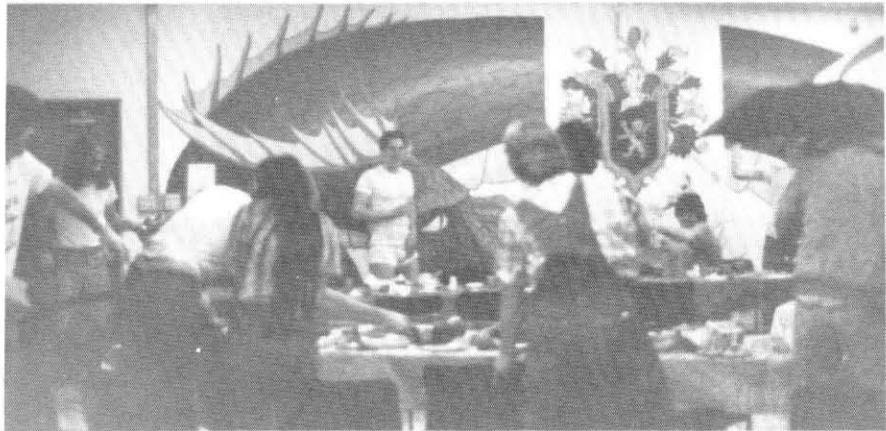
Elusive Trails plays in Dabney (the administrative Dabney) Gardens. Parties, and excuses for flicking continue when old alumni visit Dabney's wine and cheese party. Dress is formal/casual. The all night party on the Court of Man becomes one with the third term Drop Day party, and is moved to Thursday (*thanks-eds.*), due to a certain scheduling conflict that weekend—the Grateful Dead Concerts in Berkeley.

The term continues haphazardly, like my thoughts, preparing for a close. The seniors await their departure. They will not be gone—no one truly leaves the Dabney family. The new arrive next year. The cycle continues, progresses?

Oh...what have I forgotten? So much happened, so little remembered. The space is short, so must be my words.

—Dave Lee

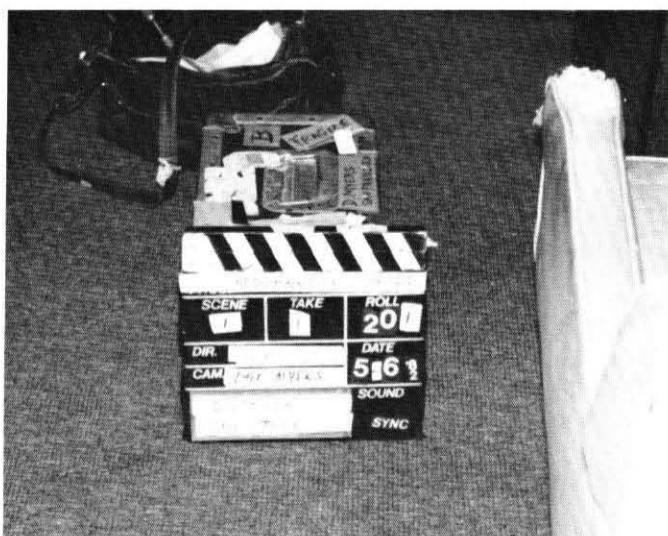
# SOPHISTICATED LLOYDIES



But where is he now?



Lights, Camera, Lloyd House



# HIGH SOCIETY

The following was written with the purpose of insulting the largest possible number of people almost, but not quite, to the point of physical violence to the author. It should be taken in the spirit it was written -- Blended Scotch Whiskey.

Lloyd House continued this year to maintain its reputation for providing the most refined social atmosphere available at Caltech, which is to say that we didn't piss on anyone else's walls. The social team, under the freewheeling control of Irene "Space Case" Replogle, Joey "I mean, can you like, picture me in a leather teddy" Francis, Julie "The Beach is thataway" Kornfield, and Phyllis "Convention Center" Li, organized several events of truly Olympian splendor. Group trips were undertaken to various local hot spots, including Farrell's, Rocky Horror, and Chippendale's, as well as the ever popular ice-skating trips with Blacker.

None of these events, however, came near to eclipsing the absolutely smashing success of Interhouse (that describes the band, too -- smashing), which recreated the sadly long-lost excesses of Ancient Rome. Starting with enough money to choke a medium-sized shrew and about as much house enthusiasm, Interhouse disorganizer Leslie Lippard created a spectacle which would have made Caligula drool. Despite its rigid entrance requirements, the orgy after the party was the most stimulating event of its kind ever held at Caltech. For those with more sedate tastes, a superb buffet (created by Zeus knows how many talented Lloydies) provided oral stimulation of a less penetrating nature.

Lesser social events included the newly inaugurated milk-and-cookies nights, which proved a great hit with the cotton-jammies crowd. More notable, however, were Lloyd House's major social nonevents. The hotly debated and awaited Spring Extravaganza failed to produce so much as a single slip, Freudian or otherwise, despite organizer Ernie Cohen's excellent qualifications -- which centered mainly around his reputed ties to La Cosa Nostri. The fact that a man with one of the lowest purity scores in the house could get no farther with a stripper than to have one ask him: "Are you Jewish?" says a bit too much about Lloyd House males. The year's second highly touted nonoccurrence was the wild, drug-crazed Corona Party. (No relation to the Republican Party, which is only drug-crazed.) It, too, was apparently a victim of Lloydie apathy and stodginess, or perhaps the rising price of drugs.

For continuous, year-round entertainment, Lloyd House continued to depend on the twin thrills of politics and gossip. Apathy plagued house meetings, with occasional gatherings bringing in more proxy votes than warm bodies. Desperate House President Ron "Tote dat barge, stuff dat ballot box" Francis finally threatened to clone Bob Shore and make him simultaneously everyone's roommate. He was convinced not to only when biology major CJ Beegle (This year's Anorexia Nervosa Poster Child), proved conclusively that Bob was not alive, at least as far as we know the word. Shore himself, whose laugh is currently being tested by the US Navy for use as a shark repellent, could not be reached for comment.

Despite Ron's worst efforts, house meetings continued to be veritable morasses of endless argument between people who, paradoxically, were reluctant to come in the first place. It was only after long negotiation and argument that the house member-

ship was able to agree on how to distribute the \$25,000 gift of Mrs. Lulu Hull Lloyd, with the major portion of the funds being used to refurbish the house courtyard by papering it with comic books. So exciting was life in Lloyd House that we attracted several frosh who were not even Lloydies at the beginning of the year. Applicants for social membership Paul Stankus, Jennifer Jerstrom, and Julian West, colloquially known as the good, the bad, and the ugly, were to substantially "enrich" the social life at Lloyd, while at the same time endearing us to three other houses. If next year turns out like this one I think I'll just die of ecstasy.

## Royal Wedding Stuns Lloyd House

Lloydies were amazed to learn this spring of the surprise nuptial ceremonies announced by reigning King Mikey the Girl of Valhalla, and her predecessor, King Mikey the Third. To add to the tumult her highness (also known as Janie Hansa-Brandenburg), subsequently announced that she would abdicate in favor of the highly controversial King Mikey the Jew. The present King Mikey also indicated that she would retire to the estate of her paramour, also known as John Hershberger, there to further tangle the lines of royal succession.

Lloydie reaction to the news was generally good. "Oh boy, its so wonderful" gushed lady-in-waiting Cathy Hayes, a close intimate of the King. "A perfect pair, I wish them the best of luck," opined Lloyd House lothario Jimmy Kuo, considered (by himself, at least) to be an expert on matters of the, um, heart. Michael Takayama, usually bent double under the weight of his ego, straightened up and stated that he would bestow his standard omnipotent blessing on the royal couple. Not all reaction was favorable, however. Tetsuo Fukuchi, leader of the asexual mutant faction, commented that such licentiousness might cause Lloydies to go "bezerk." Others wondered whether the departure of Janie, who is widely viewed as exercising a restraining influence on the Valhallites, might signal a return to that alley's traditional policy of snobbishness. Already chronically argumentative UCC-elect Martin Sirkin has expressed a desire to recreate the heyday of Valhalla exclusivity, and is even now said to be planning a "defensive incursion" into the territory of the peaceful alley of Cave, rightful home of Fingle (but that's another story).

Twins





Oooookayyyy



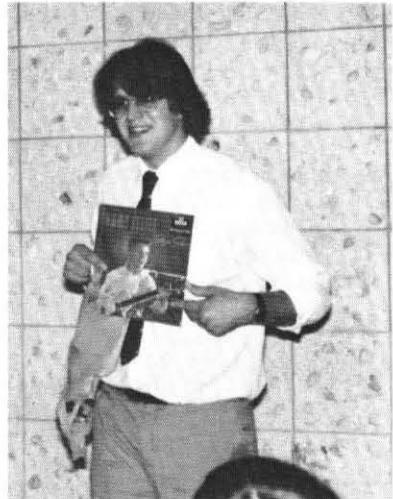
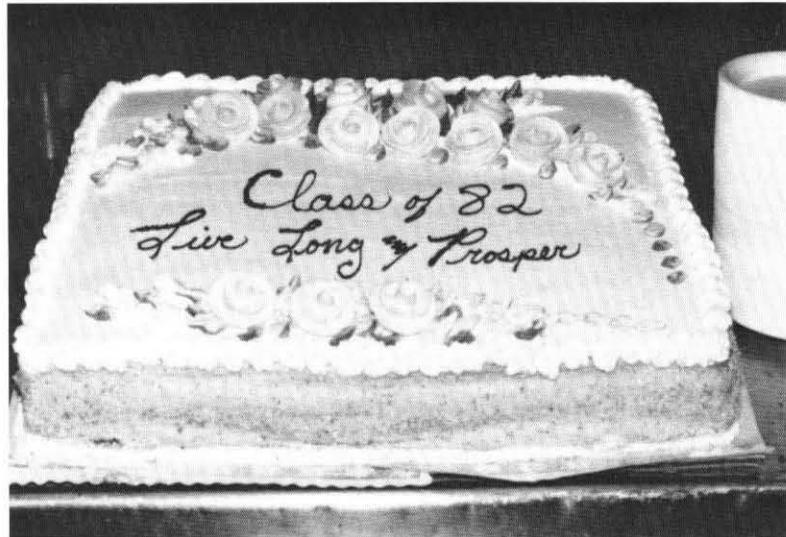
A gift fit for a king?



Its a jungle out there,  
boys and girls.



Ernie and Bert



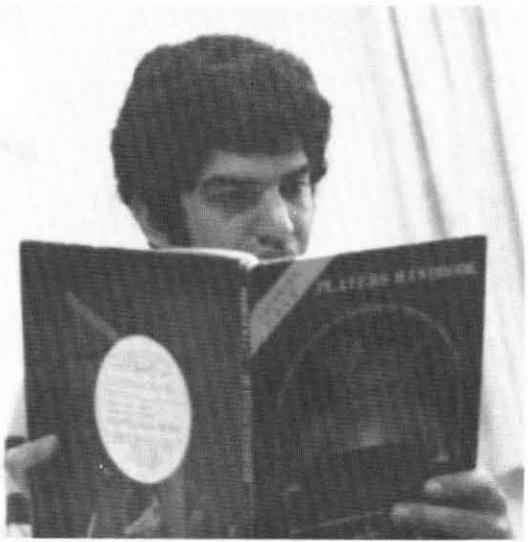
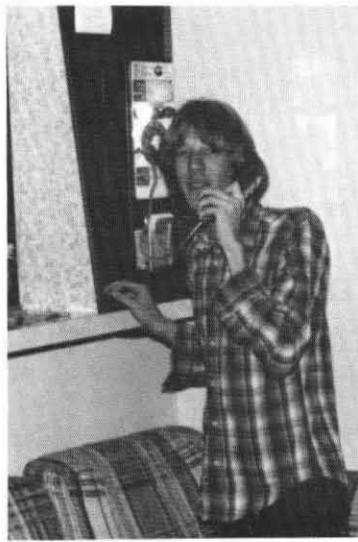
Party Animal!



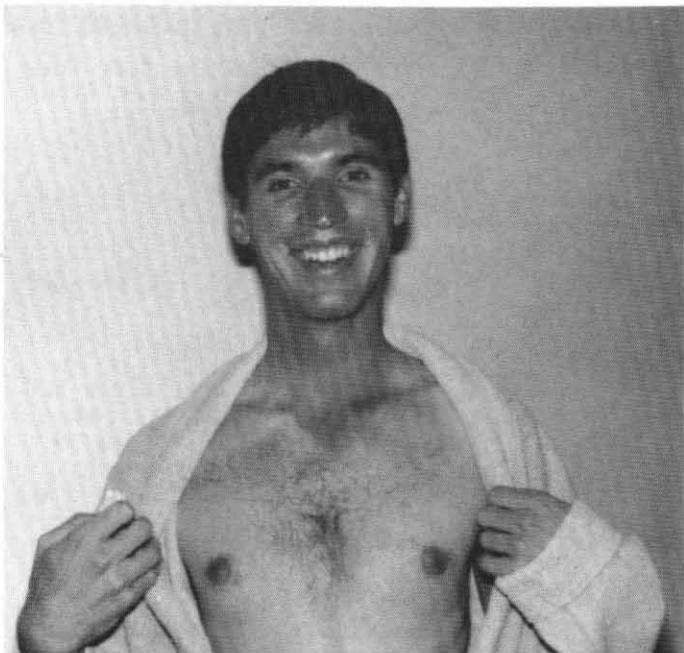
Party Vegetable



Editor: James Bell  
Photographers: Sergay Manatzikanian  
Moses Mares  
Juanito Villanueva



Hello? Police?



1st place, Lloyd House Body Hair Contest



Foaming at the mouth.

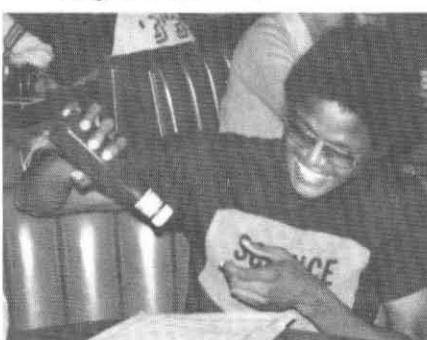
Apechickenus Maximus



This long-haired hippie freak paid \$500 dollars to get his picture in the Big T Bright boy, our president.



Actually, I've bugged Minami Yoda's room.





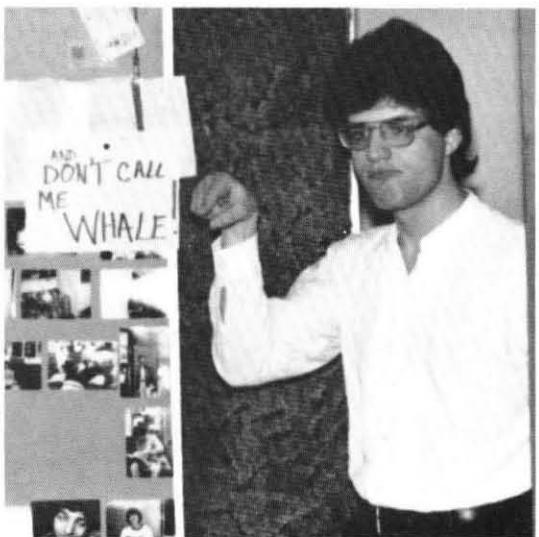
Last known photo of K. Rozendal.



Why yes, I do it for pleasure.



Eat your heart out, Meryl Streep.



The only good Bezerker  
is a dead Bezerker



Aha! Caught in the act!



166 ho

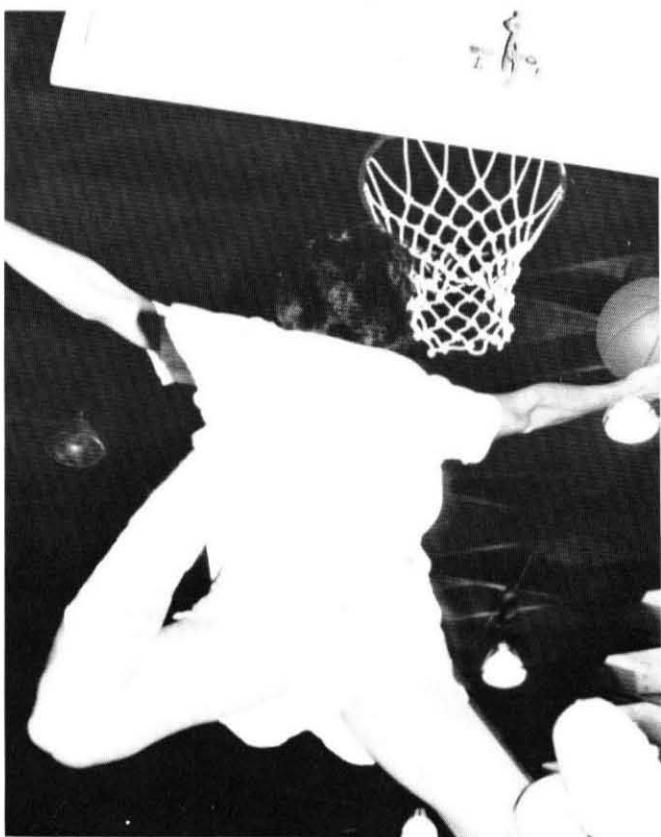


# SPORTS

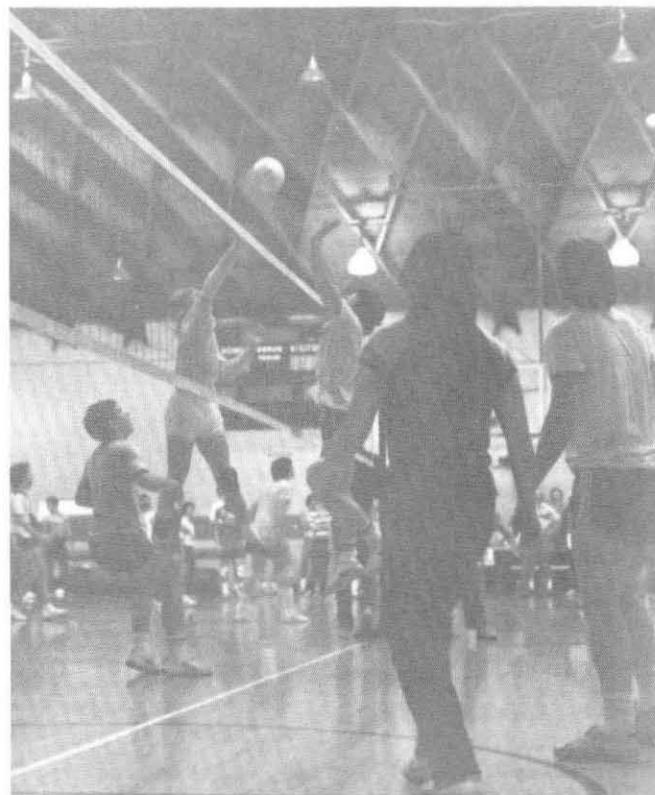
As if to lay the lie to the belief that Lloyd is a house of "wizards and compunerds," the Lloydies actually did something in interhouse sports this year. Led by a class of frosh musclemen, Lloyd House finished an impressive third place in almost all interhouse sports this year, earning us a position in the very front ranks of mediocrity. Only in soccer, track & field, and swimming did Lloyd House not produce a strong showing. The interhouse football team, quarterbacked by Ed Casey, and employing Howie Kong, Ron Francis, Curt Trimble, Web Ewell, Les Poltrack, Steve Martin, and several masochists, was beaten out of first place by a margin of about three points and thirty seconds.

