

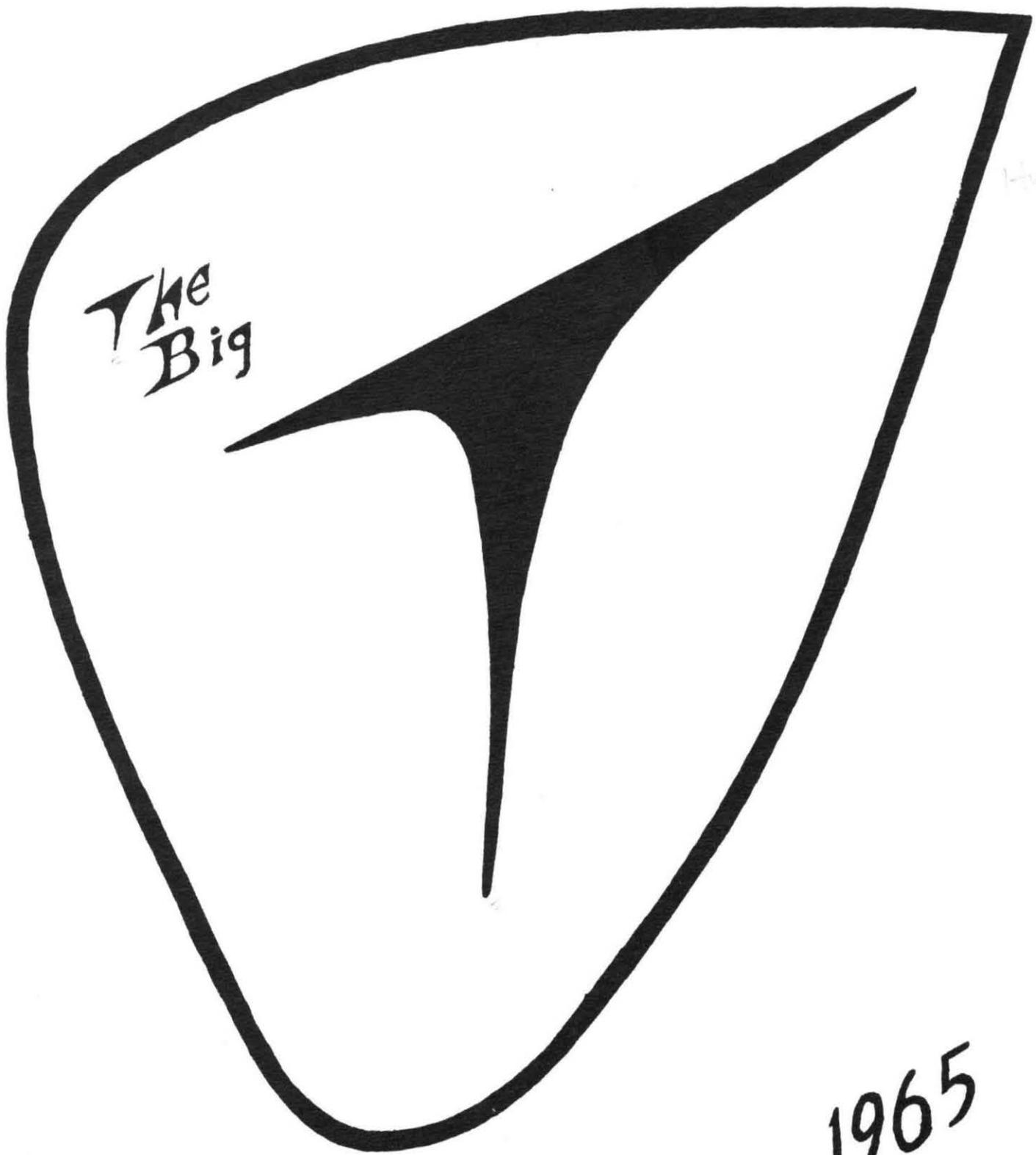
The
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BIG T STAFF

Editor

Bill Broste

Assistant Editor

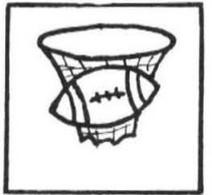
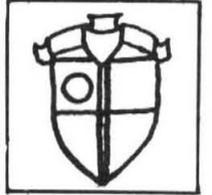
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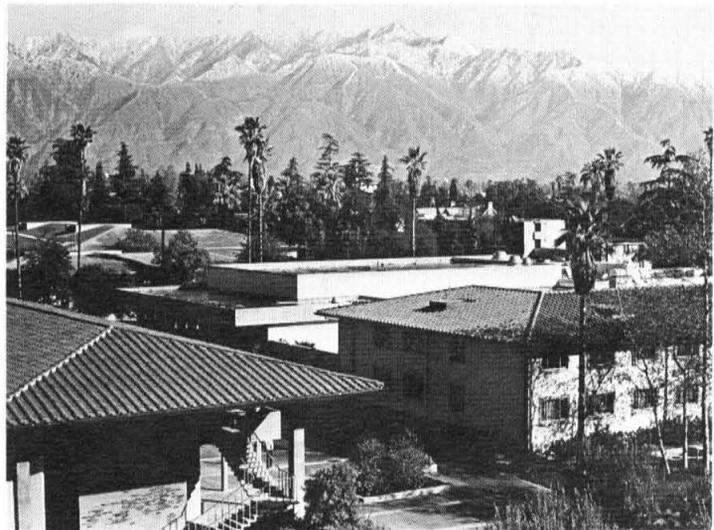
Steve Creekmore
York Liao
Tom Greenfield
Peter Bloomfield
Ed Bloomberg
Bob Cooper
Kim Gleason





Up-campus . . .

down-campus . . .



across

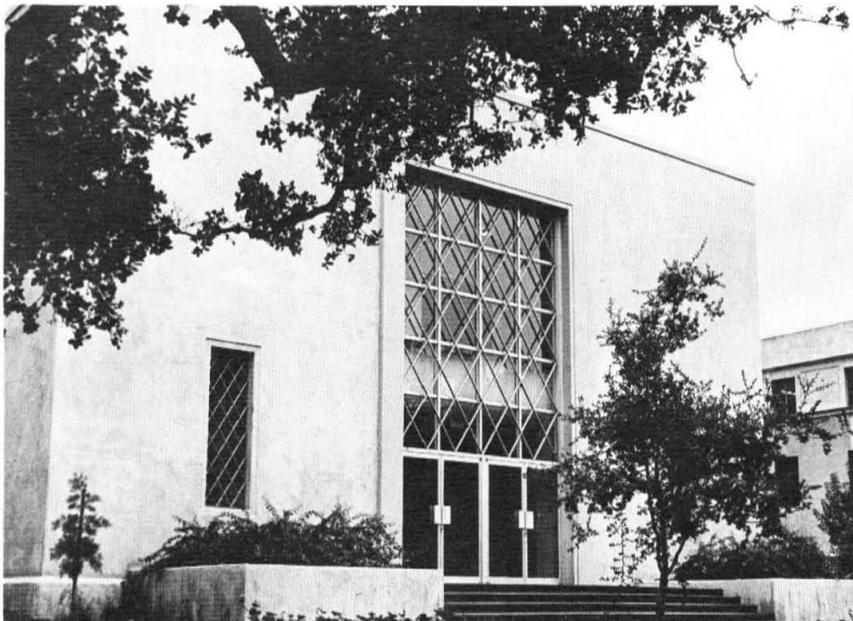
the

street,

square

or

round.

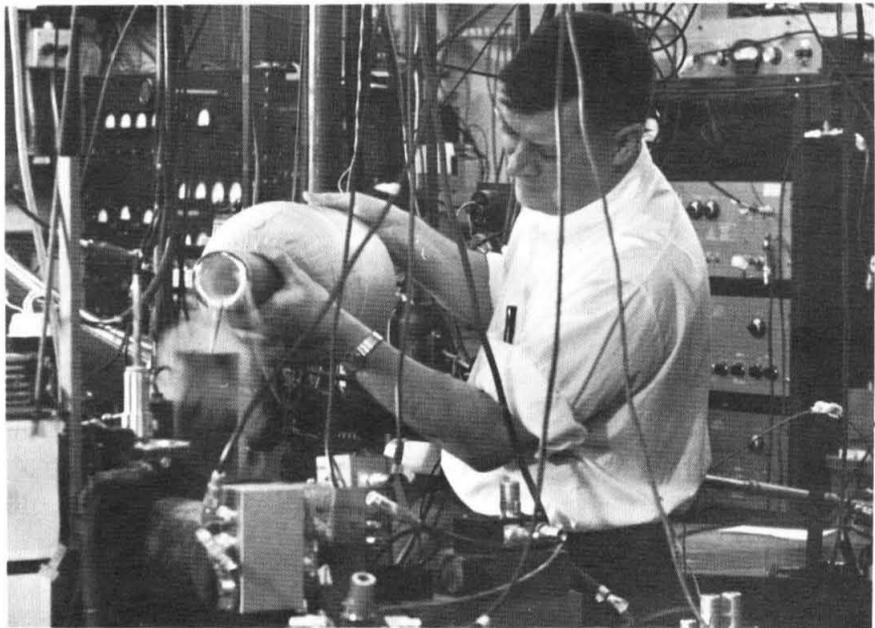


And inside,

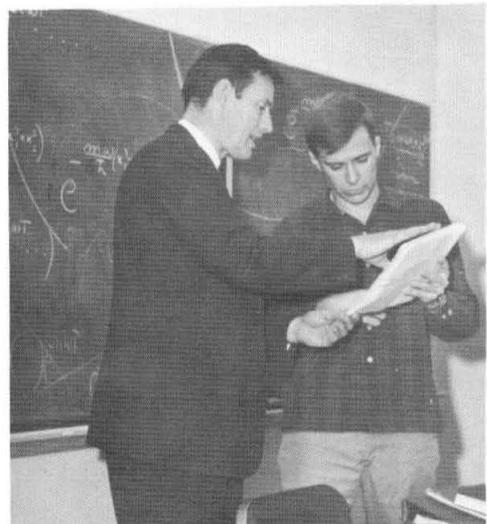
the men who study . . .



work . . .

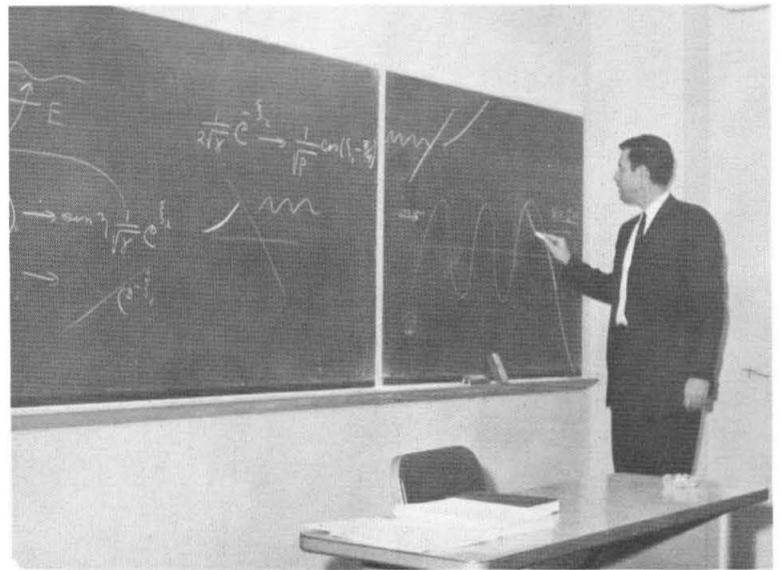


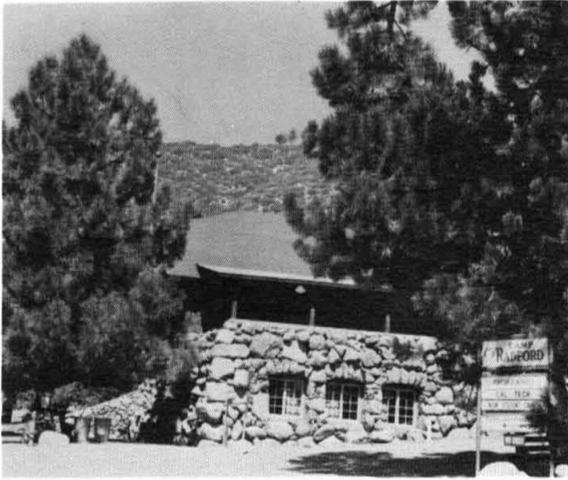
teach . . .



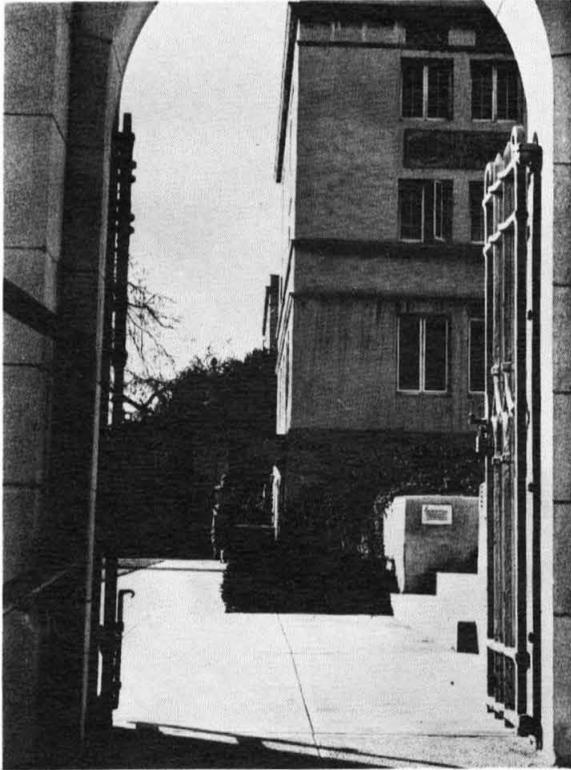


... guide and direct





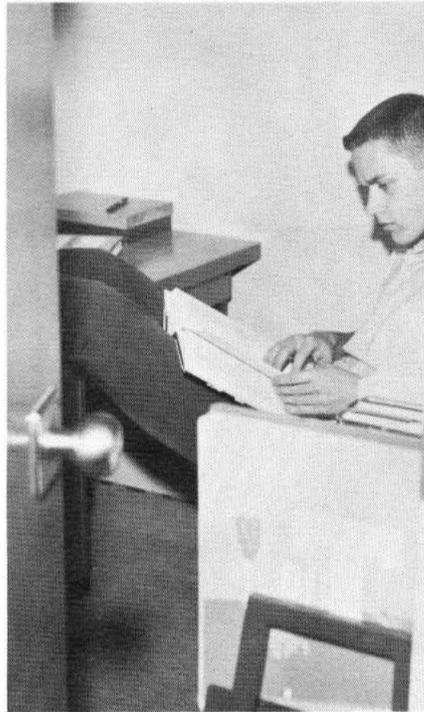
It begins here.



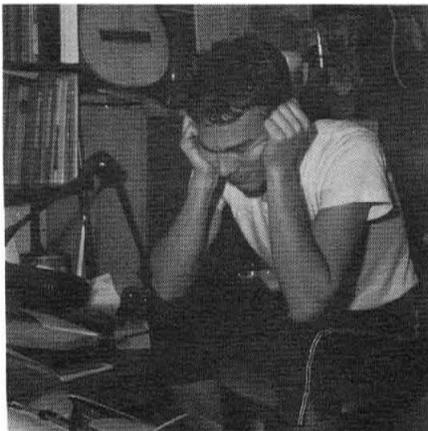
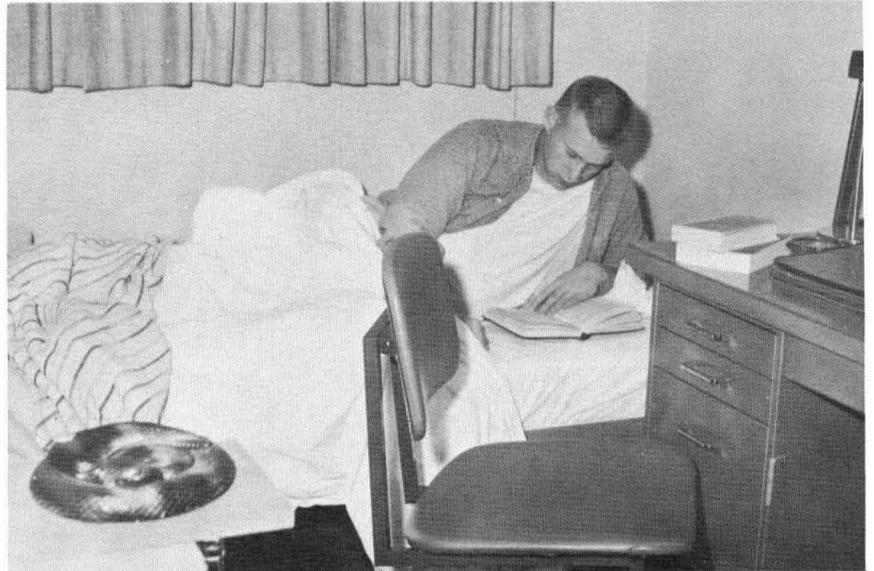
Then,



for four years,

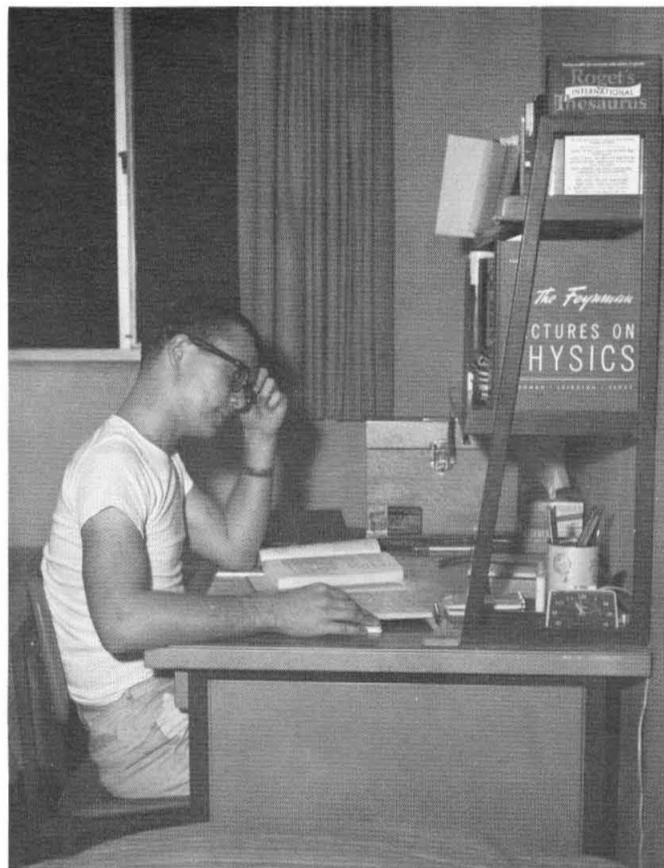


you snake . . .



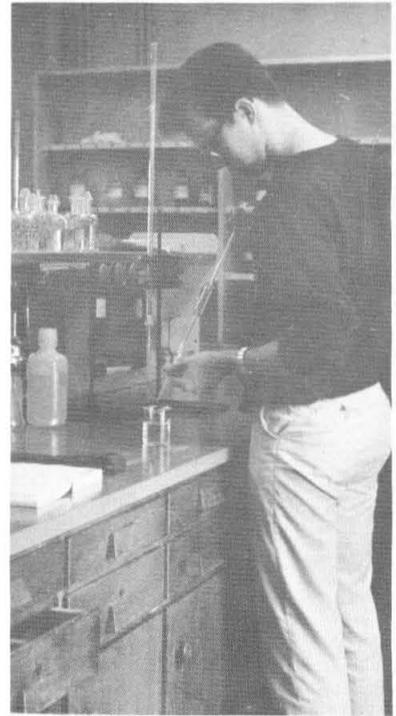
worry . . .

... and sweat.



Well, some people do.

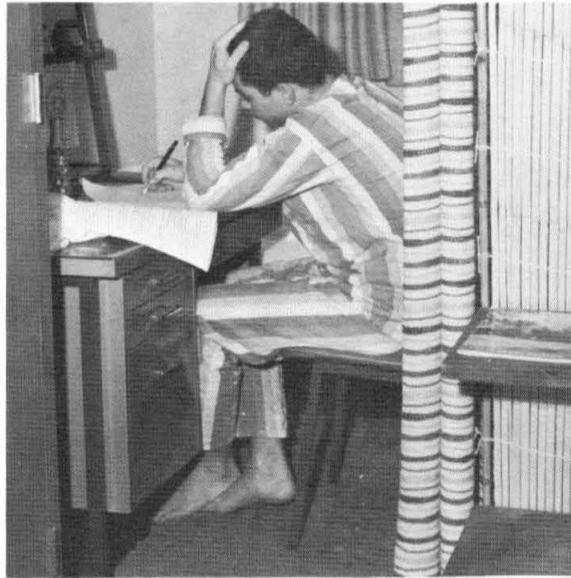
All week you titrate . . .



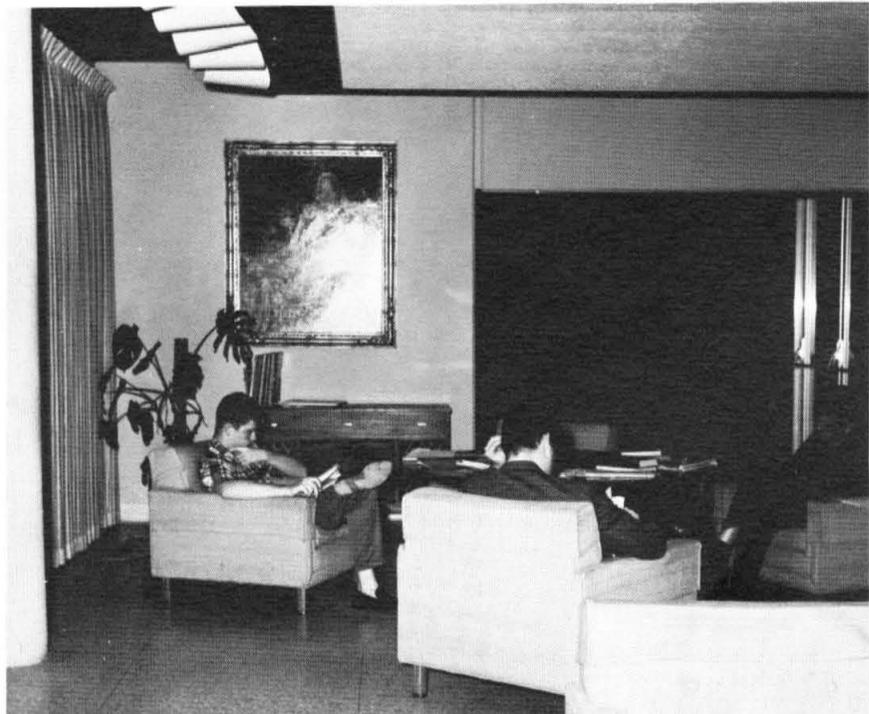
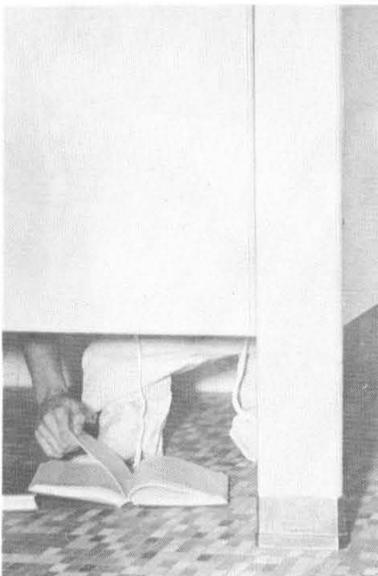
. . . speculate . . .



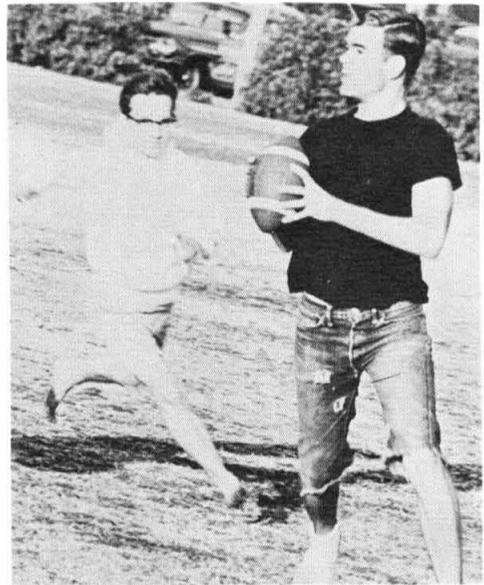
... integrate ...



and meditate.

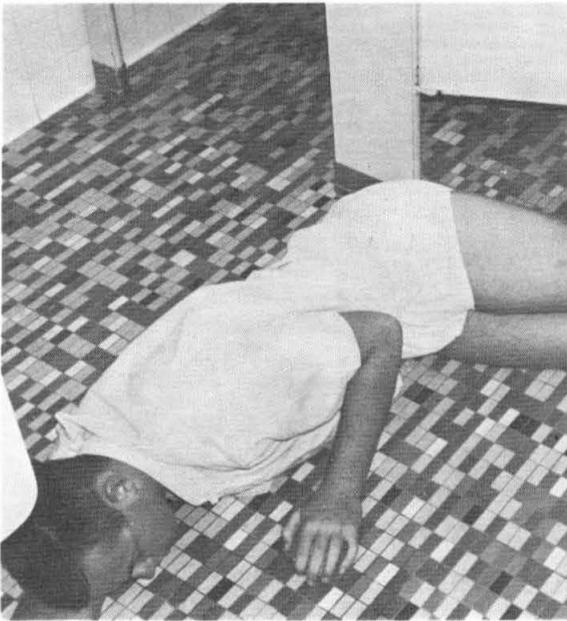
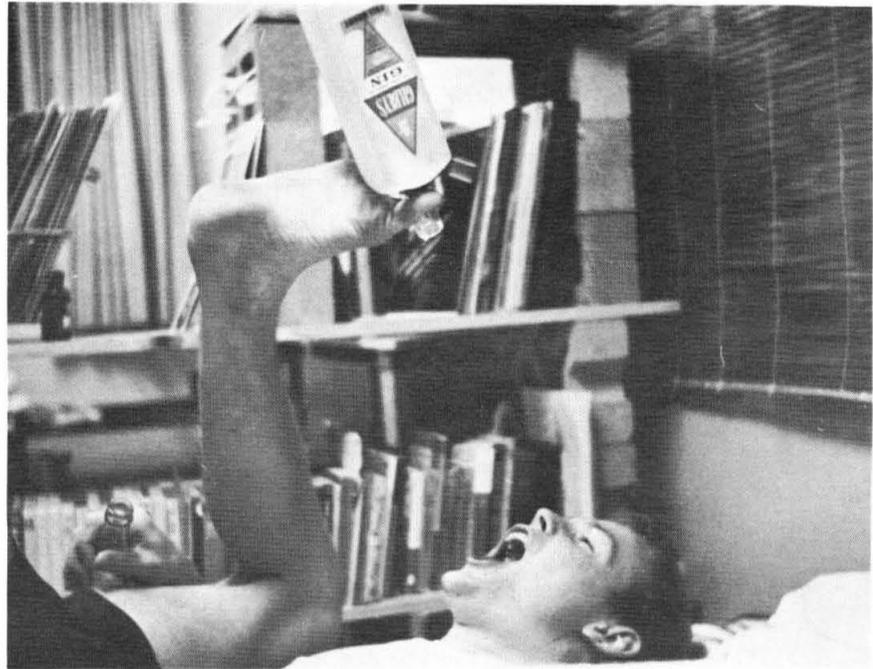


Finally comes the weekend, and it's TGIF!

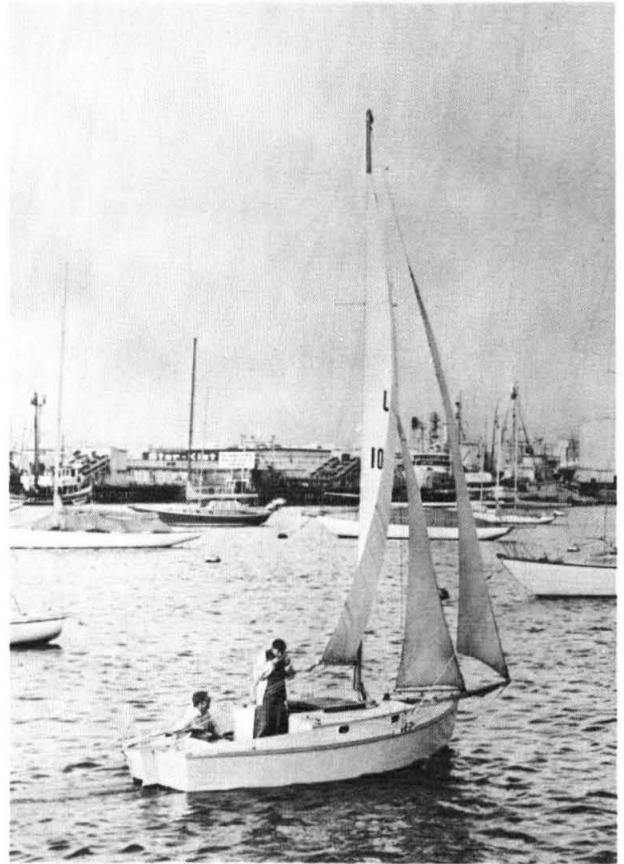


Time to relax and unwind . . .

... enjoy life ...



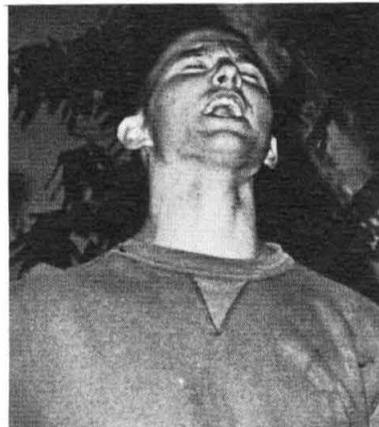
savor the finer things . . .



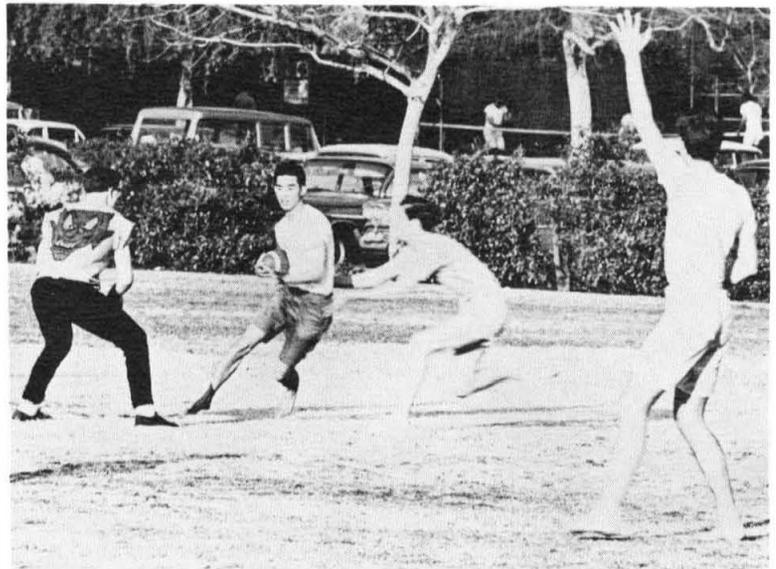
and



release



the week's tension.

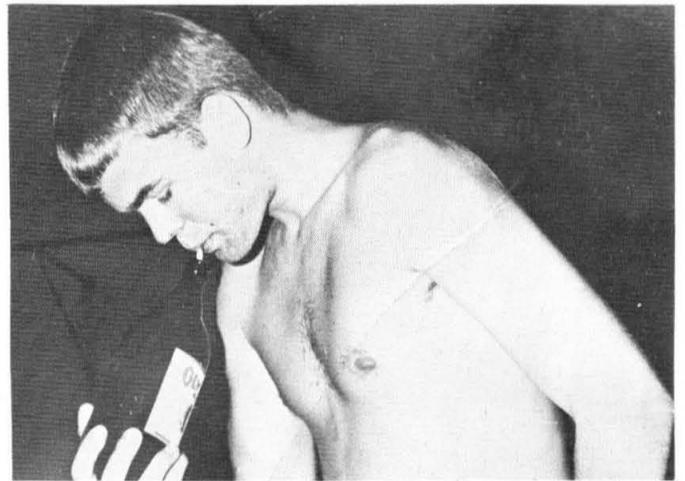
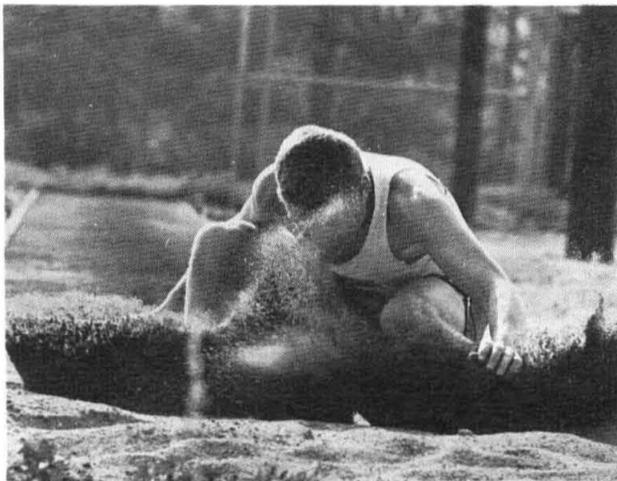




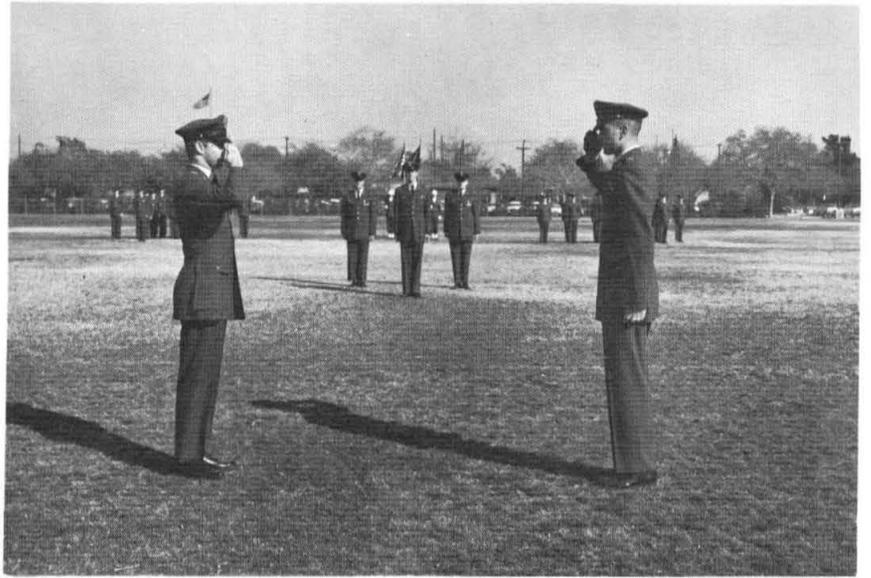
Through it all

runs

a mad combination . . .



... of responsibility ...

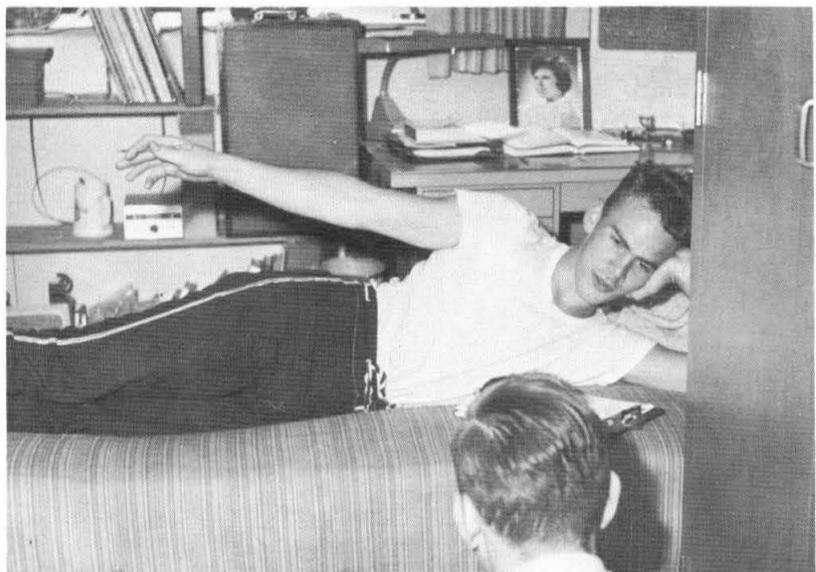


... and "Really Care";

... of brilliance ...



... and bull-sessions;



... of

gamma functions ...



... and guitars.





As soon as it began . . .

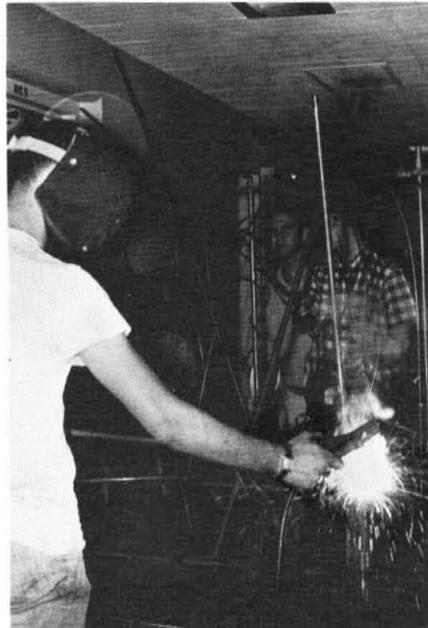
. . . the process
of learning . . .



. . . is over,

and you're a

third-term senior . . .



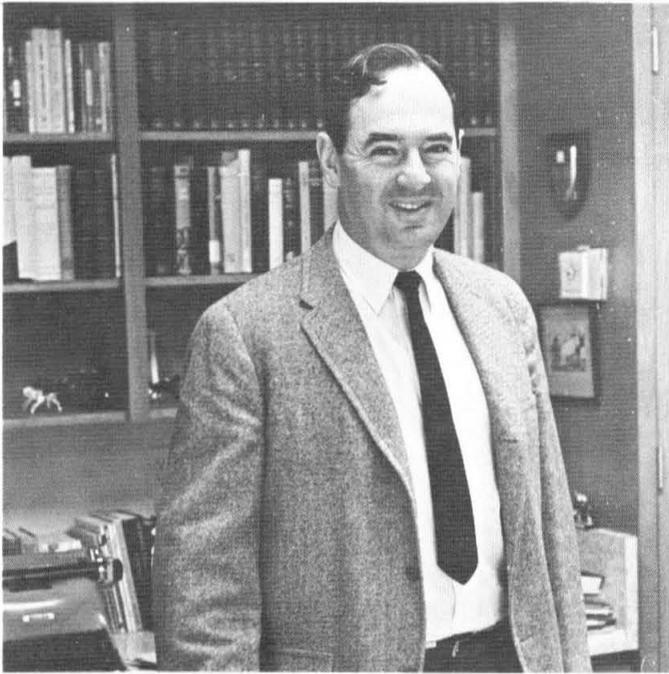
... and

you

wonder ...







Master of Student Houses Robert Huttenback



Ned Hale and friend



E. E. Taylor, Manager of Residence and Dining Halls, and Staff

BLACKER HOUSE



September, and back came the men of Blacker to these hallowed halls. After the hectic summer the return to the refreshing drudgery was eagerly anticipated. But all turned out to be not so complacent. First, we returned to find ourselves leaderless. Jackson had created a new way to get out of the presidency without flunking out, as he decided on marriage. Sweet took over after Rotation for the rest of the term but a special election was planned for second term.

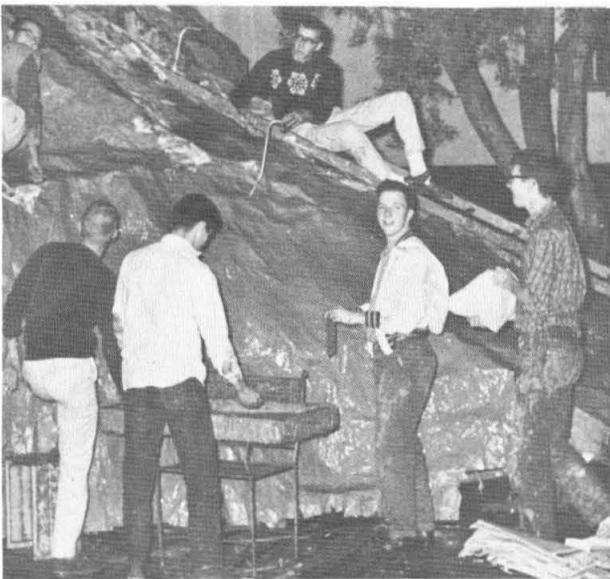
Then came the Frosh. After a week of telling them what a neat bunch of guys they were, the truth came out during Initiation. Besides the usual watery activities, Roth and Brennan recruited Rose Queens at PCC and the Prohibitionists (motto: Don't!) with Garbade and Bell as spokesmen for the movement, held a rally on Colorado. A precedent was set as some useful work was included in Frosh tasks. The lounge run went as usual.

Our ranks were a little thinner in the Sophomore class. Staley, Wogsberg and Plouf moved on. Choudry was now keeping the world safe for freedom. Kurata comes by on weekends to remind us of Friendly State U. and Thaler and Caldwell claim they haven't had enough and will be back. The biggest loss was experienced by one of our own as Carol went East. His grievous attempt to elect her to house office would later be to no avail. Offsetting this outflow was the arrival of the Junior Transfer with the funny name, Starvin Mearns.

The biggest bomb would of course have to be the removal of frosh grades. As a result guys like Brennan, Roth, Shirley, Booth, et al., were not fitting the traditional hyper-snake pattern of normal frosh. Ma and Shirley turned to marathon pool, Bell and Johnson to girls, Booth to dinner orations and Brennan and Roth to most anything. Baillie, Schor, Tucker and Garbade looked like the new alley boys.

All the free time didn't hurt us athletically. With the Frosh, Blacker had one-third the Varsity Football team. After adding in Water Polo, Crosscountry and Basketball, we had twenty-two intercollegiate athletes, and the Varsity Rating Trophy looked like a cinch. Even Interhouse sports improved as the Blacker football team had its best record in years.

October saw Pope Innocent I leading the Papal Expedition to T.J. After sampling the pleasures of that picturesque tourist haven, McCarroll, Eastment and Roth needed the services of native guide "Jose" Williams and five dollars to explain that Roth didn't really mean it. The jock-strap relay was held in the dark at PCC and the break-away jock has now been outlawed. For the third year in a row BME was "finished."



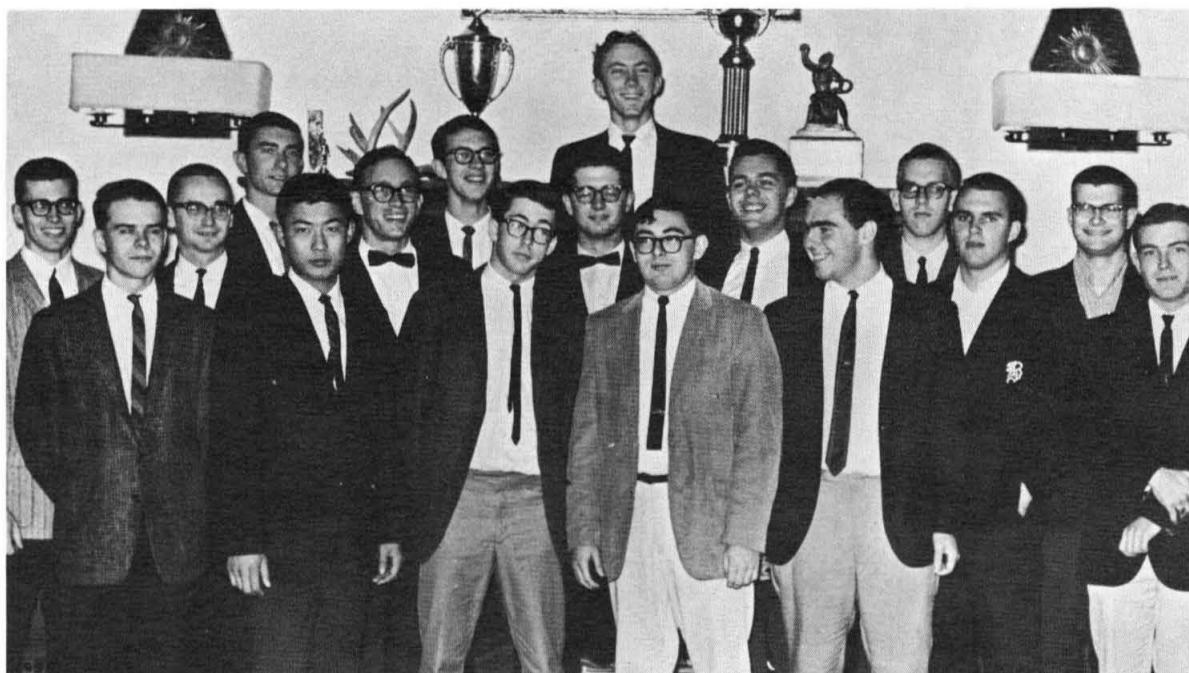
BLACKER

SENIORS



FRONT ROW—R. Rimmel, B. Sweet, J. Miller, B. Zame, G. Jackson. SECOND ROW—G. Thompson, A. Levin, D. Sherlock, J. Diebel, V. Bliss, D. Josephson, K. Davidson.

JUNIORS



FRONT ROW—P. Coleman, N. Uyeda, M. Aschbacher, R. Quint, B. Dembart, J. Austin, M. Stearns; SECOND ROW—A. Holm, W. Pitcher, L. Anderson, G. Williams, E. Robertson, T. Stephens, S. Clamage. THIRD ROW—D. McCarroll, E. Jones, M. Cunningham.



SOPHOMORES

FRONT ROW—Y. Liao, J. Williams, D. Sun, L. Ensey, B. Miller, J. O'Pray, G. Bourque.
 SECOND ROW—T. Hendrickson, R. Fajman, G. Little, A. Peters, J. Foster, B. Simpson.
 THIRD ROW—H. McCulloch, J. Soha, F. Pate, B. Cooper, D. Erickson, D. Kinkade.



OFFICERS

FRONT ROW—B. Dembart, Athletic Manager, G. Little, Social Chairman, A. Peters, Secretary, B. Sweet, President, G. Jackson, Retiring President. SECOND ROW—A. Holm, Librarian, J. Eastment, Athletic Manager, J. Brady, Resident Associate, S. Clamage, Treasurer, L. Ensey, Social Chairman.



FRESHMEN

FRONT ROW—B. Stern, B. Bell, D. Erlich, D. Held, K. Garbade. SECOND ROW—V. Johns, P. Sutcliffe, M. Schor, L. Johnson, J. Haviland, S. Pokras, S. Goodgold. THIRD ROW—J. Tucker, J. Downum, K. Booth, M. Brennan, J. Roth, S. Ma, H. De Witt, J. Johnsen, R. Drews, B. Baillie, T. Hendrickson.



With Robertson out of commission and Interhouse coming up, an abortive Polynesian plan was abandoned in favor of an Alpine scene with DeWitt Peak towering over Mitchell Falls. Bossism was abandoned in favor of organized confusion and it was still finished earlier than usual. Came the big night and Austin proceeded to keep his foot incessantly in his mouth. Mitchell got a bit of a shock and had to go around discounting rumors. Ricardo, the amateur photographer, brought joy into the lives of several Hebdominal members. But all had to be considered a success. Just ask John about Williams' blinddate service. Williams also gained the unofficial San Pasqual Speedway record.

Finals week was pretty wild as it appeared that no one was planning on coming back next term. An English 7 snake session produced the "crock of _____" with the handles buried way down on the "inside" approximation to the world.

Second term started with no great changes. Room 16 was still the snake pit and room 1 was still perpetually littered with beer cans. Fajman, Sun, Simpson and Kinkade were producing twitch cards, and Drews and Sweet were still commuting.

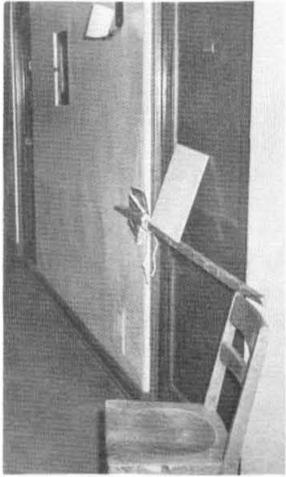
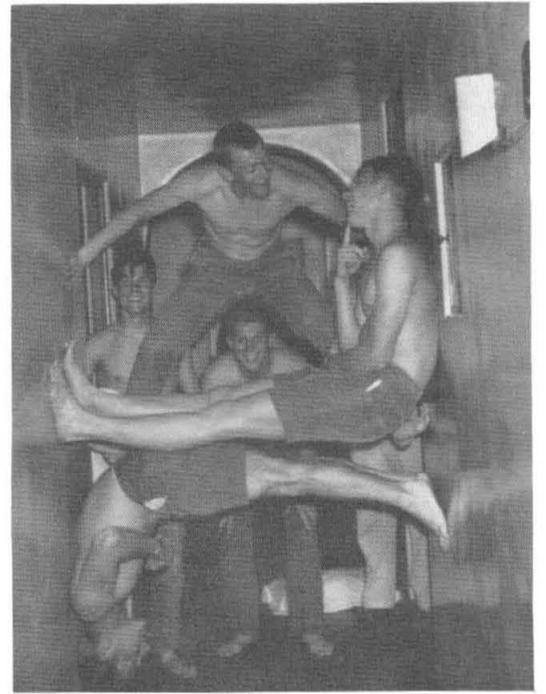




But conflict was beginning to appear. Rimmel and the Christians were still trying to save Diebel and Bliss. The crock theory was being disputed by O'Pray, Bell and Holm as they introduced their "infinitely bitchin'" model. For anyone who didn't have a particular grudge Diplomacy became the neat way to screw your buddy and waste a whole night doing it. Amidst all this Eastment took over as President.

January's phone bill hit \$209 with Tyler contributing his usual forty dollars. Ma Blacker took on a new look and Erickson took out an old wall. The coed beer party worked out pretty well except the beer disappeared awfully early, and much of the party adjourned to the Urey's place. Bliss displayed a coolness and skill at the wheel to win the Grand Prix of the courtyard. Sali was suitably honored the next day for his stirring acting the night before.

Steve and Eric got to be too good for exchanges and appeared at the Ice House and the Troubador. The Ensey-size beer mugs (2 oz.) were a big success as everyone got one for his girl. The quote of the day appeared in Docs. O'Pray and Anderson had infinite supply parties. Eager, happy Frosh Henry and Jon didn't look so eager afterwards but they were still happy. Henry even kept it off the floor.





Sirelson followed in Robertson's footsteps and had to kiss off second term. Up through Ed and Rich the KSC straw drawing was still successfully predicting the next man in the health center. John finally broke the string. After blowing out his car on the grapevine, Dave has had to content himself with the GTO. The Anderson machine gets everyone around. Brady was still pimping his to the Rogues. Roth had his stripped. Finally, John and Rich learned about speeding through red lights.

After Cave and Trivy alley, it was only natural that Doc's Lower Womb and Josephson's Folly should appear. Jones and Sandy traded letters. As if TJ wasn't enough, Dave made it to the Oaks with veterans Rich, Al and John. What did he want the dollar for?

The Tanglehearts contest was a study in human understanding as everyone managed to accuse everyone else. But with "Sherlock" Peters on the trail, it wasn't long before it was definitely shown to be

Bourque (or was it?). The KSC periodic pin check unexpectedly revealed that the house pin could no longer be produced on demand and Holm became the first to succumb.

On campus, Hendrickson became one of the Tech editors, and Cunningham, Coleman and Cooper gave Blacker another year of Y control. We may not have gotten any ASCIT office but Dave could have been elected after the Rally.

The Finksmen serenaded us one night and the hairy one got the message. House elections brought in Anderson, Garbade, Miller and the usual teams. Sweet directed us to victory again in Interhouse Sing even though Ricketts was pretty confident. The party was slow starting but ran well into the night. An Oxy sorority ditch ended up here, improving a Saga meal.

This year can probably be best summed up in the fact that purity test scores would be higher than ever.



DABNEY HOUSE

Heaven could wait third term last year. Reversing tradition, the house voted in an excom that was both balanced and qualified, with a leader then full of fire. With the enthusiasm of the frosh and the senior classes and the wisdom of the latter behind him, said fire-full leader fulfilled prophecies of dynamic leadership as his two firsts on the ski slopes brought us the Ski Trophy by a landslide, and the Varsity Rating Trophy became ours, and excom not only had weekly agendas and meetings but accomplished a house phone and initiated a house library.

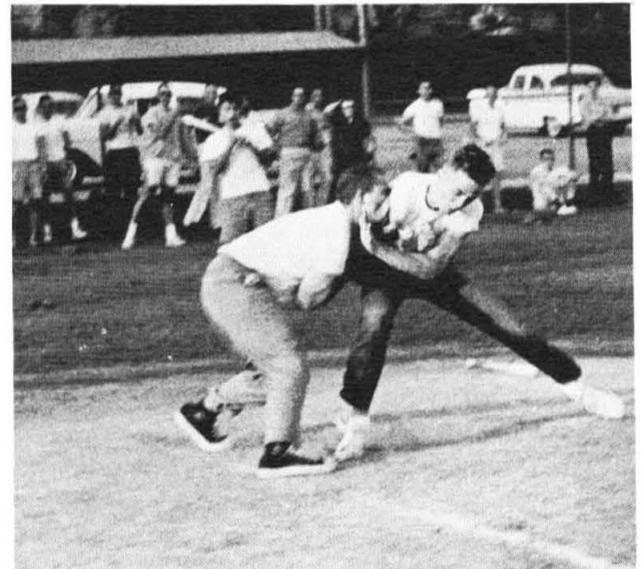
And then it was first term and summer of work and one Dabney party that rocked open the Altadena hills was over and in place of the enthusiastic and wise seniors we were now bequeathed by rotation enthusiastic frosh and forebodings of the future's doom, as this was the term that wheels of the gods began to grind ever so thin the Dabney House meat. Our new frosh carried on the previous frosh class' enthusiasm but were primarily frustrated beach boys (not frustrated Athenians as the new sophs). Believing that actions is joy and noise of bliss, our frosh rose admirably to the challenge frosh grade elimination established by cutting through the baloney about studying for the sake of knowledge and got down to the real nitty gritty of knocking off weak passes while

in the process of sampling all possible permutations of American aphrodisiacs (which given American culture is no small task, but the frosh noise joy roar run were up to it).

Said combination doom and ground meat occurred this term in a unique plunge from the heights to the depths of living together men and/or boys. By hook and crook the social chairmen managed to cajole eighty percent of the house to the Las Vegas party, which thus became the largest and one of the most enjoyable parties in the memory of our men, who there mingled saint and sinner, genius and idiot in all mankind's glorious variety. And the Interhouse: in which variety became anathema and our boys shared the wonderful Caltech propensity to unite only against something, this time combining intolerance with unwisdom to choose as common enemy and hence unifying agent said leader, now turned apostate to dynamicism and began to unforgive those whose wishes for this beloved Caltech dance were diametric to his and even began to hate those who, inspired to even greater heights by his bitterness and hatred, built one of the campuses best Interhouses to spite a railroad: Here lies fraternal feeling, dead and buried.



