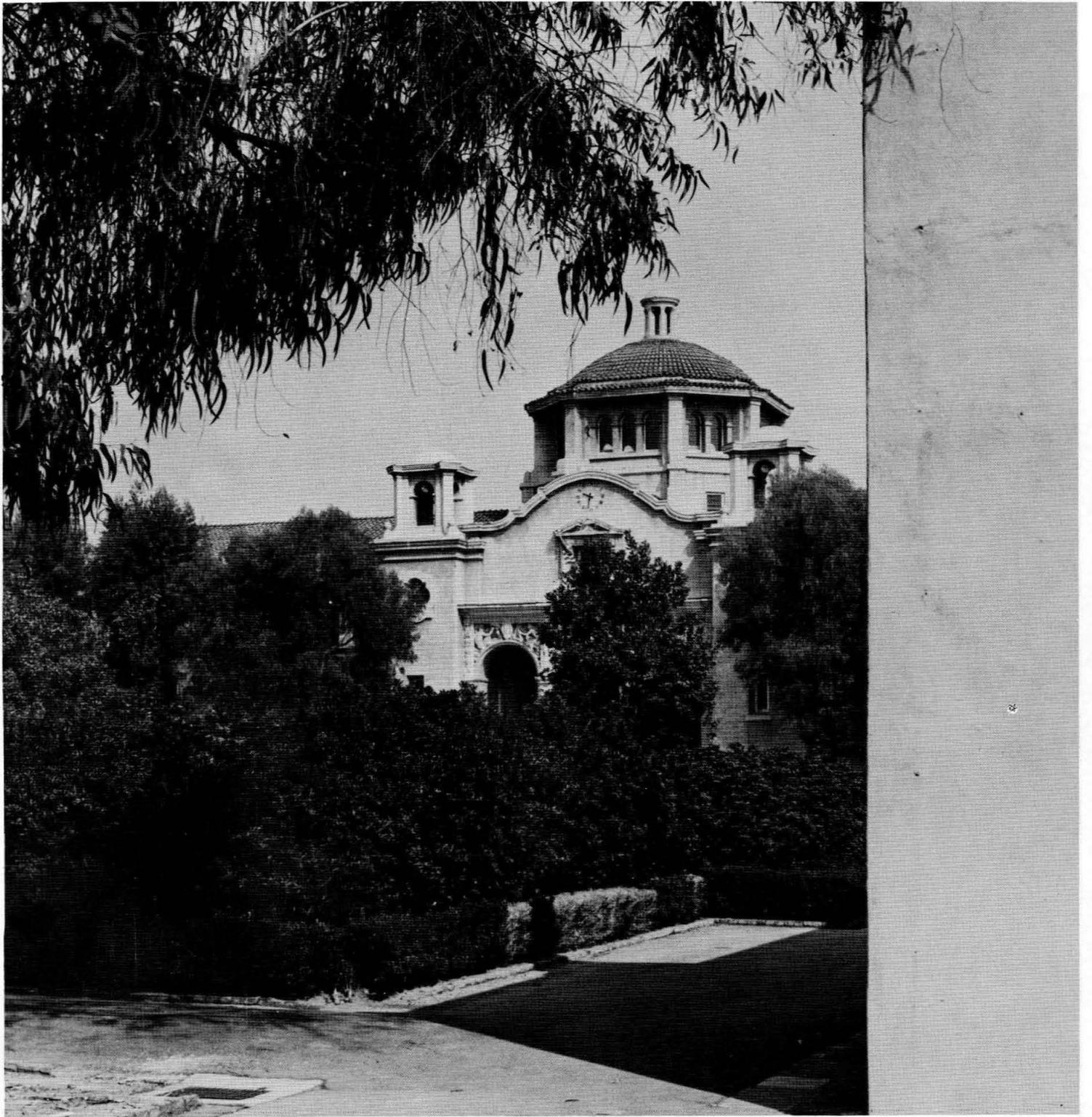


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ביקור 62

FOREWORD

During the tenure of the Class of 1962, the Caltech Development Program has progressed immensely. The section entitled "The Changing Scene" has been included to represent those alterations of our campus which the Class of 1962 have witnessed.

To augment the coverage of the standard sections, a pictorial review of "The Year at Caltech" has been added. It is hoped that this supplement will enhance the realization of the purpose of the 1962 Big T: to accurately portray the activities of the Caltech undergraduate student body for 1961-'62.

Bob Liebermann

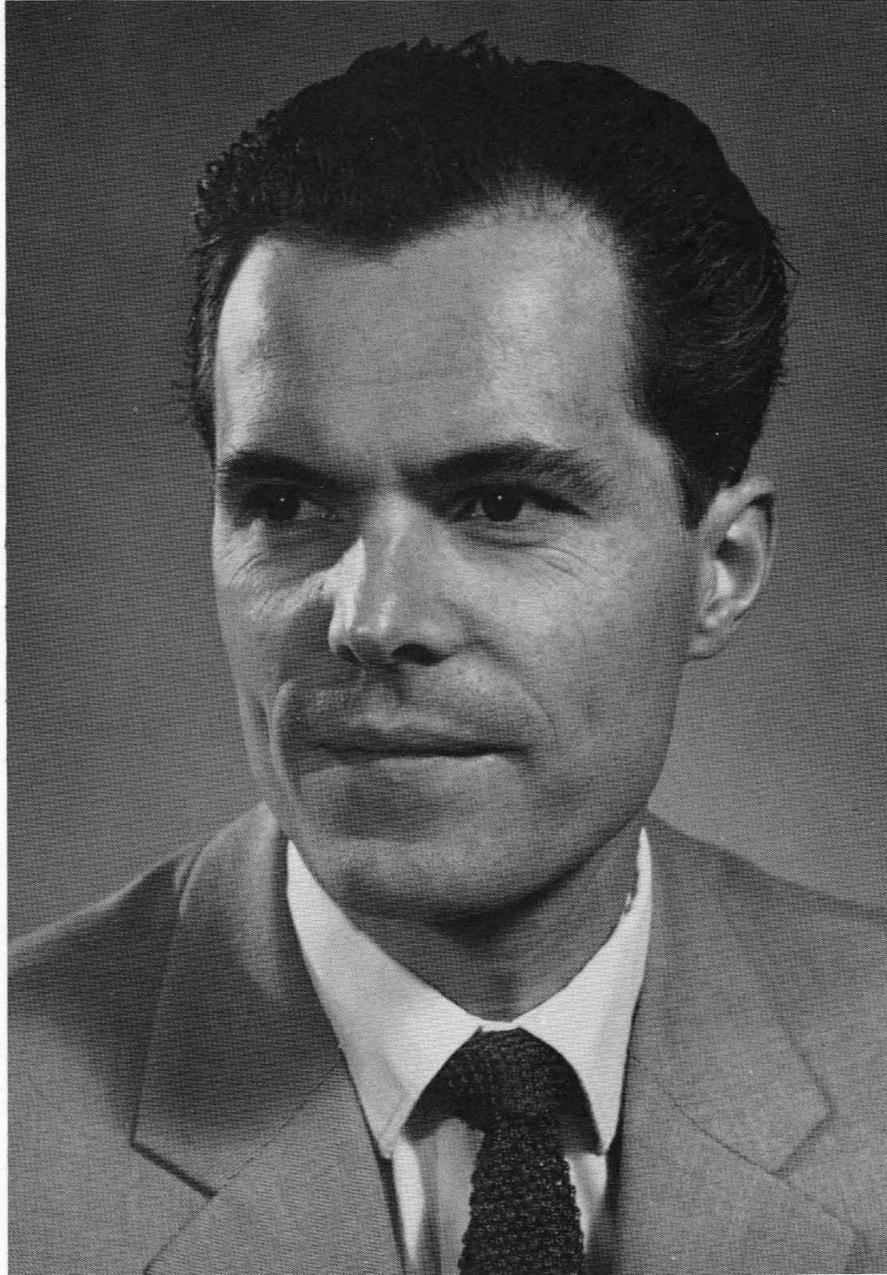
Dave Ollis

Editors—1962 Big T.

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THE CHANGING SCENE	174
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NOBEL LAUREATE



Dr. Rudolf L. Moessbauer, Nobel Laureate—1961

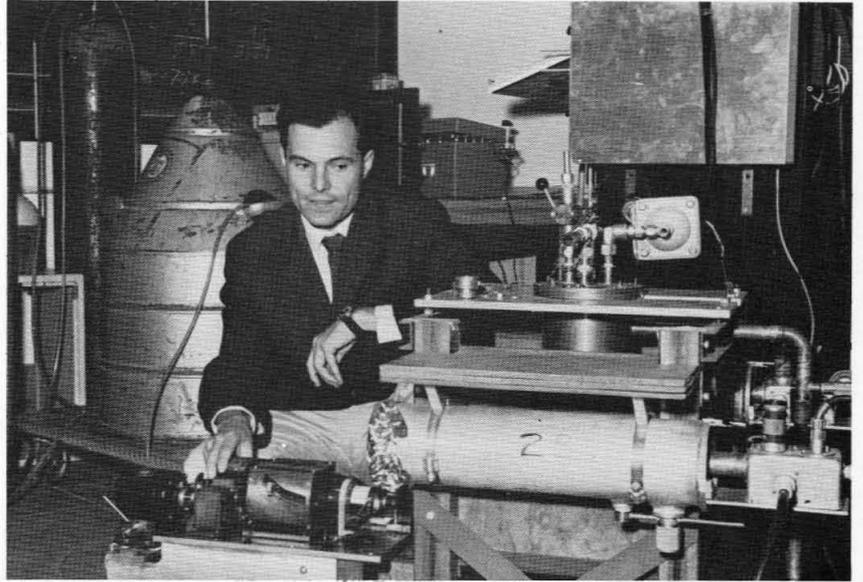
Dr. Rudolf Ludwig Moessbauer, 32, professor of physics at Caltech was awarded the 1961 Nobel prize in physics for discovering a radiation effect that bears his name.

The "Moessbauer effect" is described as offering "tremendous potentialities for achieving new insights into the age-old problem of the nature of the world that man inhabits." It is, essentially, a wonderfully accurate yardstick that enables physicists to measure precisely, for the first time, the effects of natural forces such as gravity, electricity, and magnetism, on infinitely small particles, such as photons and parts of the nuclei of atoms.

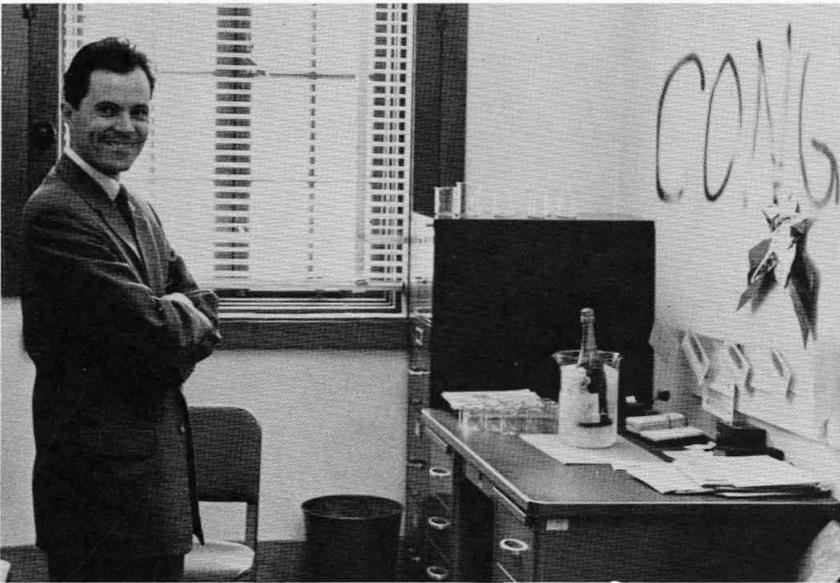
The editors of this annual, on behalf of the Associated Students of the California Institute of Technology, take great pleasure in congratulating Dr. Moessbauer for this great honor.



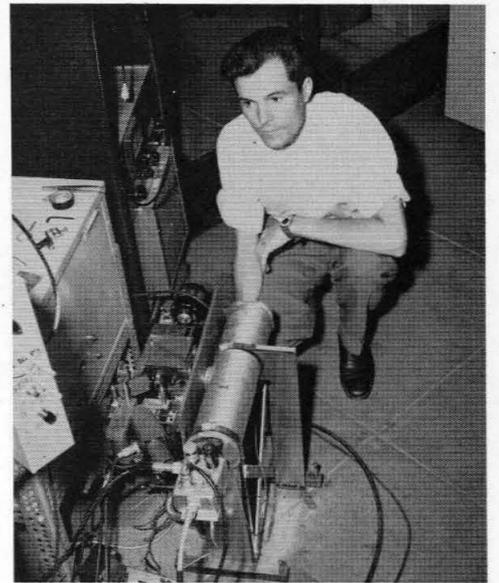
Dr. Moessbauer: Meeting the press . . .

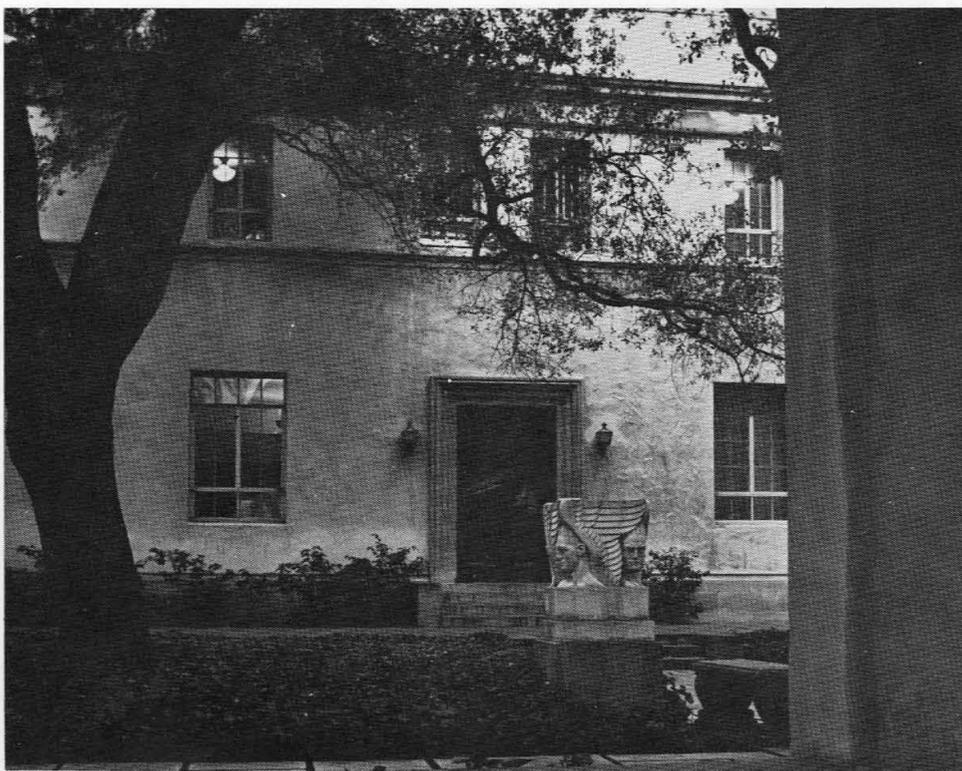
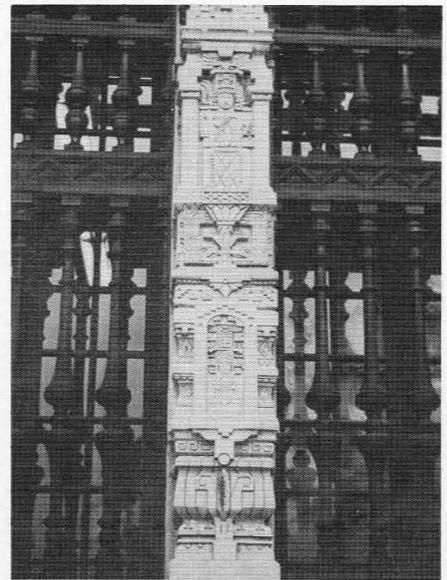
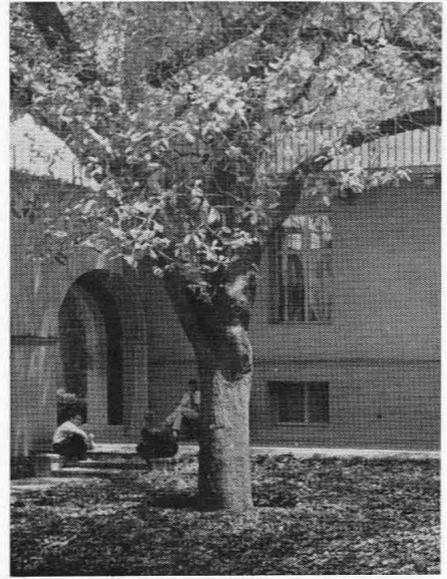
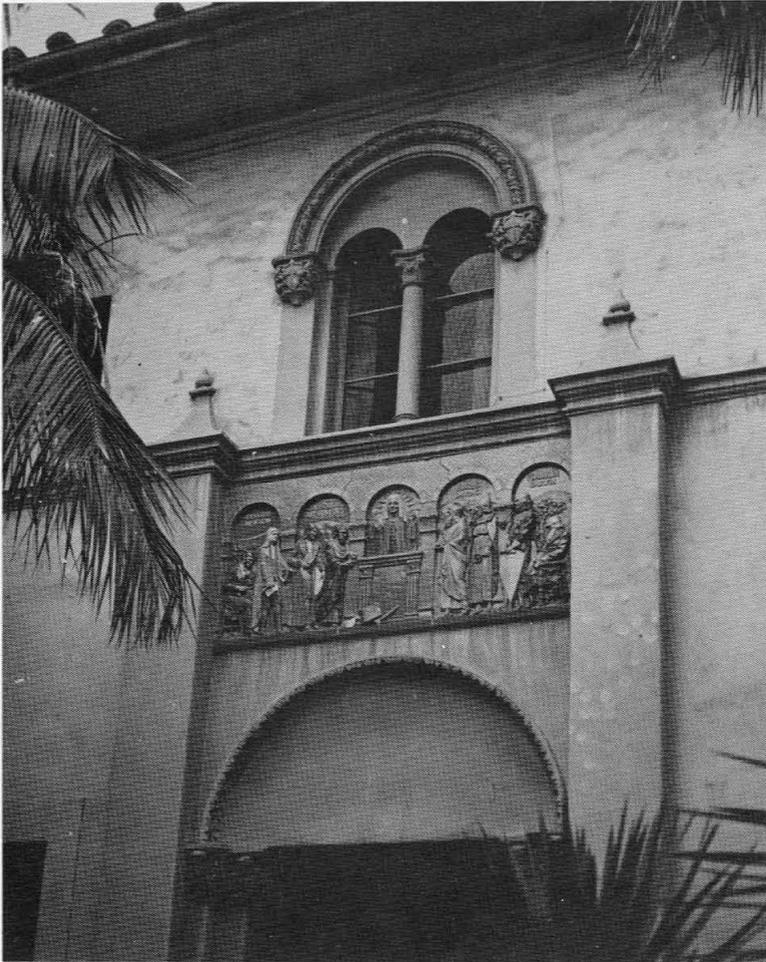


. . . demonstrating his apparatus . . .



. . . and celebrating with his colleagues.







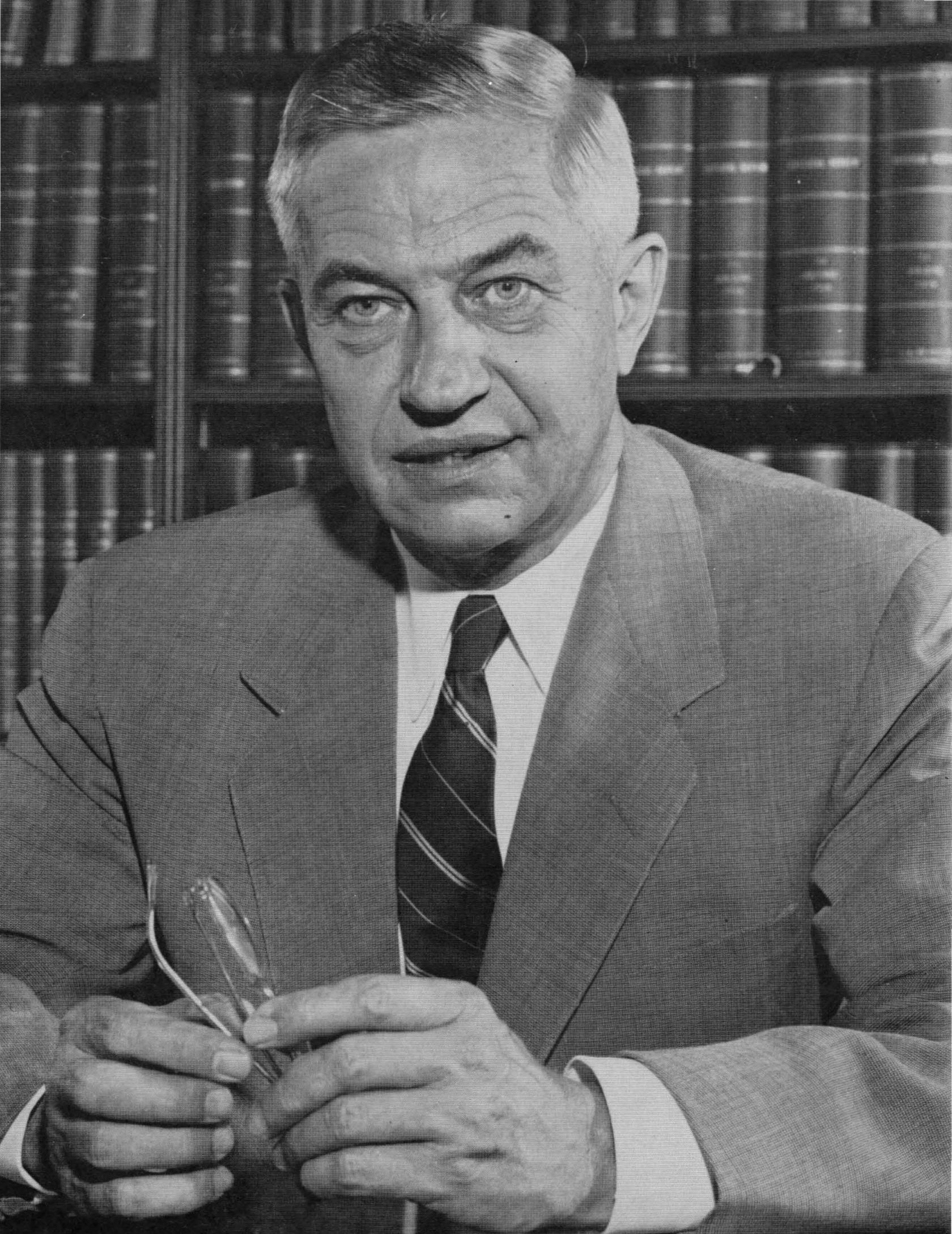
In Memoriam

Stuart J. Bates, Professor Emeritus of Chemistry
Eric T. Bell, Professor Emeritus of Mathematics
Beno Gutenberg, Director of Seismology Laboratory
Hunter Mead, Professor of Philosophy and Psychology
Howard P. Robertson, Professor of Mathematical Physics
Howard N. Tyson, Associate Professor of Mechanical Engineering

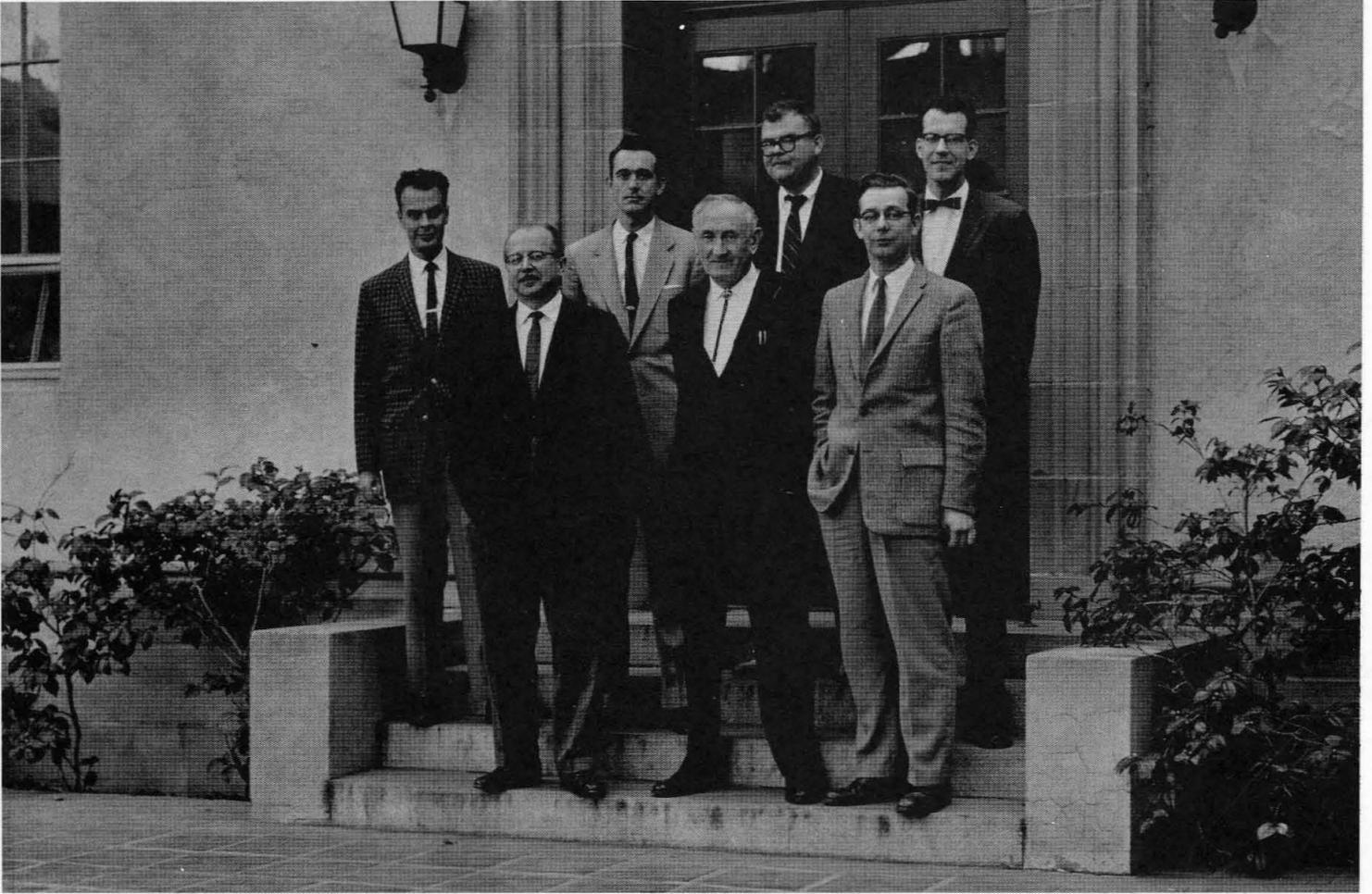




FACULTY

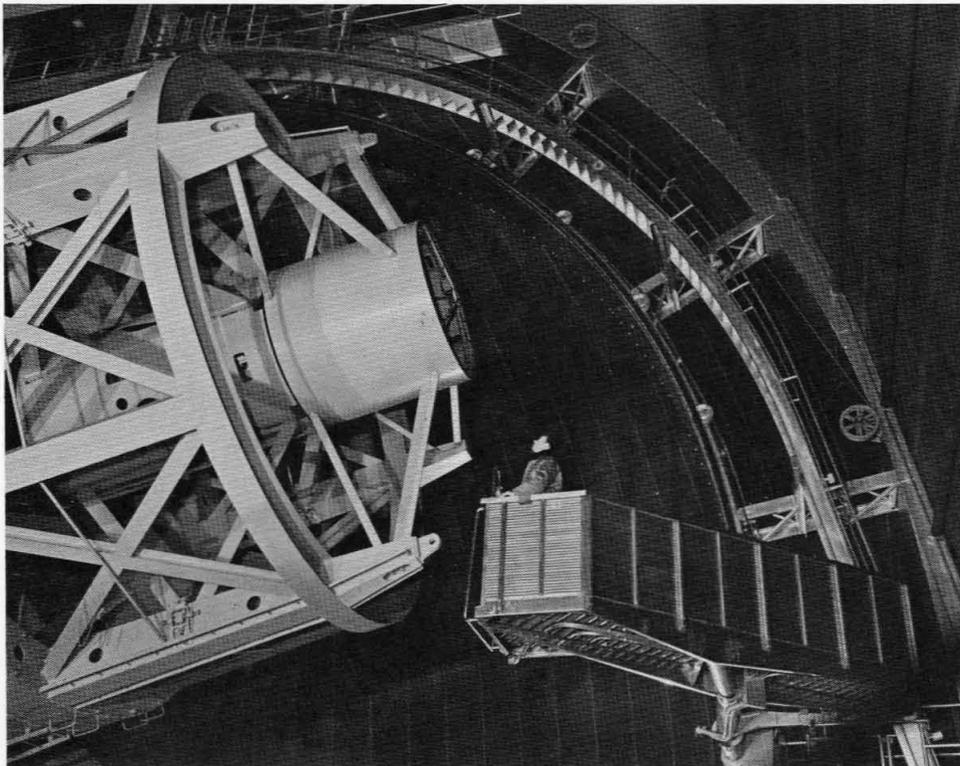


Lee A. DuBridge, President



Left to Right: G. Munch, J. Greenstein, H. C. Arp, F. Zwicky, O. J. Eggen, J. B. Oke, M. Schmidt.

ASTRONOMY

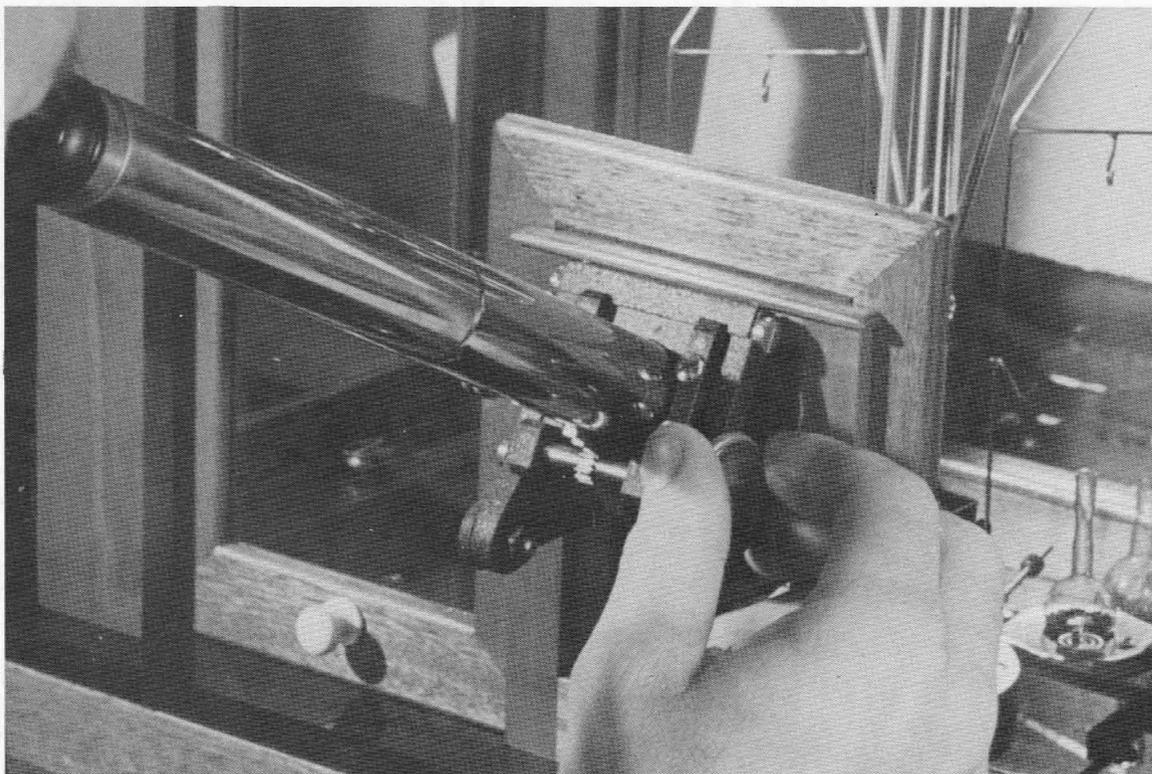




FIRST ROW: H. K. Mitchell, C. J. Brokaw, J. Bonner, A. J. Hodge, R. S. Edgar, N. H. Horowitz. SECOND ROW: R. D. Owen, A. H. Sturtevant, H. Hellmers, J. W. Dubnoff. THIRD ROW: G. Keighley, A. VonHarrevelt, A. Tyler, S. Emerson, H. Borsook, A. J. Haagen-smit, E. B. Lewis.

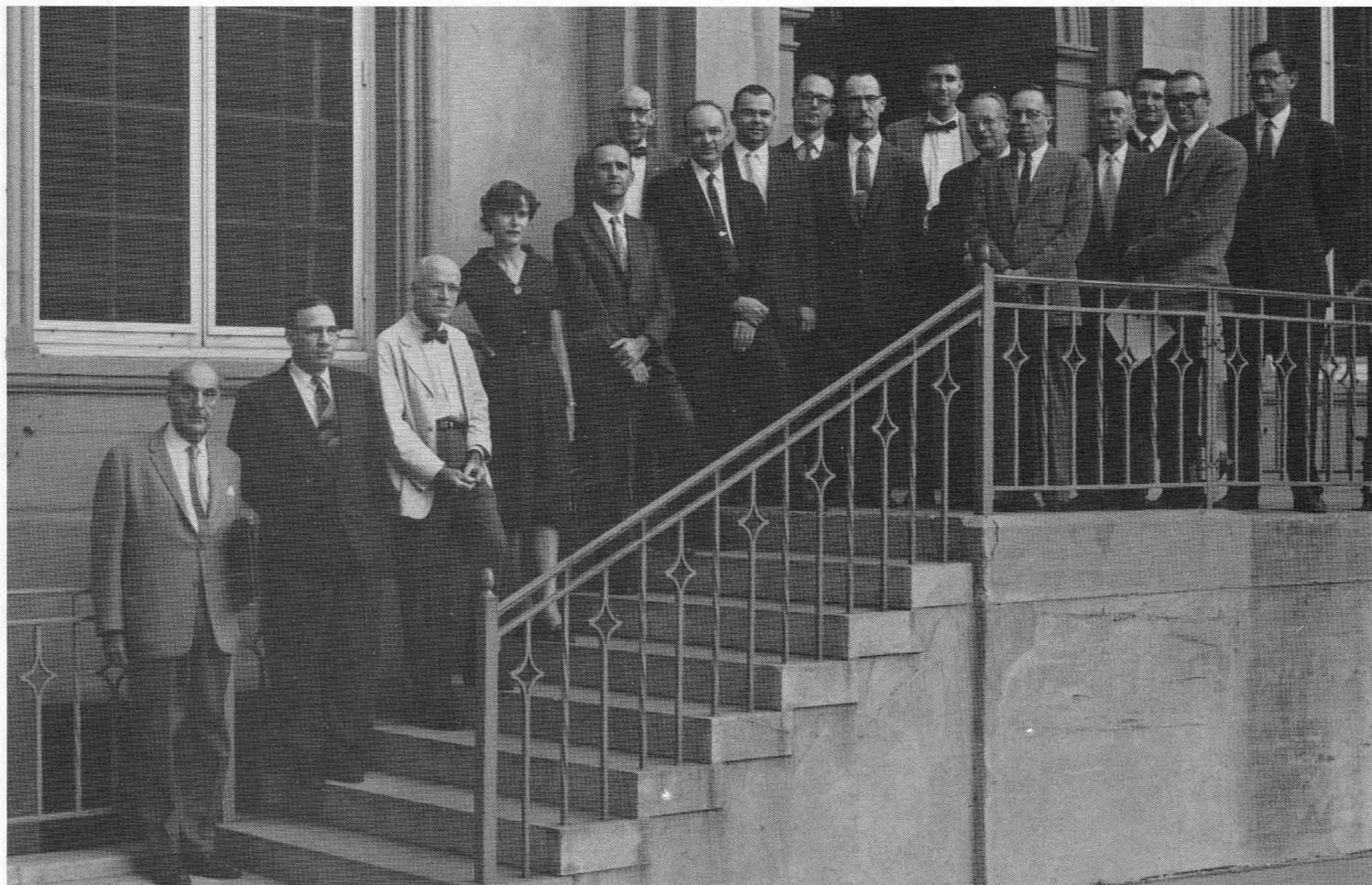
BIOLOGY





CHEMISTRY

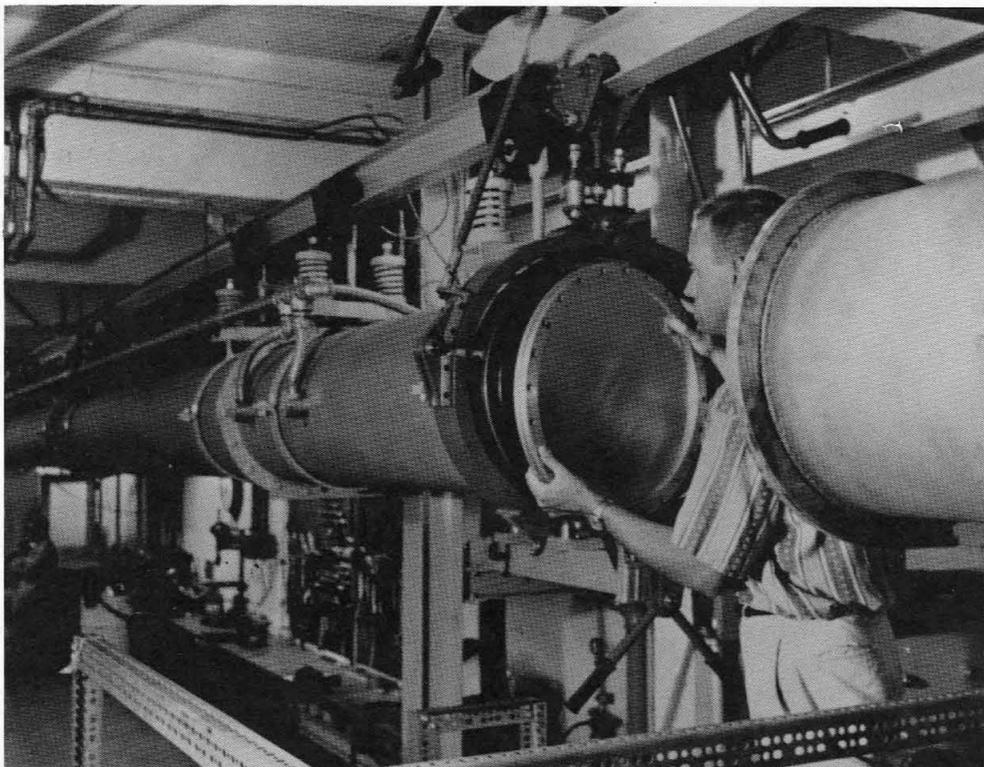
FIRST ROW: L. Zechmeister, E. W. Hughes, E. H. Swift, M. C. Caserio, A. F. Hildebrandt, H. J. Lucas, G. S. Hammond, W. P. Schaefer, H. M. McConnell, R. B. Corey, F. C. Anson, R. M. Badger, J. H. Sturdivant, O. R. Wulf, J. H. Richards, G. W. Robinson, J. D. Roberts.





FIRST ROW: R. Stearman, H. D. Krumhaar, Y. C. Fung, I. Chang, J. D. Cole, T. Kubota, R. Narashima, E. E. Sechler, B. Sturtevant, H. Groenig, H. W. Liepmann, D. E. Coles, C. B. Millikan, G. B. Whitman, L. Lees, P. Lagerstrom. SECOND ROW: R. Watts, J. K. Kevorkian, H. J. Stewart, S. R. Valluri, A. F. Messiter, S. Kaplun, B. L. Reeves, H. W. Lier, A. Demetriades, G. Benkowski.

AERONAUTICS

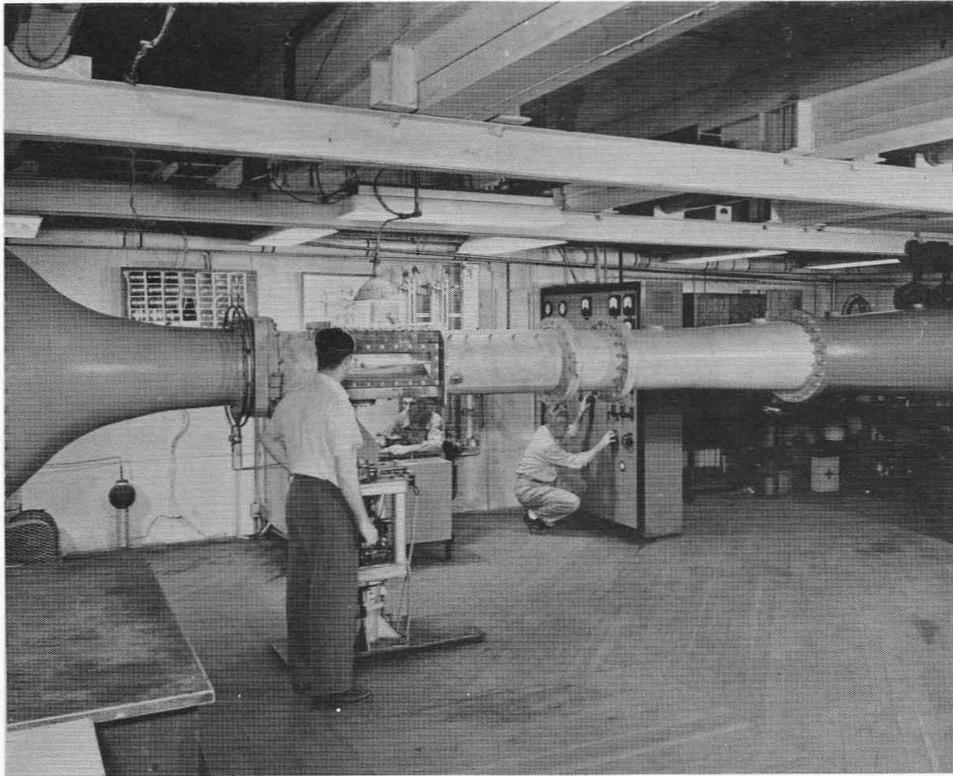




FIRST ROW: W. N. Lacey, P. D. V. Manning, C. J. Pings. SECOND ROW: W. H. Corcoran, P. A. Longwell, B. H. Sage, H. H. Reamer, L. O. Rutz, R. C. Seagrave.

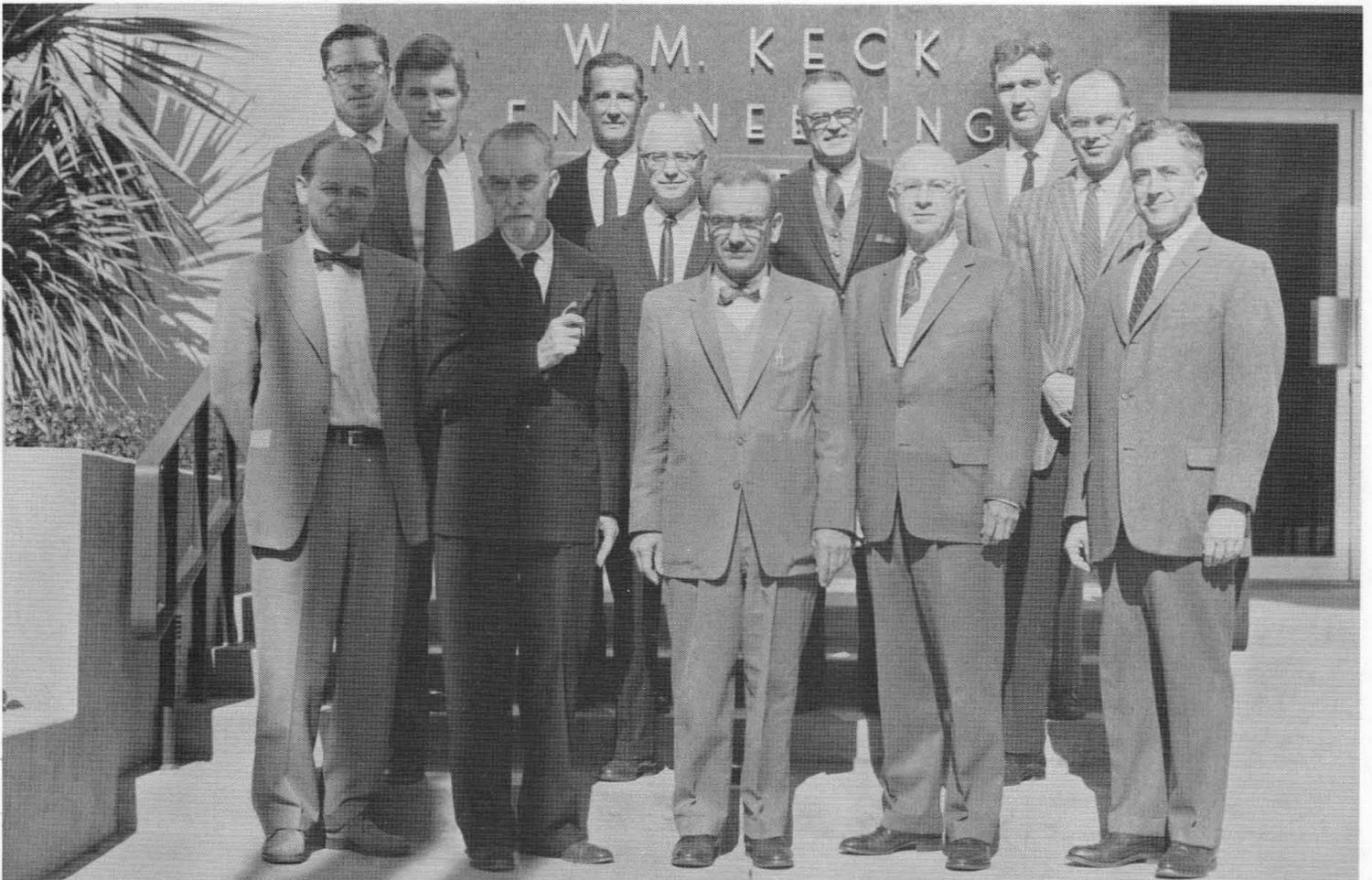
CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

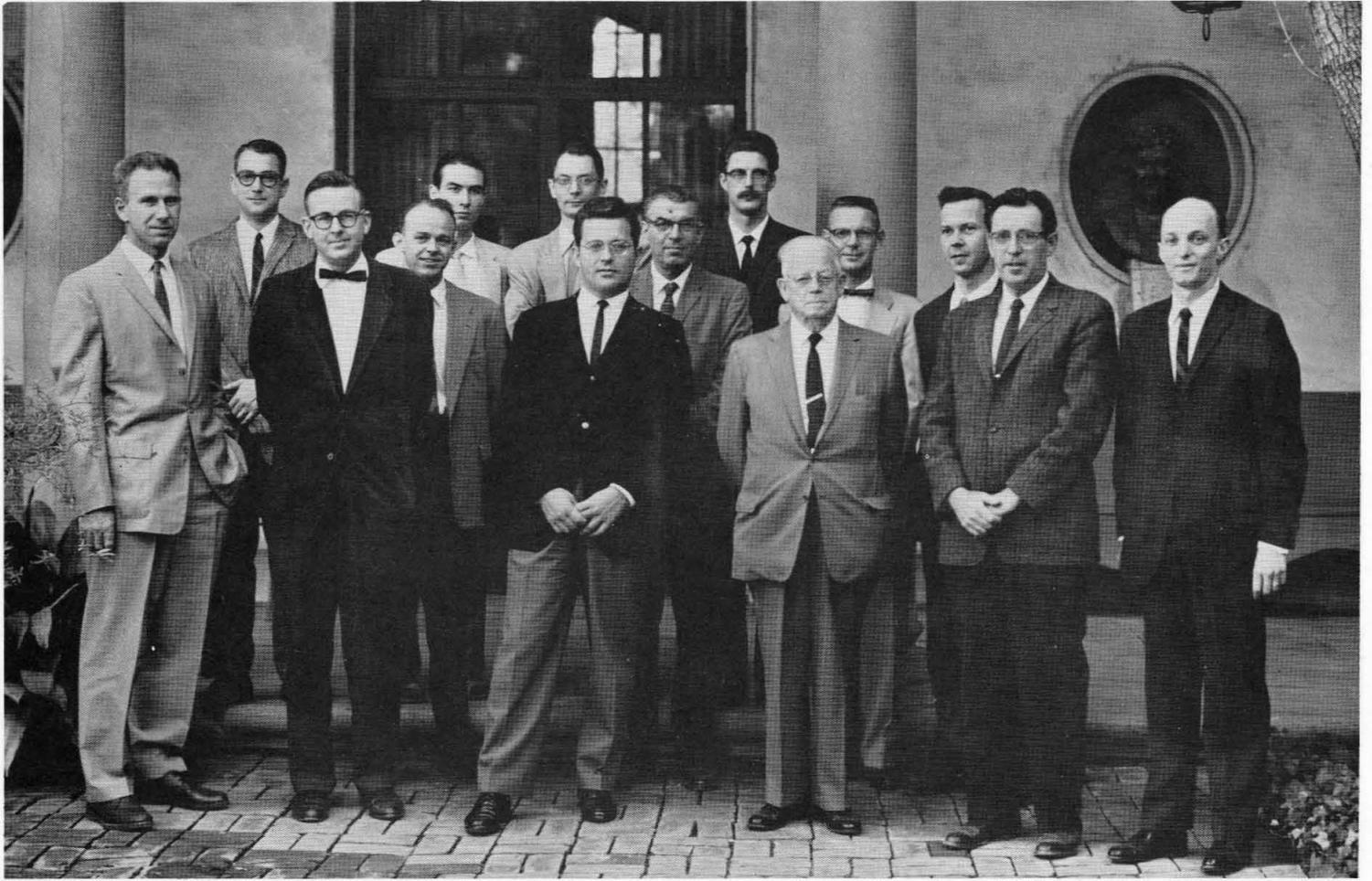




CIVIL ENGINEERING

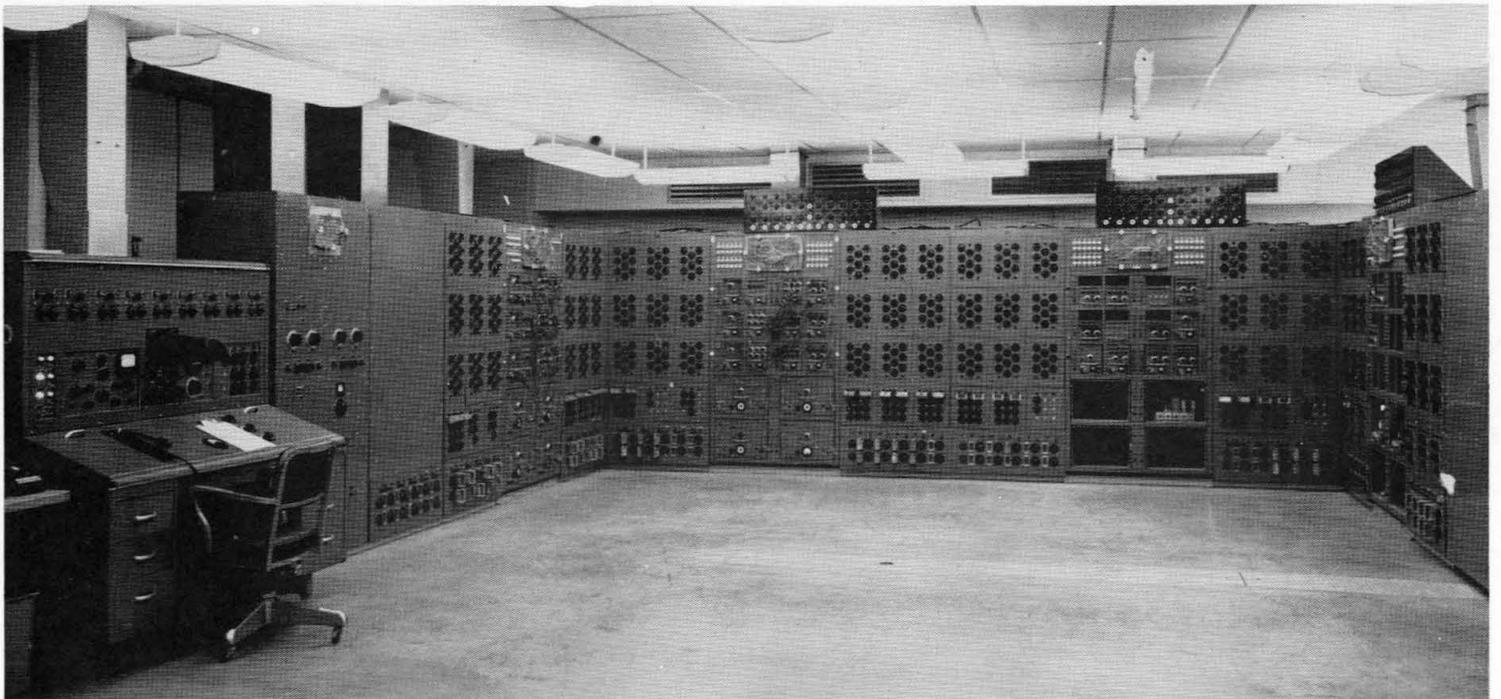
FIRST ROW: H. Ludwig, G. W. Housner, N. H. Brooks, R. R. Martel, C. W. McCormick, J. E. McKee, V. A. Vanon, K. R. Johansson, F. J. Converse, R. F. Scott, W. R. Samples, A. T. Rossano.





FIRST ROW: C. H. Wilts, R. W. Gould, N. George, R. W. Sorenson, G. D. McCann, F. J. Mullin. SECOND ROW: M. A. Nicolet, R. V. Langmuir, F. B. Humphrey, H. C. Martel. THIRD ROW: E. Braverman, C. A. Mead, P. V. Mason, R. D. Middlebrook.

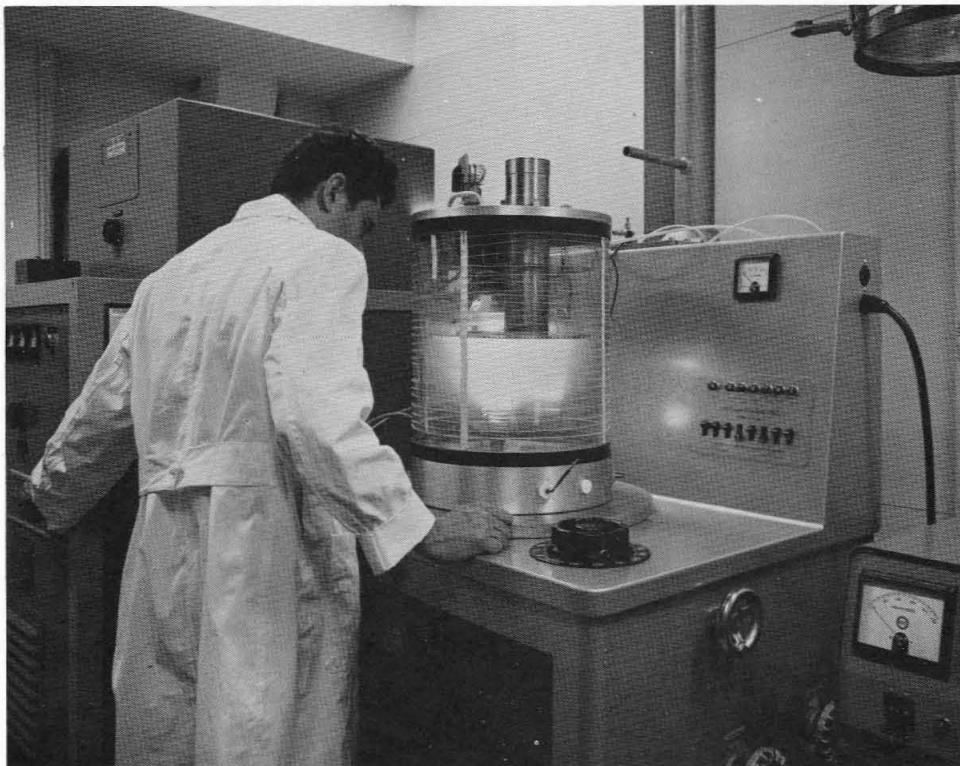
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING





Left to Right: F. S. Buffington, R. H. Sabersky, J. K. Knowles, J. Miclowitz, J. H. Wayland, W. D. Rannie, D. F. Welsh, T. Vreeland, Jr., D. S. Clark, T. K. Caughey, T. Y. Wu, D. S. Wood.

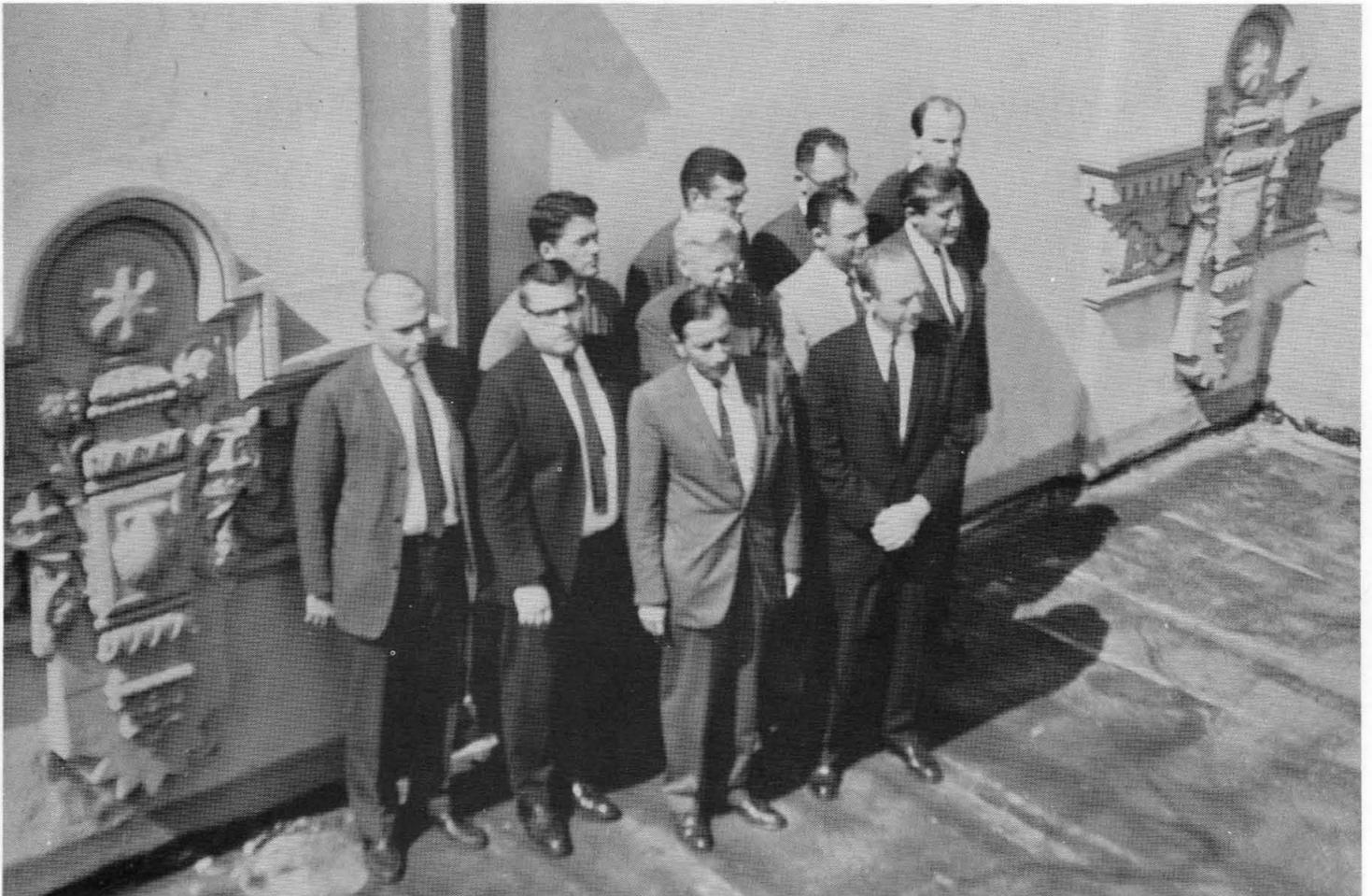
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING





GEOLOGY

FIRST ROW: H. A. Lowenstam, L. T. Silver. SECOND ROW: H. Taylor, C. H. Dix, R. P. Sharp, H. Brown. THIRD ROW: R. A. Phinney, W. B. Kamb, A. J. Boucot, C. R. Allen, E. T. Degens.

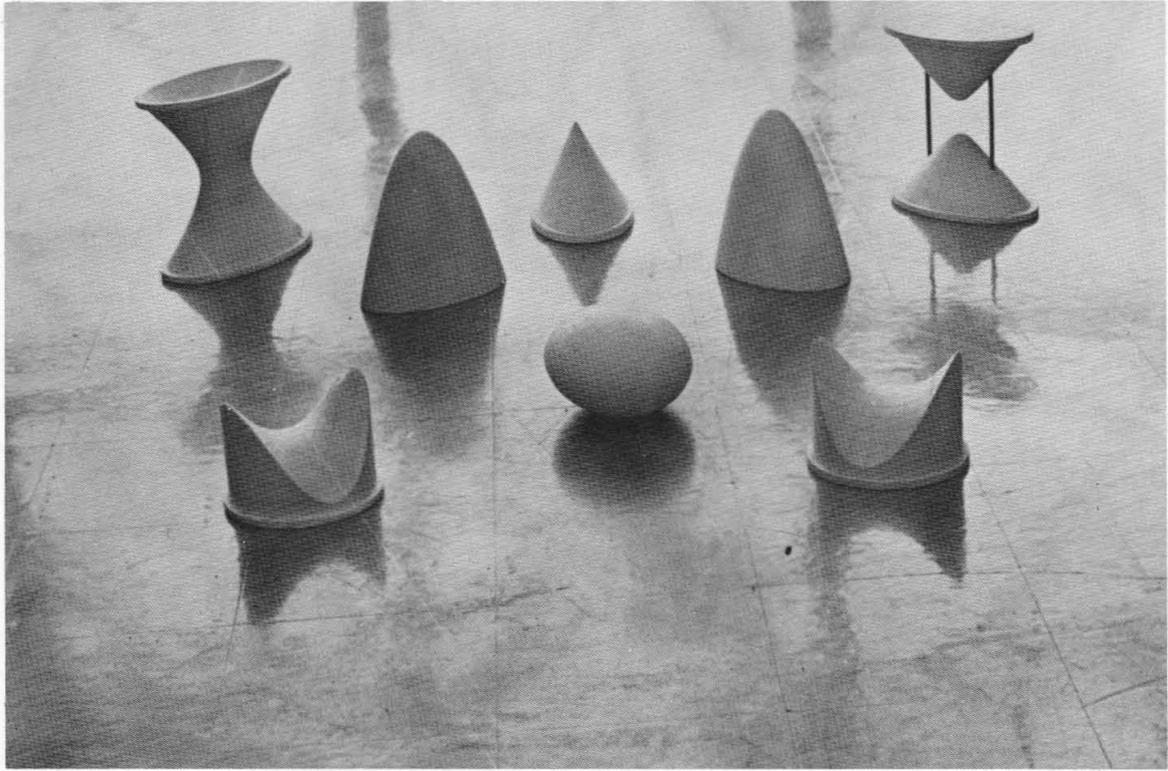




FIRST ROW: H. Ellersieck, A. Stern, C. Strout, P. Bowerman, H. D. Smith, H. Eagleson. SECOND ROW: E. Hutchings, R. Stanton, C. E. Bures, M. D. Brockie, P. R. Baker, P. Orlov, H. N. Gilbert, P. Fay. THIRD ROW: C. Newton, R. D. Wayne, B. Langston, J. C. Davies, J. K. Clark, A. R. Sweezy, D. Thomas, E. S. Munger, R. Conhaim, D. W. Oliver.

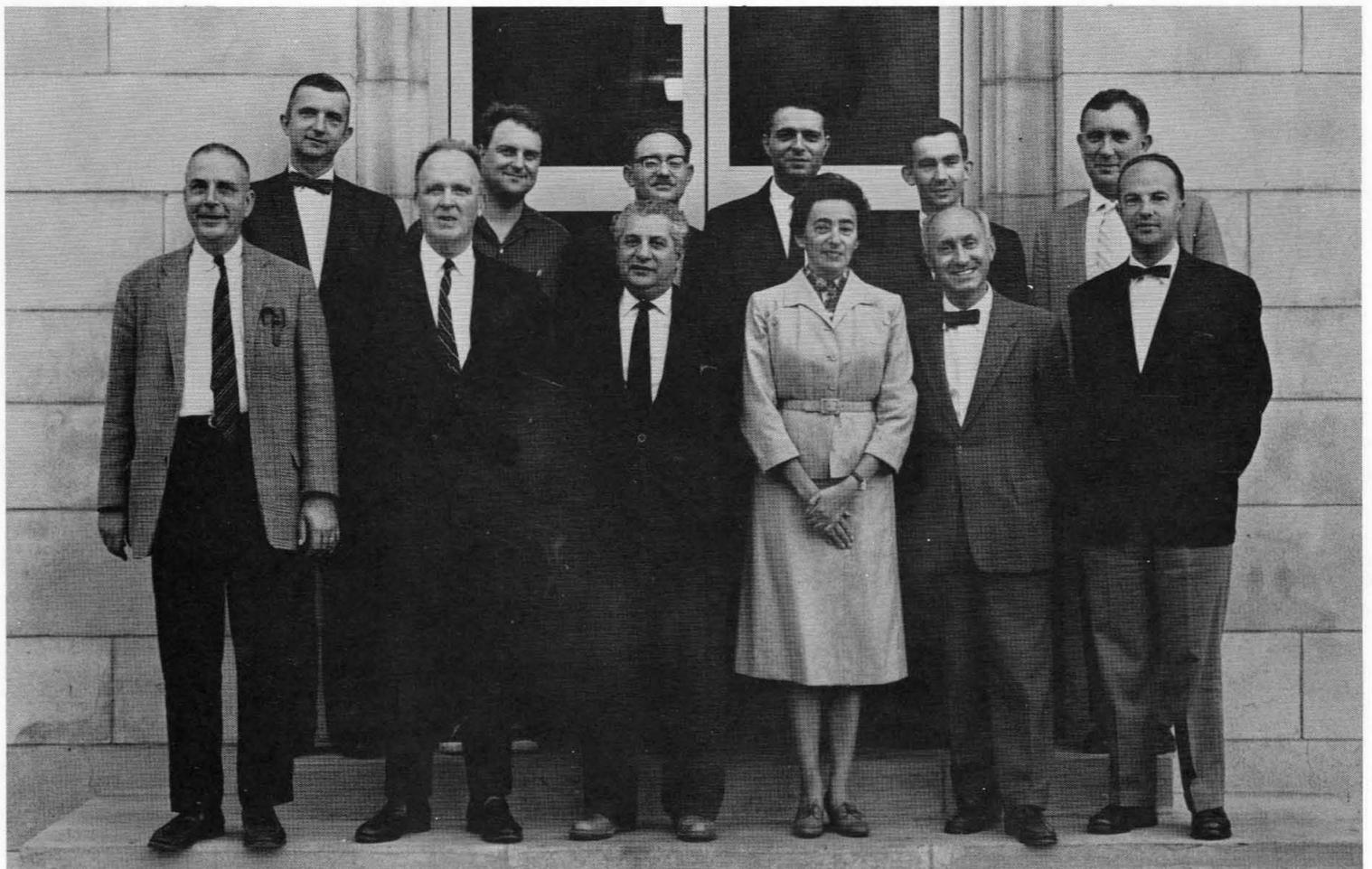
HUMANITIES

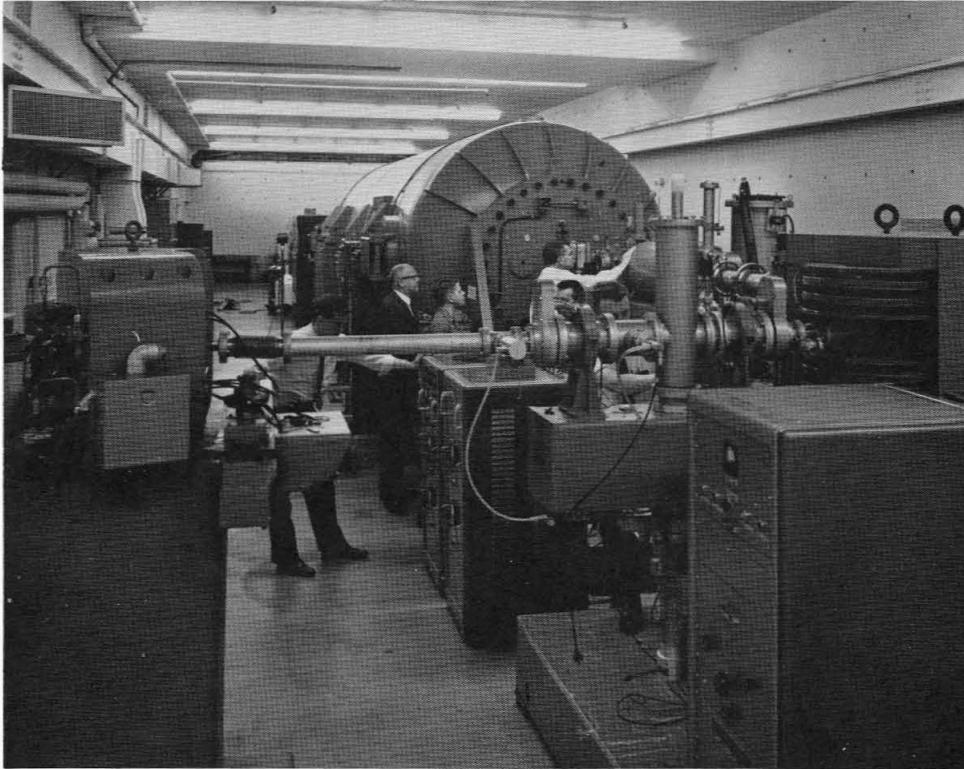




MATHEMATICS

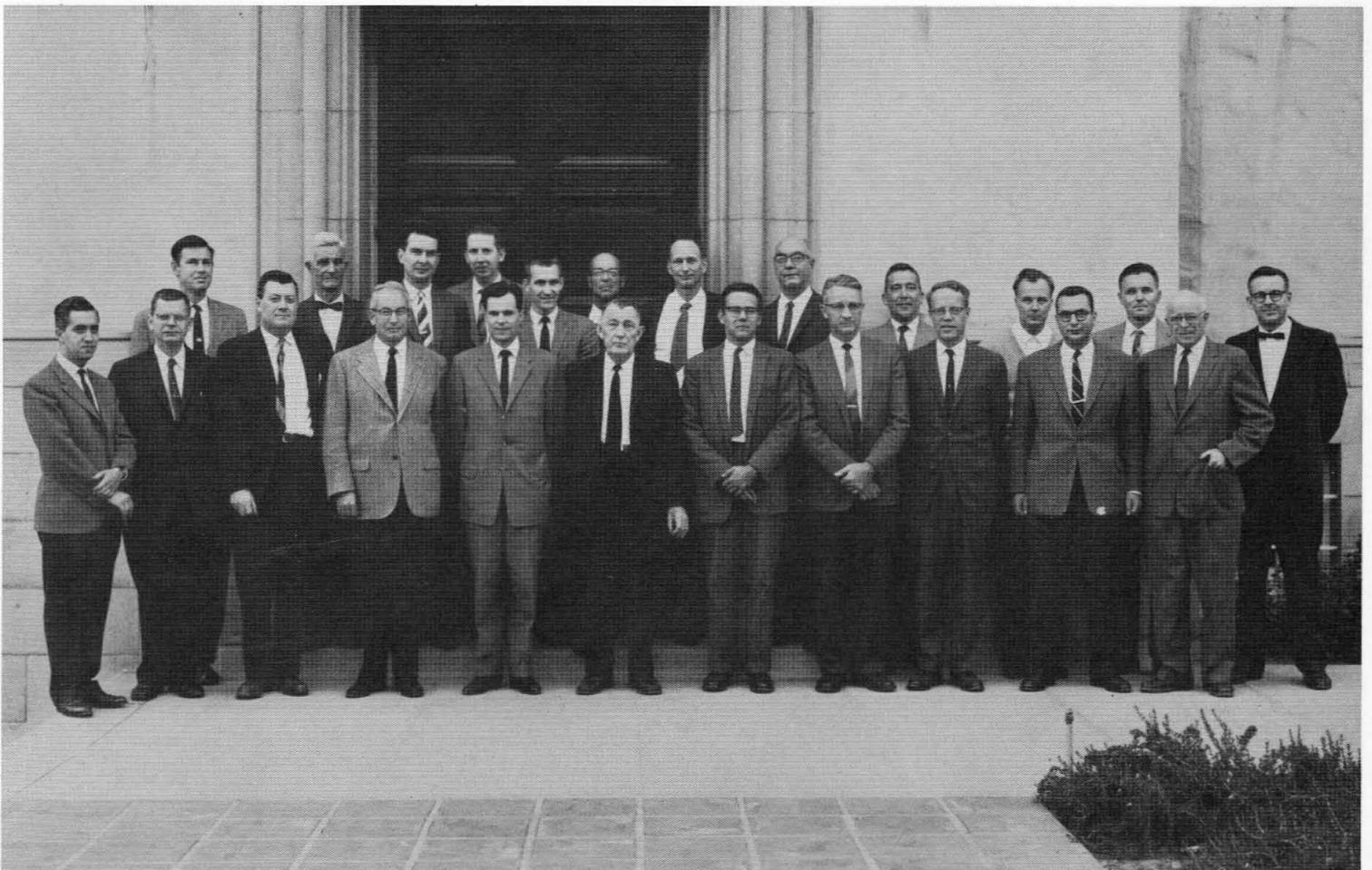
FIRST ROW: M. Hall, Jr., M. Ward, C. DePrima, Mrs. O. T. Todd, A. Erdelyi, W. A. J. Luxemburg. SECOND ROW: R. A. Dean, A. Garsia, J. Steinberg, M. Lees, J. D. Dixon, J. Todd.