This is not to say, however, that Lloyd's sporting achievements are of Olympian impressiveness. Although interest in physical sports was dominant among the ever-exclusive Creek clique, where it has replaced foosball as the chief thrill, most Lloydies would still rather sleep than sweat. Indeed, our statisticians were unnerved to learn earlier this year that the percentage of Lloydie women involved in sports was far greater than that of Lloydie men. But then, what can you say bout a house that gets together a GSC basketball team, chooses as its captain a girl knee-high to a Toyota, and then calls itself the Killers? At least Tiller's Killers (or is it Maimers?) did somewhat better than the veritable horde of Lloydies who went out for fencing this year, attempting to show that even a total spaz can become proficient in a sport requiring grace, skill, savoir-faire, and a lust for your opponent's blood. In fact, Lloydies Kathy Sheedy, Phyllis Li, and CJ Beegle contrived to form the greater portion of the Caltech Women's Fencing Team. (Which then contrived to lose more often than any of the men's teams.) In the end, things went well enough this year. True, not much thrill of victory, but not a lot of the agony of defeat, either.

Aaaarrgh!



What do you mean, we're going downhill?!



# HOUSEGUESTS



God



God smiling



God's good friend, Al Hibbs.

If we invite him back next year, is it the second coming?  
If it is, who gets to be the antichrist?

I have you in my crutches now, little girl.



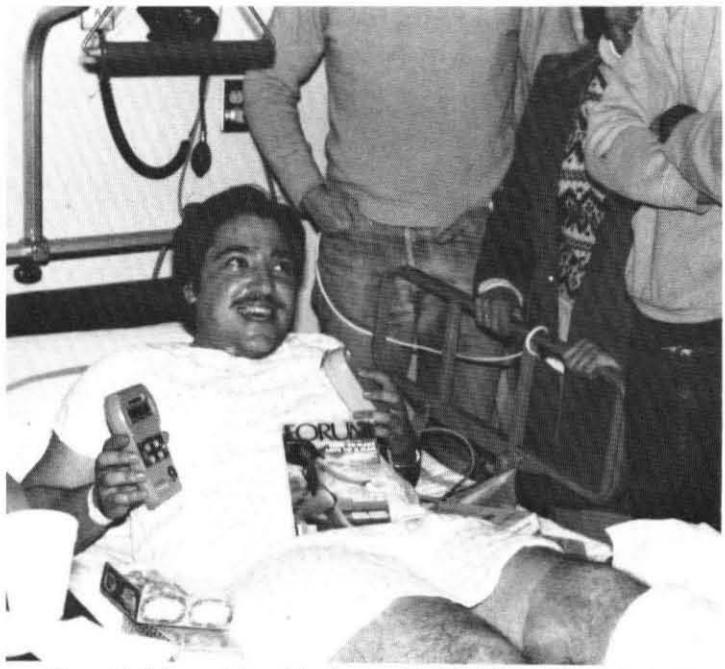
All right, what's going on here?

Zeppo, Harpo, Groucho, and Chico



168 houses





They told me I had to keep it rigid for at least six weeks.



I don't know, but its not my size.



Mine, neither.

## RANDOM



DERES HIM, DERES HIM



What is that he's got there?

Aha! A woman!



Yup, that ought to hold 'em.



houses 169



One-dive-right-right-one-left!



Lloyd, the house of study women  
and wimpy librarians



We move the Panzers up two hexes, and  
then bid 3-no-trump.

Recharging



An All-American Boy

I can't believe I ate the whole thing.



170 houses



# FRESHMEN



Chris Kyriakakis

How come I don't get to stand with everyone else?

FIRST ROW: Brett Garrett (making sure that Chris Kyriakakis stays out of the picture), Dan Briggs, Jim Kennedy, Carl Masser, Lily Wu.

FIRST AND 1/2 ROW: Andy Hall, Eric Kawamoto.

SECOND ROW: Creighton Asato, Ken Adelman, Richard Regan, Sean Ryan, Marty Hunt, Steve Roy, Mark Pitt, Aleric Clinton.

THIRD ROW: Tetsuo Fukuchi, Tim White, Paul Haase, Praveen Asthana, Irene "Isolation Tank" Replegloie, Chris Tiller.

CLUMP IN UPPER RIGHT CORNER: (front) Phyllis Li, Suzanna Chan, Anna Toy; (back) Mike Takayama, Tad White, Steve Nixon, The guy who shouldn't be here

NOT PICTURED: Ed Casey, Hod Greeley, Cathy Hayes, Chris Kyriakakis, Leslie Lippard, Ron Pekar, Bill Sharpe, Minami Yoda.

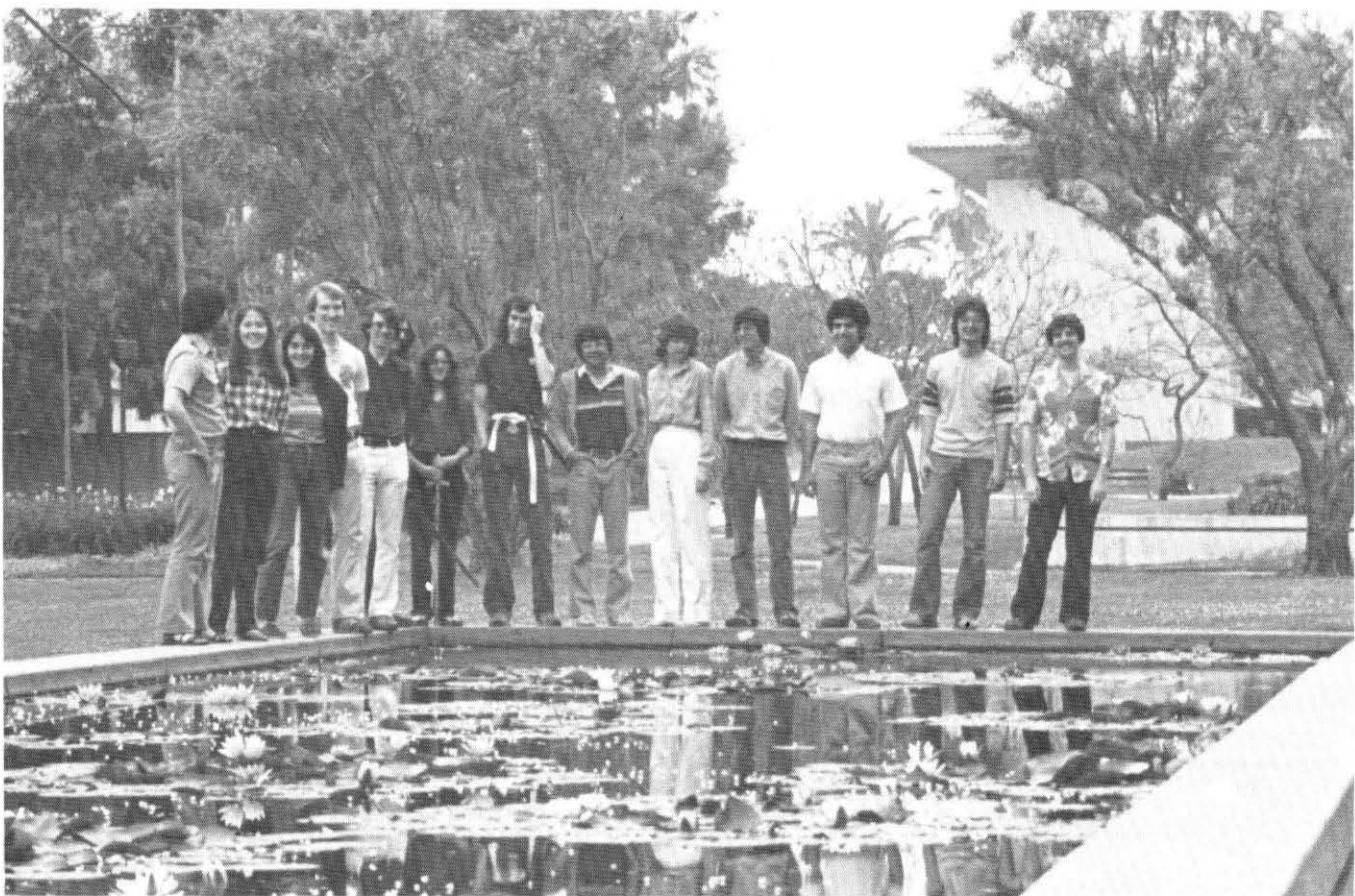
# SENIORS



SEATED: Glen Campbell, Juanito Villanueva (pointing to the beach), Brian Horn, Bob Shore, Web Ewell, Jimmy Kuo.

STANDING: Forrest Quinn (trying to keep his hands off Wally), Wally Walter, Janie Brandenburg Hershberger, Dave Kuo, Mark Altobelli, Sue Vandewoude, Roger Moulton.

NOT PICTURED: Nick Alonso, CJ Beegle, Ernie Cohen, Jon Holman, Jimmy Lam, Doug Mackenzie, Les Poltrack,



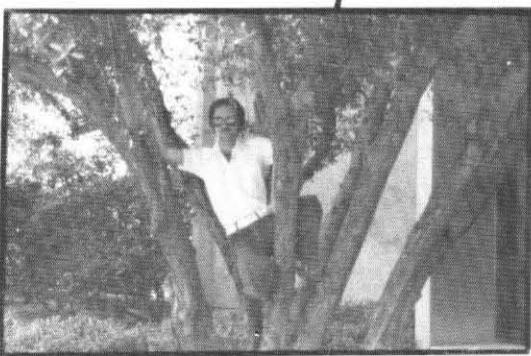
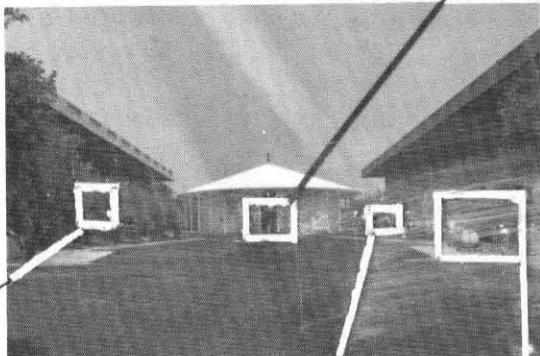
LEFT TO RIGHT: Steve Trainoff, Kathy Sheedy, Liz Newman, Lee Sunderlin, Ted Williams, Joe Frisch, Lisa Nikodym, James Bell (coming up with a great idea for an action photo), Roy Hashimoto, Debbie Mathews, Scott "in the b." Paine, Mehrdad Haggi, Joe Burfoot, Greg Bala.

NOT PICTURED: Nazeeh Aranki, Howard Chen, Jeff Clayhold, Thad Conneally, Don Fossgreen, Lucy France, Kirk Haselton, Mike Kulickas, Moses "Night-" Mares, Steve Martin, Sergay Mnatzakanian (etc.), Ben Valdes.

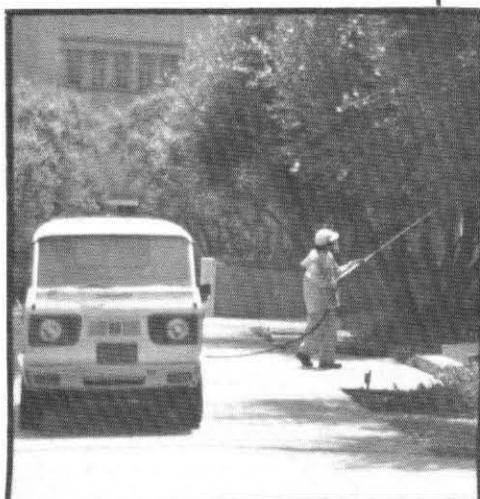
**James Bell carrying out his idea for an action photo.**



## JUNIORS

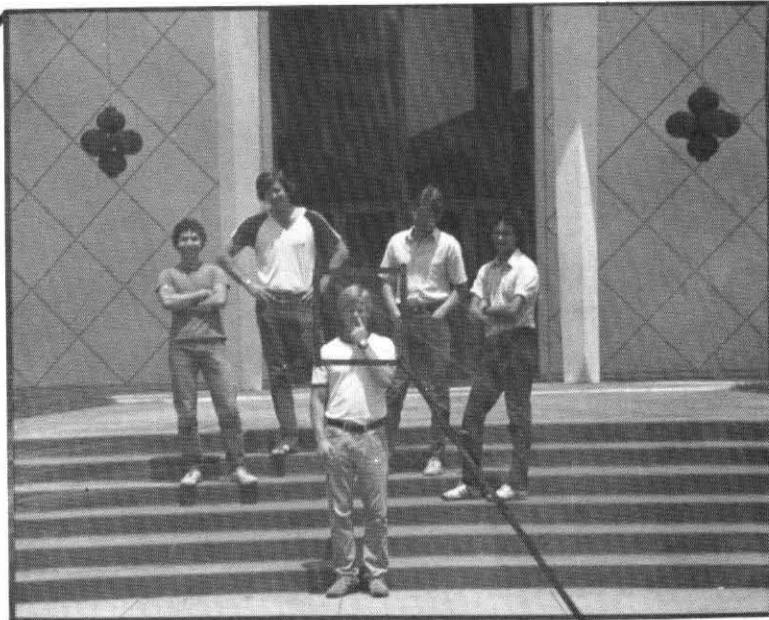


Robert Kelly feeling the effects of the pesticide.

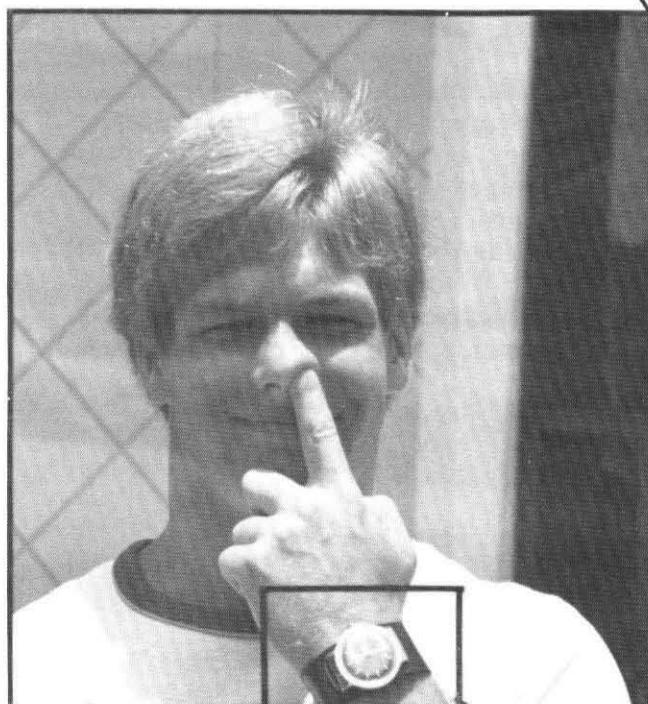


Looking for the other juniors

**STILL HIDING:** Tom Christian, Charlotte Clark, Tony Conneally, Jacquie "was Golde" Fernandez, Ron Francis, Ellen Howell, Howard Kong, Julie Kornfield, Vladimir Matijasevic, Chip Meiling, Roman Movshovich, Marty Sirkin, Charlie Strauss, Lynmarie Thompson, Jeff Yu.



(left to right) Mike Fernandez, Matt Duiker, John Humphrey, Dan Kostka, Thiti Vejpas.



WHICH WAY'S THE BEACH?



**TIMEX**

*Takes a licking and keeps on ticking.*

# BLACKER

The house bar was upgraded and expanded this year by Craig, and the Blacker Drinking Society was reinstated by popular demand, on the part of both moles and Ricardo Gomez.

This year's Posh was very well attended, and was held at Steven's Steak House rather than at the Ath, which turned out to be a 'minor' mistake: Steven's managers claimed that most of us were underaged, and refused to serve us alcoholic beverages, giving some ridiculously inane reason or other. Something about \$10,000.00 fines, I think it was...

The seniors wimped out again this year, when the 100 day challenge came up: They ate 100 pints of ice cream rather than drinking 100 bottles of beer. Their stated reason being that 40 percent of the seniors were teetotalers.

The campus was literally overrun by alums on Alumni Day, temporarily doubling its population, its average age, and probably its average income, even considering government funding, as this was a record-breaking year for Alumni donations to the Institute. Long live the Alums!

The Associates' Tea was also a success, in spite of the fact that during the lunch, a scurve decided that our barbecue smoke indicated that we would like to hear a plane crash played at top volume on his stereo. A delegation of moles convinced him, gently, of the error in his reasoning.

