



CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE
OF TECHNOLOGY

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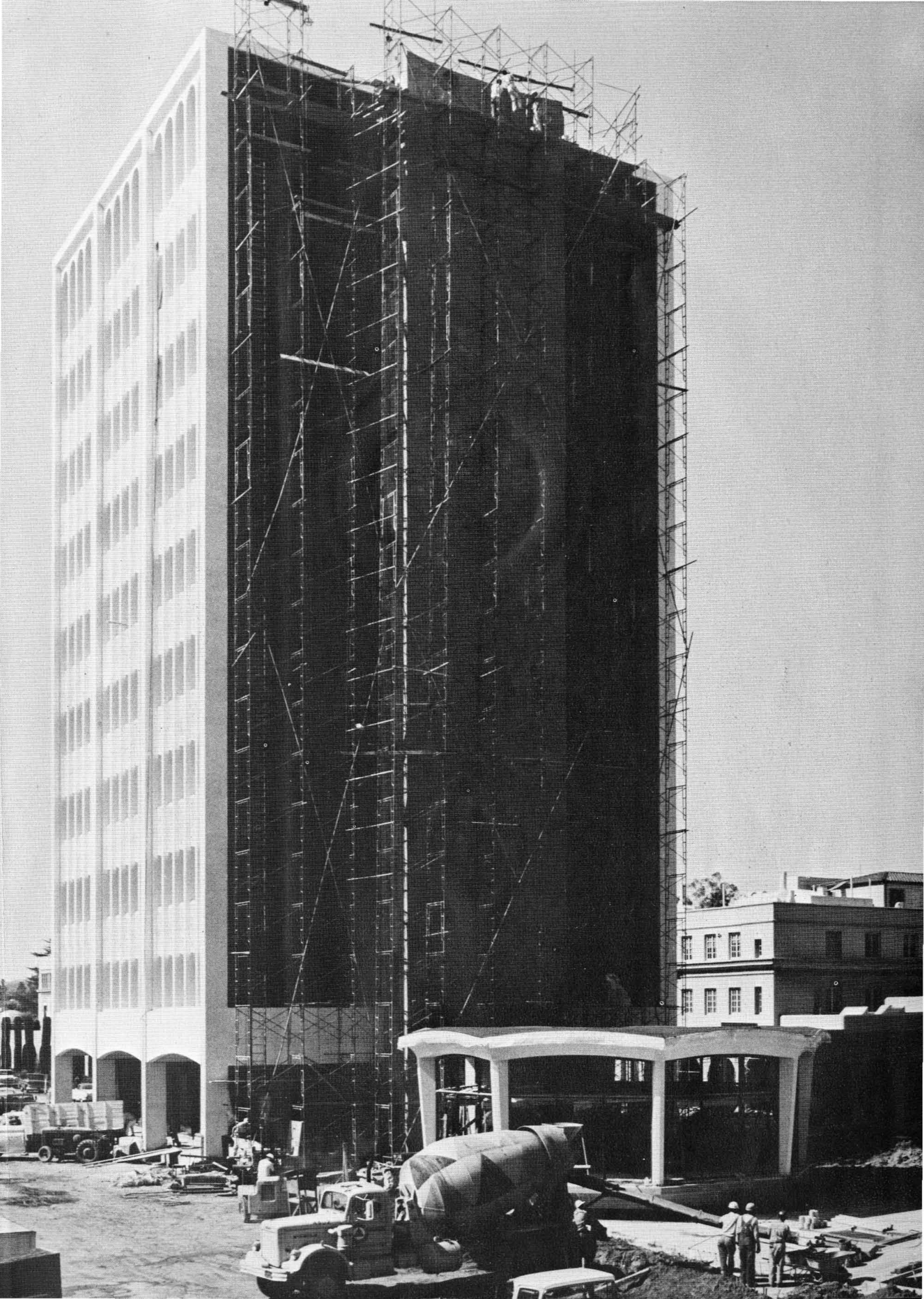
ANNIVERSARY





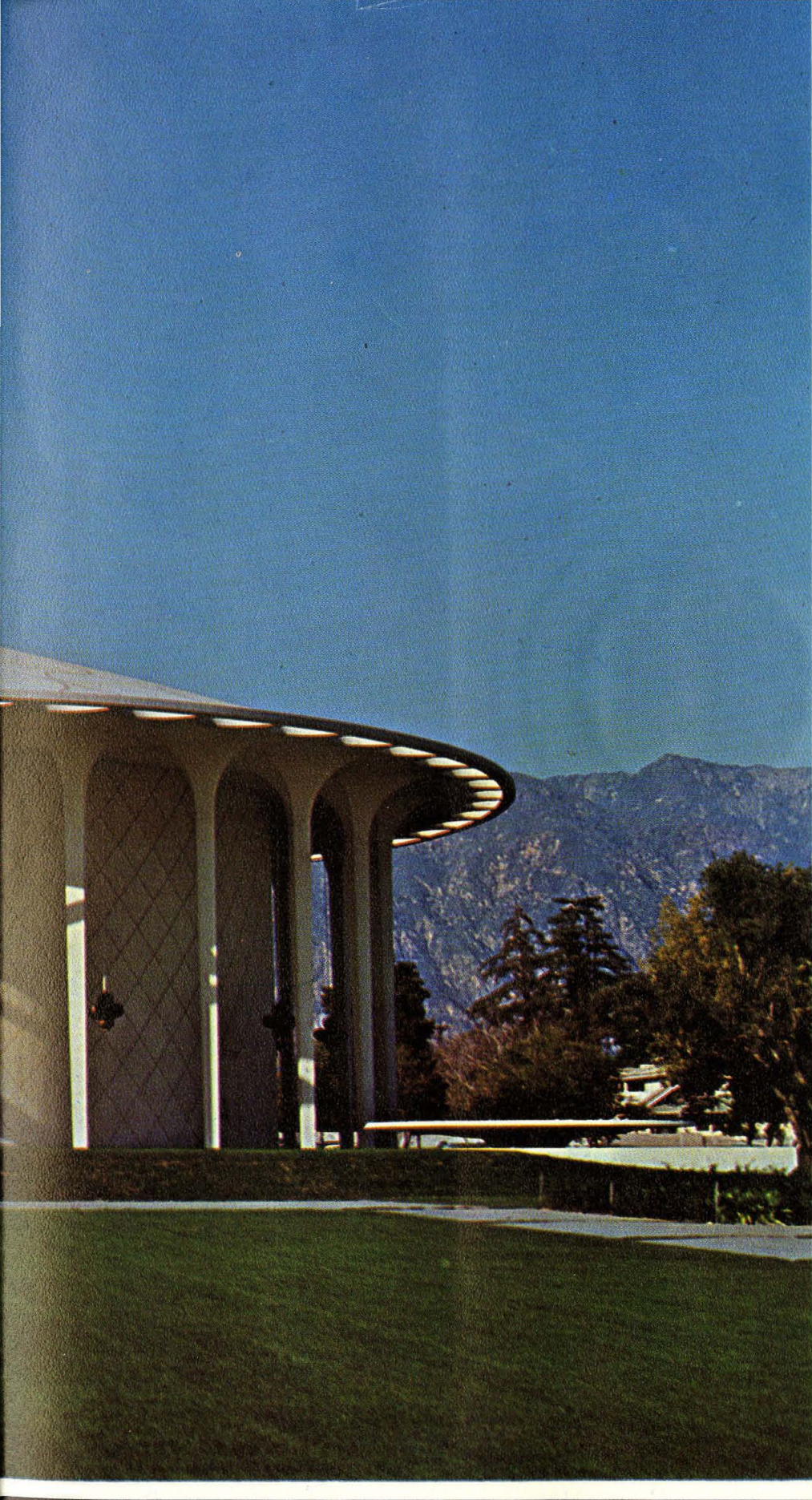
The Los Angeles Basin

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DENNIS WEAVER AND ROBERT PARKER





The Big T



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The Big T

1967 STAFF

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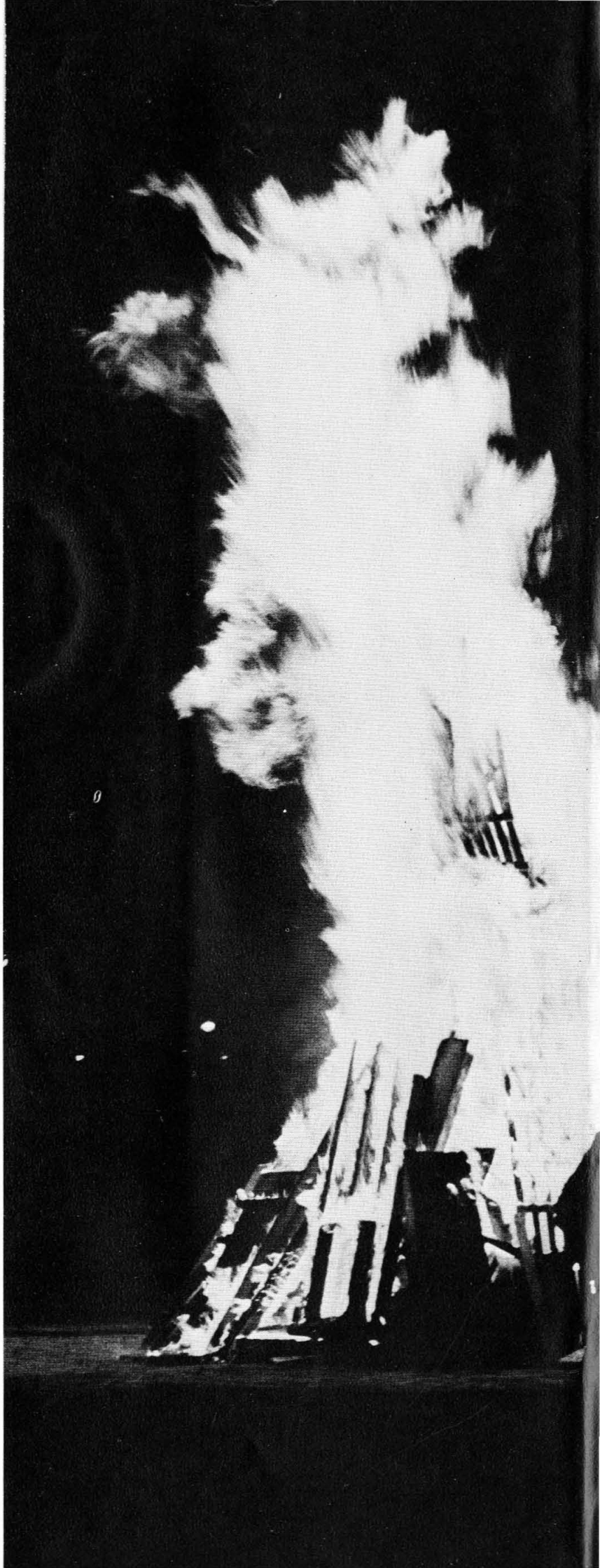


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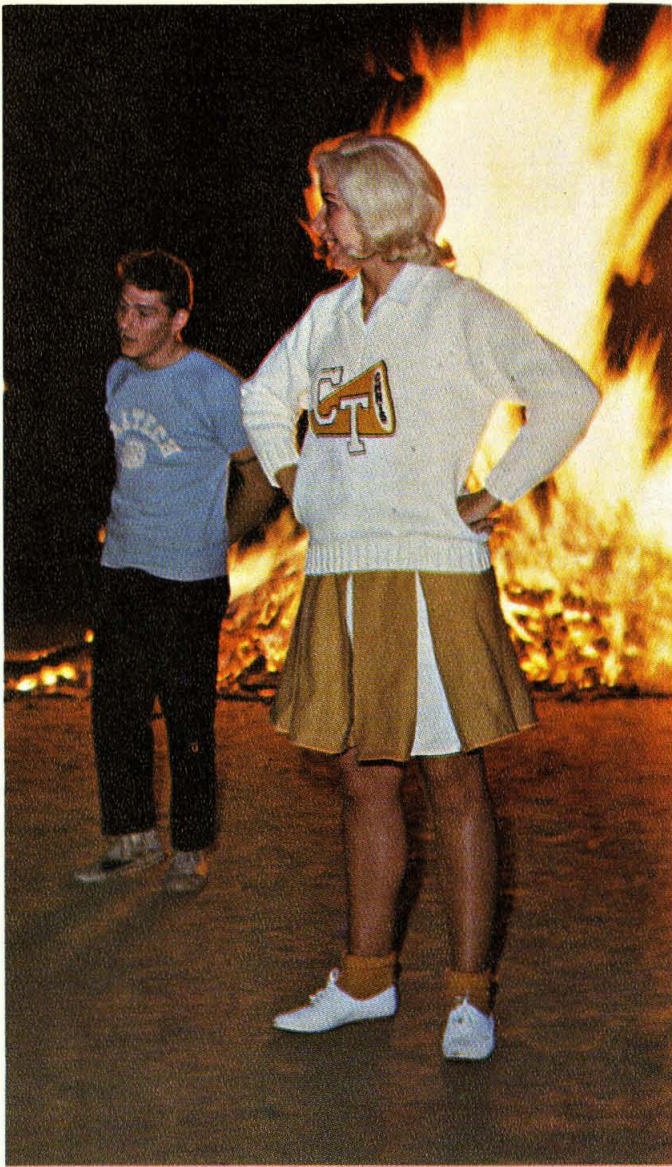
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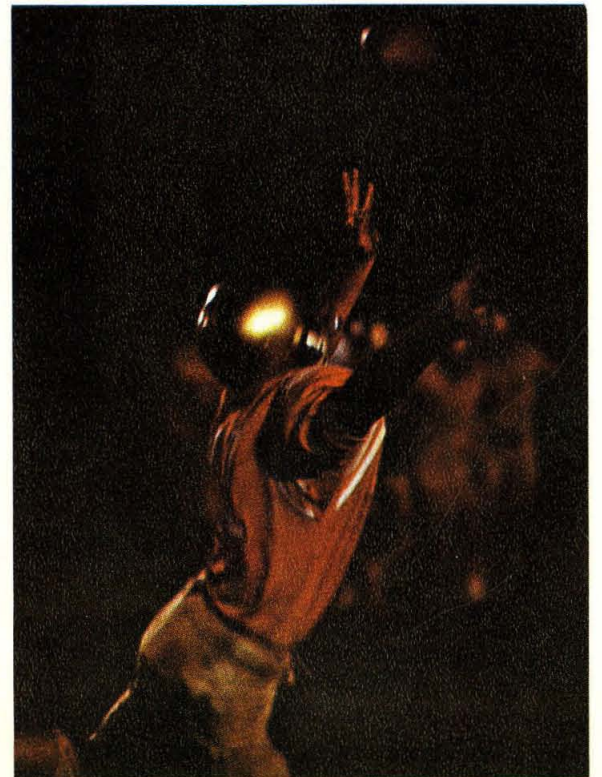
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EMPHASIS:

At a technically-oriented school like Caltech, it is too easy to let your studies dominate your whole life, to the exclusion of some of the other things you should learn in college. Those students who do try to become well-rounded choose to do so by participating in the many activities Tech has to offer. It is with this in mind that we dedicate this section to the highlights of the student activities of this seventy-fifth year of Caltech.





ACTIVITIES

First term opened with the traditional pageantry of college football. For the first time in many years, a large bonfire was built, and a rally held to boost the spirit of both the team and the rooters. To the bewilderment of many, there were also three beautiful girls to lead the rooting section. The girls added much to the gametime excitement.

The team had the benefit of two new coaches, Tom Gutman (above) and Dean Bond, and also saw the returning talents of Lonnie Martin and Tom Burton. As usual, injuries plagued the team, leaving it to finish without Martin, who made all league end anyway, and runner John Frazzini. Though the team remained winless for the past two seasons, this year many Techmen had the forgotten pleasure of taking a date to one of the homegames in the Rose Bowl and being able to say "We just might win this one."





But even as the football team was playing out its last games, other things were beginning to happen. For this year was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Institute, and the administration, aided by a student planning committee, had set up a week-long celebration of the event. Preceding the week of festivities was an Institute-financed dance in the Student Center. And then it was almost a Lost Weekend in October.

On the Friday immediately preceding the week of conferences and seminars, the Student Body, in cooperation with the administration, held a Twilight Buffet and a concert, featuring Chad and Jeremy. The buffet was a huge success, with the candle-lit tables filling the entire area between Chandler, Page, Winnett, and Firestone (bottom). Almost all the undergraduates (Les King and friend at right) attended with their dates, an almost unheard of turn-out, and many of the faculty and Institute guests also enjoyed the excellent food. The music for dining was provided by four wandering minstrels. After the dinner, many of the more-than-eight-hundred guests made their way to Beckman Auditorium for the concert.



75



The concert, featuring Chad and Jeremy, turned out to be a great success too, although the group had a somewhat limited appeal on the stage. Unfortunately, the affair was made non-reserved and open to the public, so that embarrassed faculty and students had to fight their way through the mob of local teeny-boppers and Sunset-strip types that had begun lining up at the doors early in the afternoon.

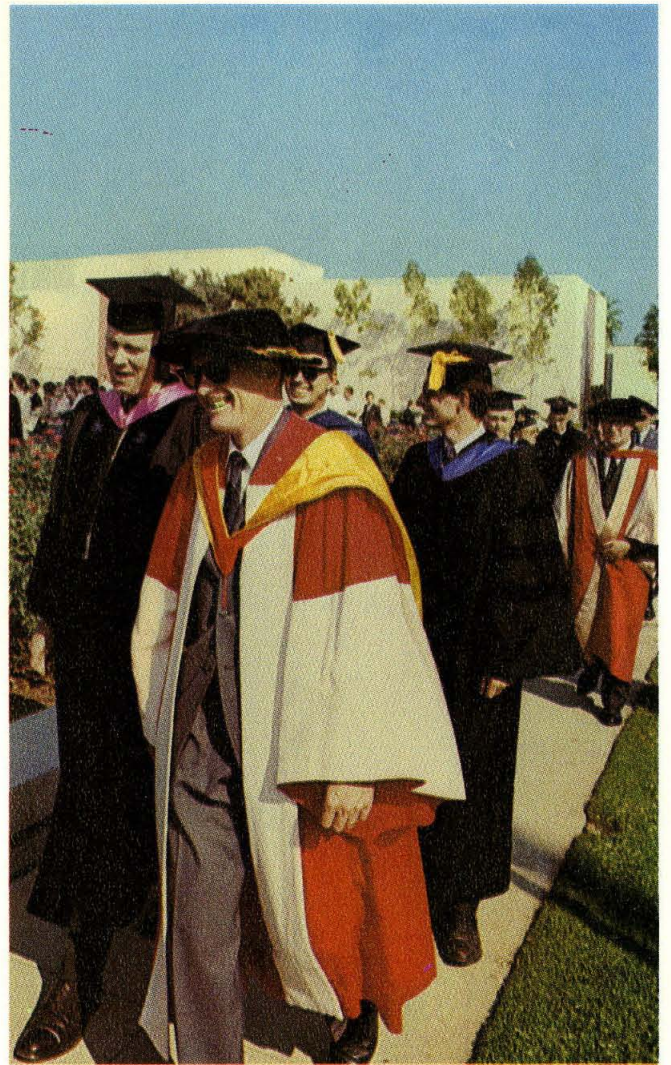
However, once inside, most people found that they enjoyed the rest of the night, for the weak, slightly harmonized sound that the group produces is a popular one. Certainly the performance was a colorful end to a very pleasant evening, though just a hint of the pagantry to come on the morrow.



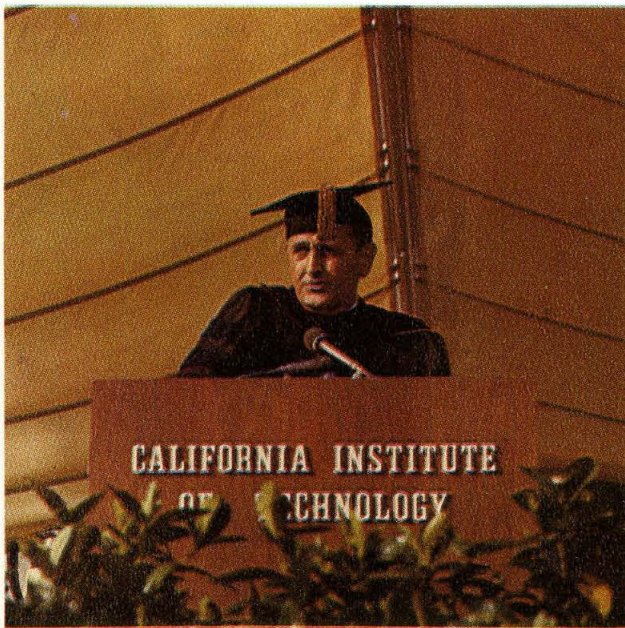
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The Marine Band entertained at the Convocation.



The colorful procession of academic delegates included representatives from 124 other universities and learned societies.



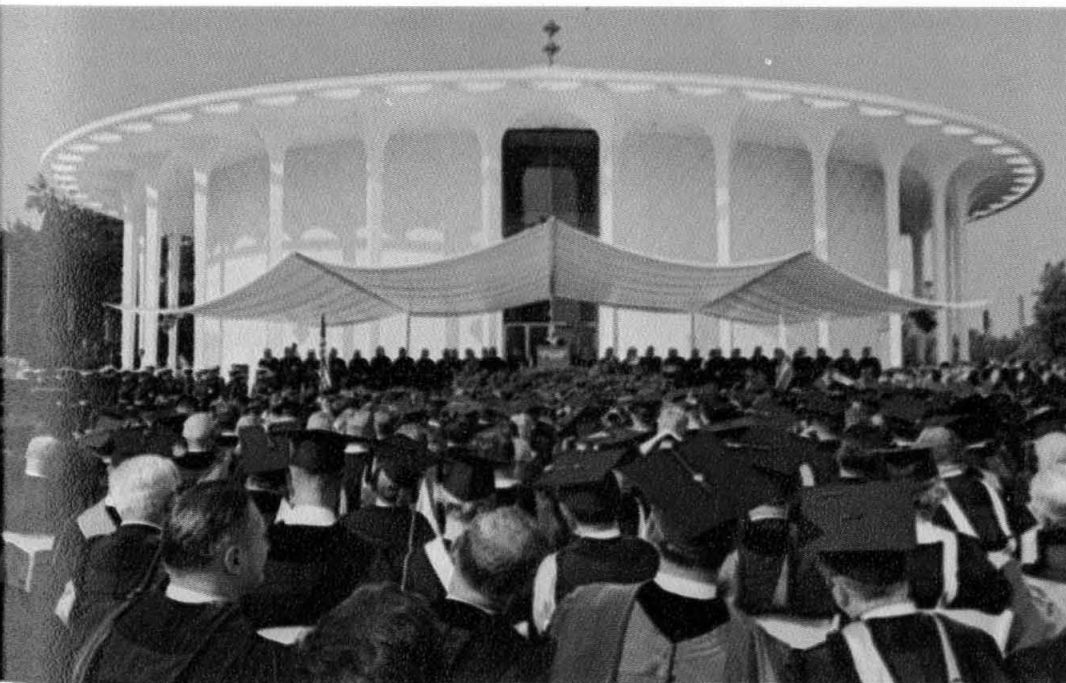
Keynote speaker John W. Gardner.



Robert S. Morison of Cornell discusses the impact of progress in biology on the modern world.

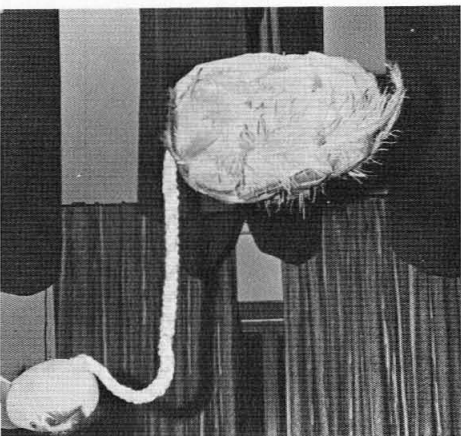


A Convocation of government and industrial leaders, educators, and friends began the Anniversary Week.



Academic delegates were part of more than 2,000 guests assembled for the Convocation on Beckman Mall.

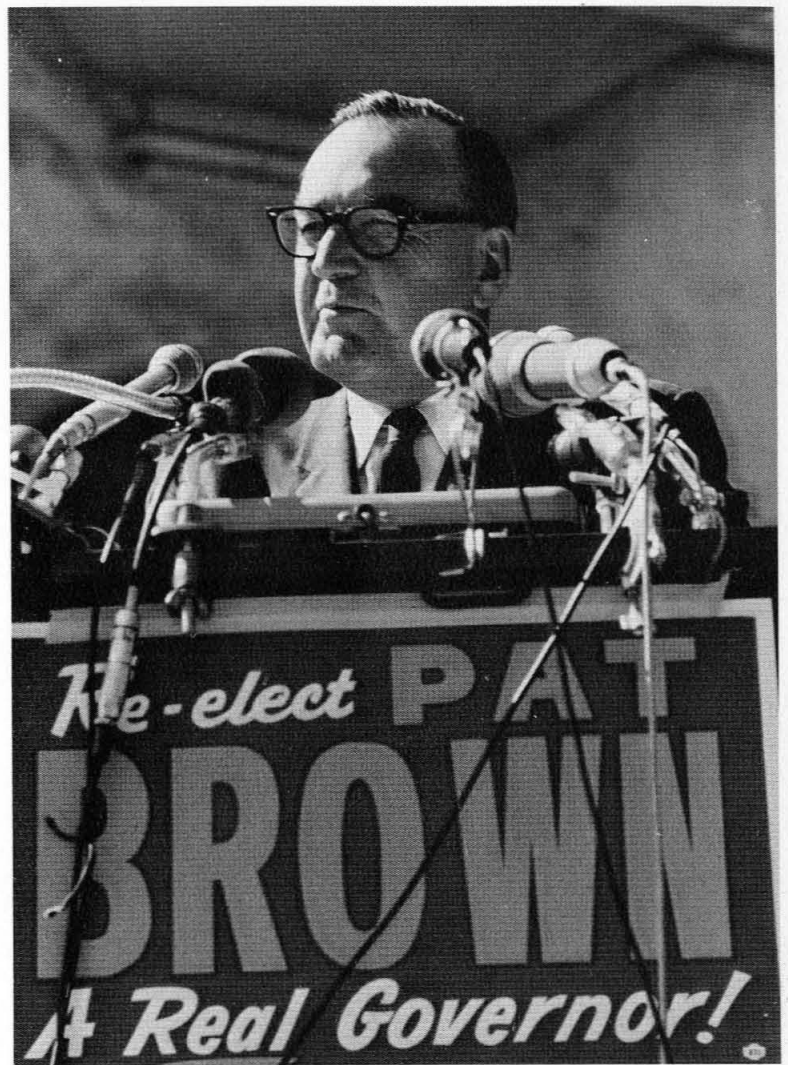
The next day, Saturday, an academic procession and convocation officially opened the celebration. The keynote speaker was John W. Gardner, United States Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. Following the convocation was a three day invitational Conference on Scientific Progress and Human Values at which scholars in the sciences and humanities focused their attention on the problems arising from man's advancing knowledge in science and industry.



Scarcely had the rush of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary Celebration passed when midterms were upon us. And right after midterms, as all the weary upper-classmen know, comes Interhouse Dance.

The trend in the past few years at Interhouse has been toward having fewer decorations and more live bands, and this year was no exception. Only three houses did any appreciable decorating, and as a result the dance was somewhat less interesting than it has been in recent years.

Some of the notable decorations included a real, live hanging in Fleming (above), a clam in Rud-dock (left), a fairy princess at Fleming's stage show (below), the Go-Go girl that performed in Page in place of the mechanical monster that failed (lower left), and the flamingo from Blacker's Alice in Wonderland. Ricketts had a psychedelic theme, with a band, as did Dañney. And Lloyd decorated as the kingdom of Camelot, with several live props walking around.



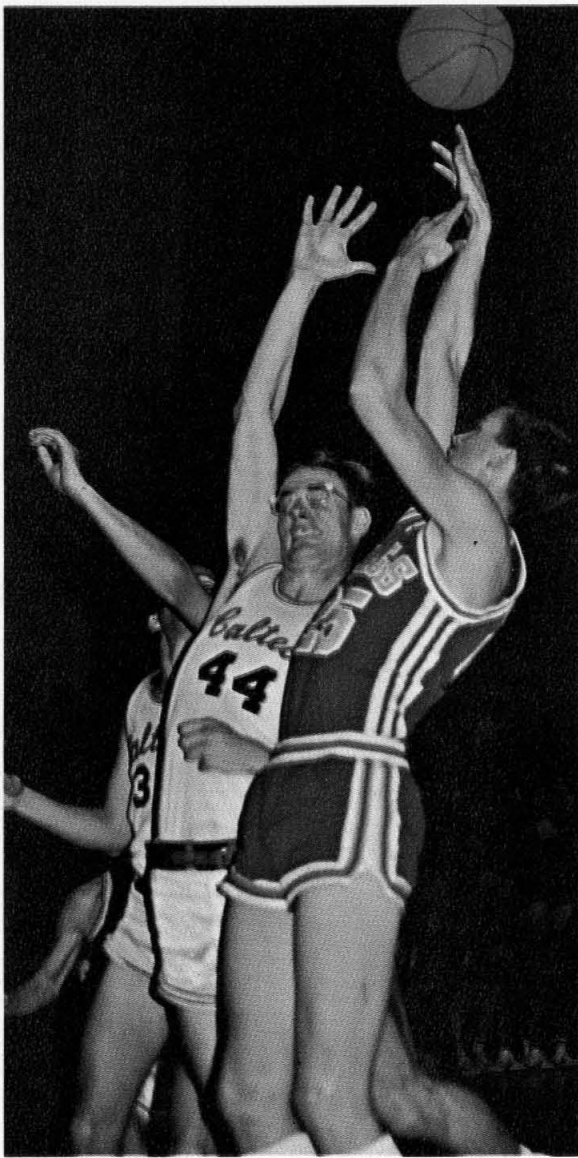
The public relations department is fond of saying that Caltech men are versatile and interested in many things, and the pictures on this page would certainly seem to bear that out.

During the November political campaigns, Governor Brown (left) and candidate for Lt. Governor Robert Finch both spoke at Caltech. These men brought home to the few politically minded Techers the differences between the two parties.

Then the agitation for the coffee house on campus began to gain ground, and the Coffeeheads put up a huge portrait of Snoopy (above) as an advertisement for their fund drive. In addition, they organized a basketball game to raise more money, so that the coffee house could become an operating concern.

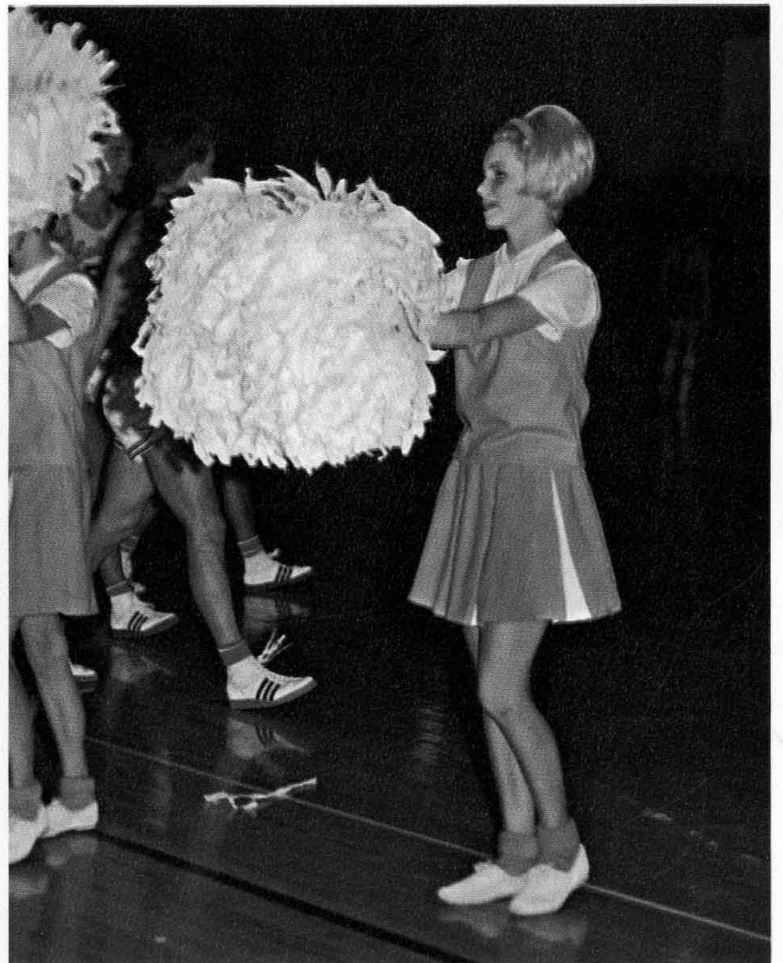
And then there was the Mudeo. At the right we see muddy frosh battling muddy sophomores, with the as-yet-unmuddied juniors as onlookers. The frosh were a bit more worldly wise than usual this year, and so they bribed the juniors well enough to win the "contest."





Techmen were displaying their athletic talents in other ways than getting muddy, though. Late November saw the start of the the basketball season, and memories of high school days and the hot, smelly gyms alive with rooters brought many Techers and their dates over to root for the basketball team. Sparkplug of the team this year was Jim Stanley (No. 24) who provided many exciting moments by using up his remaining fouls in the last few minutes of each game.

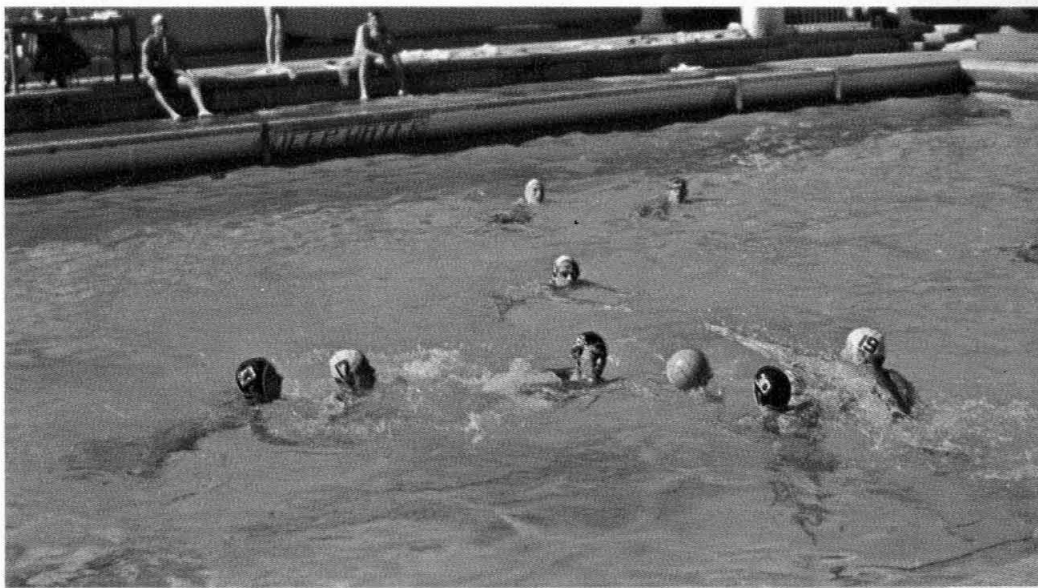
And the devoted cheerleaders stuck with it, too, although even they noticed that the spirit was not very high.





And if it was not basketball, it was tennis. The amateur netmen played during Interhouse (as above), and the more serious played under coach Lamb and spent much of their time watching balls go past them. But at least you keep in shape!

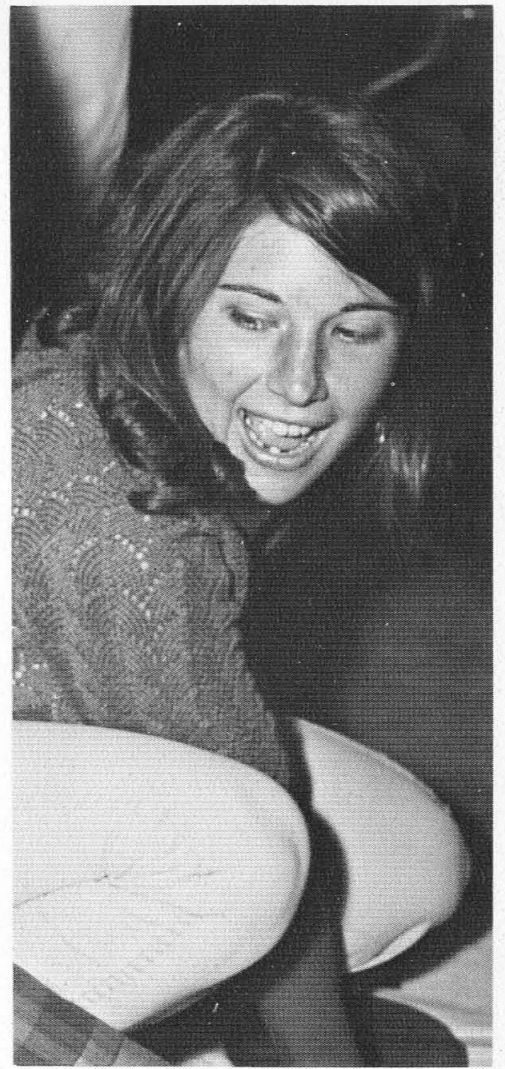
And if it was not tennis, what else could it be but water polo. Of course, the water polo players must make a go of being intercollegiate, but they do get to play at nice pools, as Oxy at the right, and they do win more than occasionally. Even against Oxy.





The anniversary was not quite over, even in December. After the hectic week was long past, the campus thrilled to the talents of Igor Stravinsky (above), and Nina Foch and company who presented **The Honorable Estate** (a series of readings and a Beckett play).





Finals are over. Christmas is over. It's interminable second term. And one of the few bright events that breaks the otherwise dismal monotony is the Scripps Conference, pictured on this page. Our friends in the two shots above are having great fun playing twister. And of course having fun is one of the main purposes of the conference.

But what about Jenny, on the left, pondering something that seems very large and unsolvable.

Perhaps she is wondering, as many who are graduating in 1967 wonder, is it worth it all? Will I come out the end of the mill as a human being, as a person? Or will I end up as a flesh-and-blood automoton, just thinking from equations and principles, thinking in carefully learned ways, having none of the fun that there is in life? And, is this the way I want to be?

And, then I wonder . . .





HOUSES

RESIDENCE AND DINING HALLS



Left to right: Robert W. Gang, Manager; Rachael Kirkpatrick, Peggy Dudgeon, Adeline Jaget, Paulette Parsons.



See? They do work!

MASTER OF STUDENT HOUSES



THE BOSS: Ned Hale, Assistant to the Master

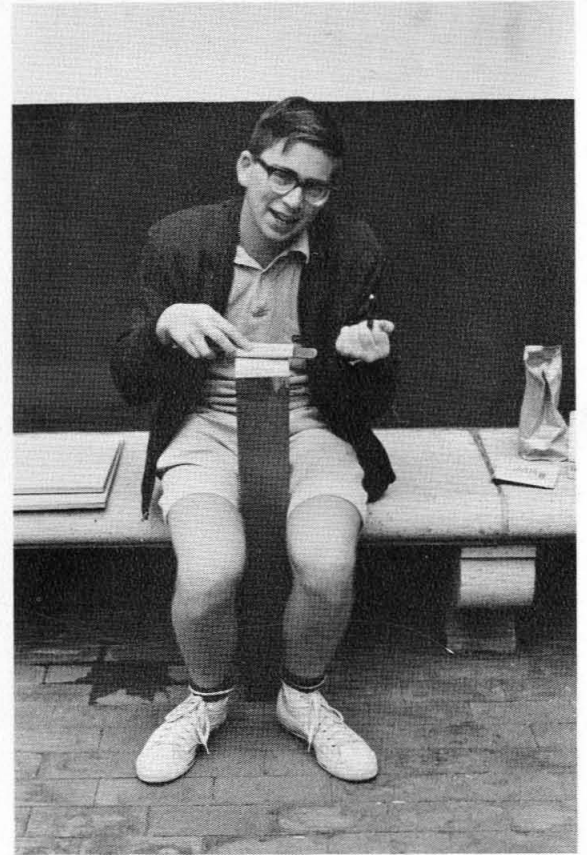


HER FRIEND: Robert A. Huttenback, Master of Student Houses

BLACKER HOUSE

Beerbling through rotation to the fourth, the upperclass individuals of the Church and House of Blacker, tboai, blacker-listed numbers one through 22, but failed as usual to get football players uninclined to evacuate off the sleeping porch nor likely to flunk out: wound up instead with the usual bunch of talented do-everythings. Fortunately, the phenomenal norwegian not-so-troll never rotated; immigrant Moller was keeper of the rotating candlelevered wax gadget, and became house great bumpkin. Inevitably, Batchelder and Asmussen roomed together, and found two more horsemen next door, or the next larger size.

It was a wet season in Sherwood Forrest, but Robin Hood's merry men were whipped into frenzy at the very mention of their leader's expected coming. Hastening to Bullocks for the nuptials of Ellen O'Dale, but finding a paucity of thirteenth century wedding gowns, the men fell into pitched battle, while the befuddled bride and maid of honor took it on the lam. At the meal, climactically came the dramatic entrance of glorious Robin, who



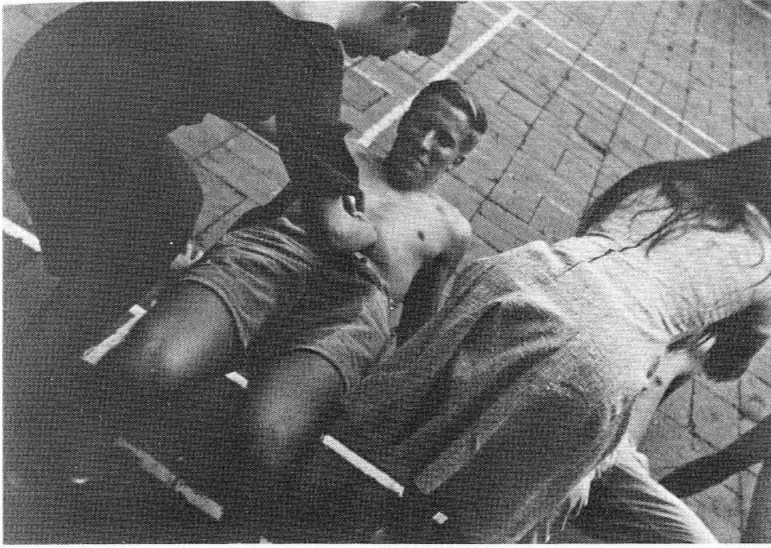
muffed her lines, but charmed everyone and inspired the expected uprising. Rose Queen candidates were signed up as usual.

Leader of America Badman let fall derogatory remarks to the effect that Techers don't protest enough. So the men of Blacker, led by Lee Johnson, organized a demonstration to picket Good-boy's appearance in Backman, carrying such slogans as "Discourage Extra-curricular Involvement."

Meanwhile, the social season was off to a great start. Haviland's Betsy was one of the invitees to the blind-dates-with-Rose-Queen-candidates party. Monahan, in one of a series of attempts to prove himself "Mr. Stud USA," picked up L.D.P. and administered the purity test to her—she scored about 16. There was no Papal expedition to visit Aunt Jane, but Mantarakis, Richards, and Kanamori went and reportedly managed to smuggle back some fire water.

The first term beer blast was a notable coming-out party. Burton imbibed copiously. Then, neither in full possession of his faculties nor his pants, he paid a surprise call on Erlich and gave vent to many unmentionable offerings from the sleeping porch. Radomski developed a permanent aversion to beer in a quiet moment of reflection over the head.

Then it came to pass that every man should build Interhouse. Cooper railroaded an Alice in Wonderland theme through a house vote. The Parker Brothers committee, Jackson and Watrous, Levy and Winbigler, the Apocalypse, and Nemzer and Garet contributed dance floors, mushroom and caterpillar, Jabberwock controls, nervous rosebush painters, and a flamingo-studded croquet game, respectively, while Krag helped with everything, and Erickson

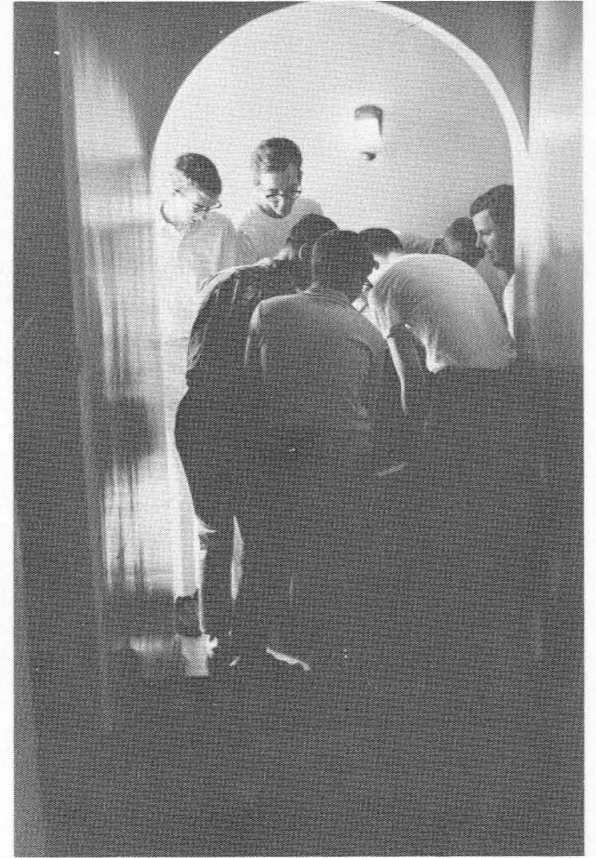


unveiled a disgustingly cute dormouse. In spite of the idiot senile degenerate middle-aged delinquents who popped the balloons on the courtyard floor, Interhouse was an outstanding success.

Freakism was a growing thing. To begin with, Erlich had the old Glee Club piano moved upstairs to his room. Marshal Schor partook of yeast products and was very happy to tune it for him. At last, not a string was in tune, and the freakish sap rose to many heads. Pomeroy recorded the results for posterity. Next, the nutmeg heads banded together and began selecting candidates for membership in the utopian freak community of West Blacker, which they explained was a state of mind. Sun gave the movement a stab in the back when he moved off campus to live with an undetermined number of female roommates, but put in occasional appearances at the house in the company of L.D.P., the two of them in matching mod outfits.

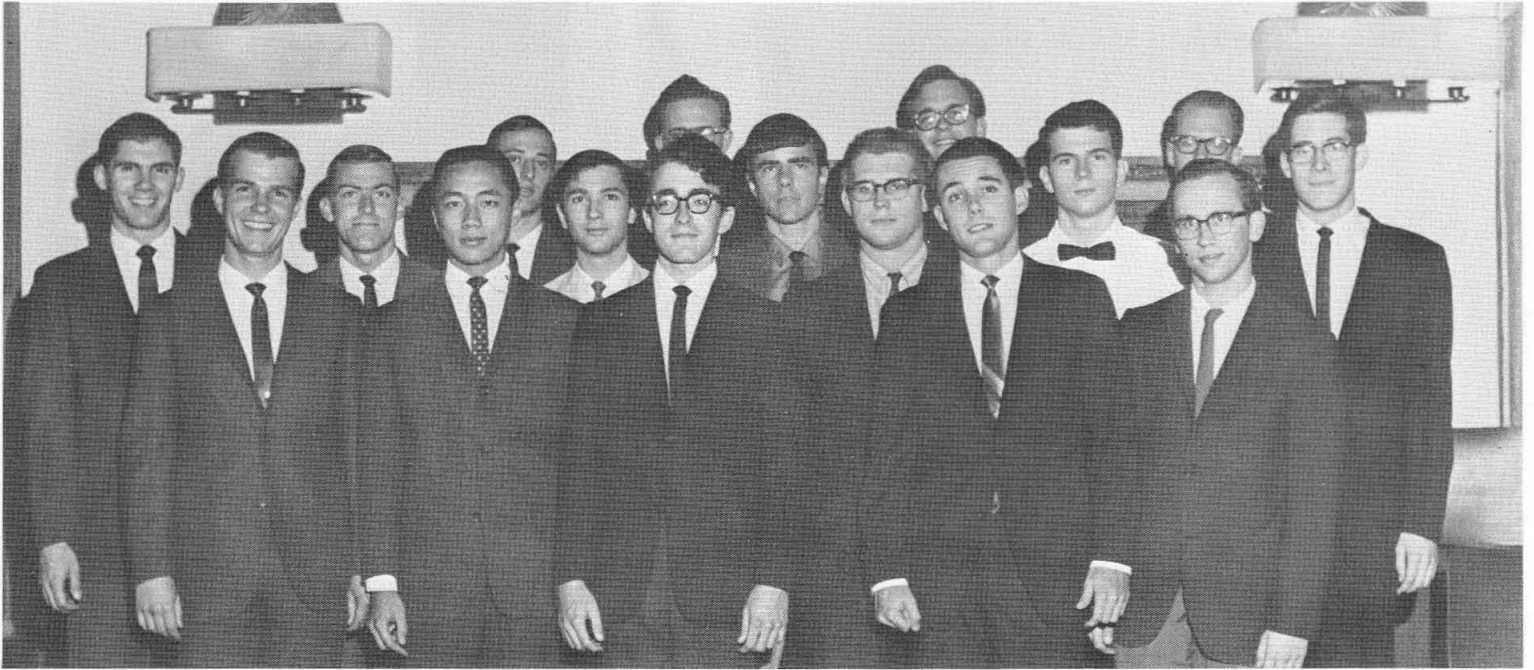
Leininger's MGA made it from Texas on only fifteen quarts of oil. When Radomski got a 4.1 first term, Haviland and Leininger challenged him to a dating contest in which a date was defined as getting to number five on the asymptotic activities series. There being no mention of "female" in the definition, Szolovits offered to date Mantarakis, or Mantarakis offered to date Szolovitz (or maybe they just gravitated together), for extra competition. The scores stayed pretty even all around until Haviland got the shaft.

The situation at County General devolved into hopeless chaos. Ottensmann spent an interesting evening meeting an attractive dish who eventually devulged that she was twenty four and divorced. She got him a blind date with "number one," who turned



BLACKER HOUSE

SENIORS



FIRST ROW — T. Hendrickson, Y. Liao, J. Williams, A. Peters, J. O'Pray, R. Fajman. SECOND ROW — B. Cooper, R. Miller, J. Soha, G. Bourque, D. Kinkade, J. Foster, D. Erickson, H. McCollouch, T. Allen, W. Simpson.

OFFICERS



FIRST ROW — M. Radomsai, Social Chairman, J. Williams, Librarian; S. Pomoroy, Athletic Manager G. Miyata, Librarian. SECOND ROW — T. Allen, Vice-President; M. Mortel, R.A.; S. Ma, Athletic Manager; B. Cooper, President; L. Johnson, Treasurer; K. Kamm, Secretary; G. Wright, Social Chairman; R. Drews, Social Chairman.

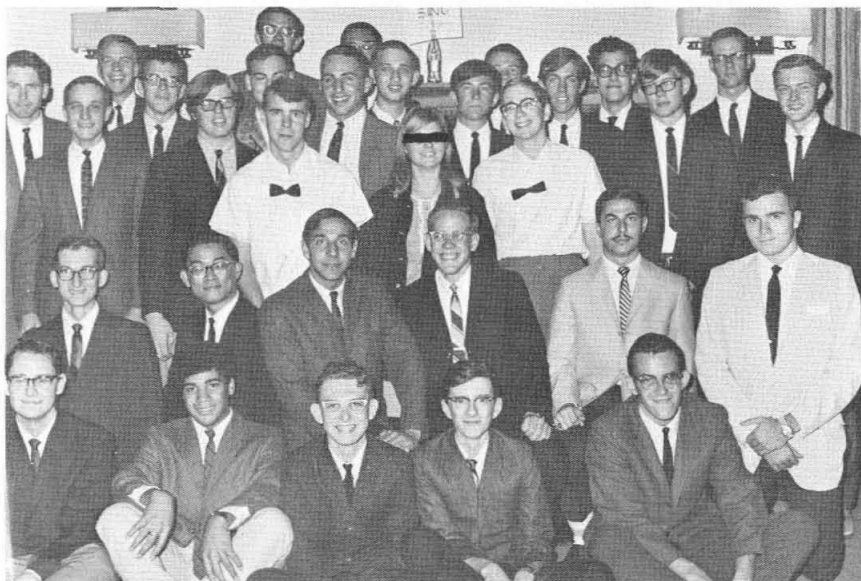
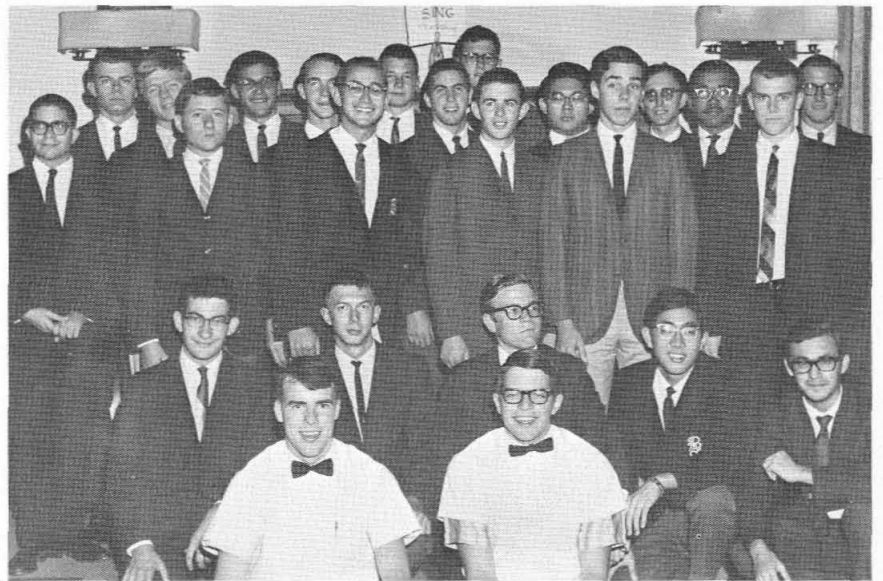


FIRST ROW—J. Haviland, B. Stern, L. Johnson, H. DeWitt. SECOND ROW—D. Erlich, G. Bourque, M. Schor, J. Downum, K. Garbade, S. Goudgold. THIRD ROW—B. Holian, S. Ma, D. Shirley, V. Johns, R. Drews, B. Baille, J. Brink.

JUNIORS

SOPHOMORES

FIRST ROW—J. Leiniger, J. Ottensmann. SECOND ROW—M. Garet, D. Rintala, S. Pomeroy, G. Miyata, S. Kamani. THIRD ROW—M. Farber, J. Mosler, K. Kamm, P. Rust, M. Radomski, J. Mosher. FOURTH ROW—T. Burton, G. Wright, R. Rubenstein, R. Franz, G. Jackson, D. Nemzer, R. Haas, J. Feng, J. Hecht, J. Rhodes, W. Watrous.



FRESHMEN

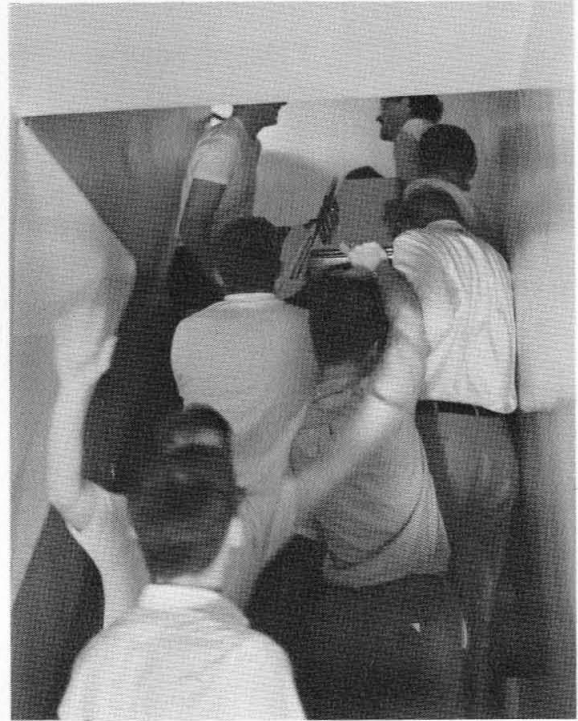
SITTING—T. Banks, W. Hocker, J. Batchelder, K. Asmussen, W. Farrell. KNEELING—A. Steinbach, A. Kanamori, R. Goodman, F. Burton, P. Mantarakis, K. Monahan. STANDING—Mike Mortell, R. A., C. Neu, M. Krag, P. Szlovitz, One Prong Female Receptacle, J. Richards, M. Stefanko, Random Troll, J. Barnard, H. Turtledove, J. Taylor, D. Winbigler, W. Drake.

out to be practically engaged. Undaunted, O-mann asked number one out again, but her boyfriend was unenthusiastic, and the date was arranged with number two. Number two had a test but played sick and suggested number three. O-mann had a chat with three on the phone and drove over at the appointed hour to pick her up. Lo and behold, who should his real date turn out to be but number four disguised as number two . . . , or was it number two masquerading as number four? (Names withheld on request, but mainly because of confusion). Erickson had a similar experience when he was set up with the purely fictional "Miss Linda Prank," who turned out to be a long-lost prime interest.

The Apocalypse emerged as producers of projection of all descriptions — a huge Snoopy between Firestone and Guggenheim, a coffeecup on top of Throop, a supply of gladiators and pagans for the orgy, and plotting the intricacies of the Fourth Undercover Kremlin Espionage Dance. Ottensmann and Kamm got satisfaction in biology lab, second term ("J--- off in Kerckhoff!")

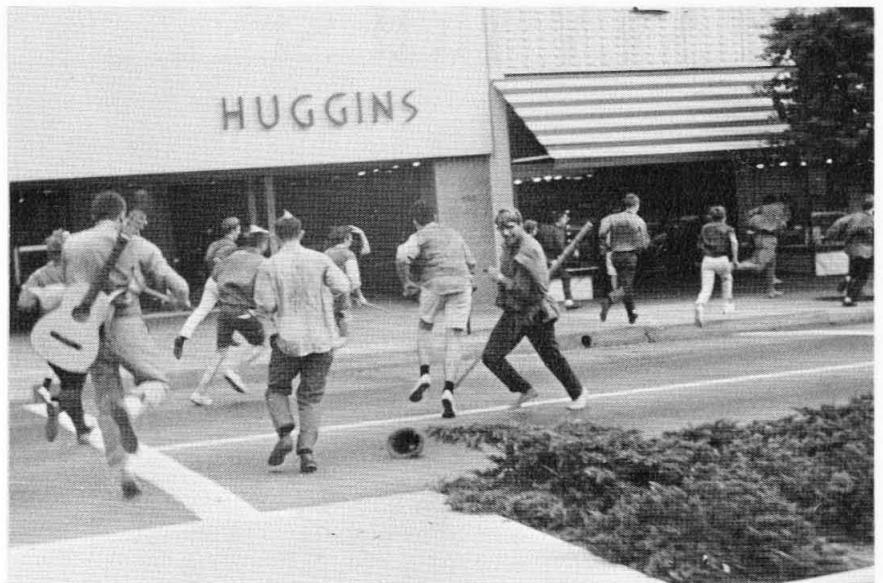
At an exchange in the land of the Scurves, L.D.P.

turned go-go dancer, then launched into a wiggly strip act, until Duke or somebody told her to put something back on. Haviland and Erickson passed the magic barrier and went to celebrate at the B. P. where Erickson quaffed his very first brew.

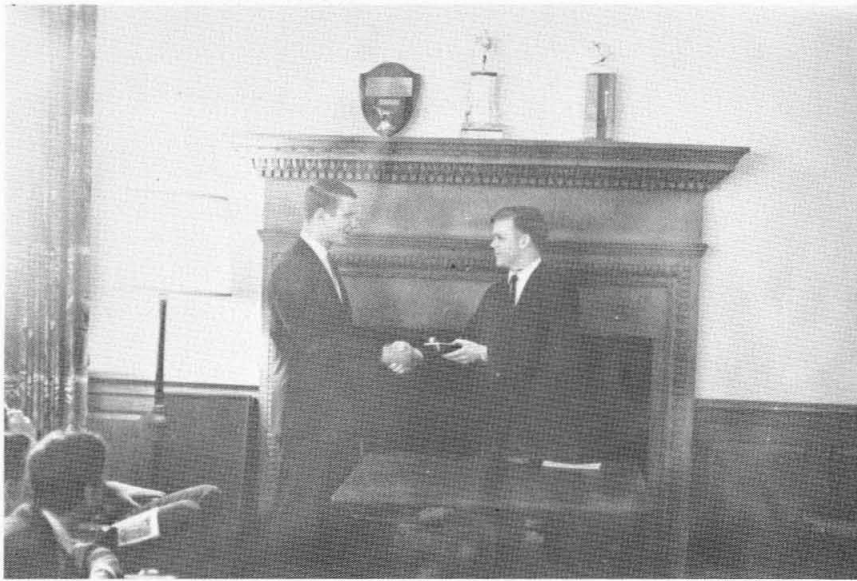


To make up for being absurdly deficient in such matters as sports and GPA power, the men of Blacker became absurdly campus-oriented, building coffeehouse and ASCIT leaders. In the meantime, the frosh were learning to punt like fanatics. Monahan did the only studly thing left to him — got mono — and sent his love and kisses. O-Mann had a hard time with a Scrippsie, from the conference by the same name — it seems she writes poetry. Picture, if you can, O-mann trying to make out in the back seat of a car, she scribbling her every reaction in a little black book.

Anderclam enterprises staged a successful gimmick rally. Stern won, but what he doesn't know about the improbable goings on at Cooper's off-course checkpoint will never hurt him. Sue Martin accepted an invitation to come to dinner. Dazed from a night without repose, Stern picks up the social phone, which is ringing — "Is this the Lee Johnson residence?" "Yes, in a manner of speaking." "Is Mary Lynch there?" "#\$%&*?!!!" Yes, it was a fantastic year. Third term last year, Nemzer and Rhodes and Garet and Rubenstein and Johnson and Erickson and in general Blacker's talent show was a big success. Judy's stock was busted when Marsha got the wombat award. Tucker left for greener pastures. Cooper and Allen took over the **Little T** and inserted some subtle allusions to the superiority of Blacker House. Johnson spent unwarranted amounts of time discussing bills with Gang's secretaries. Some of the new officers elected this year were Johnson, Kamm, Radomski, and Szolovits.

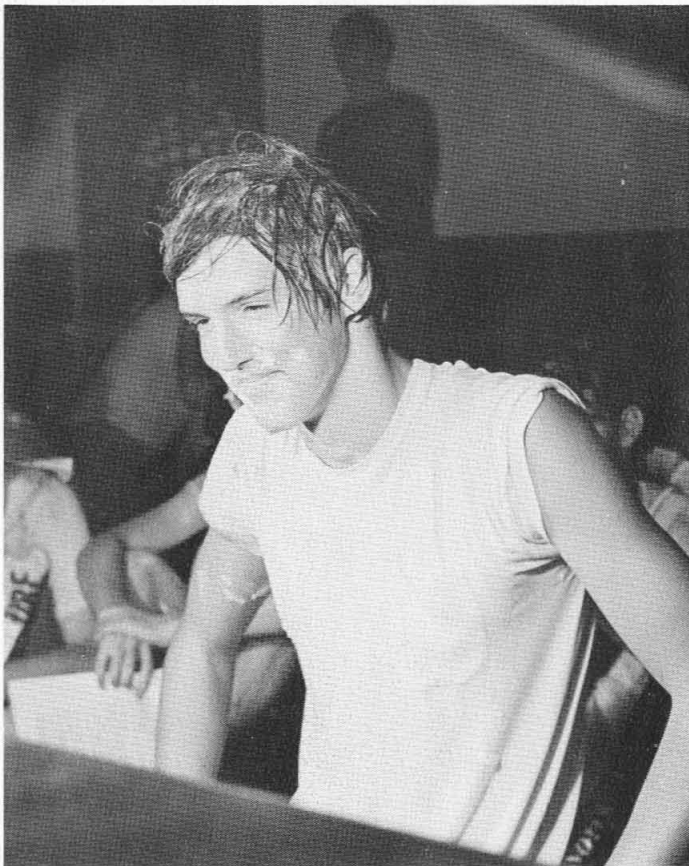


DABNEY HOUSE



Burn baby burn.

This is a serious frosh.



Third term 1966 began in sunny Dabneyland with the usual enthusiasms of a new excomm, having to put out with something to overcome the lack of upperclass talent in the house, there being only senior left and the Red Baron gone forever. Nevertheless, life remained pleasant, frosh continued showering, and hard work by officers gave promise of big things to come. Following in the glorious tradition of Scott (telephone), and Powell (television), Eyler and the excomm came through with bigger and better capital acquisitions, this time in the form of a refurnished gameroom, Gerritsen and Lehman doing the major renovating. The powerful Dabney sports machine, reeling from three 7th's second term, found renewed vigor, and rolled to a 3rd in basketball on the strength of 4 early wins, bolstered by the off-campus trio of ZBSP. In tennis, led by Satterthwaite, the Darbs continued their domination of this sport with a 1st overall. The Lehm, Mitze, Bennett, Zeller, Kidd, Doucette social mob, which slowly lost the last 4 (by salami tactics?), began trying to polish them with an active although lower-key social program. Beach parties, the traditional faculty party, held at R.F.'s place when the famous one was in Ohio, officer's initiation party featuring the great "Dance of the Rings" with dancers and originators alike ending up like submarines, and institution of cooperative stomps with the Red Terror of the north highlighted the term. Aforementioned lone senior, one Minnesota Slims, aided by several off-campus friends, managed to provide the frosh with a few hours pleasure on

Ditch Day, came back to find his room in limbo and himself in front of the eight-ball. Etin, HT (now HPT), also had room trouble, his ending up on display in the Master's front yard after a brief stay in the Firestone elevator. The MJQ stopped in for a reception, Burton and Ellis continued their affairs with the pillows, White lost his house position trying to make the suave scene, found he could only make friends in La Jolla, win sympathy for his schnoz. As the term ended speculation was rife — would Joyce transfer? (would Rob?) would Dirty D. come back? Would Jeffrey rise from the world's grossest frosh to the world's grossest soph?

September dawned smoggy on the Year of the Green Elephant. Momentous changes had been wrought over the summer (can a coat of paint really do wonders) — the British Isles were shuffled as England replaced Ireland, Rob had a Morgan, Blair followed the lead of Pearson (and Reiland) into the honorable estate. Satterthwaite soon to follow—Eyler committed — the contagion spreading to the juniors in the form of Schwenk. Frosh rotated and stopped, then reeled as Burton and Ellis showed how stupid frosh can be during a sabotaged, abbreviated, but lengthened initiation, where the frosh almost outnumbered the upperclassmen, and the great chase which followed. The softball team finished fourth, claiming the distinction of being the only team with either an odd number of wins or an odd number of losses, and coming up with the season-ending "Oh, here it is" Kuehn double-play. Behind the mole (not to be confused with eastern neighbors) Perasso Dabney tunneled itself to a fine Interhouse Dance, with psychedlia on the inside showing the house was with the times, or 20 years behind them with good old Hoppy. Zeller continued his

Isn't Nair Wonderful.



Out, Out damn frosh.



John Lewis "Look, Ma, no fingers".

phenomenal delta drop but felt compensated by wine, women, and ?. The Long March to the Kay's of Chandler shook up the food service but helped little on quality. Darbs filled Beckman with ushers, libraries with sitters, campus with guides, pockets with money. Chaikin reappeared under the alias of Falk, the House had a Vergin, Burton and Dana became leg men. "That's right, Mel," "Holy Infinite Drek," "Good for me" were perpetrated upon willing frosh and nauseated seniors, the latter finding solace in continuing the Dalton, Powell tradition of wine and cheese and crackers and . . . with the addition of Richards and even Maria. Socially Erickson continued making friends, Horner rented cars, Dave met George, the suave Dabney Dinner Exchange developed to perfection (much to the satisfaction of wine-guzzling, sundae-eating waiters — who continued as a self-appointed reactionary power group). Bennett swore off girls then discovered

DABNEY HOUSE

SENIORS

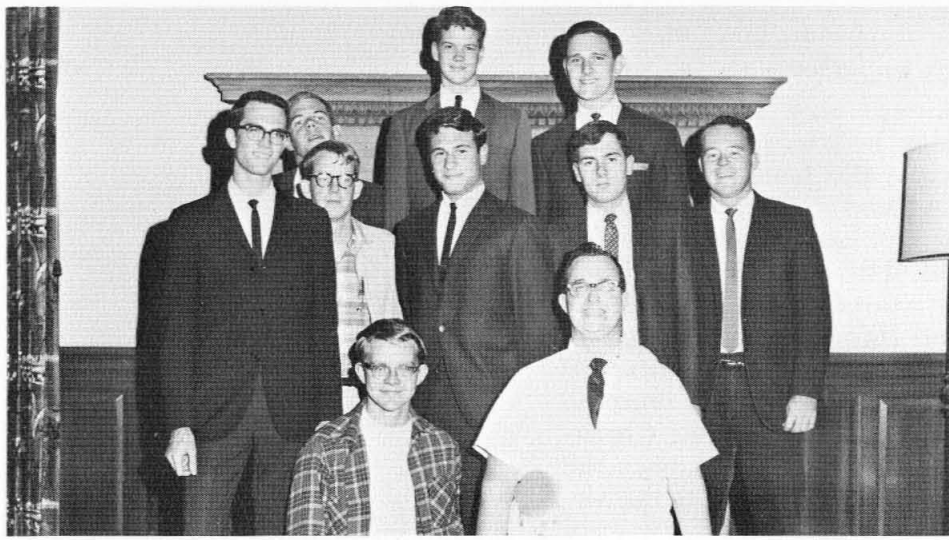


Beard, Eyler, Sattenthwarte, Langton, White

OFFICERS



FIRST ROW — sitting, Lehman, Mitze, Social Chairmen. FIRST ROW — standing, Eyler, President, Erickson, Secretary, Kidd, Social Chairman, Bennett, Social Chairman. SECOND ROW — Burton, Athletics Manager, Bartlet, Historian, Schwenk, Athletics Manager, Pelzmann, Historian, Fox, Comptroller.



FIRST ROW — kneeling, Lehman, Grant, standing, Ashcraft, Manning, Garen, Kidd, Robinson. SECOND ROW — Erickson, Cross, Schwenk.

JUNIORS

SOPHOMORES



FIRST ROW — sitting, Jennings, Elston, Doucette, Mitze. Standing, Young, Kuehn, Bartlett, Bennett, Goddard, Murphy. SECOND ROW — Hartstein, Perasso, Burton, Bartelt, Markowski, Lutz, Pelzmann, Fox, Nolan.

FRESHMEN



FIRST ROW — (kneeling) Riesenfelt, Horner, Fujimoto, Falk, Howard. (Standing) Samuelson, Markert, Hultman, Coles, Klein, Doyle, Tyner. SECOND ROW — Johnson, Steve, Joseph, Johnson, Mark, Drean, Edwards, Vergin, Schredder, Everts, Elkowitz.

the bookstore and Stanford graduates, Goddard's dark-stockinged Kate hooked Jeffrey on the Whittier kick, he later pinned the peacock. R. F.'s disciple and Gang's best friend "Hang down your head . . ." picked himself up by the black belt and departed to the other orange land. The swim team finished third on the strength of 1-2-3 in diving by Johnson, Lutz, and Harstein, as adjudged by Bennett and Eyler. Grant played Santa, Ellis took the pot, Edwards lost his marbles, and the term was over to the blinking Christmas tree lights as Harstein floated down the Harbor on an orange drink carton to the airport.

And into the new year with Musketeers now up to three, seniors down to 3, to go to 0 by next term, frosh still showering, Gerritsen, Boyd, Doucette no more, and Danna camp-



Go, Peachy!!



Hoop ya made it!

You gotta get up pretty early in the morning to fern me.

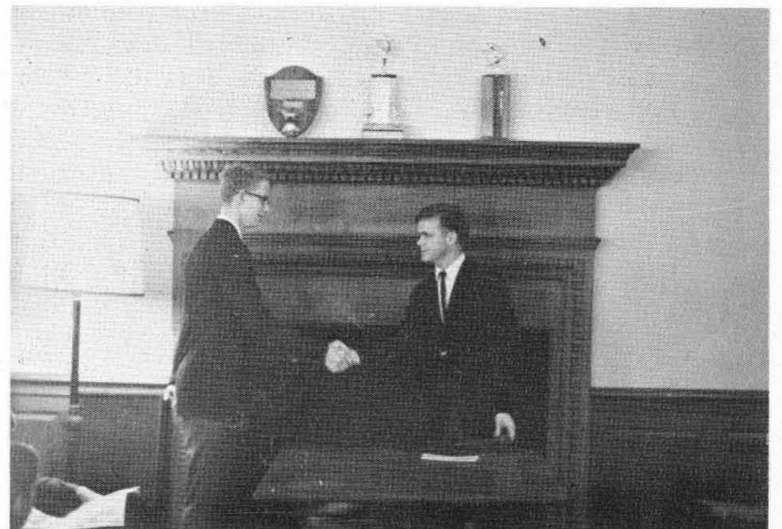


ing in the library. Sports cars abounded, Kidd and Danna winning, Sampson losing big, Ellis trying to get his license. Excomm, led by Ellis and Lehman, made continual visits to Huttenback and Gang (and Paul-ette) to get out from under crushing burden of breakage fees, tried to plant seed of inadequacy of student houses for today's student, bought pop machine to help house solvency (eventually). Lehman and Erickson's campaign for women's rights failed but will inevitably rise again. Tennis domination by the Darbs thudded to a halt as the married man no longer cared, we took fourth. Garen showed off-campus members could contribute, came through with the first annual Rally, unique among the houses. Ash and Herb left abruptly, for greener G.P.A. land, Dabney, especially Schenk, mourned the loss. Erickson-procured volleyball net introduced volleyball to the courtyard scene to rival bridge as house avocation, loss of the former occasioned "Castrate the Cactus Day". Lutz had to go a long way but finally found a good Scrippsie as did John when he joined Dave and George with Sam. Dabney continued to be near the top of the interhouse sing also-rans led by Langton, after many prophecies of doom and a late start, took third for the second year in a row.

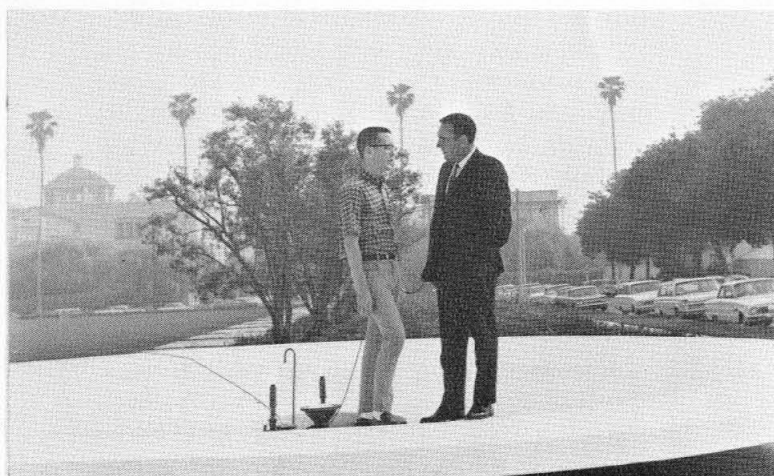
And as the new under-class studded excomm took over, Dabney found itself a house challenging rather than falling into the old Student House concept, one searching (groping?) for new, relevant forms of student house life at Caltech.



Mitze painting his ball.



FLEMING HOUSE



Parker tells NBC about the UFO he "saw"

The saga of Big Red begins in the gloomy depths of Spring Break last year, when several of the senior members of the famed, feared Mickey Mouse Club were sitting around discussing the psychology of flying saucers. Convinced that the average random person, being by definition a troll, gave incredibly erroneous reports of what he, she, or it saw, they hit upon a unique plan. Retiring to the depths of the Spaceship Hanger, they began constructing UFO's. Having launched a few abortive UFOs into the cloudy Pasadena sky, they decided to build a bigger one and wait for a clear night. And lo, as Eardley, Warren, Gould, and Perry watched the four flares rise into the night, Parker was on the



Would you believe McQuillan?

phone to the LA Times, reporting, in his best California Tech style, that Caltech had just been "buzzed" by a UFO. Thousands of people saw the balloon, and of course thought it to contain visitors from Outer Space. Our own campus police officer, the intrepid Sherlock Fig, reported it had "zipped across the sky".

Next morn started the deluge, with Parker, Gould, Warren, and Eardley ending up logging over an hour and forty minutes of air time on local and network shows, first explainind tongue-in-cheek exactly how they would have built a UFO, and then admitting it later. And then there was the FAA . . .

During the summer, President Jim Gould and Secretary Dick Wright did a great deal of work on rotation planning. Unfortunately, somewhere along the line the IHC rules were violated, and Fleming was fined after rotation commenced in the fall. Then, another incident occurred, and the IHC, led by Eric Young, declared Fleming guilty of a gross violation of the rules for obtaining frosh look books before the end of rotation. In an unprecedented twenty-five minute meeting, after having literally shouted down the lone Fleming representative Bill Miller, Young and yes-man Greg Shuptrine railroaded through the

committee a \$500 fine for Fleming, and a recommendation that the officers all be removed. Young contended that Fleming had violated the rules by "endangering the future of rotation". Fleming thinks that while there was a BOC violation involved, that Eric Young was acting more in the interest of Eric Young than of the IHC or the students. It should be noted that Young later admitted that the fine was his way of 'getting' Gould, whom he hated.

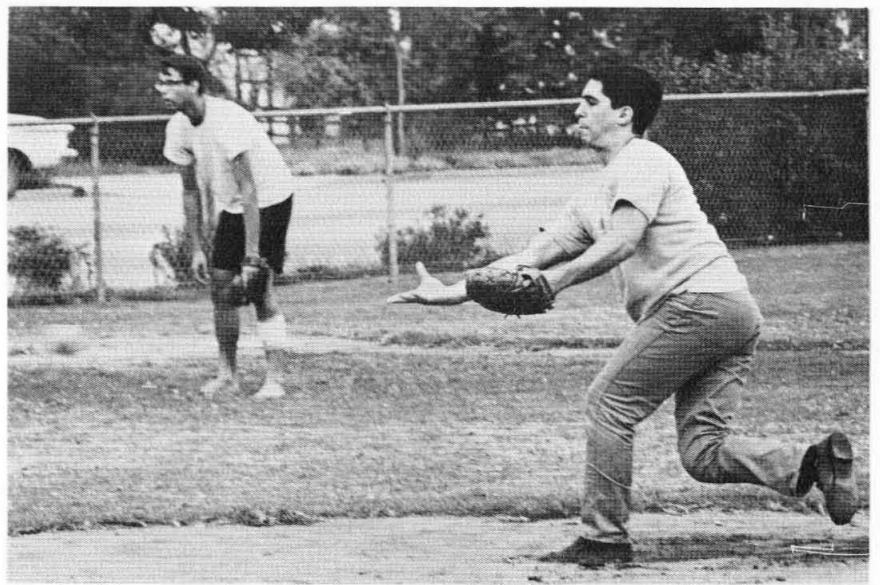
Randy Harslem succeeded to the Presidency, and initiation had begun. As anyone who has been around Dockstader for more than a millisecond knows, the average frosh is far too prolific with his mouth, and therefore must be impressed with the great power of the upperclassmen. This task was given this year to Tom Baze and his friends (Baze has been an underclassman for about a century). As usual, Fleming transformed itself into a private club, and countless Darbs and Blacker boys found themselves in the pond in the middle of the courtyard. After the great waterfight, which was NOTHING compared to the old hose fights that are within memory, the frosh settled down to a calm life of polishing doorknobs, measuring the distance to Kloke's, and snaking.



It's easier on the waiters this way, frosh.



The distance to where? In what??



Wolfe pitches, Harslem waits.

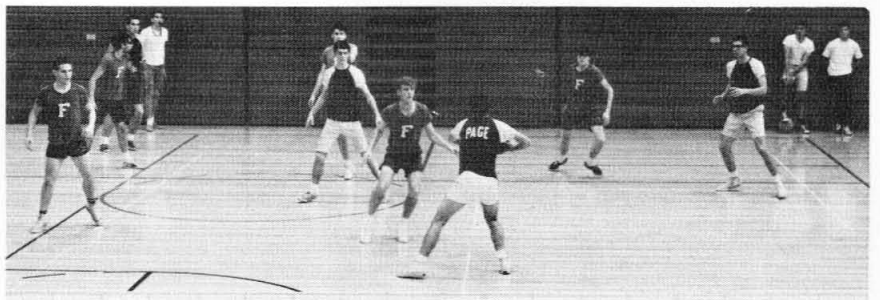
With the new frosh fully assimilated into the House, the Big Red took to the athletic fields, and came up with a three way tie for first place. Ah, but for the days of the million dollar infield. We might have been all alone on top had we played a more consistent game. And then came Swimming and Diving. Although we ate it big in the diving (see Boone on page 146), our swimmers easily took first with a point total of sixty nine.

Interhouse wasn't too bad, as Interhouses go, for Fleming. Thanks to a genuine lack of any effort at all on the part of the other Houses, our decorations were rated tops by many of the visitors and old hands. Out in front, but not, repeat, not dug into the pulverized granite, were the famous Kelmian twin fountains, taken from their storage place and set up by Kelm, Christoph, and Parker. Parmalee tried building, would you believe, a pulse-width controlled fountain, and succeeded in blowing out two of our solenoid valves before we finally threw him out of



Lomelli has a long pole.

the alley two fan room. The connection between the fountain and the theme, Old West, was never explained. In the courtyard there was quite an impressive cabin made out of 2x12's (up against alley 1), a working gallows, appropriately lit, near the alley five entrance, and an active sluice box descending from the upper three heads. The whole mess was the brainchild of Mike "The Stomach" Pollack, who was sometimes assisted by J. Forbes, T. Baze, and random other people I didn't bother to see, and countless frosh, including Se-grave, who helped build the scaffold, seeing as how we were going to hang **him** every half hour.