PHYSICS

FIRST ROW: R. Gomez, T. Lauritsen, C. A. Barnes, R. F. Bacher, R. F. Moessbauer, C. C. Lauritsen, J. Mathews, H. V. Neher, L. Davis, M. Gell-Mann, R. M. Sutton.
SECOND ROW: R. F. Christy, W. R. Smythe, H. G. E. Kobrak, R. F. Deery, J. H. Mullin, F. Strong, E. W. Cowan, C. D. Anderson, W. Whaling, H. A. Weidenmuller,
R. B. Leighton, R. W. Gould.







SENIORS

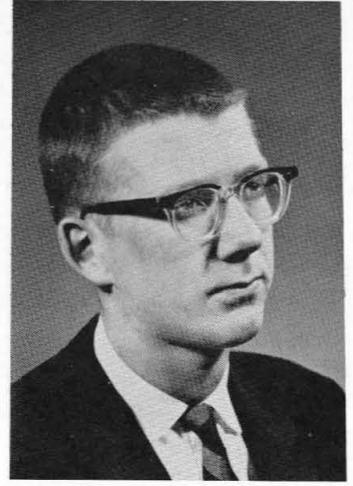


JOHN CURTIS

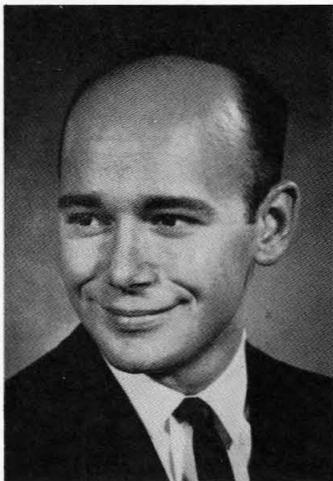
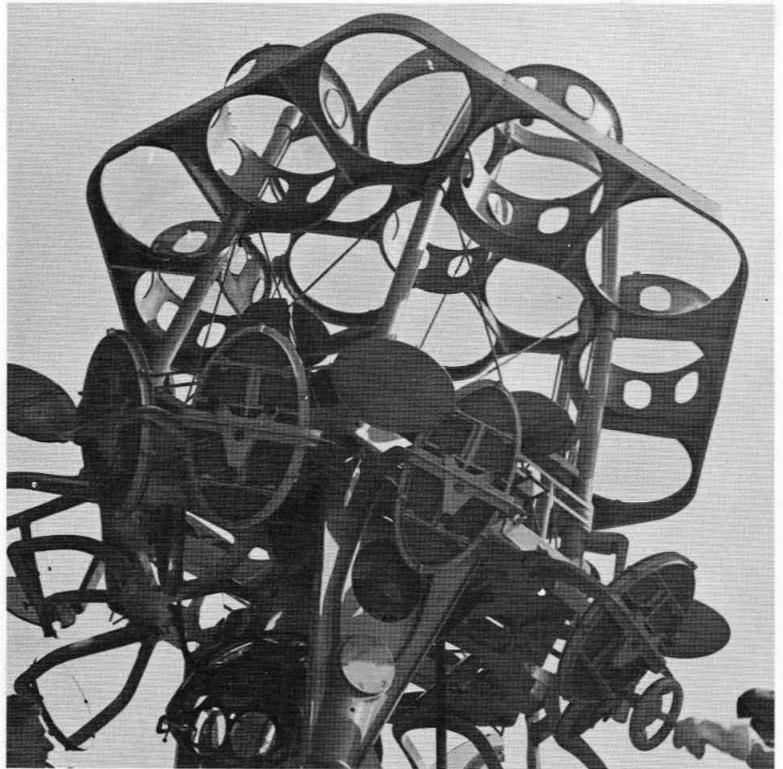
John, though accused of coming to Caltech solely to add to his skills in horse-race betting, speculating, and agitating, found time for a great many other activities. First as a UCC, then as a vice president, he took a leading part in Ricketts House affairs. He somehow managed to letter in track and frosh football, and he built up an amazing legend of strength in his frail frame. He was also a class officer (treasurer, of course). John plans to continue as an astronomer in grad school; he'll give odds on his finishing: 2 to 1 either way.

WALDEMAR LUNGERSHAUSEN

"Butch", a representative of Detroit and a convert to Los Angeles, can boast of several accomplishments: his outstanding scholastic record, his prowess at volleyball, and a military library second only to that of the Army. Beneath his cynical exterior and his plots to eradicate the world's population is a person worthy of respect and who is characterized by reliability and warmth. His love of humanity, second only to his interest in womanhood, can be paraphrased in his favorite words, "People are no damn good," or more simply by "Zot."



—ASTRONOMY—

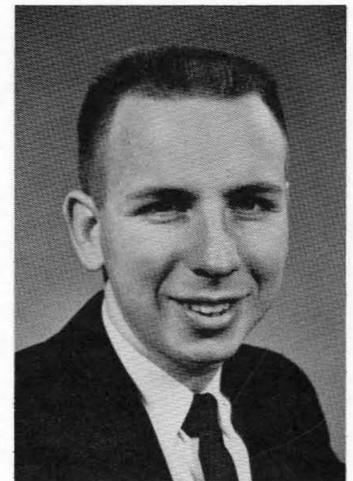


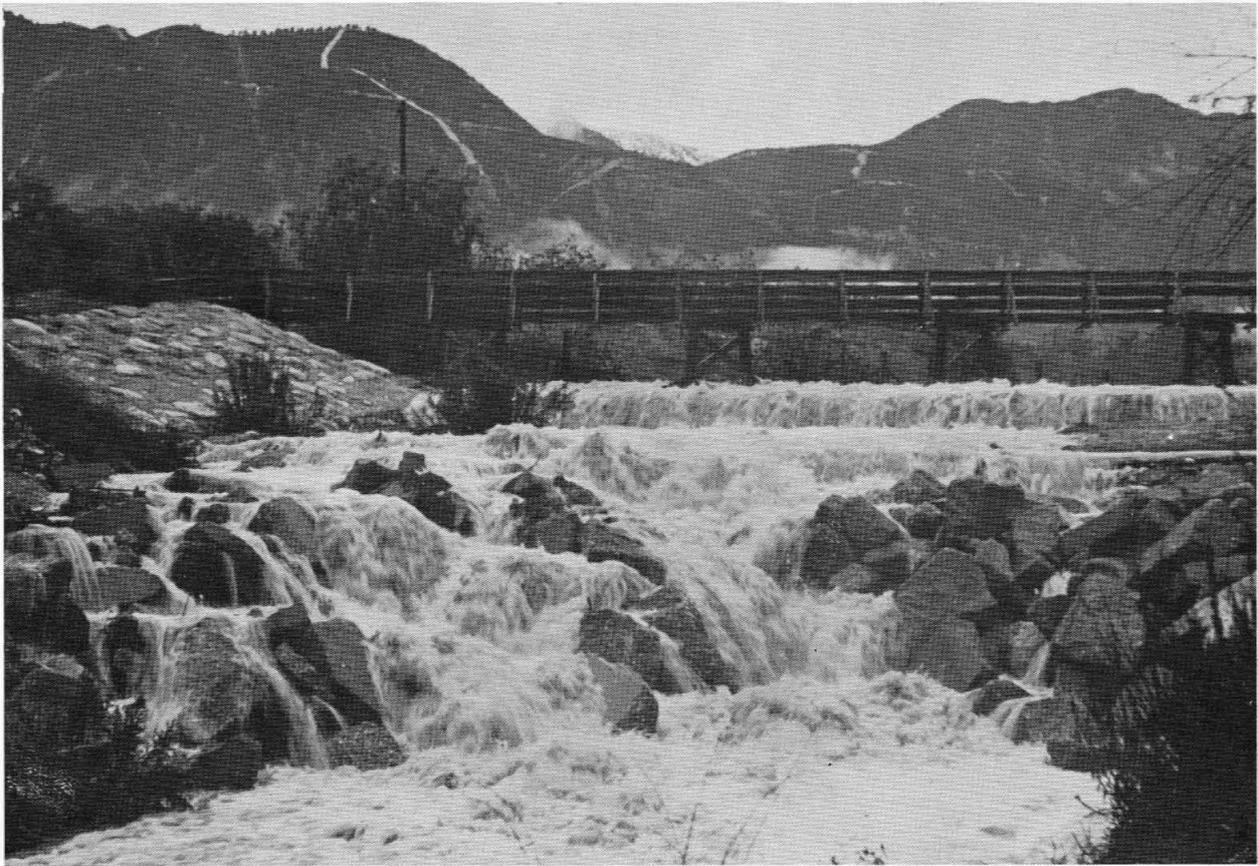
JAMES MOORHEAD

Jim claims to be the only San Mateo, California, resident who never wanted to go to Stanford. At Tech, he was better known as "Maverick" and "Ay Snake". Jim had the distinction of being a Throop Club member who didn't play bridge; but he is best known for his ability to stamp "white" on tricks 4 and 5 on December 31, 1960. When not engaged in such activities, Jim played Interhouse football and track for Lloyd and worked in Ay 2 labs. Jim claims (but not loudly enough for anyone to hear) that in spite of Caltech he still likes physics, math, and, of course, astronomy. He plans to continue studying astronomy in graduate school.

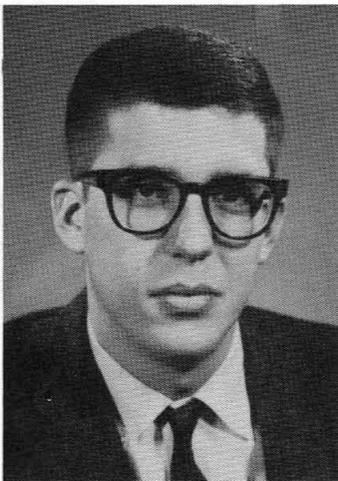
BILL STRAKA

From Riverside, California, and later Phoenix, this mountain-climbing astronomer has the same answer when asked why he climbs mountains and why he looks at stars "because they're there." Not surprisingly, Bill is one of the few people to climb Half-Dome at midnight just to see a total eclipse of the moon. Never one to be kept from the Sierra because of snow, he was often seen heading north with a pair of skis strapped to the top of his Anglia. In line with these interests, Bill will enter graduate school at either Berkeley or Harvard next year.



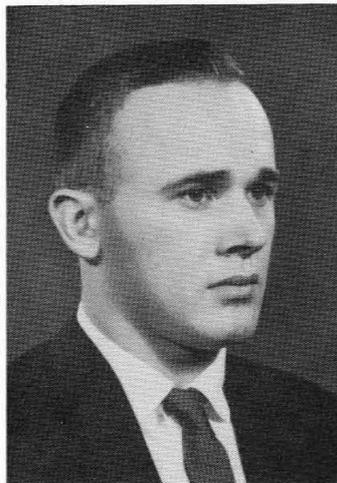


—GEOLOGY—



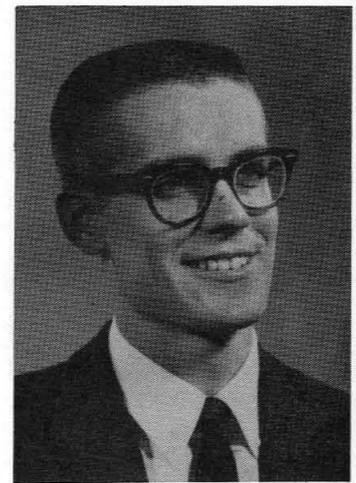
BRUCE ABELL

When Bruce arrived at the CIT campus from LA, he brought a used car and a fervor for dabbling in political causes. The car now wheezes, but his enthusiasm for hopeless causes has not dwindled. He fought the ASCIT machine as a junior and the trio won as Tech editors. He then directed unsuccessful campaigns against Beckman Auditorium and his fellow editors. He moderated his journalistic efforts with courses in geology. He has now reduced the dwindling number of Caltech geologists one more by doing grad work in journalism. He also writes long letters to the draft board.



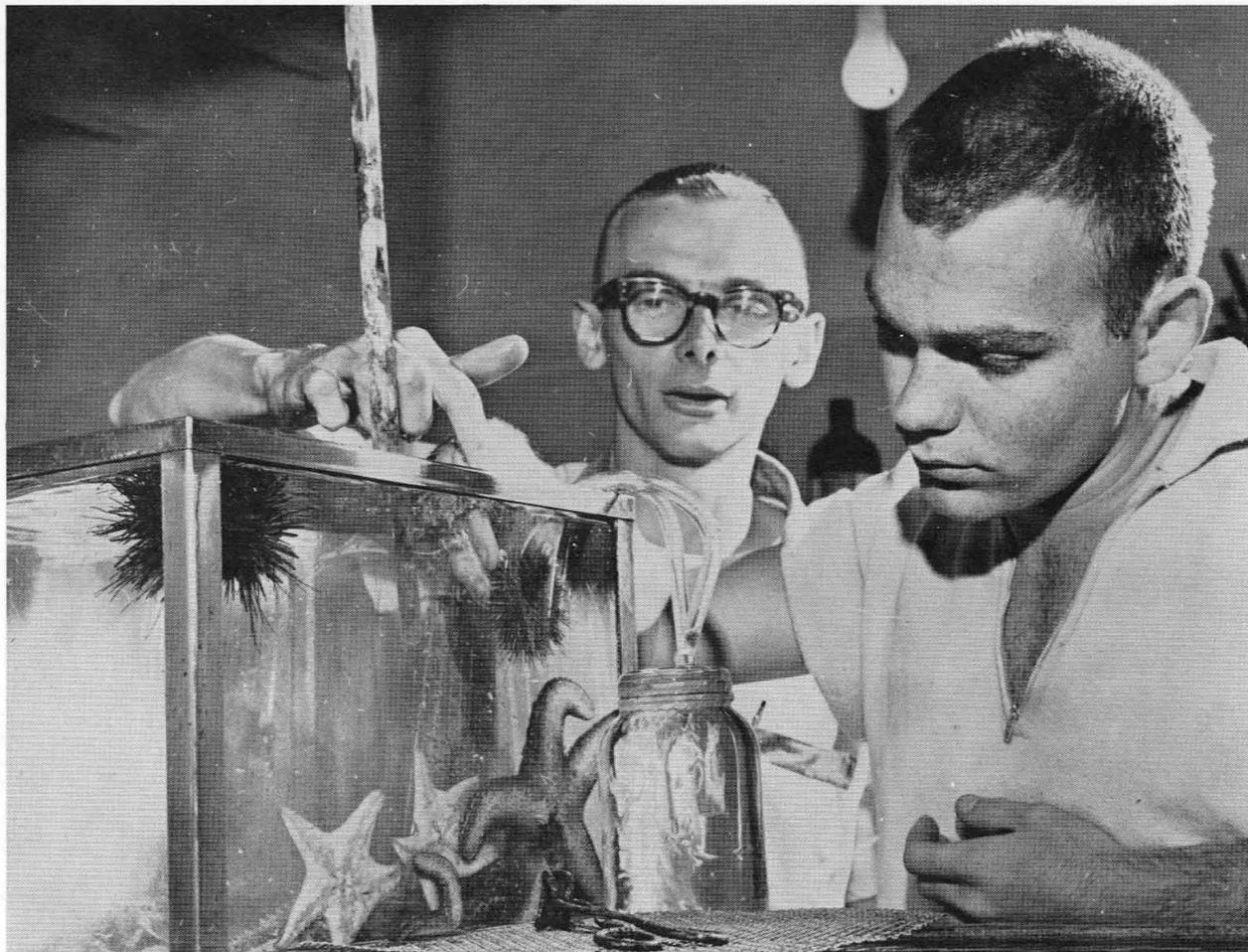
RONALD F. GEBHARDT

Ron left his home in Coos Bay, Ore., to seek his fortune in geology. (He preferred arm-waving at the "big-picture" to arm-waving at pigeon holes.) Athletic, he played football, interhouse, and managed the basketball team. Eventually he dropped all of them due to low salaries. He planned grad school for a while and then work in the realm of technical assistance. "It is in the essence of the Being to create its own Nothingness."

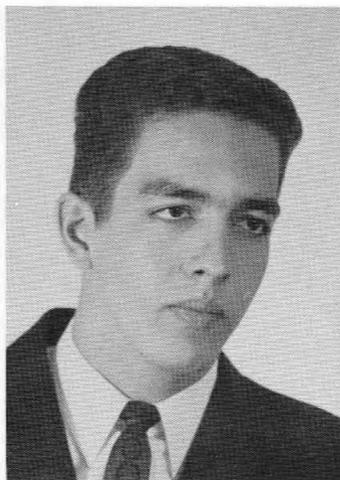


DOUG SMITH

After spending his younger days on Lovers' Lane, St. Joseph, Mo., Doug came to CIT to live the rugged life of a geologist. Dividing his time between geology trips and the bridge table in Ricketts lounge, he still found time to be a UCC for two years and to be an avid if not able tennis player. Doug's future plans include going on, and on, and on, in geology.



—BIOLOGY—



RANDALL B. GRIEPP

Randall came from Minn. to CIT to be a biologist, and that he became. It so happens that mythology is an outside interest of this handsome young man. Active at Tech, he was on that MARVELOUS frosh football team; YMCA, Caltech Surfing Club, CIT Motorcycle Club, and the Caltech for Goldwater Club all claim that Randall was one of their own. After graduation, Randall headed for Stanford Medical School for further study.



STEPHEN F. HEINEMANN

Steve came from that well-known town, Cambridge, Mass. Besides a passing interest in Bio, his attentions included music, hi-fi, reading, sports, travel, camping. He has also been a three year letterman in baseball. After traveling in Japan last summer, Steve and his wife have headed for Harvard or MIT where Steve is now studying bio-chemical genetics.

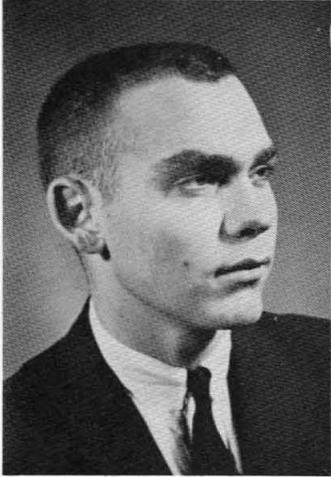


JOHN BERRY



GARY CHAMNESS

Gary claims the distinction of being called "the most serious guy on campus" by Bob Koh. He came from Santa Barbara to write for the Little K when it was notorious and for the California Tech when it was almost respectable—accidentally became a founding father of Lloyd House—served as drill team commander and later as ROTC boss (where his devoted staff made him a six-pointed general) and found himself in a few plays. He plans to evade the Air Force long enough to get a Ph.D. in biochemistry, but from there, who knows?



KERRY DONOVAN

"Railroader" Donovan has certainly impressed Caltech with his "big stick" policy in guiding Ricketts House, as president, to another successful year despite his general inability with minor details such as ringing the dinner gong. What Kerry takes with him will be much more than just his amiable personality and competitive nature which led to a passion for building Interhouse themes and to a surehanded grip that was the talk of the House football team. He will be taking that wacky nurse with all those thumbs to continue his biological experiments on a professional scale.



VINCENT HASCALL

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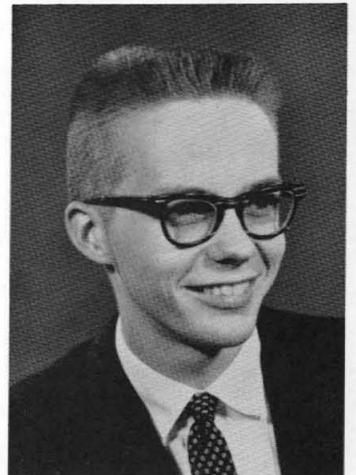
GARLAND MARSHALL

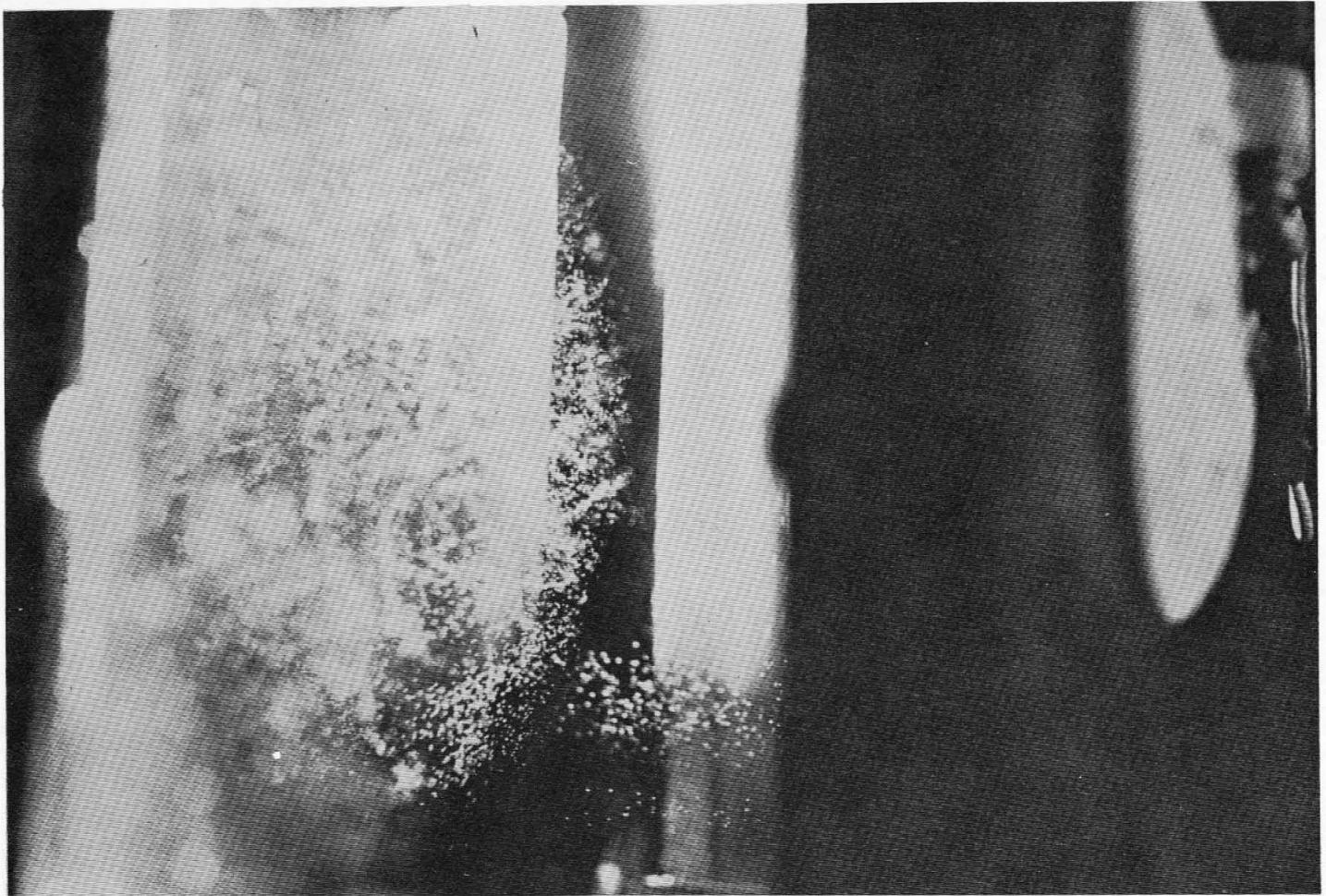
Nacogdoches, Texas! From high school hero-politician to mediocre monk on the Monastery totem pole. Rain-soaked, bleak stucco walls set the tone for a year and a half. Frosh year: "Fight the System" Frosh summer: work in Dallas, commute to Huntsville and the 5'1" source of all sweetness. Soph: Ge 1 field trips, poison ivy, Calamine lotion, a phone call to Baton Rouge, more Calamine, December 26, 1959, and a New Orleans honeymoon. The New Era: Gar off-campus savant: a sweet wife, the good life: skin-diver, brother-confessor, anti-mathematician, *literateur*, biologist: "Let Lucubration Languish." The System, if not beaten, had been defeated. The New Improved Era: Garland R. Marshall, eminent-to-be neurophysiologist, off to New York's Rockefeller Institute or Cambridge's MIT, his NSF Fellowship tucked in hand. From Nacogdoches to New York via the System. Amazing. Well done.



CARL ROVAINEN

Carl originally came to CIT as a migrant from Excelsior, Minn., home of Minnesota's finest sewage disposal plants. Although appearing to be a quiet, dedicated person, he soon dispelled this notion with loud, cacophonous banjo, accordion, and bongos. A fanatic for offices, he was cheerleader, in debate, and Vice. Pres., Natl. Rep., Pub. Mgr., and other minor offices, all of the YMCA. He planned a Ph.D. and then the Peace Corps or other Service organization.



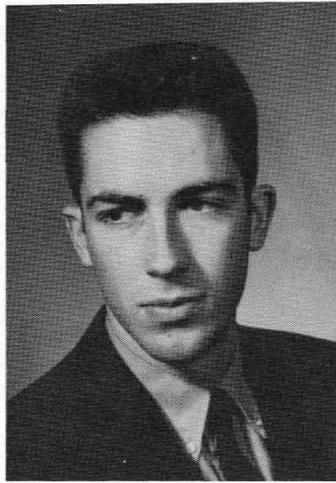


BIOLOGY



DAVE DRUMMOND

Dave came to Caltech rather early compared to the rest of his class and made friends rather fast: Dean Strong, Dean Eaton, and Dr. Apostol. Having taken more terms of math than any other Tech biologist in history, Dave went to work for JPL sterilizing spacecraft. In his last two years at Tech, those who knew him well observed the flowering of Dave's maternal instinct when each weekend found him mothering his Triumph. Being content with neither one Triumph nor one instinct he was last seen pursuing a JPL secretary up the Angeles Crest Highway.

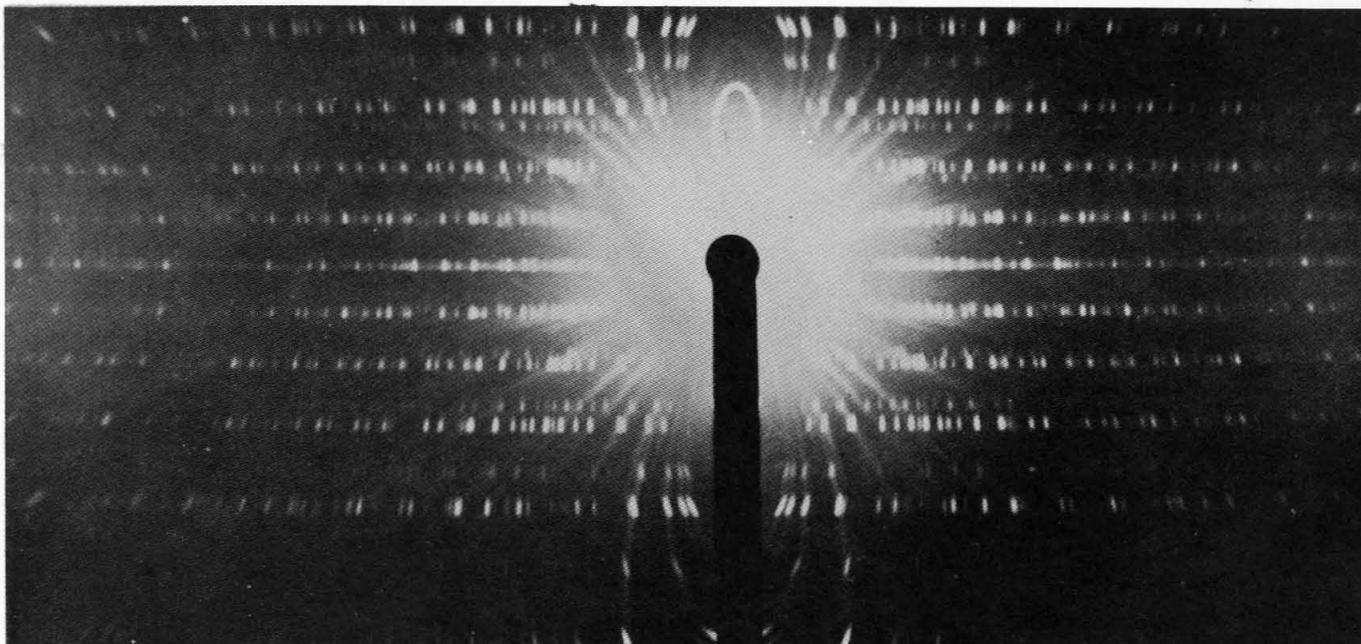


DAVID K. EDWARDS

During Dave's four years at Caltech he has earned the adulation of all who have known him. His excellence in all fields has caused his many friends to think of him as "the perfect person". He was the president of the Surfing Club and VP of the Motorcycle Club and Honorary Mayor of Malibu. His graduation will be an irreparable loss to the Caltech community. **Sic Transit Gloria Caltech.**



THOMAS CREIGHTON



PHYSICS



RUPERT C. BELL

Rupe first saw Caltech as a junior transfer at 17. He soon became an outstanding member of alley six. He was well known for snowy discourses on physics, gung ho-ness, late hours, whistling Mozart at 3 a.m., and bottle cap exp'ts. Rupe will continue in the world of physics at Chicago where he will be a grad student and TA at the age of 19.



DICK BRANDT

Swarthmore, Penn., saw this boy head for Tech four years ago. Leaving Ricketts after two years for tradition-free Lloyd, he quickly grabbed the post of ath. mgr. and then sec'y. A militant and vociferous conservative Democrat, he also became prexy of CIT YD. A convinced physicist, Dick plans gra. work somewhere else.



DAVID CARTA

Dave is that bicycler you always see in leather knickers and a ski parka. A fellow traveller, Dave has folk danced and taught his way through Tech. When not dancing, he has supplemented his "liberal" education here with hitchhiking sprees through Europe, Mexico, and the US. We don't know where he went but the possibilities include EE grad school, Peace Corps, working or some other dep't of Uncle Sam's.

PHYSICS



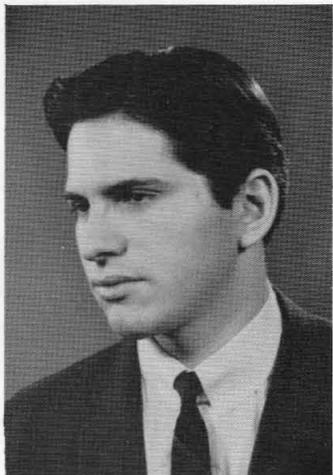
BILL FARRELL

Impressionable underclassmen will long remember this Beaver who climbed trees and mountains as a cure-all for the tensions suffered by a Ruddock House President. Bill will remember the medal he won as a varsity runner who was drafted by Bert as a result of some enthusiastic Interhouse practices. Some remember his competence as Oliver Seely's comparatively shy partner, and some of us will remember the glorious career to which he led the Hose Frink, Jr., society, but his main contribution to Maiden Lane and Ruddock may have been the occasional presence of a blue-eyed flower named Susan. Bill has gone to King's College, Newcastle-upon-Tyne as a physicist.



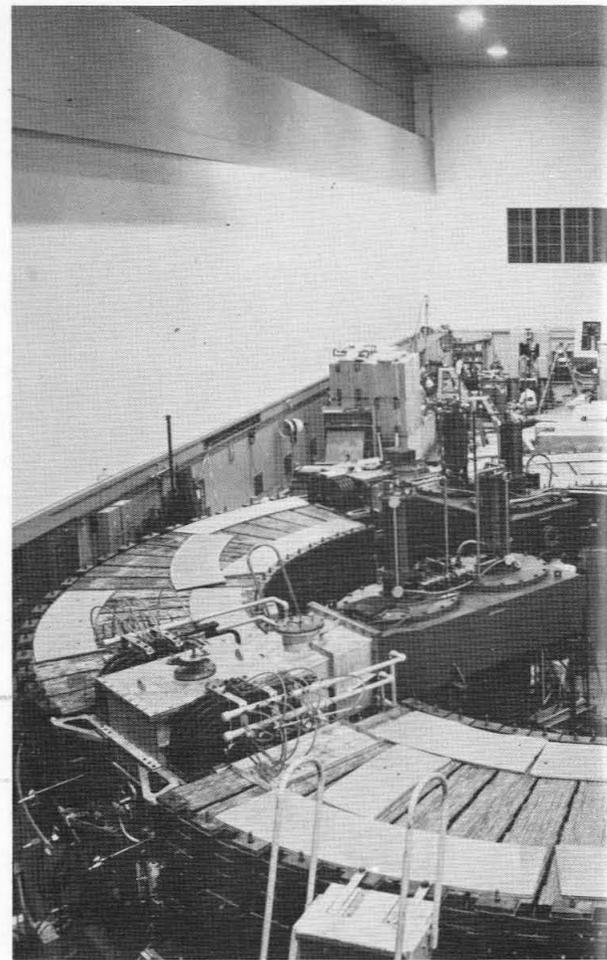
BILL HASSENZAHL

Bell Gardens, Bill's home town, is just fifteen miles from Pasadena. He was a relatively successful vice president of Ruddock. During his four years at CIT he majored in track and physics. It is debatable which of these occupied more of his time. He was chairman of the dancing class in his sophomore year. Next year he will do graduate work at Cornell in solid state physics.



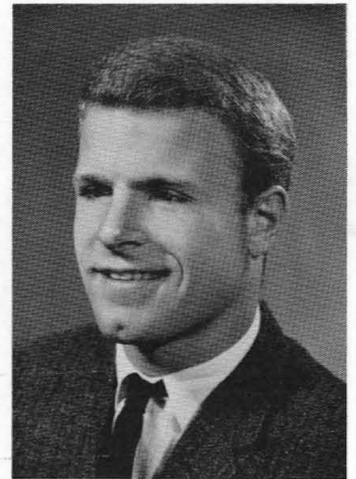
LESTER INGBER

In frustration and despair, Brooklyn sent Les to Caltech. Anticipating a possible early return, Les mastered karate in less than four years, and helped establish same on this campus. The only remnant of Brooklyn showing was his conquering of innumerable women in his oriental pad. The big change is that Les will pursue theoretical physics in grad. school. Eventually we may find him teaching, living in a dojo, or living off the . . . of the land.



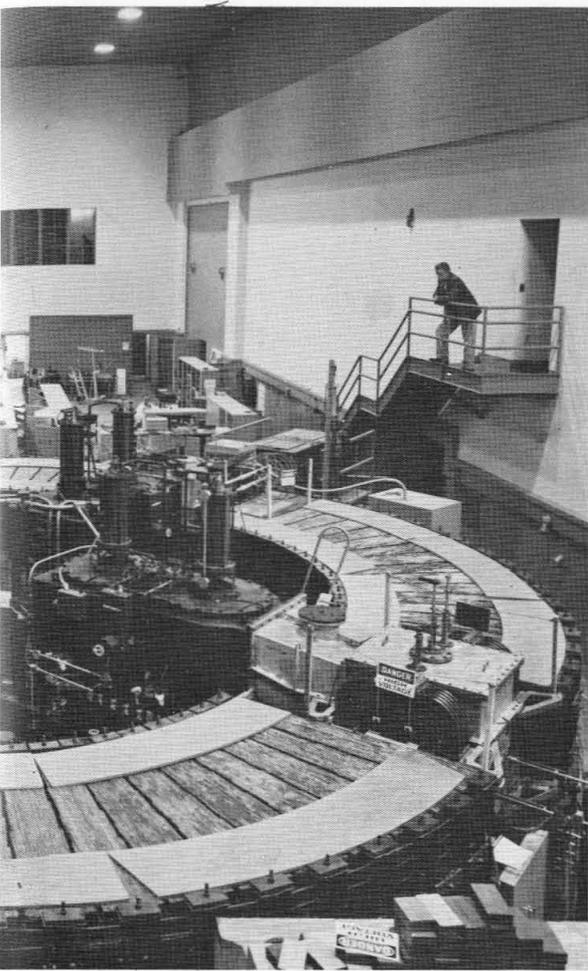
ART MCGARR

Coming to Caltech as an innocent babe from Oregon, Art quickly learned of So. Cal. women until Cookie and a Turtleneck sweater ended his meteoric career. McGarr has a quick wit, a good sense of timing, a phenomenal SEG, and an unusual purpose in life. Since he has left Tech, disaster has struck: SAGA misses his criticism, Page misses his FBI jokes, and football misses his driving, spirited cheers.



HOWARD HILTON





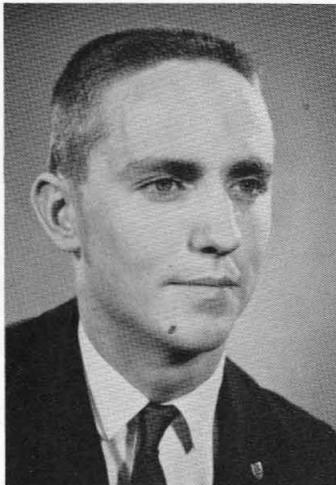
ALLEN BERMAN

Affable Al spent his formative years in vice-ridden Culver City and came to CIT under the mistaken impression that he had come to Pasadena Trade Tech for a two-year technician course. Harboring a great sense of pride and unwilling to admit a mistake, Al stuck out four years of physics and the world's blandest GPA. Moving from Throop to Lloyd, suave, sophisticated, and successful Al became Soc. Chairman. He has since gone to grad school, the particular choice was determined by (1) greatest number of girls, (2) lowest academic standards, and (3) lowest tuition. Hawaii or Miami U?



BARRY GORDON

Not since Zeno has there been a paradox as great as the Caltech life of Barry Gordon. Born of a Christian father and a Liberal mother, Barry found CIT an opportunity to mix the best aspects of each in a scientific career. Although a liberal, Barry found the YMCA exerted an ever increasing effect on him to the extent that he became Y Prexy. But his term in office illustrated to Barry the limitations of the Christian life. Incapable of resolving the paradox, Barry plans to major in physics at a liberal graduate school assisted by a Danforth Fellowship.



PETER RUX

Pete, already an accomplished loafer, came to CIT to perfect the art. This accomplished, despite efforts of T. Lauritson and associates to send him to UCLA, Pete further managed to acquire all those vices so necessary to gracious living. Rux served time as the skinniest end to ever letter in football, and the only pole vaulter ever to beat an Oxy man in a Conference meet. Since graduation, Pete has found Boeing and the new TR-4 to his liking.

WENDELL ING

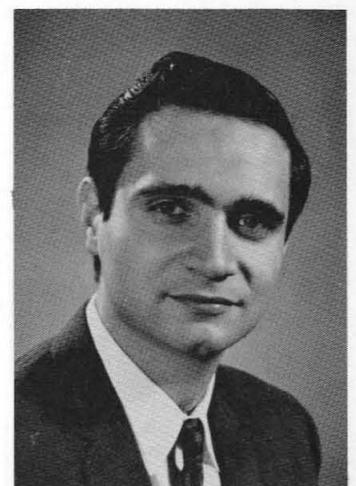
Wendell was an off-campus member of Blacker House. He spent much of his time riding to and from electronics stores on his motorcycle with his friend, Pete Hammond, to buy goodies for his hi-fi. At the conclusion of his four years, Wendell had enough equipment to make four people happy, but, at last view, he was still in search of the perfect tweeter.



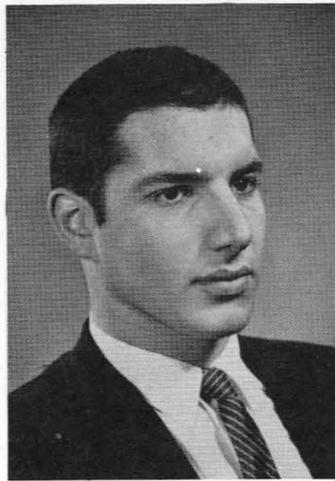
EVAN HUGHES

JULIAN NOBLE

Julie tried for two years to win the post of House Jew away from Larry Altman. Failing at this means of preserving himself for posterity he chose the alternative of marriage. As one of the better physicists on campus, Julian was a contributing member of the Blacker Physical Society.



PHYSICS



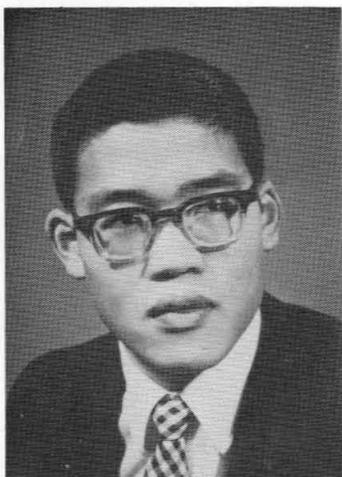
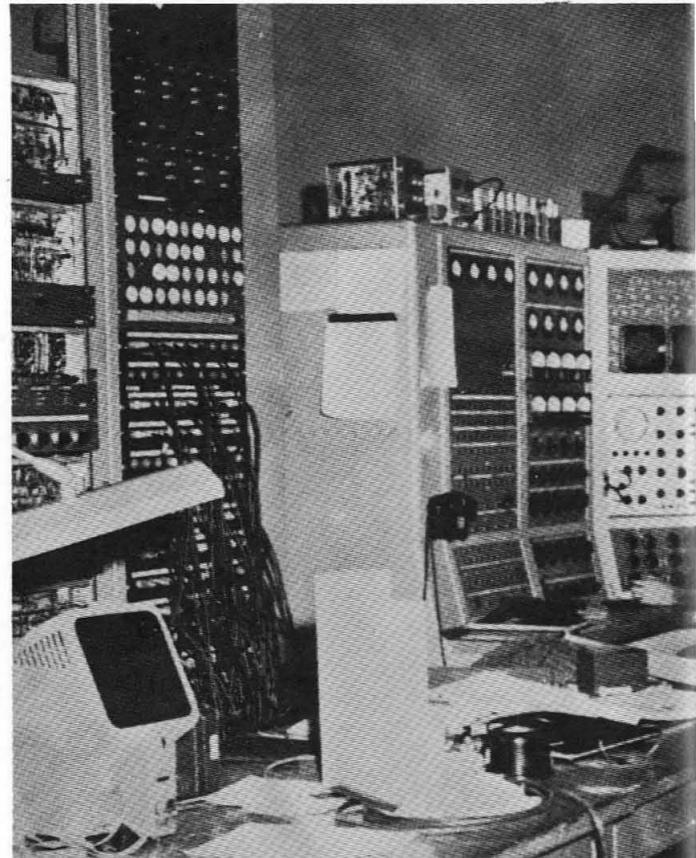
SHERMAN GRATCH

When he first came here in September of 1957, he broke away from the traditional isolationism of the mid-Westerners. Admittedly this took a year and a half at the University of Illinois in Chicago. The only splash Sherman made was in the pool, playing water polo and swimming. Otherwise he was lost among the other physicists in his class. He'd like to go grad. school but didn't know where. Unfortunately it's too late to get a liberal arts education.

HOWARD KABAKOW

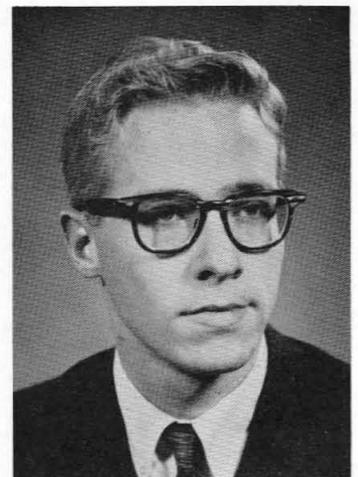


JIM KLETT



ROBERT LIN

MICHAEL LAMPTON

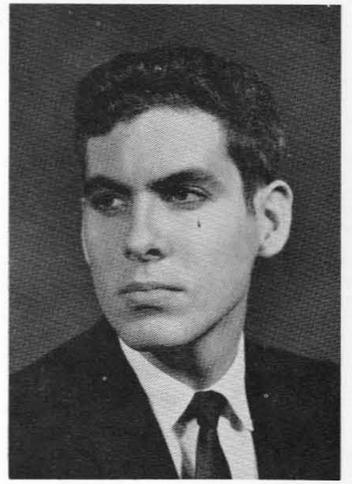




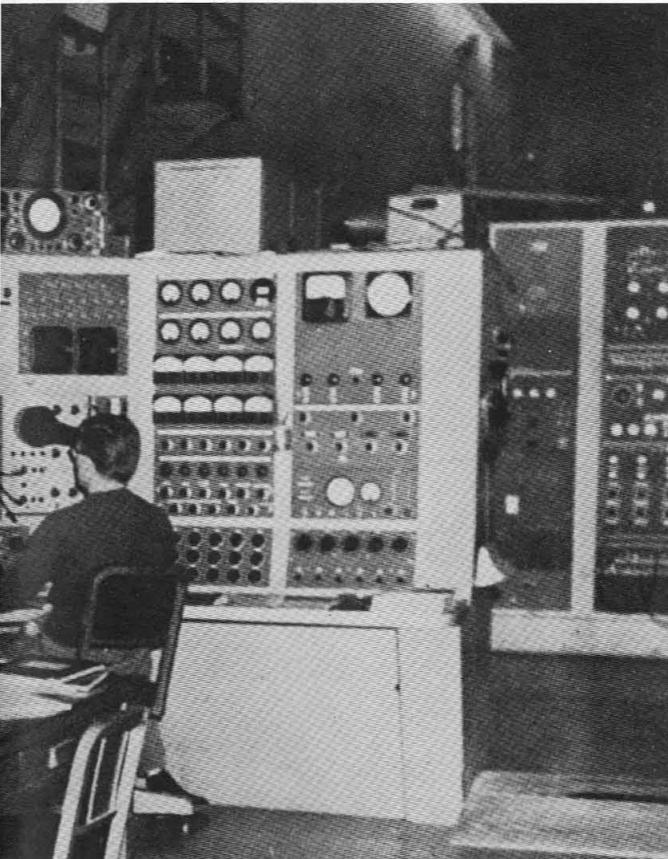
JOHN NEWMAYER

John, who comes from LA, spent his frosh year enjoying frat life at UCLA. After this first grueling year, he saw the light and came to Tech to relax. Relaxation he has not had, though, for he has built a reputation for active leadership in the positions of Lloyd House vice president and Tau Beta Pi prexy; he also directed the construction of Lloyd's 1961 Interhouse. Also a participant in both Drama Club and football; John has gone the way of all good physicists . . . to Berkeley.

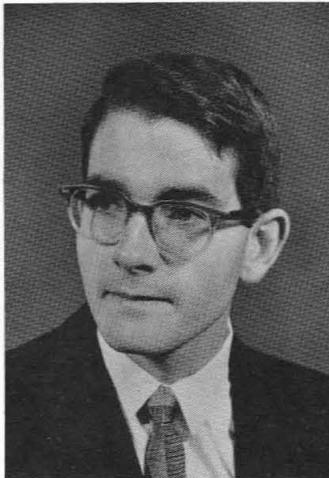
ROBERT RUDDICK



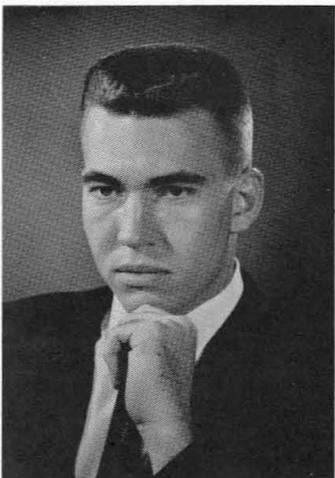
DON THOMPSON



ROBERT WILLIAMS



DONALD NISEWANGER



JOEL YELLIN

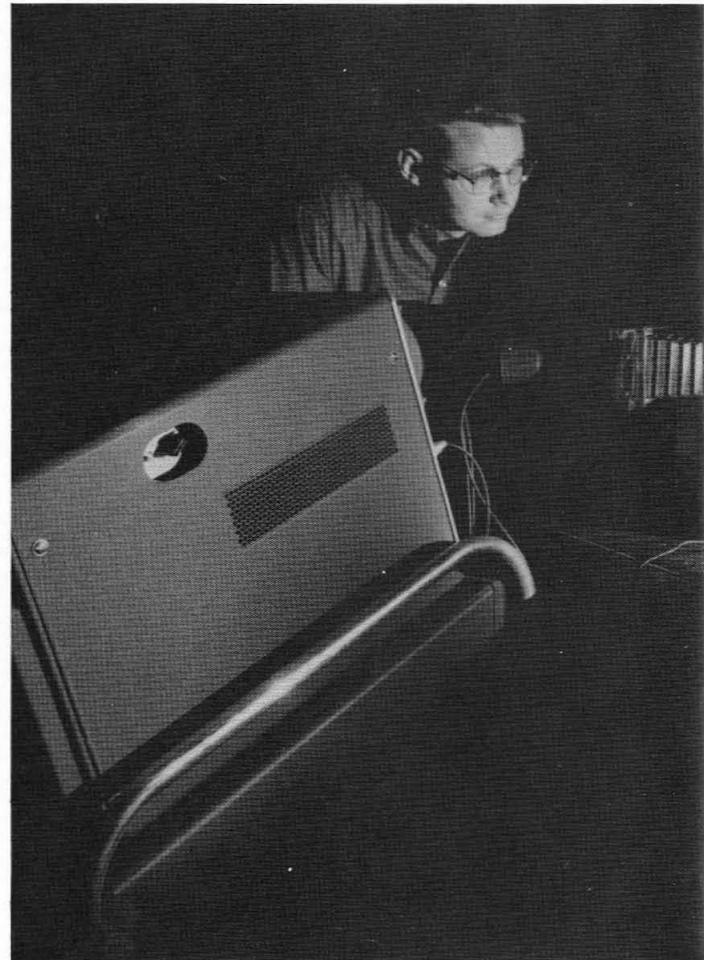
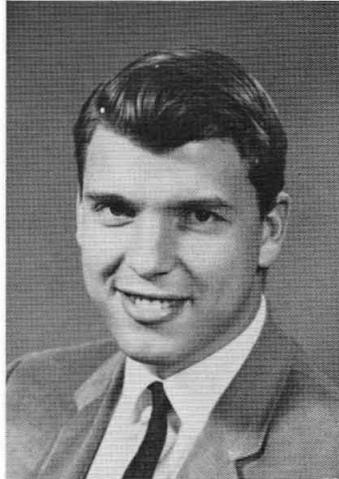




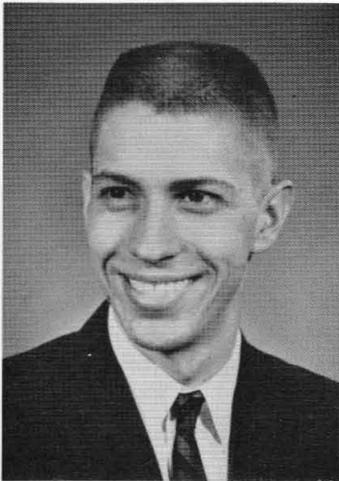
PHYSICS

RICHARD HESS

Dick, along with demonstrating an aptitude for getting high GPA's, has proved his ability on the tennis court by holding the top spot on the Caltech team for four years. His extra-curricular activities were by no means confined to tennis, for he has indicated an interest and talent for leadership by holding the offices of Treasurer of the Senior class and of Tau Beta Pi. As to the future: Dick married you-know-who "before the ink on the diploma dried" and is now at Berkeley for more work in physics.

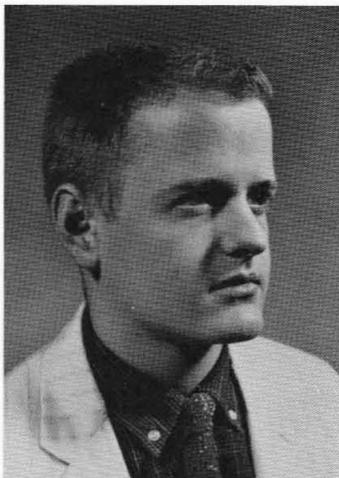


JAMES JOHNSON

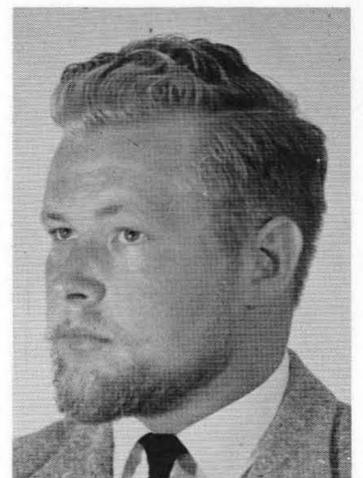


ROBERT JEROME MANNING

Between the two great loves in his life, Jerry spent most of his waking hours. Only Physics or women roused him to action, but those who knew him found Jerry one of the busiest men on Campus. We haven't got proof of one facet of his life, but he graduated with honors. He was another contributing member of the Blacker Physical Society.



ROBERT BLINKENBERG

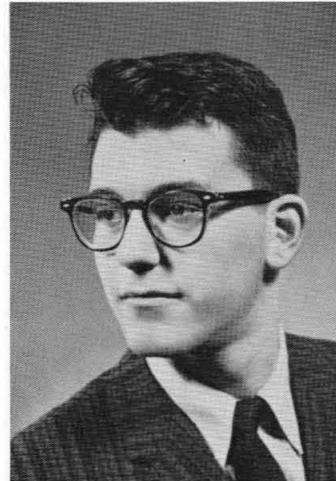
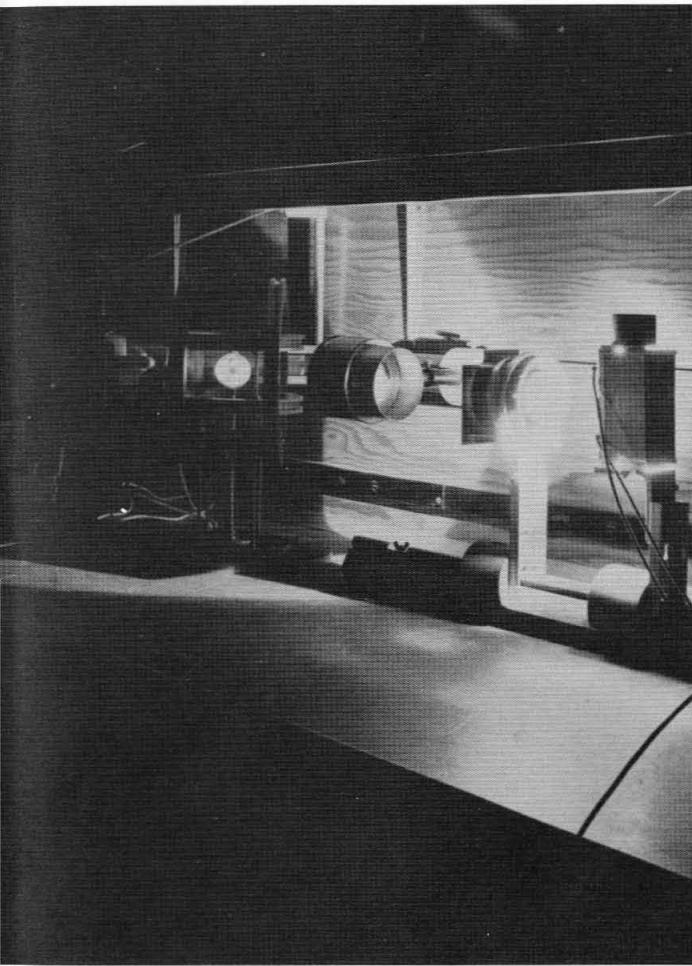
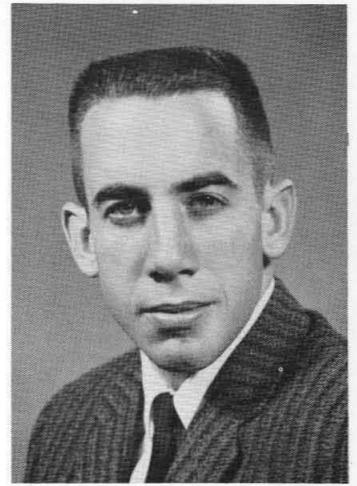




DICK CHANG

DAVE OSIAS

From Maryland, close to Virginia, he chose physics because he could resolve forces as fast as he could dissemble his Studebaker. His speed and spirit aided him in three years of soccer, interhouse, and as Athletic Manager. However, as a waiter Osias was doomed to failure, being awarded the title DWSH. When not on the field (rare), or studying (rarer) of being a UCC(?), Dave was transporting (once too rapidly) or married women (once too slowly). He has since gone east to study where all winter skiing avails itself.



BILL TIVOL

Bill came from San Francisco to study physics. Perhaps this origin serves to explain his diversified interests. His reputation for being found playing cards at practically any time of the day or night rapidly became a legend. He later consented to part with the secrets of his highly successful bridge game by writing a column in the **California Tech**. Practically an equal to this was his well-known ability to play any interhouse sport as well as softball, but a rapidly developed interest in Karate changed this line of endeavor. Though active in Dabney and socially, no one has seen him work on physics, which is perhaps why he is going to Berkeley grad school now.



JIM DAVIS



DAVE SELLIN

It was hard to believe that Dave travelled all the way from Milwaukee to CIT just to study physics. No one was surprised when he discovered his real callings: bridge, tennis, and karate. Dave lettered in tennis and then discovered the fascination of cards. He will long be remembered as the perfecter of the "Sellin finesse". Now as a Senior he takes an active part in Tech's most militant civilian group, the karate club. Perhaps he felt he could use the art in his job as UCC of Dabney. He also likes music and social life. You know, it's hard to believe that he is travelling all the way to the East just to study physics.

DICK ZACHER

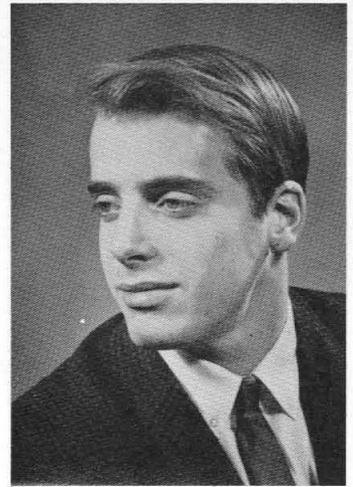
A former denizen of the leek fields of Fresno, California, Dick spent his first years at Tech in monkish seclusion shunning even Throop Club bridge games. When he entered Lloyd House, his religious fervor was quickly recognized, and he became the high priest of Fingalism. His new office required him to give up temporarily his studies in favor of pursuits more pleasing to Fingal, god of randomness, but he expects to revert to his old dedication to physics in some cloistered graduate school.



PHYSICS

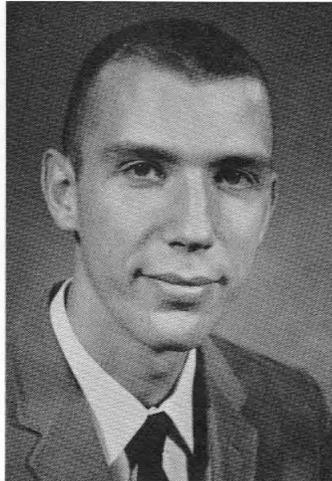
STEVE BRUENN

Big Steve washed in from New York and wasted no time in establishing himself as Dabney's number one water warrior. A recent comer to Interhouse sports, he participated this year in tennis, swimming, table tennis, and putting the shot. His diversions have included even table lifts, dancing, weight-lifting, music, and girl-UCLA. Future plans include graduate school at Columbia in physics.



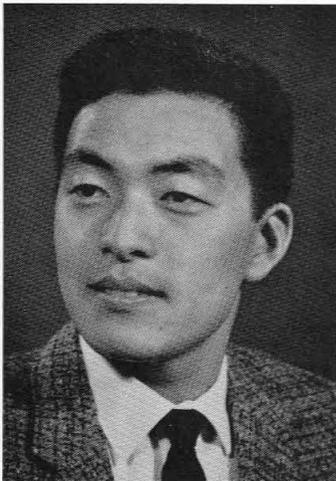
REG CLEMENS

Reg comes to Tech from the local area and spent the greatest part of his frosh and soph years on the freeways connecting Pasadena and Hollywood. Due to the time spent in this activity he was not able to put forth his full effort in the more orderly and well-known methods of time-wasting, but he did succeed in becoming an honorary member of the infamous section K and in becoming a passable locksmith—a talent that was to prove its usefulness at a later date when a certain pile of 2232 cards needed to be removed from their place of rest at Long Beach State College to be replaced by a "corrected" set. With the coming of Tech's fifth student house Reg moved into Lloyd where he was to spend his final two years at Tech. After graduation in June he will go to grad school in physics, to be followed by three years in the People's Air Force.

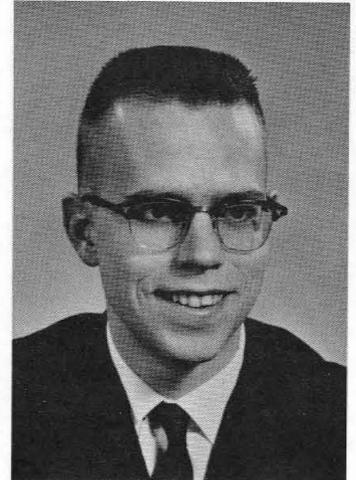


SEUNG CHOY

A native of the most beautiful city in Korea, Pyong-Yang, Seung planned to do graduate work in the United States before returning to his homeland.

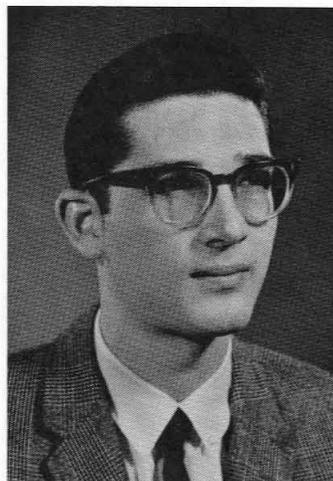


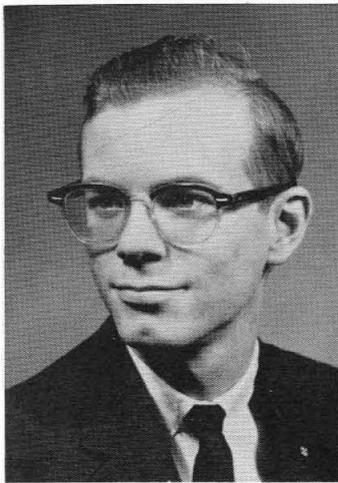
ALAN DAUGER



STAN FLATTE

A physicist always, Stan passed three CIT years with an enviable GPA. Non-"physical" interests are music and literature, and Stan is an expert on either. NYU saw Stan during his junior year; he lived in Manhattan within easy reach of plays, operas, ballets, concerts, night life, and four million women (all in NYU), but was undeterred from scholarly pursuits. At CIT his final year, Stan wielded absolute power as UCC in Ruddock. With the taste of Eastern winter in his mouth, Stan left for a western graduate school.



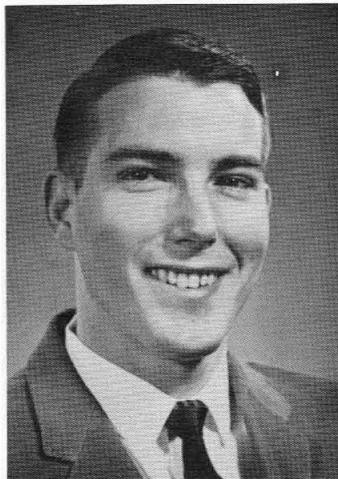


LYN HARDY

Lyn came to Tech from the local area and began an r'ing career. Leader of Section K, he published the **Little K**, raided Oxy bonfires, meddled with card stunts, and developed the questionable art of filing all the knowledge in the world on 5x3 cards.

Needless to say, Lyn has gone to Berkeley to study and classify more things.

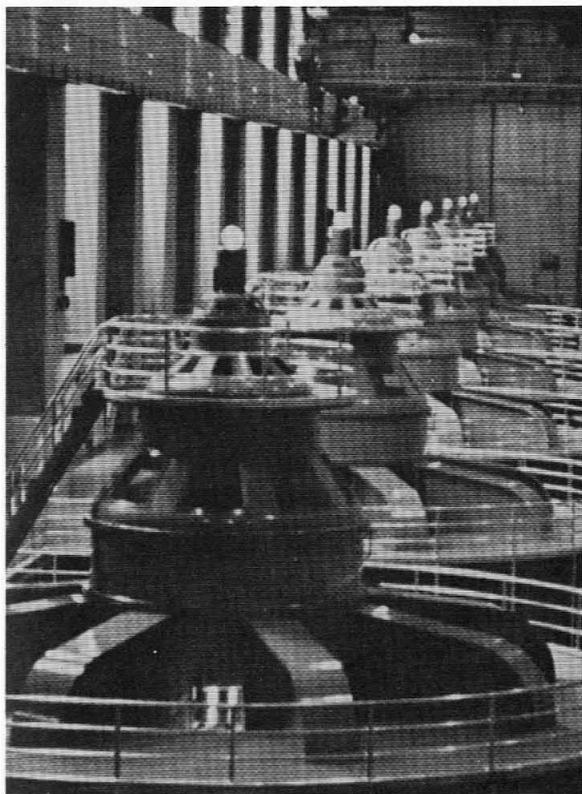
GARY FRALEY



BILL HOGAN

Hogan (House) hails from Riverside, Calif. As Throop treasurer in its final year, he was faced with the disposal of excessive funds: Throop had quite a social program that year, so did Bill. Next Bill was elected president of the newly formed Lloyd. In other activities he lettered in swimming, represented CIT at National Training Lab's Student Leadership Lab, and was a member of the YMCA, treasurer of the Drama Club, IHC President for a short while, and lastly a physicist. Upon graduating Bill plans to marry Sharon (the girl known among his fellow house members as the first female to be showered in Lloyd) and then go God knows where.

DONALD GREEN



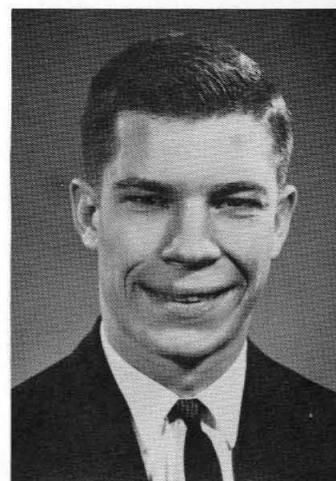
JON KELLY

Long known to Blacker as "Little Kelly"—yes, his predecessor was bigger—meaner, too—Jon soon took off for two years to serve the Mormon Church in South America. Returning, he showed aptitude for gaining entrance to inner circles, first as ASCIT activities manager and later as a husband. He is now working in the A area.

EDWARD S. MILLER

Friendly Ed, the Head (waiter of Blacker House), has lived a full life in his four years at CIT.

Among his more notable achievements are two years of varsity football, Co-Social Chairman of Blacker, and membership in Tau Beta Pi. Not content with school activities alone, Ed is an avid hiker, mountaineer and skier, the last of which he does whenever there's snow in southern California. He has probably headed for Berkeley with an eye toward physics, again.



PHYSICS

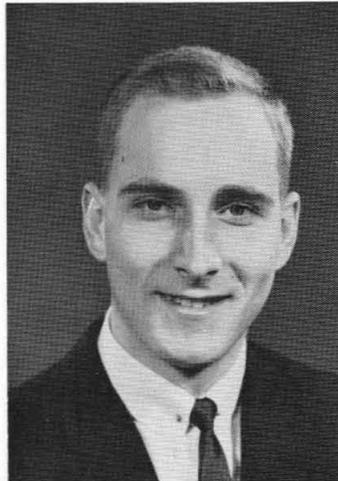


ALBERT WHITTLESEY

Whit hails from Portland in the Great Northwest; so despite many excursions to the local mountains, he's been able to rediscover the beauty of his homeland. He distinguished himself as a UCC for two years, in which capacity he was instrumental in popularizing the popcorn break. In his senior year, Whit emerged as the only man in his house with a letter blanket to adorn his bed, earned for his third year on the varsity cross-country team. One of his more spectacular talents (even Miss Cheney was duly impressed) as a waiter was the miraculous feat of spinning two trays simultaneously. After graduation Whit will endeavor to answer the age-old question, "Who wants a BS Physicist?", unless Uncle Sam answers it first.