Friendly waiters provide lots of service.



Pearson's skill in softball removes the opposition from the baseline.

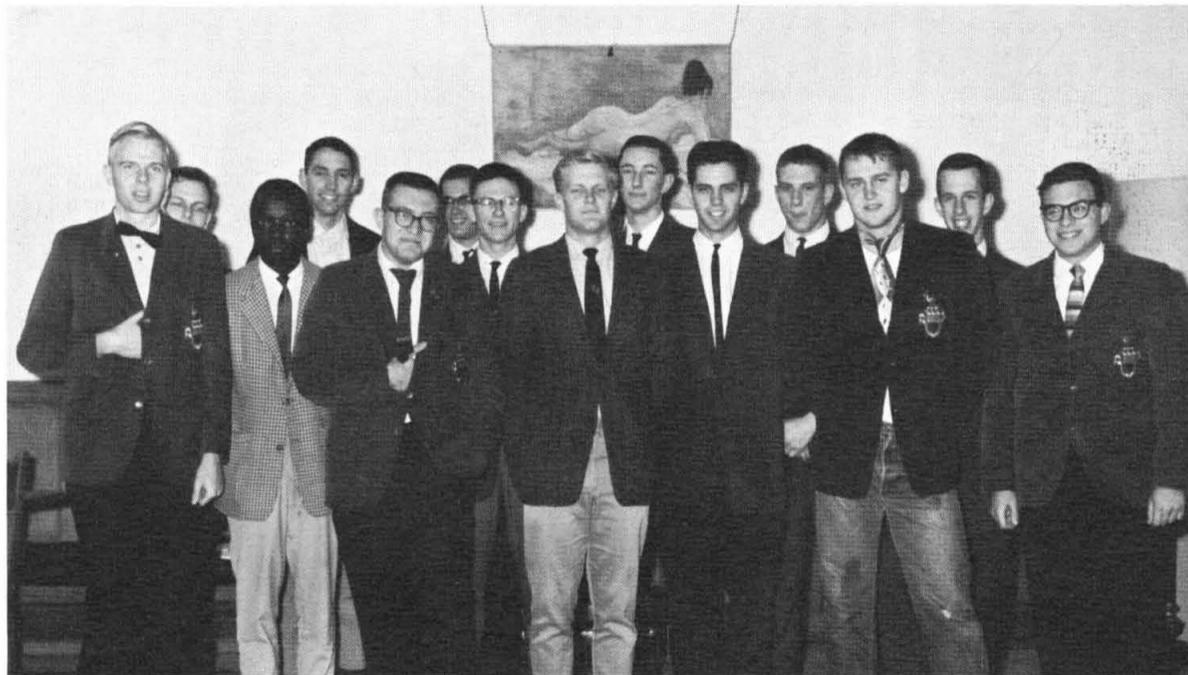
DABNEY

SENIORS



FRONT ROW—B. Scott, J. Hsu, L. DePriest, W. Peascoe, L. Fraas. SECOND ROW—J. Gowen, J. Beamer, J. Yee, S. Christman, UFO, I Lok Chang, P. Swatek, C. Dalton.

JUNIORS



FROST ROW—A. C. Lundgren, E. Mugambe, J. Milstein, M. Westbrook, R. Troll, A. Kampe, P. Chakin. SECOND ROW—R. Couture, J. Yudelson, R. Schaar, M. Anthony, S. Solomon, H. Powell, F. Schultz. THIRD ROW—Last Chance.



SOPHOMORES

FRONT ROW—M. Bartlett, M. Foley, S. Langton, K. Gleason. SECOND ROW—H. Suzukawa, J. Pearson, R. Touton, C. Elms, R. Moore, J. Fishbein, R. Troll.



OFFICERS

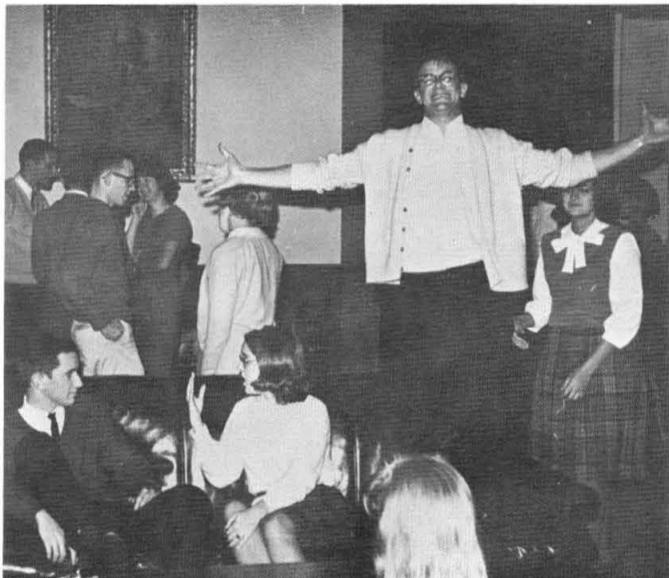
FRONT ROW—M. Satterthwaite, Treasurer, D. White, Athletic Manager, B. Scott, President, K. Gleason, Historian. SECOND ROW—H. Powell, Social Chairman, J. Pearson, Headwaiter, D. Blair, Athletic Manager, C. Dalton, Vice-President.

FRESHMEN



FRONT ROW—M. Evans, R. Cooper, P. Danna, P. Kidd, J. Lehman, C. Zeller. SECOND ROW—W. Manning, R. Grant, J. Ashcraft, S. Smith, A. Schwenk, E. Garen, M. Turner. THIRD ROW—W. Cobb, J. Hunter, A. Naby, P. Cross, W. Boyd. FOURTH ROW—R. Gerritsen, R. Troll, C. San Pietro, H. A. Troll, L. Erickson.

DABNEY



"You've all sinned but I can save you . . ." says Chris. "Five . . . Count 'em, five months, Sean."

Second term afforded ample opportunity for continued participation in sociology's vicious circle, which opportunity having knocked our boys responded with their customary alarming alacrity. As one group united like festering white corpuscles to engulf and destroy alien matter, and the other, led by the above-mentioned apostate, sneering at the corpuscles' phlegmatic and unappreciative of innate superiority of some boys over others, the house split (corpuscular and snobbish intolerance chasing each other in a frenzied (viscous circle) approached the limit of a chasm. Both sides gleefully poured poison in the chasm, as the corpuscles answering opportunity's knock by melting out over-harsh justice to not only embittered but ill-lucked apostate, who responded with our house's typical prudence by ratting out of the sinking ship. The vicious and/or gods' wheel ground to a glorious halt as paranoids moved out and the house elected as unbalanced an excom as possible. Now all appears quiet on the Western front, as the Darbs having driven out as many as possible of those whose attitudes don't square with their own, as the white men destroyed the Indian, and although the house which needed more coolness is a trifle dull, at least we may forever more in peace and quiet sedately snake.



"They said Saga was bad but I didn't think it would be this bad."

Beneath the drama in which Dabney writhed, the normal sequences of sublime nonsense occurred. In addition to sneering their fellow men, several Darbs moved on to greener pastures (which perhaps should be this year's theme). The fertile fields which Earl and Hal have sown under the approving eye of the conjugal yoke have already posterity on the way, while Chuck showed up that he was dextrous in more ways than doing physics problems. In this spirit, apple-loving alley five issued a challenge which at Berkeley might be banned . . . With their throbbing hearts lusting in this direction Rob, Bob, Howie, and Les planned to get it at the Snow Weekend; instead they took it (in the ear) as Westridge decided on Big Bear as the location of their first annual sowing society conference.

Lured by the same forces, John and Stacy found themselves ensnared in bewitchingly big bosoms, whereas Mark's hand gleefully caressed in the bird. Mike, possibly worn out with overinsertion, decided Tech was too much, while Jim, engaged over a long distance, prepared to outgowen Gowen. Don, however, said it soft because she had a lot of hair. Chris entered this greener pastures contingent with intellectual arguments of which his fellows were highly suspicious.



"Look, all we do is get Johnson and Krushchev out of the way, and then . . ."



Darb machine moves forward.

DABNEY

Len, wanting to so much he burst, is illustrative of another great Dabney movement: to the West en masse. In one period the West contained Chris, more holy than ever; Len; and Terry, a victim of the car of his dreams, smashed up once and laid up in the shop several months, smashed up twice and laid him up. And Mike farther west, whose myriad visitors were fitting of our appreciation of his cheerful personality.

This was the year in which Mother Tucker, Kim, and Paul promised to do their best as house three stooges. When Rick became the first recipient of the Craig San Pietro Memorial Humility Award, when Ray padded his pad and muscles, Pat and Mike delved into dipsomania, Eris was frustrated Casanova turned math genius, when Art and Rob were love's lost laborers. When Howie tried futilely to outphilosophize Chris, when Marty ate select candies, when Andy made a Latvian, when Lee discovered tinkling properties of sundry supercooled liquids. When Max made absurd verbalizings of lost causes, A.C. won friends and influenced people. When Tom, I Lok, Stacy, Lewis, Fred, Sean, Paul continued the quest of the noble Golden Fleece. When the house Jew come into his own, Mike sat down, Howie spoke golden words of large sense to men with little ears. Whose hearts grieved at the departure of a great guy; yet perhaps we may in the future emulate the warm personality for which we remember Dave Brueckner.



Well, these odds aren't nearly as good as 1 out of 4.

FLEMING HOUSE

Fleming's 1964 Rotation plans had called for chaining Pledgmaster Chuck McQuillan in the fan room and feeding him his raw meat there until Initiation Week, when he was to be unleashed. But in return for his freedom, McQuillan agreed to restrain his sadistic appetites for a week, so that the members of the House were able to conduct Fleming's Rotation effort, under the capable leadership of President Jim Eder, without the frosh being scared off. The Rotation pitch was made by the individuals in the House, and followed, perhaps, the guidelines set forth in Uncle Shelby's Rotation Manual. The result of this effort was a diversified class of spirited (measured in decibels) frosh.

After Rotation Week came Initiation Week, and McQuillan was unleashed. Flanked by two armed guards, Luther ("Gross") Perry and big Tom Wilson, Pledgmaster McQuillan conducted his reign of terror in the grand tradition of that sadist of yore — Bill Smith. The water fights gave Fleming frosh a chance to vent their pent-up hostilities upon creatures lower than themselves; and it gave upperclassmen a chance to recall nostalgically the days when Fleming dominated the water fights through its monopoly on fire-hose. Initiation Week, though not too eventful, was made enjoyable by a master stroke. In a surprise move, Fleming got the jump on the other houses in beginning rehearsals for Interhouse Sing, and in one night the frosh learned and taped a number of popular songs, including the Dabney House Song (Fleming version). The solo voice of Manolo Huerta in an unforgettable rendition of "Darbs take gas!" was also recorded. The recording was played on a tape loop out of Alley 3 on the Dabney courtyard, and totally demoralized the Darbs.

With the new frosh class assimilated into the House, the Big Red took to the athletic field to take a second place in Interhouse Softball, which might well have been first with more consistent play. Under our knowledgeable athletic managers, Dave Jarvis and Jim Simpson, the Big Red successfully defended the Discobolus trophy against its first four challenges to put Fleming into an early lead in the Discobolus race. In the first challenge of the year, the forces of Right clashed with Blacker in tennis, a contest that went down to the last mach, in which Ed Perry came back from a 2-5 deficit to win the first game 7-5, and then won the second game 6-2, to clinch the victory. Lloyd challenged in football and was trounced 31-6 in a portentous show of power. Then a Ricketts challenge in softball was turned back 3-2. Finally Lloyd fell again — this time before the matmen of Fleming, 28-10. In this match the 123-pound class had to be forfeited because 113-pound Bob Logan was out for the combined frosh — Varsity football team.



Kermit Kubitz models the latest initiation-proof fashion.



"You know, I am really glad that chose this house and that it chose me."

FLEMING

SENIORS



FRONT ROW—D. Faulconer, J. Holte, P. Clark, M. Huerta, S. Ross, D. Green. SECOND ROW—D. Essenberg, R. Brill, L. Corl, B. Gillon, B. Hawk, B. Burkett. THIRD ROW—J. Simpson, R. Roberts, J. Nady, J. Chidley, D. Jarvis, J. Eder.

JUNIORS



FRONT ROW—J. Gibson, W. Davis, E. Perry, G. Meyers, M. Creutz. SECOND ROW—L. Sherman, R. Karski, P. Wyatt, G. Haven, J. Vitz. THIRD ROW—D. Underwood, D. Stanley, H. Williams, D. Chu, B. Owens, D. Kubler, D. Stolfa.



SOPHOMORES

FRONT ROW—R. Parker, G. Christoph, B. Miller, T. Warren, Joel Goldberg. SECOND ROW—R. McQuillan, D. Weaver, B. Mitchell, D. Eardly, G. Sharman, E. Kelm. THIRD ROW—M. Polluck, M. Squires, P. Krause, L. Perry, T. Wilson, J. Gould, J. Stanley, R. Harslem.



OFFICERS

FRONT ROW—B. Gillon, Treasurer, M. Huerta, Secretary, G. Myers, Social Chairman, D. Green, Vice-President. SECOND ROW—J. Eder, Prsident, P. Wyatt, Social Chairman, D. Jarvis, Athletic Manager, J. Simpson, Athletic Manager.

FRESHMEN



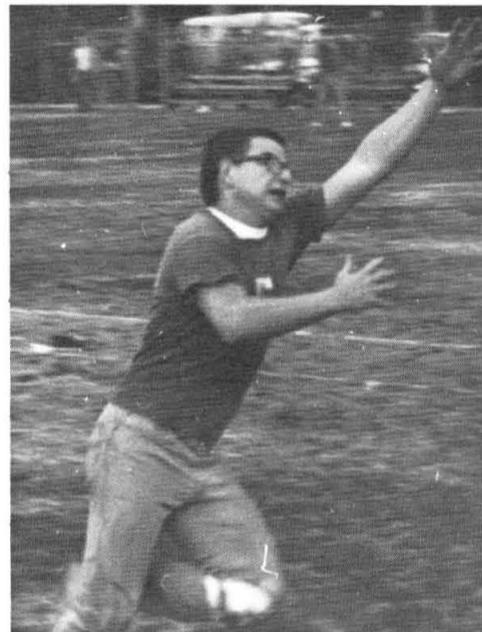
FRONT ROW—R. Logan, W. Sterling, R. Woody III, J. Leon, E. Whitehead, P. Pfaffman. SECOND ROW—J. Walters, R. Davidheiser, C. Wolfe, K. Yang, R. Young, M. Saulney. THIRD ROW—K. Kubitz, U. Hartmann, R. Bild, T. Baze, D. Wright, R. Kimbrell, D. Chang.

When the time came to choose a theme for the Interhouse Dance, the perennially suggested themes of "Womb" and "Columbia River" were again shelved, and a Western theme was settled upon. The courtyard was converted into a western outdoor scene, complete with covered wagon, campfire, and an authentic gallows, under overseer Pete Wyatt. Gordon Myers and his gang established a gambling casino in the lounge which featured blackjack, roulette, and craps games, as well as a second floor bawd house. The dining room became the Rusty Shovel Saloon (E. I. Dabney, Proprietor) through the efforts of Mike Scott, Bob Parker, and crew. Traditionally Fleming has provided the entertainment for the Interhouse Dance, and this year the Rusty Shovel Theater featured professional singing star Judi Thor and the skit "Virtue Is Its Own Reward" or "Nelly Has a Bad Day at the Track," which starred Bill (Leland Largeheart) Owens and Bob (Snidely Whiplash Gillon) in unforgettable roles. Other talented House members saw action in a number of short skits. Rich Flamang and Larry Sherman provided an interlude of bluegrass music; McQuillan and Max Elbaum enacted the familiar sea story of "How Moby Got Dicked"; Tom Ba-a-a-aze, Sherman, and Kermit Kubitz dramatized "The Taming of the Jock"; and George Sharman, supported by Jim Stanley, Sherman, and Mike Pollock, portrayed a man on the horns of a dilemma in "The Phrenologist..... The shows were emceed by Bob Lentz (who also played in Miss Thor's group) and Senor Russ Brill.

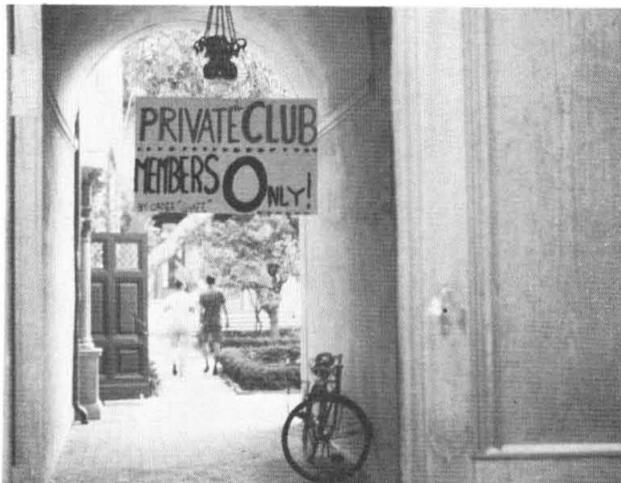


Yand is shown six-man lift, while Parker flashes SEG.

During the Rusty Shovel's final show, Scott tended bar with John Chidley; at the same time, but at the opposite end of the campus, someone hurled a stone through a glass door in Church. The next week a police investigation, apparently instigated by the reporting of Scott's license number, led to the discovery of sand on the floor of Scott's car matching that on the rock thrown into Church. Scott was questioned and scheduled for a polygraph test, but nothing has come of this as yet.



"Bandini" Vitz catching pass.



By order of the Supreme Headquarters for Administration of Fleming Tradition, Fleming becomes an exclusive private club and a target for anti-segregation demonstrations.



The Million Dollar Offense.

First term a new Throop Club was organized under the auspices of the Mickey Mouse Club, with the purpose of encouraging certain traditions on campus. Its first action was to place the Halloween pumpkin on top of the cupola on Throop — a tradition which had lapsed for a year. Then in order to provide holiday cheer, a decorated Christmas tree was planted in the pigeon droppings atop Throop just before finals week. It was removed the following Monday, but was soon replaced with a Christmas tree found in the Dabney lounge on a smoky night. Throughout the holiday season its colored lights went on every night without fail.

Perhaps the greatest tribute to Fleming is the large number of Techmen who are out of it clamoring to get in. Since third term of last year, no less than five outsiders have been admitted, namely, John Vitz, Randy Harslem, Pat Miller, Steve Boone, and Rich Touton, all of whom have in this brief span made positive contributions to the House. In balance, however, the House lost some good men, to the lure of the outside world. Freshman Rich Skriletz took a leave of absence, while colorful Bob Lentz flunked out in style, only to linger on in an unofficial capacity; he is, however, seeking a position as Resident Associate. From the ranks of the upperclassmen, the Fleming lounge lost Jacques Crapuchettes, guardian of the night, and Sherman, guardian of the piano, to UCSB.

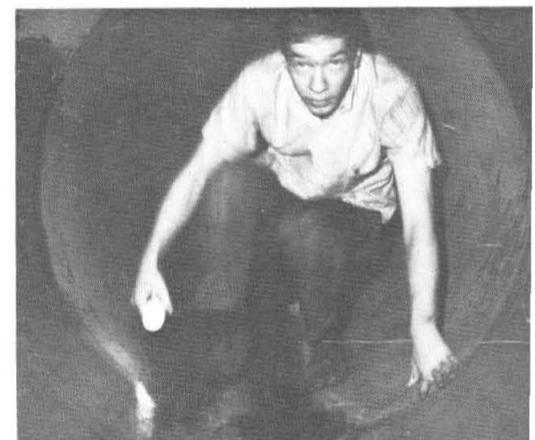
Second term saw the Big Red Machine thundering over the gridiron to first place in Interhouse football. At the beginning of the season Fleming and Ruddock went into the game with 4-0 records, and Big Red, playing its finest game, romped to a 27-0 victory. The shutout was saved by an impressive goaline stand in which Ruddock was stopped at the two inch line. Piloted by quarterback Bill Owens, the team was powered by such greats as 265-pound Bill Mitchell, "Mad Dog" Baze, and two sacks of Bandini (Don Green and Vitz). In Interhouse Track Big Red pulled out an unexpected second place and maintained the lead in the Interhouse trophy race. Unfortunately, Ruddock's challenge hadn't been accepted, since their challenger arrived several minutes after Fleming had finished lunch. In the meantime Big Red swelled its commanding lead in Discobolus by decisively defeating Ricketts in water polo 11-1, and Dabney (E) in pool and billiards.



Mitchell scores on surprise play.



Jim Eder carries the ball for Fleming.



Sewer rat (4.3 Eardley) discovers 700 miles of storm drains in the L.A. area.

FLEMING



Scott's birthday party.

House elections were held during the second half of the second term. In their speeches the candidates expressed the feeling that Fleming was already the best house on campus, and promised to maintain that ascendancy, following the examples set by their illustrious predecessors in leadership and graft. The new House officers are

Gordon Myers, President
Ed Perry, Vice President
Ed Kelm, Secretary
Pete Wyatt, Treasurer
Tom Baze, Rich Flammang, George Sharman,
and Rich Touton, Social Chairmen
Randy Harslem, Ralph Kimbrell, Athletic
Managers
Steve Poltrock, Librarian

In elections for minor offices, Kermit Kubitz became winner of the Most Naive Frosh award, although Phil Pfaffman and Steve Poltrock were

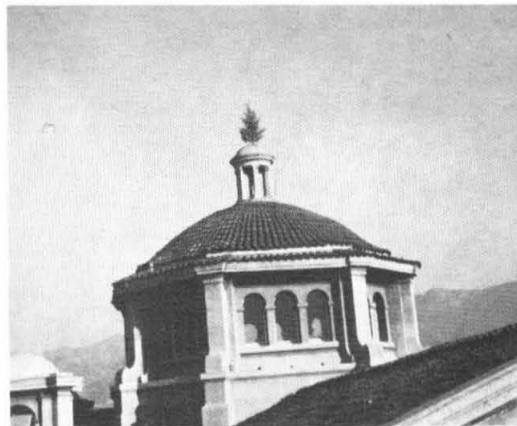
hot competition; Walt Davis, his horniness relieved, passed the Horns trophy on to Harslem; and in the competition for House stud, Stolfa's campaign cost him his windshield, but the award went to another worthy candidate, Tom (Jones) Wilson.

As this is written, Fleming is celebrating its "triumph" in Interhouse Sing, i.e., third place in the chorus competition as well as in the quartet competition. In marked contrast to the other houses, Fleming roused the audience with entertaining songs, namely, "Oklahoma!" and J. Kent Clark's "The Hangover Song," which drew the greatest applause of the evening.

Looking ahead to third term in Interhouse athletics, the Big Red Machine is in a good position to do even better than last year, when Fleming won Discobolus and tied for Interhouse. In intra-house athletics, this year the class of '65 will try to take its fourth straight Olympiad championship.



Cool Muthah, backed up by 40 Flems, steals Interhouse Trophy while Ruddock is eating it.



Merry Christmas from the men of Fleming.

LLOYD HOUSE

"I'll drink to that!" The chorus rings out from the Penthouse Head, where sticky floors surround the TGIF keg. "J.C." Card combs his beard as P.W. Piccioni finally gets off the phone. Misheloff "The Zombie" is walking down the hall apparently under the influence of narcotics, moving as if his slide rule were elsewhere than on his belt. "Let's go to Bob's!" "Yeah, c'mon" "Time for a Ratsch memorial!" . . . or perhaps a Kovac memorial, a Redell memorial, a Greenberg memorial, a Deichelman memorial, a Bricken memorial, a Benford memorial, or a Stallard memorial . . . A toast to those who have departed since the last publication of the Big Gear Wheel.

Last spring, before being inundated by the Class of '68, the men of Lloyd enjoyed themselves in two athletic (social?) events of spring — Lost Weekend and Interhouse tennis, as the Lloyd machine lived up to its reputation on both counts. The water was too cold to get in . . .

"Doug, Doug, I'm yours!" . . . Osheroff found himself suddenly engaged one evening, to the delight of the house; the plot was complete with romantic music and candlelight. AA couldn't have done a better job on Doug — how many times has he told that story?

Rotation and the frosh hit us together . . . the Little I propagandized them effectively — and Lloyd took over the SYT's at Jackson's party. The word-of-mouth party in Watson's room (Watson was still in Texas, of all places) . . . DeWert counts on his fingers in the binary system; Freeman makes perceptive comments on antisymmetric tensors; DeWert flips a four to Freeman; Jenkins turns on the flashing red light and siren . . . Watson carries the second

basket of cans out . . . Pence orates at lunch, praising the attributes of Lloyd and its men.

"Attention, frosh. At ten p.m. you will assemble in the lounge. Dress is optional, but coat and tie are not recommended. Keep Smiling — the Pledgemaster." Our fugitive from the Y, Dick Hackathorn, made the best pledgemaster in years — and almost escaped from his prison below the Olive Walk. The Fidelity State statue was clothed (well, under-clothed) and Marsha Golden made a smash hit at Bob's. The frosh learned who Vassilios Kerdemelidis was and what Lloyd smile was, and why they were smiling it . . . but only one learned well enough to stay dry.

The Card social program roars to an orgasmic start: the house hi-fi shaking the walls in Bacchanalley . . . "Who are all these guys?" "Who knows? I hear Orsburn got a buck ticket for tonight . . ." The Barn Party . . . square and stomp, and lots of hay. Interhouse began on Thursday; no papier mache this year. Crepe paper set the scene for the Parlays, who set the campus rocking. What a beat! . . . but what happened to the picture booth? Soft music and the clink of glasses as Basil and Kari entertain . . . Berman pressed and shaven and Ev Sharp with his socks on. Dinner at the Antique Inn . . . party of seventy, Lloyd House.

The house learned about women . . . and Marsh Hall learned fastest. The Pepper Mill will never be the same . . . MacKay staggers through the exchange: "I've had just about enough of this!" And even Guffrey learns. "All of them." But some people never learn . . . Gajewski calls Santa Clara . . . and why is Pence never here Sunday nights?



The Excom sails.



Piccioni and his box.

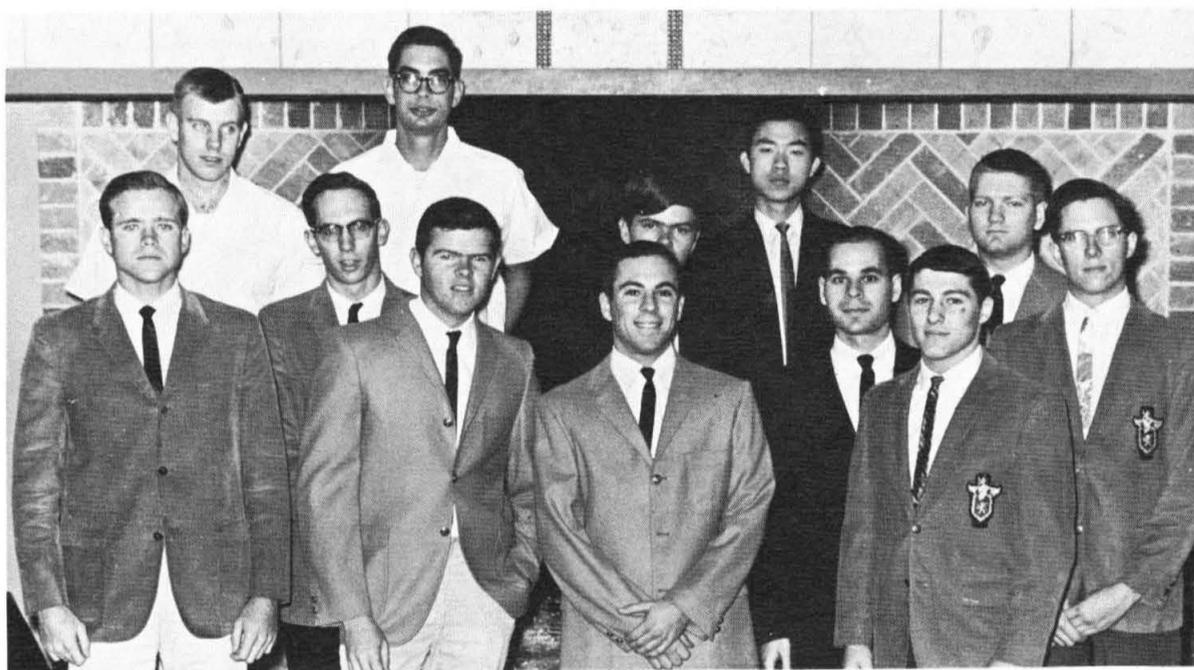
LLOYD

SENIORS

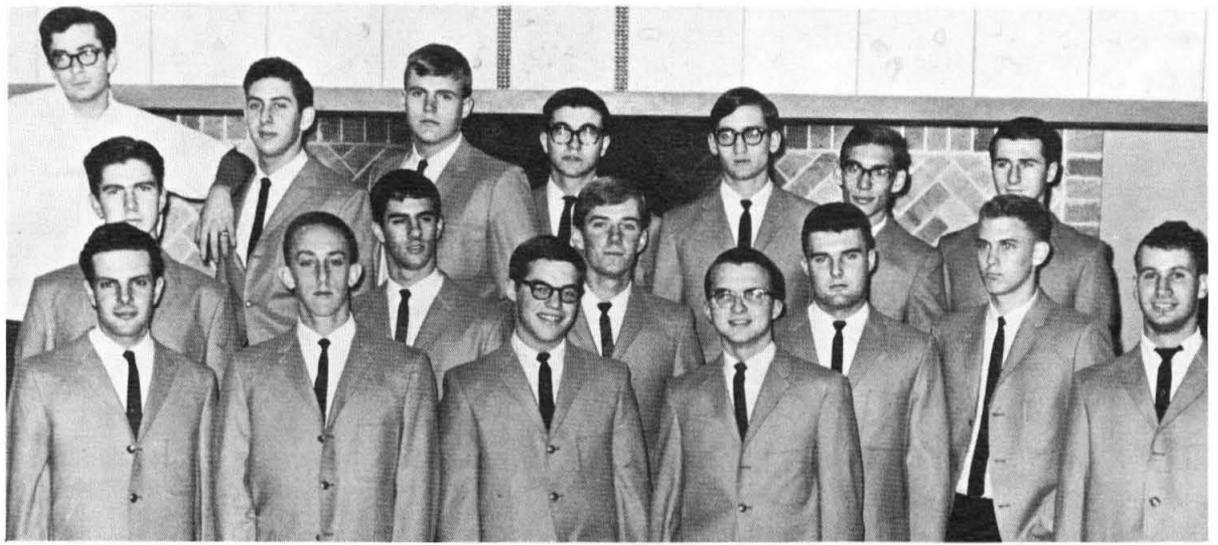


M. Misheloff, T. Jenkins, B. Pence, J. Crabtree, R. Vilecco, S. Watson.

JUNIORS



FIRST ROW—J. Walter, K. Kimball, L. Fisher, J. Lucas. SECOND ROW—R. Bigelow, C. Eklof, J. Grodnik, L. Melton. THIRD ROW—R. Williams, M. Erle, E. Ma, L. Miller.



SOPHOMORES

FIRST ROW—S. Abramson, T. Buckholtz, M. Beeson, D. McClure, B. Gold. SECOND ROW—G. Jennings, G. Guffrey, A. MacKay, D. Hackathorn, R. Peterson. THIRD ROW—G. Berman, E. Lippla, M. Hall, D. Bell, S. Card, B. Piccioni, D. Osheroff.



OFFICERS

FIRST ROW—M. Beeson, Secretary, B. Piccioni, Comptroller, L. Fisher, Treasurer. SECOND ROW—J. Walter, Social Chairman, B. Pence, President, G. Guffrey, Athletic Manager, M. Hall, Athletic Manager, S. Card, Social Chairman, T. Jenkins, Vice-President.

FRESHMEN



FIRST ROW—W. Matyskiela, M. Hayamiza, M. Golden, B. Vance, J. Howell, P. Cacciopo. SECOND ROW—F. Hollander, C. Jacobson, B. Campbell, B. Ring, M. Meo, S. Landy, J. McKinzie, J. Middleditch, B. DeWert, W. Gish, C. McAllister, N. Whitley, B. Bauske, L. Fishbone, B. Chan, S. Snook. THIRD ROW—M. Decker, B. Bernecky, B. Sampson, D. Bylund, C. Bruce, J. Hartmann, D. Olshove, G. Pilos, G. Harkness, G. Nix, B. Geisenhainer.



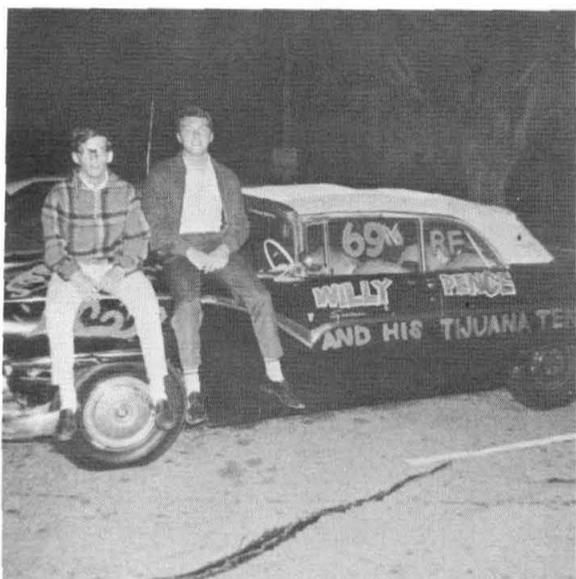
Typical evening.

9:30 in Headwaters Alley—Buckholtz hitting the sack. What does he do in bed at 9:30? Abramson in the corner stimulating Lippa, who is loving every minute of it. House Warmonger McClure mapping out an attack on Peking. Down the hall, CITF&SF ponders the merits of APAL and LASFAS. Meanwhile, back in the Virgin Islands, Melton issues a challenge that five men can't shower him. After a short tumult, five guys and Melton disappear into the head . . . Decker comes out with Melton's foot in his hand (Melton is still in the shower). Charley Bruce comes up the stairs, imitating Misheloff's above-described state. Goldenspeaks: "Biteassyougus. Youcan'tputmeon."

The Lloyd athletic machine graduated . . . but the remaining loose parts carried on. Lloyd set a record for Discobolus challenges—more consecutive losses than ever before. The football team took smoke breaks . . . "What now? Let's see, how about Old Reliable?" "Again?" "Well, what else?" "Okay, but let me go along." "Just a minute, one last drag." Thus fortified, they managed to win a game—but Marsh, why didn't we get our sundaes? Lloyd's athletic activities centered around the Calech (Lloyd) Surf Club members, who sanded and fibreglassed their board. Another outlet presented itself in the guise of interalley challenges . . . the Outhouse wiped Fingal's Cave at it's own sport, staving off a last-minute touchdown try with all the skill and power of the Green Bay Packers (but they were wiped in turn!.. And how about the Purity Point challenge (see the pictures the Big T wouldn't publish!). A high-pressure party brought the weekend to a climax.

The Brothers Four hit Beckman, following one of the Card-Crabtree candlelight-and-wine banquets, with table cloths yet! Rainer finally made Social Chairman—blind date anyone? The Ice House entertained us . . . even Jennings took time from uniformly convergent sequences in equicontinuous families to hear the Greenwood County Singers.

'Anybody seen Decker?'" "Saw him last week sometime—he's probably still at Mimi's." "Oh, well, I just wanted my car back." Geisenhainer goes back to the darkroom to develop some more scandal shots . . . but the things he missed: "I'd like to place a long-distance, credit-card call to Corvallis, Oregon, please." The FBI never got us . . . B&G carts, for the benefit of non-Lloydmen, run quietly and smoothly on electricity. Having given up earth-movers, what better to drag race? If only the gate had been a little wider . . . and what happened to the phone? The Bell people are opposed to circumcision . . . soon the UCC gained a reputation . . . Eklof wanted to fine the New Year's offender \$200 and kick him off for ten years, but suggested locking him in the maid's closet on bread and water as a substitute. Some night, New Year's Eve . . . the minutes read like Peyton Place.



The Pencemobile.

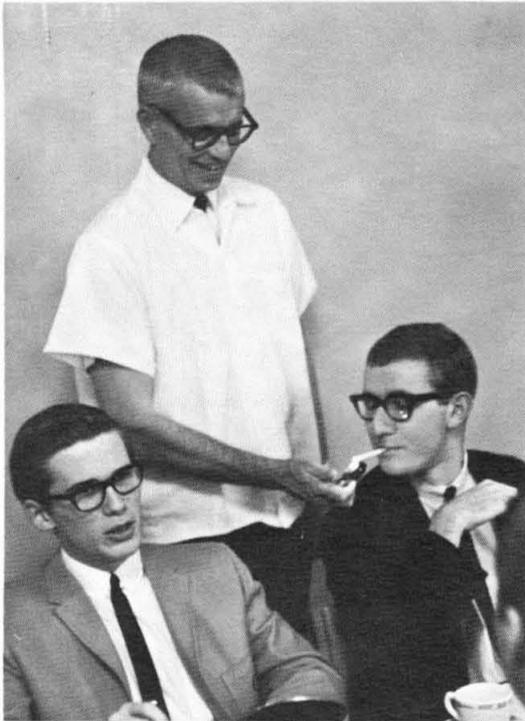


Who's she?

The musical talents of the house are without bound . . . Meo in B-flat: "There will be a rehearsal of the second tenors after dinner—no, supper—no, wait a minute . . ." Yes, "Somebody's Knocking at Your Door"—but it's only to suggest a method whereby Beeson might dispose of his clarinet. Nerves are on edge, waiting for Gish to turn on his many decibeled wonder; some claim he's using the wall for a speaker cone. Miller and Williams are plunking through "Hot Pastrami"; Sharp's foot slaps out a beat and his hair jounces as he rocks through "Walkin' the Dog"; Golden and DeWert are singing (?) in British accents. Ring's Bronx accent and Bauske's Mississippi whine harmonize a lonely Western song as Woodhead strums the washtub. Sampson serenades Ruddock with his silver horn. The best musician in the house is Howell—he's been playing the AM radio for years.

Scene: the lounge, scattered with newspapers and broken glass. A coffee cup on the piano is filled with cigarette butts, and others are scattered about the room. The rug is turned up at one corner and none of the lights are plugged in. Time: Sunday morning at 8:30 a.m. Crabtree, Fisher, Caro and Sampson roll through toward the back door, carrying their boards—Surf's Up! Bylund, Meo, Jacobsen, McClure, et al, sedately return their breakfast trays, straighten their ties, and head off to their respective rites and ceremonies. One nameless soul in a rumpeld white shirt and loosened comes in from the back, head down, carrying his shoes. McAllister passes him, head down, carrying Howell's left door, on his way to an early appointment with an insurance man. Peterson, Lippa, Abramson, and MacKay are still playing hearts (it began at 7:30 p.m.); the score is 37, 819 to 33, 620 to 29, 690 to 26, 969. Eklof, Erle, and Bruce are still taking Fleming to the cleaners at poker. Enter Snook, addressing the frosh in the dining room: "Come on, now. This mess in the lounge is intolerable. Let's get to work!" First frosh: "Hand me the part with Peanuts, willya?" Second frosh: "Unnh." Meo: "I volunteer!"

LLOYD



The Charities Drive Dinner.

Saga food was as bad as ever—and the mortality rate among food reps hit an all-time high. One moved off, one became an Athe-neum waiter, one died. A controlled experiment began on the house's self-adopted mascot, a spotted cat named Box (for reasons which cannot be divulged). Eating only Saga food, how long could the cat last? Answer: it was not seen after six days from t-o. Dr. Huttenback gave his coffeepots to Page in a fit of wrath at our inappreciation of his dining plan . . . we bought our own, and a volleyball net to boot, with the money Fisher saved us on breakage.

Vilecco, Grodnik, and Eklof in the lounge at 4:30 a.m. Vilecco: What is conscience? I mean, abstractly, can man be said to possess an innate—

Eklof; (cutting V. off) Dammit, I told you before, in the individual case you can shrink a conscience to an epsilon-ball!

Grodnik: Wait a minute; we're dealing with people here. One can certainly say that in a given circumstance the reactions of an individual are predetermined function of . . .

Eklof: Would you kill a man for personal benefit? That is . . .

House elections came on time this year. John Walter took over from Pence, Eklof the Executioner from Jenkins . . . and the House elected Pope Pihos I. Fishbone promises a card catalog in the library.

The ASCIT snow trip was bitchin'—but four times in five-and-a-half hours? So who skied? All in all, it was a banner year for Lloyd: The house GPA stayed above 1.9 and House Thinker Piccioni arrived at an immortal conclusion: It is obvious that alcohol increases the perception—only when drunk do you realize that the world is going around in circles.



Bacchanalia

PAGE HOUSE

Page House finally renounced the ridiculous slogan "spe labor levis" and adopted instead the Myers motto "studliness is next to godliness." As the year wore on the men of Page became ever more godly.

Under Colglazier's able leadership Page cooled rotation and emerged with the biggest, strongest, surliest Frosh class ever. This motley crew soon prowled the campus in the official uniform of the Page Institute of Military Prisoners, bringing terror into the lives of those around them.

The Interhouse softball season started off with a heartbreaking loss (13-0) to Fleming (which was later avenged in Discobolus). However, the determined group of Juniors that had carried Page's Interhouse teams for two years finally realized their potential by powering their way to four straight victories and a second place tie. This team rekindled an interest in Interhouse sports and paved the way for Page's most successful year athletically.

Demonstrating their superiority in matters social, the cool studs of Page pulled a magnificent coup by turning a stag seminary of the Tymczyszyn School of Fine Dancing into an impromptu exchange (all at the expense of ASCIT social chairman Jackson). The Thursday night exchange drew girls from PCC and trolls from all the other houses. When the girls found they could fast dance to a

band in Page, they quickly abandoned their minuet lessons in Winnett. Only the charity of Page's gallant gentlemen saved the ASCIT dance class from oblivion.

With midterms over, Page gleefully turned to its traditionally early Interhouse planning. This year, Steve Browne promised us we'd spend less than \$300; and at last report, the total came to \$299.50 (damage charges from B&G still pending). It looked pretty snowy—"There's this squid, see, and it kind of grundles around the courtyard bumping into things." Well, the squid never showed up—it spent the night seducing Hoerner's date—but everybody else on campus did, drawn by the fabulous double feature of Rippel's power-plan-in-the-Page-passion-pit, and the band plus a special show (a hybrid of the Coasters and the Olympics). Before leaving the subject of bitching social events, we should point out that Jerry Kabell quit Tech and joined the Air Force.

Trijonis proved that a 4.3 does not necessarily imply intelligence. After his '62 Corvette was snatched under the noses of the diligent Caltech night watchmen, poor TJ realized he had no theft insurance. At's did little to soothe the \$1,000 repair bill. However, he was soon back in the saddle (Freudian slip) and fighting off the Bernie's, Kathy's, and Neo's. The House coolness coefficient went down when Bergman, TJ, and Tymczyszyn moved off campus; but it certainly was a lot quieter.



Truly C.S. smiles.



FRONT ROW—D. McCreary, R. Whitlock, J. Harkness, R. Hendrix. SECOND ROW—T. Menzies, D. Price, R. Lane, D. Payne, W. Ryback.

FRESHMEN



FRONT ROW—D. Hammons, A. Denzau, P. Ruzzo, G. Thompson, R. Drucker, D. Macy. SECOND ROW—D. Kolb, R. Cook, M. Casteel, D. MacKenzie, C. Dean, J. Stevens. THIRD ROW—D. Isaman, R. Levinson, N. Isgur, J. Burns, L. Brown, D. Goral.



SOPHOMORES

FRONT ROW—G. Engebretsen, P. Lee, L. Merithew, E. Hsi, D. Goodmanson, J. Yavorsky, J. Hoshor. SECOND ROW—B. D'Ambrosio, P. Sheng, C. Carlyle, K. Nordsieck, D. Hammond, G. Schnuelle, D. Van Essen, A. Porter. THIRD ROW—R. Dickinson, L. Karr, G. Swartz, M. Cooper, J. Romney, J. Dessinger, B. Schor, T. Beale.



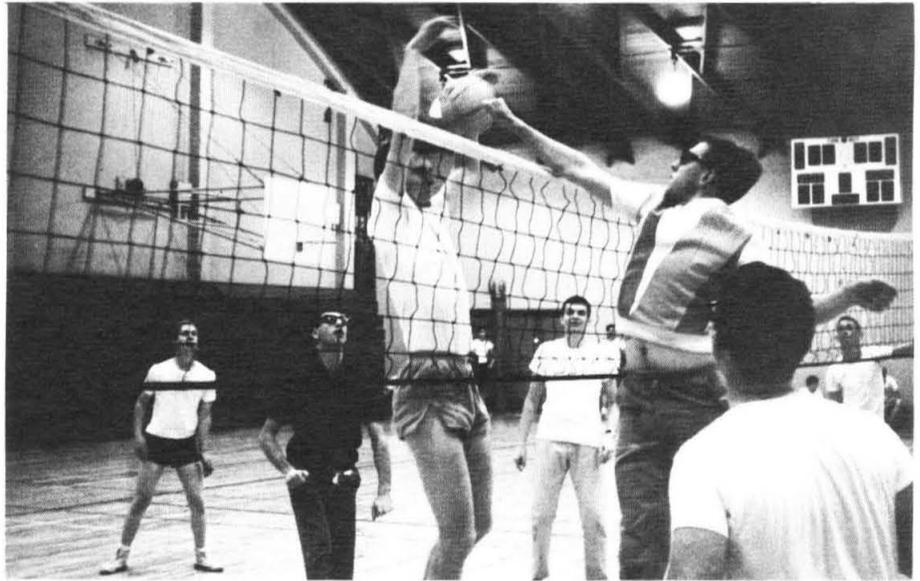
OFFICERS

FRONT ROW—B. Weatherwax, Athletic Manager, G. Schnuelle, Athletic Manager, J. Mowery, Athletic Manager. SECOND ROW—C. Scandella, Treasurer, B. Hoerner, Social Chairman, C. David, Resident Associate. THIRD ROW—D. McCreary, President, J. Harknes, Vice-President, B. Schor, Secretary, L. Merithew, Social Chairman.



JUNIORS

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



Twitches in action.



We came in second again (from last).

Interhouse Swimming by Jose: The Page swimming team, although obviously the top contender at the beginning of the season, was closely defeated due to an unfortunate series of incidents. Lascivious Lou Newman got injured in a football game, and California Fats Felder was on a field trip for half the meet, while Crome-plated Scalp Spencer had an An69 conflict, and Drainplug Dickinson was involved in a chain collision on the Harbor Freeway when his transmission fell out. Slippery Dick Silver proved to be our lone competitor. Nevertheless, Fleming just nosed out Page in the final race to take first, while Page came in a close seventh.

Meanwhile, the Frosh were proving their worth. Levinson and Crenshaw kept CS alley constantly inundated with water, while Macy and MacKenzie couldn't be separated with a crowbar. Ruzzo challenged initiation chairman Jubin to a one-man shower contest on the grounds that he wasn't really

the Frosh's friend. The sophomores, however, not wanting to see Page's Little Fat Nthing taken advantage of, torqued to his defense.

Myers proved that $27 \times 86/200$ is really a big number, while Hammond tried a similar experiment during the Brothers Four concert but lost his date on the Beckman rug (seat J-1).

At night, the Mad Fruit roamed the halls of Page. Royback, otherwise known as C, had the most intimate contact with this beast, but no UCC action was taken (wonder why?).

Frosh Godfrey and Maxwell were diligently calibrating the range finder of their ballistic encapsulated dry water launcher one day when some vestal-virgin Phlegms wandered onto their target area and the Frosh were consequently the victim of what Hell hath no fury like.

However, the Frosh do have a redeeming social importance, as shown by the performances of Brown and Hammons in the otherwise Junior Interhouse football team. The season proved to be the best in Page's history, and generated such enthusiasm for house athletics that even sedentary Lee Myers got gung-ho enough to go challenge Blacker. The play of the year was Colglazier's blocked kick to Resney that went for a touchdown. Page should easily take first place next year.

Ray Wakefield, the only Frosh in the house with two cars, introduced the spirit of LeMans into the house, building a 1/24 scale track and cleverly utilizing the wall between the storeroom and HV's room as a sounding board (so Roger couldn't miss a single thrilling minute of the competition). This spirit spread to the upperclassmen, as Payne got a Ford GT to compete with Wakefield's Frosted Flake Special, and Close pioneered new routes for drag-racers through the San Marino storm sewers.

Close also found time to earn the title of Unit Protest (or Unit Troll) by fighting City Hall, Caltech, and creeping socialism all rolled into one, i.e., the Millikan Library.

Close also likes television. Speaking of television, Tuesdays (now Mondays) were shortened to 23 hours

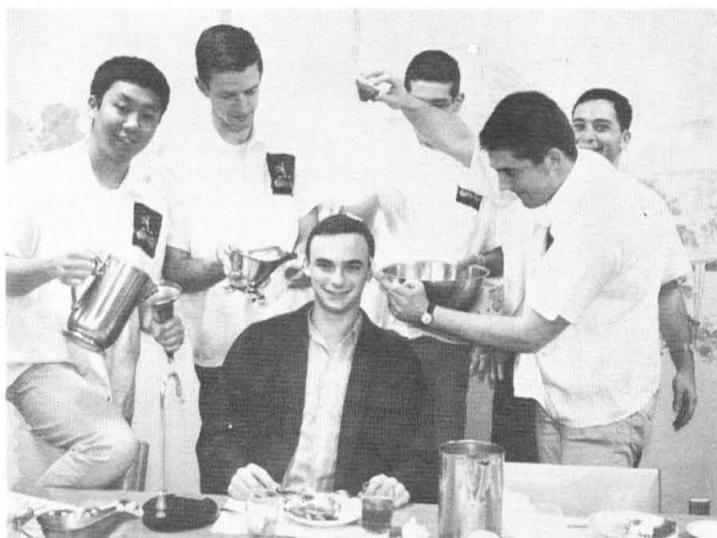
as the whole house sat through Mr. Novak in order to keep seats for the Man from UNCLE and watch Solo's never-ending battle against THRUSH and Llya's futile attempts to get some.. Wednesday night's teenage sex and song fest (Shindig) drew almost as large an audience.

Also wiggling the ether about this time was KCUF, radio 96, a combined AM-FM station (same transmitter with selected harmonics to 10 mc.) A typical sign-off: "This is KCUF, the backwards station, broadcasting from the campus of Stanford University on an unassigned carried frequency of 690 kc. And now, Trini Lopez singing America . . ."

Folk hero Luther Perry carried the day by smashing their supposedly smashproof invulnerable Gardol shield. He did, however, miss the expensive middle one.

First team was finished off with a giggle as manual-manipulator Ryback was awarded 23 milli-Mandells for his conclusive demonstration that the Throop fire escape is good for Halloween-night snaking.

Upon returning from Christmas vacation, the upperclassmen were shocked to discover that the Frosh had fallen from last year's average of 2.0 to an obviously inferior straight P.



Head Masterwaiter and crew.



UCC holding alley trophy.



Gang bang

Despite several unpleasant incidents with Dick Lane, the Femlin managed to lead a fairly satisfactory life this year (see picture of USS holding alley trophy). Her most successful maneuver was her clever escape from Waldercan Alley by persuading them to accept CS Alley's challenge in bod-hustling. Waldercan announced its acceptance at lunch the following day, and then marched in some fifteen "guests" But even this under-the-table type of trickery couldn't wipe out CS, which was able (despite random distributor-head swipings) to get its five cars over to PCC and legitimately hustle more bods than Waldercan's fifteen.

These two alleys, however, were forced to unite later to overcome the annual second-term apathy and free the Femlin from the humiliation of being fought over by alleys like SP and Womblat (in a football game in which nobody on either side knew how to play the game). Consequently, she was liberated from Lau's room, to be claimed by the winner in the contest of the two powerhouses. (Won by Waldercan, and fairly, yet).

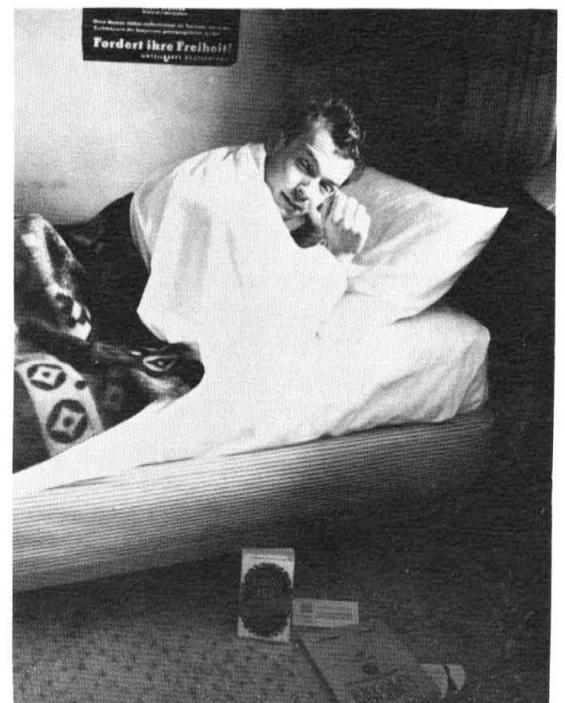
Interhouse track was a major triumph for Page. Frosh Levinson took a total of 15 points in field events, and Radcliffe took expected firsts in both hurdle events. Balint came through with a 3rd in the 660, and the relay team won the deciding last race to give Page a very close first.

The Juniors proved their athletic superiority over the rest of the house in the Olympic. The Frosh and Sophomores were quickly disposed of in the football and baseball contests. Basketball was called on account of darkness, but; of course, the Junior's overpowering Juggernaut would have been victorious.