The Big Red's basketball effort.

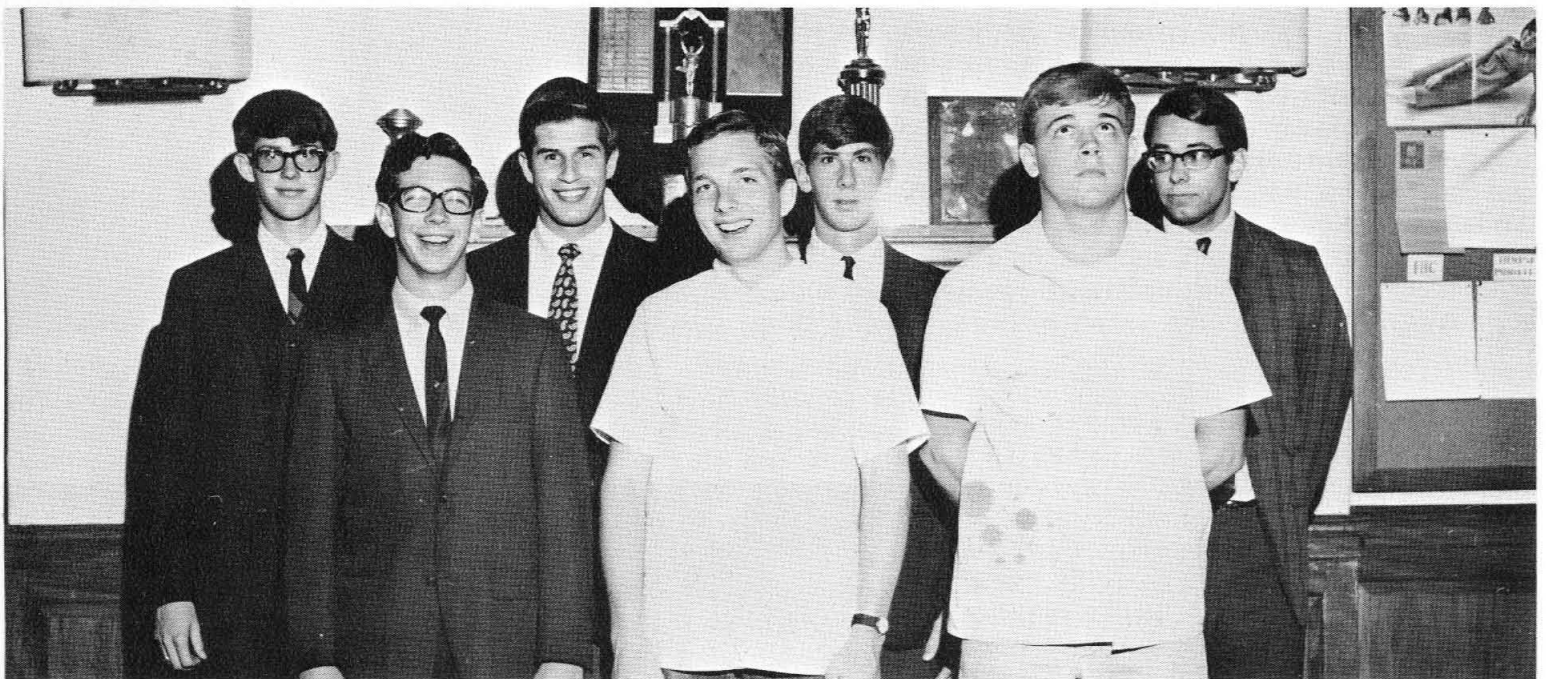
FLEMING

SENIORS

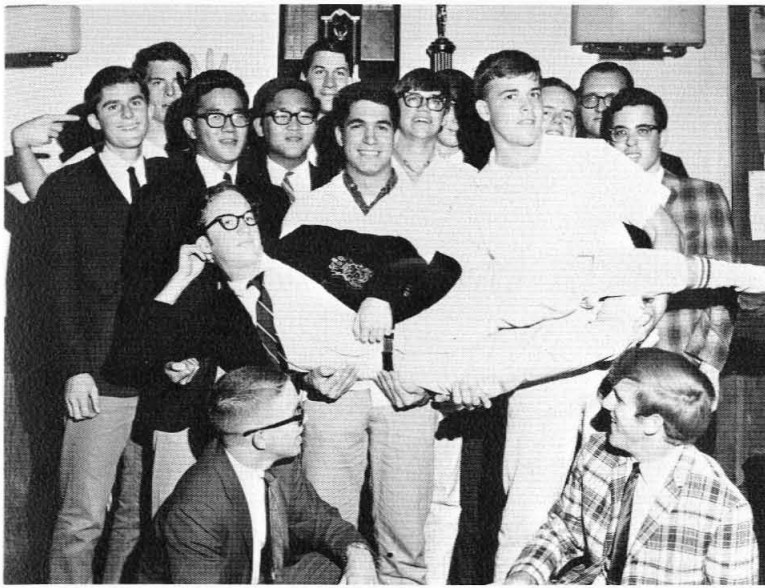


FIRST ROW — T. Warren, R. Harslem, W. Miller, C. McQuillan, G. Sharman, P. Krause, R. Parker, D. Weaver.

OFFICERS



FIRST ROW — S. Harmon, Social Chairman; S. Heissler, Freshman Work Chairman; W. Bradley, Social Chairman; L. King, Social Chairman; J. Wilsche, Social Chairman; J. Stanley, Athletic Manager, R. Harslem, President.



JUNIORS

Front—(Kneeling) R. Woody, R. Wright. (Being held) B. Logan. First Row—R. Davidheiser, K. Yano, D. Chang, C. Wolfe, R. Kimbrell, J. Stanley, G. Whitehead, J. Leon. Second Row—S. Boone, M. Flannery, J. Wiltsche, R. Bild.

SOPHOMORES



Front Row—(Kneeling) E. Musgrave, J. Forbes, L. Molester King, M. Stevenson, S. Lewis, (Standing) T. Baze, D. Paynter, M. Bell, S. Harper, D. Addis, J. Larsen, K. Jones, T. Mahon, M. Rieger, R. Gillman, J. Hauge.



FRESHMEN

Front Row—C. Butler, L. Waterland, J. Cook, D. Putnick, L. Lomeli, P. Hartzmann. Second Row—R. Strelitz, R. Brackenbury, K. Higgins, W. Beck, S. Heisler, B. Odegaard, A. Smith. Third Row—M. Gray, T. Miller, J. Nocar, V. Bresson, S. Harmon, R. Piccard, P. Johnson, W. Holcombe. Fourth Row—R. Allen, P. Engleking, A. Walker, P. Winter, J. Seagrave. Rear—R. Burton, W. Bradley, D. Dockstader.



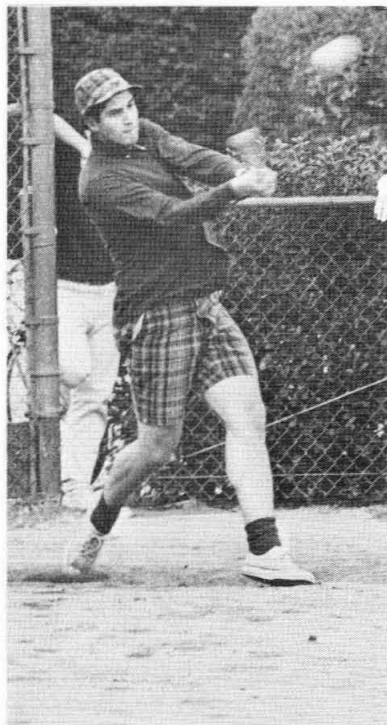
A typical Fleming House Exchange (photo by Rieger).

In the lounge we had the usual mock-bar, with the familiar shuffle-board top as the bar itself, and a newly recovered bar rail, like the one that we built up two years ago. There was a giant painting of a nude, done by our artist frosh, Hetteix, to grace the wall. All this was the work of Bill Bradley, gung-ho frosh social chairman.

In the dining room we had our traditional show, which as usual attracted standing room audiences for both performances. Lacking last year's Dick and the Fourindicators to open the show and drive away the crowds, we opened with the infamous Parmalee, accompanied by frosh Sid Harmon, in a piano duet which was really quite professional. Following them were another hold-over group from last year's production, Harper and Larsen. Last year they were the Horny Toads, and this year they sounded like Peter and Paul, minus Mary. And then there was the play, written by the two funniest people in the house, Stanley and Dowd.

Following the theme of a Western Dance Hall, the show was emceed by Ralph Kimbrell, who gave a very convincing exhibition of being stoned. It starred Dowd and Burton the Darb, and was a parody on the incredible state of our football team and its coach, known to Interhouse audiences as Burt La Boosch. Harslem was the agent of the devil, and Walter cracked everybody up as the good fairy (see page 12). McQuillan stripped between acts to the amusement of the audience. The stage and other electrical garbage was the work of Bob Parker, aided by Jim Segrave.

The Interhouse Athletic schedule was changed this year, and so we found ourselves playing Tennis in January, instead of football. Tennis not being one of the sports we do well in, we romped to a fifth. And then Interhouse track and field, where the Big Red machine fell down a little, to make a third behind Ruddock and Page. As usual for track, challengers from the other Houses arrive at about 5 after 12 to find that Fleming had eaten one of its famed three minute lunches.



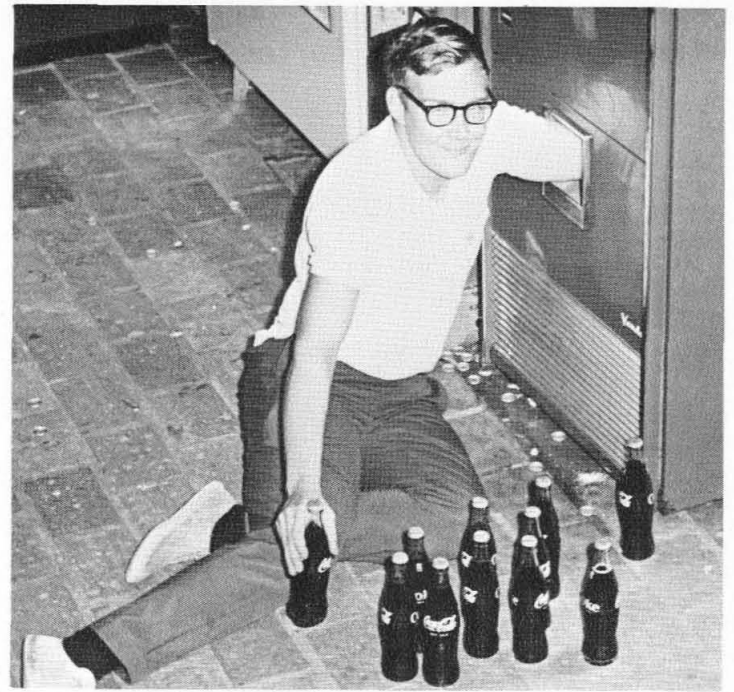
Bradley strikes out.



And Boone strokes out.



Lower alley three newspaper storage



"It's easy! You just stick your hand in, and . . ."
Ken Jones attacks Drakes pride.

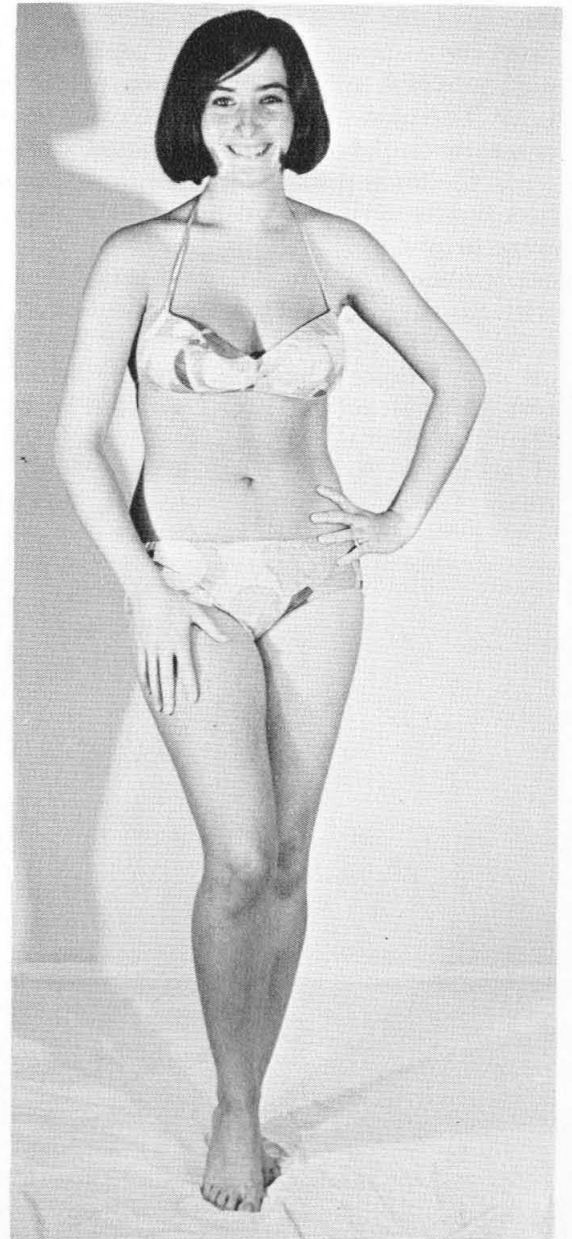
And so what else do you do in second term? Well, there were House Elections, as a starting point. In contrast to the incredible electioneering of last year, this election was pretty quiet, since the Juniors put up pretty much of a united front. Winners (or maybe losers) were Dick Wright, President; Martin Dowd, VP; Ken Yano, Secretary; Frank "I'll be in Amarillo at Interhouse again" Johnson, Treasurer; Tom Baze, Les King, and Bill Bradley, Social Chairmen; Richard Burton, Lonnie Martin, and Jim Stanley, Athletic Managers; and Bob Brackenbury, librarian. Some of the more unofficial House officers included Pseudo-teeny-bopper Paul Reynolds as Most Naive Frosh; Dave Chang as winner of the Junior trophy, replacing Mitchell; Frank Johnson, as winner of the Sophomore Trophy, taking over the pangs of horniness from Ralph Kimbrell. And, with Parker leaving at last this year, a new perma-frosh had to be appointed. The winner, on Parker's modest nomination, eager-beaver Bill Bradley.

Fleming thought long and hard about entering Interhouse sing, but couldn't find the necessary people. One of the reasons for this is that there were something like 60 on-campus members, of whom about 5 could sing, and the other reason was Harper's low pressure approach ("Anybody interested in Interhouse Sing come up to my room and see me sometime!!!") We were going to enter a tape-recorder with last year's songs on it, but they just wouldn't let us. Interhouse sing was considerably duller this year.

One other House office that we forgot above was the Houses most valuable Senior, who was Terry Warren, charter member of the old FHMMC.

And so to the end. It is now the middle of the third term, and it's been raining for 21 straight days. But everybody has flicked it in, including your friendly House Historian, who is writing this. The girl on the right there, incidentally, was appointed to her office by the Fleming House ad hoc Sweetheart committee, on the theory that if the national frats have a beautiful girl as a sweetheart, why couldn't we? And now, back to snaking. Pass the beer . . .

The sweetheart of Fleming House, Laurel Brill



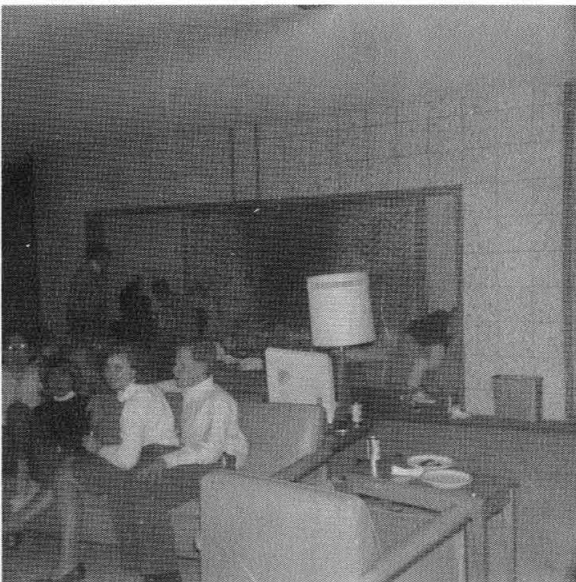
LLOYD HOUSE



Lloyd Frosh await initiation.

managed the greatest coup since the Rose Bowl by winning the Snake Trophy for the highest GPA of the seven houses for the year. The men of Lloyd departed for greener pastures of home contented and satisfied with '65-'66 and happy as hell that summer had finally arrived. Prospects for next year were bright.

September '67 came all too soon, bringing with it the start of the new school, 200 bright-eyed, idealistic frosh, and Rotation, all in one dose. The chairmen of the Rotation committees hurried frantically about, trying to meet every frosh and to remember every name. Armed with ratings of all the frosh, Lloyd managed, as usual, to come



Bernstein rocks out.

Third term, 1966, culminated a successful and interesting year for the men of Lloyd House. Lost weekend once again was the high point of the year for the socialites. Interhouse and Discobolus sports gave the powerful athletes (all ten of them) little trouble, as Lloyd copped third place overall in Interhouse and first place in Discobolus. The most glorious moment for Lloyd, however, was the first place in the Interhouse Bridge Tournament. To a house of diligent students and profound thinkers, nothing is so important as bridge. "Hey! Finals are next week!"

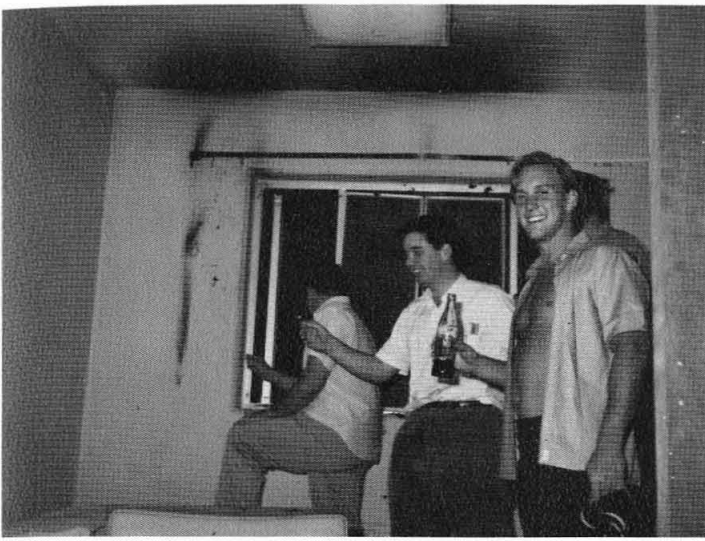
"Shut up and deal, will yuh. There's plenty of time." Yes, third term finals' week hit Caltech hard, and Lloyd felt it no less painfully than any house. During finals' week, coffee and Nodoz became the staples of the midnight snakes. Throughout the house light streamed from open doors into the early morning, as frantic Lloydies tried to learn a term's work in one night. Screams of despair and disbelief punctuated the still morning air. When all was over, however, the pain and sweat seemed almost worth it. Lloyd somehow



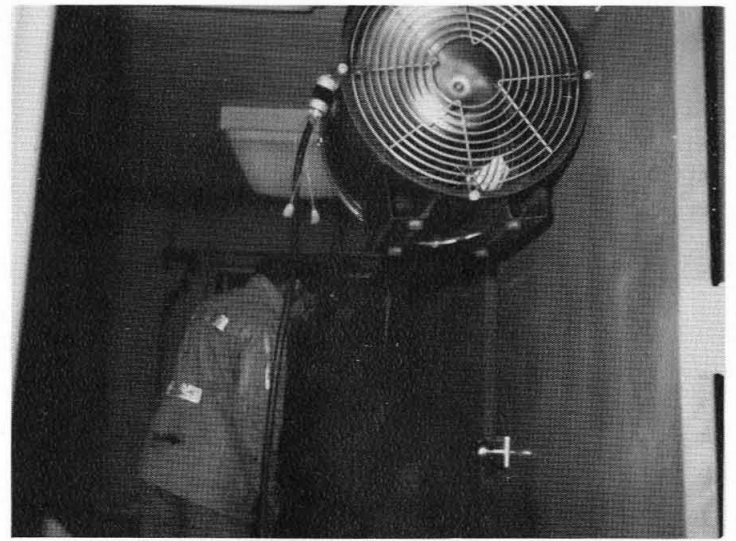
"Mmmm"

away from the frosh selection with 30 random guys from a group of 200 random frosh.

As the frosh moved in and began to settle down to a year of diligent study, the typical scene also established itself. The Lounge Rats were the first to claim their place. These lowest of creatures sleep in the day, and as the first shadows of evening fall over the House, they slowly filter into the lounge for their night-long, deeply philosophical discussions. Bill Ring, the senior member of the group, is the first to speak — "You idiot! You complete and utter moron. I said we're playing weak twos and intermediate jump overcalls!" Cringing before the impact of such powerfully soul-rending outburst, Chops replies, "Hmm. Eff ewe, two." Tugender adds his worldly wisdom to the conversation — "Yeah!" Barbosa, refugee from Ruddock House, who has found a sanctuary in Lloyd's lounge, looks on in quiet approval. Clark also watches in amazement and awful wonder, "Gee, what a neat game." Elsewhere, Sinclair and Fleissner find the whole thing too complicated and leave in search of more soothing pastimes. Fleissner mumbles something about chess, and Sinclair explains the subtle profundity and simple beauty of Feynman.



Smoking in bed — I tell you, that'll do it every time — musta been smoking in bed.



Webster and Hartman: "Never ever play with fire."

" $F = ma$, and $PE + KE = C$. That's all you need. Wow!"

Marshall, Livanos, and Atwood wonder through discussing their latest conquests in the world of the teeniebopper. Enter Crane — "Hey, do any of you guys have a car that I can borrow. I have a date in Whittier in five minutes and . . ."

As we leave the lounge we enter the infamous ".....Creek." Broll and Thornberry discuss the intricacies of football — "Ah don't see why yuh cain't just bust 'em up side the haid and run on through."

"No, Rich, no. Deception. Deception. That's the key, just ask Kraus."

"Forget it, men, volleyball is my sport."

Further upstream we hear weird sounds emanating from Rm. 132 —

"You're so beautiful. Wow!" Campbell reaches for more moustache wax. "A little here, some there. Perfect!"

Now where did I put my lab book?"

Rm. 127 — Hsu, Loh, and Yuen are plotting the takeover of Dabney. They are going to establish an up campus study center for displaced Chinese students. It will be equipped with plenty of erasers for throwing.

Yuen — "Gooh, man. But let's have some more beah first."

"Great idea," chimes Hsu.



"Hunh?"

Eddie Loh hesitates. "You two can drink — I'll think." From across the hall, Fishbone offers his assurance. "Don't worry. If it's ethnic, it's gotta be good." Next door Gary Nex eagerly studies his Shakespeare. "Just two more scenes and I'll have **Hamlet** memorized. Oh, the infinite grace and beauty of the infalliguent, Erestusoginous poetry." In Rm. 123, Joe Devinny discusses with Girard and Haemer the trials and tribulations of his affair with L.P. Stone sits quietly by, reading his Feynman.

"I just don't understand," complains Joe.

"Neither do I," explains Haemer, "But it's interesting. More. More."

Girard decides to go work on his car. "Both you guys are crazy. The only true excitement in life is the feeling of oneness with a powerful machine. Of course, it's gotta run first."

"I agree," calls Sampson from the hall, on his way to PCC.

By this time Stone has given up, too. "Ah'm gonna go play some good ole Indiana Pool. But first I hafta find my shoes."

Orr and Lindenfeld pass by with confused looks on their faces, headed for no place in particular.

We are now privileged to visit Valhalla. First we must don our "I'm a swinger" buttons, which Jim Horwitz, McAllister's protege, is passing out at the entrance. Fortunately, the Oh Boy Saloon is open, and Steinke, Erwin, and Prestwich are busy imbibing the bulk of the saloon's stock. Glen is trying to convince Steinke and Erwin of the infinite bliss true love and companionship in marriage. "I have the true skinny from Bob Dukelow."

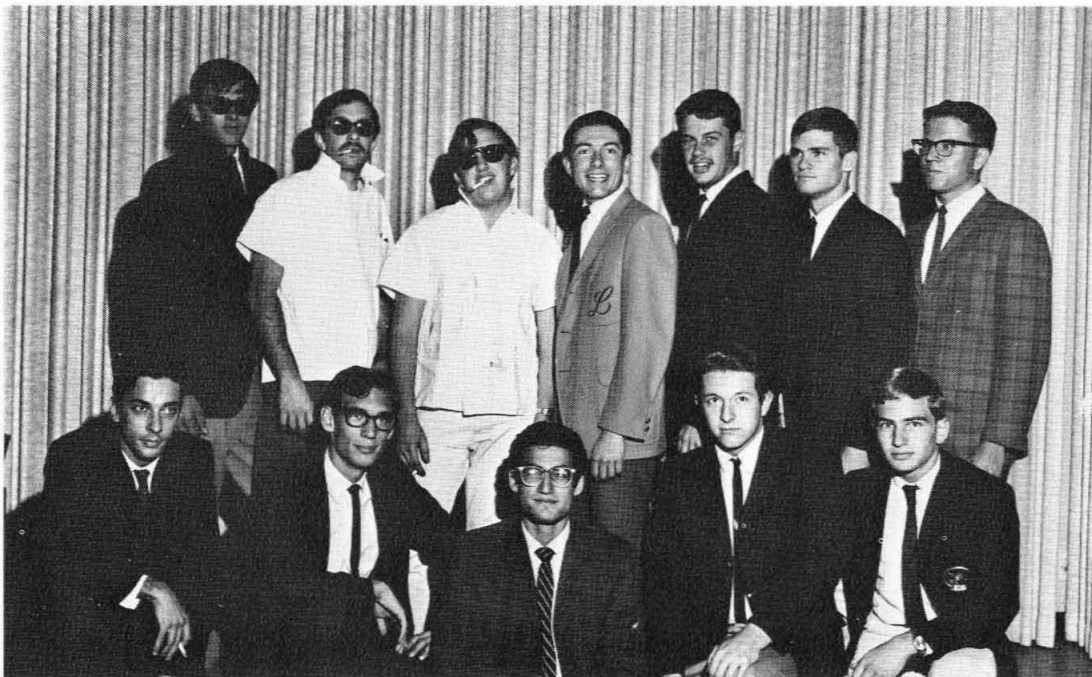
LLOYD HOUSE

SENIORS

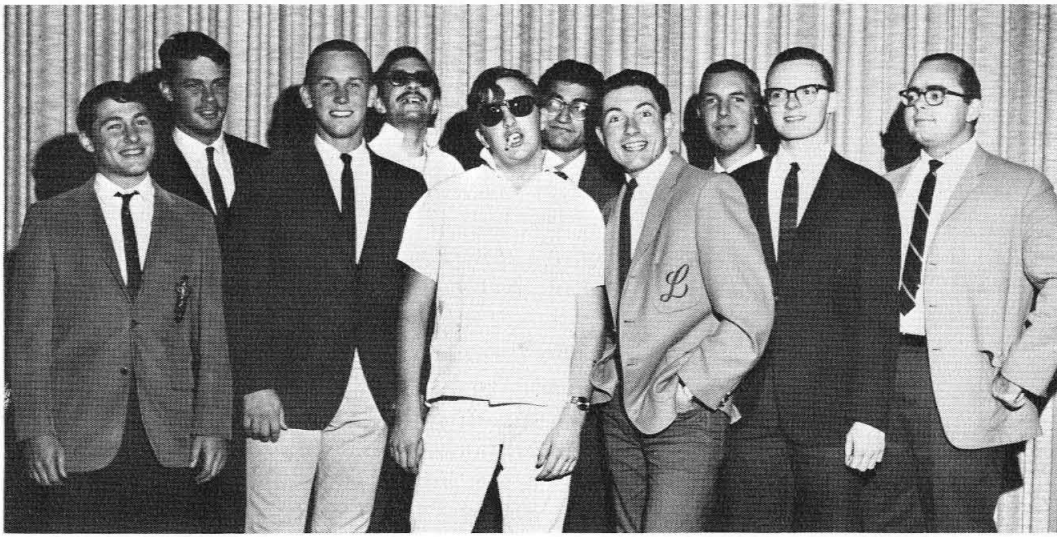


FRONT ROW — B. Piccioni, T. Buckholtz, J. Lucas, G. Balanir, G. Berman, M. Hall.

OFFICERS



FRONT ROW — G. Balanas, Vice President; B. Piccioni, President; M. Meo, J. Chirico, Head Librarian; S. Fershtut, Library Assistant; M. Decker, Social Chairman; G. Berman, Secretary; B. Sampson, Treasurer; C. McAllister, Rep. at Large; N. Whitely, Social Chairman; B. Dukelow, Social Chairman, B. Wilson, Comptroller.



FIRST ROW — J. Lucas, J. Woodhead, B. Sampson, C. McAllister, G. Pious, J. Hartmen, N. Whitely, G. Berman, M. Meo, G. Campbell.

JUNIORS

SOPHOMORES

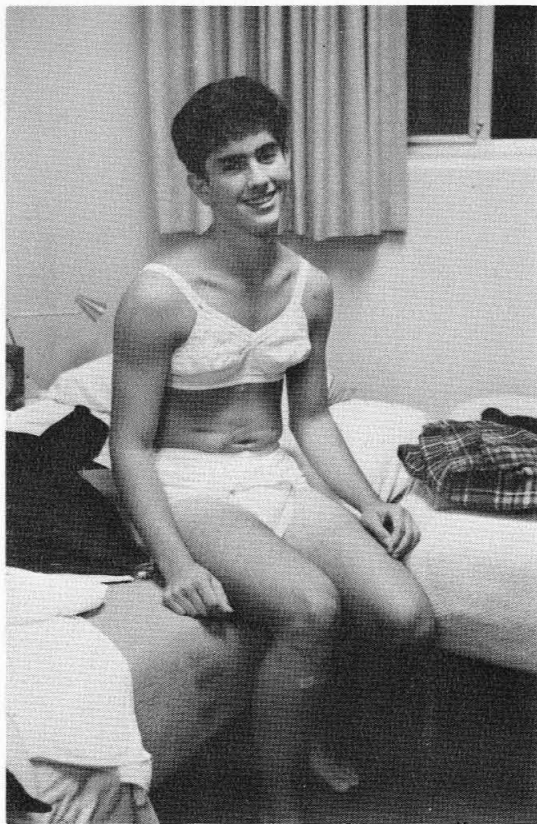


FIRST ROW — B. Dukelow, B. Keller, D. Yuen, G. Brown, S. Kershtut, M. Frost, M. Bernstein, J. Chirico, T. Axelrod, B. Crane, S. Paavola, E. Loh, A. Barkus, Hannan, B. Hsu, B. Davies, J. Williams, J. Woodhead.

FRESHMEN



FIRST ROW — L. Orr, H. Prynn, B. Robinson, Z. Xwqtsmvk, B. Steinke, C. Christian, M. Marshall. SECOND ROW — M. Linndenfolt, R. Broule, B. Atwood, B. Fleissner, J. Coyle, P. Erwin, M. Clark, Livanos. THIRD ROW — R. Tugender, J. Alsted, J. Haemer.



"After 43 washings . . ."

Phil is still skeptical. "My relationship with Fran is strictly non-platonic."

Bruce leaves with a bottle of rum. Rumor has it that Lloyd's cokes are the best on campus. "Oh boy," pipes Steinke, as he goes to fill the coke machine.

Across the hall —

"Reagan's not that bad."

"I'm not that crazy. Who's crazy? Everyone else is crazy . . . Beer and salt . . . softness and wetness . . . true love's false . . . look out girl, here I come." Keller stumbles toward his bed on wheels with visions of Torrance in his mind.

We find McAllister, illustrious, self-named leader of Valhalla, on his bed whimpering, "Mel Bernstein, please come home."

Elsewhere, we find Hentchell, Boule, Reinig, and Robinson busy ironing out the bugs in their latest arrangement of Hanky Panky."

In the conference room we find Hartman, Freeman, Lucas, and Hollander busy in a tournament of Jotto during a break from a game of Blitzkrieg.

Enter the off-campus scene. Howard—"Cool, man. Life's a waste. I realize I'm a degenerate, but what're you gonna do?" McKay—"I say, like groovey, man. Anybody got a razor—my beard's itchin'." Beeson—"You guys seen Joy around here?" "She was talking to Berman a minute ago. Why don't you try his room?" Howell—"Where's Ring? I need some ego boostin'."

Lippa—"Vance, you wouldn't believe it. Off campus is the true life. Me an' Jennings. Wow!"

Upstairs we enter Fingal's Cave, the home of the true Lloyd metaphysical philosophers. As late as 11:00 we can still hear muffled voices of these philosophers—"If I get a B+ in English I can get a 3.8. But with a B- in English, and a B in Ma 5, I might get as low as a 3.8. On the other hand . . ."

Vance—"What else can I say about Fingal's Cave?"

Woodhead—"Well, it's quiet.

We leave the Cave on tiptoes so we won't wake sleeping Tome from his sound slumber. As we leave, we hear Fisher—"QUIET YOU GUYS! Buckholtz is trying to sleep." Buckholtz, now thoroughly awake, enters the hall to put down the uprising.

Hall—"Bitchin'." Middleditch—"Bite——." A truly profound conversation.

At the end of the hall we find Jiccioni Rex in exile after Whiteley's coup. He and Orsburn are busily at work, bent over a huge stack of computer paper. "So fine! Blowmap will be the greatest thing that ever hit computers!"

In Penthouse we find Davies and Garvey Deeplu engrossed in a serious conversation—"I think she's pregnant." "Who did that happen!" "I don't know." "Well, when the babies are born, we'll just have to get rid of 'em."

In the next room the model airplane club is having a meeting.

Hannan—"I've got a great idea. What say we fold Axelron and Paavola like paper airplanes and throw 'em out the window."

Wilson—"Aerodynamically, it's unsound."

Brown—"Yeah, but it'll make a bitchin' splash."

From the hall Fishbone, with his shiny new UCC badge with the keen secret compartment—"I think you'll find that that's an honor system violation."

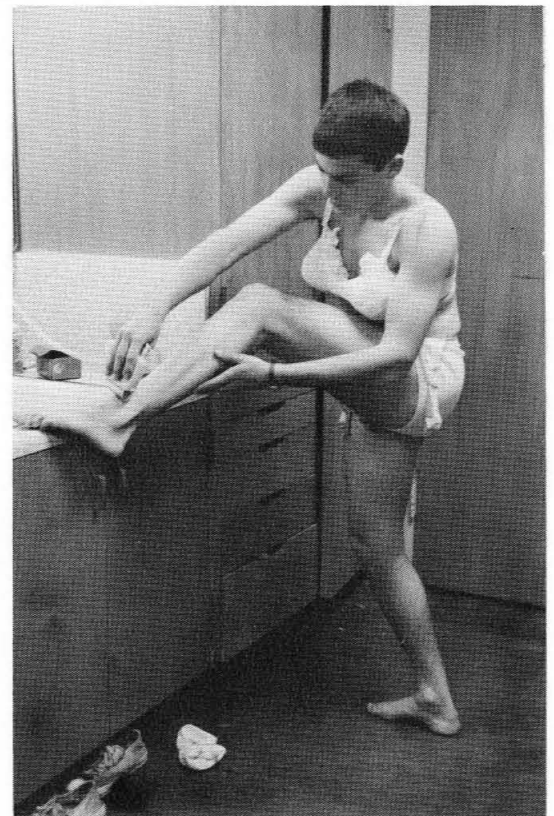
Honorary Member

Ricketts barbers do it again

Don't Flush it, Phil it.

"After 43 washings . . ."

"But with the Lady Sunbeam . . ."



"But with the Lady Sunbeam . . ."

Komm — “How 'bout if we shoot 'em out of my cannon.”

Ryan — “Yeah. They'll go much farther that way, and we can take a great picture of their landing.”

A large crowd, led by Chan and Webster, has gathered in front of Rm. 224. “I told you, I don't have any more popcorn!” Barkus protects his room from invasion with his trusty nine iron. “How about a cigarette then?” Chan asks. “Or a candy bar?” “NO. NO. NO.” Barkus runs into his room, screaming unintelligible sounds.

We are now in the infamous Bacchanalley. What's this? Berman and Vance taking an art class? “What we need around here is a little more class.” “Oh, I don't know,” chimes Woodhead, looking up from the latest Marvel comic, “I have enough classes already.”

“That's what I mean, that's what I mean. Nothing but useless childish remarks like that!” clamors Meo. “When are you going to grow up like me, Jim? . . . Hey, Charlie, you wanna walk to Santa Monica with me?”

“That's a great idea, Meo. We can stop in Hollywood and hang around until the cops pick us up, or we can start a riot or somethin'.”

“Can I go, too?” asks Gish. “I wanna be where it's happenin', too.”

Three figures in heavy overcoats and hats pulled over their eyes hurry by and stop before Rm. 232. Four quick raps, a pause, and then one more.

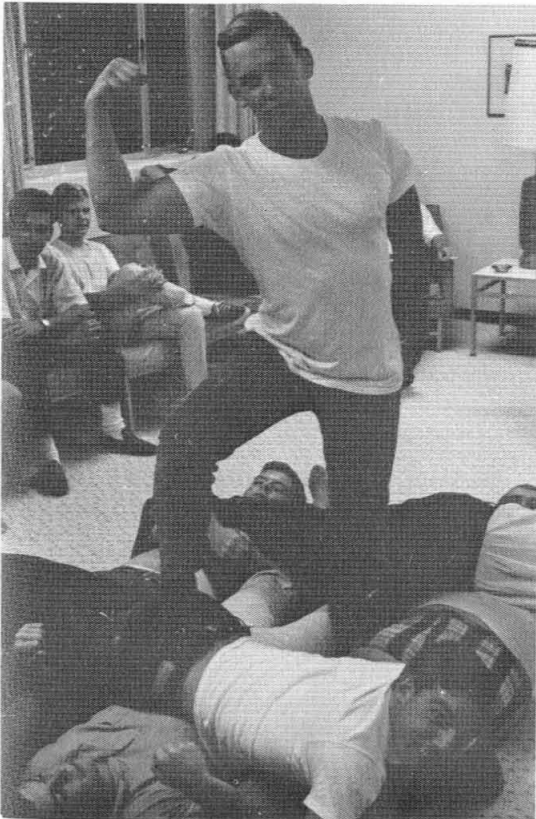
“Look, I know this guy, see. He can get me some real cheap. It's the best stuff I've had.”

The door opens and the figures hurry inside. “Yeah, but what I really want is some . . .” The door closes again.

Seconds later, another figure enters the scene. Balanis moves closer to the door and records what he hears on his pad. From within low, muffled voices mumble things like — “Blimps and bee stingers . . . Imagine a chronon suspended between two joints . . . Wow! . . . But how fast? . . . Just how fast does time move? . . .”



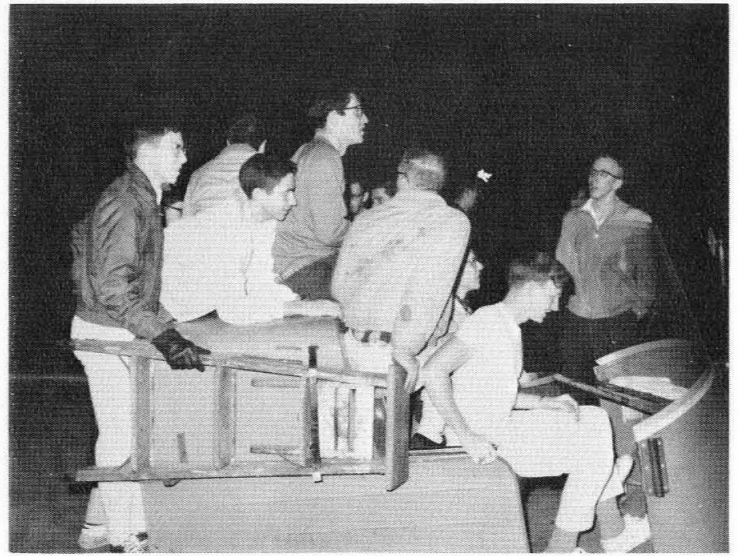
“No fair below the belt!”



Prestwich learns the six man lift.

PAGE HOUSE

It is not the narrators' duty to pass judgment — it is but our duty to relate the events that others may judge for themselves, but we must say that it had been a year of great heights for the Men of Page. My predecessor has told you of the journey out of the Desert of Care — I am to relate the events that followed. I have said that it was a year of great heights — of six inches of water into Reedy and Healy's room in the great deluge of Oop, of ten feet and almost a thousand pounds of newspapers into Resney's room for Senior Ditch Day, and of Page's first victory in Interhouse competition that was to set an impassible record point total.



B & G crew working late into the night.



"Bugs Bunny, Bugs Bunny, Rah! Rah! Rah!"



The snake pit.

Third term is the season when the frosh sans grades and the seniors with one final term left capture the sanity of the house creating a party that lasts from registration to graduation. The new excomm began its reign of enlightenment with the selection of Brooks as UCC of the upstairs senior party alley, and the selection of the incorruptible Bob Greenwood as UCC of the downstairs frosh party alley. Greenie proved too weak to withstand the pressures of his job and succumbed one evening to Nancy Whisky in the form of Vodka and cranberry juice which in collusion with Sunny Italy erupted with untold violence curing not only himself, but the rest of the alley as well.

For Senior Ditch Day the spirit Cletis cast her protective spell over all but three of the rooms — Master locksmith Brooks stacked the door of Radcliffe's room, but neglected the windows and returned to contend with a Browne ratched that communicated only in code and Meyers' plan exploded on him leaving him hanging for a means of entry.

It was then that Bobby Fuller (he of the indigestible gasoline fame) was introduced to Page and spread throughout providing instant party room whenever he was turned on. But despite the parties everyone made it through — Meyers receives his rejection and his offer of a T.A.ship at Wisconsin on the same day (the first coming first), Colglazier, Silver, and Trijonis decided they liked it here after all, and Gordy was invited to a school where the physics was unsullied by engineering.

As the term closes we find the seniors falling one by one under the feared curse. Beginning with Lee "Studliness is next to Godliness" Meyers and enclosing a full fifty per cent of Page's seniors, the trap fell and the graduates one by one tacked their wedding invitations to the bulletin board, received the one ticket to freedom and the other pass into bondage.

With the new school year came the rebirth of activity. All the familiar faces had returned — Dave Van Essen had returned from abroad with new experiences that would direct him in leading the house to "piece and quiet."



FRONT ROW — G. Schnuelle, P. Sheng, K. Nordsieck, C. Carlyle, P. Balint. SECOND ROW — M. Mandell, G. Engebretsen, A. Porter, D. Goodmanson, P. Theisinger, E. Hsi, D. Hammond, P. Lee, S. Browne. THIRD ROW — R. Dickinson, D. Van Essen, J. Romney, H. Jubin, T. Beale, Enslin, L. Karr, M. Cooper, R. Troll.

OFFICERS



FIRST ROW — D. Curry, Athletic Manager; P. Theisinger, Social Chairman; G. Schnuelle, President; P. Balint, Librarian; T. Schneringer, Athletic Manager. SECOND ROW — M. Cooper, Treasurer; J. Romney, Social Chairman; D. Van Essen, Vice-President; R. Drew, Social Chairman; G. Smith, Secretary; K. Savage, Librarian.



FRONT ROW — G. Thompson, L. Felder, L. Ruzzo, R. Norman, D. Hammond, D. Goral. SECOND ROW — G. Godfrey, C. Dean, R. Wakefield, J. Burns, D. Colb, J. Stevens.

JUNIORS

SOPHOMORES

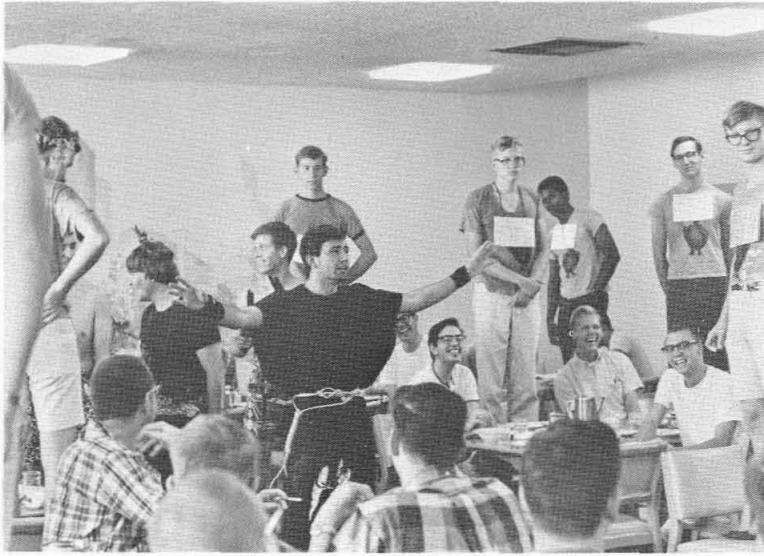


FRONT ROW — D. MacQuig, D. Curry, T. Schneringer, D. Villani, R. Zamow, P. Nicolaidis, H. Stover. SECOND ROW — K. Savage, N. Haralambis, D. Tittle, T. Dillingham, B. Fertig, D. Molodowitch, T. Reedy. THIRD ROW — R. Gregg, C. Cunningham, L. Lebofsky, J. Healy, G. Smith, R. Drew, B. Crosby.

FRESHMEN



FIRST ROW — D. Lewin, N. Holmes, P. Youtz, G. Anderson, P. Wilzbach, K. Fong, D. Grand. SECOND ROW — P. Roullard, G. Murata, B. Fernicola, S. Patt, S. Elliot, C. Creasy, T. Bicknell, J. Richardson, D. Powers. THIRD ROW — G. Rewoldt, R. Adler, G. Duesdieker, J. Garrels, D. Kroc, B. Ault, J. Wueste, B. Frohwerk, D. Engleman, S. Wierenga, B. Schmidl, V. Cormier, B. Grey, P. Kuan, M. Tyson.



"The Gods are angry, frosh. Your spirits must be cleansed to make you worthy."

city Hall, the Broadway, and Bullocks.

The Social Program continued in the best M.S. tradition, only the initials had changed (RTD). The first exchange featured "The Outsiders" and brought out even some of the most unlikely to pit their wits against the hordes of females. "Interhouse 66" was to be the big event of the term, headed by Steve "2x4" Browne ("What's brown and square integrable?" "A two by fourier transform!") Couples were flown from earth to the "Eighth Moon of Saturn" complete with papier maché mountains, a self immolating snail, and a genuine ten foot idol with one big red eye that was soon to end up on the corner of Lake and Colorado in front of Home Savings. Typically, Interhouse was four weeks behind Saturday morning and was miraculously ready by evening, though somehow the fire breathing snail, the center of attraction, was only capable of inhaling. And then the cleanup, which by the time B & G was appeased, took 'til the middle of second term.

After Christmas, during the period of second term when all had privately resolved to bring up first term's sagging grade point and routine had begun to assert itself, there came from Wombat Alley just the

remedy to cure the trollishness. It was the Nordsieck Mung aptly named for its carrier, Ken Nordsieck, who is living proof that alcohol is not necessarily a germicide. It spreads quickly through the house making everyone sick enough for about a week that he fell a week behind in his snaking, thus providing ample excuse for flicking in the rest of the term.

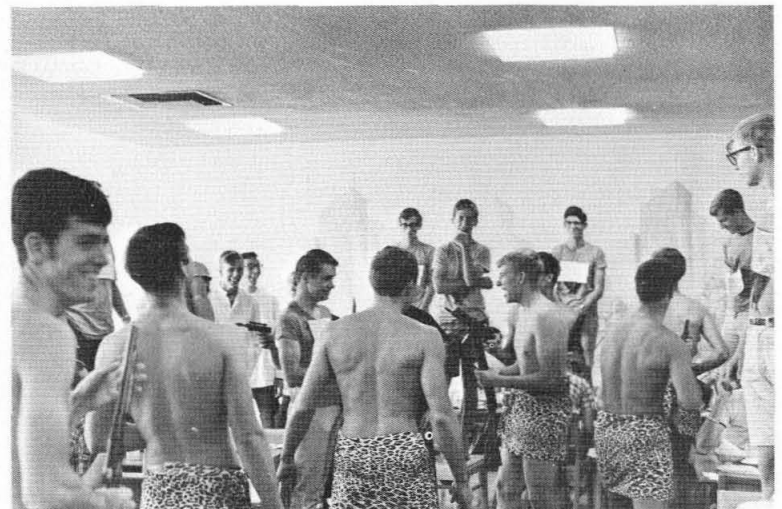
The social program took a turn for the original, featuring a road rally covering seventy-five miles of the choicest Southern California countryside, a wine tasting party ("The Pinot Sauvignon is the best wine I ever tasted!"), and the "First Annual Red Baron Festival" for which Sharman took the Red Baron Award after having been shot down by eighteen girls. An attempt was even made to broaden Page's political background with the showing of *Bedtime for Bonzo* by the local political science club.

Also during second term Page discovered an abundance of sick friends all over Los Angeles and, in a moment of unblemished charity set aside an evening to pay them all a visit. Ault, Curry, Felder, Smitty, and Savage's sister (you can tell them apart 'cause she's the one who can keep her mouth closed) went to research the mores of the strip. ("Do you believe in premarital interdigitation?"), the campus itself was fittingly decorated, including "His" and "Hers" stalls for the previously all mail trucks, and there were so many sick friends out at Claremont that it took four cars to carry all the angels of mercy. The most significant visit was to the Pomona Bell Tower in an effort to provide music for the shut-ins which was nearly foiled by a group of misled Pomona frosh and finally terminated by Claremont's own version of the Newton Squad.

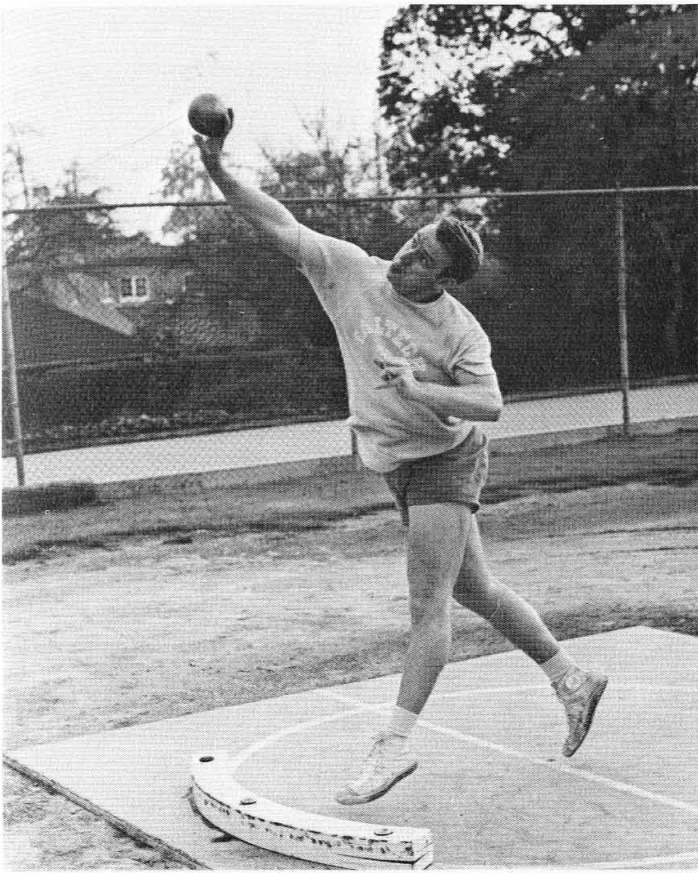
The exuberance carried over onto the athletic field where Page distinguished itself both in electric cart racing, and in Interhouse Athletics. By the end of second term, Page had taken firsts in Tennis, Track, and Volleyball, tied for first in Softball, and placed an undistinguished fourth in Swimming. It had, however, made an impressive start to Page's second straight Interhouse record.

As the term came to a close, elections drew near and, as in past years, various candidates distinguished themselves ("Dulce et Decorum est, for sein Haus hacerse tonto.") Rob Drew distinguished himself for the shorness and frankness of his speech and was elected President because of it. Gene Smith distinguished himself at musical chairs and was elected Vice-President in spite of it. Jim Burns redistinguished himself despite the fact that he failed to present his trust. And George Sharman was institutionalized for the benefit of future generations of Page Men. ("Jamaica?" "No, I didn't even get to kiss her!")

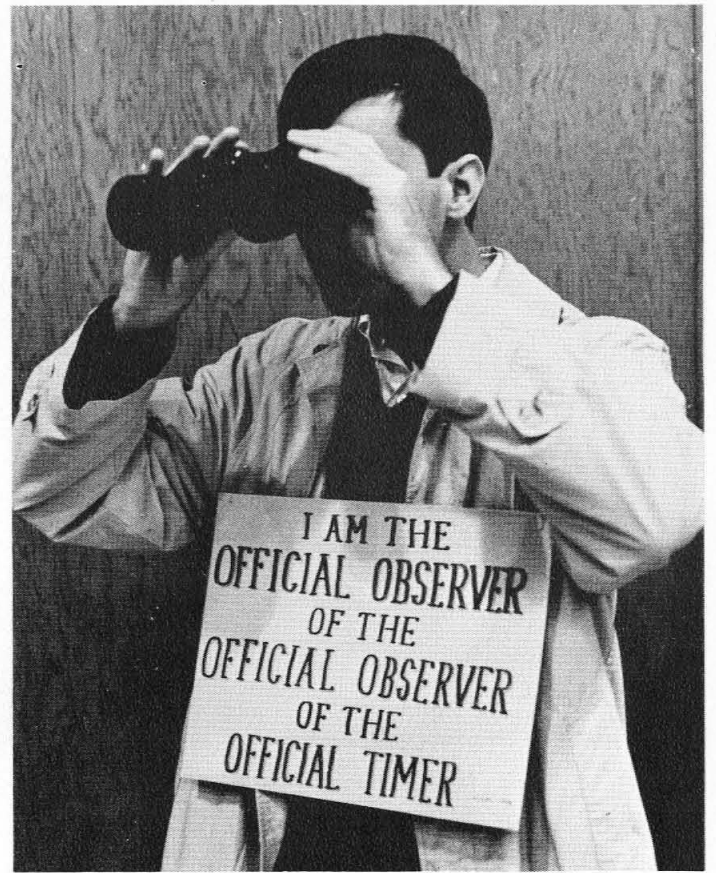
It is the prerogative of this office to make certain predictions. First we must again predict a



"You are stupid frosh! You do not know the ways of the jungle!"



The fat fury flings.



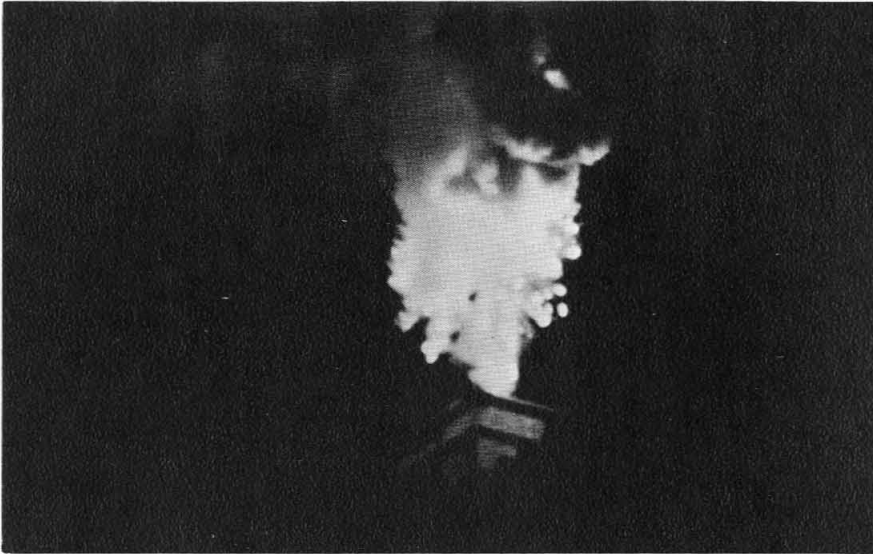
Nearsighted carrier of social disease.



The Buddhist snail.

First in Interhouse Athletics; sometime during the next term Crosby will get drunk; sometime during the next term Youtz will be showered; sometime during the next term Romney will become righteously indignant; and finally, sometime during the next term Smitty will make a trip to San Francisco.

RICKETTS HOUSE



Hey, Flems, **this** is a chimney flame.



Lohman learns how it's done.

Ricketts House survived for another year. We got our pick of frosh. They fit right in. Sophs flunk out first term (flick, flick). House GPA goes way down. Ricketts is never a dull house. Spirit is always an issue but it is always there, noise rule, liquor rule, woman rule, silent rule. UCC uber alles. Institute screws us. Interhouse is close to canned — but Ricketts Rowdies date more often. Parties formal, informal. Noisy drunks, noisy frosh, noisy house. Living in Ricketts is an experience for an existentialist (ask Savas). We don't just sleep in Ricketts House, we live here.

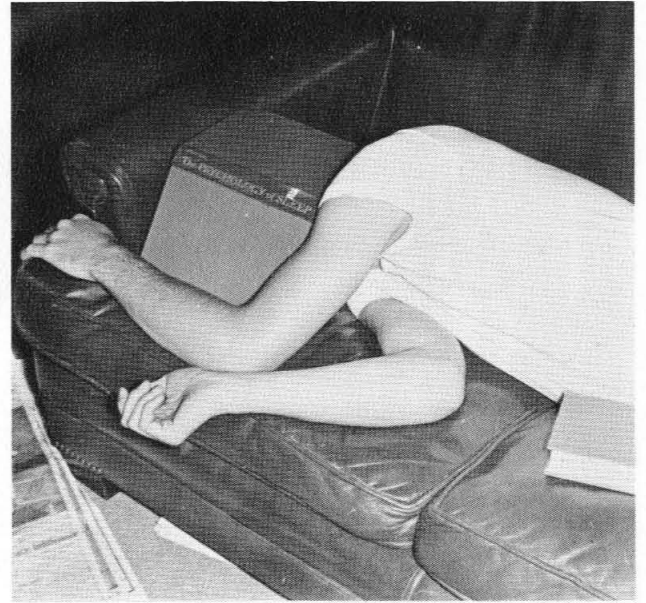
Entering Prexy, a visitor would in general have little chance of leaving unscathed. If he (or preferably she) is not mowed down by a 7.75 x 15 Goodyear Blue Dot tire, a thrown sleeping bag, a superball, or Pete Cross streaking out for a few laps, there is still the problem of remaining out of a Dick Russell vs. Phil Paine wrestling match. If these hazards to one's health are avoided (according to Hoffman, Gharrett, and Paine the probability is lower than 20%) one might see or hear some very interesting things: The gross list on the head entrance wall (George Jahn is steadily pulling away), Alan Beagle's Christmas tree, Pete Cross' number of miles to go before the NAIA National record, or, even more fascinating, Gharrett's thriving carnation (the pride of Prexy's one flower garden). If one arrives at the right time, he might be invited to the nightly popcorn party and while munching hear a dissertation on management and the economy in general by Hoffman (The world is a crock) or get a lesson in wrestling from the "warm puppy".



Snowed by H5.



Briceno in his Battle Gear.



The Psychology of Sleep?

The gods of Crud Alley begin a typical evening with a battle of sound — Rehbein's five watts of the Stones futilely competing with the awe-inspiring Kleuh-MacNair 150-watt output of "Rubber Soul". In the big double Henry, the alley barber, trims Hey's silken blond locks while Jensen looks for a fourth for "just one hand" (two hours) of bridge. Failing to find a fourth, he contents himself with a volume from the house raunch library. Tarjan pops up for a punt session after a gruelling battle with Ma 108 and finds Okada happily grossing everyone out. And in room 62 Oiyee is blissfully flaked out. Such is the life of the gods.

The trollish physiques of the house, concentrated in L.D., may often pass unnoticed, but gradually the uniqueness of the alley is being recognized. The Men of Ricketts have sniffed at the Alley of the Armpit long enough. Now they tremble before the dark wall wherein resides the he-mouse that sounds like a she-house and hibernates 'neath the urinal. In fact, it is rumored that on dark, smoggy Saturday nights the music of heaven drifts gently from a small dimly lit L.D. alcove and, lo and behold, the very King of the Jews may be heard singing intermittently to the angels in his heavenly soprano — and preaching nothing to no one in particular. Such is the legend.

Of course, L.D. has more down-to-earth attractions: a quantum troll, 2 geniuses, a Colombian jungle slug, a great AUCC — a species believed extinct and perhaps better left that way — and a shore — reputed to have been at Tech in one form or another for untold sons, encrusted with salty brine. It also has a junkie who never leaves unfinished business, the featherweight karate champion of Modoc County, the faster eater west of the Chocolate Mountains, and some men so mysterious that their essence remains as yet unrevealed. Last and not least, in a dark and dingy hole that reeks with sweat, a well of unnatural energies and desires, resides the gentle userer, Shylock. Potentially his phi is modest; for a mere pound of flesh he will benevolently unlock his priceless hoarde of 106 and 125 solutions.

The Men of Ricketts stormed to a first place tie in Interhouse softball and Eric Jensen's first in high hurdles and Ed Rehbein's third in high jump led the Interhouse trackmen to a fourth place finish. Not only are Ricketts dedicated to Interhouse sports, they also take their bridge seriously.

Pgrass — Where the f--- are the cards?! Russell — Fourth! (pause) Third! Schultz — I won't suck I won't! Russell — You want me to beat the crap out of ya? Schultz — You and who else, buddy? Russell — G. Smith Schultz — Oh dear! Russell — Fourth; Dlowe — Sargeant Major! Elam — I refuse! Rumsey — What a shitty game. Let's play oh Hell! Russell — must not! Rumsey — Must! Pgrass — 1 No Schultz — 1 Savas bid Russell — What the Hell's that mean? Savas — 1 take out double Russell — (as if he knew) Oh, yea. Elam — Must snake! Russell — Pass Dlowe — I'm trying (leavez room to snake) Elam — I refuse Savas — 2 Savases and one Dlowe blind date (he means 3 hearts) Dlowe — (entering) Sargeant Major? (leaves again) Elam — War Mudd — (walks slowly into lounge and says) Peace. MacNair — (answering phone) Hello, Ricketts House, God Bless you. Rumsey — What the contract? Doberne — (taking over Schultz's hand) Savas just bid 7 No Savas — It's icy! (He has 2 points and perfect distribution) Schultz — (leaving) Snaking time! Pgrass — save him (Tackles Schultz) Russell — Party in Dlowe's room Schultz — I didn't do it. I'm innocent. Long (coming in for the first time) — That's for sure. UCC — quiet in the lounge! or else Russell — (smoking the lounge) Shit, the smog's thick tonight. Schultz (again trying to leave

RICKETTS HOUSE

SENIORS

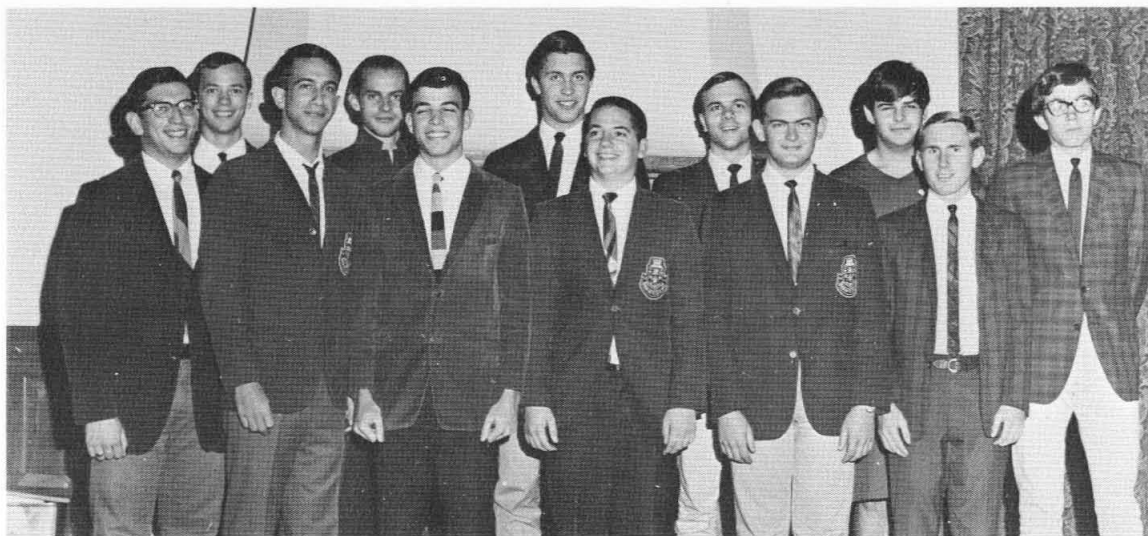


FIRST ROW — S. Noorvash, S. Hayes, P. Cross, J. Evans, T. Bostick, A. Gharrett, D. Woodward. SECOND ROW — G. Edwards, P. Paine, G. Jaegers, G. Jahn, H. Hoffman, M. Robel.

OFFICERS



FIRST ROW — T. Gharrett, President; C. Dede, Treasurer; B. Mattheyses, Social Chairman; B. Marsh, Secretary; P. Bloomfield, Social Chairman; E. Wickstrom, Librarian. SECOND ROW — A. Schultz, Athletic Manager; E. Rehbein, Athletic Manager; G. Jahn, Headwaiter; H. Hoffman, Social Chairman; Dick Russel, Athletic Manager.



FIRST ROW — P. Bloomfield, W. Jaffe, P. Doberne, D. Elliott, E. Wickstrom, B. Marsh, C. Nelson. SECOND ROW — R. Stokes, P. Rumsey, S. Logan, C. Frank, R. Mattheyses.

JUNIORS

SOPHOMORES

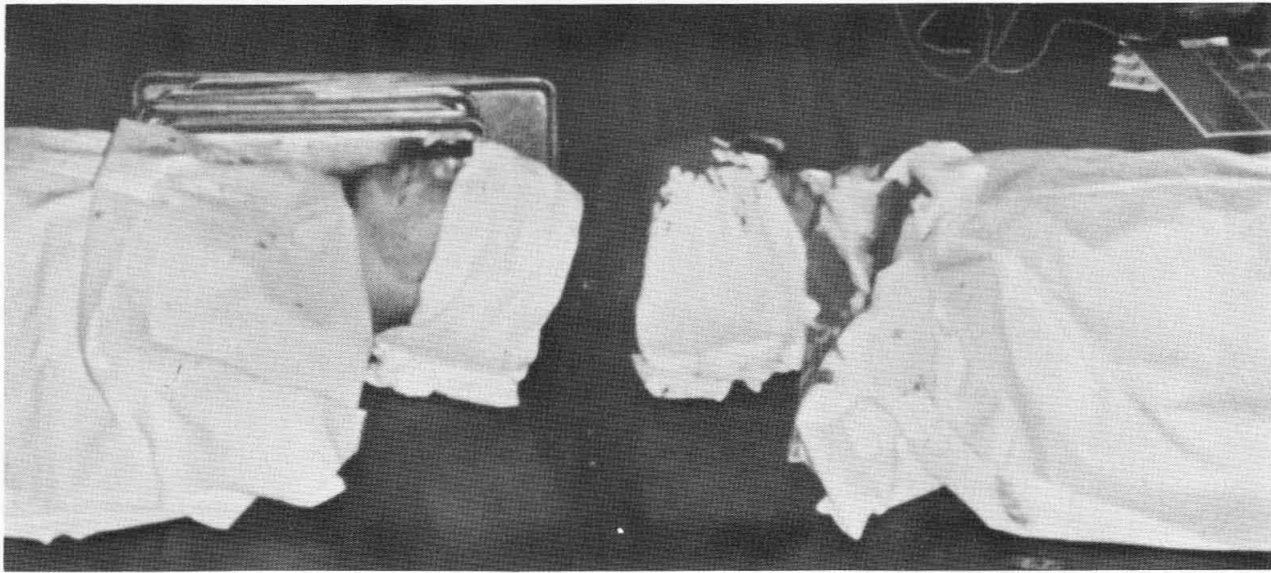


FIRST ROW — (kneeling) G. Smith, V. Junkkarinen, J. Armstrong, D. Lowe, J. Okada, J. Hockert, R. Hey. FRONT (Standing) C. Dede, S. Savas, R. Gremban, R. Enenstein, O. Otto, C. Henry, R. Tarjan, R. Russell, M. Fredman. SECOND ROW — W. Vick, W. Inwood, E. Rehbein, M. Beaver, G. Billerbeck, A. Schultz, L. Nelson.

FRESHMEN



FRONT ROW — R. Wong, G. Yarbrough, N. Briceno, M. Broido, C. Beagle, T. Davis. SECOND ROW — O. Ruel, B. Maaser, D. Shon, L. Doberne, R. Lohman, S. Neys, T. Casleal. THIRD ROW — D. Hermayer, M. Meldgin, E. Jensen, J. Smith, J. Taylor, J. MacNair, T. Muthe, N. Erickson. FOURTH ROW — T. Horning, J. Dendergast, R. Kleaph, J. Osborne.



Ricketts barbers do it again

"Fourth," the cry goes up. The seemingly perpetual lounge card game is getting another innocent frosh. Pendergast looks at Doberne. "I'll play if you will." Gharrett and EP have Keys cornered. "Flip him on his back. Go for the xxx shot. Ah, there it is. I got him." Keys jumps up, "I'll take you all on." Hays sits by the fire reading tending to his job of lounge UCC. Russell comes in and yells, "Let's have a little noise in here." Kluch says "party." Pgrass says "Let's go bowling Paine." Paine replies that he has to go play with his frogs. Beck comes to shut the doors from the outside. Nelson enters smoking one of those foul cigars. "Put that damn thing out." "How can you stand that thing." EP whips out his pipe to retaliate. Fisher comes in to play with the girlie cars. "Don't play with my xxx." "What happened to the trump card." MacNair staggers in with a peculiar lump under his shirt. Dlowe comes in looking for Holly. He leaves. Holly comes in looking for Dlowe. Osborne comes in spinning a tray. "Hey, you want to see me throw it from one hand to the other while smoking a cigarette and rolling over onto my stomach." "NO, not really." Harry comes in looking for someone to go to the movie. Maaser comes in with his Feynman. "It must be a brake drum ringing." Doberne comes in to flame the chimney. "It's not loud enough." To top it all off, Reul came into the lounge. But does he say anything. No he doesn't. The silence of Reul remains unbroken.

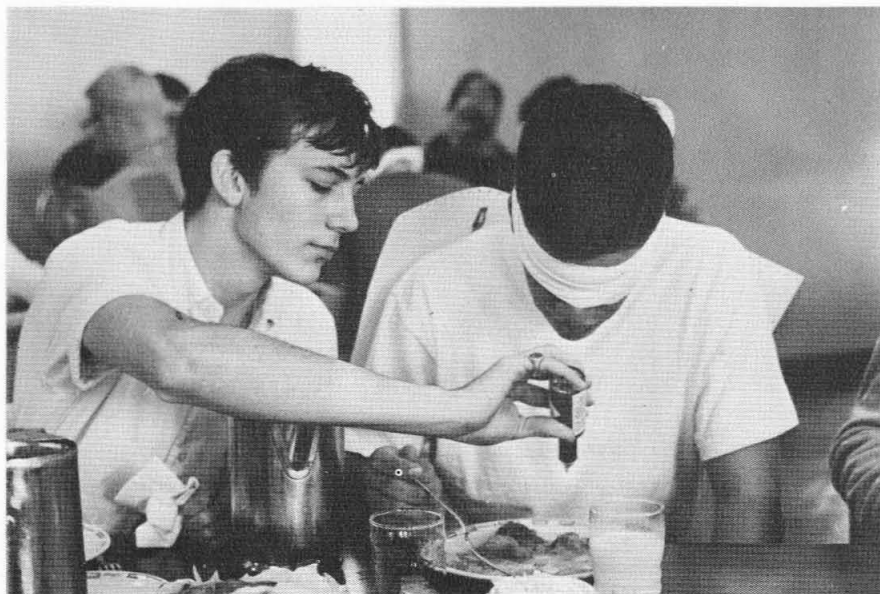
Meanwhile in snake alley.

Russell — party in Dlowe's room. Schultz (repeats above louder if possible) Both (bursting past Dlowe at the head of snake alley) party in your room. Dlowe — Oh. Schultz (entering room) Where's the booze. Russel — Music, noise. Dlowe (hearing a knock) — It must be Long. Long (entering) — You xxx me in. Lowe's books crash to the floor amid wild action resembling a xxx or worse. Another knock. Russell (diving into the closet) UCC! Doberne (entering) — I was trying to xxx Long — Must not! Schultz (looking at his watch) It's time for Elam. Elam (entering on cue) What's the ME17 . . . (doesn't finish since he is immediately made the base of a pile.) Lowe — Elam, you are an obvious xxx. Elam — Quit dumping xxx on me (gestures to emphasize feelings). Doberne — He's an infinite xxx sink. Russell (emerging from closet) It's Elam. Long — Russell, stop dumping xxx. Schultz — Yearm. Russell — I'm gonna beat the xxx out of Schultz. Elam — Guano. Lowe — Save my . . . (crash). Another pile ensues tearing Russell's pants as usual. Elam — It's time xxx. Schultz — Let's go to far Bob's. Elam — I refuse. Lowe — Obvious xxx. Long — Don't call Elam a xxx. Russell — Why not? Elam — Because . . . (Elam is having trouble finishing sentences tonight but makes a fort brakedrum for a pile.) Lloyd complains about the noise. Elam is sent to Lloyd but forgets to open the door on entering. The party goes on forever.

Don't Flush it, Phil it.



RUDDOCK HOUSE



ALLOW ME.

French, the new resident associate, and those frosh who survived officially became members of Ruddock House. New officers were sorely needed to fill the vacated ranks of the summer-diminished Excomm. Seizing new opportunities for graft and corruption, sophomore Burt Roffman succeeded to the treasury while junior Ed Sequine regained his social chairmanship and organized a planning committee. The annual Frosh Party led off the term's social events, as freshmen made fools of themselves and entertained housemembers and their dates in a play entitled "F. Alice in Wonderland."

Interhouse softball commenced fall athletic activity. Junior Carl Friedlander dazzled batters and baffled umpires with his slow pitch delivery, as freshman Bruce Threewitt added power to the Ruddock attack. Discobolus action found Ruddock and Page in a hotly contested soccer match. Fancy footwork by Brewer and Daniel kept the game scoreless until a last minute goal by Page broke the deadlock and decided the game's outcome.

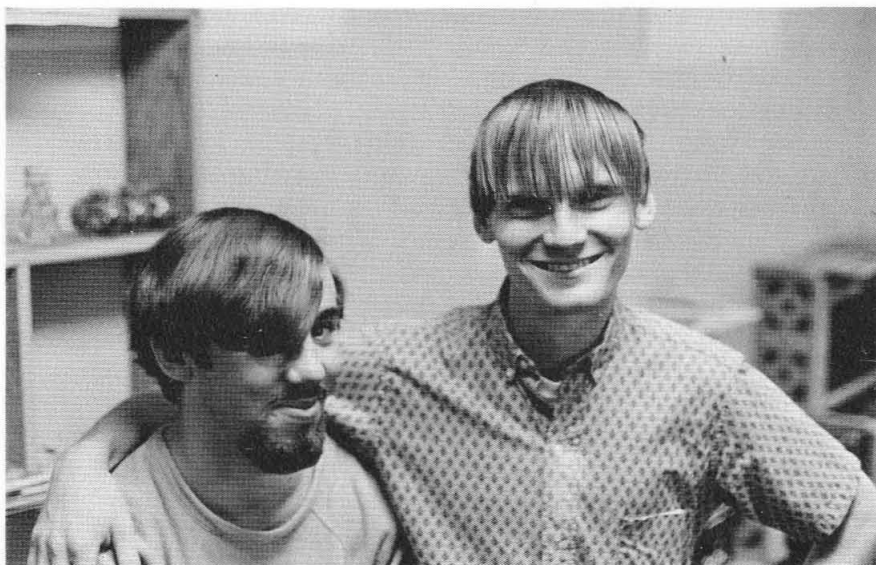
The determined men of Ruddock displayed their mettle in other athletic contests. As frosh jocks battled out on the Rose Bowl turf, enthusiastic house members played key roles in the return of team spirit. Led by female cheerleaders on the track and house cheerleaders Erno Daniel and Greg Shuptrine in the stands, a "Blue Coat" section shouted encouragement to the players, and displayed the "GO TECH" banner. When an opposing school's cheerleaders countered with a sign maligning the team, the fearless men of Ruddock charged around the field and demolished the banner to defend the honor of the team.

As the football season ended, athletic action moved to the swimming pool, where Ruddock men Bill Butterworth, Erno Daniel, Jim McWilliams, and Van Stoecker swam to a record time in the 200 yard medley relay as the squad took second place.

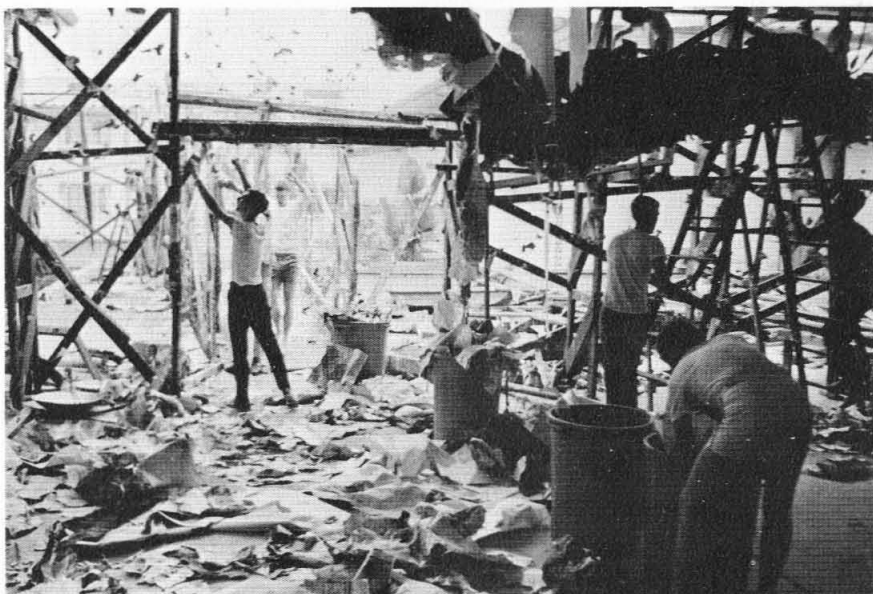
October 29, the eve of the tenth anniversary of the Hungarian Revolution, was a day of great significance to one house member — Erno Daniel. Along with his friend, Les Fettig, he observed the occasion by celebrating late into the night. Highlight of the evening's festivities was a phone call to Communist Party headquarters which gave the never-say-die Daniel a chance to vent his feelings. The plot thickened when a Russian named Strelnikov returned their call and gave them directions to a secret rendezvous. Only after the callers became lost the next day, however, did the gullible juniors discover that their Russian friends were none other than sophomores

After an all-too-brief excursion into the real world, the men of Ruddock returned to their familiar haunts to brace themselves for the onslaught of new freshmen. Fred Lamb's slides and Ed Sequine's den contributed to the avalanche of rotation week snow, which buried Ruddock men and frosh alike. Consequently, only the hardest of them endured the storm and 1966 became the year of the frosh jocks. Although sophomores were out-numbered and outweighed by the new arrivals, they successfully kept the frosh "down" and their pants reversed during initiation. Overcome by the intensity of the water-fights, Papa Dock Huttenback eliminated freshman stunts, but the frosh still managed to capture and to shower pledge-master Ed Kort.

In more formal proceedings, former Harvard man and Peace Corpsman John



A HOUSE PRESIDENT IS EVERYBODY'S FRIEND.



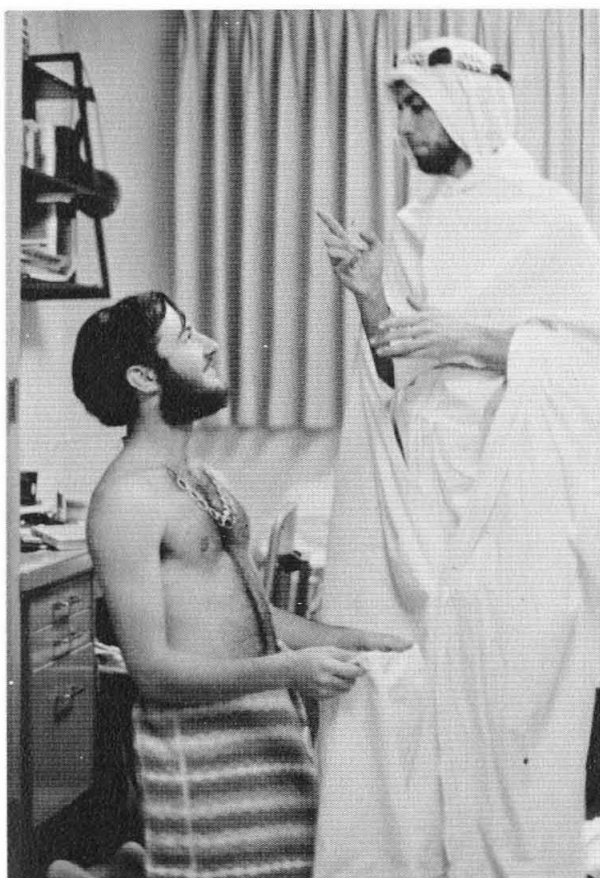
Interhouse comes down.