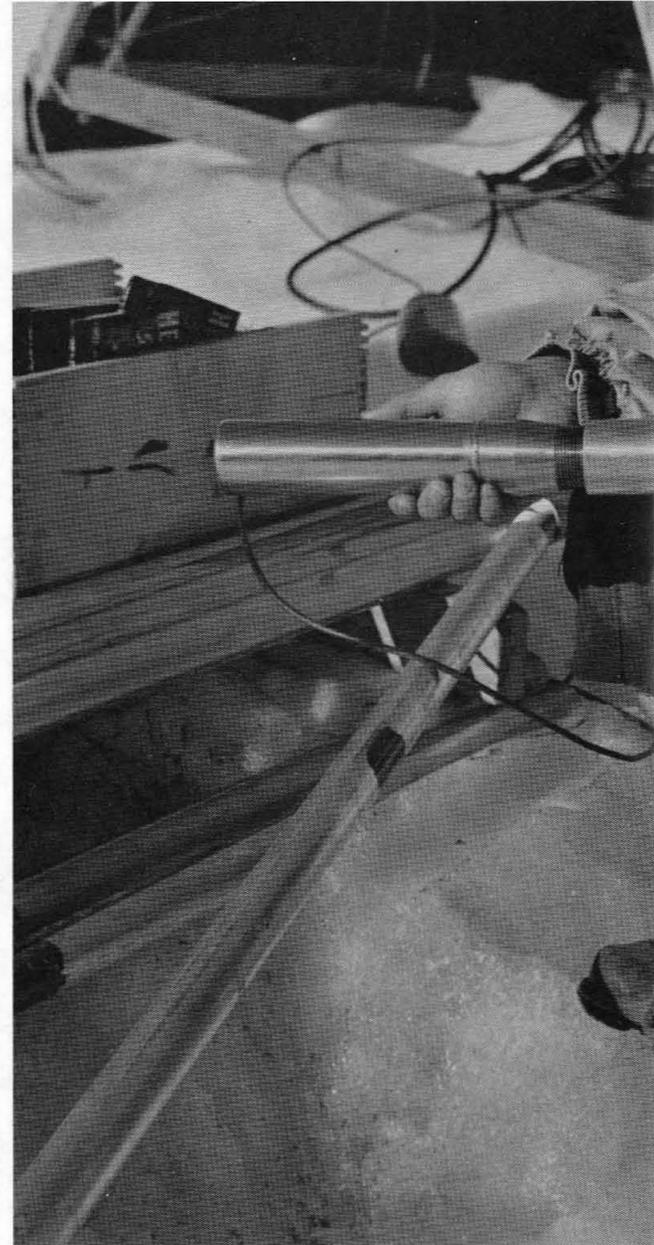
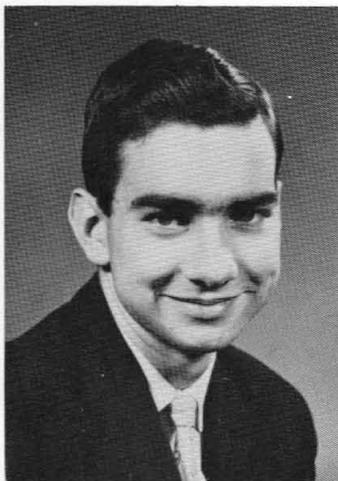
RALPH MOORE



DAVID RAGSTAD

DAVE PRITCHARD

Born and raised in a competitive atmosphere, Dave has had one central ambition for most of his life—to be a politician. Dave came to CT because he felt the smallness and apathy of the student body would allow him to satisfy this goal. After coming here, he soon set his sights on the position he wanted, ASCIT ExComm. Aided by his boyish face, he adopted an easy-going manner and planned his rise to the top. Dave realized that experience was of prime importance and therefore sought training in several ASCIT and house offices. But something more spectacular than experience was needed and Dave, knowing this, made a daring move at the election rally. We will always remember his strikingly brilliant performance — a performance which guaranteed him a position on ExComm and an unmatched place in campus political history. We wish Pritch the same success in graduate school as he had here and know that with his perspicacity and drive, our wish will be fulfilled.





DANIEL McMORRIS



JOEL TENNENBAUM

Joel came to CIT from Queens Village, N. Y. Quickly adapting, he soon achieved honor standing. Nothing stood in the way of this super-snake (he dropped Ma108 after mid-terms.) To help him in En7, he developed the "faculty daughter" ploy and soon received A's. When ROTC interfered academically, the military lost a spastic though able officer. His ever-present white shirt, green housecoat, brown pants, and blue tie are too well known. He served as head waiter (speaking only Russian) and sang in the Key of M (murder, misery, and monotone) for Inter-house Sing. His activities include EPC, editor of the 1960 Big T, Tau Beta Pi, camp counselor, student guide, and physicist. He has since headed east for graduate school.



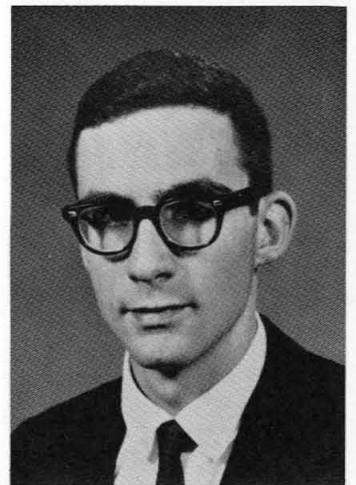
KIP THORNE

Kip started out as an off-campus member of Blacker House and later moved on, only to remove to the former when he married his high school sweetheart. As a hard-working intelligent fellow, Kip will be remembered by many '62 physicists as the man who kept them from being at the top. Kip was a contributing member to the Blacker Physical Society.

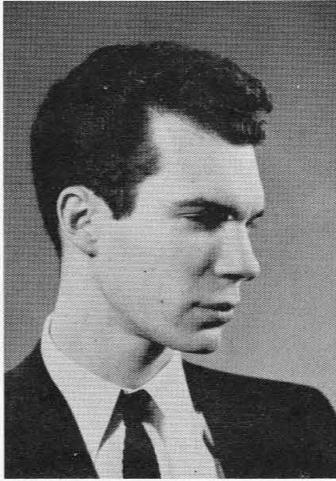
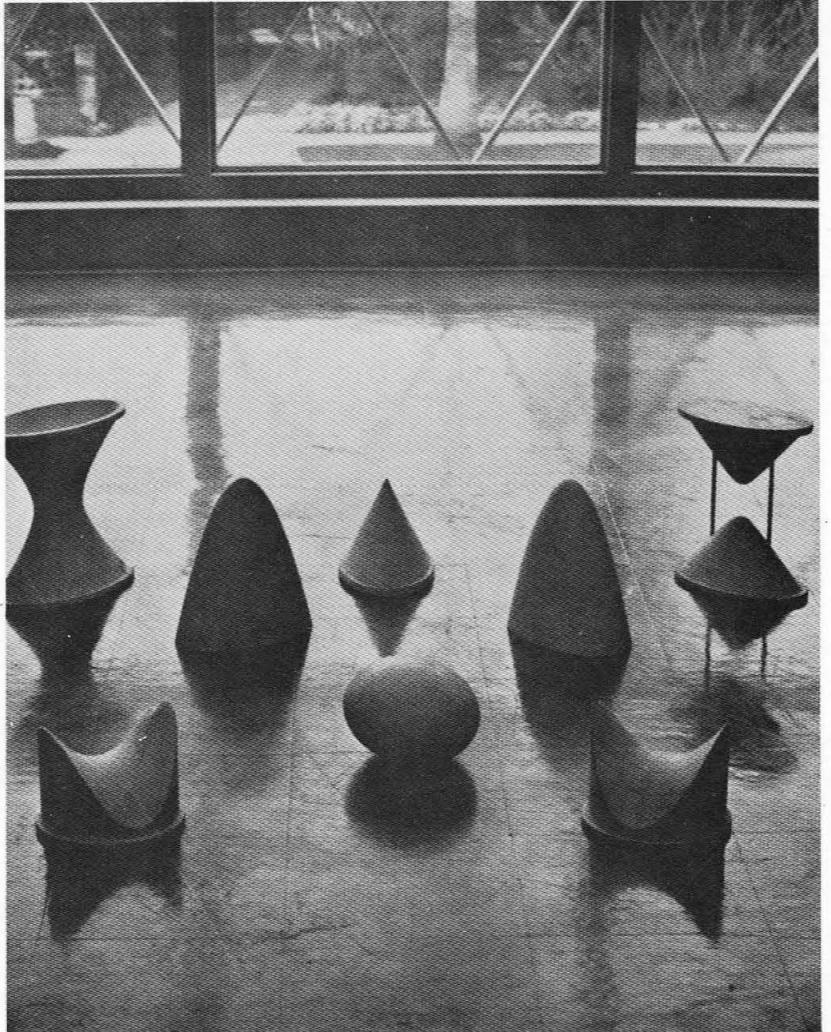
KEITH MATTHEWS



WILLIAM WEIHOFEN



MATH



PETER LAZLO

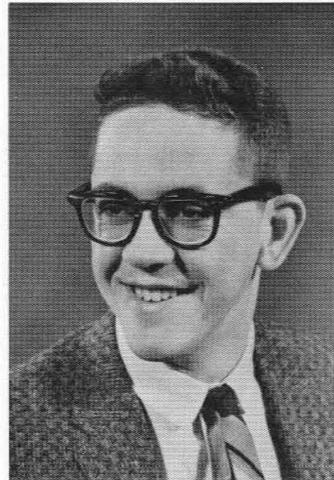
Cool Peter, the Ruddock House Junkie, was noted for graduating without passing Ch 1c. He was active in cool house activities and was elected Social Chairman until his pharmaceutical business came to Dr. Huttenback's attention. He was often seen crushing aspirin for inclusion in his Cool cigarettes, and a certain ex-Techman now at PCC will long remember the effect of Peter's stay-awake pills. Never one to neglect his responsibilities as an upperclassman, he enjoyed describing the anatomical details of the third sex to eager frosh.

GARY LORDEN



TOM SALLEE

Tom arrived at Tech as a frosh full of enthusiasm and believing in the virtues of study. This soon wore off and he took up water polo, swimming, and the Newman Club. After two years of life in Fleming, Tom went north to Lloyd and as UCC maintained the quietest alley on campus. He also engaged in tea-cup building and interhouse football, then turned political and was Lloyd House Controller and Senior Class Vice President. Fated to graduate, Tom will continue in math in graduate school.



LARRY SEELEY

Larry was born in Aruba and took the long way round (Canada) before finding Tech. Employing the wiles earlier learned as a Fleming waiter, he was quickly established in power as headwaiter in Lloyd. Although active in interhouse sports, he is best remembered as a fine ledge-walker. He even made it half way up Throop, once. After four years, he admitted that his heart does not belong to complex variables, and plans a business career.



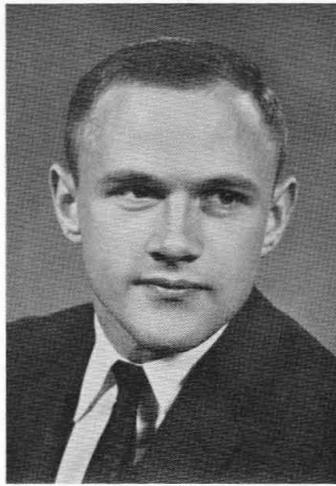
LANCE TAYLOR

Lance came from Montpelier, Idaho. Besides occasional work in math, he's worked for the California Tech, Big T, and Engineering and Science, as well as Model UN, ASCIT Ex-Comm, and a few other things. He also received an honor key last year. After he graduated, Lance headed for the Scandinavian countries where he is now studying on a fellowship.



LON BELL

Hailing from Santa Cruz, Calif., Lon spent his first two terms in Throop; awakening one day to find that the powers intended to destroy his Tech status symbol, he became chairman of the committee to establish Lloyd House where he resided when not at Scripps. Smiley was also an athletic manager who participated in Lloyd's losses but few of its victories. He spent his later Tech career convincing the math department that he was not in economics. He is now continuing his dedication to math by studying mechanical engineering.



EDWARD CLINE

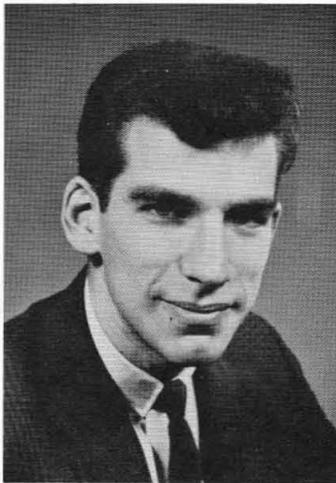
Ed was probably one of the best natured, most baby-faced kids on campus. He wore this disguise at all times except when taking a math final or when on the football field. Despite the fact that Ed has already spent four years at this institution, he has returned for more this year and is currently a TA in the Math option.



JAMES GEDDIS

Jim's hometown is San Diego. While at Tech he majored in math and took an interest in economics. A very active character, Jim was Fresh Prexy, House Ath. Mgr., played inter-house often and was in both Beavers and MUN. While the '61 homecoming nearly ended Jim's stay at the Institute, Jim hung on and with some luck may receive his B.S. (math) from CIT at the end of his first year at Stanford grad school!

MATHEMATICS



NEIL GRETSKY

Neil managed to make good use of his experience in a Dorchester social club, for after trading his black and gold Monarch jacket for red corduroy, he became a driving work chairman, pledgemaster, headwaiter, Little T editor, and UCC. He also developed a taste for the social side of life. Neil's future is tied up in the three things he enjoyed most here. He plans to attend graduate school and study arithmetic (?), jazz, and the other half.



WARREN TEITELMAN

Warren came to Caltech from Florida. Dating even prior to rotation, he has since become an expert in scrooge, bridge, drive-ins, broken dates, etc. Warren also served as UCC and in House Opposition and played the role of tennis, track and flammers jock. Despite the fact that he achieved Honor Standing and membership in Tau Beta Pi, he plans to spend the next few years at Michigan or MIT learning more about the communication sciences.



HAL KURTZ

Known affectionately as the Flamenco King, Hal devoted most of his time to math, but left some room for the improvement of his cultured intellect with the finest Dell paperbacks. Hal is now studying math at Cornell University.

HAL WYMAN

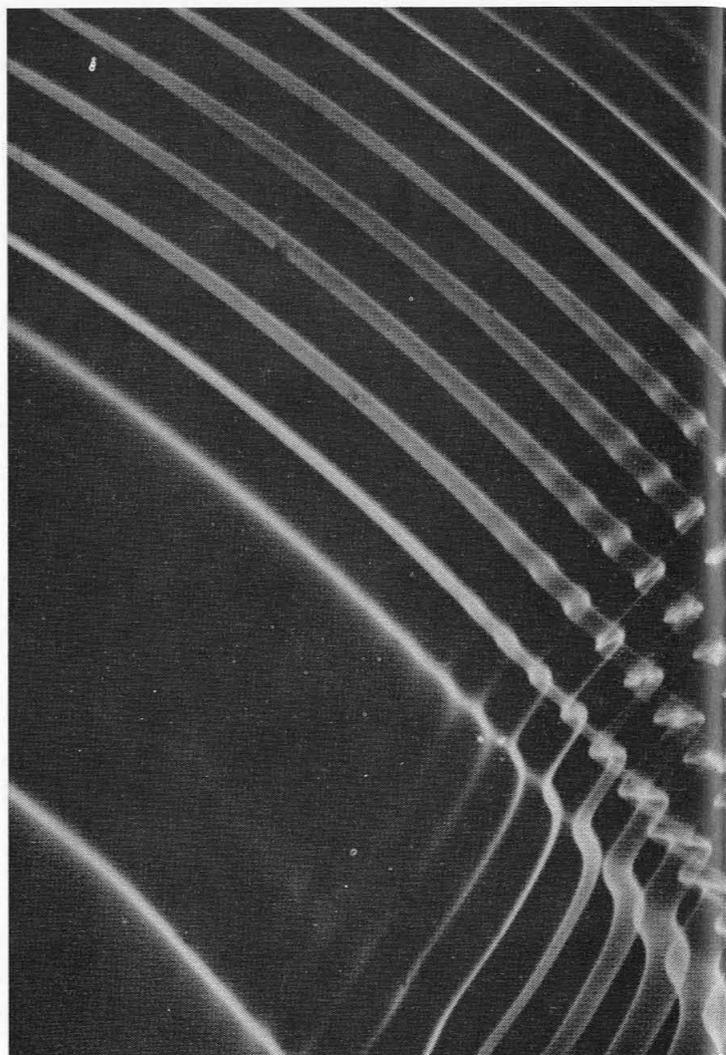
Hal's stature became increased this year as a result of his purchase of a '55 Ferrari, his pride and joy. He terms himself "Tech's worst banjo picker" and lists his interests as folk music, hi-fi, sports cars, women, and bridge (in no particular order). Hal headed for Berkeley for more work in math and applied coeducation.



MATHEMATICS

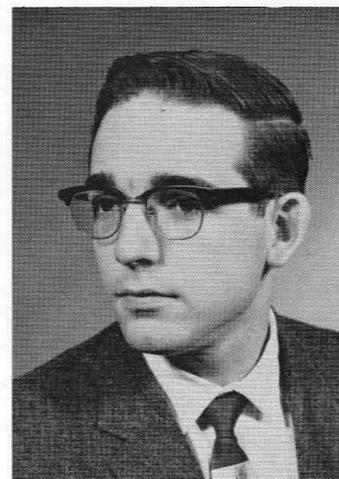


JOHN GROVER



CARL HAMILTON

The sage from West Plains, Mo., Carl made his immediate effect upon Dabney in three areas; the abundance of milk due to a Missouri farm-boy's vow of abstinence, the presence of the **West Plains Daily Quill**, and a philosophy of: math and females being incompatible. This perfect CIT frosh soon fell victim to his mortal enemy in the form of a friend's girl and now plans a June wedding. Always one with the **mot juste**, Carl distinguished himself in debate and politics. Quite the jock in track and basketball (house), Hamilton also lettered in football. One of the few students who lived off-campus but still maintained a House room, he is now working for IBM.



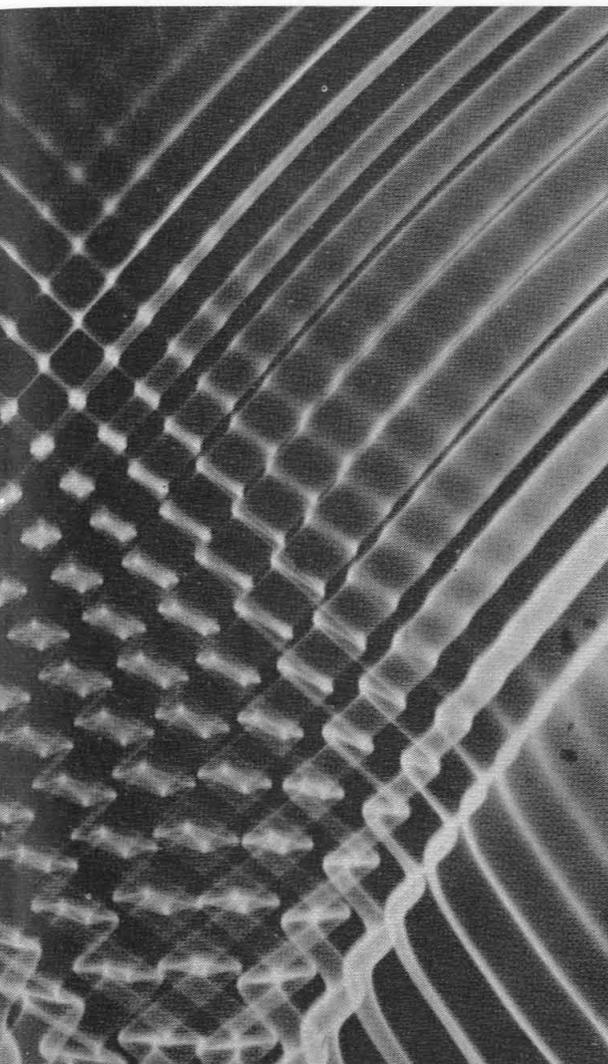
LARRY KUGLER

Larry Kugler, mathematician from San Jacinto, California, was frequently seen strolling toward Culbertson, the scene of many a band and glee club rehearsal. He even wound up prey of the latter in '61-62. Larry was married last June and is now in graduate school.

JOE HELLER

Poland's gift to Western women, long ago a callow youth but ennoblingly bearded of recent months, failed in assorted attempts to establish himself as a man of the world (hasn't seen Tarnopol or Paris), a connoisseur of women (went out with one girl for two years and we know WHu), a humanitarian (ACTION turned out INACTIVE), and a man of culture (the Drama Club refused him the part of Jesus). At last he decided that the obvious vehicle for his immortality was academic distinction. And indeed, there is evidence that Heller came closer, on more occasions, to flunking out — without actually doing so — than anyone else in undergraduate history.





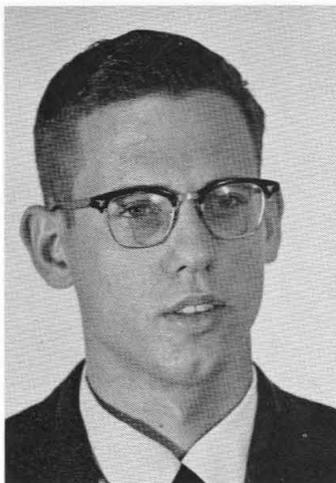
ETAN MARKOWITZ

Etan came from just across the freeway to stimulate Caltech with his ethnically oriented personality. That, plus the ferocious look, won him the position of Darb Sgt.-at-Arms after he joined Dabney in his jr. yr. He worked his way through school aided by numerous faculty daughters. His little Fiat, designed to carry four four-footers in moderate comfort, often blocked the sidewalk until Etan removed it and allowed continuance of the pedestrian traffic. After a transient career in math he admitted his mistake and has gone to do graduate work in genetics.



FRANK MULLIN

Frank came to CIT a naive chubby, comic loving boy from Oregon, and left with an entirely different outlook. He still loves comics and B.B. and now women . . . From Blacker to Page his junior year, he became active as UCC and secretary. Now studying applied math at Minnesota, he will later begin a long life of making a fortune.

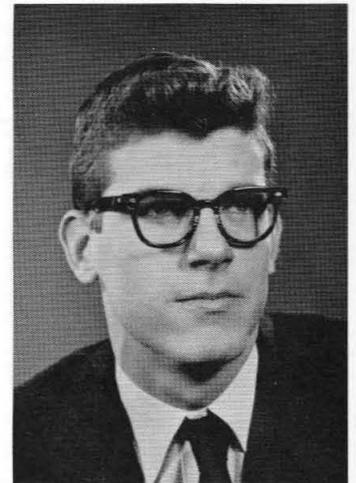


BOB LANGSNER

A fugitive from Fleming who finally settled in Ruddock where he became known as the "King." When his original class graduated, he stayed on to graduate later, becoming one of the statistics to be discussed for years to come. At last, Section G1 graduates.

MIKE PALMETER

Commuting from Alhambra, Mike at CIT quickly attracted a small circle of admirers who luxuriated in his scathing but leisurely sense of humor and shared some of his many interests. A math man by instinct, he flooded frosh physics lab three times consecutively and delicately positioned red-hot slugs on Swift chem manuals. On the other hand, he was able to skip the first two years of math, publish a paper on a mathematical theory of antibody antigen reactions and win a NSF. He plans to continue his studies to Berkeley.



JULIAN PRINCE

Julian brought with him a little of Boston when he came to Tech, most conspicuously a mouthful of "ahs" as in "Panty-Panty," and now he is taking some of Tech back to Boston, much of it acquired during his terms in office as Dabney House Comptroller and Treas. However he was well-rounded, as one glance would reveal, and his interests were not restricted to finances. He earned frosh numerals and a varsity letter in baseball, was a mainstay of Dabney's Inter-house and Discobolus teams, and served as Darb Athletic Manager for a year. In this last position he gave full reign to his talents as an organizer and a finagler, always managing to keep Dabney upmost in the Discobolus race. Julian also did well academically in the Math option as witnesses by his Honor Standing and his Tau Beta Pi membership. He also received an honor key and was editor of the 1961 Big T. He has gone to NYU for study in Numerical Analysis.



MATH

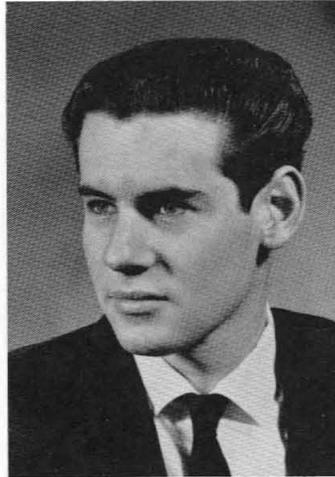


AL BERNSTEIN

The unit example of character growth at CIT is Al Bernstein. Isolated as a frosh, Al spent the next two years under the intellectual tutelage of Dave Kubrin. Like clear minded Plato, Al sought the unity of the physical and intellectual sides of life. But CIT students are not Greeks, and Al's development was nipped in the bud by his triple defeat for Ath. Mgr. He built his character on the EPC and as Pope, and became the hub of Blacker House Intellectual Life. Next year he . . . hell, he doesn't know what he wants to do!



DEAN GERBER



BILL EMERSON



DANIEL ROMM

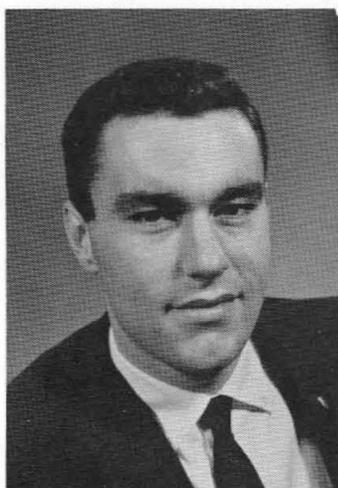
ALAN ZAME



ROGER NOLL



CHEMISTRY



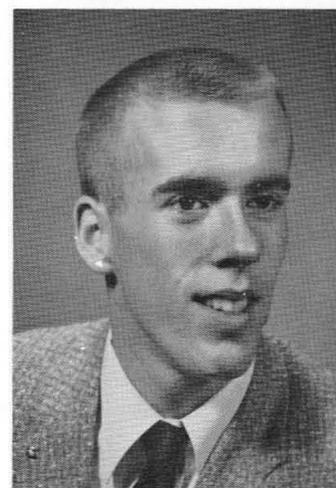
MATTHEW COUCH

After living in Pasadena for over twenty years, Matt hopes to get away from it all by attending grad school at Wisconsin or Yale. At Tech he was twice elected Page House treasurer and been a three-year member of the International Affairs Staff of the **California Tech**. Over the years he has developed a healthy interest in contemporary political, economic, and social affairs.



LARRY ALTMAN

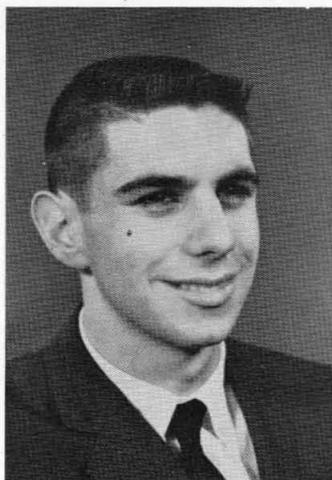
Giving up his life of vice and crime in Chi, Larry headed for Pasadena. Since coming to Tech, he has been known to occasionally snake and also has been seen quite frequently at any of Blacker's multitudinous card games ranging all the way from crazy eights and whist to hearts, gin rummy, and bridge. During his junior year, he was elected pres. of the Chemistry Club. Larry has since gone to Columbia to continue in chemistry.



CHUCK FLYNN

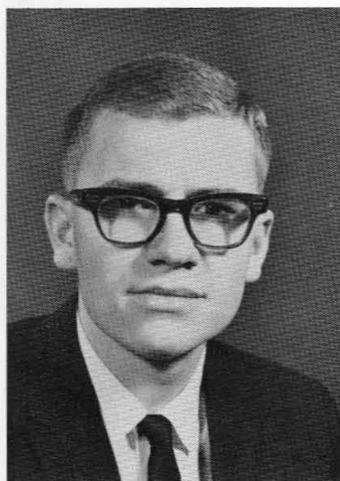
Chuck came to Tech from Sherman Oaks with intense enthusiasm for inorganic chem. He is also very gung-ho for classical music. He headed for grad. school in chem. with a Ph.D. in mind; later he may teach.

CHEM.



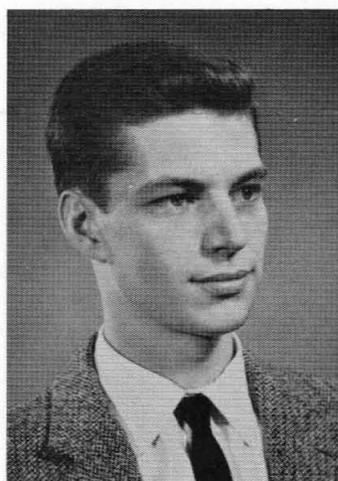
BOB ROUDA

Bob spent his four years at Caltech in a tireless pursuit of women and spiritus fermenti (not necessarily in that order). By his senior year he had so perfected his skills that he attained the glorious post of Fleming House Soc. Chairman. In his spare time he paid occasional visits to Gates lab in order that he pick up a degree in chemistry. Being an LA resident he chose the furthest grad school he could find—Wisconsin—for further attacks on the Schroedinger equation.



PETER FORD

Pete, admitting he's from Watsonville, Calif., began as a Throop bridge player, and finally end as a Lloyd man via Fleming. A chemist by nature and temperament, he found himself both Lloyd Prexy and Sports Ed. of the California Tech. He also drafted himself for the job of Chief Observer for the Mobilgas Economy run in 1962. Doomed to graduate from Caltech on Schedule, he is resigned to starting all over again as a freshman at Harvard Medical School.

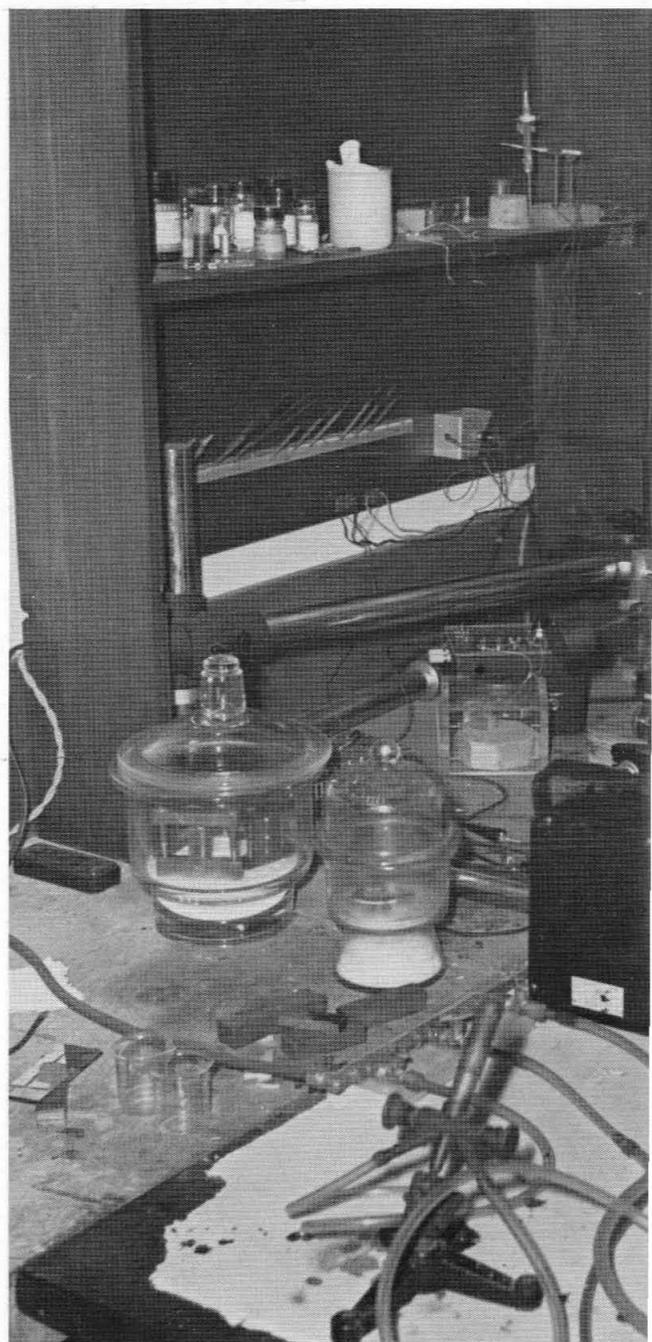


HAROLD MARR



GARY MITCHELL

Gary came to Caltech from Illinois, and began an active career by finishing rotation in Dabney. He left immediately for the swimming pool, returning periodically to patronize House social events. During his stay, he became a three-year letterman in varsity water polo and was a member of Caltech's championship swimming team. Other rewards from water polo activity included a broken thumb during the last season. He joined the Caltech Glee Club just in time to sing at Squaw Valley for the Winter Olympics and served on the BOC his junior year, receiving an Honor Certificate in 1961. Gary has left for grad work in organic chem at MIT.

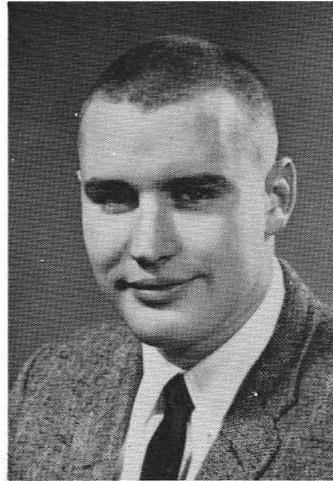
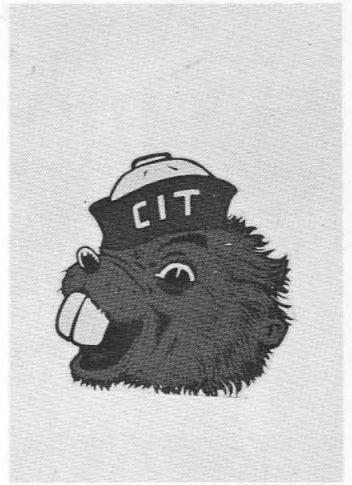




STUART LINN

ALEXANDER LYON

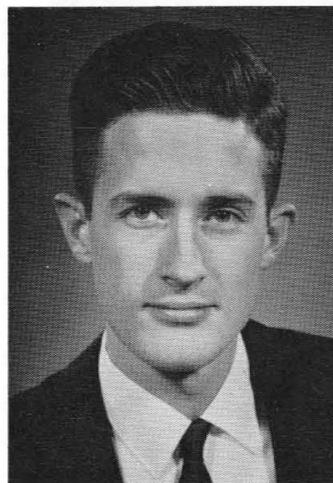
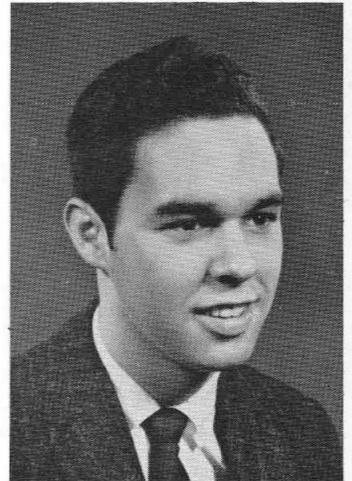
Alex came from Huntington, New York, to Tech to study chemistry. His interests, other than in the field of chemistry, center around the field of genetics. At this moment he has not made up his mind about his future plans.



CYRUS MEAD



WILLIAM PALKE



ROBERT ROSS

The phone answering frosh of Wombat Alley will testify that Bob was about the hardest-to-find resident of Page. A fiancée at ULCA, home two miles away, and numerous Y activities kept him away much of the time. Last spring he graduated from Nason's roommate to YMCA secretary. At the same time he was railroaded in as President of the ACS. He will carry the traditional duties of the office by marrying and then going to Berkeley. No time was wasted either: Donna got her MRS. just 24 hours after Bob got his B.S.; and they immediately took off for Berkeley.

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

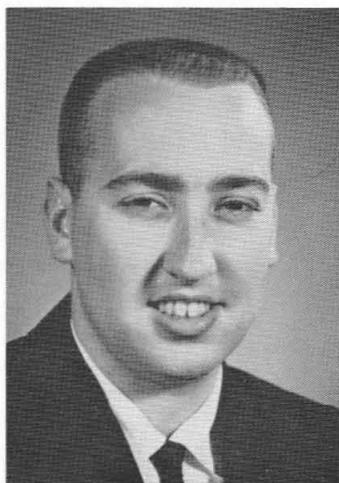


CRAIG BROSI

Clean-living Craig made the mistake of bringing a convertible to Tech his sophomore year. Totaling not the car, but his independence, he ran into, quite possibly, the best cook in Pasadena, and is now the father of a hungry baby girl. Craig has left for the East where food is cheap.

BOB GERSHMAN

Bob Gershman came all the way from Scranton, Pa., just to become Ath. Mgr. of Fleming House, a position which he has now held for countless years. When he wasn't busy with Interhouse sports of Discobolus, he did very little else. Having flunked out of the PE option, he finally managed to get a degree in plumbing. As usual, he still has no idea where he is going.



DAVID KAUFFMAN

The man from Jenkintown . . . Pennsylvania . . . that is . . . a chem. eng. ever since taking Physics I . . . an AFROTC boy for all four years, including half a year as corps commander . . . a proud wearer of the red coats of the Caltech Band, serving a total of three years as secretary, manager, or student director . . . a longtime member of Fearless Frodsham's Glee Club . . . prexy of the AIChE, CIT . . . a semi-active YMCA member, having headed the Yale Russian Chorus visit in 1961 and the Bishop Pike visit in 1962 . . . Blacker House UCC for two years . . . heading for graduate school—at CIT—to study more advanced plumbing and money chemistry . . . ever a humanities snake.

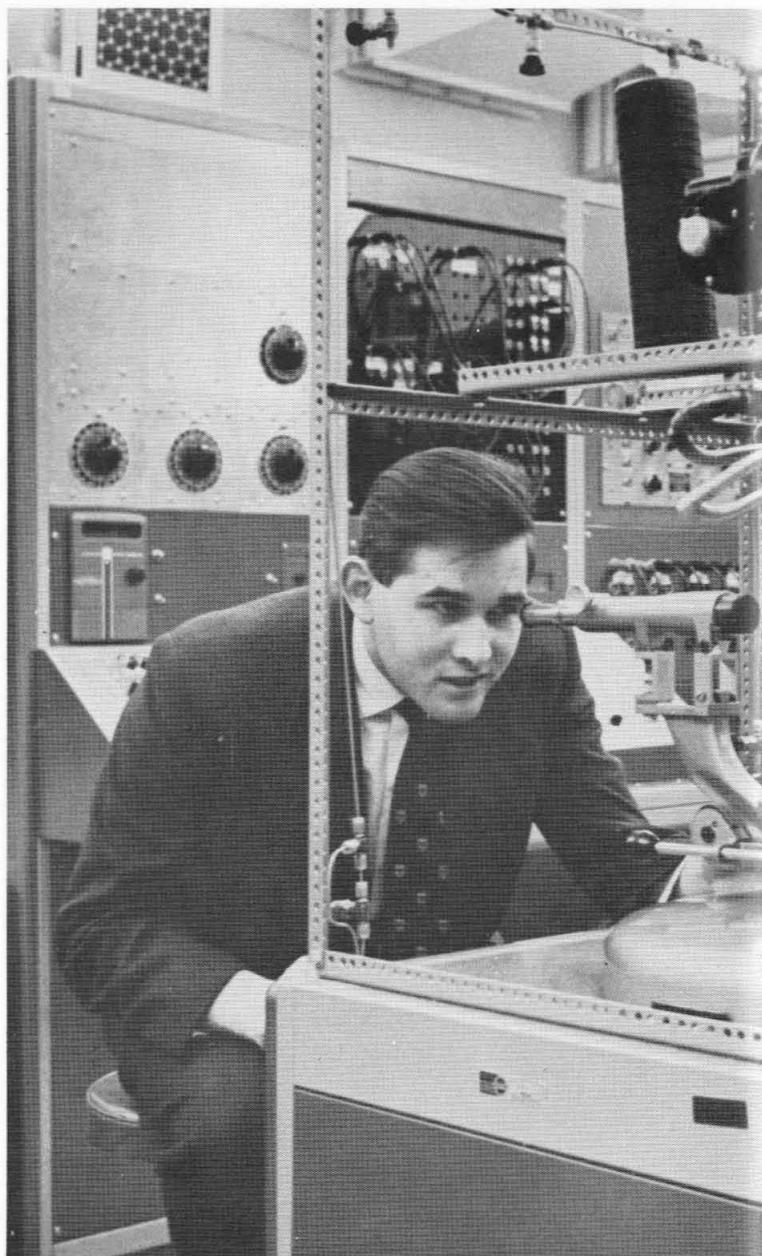
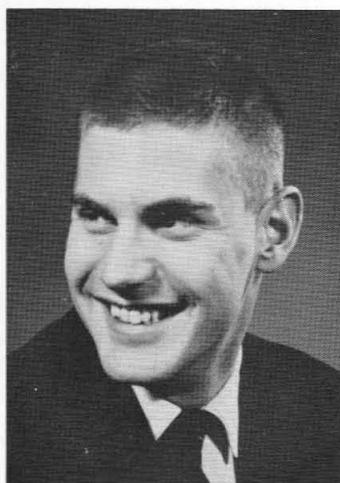
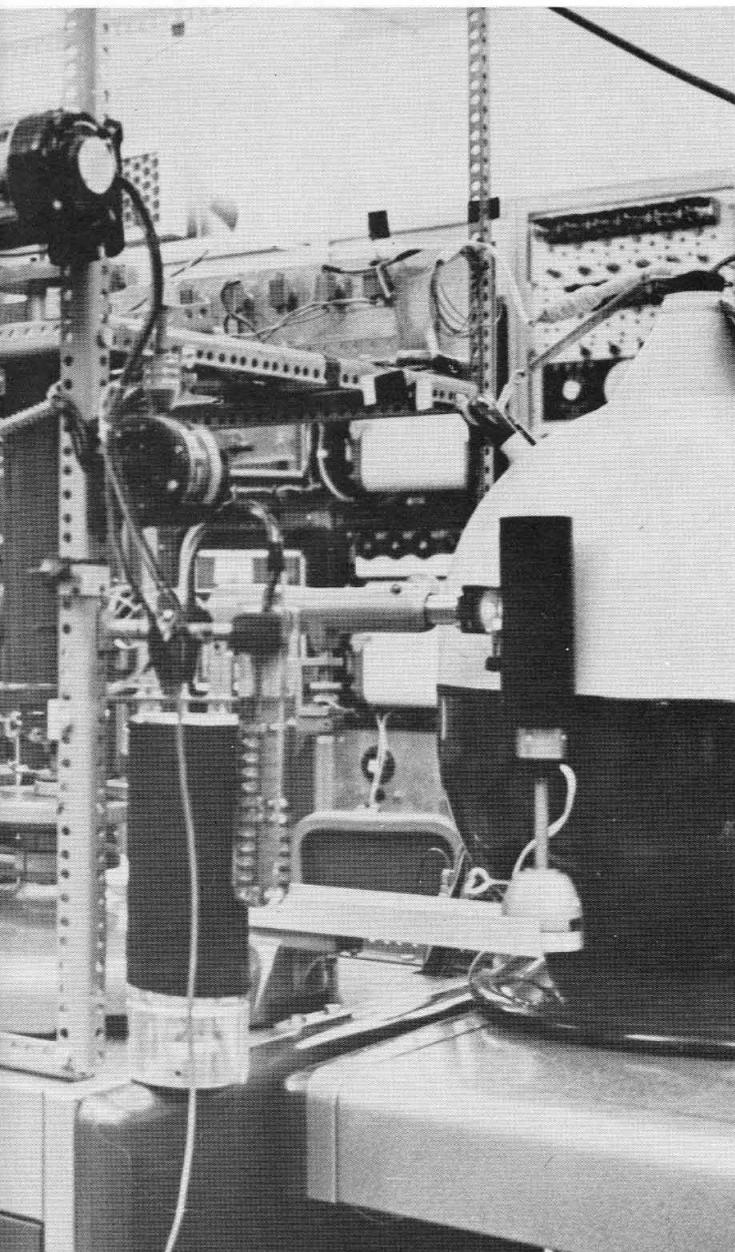


Photo courtesy

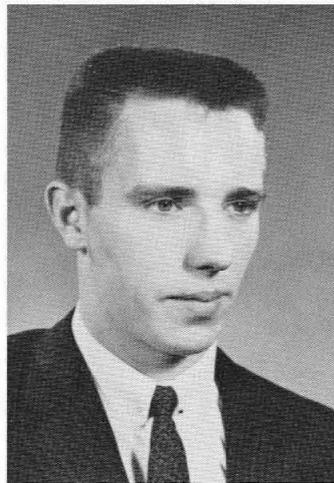
PETER METCALF

Affable Pete, following up his successive years in the Page House and ASCIT Social Chairmanships, plans to go ivy for grad school by studying Chem E at Cornell. Pete is best known for his announcements at dinner, the ability to argue loud and long on any side of any issue, and for the wide variety of ways in which he got PE credit—ranging from going out for varsity teams to keeping score at varsity games, with an occasional volleyball game.





of James McClanahan

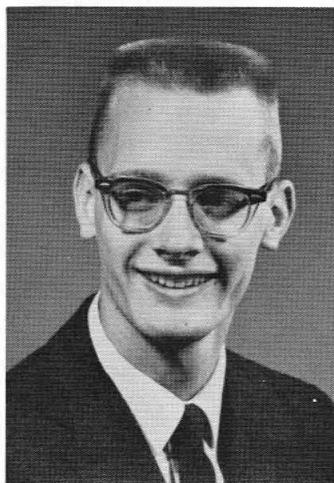
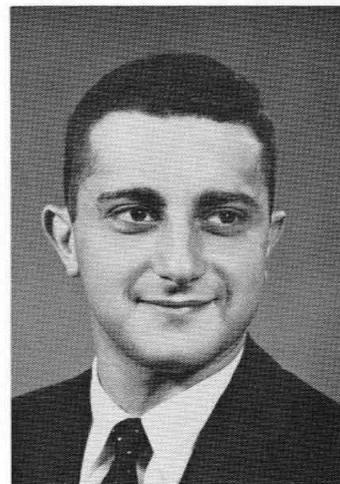


JOHN ARNDT

John came to us from "Marvelous Marin" and endured the smog well enough to win three freshman and four varsity letters before having his illustrious career cut short by an injury. An avid Chem E (he knows all about lithium), he made Tau Beta Pi. Besides being a member of Beavers and President of Dabney, his interest included listening to rock-and-roll and watching the late, late show. One might say that his "hero" would be some combination of Dr. Corcoran and Bobby Blue Bland. His plans included an MS in Chem E and, with luck, marriage.

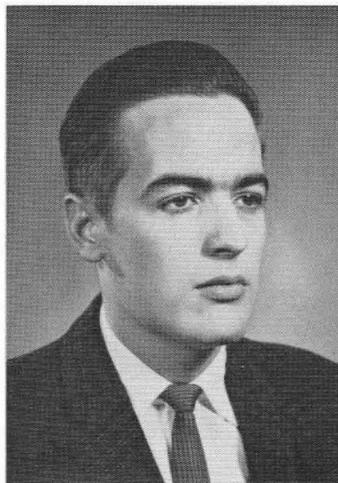
VICTOR ENGLEMAN

Vic's decided that neither Long Island (home) or Pasadena is close enough to Stephens College, and it's true that his days as "House Boyfriend - Quality" were numbered. He made use of his capacity as Dabney House Veep to appease a passion for sweet young things, in particular on Miss Joanie Summers, girl singer. "Uncle Vic," as he is known to his frosh, will continue in Chem E at Berkeley, then into the Air Force. Yes, Vic was an ardent AFROTC participant. And while he never quite made Cadet General, his wit was appreciated as "Mr. Vice."



KEN LARSON

Since coming to Tech from the wasteland around Seattle, Ken has had his hand in many phases of college life, including house and campus politics (as Ricketts Sec'y and Senior Class Sec'y), in the "troops" food, as headwaiter, and in a cast because of his competitive and athletic nature — and a momentary twitch. Playing varsity golf for three years (as team captain during his senior year) has enabled Ken to polish his game, and the sore muscles that have resulted have been dutifully massaged by several willing nurses.



KEITH DEMENT

One of the eight senior Chem E's and one of the two remaining members of the class of '60, Keith has a strong interest in anything automotive. He has been President of the South Wilson Avenue Timing Association, vice president of the NHRA-CIT, a member of the Student Shop, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Tech-Tach Corporation. In addition, he is a member of the AIChE and also found time for campus spelunking, preserving George Root's morals, and writing letters to a certain girl back home in Illinois. His future plans depend on the whims of various organizations.

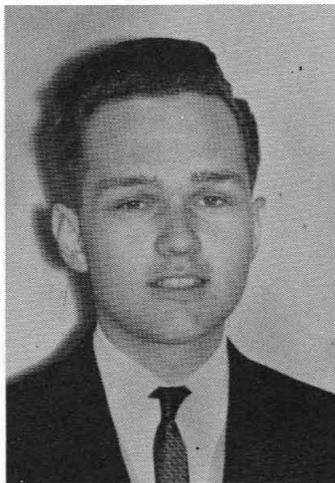
ENGINEERING



AHMAD ABU-SHUMAYS

THOMAS R. BLAKESLEE

Originally from Winnetka, Illinois, Tom spent three years in the Navy and acquired a wife and two children before starting college. He took his first nineteen months at Santa Monica City College where he belonged to AGS honor society and won the Chemical Rubber Company Freshman Physics Award. Transferring to CIT as a junior, he became Vice Chairman of the IRE-AIEE at Caltech and was chosen to be Caltech's nominee for the National IRE Student Award.

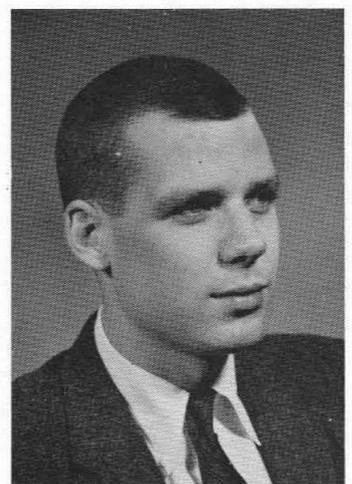


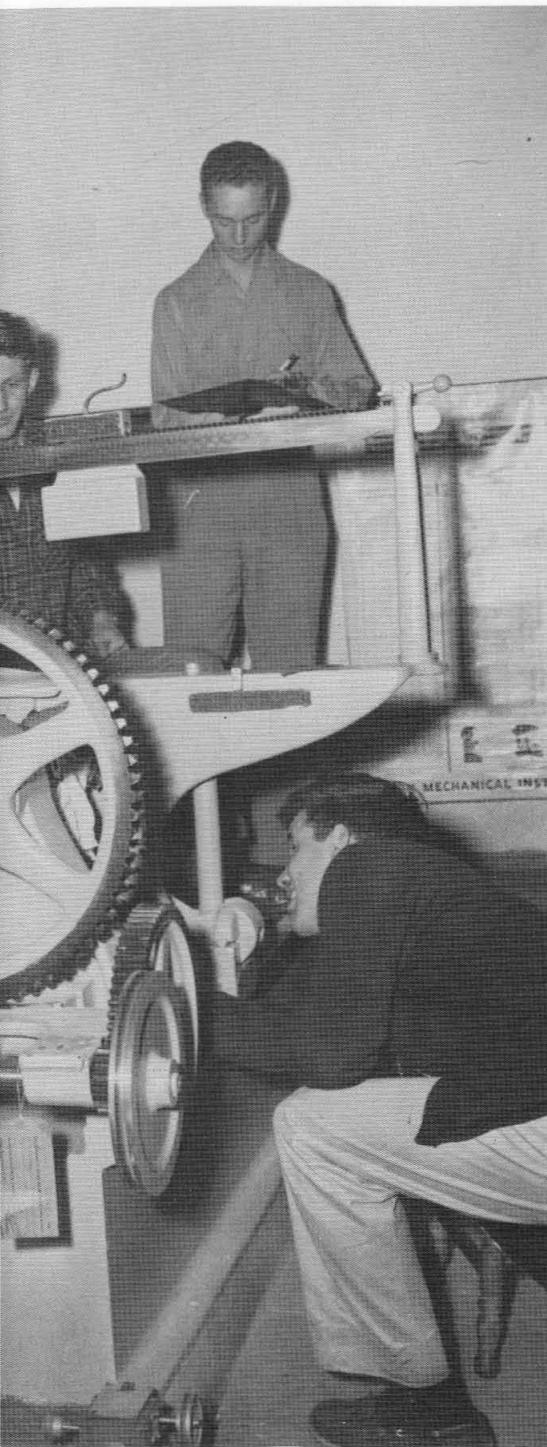
SAMUEL T. FURR

Ted, as he is known to his friends, was born and raised in Los Angeles. After high school he majored in physics at Oxy where he lettered in tennis and belonged to Kappa Mu Epsilon, the national mathematics honor fraternity. After three years at Oxy, Ted transferred on the 3-2 plan into engineering at CIT. Here he again played tennis and joined the ASME.

THOMAS JAMES LITTLE IV

Tall, slim, youthful-looking Timmy arrived from Grosse Pointe armed with more than a freshman's worth of savior faire and numerous stories about the "Court of Fun." He immediately began snowing the local women who exerted enough influence to get him elected ASCIT social chairman, Page House president, and golf team rookie-of-the-year. Ever popular with UCC's, TJLIV amassed a house breakage bill equalled only by the cost of his Mercedes. The only CIT man ever to appear in **Life, Engineering and Science, Climax**, and the **Ford Times**, the hard working EE major has since married and is now at Stanford Business School.



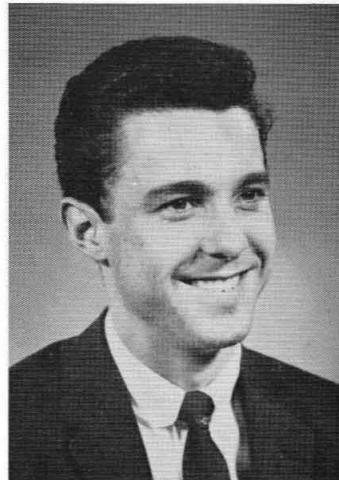


GEORGE ROOT

Since George's home is Arcadia, he spends his spare time there. In his rare moments around the campus he fulfills his position as Pres. of Tech-Tach Corp. and off-campus member of Bump's room. Though a member of IRE, NHRA-CIT, and SWATA who has attended a burlesque, there has never been a man more disinterested in campus activities. George is still studying EE in some other school.

ROBERT KENT RUSSELL

Russ came to Caltech under the mistaken opinion that it was here that he would learn to build bigger and better hi-fi's. A wild and wooly one from the wilderness of Fullerton, Cal. Russ is the supreme advocate of the policy to "speak softly and carry a big speaker cabinet." When the din of his 60-watt set subsides, melodious clarinet or tenor voice sounds issue from his room indicating that he is diligently practicing for Band or Glee Club, Water polo, swimming, spilling food on faculty members in the Athenaeum, and pulling "Wise" puns are his other favorite occupations. In applying for graduate school, Russ used the shotgun technique and we don't know yet what happened.



MIKE TOWNSEND

Saying that Mike Townsend is a Gentile Engineer from the Valley, who worked on precedents of this documentary report, lived actively in and out of Blacker wended his way into the SNHC and then destroyed it, enjoyed the academic studies of witchcraft, crackpots and humanities . . . is not giving enough of a picture of his to know him. But since "humorous" write-ups are "out" this year and Tom Keil is missing, this will have to do. After he graduated, Mike planned to marry (soon), work (hard), travel (far), and otherwise conduct himself as though he never heard of Caltech!

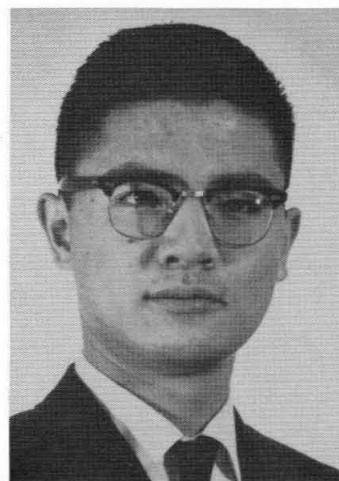


FRANK RIDOLPHI

Wandering into glorious California from the South, mainly Alabama, this starry-eyed youngster never dreamed he would cool the school. With his cracking voice and winning smile he proceeded to snow the women of California. All of this culminated in his election as Social Chairman of Dabney. After this traumatic experience he became Senior Class President and an excellent end on the varsity football squad. Although his first loves were ME and Scripps, he also found time for bridge and TV, becoming a charter member of the TV Club. Frank will always be remembered for his tall tales and jokes about the South.

JIM YOH

Jim, a resident of Bronx, New York, has added a lot to Tech by his pleasant personality and his willingness to participate in activities. He has been especially active in sports—earning a varsity soccer letter as well as three junior varsity soccer letters and a frosh swimming numeral, plus being the best ping-ponger in school. Active in both house politics and the glee club, he doesn't hesitate to show off his voice while he is waiting on tables. Jim plans to continue his EE studies in Grad school next year.



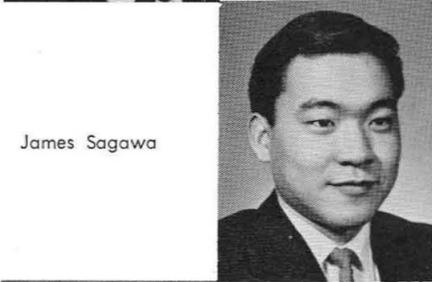


Leland De Priest



Wendell Mendell

D



James Sagawa

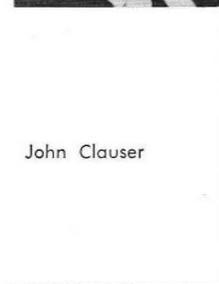


Neal Wright

A



Robert Jernigan

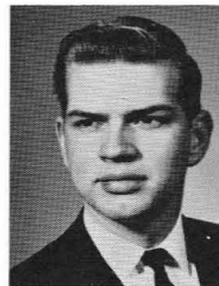


John Clauser

B



Doug Hill



Dave Barker

N



Hebert Flindt



Art Turner

E



Steve Christman

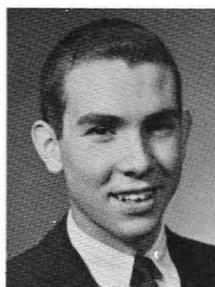


Frank Winkler

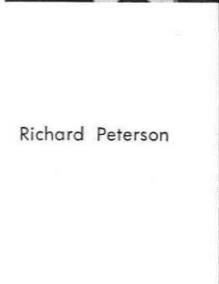
Y



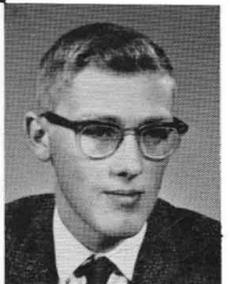
Charles Knapp



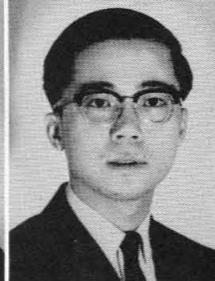
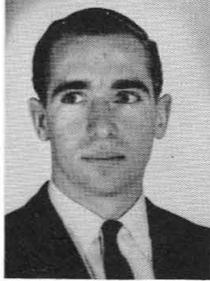
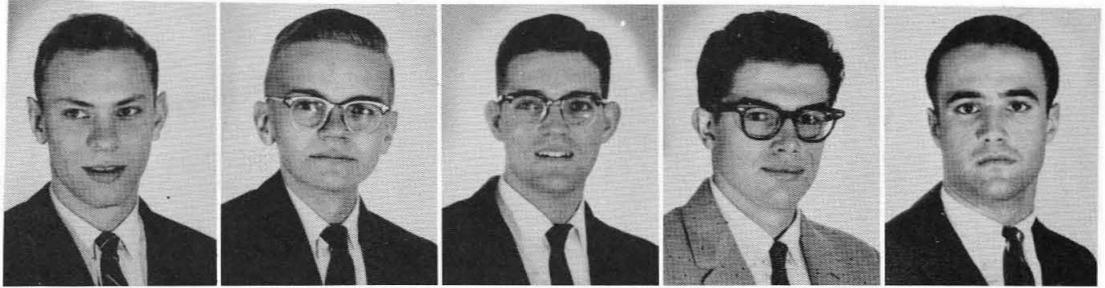
Bill Reining



Richard Peterson

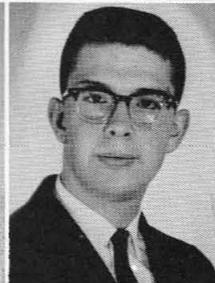
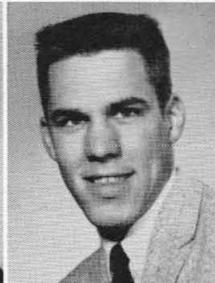
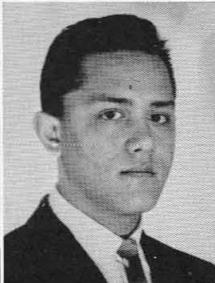
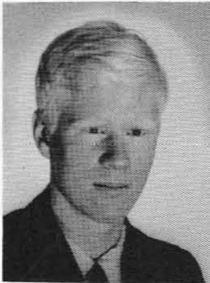
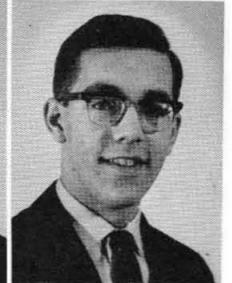
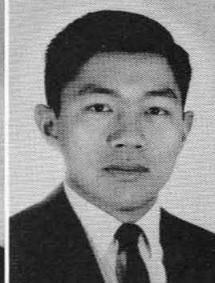
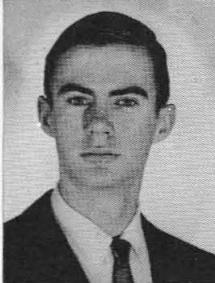


Harold Haskins
Chris Dalton
John Burke
Rich Urich
Carl Wittenbert



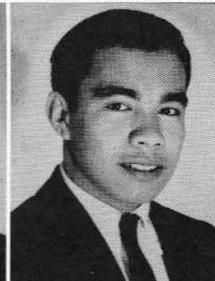
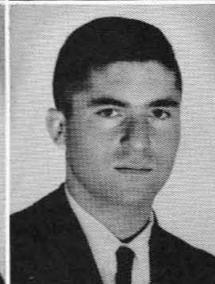
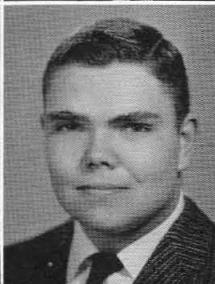
Bob Scott
Bill Francis
Ray Fernandez
Dave Davis
Ying-Bun Woo

Roger Davison
Jack Comly
Bill Bush
I-Lok Chang
Paul Swatek



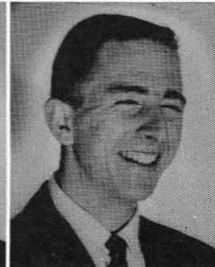
Lewis Fraas
Art Robinson
Phil Beltran
Jerry Gowen
George Brackett

John Hsu
Warren Peascoe
James Yee
Bob Bruner
Don O'Hara



Steve Lowe
Dan Brogan
Rick Maxson
Rod Zook
Rich Siauin

Jim Whitney
Hal Moeller
Dave Lambert
Howard Monell



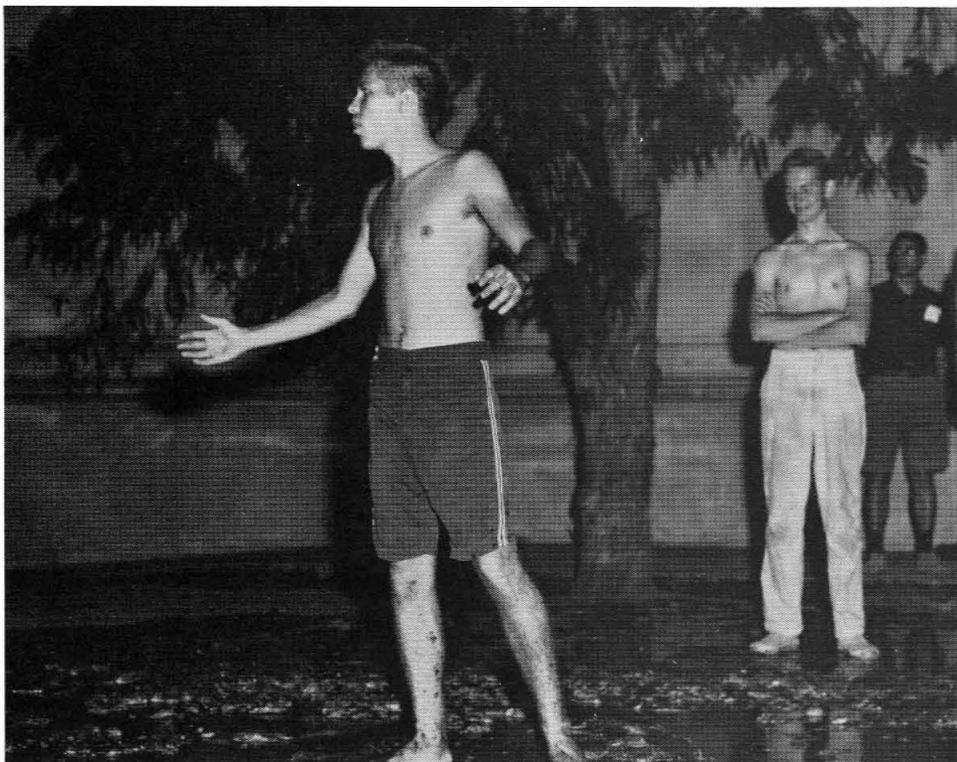
FLEMING

M. S. found on a Chinese fortune cookie slip inserted in a Saga biscuit.

Putting first things first, we should say that initiation was its usual stimulating and hydrous self this year, culminating in a demonstration that virgin houses are now going for \$100 per night. At least that was the value determined by the I.H.C.; Fleming agreed that it was well worth it.



True to ancient tradition, the nature of the Fleming Interhouse remained a mystery to all outsiders, and for that matter, to all insiders, until that last minute arrival of one of the housemembers with a date closely resembling an alligator induced an atmosphere of a swampy nature, leading to (naturally) a Riverboat theme.



Before one could say Ydigoras, the Dining Room had been converted into a theater, complete with original melodrama, the courtyard had been flooded to accommodate the aforementioned saurian, while the Fleming House Five Plus Two regaled visitors with the finest Dixieland this side of Arroyo Seco.

Not satisfied with one Interhouse, the Men of Fleming insisted on keeping in practice by building another in the midst of third term, cleverly disguising it as an exchange in order to dull the apprehensions of the other houses. Our gnome-like engineers industriously walled off the courtyard with ASCIT dance floor sections and craftily filled thousands of water balloons with air, a brilliant improvisation, thus converting the house into a reasonable facsimile of the Roaring Twenties, including a rat race in the lounge and a speak easy serving genuine "beer."



That many other "social events" filled the rest of the year is amply demonstrated by the resulting marriages of three house members including the abject capitulation of the President of the Women Are Evil Club.



At Interhouse Sing this year . . .

. . . as you may have read in many sources. We have, however, high hopes for next year!

Since atrocity stories are always popular, we include the following:

Noticing that the men of Fleming had developed small and painfully red eyes while peering desperately at the apartments-for-rent sections of the STAR NEWS in our beloved lounge, the great gods of the Student House Office spike forth "Fiat Lux . . ." and in the fullness of time, a small obscurely Freudian and faintly Baroque object appeared in one corner of the hitherto chaste lounge. Although amid the imprecations of the troops our beloved aesthetic star turned thumbs down on this artistic creation, yet it hung on like a veritable raven, casting its baleful glow upon the unhappy residents. Finally, driven to desperation, a band of approximately 70 masked men invaded our sacred precinct, absconded with said luminary, and lynched it from the Throop flagpole. Our ever-alert guards, recognizing a bargain, removed this jewel to grace their office, although somewhat confused as to its origin and function. Eventually, however, Officer Sherlock Fig, professing to be baffled himself, turned over this **objet d'art** to the Pasadena Guardians of Public Morality, where to the best of our knowledge it reposes this day.

We hope that Fleming will continue in the future as it has in the past . . . never to let the institute interfere with our educations.



John Weber
 Roger Minear
 Steve Ross
 Carlton Paul
 David Faulconer
 James McCoy

Frank Graham
 Bill Smith
 Jim Stadler
 David Colton
 Steve Green
 Sig Hoverson

I am living at the House of Lloyd. There is not a sign of hope anywhere, nor a woman in the place. We are all alone here, and we are dead.

I was perfectly happy when I entered on my first day as a Caltech freshman. And yet from the beginning, when I was approached by a representative of Fingal, Inc., to purchase some lightning bolts, or something, I developed an unreasoned dread of the place. I could not have known that these walls would contain so many frustrations and disappointments, would so circumscribe my contact with what I dimly remember as "the world," that even now I awake in a cold sweat as muffled music oozes through the damp walls in the early morning, rousing me from my slumber, my sanity.

It is now the third term of my first year at Caltech. I came here for a reason I have not yet been able to fathom. And yet there are times when my existence becomes almost tolerable. During the initiation week I was still idealistic. The day was crisp and new as President Ford rose to address the impressionable freshmen in his most dignified manner. "Gentlemen, we have a movie to film. This compulsory activity will occur several days hence on Colorado Boulevard. We will require bit parts, so the filming will be at a busy intersection near 5:00 in the evening." It was not difficult for us to attract a large crowd, which stood gaping for 30 minutes as Lloyd frosh scampered here and there measuring lighting conditions, and as a professional (?) cameraman from Bjo of Mathom House, Los Angeles, filmed a scene not unlike one from a gangster film of the 1920's. The filming ended as quickly as it began. The manager of the Tops restaurant, before which the action took place, soon became dismayed at having rough-necks beating up other hoods and searing off his customers and summoned aid from the friendly Pasadena Public Servants.

L
L
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Y
D



"Who is in charge here?" the man in blue asked producer-director J. Crabtree, who promptly referred him to Publicity Manager, C. Mitchner. Meanwhile the cameraman and actors were silently and quickly packing their

equipment into nearby automobiles. "Perhaps it was dirty to leave Charlie holding the bag," reflected J. C. later at dinner, "but that's public relations." Clearly a passionless human being, and he sneered as he wantonly flicked the ashes of his foul cigar into the Saga Bidet.

* * * *

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Hey Diddle Diddle
It's Feynman and Physics,
Graduation, a Ph.D.