At Interhouse this year, a minor sin was committed, but one which is only to be expected of a house that can't even finish a full keg: there was zoo juice left over afterward.

The Meefs this year were relatively few: Jo Ellen Pruitt, Dion Stams, Brad Axon, and Carol Bryan, first term, and Tom Cross, Bichoo Bannerjee, and Craig Minor, second term. However, 3 seniors graduated this year with the 516 unit minimum, after long periods of uncertainty.

This year's elections ended with most of the house being elected to some office or other, including a large number of imaginative 'gag' offices, the funniest of which I will list here: house President is now Chris Thompson, with Arlene 'Killer' Keller as house VP. Jeremy Sommers became house Secretary, retaining his temporary post. Rick Walker was treasurer, but he graduated, so Chris Thompson is filling that slot temporarily. Vince Powers was elected house BOC Rep, after a tie-breaker election, placing two moles on the BOC simultaneously for the first time in several years. Jeannine St. Jacques got suckered into becoming house Librarian, but later did not regret her office. The Ath team, responsible for the house ping-pong ball supply and for upkeep on the badly abused, again popular badminton set, is Steve Hawes, Ted George, and Vince Powers. The Social Team now consists of Art Fortini, Ram Basu, Norm Princen, and John Butman.

One of the highlights of the year was the picking of new RAs, as Diana and John are leaving us at the end of this year, in favor of better working conditions at Harvard (higher salary). For weeks and weeks the house met vast numbers of RA candidates, searching for that elusive, necessary quality of the Blacker RA: manic-depressive paranoid schizophrenia, coupled with tapeworm. The finalists in the running were Caltech swimming coach Clinton Dodd, and a British couple, Mark Crawshaw and Jane Falkner. Mark is a grad turkey in the Math department. The final choice was very difficult, but the house's staunch loyalty to the ancient traditions of Olde England, and the well-known regard in which moles hold learned mathematicians, especially ones who can count (which was verified at the interviews), won out over any desires to become more active in the sports arena.

The annual KELROF was not a failure for Blacker house this year, since we actually had a team to participate with, due primarily to the efforts of Art and his 'magic cattle prod,' who was responsible for much of the team which was organized about three hours before the start of the relay. Blacker moles totaled more than 169 miles, putting us in fourth place -- out of five, the fifth team being composed entirely of girls. *Sigh.*

The biggest sports victory, however, in spite of the very impressive efforts of the house basketball team, (Steve Hawes, Chris Snyder, Brian Kinney, Larry Gross, Mike Yamada, Jahn Dyvik, and Ted George) was the victory of the house Ultimate Frisbee team over the Page frosh the day after KELROF ended, winning not only that game, but the Discobolus trophy for a week, although the trophy ended up remaining in Blacker lounge for the entire summer.

On Ditch Day, Steve Ryan and Mike Ravine's joint 'Grand Old Men' stack was met with a certain amount of awe. The stack, which consisted primarily of a treasure hunt, took place in several locations: a casino in Las Vegas, a medium-security office building in San Francisco, and a kelp bed off of Laguna Beach, with all expenses paid and first-class, round-trip airline tickets to each location. The stack's clues were successfully located, but due to a last-minute spaz in the arrangement of the stack, they could not be deciphered, and the stack was not broken. Out of the nine stacks this year, five of which were broken, Tricia's stack is also notable. This stack was of a new type, one which will hopefully become a Blacker tradition: a Goodwill stack. The stack consisted, in part, of performing several small house improvements which would otherwise have been neglected indefinitely.



Juniors: Sitting: Lynne Adler, Dave Adler, Steve Colwell, Jeremy Sommers, Jim Anderson, Lee Hasuik.  
Standing: Reese Fawcett, Jo Ho, Art Fortini, Leif Bennett, Ram Basu, Chris Thompson, Jahn Dyvik, Chris Snyder (in Arlene's hand), Dave Muraki, Arlene Keller, Dan Grutzmacher, Vince Powers.

Ram Basu



Art Fortini



Jon Leech



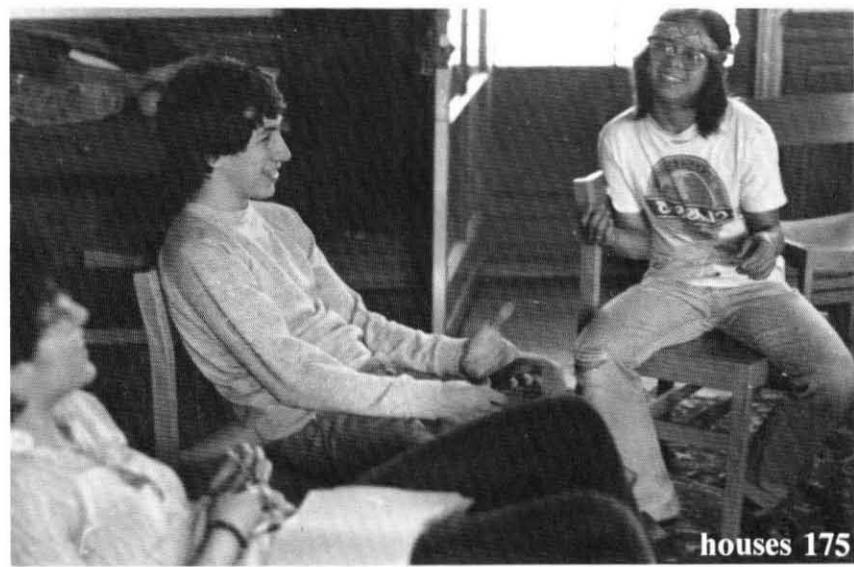
Avideh Zakhor

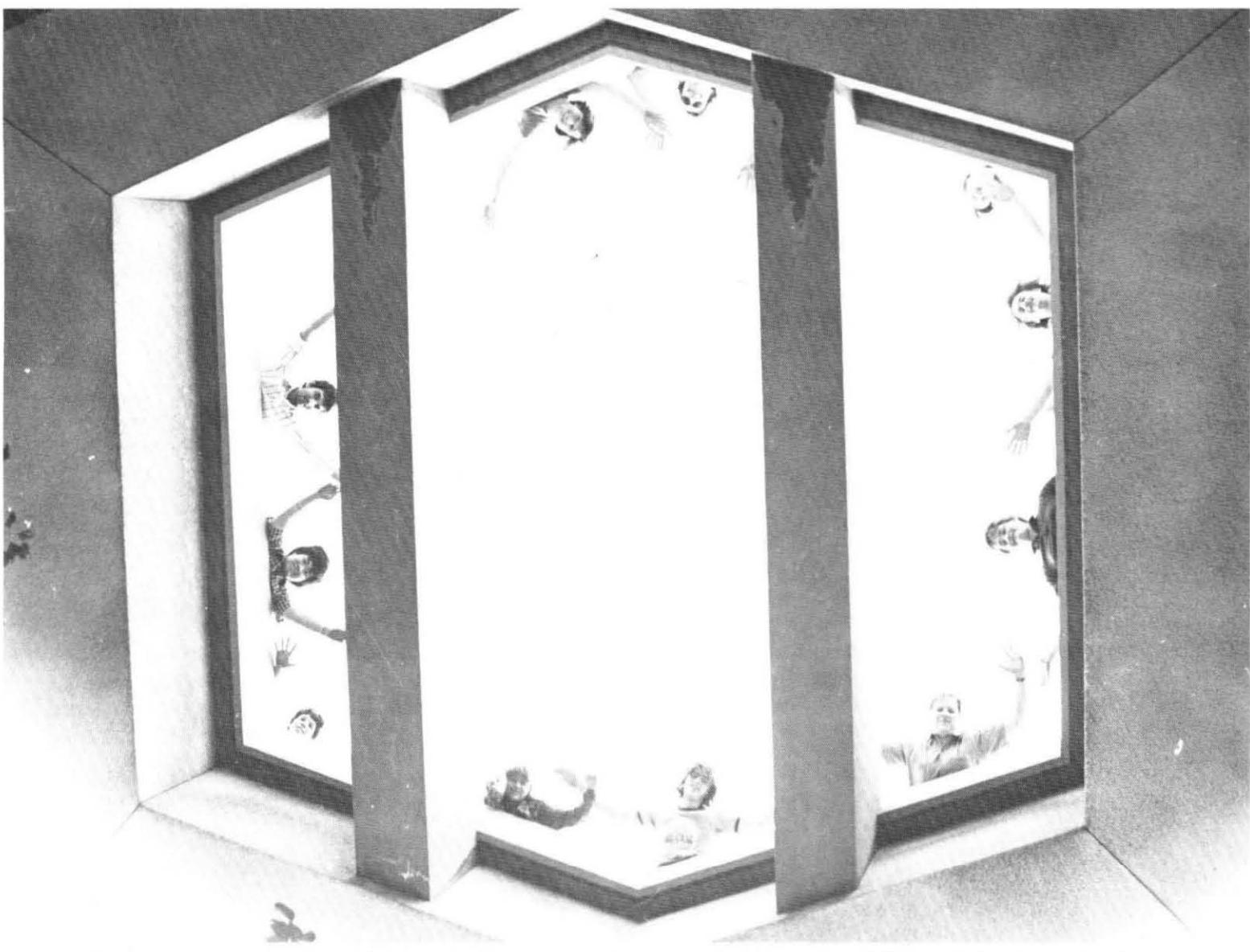


Vince Powers



Lee Hasiuk





Sophomores: Clockwise, from 12:30: John Houde, John Leech, Walter Weber, John 'Burnsie' Byrne, Chris Worrel, Dan Kegel, Laura Wilson, Norman Princen, Satoshi Yoshizawa, Adi Srinivasan, Jeff Dairiqui.

John Byrne



Chris Worrell



Norm Princen and Connie Bennit



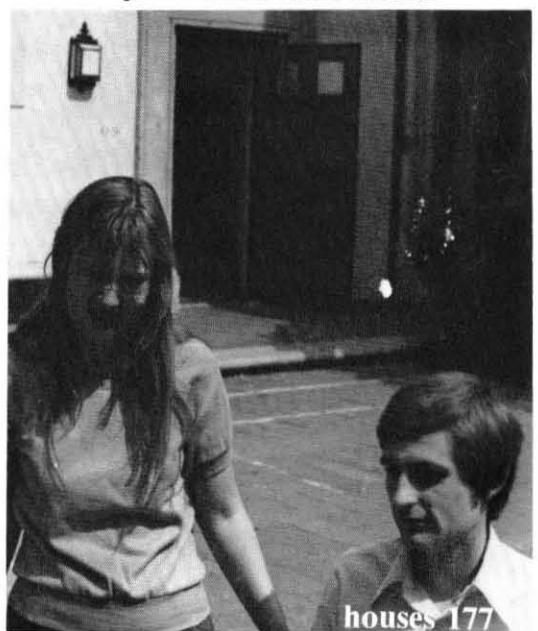


Frosh: Front row: Vince Chen, Fred Wong, Mike Nolan, Mike Yamada, Richard Murray, John Butman, Gregg Kopp, Ted George. Middle row: Lynne Hannah, Bob Henderson, Steve Pitts, John Wall, Blake Lewis, Erica Sargent (hidden), David Hull, Christine Yu, Christopher Yo, Micheal Chwe. Back row: John Beahan, Rodney Kinney.

Seniors: Sitting: Mike Ravine, Rick 'The Flick' Walker, Paul Thomas. Standing: Ari Fuad, Tricia Stoddard, Steve Ryan, John Bennett, Chris 'THC' Hawley, Mark Todorovitch, Linda Wald, Bill 'Disco Willy' Naylor.