Cummings and Helberg. First term marked another anniversary — Caltech's 75th. Ruddock men and their dates celebrated the event at the highly successful "Twilight Buffet," which featured a candlelight dinner and a Chad and Jeremy concert in Beckman. Once convocation and midterm weeks ended, sophomores and freshmen joined battle in the Mudeo. The frosh, finding themselves more at home in the ooze, subdued the defending class of 69.

Meanwhile, Interhouse construction was well underway. Having learned a lesson from the previous year's rainy weather, the indomitable men of Ruddock built a rain-proof superstructure to house their project. Work stopped briefly when committee chairman Fettig disappeared, but promptly resumed when word came that he was alive and well in Argentina. Centered around the theme "The Lost City of Atlantis," Ruddock's masterful product included a grotto entrance which descended into the blue-green atmosphere of an underwater world. Steep sea walls, florescent fish, a giant animated clam, and abundant kelp could be seen beneath the ocean surface. An altar and life-size ruins of an ancient temple confronted couples entering the lounge, which had been transformed by fountains and Roman couches into the former scene of bacchanalian orgies.

As the end of 1966 approached, sophomores Gary Cable and Mark Jackson polled house members to select the playmate of the year. Miss December won hands down, followed by Miss August and Miss October. Finals week found house calendar Larry Shirley counting the days until Beethoven's birthday as other Ruddock men anticipated winter vacation.

A resurgence of alley spirit and inter-alley challenges kicked off second term's activities. A band of frosh jocks seized Alley 4 and renamed it "Trojan Alley," making it the site of a new lounge, bull sessions, and numerous soccer games. Soon afterward, the trolls of Alley 3 mounted the street sign "Snake Rd.," donated by frosh Milt Johnson and the city of Oakland, in their corridor and demand for



Are you really Feynman?

RUDDOCK HOUSE

SENIORS



FIRST ROW — G. Williams, F. Lamb, M. Smith, G. Shuptrine, D. Furuike, N. Greenfeld.

OFFICERS



FIRST ROW — B. Roffman, Treasurer; G. Shuptrine, President; E. Seguire, Social Chairman; J. McCord, Librarian. SECOND ROW — E. Daniel, Athletic Manager; L. Fettig, Secretary; T. Bruns, Historian; J. French, R.A.; N. Greenfeld, Vice-President.



FRONT ROW — J. Kline, P. Karlton, "Hector", R. Suchter, E. Seguire, F. Griswold.
 SECOND ROW — S. Woodward, N. Schofield, N. Wright, E. Daniel, J. Maiorana.
 THIRD ROW — J. Titlow, P. Brandon, E. Thompson, L. Fettig, T. Bruns, V. Stoecker.

JUNIORS

SOPHOMORES



FRONT ROW — S. Alfin, M. MacLeod, L. Kesmodel, G. Evans, G. Waller, L. Shirley, SECOND ROW — K. Kodimer, B. Roffman, T. Joroah, W. Denekas, L. Hunt, J. McCord, L. Woo. THIRD ROW — J. Grove, H. Sakis, J. DeVore, H. Butcher, M. Jackson, A. Duell, J. Cummings.

FRESHMEN



FRONT ROW — S. Smith, D. Hornbuckle, S. Salem, M. Abrams, D. Sinema, M. Kritchevsky. SECOND ROW — J. White, J. Rafferty, J. Bolland, J. Feinberg, A. Colonnese, B. Jeavons, R. Halsted. THIRD ROW — A. Moreira, J. McCarthy, M. Kahn, M. Johnson, S. Flanagan, T. Moore, B. Butterworth. RANDOM FACES — M. Ruth, B. Threewitt, M. Sperry, R. Epstein, B. Kells, B. Pollock, R. Chevalier, D. Tweten, I. Yura, A. Skouroyiannis, H. Peterson, D. Pocekay, R. Vincent, J. Marable.



A germ!!!!

alley challenges skyrocketed. Finally, a Ruddock House "Field Day" was held to open interhouse track season and a round of interalley challenges. The day begun with a marathon relay race, the likes of which Pasadena residents had never seen. Three teams composed of a dozen runners each carried flaming torches high overhead for the two and a half mile course down Colorado Blvd. and ending on the Olive Walk. Alleys 3 and 4 were victorious, as the torch of alley 5 and 6 fell apart on San Pasqual and an Alley 1 and 2 runner was stopped by a red light. Following an afternoon of superlative athletic performances, the "Grand Amalgamated Alley Challenge" commenced. Each team received a piece of apricot pie which they carried across TP's football field in a leap frog race. The first alley to get a member to the track to eat what remained of the pie was to win. Alley 3 was the first to eat it. Now that the ladder was set, UCC's Schofield, Wright, Lamb, and Thompson in turn delivered effusive challenges and acceptances which proved nearly as entertaining as the contest themselves. Perhaps the outstanding match pitted alleys 1 and 4 in a blind man's pie throwing contest. In it, sightless alley members stood in a circle along with the UCC of the opposing alley, as Fetting, just back from Argentine, spun each player in turn to disorient him completely. Banana cream and peanut butter flew in all directions, but in the end UCC Wright got hit more often than UCC Thompson and the Trojans retained Lola. On the athletic field, Ruddock trackmen achieved **seven** first place finishes in the interhouse track competition. Frosh Jim Marable pole-vaulted to a record height, Mike Rute took first in the shot put, and Bill Butterworth sprinted to victory in the 100 yard dash. Sophomore Jim Andrews won both the 220 and 330 yard dashes, while junior Greg Brewer earned first place in the long jump and 660 yard run. Thanks to their efforts, the team finished second.

In the meantime, Ruddock's social program was in full swing. Exchanges, bowling parties, and an afternoon picnic and kite flying contest opened the series of weekend affairs. Once midterms were over, activity resumed with even greater spirit. Paul Brandon revived interest in the Jose Frink Songbook and house members suggested thirty additions to the volume. Bill Bloom organized a "Wierd and Wild" psychedelic party with off-beat film strips, exotic music, and extraordinary special effects. A week later, after Ruddock men and their dates returned from the trip, the lounge had been converted into an authentic gambling casino for "Nevada Night." Non-negotiable Ruddock House currency changed hands late into the evening in games of black jack, roulette, and craps. Midnight found Mike Abrams and his date with the greatest winnings, and, after the couple exited to collect their prize, senior Dennis Furuike concluded the party's entertainment with an incredible performance on his drums.



As finals approach

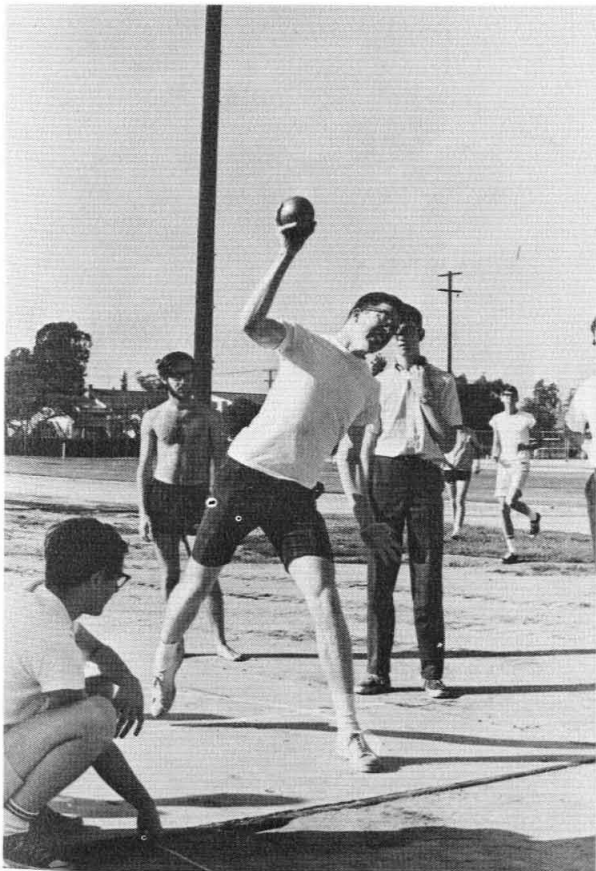
Back in the dining room, increasing numbers of peanut butter lunches led to an escalation of the battle of the bellyache. In a gallant underground movement led by the "Black Yo Yo," Ruddock men took the offensive. Captain Ed Seguine rescued the meat from the enemy, only to take it from the frying pan and into the fire. To the utter amazement of all, he supplied the house with delicious barbecued steaks for Saturday dinners, marinated according to secret directions given by Corporal Bill Butterworth.

The closing days of February found Ruddock politicians stumping for votes. After ASCIT Rep. John Cummings advanced in his upward climb by capturing the ASCIT treasury, electioneering for house offices began in earnest. On election night, seniors dressed as Red Guard failed to disturb house members, who voted into office, Erno Daniel, President, Ed Seguine, Vice-president, Larry Hunt, secretary, Burt Roffman, Treasurer, the team of Jim Marable, Roger Chevalier, and Dennis Pockay, social chairmen, Bill Butterworth and John Bolland, Athletic Managers, and Bill Nichols, Librarian. The more deserving house members contested fiercely for honorary house offices, with worthy recipients chosen for all positions.



If that's what it does, I don't want any!!!

As finals approached, the men of Ruddock looked toward spring vacation and third term, when a new Excomm supplied with full coffers would lead the house to even greater heights.



Do you suppose I have bad breath?

I lift my lamp beside . . .

WINNER STUD

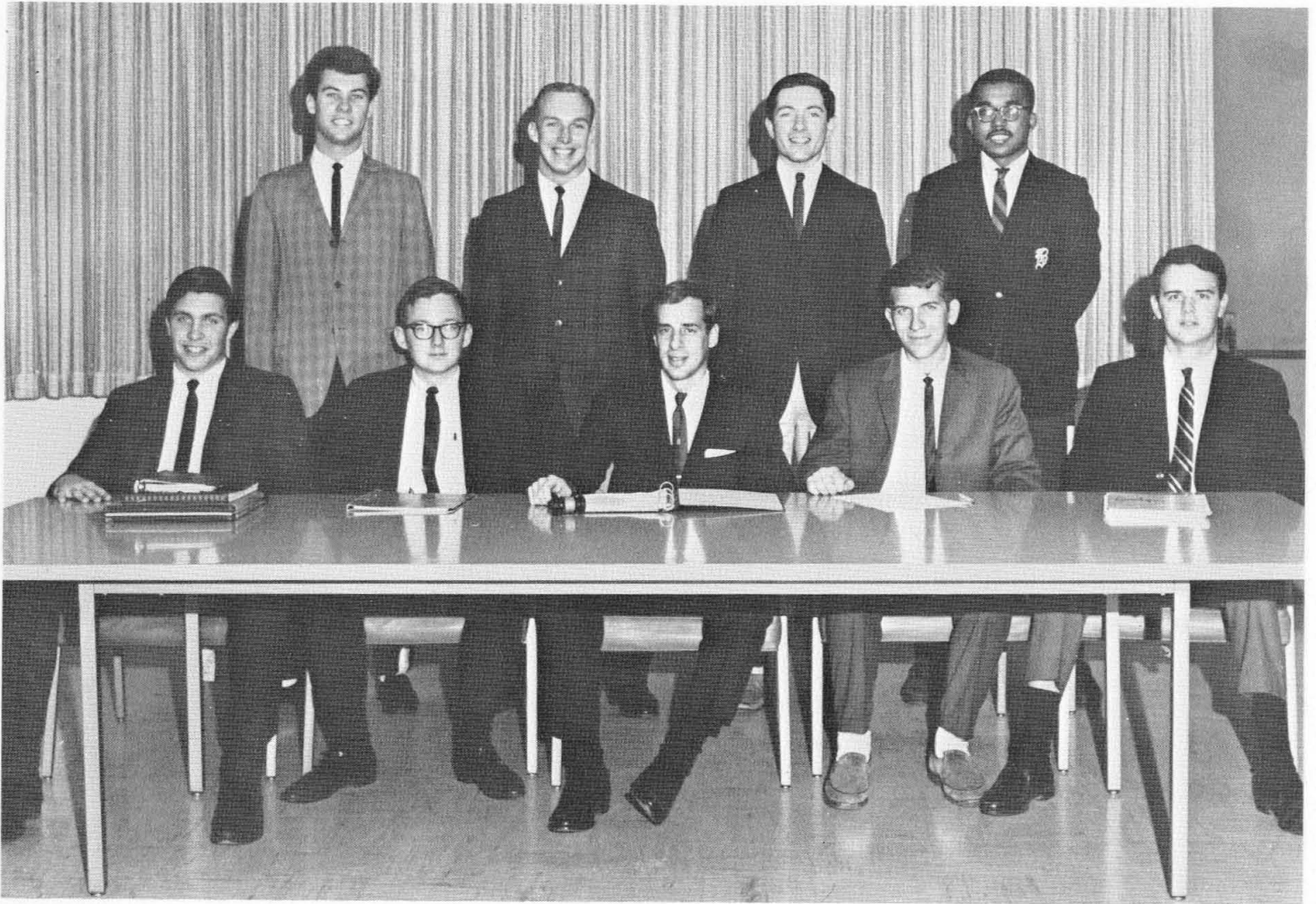




CENTER

ACTIVITIES

BOARD OF DIRECTORS



Seated: Sam Logan, Treasurer; Martin Smith, Vice-President; Fred Lamb, President; Kermit Kubitz, Secretary; Eric Young, IHC Chairman. Standing: John Cummings, Representative-at-Large; George Sharman, Social Chairman; Craig McAllister, Athletic Manager; Joe Rhodes, Activities Chairman.



Fred Lamb shows off one of the finer aspects of the graft and corruption available as ASCIT President.



FRED K. LAMB

The Board of Directors, consisting of the general officers of ASCIT, is considered by many to be the highest pinnacle of graft and corruption available to those who choose to go into student politics. The BOD meets every Monday night, and it is rumored that something actually happens at these meetings, but you would never guess it from the published minutes. Projects of the BOD this year include helping with the 75th Anniversary Celebration, especially the Twilight Buffet and the Chad and Jeremy Concert, and the actual achievement of a coffee house for the campus.



BOARD OF CONTROL



Bob Piccioni, Dick Wright, Martin Smith, Chairman; Jim Pearson, Secretary; Dave Goodmanson, Len Erickson, Rob Dickinson, Hu McCullough, Larry Dillehay. Not shown, Dan Nemzer and Stacy Langton.

The sole duty of the BOC is the enforcement and maintenance of the Honor System. The Honor System is the guiding spirit for Techmen in all their actions involving the Institute and their fellow students. Without the Honor System, life around here would be considerably more unbearable than it now is. Although having no power to enforce its decisions, its recommendations are usually followed exactly by the Deans. The BOC is an excellent representative of the student body to the faculty.

INTERHOUSE COMMITTEE



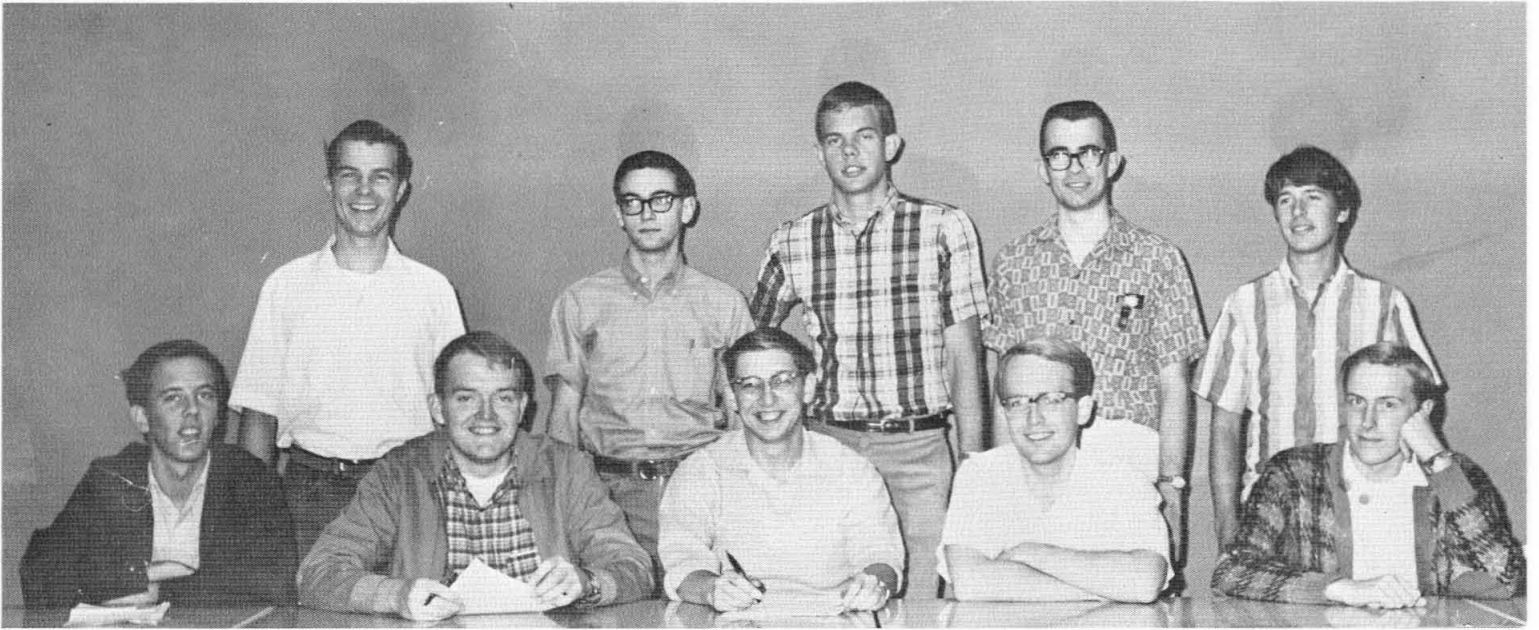
Seated. Bob Piccioni, Lloyd; Eric Young, Chairman; Randy Harslem, Fleming; Jon Haviland, Secretary. Standing: Gary Schnuelle, Page; John Eyer, Dabney; Ben Cooper, Blacker. Not Shown: Tony Gharrett, Ricketts and Greg Shuptrine, Ruddock.

The IHC is the group which has jurisdiction on matters which concern all the houses. Now possessing a Definition, which was passed by this IHC, after much haggling, the committee has charge of the Freshmen Visitation program and the placing of Freshmen, as well as Interhouse and Discobolus sports, and Interhouse Sing.



“Now, about that fine . . .”

EPC



Seated: Bob Enenstein, Dave Shirley, Secretary; Gary Christoph, Chairman; Jay Freeman, Mike Henerey. Standing: Tim Hendriskfhgspoons, Bob Berry, Len Erickson, John Walters, Ed Musgrave. Not shown: Les Fishbone, Sam Logan, Craig Spencer, Les Fettig, Erno Daniel.

The EPC is the group which turns student's complaints about courses and instructors into action. It also conducts polls, including a poll on Math 2 and a comprehensive course and instructor poll later in the year.

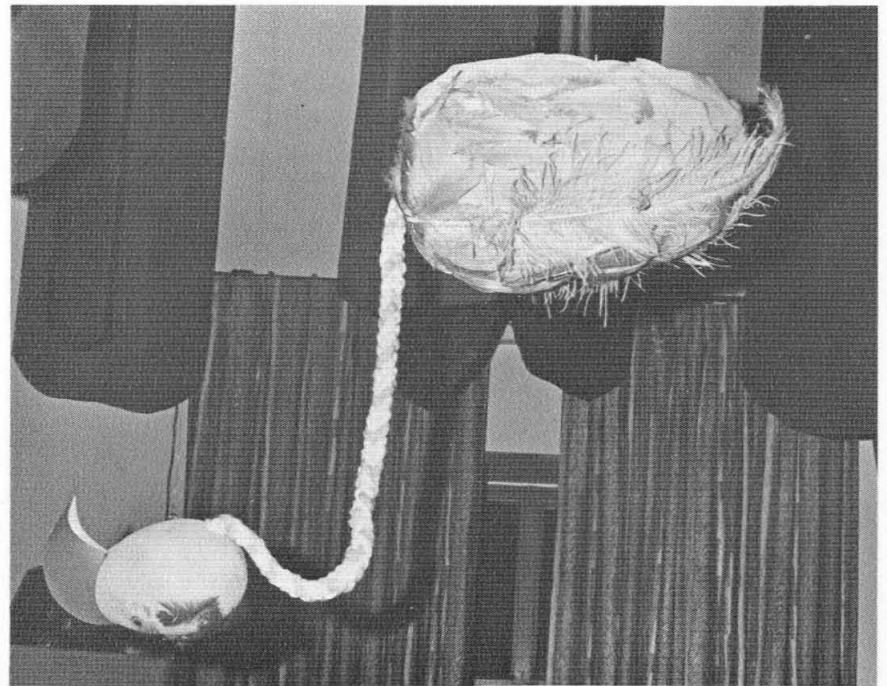
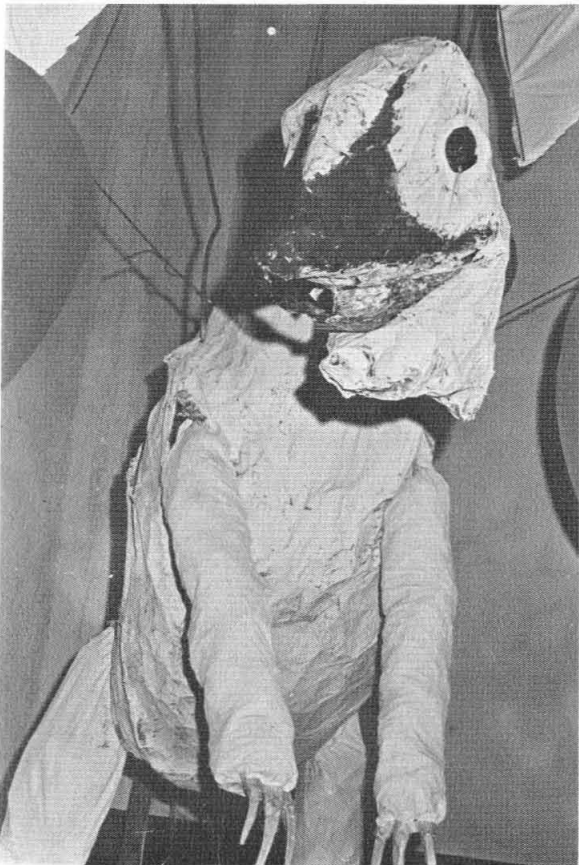
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

The EXCOMM is a group of students appointed by the BOD, to serve as an advisory and investigative aid to the BOD. It also has the power to interpret the By-Laws and was responsible for much of the work done by students for the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary Celebration.



Larry Shirley, Ed Seguire, Rich Flammang, John O'Pray, Greg Lutz, Tim Hendrickson, Chairman, Gary Christoph.

INTERHOUSE DANCE

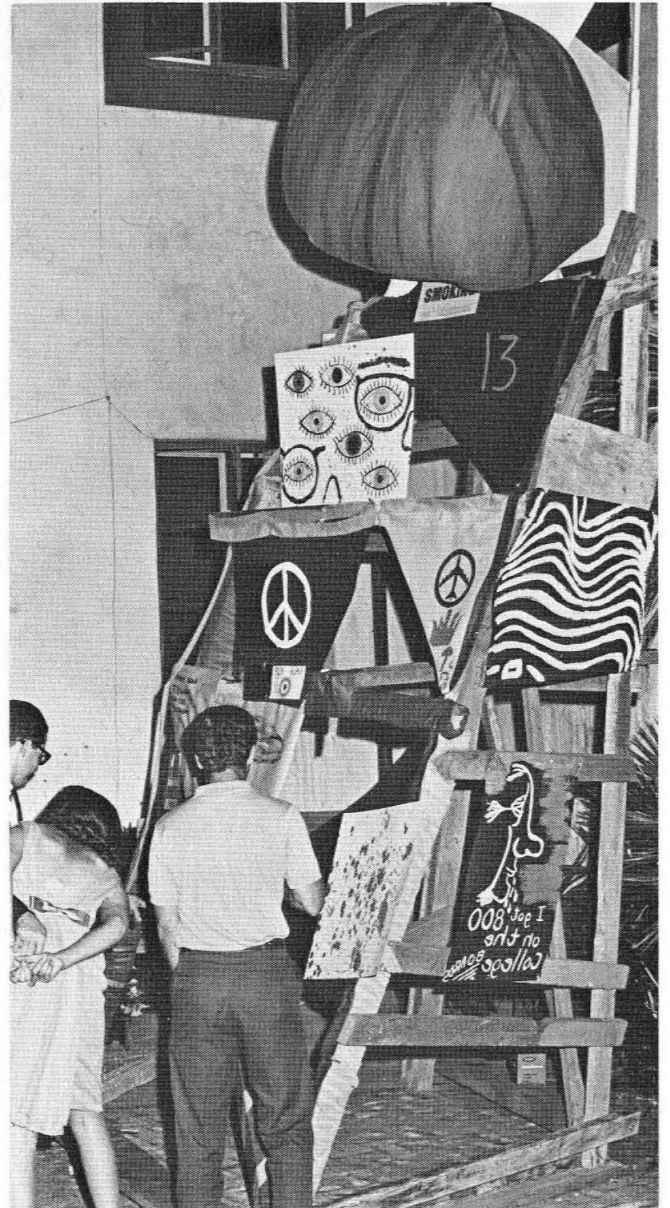
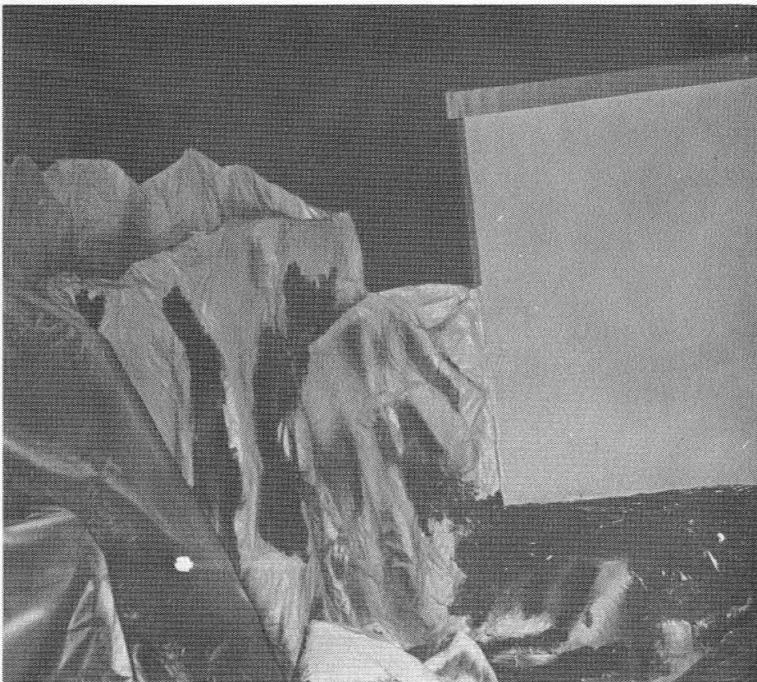


Blacker's theme this year was Alice in Wonderland. The courtyard had a Jabberwock, a Caterpillar, and the infinite-work dance floors. The lounge was transformed into the croquet game, and music for dancing was courtesy of tapes.

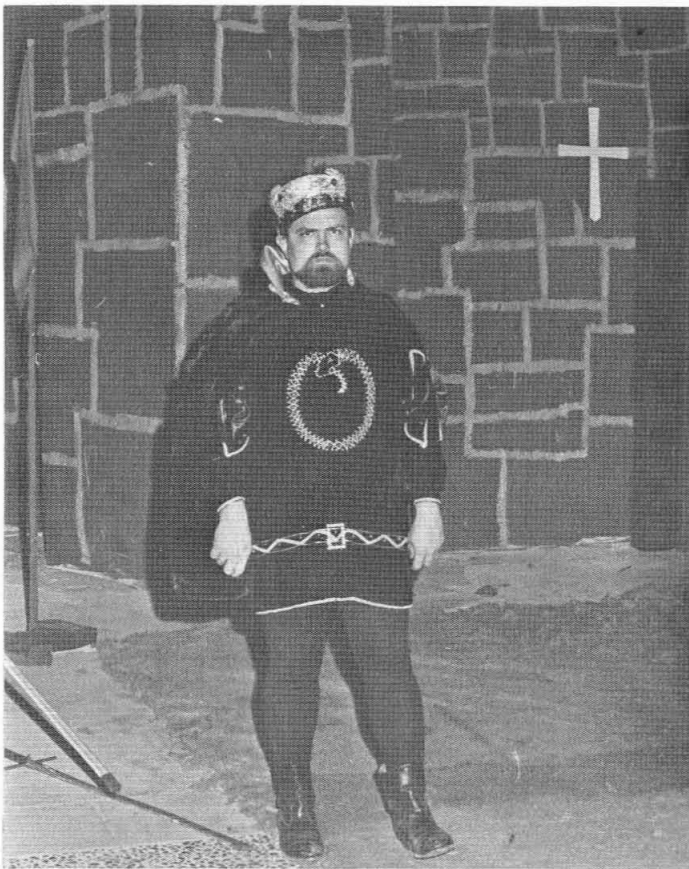


Ruddock was transformed into the lost city of Atlantis. The stars of the show were the giant clam and the beds in the lounge.

Page had an Outer Space theme, with mountains and a slide story. There was also a monster that didn't work. The star of the show was the Go-Go girl that the band brought.



Ricketts Interhouse was essentially nothing, with a psychedelic theme. The strobe light made for interesting dancing, if you could stand it.



Lloyd was taken back to the days of Camelot, with a stomp band. There were uglies standing around and stands where you could buy souvenirs.



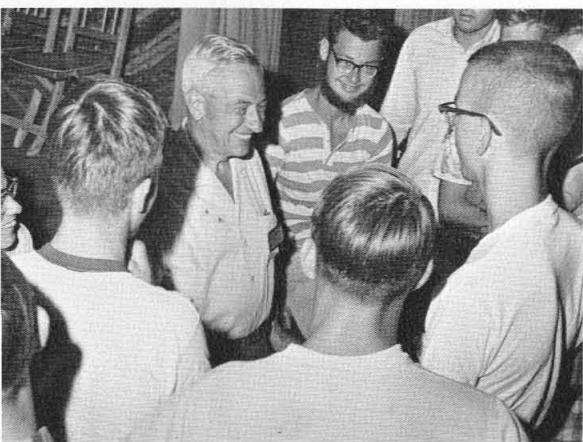
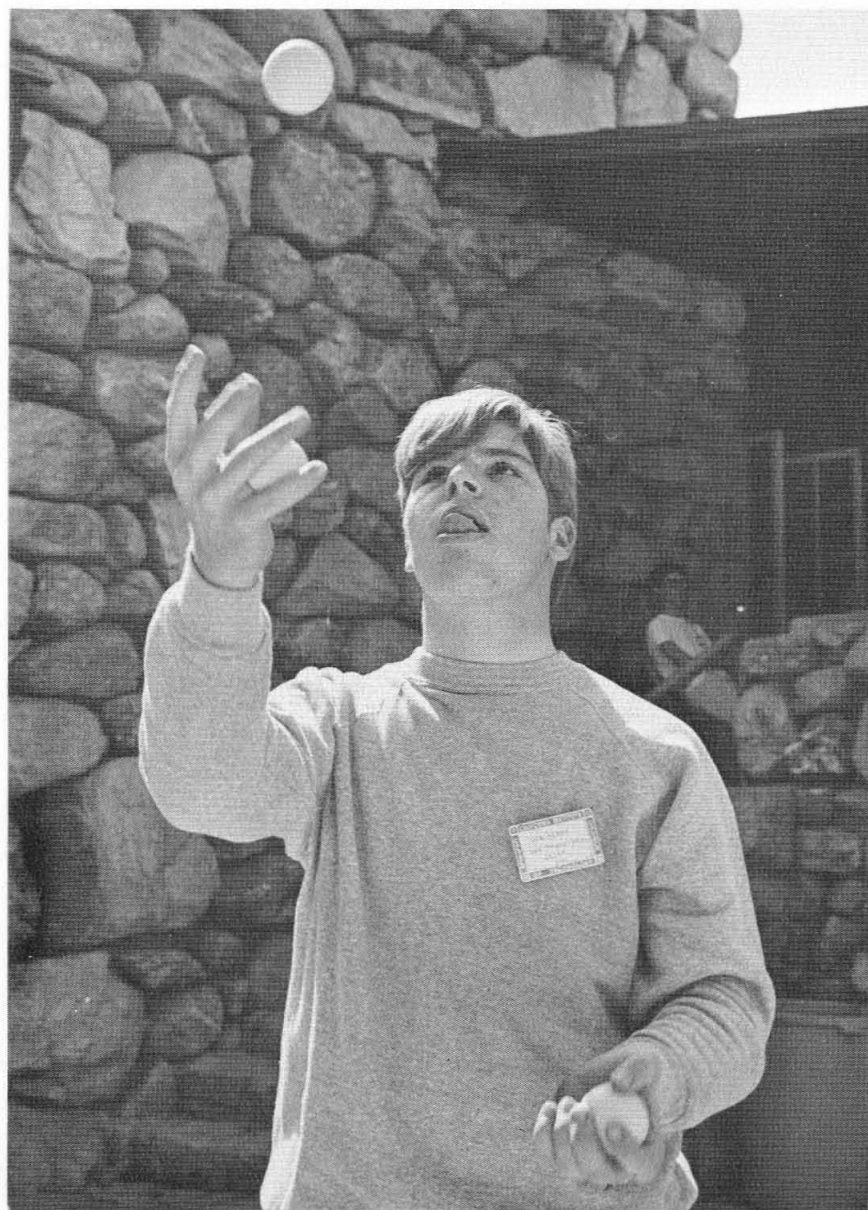
Dabney's theme was also psychedelic; however, they did some work. There were tunnels in the courtyard and a blinking light goodie in the lounge.

Fleming had its traditional Western theme, with the even more traditional skit. The courtyard included the Rusty Shaft Mine, and the gallows where frosh were given their due.

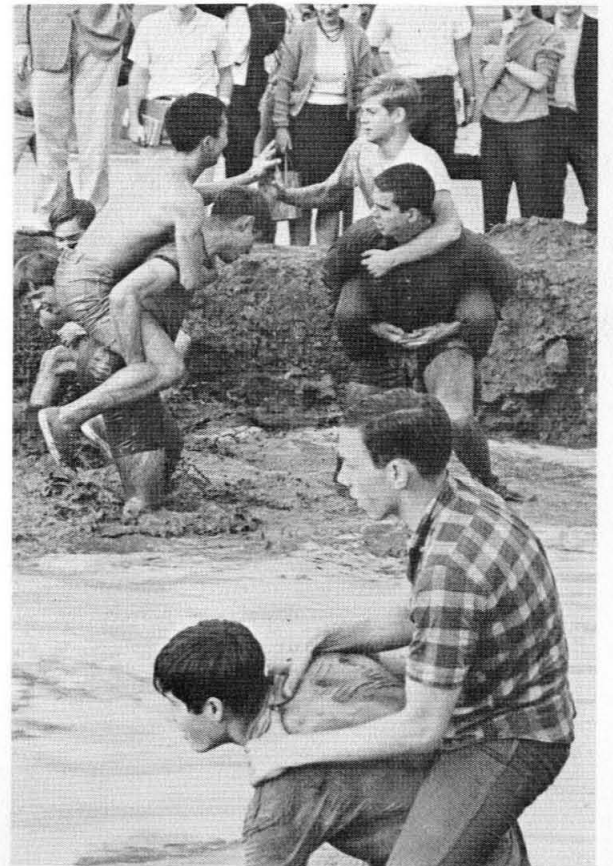
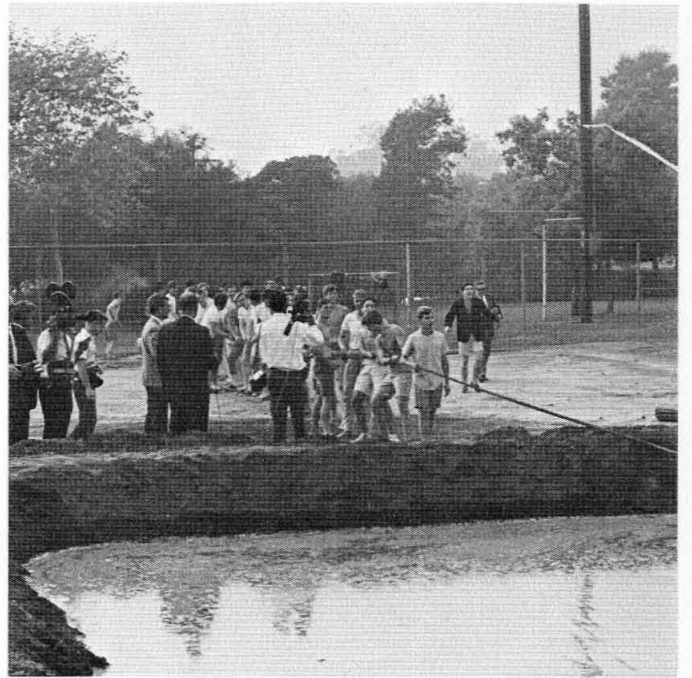




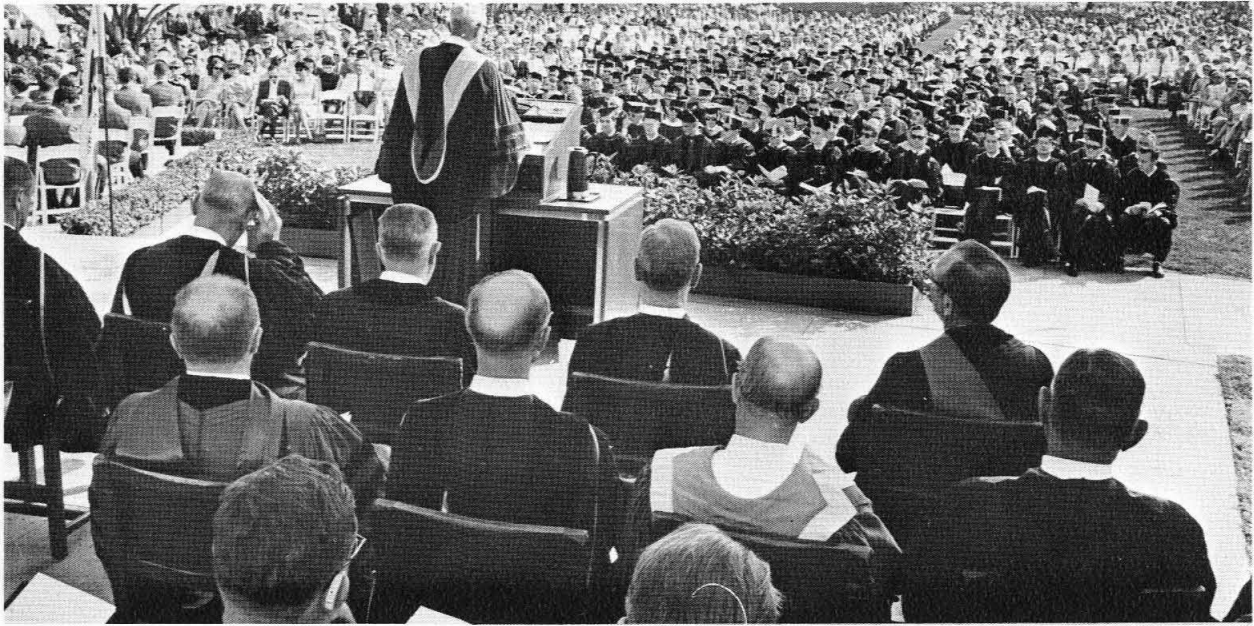
NEW STUDENT CAMP



MUDEO

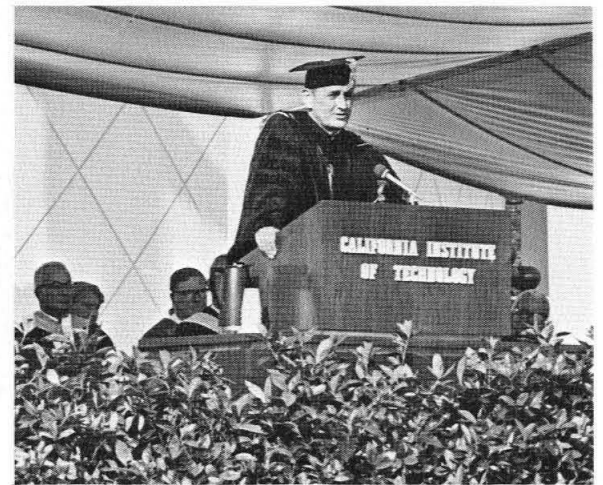


SEVENTY-FIFTH



THE CONVOCATION CEREMONY

The Convocation Ceremony was the highlight of the entire celebration. Classes were even cancelled so that students could attend. The main speaker was the Honorable John W. Gardener, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. The audience was entertained by the Marine Band and by the Caltech Glee Club, which sang a piece which had been written especially for the event. Representatives from most of the well known colleges and universities in the country were there, to present one of the most colorful academic processions seen anywhere.



ANNIVERSARY



During the rest of the week there were many parties and dinners. There were also the Twilight Buffet and the Chad and Jeremy Concert sponsored by ASCIT. Scientific conferences and panel discussions rounded out the week's program. Later on came a special concert in Beckman Auditorium with Igor Stavinsky conducting, and a presentation of John Houseman's **The Honorable Estate**.





The Chad and Jeremy Concert and the Twilight Buffet provided probably the best inexpensive date anyone around here has ever seen, as the Institute paid a large portion of the costs involved. The Buffet Dinner, served on the plaza between Winnet and Firestone gave students an excellent opportunity to mingle socially with the faculty and guests, a number of whom also attended the Chad and Jeremy Concert.





The Beckman ticket office is one of the most useful places on campus. In addition to distributing tickets for all events in Beckman, it also is a Mutual Agency. Through it it is possible to get tickets for almost every event of importance that occurs in Southern California, for just the price of a phone call. This saves a considerable amount of time and money, and the seats obtained are just as good as you could get if you bought them at the place where the event is held.

The entire Beckman staff, from Jerry Willis on down, are very interested in the students. They are willing to help the students with projects for which the Beckman facilities may be useful. They also cooperate with ASCIT and other groups on campus to schedule events and obtain entertainers for concerts and other such projects.





During the Seventy Fifth Anniversary Celebration, Beckman was in use almost continuously, especially during convocation week. In this week there were many panel discussions and speeches, as well as the Chad and Jeremy Concert. Other events held in Beckman connected with the celebration included the Igor Stravinsky Concert, with a special dress rehearsal to which students were admitted without charge, and **The Honorable Estate**, starring Nina Foch.



Pictured on these two pages are a few more of the many programs which are presented in the Auditorium so that Tech students may have an opportunity to see some of the better musicians, without having to stray far from campus.

On the opposite page is the world reknown Dave Brubeck Quartet, named the best Instrumental Combo in Playboy's Jazz poll this year, as in the past many years. Three of the members, Brubeck, Morello, and Desmond are also members of Playboy's Jazz All-Stars. The program was greatly enjoyed by the sell-out crowd, even those of us who are not real jazz buffs.



Sally Terry, Folksinger.

John Williams, Guitarist.





Dave Brubeck, Piano.



Joe Morello, Drums

Gene Wright, Bass



Paul Desmond, Alto Sax.



Dazzling dances from two of the world's oldest and most sophisticated cultures were interpreted in Beckman by the duo of Sujata and Asoka, masters in the field of Far Eastern dance. In colorful and authentic costumes, with music from Japan and India, they have been much in demand at Beckman. Their return engagement this year was at the request of many of the people who saw them the first time they appeared. They conclude, for the Big T, a colorful and brilliant season in the white mushroom. Coming events that we are not able to cover due to our deadline include a debate between Alan Nevins and Toyanbee, numerous Monday night lectures, and the ASCIT talent show.

HONOR AWARDS

KEYS

Peter Balint
Ben Cooper
John Eylar
Mike Garett
Tim Hendrickson
Kermit Kubitz
Fred Lamb
Sam Logan
Craig McAllister
Mike Meo
John Middleditch
Dan Nemzer
Bob Parker
Jim Pearson
Bob Piccioni
Mike Pollock
Steve Pomeroy
Joe Rhodes
Gary Schnuelle
George Sharman
Martin Smith
Eric Young

CERTIFICATES

Terry Allen
Paul Brandon
Gary Christoph
John Cummings
Len Erickson
Greg Evans
Jay Freeman
Richard Hackathorn
Jon Haviland
Randy Harslem
Ira Herskowitz
Will Manning
John McCord
John Ottensmann
John O'Pray
Rich Rubenstein
Greg Shuptrine

CHEERLEADERS

This year, for the first time ever, Caltech was blessed with female cheerleaders. The three girls, Patsy and Judy Williams and Chriss Bettleheim, were somehow obtained by Craig McAllister, ASCIT Athletic Manager. Although they obviously increased the interest in the Cheerleaders, they didn't do a whole lot to cure the general lack of spirit in the typical Techman.

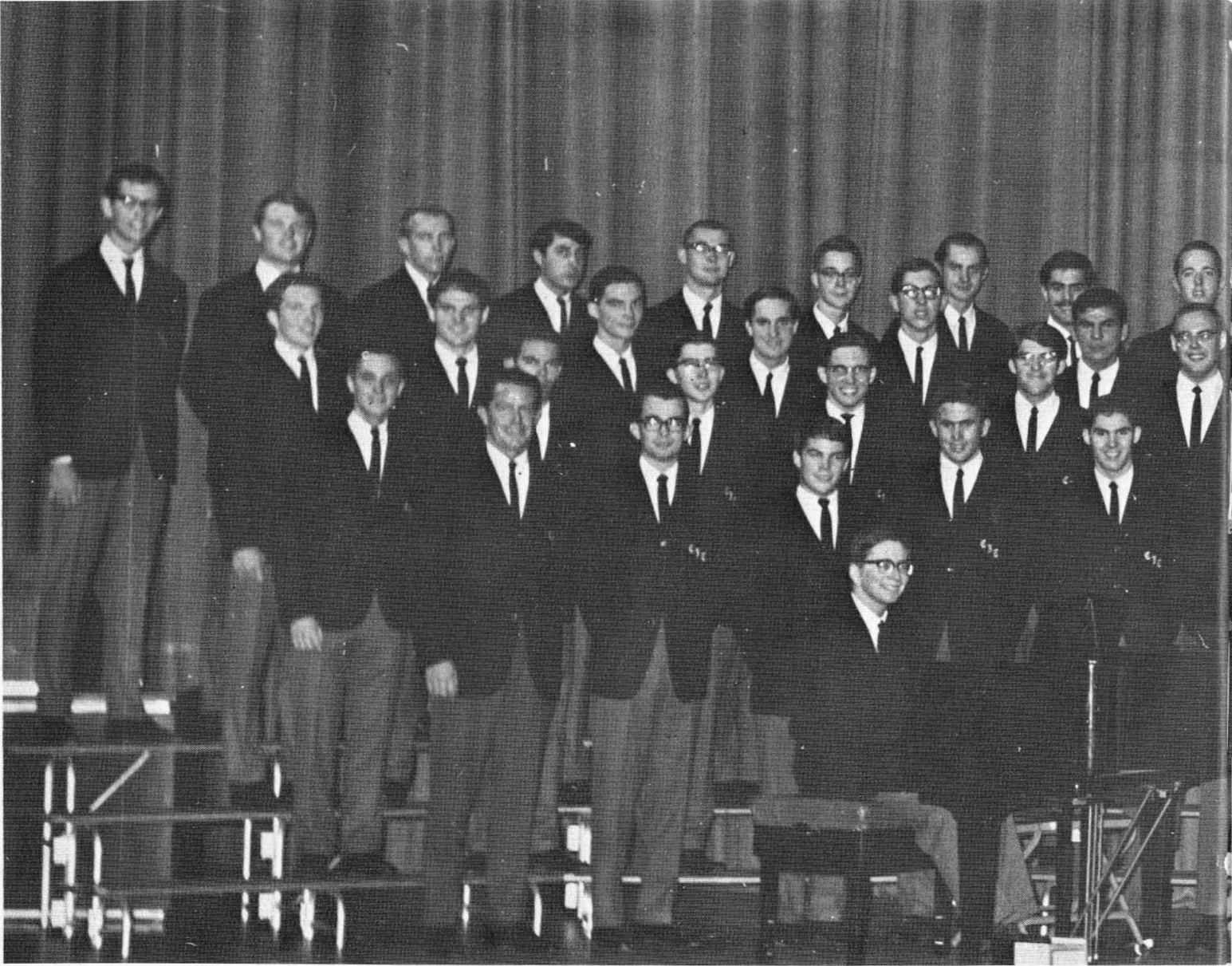


BAND





Although considerably reduced in size this year due to a lack of interested instrumentalists, the Band kept the quality of its performance up, although the diversity did decline, due to the lack of instrumentation. During the year, the band played its usual number of concerts, ranging from the formal concert in April to jaunts to Disneyland, where the Band is one of the few organizations to be regularly invited back, and the Pasadena shell. In addition, the band members have found time to play at almost all of the football games and some of the home basketball games. Though 1967 has not been an extraordinarily good year for the Band, it has maintained its tradition of being a low-pressure group that does what the members want. Band officers for the year were Myron Mandell, Manager; Dave Kolb, Assistant Manager; Dave Shirley, Secretary; Bob Parker, Treasurer and Corruption Manager.



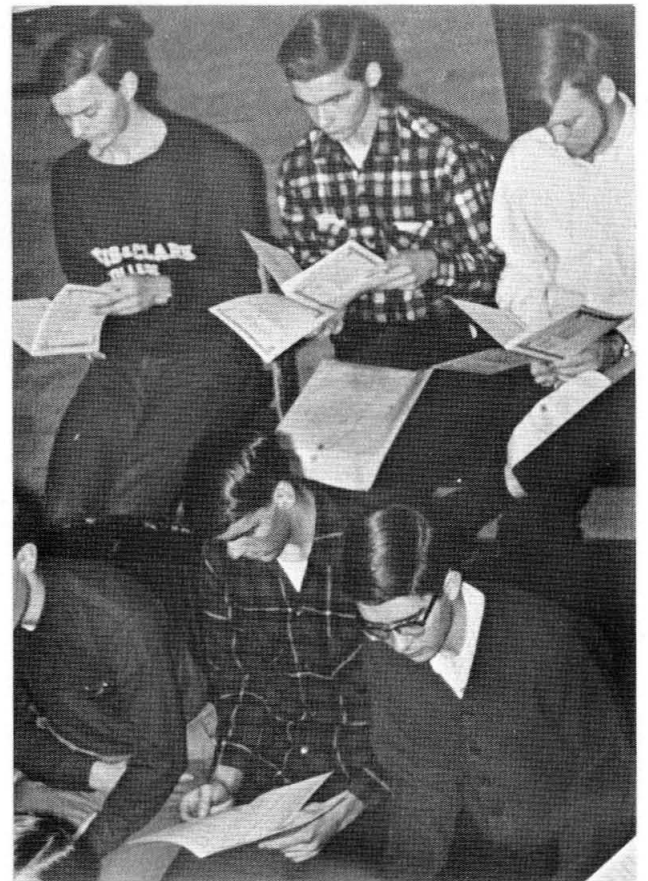
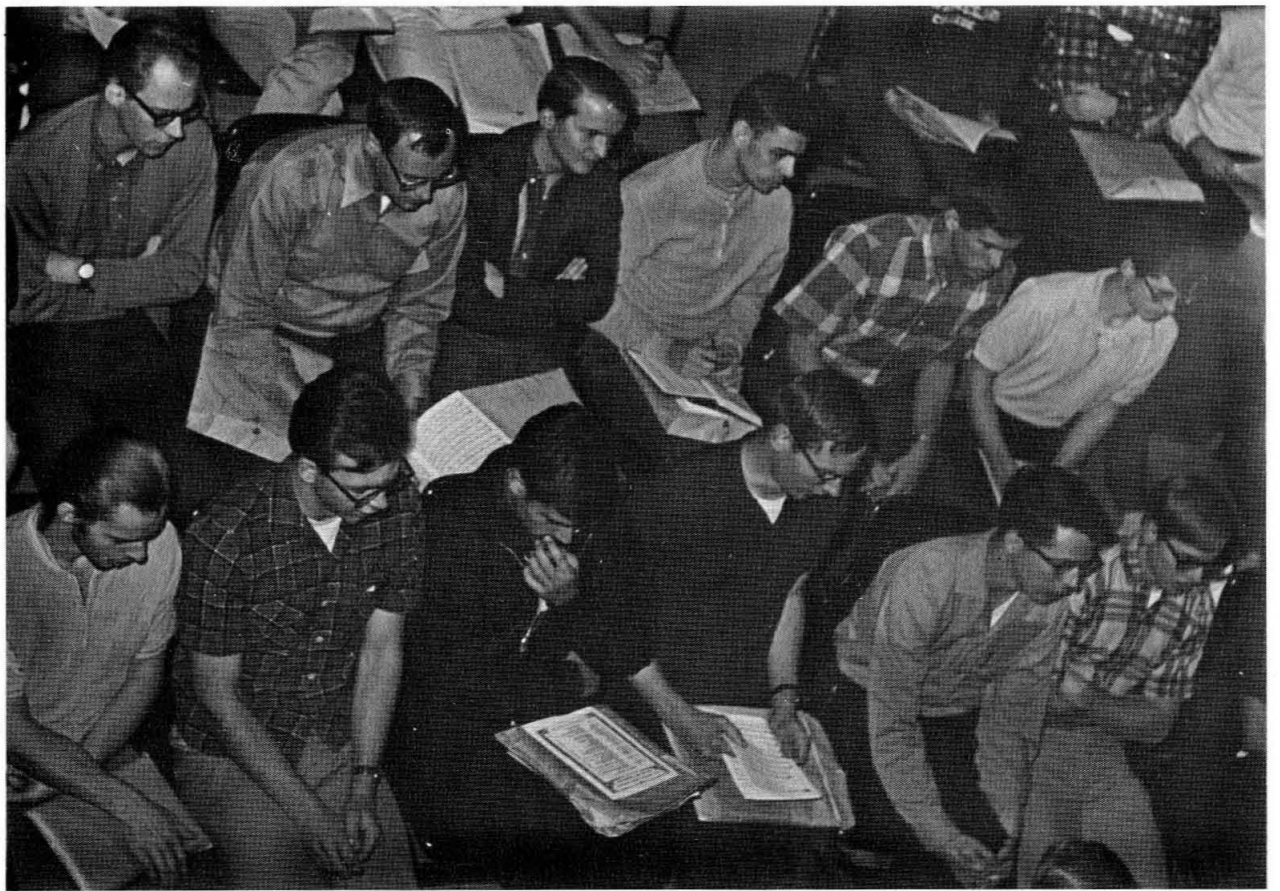
CLUB



This year marks the 50th anniversary of the Caltech Glee Club. Under the direction of Olaf Frodsham and assistant director Priscilla Remeta, our glee club has become a truly outstanding musical organization. The club is one of the largest and most active organizations on campus, consisting of nearly ten per cent of the undergraduate student body and a sprinkling of grad students.

This well rounded group of men, drawn together by a love of singing, have worked hard to produce the finest music of which they are capable. This has led to many concert invitations, both locally and across the nation. This year the Glee Club started its concert season the earliest in its history by singing for the Seventy-fifth Anniversary convocation. During February, the group, "resting" from last years successful trip to the East Coast, toured the San Francisco Bay Area, and finished up its season, which included twenty-five concerts, with its Annual Home Concert.

President DuBridghe has often commented that the men of the Caltech Glee Club are some of the finest ambassadors this school has ever had.



Interhouse Sing



Blacker's winning chorus, directed by Dan Nemzer and accompanied by Dave Erlich.



Blacker's winning quartet of Ben Cooper, Marshall Schor, Greg Bourque, and Bob Miller.

The thirteenth Interhouse Sing Competition ended the way most people expected it to, with Blacker winning both the Chorus and Quartet Trophies, the former for the fourth year in a row. The Blacker Chorus, under the direction of Daniel Nemzer, of Talent show fame, and accompanied by Dave "Hands" Erlich, sang **Cantate Domino**, **The Pasture**, and **Amo, Amas, I Love A Lass**. Ricketts, under the direction of Peter Bloomfield, was a close second, followed by Dabney, Page, and Ruddock, in that order.

Only Ruddock and Blacker entered quartets this year, only this year Blacker was victorious. The winning quartet sang **Standing On The Corner**, **September Song**, **Stormy Weather**, and **Sophomoric Philosophy**.

The Master of Ceremonies for this years show was Dr. Robert Oliver.



The Ricketts Chorus, directed by Peter Bloomfield.



The Dabney Chorus, directed by Stacy Langton.

The Page Chorus, directed by Jay Romney.





The Ruddock Chorus, directed by Terry Bruns.



The Ruddock quartet, Bruce Threewitt, Mike Henerey, Terry Bruns, and Fred Lamb.



Ben Cooper receives the Quartet Trophy from M. C. Robert Oliver.



Haviland grins, Dewitt stamps, Weaver photographs, and Parker, of course, bites!!

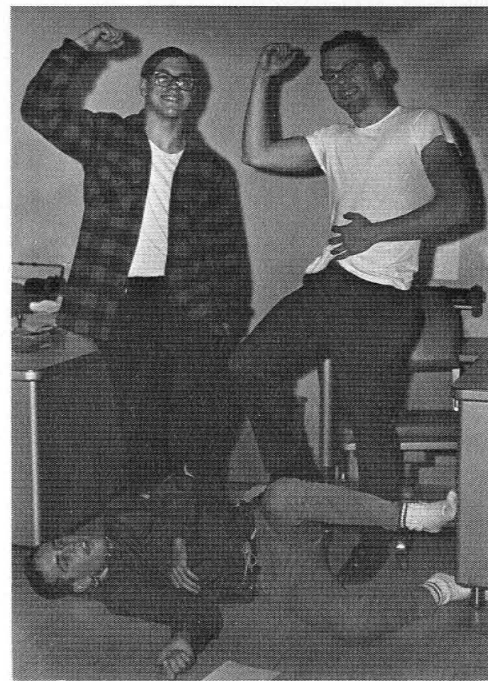
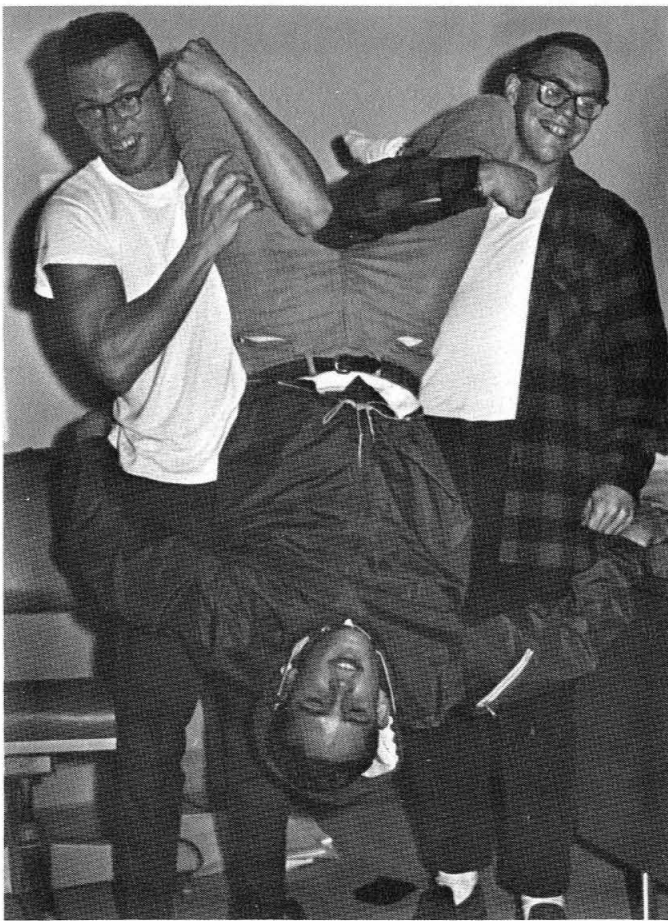
THE BIG "T"TM

All records possibly associated with yearbook production have been broken this year by the merry staff of the 1967 Big T. Led by that intrepid spendthrift Bob Parker, the Big T spent more money than any previous yearbook in the history of the Institute, and ended up less in the red than any of its predecessors other than the 1966 book. (Figure that one out !!). The color section which begins this book is the first major color section ever attempted in a Caltech yearbook. This is also the most lengthy book ever, at about 240 pages. And finally, the staff had the closest call ever when they squeaked by the first deadline only due to the fact that the publisher's representative's wife had a baby on the appointed day, and so he couldn't come to collect the material.

While occasionally there have been some tense moments, especially before deadlines, the staff has managed to give much more consideration to producing a good book this year, rather than just a collection of random pictures as in some past books. A larger amount of attention was paid to the photography this year too, although an occasional bad picture slipped by us in the dead of night.

Punster George Sharman handled the senior section this year, and the section is the first in several years to deviate from a standard layout and use interest pictures. Chip Smith ground away at the almost unmanageable House section, but the material and pictures there are the responsibilities of the various House presidents, not Chip. The activities at Caltech were handled by Jon Haviland, budding sucker for the Editorship next year; some of Jon's work is being shown to other schools by our publisher as samples of top-notch work. Sports were handled by Bruce Stienke and Henry DeWitt, and the money grubbing has been under the charge of Gary Christoph, George Sharman, and mostly Ed Seguire. Oh yeah, and Bob Parker edited the whole mess. The color pictures on the Convocation Ceremonies are courtesy of Engineering and Science Magazine and our advisor Ed Hutchings, who has been a great help throughout the year.

And about the pictures on these two pages. The nuts shown were hard at work in the office the night before our last deadline when they were interrupted by a photographer. So they're not really like that all the time. Or are they ???

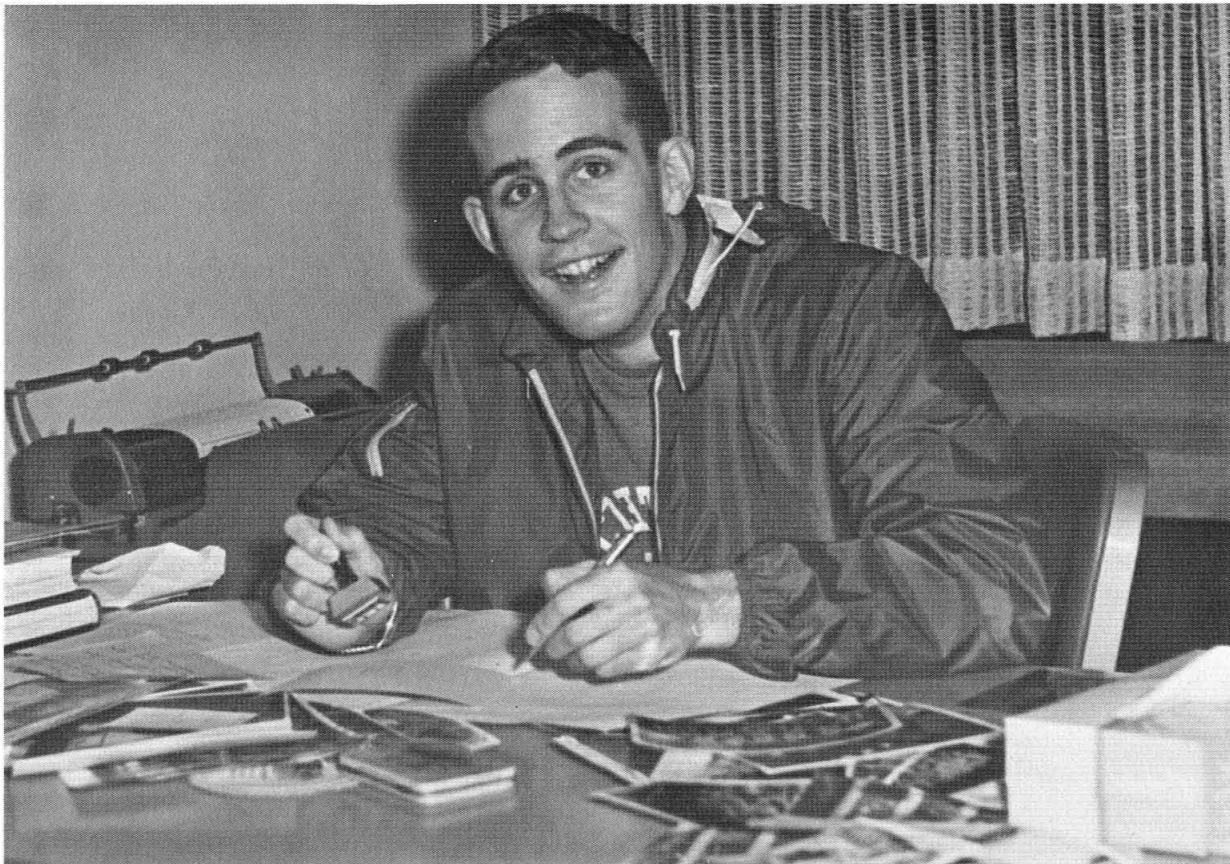


At left, the two top contenders for the 1968 editorship stomp on the body of the 1967 editor, who is expiring after a deadline.

At left, DeWitt and Haviland discover that Parker really **doesn't** have any money. At least, none falls out. Parker is pretending to be a three toed sloth. At right, master photographer Dennis "ROTC" Weaver plays with his new toy, a Nikon F with a long, smooth black barrel. Whee!



75



At left, the smiling Editor - in - Chief of this great publication, Robert Parker. But you should see him when a page is late. Notice that Haviland cunningly printed the picture backwards.



In the **California Tech**, Editors Mike Meow and John Middleditch wage a fearless battle against graft, corruption, evil, Excomm, and reporters who bring in stories at 3 a.m. Through the efforts of Circulation Manager Kim Gleason, this masterpiece of yellow journalism arrives, more or less promptly, at Thursday noon, much to the surprise of the staff members who left the office before midnight Tuesday.

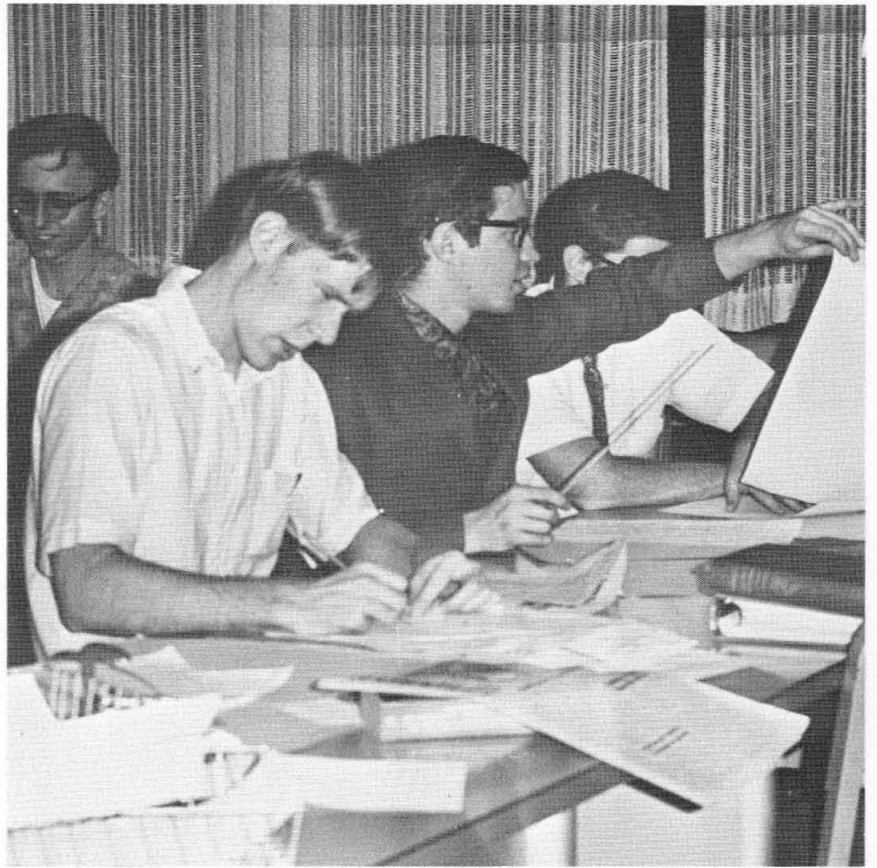
The organization of the paper reaches its weekly height on Thursdays, when the stories for next week's paper are assigned. From then on, things begin to degenerate. Monday evening at 7:30 finds Meow and Middleditch hopefully waiting for articles in the office. The situation is the same at 10:30, with Meow about to reach the ranting stage after only two or three articles have come in and several more have fallen through. In the meantime, Business Manager Bob Berry, affectionately known as "Scrooge" to the Editors, has come and gone, leaving large quantities of space to be filled with nonexistent copy. As the hard-working Editors slave away, he retreats to a quiet place to count his money. In the meantime, a reasonable percentage of those who make it all possible, the staff, have assembled. Sports Editor (and staff) Pete Balint argues with Managing Editor Jim Cook about what to do with the space on the sport pages. Copy Editor Vince Johns mulls over the articles which have come in, and livens up the office with bad puns. Feature Editor Jeff Hecht supervises the Monday night malingerers, who sit in front of the antique typewriters in the office for two hours

What is black
and white and
red all over?

California Tech

Associated Students of the California Institute of Technology

1569 blazing
California Tech's

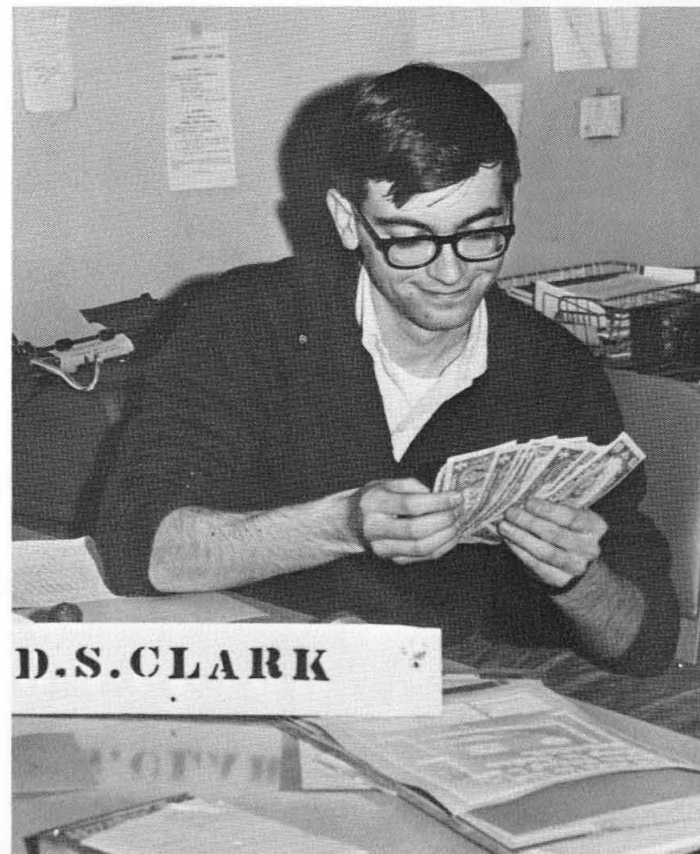


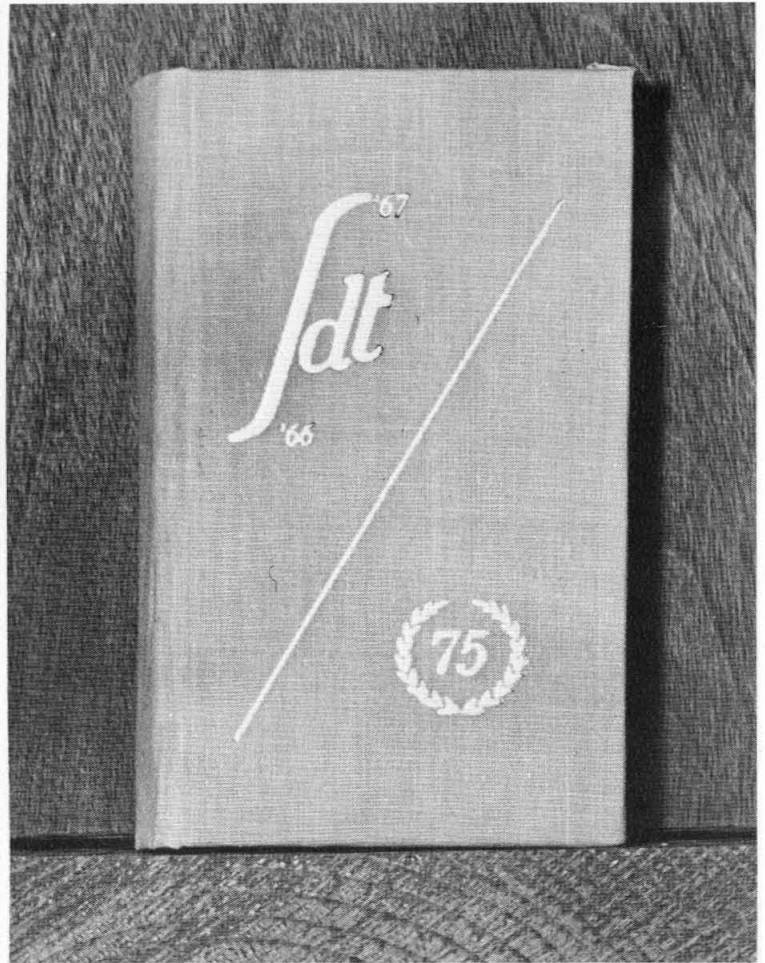
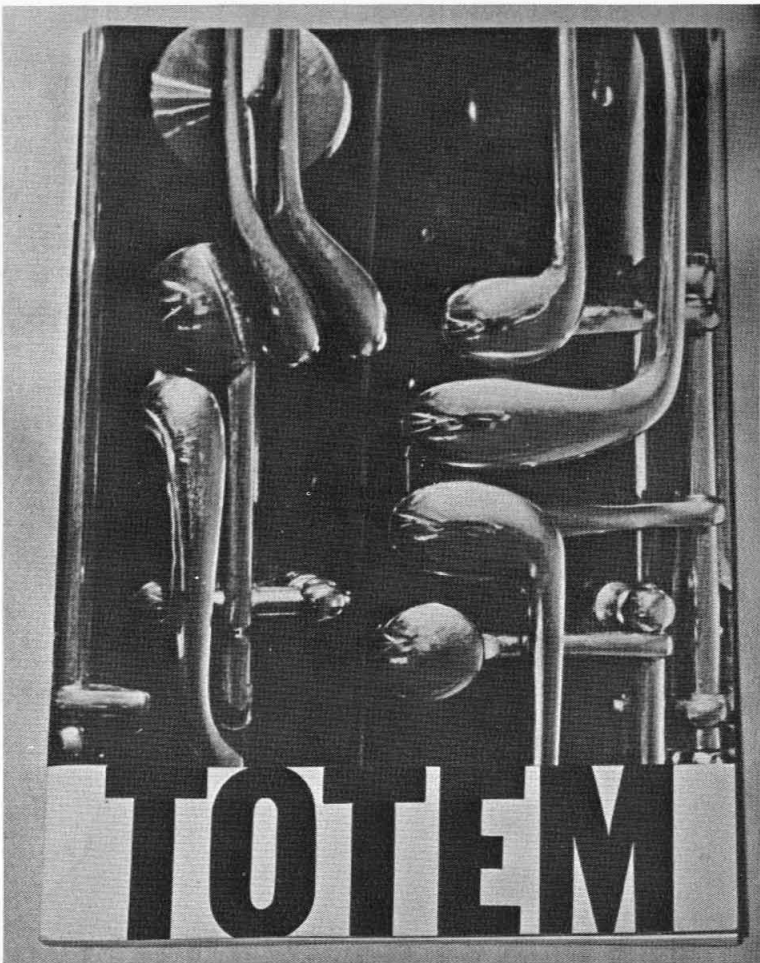
Would you believe, a girl in the same office as Meow?

while writing five inches of copy. The weekly attempts of Editors to enlarge the staff by grabbing any warm bodies that make the mistake of walking by the office continue to fail, as the warm bodies somehow escape.

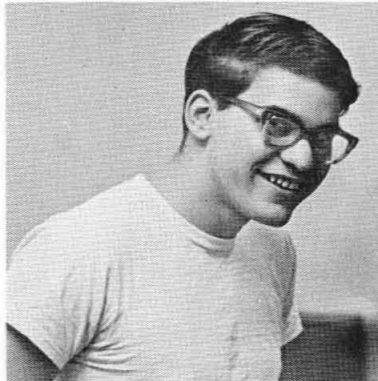
The situation Tuesday night is almost the same. Meow yells a little louder at people who come in muttering something vague about "next week," while Middleditch calmly threatens murder. Cook is hard at work inventing misleading headlines and other space filler. The Tuesday night malingerers replace Monday's group, with articles slowly trickling in. Finally, by as early as 2 a.m., all the space is filled, and everyone can go quietly to bed.

There are many rewards for working for the Tech besides the three units of English 15 for an article each week. There is the rapidly acquired skill of expanding five inches worth of news into twenty inches of 75% space filler, although these efforts are frustrated by the Editors, who manage to edit out the news every time. There is the satisfaction of seeing your own misrepresentation of the facts in print. Without a doubt, the greatest satisfaction is derived from the occasional presence of girls working in the office.

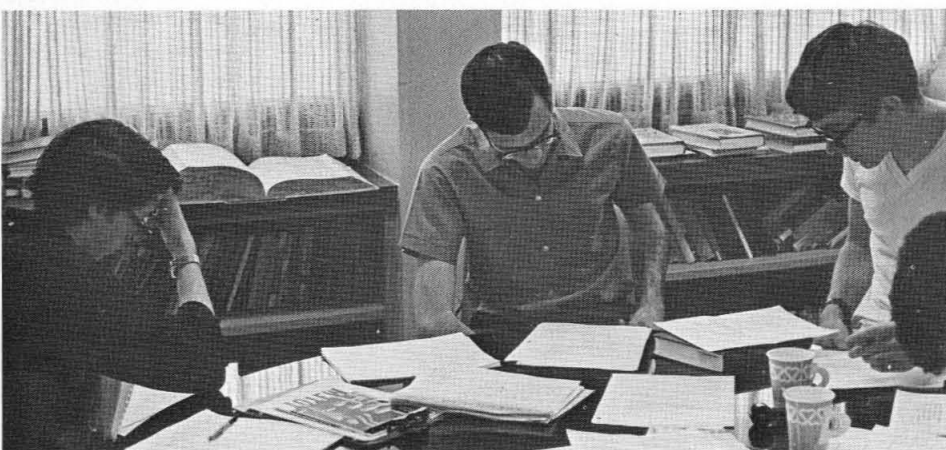




Little T editors Terry Allen and Ben Cooper display their feelings toward it, now that it is all over.



Totem editor Rich Rubenstein.



Totem staff perusing articles, trying to decide which one merit inclusion in the magazine.

Totem and the little t are the minor publications of ASCIT. They provide the campus with a combination literary-humor magazine and a handbook, respectively. Totem was revived by the Freshmen last year, and these people continue to be the driving force behind the magazine. All contributions are gladly accepted by the editors who had grand designs to publish an issue a term.

The little t is the Techman's best source of facts, even better than the "rubber bible." Besides containing the ASCIT By-laws and resolutions, Interhouse sports rules and schedules, lists of organizations and officers thereof, and other such trivia, it also contains really important things such as a dictionary of Caltech slang, an explanation of the Traditions of Tech, for what they're worth, and phone numbers of girls dorms, at those schools which are lucky enough to have girls.

T B Π



Top—Michael Robel, John Eyer, Benjamin Cooper, Fred Lamb, Les Fishbone, Dennis White, Reagan Moore, Stacy Langton, Larry Dilehay, York Liao.

The California Beta chapter of Tau Beta Pi, founded in 1921, is the undergraduate honor society at Caltech, conferring honor upon its members for their outstanding academic accomplishments and moral character. Through July, 1966, the California Beta chapter had initiated over 1200 members.

The Caltech chapter is unusual in the national organization in being dominated by scientists. Most chapters of Tau Beta Pi don't even admit scientists to membership, restricting themselves (unfortunately) to grungy engineers. We at Caltech have carried our individuality so far as to elect a mathematician as chapter president (a healthy trend).

California Beta's Advisory Board deserves special mention, it consists of Professors Sharp, Corcoran, Sabersky, and Raichlen. We also owe a large debt to D. S. Clark, our former National President.

The year's activities are highlighted by the fabulous Initiation Banquets, one of the few occasions when the ultra-active Tau Betas can manage to get together. These festive occasions are noted for their good food, slow service, bad jokes, and incessant clamoring, among a large and vocal segment of the membership, for the engraved Golden Bents that Tucker somehow managed to lose before he vacated these hallowed halls. Don't worry, guys, you'll get 'em someday.