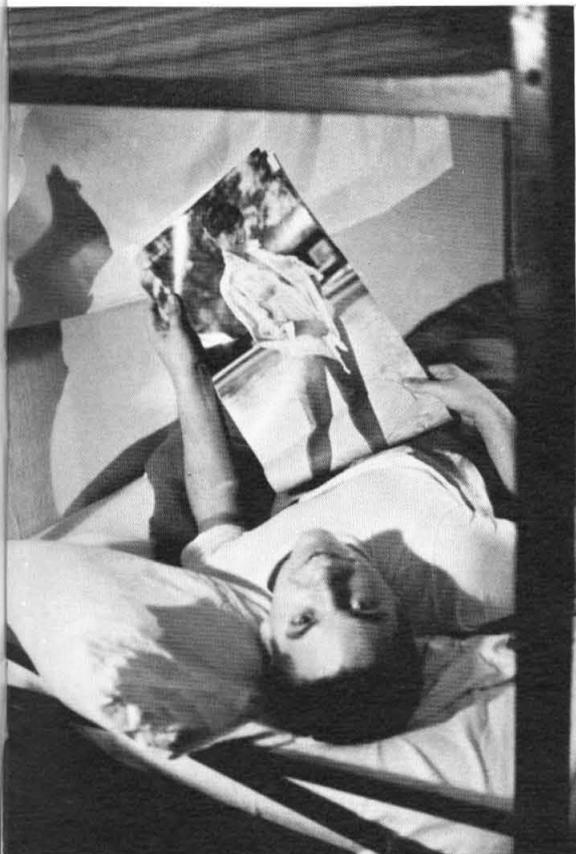
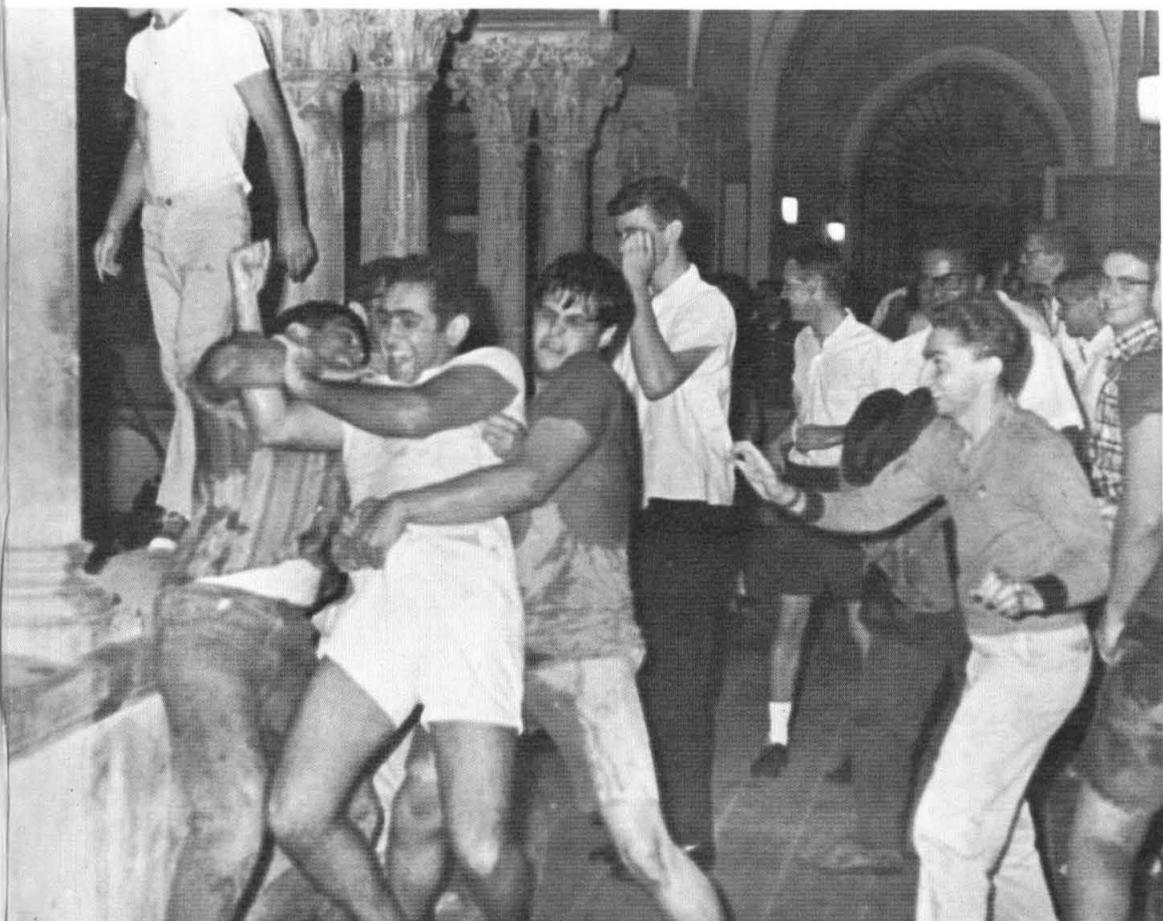
Junior QB Mowery was overheard saying to Colglazier the following week, "no one gets hurt on a motor scooter if he is careful." Mowery was in the hospital the very next day. The girl that hit him just sat in the car and screamed as poor John bled on the pavement.

Volleyball was the next Interhouse sport. Page placed second and easily moved in front of Ruddock in the race to catch the Flems. Page's powerful basketball team indicated that it would be a Tiger battle to the finish.

And now, sports fans, as second term near its end, we pose the following question, with malace aforethought: When will the Senior class start the traditional shower-a-Frosh-a-day-away program?



RICKETTS HOUSE



"Happiness is a warm puppy."

1964-65 began in a flurry of political activity to heal the wounds incurred by Ch 144 and Stanford (the loss of a house president and a house treasurer). By registration day M. Yance Hirschi was Ricketts president and Tony Gharrett was the new treasurer. The rotation machine then made its entry and the virtues of hard work and soft sell were easily demonstrated at the end of the week. As usual, there were scores of disappointed frosh begging for admission to no avail.

Initiation provided some truly unforgettable moments as Ricketts' intiations always do. Ned Hale's house was painted in two days and her pool filled with speechless head pledgemasters on both days. Gabe Moretti explained the real difference between American and Italian women and the Ricketts House Freshman Glee Club gave a stirring rendition of the "Song of the Gods of Crud Alley". Seth Putterman demonstrated the infinite wisdom of a city-man and provided a completely unheard-of synonym for "the alley above the lounge."

The softball team had a 2-4 record in IH and a 0-1 record in Discobolus. The swimming team did better than expected as the only four swimmers in the house placed in six events.

The real theme of first and second terms, however, was "Bringing Up Myles." Changing a second-year graduate student in AE from Harvard into a Ricketts RA may not seem like a difficult task, but it was far from easy. It took some pretty wild efforts to set up a number of crises for him to solve: for example, defining the grey area, explaining a five-man lift, the Great Flood of '64, creeping-isms, and changing frosh's names (even a few UCC's were foiled by that one until late second term).

RICKETTS

SENIORS



FRONT ROW—D. House, M. Baskes, B. Barro, S. Lipshie. SECOND ROW—D. Chivens, C. McGruder, M. Gingold, Y. Hirschi. THIRD ROW—D. Blumenthal, M. Olson, P. Kochendorfer, B. Satterthwaite.

JUNIORS



FRONT ROW—T. Smith, R. Constable, J. Adams, G. Ratner, J. Austin. SECOND ROW—J. Hall, T. Carlson, S. Putterman, C. Sawicki, L. Anderson, L. Nagel.



SOPHOMORES

FRONT ROW—D. Woodward, P. Cross, D. Eaton, J. Beall, B. Hudson, D. Metlay, L. Gorbet.
 SECOND ROW—D. Landy, A. Bersbach, W. Innes, T. Gharrett, L. Dillehay, T. Robel, S. Hays,
 I. Herskowitz. THIRD ROW—S. Noorvash, G. Jaegers, B. Nevelin, V. Poythress, G. Jahn, H.
 Hoffman, J. Evans.



OFFICERS

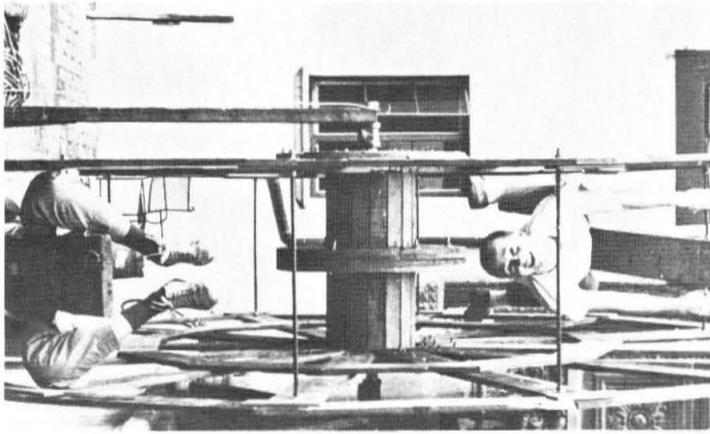
FRONT ROW—J. Hall, Secretary, Niles Puckett, Vice-President, Y. Hirschi, President, T.
 Gharrett, Treasurer, G. Ratner, Athletic Manager. SECOND ROW—L. Nagel and P. Kochen-
 dorfer, Social Chairmen, B. Satterthwaite, Headwaiter.

FRESHMEN



FRONT ROW—H. Fisher, D. Elliott, B. Miniscalco, B. Marsh. SECOND ROW—W. Jaffe, P.
 Doberne, R. Hartzman, G. Kourilsky, F. Ferdman, E. Wickstrom, G. Moretti, T. Soifer. THIRD
 ROW—B. Mattheyses, C. Frank, C. Nelson, P. Rumsey, S. Logan, S. Boone, D. Chang, R.
 Stokes.

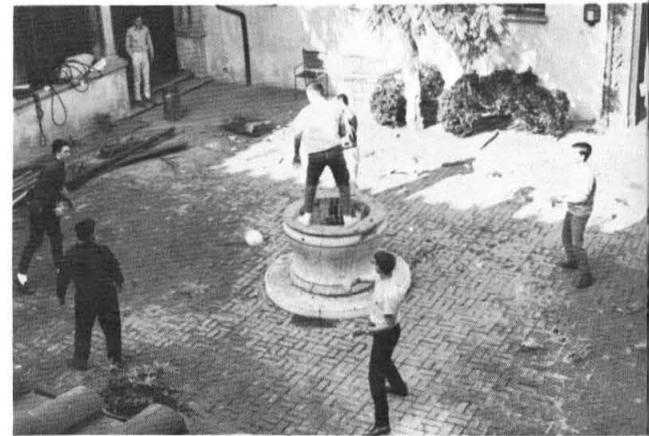
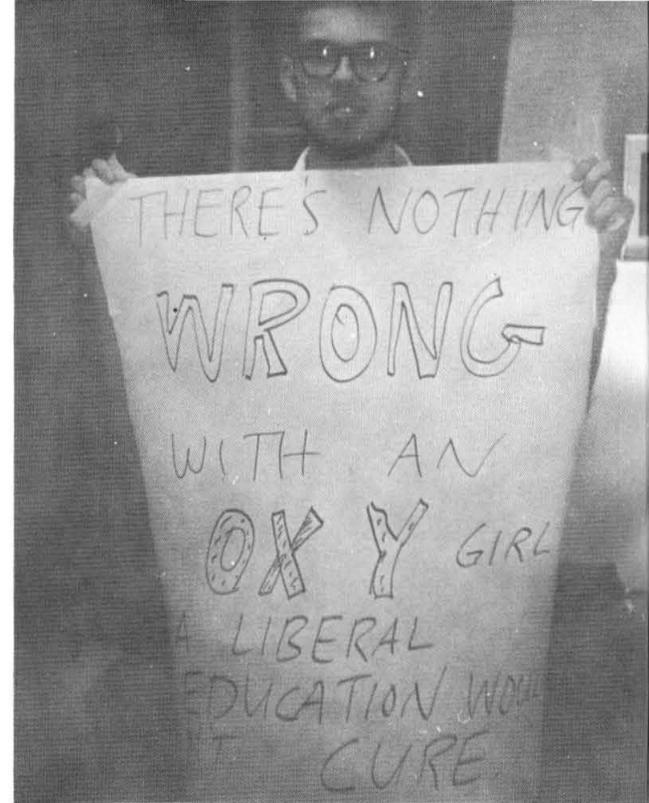
RICKETTS



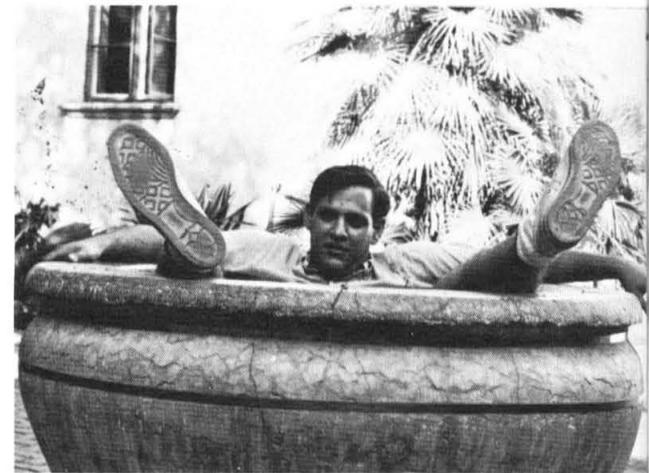
Wild!

The highlight of the first term was the metamorphosis of the Ricketts lounge and dining room into a riverboat, the consequent construction of an eleven foot operating paddle wheel (largely the efforts of Bill O'Neill and Paul Kochendorfer), and the transformation of the courtyard into the Mississippi River. The first filling of the courtyard had been going pretty smoothly; the dikes constructed by Anderson & Innes, Inc., leaked a glassful in two hours. Then the water level started to fall. In fact it fell around eight or ten inches in around eight or ten minutes. This leak was untraced at first. Coincidentally enough, about two minutes later someone in the basement noticed an extra twenty-four thousand gallons of water and silt in Saga's new kitchen. It was rather exciting. Ricketts made the front page of the L.A. Times, the California Wire Service spread our name across the state, and Ratner was interviewed on radio. The courtyard was refilled and Gordon Mitchell's Crown City Jazz Band kept Ricketts packed all night with Dixieland fans. There was a coke party in Prexy during the band's intermissions at which Joe Danenberg (formerly L. Armstrong's clarinetist) taught Gary Ihas how to slap tongue. The next day it was observed that the Gloria Dei had moved two inches upstream toward Lloyd. B&G gleefully righted this situation to the tune of two million four hundred thirty-one thousand eight hundred five .09 dollars and seventeen green stamps, plus benefits. And a new sport was initiated . . . riding the wild wheel; it seems the paddle wheel was strong enough to hold Tom Oberjat and one other two hundred pounder while rotating at 10 rpm.

The observance of the Day of the Great Pumpkin was culminated with a combined Dabney-Lloyd Ricketts choral fest at a barn dance at Zorthian's, and a wild ride through the town of Pasadena displaying his image to all. A few of the followers of the New Cult of the Great Turkey in the Sky tried to crash the solemn gathering, but they were easily fended off.



Soften him up!



See frosh, how easy it is to float.

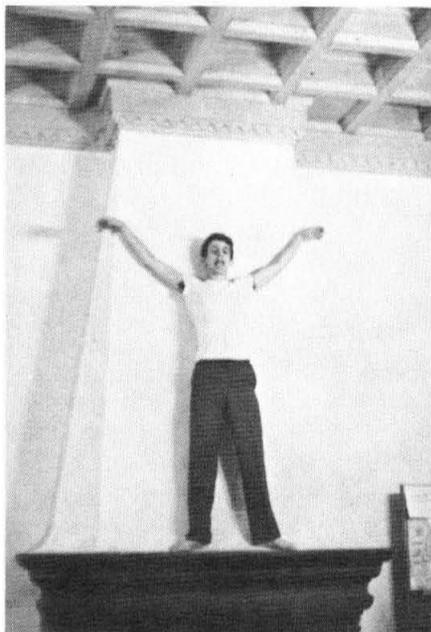




"Are you sure it's been raining in Cherry Lane?"



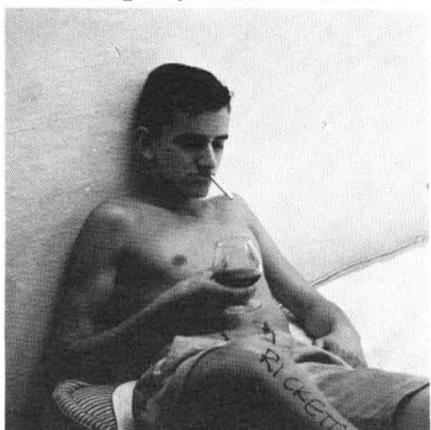
Servers to the troops.



Why hast thou forsaken me?



A crisis. (Use a better anti-perspirant, Howie.)
Fleming Playmate-of-the-month.



At Thanksgiving, a nine man team ran away to seek their fortunes in gems (quoth one: "I'll find two years' tuition worth easily"). But, like most amateur prospectors, they were forced to return penniless and empty-handed to ask forgiveness from the Great Institution.

First term casualties were exceedingly low considering the amount of activity. Second term was equally bitchin'. Right up there at the top are included two of the sweetest victories in Ricketts House annals. An early term Discobolus water polo game saw Ricketts take Blacker by two to one. Tony Gharrett lobbed in both points for Ricketts, but the real credit for the day had to go to Hugh Maynard, Mark Gingold, and Mike Baskes whose air-tight defense held the Blacker machine to a single goal. For some reason or other our defense wasn't so good three days later when Fleming tromped us eleven to one. A late term Discobolus match against Blacker in wrestling ended with the good guys on top 16-14. Most of this day's glory also went to the Super HuMan (ard) who wrestled twenty pounds over his weight and cleverly managed to avoid getting pinned. The other part of the glory went to Chris Shelton who wrestled at his weight and cleverly managed to pin his opponent.

(Red Raiders skip this paragraph.) The Interhouse sports teams did rather poorly as a whole. Despite the efforts of "Hotarm" Gingold, the football team eked out only one win, but the track team, without Innes, took sixth in a fairly respectable manner. The volleyball team managed to rise to the occasion several times, but could only manage a fifth place finish.

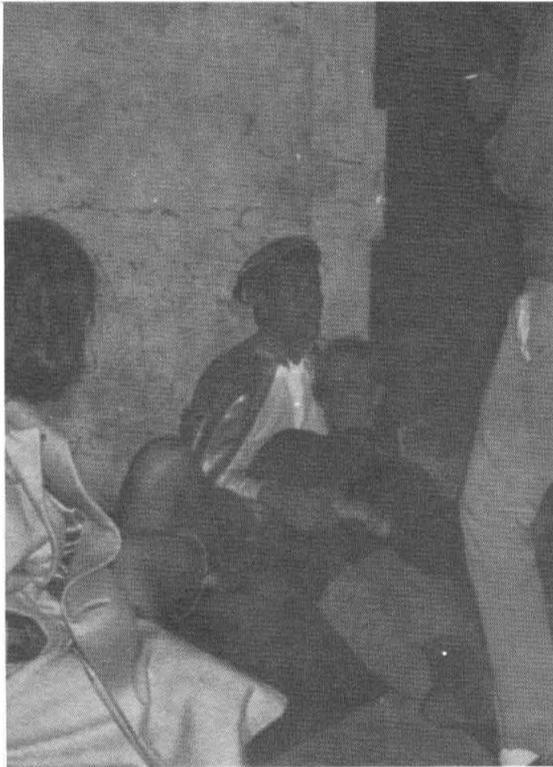
After receiving a bitchin' new piano from the Caltech Service League, the Ricketts House Chorus scored a moral victory by taking two first places in Interhouse Sing. Unfortunately, the third judge gave us a fifth place and Blacker walked with the trophy. The quartet of Kourilsky, Oberjat, Puckett, and Rumsey drew a second in their competition also.

Ricketts House business enterprises saw some fiery action second term as the firm of Gingold and Satterthwaite was bought out of its donut concession by Eric Wickstrom. Ira Herskowitz unwillingly handed over control of the Pepsi machine to Martin O'lye making him the third Swede to hold the job in as many years. Another example of "free enterprise" reared its ugly head as Rickette Railroad Lines, Incorporated, came into existence. To quote a letter received by the Chairman of the Board from a well-known brokerage firm in North Conway, New Hampshire: "We wish to congratulate you and your associates for your resolute championship of the 'free enterprise' system which is so important a 'factor' in our American way of life. Without the efforts of companies such as yours, even the 'hard core' of our great Democracy would fall prey to Communism and the 'Eastern Red Liberal Establishment', so dangerous and influential an influence in the free world in these dangerous times."

RICKETTS



The great punting contest.



"You bet your sweet ass I am."



Anonymous card shark.

By the end of second term, Myles caught on to our staged crises and tried to retaliate in kind; he challenged the House to solve a complex integral (prize: one dollar) that he himself would get five for. But, as Beak revealed later his scheme backfired through carelessness, and he lost his dollar. Meanwhile, weekly trips to Tijuana became a daily event. The most interesting tale was that experienced by Ed Groth who had no tale at all, even for a fin and a bean. Said Groth when asked why he didn't go to the Election Rally: "I saw it all in TJ and it didn't turn me on there."

The second term social program was highlighted by the emergence of Oxy as a world power, and those two great traditional events Constable's birthday party and Apache Dance. The B-17(21) was lively as usual; the action began when Bill O'Neill announced his engagement (grumble). Things were pretty gloomy for around three minutes and then they began to look up. Dotty Langston asked if long fingers were dominant or recessive. Hugh Maynard borrowed forty dollars and split for Vegas, but chickened out on the way.

Apache Dance was a huge success for the eighteenth year running and perhaps an improvement over the last one. For one thing, construction has finally become a science (you sentimentalists may cry out at this news, but we practicalists rejoice) (hear that Innes? Remember how it was built!). The famous garter contest was reinstated and the Larry Gorbet and his Witch (cheats!) walked off with the cigars. The waiters were recognized as one of the greatest crews we have ever had; Hartzman and Elliot were extremely obnoxious and insistent. Outside of a few people who wandered around quietly distastefully, and extremely soberly, everyone was in the true spirit.

Toward the end of the term, elections came up; for a while it was looking good for the good guys, but then, in the last minute the situation reversed itself, and it began to look bad for the bad guys. It seems like the main issue in the campaign was that indefinable term, "House Spirit." The trouble was, nobody was fighting against it. Anyway, the successful candidates threw a great victory party, where four free chits were awarded to those who had voted the right way, and eight to those who had voted the wrong way.

At the end of the term it appeared certain that the numerals six and seven would appear in close proximity on the breakdram before long. The underclassmen were bracing for a registration week pile while upperclassmen were bracing for a possible third term heap. Sour hours were brought back into existence at the insistence of George John, who has proven to be a valuable addition to the Ricketts House Bar Association. Another improvement in the Ricketts House Cultural Society was made as Miss P. Norgarden was appointed director of music, choreography, physics, and animal biology.

RUDDOCK HOUSE

IN THE BEGINNING was the Word, and the Word was with Frink, and the Word was Frink. Then Frink formed Jose of the snow from the lecture hall, of the drop, red titration thief, and of the nonconvergent integral. When Frink first spoke to Jose, Frink said, "Go, take to yourself a wife of harlotry and have children of harlotry." So he went and took Lola, and she conceived and bore him many sons; and they multiplied exceedingly and peopled the House of Ruddock. But the spirit of Frink was with her constantly and she remained virginal.

It came to pass in the latter days of Frink that the children of the House of Ruddock grew horny and slothful, and ceased to magnify his name. Frink saw that the wickedness of the children of Jose was great in the House, and that every imagination of the thoughts of their hearts were only evil continually. Then Frink waxed wrath, and sent seven plagues upon them: finals, grades, Huttenback, RA's, Saga, B&G, and frosh. And the last was the greatest.



Pure



Hard-working



Wise



A leader of men, and

SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS!



RUDDOCK

SENIORS



FRONT ROW—F. Nakamoto, B. Niell, P. Freeborn, S. Blumsack, A. Yoshida. SECOND ROW—J. Wise, T. Greenfield, S. Champan, E. Kuplis. THIRD ROW—G. Blackinton, J. C. Simpson, B. Levin, K. Brown, J. Turechek, M. Rosbash, M. Sherman.

JUNIORS



FRONT ROW—W. Oliver, V. Wang, J. Rouse, P. Laipis, G. Barnzin. SECOND ROW—D. Gage, P. Miller, F. Brunswig, D. Heider. THIRD ROW—J. Tucker, S. Galley, B. Orr, S. Hopkins. FOURTH ROW—J. Pressing, T. Williams, B. Broste.



SOPHOMORES

FRONT ROW—G. Shuptrine, T. McKenzie, E. Peterson, F. Lamb. SECOND ROW—N. Greenfield, M. Hess, N. Zabitchuk, G. Williams. THIRD ROW—R. Dickinson, B. Barbosa, E. Young, B. Berry, K. Overbeck.



OFFICERS

FRONT ROW—B. Neill, Comptroller, J. Turechek, Treasurer, P. Laipis, G. Shuptrine, and D. Gage, Social Chairmen. SECOND ROW—K. Brown, President, S. Chapman, Secretary, T. Greenfield, Vice-President, F. Lamb, Librarian. THIRD ROW—G. Blackinton, Headwaiter, B. Orr, Historian.

FRESHMEN

FRONT ROW—J. Kline, J. Haight, G. Brewer, P. Bendix, E. Seguine, B. Lieberman. SECOND ROW—D. Suchter, B. Seidel, M. Welky, C. Friedlander. THIRD ROW—T. Bruns, P. Brandon, E. Daniel, B. Gordon, D. Brutlag, N. Schofield, A. Lee. FOURTH ROW—N. Wright, S. Woodward, B. Wright, E. Thompson, B. Bloom, L. Fettig. REMAINING, L. to R.—D. McKay, R. Harley, V. Stoecker, P. Karlton, J. Chapyak, S. Marcus, F. Griswold, J. Stacy, J. McWilliams, M. Dole, B. Sholes, R. Tezak, J. Maiorana.



RUDDOCK



Barry Lieberman's smiling face draws customers, and Jim Maiorana approves.



The frosh autograph a visitor.



Ken Brown circles end.



Dick Harley wins the 220 in IH track.

With a great whine and gnashing of teeth, the prodigious denizens of Ruddock House started the year off with first term. Also with a bang and a whimper—the bang of many Frosh returning from the snow of Camp Ratfurd to begin rotating, and the whimper of upperclassmen forced to return to another year at the Monastery and faced with the prospect of another slough of Frosh. Whimpering most were new R. A. Peter Lingane and Limp Prexy Walter Kendall Brown, whose slide show and off-color jokes ran for seven nights to capacity audiences before closing down.

Despite all this, all 205 frosh were duly impressed with the House, and our leader was sent forth with 205! Opinions to separate the wheat from the chaff. After the smoke cleared, the House was bestowed with 37 of them, the grossest class in history—and it is still unclear whether they were the wheat or not. Meanwhile, Dingbat had started off the year by being discovered in a stupor in the shower and declared as "Lawzamighty a dead body" by Ruby.

After moving under the wings of Father Frink, the Frosh were faced with overcoming the insuperable force of 13 sophomores, bent on transforming them into men. McWilliams was sent to the steps of Tri-Delt at USC as a babe in a basket, but failed to get in. Chapyak surprised the pet-shop clerks by eating a carrot disguised as a goldfish, while Fettig tried to play a golf ball out from among the lingere at Sears. Other Frosh proclaimed free beer and nickel love to passers-by and/or guarded Huttenbacks Office with slide-rules. All, of course, had their John behavior supervised through John permits, without which it was forbidden to be seen in the head, even for a zero-man shower (Chapyak won the prize for a record number of double-time marches into the shower.) All Frosh wore gorgeous blue neckties, but Lee was divested of his cords by helpful Seniors, and Kline was detoothed with respect to his incisors. The 38th Frosh, "Jim Hill," was planted as a spy by the frightened Sophomore to detect plans of rebellion, but to no avail, for the behemoth class was unable to cohere. Finally Pledgemaster Nevada Doung was stolen into the mountains, and Dickinson followed, but not without the help of five fuzz cars and a copper photographer, who also happened upon some tipsy House officers who were vainly trying to kidnap equally tipsy Barbosa.

The Frosh were transformed into Ruddock men just in time for first term sports. The first alley challenge was in building human pyramids with height as the object, and Karlton got stuck in a tree as official measurer. Alley One won with a four layer pyramid and proudly went about protecting Lola from its ever-hornier comrades. More success was had with Interhouse softball, as star pitcher Smiley Blumsack, Hitter Fettig, Second Baseman Barbosa, and Coach Sherman, led the team to racking up a 6-0-0 first place. The team was more noted for track than softball, with Gage, Brown, and Blumsack making $2\frac{1}{2}$ steals per game, each.

In the middle of these victories one was liable to run into Greenfield and King Kong and the Senior Sundowners, Welky (honorary blimp) and his homemade grap-juice spicer, and Karlton who was forever dumped on. Laipis could be seen glomming onto his pillow for security, and Rouse led the Space Patrol into glomming onto more satellites than other posts did. Simpson and Turchek combined their singles into a sleep/snake double and an upstairs extension of the House lounge.

Interhouse dance hardly waited for midterms to finish, and it found all the disciples of Frink transforming the courtyard into a South Seas Island under the collective iron hand of social chairmen Gage, Laipis and Shuptrine. Blackinton's ocean (which flooded Lloyd and snuck underground to flood Firestone during the rains) was watched over by Smith's fire-and-steam belching volcano and Davey's thatched hut roof on the roof, and by Hunsacker's idols and Wolf and Maiorana's waterfall, and was traversed by wary couples on Hopkin's raft. Heider's interior included a low thatched ceiling and a roast pig and war shields, and the dance floor again featured Cubby O'Brien's drumming and band. Afterwards the reincarnated Liebermann did a semblance of a cleanup job, and after all the wood was moved a second time onto B&G's pallets, Dingbat was given an honorary shower. Everyone agreed that it was the best Interhouse yet.

The Halloween Party came and went, with nine gallons of Geology Punch disappearing in a couple hours. Soon afterwards the seniors challenged all the underclassmen to a football game and forever proved their prowess by trouncing their opponents. Enough was salvaged from the game to put up a slate of jocks for Interhouse swimming, where Niell took a first in diving and Brown and Greenfield starred in the sprints to give Ruddock a second place. But hot on the tail appeared the Wrath of Frink in the form of finals, and all went home for a rest and wound-licking, but Wang and Miller did not return.

Second term began with the appointment of a 39-year old team for comptroller (Oliver and Overbeck were both under 21), and Hunsaker and Pressing as two new UCC's who roomed together in between their alleys. The frosh and sophs, thinking it was still first term, began lighting into each other; the sophs staged a 3 a.m. raid by pennyng in most frosh and showering the rest, and then the frosh retaliated by making the soph's doors disappear on an important dehorning night.

Out of the pickings the House forged together a team for Interhouse football, and despite the brilliance of Sherman and Blumsack, and Brown, Fettig, Williams, Pucik, et al, the House decayed to third place (4-2-0) and emitted a weak photon at impending midterms. To cheer everyone up came Nevada Night, when Brunswig downed the Lion's share of gun fuzzes and then entertained the patrons with his pantomime of the Creation of Man and Woman. And to cheer Bornzin up came his sweetheart Ralphmary for a sunny California visit; she wasn't in time to stop his walk in the rain in only a raincoat. Neidengard continued his efforts to be a perfect House Sigh, and Tucker provided constant entertainment as enflammeur des pets extraordinaire.

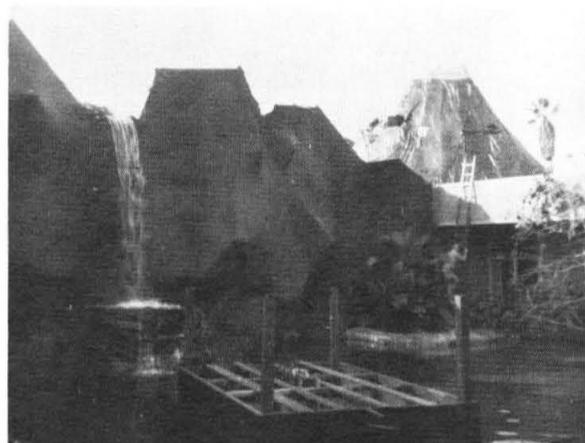
Meanwhile, jock handlers Dickinson and Smith tricked the whole House into wasting a Sunday afternoon at TP with another grand amalgamated Alley Competition, this time in track. The object, besides culling talent for Interhouse track, was to redistribute Lola to the alley who could best run a leapfrog relay with a piece of pie for a baton. With such a good practice session, the House track and field team went out to take a third in Interhouse track (losing first by a leg in the final relay), starring superfrosh Harley in the 100 and 220, Brewer in the 660, and Bloom in the 1320. The loss of Lee and McKay was badly felt, but Hess raised the spirits by taking a place in the discus (paid advertisement).

The next issue of Galley and Oliver's Ruddock Rag showed that the House grabbed 13 out of the 40 ASCIT Honor Awards, and soon afterwards it reported ASCIT elections. Ruddock, increased its representation on the BOD with Brunswig (Prexy), Lamb (Secretary), Young (Treasurer), and Broste (IHC Chairman) claiming victories, along with Smith as new BOC secretary and Berry and Greenfeld regaining 2/3 control of the **Tech**. Hot on the tail of this politicking was more of the same, this time for House offices. Williams was elected new House prexy, with Galley edging out four opponents for subprexy in charge of vice after trickling down from being William's opponent; Smith became the new secretary, as Shuptrine gleefully contemplated his new money power as treasurer; Bloom, Dickinson, and Seguire were chosen new House pimps, while Fettig and Overbeck became celebrated jocks, and Harley took over as librarian.

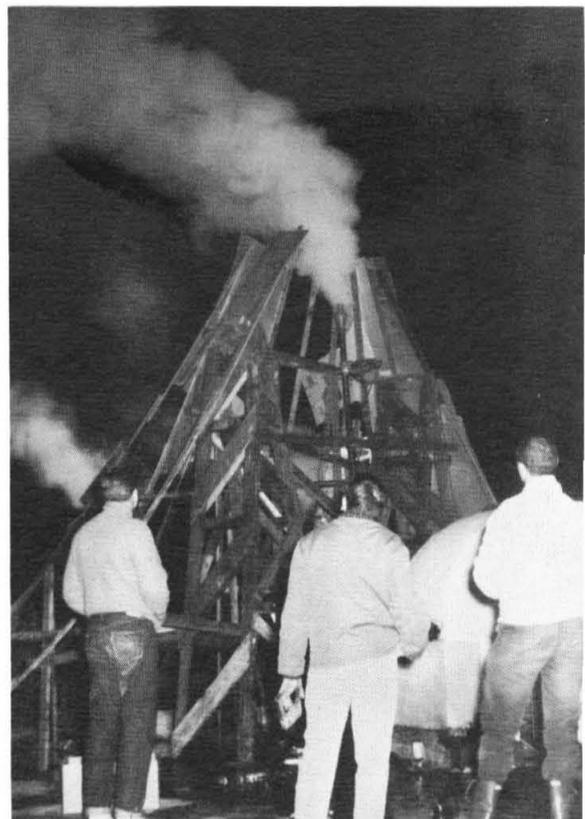
Sometime along in here Friedlander got plowed at the Wassail Wail and took off for a Flem exchange with scantily-clad Fettig in pursuit. Friedlander had recently spent his nth consecutive night in the phone booth in the Ruddock foyer for not doing his part to glorify the **Tech** with his silver pen. Harris mounted an airplane motor on a model car and trained it to chase everybody around the courtyard, while Haight continued to sell his talent on the slide whistle for drinks. McWilliams was taken for a ride by a couple of experimentalist refugees from Lesbos; and Gage developed a new way of climbing stairs by walking only on the baseboard along the wall, then teamed up with Pressing to compose a rock-and-roll song.



Greg Shuptrine leads the pack in the 330 hurdles.



Five hours until the deadline—and ten hours of work left!



Live steam roars from within the volcano's skeleton.

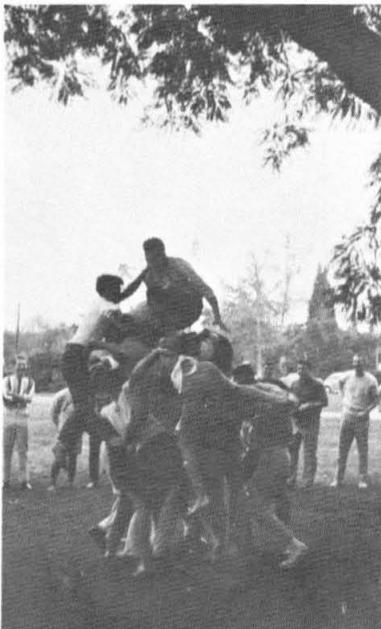
RUDDOCK



Filling the moat from the Alley 2 head.



Support your country—Buy bonds!



Alley One returns from the heights of their victorious man-tower.



Jim Held develops a new vaulting form for Interhouse.

Artists to the LST, the Ruddock men tuned up their larynxes until they throbbled with heat, and then followed fearless conductor Turechek to a fourth place in Interhouse Sing. The judges failed to be impressed by a foreign accompanist (Steiner) who was imported from Lemoore via Blackinton's plane. Not to be outdone, former House pimp Laipis as one of his last worldly miracles conjured up Playmate Christine Williams as a blind date. No one but stud Tucker could qualify as counterpart for the "long drink of water," but it turned out up at the barn dance at Zorthian's that Gage won the endurance contest as a BSer and finally got it (her phone number).

A number of great volleyball players turned out for Ruddock's Interhouse effort, but they failed to merge into a workable team. The result was a depressing record, despite the fine playing of veterans Barbosa, Brewer, Dickinson, and Wise, and of novices Bruns and Young. The term ended with Tucker winning a Travel Prize, with Blumsack becoming a Teller Fellow with umpteen kilobucks of graduate living money, and with station WLFO broadcasting through the phone company's closed circuits to ten people with 375 **big** watts teamed up on finals mornings for **Valkyries-A-Go-Go**.

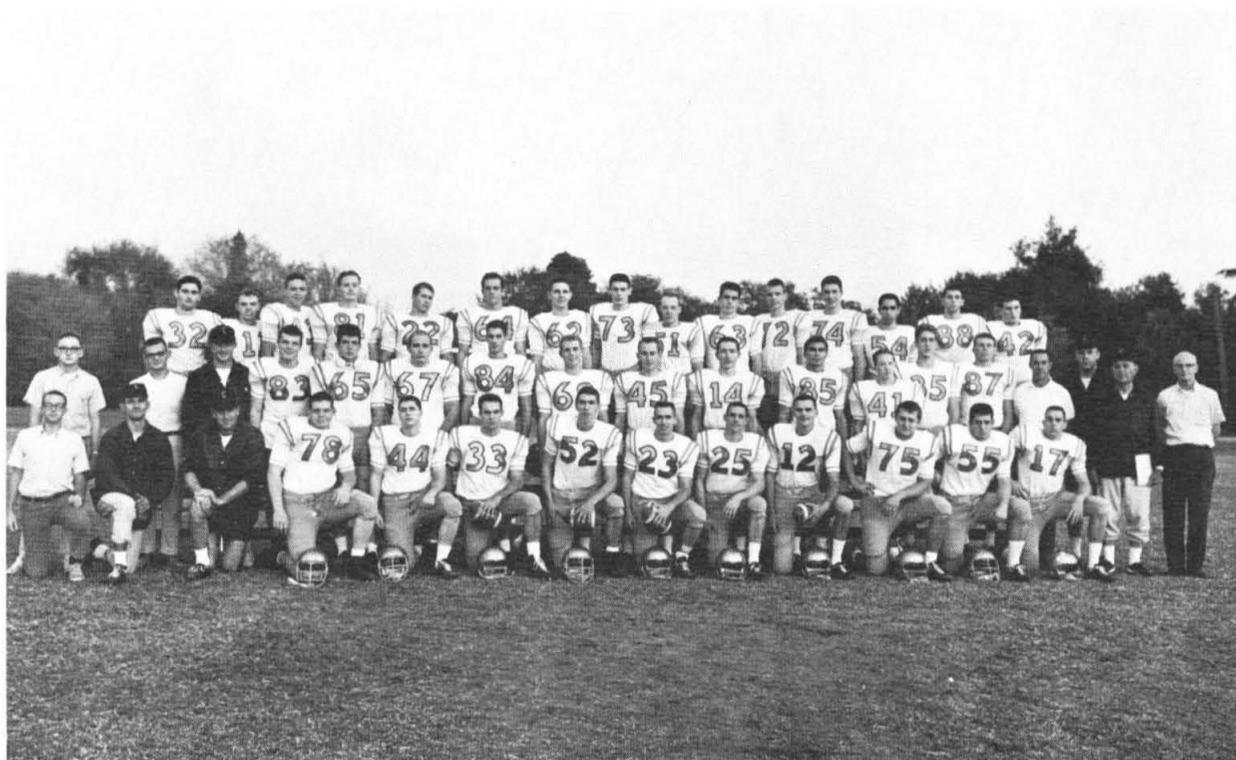
Third term began with the seniors going on in style, as Chapman guarded the small frig with the goodies inside, preparing for Ditch Day and for their last hours among the holy. The trials of Young's successor in the Lucky Pierre contest and of Lost Weekend failed to daunt Frink's chosen ones, for they finished the year in grand style and dispersed hence to their various vacation spots, reviewing the achievements of the past nine months and preparing lustily for an even greater year to come.





The fruits of victory fall sweet.

FOOTBALL

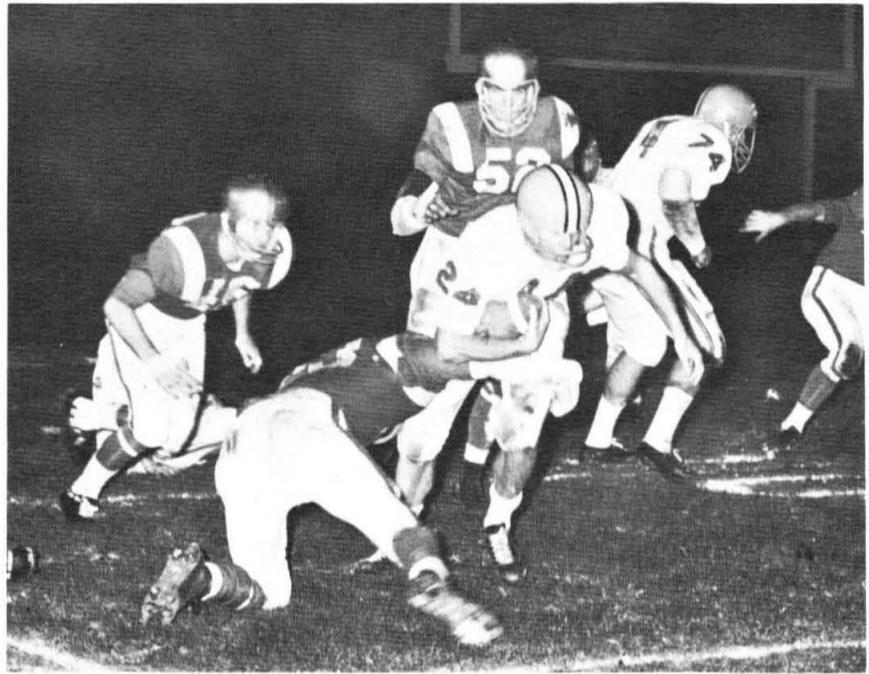


FRONT ROW—S. Chapman, Mgr., D. Van Kirk, Coach, B. Bastion, Coach, R. Serafin, G. Jackson, J. Evans, D. Josephson, B. Scott, G. Blackinton, S. Hall, A. Kampe, L. Meyers, J. Mowery. SECOND ROW—M. Smith, Mgr., E. Wickstrom, Mgr., K. Jensen, Coach, C. McQuillan, L. Ensey, W. Mitchell, G. Guffrey, A. Peters, G. Little, C. McAllister, G. Ihas, B. Logan, J. Frazzini, L. Powers, P. Barthel, Players Friend, H. Baldwin, Coach, B. Labrucherie, Coach, L. Ferguson, Everyone's Friend. THIRD ROW— S. Goodgold, J. Chapyak, R. Kimbrell, B. Wright, J. McWilliams, J. Roth, A. Schwenk, D. Harley, D. Bylund, R. Kawal, L. Erickson, S. Logan, P. Karlton, R. Levinson, M. Brennan.

Forced by lack of numbers to cancel the frosh football schedule and merge the freshman and varsity teams, Tech started its season in an atmosphere of uncertainty. But Bert's Beavers made the most of their baptism of fire and got the season off to a good start, downing L.A. Pacific 8-6.

As the season wore on and injuries took out men such as Evans, Dinius, Perry, McQuillan, Mowery, Levinson, and Hall, the Beavers were forced to fall back heavily on substantial freshman talent and the ever-decreasing number of varsity players. Plagued as always by academic pressures from within and the mauling of bigger and better-recruited teams from without, these 37 men fought bravely and incessantly throughout the season. Despite a demoralizing 68-0 loss to Oxy, the Beavers bounced back in their last game to hold hard-driving CHM to 17-0.

To Coach LaBrucherie and Captains Myers, Kampe, and Hall go much of the credit for keeping Tech's morale up through some hard and bitter games. Too numerous to mention are the many players, both frosh and varsity, whose ability and spirit kept this team in and fighting through a hard season.



VARSITY RECORD

CIT		OPP
8	LA Pacific	6
0	Pomona	26
12	LaVerne	32
9	Cal Lutheran	33
0	UC Riverside	13
0	Oxy	68
0	CHM	17





FRONT ROW, Starting Team—Larry Anderson, Dave Jarvis, Hugh Maynard, Mike Baskes, Rich Nielsen, John Walter, Ted Jenkins. SECOND ROW—Jay Gould, Mgr., Jim Soha, Rich Touton, Martin Cooper, Mike Hess, Ralph Gajewski, Mgr., Web Emery, Coach. THIRD ROW—Dick Hackathorn, Walt Davis, Jim Gibson, Pat Miller, Tony Gharrett, Steve Brown.

The water polo team had a very good season this year, ending up with an overall record of 11 wins, 8 losses. The 7 win, 1 loss league record gave the team a tie for first place in conference. Goalie Mike Baskes made first team all league and Hugh Maynard, Rich Nielsen, and John Walter made second team. Four of the seven in the starting lineup graduate, leaving only six lettermen. It is hoped that the strong frosh team will help next year's varsity to an even better season.

VARSITY RECORD

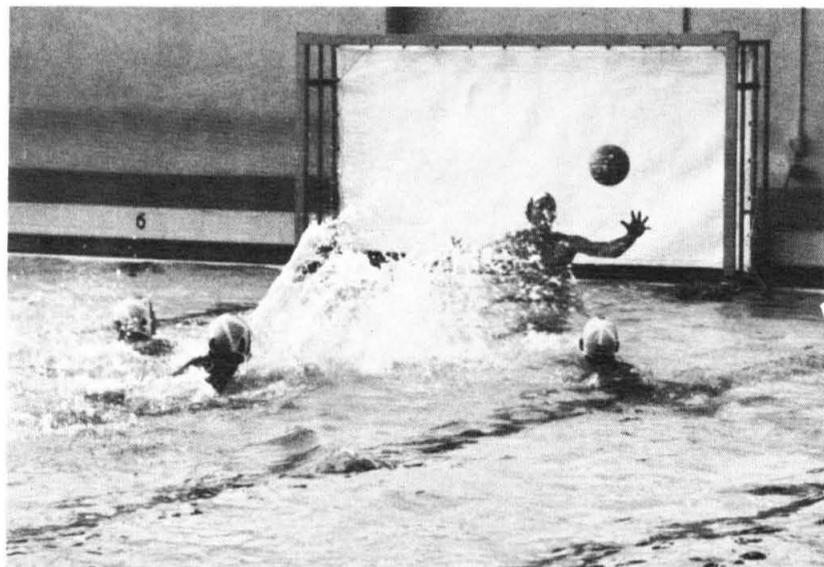
CIT		OPP
2	Orange Coast	13
8	Alumni	5
3	LA State	9
3	Cerritos	10
6	San Fernando Val. State	2
6	El Camino	15
3	Cal Poly	13
11	CHM	1
7	Pomona	6
1	LA State	9
6	Redlands	5
4	University of the Pacific	3
4	Oxy	2
8	CHM	4
9	Pomona	5
11	Cal Poly	5
5	Redlands	7
3	Oxy	14



FRONT ROW—Brian Bauske, Arthur Nagy, Rob Gerritsen, Warren Sterling, John Haviland, Henry DeWitt, Jim Woodhead. SECOND ROW—Steve Snook, Steve Boone, Paul Dimotakis, Norm Whitley, Ken Garbade, John Tucker, Bob Bell, Frank Griswold, Steve Woodward, Mgr.

FROSH RECORD

CIT		OPP
0	Orange Coast	19
2	PCC	25
1	Mt. San Antonio College	8
1	El Camino	20
4	CHM	6
1	Pomona	11
3	Oxy	5
5	CHM	7
2	Pomona	9
0	Oxy	3



SOCCER



Varsity, FRONT ROW: Coach Lee Andrews, Gabrielle Moretti, John Trischuk, Team Captain, Charlie David, Paul Rispin, Vassilios Kerdemelidis. **SECOND ROW:** Walt Innes, Dick Scott, John Gallivan, Val Ellis, Dick Wade, Eberhard Mahn.

VARSITY RECORD

CIT		OPP
7	Redlands	3
3	Biola	0
4	UC Riverside	0
5	UC Santa Barbara	1
1	Cal Poly	0
4	Biola	0
0	UC Los Angeles	2
4	Azusa	0
1	Pomona	2
1	Pomona	1
0	UC Los Angeles	5





The soccer team once again succeeded in producing a winning season. The varsity defense was the best in the league with many big players who had returned. The offense had to be completely rebuilt under the astute judgment of Coach Andrews. As usual, only the top teams, UCLA and Pomona, were able to stop the powerful Beaver team. However, the Caltech team showed steady progress and an even better season is expected next year. The junior varsity also sported a winning season. This division has seen tremendous growth as soccer has become more popular. Furthermore, the j.v. will add considerable strength to the already powerful varsity next year.



Junior Varsity, FRONT ROW: Mark Satterthwaite, Burt Marsh, Jim Howell, Manuel Huerta, Doug Kubler. **SECOND ROW:** Randy Cook, John Hsu, Shahbaz Noorvash, Ted Young, Bill Smith, Dave Jackson.



SITTING—Pete Cross, Captain. STANDING, L. to R.—Richard Suchter, Mgr., Larry Dillehay, Robert Miller, Maynard Olson, Walter Mack, Coach.

This year's frosh cross-country team had an undefeated season in all their dual meets. The varsity was not as fortunate, but they placed very well in the Conference meet along with the frosh.

Tech played all schools in dual meets, except for Oxy, whom we trounced in the Conference meet. The most outstanding members of the frosh team were Bill Putman, captain, Steve Poltrock, Mike Meo, and Dave Kolb. Carter Kittrell, although not as fast as the other members of the team, was the hardest worker and showed the most improvement during the season. Pete Cross, varsity captain, did a superb job, along with the rest of the varsity squad.

Mr. Walter Mack again coached the team and sees a bright future for the varsity team next year.

VARSITY RECORD

CIT		OPP
47	Redlands	15
34	CHM	23
41	Whittier	19
39	Pomona	19
24	Pasadena College	33

COUNTRY

FROSH

FROSH RECORD

CIT		OPP
24	Redlands	31
17	CHM	39
44	Whittier	15
26	Pomona	31



SITTING—Bill Putman, Captain. STANDING—Richard Suchter, Mgr., Ronald Drucker, Stanley Nelson, Carter Kittrell, Steve Poltrack, Coach Walter Mack.

GOLF



FROSH TEAM, KNEELING, l. to r.—Marshall Golden, Charles Bruce. STANDING—Max Elbaum, Steve Smith, Pete Cross, Coach Harold Cassriel.



KNEELING, l. to r.—John Vitz, Yance Hirschi, Tom Carlson, Jim Beall, Randy Cassada. STANDING—Hal Moeller, John Beamer, Roger Davison, Tom Resney, Bill Colglazier, Coach Harold Cassriel.

BASKETBALL

After losing several Varsity men from last year's starting team, Tech made a very respectable showing at the start of the season, with victories over Upland and Life College. But lack of depth began to show later in the season when starter Doug Holford was forced out of action by illness. Another blow to the team came when high-scoring John Tucker was sidelined with an ankle injury. But the Frosh team showed considerable strength, and prospects are good for next year. The Frosh won six during the season, and had a couple more close ones, and should prove welcome additions to next year's Varsity team.

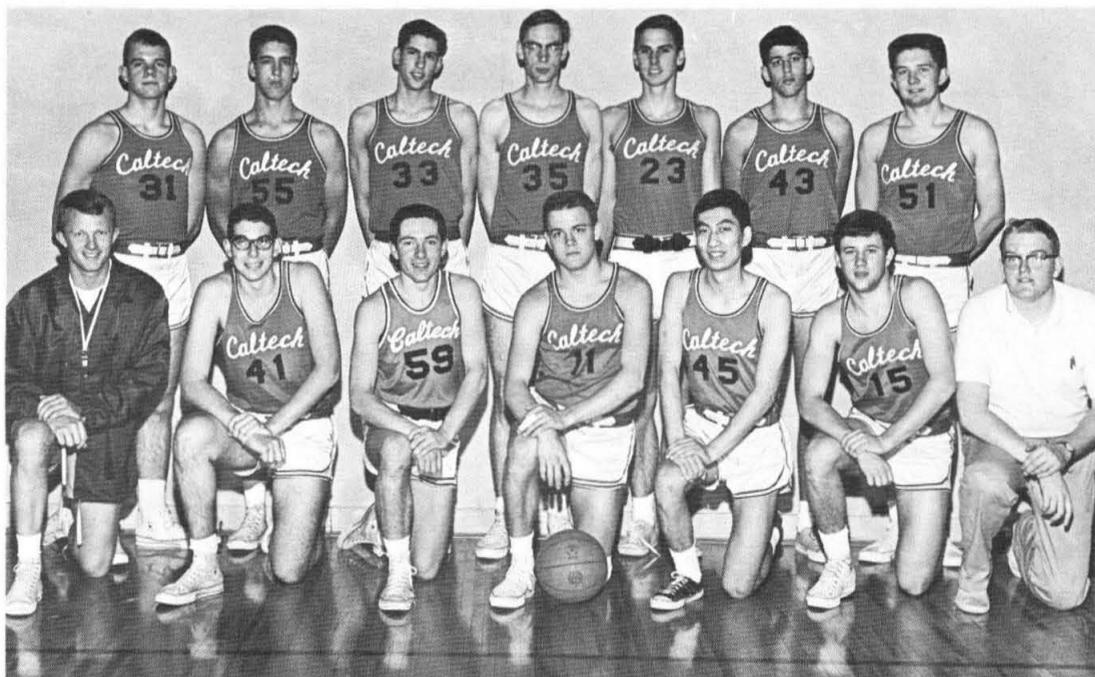
VARSITY		SEASON RECORD	FROSH	
CIT	OPP		CIT	OPP
61	104	UC Riverside	74	72
61	91	LA Pacific/Rio Hondo	66	42
91	72	Life College		
74	78	Life College		
60	82	Pomona	65	78
64	52	Upland		
61	91	Oxy	56	91
36	84	CHM	41	65
59	92	Whittier	42	74
75	88	Biola	68	69
71	86	La Pacific/Rio Hondo	62	57
52	103	Oxy	54	86
55	74	UC Riverside	38	69
72	59	Upland		
45	65	Redlands	58	90
73	72	Biola	88	57
36	60	CHM	41	84
81	102	LaVerne	80	69
49	85	Pomona	42	82
50	71	Redlands	60	74
67	97	LaVerne	59	50
50	111	Whittier	60	85

VARSITY

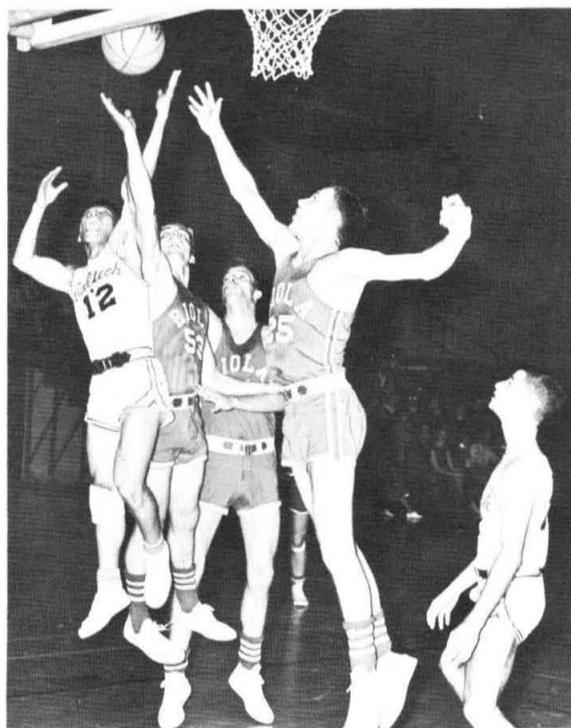
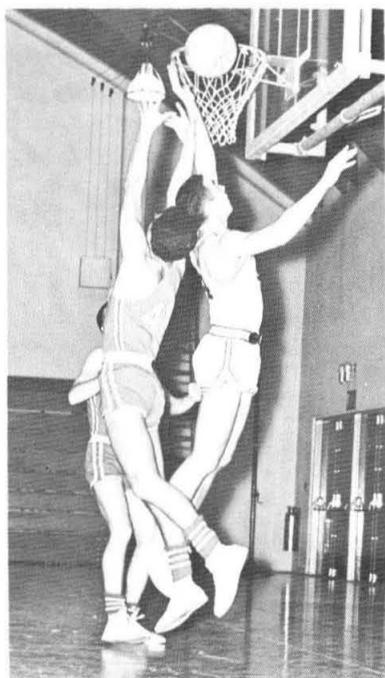
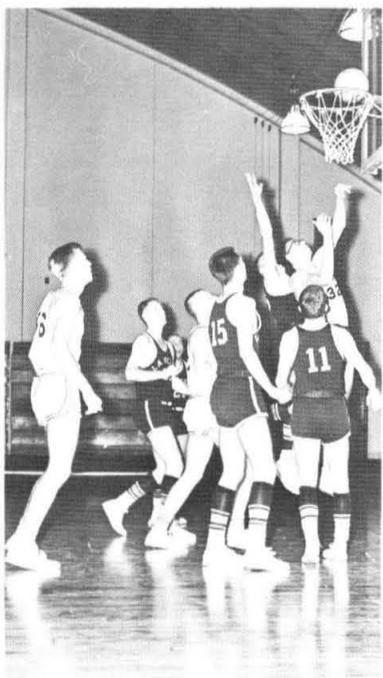


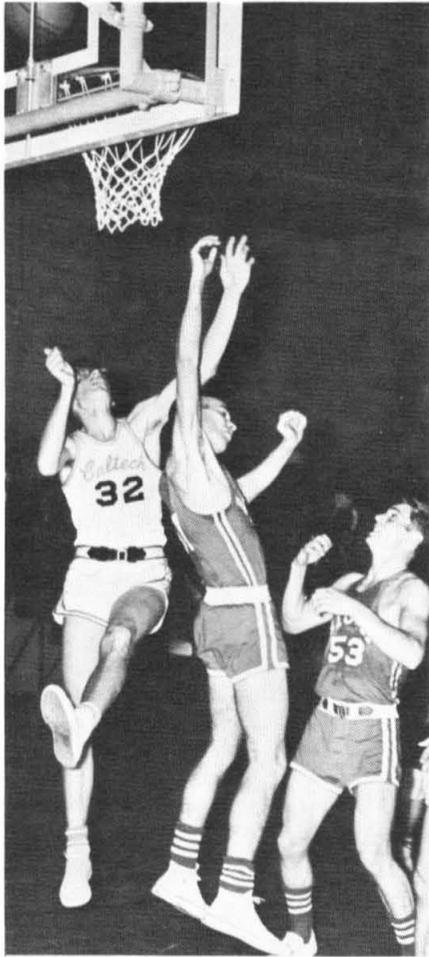
KNEELING, l. to r.—Ed Hsi, Dave Goodmanson, Ira Herskowitz, Don Blair. STANDING—Coach Ed Preisler, Jim Pearson, Dennis McCreary, John Nady, Jerry Yudelson, John Tucker.