John and Diana Barker





Dan Kegel

Lee Hasiuk

## The R.A.'s



John Barker



Diana Barker



John Beahan

Roderic Schmidt

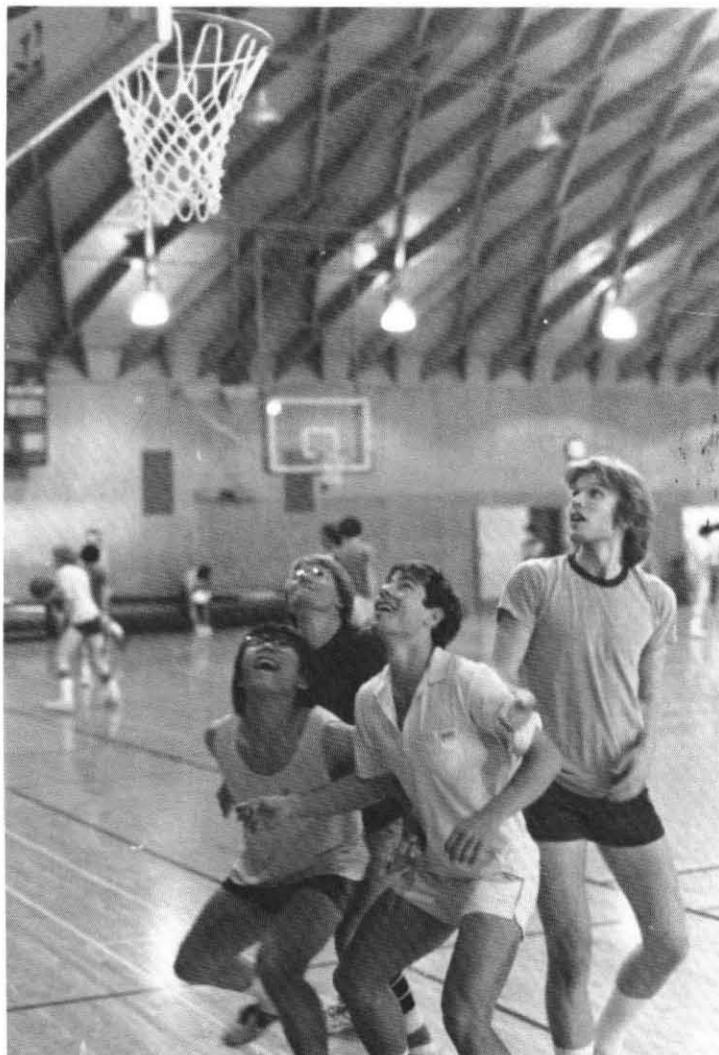


Dan Kegel

Lee Hasiuk

Dan Grutzmacher

Mike Ravine Steve Ryan



Chris Snyder

Jahn Dyvik

Mike Yamada Ted George



178 houses



John Butman

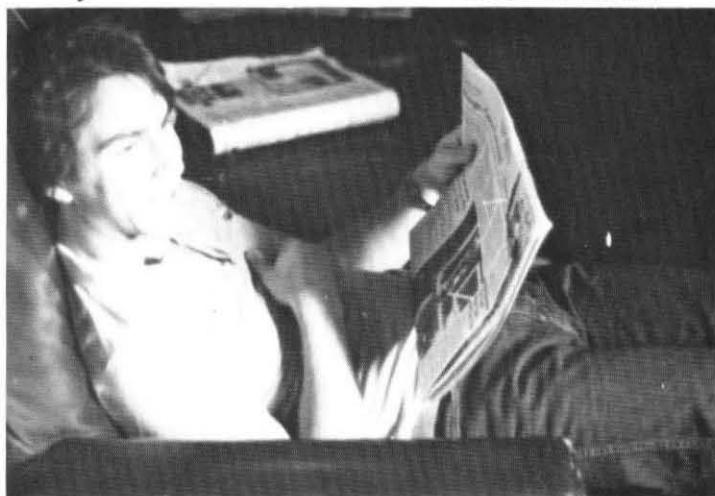


Frank Lowther



Walter Weber

Steve Pitts



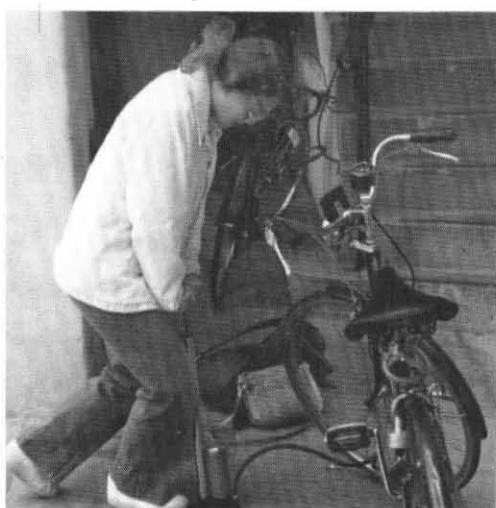
Larry Gross



Christine Yu



Bob Henderson



Kathy Fletcher



Mike Nolan



Mark Todorovich



Linda Wald



Jeff Dairiki

Steve Ryan



Erica Sargent



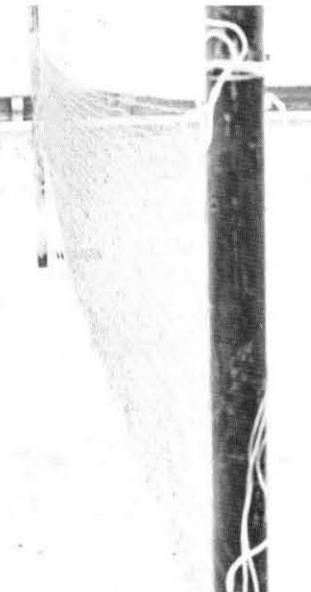
John Beahan



Steve Hawes



Duncan Mahoney



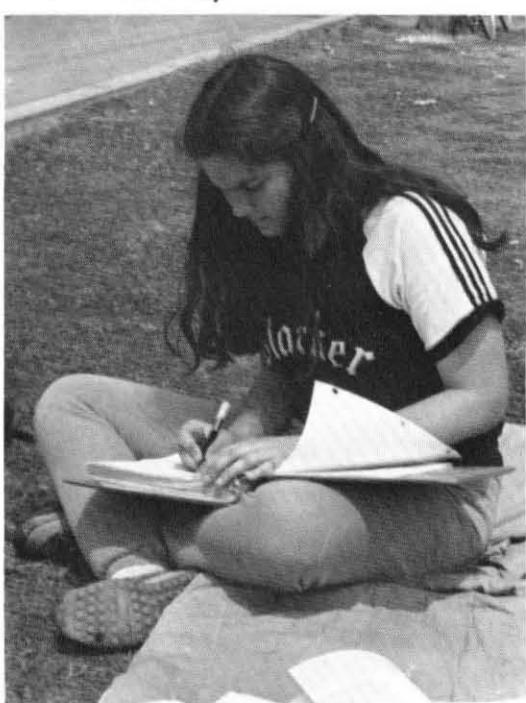
Adi Srinivasen



Brian Kenney



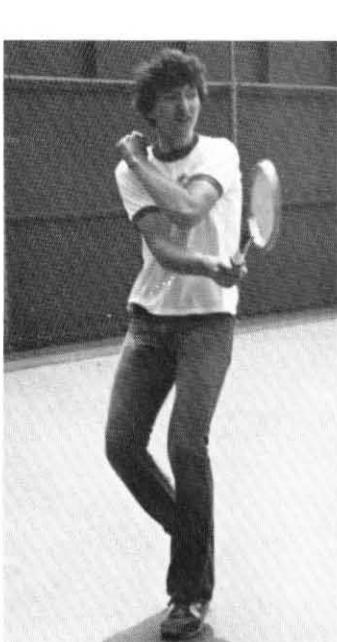
Chris Snyder



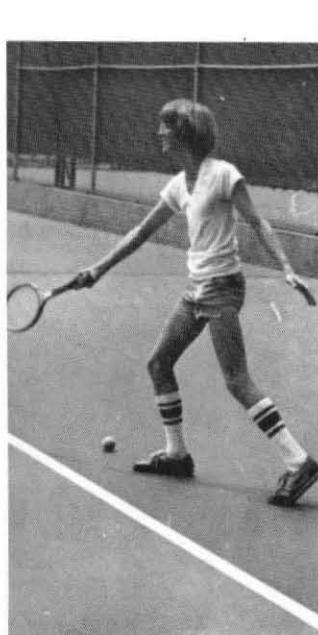
Lynne Hannah



Gregg Kopp



Richard Murray



Rodney Kinney



Reese Faucette



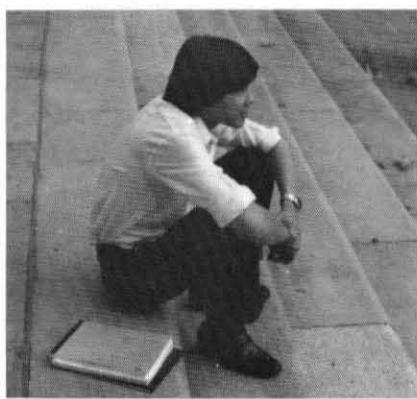
David Hull



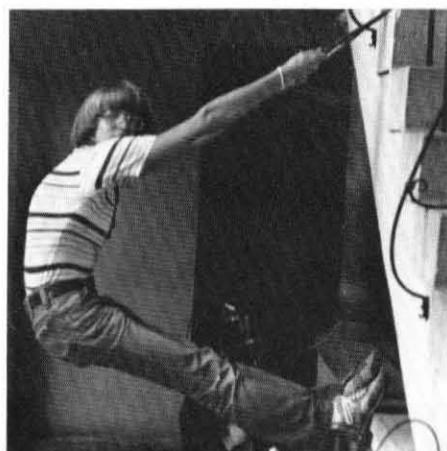
Mike Yamada



Jim Anderson



Vince Chen



Rodney Kinney



Arlene Keller

John Butman



Roderic Schmidt

Bao Cao



Chris Hawley



Frederic Wong



Joel Disini



Satoshi Yoshizawa



Denes Zsolnay



Paul Thomas



Ted George



John Wall



Blake Lewis



Arlene Keller



Vince Powers



Mung Ling Ang



Joe Ho  
Jeannine St. Jacques



Bill Naylor



Lynne Adler

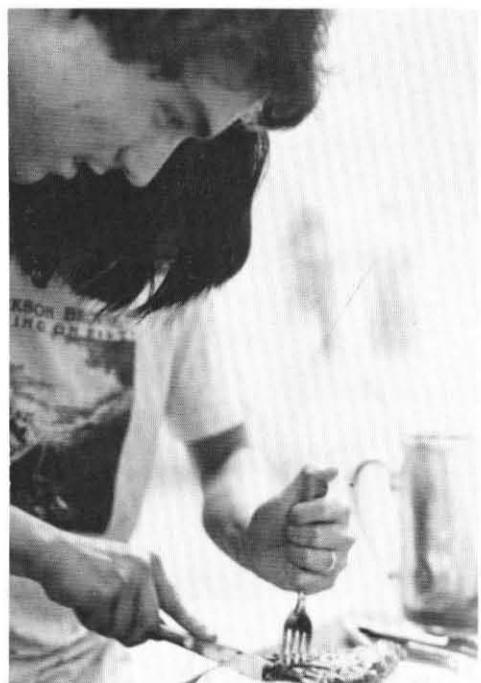


John Fill





Laura Wilson



Jeremy Sommer



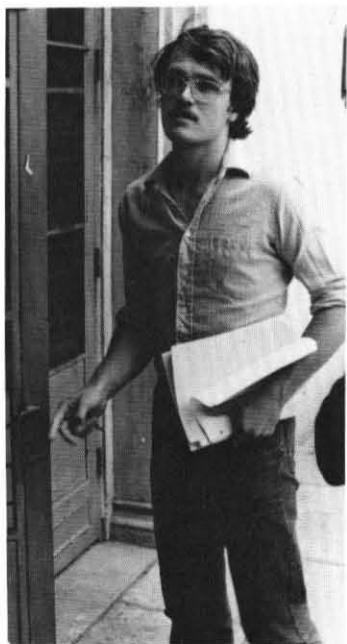
John Barker



Diana Barker

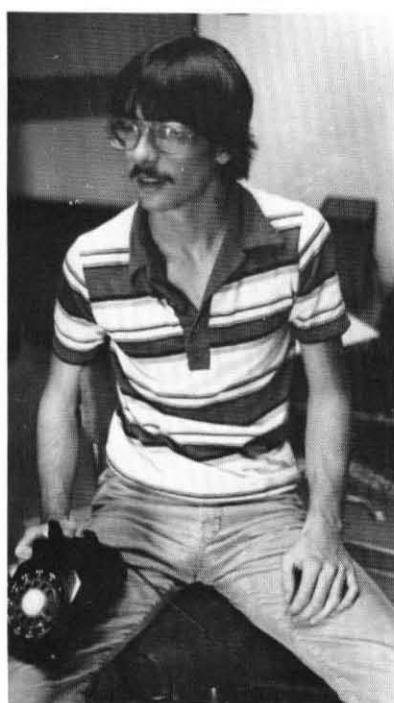


Leif Bennett



Chris Thompson

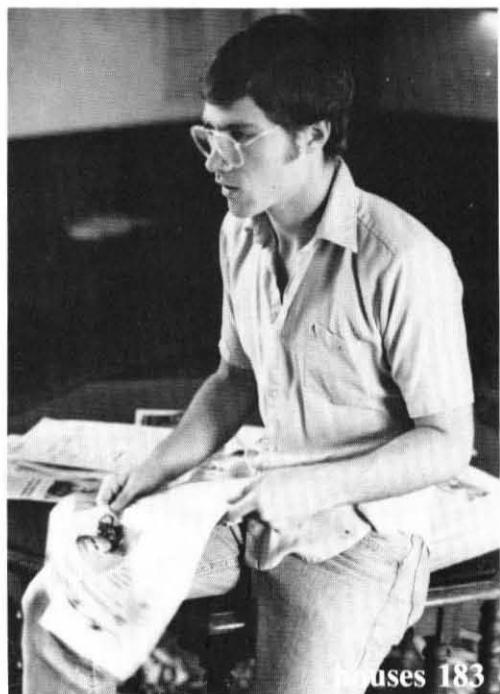
Mike Ravine

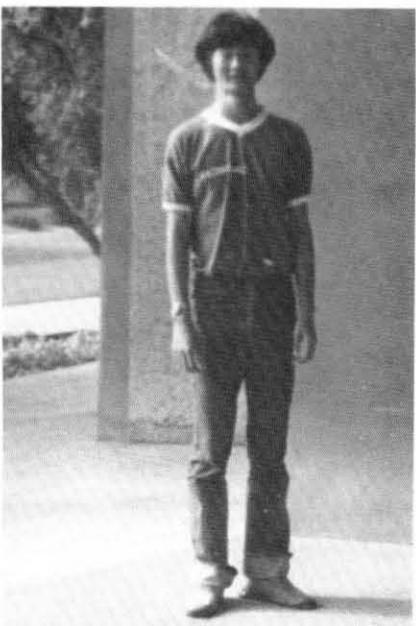


Rick Walker

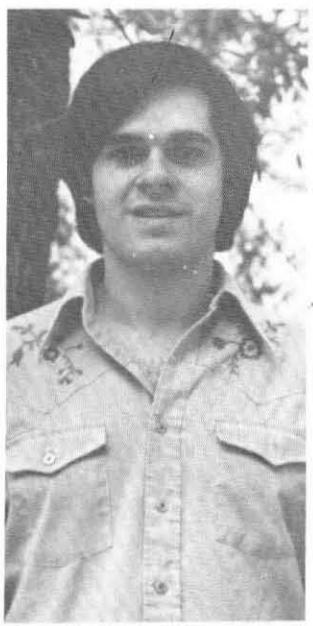


Tricia Stoddard

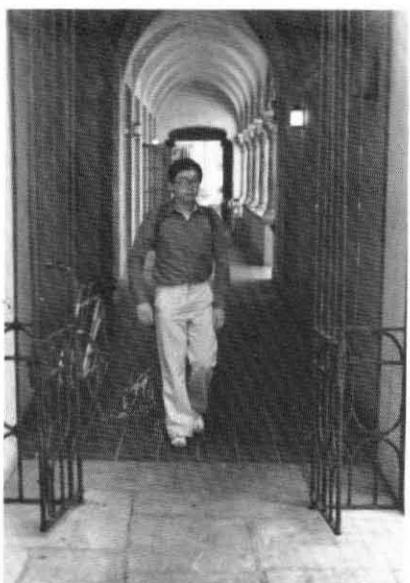




Mike Chwe



John Bennett



Chris Yo



Ari Fuad



Jeremy Sommer



Vince Powers



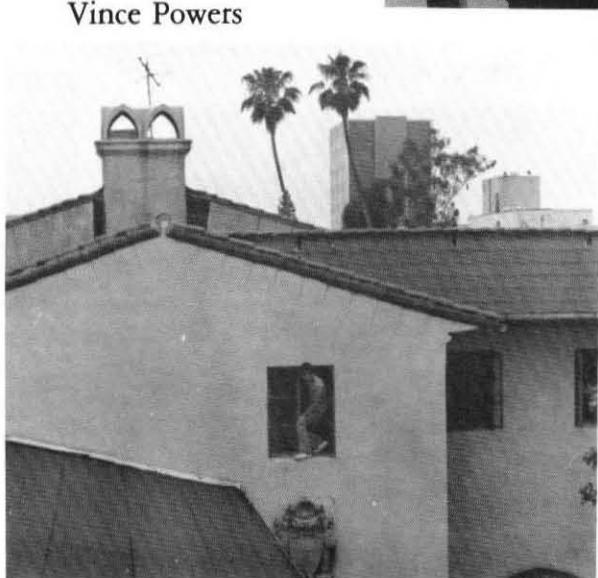
Dave Muraki



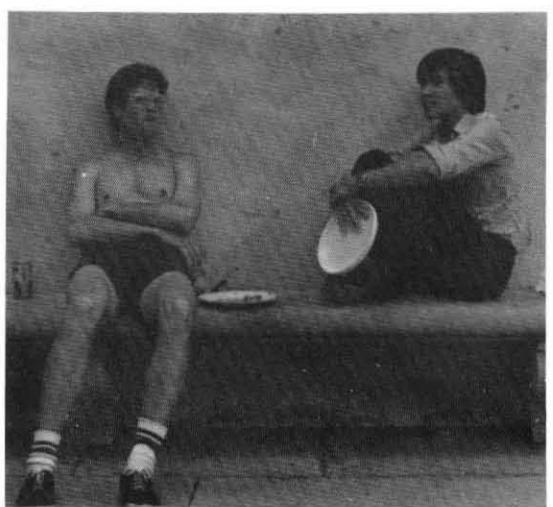
Erica Sargent



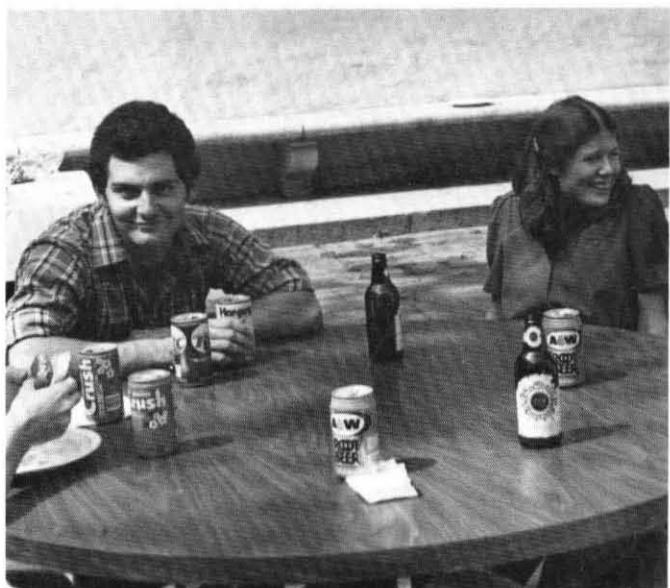
Reese and Laura



John Beahan



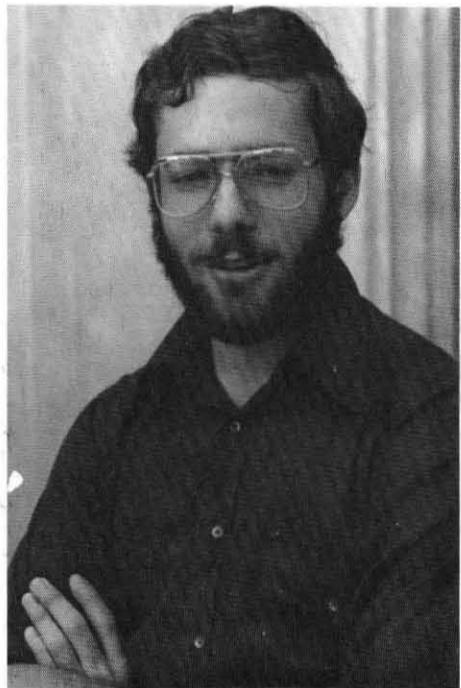
(Vince, Vince), (Powers, Chen)



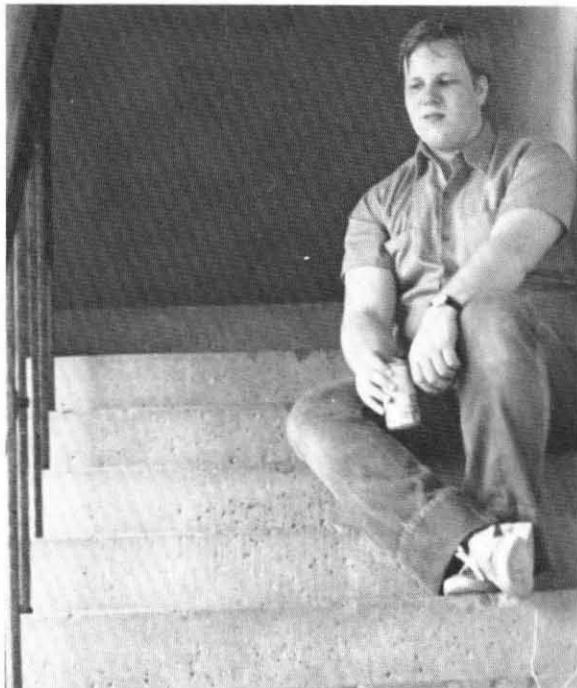
Ari and Sue Fuad



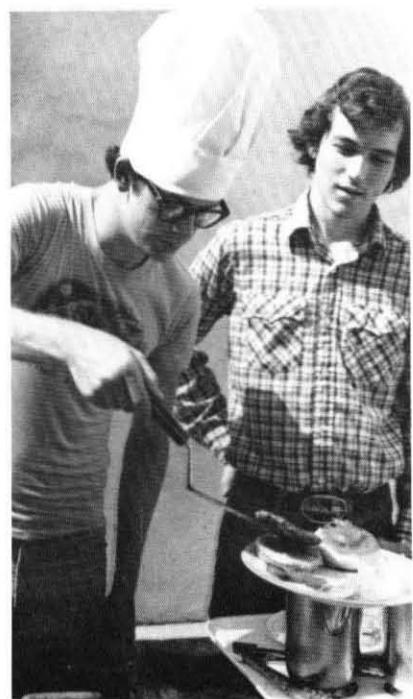
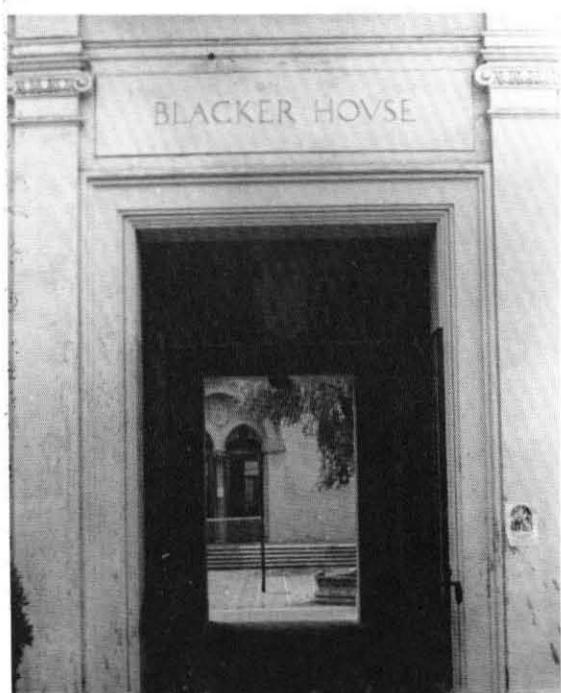
Steve Ryan