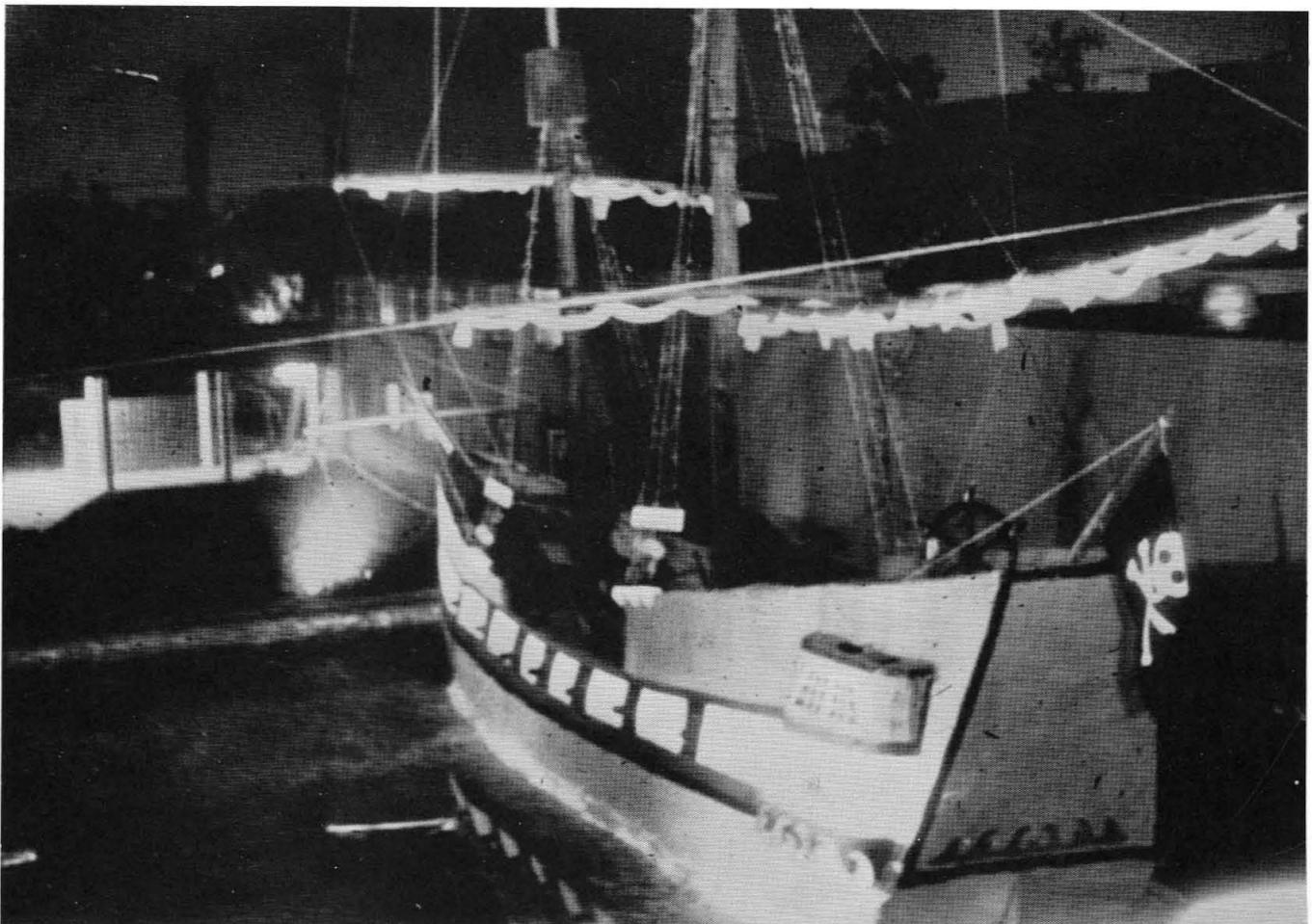
And the little girls' laugh
To see what snakes
We are made of by CIT.

* * * *

* * * *

* * * *

A new life was opening for me at the House of Lloyd. Not even Thanksgiving and we were already planning for what was to be the year's tallest and (alas, for the \$3.00 assessments were not happily looked upon) most expensive Interhouse Dance of the year. The Barbary coast of the 17th-18th century sprang up magically overnight, and a faulty container for the three inches of water in the courtyard provided for a remarkable semblance of the aftermath of a tidal wave.

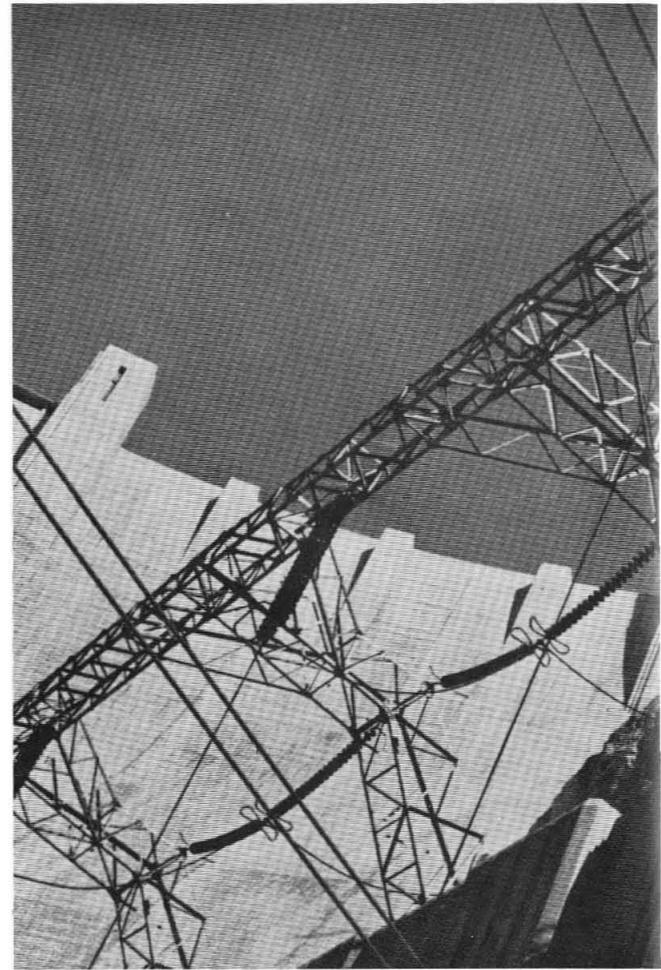
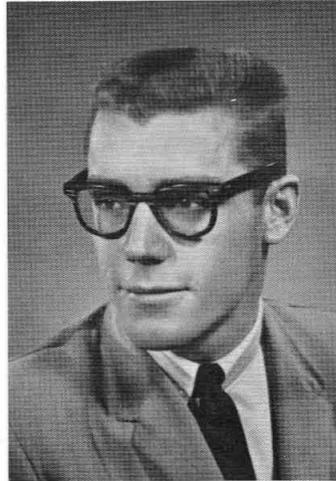


A flooded and beautiful courtyard—Lloyd Interhouse—1961

ENGINEERING

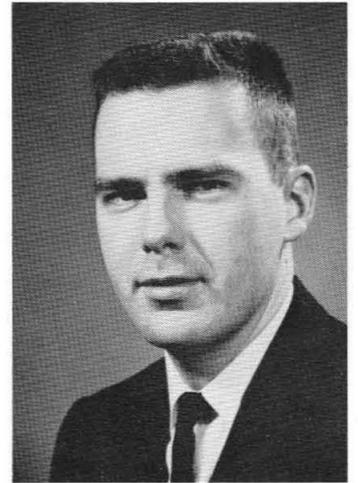
JAMES CORDES

Jim, who lives in nearby Temple City, is another product of the 3-2 plan, coming to Tech from Oxy in EE. Outside electronics, his interests include sports, piano, and leisure. Since coming to Tech, his greatest achievement is being engaged to Charlotte who now consumes most of his time. He plans to stay another year for an MS before heading into industry.



TED DAVEY

ROY JORDON



DAVID GRIMES

ARTHUR LUDWIG





PETER HAMMOND

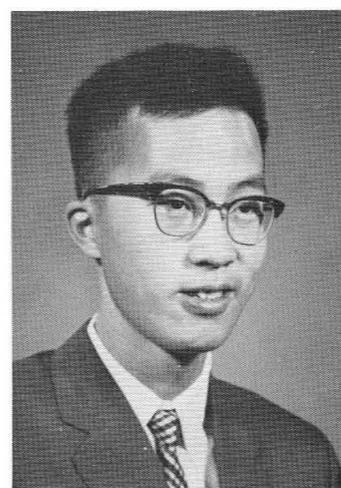
Pete was a double E in and out of class. Collecting piles of electronic equipment was a great pastime for him. One avocation of Pete's was to help his friend, Wendell Ing, spend money on his music system. All the while the Hammond pile in the trunk room grew; at graduation, Pete charitably donated the pile to the Blacker Physical Society.



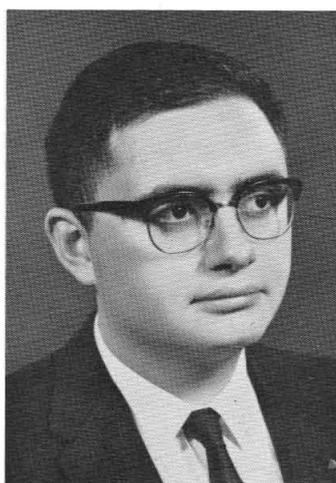
BOB HEARN



STEVEN CROW



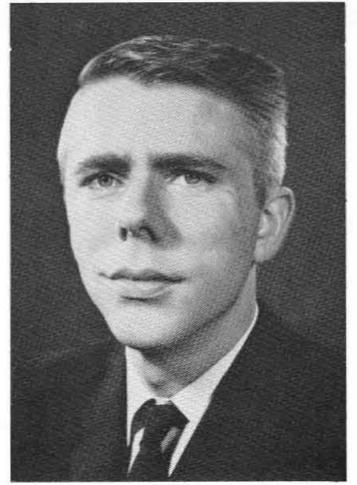
WILLIAM KING



MIGUEL LEVY

A four year veteran of Fleming House, "Mike" could always be seen, camera in hand, madly recording the foibles of his fellow Flems on film. A tireless worker, Mike's prodigious and conscientious efforts on behalf of the Big T assured the production of "this" book for three years. He will return to Tech for graduate study as a "free-lance" artist in Material Science.

JOHN ARMSTRONG



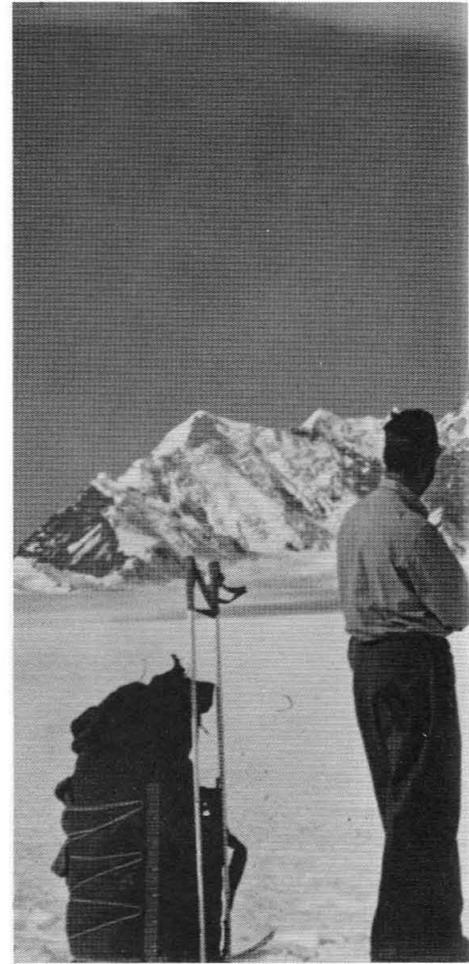
ENGINEERING



CARL BAUM



ROBERT CADWELL

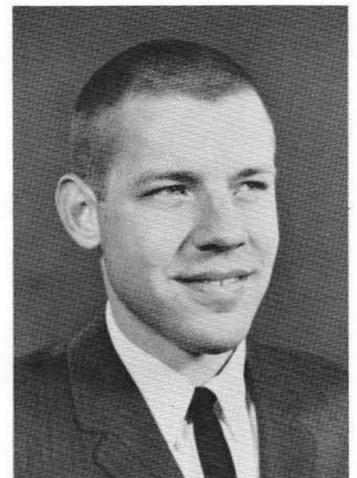


LEE ELLIOT



CHUCK HOUSE

Chuck is originally from La Habra, Cal., where he found Gayle, who became his wife during his sophomore year. Living in Pasadena, he has managed to work, go to school, and build a family (quite a man) all in the same times. Golf, camping, and climbing rate as favorite activities; his future plans are connected with working where mountains are within driving distance.

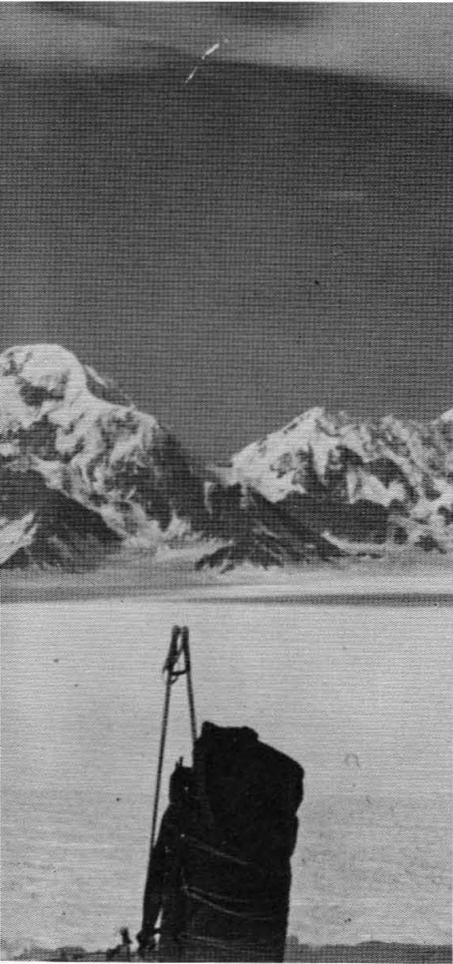
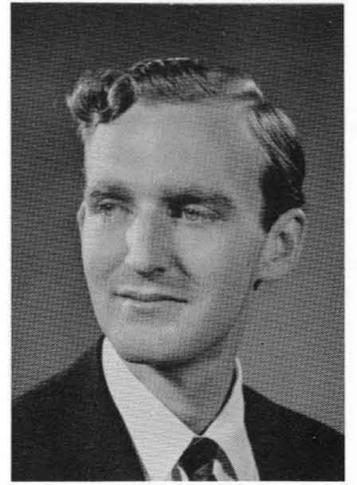




LAUREN MERRITT

Lauren came to Tech for a EE degree; however, he soon realized that there were other things in the world beside EE degrees. He sang in and was secretary to the Glee Club; Lauren has also been an active member of Fleming House, contributing to the social program and bringing numerous good-looking girls to dinners and parties. He plans to head for Africa with the Peace Corps; eventually he will make it to Berkeley for more EE.

ROBERT MOORE



BUNSO OTANI

My home is Hiroshima. In a sense it is true that what had happened there greatly influenced my conversion to Christianity. Now it is the field of my sincere devotion besides EE. Serving as treasurer of the CIT Christian Fellowship taught me a great deal about applying Christianity to my life as a student. I will study for an MS in EE at some university in Japan in a few years.



BARRY PINES

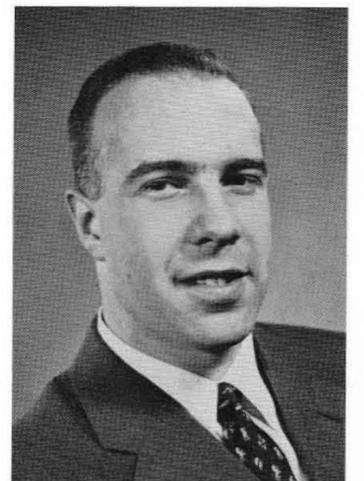


BOB TAIT

After two off-campus years, Bob joined Ruddock as UCC of Alley Six. He became well known for his moccasin foot shuffle in the Alley which often led to showering parties, whose victims were generally strangers, but occasionally the scheme backfired and ol' Bob found himself mighty wet. But after a year, Bob decided that off campus life was the way, and retired thence after his one year campus career.

JOHN C. RUSS

John has been active on campus in the Glee Club and Drama Club, Civil Defense, and has been Athletic Manager and Social Chairman of Fleming House. Still, he has also found time to pursue his favorite pastimes: women, shooting, and competitive driving. John is back at CIT again for his graduate work.

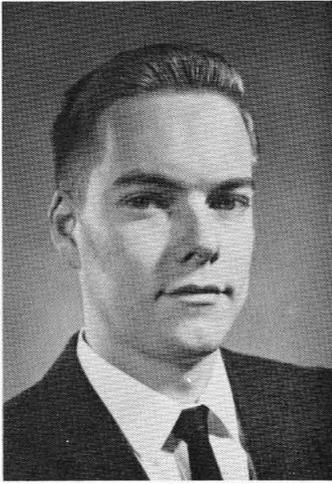




DAVID BENSON

FRED CHARETTE

Fred came to Tech after a tour of duty in the Navy and became famous, justly or unjustly, as the dining-room companion of the Hungry Five. He was admitted to the Harvard School of Business but changed his mind in New York (Oh, sweet mystery), and is now raking it in at Autonetics in Downey.



ROBERT BUMP

Bob was treasurer of the Student Shop, TLA, and the Tech-Tach Corp.; and is prexy of NHRA-CIT. An EE enthusiast, Bob made more masters than Mr. Kirkpatrick of B & G, and also more noise with his Olds than anyone else. Others who share the "B" box and who know how much mail he got from a certain . . . know why he never spent his vacations at Tech. Bob went to work, of course, but he plans to return to school when work goes out of style.



JOSEPH CHRISTENSON



RALPH DAWSON



HARRISON HALL

ARNOLD JONES



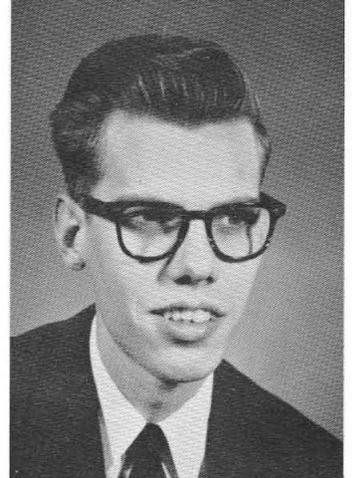


FRANKLIN MARSHALL

ENGINEERING

GAETAN J. ST-CYR

A refugee from the Air Force, Gaetan came to Caltech via Ventura JC in search of the good life. The first year made him wish he was back confusing air traffic from the lofty heights of the control tower. However, bitter memories of KP, guard duty, and ugly WAF's drove him on until he reached, in his senior year, what passes for heaven in the engineering field: election to Tau Beta Pi. A UCC in Ruddock House until the Spanish Inquisition denounced his leniency towards certain subversive elements who violated the sacred 10:30 Commandment, he will be long remembered for that nerve-shattering yawn, which bears a striking resemblance to the call of the bull elephant in the mating season. A glutton for punishment, he has returned to CIT for an MS in EE.



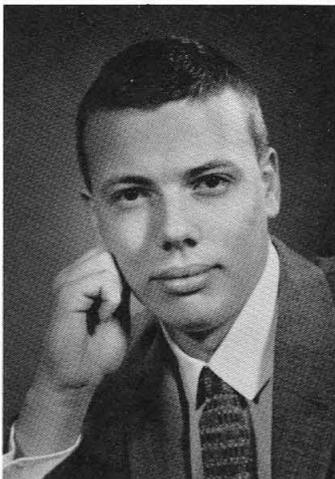
WILLIAM SVEGEL

GARY TURNER

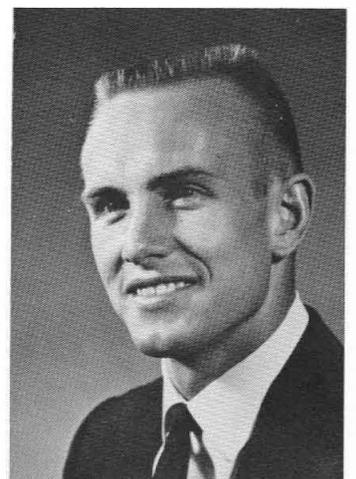
Equally famous at Tech for his ability in the water (backstroke) and his imitation of a Bessamer converter (master of gargled flamer), he has recently taken up hurling himself out of airplanes (mit parachute). Once chairman of the Tech RE-AIEE, Gary is now in graduate school and is learning how to dive . . . the big problem is that the board is so small out at the end that he keeps falling off.



FRED WEINGARTEN



GEARY YOUNCE





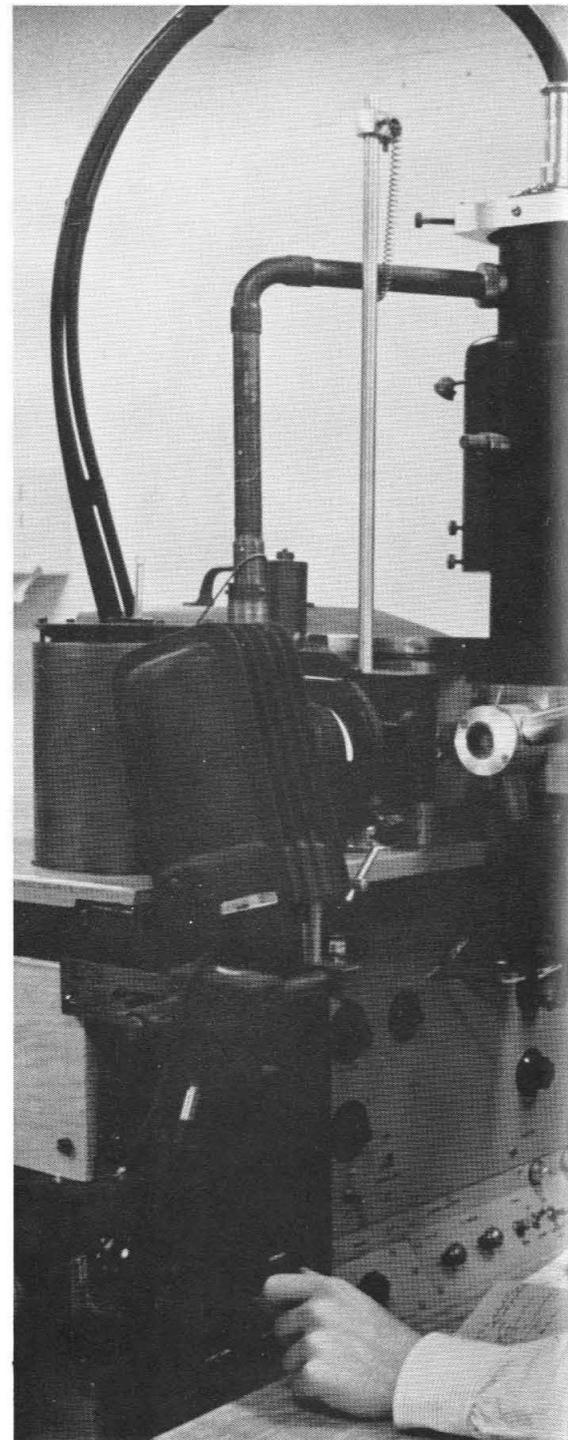
RONALD BOETTCHER

Originally from Buena Park, California, Ron graduated from Fullerton and entered Oxy on the 3-2 plan. After the first three years, Ron married and the family moved to Pasadena for completion of the EE requirements, etc. He just can't quit that stuff and has since gone elsewhere to study more EE and raise a family.



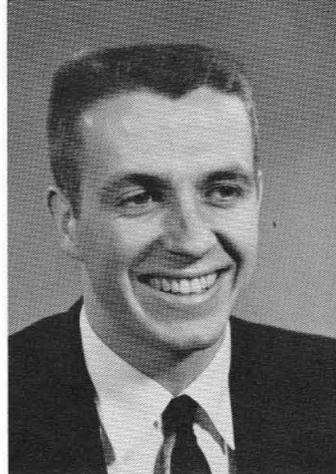
RICHARD GARY BURKE

Gary got off to a whizz bang start at Tech when he was dismissed 14 minutes after he arrived as a freshman. (late, was readmitted by the grace of the Deans). A full-fledged member of the pool and bridge contingent of Throop as a freshman, Gary was in charge of the debacle which passed for initiation as a soph. Having been married only a few weeks before, he let his official public service offices end with pledgemaster and retired to the sanctity of his honeymoon cottage. Further sanctified now with two kids, Gary looks toward the more lucrative fields of work and PTA activities.



GERALD CLOUGH

Gerry began his Caltech career with an off-campus year highlighted by his performance as leading scorer for the Frosh bb. team. He has been attempting a "return to form" ever since. Sophomore year he moved to Blacker, then later to Page. He met Sue Bassett and changed his option from ME to Spanish. He plans to obtain his MBA at the school closest to Sue, probably Stanford.



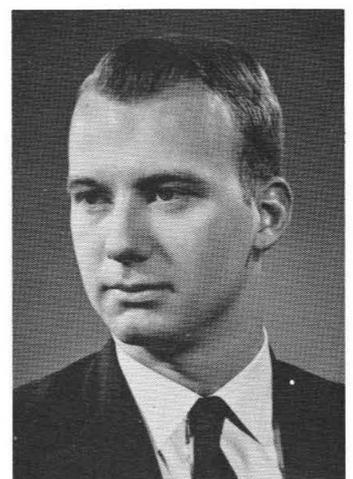
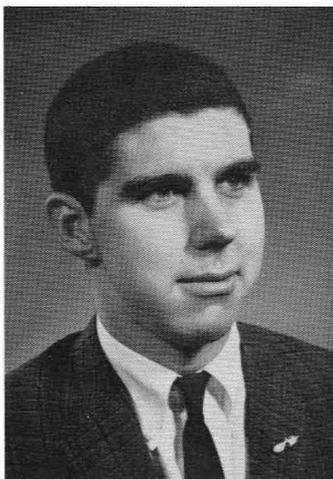
JOHN CROSSMAN

John came to CIT to learn how to make them better and faster—sports cars, that is. Coming from the improbable town of Squatum, Mass., he attained a mastery of many improbable talents during his stay at school, chief among them five-string banjo playing. His amorous wanderings were not hindered by his duties as a UCC and as SAE pres., but they were finally terminated by tall, curvaceous, blonde Betsy. John has since been married and is now at Ford in Dearborn.

JOHN GOLDEN

Coming from the heart of the great middle west, John has had his major interest in EE with emphasis on applied math and computers. His activities include sec'y-treas. of Radio Club, sec'y of AIEE-IRE and ASCIT Bus. Mgr., ASCIT Treas. and Dabney UCC and Students' Day

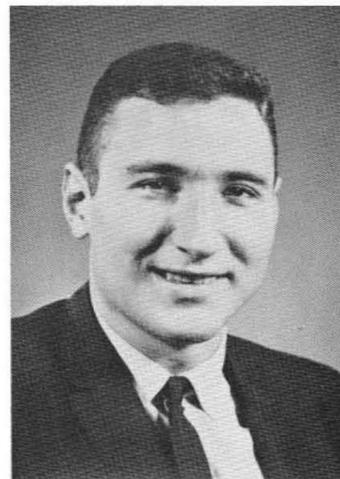
Grad school is next in either applied math or business administration with an eye toward the computer industry.



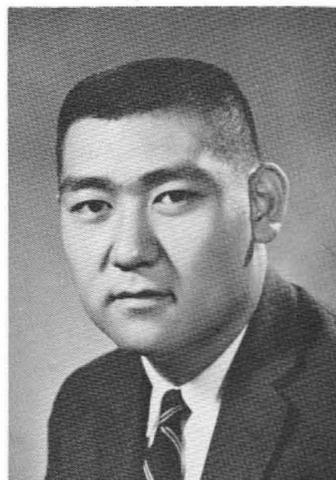


DAVE HERTING

An ex-hotrodder, ex-beachcomber from the fair city of Ventura, California, Big Dave fitted into the mech. eng. dep't and the more relaxed parts of CIT life. He sublimated these latent desires into more constructive projects, such as the Ruddock House Beer, Cheese crackers, and B.S. Society; a letter in football; and romance, girl type. A perennial refugee from the draft board, he plans to work in the defense industry until he can safely go back for his masters degree.



ENGINEERING



BOB KOH

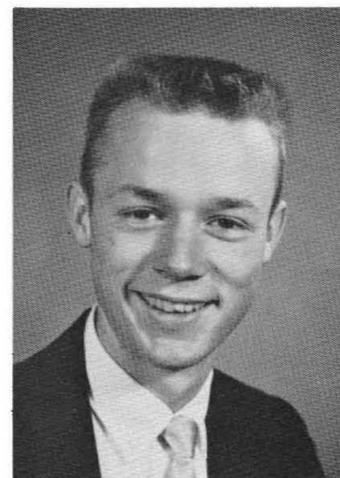
Astonishing his professors with his complete lack of interest in required courses, Koh flashed his Dondi-like smile through four years of elections and nefarious activities. His accomplishments included (1) only man to become house and ASCIT Prexy, and Calif. Tech editor, (2) owner of three different cars for a total val. of \$140, (3) lived in 4 student houses, (4) largest # of 5-6 roommates from Portland, (5) intolerance for own minority groups, (6) largest ASCIT graft, (7) heaviest and slowest man to play interhouse, (8) accident proneness: 4 cars, plane, train, and motorcycle. Despite an ME degree, Bob is now at Harvard Business School.



FRED J. HAMEETMAN

After spending three years at the American University in Eagle Rock (note humor), Fred came to Page House unprepared for life at Caltech. His attempt to form the art work EX fraternity failed when several of the members did the same. Having better luck at water polo, he led the team to a championship tie and gained a slot on the All-Conference team. An aficionado of skiing, surfing, and women, he has found that Joyce incorporated the best of all three. Fred was a physics major at Oxy, came to Tech in civil engineering, graduated an ME, and is now working for Douglas and pursuing a Master's in AE at USC.

CHARLES RADYOY









LEFT TO RIGHT, BACK ROW: Art Robinson, Dean Gerber, Tom Bopp, John Golden. FRONT ROW: Pete Metcalf, Don O'Hara, Bob Koh, Jim Sagawa.

ASCIT BOARD OF DIRECTORS

The BOD is a phonetically pleasing body. Its functions have been variously described as those of a Student Council, Student Government, political machine and Tong, but the student body of Caltech is officially a (chuckly) non-profit corporation therefore we must have a Board of Directors, BOD for short. The more interesting functions of the BOD are six in number. 1. To sanction those campus organizations which may be part of the yearly budget or which will dip their paws into the surplus fund, which itself is an interesting subject . . . the ASCIT surplus fund is a popular monetary illusion . . . but we digress. 2. the BOD contributes to the welfare of rich musicians by holding an annual Jazz and/or Folk Concert. These are almost certainly non-profit events although not planned as such.

3. The BOD awards as rewards letters to athletes and athletic managers. Often times this degenerates in the case of the athletes to a recognition of their cleverness in finding a way to get P.E. credit for playing one sport all three terms, and, in the case of the managers, to a recognition of their cleverness in finding a way to get P.E. credit for no physical activity whatsoever. 4. More importantly, the BOD sponsors an occasional ASCIT dance class, where rubber-kneed Techman regale knock-kneed high school girls with hackneyed phrases. 5. The BOD conducts a lively correspondence with neighboring schools, such as Claremont-Mudd, MIT and Jesus College. 6. To guarantee perpetuation of the species, periodic elections are run.



FROM LEFT, SEATED: R. Burket, R. Burger, D. Gerber, Chairman; S. Conant, Secretary; D. Chang, R. Noll. STANDING: J. Eder, G. McBean, L. Gershwin.

BOARD OF CONTROL

For the fifty-second consecutive year, the Tech student body used the spirit of the Honor System as a standard of conduct and an aid to maturity. The principles of the Honor System were learned by the incoming freshmen and were found to provide interesting new concepts in the development of self-discipline and personal honesty. These same principles were reviewed by the upperclassmen throughout the year, maintaining interest and vitality in Tech's most outstanding tradition.

More than merely a code of behavior governing scho-

lastic activities, the Honor System also applies to extracurricular activities and to student-faculty relations.

Headed by the Board of Control, the responsibility for the conduct of the Honor System lies solely with the student body. This responsibility provides not only an excellent means of regulating campus society and the opportunity for personal development, but also provides an attitude of frankness and honesty in the student body that creates an atmosphere conducive of the development of the well-rounded individual.

—Plagiarized from the 1957 Big T



LEFT TO RIGHT, BACK ROW: Tim Litle, George Cady, Dave Pritchard, John Arndt.
 BOTTOM ROW: Kerry Donovan, Chuck Radoy, Bob Hearn, Dick Farrell.

This year's IHC, though beset by more than its share of difficulties right from the beginning, did a commendable job.

There was work aplenty what with initiations, rotation, the usual trivia, and an occasional football game thrown in for good measure. Also, though carrying prestige of making its holder 19th most important man on campus (Baum scale), the president's job jumped around so fast a guy didn't hardly get a chance to lead much before he was replaced. But, through it all, the committee members bore it like men.

It was a good year and the 61-62 IHC wishes its success to all the IHC's coming in the future. May they reign in peace, unity, and interhouse camaraderie.

INTERHOUSE COMMITTEE

ASCIT EXCOM



LEFT TO RIGHT: Bob Koh, Al Bernstein, Dave Pritchard, Lance Taylor, Roger Noll, Carl Hamilton.

ASCIT ExComm serves as the long range study and planning body of ASCIT. It reviews the major problems at its own discretion and tenders suggestions to the BOD and ASCIT. Recent issues included the attempt at a practicable set of plans for rotation.

ExComm this year suggested a major revision of Board of Control structure which was speedily approved by the Board of Directors and the student body. BOC representation was shifted from eight class-elected office holders to seven. House-elected representatives and two members at large. The reorganization provides closer contact between students and representatives.

H O N O R K E Y S

Honor keys and certificates are the only official means by which outstanding service to the student body is rewarded. The Honor Point Committee consists of assorted members of the BOD, therefore the surest way to earn an Honor Key is to have been an unobtrusive and/or non-incompetent ASCIT officer.

Campus publications seem to have a debilitating effect upon those intimately concerned with same: editors and business managers die off like flies, therefore the seat of ultimate authority (the BOD, of course) has been known to offer the world to anyone capable of putting out an annual or newspaper. Naturally, these fortunate ones choose as their reward, Honor Keys.

The best way not to get an Honor Key is to be a pure snake. The second best way is to be a pure jock of pure petty politician (aside from the BOD). Diversification and intensity of service are the main criteria in making these awards. Honor certificates are awarded to those who didn't quite make the Honor Key list, but who have done work for the cause of mankind or rather for the cause of the student body. (These can be, and often are, mutually exclusive concepts.)

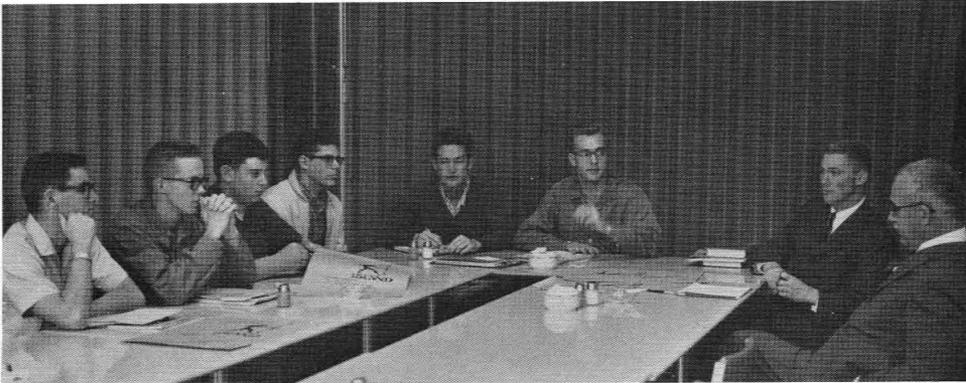
The ASCIT Educational Policies Committee is a non-profit bull session organized to evaluate, from a student point of view, the academic program offered by the Institute. This activity was once labeled by an irate Physics professor as "intellectual masturbation." Despite this lack of encouragement from certain quarters, the EPC in an unusual flurry of lethargy did attack many problems this last year. For example the perennial problems of Ch 41 units were fought to the usual impasse.

Within the new improved Greasy, the EPC, surrounded by occasional ASCIT spies accomplished this: (1) noted that at Mount Holyoke, Amherst, and U. of Mass. busses twelve miles apart are always twelve miles apart; (2) saw an infamous EPC member rise to the ASCIT Presidency; (3) attempted to convince Oxy to go on the quarter system so Techmen could attend anthropology classes with Oxy women; (4) did not discuss advisors—fortunately the advisors did not discuss them either; (5) did not find Dr. Lindvall under the table; (6) did investigate and approve the new Honor Section systems as suggested by the EPC; (7) flunked out one chairman; (8) decided to abolish grades and finals but met severe faculty opposition.

Although concrete accomplishments were held to a bare minimum, fun was only exceeded by the wealth of good ideas. In truth, it is an activity to be supported.

E P C

Y M C A



LEFT TO RIGHT:
Gerry Chandler
Carl Rovainen
Richard Karp
Dick D'Ari
Bob Ross
Barry Gordon
Al Green
Wes Hershey

The Cal Tech YMCA in 1962 completed another successful year under the presidency of Barry Gordon. With the aid of executive secretary Wes Hershey and associate secretary Al Green, the Y sponsored Leaders of America Bishop James Pike and Dr. Sidney Hook; featured a well attended Dinner Forum contesting subjects such as sex and morality; and once again presented the Yale Russian Chorus.

The Freshman Diners' Club got off to an early start in late September. The purpose of the Diners' Club is to familiarize the frosh with research on campus and to help them decide on the option that they prefer. The first speaker was Dr. Robert Sharp, chairman of the geology department.

The Y Diners' Club also got off to a good start, featuring such lecturers as Dr. Matt Sands and four AUFS representatives. Later in the year, the club was transformed into the "Y Dinner Forum" and began its discussion with a series of three panel discussions on sex. These were followed by discussions on segregation in Pasadena, statements between California gubernatorial candidate representatives, and religion and agnosticism.

Early in the fall, the Y presented the first folk concert, featuring Sam Hinton and Peggy Seeger and held in the

Greasy. Through some miracle the Y broke even on this venture, and also started the idea for the now infamous ASCIT assembly series.

Sometime during this period, the YMCA, in its permanent desire to discover just what the Cal Tech student is really like, circulated an all-purpose poll to which 378 undergraduates made a total of 5505 checks in the "not interested" column. Through some luck however, the average student also gave nine positive responses. Logically enough, male-female relationship received a high positive score. After receiving such an optimistic response, the Y plunged headfirst into its annual fund drive, and when all the money was counted topped 1961 by \$200 with a total student contribution of more than \$2100.

With the onset of cold weather, the YMCA started holding faculty firesides, without fires. Two of the featured faculty members were Drs. Frank Press and Jurg Waser. A "fireside" consists of a small group having an informal discussion with the spotlighted faculty member. In a similar vein, the Y invited five art students to spend the weekend at Cal Tech in January. They came, argued with Cal Tech undergraduates, and left—in the process enriching all concerned.

**Bishop Pike
Speaks in
Dabney Lounge**



In February, Bishop James A. Pike, came to Caltech as the YMCA's first leader of America. He spent a very controversial three days at Caltech and several times shocked fundamentalist Pasadena quite a bit. (So there little old ladies!) Following Pike in April, came the second Leader of America, Dr. Sidney Hook, the Chairman of the Philosophy department at NYU. Hook discussed the relevance of philosophy in an experimental age, Communism, and the Hiss Case among other topics.

During the academic year, the Y even considered religion a little. The Religious Emphasis Commission sponsored two series of talks—one on Christianity and one

on World Religions. Late in the year, the Y sponsored for the second time the Yale Russian Chorus, who appeared for a concert. The concert was so successful that the chorus had to be called back for six encores.

The officers for the year were Barry Gordon, president; Carl Rovainen, vice president; Richard Karp, publicity manager; Bob Ross, secretary; Dick D'Ari, treasurer; and Gerry Chandler, national representative. In addition, Herman Rickerman planned the Y film which came into the black for the first time in many years; and Paul Purdom and Dan Entingh headed the Religious Emphasis Commission.



—photo courtesy of James McClanahan

**Reverend Pike Leads
A Discussion in the
Lloyd Conference Room**

This year was Al Green's last year as associate secretary of the Y. He is leaving in order to "further his education." Al served the Y sincerely and was a great help in all matters. Al is being replaced by Tom Huff a southerner with an intriguing collection of the underground YMCA's in Mississippi.

If any two statements can serve to best sum up the YMCA's activities, the first would be to note that only at Caltech would a YMCA cabinet meeting have to be cancelled because it fell on the first night of Passover and the second would be a brief statement that in 1962, business at the YMCA was "better than ever."



SEATED: Bob Ross, Pat Manning, Roger Noll, Larry Rabinowitz, Wendell Mendell, Dave Barker, Francis Wilson. STANDING: Jim Geddis, Lance Taylor, Matt Couch, Harold Thomas, Bob Koh, Jim Johnson, Stu Linn.

Each year, a group of internationally-minded Techmen journeys to the Model United Nations to play world. In 1961 Caltech sent seventeen delegates to represent South Africa, considered to be one of the best countries due to the fact it is directly involved in so many problems discussed in the UN. Caltech's Afrikaners were called upon to defend apartheid and the South African methods of governing South West Africa, two man-sized tasks. The result was interesting, if somewhat heated, debate, resulting in sound condemnation of South African policy by the Model UN, in keeping with traditional United Nations activities. But the voting was closer than usual, and the resolutions a bit milder than the other African nations had hoped for—both feathers in the caps of the Caltech delegates.

MODEL UNITED NATIONS

TAU BETA PI

Tau Beta Pi is a national honorary society, the engineering-science equivalent of Phi Beta Kappa. The Caltech chapter is composed of junior and senior students, elected on the basis of outstanding scholarship and character and active leadership and participation in

campus and house activities. The chapter is currently involved in various activities on the campus, such as granting the Freshman of the Year Award, offering tutoring services for underclassmen and publishing a chapter newsletter.



SEATED: Dick Robertson, Vic Engleman, Julian Prince, Warren Teitelman, Gaetan St.Cyr, Ray Plaut. STANDING: Dick Chang, Pete Metcalfe, Joel Tenebaum, Dick Hess, John Newmeyer, Bob Ruddick, Tom Sallee, Carl Baum.

ACLU



ACLU officers, LEFT TO RIGHT:
K. Knapp, Vice President
S. Prata, Sec.-Treasurer
L. Rabinowitz, President
L. Taylor, Publicity Dir.

The newly formed Caltech chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union has as its purpose the promotion of an understanding of civil liberties as established in the United States Constitution. To further its goals, the ACLU Chapter has brought to campus a number of speakers covering a variety of civil liberty subjects ranging from

the role of the Supreme Court to the controversy over censorship in our society. The chapter welcomes members from all sections of the Caltech community, faculty members and employees as well as graduate and undergraduate students.

A. L. Wirin, counsel for ACLU, talks with men in Page House lounge.





FIRST ROW: P. Lippman, R. Roberts, D. Heller, G. Blackinton, J. Kelley, B. Meisel, A. Robinson. SEATED: Daiva Vidzuings, pretty girl, P. Albee, S. Warborron, pretty girl, C. McGoveny. STANDING: R. Gomez (advisor), W. Huber, W. Ryback, L. Shapiro, K. Evans, J. Newmeyer, C. Leonard, M. Kauffman, B. Abell, D. Payne, R. Whitlock, B. Peterson, A. Lipson, J. Baumgartner, B. Moritz, M. Lampton, S. Sawyer, J. McNeil, D. Ellwood.

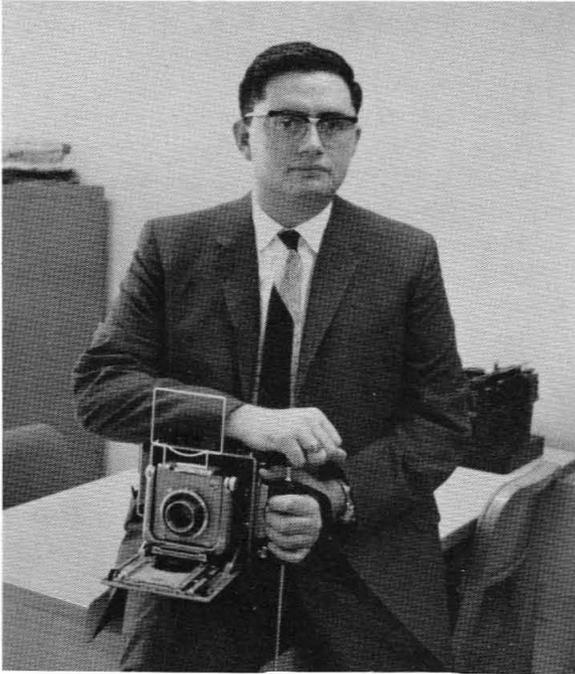
DRAMA

BIG T STAFF #1



LEFT TO RIGHT: Dan Entingh, Bob Lieberman, Robert Lin, Bob Williams, Ray Barglow, Jim Yee. Not pictured: Dick D'Ari.

BIG T STAFF #2



MIGUEL LEVY
Photographer



DAVID OLLIS
Co-Editor
Business Manager



ROBERT LIEBERMANN
Co-Editor

CONTRIBUTORS

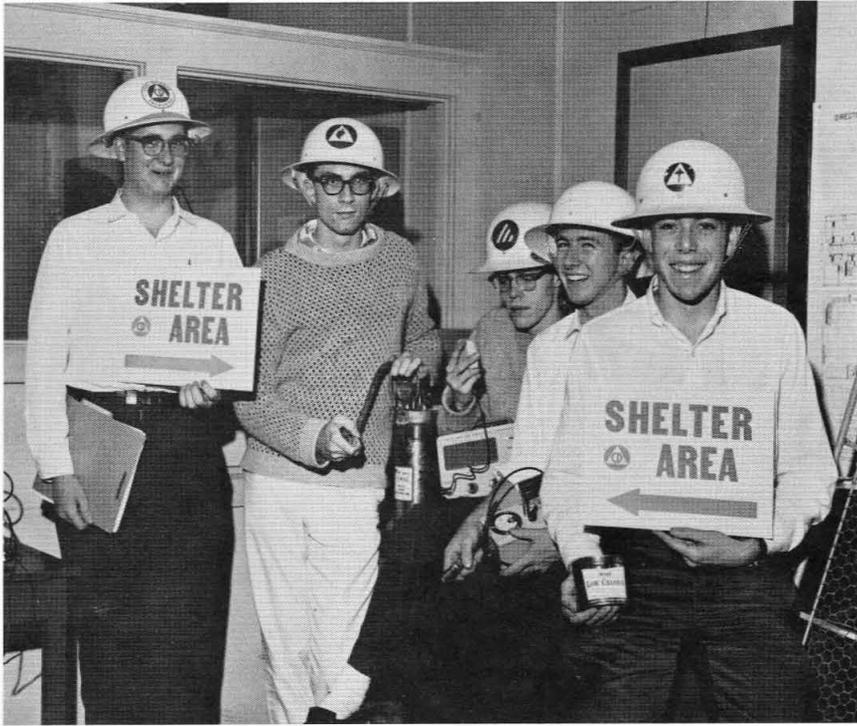
Gary Chamness
Jack McKinley
Richard McGehee
Dave Lischinsky
Thor Hanson
Jim Yee
Steve Mastin
Tom Lubensky

Murray Sherman
Tom Sallee
Rick Weingarten
Tom McDowell
Fred Dorr
Henry Abarbanel
Steve Gorman
Don Terwilliger
Walter Deal

Jim Sagawa
Art McGarr
Elliot Bradford
Steve Blumsack
John Armstrong
David Kauffman
Richard Karp
Lee Molho

and others . .

CIVIL DEFENSE



LEFT TO RIGHT: Mason Williams, William Weihofen, William Rowe, Howard Monell, Marc Kaufman.

The CIT Civil Defense Organization was formed in 1960 as a group of students interested in doing something about campus civil defense preparation. The organization is registered with Pasadena Civil defense as a facility protection unit with primary duties the protection of Institute lives and property in the event of any type of disaster. Training courses sponsored by CITCDO have been given with the assistance of Pasadena CD, the California Disaster Service, Pasadena Fire Department, and the American Red Cross, in fire fighting and prevention, first aid and rescue, and radiological monitoring. Work of the team so far has been largely concentrated in the field of making countless surveys of campus resources for fire fighting and possible military disaster sheltering. Activities are at present directed by the student steering committee with assistance from the faculty Advisory Committee, Mr. Easley and Dr. Rossano. Future activities will be devoted to carrying out tasks as assigned by the Institutes plans for a civil defense system, which are at this writing not well known.

PHYSICS CLUB

The physics club had an active year with an interesting program. Meetings were held twice a term and were quite well attended. Dr. Gomez and Dr. Tollestrup gave a talk on High Energy Physics. Dr. Greenstein spoke on Astronomy, and Dr. Forester, from Electro Optical Corp., gave a talk on Cesium ion rockets. Dr. Lauritson also spoke on the new accelerator in Sloan.

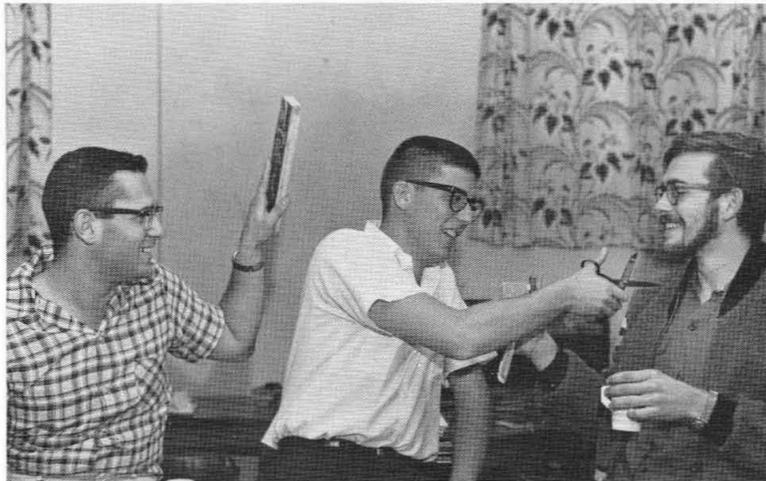
LEFT TO RIGHT: G. Steiner, G. Fitzpatrick, R. Rimmel, K. Brown, G. Thomas, S. Hoverson, B. McCoy, W. Weihofen, J. Young, K. Davidson, J. Williams, W. Saam, C. Smythe, W. Zacher, B. Linn, S. Weisner, D. Osias, J. Rayner, H. Harrison, J. McClellan, B. Fraley, S. Flatte, J. Nelson, D. Nieswenger, H. Rosin.



Monday night, 8 o'clock: Abell stares lazily at the typewriter which sits mutely ready to record the week's editorial. Molho begins gathering pencils. John Berry strides in, quoting the recipe for "Adios Amigos Punch" and describing its performance on species *Homo Sapiens Wenchae*. At the mention of the latter word, Beak Marc Kaufman begins a tale about same. The phone rings. Benson walks in, bearing ten reams of scratch paper scrounged from EE. Dave Sellin and Bill Tivol arrive with a deck of cards and half "A Hand of Bridge." The Beak finishes his tale and heads out for more Brewins. Bruce Sirovich skips in with 37 pictures of the football game. Molho finds his first pencil of the evening . . .

10 p.m.: Abell groans, "We're going to eight pages!" Molho inserts finger in pencil sharpener but is rescued before he can draw blood. John Crossman steps into the office, a broad grin on his face, a banjo pick in his finger, and a song on his "Frets and Frails" material. A deep baritone voice echoes outside and enters, dragging Pete Lippman behind it. The Lipp finishes the last few lyrics of his folk-song and thumps down an IBM Executive typewriter on the far table. Marcia Thamm undulates into the room and starts typing, Brewins, of course . . .

11:30 p.m.: "I resign!" yells Pete Ford. Benson flips him a cigarette. J. C. Simpson and Jay Lippman enter with stories written in quieter places. Hal Wyman chuckles at an Antioch College newspaper report that its school's administration has discovered sex. Marcia smiles at a similar discovery in Brewins. "I resign!" yells Ford. Abell flips him a cigarette. Three sportswriters deliver their stories to Ford. Abell finishes his editorial. Front-page layout gets started. Wyman takes everyone's money and heads for the Greasy. "I resign!" yells Ford. Molho flips him a pencil. Ford leaves.



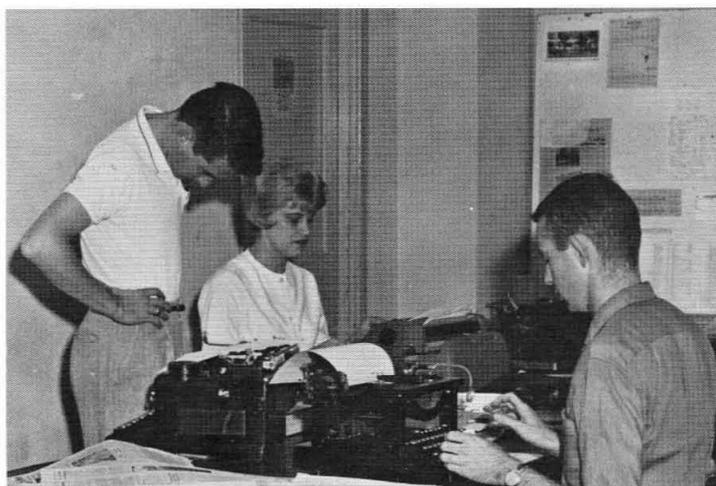
The Editors: Lee Molho, Bruce Abell, Dave Benson.

THE CALIFORNIA TECH

1:30 a.m.: "only seven more headlines to write," sighs Benson. Dick Karp runs in with ten inches of story about the Y. Abell, Benson and Molho suggest possible application of material. Molho returns to his pencil gathering. Coins clink in machine outside. It lights up to inform world that it is bereft of ice cream sandwiches. Ford finishes his last headline. Benson puts the articles out. Abell puts everything else out. The door slams. Molho yells, "But, Guys! I thought you were going to let me out of the office this week." Hundreds of pencils scamper from hiding places and begin chasing Molho around edge of copy baskets. Curtain falls . . .



Workers working.



Typists type while watcher watches.



For those who are frustrated writers and poets, the Totem sponsors a writing contest each term for both short stories and poems.

To the frustration of the many avid Totem readers on campus, not enough writing material had been submitted by the end of second term to warrant a completed publication.

As of this last year, i.e. the year in which this book was supposed to come out, the new advisor for the Totem is Dr. Dan Piper of the English Department.

TOTEM

LITTLE T

Even plagiarizers can look smug.



Happily following years of established tradition, the Little T of last year, i.e. again referring to the year of our Lord in which this most breathlessly awaited should have been produced, was gloriously and skillfully the result of careful plagiarism of the preceding Little T.

Some credit is of course due to Riblet and Rosenberg: the prologue was rewritten even though this had been the only redeeming feature of the 1960-1961 edition.

Credit again where credit is due: all female telephone numbers have been updated.



A S M E

SAE

The Society of Automotive Engineers, Caltech section, was much more active this year than in recent history. Three or four meetings were held, several of which were attended. The high point of the year was an address by Peter Kyropoulos from General Motor's Styling on the aerodynamics of automobile design. J. Winthrop Mc-

Duffy, winner of the Elwood Cresap award for his design of the Edsel, addressed the group on the subject of differential pinion-spider bearing dynamic feedback. Several racing films were shown including Sebring, Le Mans, and the Chester lot drags. The meetings were attended by John Crossman, president.



TOP ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: L. Merritt, D. Kauffman, D. Terwilliger, M. Lambert, B. Francis, R. Kruse, D. Siegel, T. Bopp, J. Allen, A. Hindmarsh, G. Brackett, D. Holt, S. Hall, R. Hendrix. SECOND FROM TOP: Bob Moore, J. Hale, C. Dalton, V. Sirelson, J. Armstrong, G. Steiner, V. Hascall, A. Johnson, P. Swatek, J. Spaid, R. Hale. NEXT TO BOTTOM ROW: R. Counsell, H. Moeller, G. Mitchell, J. Davis, D. Helfman, C. Smythe, M. Perlman, D. Dick, J. Russ, L. Kugler, N. Puckett, B. Sweet, R. House. FRONT ROW: G. Gordon, V. Skarda, W. Specht, D. Grimew, R. Dawson, J. Davey, Mrs. Rameta, G. Preston, C. Velline, C. Kaylor, D. Dickson, W. Honeywell, D. Barker.

GLEE CLUB

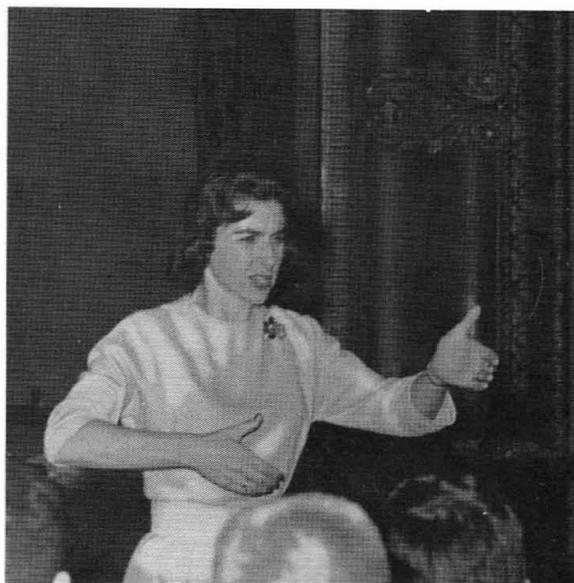
After forty-two years of existence as an all-male organization the Glee Club broke tradition in 1962 through the presence of Mrs. Priscilla Remeta, director of the club from January through May. Mr. Olaf Frodsham, director for nine years, took his sabbatical leave from Oxy, where he is an associate professor, during this period. Female director, regardless, the club presented a full season of concerts, including a tour through California climaxed by performances in the San Francisco area, and the annual Spring Concert on May 6 and 7.



Mr. Olaf Frodsham

DIRECTORS:

Mrs. Priscilla Remeta



QUARTET: Bob Moore, Walter Specht, George Preston, Ted Davey.

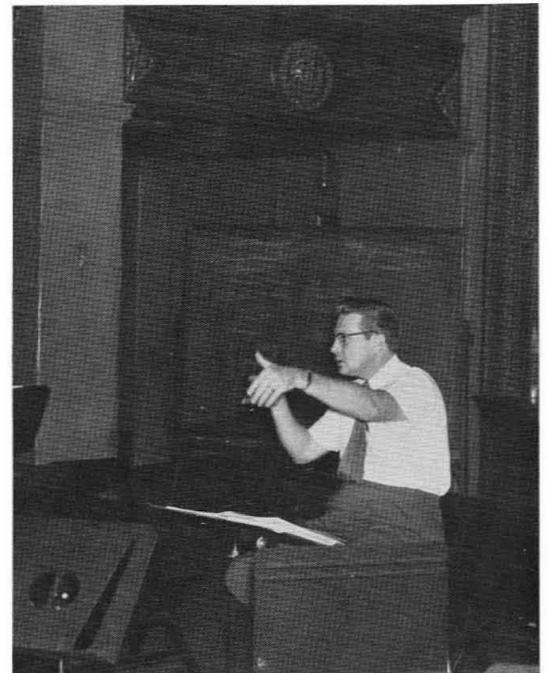


Dave Kauffman and his merry musicians entertain a capacity Tech crowd as they watch the Tech-University of California, Riverside football game in the Rose Bowl.

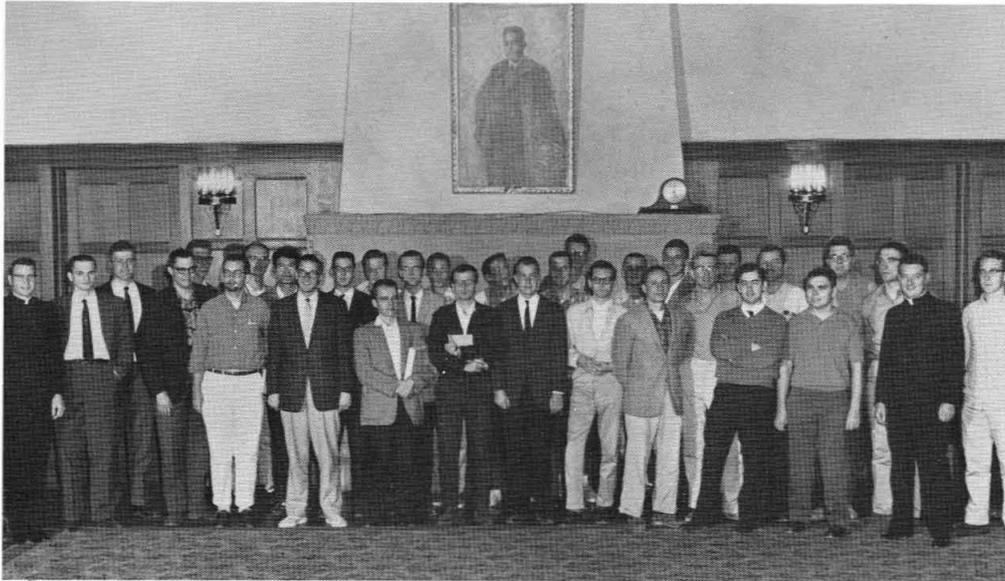
BAND

The Caltech Band grew to a size of approximately fifty-five regular members this year, primarily through the influx of talented freshmen. As usual, the Band started the year off by playing for several of the football games, often outnumbering both the team and the rest of the Caltech spectators, and providing good music as well. The Band's primary efforts, however, went into presenting one concert of serious music each term.

This year the Band was directed by John Deichman, one of the top band leaders in the West, and currently working with the Los Angeles schools. He is also active in other band work in the area, to the extent of obtaining lucrative jobs for Tech musicians at Disneyland over the Christmas Vacation. The students who handled the management of the Band this year were Dave Kauffman, student director and manager, and Brian Belanger, secretary.



Bands' eye view of director John Deichman.



LEFT TO RIGHT: James Arenz, Tom Bieniewski, C. Baum, F. Matthews, N. Svegel, H. Harrison, B. Kujawski, C. Chao, F. Mullin, G. Mitchell, G. Repasy, Y. Cusson, R. House, W. Pacsorek, T. Rucik, J. Russo, G. Reeke, C. Munichello, J. Nady, J. Espinoza, H. Mattes, A. Pinchak, R. Shlegeris, V. Aquino, W. Peascoe, E. Bender, T. Sallee, Rev. Meskill, and J. McKinley.

The Caltech Newman Club is a religious organization for Catholics at Caltech. In addition to various other events the program consists of a weekly series of lectures on Theology given by the chaplain, Reverend M. Francis Meskill, assistant pastor at St. Philip the Apostle Church, and by Mr. James Arenz, S.J., a graduate student in aeronautics at Caltech. Each term the club sponsors a Sunday breakfast for its members with a talk on some topic of current interest. The speaker first term

was Maj. Robert White, U.S.A.F., who spoke on his experiences as a test pilot of the X-15. During the current year there was opened a Newman Center with 2,500 volume library located at St. Philip the Apostle Church, 151 S. Hill Avenue. The officers for the past year were: Carl Baum, president; Tom Sallee, vice president; Frank Matthews, secretary; and, Hal Harrison, treasurer.

NEWMAN CLUB

BEAVERS

In 1960 the Caltech Beavers decided to turn back the tide of apathy and regain their old enthusiasm. By 1961, the goal was pretty well established—the Beavers ran the store at Student Camp, renewed the sale of Caltech jackets to aristocratic students, helped plan Students' Day, visited over 200 high schools in the LA area to talk to students interested in being scientists and engineers, and decided to become an unofficial source of recommendations for solving various problems of student life. The renewed vigor sparked the '61 officers to look for even more projects for the future, and the Institute administration seemed more than willing to help find services the Beavers could perform, and the activity of the Beavers promised to increase even more during the next few years.

Officers during the 1961 Great Rebirth were Roger Noll, president; Carl Hamilton, vice president; Lance Taylor, secretary; and Bill Farrell, secretary.



PICTURED, TOP, LEFT TO RIGHT: John Arndt, Jim Geddis, Jim Morrow, Carlos Johnson, Jim Lindsay, Art Robinson, Spicer Conant, Don O'Hara, Dave Barker. FRONT ROW: Bob Koh, Tim Little, Dave Pritchard, Lance Taylor, Roger Noll, Carl Hamilton. NOT PICTURED: Jim Sagawa.

RADIO CLUB

CALTECH AMATEUR RADIO CLUB
1201 EAST CALIFORNIA BLVD.
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA
U. S. A.

FROM
73 WGUE

The Caltech Amateur Radio Club, WGUE, had another active year in 1961-62, under the guidance of president Bill Reining, secretary-treasurer Jim Follansbee, and technical director Dave Large.

This was the last year for the club shack in the old Guard Room next to Sloan, and it saw efforts made to get equipment running prior to the big move to Winnett Student Center. After considerable effort and redesign the club's Viking II transmitter was put on the air on single sideband. Further work was done on the 813 amplifier to make it usable for CW operation.

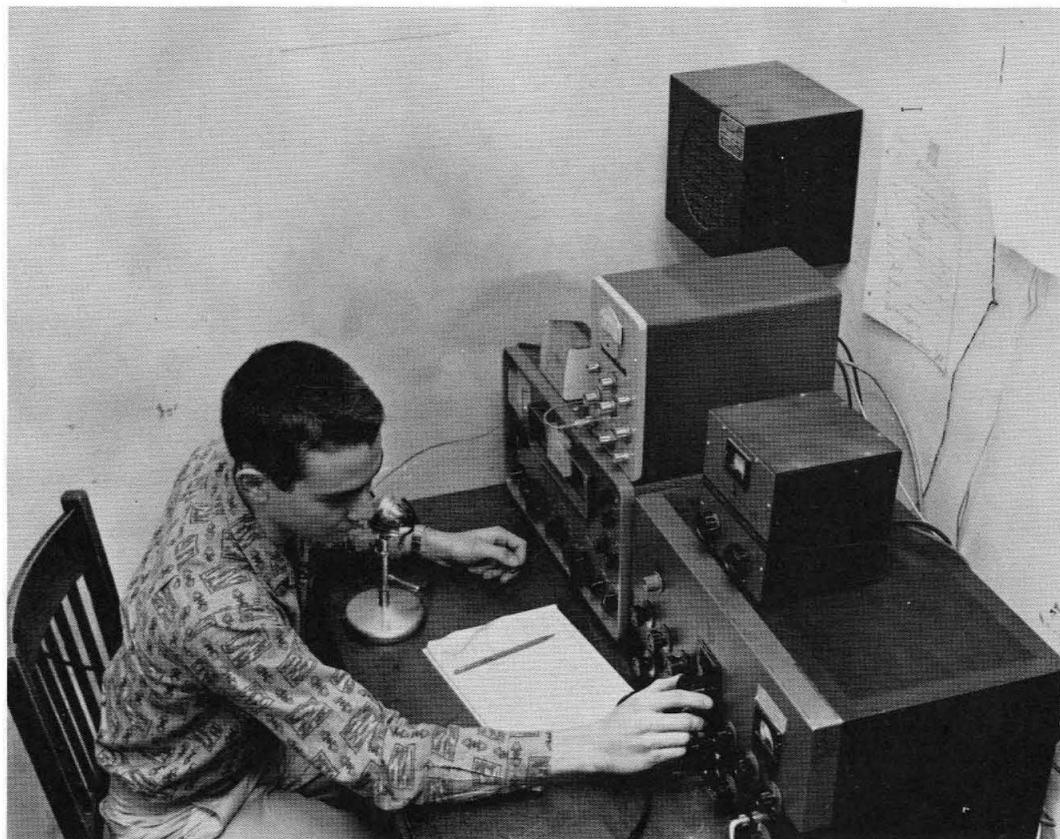
Radiograms continued to be sent via the Golden Bear Amateur Radio Net, but there were fewer requests as a result of less publicity. Several "phone patches" were made for students to their home towns.

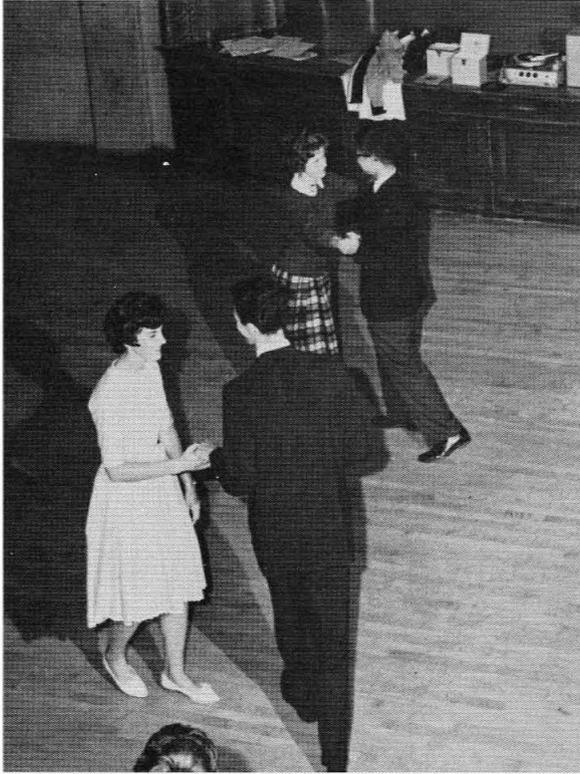
Usually very little happens with the club toward the end of school and during the summer, but the exact opposite was true in third term and summer of 1962. Close touch had been kept with the Physical Plant Department on all aspects of the new "shack" in Winnett as design and construction progressed, but all concerned were surprised when the entire station was suddenly moved, shovel-style, into the new Winnett room on May 28. Three days later thirty feet of tower, a triband beam antenna, an antenna rotor, and many feet of coaxial cable also arrived.

Installing all this took most of the summer. Many nights were spent cleaning up the room and wiring in the station equipment. Threading four coax cables and 16 control cables through 600 feet of conduit, shafts, and vents to the roof of Spalding, assembling the triband antenna and tower, designing and building a 16 element two-meter beam antenna, assisting Physical Plant to install the tower, raising the antennas and attaching them on the tower 115 feet up, and finishing all the detail work, kept several club members busy all summer.

As the new school year begins, the club is on the air from Winnett Center.

Bill Reining tunes into the net . . .





DANCE CLASS

Heel clicking at Culbertson Wednesday night.

"Hey Joe, how do you like this exchange?"

"Gee Jack, I ronnoh, thees ees the forst Calteg sahshal evant I have attend."

"But look at the girls. We tapped all our sources; we have girls from PCC, Westridge, UCLA, County Hospital, and IHC. Our social chairmen are really on the ball!"

"Yass, but feefty boys are here and a ratio of one gorl to ten boys makes it hard on me, a mere freshman."

"Oh, don't worry about that, just step in front of the friendly upperclassman and introduce yourself to the girl; initiation's over with anyway."

"Okeh, I try eet . . ." - - - "My name . . ."

"Myrtle, have you met that cute little freshman from Mexico? He claims he's an astronaut."

"Oh Gertrude, I'm sure he's just leading you on, you know how these Caltech boys are."

"Well, maybe he was; anyway, he wouldn't ask me to dance. Ever since the President broke something trying to keep up with Jackie, the boys have been kind of afraid to twist."

"Well Joe, how'd you do last night?"

"Funny theeng Jack, the gorls like me, but all they talk about was rockets and orbits and sputnigs and condowns and Elmer Gantry. Good theeng American

gorls talk so much, tho, because eef they stop talking, I have to ask them to dance and I ronnoh how to donce American donce!"

"What! You can't dance? This situation must be rectified immediately. Come down to the dining room Wednesday night and look for two sinister types: Ray Barglow and Pete Lazlo. ASCIT Dance Class is in their sweaty hands. For 50c they'll make a whirling dervish out of you."

"But will I learn to dance?"

"Don'r ask stupid questions, frosh!"

"Orright . . . Jack? . . ."

"Yes?"

"What's an orbiet?"

"Hey Joe, how do you like this exchange?"

"I ronnoh Jack, I wan to Donce Class like you say to and I lorn to fox trot and waltz like the teesher say to and I let my new-gained knowledge fructify for a week like Dean Strong say to and the only donces the gorls want to do is the tweest, and the stomp, and the hilly-fully and the sheemy and the mashed potatoes and the bassanowa . . ."