FROSH



FRONT ROW—Coach Keith Jensen, Les Fishbone, Craig McAllister, Jim Stanley, Sali Ma. Carl Fink, Dave Shirley, Mgr. SECOND ROW—Len Erickson, John Frazzini, Bob Firestone, Terry Bruns, Craig Maxwell, Max Elabum, Ray Wakefield.





WRESTLING

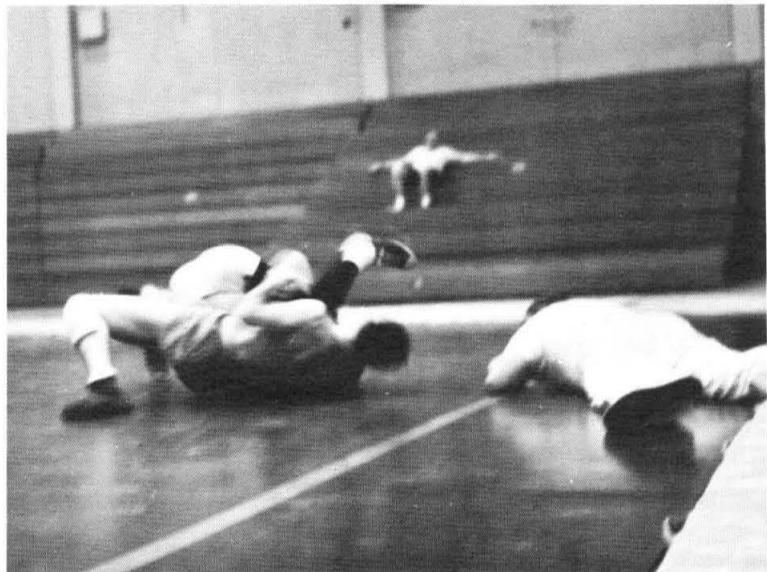


KNEELING, l. to r.—Martin Oiye, Larry Gorbet, Frank Fujimara, Dave Faulconer, Mark Hayamizu. STANDING—Dennis Elliot, Mgr., John Stevens, Chris Shelton, Jim Woodhead, Russel Crenshaw, Howard Powell, Andy Kampe, Coach Pete Merringer.

Caltech's wrestling team got off to a strong start, and kept it up all season. Showing consistently good form, Tech's matmen had a very good year, and put on an excellent show for avid wrestling fans. Faulconer, Kampe, and Powell led the team with dependably fine performances. The whole team is to be congratulated on a very fine season.

SEASON RECORD

CIT		OPP
38	Biola	0
9	Long Beach State	20
25	San Fernando State	15
10	Cal Poly	23
27	CHM	3
37	Biola	2
16	Long Beach State	18
9	Cal Poly	21
27	Whittier	3
9	La State	24
21	San Fernando State	11
15	LA State	18
22	CHM	8
25	LA City College	13
6	Cal Poly	26





Since the Big T went to press before any of the spring sports had really gotten started on their seasons, it was difficult to present any sort of summary of the season's efforts, and these are included in the spring supplement.

VARSITY

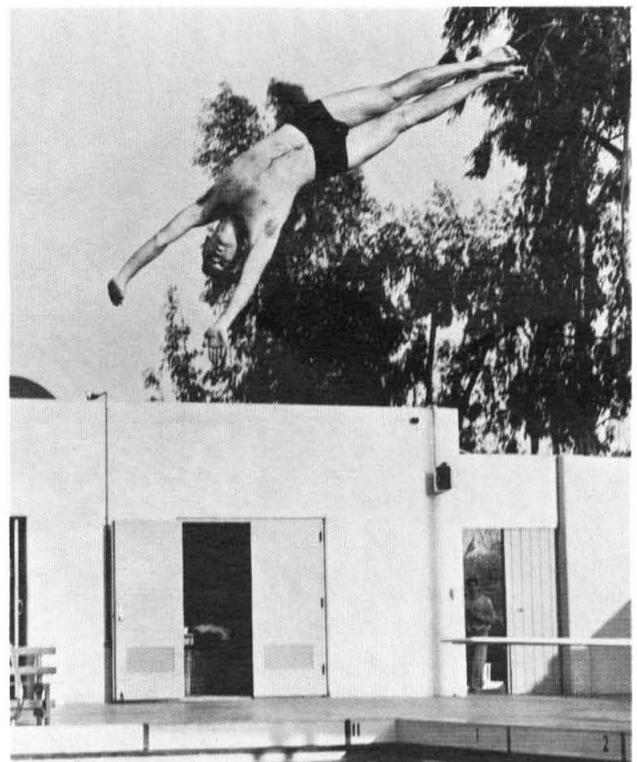
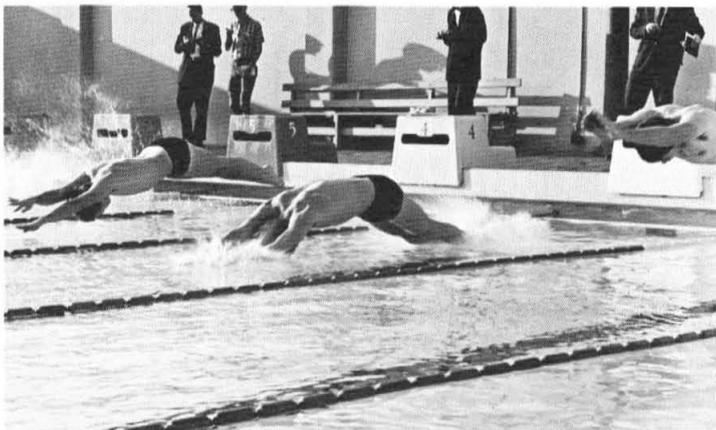
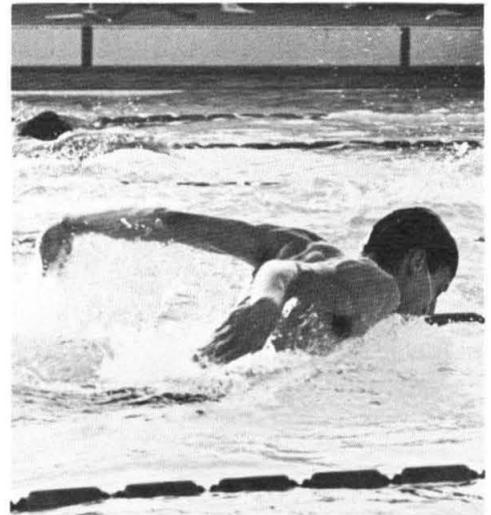


SITTING, l. to r.—Ted Jenkins, Jim Soha, DeWitt Payne, Dan Erickson, Rich Touton, Pat Miller, Richard Nielsen. STANDING—Coach Webb Emery, Peter Ryan, Ben Cooper, Jerry Nelson, Rod Bergman, Jim Held.

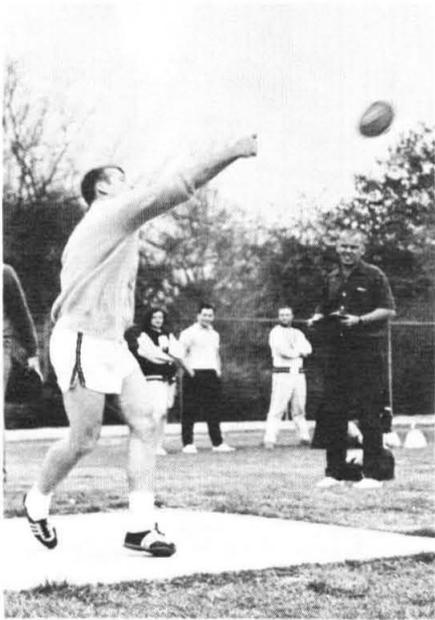
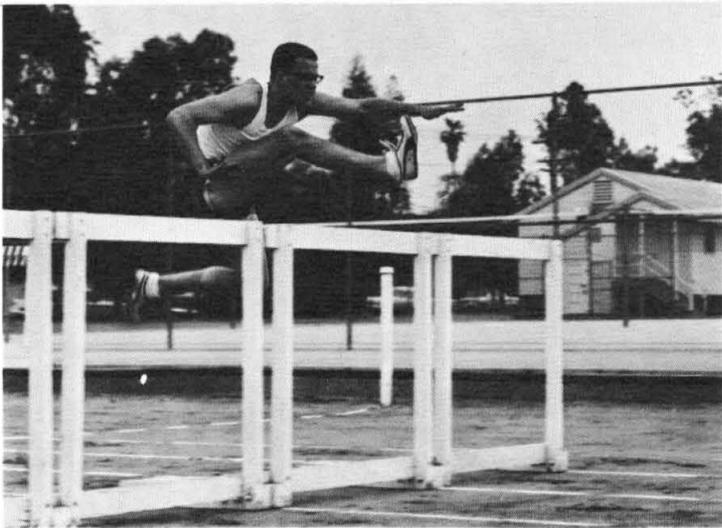
FROSH

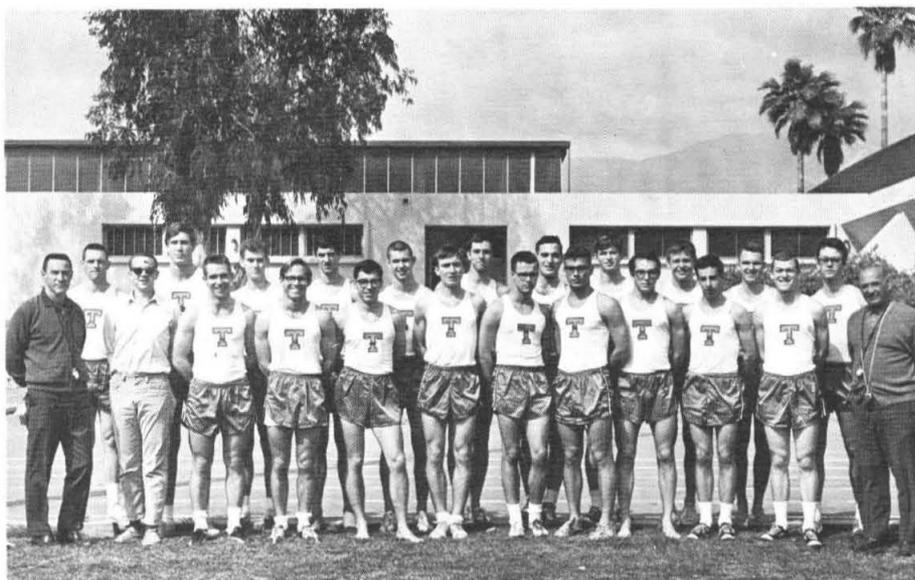


SITTING, l. to r.—Coach Webb Emery, Kenneth Garbade, Norman Whitely, Henry DeWitt, Jim Woodhead, Rob Gerritsen. STANDING: Craig Spencer, Douglas Brutlag, Frank Griswold, Jon Haviland, Rufus Woody.



TRACK AND FIELD





FRONT ROW, l. to r.: Trainer Paul Barthel, Shelby Chapman, Mgr., B. Scott, S. Garrison, D. Eaton, P. Cross, D. Radcliffe, G. Ihas, P. Wyatt, F. Lamb, B. Miller, Coach Bert LaBrucherie. SECOND ROW: G. Blackinton, T. Wilson, R. Peterson, G. Guffrey, W. Innes, T. Williams, B. Levin, K. Brown, D. Gage, J. Austin, C. Sawicki.



TRACK AND FIELD



FROSH



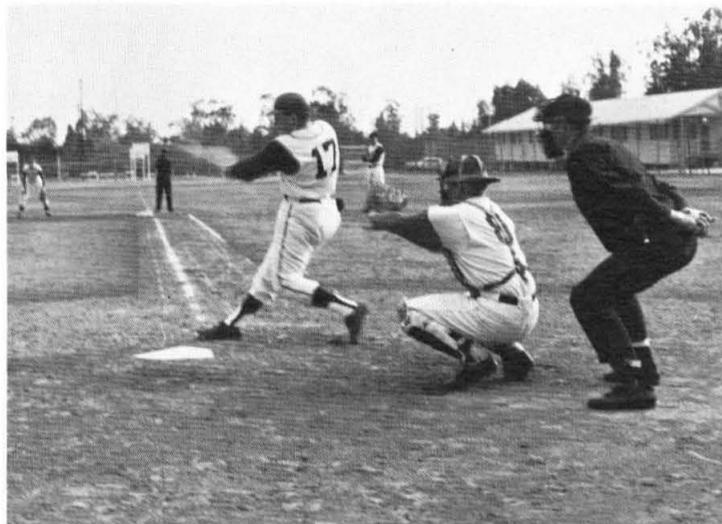
FIRST ROW—J. Kline, G. Harkness, J. Stanley, V. Stoeker, M. Saulny, R. Kimbrell, J. Lehman, B. Putman, J. McWilliams, W. Wright. SECOND ROW: H. DeWitt, D. Goral, R. Harley, M. Meo, D. Kolb, R. Cook, S. Levinson, S. Logan, W. Kittrell, S. Poltrock, S. Hammons.

BASEBALL

VARSITY



KNEELING, l. to r.: Joe Milstein, Dennis White, Gary Little, Tom Resney, John Hoshor, John Gharret, Phil Paine. STANDING—Peter Balint, Mgr., Richard Landy, Lee Meyers, Chuck McQuillan, Jerry Gowen, John Eastment, John Diebel, Bob Weatherwax, Coach Ed Preisler.





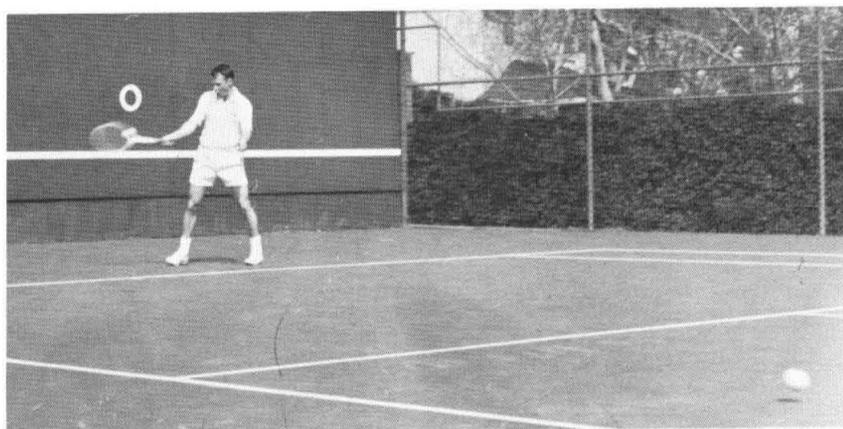
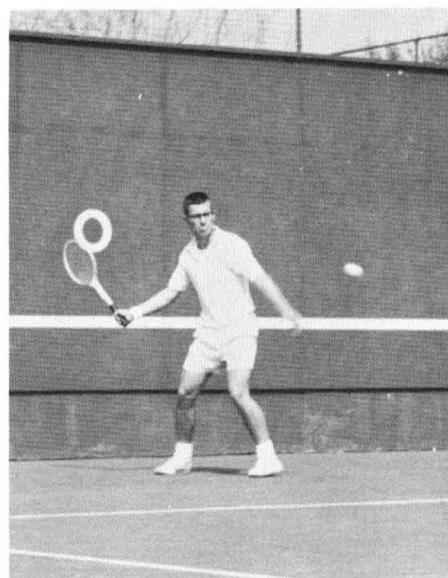


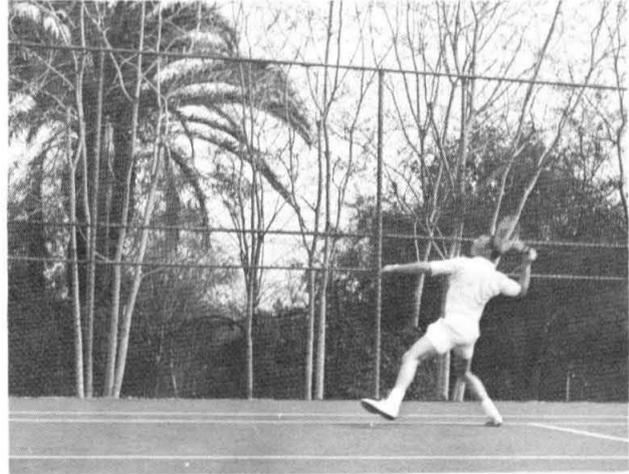
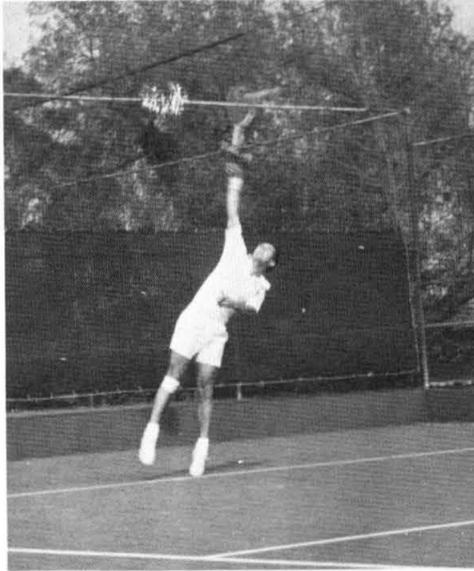
TENNIS

VARSITY

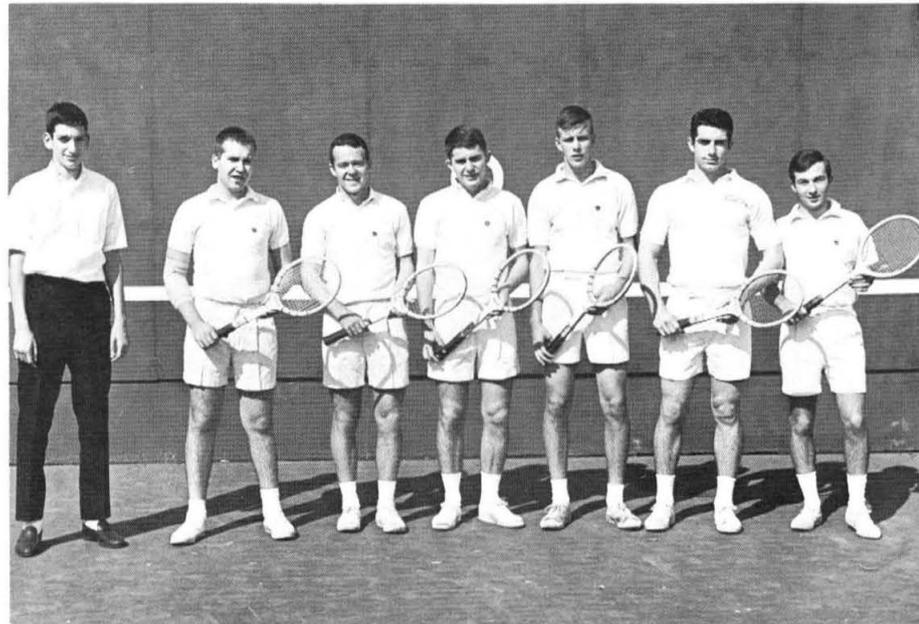


Coach John Lamb, Val Ellis, John Hoshor, Dave Rose, Butch Niell, Don Green, Tom Buckholtz, Jeff Pressing, Pete Bloomfield, Mgr.



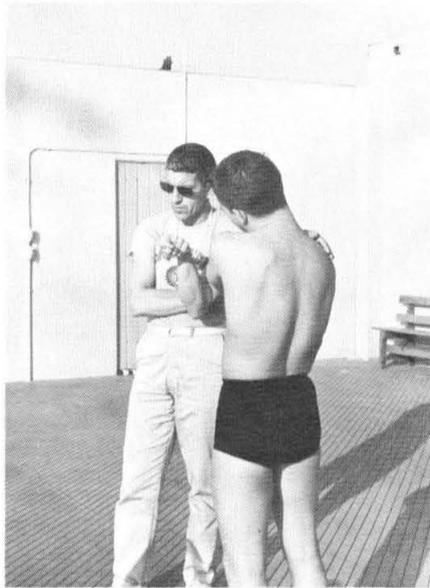


FROSH



Carl Friedlander, Mgr., Ed Groth, Herb Robinson, Roger Davidheiser, Larry Brown, Ray Kawal, Jeff Haight.

ATHLETICS STAFF



Webb Emery



Paul Barthel



John Lamb



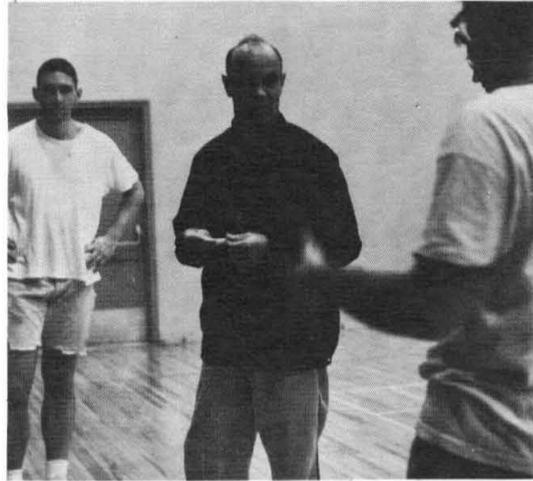
Bert LaBrucherie



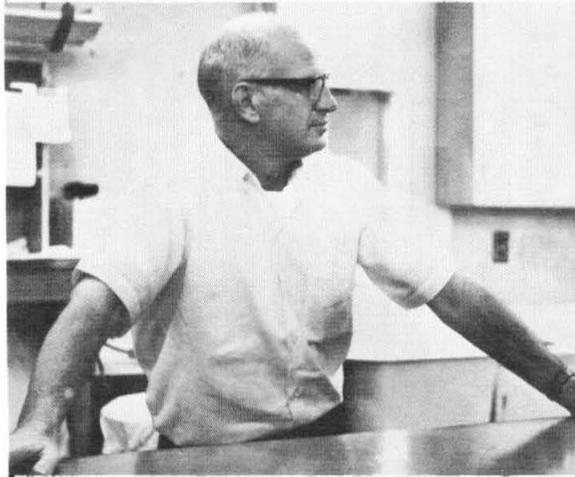
Jim Nerrie



Keith Jensen



Ed Preisler

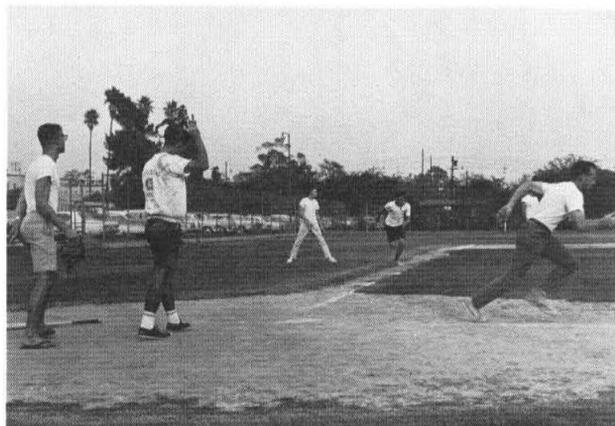


Fergy



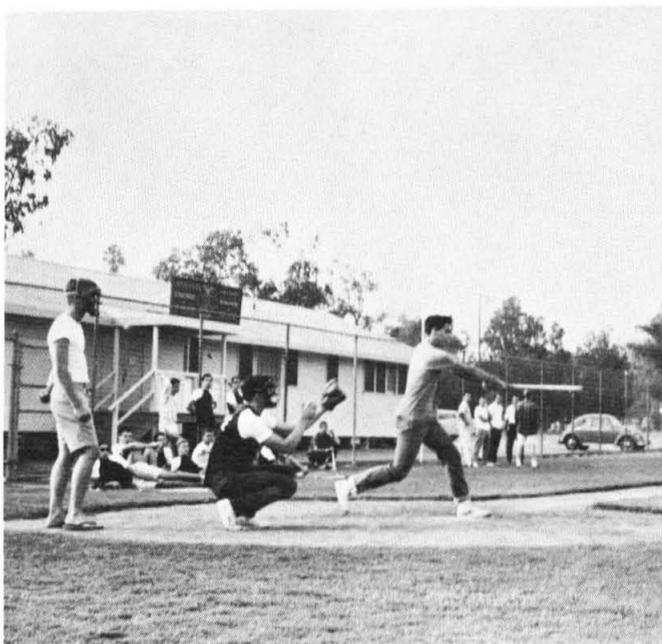
Miss McGee and Mrs. Wayne

I H SOFTBALL



Softball is often called the most unpredictable of Inter-house sports, and this year was no exception. At the beginning of the season the strong Fleming team was favored, followed by Ruddock, Lloyd, Ricketts, and Blacker. But long before the playing was over it became evident that the pre-season predictions would not hold. The most startling upset was Ruddock's victory over Fleming, with six runs in the third inning.

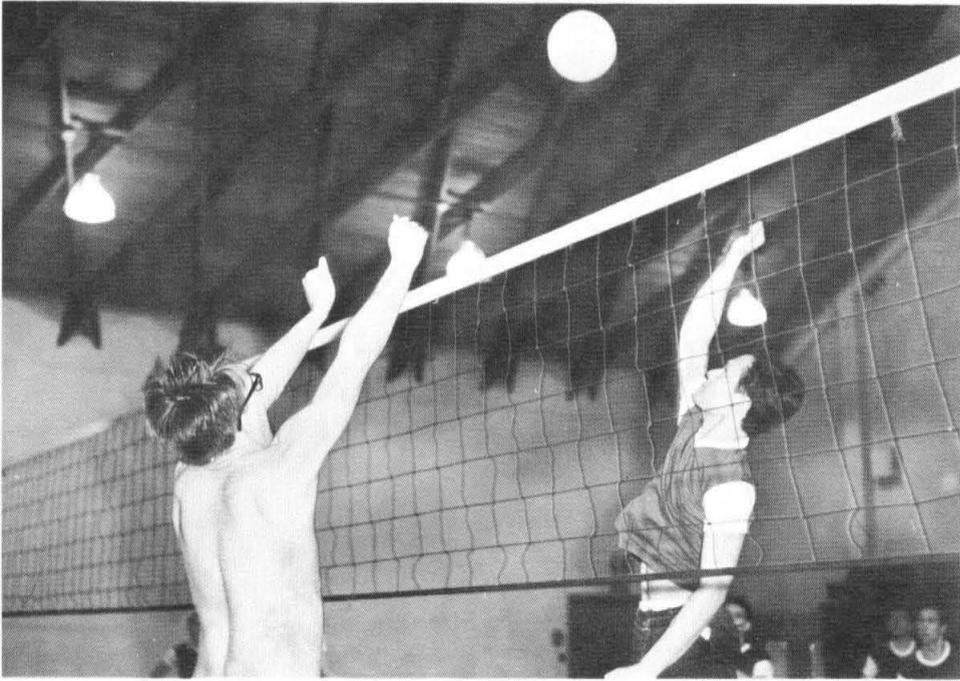
The playing this year was characterized by high scores due to sloppy fielding, slow and inaccurate pitching, and good bunting. Of all the houses, only Fleming had a real hitting threat. Except for a few games, the scoring was close enough to cause much anxiety until the final out was made.



FINAL STANDINGS

House	Won	Lost
Ruddock	6	0
Page	4	2
Fleming	4	2
Blacker	3	3
Ricketts	2	4
Dabney	1	5
Lloyd	1	5

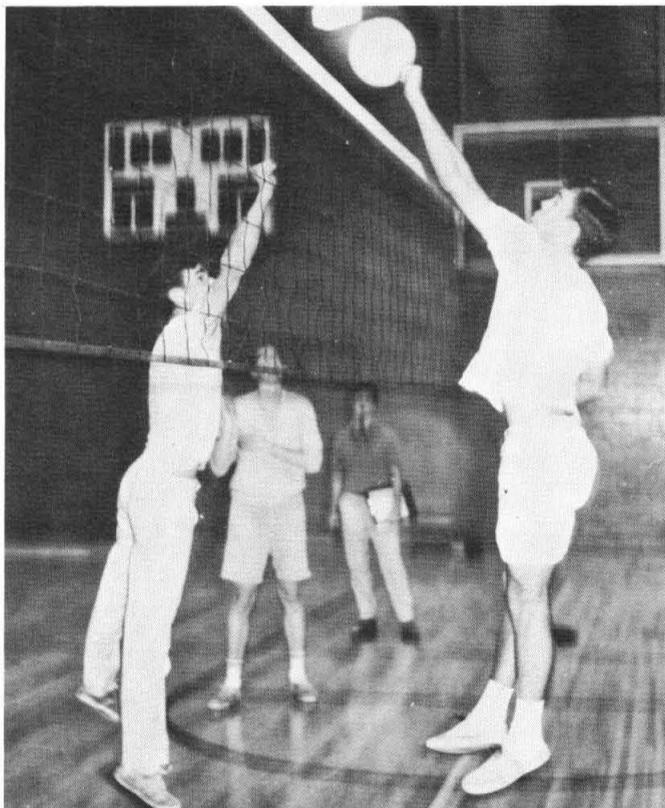
IH VOLLEYBALL

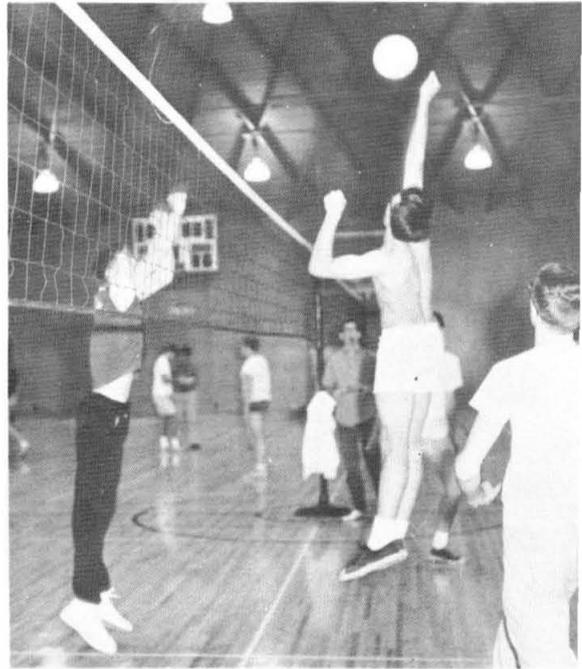
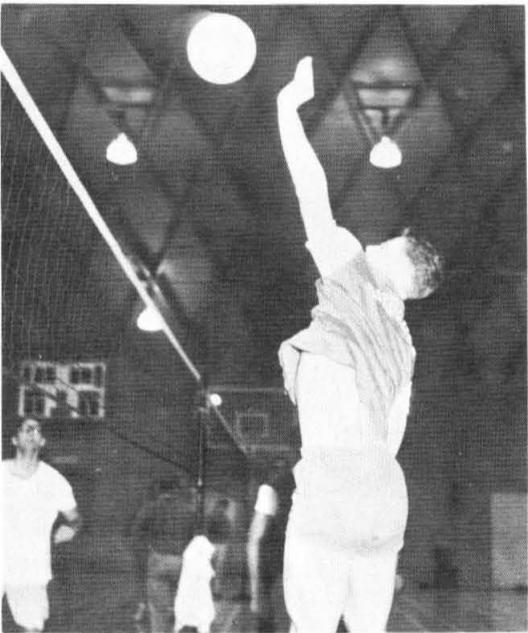
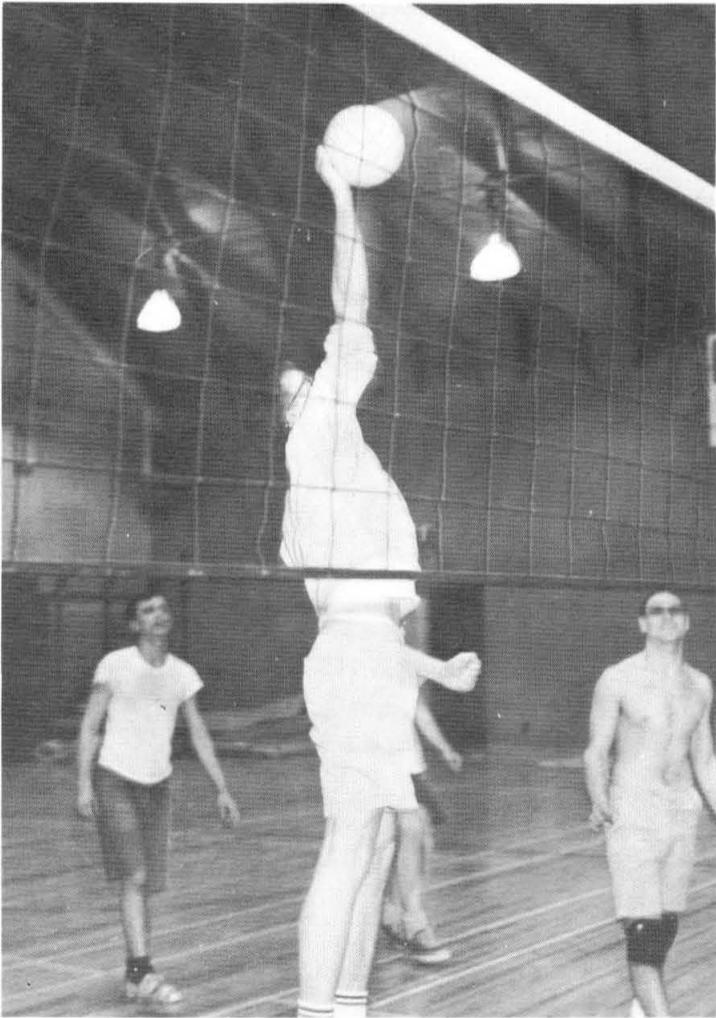


FINAL STANDINGS

House	Won	Lost
Fleming	6	0
Blacker	4	2
Page	4	2
Dabney	3	3
Ricketts	2	4
Lloyd	1	5
Ruddock	1	5

The Interhouse volleyball season started out with Page and Fleming experiencing little trouble in downing their early season opponents, except for a close one which Page managed to take from Blacker in the third game. When these two top contenders met, Fleming won quite handily, and captured the top spot with a perfect 6-0 record. Page dropped one more to otherwise winless Ruddock to end up tying Blacker for second. Fleming's win added even more to their mounting lead in the Interhouse Trophy race.







IH FOOTBALL

This year's interhouse football season began with Ruddock and Fleming favored to fight for top spot, but with Page close behind the two leaders. As the season opened, these predictions seemed on their way to becoming truth as the three top teams easily won their first few games. Page gave Fleming a good run for their money, but the Big Red triumphed 15-6. Ruddock and Fleming both came into their game with 4-0 records, and fireside jocks were claiming this was the crucial encounter. Fleming exhibited a very impressive offense and defense in what was undoubtedly their best game of the year to stop Ruddock cold and win it 27-0. Bill Owens did an excellent passing job to lead Fleming to victory. Fleming easily went on to take their final game and the championship, while hard-running Page scored late in the fourth quarter to break a 7-7 tie with Ruddock and take second place.

FINAL STANDINGS

House	Won	Lost
Fleming	6	0
Page	5	1
Ruddock	4	2
Dabney	2	4
Blacker	2	4
Ricketts	1	5
Lloyd	0	6



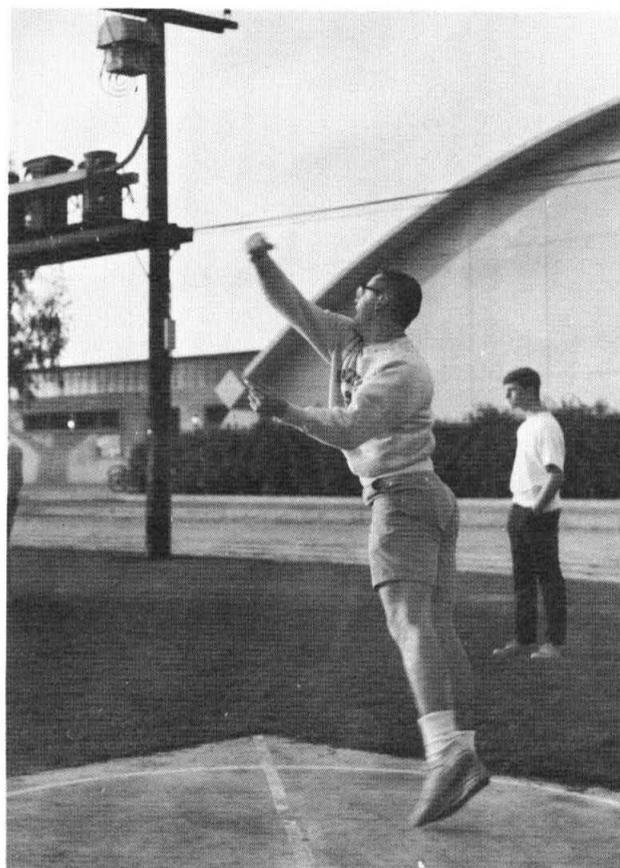


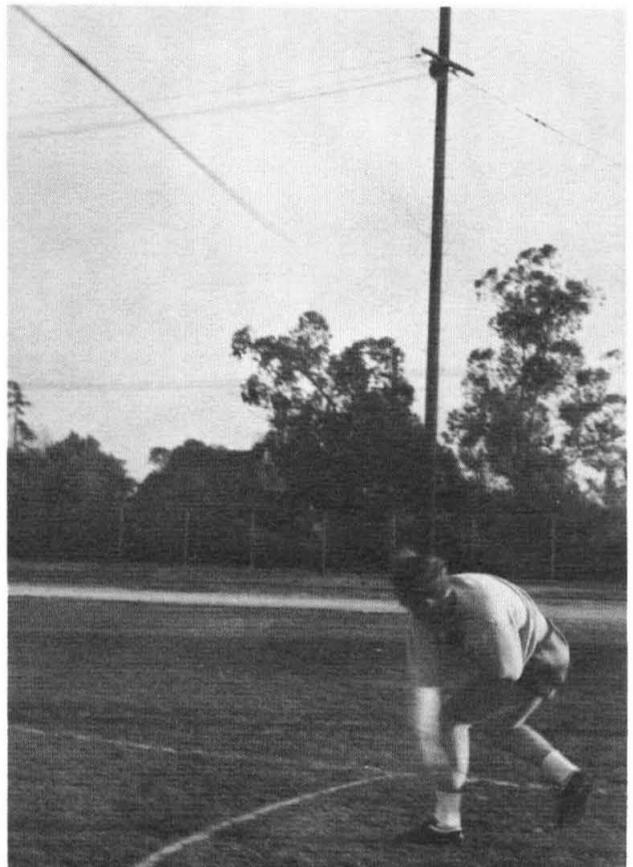
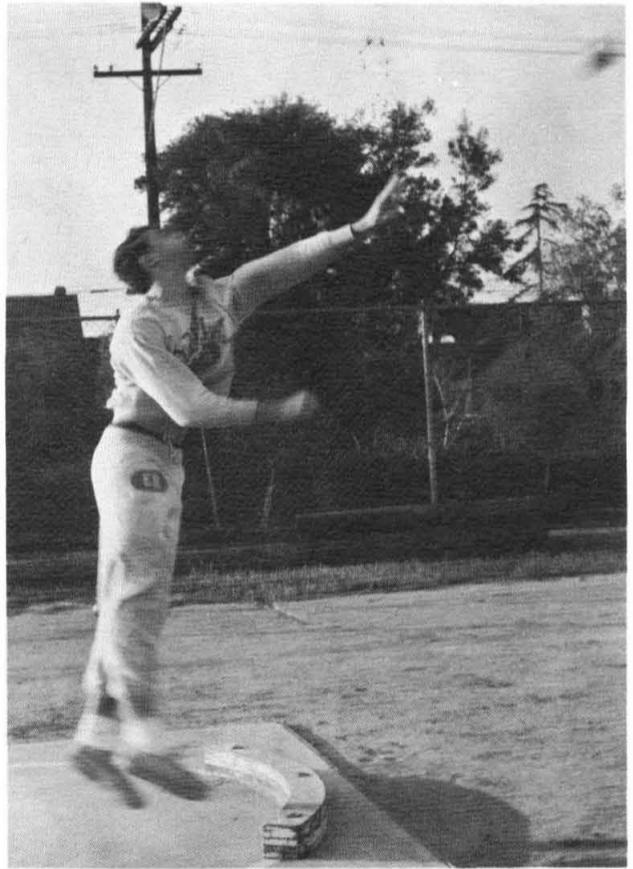
IH TRACK

This year's Interhouse track meet was full of good track work and surprises. The trial heats showed up no unexpected stars, as Harley and DeWitt chalked up fast times in the 110 and 220. The field events saw two Interhouse records go by the boards. Sawicki threw a record 178' 9-5/8" in the javelin, and Wilson tossed the discus for 127' 3-3/4". Levinson led the way for Page, but Dabney ended up on top at the end of the day due mainly to the efforts of Scott and Beard. Came the running events, and things were shaping up for a real close finish. Harley took the 110 and 220, just barely squeezing out DeWitt in the latter. Radcliffe picked up an Interhouse record in the intermediate hurdles. Going into the final race of the day, the 880 relay, the top three teams were Ruddock—49 1/2, Page—49, and Fleming—46 1/2. All three had strong relay teams, with Ruddock's team slightly more rested than the others. The tight race which was looked for failed to materialize, as Ruddock's first runner pulled a thigh muscle on the first turn, and Page easily took the race and the meet.

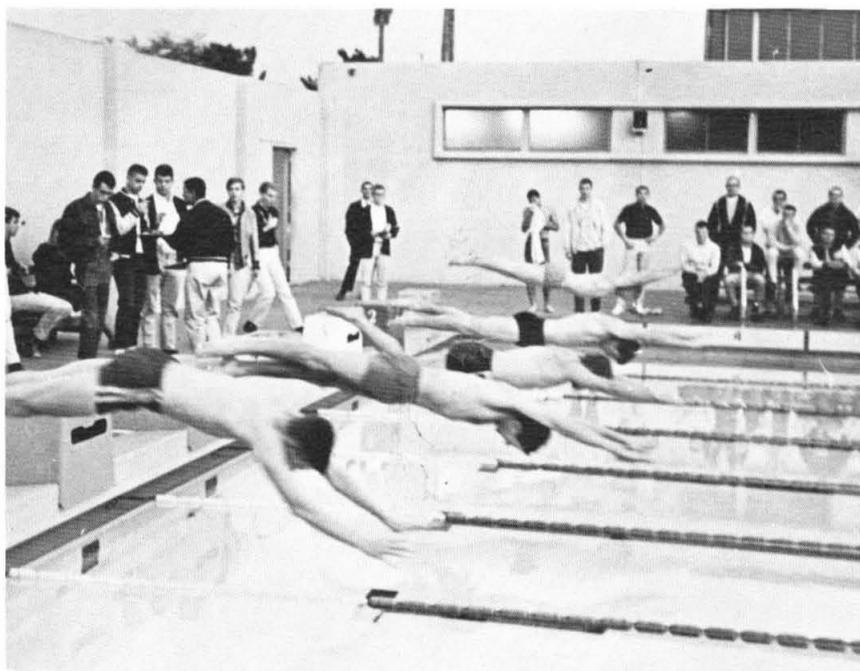
FINAL STANDINGS

House	Score
Page	55
Fleming	50 1/2
Ruddock	49 1/2
Dabney	30
Blacker	24
Ricketts	13
Lloyd	0





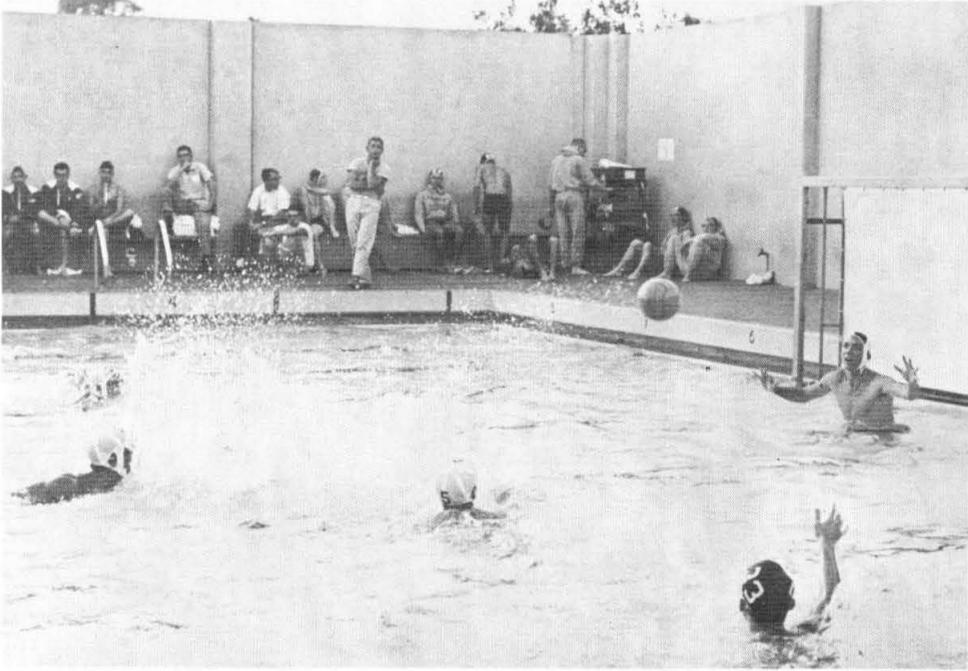
IH SWIMMING



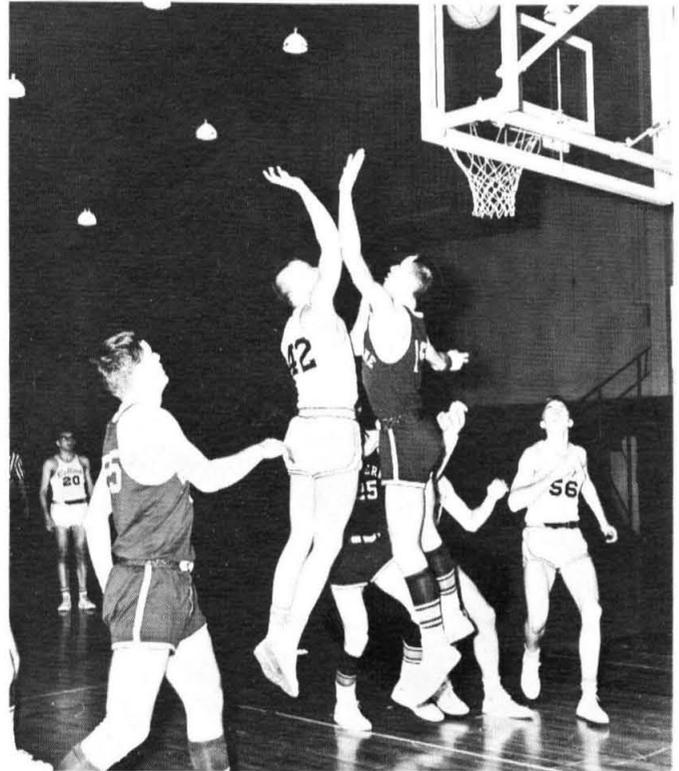
This year's Interhouse swim meet was well-represented, with 57 men from the seven Houses competing. Butch Neill of Ruddock swept away diving honors. Fleming took honors in the 200 yard medley and free-style relays, with Dabney and Ruddock second, respectively. Outstanding individual performance was by Ralph Kimbrell of Fleming, who placed first in both the 50 and 100 yard freestyle events. Ken Brown was second in both of these close contests, gaining points for Ruddock. Breaststroke honors went to Ben Cooper of Blacker, butterfly to Tom Buckholtz of Lloyd, and backstroke to Mel Stephens of Fleming, while individual medley honors went to Walt Davis of Fleming House. Fleming and Ruddock dominated the meet, while the other Houses showed good promise.

STANDINGS

House	Score	IH Trophy Points
Fleming	70½	21
Ruddock	52½	18
Dabney	34	15
Blacker	28	12
Lloyd	26	9
Ricketts	20	6
Page	8	3



Starting in the fall . . .



Through the winter . . .



And spring . . .



We won two football games . . .



Interhouse was more exciting than ever . . .



The track team won a big one . . .



And the pool lifeguard was cute.

Not a bad year.
Not bad at all.



BOARD OF DIRECTORS



SITTING, L. to R.—Doug Josephson, Athletic Manager, Steve Garrison, Vice-President, Randy Cassada, President, John Walter, Secretary. STANDING, L. to R.—J. C. Simpson, IHC Chairman, Eric Young, Representative-at-Large, Roger Whitlock, Activities Chairman, Fred Brunswig, Treasurer, Dave Jackson, Social Chairman.



The Board of Directors consists of the general officers of ASCIT, and is the top rung of campus politics. Its members are final arbiters of matters of schoolwide interest. They were elected at the end of second term after a campaign climaxed by various nefarious carryings-on in Colbertson. The central issue of the campaign was, as the year before it, the drive to put ASCIT back in the black, this to be accomplished through the BOD's power to control expenditures. Other activities this year were the first term dance classes and the charity drive (the proceeds of which Young wants to turn over to the Planned Parenthood Association, in keeping with the philosophy that the charity assisted should have some relationship to the average Techman.) Also under the BOD's direction were the Athletic Banquet and a drive to obtain calculators for the use of undergraduate students.



ASCIT President, Randy Cassada



Graft . . . ? Me?



LEFT TO RIGHT—Jim Eder, Bob Sweet, Yance Hirschi, J. C. Simpson, Bill Pence, Bob Scott, Roger Whitlock, Ken Brown, John Harkness (Sitting in for Dennis McCreary.)

IHC

The IHC is the coordinating body between the seven student houses. It consists of a Chairman elected by the student body, an appointed secretary, and the presidents of the houses. On a campus where most activities are carried out on an individual basis by the houses, the IHC serves as coordination and control center for matters of interest to all seven houses. One of its more important duties is the supervision of freshman rotation week and the distribution of freshmen among the houses. Other activities include the supervision of IH sports, discobolus, and Interhouse Sing.





SITTING, l. to r.: Steve Lipshie, Steve Watson, Steve Garrison, Chairman, Ed Robertson, Martin Smith. STANDING: Mike Rosbash, Secretary, Gary Bornzin, Sean Solomon, Walt Davis, Gordon Myers, Del Levy.

BOC

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

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

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



EPC

The Educational Policies Committee is a semi-official group which meets weekly to discuss and evaluate courses and instructors, and when necessary, to bring to the attention of the Faculty Committee any irregularities that may occur. With the aid of its course evaluation poll, the committee has been instrumental in bringing about changes in several courses, and has devoted considerable thought to the idea of abolishing grades for freshmen. The faculty has agreed to this for a trial period of two years. The EPC performs an important function in helping keep Tech's academic program one of the finest in the country.



LEFT TO RIGHT—Roger Davisson, Mike Baskes, Steve Garrison, Paul Swatek, Gary Bornzin, J. C. Simpson, Stu Galley, John Eyer, Bob Levin, Louis Newman.