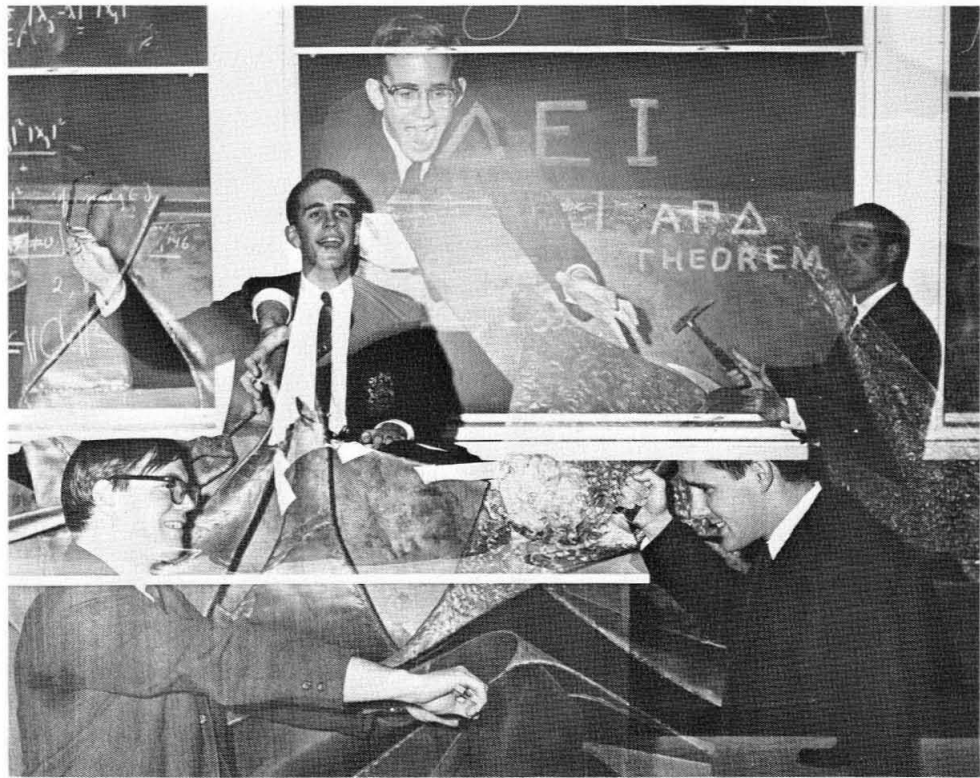
This year the glorious, virile (???) Mechanical Engineers of Caltech united under the banner of the ASME. The officers were elected in true democratic fashion — by the flip of the coin. Jim Held won and became Treasurer, while Rob Dickinson was forced into the ignomy of becoming chairman. Under the guise of seeing such places as Bethlehem Steel, JPL, Rocket-dyne, and the Anheuser Busch Brewery, these money-grubbing engineers sneaked out of ME 5 class. There's a vicious rumor circulating that the junior members (eg, Lee Johnson and Dave Chang) will keep the club going next year.

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



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

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Alpha Phi Gamma was reactivated just in time to get into the yearbook. A fraternity formed to honor those students who participate in journalistic endeavours, it draws its members from the **California Tech**, **Big T**, and **Little T** staffs. Although the group usually does nothing as a whole during the year, its members do put in a lot of work on the various publications.



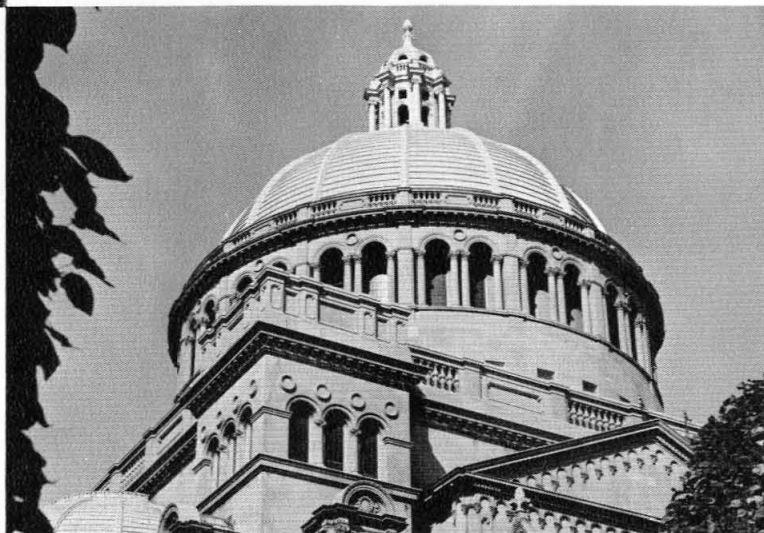
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The California Gamma chapter of Pi Kappa Delta is one of the more active organizations on campus. The group competes in many debate tournaments, as well as other forensic activities, and also sends a representative to most of the regional and national conventions of the society. It also holds its own tournament on campus, the Caltech Computer-controlled Debate Tournament, for which teams come from as far away as the east coast. This, the first computer controlled tournament, serves as a model for others which are being started.



The Caltech Newman Apostolate this year began a serious program to contact other clubs in the area. For the first time ever, Caltech had representatives at a province-wide Newman seminar conference. Most of the club attended a day of recollection at St. Andrew's Priory at Valyermo, and plans were begun for a retreat late in the third term. A regular program of theology seminars included topics as diverse as birth control, the meaning of God, and the works of Teilhard de Chardain. The social program consisted mainly of Caltech attendance at functions held by other (richer) Newman groups, and was generally highly successful for those who participated.

The Caltech Christian Fellowship is a non-denominational Christian organization affiliated with the nationwide Inter Varsity Christian Fellowship. The CCF is dedicated to the person of Jesus Christ. Its aim is to bring its members and others into deeper understanding of, and better relationship, to God. The group believes this can be aided by prayer, Bible study, evangelism, and intellectual growth. CCF meetings include a Tuesday noon prayer meeting, a Thursday evening meeting with guest speakers from the area, and a Friday evening discussion group. Activities also included Bible studies in the Houses, lounge discussions, social events, and a conference with other Inter-Varsity Chapters.



The LDS Deseret Club offers to all undergraduates and graduate students a program of religious education and social activities which complement their more earthly interests at Tech.



The Caltech Christian Science Organization is one of several hundred such organizations active at colleges and universities throughout the world. In addition to welcoming entering students who are Christian Scientists, the Caltech Organization sponsors an annual lecture on Christian Science by a member of the Board of Lectureship of the Mother Church. Although active membership in the organization is limited to Christian Scientists who are members of the Mother Church, all students, faculty, and Institute personnel are welcome to attend the Org's weekly meetings, which include testimonies of help and healing through Christian Science.



Y R



The Caltech Young Republicans is one of the two political groups on campus. In spite of general apathy toward organized political activities, the Caltech YR's have maintained an active speaker program at the monthly meetings. Activities this year have included: William Penn Patrick, George Christopher, Patty Newman, author of **Pass the Poverty, Please**, discussion on the state of the union with Caltech history professor Woodbury, and a movie of the San Francisco riots.

In addition to the monthly meetings, the Caltech YR's have been involved in county and statewide political activities in conjunction with LA County YRs and the California Young Republican College Federation. The club has initiated this year an active letter writing campaign to national and statewide political leaders, presenting proposals to them on current issues.

The officers for the year were: Greg Brewer, President, Gary Cable, Exc VP, Brad Holian, Legislative VP, Larry Hunt, Secy, Van Stoecker, Treasurer, Kermit Kubitz, Program and Activities Chairman.

Plans for the future include an even more active liaison with Republican Senators, Congressmen, Governors, and Assemblymen. The business at hand for the next year is preparation for the June 1968 primary and the very important 1968 general election. In this connection, a stepped up program of campus political involvement, including speakers, is planned.



Y D

The Caltech Young Democrats entered their second year and first chance to see active campaigning with vigor. The club organized Caltech students into an effective political organization capable of providing much needed support in the election. When the results were in the YDs set out to better educate the people of the Caltech community. During the course of the year the club sponsored a number of speakers and discussions. The club is preparing to present to the Caltech community the issues that will be decisive in the next two years and to work in the party councils and among the electorate.

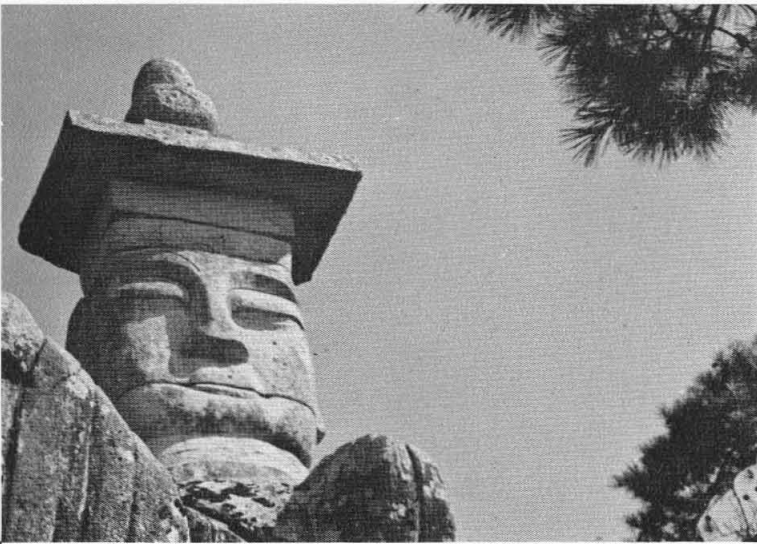
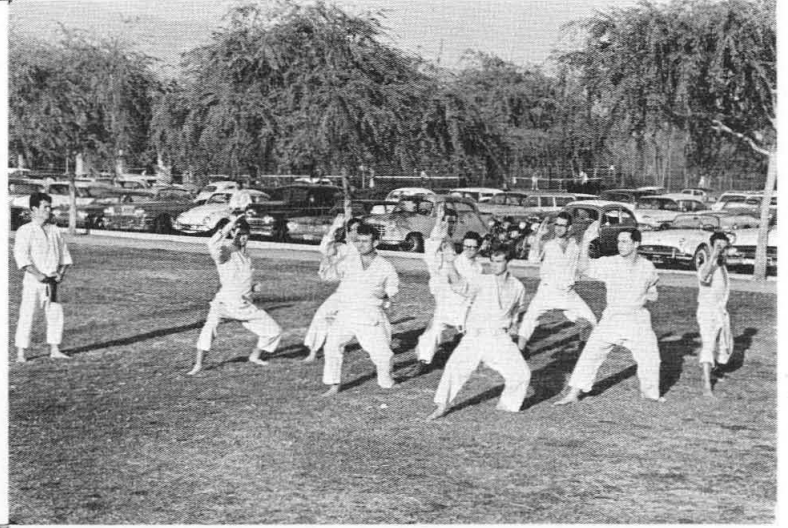




The Caltech Model United Nations, an organization that receives more money per capita from ASCIT than any other, counted six members this year, Chairman Michael Meow, Joe Rhodes, Jim Lucas, Mike Stefanko, Eric Jensen, and Vern Cormier. Caltech received Yugoslavia as its assignment because of its good job in San Francisco last year, and the members of MUN tried to continue the fine work, researching Yugoslavian history during Christmas vacation.

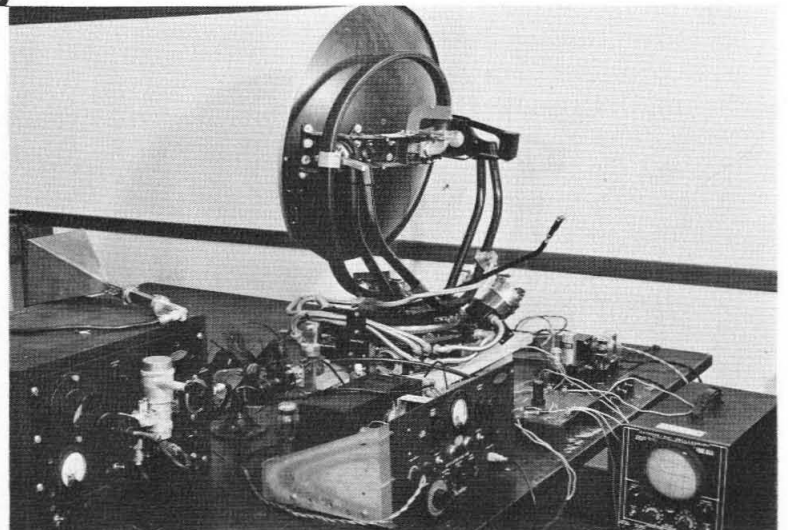
As a bridge between East and West, Yugoslavia maneuvered skillfully at the Portland, Oregon sessions of the General Assembly and MUN committees. The end of a year's study rewarded the delegates with the passage of many resolutions favorable to Yugoslavia.

Caltech's Karate Club, founded in 1958, is the oldest collegiate karate organization in America. The club's instructor, Tsutomu Ohshima, was the first Japanese karate expert to establish himself in the country, and was a pupil of Master Ginchin Funakoshi, the father of modern karate. Students of karate have discovered that this art not only improves their physical condition, but also develops and strengthens their character. This year five members of the club went to Japan with Mr. Ohshima to visit the Japanese Martial Arts in general, and to train with the Japanese University students.



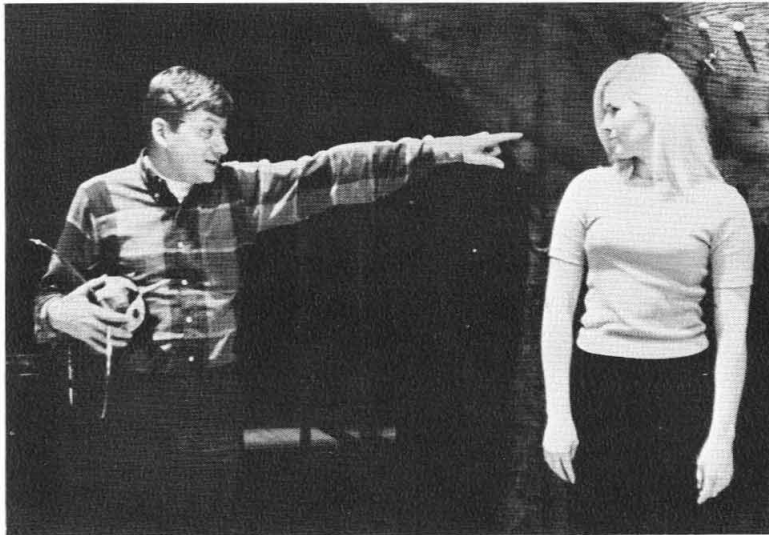
The Caltech Chinese Student Association starts off every year with an initiation and election meeting early first term to welcome new members and to elect new officers, always in very modest oriental fashion. With a close link to other Chinese Clubs in LA colleges and vicinity, CCSA competes with them in various sports and helps them in social events. Highlights of the year include one or two dances on campus, Ping-pong and Bridge Tournament, basketball game against UCLA, Tec, and a couple of picnics and a beach party.

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





DRAMA CLUB



“The Day You Stopped Listening To Me”



“To a Digestible Conclusion”

The Drama Club invaded Beckman this year, and brought their own anthill with them. Out of a massive set specially designed for Beckman's stage, a professional technical designer and director, a host of eager students, a record audience, and a lot of work the club materialized an excellent production. “Under the Sycamore Tree” represented a sharp break in Drama Club tradition. The impending doom of Culbertson forced migration to Beckman's “TV screen” stage — but the results certainly justified the trouble. Once again the Drama Club demonstrated its two credos:

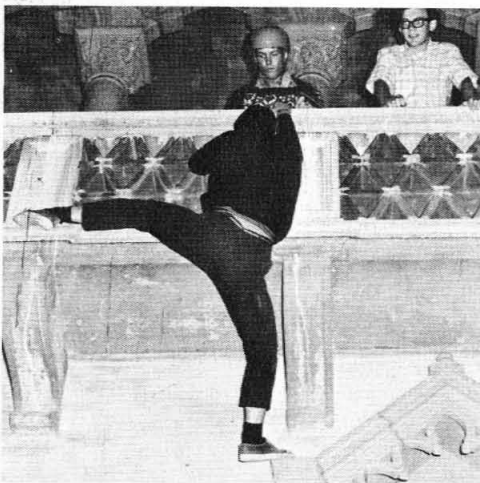
If you get lots of girls in a club, you suddenly have a lot of energetic Tech students, and Students are talented in a lot more than science.



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



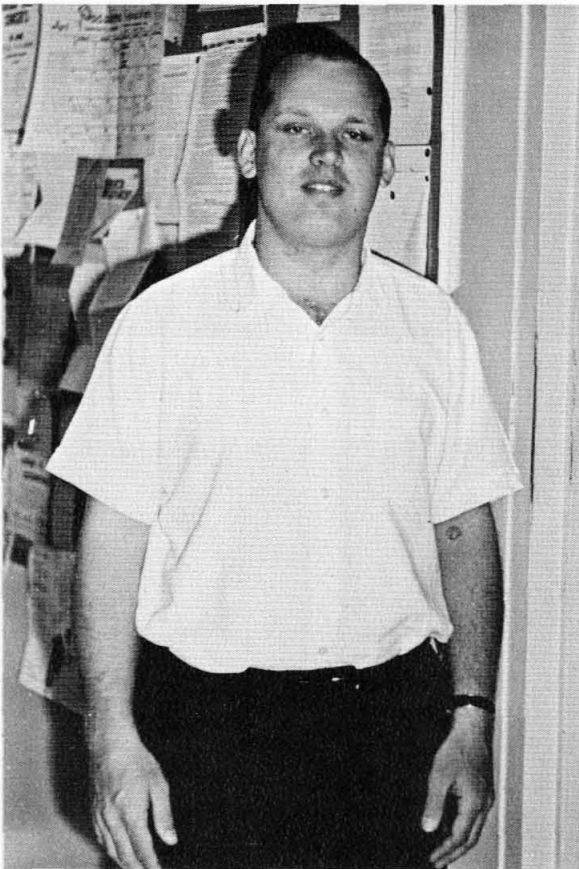
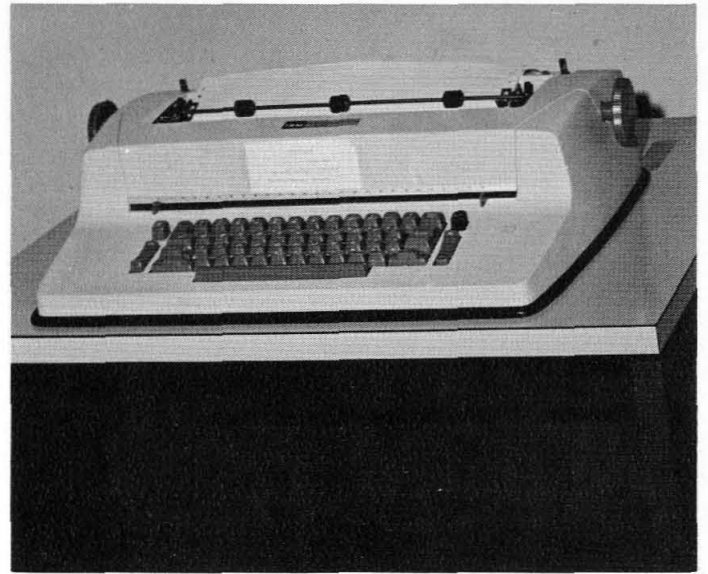
Ski Club left the staff speechless



After a year's dormancy, the Alpine Club is climbing again. Led by two frosh, Bob Jackson and Dave Rossum, with advisor Chuck Wilts, the club is involved in rock climbing and a few more unorthodox activities. The club's members come from undergrads, grads, and even research fellows. The donation of two climbing ropes by two local mountaineering stores has been a big incentive. Most conspicuous of the club's activities has been the various articles appearing on the east face of Millikan Library. They have ranged from signs, to footprints, and inverted corner stones.



The Caltech Computer Club provides an opportunity for Caltech students to use computers for research, to become acquainted with some of the ways in which computers are being used (club activities include lectures, films, and field trips), and even to learn how to program a computer in the first place. Time has been made available to members on the IBM 7094 for use in research projects; this year these have included investigation of a method of computerized proof by arithmetization, an asteroid tracking program, and an analysis of the names in Gulliver's Travels. The club has also supported much use of the IBM-360 time-sharing system, in which the user can "talk" to the computer and correct his mistakes as he makes them, greatly facilitating learning.



No one around Tech knows it, but Dr. Russ Pitzer, whose official title is Coordinator of Student Activities, does a great deal during the course of the year for the students, in his capacity on the various faculty committees and as the more-or-less Director of the Student Center. Thanks for a great job, Dr. Pitzer.

Service League

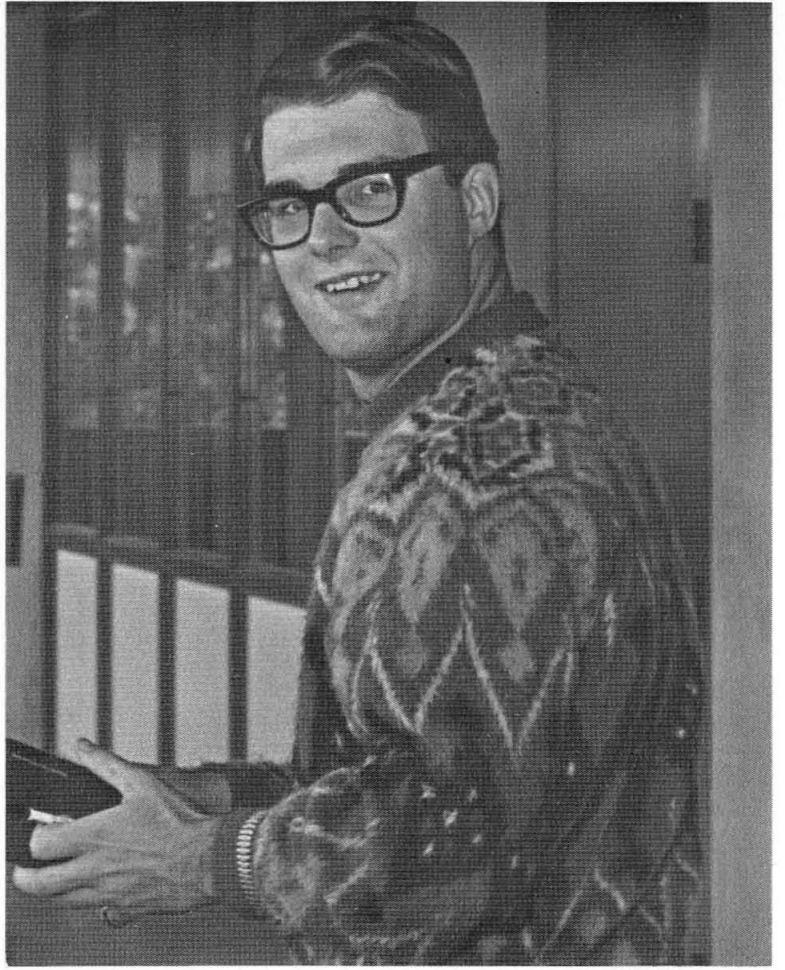
The Caltech Service League provides a long list of services to the Caltech student body. Their contributions are evident in many places on campus, from the piano and Hi-Fi in Winnet to the smiling face of the Techman whose girl is able to spend a weekend at Tech because the ladies of the Service League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



Y M C A



Wes Hershey, Executive Secretary.



Dick Hackathorn, President.



Burt Housman, Associate Secretary, joins in the fun at the Scripps Conference.



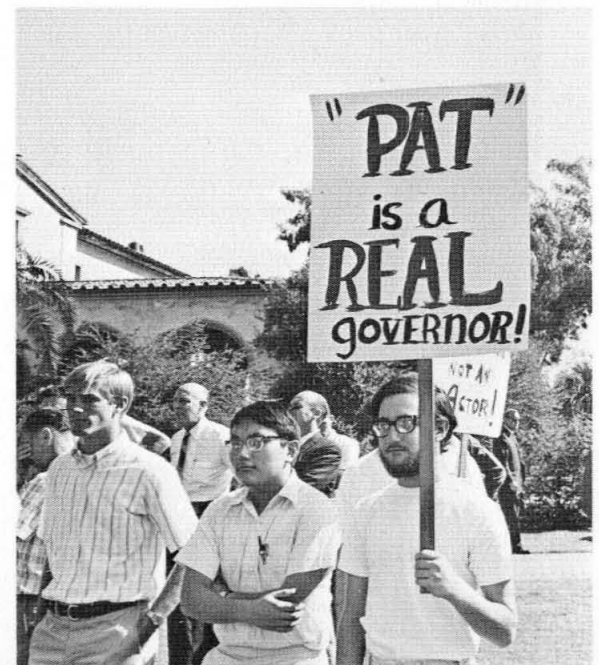
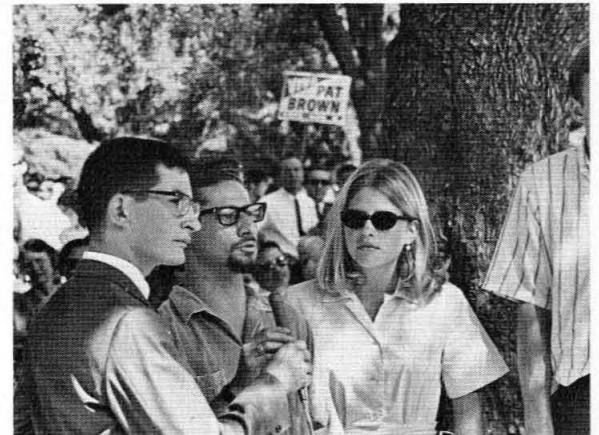
Janet Stapel, Administrative Secretary



Libby Mulick, Secretary



The Caltech YMCA is one of the largest, and by far the most active, organization on campus. Through its wide range of programs, it provides many services for the campus, as well as bringing many interesting people to Caltech. This fall, the Y brought Pat Brown and Robert Finch to campus for political speeches during the gubernatorial campaign. The first leader of America was Paul Goodman, whose statements about student apathy at a Coffee Hour resulted in a group of students staging a protest march in front of Beckman prior to his major address. The Freshman Dinner Forum series got off to a good start with Robert Huttenback, followed by J. Kent Clark singing some of his songs about Caltech life the following week.







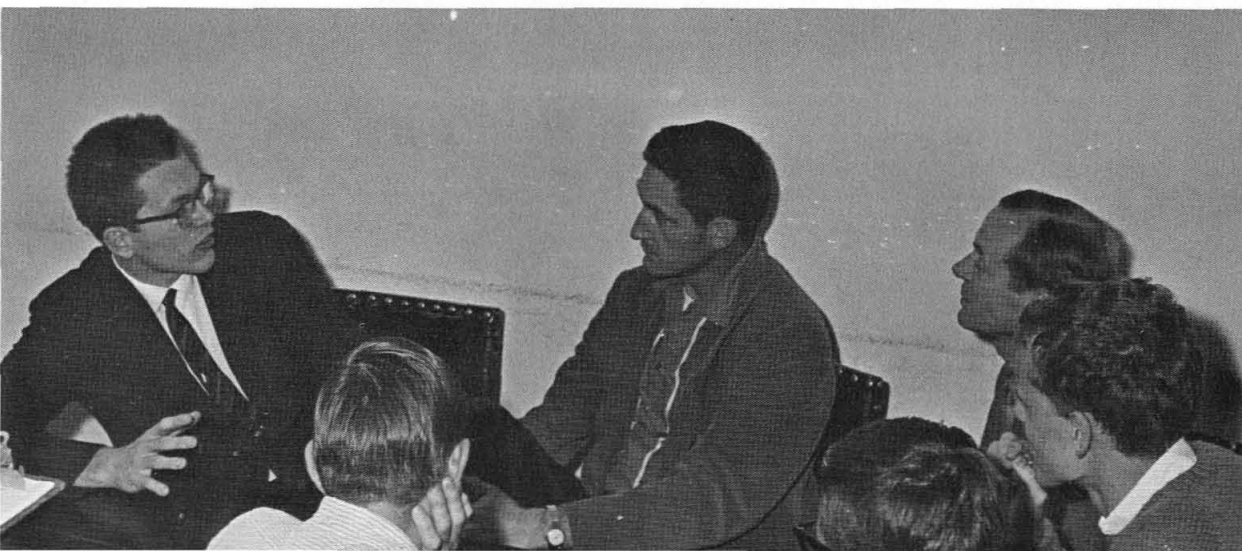
Rosemary Park, Leader of America



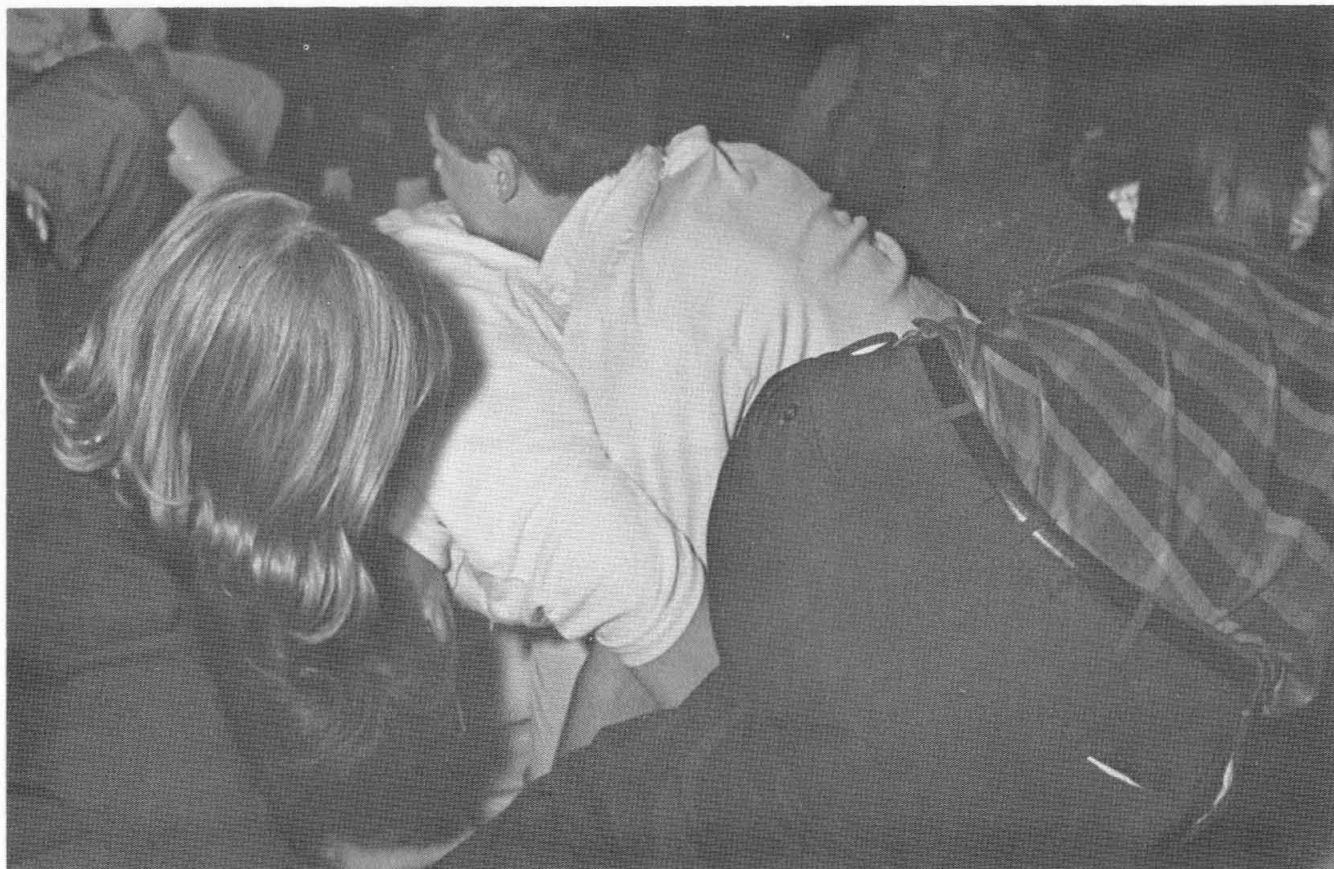
Barry Winograd tells where it's at



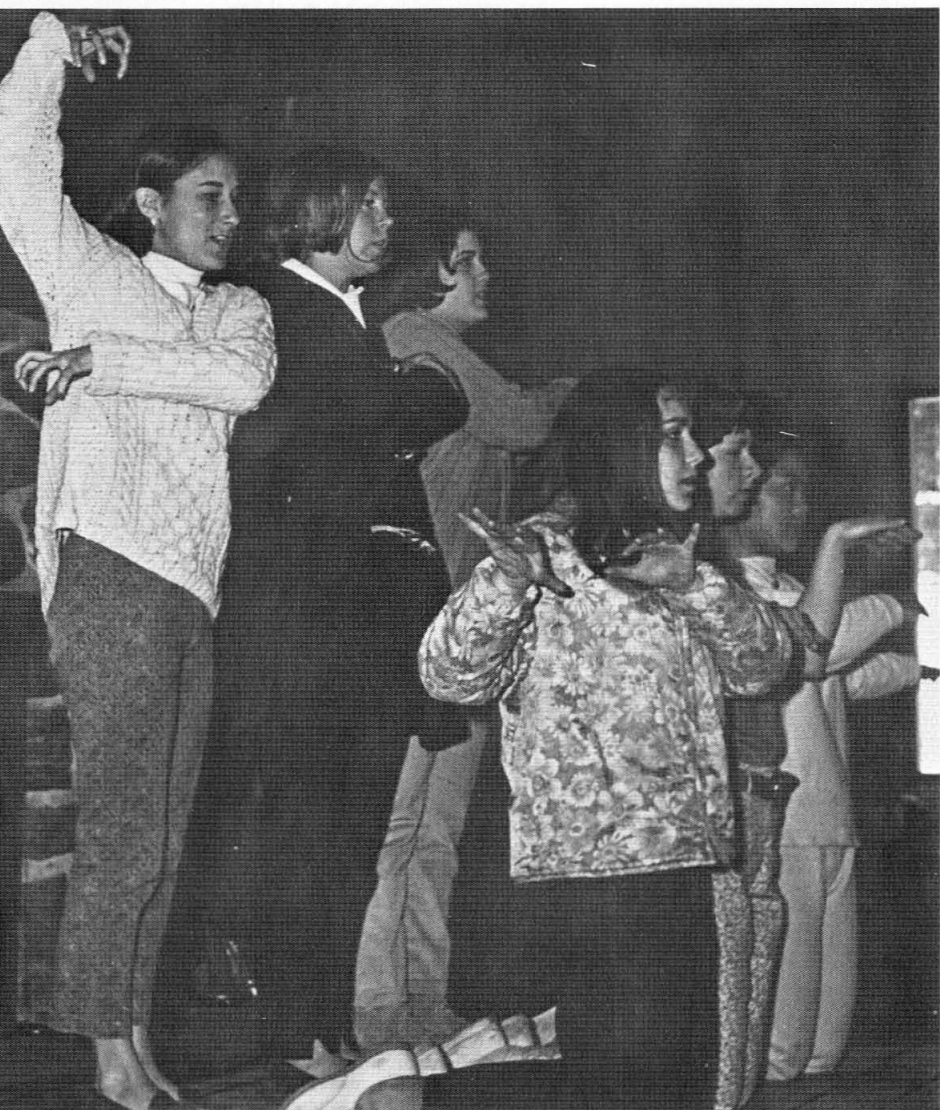
PME



CONFERE
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SCRIPPS



Is this what they meant by interact?



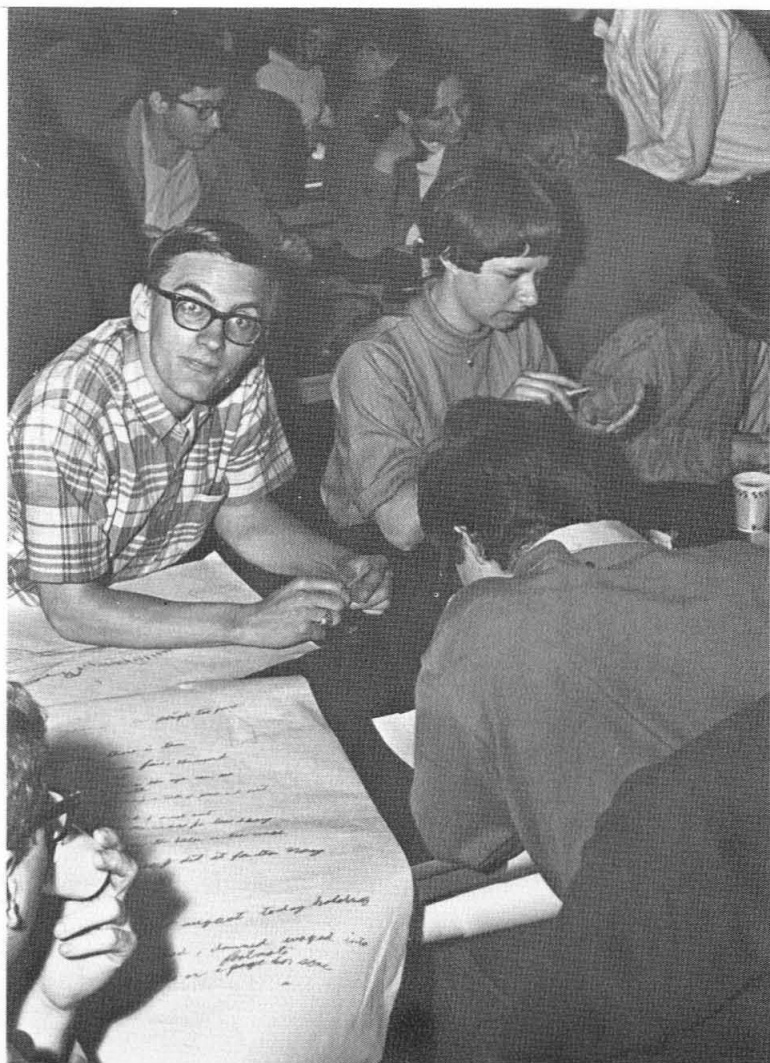
This is a tree?

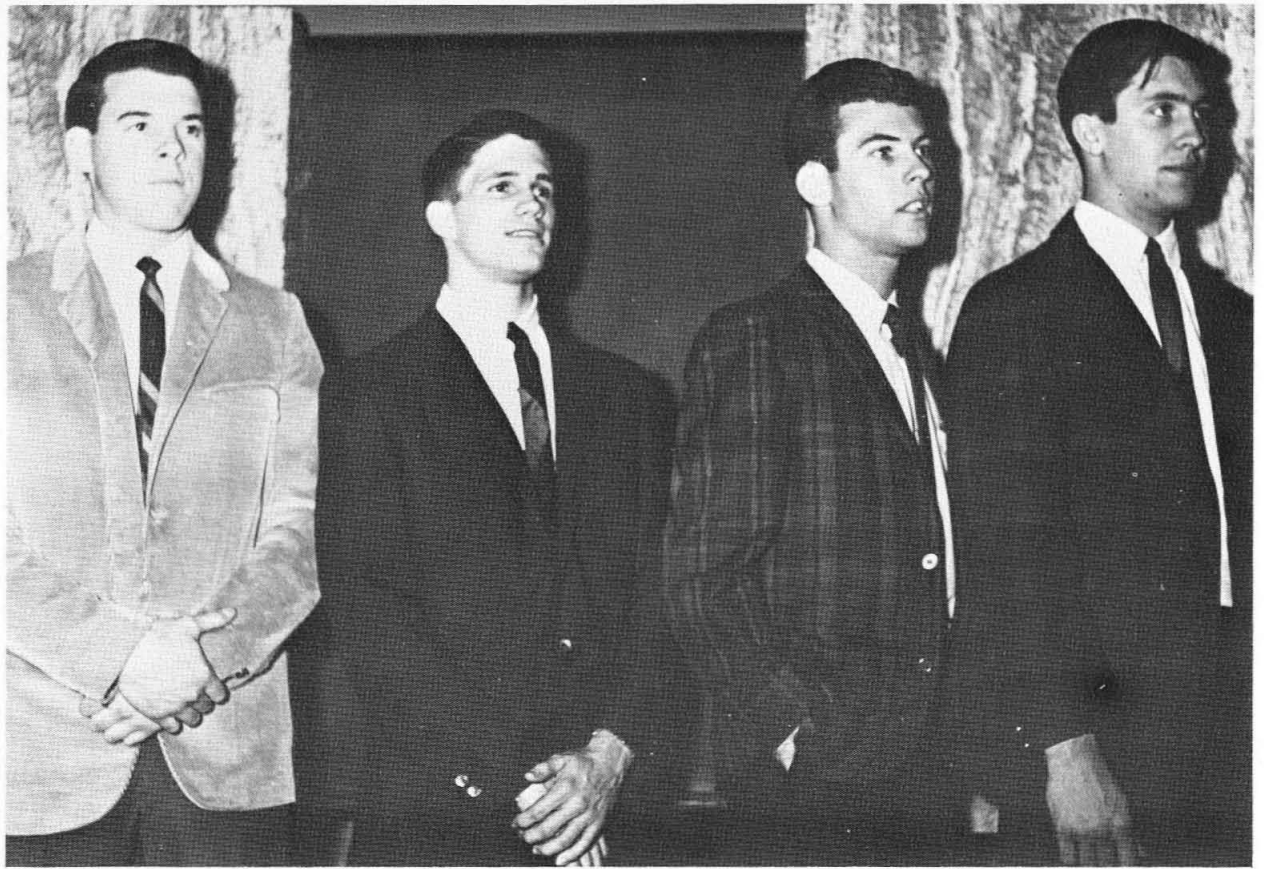
The purposes of the Caltech-Scripps Conference are to get the participants to react to intellectual stimuli, interact with each other, and lose their inhibitions. On all three counts, this year's conference was a smashing success.

After the silverwareless meal Friday night, the program began with a reading of Eugene Ionesco's play, **The Chairs**, done by Barb Temple and Dr. David Smith, supported by Peter Balint. The catch here was that the ending was omitted. People were then supposed to think out what they thought the ending was, and then gather in groups that had similar ideas to prepare the ending to be presented the following morning. After these were presented, the actual ending was presented, ending the first part of the program.

On Saturday night, the main part of the program was a well prepared slide show, with appropriate music, all worked out by Dan Metley. After the show, which was very stimulating, people went forth and displayed their reactions to it, in any means they felt appropriate.

Sunday morning brought with it the haiku's, short poems acted out with appropriate gestures. After some time to work it out, groups were formed and people chosen to present their haiku to the entire group. On this note the conference ended.





D. S. Clark Award Winners: William Linus Martin III, Edward Stephen Seguire, John Chester Cummings, Samuel Ernest Logan.

These bricks, built into the south wall of Winnett Student Center, serve as a reminder of the old student center, constructed with funds contributed by the Alumni.



Every person who graduates from Caltech is eligible to join the Alumni Association. This group is an important source of funds for the Institute, and part of the funds come directly to the undergraduate. Part of this is in funds provided for the ASCIT Alumni Assembly Series, held on Wednesdays at 11. These programs vary from speeches to movies to concerts, all under the direction of the ASCIT Assemblies Chairman, Mike Garet. The Association also helps underwrite the cost of Interhouse Dance.

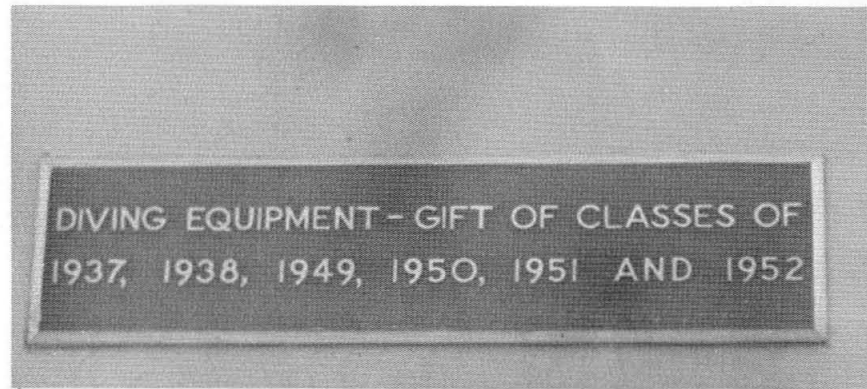
There are also four Alumni Scholars, holding four year, full tuition scholarships provided by the income of an endowment fund established a few years ago. Newly established this year is an award given in honor of D. S. Clark, Secretary of the Association, for students, preferably in the engineering option, who have demonstrated a potential for leadership.

The Association also solicits its members for contributions to Insti-

A L U M N I

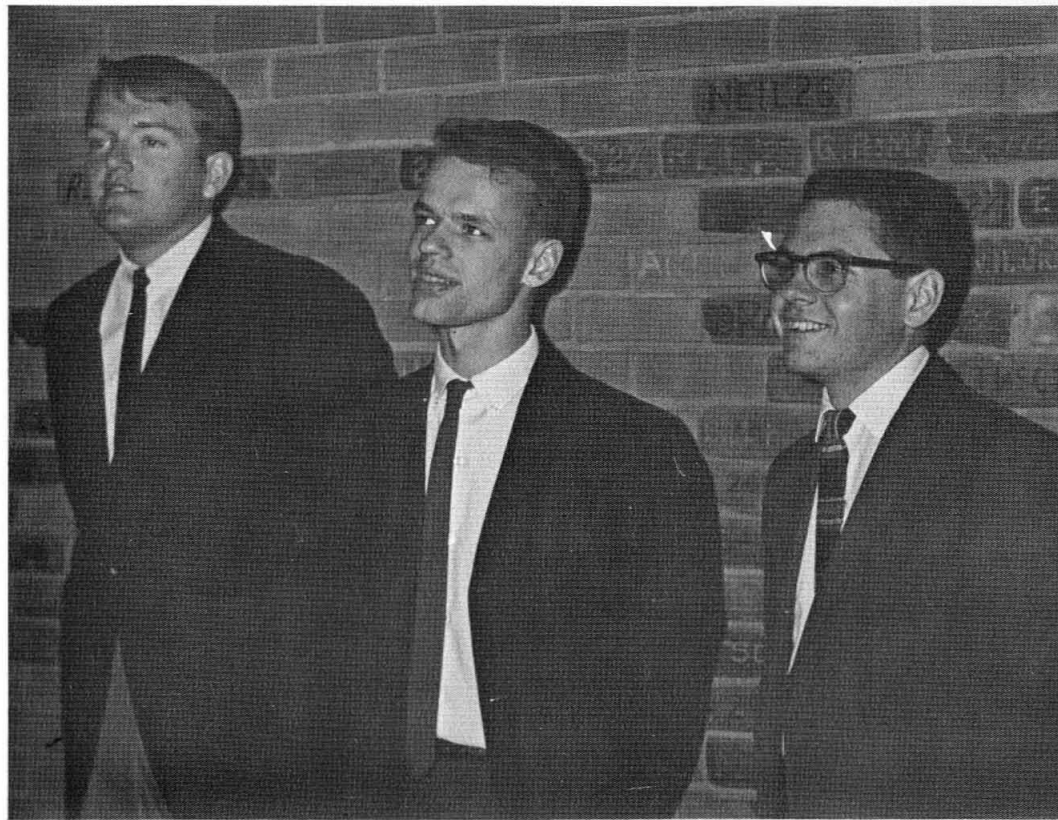


H. Russel Bintzer, Vice President for Development, tells the students about Caltech's building plans for the next few years.

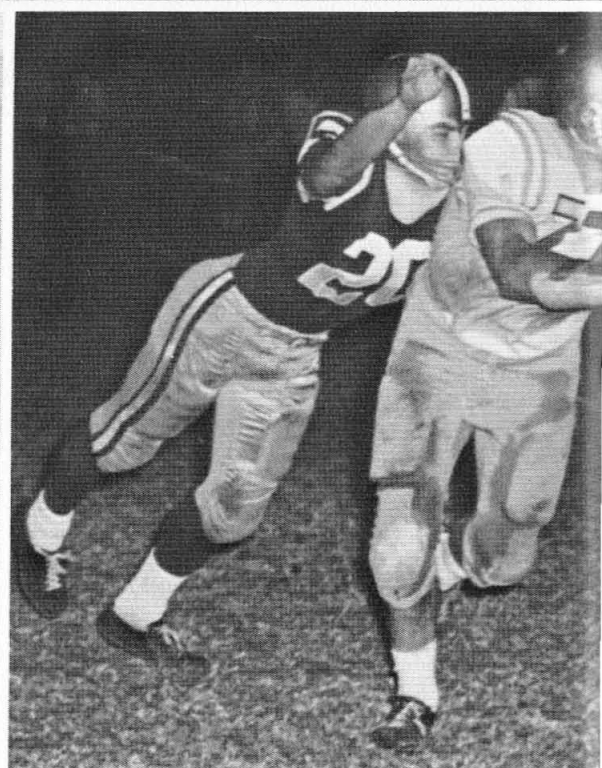
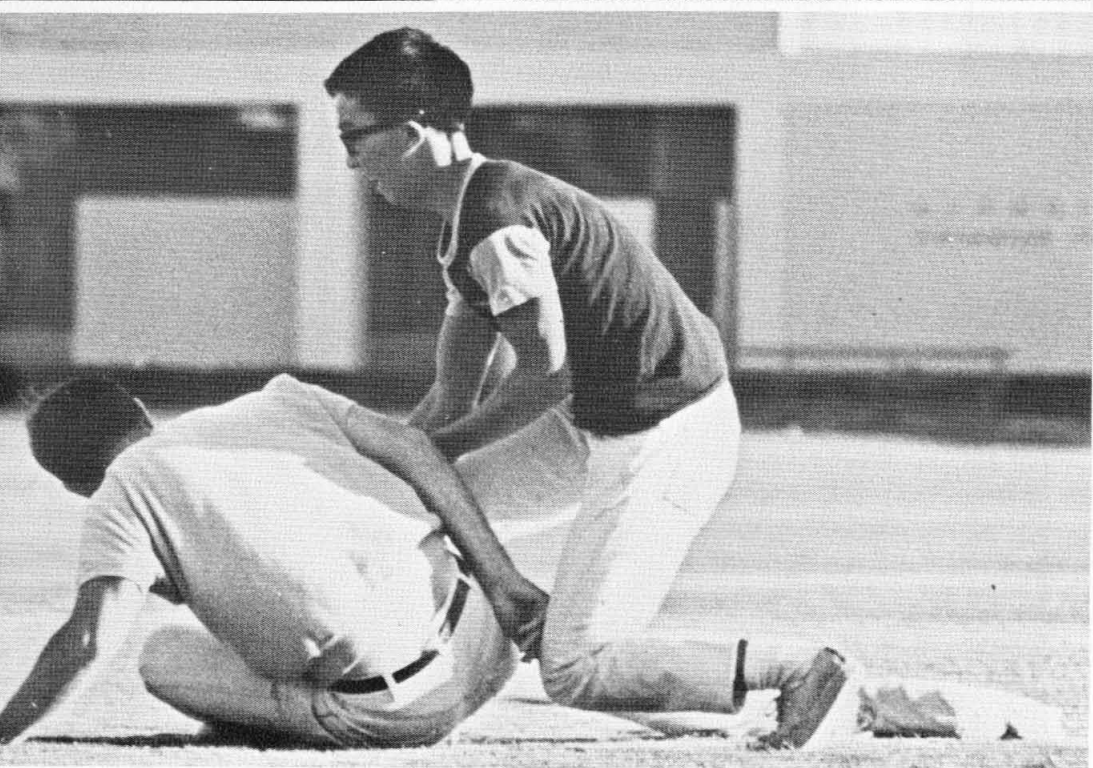


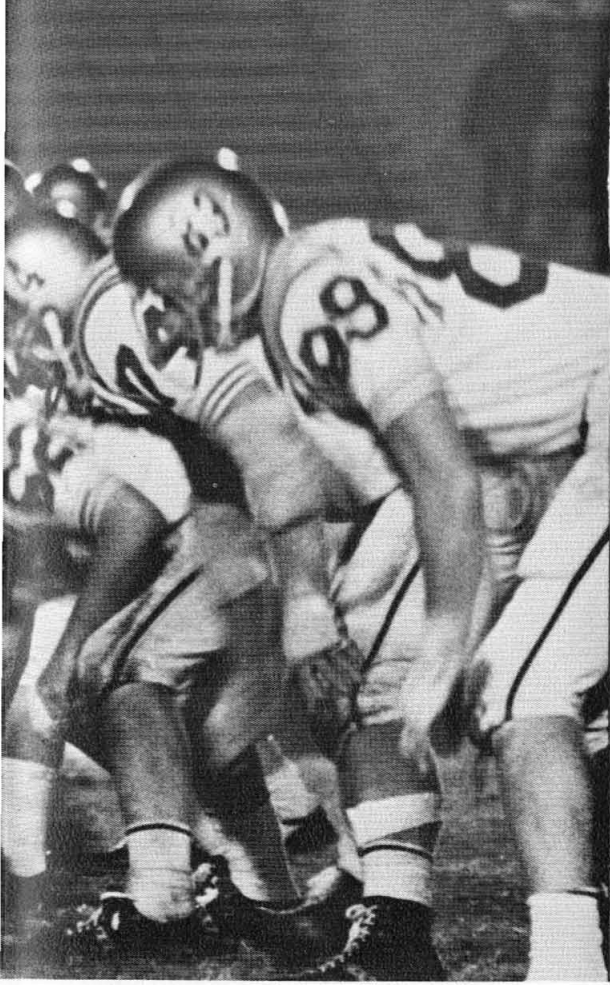
tute projects. The first big result of these contributions is the Alumni Swimming Pool, built in 1954. Within the next year the Alumni will be called upon again to provide funds for the next large development program.

Engineering and Science Magazine is published by the Alumni Association, with the aid of the Institute. Edited by Ed Hutchings, it helps to keep the Alumni informed of activities at Tech, and is also used as a public relations media for the Institute. A subscription is included in the dues charged members of the Association.



Alumni Scholars: David John Shirley, Mark Allen Satterthwaite, Lawrence Hoyt Shirley. Not Shown: James Harlan Richards.

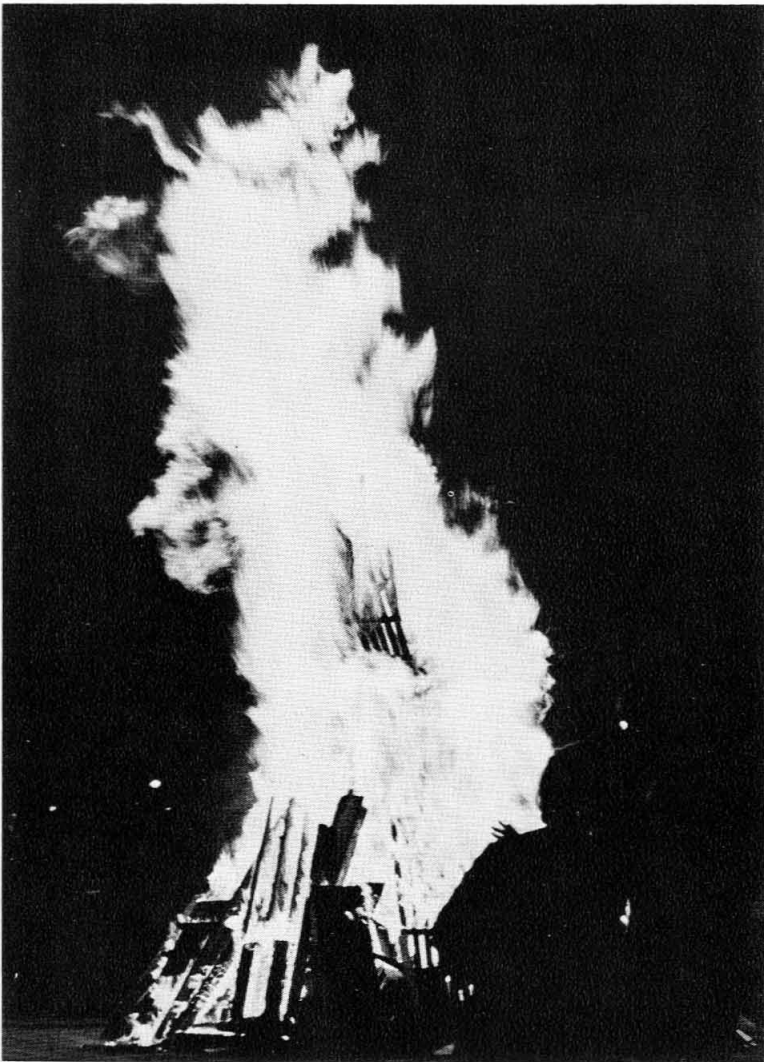




SPORTS

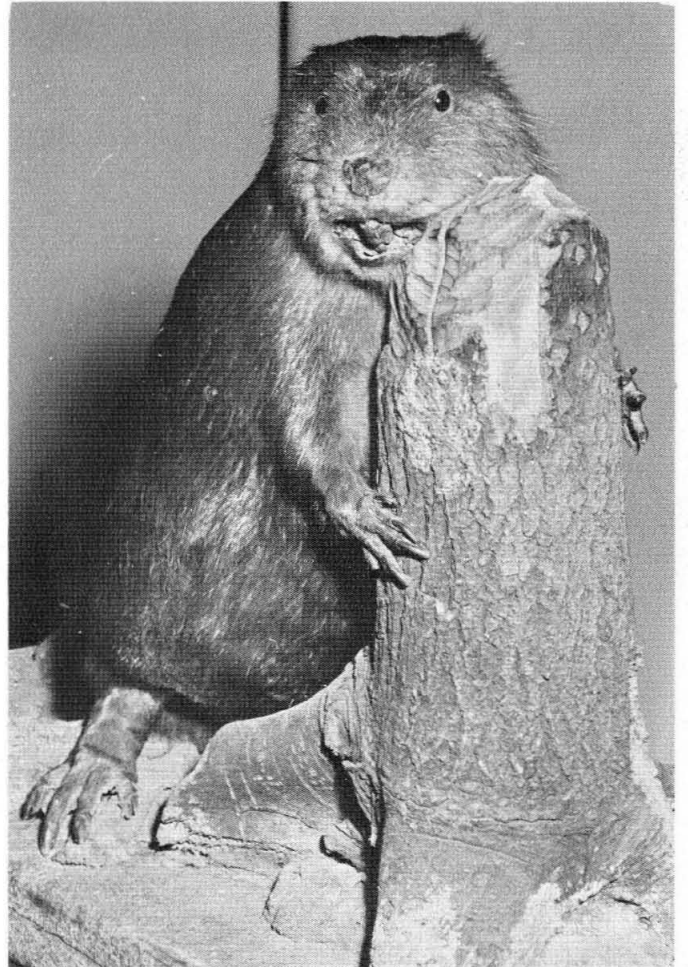
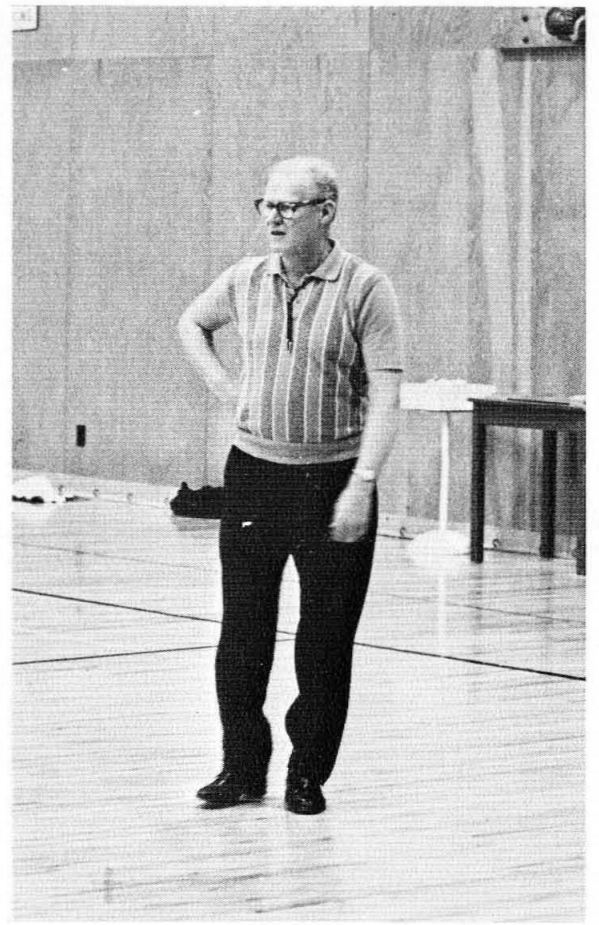
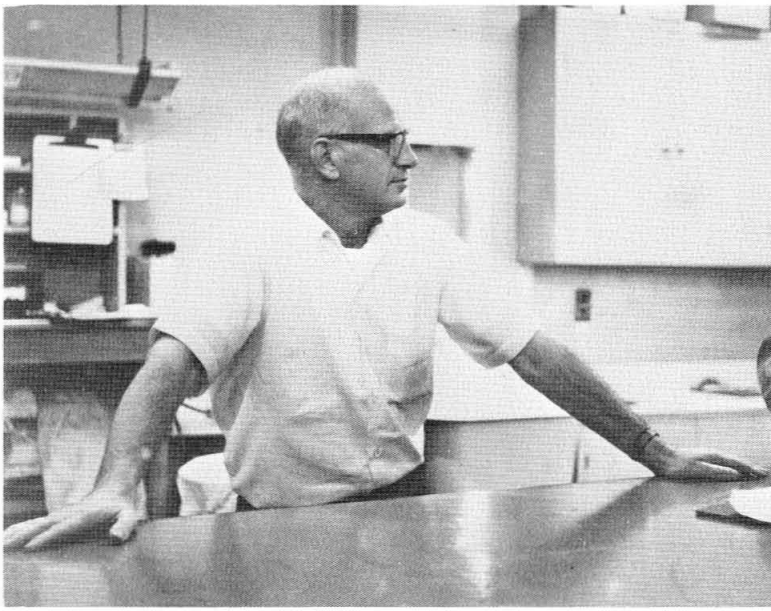


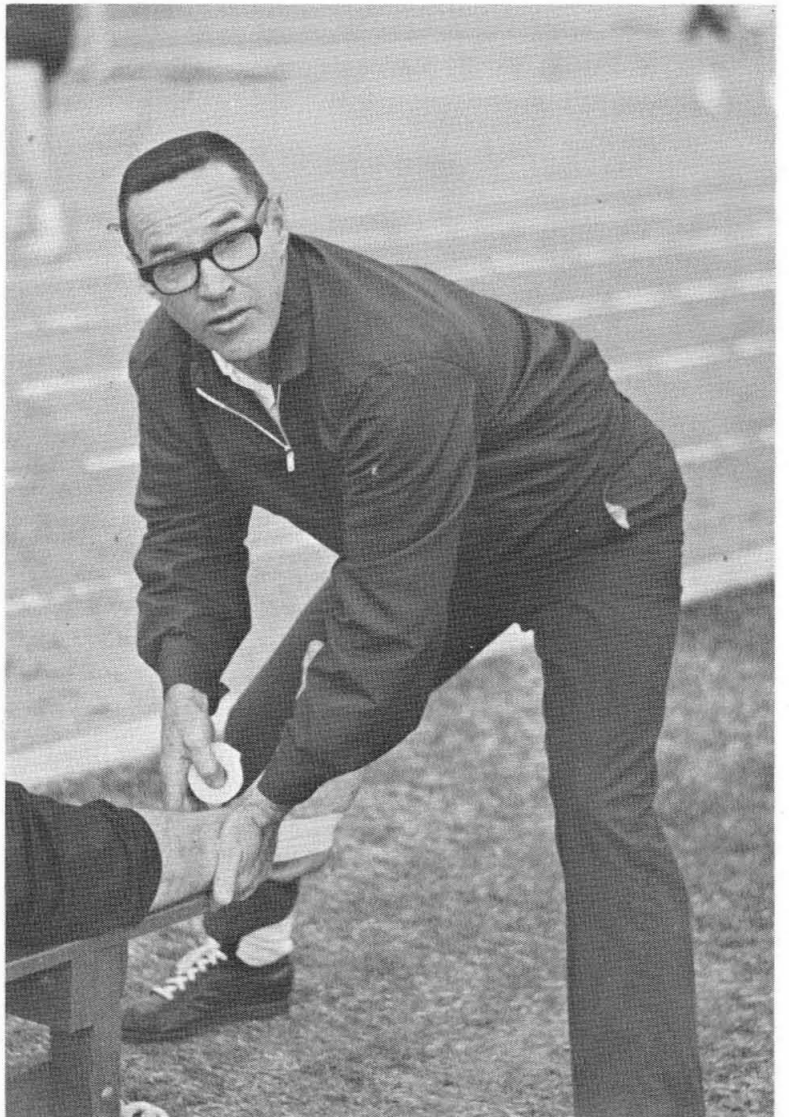
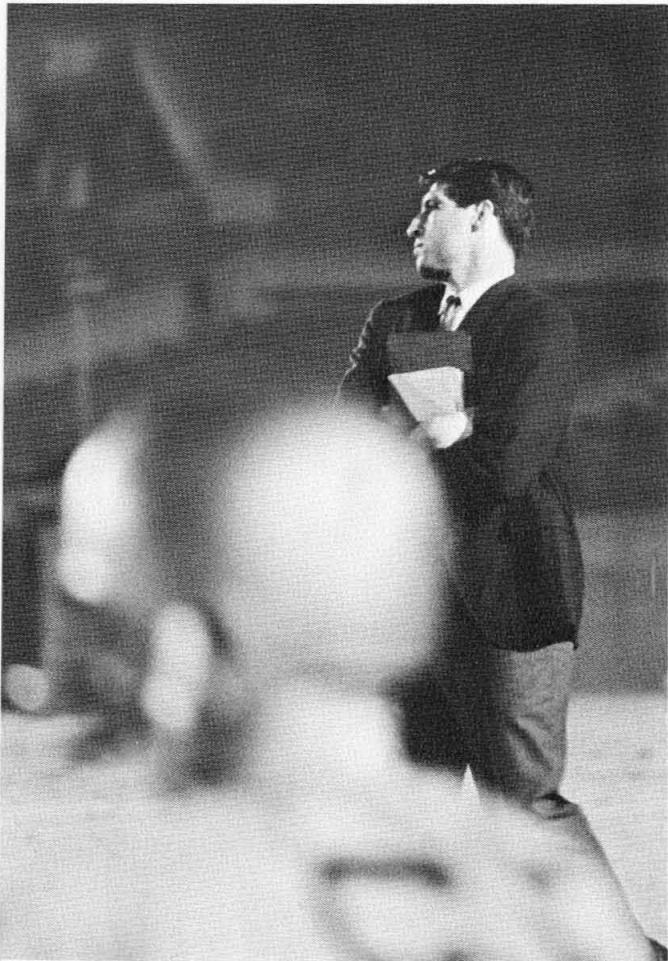
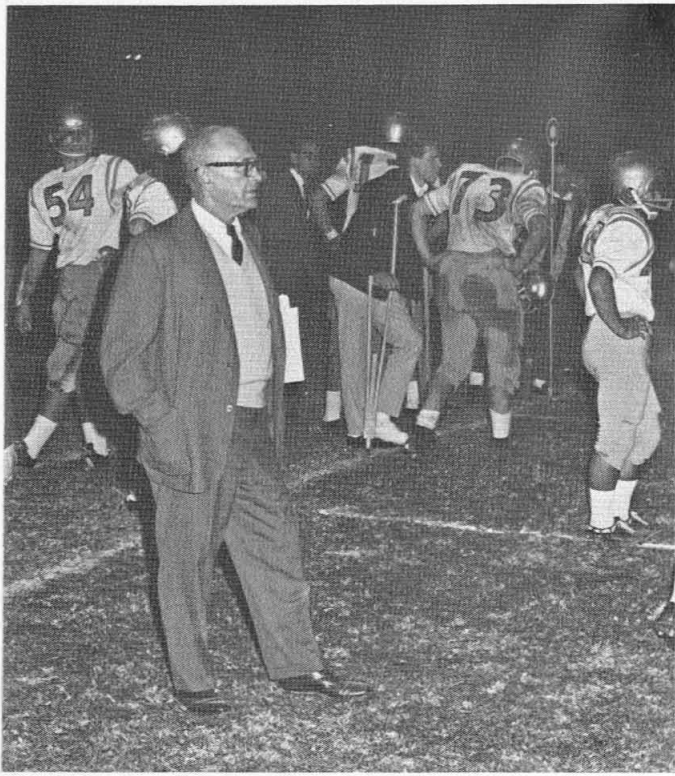
Let there be light.



An old flame revived.

VICTORY







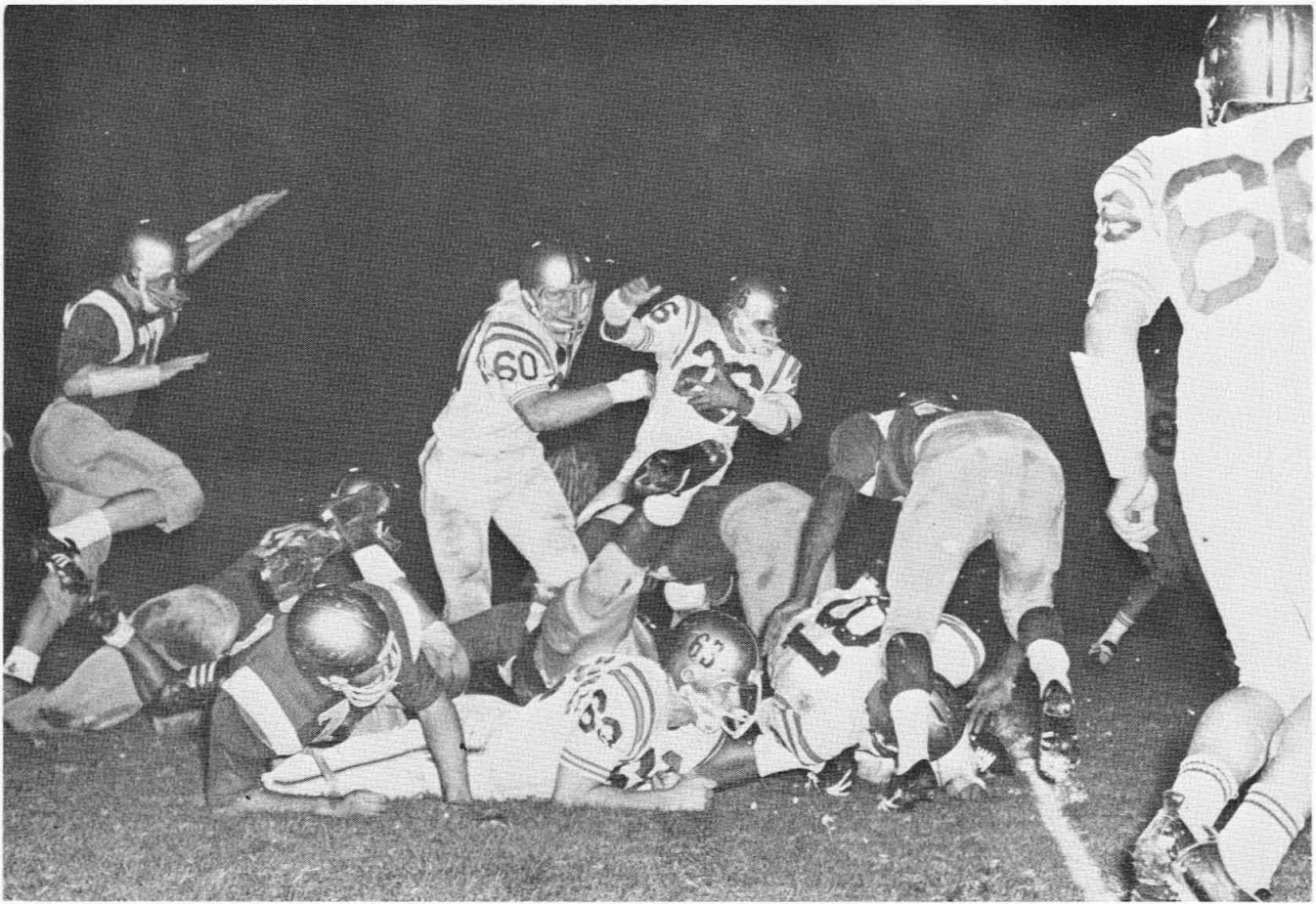
First Row: A. Walker, L. Powers, C. Creasy, G. Kawal, J. Frazzini, T. Burton, L. Martin, A. Vergin, J. Deviny, R. Halstead. Second Row: Coach Paul Barthel, K. Broll, M. Girard, L. Butterworth, R. Zamow, G. Sharman, W. Mitchell, R. Thornberry, J. Chapyak, A. Beagle, G. Fujimoto, Coach Burt La Brucherie. Back Row: Manager E. Overman, Coach Dean Bond, J. Rhodes, J. McNair, J. Osborne, W. Holcombe, M. Ruth, D. Pocekay, W. Nichols, J. Marable, E. Jensen, F. Karlton, Coach Tom Gutman, Coach Bob Bastion, Manager R. Fericola.

RARE BUT SPIRIT HIGH

The Caltech football team, despite a large number of frosh, worked long and hard toward building a winning combination of defense and offense. Although the Beavers won none of their games, a large part of this goal was achieved. Like the revitalized student body, the football players were also more enthusiastic this year. An intense desire to learn and play well could be seen in each team workout. All of the coaches feel that with all of the valuable experience gained this year, Caltech has the definite possibility of becoming a winner next year.



Added attraction — female cheerleaders (the ones in the white sweaters).



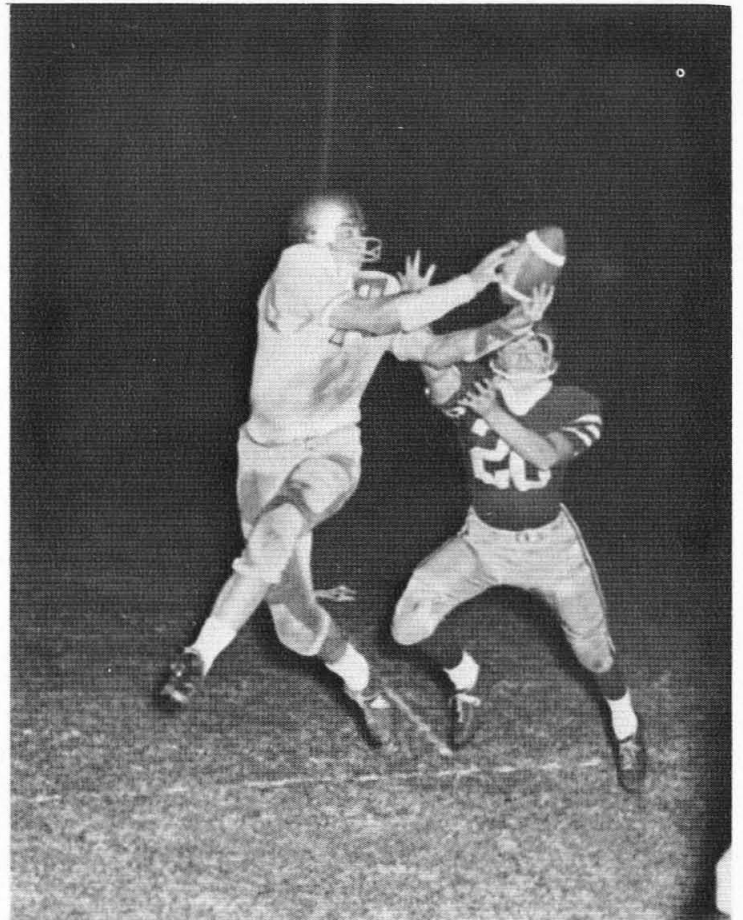
The defense stiffens on third down and short yardage.



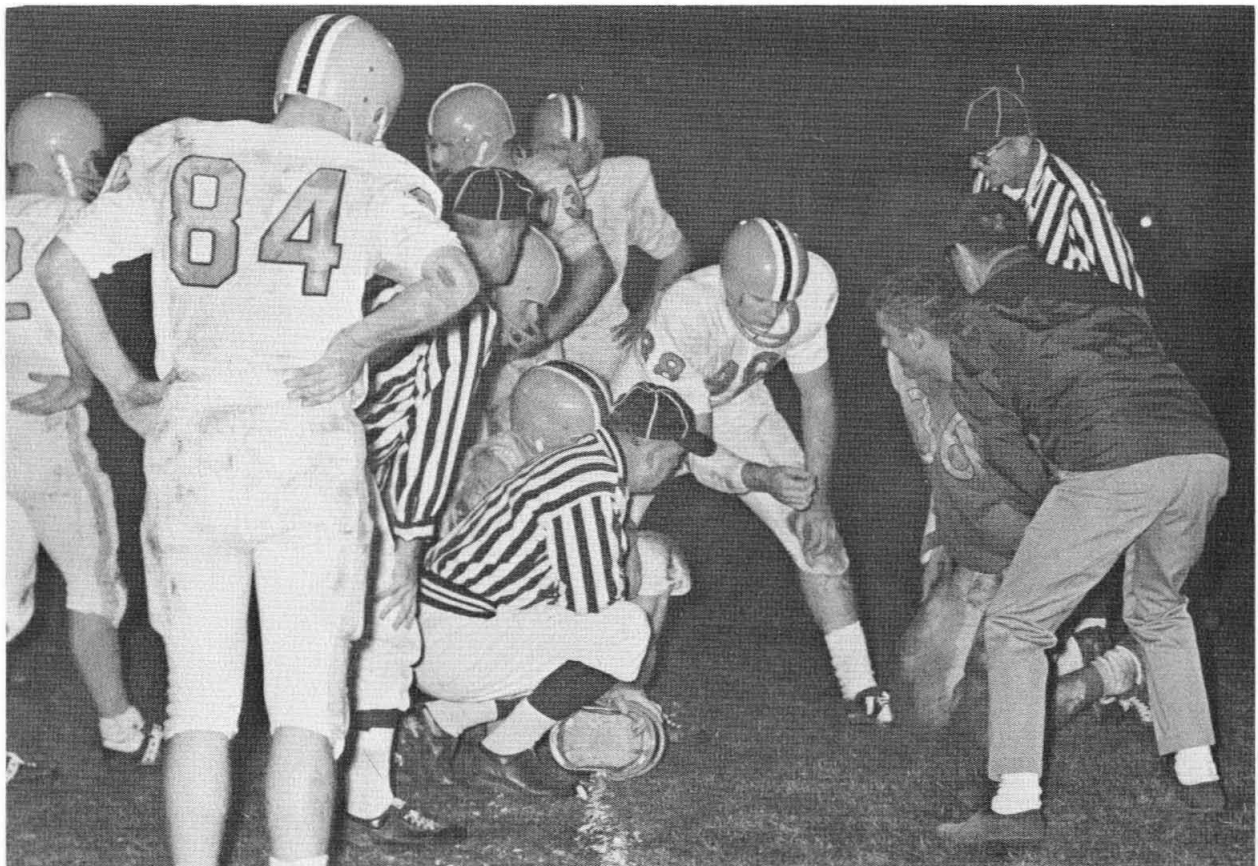
Defensive pursuit is vital to prevent end sweeps.

SEASON RECORD

CIT	14	Azusa-Pacific	54
CIT	13	Redlands	68
CIT	0	Pomona	42
CIT	6	Cal Lutheran	48
CIT	6	La Verne	34
CIT	0	UCR	43
CIT	8	Oxy	55
CIT	7	CHM	42



Beagle makes a fine catch in the Redlands game.



"Yes, football is a contact sport," says Frazzini while searching for his contact lens.



VARSITY . . . Sitting: P. Dimotakis, G. Brown, R. Tóuton, N. Whitely, L. Hunt, H. DeWitt. Standing: Assistant Coach Pat Miller, F. Griswold, C. Fisher, M. Kalisvaart, J. Lutton, J. Haviland, G. Wright, D. Curry, J. Woodhead, Head Coach Webb Emery.



FROSH . . . Sitting: Stefanko, Allen, Segrave, Edwards, Paterson, Stevenson, Tyson. Standing: Miller, Boule, Reynolds, Farrell, Doyle, Jevins, Davis, Rossum, Coach Webb Emery.



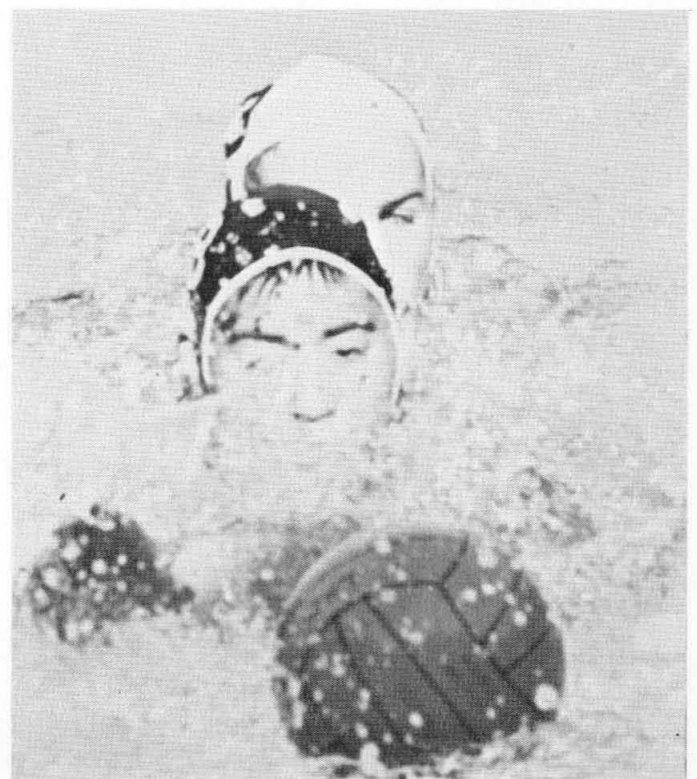
Jim Woodhead stiffens prior to blocking an open shot by an Oxy forward.

WATER POLO

After the loss of the potent shooters of last year's team and the addition of sophomore Gregg Wright, Rich Touton and Henry DeWitt, a swimming offense was decided upon. Eventually the team appeared using a slightly slower moving offense with Norm Whitely in the hole and Jon Haviland and Glenn Brown on defense. The season ended with the team out of the cellar after beating Oxy at their pool for the first time in 15 years. With the loss of only Rich Touton, prospects for next year are good.