S A I L I N G C L U B

"Ah, for a life on the 'open'
seas . . ."

STUDENT SHOP

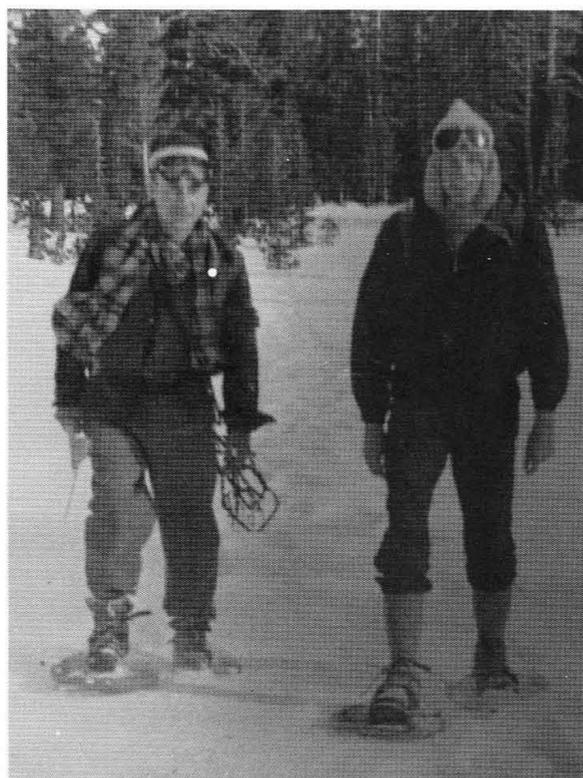
RIGHT TO LEFT: Al Cosand,
Bill Rosenberg, Bob Bump, Bill
Burke, John Smith, Kurt Kubler.



ALPINE CLUB

As usual, the Alpine Club engaged in many activities: practice and safety sessions at Mt. Pacifico and Stony Point, climbs at Tahquitz Rock and Joshua Tree National Monument, and several excursions into the Sierras, including an attempt on Mt. Ritter and Banner Peak which was abandoned because of a blizzard. This latter trip also cost one car (engine seizure in the middle of the

Mojave Desert). Due to the many activities first term being more attractive than snaking, the club lost some members. This occurrence, however, did not deter the others. This summer will see trips to the Sierra, Mt. Rainier, and the Tetons. Next year, the club plans further activities, aided by returning members now in Europe.



Bill Burke and Alf Pincha cross Mineret Summit in six feet of snow.



Bill Straka chops steps in an ice wall which collapsed shortly after the picture was taken.



ROTC RIFLES, KNEELING: B. Sweet, B. Peterson, captain; N. Camien. STANDING: L. Rice, D. Hill, J. Madey, J. Parker.



Captain Cary Stephenson and smug cadet John McCoy prepare to make like fast birds.



DRILL TEAM: Team commander Cadet Second Lieutenant Doug Abe inspects his men.

AIR FORCE ROTC

The Cadet Corps spent first term initiating its freshmen into AFROTC and the mysteries of drill. As usual, most of the new men had high coefficients of twitchiness, but things improved as the weeks went by. The high point of the term was a trip to March AFB, where the squadron inspected some of the base facilities and held a dining-in.

Second and third terms the program diversified as the squadron spent more time in athletics and leadership training. Dave Kauffman received the command from Gary Chamness at mid-year, and later led his men in a field exercise designed to capture Chamness along with Vic Engleman and Carl Baum. The drill team, under Doug Abe, wiped out Occidental while taking fifth place of 17 at Tucson. Six seniors received AF commissions.



STAFF, FROM RIGHT: T. Sgt. Richard Stafford; T. Sgt. Willard Garner; Capt. Cary Stephenson; S. Sgt. John Merchant; Major Lorrin Peterson.



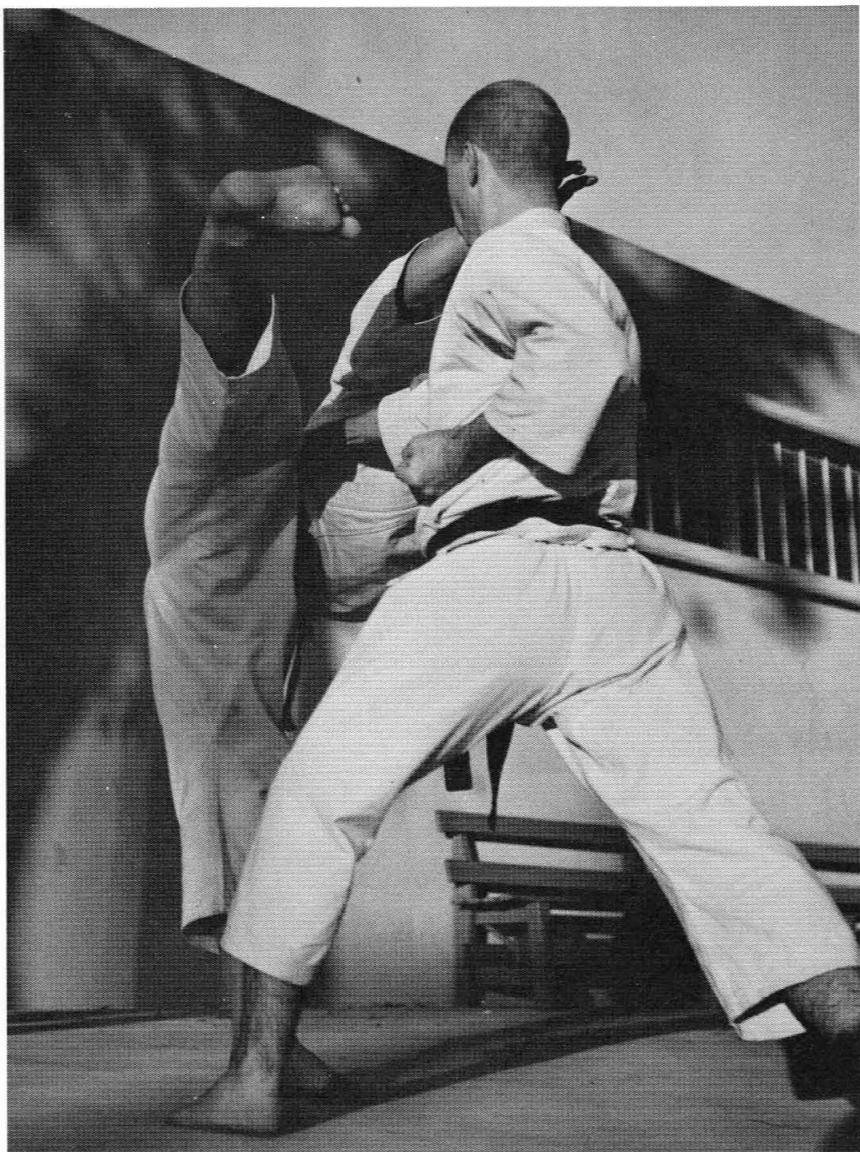
Gary, Chamness, Vic Engleman, and Carl Baum check their maps before setting out on the field exercise.

空手

College karate in the United States was started at Caltech. In 1956, T. Oshima of Waseda University came to California from Japan. Being an instructor of karate he was interested in starting karate in American schools. One of his idiosyncrasies was that he believed that coordination and character accompany intellect. Having this in mind he took a very bold gamble and began the Caltech Karate Club. This gamble has paid off: there now are karate clubs at UCLA, USC, Loyola, Long Beach State, Whittier and Pomona. These are members of the California and American federations which in turn are affiliated with the Japan Karate Association. This is interesting because Oshima, the founder, was a proponent of the Waseda school of karate which holds an opposing philosophical viewpoint and teaches slightly different fighting techniques than the Japan Karate Association.

This past year, instruction has been given by Hidetaka Nishiyama, 5th degree black belt, Lester Ingber and Larry Shampine. Mr. Nishiyama is active in organizing the All-American Karate Federation; he has taught US Armed Forces instructors the finer points of self defense; he is the head instructor of the Japan Karate Association. In Japan, his position is that of instructor of the instructors and ordinarily he would not teach beginners as he has done at Caltech.

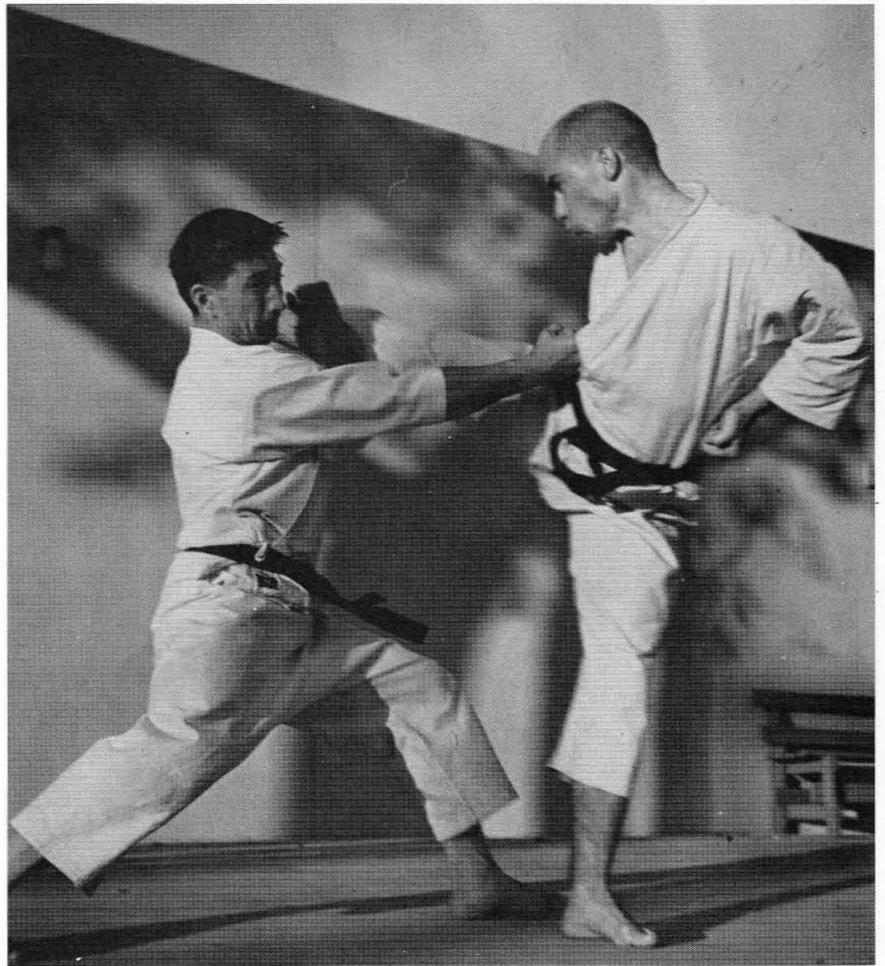
Les Ingber earned his 1st degree black belt this year after 3½ years of training; he has served as captain of the dojo (club) for the past two years. Larry Shampine, graduate of Tech and now a grad student here, is in the process of earning his black belt. Larry will serve as captain for the coming year.



CLUB

MEMBERSHIP:

Les Ingber
Larry Shampine
Bill Schrader
Jackson Ito
Richard Siquig
Jim Sagawa
Ying-Bun Woo
Mike Behrens
Bill Francis
Wendell Ing
Bill Tivol
Mike Palmiter
Bill Cheng
Dave Sellin
John Golden
Bob Goldstine



" . . . and I finally got sick of it, like who wants to analyze Fourier series when the birds and the bees are a-buzz? Anyway, as I was saying, I made the scene and surveyed the wares on display and there was hardly room to stand on the sand, like every grain was covered, so when I espied a bod-sized gap amongst the humanity, I proceeded to lay me down when up strolls this troll with wench on arm. He was magnificent! 98 pounds of brute man; his needs were simple: he wanted my space for her and himself, so he kicks sand in my face and calls me a 97 pound weakling, the girl cackling hysterically through the whole thing, I think she was showing early symptoms of sunstroke. But like I say, he shoved me around and his coarse method of handling inter-personal relations was effective: I only weighed 96½ pounds. This really jarred my intellectual ego; 60 pounds of me was my head, anyway, I resolved to get even with that bully; those feminine shrieks of merriment rang in my head as in an echo chamber: I was so mad I kicked a chair and broke my foot. Back at school I joined the karate club, and I worked and sweated and disciplined myself and denied myself and like I even became coherent when speaking; this went on for two years, then I flunked out because I wasn't getting any PE credit the last year, I was supposed to be playing badminton or something anyhow, I was now ready, so I went back and kicked that chair and broke it in half . . .

- - - the MAD Reader - - -





HOUSES

Continuing in the Blacker House tradition of working towards the goal of being a "home away from home," the returning upperclassmen, while mourning the losses of graduation, did their best to make the incoming freshmen feel the deep heartfelt and emotional concern for their well-being that marks a good Blackerite from birth. Exemplifying this concern, House president Pritchard, assisted by big brother Newton and little brother Lindsay, led the trusting new fledglings through the rigors of the Caltech survival course, including an Anti-Sex League, the old college pastime of picketing—in this instance, the Oaks Burlesque House, and the joys of cleanliness—which as we all know is next to godliness (and everyone at Caltech needs a little extra going for him).

Blacker's trio of social chairmen kept the special course moving with frequent exchanges, so we could learn of the basic perpetrators of Evil for ourselves. An off-campus party was held so we could all delve more deeply into the specialties which we chose for investigation. The culmination of all this deep searching was the Interhouse Dance, held in the shadows of a huge volcano of the dark past and deep in the throat of a mammoth cave. Also attending were seven ante-Christians and an anteatler, which has since been stolen by the labs of JPL for analysis. This date marked the fall of big and Little Brothers from power, and the renaissance of the Blacker Church. Even Little Brother was influenced by the stirring revival, receiving a B+ in Ma 108.

BLACKER

Dick Robertson was hard at work all year long too. At the end of first term, his roommate Eric left for the silver pastures of Nevada. At the end of second term, his roommate Mick left for the salt of the ocean (sigh). At the end of third term his roommate wouldn't leave. Striving to retain his perfect record, Dick threatened to throw him off the sleeping porch; however, he was unable to get Tom off the floor, even after practicing faithfully with his weights every day.

Also leaving for the forest of Montana was Curt Strobeck. Seems he just couldn't stay out of those trees.

Second term followed close on the heels of first term. Debauchery ran high, as did everyone else, at the snow party. The weatherman smiled upon us at last, providing real snow, including a blizzard that nearly blocked all the roads the night before.



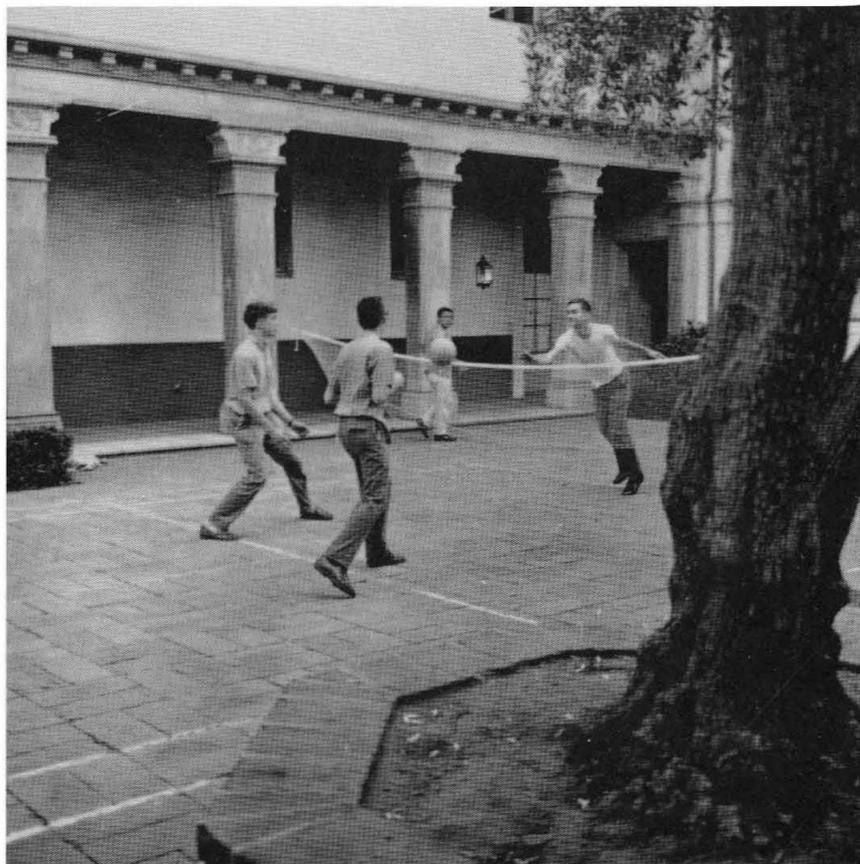
Blacker once again surprised Dean Eaton on that fateful night of Interhouse Sing by WINNING! It was also a surprise to the twenty two loyal yodelers who at once fell to backslapping and screaming, however with dignity and reserve as opposed to the year before. Dave Kauffman, fearless leader, was carried in triumphal procession through the streets.

Also Blacker's trusty batallion of eleven, in their Fiat tank, successfully stormed the steps of the infidel during the parking riot and drove through the halls of Throop, also in triumphal procession, beeping loudly with glee. Later Carl was handed a citation by Officer Fig for his efforts.

The end of second term saw a cleansing from Heaven as an expression of God's wrath in the form of the second flood (lasting only 40 minutes, however). It also brought the installation of a new executive House board, which had nothing to do with the higher powers. Mild-mannered "Red" Carter became President; Art Johnson was elected veep; Tom Latham (freshman of yesteryear) was swept into the treasurer's post; Steve Teigland and Al Pfeffer were elected to garner the athletic honors for the following year; and working under the assumption that two heads are better than one, the quartet of Dick Robertson, Bob Sweet, Guy Jackson, and Mike Entin were chosen to be social chairmen.



The serenity of third term was marred by few noteworthy events. A new non-resident associate, to replace Dr. George Beadle, was found in the personage of Matt Sands, who has since provided us with many interesting visits and visitors in his quest to bring civilization to Caltech. Muscle Beach also lost one of its frequent visitors with the return of Rick Green, whom everyone thought had learned his lesson the first time. However, he fooled us all. Dave Drummond did learn his lessons however . . . he passed math: Third time lucky, they say.

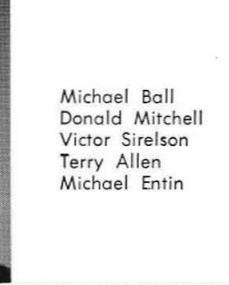
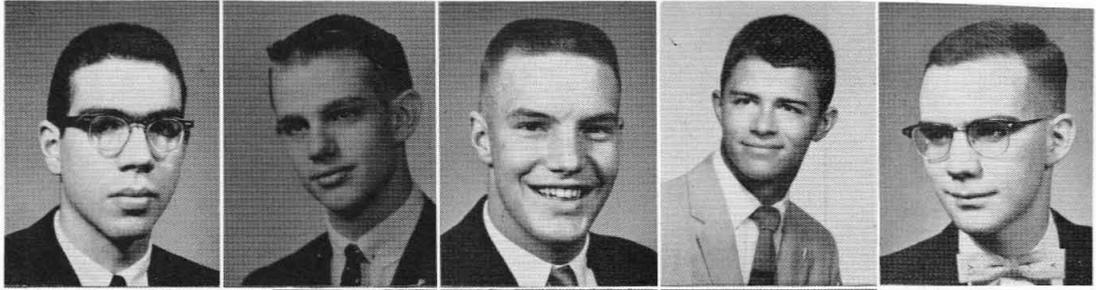


The \$yndicate once again reared its ugly tail with flagrant displays on the beaches of Newport, led by our angelic veep and discreet Steve Teigland.

The interhouse basketball team also emerged victorious . . . for some reason . . . maybe even skill.

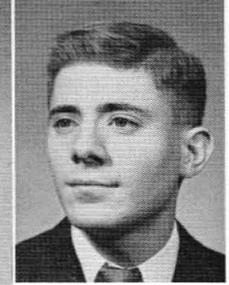
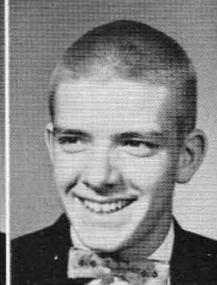
And so the year ended, with Blacker drawing nearer to its homey goal . . . or maybe its gamey hole. And none too soon! !

John Bacon
 Gary Scott
 Barry Dinius
 Robert Sweet
 John Miller



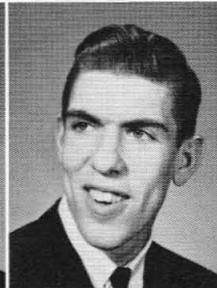
Michael Ball
 Donald Mitchell
 Victor Sirelson
 Terry Allen
 Michael Entin

Mickey Newton
 Bruce Carter
 Al Huber
 Bill Cheng
 Cartor Naylor



Gary Dahlman
 Kurt Anderson
 Peter Mazur
 David Sherlock
 Steve Farber

John Sovari
 Douglas Josephson
 Bill Zama
 Dick Robertson
 Ronald Rimmel



David Hearn
 Larry Oliver
 Karvel Thornber
 Bob Diller
 David Bortin

BLACKER

The one-eyed monster strikes again: The game is called "How-many-people-can-you-stuff-into-room-15-between-5:30-and-6:00-any-weekday-evening?" All other TV shows come to a soupy demise as the great white dog sings his "livingsongs" and runs races with himself around the sets and cameras. A rough approximation of his reaction would be "Blek-oh-leh-oh."



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Despite the lack of "Non-Arbitrary-Student-Placement," the school year began as scheduled in late September with Jon Arndt (above) leading the Darbs with his laconic manner. "Shall we adjourn," led to too many cracks about hockey players in particular. Vic Engleman executed the job of Executive Vice President, much to his discredit . . . his motto during the campaign ran something like "Vic for Vice . . . President." And (W+M) endell and Dave Barker nailed down the social organization of the house. Secretary Don O'Hara and Treasurer Rich Peterson did what all good secretaries and treasurers do, what ever that is . . . Julie Prince and Dave Justin Osias took over the co-ordination of the ventilated green tee shirts. Rick Masson was yon hysterical Historian and Bill Bush yon liberal Librarian. And then there was Bill (no wise cracks) Tivol in the liquid assets department, and in New Jersey, the number to call is Blgelow 6-

The year was initiated with a flaming start by the annual get-acquainted barbeque. Lester Ingber, making one of his rare appearances, demonstrated his great talent at cremating hamburgers, "Brooklyn style." After a "brief but rigorous" period of initiation, notably lacking in the raw liver (passe), the year got off to a rousing start with a Friday the Thirteenth party which found Don O'Hara on the couch and a Barn Dance which saw the world's first crew race in sub-freezing weather. Despite the chill of the evening, the Darbs won both the crew and flamers races.

Starting off early in the year to inscribe his name in the annals of history, one Warren Teitelman managed to have seven consecutive dates broken. A sign was seen to appear on his door in the midst of the streak "Guess the current number and win a smack in the mouth." But Warren managed to break his streak in a rather spectacular manner by having three dates for the same evening. When last seen, he was still running.



The faculty party found more than a hundred Darbs, dates and Faculty in the splendor of a Spanish villa set against the mountains. Ricardo Gomez showed a remarkable talent for charades and gave some fine instruction on the play of the game. The party also featured a hand-carved couch and Don O'Hara.

Interhouse was its usual spectacular success with a Pinocchio theme featuring a large number of gadgets. Much to everyone's disappointment, there was no rain, and much to Don O'Hara's disappointment, the couches were moved out of the lounge. Interhouse saw a great deal of co-operation and much to everyone's glee the whole thing was torn down and stashed away within 55 minutes (after requiring two weeks for construction).

The social whirl continued with an exchange with Brandeis, Smith, Berkeley, and Rice . . . there. This was followed by the annual Christmas fete with a Santa well Suitted for the job. Sam, JPL's answer to Cape Canaveral, saw that all the presents were distributed before he fell asleep.

A twist party opened second term and was followed by the "Greatest Party-party" ever which was aided by acolyte bartenders who mistook a pitcher for a shot glass. Bush had no 'vantage point, but Mendell had his Yo-yo. The yo-yo craze continued well into third term.

On February 4, the world came to an end. Fortunately, the Darbs were away at the time for the weekend having a Snow (sic) Rain party so they didn't notice. The pajama party which followed was a smashing success for at least three Darbs for varied reasons. Barker and friend matched oriental costumes, while O'Hara found the couch rather comfortable. Bob Jernigan was not able to match **his** date's outfit, but that too was fortunate.

The term kept rolling along with some-other-kind-of-party. Every one came dressed as he or she had never dressed before and did things they hadn't done before except O'Hara. Maralee Warren was able to come up with something while Herb Flindt and date won the grand prize by showing up in a cannibal pot.

The next week saw an exchange which then led to "Soph Art's Fall" the traditional French party. Thus ended second term . . . but not before elections . . . After the usual hassle, a constitutional amendment was passed changing voting procedures on a certain committee to the usual warnings of doom from change.

The new slate of officers and office-holders was then duly elected. Art Robinson won the Prexy post, Dave Divoky grabbed the Veep spot, the team of Clauser, Whitney, and Knapp became Social chairmen. Jerry Gowen was elected secretary along with Doug Hill (treasurer), and Yeagley and Zook (athletic managers) . . . Furthermore, Stan Christman was the new historian and the liquid assets passed to the hands of . . .



Third term turned into the swinging'est social term seen in many years and the house GPA showed it. The opening was the traditional officer's initiation party. One Juliam Prince was enjoying the party for two reasons . . . it was nice to be on the outside looking in and he finally found some one as short as he . . . and cool too. A bottle of aspirins seemed to floor Vic Engleman especially when proffered by a living Florence Nightingale.

Larry Gowen nailed down the first awarding of the EE Taylor trophy (conclusively) during the evening. There was even a couch for Don O'Hara.

The Rumble featured Ridolphi and Haskins as bartenders . . . thus it was guaranteed to be a wild party. Red lanterns lent atmosphere but were rapidly snuffed as a "raid" was forthcoming. Fortunately the liquid assets were saved, but Arndt was still curious as to who had his drawers. You see, someone had taken them out of his dresser to move from one room to another because Arndt had two dressers, and . . . well, it's really much to complicated to explain.

One of the huge features of the term was an overnight beach exchange during which Yeagley and Scott learned the joy of sharing and Dan Brogan also got a big surprise. But the beach exchange was followed shortly by a beach party of a similar nature.

The Barn Dance was one of the most exciting ever. The crew lines were drunk in fantastic record times and the Darbs managed to come through in flammers in fine style. The mantle will not be bare next year what with the discobolus and flammers in addition to the bridge trophy and bowling trophy.

The year swung to its wild climax with the Luau in the Hollywood Hills. Roast Pig, Barbecued Chicken, Fried Rice, Papayas, Bananas, Strawberries, Apples, Oranges . . . all in plentious quantities lent a festive air to the event. Swimming, dancing, talking and of course refreshments all combined to make a most successful Luau.

On a quiet morning, one short week later, there was heard, (just barely by seniors who were trying to get some sleep) at a moderate 80 db, the theme song of Caltech finals week. And thus draws to a close . . .





Leland De Priest



Wendell Mendell

D



James Sagawa



Robert Jernigan

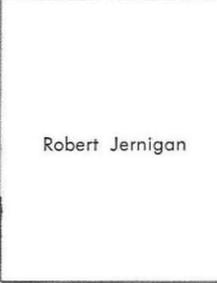


Neal Wright

A



Doug Hill



John Clauser

B



Hebert Flindt



Dave Barker

N



Steve Christman



Bill Reining



Art Turner

E



Charles Knapp

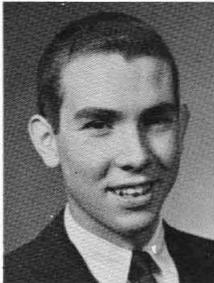


Frank Winkler

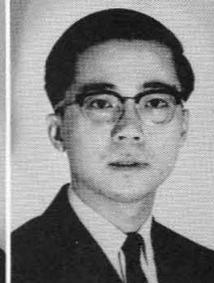
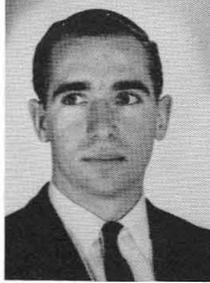
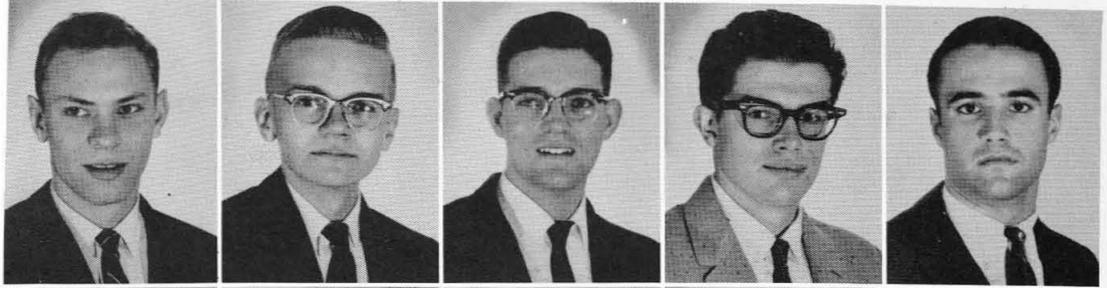
Y



Richard Peterson

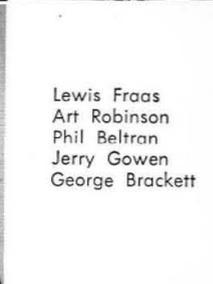
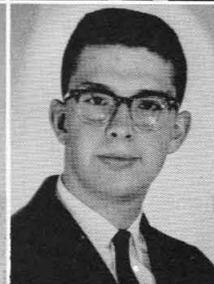
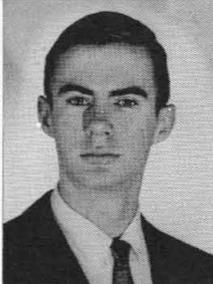


Harold Haskins
Chris Dalton
John Burke
Rich Uhrich
Carl Wittenbert



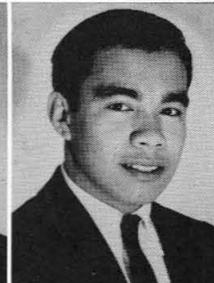
Bob Scott
Bill Francis
Ray Fernandez
Dave Davis
Ying-Bun Woo

Roger Davison
Jack Comly
Bill Bush
I-Lok Chang
Paul Swatek



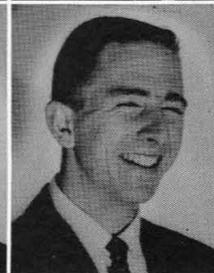
Lewis Fraas
Art Robinson
Phil Beltran
Jerry Gowen
George Brackett

John Hsu
Warren Peascoe
James Yee
Bob Bruner
Don O'Hara



Steve Lowe
Dan Brogan
Rick Maxson
Rod Zook
Rich Siauin

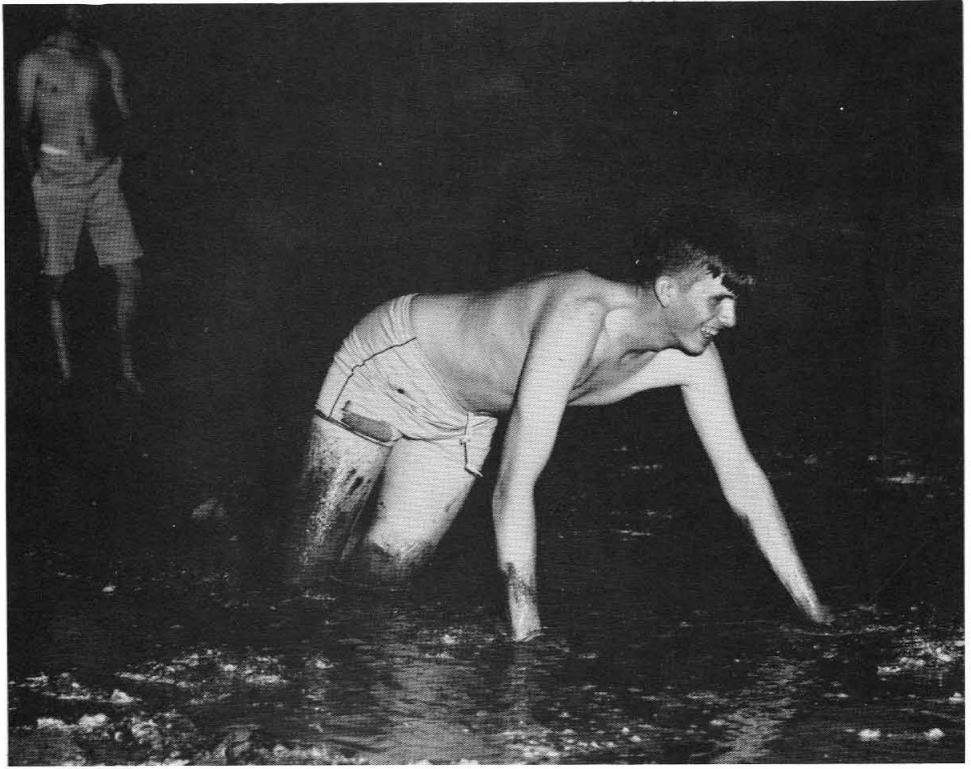
Jim Whitney
Hal Moeller
Dave Lambert
Howard Monell



FLEMING

M. S. found on a Chinese fortune cookie slip inserted in a Saga biscuit.

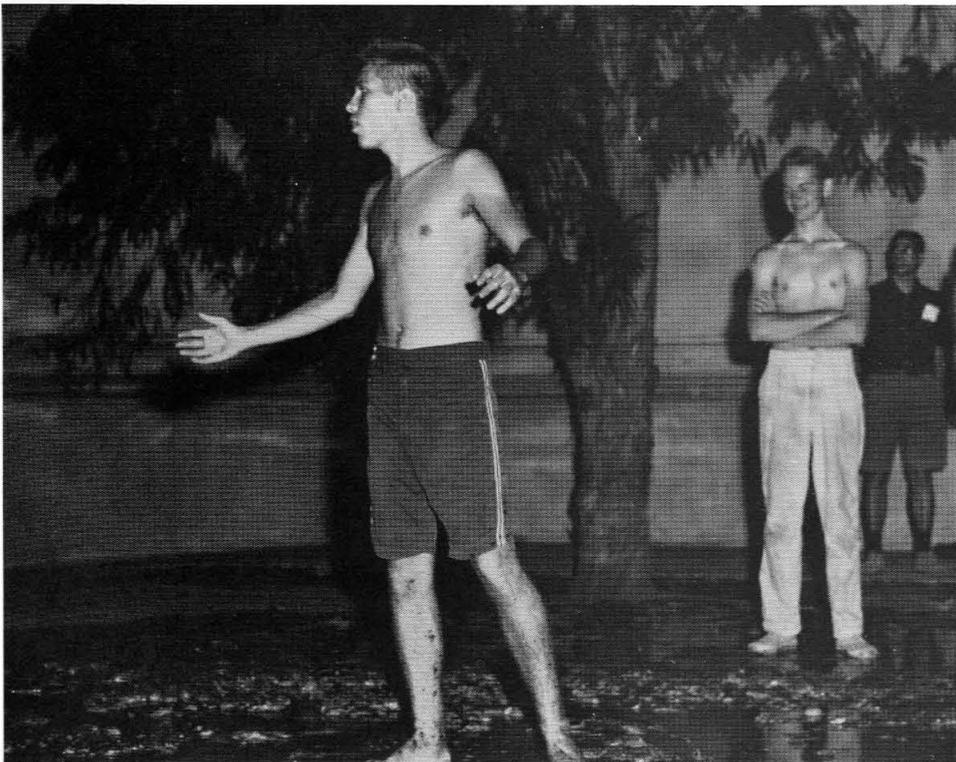
Putting first things first, we should say that initiation was its usual stimulating and hydr-ous self this year, culminating in a demonstration that virgin houses are now going for \$100 per night. At least that was the value determined by the I.H.C.; Fleming agreed that it was well worth it.



True to ancient tradition, the nature of the Fleming Interhouse remained a mystery to all outsiders, and for that matter, to all insiders, until that last minute arrival of one of the house-

members with a date closely resembling an alligator induced an atmosphere of a swampy nature, leading to (naturally) a Riverboat theme.

Before one could say Ydigoras, the Dining Room had been converted into a theater, complete with original melodrama, the courtyard had been flooded to accommodate the aforementioned saurian, while the Fleming House Five Plus Two regaled visitors with the finest Dixieland this side of Arroyo Seco.



Not satisfied with one Interhouse, the Men of Fleming insisted on keeping in practice by building another in the midst of third term, cleverly disguising it as an exchange in order to dull the apprehensions of the other houses. Our gnome-like engineers industriously walled off the courtyard with ASCIT dance floor sections and craftily filled thousands of water balloons with air, a brilliant improvisation, thus converting the house into a reasonable facsimile of the Roaring Twenties, including a rat race in the lounge and a speak easy serving genuine "beer."



That many other "social events" filled the rest of the year is amply demonstrated by the resulting marriages of three house members including the abject capitulation of the President of the Women Are Evil Club.



At Interhouse Sing this year . . .

. . . as you may have read in many sources. We have, however, high hopes for next year!

Since atrocity stories are always popular, we include the following:

Noticing that the men of Fleming had developed small and painfully red eyes while peering desperately at the apartments-for-rent sections of the STAR NEWS in our beloved lounge, the great gods of the Student House Office spike forth "Fiat Lux . . ." and in the fullness of time, a small obscurely Freudian and faintly Baroque object appeared in one corner of the hitherto chaste lounge. Although amid the imprecations of the troops our beloved aesthetic star turned thumbs down on this artistic creation, yet it hung on like a veritable raven, casting its baleful glow upon the unhappy residents. Finally, driven to desperation, a band of approximately 70 masked men invaded our sacred precinct, absconded with said luminary, and lynched it from the Throop flagpole. Our ever-alert guards, recognizing a bargain, removed this jewel to grace their office, although somewhat confused as to its origin and function. Eventually, however, Officer Sherlock Fig, professing to be baffled himself, turned over this **objet d'art** to the Pasadena Guardians of Public Morality, where to the best of our knowledge it reposes this day.

We hope that Fleming will continue in the future as it has in the past . . . never to let the institute interfere with our educations.



John Weber
 Roger Minear
 Steve Ross
 Carlton Paul
 David Falconer
 James McCoy

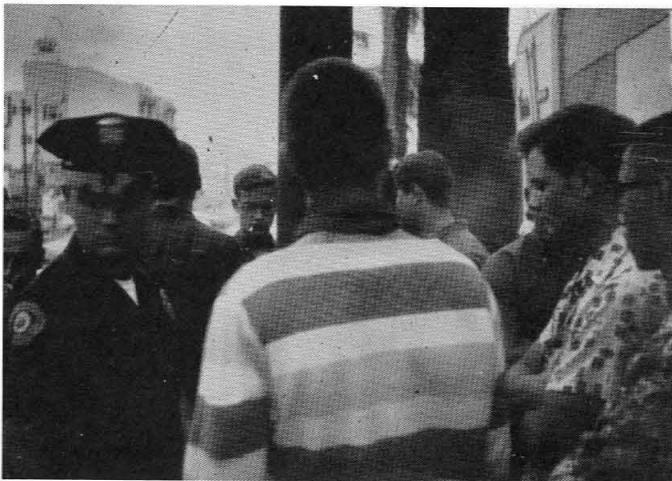
Frank Graham
 Bill Smith
 Jim Stadler
 David Colton
 Steve Green
 Sig Hoverson

I am living at the House of Lloyd. There is not a sign of hope anywhere, nor a woman in the place. We are all alone here, and we are dead.

I was perfectly happy when I entered on my first day as a Caltech freshman. And yet from the beginning, when I was approached by a representative of Fingal, Inc., to purchase some lightning bolts, or something, I developed an unreasoned dread of the place. I could not have known that these walls would contain so many frustrations and disappointments, would so circumscribe my contact with what I dimly remember as "the world," that even now I awake in a cold sweat as muffled music oozes through the damp walls in the early morning, rousing me from my slumber, my sanity.

It is now the third term of my first year at Caltech. I came here for a reason I have not yet been able to fathom. And yet there are times when my existence becomes almost tolerable. During the initiation week I was still idealistic. The day was crisp and new as President Ford rose to address the impressionable freshmen in his most dignified manner. "Gentlemen, we have a movie to film. This compulsory activity will occur several days hence on Colorado Boulevard. We will require bit parts, so the filming will be at a busy intersection near 5:00 in the evening." It was not difficult for us to attract a large crowd, which stood gaping for 30 minutes as Lloyd frosh scampered here and there measuring lighting conditions, and as a professional (?) cameraman from Bjo of Mathom House, Los Angeles, filmed a scene not unlike one from a gangster film of the 1920's. The filming ended as quickly as it began. The manager of the Tops restaurant, before which the action took place, soon became dismayed at having rough-necks beating up other hoods and scaring off his customers and summoned aid from the friendly Pasadena Public Servants.

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"Who is in charge here?" the man in blue asked producer-director J. Crabtree, who promptly referred him to Publicity Manager, C. Mitchner. Meanwhile the cameraman and actors were silently and quickly packing their

equipment into nearby automobiles. "Perhaps it was dirty to leave Charlie holding the bag," reflected J. C. later at dinner, "but that's public relations." Clearly a passionless human being, and he sneered as he wantonly flicked the ashes of his foul cigar into the Saga Bidet.

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Hey Diddle Diddle
It's Feynman and Physics,
Graduation, a Ph.D.

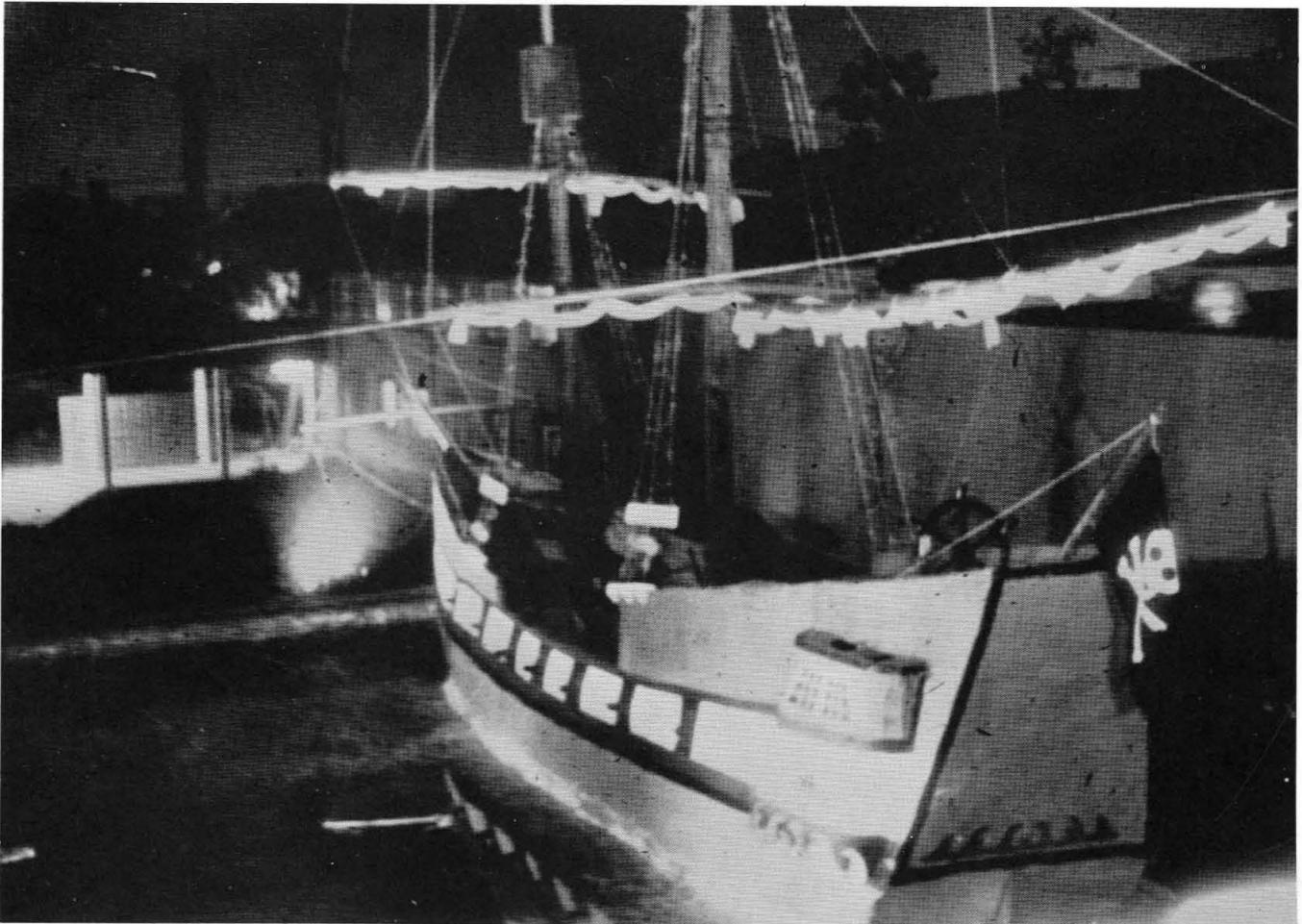
And the little girls' laugh
To see what snakes
We are made of by CIT.

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A new life was opening for me at the House of Lloyd. Not even Thanksgiving and we were already planning for what was to be the year's tallest and (alas, for the \$3.00 assessments were not happily looked upon) most expensive Interhouse Dance of the year. The Barbary coast of the 17th-18th century sprang up magically overnight, and a faulty container for the three inches of water in the courtyard provided for a remarkable semblance of the aftermath of a tidal wave.



A flooded and beautiful courtyard—Lloyd Interhouse—1961

But I should not have been so enthusiastic that evening. Joy cannot last, and real life returned, as did the dawn and the bills. Without the whole hearted co-operation and earnest efforts of B & G we could not have possibly established a new norm of extravagance for a single evening's entertainment, and to them I extend my most insincere gratitude. The horror was too much. By the end of the first term each of the social chairmen had resigned, leaving the House with no program by means of which to while away the second period of cold indifference of Them. And so from the broken skull of Anguishi did the Seven headed Monster spring, the illegitimate child of cold indifference. Seven social chairmen were chosen, one from each alley, each to produce one event during the term. Despite dire predictions of success, IT performed well, giving Lloyd one of its more enjoyable and diversified social programs. And then the breakdown occurred. Dressing ourselves like the children we are, we invited innocent lovelies to what was innocuously called the "Little Boy Little Girl Exchange."



I did not think my method of attire inappropriate, since, abbreviated pants and dresses seemed the rule, and so in choosing the cleverest costume I was appalled at the unapprobating looks of the crowd when I came on the dress, which I thought surely was most attractive.

The monotony was again broken at an impressive first social event of the third term, under the regime of the newly elected, legitimate social chairmen.

" . . . Happy Birthday dear Grandma,
Happy Birthday to-o you-o-o,"

rang the appropriate greetings at the House of Lloyd's first "Happy Birthday Grandma Moses Twist and Limbo Exchange," as Grandma (Shapiro) Moses herself sprinted into the lounge. "Where is that cute little man with the beard. I want to twist with him first," said the little old — in her finest falsetto.



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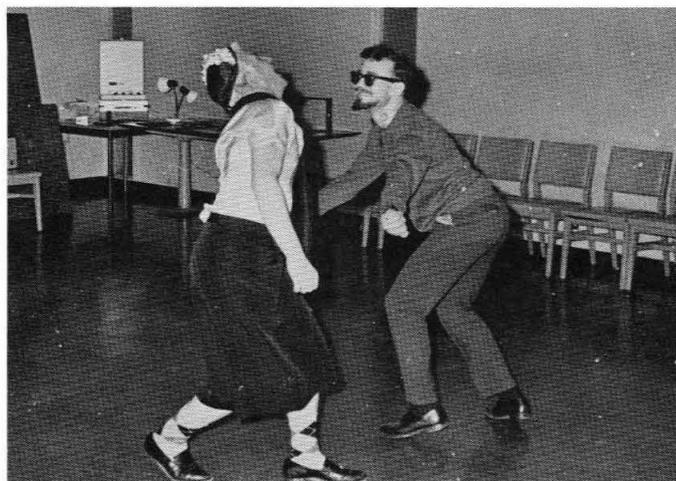
Hey Diddle Diddle
Apostle's a puzzle
Nor for Freshmen nor Sopho-
mores to see.

* * * *

* * * *

"Probability first,"
"No! Grad, del dot, and curl,"
Math and Physics quarrel at C.I.T.

* * * *



The bitter winter passed quickly, as did memories of the \$300 assessment from B & G for Interhouse clean-up. But it was nearly spring and thoughts of Lloyd men naturally turned to finals and to the Interhouse Sing. "Our aim is not to win, but to produce an enjoyable program for the audience," were the director's final words. And so it was with much warmth that the audience accepted the glee club's fairly relaxed delivery, though they were a bit shocked at such spicy numbers as "Santa Teresa's Bookmark" and "Good News," which the Bawds of Lloyd on Avon belted out for their second year of second place. Larry Kugler solemnly dedicated the final number, "Get me to the Church on Time," to junior Bill Schraeder, who indeed was getting married in the morning.

Enjoyment! A fig! A few of us attempt to widen our interests, but the cold unconcern of an unsympathetic universe screws us back to the block.

Hey Diddle Diddle
It's Pauling in Politics
Called up by HUAC.

And the Chemical Bond
Looks indiff'rently on
"Study me, I am God, follow me."

And yet we manage to find a measure of escape in our athletics.



I was very happy to find that Lloyd had a fine softball team, something good with which to start the year. With the pitching and the slugging of Howenstine, Gillespie, Ruddick, and the Rest, Lloyd finished in a three way tie for first. Our tennis team surprised me. After creaming everyone last year, Lloyd was not expected to be able to repeat. But we must have thought we were a team of Dick Hesses, as we managed a second place.

Swimming uncovered a star in Evan Suits, who proved to be a competent performer, and Lloyd finished third. The sundaes were rolling in as football approached. Football never fails to bring out the best jocks of Lloyd. Stalwarts Ford, Gillespie, Ruddick, Howenstine, and Morrhead led the rest of a fine team to second place after an unfortunate loss of our first game. This marked the high point of the year as we were tied for first in the Interhouse race. But despite all the weatherman could do, we had to participate in a track meet (it was postponed about four times over a period of a month because of rain). With some of our best men lost for one reason or another, bad tidings seemed in store, and indeed disaster followed in a sixth place finish. This more or less shattered Lloyd's hopes for the trophy, but we lost not without a battle from all Lloyd men.

Hey Diddle Diddle
We've stocks and we've bonds
We've finally got our degree.

And the little girls swoon
To see the dough
We'd not make but for C.I.T.

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Steve Watson
Donald Davis
Mark Gurnee
Terry Ernest

Ron Findlay
Richard Blish
Gary Clinard
Charles Michener

Gerald Chandler
David Windsor
Randy Ware
Rick Hake

Ivar Tombach
Lee Molho
George Dickenson
Walter Scott

Volker Vogt
Al Gillespie
Wayne Huber
Rainer McCown

Joe Cullen
Bob Storwick
Mike McCammon
Jim Shaw

At New Student Camp, 1961, Bob Koh was kidnapped and removed bodily to Pasadena by a rebellious group of his constituents from Page House. This inelegant RF was in many ways typical of the year at Page because it was hilarious to those involved in the abduction, it struck terror into a poor freshman whose fate it was to resemble Koh in the dark, it failed to amuse the Institute, and it made no significant contribution to the Search for Ultimate Truth.

Koh returned to camp in time to give his speech, to the delight of everyone present. However, even with his words of wisdom to forearm them, the Page House frosh were not prepared for the initiation that lay ahead of them. In order to make them realize the terrors of a Communist state, and in the hope of making them fiercely vigilant to protect our free institutions, they were (only temporarily, of course) denied the exercise of their privileges as Americans. Organized in the People's Party of Page, they competed among themselves to gain merit in the eyes of the Party, through contests of ineptitude, dialectic skill, eroticism, and buffoonery. Halfway through the proceedings, they staged an ill-advised revolt, which was easily suppressed, and followed by a general purge. The high point of initiation was a spontaneous demonstration against the bourgeois tendencies of Dabney House which was without a doubt the best organized such affair in the free world.

After initiation was over, we discovered that we indeed had received a remarkable freshman class. It included "probably the best mathematician in the class," the most ineffective work chairman in the history of the school, half of the worst frosh basketball team in years, and (BFD) the appointed President of the Class of '65.

We also discovered that we had a remarkable benefactor watching over us, as Mr. Page bestowed upon us three segments of washable wallpaper (later confirmed), a portrait of himself, a walnut buffet, and a rumor of a house hi-fi (later confirmed).

Other rumors were rife throughout the house that fall. Some claimed that we had elected a four-man team of Social Chairmen the year before, but there was little supplementary evidence to corroborate them. The lack of a social program



PPP at Dabney outing.

was particularly conspicuous. We did bring off Interhouse Dance with split second timing as usual, however, recreating Dante's Inferno through the efforts of Burgess, Dick, and Weingarten, helped occasionally by the rest of the house. We turned the lobby and courtyard into a maze of tunnels, which were dark and crowded and just perfect for pinching unseen passers-by. The courtyard was



With one day left . . .

dominated by a phosphorescent Satan devouring sinners, an active volcano incinerating sinners, a brawny Headless Man terrifying sinners, and sinners on their way to the tunnels.

The Headless Man later appeared on the Occidental campus, where he passed unnoticed until he reported for football practice and denied that he held an athletic scholarship.

Aside from Interhouse, the major triumph of the nebulous Social Chairmen was the institution of the Joe College Night: Joe College Football Night resulted in a letter of apology to CHM, the alienation of the football team, a bill to the house for a bonfire in the street, and the expulsion of one house member; Movie Night resulted in a mass disillusionment about the pulchritude and democracy of Roz Russell; Basketball resulted in Pete Rux bringing a date to it. However, if the social program was designed to further the relations between boys and girls, it was a huge success: Manning, Dash, Siegel, Meyer, Weingarten, Ross, and Rabinowitz all made plans to get married and all but Dash, Meyer, and of course, Rabinowitz, went through with it.

As the year went on, various personalities asserted themselves and were immediately suppressed. Burgess grew a beard and one day donned a black suit and a stove-pipe hat and went about spouting preachments from the **Memoirs of Lincoln**. He barely escaped assassination . . . Cline, Choy, and Kurtz went 180 degrees out of phase with the rest of the house, sleeping during the day, and emerging only at night to forage and leave notes for the day people. Emerson went to TJ, and later to a clinic for a Wasserman, where he told the nurse he was from Caltech. "Oh yes, Page House," she said, an unsolicited testimonial to the virility of the house. Entingh grew a beard in imitation of Burgess. Holtz, for the second consecutive year, failed to sell any Girl Scout Cookies in the house, although he made an impressive showing in the surrounding neighborhood. Follansbee started to assemble the house hi-fi, and King volunteered to temporize on the cabinets. Metcalf faded into obscurity after his moment of glory as ASCIT social chairman. Typical Techman Taylor got himself written up in three magazines and two newspapers. Arnold, Schultz and Ollis were spotted and



Curtis & Litle work feverishly while Burgess supervise construction (?)



After the party's over . . .





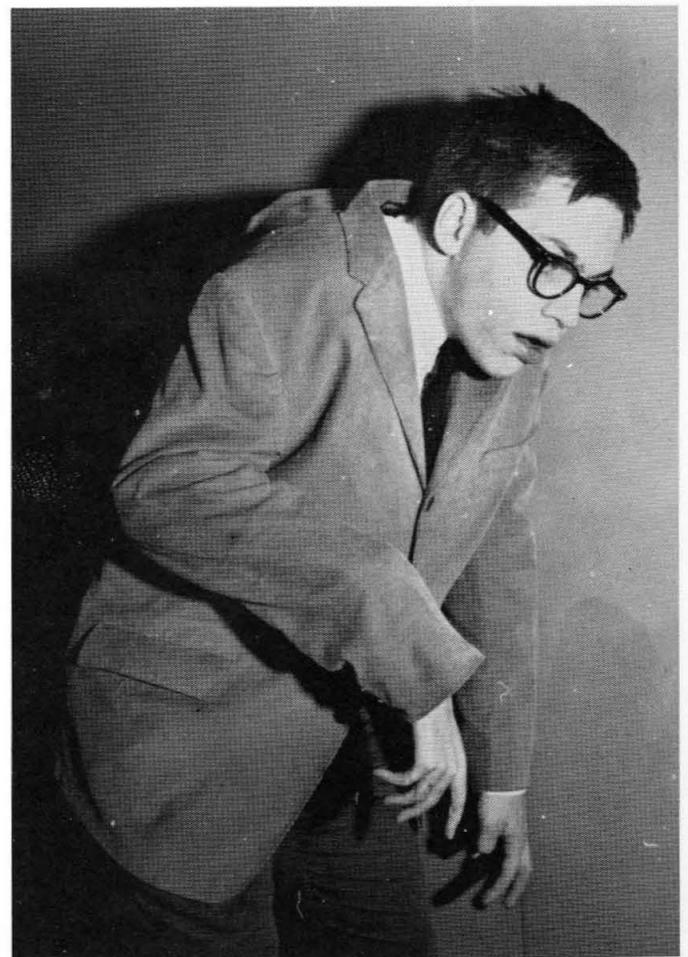
chased by fifteen carloads of hoods while they were taking an evening walk in San Marino. They sacrificed their pride to their will to survive and scuttled to Sunny Italy through back yards, porches, clotheslines, and hedges. Beauchamp won a contest in losing weight with Hewitt and Kurtz, though nobody noticed it. Fellner found a new way to ingest spaghetti.

Airy Acres submitted twenty CS challenges to the house, though none was effectively answered. Later, the same group, now named more appropriately, CS Alley, contested Ace Alley in miniature golf. Mullin fired a clutch 55 on the final 18 to win a close decision and take possession of the non-existent trophy. Hero Mullin declined to accept any praise for his feat, however, but insisted that it was a team effort: Father, Son, Holy Ghost, and Mullin. Lipson tool a pool hustler for \$53, which he never collected. The John Birch Society paid us a dinner visit, and left sorrowing over the youth of the country, that it could be so deceived and so insensible to logical argu-

ments. Noll was named to the All-Conference Second Team in basketball.

This brings to mind the house's singular athletic situation. We were essentially one big jock strap. We took the Varsity Rating Trophy two years in a row by comfortable margins. We at times lost ourselves collectively in a monomania like playing with a handball in a storeroom or with a tennis ball in the courtyard. We, in fact, were loaded with such talent that most of it was ineligible to compete in amateur contests like Interhouse Sports and Discobolous, hence we didn't do well at all in these. We won a Discobolous challenge but lost three others, tied for first in Interhouse softball, took fifth in swimming, fifth in tennis, and third in football. In track we fielded the best four-man team in the meet, but the scoring was broken down by houses, so we took fifth. The basketball and volleyball teams registered disappointing thirds. At the end of the year, we stood fourth in the Interhouse standings, and tied for last in Discobolous. Ironic, isn't it?

POLIO ON THE MOVE...



Perhaps the symbol of the athletic supporter is too restrictive, for we had other talents as well. Lorden led us to third place in the Interhouse Sing competition under scoring rules which I still don't understand. We took the Goldsworthy Interhouse Scholastic Achievement Trophy with a house GPA of 2.98, without a doubt the highest in the history of the school. And we held possession of the Interhouse Bridge Trophy, which graced the lounge in tarnished splendor.

A divergence of interest became apparent during second term as the sophomores and freshmen found a friend in Jim Davis, Resident Associate. The seniors and juniors, however, led by the Koh in-group, rejected this diluted form of Momism and lived unto themselves as was their wont. The February elections revealed the existence of a sophomore machine that demonstrated its power in a time of crisis by electing its ticket across the board. Spicer Conant became president; Dave Owen was vice president; Leon Thompson, secretary; Thor Hanson, treasurer; Don Dick and Barry Peterson, social chairmen; John Rayner and Jerry Thomas, athletic managers, and Roger Whitlock, librarian.

The house also participated in campus politics, to a small degree, but at high levels. Rabinowitz was elected ASCIT president, Wilson was elected YMCA president; and Emerson made it to the top of the Math Club. Rabinowitz, Lindh, and Garrison were appointed members of the BOC. When the elections failed to produce an editor for the California Tech, an eight-men board assumed control of the newspaper. The board, which included Noll, Taylor, Koh, and Couch, soon demonstrated its journalistic taste by converting the **Tech** into an instrument of Page House propaganda.

After we tired of elections, the new social chairmen devised new means to entertain us, starting with a Tijuana party. They showed good promise of following in the footsteps of their predecessors, for the TJ party resulted in one blown tire, one thrown rod, one encounter with a cop, two more with the border patrol, and \$38 in fines for attempted smuggling. However, the fact that the party was planned and actually carried out indicated that the new social chairmen had a refreshingly different attitude toward their job.

Refreshing is perhaps the best word to describe the entire year in Page. The Senior Class, except for a few individuals of integrity, decided that Third Term Seniors have certain rights, i.e., as many as they can get. Having once taken this position, they maintained it as amiably as its nature would allow. This position was somewhat fetal, but protective of the genitalia, which symbolizes, I suppose, the Rights of Third Term Seniors. It may appear that such a position leaves one vulnerable to attack. However, the EXCOMM decided that a policy of appeasement was not entirely without merit, and the Seniors were left alone. We had peace in our time.

During the third term, Alley Three shook off its lethargy and captured the Inter Alley Trophy from Ace Alley, which showed itself to be (sic) on a pogo stick. The Trophy was soon liberated by Route 69 in a contest of chinese checkers. Alley Three, having once known the limelight, refused to quit, and came back with the coup of the year. They changed their name to the Lee A. DuBridge Alley, and held a dedication ceremony attended by the DuBridges and other important

campus leaders: the Deans, the Master of Student Houses, etc., etc. The festivities, though dampened by the unfortunate but unavoidable absence of several guests, including Governor Brown and President Kennedy, were the highlights of an otherwise dull week-before-finals.

Tuesday evening of finals week, all house officers, RA's, UEC's and other temporary rats abandoned the scene before dinner. At six thirty-five, the year's most spectacular food riot began with spinach and potatoes. The waiters retreated to the kitchen whereupon Arnold bravely manned the fire hose and cleared the entire dining room of humanity. As the year closed, an ad hoc committee was trying to portion out shares of a \$550 fines and damages bill levied because of the celebration earlier that evening in the dining room.



Mrs. Dubridge christens the Lee A. Dubridge Alley.



Leon Thompson

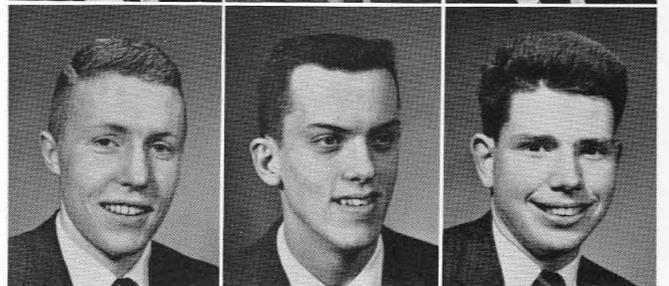
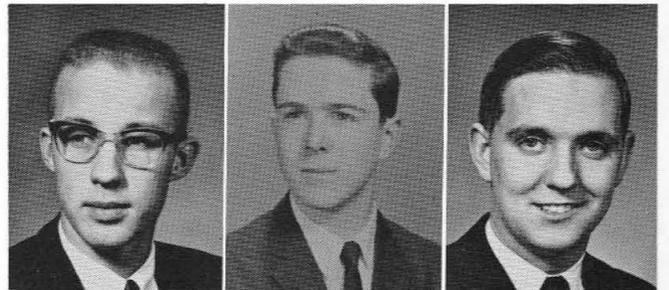
David Holtz

Frank Matthews

Thor Hanson

Spicer Conant

David Hewitt

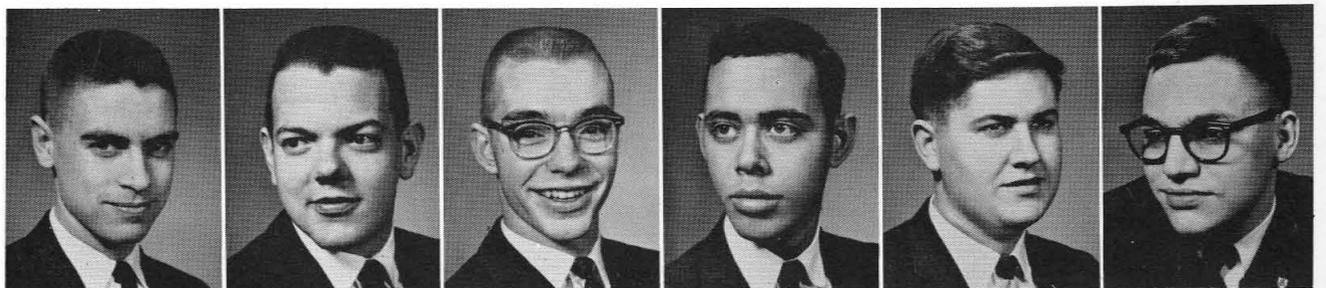


Allen Lindh

Dennis Oberg

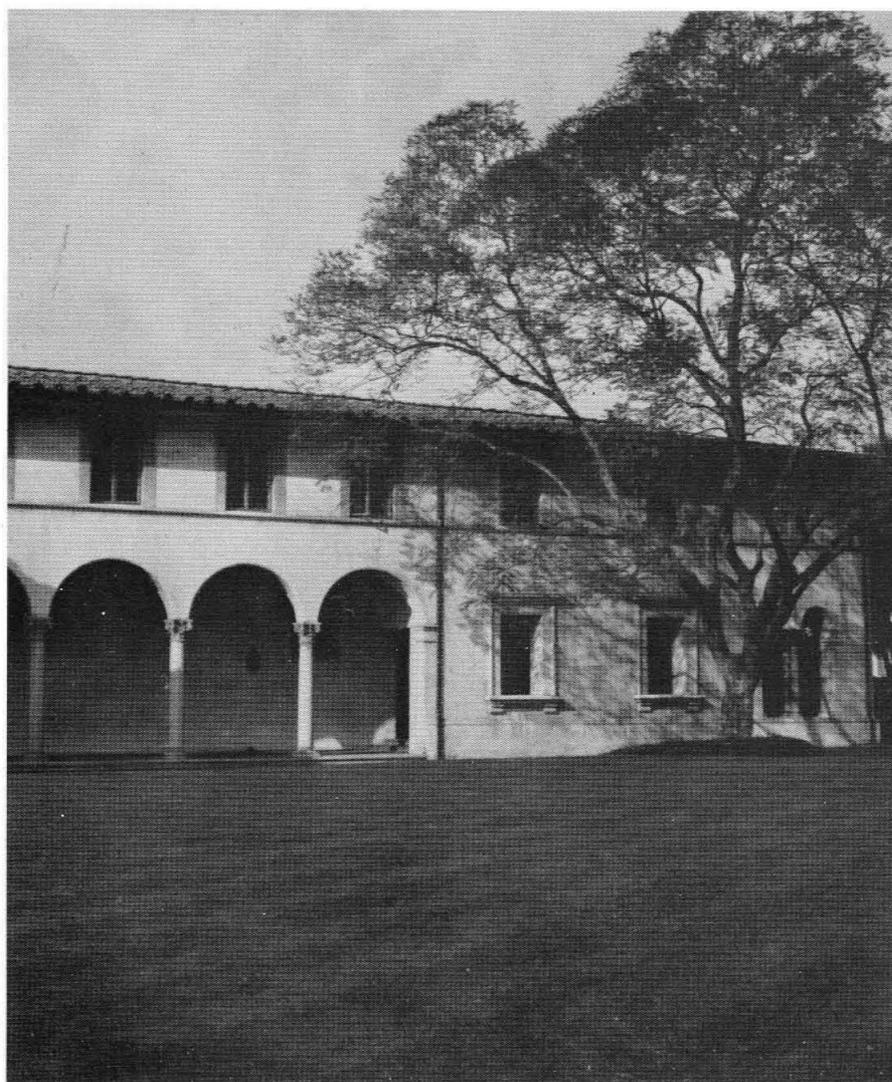
John McNeil

BOTTOM, LEFT TO RIGHT: George Cannon, Don Dick, Barry Peterson, Robert Meyer, Jack Beachamp, Roger Whitlock.



R I C K E T T S

The blindfolded victim was secured to the table, the pendulum above him set into motion. For tense minutes, the terrible device swung back and forth, as the distance between pendulum and victim decreased linearly. Finally, the blade found something to bite into, and the victim was splattered in red. But he was physically unharmed, as the fluid was ketchup, not blood. And this terrifying episode was not something out of E. A. Poe, but only an initiation stunt designed by the "Wild Jokers of Caltech." (See the March '62 issue of "Climax"). Clever, eh? More



specifically, this was a Ricketts House initiation stunt perpetrated upon R. Cassada, (then) Ricketts frosh.

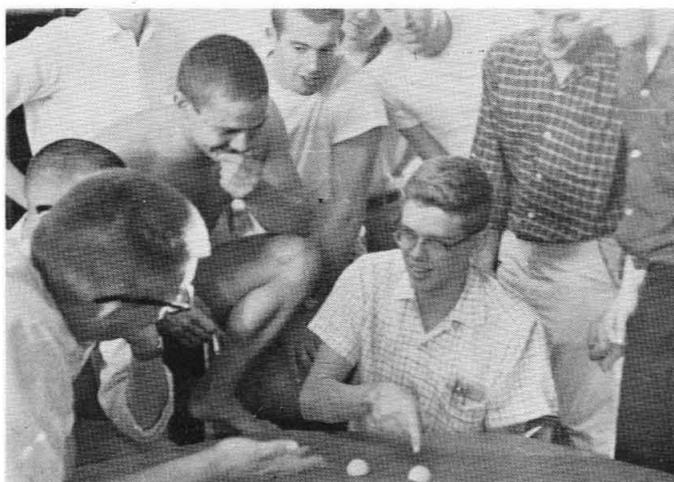
Stunts like the one described are used each year to help integrate (there **must** be a better word) the green, bewildered Ricketts' freshmen into a smoothly running unit. And the scheme is quite successful. For example, before Initiation '62 began, it would have seemed unlikely that two such (superficially) different individuals as muscular Ken Evans and slightly-built, intellectual Ken Kauffman would ever find much in common. Nevertheless, after a few short weeks of intensive effort by well-trained upperclassmen, both of them came to realize that, after all they were alike

in many respects. (Neither had, for instance, ever raped a kangaroo.) The two Kens, then, as with all Scurvs, (the men of Ricketts affectionately call one another "Scurvs") became fast friends. The principle behind initiation at Ricketts has been summed up admirably by Rodney (Doc) Dokken, former Ricketts prexy. "We . . . try," stated Rodney in an address to the Class of '64, "to fit each of our members into a mold."

Whatever loose ends in house unity were left hanging after formal initiation were bound up by the gargantuan effort of building Interhouse. With seniors and freshmen often working side by side, after almost two solid weeks of construction and planning, the work was completed, and, as if by magic, the courtyard was transformed into a stormy sea. The scene, without a doubt the most realistic and moving of any of the Houses' exhibits, was one of a monster wave crashing down upon a hapless ship — the wave apparently conjured up by a hideous sorcerer, said by many to resemble C. Rovainen. Although the scene as a whole was quite impressive, many viewers missed the poignant part of the display. Those who looked carefully could see a drowning sailor, with only his hand visible above the surface, casting an unspoken curse upon the sorcerer.