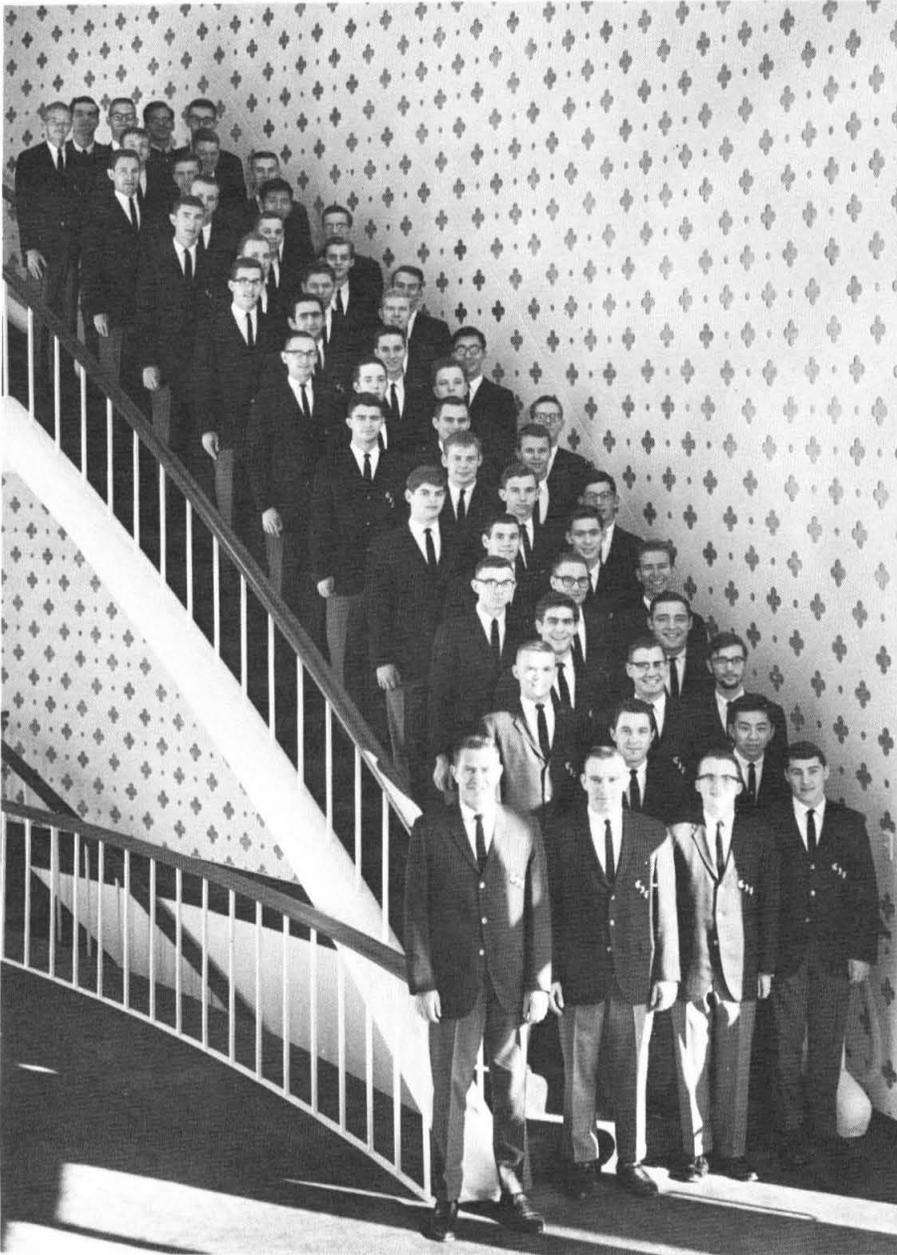


SITTING, l. to r.: Randy Cassada, Guy Jackson, Roger Davison, Bill Pence.
STANDING: Bob Levin, Rodger Whitlock, Ted Jenkins.

EXCOMM

The Excomm, more properly known as the ASCIT Executive Committee, is an appointive group composed of between four and eight members, depending on the needs of the BOD. They serve as an advisory and investigative committee responsible to the BOD. They may make studies of problems they consider of interest to ASCIT, and submit to the BOD recommendations on these questions. Their primary purpose is to give a wider representation of student opinion in the governing councils of ASCIT.

GLEE CLUBS



FOREGROUND—Olaf M. Frodsham, Director. COLUMNS FROM RIGHT, Front to Rear—1. J. Lucas, 2. D. McClure, M. Oiyee, G. Bourque. 3. D. Grimes, K. Russell, A. Williams, G. Myers, V. Sirelson. 4. J. Eyler, G. Kourilsky, T. Bostick, D. Held, P. Bloomfield. 5. L. Weaver, B. Stern, F. Pate, D. Radcliffe, D. Heider. 6. P. Dimotakis, D. Gage, W. Specht, M. Schor, D. Chang. 7. B. Sweet, B. Schor, K. Nordsieck, N. Puckett, S. Hopkins. 8. W. Pitcher, T. Oberjat, J. Johnson, P. Rumsey, V. Johns. 9. P. Swatek, O. Crawford, R. Stokes, A. Liang, S. Elliott. 10. D. McCarroll, H. Moeller, R. Hendrix, J. Dessinger, T. Miller. 11. D. Cartwright, M. Ehrich, D. Erickson. 12. C. Dalton, D. McCreary, B. Broste.

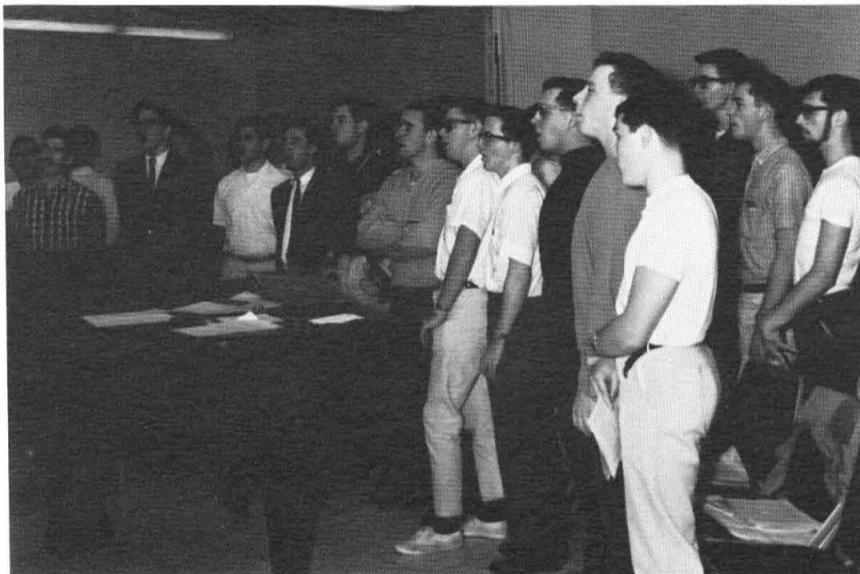
This was an important year for the choral organizations at Tech. For the first time there was a second club, the Caltech Chorale. This made it possible for anyone interested in singing to do so under the able guidance of one of our directors, Mrs. Priscilla Remeta of the Chorale, and Mr. Olaf M. Frodsham of the Glee Club.

The high points of every Glee Club season are the annual concert tour and the performance at the Southern California Intercollegiate Music Festival. The tour this year was through Northern California, and the Festival was held at Tech in the Glee Club's new home, Beckman Auditorium. The season was ended with the annual Spring Concert in Beckman.

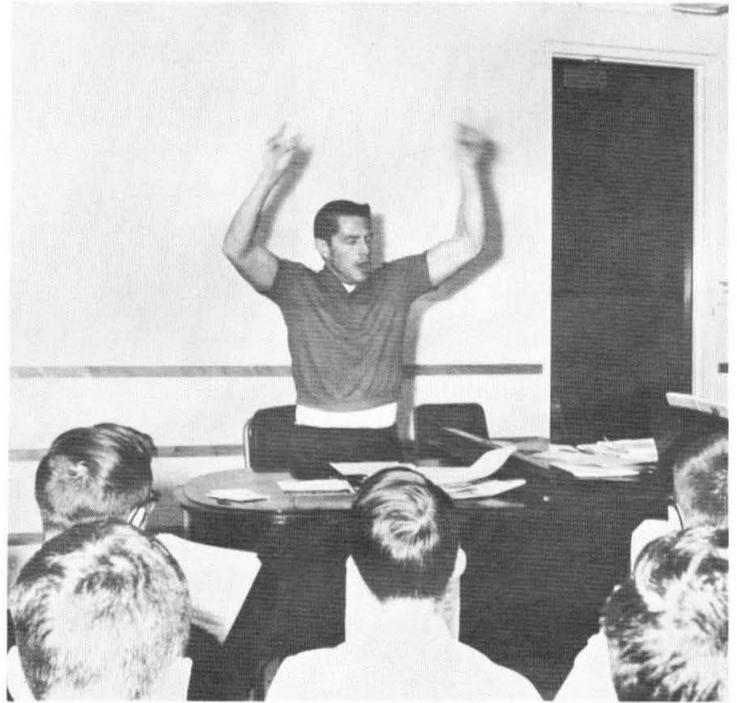
With a few . . .



or more . . .



or many . . .



With the Beauty . . . or with the Beast, we sing.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC



FRONT ROW—W. Jaffe, J. Romney, B. Burket, S. Langton. SECOND ROW—R. Quint, T. Stephens, R. McCowan, E. Blomberg, D. Essenberg, R. Drucker, R. Hartzman, S. Marcus, J. Hartmann, M. Dole, G. Bourque. THIRD ROW—P. Bloomfield, H. Suzukawa, J. Milstein, J. Haight, D. Sherlock, J. Evans, B. Sweet, T. Hendrickson, M. Mandell, D. Kolb, B. Parker. FOURTH ROW—D. Isaman, N. Schofield, D. Van Essen, J. Toevs, B. Broste, S. Clamage, D. Green, B. Miller, B. Campbell, G. Sharman, R. Brill, D. Weaver, A. Lee, R. Harley, E. Thompson, L. Oliver, J. Gibson, Mr. John Deichman, Director.



This year saw a large expansion in the instrumental music program at Caltech. After a lapse of several years, there is once again a string orchestra on campus. They plan to give several chamber music concerts per year, and should provide a welcome addition to musical department at Tech. This year also saw the return of a student dance band as a part of the band program. With these additions, the instrumental music program is probably the strongest it has ever been, and director John Deichman's face is becoming a familiar sight on campus. In addition to its now annual spring trek to Disneyland, the band also gave a concert in the "Magic Kingdom" the middle of first term. With an increasing number of freshmen expressing interest in the band, the prospects are good for continuing growth of the band program.

Music . . .

from Strauss . . .



to Sousa . . .



to swing



INTERHOUSE SING



Blacker's First Place Chorus



Blacker Quartet



Interhouse Sing once again supplied an opportunity to release frustrations in song, make a little music, and generally have a good time. After a couple weeks of practice, the aspiring choirmen wended their happy ways to Beckman, where Blacker proceeded to charm the lady judges out of their seats with pieces by Bach and Brahms. Ricketts took second with a combination of Persichetti and Negro spirituals, while Fleming captured third with rousing versions of the theme from "Oklahoma", and a J. Kent Clark modified "Drinking Song" from "The Student Prince". The same three houses entered quartets which placed in the same order. Thus for the second year in a row Blacker completed a sweep of the Interhouse Sing competition.



Ricketts, Second Place



Ricketts Quartet



Fleming, Third Place



Fleming Quartet



Ruddock, Fourth Place



Dabney, Fifth Place



Page, Sixth Place



Lloyd, Seventh Place

CALIFORNIA TECH



FRONT ROW—B. Gordon, J. Kline, J. C. Simpson, B. Berry. SECOND ROW—P. Laipis, S. Blumsack, J. Rouse, S. Davey, T. McKenzie. THIRD ROW—B. Boyd, L. Fishbone, N. Greenfeld, B. Orr, R. Briggs, L. Fettig, R. Tezak, H. Suzukawa. FOURTH ROW—J. K. Evans, R. Elkin, W. Oliver, T. Hendrickson, M. Meo, J. Pressing, C. Nelson, S. Galley.

The **California Tech** is an institution. To it, the grateful students of Caltech look to find weekly sympathy to soothe their daily frustrations and the weeping and gnashing of teeth that constantly challenge their sanity; at very least, it's something for them to gnash.

Devotedly, tenderly, and often violently, Stu Galley and Wally Oliver commit themselves to this institution, while the staff respectfully suggests others. Unfailingly, unflinchingly (that's left for the Business Manager), they alternately bear the irresponsibility of gathering their flock each Monday, that they may not go astray. Naturally, Stu and Walliver must share this burden, for no sane man can be expected to bear alone the infuriating Texas drawl of Feature Editor Bob Berry, the excruciating S.E.G. of Head Frink Sports Editor Steve Blumsack, the relapses of released inmate-turned-Business Manager, JuiCe Simpson, and the incessant barf of mascot Whitlock, not to mention the staff, who inevitably have too much to do, too little time to do it, and no way of doing it anyway.

Yet there is ample reward for all these warriors for the cause of rustic journalism in the glowing, even

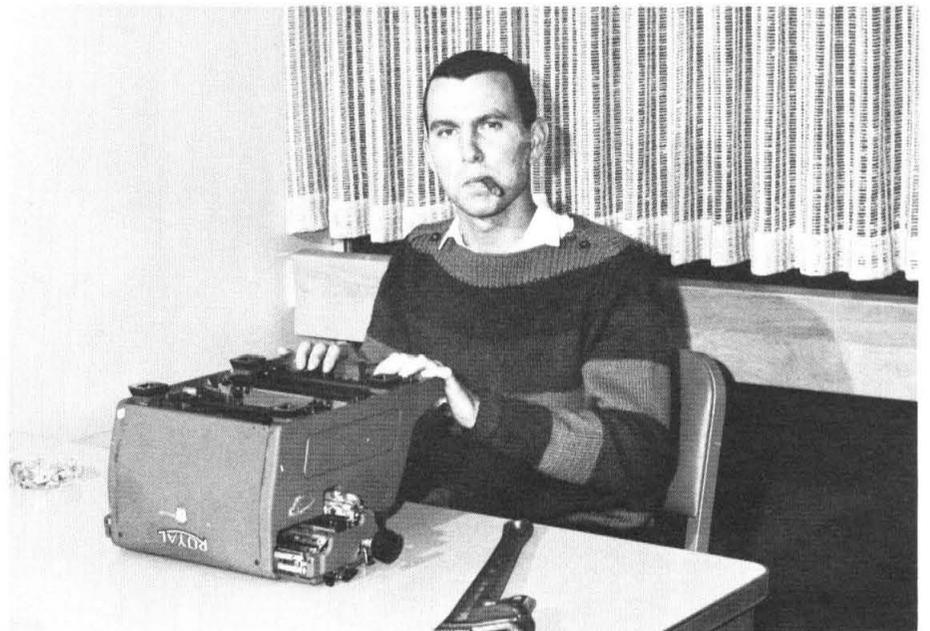
scorching, comments that swell flowingly off the tongues of the grateful herd each Thursday and are directed at these faithful followers of the Order of the **Tech**. And why not? **Tech** has something for everyone!

For the random frosh there are even more random Brewins, through which he can demonstrate his suave aloofness and worldly conaissance by hornily chuckling at the witticisms he doesn't understand in the least. Upon intensive and continued consumption of the **Tech**, however, he gradually achieves the level of the majority of his fellow-sufferers. He becomes bored with the likes of Brewins and rapidly pages through this gem of journalistic contamination to find grossly distorted news articles, ill-founded editorials, and the widely-read and stimulating reviews of the latest Pasadena operas, concerts and art exhibitions. Delighted, he and his companions are sent into sweet reveries of enlightenment so characteristic of the refined phraseology of the Caltech atmosphere, especially after the kegs are pierced. Grunts of pure animal satisfaction belch from the jocks over the exciting style in which the sports stories are written. Even for the most hard to please, there's always the girl and her hairy playmate in the Falstaff ad.

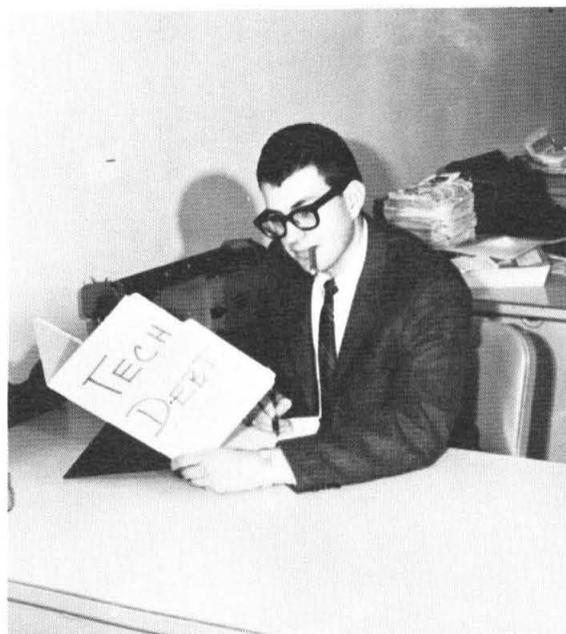
Yes, the **Tech** is an institution.



Wally Oliver, Co-Editor-In-Chief



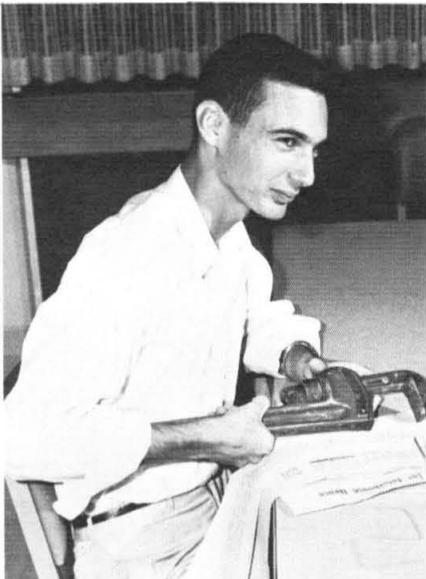
Stu Galley, Co-Editor-In-Chief



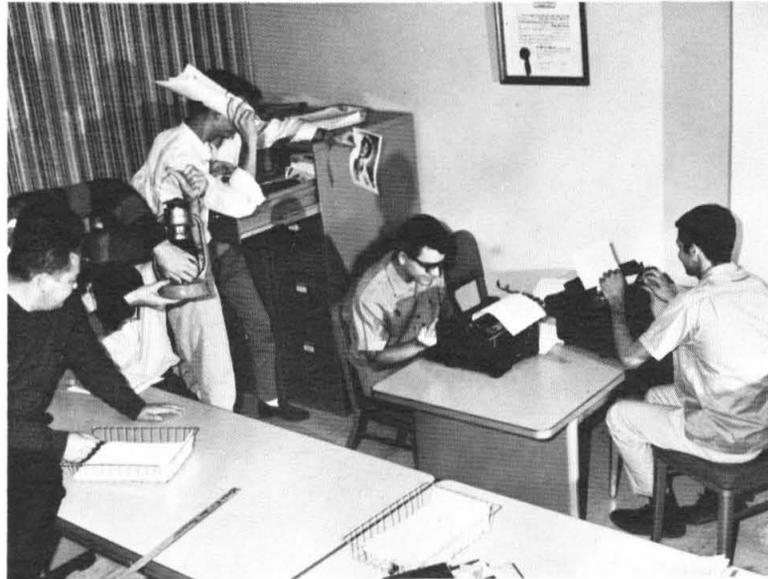
J. C. Simpson, Business Manager



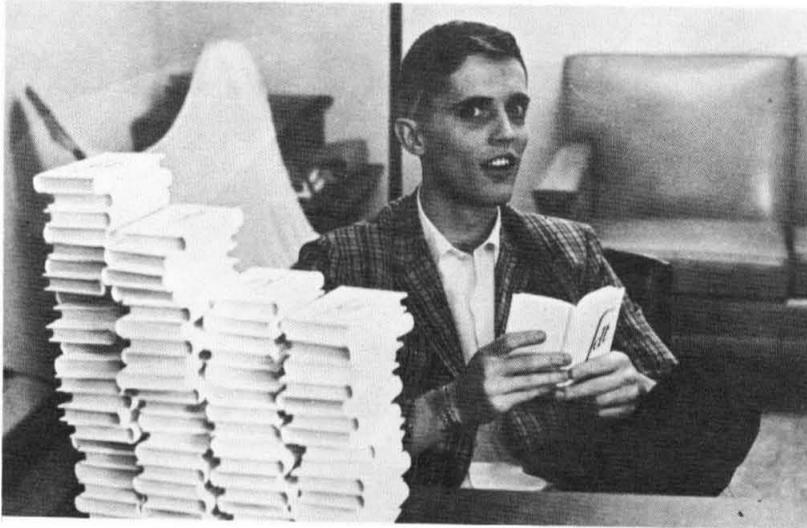
Steve Blumsack, Sports Editor



Norton Greenfeld, Copy Editor



Bob Berry, Feature Editor



little t

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

ASCIT DANCE CLASS

Under the direction of Social Chairman Dave Jackson, the ASCIT dance class once again provided the opportunity for socially aspiring Techmen to learn a variety of basic dance steps. According to reliable accounts, Dave even managed to keep the class well stocked with lovely, willing dancing partners.





While the Caltech Y is thought of by some as one big program of panels, forums, and distinguished visitors, it means a lot more to many others. To its officers, cabinet, and commission members it means some hard but rewarding work.

The Fall Planning Conference at Laguna Beach really got the ball rolling with new ideas and approaches to old problems. Afterwards the cabinet picked up and set the policy through the rest of the year at its meetings at Janet Staples poolside, Wes Hershey's fireside, and in the Y lounge.

While maintaining its mundane but vital student services (book exchange, student loans, workroom equipment, lost and found, open lounge and free coffee etc. etc.) the Y expanded and improved its program in areas of international and human affairs. The concrete expression of these new thrusts were the work group to Agua Prieta over Spring vacation, the Vietnam Institute for College students in the area, and the greatly expanded tutoring program for culturally deprived high school students.





Fall Planning Retreat



Typical committee at work.

Halfway through the year a Palace Revolution occurred when the Excom discovered it was having all the fun (i.e., doing all the work) and decided to let the cabinet in on the actual running of the Y. As a result the cabinet began meeting weekly and became the real power group.

Meanwhile opportunities for involvement abounded as commissions and committees blossomed everywhere. Some of the fruits of their labors can be seen on the following pages.



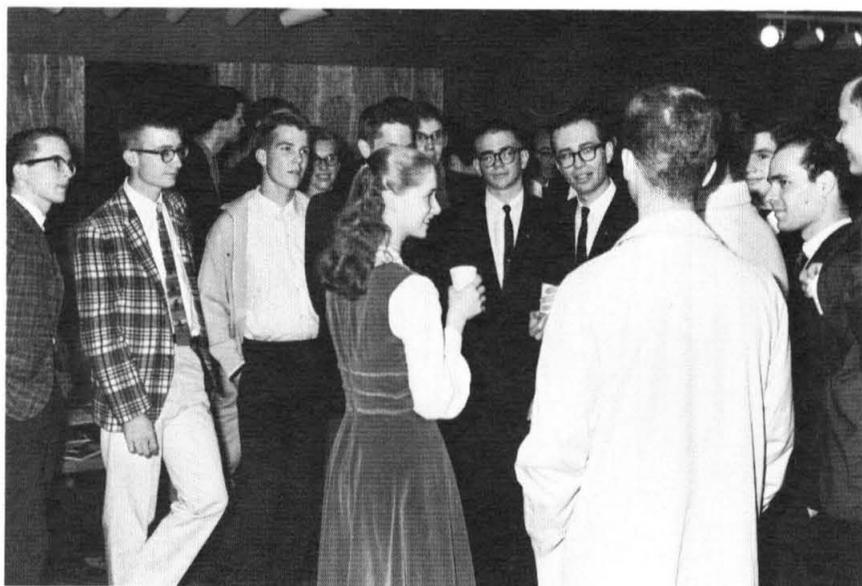
The Scripps Conference Committee hardly working.

YMCA



Frosh Dinner Forum

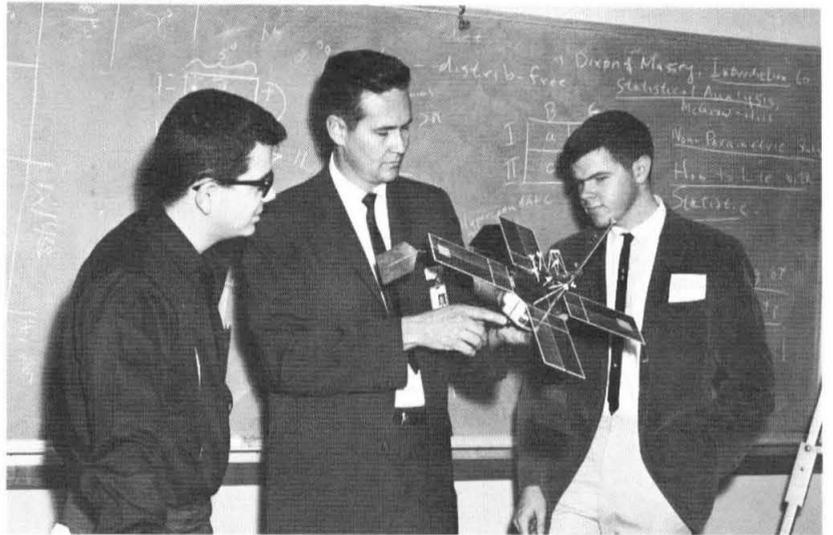
As always, the year's activities stressed personal communication between students, faculty, and visiting guests. Opportunities to become acquainted with people of fame, enthusiasm, and creativity typified Y events. The excuse used to meet these people apparently does not matter; at the beach, over dinner, in a lab, with a cup of coffee, or at a faculty house, Caltech students just could not keep quiet.



Reception for Miss Rebecca Pennys



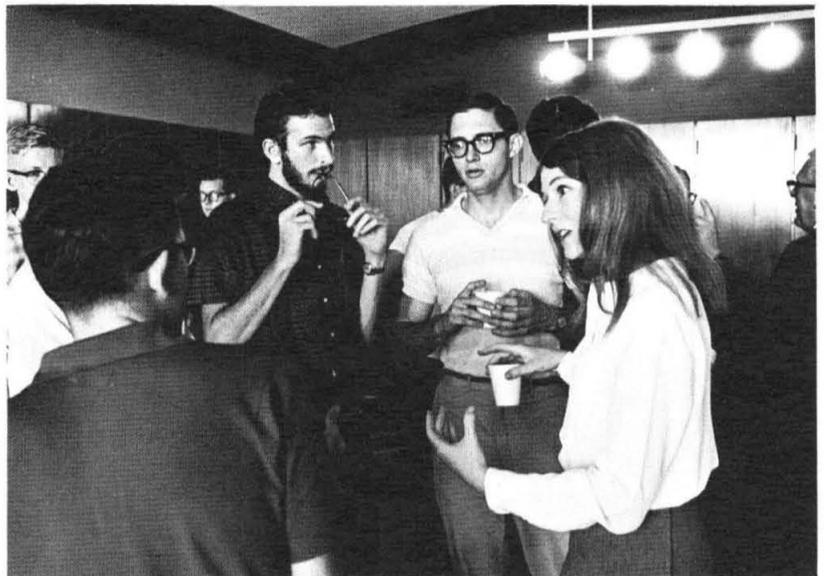
Visiting theologians,
at Dr. Greenstein's home . . .



Y-arranged JPL tour



and in the houses.



Betty Carstens discusses the Mississippi Voter
Registration Project.



Vic Sirelson addresses Athenaeum members.



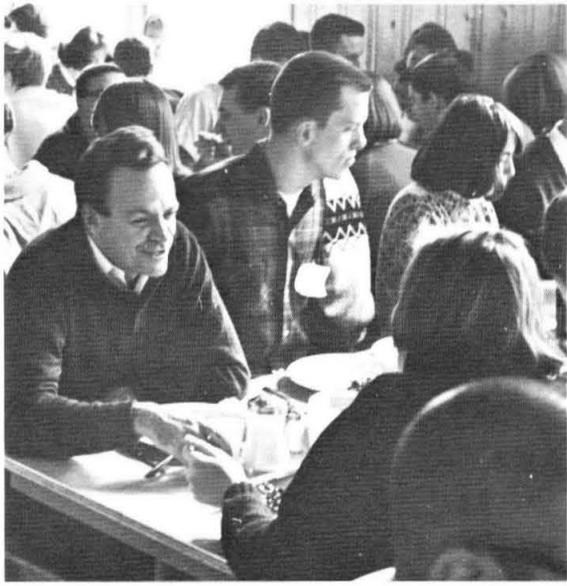
Four visiting Theological Students on the firing line.



Dr. Rader expounds on Caltech.



The YR versus Everybody Debate sponsored by PKD and the Y.



Feynman makes time at the Scripps Conference.



As part of his routine, Ira Herskowitz snows the Scrippsies.



Minna Caldwell — our very own little old lady from the Bishop's Company.

ASILOMAR





African Tom Greenfield throws his usual fit upon seeing fresh red meat.



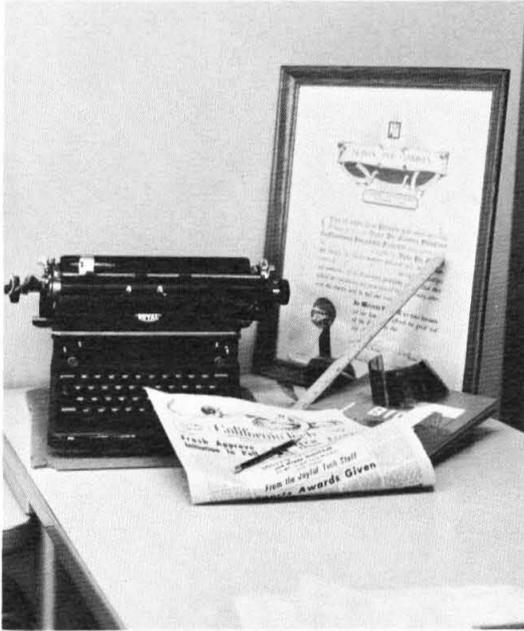
The Y accepts persons of all beliefs.



"Little old 'Y' maker — me!"

CLUBS

Alpha Phi Gamma serves as an honorary journalism fraternity, initiating only those who have contributed greatly to student publications at Caltech; i.e., Tech editors, Big T editors, Tech staff, Big T staff, and (rarely) others. Under the firm guidance of its glorious president R. Whitlock and the moderating influence of its equally glorious faculty advisor Ed Hutchings, APG has had a busy year. Our many projects included putting out some thirty issues of the Tech, one issue of the Big T, and the annual year-end grand amalgamated confraternal initiatory orgy. Join the Tech and fight Communism!

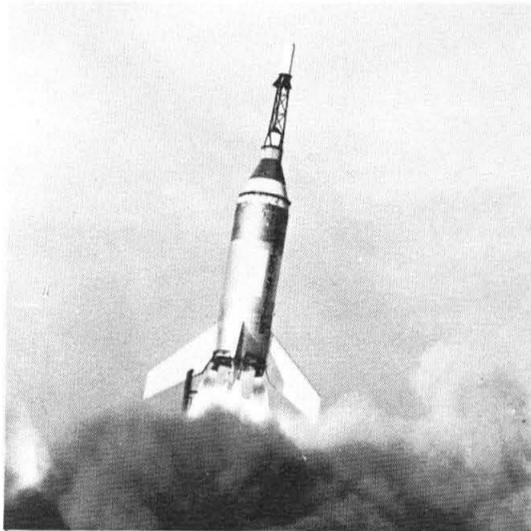
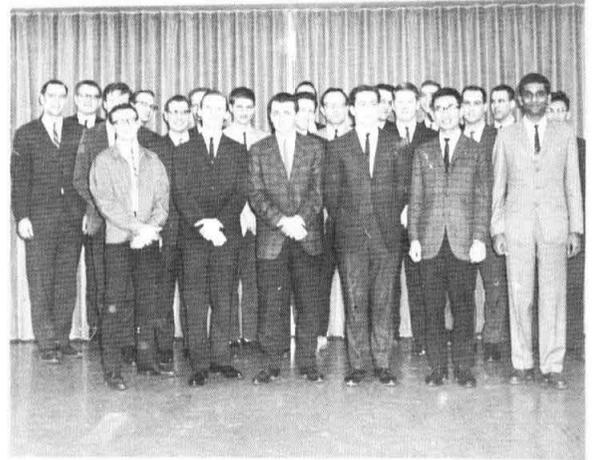


Since 1921 the California Beta chapter of **Tau Beta Pi** has honored members of the Caltech student body for high academic achievement, personal integrity, and active participation in campus and house affairs. Although the national organization is an engineering society, the Caltech chapter has been permitted to select members from all options. It serves as the only scholastic honor society on campus. Membership is limited to juniors and seniors; however, each year the chapter presents a Freshman Award to that freshman who best exhibits those qualities necessary for Tau Beta Pi membership. Last year's recipient was John Eyler. The chapter also provides a tutoring service for underclassmen. Most importantly, it seeks to encourage academic excellence, service, and integrity by providing recognition to those students who best exemplify these characteristics.



Pi Kappa Delta entered the big time this year by holding the first annual Caltech Computer-Controlled Debate Tournament. Computers were used to match teams, pick winners, and print results. Some of the best teams from all over the country attended, making our contest one of the best in the West. The California Gamma chapter also sent delegates to the national convention of Pi Kappa Delta at Tacoma, Washington, in April.

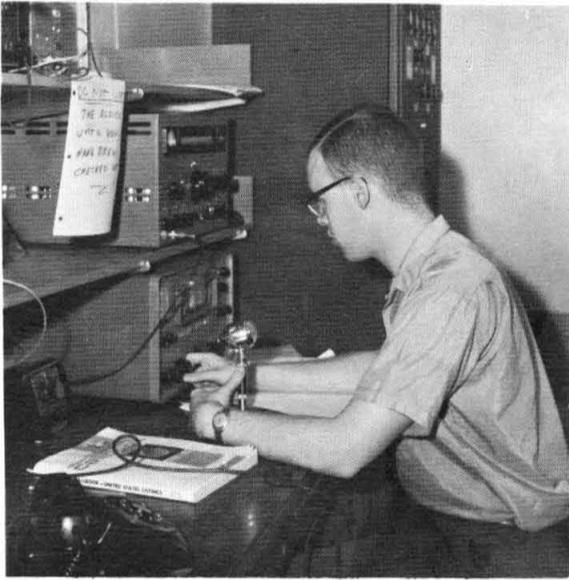
Caltech's student chapter of the **American Institute of Chemical Engineers** was formed in 1961, formalizing the older club. The chapter's main purpose envisioned by its founders was to give the students insights into areas of professional and business life beyond those aspects covered in the classroom. The chapter has attempted to fulfill this purpose by sponsoring two dinner meetings a term with guest speakers whose topics range from "Reverse Osmosis Processing of Sea Water" to "A Personal Investment Portfolio."



The Caltech student post of the **Society of Military Engineers** fills its ranks mainly with AFROTC cadets. During the year the SAME post sponsors such activities as visitation flights to nearby military and industrial installations, recent Air Force films, and post social events. Through their affiliation with SAME the members keep abreast with current engineering developments.

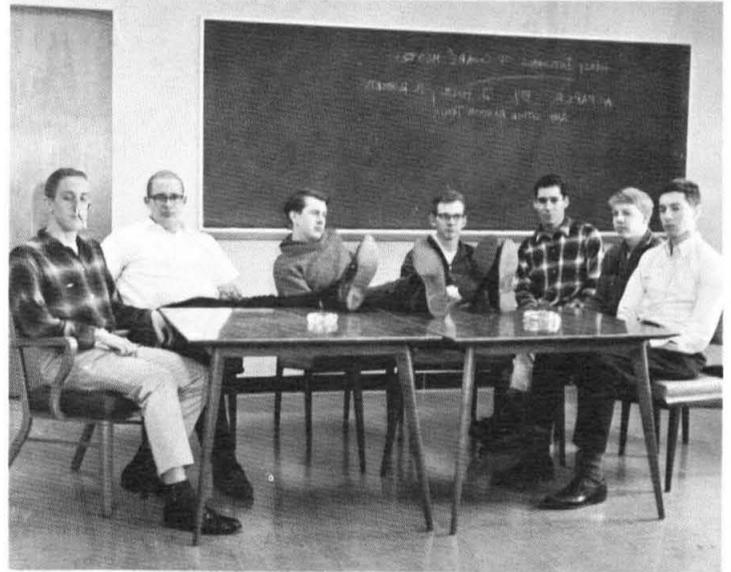


The **Beavers** is the campus honorary club set up to give recognition to those people who have demonstrated their leadership and ability in non-academic pursuits. Their activities as a group are limited, the members serving the campus as individuals rather than as a club. Activities the past year included running the Frosh Camp refreshment concession, and hosting the instructors coffee hour on Students Day.

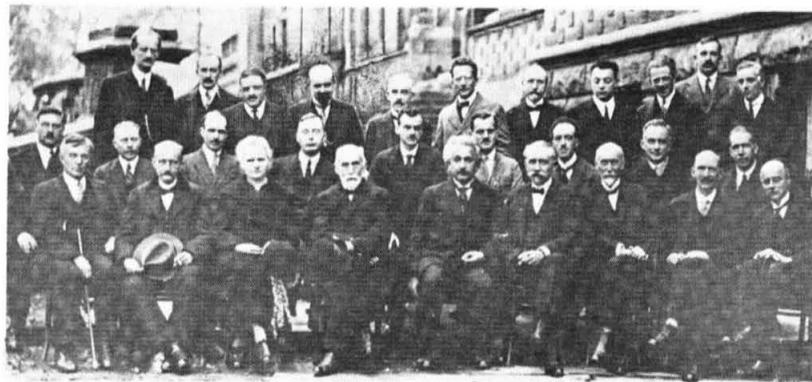


The **Caltech Radio Club** is strictly informal. Membership is open to anyone with an interest in ham radio. Members are free to use "the shack" in upper Winnett any hour of the day (or night), anywhere from 3.5 to 144 mc. on code, AM phone, or single-sideband. Equipment includes an Eldics sideband exciter, HQ-170 receiver, kilowatt linear amplifier, and a VHF transceiver. You can spot their beam antennas on top of Spaulding.

The purpose of the Caltech **Math Club** is the stimulation of undergraduate interest in mathematical activities, primarily through lectures by distinguished mathematicians. The Math Club also sponsors student contests and maintains a library record of original student works.



The **Physics Club** is a very informal organization whose purpose is to stimulate interest in physics and to provide some contact between students and the physics faculty. Several meetings are held each term at which some member of the faculty or a visiting professor speaks. There is opportunity after each meeting for informal discussion with the speaker and others of the physics faculty who are present. Meetings are announced by notices on campus bulletin boards.

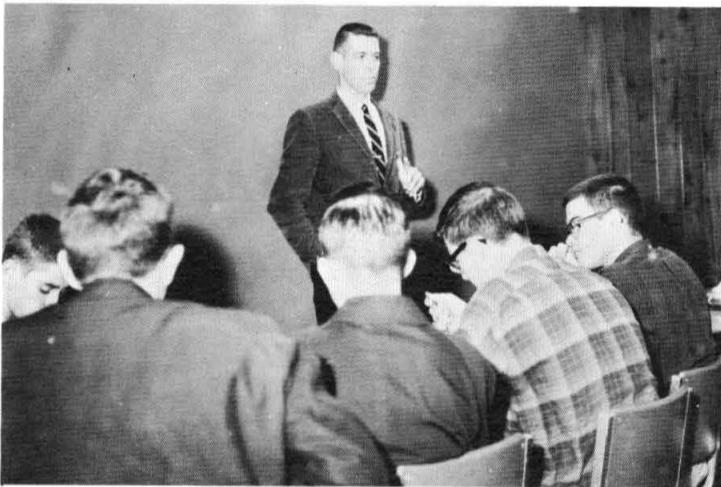


A. PICCARD E. HENRIOT E. HERZEN Th. DESSAIGER E. SMOORINGER W. PAULI W. HEISENBERG L. BRILLIOUIN
 P. DIRAC H. ARDOSH W. L. BRADY H. A. KRANLER P. A. M. DIRAC A. H. COMPTON L. V. DEBRILLIE H. BORN N. BOHR
 J. LANDAUER M. PLANCK MADAME CURIE H. A. LORENTZ A. EINSTEIN P. LANGEVIN BH. LE. GUYE C. T. R. WILSON
 D. M. RICHARDSON

ALL OF US AT CALTECH
 WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS



The **Caltech Newman Movement** is the official organ of the Roman Catholic Church on campus. It is dedicated to the belief that spiritual understanding is often lacking on a secular campus. This year's activities included informal discussions, a retreat in a Benedictine monastery, and a series of lectures and discussions with the general topic "The Future of the Catholic Layman."



From the top of Throop to the depths of Mudd one cannot escape the weekly posters announcing that the **Caltech Christian Fellowship** is having a meeting; "Friday noon meals transferred as usual." No fly-by-night band of fanatics, C.C.F. is roughly four per cent of the undergraduates and often involves three times that many. Since knowing God through Christ makes a difference in their lives, they seek constantly to help others know the joy which Christ offers to all people. To this end, C.C.F. offers a variety of programs to all interested students: guest speakers each Friday in the Greasey, group Bible studies in the houses, lecture series by famous theologians, lounge discussions, and frequent informal problem-study sessions.



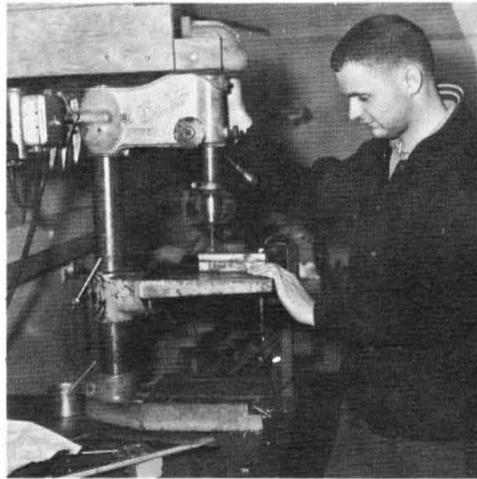
The **Deseret Club** is a group of Mormons on campus which meets weekly to hear informal discussions conducted by Howard C. Searle, an instructor at the L.D.S. Institute of Religion, through which all Mormon student activities are carried out in this area. This year's course of study dealt with Early History of the Mormon Church. Previous topics have included Comparative World Religions, and whether success would spoil Lyle Merithew.

This April the annual **Model United Nations** of the Far West was held at Claremont. Caltech represented Kenya, one of the most recent African nations admitted to the UN and a leader of the moderate African group. The delegation spent many weeks carefully studying Kenya, gaining a working knowledge of the United Nations, and drafting resolutions which were submitted at the session. More than half of the delegates attended a preliminary regional session held at Fullerton which provided them with important contacts and advanced planning for the full session at Claremont. With the meeting nearby, Caltech was able to take a large delegation which worked effectively through the committees and in the General Assembly. The successful conclusion of the session saw resolutions passed condemning the Republic of South Africa, establishing new trade and economic programs for the developing countries, dealing with the Rhodesian question, and advancing disarmament—all of great importance to Kenya. With so many experienced delegates returning, the MUN Group looks forward to an important role in next year's meeting.

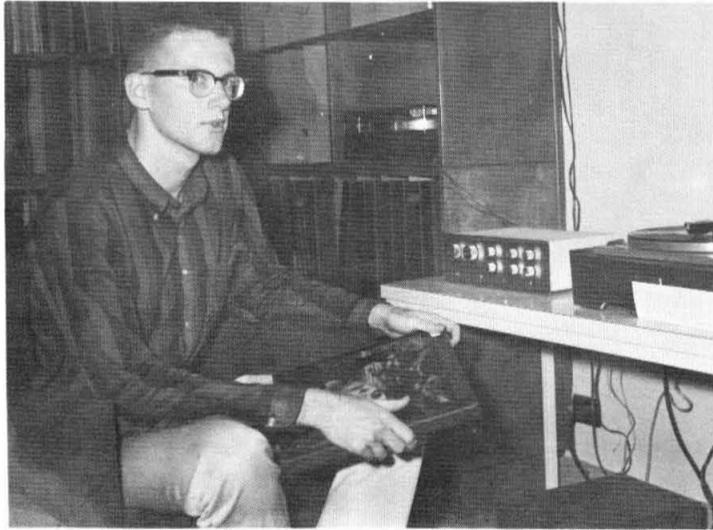


The Caltech **Young Republican Club** was organized by Max Bartlett, James Gould, and Dave Close last year, prompted by interest in the Presidential campaign. The purpose of the club is twofold, to provide an outlet for political work by the members and to encourage interest in the Republican Party. The monthly speakers program began with an address by Professor Russell Kirk in Beckman. Plans were begun for a film series and a lending library. Throughout the year county meetings, rallies, parties, and conventions coupled with the campus activities more than kept the members busy.

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



The Tech **Debate Team**, because of their small squad, have to double in brass. They compete in, in addition to debate, extemporaneous and impromptu speaking, interpretative reading, and oratory. Some of the contests attended this year were Western States Championships at Pocatello, Idaho, P.K.D. Nationals at Tacoma, Washington, the U.S.C. and Loyola invitations, as well as our own Computer-Controlled Tournament. This year's topic was "Resolved, that the Federal government should establish a national program of public work for the unemployed."



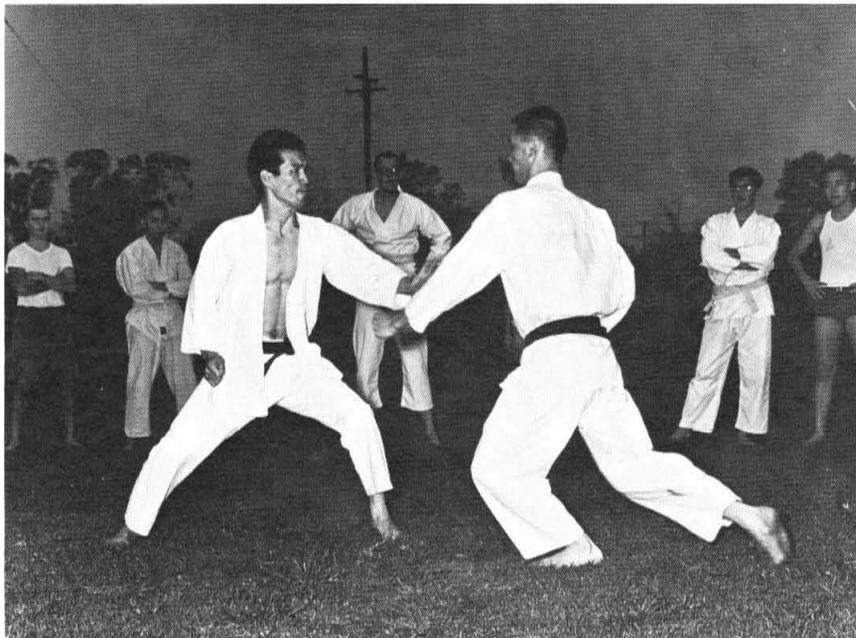
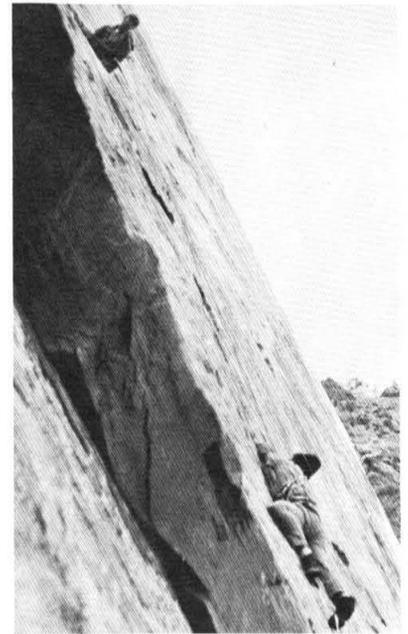
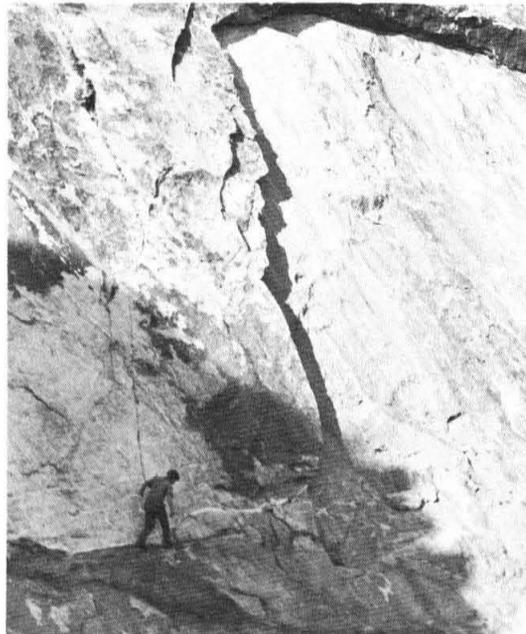
The **Musicale** has been given a new home, new records and new equipment since it last appeared in the Big T. Equipped with stereo capability, the Musicale revels in 70 watts of **Le Sacre du Printemps**, **Carmina Burana** and other great music. The Musicale, while one of the most loosely organized campus organizations, has one of the larger memberships. The only groups larger are the Y, ASCIT, and the Glee Clubs. The Musicale is also one of the most oddly financed organizations; Caltech appropriates money every year for maintenance of the record collection and pays other expenses out of the musical activities budget. Members are required only to pay a \$1 fee on joining, which serves to help defray minor operating expenses not worth any paperwork. With luck, the Musicale will continue to thrive, providing an extensive collection of serious music for the edification and entertainment of its members.



The **Drama Club**, a freewheeling group of students, faculty, and friends of Caltech, has no rules and few limitations. Its activities range from beer and pretzels sessions through public readings to full-blown dramatic productions. Through the first two terms the club warms up with reading or one-acts, getting itself into the mood for the ultimate effort of producing the annual ASCIT Play in May. Club advisor is Dr. Ricardo Gomez; officers are J. K. Evans, Pres., Jay Romney, Veep, and Wayne Ryback, Sec.-Treas.

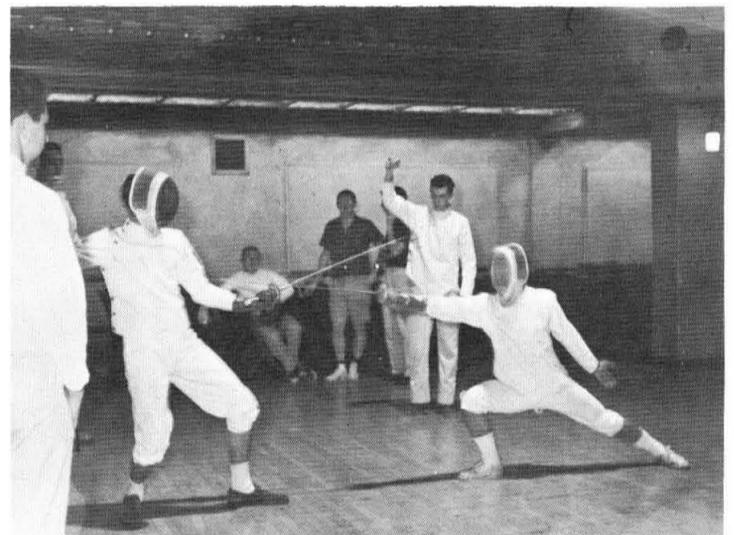


The **Alpine Club**, having received a shot in the arm from a vast influx of new blood and inspired leadership from Director Levin, has gone from strength to strength. First ascents of several desert peaks were pioneered during the Christmas and Thanksgiving vacations by Wise, et al. and after a terms skiing, numerous spring assaults were made on Takquitz. Next year the Alpine Club plans a strenuous recruitment program to replace graduating members.



Karate Club

Caltech's **Fencing Club** was formed two years ago with the hope of organizing an intercollegiate team in this sport. The move was more successful than originally anticipated, and today the club exists as a PE class whose members compete in A.A.U. as well as intercollegiate competition. Last year, an inexperienced foil team entered in the West Coast Intercollegiate Championships managed to place eighth (no, eighth wasn't last). This year, the club has teams in all three weapons and Caltech has been asked to compete in the UCLA Invitational along with twelve other Southern California Schools.





The **Sailing Club**, with the support of the athletic department, this year launched a long-cherished project, a credit sailing class. Under the tutelage of Al Adams, novices became old salts and old salts found out how much they didn't know. Out of the classroom, most club members confined their activity to cruising in the club Glascats. The more competitive souls, however, preferred the challenge of racing, and piloted their sleek, swift Lehmans to a sixth, an eighth (Ooop!) and a third in the PCIYRA Fall Series. Under mentor Adams, the team anticipates an even better showing in the Spring Trophy series.

Last year, encouraged by tales of former glory, a group of ski enthusiasts revived the Caltech **Ski Club**. Their efforts bore fruit; isolated groups of skiers joined and realized the vastness of their numbers. Although the C.S.C. ski cabin was never found, ski trips were made and competition was restored for the Interhouse Ski Trophy, which Dabney promptly won. This year, in addition to a meet, a trip to Aspen, Colorado (i.e.—Mecca) was held during spring vacation.

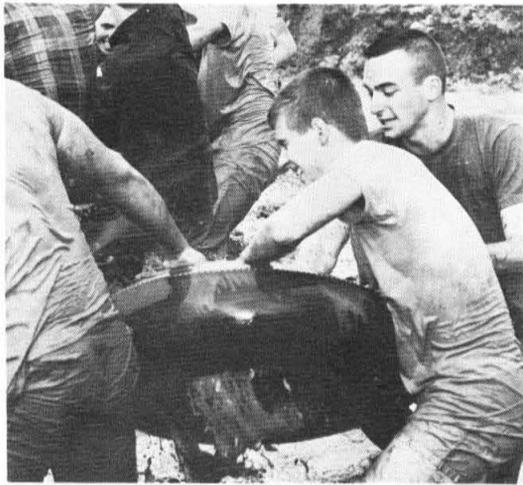


The **Caltech Surfing Club**, boasting members from such surf-crazed towns as Chadron, Nebraska and Sheridan, Wyoming, is a relatively new organization on campus, formed third term last year in order to help those who want to learn to surf and to facilitate surfing for those who know how. Now thirty-some members strong, the club has a surfboard for the use of beginning surfers with more club boards, "surfing safaris," and beach parties in the offing as warm weather approaches.

MUDEO



The annual Frosh-Soph Mudeo took place on one of the grayest days of the year, weather-wise, and for the sophs it was gray all-around. Although the actual athletic superiority of the frosh was sometimes in doubt, the time-honored traditions of bribery and coercion triumphed again, and the frosh came out on top—second only to the soon-to-be-happy juniors.





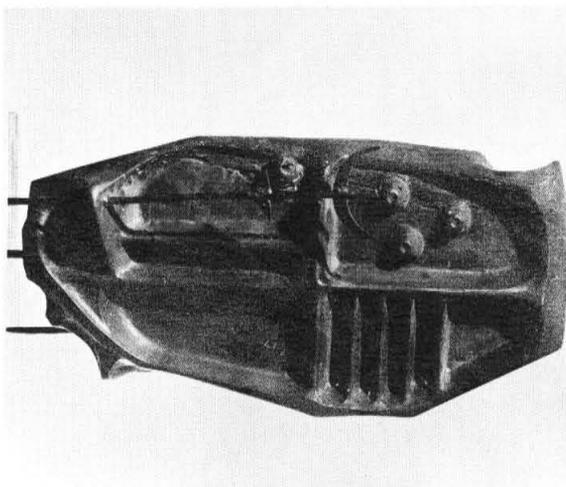
COFFEE HOURS

Under ASCIT sponsorship, the student-faculty coffee hours have continued to provide an informal meeting place for students and instructors. Every Wednesday afternoon, amidst the drinking of much coffee and munching of many doughnuts, each found out a little about how the other half lived.

Students agreed that such informal discussions were both interesting and informative. Besides, where else could you get all the free doughnuts you wanted?

TOTEM

Deep within the soul of some science-laden Techman, there will sometimes lie a spark of creative literary ability. Totem is dedicated to the proposition that these latent abilities should not go to waste. As the campus literary magazine, it is published under the editorship of Ben Saltzer, two or three times a year, and often contains poetry, art, short stories and sketches of high quality.