Bob Henderson



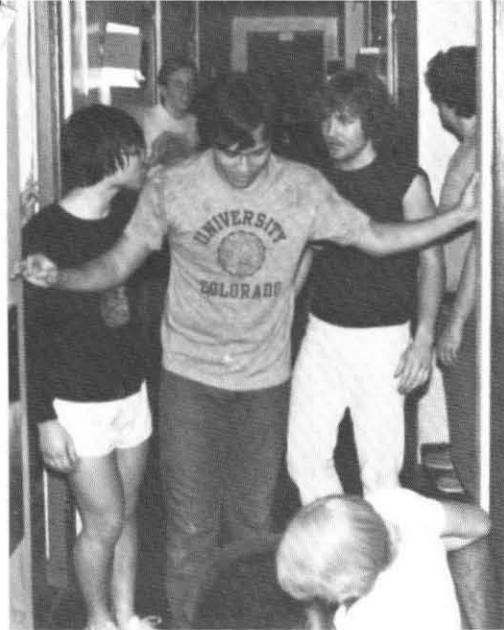
Chris Worrell



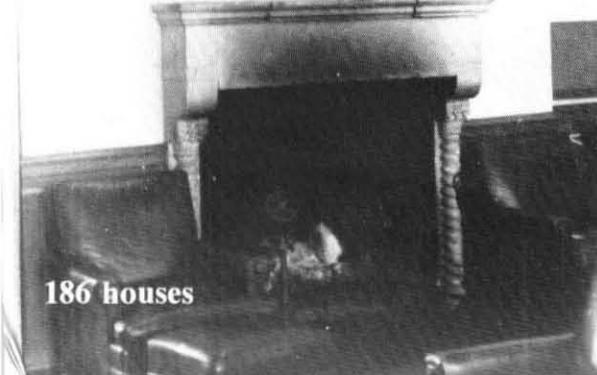
"Burger Chef" and John Houde



Ivy

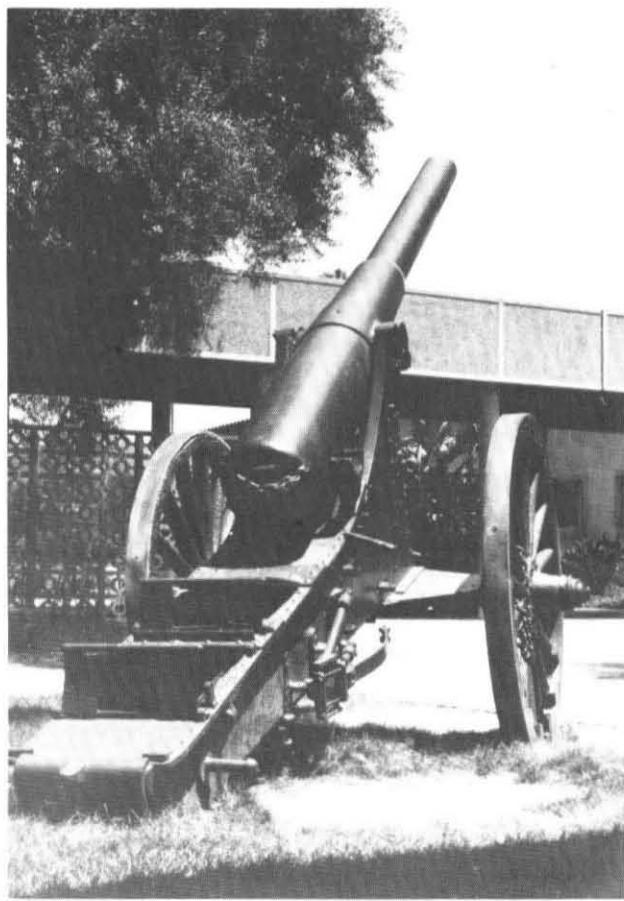


# FLEMING

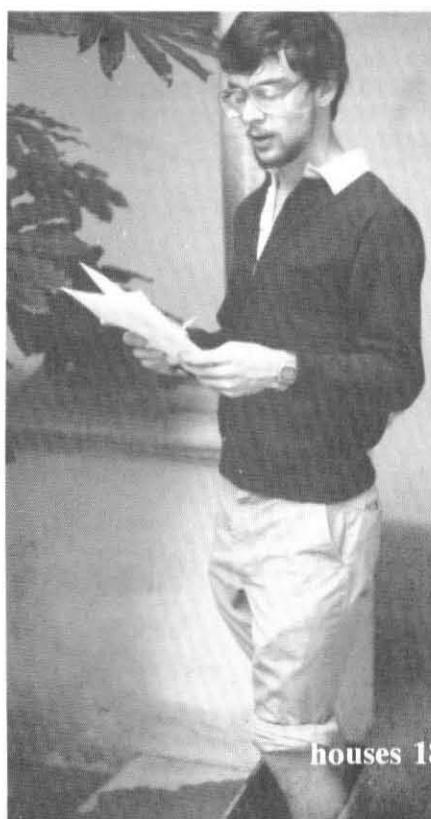
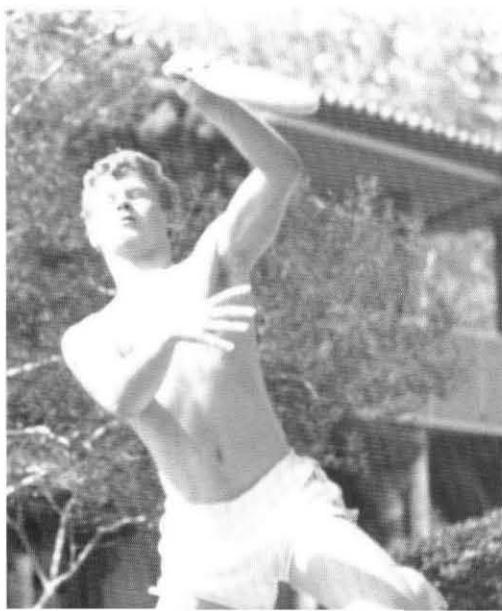


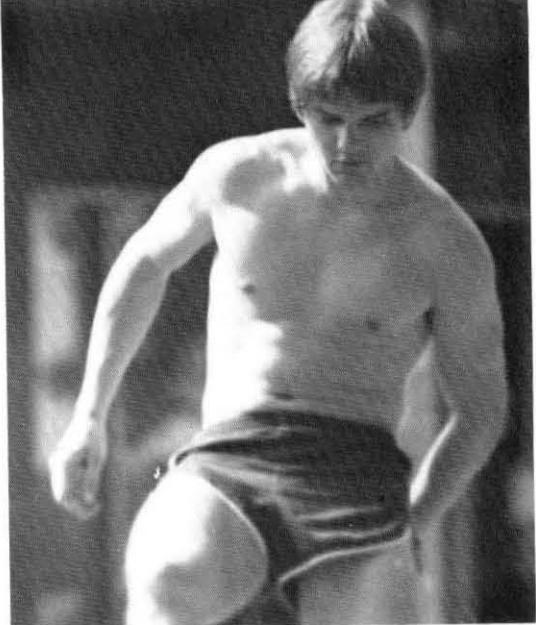
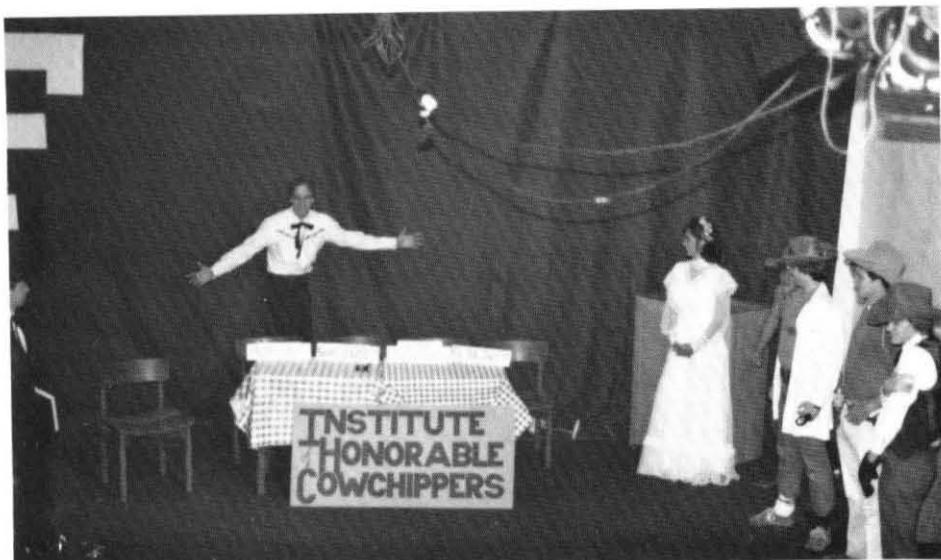
186 houses





# HOUSE





"Wow! I didn't know THAT was there."

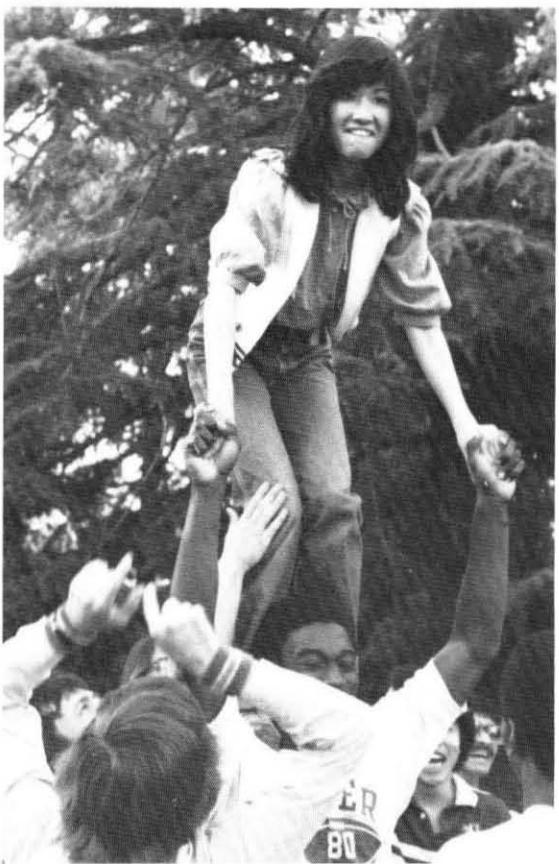
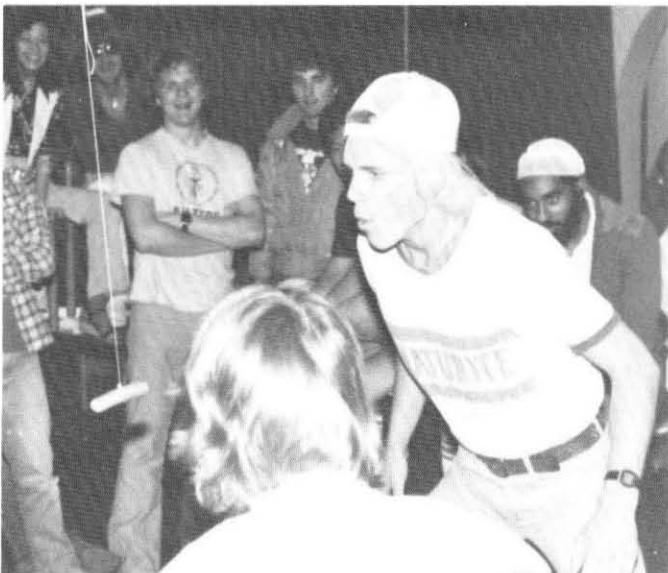
In the beginning Fleming created the 'Great Year' and wonders have since then never ceased.

Understandably, first term ignited with a bang as the virile Fleming cannon welcomed an impressive frosh class. The freshman dinner was again a glorious success as the bewildered frosh were given their first taste of Fleming obnoxiousness. John Sahr did an impeccable job as pledgemaster, and to this day they revere him as 'dad'. Later, the frosh uttered their first surprise with the election of Linda Liu as workchairman, the only woman in a class of men. After properly introducing ~~page house~~ to their own showers, Fleming decided to savour some culture and bought half of the Blacker House library. Blacker was so cooperative that they threw their firehose into the bargain! Athletically, Fleming trounced every team to face them on the softball diamond and defeated all teams but one on the soccer field and in the swimming pool.

Again, the cries of 'build interhouse, frosh' were echoed throughout the courtyard. At the suggestion of Bobby Januska, a country-western theme was chosen led by a spectacular production called 'The Long, the Short, and the Slimy' which starred Mike Pearson as Clint Tastegood, Mike Kilby as Torn Ligaments (Mild Contusion), and Cathy Petroff as Virginia (Bull Shit!). The play was ingeniously narrated by a collection of Kris Meisling originals.

The term was decorated by many events, including hundreds of 'Snake, McCuskey' signs; a noble effort to induce Jim to graduate. Also, the scourge of video games finally infested Fleming, although they gave the house a respectable profit. Finally, the long term came to an end, but the year was not over.





The annual orange fights with Dabney marked the beginning of second term. Growing weary of victory after victory, we turned our attention to the ASCIT elections where Fleming's political clout was demonstrated by the revered acceptance of Fleming's decision for Tech editor (among other offices). Fleming's own elections were held with Mike Kilby replacing Bill Crowe as president and John Quackenbush replacing Dave Dowling as vice-president. Greg Gaudet and Rick Paquette decided not to run for a third term, so Lorna Anderson became secretary and Dave Huff became treasurer. The Social Team, under the direction of Ken Gant, included Phil Albert, Stephen Jones, Gary Gibbs, and Rajiv Sayney. The Ath Team, led by Stewart Peebles, included John Krehbiel, Stefan Feuerabendt and Kurt Lemke. Other elections included Mike Oliver as horniest sophomore and Mike Lodman as pecker checker. After elections, it was time for indoor olympiad as new IAC-COFH chairman Stephen Jones saw the seniors place first, followed by the juniors, frosh, and sophmores. Regarding alley challenges, the food eating contest (menu including favorites as fertile duck embryos and fresh calf's brain) will be remembered and digested for some time to come.

Third term was initiated with the long awaited celebration of Frosh Wash which was held for two days, first preliminaries followed by finals. Athletically, Fleming reigned supreme on the basketball court, however, due to various misfortunes, we failed to win interhouse football and the decisive discobolus ping pong match. Nevertheless, with a fresh taste for revenge, Fleming defeated Page in a friendly end of the year soccer match.





FRESHMEN

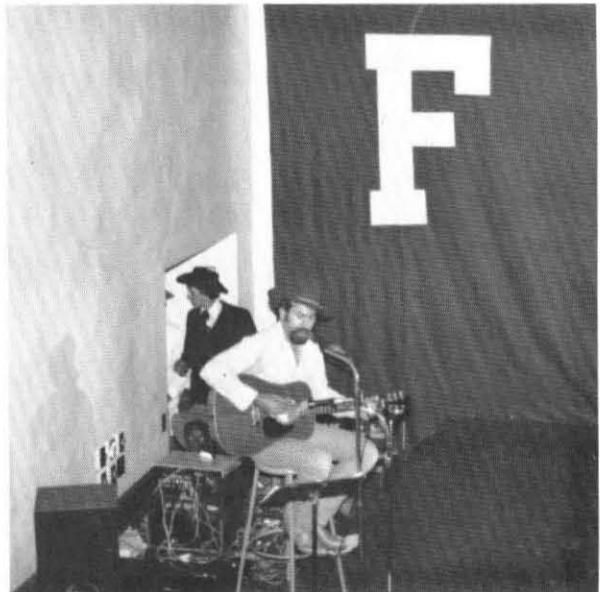
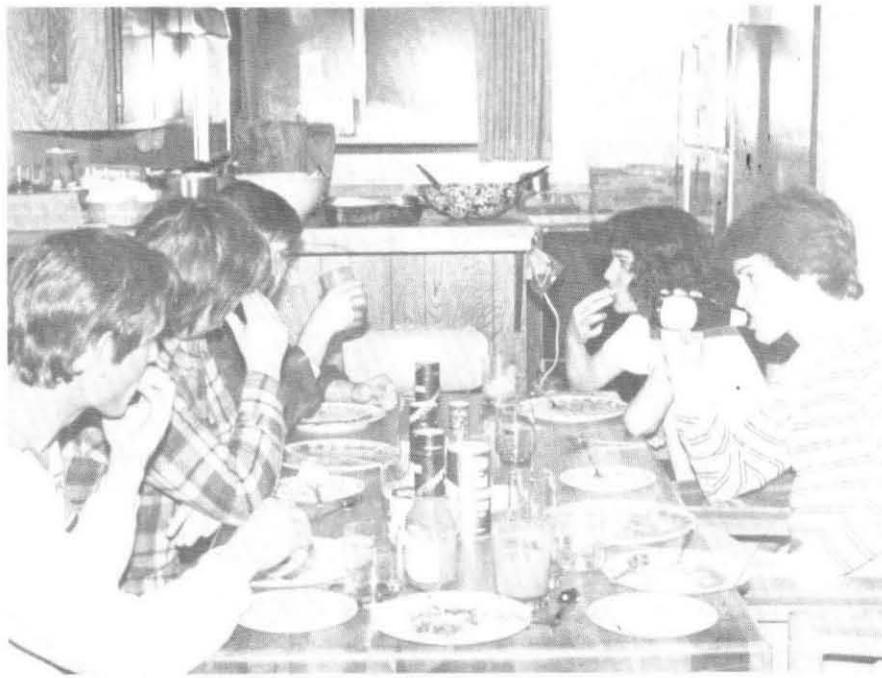
FRONT ROW: Rob Martinez, Jum Wu, Stefan Feuerabendt, Charlie Miller, Bill Butler, Chuck Nainan, Chen We Han.