More first term goings on . . . A skill games challenge that introduced The Great Lew Tomley to the Rock-n-Roll world, heard the Anthem National, saw G. Radke threaten to "beat the spit, every bit" out of would-be anti-Americans, and heard "Bugs" Bloomberg play something besides Beethoven on his clarinet . . . A precedent shattering outdoors barn dance at Zorthian's farm (Mrs. Zorthian, laughingly enough, is named Dabney). At the dance, the Ruddock crew edged the Scurv sippers, 30.1 to 30.3. But there was some talk from R. McCalley and H. Petrie to the effect that they were learning the secrets of the inverse belch. There was some rather optimistic talk about the possibility that the team might get under 25 seconds before the year was out. But of course such talk was not taken too seriously . . . First term saw the passing of Black Marv Mc-Ennis, one of the many signs pointing to the fact that Ricketts' claim to the coveted Snake Trophy was looking bad.

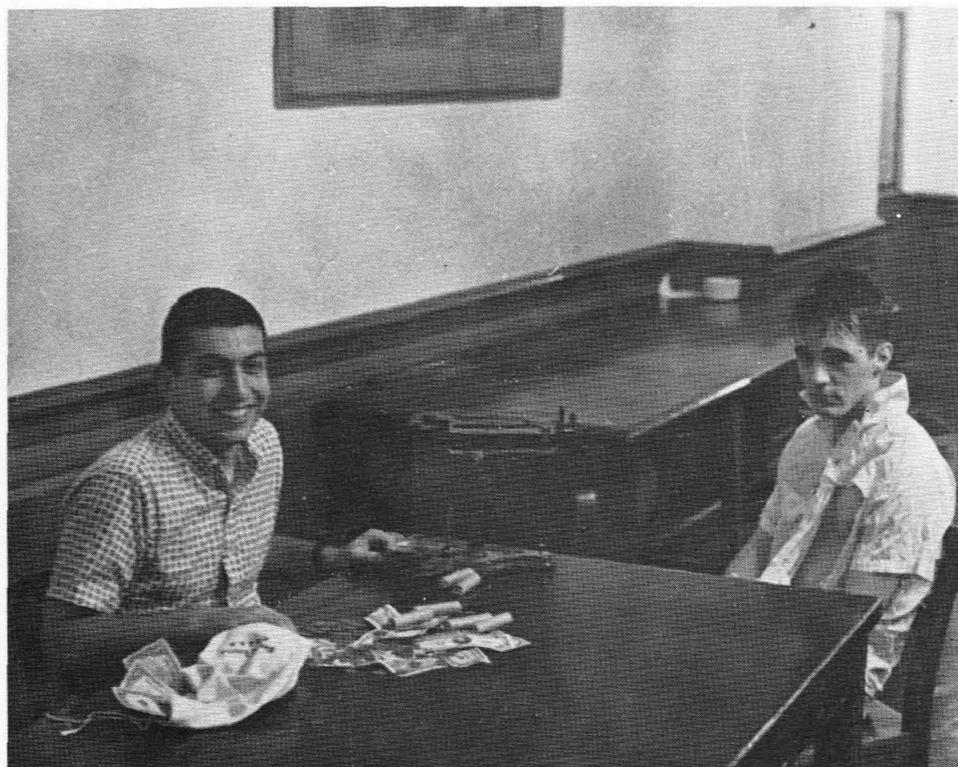
Elliot Harry
and . . .



. . . the
nutshell game.

Early in the school one of the other houses, which shall remain nameless, staged what it called "Joe College Football Night," whereat the members of House "A" (we shall refer to the house as House "A" henceforth — A for Anonymity) acted cool and collegiate, like the men at most colleges and universities. Since this "Joe College Night" was less than completely successful,

the members of House "A" staged, during second term, "Joe College Basketball Night," at one of Tech's home basketball games. The men of Ricketts, however, not wishing to give the folks of The Outside World the wrong impression of Techmen, dressed in that typically casual fashion peculiar to Techmen, and marched into the gym. The impression given by the Ricketts men, it should be noted, easily offset that given by the men of House "A." "Joe Fink Night" was most successful.



The friendly Jewish Rosenberg shown giving liberal interest rates to the poor white Aryan trash. (Warren White) . . .

Random second term happenings . . . Shortly after the scandalous snow-party, it was learned that K. Larsen was secretly married, or engaged, or something like that. Ken, of course, denied everything. But that was only natural . . . It was during second term, too, that the now — legendary L. D. clique perfected the art of tray-spinning. Every week, behind closed doors, these lads would have a combination twisting, rock-n-roll, tray spinning, and cider-drinking party under the leadership of the Great Lew, mentioned before. Now and then, of course, members of the house became somewhat miffed at the slique-members (undoubtedly because **they** couldn't join) but the L. D.-ites redeemed themselves by forming the nucleus of the most powerful inter-house football machine in history. The crowds thrilled to the spectacular Hoffman-to-Tomley pass combinations. Also, a fairly well-known varsity football coach became rather

upset and began spreading rumors that interhouse athletics were considered more important than varsity athletics. Ah, well, all for the greater glory of Ricketts, eh, men?

Determined to regain the traditionally Ricketts-held Interhouse Sing Trophy, and freshly inspired by the movie "West Side Story," B. Moritz worked with the Ricketts house choir for many long weeks. Again, as with last year, a gross miscarriage of something-or-other resulted in a heart breaking loss. However, the party afterwards helped heal wounded egos to some extent. The loss

can be better understood when one considers that Moritz was still recovering from a dread disease at the time. Way to be recovering from a dread disease, Moritz.

It was during second term that Hutch, the artist who earns his living by drawing caricatures of college students (and charging a reasonably exorbitant fee for same) immortalized both himself and one rather (previously) unnoticed freshman by creating The Lipshie. Hutch, whose creation will no doubt someday rival Donald Duck or "Nancy" as a cartoon classic, jumped at the chance to capture Lipshie's bespectacled, noseless, grinning countenance. Unfortunately, because of the attention he so gained, Lipshie The Frosh began to identify himself with Lipshie The Masterpiece. He was unbearable for the rest of the year. Hoo hah.

The Ricketts crew team won a rather less-than-less-than-satisfying victory over either Fleming or Lloyd (no one seems quite sure which) second term. But the team, although not particularly hopeful, had a slight chance of winning the coveted Acme Trophy if they could beat Dabney and Ruddock next term.

At the end of a week of intensive campaigning, J. Russo succeeded K. Donovan as Scurv Prexy. After winning, Russo was heard to remark, "let's go for pizza, guys." Those wop politicians are all the same.

C. Munichello, Veep, and G. Reeke, Treasurer, were other Catholic boys elected to serve on the new administration as it was clearly demonstrated that religion played no part in politics in the liberal Ricketts House atmosphere. Wild E. Harry overcame the handicap of being an atrociously poor speller and was chosen as house secretary. The team of J. Morrow, L. Peterson, and H. Petrie was chosen for House Athletic manager, despite the fact that they were nominated by a rather tongue tied ex-social chairman. J. Young, H. Thomas, and T. Williams became the new social chairmen on a program, it seemed, of "fewer finky games per unit event." Nevertheless, in all fairness to finky game advocates, one of the first (and most successful) events that the new team sponsored was a carnival party, featuring several varieties of fairly finky games.

During first and second terms, the Sophomores (class of '64) completely outclassed the freshmen (class of '65) in the traditional breakdrum competition. The freshmen, having superiority in numbers but lacking the finesse of the classy Sophs, failed to gain a single point in the first two terms. The Sophomores needed only one more ringing of the drum in order to gain the honor of getting their year inscribed upon the breakdrum-shaped trophy. The cocky Sophomores laughingly



So this guy stands up in the middle of the lounge and he says "There aren't enough . . . in this lounge to paint my . . ." So he was wrong.

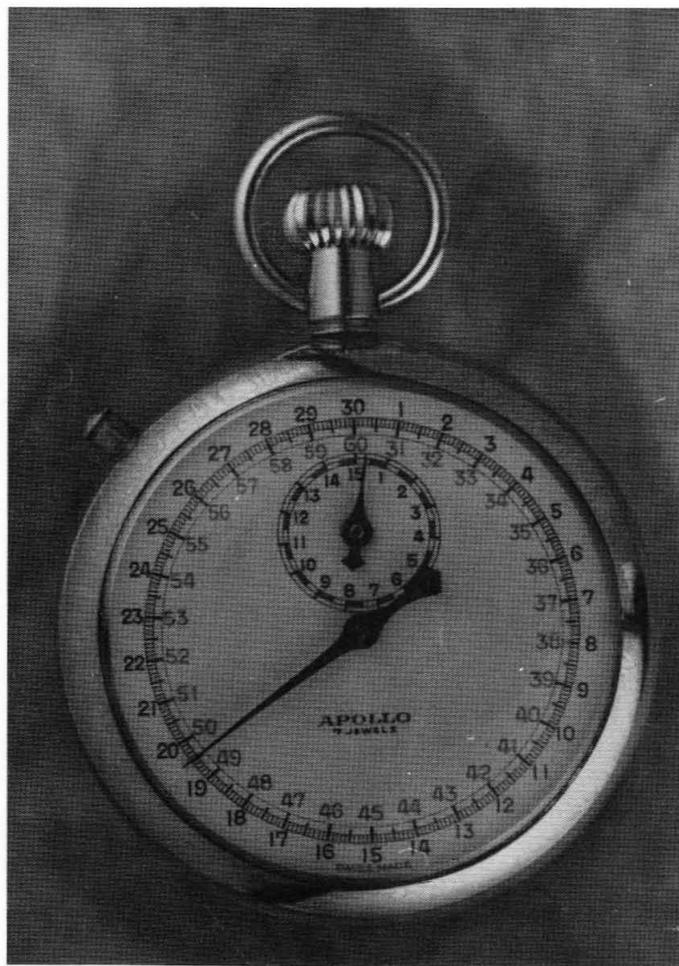
stated that they would ring the silly thing once or twice, and present it to the incompetent freshmen **sans combat**. No bloody pile would even be necessary. But fate had decreed that this was not to be. In one of the classic screwups of all time, the freshmen discovered the 'drum in its not-so-clever hiding place, an unheard of feat. So the sophomores, sad but wiser, decided that the whole thing was rather foolish, as the Juniors (class of '63) had decided the year before.

Thanks to the not-quite-rained-out track meet, the basketball heroics of L. Tomley & Co., and a spunky Lungershausen-led volleyball team, Ricketts clenched the Interhouse Athletic Trophy third term. Only no one can figure out what to do with the damn thing. The trophy features, among other things, one of the most turn-you-off nudes ever created.

Ricketts didn't successfully defend the Snake Trophy, God knows, but considering the dumb frosh, it did remarkably well to finish third, to everyone's great surprise.

The Ricketts crew team very quietly became the best in history third term; they drank Dabney and Ruddock under the table in an unofficial 22 or 23 second line in the (almost) dry barn dance, and clinched the championship with an official 19.6-22.8 trouncing of Ruddock.

John Andelin ended four years of R.A.-ship in 1962. He will continue his pursuit of his Ph.D. as substitute master of the student houses for a year. Harry Townes was chosen as his successor, but Andelin will be missed. (The rumor that J. Curtis and Andelin have gone to Vegas on the Old Houyhnhnms money is probably not true, folks.)



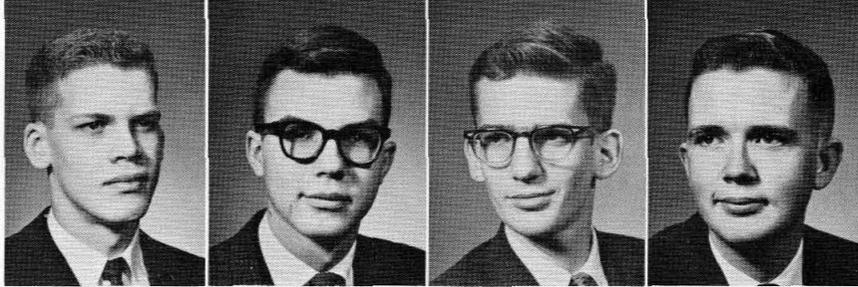
Crew Team members: Donovan, Russo, Bowles, Holt, McCawley, McEliece, Petrie, Evans, House, Landis.

19.6 seconds for a ten man crew team . . . not bad . . .

Charles Minichiello
 Barry Moritz
 Will Saam
 Tom Dekleyn



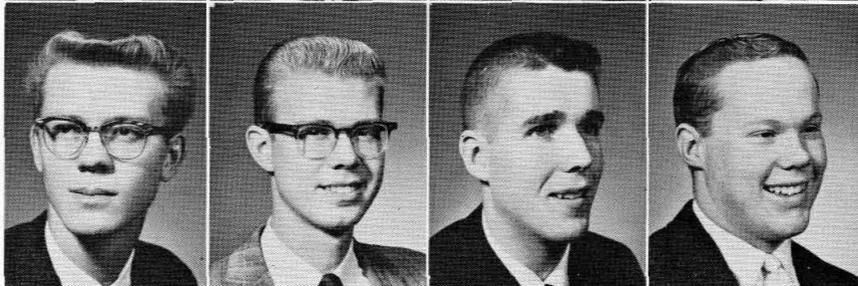
Roger Drake
 Philip Bowles
 Bill Satterthwaite
 David Hyde



Joe Taynai
 Robert Barro
 Maynard Olson
 David Jackson



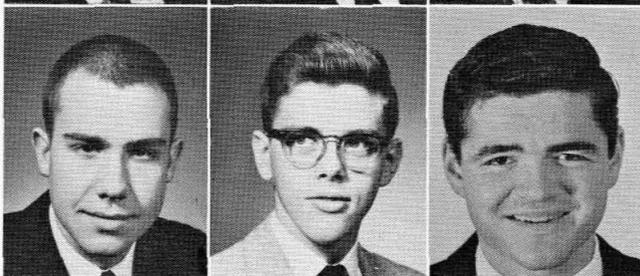
Hal Petrie
 Niles Puckett
 Ronald Douglass
 Fred Dorr



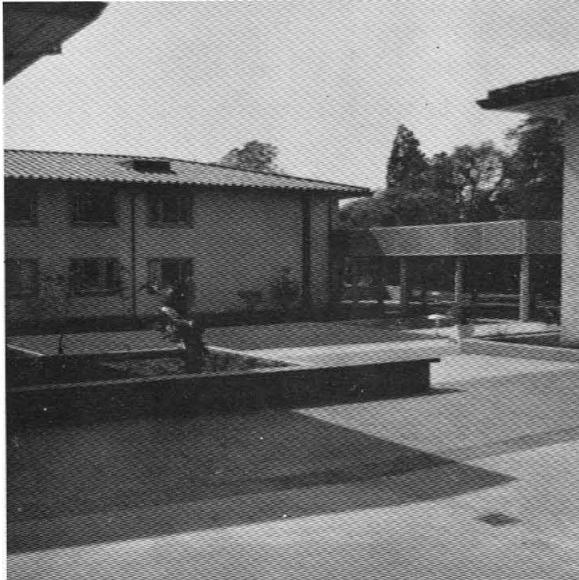
Randy Cassada
 Ken Martin
 Steve Lipshie
 Hanan Rosenthal



George Reeke
 Howard Harry
 Dennis Holt



S
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 S



Enter into the gates of Valhalla.



Herein dwells Jose Frink.

RUDDOCK

THE ILIAD OF JOSÉ

Sing, goddess, of Ruddock, citadel strong founded, home of Frink, shining among men, favored of Zeus, home also of the fair-fleshed Lola, beloved of Frink, blessed by the immortals, and where he ruled, kingliest of men, with the sceptre of Zeus, over Phlegm the weak-founded and the lesser states.

There dwelt fouring-haired Farrell, the boy leader, and with him his benders of pretzels, of the strong-greaved Ruddockians.

And at this time there lived among them Hurtdongas the large-girdled, with his confidante always seen, Erotica, of the glancing eyes.

Amongst them too was Hasntholus, the apelike, with his lacy pink plunder, and wee-statured Russps of the high voice and large horns, with the tall Flatteus of the squinting eyes, and Langsnos, rodent of the fore-room.

And least amongst them was Straekos, dreamer of chariots and owner of none, with his great, oft-rattling jowl.

And in this lovely land dwelt Ruddockians of lesser stature: Libertrollos of th strong council, Shlegorassos, breaker of froshes, Gormeus and god-like, and Gershwein of the sticky-palmed hands.

But now the halls and councils of the Ruddockians are quieted, for the lordly pretzel benders have departed into cruel battle, perhaps never to return to this favored land. Their memory is beloved; Frink speaks of them in winged words; But for those gone, Frink has found new, whom the gods favor. And thus 'twill ever be, and into the ages Frink and the gloried Ruddockians rule serenely and well in the land of huts-in-back.

Ruddock's second year began as the incompetent frosh marched down Lake Street to convince obviously impressed Pasadenans that temperance was the only way. Largest of the frosh Rosbash had earlier found himself locked in the Pit as friendly sophomores helped him up the ladder by pouring buckets of water on him. Ruddock's first whirl-at-the-swirl also took place and a good Job was done of it by the super-efficient sophomores.

Rumors also seemed to circulate that Ruddock arsonists, led by Bob Gilman, Tom MacDowell, and George McBean (and assisted by a somewhat out-of-it Bob Liebermann) ignited a fire to keep the PPD warm after Caltech won a football game.

With this conflagration done with, Ruddock thoughts turned to the Interhouse Dance. Featuring a theme of "Underwater," Ruddock social chairmen seemed to try to out do all the Houses, at least in total expenditures. Seniors Bill Hassenzahl and Dave Herting built a genuine munching clam, while the Cosgrove-McBean Construction Company put up a large hulk of a ship, held together with baling wire and canvas. George McBean later came through to lead Ruddock to a first-place finish in the Interhouse Swim Meet.

Second term began, and Bob Liebermann showed up four days late with a funny smile on his face. Murray Sherman kept the secret of what WWMG (a high school club) meant, until it fell before the inspired efforts of the sophomore class. All this time, House president Bill Farrell was in his room with Susan eating cookies and reading good books.

Felled by a group of manifestly anti-Semitic judges, Ruddock again failed to win the Interhouse sing trophy; but made up for it by capturing the Interhouse quartet trophy, which has remained in Ruddock since its inception and will undoubtedly be here until Don Terwilliger graduates.

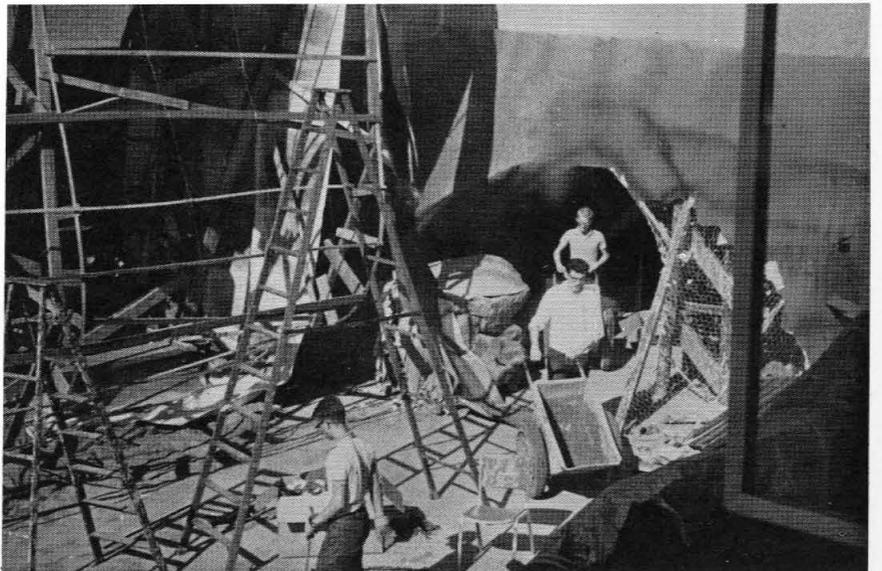
About the middle of second term, frosh Gerry Steiner spent his 47th consecutive night of sleeping in someone else's room, many of which were rooms-in-question. Frosh Gerry Parker had, by this time, succeeded in driving Tony Dahlen out of his mind by a continual selection of complicated electrical RF's.



Frosh spreading "the good word."



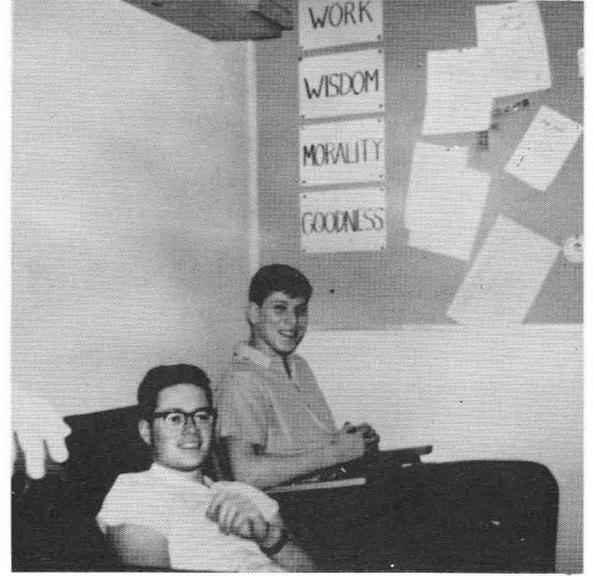
Mighty Casey and his fan club.



And they created the sea and the fishes and the sunken galleons.



The men in blue discuss second-half strategy.



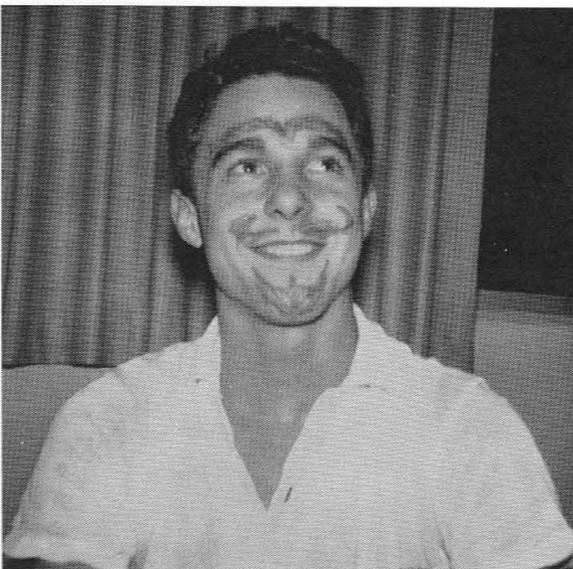
Murray and his infamous S.E.G.



Shlegeris piles it higher.

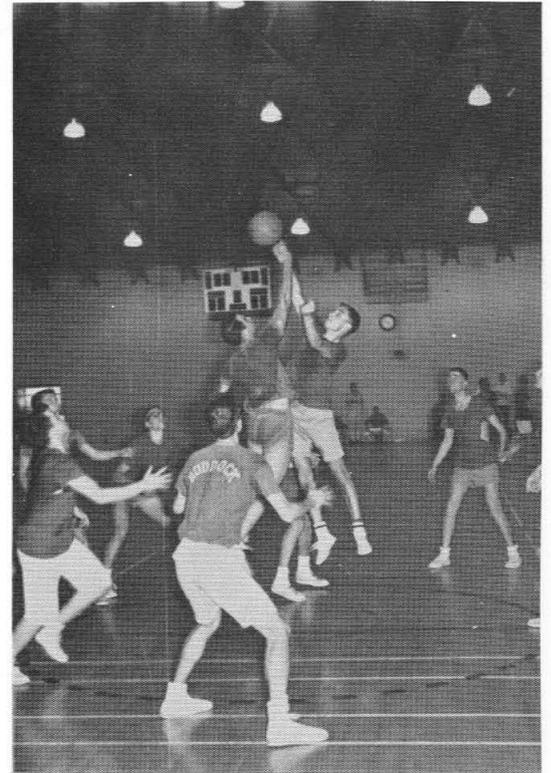
House political machine Bob Liebermann captured the hotly-contested position of ASCIT Jock, and when the smoke had cleared Ruddock House was found in control of all of the campus publications with Larry Gershwin, Richard Karp, and J. C. Simpson as **Tech** editors; Jack McKinley as **Big T** editor; and Dave Helfman as big **Little T** editor. In a typically hot House election, girl-shy Bob Schmilian was elected president and BOC secretary Larry Gershwin was elected vice-president. The sophomore political machine was in full force as Dave Hammer and Bill Weber copped the social chairmanships, Richard Karp bullied his way into the secretary's chair, and Dick Shlegeris was elected treasurer. Frosh Grant Blackinton and Doc Speir were chosen as athletic managers and Steve Blumsack to serve as librarian.

Third term began with the Yale Russian Chorus, who dropped over to Alley Four after their concert, giving a demonstration on the Russian method of imbibing expensive beverages. Bill Weber and Dick Shlegeris responded admirably with their standard exhibit of the Caltech method of eliminating the same beverages. Strolling minstrels Steverino Gorman and Michael Rosbash provided romantic guitar backgrounds for the raucous songs.





Bunny hop provided a pleasant change.



Shlegeris' gains the tip.

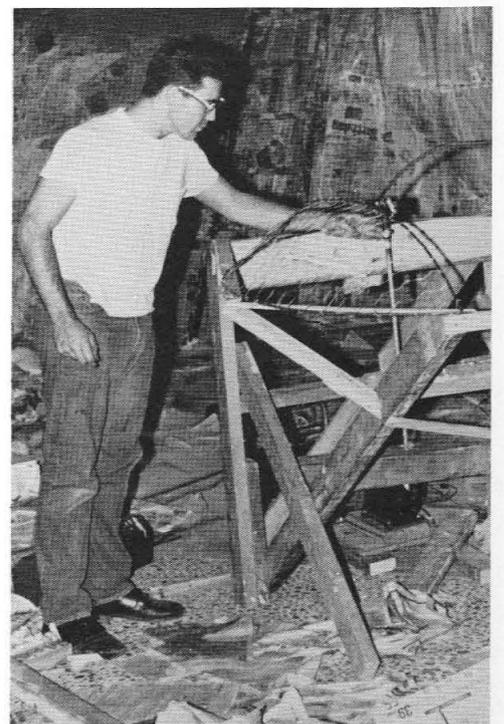
The Social Chairmen out did themselves by presenting parties at Cool Peter Lazlo's pad and at the House, with high attendance. The most successful of these parties was Nevada Night, which featured a new and novel definition of where the House lounge was.

The Caltech varsity baseball team became the Ruddock House baseball team as seven of the first string nine were from Ruddock. Bill Weber and Joe Weis received the top awards in baseball and basketball respectively, while senior Stan Flatte became a dumb cop for four nights of the ASCIT play. The House officers "won" the House mascot, Lola, in an ersatz bowling competition.

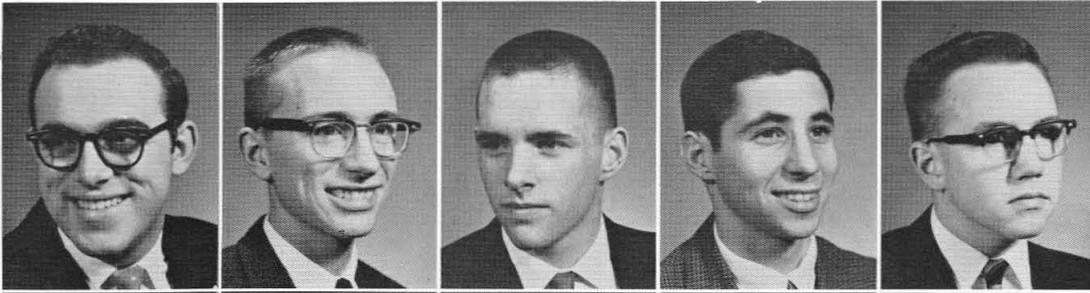
All in all, Ruddock's second year proved interesting and fun, with many new honors coming our way. It was the last year for Dr. Robert Rinker, who as Resident Associate set a fine tradition for the House's future R.A.'s. Ruddock looks forward to 1962-63 with every hope of it being a successful year and getting a good frosh class (unlike last year).



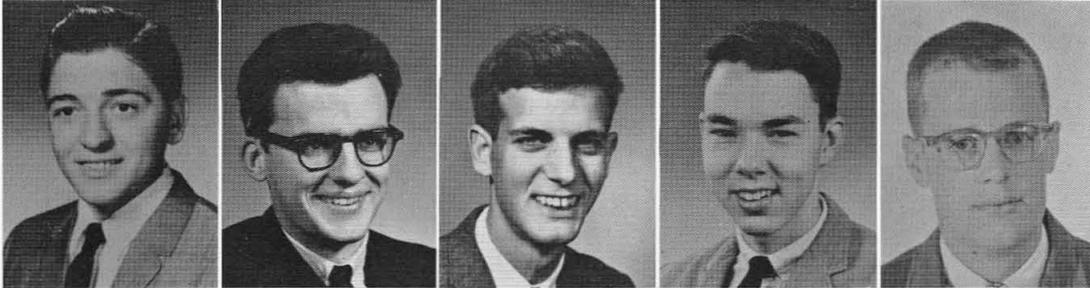
Our Dixieland Band highlighted the Nevada floor show.



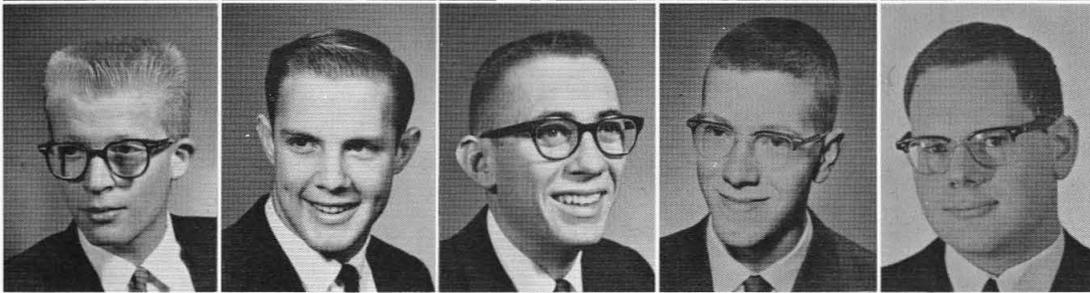
Hassenzahl's marvelous munching clam.



Thomas Atkinson
Bruce Beeghly
Grant Blackinton
Steve Blumsack
Shelby Chapman



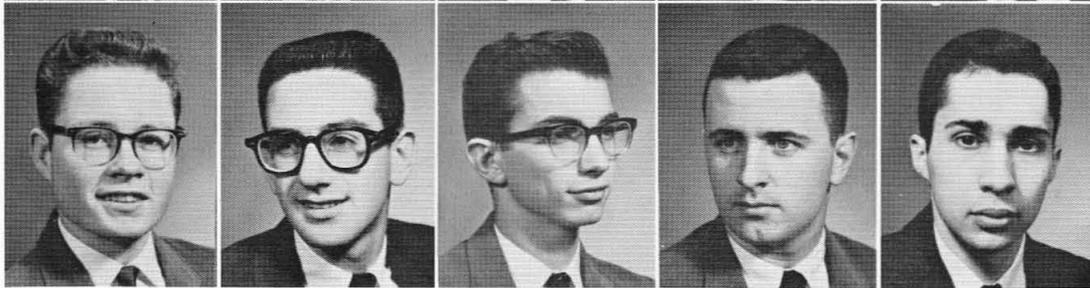
Tom Cirello
Ron Counsell
Starr Curtis
Walter Deal
Pat Earley



Phelps Freeborn
Steve Gorman
Ray Green
Russell Hageman
David Helfman



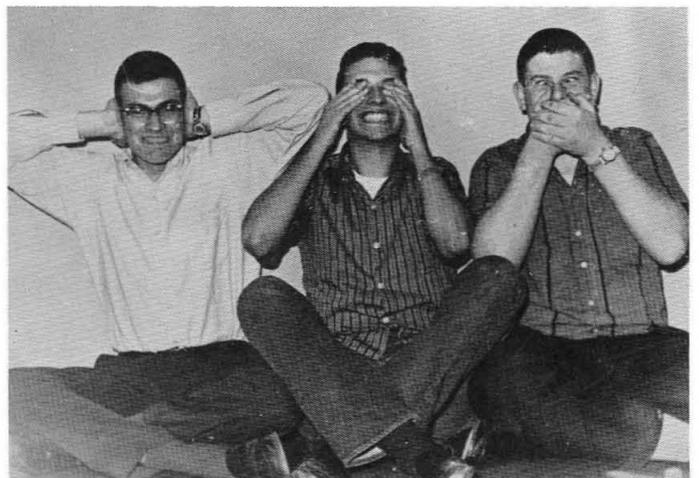
Jim Hole
Richard Karp
Don Lee
Bob Liebermann
Tom Lubensky



Tom MacDowell
Terry Mast
Richard McGehee
Jack McKinley
Bill Meisel

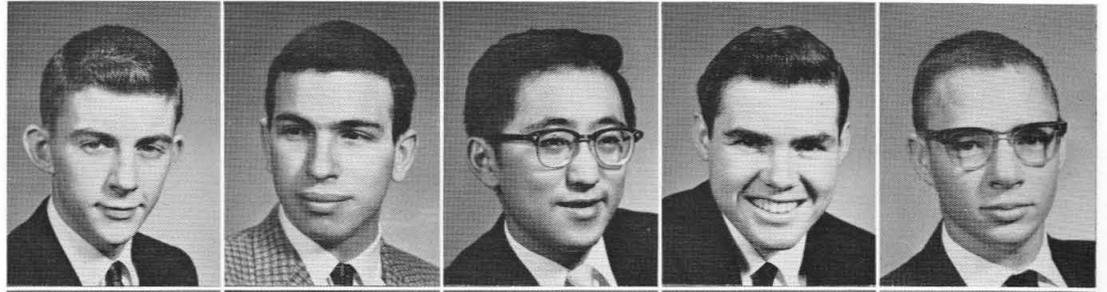


Gillen torments his pet octopus.



"Hear no evil, see no evil, speak no evil."

Steve Middendorf
 Steve Morse
 Francis Nakamoto
 Lee Neidengard
 Arthur Niell



Dimitri Papanastassiou
 Gerald Parker
 Dan Paxton
 George Preston
 Tom Pucik



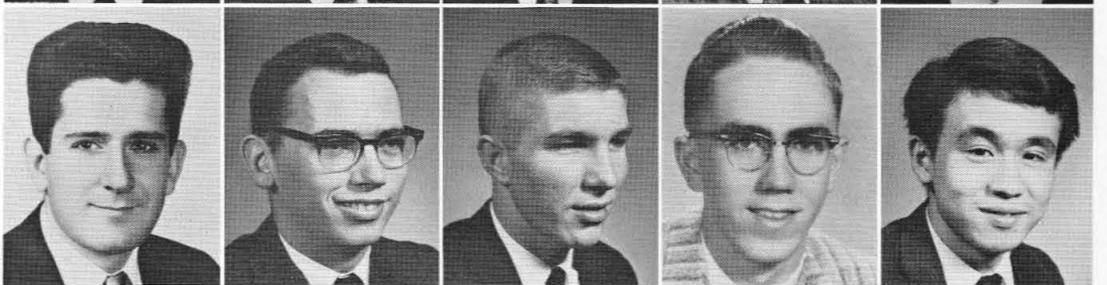
Bill Ricks
 Bob Schmieder
 Bob Schmulian
 Murray Sherman
 J. C. Simpson



Chuck Smythe
 Doc Speir
 Dick Stanton
 Gerry Steiner
 Don Terwilliger



Donald Burtis
 John Turechek
 Bill Weber
 Joe Weis
 Akira Yoshida



The wall goes higher.



Sadistic onlookers during frosh-packing contest.





SPORTS



FIRST ROW: Frank Ridolphi, Jack Arnold, Geary Younce, Jim Morrow, Bob Liebermann, Ed Cline, Vince Hascall, Truman Seely, Mike Cosgrove. SECOND ROW: Arden Walters, Larry Ruff, John Rayner, John Newmeyer, Dave Hewitt, Chuck Vinsonhaler, Lee Peterson, Carl Baum. THIRD ROW: Coach Bert La Brucherie, Evan Hughes, Terry Ernest, Dick Blish, Tom Krueger, Leon Thomsen, Tom DeKlyen, Art Johnson, Frank Vlach, Tom Atkinson, mgr.

FOOTBALL

Coach Bert La Brucherie's football aggregation snapped an 11-game losing skein for Tech by defeating Southern California College, 28-8, en route to a 1-6 season. The Tech team underwent an exasperating series of ups and downs during the course of the season. Disorganized and unconditioned against Azusa and overpowered by the heat and sheer numbers at Pomona, the Beaver efforts finally jelled in a hard-fought game with La Verne. Continuing the upward swing, Tech romped over SCC, only to have its short-lived success abruptly terminated by a hard-charging Riverside team. Rising for the traditional Oxy rivalry, the Tech offense amassed an astounding total of 358 yards gained, while scoring only once. Caltech closed the 1961 season against

Claremont-Harvey Mudd. The team was composed of seven seniors, eight juniors, and ten sophomores. Captains Hascall and Cline led the team in ground-gaining, supported by Peterson, Younce, and Gorman. Barker relinquished the quarterback reins to Liebermann in mid-season due to a leg injury. Hughes and Arnold led the end corps while DeKlyen anchored the forward wall, ably backed by Baum, Krueger, Hewitt, and Ruff. On defense, Vinsonhaler, Cosgrove, and Walters saw much action. Injuries and interest-conflicts handicapped the efficient performance of the squad, as always, but the twenty-five men pictured above fought bravely and incessantly during the entire season.



Cline starts the parade against SCC . . . which led to this!

SENIORS

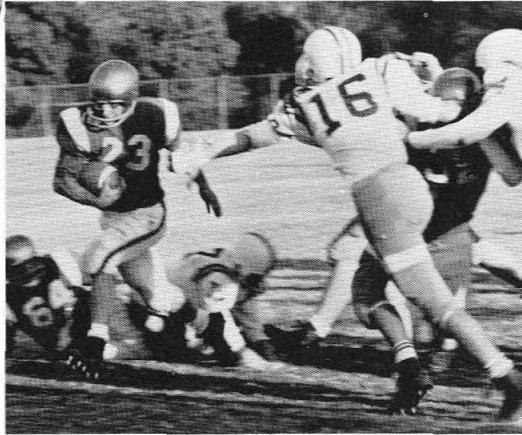
—Poised for—In-Action—



Vince Hascall
—and at right.



Ed Cline



Frank Ridolphi



Geary Younce—and below.



Evan Hughes



John Newmeyer



Carl Baum

1961 RECORD

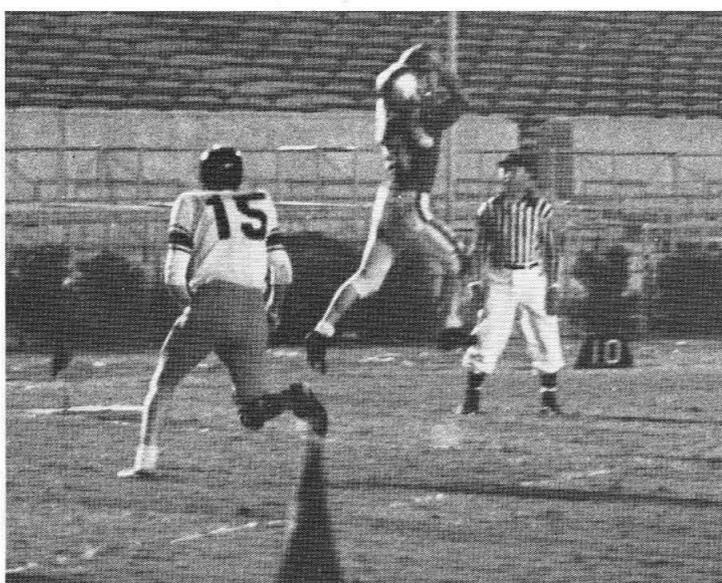
CIT		
14 Azusa	43
7 Pomona	53
0 La Verne	29
28 So. Calif.	8
8 Riverside	43
8 Occidental	47
8 Claremont-Mudd	60



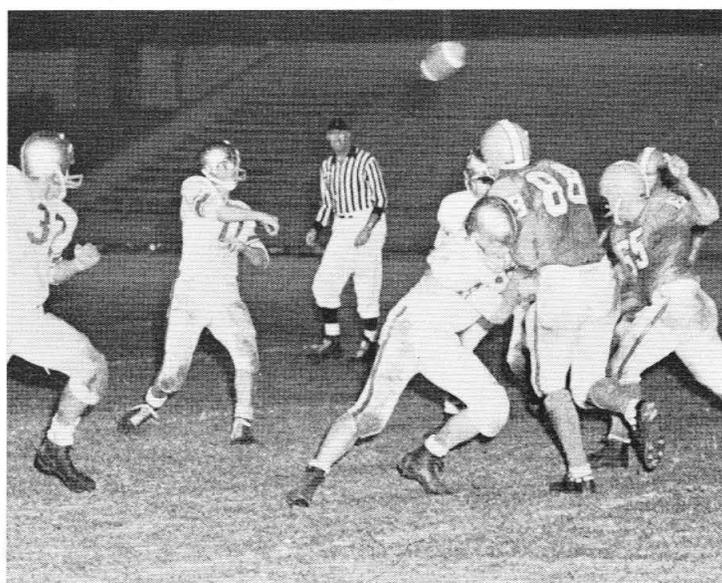
Hascall "tears" loose for gain in opener.



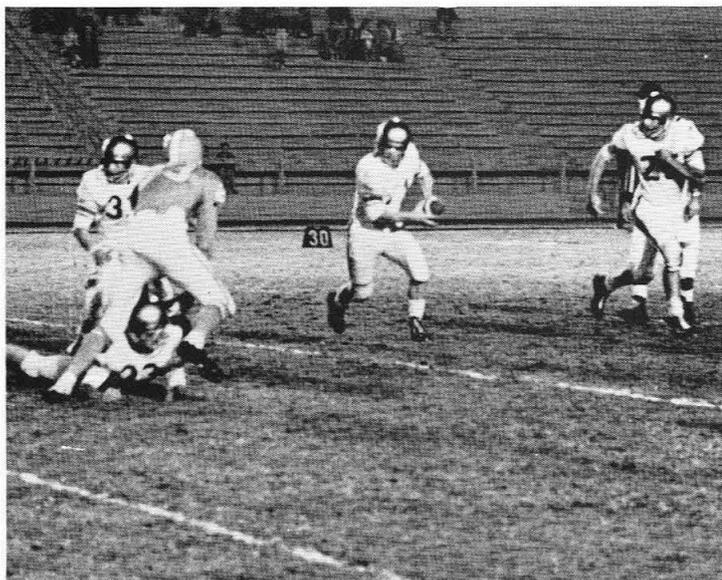
Barker hits peak form against La Verne.



"Jumping Jack" Arnold employs "Alley-oop."



Liebermann pitches one of many at Oxy.



Around the corner on quarterback option.



Cline barrels as Ruff clears the path.



FIRST ROW: Tom Menzies, mgr.; Dallas Meggitt, Steve Garrison, Dave Jackson, Fred Winyard, Guy Jackson, John Beamer, Wayne Ryback, Jim Stadler, Charles Warlick, mgr. SECOND ROW: Coach Willard Craft, Doc Speir, Murray Sherman, Ken Evans, Chuck Holland, Barry Dinius, Doug Josephson, Steve Hall, Mike Rosbash, Jerry Gowen, Coach Glen Woodward.

FROSH FOOTBALL

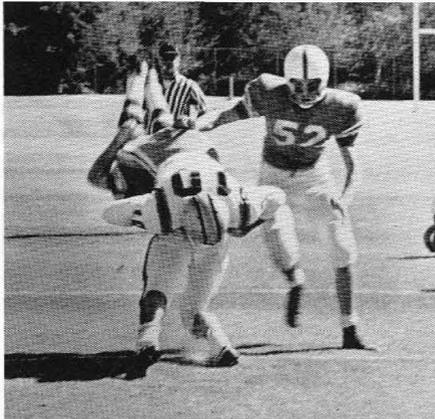
Many knowledgeable observers have called the 1961 frosh football team the best Caltech has had in ten years. Although losing all three of its games, the team fought bravely throughout and should provide much help for the varsity in the future. Such standouts as end Barry Dinius and fullback Ken Evans are the future stars of the varsity. Steve Hall's booming punts helped the frosh out of numerous holes.

The frosh were hard-hit by injuries and lack of numbers all year long. For instance, when quarterback Chuck Holland was injured in the Pomona game, Murray Sherman—normally an end, was forced to replace him. More numbers and luck would have probably meant victory for the frosh.

1961 RECORD

CIT		
0 Occidental	38
0 Pomona	32
8 Claremont-Mudd	28

AT LEFT: Top—Garrison, of course!; Middle—Hall snags Sherman aerial.



Evans rears for charge against CHM.



Stadler turns Oxy's flank for sizable gain.



Coach Walter Mack, Dennis Holt, Art McGarr, Thor Hanson, Al Whittlesey, Harold Nathan, Nishan Krikorian, Jim Williams.

CROSS COUNTRY

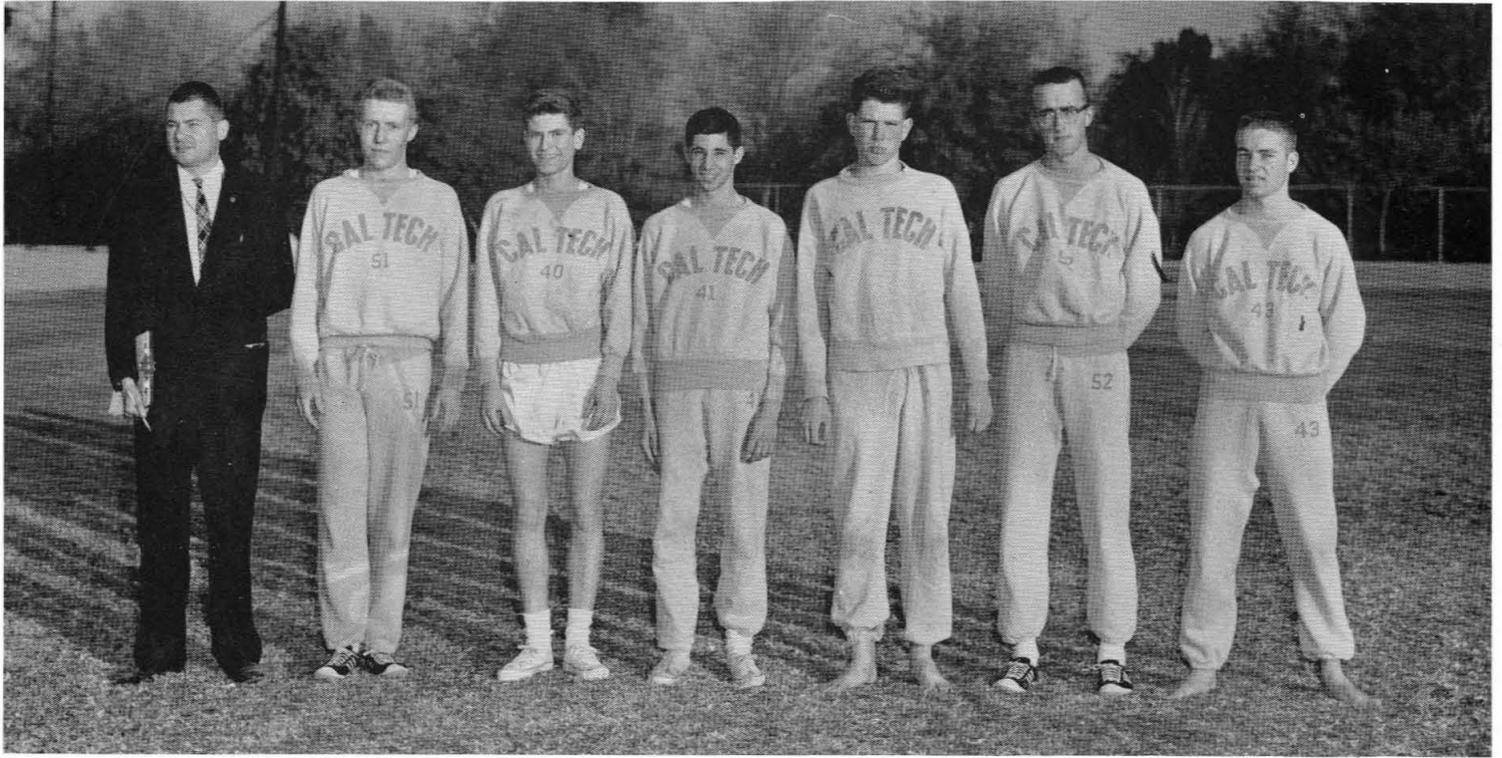
Caltech's cross country record was somewhat disappointing this year. The team began the season with an apparent scarcity of talent, as suggested by their poor performance in the first two dual meets. Developing rapidly under the able and enthusiastic coaching of Walter Mack, the team displayed considerable improvement in the Biola Invitational Meet, placing fifth out of eight. Top Tech scorer in this meet was Nathan in fifteenth place. In their next meet, with CHM and Pasadena College on the Tech course, the harriers showed real determination as they tied CHM and whipped Pasadena. Tech was paced in this contest by Captain McGarr, backed up by the solid performances of Nathan, Hanson, Whittlesey, Holt, Krikorian, and Williams. Tech closed the season with a disappointing last place in the Conference Championships. The cross country team will miss the future services of seniors McGarr and Whittlesey, but hopes to fill the gaps from this year's frosh squad.

1961 RECORD

CIT		
42 Whittier	15
40 Pomona	15
28 Claremont-Mudd	28
23 Pasadena	33



Pack as it breaks in triangular meet with CHM and Pasadena College.



Coach Walter Mack, Allan Lindh, Louis Corl, Steve Blumsack, John McNeill, Jim Eder, Neal Wright.

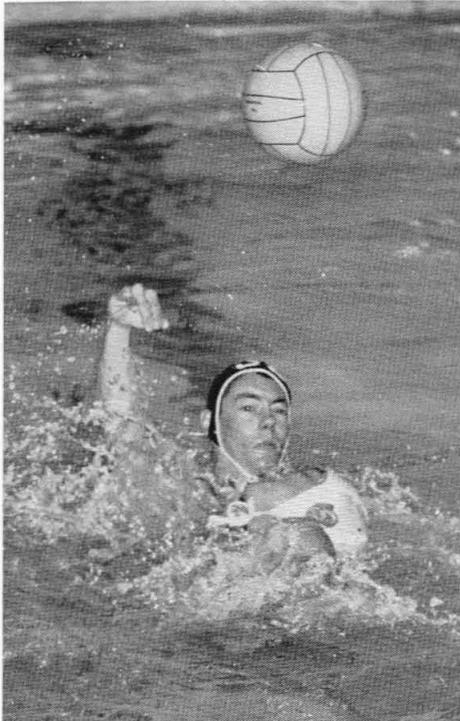
FROSH CROSS COUNTRY

The frosh cross country team, with talent to go along with their Techman drive and determination, fared much better than their big brothers this season. After losing their first meet to Whittier, the frosh went on to win the rest of their dual meets. The highlight of the season came when they won the Biola Invitational. The individual hero of this race was Al Lindh who took first place handily. The frosh concluded their season by taking fourth in the Conference Championships. Throughout the season the team's top scorers were Neal Wright, captain, and Al Lindh, ably supported by the other members of the squad.

1961 RECORD

CIT	
32	Whittier 23
25	Pomona 32
23	Claremont-Mudd 32
23	Calif. Lutheran 32





Nothing can disturb a Turner pass.



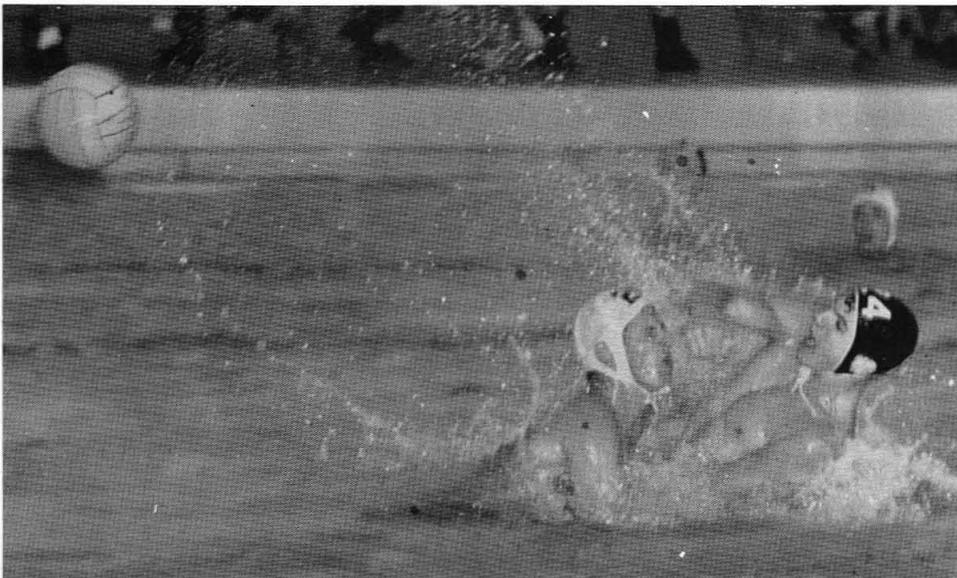
FIRST ROW: Jim Shaw, Gary Turner, Tom Sallee, Sherman Gratch, Gary Mitchell, Pat Manning, Bruce Chesebro, Steve Mastin, Al Huber. SECOND ROW: Erlund Eykelenboom, Ray Weiss, Tom Crocker, Elliot Harry, Art Turner, Mike McCammon, Dave Seib, Coach Warren Emery.

WATER



Chesebro displays league-leading form.

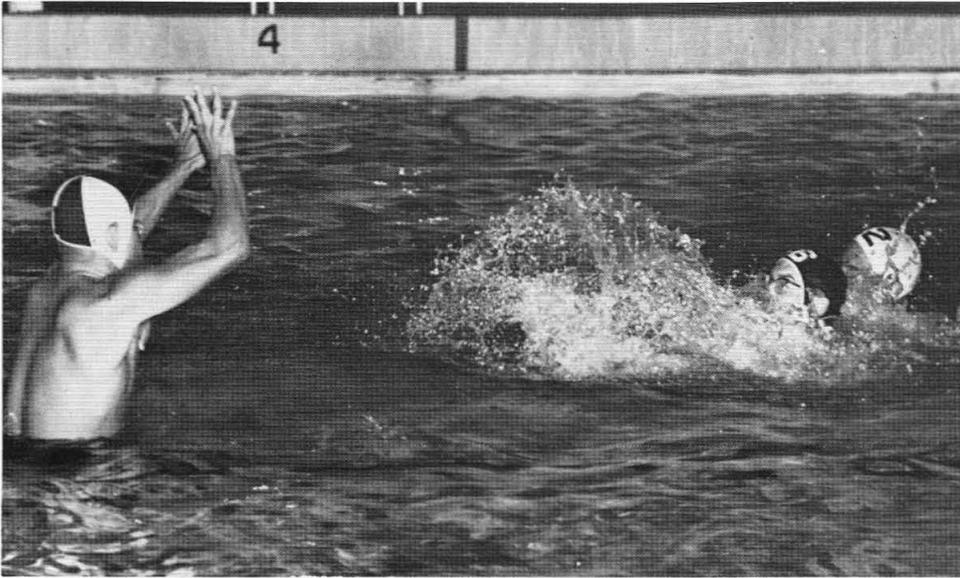
Junior forward Bruce Chesebro scored 77 goals on his way to becoming a repeat All-Conference forward selection, but it was not enough as the Beaver water polo squad wound up on the bottom of the SCIAC Conference. With only two lettermen returning from the 1960 Co-Championship team, the Techmen were plagued all season by the lack of experienced men at many key positions. Also, during the last half of the season, the team was hurt by the absence of Gary Mitchell who was lost because of injury. The season started out well enough with the Beavers winning their first three matches, but then they began to lose their touch. They hit bottom in the 20-1 defeat at the hands of Oxy in mid-season and then began to improve. By the time the champion Oxy team came around again for the last game, the Beavers played them on even terms most of the game and lost only 13-9.



Chesebro goes up and over for the score.

1961 RECORD

CIT		
9 San Fernando VSC	8
15	... Pasadena City College	10
14 Alumni	12
4 L.A. State	17
3 U.C.L.A.	17
14 Claremont	6
6 Pomona	11
16	... Mt. San Antonio College	7
5 Redlands	7
1 Occidental	20
4 Claremont	9
5 Pomona	15
7 El Camino College	15
8 Redlands	5
9 Occidental	13



Nelson maneuvers for a shot at the goal.

The 1961 frosh water polo team was characteristic of those in recent years at Caltech: long on enthusiasm, but short on experience and knowledge of the game. The Beaverbabes, under the excellent tutelage of Coach Emery, steadily developed their skills in the rudiments of the game and gradually overcame the initial handicap, while retaining their desire and drive.

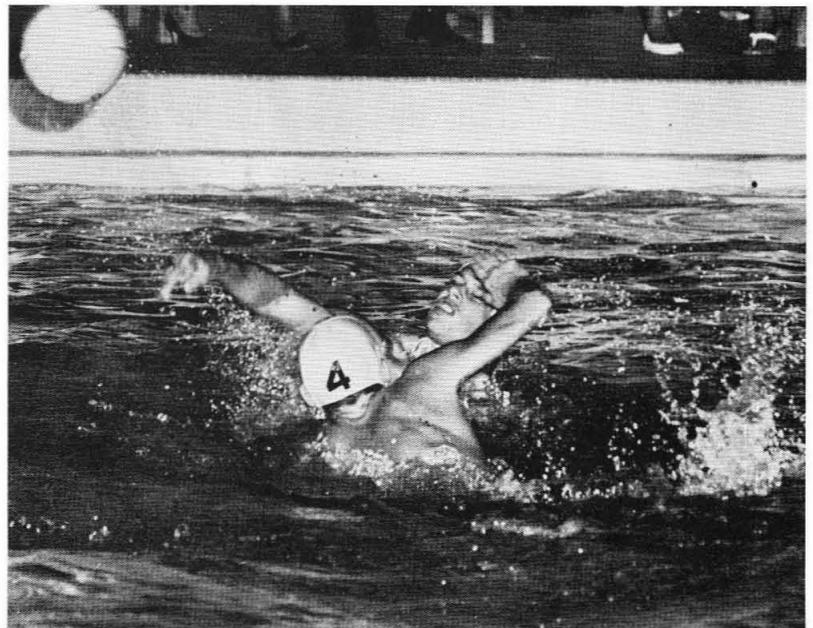
Leading the attack were forwards Jerry Nelson—the team's top scorer, Bob Gillon, Dave Jarvis, and guards Hugh Maynard—captain, Mal Stephens, and Bob Jenkins. Goalie Mike Baskes was one of the pleasant surprises of the season.

POLO

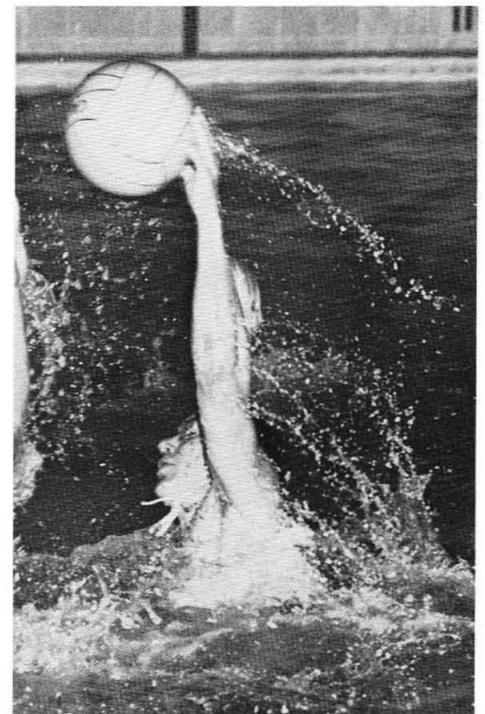
FIRST ROW: Ron Douglas, Jay Lippman, Hugh Maynard, Jerry Nelson, Dave Jarvis, Mike Baskes, Vernon Bliss, Warren Peascoe. SECOND ROW: Coach Warren Emery, Carlton Paul, Chuck Smythe, John Diebel, Larry Oliver, Mal Stephens, Harvard Holmes, Ken Martin, Don Blumenthal, Bob Gillon.



1961 RECORD		
CIT		
0 Santa Ana J.C.	32
6 Claremont-Mudd	18
7 Pomona	11
1 Redlands	28
0 Occidental	29
5 Claremont-Mudd	13
5 Pomona	22
2 El Camino J.C.	24
3 Redlands	24
1 Occidental	25



Maynard shoots.



Nelson stretches for shot.

VARSITY SOCCER



Goalie Wiberg thwarts U.C.L.A. threat.

1961 RECORD

CIT			
2	Biola	2
5	Riverside	4
1	U.C.L.A.	3
12	Redlands	2
1	Pomona	2
6	Biola	1
4	Riverside	0
4	Redlands	1
2	Pomona	3
0	U.C.L.A.	0



FIRST ROW: Charles Radoy, mgr.; Wesley Shanks, Herb Chen, Dick Chang. SECOND ROW: Coach Lee Andrews, Tom Latham, Jacques De Barbeyrac, George Seielstad, Joel Kwok, George Argyropoulos, Dave Osias, Jerry Davis, Werner Preukschat, Mike Fourney, Joel Young, Bill Anderson, Don Wiberg.

The varsity soccer squad had a fairly successful, but nevertheless somewhat disappointing, season. Starting off slowly in September, the Beavers tied Biola, edged Riverside, then dropped a game to a strong U.C.L.A. team. The team then got into high gear and lost only two games the rest of the season, both heartbreakers to Pomona. Among the victories was a 12-2 stomp of Redlands and a 6-1 vengeance over Biola. The last game of the season, postponed until the second term because of rain, was a hard-fought scoreless battle with U.C.L.A., which will long be remembered by the Beavers as the only game the Bruins didn't win all season. Caltech finished third in the league to U.C.L.A. and Pomona.

Tech had a very well-balanced team this year; placing three men on the All-League team: Don Wiberg, goalie; captain and forward George Argyropoulos, and wing Joel Kwok. Three other Techmen received honorable mention: center forward Jerry Davis, and fullbacks George Seielstad and Wes Shanks.



Chen and Seielstad fight for possession.

J.V. SOCCER

1961 RECORD

CIT		
0 U.C.L.A.	5
0 U.C.L.A.	4
2 Biola	3
2 Riverside	1



Davis foils opponent's move.

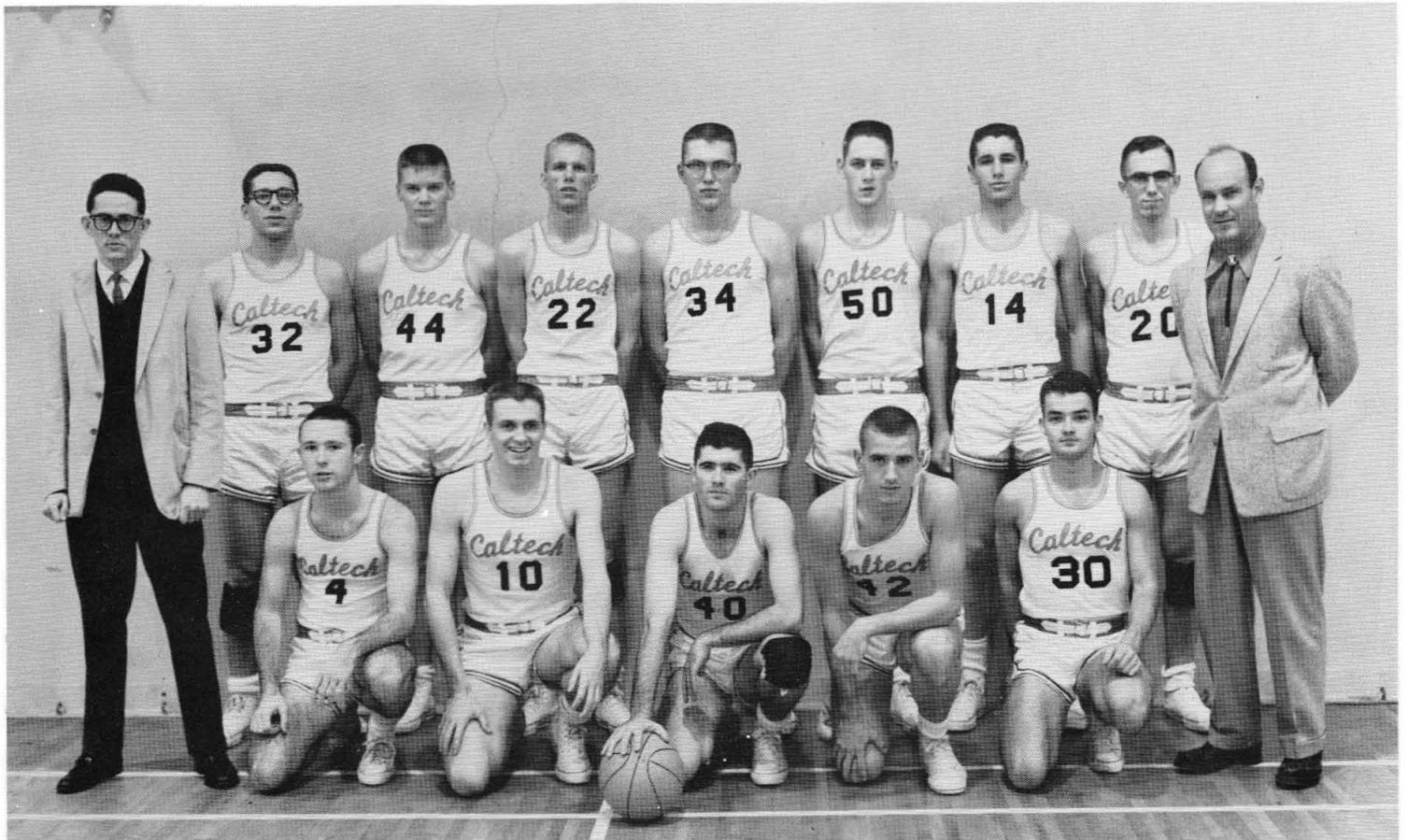


FIRST ROW: Bill Straka, Bill Cheng, Duygu Demirlioglu, Dick McGehee, Seung Choy, Pete Metcalf, Pete Wilson, I. Lok Chang. SECOND ROW: Roy Riblet, Jim Yoh, Coach Bob Norton, John Sorvari, Martin Weiner, Pete Rispin, John Lindsey, Tony Dahlen.



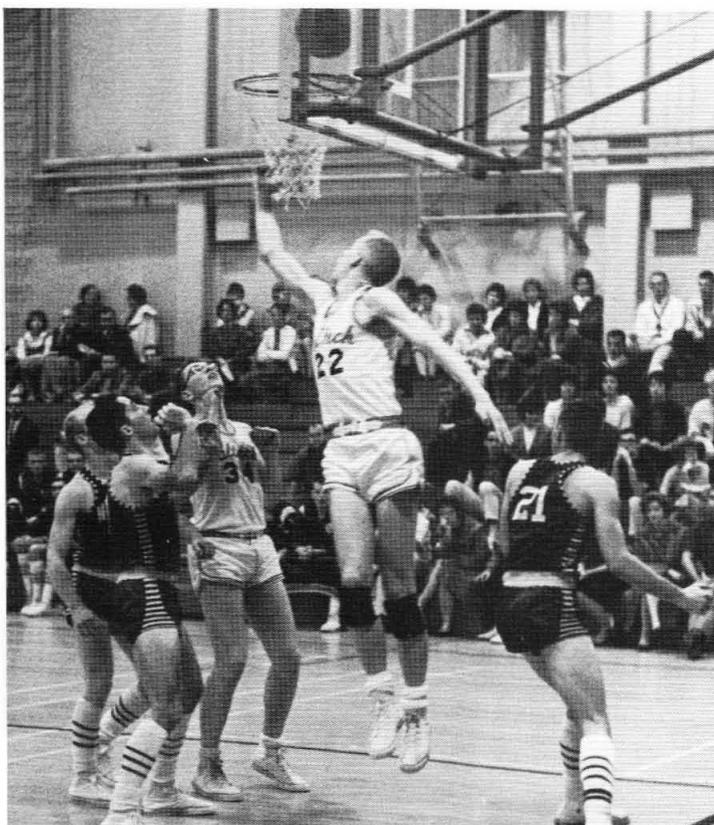
Young leads the attack as Anderson covers.

The J.V. soccer team broke a traditional string of unvictorious games to emerge with a mark in the victory column this year. Besides the usual games with the Senile Seven + Four—a group of soccer playing faculty members—the squad played four scheduled games with other collegiate teams. The first two of these were played against a strong U.C.L.A. aggregation. The first U.C.L.A. game showed a definite lack of coordination in the Beavers' attack and the Bruins scored an easy 5-0 victory. The Beavers' offense improved in the second game, but the Bruin sharpshooters proved too much for the Techmen and won 4-0. Against Biola, Tech maintained a lead of 1-0 until the half, thanks to the hustling of Choy, Cheng, and D.D. on the attack. But Biola came back strong in the second half with a determined attack and eventually triumphed 3-2. In the last game, the J.V. team maintained a determined attack for ninety minutes to defeat Riverside, 2-1.

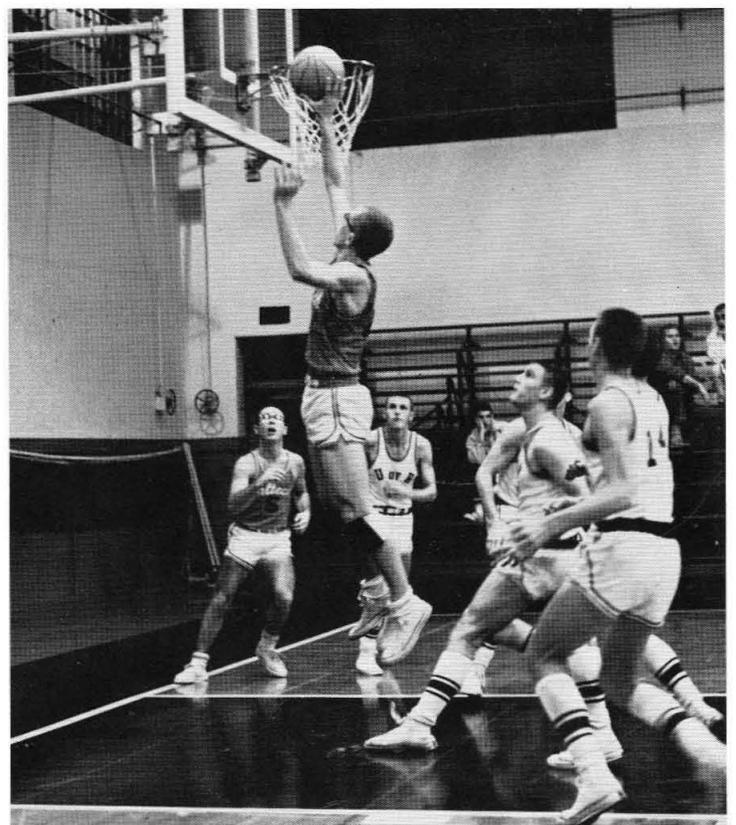


FIRST ROW: Gary Dahlman, Gerald Clough, Dean Gerber, Chuck Vinsonhaler, Volker Vogt. SECOND ROW: Larry Seeley, mgr.; Guthrie Miller, Tom Bopp, Roger Noll, Dick Burgess, Bill Ricks, Joe Weis, Coach Ed Preisler.