League Scores

CIT	5	Redlands	3
CIT	9	Oxy	2
CIT	5	Redlands	14
CIT	3	Pomona	10
CIT	5	CHM	12
CIT	4	Oxy	7
CIT	3	Pomona	14
CIT	5	Oxy	7



LOOSE BALL!!!



VARSITY . . . Kneeling: M. MacLeod, N. Briceno, H. Sakleis, L. Fishbone, M. Johnson, W. Innes, P. Balint. Standing: Manager L. Lebofsky, K. Young, S. Noorvash, A. Moriera, H. Butcher, J. McWilliams, R. Burton, L. Erickson, R. Gregg, P. Bartlett, Coach Ron Kehoe.

SOCCER



SCORES

CIT	1	UCLA	0
CIT	2	UCLA	1
CIT	1	UCR	3
CIT	1	Cal Poly	3

League Games

CIT	0	Loyola	6
CIT	0	UCSB	4
CIT	0	Westmont	7
CIT	0	USC	7
CIT	1	Oxy	2

League Standings

1. USC
2. Westmont
3. UCSB
4. Loyola
5. Oxy
6. Caltech

Soccer, an intense sport, is played for more than just kicks.



OPEN TEAM.

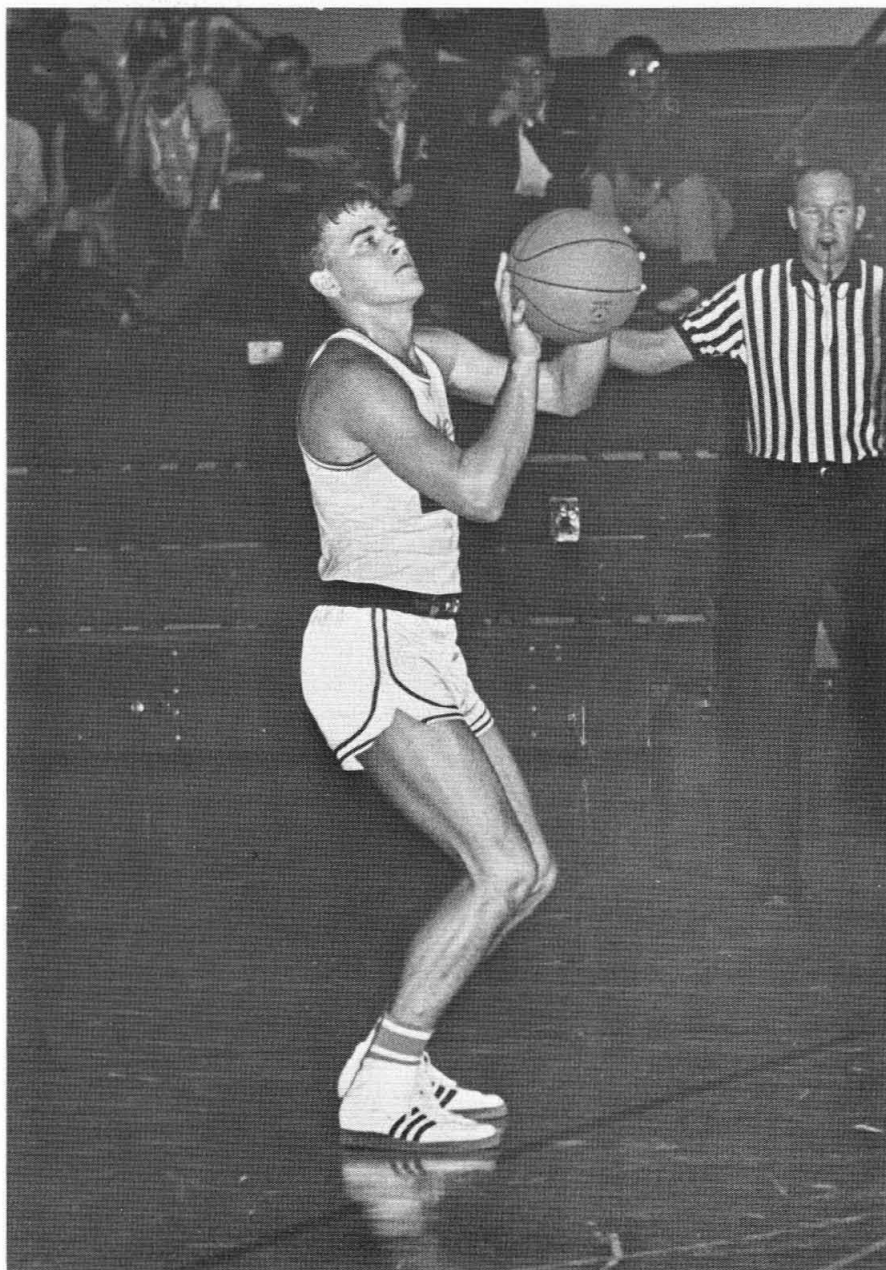




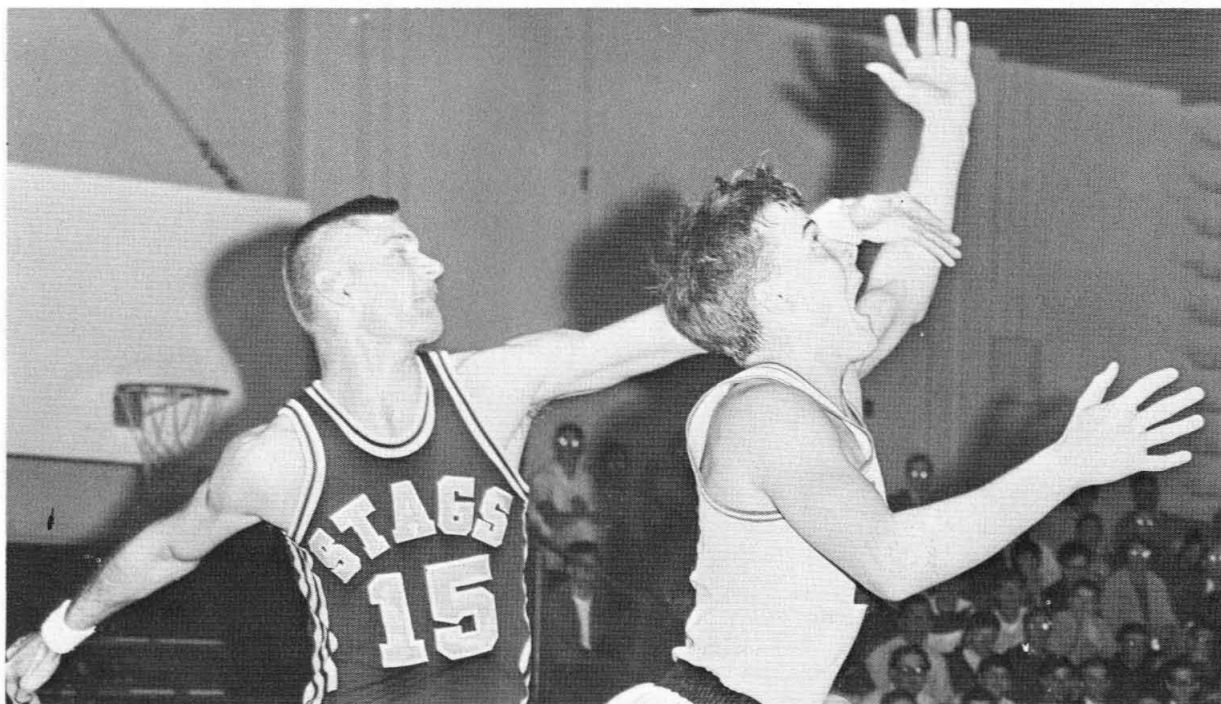
6
 VARSITY . . . Front Row: S. Hadler, Mgr., G. Fox, E. Hsi, T. Bicknell, W. Drake, Mgr. Back Row: Coach Scott, J. Frazzini, J. Pearson, T. Bruns, C. Tedder, J. Stanley, Coach Preisler.

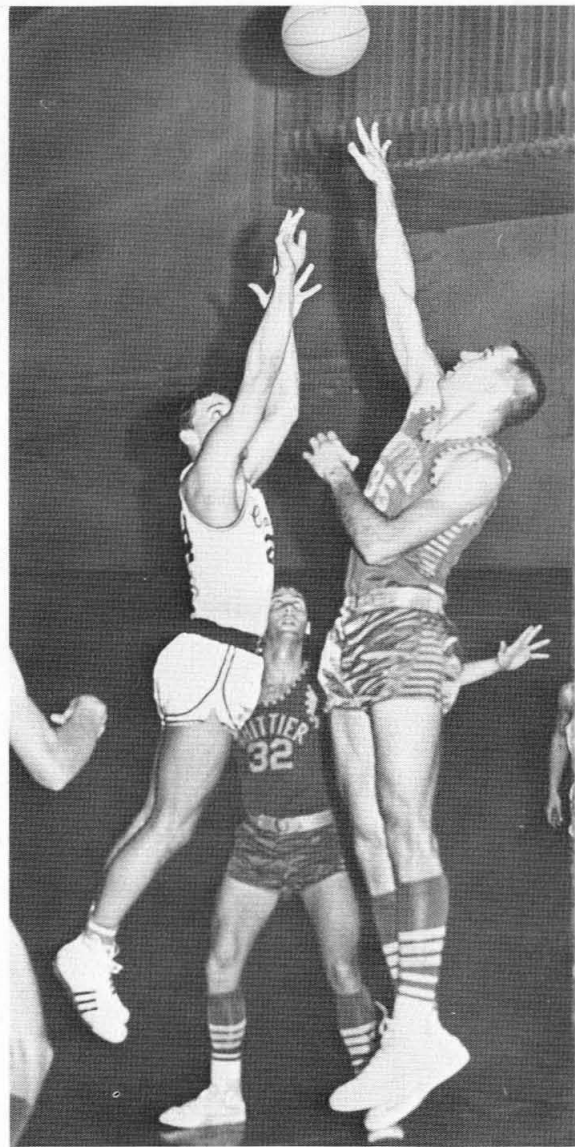
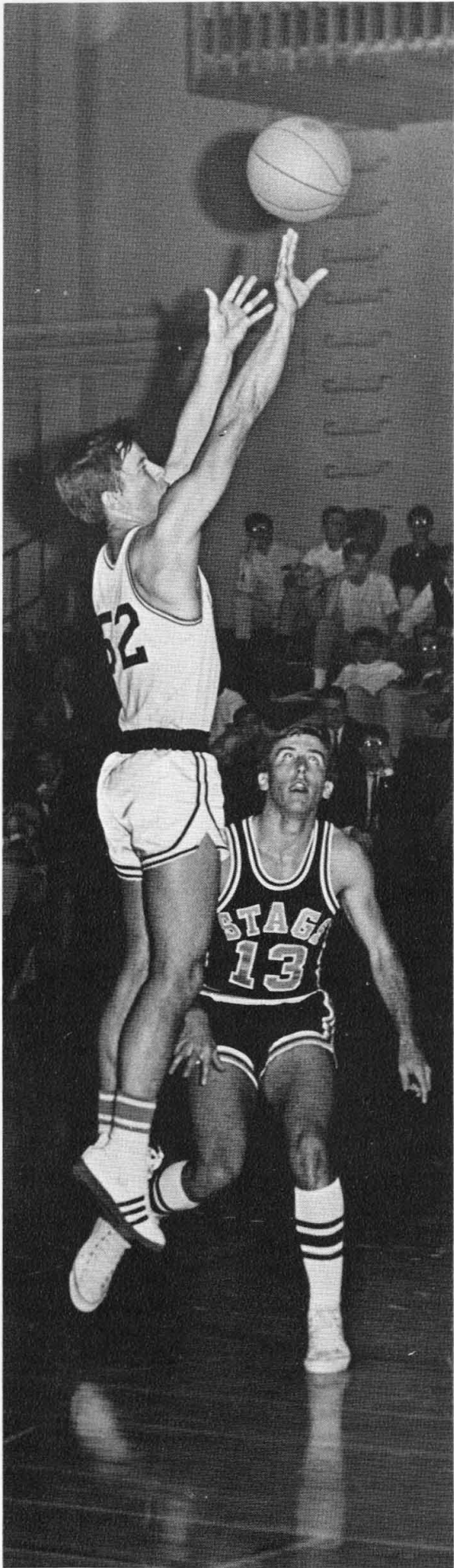


16
 J. V. . . . Front Row: S. Hadler, Mgr., J. Horwitz, J. Pockay, W. Nichols, S. Ma, S. Eliot, W. Drake, Mgr. Back Row: Coach Scott, J. Dancz, J. Smith, S. Kraus, J. Wenste, B. Ault, Coach Preisler.



The varsity basketball team, although starting off the season with two wins, and setting a new team scoring record, still managed a no victory record in the SCIAC games. The team kept up a fine offense throughout the year, but most conference teams found the Techer's defense to their liking. The team was led by high scoring center Terry Bruns and Captain Jim Pearson. John Frazzani, after recovering from a football injury, provided much needed strength on the boards, supplemented by gorilla-like Cliff Tedder. A new setup providing a junior varsity instead of a freshman team allowed strong forward Bruce Threewit and starting Guard Tom Bicknell to boost the varsity. Sharpshooting Jim Stanley had the best personal record for single game, hitting for over 25 points a number of times. George Fox and 3 year man Ed Hsi also used their fine eyes to add to the teams offensive strength. Coach Ed Preisler will lose only Pearson and Hsi for next year, but can look to Coach Huddy Scott's JV for help, represented mainly by powerful center, forward, and oft-times guard Bruce Ault. Scott Elliott, Steve Kraus, Bill Nichols, and upperclassmen Sali Ma and John Dancz will probably be the other varsity candidates for next year, which we hope will result in a conference win for once.







VARSIITY . . . Standing: T. Jordan, R. Tarjan, J. Hauge, L. Mason, V. Stoecker. Kneeling: E. Thompson, Coach Mack, V. Junkkarinen, M. Meo.

CROSS COUNTRY

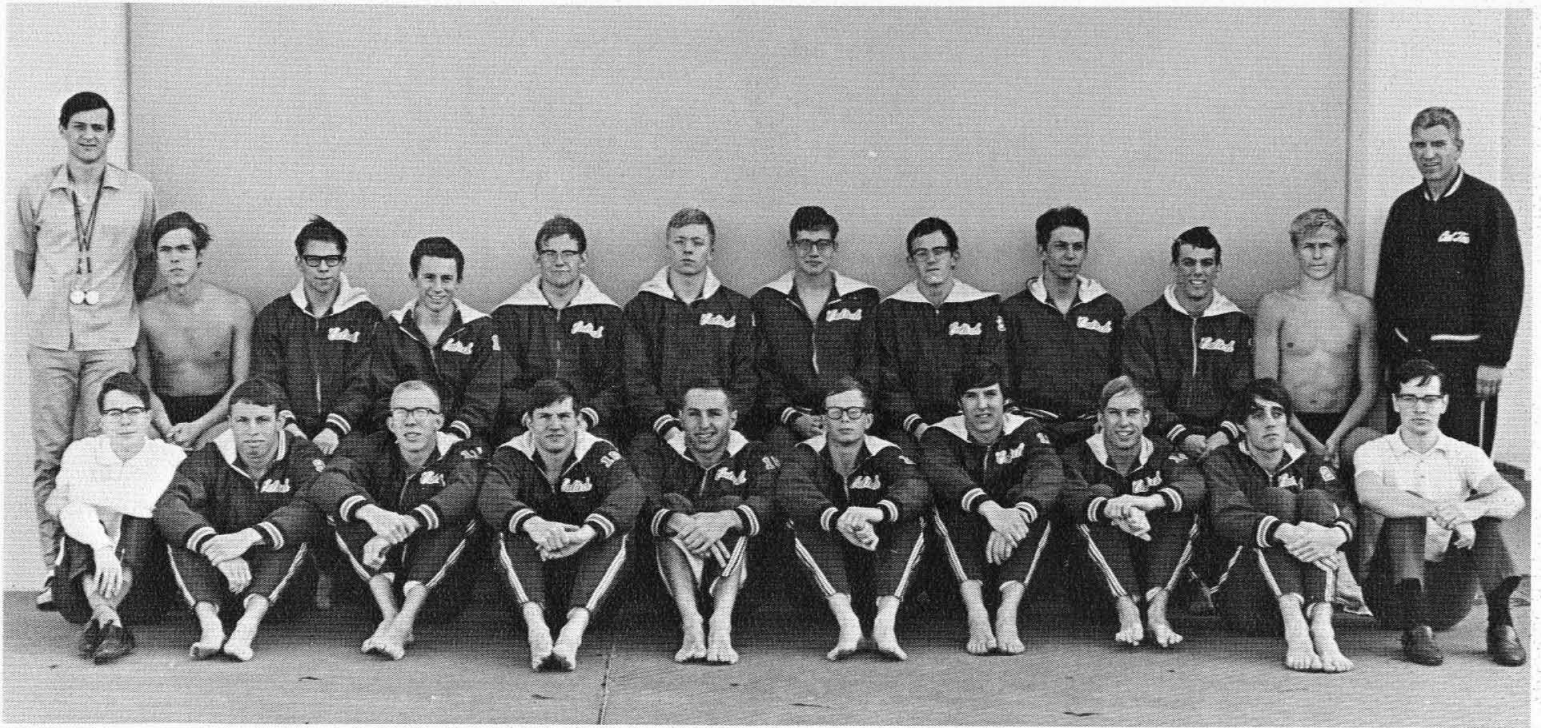
SCORES

CIT	39	Oxy	21
CIT	46	Redlands	15
CIT	26	CHM	31
CIT	31	Whittier	26
CIT	33	Pomona	23
CIT	32	Pasadena	23

(The low score wins)



Frosh . . . Standing: J. Barnard, M. Sperry, R. Jackson, D. Hermeyer. Kneeling: Coach Mack, S. Johnson, Manager J. Maller.



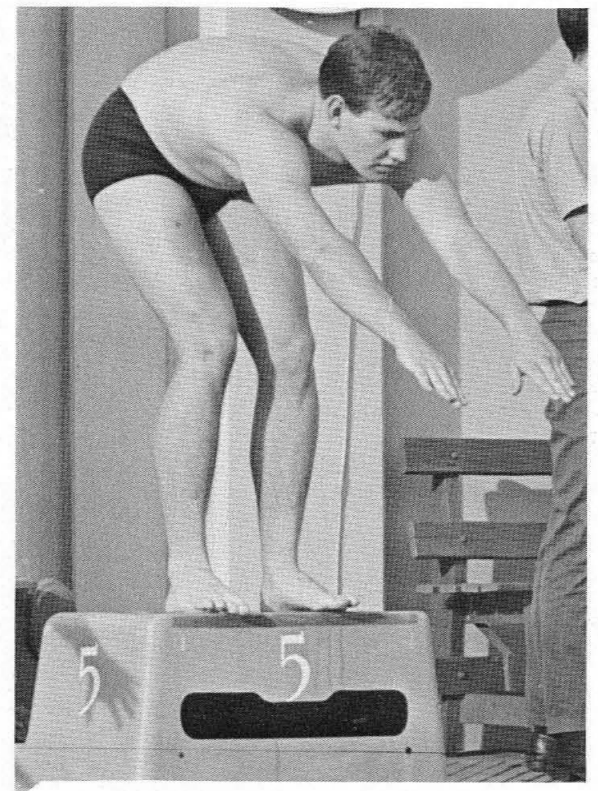
Front Row: Mgr. D. Schor, Cpt. H. DeWitt, M. Tyson, M. Stefanko, C. Reed, L. Hunt, M. Johnson, R. Lohman, J. Seagrave, Mgr. G. Yarbrough.
 Back Row: Assistant Coach P. Miller, J. Bennett, G. Markowski, M. Boule, T. Davis, G. Wright, M. Kalisvaart, W. Farrell, A. Livanos, T. Miller, S. Johnson, Coach W. Emery.

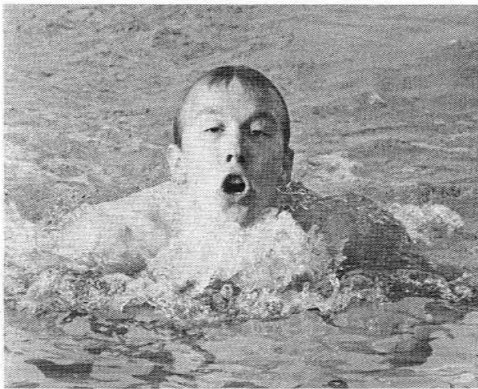
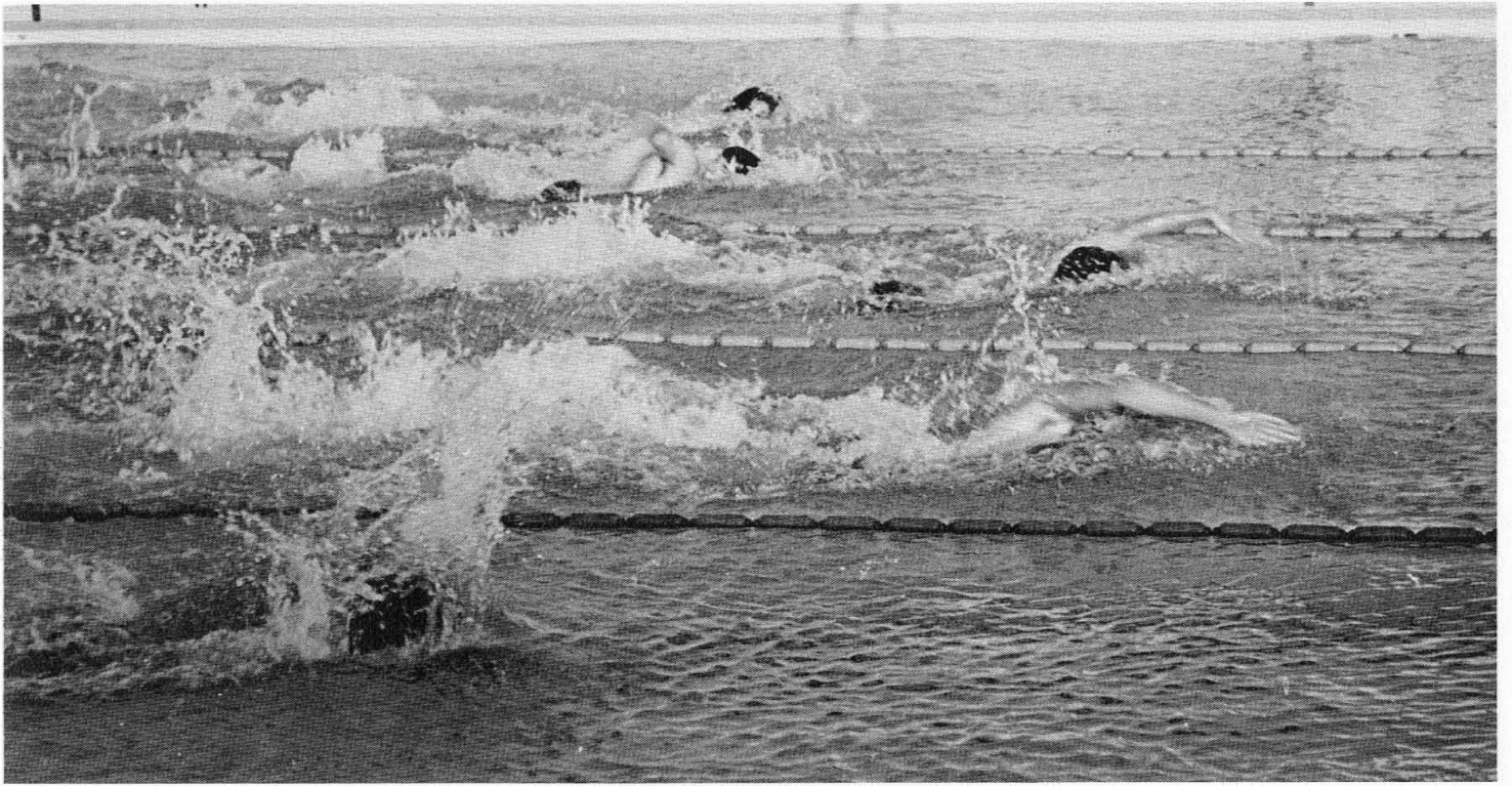
SWIMMING

With the second year of no frosh swimming team, the incoming frosh added quite a bit of strength to the team and while wins have not been the rule, the team only lost badly to one team so far and the rest of the season promises to be one with several wins over league teams to add to the close meets against some of the better teams in Southern California, L. A. State, Cal. Poly, Pomona, among others. Usually the meet has been decided in the final relay where the Tech team is not quite deep enough to pull it out. The top men to form a nucleus of a good team are present however and everyone is returning next year.

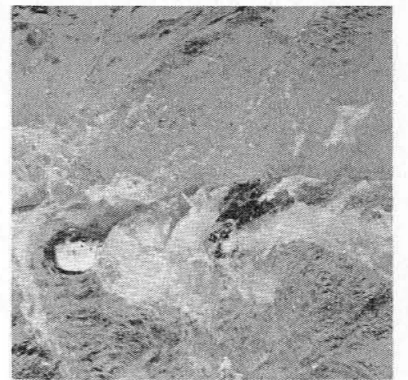
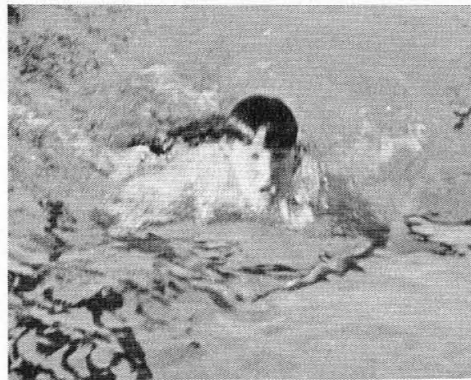
So far this year several records have been set, DeWitt with the 50, 100, and 200 freestyle, Wright in the 100 and 200 back, 200 I.M. and 100 butterfly as well as setting records in previously unrecorded events.

So far the high point of the season is the N.A.I.A. and N.C.A.A. nationals participated in by DeWitt and Wright. While Wright produced a 10th at the N.C.A.A. meet, DeWitt led the team (himself) to a 12th place finish in the standings with two firsts and a second, the firsts being N.A.I.A. and league as well as school records.

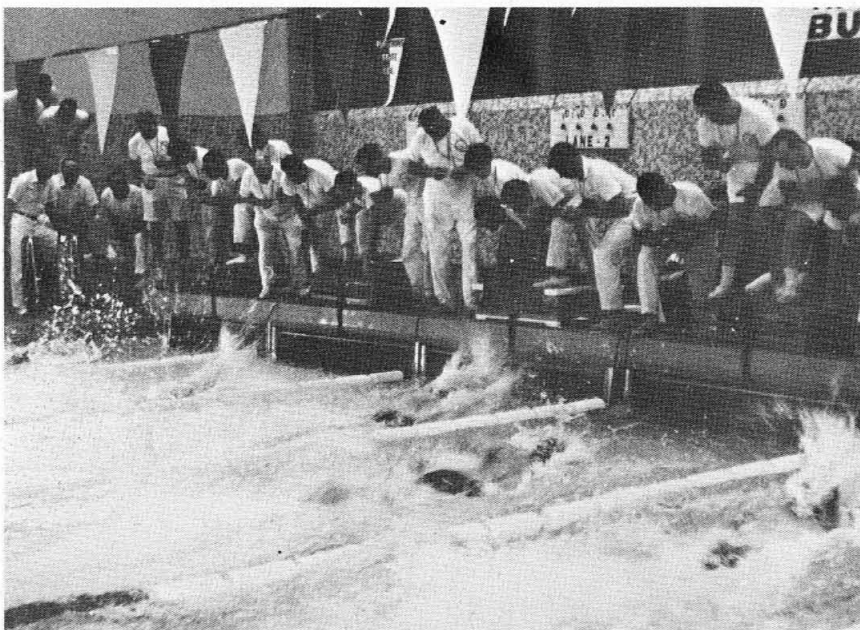




Frosh breaststokers.



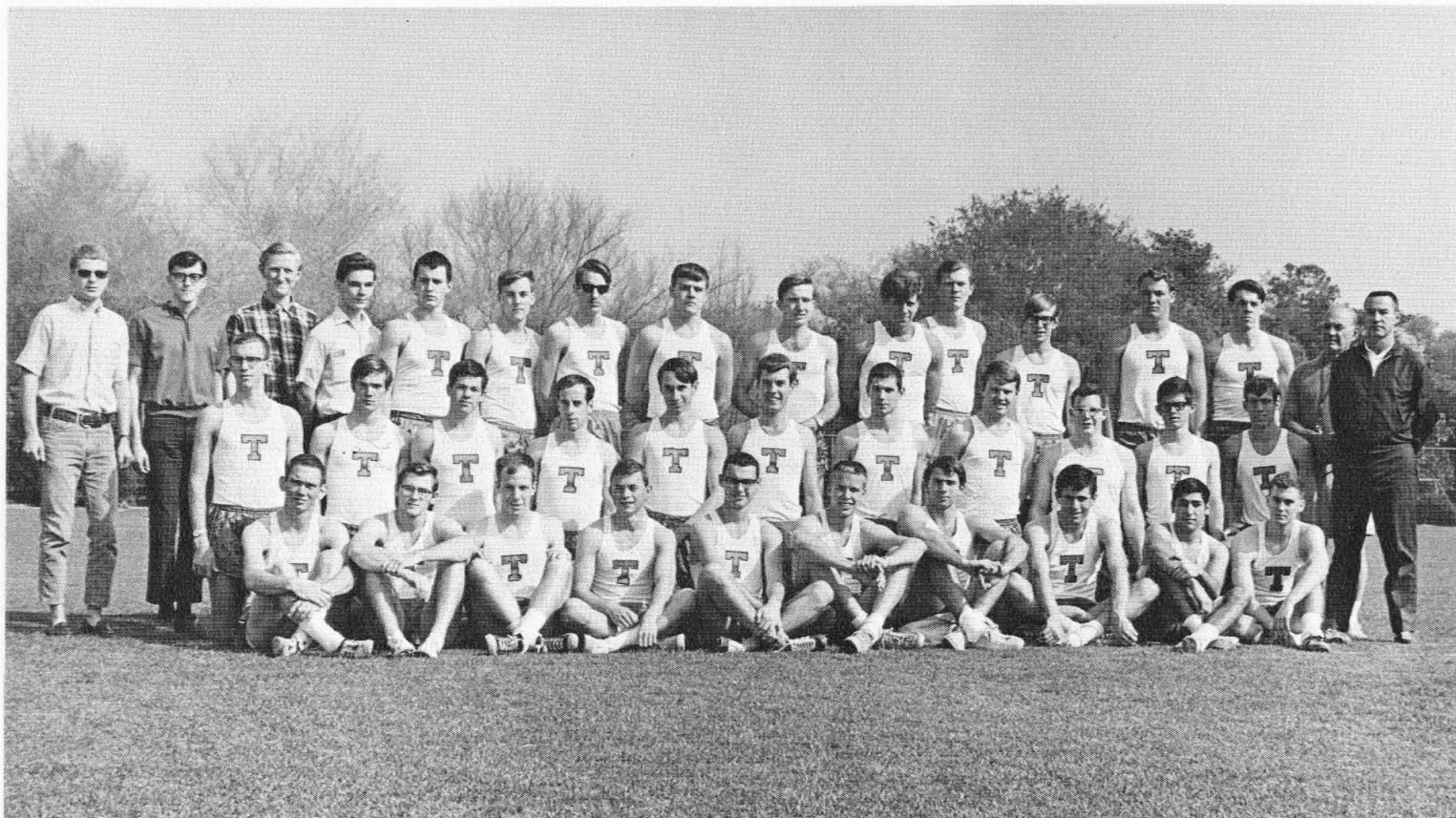
A backstroker.



DeWitt, center lane, wins the 50 free at the N.A.I.A. nationals.



And the birds.

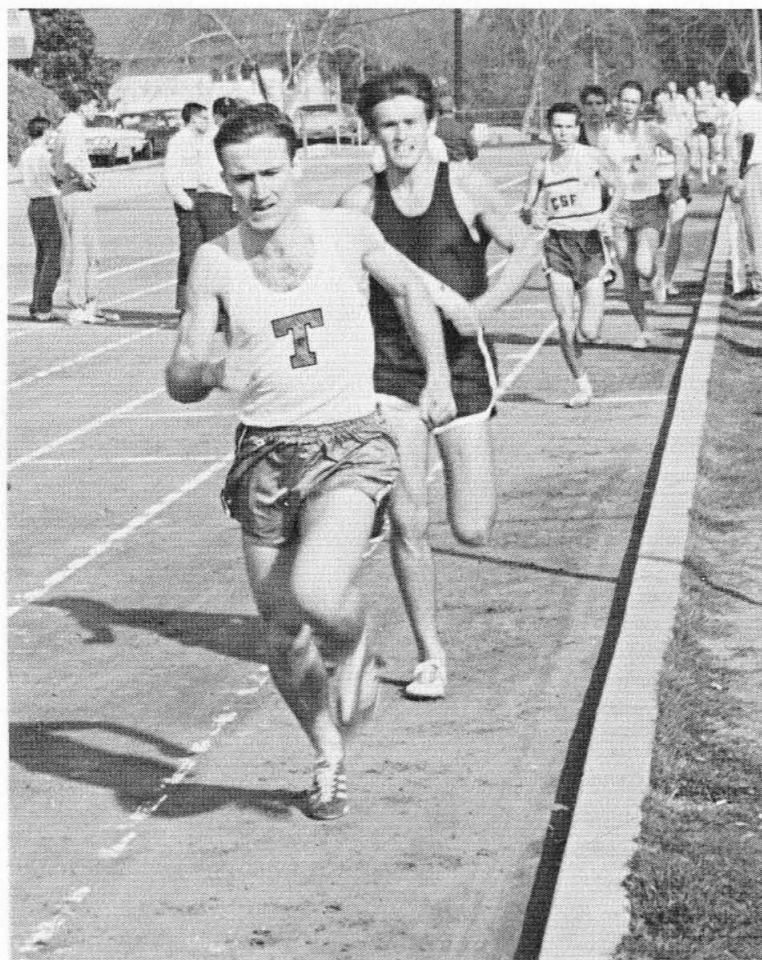


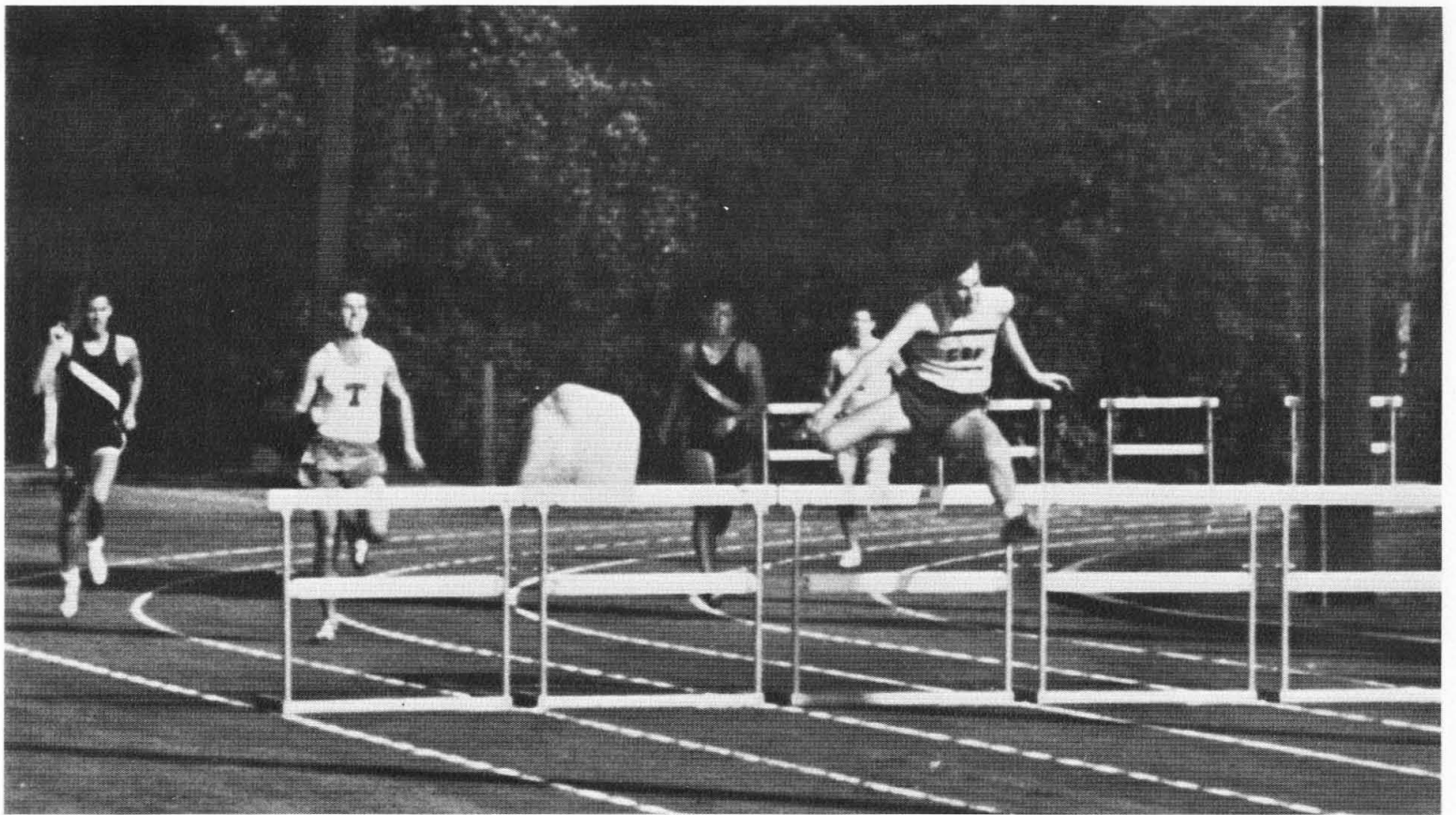
First Row: D. Kolb, R. Greg, E. Thompson, C. Carlyle, E. Jensen, R. Jackson, R. Levinson, B. Threewit, L. Lomeli, R. Peterson, Second Row: D. Hermeyer, V. Stoecker, G. Brewer, F. Lamb, J. Andrew, J. Cummings, W. Innes, A. Schultz, T. Gharrett, D. Goodmanson, J. Barnard, Trainer Barthel, Third Row: J. Hauge, Mgr., V. Cormier, Mgr., T. Horning, Mgr., R. Epstein, Mgr., M. Ruth, J. Marable, G. Fox, J. Stanley, P. Cross, T. Beatty, H. Petrie, R. Tarjan, L. Martin, Coach LaBrucherie.

This year's track team started the season suffering from the loss of several men but the gaps were filled by upcoming freshmen and some new faces. At the end of second term the team had shown remarkable perseverance against Oxy and Redlands and had come back to beat CHM, a feat many other Caltech teams would like to accomplish. Then to top it off the team gained second in team standings at the conference relays.

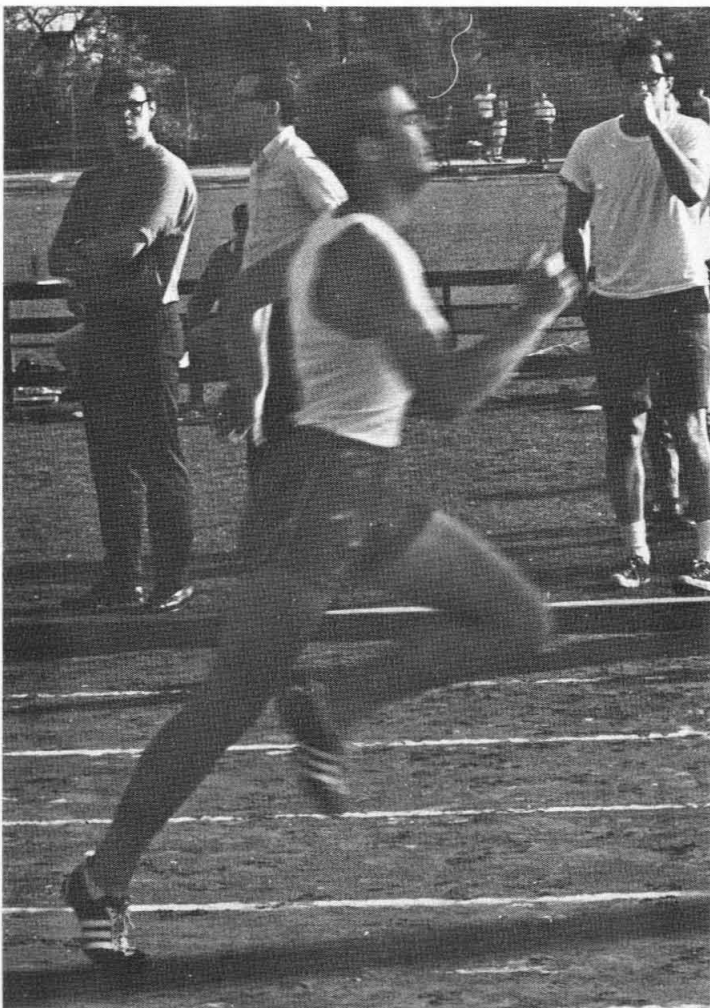
Pete Cross continues his process of running many, many miles to maintain his high standing in the distance events, but he has others with whom to share prominence. Bob Tarjan has set a new school record in the 220 and promises to go faster and Walt Innes continues to produce places against the toughest of teams.

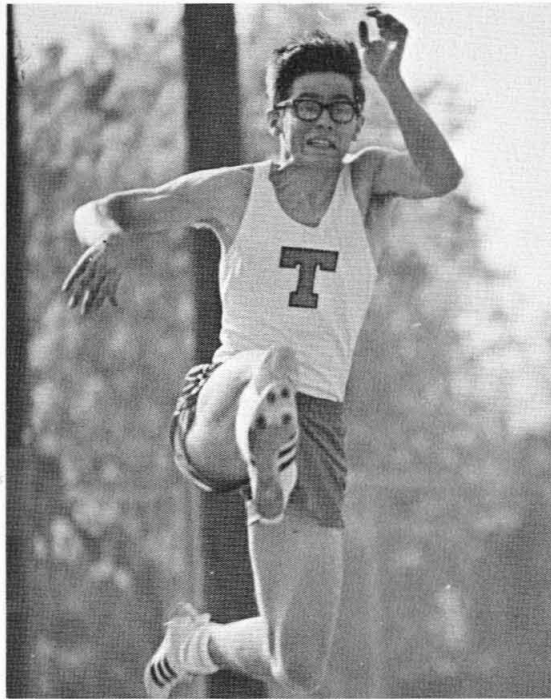
After the triumph at the relays, the third term portion of the season looks good for more Caltech victories.





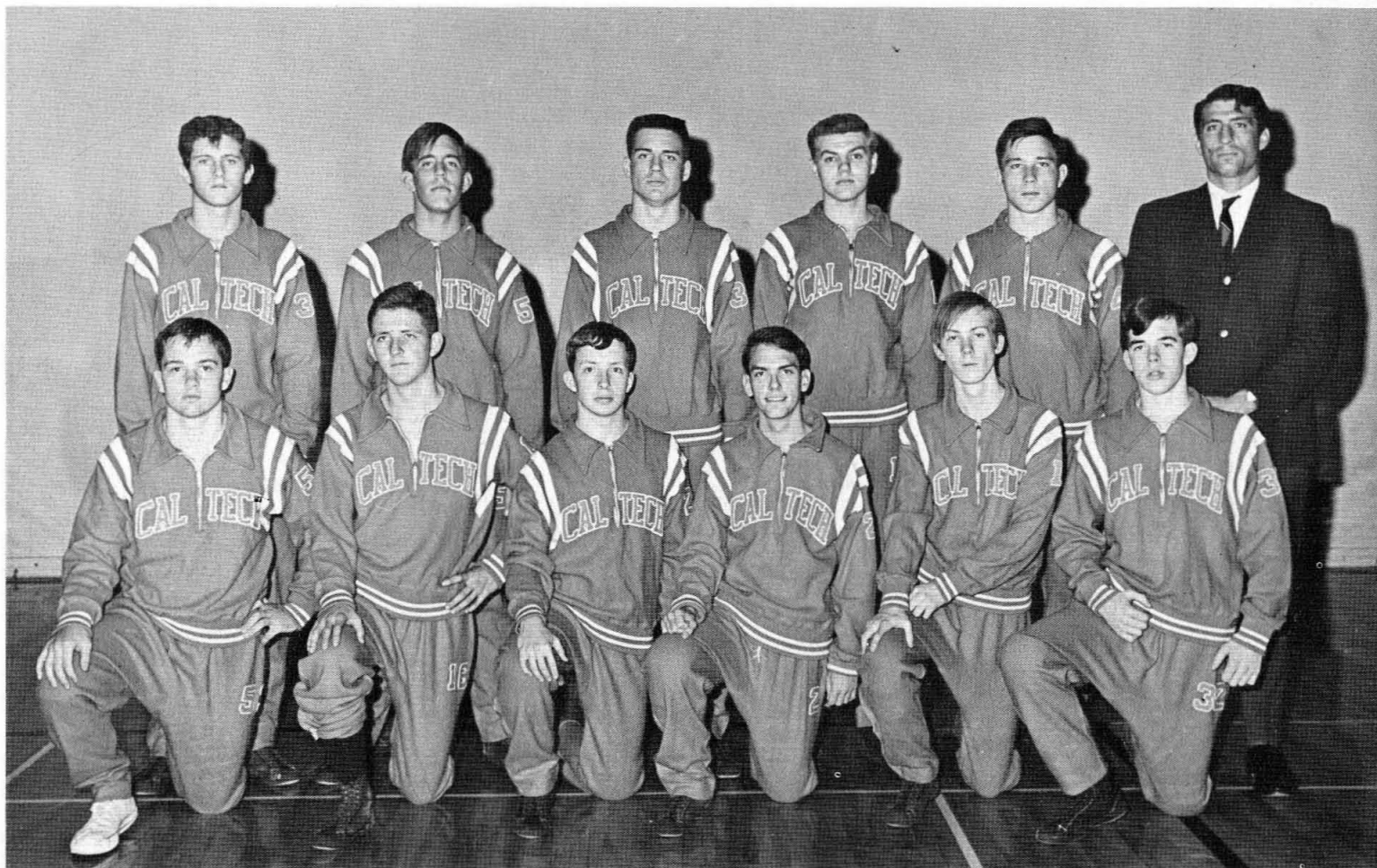
TRACK AND ...





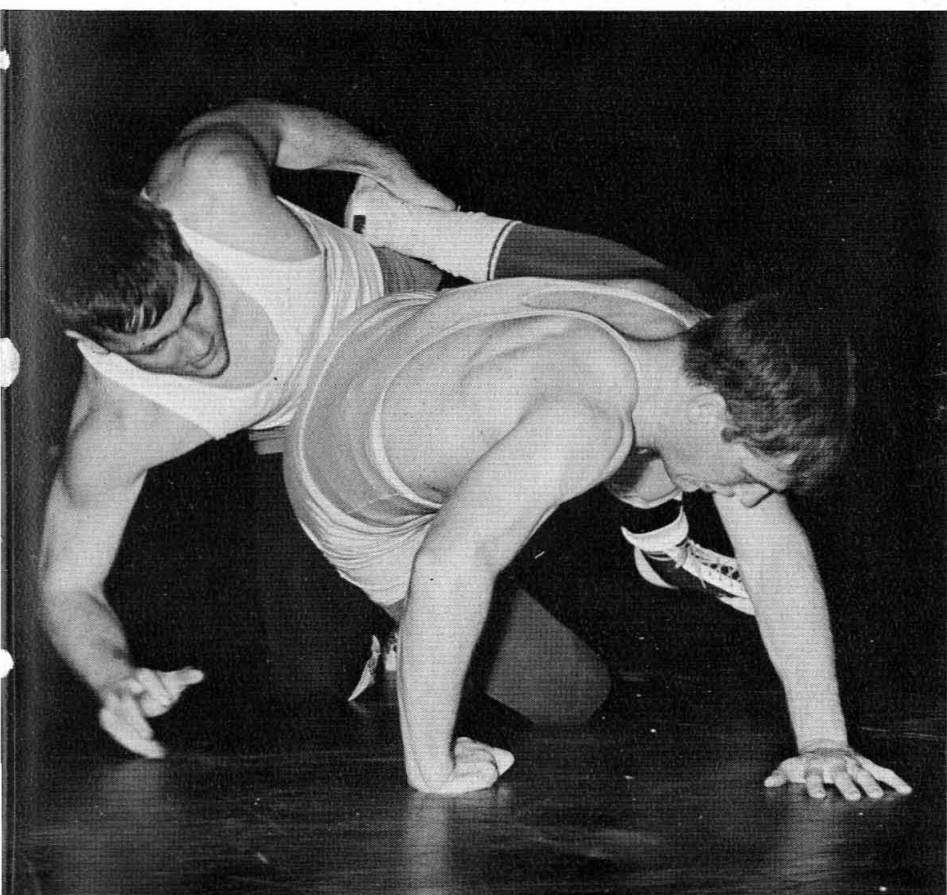
FIELD





Front Row: J. Devinny, S. Patterson, D. Hornbuckle, S. Smith, J. Haemer, K. Higgins. Back Row: E. Court, D. Mason, R. Thornberry, K. Broll, A. Beagle, Coach Gutman.

WRESTLING



Under Caltech's new coach, Tom Gutman, this year's wrestling team developed in spirit and technique possibly more than any other team at Caltech. At the beginning of the pre-season practices approximately 18 prospective grabblers turned out. This number quickly dwindled as the work and conditioning required by Coach Gutman became apparent to the less hardy. The team, comprised solely of sophomores and freshmen, had in general little wrestling experience and so for the first half of the season the basic holds, takedowns, and pins (hopefully) were perfected. After losing early in the season to Biola, UCSD, Pomona, UCR, and Cal Lutheran the team finished its dual meet season with an impressive victory over the strong Whittier team at Whittier demonstrating the long way the team had come since the season's beginning. Individual standouts were Ken Higgins who won the 130 lb. class at the Pomona-CHM tournament and Alan Beagle who was undefeated in dual meet competition.

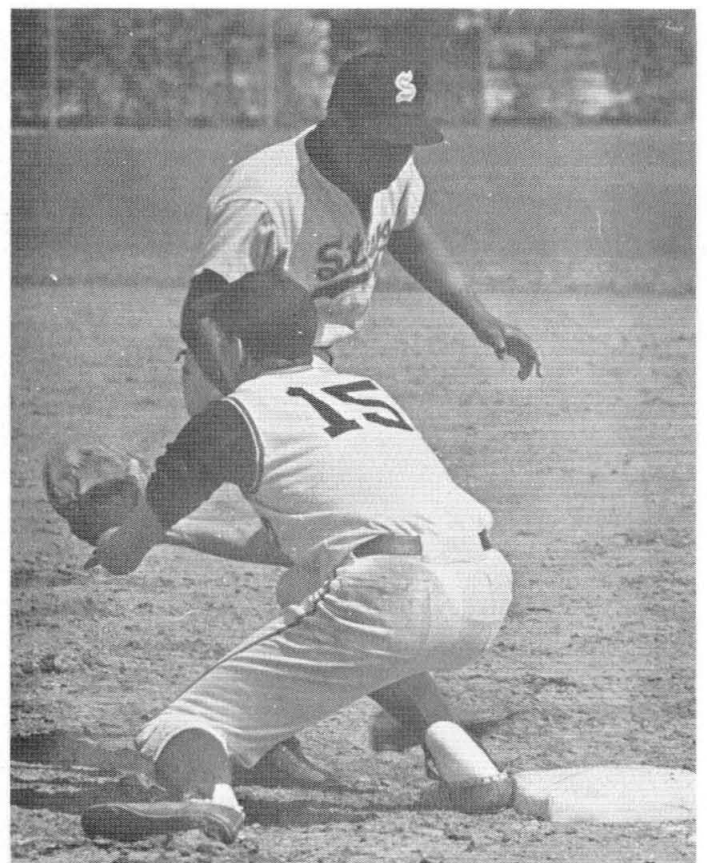


First Row: K. Kubitz, C. Creasy, S. Savas, R. Dukelow, J. Chapyak, G. Fujimoto; Second Row: A. Beagle, P. Paine, L. Martin, B. Firestone, J. Frazzini, B. Samulson, C. Helverg, Coach Preisler.

BASEBALL

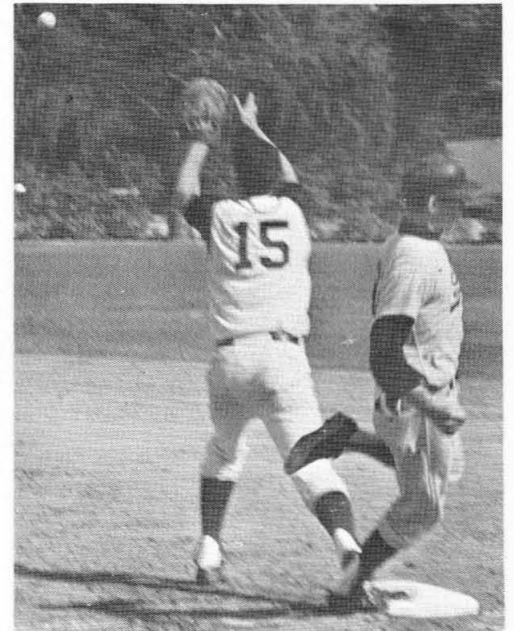


Coach Preisler at work

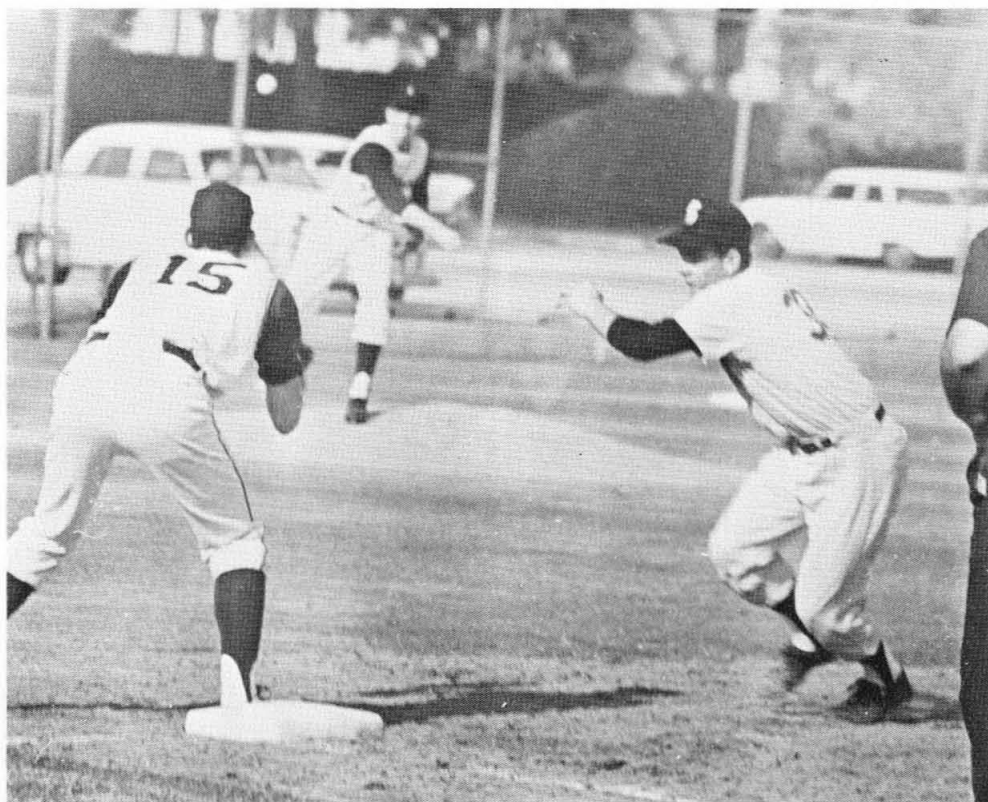




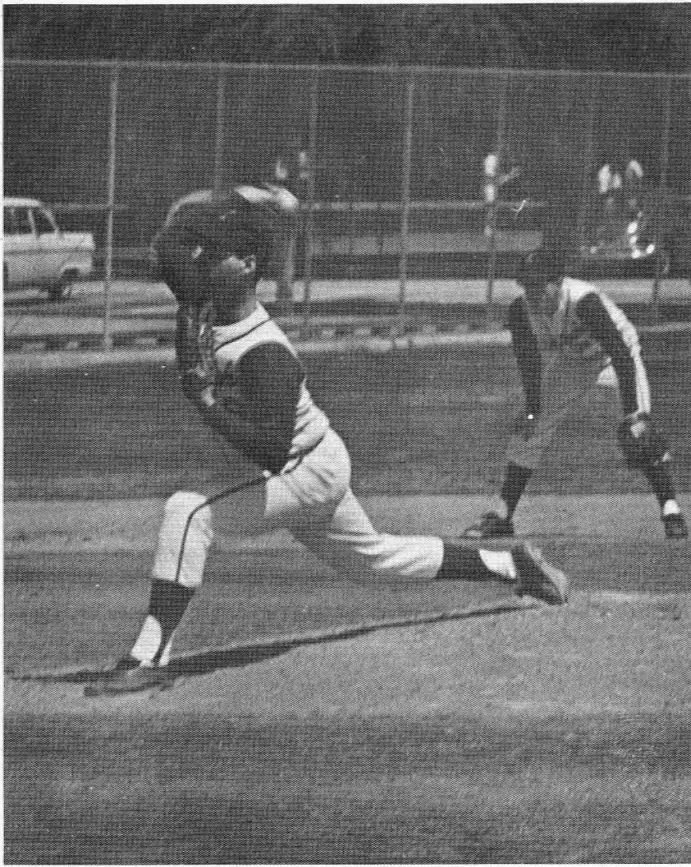
The infield worked hard,



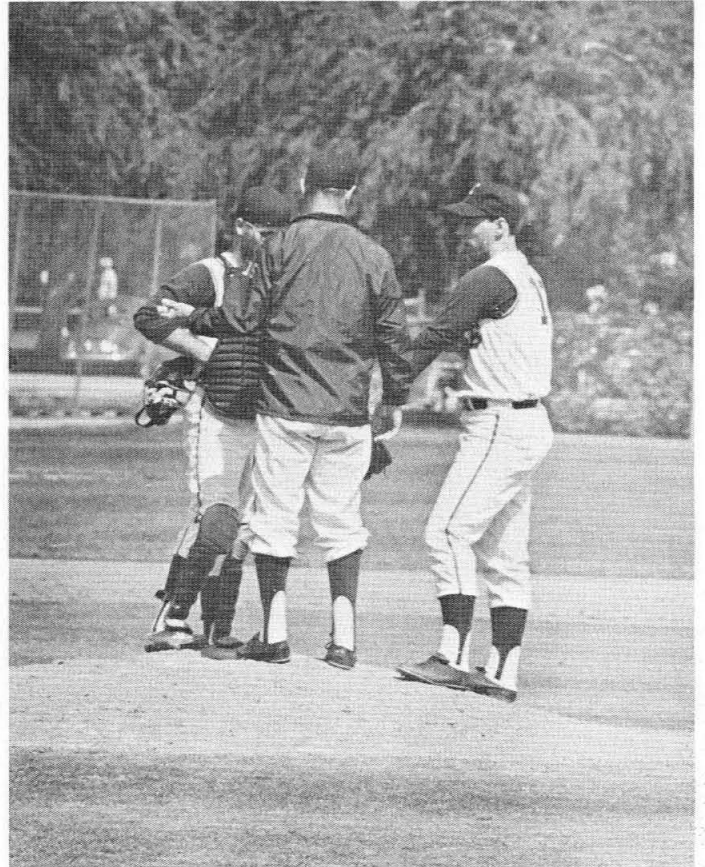
some double plays worked but this one, well, not quite,



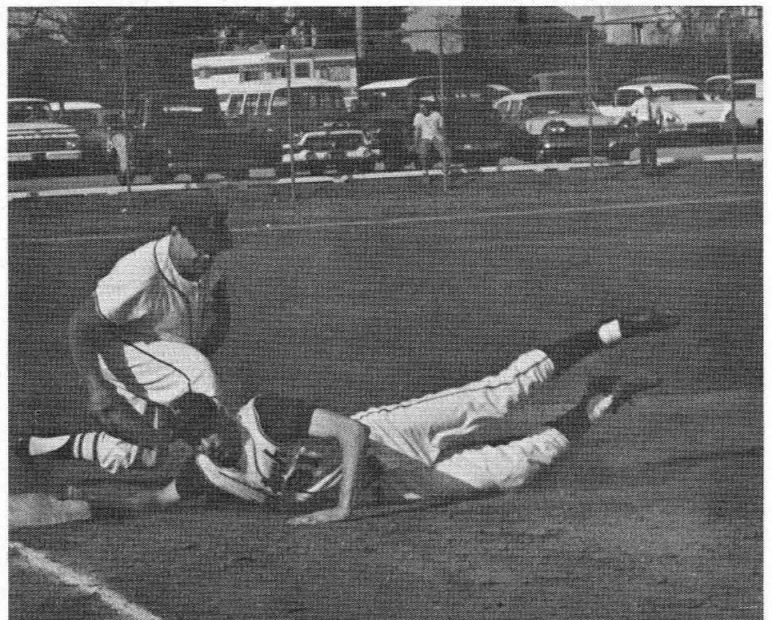
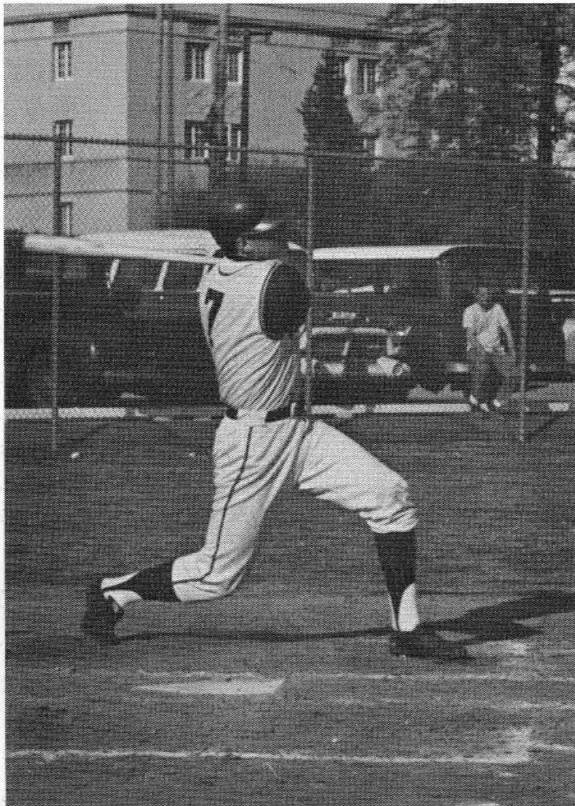
but sometimes there was success.



Performances were good . . .



but not always perfect.



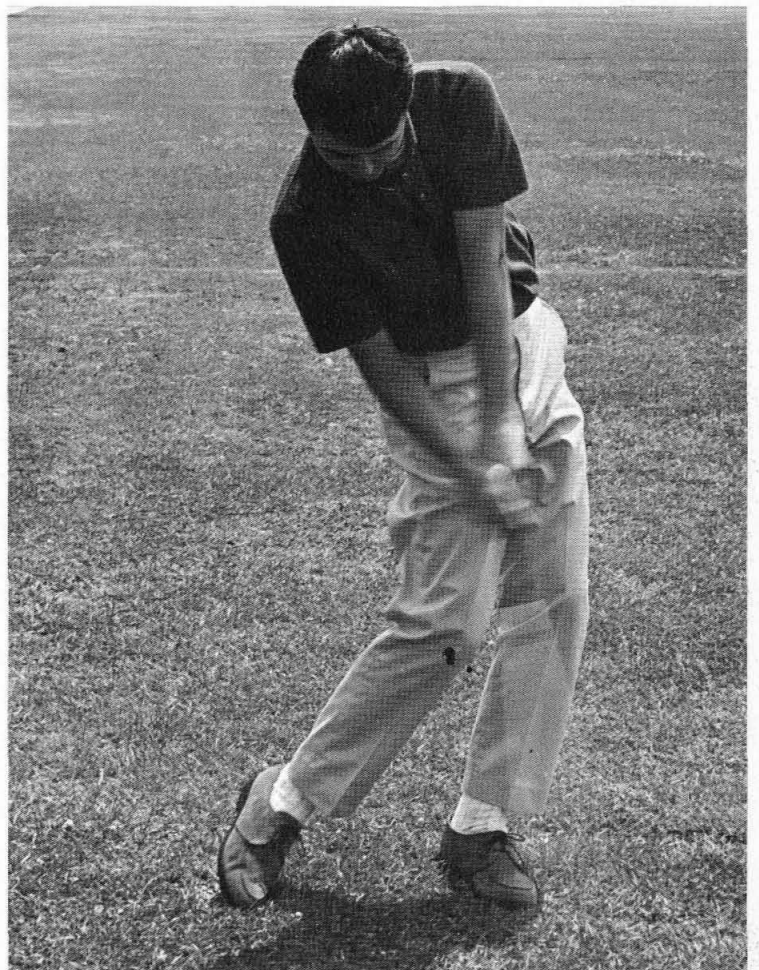


First Row: J. Horwitz, A. Barkus, N. Holmes, M. Radomski; Second Row: Capt. J. Beall, J. Larson, L. Desmodel, M. Lindenfeld, L. Orr, Coach Cassiel.

GOLF

With principally a lower classmen line-up, and all team members showing improved scoring form week to week, the Caltech golf team appears to be gaining momentum.

They scored a 40 to 14 victory over La Verne and a 40 to 14 triumph over Pasadena College. They lost to Cal Lutheran 31 to 23 and to Redlands 54 to 0. However, even in defeat the varsity golfers played some excellent golf, scoring in the low 80's for the most part. Jeff Larson, sophomore, has the best scoring average at this point in the season; senior Jim Beall is the captain and number one player, as he was last year.



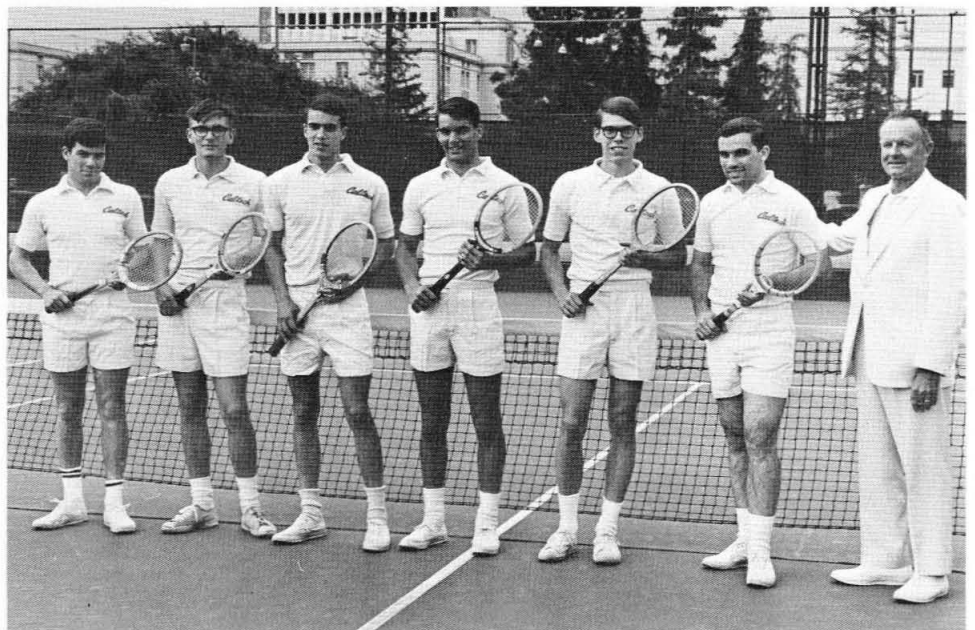


VARSITY . . . R. Davidheiser, B. Fertig, J. Healy, L. Brown, J. Leininger, Cpt. T. Buckholtz, M. Frost, G. Evans, Coach J. Lamb.

TENNIS

By the end of second term, the Caltech varsity tennis team had won sixteen matches, half against the frosh, and had high hopes of winning even more during third term.

CIT		OPP
8	CIT Frosh	0
0	Redlands	9
4	Pasadena College	5
1	Occidental	8
2	USC	6
0	UC Riverside	9
0	CHM	9
1	Whittier	8
<hr/> 16		<hr/> Many



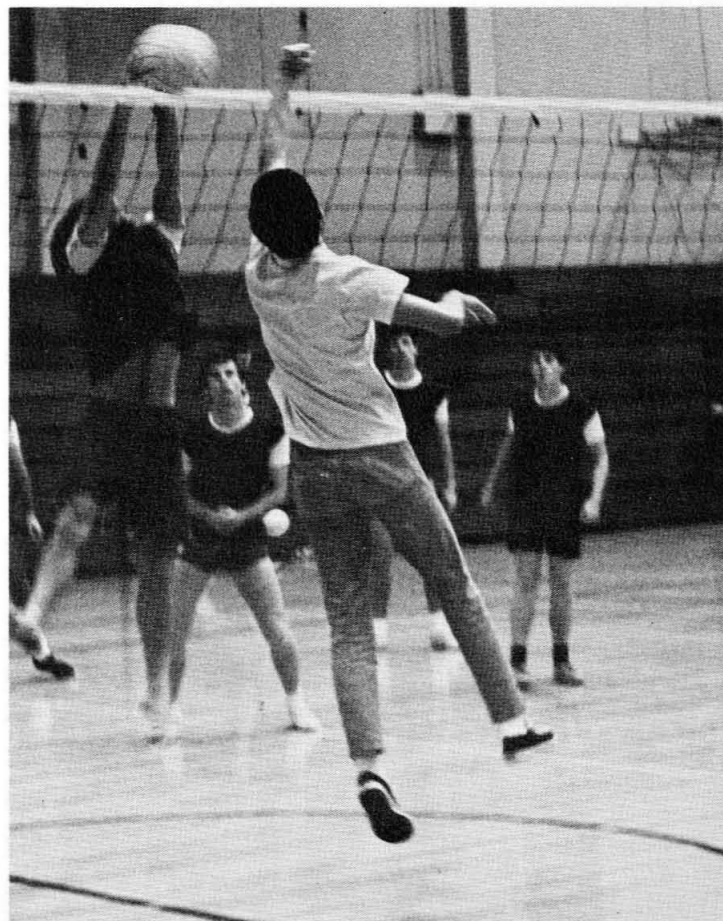
FROSH . . . G. Prestwich, P. Zassenhaus, G. Duesdieker, K. Edwards, M. Sperry, C. Tyner, Coach J. Lamb.

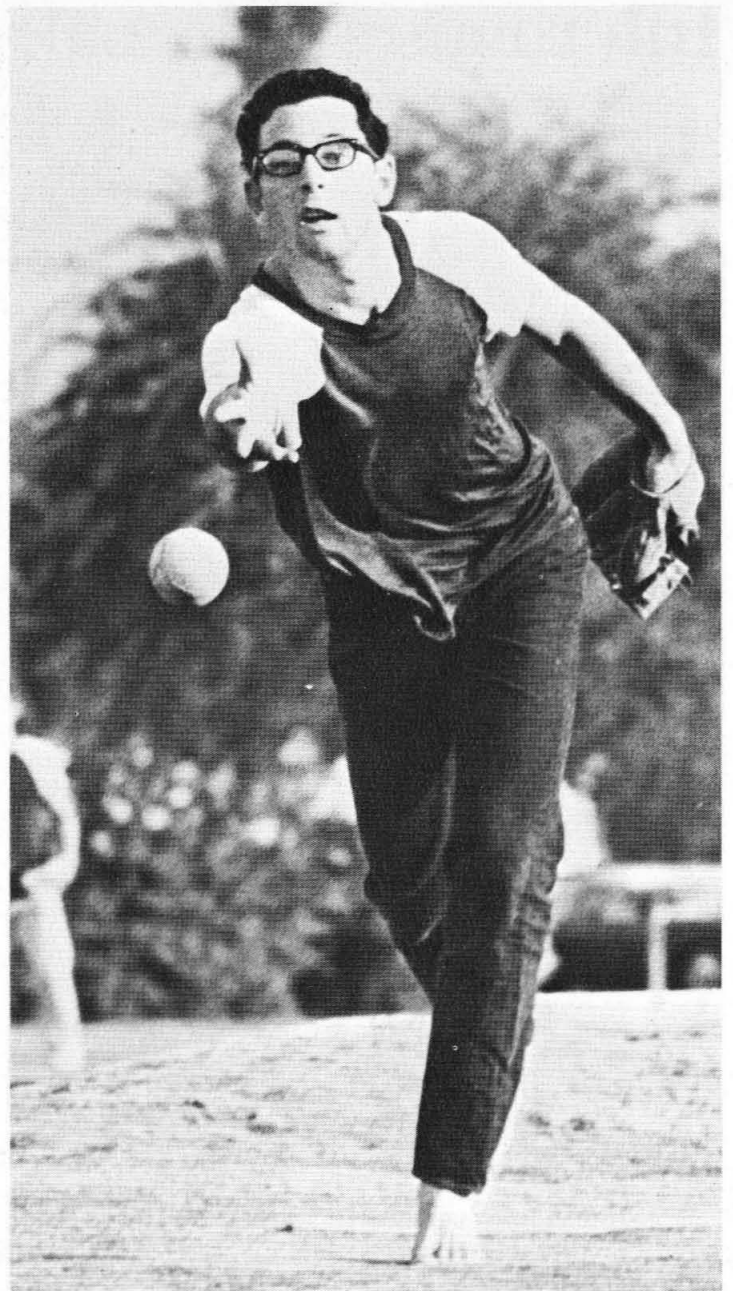
Interhouse Volleyball



Interhouse volleyball started out as a nice predictable sport with each team falling in place behind Page. But then somebody decided upsets are nice and Page lost a game and speculation of a four way tie for first was rife. But Page recovered and did not lose anymore so as to ruin everything and only allow a three way tie for second. But it still made for a very exciting volleyball season.

Final Results		
Page	5	1
Blacker	4	2
Fleming	4	2
Lloyd	4	2
Ricketts	3	3
Ruddock	1	5
Dabney	0	6

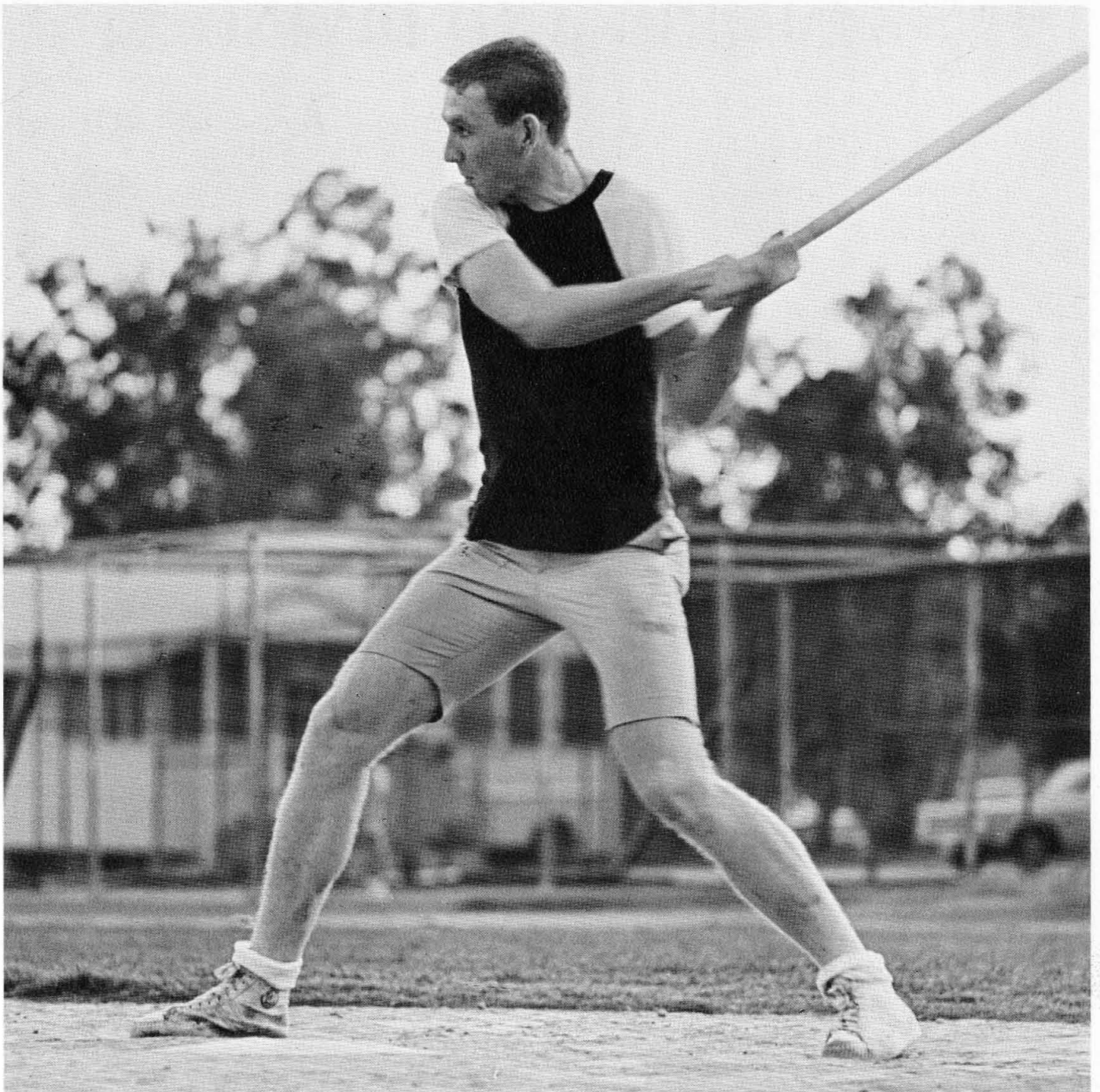




Nate Isgur (Page) gets in for some relief pitching against Ruddock. At left, Ed Hsi keeps his eyes on the ball as he retires the side.

STANDINGS

1.	Fleming	4	2	0
1.	Page	4	2	0
1.	Ricketts	4	2	0
4.	Dabney	3	3	0
5.	Blacker	2	4	0
5.	Lloyd	2	4	0
5.	Ruddock	2	4	0



Bruce Ault, powerhouse hitter, helped Page gain a share of the three way tie for first place.