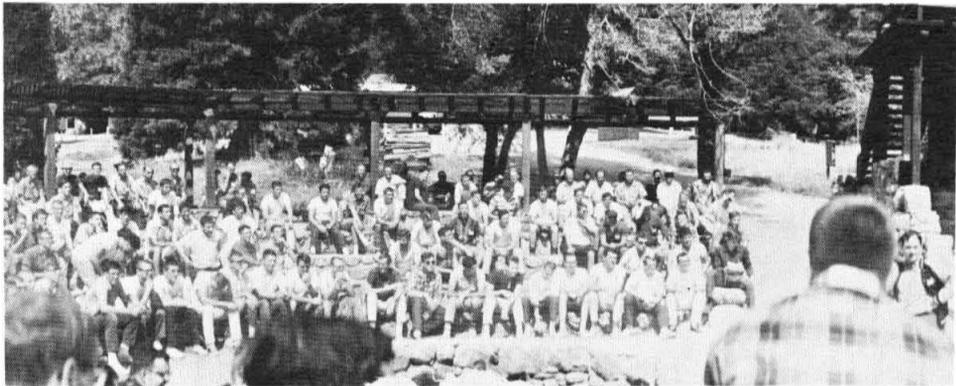
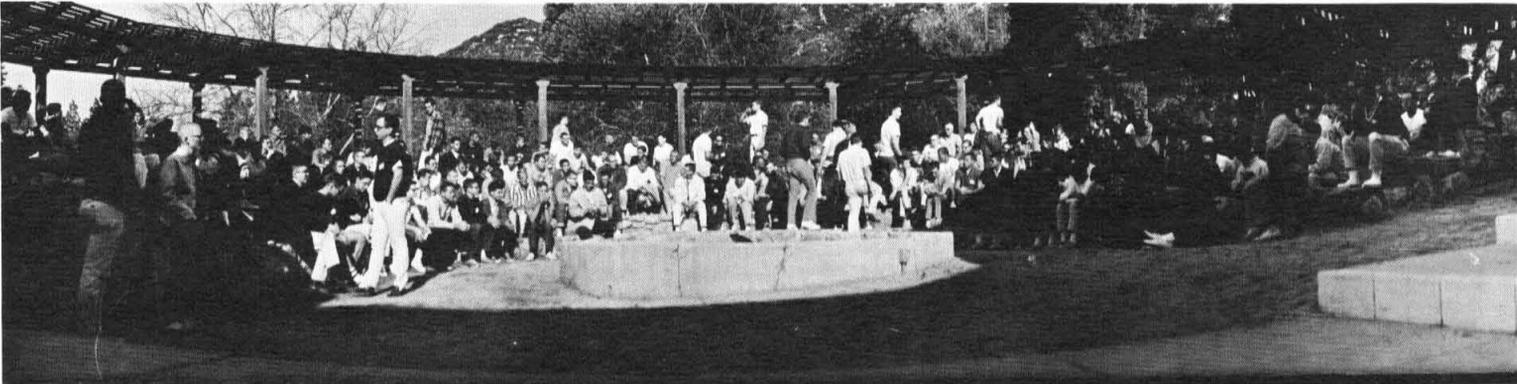


The Caltech Service League provides a long list of services to the Caltech student body. Their contributions are evident in many places on campus, from the piano and hi-fi in Winnett to the smiling face of the Techman whose girl is able to spend Lost Weekend at Tech because the ladies of the Service League are willing to spend long hours as chaperones. The Service League is a source of aid for many a distressed Techman, whether he needs a pair of Tux pants for the formal, or flower arrangements for a house party. It was due in part to the generosity of the Service League that the Glee Club was able to make its 1964 tour to the Midwest. These are just a few of the reasons why each of us at Tech owes a great big "Thank You" to the Service League. Our picture of little Suzie Beaver, a doll in her own way, indicates what living dolls the ladies of the Service League are.



CALTECH SERVICE LEAGUE

FROSH CAMP

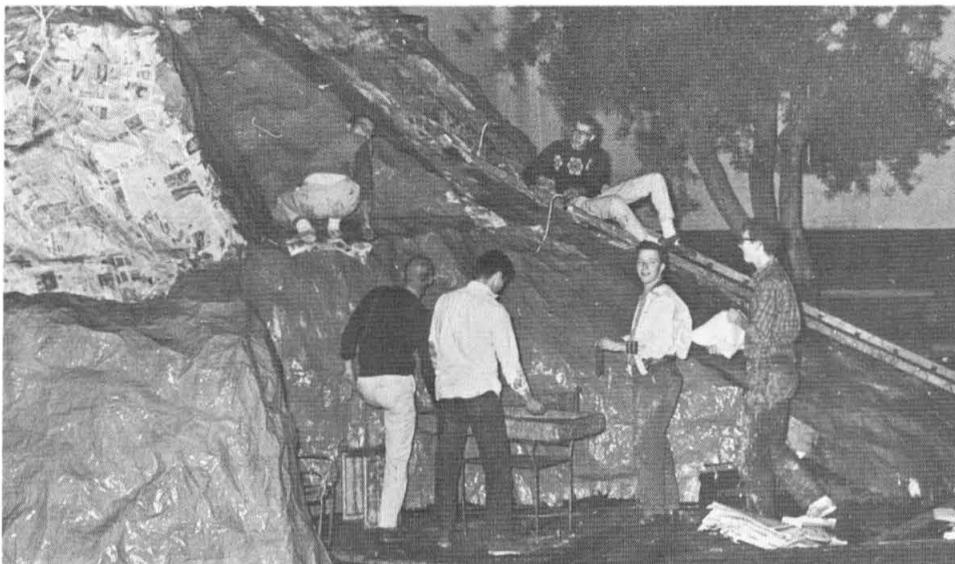


INTERHOUSE DANCE

We wade . . .

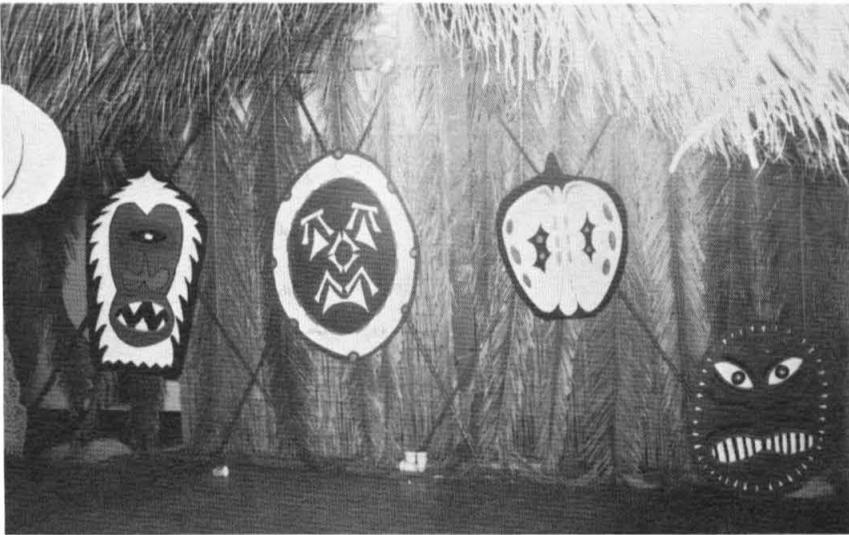
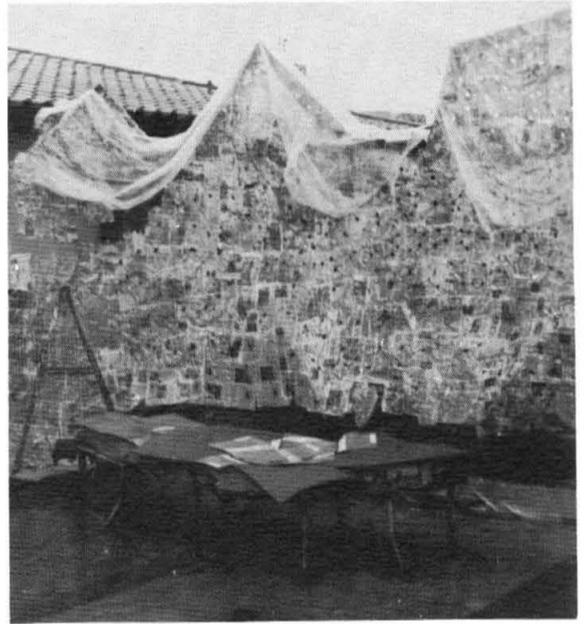


climb . . .

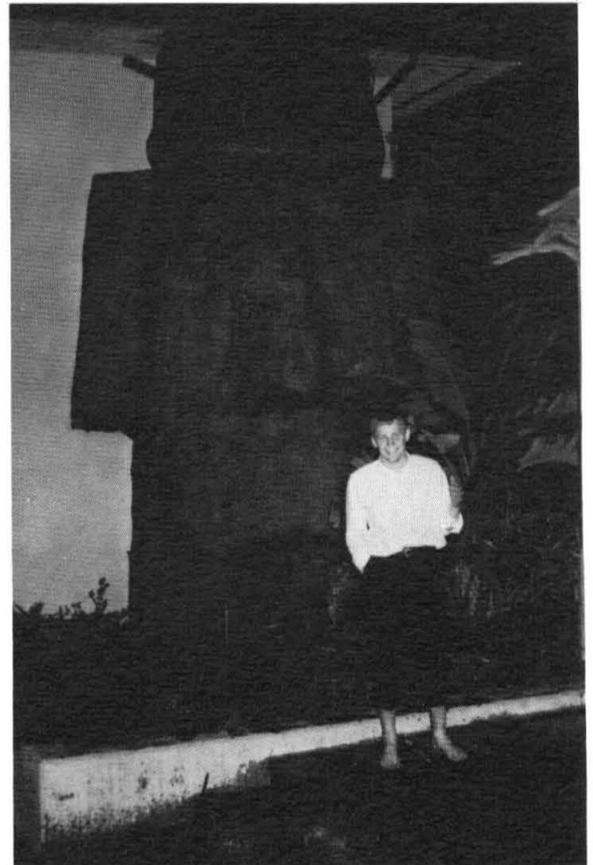


paste and paint . . .

Wait for the rain to stop . . .



and savor the final triumph.





AFROTC

Once again Tech's Air Force ROTC detachment got off to a brilliant start with the recruitment of eager frosh. There has been a lot more than drill going on. The Color Guard participated in the Forest Lawn Sacred Torch Ceremony. Sophs battled juniors in a mock attack of the L.A. area. All major targets were wiped out unofficially including Disneyland and Saga. And, there was another enthusiastic dining-in at Edwards AFB. Upcoming are a field exercise, tours, and flights in supersonic jets.



ASCIT-ALUMNI

ASSEMBLIES

Sponsored jointly by ASCIT and the Caltech Alumni Association, with the Alumni furnishing much of the money, the ASCIT-Alumni Assemblies are presented during the Wednesday eleven o'clock assembly hour. The programs presented are of varying content, depending upon what Activities Chairman Rodger Whitlock can procure. This years series featured a blue-grass group, a female singer of bawdy songs, and folk singer Steve Gillette.

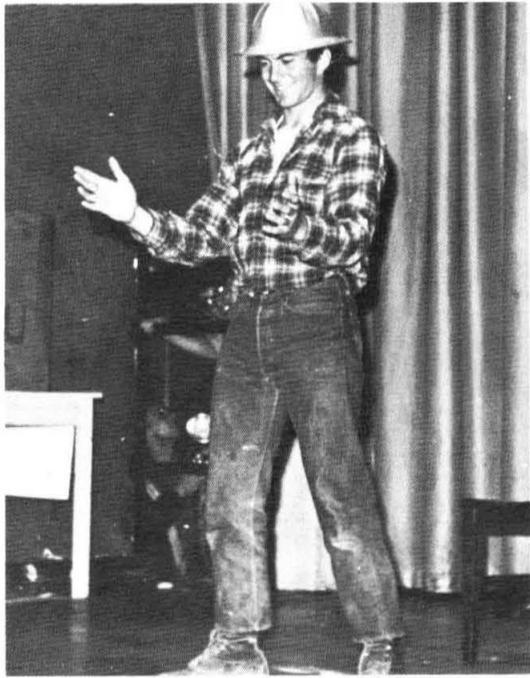


BECKMAN

AUDITORIUM

Since its opening in February, 1964, Caltech's new auditorium has served as the gathering point for a wide variety of events. With its excellent lecture hall facilities, it has been used by many off-campus groups for convention meetings. The weekly Monday night demonstration lectures drew large numbers of interested Pasadenans. Although student groups' use of Beckman has been somewhat restricted by questionably high rental fees, it has helped provide a long-needed center for Institute activities such as the annual ASCIT Folk Concert, which this year featured the Brothers Four.

ASCIT ELECTIONS



ASCIT elections this year were well contested, especially Social Chairman, with three candidates, and Rep-at-Large, with four ambitious frosh running. As usual the height of campaign oratory was reached the Monday night before elections when cries of "Sue for President" rang through Culbertson. Final results were: Fred Brunswig, President; Gordon Meyers, Vice-President; Fred Lamb, Secretary; Eric Young, Treasurer; John Walter, Athletic Manager; Doug Eaton, Social Chairman; Sam Logan, Rep-at-Large; Martin Smith, BOC Secretary; Bill Broste, IHC Chairman; Bob Berry, Norton Greenfield, and Tim Hendrickson, **California Tech** Editors.

ALUMNI



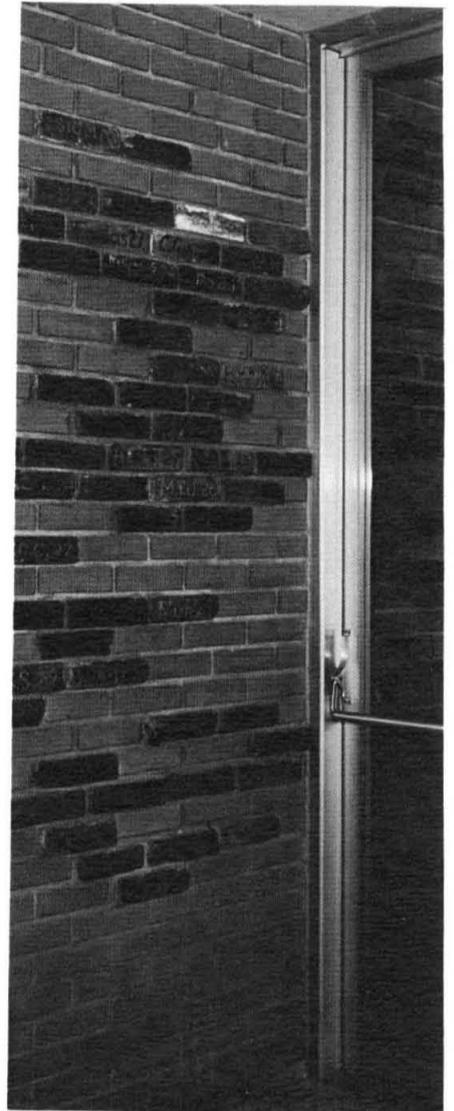
All individuals that receive a degree from Caltech automatically become Alumni of the Institute, and are eligible for membership in the Alumni Association. The Caltech Alumni Association is more active than many undergraduates may think. The Association takes an active interest in the Institute and the undergraduates. Specifically, it contributes heavily to the ASCIT-Alumni Assemblies—supporting them to the extent of \$1000 per year, and contributes \$300 to ASCIT for the Annual Interhouse Dance.

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

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

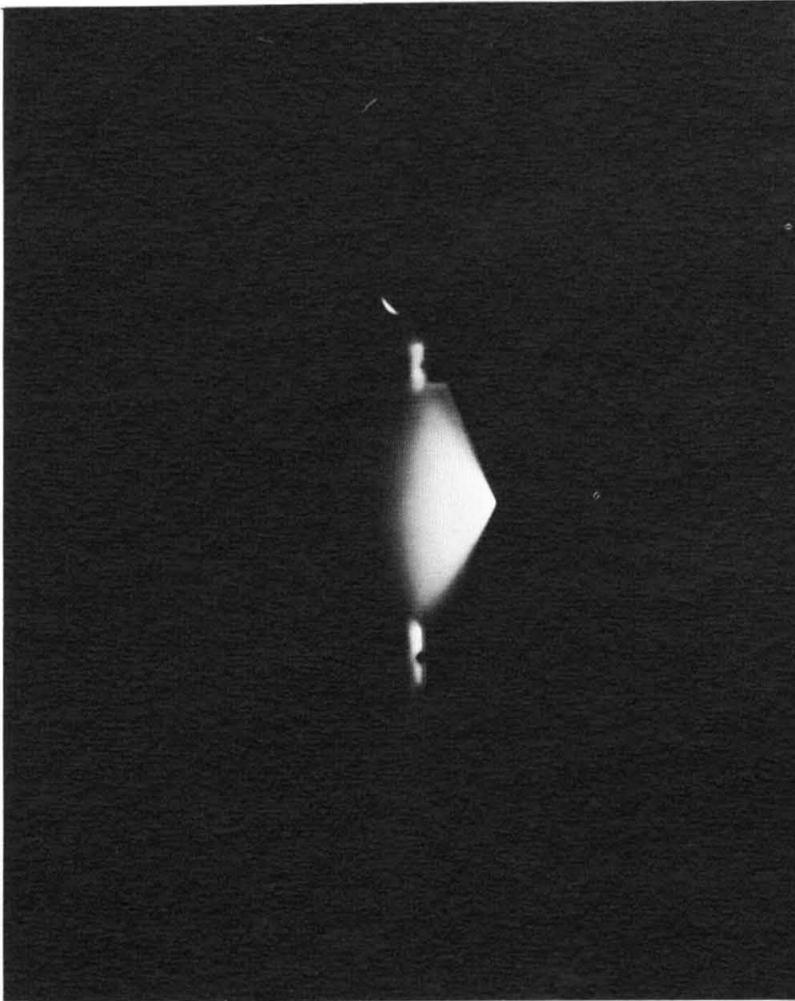
A reminder of some of the older alumni and of the student meeting place, "The Dugout" or "Throop Club", has been built into the south end of Winnett Student Center. Bricks with initials cut into them were taken from the old fireplace of the old "student center" and placed in the south wall of Winnett.

An alumnus, Don Walter, BS'40ME, MS'41Ae, won one of the 25 Silver Anniversary All-America Awards of Sports Illustrated this year. Don is Vice President of the Marquardt Corporation. He was captain of the football team in 1939, and participated in basketball and track and served as a member of the Athletic Council. In addition to being honored by election to Tau Beta Pi, he was awarded the Wheaton Trophy and an Honor Key. Other Silver Anniversary All-America award winners were Robert Sharp, '34, Wallace Johnson, '35, Frank Davis, '36, and Frank Jewett, '38. Caltech Alumni have had an outstanding share of winners of this national award.



CURRENT ALUMNI SCHOLARSHIP HOLDERS, Seated—Phil Cacioppo. Standing, L. to R.—
Mark Satterhwaite, Ed Perry, Tom Pucik.

HONOR KEYS

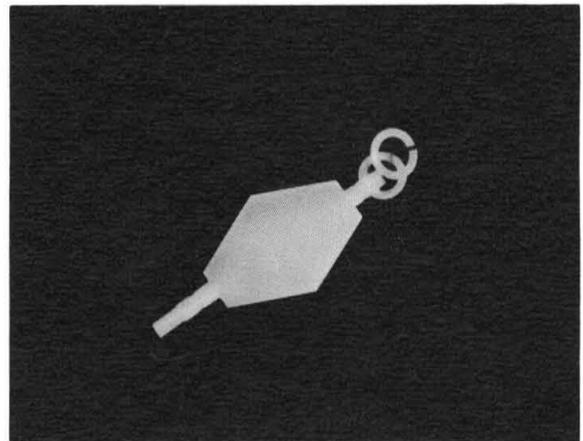


HONOR KEYS

Kendall Brown
Randall Cassada
Jim Eder
Roger Davisson
Steve Garrison
Dave Jackson
Ted Jenkins
Doug Josephson
Dennis McCreary
Bill Pence
J.C. Simpson
Vic Sirelson
Bob Sweet
Rodger Whitlock
Fred Brunswig
Bill Broste
Stuart Galley
Gordon Meyers
John Walter
Eric Young

HONOR CERTIFICATES

Steve Blumsack
Walt Davis
Chris Dalton
John Harkness
Yance Hirschi
Bob Levin
Guy Jackson
Bob Scott
Mike Rosbash
Mike Cunningham
Doug Gage
Ed Robertson
Sean Solomon
John Eyler
Dick Hackathorn
Fred Lamb
Mark Satterthwaite
Martin Smith
Mike Meo

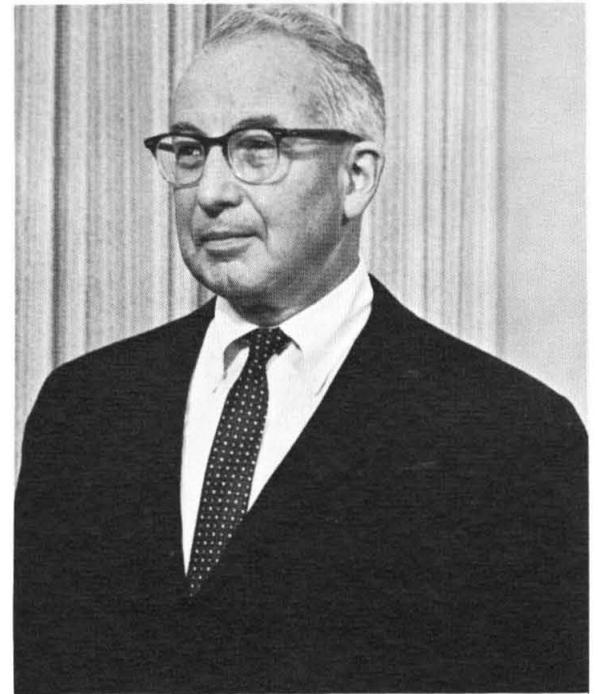




ADMINISTRATION



LEE A. DUBRIDGE
President



ROBERT F. BACHER
Provost



H. FREDERIC BOHNENBLUST
Dean of Graduate Studies



PAUL C. EATON
Dean of Students

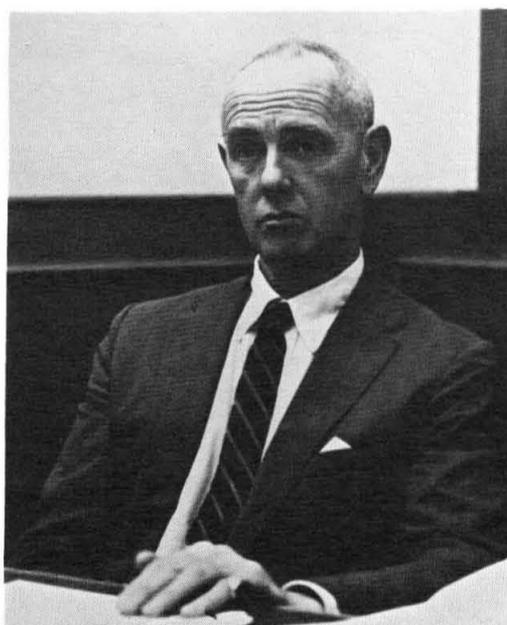
AND DEANS



L. WINCHESTER JONES
Dean of Admissions



FOSTER STRONG
Dean of Freshmen



PETER MILLER
Associate Director of Admissions



JOHN B. WELDON
Registrar



WARREN G. EMERY
Director of Athletics

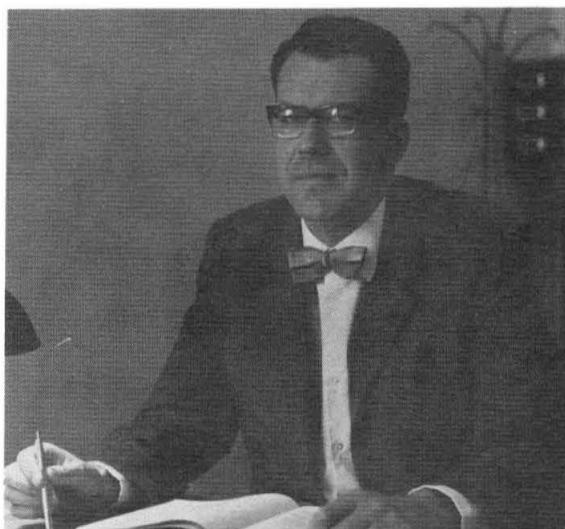
ASTRONOMY FACULTY



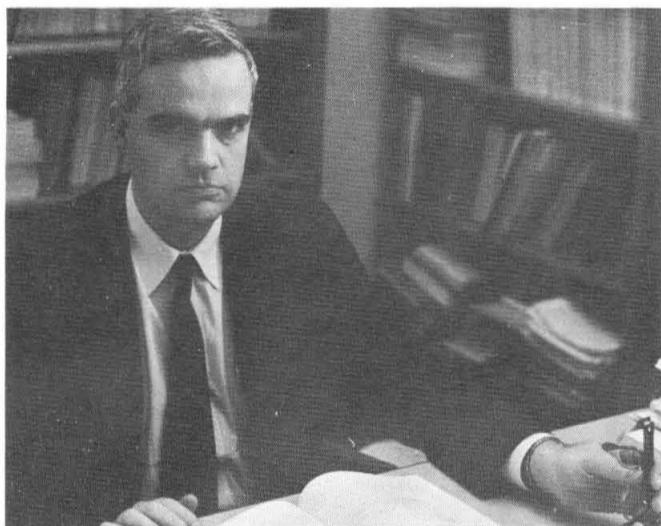
JESSE GREENSTEIN, Executive Officer



GUIDO MUNCH



MAARTEN SCHMIDT



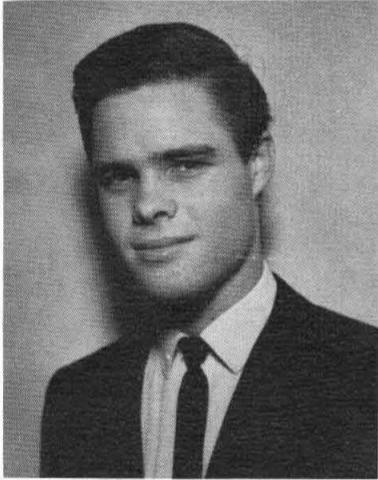
THOMAS MATTHEWS



JOHN OKE

ASTRONOMY

SENIORS



CHARLES M. SMYTHE RUDDOCK

The Unit Grubby arrived here from the wilds of central California. A devoted student, he took up swimming team and glee club as a minor—his major fields were, as a freshman, crew, pornographic music, and booze. As a sophomore he added to these women, as a junior, motorcycles and off-campus life, and as a senior, total degeneracy. He was noted for artistic sleeping through lectures, and for maintaining a four point in humanities while screwing major courses. He could always be recognized by his motorcycle boots, oil-stained jeans, sweat-shirt and three-day beard. He will be remembered by all as one of the finest literature majors the school has ever turned out.



CHARLES H. McGRUDER RICKETTS



TOM K. GREENFIELD RUDDOCK

Disatisfied with good old Capetown U., some thirty-odd moons ago young Tom Greenfield girded his young loins and strode manfully out of the Rhodesian jungle to see, and perhaps to conquer, the Western World. Seduced by the evil ways of the Occident, enraptured by the joys of life at Tech, and pinned down by his scholarship, Thomas gritted and groaned his way through his educational purgatory. During these enlightened and blissful years, TKG satiated his ambition and megalomania by wielding the absolute power of a UCC and later of a Ruddock Vice-President. But now, alas, these carefree years of fun and frolic are gone and Tom, a dirty old man of 21, must gird his shriveled loins and go forth into reality. Standing on the threshold, his gird in one hand and his loins in the other, Thomas looks forward eagerly to the challenge.

BIOLOGY FACULTY



EDWARD LEWIS



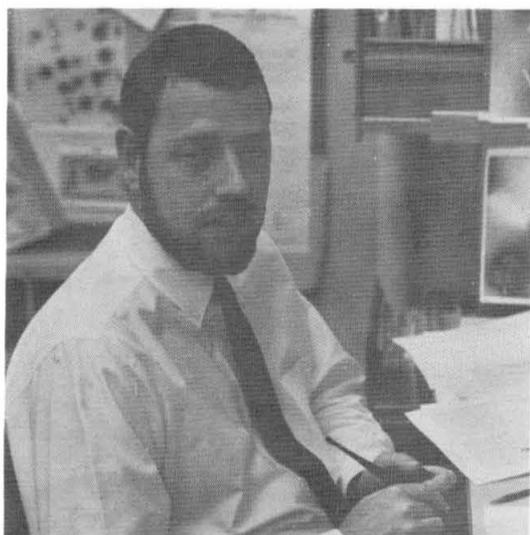
RAY OWEN, Chairman



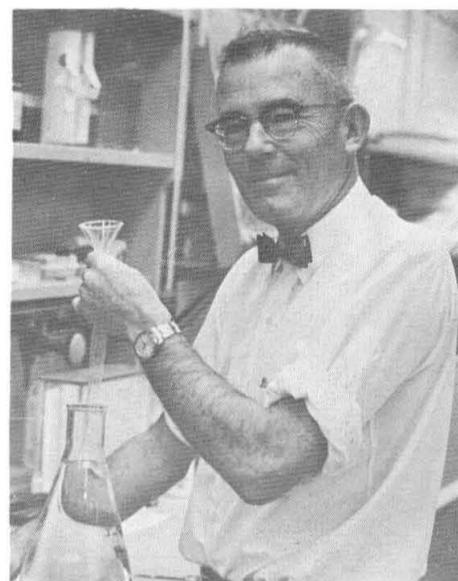
ARIE HAAGEN-SMIT



FELIX STRUMWASSER



ROBERT EDGAR



JAMES BONNER

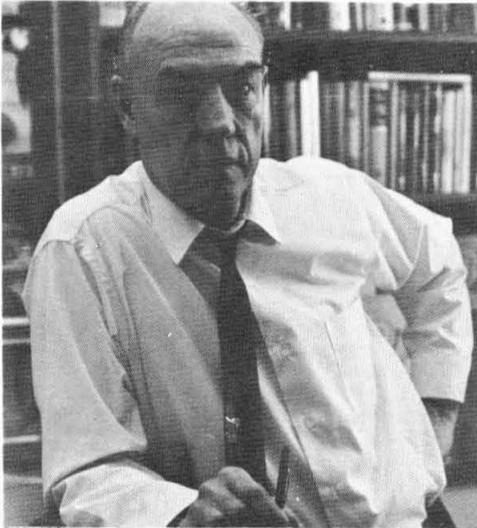
BIOLOGY FACULTY



ANTHONIE VAN HARREVELD



ROBERT SINSEIMER



ROGER SPERRY



NORMAN HOROWITZ



CORNELIS WIERSMA



ANTON LANG

BIOLOGY SENIORS

JIM EDER FLEMING

Having spent his frosh year snaking, Jim pursued the more carnal pleasures his soph year and became a Social Chairman—he still wears a silly grin from that experience. Sliding further down the ladder of success, he was awarded the rank of UCC, a position of true valor. Hitting rock bottom, Jim accepted the yoke of House Prexy. His administration includes trying to alleviate the TJ street dust problem, missing every IH softball game, keeping up house social morale by continually getting pelted with lead from down below, wreching foreign relations with Santa's Village and Israel, and keeping the world's flattest girl in his room. Though nothing can bring back the hour of his snaking in the grass and his snaking in the shower, we will find strength in the fact that we knew Jim, a man among boys, a sheep among lambs.



VERNON L. BLISS BLACKER

Vern came to Caltech to major in organic chemistry, but rapidly switched to biology when he found that the half-life of organic chemists is about 30 years. Fun-loving Vern wanted none of that. When not snaking he could always be found devouring **Road and Track** or advancing the state-of-the-art on his TR-4. This latter was partially responsible for his title as the "vanishing UCC" throughout his junior year. In the first term of that year Vern switched options, from "biology" to "interhouse," accounting for a brief, negative delta GPA. Over the next terms, though, god-like GPA rose exponentially. Meanwhile his social life retained its active pace, for a well-rounded Vern, girls were a close second to TR's. Probably off to med school next year, so that this budding scientist can learn as much about fixing people as he already knows about fixing cars.



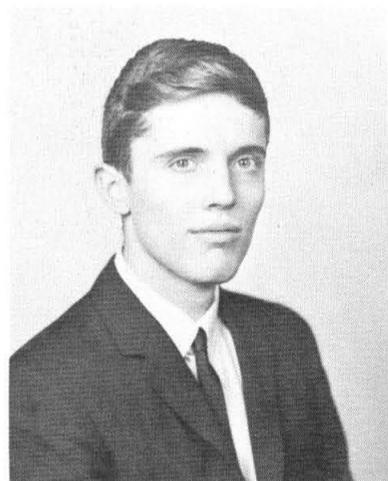
DONALD W. GREEN FLEMING

Young Lochinvar came out of the West, his shield bearing mathematics on a field of boredom. Don immediately was installed as a noble knight of the fifth alley, shortly became Court Archivist, and later was appointed to the exalted position of Ultra-Convivial Consort. Don's last year was spent in meditation and asceticism as Foremost Protector of the Holy Grail. Between pilgrimages to the fabled land of Whittier and to enchanted kingdom of Kloke's, Providence called. But Don passed up a chance to transfer to Brown, and became High Priest of Biology. Always heeding the call of Honor, Truth, and Sincerity, Don now leaves to protect the sacred name of Economics, or perhaps to dabble in a bit of white slavery.



RANDALL C. CASSADA RICKETTS

Honors-at-Entrance Merit Scholar Randy came to Caltech an obnoxiously gung-ho frosh. He'll graduate this June an obnoxiously gung-ho senior. In between, he's been busier than a Beaver. Ricketts Librarian, ASCIT Social Chairman, little t editor, Beavers, golf, track, Interhouse sports, "a girl a term," chairman of the Caltech Young Citizens for LBJ, perennial loser of the class vice-presidency, two trips to Turkey, and holder of the Health Center award for most injuries by an undergraduate, to name the highlights. And last year, he launched the biggest campus political campaign in recent years, complete with 20x30 foot signs made by the 7090, "Hopalong Cassada for President in '64" posters, a sawhorse named Seg, and extensive door-knocking. One of the few men from the Ricketts slate to be elected, he served an eventful year as ASCIT Prexy, becoming famous at BOD meetings for refusing to vote in case of a tie. He also found time to study and thinks he may graduate with honors. His dream is to become a molecular biologist. He plans to do graduate study "at the best school in the country, if anyplace'll take me."



CARLTON H. PAUL III FLEMING



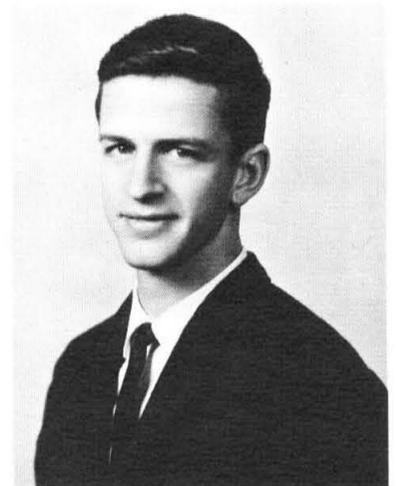
BIOLOGY SENIORS



WALTER A. SCOTT LLOYD

ROGER W. HENDRIX PAGE

He will long be remembered as cultural, social and spiritual leader of Page House. He directed everything from Interhouse Sing to pumpkin carving while holding the offices of social chairman and U.C.C. As the last remaining charter member of the Y.C.F.&G.S., Roger served as a bastion for gracious living, surrounded by an abysmal wilderness. Anxious to spread culture to his fellows, he took the ultimate step and became a waiter. Condescending to bestow his fine traditions on the Ivy League, Roger spent last summer at Hahvahde; he plans to attend grad school in biology there or out west, depending on which way the winds blow.



LEE NEIDENGARD RUDDOCK

"Snakengard" came to Caltech determined to eventually push back the frontiers of science by doing research in biology, and survived innumerable temptations, physics, and the Tech attitude to leave with the same goal in mind. He did this largely by keeping snaking in its proper place—aside from building Interhouses and running Student's Day, Lee was undoubtedly Tech's most gung-ho sports fan. He played IH football, basketball, and track, faithfully attended a large number of Tech football games, and rarely, if ever, missed a sports telecast of any kind. Now that he's endured a short four years at Tech, Lee plans to spend six more in grad school to get his M.D. and Ph.D. degrees "wherever he gets the most money."

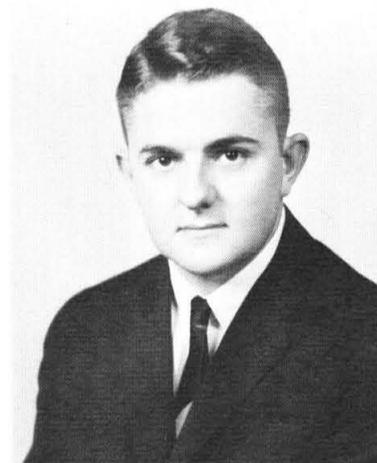
S. MURRAY SHERMAN RUDDOCK

THE SAGA OF SIMPLE SAM
From Pittsburgh, Pa., to smog and snow
And Tech came Simple Sam,
His face spread wide with SEG,
And with his jock in hand.

His records sounded through the halls.
In taste he was alone.
His singing added to their charm,
His voice a monotone.

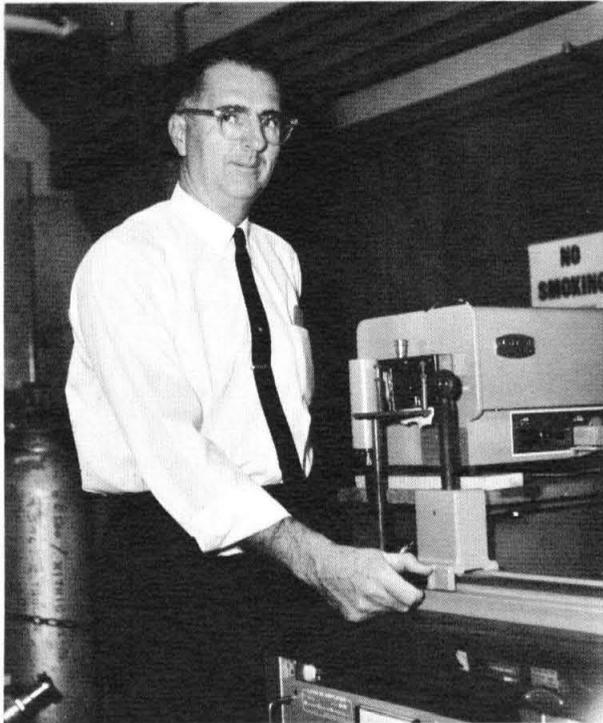
In football, baseball, basketball,
He was always known to hustle,
And soon his efforts aided him
With 40 pounds of . . . muscle?

But now he's gone, though his spirit lives,
And we will never forget it:
When his diploma he received
He answered, "I don't get it!"

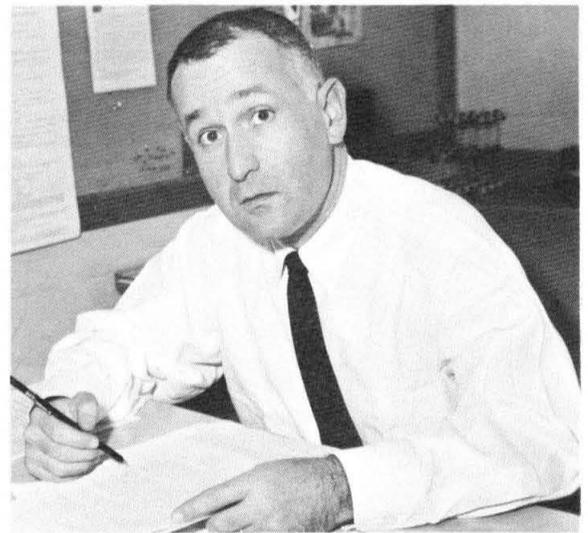


FRANK J. SLABY

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING FACULTY



WILLIAM CORCORAN



CORNELIUS PINGS



BRUCE SAGE



RICHARD SEAGRAVE



ROBERT RINKER

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING SENIORS



STAN A. CHRISTMAN DABNEY

Stan was born 21 years ago up in Frisco at nearly his complete adult height, a test tube in one hand, a book of R.F.'s in the other, ready to raise hell. Somehow Caltech and most of his "friends" have survived the nitrogen tri-iodide bombs, the potassium nitrate in their coffee, and the ??? broadcast over KRUD. Stan lettered in frosh baseball and became House Historian; then through some ironic quirk became a UCC. Never, though, were there any complaints heard over the 50 watts of continuous surf-beat. Stan's nonchalance was spear-headed by a dedicated lack of snaking and by a "non-concern" over his true love informing him one morning that they were getting married in 2 hours; Stan calmly turned over and went back to sleep. Another cool Club 1008 Chem E.

JERRY GOWEN DABNEY

1961 saw Jerry push his '49 Corvette all the way from Portland to Tournament Park (where it stayed) and become the most gung-ho and likeable of the gung-ho and loveable frosh. This rampant and wanton paranoia produced frosh numerals in football, basketball, and baseball in addition to a frosh Dabney House Secretary. Amid feminine shrieks of "Where's Jerry goin'-" Gowen went home and met pretty, blonde Carol Williams at a "cannery," whom he will marry after graduation. Soph.-Jr. years had FDR Gowen as Secretary again, varsity baseballer, Beaver President, and champion birddogger, getting 69 at one party. Losing his disillusionment senior year, he retired from politics to become another cool Club 1008 Chem E.



JOHN D. CHIDLEY FLEMING

Big John came to Cowtech from wild and woolly Montana (color him SHEEPish). John soon experienced the typical mental anguish at the hands of that witty ass, Feynman, and learned how neat his throat-cutting school chums could be. But John's natural boyish optimism weathered the storm and he emerged four years later as a happy neurotic, possessing the sense of humor that endears him to his many, many friends. Soon John will enter the real world where the honor system no longer applies. Color him ruthless. Color him executive material. Color him happy and rich. Four years in this rat-hole was worth it eh, John?

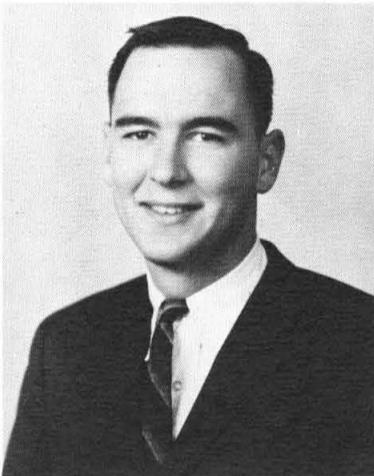


ARDEN B. WALTERS RUDDOCK

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING SENIORS

JOHN C. SIMPSON · RUDDOCK

From the marble-lined halls of the Nation's Capital came John Charles Simpson, a man exuding dynamic vitality, volumes of cigar smoke, a passionate love for Econ, and a minor interest in chemical engineering. J. C. has combined his passionate desire to avoid snaking with his driving ambition to participate in a long succession of campus activities: California Tech editor for two years, IHC Chairman, and Grand Dispenser of Ruddock's soft drink concession—in fact, just about everything except violent physical exercise. Where the caprices of Fate, the pursuit of Carolyn, the search for money, and his B.S. in Chem. E. will take this leader of the future is anyone's guess. Their final consummation will undoubtedly be a carpeted office, a beautiful secretary, a large cigar, and hundreds of brow-beaten engineering subordinates.

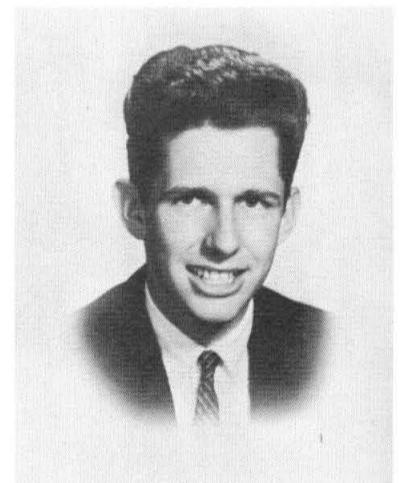


JOHN H. BEAMER · DABNEY

Bringing his bottle of Canadian Clubbed, John stably amassed many achievements—Frosh of the Year, honors standing, frosh letters in football, basketball, and baseball, bit-part contest winner, House Souse, Social Vice-President, Tau Beta Pi Secretary, and Off-Campus Out of it that somehow was always in it. He is undisputed high scorer of the varsity golf team, collecting 200 misdirected slashes in a single day. Third year saw John's promising degeneration develop into the real thing in an off-campus Eldorado. Contrary to popular belief, as two times Class Prexy, John got away with as much as possible, and is now independently wealthy (but no longer prexy). Although John is more of a slob than the average bear, he has managed to hang onto a GBH who certainly must have more than the average amount of tolerance. Another cool Club 1008 Chem E.

JOHN BARRETT LONG HARKNESS · PAGE

A normal person would have enough of undergraduate life after four years, but not John. After a normal term in the hot fat of Pomona and mathematics, he jumped into the fire of Caltech and Chem. Eng. He spent a goodly portion of his spare time chasing soccer balls, women, presiding over AIChE meetings, and controlling the boisterous underclassmen of Page, being head of the UCC. John was known for the above pursuits, a nasty-looking ice-axe, a mane of well-washed hair, and expensive tastes in recorded music. His future plans include more school and eventually a fat-cat position in petrochemicals. The word apple offends him greatly.



CHEMISTRY FACULTY



JOHN ROBERTS, Chairman



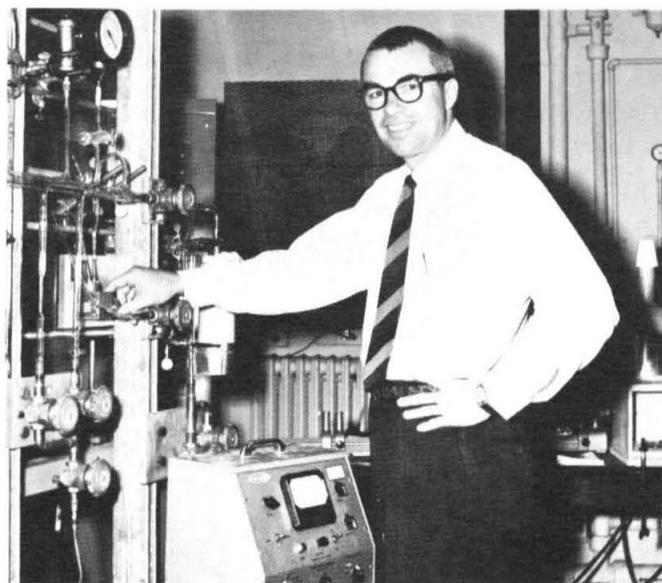
RICHARD MARSH



WILLIAM SCHAEFER

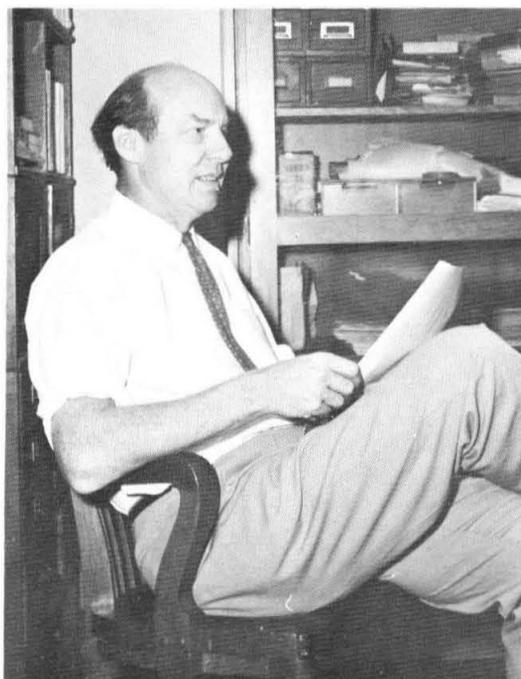


ERNEST SWIFT



WILSE ROBINSON

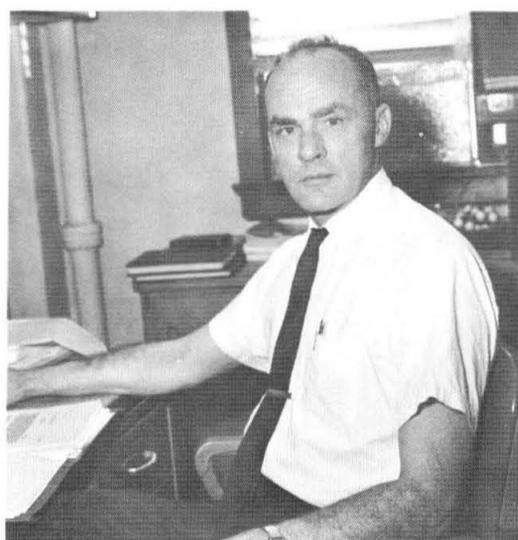
CHEMISTRY FACULTY



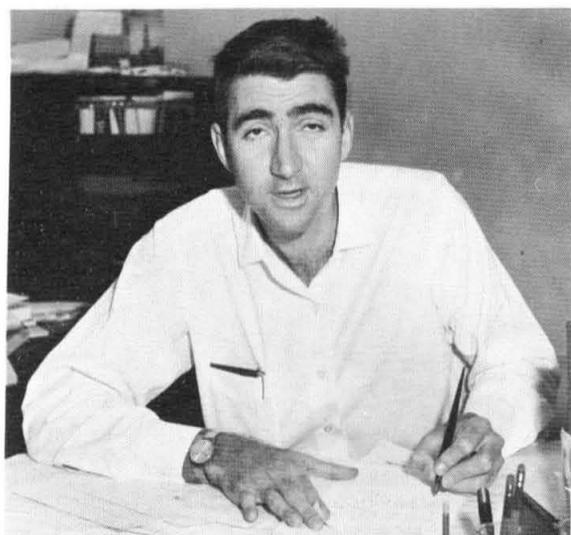
JURG WASER



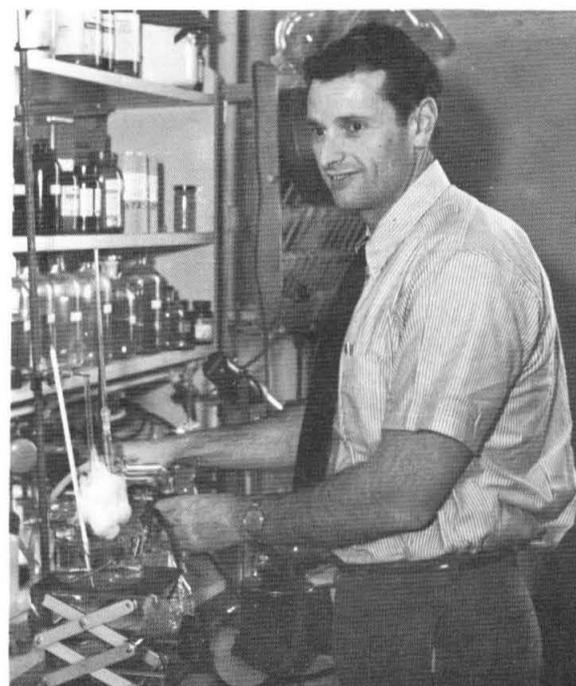
RICHARD BADGER



GEORGE HAMMOND

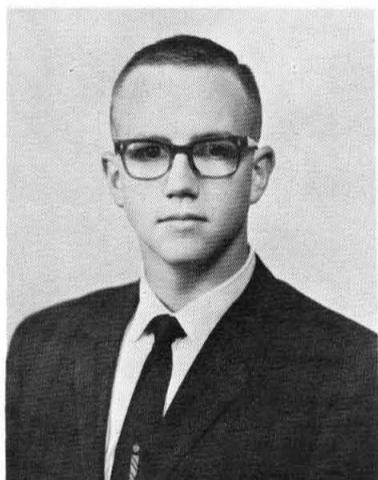


FRED ANSON



JOHN RICHARDS

CHEMISTRY SENIORS



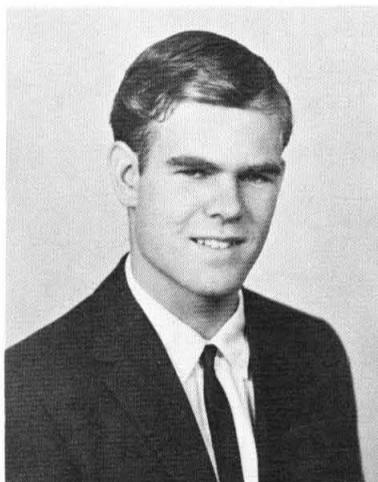
SHELBY CHAPMAN RUDDOCK

Once upon a time there was a mole. His name was T. Shelby III. He went to school. T. Shelby liked to run and play. He became the track manager and the football manager. He played interhouse football, basketball, and volleyball. He went skiing, played one game of J. V. soccer, and marched with the drill team. But T. Shelby was still not happy. He wanted power. He became UCC and Ruddock House secretary. He became an ROTC leader. He even studied a little chemistry. But not much because T. Shelby had many friends—friends with whom to spend much time talking and with whom to go to Roma's. Finally he was graduated with no loss of symmetry and lived happily ever after.



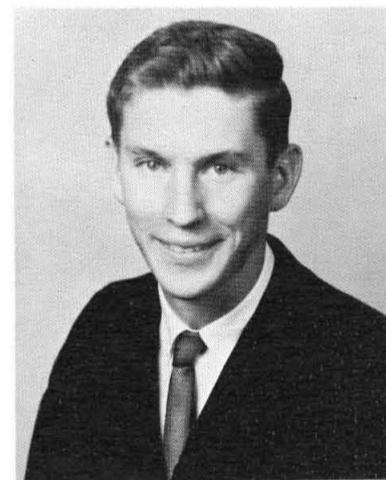
J. CHRISTOPHER DALTON DABNEY

From his first glimpse of the Pepsi machine to the last transaction of Econ 100, J. Christopher attacked the business of studenthood with wild entrepreneuriality. The overflow from pop concession and ushery spilled out of his coffers into those of the YCF&GS. Chris was also a stalwart of the Caltech Outing and Frolic Society, intrepid conqueror of mountain trail and possessor of an agile tongue. Never at a loss for conversation, Christopher would often bend over double chuckling, being the first one to see it that way. A basso of note and two-year president of the Glee Club, Dalton spread his efforts liberally to the YMCA (treasurer or course) and to Dabney (vice president).



JAMES M. CRABTREE LLOYD

Jim probably has the distinction of being the only chemist at Caltech who surfs, sails, dreams of bored-out Olds engines, drinks beer by the gallon, and dates a comely wench named Bonnie. While a UCC and headwaiter in Lloyd house, Jimmy keeps the frosh quiet by relating bedtime stories of the big surf in Mexico, the big runners in Wilmington and of the days when he too was horny. And couldn't even hold his liquor. If you would like to meet this rather extraordinary man-about-campus, he can usually be found any Saturday morning about 5:00 A.M. wandering around in his blue baggies with his hairy pot-belly protruding obscenely, trying to tie his 9'6" Dewey Weber to the top of his '54 Chevy



RICHARD C. ESSENBERG FLEMING

Dick arrived at Caltech a superb snake and a matchless musician. He continued this trend by cutting his classmates throats and by participating in the Caltech, P.C.C., and Essenberg-formed-Fleming-House-Dixieland bands. Still bored, Dick lettered in cross-country, became unofficial house photographer, and among elected offices became simultaneously Fleming house and ASCIT treasurers. As the latter, near-sighted Liebermann mistook him for former treasurer Jim Sagawa for one year. Dick's post graduation plans include becoming a railroad (narrow gauge) engineer if he can't figure out what departments accept bio-chemists.



LAWRENCE H. HALL PAGE

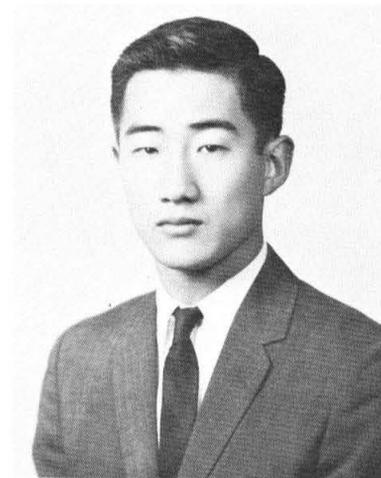
CHEMISTRY SENIORS



GUY D. JACKSON **BLACKER**

Rescued by the Admissions Committee from four years of fun at Georgia Tech, Guyser quickly distinguished himself in two remarkable areas. He could consume far more than his share of keg brew and he was able to win an even greater share of the house and class offices open to him. His easy going manner and likeable personality were certainly what made the latter possible. Exhibiting a politician's disdain for grades he also distinguished himself over the past four years by his ability to avoid labs and football practice and by at least one Dean's comment, "I don't know how he does it."