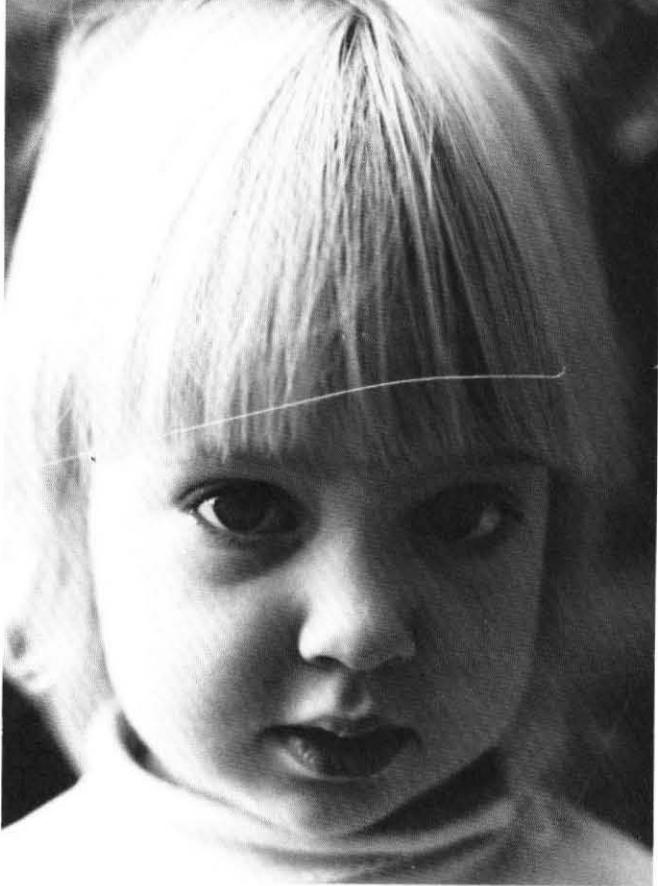
SECOND ROW: Yung Ho Son, Rex Wang, Glayde Myers, Gary Gibbs, Kurt Lemke, Marvin Shannon, Jonathan Brown, Joe Cheng, Mike Lodman, Rajiv Sayney, Uwe Hollerbach, Nayer Ali, Dave Watkins, Bret Clark, Mike Dekay, Mark Beauchamp.

ON TOP: Fay Flam, Linda Liu

HIDING: Jim McCuskey

NOT PICTURED: Ken Baker, Lou Rodriguez





"You mean I have to live with all these people?"



#### SOPHOMORES

SITTING: Ken Gant, Eric Grannan, Joel Villasophomore, Mike Oliver.

SNAKING: McCuskey

TOP ROW: Tim Magee, David Childs, Mignon Belongie, Stephen Jones, Stewart Peebles, Mark Abeln, Ned Wingreen, Theresa Birdseye, Mike Gorder, Eric Pan, Tom Remmers, Tom Kupiszewski, Russ Natter, Scott Stephens, John "Dad" Sahr.

NOT PICTURED: Terrence Barr, Steve Baur, Jeff Cavallaro, Don Fossgreen, Don Hendrix, John Krehbiel, Candi McCoy, Doug Shors (photographer), Jeanne Weaver.



JUNIORS

FRONT ROW: R.J. Snook, Gloria Badilla, Cheryl Robertson, Mike Kilby, Tom Murphy, Thelma Núñez  
Phil Albert, David Hayes, Noemi de la Puente, Tze Kin Ip, Steve Knowles.

SECOND ROW: Gary Ibanez, Dave Durham, Armond Capote, John Quackenbush, Becky  
Sheets, Vangelis Simoudis, Jon Souder, Dave Huff, Nick Gross, Lorna Anderson, Mike Hisey, Karl  
Clausing, Bill Wright.

SWIMMING: Jim McCuskey.

NOT PICTURED: Joe Garvey, Rob Helbing, Tarik Naheri.





#### SENIORS

FRONT ROW: Jim McCuskey, Bruce Prickett, Ed Lambert, Bill Crowe, Dave Dowling, Cathy Kirschvink.

SECOND ROW: Lee Laroco, Perry Walker, Cricket Gaudet, Loudon Campbell, Cathy Petroff, Greg Gaudet, Sharron Sarchet, Yun Chen Sung, John McNally.

NOT PICTURED: Rob Andre, Yang-tse Cheng, Andy Duncan, Don Gaver, Frank Janeczek, Bobby Januska, Richard "Frus" Koenig, Rick Paquette, Mike Pearson, Jesse Slater, Maurisa Sommerfield, Glen Swindle, Pete Wong.

# THE TECH REVIEW

Fleming, For all you do,

## SAMPLE BALLOT

ALICE DIAZROCK AT SANIE (DIAZROCK)

Debbie Miller  
Fleming, For all you do,  
Alice Diazrock  
Alice Diazrock

ALICE DIAZROCK AT SANIE (DIAZROCK)

Debbie Miller  
Fleming, For all you do,  
Alice Diazrock - ALICE DIAZROCK

ALICE DIAZROCK AT SANIE (DIAZROCK)

Debbie Miller  
Fleming, For all you do,  
Alice Diazrock - ALICE DIAZROCK

ALL THAT IS  
NEEDED TO  
WIN THIS  
ELECTION  
IS A PLURALITY  
THEY WILL

NOT COUNT THE NO  
VOTE SO VOTE FOR  
JULIAN, EVEN THO HE  
IS A TWIT HE CAN'T  
BE AS BAD AS TRACY.

## SAMPLE BALLOT

This one's for you.



194 houses





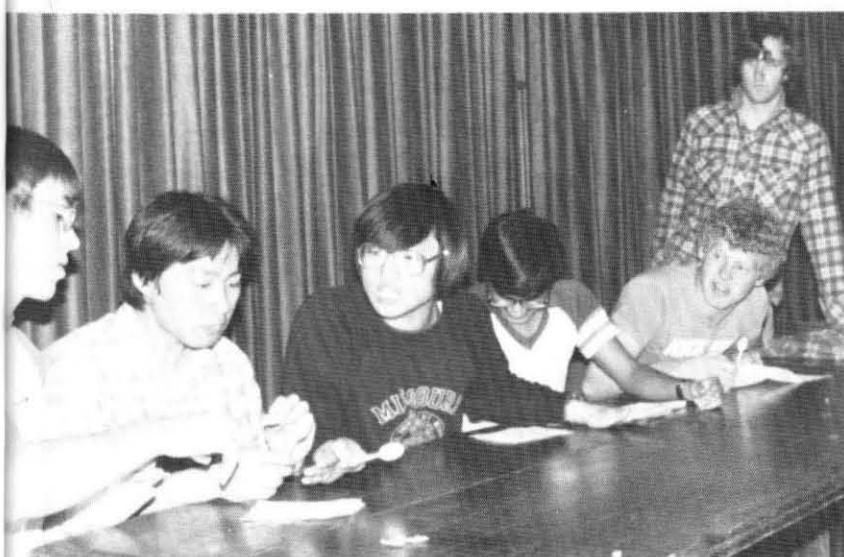
Again, Ditch Day made its annual appearance, which was highlighted by John McNally's Ditch Day 'Thermometer' hung on the side of Millikan Library. Outdoor Olypiad was held that weekend with the seniors edging the sophmores for first and the frosh beating the juniors for third place.

At this time, Fleming Aerospace Inc. decided to build a 6 ft Helium balloon, appropriately marked and sent into illegal portions of our atmosphere before released.

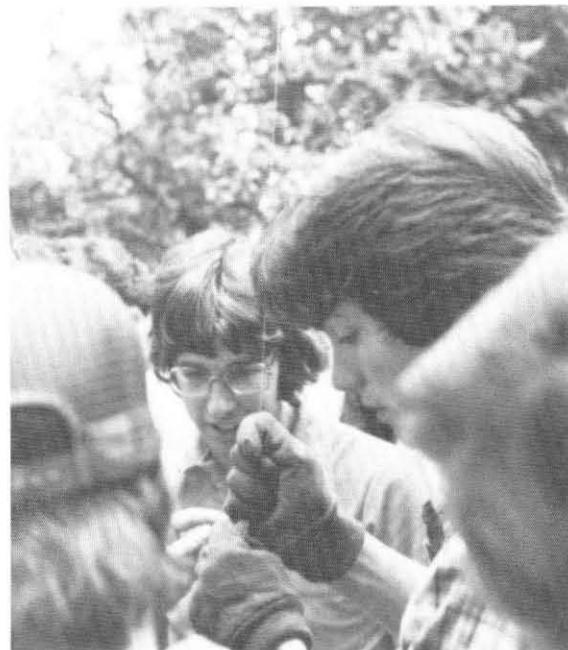
Socially, third term was highlighted by the Alumni Day celebration of which Fleming's reception was undoubtably the best of all seven houses. In fact, many alumni stayed late into the night regaling us with stories of old when men were men and giants walked the earth.

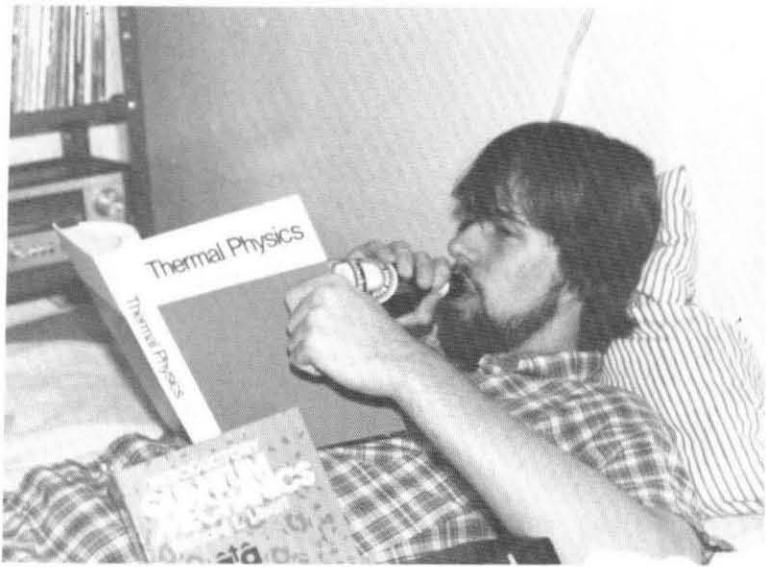
While other houses began to feel third term blues, Fleming held the 69th annual pillow fight contest, naturally a 'smashing' success, which was won by the team of Nick Gross and Mike Hisey. Third term also introduced a series of waiter revolts which were led by the 'Swindle-lites' who formed the Fleming Anti Waiters-Union Union.

June brought graduation, and wedding bells for Greg Gaudet and Sharron Sarchet, and for Ed Lambert and Cathy Petroff. Also a surprise announcement revealed the engagement of Dave Huff and Susan Fuhs, not to mention John McNally and Thelma Nunez.



Jo, mama



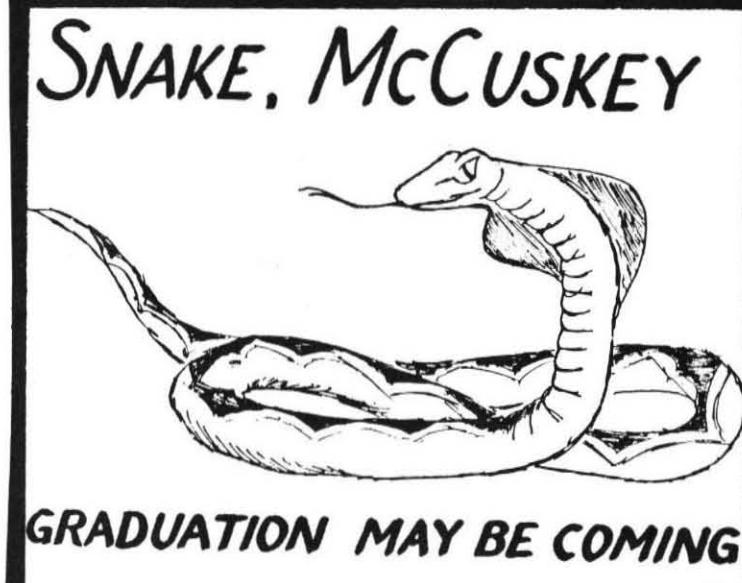
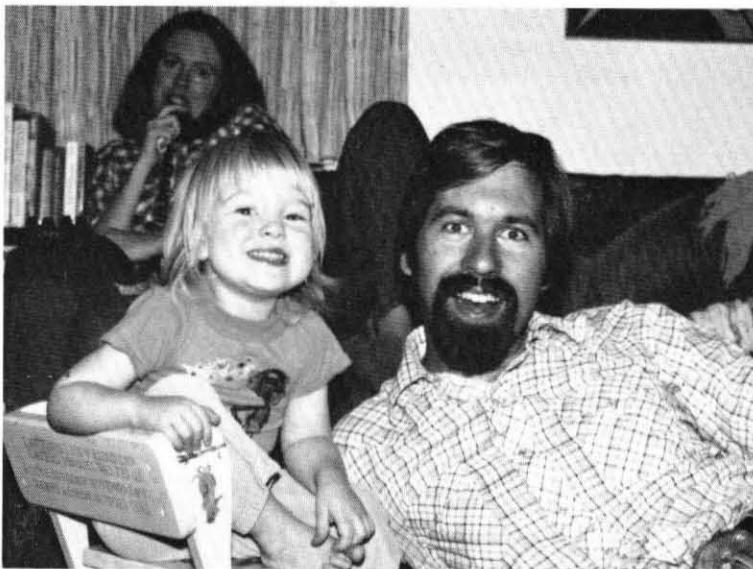


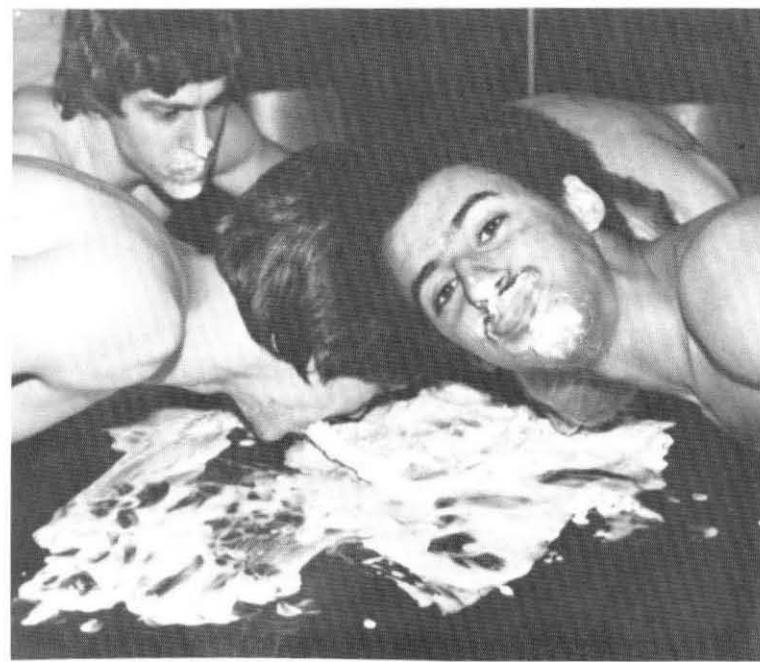
The plot doesn't quite follow



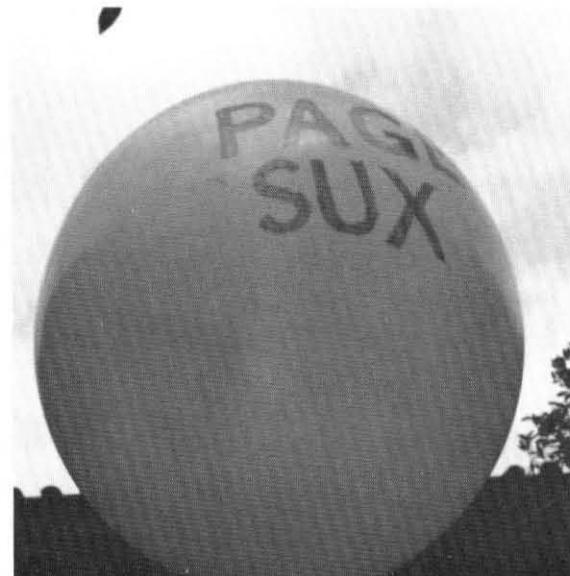
Graduation saw Old Man Fleming himself (Jesse Slater) finally enter the world with a bachelor's degree. Unfortunately, McCuskey will be snaking for one more term, and Mark Eggleston will join him in seeking graduation. One who didn't need graduation was Richard 'Frus' Koenig who left third term for a lucrative job in the computer game industry. And yes, Pete Wong finally did graduate!

As can be seen, this was indeed a 'Great Year', and may Fleming wonders never cease.

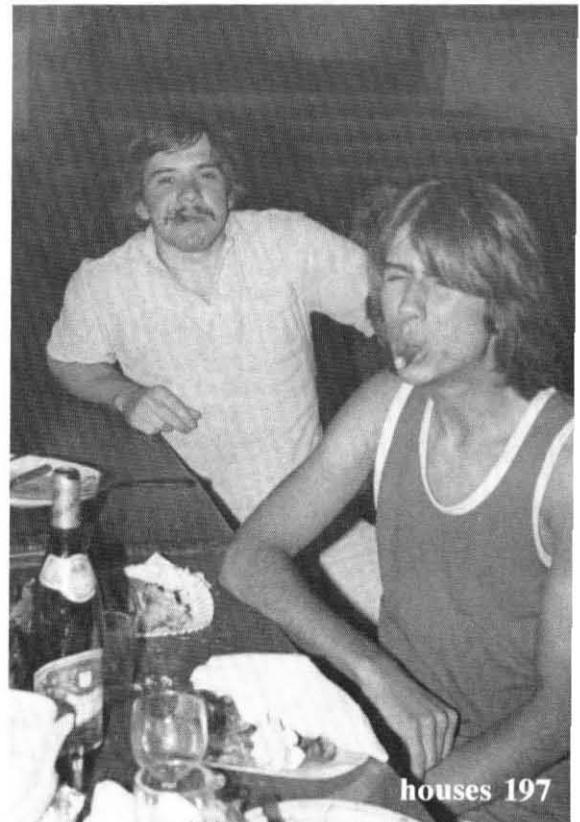




"I just loooove it when people drink too much!"