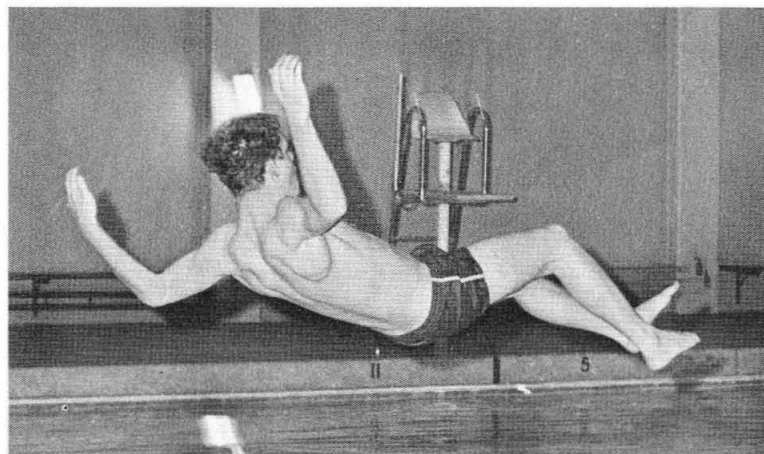
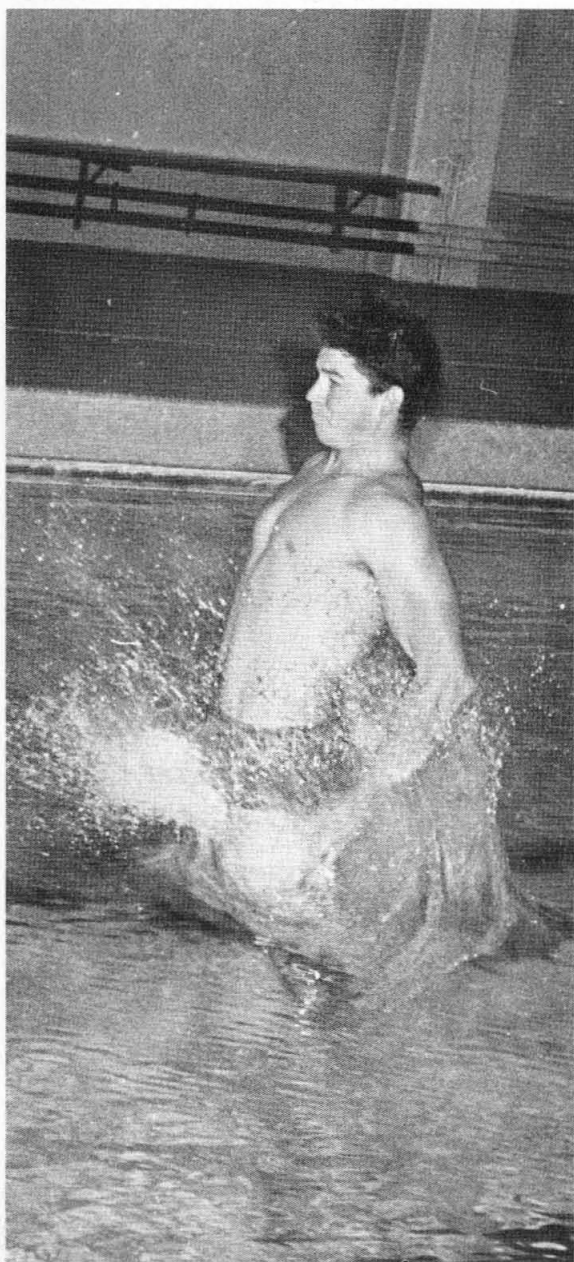
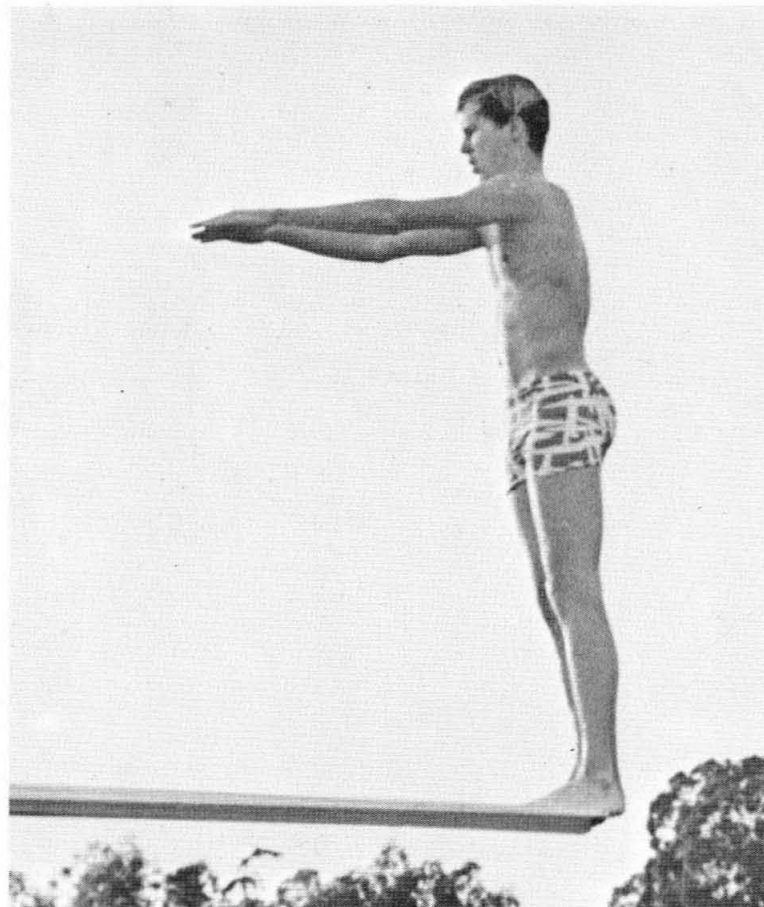
INTERHOUSE

SOFTBALL

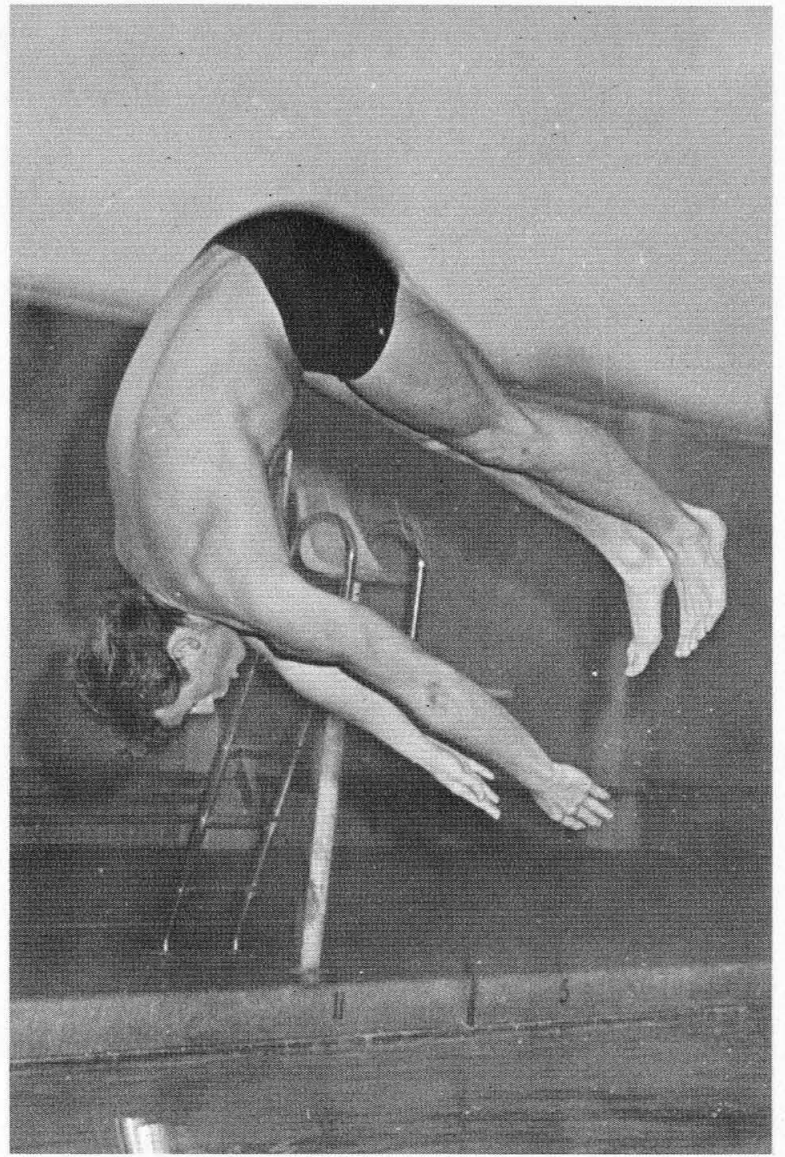
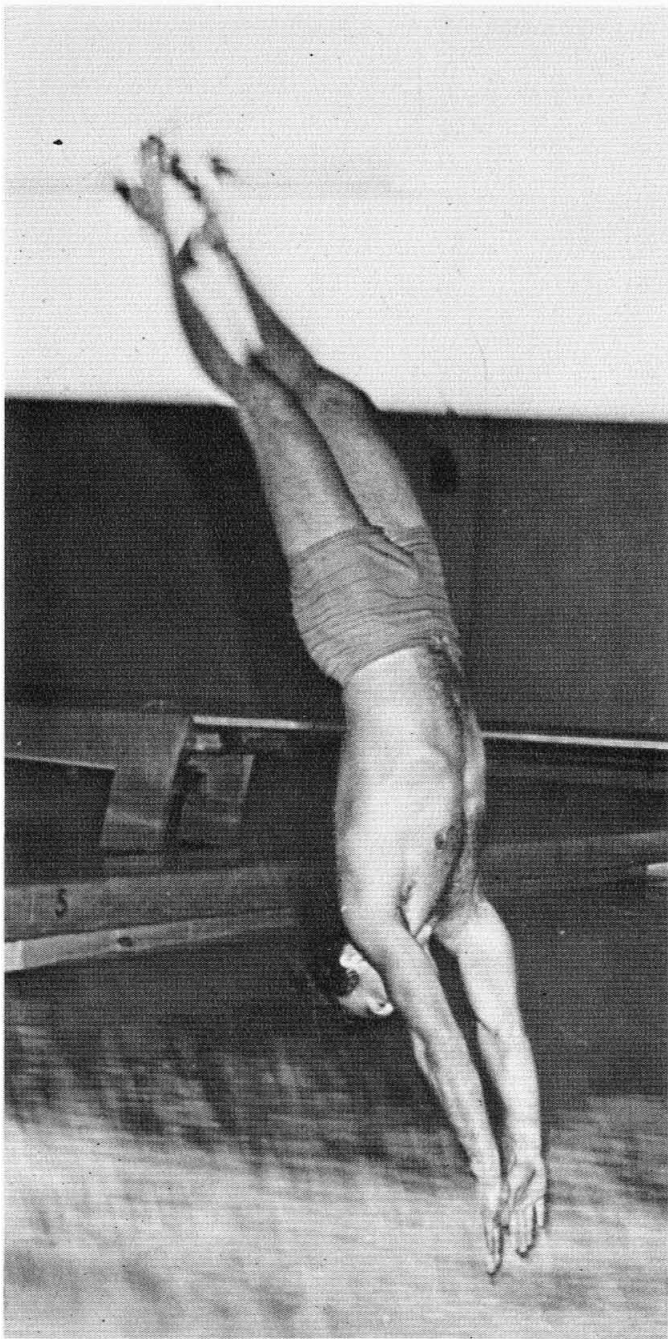
I H SWIMMING AND DIVING

Final Results

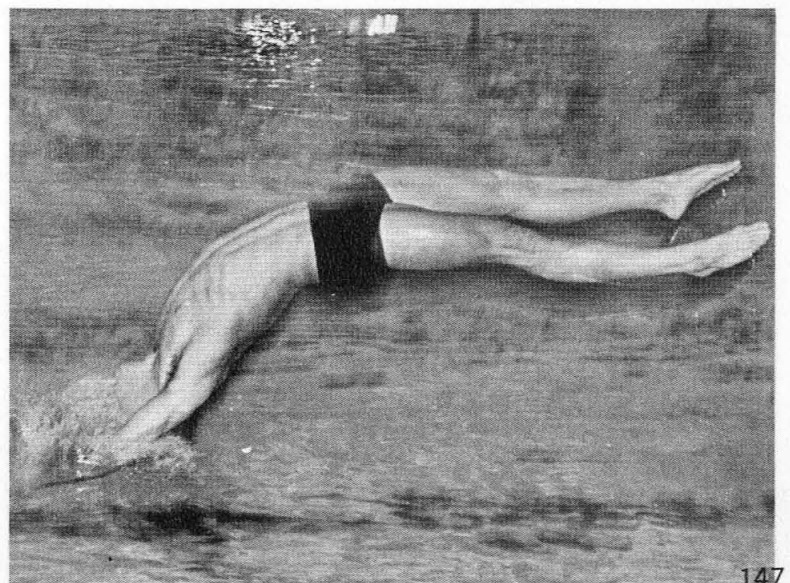
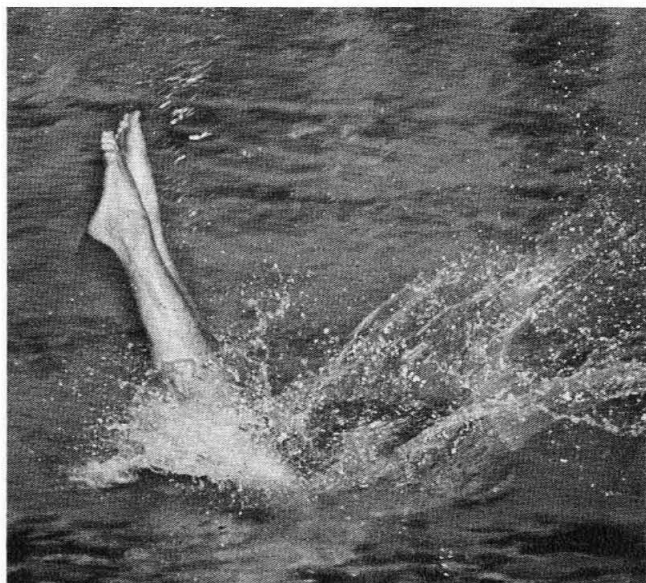
Fleming	69
Ruddock	45
Dabney	42
Page	41½
Lloyd	24
Blacker	16½
Ricketts	4



While Boone fell flat the Darbs cleaned up in Diving, but the points gained were insufficient as Fleming came on strong in the swimming events to win.

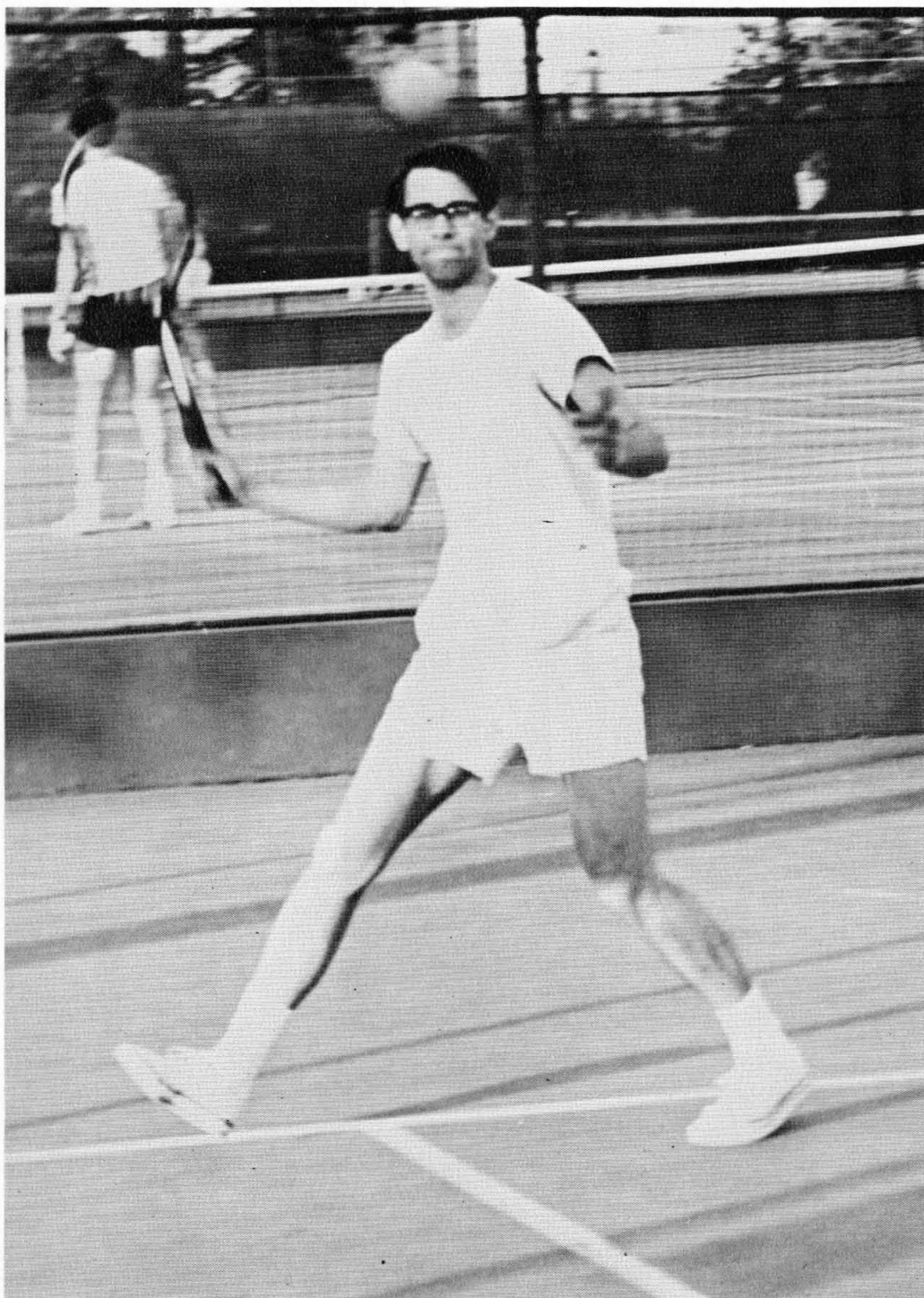


DeWitt does well, and then not so well.



I H TENNIS

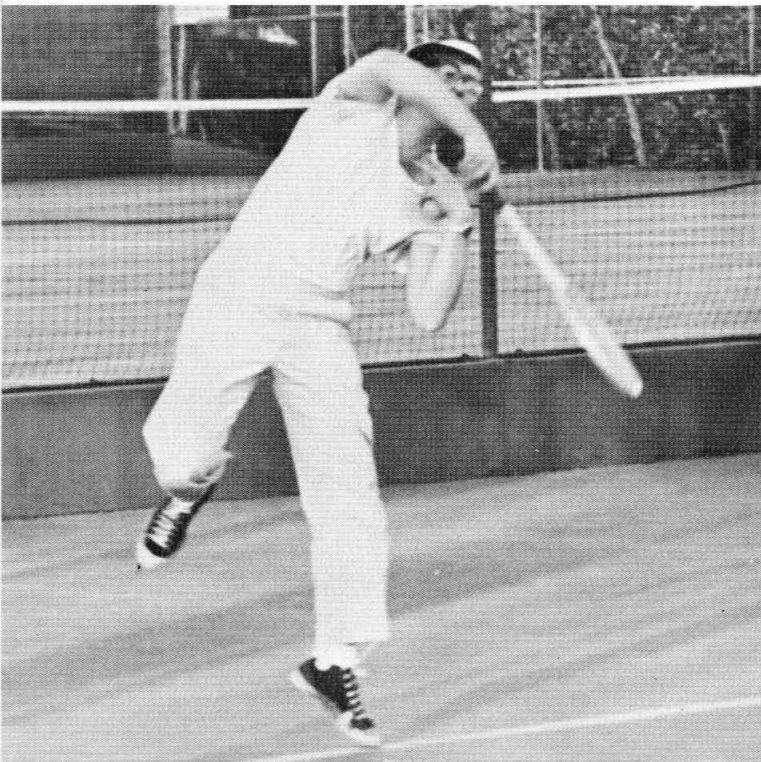
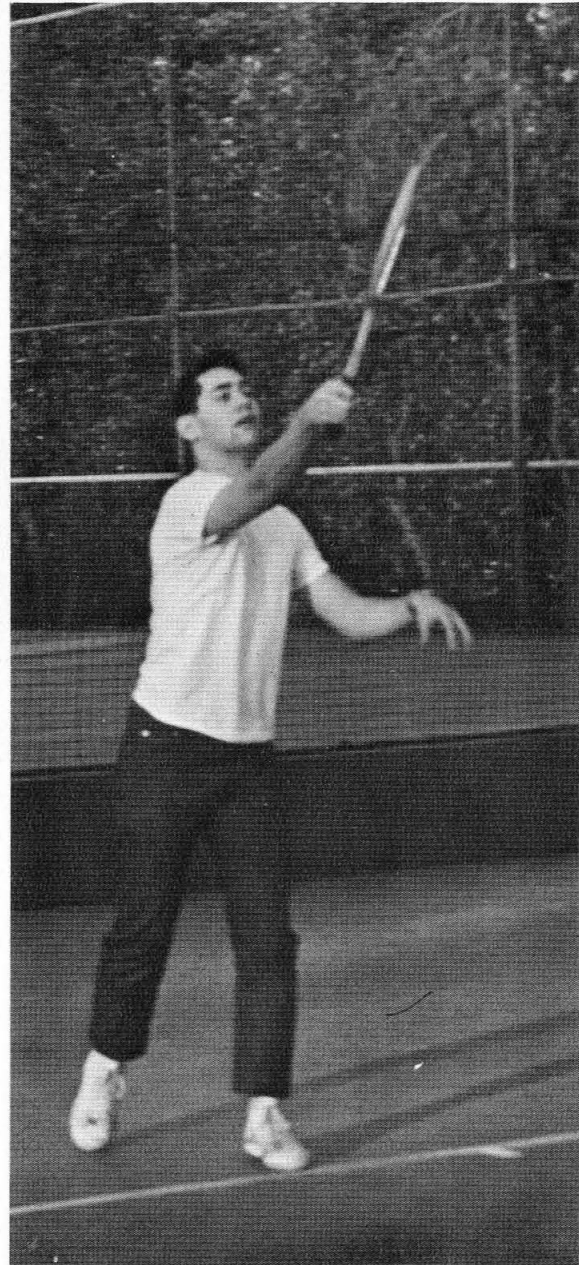
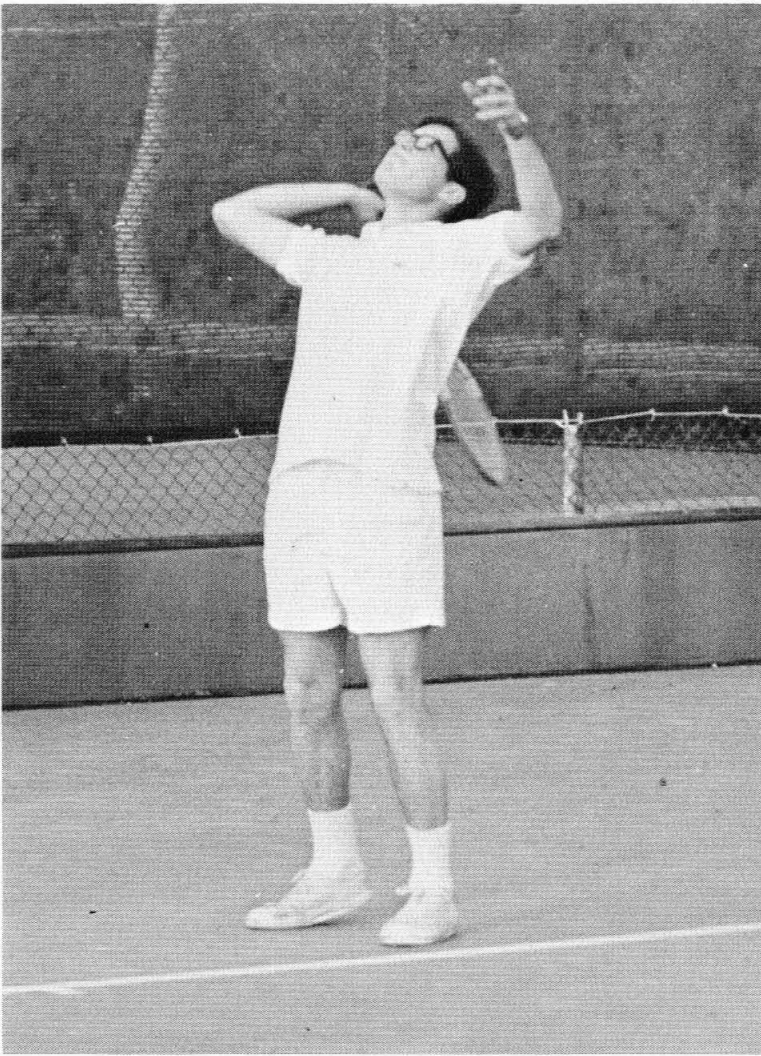
Interhouse tennis started as normal, nobody knew who would win until it started, but Page produced the unknown factor and pulled it out with the help of their star David Van Essen to beat Lloyd with Blacker and Dabney tying for third.



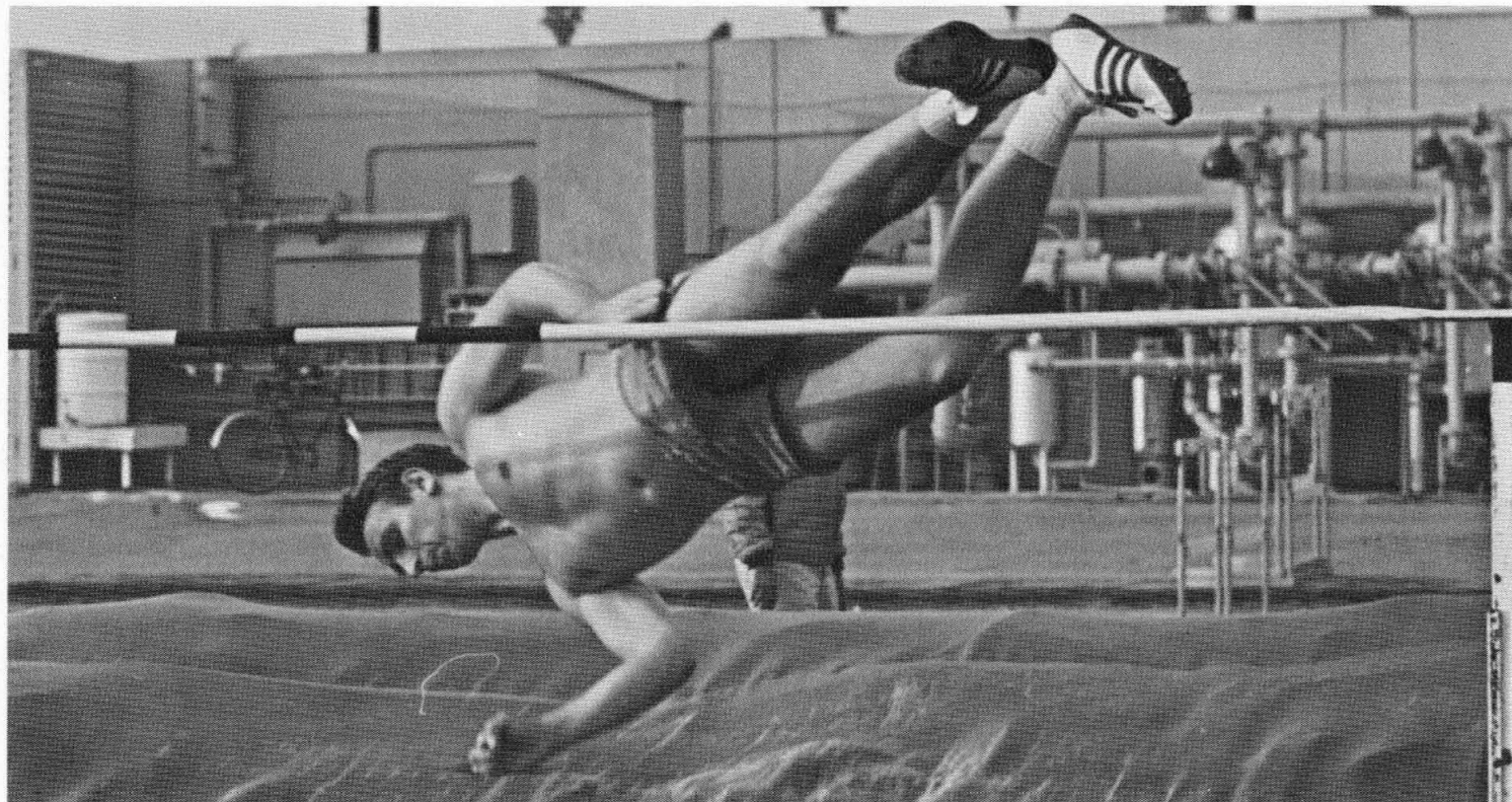
Final Results

Page	54
Lloyd	50
Blacker	33
Dabney	33
Fleming	28
Ruddock	16
Ricketts	10

The service, the most important part of the game is demonstrated by three of the Interhouse tennis participants.

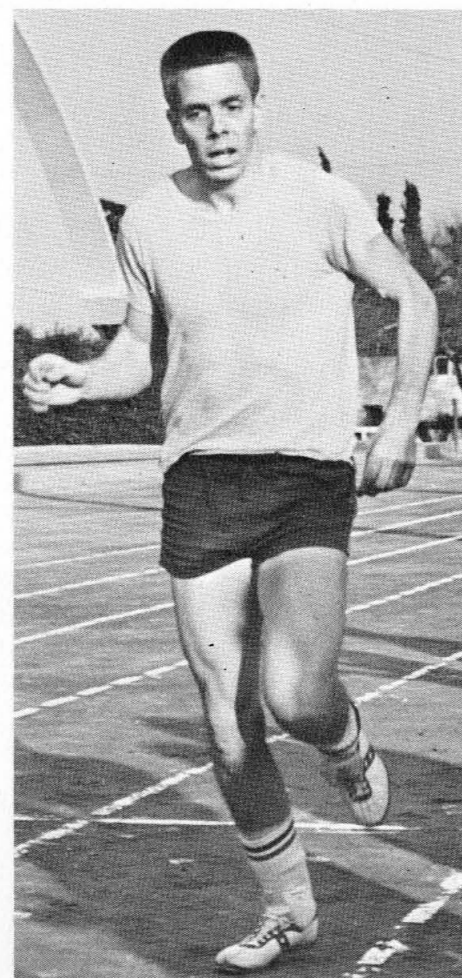


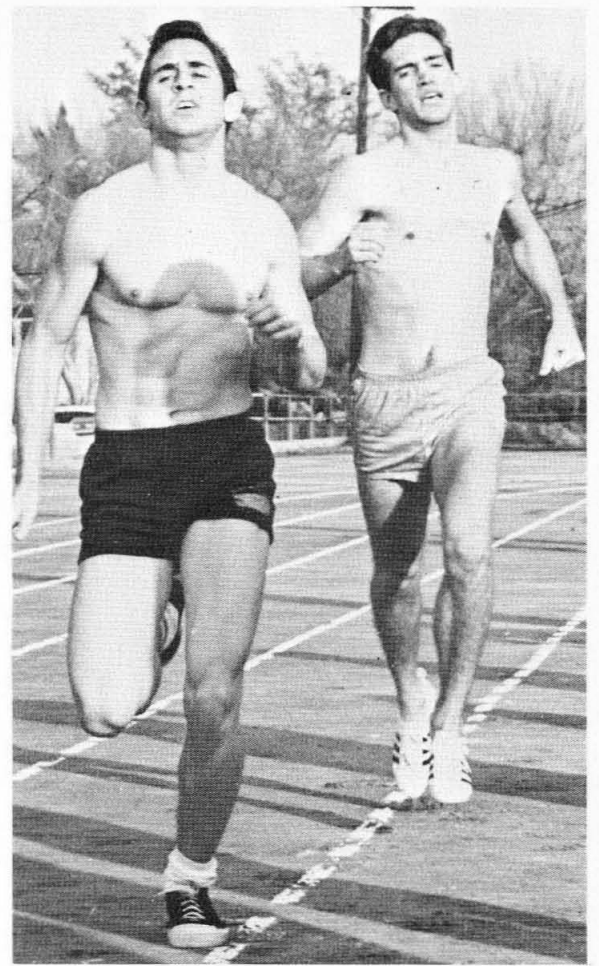
I H TRACK AND FIELD



Final Results

Page	75
Ruddock	65
Fleming	38
Lloyd	16
Ricketts	13
Blacker	9
Dabney	7

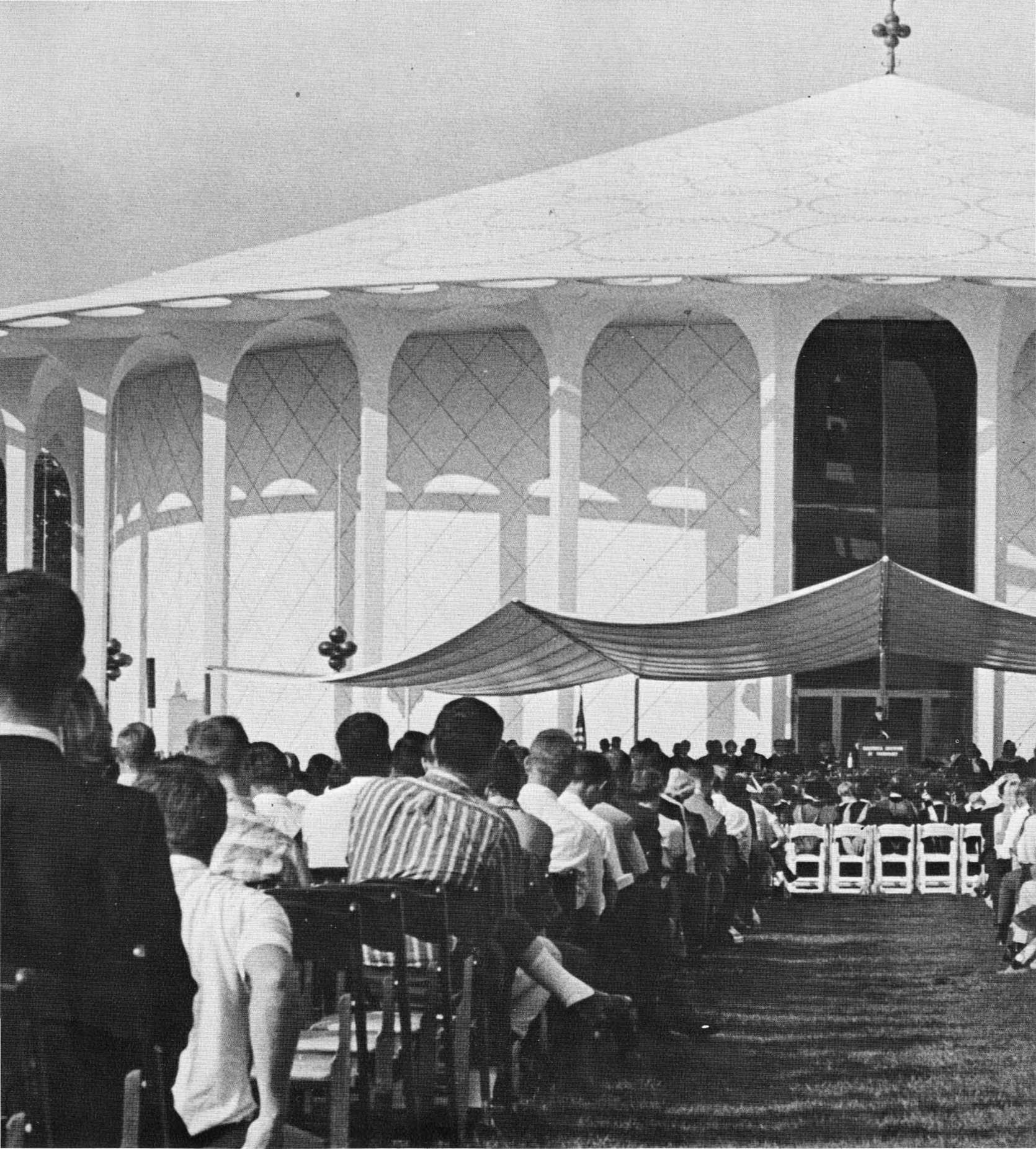


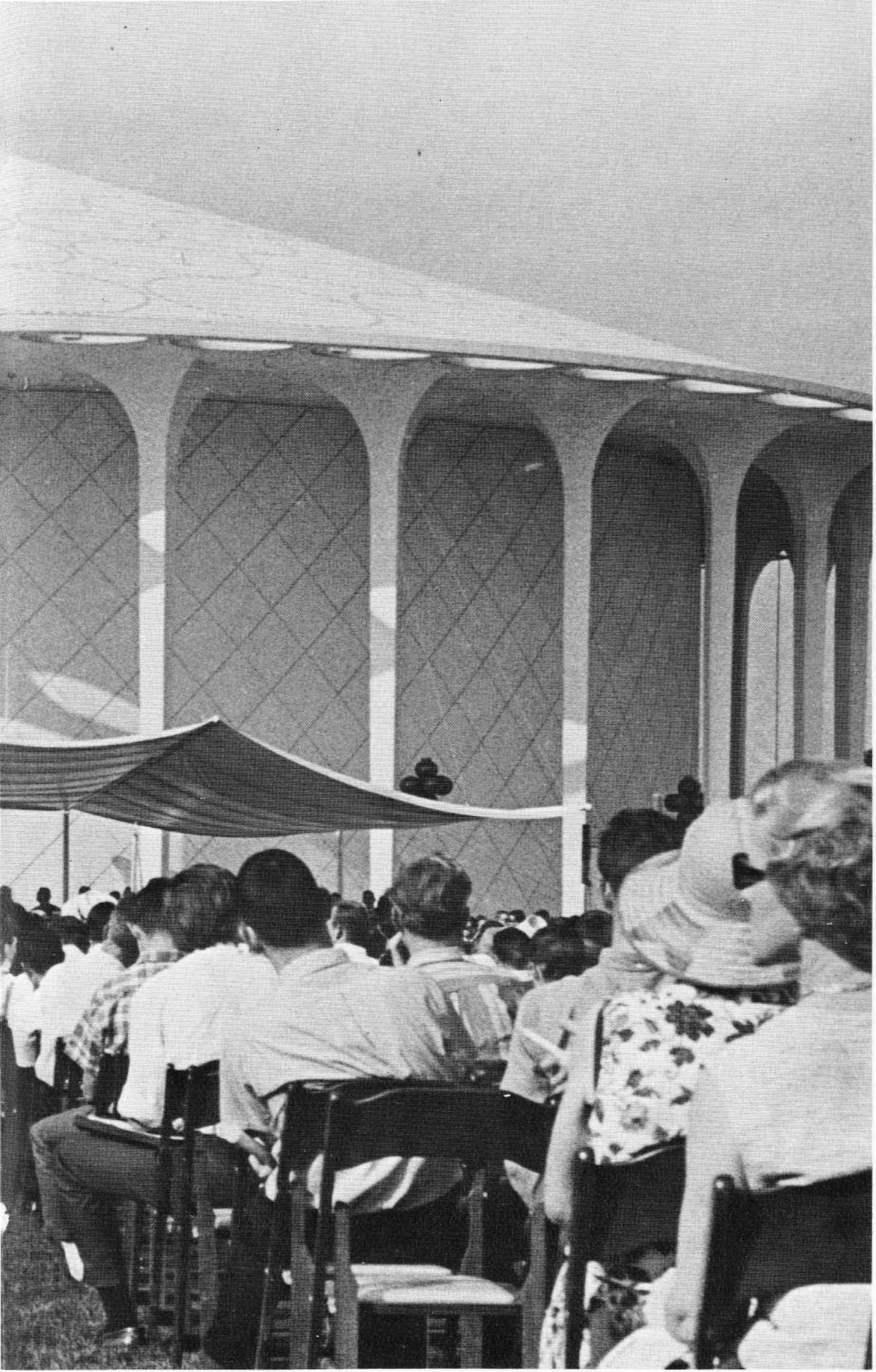


There were many close races

And some records
were broken







SENIORS

The Class of '67

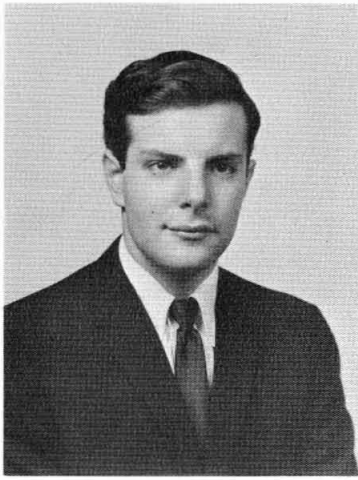


At the piano, George Sharman, President. Grinning, Tim Hendrickson, Secretary. Sneering, John O'Pray, Vice President. Smiling, Don Blair, Athletic Manager. Staring into space, Bob Miller, Treasurer.

The first, and perhaps the most significant and lasting, achievement of the Class of 1967 was the attention it called to teaching and grading policies here by staging a mass exodus in the spring of 1964. As a result of the highest freshman attrition rate in a good number of years, the administration began to look more closely at one of the principle jobs of a school — teaching. From this sprang the no-grades for freshmen system, freshmen advisors, and a greater awareness of student problems. The class did not fare too badly, though, for of the original 193 members, only 72 have left. With transfers, the class will be 145 strong at graduation.

In the activities field, the men of '67 reversed the Mudeo judging procedures so that the freshman class wins each year, and have been instrumental in the usual number of athletic events, Interhouses, Lost Weekends.

All in all, it was a very good year.

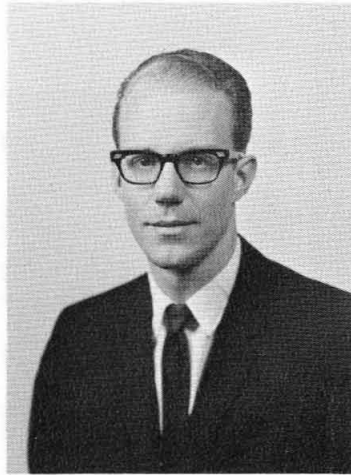


**STEPHAN BARRY ABRAMSON
LLOYD** CH

Steve came to Caltech, poor but honest, hard working, optimistic, and dedicated to science. After four years, he is leaving Caltech — poor.

The only man at Tech with more "hair" than Feynman, Steve is renowned as a jazz guitarist and as the guy who keeps talking about how great it is to stay up 'til 4 a.m. every night doing research. He hopes to spend the next few years doing biological research at Radcliffe. When it's suggested that that might not go over too big, he starts mumbling something about Harvard biochemistry.

The men of Lloyd will miss Steve, for when he goes, that warm, friendly call will be heard no more: "Abramson — turn down that damned guitar!"



**TERRY ALLEN
BLACKER** AY

In his first two years at Tech, Utah's gift to southern California gained many friends as well as some nicknames, such as "Big T" and "shocked snake." Tired of both snaking and being shocked, Terry accepted a call to do missionary work for the L.D.S. (Mormon) Church in exotic New Zealand. After his two years' experience in the outside world he returned (surprising everyone, including himself) to these hallowed ivy-covered halls determined to "get involved." In no time he did just that, serving as Asst. Manager, and then Manager of the Glee Club, "Little T" editor, Deseret Club Prexy, UCC, and Blacker House Vice-President — in addition to maintaining a very active religious and social life on and off campus.

Terry contends that he is still interested in science and plans to do further work in Planetary Science — somewhere.



CHRISTOPHER H. BAJOREK
OFF-CAMPUS ENG

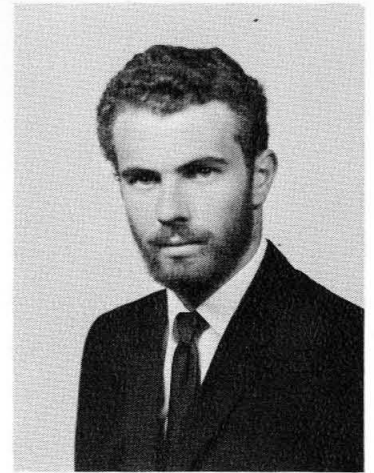
From the ivy covered halls of Pasadena City College, where he spent five long years struggling for his Associate in Arts degree, emerged dauntless Chris. After this ordeal he welcomed the carefree, leisurely Caltech life. He found EE a pleasant relief from his former group major in wine, women, and bodybuilding. In order to take advantage of the exceptional accommodations and gourmet fare, he had planned to reside in a student house with his roommate, but the Master of Student Houses would not admit her. This forced him to take up residence off campus and daily travel the perilous route across Del Mar at Chester. With a little luck and financial assistance from his roommate, he will stay on at least another year.

GEORGE NICK BALANIS
LLOYD ENG



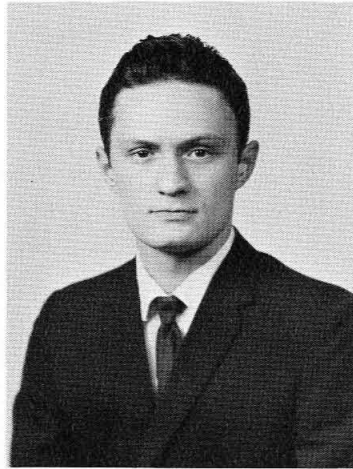
**PETER BALINT
PAGE**

MA
Of hunky Danube-town did Redbeard grow to Oakenland, from which Berklelian influences bravely into a den of trolls and sliding rule, bearing a badge of E's two-in-a-row. A flickering of celluloidal Japan. Free unto field of headed ball, armoured shin; to typograffitic cell for to wright wrongs done beaverly unto sport conceived of men; guarded well Page's pages; (big Y) wherein he often dwelt appropriate, whereout he preached gospels Fenymanesque in Jordanland. Far untroll, independent of path (the one to fluorescent cellars); where but to places less needy of him than here?



**DAVID DOMINICK
BARBOSA
RUDDOCK**

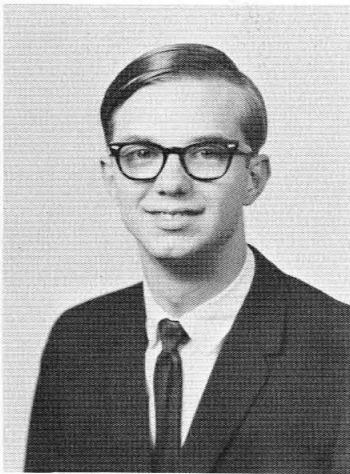
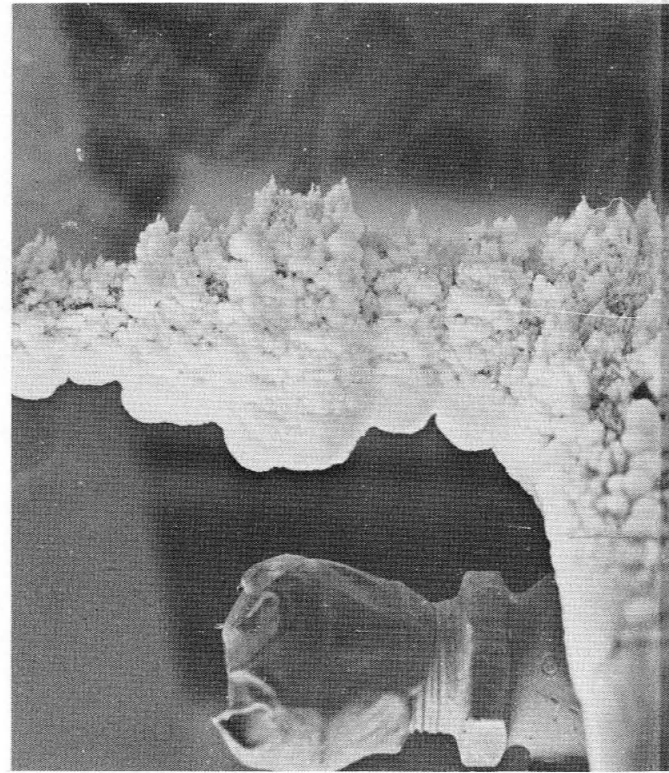
ENG



**JAMES THOMAS BEALE
PAGE**

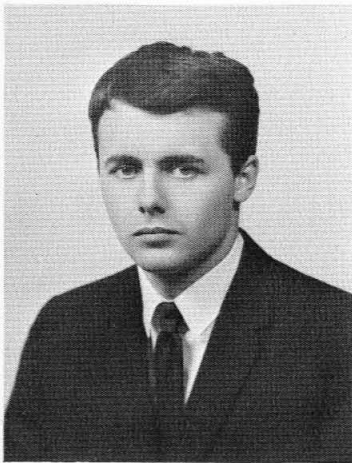
MA

Chaste all the way to the city of Los Angeles by the Kool Krotch Kanned, Tom sought refuse at the end of his California trek in the village of Scions and Smaug. O bligh me, said Tom in his Auntie Bellum Georgia twinge. All is feudal. All is loft! After a night's drunken raveling in the gory of his martyrdom, Gord spake unto Tom: Remember, Tommy, only you can prevent reality! Tom thought: Yes, at lass I have found my mission. Lice is gruel and reality must be stamped out. I will fallow in the paw-prints of those who have groaned before me and unstructured reality. I will be a myth major! But what I need me is a myth majorette for which to ride beside me through the hollowed holes of Tech. Then lice would be worse dying for. But a lass, it was not to be.



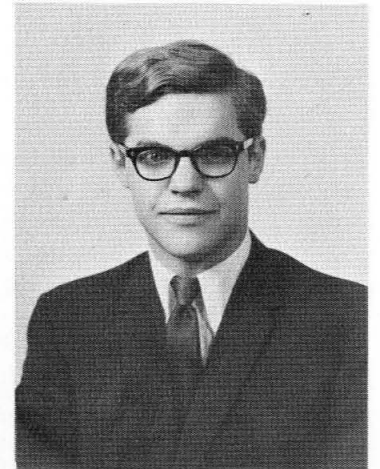
**JAMES FIELDER BEALE
RICKETTS**

CHE



**MICHAEL JAMES
BEESON
LLOYD**

MA

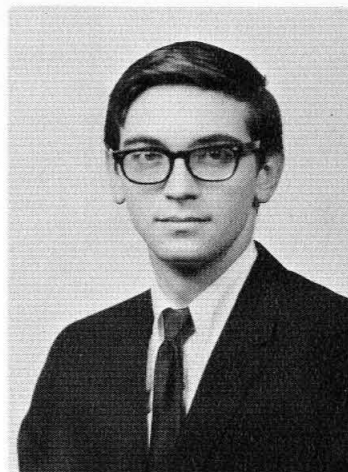


**ROBERT W. BERRY
RUDDOCK**

BI

When Bob first came to Caltech from sophisticated ("we used to drink a lot"), exotic ("out by the oil wells") Wichita Falls, he quickly found that Los Angeles had nothing new for him. But he had something to show it; and he did. For a year as editor of the *Tech* he polluted its pages with putrid perversion and for the next year as Business Manager he coerced the Editors ("iffen yuh don't want yer head blowed off") into doing the same. EPC meetings were continually interrupted by unseemly displays and the halls of Ruddock resounded with the crash of exorbitant exhibitions.

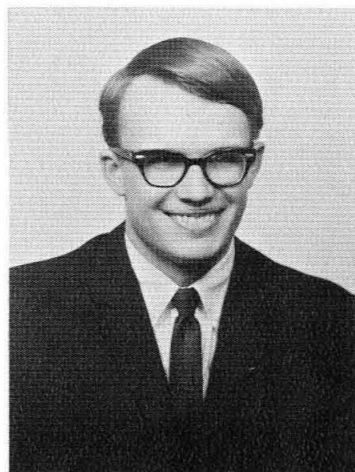
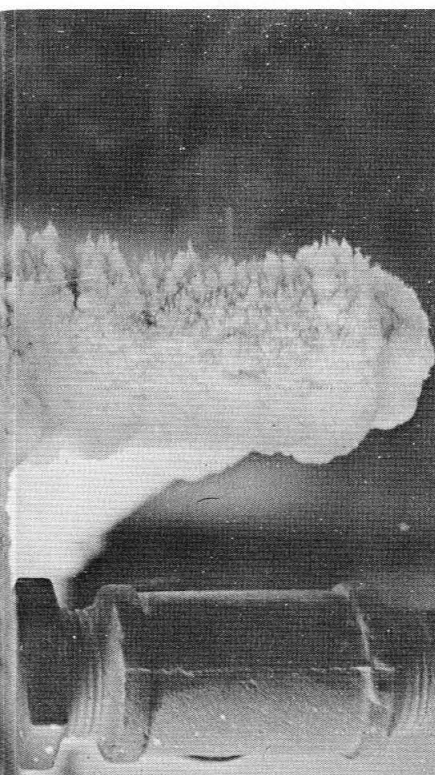
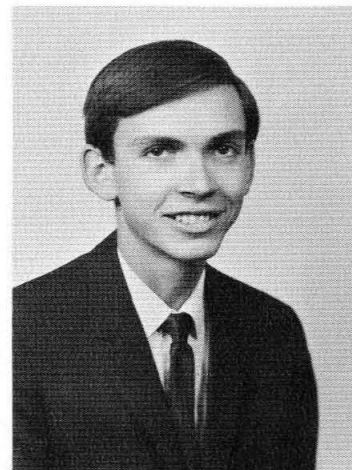
But all careers must end some day. Failing to get a stylized version of Cleopatra's Needle built in his honor, Bob turned away from *Tech* and, girding his loins once again, strode off into the big, bad world to show a grad school the stuff he was made of.



**ALFRED J. BERSBACH
RICKETTS**

PH

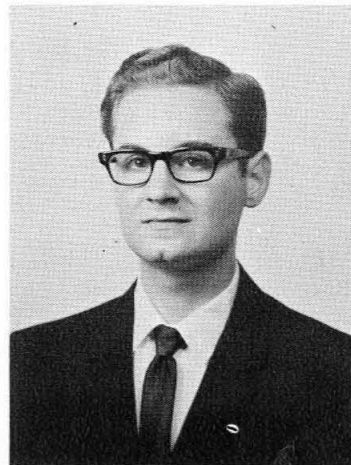
Just one too many mornings
An' a thousand miles behind.



**DONALD J. BLAIR
DABNEY**

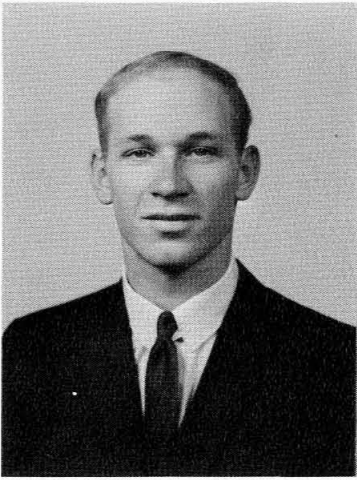
MA

From the mountains of Montana to the beaches of Southern California was easy for Don Blair, as easy as from bachelor to bridegroom. But Feynman and Apostol proved otherwise, so Don emerged something of a chemist. His athletic prowess as a record-setting Caltech basketball star, Dabney athletic manager, and Darb interhouse softball pitcher of high and wide repute; and his social finesse gained as Dabney House social chairman enabled V. D. to discover the delights of off-campus married life. Next year will probably find Don and Maria chasing D.N.A. on the sands of La Jolla.



**THOMAS DURRELL BOSTICK
RICKETTS**

MA



STEPHEN L. BROWNE
PAGE

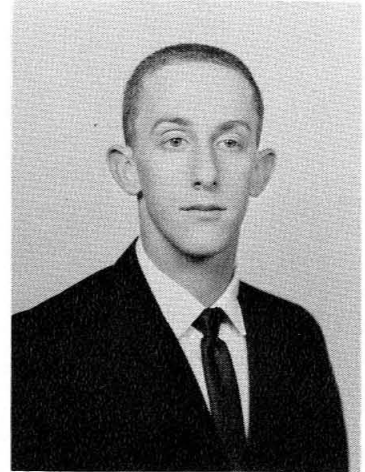
PH

Hello, Ruth, this is Sex Encyclopedia Steve flipping through the pages at this end. Do you realize that today a 7.3 center-line-mile section of the Interhouse 66 Freeway was opened between Page House and Smiling Sam's Used Ratchet Relay Lot? Now I'll be able to climb into my blown Rambler American rail job and go down there and get the parts for my Automatic door lock. It opens automatically when you play a London Classical record, but it slams the door when you try to bring in an Angel or a Columbia. Do you want to go out this weekend? After all, 2.2 years is a long time. Good, I'll be wearing the orange hat I bought to keep me from smashing my head when I chin myself on the closet doors. 'Bye for now.

THOMAS J. BUCKHOLZ
LLOYD

MA

After a rather disappointing freshman year Tom decided to work once in a while until 10:30 at night. This policy netted him an occasional 3.9 or 4.1 and gave him time to play tennis, win the Scott Tennis Tournament, and win the butterfly event in Interhouse Swimming. As UCC of Fingal's Cave, he outwitted attempts to put the alley on central standard time, thereby seldom being awake late enough to enforce the noise rule. Tom is a math major; however, he hopes that Ph 205, Ph 236, and a 940 on the GRE Physics test will help get him into a physics grad school.



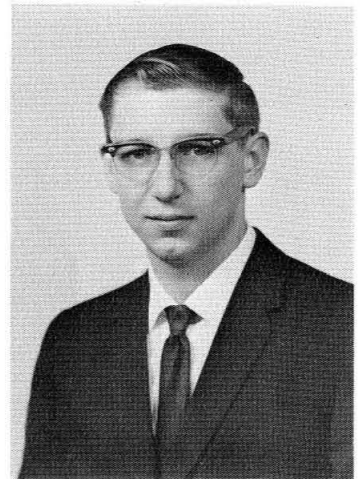
CRAIG CARLYLE
PAGE

EE

Coming to the small and isolated village of Pasadena from the greater Dinuba metropolitan area was a Shocking experience for Craig, and so it was only natural for him to befriend his first new acquaintance — whom he met while checking out his room key. Mr. Taylor's influence can be partially measured by Craig's choice of options and his favorite series Approximation. Even as a frosh he became a member of the Fearsome Foursome, and soon after developed his skills at alley walking, German, and record shopping. As a Junior he started a race for distance between discus- and bull-throwing — and of course the latter won. So, as a Senior he learned to throw it at girls, finally proving himself the studliest UCC ever to reside in Page.

GARY GORDON
CHRISTOPH
OFF-CAMPUS

CH



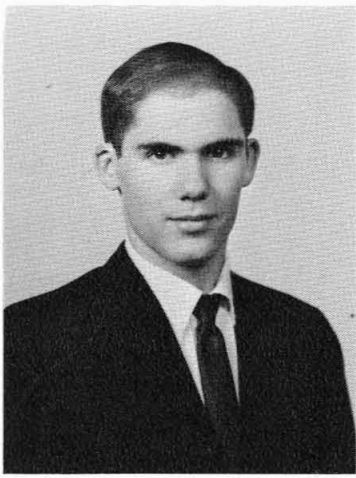
DOUGLAS ARTHUR
CARNE
OFF-CAMPUS

ENG

After graduating from high school, Doug went to Occidental College where he majored in physics and math. But upon realizing that his interests were not in such abstract subjects, he decided to become an engineer. Since Oxy had no engineering department, he availed himself of the 3-2 combined plan and transferred to Caltech. Having heard rumors of the overabundance of the opposite sex on campus, Doug decided that he had better come to Tech prepared. So a few weeks before school began, he departed from that care free state of bachelorhood. Well, Doug and Pat's

honeymoon came to an abrupt end when they were separated for three days by that sacred tradition called New Student Camp. For the next two years, Doug found little time to do else by study and love. And as long as he can keep his wife happy and working, he will continue his study of applied mechanics in graduate school.

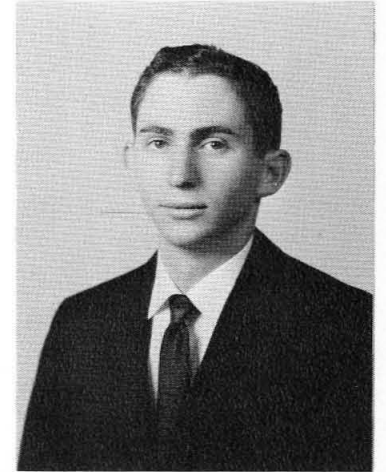




**BENJAMIN G. COOPER
BLACKER**

MA

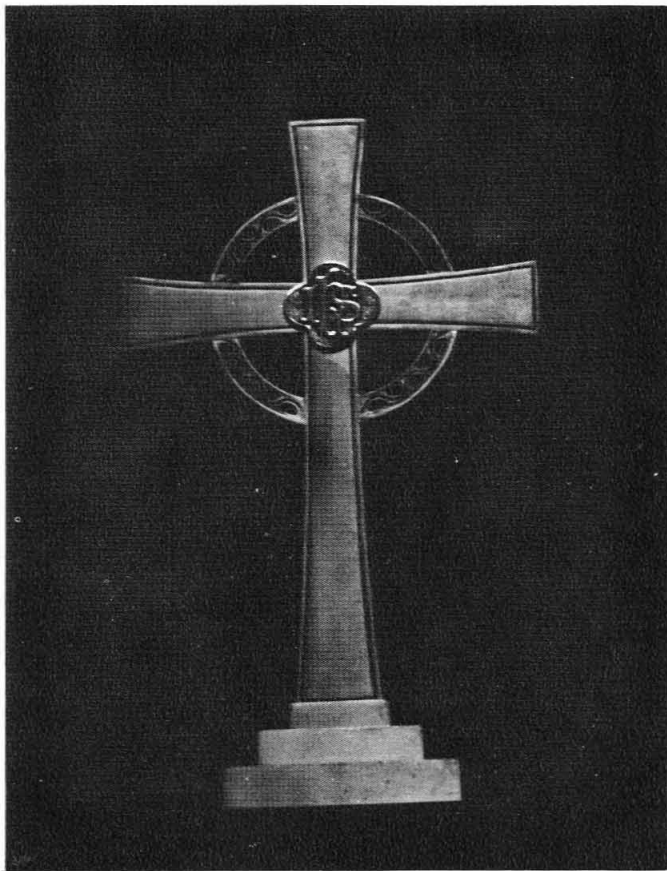
Ben came from the back streets of Chicago to enter Caltech without a high school diploma, only to find his studies even easier here. So he took up girls, specifically Laura, YMCA, swimming (Letter winner as breast stroker!), Glee Club, and finally Blacker House prexy, to keep himself busy. In addition he added his sweet tenor voice to the Glee Club Varsity Quartet. Despite his tender young age, "Studley" has been corrupted and will be dragged to the altar in August next. Then it will be off to Harvard or worse for math grad school.



**MARTIN D. COOPER
PAGE**

PH

Martin entered Caltech with all the prerequisites! He was a physics major. Four years later he finds himself in an unusual position — he is still a physics major. But this apparent lack of personal development is deceiving, for in between physics Martin has always had time for the real world. He was capitulated into office because the House liked his spirit. As Page House Treasurer he made Page almost disgustingly solvent, despite the best efforts of the social chairman, Pacific Telephone, and the Coca-Cola Company. Having survived a devastating barrage of vituperous, personal recriminations at the hands of Billious Green, Martin is eyeing ever more dangerous horizons. But we're sure that he'll survive grad school, too.

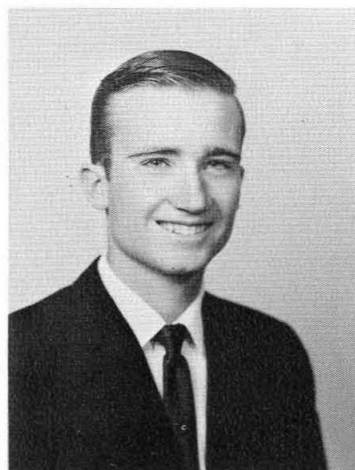


**JERRY LYNN DESSINGER
RICKETTS**

AY

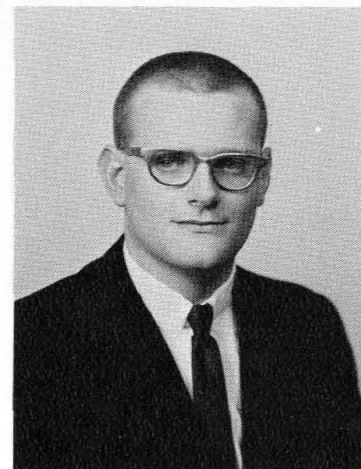
**PETER NEWELL CROSS
RICKETTS**

BI



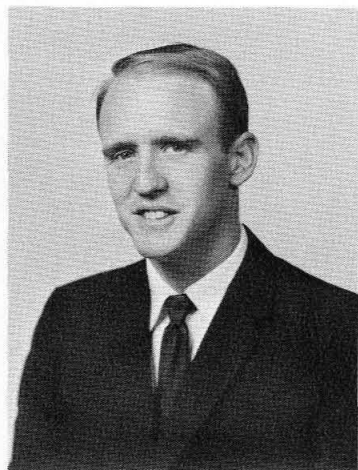
RANDOLPH PAUL DICKINSON
PAGE

BI
In days of old when nights were bold, there lived in an obscure corner of Page, stout King Randy Smut, His Feculency, Destroyer of the Frosh Rooms, Protector of Immorality, Keeper of the Bed Pan, Guardian of the Southern Comfort, who, in his red silk pajamas, ventured forth, armed with but a bayonet, into the unfriendly kingdom of Watts. His valiant war horse, Old Breakdown, received severe injuries from three bricks, but "sone cold stober" King Randy managed to escape, wielding his flaming deodorant can. Resting from his eternal crusade to stem the tides of daylight, His Baseness could often be seen sleeping it off in the Royal Head, the Imperial Alley, or the Regal Bed Pad.



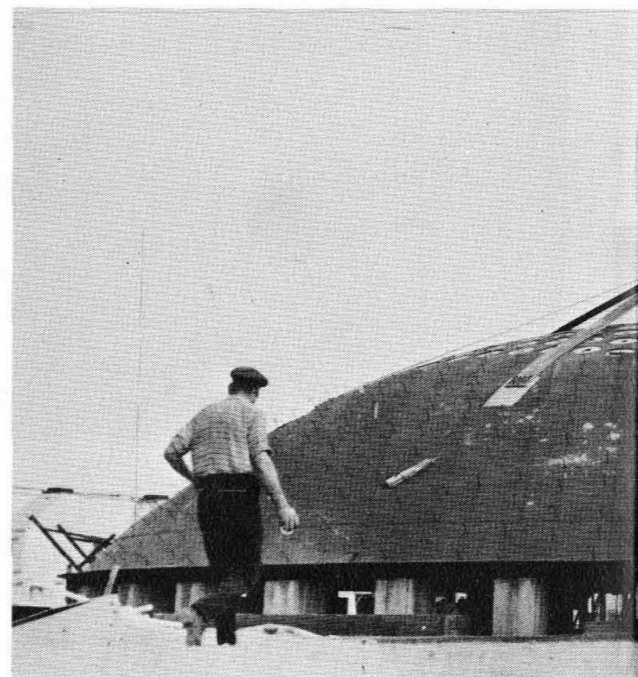
ROBERT GEORGE
DICKINSON
RUDDOCK

ENG
Coming from famous Tarzana, California, Rob soon proved his worth. As a frosh he is credited with roaming the streets of Glendale clad in pajamas, running rampant in various house alleys in natal attire, and other lude adventures too numerous to mention. In later years, with women constantly dogging his heels, Rob found time to become Ruddock House Social Chairman, Athletic Manager, U.C.C. and Headwaiter as well as serve on the B.O.C. Returning to Caltech as a senior, Rob assumed the role of "Yeguada Real" with the fiendishly clever purchase of a sports car and residence in an apartment. As a graduate student, he plans to become a Berkeley Revolutionary as well as fill the vast emptiness attributed to many Cal coeds.



LARRY EDWARD DILLEHAY
RICKETTS

PH
Coming from Ventura, in the heart of lemon country, Larry wasn't one. He is one of the brave people who likes to do just about everything well. Even scholastic achievement and two years in Snake Alley couldn't damper his athletic, social, and political interests. Larry was a mainstay of the Ricketts basketball and softball teams and a cross country letterman, an active participant in social events, and a House Athletic Manager. In his senior year Larry was a U.C.C. and BOC member, in true recognition of the respect he has earned in the past years at Tech.



GARETH WINSTON
EDWARDS
RICKETTS

PH



**GLENN ENGBRETSSEN
PAGE MA**

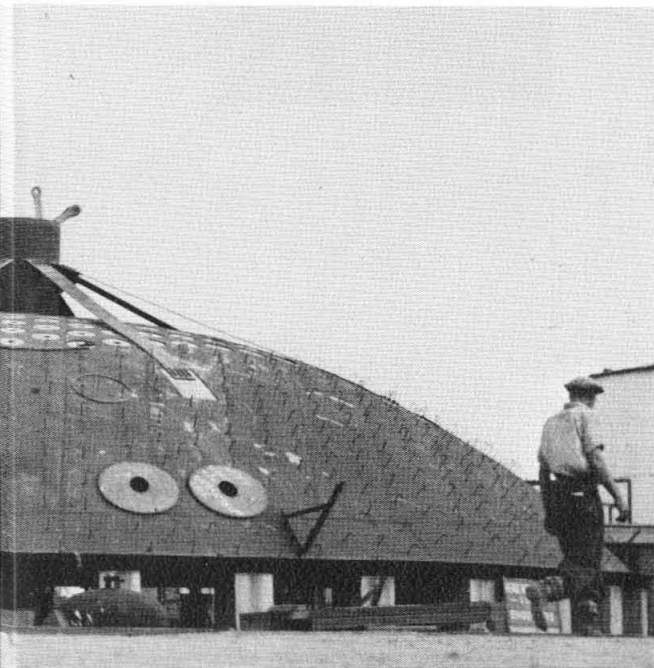
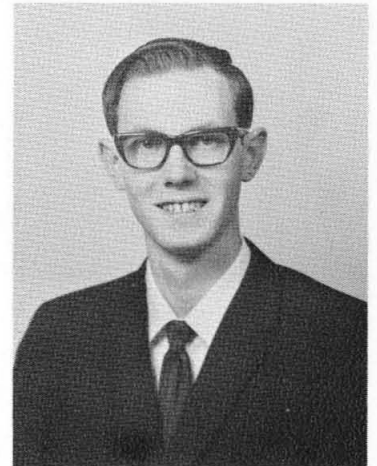
From his throne, perched regally atop his spectacular newspaper collection, King Glenn of the Telescopic Lense, and ruler of Marvel super heroes surveyed his mighty realm of Galahad Glen. Scattered at his feet lay the pictures of his past triumphs: His heroic escape from TJ's feared two-hundred pound galloping pig; the great House Birthday Railroad; the inside of the darkroom at midnight (slightly over-exposed). But Glenn had little time to glory in past victories, for new challenges awaited him. There was that bone to run through Pasadena and Tom Apostol's 108 homework to grade, a Putnam team to lead, and maybe even a math class to attend—after the party, of course.



**DANIEL EDWIN ERICSON
BLACKER MA**

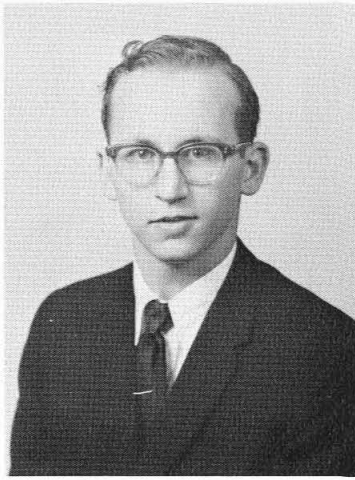
Young, unsuspecting Daniel came to Caltech instead of going to Berkeley. This did not prevent him from making a determined bid for campus power as ASCIT Rep. Unfortunately, his honest face scared away the voters. Instead of resorting to picketing, however, he cultivated other interests in the Glee Club and in girls, later serving ably as a House Social Chairman. His less well known activities include composing, acting, and monthly appearances as a werewolf. The future is still somewhat uncertain, holding such diverse possibilities as graduate school in mathematics, leading to a PhD degree, or in law, leading to a career of ambulance chasing.

**JAMES MARTIN EVANS
RICKETTS ENG**



**JOHN R. EYLER
DABNEY CH**

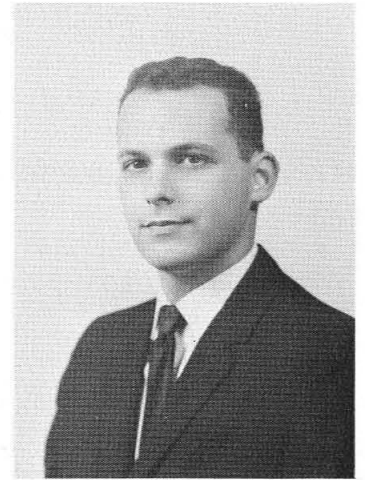
Hard work in his freshman year left John fond of vacations; but vacations left him fond of Fonda, creating a lasting pattern and an obvious pun. In the interludes between vacations John came to the 4 and then some. Yet on occasion he relieved this urge to study by excursions around the campus. In these he became a varsity diver, Y-Veep, Coffeehouse Committee Chairman and Dabney House President. Neither vacations nor excursions could hide the big picture, for grad school will find John distilling P-Chem's real nitty gritty.



**ROGER ALLEN FAJMAN
BLACKER**

MA

Jafman, strange visitor from the slums of San Lorenzo, is the hero of computers everywhere. Weaned on Berkeley's 1620, he was soon supplying Caltech's 7094 with such stimulating programs as Edith. Faster than a speeding 360, more powerful than the mean value theorem, able to leap infinite discontinuities in a single bound, Jafman is disguised as mild-mannered (except on half moons) Roger Fajman, nocturnal mathematician and member of the Lower Docs Flame Worshipping Society, whose main interests are ice cube tossing, hi-fi building, and cute girls with sick grandparents. Jafman plans to go to Stanford and become a systems programmer.



**JIM ELLIOT FISHBEIN
DABNEY**

ENG

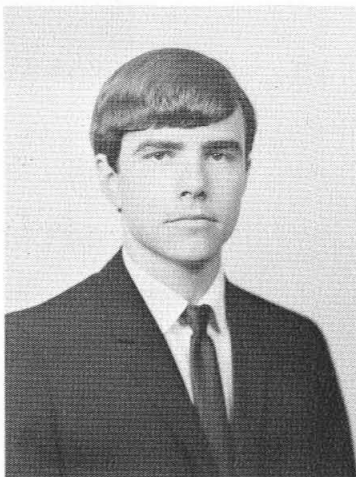
Jim made his big move when he left Chicago for the smoggyland of Science and the green elephant. He's spent the last four years rectifying that mistake. Always the sport, he rode his Impala on the trail of fair game, venturing into such jungles as Westwood, exposition Park, and Claremont. Forsaking science, he devoted his time to the Y, the YD's, and the mysteries of Dabney hall. He left the Green Elephant to enter the world of Big Business, becoming a partner first in FGM Corp. and later in KCGF Enterprises. Next thing anyone knows, Jim will be working for an MBA.



**MICHAEL FOLEY
DABNEY**

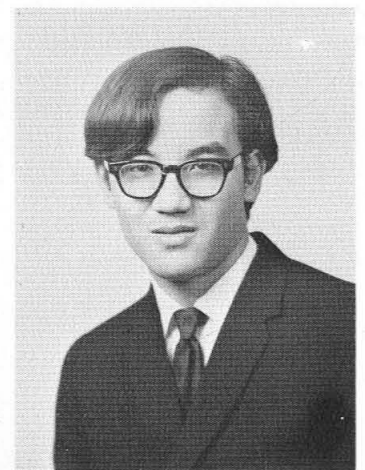
ENG

Arriving from Phoenix, Mike eagerly set out to prove that Tech really was the crock it was cracked up to be. Aside from cocktail parties in the Beckman sound booth, he managed to ignore Grad students in AE courses and climb a mountain of computer output to achieve a brown belt in karate as well as proficiency in sailing and scuba diving. His skill in diving for abalone was obvious (Yeech!) for miles. Having achieved undisputed supremacy in number of times and ways of being shot down (and not by the Red Baron), Mike shrugs off the Tech hex with plans to design spacecraft that will carry him to the promised land. If you should see a moustached phantom, flashing through the streets of Pasadena on his red, brakeless, self-powered, surface-street craft, it can be no one else.



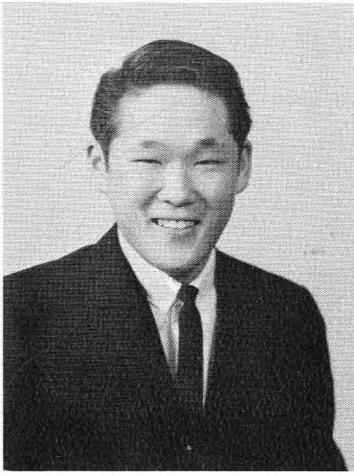
**JOHN FOSTER
BLACKER**

BI



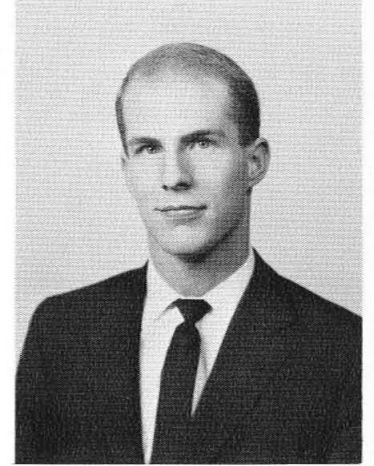
**TED T. FUJIMOTO
PAGE**

CH

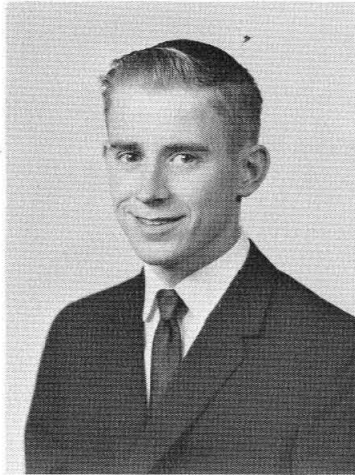


**DENNIS MASATO FURUIKE
RUDDOCK ENG**

Dennis, first chair percussionist in the United States of America Band which toured Europe in 1962, began his studies at Occidental College. Seeing the light, he came to Caltech on the "3-2 program" and will graduate with a BA in Physics (Occidental College) and an author of several published papers, Dennis has found time to practice judo and karate, to share his percussion technique by teaching, and to make frequent trips to Oxy.



**KIM D. GIBSON
PAGE MA**



**KIMBERLY REED
GLEASON
DABNEY**

Kim came to Caltech with an interest in science, and a box of junk. He soon acquired a strong distaste for studying (what, me snake!?) a knowledge of the steam tunnels (two articles for *National Geographic*).

Obtaining a camera after being elected house historian, he found his true calling and became first lensman for the *Tech*; taking pictures of

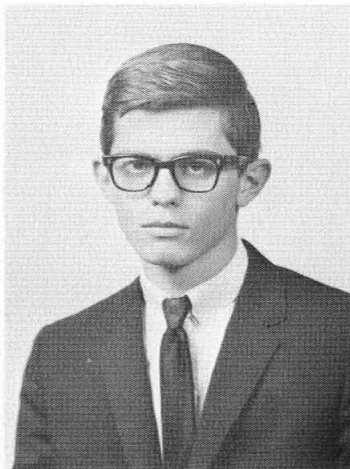
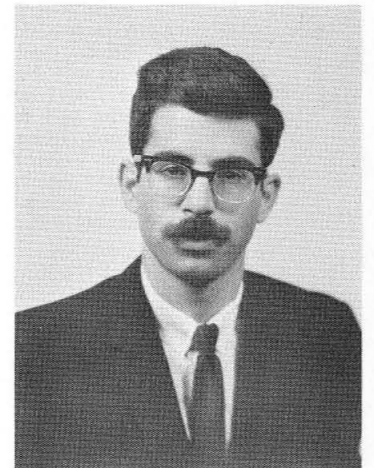
EE

water polo beat playing it. (Even with an Oregonians webbed feet he almost drowned — too many "big guys.") He leaves for greener schools with an interest in science (!), two boxes distilled essence of junk, considerable respect for the complexities of the dirt roads in the Angeles forest, and 542 negatives yet to be printed.

**JOEL GOLDBERG
FLEMING**

CH

Four years ago Goldberg random-walked all the way from The Nose Bowl in West LA to Pasadena Beautiful. His wanderings have since taken him to: Fleming for three years (would you believe 2 2/3?), Mexico (Agua Prieta, not TJ; some choice!) for a week; the bridge table for uncountable eons; the legendary Home Of The Butcher, The Baker, and The Candlestick maker (FGM, Inc.) for a term; and to the Mansion (CFGKW&W plus Pseudocat) for the sacred senior year . . . Inevitably The-Man-With-The-Built-In-Soup-Strainer turned his talents to gastronomy. The product: Muthuh G's Kosher-Style eggs—with . . . Having established his option GPA Joel didn't endanger it his senior year: zot Chem courses. Seems I.S. awaits him at friendly 2s-ville. Or off to the center of The International Conspiracy . . .



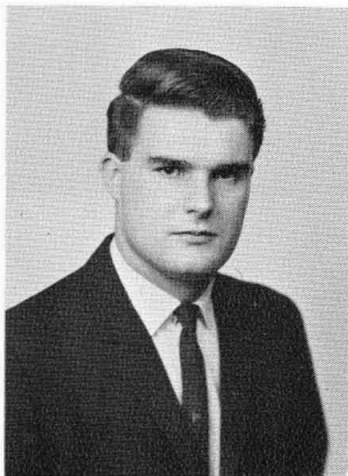
**DAVID M. GOODMANSON
PAGE PH**

Dave is the only student at Tech to be a third term senior twelve consecutive terms, Gott sei dank. Constantly in cords since his frosh year, to our knowledge he's never been caught snaking. Given any well lighted, 2 x 4, horizontal space (Except, of course, his own bed) one is likely to find him sound asleep in it. Dedicated to protecting the virtue of the house, Goody Dave is also an all-around jock, having served as house athletic manager, playing Interhouse Football, Volleyball, Track, and softball, skiing, and since breaking even in the Chicken Pool, sheing, as well.

**NORTON R. GREENFELD
RUDDOCK**

MA

Norton Ben-Abraham Greenfeld (RN 56098, House of David, Apartment 3) started life as a thumb-sucking boy-chickl amidst the whispering sands of Miami. As an eighteen-year-old-post-puberty-adolescent-chickl, he entered Caltech armed with a burning desire for knowledge and smelly feet. Attracted at first by ingenious toys that his parents sent him, his cronies soon discovered in Norton a Solomon-like wisdom, not to mention a free hand with booze. Rising rapidly thru the besotted ranks, he emerged as Ruddock Veep in his senior year. He managed to keep religion from becoming an issue in his election to YMCA veep by pointing out that once even a Christian had been elected. Despite the heavy responsibility of keeping the electorate tanked, he also found time to spend with Sue and in Winnett with Wes. As a result of nasty cracks by the APCD about his feet, Norton is taking himself elsewhere to grad school. Maybe Stanford. Maybe not.



**RICHARD DALE HACKATHORN
LLOYD**

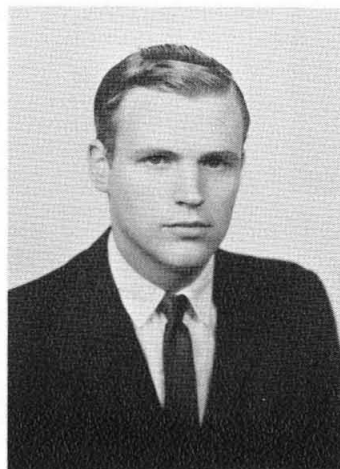
ENG

Hailing from Akron, Ohio, Dick arrived at Caltech as a random frosh troll, only to be distinguished by his eager "Y smile". During his four years here, he has discovered that his studies have not sufficiently filled the twenty-four hour day, so he has had to resort to several extra-curricular activities, among these swimming, water polo, and random organizations, but mainly the YMCA and Linda (a random organization?). The first claimed him as president this year, and the latter will claim him as husband upon graduation. Dick's plans for the future include a career in the Social Sciences.