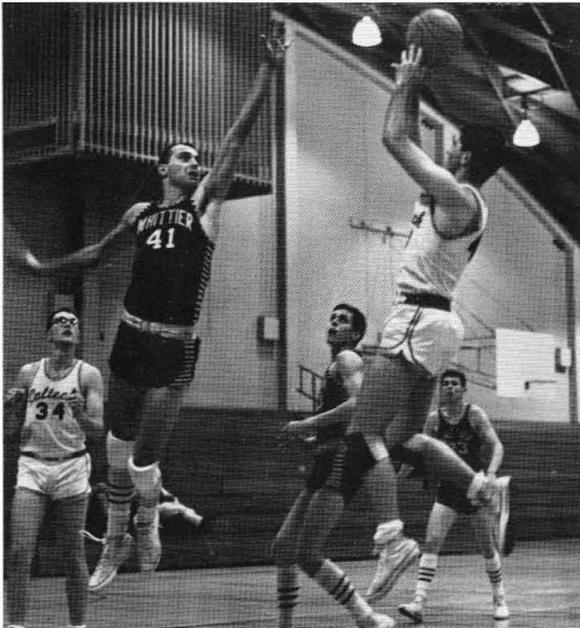
VARSITY BASKETBALL



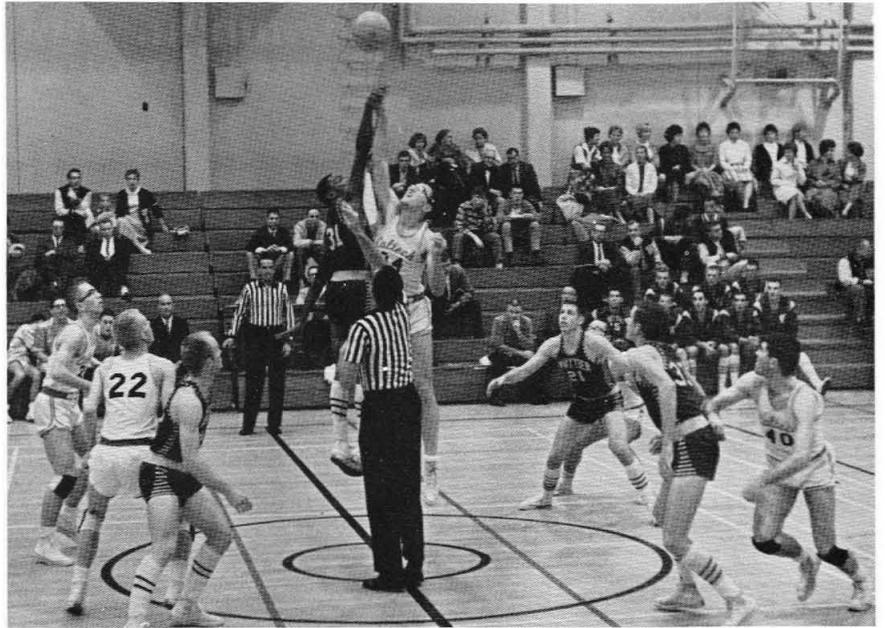
Bopp drives up and under for the score.



Weis lays in the easy two points.



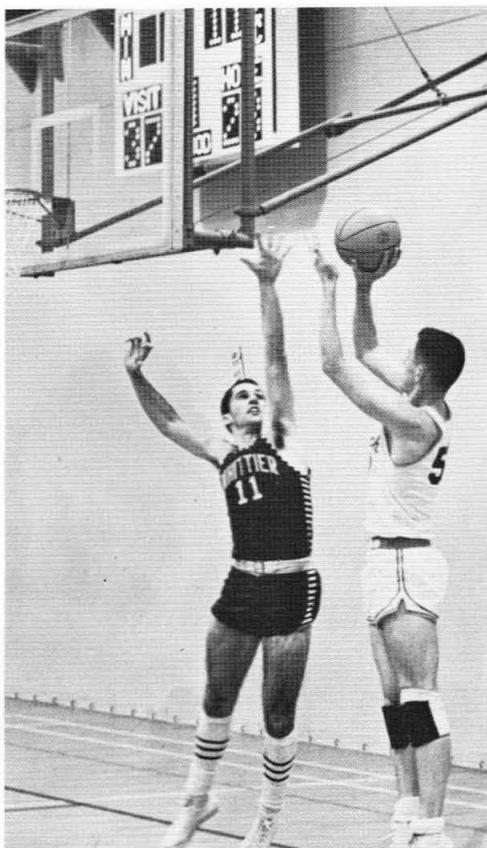
Gerber hits with patented jumper.



Noll, Conference second center, vies for the tip.

It was a sad season for Coach Ed Preisler's varsity basketball team as they finished the season with a 5-17 record, overall. Plagued by the loss of some key players and suffering from a lack of outside shooting, the Beavers went through the league season without a win. One consolation was the fact that Tech's fine center Roger Noll was picked All-Conference on the second team. Roger averaged fourteen points a game and was a big man on the boards. Helping Noll in the front line was Tom Bopp who had a slow start but finished with a flash of scoring and rebounding. At the other forward spot

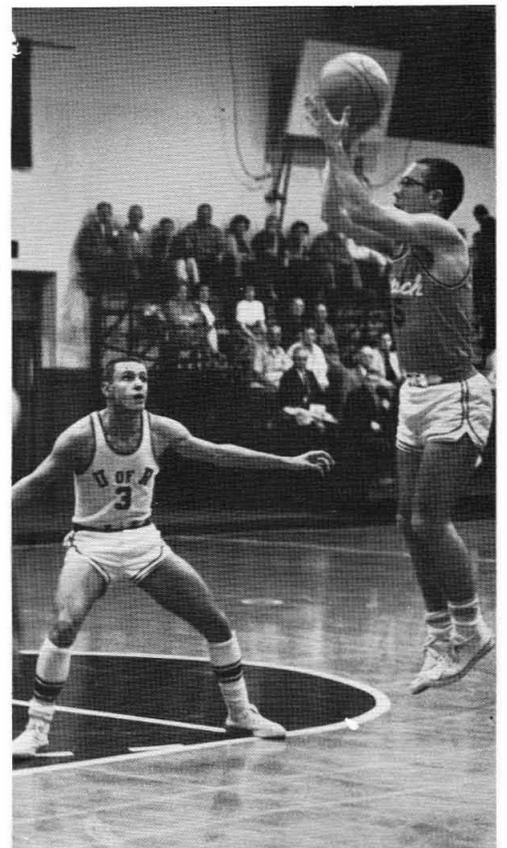
two sophomores, Joe Weis and Dick Burgess, and junior Mike Perlman alternated. Burgess was probably the best outside shot on the team, and when Weis was hot he was unstoppable. In fact, Joe was a big factor in the game of the year, Tech's near-win over league champ Redlands. At guard position were hard-driving Dean Gerber and Gary Dahlman who capably filled the shoes of John Arndt when his services were lost to the team. Providing important relief were guards Gerry Clough, Volker Vogt, and Chuck Vinsonhaler. Bill Ricks also saw action as second-string center.



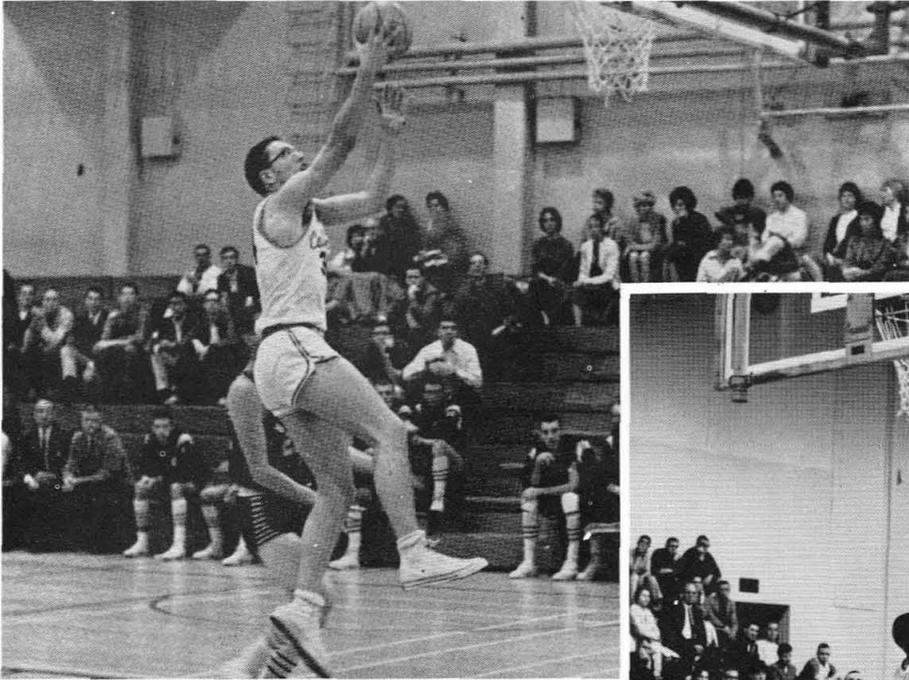
Burgess guns the automatic.

1962 RECORD

CIT		
54 Azusa	65
58 L.A. Pacific	52
59 Upland	65
41 San Diego N.T.C.	54
55 Cal Western	74
49 Upland	54
69 Riverside	72
55 Pomona	65
52 Whittier	80
67 Biola	60
56 Claremont-Mudd	83
62 Azusa	78
51 Redlands	62
58 Occidental	72
72 La Verne	66
53 Whittier	79
47 Redlands	69
58 Riverside	78
59 Occidental	83
55 Pomona	78
53 La Verne	83
45 Claremont-Mudd	54



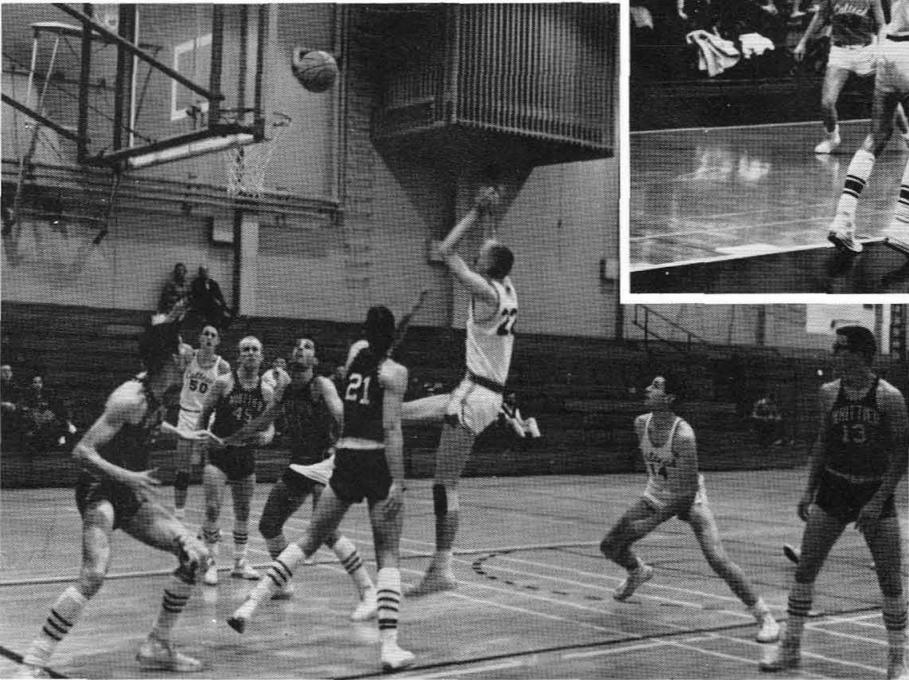
Playmaker Dahlman scores himself.



LEFT: Noll leads the fast break.

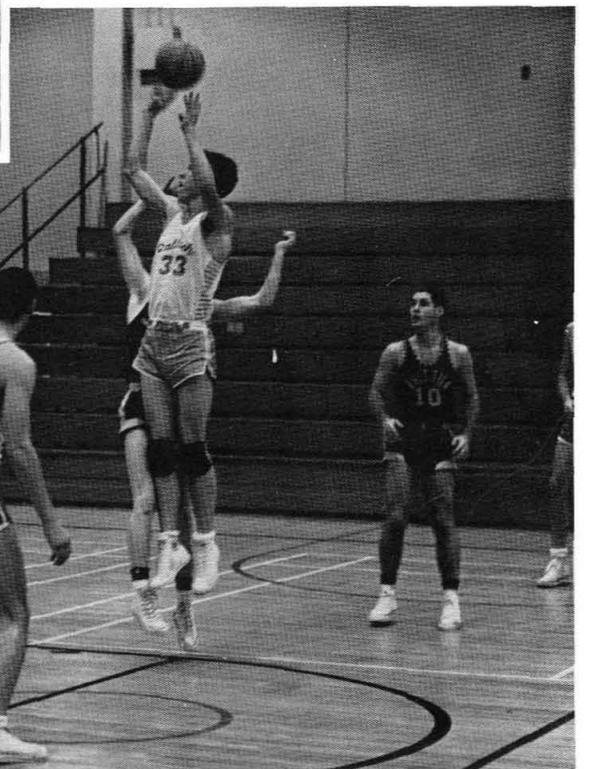


BELOW: Perlman hits from in close.



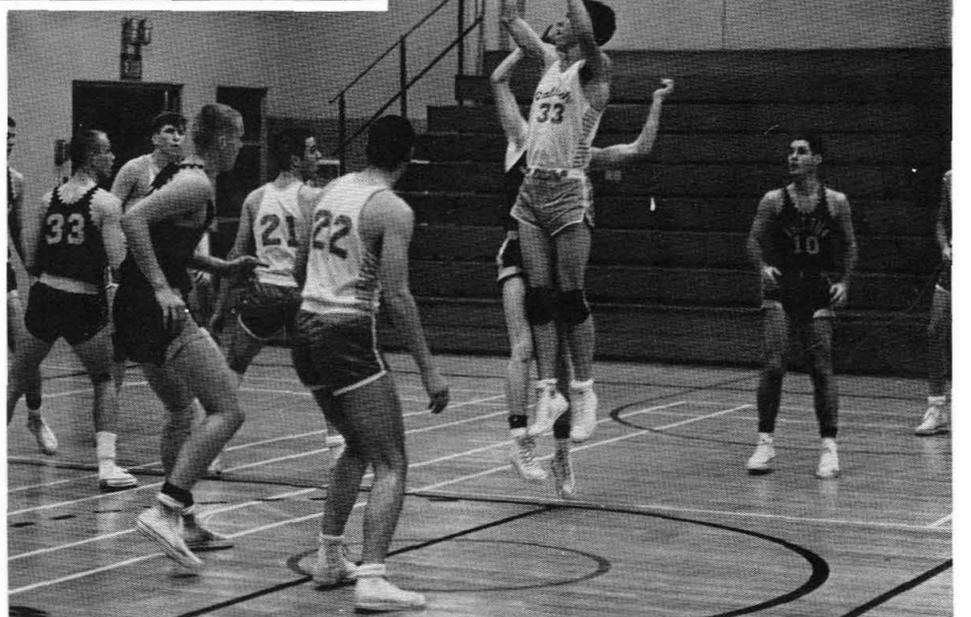
LEFT: Bopp hits fade-away shot.

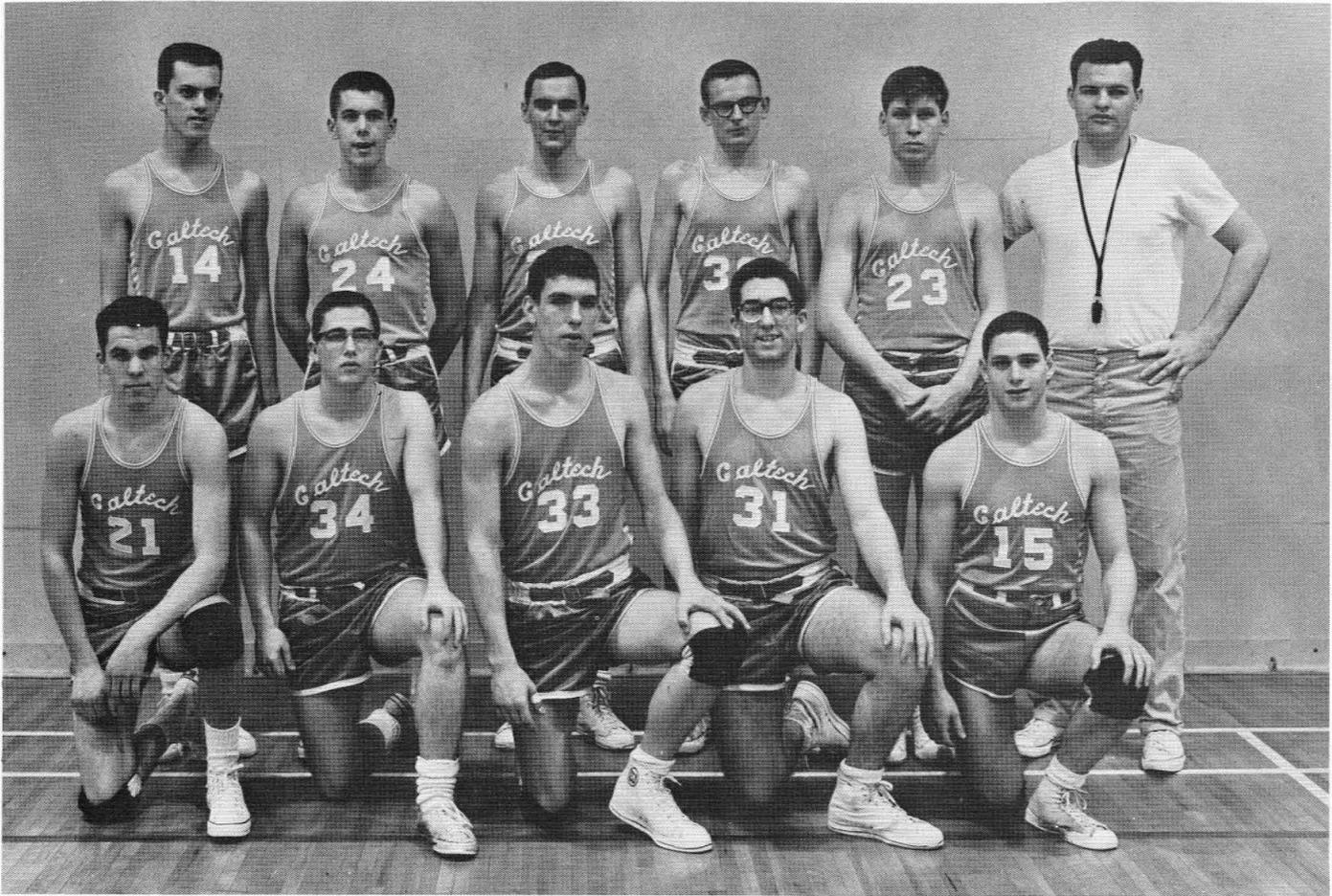
BELOW: Josephson scores for frosh.



1962 FROSH RECORD

CIT		
44 Rio Hondo	50
22 L.A. Trade Tech	98
35 Riverside	69
35 Pomona	88
31 Whittier	77
30 Claremont-Mudd	59
59 L.A. Trade Tech	105
37 Redlands	95
33 Occidental	105
32 La Verne	87
40 Whittier	88
24 Redlands	70
37 Riverside	73
42 Occidental	62
46 Pomona	75
61 Claremont-Mudd	84

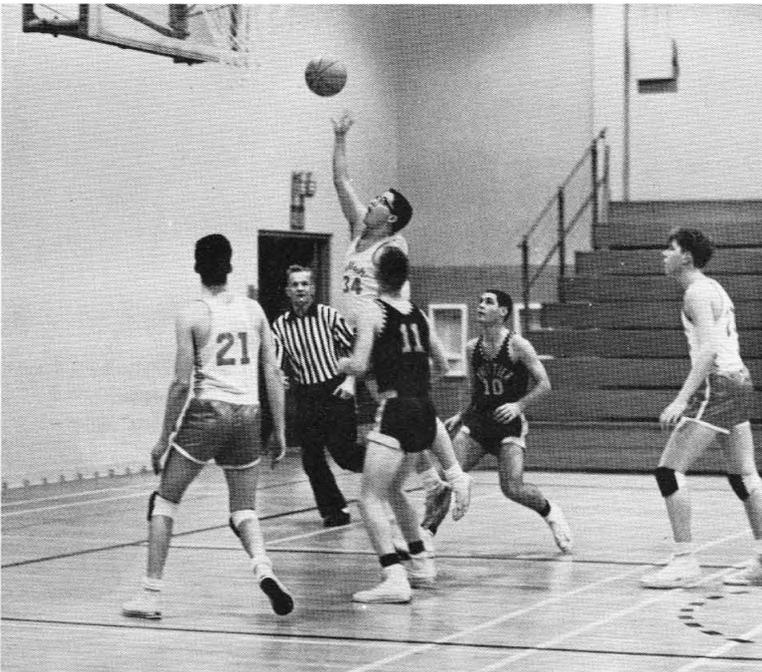




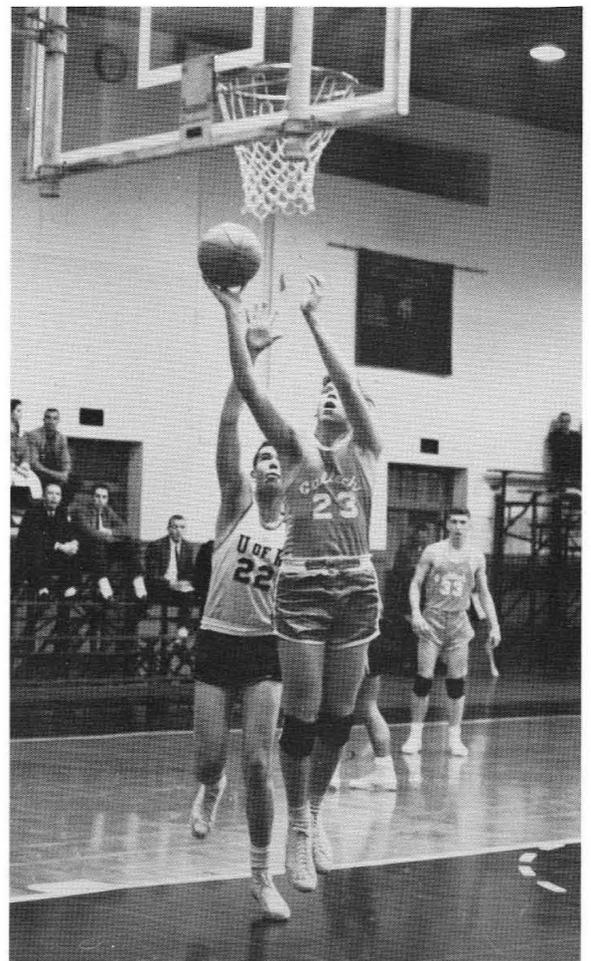
FIRST ROW: Gerry Gowen, Guy Jackson, Doug Josephson, John Radin, Mike Baskes. SECOND ROW: Dennis Oberg, Roger Korus, John Beamer, John Nady, Murray Sherman, Coach Carroll Holly.

FROSH

The 1961-62 frosh team had a rather disappointing, winless year. Amidst stiff competition—especially L.A. Trade Tech and Oxy—they steadily improved with each game. Unfortunately, Tech played its weakest opposition, Rio Hondo, in the opening game, losing 50-44. Standout of the team and a candidate for next year's varsity is center Roger Korus.



Hustler Jackson drives for the score.



Sherman lays it up and in.

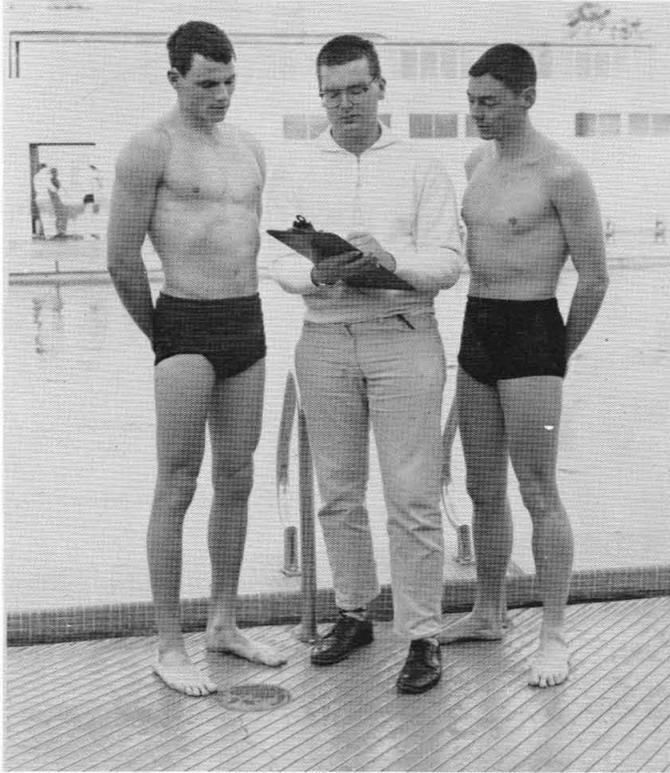


FIRST ROW: Art Turner, George McBean, Mike McCammon, Dave Lambert. SECOND ROW: Sig Hoverson, mgr.; Bruce Chesebro, Art McGarr, Gary Turner, Sherman Gratch, Alan Huber, Jim McCoy, Coach Warren Emery. THIRD ROW: Duygu Demirlioglu, Jim Shaw, Tom Crocker, Frank Winkler, mgr.

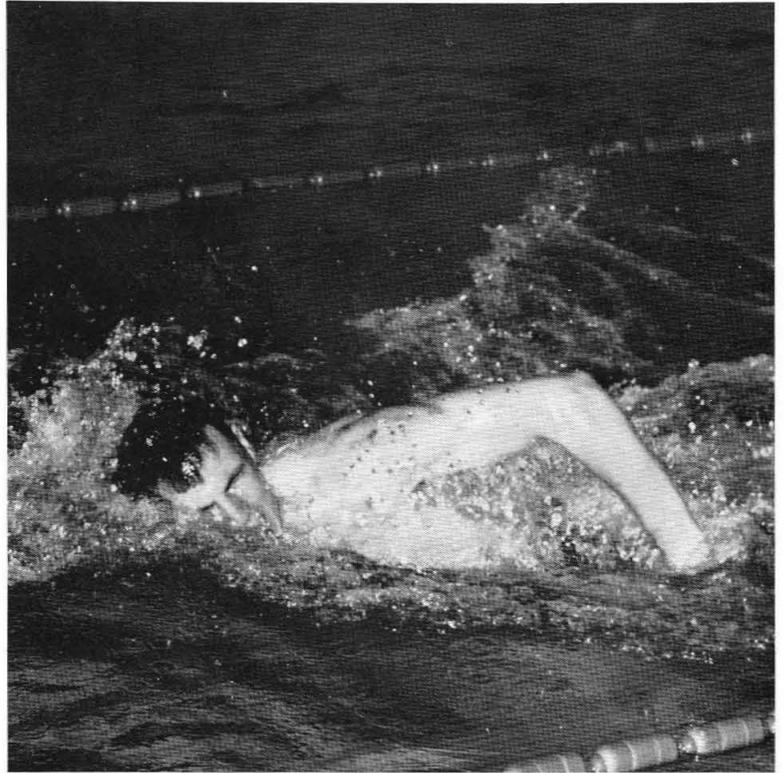
VARSITY SWIMMING



And they're off.



Co-captains Turner and Chesebro with manager Hoverson.



Chesebro churns to victory.

Tech's varsity swimming team completed another season by successfully defending its title in the league finals. In addition, the Beavers won all of their league meets and captured the conference relays held at Claremont before Easter. Strength and depth characterized the squad: in almost every event several swimmers were available; the quality of this depth was shown impressively in the league finals. However strong and deep a team may be, it is always led by individuals with outstanding performances. Bruce Chesebro furnished power aplenty by dominating the freestyle sprints, ending his season by setting a conference record of 22.8 in the 50. The backstroke is owned by Tech in the persons of Jim Shaw, Gary Turner, and Art Turner who won the top three backstroke medals in the league finals. Hard-working Dave Seib delivered the goods in the distance freestyle events, racking up 107 meet points during the

season. Al Huber developed into a strong breaststroker and captured first in his event in the finals. The Terrible Turk, Duygu Demirlioglu, backed by steady Sherman Gratch, brought home many points in the butterfly. Versatility aided the Tech cause: Jim Shaw doubled in the 200 backstroke and the 220 freestyle, as did Gary and Art Turner in the backstroke and individual medley. Gary Mitchell, George McBean, Pat Manning, and Dave Lambert contributed in building depth. McBean and Mitchell combined with Chesebro and Seib to form the highly successful freestyle relay. When a small school not emphasizing athletics can produce champions from neophytes, some unusual force must be present; in Tech's case Coach Warren Emery is that force—he is undoubtedly the finest swimming coach that this league has ever seen.



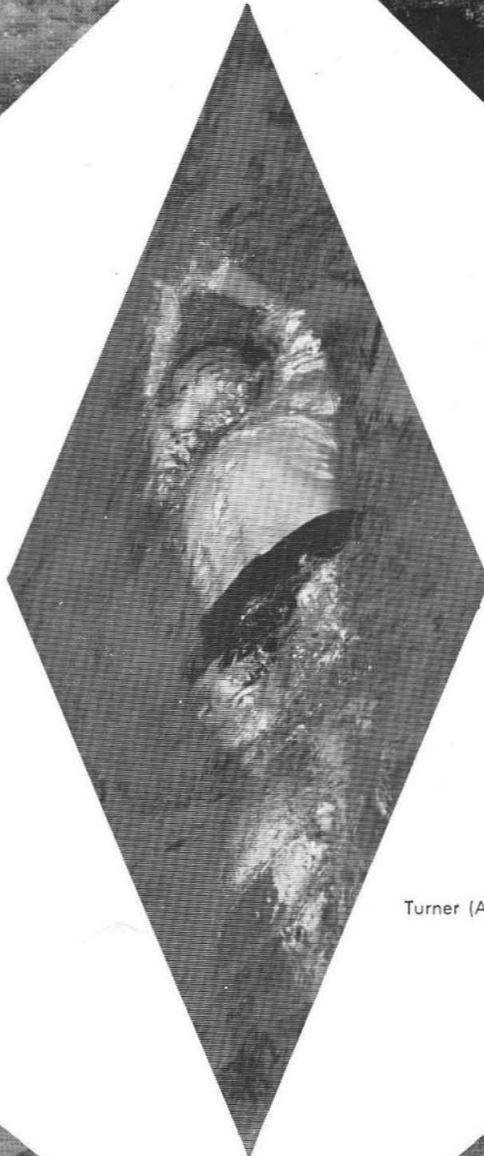
From out of the depths of the sea emerged the monster.



Chesebro approaches the finish.



Anyone for a swim?



Turner (Art) swims toward shore.

1962 RECORD

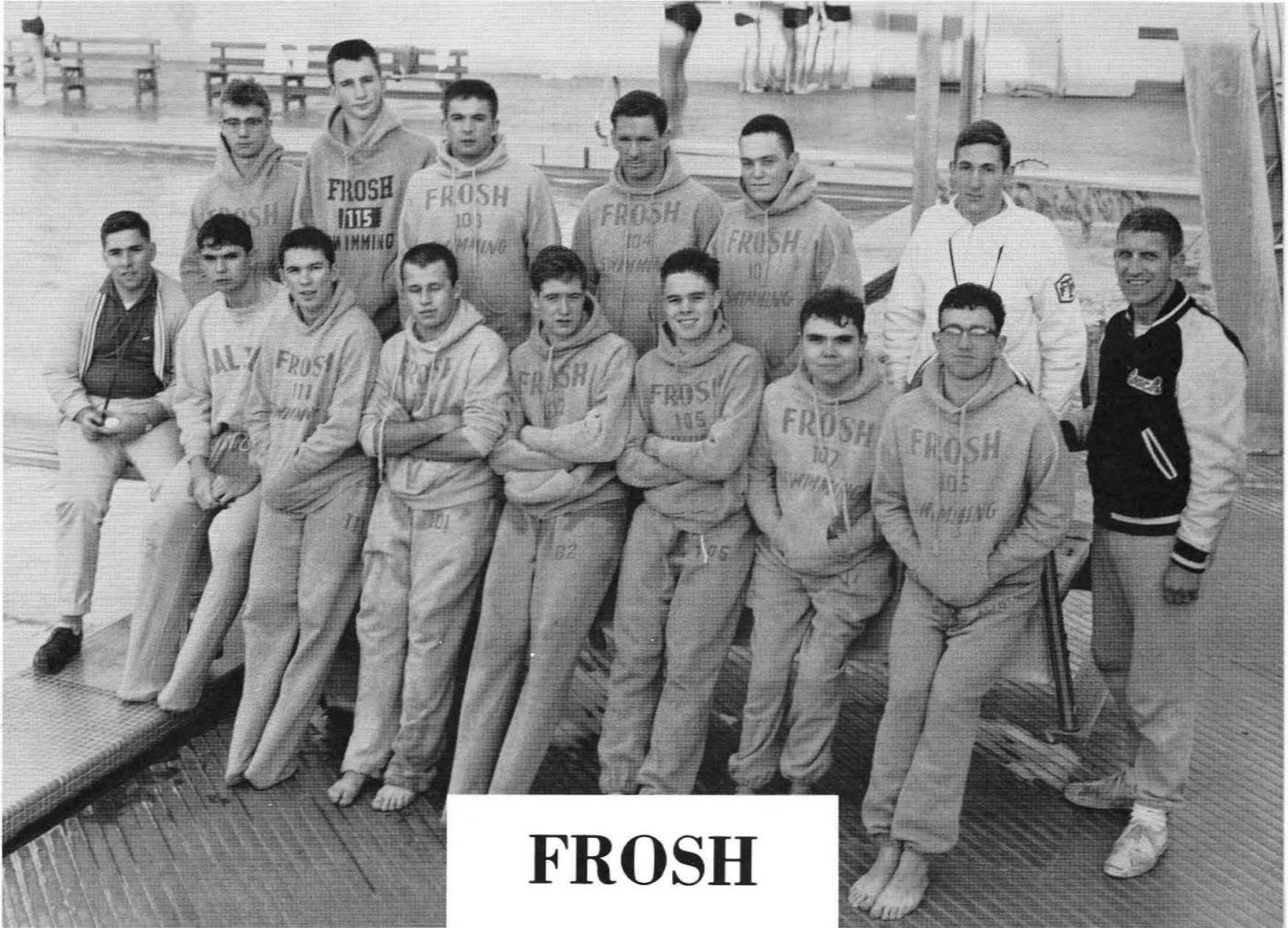
CIT		
67 Pasadena C.C.	27
29	... Santa Monica C.C. ...	62
40 U.C.L.A.	54
64 L.A. State	30
36	. San Fernando Valley St. .	59
66 Cal Poly-Pomona	20
67 Redlands	24
72 Claremont-Mudd	17
59 Pomona	33
74 Whittier	17
51 Riverside	43
27 Univ. of Arizona	66
53 Occidental	42

1962 FROSH RECORD

CIT		
26 U.C.L.A.	67
53 Redlands	35
36 Claremont-Mudd	54
66 Pomona	19
11 Whittier	0
45 Occidental	41

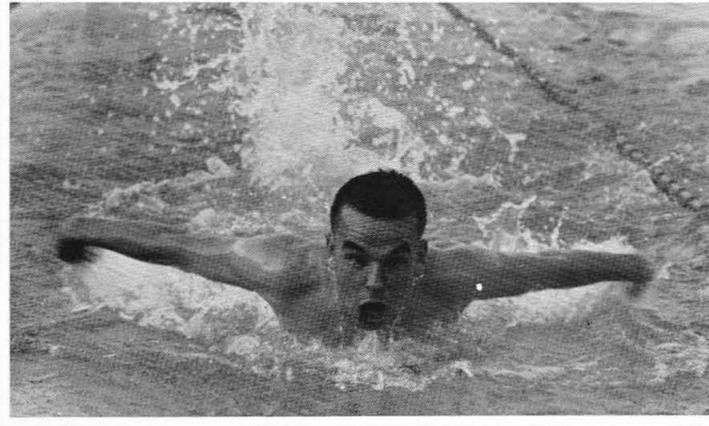


Gratch and Demirioglu compete in the butterfly.



FIRST ROW: Bob Landis, mgr.; Mel Stephens, Jerry Nelson, Hugh Maynard, Larry Oliver, Chuck Smythe, Warren Peascoe, Ken Kunen. SECOND ROW: Peter Ryan, Dave Jarvis, Bob Jenkins, Dave Jackson, Jay Lippman, Don Blumenthal, Coach Warren Emery.

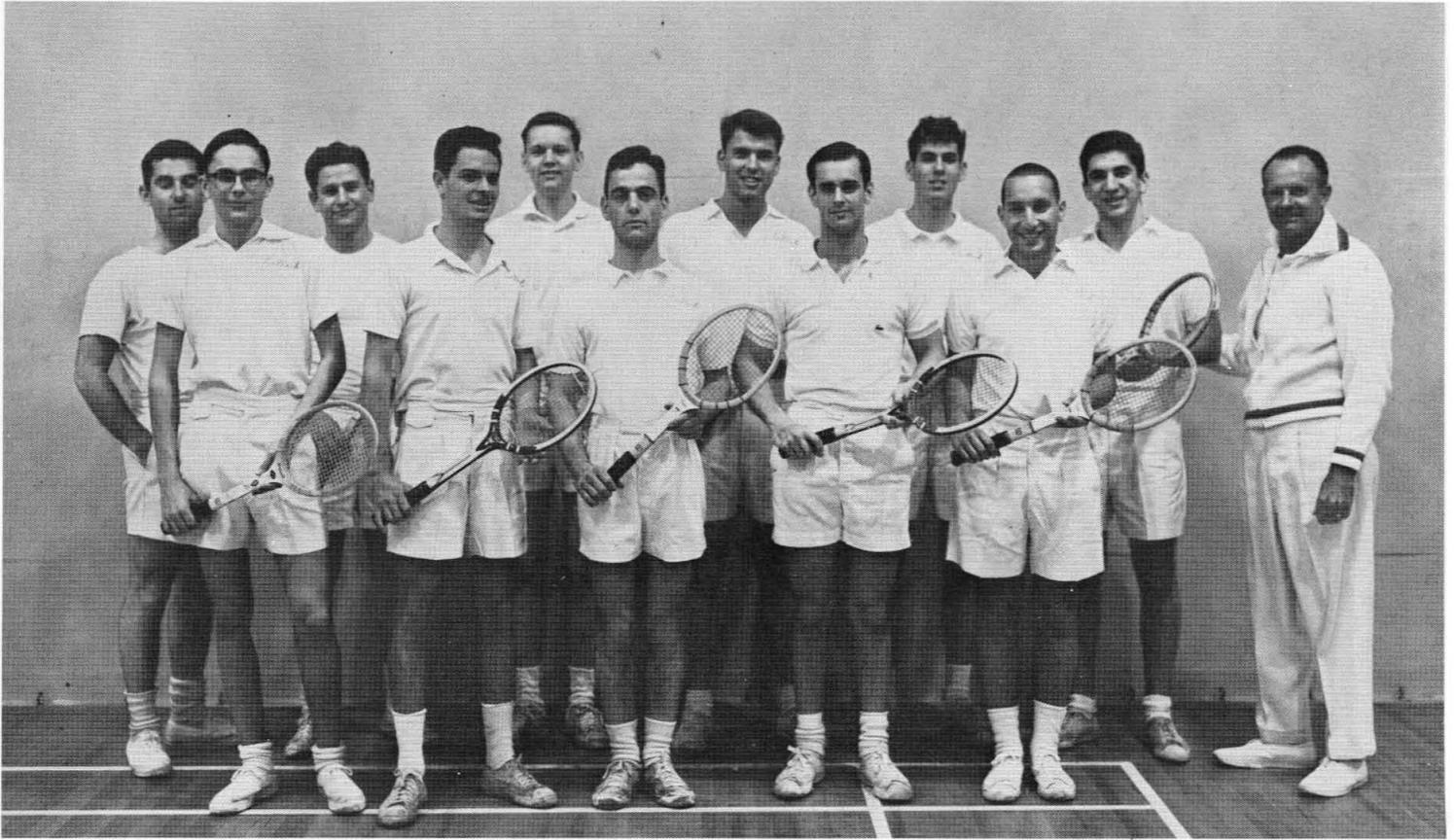
BELOW: Help, I'm drowning!



The frosh swimming team, composed of fifteen men many of whom had little or no competitive swimming experience, had a fairly successful season. In six dual meets they won four and lost two; one of the losses to the powerful U.C.L.A. squad, the other to the remarkably well-endowed CHM team. In larger meets, they took fourth in the conference relays early in the season, and a very close third in the conference finals.



Maynard makes the turn in his freestyle forte.

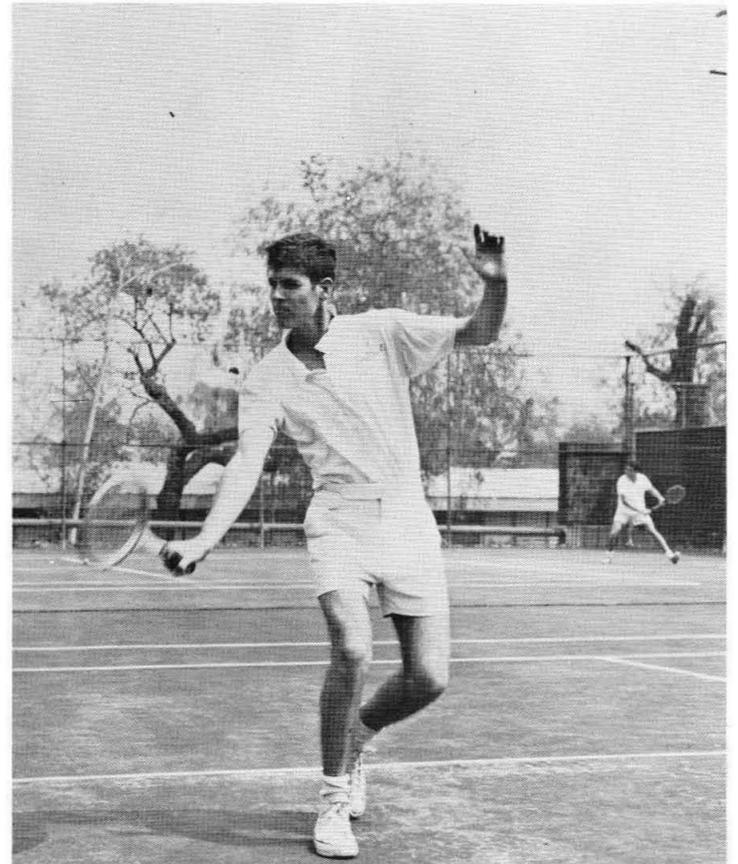


FIRST ROW: Allan Limpo, Frank Curtis, Francis Wilson, Ted Gibbs, Ray Plaut. SECOND ROW: Joel Yellin, Ed Medof, Eliot Bradford, Dick Hess, Bob Ruddick, Dave Owen, Coach Johnny Lamb.

VARSDITY TENNIS



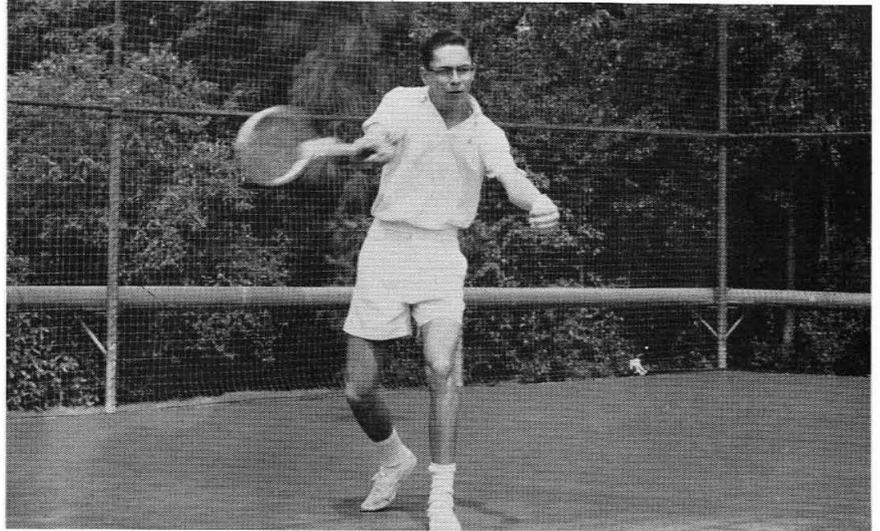
Hearn displays his southpaw delivery.



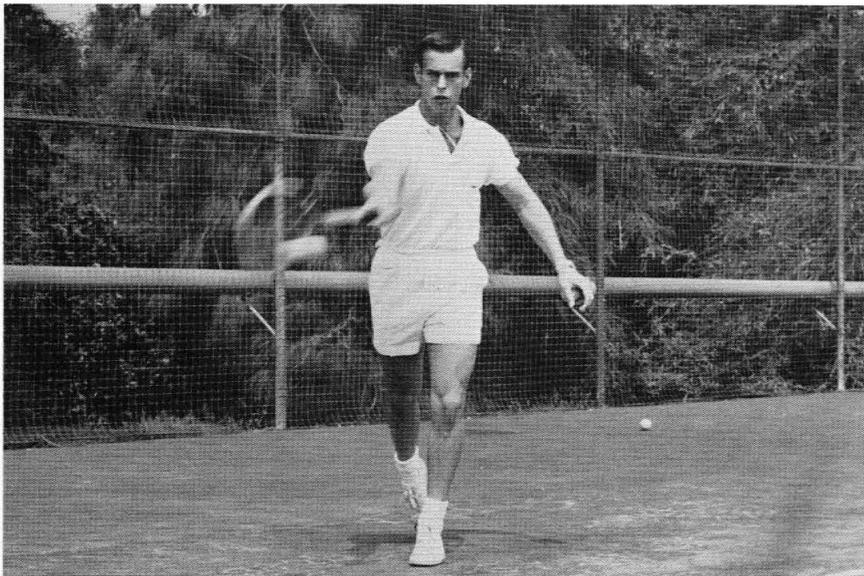
Senior doubles man Ruddick volleys in match.

1962 RECORD

CIT			
6	Pasadena College	3
6	Pasadena College	3
5½	Pomona	3½
6	Pasadena C.C.	3
5	Occidental	4
0	L.A. State	9
1	Redlands	8
5	Whittier	4
7	Cal Western	2
9	Occidental	0
2	Pasadena College	7
3	Claremont-Mudd	6
0	Redlands	9
6	Whittier	3
3	Pomona	6
1½	Claremont-Mudd	7½

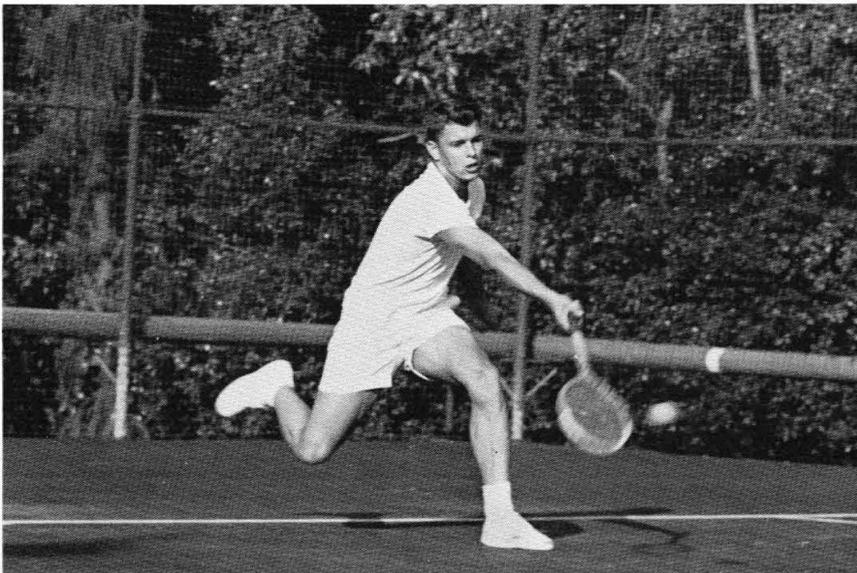


BELOW: Giggs calls on his powerful forehand. AT RIGHT: Limpo returns base line shot.

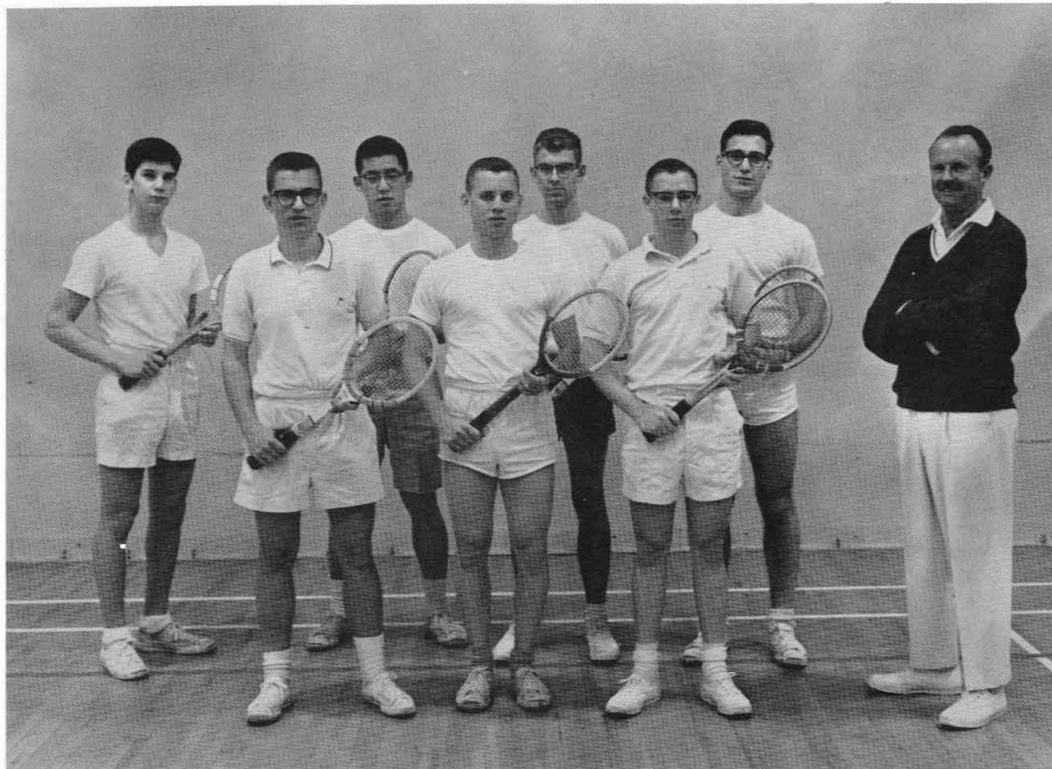


Overall balance and experience provided the key to a successful 1962 varsity tennis season. Undefeated through the second term, Coach John Lamb's netters suffered disappointing late-season losses to CHM (twice) and Pomona. They finished third in the final standings behind perennial champion Redlands and the surprising CHM team which was strengthened by four good sophomores. The Tech team was handicapped in all three of these defeats by the loss of number one man Dick Hess due to a severe knee injury. Hess was the team's individual star through the last three seasons, with a record of more than fifty percent wins against very strong competition. Other seniors who will be missed are Bob Hearn, a fine competitor who has turned in victories in over seventy-five percent of league matches, and Bob Ruddick, whose doubles play during the 1961 and 1962 seasons has been of considerable help to the team. Four juniors and two sophomores provided a good returning nucleus for next year's team. Dave Owen and Ted

Gibbs are steady, reliable players who can usually be depended on not to lose matches they should win. Frank Curtis can play a very good singles game and is especially strong in doubles, while hard-working Ray Plaut is another good doubles man. Sophomore Al Limpo, moving up from number one man of last year's frosh, has fine potential and should win consistently with more experience. Ed Medof improved during the course of the season to provide help in some of the later matches. Strength and balance from the top to the bottom make the 1962 team an outstanding representative of the school and a tribute to the skill, patience, and enthusiasm of Coach John Lamb.



Hess displays his number one form prior to injury.



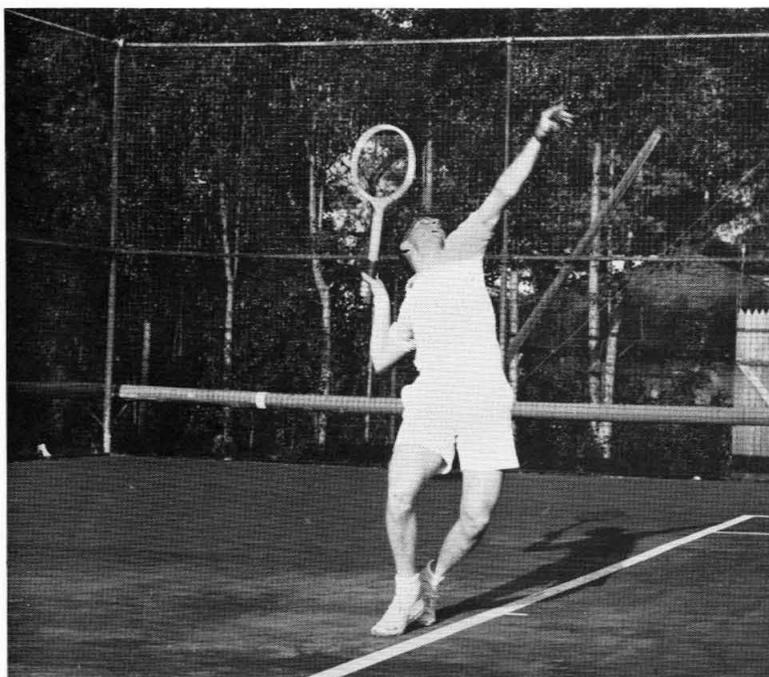
FIRST ROW: Don Green, Bob Barro, Butch Niell. SECOND ROW: Dave Lischinsky, Al Chong, Ed Kuplis, Bob Levin, Coach Johnny Lamb.

FROSH TENNIS

With a fine season record of 9-1, the Caltech frosh tennis team brought home the conference championship, Tech's first in recent years. The close 5-4 victories over Redlands, Oxy and CHM were the highlights of a fine season which was marred only by a close, hard-fought loss to Redlands midway in the season. In many of the key matches, the team had to rally from a deficit to bring home the victory. In addition to the fine performances of her top players, the team had the advantages depth in 5th and 6th men, Barro and Kuplis, and superior doubles ability; both teams of Niell-Lischinsky and Rose-Green advanced to the semi-final of the conference tournament. Much of the credit for the championship must go to the man who moulded these talented but untried frosh into a championship team, Coach John Lamb.



Tiger Lischinsky roars.



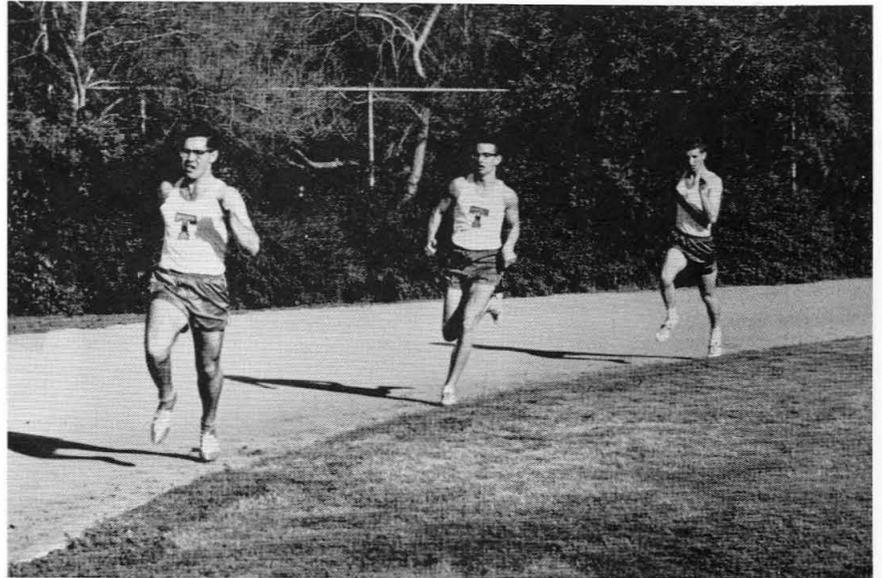
Mighty Mite Niell shows off his service.

1962 RECORD

CIT		
7 Pomona	2
9 Pasadena College	0
5 Redlands	4
8 Pasadena College	1
5 Occidental	4
4 Redlands	5
8 Whittier	1
5 Occidental	4
5 Claremont-Mudd	4
7 Whittier	2
6 Pomona	3
5 Claremont-Mudd	4



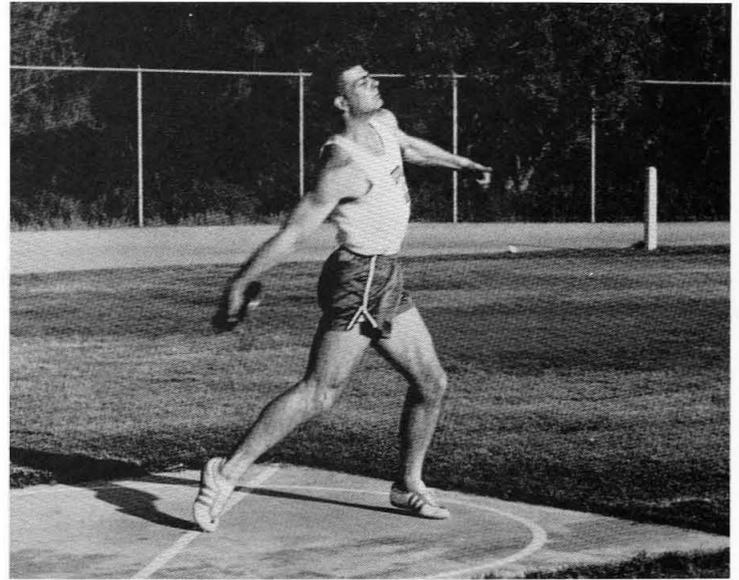
Younce soars in the broad jump.



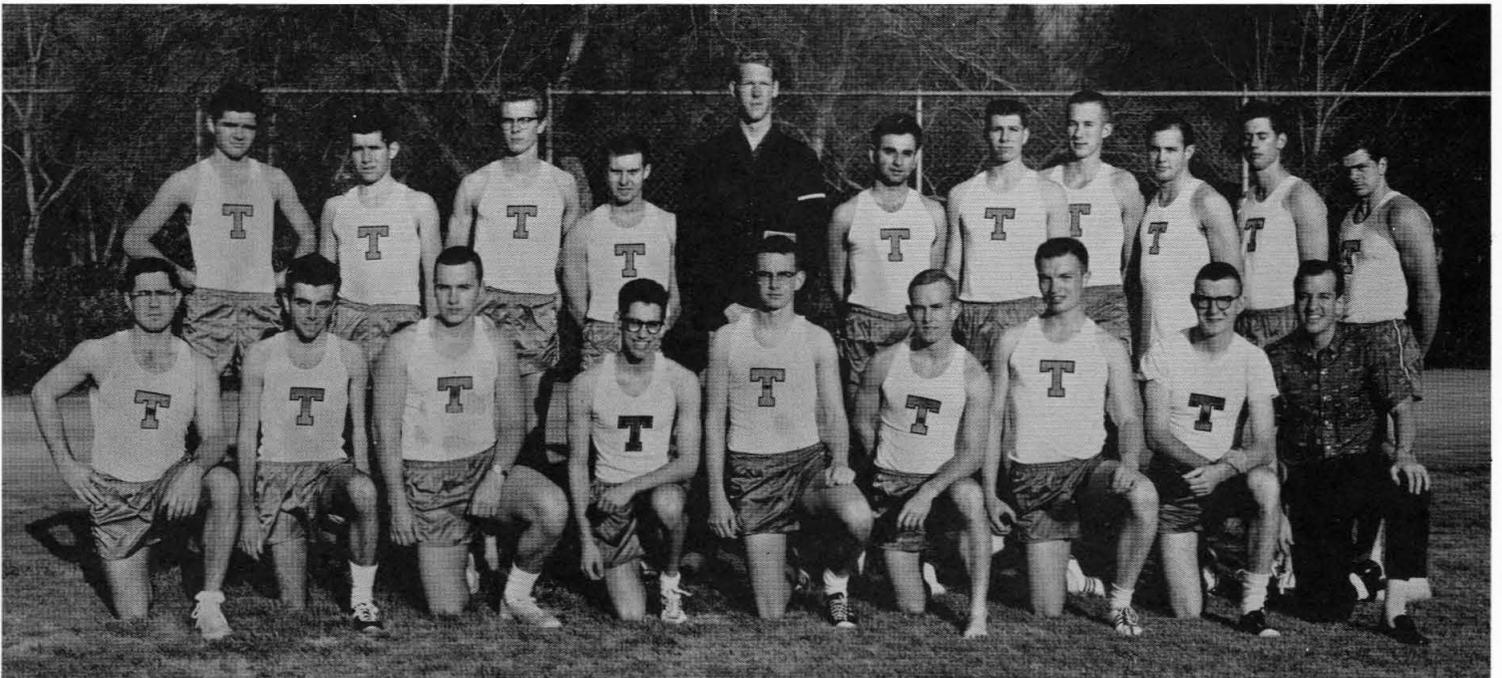
Hassenzahl and Farrell set the 880 pace.

TRACK

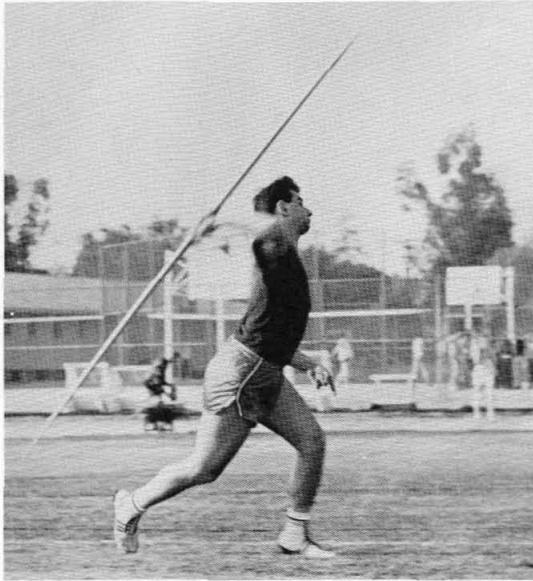
At the outset of the season Coach La Brucherie's tracksters showed promise of having a successful year, but due to several key injuries they won only two dual meets. Led by George Radke the fieldmen were the mainstay of the team: George Soule—shot and discus, Steve Gorman—pole vault and high jump, Bill Schoene and Hal Petrie—javelin, Jan Dash—broad jump. In the 880 Bill Hassenzahl improved immensely to post a time of 2:02.6. John Curtis ran both the high and low hurdles. Geary Younce ran the low hurdles and broad-jumped. Beaver strength in the sprints centered on Jim Klett, who has been one of the best in the conference for three years. Other seniors competing were Ed Cline—pole vault, Dean Gerber—variety, Bill Farrell—880. Thor Hanson and John Caywood in the distances and Will Saam and Charley Ryavec in the 440 rounded out the lettermen.



Radke sets new varsity record: 144' 9 3/4".



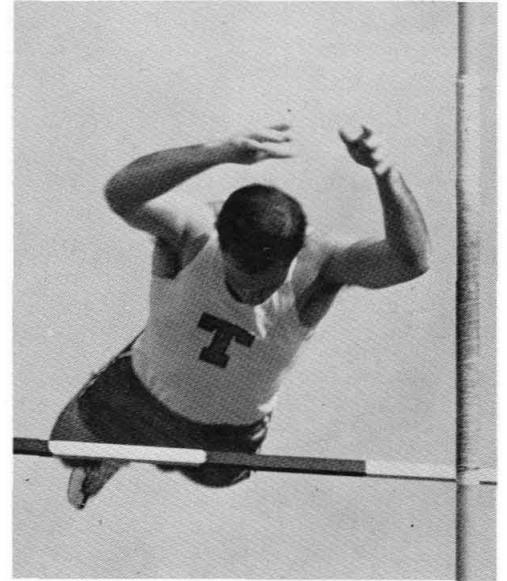
FIRST ROW: Bill Hassenzahl, Nish Krikorian, George Soule, Jan Dash, Bill Farrell, Geary Younce, Will Saam, John Caywood, Bob Schmulian, mgr. SECOND ROW: Dennis Holt, Ed Lee, Hal Petrie, Jim Morrow, John Letcher, Aram Mekjian, Bill Schoene, Thor Hanson, Steve Gorman, John Curtis, George Radke.



Mekjian hurls the spear.

1962 RECORD

CIT		
60	Claremont-Mudd	71
40 $\frac{1}{3}$ Pomona	90 $\frac{2}{3}$
80 La Verne	50
72	Pasadena College	59
65 Riverside	66
61 Whittier	68



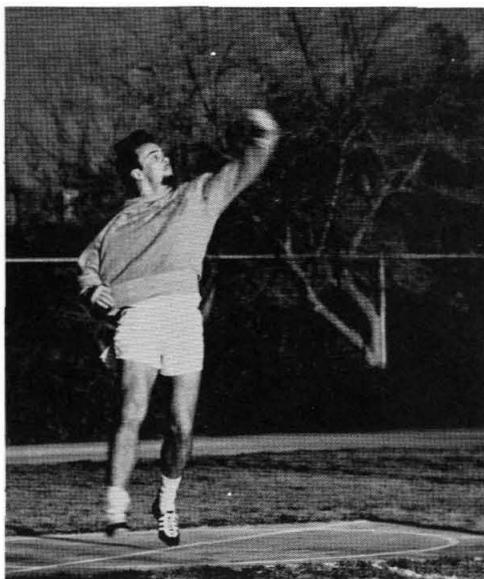
Gorman vaulting the 12' mark.



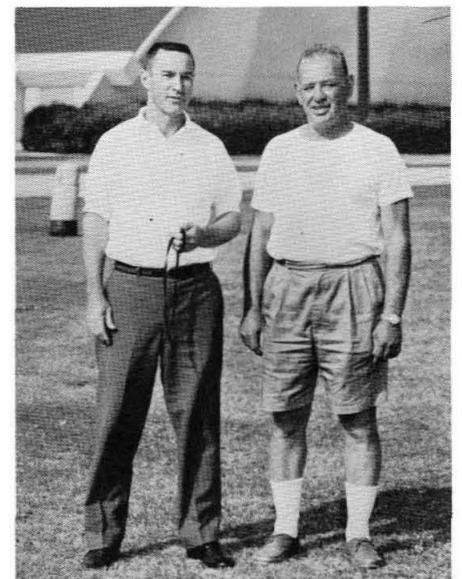
FIRST ROW: Steve Garrison, Dave Stoffa, Rick Cassada, Bob Scott, Jim Stadler, Lou Corl, Neal Wright, George Dickinson. SECOND ROW: Wayne Ryback, Al Lindh, Jon Evans, Bill Cooper, Walt Deal, Gary Scott, Dick Essenberg, Ken Brown, Mike Entin, Jim Eder, Ken Ludwig.

FROSH

The frosh team was composed of a nucleus of good trackmen but lacked depth; as a result they lost several meets by very close margins. 880-man Neal Wright looked exceptionally good as he posted a 1:59 time in the Conference Finals. Bill Cooper ran the hurdles and placed second in the finals. Jon Evans handled the weights while Steve pole vaulted. Judging from the quality of the frosh, the future of the varsity squad should be bright next year.



Evans competes for the frosh.



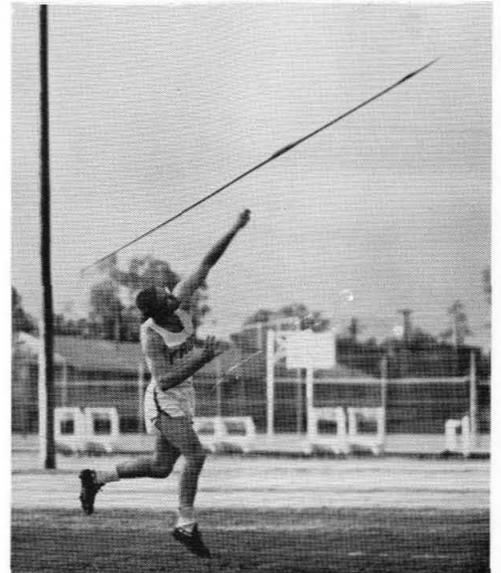
Coaches La Brucherie and Barthel.



880 ace Wright breaks the tape.

1962 RECORD

CIT		
65	..	Claremont-Mudd .. 66
60	Pomona 67
85	L.A. Pacific 44
52	Whittier 79



Versatile Garrison throws javelin.



FIRST ROW: Frank Schultz, Coach Tom Walsh, Tim Little, Fred Hameetman, Bob Gershman, Harold Haskins, Ken Larson, Dave Hyde, Fred Dorr.

The golf team enjoyed one of its most successful records in several years during this season's matches. Three wins and a tie merited a fourth place in the conference, which easily surpassed Coach Tom Walsh's early predictions. The biggest upset of the season was a tie with powerful Claremont-Mudd who won the conference championship. The success was due to a well-balanced team effort: senior Chuck House, medalist with an 84, led the team to victory over Redlands on their home course. The two victories over Whittier were sparked by the fine golfing of Ken Larson and Frank Schultz, numbers one and two men for most of the season. Hal Haskins, Dave Hyde, Gary Dahlman, and Fred Dorr also contributed to the team victories.

GOLF

1962 RECORD

CIT		
2	Pasadena College 52
2	Occidental 52
3	Claremont-Mudd 51
23	Redlands 31
7	Occidental 47
30	Whittier 24
27	Claremont-Mudd 27
31	Redlands 23
15	Pomona 39
33	Whittier 21
15	Pomona 39



Dave Hewitt throws the roundhouse curve.



Bill Ricks blazes the fast one in.