Take off, eh?



# **RUDDOCK HOUSE**

**HOME OF**



**GODS**

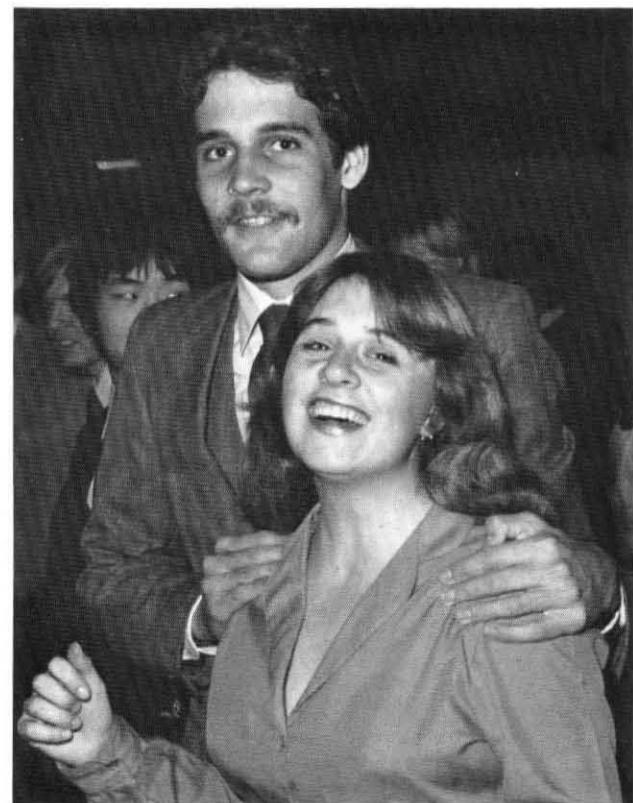
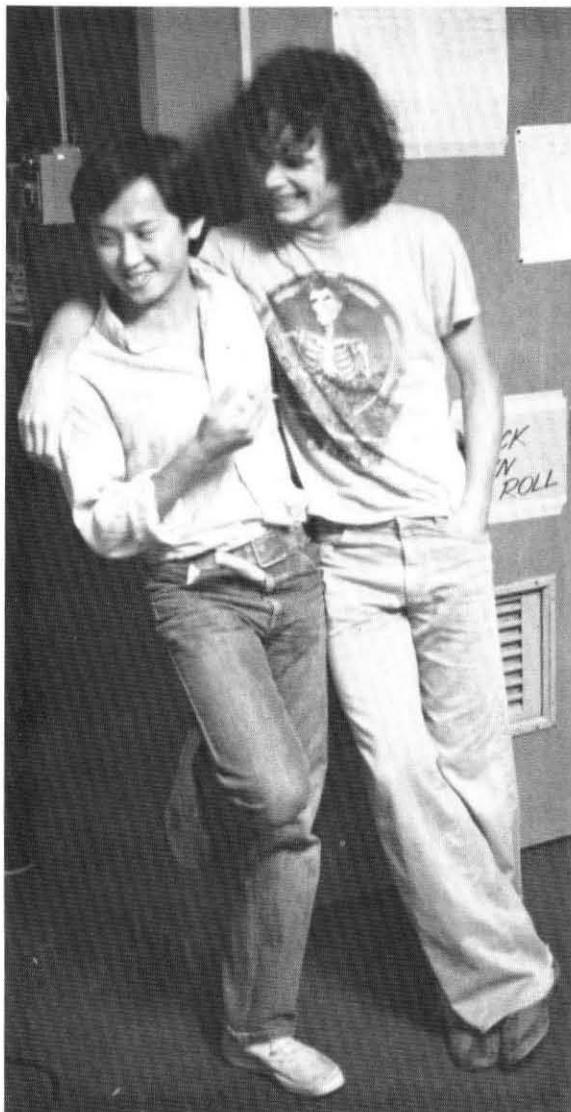


**A  
N  
D**



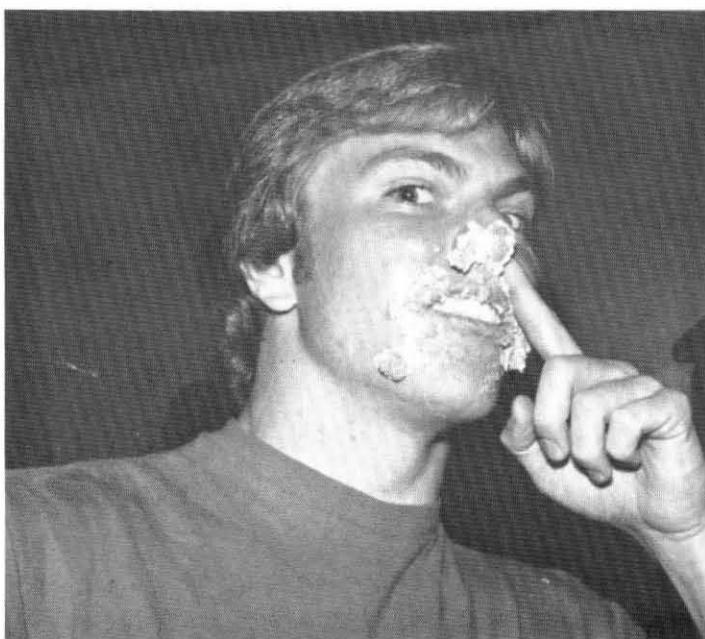
**WARRIORS**





**CAN HANDLE IT**

**AND MEN WHO**



# **AND WOMEN**

**THOSE WHO CAN  
TAKE IT**



**AND...**





**Ha! He missed!**



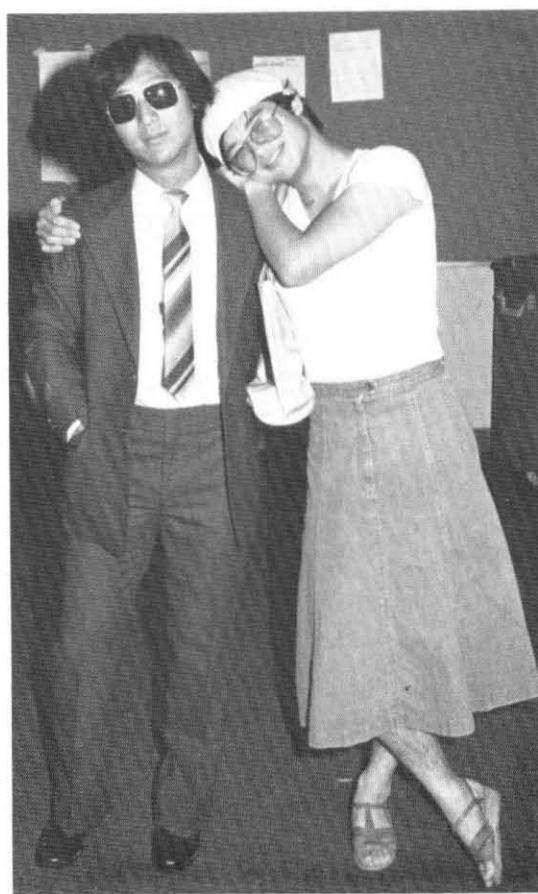
**Allright, where's the war.**



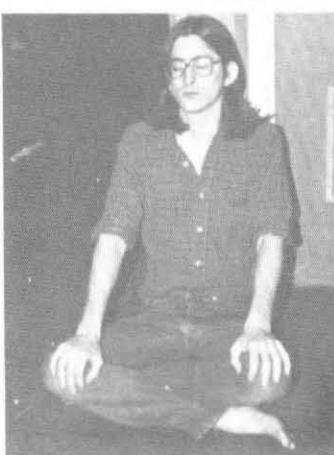
**Hold on Evan, I'll get a bucket**



**Fly like an eagle**



**Just back from San Francisco**



Once again, Ruddock was inundated by froshlings. Some brought optimism and high hopes, some, caculator's and cubes, and others, a totally overbludgeoning language soon to dominate the upper level of the house.

The organization and power of the freshman class was felt by the sophomores during hastle week. As the Frosh discovered the advantage of having the higher mass, the week developed into alley-wide brawls. And the reinstated tradition of frosh rocks was blatantly ignored. Everyone enjoyed the week, and many frosh proved their studliness. In the end, the pledgemaster, Louis Godbout, was successfully kidnapped.

The Great Amalgamated Alley Challenge was full of showmanship, zombies, and diabolic cheating. Berkeley- South sent greetings to Wendy, and Mooka was pleased.

The off-campus alley was recreated at 150 S. Chester on the condition that they participate in the House. Don Smith was chosen U.C.C. of the "Sun Dogs."

Medflies invaded Ruddock on interhouse night. As a helicopter buzzed overhead spraying malathion outside. While inside, the history and genus of the Medfly onslaught was portrayed and elucidated by many comptroller concoctions. The results of a joke idea which many believe stayed that way.

News briefs: Mugs finally came...Greg decrees "I don't want your pennies"...Ruddock takes 2nd in softball...Stanford visits in search of water...

## The New Excomm



(l to r) Mike Curtain, Peter Lim, Tom Sim, Pam DeMoor, Evan Cromwell, Ri-Chee Chou, Clen Crawford, Sae Gross, Elton Inada, Frank Evans.

Elections were long-winded and full of controversy. Natalie and the seniors antagonized the underclassmen as they searched for a method of getting Rusty out of the room and through the Page Boy blockade. Rusty escaped via a security escort. House offices were in top gear, setting a new record of 383 offices.

Alley challenges included many original ideas: mattress sliding, blindfold race across campus, and poker dice for bong hits (which Alley 6 seemed to enjoy), and some old favorites such as running into the wall for style, and moose twirling. Alley 7 lived up to its expectations. Berkeley-South dominated the competition, being undefeated all year until that one time in May for that critical year end position. Rick La Lane led the Rudd Studds fitness program, but was greeted each morning by a chorus of snores to his calls of "push-ups are fun." Apathy triumphs again!

Ruddock R.A.s with President and his 1st lady



**U.C.C.s (l to r)**

Mark Maier (3), Jay Rickard (2), Karen Kiselewski (5), Tom Sim (4), Tom Berto (Berkeley-South), Randy Koster (6), (not shown) Don Smith (SG).

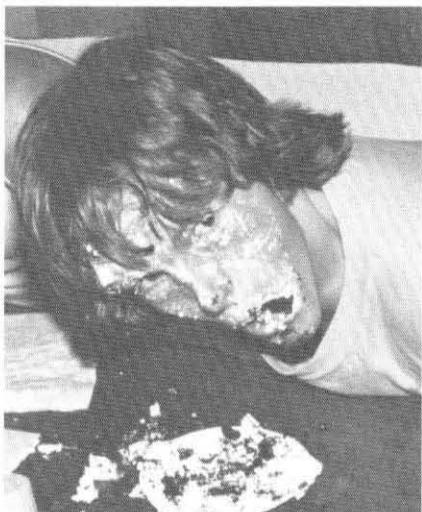
# Divisions of Ruddock Labs



**Advanced Surgical Technique**

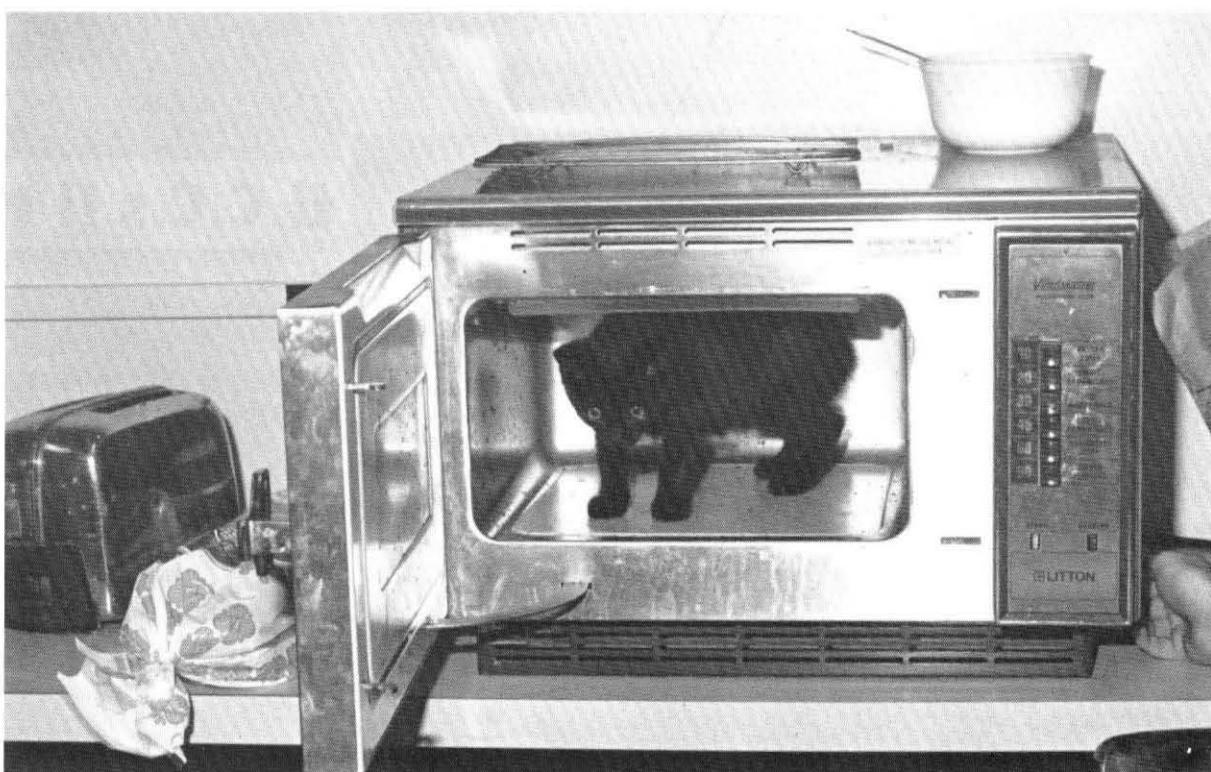


**Applied Chemistry**



**Nutrition**

**Vector Research**





**JUNIORS (l to r):**

**Tom Berto, Ich Sugioka, Mary Heinrich, Mark Maier, Jim Drake, Ed Miles, Mike Weston, Greg Favor, Jay Rickard, Tom Sim, A.J. "Praglior" Capowski, Rusty Schweickart, ?, Kevin Hughes, Mark Cornell; STILL IN BED: Carla Ahlstrom, Loren Alving, John Behr, Ri-Chee "the Dog" Chou, Ken Chow, Kaitlin Drisko, Frank Evans, Lisa Flitz, Ron Gidseg, Cecile Huling, Chris Jacobs, Paul Johnson, Scott Johnson, Paul Kienker, Jeremy Leader, Alex Liebovich, Dan Lenoski, Andy Liu, Faan Tone Liu, Don Lo, Maclen Marvit, Mike Mettelle, Dave Newhall, Vince Powers, Wendy Rasmussen, Bev Robertson, Cheryl Robertson, Ken Siebert, Cindy Shaver, Becky Sheets, Steve Shin, Don Smith, Rod Thompson, Tim Williams, Walter Wuensch**

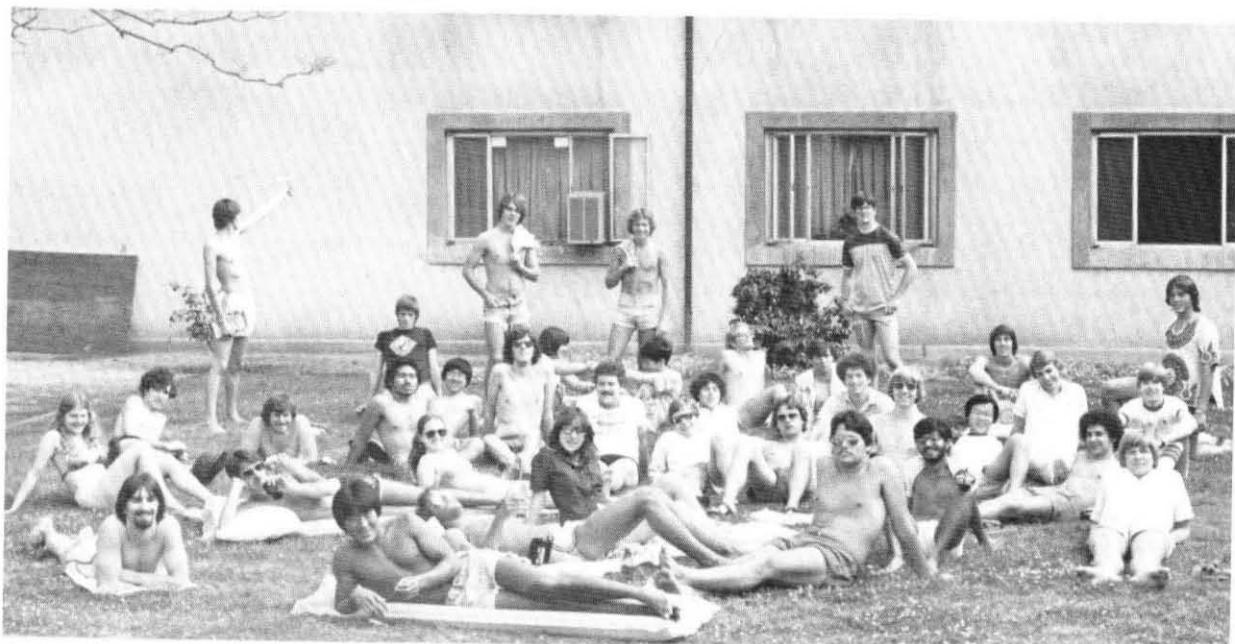




**FIRST TERM FROSHIES:**

**Bob Myers, Karen Kurowski, Mark Adams, Kike Kerwick, Mark "Loiper" Lewis, Eric Olafson, Julian West, Stan Berman, Doug Evans, Ian Anderson, Ken Chan, Jason Hickey, Brian Bush, Anirvan Ghosh, Russ Graymore, Mike Curtin, Louis Cuellar, Craig Zapke, Dave Ruhde, Aaron Roodman, Glen Crawford, Karla Peterson, Dennis Chung, Sue Gross, Jeff Freymueller, Brad Lincoln, Steve Penn, Doug Simons, Bryan Howard, Glenn Gribble.** **SKIPPED CLASS:** Jim Chen, John Cramer, Pam DeMoor, Rob Ellis, Faye Flam, Mike Klein, Peter Lim, Larry Liu, Tan Ngo, Anne Sauter, Kurt Schwartz, Steve Thomas, Fu-Sheng Tsung, Lily Wu.