JOHN HSU **DABNEY**



ROBERT D. LEVIN **RUDDOCK**

There was one from Colorado who looked at chemistry but found unhappiness; who wailed on trumpet but found only deafness; who owned a Healey — a money drainspout; who created a Big T but didn't flunk out; who climbed on cliffs and buildings and never quit; who found himself a senior and a misfit.

Should have gone to Boulder.

Never too late.



KENNETH R. LUDWIG **BLACKER**



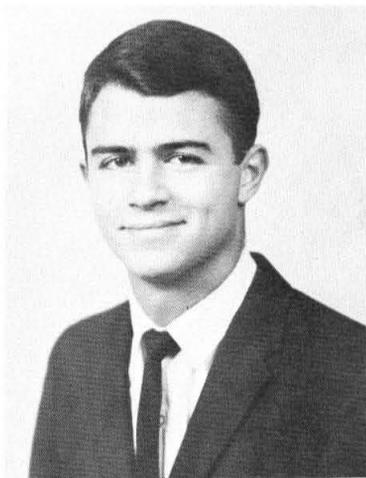
MAYNARD V. OLSON **RICKETTS**

Maynard is a man of rare perspicacity and insight. His deep understanding of subjects ranging from House politics to international relations, from the strategy of interhouse athletics to the fine points of inorganic chemical analysis is the characteristic feature of his broad intellect. In many ways Maynard is an observer and commentator; few House members were as aware of Ricketts' affairs as he, yet he never held House office. On the other hand, Maynard is also an activist, possessing competence in a long list of endeavors. At Caltech he worked hard on such activities as Interhouse Dance, cross-country his senior year, and Ricketts' brakedrum, in addition to being a superb chemist. The next few years will find Maynard at one of the West's leading universities working on his doctorate.

DENNIS L. McCREARY **PAGE**



CHEMISTRY SENIORS



ROBERT SWEET BLACKER

WARREN J. PEASCOE DABNEY

A good chemist must be able to combine a thorough knowledge of his field and a working understanding of people and the effect his work will have on them. Warren's background will permit him to make such a combination. His work at Caltech has given him a secure command of chemistry, while for the human angle he can rely on the experiences he encountered as secretary and treasurer for the Newman Club and secretary for the Chem Club and four active years in Dabney House. He has also been on the swimming and water polo teams.

Warren plans to begin his graduate studies at the University of Illinois.



MICHAEL M. ROSBASH RUDDOCK

A Self-Styled Individualist

At first there was no joy at Tech
And then along came Mike.
A letter in football and B.O.C. Sec.,
Not too bad for a kike.

Our boy was born with skis on his feet
A silver thermometer 'twixt his lips.
A thinking woman is just his meat . . .
Or anything else with hips.

Mike leaves here a "damned good" Chemist;
He'll strive to be a doctor, though,
'Cause our subject is an individualist . . .
We know; he told us so.

DEWITT A. PAYNE PAGE



GARY W. SCOTT BLACKER

His initials are G.W.S., and although many of his friends are convinced that they stand for Goes With Sally, he did do a few other things—like snaking and being social chairman. This suave Kansas chemist achieved a GPA that looks like the center of a titration curve and acquired friends like Pauling acquires degrees.

As if his weekends weren't full enough, he spent a third of them at debate tournaments near and far, arguing the virtues of economic communities, public works, or whatever the occasion required. He has also been known to write prize-winning orations and essays.

Grad school is next for Gary, but at press time there is great uncertainty as to where.

To round out this list of important facts, it should be mentioned that Gary is a tried and true KFWB addict.

Oh well, no one's perfect.

JIM SIMPSON FLEMING

Fleming's cultural life became somehow brighter when God's Gift to Women rode out of the Ozarks on mule-back with his suitcase filled with country humor. Perpetually longing for the North-forty, Jim diligently wrote to the folks back home. ("Hey Pa . . . we got a letter from Jim! Why don't yu'all run on down to the general store and find someone who can read!") and was once known to strew a bale of hay around his room to give it that "homey look." After graduation, Jim plans to forsake the luxuries of city life (electricity, indoor plumbing), give up the pleasures of student life (exchanges, flying pigs), sell his Porsche, buy a tractor, and return to the farm.



CHEMISTRY SENIORS

PAUL SWATEK DABNEY

While retaining strong sentimental ties to his home country of Western Pennsylvania, Paul quickly became involved in life, both academic and non-academic at Caltech. Strong musical interests led him into the Caltech Glee Club, where he was one of the leading baritones, a member of the Madrigal Society, and served as Secretary and then Transportation Manager. Always ready to lend strangers a helping hand, Paul became a Caltech guide and reached the pinnacle of "Head Guide" during his senior year. Also quite athletically oriented, his talents here were directed mainly toward Interhouse and Discobulus athletics, in which he participated for Dabney House in everything from softball and basketball to handball. A high degree of organization, everything was on those little cards, enabled Paul to do this while still maintaining strong interests in chemistry and doing well enough academically to be selected for Tau Beta Pi as a junior and elected President of this honorary scholastic fraternity his senior year.



WAYNE H. RYBACK PAGE

LAWRENCE K. OLIVER BLACKER

Larry arrived on the Caltech scene fresh from that thriving metropolis of Walker, Minnesota. After a term of doing mostly nothing, he proceeded to wipe this place up. His uncanny ability to get good grades and a rather substantial amount (three summers plus) of research would lead one to believe that he might make a pretty good chemist some day. Larry's extracurricular activities were not many, but were fervently pursued. First on the list was a talented and athletic young maiden from Arcadia, name of Lorrie, who brightened our boy's life for nearly four years. Larry also spent two years dampening himself daily for the water polo and swimming teams. But probably his crowning achievement was the rejuvenation of the Caltech Band. His undying enthusiasm and two years of toil as assistant manager and manager were primary in making the Band the skillful and enthusiastic group it is now. Having cooled Caltech, Larry will go on his calm, unhurried way to cool a few more years of school and a Ph.D. degree in Chemistry.



STUART STEVEN WATSON LLOYD

Steve is a Texan—a handicap which seems not to have impeded his career at Caltech. His first year here was an academic triumph; then he discovered people. Without Steve the frosh would have had to write home for fatherly advice; Interhouse would have been dark and the flying saucer would never have gone "beep-beep-beep!" Without Steve the German class curve would have been higher, and the BOC would have had to find another responsible Lloydman to sit on its clandestine councils. The only contrary note: without Steve his uncle would have had one more car in the family. Next year Caltech is going to have to do without Steve, though—not even the medical schools in Texas would try to frustrate his ambition to wield a scalpel over former classmates.

RODGER F. WHITLOCK PAGE

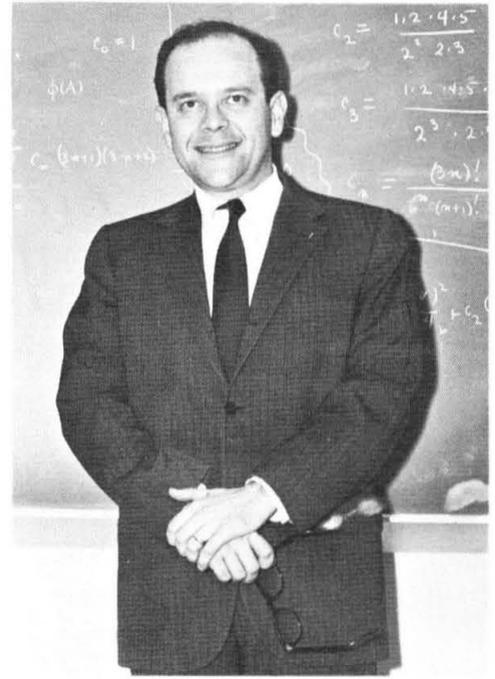
Good ol' R.F., as nobody ever calls him, stormed into Caltech with Honors at Entrance from Maryland and promptly started dismantling the place in a psychological sense. Known by a wide variety of epithets, his mythos should survive for a certain period after his departure to unknown parts. Perhaps his most notable characteristic is the involvement in extracurricular things to the frequent exclusion of academic work. His hallmarks included: upon being defeated for House Secretary, promptly garnering the secretaryships of both the IHC and Alpha Phi Gamma; his automatic crucifix; his neon lamps; his Reichskriegflagge; and his incredible grossness, which will echo for years within these hallowed halls.



ENGINEERING FACULTY



FREDERICK LINDVALL



JOEL FRANKLIN



DONALD HUDSON



THAD VREELAND

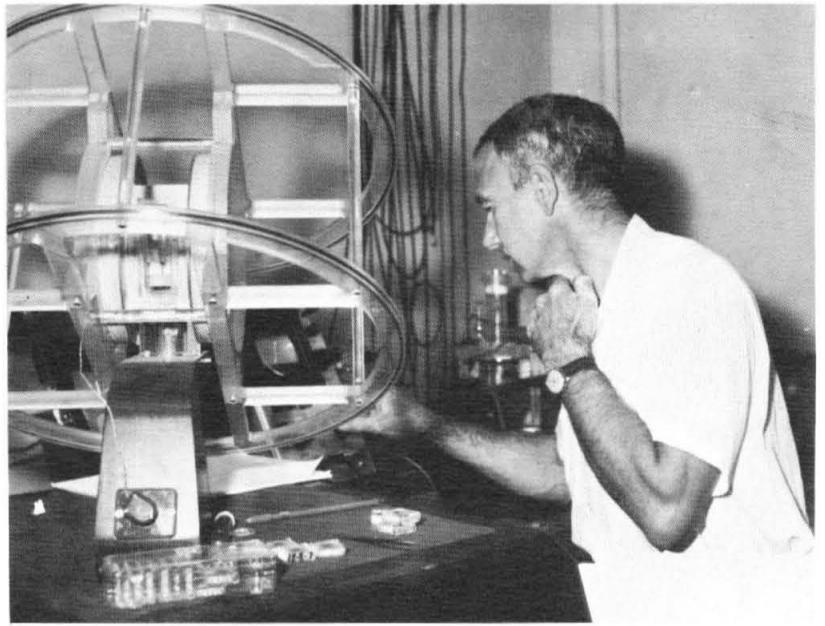


DONALD CLARK

ENGINEERING FACULTY



FLOYD HUMPHREY



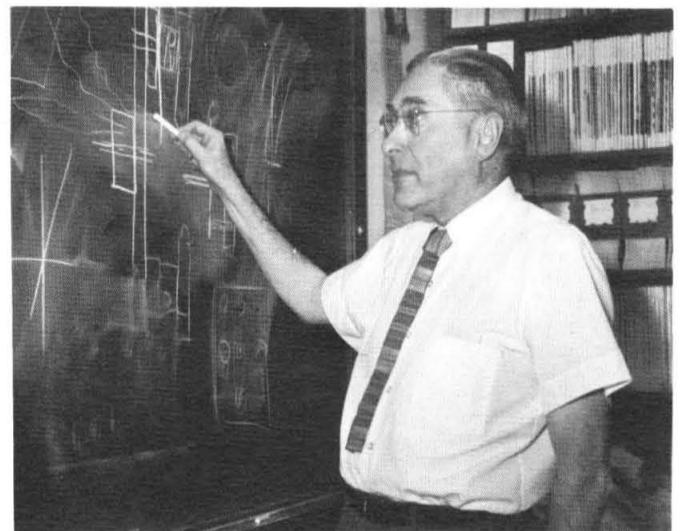
CHARLES WILTS



GILBERT McCANN

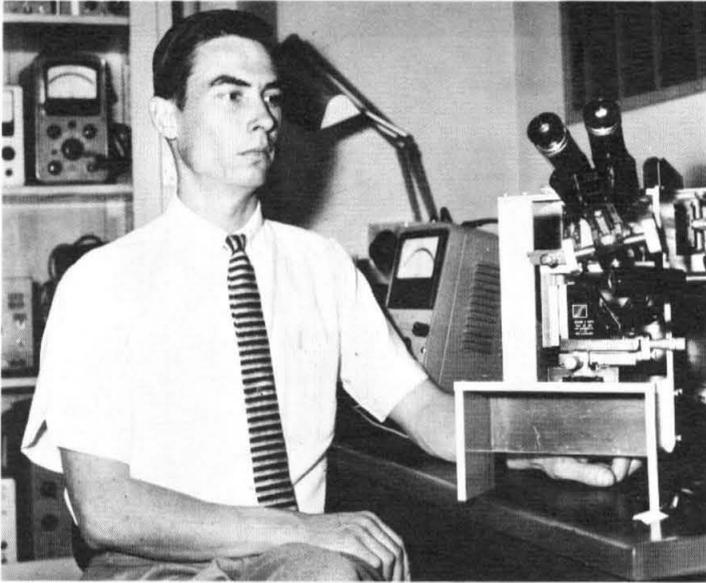


CLARK MILLIKAN



HAROLD WAYLAND

ENGINEERING FACULTY



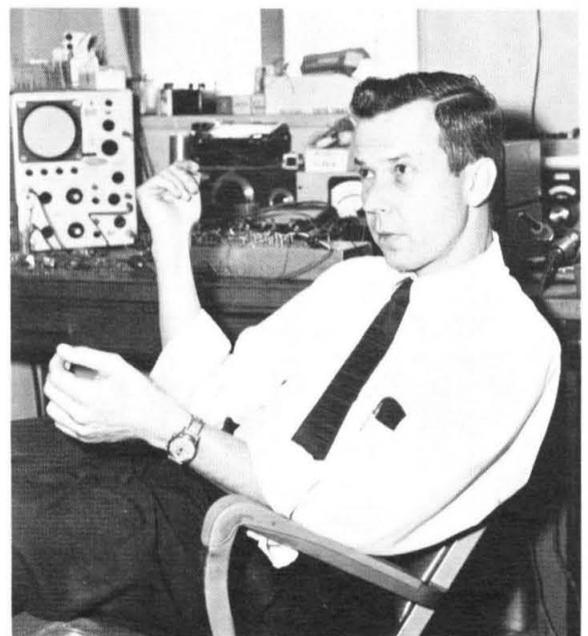
CARVER MEAD



FRED CULICK



JAMES KNOWLES



HARDY MARTEL

ENGINEERING SENIORS

GEORGE W. DICKINSON, JR.



MIKE I. BASKES RICKETTS

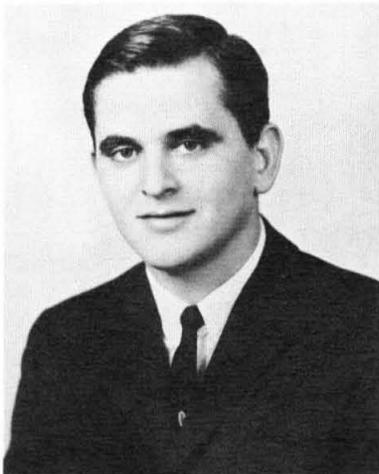
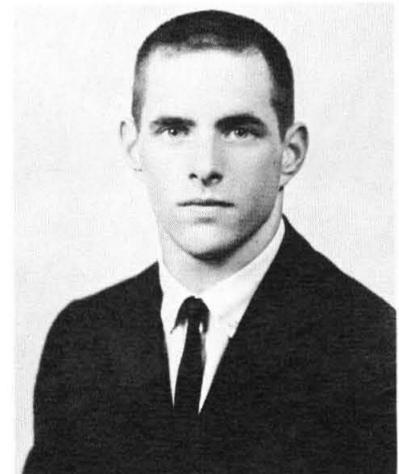
Coming from Chicago, Mike decided that here, at least, he would find some bridge players. Bridge players he didn't find, but a waterpolo ball he did. So Mike became a waterpolo goalie; not just a goalie, but the best in the conference as he easily made the first string all-conference goalie position his senior year in leading his team to a tie for the championship. Waterpolo didn't hurt his grades as he joined Tau Beta Pi his junior year and was soon elected treasurer. He was also active in the E.P.C., bridge tournaments, Interhouse swimming, and on the U.C.C. committee as U.C.C. of Herc his senior year. One hundred percent assured of money here, Mike plans to make Caltech and Material Science his home for the next three years.

J. GRANT BLACKINGTON RUDDOCK

To: Head S-1, UNCLE

Subject: File on agent 00007

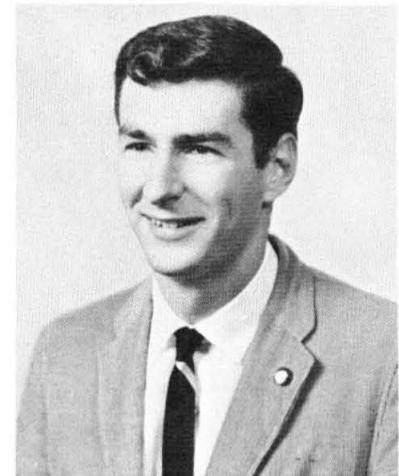
Successfully flooded Ruddock House courtyard and lounge, rewired Culbertson and blew all fuses, rerouted Frink Avenue to the top of Mt. Caltech, undercover agent to Westridge as electrician and actor, stamped out false statements about Parker, pimp, lock picking ability resulted in destruction of front door of Building T-4, successfully defended Mt. Hillyer against invading ROTC forces, entered politics as Ruddock and then ASCIT Jock, through clever use of rudder and ailerons drove his flying instructor to an early retirement and became thoroughly acquainted with airsickness. Experience as halfback and chief Garcon rounded out his training. Current assignment is to infiltrate USAF Flying Training and Officer Corps.



MANUEL A. HUERTA FLEMING

EDWARD S. BAUER BLACKER

Born October, 1963, Ed arrived at Caltech buoyed up by an extensive experience in the real world in the U.S. Navy. Beginning as an aspiring engineer, this was quickly obscured as the panorama of Caltech's depth experiences unraveled before his eyes. Finding temporary obstacles in the tradition of popularity contests that beset our campus, Ed was nevertheless able to perceive the value of an active involvement in the YMCA, Intercollegiate relations, Scripps College, human and civil rights problems—and he proceeded to pursue these interests (becoming Y treasurer, attending numerous conferences, working on civil rights in Mississippi) with an intensity tempered only by his comfortable, relaxed, and reclining manner.



DONALD LAWRENCE BLUMENTHAL RICKETTS

Don is a flyer; he flew in on a 707 as a frosh and has been flying ever since. Only little planes so far—the FAA does not trust him enough. At \$10 per hour even he could not afford much flying, so he sublimated by helping to form the Flying Club, going parachuting, trolling away at AE, and skiing. On the plus side he got an ulcer, threw gelucil parties, and encouraged noise and showerings. He discharged his debts to society by being a UCC, water polo manager, and deserting his native East for the West. This fall a DC7 will bring him back from Europe for several years in the AE grad school. Some people never learn.

ENGINEERING SENIORS

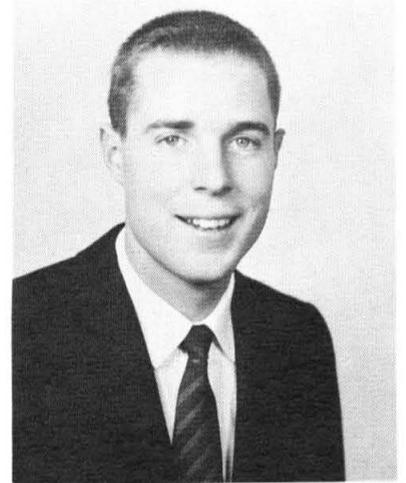


BARRY W. DINIUS BLACKER

DONALD R. CHIVENS RICKETTS

Don came to the home of Feynman physics and snow as a Junior after two years of hard(?) work at neighboring P.C.C. He has had one major ambition: To avoid physics and math courses at all costs. In this respect he has been quite successful. This boycott of physics and math left him two alternatives, mechanical engineering and Martha; both of which he has displayed a keen interest in.

Don lived off campus during his Junior year and this year gathered up his courage and voluntarily(!!) moved into Ricketts. Even in spite of this and Saga cooking, he is planning to return next year as a grad student to pursue his major of mechanical engineering further, unless of course, his girl friend Martha gets him first.



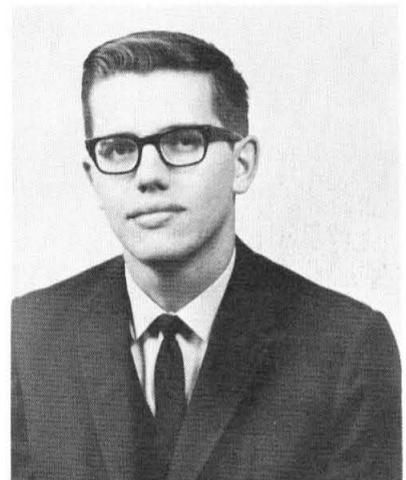
GLENN G. CLINARD LLOYD

The badlands of Montana reluctantly parted company with Gary, leaving him to the rigors of Tech and to the many trials of a Lloyd frosh. The following year, he moved off campus to foil the usurous Sagaeans and the notorious, many-armed B. and G. monster. Fed up with the steady diet of chopped sirloin and the clean-up thereafter, and unimpressed with females on leash and in the sty obtained by well-intentioned social chairman, Gary drove to Montana that Christmas and returned with Sallie, his true love now turned wife. She soon renewed his interest in a high GPA. Luckily, he had seen the light early and had chosen the engineering option thus saving the inevitable embarrassment of transferring from physics. A hard core Techer, Gary plans graduate study here at Tech.

ROGER C. DAVISSON DABNEY

Rog combines the talents of rare intellect (he's a snake) and an active extracurricular life (he messes around). Despite these drawbacks, he is one of the most likeable guys around. Hailing from the greatest state in the Union (Colorado, for the uninitiated), Rog has gained campus-wide fame for his achievements. Winning all possible contests (Travel, Conger, McKinney, etc.) Rog has argued his way through four years on Caltech's "winningest" team, the debate squad. While working his way to the top of his option (by changing from physics to engineering), he has kept busy by sitting on the BOC and the Y Cabinet and chairing the EPC. Despite a junior year escape from the rigors of on-campus life, he is still a card-carrying Darb.

With his ability in argumentation, friendly manner, and "invaluable" experience at Caltech, Rog hopes for a successful career in business while making piles of money. This will mean graduate school in business, unless a top engineering school bribes him astray.



LELAND A. DEPRIEST DABNEY

Almost cleaning himself out this summer as a result of a high speed blowout, Lee fell back to the concept of safety in numbers. T.P. was soon littered with his '40 Buick, '51 Ford, '58 Ford, Chrysler, gas tanks, radiators, tires, etc. His philosophy carried him through in fine shape as he was not involved in a single accident for the rest of the summer. Of course none of his cars ran but then everyone knows Fords don't go. Having kept most of his personality intact through his stay at C.I.T. the man with the reputation of being the friendliest UCC in Dabney, leaves us in a big cloud of exhaust from his hot machine.

ENGINEERING SENIORS

JOHN C. DIEBEL BLACKER

Wishing to be far away from South Pasadena, John decided to come to Caltech. Once here his fellow students immediately characterized him as the "worrier" and as one of the strangely infrequent animals, an extroverted, friendly snake. Not neglecting his fellow students and mincing few words, John has expressed his opinions of notable house members, exemplified by the late Rob Gordon. An avid baseball fan and star pitcher of the Caltech varsity team, "Silent" John also enjoys batting ye olde golf ball around the green. As for girls, his opinion seems to consider them handy to have around but not of much importance at the present time. With a predilection for physics and astronomy when he came here, our boy rapidly saw the light after Ph 2c and switched to EE.



DAVID W. FAULCONER FLEMING

STEVE GARRISON PAGE

Steve came to Caltech and began asking himself, "What am I doing here?" However, he quickly got into the groove by being frosh prexy and on the B.O.C. After a flying start like this, it is not surprising that he worked up to ASCIT Veep and senior class secretary.

Steve liked girls, especially school teachers and aviators' daughters, but that didn't stop him from trying out other types such as fat ones and skinny ones.

Steve found that the lure of green stuff was more alluring than pushing back frontiers, so he plans to get a high-paying job in industry somewhere and to eventually become wealthy. With the ambition and determination that he has shown at Caltech, there is absolutely no chance that Steve will not accomplish these goals.



BURTON W. GRAVES RICKETTS

One year at PCC whetted Burt's appetite for math, science and a more powerful car. During his three years at Tech he never lost sight of his major goals. It shouldn't be long now until he gets that blower under the hood of that innocent looking '49 Chevy. Burt has been termed by one faculty member as the "biggest misfit at Caltech," for in spite of his extraordinary mechanical abilities, he somehow wound up in the EE option. Burt's plans for next year are not clear yet, but if his success at Tech and with his many outside projects are any indication for the future, he is sure of success in whatever he may choose.

DAVID D. JARVIS FLEMING



ENGINEERING SENIORS



PAUL C. KOCHENDORFER RICKETTS

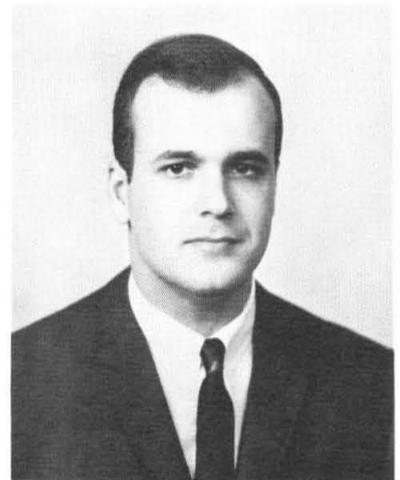
WILLIAM E. HAWK FLEMING

Bill came to Fleming from Elko, Nevada (Sin City of the West) and spent about a year learning that he really didn't have to snake all the time. Liking physics, he naturally chose the EE option. In his alter ego as the reincarnation of Pancho Villa, he established the 12:30 to Ernie Jr.'s, for which he was suspected of being a shill. When not gobbling tacos or snaking, Bill could often be found out for interhouse sports, at the opera, or in the FH fan room watching his TV. Bill would like to go to Stanford grad school and eventually become a Pontiac salesman.



EDGAR KUPLIS RUDDOCK

AMOS LEVIN BLACKER

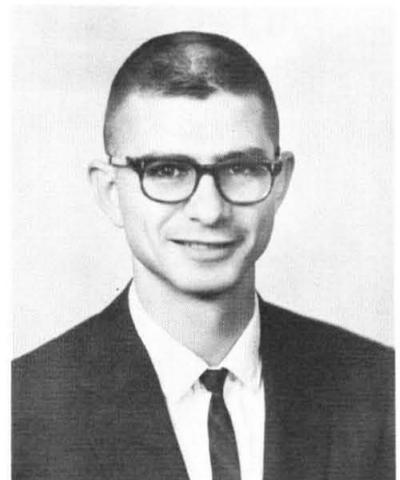


DAVE HIXSON PAGE

Hixson, as he is affectionately called by his friends, has found at Tech two things of lasting value—a good cigar and a well made guitar. Without sacrificing so much as a minute of his study time, he has learned how to smoke a cigar and look as if he is enjoying it. And he has developed a respectable flatpicking skill. Picking up a grass-roots engineering education, Dave will find a nice gas station to work in after graduation.

DEL E. LEVY PAGE

Arriving at Tech as a sophomore only seven years after graduating from high school, Del had the dubious distinction of being the oldest undergrad on campus. He brought with him a wife (Garee), two children (Theresa and Colleen), and an interest in coins, chess, bowling, interhouse softball, and—oh, yes—science. Del figured he ought to come to Tech since they were nice enough to name a vector operator after him (or vice versa). His goal in life is to treat the human brain from an electrical engineering standpoint (i.e., like a black box), and his hardest problem is finding volunteers. He spent the last half of his tenure at Tech as Page House representative to the BOC.

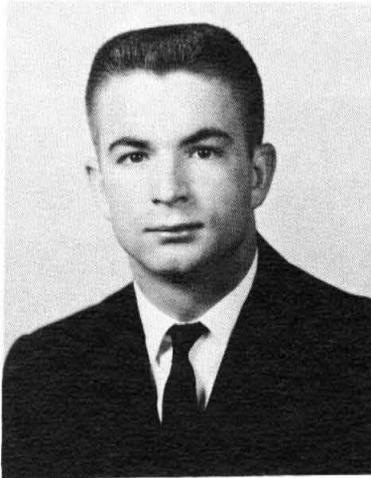
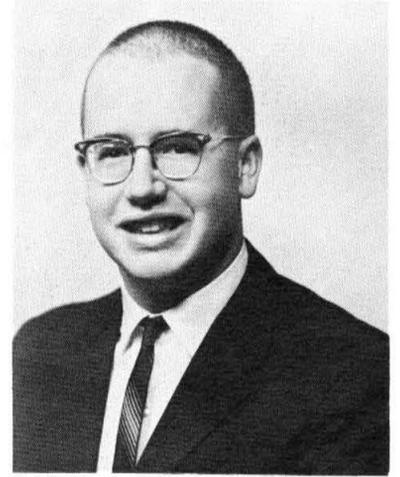


ENGINEERING SENIORS

CHARLES K. MICHENER LLOYD

He entered Caltech certain that "this was the best of all possible worlds."

He leaves — afraid it might be.

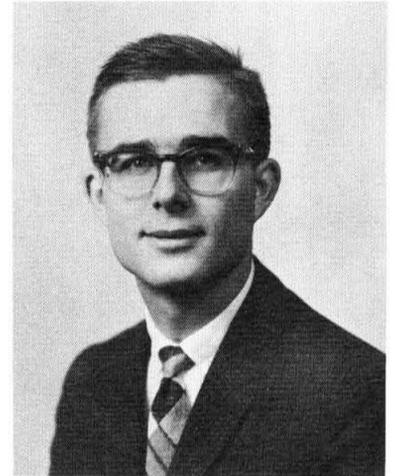


ROBERT T. JENKINS LLOYD

It is rumored that if Ted doesn't spend at least two hours a day in the water, he will atrophy and die. So, he's played water polo and swam for four years. Currently, he is captain of both teams, record holder in the five hundred, and holder of the Campbell Trophy. After a wild sophomore year as chairman of "The Legion of Super Vandals," casualty of Ph 2c, and leader of the passive resistance to the Suits-Pence-Howenstine-Bradford social program, he calmed down and became UCC of the Inferno, and then House Vice President. Ted would be happy for the rest of his life if he could swim every day, and get money for "playing with neat EE stuff!"

RAINER McCOWN LLOYD

Rainer came here thinking "Physics is neat." Now he knows— Even Electrical Engineering had to take second place, after a short time, to his greatest passion for building half-finished Hi-Fi amplifiers, tuners and tape recorders. The Caltech Band consumes its share of his copious free time, but the facet of student life which really destroys his infinite snaking is a common problem to all social chairmen. Not possessing a car until a senior, he discovered "All girls are cute over the telephone." In the future he plans a quiet life consisting of working and grad school interspersed with hot cars, loud Hi-Fi's, fast dancing and wild women.



THOMAS M. MENZIES PAGE

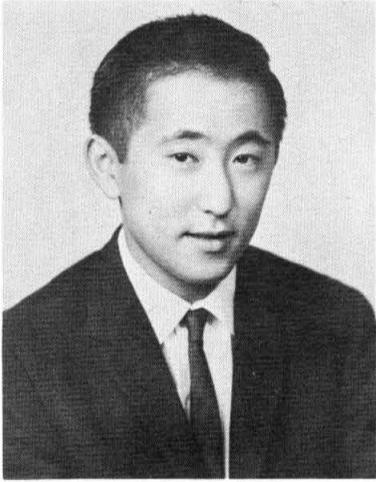
After spending four years rollicking in the shadows of an obscure Preparatory School in Exeter, New Hampshire, our young lad decided to venture to the land of wine, women, and song—ever sunny Pasadena. "School is for learning," saith Tom, and he set out to learn the art of making harmonious? musical notes, a la Earl Scruggs. As despair set in, he diverted his interests to his true love, Electricity, and narrowly avoided a breakdown. Come September our wiser lad will again venture to the land of wine, women, and song, whether it be here or where the money is.

HAROLD MOELLER RUDDOCK

To Hal Moeller, whose interests lightly turn on Materials Science, the world is full of martensile and engineering professors who erase as they write at the speed of light. Not content with observing the Real World of Caltech, however, he has expanded his scope to examining the music and mores of the Caltech Glee Club (he's even an Alumni Secretary), the Mathematical beauties of bridge, the complicated impulse diagrams of golf, softball, basketball, and bowling, and the inexplicable opposite sex—only one in the last sample space, though. Hal aims at business school, gobs of money and a cabin in the north woods with a pipe and a warm bawd. Go get 'em, Hal.



ENGINEERING SENIORS



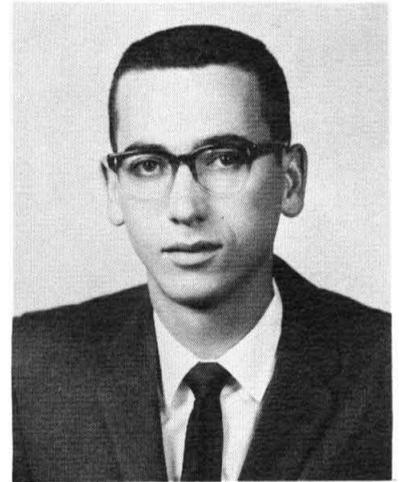
FRANCIS S. NAKAMOTO RUDDOCK



WILLIAM P. O'NEILL RICKETTS

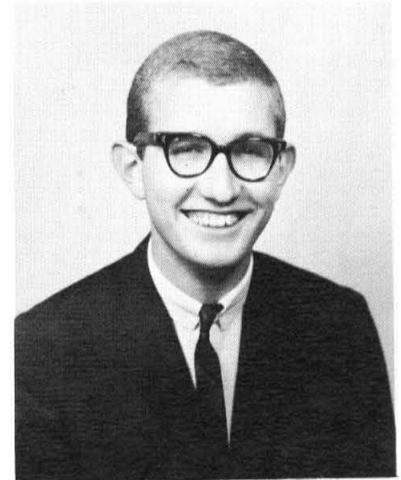
GERHARD H. PARKER RUDDOCK

Imported from Germany but a product of American craftsmanship, our most advanced model offers such novel features as a "Leader-of-the-Pack" T-shirt, a revolutionary RF memory storage section, built-in ROTC leadership, deadly accuracy on a rifle range (holds record for most opponent's targets mutilated), and complete with plans for the reinvasion of France. But we'll be honest—the Parker when supplied with motorcycle does not function in snowdrifts or between Pasadena and Scripps. This model comes with a four-year supply of ROTC drop cards and may be equipped with optional braces to correct for extreme overbite.



WILLIAM M. PENCE LLOYD

When Bill arrived on campus, he decided that fame and glory is best achieved by being a house officer. He started immediately as frosh work chairman. After this he held down social chairman and then moved on to house secretary. In this position he cleverly implicated the entire excomm in the San Marino debacle only to be elected president on the new slate a term early. Although his largest activity has been the brilliant leadership of Lloyd House, Linda has taken almost as much time, followed by Interhouse tennis, ASCIT ExComm, and study in Aeronautical Engineering. Bill is looking for an easy grad school.

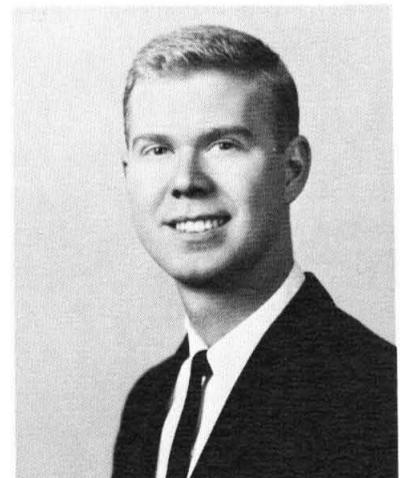


JOHN NADY FLEMING

Constantly fighting a battle between a surging house spirit and a desire to make a name for his school, "Nads" was a success in both interhouse sports, gaining him the title of Fleming House Athletic Manager, and Varsity basketball. John was perhaps best known, besides, for his easy-going attitude toward life and for his ability to bounce back academically. Junior year he started by barely passing first term and ended up making the Dean's List for the year. Fleming will have to search hard to find a replacement for the color and variety which John Nady provided. Future plans include EE grad school at Berkeley, more poker games (the all-night variety) and occasional goofing off.

J. NILES PUCKETT, JR. RICKETTS

Niles would have been a big asset to any school he attended. While his unbounded enthusiasm and competence would have led him to distinction on any campus, his decision to venture west from his Phoenix home was particularly fortunate for both him and Caltech. Niles attacked Caltech's opportunities with characteristic vigor. He was active in the Glee Club, Madrigal society, student shop, and numerous house activities including positions of UCC and Vice-President in Ricketts. As a frosh Niles sprang to Ricketts fame overnight by stealing the brake-drum from the unwary sophomores, and he was subsequently instrumental in leading the Class of '65 to victory in the perennial frosh-soph contest. An electrical engineer of the highest caliber, after graduation Niles will continue his studies in semiconductor physics somewhere in California.



ENGINEERING SENIORS

GEORGE A. REPASY DABNEY



FREEMAN H. ROSE, JR. LLOYD

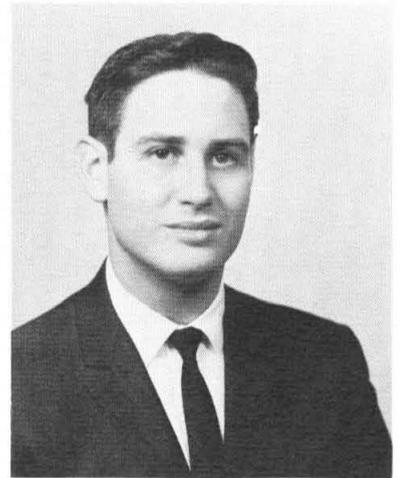
As a frosh in Lloyd, Freeman managed to snake enough to pass, and have enough time left for fun. As his knowledge grew, so did the technical quality of his play. In his spare time he played Varsity Tennis and studied EE. This EE knows that a soldering iron and a pile of parts is the only way to learn the subject. Saga must have been too much for him, for he moved off campus as a sophomore. Since Saga was bad, and his own food worse, he got married in time for his junior year. Freeman plans to go into industry, hoping to rise to high managerial positions.

BENJAMIN A. SALTZER RICKETTS

Ben came to Tech bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, settled in Ricketts House, and spouted O.R.'s day and night. It took one year to cure him of that, and another year to get rid of the cockeyed optimism and other obnoxious diseases. One year off campus with the Terrible Turk of physics, fly, and flamer fame led to broadened horizons, and repaired confidences and G.P.A. And a senior year remained for continued bowing and reaping.

TOTEM, the campus literary magazine, was his major effort in ASCIT, but Ben also did some work in the YMCA and the campus ASME student chapter.

Ben has stayed in the Engineering option, with an eye toward electromechanical design. "Benny," as he is known to the department here, hopes to do graduate work in design.



BOB SCOTT DABNEY

Outgoing, social, athletic, "cool," Bob Scott was a natural to succeed even in Caltech's intellectual atmosphere. He climbed the ladder of success from co-social chairman to President of Dabney House. Leading Dabney on the playing field as well as in the dining room, Bob participated in Interhouse and Discobulus sports, when not starring as a halfback or in the defensive secondary for the Beaver footballers. Skiing has been one of the centers of Bob's life ever since his adolescent days in Montana, where it snows in the hills and not in the classroom. At Caltech this interest continued as Bob became the moving force and president of the Caltech Ski Club. He occasionally sauntered off for weekend skiing trips to the California ski areas and longer spring vacation trips to Aspen, Colorado, where a little socializing, another of Bob's favorite sports, often mixed with the skiing. When his feet were on the ground, Bob was training to be an Aeronautical Engineer.

DAVID L. SHERLOCK BLACKER

Dave came to CIT from California's Mojave Desert in fear of spending four years in the smog capital of the world. Soon discovering that he had been leading a dull life, he found time to join the band, become a double loser in the pursuit of the fairer sex, and take H 2b for the third time. A firm religious faith led Dave to take an active part in the Caltech Christian Fellowship. Snowed by the USAF, he joined that exclusive group of men known for their Wednesday demonstrations of skill and coordination. Next fall will find Dave returning to Caltech to amass enough units to graduate, and then it's on with the "Air Force Blue."



Not Shown:

JEROME W. DAVIS
 RICHARD S. FRENK
 DALLAS J. MEGGITT
 DONALD K. MITCHELL
 JAMES F. YEE DABNEY

GEOLOGY FACULTY



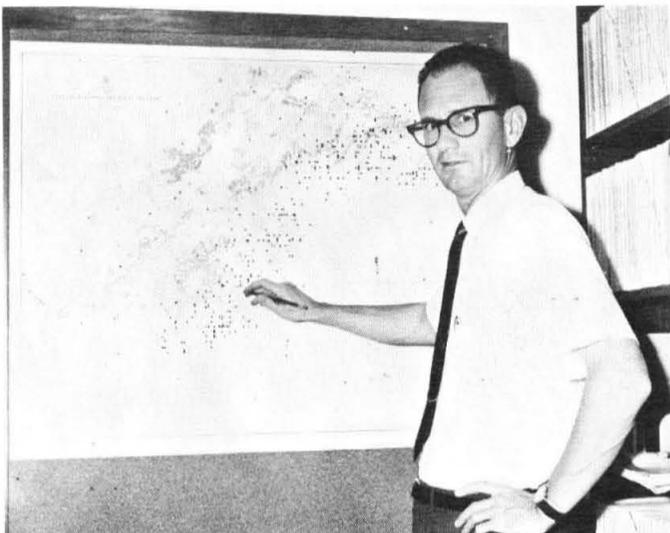
LEON SILVER



ROBERT SHARP, Chairman



GERALD WASSERBURG



CLARENCE ALLEN



ARDEN ALBEE

GEOLOGY SENIORS

ROBERT C. BURKET FLEMING



WILLIAM P. FREEBORN RUDDOCK

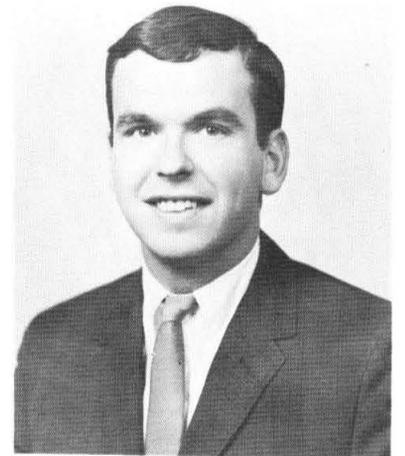
ROBERT E. GILLON FLEMING

Obsessed with an insane wanderlust, Robert the Unwise deserted his fate-destined sojourn to New Haven and a conjugal understanding to debauch his talents in the Hall of the Beaver. There he became the idle priest of John Wayne and Blum's eclairs. But, no one may long escape the wrathful cry of the Furies, stealing the judgement, palsying the heart, curdling the blood.

"We, the fearful family of Night, fasten ourselves upon his whole being. Thinks he by flight to escape us? We fly still faster in pursuit, twine his snakes around his feet, and bring him to the ground. Unwearied we pursue; no pity checks our course; still on and on, to the end of life, we give him no peace or rest."

"Can there be no deliverance?" cried Robert the Repentent. From above came the stern voice of Arthur the Silurian, "Forsake thy fruitless search for blessedness among the brachiopods. Go and devote thy life to the pursuit of the Holy Grail."

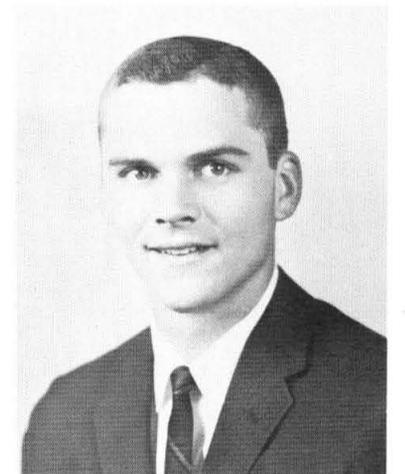
Thus Robert the Purged is driven from the Hall of the Beaver to dedicate his life to the sacred rites of Bacchus.



STEVE R. LIPSHIE RICKETTS

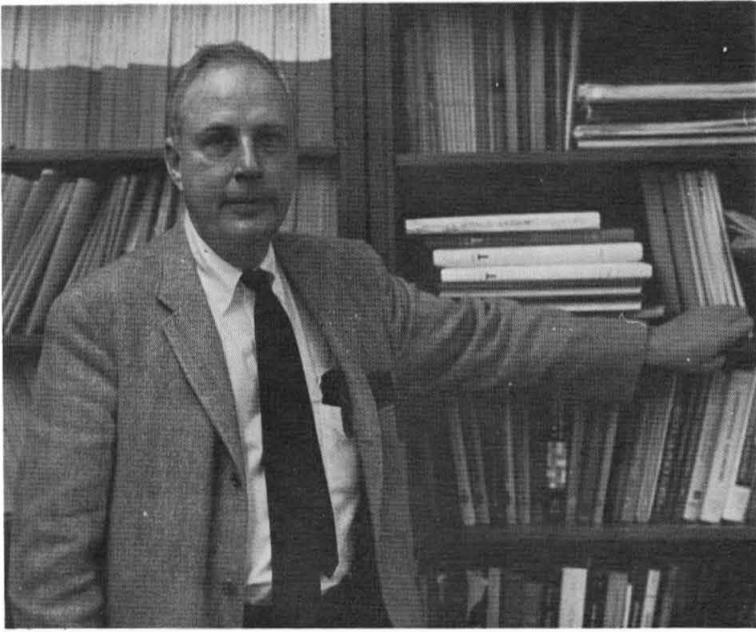
The Lip is a voluntary refugee from Astronomy. His earlier misguided interest is reflected in his present inclinations toward Planetary Sciences and the "Big Picture." Although he came to Caltech a wholesome, clean-cut individual, the CIT way of life soon rounded him out. Never noted for snaking, Steve did develop (with the assistance of Ricketts upperclassman) a reputation for cleanliness—five showers in fifteen hours! During his senior year he relieved his pent-up aggressions and sadistic tendencies as a member of the BOC; when this failed him, he took to the desert in his Jeep. In June (hopefully), he leaves Caltech, an institution to which he owes both his B.S. and a \$3200 debt.

STEVEN D. HALL LLOYD

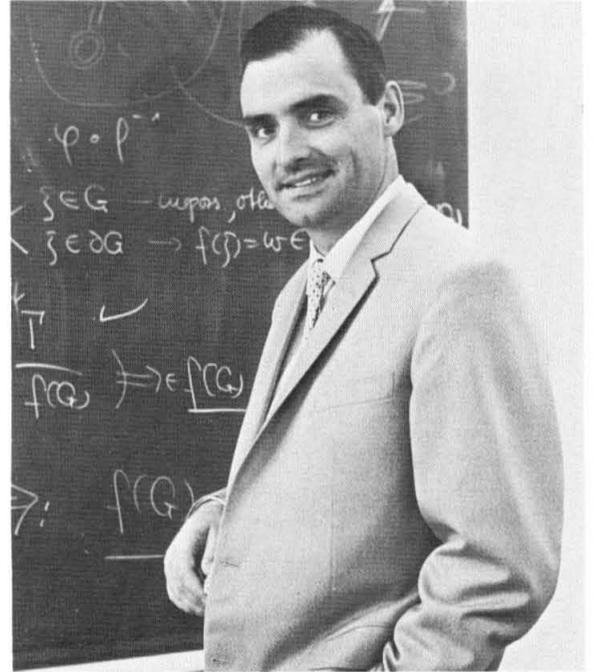


Not Shown: **JON K. EVANS**

MATHEMATICS FACULTY



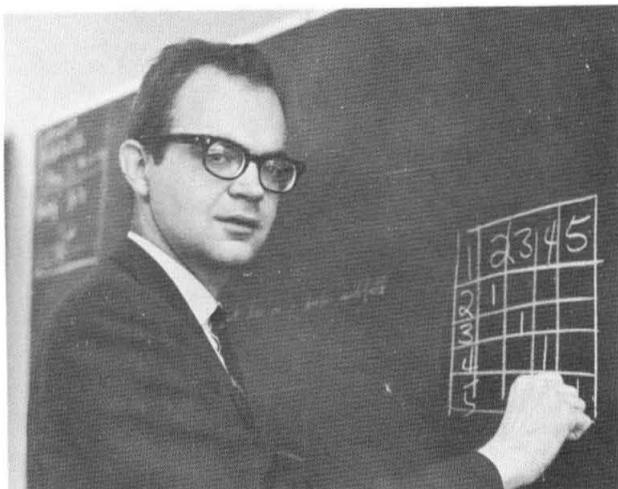
MARSHALL HALL, JR.



DIETER GAIER



RICHARD DEAN

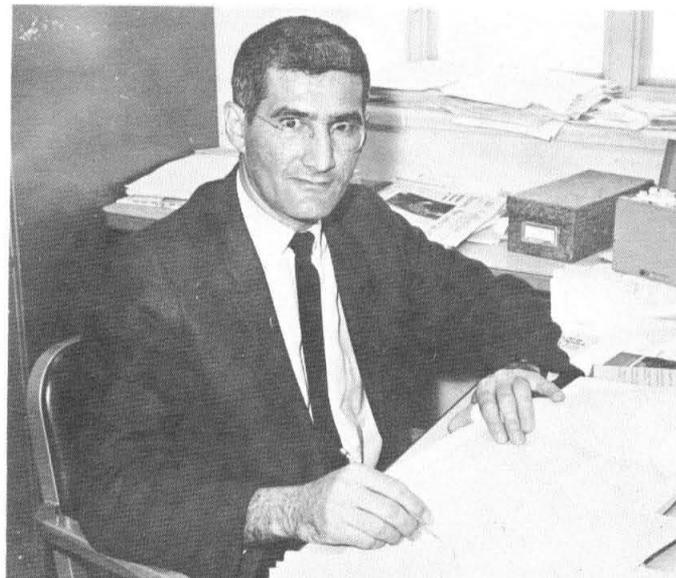


DONALD KNUTH

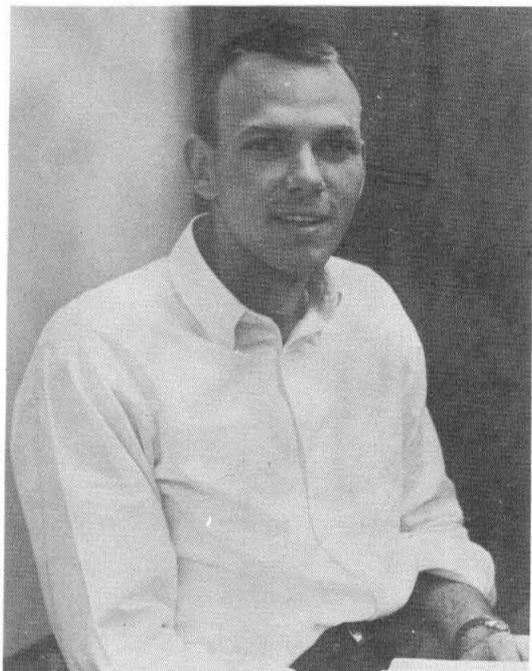


MILTON LEES

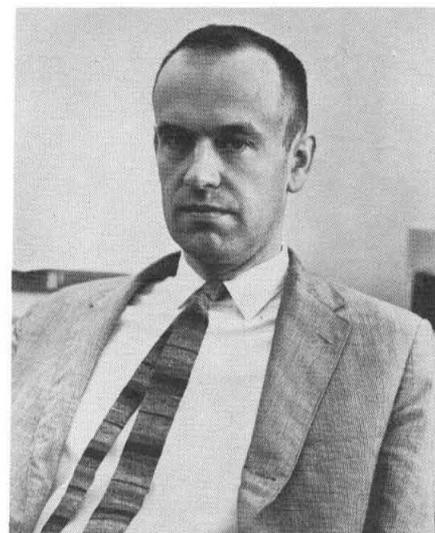
MATHEMATICS FACULTY



TOM APOSTOL



PETER CRAWLEY



FRANCIS FULLER



OLGA TODD

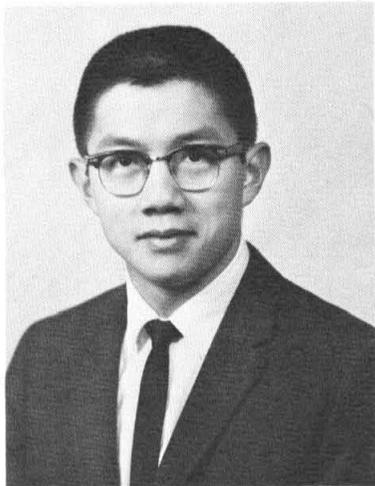


JOHN TODD

MATHEMATICS SENIORS

EDWARD M. BLOOMBERG RICKETTS

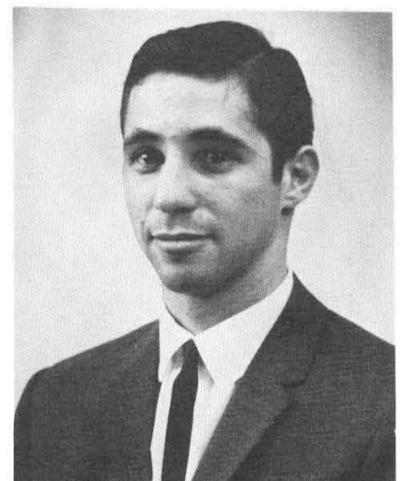
In the four years that Ed has graced our fair campus, he has established an impressive list of superlatives. He became the best mathematician-Musician-Photographer in the history of Caltech and probably the world (the line forms at the left). He was the best mathematician to come out of the improbable-sounding town of Swampscott, Massachusetts. He was the only student who out-did "D.D." Smith at his own game (remember the tenant downstairs). If all this sounds unintelligible, don't sweat. This is to remind me of my youth when I pick up the Big T twenty-five years hence. In case you forgot, Ed, Tech was tough, but you enjoyed it!



I. LOK CHANG DABNEY

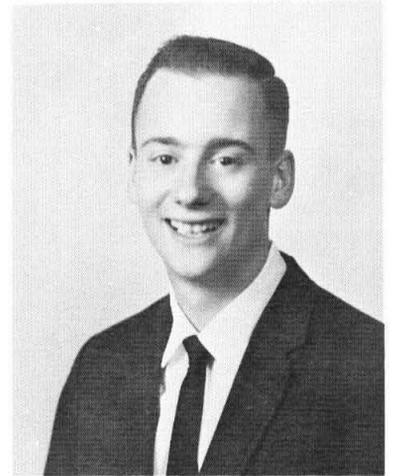
STEVEN BLUMSACK RUDDOCK

Steve's sports career at Caltech began with frosh baseball, cross-country, Interhouse sports, and Ruddock House Librarian four years ago. After this year of depravity, he saw the light and turned to Math and track for his entertainment. Track could not hold all of his attentions, so he moved off campus junior year and discovered SEX (Westridge), LIQUOR (vodka and rootbeer), and GROSSITY (Parker). Since that time Smilie, friend of all dates, attacked by some, has filled out his sporting life by serving as Football Statistician, Sports Editor for the Tech, and Ruddock House UCC.