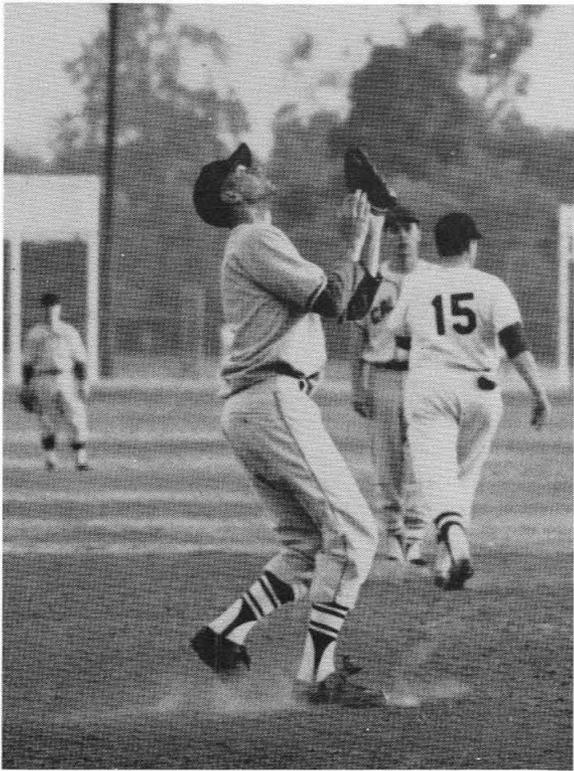
VARSITY BASEBALL

1962 was a bleak and dismal year for Coach Preisler's varsity nine. With only infielder Bob Gilman returning from last year, the team was forced to play first-rate competition with much the same line-up that the 1961 frosh fielded. Bill Ricks and Dave Hewitt shared the pitching chores with late-season support from third-baseman Bill Weber. Lack of fielding and/or hitting support for the beleaguered mound core proved the decisive factor in many of the games. Letterman Julian Prince recovered from a shoulder injury and returned in mid-season to alleviate the second-base dilemma. Web-

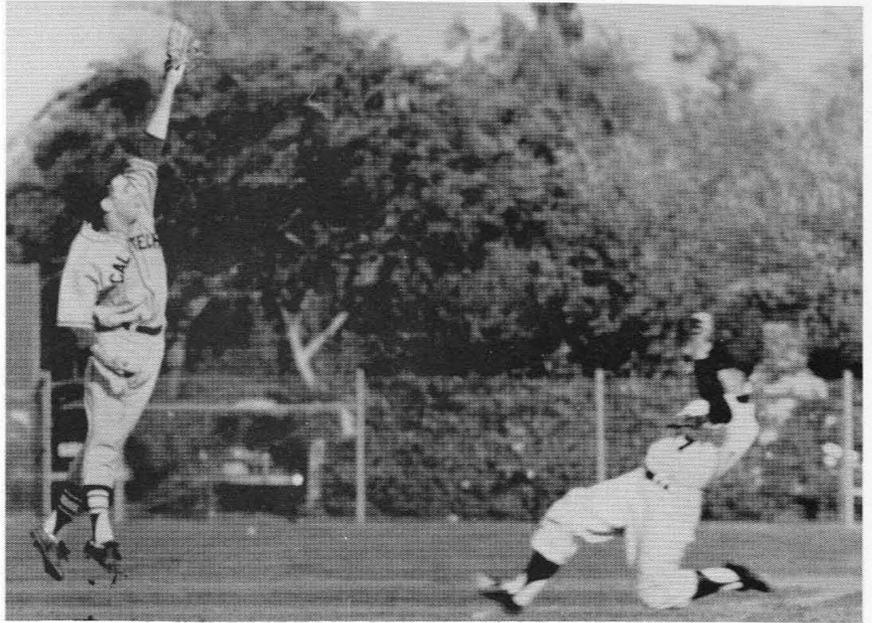
er, winner of the Alumni Trophy and clutch hitter, was the stalwart of the infield which included Jim Whittington at first with Ricks, Gilman, Prince, and Bob Liebermann filling out the crew. Dick Stanton, the team's leading hitter, handled the catching duties while Tom MacDowell, Hewitt, and Liebermann roamed the outfield. Hewitt led the team in non-league batting with a thumping .423. The addition of Marty Hoffman, Carlos Johnson, and Les Tomley late in the season bolstered the squad and contributed to the respectable showings against Pomona and conference champs Occidental.



FIRST ROW: Al Lipsom, Larry Gershwin, Ron Koretz, Dave Hewitt, Tom MacDowell, Bob Liebermann, Bob Gilman. SECOND ROW: Larry Dawson, mgr.; Bill Weber, Bill Smith, Jim Whittington, Dick Stanton, Bill Ricks, Joe Christiansen, mgr.; Coach Ed Preisler.



Ricks snares the easy pop-up?



Gilman leaps high to save the throw.



Whittington tags one that didn't get away.



MacDowell and Hewitt display the right and left-handed power.

1962 RECORD

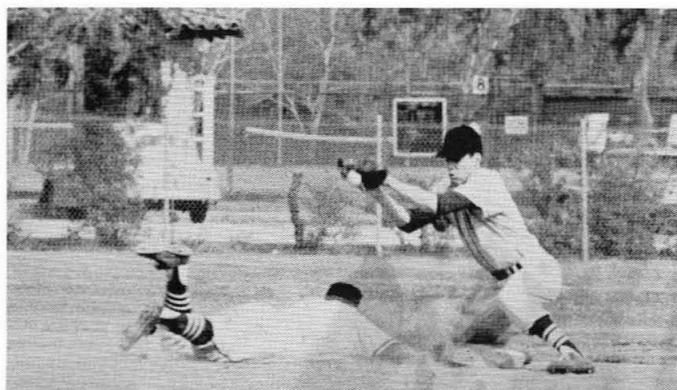
CIT

1 Chapman	14
3 Chapman	13
1 La Verne	23
0 Univ. of San Diego	21
4 Cal Western	26
5 Miramar	9
2 Whittier	23
0 Claremont-Mudd	12
2 Claremont-Mudd	16
1 Whittier	17
2 Redlands	9
0 Redlands	12
2 Redlands	16
4 Biola	12
4 Pomona	11
3 La Verne	24
4 Claremont-Mudd	11
3 Biola	7
0 Biola	4
0 Whittier	9
3 Pomona	4
4 Pomona	9
3 Occidental	16
2 Occidental	7
2 Occidental	8



FIRST ROW: Walt Paciorek, Walter Scott, Steve Blumsack, Stan Christman, John Hsu, John Diebel, Charles Warlick, mgr. SECOND ROW: Coach Glen Woodard, Jon Evans, John Radin, Guy Jackson, Murray Sherman, Gerry Gowen, Mike Rosbash, Phil Beltran.

FROSH BASEBALL



Gowen just misses tag at third base.

1962 RECORD

CIT		
5 Claremont-Mudd	23
3 Whittier	11
0 Redlands	16
1 Biola	9
4 Pomona	19
1 Rio Hondo	14
2 Claremont-Mudd	7
6 Biola	14
0 Pasadena College	15
4 Pomona	17
6 Occidental	9
4 Occidental	15

The Caltech frosh baseball team of 1962 showed much promise for future years. Although they lost every ball game, they looked quite impressive in several, both individually and as a team. Also, the team improved tremendously with each game, mainly the result of novices gaining invaluable experience in the sport. Only two had played for high school teams.

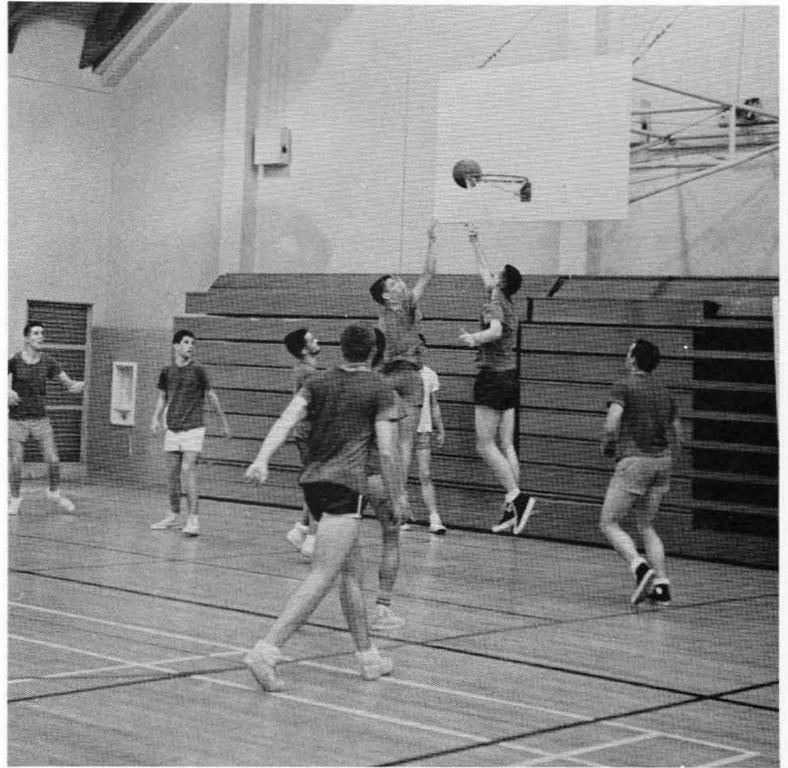
A few individual standouts can be expected to play much varsity ball next year. Team captain Guy Jackson (catcher-third baseman) and Steve Hall (outfielder) shared the Most Valuable Player Award, mainly on the strength of their heavy hitting. Shortstop Gerry Gowen drew praises from Coach Skip Stenbjit for his range and rifle arm. Pitchers John Diebel and Murray Sherman showed much promise and improvement on the mound.



Hall snags the throw to make the tag play.



Teitelman scores for Dabney in tennis.



Tomley drops in two points for Ricketts.

INTERHOUSE SPORTS

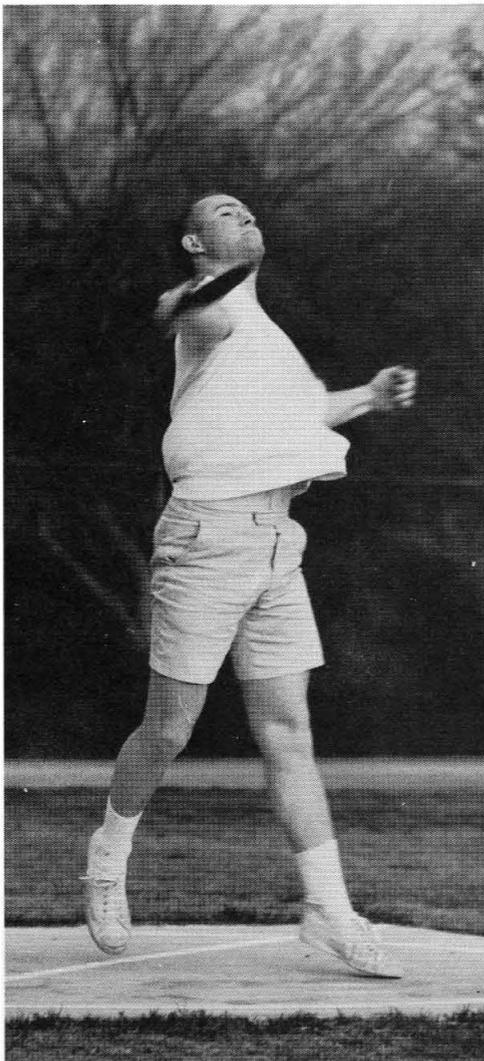


The Ricketts "machine" rolls forward.

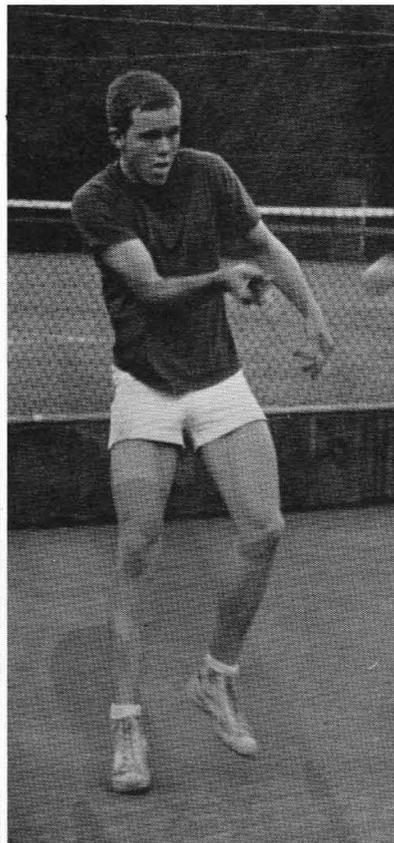


Shlegeris controls the tip for Ruddock's fine basketball team.

BELOW: Scott goes up and over.

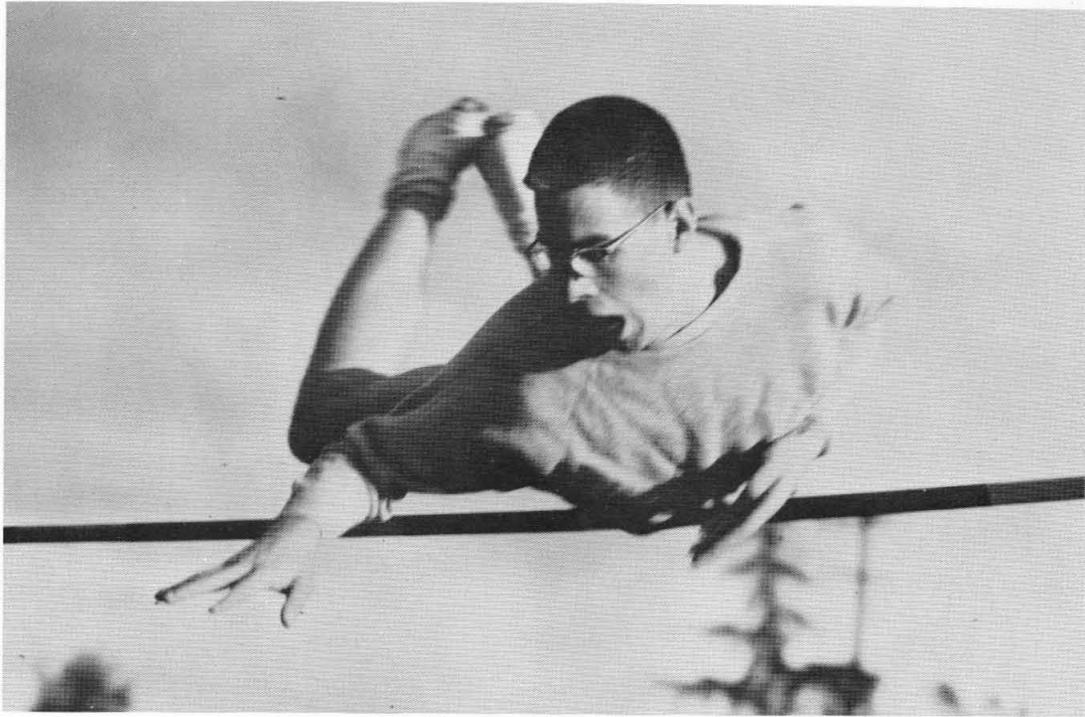


Hamilton hurls the discus.



Gillespie volleys in the tennis tournament.





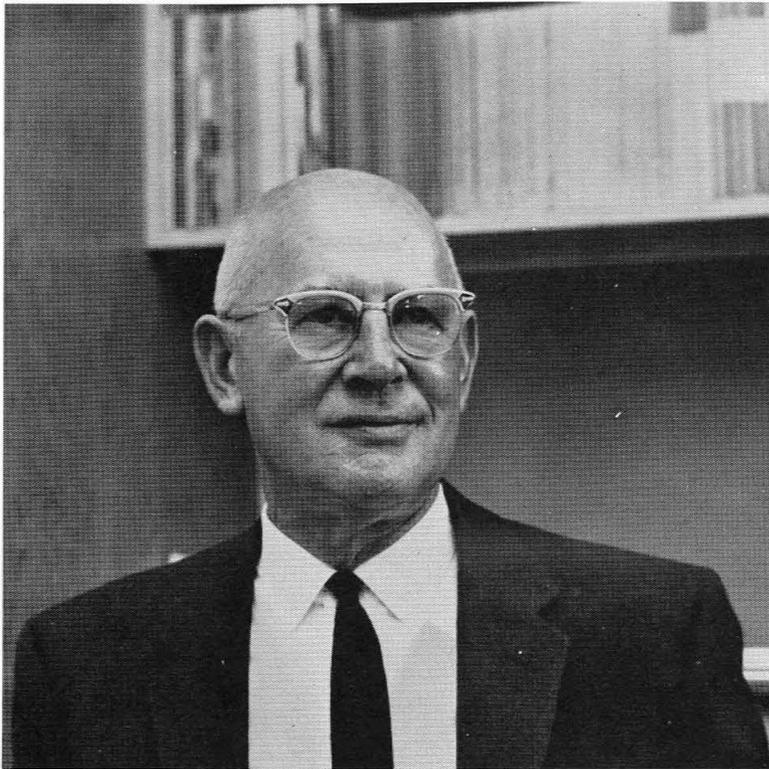
Thomsen shows finesse; but did he clear the bar?

INTERHOUSE TROPHY STANDINGS

EVENT	RICKETTS	LLOYD	RUDDOCK	PAGE	DABNEY	FLEMING	BLACKER
Softball	18	18	6	18	6	12	6
Tennis	12	18	15	6	21	9	3
Swimming	18	15	21	9	3	12	6
Touch Football	21	18	6	15	12	9	3
Track and Field	21	6	15	9	18	3	12
Basketball	12	3	18	15	9	6	21
Volleyball	7 ½	21	18	13 ½	13 ½	7 ½	3
Final results	109 ½	99	99	85 ½	82 ½	58 ½	54



Chen eludes defender to snag aerial in the end zone.



Athletic Director: Harold Z. Musselman

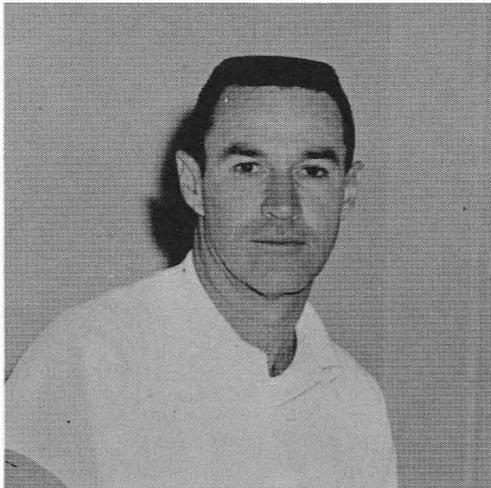
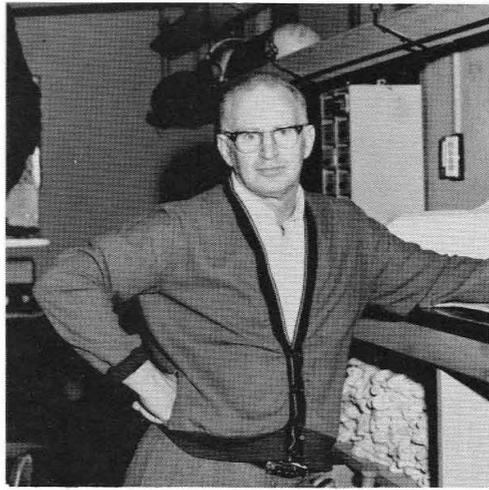
It is fitting that we dedicate the sports section of this yearbook to the man who has done more for Caltech athletics than any other individual: Harold Z. Musselman, Director of Athletics. For the past forty-two years Mr. Musselman had guided the fortunes of the Tech program from the days of the old Rose Bowl and the World War I shacks to the present with our gymnasium, swimming pool, locker rooms, and modern offices. In addition to his administrative duties as Athletic Director, Mr. Musselman has served as coach of many of our football, basketball, and baseball teams—being varsity baseball coach from 1922-1947. He has also been very instrumental in the formation and functioning of the S.C.I.A.C., acting as its chairman or secretary on numerous occasions.

His services as athletic director, coach, staunch advocate of Caltech athletics, and friend to athlete and coach are greatly appreciated. It is hoped that this long and pleasant association will not soon terminate; but when at last it must end, we hope that the spirit and traditions that Harold Musselman has done so much to instill in Caltech athletics will live on and ever hallow his memory.

ATHLETIC STAFF

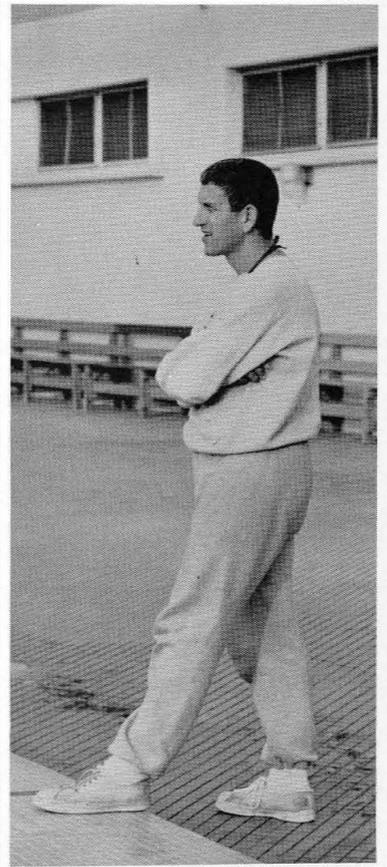
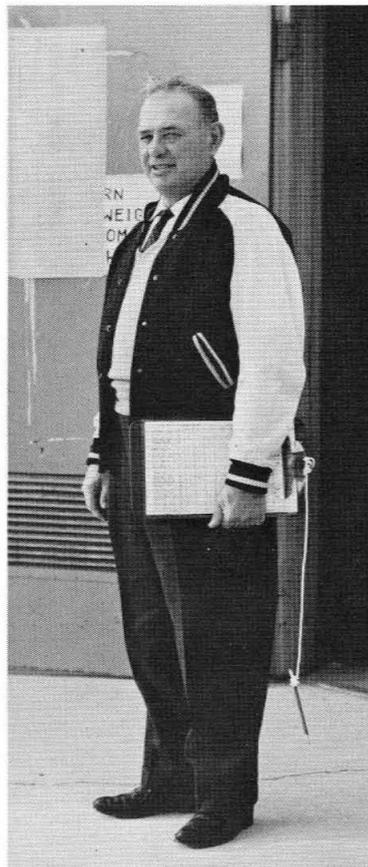
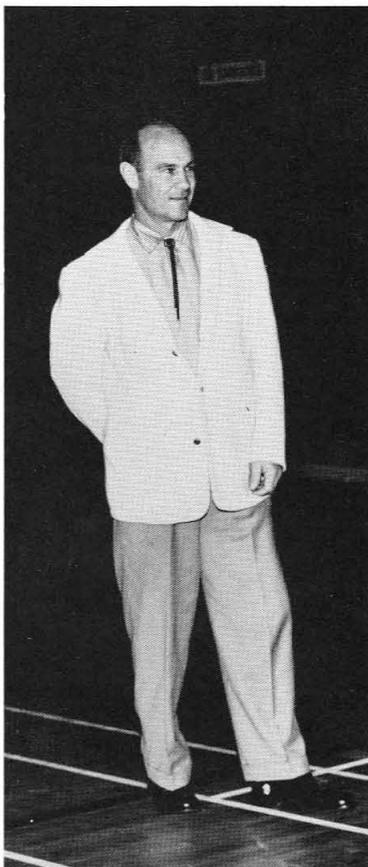


Scott Brown Gymnasium—Home of Caltech Athletics.



TOP LEFT: Miss McGee, Mrs. Wayne, Secretaries.
 TOP RIGHT: Lloyd "Fergy" Ferguson, Equipment
 Manager. BOTTOM CENTER: Paul Barthel, Trainer.

"What's My Line?"



Coach Jim Nerrie

Coach Ed Preisler

Coach Bert La Brucherie

Coach Warren Emery





THE YEAR AT CALTECH



The year at Caltech began per usual with an orientation rendezvous at Camp Radford in the San Gabriels. Caltech welcomed just short of 200 new students last September with the traditional New Student Camp. Speeches by the Deans, greetings by President DuBridge, and talk of the "infamous seven" combined to bewilder and confuse the newcomers. Later, following discussion groups and athletic diversions, hearts were uplifted and the trek on the homeward trail commenced.





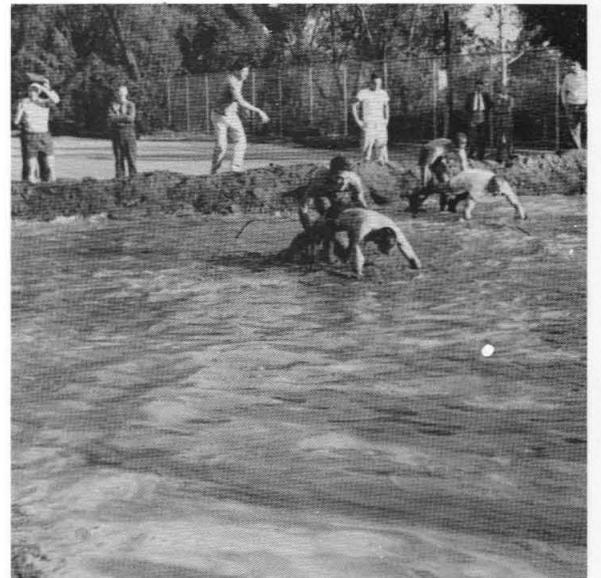
Ah! the blaze of glory



One that didn't get away.

In terminating an 11-game losing skein, the Tech gridiron squad so imbued the student body with renewed "vigah" that sparks flew (literally) and several managed to ignite a woodpile conveniently situated at the intersection of California and Arden Streets; all this to the dismay of the PPD and the delight of the PFD and a certain unidentified professor of Indian history.

The traditional Mudeo pitting the frosh against the sophs was held late in November with very poor participation on the part of the sophomores. Nonetheless, the frosh went down to a resounding defeat at the hands of the judicious junior judges who later paid for their crimes.



On you Huskies!



In the turbulent waters, a stalemate ensues and finally is broken as the sophomores prevail.

I N T E R H O U S E



Dabney's whale dominates the courtyard and highlights their "Pinocchio" theme.



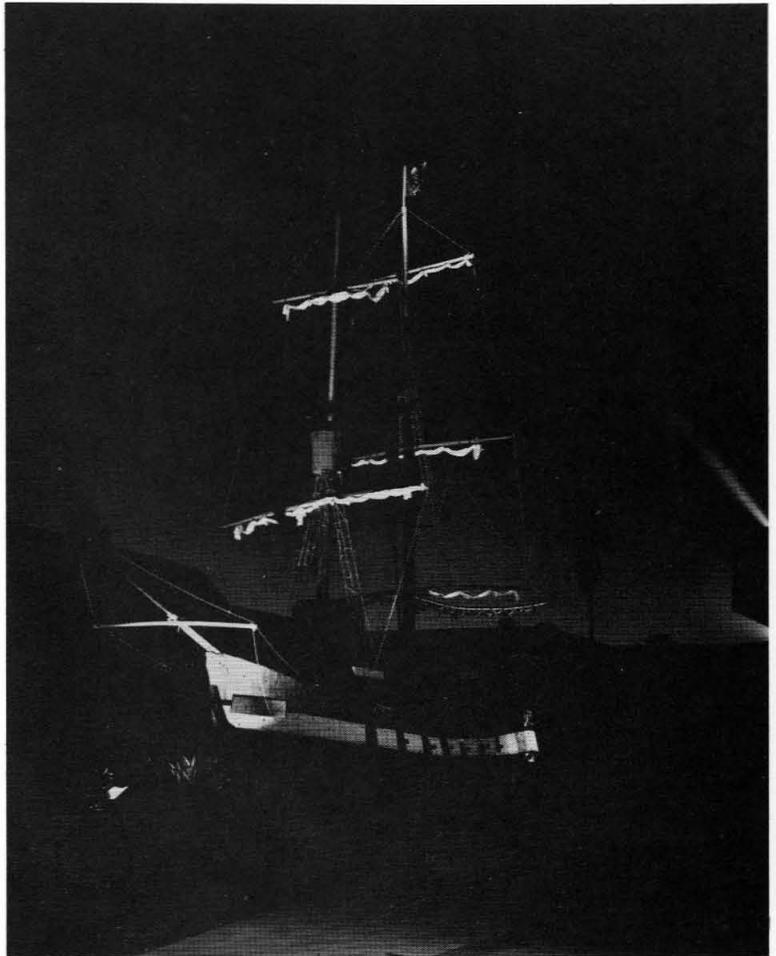
Aboard the "Showboat," a fair maiden is endangered by the devil incarnate.



The taming of the beast.



The tail goes up, up, up . . .



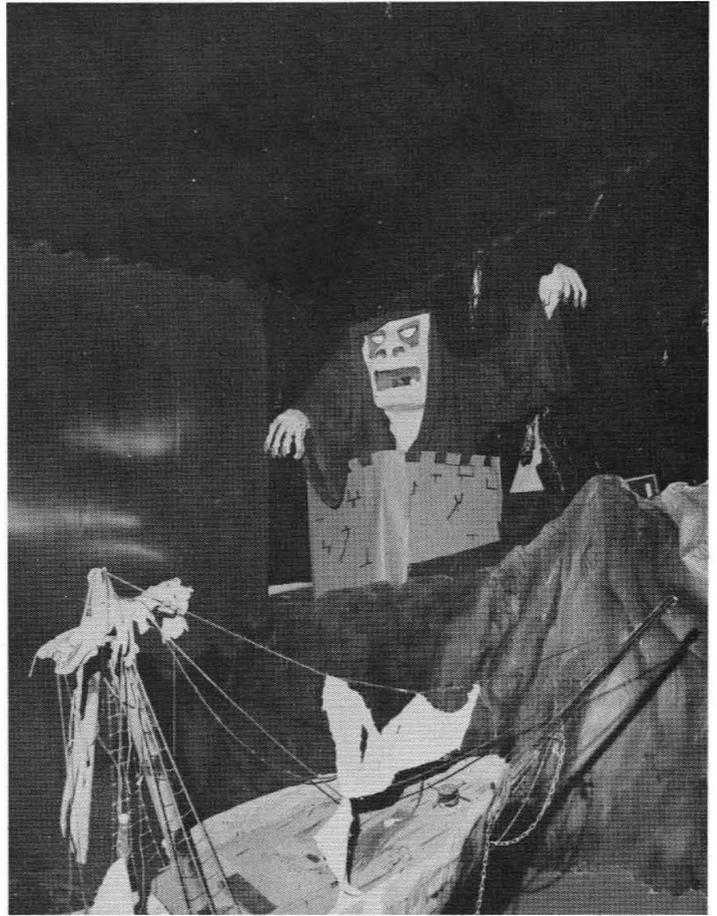
Lloyd's ghost ship rises from the deep.



Page House devil looks down upon a veritable inferno.



The tidal wave in its creation.



Rickett's monster breathes destruction.



The clam begins to munch at last!



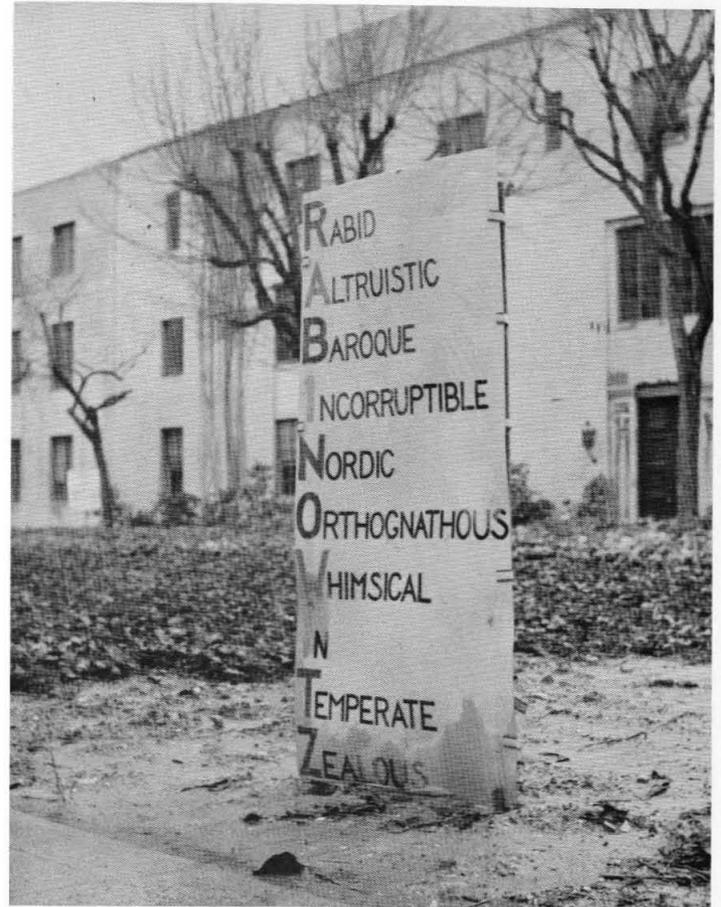
The creation of the Ruddock seas maze.

ASCIT elections last spring were typified by the customary apathy and scarcity of candidates which dominates so many of the school's functions. In the offices which were contested, however, a fast and furious campaign prevailed. The campus does not often see the likes of the ro 'em-sock 'em campaign which Art Robinson and Larry Rabinowitz staged for the ASCIT presidency. In the other contested offices, Steve Green defeated Frank Matthews for Business Manager and Russ Brill beat out Mike Misheloff and Steve Morse to win the Rep-at-Large post.

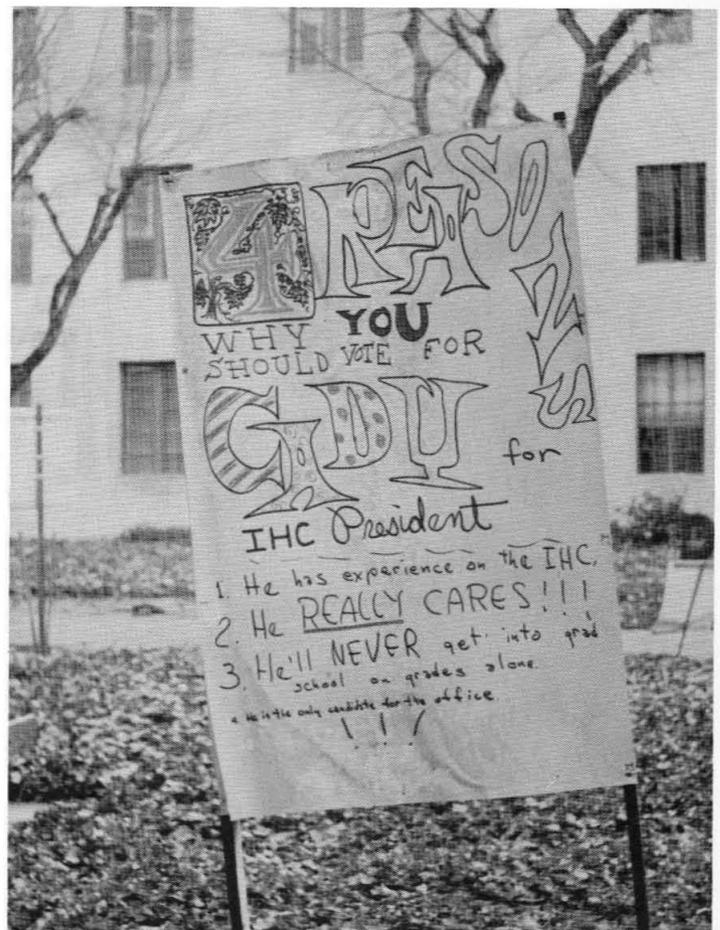


The Vanquished: Art Robinson.

The other new officers were as follows: Tom Bopp, Vice President; Don O'Hara, Secretary; Jim Sagawa, Treasurer; Athletic Manager, Bob Liebermann; Social Chairman, Bob McEliece; Activities Chairman, Marc Kaufman; BOC Secretary, Larry Gershwin; and IHC President, George Cady.



The Victor: Larry Rabinowitz.



Cady outwits all opposition.



Techmen and dates dance along . . .



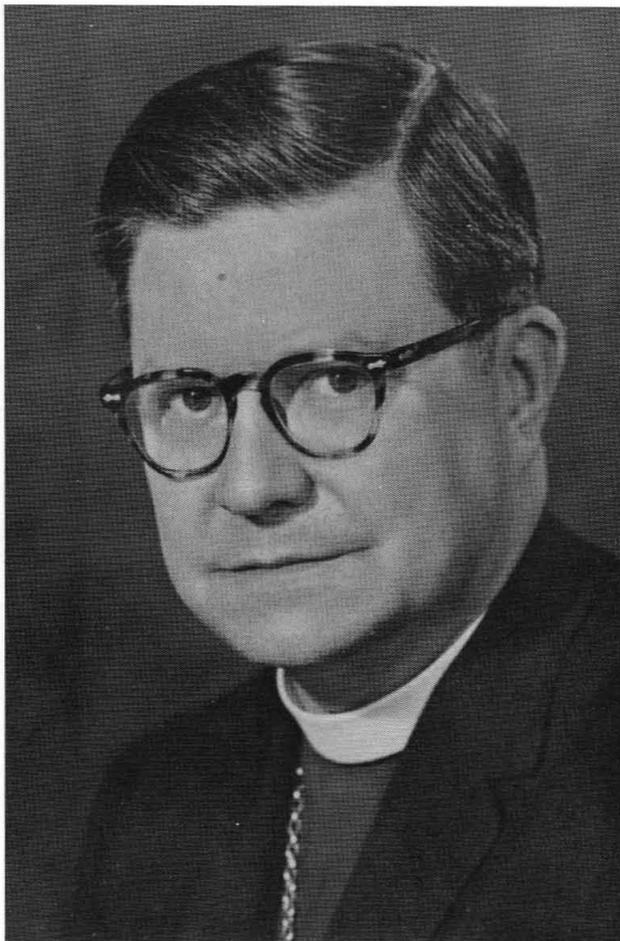
. . . with Lex Golden and his band.

The advent of spring witnessed the misnomered Winter Formal. The gala affair was held in February at the Beverly Hills Hotel with Lex Golden and his band providing the entertainment for the evening—including a lovely young vocalist named Jan Tober.

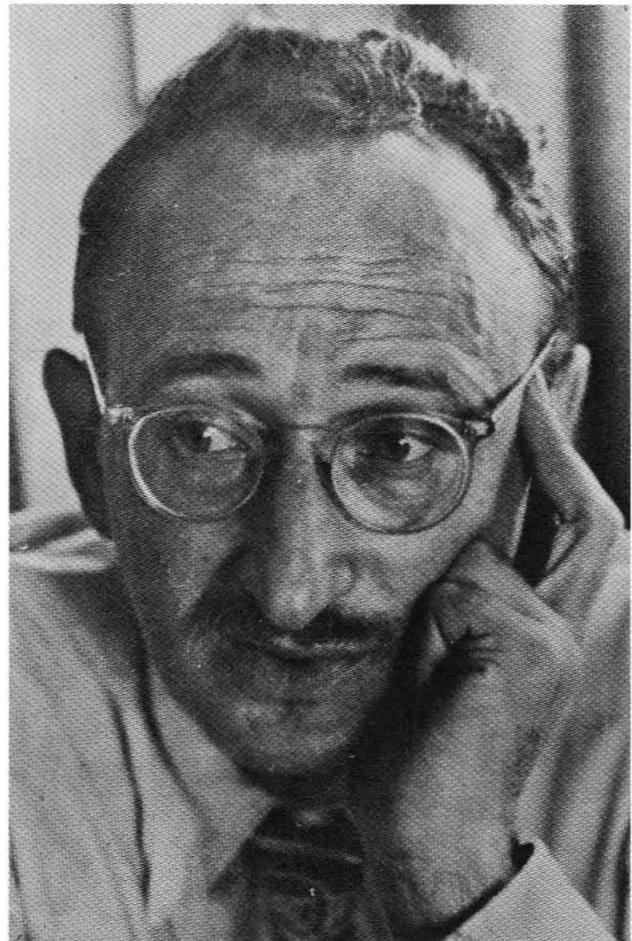
The YMCA carried on its fine Leaders of America program by hosting two noted men: the Rt. Rev. James A. Pike, Bishop of the Diocese of California was on Campus for several days in February and

philosopher Sidney Hook, Chairman of the philosophy department in the New York University's School of Arts and Sciences, guested here during April.

Blacker won the Interhouse Sing Trophy for the second consecutive year under a new judging system. Lloyd and Page were the runners-up. Ruddock again copped the Interhouse Quartet Trophy with Mike Wells, Don Terwilliger, Larry Ruff, and Russ Russell.



Bishop James A. Pike



Professor Sidney Hook



Blacker sings . . .



Dabney sings . . .



Lloyd sings . . .



Page sings . . .



Ricketts sings . . .



Ruddock sings . . .

And Fleming chooses not to compete!



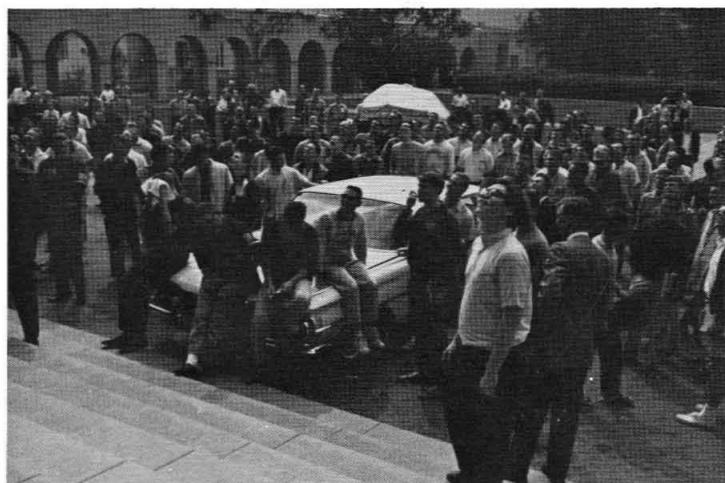
Denis Mickiewicz plays for a post-concert songfest.

For the second consecutive year, the Yale Russian Chorus scored a smash hit on campus with a triple encore performance in Culbertson.

Following the concert, the group retired to the informality of the student house lounges where their tremendous talent and versatility were in distinct evidence.



Led by upkempt and outraged graduate students, a large portion of the Caltech student body discarded their usual apathy to rise in good-natured revolt against the Parking Problem, going to one-o'clock classes on spring afternoons, and other individual complaints, on the lawns in front of Throop Hall. The assemblage was eventually dispersed by the local gendarmerie but not before several B & G vehicles were parked in the convenient confines of the corridors of Throop.





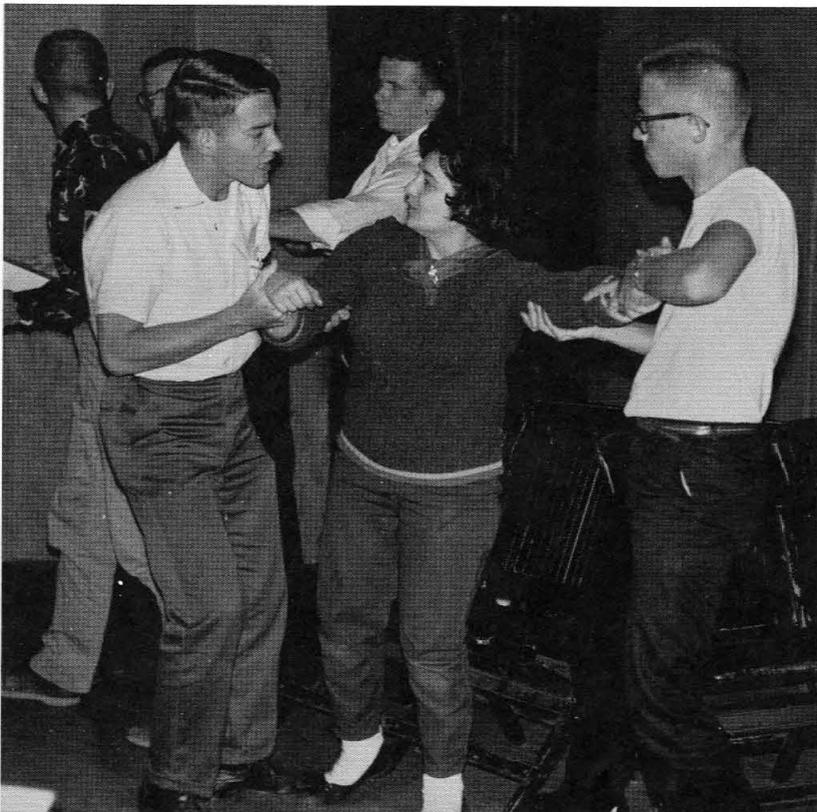
Teleportation with an assist.

Lost Weekend featured a new twist this year. ASCIT presented Josh White in a folk concert at the Pasadena Civic Auditorium on Friday night following the formal dinner and dance in the Olive Court. The traditional co-ed weekend proved a further success when the hardy souls who ignored the omens of rain were rewarded with pleasant weather and cloudless skies at Playa del Rey. The festivities on Saturday evening included a beach barbecue and a trek to Pacific Ocean Park.

As the ASCIT Play of the Year, the Caltech Drama Club presented William Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life" starring Jon Evans, Barry Moritz, and John McNeill in the male leads and featuring secretary Pat Albee in the leading lady role of Kitty Duvall.



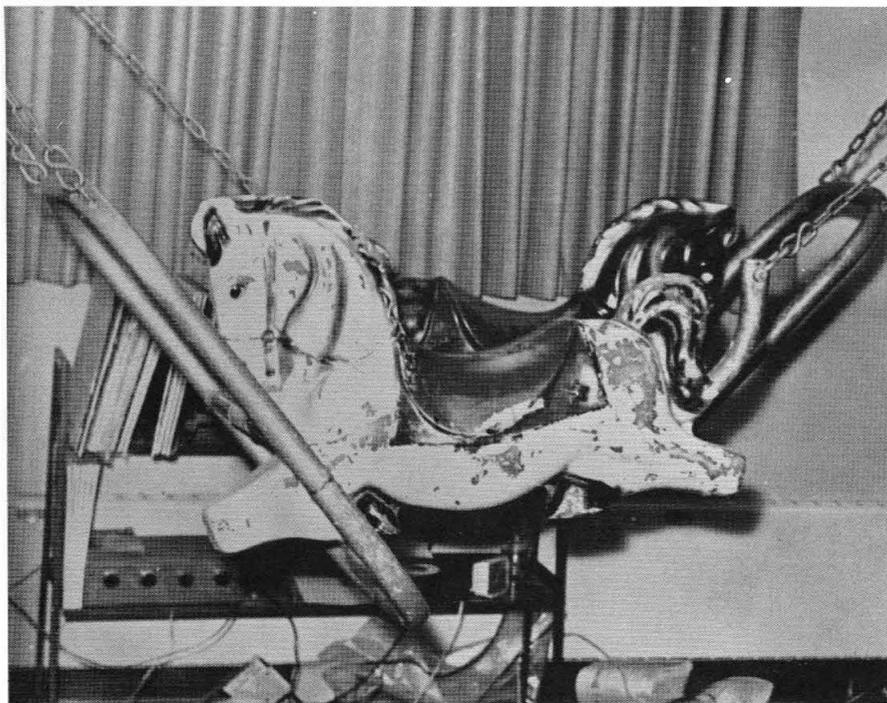
Josh White, Folk singer extraordinairé.



Now I said, "No," boys!



Pat Albee, as Kitty Duvall.



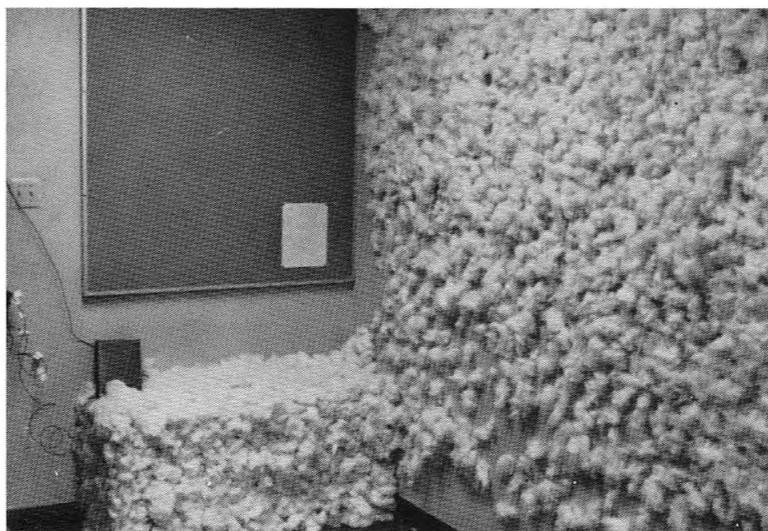
Grant Park revisited.

As the school year drew to a close, attention turned naturally to the seniors who would soon be leaving these hallowed grounds, perhaps never to meet again on the "Quad."

Inclement weather forces many of the seniors to ditch their Ditch Day frolicking but nothing could stem the underclassmen's pranks.

Graduation with all its pomp and circumstance ensued and the graduates went forth to face the cruel world. To those who are leaving, may we wish you every success. It is hoped that you have profited from your tenure here. One thing is assured: Caltech is a better place for your having been here.

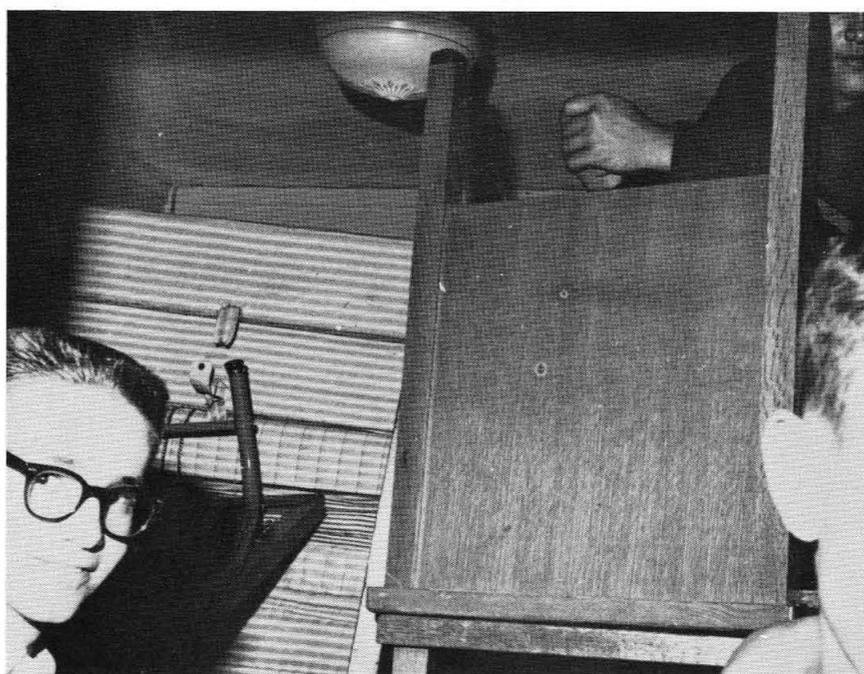
So ends the year at Caltech.



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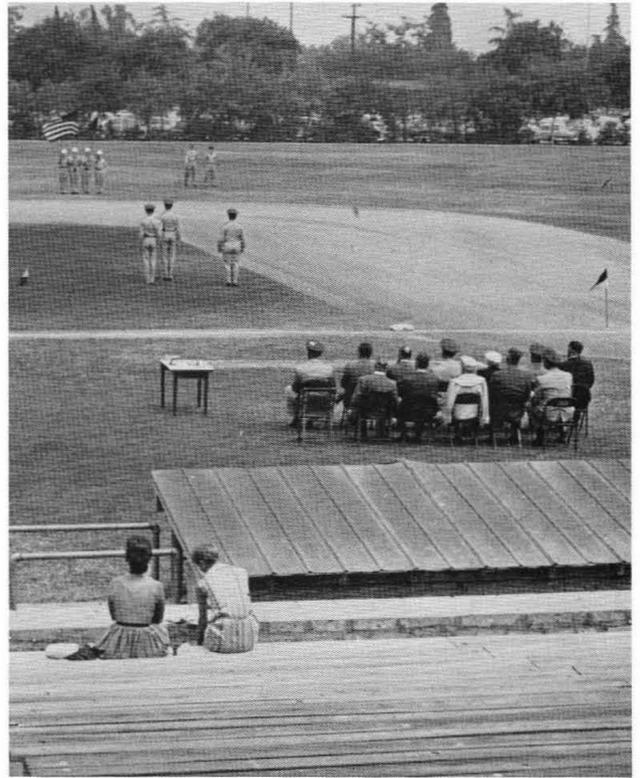
Close quarters, eh what?



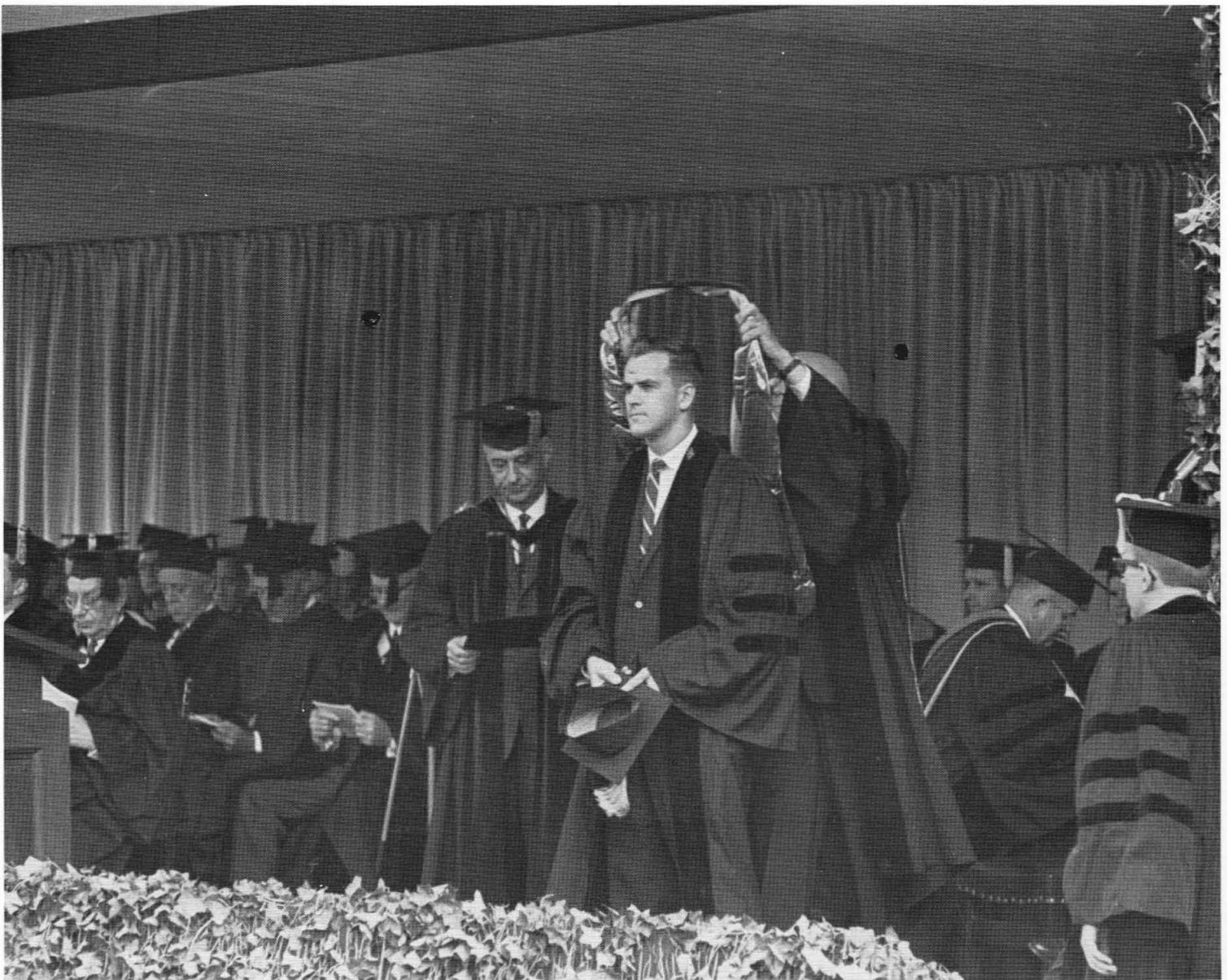
No more room in here, gang.



Axiom: It is physically impossible to crawl through a student house transom—for the average Techman, that is.



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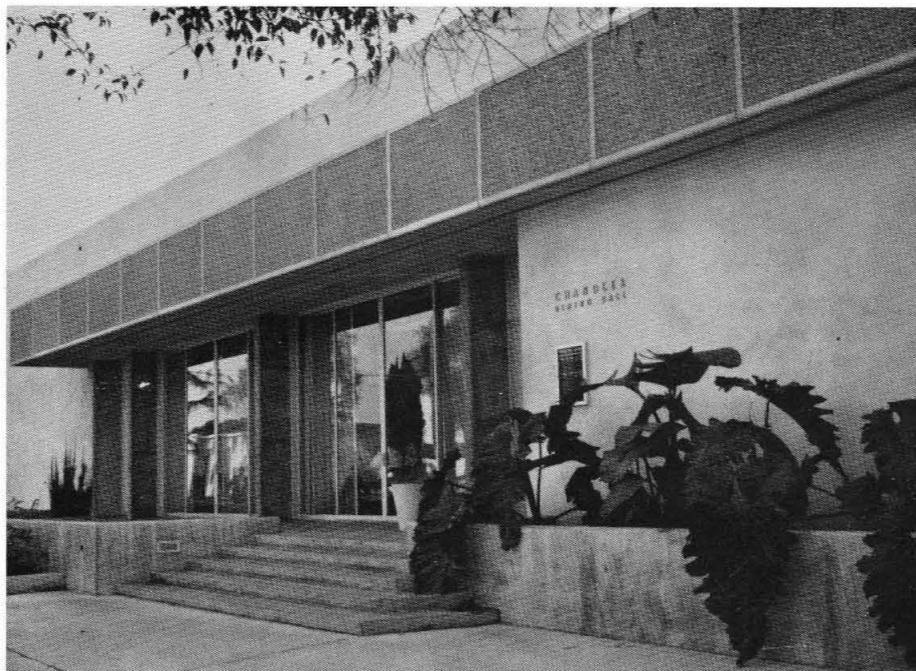


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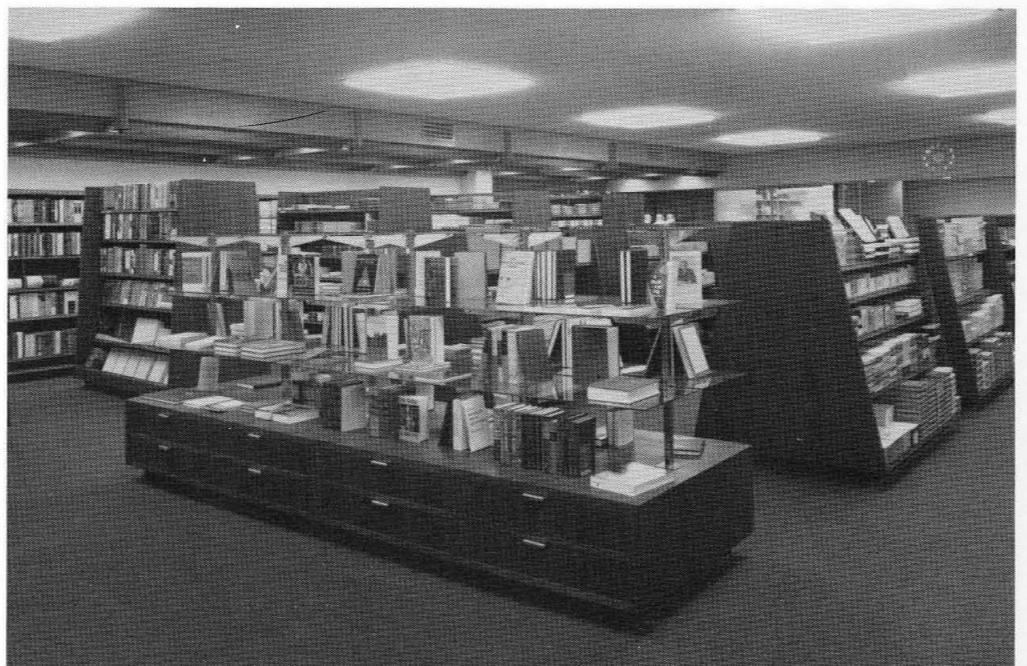
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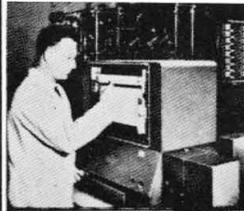
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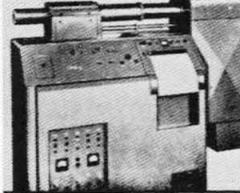
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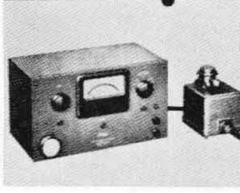
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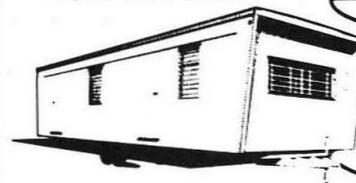


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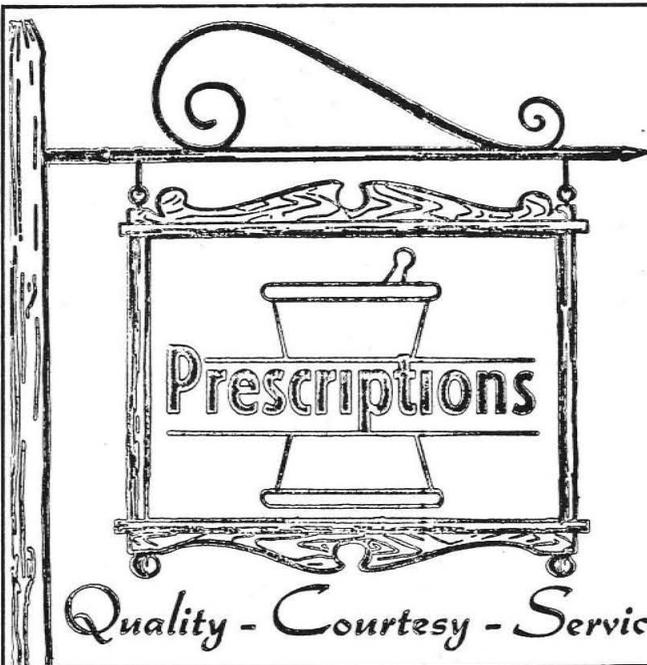
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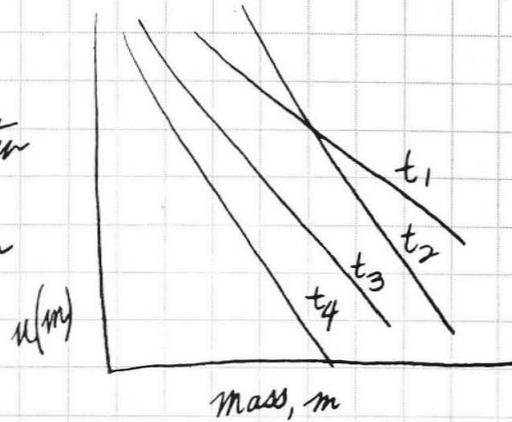
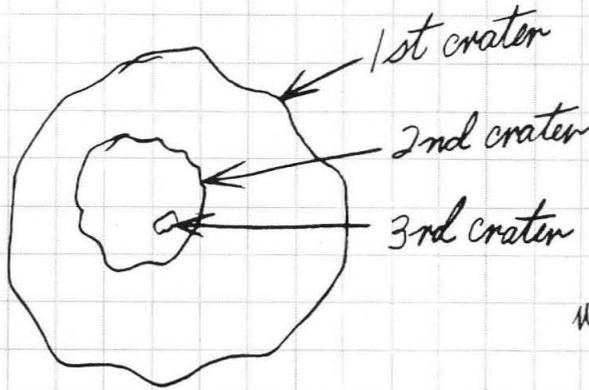
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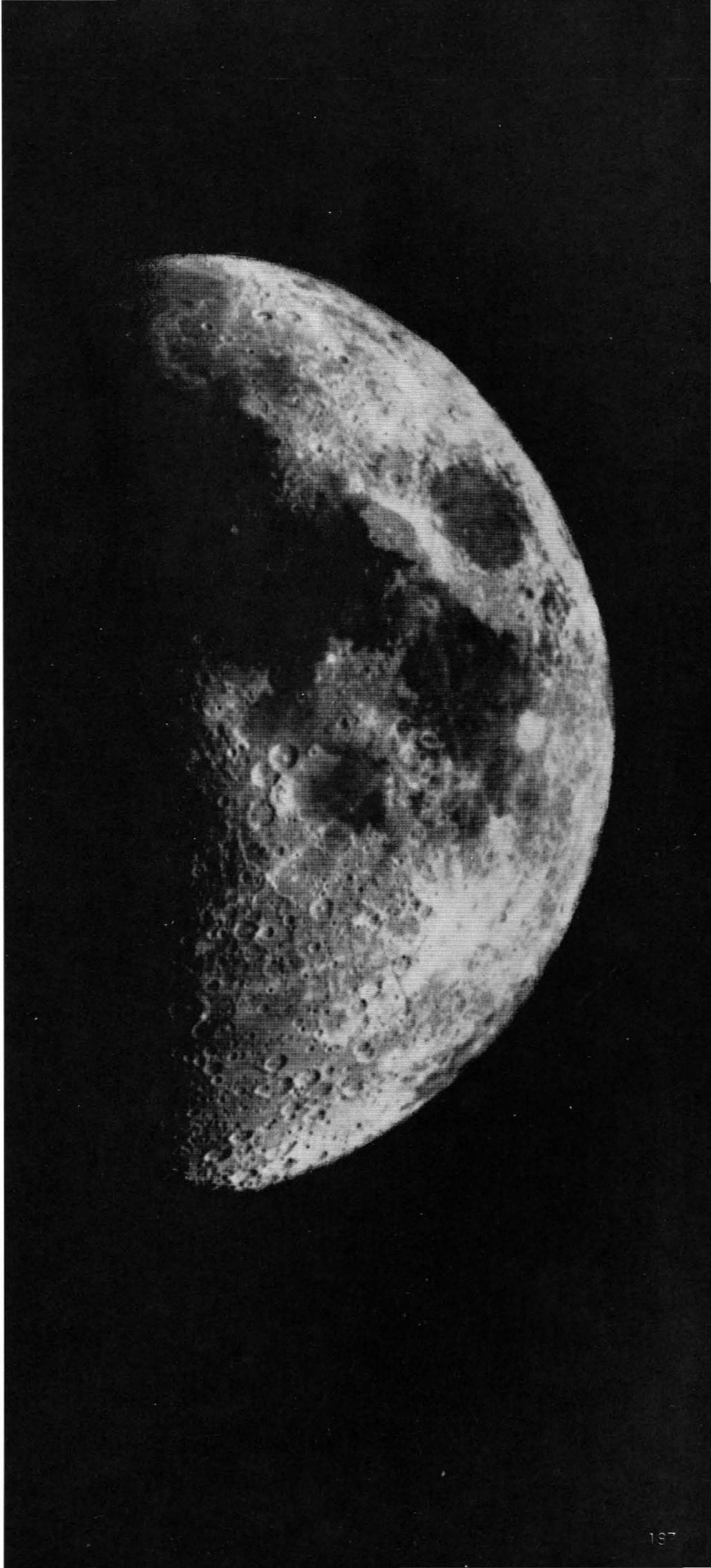
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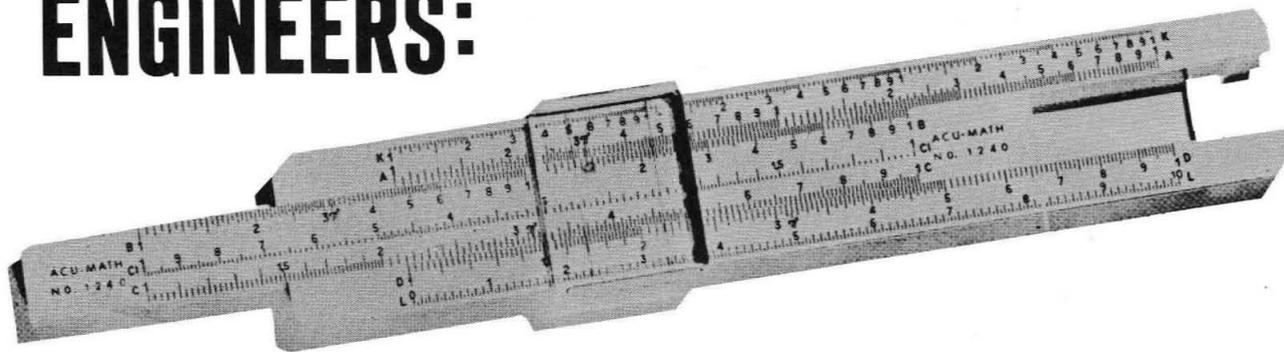
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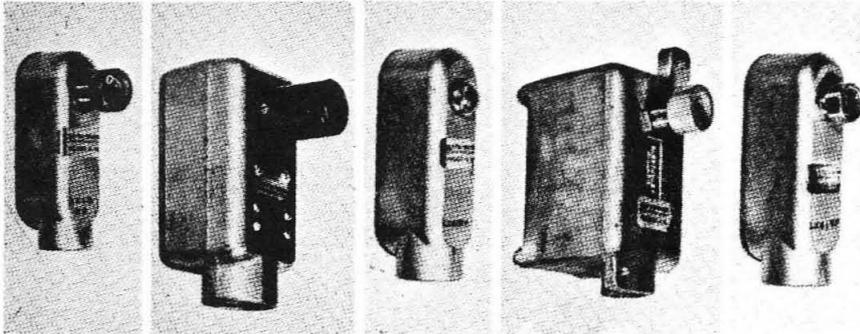
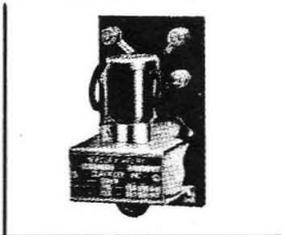
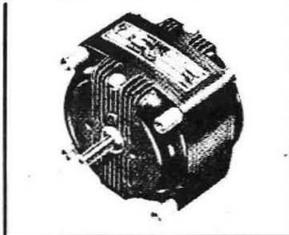
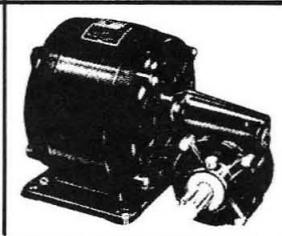
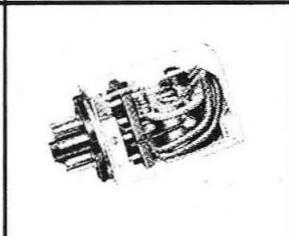
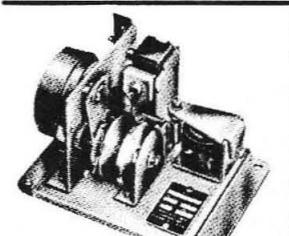


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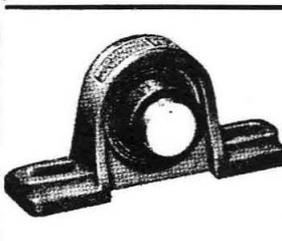
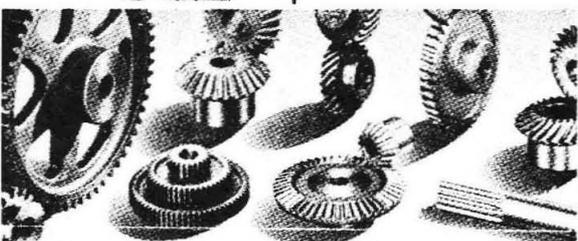
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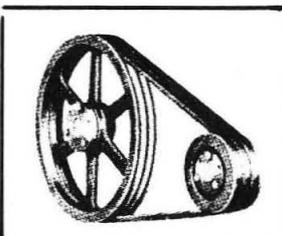
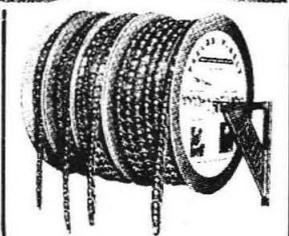
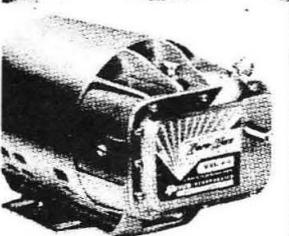
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