**MARSHALL HALL III
LLOYD**

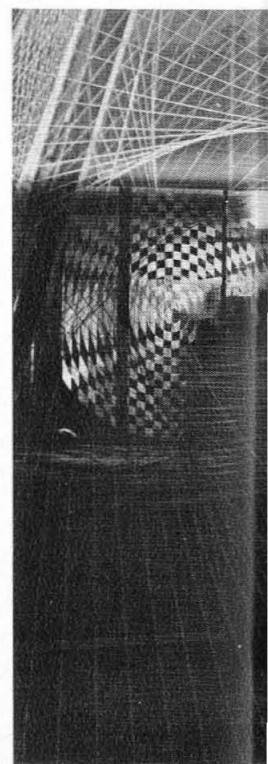
BI

Lloyd House was fortunate to capture some of the local talent when Marsh arrived from Poly, right across the street. A genuine football aficionado, he and his since departed cohorts immediately began to organize Lloyd's version of an Interhouse football team. But, alas, the gridiron had to take second place to Marsh's first love, biology. A hippy born and bred, pre-med at Caltech, Marsh became athletic manager and finally UCC. He is now doubtless on his way to a successful career at UCLA medical school.



**WILLIAM G. HAMMER
RICKETTS**

ENG



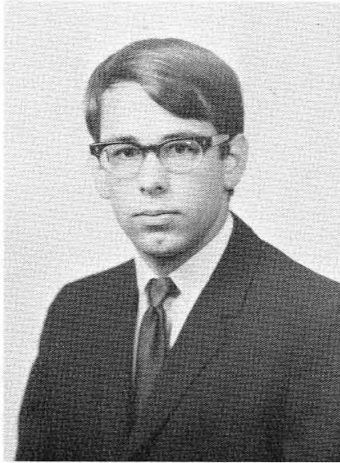
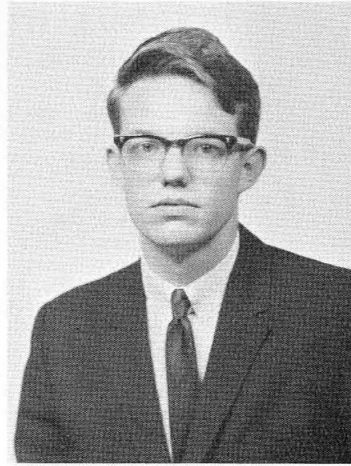
DAVID A. HAMMOND
PAGE

EE

As Hammond ran out of months to spot the Institute, he began to look farther and farther for units, to graduate. And lo, the Spirit of Darkness appeared to him in a dream. "Hammond, what have you ever done to further the cause? More to the point, what have you ever done?"

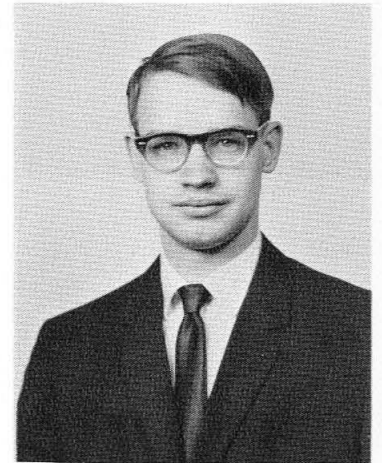
"Well, I convince my profs that I don't exist, then show up for finals, crushing them. During the rest of the year I manage the underground radio station KCUF, channel 96; that is, when I'm not working on the Beckman carpet. "Okay, Dave, then just how much do you want for your soul, besides \$15 and 15c a mile?"

"Well, there's got to be this girl at Babcock next summer, see . . ."



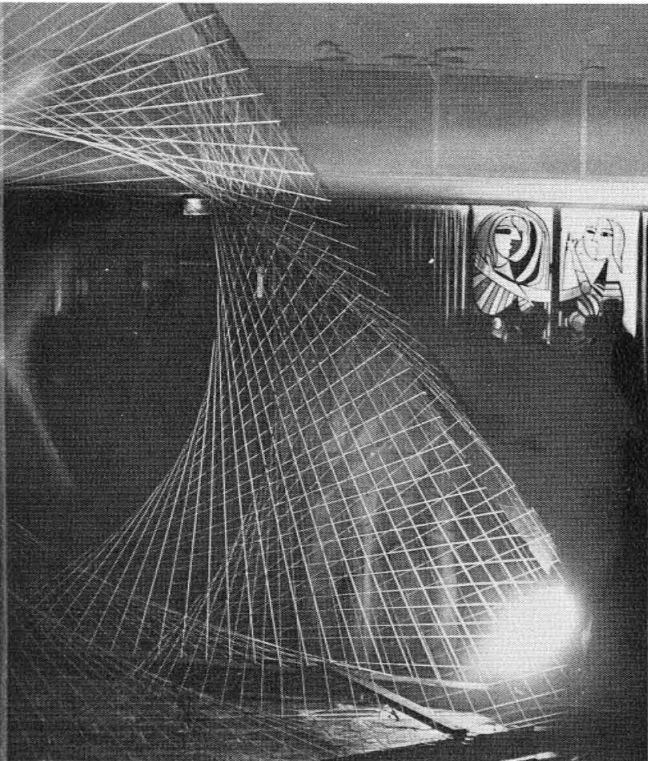
**ERIC F. HARSLEM
FLEMING**

IS



**ROBERT S. HAYES
RICKETTS**

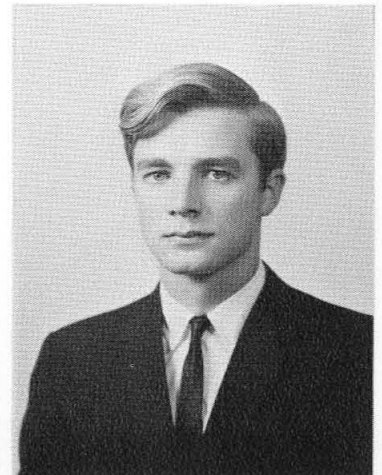
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**JIM HELD
RUDDOCK**

ENG

Being an Altadena native, Jimmy should have had better sense than to enroll in the Pasadena Monastery. But he didn't let science get in his way, for he met a blonde bunny named Wendy his freshman year and earned the House titles of H.D.F. and H. H.S.T. Together, they lead the drunken revelries at bar parties and beer blasts. No one can ever forget when Wendy out-crowded Jim at Catalina and he ran into the bushes to hide his shame. He found other ways of keeping away from his studies, like being on the Ruddock crew team and by being ASME treasurer. Jim has plans for a gay bachelor's life as a graduate student in ME, but there's a certain blonde that thinks she can change those plans.

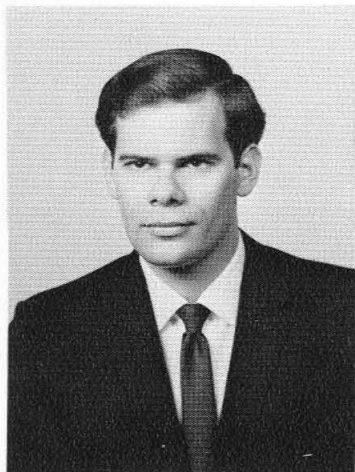
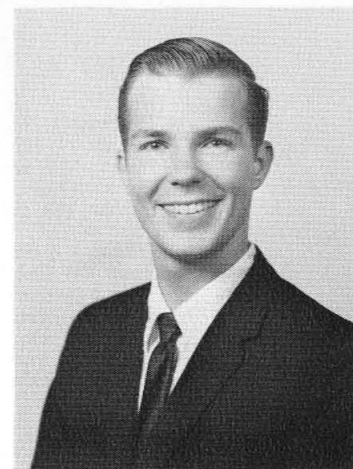


**TERRILL WILLARD
HENDRICKSON
BLACKER**

MA

Smiling (who has seen him frown?) Tim brought to Caltech loves as perpetual as the gray rain of his native Washington. For mathematics and later computers, for Jennifer Cherie (giving rise to the deadly "lost week"), and for the active and cheerful life. Hence Tim joined the California Tech ("Hpindrixen? There are 26! ways of spelling Hendrasxponz . . .") and soon became editor-in-chief and afterwards chairman of the ASCIT Excomm, leaving Caltech new blue books, the millifung system, and the art of buffeting.

Tim plans graduate study at Stanford, where he will specialize in discrete mathematics and artificial intelligence. He sincerely thanks the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation for making possible his work at Caltech, and Caltech for making possible a relevant and stimulating education.



**IRA HERSKOWITZ
RICKETTS**

BI

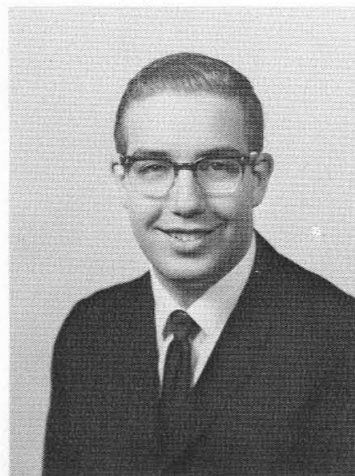
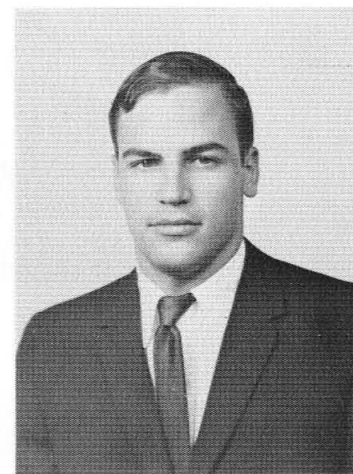
As for his feet, sometimes he wore on each a sock, or on the one a sock and on the other a stocking, or a boot, or a shoe, or a slipper, or a sock and boot, or a sock and shoe, or a sock and a slipper, or a stocking and boot, or a stocking and shoe, or a stocking and slipper, or nothing at all. And sometimes he wore on each a stocking, or on the one a stocking and on the other a boot, or a shoe, or a slipper, or a sock . . .

Samuel Beckett

**MICHAEL R. HESS
RUDDOCK**

EE

Mike refused to let studies interfere with his education, and found even noble C.I.T. better than playing Philadelphia. Though fortunate enough to enter low-pressure Ruddock House, he found two years of his time unaccountably vanishing into Interhouse and Discobolus competitions, and the water-polo team. Despite the notorious orgies of on-campus social life, Mike decided in favor of South Pas digs and various tall female companions during the final "best years of his life(?)." One thing awakened by his liberal education was taste, as a '58 Chevy was replaced by an Alfa Veloce, and a Honda putt-putt by an X-6 with which he defies the laws of mechanics by trailing. Future plans involve the girl back home, numerous sports cars, and maybe even grad school.

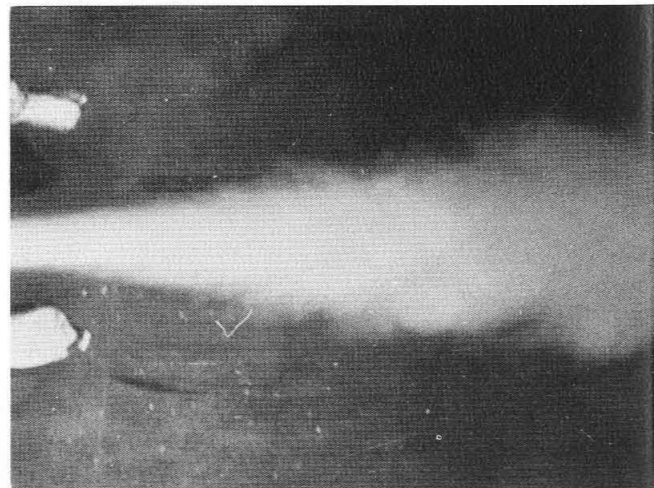


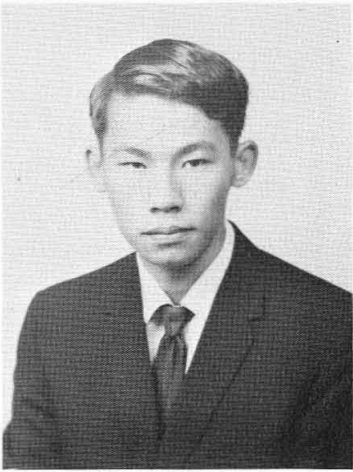
**HOWARD HOFFMAN
RICKETTS**

ECON

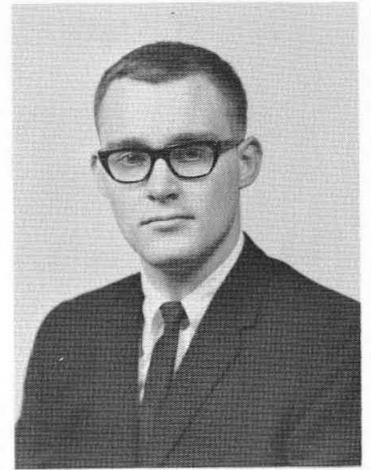
Howard came from New York with intent to be a mathematician. He quickly realized that although he knew Tech, he didn't know himself. Changing first into biology, and then into economics, when the opportunity presented itself, he is now headed for a business career, probably in marketing.

A profound believer in the concept of the "great beyond," he actively tried to convert trolls to people. This culminated in his election as social chairman of his house.





EDWARD SHI-PING HSI
PAGE CH



BRUCE SAMUEL HUDSON
RICKETTS CH

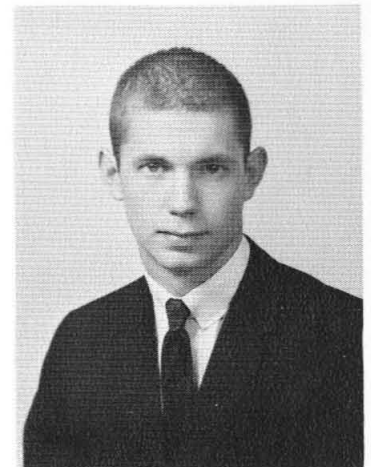
GARY G. IHAS
RICKETTS

PH

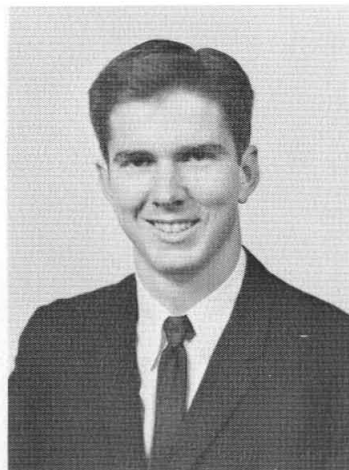
Plucking out a woeful strain on his lyre, Gary's high school guidance counselor sang to him of the Great Institute in the West, where academic giants battled the Dragon of Gross Ignorance on the scientific frontier. Leaving the hinterlands of New Jersey, Gary hustled off to Pasadena and introduced himself ("I-H-A-S? No Joke? There really is a name like that?"), purchased a trusty steed (350 cc), and discovered that there wasn't a fair damsel around for miles. However, he excelled in two years of football and track, lettered in both and served as athletic manager in his house and later as UCC. A one-year stint off-campus convinced him of the need for a feminine hand in things and gave him a good excuse to finally marry Renee. With a physics degree under his belt and his eye on a college teaching career, Gary will go off to grad school this fall with a healthy appreciation for his Caltech education.



WALTER RUNDLE INNES
RICKETTS PH



GRAY JENNINGS
LLOYD MA



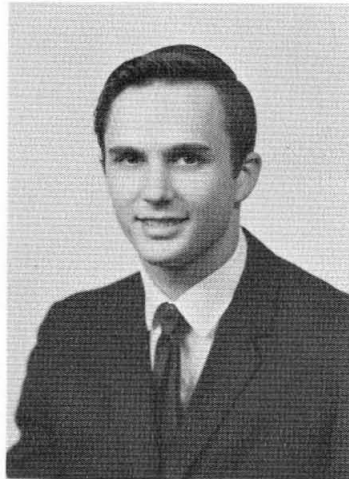


HERB JUBIN
PAGE

CH
Hailing from the wrong side of the German-Polish border comes Herbie, known to Page's adversaries as the Fat Fury. Easily recognized by his slim size 32 PE shorts, carefully concealed by his size 42 stomach and the grace and agility of a pregnant water buffalo that has earned him the nick-name Twinkletoes. This year Herb is UCC of Waldercan Alley, though he considered trying the Greek Way for a change. Also active in athletics, Herb's quit the basketball team more times than Eddie Hsi's been out, and is also invaluable to Page's Interhouse volleyball, basketball, softball, and football teams. Herbie will long be remembered here for his stirring words uttered at nearly every football game, "Let's Go Bugs Bunny!"



LAWRENCE KARR
PAGE



EDWARD C. KELM
FLEMING

EE
Ignoring an Abel warning, Easy Dog migrated to Tech four years ago from that bright little Vista of Southern California, where the desert and dune buggies were his first love, after, of course, Science, Home and TV Repair.

A charter member of the "Alley Four Crowd" and creator of the Fleming Flicker and Spurt division, Ed loved Fleming, until, like every fleeced cloud, the Goulded lining shone through, leaving Uncle Ed with a purity point and Cliff with a full sink, repleat with 007 floater. Having backed into a trollish progress when Clare went to Scripps, Ed recovered only in time to give up snaking forever, the other route being too greasy. Lacking the tools of a good 125 mechanic, Ed stuck to changing transes on the Blue Bomb, while Azusa's worst accused him of dragging his feet.

Snowed by h-bar, of Creutz, over the weekend, Ed still dreams of a mansion in the desert and four on the floor, yet rarely makes the Superstitions pilgrimage since Scripps is closer. Besides, rolling chromies gather a lot of fuzz.

Now, Ed plans to take the fateful step of getting riced twice, and yearns to work on useful stuff, like skates and life.

Oh, yes, and how's your mom, Ed ? ?



JOSEPH DAVID KINKADE
BLACKER **EN**

**PETER L. KRAUSE
FLEMING**

EE

Peter the meter reader came to Plumbing House from nearby Lakewood. Pete decided to major in sleeping through classes, quizzes, and midterms, in spite of three alarm clocks. His second interest is EE. When not sleeping he can be found building circuits . . . on his desk, on the floor, under the bed, in the closet, and occasionally in Humphrey's sacred circuitless 91 lab. (Really!). Never will he be found at breakfast, sometimes at lunch, usually at dinner, mostly at IHP. He may also be found rumbling around in a broken plastic car, body by Fisher.

Pete dreams of owning a fuel injection company someday, of making his Quine program run on the 7094, and of beating Mario Andretti up Wilson.

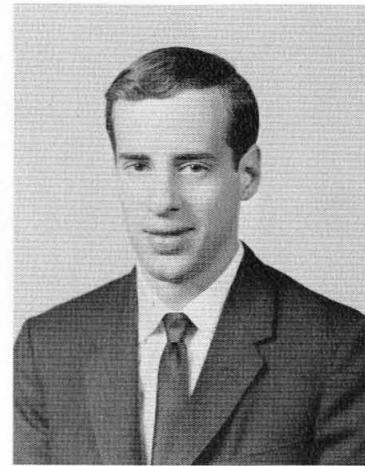


**FRED K. LAMB
RUDDOCK**

PH

Nose down-hanging, bouncing, banging on the floor that this man walks.

Fast 440, culture vulture, big debater, talks and talks. Swishing dresses, soft brown tresses, thousands lying at his feet. Tisket, tasket, up your ASCIT President he was, twas meet. Sullen sophomore, felt castrated, asked himself why he was here. Most fare worse; he Tau Beta Pi in his junior year. Fledgling Feynman, grades to prove it, don't believe it, but it's true. Endless talent, application, would that they were more like he. **WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT THIS MAN ALMOST WENT TO GRAD SCHOOL IN ECON??**



**RICHARD A. LANDY
RICKETTS**

PH



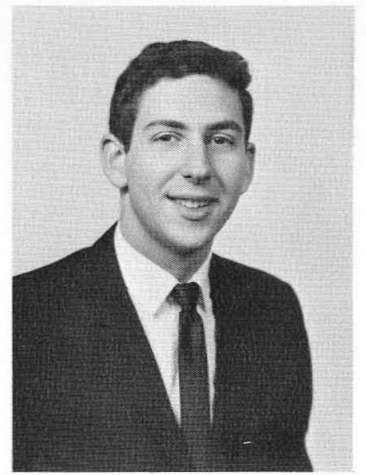
**PAUL LUNG SANG LEE
PAGE**

PH

Hitch-hiking all the way from Hong Kong, Paul arrived at Tech in September of 1961, eager to learn all the wonders of Physics. Since he arrived a year late, he decided to register as the only Sophomore who got as much mail as a frosh. In desperation, Levinson, Lau, and the boys tried to establish "Lee" as the 27th letter of the alphabet. But his life was changed when he roomed with Lascivious Lou Newman. Paul was forced to forsake his Physics to become etiquette expert and clothing counsellor for his infamous roommate. His one notable failure was marked by the line, "But I thought he was just going to the head!". When Newman finally graduated Paul roomed with Ping Sheng in order to resume his study of Physics. His future plans include grad school and a visit to Hong Kong.



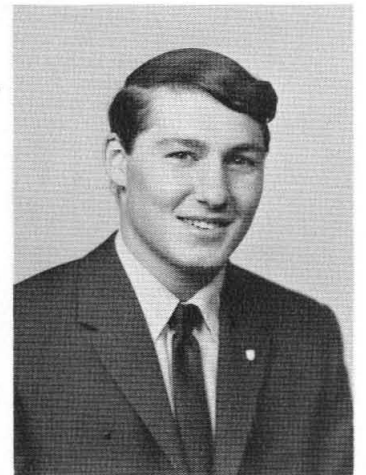
**YORK LAIO
BLACKER** PH



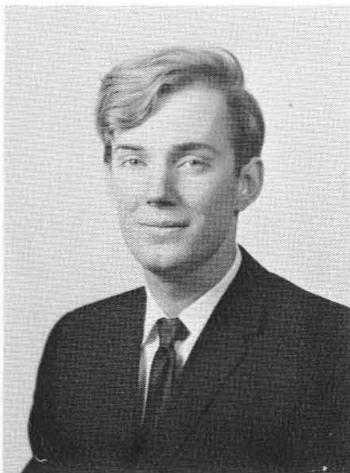
**ERIK A. LIPPA
LLOYD** MA



**GARY W. LITTLE
BLACKER** ENG



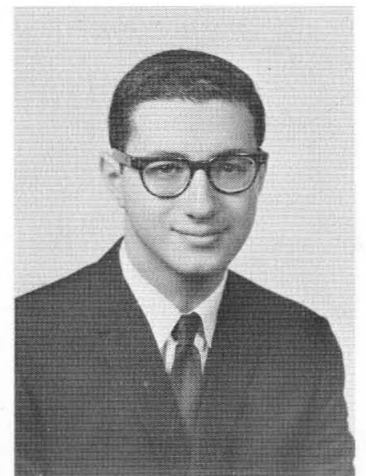
**JAMES E. LUCAS
LLOYD** BI



**ANDREW D. MacKAY
LLOYD** PH

**MYRON J. MANDELL
PAGE** PH

With but few exceptions, students rarely make scientific history while they are at Caltech. Myron Mandell is one of those exceptions, for he is the only known human (?) being to totally lack a central nervous system, and to possess a center of gravity three feet over his head. This has enabled him to perform all sorts of unusual feats, such as sticking his finger into a fan, standing up in the top bunk of a bunk bed three times within a day and a half, and blue-slipping PE after attending every class. In quieter moments, Myron poses as a classical music expert, and as a member of the Caltech Band. But his greatest scientific achievement to date is redefining the unit twitch, which bears his name.



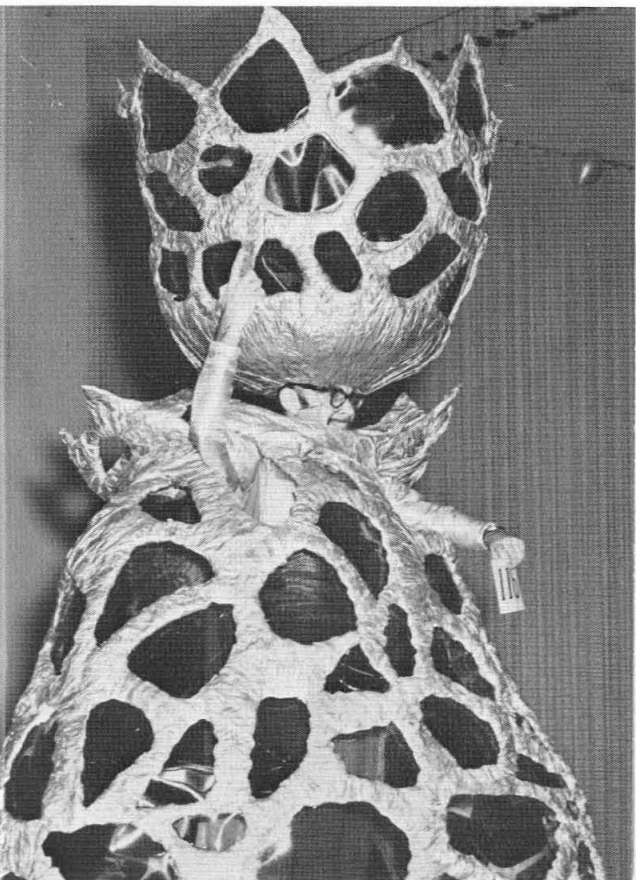


JOSEPH W. MANKE
LLOYD MA

DUANE PAUL McCLURE
LLOYD

GEO

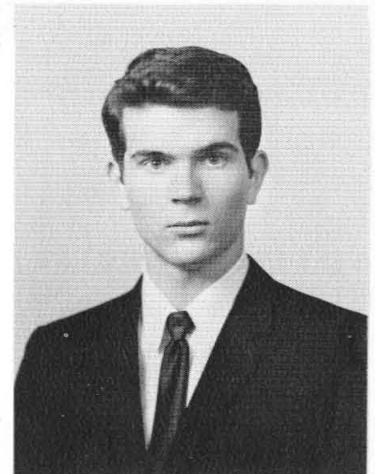
Quite conceivably the most theologically-minded geologist around, Duane came to Caltech with other occupational intentions but fell in love with Ge 1 and, despite second thoughts, still hasn't kicked the habit. After two years on campus he fled to the peace and quiet of residence elsewhere, from which he has since appeared occasionally for classes, frequently for Glee Club activities, and most frequently of all for Geology field trips. Future plans will probably take him to graduate school in geology, assuming, of course, that he doesn't succumb to the recurring urge to go instead to theological seminary.



JAMES H. McCULLOCH
BLACKER

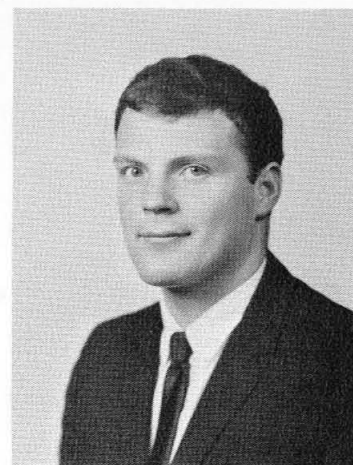
EC

Coming from the base of the Colorado Rockies, Hu will feel at home in the basements of the towering structures of high finance. He originally was in math, taking organic on the side, but at half-way he saw the light and switched his major to economics and minor to the design of Interhouse roofs and inverse cantilever bookshelves. Notorious for having only eleven hours of class a week (six of which were Ge 1), first term of his senior year, Hu must have spent his time waiting in Blacker and snaking. He plans to go on in Economics at the University of Chicago.





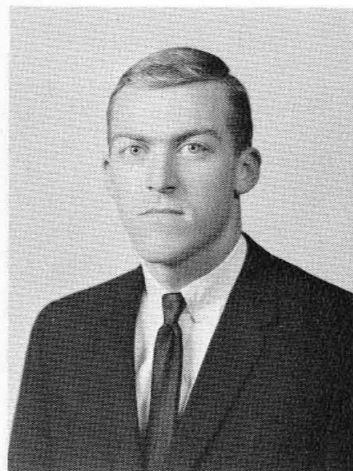
THOMAS C. McKENZIE
RUDDOCK CH



CHARLES E. McQUILLAN
FLEMING MA

DANIEL STEFAN METLAY
RICKETTS BI

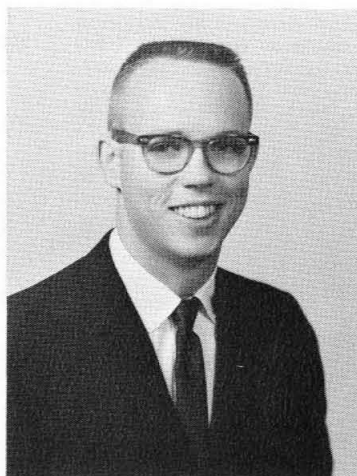
He starts screaming at me you're the one that's been causing all them riots over in Vietnam. Immediately turns to a bunch of people an' says if elected, he'll have me electrocuted publicly on the next Fourth of July. I look around an' all these people he's talking to are carrying blowtorches. But it's alright, Ma, it's life and life only.



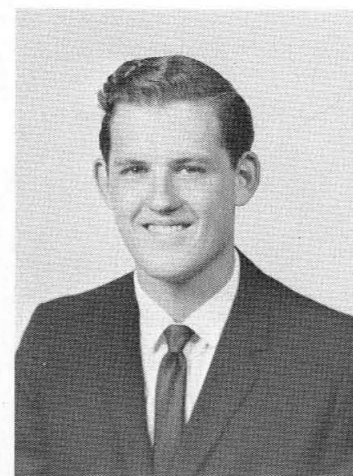
ROBERT J. MILLER
BLACKER CH

Bob arrived from Somewhere north of Chicago, and with the memory of Chach fading from his soul, he ran his smog-eaten heart out for the cross country and track teams, lettering every year. Having chosen chemistry as his life love, Bob proceeded to clear up the mysteries of NMR and such. In the meantime, he served as house treasurer, instituting the novel budget-boosting procedure of ignoring the bills. Sometime before his senior year, Bob learned to play bridge. Future plans include playing bridge with the chemistry grads at Wisconsin.

WILLIAM B. MILLER
FLEMING ENG



ROBERT L. MILTON
DABNEY AY



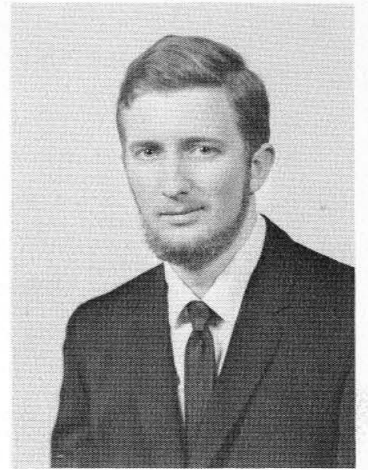
**REAGEN W. MOORE
DABNEY**

PH

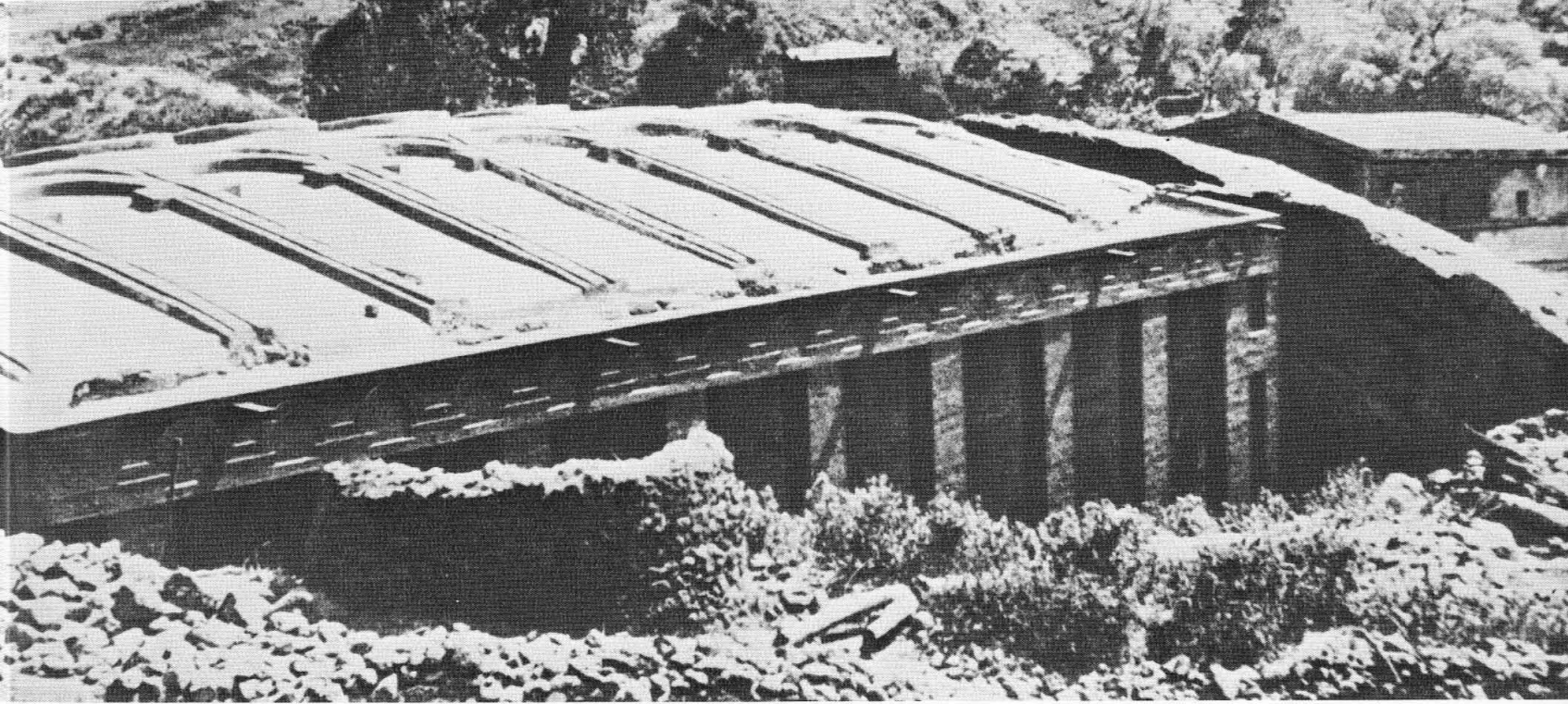
From the land of oranges he came, to do battle in the world of science, strong of body and mind.

His strength of body he contributed to the House of Green Elephants and the school of Beavers in softball, Interhousebuilding, tennis, and basketball. His strength of mind led him over the mysteries of physics and astronomy and into the hallowed confines of Tau Beta Pi.

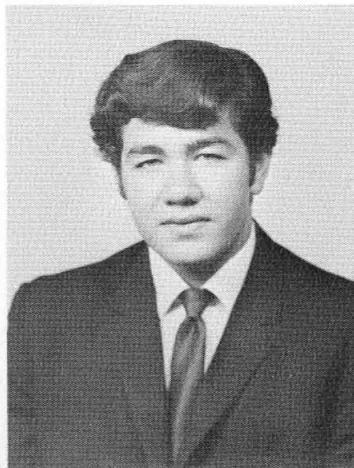
He was the bearded headwaiter, but the lure of the tandem and the solitary life was strong, so he removed off-campus from whence, armed with the double-option, will he issue forth to war again, into the land of post-graduate studies.



**WILLIAM C. MITCHELL
FLEMING** **MA**



**SHAHBAZ NOORVASH
RICKETTS** **MA**



KENNETH N. NORDSIECK

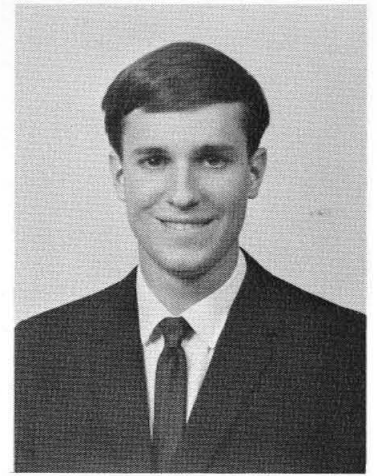
PAGE

AY

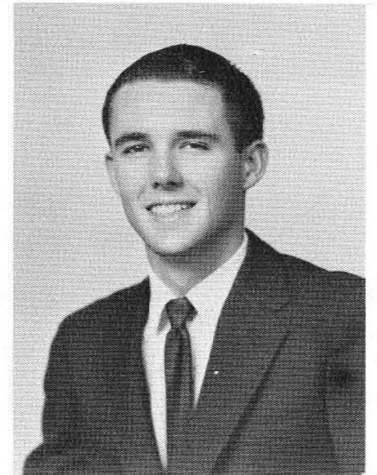
Nordsieck, kenneth n. Hmm . . . Very rare that we get a soul pickled in alcohol. You pretty well had it knocked until those four years at Caltech. Even those first three years looked pretty good, but the last year you lost sight of the fact that "go ye forth and multiply" is a duty, not a hobby. The things you managed to do in that tiny sportscar; shameful, shameful! You even tried to appear innocent by singing all those pious Glee Club songs.

"The worst part, though, is that none of us up here have gotten the Nordsieck Mung yet. We usually don't admit human Petri dishes. No, somehow I don't think we can grant you a pair of wings. This isn't Caltech, you know."

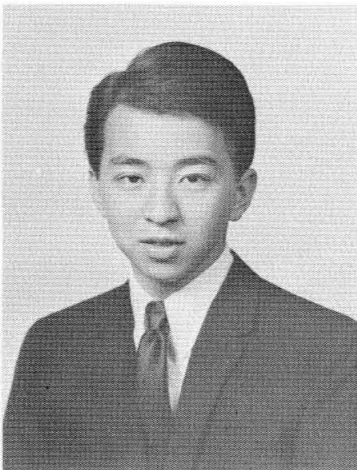
"No, Peter, let him in. We need a good U.C.C. to make everyone take their damned bull sessions onto their own clouds."



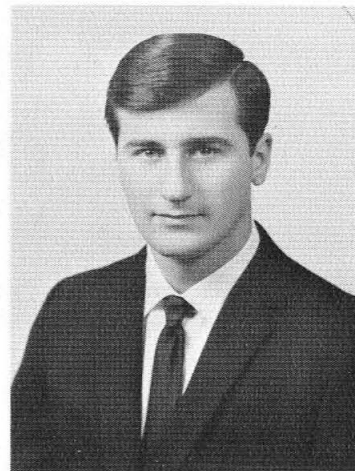
**JOHN E. O'PRAY
BLACKER ENG**



**MARTIN Y. OIYE
RICKETTS ENG**



**DOUGLAS D. OSHEROFF
LLOYD PH**



**PHILIP L. PAINE
RICKETTS BI**





ROBERT D. PARKER
FLEMING

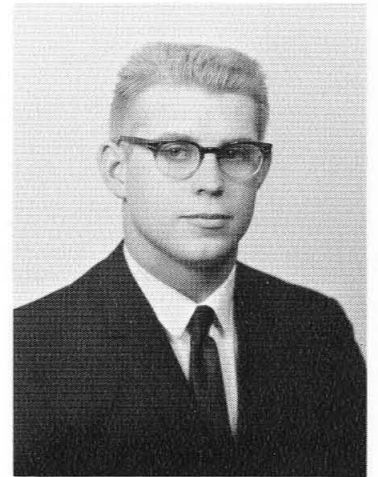
ENG

Culled into Fleming by the fourth yearly offer of being the one and only Permafrosh, Parker (no, he's not Gerhard, but he does) cooled his first term at Tech and has been working hard ever since to keep his GPA at that same high level.

Known professionally as Plumbing's Interhouse Electrician, Parker has been known to stall on other small jobs, notably Blech Circulation, Bandwagon, and BIG T Editorship, not to mention taking a few cues from being Gameroom Chairman. After spending long hours of research late at night on the TP lighting system, poor Bob still couldn't pull the right switch, lost his keys, and had to go looking for them with a flashlight, while his 7 feet of anything space cooled to 7 feet of nothing space. Well, so much for USC.

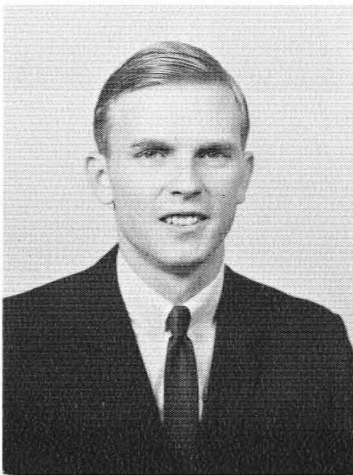
Bob is certainly a kindly soul; in a pinch, he's helped Pollock with his music, and has spent most of his weekends traveling up Berkeley-way to visit his dear & wonderful Mother.

When asked about his plans for the future, Bob is sure to cheerily reply: "I have none."



ARLIN R. PETERS
BLACKER

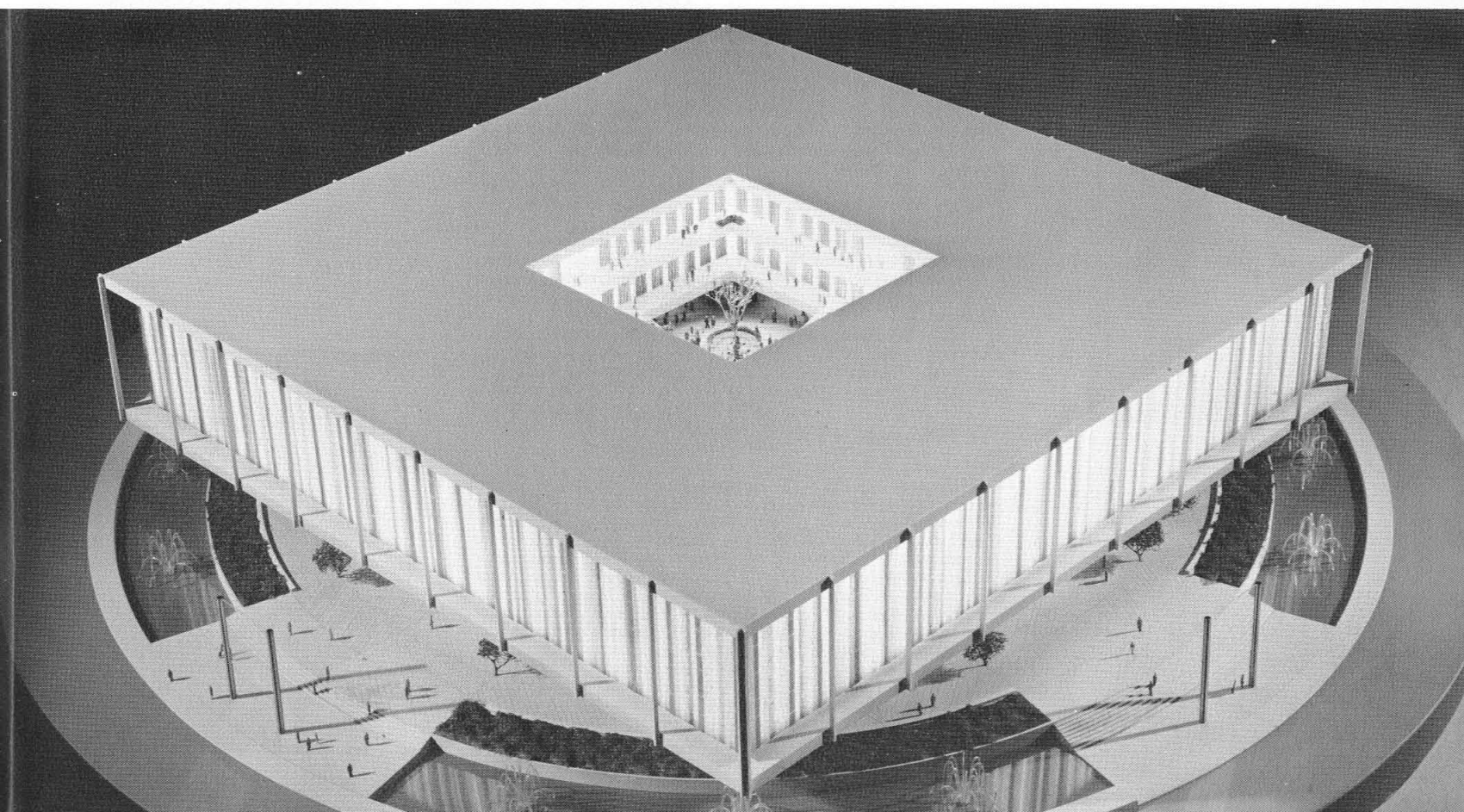
CHE



JAMES PEARSON
DABNEY

ENG

Jim came to Tech in '62 from Arizona, land of bountiful deserts and beautiful women. After a year of the mill, his painfully distended ears heeded the call of home, bod, and F.S.U., and the next year was spent in the nirvana of a party school and a 4.0. However, he decided that science was better, and he returned to Tech in '64, Dabney headwaiter and more of a snake than ever. But, even in the depths of EE and the house vice-presidency he could not ignore the call of the desert, especially not at \$.80 for the first three minutes, and '65 he returned with a permanent housekeeper for his no longer bachelor pad. He is now a inspiration to all with his thoughts on Tech grad school: "Return to Tech? Are you out of your . . . mind?"





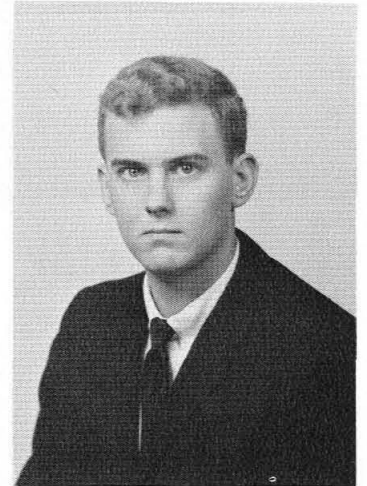
D. EDWIN PETERSON
OFF-CAMPUS

EE

Ed arrived in the Land of Plenty from the wastelands of central Iowa, quickly exploiting his radio engineering background to dodge into EE without the customary disastrous detour through Physics. He quickly achieved renown as a purveyor of music(?) to the multitudes and, as a result, departed for the more tolerant world of off-campus residence. Simultaneously, he achieved a marked increase of status rising from the rank of "most reckless Plymouth driver" to that of "most reckless Alfa driver." Vowing he has learned from his mistakes, Ed is determined to take money in favor of grad school in the years ahead.

RONALD E. PETERSON
LLOYD

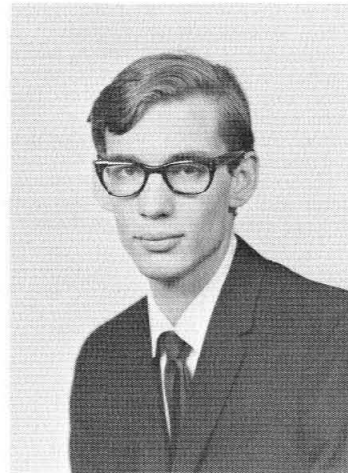
PH



ROBERT LIBERO
SILIO PICCIONI
LLOYD

PH

Born in Rome, educated in the United States, Bob has combined Old World Charisma with New World pragmatism to become both a top student and an engaging personality. Truly starting at the bottom our hero was elected Lloyd House comptroller, social chairman, UCC, then finally House President. Despite his activities at UCLA, he has managed to remain faithful to his primary obsession — The Word of Feynman. Graduate work is in Bob's immediate future and then, doubtless, greater things.



MICHAEL S. POLLOCK
FLEMING

ENG

Curly headed "Ev" had his froshly beginning with the Fleming House Cynics, of no grade fame. He advanced to the role of entymologist for the "totally bunch" of Alley Four. On a scholarship and under the misapprehension of a required three-point, he couldn't stomach it and became Maalox Mike. Late at night he could be heard crying, "It Hertz, it Hertz!"

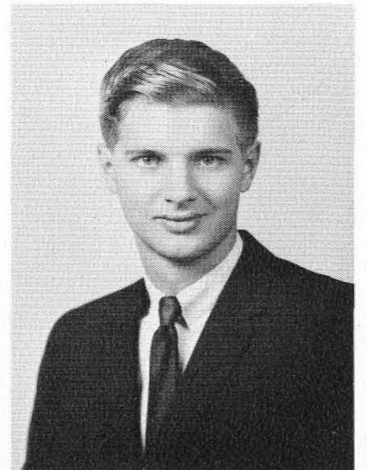
Once enlightened, however, he became sensitized to the real world, taking on Y activities, calculating on keys, distributing the Califony Blech and building Interhouses, outerhouses, Lee A. Drawbridge, a manger, and of all things a sluicebox.

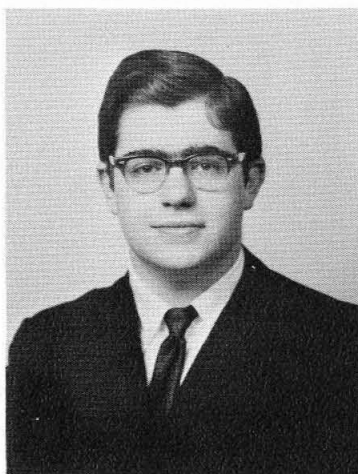
"The Stomach" is no more, but still sensitive, Mike moves forward on his exponential rise to life at its fullest. As Charlie Brown might see it, "Happiness is Mike Pollock." And that's commutative.

ALAN PORTER
PAGE

CHE

Al first ascended Mount Olympus, known elsewhere as the Senior power structure, by attaining the rarest of honors. He was Page's only Junior UCC. The power and glory didn't go to his head, but the ambrosia may have, for it is rumored that he came off second best in his encounter with the feared Protoplaster. (Where am I, where's my girl, where's my car?) Al was always dedicated to house service as evidenced by his donation of some genuine 5,000 year old guano to a certain house officer, and by his charting of every Dairy Queen from Pasadena to the Grand Canyon. This year as the result of an Oriental coup Al has become the Genghis Khan of Wong Way. With all his experience with power and corruption he is sure to make a splendid Chem. E.





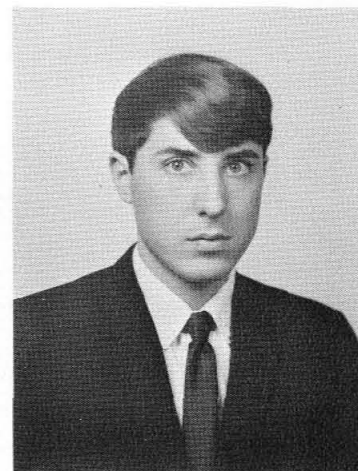
**MICHAEL CORNELIUS ROBEL
RICKETTS** PH

JONATHAN D. ROMNEY

PAGE

AY

Jon, who is Jay, will go down in history as the man who made the Page house-list more widely read than the 'Tech', and who freed the Excom from its slavish dependence on precedent. He also became the semi-official protector of Page House Ceremonial Offices, and it was in this line of duty that he became social chairman. Somehow Jay, who is Jon, could make an event sound three times classier than it was just by announcing it. Whenever he had time off from his bass duties with the Glee Club, Jon, who is he, dabbled in Drama (like Feynman dabbles in physics), and he was always willing to bring some of his work home with him, regardless of how old she was or wasn't. But then AY's have always been interested in stars, haven't they?



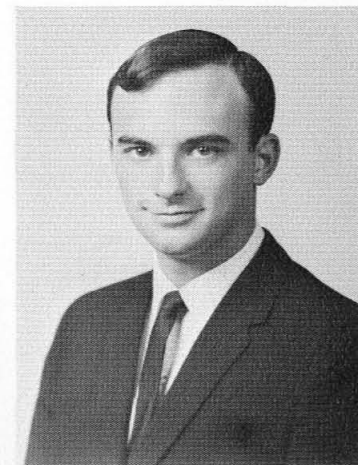
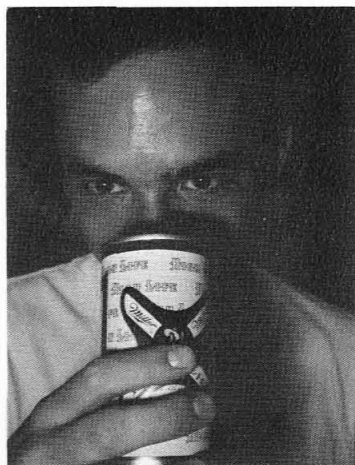
**MARK ALLEN SATTERTHWAITE
DABNEY** EC

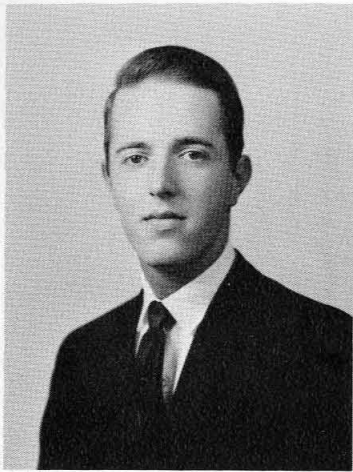
GARY SCHNUELLE

PAGE

CH

Hot on the tail of the Red Baron comes Super Sknool, strange visitor from New Jersey, with powers and an SEG far beyond those of mortal studs; and who, disguised as the mild-mannered president of a great metropolitan house fights a never-ending battle for singles, Interhouse sports, and the house president's safety, (as a symbol, you understand). Firm in the belief that nothing good can come of anything that begins with morning, Gary has made efforts to eliminate it so successful that he doesn't remember seeing one for quite some time. Page's Fearless Leader has always been a great hood-baiter, and a famed hamburger chef. But he will be best remembered for introducing the idea that student houses are for living. Page has been doing just that ever since.



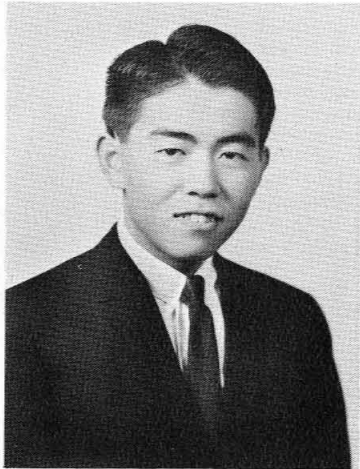


ROBERT HYLLEL SCHOR

PAGE

BI

As the only Techer ever to exist in triplicate, Bob (Otherwise rightly known as BS) has had his fingers in many things. Among them are included the office of Page House Secretary, CFTD&SU charter member (the only one still around), Glee Club, and swimming and water polo manager. All this by his junior year. He moved off-campus his senior year to be near his roommate's direct telephone hot line to UCLA. Future plans include Sylvia and graduate work in eyeballogy.

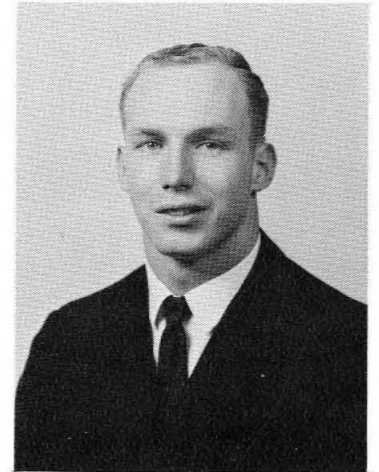


GEORGE F. SHARMAN

FLEMING

GE

When Geode came to Tech he was a gneiss guy; even when adamant he would only say, "Dull Garnet," never "Schist." Of quartz, Tech has its faults, and even Gorges marls cannot be taken for granite. He dune asbestos he could, but his brilliant clint has somewhat jaded. His speech is tufa, his manner boulder. His personality may even be called pungent! But he is never slated to gravel. He never gypsum, and even Emery couldn't rock him. And so he can be synclining up his beloved hills, argil as ever. He shale diorite! Well Geo pick it up from here, boy.

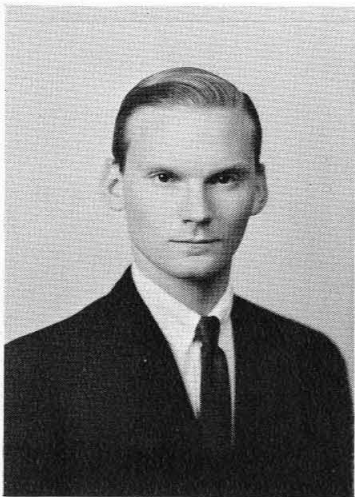


PING SHENG

PAGE

PH

Despite his thick Texas drawl and his abominably genuine love physics, Ping eventually emerged as one of the good guys of Page House. By his senior year he had found enough acceptance that he had to mutilate only two or three frosh a week with karate chops in order to vent his frustrations. In fact, he earned the eternal admiration of his peers by blue-slipping 129. Though he led the nefarious undertakings of Wong Way, he was found by those who didn't mind wading through two feet of eigenvectors to get to his room to be almost as well-tempered as the clavier of his dearly beloved Wanda. As he goes forth and explores fields unknown, he will be most remembered and revered by those who survived life at Tech solely by using his homework.

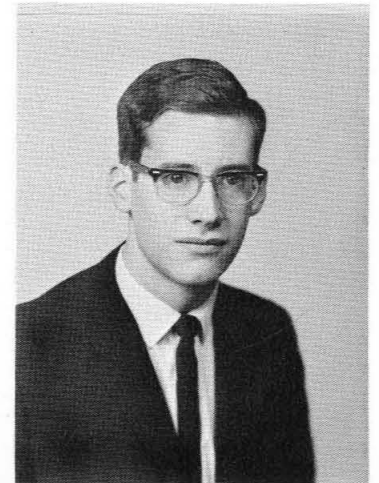


GREGORY R. SHUPTRINE

RUDDOCK

CHE

Greg had already decided he wanted to be a Chem Engineer when he came to Caltech. Admitted with Honors at Entrance, Greg has written a solid academic record while at the same time participating in a wide range of activities. He was a logical choice for a Ruddock social chairman his sophomore year. As a junior he served on the BOC and Excom, and as a Little t editor and house treasurer. In spite of incredible libel in the Little t and an occasional financial lapse — including a Las Vegas weekend on house cash — Greg established a reputation for hard work and effective leadership. This year has been filled with the duties of Ruddock President. For the future, Greg plans graduate work as preparation for a career in industry.



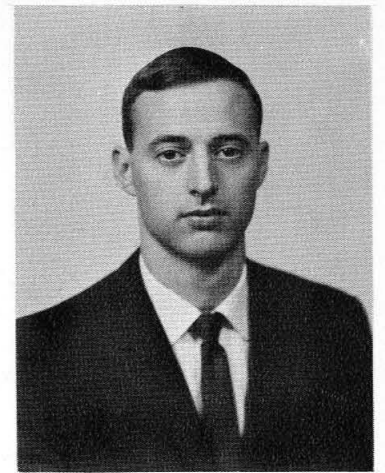
WILLIAM B. SIMPSON

BLACKER

PH

Bill came to Caltech because it was 3000 miles from home in Massachusetts. Motivated by "intellectual curiosity" and an inclination to punt (and the intelligence to get away with it), he became active in the Physics Club, yo-yo research, and a great international philanthropic organization. The acquisition of a genuine '56-'57 Grundler and a similar audio system, the never-ending search for IT, and involvement in the newly emergent nation of West Blacker have colored his upperclass years. He hopes to study information science somewhere where there are girls and not too many rules.

**JAMES MARTIN SOHA
BLACKER PH**



**MARTIN L. SMITH
RUDDOCK**

GEOPH

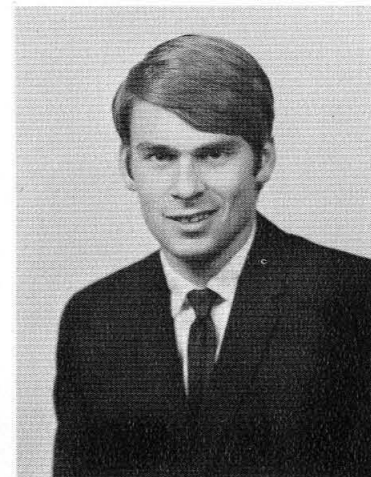
Alas, Martin has had the misfortune of being an old man with the wisdom of the ages engaged in the body of a child. Such accomplishments as fealthy skits, frosh terrorism, and wild drunken brawls have been sparked by this innocent, baby-faced and pudgy-bodied intellectual. But behind the gravelly voice one finds a man with a real concern. Deep down inside he firmly believes that the world is "going to hell in a handbasket" unless he, Martin Smith, saves it single-handedly. The saviour began his campaign in the unlikely position of Ruddock House athletic manager, proceeded to become simultaneously the secretary of the house, the class, and the BOC, and finally achieved that pinnacle reserved for the virtuous, ASCIT VP.

Pausing now to look back upon his work, Martin finds that the world is still "going to hell in a handbasket." So, with Nancy and a smile, Smitty is getting out while the getting is good.

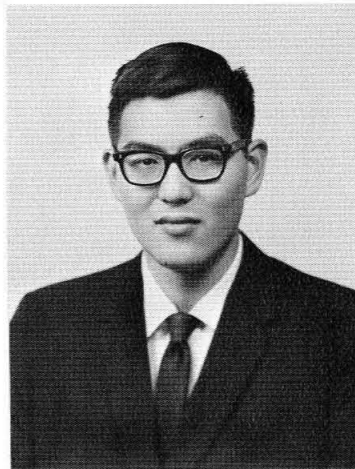


**ERIK STORM
FLEMING**

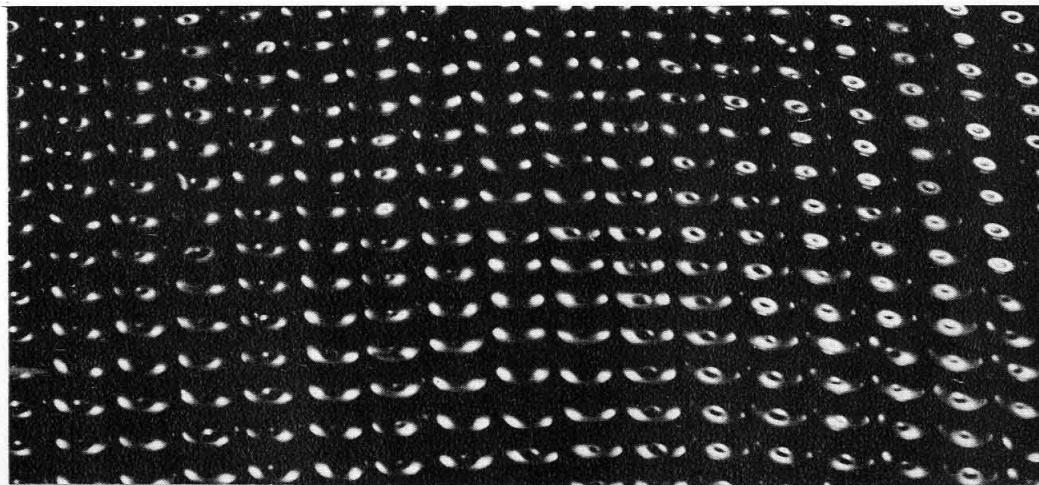
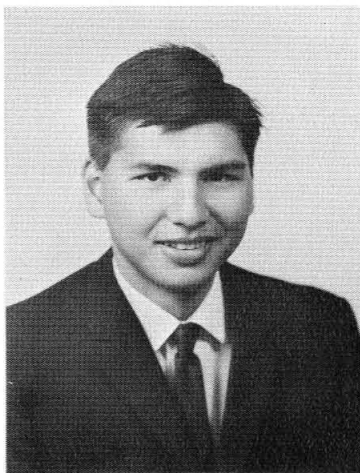
ENG



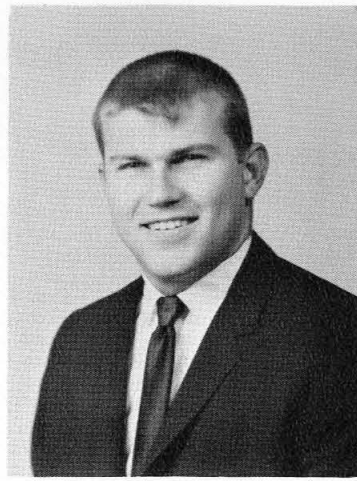
**DUKE AMERINO SUN
BLACKER PH**



**HENRY H. SUZUKAWA
DABNEY DA**



CLIFFORD J. TEDDER
FLEMING ENG



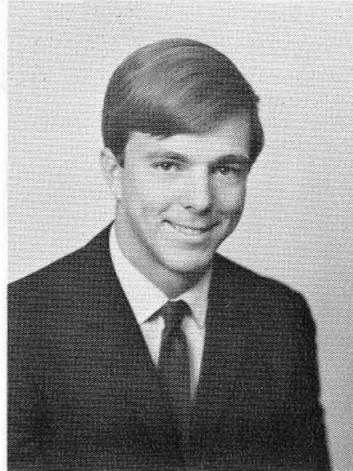
PETER THEISINGER
PAGE

PH

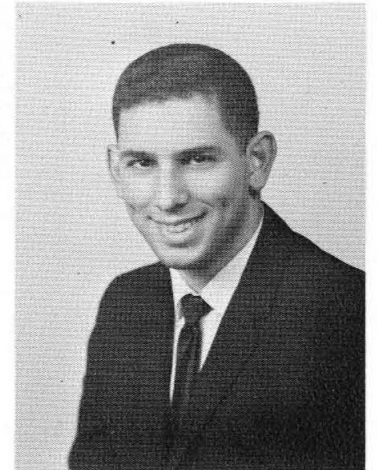
Weenie to his friends, but Little Peter to those who know him better, Pete came, against the wishes of his priest, to the Monastery. The only librarian in Page history to survive the ravages of that office, Pete has gone on to widen the social horizons of the house, despite the fact that his own social horizons are soon to close tightly round his neck. An avid IH softballer Pete's the only batter ever to knock a pitcher off the mound with his mouth—or his socks! Giving as much as he takes, (except from Herbie's roommate) his favorite comeback, mustering all the dignity in his 5'8", is "Gee fellas, everything looks so big from down here!"



RICHARD H. TOUTON
FLEMING ENG



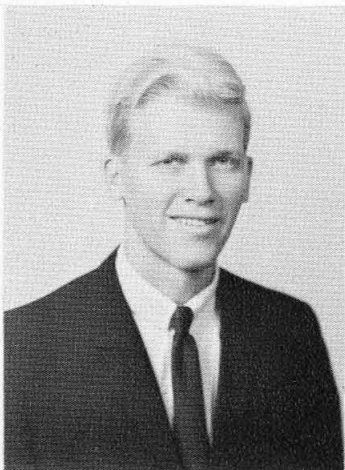
STEVEN R. TYLER
FLEMING PH

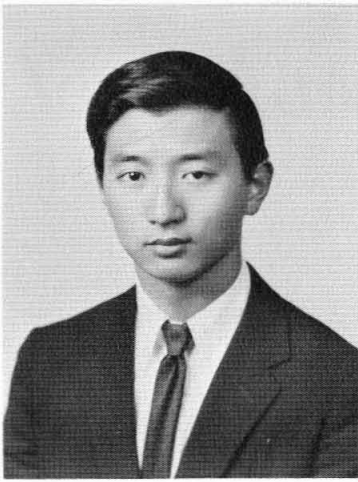


DAVID VAN ESSEN
PAGE

CH

And from the Northern Valley, from Visalia, came Essen to Tech in search of Truth and Light. To provide a basis for his search Dave served the house as Treasurer his Junior year, and left for Europe the first of June. It is rumored that Dave spent much of his time in Amsterdam, where he found the light. As a senior precedent dictated that there was only one candidate blonde enough, trollish enough, worldly enough . . . as a matter of fact, there was only one candidate for the job, so Dave was elected Keeper of the Peace and Protector of the Quiet. Enduring impeachment and all manner of corruption and evil, Essen carries on, and we are sure some day he will find truth, too.





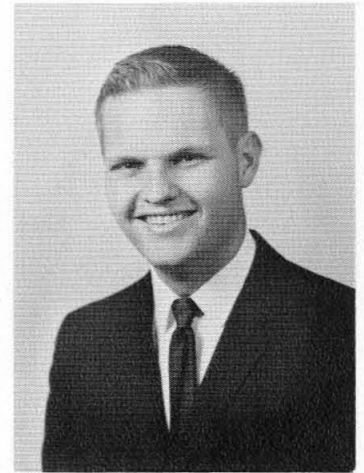
VICTOR WANG
RUDDOCK ENG

"Eternal Dreamer
Once spewed from the mangling-maw,
Free to flee;
A man to re-enter the lists.
Ever-same forever forsworn,
He sky-brilliance seized, yea even from the deep, the gloom.
"Thus doubly-tried,
Awake from dreams to find awakeness also dreams,
Surging unshakled headlong into life-realm."

DENNIS M. WEAVER
FLEMING AY



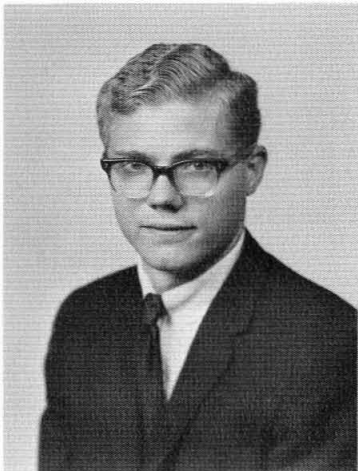
"Quiet, staff"



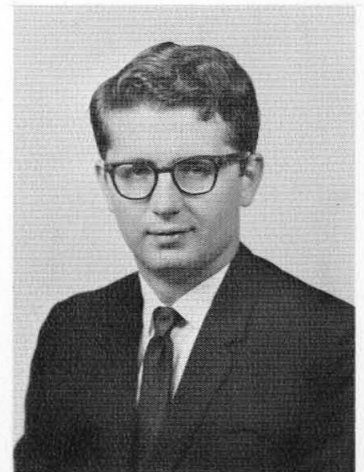
DENNIS E. WHITE
DABNEY

MA

A child of the sunbaked blacktop of San Berdo., Dennis came to Caltech with a well-read Apostol I in hand. S.C.E.'s favorite son soon forgot the fear of creeping socialism and was engulfed in a rising tide of creeping cynicism and capital gains. Faced with torrents of salary checks and I.R.S. forms, he became a mathematician, distinguished in his perfection. Beckman's most efficient procurer found time to develop a taste for wine, women and sportscars, while taking the slings of outrageous fortune on the Caltech baseball 9, the football 6, and the House Athletic Manager 2. As his illegal-in-Montana Triumph tail-lights fade toward Graduate School, we know as surely as there is a payday, Dennis will find success.



GEORGE J. WILLIAMS
BLACKER EC



**GLENN L. WILLIAMS
RUDDOCK**

ENG

Glenn came to Tech from Chicago determined to be an astronomer. Often he could be found on the roof with a telescope happily tuned to the music of the celestial spheres. But, all too soon his happiness was challenged by that giant killer before which strong men quake, PH 125. Salvaging what he could of his grade point, Glenn bravely switched options to EE, and surprisingly, found that he liked it. Elated by this, Glenn again ventured out of the purely academic world to become a UCC. Now, if the world is just, he goes to grad school for a Masters, then out to the real world into electronics design.

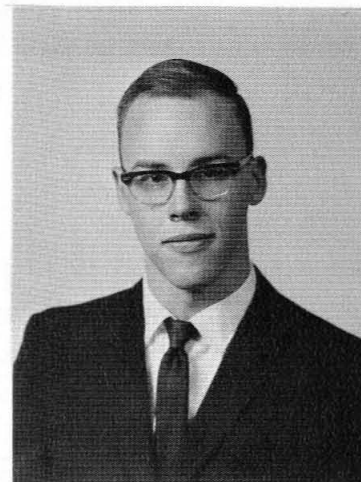


**JOHN S. WILLIAMS
BLACKER PH**

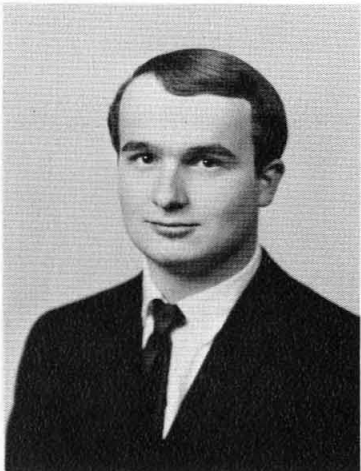


**PAUL F. WILLIAMS
DABNEY PH**

Frazer entered Caltech a confirmed snake — a condition that slowly passed as time went by. Snaking was not enough of a challenge, so he tackled the Radio Club's problems, and as secretary and then president saw to the improvement of much of the equipment. Not content with successes, he worked on the Southern California Fashion Designer's Ball, and Goldwater's election, succeeding equally at both. Frazer might go to Stanford or USC so he can learn about physics, or he might go to Berkeley just to learn.

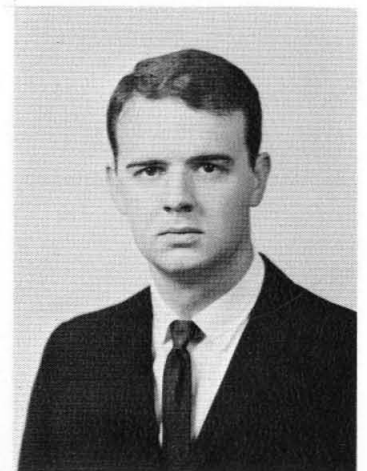


**DAVID WOODWARD
RICKETTS PH**



**ERIC D. YOUNG
RUDDOCK ENG**

Eric came to Caltech from the backwoods of Northeastern Nevada, professing an interest in Electrical Engineering. This was altered in his sophomore year when the biologists seduced him into psychobiology, which shared his interest with Electrical Engineering for the next two years. While serving as ASCIT Rep-at-Large, ASCIT Treasurer, and Interhouse Committee Chairman. Nevertheless, he found time to get married and still keep his grades up. Eric plans to go to graduate school to study biology systems and then hopes to teach and do research in this field.



Not Pictured

Terry Dean Beard
George Stephen Brown
Michael Akylas Caloyannides
Stewart Ronald Davey
Douglas Michael Eardley
Douglas Charles Eaton
Norbert Ensslin
Frank Kazumi Fujimara
Athony John Gharrett
John Brent Hoerner
Gary Allan Jaegers
George Edward Jahn
Stacy Guy Langston
James Murray McDonald
Charles Thomas Molloy
Franklin Gregory Potter
Leslie Victor Powers
Earl Donald Reiland
Stephen Clifford Teigland
Terrill Richard Warren
Richard Jay Williams

3 out of 7

"They started in '63, but greener pastures beckoned."