**SAME FROSH THIRD TERM**



More news briefs...3rd in soccer...House very short on money...Demand for recall of President Ri-Chee "the Dog" Chou...The International Pool Tournament held at the Ruddock Billiards Hall was won by Dave Rudhe of Wisconsin...Biweekly Frink Dispatch stops publication...

Ditch Day was considered intellectually stimulating and nutritionally complete. Themes included: "Sex, Drugs, and Rock and Roll"(of course); 2001; Smorgasbord; Terrorist attacks; and the perennial Olive "walk."

The year proved to be a good one for RFs. A short war with Lloyd initiated by an unprovoked attack on Rick and his Studs started the trend. Medflies were chased through Berkeley-South. Alley 4 lost a bathroom. Our head waiter Tom "the Terrible" Berto got his just desserts on April 1st. This may have possibly given him the incentive to recreate the semi-annual waiter's nite. Waiter's Nite was a vast success, being a free-for-all enjoyed by participants and spectators alike.

Ruddock House seems to be regaining some of its lost spirit. This year's frosh brought a new energy that was badly needed. Since our new president advocates civil war as a method to strengthen bonds within the house, the alleys have definitely acquired a degree of pride in what we represent. And hopefully, if we get a frosh class next year, they will be equally beneficial. Ruddock is rapidly changing at this point with very large shifts in house actions. Last year, everyone wanted off. This year, everyone wants to come back. That must say something about the direction in which Ruddock House is progressing.

-SRS



## SOPHOMORES

Stephen Anco, Theresa Birdseye, Johanne Bolduc, John Chang, Evan Cromwell, John Fong, Buford Frink, Dave Fun, Louis Godbout, Morry Katz, Brian Lau, John Mahony, Brad Marston, Robert Martinez, Dave Marvit, Jeff Matus, Candi McCoy, Mike McDowell, Larry Meixner, Niels Michelsen, Anthony Miller, Robert Murphy, Joe O'Donnell, George Pitt III, Steven Riley, Terrence-Roberts, David Sahow, Darrell Schiomi, Kelley Scott, Glenn Seidman, Jon Shapiro, Doug Shors, Tony Skjellum, Chris Stassen, Steve Swanson, Matt Swass, George Tolomiczenko, Harold Weiser, Todd West, Guy Wisanrakkit, Dave Zobel



## SENIOR DITCH DAY

**SENIORS** Shirley Anderson, Eric Betzig, Jon Buss, Kar Man Chang, Mark Chitjian, J.P. Clejan, Doug Conley, Cliff Freier, Sue Gardner, Natalie Graia, Jens Jensen, Karen Kiselewski, Randy Koster, Johnny Leung, Jin Jin Meng, Samin Mithani, Clark Mobarry, Joel Paslaski, Scott Prahil, Ken Sleck, Will Snyder, Brett Stutz, Plak Tiranuchit, Liem Tran, Camilla Van Voorhees  
P.S. Apologies about certain lost pictures to sophs and seniors



**Say, Did you hear the one about...**



**If you too suffer from  
disgusting diaper rash, try...**



**This one's for you**



**208 houses**



**Young Charlie Norris**



**ESCAPE**



**Sleeping Beauty**

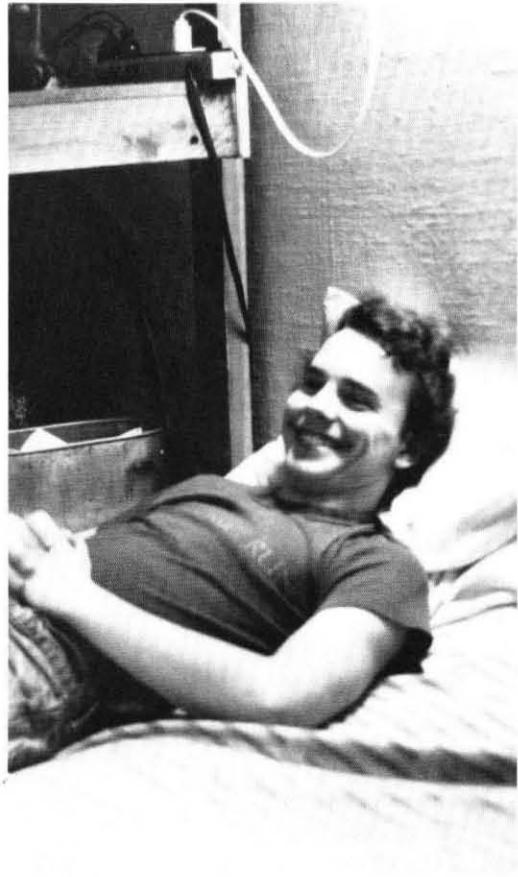


*Editor: Steve Swanson*



# RICKETTS HOUSE

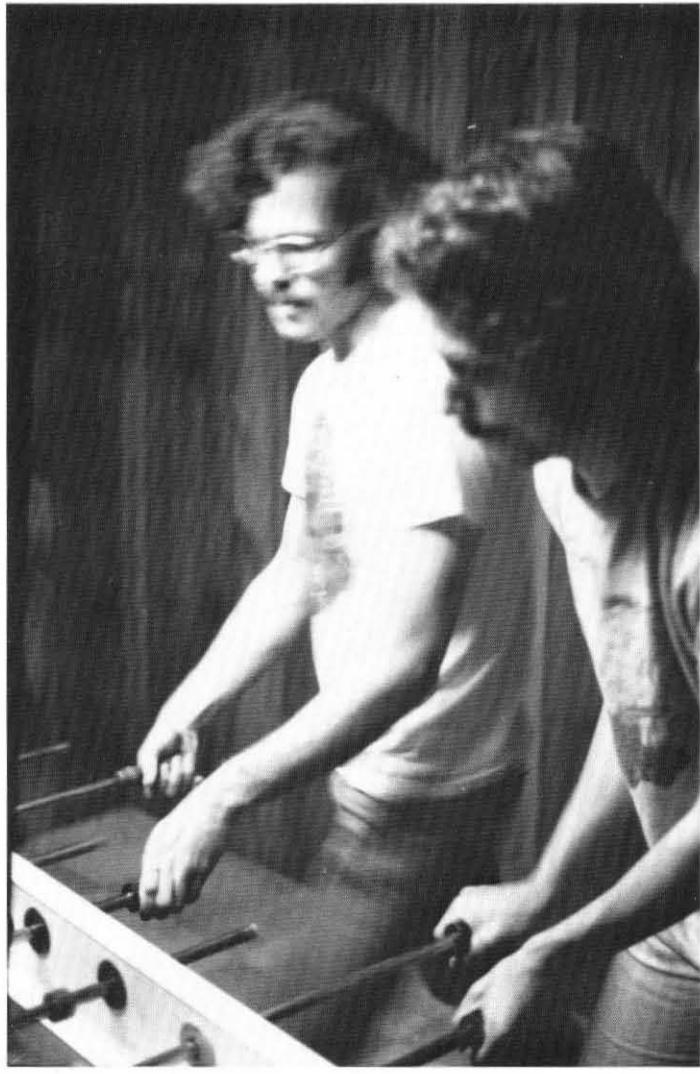






RG's: Tim and Shiree Pearson







Seniors: (back) Duke Briscoe, Bim Wadhwa, Ron Moore, Carl Townsend, Alan Dellamore  
(front) Larry Rotter, Kathy Doughty, Evan Colgan, Jim Heckman, Lisa Penninger, Dan Dickerson,  
Robert Lang, Camilla Van Voorhees





Frosh (top to bottom):

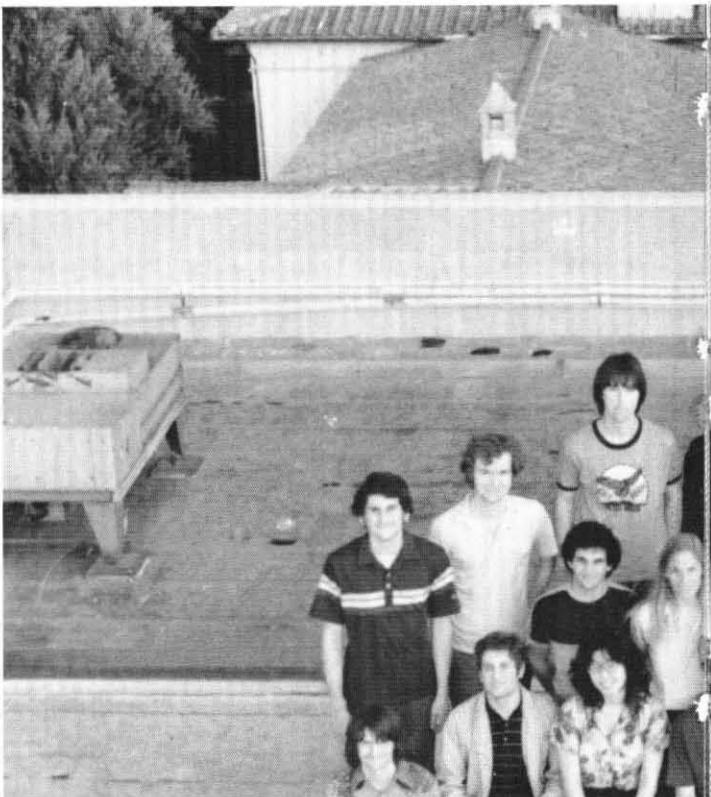
Andre Burgoyne  
Mark Hammond  
Stan Kuo  
Andy Wolf  
Steve Brown  
John Eng  
Bob Mackey  
Brian Metscher  
Anne Sauter  
Charles Barrett  
Rama Kocherlakota  
Sylvia Luedeking  
Misha Mahowald



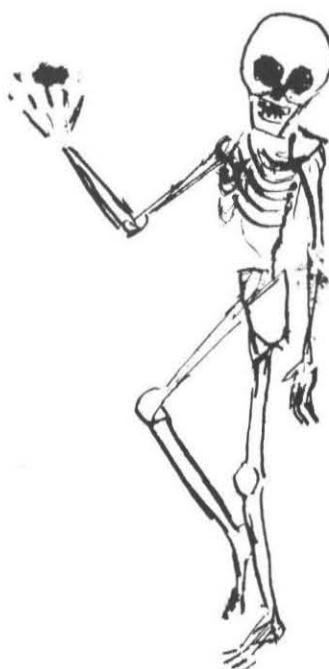


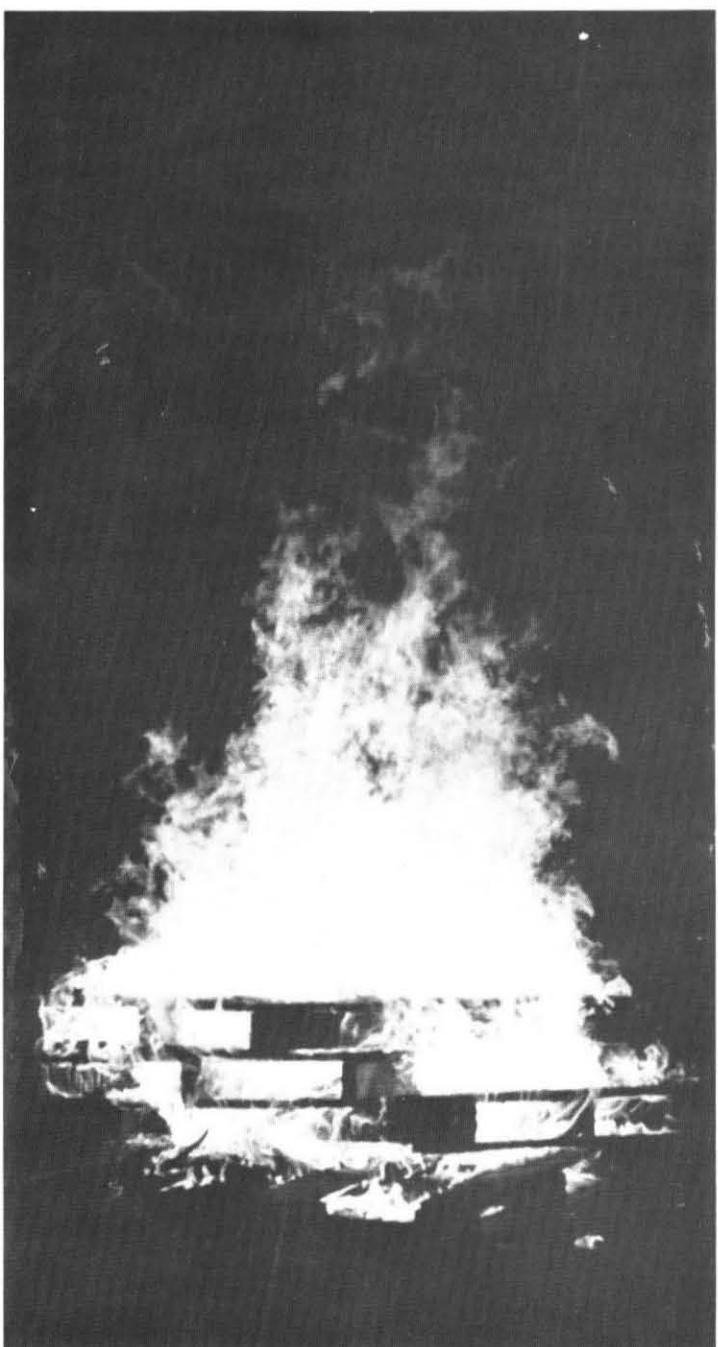
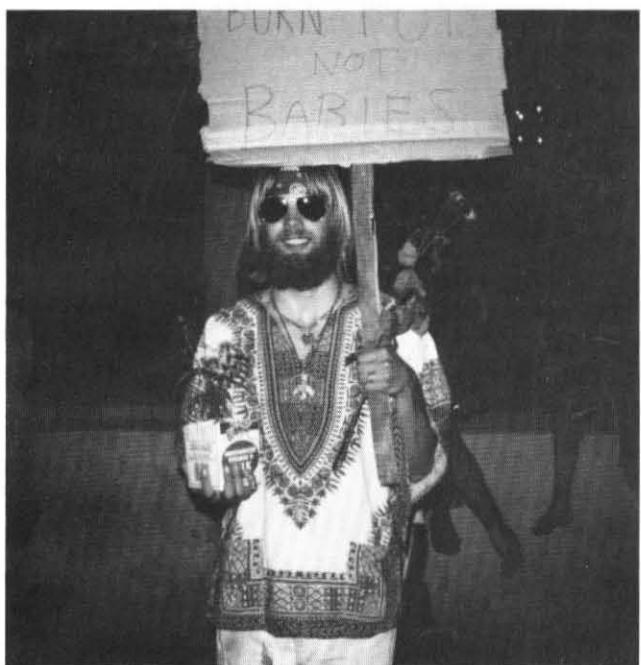
Juniors: (In the water) Sam Sjogren, Anne Herrmann, Richard Miles, Jim Merino (sitting down) Brian Leahy, Dave Schultz, Dave Oare, Barry Lippey (looking on) Russel Almond, Justine Armantrout, Julie Anderson, Gary Mockli, Gary Tanigawa

Sophmores: (front row) Leslie Grate, Ed Suranyi, Janet Tamada, Oliver Collins, Connie Bennett, Richard Honrath, Evan Manning, Alan Mak (middle row) Bruce Richman, Mark Lindsay, George Karas, Janet Saylor, Hiram Hunt, Barb Turpin, Tak Leuk Kwok (back row) Marc Buffet, John Schaeck, Daniela Bonafede, Lynll Jackson











**Waiting Staff:**

George Karas  
Les Grate  
John Schaeck  
Minami Yoda  
Steve Brown  
Larry Rotter  
Andy Wolf  
Charles Barrett  
Barb Turpin





Editor: Janet Saylor

Contributing photographers:

Barb Turpin

Evan Colgan

John Schaeck

Rustle Almond

## CAT IN A 3D BOX PROBLEM



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R EDIT

• RECENT

THIS BLIND MAN WALKS INTO A DRUGSTORE AND STARTS KNOCKING THINGS OFF THE SHELVES WITH HIS CANE. THE CLERK ASKS HIM, "MAY I HELP YOU?" THE BLIND MAN REPLIES, "MAN, JUST LOOKING."

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WYSIWYG, 100% DOCUMENT EDITOR,  
PRINTING, 3D DRAWING, 3D CAD,  
3D PRINTING, 3D SCANNING,  
3D MODELING, 3D ANIMATION

WESTLAKE, 3D PRINTING, 3D CAD,  
3D SCANNING, 3D MODELING,  
3D ANIMATION, 3D PRINTING

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## CAT IN A 3D BOX PROBLEM



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CLEAR PAPER

HA HA HA HA HA

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1998

Page 1000-AT

POINT 14

PONT 5-8

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Many Thanks  
to Chris Tschoegl and Gail Manning  
to the house section editors  
to the clubs and organizations  
and to all who appear in this book,

for their photographic contributions,  
for turning in layouts,  
which turned in layouts,  
without whom the photographs the  
would not exist.

Editor: Juanito  
Villanueva  
Assistant Editor: Tracy  
Furutani  
Layout suggestions: John  
Humphrey  
(like pages 222 and 223)