MATHEMATICS SENIORS

MARTIN ISLER

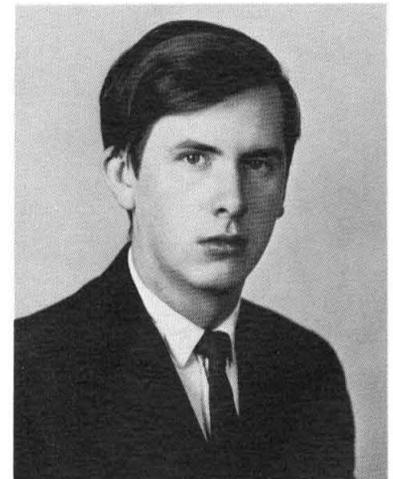


JOHN M. HOLTE FLEMING

In future years it may not only be said of John (as he says), "Who's he?" but also, "He was one of the gods, a primagenitor of THE GREAT PUMPKIN of THROOP, 1964." Although an unnoted acrophobe, "ledge-o-phobe?", and grundler, he has certainly made his mark as a masochist by persistently pursuing the fine art of building-climbing. His monumental dedication to science was aptly demonstrated when he turned down an illustrious career as Fleming House Waiter's Union Head Waiter to become a nameless worker on an obscure frontier of Applied? Math trying to figure when an earth dam falls apart in an earthquake.

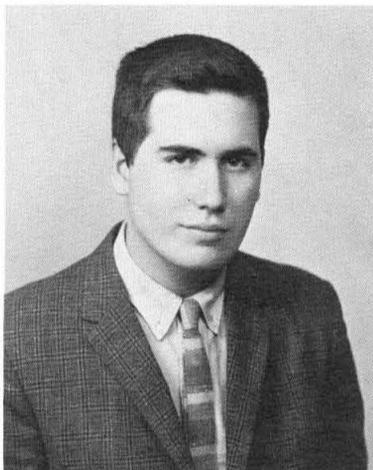


ROBERT R. ROBERTS FLEMING



RICHARD N. LANE PAGE

Good ol' Dick, as nobody ever calls him, has the rare distinctions of being one of the few people to get a degree from Tech for only three years' work, having transferred in from Bucknell U. ("nestled in the armpit of the nation," he fondly reminisces) as a junior after only one year there. R. L. is known in Page House for Suzie (soon to be Mrs.), Mongolian Mung, 150 watts of Bach, and grubbiness. He will long be remembered for his battles to get credit for Math 5, for his ferocious hatred of real numbers, for his computer programs that produced remarkable trivialities in remarkable numbers, and for his sweet baby-faced grin.



MATHEMATICS SENIORS

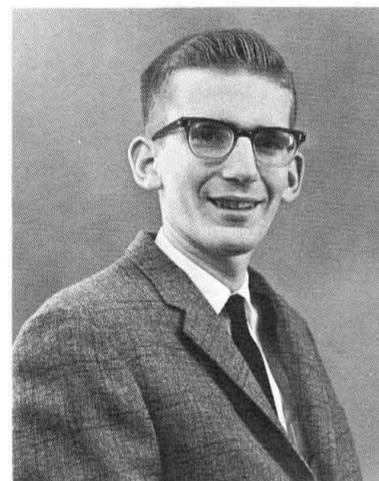


HUGH B. MAYNARD RICKETTS

Although Shari never got to see Caltech win a water polo game, Hugh managed to lead the SCIAC co-champs of '65 to their greatest season ever. He overcame his attraction to the Kennels of Bakersfield, surfing music, Maynard Street, and even pure math to become an applied mathematician. Whether it be his liberal car loaning policy, his hi-fi, his talent as UCC, his work as athletic manager and permanent swimming coach, his stories, or just Shari, Hugh will be a source of conversation in Ricketts for years to come. It is obvious though that Hugh will be a successful applied mathematician or at least a professional water polo player.

WILLIAM F. SATTERTHWAITE RICKETTS

Bill descended on Caltech complaining about the smog and extolling the virtues of New England weather, but he soon found other diversions. Being one of the few who are blessed with the knack of getting A's without studying (sometimes anyway), he devoted his time to collecting house offices. He won a bitter battle for librarian as a frosh, and was later railroaded into the office of social chairman. To go with his new-found glory he acquired a not-so-shiny red MG and the title of "Watersnake." The first he put to good use in the doughnut business and the second now adorns a slightly broken black mug. He continued his office seeking by losing two Ricketts presidential elections, but was glad to live happily ever after as UCC and headwaiter.



VICTOR L. SIRELSON BLACKER

DAVID T. PRICE PAGE

Conceivably the most pious person at Caltech, Dave came to this monastery enthralled by science and a Christian, and left a Christian. He managed to stay two terms on campus and then departed for the hinterlands of Lura Street. While being the foremost proponent of the recorder on campus, he created some of the foremost opponents of the recorder on campus. Dave's chief sport at Caltech, however, was the honorable sport of grunting—together with other weirdies of the House, he explored the campus above and below ground. His mark has been left, and even when he has his PhD, it will remain insouced in the structure of Caltech.



MATHEMATICS SENIORS



RICHARD A. VOGEL

PETER M. RYAN PAGE

Pete came to Caltech from Bahston to study math and to express his contempt for lower animals, like physicists, with their silly superstitions about infinitesimals. A well-rounded individual, he reads widely and is a music lover; he will be remembered here for his collection of raunch literature, and for the delicate strains of Chuck Berry which come floating out from his place of study. Besides lettering in swimming, Pete has shown his physical fortitude by withstanding Saga food for three years before moving off campus. Tired of having his blood watered by the mild Los Angeles climate, he plans to do graduate work somewhere (anywhere) outside of Smogland.



WILLIAM R. ZAME BLACKER

Not Shown:

STEVEN E. BROWN
NORMAN H. CAMIEN
MARK J. GINGOLD
BARRY L. GOLDBERG
KENNETH KUNEN
ZACHARY MARTIN

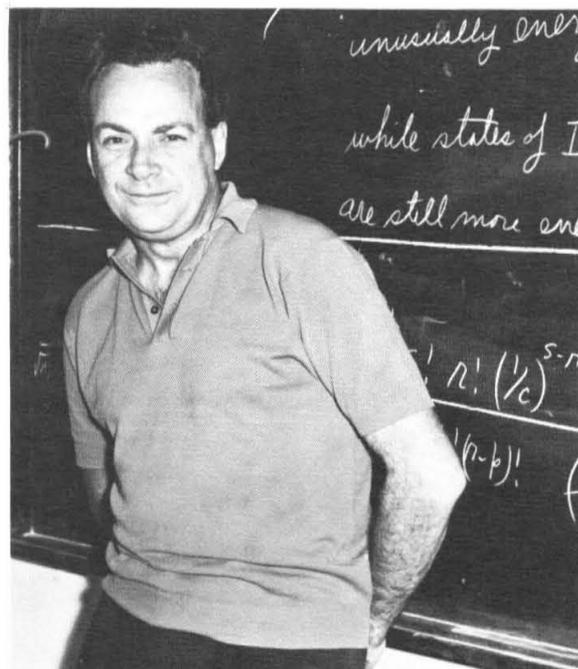
RICKETTS

PAGE

PHYSICS FACULTY



CARL ANDERSON, Chairman



RICHARD FEYNMAN



MURRAY GELL-MANN



GEORGE ZWEIG

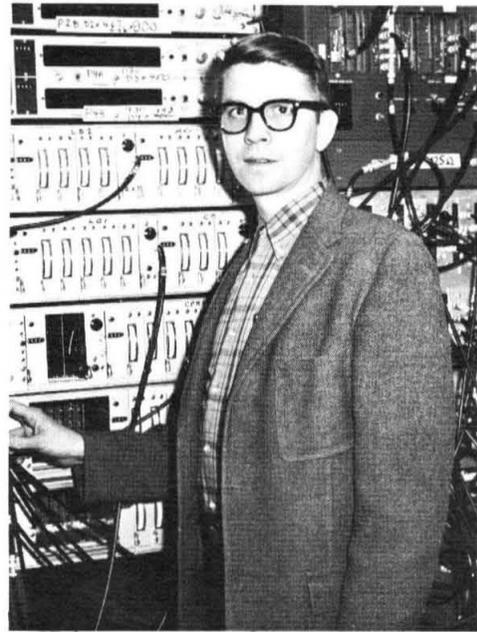


ROBERT CHRISTY

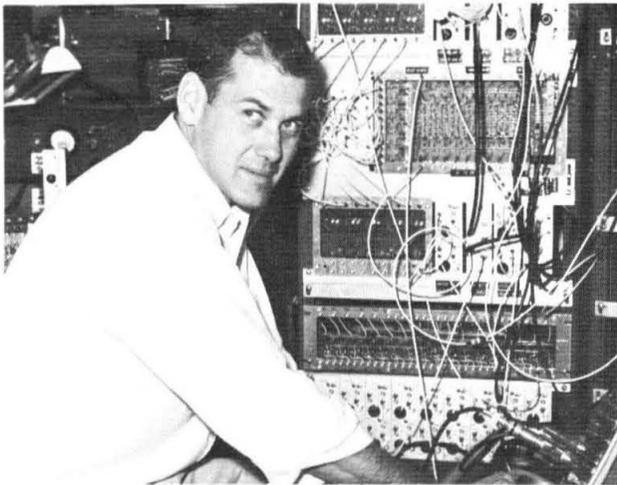
PHYSICS FACULTY



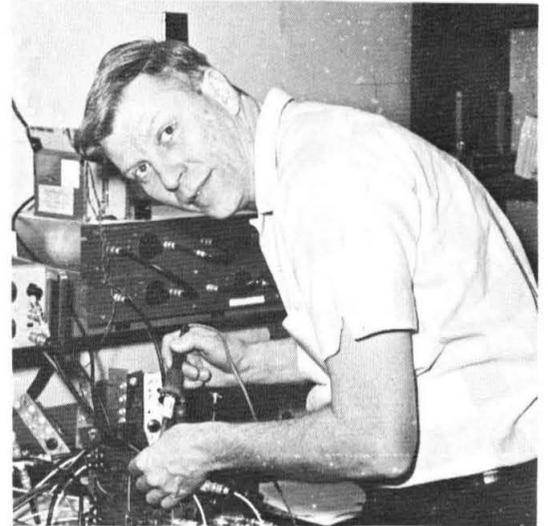
CHARLES BARNES



JAMES VAN PUTTEN



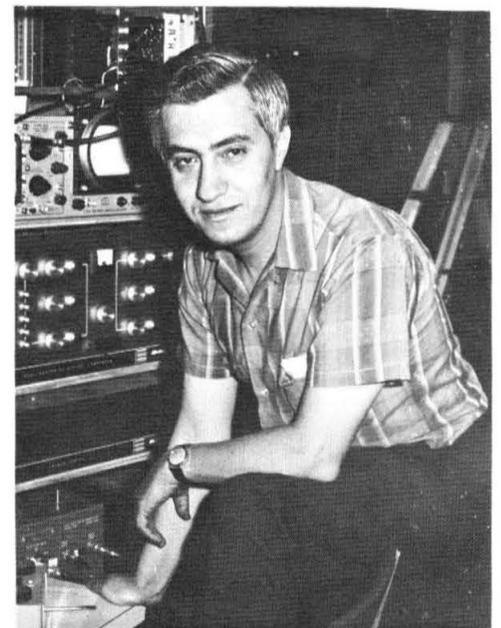
JEROME PINE



ALVIN TOLLESTRUP



WARD WHALING



RICARDO GOMEZ

PHYSICS SENIORS

PETER K. CLARK FLEMING

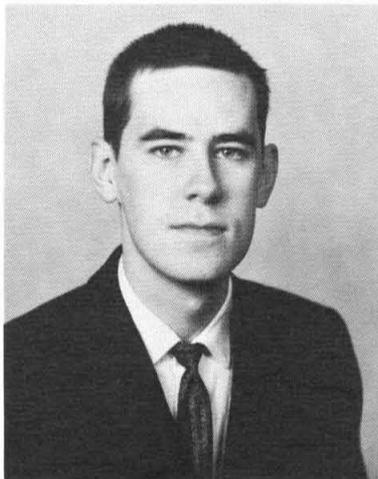


ROBERT J. BARRO RICKETTS

It took Bob only about two and a half years to recognize economics as the true source of all human understanding, so that he completed his career at Caltech as a physical economist with course emphasis in mathematics. Despite this confused background, Bob hopes to continue his pursuit toward human salvation at Harvard, accompanied by the newly-acquired Mrs. Barro. Bob's accomplishments at Caltech include terms as Ricketts House Athletic Manager and UCC, while attaining an honor-standing GPA sufficient for membership in Tau Beta Pi. Perhaps his most outstanding accomplishment was the simultaneous inspiration to his roommate and next-door neighbor which led to the former's elevation to ASCIT President and the latter's ignominious departure for salient academic deficiencies after having attained the Ricketts House Presidency.

GEORGE BRACKETT DABNEY

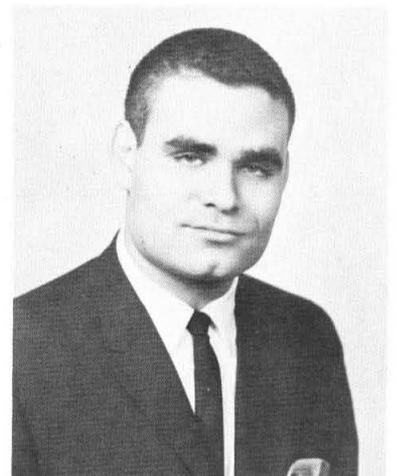
George is an anomaly in the glorious world of Caltech. Although he spends most of his time exploring the wonders of quantum mechanics, he would much rather visit an art gallery or hear a symphony concert. Four years in the Glee Club, two as announcer, two as publicity chairman, and an art tour of Europe by way of the Travel Prize have enabled him to view the real world and to maintain his equilibrium. By careful selection of humanities courses George has been able to keep his GPA at a reprehensibly high level and allow himself hopes of graduate school in low-energy physics.



KRIS D. DAVIDSON BLACKER

RUSSELL M. BRILL FLEMING

Trapped in 45 Fleming during his frosh through junior years, Russ Brill took on Tech. In band Russ started on trumpet but slid to Trombone and though he started with a math option this was mapped (via Ma 108) to his Physics major. Although as a frosh he lost his seventh consecutive election since junior high, he went on to break the streak with ASCIT Rep-at-Large and Secretary. Highlighting his sophomore years is his counter-reverse-R.F.-showering of one of the fairer sex—Marcia. As a junior, Russ took the Alley 4 responsibility of "Leader of the Pack," leading all the way up to the "T" on the hills north of Tech. As a sedate senior, Russ divided his time between working, snaking, keeping his personal social program flying, and dreaming of The Bountiful Life ahead at a co-ed grad school where his open, friendly personality will win him many friends and better-than-friends.



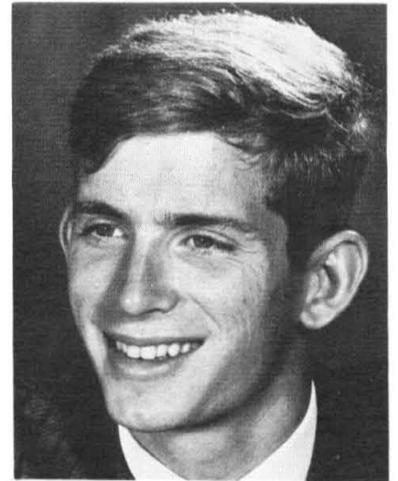
PHYSICS SENIORS



NICHOLAS I-T DJEU LLOYD

W. KENDALL BROWN RUDDOCK

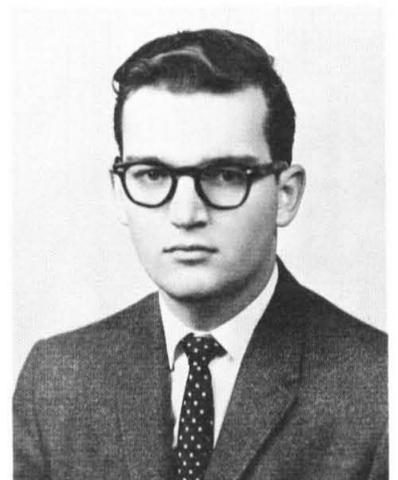
A poor farm boy, Ken left Des Moines, Iowa, and his high school sweetheart to live in obscurity for three years before busting forth into the world of politics as President of Ruddock House. In the meantime, "Flash" prepared by running around in circles and discovered that skiing, Interhouse football, and La Brucherie don't mix too well. Taking pictures for the yearbook exposed him to the beauties of Southern California, and he gave up the memories from home, becoming attached to a much prettier (blonde) and closer object of affection (not the mole). Despite the Beaver parties and with the support of his red and white Fury, Kendall has provided important leadership for the house.



MARTIN B. EINHORN DABNEY

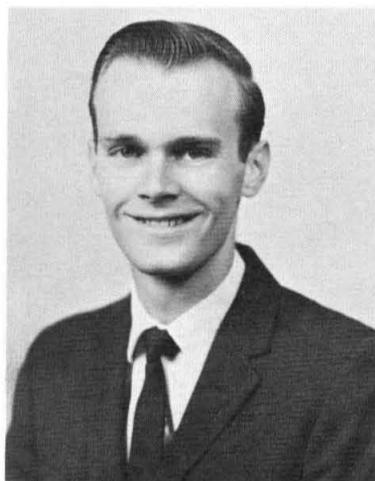
When Marty came to Tech, he was already a man of the world: After all he'd spent two years at college. Unfortunately no one in Pasadena has ever heard of Illinois Tech, nor did anyone know how much fun living on Chicago's South Side could be. Undaunted, Marty made outstanding marks both in his classes and in the outside world. After a short and unpleasant sojourn in Dabney he moved to the real world where he met Carolyn and from whence he plans a quick return to the well selected ivory tower of the Physics department at Stanford or Princeton.

JAMES M. ESPINOSA RUDDOCK



PHYSICS SENIORS

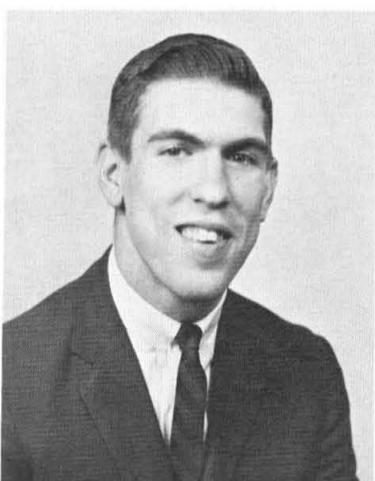
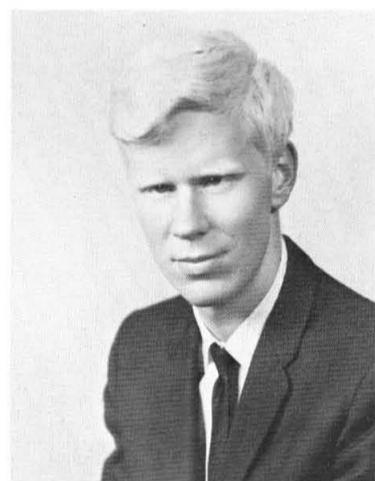
DAVID D. JACKSON RICKETTS



RICHARD A. HOUSE III RICKETTS

Having been assured that Tech was the place to be Dick packed his integral tables and headed west. Snowed by Feynman, he signed up in physics. It was a good choice because he's been snowed ever since. Other activities found a place in his time, though. He is a member of the Newman club and the Glee club, and he is also one of the few people ever to get a blue slip in a course he didn't take. Marriage and graduation will probably happen close together, and after them, grad school. To quote J. R. Troll—"Whatever is on the outside may not be heaven, but it comes closer than Tech."

LEWIS M. FRAAS DABNEY



PAUL D. JOSEPHSON BLACKER

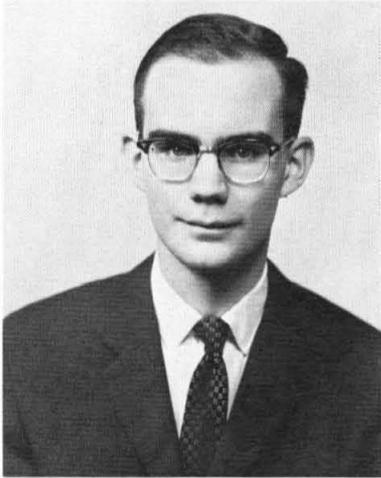
Well known for his eloquent speaking voice, Doug entered the monastic walls of Caltech in pursuance of a degree in physics. Taking time out for academics, this Nebraskan offered his athletic ability to the Frosh football and basketball cause.

Firmly believing in an immobile Austin Healy, Doug journeyed into his sophomore year including varsity football in his schedule.

Lettering his junior and senior year in football, Doug also engaged in numerous activities which included serving as Blacker House Vice President, Vice President of the Senior class, member of the YMCA cabinet, and ASCIT athletic manager.

Avoiding work for a few more years, this active and leading Techman plans to further his career in Physics at graduate school.

PHYSICS SENIORS



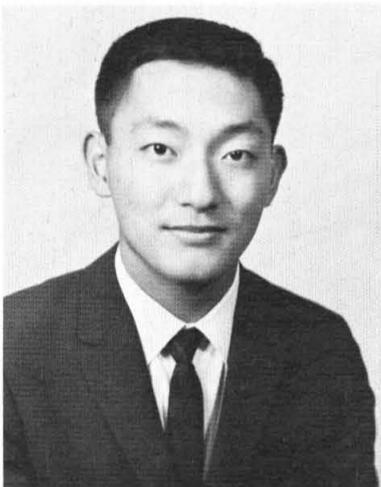
JOHN R. MILLER BLACKER

One of the more individual of the individuals at Blacker was John Miller, perhaps the most ostentatiously meek person in the house. John was one of the few people who, being scared by his mechanical engineering courses, transferred to Physics. He is now planning to obtain a Ph.D., though at a more relaxed pace than Tech. While at Caltech, John interspersed his studies with faithful activity in the Caltech Christian Fellowship.



MICHAEL M. MISELOFF LLOYD

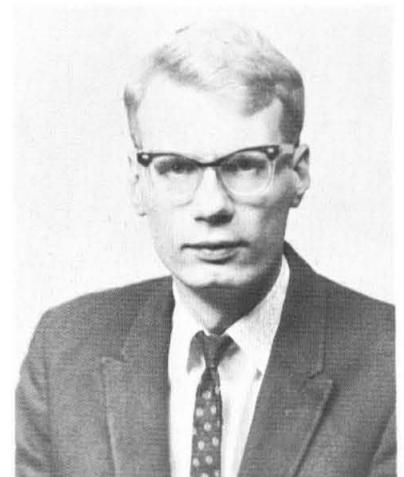
Four years ago Mike Misheloff arrived at Caltech, suntanned from the Miami sun, and thinking he wanted to be a physicist. In the years since then Mike lost his suntan but became one of the top students in the physics option. Though a conscientious student, he has maintained an active interest in sports and has been an interested house member. During the past year he has served Lloyd House as a UCC. In the future Mike plans to enter graduate school to continue his study of physics.



KENNETH K. MURATA LLOYD

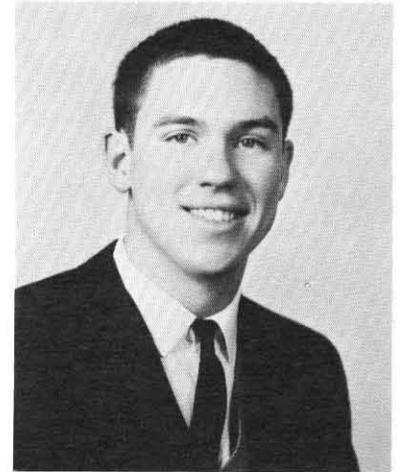
RONALD S. REMMEL BLACKER

Ron came to Caltech from Wisconsin, convinced that Physics just had to be great. Nor could Feynman and his colleagues fully dispel that notion. Ron hardly needs an introduction. As a dedicated Christian he has been instrumental in expanding the program of the Caltech Christian Fellowship. He served as its President for one year. He was also eager to discuss Christianity—as almost anyone can attest—and these discussions would often run for hours. Yet Ron found time for other things. He became the technical expert on Interhouse. He became the House dessert-fox. He one-man showered Sherlock. The years ahead hold a career at Princeton, and possibly a year or two in Russia.



PHYSICS SENIORS

JERRY E. NELSON RUDDOCK



ARTHUR "BUTCH" NIELL RUDDOCK

As Ruddock's favorite 5'7" Texan, Butch has been active in both house and campus activities. Besides playing first singles on the tennis team each year, he participated in Interhouse swimming, tennis, and softball. Tech life certainly affected him—as a frosh Butch was a regular church-goer, as a senior he turned to comptroller and UCC with the social classification of lecher and possessor of a green MG and 20-year old sister. "Shrimp" has been one of the members of a secret non-aggression pact, unbroken for three years, and the only non-senior member of the "clique" last year. Certainly one of the most influential members of his class, his corruption has infected many innocent classmates.



THOMAS A. PUCIK RUDDOCK

Tom came to Tech from the picturesque banks of the Willamette River expecting a quiet monastic atmosphere in which to study the elegance of physics. Instead he found himself assailed by agnostics with their anti-religion movement, Turechek with his anti-physics movement, and the mad militists Blackinton and Parker with their anti-sanity movement. Despite these negative influences, Tom maintained his religion, barely maintained his option, and nearly maintained his sanity. In between studying, he found time to work on the Big T, to help spark the Ruddock IH football team to new heights, and to "Bull" his way through endless all-night sessions. Future plans for Tom include grad school in Applied Math and/or Auto Repairing.

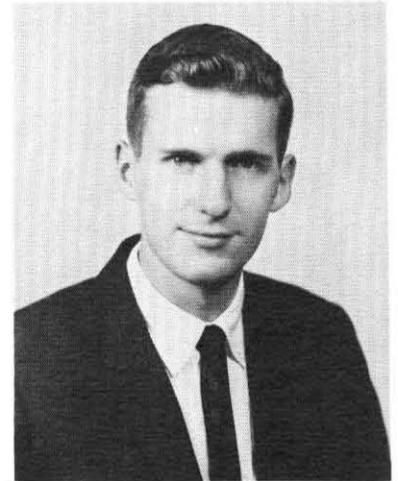


DENNIS L. OBERG PAGE





DIMITRI PAPANASTASSIOU

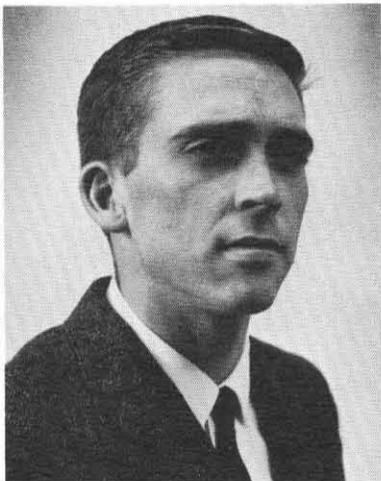


JEFFREY P. ROYER

STEVE A. ROSS FLEMING

A high school basketball ace, Steve was forced into all-night poker games and pool playing by a severed achilles tendon. Steve's wishes, in order, are "to marry Selma," "to get a Ph.D. in Physics," and "to spend a summer registering voters in Mississippi." Future plans point toward graduate work at MIT or Georgia Tech. We shall always remember Steve's classic phrase, "I'm a snake, and I'm proud of it."

OLIVER L. WEAVER BLACKER



JEFF K. WISE RUDDOCK

TERRY R. SIMPSON PAGE

Innocent-looking, mild-mannered Terry came from Montana to Tech convinced that math was neat, but about two weeks of Math 5 convinced him of the enormity of his error. After finding physics more to his liking, he moved off campus and became a regular member of the snake list. Occasionally wearying of snaking, Terry developed an interest in travel and girls. In his Corvair, notoriously known as the Lemon, he toured Chevy repair shops all over the west, including one buried under two feet of snow at the Grand Canyon. Senior year found him taking midterm trips to Oklahoma (Stillwater? Where that?) for girl-snowing purposes, surely a record of some kind. Future plans include a Ph.D. in physics, hopefully at Berkeley.



PHYSICS SENIORS

JOHN J TURECHEK RUDDOCK

An Epitaph

He fights his way through cheering crowds
Amid cries of "Fishface Fishface!"
He modestly stammers, Not-not-not here, not now,,
Per-per-haps some other time, some other place."

He staggers glumly to his room
A tired and beaten man
Only to find another crowd
With many more demands.

On the left there's little Mike
With skis and poles in hand;
On the right there's Simple Sam,
The Pepper Mill his plan.

And over there in there out there
Is inspiring Easy Ed
In search of a baseball manager;
"Let's get out there an fight!" he said.

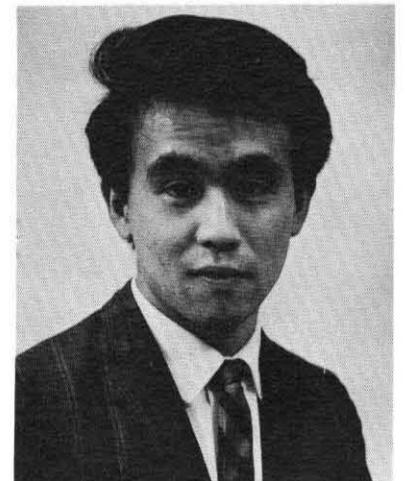
Though here from Fresno, it's time
To keep his date with Fate.
So like ashes to ashes and dust to dust,
It's back to Fresno State.



GARY E. THOMPSON BLACKER

Transferring here for his junior year from El Camino JC, Gary quickly disproved any myths about the retarding effects of a California junior college. He split his time between physics and the Caltech Christian Fellowship and amazed all of his friends that he still had enough time left over to help anyone do a homework problem or to compete in any number of interhouse sports.

AKIRA YOSHIDA RUDDOCK



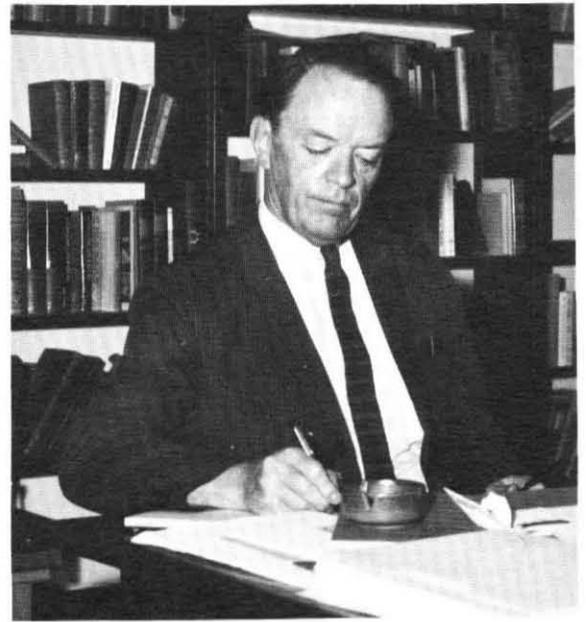
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GARY O. FITZPATRICK	PAGE
MELVILLE Y. HIRSCHI	RICKETTS
RONALD E. HUTTON	
KENNETH S. KAUFFMAN	RICKETTS
JAMES R. KERCHER	DABNEY
STEVEN MORSE	
HANAN ROSENTHAL	RICKETTS
MICHAEL M. SCOTT	FLEMING
BENJAMIN STACKLER	FLEMING
ROGER A. VILLECCO	LLOYD

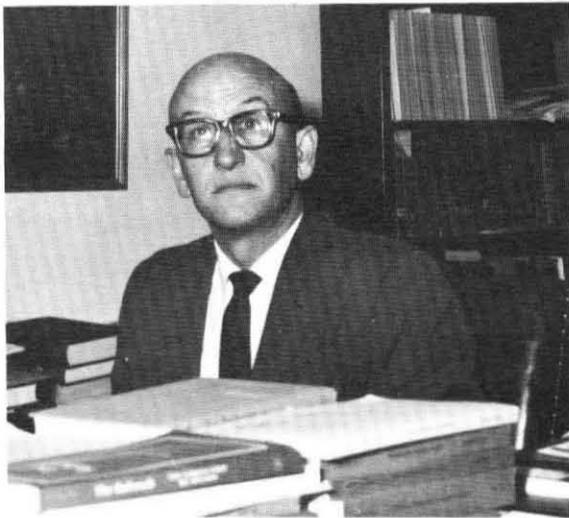
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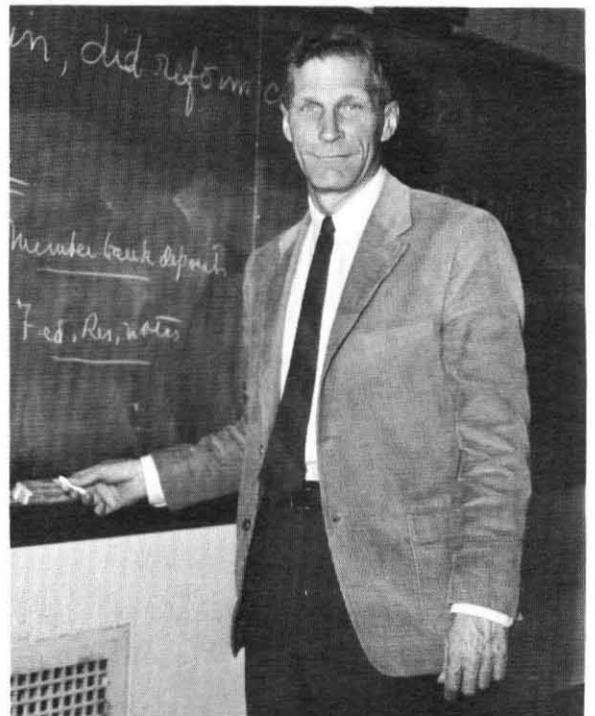
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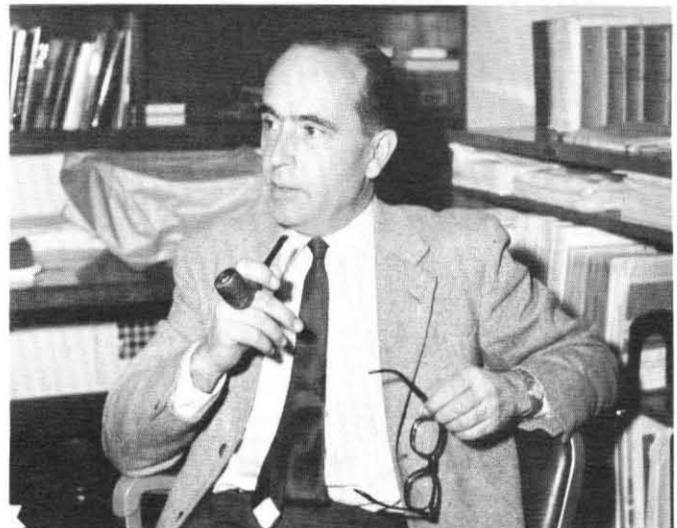
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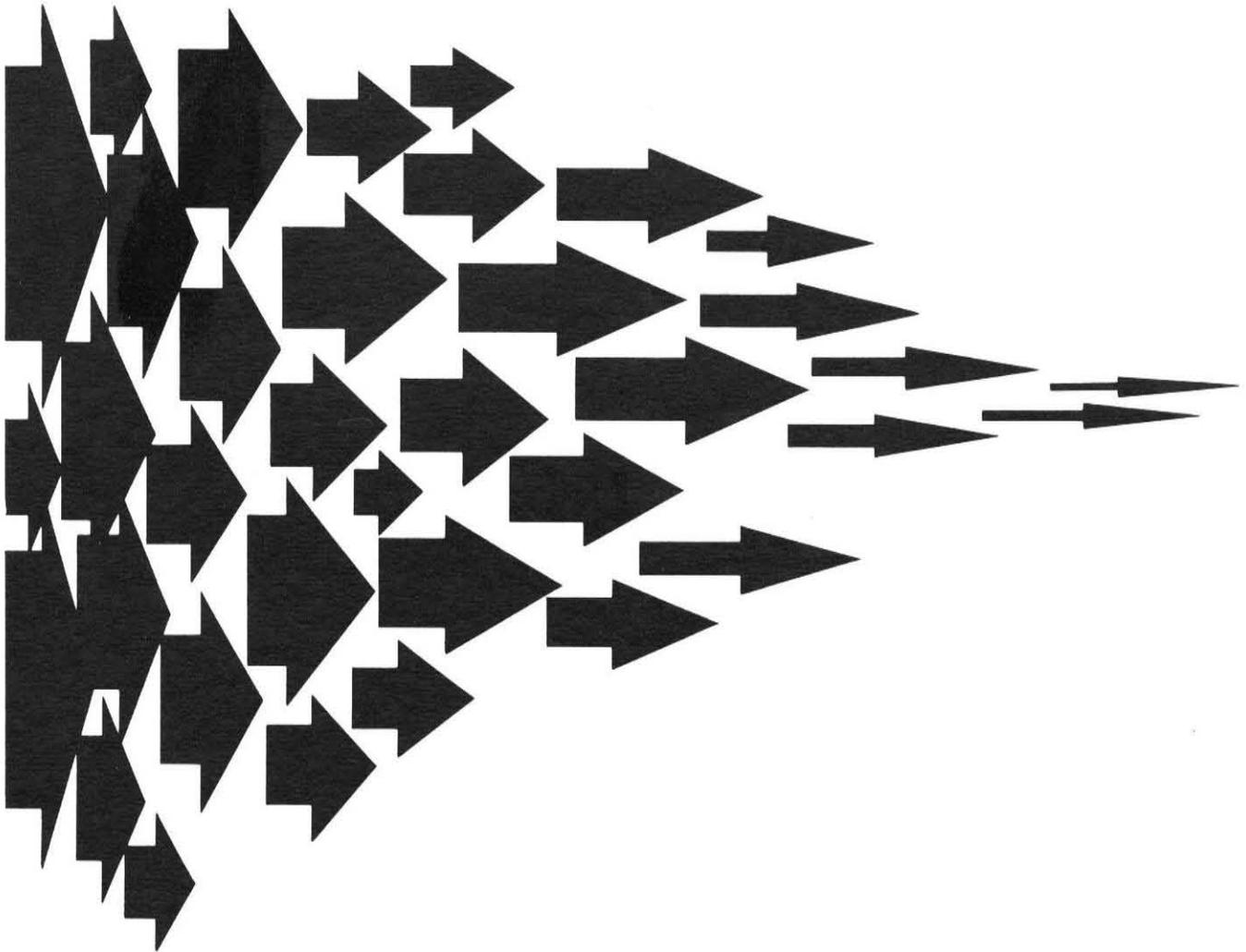


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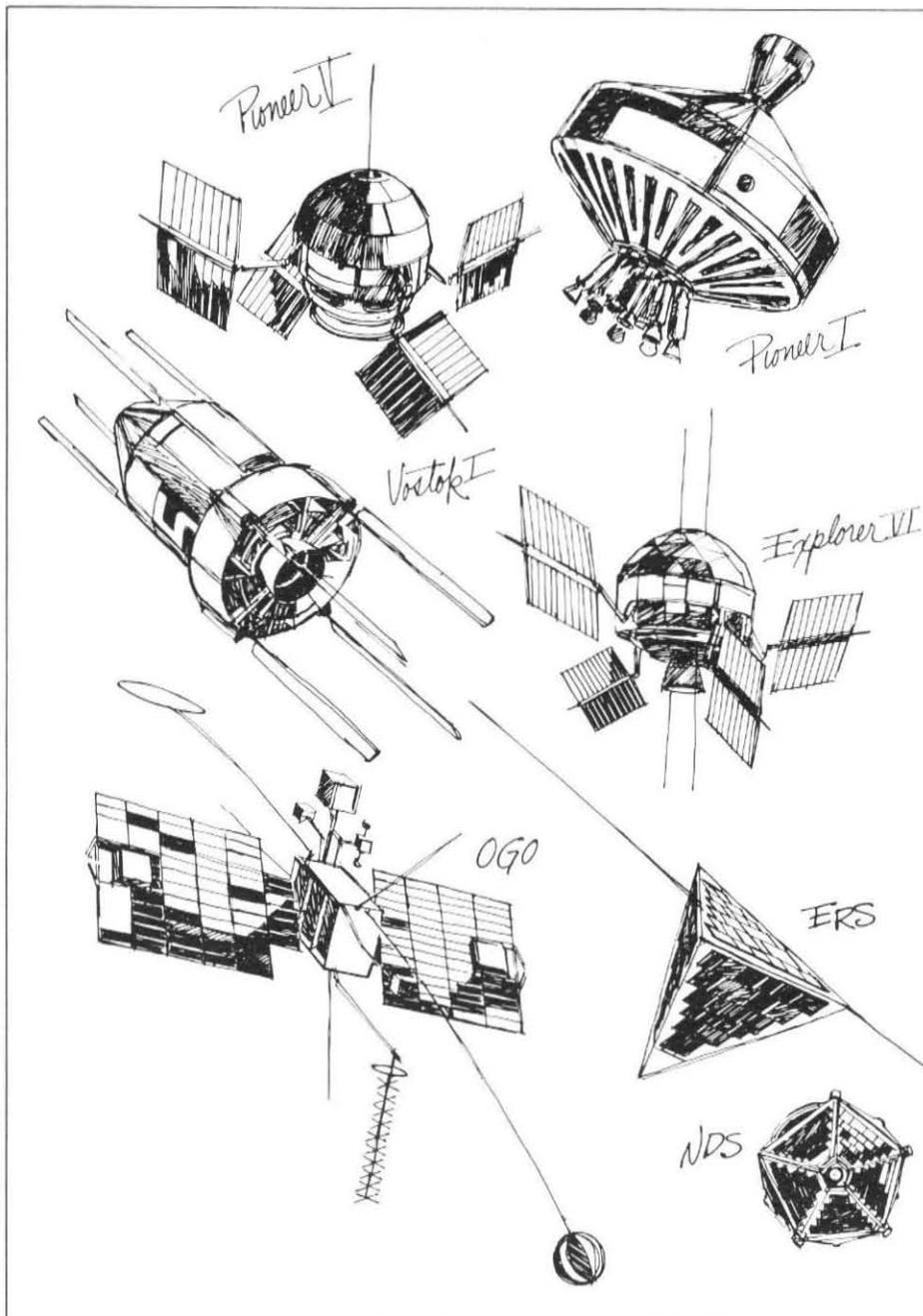
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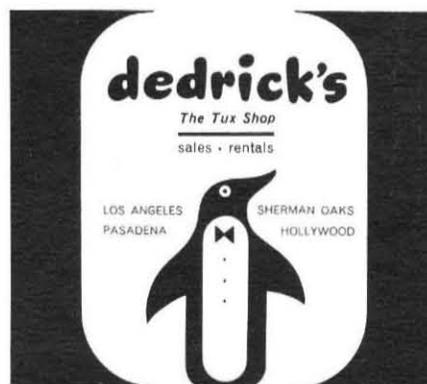
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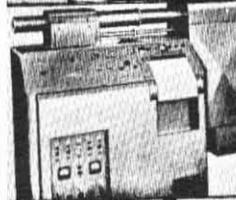
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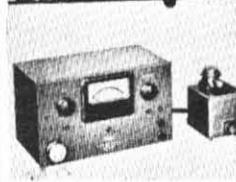
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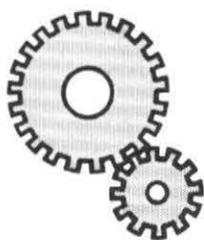
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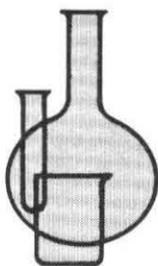
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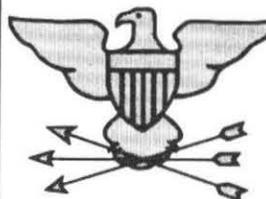
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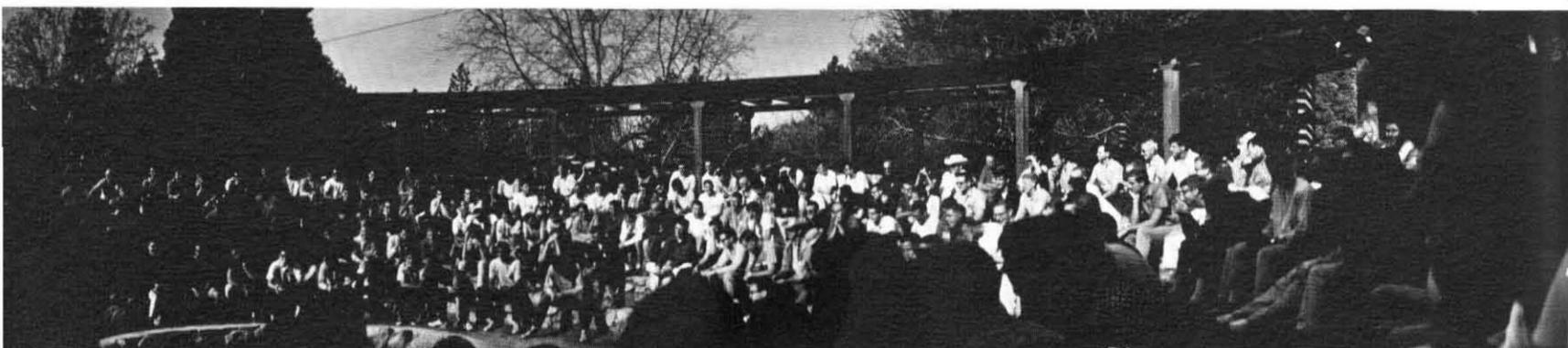
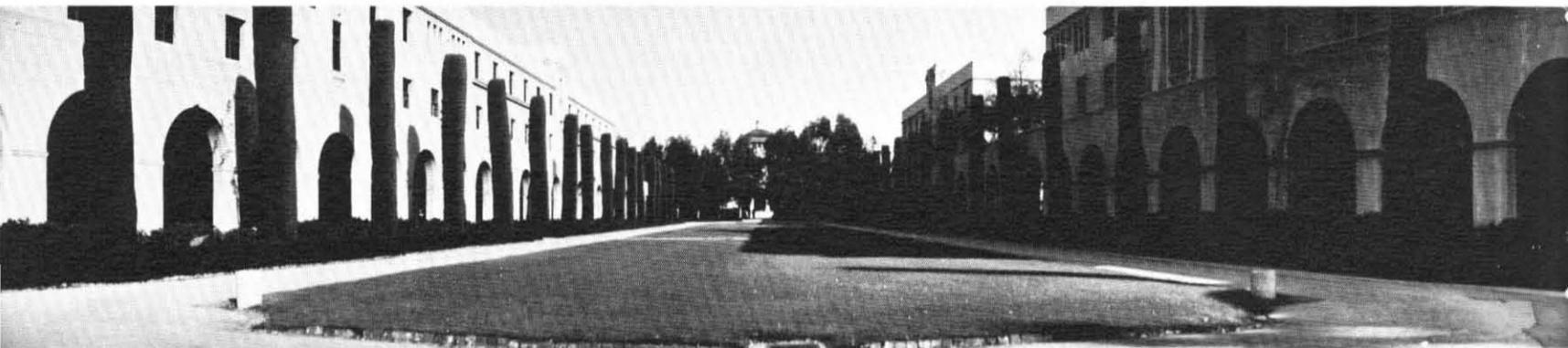
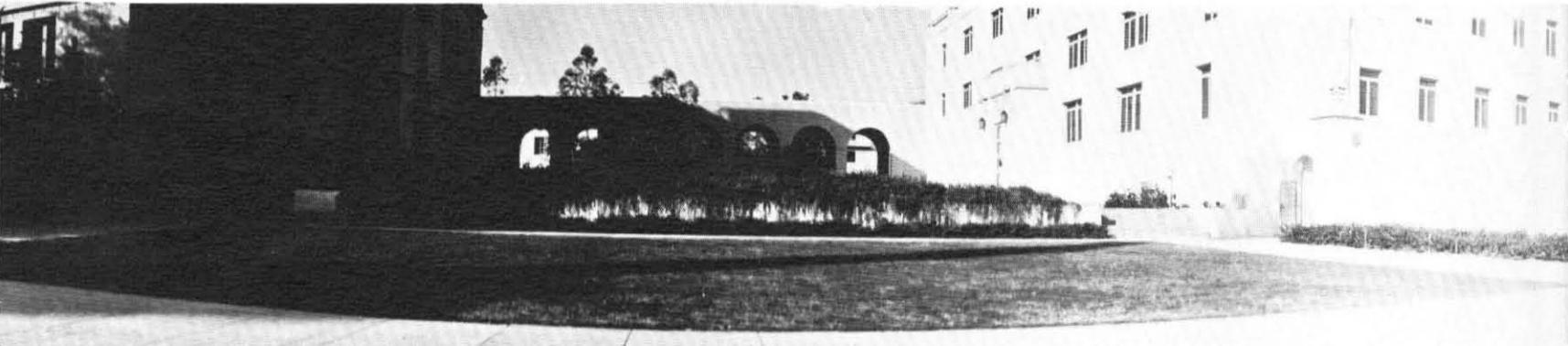
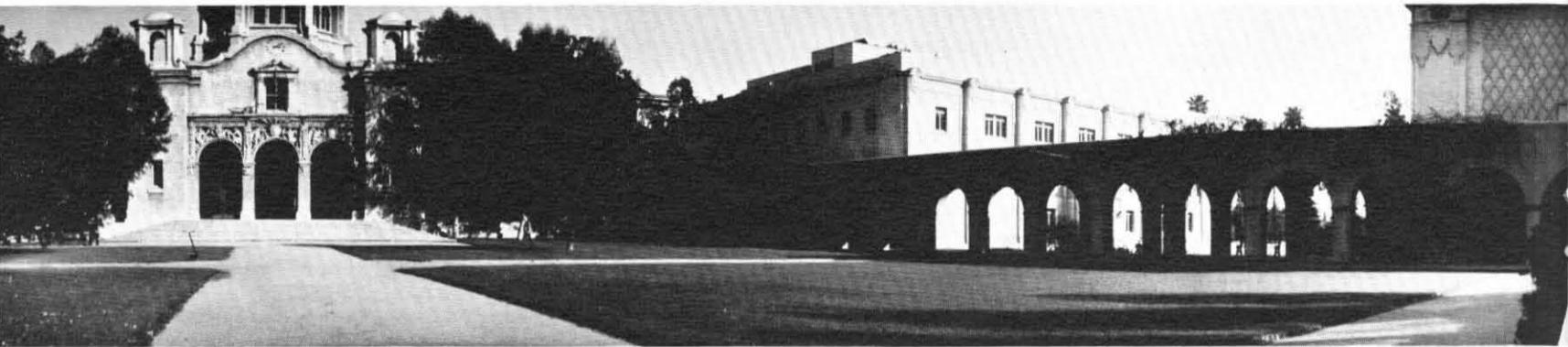
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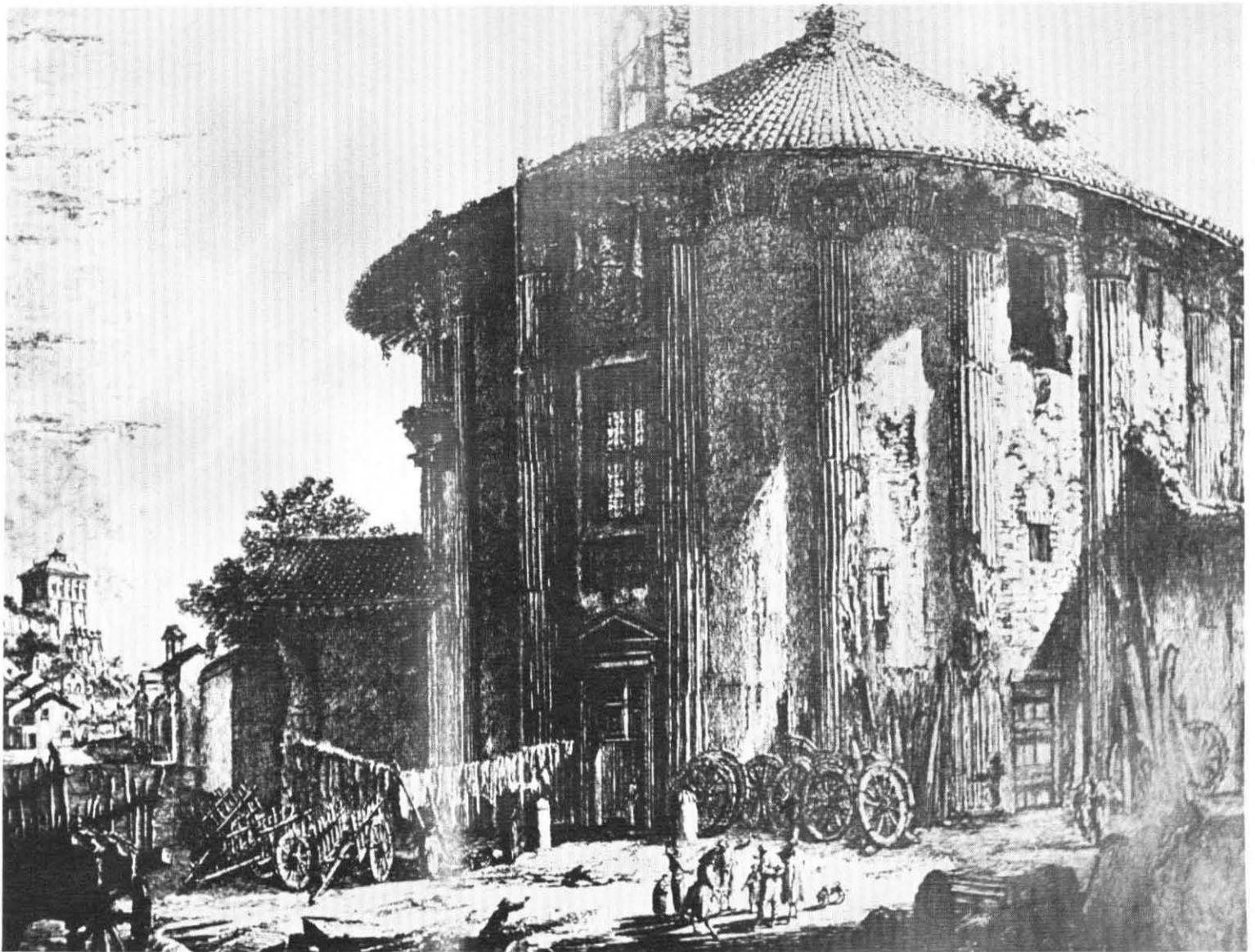
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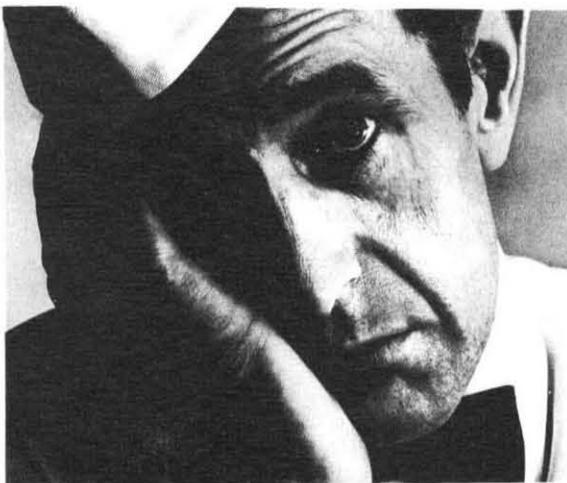
COMMITTEE FOR THE LIBERATION OF CUBA (from left to right) SEATED, Holding Treasury: Steve Ross-child, procurer and movement financier; STANDING: John Nady, ex-Hungarian patriot, invasion planner, and underground coordinator; SEATED, middle: Manolo Huerta, committee founder and maximum leader; STANDING, right: Lee DePriest, army.

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A black and white photograph of the NCG 6611 Nebula in Scutum Sobieski, Messier 16. The image shows a dense field of stars and nebulae, with a prominent bright star in the center. The nebulae are scattered throughout the field, with some appearing as dark, irregular shapes against the lighter background of the stars. The overall appearance is that of a rich, multi-colored star cluster.

"NCG 6611 Nebula in *Scutum Sobieski*, Messier 16, photographed in red light by the 200-inch Palomar telescope."

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