Jibayo Akinrimisi
W. Terry Astin
M. Max Bartlett
Donald L. Bell
Frank A. Benford
Gary S. Berman
Andrew A. Beveridge
J. Gregori Borque
William M. Bricken
Kenneth E. Bryant
G. Stanley Caldwell
Alan S. Campbell
Steven W. Card
Rashidul Z. Choudhry
Thomas M. Dailey
Bruce D'Ambrosio
Martin J. Dowd
Russel J. Dubisch
Michael R. Ehrick
Christopher Elms
Lot Ensey
Robert D. Firmage
John L. Friedman
Barry D. Gold
Larry P. Gorbet
James L. Gould
Mark L. Greenberg
James F. Groth
Gregg J. Guffrey
Donald M. Guild
Keith A. Hill
John A. Horrocks
Alan R. Horvath
John D. Hoshor
Larry D. Hughes
Stephen J. Ignace

Bruce R. Johnson
Richard D. Juster
Raymond E. Keel
Victor G. Kovacevic
George Y. Kurata
Peter T. Laurel
Richard G. Ligon
Charles Marchall
Kent E. McCaulley
George A. McKenna
Dennis P. McMahan
Lyle L. Merithew
Robert C. Nevlén
Karl B. Overbeck
W. Franklin Pate
Luther B. Perry
Michael P. Plouf
Vern S. Poythress
Delvin L. Ratzsch
Davic D. Redell
Wally E. Rippel
David A. Rud
Roland R. Russell
James D. Smith
Richard E. Sparks
Michael L. Squires
Clyde A. Staley
T. Brian Stallard
George E. Swartz
Stephen T. Swenson
Howard Thaler
George K. Tucker
H. Thomas Vance
Alfred E. Williams
Steven A. Winter
Eric J. Wogsberg







FACULTY



Lee A. DuBridge, President

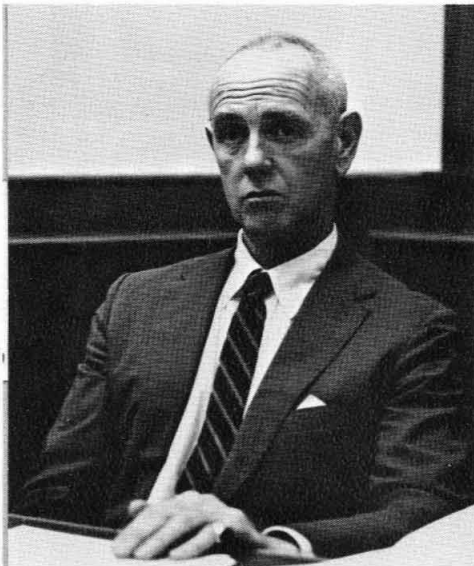
DEANS



John B. Weldon



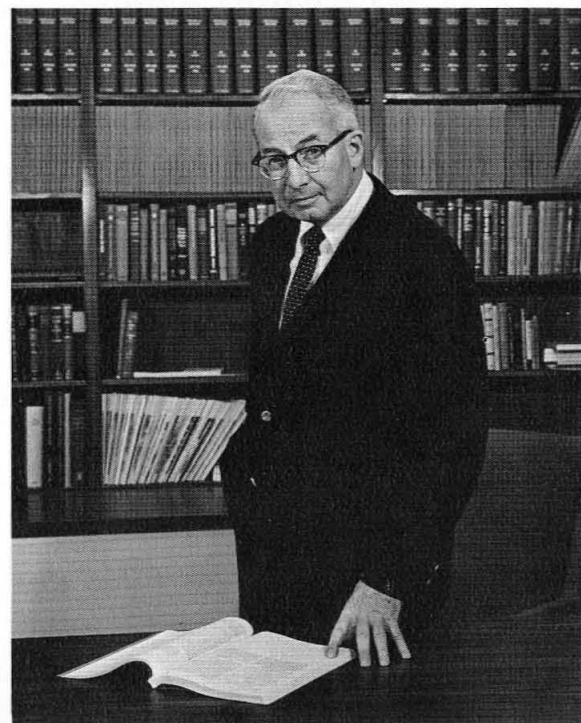
Foster Strong



Peter M. Miller



L. W. Jones

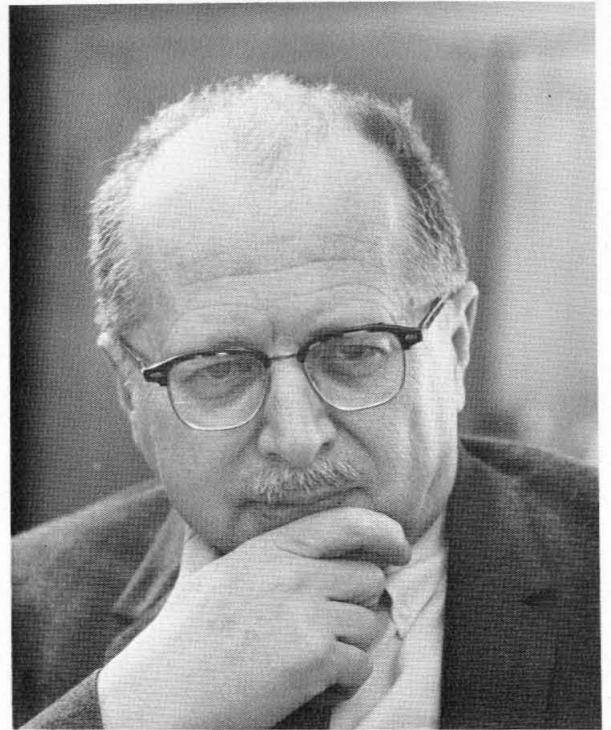


Robert F. Bacher

Astronomy



Alan Moffett



Jesse Greenstein, Executive Officer



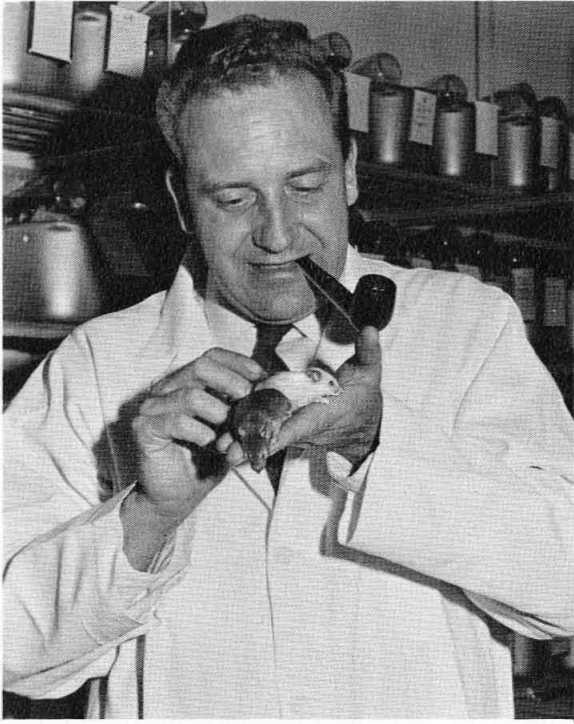
J. B. Oke

Wallace Sargent

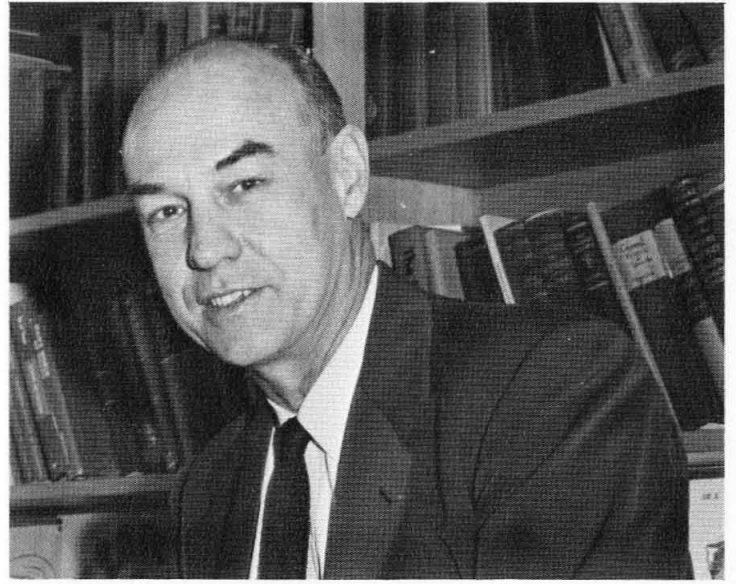
Harold Zirin



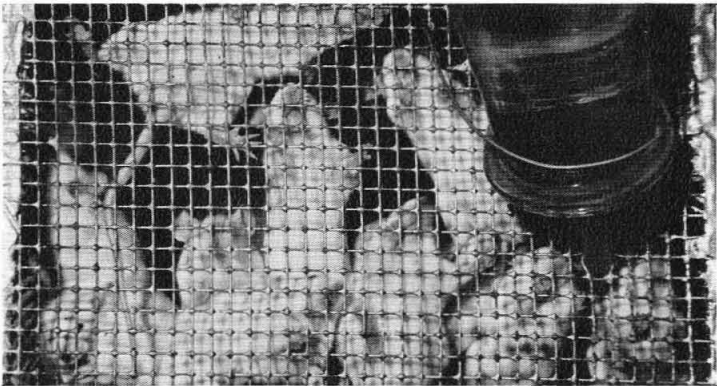
Biology



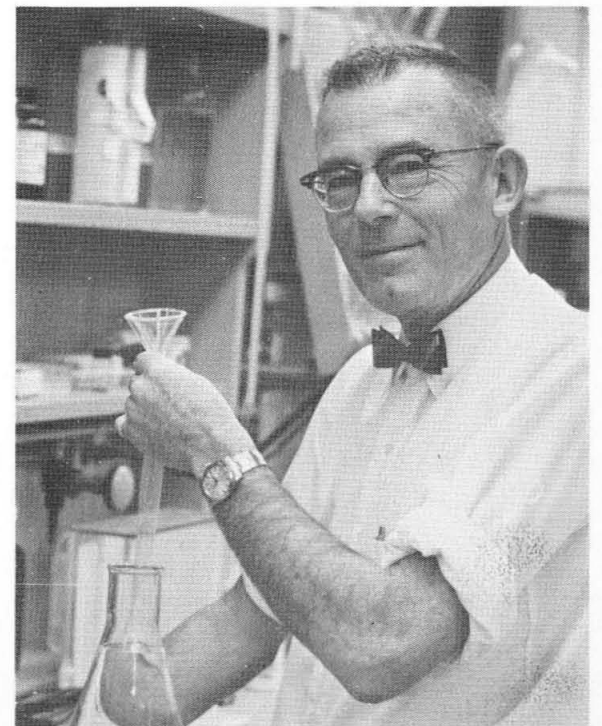
Ray D. Owen



Roger W. Sperry

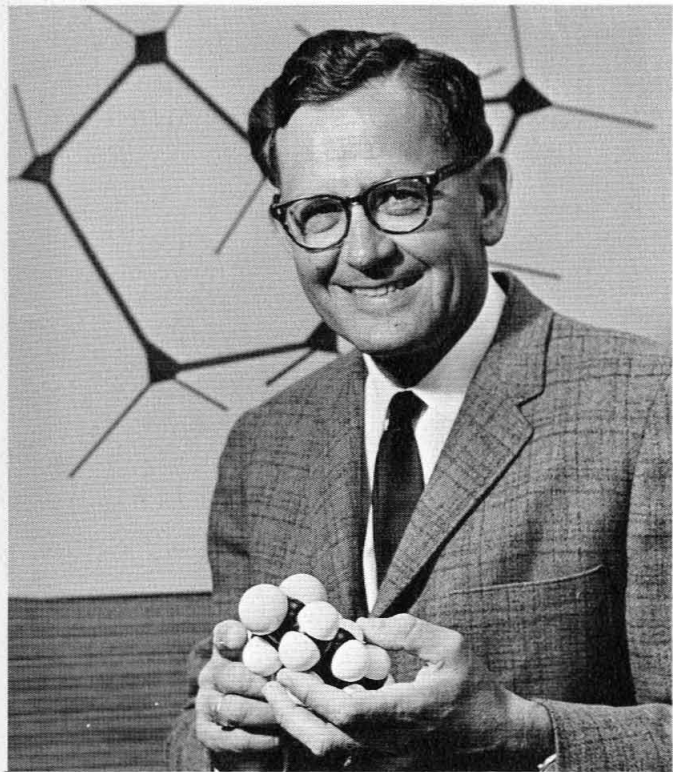


A. J. Haagen-Smit

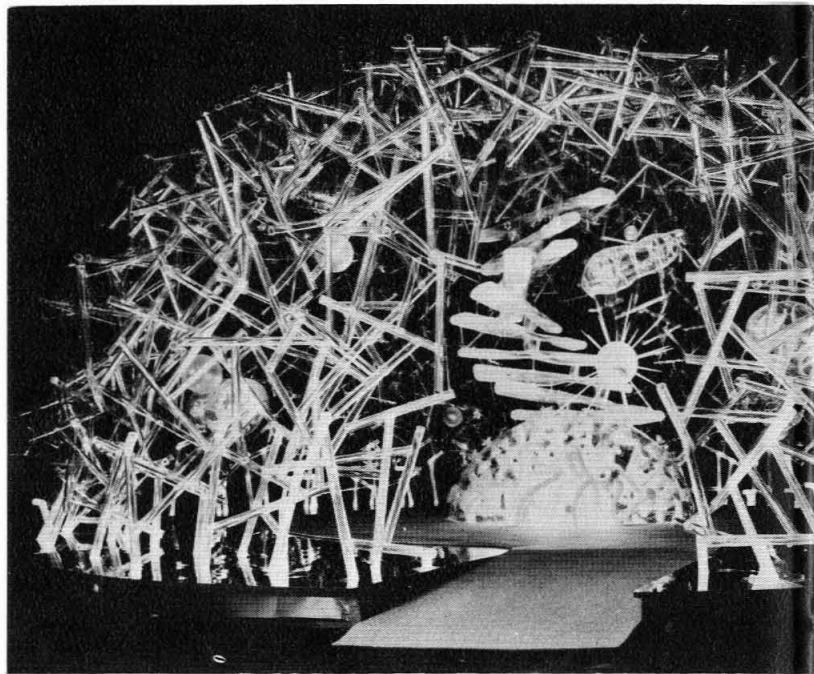


James F. Bonner

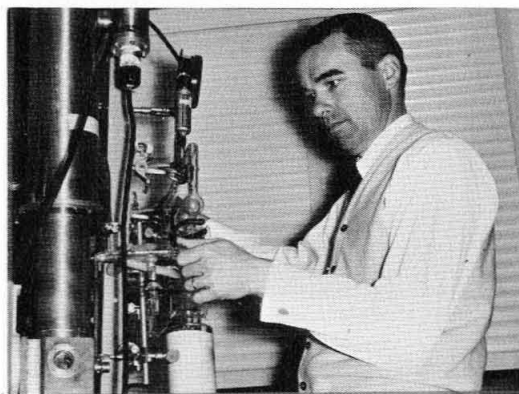
CHEMISTRY



John D. Roberts

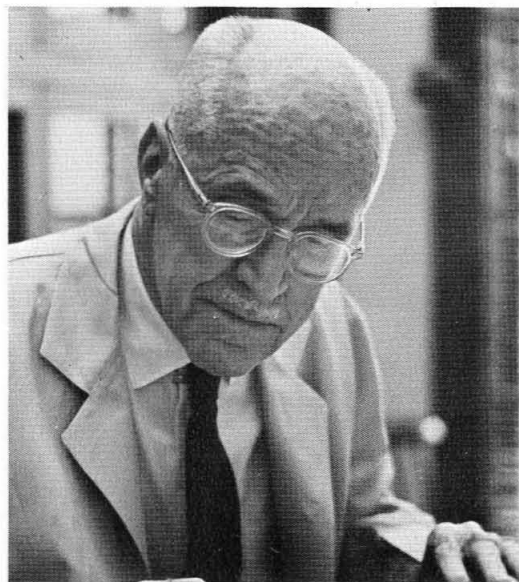
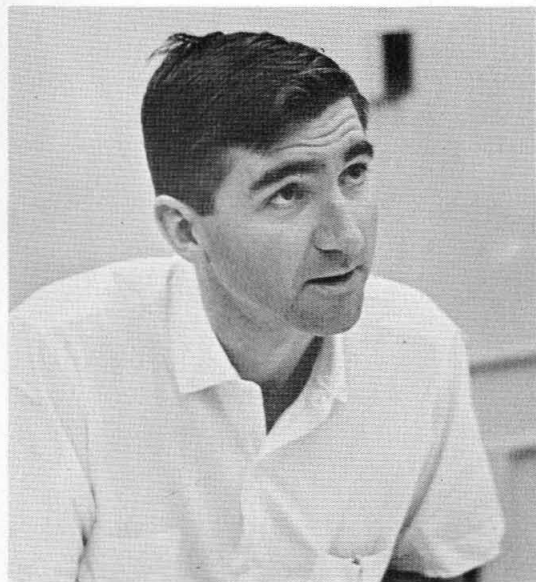


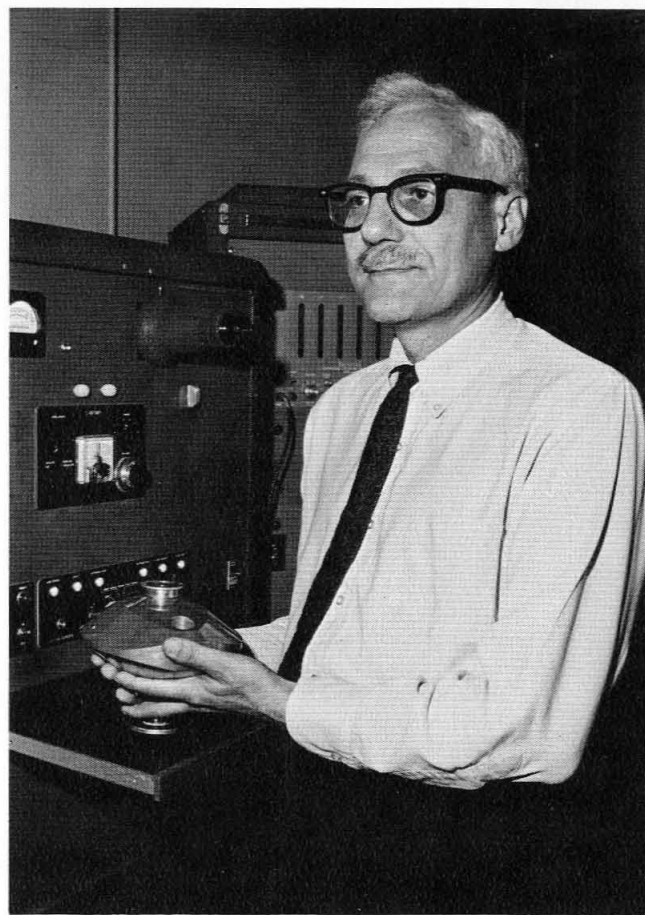
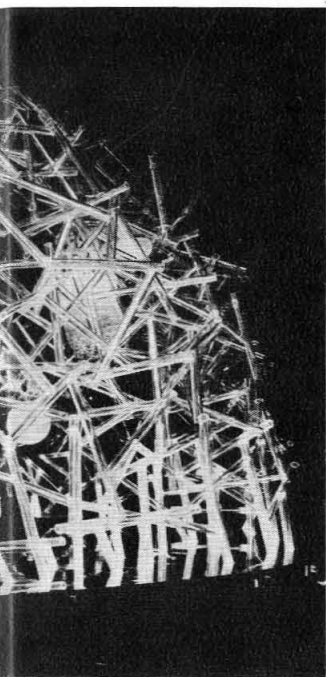
G. Wilse Robinson



Ernest H. Swift

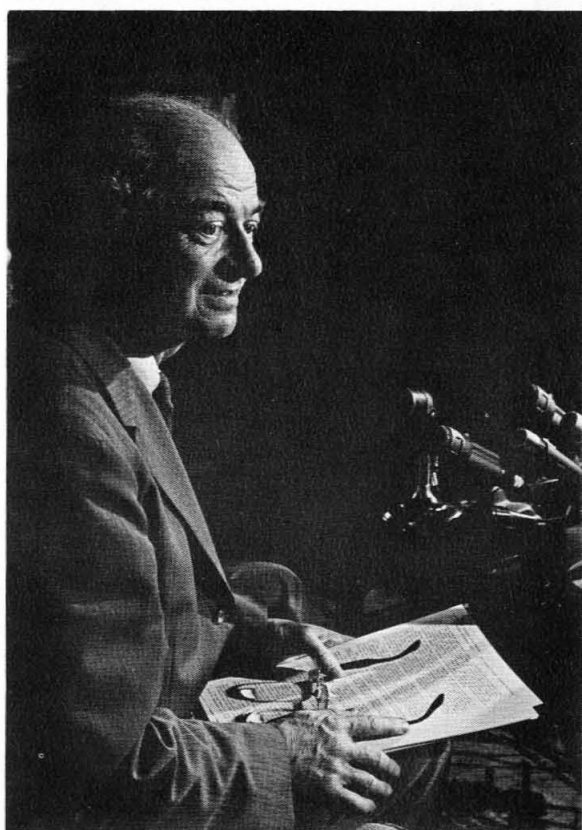
Fred C. Anson





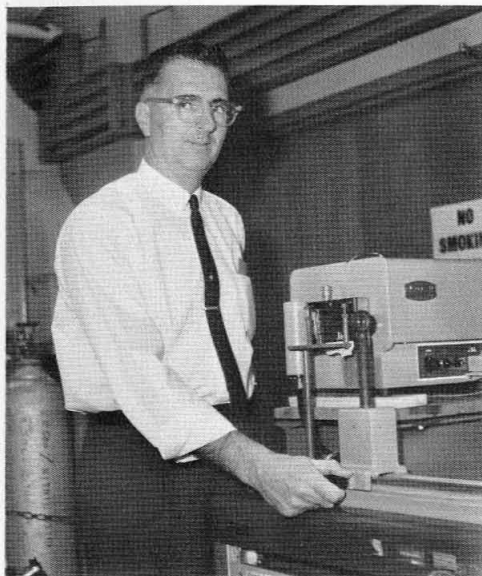
Jerome Vinograd

Linus C. Pauling

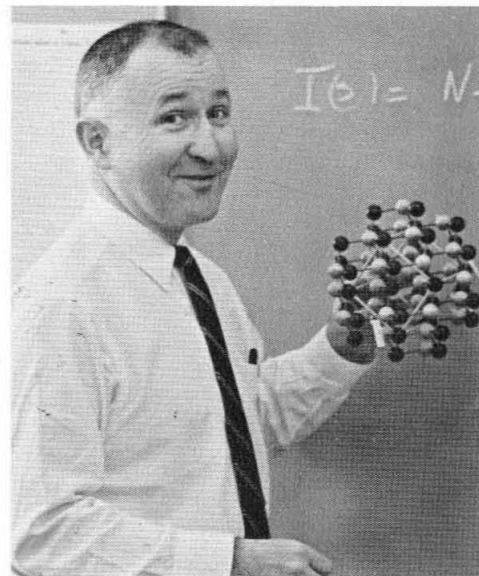


Richard Dickerson

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING



William Corcoran



Cornelius Pings

Bruce Sage



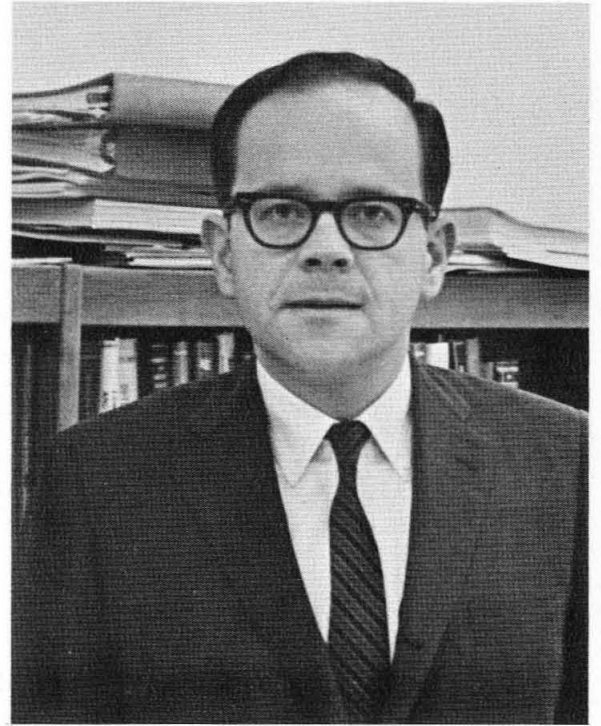
George Gavalas

Giles Cokelet



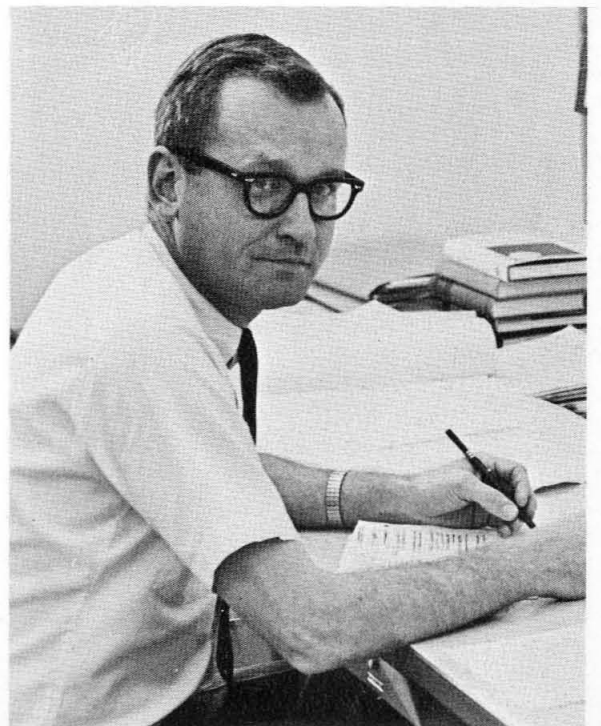
ENGINEERING

J. N. Franklin



F. C. Lindvall

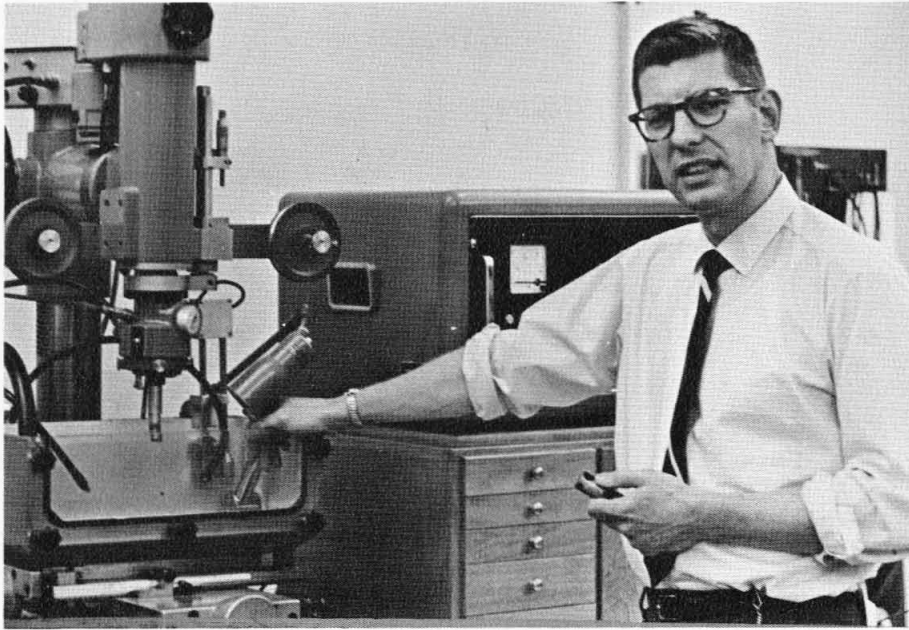
Charles Ray



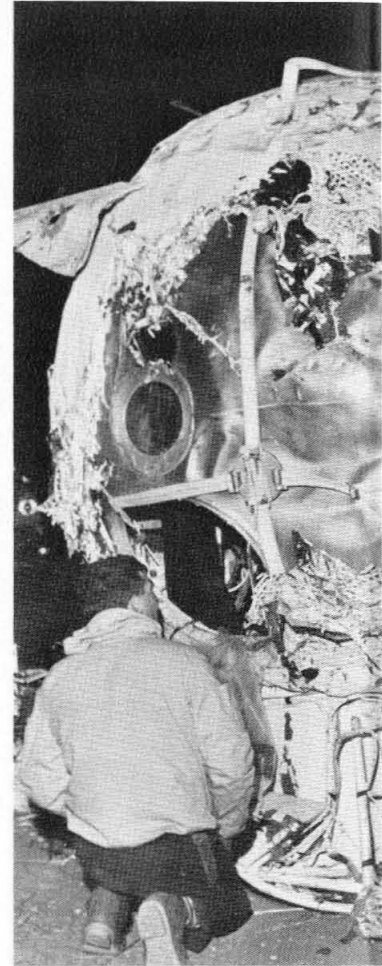
Hardy Martel



ENGINEERING



Thad Vreeland

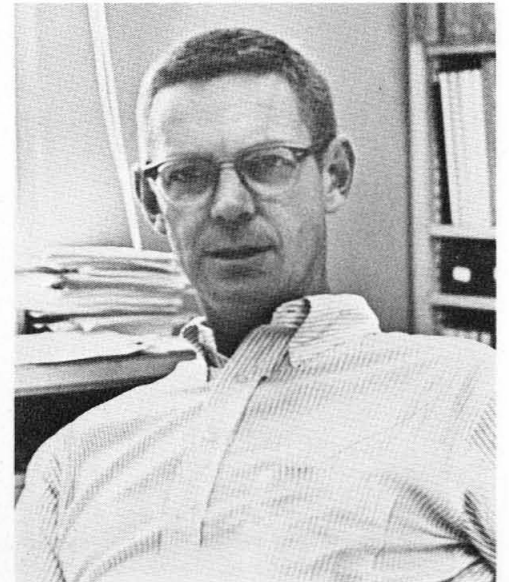
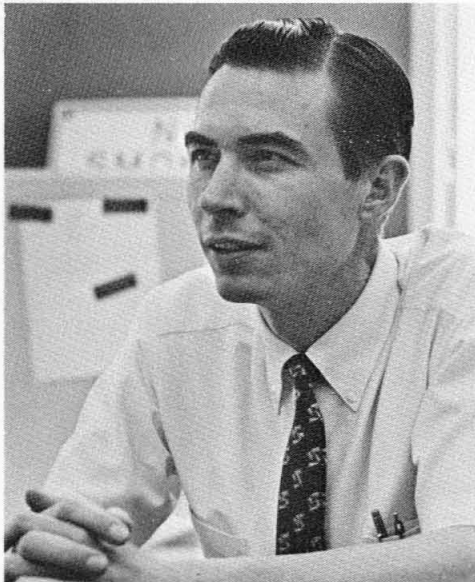


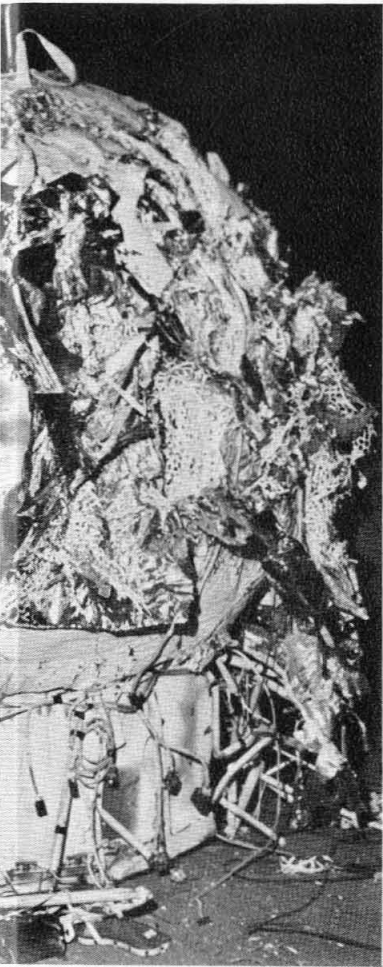
G. D. McCann

Carver Mead

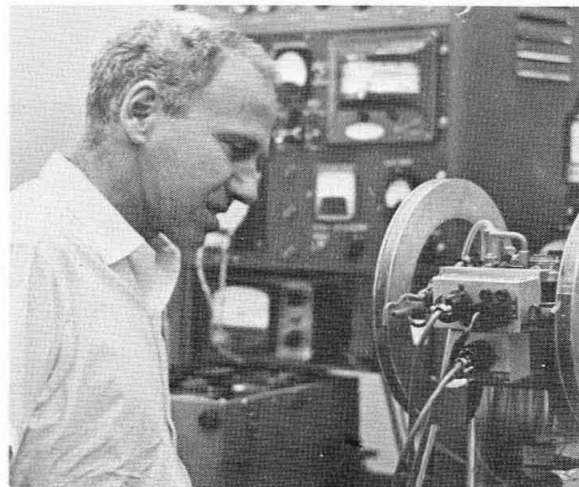
Robert V. Langmuir

Floyd B. Humphrey





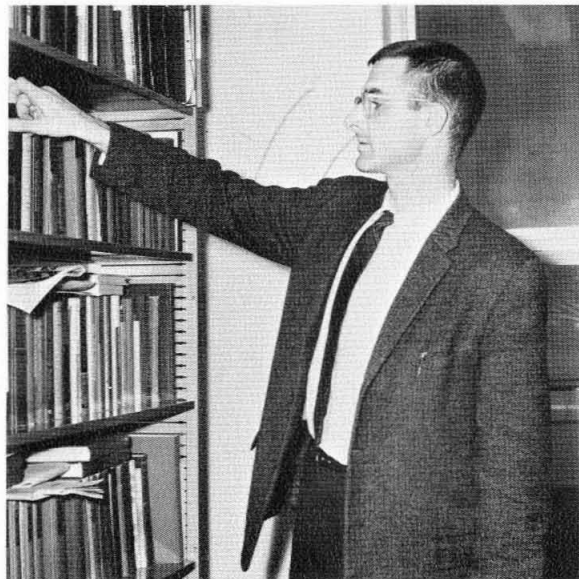
Nicholas George



Charles Wilts



James Knowles



Fred Culick

GEOLOGY



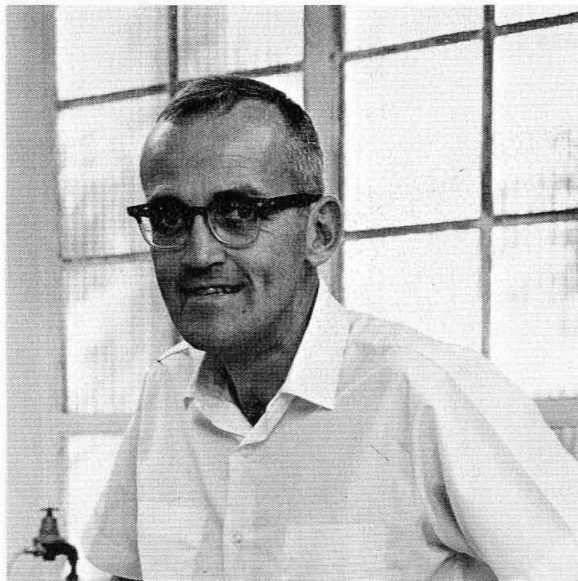
Charles Richter



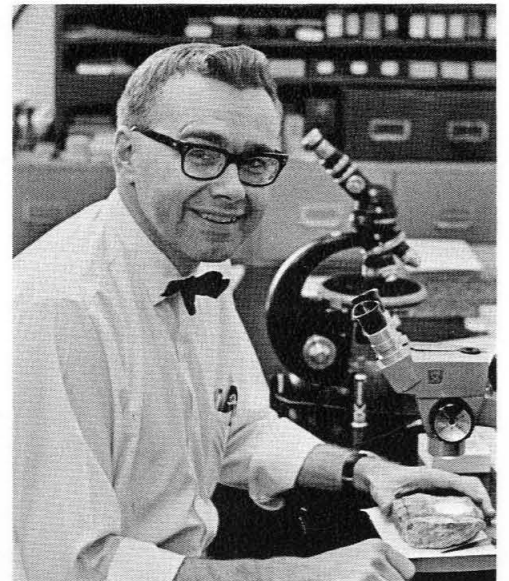
Leon Silver



Claire Patterson



Arden Albee

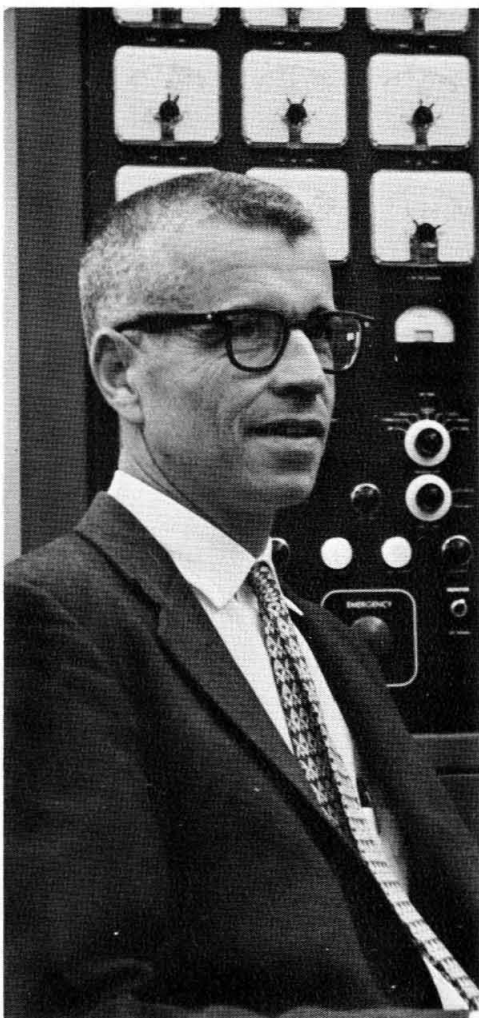




Oscar Mandel



Horace Gilbert



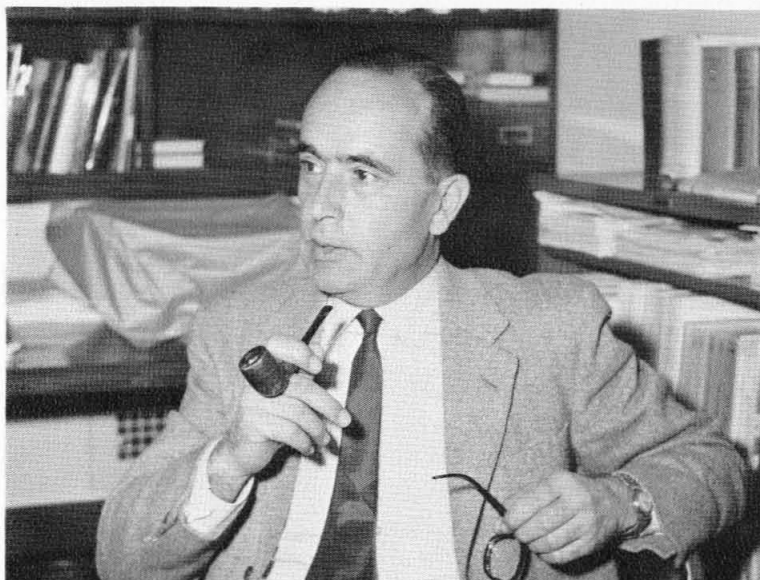
J. Kent Clark



Hallett Smith

HUMANITIES

David Elliot



Peter W. Fay



Rodman W. Paul

Alfred Stern



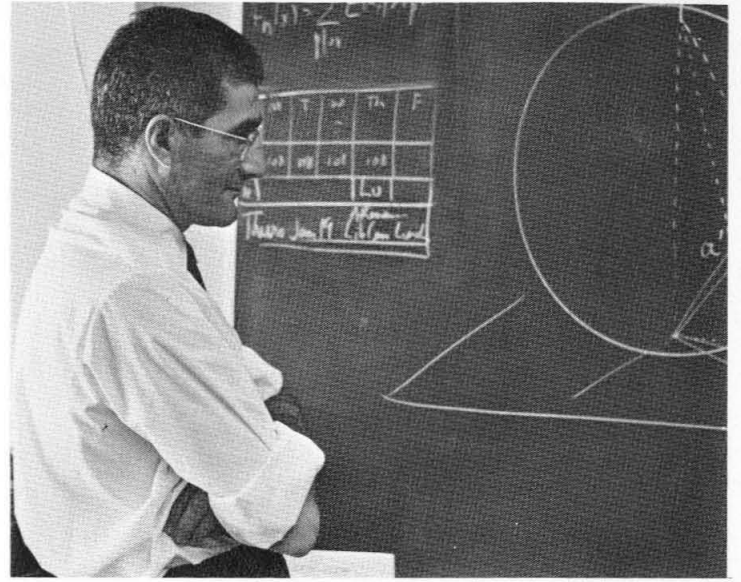
Robert W. Oliver



MATHEMATICS



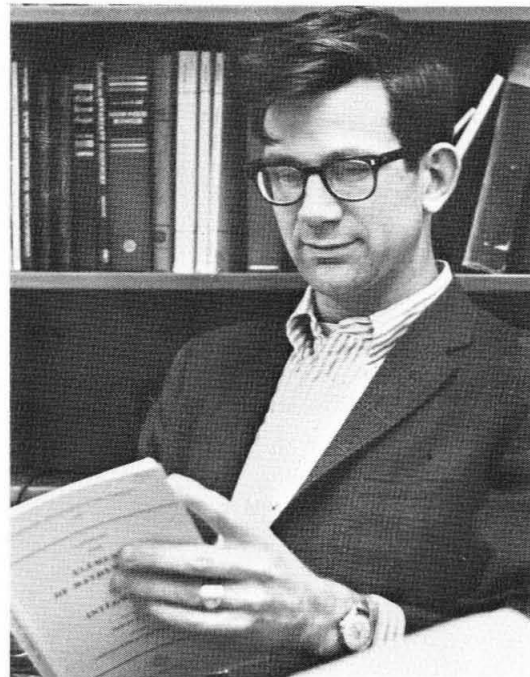
F. Brock Fuller



Tom Apostol



Richard A. Dean



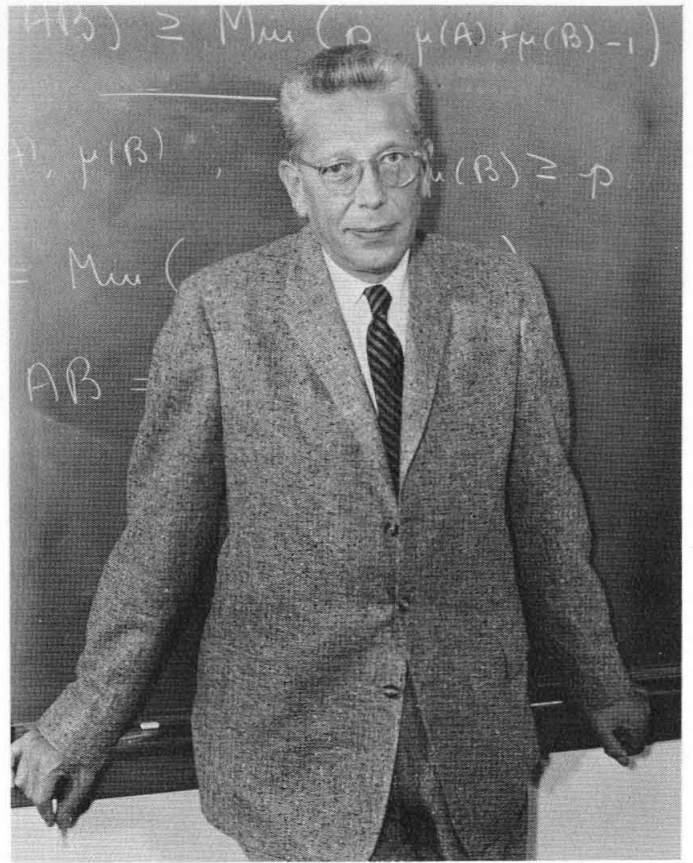
Keith L. Phillips



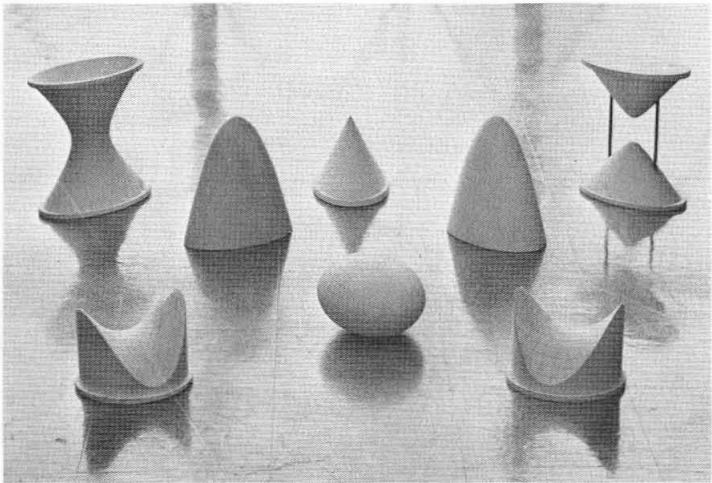
MATHEMATICS



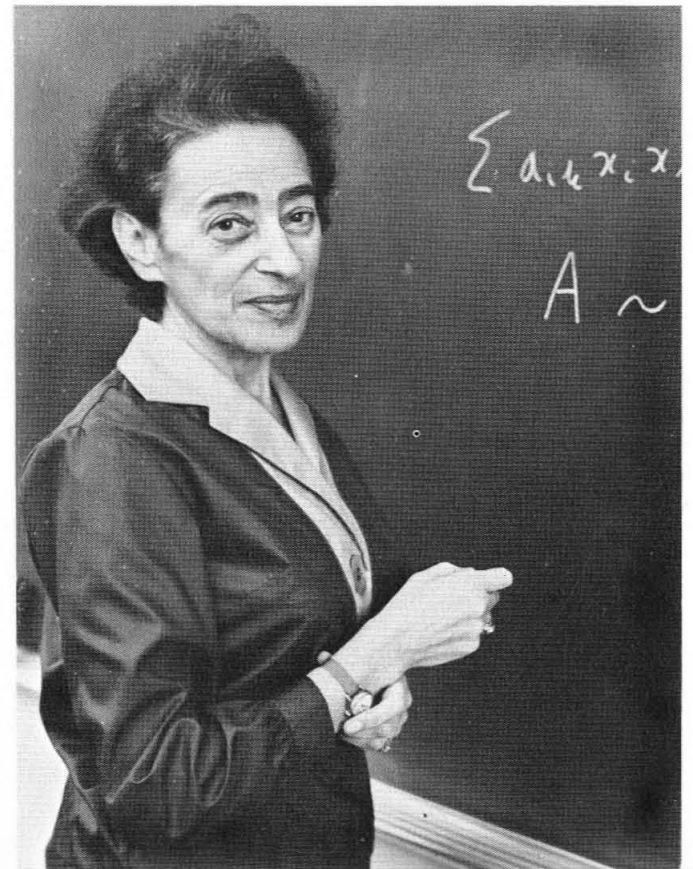
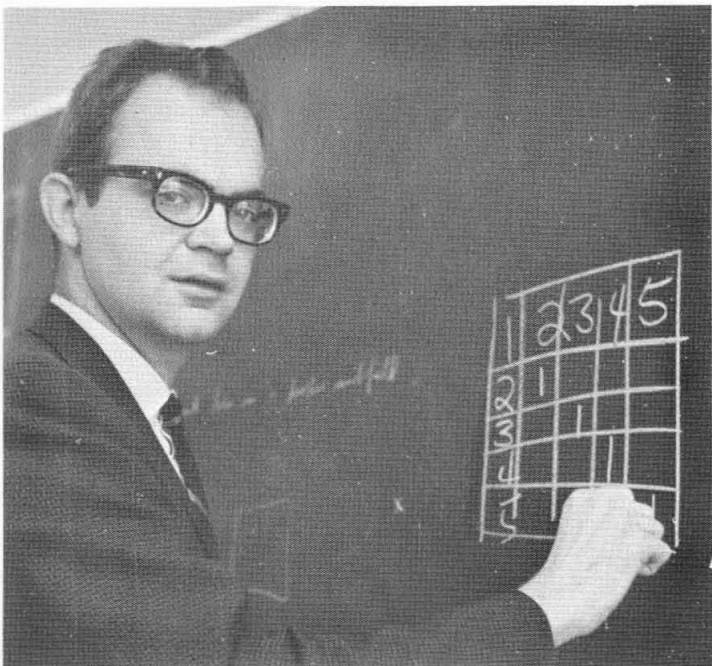
John Todd



F. Bohnenblust



Donald Knuth



Olga Todd

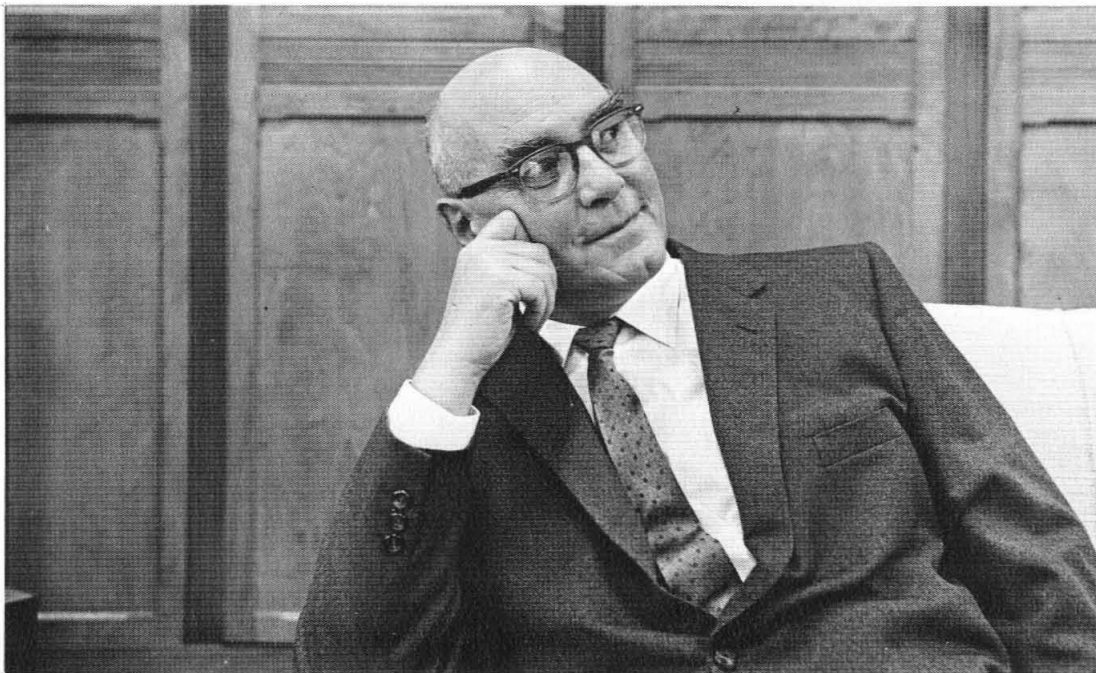
PHYSICS



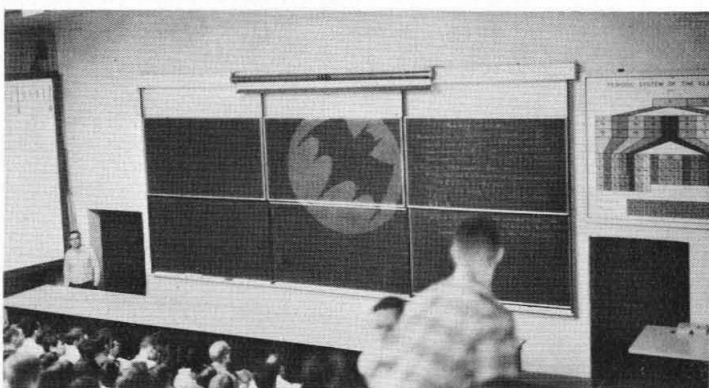
H. Victor Neher



Rochus E. Vogt



Carl D. Anderson





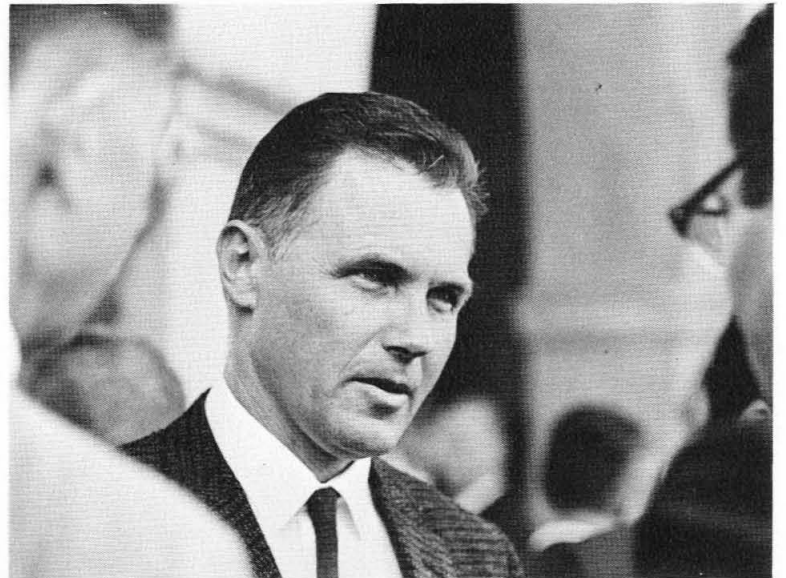
Murray Gell-Mann, and Richard P. Feynman

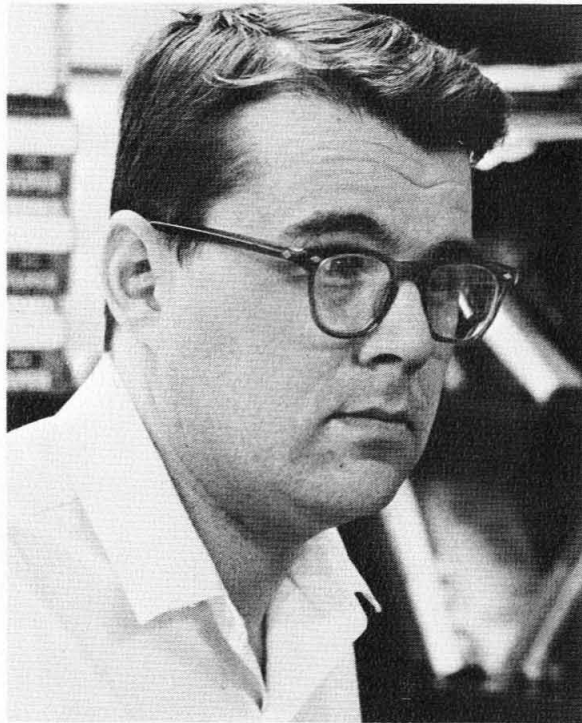


Charles Barnes



R. B. Leighton





Gerry Neugebauer

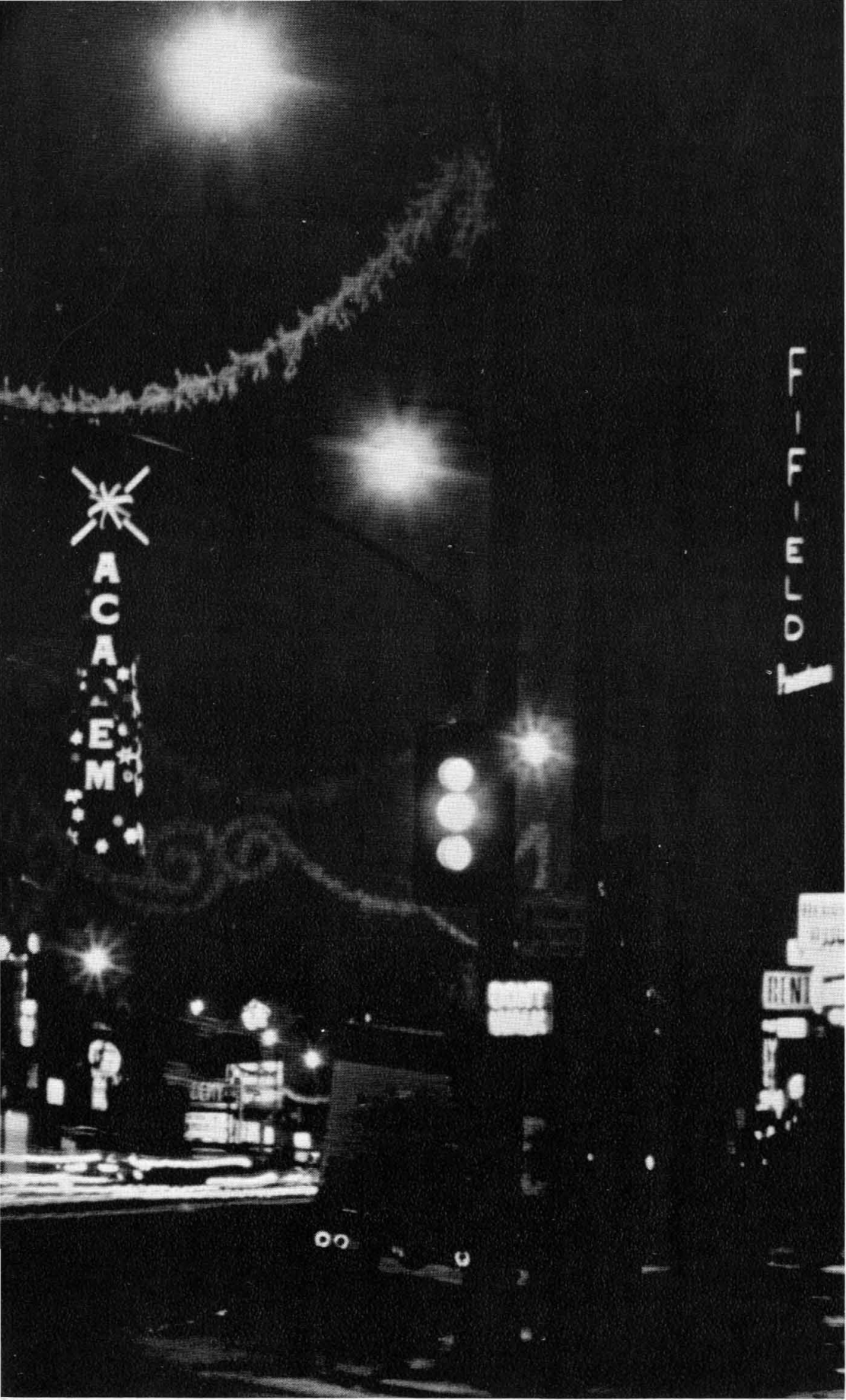


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VIOLINIST

SAT., APRIL 6, 1968 / 8:30 P.M.
MISHA DICHTER
PIANIST

SAT., DEC. 9, 1967 / 8:30 P.M.
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with
PETER SCHICKELE

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TERESA STRATAS
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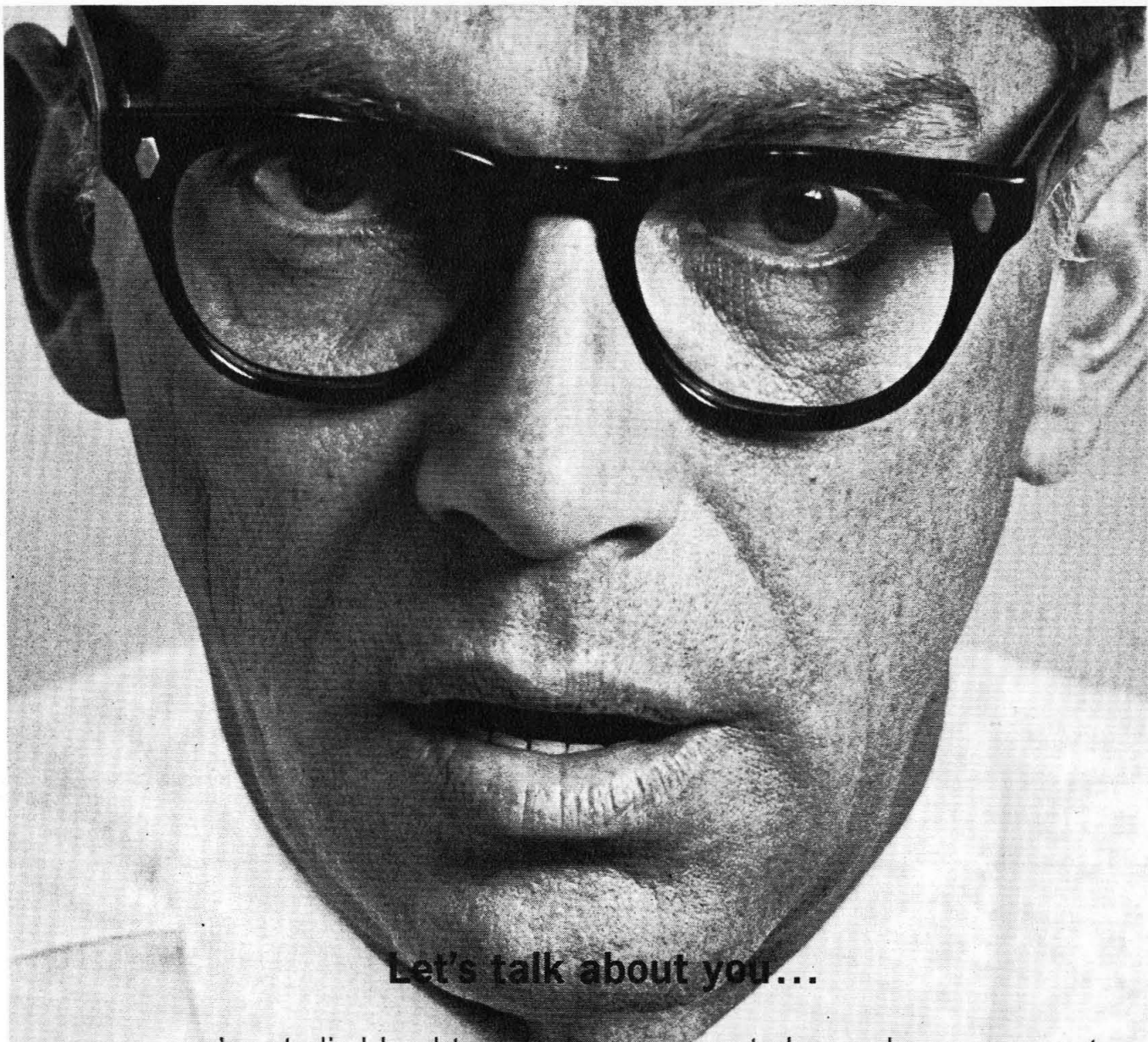
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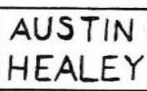
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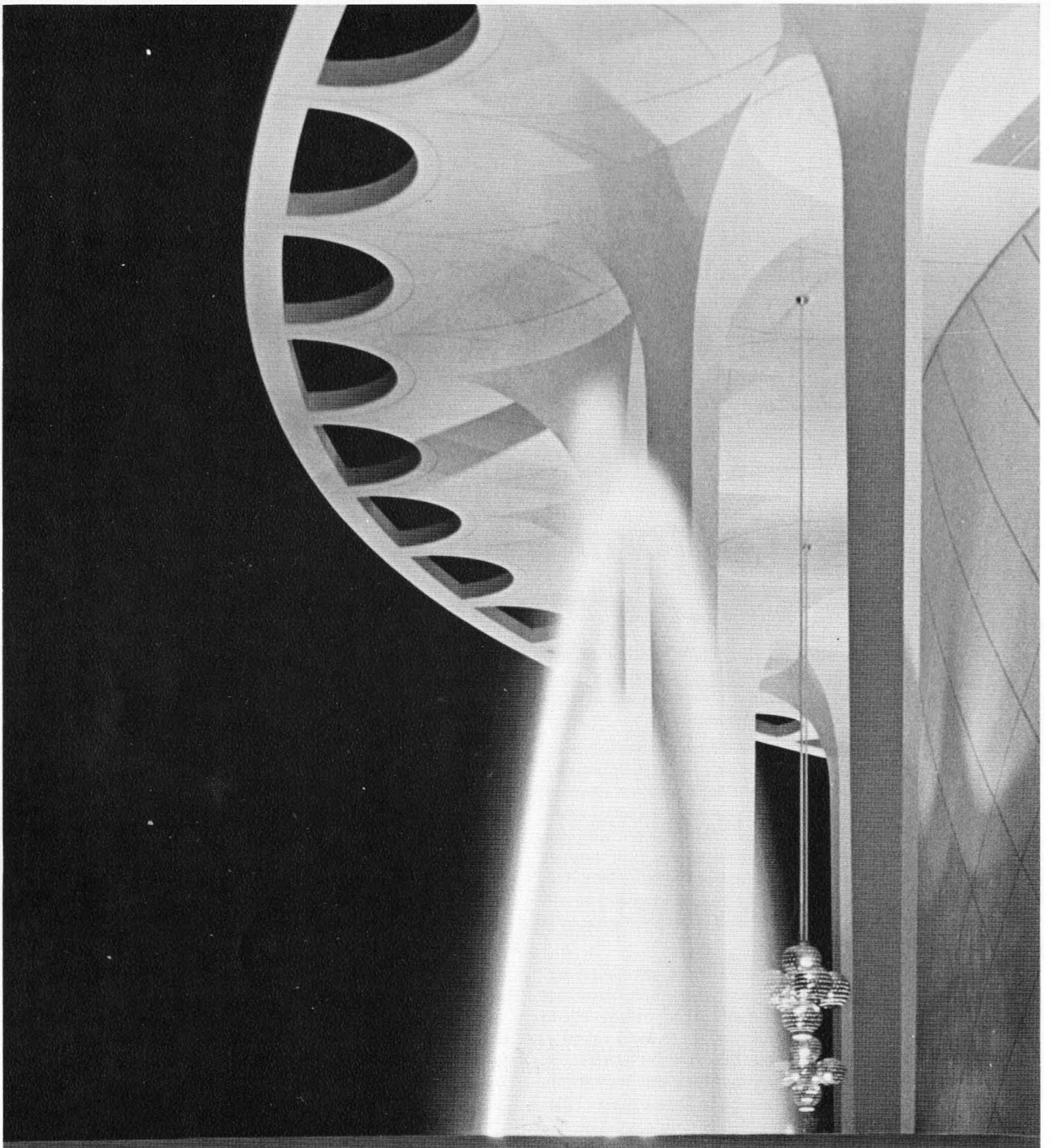
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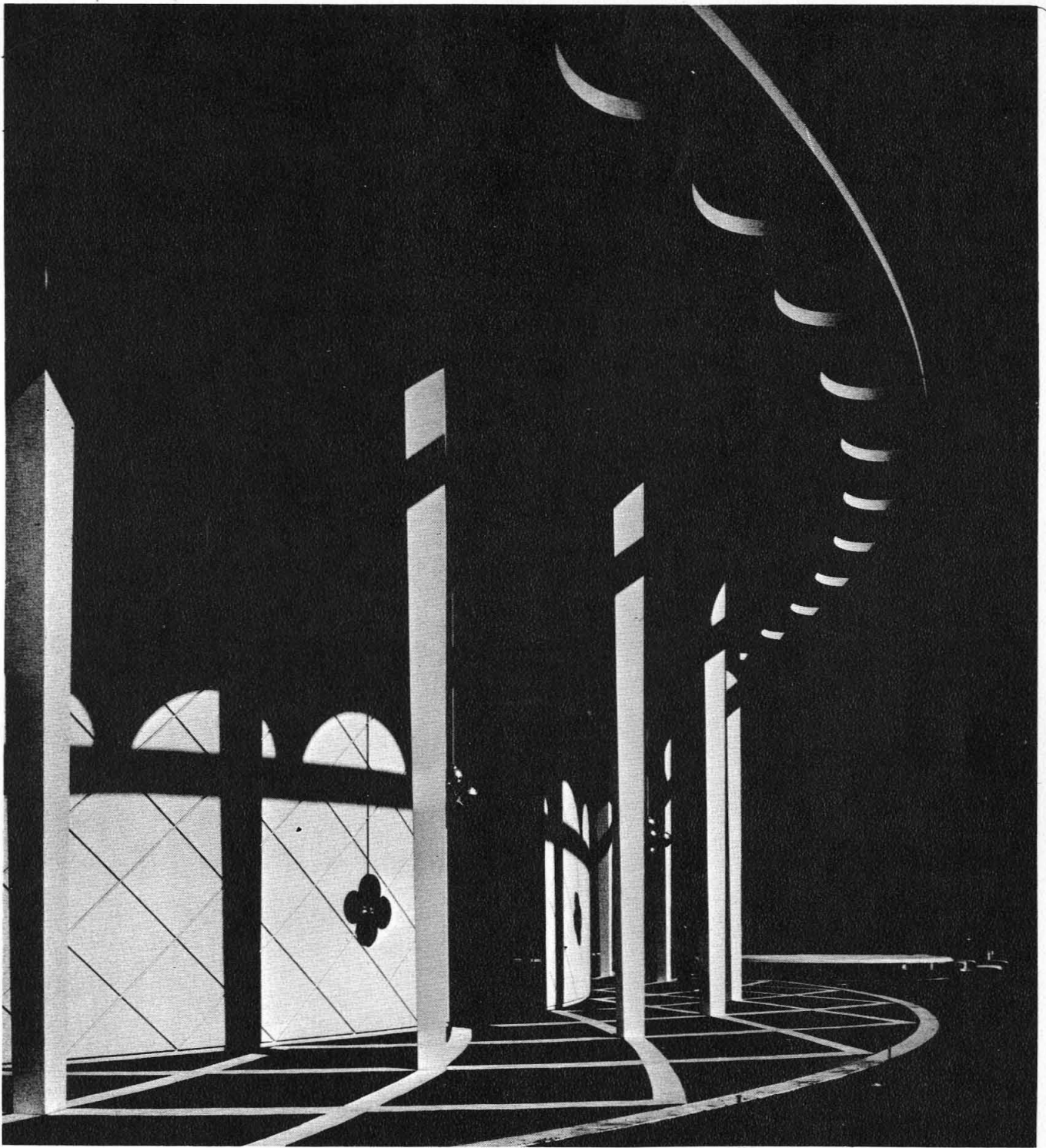
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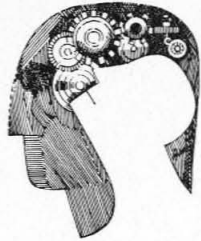
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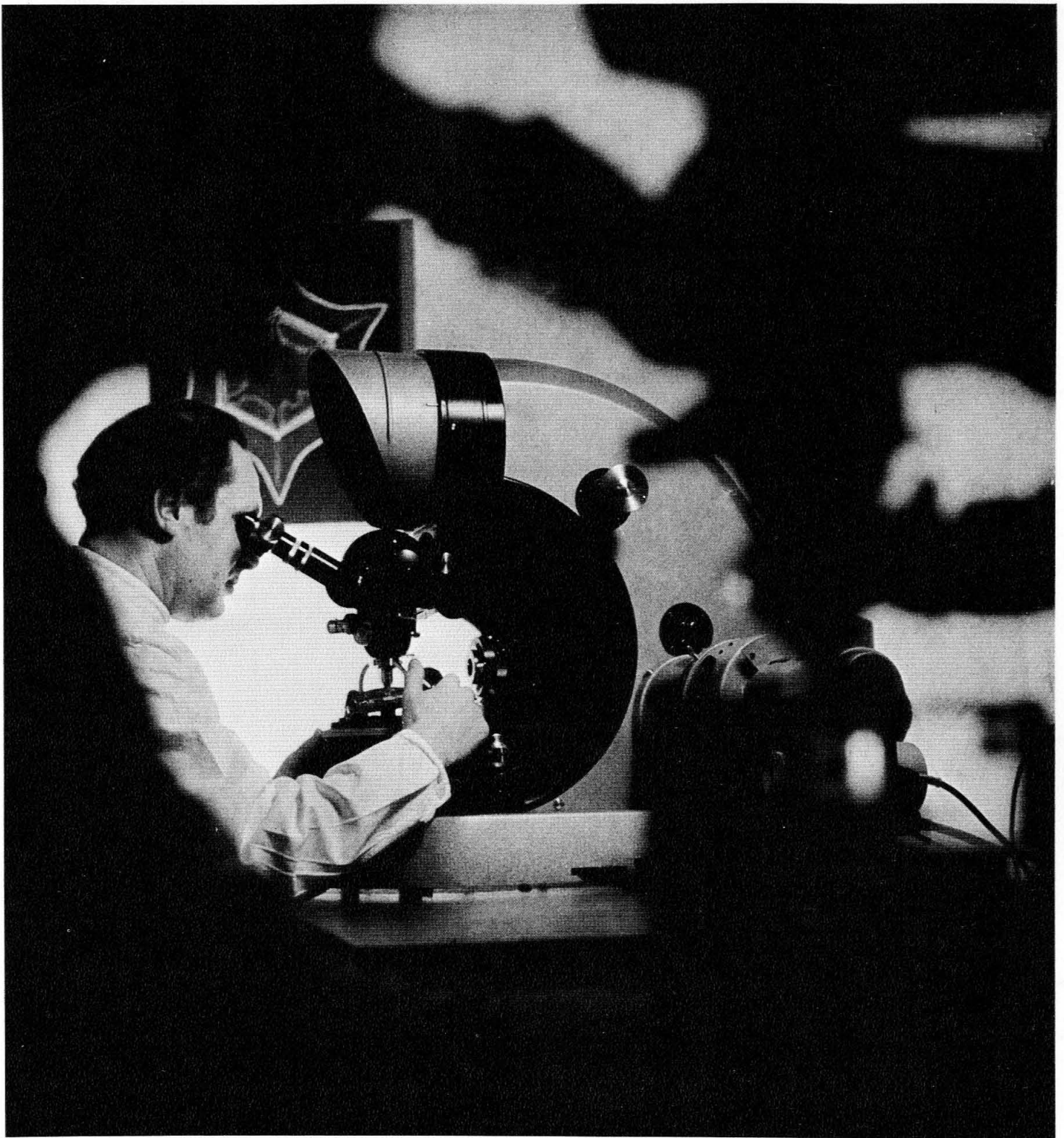
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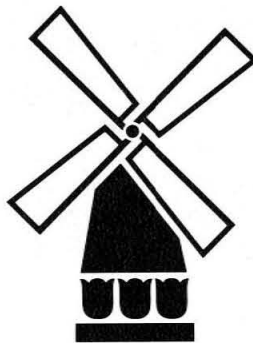


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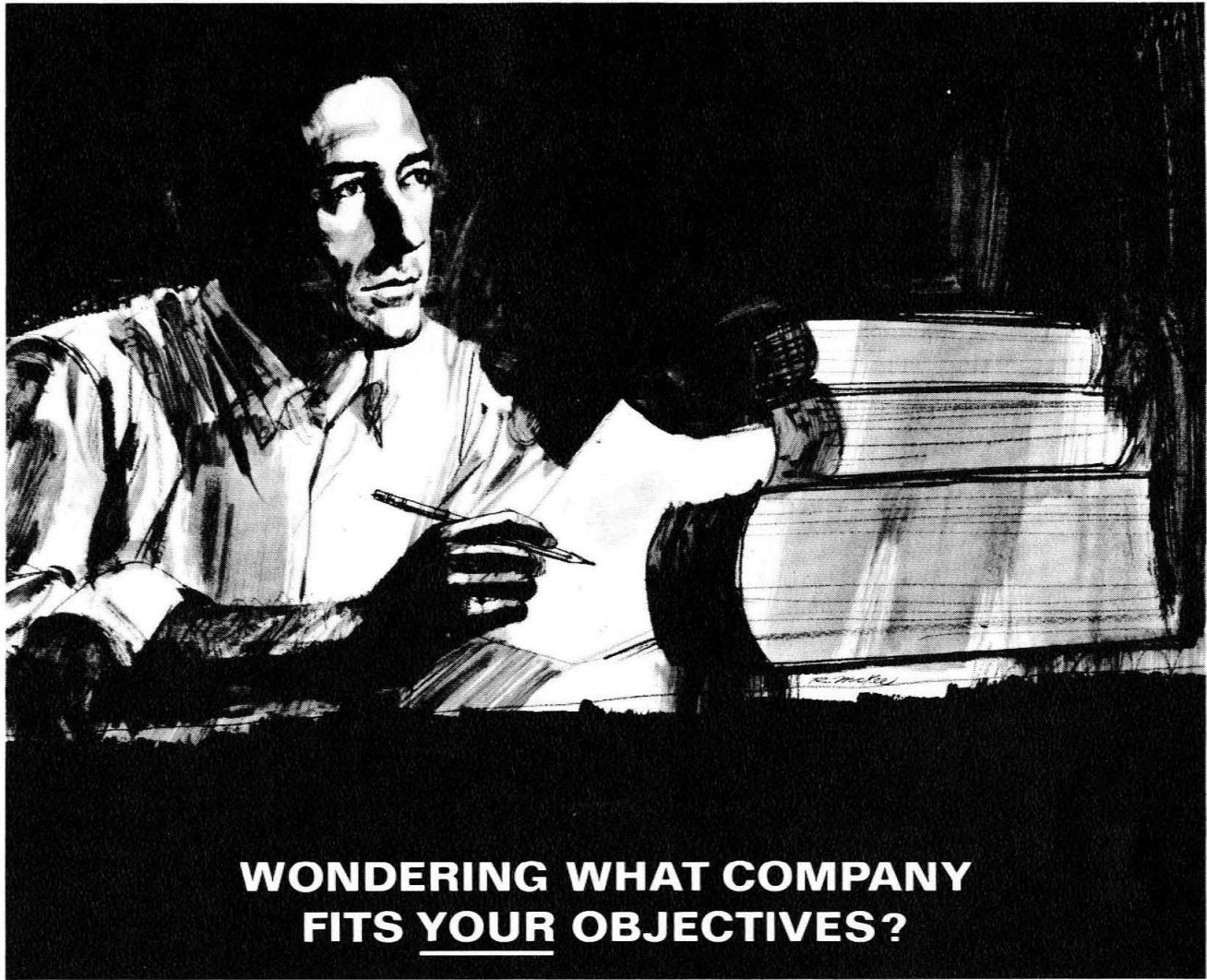
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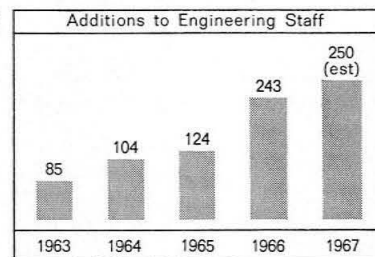
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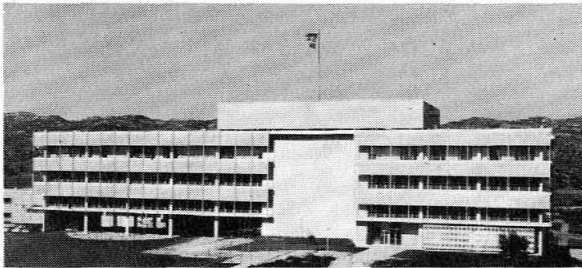
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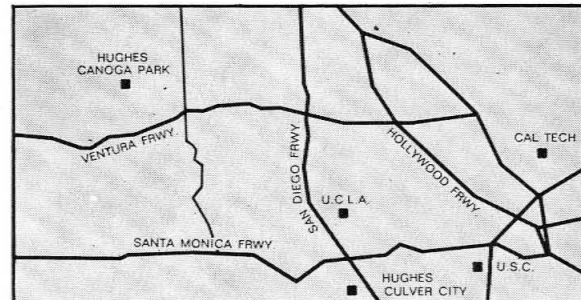
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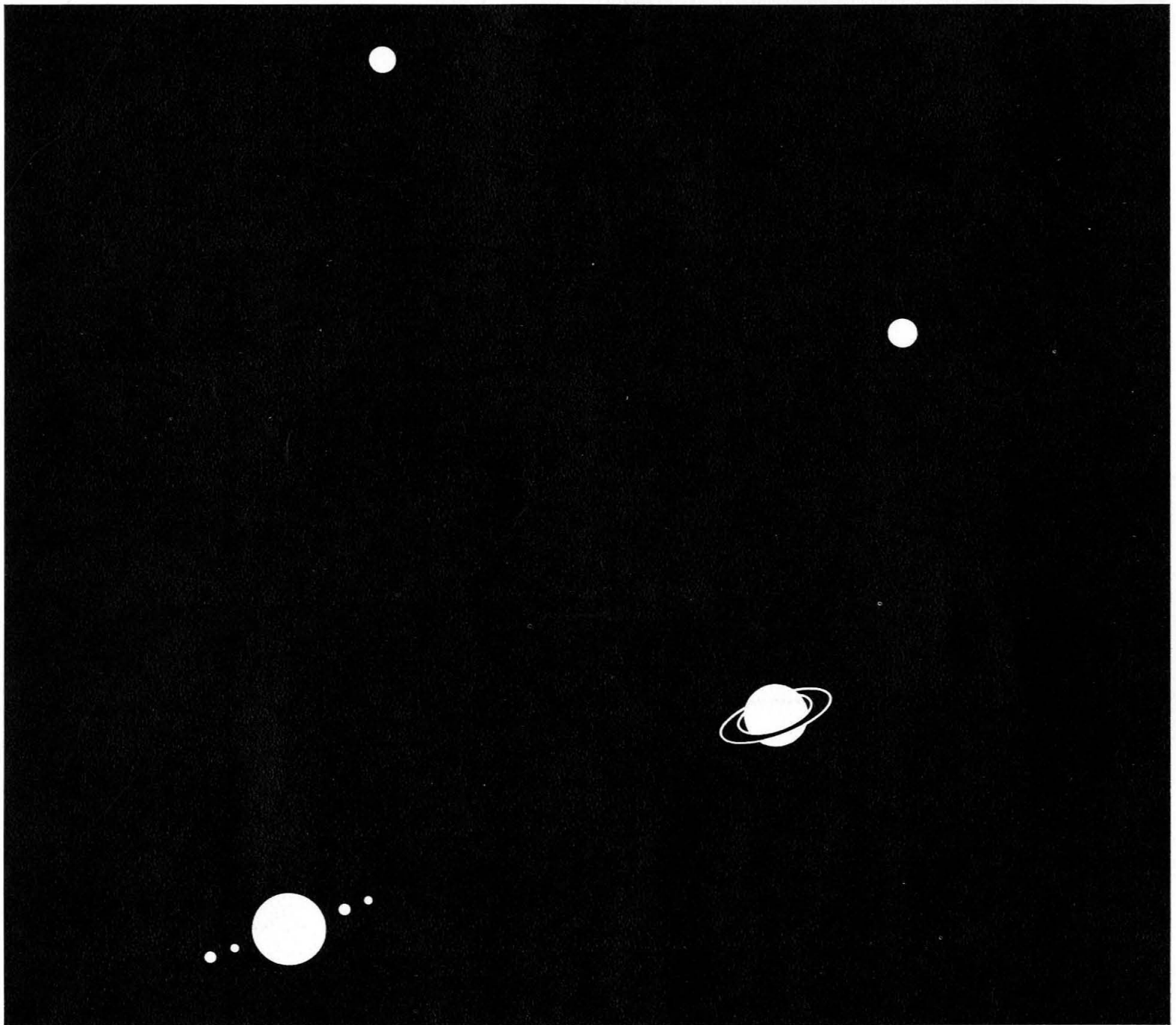
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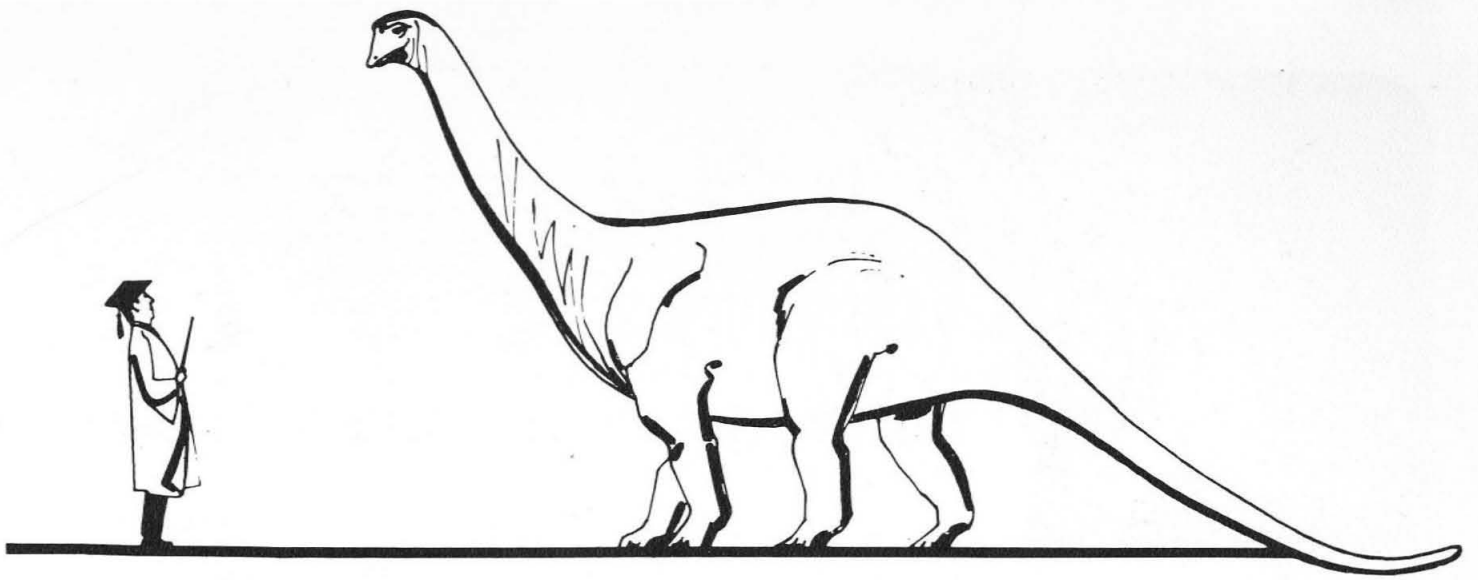


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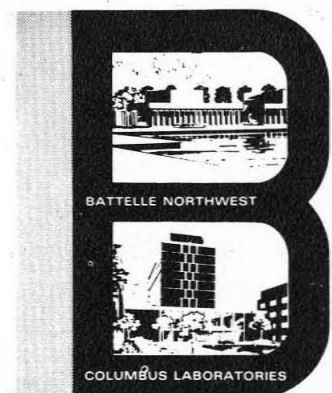
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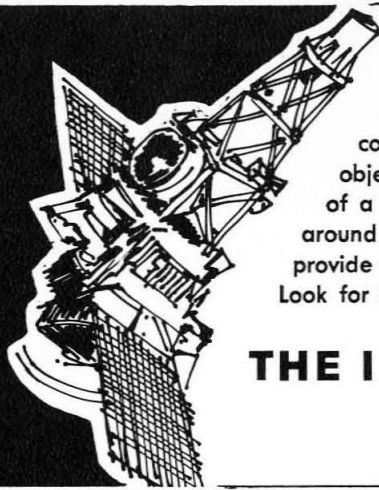
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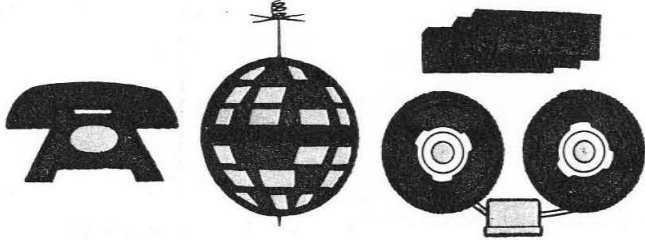
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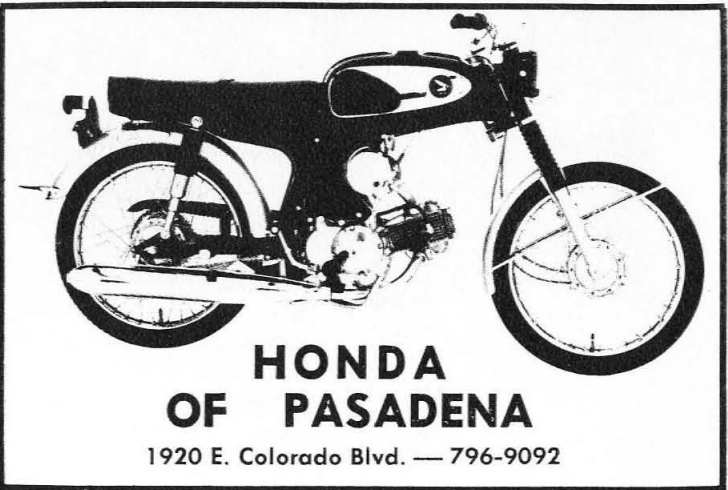
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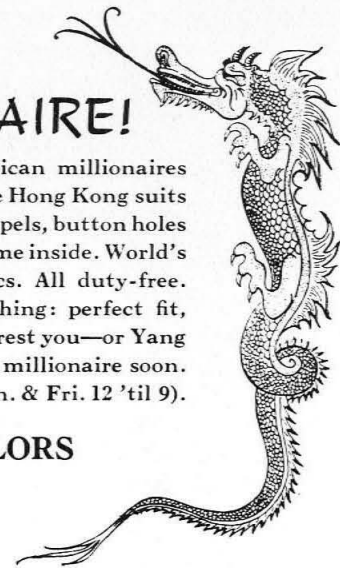
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